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THE WARLOCK OF FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

A thrilling fantasy adventure in which YOU are the hero!

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

THE WARLOCK OF FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

Illustrated by Russ Nicholson

Puffin Books

Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U.S.A
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Limited, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1982
Reprinted 1982 (five times), 1983 (thirteen times), 1984 (seven times),
1985 (twice)

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Richard Clay (The Chaucer Press) Ltd.
Bungay, Suffolk
Set in VIP Palatino

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Dedicated to Joanna Ashton,
a true Galadriel of the spirit . . .
and to Anne and Neville,
the real wizards.

HOW TO FIGHT CREATURES OF THE UNDERWORLD

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a shield together with a rucksack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant *Monster Encounter Box* on

your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's *Attack Strength*.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your *Attack Strength*.
3. If your *Attack Strength* is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's *Attack Strength* is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both *Attack Strength* totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next *Attack Round* from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next *Attack Round* (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than*

your current LUCK score, you have been *lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been *unlucky* and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck.* Each time you 'Test your Luck', you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being *lucky* or *unlucky*. However, in battles, you always have the *option* of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *lucky*, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are *unlucky*, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead

of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are *unlucky*, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your haversack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions on a page, and you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4

STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your *Provisions*. A separate *Provisions Remaining* box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a rucksack (haversack, backpack) on your back to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across. You also carry a lantern which lights your way.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure. Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *two* measures i.e. the characteristic may be restored twice during an adventure. Each time it is used make a note on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through the Warlock's dungeon and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all rooms contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. There are many 'wild goose chase' passages and whilst you may indeed progress through the dungeon, you will not take the Warlock's treasure unless you have picked up certain specific items on the way.

Several keys will be found in dungeon rooms. Only by arriving at the Warlock's treasure with the correct keys to open his chest will you get to his treasure. You can expect many frustrations in Firetop Mountain.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

RUMOURS

Only a foolhardy adventurer would embark upon such a perilous quest without first finding out as much as possible about the mountain and its treasures. Before your arrival at the foot of Firetop Mountain, you spent several days with the townsfolk of a local village some two days' journey from the base. Being a likeable sort of person, you found it easy to get on with the local peasants. Although they told many stories about the mysterious Warlock's sanctuary, you could not feel sure that all – or indeed any – of these were based on fact. The villagers had seen many adventurers pass through on their way to the mountain, but very few ever returned. The journey ahead was extremely dangerous, that you knew for certain. Of those who returned to the village, none contemplated going back to Firetop Mountain.

There seemed to be some truth in the rumour that the Warlock's treasure was stored in a magnificent chest with two locks, and the keys to these locks were guarded by various creatures within the dungeons. The Warlock himself was a sorcerer of great power. Some described him as old, others as young. Some said his power came from an enchanted deck of cards, others from the silky black gloves that he wore.

The entrance to the mountain was guarded by a pack of warty-faced Goblins, stupid creatures, fond of their food and drink. Towards the inner chambers, the creatures became more fearsome. To reach the inner chambers you would have to cross a river. The ferry service was regular, but the ferryman enjoyed a good barter, so you should save a Gold Piece for the trip. The locals also encouraged you to keep a good map of your wanderings, for without a map you would end up hopelessly lost within the mountain.

When it finally came to your day of leaving, the whole village turned out to wish you a safe journey. Tears came to the eyes of many of the women, young and old alike. You couldn't help wondering whether they were tears of sorrow shed by eyes which would never see you alive again . . .

Now turn over.

1 *The steep face in front of you looks to have been savaged by the claws of some gargantuan beast.*

1

At last your two-day hike is over. You unsheathe your sword, lay it on the ground and sigh with relief as you lower yourself down on to the mossy rocks to sit for a moment's rest. You stretch, rub your eyes and finally look up at Firetop Mountain.

The very mountain itself looks menacing. The steep face in front of you looks to have been savaged by the claws of some gargantuan beast. Sharp rocky crags jut out at unnatural angles. At the top of the mountain you can see the eerie red colouring – probably some strange vegetation – which has given the mountain its name. Perhaps no one will ever know exactly what grows up there, as climbing the peak must surely be impossible.

Your quest lies ahead of you. Across the clearing is a dark cave entrance. You pick up your sword, get to your feet and consider what dangers may lie ahead of you. But with determination, you thrust the sword home into its scabbard and approach the cave.

You peer into the gloom to see dark, slimy walls with pools of water on the stone floor in front of you. The air is cold and dank. You light your lantern and step warily into the blackness. Cobwebs brush your face and you hear the scurrying of tiny feet: rats, most likely. You set off into the cave. After a few yards you arrive at a junction. Will you turn west (turn to **71**) or east (turn to **278**)?

2

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you escape without attracting the Ogre's attention. If you are Unlucky, you curse as you kick a small stone which goes skidding across the cavern floor. You draw your sword in case the Ogre has heard it – turn to **16**. If you were Lucky, you creep down the corridor back to the crossroads. Turn to **269**.

3

The bell gives a dull clang and after a few moments you see a withered old man climb into a small rowing boat moored on the north bank. He rows slowly across to you, moors the boat and limps towards you. He asks you for 3 Gold Pieces. When you protest at the price he mumbles some flimsy excuse about 'inflation'. He begins to get angry at your protestations. Do you pay him the 3 Gold Pieces (turn to **272**) or threaten him (turn to **127**)?

4

You find yourself in a north–south corridor. To the north the passage turns east some metres ahead. To investigate, turn to **46**. To the south, the passageway also turns east. Turn to **332** to go south.

5

A rough timber doorway is on the east wall of the passage. You listen at the door and can hear a jolly sort of humming sound. Do you want to knock on the door and go in (turn to **97**) or will you continue northwards (turn to **292**)?

6

The large solid door has no handle. You charge it, but to no avail. The door is not going to budge. You decide to give up and go through the opening you passed in the east–west passageway some way back. Turn to **89**.

7

You are on the north bank of a fast-flowing river in a large underground cavern. Turn to **214**.

8

The passage ahead ends at a sturdy door. You listen but hear nothing. You try the handle, it turns, and you enter the room. As you look around you hear a loud cry from behind you and swing round to see a wild man leaping towards you wielding a large battle axe. He is a mad BARBARIAN and you must fight him!

BARBARIAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

There is a door in the north wall opposite, through which you may *Escape* during the battle (turn to **189**). If you defeat the Barbarian, turn to **273**.

9

Amazed at the success of your bluff, you decide to push your luck a little further. You can either examine the Skeletons' tools or pretend you're looking for work-sheets and look through the drawers of the various benches. If you choose the tools, turn to **34**. If you search the drawers, turn to **322**. You hear a

11 *You are now watching various tools digging and hammering as if being handled by invisible workers.*

noise from behind the north door and realize you will have to hurry!

10

You arrive back at the junction and turn northwards. Turn to 77.

11

You follow the passage westwards until it turns round a corner to the south. Just before the bend is a signpost which reads 'Under Construction'. In front of you is the beginning of a stairway leading downwards. Only three steps have been built so far. A number of shovels, picks and other tools were lying on the ground by the steps but, as you turned the corner, they suddenly flurried into action and began working on the steps. You are now watching various tools digging and hammering as if being handled by invisible workers. A humming chant becomes louder and you recognize it as: 'Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, It's off to work we go . . .' As you stand watching you start to chuckle – the scene is quite amusing. You sit and watch and even manage to chat to some of the magical tools. Gain 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point whilst you relax. Then turn back up the passageway to the crossroads where you may go either northwards (turn to 366) or southwards (turn to 250).

12

As you pull the knob, a deafening clanging noise rings through the passageways. You frantically push the knob back to stop the alarm, but it has already had its effect. You can hear footsteps

coming closer down the corridor. Turn to **161** to find what you have attracted. Note down the number **12** so that you may return to this section after fighting your battle.

When you have defeated this creature, you may either return to the junction (turn to **256**) or you may push the knob (turn to **364**).

13

Your head hurts and you feel dizzy as you rise to your feet. The four men stir into action and move towards you in single file with their weapons ready. You grope your way down the wall for the south door but it will be touch and go whether you make it. Your foot slips on a loose pebble and you fall to the ground. Before you can regain your footing, the creatures are upon you. Turn to **282**.

14

There are no signs of any secret passages, but you suddenly hear footsteps coming towards you. To find out what is coming, turn to **161**. You must fight this creature.

If you defeat the monster, turn to **117**. Note this reference so you know where to return to.

15

As you sit on the bench and eat your food, you begin to feel deeply relaxed and the aches from your body seem to be soothing themselves away. This resting place is enchanted. You may restore 2 additional STAMINA points as well as the normal amount (but only if this does not exceed your *Initial* STAMINA

score) and restore 1 SKILL point if any have been lost. When you are ready to continue, move along the passage and turn to **367**.

16

You draw your sword, and as you do so the Ogre hears you and prepares to attack:

OGRE SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you defeat him, turn to **50**. After the second Attack Round, you may *Escape* down the passage (turn to **269**).

17

Using the wooden stake and mallet (or makeshift mallet if you aren't carrying one), you form a cross and move towards the Vampire, backing it into a corner. It hisses and snatches at you but cannot come near you. However, it is going to be tricky getting the stake through its heart.

As you advance, you stumble and fall forwards. As luck would have it, the stake flies forward and plunges into the shrieking creature. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the stake pierces the Vampire's heart. If you are Unlucky, the Vampire is merely grazed by the wound (deduct 3 points from its STAMINA) and it flings you backwards across the room towards the west door. To *Escape* through it, turn to **380**. To keep on fighting, turn to **144**. If you were Lucky and killed the Vampire, you may look for its treasure – turn to **327**.

18

You walk westwards along the passageway. After fifty metres or so, the way turns northwards. Two or three paces up the passage, you hear a crumbling beneath your feet and you try to leap back as the ground gives way. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to leap quickly backwards before a pit opens. If you are Unlucky, you are too slow and you fall over two metres down into a pit – lose 1 STAMINA point. If you were Lucky, you had better return to the junction (turn to **261**). If you were Unlucky, turn to **348**.

19

These two evil creatures are GOBLINS. They attack you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	6

If you kill the Goblins, turn to **317**.

20

The skirmish commences. You have your sword, they have their axes. They come at you one at a time:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DWARF	7	4
Second DWARF	6	6
Third DWARF	7	5
Fourth DWARF	7	5

If you win, turn to **376**. If the battle is going badly, you may *Escape* through the door. Turn to **291** – but don't forget your *Escaping* penalty.

21

The green blood of the dead Orcs smells foul as it seeps from their bodies. You step around the corpses and investigate the chest. It is a sturdy affair, made of strong oak and iron, and it is firmly locked. You may try to smash the lock with your sword (turn to **339**) or leave it alone and go through the open door (turn to **293**).

22

You poke around looking for signs of secret doors but can find none. You pause to ponder your situation and a small jet of gas hisses from the ceiling. You cough and choke to clear your lungs, but collapse to your knees. Your head spins and you flop to the floor in an unconscious heap. When you come to, you look around in an unfamiliar place. Turn to **4**.

23

The passageway ends in a solid doorway and you are surprised to see a leather skirt tacked along the bottom of the door. You listen but hear nothing. Will you enter the room (turn to **326**) or return to the junction (turn to **229**)?

24

After you have suffered your third wound, you

notice that your strength is ebbing. Lose 1 SKILL point. You deduce that this is yet another magical power of this foul creature and you feel a shiver of panic. Will you continue or run? If you want to *Escape*, pay the penalty and turn to **360** to flee through the north door. Otherwise the fight goes on.

If you defeat the creature, turn to **135**. But from now on every third wound that the beast inflicts takes 1 point from your SKILL.

25

The paintings are portraits of men. Your spine shivers as you read the nameplate under the one on the west wall – it is that of Zagor, the Warlock whose treasure you are seeking. You look at his portrait and realize you are pitting yourself against an awesome adversary. You have the feeling that you are being watched and notice the piercing eyes following you as you move. You find yourself drawn towards his portrait and your fear rises. Lose 1 SKILL point. Do you have the courage to try to combat the Warlock? You may either leave through the north door straightaway (turn to **90**) – but treat this as an *Escape*. Or you may look through your pack for a weapon to use against the Warlock's power – turn to **340**.

26

You remember Di Maggio's small, leather-bound book, and silently mouth the spell contained within its pages.

You shout loudly at the Dragon and it stops in its tracks. It cocks its head to one side and eyes you suspiciously. You fling a stone at its head, and the rock bounces off its nose. The beast lets out an angry cry and breathes deeply, a roaring sound being created from within its throat. The Dragon exhales, and from between its teeth you can see another fireball building up. You prepare yourself, and as the ball of flame comes from its mouth, you cry:

'Ekil Erif
Ekam Erif
Erif Erif
Di Maggio'

The fireball continues no further. With an agonized scream, the Dragon tries to shake the flames from its snout. But there the burning continues.

Squealing in agony, the Dragon turns its back and leaps into the blackness, flailing its head from side to side. Turn to 371.

27

The sword is enchanted and will aid you in battle. As long as you use this sword, you may increase your *Initial* SKILL by 2 points. You may also add 2 points to your current SKILL value. Add 2 points to your LUCK for finding this sword. Throw your old sword away and turn to 319. If you would rather keep your own sword, leave your SKILL as it is and just take the LUCK bonus.

28

The mighty Giant lies dead! You search his cavern and find little of use, although a purse in his belt contains 8 Gold Pieces. You are a little concerned about the second chair; to whom does it belong? You decide to leave the cavern the way you came. Turn to **351**. But add 2 LUCK and 2 SKILL points for your victory.

29

Apart from the boots, which you decide to ignore, there appears to be little of value in the cavern. You decide to head back the way you came. Turn to **375**.

30

A loose stone falls out to reveal a rope in the rock. If you wish to pull it, turn to **67**. If you feel it would be wiser to leave it alone, you can return to the crossroads (turn to **267**).

31

If you have the jewel from the Eye of the Cyclops, you hold it in front of the Warlock. His intimidating stare turns to an expression of pain. He obviously feels the jewel's power. Suddenly his eyes turn white and his expression goes limp. Your confidence gains as you realize you have won your first real battle. Gain 2 SKILL points. Put the jewel into your pack and leave through the north door. Turn to **90**.

32

You toss the Cheese across the room at the Rats and they scramble for it, nipping and scratching each other as they fight for it. Having distracted them, you pass through the room and leave by the door in the north wall. Turn to **124**. Add 2 LUCK points for your good fortune.

33

The sleeping creature awakens startled. He jumps up and rushes at you, unarmed. With your sword you should be able to defeat him, but his sharp teeth look rather vicious. You may *Escape* through the door (turn to **320**) or stand and fight the ORC who is attacking you.

ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If you defeat the creature, you may take the box. Turn to **147**.

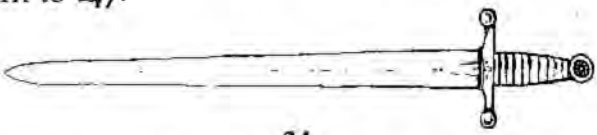

34

Looking through the tools you come across a mallet with a hardwood head and a chisel with a solid silver blade. You may keep either of these if you are prepared to forfeit one of the items of equipment you are carrying. If you wish to do so, make the appropriate adjustments to your Equipment List. The noise from the north door gets louder and you move up to investigate. Turn to **96**.

36 *Inside the room the floor is covered with bones, rotting vegetation and slime.*

35

As you step into the room, the door swings shut behind you. As it closes, there is a click and a hiss. From the centre of the ceiling, a jet of gas is filling the room with an acrid vapour. You breathe and cough deeply. You look at the door and then the key. Will you return to the door and escape quickly (turn to **136**) or hold your breath and dash for the key first (turn to **361**)?

36

The locked door bursts open and a nauseating stench hits your nostrils. Inside the room the floor is covered with bones, rotting vegetation and slime. A wild-haired old man, clothed in rags, rushes at you screaming. His beard is long and grey, and he is waving an old wooden chair-leg. Is he simply insane as he appears, or has this been some kind of trap? You may either shout at him to try to calm him down (turn to **263**) or draw your sword and attack him (turn to **353**).

37

Standing at the crossroads you may go either north (turn to **366**), west (turn to **11**) or south (turn to **277**).

38

You open the door to find the Werewolf's larder, a miscellaneous collection of bones and decaying meats. The smell is nauseating, although a jar of pickled eggs seems to offer fairly palatable food. If

you wish to take these, there will be enough for two meals; add 2 points to your Provisions.

Back in the room you may now go out through the south door. Turn to **66**.

39

Your opponent is surprised as you disappear in front of him, but he raises his hands as if to cover his eyes and he scans the room with an intense glare. He can sense your presence but cannot make out exactly where you are. You draw your sword and advance. He tilts his head and sniffs the air. You will have to fight him from a distance as, if he gets his hands on you, your invisibility will be no advantage. But whilst you remain invisible, you have the following advantages:

You may add 2 to your dice roll when determining your Attack Strength.

Each successful attack will cause him 3 points of damage as, since he cannot see you, he cannot defend himself properly.

Each time he inflicts a wound on you, throw one die. If the number is odd, he wounds you as normal. If the number is 2 or 4, he only inflicts a 1-point wound. If you roll a 6, you can parry the blow and he does no damage.

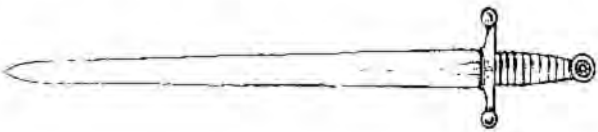

Resolve the battle:

WARLOCK SKILL 11 STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to **396**.

40

The ear-piercing sound gets louder and louder. The pain is unbearable. Reduce your SKILL score by 1 for the agony. You begin to grope in the dark for a wall. Do you head for:

The west wall?	Turn to **355**
The north wall?	Turn to **265**
The east wall?	Turn to **181**

41

He is a powerful adversary – a WIGHT! He is large, strong and evil. The battle commences:

WIGHT SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

You fight with your sword. After you have inflicted your first wound on him, turn to **310**.

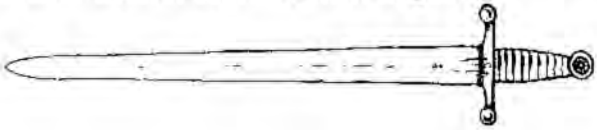

42

You eventually arrive at the end of the passage, at a three-way junction. You may turn either to the west (turn to **257**) or to the east (turn to **113**).

43

You are in a north–south passageway. To go north, turn to **354**. To go south, turn to **52**.

44

Panting after the struggle, you sit down to collect yourself and finish the Provisions you started. Eventually you pack your bag and wade into the stream. Turn to **399**.

45

The Cheese hits the portrait and bounces off. You hear an evil laugh coming from the walls and realize the Warlock is mocking you. You decide to leave the room by the north door. Turn to **90**.

46

You are standing in a short east–west passageway, with a door blocking the way to the east. To the west, the passage turns southwards after several metres. To go round this bend turn to **4**. To go through the door, turn to **206**.

47

In the middle of the river, the bridge swings to and fro as it strains to take your weight. The handrail comes away suddenly as you lean on it. Roll one die. A roll of 6 sends you plunging into the river below – turn to **158**. A roll of 1–5 means you regain your balance. To go on, turn to **298**.

48

You are in an east–west corridor. If you go east, you will turn a corner northwards. To go this way, turn to **391**. To go west, turn to **60**.

49

The door squeaks open on rusty hinges. The room is dark and your eyes begin to adjust themselves as you close the door behind you. You hear a shuffling in the room but before you can react, a blow to your head knocks you senseless. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **122**.

50

The slain creature crashes to the ground. You go through his garments and find nothing, but a small pouch hangs around his neck. Inside this pouch is a small bronze key, with the number 9 cast into it. You may take this if you wish. Nothing else is of value in the cavern so you leave and head back to the junction. Turn to **269**.

51

You drink the Potion and can see the look of astonishment spread across the Troll's face. He comes up to you and feels for you, but you step aside and he gropes the air fruitlessly. He thrashes around, clutching for you, but you are easily able to sidestep him. Eventually he gives up and returns to his chamber, just in time, as you feel yourself reappearing. Add 2 LUCK points. You may leave along the passage to the north. Turn to **287**.

52

You are standing at a T-junction where a passage to the east comes off a north–south corridor.

To go south	Turn to **391**
To check for secret passages on the way southwards	Turn to **362**
To go north	Turn to **354**
To check for secret passages on the way northwards	Turn to **234**
To go east	Turn to **291**

53

You charge the door, hitting it squarely with your shoulder. Roll 2 dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your SKILL score, the door opens (turn to **155**). If the number exceeds your SKILL score, the door shudders but does not budge, and you wince in pain as you hit the door – lose 1 STAMINA point and continue up the corridor (turn to **300**).

54

You are standing outside a door at the north end of a north–south passage. To go south, turn to **308**. To go through the door, turn to **179**.

55

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your LUCK score *and* is also less than or equal to your STAMINA score, then you manage to hold on and manoeuvre the raft across to the north bank (do not deduct a LUCK point). You arrive safely but as you step on to the bank, the raft drifts away and makes its own way across the river to the south bank. Turn to **7**.

If you exceed your LUCK and/or STAMINA totals, the raft throws you into the water and you start to swim back to the south bank. Turn to **166**.

56

As your sword splashes into the water, a bubbly voice says, 'Thank you!' It now seems that the only way onwards is to swim downstream to the east. You plunge into the water. Turn to **399**.

57

As you enter the cavern you hear loud footsteps behind you, crunching heavily on the rocky floor. You crouch down beside the entrance in a small alcove in the rock. The steps get louder and you see a great OGRE enter the cavern! He stands over two metres tall and is dressed in ill-fitting garments made from some sort of hide. He carries a large wooden club. You may:

Attack him as he enters	Turn to **16**
Try to creep out without him noticing you	Turn to **2**
Try to distract him by throwing something into a far corner of the cavern	Turn to **119**

58 *At the corner there is a bench of solid wood, where you may stop and eat Provisions if you wish.*

58

Cautiously you creep along the passageway. After a short time it turns sharply to the north. At the corner there is a bench of solid wood and above the bench a sign reads 'Rest Ye Here Weary Traveller'. Here you may stop and eat Provisions if you wish (turn to **15**) or continue (turn to **367**).

59

You walk westwards for some time, then north round a peculiar bend which hairpins straight round to the south. Eventually you wind up at a three-way junction. Turn to **150**.

60

You walk along the corridor, only to find that the way westwards is blocked by a heavy portcullis. You walk back to where you were. Turn to **48**.

61

As you investigate the cavern, you suddenly hear a scurry of steps behind you and swing round to face the grotesque black shape of a GIANT SPIDER which has been stalking you. The Spider's body is at least a metre across and you quickly draw your sword to defend yourself.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win the battle, turn to **29**. You may *Escape* from the fight down the passageway after two Attack Rounds and will end up at the junction – turn to **375**.

62

You continue along the passageway to the east. After some thirty metres it turns to the south. Following it round the bend you eventually come to a stop at a large armoured door. To try the door, turn to **6**. If you would prefer to return along the passage and go through the narrow opening, turn to **89**.

63

As you walk along the corridor, you can see ahead that it is getting narrower. At one point you stoop, and as you do so, a deep, resonating laugh starts up around you. Do you wish to continue? If so, turn to **281**. If you wish to turn back, turn to **10**.

64

The Ghoul dances with glee around your body, lays it next to the others on the ground, turns you over and sinks its teeth into your rump. It is not often it gets fresh meat to feed on.

Your adventure is over.

65

As you spring at the Chieftain, his servant rises to his feet, picks up a hefty wooden stick and joins the melee. But to your disappointment he attacks you! Ungrateful wretch! Seeing this, you may *Escape* through the door down the corridor (turn to **293**) or continue the fight (turn to **372**). If you choose to *Escape*, you suffer normal escaping penalties.

66

The door opens and you find yourself in the passage leading back to the riverbank. You return to the river and may now either go for the door in the middle of the rockface (turn to **104**) or go down the passage running off eastwards along the riverbank (turn to **99**).

67

You pull on the rope and a small door swings open revealing a passage into a north–south corridor. Will you return to the crossroads (turn to **267**) or go through the secret door (turn to **177**)?

68

The two GOBLIN torturers look at each other amazed, then look at you. They chatter to themselves and then indicate for you to wait while they go off and get another Dwarf to give them some more fun. They disappear out of the room and you cut down the Dwarf who is, as you guessed, quite dead. You decide it best to leave and press on northwards up the corridor. Turn to **303**.

69

Some way along the passage, the corridor bends round to the north and you follow it until you reach another junction. At this junction you see an arrow cut into the rock, pointing to the north, and you decide to try this direction. Turn to **244**.

71 *As you look in, you can see a strange Goblin-like creature in leather armour asleep at his post.*

70

You follow the cobbled corridor east, then north, then east again and finally north until you wind up at a crossroads. Turn to **267**.

71

There is a right-hand turn to the north in the passage. Cautiously you approach a sentry post on the corner and, as you look in, you can see a strange Goblin-like creature in leather armour asleep at his post. You try to tiptoe past him. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, he does not wake up and remains snoring loudly – turn to **301**. If you are Unlucky, you step with a crunch on some loose ground and his eyes flick open – turn to **248**.

72

You now have a fresh set of armour, equivalent to your own. Decide which of the two you wish to keep, throw the other away, and turn to **319**.

73

The passage ahead leads you northwards. The rocky floor becomes sandy until eventually you are walking on a sort of coarse sand. You notice the passage is widening and ahead you can hear a flowing river. You continue until you find yourself in a large cavern through which a river flows. Turn to **218**.

74

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you break his gaze and can prepare to attack. Turn to **279**. If you are

Unlucky, you are under his control and drop your sword at his command – turn to **118**.

75

You sit back and rest from the exhausting battle. You may eat Provisions here. You prise the jewel from the still statue. It is heavy in your hand and is worth 50 Gold Pieces. You put it in your pack. As you explore the room and the statue, you notice that one of its breastplate sections is loose. When you open this, a small key is inside. You examine this and notice the number *111* on it. With a smile you put the jewel and the key in your pack and set off back to the junction. Turn to **93**, after adding 3 LUCK points – you have a valuable artefact here.

76

You arrive at another junction. An arrow on the wall points northwards and you decide to proceed in this direction. Turn to **244**.

77

Several metres up the passageway you arrive at a junction where you may turn either west or east. Set in the rock on the north wall is a small recess where you may rest and eat Provisions without being seen. If you wish to take Provisions here, do so. Afterwards you may set off either eastwards (turn to **345**) or westwards (turn to **18**).

78

The passage ends at a solid wooden door with metal

hinges. Listening at the door, you hear strange mutterings and the clatter of what could be pots and pans. Whatever is in there, there are several of them. Do you want to go through the door (turn to **159**) or turn back (turn to **237**)?

79

The passageway ends in front of you in a dead end. If you wish to search for secret passageways, turn to **137**. If not, return to the crossroads at **267**.

80

The key fits the lock and opens the door. You find yourself in a large boathouse. Various boats, in different stages of construction, are lying around. Apart from the door behind you, there is another in the north wall. As you enter, the Skeletons stop their work and crane their bony necks around to look at you. They pick up planks of wood and hammers and advance towards you. There are five of them. Do you:

Smile nervously and back out of the door into the passage?	Turn to **129**
Tell them you've come about buying a boat?	Turn to **123**
Tell them you're their new boss and order them back to work?	Turn to **195**
Draw your sword and prepare for battle?	Turn to **140**

84 *Seated at the table is an old man with a long grey beard, and squatting on his shoulder is a small winged beast.*

81

A noise startles you, prompting you to leave the room quickly. You walk up to investigate the north door. Turn to **205**.

82

The door opens to reveal a small, smelly room. In the centre of the room is a rickety wooden table on which stands a lit candle. Underneath the table is a small wooden box. Asleep on a straw mattress in the far corner of the room is a short, stocky creature with an ugly, warty face; the same sort of creature that you found asleep at the sentry post. He must be the guard for the night watch. You may either return to the corridor and press on northwards (turn to **208**) or creep into the room and try to take the box without waking the creature. If you want to try to steal the box, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, he does not wake up – turn to **147**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **33**.

83

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you make it out through the north door – turn to **360**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **154**.

84

The door opens into a small room, comfortably furnished with a table, several chairs and a large bookcase which covers one wall. Seated at the table is an old man with a long grey beard, and squatting on the old man's shoulder is a small winged beast. This

creature is no more than six centimetres tall. It has two arms and legs; its skin is a dusty grey colour. It has tiny sharp white teeth and its wings are folded behind its back. The old man says nothing as you walk in through the door, but he beckons you over to sit down at the table. He is tossing in his hand two small white objects. Will you:

Sit down as he tells you?	Turn to **204**
Leave the room and return to the junction?	Turn to **280**
Draw your sword and rush forward?	Turn to **377**

85

You are at a crossroads.

To go north	Turn to **106**
To go south	Turn to **373**
To go east	Turn to **318**
To go west	Turn to **59**

86

A huge jaw yawns open in front of you. By the size of it, the CROCODILE you are swimming towards must be at least three metres long. The beast slaps its tail in the water and glides towards you. You must fight two Attack Rounds.

CROCODILE SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

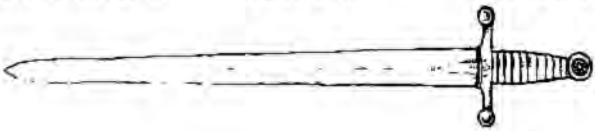

Your combined thrashings attract a 'turbulence' in the water that you had noticed before and this now makes its way towards your part of the river. Out of the corner of your eye you notice this and must decide what to do. If you believe that the Crocodile is on its last legs and you wish to continue the battle, then do so. If you win, turn to **259**. Otherwise you can keep the beast occupied in the faint hope that this mysterious visitor will help you in some way. Have one more Attack Round and turn to **350**.

87

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn northwards. Turn to **262**.

88

You enter another small room, bare except for a fountain in the middle. Not a particularly grand affair, the fountain is a small carved fish, and a short jet of water comes from its mouth. A wooden sign hangs from the fish and this bears a message. It is written in Goblin tongue, at which you are not very proficient. The first word you cannot understand, but the others read: '. . . NOT DRINK'. But you are extremely thirsty. Will you drink from the fountain? If so, turn to **216**. Otherwise you can pass it by and leave through a door in the north wall (turn to **384**).

89

You climb through the opening and find yourself at the top of a narrow staircase leading downwards. Cautiously, you descend the stairs . . . Turn to **286**.

90

You open the door into a narrow passage and follow it northwards. Some metres up the passageway, it turns to the east, then turns to the north. However, at this second bend, there is a small alcove in the rock. It seems a convenient hiding place and a large rock forms a comfortable seat. You may stop here and eat Provisions if you wish. When you have rested, continue northwards. Turn to **253**.

91

If you are lucky, your cheating will not be discovered. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you get away with it. Roll two dice to see how many Gold Pieces you win. Mark these on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **131**.

If you are Unlucky, the four notice you are dealing from the bottom of the deck. They pick up axes from behind their chairs and turn on you. Turn to **20**.

92

You arrive back at the junction in the passage. You look left to see the cave entrance in the dim distance but walk straight on. Turn to **71**.

93

You arrive back at the junction and this time you turn northwards. Turn to **8**.

94

You walk along a passageway that runs due south,

then turns west. After several metres, it ends at a three-way junction. You can check for secret passages along the way (turn to **260**) or go straight to the junction (turn to **329**).

95

You find nothing remarkable about the weapons, in fact not a single weapon looks more useful than your sword. As you search the debris, you hear a deep thumping from the north followed by a scream which sends a shiver down your spine. You rush to the north door to investigate. Turn to **205**.

96

The door opens into a short corridor about fifteen metres long. There are two doors, one at each end. You now realize what the noise was. More Skeletons! Four of them, armed with swords, are running down the corridor towards you.

They don't appear to have seen you and you notice a slight recess in the wall which may be a useful hiding place. You decide to try it. Turn to **374**.

97 *In the midst of all this clutter, you see a little old man in a grubby white gown swaying to and fro in a rocking chair.*

97

A voice bids you 'Come in!' and you walk into a small room furnished with a table and chair, shelves, cupboards and the like, all of which have seen better days. Plates, bowls, cups and hundreds of old books line the shelves. In the midst of all this clutter, you see a little old man in a grubby white gown swaying to and fro in a rocking chair, still humming happily to himself, his eyes fixed on you, but seeming at peace with the world. He bids you 'Good day.' Do you:

Start to make conversation with him?	Turn to **334**
Draw your sword and charge at him?	Turn to **247**
Decide not to waste time with him and leave, going northwards?	Turn to **292**

98

As you crawl into the room, a voice booms out: 'Welcome, adventurer. I have been expecting you.' You stop, look around and rise to your feet. The little old man has changed. He is not so old and grey any more, and he's of an imposing height. His eyes are deep and black and they are fixed on you relentlessly. Turn to **358**.

99

The passageway runs eastwards. Ahead of you, you can see that a solid-looking door blocks the passage. You step up to investigate. Turn to **383**.

100

Hesitantly, they agree to let you join in. As you play and chat, they loosen up and eventually you are all laughing and exchanging stories.

They seem quite harmless. You may play cards either fairly or you may try to cheat. If you wish to play fairly, turn to **346**. If you wish to cheat, turn to **91**.

101

Your lucky throw catches the Vampire unawares and he shrieks in agony as the stake sinks into his heart. You leap over and thrust it further into his body. His death cries grow weaker and his lifeless body slumps to the floor. Turn to **327**.

102

The door is not locked and opens. The room in front of you seems to be a small torture chamber, with various torture devices around the walls. In the centre of the room, two small, hunchbacked creatures are having their fiendish way with a Dwarf, who is tied to a hook in the ceiling by his wrists. The two hunchbacks are poking and cutting him viciously with their swords. The Dwarf lets out a final scream and falls silent, eyes closed. His captors make disappointed noises and look round angrily at you as if it were your fault that the Dwarf has collapsed. You must act quickly. Will you:

Close the door quickly and continue up the corridor? Turn to **303**

Draw your sword and try to fight the creatures?	Turn to **19**
Stride over to the Dwarf, give him a jab with your sword and put on an evil laugh for the torturers?	Turn to **68**

103

You feel a stone move and behind it you find a lever. Will you pull the lever, or leave it and return to the crossroads? If you dare pull the lever, turn to **252**. If you go back to the crossroads, turn to **359**.

104

You find yourself in a short, narrow passageway with a door ahead to the north. You try this door. Turn to **49**.

105

You rummage through your haversack. What is in there? You may attempt to use any of the following items if you have them on your Equipment List:

Potion of Invisibility	Turn to **39**
The Eye of the Cyclops	Turn to **382**
A piece of Cheese	Turn to **368**
Bow with Silver Arrow	Turn to **194**
A Y-shaped Stick	Turn to **215**

106

The passageway ahead runs northwards for some time. You may rest along the passage to eat Provisions. It then bends to the west and begins to get quite narrow. You reach a small rocky arch which

106 *Smoke curls from its nostrils. Its scaly red skin glistens with an oily covering.*

you will have to stoop to get through. On the other side of the arch you pause and look around. You are in a large cavern which disappears into distant blackness. The cavern is partially lit by natural light which streams in through a hole in the roof. You cannot see a way through.

As you shine your lantern around the cavern, you hear a rumble. A dull glow flickers in the blackness. Suddenly, a jet of fire shoots from the depths of the cavern, narrowly missing you and singeing the mossy growths on the wall! You throw yourself on to the ground and look up to see a large DRAGON stalking out of the darkness towards you. Smoke curls from its nostrils. Its scaly red skin glistens with an oily covering. The beast is some fifteen metres long! How will you attack the creature?

Draw your sword and prepare to attack?	Turn to **152**
Search your memory for another means of attack?	Turn to **126**

107

You tiptoe through the room, up a narrow staircase, ending up at the top of the stairs in a passage. 'That was easy,' you think, and you begin to have second thoughts about whether it would have been worthwhile to search the bodies. If you want to return and search the bodies, starting with the third, turn to **148**. If you want to press on, turn to **197**.

108

The moment your foot touches a hand tile, you feel a vice-like grip on your ankle and look down to see a ghostly white hand gripping your leg. You fight for your balance and manage to regain it. But to your horror you see that, from every hand-shaped tile in the floor, a similar apparition has appeared, and the floor across to the door is now scattered with ghoulish hands, flexing and snatching in the air. You draw your sword and chop at the hand. Resolve this battle:

HAND	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to 185.

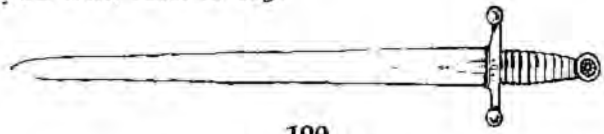

109

The liquid is smooth and watery and, as you drink it, you begin to glow. You feel euphoric and a little drunk at the same time. Your confidence grows and your weariness disappears.

The bottle contains HOLY WATER, blessed by the Overpriest of Kaynlesh-Ma. It has restored your STAMINA almost to full strength. Increase your STAMINA to 2 points below your *Initial* STAMINA (if your STAMINA was already higher than this, leave it as it is – you are strong enough!). Add points to your current SKILL to take the total to 1 point under your *Initial* SKILL. You may add 4 LUCK points for making such a lucky find.

If you have already looked at the parchment, you may leave the room northwards (turn to **120**). If you have not, you may look at it (turn to **212**) or you may forget about it and go northwards anyway.

110

You are now 8 Gold Pieces richer. You also find another 2 Gold Pieces in his boot, hidden there for safety. Turn to **319**. Record the Gold on your *Adventure Sheet*.

111

He will not be pacified. As you shift uneasily around the room, he shouts a word at the dog. Turn to **249**.

112

You see nothing in the room likely to help you in your battle. Will you:

Draw your sword, grit your teeth and advance?	Turn to **142**
Search your rucksack for a weapon to use?	Turn to **105**

113

You arrive at another junction in the passage. You may either go northwards (turn to **285**) or continue eastwards (turn to **78**).

114

The passage goes south, then east and you eventually find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **359**.

115

The poor wretches lying dead at your feet almost look happy to be relieved of the burden of life. But as you look down at them, you sense that you are not the only one to know of their deaths. Looking around the room, you may:

Investigate the weapons lying around	Turn to **95**
Go over to the dead body in the north-east corner	Turn to **313**
Check the barrels	Turn to **330**

116

The two drunken ORCS you now face are obviously startled at your entrance and, as quickly as they are able, they fumble around for the weapons. You must attack each one in turn. Their drunkenness allows you to add 1 point to your dice roll when rolling to work out your Attack Strength, during each Attack Round.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	4
Second ORC	5	5

If you win the battle, turn to **378**. If you wish to *Escape* during the battle, you may do so by turning to **42**.

117

You are in an east–west passageway. To go east, turn to **354**. To go west, turn to **308**.

118

As you approach he rises from his coffin, spreads his cloak and takes you under it. Your last living memory is a flash of pain as his sharp teeth sink into your neck. You should never have let yourself get into eye-contact with a VAMPIRE!

119

You open your pack and reach inside for something suitable to throw across the cavern. Check your Equipment List, choose one item to throw and cross it off your List. If you have no Equipment you will have to throw a Gold Piece. You throw the object across the cavern, where it lands with a clatter. The Ogre looks towards the noise, and goes over to investigate. Meanwhile you creep out, down the passage and back to the junction. Turn to **269**.

120

You leave the chamber, walk down a short passage and reach a staircase going up. You climb the stairs and arrive at the top in a passageway. Turn to **197**.

121

The corridor goes east for several metres, then south, then east again, where it finally ends. Will you investigate the dead end (turn to **103**) or return to the crossroads (turn to **359**)?

122 *Their skin is a greeny-grey colour. Their clothes are tattered and torn.*

122

You awake with a throbbing head and look around. The room is about eight metres square, with doors to the north and south. You have been dumped in the south-west corner. Standing motionless in the centre of the room are four men. At least, they *appear* to be men. Their skin is a greeny-grey colour. Their clothes are tattered and torn – and they are all staring vacantly at the ceiling. One carries a club, one a scythe, one an axe and one a pick. They are ignoring you completely.

Around the room are various peasant-style weapons (pitchforks, axe-handles, pointed sticks, etc.), one or two shields, and several barrels. In the north-east corner is a human corpse with a sword in one hand and a shield in the other. You move your hand up to your head to feel for signs of blood and you are relieved to find you are not bleeding. But as your hand moves, the strange creatures in the centre of the room turn their eyes down towards you. Do you:

Try to talk to them?	Turn to **268**
Jump to your feet and charge them with your sword?	Turn to **282**
Scramble for an exit through the south door?	Turn to **13**

123

Will they believe your story about buying a boat? Skeletons are pretty simple-minded, so roll one die. A 1, 2 or 3 means they believe you, and they all go

running through the door in the north wall, leaving you alone in the Boat House. Add 2 LUCK points and turn to **184**.

A 4 or 5 means they're not sure. They send two of their members through the north door whilst the other three watch you with their makeshift weapons. Turn to **164**.

A roll of 6 means they definitely don't believe you and keep on advancing. Turn to **140**.

124

The door opens into a wide passageway and you follow this for some distance before reaching a junction. Here you may either go northwards (turn to **138**) or turn to the east (turn to **76**).

125

You pick up the rope. It looks normal. In fact it looks as if it might be quite useful. You open your pack to put it in. Suddenly, it comes alive in your fingers, snakes quickly up your arm and attempts to wrap itself around your neck. You struggle to cut the rope with your sword before its grip tightens. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you cut the rope and it drops to the ground. If you are not, the rope tightens—lose 1 STAMINA point. You must *Test your Luck* again to try to cut the rope, and keep trying until you do. Each time you fail, you lose another STAMINA point (and reduce your LUCK score). If you finally defeat the rope, you may leave through the north door. Turn to **73**.

126

Does the name 'Farrigo Di Maggio' mean anything to you? If not, you must fight the Dragon. Turn to **152**. If it does, turn to **26**.

127

He doesn't take at all kindly to your threats. As you argue and his anger builds, you notice a transformation taking place. He begins to straighten up and grows physically stronger in front of your very eyes. His face and arms grow hairy. His teeth become sharp and pointed. You must make a quick decision. Will you offer him 5 Gold Pieces to calm him down (deduct this from your Gold and turn to **272**), or prepare to attack him (turn to **188**)?

128

You hear a deep rumbling noise and the ground begins to shudder. Slowly and noisily the portcullis rises into the ceiling. You may now walk to the junction. Will you turn west (turn to **210**) or east (turn to **58**)?

129

You return to the riverbank and decide to try the door in the middle of the rockface. Turn to **104**.

130

The old man asks you your stake. You may bet between 1 and 20 Gold Pieces (but not more than you possess!). He tosses the white dice he has been playing with to you and asks you to roll. Roll two

dice once for yourself and once for the old man. If your total is higher, you win the amount of your stake from the old man. If his total is higher, you lose your stake. You may continue for as long as you have Gold Pieces, and then leave through the door and return to the junction. Add 2 points to your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores if you win. Turn to **280**.

131

You chat about various things and they seem eager to be friendly. They feel lonely in the dungeon with so much evil about and are happy to speak to visitors of a lawful disposition. They tell you that you are in The Maze of Zagor. The only way out is to go deeper into the dungeon. They tell you that the way through the maze is to leave the room, turn right, right, left, keep going straight . . . and then they begin to get a bit vague. They're not entirely sure it is correct.

You may, if you wish, eat a meal from your Provisions, but you will have to share it with them and thus will only gain half the normal STAMINA

points. Eventually you thank them and leave the room. Go to **291**.

132

The shield is a standard wooden type. You may keep it or throw it away. Turn to **319**.

133

You are in a north–south corridor which ends in a dead end. You look around the rock face for signs of anything interesting, when suddenly a rock breaks loose above you and lands on your head. Although the blow was not particularly hard, you find you are feeling dizzy. You fight to remain conscious, but are unable to do so. You slump to the ground. When you open your eyes, you are at a junction. Turn to **52**.

134 *On the table there are two helmets; one of bronze and one of iron. Both are about your size.*

134

The room is unoccupied and there seems to be no other means of exit. In the centre of the floor stands a table, and on this table are two helmets; one of bronze and one of iron. Both are about your size. Will you try one on, or is this worth the risk?

Try on the bronze helmet	Turn to **202**
Try on the iron helmet	Turn to **325**
Return to the junction	Turn to **87**

135

The Wight lies in a heap in the corner of the room. You approach his desk and open the box. There are 18 Gold Pieces within the box. You may take these with you – enter them on your *Adventure Sheet*. You can add 2 LUCK points for defeating the creature and may rest a while to take some Provisions. When you are ready, you may leave by the north door. Turn to **360**.

136

You arrive at the door, struggle with the lock and open the door. You burst out, closing the door behind you and take several deep breaths. Return to the junction (turn to **229**).

137

You find no secret passages, but as you press the wall, you hear a click. You feel dizzy and slump to the ground. When you come to, you do not recognize your surroundings. Turn to **354**.

138

The passage widens and you realize you are about to enter a large cavern. You can hear noises coming from the cavern ahead and you proceed cautiously. As you approach, you can make out a large figure in the distance and you are overawed as you realize that this oversized human must be at least three metres tall! Dressed in a leather tunic, the creature is absorbed in a meal he is eating at a table.

The cavern is at least a hundred metres across and must be the home of this GIANT. A large table and two chairs are along one of the walls, and it is here that the creature sits. Intent on his meal (a large pig), he is unlikely to notice you. Around the rest of the cavern you can see his straw mattress, a great furry pelt which may be his blanket or a shawl, and a huge stone-headed hammer, which you would have no hope of budging. A fire burns in one corner of the cavern, under a hole in the ceiling. There appears to be no other way through the cavern. Will you take on this brute (turn to **163**) or return to the junction (turn to **351**)?

139

During your adventure, you will have come across various keys and should have collected some of these. You may now use three of these keys to try to open the locks on the chest.

Each key is identified with a number. To determine whether you have the right keys, add their three numbers together. Now turn to the section which

has the same number as this total, where you will discover whether you have used the correct keys.

If you do not have three numbered keys, this is the end of your journey. You sit on the chest and weep as you realize that you will have to explore the mountain once more in order to find the keys.

140

The Skeletons advance and force you back to the door. The leader approaches, with two behind, and the final two behind them. Resolve the battle by first fighting the leader:

SKELETON SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

and then fighting the pairs. Both members of a pair will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Skeleton as a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is the greater, you must just count this as though you have defended against its blow. Of course if its Attack Strength is greater, it has wounded you in the normal way.

		SKILL	STAMINA
1st Pair:	SKELETON A	6	5
	SKELETON B	6	6
2nd Pair:	SKELETON A	5	6
	SKELETON B	5	5

If you win, turn to **395**.

143 *Suddenly a large tubular head breaks through the surface, twists around in the air and picks up your scent.*

141

When the old man learns of your quest for treasure he becomes angry and bids you begone – he'll have nothing to do with fortune-hunters. His dog senses his anger and snarls menacingly. You may either smile, thank him and exit through the south door (turn to **66**) or you may stay to try to pacify him (turn to **111**).

142

His booming voice calls out, 'Poor fool. Do you think you could match my power with your puny weapon?' You continue with determination. 'If it is a simple brawl you want, stranger, then I shall give you your last!' and with these words, he vanishes and reappears behind you. You swing round to face him and the fight starts. But this is a battle to the death. There is no escaping here.

WARLOCK	SKILL 11	STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to **396**.

143

You squat on the sandy bank. As you prepare your meal you notice a movement in the sand a couple of metres to your left. The movement becomes quite turbulent and you spring to your feet, sword at the ready. Suddenly a large tubular head breaks through the surface, twists around in the air and picks up your scent. The smooth, segmented body of a GIANT SANDWORM rears up and sways over in your direction. As it does so, a large orifice,

with short, spiky teeth, opens in what must be its head. You must do battle with this creature.

GIANT SANDWORM SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **44**. If you want to *Escape*, after three Attack Rounds, you may dive into the river and swim downstream (turn to **399**), but you have lost the Provisions you started to eat.

144

The creature catches your eye with its own gaze and you find yourself unable to control your own actions. It beckons you forward. You move slowly towards it with your mouth gaping open. It tells you to throw down the stake. As you look down at the stake, you suddenly feel a surge of power return to your own will, and you fling the stake at him from close range.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **101**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **217**.

145

The box has fallen to the ground during your fight with the Snake and out of it has fallen a bronze-coloured key with the number 99 carved into it. You may take this key with you (note it on your Equipment List) and leave the room. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **363**.

146

You find no secret passages. You return to the crossroads and proceed either northwards (turn to **366**) or westwards (turn to **11**).

147

You leave the room and open the box in the passage. Inside you find a single Piece of Gold and a small mouse, which must have been the creature's pet. You keep the coin and release the mouse, which scurries off down the passageway. Gain 2 LUCK points and turn to **208**.

148

As you search the body, you try to avoid looking at the terrible face, grey and decomposing. Maggots crawl from its nose and mouth. You jump back startled when its eyes suddenly flick open! Just in time you avoid a vicious slash from its long sharp fingernails. It quickly springs to its feet and eyes you with a sadistic leer spreading across its mouth. Turn to **230**.

149

As you watch the living mural, you are unaware of the speed with which your candle is burning. Suddenly it flickers and goes out! You again begin to hear the piercing screams and their pitch grows to an unbearable level. You drop to your knees clutching your ears and crawl towards the wall. Which wall will you crawl towards:

The east wall?	Turn to **181**
The north wall?	Turn to **265**
The west wall?	Turn to **355**

150

You are at a three-way junction.

To go north	Turn to **222**
To go east	Turn to **297**
To go south	Turn to **133**

151

You gain ground on the 'turbulence' in the water but a few metres from the north bank you notice two sinister reptilian eyes on the surface of the water watching you. You are swimming straight for them. If you decide you'd rather not face the owner of the eyes, you may turn round and head straight back to the south bank at full speed – you arrive exhausted, lose 1 STAMINA point and turn to **218**. Alternatively you can risk the eyes ahead – turn to **86**. You may try a detour which will send you nearer the 'turbulence' – turn to **158**.

152

Resolve your battle:

DRAGON	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **371**.

153

As you put the two swords into your belt, your new one seems to take on a mind of its own. It cuts your leg (lose 1 STAMINA point) and, as you draw it out, it turns rubbery in your hand. It's useless now so you fling it into the river. It seems that the only way forward is for you to swim eastwards down the river. You plunge in and start swimming. Turn to **399**.

154

As you move, the creature's eyes flash open. He sees you and slowly gets to his feet. His breathing becomes heavy and he stalks towards you. You must stand and fight him. Turn to **41**.

155

The door splits along its length and you can wrench the timbers apart to let yourself in. A torch hangs

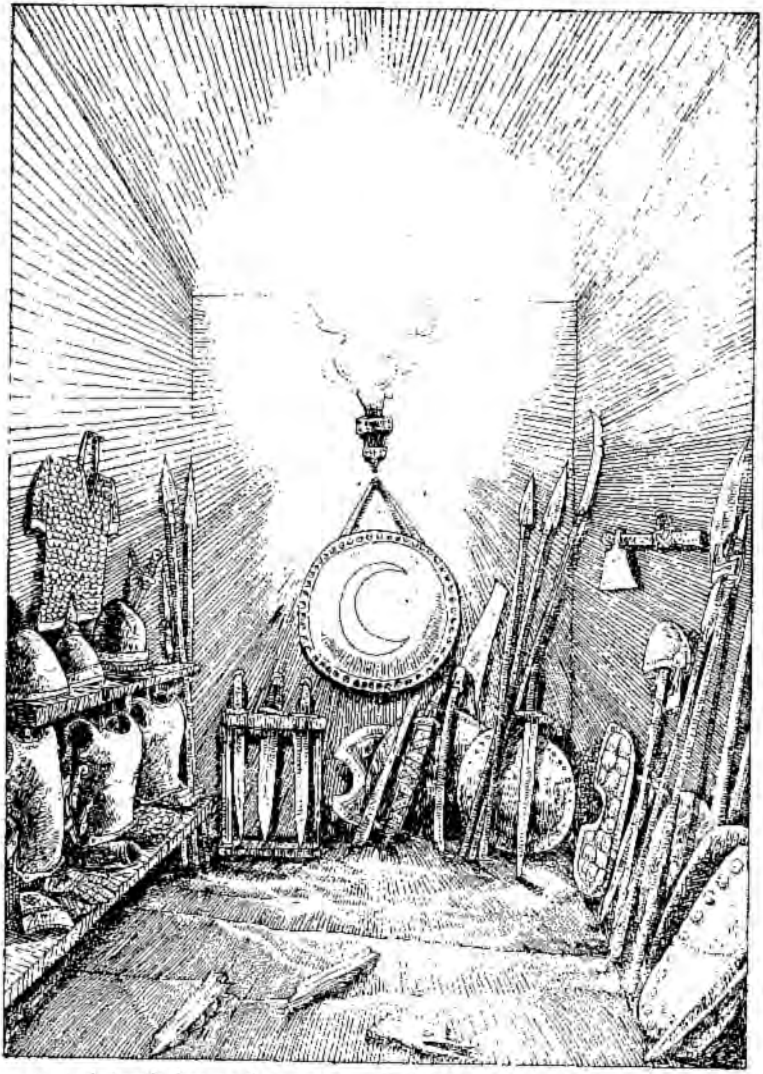

155 *A torch hangs from one wall lighting up a small armoury room stocked with swords, shields, helmets, daggers and the like.*

from one wall lighting up a small armoury room stocked with swords, shields, helmets, daggers, breastplates and the like. You examine the weaponry and find nothing appearing superior to your own sword. However, a circular iron shield with a golden crescent at its centre catches your eye. You pick it up and feel its weight on your arm. If you wish to take this shield it will aid you in battles by helping to fend off wound damage inflicted by a creature on you. If, in future during a battle in which you are using this shield, a creature wounds you, you may throw one die. If you throw a 6, the creature inflicts only 1 point of damage instead of the normal 2. If, for some reason, the creature would normally only inflict 1 point of damage, then a successful roll of 6 would mean that no damage is done. However, the shield is heavy and you will have to leave behind one item of equipment (adjust your Equipment List) to be able to carry it.

You now leave the room and continue up the corridor. Turn to **300**.

156

You charge the door with your shoulder. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you succeed – turn to **343**. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, you rub your bruised shoulder and decide against trying again. Turn to **92** to return to the junction.

157

The door opens into an east–west passage, which turns north after several metres. To follow this direction, turn to **4**. If you decide against going through the door, turn to **329**.

158

The water around you bristles with activity, as if an invisible hand is dropping unseen pebbles into the river. You gulp – PIRANHAS! – and you begin to feel their sharp teeth biting into your flesh. You kick with your limbs and slash with your weapons to keep them off until you reach the south bank. Treat the Piranhas as a single creature.

PIRANHAS	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

Resolve this battle.

If you win, you manage to scramble out of the water and lie panting on the south bank. You may eat Provisions here. Turn to **218**.

159

You open the door into a large room which can only be the dining room of the same warty-faced creatures you now recognize. Sitting round a large table are five ORCS busily drinking and dribbling their bowls of rat-gizzard soup. All are involved in a rowdy argument as to who will get to chew the rat bones left in the large soup cauldron, so they do not see you enter. You may be bold and prepare to attack them (turn to **365**) or you may not relish the prospect of taking on five of these creatures and try

to escape. If you wish to leave the room, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you get out without them noticing (turn to **237**) – there is no penalty for escaping. If you are Unlucky, they notice you. Prepare for battle and turn to **365**.

160

You follow a long, narrow passageway which goes south, then east, then south again until you eventually find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **267**.

161

Make sure you have noted the reference as instructed on the last page! You will return to that reference after dealing with the creature you are about to encounter.

Your tappings and scrapings at the rock face as you search for secret doors and passageways resound through the dungeon corridors. Various creatures roam freely through the underworld and your noises have just attracted the attentions of one of the following monsters.

Roll one die. Consult the table below and over to find out what has come to investigate. Fight the creature as normal. Wandering monsters never carry any treasure. If you defeat this monster, return to the reference you have noted.

Die roll	Creature	SKILL	STAMINA
1	GOBLIN	5	3
2	ORC	6	3
3	GREMLIN	6	4

(turn page

4	GIANT RAT	5	4
5	SKELETON	6	5
6	TROLL	8	4

162

The passageway ahead runs northwards and you follow this until you reach another junction. Here you may either continue northwards (turn to **23**) or you may turn westwards (turn to **69**).

163

You draw your sword and enter the cavern. The Giant stops in the middle of a mouthful, raises his head and sniffs the air. He swings round and catches sight of you approaching. Roaring loudly, he flings the pig's carcass at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, it misses. If you are Unlucky, it hits you with quite some force – lose 1 STAMINA point. Then he picks up his hammer and prepares to club you with it. Resolve this battle.

GIANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **28**. You may *Escape* after three Attack Rounds down the passageway, where he will not be able to follow (turn to **351**).

164

You realize that the two Skeletons who have just run off will soon return and expose your bluff. You must react quickly. Will you beat a hasty retreat through the door behind you (turn to **129**) or draw your sword and lash out at the remaining Skeletons (turn to **236**)?

165

The old man thanks you and rather sheepishly ties up his boots. You explain that you mean no harm and he calms down, calling off his dog. He tells you that this area is the only passageway through to the inner chambers. Some years ago the river swelled after a particularly severe spring thaw and cut off supplies from the outside world. All the area's inhabitants starved to death but the Master, realizing he needed defences against the outside world, put a curse on the area. The last remaining creatures became the Undead and now guard the passageways through.

He starts to inquire about you. Will you:

Be straight with him and tell him of your quest?	Turn to **141**
Thank him for the chat and leave through the south door?	Turn to **66**
Try to grab the keys and go for the nearest door?	Turn to **249**

166

You land in the icy water and frantically swim for the south bank. To your amazement the raft turns round in mid-stream and makes its own way back to the south bank. You quicken your pace, aware that your splashings may at any time attract the attentions of any underwater creatures living in the river.

Roll one die. If you roll a 1, 2, 3 or 4 you make it safely back to the south bank. Turn to **218**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **158**.

168 *With the whip in his hand, the Orc Chieftain has been beating his servant, who is whimpering beneath him.*

167

You find a secret door which opens into the bend where two passageways meet. To the north a short passage runs into a dead end, and to the east, the passageway reaches a crossroads. If you will step through this secret door into the passageway, turn to **187**. If you decide against going through the secret door, close it and return down the passage to the crossroads – turn to **359**.

168

You open the door to a large room. A large chair behind a solid-looking table suggests to you that someone, or some*thing*, of rank uses this room. A chest in the centre catches your eye. In a corner of the room stands a man-sized creature with a warty face, standing over a smaller creature of similar race. With the whip in his hand, the ORC CHIEFTAIN has been beating his servant, who is whimpering beneath him. Will you:

Attack them both?	Turn to **372**
Spring at the Chieftain in the hope that his servant will aid you?	Turn to **65**
Leave the room and head back for the junction?	Turn to **293**

169

One by one all the keys click and turn in the locks. You have placed them all correctly! As the last key turns, the lid of the chest comes free and you open it. Turn to **400** to see what lies within.

170

The crucifix is solid silver and worth 4 Gold Pieces. Record this on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **319**.

171

You are standing at the north end of a short north–south passage. You are at a dead end. To investigate the wall, turn to **337**. To go southwards, turn to **187**.

172

The old man's eyes flutter open. He sees you and grabs for a half oar lying by his bench. You tell him you mean him no harm but he remains on guard and eyes you cautiously. Although he looks harmless enough, his dog could be dangerous. The man's boots are undone. Will you:

Rush the dog with your weapon drawn?	Turn to **249**
Ask the man questions regarding your quest?	Turn to **141**
Tell him his boots are undone?	Turn to **165**

173

Silver weapons only will be effective here. When the creature inflicts its *third* wound on you, turn to **24**. If you defeat it before this happens, turn to **135**, or you may *Escape* through the north door (turn to **360**). If you can use 'The Giver of Sleep', *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you hit and the creature dies instantly. If you are Unlucky, you miss.

174

Turn to **198**.

175

You are standing in a narrow corridor. Behind you is a secret door to the east. Ahead of you is a crossroads. To go through the door, turn to **177**. To walk to the crossroads, turn to **267**.

176

As you walk up the passage, it visibly widens and eventually you find yourself standing at the mouth of a rough cavern, a natural cave in the rock. As you look into the darkness, the cavern appears to be about 30 metres deep, with no visible exit. Do you want to go into the cavern (turn to **270**) or go back to the junction (turn to **375**)?

177

You are standing in a north–south passage. To the north you can see a passage off to the east. To investigate, turn to **52**. To the south, the passage turns westwards. You may go to the southern end of the passage by turning to **391**. In the west wall in front of you is a secret door. To go through this, turn to **175**.

178

You tiptoe precariously across the room to the door in the north wall. You open the door and proceed through it. Turn to **162**.

179 *You swing round to face a strange-looking creature, half man, half bull – who is glaring at you.*

179

You have entered a large square room. Broken pottery lies scattered all about. One large clay vase is untouched and is full of clear liquid. A large bowl is full of gold coins. As you enter the room the door slams behind you and you swing round to face a strange-looking creature, half man, half bull – who is glaring at you. He is a MINOTAUR, and he stalks towards you!

He lowers his head, horns pointing at your chest, and charges. You must fight him:

MINOTAUR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

After three Attack Rounds, you manoeuvre yourself round to be able to run through the door. If you wish to *Escape* at this time, turn to **54** and pay the penalty. If you continue fighting and kill him, turn to **258**. If you have already been in this room on this adventure and killed the Minotaur, you find it empty. Leave and turn to **54**.

180

The passageway goes west and then south. Finally you come to a stop at a dead end. You may return to the three-way junction and go east (turn to **70**) or north (turn to **329**), or you may investigate the dead end (turn to **22**).

181

You run along the wall searching for a door but find none. Your ears are on fire with the agony! Lose 1

SKILL point. You may try either the west wall (turn to **355**) or the north wall (turn to **265**), but you must find a way out soon!

182

Two of the keys fit the locks perfectly. The other doesn't. You leap to one side as a jet of clear liquid spurts from the chest. It just misses, but you lose 2 STAMINA points as the liquid emits an acidic vapour which makes you cough and choke.

You return to the chest and try another combination of three keys. Add the key totals and turn to that section.

If you have no more keys to try, you sit down exhausted and in despair after having got so near to your goal. Remember to look for keys next time you enter the dungeon!

183

You search the bodies of the dead Orcs but find only a few teeth, nails, bones and knives in their pockets. You search the cupboards around the room but find only crude bowls, plates and spoons. But under the serving hatch you find a thin leather case half a metre long. You may open the case (turn to **266**) or you may leave it behind and walk out of the door (turn to **237**). You are proud of your victory and may add 1 SKILL and 5 STAMINA points.

184

You are alone in the Boat House and have some time to search before the Skeletons will inevitably return.

You may either search the drawers (turn to **322**) in the room, or may investigate the tools (turn to **34**) before they come back. As you begin to search you hear a noise from behind the door in the north wall.

185

The hand withers and shrinks back into the floor. At the same time, the other hands stop dead and slowly fade away downwards into the tiles. You decide this time to step on the star-shaped tiles, and step carefully across to the door in the north wall. The door opens. Add 2 LUCK points. Turn to **162**.

186

Turn to **198**.

187

You are standing in the corner of a bend in the passage. To the north the passage ends in a dead end. To investigate this, turn to **171**. To go eastwards, turn to **308**.

188

He now stands just under two metres tall. He advances towards you. His body is hairy. His teeth are pointed. His eyes flash. His fingernails are sharp claws. His nose has become a rat-like snout. He is a WERERAT!

WERERAT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

Resolve your battle with him. If you win, turn to **342**. If you decide to *Escape*, you may run over the rickety bridge (turn to **209**).

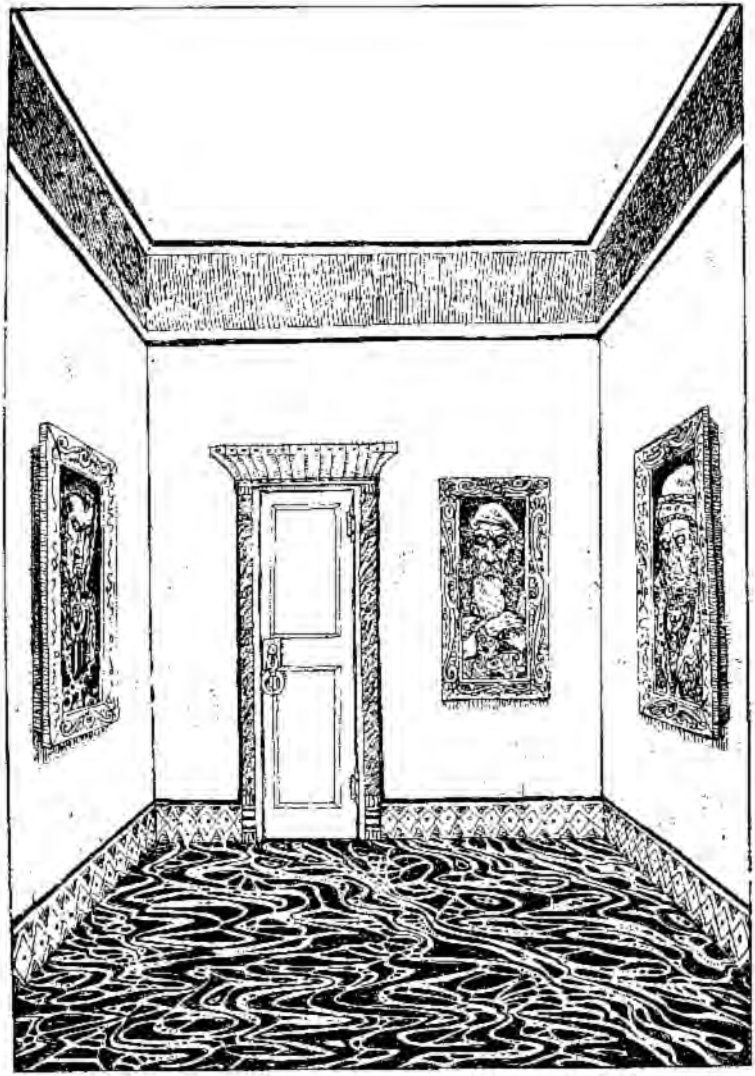

189 *This room is splendidly decorated, with a polished marble floor and rough walls painted white.*

189

The door opens into a short corridor which ends several metres ahead at another door, similar to the one you have just come through. You listen and hear nothing. You try the handle and it turns, allowing you into another room of a similar size. But this room is splendidly decorated, with a polished marble floor and rough walls painted white. On each of the four walls hangs a painting, and there is another door in the north wall. You can either go straight through the room (turn to **90**) or you may stop to look at the paintings (turn to **25**).

190

You are in a narrow north–south corridor. There is a dead end to the north. You may check the dead end (turn to **167**) or give up and return to the crossroads (turn to **359**).

191

He shrieks and hides behind his desk. He is terrified of your aggressive manner. His squeaky little voice explains that he is the Mazemaster in charge of The Maze of Zagor. You talk to him and reassure him that you mean no harm and he eventually comes out from behind the desk. He sits down and as his confidence returns, a strange thing happens. His manner becomes firm and self-assured. He refers to a book, points his finger and the book slips from the shelf and floats on to the desk in front of him. You deduce that he is a Wizard of some power; perhaps even the dungeon Master himself, come to

193 *Mosaics and marble inlays give this room a kind of beauty you have never seen before.*

investigate you. You ask him the way out of the maze. He tells you to leave by the south door, walk past a door on your right until you can go no further and turn left. Go over a crossroads and turn left at the next one.

If you take his advice, leave through the south door and keep going until you reach the second crossroads	Turn to **308**
If you leave through the south door but intend to make your own way round	Turn to **392**
If you leave via the west door	Turn to **46**

192

Turn to **169**.

193

The door opens and you enter a small room. Your eyes widen as you look around to see that the walls of the room are covered in ornate stonework. Mosaics and marble inlays give this room a kind of beauty you have never seen before. In a corner of the room is a large metal statue of a one-eyed creature. In its single eye is a sparkling jewel. As there appear to be no other ways through the room, you will have to go back to the junction – but that large jewel is very tempting. Will you leave it alone and go back to the junction (turn to **93**) or try to take the jewel with you (turn to **338**)?

194

You load the bow and fire, but despair as the arrow

flies through the air directly at him, stops centimetres from his chest and falls to the floor. He looks up and smiles at you with an evil, gloating smile. What can you do:

Draw your sword and advance?	Turn to **142**
Try something else from your backpack?	Turn to **105**

195

This is a rather unlikely story, considering that they see very few humans around. Nevertheless, Skeletons are pretty dim – you knew this and that's why you tried the story. Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, they don't believe you and keep on advancing. Turn to **140**.

A 3 or 4 means that they aren't sure, and send two of their number off through the north door whilst the rest hold you at bay with their weapons. Turn to **164**.

A roll of 5 or 6 means they've believed you and they all get back to work! Turn to **9**. Add 2 LUCK points.

196

You search the room. Try as you may you cannot find the secret switch to open the door in the bookshelf – the old man must have locked it from the inside. You do find 5 Gold Pieces in a drawer in the table. You decide to return to the junction to the south. Turn to **280**.

197

At the top of the stairs the passage turns sharply to

the east. As you pause to get your bearings, you hear a creaking in the rock behind you. You spin round in time to see a heavy portcullis drop to seal off the passageway behind you. Your only way now is forward! You may either press on forward (turn to **48**) or may check the walls for secret passages (turn to **295**).

198

One of the keys turns, but the other two will not fit. As you struggle to try to make them turn, you hear two small clicks and then 'pings' as two miniature darts shoot from the chest at you. You leap backwards to try to avoid them, crack your head on the wall behind you, and slump to the floor, unconscious.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the darts miss you, and you awake with a sore head. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are Unlucky, the darts strike and you never recover consciousness. If you *were* Lucky, you may try different keys (remember – *one* of the keys you just used fits perfectly). Add the key totals and turn to that page.

If you have tried all combinations for the keys that you have, you bury your head in your hands and weep after having got so far. You are so near to achieving your objective, but you will have to try again. Re-enter the dungeon – but remember to look for keys as you progress!

199

The passageway ahead widens and you can see

ahead a large cavern. As you shine your lantern around it you can see crude stone weapons on the floor and a smouldering fire in the centre of the cave. But you see no way through. As you turn to make your way back you stop in your tracks to see two Neanderthal CAVEMEN barring your exit. They grunt aggressively at you. You draw your sword and must prepare to fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CAVEMAN	7	6
Second CAVEMAN	6	4

Fight them one at a time. If you win, leave the cavern and return to the junction. Turn to **283**.

200

Turn to **387**.

201

You sink to the floor. You pull the dart out and decide to bandage the wound. This gives some relief, but you still feel weak. You decide to take it easy and examine the contents of the chest, but if you wish you may eat some Provisions here. There are 25 Gold Pieces and the label on the bottle shows it to be a Potion of Invisibility, good for one dose. The glove is a mystery. You may put any or all of these into your haversack and leave the room. Turn to **293**.

202

You place the helmet on your head. It fits well. Suddenly a searing pain flashes across your forehead. You cannot think straight. This helmet is cursed and, try as you might, you cannot remove it! Reduce your SKILL score by 1. The pain soon subsides, but you still cannot shift the helmet. You stagger back to the junction, trying desperately to compose yourself. Turn to **87**.

203

Add 1 point to your LUCK for defeating the Werewolf. You may rest and eat Provisions if you wish. As you look around the room there appears to be little of use, although the bunch of keys looks interesting, particularly the one marked 'Boat House'. None are numbered. You may take the keys if you wish. There are doors to the west and south. If you open the west door, go to **38**. If you want to go south, turn to **66**.

204

The old man does not look up from the table, but his devilish little pet eyes you suspiciously and starts chattering in a small squeaky voice. The old man grunts and asks you whether you are game for a wager. Will you accept (you may only do so if you have at least one Gold Piece with you)? If so, turn to **130**. If not, you may either leave the room (turn to **280**) or attack the man (turn to **377**).

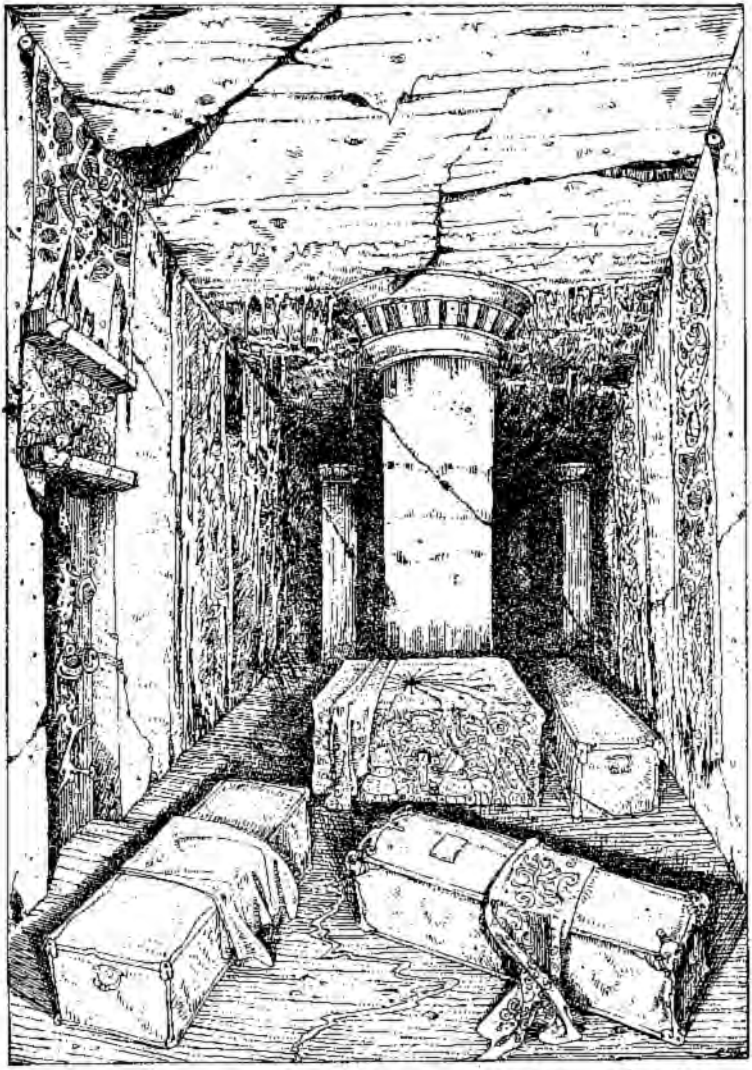

205 *The room is very large. At one end is an altar, and various coffins are strewn about the room.*

205

The door opens and you find yourself in a dark crypt of some kind. The room is very large. At one end is an altar, and various coffins are strewn about the room. There is a door behind you in the south wall, and also one in the west wall. If you want to investigate the room further, turn to **254**. If the place gives you the creeps, you can leave via the west door (turn to **380**).

206

You enter a large square room. In the centre of the room is a grey-haired old man sitting at a desk. His desk is covered in papers and parchments of various sorts and he holds a long quill pen. He is surrounded by books. Thousands of them line the shelves around the walls, from floor to ceiling. As you enter he looks up at you. Will he recognize you? If you have been in this room before, turn to **284**; if not, turn to **341**.

207

Going through the door you enter a large room. Various bits of wooden debris are strewn untidily across the floor. Apart from your entrance door, there is also a door in the north wall. In one corner is a crude wooden desk with a box on it. In another corner, apparently asleep (or dead), is a hideous-looking man-sized creature with warty skin, wild hair and long claws for fingernails. Will you tiptoe out through the north door (turn to **83**) or tiptoe across to the desk to look at the box (turn to **154**)?

208

Further up the passage along the west wall you see another door. You listen at it but hear nothing. If you want to try opening the door, turn to **397**. If you want to continue northwards, turn to **363**.

209

The timbers of the bridge are rotting and decayed from years of neglect. A single plank snaps under your foot. Roll one die. A roll of 6 sends you splashing into the river below – turn to **158**. A roll of 1–5 means you regain your footing. Turn to **47**.

210

Shortly along the passage you arrive at another junction where you may go either straight ahead westwards (turn to **225**) or northwards (turn to **357**).

211

Wights are vulnerable only to weapons made of solid silver. If the weapon you are using is not made of silver, have one more Attack Round. Remember that any wounds he inflicts on you will count, but your wounds will not harm him, and he will still be at full strength (SKILL 9 STAMINA 6) unless you have chosen a silver weapon.

If you have a silver weapon, you had better use it now and turn to **173**. If you have not, or if you have suffered enough damage, you'd better run for the north door – turn to **360**. Remember that you are *Escaping* here and he inflicts a final wound as you flee.

212

The parchment is well worn and almost illegible. It is a map of some sort, headed '*The Maze of Zagor*'. You can make little sense of it, although a room to the north is marked '. . . GER' and another to the east is marked 'SM . . . P . . . LE'.

You fold up the map and put it in your pocket. If you have not yet tested the liquid and wish to do so, turn to **369**. Otherwise, you can make your way northwards (turn to **120**).

213

The door is locked. You may try to charge it down by rolling two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your SKILL score, the door bursts open – turn to **36**. If the number is greater than your SKILL score, the door remains locked, you lose 1 STAMINA point for your bruised shoulder and you must progress up the passage – turn to **314**.

214

Facing northwards, the rock face is smooth and glistening with moisture. Moss of many different hues grows on the surface. There is an eerie silence punctuated only by the splashings of the river as it flows behind you. You have three options:

A passage runs off to the north-west. If you take this route	Turn to **271**
A large timber door is directly in front of you in the middle of the rock face. If you open the door	Turn to **104**

(third option overleaf)

218 *You are on the south bank of an underground river, facing across its black depths.*

Another passage runs out along the river eastwards. To follow this along the riverbank Turn to 99

215

You reach into your pack for the stick only to find it split in two pieces! It has broken during your adventure. What else can you try:

Draw your sword and advance? Turn to 142
Try something else from your pack? Turn to 105

216

The water is refreshing. As you drink more you feel a glow spreading through your body as if you were drinking at the fountain of life. Add 4 STAMINA points, and restore your SKILL and LUCK scores to their *Initial* levels. The fountain of life for you must be the fountain of death for the evil Goblins. You may eat Provisions here. When you have rested, leave through the north door. Turn to 384.

217

The stake narrowly misses the Vampire's head. As you watch it travel, you pick up the creature's gaze again. He beckons you towards him once more. Your will has gone. Turn to 118.

218

You are on the south bank of an underground river facing across its black depths. There appear to be four ways of crossing. To your left, a rusted bell bears the sign: 'Ferry Service 2 Gold Pieces – Please

Ring.' There is a small raft in front of you on the bank with a long stick resting beside it: you could punt across the river. A rickety old bridge crosses on the right. If you don't trust any of these, you may swim. Which will you choose?

Ring the bell	Turn to **3**
Punt the raft across	Turn to **386**
Risk the bridge	Turn to **209**
Swim	Turn to **316**

219

Turn to **182**.

220

He is enraged by your pleasantries. He waves his hand in the air, mumbles a few strange syllables and then points at you. You feel your head spinning and pass out. You awake in a dead-end passage. Turn to **171**.

221

What are these mysterious items you have collected? Which have you written down first on your Equipment List:

The armour?	Turn to **72**
The shield?	Turn to **132**
The sword?	Turn to **27**
The gold?	Turn to **110**
The crucifix?	Turn to **170**

222

You walk up a long corridor, round a sharp hairpin bend at the top and finally along an east–west corridor, eastwards to a crossroads. Turn to **85**.

223

The door is firmly locked. You may try to force it open (turn to **53**) or you may continue along the corridor (turn to **300**).

224

As your eyes watch the creature's movements, they suddenly make contact with its piercing stare. You are mesmerized and, as it beckons you towards it, your will disappears. Turn to **118**.

225

The passageway continues westwards and then turns due north. Some way up, you reach a junction where a narrow passage runs off to the west. Will you continue northwards (turn to **77**) or take the west way (turn to **63**)?

226

You walk a short distance south and find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **267**.

227 *Sitting in the room around a wooden table are four tiny men, with weathered skin and long bushy beards.*

227

The door opens and you find yourself in a small, smoke-filled room. Sitting in the room around a wooden table are four tiny men, each about one metre tall, but all are apparently fully mature, with weathered skin and long, bushy beards. They are cursing, laughing and joking as they play a card game. Each one is leaning back on his tiny chair, puffing a long clay pipe. On the table are a number of copper coins and four mugs of ale.

As you walk in, their merriment stops. They are on their guard but don't appear to be too dangerous. One stands up and makes some comment about your lack of manners, not knocking before you came in. The others nod their agreement. Do you:

Chat to them and try to befriend them?	Turn to **131**
Apologize, bow and leave the room?	Turn to **291**
Offer to join in their card game?	Turn to **100**
Draw your sword and go for the leader?	Turn to **20**

If you have already been in this room, you find it empty. Turn to **291**.

228

You find no secret passageways. You are careful not to make too much noise in case you attract any wandering creatures. You stop and listen but cannot hear anything. You return to the crossroads. Turn to **85**.

229

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn right. Turn to **69**.

230

The creature now standing before you is a semi-decayed man. His quick eyes dart from side to side watching you. His long tongue flashes out with a hissing noise. His teeth and nails are sharp and he doesn't seem to be afraid of your weapon. He is a GHOUL!

GHOUL SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

He has the ability to paralyse you if he scores four separate wounds on you during this battle, so beware! If you defeat him, turn to **390**. If he kills or paralyses you, turn to **64**.

231

Turn to **182**.

232

Almost exhausted after your awkward fight with the Spider, you set to work on hacking the boots off with your sword. Eventually they come free and you may leave the cavern down the passageway and back to the junction. Turn to **375**.

233

Turn to **198**.

234

You find no secret passages. However, your rummagings attract the attentions of something sinister . . . Turn to **161** to discover what has appeared in the passageway in front of you. Fight this monster.

If you defeat the creature, you can continue up the passageway by turning to **43**. Write down '**43**' so you will know where to go.

235

You follow the passage westwards, then it turns sharply to the north and, some metres further on, a passage runs off to the west. If you would like to go along the westwards passage, turn to **176**. If you want to carry on northwards up the passage, turn to **5**.

236

The battle commences. The Skeletons attack you one by one:

	SKILL	STAMINA
SKELETON A	6	5
SKELETON B	6	6
SKELETON C	5	5

If you win, turn to **395**.

240 *You open the lid and a small Snake darts out to bite at your wrist!*

237

You move swiftly down the passage and arrive back at the junction. Turn northwards this time – turn to **285**.

238

You are at a three-way junction.

To go east	Turn to **70**
To go west	Turn to **180**
To go north	Turn to **329**

239

You think back to the words of the old man. 'You might need it sooner than you think . . .' You grope in your pack and pull out the candle. Immediately it lights itself of its own accord. The howling stops and the room appears bathed in a blue light from the candle. On the walls, the figures in the mural are *moving*! They are mouthing silent screams as if trapped in a two-dimensional hell. On the wall opposite is another door, which you may leave through (turn to **88**), or you may stay to investigate (turn to **149**). Add 1 LUCK for your foresight.

240

The box is light, but something rattles within. You open the lid and a small SNAKE darts out to bite at your wrist! You must fight the Snake.

SNAKE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 2

If you kill the Snake, turn to **145**.

241

As you attack the portrait with the wooden stake, you feel a wrench of pain in your wrist. You are forced by some unseen power to drop the stake. You decide to run and leave through the north door. Turn to **90**, but lose 1 more SKILL point in awe of the Warlock's power.

242

The door opens to reveal a small, dimly lit room. The walls are hung with ornate curtains, laced in silver and gold. A single flame burns in one corner, throwing light on a low table in the middle of the floor. On this table is a large chest. You step up to investigate the chest and from all around, yet from nowhere, a mysterious sound fills the room. It sounds like the rumbling of thunder clouds preparing to make storm.

You approach the chest and can see that it is held shut by three locks. As you approach, the noise gets louder. Will you:

Hack at the box with your sword to try to split it open?	Turn to **379**
Search through your bags to see if you can find keys to fit?	Turn to **139**

243

To your horror, you realize that this dummy lever was a trap! Although it looked like a handle, it was in fact a wax-coated sword blade and it has now cut

your hand badly. Did you use your right or your left hand?

Roll one die. If the number you roll is odd, this was your sword hand and your fighting prowess has been severely hampered. Lose 3 SKILL points and 1 STAMINA. If you rolled an even number, you used your other hand, and so the injury is not quite so important. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA. If you now wish to pull the right lever, turn to **128**. If you don't wish to pull the right lever, you won't be getting much further – and remember which hand you will use!

244

The passage runs northwards, and ahead you can hear the splashings of an underground river. The air becomes cool and fresh. You soon reach a wide opening of a river bank but despair as you look across to see no way through on the other side. To the east the river flows through a cave in the rock. You may either sit, rest and eat Provisions (turn to **143**) or continue by what seems to be the only way forward, jumping into the river and swimming downstream (turn to **399**).

245

Turn to 198.

246

You set off south along a cobbled passageway. It swings west, then south, then west again until you find yourself at a three-way junction.

To go north	Turn to 329
To go west	Turn to 180
To go back east	Turn to 70

247

He is a little startled by your onslaught, but simply raises his hand. As he does so, you suddenly collide heavily into . . . apparently nothing. You sit on the floor in a heap, rubbing your nose. Lose 2 STAMINA points. The old man chuckles and says, 'You poor fool. Did you think I was defenceless in such a den of evil as this? You will regret your folly.' You rise to your feet and return to the passageway, turning north up the corridor. Turn to 292.

248

The creature that has just awakened is an ORC! He scrambles to his feet and turns to grasp at a rope which is probably the alarm bell. You must attack him quickly.

ORC SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

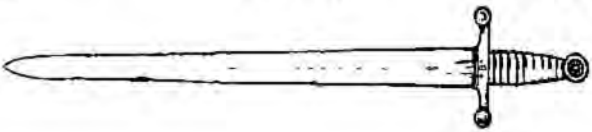

If you defeat him, you may continue up the passage – turn to **301**.

249

The dog springs as you move. Its hideous black teeth are coming straight for your throat! Two metres from you, a blast of fire shoots from its mouth right at your face! You duck just in time but must now fight the beast.

DOG SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

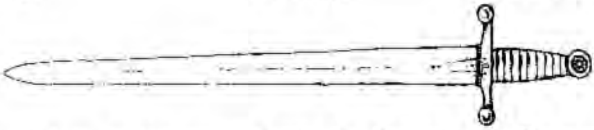

In addition to its normal attack, throw one die every Attack Round for its fiery breath. On a roll of 1 or 2, it scorches you for 1 point of damage – subtract from your STAMINA – but on a roll of 3–6, you avoid the blast. You may use your LUCK against the fire. The only *Escape* open is through the south door (turn to **66**).

The old man watches the fight but does not move unless you kill his dog. If you kill the dog, you may *Escape* through the south door (turn to **66**), but you will not have time to take anything with you. If you wish to stay, turn to **304**. Add 1 LUCK point anyway.

250

You are in a short passageway which comes to a dead end several metres ahead of you. You study the rock face carefully but there appears to be no

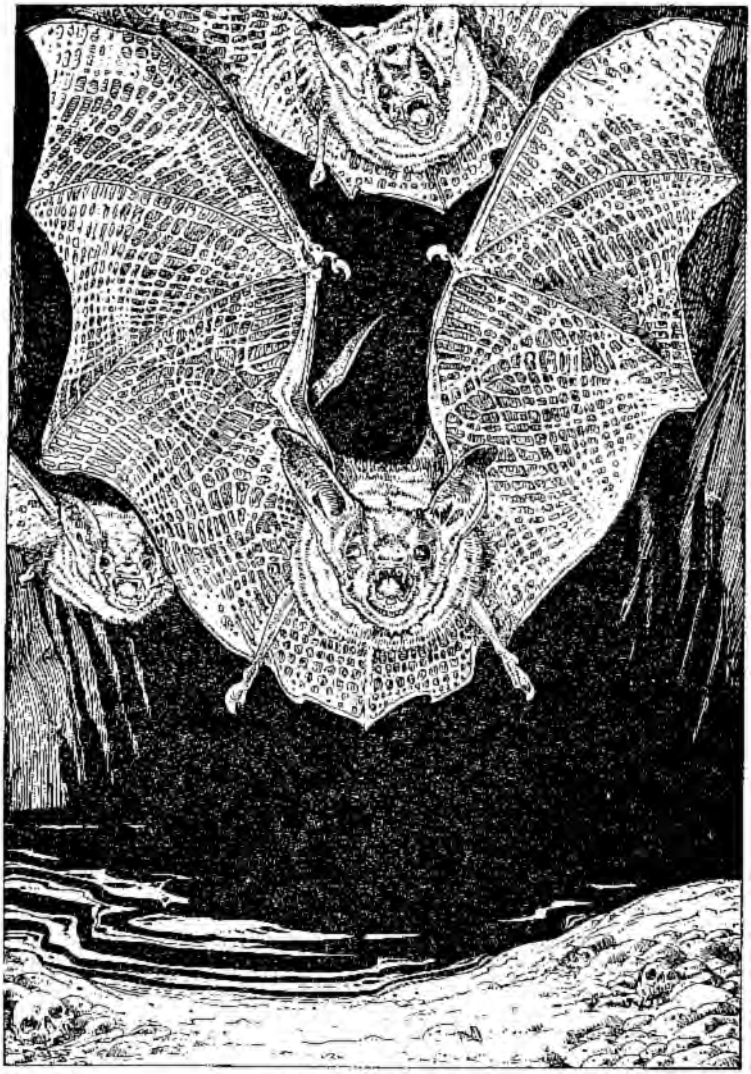

251 *As you stand on the pebbled bank you hear a fluttering of wings and look up to see three Giant Bats swooping down.*

way through. You return to the crossroads and this time continue straight ahead northwards. Turn to **366**.

251

The passageway twists sharply northwards and ahead you can hear water flowing. You eventually reach the south bank of an underground river. As you stand on the pebbled bank you hear a fluttering of wings and look up to see three GIANT BATS swooping down on you to attack. Fight these three as a single creature:

GIANT BATS	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **344**. You may *Escape* by jumping into the river (turn to **399**).

252

You pull the lever and, with a great groaning noise, the rock face in front of you and the ground you are standing on start to move. As if you were on a giant rotating table, you spin round until you stand on the *other* side of a rock face in a north–south passage. Will you go north (turn to **312**) or south (turn to **226**)?

253

The passageway ends in another wooden door, this time a small one with a carved bone handle. You listen but hear nothing coming from inside. You try the handle and the door opens into a pear-shaped room with a rough stone floor, making walking across it somewhat awkward. In one corner of the room is a pile of rubble, mainly stones and dust, but

there are also two odd-shaped pieces of wood and a length of rope. A door in the north wall leads on. Will you:

Examine the bits of wood?	Turn to **328**
Study the length of rope?	Turn to **125**
Leave through the north door?	Turn to **73**

254

The silence is deathly. A slow drip startles you as you creep around the coffins. The altar is ornately carved and studded with jewels. Beautifully woven drapes hang from the walls although they are threadbare in places. There are three coffins in the room. A creaking noise makes you whirl round and the light from your lantern falls on the largest coffin. It is opening!

As you watch, a tall man with a white face sits upright. His eyes open and fall on you. His expression changes from one of tranquillity to one of abject hate. His mouth opens and a terrifying hiss comes from his throat. His teeth are wolf-like. He beckons you to come over. Do you:

Approach him as he wishes?	Turn to **352**
Draw your sword and prepare to fight?	Turn to **333**
Reach into your bag for another means of attack?	Turn to **279**
Run for the west door?	Turn to **380**

255

The passageway ends in a sturdy wooden door. If

you want to try opening it, turn to **193**. If you want to go back to the junction and try another route, turn to **93**.

256

You are at a junction where you may go north (turn to **398**), although this passage ends shortly in a dead end. You may go west (turn to **297**) or you may go south (turn to **114**).

257

The passageway runs straight for several metres and then ends at a wooden door. You listen at the door and hear angry shouting coming from within. Will you investigate (turn to **168**) or turn back (turn to **293**)?

258

You sort through the broken pots and find little of interest. The liquid looks, smells and tastes like water. The coins in the pot are a fraud. Eight genuine Gold Pieces lie on the surface of the pile (and you may take these) but underneath are merely painted pieces of pot.

As you tip the vase out it slips and breaks. A red-coloured key appears, hidden inside a false bottom in the bowl. You may take this key. It is inscribed with the number *111*.

You may rest here and eat some Provisions. You may add 2 LUCK points for defeating the Minotaur. Finally you leave the room. Turn to **54**.

259

As you swim to the bank away from the Crocodile you look back to see the mysterious 'turbulence' approach the reptile's body, break into a frenzy and then move off, leaving not a trace of the animal. Thankful that you were not there to find out what it was, you lift yourself out of the water on to the north bank. Add 1 SKILL and 2 LUCK points. Turn to 7.

260

You find no secret passages. If you are on your way north, turn to 359. If you are going south, turn to 329.

261

You reach the junction and continue eastwards. Turn to 345.

262

Some way up the passage, you reach another junction where you may either go eastwards (turn to 199) or turn westwards (turn to 251).

263

You shout: 'You are freed, old man!' at the top of your voice. Instantly, his rantings cease. He stops dead in his tracks and sinks to the floor, weeping loudly. As he gradually composes himself, he thanks you many times. You talk with him in the hope of discovering some of the secrets of the mountain and he begins to tell his story. Many years ago he was an adventurer like you in search of the

Warlock's treasure. He was captured by the Orcs and thrown into his solitary cell as a sort of pet for the creatures. You ask whether he would like to accompany you into the mountain, but he simply wants to leave and see the world again. You ask him for advice but he says he knows little. He advises you to pay your respects to the boatman. He tells you that you must pull the right-hand lever on the wall ahead to open the iron gate at the end of the passage. He has also learned that the keys to the Boat House are guarded by a man and his dog. You shake hands, leave the room and go your separate ways. Add 1 LUCK. Turn to **314**.

264

There is no way you are going to charge the door down, as it is twelve centimetres of solid oak! You bruise your sword arm at the attempt – lose 1 SKILL point. You can only get through the door if you have the Boat House key (if you have this key, turn to **80**, and more fool you for not using it straightaway). Otherwise you will have to return to the riverbank and try again. Turn to **129**.

266 *The case opens easily and inside you find a magnificent bow and one silver arrow.*

265

You grope around the length of the wall and find a door. Quickly you fumble with the handle. It opens! Turn to **88**.

266

The case opens easily and inside you find a magnificent bow and one silver arrow. An inscription on the case says: 'The giver of sleep to those who never can'. You put the bow, arrow and case in your pack and leave the room, but you may eat Provisions first – and add 1 LUCK point. Turn to **237**.

267

You now stand at a crossroads.

To go north	Turn to **312**
To go south	Turn to **246**
To go west	Turn to **79**
To go east	Turn to **349**

268

Their vocabulary is limited to a series of moans and groans. They appear not to be intelligent at all. Furthermore your conversation merely serves to attract their attention to you. They grip their weapons and it looks as though you will have to fight them. However, there is a slim chance that you could make it to the door you came in through. If you want to try for that door, turn to **13**. If you have resigned yourself to a battle, turn to **282**.

269

You arrive back at the junction and turn westwards. Turn to **225**.

270

You enter the cavern and look around to see dozens of beautifully coloured stalactites and stalagmites bordering the perimeter. Numerous drips can be heard, but the whole place seems like a magic grotto. Near the back of the cavern, you come across a pair of boots, which seem to have been made quite recently. Will you:

Continue investigating the cavern?	Turn to **61**
Try on the boots?	Turn to **394**
Leave the cavern and return to the junction?	Turn to **375**

271

The short passage begins to narrow and ends a few metres ahead at a doorway. If you wish to go through the door, turn to **336**. If you decide against this direction and go back to the river, turn to **214**.

272

He calms down, takes the Gold (deduct this from your Gold) and rows you across to the north bank. After mooring the boat he ambles off down a passageway. Turn to **7**.

273

A search of the room reveals nothing of any value, although an old box in the corner contains a wooden

mallet and five short stumps of wood, sharpened at one end. You may take these if you wish, and can now leave through the door in the north wall. Turn to **189**.

274

You leave the cavern along a long, narrow corridor. After several hundred metres, it ends at a large wooden door which is slightly ajar. Carefully you ease it open a little further and poke your head around the side to see what is in the room. You see a small old man sitting at a table on his own, playing with a pack of cards. He looks quite a harmless old soul, grey-haired and bearded. He is seated. What will you do:

Burst through the door, sword drawn, to surprise the old man?	Turn to **324**
Knock on the door and enter, greeting the old man courteously?	Turn to **356**
Get down on all fours and try to creep into the room unnoticed?	Turn to **98**

275 *The corpse's eyes flick open and it quickly sits up and slashes at you with its long, sharp fingernails.*

275

As you move over towards the second body, you accidentally kick the third corpse on the floor. Its eyes flick open and it quickly sits up and slashes at you with its long, sharp fingernails.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the creature misses. If you are Unlucky, it has caught you across the leg and you suffer 1 STAMINA point's worth of damage. Turn to **230**.

276

Turn to **182**.

277

You are in a short passageway which comes to a dead end several metres ahead of you. You may search for secret passages (turn to **146**), or you may return to the crossroads and either follow the passage ahead to the north (turn to **366**), or turn to the west (turn to **11**).

278

The passageway soon comes to an end at a locked wooden door. You listen at the door but hear nothing. Will you try to charge the door down? If so, turn to **156**. If you would rather turn round and go back to the junction, turn to **92**.

279

The creature you are facing is a VAMPIRE! You have various lines of attack. Your sword will do little real damage. A Crucifix will hold him at bay but will not kill him. If you have either of these you may use

it to get you through the west door (turn to **380**). If you are determined to kill the Vampire, you must overpower it and drive a wooden stake through its heart. If you have a wooden stake and wish to try to kill the Vampire, turn to **17**. If you have none of these, draw your sword and turn to **333**.

280

You arrive back at the junction and this time take the passageway to the east. The passageway runs for several paces eastwards, then turns north. Turn to **311**.

281

The narrow passageway eventually becomes too small for you to walk along. You get down on your hands and knees, and crawl. Eventually, you will get no further and there seems to be no way through, so you decide to return to the main passage. You head for the junction Turn to **10**.

282

The four creatures shuffling towards you are mindless ZOMBIES. Their vacant eyes suggest that their actions are controlled by a will which is not their own. You are still too dizzy to think properly, but you must act quickly. The first Zombie reaches you and prepares to swing his club. You must fight him.

ZOMBIE SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the first Zombie, add 2 LUCK points and turn to face the other three (fight each in turn):

	SKILL	STAMINA
ZOMBIE with scythe	6	6
ZOMBIE with pick	6	6
ZOMBIE with axe	6	5

If you defeat all four, turn to **115**.

283

You arrive back at the junction and progress westwards. Turn to **251**.

284

'You again?' says the Mazemaster, obviously annoyed at being disturbed. 'You are disturbing my concentration. Be off with you!' You begin to explain that you only returned by mistake, but as you open your mouth, an icy glare from the old man silences you. You decide to leave him to it. To leave by the west door, turn to **46**. To leave by the south door, turn to **392**.

285

You see a well-used door on the right-hand (east) side of the passageway. With your ear to the keyhole, you listen and hear a man screaming for help from inside. Will you open the door (turn to **213**) or walk on (turn to **314**)?

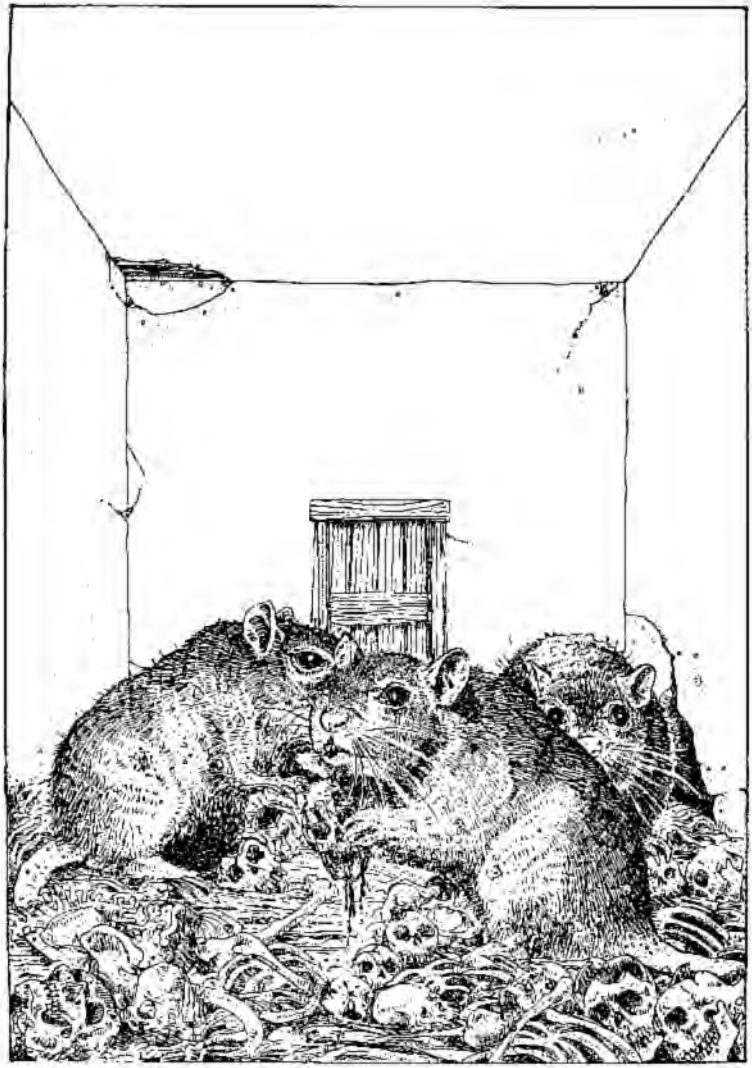

287 *Gnawing at the bones are three Giant Rats which stop to look at you as you enter.*

286

The narrow staircase is cut into the rock and there are about twenty steps leading down. At the bottom of the steps a passageway leads you into a large open chamber. This chamber stinks of putrefying flesh. The smell is so bad that you are tempted to turn back. Three bodies lie in the chamber. You may either search the bodies, or tiptoe quietly through the room. What will you do:

Search the first body?	Turn to **294**
Search the second body?	Turn to **275**
Search the third body?	Turn to **148**
Tiptoe through the room?	Turn to **107**

287

The passage continues for quite some time, then you reach the foot of a staircase cut into the rock. You ascend the stairs and they end at a wooden door with rusty hinges. Listening at the door, you can hear some scratching sounds. You try the handle and the door creaks open. You step into a bare room scattered with bones. There is a door on the wall opposite. Gnawing at the bones are three GIANT RATS which stop to look at you as you enter. Each is at least one metre long and their tatty coats indicate that they are fighters. You will have to take them on if you are going to get through the room, as they no doubt see you as a tasty meal. If you have collected any Cheese during your adventure, turn to **32**. Otherwise, turn to **309**.

288

Turn to **182**.

289

You look frantically round the room but can see nothing to aid you. Suddenly your eyes stop on the pack of cards he was fingering as you entered, and you remember the rumours and stories the villagers told you: 'The Warlock's power comes from his cards.' The sorcerer sees your interest in them and you both rush for the table. You get there first. 'Leave those alone,' he screams, 'or you risk my fullest wrath!' But you move backwards and set fire to one with your lantern. He cries out wildly and then begins to plead with you to leave them alone. One by one you burn the cards and, as you do so, the Warlock diminishes in stature. As the last card goes up in flames, he stands facing you, a broken man. 'My book!' he croaks, and he tries to unlock the door on the far side. You race across to him with your sword drawn and spring at him. Resolve this battle:

WARLOCK SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

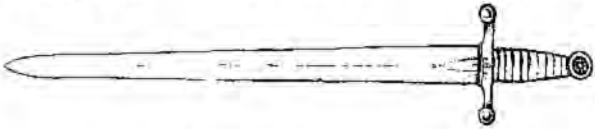

If you win, turn to **396**.

290

Turn to **198**.

291

You are standing in the middle of an east–west corridor. To the east is a dead end, which you can investigate by turning to **315**. To the west is a familiar junction. To go this way turn to **52**. Another passageway – quite a short one – leads off to the north and ends in a large wooden door. If you wish to try the door, turn to **227**.

292

Northwards the passageway ends at a solid wooden door. You listen at the door but can hear nothing. There appears to be no choice but to open the door and enter the room, which you do. It's a large, square room. You flash your lantern around the room and catch a quick glimpse of its emptiness – although there are murals on the wall – before your lantern suddenly goes out. You try to re-light it, but it will not catch. In the blackness you hear a succession of frightful noises. Howls, screams, cries and wails are getting louder and louder until they reach the pitch where you must cover your ears. Do you have a Blue Candle? If so, turn to **239**. If not, turn to **40**.

293

You arrive back at the junction in the passage and walk straight on eastwards. Turn to **113**.

294

You find 5 Gold Pieces in the pockets of the corpse.

Enter these on your *Adventure Sheet* and add 1 LUCK point for your find. You may now either:

Search the second body	Turn to **275**
Search the third body	Turn to **148**
Tiptoe through the room northwards	Turn to **107**

295

You find no secret passages. However, your explorations attract some sort of creature, and as you listen you can hear something coming down the corridor towards you.

To find out what sort of wandering monster you have come across, turn to **161**. You must fight the creature and, if you defeat it, you may press on down the passageway by turning to **48**. However, at section **161** you will not be told where to progress to, so write down '**48**' now so you will know where to go after **161**.

296

The box contains a small leather-bound book entitled *The Making and Casting of Dragonfire*. You open the pages and begin to read. Fortunately it is written in your own language and so was probably not understood by the Orcs – otherwise this treasure would certainly not be as loosely guarded as it was.

The book is written in tiny handwriting by Farrigo Di Maggio. In it he tells the story of his life's work; the creation of the Dragonfire spell with which to

fight evil Dragons. You read how, in his last years, Farrigo finally perfected his spell but by then was too old to make use of it. So he completed his book, locked it in a chest and hid it in the depths of Firetop Mountain, afraid that it might fall into the wrong hands. The last page reads:

And so, you who now hold this book, you have my life's work in your hands. The power of destruction is yours if you wish it, but do not waste it. Unless you use the Spell for the purpose for which it was intended, you shall be consumed by evil itself and die by the fire from your own hands. Remember, only when the Dragon breathes its fire at you should you raise your arms and say:

Ekil Erif
Ekam Erif
Erif Erif
Di Maggio'

You say these words slowly and softly. Suddenly the pages seem to glow and as this glow disappears,

so do the words on the pages of the book. You repeat the spell to yourself to memorize it and leave the room. Turn to **42**.

297

You are in an east–west corridor with a T-junction at both ends. To go westwards, turn to **150**. To go eastwards, turn to **256**.

298

The bridge is slippery from the splashings of the water. At one point you slip on a tuft of wet moss covering the timbers. Roll one die. A roll of 6 means you slip from the bridge into the water below and start swimming for the nearest bank – turn to **86**. Any other roll is lucky; you managed to hold on and you reach the north bank (turn to **7**).

299

The passageway runs east for several metres and then runs north. You walk a long way northwards. You may check for secret passages along the way (turn to **260**) or simply proceed northwards (turn to **359**).

300

On the east wall of the passage you see another door, this time made of solid metal. Listening at the door you hear the sound of tortured screams coming from within. If you wish to try opening the door, turn to **102**. If you decide to ignore this room and continue up the corridor, turn to **303**.

301

To your left, on the west face of the passage, there is a rough-cut wooden door. You listen at the door and can hear a rasping sound which may be some sort of creature snoring. Do you want to open the door? If so, turn to **82**. If you wish to press on northwards, turn to **208**.

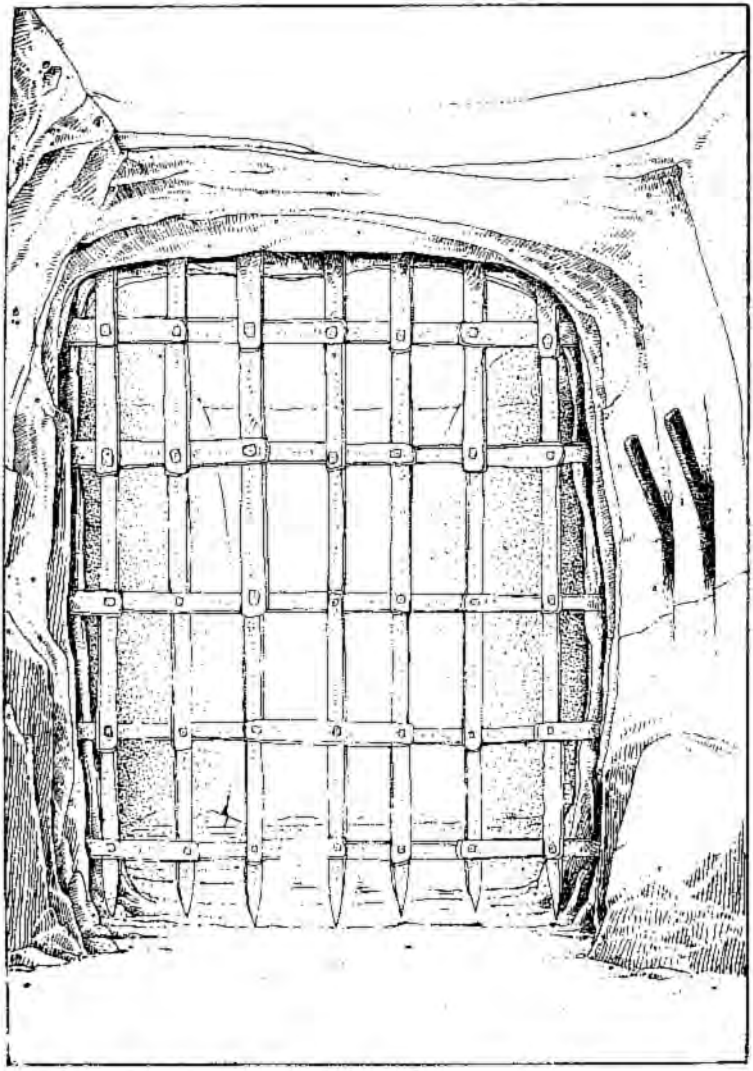

303 *An iron portcullis blocks your way and no amount of charging is going to budge it.*

302

Turn to **198**.

303

You arrive at the end of the passage, where it meets another going east–west. But an iron portcullis blocks your way and no amount of charging is going to budge it. On the wall to your right are two levers and it seems likely that these levers have something to do with raising the portcullis. Do you wish to pull the right lever or the left lever?

Right	Turn to **128**
Left	Turn to **243**

304

The old man is furious at your killing his dog! His eyes turn white with anger. He slowly rises from his seat and as he stands he appears to gain in size and stature. He is changing in front of your eyes. He sprouts hair on his face and forearms. His nose lengthens and becomes dog-like. His teeth are pointed. He is a WEREWOLF and he advances towards you.

You can *Escape* only through the door behind you to the south (turn to **66**). Otherwise you must fight him:

WEREWOLF SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

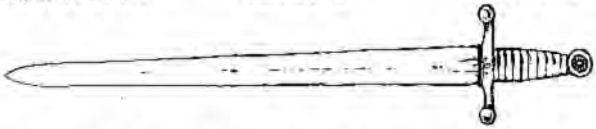

If you defeat him, turn to **203**.

305

Test your Luck three times. If you are Lucky each time, you make it across to the far door and can leave the room. Turn to **162**. On the first throw that you are Unlucky, you step on a hand tile – turn to **108**.

306

You still find no secret passageways. But coming towards you down the corridor you can see a creature-like shape. To find out what is coming towards you, turn to **161** and prepare to fight.

If you kill the creature you encounter, you can go back along the corridor. Turn to **291**. Write down this number so you know where to return to.

307

The passage twists and turns and eventually ends in a solid iron door. You listen but hear nothing. You can try to open the door (turn to **134**) or you can go back to the junction (turn to **87**).

308

You are standing at a crossroads. To the west the passageway goes on a few metres and turns northwards. To the north the passageway ends at a door. To the east the passage continues and eventually turns southwards. Looking south, the passage goes on as far as you can see.

To go west	Turn to **187**
To go north	Turn to **54**
To go south	Turn to **160**
To go east	Turn to **354**

309

You draw your sword and wait for the Rats to spring. As the leader prepares to jump, you shout loudly and leap forward at it. Your cry frightens off the other two and they scamper back a few paces. Fight each of the Rats in turn:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAT	5	4
Second RAT	6	3
Third RAT	5	5

If you win, you may leave through the door in the north wall. Turn to **124**.

310

Something is not quite right. You landed a fair blow on him, but he appears not to have noticed the wound! You deduce that this Undead creature is not vulnerable to normal weapons. You may choose a new weapon. Armed with this, or your old weapon, turn to **211**.

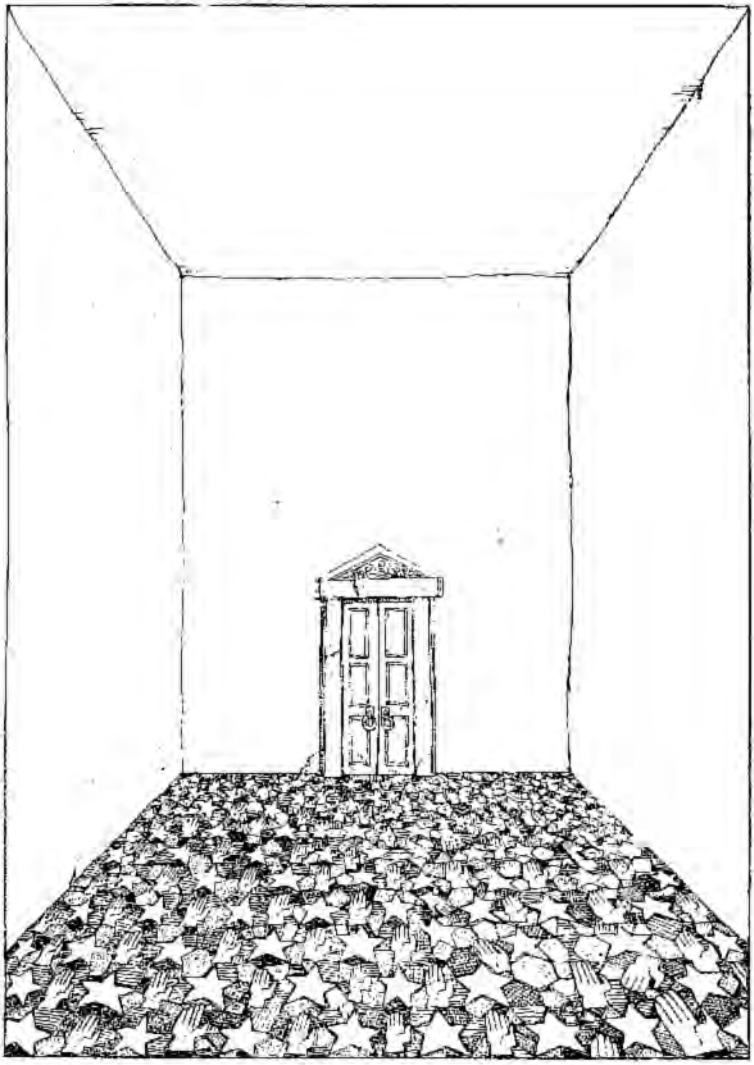

311 *The room is completely bare, but the floor is covered in a mosaic of tiles.*

311

The passageway ends in a door at which you listen but hear nothing. Trying the handle, you find that the door opens to reveal a large, square room. The room is completely bare, but the floor is covered in a mosaic of tiles. Two shapes stand out on the floor; star-shaped tiles and hand-shaped tiles. A door on the opposite wall is the only way through. Will you:

Walk across the room to the door?	Turn to **305**
Walk across the room stepping only on stars?	Turn to **178**
Walk across the room stepping only on hands?	Turn to **108**

312

You follow a long, narrow passageway which goes north, then west, then north again and you eventually find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **308**.

313

You check over the body. The poor wretch was obviously caught in the same way that you were, but his weaker skull shattered under the club's blow. He wears a suit of leather armour no better than your own, holds a wooden shield on one wrist and clutches a steel-bladed sword in his other hand. In his pockets are 8 Gold Pieces and around his neck is a silver crucifix.

You may take any two of these items you wish. Write them on your Equipment List and turn to **221**. Also add 1 LUCK and 1 SKILL point.

314

Further up the passage you see a door in the east wall. You listen hard, but can hear no sound. Do you want to open the door to investigate? If so turn to **223**. If you want to walk further up the passage, turn to **300**.

315

The dead-end appears to have no secret passageways, but you can check by turning to **306**. If you don't want to double-check for secret passages, turn to **291**.

316

The water is icy cold. You start to swim and notice that your splashings are attracting a moving 'turbulence' in the water. Will your strength and stamina hold out? Roll two dice. If the roll is equal to or less than your STAMINA score, you believe you can make it and swim furiously for the north bank – turn to **151**. If the roll totals more than your STAMINA score, you decide not to risk it and return to the south bank – turn to **218**. You may eat Provisions on the south bank.

317

You cut down the Dwarf. He is, as you guessed, dead. Going through the pockets of the two Goblins, you find a large piece of sweet-smelling Cheese. If you wish to take this with you, put it in your pack and leave the room northwards. Turn to **303**.

318

The passageway ends in a dead end. You may either return to the crossroads (turn to **85**) or search for secret passageways (turn to **228**).

319

To find the secret of the second item you have collected, turn to **221** and investigate. If you have already investigated both items, turn to **81**.

320

You run out of the room and slam the door shut behind you. You turn northwards up the passageway passing a similar-looking door further up. Turn to **363**.

321

Turn to **169**.

322

The drawers are all full of nails, tacks and miscellaneous bits and pieces. In one drawer is a copper-coloured key, inscribed with the number *66* which looks interesting. You may keep this key if you discard one item of equipment you are carrying. Adjust your Equipment on your *Adventure Sheet* if you want to take the key. The noise from the north gets louder. You go to the north door to investigate. Turn to **96**.

323

After a few metres you reach another three-way

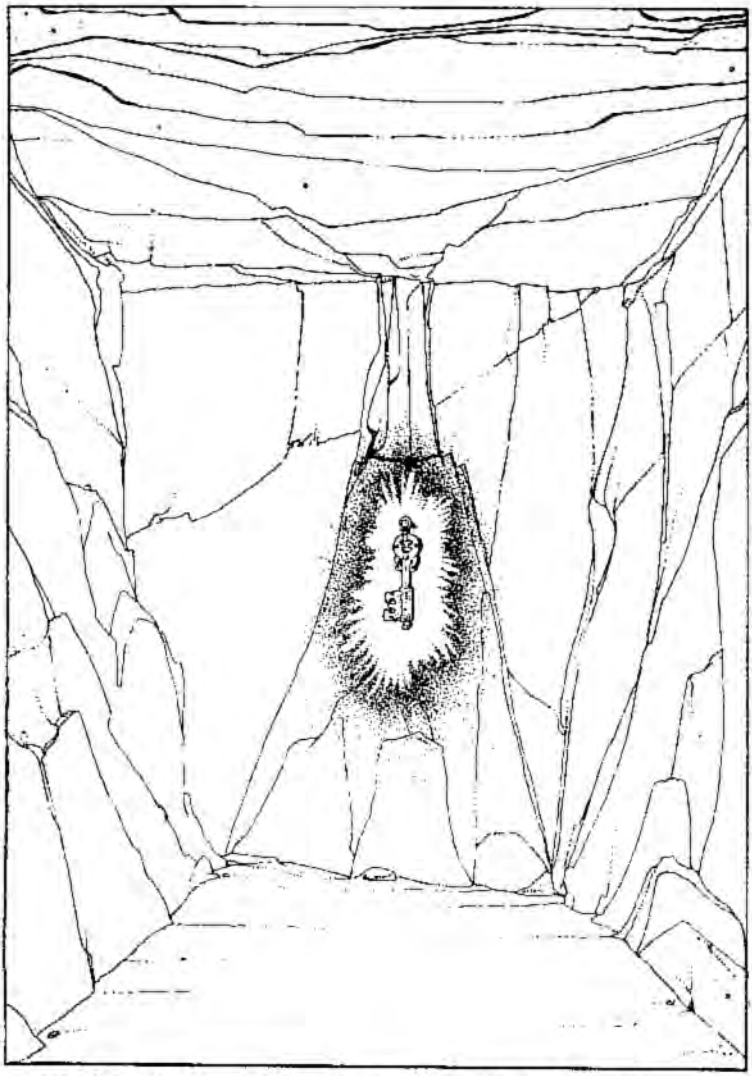

326 *A small room with bare rocky walls. On the far wall hangs a golden key.*

junction. You may go either northwards (turn to 8) or eastwards (turn to 255).

324

As you burst through the door, the old man turns to look at you, not in the least perturbed by your intrusion. Suddenly he vanishes! He reappears against the wall and, as you spin round to see him, he laughs. Not the feeble cackle of an old man, but the booming laugh of a much younger man. Again he disappears, and reappears in another corner of the room, glaring at you and taunting you with his evil laugh. You swirl round just in time to see him disappear again. This time he reappears in the air above you and slowly floats down to you. His glaring eyes make you shiver as they approach. Turn to 358.

325

You place the helmet on your head. It fits well. A glow begins to fill your body and you seem to possess a power and confidence beyond anything you have felt before. The helmet is blessed with magic and will allow you to add 1 point to all future dice rolls when computing your own Attack Strength during combat so long as you wear it. Note this on your Equipment List and return to the junction (turn to 87).

326

You enter a small room with bare, rocky walls. On the far wall hangs a golden key. There appears to be no way through the room. Do you want to go for the

key (turn to **35**) or leave it and return to the junction (turn to **229**)?

327

The body on the floor turns visibly older in front of your eyes. The face looks fifty, then ninety, then well over a hundred years old. The skin rots and the eyes decompose as you watch. You notice a movement coming from the creature's chest. As the remnants of the Vampire decay, a small black face breaks through its chest. It resembles a small black shrew, but as it frees itself and unfurls its wings you realize it is a bat. You lunge at it, but it flaps away into the darkness.

You search the whole chamber quickly (remember, there are several other coffins there!) and find 30 Gold Pieces, a book, and a Y-shaped stick. You may take these items (enter them on your *Adventure Sheet*) if you will leave behind one item of Equipment you are already carrying.

You can leave through the west door. Turn to **380**. If you are hungry you may take Provisions here, and you can add 3 LUCK points for defeating the Vampire.

328

Both pieces of wood are Y-shaped and smooth, as if washed up from a river. You may put these in your pack and then either leave through the north door (turn to **73**) or stay and examine the rope (turn to

125). If you take the pieces of wood, you must leave behind one item from your pack.

329

You set off and find yourself in the middle of a north–south passageway. There is a door in the western wall of the passage. Opposite the door is a passage going off eastwards. To the north you can see a door some metres ahead. To the south you can see a junction. Which will you choose:

The door in the west wall?	Turn to 157
The door to the north?	Turn to 392
Eastwards?	Turn to 299
Southwards?	Turn to 238

330

The barrels contain a clear brown liquid. You sniff it. It smells like rum. You taste it. It *is* rum. You cup your hands, pour some in and take a swig. You gasp – by golly, it's good! Restore 6 points of STAMINA and 1 LUCK. Turn to 81.

331

The creature is man-sized but its long arms look very powerful. Resolve this battle:

TROLL SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

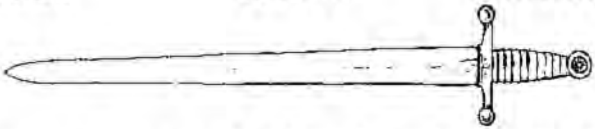

If you win, you may head northwards (turn to 287).

332

You find yourself at a door blocking the east end of an east–west passage. To go through the door, turn to **329**. Looking westwards, the passage turns to the north. To go this way, turn to **4**.

333

As you swing your sword at the creature, it reaches out and catches the blade in its hand! Your weapon is almost ineffective against the considerable strength of the creature. You realize this and panic, but you must fight on.

VAMPIRE SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the Vampire, turn to **327**. If you wish to try to *Escape*, which you may only do after 6 full Attack Rounds, you will have to be lucky. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may *Escape* through the west door (turn to **380**). If you are Unlucky, you must continue this fight for a further 6 Attack Rounds before trying to *Escape* again. If you roll an 11 or 12 and you are Unlucky (i.e. your current LUCK score is below 11), then turn to **224**.

334

As you speak the old man rises to his feet. 'Oh my, oh my, a stranger!' he starts. 'Well, do come in, the shop is open. What can I get you? What would you like to buy? What takes your fancy? Which way are you headed? North? Well?' You tell the old man your story. He listens intently and replies, 'Oh yes, in that case you will undoubtedly need one of my Blue Candles. That will be 20 Gold Pieces please. Cash if you don't mind. Yes, I know it's expensive, but isn't everything these days? Not so long ago these were only 5 Gold Pieces each; but you know what has happened to the price of candlewax since the Long Dark Night – oh, but you probably don't since you don't come from these parts. Never mind. I can guarantee it's still worth the price. You might need it sooner than you think . . .'

If you decide to buy a candle, pay for it and add it to your Equipment List. You are getting a little tired of his constant prattling. Leave the room and go northwards. Turn to **292**.

336 *An old man in ragged clothes is slumped asleep on a bench made from half a rowing-boat.*

335

Turn to **182**.

336

You are in a small, foul-smelling room. You notice two doors: one to the west and one behind you to the south. The furniture in the room is sparse and has been made mostly from bits of old boats. There appears to be nothing of value in the room, but a bunch of keys hangs on the wall. An old man in ragged clothes is slumped asleep on a 'bench' made from half a rowing boat, snoring loudly. Next to him is a vicious-looking brown dog with red eyes and black teeth, whom you have awakened and who now is eyeing you suspiciously. A deep growl is coming from its throat. You may:

Tiptoe an exit through the south door	Turn to **66**
Bang on the door behind you and cough a few 'Ahem's' to wake up the old man	Turn to **172**
Leap across the room with sword drawn to cut down the dog	Turn to **249**

337

You find no secret passages, but as you press the walls, you hear a click. You feel dizzy and slump to the ground. When you come to, the surroundings look strange. Turn to **267**.

338

You approach the statue cautiously. A scampering

behind you makes you flash round . . . but it is only a rat. You feel at the jewel, but it is solidly in place. You try to work your sword in behind it and as you work, you hear an ominous creaking noise. To your horror the statue is beginning to move! You jump down and draw your sword. The IRON CYCLOPS cranes its head round towards you and steps down from its pedestal. You must fight!

IRON CYCLOPS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **75**. If you want to *Escape* during combat, you can run through the door back to the junction. Turn to **93**.

339

The lock was obviously inadequate; it flies off and lands on the floor several metres away. You lift up the heavy lid and your eyes widen as you see the gold sheen coming from within. A fair number of Gold Pieces are inside. In one corner lies a small black bottle with a tight glass stopper, containing a liquid of some kind. Also in the chest is a silky black glove. But as you are admiring this treasure you hear a soft click and wince in pain as a small dart shoots forward into your stomach. Roll one die and subtract this number of points from your STAMINA to determine the effect of the poison on the dart tip. If you are still alive, turn to **201**.

340

You try various items of equipment against the gaze of the painting, but none seems to work. You may try any of the following if you have them:

Slash the painting with your sword	Turn to **388**
Hold a jewel up in front of it	Turn to **31**
Plunge a wooden stake into it	Turn to **241**
Throw cheese at it	Turn to **45**

341

The old man glares at you as you enter the room. You may either apologize, explain that you lost your way and leave through either the door in the west (turn to **46**) or south (turn to **392**) walls, or alternatively you may try to talk to the old man. If you want to talk to him, you can either be pleasant (turn to **220**) or you can *demand* that he answers your questions (turn to **191**).

342

The Wererat slumps to the ground. You search his body and find 2 Gold Pieces, his fare from the last crossing. You curse him for trying to overcharge you. Add the 2 Gold Pieces to your Gold and row yourself across the river. Add 2 LUCK points. As you moor the boat on the north bank you look back at the body. It has vanished! Turn to **7**.

343

The door bursts open and you fall headlong into a room. But your heart jumps as you realize you are not landing on the floor, but plunging down a pit of

some kind! Luckily the pit is not particularly deep and you land in a heap less than two metres down. Lose 1 STAMINA point for your bruises, climb out of the pit into the room and leave through the door, heading westwards. Turn to 92.

344

You sheathe your sword and walk up to the water. Is it safe to swim? Although you cannot see any immediate signs of danger either in the water or around its banks, there is no way through on the north side of the river. You suddenly notice a gleaming sword lying on the river bed several steps in. You wade in to retrieve it. It is light in your hand, far less cumbersome than your own weapon, and it has a keen edge. This marvellous weapon will add 1 point to your SKILL whilst you use it. Note this on your Equipment List. A mysterious voice speaking directly to your mind seems to be telling you to throw your own sword into the river. Will you? If so, turn to 56. If you want to keep both swords, turn to 153.

345

You follow the passage eastwards for several metres, then it turns to the north. Shortly you reach another junction where you may either go straight on (turn to 381) or you may turn right, into an eastwards passage that soon turns north (turn to 311).

346

The luck of the cards may or may not be with you. You have two choices.

You may leave all luck to the cards. Throw two dice. If the number is even, then you lose this number of Gold Pieces or all your Gold if you don't have enough. If the number is odd, then you win this number of Gold Pieces.

Alternatively, you may use your LUCK to help you win. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, throw two dice to see how many Gold Pieces you win. If you are Unlucky, throw two dice to see how many Gold Pieces you lose.

Make the appropriate alterations on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you won, you may add 2 LUCK points for your good fortune. When this is done, turn to **131**.

347

Turn to **182**.

348 *A large, ugly head pokes around the corner and a Troll emerges from its chamber.*

348

You are in a pit, a little bruised but not too seriously hurt. You look around as you get back on your feet and can see two passageways: a short one to the south which opens into a small chamber, and another heading northwards. You are a little worried about the crash your fall has made, and even more by the gruntings you can hear coming from the chamber to the south. Before you can collect your thoughts, a large, ugly head pokes around the corner and a TROLL emerges from its chamber. Your ankle is twisted and you cannot move quickly, but the Troll is ready for a fight. You will have to face the brute. Turn to **331** – but if you have a Potion of Invisibility, turn to **51**.

349

You walk a few metres down the passage and find yourself at a dead end. You may either return to the crossroads (turn to **267**) or investigate the end of the passage (turn to **30**).

350

As the 'turbulence' surrounds you, you can feel the jostlings of many small fish. They start ripping your flesh with vicious bites and you realize that you are surrounded by deadly PIRANHAS!

If, during your struggle with the Crocodile, you have wounded it, you are lucky and most of the fish attack the bleeding reptile. If you have not wounded the Crocodile, then the fish may go for either you or it. Throw one die. If you throw a **1** or **2**, the majority

of the Piranhas go for you. If you throw a 3–6, the majority attack the Crocodile.

Treat the Piranhas as a single creature. If, as a result of the above, the *majority* of the fish attack you, their scores are:

PIRANHAS	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If, as a result of the above, the majority attack the Crocodile and the *remainder* attack you, they have:

PIRANHAS	SKILL 5	STAMINA 1

If you win you can swim to shore. Turn to 7. You may eat Provisions here – and restore 1 LUCK point.

351

You arrive back at the junction and turn eastwards. Turn to 76.

352

As you approach you feel his eyes burn into you with considerable power. You begin to weaken under his gaze. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You are gradually losing your own will. Will you try to draw your sword and fight him (turn to 74) or look for some other means of attack in your bag (turn to 279)?

353

You lunge at the old man as he leaps towards you

with outstretched arms – and run him through the chest with your sword. You curse as you realize that he was making no attempt to attack you; his wild excitement must merely have been relief after having been imprisoned for what had apparently been a very long time. You will now get no information out of him on the perils of the adventure ahead. Turn to **314** to progress up the passageway.

354

You are standing at a bend in the passage where you may go either west or south.

To go west	Turn to **308**
To go south	Turn to **52**
If you want to check for secret passages on the way westwards	Turn to **14**
If you want to check for secret passages as you go south	Turn to **234**

355

You grope along the wall but can find no way of escape. The noise is causing you to scream in pain! Subtract 1 SKILL point. You may try either the east wall (turn to **181**) or the north wall (turn to **265**).

356

The old man looks at you, accepts your greetings and bids you sit down. You sit at the table and notice that he is glaring at you. His piercing stare is becoming hypnotic, but you realize this and break eye contact. He opens his mouth to speak and to your

358 *The Warlock ready for battle.*

amazement, instead of an old man's voice, the whole room resonates to a powerful voice which seems to be coming from the walls themselves. You throw a glance back at the man and can see him changing before your very eyes. He is of imposing height. His tattered old rags have become robes of velvet and gold. His black eyes are fixed directly on yours. He has been expecting you . . .

Turn to **358**.

357

The passage runs for some distance northwards and then starts to open into a large cavern with rough walls. There appears to be no way through. Will you return to the junction (turn to **269**) or enter the cavern (turn to **57**)?

358

The battle will call upon all your reserves of strength and cunning. Your adversary has disappeared, and now stands at the far end of the room in front of a door with two locks. How will you approach him:

Grip your sword firmly and advance towards him?	Turn to **142**
Look through your pack for a weapon to use?	Turn to **105**
Look around the room for another means of attack or defence?	Turn to **389**

359

You are at a crossroads.

To go north	Turn to **190**
To go south	Turn to **94**
To go east	Turn to **121**
To go west	Turn to **385**

360

The door slams shut with a loud bang behind you. You find yourself in a passageway running ahead northwards. You follow it for several metres, until it bends to the west, and continue onwards. Some way down the passage you come across a narrow opening in the north wall and decide to go through. Turn to **89**.

361

You snatch the key from its hook. It has the number 125 inscribed on it. But your lungs are bursting. Roll two dice. If the number is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you make it across the room to the door (turn to **136**). If it exceeds your SKILL score, you are forced to take a breath of poison gas. Reduce your SKILL score by 2 and your STAMINA score by 3 and dash for the door (turn to **136**).

362

As you try the walls up the passageway, a secret door opens up along the west wall. Turn to **177**.

363

Further up the passage on the west wall you see another similar door. You listen at the door and

grimace to hear the worst singing you have ever heard in your life! Do you want to go into the room to investigate this hideous din (turn to **370**) or walk on up the passageway (turn to **42**)?

364

As you push the knob, a small stone doorway slides open. You can either ignore it and return to the junction (turn to **256**) or you can climb through (turn to **373**). You must make your decision quickly, as the door shuts of its own accord in a minute's time.

365

The Orcs attack you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	4
Second ORC	5	3
Third ORC	6	4
Fourth ORC	5	2
Fifth ORC	4	4

If you win, turn to **183**. If you wish to *Escape* during the battle (don't forget your penalty for this), turn to **237**.

366

You are following a passageway which leads ahead to the north. After several metres it bends sharply to the east. You continue eastwards until you eventually come across a narrow opening in the north wall. You may go through this opening (turn to **89**) or continue eastwards (turn to **62**).

370 *Seated around the table are two small creatures with warty skin, dressed in leather armour.*

367

You arrive at another junction in the passageway. If you would like to turn westwards, turn to **235**. If you wish to go east, turn to **323**.

368

The Warlock's laugh resonates in his chamber. 'We will see which of us is the mouse!' he cries, and he holds his hand in the air. As he snaps his fingers, a blue flame streams from his hand at you. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You will have to try something else:

Draw your sword and advance	Turn to **142**
Try something else from your rucksack	Turn to **105**

369

You swallow some of the liquid (turn to **109**).

370

The door opens to reveal a small room. The room is dirty and unkempt. A straw mattress lies in one corner. In the centre of the room is a wooden table upon which a candle burns, lighting the room with its flickering flame. A small box rests under the table. Seated around the table are two small creatures with warty skin, dressed in leather armour. They are drinking some sort of grog and, by the way they stagger to their feet on your arrival, you assume they are very drunk. You may either

draw your sword and leap forward at them (turn to **116**) or slam the door quickly and run on up the passage (turn to **42**).

371

Safe for the moment, you investigate the cavern and find a passageway which continues to the west. Turn to **274**. You may rest and eat Provisions before you continue, and add 3 LUCK points for defeating the Dragon.

372

The battle commences!

	SKILL	STAMINA
ORC CHIEFTAIN	7	6
SERVANT	5	3

Fight them one at a time. If you defeat them both, turn to **21**.

373

You are at the south end of a north–south passageway – at a dead end. If you go northwards you will reach a crossroads. Turn to **85**.

374

The Skeletons do not notice you and disappear through the door into the Boat House. Breathing a sigh of relief, you press on to try the door at the

north end of the passage. But before you go, you may eat some Provisions and you may add 2 LUCK points for evading the Skeletons. Turn to **207**.

375

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn northwards. Turn to **5**.

376

You may collect all the copper pieces on the table. They are worth a total of 4 Gold Pieces. Then you can leave through the door. Turn to **291**. You may pause to eat Provisions, and you may add 3 LUCK points.

377

As you draw your sword, the WINGED GREMLIN flaps into the air and attacks you, while the old man rushes over to the bookshelf, touches a book and escapes through a secret doorway that opens for him. But you must fight his pet.

WINGED GREMLIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 7

If you beat the Gremlin, turn to **196**.

378

You wipe your bloodied sword on the mattress. The green blood leaves a slimy stain on the straw.

Stepping over the bodies towards the table you flinch at the foul stench of the creatures. You pick up the box from under the table and examine it. It is a small wooden box with crude hinges. The name 'Farrigo Di Maggio' is inscribed on a brass nameplate on its lid. If you wish to open the box, turn to **296**. If you decide to leave it behind and leave the room, turn to **42**.

379

As you prepare to strike the box, the rumbling sound gets louder. You lift your sword high and prepare to strike. As your blade comes down on the box, a loud crack deafens you and, from one corner of the room, a small bolt of lightning darts through the air to the sword hilt, sending you reeling across the room.

Test your luck. If you are Lucky, your sword has shattered and lies on the floor, but you managed to release your grip just before the lightning struck. If you are Unlucky, your charred remains have formed a small black outline on the floor. Next time, do not try to strike the chest! If you were Lucky, you may try to use keys from your rucksack. Turn to **139**.

380

You are in a narrow east–west corridor. Looking westwards you can see a crossroads ahead. You go on to the crossroads. Turn to **37**.

381

The passage ends at a wooden door, trimmed in iron. Various inscriptions adorn the door, but none makes any sense to you. You listen, but hear nothing. You may either open the door (turn to **84**) or return to the junction (turn to **280**).

382

You hold the Eye up in front of him and the jewel gives off a dull glow. You point it towards him and he shrieks! He backs away into a corner and a beam of light shoots from the jewel. As it falls on him he sinks to the floor and a remarkable transformation takes place. He starts to shrivel and grow visibly old in front of you. His skin wrinkles and cracks and he slowly becomes an amorphous heap in the corner. After some moments, the jewel stops glowing and you approach the lifeless bundle of cloth; his robes are all that remain. Turn to **396**.

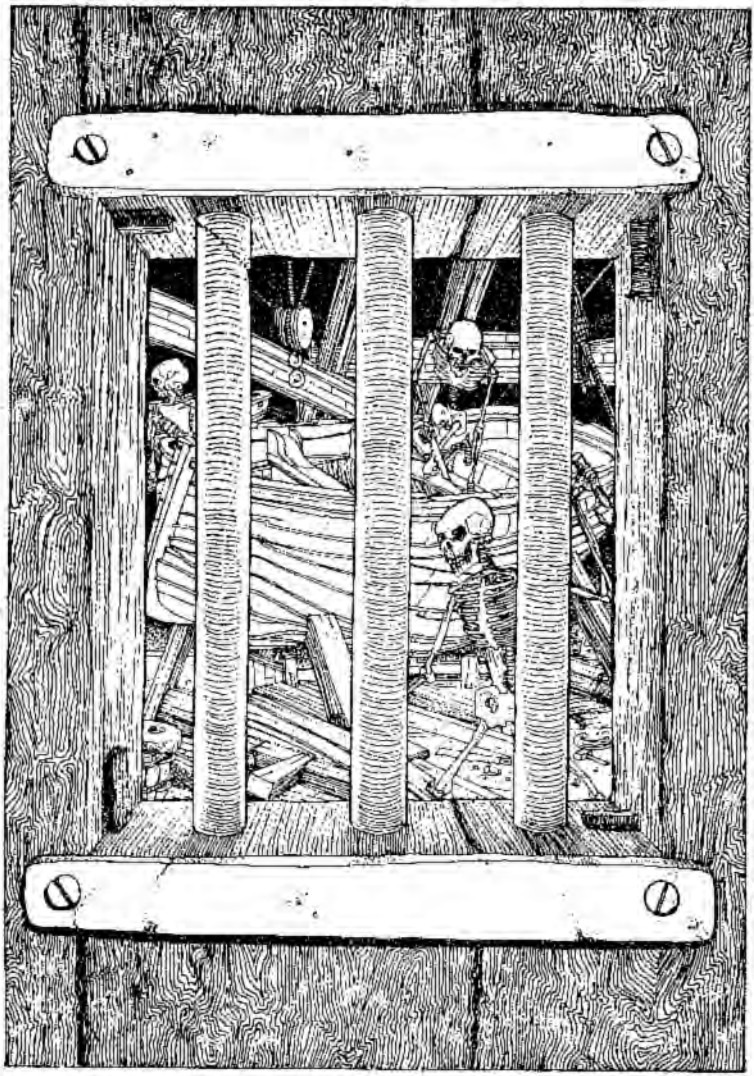

383 *You can see a number of Skeleton-men working on building a boat of some sort.*

383

A sign above the door reads 'Boat House'. The door is firmly locked but a small barred window allows you to look inside. You can see a number of Skeleton-men working on building a boat of some sort. They move in a series of quick, jerky actions, rather insect-like.

If you have a key clearly labelled 'Boat House'	Turn to **80**
If you want to try to break the door down	Turn to **264**
If you want to return to the riverbank and try another route	Turn to **129**

384

The door opens into a passage which you follow northwards. Shortly you reach a bend and follow it round to the east. Several metres on, you reach a junction at which you may either go north (turn to **262**) or continue eastwards (turn to **307**).

385

You travel westwards for several paces, then the passage turns to the north. Some way up, you reach a junction. You may go south (turn to **114**) or west (turn to **297**). To the north, the passage ends shortly at a dead end. If you wish to go up here, turn to **398**.

386

You climb on the raft and start to punt your way across the river. The going is not easy. In the middle of the river the raft seems to take on a will of its own

and bobs up and down dangerously. You realize it is attempting to capsize itself and throw you into the river! You may either trust your strength and luck to hold on and keep punting to the north side (turn to 55) or jump into the water and attempt to swim back to the south bank (turn to **166**).

387

You try the keys. Not one will turn. As you try to turn the third key, small catches drop and your last memory is a sting of pain as three small darts pierce your skin. Each is treated with a quick-acting poison.

Remember not to use this combination of keys next time!

388

Your sword flies out of your hand, into the air and you must leap aside as it comes down on you. It grazes your cheek as it falls. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You decide you'd better leave the room. Pick up your sword and turn to **90**. Lose 1 more SKILL point in fear of the Warlock's power.

389

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **289**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **112**.

390

The Ghoul twitches and dies at your feet. You search its body and find little of interest. A couple of

earrings, worth 1 Gold Piece between them, are in one of its pockets. You may take these. If you haven't already searched the first body, you do so and find 5 Gold Pieces, which you may also take. You may also stop here, rest and eat Provisions. You can add 2 LUCK points for killing the Ghoul. Now you may either press on northwards (turn to **120**) or search the second body (turn to **393**).

391

You are at the south end of a north–south corridor. Looking northwards, you can see a passage coming off from the east wall. Do you want:

To go up to this passage?	Turn to **52**
To check for secret passages as you walk northwards?	Turn to **362**
To go south, following a bend to the west?	Turn to **48**

392

You are in a north–south corridor. You may go either northwards through a large wooden door (turn to **206**) or south (turn to **329**).

393

You search the pockets of the other body and find 8 Gold Pieces, a bottle of liquid and an old piece of parchment. You may take these items. To read the parchment, turn to **212**. To test the liquid, turn to **369**.

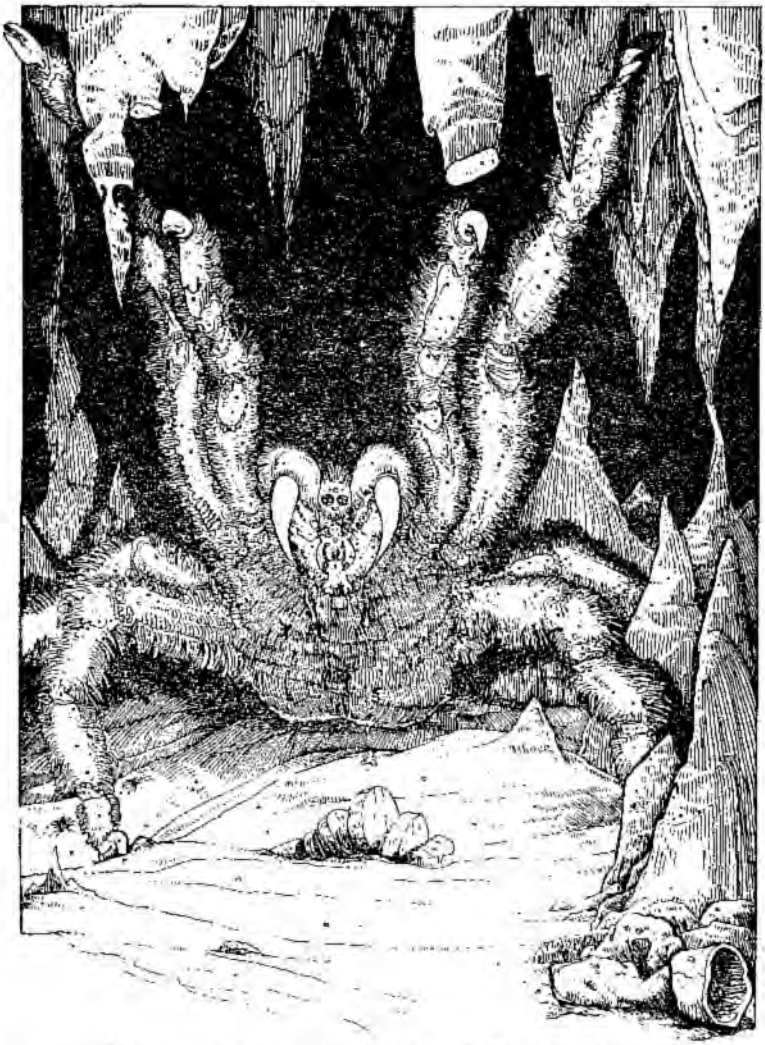

394 *You crane round to see a large black shape shifting towards you. As it approaches you turn cold.*

394

The boots are well-fashioned in a deep red leather. They are much sturdier than your own and fit you well. You try a few steps but are horrified to find that you cannot move, and the boots seem to be gripping your feet with considerable force. As you struggle to free yourself, you hear a crack and a smash as a stalactite falls from the roof; you crane round to see a large black shape shifting towards you. As it approaches, you turn cold. Several metres away is a GIANT SPIDER, at least a metre across, advancing towards you on spiny legs, mandibles clicking nervously in anticipation of its next meal. You draw your sword to defend yourself as it stalks you. You cannot move and thus must subtract 2 from each dice roll you make to calculate your Attack Strength.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win the battle, turn to **232**.

395

You step over the bones on the floor to take a closer look at the Boat House. You pick up and study a few of the tools scattered around: hammers, nails, chisels and the like, but they appear very ordinary. You hear a banging sound coming from beyond the north door and have time for one further search before you must react. Do you look through the drawers of the benches around the room (turn to **322**) or check the tools more carefully (turn to **34**)?

396

With the Warlock now defeated, you know your quest is almost over. You approach the door with two locks. There are no keys around. You retrieve two keys from your pack and try them in the locks. They turn! You open the door and peer round. Turn to **242**. If you have no keys, you may try to break down the door, and this you will do at the cost of almost all your STAMINA. Reduce your STAMINA by 5 and enter the room. Turn to **242**.

397

The door opens to reveal a small room with a stone floor and dirty walls. There is a stale smell in the air. In the centre of the room is a makeshift wooden table on which is standing a lit candle. Under the table is a small box. In the far corner of the room is a straw mattress. You may either open the box (turn to **240**) or leave the room (turn to **363**).

398

You feel around the rock face at the end of the passage. One rock comes free and reveals a small knob with a handle on the end. Will you push it (turn to **364**) or pull it (turn to **12**)?

399

The current is strong and takes you swiftly downstream. You are washed along through a narrow opening and out into a large cavern with banks on both sides. The current washes you on to the south bank. Turn to **218**.

400

YOUR QUEST IS OVER

Turn over to discover what lies within the Warlock's chest

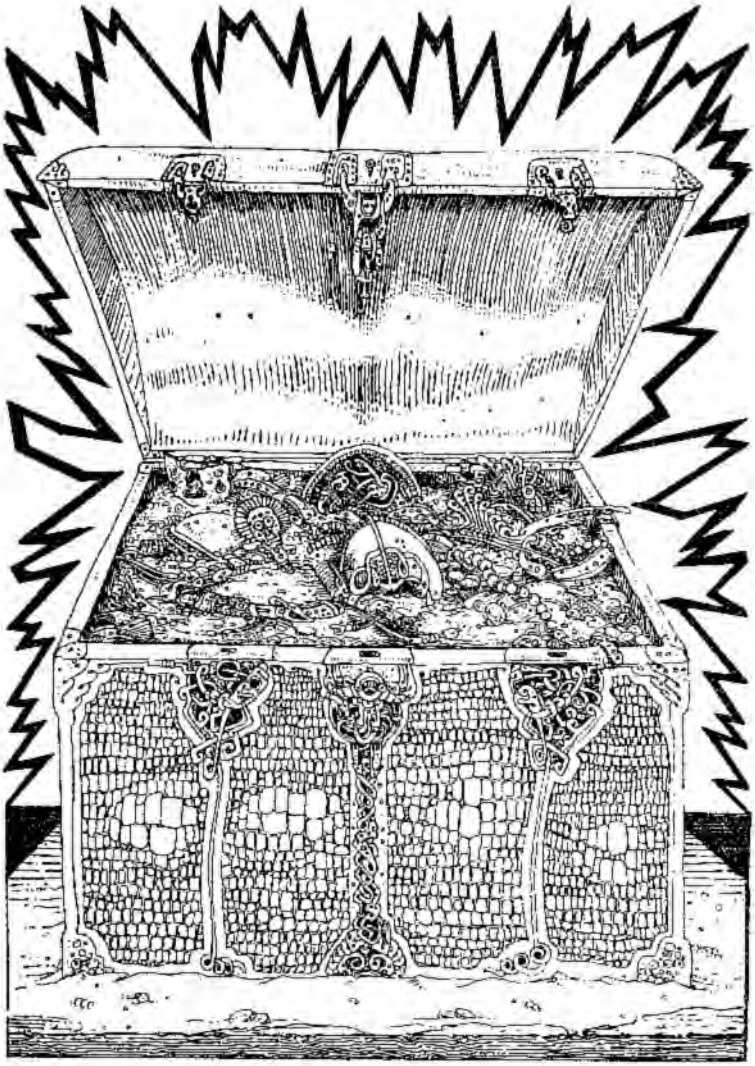

The Warlock of Firetop Mountain is no more and you are now the owner of the Sorcerer's riches. At least a thousand Gold Pieces, jewellery, diamonds, rubies and pearls are in the chest. Hidden under these you find the Warlock's spell book and as you leaf through the pages, you realize that this tome is probably more valuable than all the treasure. Instructions are given for the control of all the secrets – and the creatures – of Firetop Mountain. With this book, unlimited power is yours and the safety of your return to the village is ensured. Or, if you would prefer, you could remain as master of the domain of Firetop Mountain . . .

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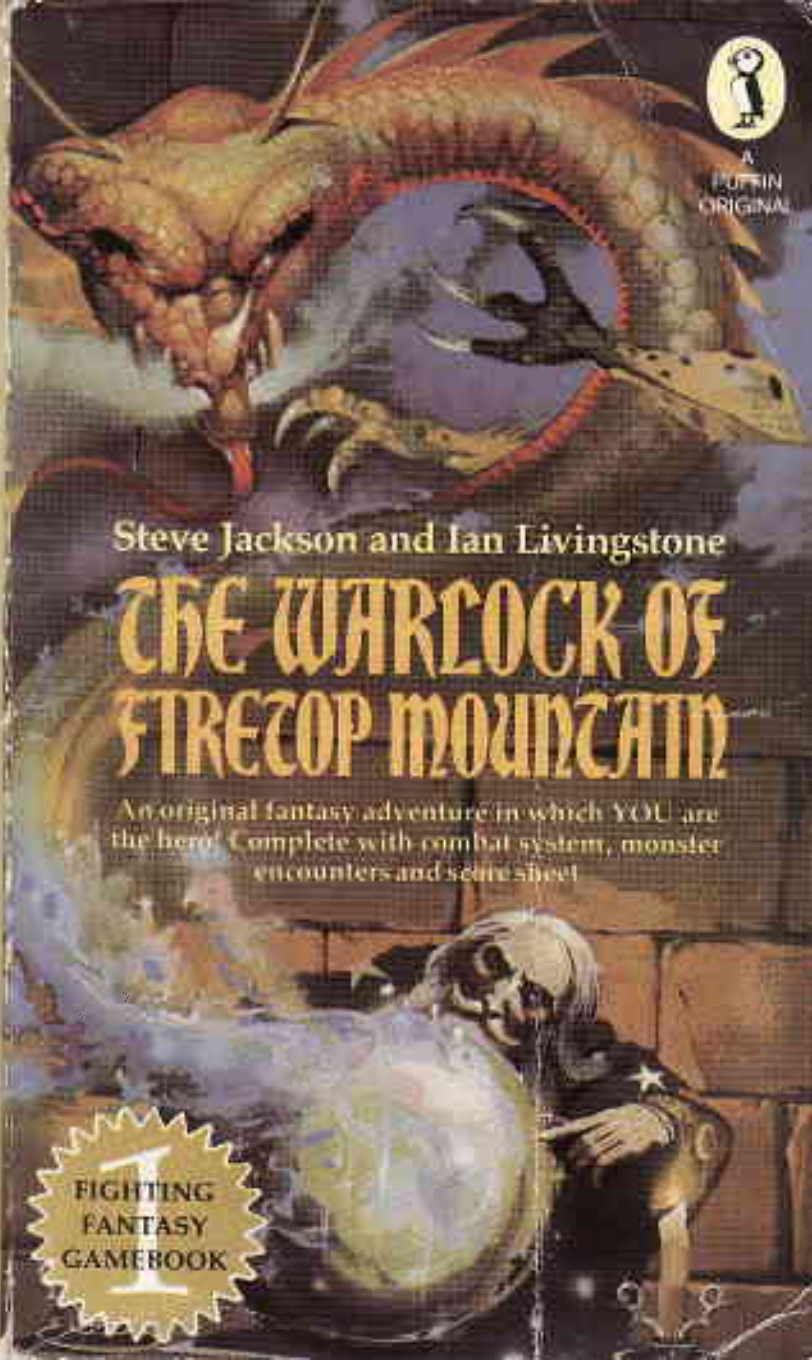

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Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

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Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1982
Reprinted 1982 (five times), 1983 (ten times), 1984 (twice)

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Bungay, Suffolk
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Dedicated to Joanna Ashton,
a true Galadriel of the spirit
and to Anne and Neville,
the real wizards.

HOW TO FIGHT CREATURES OF THE UNDERWORLD

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a shield together with a rucksack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant *Monster Encounter Box* on

your *Adventure Sheet* The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's *Attack Strength*.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your *Attack Strength*.
3. If your *Attack Strength* is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's *Attack Strength* is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both *Attack Strength* totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next *Attack Round* from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next *Attack Round* (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death)

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than*

your current LUCK score, you have been *lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score. you have been *unlucky* and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you 'Test your Luck', you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being *lucky* or *unlucky*. However, in battles, you always have the *option* of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *lucky*. you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score However, if you are *unlucky*, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1)

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead

of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are *unlucky*, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your haversack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions on a page, and you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4

STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your *Provisions*. A separate *Provisions Remaining* box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find other items during your travels You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a rucksack (haversack, backpack) on your back to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across. You also carry a lantern which lights your way.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure. Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored)

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *two* measures i.e. the characteristic may be restored twice during an adventure. Each time it is used make a note on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through the Warlock's dungeon and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all rooms contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. There are many 'wild goose chase' passages and whilst you may indeed progress through the dungeon, you will not take the Warlock's treasure unless you have picked up certain specific items on the way.

Several keys will be found in dungeon rooms. Only by arriving at the Warlock's treasure with the correct keys to open his chest will you get to his treasure. You can expect many frustrations in Firetop Mountain.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	Initial Stamina =	Initial Luck =

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

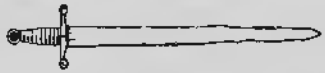

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =
Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =
Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =
Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =

RUMOURS

Only a foolhardy adventurer would embark upon such a perilous quest without first finding out as much as possible about the mountain and its treasures. Before your arrival at the foot of Firetop Mountain, you spent several days with the townsfolk of a local village some two days' journey from the base. Being a likeable sort of person, you found it easy to get on with the local peasants. Although they told many stories about the mysterious Warlock's sanctuary, you could not feel sure that all – or indeed any – of these were based on fact. The villagers had seen many adventurers pass through on their way to the mountain, but very few ever returned. The journey ahead was extremely dangerous, that you knew for certain. Of those who returned to the village, none contemplated going back to Firetop Mountain.

There seemed to be some truth in the rumour that the Warlock's treasure was stored in a magnificent chest with two locks, and the keys to these locks were guarded by various creatures within the dungeons. The Warlock himself was a sorcerer of great power. Some described him as old, others as young. Some said his power came from an enchanted deck of cards, others from the silky black gloves that he wore.

The entrance to the mountain was guarded by a pack of warty-faced Goblins, stupid creatures, fond of their food and drink. Towards the inner chambers, the creatures became more fearsome. To reach the inner chambers you would have to cross a river The ferry service was regular, but the ferryman enjoyed a good barter, so you should save a Gold Piece for the trip. The locals also encouraged you to keep a good map of your wanderings, for without a map you would end up hopelessly lost within the mountain.

When it finally came to your day of leaving, the whole village turned out to wish you a safe journey. Tears came to the eyes of many of the women, young and old alike. You couldn't help wondering whether they were tears of sorrow shed by eyes which would never see you alive again . . .

Now turn over

1 *The steep face in front of you looks to have been savaged by the claws of some gargantuan beast*

1

At last your two-day hike is over. You unsheathe your sword, lay it on the ground and sigh with relief as you lower yourself down on to the mossy rocks to sit for a moment's rest. You stretch, rub your eyes and finally look up at Firetop Mountain.

The very mountain itself looks menacing. The steep face in front of you looks to have been savaged by the claws of some gargantuan beast. Sharp rocky crags jut out at unnatural angles. At the top of the mountain you can see the eerie red colouring – probably some strange vegetation – which has given the mountain its name. Perhaps no one will ever know exactly what grows up there, as climbing the peak must surely be impossible.

Your quest lies ahead of you. Across the clearing is a dark cave entrance. You pick up your sword, get to your feet and consider what dangers may lie ahead of you. But with determination, you thrust the sword home into its scabbard and approach the cave.

You peer into the gloom to see dark, slimy walls with pools of water on the stone floor in front of you. The air is cold and dank. You light your lantern and step warily into the blackness. Cobwebs brush your face and you hear the scurrying of tiny feet: rats, most likely. You set off into the cave. After a few yards you arrive at a junction. Will you turn west (turn to 71) or east (turn to 278)?

2

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you escape without attracting the Ogre's attention. If you are Unlucky, you curse as you kick a small stone which goes skidding across the cavern floor. You draw your sword in case the Ogre has heard it – turn to **16**. If you were Lucky, you creep down the corridor back to the crossroads. Turn to **269**.

3

The bell gives a dull clang and after a few moments you see a withered old man climb into a small rowing boat moored on the north bank. He rows slowly across to you, moors the boat and limps towards you. He asks you for 3 Gold Pieces. When you protest at the price he mumbles some flimsy excuse about 'inflation'. He begins to get angry at your protestations. Do you pay him the 3 Gold Pieces (turn to **272**) or threaten him (turn to **127**)?

4

You find yourself in a north–south corridor. To the north the passage turns east some metres ahead. To investigate, turn to **46**. To the south, the passageway also turns east. Turn to **332** to go south.

5

A rough timber doorway is on the east wall of the passage. You listen at the door and can hear a jolly sort of humming sound. Do you want to knock on the door and go in (turn to **97**) or will you continue northwards (turn to **292**)?

6

The large solid door has no handle. You charge it, but to no avail. The door is not going to budge. You decide to give up and go through the opening you passed in the east–west passageway some way back. Turn to **89**.

7

You are on the north bank of a fast-flowing river in a large underground cavern. Turn to **214**.

8

The passage ahead ends at a sturdy door. You listen but hear nothing. You try the handle, it turns, and you enter the room. As you look around you hear a loud cry from behind you and swing round to see a wild man leaping towards you wielding a large battle axe. He is a mad BARBARIAN and you must fight him!

BARBARIAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

There is a door in the north wall opposite, through which you may *Escape* during the battle (turn to **189**). If you defeat the Barbarian, turn to **273**.

9

Amazed at the success of your bluff, you decide to push your luck a little further. You can either examine the Skeletons' tools or pretend you're looking for work-sheets and look through the drawers of the various benches. If you choose the tools, turn to **34**. If you search the drawers, turn to **322**. You hear a

11 *You are now watching various tools digging and hammering as if being handled by invisible workers*

noise from behind the north door and realize you will have to hurry!

10

You arrive back at the junction and turn northwards. Turn to 77.

11

You follow the passage westwards until it turns round a corner to the south. Just before the bend is a signpost which reads 'Under Construction' In front of you is the beginning of a stairway leading downwards. Only three steps have been built so far. A number of shovels, picks and other tools were lying on the ground by the steps but, as you turned the corner, they suddenly flurried into action and began working on the steps. You are now watching various tools digging and hammering as if being handled by invisible workers. A humming chant becomes louder and you recognize it as: 'Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, It's off to work we go . . .' As you stand watching you start to chuckle – the scene is quite amusing. You sit and watch and even manage to chat to some of the magical tools. Gain 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point whilst you relax. Then turn back up the passageway to the crossroads where you may go either northwards (turn to 366) or southwards (turn to 250).

12

As you pull the knob, a deafening clanging noise rings through the passageways. You frantically push the knob back to stop the alarm, but it has already had its effect. You can hear footsteps

coming closer down the corridor. Turn to **161** to find what you have attracted. Note down the number **12** so that you may return to this section after fighting your battle.

When you have defeated this creature, you may either return to the junction (turn to **256**) or you may push the knob (turn to **364**).

13

Your head hurts and you feel dizzy as you rise to your feet. The four men stir into action and move towards you in single file with their weapons ready. You grope your way down the wall for the south door but it will be touch and go whether you make it. Your foot slips on a loose pebble and you fall to the ground. Before you can regain your footing, the creatures are upon you. Turn to **282**.

14

There are no signs of any secret passages, but you suddenly hear footsteps coming towards you. To find out what is coming, turn to **161**. You must fight this creature.

If you defeat the monster, turn to **117**. Note this reference so you know where to return to.

15

As you sit on the bench and eat your food, you begin to feel deeply relaxed and the aches from your body seem to be soothing themselves away. This resting place is enchanted. You may restore 2 additional STAMINA points as well as the normal amount (but only if this does not exceed your *Initial* STAMINA

score) and restore 1 SKILL point if any have been lost. When you are ready to continue, move along the passage and turn to **367**.

16

You draw your sword, and as you do so the Ogre hears you and prepares to attack:

OGRE SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

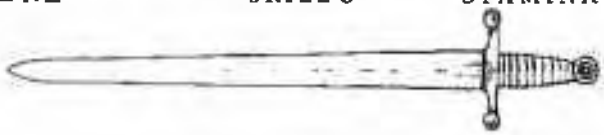

If you defeat him, turn to **50**. After the second Attack Round, you may *Escape* down the passage (turn to **269**).

17

Using the wooden stake and mallet (or makeshift mallet if you aren't carrying one), you form a cross and move towards the Vampire, backing it into a corner. It hisses and snatches at you but cannot come near you. However, it is going to be tricky getting the stake through its heart.

As you advance, you stumble and fall forwards. As luck would have it, the stake flies forward and plunges into the shrieking creature. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the stake pierces the Vampire's heart. If you are Unlucky, the Vampire is merely grazed by the wound (deduct 3 points from its STAMINA) and it flings you backwards across the room towards the west door. To *Escape* through it, turn to **380**. To keep on fighting, turn to **144**. If you were Lucky and killed the Vampire, you may look for its treasure – turn to **327**

18

You walk westwards along the passageway. After fifty metres or so, the way turns northwards. Two or three paces up the passage, you hear a crumbling beneath your feet and you try to leap back as the ground gives way. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to leap quickly backwards before a pit opens. If you are Unlucky, you are too slow and you fall over two metres down into a pit – lose 1 STAMINA point. If you were Lucky, you had better return to the junction (turn to **261**). If you were Unlucky, turn to **348**.

19

These two evil creatures are GOBLINS. They attack you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	6

If you kill the Goblins, turn to **317**.

20

The skirmish commences. You have your sword, they have their axes. They come at you one at a time

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DWARF	7	4
Second DWARF	6	6
Third DWARF	7	5
Fourth DWARF	7	5

If you win, turn to **376**. If the battle is going badly, you may *Escape* through the door. Turn to **291** – but don't forget your *Escaping* penalty

21

The green blood of the dead Orcs smells foul as it seeps from their bodies. You step around the corpses and investigate the chest. It is a sturdy affair, made of strong oak and iron, and it is firmly locked. You may try to smash the lock with your sword (turn to **339**) or leave it alone and go through the open door (turn to **293**).

22

You poke around looking for signs of secret doors but can find none. You pause to ponder your situation and a small jet of gas hisses from the ceiling. You cough and choke to clear your lungs, but collapse to your knees. Your head spins and you flop to the floor in an unconscious heap. When you come to, you look around in an unfamiliar place Turn to **4**.

23

The passageway ends in a solid doorway and you are surprised to see a leather skirt tacked along the bottom of the door. You listen but hear nothing. Will you enter the room (turn to **326**) or return to the junction (turn to **229**)?

24

After you have suffered your third wound, you

notice that your strength is ebbing. Lose 1 SKILL point. You deduce that this is yet another magical power of this foul creature and you feel a shiver of panic. Will you continue or run? If you want to *Escape*, pay the penalty and turn to **360** to flee through the north door. Otherwise the fight goes on.

If you defeat the creature, turn to **135**. But from now on every third wound that the beast inflicts takes 1 point from your SKILL.

25

The paintings are portraits of men. Your spine shivers as you read the nameplate under the one on the west wall – it is that of Zagor, the Warlock whose treasure you are seeking. You look at his portrait and realize you are pitting yourself against an awesome adversary. You have the feeling that you are being watched and notice the piercing eyes following you as you move. You find yourself drawn towards his portrait and your fear rises. Lose 1 SKILL point. Do you have the courage to try to combat the Warlock? You may either leave through the north door straightaway (turn to **90**) – but treat this as an *Escape*. Or you may look through your pack for a weapon to use against the Warlock's power – turn to **340**.

26

You remember Di Maggio's small, leather-bound book, and silently mouth the spell contained within its pages.

You shout loudly at the Dragon and it stops in its tracks. It cocks its head to one side and eyes you suspiciously. You fling a stone at its head, and the rock bounces off its nose. The beast lets out an angry cry and breathes deeply, a roaring sound being created from within its throat. The Dragon exhales, and from between its teeth you can see another fireball building up. You prepare yourself, and as the ball of flame comes from its mouth, you cry:

'Ekil Erif
Ekam Erif
Erif Erif
Di Maggio'

The fireball continues no further. With an agonized scream, the Dragon tries to shake the flames from its snout. But there the burning continues.

Squealing in agony, the Dragon turns its back and leaps into the blackness, flailing its head from side to side. Turn to **371**.

27

The sword is enchanted and will aid you in battle As long as you use this sword, you may increase your *Initial* SKILL by 2 points. You may also add 2 points to your current SKILL value. Add 2 points to your LUCK for finding this sword. Throw your old sword away and turn to **319**. If you would rather keep your own sword, leave your SKILL as it is and just take the LUCK bonus

28

The mighty Giant lies dead! You search his cavern and find little of use, although a purse in his belt contains 8 Gold Pieces. You are a little concerned about the second chair; to whom does it belong? You decide to leave the cavern the way you came. Turn to **351**. But add 2 LUCK and 2 SKILL points for your victory.

29

Apart from the boots, which you decide to ignore, there appears to be little of value in the cavern. You decide to head back the way you came. Turn to **375**.

30

A loose stone falls out to reveal a rope in the rock. If you wish to pull it, turn to **67**. If you feel it would be wiser to leave it alone, you can return to the crossroads (turn to **267**).

31

If you have the jewel from the Eye of the Cyclops, you hold it in front of the Warlock. His intimidating stare turns to an expression of pain. He obviously feels the jewel's power. Suddenly his eyes turn white and his expression goes limp. Your confidence gains as you realize you have won your first real battle. Gain 2 SKILL points. Put the jewel into your pack and leave through the north door. Turn to **90**.

32

You toss the Cheese across the room at the Rats and they scramble for it, nipping and scratching each other as they fight for it. Having distracted them, you pass through the room and leave by the door in the north wall. Turn to **124**. Add 2 LUCK points for your good fortune

33

The sleeping creature awakens startled. He jumps up and rushes at you, unarmed. With your sword you should be able to defeat him, but his sharp teeth look rather vicious. You may *Escape* through the door (turn to **320**) or stand and fight the ORC who is attacking you.

ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If you defeat the creature, you may take the box. Turn to **147**.

34

Looking through the tools you come across a mallet with a hardwood head and a chisel with a solid silver blade. You may keep either of these if you are prepared to forfeit one of the items of equipment you are carrying. If you wish to do so, make the appropriate adjustments to your Equipment List. The noise from the north door gets louder and you move up to investigate. Turn to **96**.

36 *Inside the room the floor is covered with bones, rotting vegetation and slime*

35

As you step into the room, the door swings shut behind you. As it closes, there is a click and a hiss. From the centre of the ceiling, a jet of gas is filling the room with an acrid vapour. You breathe and cough deeply. You look at the door and then the key. Will you return to the door and escape quickly (turn to **136**) or hold your breath and dash for the key first (turn to **361**)?

36

The locked door bursts open and a nauseating stench hits your nostrils. Inside the room the floor is covered with bones, rotting vegetation and slime. A wild-haired old man, clothed in rags, rushes at you screaming. His beard is long and grey, and he is waving an old wooden chair-leg. Is he simply insane as he appears, or has this been some kind of trap? You may either shout at him to try to calm him down (turn to **263**) or draw your sword and attack him (turn to **353**)

37

Standing at the crossroads you may go either north (turn to **366**), west (turn to **11**) or south (turn to **277**).

38

You open the door to find the Werewolf's larder, a miscellaneous collection of bones and decaying meats. The smell is nauseating, although a jar of pickled eggs seems to offer fairly palatable food If

you wish to take these, there will be enough for two meals; add 2 points to your Provisions.

Back in the room you may now go out through the south door. Turn to **66**.

39

Your opponent is surprised as you disappear in front of him, but he raises his hands as if to cover his eyes and he scans the room with an intense glare. He can sense your presence but cannot make out exactly where you are. You draw your sword and advance. He tilts his head and sniffs the air. You will have to fight him from a distance as, if he gets his hands on you, your invisibility will be no advantage. But whilst you remain invisible, you have the following advantages:

- You may add 2 to your dice roll when determining your Attack Strength.
- Each successful attack will cause him 3 points of damage as, since he cannot see you, he cannot defend himself properly.
- Each time he inflicts a wound on you, throw one die. If the number is odd, he wounds you as normal. If the number is 2 or 4, he only inflicts a 1-point wound. If you roll a 6, you can parry the blow and he does no damage.

Resolve the battle:

WARLOCK	SKILL 11	STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to **396**.

40

The ear-piercing sound gets louder and louder. The pain is unbearable. Reduce your SKILL score by 1 for the agony. You begin to grope in the dark for a wall. Do you head for:

The west wall?	Turn to **355**
The north wall?	Turn to **265**
The east wall?	Turn to **181**

41

He is a powerful adversary – a WIGHT! He is large, strong and evil. The battle commences:

WIGHT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 6

You fight with your sword. After you have inflicted your first wound on him, turn to **310**.

42

You eventually arrive at the end of the passage, at a three-way junction. You may turn either to the west (turn to **257**) or to the east (turn to **113**).

43

You are in a north–south passageway. To go north, turn to **354**. To go south, turn to **52**

44

Panting after the struggle, you sit down to collect yourself and finish the Provisions you started. Eventually you pack your bag and wade into the stream. Turn to 399.

45

The Cheese hits the portrait and bounces off. You hear an evil laugh coming from the walls and realize the Warlock is mocking you. You decide to leave the room by the north door. Turn to 90.

46

You are standing in a short east–west passageway, with a door blocking the way to the east. To the west, the passage turns southwards after several metres. To go round this bend turn to 4. To go through the door, turn to 206.

47

In the middle of the river, the bridge swings to and fro as it strains to take your weight. The handrail comes away suddenly as you lean on it. Roll one die. A roll of 6 sends you plunging into the river below – turn to 158. A roll of 1–5 means you regain your balance. To go on, turn to 298.

48

You are in an east–west corridor. If you go east, you will turn a corner northwards. To go this way, turn to 391. To go west, turn to 60.

49

The door squeaks open on rusty hinges. The room is dark and your eyes begin to adjust themselves as you close the door behind you. You hear a shuffling in the room but before you can react, a blow to your head knocks you senseless. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 122.

50

The slain creature crashes to the ground. You go through his garments and find nothing, but a small pouch hangs around his neck. Inside this pouch is a small bronze key, with the number 9 cast into it. You may take this if you wish. Nothing else is of value in the cavern so you leave and head back to the junction. Turn to 269.

51

You drink the Potion and can see the look of astonishment spread across the Troll's face. He comes up to you and feels for you, but you step aside and he gropes the air fruitlessly. He thrashes around, clutching for you, but you are easily able to sidestep him. Eventually he gives up and returns to his chamber, just in time, as you feel yourself reappearing. Add 2 LUCK points. You may leave along the passage to the north. Turn to 287.

52

You are standing at a T-junction where a passage to the east comes off a north–south corridor.

To go south	Turn to **391**
To check for secret passages on the way southwards	Turn to **362**
To go north	Turn to **354**
To check for secret passages on the way northwards	Turn to **234**
To go east	Turn to **291**

53

You charge the door, hitting it squarely with your shoulder Roll 2 dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your SKILL score, the door opens (turn to **155**). If the number exceeds your SKILL score, the door shudders but does not budge, and you wince in pain as you hit the door – lose 1 STAMINA point and continue up the corridor (turn to **300**).

54

You are standing outside a door at the north end of a north–south passage To go south, turn to **308** To go through the door, turn to **179**.

55

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your LUCK score *and* is also less than or equal to your STAMINA score then you manage to hold on and manoeuvre the raft across to the north bank (do not deduct a LUCK point). You arrive safely but as you step on to the bank, the raft drifts away and makes its own way across the river to the south bank Turn to **7**.

If you exceed your LUCK and/or STAMINA totals, the raft throws you into the water and you start to swim back to the south bank. Turn to **166**.

56

As your sword splashes into the water, a bubbly voice says, 'Thank you!' It now seems that the only way onwards is to swim downstream to the east You plunge into the water. Turn to **399**.

57

As you enter the cavern you hear loud footsteps behind you, crunching heavily on the rocky floor. You crouch down beside the entrance in a small alcove in the rock. The steps get louder and you see a great OGRE enter the cavern! He stands over two metres tall and is dressed in ill-fitting garments made from some sort of hide. He carries a large wooden club. You may:

Attack him as he enters	Turn to **16**
Try to creep out without him noticing you	Turn to **2**
Try to distract him by throwing something into a far corner of the cavern	Turn to **119**

58 *At the corner there is a bench of solid wood, where you may stop and eat Provisions if you wish*

58

Cautiously you creep along the passageway. After a short time it turns sharply to the north. At the corner there is a bench of solid wood and above the bench a sign reads 'Rest Ye Here Weary Traveller' Here you may stop and eat Provisions if you wish (turn to **15**) or continue (turn to **367**).

59

You walk westwards for some time, then north round a peculiar bend which hairpins straight round to the south. Eventually you wind up at a three-way junction. Turn to **150**.

60

You walk along the corridor, only to find that the way westwards is blocked by a heavy portcullis You walk back to where you were Turn to **48**.

61

As you investigate the cavern, you suddenly hear a scurry of steps behind you and swing round to face the grotesque black shape of a GIANT SPIDER which has been stalking you. The Spider's body is at least a metre across and you quickly draw your sword to defend yourself.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win the battle, turn to **29**. You may *Escape* from the fight down the passageway after two Attack Rounds and will end up at the junction – turn to **375**

62

You continue along the passageway to the east. After some thirty metres it turns to the south. Following it round the bend you eventually come to a stop at a large armoured door. To try the door, turn to 6. If you would prefer to return along the passage and go through the narrow opening, turn to 89.

63

As you walk along the corridor, you can see ahead that it is getting narrower. At one point you stoop, and as you do so, a deep, resonating laugh starts up around you. Do you wish to continue? If so, turn to 281. If you wish to turn back, turn to 10.

64

The Ghoul dances with glee around your body, lays it next to the others on the ground, turns you over and sinks its teeth into your rump. It is not often it gets fresh meat to feed on.

Your adventure is over.

65

As you spring at the Chieftain, his servant rises to his feet, picks up a hefty wooden stick and joins the melee. But to your disappointment he attacks you! Ungrateful wretch! Seeing this, you may *Escape* through the door down the corridor (turn to 293) or continue the fight (turn to 372). If you choose to *Escape*, you suffer normal escaping penalties.

66

The door opens and you find yourself in the passage leading back to the riverbank. You return to the river and may now either go for the door in the middle of the rockface (turn to 104) or go down the passage running off eastwards along the riverbank (turn to 99).

67

You pull on the rope and a small door swings open revealing a passage into a north–south corridor. Will you return to the crossroads (turn to 267) or go through the secret door (turn to 177)?

68

The two GOBLIN torturers look at each other amazed, then look at you. They chatter to themselves and then indicate for you to wait while they go off and get another Dwarf to give them some more fun. They disappear out of the room and you cut down the Dwarf who is, as you guessed, quite dead. You decide it best to leave and press on northwards up the corridor. Turn to 303.

69

Some way along the passage, the corridor bends round to the north and you follow it until you reach another junction. At this junction you see an arrow cut into the rock, pointing to the north, and you decide to try this direction. Turn to 244.

71 *As you look in, you can see a strange Goblin-like creature in leather armour asleep at his post.*

70

You follow the cobbled corridor east, then north, then east again and finally north until you wind up at a crossroads. Turn to **267**.

71

There is a right-hand turn to the north in the passage. Cautiously you approach a sentry post on the corner and, as you look in, you can see a strange Goblin-like creature in leather armour asleep at his post. You try to tiptoe past him. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, he does not wake up and remains snoring loudly – turn to **301**. If you are Unlucky, you step with a crunch on some loose ground and his eyes flick open – turn to **248**.

72

You now have a fresh set of armour, equivalent to your own. Decide which of the two you wish to keep, throw the other away, and turn to **319**.

73

The passage ahead leads you northwards. The rocky floor becomes sandy until eventually you are walking on a sort of coarse sand. You notice the passage is widening and ahead you can hear a flowing river. You continue until you find yourself in a large cavern through which a river flows. Turn to **218**.

74

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you break his gaze and can prepare to attack. Turn to **279**. If you are

Unlucky, you are under his control and drop your sword at his command – turn to **118**.

75

You sit back and rest from the exhausting battle. You may eat Provisions here. You prise the jewel from the still statue. It is heavy in your hand and is worth 50 Gold Pieces. You put it in your pack. As you explore the room and the statue, you notice that one of its breastplate sections is loose. When you open this, a small key is inside. You examine this and notice the number *111* on it. With a smile you put the jewel and the key in your pack and set off back to the junction. Turn to **93**, after adding 3 LUCK points – you have a valuable artefact here.

76

You arrive at another junction. An arrow on the wall points northwards and you decide to proceed in this direction. Turn to **244**.

77

Several metres up the passageway you arrive at a junction where you may turn either west or east. Set in the rock on the north wall is a small recess where you may rest and eat Provisions without being seen. If you wish to take Provisions here, do so. Afterwards you may set off either eastwards (turn to **345**) or westwards (turn to **18**).

78

The passage ends at a solid wooden door with metal

hinges. Listening at the door, you hear strange mutterings and the clatter of what could be pots and pans. Whatever is in there, there are several of them. Do you want to go through the door (turn to **159**) or turn back (turn to **237**)?

79

The passageway ends in front of you in a dead end If you wish to search for secret passageways, turn to **137**. If not, return to the crossroads at **267**

80

The key fits the lock and opens the door You find yourself in a large boathouse. Various boats, in different stages of construction, are lying around Apart from the door behind you there is another in the north wall. As you enter, the Skeletons stop their work and crane their bony necks around to look at you. They pick up planks of wood and hammers and advance towards you There are five of them. Do you:

Smile nervously and back out of the door into the passage?	Turn to **129**
Tell them you've come about buying a boat?	Turn to **123**
Tell them you're their new boss and order them back to work?	Turn to **195**
Draw your sword and prepare for battle?	Turn to **140**

84 *Seated at the table is an old man with a long grey beard, and squatting on his shoulder is a small winged beast*

81

A noise startles you, prompting you to leave the room quickly. You walk up to investigate the north door. Turn to **205**.

82

The door opens to reveal a small, smelly room. In the centre of the room is a rickety wooden table on which stands a lit candle. Underneath the table is a small wooden box. Asleep on a straw mattress in the far corner of the room is a short, stocky creature with an ugly, warty face; the same sort of creature that you found asleep at the sentry post. He must be the guard for the night watch. You may either return to the corridor and press on northwards (turn to **208**) or creep into the room and try to take the box without waking the creature. If you want to try to steal the box, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, he does not wake up – turn to **147**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **33**.

83

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you make it out through the north door – turn to **360** If you are Unlucky, turn to **154**.

84

The door opens into a small room, comfortably furnished with a table, several chairs and a large bookcase which covers one wall. Seated at the table is an old man with a long grey beard, and squatting on the old man's shoulder is a small winged beast. This

creature is no more than six centimetres tall. It has two arms and legs; its skin is a dusty grey colour. It has tiny sharp white teeth and its wings are folded behind its back. The old man says nothing as you walk in through the door, but he beckons you over to sit down at the table. He is tossing in his hand two small white objects. Will you:

Sit down as he tells you?	Turn to **204**
Leave the room and return to the junction?	Turn to **280**
Draw your sword and rush forward?	Turn to **377**

85

You are at a crossroads

To go north	Turn to **106**
To go south	Turn to **373**
To go east	Turn to **318**
To go west	Turn to **59**

86

A huge jaw yawns open in front of you. By the size of it, the CROCODILE you are swimming towards must be at least three metres long. The beast slaps its tail in the water and glides towards you. You must fight two Attack Rounds.

CROCODILE SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

Your combined thrashings attract a 'turbulence' in the water that you had noticed before and this now makes its way towards your part of the river. Out of the corner of your eye you notice this and must decide what to do. If you believe that the Crocodile is on its last legs and you wish to continue the battle, then do so. If you win, turn to **259**. Otherwise you can keep the beast occupied in the faint hope that this mysterious visitor will help you in some way. Have one more Attack Round and turn to **350**

87

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn northwards. Turn to **262**

88

You enter another small room, bare except for a fountain in the middle. Not a particularly grand affair, the fountain is a small carved fish, and a short jet of water comes from its mouth. A wooden sign hangs from the fish and this bears a message. It is written in Goblin tongue, at which you are not very proficient. The first word you cannot understand, but the others read: '. . . NOT DRINK'. But you are extremely thirsty. Will you drink from the fountain? If so, turn to **216**. Otherwise you can pass it by and leave through a door in the north wall (turn to **384**).

89

You climb through the opening and find yourself at the top of a narrow staircase leading downwards. Cautiously, you descend the stairs. Turn to **286**

90

You open the door into a narrow passage and follow it northwards. Some metres up the passageway, it turns to the east, then turns to the north. However, at this second bend, there is a small alcove in the rock. It seems a convenient hiding place and a large rock forms a comfortable seat You may stop here and eat Provisions if you wish. When you have rested, continue northwards Turn to **253**.

91

If you are lucky, your cheating will not be discovered. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you get away with it. Roll two dice to see how many Gold Pieces you win. Mark these on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **131**.

If you are Unlucky, the four notice you are dealing from the bottom of the deck They pick up axes from behind their chairs and turn on you. Turn to **20**.

92

You arrive back at the junction in the passage. You look left to see the cave entrance in the dim distance but walk straight on. Turn to **71**.

93

You arrive back at the junction and this time you turn northwards Turn to **8**

94

You walk along a passageway that runs due south,

then turns west. After several metres, it ends at a three-way junction. You can check for secret passages along the way (turn to **260**) or go straight to the junction (turn to **329**).

95

You find nothing remarkable about the weapons, in fact not a single weapon looks more useful than your sword. As you search the debris, you hear a deep thumping from the north followed by a scream which sends a shiver down your spine. You rush to the north door to investigate. Turn to **205**.

96

The door opens into a short corridor about fifteen metres long. There are two doors, one at each end. You now realize what the noise was. More Skeletons! Four of them, armed with swords, are running down the corridor towards you.

They don't appear to have seen you and you notice a slight recess in the wall which may be a useful hiding place. You decide to try it Turn to **374**.

97 In the midst of all this clutter, you see a little old man in a grubby white gown swaying to and fro in a rocking chair

97

A voice bids you 'Come in!' and you walk into a small room furnished with a table and chair, shelves, cupboards and the like, all of which have seen better days. Plates, bowls, cups and hundreds of old books line the shelves In the midst of all this clutter, you see a little old man in a grubby white gown swaying to and fro in a rocking chair, still humming happily to himself, his eyes fixed on you, but seeming at peace with the world He bids you 'Good day ' Do you:

Start to make conversation with him?	Turn to **334**
Draw your sword and charge at him?	Turn to **247**
Decide not to waste time with him and leave, going northwards?	Turn to **292**

98

As you crawl into the room, a voice booms out. 'Welcome, adventurer. I have been expecting you.' You stop, look around and rise to your feet. The little old man has changed. He is not so old and grey any more, and he's of an imposing height. His eyes are deep and black and they are fixed on you relentlessly. Turn to **358**.

99

The passageway runs eastwards Ahead of you, you can see that a solid-looking door blocks the passage You step up to investigate Turn to **383**

100

Hesitantly, they agree to let you join in. As you play and chat, they loosen up and eventually you are all laughing and exchanging stories.

They seem quite harmless. You may play cards either fairly or you may try to cheat. If you wish to play fairly, turn to **346**. If you wish to cheat, turn to **91**

101

Your lucky throw catches the Vampire unawares and he shrieks in agony as the stake sinks into his heart. You leap over and thrust it further into his body His death cries grow weaker and his lifeless body slumps to the floor. Turn to **327**

102

The door is not locked and opens. The room in front of you seems to be a small torture chamber, with various torture devices around the walls. In the centre of the room, two small, hunchbacked creatures are having their fiendish way with a Dwarf, who is tied to a hook in the ceiling by his wrists. The two hunchbacks are poking and cutting him viciously with their swords. The Dwarf lets out a final scream and falls silent, eyes closed. His captors make disappointed noises and look round angrily at you as if it were your fault that the Dwarf has collapsed. You must act quickly Will you·

Close the door quickly and continue up the corridor?	Turn to **303**

Draw your sword and try to fight the creatures?	Turn to **19**
Stride over to the Dwarf, give him a jab with your sword and put on an evil laugh for the torturers?	Turn to **68**

103

You feel a stone move and behind it you find a lever. Will you pull the lever, or leave it and return to the crossroads? If you dare pull the lever, turn to **252** If you go back to the crossroads, turn to **359**.

104

You find yourself in a short, narrow passageway with a door ahead to the north. You try this door Turn to **49**.

105

You rummage through your haversack. What is in there? You may attempt to use any of the following items if you have them on your Equipment List:

Potion of Invisibility	Turn to **39**
The Eye of the Cyclops	Turn to **382**
A piece of Cheese	Turn to **368**
Bow with Silver Arrow	Turn to **194**
A Y-shaped Stick	Turn to **215**

106

The passageway ahead runs northwards for some time. You may rest along the passage to eat Provisions It then bends to the west and begins to get quite narrow You reach a small rocky arch which

106 *Smoke curls from its nostrils. Its scaly red skin glistens with an oily covering*

you will have to stoop to get through. On the other side of the arch you pause and look around. You are in a large cavern which disappears into distant blackness. The cavern is partially lit by natural light which streams in through a hole in the roof You cannot see a way through.

As you shine your lantern around the cavern, you hear a rumble A dull glow flickers in the blackness Suddenly, a jet of fire shoots from the depths of the cavern, narrowly missing you and singeing the mossy growths on the wall! You throw yourself on to the ground and look up to see a large DRAGON stalking out of the darkness towards you Smoke curls from its nostrils Its scaly red skin glistens with an oily covering. The beast is some fifteen metres long! How will you attack the creature?

Draw your sword and prepare to attack?	Turn to **152**
Search your memory for another means of attack?	Turn to **126**

107

You tiptoe through the room, up a narrow staircase, ending up at the top of the stairs in a passage 'That was easy,' you think, and you begin to have second thoughts about whether it would have been worthwhile to search the bodies. If you want to return and search the bodies, starting with the third, turn to 148 If you want to press on, turn to **197**

108

The moment your foot touches a hand tile, you feel a vice-like grip on your ankle and look down to see a ghostly white hand gripping your leg. You fight for your balance and manage to regain it. But to your horror you see that, from every hand-shaped tile in the floor, a similar apparition has appeared, and the floor across to the door is now scattered with ghoulish hands, flexing and snatching in the air. You draw your sword and chop at the hand. Resolve this battle:

HAND	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to **185**.

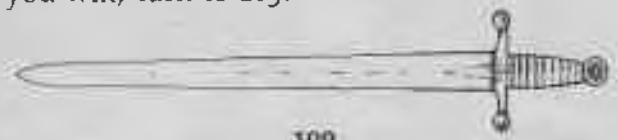

109

The liquid is smooth and watery and, as you drink it, you begin to glow. You feel euphoric and a little drunk at the same time. Your confidence grows and your weariness disappears.

The bottle contains HOLY WATER, blessed by the Overpriest of Kaynlesh-Ma. It has restored your STAMINA almost to full strength. Increase your STAMINA to 2 points below your *Initial* STAMINA (if your STAMINA was already higher than this, leave it as it is – you are strong enough!). Add points to your current SKILL to take the total to 1 point under your *Initial* SKILL. You may add 4 LUCK points for making such a lucky find.

If you have already looked at the parchment, you may leave the room northwards (turn to **120**). If you have not, you may look at it (turn to **212**) or you may forget about it and go northwards anyway.

110

You are now 8 Gold Pieces richer. You also find another 2 Gold Pieces in his boot, hidden there for safety. Turn to **319**. Record the Gold on your *Adventure Sheet*.

111

He will not be pacified. As you shift uneasily around the room, he shouts a word at the dog. Turn to **249**.

112

You see nothing in the room likely to help you in your battle. Will you:

Draw your sword, grit your teeth and advance?	Turn to **142**
Search your rucksack for a weapon to use?	Turn to **105**

113

You arrive at another junction in the passage. You may either go northwards (turn to **285**) or continue eastwards (turn to **78**).

114

The passage goes south, then east and you eventually find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **359**.

115

The poor wretches lying dead at your feet almost look happy to be relieved of the burden of life. But as you look down at them, you sense that you are not the only one to know of their deaths Looking around the room, you may:

Investigate the weapons lying around	Turn to **95**
Go over to the dead body in the north-east corner	Turn to **313**
Check the barrels	Turn to **330**

116

The two drunken ORCS you now face are obviously startled at your entrance and, as quickly as they are able, they fumble around for the weapons. You must attack each one in turn. Their drunkenness allows you to add 1 point to your dice roll when rolling to work out your Attack Strength, during each Attack Round

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	4
Second ORC	5	5

If you win the battle, turn to **378**. If you wish to *Escape* during the battle, you may do so by turning to **42**

117

You are in an east–west passageway. To go east, turn to **354**. To go west, turn to **308**

118

As you approach he rises from his coffin, spreads his cloak and takes you under it. Your last living memory is a flash of pain as his sharp teeth sink into your neck. You should never have let yourself get into eye-contact with a VAMPIRE!

119

You open your pack and reach inside for something suitable to throw across the cavern. Check your Equipment List, choose one item to throw and cross it off your List. If you have no Equipment you will have to throw a Gold Piece. You throw the object across the cavern, where it lands with a clatter. The Ogre looks towards the noise, and goes over to investigate. Meanwhile you creep out, down the passage and back to the junction. Turn to **269**

120

You leave the chamber, walk down a short passage and reach a staircase going up. You climb the stairs and arrive at the top in a passageway. Turn to **197**

121

The corridor goes east for several metres, then south, then east again, where it finally ends. Will you investigate the dead end (turn to **103**) or return to the crossroads (turn to **359**)?

122 *Their skin is a greeny-grey colour Their clothes are tattered and torn*

122

You awake with a throbbing head and look around. The room is about eight metres square, with doors to the north and south. You have been dumped in the south-west corner. Standing motionless in the centre of the room are four men. At least, they *appear* to be men. Their skin is a greeny-grey colour. Their clothes are tattered and torn – and they are all staring vacantly at the ceiling. One carries a club, one a scythe, one an axe and one a pick. They are ignoring you completely.

Around the room are various peasant-style weapons (pitchforks, axe-handles, pointed sticks, etc.), one or two shields, and several barrels In the north-east corner is a human corpse with a sword in one hand and a shield in the other You move your hand up to your head to feel for signs of blood and you are relieved to find you are not bleeding. But as your hand moves, the strange creatures in the centre of the room turn their eyes down towards you. Do you:

Try to talk to them?	Turn to **268**
Jump to your feet and charge them with your sword?	Turn to **282**
Scramble for an exit through the south door?	Turn to **13**

123

Will they believe your story about buying a boat? Skeletons are pretty simple-minded, so roll one die A 1, 2 or 3 means they believe you, and they all go

running through the door in the north wall, leaving you alone in the Boat House. Add 2 LUCK points and turn to **184**.

A 4 or 5 means they're not sure. They send two of their members through the north door whilst the other three watch you with their makeshift weapons. Turn to **164**.

A roll of 6 means they definitely don't believe you and keep on advancing. Turn to **140**

124

The door opens into a wide passageway and you follow this for some distance before reaching a junction. Here you may either go northwards (turn to **138**) or turn to the east (turn to **76**).

125

You pick up the rope. It looks normal. In fact it looks as if it might be quite useful. You open your pack to put it in Suddenly, it comes alive in your fingers, snakes quickly up your arm and attempts to wrap itself around your neck. You struggle to cut the rope with your sword before its grip tightens. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you cut the rope and it drops to the ground If you are not, the rope tightens – lose 1 STAMINA point. You must *Test your Luck* again to try to cut the rope, and keep trying until you do. Each time you fail, you lose another STAMINA point (and reduce your LUCK score). If you finally defeat the rope, you may leave through the north door. Turn to **73**.

126

Does the name 'Farrigo Di Maggio' mean anything to you? If not, you must fight the Dragon. Turn to **152**. If it does, turn to **26**.

127

He doesn't take at all kindly to your threats. As you argue and his anger builds, you notice a transformation taking place. He begins to straighten up and grows physically stronger in front of your very eyes. His face and arms grow hairy. His teeth become sharp and pointed. You must make a quick decision. Will you offer him 5 Gold Pieces to calm him down (deduct this from your Gold and turn to **272**), or prepare to attack him (turn to **188**)?

128

You hear a deep rumbling noise and the ground begins to shudder. Slowly and noisily the portcullis rises into the ceiling. You may now walk to the junction. Will you turn west (turn to **210**) or east (turn to **58**)?

129

You return to the riverbank and decide to try the door in the middle of the rockface. Turn to **104**.

130

The old man asks you your stake. You may bet between 1 and 20 Gold Pieces (but not more than you possess!). He tosses the white dice he has been playing with to you and asks you to roll Roll two

dice once for yourself and once for the old man. If your total is higher, you win the amount of your stake from the old man. If his total is higher, you lose your stake. You may continue for as long as you have Gold Pieces, and then leave through the door and return to the junction. Add 2 points to your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores if you win Turn to **280**.

131

You chat about various things and they seem eager to be friendly. They feel lonely in the dungeon with so much evil about and are happy to speak to visitors of a lawful disposition. They tell you that you are in The Maze of Zagor The only way out is to go deeper into the dungeon. They tell you that the way through the maze is to leave the room, turn right, right, left, keep going straight . . and then they begin to get a bit vague. They're not entirely sure it is correct

You may if you wish, eat a meal from your Provisions, but you will have to share it with them and thus will only gain half the normal STAMINA

points Eventually you thank them and leave the room. Go to **291**.

132

The shield is a standard wooden type. You may keep it or throw it away Turn to **319**

133

You are in a north–south corridor which ends in a dead end. You look around the rock face for signs of anything interesting, when suddenly a rock breaks loose above you and lands on your head. Although the blow was not particularly hard, you find you are feeling dizzy. You fight to remain conscious, but are unable to do so. You slump to the ground. When you open your eyes, you are at a junction. Turn to **52**.

134 *On the table there are two helmets; one of bronze and one of iron Both are about your size*

134

The room is unoccupied and there seems to be no other means of exit. In the centre of the floor stands a table, and on this table are two helmets; one of bronze and one of iron. Both are about your size Will you try one on, or is this worth the risk?

Try on the bronze helmet	Turn to **202**
Try on the iron helmet	Turn to **325**
Return to the junction	Turn to **87**

135

The Wight lies in a heap in the corner of the room You approach his desk and open the box. There are 18 Gold Pieces within the box. You may take these with you – enter them on your *Adventure Sheet.* You can add 2 LUCK points for defeating the creature and may rest a while to take some Provisions. When you are ready, you may leave by the north door Turn to **360**.

136

You arrive at the door, struggle with the lock and open the door. You burst out, closing the door behind you and take several deep breaths. Return to the junction (turn to **229**).

137

You find no secret passages, but as you press the wall, you hear a click. You feel dizzy and slump to the ground. When you come to, you do not recognize your surroundings. Turn to **354**

138

The passage widens and you realize you are about to enter a large cavern. You can hear noises coming from the cavern ahead and you proceed cautiously. As you approach, you can make out a large figure in the distance and you are overawed as you realize that this oversized human must be at least three metres tall! Dressed in a leather tunic, the creature is absorbed in a meal he is eating at a table.

The cavern is at least a hundred metres across and must be the home of this GIANT. A large table and two chairs are along one of the walls, and it is here that the creature sits. Intent on his meal (a large pig), he is unlikely to notice you. Around the rest of the cavern you can see his straw mattress, a great furry pelt which may be his blanket or a shawl, and a huge stone-headed hammer, which you would have no hope of budging. A fire burns in one corner of the cavern, under a hole in the ceiling. There appears to be no other way through the cavern. Will you take on this brute (turn to 163) or return to the junction (turn to 351)?

139

During your adventure, you will have come across various keys and should have collected some of these. You may now use three of these keys to try to open the locks on the chest.

Each key is identified with a number. To determine whether you have the right keys, add their three numbers together. Now turn to the section which

has the same number as this total, where you will discover whether you have used the correct keys.

If you do not have three numbered keys, this is the end of your journey. You sit on the chest and weep as you realize that you will have to explore the mountain once more in order to find the keys.

140

The Skeletons advance and force you back to the door. The leader approaches, with two behind, and the final two behind them. Resolve the battle by first fighting the leader:

SKELETON SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

and then fighting the pairs. Both members of a pair will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Skeleton as a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is the greater, you must just count this as though you have defended against its blow. Of course if its Attack Strength is greater, it has wounded you in the normal way.

		SKILL	STAMINA
1st Pair:	SKELETON A	6	5
	SKELETON B	6	6
2nd Pair:	SKELETON A	5	6
	SKELETON B	5	5

If you win, turn to 395.

143 *Suddenly a large tubular head breaks through the surface, twists around in the air and picks up your scent*

141

When the old man learns of your quest for treasure he becomes angry and bids you begone – he'll have nothing to do with fortune-hunters His dog senses his anger and snarls menacingly. You may either smile, thank him and exit through the south door (turn to **66**) or you may stay to try to pacify him (turn to **111**).

142

His booming voice calls out, 'Poor fool. Do you think you could match my power with your puny weapon?' You continue with determination 'If it is a simple brawl you want, stranger, then I shall give you your last!' and with these words, he vanishes and reappears behind you You swing round to face him and the fight starts. But this is a battle to the death. There is no escaping here

WARLOCK SKILL 11 STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to **396**

143

You squat on the sandy bank As you prepare your meal you notice a movement in the sand a couple of metres to your left. The movement becomes quite turbulent and you spring to your feet, sword at the ready. Suddenly a large tubular head breaks through the surface, twists around in the air and picks up your scent. The smooth, segmented body of a GIANT SANDWORM rears up and sways over in your direction As it does so a large orifice,

with short, spiky teeth, opens in what must be its head You must do battle with this creature.

GIANT SANDWORM SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **44**. If you want to *Escape*, after three Attack Rounds, you may dive into the river and swim downstream (turn to **399**), but you have lost the Provisions you started to eat.

144

The creature catches your eye with its own gaze and you find yourself unable to control your own actions. It beckons you forward. You move slowly towards it with your mouth gaping open. It tells you to throw down the stake. As you look down at the stake, you suddenly feel a surge of power return to your own will, and you fling the stake at him from close range.

Test your Luck If you are Lucky, turn to **101** If you are Unlucky, turn to **217**

145

The box has fallen to the ground during your fight with the Snake and out of it has fallen a bronze-coloured key with the number *99* carved into it. You may take this key with you (note it on your Equipment List) and leave the room Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **363**.

146

You find no secret passages. You return to the crossroads and proceed either northwards (turn to **366**) or westwards (turn to **11**).

147

You leave the room and open the box in the passage Inside you find a single Piece of Gold and a small mouse, which must have been the creature's pet. You keep the coin and release the mouse, which scurries off down the passageway. Gain 2 LUCK points and turn to **208**.

148

As you search the body, you try to avoid looking at the terrible face, grey and decomposing. Maggots crawl from its nose and mouth. You jump back startled when its eyes suddenly flick open! Just in time you avoid a vicious slash from its long sharp fingernails. It quickly springs to its feet and eyes you with a sadistic leer spreading across its mouth. Turn to **230**.

149

As you watch the living mural, you are unaware of the speed with which your candle is burning. Suddenly it flickers and goes out! You again begin to hear the piercing screams and their pitch grows to an unbearable level. You drop to your knees clutching your ears and crawl towards the wall. Which wall will you crawl towards:

The east wall?	Turn to **181**
The north wall?	Turn to **265**
The west wall?	Turn to **355**

150

You are at a three-way junction.

To go north	Turn to **222**
To go east	Turn to **297**
To go south	Turn to **133**

151

You gain ground on the 'turbulence' in the water but a few metres from the north bank you notice two sinister reptilian eyes on the surface of the water watching you. You are swimming straight for them. If you decide you'd rather not face the owner of the eyes, you may turn round and head straight back to the south bank at full speed – you arrive exhausted, lose 1 STAMINA point and turn to **218**. Alternatively you can risk the eyes ahead – turn to **86**. You may try a detour which will send you nearer the 'turbulence' – turn to **158**.

152

Resolve your battle:

DRAGON	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **371**.

153

As you put the two swords into your belt, your new one seems to take on a mind of its own. It cuts your leg (lose 1 STAMINA point) and, as you draw it out, it turns rubbery in your hand. It's useless now so you fling it into the river. It seems that the only way forward is for you to swim eastwards down the river. You plunge in and start swimming. Turn to **399**.

154

As you move, the creature's eyes flash open. He sees you and slowly gets to his feet. His breathing becomes heavy and he stalks towards you. You must stand and fight him. Turn to **41**.

155

The door splits along its length and you can wrench the timbers apart to let yourself in. A torch hangs

155 *A torch hangs from one wall lighting up a small armoury room stocked with swords, shields, helmets, daggers and the like*

from one wall lighting up a small armoury room stocked with swords, shields, helmets, daggers, breastplates and the like. You examine the weaponry and find nothing appearing superior to your own sword. However, a circular iron shield with a golden crescent at its centre catches your eye. You pick it up and feel its weight on your arm. If you wish to take this shield it will aid you in battles by helping to fend off wound damage inflicted by a creature on you. If, in future during a battle in which you are using this shield, a creature wounds you, you may throw one die. If you throw a 6, the creature inflicts only 1 point of damage instead of the normal 2. If, for some reason, the creature would normally only inflict 1 point of damage, then a successful roll of 6 would mean that no damage is done. However, the shield is heavy and you will have to leave behind one item of equipment (adjust your Equipment List) to be able to carry it.

You now leave the room and continue up the corridor Turn to 300.

156

You charge the door with your shoulder. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you succeed – turn to 343. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, you rub your bruised shoulder and decide against trying again. Turn to 92 to return to the junction

157

The door opens into an east–west passage, which turns north after several metres. To follow this direction, turn to **4**. If you decide against going through the door, turn to **329**.

158

The water around you bristles with activity, as if an invisible hand is dropping unseen pebbles into the river. You gulp – PIRANHAS! – and you begin to feel their sharp teeth biting into your flesh. You kick with your limbs and slash with your weapons to keep them off until you reach the south bank. Treat the Piranhas as a single creature.

PIRANHAS	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

Resolve this battle.

If you win, you manage to scramble out of the water and lie panting on the south bank. You may eat Provisions here. Turn to **218**.

159

You open the door into a large room which can only be the dining room of the same warty-faced creatures you now recognize. Sitting round a large table are five ORCS busily drinking and dribbling their bowls of rat-gizzard soup. All are involved in a rowdy argument as to who will get to chew the rat bones left in the large soup cauldron, so they do not see you enter. You may be bold and prepare to attack them (turn to **365**) or you may not relish the prospect of taking on five of these creatures and try

to escape. If you wish to leave the room, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you get out without them noticing (turn to **237**) – there is no penalty for escaping. If you are Unlucky, they notice you. Prepare for battle and turn to **365**.

160

You follow a long, narrow passageway which goes south, then east, then south again until you eventually find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **267**

161

Make sure you have noted the reference as instructed on the last page! You will return to that reference after dealing with the creature you are about to encounter.

Your tappings and scrapings at the rock face as you search for secret doors and passageways resound through the dungeon corridors. Various creatures roam freely through the underworld and your noises have just attracted the attentions of one of the following monsters.

Roll one die. Consult the table below and over to find out what has come to investigate. Fight the creature as normal. Wandering monsters never carry any treasure. If you defeat this monster, return to the reference you have noted.

Die roll	Creature	SKILL	STAMINA
1	GOBLIN	5	3
2	ORC	6	3
3	GREMLIN	6	4

(turn page)

4	GIANT RAT	5	4
5	SKELETON	6	5
6	TROLL	8	4

162

The passageway ahead runs northwards and you follow this until you reach another junction. Here you may either continue northwards (turn to **23**) or you may turn westwards (turn to **69**).

163

You draw your sword and enter the cavern. The Giant stops in the middle of a mouthful, raises his head and sniffs the air. He swings round and catches sight of you approaching. Roaring loudly, he flings the pig's carcass at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, it misses. If you are Unlucky, it hits you with quite some force – lose 1 STAMINA point. Then he picks up his hammer and prepares to club you with it. Resolve this battle.

GIANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **28**. You may *Escape* after three Attack Rounds down the passageway, where he will not be able to follow (turn to **351**).

164

You realize that the two Skeletons who have just run off will soon return and expose your bluff. You must react quickly. Will you beat a hasty retreat through the door behind you (turn to **129**) or draw your sword and lash out at the remaining Skeletons (turn to **236**)?

165

The old man thanks you and rather sheepishly ties up his boots. You explain that you mean no harm and he calms down, calling off his dog. He tells you that this area is the only passageway through to the inner chambers. Some years ago the river swelled after a particularly severe spring thaw and cut off supplies from the outside world. All the area's inhabitants starved to death but the Master, realizing he needed defences against the outside world, put a curse on the area. The last remaining creatures became the Undead and now guard the passageways through.

He starts to inquire about you. Will you:

Be straight with him and tell him of your quest?	Turn to **141**
Thank him for the chat and leave through the south door?	Turn to **66**
Try to grab the keys and go for the nearest door?	Turn to **249**

166

You land in the icy water and frantically swim for the south bank. To your amazement the raft turns round in mid-stream and makes its own way back to the south bank. You quicken your pace, aware that your splashings may at any time attract the attentions of any underwater creatures living in the river.

Roll one die. If you roll a 1, 2, 3 or 4 you make it safely back to the south bank. Turn to **218** If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **158**.

168 *With the whip in his hand, the Orc Chieftain has been beating his servant, who is whimpering beneath him*

167

You find a secret door which opens into the bend where two passageways meet. To the north a short passage runs into a dead end, and to the east, the passageway reaches a crossroads. If you will step through this secret door into the passageway, turn to **187**. If you decide against going through the secret door, close it and return down the passage to the crossroads – turn to **359**.

168

You open the door to a large room. A large chair behind a solid-looking table suggests to you that someone, or some*thing*, of rank uses this room. A chest in the centre catches your eye. In a corner of the room stands a man-sized creature with a warty face, standing over a smaller creature of similar race. With the whip in his hand, the ORC CHIEFTAIN has been beating his servant, who is whimpering beneath him. Will you:

Attack them both?	Turn to **372**
Spring at the Chieftain in the hope that his servant will aid you?	Turn to **65**
Leave the room and head back for the junction?	Turn to **293**

169

One by one all the keys click and turn in the locks. You have placed them all correctly! As the last key turns, the lid of the chest comes free and you open it. Turn to **400** to see what lies within

170

The crucifix is solid silver and worth 4 Gold Pieces. Record this on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **319**.

171

You are standing at the north end of a short north–south passage. You are at a dead end. To investigate the wall, turn to **337**. To go southwards, turn to **187**.

172

The old man's eyes flutter open. He sees you and grabs for a half oar lying by his bench. You tell him you mean him no harm but he remains on guard and eyes you cautiously. Although he looks harmless enough, his dog could be dangerous. The man's boots are undone. Will you:

Rush the dog with your weapon drawn?	Turn to **249**
Ask the man questions regarding your quest?	Turn to **141**
Tell him his boots are undone?	Turn to **165**

173

Silver weapons only will be effective here. When the creature inflicts its *third* wound on you, turn to **24**. If you defeat it before this happens, turn to **135**, or you may *Escape* through the north door (turn to **360**). If you can use 'The Giver of Sleep', *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you hit and the creature dies instantly. If you are Unlucky, you miss

174

Turn to **198**.

175

You are standing in a narrow corridor. Behind you is a secret door to the east. Ahead of you is a crossroads. To go through the door, turn to **177**. To walk to the crossroads, turn to **267**.

176

As you walk up the passage, it visibly widens and eventually you find yourself standing at the mouth of a rough cavern, a natural cave in the rock. As you look into the darkness, the cavern appears to be about 30 metres deep, with no visible exit. Do you want to go into the cavern (turn to **270**) or go back to the junction (turn to **375**)?

177

You are standing in a north–south passage. To the north you can see a passage off to the east. To investigate, turn to **52**. To the south, the passage turns westwards. You may go to the southern end of the passage by turning to **391**. In the west wall in front of you is a secret door. To go through this, turn to **175**.

178

You tiptoe precariously across the room to the door in the north wall. You open the door and proceed through it. Turn to **162**

179 *You swing round to face a strange-looking creature, half man, half bull – who is glaring at you.*

179

You have entered a large square room. Broken pottery lies scattered all about. One large clay vase is untouched and is full of clear liquid. A large bowl is full of gold coins. As you enter the room the door slams behind you and you swing round to face a strange-looking creature, half man, half bull – who is glaring at you. He is a MINOTAUR, and he stalks towards you!

He lowers his head, horns pointing at your chest, and charges. You must fight him:

MINOTAUR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

After three Attack Rounds, you manoeuvre yourself round to be able to run through the door. If you wish to *Escape* at this time, turn to **54** and pay the penalty. If you continue fighting and kill him, turn to **258**. If you have already been in this room on this adventure and killed the Minotaur, you find it empty. Leave and turn to **54**.

180

The passageway goes west and then south. Finally you come to a stop at a dead end. You may return to the three-way junction and go east (turn to **70**) or north (turn to **329**), or you may investigate the dead end (turn to **22**).

181

You run along the wall searching for a door but find none. Your ears are on fire with the agony! Lose 1

SKILL point. You may try either the west wall (turn to 355) or the north wall (turn to 265), but you must find a way out soon!

182

Two of the keys fit the locks perfectly. The other doesn't. You leap to one side as a jet of clear liquid spurts from the chest. It just misses, but you lose 2 STAMINA points as the liquid emits an acidic vapour which makes you cough and choke.

You return to the chest and try another combination of three keys. Add the key totals and turn to that section.

If you have no more keys to try, you sit down exhausted and in despair after having got so near to your goal. Remember to look for keys next time you enter the dungeon!

183

You search the bodies of the dead Orcs but find only a few teeth, nails, bones and knives in their pockets. You search the cupboards around the room but find only crude bowls, plates and spoons. But under the serving hatch you find a thin leather case half a metre long. You may open the case (turn to 266) or you may leave it behind and walk out of the door (turn to 237). You are proud of your victory and may add 1 SKILL and 5 STAMINA points.

184

You are alone in the Boat House and have some time to search before the Skeletons will inevitably return

You may either search the drawers (turn to 322) in the room, or may investigate the tools (turn to 34) before they come back. As you begin to search you hear a noise from behind the door in the north wall.

185

The hand withers and shrinks back into the floor. At the same time, the other hands stop dead and slowly fade away downwards into the tiles. You decide this time to step on the star-shaped tiles, and step carefully across to the door in the north wall. The door opens. Add 2 LUCK points. Turn to 162.

186

Turn to 198.

187

You are standing in the corner of a bend in the passage. To the north the passage ends in a dead end. To investigate this, turn to 171. To go eastwards, turn to 308

188

He now stands just under two metres tall. He advances towards you. His body is hairy. His teeth are pointed. His eyes flash. His fingernails are sharp claws. His nose has become a rat-like snout. He is a WERERAT!

WERERAT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

Resolve your battle with him. If you win, turn to 342. If you decide to *Escape*, you may run over the rickety bridge (turn to 209).

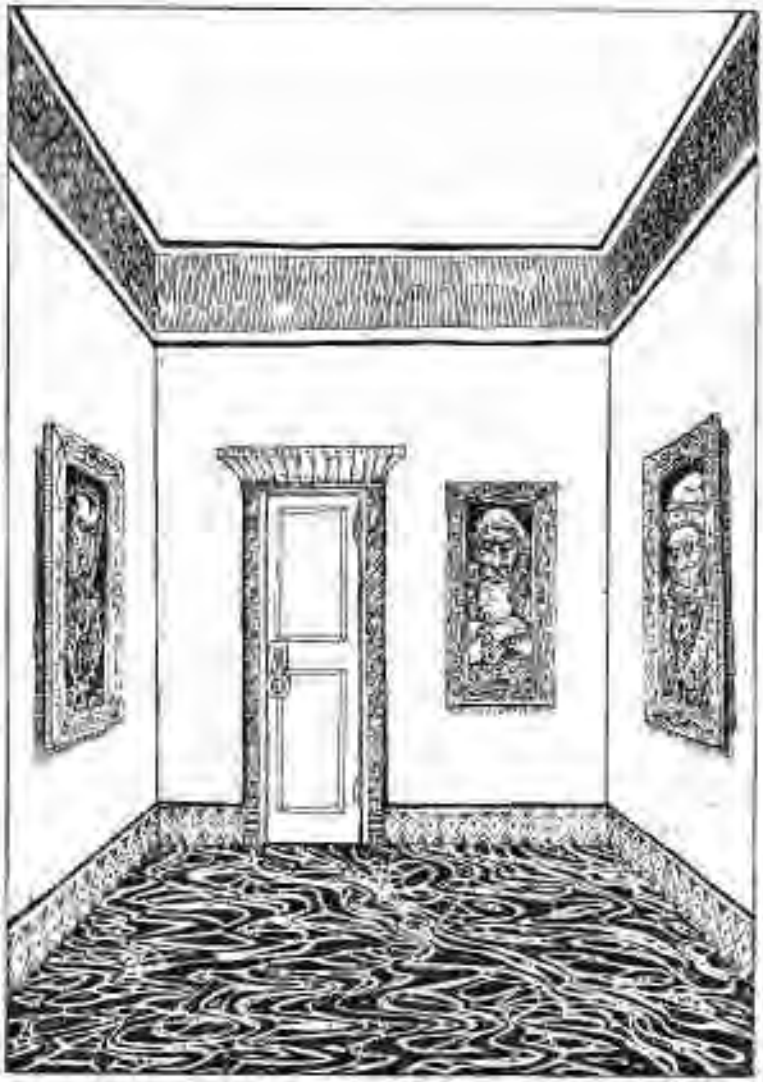

189 *This room is splendidly decorated, with a polished marble floor and rough walls painted white.*

189

The door opens into a short corridor which ends several metres ahead at another door, similar to the one you have just come through. You listen and hear nothing. You try the handle and it turns, allowing you into another room of a similar size. But this room is splendidly decorated, with a polished marble floor and rough walls painted white. On each of the four walls hangs a painting, and there is another door in the north wall. You can either go straight through the room (turn to 90) or you may stop to look at the paintings (turn to 25).

190

You are in a narrow north–south corridor. There is a dead end to the north. You may check the dead end (turn to 167) or give up and return to the crossroads (turn to 359).

191

He shrieks and hides behind his desk He is terrified of your aggressive manner. His squeaky little voice explains that he is the Mazemaster in charge of The Maze of Zagor. You talk to him and reassure him that you mean no harm and he eventually comes out from behind the desk. He sits down and as his confidence returns, a strange thing happens His manner becomes firm and self-assured. He refers to a book, points his finger and the book slips from the shelf and floats on to the desk in front of him You deduce that he is a Wizard of some power, perhaps even the dungeon Master himself, come to

193 *Mosaics and marble inlays give this room a kind of beauty you have never seen before*

investigate you. You ask him the way out of the maze. He tells you to leave by the south door, walk past a door on your right until you can go no further and turn left. Go over a crossroads and turn left at the next one.

If you take his advice, leave through the south door and keep going until you reach the second crossroads	Turn to 308
If you leave through the south door but intend to make your own way round	Turn to 392
If you leave via the west door	Turn to 46

192

Turn to 169.

193

The door opens and you enter a small room. Your eyes widen as you look around to see that the walls of the room are covered in ornate stonework. Mosaics and marble inlays give this room a kind of beauty you have never seen before. In a corner of the room is a large metal statue of a one-eyed creature. In its single eye is a sparkling jewel. As there appear to be no other ways through the room, you will have to go back to the junction – but that large jewel is very tempting. Will you leave it alone and go back to the junction (turn to 93) or try to take the jewel with you (turn to 338)?

194

You load the bow and fire, but despair as the arrow

flies through the air directly at him, stops centimetres from his chest and falls to the floor. He looks up and smiles at you with an evil, gloating smile. What can you do:

Draw your sword and advance?	Turn to **142**
Try something else from your backpack?	Turn to **105**

195

This is a rather unlikely story, considering that they see very few humans around. Nevertheless, Skeletons are pretty dim – you knew this and that's why you tried the story. Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, they don't believe you and keep on advancing. Turn to **140**.

A 3 or 4 means that they aren't sure, and send two of their number off through the north door whilst the rest hold you at bay with their weapons. Turn to **164**.

A roll of 5 or 6 means they've believed you and they all get back to work! Turn to **9**. Add 2 LUCK points

196

You search the room. Try as you may you cannot find the secret switch to open the door in the bookshelf – the old man must have locked it from the inside. You do find 5 Gold Pieces in a drawer in the table. You decide to return to the junction to the south Turn to **280**.

197

At the top of the stairs the passage turns sharply to

the east. As you pause to get your bearings, you hear a creaking in the rock behind you. You spin round in time to see a heavy portcullis drop to seal off the passageway behind you. Your only way now is forward! You may either press on forward (turn to **48**) or may check the walls for secret passages (turn to **295**).

198

One of the keys turns, but the other two will not fit. As you struggle to try to make them turn, you hear two small clicks and then 'pings' as two miniature darts shoot from the chest at you. You leap backwards to try to avoid them, crack your head on the wall behind you, and slump to the floor, unconscious.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the darts miss you, and you awake with a sore head. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are Unlucky, the darts strike and you never recover consciousness. If you *were* Lucky, you may try different keys (remember – *one* of the keys you just used fits perfectly). Add the key totals and turn to that page.

If you have tried all combinations for the keys that you have, you bury your head in your hands and weep after having got so far. You are so near to achieving your objective, but you will have to try again. Re-enter the dungeon – but remember to look for keys as you progress!

199

The passageway ahead widens and you can see

ahead a large cavern. As you shine your lantern around it you can see crude stone weapons on the floor and a smouldering fire in the centre of the cave. But you see no way through. As you turn to make your way back you stop in your tracks to see two Neanderthal CAVEMEN barring your exit. They grunt aggressively at you. You draw your sword and must prepare to fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CAVEMAN	7	6
Second CAVEMAN	6	4

Fight them one at a time. If you win, leave the cavern and return to the junction. Turn to **283**.

200

Turn to **387**.

201

You sink to the floor. You pull the dart out and decide to bandage the wound. This gives some relief, but you still feel weak. You decide to take it easy and examine the contents of the chest, but if you wish you may eat some Provisions here. There are 25 Gold Pieces and the label on the bottle shows it to be a Potion of Invisibility, good for one dose. The glove is a mystery. You may put any or all of these into your haversack and leave the room. Turn to **293**.

202

You place the helmet on your head. It fits well. Suddenly a searing pain flashes across your forehead. You cannot think straight. This helmet is cursed and, try as you might, you cannot remove it! Reduce your SKILL score by 1. The pain soon subsides, but you still cannot shift the helmet. You stagger back to the junction, trying desperately to compose yourself. Turn to **87**.

203

Add 1 point to your LUCK for defeating the Werewolf. You may rest and eat Provisions if you wish. As you look around the room there appears to be little of use, although the bunch of keys looks interesting, particularly the one marked 'Boat House'. None are numbered. You may take the keys if you wish. There are doors to the west and south. If you open the west door, go to **38**. If you want to go south, turn to **66**.

204

The old man does not look up from the table, but his devilish little pet eyes you suspiciously and starts chattering in a small squeaky voice. The old man grunts and asks you whether you are game for a wager. Will you accept (you may only do so if you have at least one Gold Piece with you)? If so, turn to **130**. If not, you may either leave the room (turn to **280**) or attack the man (turn to **377**)

205 *The room is very large. At one end is an altar, and various coffins are strewn about the room.*

205

The door opens and you find yourself in a dark crypt of some kind. The room is very large At one end is an altar, and various coffins are strewn about the room. There is a door behind you in the south wall, and also one in the west wall. If you want to investigate the room further, turn to **254**. If the place gives you the creeps, you can leave via the west door (turn to **380**).

206

You enter a large square room. In the centre of the room is a grey-haired old man sitting at a desk. His desk is covered in papers and parchments of various sorts and he holds a long quill pen. He is surrounded by books. Thousands of them line the shelves around the walls, from floor to ceiling. As you enter he looks up at you. Will he recognize you? If you have been in this room before, turn to **284**; if not, turn to **341**.

207

Going through the door you enter a large room. Various bits of wooden debris are strewn untidily across the floor. Apart from your entrance door, there is also a door in the north wall. In one corner is a crude wooden desk with a box on it. In another corner, apparently asleep (or dead), is a hideous-looking man-sized creature with warty skin, wild hair and long claws for fingernails. Will you tiptoe out through the north door (turn to **83**) or tiptoe across to the desk to look at the box (turn to **154**)?

208

Further up the passage along the west wall you see another door. You listen at it but hear nothing. If you want to try opening the door, turn to **397**. If you want to continue northwards, turn to **363**.

209

The timbers of the bridge are rotting and decayed from years of neglect. A single plank snaps under your foot. Roll one die. A roll of 6 sends you splashing into the river below – turn to **158**. A roll of 1–5 means you regain your footing. Turn to **47**.

210

Shortly along the passage you arrive at another junction where you may go either straight ahead westwards (turn to **225**) or northwards (turn to **357**)

211

Wights are vulnerable only to weapons made of solid silver. If the weapon you are using is not made of silver, have one more Attack Round. Remember that any wounds he inflicts on you will count, but your wounds will not harm him, and he will still be at full strength (SKILL 9 STAMINA 6) unless you have chosen a silver weapon.

If you have a silver weapon, you had better use it now and turn to **173**. If you have not, or if you have suffered enough damage, you'd better run for the north door – turn to **360**. Remember that you are *Escaping* here and he inflicts a final wound as you flee

212

The parchment is well worn and almost illegible. It is a map of some sort, headed *'The Maze of Zagor'*. You can make little sense of it, although a room to the north is marked '. . . GER' and another to the east is marked 'SM . . . P . . . LE'.

You fold up the map and put it in your pocket. If you have not yet tested the liquid and wish to do so, turn to **369**. Otherwise, you can make your way northwards (turn to **120**).

213

The door is locked. You may try to charge it down by rolling two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your SKILL score, the door bursts open – turn to **36**. If the number is greater than your SKILL score, the door remains locked, you lose 1 STAMINA point for your bruised shoulder and you must progress up the passage – turn to **314**.

214

Facing northwards, the rock face is smooth and glistening with moisture. Moss of many different hues grows on the surface. There is an eerie silence punctuated only by the splashings of the river as it flows behind you. You have three options:

A passage runs off to the north-west. If you take this route	Turn to **271**
A large timber door is directly in front of you in the middle of the rock face. If you open the door	Turn to **104**

(third option overleaf)

218 *You are on the south bank of an underground river, facing across its black depths*

Another passage runs out along the river eastwards. To follow this along the riverbank — Turn to **99**

215

You reach into your pack for the stick only to find it split in two pieces! It has broken during your adventure. What else can you try:

Draw your sword and advance? — Turn to **142**
Try something else from your pack? — Turn to **105**

216

The water is refreshing. As you drink more you feel a glow spreading through your body as if you were drinking at the fountain of life. Add 4 STAMINA points, and restore your SKILL and LUCK scores to their *Initial* levels. The fountain of life for you must be the fountain of death for the evil Goblins. You may eat Provisions here. When you have rested leave through the north door. Turn to **384**

217

The stake narrowly misses the Vampire's head. As you watch it travel, you pick up the creature's gaze again. He beckons you towards him once more. Your will has gone. Turn to **118**

218

You are on the south bank of an underground river facing across its black depths. There appear to be four ways of crossing. To your left, a rusted bell bears the sign 'Ferry Service 2 Gold Pieces – Please

Ring.' There is a small raft in front of you on the bank with a long stick resting beside it: you could punt across the river. A rickety old bridge crosses on the right. If you don't trust any of these, you may swim. Which will you choose?

Ring the bell	Turn to 3
Punt the raft across	Turn to 386
Risk the bridge	Turn to 209
Swim	Turn to 316

219

Turn to 182.

220

He is enraged by your pleasantries. He waves his hand in the air, mumbles a few strange syllables and then points at you. You feel your head spinning and pass out. You awake in a dead-end passage Turn to 171.

221

What are these mysterious items you have collected? Which have you written down first on your Equipment List:

The armour?	Turn to 72
The shield?	Turn to 132
The sword?	Turn to 27
The gold?	Turn to 110
The crucifix?	Turn to 170

222

You walk up a long corridor, round a sharp hairpin bend at the top and finally along an east–west corridor, eastwards to a crossroads. Turn to 85.

223

The door is firmly locked. You may try to force it open (turn to 53) or you may continue along the corridor (turn to 300).

224

As your eyes watch the creature's movements, they suddenly make contact with its piercing stare. You are mesmerized and, as it beckons you towards it, your will disappears. Turn to 118

225

The passageway continues westwards and then turns due north. Some way up, you reach a junction where a narrow passage runs off to the west. Will you continue northwards (turn to 77) or take the west way (turn to 63)?

226

You walk a short distance south and find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to 267.

227 *Sitting in the room around a wooden table are four tiny men, with weathered skin and long bushy beards*

227

The door opens and you find yourself in a small, smoke-filled room. Sitting in the room around a wooden table are four tiny men, each about one metre tall, but all are apparently fully mature, with weathered skin and long, bushy beards. They are cursing, laughing and joking as they play a card game. Each one is leaning back on his tiny chair, puffing a long clay pipe. On the table are a number of copper coins and four mugs of ale.

As you walk in, their merriment stops. They are on their guard but don't appear to be too dangerous One stands up and makes some comment about your lack of manners, not knocking before you came in. The others nod their agreement. Do you:

Chat to them and try to befriend them?	Turn to **131**
Apologize, bow and leave the room?	Turn to **291**
Offer to join in their card game?	Turn to **100**
Draw your sword and go for the leader?	Turn to **20**

If you have already been in this room, you find it empty Turn to **291**

228

You find no secret passageways. You are careful not to make too much noise in case you attract any wandering creatures. You stop and listen but cannot hear anything. You return to the crossroads Turn to **85**

240 *You open the lid and a small Snake darts out to bite at your wrist!*

237

You move swiftly down the passage and arrive back at the junction. Turn northwards this time – turn to **285**.

238

You are at a three-way junction.

To go east	Turn to **70**
To go west	Turn to **180**
To go north	Turn to **329**

239

You think back to the words of the old man. 'You might need it sooner than you think.' You grope in your pack and pull out the candle. Immediately it lights itself of its own accord. The howling stops and the room appears bathed in a blue light from the candle. On the walls, the figures in the mural are *moving*! They are mouthing silent screams as if trapped in a two-dimensional hell. On the wall opposite is another door, which you may leave through (turn to **88**), or you may stay to investigate (turn to **149**). Add 1 LUCK for your foresight.

240

The box is light, but something rattles within. You open the lid and a small SNAKE darts out to bite at your wrist! You must fight the Snake.

SNAKE SKILL 5 STAMINA 2

If you kill the Snake, turn to **145**.

241

As you attack the portrait with the wooden stake, you feel a wrench of pain in your wrist. You are forced by some unseen power to drop the stake. You decide to run and leave through the north door. Turn to **90**, but lose 1 more SKILL point in awe of the Warlock's power.

242

The door opens to reveal a small, dimly lit room. The walls are hung with ornate curtains, laced in silver and gold. A single flame burns in one corner, throwing light on a low table in the middle of the floor. On this table is a large chest. You step up to investigate the chest and from all around, yet from nowhere, a mysterious sound fills the room. It sounds like the rumbling of thunder clouds preparing to make storm.

You approach the chest and can see that it is held shut by three locks. As you approach, the noise gets louder. Will you:

Hack at the box with your sword to try to split it open?	Turn to **379**
Search through your bags to see if you can find keys to fit?	Turn to **139**

243

To your horror, you realize that this dummy lever was a trap! Although it looked like a handle, it was in fact a wax-coated sword blade and it has now cut

your hand badly. Did you use your right or your left hand?

Roll one die. If the number you roll is odd, this was your sword hand and your fighting prowess has been severely hampered. Lose 3 SKILL points and 1 STAMINA. If you rolled an even number, you used your other hand, and so the injury is not quite so important. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA. If you now wish to pull the right lever, turn to **128**. If you don't wish to pull the right lever, you won't be getting much further – and remember which hand you will use!

244

The passage runs northwards, and ahead you can hear the splashings of an underground river. The air becomes cool and fresh. You soon reach a wide opening of a river bank but despair as you look across to see no way through on the other side. To the east the river flows through a cave in the rock. You may either sit, rest and eat Provisions (turn to **143**) or continue by what seems to be the only way forward, jumping into the river and swimming downstream (turn to **399**).

245

Turn to 198.

246

You set off south along a cobbled passageway. It swings west, then south, then west again until you find yourself at a three-way junction.

To go north	Turn to 329
To go west	Turn to 180
To go back east	Turn to 70

247

He is a little startled by your onslaught, but simply raises his hand. As he does so, you suddenly collide heavily into . . . apparently nothing. You sit on the floor in a heap, rubbing your nose Lose 2 STAMINA points. The old man chuckles and says, 'You poor fool. Did you think I was defenceless in such a den of evil as this? You will regret your folly.' You rise to your feet and return to the passageway, turning north up the corridor. Turn to 292.

248

The creature that has just awakened is an ORC! He scrambles to his feet and turns to grasp at a rope which is probably the alarm bell. You must attack him quickly.

ORC SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you defeat him, you may continue up the passage – turn to 301.

249

The dog springs as you move. Its hideous black teeth are coming straight for your throat! Two metres from you, a blast of fire shoots from its mouth right at your face! You duck just in time but must now fight the beast.

DOG SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

In addition to its normal attack, throw one die every Attack Round for its fiery breath. On a roll of 1 or 2, it scorches you for 1 point of damage – subtract from your STAMINA – but on a roll of 3–6, you avoid the blast. You may use your LUCK against the fire. The only *Escape* open is through the south door (turn to 66).

The old man watches the fight but does not move unless you kill his dog. If you kill the dog, you may *Escape* through the south door (turn to 66), but you will not have time to take anything with you. If you wish to stay, turn to 304. Add 1 LUCK point anyway.

250

You are in a short passageway which comes to a dead end several metres ahead of you. You study the rock face carefully but there appears to be no

251 *As you stand on the pebbled bank you hear a fluttering of wings and look up to see three Giant Bats swooping down*

way through You return to the crossroads and this time continue straight ahead northwards Turn to **366**

251

The passageway twists sharply northwards and ahead you can hear water flowing. You eventually reach the south bank of an underground river. As you stand on the pebbled bank you hear a fluttering of wings and look up to see three GIANT BATS swooping down on you to attack. Fight these three as a single creature:

GIANT BATS SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **344**. You may *Escape* by jumping into the river (turn to **399**)

252

You pull the lever and, with a great groaning noise, the rock face in front of you and the ground you are standing on start to move. As if you were on a giant rotating table, you spin round until you stand on the *other* side of a rock face in a north–south passage. Will you go north (turn to **312**) or south (turn to **226**)?

253

The passageway ends in another wooden door, this time a small one with a carved bone handle You listen but hear nothing coming from inside. You try the handle and the door opens into a pear-shaped room with a rough stone floor, making walking across it somewhat awkward In one corner of the room is a pile of rubble, mainly stones and dust, but

there are also two odd-shaped pieces of wood and a length of rope. A door in the north wall leads on. Will you:

Examine the bits of wood?	Turn to 328
Study the length of rope?	Turn to 125
Leave through the north door?	Turn to 73

254

The silence is deathly. A slow drip startles you as you creep around the coffins. The altar is ornately carved and studded with jewels. Beautifully woven drapes hang from the walls although they are threadbare in places. There are three coffins in the room. A creaking noise makes you whirl round and the light from your lantern falls on the largest coffin. It is opening!

As you watch, a tall man with a white face sits upright. His eyes open and fall on you. His expression changes from one of tranquillity to one of abject hate. His mouth opens and a terrifying hiss comes from his throat. His teeth are wolf-like. He beckons you to come over. Do you:

Approach him as he wishes?	Turn to 352
Draw your sword and prepare to fight?	Turn to 333
Reach into your bag for another means of attack?	Turn to 279
Run for the west door?	Turn to 380

255

The passageway ends in a sturdy wooden door. If

you want to try opening it, turn to 193. If you want to go back to the junction and try another route, turn to 93.

256

You are at a junction where you may go north (turn to 398), although this passage ends shortly in a dead end. You may go west (turn to 297) or you may go south (turn to 114).

257

The passageway runs straight for several metres and then ends at a wooden door. You listen at the door and hear angry shouting coming from within. Will you investigate (turn to 168) or turn back (turn to 293)?

258

You sort through the broken pots and find little of interest. The liquid looks, smells and tastes like water. The coins in the pot are a fraud. Eight genuine Gold Pieces lie on the surface of the pile (and you may take these) but underneath are merely painted pieces of pot.

As you tip the vase out it slips and breaks. A red-coloured key appears, hidden inside a false bottom in the bowl. You may take this key. It is inscribed with the number *111*.

You may rest here and eat some Provisions. You may add 2 LUCK points for defeating the Minotaur Finally you leave the room. Turn to 54.

259

As you swim to the bank away from the Crocodile you look back to see the mysterious 'turbulence' approach the reptile's body, break into a frenzy and then move off, leaving not a trace of the animal. Thankful that you were not there to find out what it was, you lift yourself out of the water on to the north bank. Add 1 SKILL and 2 LUCK points. Turn to 7.

260

You find no secret passages. If you are on your way north, turn to 359. If you are going south, turn to 329.

261

You reach the junction and continue eastwards. Turn to 345.

262

Some way up the passage, you reach another junction where you may either go eastwards (turn to 199) or turn westwards (turn to 251).

263

You shout: 'You are freed, old man!' at the top of your voice. Instantly, his rantings cease He stops dead in his tracks and sinks to the floor, weeping loudly. As he gradually composes himself, he thanks you many times. You talk with him in the hope of discovering some of the secrets of the mountain and he begins to tell his story Many years ago he was an adventurer like you in search of the

Warlock's treasure. He was captured by the Orcs and thrown into his solitary cell as a sort of pet for the creatures. You ask whether he would like to accompany you into the mountain, but he simply wants to leave and see the world again. You ask him for advice but he says he knows little. He advises you to pay your respects to the boatman. He tells you that you must pull the right-hand lever on the wall ahead to open the iron gate at the end of the passage. He has also learned that the keys to the Boat House are guarded by a man and his dog. You shake hands, leave the room and go your separate ways. Add 1 LUCK. Turn to 314.

264

There is no way you are going to charge the door down, as it is twelve centimetres of solid oak! You bruise your sword arm at the attempt – lose 1 SKILL point. You can only get through the door if you have the Boat House key (if you have this key, turn to 80, and more fool you for not using it straightaway) Otherwise you will have to return to the riverbank and try again. Turn to 129.

266 *The case opens easily and inside you find a magnificent bow and one silver arrow*

265

You grope around the length of the wall and find a door. Quickly you fumble with the handle. It opens! Turn to **88**.

266

The case opens easily and inside you find a magnificent bow and one silver arrow. An inscription on the case says: 'The giver of sleep to those who never can' You put the bow, arrow and case in your pack and leave the room, but you may eat Provisions first – and add 1 LUCK point. Turn to **237**.

267

You now stand at a crossroads.

To go north	Turn to **312**
To go south	Turn to **246**
To go west	Turn to **79**
To go east	Turn to **349**

268

Their vocabulary is limited to a series of moans and groans. They appear not to be intelligent at all. Furthermore your conversation merely serves to attract their attention to you. They grip their weapons and it looks as though you will have to fight them. However, there is a slim chance that you could make it to the door you came in through. If you want to try for that door, turn to **13**. If you have resigned yourself to a battle, turn to **282**.

269

You arrive back at the junction and turn westwards
Turn to **225**

270

You enter the cavern and look around to see dozens of beautifully coloured stalactites and stalagmites bordering the perimeter. Numerous drips can be heard, but the whole place seems like a magic grotto. Near the back of the cavern, you come across a pair of boots, which seem to have been made quite recently. Will you:

Continue investigating the cavern?	Turn to **61**
Try on the boots?	Turn to **394**
Leave the cavern and return to the junction?	Turn to **375**

271

The short passage begins to narrow and ends a few metres ahead at a doorway. If you wish to go through the door, turn to **336**. If you decide against this direction and go back to the river, turn to **214**

272

He calms down, takes the Gold (deduct this from your Gold) and rows you across to the north bank. After mooring the boat he ambles off down a passageway. Turn to **7**.

273

A search of the room reveals nothing of any value, although an old box in the corner contains a wooden

mallet and five short stumps of wood, sharpened at one end. You may take these if you wish, and can now leave through the door in the north wall. Turn to **189**.

274

You leave the cavern along a long, narrow corridor. After several hundred metres, it ends at a large wooden door which is slightly ajar. Carefully you ease it open a little further and poke your head around the side to see what is in the room. You see a small old man sitting at a table on his own, playing with a pack of cards. He looks quite a harmless old soul, grey-haired and bearded. He is seated What will you do:

Burst through the door, sword drawn, to surprise the old man?	Turn to **324**
Knock on the door and enter greeting the old man courteously?	Turn to **356**
Get down on all fours and try to creep into the room unnoticed?	Turn to **98**

275 *The corpse's eyes flick open and it quickly sits up and slashes at you with its long sharp fingernails*

275

As you move over towards the second body, you accidentally kick the third corpse on the floor. Its eyes flick open and it quickly sits up and slashes at you with its long, sharp fingernails.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the creature misses If you are Unlucky, it has caught you across the leg and you suffer 1 STAMINA point's worth of damage. Turn to **230**.

276

Turn to **182**

277

You are in a short passageway which comes to a dead end several metres ahead of you. You may search for secret passages (turn to **146**), or you may return to the crossroads and either follow the passage ahead to the north (turn to **366**), or turn to the west (turn to **11**).

278

The passageway soon comes to an end at a locked wooden door. You listen at the door but hear nothing. Will you try to charge the door down? If so turn to **156**. If you would rather turn round and go back to the junction, turn to **92**

279

The creature you are facing is a VAMPIRE! You have various lines of attack Your sword will do little real damage. A Crucifix will hold him at bay but will not kill him. If you have either of these you may use

it to get you through the west door (turn to 380). If you are determined to kill the Vampire, you must overpower it and drive a wooden stake through its heart. If you have a wooden stake and wish to try to kill the Vampire, turn to 17. If you have none of these, draw your sword and turn to 333.

280

You arrive back at the junction and this time take the passageway to the east. The passageway runs for several paces eastwards, then turns north. Turn to 311.

281

The narrow passageway eventually becomes too small for you to walk along. You get down on your hands and knees, and crawl. Eventually, you will get no further and there seems to be no way through, so you decide to return to the main passage. You head for the junction. Turn to 10

282

The four creatures shuffling towards you are mindless ZOMBIES. Their vacant eyes suggest that their actions are controlled by a will which is not their own. You are still too dizzy to think properly, but you must act quickly. The first Zombie reaches you and prepares to swing his club. You must fight him.

ZOMBIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the first Zombie, add 2 LUCK points and turn to face the other three (fight each in turn):

	SKILL	STAMINA
ZOMBIE with scythe	6	6
ZOMBIE with pick	6	6
ZOMBIE with axe	6	5

If you defeat all four, turn to 115.

283

You arrive back at the junction and progress westwards. Turn to 251.

284

'You again?' says the Mazemaster, obviously annoyed at being disturbed. 'You are disturbing my concentration. Be off with you!' You begin to explain that you only returned by mistake, but as you open your mouth, an icy glare from the old man silences you. You decide to leave him to it. To leave by the west door, turn to 46. To leave by the south door, turn to 392

285

You see a well-used door on the right-hand (east) side of the passageway. With your ear to the keyhole, you listen and hear a man screaming for help from inside. Will you open the door (turn to 213) or walk on (turn to 314)?

287 *Gnawing at the bones are three Giant Rats which stop to look at you as you enter.*

286

The narrow staircase is cut into the rock and there are about twenty steps leading down. At the bottom of the steps a passageway leads you into a large open chamber. This chamber stinks of putrefying flesh. The smell is so bad that you are tempted to turn back. Three bodies lie in the chamber. You may either search the bodies, or tiptoe quietly through the room. What will you do:

Search the first body?	Turn to **294**
Search the second body?	Turn to **275**
Search the third body?	Turn to **148**
Tiptoe through the room?	Turn to **107**

287

The passage continues for quite some time, then you reach the foot of a staircase cut into the rock. You ascend the stairs and they end at a wooden door with rusty hinges. Listening at the door, you can hear some scratching sounds. You try the handle and the door creaks open. You step into a bare room scattered with bones. There is a door on the wall opposite. Gnawing at the bones are three GIANT RATS which stop to look at you as you enter. Each is at least one metre long and their tatty coats indicate that they are fighters. You will have to take them on if you are going to get through the room, as they no doubt see you as a tasty meal. If you have collected any Cheese during your adventure, turn to **32**. Otherwise, turn to **309**

288

Turn to **182**.

289

You look frantically round the room but can see nothing to aid you. Suddenly your eyes stop on the pack of cards he was fingering as you entered, and you remember the rumours and stories the villagers told you: 'The Warlock's power comes from his cards.' The sorcerer sees your interest in them and you both rush for the table. You get there first. 'Leave those alone,' he screams, 'or you risk my fullest wrath!' But you move backwards and set fire to one with your lantern. He cries out wildly and then begins to plead with you to leave them alone. One by one you burn the cards and, as you do so, the Warlock diminishes in stature. As the last card goes up in flames, he stands facing you, a broken man. 'My book!' he croaks, and he tries to unlock the door on the far side. You race across to him with your sword drawn and spring at him. Resolve this battle.

WARLOCK SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **396**.

290

Turn to **198**.

291

You are standing in the middle of an east–west corridor. To the east is a dead end, which you can investigate by turning to **315**. To the west is a familiar junction. To go this way turn to **52**. Another passageway – quite a short one - leads off to the north and ends in a large wooden door. If you wish to try the door, turn to **227**

292

Northwards the passageway ends at a solid wooden door. You listen at the door but can hear nothing. There appears to be no choice but to open the door and enter the room, which you do. It's a large square room. You flash your lantern around the room and catch a quick glimpse of its emptiness - although there are murals on the wall – before your lantern suddenly goes out. You try to re-light it, but it will not catch. In the blackness you hear a succession of frightful noises. Howls, screams, cries and wails are getting louder and louder until they reach the pitch where you must cover your ears. Do you have a Blue Candle? If so, turn to **239**. If not, turn to **40**.

293

You arrive back at the junction in the passage and walk straight on eastwards. Turn to **113**

294

You find 5 Gold Pieces in the pockets of the corpse

Enter these on your *Adventure Sheet* and add 1 LUCK point for your find. You may now either:

Search the second body	Turn to **275**
Search the third body	Turn to **148**
Tiptoe through the room northwards	Turn to **107**

295

You find no secret passages. However, your explorations attract some sort of creature, and as you listen you can hear something coming down the corridor towards you

To find out what sort of wandering monster you have come across, turn to **161**. You must fight the creature and, if you defeat it, you may press on down the passageway by turning to **48**. However, at section **161** you will not be told where to progress to, so write down '**48**' now so you will know where to go after **161**

296

The box contains a small leather-bound book entitled *The Making and Casting of Dragonfire*. You open the pages and begin to read. Fortunately it is written in your own language and so was probably not understood by the Orcs – otherwise this treasure would certainly not be as loosely guarded as it was.

The book is written in tiny handwriting by Farrigo Di Maggio. In it he tells the story of his life's work; the creation of the Dragonfire spell with which to

fight evil Dragons. You read how, in his last years, Farrigo finally perfected his spell but by then was too old to make use of it. So he completed his book, locked it in a chest and hid it in the depths of Firetop Mountain, afraid that it might fall into the wrong hands. The last page reads:

And so, you who now hold this book, you have my life's work in your hands. The power of destruction is yours if you wish it, but do not waste it. Unless you use the Spell for the purpose for which it was intended, you shall be consumed by evil itself and die by the fire from your own hands. Remember, only when the Dragon breathes its fire at you should you raise your arms and say:

Ekll Erif
Ekron Erif
Erif Erif
'Di Maggio'

You say these words slowly and softly. Suddenly the pages seem to glow and as this glow disappears,

so do the words on the pages of the book. You repeat the spell to yourself to memorize it and leave the room. Turn to **42**.

297

You are in an east–west corridor with a T-junction at both ends. To go westwards, turn to **150**. To go eastwards, turn to **256**.

298

The bridge is slippery from the splashings of the water. At one point you slip on a tuft of wet moss covering the timbers. Roll one die. A roll of 6 means you slip from the bridge into the water below and start swimming for the nearest bank – turn to **86**. Any other roll is lucky; you managed to hold on and you reach the north bank (turn to **7**).

299

The passageway runs east for several metres and then runs north. You walk a long way northwards. You may check for secret passages along the way (turn to **260**) or simply proceed northwards (turn to **359**).

300

On the east wall of the passage you see another door, this time made of solid metal. Listening at the door you hear the sound of tortured screams coming from within. If you wish to try opening the door, turn to **102**. If you decide to ignore this room and continue up the corridor, turn to **303**.

301

To your left, on the west face of the passage, there is a rough-cut wooden door. You listen at the door and can hear a rasping sound which may be some sort of creature snoring. Do you want to open the door? If so, turn to **82**. If you wish to press on northwards, turn to **208**.

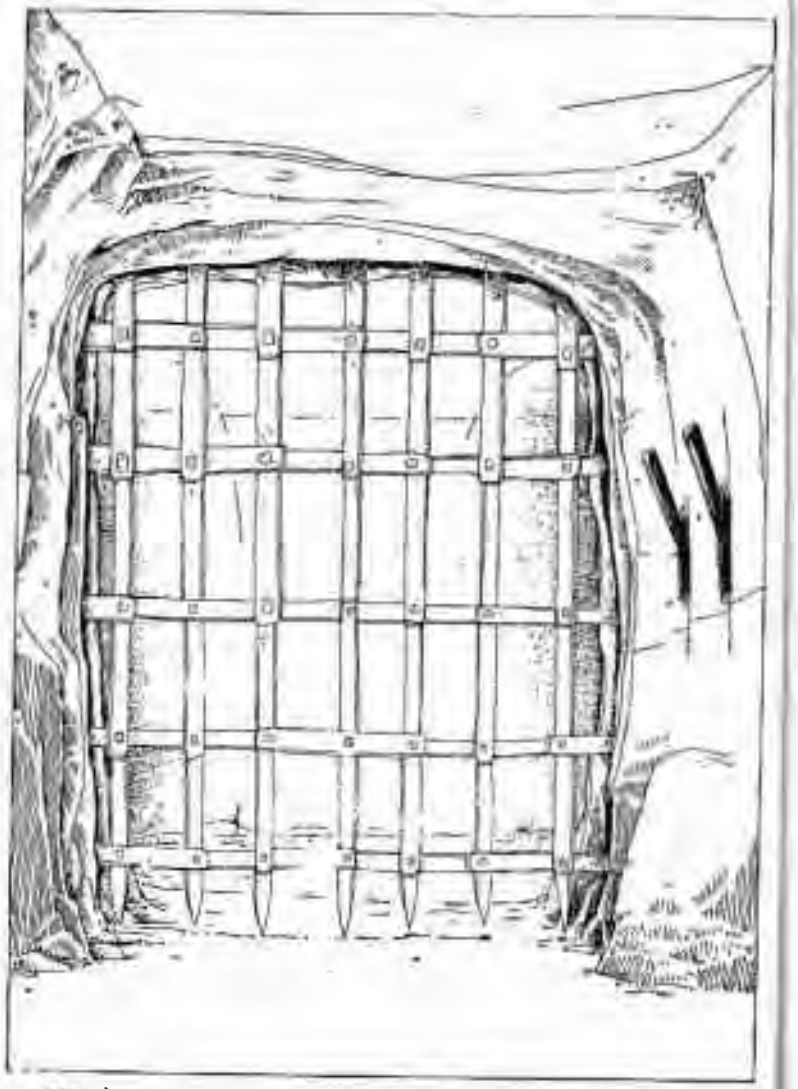

303 *An iron portcullis blocks your way and no amount of charging is going to budge it.*

302

Turn to **198**.

303

You arrive at the end of the passage, where it meets another going east–west. But an iron portcullis blocks your way and no amount of charging is going to budge it. On the wall to your right are two levers and it seems likely that these levers have something to do with raising the portcullis. Do you wish to pull the right lever or the left lever?

Right	Turn to **128**
Left	Turn to **243**

304

The old man is furious at your killing his dog! His eyes turn white with anger. He slowly rises from his seat and as he stands he appears to gain in size and stature. He is changing in front of your eyes. He sprouts hair on his face and forearms. His nose lengthens and becomes dog-like. His teeth are pointed. He is a WEREWOLF and he advances towards you.

You can *Escape* only through the door behind you to the south (turn to **66**). Otherwise you must fight him:

WEREWOLF SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to **203**.

305

Test your Luck three times. If you are Lucky each time, you make it across to the far door and can leave the room. Turn to **162**. On the first throw that you are Unlucky, you step on a hand tile – turn to **108**.

306

You still find no secret passageways. But coming towards you down the corridor you can see a creature-like shape. To find out what is coming towards you, turn to **161** and prepare to fight.

If you kill the creature you encounter, you can go back along the corridor. Turn to **291**. Write down this number so you know where to return to.

307

The passage twists and turns and eventually ends in a solid iron door. You listen but hear nothing. You can try to open the door (turn to **134**) or you can go back to the junction (turn to **87**).

308

You are standing at a crossroads. To the west the passageway goes on a few metres and turns northwards. To the north the passageway ends at a door. To the east the passage continues and eventually turns southwards. Looking south, the passage goes on as far as you can see

To go west	Turn to **187**
To go north	Turn to **54**
To go south	Turn to **160**
To go east	Turn to **354**

309

You draw your sword and wait for the Rats to spring. As the leader prepares to jump, you shout loudly and leap forward at it. Your cry frightens off the other two and they scamper back a few paces. Fight each of the Rats in turn:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAT	5	4
Second RAT	6	3
Third RAT	5	5

If you win, you may leave through the door in the north wall. Turn to **124**.

310

Something is not quite right. You landed a fair blow on him, but he appears not to have noticed the wound! You deduce that this Undead creature is not vulnerable to normal weapons. You may choose a new weapon. Armed with this, or your old weapon, turn to **211**

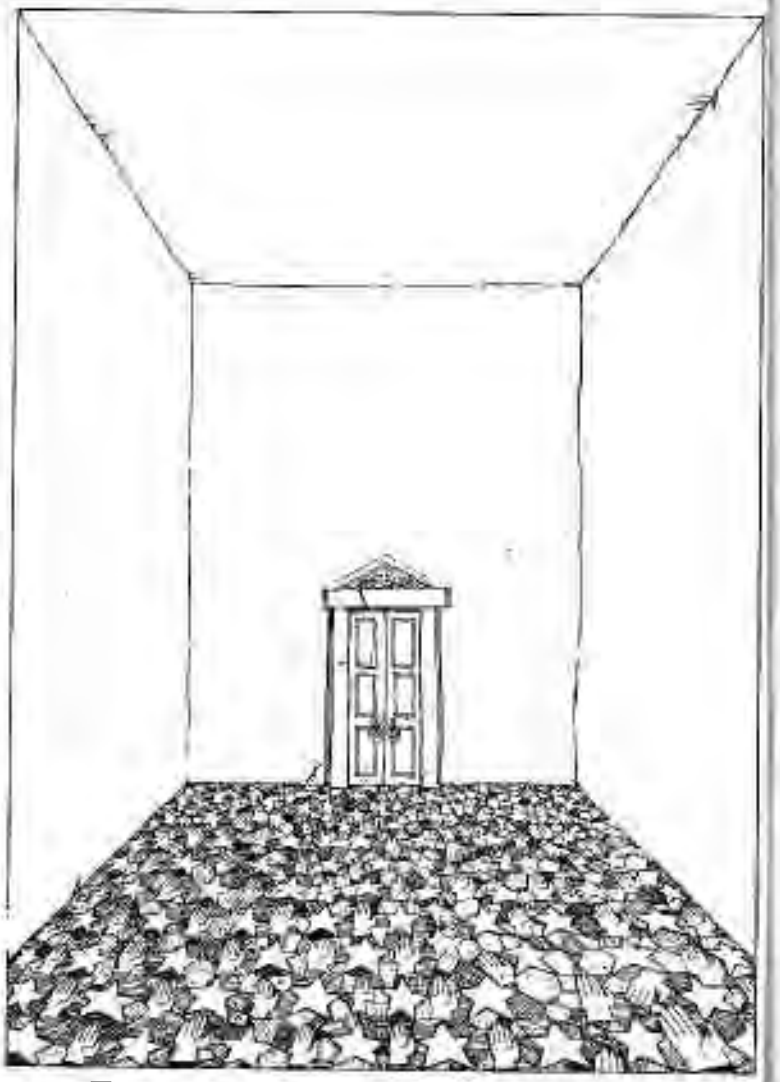

311 *The room is completely bare, but the floor is covered in a mosaic of tiles*

311

The passageway ends in a door at which you listen but hear nothing. Trying the handle, you find that the door opens to reveal a large, square room. The room is completely bare, but the floor is covered in a mosaic of tiles. Two shapes stand out on the floor; star-shaped tiles and hand-shaped tiles. A door on the opposite wall is the only way through. Will you:

Walk across the room to the door?	Turn to **305**
Walk across the room stepping only on stars?	Turn to **178**
Walk across the room stepping only on hands?	Turn to **108**

312

You follow a long, narrow passageway which goes north, then west, then north again and you eventually find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **308**.

313

You check over the body. The poor wretch was obviously caught in the same way that you were, but his weaker skull shattered under the club's blow. He wears a suit of leather armour no better than your own, holds a wooden shield on one wrist and clutches a steel-bladed sword in his other hand. In his pockets are 8 Gold Pieces and around his neck is a silver crucifix.

You may take any two of these items you wish. Write them on your Equipment List and turn to **221** Also add 1 LUCK and 1 SKILL point.

314

Further up the passage you see a door in the east wall. You listen hard, but can hear no sound. Do you want to open the door to investigate? If so turn to **223**. If you want to walk further up the passage, turn to **300**.

315

The dead-end appears to have no secret passageways, but you can check by turning to **306**. If you don't want to double-check for secret passages, turn to **291**.

316

The water is icy cold. You start to swim and notice that your splashings are attracting a moving 'turbulence' in the water. Will your strength and stamina hold out? Roll two dice. If the roll is equal to or less than your STAMINA score, you believe you can make it and swim furiously for the north bank – turn to **151**. If the roll totals more than your STAMINA score, you decide not to risk it and return to the south bank – turn to **218**. You may eat Provisions on the south bank.

317

You cut down the Dwarf. He is, as you guessed, dead. Going through the pockets of the two Goblins, you find a large piece of sweet-smelling Cheese. If you wish to take this with you, put it in your pack and leave the room northwards. Turn to **303**.

318

The passageway ends in a dead end. You may either return to the crossroads (turn to **85**) or search for secret passageways (turn to **228**).

319

To find the secret of the second item you have collected, turn to **221** and investigate. If you have already investigated both items, turn to **81**.

320

You run out of the room and slam the door shut behind you. You turn northwards up the passageway passing a similar-looking door further up. Turn to **363**.

321

Turn to **169**.

322

The drawers are all full of nails, tacks and miscellaneous bits and pieces. In one drawer is a copper-coloured key, inscribed with the number *66* which looks interesting. You may keep this key if you discard one item of equipment you are carrying. Adjust your Equipment on your *Adventure Sheet* if you want to take the key. The noise from the north gets louder. You go to the north door to investigate. Turn to **96**.

323

After a few metres you reach another three-way

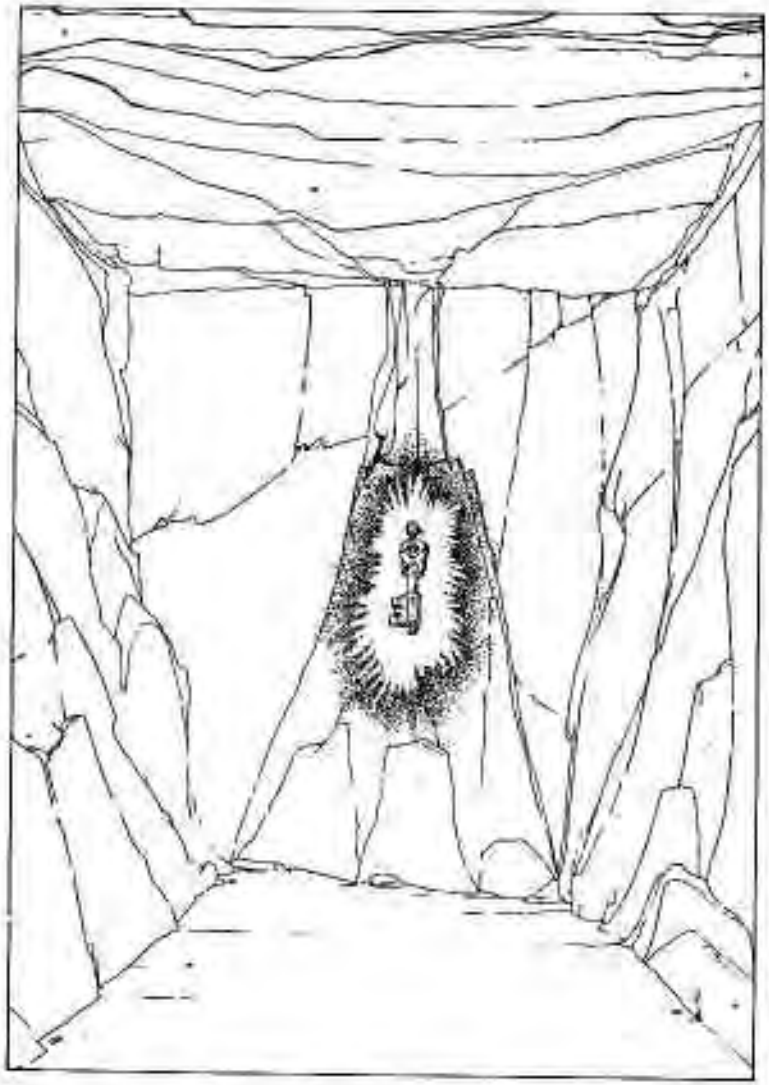

326 *A small room with bare rocky walls. On the far wall hangs a golden key.*

junction. You may go either northwards (turn to **8**) or eastwards (turn to **255**).

324

As you burst through the door, the old man turns to look at you, not in the least perturbed by your intrusion. Suddenly he vanishes! He reappears against the wall and, as you spin round to see him, he laughs. Not the feeble cackle of an old man, but the booming laugh of a much younger man. Again he disappears, and reappears in another corner of the room, glaring at you and taunting you with his evil laugh. You swirl round just in time to see him disappear again. This time he reappears in the air above you and slowly floats down to you. His glaring eyes make you shiver as they approach. Turn to **358**.

325

You place the helmet on your head. It fits well. A glow begins to fill your body and you seem to possess a power and confidence beyond anything you have felt before. The helmet is blessed with magic and will allow you to add 1 point to all future dice rolls when computing your own Attack Strength during combat so long as you wear it. Note this on your Equipment List and return to the junction (turn to **87**).

326

You enter a small room with bare, rocky walls. On the far wall hangs a golden key. There appears to be no way through the room. Do you want to go for the

key (turn to 35) or leave it and return to the junction (turn to 229)?

327

The body on the floor turns visibly older in front of your eyes. The face looks fifty, then ninety, then well over a hundred years old. The skin rots and the eyes decompose as you watch. You notice a movement coming from the creature's chest. As the remnants of the Vampire decay, a small black face breaks through its chest. It resembles a small black shrew, but as it frees itself and unfurls its wings you realize it is a bat. You lunge at it, but it flaps away into the darkness.

You search the whole chamber quickly (remember, there are several other coffins there!) and find 30 Gold Pieces, a book, and a Y-shaped stick. You may take these items (enter them on your *Adventure Sheet*) if you will leave behind one item of Equipment you are already carrying.

You can leave through the west door. Turn to 380. If you are hungry you may take Provisions here, and you can add 3 LUCK points for defeating the Vampire.

328

Both pieces of wood are Y-shaped and smooth, as if washed up from a river. You may put these in your pack and then either leave through the north door (turn to 73) or stay and examine the rope (turn to

125). If you take the pieces of wood, you must leave behind one item from your pack.

329

You set off and find yourself in the middle of a north–south passageway. There is a door in the western wall of the passage. Opposite the door is a passage going off eastwards. To the north you can see a door some metres ahead. To the south you can see a junction. Which will you choose:

The door in the west wall?	Turn to 157
The door to the north?	Turn to 392
Eastwards?	Turn to 299
Southwards?	Turn to 238

330

The barrels contain a clear brown liquid. You sniff it. It smells like rum. You taste it. It *is* rum. You cup your hands, pour some in and take a swig. You gasp – by golly, it's good! Restore 6 points of STAMINA and 1 LUCK. Turn to 81.

331

The creature is man-sized but its long arms look very powerful. Resolve this battle:

TROLL SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, you may head northwards (turn to 287).

332

You find yourself at a door blocking the east end of an east–west passage. To go through the door, turn to **329**. Looking westwards, the passage turns to the north. To go this way, turn to **4**.

333

As you swing your sword at the creature, it reaches out and catches the blade in its hand! Your weapon is almost ineffective against the considerable strength of the creature. You realize this and panic, but you must fight on.

VAMPIRE SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the Vampire, turn to **327**. If you wish to try to *Escape*, which you may only do after 6 full Attack Rounds, you will have to be lucky. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may *Escape* through the west door (turn to **380**). If you are Unlucky, you must continue this fight for a further 6 Attack Rounds before trying to *Escape* again. If you roll an 11 or 12 and you are Unlucky (i e. your current LUCK score is below 11), then turn to **224**.

334

As you speak the old man rises to his feet 'Oh my, oh my, a stranger!' he starts. 'Well, do come in, the shop is open. What can I get you? What would you like to buy? What takes your fancy? Which way are you headed? North? Well?' You tell the old man your story. He listens intently and replies, 'Oh yes in that case you will undoubtedly need one of my Blue Candles. That will be 20 Gold Pieces please Cash if you don't mind. Yes, I know it's expensive, but isn't everything these days? Not so long ago these were only 5 Gold Pieces each; but you know what has happened to the price of candlewax since the Long Dark Night – oh, but you probably don't since you don't come from these parts. Never mind I can guarantee it's still worth the price. You might need it sooner than you think . . .'

If you decide to buy a candle, pay for it and add it to your Equipment List. You are getting a little tired of his constant prattling. Leave the room and go northwards. Turn to **292**.

336 *An old man in ragged clothes is slumped asleep on a bench made from half a rowing-boat.*

335

Turn to **182**.

336

You are in a small, foul-smelling room You notice two doors: one to the west and one behind you to the south. The furniture in the room is sparse and has been made mostly from bits of old boats There appears to be nothing of value in the room, but a bunch of keys hangs on the wall. An old man in ragged clothes is slumped asleep on a 'bench' made from half a rowing boat, snoring loudly Next to him is a vicious-looking brown dog with red eyes and black teeth, whom you have awakened and who now is eyeing you suspiciously. A deep growl is coming from its throat You may:

Tiptoe an exit through the south door	Turn to **66**
Bang on the door behind you and cough a few 'Ahem's' to wake up the old man	Turn to **172**
Leap across the room with sword drawn to cut down the dog	Turn to **249**

337

You find no secret passages, but as you press the walls, you hear a click. You feel dizzy and slump to the ground. When you come to, the surroundings look strange. Turn to **267**.

338

You approach the statue cautiously. A scampering

behind you makes you flash round . . . but it is only a rat. You feel at the jewel, but it is solidly in place. You try to work your sword in behind it and as you work, you hear an ominous creaking noise. To your horror the statue is beginning to move! You jump down and draw your sword. The IRON CYCLOPS cranes its head round towards you and steps down from its pedestal. You must fight!

IRON CYCLOPS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 75. If you want to *Escape* during combat, you can run through the door back to the junction. Turn to 93.

339

The lock was obviously inadequate; it flies off and lands on the floor several metres away. You lift up the heavy lid and your eyes widen as you see the gold sheen coming from within. A fair number of Gold Pieces are inside. In one corner lies a small black bottle with a tight glass stopper, containing a liquid of some kind. Also in the chest is a silky black glove. But as you are admiring this treasure you hear a soft click and wince in pain as a small dart shoots forward into your stomach. Roll one die and subtract this number of points from your STAMINA to determine the effect of the poison on the dart tip. If you are still alive, turn to 201.

340

You try various items of equipment against the gaze of the painting, but none seems to work. You may try any of the following if you have them:

Slash the painting with your sword	Turn to 388
Hold a jewel up in front of it	Turn to 31
Plunge a wooden stake into it	Turn to 241
Throw cheese at it	Turn to 45

341

The old man glares at you as you enter the room. You may either apologize, explain that you lost your way and leave through either the door in the west (turn to 46) or south (turn to 392) walls, or alternatively you may try to talk to the old man. If you want to talk to him, you can either be pleasant (turn to 220) or you can *demand* that he answers your questions (turn to 191).

342

The Wererat slumps to the ground. You search his body and find 2 Gold Pieces, his fare from the last crossing. You curse him for trying to overcharge you. Add the 2 Gold Pieces to your Gold and row yourself across the river. Add 2 LUCK points. As you moor the boat on the north bank you look back at the body. It has vanished! Turn to 7.

343

The door bursts open and you fall headlong into a room. But your heart jumps as you realize you are not landing on the floor, but plunging down a pit of

some kind! Luckily the pit is not particularly deep and you land in a heap less than two metres down. Lose 1 STAMINA point for your bruises, climb out of the pit into the room and leave through the door, heading westwards. Turn to **92**.

344

You sheathe your sword and walk up to the water. Is it safe to swim? Although you cannot see any immediate signs of danger either in the water or around its banks, there is no way through on the north side of the river. You suddenly notice a gleaming sword lying on the river bed several steps in. You wade in to retrieve it. It is light in your hand, far less cumbersome than your own weapon, and it has a keen edge. This marvellous weapon will add 1 point to your SKILL whilst you use it. Note this on your Equipment List A mysterious voice speaking directly to your mind seems to be telling you to throw your own sword into the river. Will you? If so, turn to **56**. If you want to keep both swords, turn to **153**.

345

You follow the passage eastwards for several metres, then it turns to the north Shortly you reach another junction where you may either go straight on (turn to **381**) or you may turn right, into an eastwards passage that soon turns north (turn to **311**).

346

The luck of the cards may or may not be with you. You have two choices

You may leave all luck to the cards. Throw two dice If the number is even, then you lose this number of Gold Pieces or all your Gold if you don't have enough. If the number is odd, then you win this number of Gold Pieces.

Alternatively, you may use your LUCK to help you win. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, throw two dice to see how many Gold Pieces you win. If you are Unlucky, throw two dice to see how many Gold Pieces you lose.

Make the appropriate alterations on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you won, you may add 2 LUCK points for your good fortune. When this is done, turn to **131**

347

Turn to **182**.

348 *A large, ugly head pokes around the corner and a Troll emerges from its chamber.*

348

You are in a pit, a little bruised but not too seriously hurt. You look around as you get back on your feet and can see two passageways: a short one to the south which opens into a small chamber, and another heading northwards. You are a little worried about the crash your fall has made, and even more by the gruntings you can hear coming from the chamber to the south. Before you can collect your thoughts, a large, ugly head pokes around the corner and a TROLL emerges from its chamber. Your ankle is twisted and you cannot move quickly, but the Troll is ready for a fight You will have to face the brute. Turn to **331** – but if you have a Potion of Invisibility, turn to **51**.

349

You walk a few metres down the passage and find yourself at a dead end You may either return to the crossroads (turn to **267**) or investigate the end of the passage (turn to **30**).

350

As the 'turbulence' surrounds you, you can feel the jostlings of many small fish. They start ripping your flesh with vicious bites and you realize that you are surrounded by deadly PIRANHAS!

If, during your struggle with the Crocodile, you have wounded it, you are lucky and most of the fish attack the bleeding reptile. If you have not wounded the Crocodile, then the fish may go for either you or it. Throw one die. If you throw a 1 or 2, the majority

of the Piranhas go for you. If you throw a 3–6, the majority attack the Crocodile.

Treat the Piranhas as a single creature. If, as a result of the above, the *majority* of the fish attack you, their scores are:

PIRANHAS SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

If, as a result of the above, the majority attack the Crocodile and the *remainder* attack you, they have:

PIRANHAS SKILL 5 STAMINA 1

If you win you can swim to shore. Turn to 7. You may eat Provisions here – and restore 1 LUCK point.

351

You arrive back at the junction and turn eastwards. Turn to 76.

352

As you approach you feel his eyes burn into you with considerable power. You begin to weaken under his gaze. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You are gradually losing your own will. Will you try to draw your sword and fight him (turn to 74) or look for some other means of attack in your bag (turn to 279)?

353

You lunge at the old man as he leaps towards you

with outstretched arms – and run him through the chest with your sword. You curse as you realize that he was making no attempt to attack you; his wild excitement must merely have been relief after having been imprisoned for what had apparently been a very long time. You will now get no information out of him on the perils of the adventure ahead. Turn to 314 to progress up the passageway.

354

You are standing at a bend in the passage where you may go either west or south.

To go west	Turn to 308
To go south	Turn to 52
If you want to check for secret passages on the way westwards	Turn to 14
If you want to check for secret passages as you go south	Turn to 234

355

You grope along the wall but can find no way of escape. The noise is causing you to scream in pain! Subtract 1 SKILL point. You may try either the east wall (turn to 181) or the north wall (turn to 265).

356

The old man looks at you, accepts your greetings and bids you sit down. You sit at the table and notice that he is glaring at you. His piercing stare is becoming hypnotic, but you realize this and break eye contact. He opens his mouth to speak and to your

358 *The Warlock ready for battle*

amazement, instead of an old man's voice, the whole room resonates to a powerful voice which seems to be coming from the walls themselves. You throw a glance back at the man and can see him changing before your very eyes. He is of imposing height. His tattered old rags have become robes of velvet and gold. His black eyes are fixed directly on yours. He has been expecting you . . .

Turn to 358.

357

The passage runs for some distance northwards and then starts to open into a large cavern with rough walls. There appears to be no way through. Will you return to the junction (turn to **269**) or enter the cavern (turn to **57**)?

358

The battle will call upon all your reserves of strength and cunning. Your adversary has disappeared, and now stands at the far end of the room in front of a door with two locks. How will you approach him:

Grip your sword firmly and advance towards him?	Turn to **142**
Look through your pack for a weapon to use?	Turn to **105**
Look around the room for another means of attack or defence?	Turn to **389**

359

You are at a crossroads.

To go north	Turn to 190
To go south	Turn to 94
To go east	Turn to 121
To go west	Turn to 385

360

The door slams shut with a loud bang behind you. You find yourself in a passageway running ahead northwards. You follow it for several metres, until it bends to the west, and continue onwards. Some way down the passage you come across a narrow opening in the north wall and decide to go through. Turn to 89.

361

You snatch the key from its hook. It has the number 125 inscribed on it. But your lungs are bursting. Roll two dice. If the number is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you make it across the room to the door (turn to 136). If it exceeds your SKILL score, you are forced to take a breath of poison gas. Reduce your SKILL score by 2 and your STAMINA score by 3 and dash for the door (turn to 136).

362

As you try the walls up the passageway, a secret door opens up along the west wall. Turn to 177.

363

Further up the passage on the west wall you see another similar door You listen at the door and

grimace to hear the worst singing you have ever heard in your life! Do you want to go into the room to investigate this hideous din (turn to 370) or walk on up the passageway (turn to 42)?

364

As you push the knob, a small stone doorway slides open. You can either ignore it and return to the junction (turn to 256) or you can climb through (turn to 373). You must make your decision quickly, as the door shuts of its own accord in a minute's time

365

The Orcs attack you one at a time

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	4
Second ORC	5	3
Third ORC	6	4
Fourth ORC	5	2
Fifth ORC	4	4

If you win, turn to 183. If you wish to *Escape* during the battle (don't forget your penalty for this), turn to 237.

366

You are following a passageway which leads ahead to the north. After several metres it bends sharply to the east. You continue eastwards until you eventually come across a narrow opening in the north wall. You may go through this opening (turn to 89) or continue eastwards (turn to 62).

370 *Seated around the table are two small creatures with warty skin, dressed in leather armour.*

367

You arrive at another junction in the passageway. If you would like to turn westwards, turn to **235**. If you wish to go east, turn to **323**.

368

The Warlock's laugh resonates in his chamber. 'We will see which of us is the mouse!' he cries, and he holds his hand in the air. As he snaps his fingers, a blue flame streams from his hand at you. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You will have to try something else:

Draw your sword and advance	Turn to **142**
Try something else from your rucksack	Turn to **105**

369

You swallow some of the liquid (turn to **109**).

370

The door opens to reveal a small room. The room is dirty and unkempt. A straw mattress lies in one corner. In the centre of the room is a wooden table upon which a candle burns, lighting the room with its flickering flame. A small box rests under the table. Seated around the table are two small creatures with warty skin, dressed in leather armour. They are drinking some sort of grog and, by the way they stagger to their feet on your arrival, you assume they are very drunk. You may either

draw your sword and leap forward at them (turn to **116**) or slam the door quickly and run on up the passage (turn to **42**)

371

Safe for the moment, you investigate the cavern and find a passageway which continues to the west. Turn to **274**. You may rest and eat Provisions before you continue, and add 3 LUCK points for defeating the Dragon.

372

The battle commences!

	SKILL	STAMINA
ORC CHIEFTAIN	7	6
SERVANT	5	3

Fight them one at a time. If you defeat them both, turn to **21**.

373

You are at the south end of a north–south passageway – at a dead end. If you go northwards you will reach a crossroads. Turn to **85**.

374

The Skeletons do not notice you and disappear through the door into the Boat House. Breathing a sigh of relief, you press on to try the door at the

north end of the passage. But before you go, you may eat some Provisions and you may add 2 LUCK points for evading the Skeletons. Turn to **207**.

375

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn northwards. Turn to **5**.

376

You may collect all the copper pieces on the table They are worth a total of 4 Gold Pieces. Then you can leave through the door. Turn to **291**. You may pause to eat Provisions, and you may add 3 LUCK points.

377

As you draw your sword, the WINGED GREMLIN flaps into the air and attacks you, while the old man rushes over to the bookshelf, touches a book and escapes through a secret doorway that opens for him. But you must fight his pet.

WINGED GREMLIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 7

If you beat the Gremlin, turn to **196**.

378

You wipe your bloodied sword on the mattress. The green blood leaves a slimy stain on the straw

Stepping over the bodies towards the table you flinch at the foul stench of the creatures. You pick up the box from under the table and examine it. It is a small wooden box with crude hinges. The name 'Farrigo Di Maggio' is inscribed on a brass nameplate on its lid. If you wish to open the box, turn to **296**. If you decide to leave it behind and leave the room, turn to **42**.

379

As you prepare to strike the box, the rumbling sound gets louder. You lift your sword high and prepare to strike. As your blade comes down on the box, a loud crack deafens you and, from one corner of the room, a small bolt of lightning darts through the air to the sword hilt, sending you reeling across the room.

Test your luck. If you are Lucky, your sword has shattered and lies on the floor, but you managed to release your grip just before the lightning struck. If you are Unlucky, your charred remains have formed a small black outline on the floor. Next time, do not try to strike the chest! If you were Lucky, you may try to use keys from your rucksack. Turn to **139**

380

You are in a narrow east–west corridor. Looking westwards you can see a crossroads ahead. You go on to the crossroads Turn to **37**

381

The passage ends at a wooden door, trimmed in iron Various inscriptions adorn the door, but none makes any sense to you. You listen, but hear nothing. You may either open the door (turn to **84**) or return to the junction (turn to **280**).

382

You hold the Eye up in front of him and the jewel gives off a dull glow. You point it towards him and he shrieks! He backs away into a corner and a beam of light shoots from the jewel. As it falls on him he sinks to the floor and a remarkable transformation takes place. He starts to shrivel and grow visibly old in front of you. His skin wrinkles and cracks and he slowly becomes an amorphous heap in the corner. After some moments, the jewel stops glowing and you approach the lifeless bundle of cloth; his robes are all that remain. Turn to **396**.

383 *You can see a number of Skeleton-men working on building a boat of some sort*

383

A sign above the door reads 'Boat House'. The door is firmly locked but a small barred window allows you to look inside. You can see a number of Skeleton-men working on building a boat of some sort. They move in a series of quick, jerky actions, rather insect-like.

If you have a key clearly labelled 'Boat House'	Turn to 80
If you want to try to break the door down	Turn to 264
If you want to return to the riverbank and try another route	Turn to 129

384

The door opens into a passage which you follow northwards. Shortly you reach a bend and follow it round to the east. Several metres on, you reach a junction at which you may either go north (turn to 262) or continue eastwards (turn to 307).

385

You travel westwards for several paces, then the passage turns to the north. Some way up, you reach a junction. You may go south (turn to 114) or west (turn to 297). To the north, the passage ends shortly at a dead end. If you wish to go up here, turn to 398.

386

You climb on the raft and start to punt your way across the river. The going is not easy. In the middle of the river the raft seems to take on a will of its own

and bobs up and down dangerously. You realize it is attempting to capsize itself and throw you into the river! You may either trust your strength and luck to hold on and keep punting to the north side (turn to **55**) or jump into the water and attempt to swim back to the south bank (turn to **166**).

387

You try the keys. Not one will turn. As you try to turn the third key, small catches drop and your last memory is a sting of pain as three small darts pierce your skin. Each is treated with a quick-acting poison.

Remember not to use this combination of keys next time!

388

Your sword flies out of your hand, into the air and you must leap aside as it comes down on you. It grazes your cheek as it falls. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You decide you'd better leave the room. Pick up your sword and turn to **90**. Lose 1 more SKILL point in fear of the Warlock's power.

389

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **289** If you are Unlucky, turn to **112**.

390

The Ghoul twitches and dies at your feet. You search its body and find little of interest A couple of

earrings, worth 1 Gold Piece between them, are in one of its pockets. You may take these. If you haven't already searched the first body, you do so and find 5 Gold Pieces, which you may also take You may also stop here, rest and eat Provisions. You can add 2 LUCK points for killing the Ghoul. Now you may either press on northwards (turn to **120**) or search the second body (turn to **393**).

391

You are at the south end of a north–south corridor Looking northwards, you can see a passage coming off from the east wall. Do you want.

To go up to this passage?	Turn to **52**
To check for secret passages as you walk northwards?	Turn to **362**
To go south, following a bend to the west?	Turn to **48**

392

You are in a north–south corridor You may go either northwards through a large wooden door (turn to **206**) or south (turn to **329**)

393

You search the pockets of the other body and find 8 Gold Pieces, a bottle of liquid and an old piece of parchment. You may take these items To read the parchment, turn to **212** To test the liquid, turn to **369**.

394 *You crane round to see a large black shape shifting towards you As it approaches you turn cold*

394

The boots are well-fashioned in a deep red leather. They are much sturdier than your own and fit you well. You try a few steps but are horrified to find that you cannot move, and the boots seem to be gripping your feet with considerable force. As you struggle to free yourself, you hear a crack and a smash as a stalactite falls from the roof; you crane round to see a large black shape shifting towards you. As it approaches, you turn cold. Several metres away is a GIANT SPIDER, at least a metre across, advancing towards you on spiny legs, mandibles clicking nervously in anticipation of its next meal. You draw your sword to defend yourself as it stalks you. You cannot move and thus must subtract 2 from each dice roll you make to calculate your Attack Strength.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win the battle, turn to **232**.

395

You step over the bones on the floor to take a closer look at the Boat House. You pick up and study a few of the tools scattered around: hammers, nails, chisels and the like, but they appear very ordinary. You hear a banging sound coming from beyond the north door and have time for one further search before you must react. Do you look through the drawers of the benches around the room (turn to **322**) or check the tools more carefully (turn to **34**)?

396

With the Warlock now defeated, you know your quest is almost over You approach the door with two locks There are no keys around. You retrieve two keys from your pack and try them in the locks. They turn! You open the door and peer round. Turn to 242. If you have no keys, you may try to break down the door, and this you will do at the cost of almost all your STAMINA. Reduce your STAMINA by 5 and enter the room. Turn to 242.

397

The door opens to reveal a small room with a stone floor and dirty walls. There is a stale smell in the air. In the centre of the room is a makeshift wooden table on which is standing a lit candle. Under the table is a small box. In the far corner of the room is a straw mattress. You may either open the box (turn to 240) or leave the room (turn to 363).

398

You feel around the rock face at the end of the passage One rock comes free and reveals a small knob with a handle on the end. Will you push it (turn to 364) or pull it (turn to 12)?

399

The current is strong and takes you swiftly downstream. You are washed along through a narrow opening and out into a large cavern with banks on both sides The current washes you on to the south bank Turn to 218

400

YOUR QUEST IS OVER

You are about to discover what lies within the Warlock's chest

The Warlock of Firetop Mountain is no more and you are now the owner of the Sorcerer's riches. At least a thousand Gold Pieces, jewellery, diamonds, rubies and pearls are in the chest. Hidden under these you find the Warlock's spell book and as you leaf through the pages, you realize that this tome is probably more valuable than all the treasure Instructions are given for the control of all the secrets – and the creatures – of Firetop Mountain With this book, unlimited power is yours and the safety of your return to the village is ensured. Or, if you would prefer, you could remain as master of the domain of Firetop Mountain

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone are internationally well-known figures in the Fantasy Games world. They were amongst the first Britons to become obsessed with American *Role-Playing Games* like *Dungeons & Dragons*, *RuneQuest* and *Traveller* – initially as players and later as co-founders of *Games Workshop Ltd*. Their company was set up to promote this new hobby and is now the largest U.K. company specializing in these games. Its activities include: publishing both its own games and American best-sellers under licence, publishing *White Dwarf*, a magazine devoted entirely to science fiction and fantasy games; manufacturing *Citadel Miniatures*, miniature metal figures which are used in the games, and organizing Britain's largest games convention, *Games Day*, which is held in London every September. Based in London, the Workshop now has shops in Hammersmith, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield and Nottingham.

Role-Playing Games, of the sort sold by the Workshop, were the inspiration for *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*. Designed for solo adventures, the book works in a similar way to these games. Role-Playing Games are unique in that a 'Games-Master', who acts as a 'god' for the adventure pursued by the players, is essential. In *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, this GamesMaster is replaced by the book itself, using a technique familiar to those who have undertaken programmed learning courses.

Steve and Ian are both still active gamers, listing amongst their own favourite games: *Apocalypse*, *1829*, *Intellivision Baseball*, *Pisa* and the 'big 3' Role-Playing Games. *RuneQuest*, *Dungeons & Dragons* and *Traveller*.

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U.K.	£2.99
CAN.	$4.95
N.Z.	$8.95
(incl.	GST)

ISBN 0-14-031538-1

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STEVE JACKSON AND IAN LIVINGSTONE

The Warlock of Firetop Mountain

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ISBN 0 14 03.1538 1

Steve JACKSON AND Ian LIVINGSTONE PRESENT

THE WARLOCK OF FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

FIGHTING FANTASY™

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THE WARLOCK OF FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

The Warlock of Firetop Mountain is a different kind of book. As well as the book itself, you will need two dice, a pencil and an eraser; then, armed with these tools, you can become the hero in a perilous quest to find the Warlock's hidden treasure. The treasure is hidden deep within a dungeon which you must explore, populated with a multitude of underworld monsters which you must fight and kill – or be killed in the attempt.

Part novel, with its exciting story, and part game, with its elaborate combat system, this book holds many adventures in store for you. Each page presents different challenges, and the choices you make will send you on different paths and into different battles. You may get lost in the maze, have your strength sapped by a hideous Wight, die in a battle with Orcs, or fall to any one of the dozens of creatures guarding the Warlock's treasure-vaults. Or, with courage, determination and a fair amount of luck, you may survive through all traps and battles to the innermost chambers of the Warlock's domain where the treasure is hidden.

Magic and monsters are as real as life in this sword-and-sorcery treasure hunt which will keep you spellbound for hours on end!

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone are the co-founders of the hugely successful Games Workshop chain, which specializes in fantasy games and war games of all kinds.

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Illustrated by Russ Nicholson

Puffin Books

Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondworth, Middlesex, England
Penguin Books, 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1982
Reprinted 1982 (five times), 1983 (ten times), 1984 (twice)

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Richard Clay (The Chaucer Press) Ltd,
Bungay, Suffolk
Set in VIP Palatino

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Dedicated to Joanna Ashton,
a true Galadriel of the spirit . . .
and to Anne and Neville,
the real wizards.

HOW TO FIGHT CREATURES OF THE UNDERWORLD

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a shield together with a rucksack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant *Monster Encounter Box* on

your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's *Attack Strength*.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your *Attack Strength*.
3. If your *Attack Strength* is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's *Attack Strength* is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both *Attack Strength* totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next *Attack Round* from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next *Attack Round* (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than*

your current LUCK score, you have been *lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been *unlucky* and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you 'Test your Luck', you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being *lucky* or *unlucky*. However, in battles, you always have the *option* of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *lucky*, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are *unlucky*, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead

of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are *unlucky*, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your haversack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions on a page, and you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4

STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your *Provisions*. A separate *Provisions Remaining* box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a rucksack (haversack, backpack) on your back to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across. You also carry a lantern which lights your way.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure. Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *two* measures i.e. the characteristic may be restored twice during an adventure. Each time it is used make a note on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through the Warlock's dungeon and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all rooms contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. There are many 'wild goose chase' passages and whilst you may indeed progress through the dungeon, you will not take the Warlock's treasure unless you have picked up certain specific items on the way.

Several keys will be found in dungeon rooms. Only by arriving at the Warlock's treasure with the correct keys to open his chest will you get to his treasure. You can expect many frustrations in Firetop Mountain.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck*

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED	GOLD
	JEWELS
	POTIONS
	PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina*	*Skill =* *Stamina*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

RUMOURS

Only a foolhardy adventurer would embark upon such a perilous quest without first finding out as much as possible about the mountain and its treasures. Before your arrival at the foot of Firetop Mountain, you spent several days with the townsfolk of a local village some two days' journey from the base. Being a likeable sort of person, you found it easy to get on with the local peasants. Although they told many stories about the mysterious Warlock's sanctuary, you could not feel sure that all – or indeed any – of these were based on fact. The villagers had seen many adventurers pass through on their way to the mountain, but very few ever returned. The journey ahead was extremely dangerous, that you knew for certain. Of those who returned to the village, none contemplated going back to Firetop Mountain.

There seemed to be some truth in the rumour that the Warlock's treasure was stored in a magnificent chest with two locks, and the keys to these locks were guarded by various creatures within the dungeons. The Warlock himself was a sorcerer of great power. Some described him as old, others as young. Some said his power came from an enchanted deck of cards, others from the silky black gloves that he wore.

The entrance to the mountain was guarded by a pack of warty-faced Goblins, stupid creatures, fond of their food and drink. Towards the inner chambers, the creatures became more fearsome. To reach the inner chambers you would have to cross a river. The ferry service was regular, but the ferryman enjoyed a good barter, so you should save a Gold Piece for the trip. The locals also encouraged you to keep a good map of your wanderings, for without a map you would end up hopelessly lost within the mountain.

When it finally came to your day of leaving, the whole village turned out to wish you a safe journey. Tears came to the eyes of many of the women, young and old alike. You couldn't help wondering whether they were tears of sorrow shed by eyes which would never see you alive again . . .

Now turn over.

1 *The steep face in front of you looks to have been savaged by the claws of some gargantuan beast*

1

At last your two-day hike is over. You unsheathe your sword, lay it on the ground and sigh with relief as you lower yourself down on to the mossy rocks to sit for a moment's rest. You stretch, rub your eyes and finally look up at Firetop Mountain.

The very mountain itself looks menacing. The steep face in front of you looks to have been savaged by the claws of some gargantuan beast. Sharp rocky crags jut out at unnatural angles. At the top of the mountain you can see the eerie red colouring – probably some strange vegetation – which has given the mountain its name. Perhaps no one will ever know exactly what grows up there, as climbing the peak must surely be impossible.

Your quest lies ahead of you. Across the clearing is a dark cave entrance. You pick up your sword, get to your feet and consider what dangers may lie ahead of you. But with determination, you thrust the sword home into its scabbard and approach the cave.

You peer into the gloom to see dark, slimy walls with pools of water on the stone floor in front of you. The air is cold and dank. You light your lantern and step warily into the blackness. Cobwebs brush your face and you hear the scurrying of tiny feet: rats, most likely. You set off into the cave. After a few yards you arrive at a junction. Will you turn west (turn to 71) or east (turn to 278)?

2

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you escape without attracting the Ogre's attention. If you are Unlucky, you curse as you kick a small stone which goes skidding across the cavern floor. You draw your sword in case the Ogre has heard it – turn to 26. If you were Lucky, you creep down the corridor back to the crossroads. Turn to 269.

3

The bell gives a dull clang and after a few moments you see a withered old man climb into a small rowing boat moored on the north bank. He rows slowly across to you, moors the boat and limps towards you. He asks you for 3 Gold Pieces. When you protest at the price he mumbles some flimsy excuse about 'inflation'. He begins to get angry at your protestations. Do you pay him the 3 Gold Pieces (turn to 272) or threaten him (turn to 127)?

4

You find yourself in a north–south corridor. To the north the passage turns east some metres ahead. To investigate, turn to 46. To the south, the passageway also turns east. Turn to 332 to go south.

5

A rough timber doorway is on the east wall of the passage. You listen at the door and can hear a jolly sort of humming sound. Do you want to knock on the door and go in (turn to 97) or will you continue northwards (turn to 292)?

6

The large solid door has no handle. You charge it, but to no avail. The door is not going to budge. You decide to give up and go through the opening you passed in the east–west passageway some way back. Turn to 89.

7

You are on the north bank of a fast-flowing river in a large underground cavern. Turn to 214.

8

The passage ahead ends at a sturdy door. You listen but hear nothing. You try the handle, it turns, and you enter the room. As you look around you hear a loud cry from behind you and swing round to see a wild man leaping towards you wielding a large battle axe. He is a mad BARBARIAN and you must fight him!

BARBARIAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

There is a door in the north wall opposite, through which you may *Escape* during the battle (turn to 189). If you defeat the Barbarian, turn to 273.

9

Amazed at the success of your bluff, you decide to push your luck a little further. You can either examine the Skeletons' tools or pretend you're looking for work-sheets and look through the drawers of the various benches. If you choose the tools, turn to 34. If you search the drawers, turn to 322. You hear a

11 *You are now watching various tools digging and hammering as if being handled by invisible workers*

noise from behind the north door and realize you will have to hurry!

10

You arrive back at the junction and turn northwards. Turn to 77.

11

You follow the passage westwards until it turns round a corner to the south. Just before the bend is a signpost which reads 'Under Construction'. In front of you is the beginning of a stairway leading downwards. Only three steps have been built so far. A number of shovels, picks and other tools were lying on the ground by the steps but, as you turned the corner, they suddenly flurried into action and began working on the steps. You are now watching various tools digging and hammering as if being handled by invisible workers. A humming chant becomes louder and you recognize it as: 'Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, It's off to work we go . . .' As you stand watching you start to chuckle – the scene is quite amusing. You sit and watch and even manage to chat to some of the magical tools. Gain 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point whilst you relax. Then turn back up the passageway to the crossroads where you may go either northwards (turn to 366) or southwards (turn to 250).

12

As you pull the knob, a deafening clanging noise rings through the passageways. You frantically push the knob back to stop the alarm, but it has already had its effect. You can hear footsteps

coming closer down the corridor. Turn to **161** to find what you have attracted. Note down the number **12** so that you may return to this section after fighting your battle.

When you have defeated this creature, you may either return to the junction (turn to **256**) or you may push the knob (turn to **364**).

13

Your head hurts and you feel dizzy as you rise to your feet. The four men stir into action and move towards you in single file with their weapons ready. You grope your way down the wall for the south door but it will be touch and go whether you make it. Your foot slips on a loose pebble and you fall to the ground. Before you can regain your footing, the creatures are upon you. Turn to **282**.

14

There are no signs of any secret passages, but you suddenly hear footsteps coming towards you. To find out what is coming, turn to **161**. You must fight this creature.

If you defeat the monster, turn to **117**. Note this reference so you know where to return to.

15

As you sit on the bench and eat your food, you begin to feel deeply relaxed and the aches from your body seem to be soothing themselves away. This resting place is enchanted. You may restore 2 additional STAMINA points as well as the normal amount (but only if this does not exceed your *Initial* STAMINA

score) and restore 1 SKILL point if any have been lost. When you are ready to continue, move along the passage and turn to **367**.

16

You draw your sword, and as you do so the Ogre hears you and prepares to attack:

OGRE SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

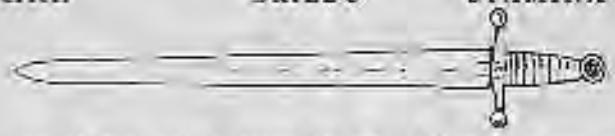

If you defeat him, turn to **50**. After the second Attack Round, you may *Escape* down the passage (turn to **269**).

17

Using the wooden stake and mallet (or makeshift mallet if you aren't carrying one), you form a cross and move towards the Vampire, backing it into a corner. It hisses and snatches at you but cannot come near you. However, it is going to be tricky getting the stake through its heart.

As you advance, you stumble and fall forwards. As luck would have it, the stake flies forward and plunges into the shrieking creature. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the stake pierces the Vampire's heart. If you are Unlucky, the Vampire is merely grazed by the wound (deduct 3 points from its STAMINA) and it flings you backwards across the room towards the west door. To *Escape* through it, turn to **380**. To keep on fighting, turn to **144**. If you were Lucky and killed the Vampire, you may look for its treasure – turn to **327**

18

You walk westwards along the passageway. After fifty metres or so, the way turns northwards. Two or three paces up the passage, you hear a crumbling beneath your feet and you try to leap back as the ground gives way. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to leap quickly backwards before a pit opens. If you are Unlucky, you are too slow and you fall over two metres down into a pit – lose 1 STAMINA point. If you were Lucky, you had better return to the junction (turn to 261). If you were Unlucky, turn to 348.

19

These two evil creatures are GOBLINS. They attack you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	6

If you kill the Goblins, turn to 317.

20

The skirmish commences. You have your sword, they have their axes. They come at you one at a time

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DWARF	7	4
Second DWARF	6	6
Third DWARF	7	5
Fourth DWARF	7	5

If you win, turn to 376. If the battle is going badly, you may *Escape* through the door. Turn to 291 – but don't forget your *Escaping* penalty.

21

The green blood of the dead Orcs smells foul as it seeps from their bodies. You step around the corpses and investigate the chest. It is a sturdy affair, made of strong oak and iron, and it is firmly locked. You may try to smash the lock with your sword (turn to 339) or leave it alone and go through the open door (turn to 293).

22

You poke around looking for signs of secret doors but can find none. You pause to ponder your situation and a small jet of gas hisses from the ceiling. You cough and choke to clear your lungs, but collapse to your knees. Your head spins and you flop to the floor in an unconscious heap. When you come to, you look around in an unfamiliar place. Turn to 4.

23

The passageway ends in a solid doorway and you are surprised to see a leather skirt tacked along the bottom of the door. You listen but hear nothing. Will you enter the room (turn to 326) or return to the junction (turn to 229)?

24

After you have suffered your third wound, you

notice that your strength is ebbing. Lose 1 SKILL point. You deduce that this is yet another magical power of this foul creature and you feel a shiver of panic. Will you continue or run? If you want to *Escape*, pay the penalty and turn to 360 to flee through the north door. Otherwise the fight goes on.

If you defeat the creature, turn to 135. But from now on every third wound that the beast inflicts takes 1 point from your SKILL.

25

The paintings are portraits of men. Your spine shivers as you read the nameplate under the one on the west wall – it is that of Zagor, the Warlock whose treasure you are seeking. You look at his portrait and realize you are pitting yourself against an awesome adversary. You have the feeling that you are being watched and notice the piercing eyes following you as you move. You find yourself drawn towards his portrait and your fear rises. Lose 1 SKILL point. Do you have the courage to try to combat the Warlock? You may either leave through the north door straightaway (turn to 90) – but treat this as an *Escape*. Or you may look through your pack for a weapon to use against the Warlock's power – turn to 340.

26

You remember Di Maggio's small, leather-bound book, and silently mouth the spell contained within its pages.

You shout loudly at the Dragon and it stops in its tracks. It cocks its head to one side and eyes you suspiciously. You fling a stone at its head, and the rock bounces off its nose. The beast lets out an angry cry and breathes deeply, a roaring sound being created from within its throat. The Dragon exhales, and from between its teeth you can see another fireball building up. You prepare yourself, and as the ball of flame comes from its mouth, you cry:

'Ekil Erif
Ekam Erif
Erif Erif
Di Maggio'

The fireball continues no further. With an agonized scream, the Dragon tries to shake the flames from its snout. But there the burning continues.

Squealing in agony, the Dragon turns its back and leaps into the blackness, flailing its head from side to side. Turn to 371.

27

The sword is enchanted and will aid you in battle. As long as you use this sword, you may increase your *Initial* SKILL by 2 points. You may also add 2 points to your current SKILL value. Add 2 points to your LUCK for finding this sword. Throw your old sword away and turn to 319. If you would rather keep your own sword, leave your SKILL as it is and just take the LUCK bonus.

28

The mighty Giant lies dead! You search his cavern and find little of use, although a purse in his belt contains 8 Gold Pieces. You are a little concerned about the second chair; to whom does it belong? You decide to leave the cavern the way you came. Turn to 351. But add 2 LUCK and 2 SKILL points for your victory.

29

Apart from the boots, which you decide to ignore, there appears to be little of value in the cavern. You decide to head back the way you came. Turn to 375.

30

A loose stone falls out to reveal a rope in the rock. If you wish to pull it, turn to 67. If you feel it would be wiser to leave it alone, you can return to the crossroads (turn to 267).

31

If you have the jewel from the Eye of the Cyclops, you hold it in front of the Warlock. His intimidating stare turns to an expression of pain. He obviously feels the jewel's power. Suddenly his eyes turn white and his expression goes limp. Your confidence gains as you realize you have won your first real battle. Gain 2 SKILL points. Put the jewel into your pack and leave through the north door. Turn to 90.

32

You toss the Cheese across the room at the Rats and they scramble for it, ripping and scratching each other as they fight for it. Having distracted them, you pass through the room and leave by the door in the north wall. Turn to 124. Add 2 LUCK points for your good fortune

33

The sleeping creature awakens startled. He jumps up and rushes at you, unarmed. With your sword you should be able to defeat him, but his sharp teeth look rather vicious. You may *Escape* through the door (turn to 320) or stand and fight the ORC who is attacking you.

ORC SKILL 6 STAMINA 4

If you defeat the creature, you may take the box. Turn to 147.

34

Looking through the tools you come across a mallet with a hardwood head and a chisel with a solid silver blade. You may keep either of these if you are prepared to forfeit one of the items of equipment you are carrying. If you wish to do so, make the appropriate adjustments to your Equipment List. The noise from the north door gets louder and you move up to investigate. Turn to 96.

36 *Inside the room the floor is covered with bones, rotting vegetation and slime.*

35

As you step into the room, the door swings shut behind you. As it closes, there is a click and a hiss. From the centre of the ceiling, a jet of gas is filling the room with an acrid vapour. You breathe and cough deeply. You look at the door and then the key. Will you return to the door and escape quickly (turn to 136) or hold your breath and dash for the key first (turn to 361)?

36

The locked door bursts open and a nauseating stench hits your nostrils. Inside the room the floor is covered with bones, rotting vegetation and slime. A wild-haired old man, clothed in rags, rushes at you screaming. His beard is long and grey, and he is waving an old wooden chair-leg. Is he simply insane as he appears, or has this been some kind of trap? You may either shout at him to try to calm him down (turn to 263) or draw your sword and attack him (turn to 353)

37

Standing at the crossroads you may go either north (turn to 366), west (turn to 11) or south (turn to 277).

38

You open the door to find the Werewolf's larder, a miscellaneous collection of bones and decaying meats. The smell is nauseating, although a jar of pickled eggs seems to offer fairly palatable food. If

you wish to take these, there will be enough for two meals; add 2 points to your Provisions.

Back in the room you may now go out through the south door. Turn to **66**.

39

Your opponent is surprised as you disappear in front of him, but he raises his hands as if to cover his eyes and he scans the room with an intense glare. He can sense your presence but cannot make out exactly where you are. You draw your sword and advance. He tilts his head and sniffs the air. You will have to fight him from a distance as, if he gets his hands on you, your invisibility will be no advantage. But whilst you remain invisible, you have the following advantages:

- You may add 2 to your dice roll when determining your Attack Strength.
- Each successful attack will cause him 3 points of damage as, since he cannot see you, he cannot defend himself properly.
- Each time he inflicts a wound on you, throw one die. If the number is odd, he wounds you as normal. If the number is 2 or 4, he only inflicts a 1-point wound. If you roll a 6, you can parry the blow and he does no damage.

Resolve the battle:

WARLOCK	SKILL 11	STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to **396**.

40

The ear-piercing sound gets louder and louder. The pain is unbearable. Reduce your SKILL score by 1 for the agony. You begin to grope in the dark for a wall. Do you head for:

The west wall?	Turn to **355**
The north wall?	Turn to **265**
The east wall?	Turn to **181**

41

He is a powerful adversary – a WIGHT! He is large, strong and evil. The battle commences:

WIGHT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 6

You fight with your sword. After you have inflicted your first wound on him, turn to **310**.

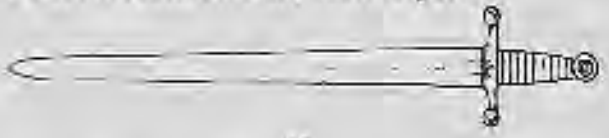

42

You eventually arrive at the end of the passage, at a three-way junction. You may turn either to the west (turn to **257**) or to the east (turn to **113**).

43

You are in a north–south passageway. To go north, turn to **354**. To go south, turn to **52**

44

Panting after the struggle, you sit down to collect yourself and finish the Provisions you started. Eventually you pack your bag and wade into the stream. Turn to 399.

45

The Cheese hits the portrait and bounces off. You hear an evil laugh coming from the walls and realize the Warlock is mocking you. You decide to leave the room by the north door. Turn to 90.

46

You are standing in a short east–west passageway, with a door blocking the way to the east. To the west, the passage turns southwards after several metres. To go round this bend turn to 4. To go through the door, turn to 206.

47

In the middle of the river, the bridge swings to and fro as it strains to take your weight. The handrail comes away suddenly as you lean on it. Roll one die. A roll of 6 sends you plunging into the river below – turn to 158. A roll of 1–5 means you regain your balance. To go on, turn to 298.

48

You are in an east–west corridor. If you go east, you will turn a corner northwards. To go this way, turn to 391. To go west, turn to 60.

49

The door squeaks open on rusty hinges. The room is dark and your eyes begin to adjust themselves as you close the door behind you. You hear a shuffling in the room but before you can react, a blow to your head knocks you senseless. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 122.

50

The slain creature crashes to the ground. You go through his garments and find nothing, but a small pouch hangs around his neck. Inside this pouch is a small bronze key, with the number 9 cast into it. You may take this if you wish. Nothing else is of value in the cavern so you leave and head back to the junction. Turn to 269.

51

You drink the Potion and can see the look of astonishment spread across the Troll's face. He comes up to you and feels for you, but you step aside and he gropes the air fruitlessly. He thrashes around, clutching for you, but you are easily able to sidestep him. Eventually he gives up and returns to his chamber, just in time, as you feel yourself reappearing. Add 2 LUCK points. You may leave along the passage to the north. Turn to 287.

52

You are standing at a T-junction where a passage to the east comes off a north–south corridor.

To go south	Turn to **391**
To check for secret passages on the way southwards	Turn to **362**
To go north	Turn to **354**
To check for secret passages on the way northwards	Turn to **234**
To go east	Turn to **291**

53

You charge the door, hitting it squarely with your shoulder. Roll 2 dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your SKILL score, the door opens (turn to **155**). If the number exceeds your SKILL score, the door shudders but does not budge, and you wince in pain as you hit the door – lose 1 STAMINA point and continue up the corridor (turn to **300**).

54

You are standing outside a door at the north end of a north–south passage. To go south, turn to **308**. To go through the door, turn to **179**.

55

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your LUCK score and is also less than or equal to your STAMINA score, then you manage to hold on and manoeuvre the raft across to the north bank (do not deduct a LUCK point). You arrive safely but as you step on to the bank, the raft drifts away and makes its own way across the river to the south bank. Turn to **7**.

If you exceed your LUCK and/or STAMINA totals, the raft throws you into the water and you start to swim back to the south bank. Turn to **166**.

56

As your sword splashes into the water, a bubbly voice says, 'Thank you!' It now seems that the only way onwards is to swim downstream to the east. You plunge into the water. Turn to **399**.

57

As you enter the cavern you hear loud footsteps behind you, crunching heavily on the rocky floor. You crouch down beside the entrance in a small alcove in the rock. The steps get louder and you see a great OGRE enter the cavern! He stands over two metres tall and is dressed in ill-fitting garments made from some sort of hide. He carries a large wooden club. You may:

Attack him as he enters	Turn to **16**
Try to creep out without him noticing you	Turn to **2**
Try to distract him by throwing something into a far corner of the cavern	Turn to **119**

58 *At the corner there is a bench of solid wood, where you may stop and eat Provisions if you wish*

58

Cautiously you creep along the passageway. After a short time it turns sharply to the north. At the corner there is a bench of solid wood and above the bench a sign reads 'Rest Ye Here Weary Traveller' Here you may stop and eat Provisions if you wish (turn to 15) or continue (turn to 367).

59

You walk westwards for some time, then north round a peculiar bend which hairpins straight round to the south. Eventually you wind up at a three-way junction. Turn to 150.

60

You walk along the corridor, only to find that the way westwards is blocked by a heavy portcullis. You walk back to where you were Turn to 48.

61

As you investigate the cavern, you suddenly hear a scurry of steps behind you and swing round to face the grotesque black shape of a GIANT SPIDER which has been stalking you. The Spider's body is at least a metre across and you quickly draw your sword to defend yourself.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win the battle, turn to 29. You may *Escape* from the fight down the passageway after two Attack Rounds and will end up at the junction – turn to 375

62

You continue along the passageway to the east. After some thirty metres it turns to the south. Following it round the bend you eventually come to a stop at a large armoured door. To try the door, turn to **6**. If you would prefer to return along the passage and go through the narrow opening, turn to **89**.

63

As you walk along the corridor, you can see ahead that it is getting narrower. At one point you stoop, and as you do so, a deep, resonating laugh starts up around you. Do you wish to continue? If so, turn to **281**. If you wish to turn back, turn to **10**.

64

The Ghoul dances with glee around your body, lays it next to the others on the ground, turns you over and sinks its teeth into your rump. It is not often it gets fresh meat to feed on.

Your adventure is over.

65

As you spring at the Chieftain, his servant rises to his feet, picks up a hefty wooden stick and joins the melee. But to your disappointment he attacks you! Ungrateful wretch! Seeing this, you may *Escape* through the door down the corridor (turn to **293**) or continue the fight (turn to **372**). If you choose to *Escape*, you suffer normal escaping penalties.

66

The door opens and you find yourself in the passage leading back to the riverbank. You return to the river and may now either go for the door in the middle of the rockface (turn to **104**) or go down the passage running off eastwards along the riverbank (turn to **99**).

67

You pull on the rope and a small door swings open revealing a passage into a north–south corridor. Will you return to the crossroads (turn to **267**) or go through the secret door (turn to **177**)?

68

The two GOBLIN torturers look at each other amazed, then look at you. They chatter to themselves and then indicate for you to wait while they go off and get another Dwarf to give them some more fun. They disappear out of the room and you cut down the Dwarf who is, as you guessed, quite dead. You decide it best to leave and press on northwards up the corridor. Turn to **303**.

69

Some way along the passage, the corridor bends round to the north and you follow it until you reach another junction. At this junction you see an arrow cut into the rock, pointing to the north, and you decide to try this direction. Turn to **244**.

71 *As you look in, you can see a strange Goblin-like creature in leather armour asleep at his post.*

70

You follow the cobbled corridor east, then north, then east again and finally north until you wind up at a crossroads. Turn to **267**.

71

There is a right-hand turn to the north in the passage. Cautiously you approach a sentry post on the corner and, as you look in, you can see a strange Goblin-like creature in leather armour asleep at his post. You try to tiptoe past him. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, he does not wake up and remains snoring loudly – turn to **301**. If you are Unlucky, you step with a crunch on some loose ground and his eyes flick open – turn to **248**.

72

You now have a fresh set of armour, equivalent to your own. Decide which of the two you wish to keep, throw the other away, and turn to **319**.

73

The passage ahead leads you northwards. The rocky floor becomes sandy until eventually you are walking on a sort of coarse sand. You notice the passage is widening and ahead you can hear a flowing river. You continue until you find yourself in a large cavern through which a river flows. Turn to **218**.

74

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you break his gaze and can prepare to attack. Turn to **279**. If you are

Unlucky, you are under his control and drop your sword at his command – turn to **118**.

75

You sit back and rest from the exhausting battle. You may eat Provisions here. You prise the jewel from the still statue. It is heavy in your hand and is worth 50 Gold Pieces. You put it in your pack. As you explore the room and the statue, you notice that one of its breastplate sections is loose. When you open this, a small key is inside. You examine this and notice the number 211 on it. With a smile you put the jewel and the key in your pack and set off back to the junction. Turn to **93**, after adding 3 LUCK points – you have a valuable artefact here.

76

You arrive at another junction. An arrow on the wall points northwards and you decide to proceed in this direction. Turn to **244**.

77

Several metres up the passageway you arrive at a junction where you may turn either west or east. Set in the rock on the north wall is a small recess where you may rest and eat Provisions without being seen. If you wish to take Provisions here, do so. Afterwards you may set off either eastwards (turn to **345**) or westwards (turn to **18**).

78

The passage ends at a solid wooden door with metal

hinges. Listening at the door, you hear strange mutterings and the clatter of what could be pots and pans. Whatever is in there, there are several of them. Do you want to go through the door (turn to **159**) or turn back (turn to **237**)?

79

The passageway ends in front of you in a dead end. If you wish to search for secret passageways, turn to **137**. If not, return to the crossroads at **267**.

80

The key fits the lock and opens the door. You find yourself in a large boathouse. Various boats, in different stages of construction, are lying around. Apart from the door behind you, there is another in the north wall. As you enter, the Skeletons stop their work and crane their bony necks around to look at you. They pick up planks of wood and hammers and advance towards you. There are five of them. Do you:

Smile nervously and back out of the door into the passage?	Turn to **129**
Tell them you've come about buying a boat?	Turn to **123**
Tell them you're their new boss and order them back to work?	Turn to **195**
Draw your sword and prepare for battle?	Turn to **140**

84 *Seated at the table is an old man with a long grey beard, and squatting on his shoulder is a small winged beast*

81

A noise startles you, prompting you to leave the room quickly. You walk up to investigate the north door. Turn to 205.

82

The door opens to reveal a small, smelly room. In the centre of the room is a rickety wooden table on which stands a lit candle. Underneath the table is a small wooden box. Asleep on a straw mattress in the far corner of the room is a short, stocky creature with an ugly, warty face; the same sort of creature that you found asleep at the sentry post. He must be the guard for the night watch. You may either return to the corridor and press on northwards (turn to 208) or creep into the room and try to take the box without waking the creature. If you want to try to steal the box, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, he does not wake up – turn to 147. If you are Unlucky, turn to 33.

83

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you make it out through the north door – turn to 360. If you are Unlucky, turn to 154.

84

The door opens into a small room, comfortably furnished with a table, several chairs and a large bookcase which covers one wall. Seated at the table is an old man with a long grey beard, and squatting on the old man's shoulder is a small winged beast. This

creature is no more than six centimetres tall. It has two arms and legs; its skin is a dusty grey colour. It has tiny sharp white teeth and its wings are folded behind its back. The old man says nothing as you walk in through the door, but he beckons you over to sit down at the table. He is tossing in his hand two small white objects. Will you:

Sit down as he tells you?	Turn to 204
Leave the room and return to the junction?	Turn to 280
Draw your sword and rush forward?	Turn to 377

85

You are at a crossroads

To go north	Turn to 106
To go south	Turn to 373
To go east	Turn to 318
To go west	Turn to 59

86

A huge jaw yawns open in front of you. By the size of it, the CROCODILE you are swimming towards must be at least three metres long. The beast slaps its tail in the water and glides towards you. You must fight two Attack Rounds.

CROCODILE SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

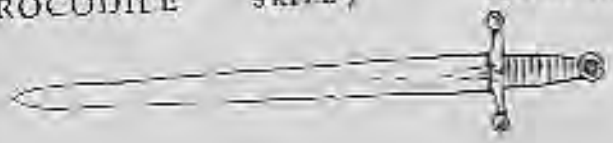

Your combined thrashings attract a 'turbulence' in the water that you had noticed before and this now makes its way towards your part of the river. Out of the corner of your eye you notice this and must decide what to do. If you believe that the Crocodile is on its last legs and you wish to continue the battle, then do so. If you win, turn to 259. Otherwise you can keep the beast occupied in the faint hope that this mysterious visitor will help you in some way. Have one more Attack Round and turn to 350

87

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn northwards. Turn to 262

88

You enter another small room, bare except for a fountain in the middle. Not a particularly grand affair, the fountain is a small carved fish, and a short jet of water comes from its mouth. A wooden sign hangs from the fish and this bears a message. It is written in Goblin tongue, at which you are not very proficient. The first word you cannot understand, but the others read: '. . . NOT DRINK'. But you are extremely thirsty. Will you drink from the fountain? If so, turn to 216. Otherwise you can pass it by and leave through a door in the north wall (turn to 384)

89

You climb through the opening and find yourself at the top of a narrow staircase leading downwards. Cautiously, you descend the stairs. Turn to 286

90

You open the door into a narrow passage and follow it northwards. Some metres up the passageway, it turns to the east, then turns to the north. However, at this second bend, there is a small alcove in the rock. It seems a convenient hiding place and a large rock forms a comfortable seat. You may stop here and eat Provisions if you wish. When you have rested, continue northwards. Turn to 253.

91

If you are lucky, your cheating will not be discovered. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you get away with it. Roll two dice to see how many Gold Pieces you win. Mark these on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 131.

If you are Unlucky, the four notice you are dealing from the bottom of the deck. They pick up axes from behind their chairs and turn on you. Turn to 20.

92

You arrive back at the junction in the passage. You look left to see the cave entrance in the dim distance but walk straight on. Turn to 71.

93

You arrive back at the junction and this time you turn northwards. Turn to 8.

94

You walk along a passageway that runs due south, then turns west. After several metres, it ends at a three-way junction. You can check for secret passages along the way (turn to 260) or go straight to the junction (turn to 329).

95

You find nothing remarkable about the weapons, in fact not a single weapon looks more useful than your sword. As you search the debris, you hear a deep thumping from the north followed by a scream which sends a shiver down your spine. You rush to the north door to investigate. Turn to 205.

96

The door opens into a short corridor about fifteen metres long. There are two doors, one at each end. You now realize what the noise was. More Skeletons! Four of them, armed with swords, are running down the corridor towards you.

They don't appear to have seen you and you notice a slight recess in the wall which may be a useful hiding place. You decide to try it. Turn to 374.

97 *In the midst of all this clutter, you see a little old man in a grubby white gown swaying to and fro in a rocking chair*

97

A voice bids you 'Come in!' and you walk into a small room furnished with a table and chair, shelves, cupboards and the like, all of which have seen better days. Plates, bowls, cups and hundreds of old books line the shelves. In the midst of all this clutter, you see a little old man in a grubby white gown swaying to and fro in a rocking chair, still humming happily to himself, his eyes fixed on you, but seeming at peace with the world. He bids you 'Good day.' Do you:

Start to make conversation with him?	Turn to 334
Draw your sword and charge at him?	Turn to 247
Decide not to waste time with him and leave, going northwards?	Turn to 292

98

As you crawl into the room, a voice booms out, 'Welcome, adventurer. I have been expecting you.' You stop, look around and rise to your feet. The little old man has changed. He is not so old and grey any more, and he's of an imposing height. His eyes are deep and black and they are fixed on you relentlessly. Turn to 358.

99

The passageway runs eastwards. Ahead of you, you can see that a solid-looking door blocks the passage. You step up to investigate. Turn to 383.

100

Hesitantly, they agree to let you join in. As you play and chat, they loosen up and eventually you are all laughing and exchanging stories.

They seem quite harmless. You may play cards either fairly or you may try to cheat. If you wish to play fairly, turn to 346. If you wish to cheat, turn to 91.

101

Your lucky throw catches the Vampire unawares and he shrieks in agony as the stake sinks into his heart. You leap over and thrust it further into his body. His death cries grow weaker and his lifeless body slumps to the floor. Turn to 327

102

The door is not locked and opens. The room in front of you seems to be a small torture chamber, with various torture devices around the walls. In the centre of the room, two small, hunchbacked creatures are having their fiendish way with a Dwarf, who is tied to a hook in the ceiling by his wrists. The two hunchbacks are poking and cutting him viciously with their swords. The Dwarf lets out a final scream and falls silent, eyes closed. His captors make disappointed noises and look round angrily at you as if it were your fault that the Dwarf has collapsed. You must act quickly. Will you:

Close the door quickly and continue up the corridor?	Turn to 303
Draw your sword and try to fight the creatures?	Turn to 19
Stride over to the Dwarf, give him a jab with your sword and put on an evil laugh for the torturers?	Turn to 68

103

You feel a stone move and behind it you find a lever. Will you pull the lever, or leave it and return to the crossroads? If you dare pull the lever, turn to 252. If you go back to the crossroads, turn to 359.

104

You find yourself in a short, narrow passageway with a door ahead to the north. You try this door. Turn to 49.

105

You rummage through your haversack. What is in there? You may attempt to use any of the following items if you have them on your Equipment List:

Potion of Invisibility	Turn to 39
The Eye of the Cyclops	Turn to 382
A piece of Cheese	Turn to 368
Bow with Silver Arrow	Turn to 194
A Y-shaped Stick	Turn to 215

106

The passageway ahead runs northwards for some time. You may rest along the passage to eat Provisions. It then bends to the west and begins to get quite narrow. You reach a small rocky arch which

106 *Smoke curls from its nostrils. Its scaly red skin glistens with an oily covering*

you will have to stoop to get through. On the other side of the arch you pause and look around. You are in a large cavern which disappears into distant blackness. The cavern is partially lit by natural light which streams in through a hole in the roof. You cannot see a way through.

As you shine your lantern around the cavern, you hear a rumble. A dull glow flickers in the blackness. Suddenly, a jet of fire shoots from the depths of the cavern, narrowly missing you and singeing the mossy growths on the wall! You throw yourself on to the ground and look up to see a large DRAGON stalking out of the darkness towards you. Smoke curls from its nostrils. Its scaly red skin glistens with an oily covering. The beast is some fifteen metres long! How will you attack the creature?

Draw your sword and prepare to attack?	Turn to 152
Search your memory for another means of attack?	Turn to 126

107

You tiptoe through the room, up a narrow staircase, ending up at the top of the stairs in a passage. 'That was easy,' you think, and you begin to have second thoughts about whether it would have been worthwhile to search the bodies. If you want to return and search the bodies, starting with the third, turn to **148**. If you want to press on, turn to **197**.

108

The moment your foot touches a hand tile, you feel a vice-like grip on your ankle and look down to see a ghostly white hand gripping your leg. You fight for your balance and manage to regain it. But to your horror you see that, from every hand-shaped tile in the floor, a similar apparition has appeared, and the floor across to the door is now scattered with ghoulish hands, flexing and snatching in the air. You draw your sword and chop at the hand. Resolve this battle:

HAND	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to **185**.

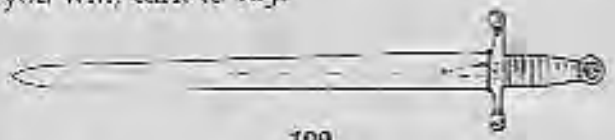

109

The liquid is smooth and watery and, as you drink it, you begin to glow. You feel euphoric and a little drunk at the same time. Your confidence grows and your weariness disappears.

The bottle contains HOLY WATER, blessed by the Overpriest of Kayndesh-Ma. It has restored your STAMINA almost to full strength. Increase your STAMINA to 2 points below your *Initial* STAMINA (if your STAMINA was already higher than this, leave it as it is – you are strong enough!). Add points to your current SKILL to take the total to 1 point under your *Initial* SKILL. You may add 4 LUCK points for making such a lucky find.

If you have already looked at the parchment, you may leave the room northwards (turn to **120**). If you have not, you may look at it (turn to **212**) or you may forget about it and go northwards anyway.

110

You are now 8 Gold Pieces richer. You also find another 2 Gold Pieces in his boot, hidden there for safety. Turn to **319**. Record the Gold on your *Adventure Sheet*.

111

He will not be pacified. As you shift uneasily around the room, he shouts a word at the dog. Turn to **249**.

112

You see nothing in the room likely to help you in your battle. Will you:

Draw your sword, grit your teeth and advance?	Turn to **142**
Search your rucksack for a weapon to use?	Turn to **105**

113

You arrive at another junction in the passage. You may either go northwards (turn to **285**) or continue eastwards (turn to **78**).

114

The passage goes south, then east and you eventually find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **359**.

115

The poor wretches lying dead at your feet almost look happy to be relieved of the burden of life. But as you look down at them, you sense that you are not the only one to know of their deaths. Looking around the room, you may:

Investigate the weapons lying around	Turn to 95
Go over to the dead body in the north-east corner	Turn to 313
Check the barrels	Turn to 330

116

The two drunken ORCS you now face are obviously startled at your entrance and, as quickly as they are able, they fumble around for the weapons. You must attack each one in turn. Their drunkenness allows you to add 1 point to your dice roll when rolling to work out your Attack Strength, during each Attack Round.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	4
Second ORC	5	5

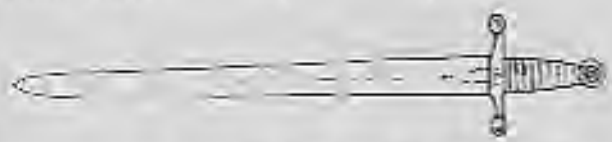

If you win the battle, turn to 378. If you wish to *Escape* during the battle, you may do so by turning to 42.

117

You are in an east–west passageway. To go east, turn to 354. To go west, turn to 308.

118

As you approach he rises from his coffin, spreads his cloak and takes you under it. Your last living memory is a flash of pain as his sharp teeth sink into your neck. You should never have let yourself get into eye-contact with a VAMPIRE!

119

You open your pack and reach inside for something suitable to throw across the cavern. Check your Equipment List, choose one item to throw and cross it off your List. If you have no Equipment you will have to throw a Gold Piece. You throw the object across the cavern, where it lands with a clatter. The Ogre looks towards the noise, and goes over to investigate. Meanwhile you creep out, down the passage and back to the junction. Turn to 269.

120

You leave the chamber, walk down a short passage and reach a staircase going up. You climb the stairs and arrive at the top in a passageway. Turn to 197.

121

The corridor goes east for several metres, then south, then east again, where it finally ends. Will you investigate the dead end (turn to 103) or return to the crossroads (turn to 359)?

122 *Their skin is a greeny-grey colour. Their clothes are tattered and torn*

122

You awake with a throbbing head and look around. The room is about eight metres square, with doors to the north and south. You have been dumped in the south-west corner. Standing motionless in the centre of the room are four men. At least, they *appear* to be men. Their skin is a greeny-grey colour. Their clothes are tattered and torn – and they are all staring vacantly at the ceiling. One carries a club, one a scythe, one an axe and one a pick. They are ignoring you completely.

Around the room are various peasant-style weapons (pitchforks, axe-handles, pointed sticks, etc.), one or two shields, and several barrels. In the north-east corner is a human corpse with a sword in one hand and a shield in the other. You move your hand up to your head to feel for signs of blood and you are relieved to find you are not bleeding. But as your hand moves, the strange creatures in the centre of the room turn their eyes down towards you. Do you:

Try to talk to them?	Turn to 268
Jump to your feet and charge them with your sword?	Turn to 282
Scramble for an exit through the south door?	Turn to 13

123

Will they believe your story about buying a boat? Skeletons are pretty simple-minded, so roll one die. A 1, 2 or 3 means they believe you, and they all go

running through the door in the north wall, leaving you alone in the Boat House. Add 2 LUCK points and turn to 184.

A 4 or 5 means they're not sure. They send two of their members through the north door whilst the other three watch you with their makeshift weapons. Turn to 164.

A roll of 6 means they definitely don't believe you and keep on advancing. Turn to 140.

124

The door opens into a wide passageway and you follow this for some distance before reaching a junction. Here you may either go northwards (turn to 138) or turn to the east (turn to 76).

125

You pick up the rope. It looks normal. In fact it looks as if it might be quite useful. You open your pack to put it in. Suddenly, it comes alive in your fingers, snakes quickly up your arm and attempts to wrap itself around your neck. You struggle to cut the rope with your sword before its grip tightens. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you cut the rope and it drops to the ground. If you are not, the rope tightens – lose 1 STAMINA point. You must *Test your Luck* again to try to cut the rope, and keep trying until you do. Each time you fail, you lose another STAMINA point (and reduce your LUCK score). If you finally defeat the rope, you may leave through the north door. Turn to 73.

126

Does the name 'Farrigo Di Maggio' mean anything to you? If not, you must fight the Dragon. Turn to 152. If it does, turn to 26.

127

He doesn't take at all kindly to your threats. As you argue and his anger builds, you notice a transformation taking place. He begins to straighten up and grows physically stronger in front of your very eyes. His face and arms grow hairy. His teeth become sharp and pointed. You must make a quick decision. Will you offer him 5 Gold Pieces to calm him down (deduct this from your Gold and turn to 272), or prepare to attack him (turn to 188)?

128

You hear a deep rumbling noise and the ground begins to shudder. Slowly and noisily the portcullis rises into the ceiling. You may now walk to the junction. Will you turn west (turn to 210) or east (turn to 58)?

129

You return to the riverbank and decide to try the door in the middle of the rockface. Turn to 104.

130

The old man asks you your stake. You may bet between 1 and 20 Gold Pieces (but not more than you possess!). He tosses the white dice he has been playing with to you and asks you to roll. Roll two

dice once for yourself and once for the old man. If your total is higher, you win the amount of your stake from the old man. If his total is higher, you lose your stake. You may continue for as long as you have Gold Pieces, and then leave through the door and return to the junction. Add 2 points to your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores if you win. Turn to 280.

131

You chat about various things and they seem eager to be friendly. They feel lonely in the dungeon with so much evil about and are happy to speak to visitors of a lawful disposition. They tell you that you are in The Maze of Zagor. The only way out is to go deeper into the dungeon. They tell you that the way through the maze is to leave the room, turn right, right, left, keep going straight . . . and then they begin to get a bit vague. They're not entirely sure it is correct.

You may, if you wish, eat a meal from your Provisions, but you will have to share it with them and thus will only gain half the normal STAMINA

points. Eventually you thank them and leave the room. Go to 291.

132

The shield is a standard wooden type. You may keep it or throw it away. Turn to 319.

133

You are in a north–south corridor which ends in a dead end. You look around the rock face for signs of anything interesting, when suddenly a rock breaks loose above you and lands on your head. Although the blow was not particularly hard, you find you are feeling dizzy. You fight to remain conscious, but are unable to do so. You slump to the ground. When you open your eyes, you are at a junction. Turn to 52.

134 *On the table there are two helmets; one of bronze and one of iron. Both are about your size*

134

The room is unoccupied and there seems to be no other means of exit. In the centre of the floor stands a table, and on this table are two helmets; one of bronze and one of iron. Both are about your size. Will you try one on, or is this worth the risk?

Try on the bronze helmet	Turn to 202
Try on the iron helmet	Turn to 325
Return to the junction	Turn to 87

135

The Wight lies in a heap in the corner of the room. You approach his desk and open the box. There are 18 Gold Pieces within the box. You may take these with you – enter them on your *Adventure Sheet*. You can add 2 LUCK points for defeating the creature and may rest a while to take some Provisions. When you are ready, you may leave by the north door. Turn to 360.

136

You arrive at the door, struggle with the lock and open the door. You burst out, closing the door behind you and take several deep breaths. Return to the junction (turn to 229).

137

You find no secret passages, but as you press the wall, you hear a click. You feel dizzy and slump to the ground. When you come to, you do not recognize your surroundings. Turn to 354.

138

The passage widens and you realize you are about to enter a large cavern. You can hear noises coming from the cavern ahead and you proceed cautiously. As you approach, you can make out a large figure in the distance and you are overawed as you realize that this oversized human must be at least three metres tall! Dressed in a leather tunic, the creature is absorbed in a meal he is eating at a table.

The cavern is at least a hundred metres across and must be the home of this GIANT. A large table and two chairs are along one of the walls, and it is here that the creature sits. Intent on his meal (a large pig), he is unlikely to notice you. Around the rest of the cavern you can see his straw mattress, a great furry pelt which may be his blanket or a shawl, and a huge stone-headed hammer, which you would have no hope of budging. A fire burns in one corner of the cavern, under a hole in the ceiling. There appears to be no other way through the cavern. Will you take on this brute (turn to 163) or return to the junction (turn to 351)?

139

During your adventure, you will have come across various keys and should have collected some of these. You may now use three of these keys to try to open the locks on the chest.

Each key is identified with a number. To determine whether you have the right keys, add their three numbers together. Now turn to the section which

has the same number as this total, where you will discover whether you have used the correct keys.

If you do not have three numbered keys, this is the end of your journey. You sit on the chest and weep as you realize that you will have to explore the mountain once more in order to find the keys.

140

The Skeletons advance and force you back to the door. The leader approaches, with two behind, and the final two behind them. Resolve the battle by first fighting the leader:

SKELETON SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

and then fighting the pairs. Both members of a pair will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Skeleton as a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is the greater, you must just count this as though you have defended against its blow. Of course if its Attack Strength is greater, it has wounded you in the normal way.

		SKILL	STAMINA
1st Pair:	SKELETON A	6	5
	SKELETON B	6	6
2nd Pair:	SKELETON A	5	6
	SKELETON B	5	5

If you win, turn to 395.

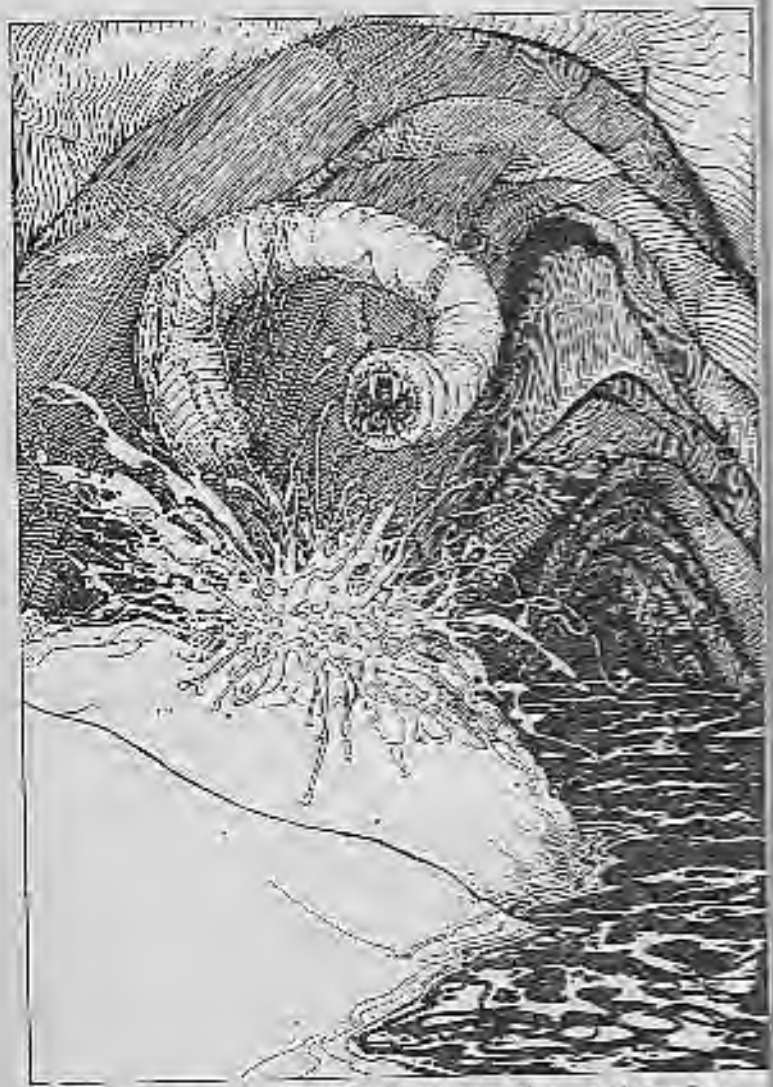

143 *Suddenly a large tubular head breaks through the surface, twists around in the air and picks up your scent.*

141

When the old man learns of your quest for treasure he becomes angry and bids you begone – he'll have nothing to do with fortune-hunters. His dog senses his anger and snarls menacingly. You may either smile, thank him and exit through the south door (turn to 66) or you may stay to try to pacify him (turn to 111).

142

His booming voice calls out, 'Poor fool. Do you think you could match my power with your puny weapon?' You continue with determination. 'If it is a simple brawl you want, stranger, then I shall give you your last!' and with these words, he vanishes and reappears behind you. You swing round to face him and the fight starts. But this is a battle to the death. There is no escaping here.

WARLOCK SKILL 11 STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to 396

143

You squat on the sandy bank. As you prepare your meal you notice a movement in the sand a couple of metres to your left. The movement becomes quite turbulent and you spring to your feet, sword at the ready. Suddenly a large tubular head breaks through the surface, twists around in the air and picks up your scent. The smooth, segmented body of a GIANT SANDWORM rears up and sways over in your direction. As it does so a large orifice,

with short, spiky teeth, opens in what must be its head. You must do battle with this creature.

GIANT SANDWORM SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **44**. If you want to *Escape*, after three Attack Rounds, you may dive into the river and swim downstream (turn to **399**), but you have lost the Provisions you started to eat.

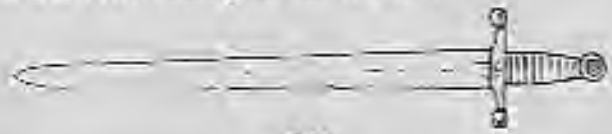

144

The creature catches your eye with its own gaze and you find yourself unable to control your own actions. It beckons you forward. You move slowly towards it with your mouth gaping open. It tells you to throw down the stake. As you look down at the stake, you suddenly feel a surge of power return to your own will, and you fling the stake at him from close range.

Test your Luck If you are Lucky, turn to **101**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **217**.

145

The box has fallen to the ground during your fight with the Snake and out of it has fallen a bronze-coloured key with the number 99 carved into it. You may take this key with you (note it on your Equipment List) and leave the room. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **363**.

146

You find no secret passages. You return to the crossroads and proceed either northwards (turn to **366**) or westwards (turn to **11**).

147

You leave the room and open the box in the passage. Inside you find a single Piece of Gold and a small mouse, which must have been the creature's pet. You keep the coin and release the mouse, which scurries off down the passageway. Gain 2 LUCK points and turn to **208**.

148

As you search the body, you try to avoid looking at the terrible face, grey and decomposing. Maggots crawl from its nose and mouth. You jump back startled when its eyes suddenly flick open! Just in time you avoid a vicious slash from its long sharp fingernails. It quickly springs to its feet and eyes you with a sadistic leer spreading across its mouth. Turn to **230**.

149

As you watch the living mural, you are unaware of the speed with which your candle is burning. Suddenly it flickers and goes out! You again begin to hear the piercing screams and their pitch grows to an unbearable level. You drop to your knees clutching your ears and crawl towards the wall. Which wall will you crawl towards:

The east wall?	Turn to 181
The north wall?	Turn to 265
The west wall?	Turn to 355

150

You are at a three-way junction.

To go north	Turn to 222
To go east	Turn to 297
To go south	Turn to 133

151

You gain ground on the 'turbulence' in the water but a few metres from the north bank you notice two sinister reptilian eyes on the surface of the water watching you. You are swimming straight for them. If you decide you'd rather not face the owner of the eyes, you may turn round and head straight back to the south bank at full speed – you arrive exhausted, lose 1 STAMINA point and turn to 218. Alternatively you can risk the eyes ahead – turn to 86. You may try a detour which will send you nearer the 'turbulence' – turn to 158.

152

Resolve your battle:

DRAGON	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 371.

153

As you put the two swords into your belt, your new one seems to take on a mind of its own. It cuts your leg (lose 1 STAMINA point) and, as you draw it out, it turns rubbery in your hand. It's useless now so you fling it into the river. It seems that the only way forward is for you to swim eastwards down the river. You plunge in and start swimming. Turn to 399.

154

As you move, the creature's eyes flash open. He sees you and slowly gets to his feet. His breathing becomes heavy and he stalks towards you. You must stand and fight him. Turn to 41.

155

The door splits along its length and you can wrench the timbers apart to let yourself in. A torch hangs

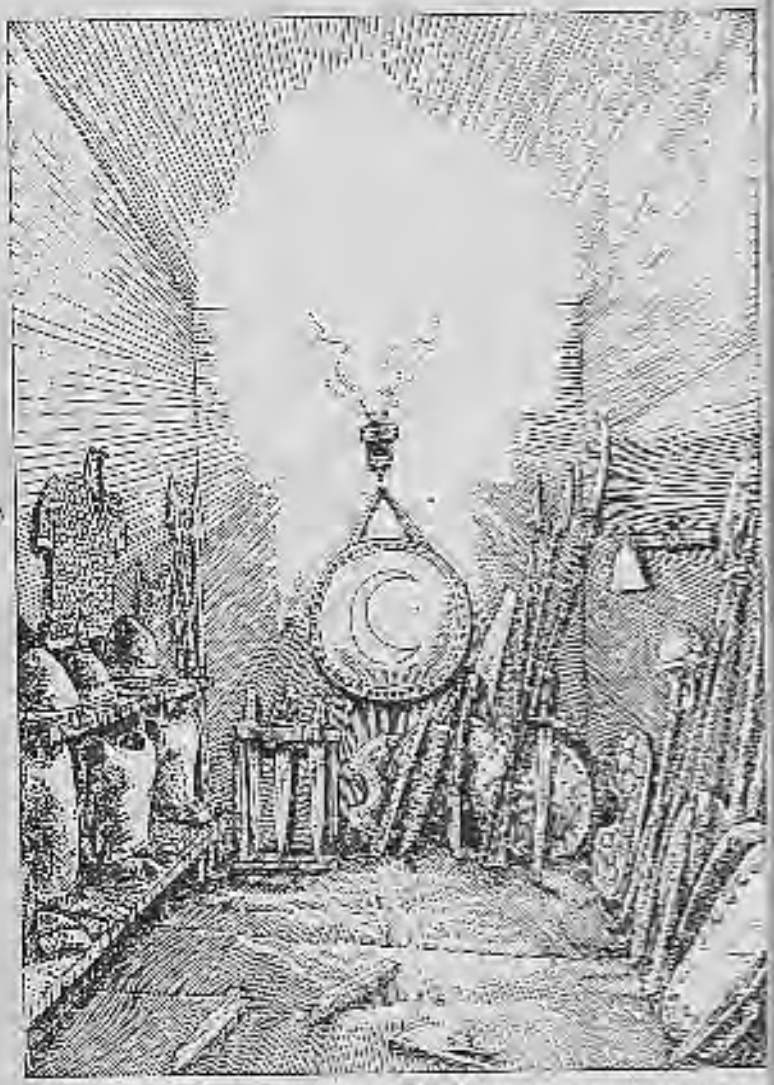

155 *A torch hangs from one wall lighting up a small armoury room stocked with swords, shields, helmets, daggers and the like*

from one wall lighting up a small armoury room stocked with swords, shields, helmets, daggers, breastplates and the like. You examine the weaponry and find nothing appearing superior to your own sword. However, a circular iron shield with a golden crescent at its centre catches your eye. You pick it up and feel its weight on your arm. If you wish to take this shield it will aid you in battles by helping to fend off wound damage inflicted by a creature on you. If, in future during a battle in which you are using this shield, a creature wounds you, you may throw one die. If you throw a 6, the creature inflicts only 1 point of damage instead of the normal 2. If, for some reason, the creature would normally only inflict 1 point of damage, then a successful roll of 6 would mean that no damage is done. However, the shield is heavy and you will have to leave behind one item of equipment (adjust your Equipment List) to be able to carry it.

You now leave the room and continue up the corridor. Turn to 300.

156

You charge the door with your shoulder. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you succeed – turn to 343. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, you rub your bruised shoulder and decide against trying again. Turn to 92 to return to the junction.

157

The door opens into an east- west passage, which turns north after several metres. To follow this direction, turn to 4. If you decide against going through the door, turn to 329.

158

The water around you bristles with activity, as if an invisible hand is dropping unseen pebbles into the river. You gulp – PIRANHAS! – and you begin to feel their sharp teeth biting into your flesh. You kick with your limbs and slash with your weapons to keep them off until you reach the south bank. Treat the Piranhas as a single creature.

PIRANHAS	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

Resolve this battle.

If you win, you manage to scramble out of the water and lie panting on the south bank. You may eat Provisions here. Turn to 218.

159

You open the door into a large room which can only be the dining room of the same warty-faced creatures you now recognize. Sitting round a large table are five ORCS busily drinking and dribbling their bowls of rat-gizzard soup. All are involved in a rowdy argument as to who will get to chew the rat bones left in the large soup cauldron, so they do not see you enter. You may be bold and prepare to attack them (turn to 365) or you may not relish the prospect of taking on five of these creatures and try

to escape. If you wish to leave the room, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you get out without them noticing (turn to 237) – there is no penalty for escaping. If you are Unlucky, they notice you. Prepare for battle and turn to 365.

160

You follow a long, narrow passageway which goes south, then east, then south again until you eventually find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to 267

161

Make sure you have noted the reference as instructed on the last page! You will return to that reference after dealing with the creature you are about to encounter.

Your tappings and scrapings at the rock face as you search for secret doors and passageways resound through the dungeon corridors. Various creatures roam freely through the underworld and your noises have just attracted the attentions of one of the following monsters.

Roll one die. Consult the table below and over to find out what has come to investigate. Fight the creature as normal. Wandering monsters never carry any treasure. If you defeat this monster, return to the reference you have noted.

Die roll	Creature	SKILL	STAMINA
1	GOBLIN	5	3
2	ORC	6	3
3	GREMLIN	6	4

(Over page)

4	GIANT RAT	5	4
5	SKELETON	6	5
6	TROLL	8	4

162

The passageway ahead runs northwards and you follow this until you reach another junction. Here you may either continue northwards (turn to 23) or you may turn westwards (turn to 69).

163

You draw your sword and enter the cavern. The Giant stops in the middle of a mouthful, raises his head and sniffs the air. He swings round and catches sight of you approaching. Roaring loudly, he flings the pig's carcass at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, it misses. If you are Unlucky, it hits you with quite some force – lose 1 STAMINA point. Then he picks up his hammer and prepares to club you with it. Resolve this battle.

GIANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 28. You may *Escape* after three Attack Rounds down the passageway, where he will not be able to follow (turn to 351).

164

You realize that the two Skeletons who have just run off will soon return and expose your bluff. You must react quickly. Will you beat a hasty retreat through the door behind you (turn to 129) or draw your sword and lash out at the remaining Skeletons (turn to 236)?

165

The old man thanks you and rather sheepishly ties up his boots. You explain that you mean no harm and he calms down, calling off his dog. He tells you that this area is the only passageway through to the inner chambers. Some years ago the river swelled after a particularly severe spring thaw and cut off supplies from the outside world. All the area's inhabitants starved to death but the Master, realizing he needed defences against the outside world, put a curse on the area. The last remaining creatures became the Undead and now guard the passageways through.

He starts to inquire about you. Will you:

Be straight with him and tell him of your quest?	Turn to 141
Thank him for the chat and leave through the south door?	Turn to 66
Try to grab the keys and go for the nearest door?	Turn to 249

166

You land in the icy water and frantically swim for the south bank. To your amazement the raft turns round in mid-stream and makes its own way back to the south bank. You quicken your pace, aware that your splashings may at any time attract the attentions of any underwater creatures living in the river.

Roll one die. If you roll a 1, 2, 3 or 4 you make it safely back to the south bank. Turn to 218. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to 158.

168 *With the whip in his hand, the Orc Chieftain has been beating his servant, who is whimpering beneath him*

167

You find a secret door which opens into the bend where two passageways meet. To the north a short passage runs into a dead end, and to the east, the passageway reaches a crossroads. If you will step through this secret door into the passageway, turn to 187. If you decide against going through the secret door, close it and return down the passage to the crossroads turn to 359.

168

You open the door to a large room. A large chair behind a solid-looking table suggests to you that someone, or *something*, of rank uses this room. A chest in the centre catches your eye. In a corner of the room stands a man-sized creature with a warty face, standing over a smaller creature of similar race. With the whip in his hand, the ORC CHIEFTAIN has been beating his servant, who is whimpering beneath him. Will you:

Attack them both?	Turn to 372
Spring at the Chieftain in the hope that his servant will aid you?	Turn to 65
Leave the room and head back for the junction?	Turn to 293

169

One by one all the keys click and turn in the locks. You have placed them all correctly! As the last key turns, the lid of the chest comes free and you open it. Turn to 400 to see what lies within

170

The crucifix is solid silver and worth 4 Gold Pieces. Record this on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **319**.

171

You are standing at the north end of a short north-south passage. You are at a dead end. To investigate the wall, turn to **337**. To go southwards, turn to **187**.

172

The old man's eyes flutter open. He sees you and grabs for a half oar lying by his bench. You tell him you mean him no harm but he remains on guard and eyes you cautiously. Although he looks harmless enough, his dog could be dangerous. The man's boots are undone. Will you:

Rush the dog with your weapon drawn?	Turn to **249**
Ask the man questions regarding your quest?	Turn to **141**
Tell him his boots are undone?	Turn to **165**

173

Silver weapons only will be effective here. When the creature inflicts its *third* wound on you, turn to **24**. If you defeat it before this happens, turn to **135**, or you may *Escape* through the north door (turn to **360**). If you can use 'The Giver of Sleep', *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you hit and the creature dies instantly. If you are Unlucky, you miss

174

Turn to **198**.

175

You are standing in a narrow corridor. Behind you is a secret door to the east. Ahead of you is a crossroads. To go through the door, turn to **177**. To walk to the crossroads, turn to **267**.

176

As you walk up the passage, it visibly widens and eventually you find yourself standing at the mouth of a rough cavern, a natural cave in the rock. As you look into the darkness, the cavern appears to be about 30 metres deep, with no visible exit. Do you want to go into the cavern (turn to **270**) or go back to the junction (turn to **375**)?

177

You are standing in a north-south passage. To the north you can see a passage off to the east. To investigate, turn to **52**. To the south, the passage turns westwards. You may go to the southern end of the passage by turning to **391**. In the west wall in front of you is a secret door. To go through this, turn to **175**.

178

You tiptoe precariously across the room to the door in the north wall. You open the door and proceed through it. Turn to **162**

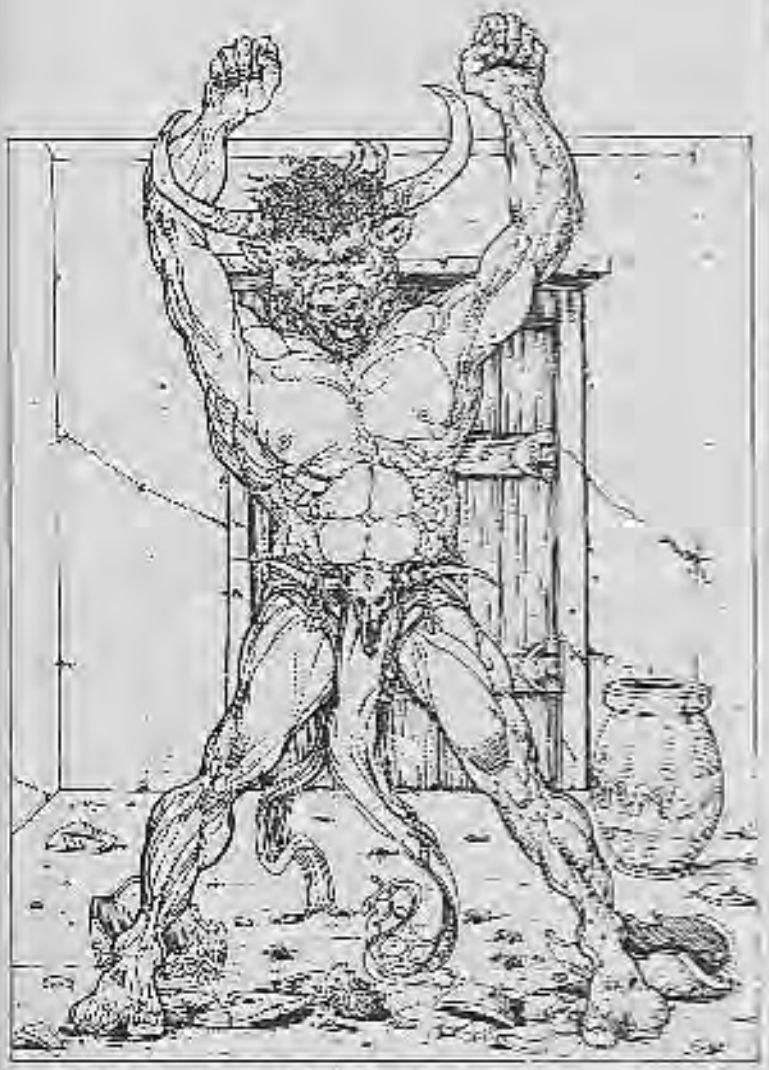

179 You swing round to face a strange-looking creature, half man, half bull – who is glaring at you.

179

You have entered a large square room. Broken pottery lies scattered all about. One large clay vase is untouched and is full of clear liquid. A large bowl is full of gold coins. As you enter the room the door slams behind you and you swing round to face a strange-looking creature, half man, half bull – who is glaring at you. He is a MINOTAUR, and he stalks towards you!

He lowers his head, horns pointing at your chest, and charges. You must fight him:

MINOTAUR SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

After three Attack Rounds, you manoeuvre yourself round to be able to run through the door. If you wish to *Escape* at this time, turn to 54 and pay the penalty. If you continue fighting and kill him, turn to 258. If you have already been in this room on this adventure and killed the Minotaur, you find it empty. Leave and turn to 54.

180

The passageway goes west and then south. Finally you come to a stop at a dead end. You may return to the three-way junction and go east (turn to 70) or north (turn to 329), or you may investigate the dead end (turn to 22).

181

You run along the wall searching for a door but find none. Your ears are on fire with the agony! Lose 1

SKILL point. You may try either the west wall (turn to 355) or the north wall (turn to 265), but you must find a way out soon!

182

Two of the keys fit the locks perfectly. The other doesn't. You leap to one side as a jet of clear liquid spurts from the chest. It just misses, but you lose 2 STAMINA points as the liquid emits an acidic vapour which makes you cough and choke.

You return to the chest and try another combination of three keys. Add the key totals and turn to that section.

If you have no more keys to try, you sit down exhausted and in despair after having got so near to your goal. Remember to look for keys next time you enter the dungeon!

183

You search the bodies of the dead Orcs but find only a few teeth, nails, bones and knives in their pockets. You search the cupboards around the room but find only crude bowls, plates and spoons. But under the serving hatch you find a thin leather case half a metre long. You may open the case (turn to 266) or you may leave it behind and walk out of the door (turn to 237). You are proud of your victory and may add 1 SKILL and 5 STAMINA points.

184

You are alone in the Boat House and have some time to search before the Skeletons will inevitably return.

You may either search the drawers (turn to 322) in the room, or may investigate the tools (turn to 34) before they come back. As you begin to search you hear a noise from behind the door in the north wall.

185

The hand withers and shrinks back into the floor. At the same time, the other hands stop dead and slowly fade away downwards into the tiles. You decide this time to step on the star-shaped tiles, and step carefully across to the door in the north wall. The door opens. Add 2 LUCK points. Turn to 162.

186

Turn to 198.

187

You are standing in the corner of a bend in the passage. To the north the passage ends in a dead end. To investigate this, turn to 171. To go eastwards, turn to 308.

188

He now stands just under two metres tall. He advances towards you. His body is hairy. His teeth are pointed. His eyes flash. His fingernails are sharp claws. His nose has become a rat-like snout. He is a WERERAT!

WERERAT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

Resolve your battle with him. If you win, turn to 342. If you decide to *Escape*, you may run over the rickety bridge (turn to 209).

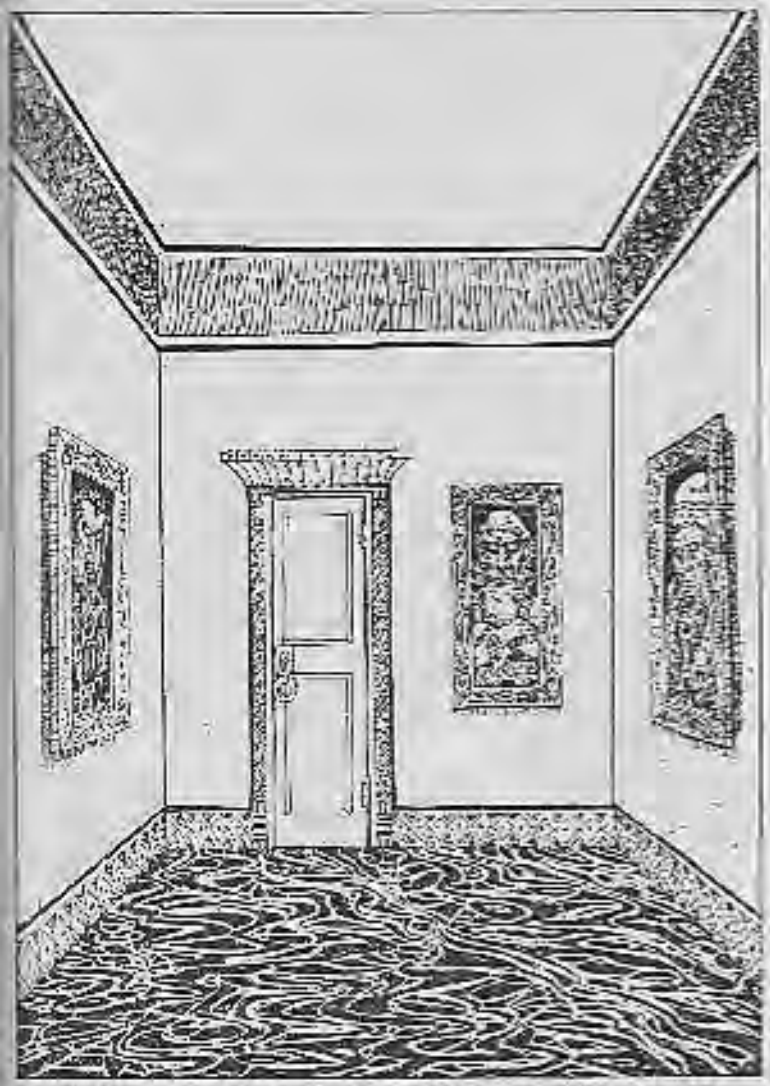

189 *This room is splendidly decorated, with a polished marble floor and rough walls painted white.*

189

The door opens into a short corridor which ends several metres ahead at another door, similar to the one you have just come through. You listen and hear nothing. You try the handle and it turns, allowing you into another room of a similar size. But this room is splendidly decorated, with a polished marble floor and rough walls painted white. On each of the four walls hangs a painting, and there is another door in the north wall. You can either go straight through the room (turn to 90) or you may stop to look at the paintings (turn to 25).

190

You are in a narrow north–south corridor. There is a dead end to the north. You may check the dead end (turn to 167) or give up and return to the crossroads (turn to 359).

191

He shrieks and hides behind his desk. He is terrified of your aggressive manner. His squeaky little voice explains that he is the Mazemaster in charge of The Maze of Zagor. You talk to him and reassure him that you mean no harm and he eventually comes out from behind the desk. He sits down and as his confidence returns, a strange thing happens. His manner becomes firm and self-assured. He refers to a book, points his finger and the book slips from the shelf and floats on to the desk in front of him. You deduce that he is a Wizard of some power, perhaps even the dungeon Master himself, come to

193 *Mosaics and marble inlays give this room a kind of beauty you have never seen before*

investigate you. You ask him the way out of the maze. He tells you to leave by the south door, walk past a door on your right until you can go no further and turn left. Go over a crossroads and turn left at the next one.

If you take his advice, leave through the south door and keep going until you reach the second crossroads	Turn to 308
If you leave through the south door but intend to make your own way round	Turn to 392
If you leave via the west door	Turn to 46

192

Turn to 169.

193

The door opens and you enter a small room. Your eyes widen as you look around to see that the walls of the room are covered in ornate stonework. Mosaics and marble inlays give this room a kind of beauty you have never seen before. In a corner of the room is a large metal statue of a one-eyed creature. In its single eye is a sparkling jewel. As there appear to be no other ways through the room, you will have to go back to the junction – but that large jewel is very tempting. Will you leave it alone and go back to the junction (turn to 93) or try to take the jewel with you (turn to 338)?

194

You load the bow and fire, but despair as the arrow

flies through the air directly at him, stops centimetres from his chest and falls to the floor. He looks up and smiles at you with an evil, gloating smile. What can you do:

Draw your sword and advance?	Turn to 142
Try something else from your backpack?	Turn to 105

195

This is a rather unlikely story, considering that they see very few humans around. Nevertheless, Skeletons are pretty dim – you knew this and that's why you tried the story. Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, they don't believe you and keep on advancing. Turn to 140.

A 3 or 4 means that they aren't sure, and send two of their number off through the north door whilst the rest hold you at bay with their weapons. Turn to 164.

A roll of 5 or 6 means they've believed you and they all get back to work! Turn to 9. Add 2 LUCK points

196

You search the room. Try as you may you cannot find the secret switch to open the door in the bookshelf – the old man must have locked it from the inside. You do find 5 Gold Pieces in a drawer in the table. You decide to return to the junction to the south. Turn to 280.

197

At the top of the stairs the passage turns sharply to

the east. As you pause to get your bearings, you hear a creaking in the rock behind you. You spin round in time to see a heavy portcullis drop to seal off the passageway behind you. Your only way now is forward! You may either press on forward (turn to 48) or may check the walls for secret passages (turn to 295).

198

One of the keys turns, but the other two will not fit. As you struggle to try to make them turn, you hear two small clicks and then 'pings' as two miniature darts shoot from the chest at you. You leap backwards to try to avoid them, crack your head on the wall behind you, and slump to the floor, unconscious.

Test *your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the darts miss you, and you awake with a sore head. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are Unlucky, the darts strike and you never recover consciousness. If you *were* Lucky, you may try different keys (remember – *one* of the keys you just used fits perfectly). Add the key totals and turn to that page.

If you have tried all combinations for the keys that you have, you bury your head in your hands and weep after having got so far. You are so near to achieving your objective, but you will have to try again. Re-enter the dungeon – but remember to look for keys as you progress!

199

The passageway ahead widens and you can see

ahead a large cavern. As you shine your lantern around it you can see crude stone weapons on the floor and a smouldering fire in the centre of the cave. But you see no way through. As you turn to make your way back you stop in your tracks to see two Neanderthal CAVEMEN barring your exit. They grunt aggressively at you. You draw your sword and must prepare to fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CAVEMAN	7	6
Second CAVEMAN	6	4

Fight them one at a time. If you win, leave the cavern and return to the junction. Turn to **283**.

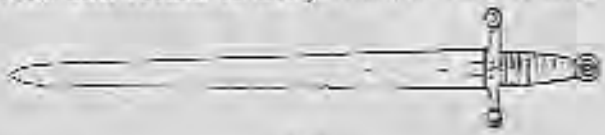

200

Turn to **387**.

201

You sink to the floor. You pull the dart out and decide to bandage the wound. This gives some relief, but you still feel weak. You decide to take it easy and examine the contents of the chest, but if you wish you may eat some Provisions here. There are 25 Gold Pieces and the label on the bottle shows it to be a Potion of Invisibility, good for one dose. The glove is a mystery. You may put any or all of these into your haversack and leave the room. Turn to **293**.

202

You place the helmet on your head. It fits well. Suddenly a searing pain flashes across your forehead. You cannot think straight. This helmet is cursed and, try as you might, you cannot remove it! Reduce your SKILL score by 1. The pain soon subsides, but you still cannot shift the helmet. You stagger back to the junction, trying desperately to compose yourself. Turn to **87**.

203

Add 1 point to your LUCK for defeating the Werewolf. You may rest and eat Provisions if you wish. As you look around the room there appears to be little of use, although the bunch of keys looks interesting, particularly the one marked 'Boat House'. None are numbered. You may take the keys if you wish. There are doors to the west and south. If you open the west door, go to **38**. If you want to go south, turn to **66**.

204

The old man does not look up from the table, but his devilish little pet eyes you suspiciously and starts chattering in a small squeaky voice. The old man grunts and asks you whether you are game for a wager. Will you accept (you may only do so if you have at least one Gold Piece with you)? If so, turn to **130**. If not, you may either leave the room (turn to **280**) or attack the man (turn to **377**).

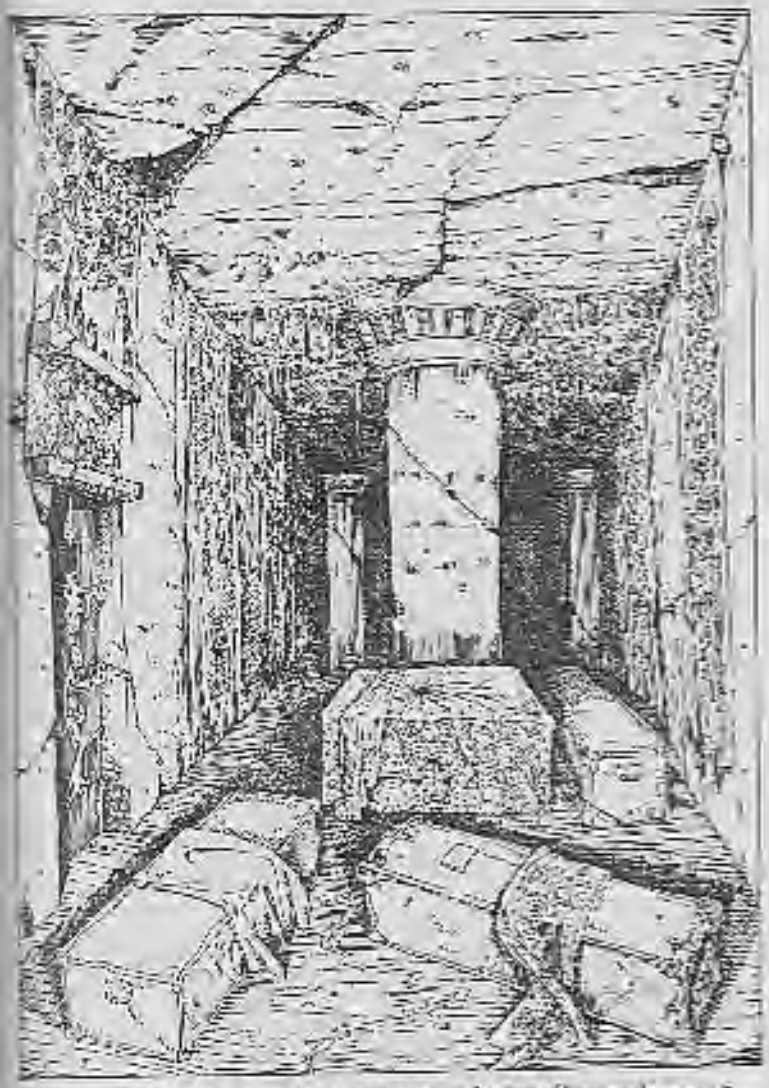

205 *The room is very large. At one end is an altar, and various coffins are strewn about the room.*

205

The door opens and you find yourself in a dark crypt of some kind. The room is very large. At one end is an altar, and various coffins are strewn about the room. There is a door behind you in the south wall, and also one in the west wall. If you want to investigate the room further, turn to 254. If the place gives you the creeps, you can leave via the west door (turn to 380).

206

You enter a large square room. In the centre of the room is a grey-haired old man sitting at a desk. His desk is covered in papers and parchments of various sorts and he holds a long quill pen. He is surrounded by books. Thousands of them line the shelves around the walls, from floor to ceiling. As you enter he looks up at you. Will he recognize you? If you have been in this room before, turn to 284; if not, turn to 341.

207

Going through the door you enter a large room. Various bits of wooden debris are strewn untidily across the floor. Apart from your entrance door, there is also a door in the north wall. In one corner is a crude wooden desk with a box on it. In another corner, apparently asleep (or dead), is a hideous-looking man-sized creature with warty skin, wild hair and long claws for fingernails. Will you tiptoe out through the north door (turn to 83) or tiptoe across to the desk to look at the box (turn to 154)?

208

Further up the passage along the west wall you see another door. You listen at it but hear nothing. If you want to try opening the door, turn to 397. If you want to continue northwards, turn to 363.

209

The timbers of the bridge are rotting and decayed from years of neglect. A single plank snaps under your foot. Roll one die. A roll of 6 sends you splashing into the river below – turn to 158. A roll of 1–5 means you regain your footing. Turn to 47.

210

Shortly along the passage you arrive at another junction where you may go either straight ahead westwards (turn to 225) or northwards (turn to 357)

211

Wights are vulnerable only to weapons made of solid silver. If the weapon you are using is not made of silver, have one more Attack Round. Remember that any wounds he inflicts on you will count, but your wounds will not harm him, and he will still be at full strength (SKILL 9 STAMINA 6) unless you have chosen a silver weapon.

If you have a silver weapon, you had better use it now and turn to 173. If you have not, or if you have suffered enough damage, you'd better run for the north door – turn to 360. Remember that you are *Escaping* here and he inflicts a final wound as you flee

212

The parchment is well worn and almost illegible. It is a map of some sort, headed *'The Maze of Zagor'*. You can make little sense of it, although a room to the north is marked '. . . GER' and another to the east is marked 'SM . . . P . . . LE'.

You fold up the map and put it in your pocket. If you have not yet tested the liquid and wish to do so, turn to 369. Otherwise, you can make your way northwards (turn to 120).

213

The door is locked. You may try to charge it down by rolling two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your SKILL score, the door bursts open – turn to 36. If the number is greater than your SKILL score, the door remains locked, you lose 1 STAMINA point for your bruised shoulder and you must progress up the passage – turn to 314.

214

Facing northwards, the rock face is smooth and glistening with moisture. Moss of many different hues grows on the surface. There is an eerie silence punctuated only by the splashings of the river as it flows behind you. You have three options:

A passage runs off to the north-west. If you take this route	Turn to 271
A large timber door is directly in front of you in the middle of the rock face. If you open the door	Turn to 104

(third option overleaf)

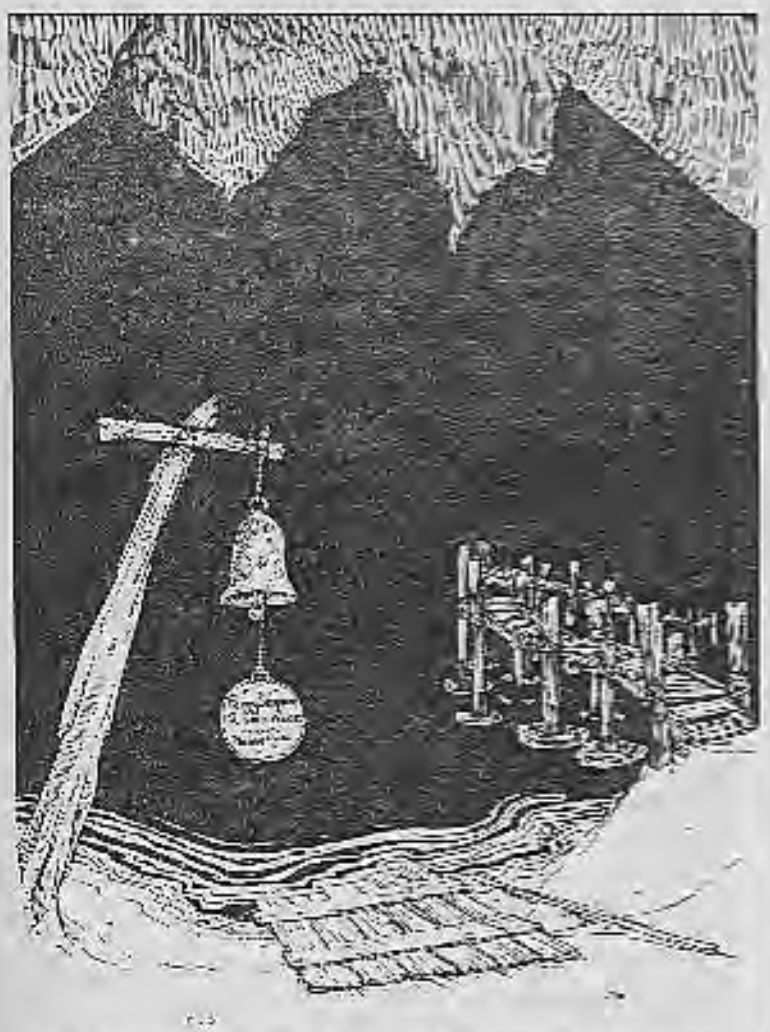

218 *You are on the south bank of an underground river, facing across its black depths*

Another passage runs out along the river eastwards. To follow this along the riverbank Turn to 99

215

You reach into your pack for the stick only to find it split in two pieces! It has broken during your adventure. What else can you try:

Draw your sword and advance? Turn to 142
Try something else from your pack? Turn to 105

216

The water is refreshing. As you drink more you feel a glow spreading through your body as if you were drinking at the fountain of life. Add 4 STAMINA points, and restore your SKILL and LUCK scores to their *Initial* levels. The fountain of life for you must be the fountain of death for the evil Goblins. You may eat Provisions here. When you have rested leave through the north door. Turn to 384

217

The stake narrowly misses the Vampire's head. As you watch it travel, you pick up the creature's gaze again. He beckons you towards him once more. Your will has gone. Turn to 118

218

You are on the south bank of an underground river facing across its black depths. There appear to be four ways of crossing. To your left, a rusted bell bears the sign 'Ferry Service 2 Gold Pieces – Please

Ring.' There is a small raft in front of you on the bank with a long stick resting beside it: you could punt across the river. A rickety old bridge crosses on the right. If you don't trust any of these, you may swim. Which will you choose?

Ring the bell	Turn to 3
Punt the raft across	Turn to 386
Risk the bridge	Turn to 209
Swim	Turn to 316

219

Turn to 182.

220

He is enraged by your pleasantries. He waves his hand in the air, mumbles a few strange syllables and then points at you. You feel your head spinning and pass out. You awake in a dead-end passage. Turn to 171.

221

What are these mysterious items you have collected? Which have you written down first on your Equipment List:

The armour?	Turn to 72
The shield?	Turn to 132
The sword?	Turn to 27
The gold?	Turn to 110
The crucifix?	Turn to 170

222

You walk up a long corridor, round a sharp hairpin bend at the top and finally along an east–west corridor, eastwards to a crossroads. Turn to 85.

223

The door is firmly locked. You may try to force it open (turn to 53) or you may continue along the corridor (turn to 300).

224

As your eyes watch the creature's movements, they suddenly make contact with its piercing stare. You are mesmerized and, as it beckons you towards it, your will disappears. Turn to 118

225

The passageway continues westwards and then turns due north. Some way up, you reach a junction where a narrow passage runs off to the west. Will you continue northwards (turn to 77) or take the west way (turn to 63)?

226

You walk a short distance south and find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to 267.

227 *Sitting in the room around a wooden table are four tiny men, with weathered skin and long bushy beards*

227

The door opens and you find yourself in a small, smoke-filled room. Sitting in the room around a wooden table are four tiny men, each about one metre tall, but all are apparently fully mature, with weathered skin and long, bushy beards. They are cursing, laughing and joking as they play a card game. Each one is leaning back on his tiny chair, puffing a long clay pipe. On the table are a number of copper coins and four mugs of ale.

As you walk in, their merriment stops. They are on their guard but don't appear to be too dangerous. One stands up and makes some comment about your lack of manners, not knocking before you came in. The others nod their agreement. Do you:

Chat to them and try to befriend them?	Turn to 131
Apologize, bow and leave the room?	Turn to 291
Offer to join in their card game?	Turn to 100
Draw your sword and go for the leader?	Turn to 20

If you have already been in this room, you find it empty. Turn to 291

228

You find no secret passageways. You are careful not to make too much noise in case you attract any wandering creatures. You stop and listen but cannot hear anything. You return to the crossroads. Turn to 85

229

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn right. Turn to 69.

230

The creature now standing before you is a semi-decayed man. His quick eyes dart from side to side watching you. His long tongue flashes out with a hissing noise. His teeth and nails are sharp and he doesn't seem to be afraid of your weapon. He is a GHOUL!

GHOUL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

He has the ability to paralyse you if he scores four separate wounds on you during this battle, so beware! If you defeat him, turn to 390. If he kills or paralyses you, turn to 64.

231

Turn to 182.

232

Almost exhausted after your awkward fight with the Spider, you set to work on hacking the boots off with your sword. Eventually they come free and you may leave the cavern down the passageway and back to the junction. Turn to 375.

233

Turn to 198.

234

You find no secret passages. However, your rummagings attract the attentions of something sinister . . . Turn to 161 to discover what has appeared in the passageway in front of you. Fight this monster.

If you defeat the creature, you can continue up the passageway by turning to 43. Write down '43' so you will know where to go.

235

You follow the passage westwards, then it turns sharply to the north and, some metres further on, a passage runs off to the west. If you would like to go along the westwards passage, turn to 176. If you want to carry on northwards up the passage, turn to 5.

236

The battle commences. The Skeletons attack you one by one:

	SKILL	STAMINA
SKELETON A	6	5
SKELETON B	6	6
SKELETON C	5	5

If you win, turn to 395.

240 *You open the lid and a small Snake darts out to bite at your wrist!*

237

You move swiftly down the passage and arrive back at the junction. Turn northwards this time – turn to 285.

238

You are at a three-way junction:

To go east	Turn to 70
To go west	Turn to 180
To go north	Turn to 329

239

You think back to the words of the old man. 'You might need it sooner than you think . . .' You grope in your pack and pull out the candle. Immediately it lights itself of its own accord. The howling stops and the room appears bathed in a blue light from the candle. On the walls, the figures in the mural are *moving*! They are mouthing silent screams as if trapped in a two-dimensional hell. On the wall opposite is another door, which you may leave through (turn to 88), or you may stay to investigate (turn to 149). Add 1 LUCK for your foresight.

240

The box is light, but something rattles within. You open the lid and a small SNAKE darts out to bite at your wrist! You must fight the Snake.

SNAKE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 2

If you kill the Snake, turn to 145.

241

As you attack the portrait with the wooden stake, you feel a wrench of pain in your wrist. You are forced by some unseen power to drop the stake. You decide to run and leave through the north door. Turn to **90**, but lose 1 more SKILL point in awe of the Warlock's power.

242

The door opens to reveal a small, dimly lit room. The walls are hung with ornate curtains, laced in silver and gold. A single flame burns in one corner, throwing light on a low table in the middle of the floor. On this table is a large chest. You step up to investigate the chest and from all around, yet from nowhere, a mysterious sound fills the room. It sounds like the rumbling of thunder clouds preparing to make storm.

You approach the chest and can see that it is held shut by three locks. As you approach, the noise gets louder. Will you:

Hack at the box with your sword to try to split it open?	Turn to **379**
Search through your bags to see if you can find keys to fit?	Turn to **139**

243

To your horror, you realize that this dummy lever was a trap! Although it looked like a handle, it was in fact a wax-coated sword blade and it has now cut your hand badly. Did you use your right or your left hand?

Roll one die. If the number you roll is odd, this was your sword hand and your fighting prowess has been severely hampered. Lose 3 SKILL points and 1 STAMINA. If you rolled an even number, you used your other hand, and so the injury is not quite so important. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA. If you now wish to pull the right lever, turn to **128**. If you don't wish to pull the right lever, you won't be getting much further – and remember which hand you will use!

244

The passage runs northwards, and ahead you can hear the splashings of an underground river. The air becomes cool and fresh. You soon reach a wide opening of a river bank but despair as you look across to see no way through on the other side. To the east the river flows through a cave in the rock. You may either sit, rest and eat Provisions (turn to **143**) or continue by what seems to be the only way forward, jumping into the river and swimming downstream (turn to **399**).

245

Turn to 198.

246

You set off south along a cobbled passageway. It swings west, then south, then west again until you find yourself at a three-way junction.

To go north	Turn to 329
To go west	Turn to 180
To go back east	Turn to 70

247

He is a little startled by your onslaught, but simply raises his hand. As he does so, you suddenly collide heavily into . . . apparently nothing. You sit on the floor in a heap, rubbing your nose. Lose 2 STAMINA points. The old man chuckles and says, 'You poor fool. Did you think I was defenceless in such a den of evil as this? You will regret your folly.' You rise to your feet and return to the passageway, turning north up the corridor. Turn to 292.

248

The creature that has just awakened is an ORC! He scrambles to his feet and turns to grasp at a rope which is probably the alarm bell. You must attack him quickly.

ORC SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you defeat him, you may continue up the passage – turn to 301.

249

The dog springs as you move. Its hideous black teeth are coming straight for your throat! Two metres from you, a blast of fire shoots from its mouth right at your face! You duck just in time but must now fight the beast.

DOG SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

In addition to its normal attack, throw one die every Attack Round for its fiery breath. On a roll of 1 or 2, it scorches you for 1 point of damage – subtract from your STAMINA – but on a roll of 3–6, you avoid the blast. You may use your LUCK against the fire. The only *Escape* open is through the south door (turn to 66).

The old man watches the fight but does not move unless you kill his dog. If you kill the dog, you may *Escape* through the south door (turn to 66), but you will not have time to take anything with you. If you wish to stay, turn to 304. Add 1 LUCK point anyway.

250

You are in a short passageway which comes to a dead end several metres ahead of you. You study the rock face carefully but there appears to be no

251 As you stand on the pebbled bank you hear a fluttering of wings and look up to see three Giant Bats swooping down

way through. You return to the crossroads and this time continue straight ahead northwards. Turn to 366.

251

The passageway twists sharply northwards and ahead you can hear water flowing. You eventually reach the south bank of an underground river. As you stand on the pebbled bank you hear a fluttering of wings and look up to see three GIANT BATS swooping down on you to attack. Fight these three as a single creature:

GIANT BATS SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 344. You may *Escape* by jumping into the river (turn to 399).

252

You pull the lever and, with a great groaning noise, the rock face in front of you and the ground you are standing on start to move. As if you were on a giant rotating table, you spin round until you stand on the *other* side of a rock face in a north–south passage. Will you go north (turn to 312) or south (turn to 226)?

253

The passageway ends in another wooden door, this time a small one with a carved bone handle. You listen but hear nothing coming from inside. You try the handle and the door opens into a pear-shaped room with a rough stone floor, making walking across it somewhat awkward. In one corner of the room is a pile of rubble, mainly stones and dust, but

there are also two odd-shaped pieces of wood and a length of rope. A door in the north wall leads on. Will you:

Examine the bits of wood?	Turn to 328
Study the length of rope?	Turn to 125
Leave through the north door?	Turn to 73

254

The silence is deathly. A slow drip startles you as you creep around the coffins. The altar is ornately carved and studded with jewels. Beautifully woven drapes hang from the walls although they are threadbare in places. There are three coffins in the room. A creaking noise makes you whirl round and the light from your lantern falls on the largest coffin. It is opening!

As you watch, a tall man with a white face sits upright. His eyes open and fall on you. His expression changes from one of tranquillity to one of abject hate. His mouth opens and a terrifying hiss comes from his throat. His teeth are wolf-like. He beckons you to come over. Do you:

Approach him as he wishes?	Turn to 352
Draw your sword and prepare to fight?	Turn to 333
Reach into your bag for another means of attack?	Turn to 279
Run for the west door?	Turn to 380

255

The passageway ends in a sturdy wooden door. If

you want to try opening it, turn to 193. If you want to go back to the junction and try another route, turn to 93.

256

You are at a junction where you may go north (turn to 398), although this passage ends shortly in a dead end. You may go west (turn to 297) or you may go south (turn to 114).

257

The passageway runs straight for several metres and then ends at a wooden door. You listen at the door and hear angry shouting coming from within. Will you investigate (turn to 168) or turn back (turn to 293)?

258

You sort through the broken pots and find little of interest. The liquid looks, smells and tastes like water. The coins in the pot are a fraud. Eight genuine Gold Pieces lie on the surface of the pile (and you may take these) but underneath are merely painted pieces of pot.

As you tip the vase out it slips and breaks. A red-coloured key appears, hidden inside a false bottom in the bowl. You may take this key. It is inscribed with the number 111.

You may rest here and eat some Provisions. You may add 2 LUCK points for defeating the Minotaur. Finally you leave the room. Turn to 54.

259

As you swim to the bank away from the Crocodile you look back to see the mysterious 'turbulence' approach the reptile's body, break into a frenzy and then move off, leaving not a trace of the animal. Thankful that you were not there to find out what it was, you lift yourself out of the water on to the north bank. Add 1 SKILL and 2 LUCK points. Turn to 7.

260

You find no secret passages. If you are on your way north, turn to 359. If you are going south, turn to 329.

261

You reach the junction and continue eastwards. Turn to 345.

262

Some way up the passage, you reach another junction where you may either go eastwards (turn to 199) or turn westwards (turn to 251).

263

You shout: 'You are freed, old man!' at the top of your voice. Instantly, his rantings cease. He stops dead in his tracks and sinks to the floor, weeping loudly. As he gradually composes himself, he thanks you many times. You talk with him in the hope of discovering some of the secrets of the mountain and he begins to tell his story. Many years ago he was an adventurer like you in search of the

Warlock's treasure. He was captured by the Orcs and thrown into his solitary cell as a sort of pet for the creatures. You ask whether he would like to accompany you into the mountain, but he simply wants to leave and see the world again. You ask him for advice but he says he knows little. He advises you to pay your respects to the boatman. He tells you that you must pull the right-hand lever on the wall ahead to open the iron gate at the end of the passage. He has also learned that the keys to the Boat House are guarded by a man and his dog. You shake hands, leave the room and go your separate ways. Add 1 LUCK. Turn to 314.

264

There is no way you are going to charge the door down, as it is twelve centimetres of solid oak! You bruise your sword arm at the attempt – lose 1 SKILL point. You can only get through the door if you have the Boat House key (if you have this key, turn to 80, and more fool you for not using it straightaway). Otherwise you will have to return to the riverbank and try again. Turn to 129.

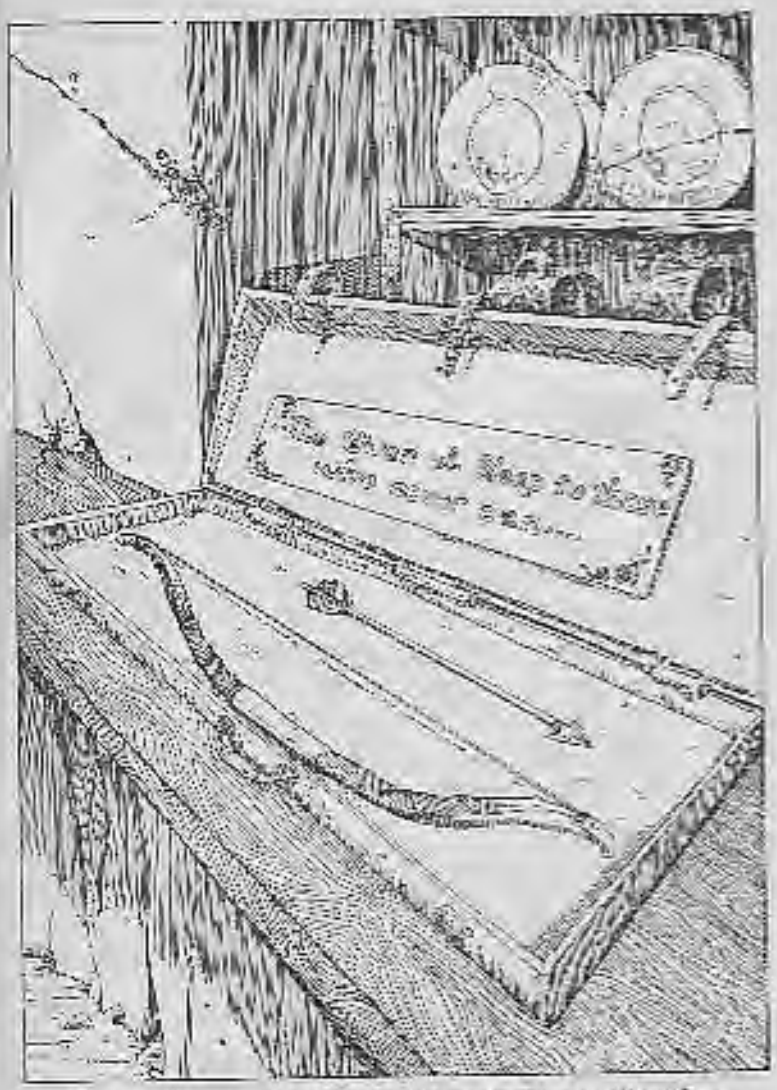

266 *The case opens easily and inside you find a magnificent bow and one silver arrow*

265

You grope around the length of the wall and find a door. Quickly you fumble with the handle. It opens! Turn to 88.

266

The case opens easily and inside you find a magnificent bow and one silver arrow. An inscription on the case says: 'The giver of sleep to those who never can'. You put the bow, arrow and case in your pack and leave the room, but you may eat Provisions first – and add 1 LUCK point. Turn to 237.

267

You now stand at a crossroads.

To go north	Turn to 312
To go south	Turn to 246
To go west	Turn to 79
To go east	Turn to 349

268

Their vocabulary is limited to a series of moans and groans. They appear not to be intelligent at all. Furthermore your conversation merely serves to attract their attention to you. They grip their weapons and it looks as though you will have to fight them. However, there is a slim chance that you could make it to the door you came in through. If you want to try for that door, turn to 13. If you have resigned yourself to a battle, turn to 282.

269

You arrive back at the junction and turn westwards. Turn to 225.

270

You enter the cavern and look around to see dozens of beautifully coloured stalactites and stalagmites bordering the perimeter. Numerous drips can be heard, but the whole place seems like a magic grotto. Near the back of the cavern, you come across a pair of boots, which seem to have been made quite recently. Will you:

Continue investigating the cavern?	Turn to 61
Try on the boots?	Turn to 394
Leave the cavern and return to the junction?	Turn to 375

271

The short passage begins to narrow and ends a few metres ahead at a doorway. If you wish to go through the door, turn to 336. If you decide against this direction and go back to the river, turn to 214.

272

He calms down, takes the Gold (deduct this from your Gold) and rows you across to the north bank. After mooring the boat he ambles off down a passageway. Turn to 7.

273

A search of the room reveals nothing of any value, although an old box in the corner contains a wooden

mallet and five short stumps of wood, sharpened at one end. You may take these if you wish, and can now leave through the door in the north wall. Turn to 189.

274

You leave the cavern along a long, narrow corridor. After several hundred metres, it ends at a large wooden door which is slightly ajar. Carefully you ease it open a little further and poke your head around the side to see what is in the room. You see a small old man sitting at a table on his own, playing with a pack of cards. He looks quite a harmless old soul, grey-haired and bearded. He is seated. What will you do:

Burst through the door, sword drawn, to surprise the old man?	Turn to 324
Knock on the door and enter greeting the old man courteously?	Turn to 356
Get down on all fours and try to creep into the room unnoticed?	Turn to 98

275 *The corpse's eyes flick open and it quickly sits up and slashes at you with its long sharp fingernails*

275

As you move over towards the second body, you accidentally kick the third corpse on the floor. Its eyes flick open and it quickly sits up and slashes at you with its long, sharp fingernails.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the creature misses. If you are Unlucky, it has caught you across the leg and you suffer 1 STAMINA point's worth of damage. Turn to 230.

276

Turn to 182.

277

You are in a short passageway which comes to a dead end several metres ahead of you. You may search for secret passages (turn to 146), or you may return to the crossroads and either follow the passage ahead to the north (turn to 366), or turn to the west (turn to 11).

278

The passageway soon comes to an end at a locked wooden door. You listen at the door but hear nothing. Will you try to charge the door down? If so turn to 156. If you would rather turn round and go back to the junction, turn to 92.

279

The creature you are facing is a VAMPIRE! You have various lines of attack. Your sword will do little real damage. A Crucifix will hold him at bay but will not kill him. If you have either of these you may use

it to get you through the west door (turn to 380). If you are determined to kill the Vampire, you must overpower it and drive a wooden stake through its heart. If you have a wooden stake and wish to try to kill the Vampire, turn to 17. If you have none of these, draw your sword and turn to 333.

280

You arrive back at the junction and this time take the passageway to the east. The passageway runs for several paces eastwards, then turns north. Turn to 311.

281

The narrow passageway eventually becomes too small for you to walk along. You get down on your hands and knees, and crawl. Eventually, you will get no further and there seems to be no way through, so you decide to return to the main passage. You head for the junction. Turn to 10

282

The four creatures shuffling towards you are mindless ZOMBIES. Their vacant eyes suggest that their actions are controlled by a will which is not their own. You are still too dizzy to think properly, but you must act quickly. The first Zombie reaches you and prepares to swing his club. You must fight him.

ZOMBIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the first Zombie, add 2 LUCK points and turn to face the other three (fight each in turn):

	SKILL	STAMINA
ZOMBIE with scythe	6	6
ZOMBIE with pick	6	6
ZOMBIE with axe	6	5

If you defeat all four, turn to 115.

283

You arrive back at the junction and progress westwards. Turn to 251.

284

'You again?' says the Mazemaster, obviously annoyed at being disturbed. 'You are disturbing my concentration. Be off with you!' You begin to explain that you only returned by mistake, but as you open your mouth, an icy glare from the old man silences you. You decide to leave him to it. To leave by the west door, turn to 46. To leave by the south door, turn to 392

285

You see a well-used door on the right-hand (east) side of the passageway. With your ear to the keyhole, you listen and hear a man screaming for help from inside. Will you open the door (turn to 213) or walk on (turn to 314)?

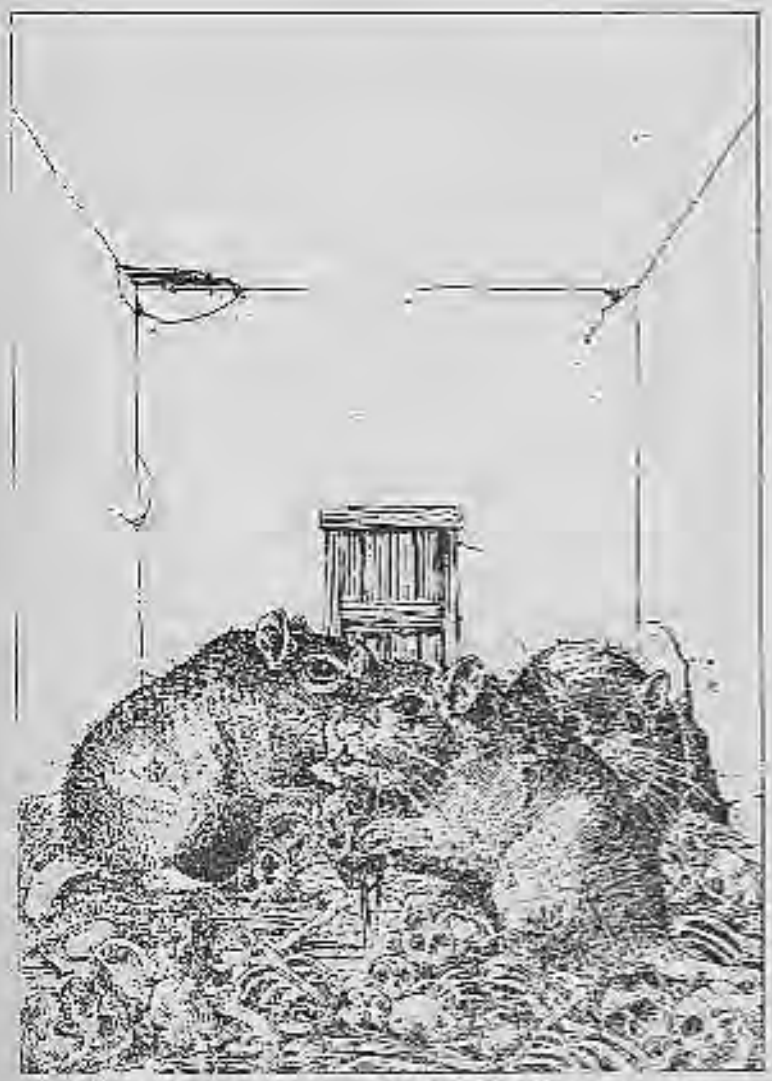

287 *Gnawing at the bones are three Giant Rats which stop to look at you as you enter*

286

The narrow staircase is cut into the rock and there are about twenty steps leading down. At the bottom of the steps a passageway leads you into a large open chamber. This chamber stinks of putrefying flesh. The smell is so bad that you are tempted to turn back. Three bodies lie in the chamber. You may either search the bodies, or tiptoe quietly through the room. What will you do:

Search the first body?	Turn to 294
Search the second body?	Turn to 275
Search the third body?	Turn to 148
Tiptoe through the room?	Turn to 107

287

The passage continues for quite some time then you reach the foot of a staircase cut into the rock. You ascend the stairs and they end at a wooden door with rusty hinges. Listening at the door, you can hear some scratching sounds. You try the handle and the door creaks open. You step into a bare room scattered with bones. There is a door on the wall opposite. Gnawing at the bones are three GIANT RATS which stop to look at you as you enter. Each is at least one metre long and their fatty coats indicate that they are fighters. You will have to take them on if you are going to get through the room, as they no doubt see you as a tasty meal. If you have collected any Cheese during your adventure, turn to **32**. Otherwise, turn to **309**

288

Turn to 182.

289

You look frantically round the room but can see nothing to aid you. Suddenly your eyes stop on the pack of cards he was fingering as you entered, and you remember the rumours and stories the villagers told you: 'The Warlock's power comes from his cards.' The sorcerer sees your interest in them and you both rush for the table. You get there first. 'Leave those alone,' he screams, 'or you risk my fullest wrath!' But you move backwards and set fire to one with your lantern. He cries out wildly and then begins to plead with you to leave them alone. One by one you burn the cards and, as you do so, the Warlock diminishes in stature. As the last card goes up in flames, he stands facing you, a broken man. 'My book!' he croaks, and he tries to unlock the door on the far side. You race across to him with your sword drawn and spring at him. Resolve this battle.

WARLOCK SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 396.

290

Turn to 198.

291

You are standing in the middle of an east–west corridor. To the east is a dead end, which you can investigate by turning to 325. To the west is a familiar junction. To go this way turn to 52. Another passageway – quite a short one – leads off to the north and ends in a large wooden door. If you wish to try the door, turn to 227.

292

Northwards the passageway ends at a solid wooden door. You listen at the door but can hear nothing. There appears to be no choice but to open the door and enter the room, which you do. It's a large square room. You flash your lantern around the room and catch a quick glimpse of its emptiness – although there are murals on the wall – before your lantern suddenly goes out. You try to re-light it, but it will not catch. In the blackness you hear a succession of frightful noises. Howls, screams, cries and wails are getting louder and louder until they reach the pitch where you must cover your ears. Do you have a Blue Candle? If so, turn to 239. If not, turn to 40.

293

You arrive back at the junction in the passage and walk straight on eastwards. Turn to 113.

294

You find 5 Gold Pieces in the pockets of the corpse.

Enter these on your *Adventure Sheet* and add 1 LUCK point for your find. You may now either:

Search the second body	Turn to 275
Search the third body	Turn to 148
Tiptoe through the room northwards	Turn to 107

295

You find no secret passages. However, your explorations attract some sort of creature, and as you listen you can hear something coming down the corridor towards you.

To find out what sort of wandering monster you have come across, turn to 161. You must fight the creature and, if you defeat it, you may press on down the passageway by turning to 48. However, at section 161 you will not be told where to progress to, so write down '48' now so you will know where to go after 161.

296

The box contains a small leather-bound book entitled *The Making and Casting of Dragonfire*. You open the pages and begin to read. Fortunately it is written in your own language and so was probably not understood by the Orcs – otherwise this treasure would certainly not be as loosely guarded as it was.

The book is written in tiny handwriting by Farrigo Di Maggio. In it he tells the story of his life's work: the creation of the Dragonfire spell with which to

fight evil Dragons. You read how, in his last years, Farrigo finally perfected his spell but by then was too old to make use of it. So he completed his book, locked it in a chest and hid it in the depths of Firetop Mountain, afraid that it might fall into the wrong hands. The last page reads:

And so, you who now hold this book, you have my life's work in your hands. The power of destruction is yours if you wish it, but do not waste it. Unless you use the Spell for the purpose for which it was intended, you shall be consumed by evil itself and die by the fire from your own hands. Remember, only when the Dragon breathes its fire at you should you raise your arms and say:

Ekll Erif
Ekam Erif
Erif Erif
Di Maggio'

You say these words slowly and softly. Suddenly the pages seem to glow and as this glow disappears,

so do the words on the pages of the book. You repeat the spell to yourself to memorize it and leave the room. Turn to 42.

297

You are in an east–west corridor with a T-junction at both ends. To go westwards, turn to 150. To go eastwards, turn to 256.

298

The bridge is slippery from the splashings of the water. At one point you slip on a tuft of wet moss covering the timbers. Roll one die. A roll of 6 means you slip from the bridge into the water below and start swimming for the nearest bank – turn to 86. Any other roll is lucky; you managed to hold on and you reach the north bank (turn to 7).

299

The passageway runs east for several metres and then runs north. You walk a long way northwards. You may check for secret passages along the way (turn to 260) or simply proceed northwards (turn to 359).

300

On the east wall of the passage you see another door, this time made of solid metal. Listening at the door you hear the sound of tortured screams coming from within. If you wish to try opening the door, turn to 102. If you decide to ignore this room and continue up the corridor, turn to 303.

301

To your left, on the west face of the passage, there is a rough-cut wooden door. You listen at the door and can hear a rasping sound which may be some sort of creature snoring. Do you want to open the door? If so, turn to 82. If you wish to press on northwards, turn to 208.

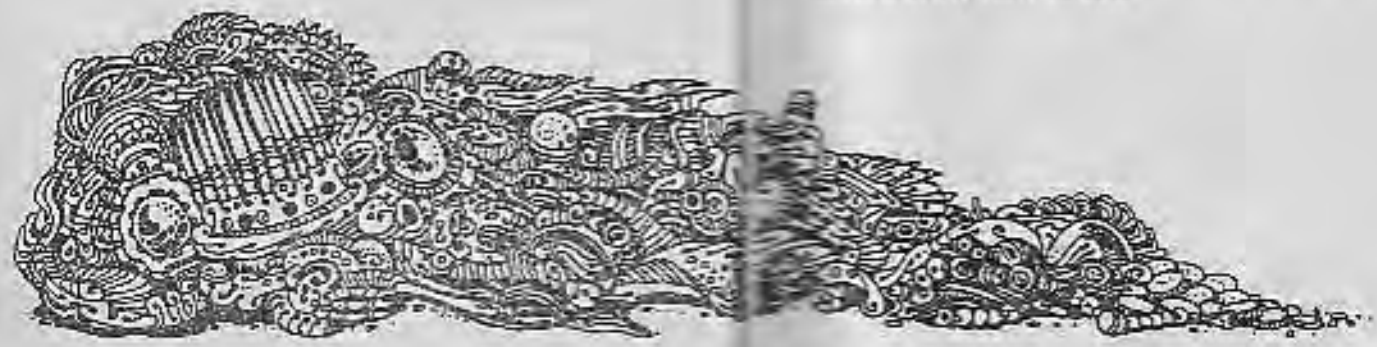

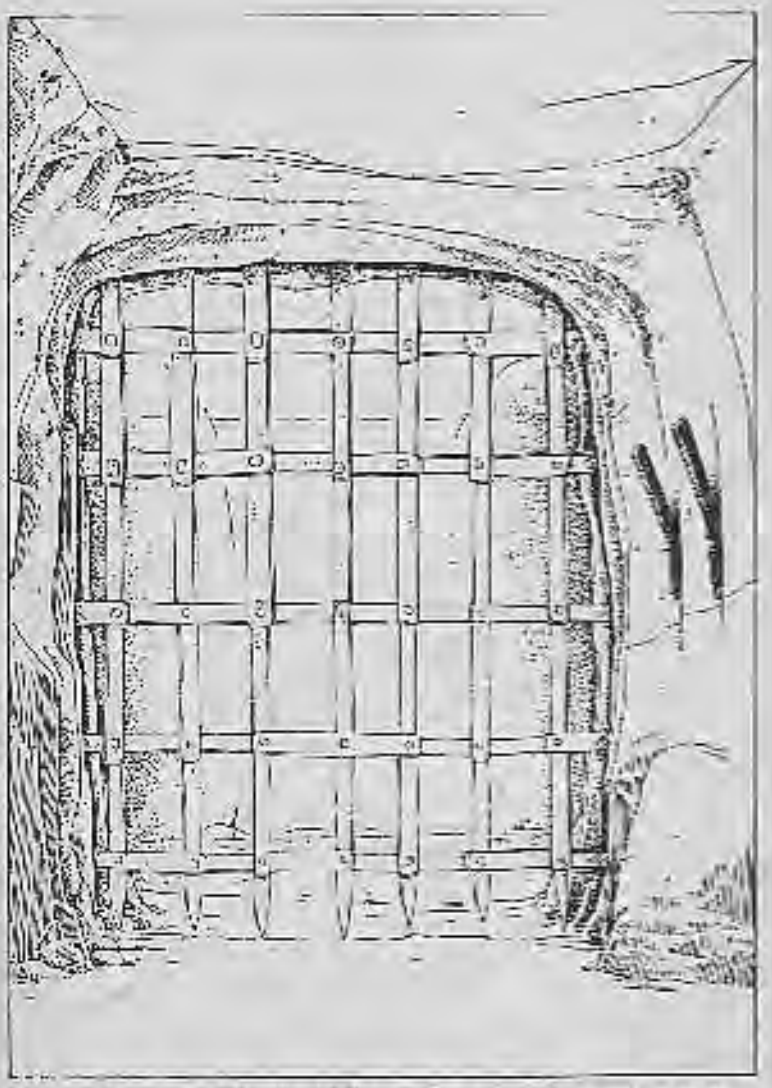

303 *An iron portcullis blocks your way and no amount of charging is going to budge it.*

302

Turn to **198**.

303

You arrive at the end of the passage, where it meets another going east–west. But an iron portcullis blocks your way and no amount of charging is going to budge it. On the wall to your right are two levers and it seems likely that these levers have something to do with raising the portcullis. Do you wish to pull the right lever or the left lever?

Right	Turn to **128**
Left	Turn to **243**

304

The old man is furious at your killing his dog! His eyes turn white with anger. He slowly rises from his seat and as he stands he appears to gain in size and stature. He is changing in front of your eyes. He sprouts hair on his face and forearms. His nose lengthens and becomes dog-like. His teeth are pointed. He is a WEREWOLF and he advances towards you.

You can *Escape* only through the door behind you to the south (turn to **66**). Otherwise you must fight him:

WEREWOLF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

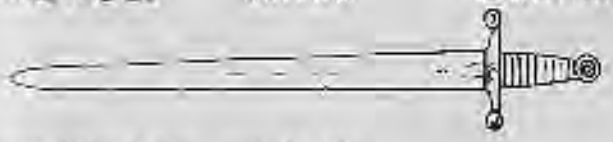

If you defeat him, turn to **203**.

305

Test your Luck three times. If you are Lucky each time, you make it across to the far door and can leave the room. Turn to 162. On the first throw that you are Unlucky, you step on a hand tile – turn to 108.

306

You still find no secret passageways. But coming towards you down the corridor you can see a creature-like shape. To find out what is coming towards you, turn to **161** and prepare to fight.

If you kill the creature you encounter, you can go back along the corridor. Turn to 291. Write down this number so you know where to return to.

307

The passage twists and turns and eventually ends in a solid iron door. You listen but hear nothing. You can try to open the door (turn to 134) or you can go back to the junction (turn to 87).

308

You are standing at a crossroads. To the west the passageway goes on a few metres and turns northwards. To the north the passageway ends at a door. To the east the passage continues and eventually turns southwards. Looking south, the passage goes on as far as you can see

To go west	Turn to 187
To go north	Turn to 54
To go south	Turn to 160
To go east	Turn to 354

309

You draw your sword and wait for the Rats to spring. As the leader prepares to jump, you shout loudly and leap forward at it. Your cry frightens off the other two and they scamper back a few paces. Fight each of the Rats in turn:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAT	5	4
Second RAT	6	3
Third RAT	5	5

If you win, you may leave through the door in the north wall. Turn to **124**.

310

Something is not quite right. You landed a fair blow on him, but he appears not to have noticed the wound! You deduce that this Undead creature is not vulnerable to normal weapons. You may choose a new weapon. Armed with this, or your old weapon, turn to 211

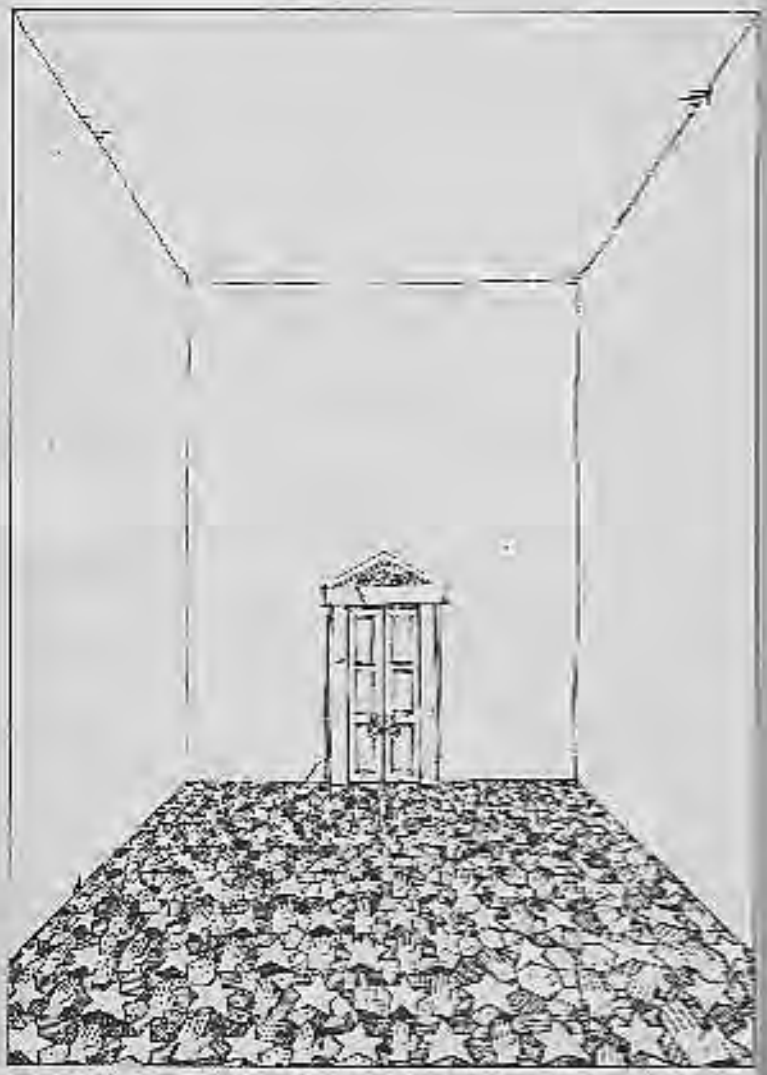

311 *The room is completely bare, but the floor is covered in a mosaic of tiles*

311

The passageway ends in a door at which you listen but hear nothing. Trying the handle, you find that the door opens to reveal a large, square room. The room is completely bare, but the floor is covered in a mosaic of tiles. Two shapes stand out on the floor; star-shaped tiles and hand-shaped tiles. A door on the opposite wall is the only way through. Will you:

Walk across the room to the door?	Turn to **305**
Walk across the room stepping only on stars?	Turn to **178**
Walk across the room stepping only on hands?	Turn to **108**

312

You follow a long, narrow passageway which goes north, then west, then north again and you eventually find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **308**.

313

You check over the body. The poor wretch was obviously caught in the same way that you were, but his weaker skull shattered under the club's blow. He wears a suit of leather armour no better than your own, holds a wooden shield on one wrist and clutches a steel-bladed sword in his other hand. In his pockets are 8 Gold Pieces and around his neck is a silver crucifix.

You may take any two of these items you wish. Write them on your Equipment List and turn to **221**. Also add 1 LUCK and 1 SKILL point.

314

Further up the passage you see a door in the east wall. You listen hard, but can hear no sound. Do you want to open the door to investigate? If so turn to 223. If you want to walk further up the passage, turn to 300.

315

The dead-end appears to have no secret passageways, but you can check by turning to 306. If you don't want to double-check for secret passages, turn to 291.

316

The water is icy cold. You start to swim and notice that your splashings are attracting a moving 'turbulence' in the water. Will your strength and stamina hold out? Roll two dice. If the roll is equal to or less than your STAMINA score, you believe you can make it and swim furiously for the north bank – turn to 151. If the roll totals more than your STAMINA score, you decide not to risk it and return to the south bank – turn to 218. You may eat Provisions on the south bank.

317

You cut down the Dwarf. He is, as you guessed, dead. Going through the pockets of the two Goblins, you find a large piece of sweet-smelling Cheese. If you wish to take this with you, put it in your pack and leave the room northwards. Turn to 303.

318

The passageway ends in a dead end. You may either return to the crossroads (turn to 85) or search for secret passageways (turn to 228).

319

To find the secret of the second item you have collected, turn to 221 and investigate. If you have already investigated both items, turn to 81.

320

You run out of the room and slam the door shut behind you. You turn northwards up the passageway passing a similar-looking door further up. Turn to 363.

321

Turn to 169.

322

The drawers are all full of nails, tacks and miscellaneous bits and pieces. In one drawer is a copper-coloured key, inscribed with the number 66 which looks interesting. You may keep this key if you discard one item of equipment you are carrying. Adjust your Equipment on your *Adventure Sheet* if you want to take the key. The noise from the north gets louder. You go to the north door to investigate. Turn to 96.

323

After a few metres you reach another three-way

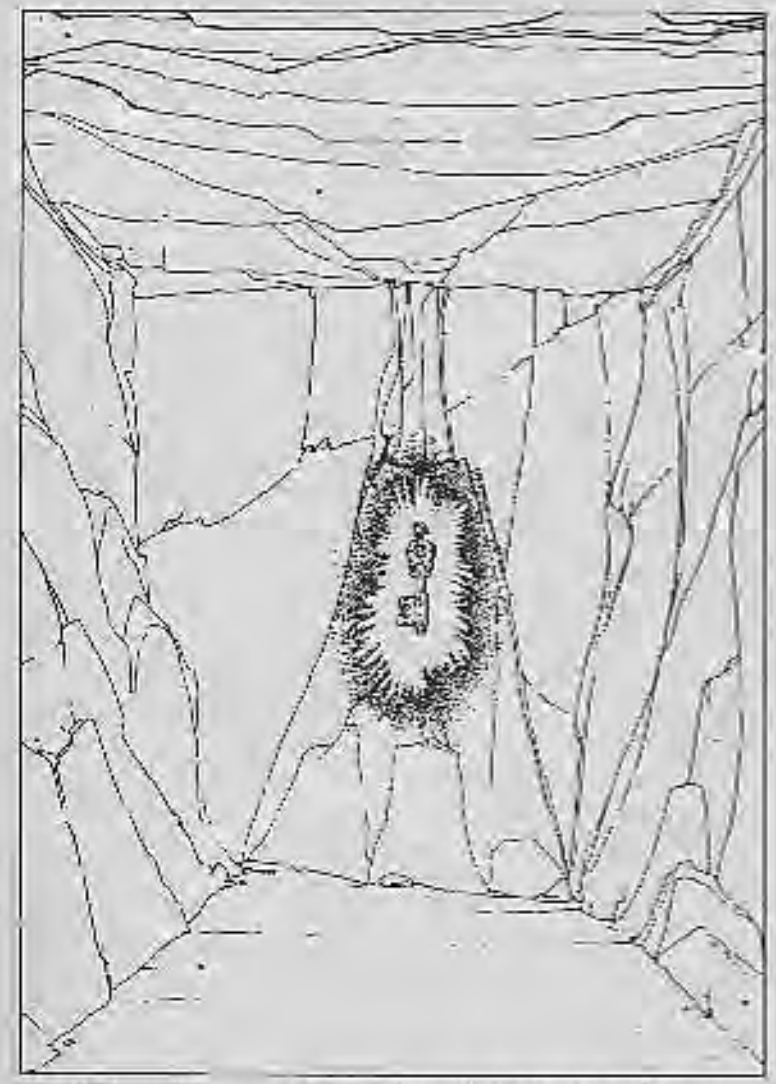

326 *A small room with bare rocky walls. On the far wall hangs a golden key.*

junction. You may go either northwards (turn to 8) or eastwards (turn to 255).

324

As you burst through the door, the old man turns to look at you, not in the least perturbed by your intrusion. Suddenly he vanishes! He reappears against the wall and, as you spin round to see him, he laughs. Not the feeble cackle of an old man, but the booming laugh of a much younger man. Again he disappears, and reappears in another corner of the room, glaring at you and taunting you with his evil laugh. You swirl round just in time to see him disappear again. This time he reappears in the air above you and slowly floats down to you. His glaring eyes make you shiver as they approach. Turn to 358.

325

You place the helmet on your head. It fits well. A glow begins to fill your body and you seem to possess a power and confidence beyond anything you have felt before. The helmet is blessed with magic and will allow you to add 1 point to all future dice rolls when computing your own Attack Strength during combat so long as you wear it. Note this on your Equipment List and return to the junction (turn to 87).

326

You enter a small room with bare, rocky walls. On the far wall hangs a golden key. There appears to be no way through the room. Do you want to go for the

key (turn to 35) or leave it and return to the junction (turn to 229)?

327

The body on the floor turns visibly older in front of your eyes. The face looks fifty, then ninety, then well over a hundred years old. The skin rots and the eyes decompose as you watch. You notice a movement coming from the creature's chest. As the remnants of the Vampire decay, a small black face breaks through its chest. It resembles a small black shrew, but as it frees itself and unfurls its wings you realize it is a bat. You lunge at it, but it flaps away into the darkness.

You search the whole chamber quickly (remember, there are several other coffins there!) and find 30 Gold Pieces, a book, and a Y-shaped stick. You may take these items (enter them on your *Adventure Sheet*) if you will leave behind one item of Equipment you are already carrying.

You can leave through the west door. Turn to 380. If you are hungry you may take Provisions here, and you can add 3 LUCK points for defeating the Vampire.

328

Both pieces of wood are Y-shaped and smooth, as if washed up from a river. You may put these in your pack and then either leave through the north door (turn to 73) or stay and examine the rope (turn to

125). If you take the pieces of wood, you must leave behind one item from your pack.

329

You set off and find yourself in the middle of a north–south passageway. There is a door in the western wall of the passage. Opposite the door is a passage going off eastwards. To the north you can see a door some metres ahead. To the south you can see a junction. Which will you choose:

The door in the west wall?	Turn to 157
The door to the north?	Turn to 392
Eastwards?	Turn to 299
Southwards?	Turn to 238

330

The barrels contain a clear brown liquid. You sniff it. It smells like rum. You taste it. It is rum. You cup your hands, pour some in and take a swig. You gasp – by golly, it's good! Restore 6 points of STAMINA and 1 LUCK. Turn to 81.

331

The creature is man-sized but its long arms look very powerful. Resolve this battle:

TROLL SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, you may head northwards (turn to 287).

332

You find yourself at a door blocking the east end of an east–west passage. To go through the door, turn to **329**. Looking westwards, the passage turns to the north. To go this way, turn to **4**.

333

As you swing your sword at the creature, it reaches out and catches the blade in its hand! Your weapon is almost ineffective against the considerable strength of the creature. You realize this and panic, but you must fight on.

VAMPIRE SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

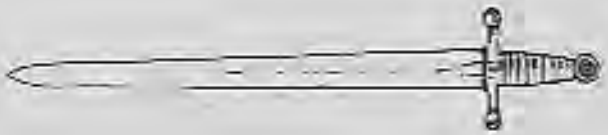

If you defeat the Vampire, turn to **327**. If you wish to try to *Escape*, which you may only do after 6 full Attack Rounds, you will have to be lucky. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may *Escape* through the west door (turn to **380**). If you are Unlucky, you must continue this fight for a further 6 Attack Rounds before trying to *Escape* again. If you roll an 11 or 12 and you are Unlucky (i.e. your current LUCK score is below 11), then turn to **224**.

334

As you speak the old man rises to his feet. 'Oh my, oh my, a stranger!' he starts. 'Well, do come in, the shop is open. What can I get you? What would you like to buy? What takes your fancy? Which way are you headed? North? Well?' You tell the old man your story. He listens intently and replies, 'Oh yes, in that case you will undoubtedly need one of my Blue Candles. That will be 20 Gold Pieces please. Cash if you don't mind. Yes, I know it's expensive, but isn't everything these days? Not so long ago these were only 5 Gold Pieces each, but you know what has happened to the price of candlewax since the Long Dark Night – oh, but you probably don't since you don't come from these parts. Never mind I can guarantee it's still worth the price. You might need it sooner than you think . . .'

If you decide to buy a candle, pay for it and add it to your Equipment List. You are getting a little tired of his constant prattling. Leave the room and go northwards. Turn to **292**.

336 *An old man in ragged clothes is slumped asleep on a bench made from half a rowing-boat.*

335

Turn to **182**.

336

You are in a small, foul-smelling room. You notice two doors: one to the west and one behind you to the south. The furniture in the room is sparse and has been made mostly from bits of old boats. There appears to be nothing of value in the room, but a bunch of keys hangs on the wall. An old man in ragged clothes is slumped asleep on a 'bench' made from half a rowing boat, snoring loudly. Next to him is a vicious-looking brown dog with red eyes and black teeth, whom you have awakened and who now is eyeing you suspiciously. A deep growl is coming from its throat. You may:

Tiptoe an exit through the south door	Turn to **66**
Bang on the door behind you and cough a few 'Ahem's' to wake up the old man	Turn to **172**
Leap across the room with sword drawn to cut down the dog	Turn to **249**

337

You find no secret passages, but as you press the walls, you hear a click. You feel dizzy and slump to the ground. When you come to, the surroundings look strange. Turn to **267**.

338

You approach the statue cautiously. A scampering

behind you makes you flash round . . . but it is only a rat. You feel at the jewel, but it is solidly in place. You try to work your sword in behind it and as you work, you hear an ominous creaking noise. To your horror the statue is beginning to move! You jump down and draw your sword. The IRON CYCLOPS cranes its head round towards you and steps down from its pedestal. You must fight!

IRON CYCLOPS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **75**. If you want to *Escape* during combat, you can run through the door back to the junction. Turn to **93**.

339

The lock was obviously inadequate; it flies off and lands on the floor several metres away. You lift up the heavy lid and your eyes widen as you see the gold sheen coming from within. A fair number of Gold Pieces are inside. In one corner lies a small black bottle with a tight glass stopper, containing a liquid of some kind. Also in the chest is a silky black glove. But as you are admiring this treasure you hear a soft click and wince in pain as a small dart shoots forward into your stomach. Roll one die and subtract this number of points from your STAMINA to determine the effect of the poison on the dart tip. If you are still alive, turn to **201**.

340

You try various items of equipment against the gaze of the painting, but none seems to work. You may try any of the following if you have them:

Slash the painting with your sword	Turn to **388**
Hold a jewel up in front of it	Turn to **31**
Plunge a wooden stake into it	Turn to **241**
Throw cheese at it	Turn to **45**

341

The old man glares at you as you enter the room. You may either apologize, explain that you lost your way and leave through either the door in the west (turn to **46**) or south (turn to **392**) walls, or alternatively you may try to talk to the old man. If you want to talk to him, you can either be pleasant (turn to **220**) or you can *demand* that he answers your questions (turn to **191**).

342

The Wererat slumps to the ground. You search his body and find 2 Gold Pieces, his fare from the last crossing. You curse him for trying to overcharge you. Add the 2 Gold Pieces to your Gold and row yourself across the river. Add 2 LUCK points. As you moor the boat on the north bank you look back at the body. It has vanished! Turn to **7**.

343

The door bursts open and you fall headlong into a room. But your heart jumps as you realize you are not landing on the floor, but plunging down a pit of

some kind! Luckily the pit is not particularly deep and you land in a heap less than two metres down. Lose 1 STAMINA point for your bruises, climb out of the pit into the room and leave through the door, heading westwards. Turn to 92.

344

You sheathe your sword and walk up to the water. Is it safe to swim? Although you cannot see any immediate signs of danger either in the water or around its banks, there is no way through on the north side of the river. You suddenly notice a gleaming sword lying on the river bed several steps in. You wade in to retrieve it. It is light in your hand, far less cumbersome than your own weapon, and it has a keen edge. This marvellous weapon will add 1 point to your SKILL whilst you use it. Note this on your Equipment List. A mysterious voice speaking directly to your mind seems to be telling you to throw your own sword into the river. Will you? If so, turn to 56. If you want to keep both swords, turn to 153.

345

You follow the passage eastwards for several metres, then it turns to the north. Shortly you reach another junction where you may either go straight on (turn to 381) or you may turn right, into an eastwards passage that soon turns north (turn to 321).

346

The luck of the cards may or may not be with you. You have two choices.

You may leave all luck to the cards. Throw two dice. If the number is even, then you lose this number of Gold Pieces or all your Gold if you don't have enough. If the number is odd, then you win this number of Gold Pieces.

Alternatively, you may use your LUCK to help you win. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, throw two dice to see how many Gold Pieces you win. If you are Unlucky, throw two dice to see how many Gold Pieces you lose.

Make the appropriate alterations on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you won, you may add 2 LUCK points for your good fortune. When this is done, turn to 131.

347

Turn to 182.

348 *A large, ugly head pokes around the corner and a Troll emerges from its chamber.*

348

You are in a pit, a little bruised but not too seriously hurt. You look around as you get back on your feet and can see two passageways; a short one to the south which opens into a small chamber, and another heading northwards. You are a little worried about the crash your fall has made, and even more by the gruntings you can hear coming from the chamber to the south. Before you can collect your thoughts, a large, ugly head pokes around the corner and a TROLL emerges from its chamber. Your ankle is twisted and you cannot move quickly, but the Troll is ready for a fight. You will have to face the brute. Turn to 331 but if you have a Potion of Invisibility, turn to 51.

349

You walk a few metres down the passage and find yourself at a dead end. You may either return to the crossroads (turn to 267) or investigate the end of the passage (turn to 30).

350

As the 'turbulence' surrounds you, you can feel the jostlings of many small fists. They start ripping your flesh with vicious bites and you realize that you are surrounded by deadly PIRANHAS!

If, during your struggle with the Crocodile, you have wounded it, you are lucky and most of the fish attack the bleeding reptile. If you have not wounded the Crocodile, then the fish may go for either you or it. Throw one die. If you throw a 1 or 2, the majority

of the Piranhas go for you. If you throw a 3–6, the majority attack the Crocodile.

Treat the Piranhas as a single creature. If, as a result of the above, the *majority* of the fish attack you, their scores are:

PIRANHAS SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

If, as a result of the above, the majority attack the Crocodile and the *remainder* attack you, they have:

PIRANHAS SKILL 5 STAMINA 1

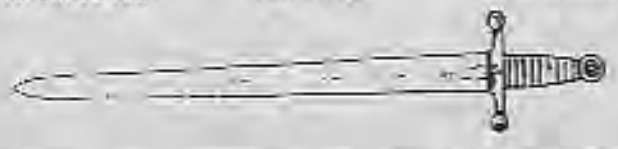

If you win you can swim to shore. Turn to 7. You may eat Provisions here – and restore 1 LUCK point.

351

You arrive back at the junction and turn eastwards. Turn to 76.

352

As you approach you feel his eyes burn into you with considerable power. You begin to weaken under his gaze. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You are gradually losing your own will. Will you try to draw your sword and fight him (turn to 74) or look for some other means of attack in your bag (turn to 279)?

353

You lunge at the old man as he leaps towards you

with outstretched arms – and run him through the chest with your sword. You curse as you realize that he was making no attempt to attack you; his wild excitement must merely have been relief after having been imprisoned for what had apparently been a very long time. You will now get no information out of him on the perils of the adventure ahead. Turn to 314 to progress up the passageway.

354

You are standing at a bend in the passage where you may go either west or south.

To go west	Turn to 308
To go south	Turn to 52
If you want to check for secret passages on the way westwards	Turn to 14
If you want to check for secret passages as you go south	Turn to 234

355

You grope along the wall but can find no way of escape. The noise is causing you to scream in pain! Subtract 1 SKILL point. You may try either the east wall (turn to 181) or the north wall (turn to 265).

356

The old man looks at you, accepts your greetings and bids you sit down. You sit at the table and notice that he is glaring at you. His piercing stare is becoming hypnotic, but you realize this and break eye contact. He opens his mouth to speak and to your

358 *The Warlock ready for battle*

amazement, instead of an old man's voice, the whole room resonates to a powerful voice which seems to be coming from the walls themselves. You throw a glance back at the man and can see him changing before your very eyes. He is of imposing height. His tattered old rags have become robes of velvet and gold. His black eyes are fixed directly on yours. He has been expecting you . . .

Turn to 358.

357

The passage runs for some distance northwards and then starts to open into a large cavern with rough walls. There appears to be no way through. Will you return to the junction (turn to 269) or enter the cavern (turn to 57)?

358

The battle will call upon all your reserves of strength and cunning. Your adversary has disappeared, and now stands at the far end of the room in front of a door with two locks. How will you approach him:

Grip your sword firmly and advance towards him?	Turn to 142
Look through your pack for a weapon to use?	Turn to 105
Look around the room for another means of attack or defence?	Turn to 389

359

You are at a crossroads.

To go north	Turn to 190
To go south	Turn to 94
To go east	Turn to 121
To go west	Turn to 385

360

The door slams shut with a loud bang behind you. You find yourself in a passageway running ahead northwards. You follow it for several metres, until it bends to the west, and continue onwards. Some way down the passage you come across a narrow opening in the north wall and decide to go through. Turn to 89.

361

You snatch the key from its hook. It has the number 125 inscribed on it. But your lungs are bursting. Roll two dice. If the number is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you make it across the room to the door (turn to 136). If it exceeds your SKILL score, you are forced to take a breath of poison gas. Reduce your SKILL score by 2 and your STAMINA score by 3 and dash for the door (turn to 136).

362

As you try the walls up the passageway, a secret door opens up along the west wall. Turn to 177.

363

Further up the passage on the west wall you see another similar door. You listen at the door and

grimace to hear the worst singing you have ever heard in your life! Do you want to go into the room to investigate this hideous din (turn to 370) or walk on up the passageway (turn to 42)?

364

As you push the knob, a small stone doorway slides open. You can either ignore it and return to the junction (turn to 256) or you can climb through (turn to 373). You must make your decision quickly, as the door shuts of its own accord in a minute's time

365

The Orcs attack you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	4
Second ORC	5	3
Third ORC	6	4
Fourth ORC	5	2
Fifth ORC	4	4

If you win, turn to 183. If you wish to *Escape* during the battle (don't forget your penalty for this), turn to 237.

366

You are following a passageway which leads ahead to the north. After several metres it bends sharply to the east. You continue eastwards until you eventually come across a narrow opening in the north wall. You may go through this opening (turn to 89) or continue eastwards (turn to 62).

370 *Seated around the table are two small creatures with warty skin, dressed in leather armour.*

367

You arrive at another junction in the passageway. If you would like to turn westwards, turn to **235**. If you wish to go east, turn to **323**.

368

The Warlock's laugh resonates in his chamber. 'We will see which of us is the mouse!' he cries, and he holds his hand in the air. As he snaps his fingers, a blue flame streams from his hand at you. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You will have to try something else:

Draw your sword and advance	Turn to **142**
Try something else from your rucksack	Turn to **105**

369

You swallow some of the liquid (turn to **109**).

370

The door opens to reveal a small room. The room is dirty and unkempt. A straw mattress lies in one corner. In the centre of the room is a wooden table upon which a candle burns, lighting the room with its flickering flame. A small box rests under the table. Seated around the table are two small creatures with warty skin, dressed in leather armour. They are drinking some sort of grog and, by the way they stagger to their feet on your arrival, you assume they are very drunk. You may either

draw your sword and leap forward at them (turn to 116) or slam the door quickly and run on up the passage (turn to 42).

371

Safe for the moment, you investigate the cavern and find a passageway which continues to the west. Turn to 274. You may rest and eat Provisions before you continue, and add 3 LUCK points for defeating the Dragon.

372

The battle commences!

	SKILL	STAMINA
ORC CHIEFTAIN	7	6
SERVANT	5	3

Fight them one at a time. If you defeat them both, turn to 21.

373

You are at the south end of a north–south passageway – at a dead end. If you go northwards you will reach a crossroads. Turn to 85.

374

The Skeletons do not notice you and disappear through the door into the Boat House. Breathing a sigh of relief, you press on to try the door at the

north end of the passage. But before you go, you may eat some Provisions and you may add 2 LUCK points for evading the Skeletons. Turn to 207.

375

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn northwards. Turn to 5.

376

You may collect all the copper pieces on the table. They are worth a total of 4 Gold Pieces. Then you can leave through the door. Turn to 291. You may pause to eat Provisions, and you may add 3 LUCK points.

377

As you draw your sword, the WINGED GREMLIN flaps into the air and attacks you, while the old man rushes over to the bookshelf, touches a book and escapes through a secret doorway that opens for him. But you must fight his pet.

WINGED GREMLIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 7

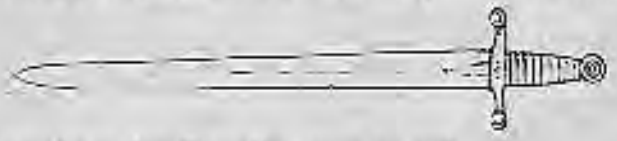

If you beat the Gremlin, turn to 196.

378

You wipe your bloodied sword on the mattress. The green blood leaves a slimy stain on the straw

Stepping over the bodies towards the table you flinch at the foul stench of the creatures. You pick up the box from under the table and examine it. It is a small wooden box with crude hinges. The name 'Farrigo Di Maggio' is inscribed on a brass nameplate on its lid. If you wish to open the box, turn to 296. If you decide to leave it behind and leave the room, turn to 42.

379

As you prepare to strike the box, the rumbling sound gets louder. You lift your sword high and prepare to strike. As your blade comes down on the box, a loud crack deafens you and, from one corner of the room, a small bolt of lightning darts through the air to the sword hilt, sending you reeling across the room.

Test your luck. If you are Lucky, your sword has shattered and lies on the floor, but you managed to release your grip just before the lightning struck. If you are Unlucky, your charred remains have formed a small black outline on the floor. Next time, do not try to strike the chest! If you were Lucky, you may try to use keys from your rucksack. Turn to 139

380

You are in a narrow east–west corridor. Looking westwards you can see a crossroads ahead. You go on to the crossroads. Turn to 37

381

The passage ends at a wooden door, trimmed in iron. Various inscriptions adorn the door, but none makes any sense to you. You listen, but hear nothing. You may either open the door (turn to 84) or return to the junction (turn to 280).

382

You hold the Eye up in front of him and the jewel gives off a dull glow. You point it towards him and he shrieks! He backs away into a corner and a beam of light shoots from the jewel. As it falls on him he sinks to the floor and a remarkable transformation takes place. He starts to shrivel and grow visibly old in front of you. His skin wrinkles and cracks and he slowly becomes an amorphous heap in the corner. After some moments, the jewel stops glowing and you approach the lifeless bundle of cloth; his robes are all that remain. Turn to 396.

383 *You can see a number of Skeleton-men working on building a boat of some sort*

383

A sign above the door reads 'Boat House'. The door is firmly locked but a small barred window allows you to look inside. You can see a number of Skeleton-men working on building a boat of some sort. They move in a series of quick, jerky actions, rather insect-like.

If you have a key clearly labelled 'Boat House'	Turn to **80**
If you want to try to break the door down	Turn to **264**
If you want to return to the riverbank and try another route	Turn to **129**

384

The door opens into a passage which you follow northwards. Shortly you reach a bend and follow it round to the east. Several metres on, you reach a junction at which you may either go north (turn to **262**) or continue eastwards (turn to **307**).

385

You travel westwards for several paces, then the passage turns to the north. Some way up, you reach a junction. You may go south (turn to **124**) or west (turn to **297**). To the north, the passage ends shortly at a dead end. If you wish to go up here, turn to **398**.

386

You climb on the raft and start to punt your way across the river. The going is not easy. In the middle of the river the raft seems to take on a will of its own

and bobs up and down dangerously. You realize it is attempting to capsize itself and throw you into the river! You may either trust your strength and luck to hold on and keep punting to the north side (turn to 55) or jump into the water and attempt to swim back to the south bank (turn to 166).

387

You try the keys. Not one will turn. As you try to turn the third key, small catches drop and your last memory is a sting of pain as three small darts pierce your skin. Each is treated with a quick-acting poison.

Remember not to use this combination of keys next time!

388

Your sword flies out of your hand, into the air and you must leap aside as it comes down on you. It grazes your cheek as it falls. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You decide you'd better leave the room. Pick up your sword and turn to 90. Lose 1 more SKILL point in fear of the Warlock's power.

389

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 289. If you are Unlucky, turn to 112.

390

The Ghoul twitches and dies at your feet. You search its body and find little of interest. A couple of

earrings, worth 1 Gold Piece between them, are in one of its pockets. You may take these. If you haven't already searched the first body, you do so and find 5 Gold Pieces, which you may also take. You may also stop here, rest and eat Provisions. You can add 2 LUCK points for killing the Ghoul. Now you may either press on northwards (turn to 120) or search the second body (turn to 393).

391

You are at the south end of a north–south corridor. Looking northwards, you can see a passage coming off from the east wall. Do you want.

To go up to this passage?	Turn to 52
To check for secret passages as you walk northwards?	Turn to 362
To go south, following a bend to the west?	Turn to 48

392

You are in a north–south corridor. You may go either northwards through a large wooden door (turn to 206) or south (turn to 329).

393

You search the pockets of the other body and find 8 Gold Pieces, a bottle of liquid and an old piece of parchment. You may take these items. To read the parchment, turn to 212. To test the liquid, turn to 369.

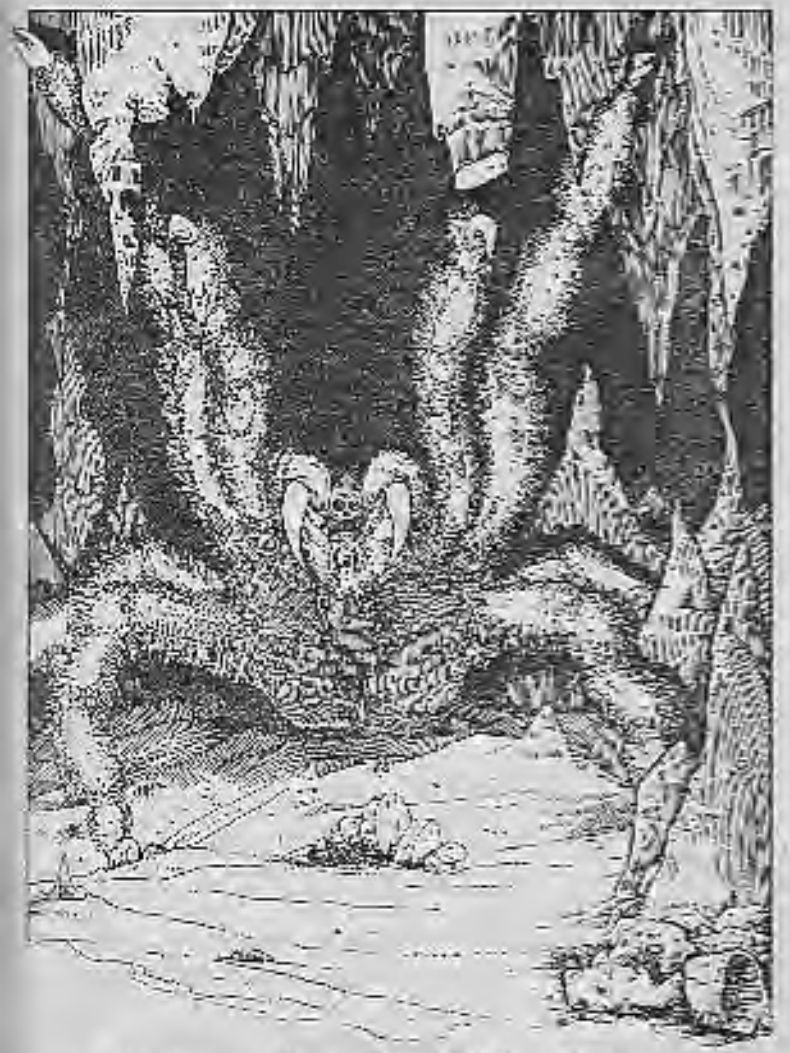

394 *You crane round to see a large black shape shifting towards you. As it approaches you turn cold*

394

The boots are well-fashioned in a deep red leather. They are much sturdier than your own and fit you well. You try a few steps but are horrified to find that you cannot move, and the boots seem to be gripping your feet with considerable force. As you struggle to free yourself, you hear a crack and a smash as a stalactite falls from the roof; you crane round to see a large black shape shifting towards you. As it approaches, you turn cold. Several metres away is a GIANT SPIDER, at least a metre across, advancing towards you on spiny legs, mandibles clicking nervously in anticipation of its next meal. You draw your sword to defend yourself as it stalks you. You cannot move and thus must subtract 2 from each dice roll you make to calculate your Attack Strength.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win the battle, turn to **232**.

395

You step over the bones on the floor to take a closer look at the Boat House. You pick up and study a few of the tools scattered around: hammers, nails, chisels and the like, but they appear very ordinary. You hear a banging sound coming from beyond the north door and have time for one further search before you must react. Do you look through the drawers of the benches around the room (turn to **322**) or check the tools more carefully (turn to **34**)?

396

With the Warlock now defeated, you know your quest is almost over. You approach the door with two locks. There are no keys around. You retrieve two keys from your pack and try them in the locks. They turn! You open the door and peer round. Turn to 242. If you have no keys, you may try to break down the door, and this you will do at the cost of almost all your STAMINA. Reduce your STAMINA by 5 and enter the room. Turn to 242.

397

The door opens to reveal a small room with a stone floor and dirty walls. There is a stale smell in the air. In the centre of the room is a makeshift wooden table on which is standing a lit candle. Under the table is a small box. In the far corner of the room is a straw mattress. You may either open the box (turn to 240) or leave the room (turn to 363).

398

You feel around the rock face at the end of the passage. One rock comes free and reveals a small knob with a handle on the end. Will you push it (turn to 364) or pull it (turn to 12)?

399

The current is strong and takes you swiftly downstream. You are washed along through a narrow opening and out into a large cavern with banks on both sides. The current washes you on to the south bank. Turn to 218

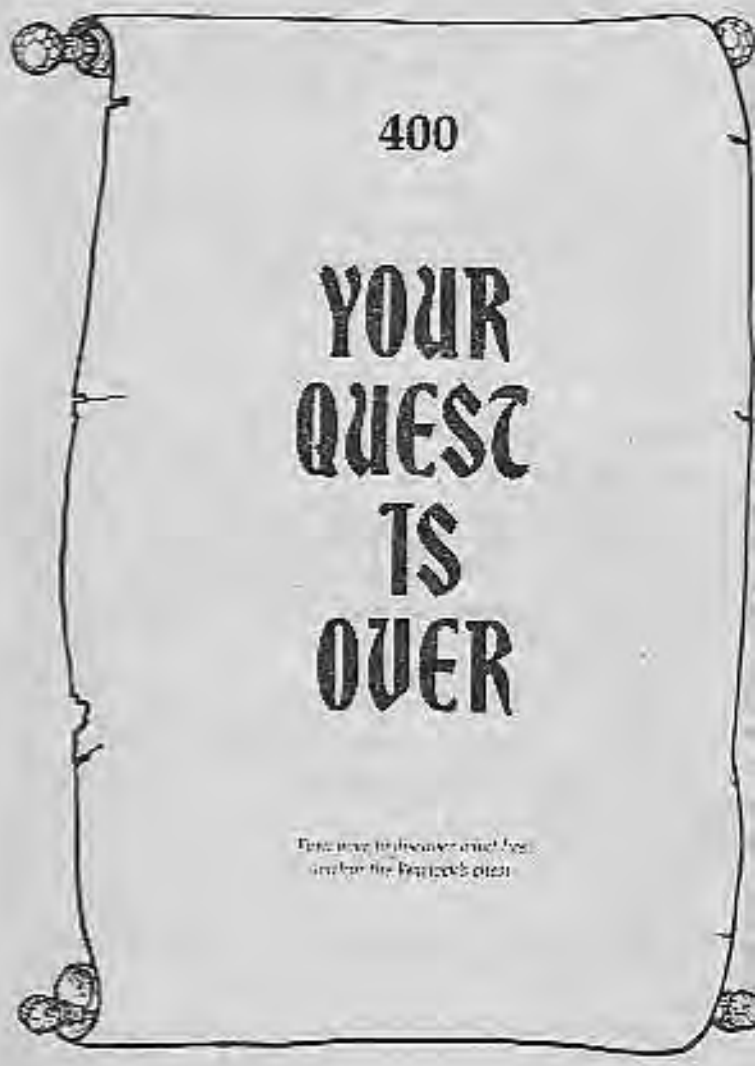

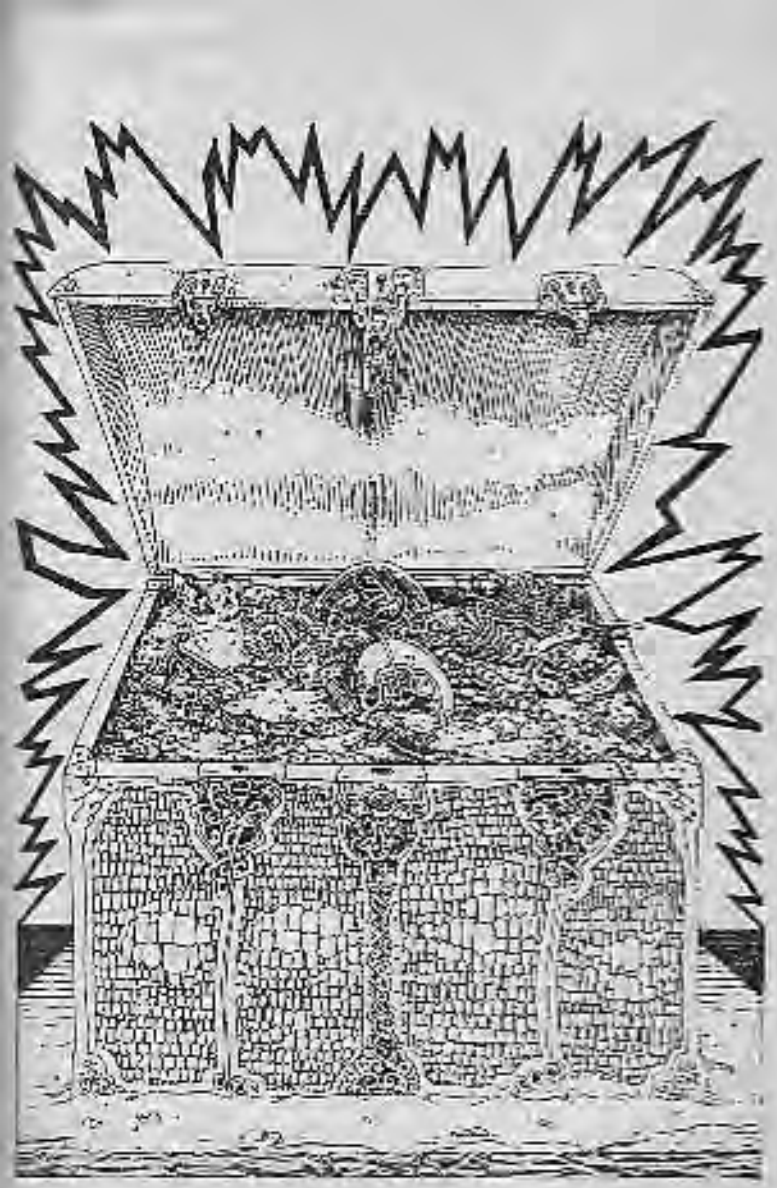

The Warlock of Firetop Mountain is no more and you are now the owner of the Sorcerer's riches. At least a thousand Gold Pieces, jewellery, diamonds, rubies and pearls are in the chest. Hidden under these you find the Warlock's spell book and as you leaf through the pages, you realize that this tome is probably more valuable than all the treasure. Instructions are given for the control of all the secrets – and the creatures – of Firetop Mountain. With this book, unlimited power is yours and the safety of your return to the village is ensured. Or, if you would prefer, you could remain as master of the domain of Firetop Mountain.

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229

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn right. Turn to **69**.

230

The creature now standing before you is a semi-decayed man. His quick eyes dart from side to side watching you. His long tongue flashes out with a hissing noise. His teeth and nails are sharp and he doesn't seem to be afraid of your weapon. He is a GHOUL!

GHOUL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

He has the ability to paralyse you if he scores four separate wounds on you during this battle, so beware! If you defeat him, turn to **390**. If he kills or paralyses you, turn to **64**.

231

Turn to **182**

232

Almost exhausted after your awkward fight with the Spider, you set to work on hacking the boots off with your sword. Eventually they come free and you may leave the cavern down the passageway and back to the junction. Turn to **375**

233

Turn to **198**.

234

You find no secret passages. However, your rummagings attract the attentions of something sinister . . . Turn to **161** to discover what has appeared in the passageway in front of you. Fight this monster.

If you defeat the creature, you can continue up the passageway by turning to **43**. Write down '**43**' so you will know where to go.

235

You follow the passage westwards, then it turns sharply to the north and, some metres further on, a passage runs off to the west. If you would like to go along the westwards passage, turn to **176**. If you want to carry on northwards up the passage, turn to **5**.

236

The battle commences. The Skeletons attack you one by one:

	SKILL	STAMINA
SKELETON A	6	5
SKELETON B	6	6
SKELETON C	5	5

If you win, turn to **395**.

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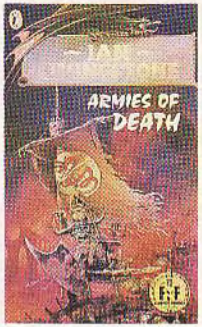
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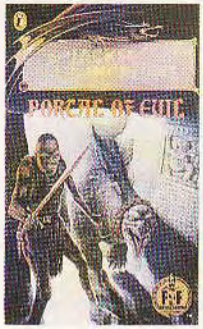
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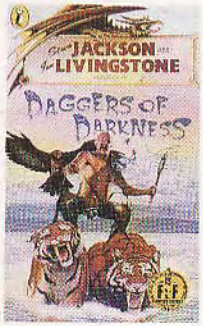
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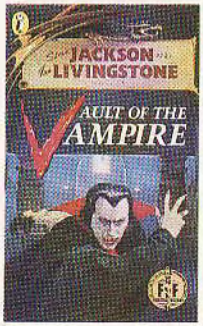
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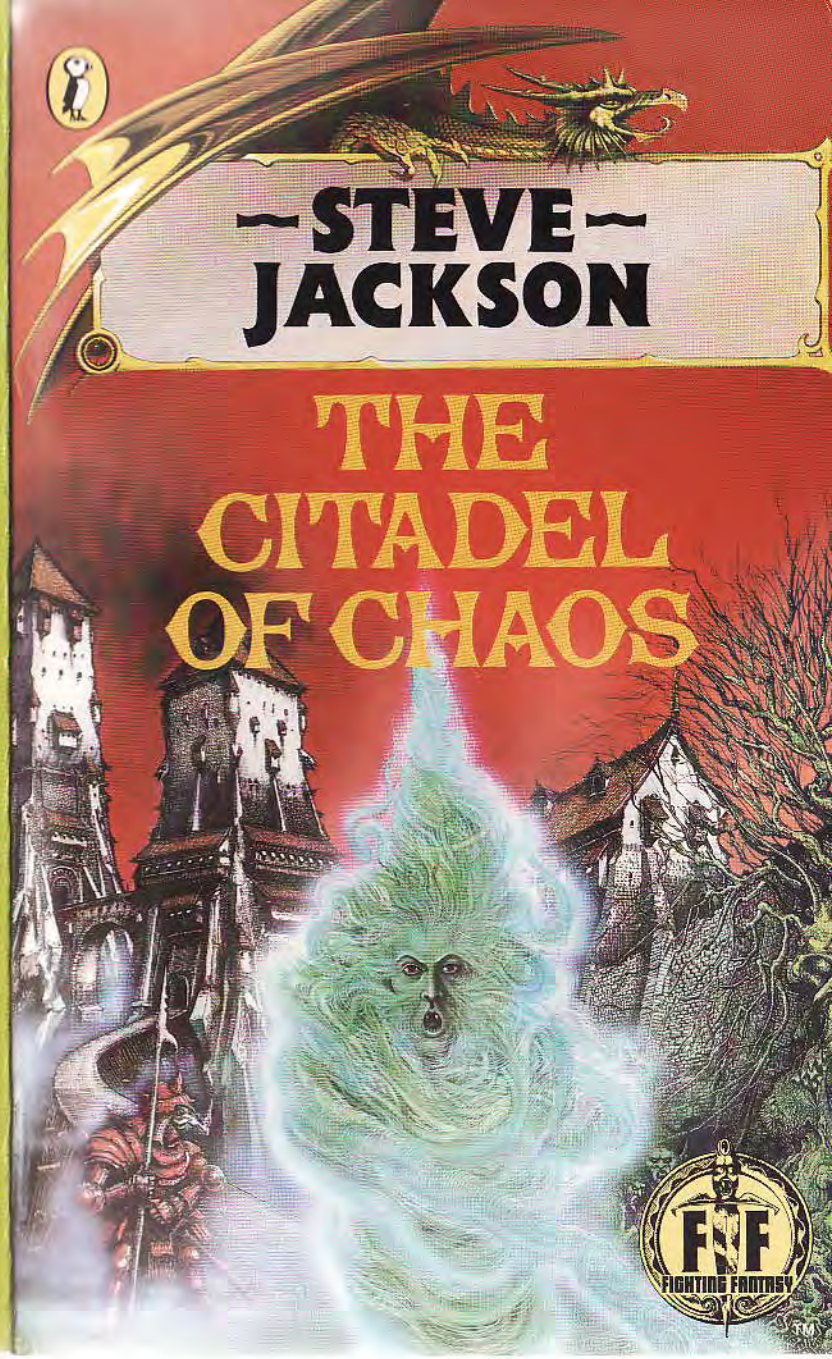

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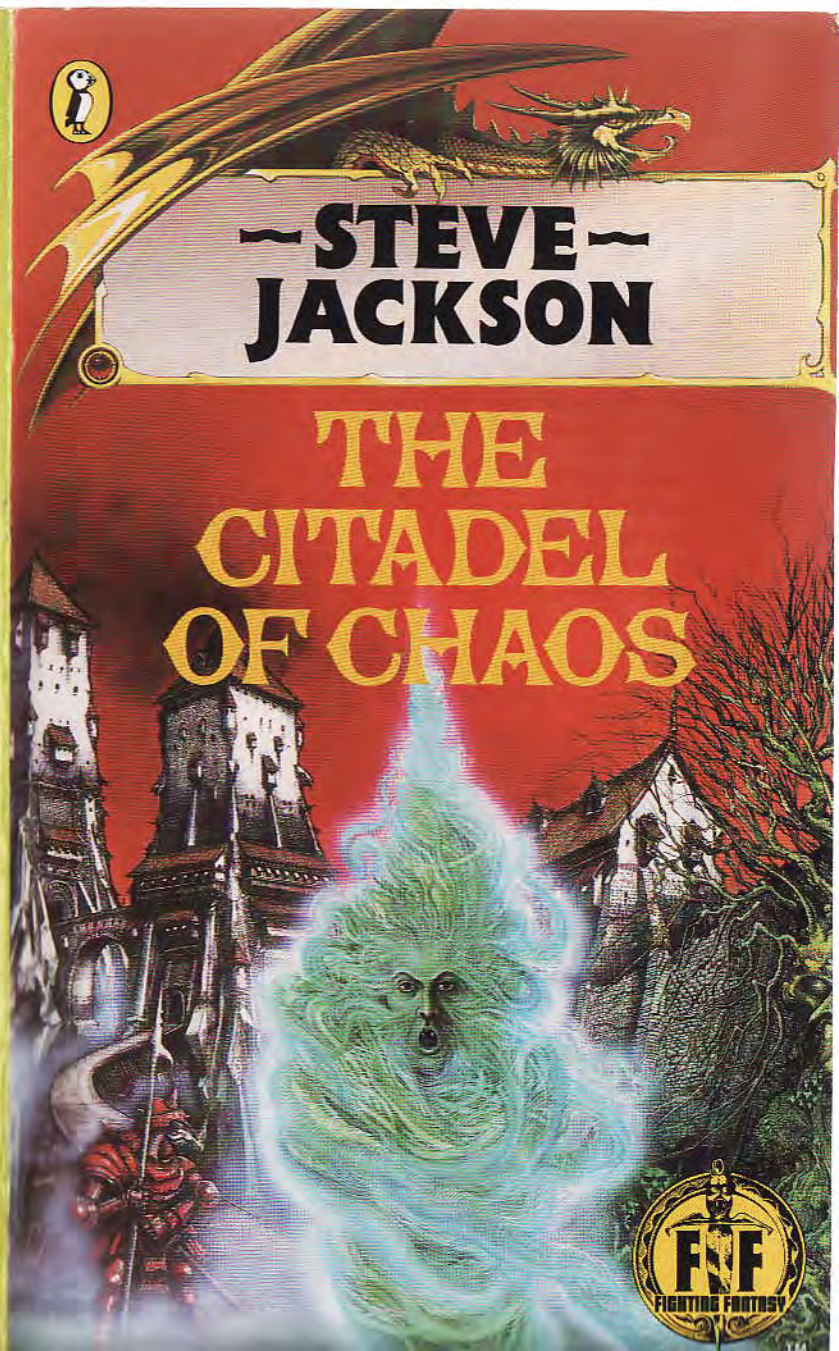

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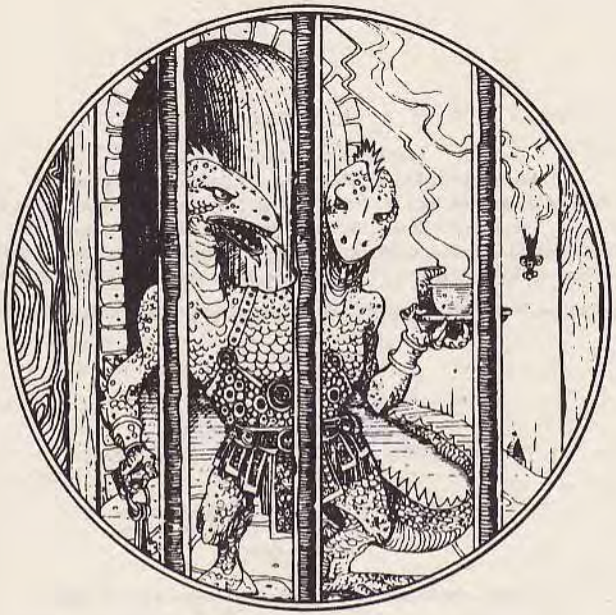

THE CITADEL OF CHAOS

Illustrated by Russ Nicholson

Puffin Books

For Ken, Lilian and Vicki

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1983
27 29 30 28 26

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in Palatino

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THE CITADEL OF CHAOS

HOW TO FIGHT CREATURES WITHIN THE CITADEL

You are the star pupil of the Grand Wizard of Yore. You have a knowledge of magic which is not perfect, but with a little luck will be adequate for this quest. You also have in your possession a sword and you are well practised in swordplay. You are quite fit and you have been exercising to build up your stamina.

As in *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses before setting off. Readers of *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* will be familiar with most of the following rules, but are advised to skim through them as there are several points where the two books differ because of the use of magic in *The Citadel of Chaos*.

First of all, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 20–21 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee or use magic spells may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's *Attack Strength*.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your *Attack Strength*.
3. If your *Attack Strength* is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. If the creature's *Attack Strength* is higher than yours, it has wounded you. If both *Attack Strength* totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next *Attack Round* from step 1 above.
4. If you have wounded the creature, subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. If the creature has wounded you, subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next *Attack Round* by returning to your current SKILL score and then repeat steps 1–6.

This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and

if you are *unlucky*, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been *lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been *unlucky* and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being *lucky* or *unlucky*. However, in battles, you always have the *option* of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *lucky*, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are *unlucky*, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test*

your Luck to try to minimize the wound. If you are *lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are *unlucky*, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. You may only restore your SKILL score by using a Skill Spell (see over).

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight creatures and injure yourself. You may only restore your STAMINA score by casting a Stamina Spell (see USING MAGIC). You are well advised to ensure that you include several

Stamina Spells in your original choice of spells. Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA scores, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value. You may otherwise only restore your LUCK score by using a Luck Spell (see USING MAGIC).

USING MAGIC

In addition to SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores, you must also determine your MAGIC score in a similar way.

Roll two dice. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter this total in the MAGIC box on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Your MAGIC score determines how many Magic Spells you may use during your quest. These spells may be chosen from the list following this section. After considering the spells available, enter your choices in the Magic Spells box on your *Adventure Sheet*.

If, for example, you roll a 4 and a 3, your MAGIC score will be 13 (i.e. 4+3+6), which means you will be able to use thirteen spells during your adventure. From the list of spells given below, you may choose thirteen spells as you please. Perhaps you would like to take three Stamina Spells, five E.S.P. Spells and five Fire Spells – or maybe you would prefer one each of the twelve spells plus an extra Creature Copy Spell. The choice is yours.

Each time, during the adventure, that you use a spell, you must cross it off your list (even if it is not effective). If you have taken more than one of any spell, you must reduce the remainder available by one each time you use it. You will sometimes be given the option to use spells and find that you have not got them with you, or have used them all up. In these cases, you may not choose these options.

As you will have no idea of the dangers lurking within the Citadel the first time you enter, you will no doubt choose spells which will not be as effective as you would like. But on subsequent adventures, you will choose your spells more wisely. Also, don't worry if your MAGIC score is low. Even the lowest possible score will provide you with enough spells to complete your quest if you make the right choices and are blessed with a little luck!

MAGIC SPELLS

Creature Copy

This spell will allow you to conjure up an exact duplicate of any creature you are fighting. The duplicate will have the same SKILL and STAMINA scores, and the same powers, as its original. But the duplicate will be under the control of your will and you may, for example, instruct it to attack the original creature and then sit back and watch the battle!

E.S.P.

With this spell you will be able to tune in to psychic wavelengths. It may help you to read a creature's mind or may tell you what is behind a locked door. However, it is sometimes prone to give misleading information if more than one psychic source is close to another.

Fire

Every creature is afraid of fire, and this spell allows you to conjure up fire at will. You may cause a small explosion on the ground which will burn for several seconds or you may create a wall of fire to keep creatures at bay.

Fool's Gold

This spell will turn ordinary rock into a pile of what appears to be gold. However, the spell is merely a form of illusion spell – although more reliable than the Illusion Spell below – and the pile of gold will soon turn back to rock.

Illusion

This is a powerful spell, but one which is a little unreliable. Through this spell you may create a convincing illusion (e.g. that you have turned into a snake, or that the floor is covered in hot coals) with which to fool a creature. The spell will immediately be cancelled if anything happens which dispels the illusion (e.g. you convince a creature that you have turned into a snake and then promptly crack it over the head with your sword!). It is most effective against intelligent creatures.

Levitation

You may cast this spell onto objects, opponents and even yourself. It frees its receiver from the effects of gravity and as such will cause that receiver to float freely in the air, under your control.

Luck

This spell, along with the Skill and Stamina spells, is special in that it may be cast at any time during your adventure, except in a battle. You need not wait for a choice to appear on the page. Once cast, it will restore your LUCK score by half your *Initial* LUCK score (if your *Initial* LUCK is an odd number, deduct the extra ½). This spell will never take your LUCK score over its *Initial* level. Thus if you cast two Luck Spells together, your LUCK score will only be restored to its *Initial* level.

Shielding

Casting this spell creates an invisible shield in front of you which will protect you from physical objects, e.g. arrows, swords or creatures. The shield is not effective against magic and, of course, if nothing outside it can touch you, you will not be able to touch anything outside it.

Skill

This spell will replenish your SKILL score by half its *Initial* value, and may be cast at any time during your adventure, except in a battle. For full rules, see the Luck Spell above. The Skill Spell works in exactly the same way.

Stamina

This spell will replenish your STAMINA score by half its *Initial* value and may be cast at any time, except in a battle. See the Luck Spell for full rules.

Strength

This spell has the effect of increasing your strength greatly and is very useful when battling strong creatures. However, it must be exercised with caution as it is difficult to control your own strength when it is suddenly increased by so much!

Weakness

Strong creatures are reduced by this spell to miserable weaklings. It is not successful against all creatures but when effective, those creatures become puny and much less of a challenge in a battle.

EQUIPMENT

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment. You are armed with a sword and dressed in leather armour. You carry a lantern to light your way, and a backpack to hold any treasure or artefacts you may find on your way. Be sure to record all your finds in the Equipment box on your *Adventure Sheet*. When these are used in any particular encounter, the story will tell you whether that item is destroyed or left behind. If it is lost in this way, you must cross it off your list of Equipment and you may not use it later in the adventure.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

MAGIC	GOLD
Initial Magic=	

MAGIC SPELLS	ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

HISTORY

The lawful goodfolk of the Vale of Willow have lived for some eight years in awe and fear of the demi-sorcerer Balthus Dire. In awe – since his power is truly awesome – and in fear ever since word leaked from his domain that his ambitious plans of conquest were to commence with the Vale itself.

A faithful half-elf sent on a spying mission to the Black Tower came galloping back to the Vale three days ago with a frantic warning. From within the caverns of Craggen Rock, Balthus Dire had recruited an army of Chaotics and was preparing them to attack the Vale within the week.

The good King Salamon was a man of action. Messengers were sent throughout the Vale that day to prepare defences and to summon the menfolk to action. Riders had also been sent to the Great Forest of Yore to warn the half-elves that lived there and to make an appeal for allied forces. King Salamon was also a wise man. He knew well that the news would inevitably reach the Grand Wizard of Yore, a white sorcerer of great power, who lived deep within the forest. The wizard was old, and would not last through a battle of this magnitude. But he schooled a number of young magicians, and perhaps one of his students in the magic arts with courage and ambition would aid the king and his subjects . . .

You are the star pupil of the Grand Wizard of Yore. He has been a difficult Master and your own impatience has often got the better of you. Perhaps a little too headstrong, you left immediately for Salamon's court. The king welcomed you enthusiastically and explained his plan. The battle could be avoided without bloodshed if Balthus were to be assassinated before his army could be amassed.

The mission ahead of you is extremely perilous. Balthus Dire is surrounded, in his Citadel, by a multitude of appalling creatures. Although Magic is your strongest weapon, there will be times when you must rely on your sword to survive.

King Salamon has briefed you on your mission and warned you of the dangers that lie ahead. One way through the Citadel is the best for you to take. If you discover it, you will be successful with a minimum of personal risk. It may take you several trips to find the easiest way through.

You leave the Vale of Willow on the long hike to the Black Tower. At the foot of the hill of Craggen Rock, you can see its outline against the dark sky . . .

Now turn over.

1 *You hear muffled gruntings as you approach, and two mis-shapen creatures step forward.*

1

The sun sets. As twilight turns to darkness you start your climb up the hill towards that forbidding shape silhouetted against the night sky. The Citadel is less than an hour's climb.

Some distance from its walls you stop to rest – a mistake, as it seems a fearful spectre from which there is no escape. The hairs on your neck prickle as you look towards it.

But you are ashamed of your fears. With grim resolve you march onwards towards the main gate, where you know guards will be waiting. You consider your options. You have already thought about claiming to be a herbalist, come to treat a guard with a fever. You could pose as a trader or an artisan – perhaps a carpenter. You could even be a nomad, seeking shelter for the night.

As you ponder the possibilities, and the yarns you will have to spin to the guards, you reach the main trail leading up to the gates. Two lanterns burn on either side of the portcullis.

You hear muffled gruntings as you approach, and two mis-shapen creatures step forward. On the left stands an ugly creature with the head of a dog and the body of a great ape, flexing its powerful arms. Its opposite number is indeed its opposite, with the head of an ape on the body of a large dog. This latter guard approaches you on all fours. It stops some

metres in front of you, raises itself on its hind legs and addresses you.

Which story will you opt for?

Will you pose as a herbalist?	Turn to 261
Will you claim to be a tradesman?	Turn to 230
Will you ask for shelter for the night?	Turn to 20

2

A little way up the passage there is a doorway on the right-hand side. This door has some strange scrawlings on it, but they are in a language that you do not understand. Will you try opening the door (turn to 142), or will you continue up the passage (turn to 343)?

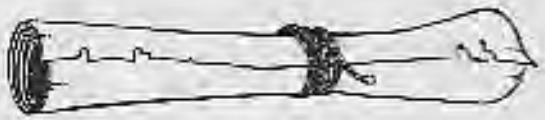

3

What will you offer them:

A Pocket Myriad?	Turn to 327
A Spider in a Jar?	Turn to 59
A handful of Small Berries?	Turn to 236

If you cannot offer any of these, you can either draw your sword (turn to 286) or head for the far door (turn to 366).

4

You conjure up a fireball and send it flying at the creature's face. You watch in dismay as it bounces off with no effect! You may either cast a quick Creature Copy Spell (turn to 190), or draw your sword (turn to 303).

5

You try the handle of the door and it turns, opening into another hallway. Some distance along, the passageway turns to the right and ends shortly in another door. On this door is a sign, which reads 'Please Ring for Butler'. A rope – evidently the bell – hangs by the door. Will you ring as instructed (turn to 40), or try the door handle (turn to 361)?

6

The path runs alongside the river for several metres and then cuts back into the rock. You follow the path for some time. Turn to 367.

7

The door is locked. You may try to break it down by charging it with your shoulder (turn to 268), or you may cast a Strength Spell on yourself and try to wrench the door off its hinges (turn to 116).

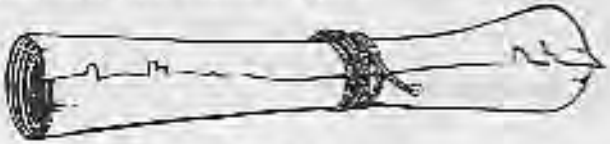

8

She watches in astonishment as an exact duplicate of herself appears between the two of you. She backs off a little and you instruct your creation to attack. But as they get close to one another, a strange thing happens. They seem unable to get close to one another, like two spinning tops, and keep bouncing apart. But your own copy has at least forced the creature back some distance away from you, allowing you to run to the Citadel's main entrance. Turn to 218.

9

Under your Illusion Spell, the crowd of onlookers see you start playing the game. You watch for a couple of rounds and the tension mounts. You decide it prudent to leave the room without wasting more time. Turn to 31.

10

You feel around in the rock and eventually find a small lever. As you pull this lever, the rock face crumbles slightly and a narrow opening appears. You climb through this opening and find yourself in a passageway. Down the passageway to the left you can see a door and decide to investigate. Turn to 249.

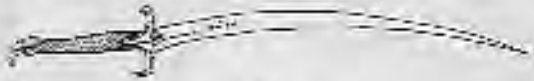

11

You may use either:

A Fool's Gold Spell	Turn to 36
A Creature Copy Spell	Turn to 262
An E.S.P. Spell	Turn to 128
A Weakness Spell	Turn to 152

If you have none of these, you will have to draw your sword and fight (turn to 16).

12

He stands in front of you breathing heavily. His Spell was evidently quite exhausting. You may use this as an opportunity to:

Nip over to the armoury cupboard	Turn to 274
Spring under the table	Turn to 335
Rush to the window	Turn to 78

13 *Three ugly old women with long noses and chins are scooting around the room*

13

The handle turns and you open the door into another room, where there is plenty of activity. Three ugly old women with long noses and chins are scooting around the room – which seems to be a kitchen of some sort – taking various ingredients from the cupboards and adding them to a broth in a large kettle. There is a joint of meat roasting on a spit under a large chimney. As you look more carefully you can tell that the meat is not, in fact, an animal, but a whole Dwarf, turning black in the fire. One of the women glances at you and says, 'Ah, you must be the new servant . . . or are you the next meal?' whereupon they all begin to cackle and shriek with laughter. Will you let them believe you *are* the new servant they are expecting (turn to **302**), or do you want to investigate the room further (turn to **215**)?

14

The shadow of the wall makes it very difficult to see. A loose stone slips and you lose your balance, teetering on the edge of what you realize must be a deep pit. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you regain your footing and step back to safety. You can then walk round the pit and continue (turn to **79**). If you are Unlucky, you fall in (turn to **100**).

15

The dagger is indeed a work of art and was undoubtedly worth a fair price. The blade is made of shiny metal and the hilt is a peculiar green leather, with inlaid stones. You read an inscription which

tells you that it is an enchanted throwing dagger which never misses. In a future combat, you may use this dagger to throw at an opponent. It will automatically inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage without the need to roll for *Attack Strength*. But you may use it only once. You put the dagger into your belt and set off towards the Citadel. Turn to 245.

16

Resolve your battle:

GARK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

After four *Attack Rounds*, you may *Escape* through one of the doors at the far end of the room (turn to 99). If you wish to continue the battle, do so and turn to 180 if you win.

17

All manner of strange foodstuffs are in the cupboards. Eyeballs, tongues, small lizards, vials of liquids, herbs and berries of all different shapes and sizes. One particular bottle, of a translucent green liquid, catches your eye. You have no time to read the label there and then, so you put it quickly into your pocket while they are not looking. You tell them that their kitchen appears to be in order and leave through the door at the far end of the kitchen. Turn to 93.

18

He points to a section just above the floor, which you peruse. Eventually you choose one volume and settle down to read through it. Balthus Dire is apparently third in a line of Sorcerer-Warlords ruling over the Black Tower and the Kingdom of Craggen Rock. He rose to power after the death of his father, Craggen Dire, some years ago. The Dires have been masters of Black Sorcery for generations, but their strength and power last during the night-time only; sunlight is like a poison to them. Shortly after his father's death, Balthus Dire married the Lady Lucretia, herself a Black Sorceress, and since that time they have ruled together over the Kingdom of Craggen Rock. As you finish the book, you notice that the librarian is holding his hand to his ear, apparently listening to something. He glances up at you, quizzically. You may either look for another useful book which may aid you on your quest (turn to 84), or attempt to leave the library through the door behind him (turn to 31).

19

The staircase creaks as your foot falls on it. You try to ascend as quietly as possible, but the old timbers groan under your weight. Suddenly one of the stairs clicks as if to trigger a switch of some kind. To your surprise, all of the stairs flick downwards! You are now standing on a smooth, steep slope! Try as you might, you cannot keep your balance and you fall down the slope, tumbling head-over-heels. If you

wish to use a Levitation Spell, you may fly up and out of danger, to land on the balcony above (turn to 363); otherwise turn to 254.

20

The Ape-Dog tells you that no one is allowed into the Black Tower after dark – you will have to look elsewhere for shelter. You may either resign yourself to a fight (turn to 288). Or you may pick up a stone and cast a Fool's Gold Spell on it, offering them a nugget of gold as a bribe to let you in (turn to 96). Deduct the Fool's Gold Spell from your Spells if you use it.

21

'What brings you to these parts?' she demands. You tell her your story, carefully avoiding telling her of your real mission. She advises that if you know any magic, you should flee from this place. The creatures you have met so far do not compare with those you will come across within the Citadel Tower itself. She tells you you will never meet the master without finding the Fleece first, and bids you luck on your mission. Add 2 LUCK points for the information you have learned and set off onwards. Turn to 6.

22

You open the door and step out into a long, dark corridor. Turn to 188.

23

You open the door and step out into a passageway which continues straight onwards for some time. It swings to the left, then back to the right, until you can see an archway ahead that opens out into a large room. You head forwards into the room. Turn to 169.

24

You taste the wine and, as you are considering its flavour, you hear a clinking noise. You turn to look in the direction that the noise is coming from and you are horrified to see that the bottles in the racks are moving on their own. One bottle flies from its place and hurtles towards you, narrowly missing your head and smashing on the wall behind you. Another flies at you, then another, until you are being pelted by bottles from all directions. You realize that your only defence is to use a Shielding Spell. Cast this Spell if you can and turn to 372. If you cannot cast this Spell, turn to 219.

25 *The trench is too wide to jump and is very deep.*

25

The door opens, allowing you into a large, circular room. You scratch your head quizzically. In the centre of the room you can see a small 'island', surrounded by a wide trench, on which stands a chest, locked with metal fastenings. The trench is too wide to jump and is very deep. Just inside the door is a length of rope. A door leads from the room, opposite the door you came in through. Will you:

Ignore the box and walk round the trench to the other door?	Turn to 206
Cast a Strength Spell and leap across the trench?	Turn to 133
Pick up the rope and formulate a plan?	Turn to 239

26

Will you cast:

A Fire Spell?	Turn to 87
A Weakness Spell?	Turn to 345
A Creature Copy Spell?	Turn to 101

If you have none of these, return to 304 and choose again.

27

As you hold out the Gold Pieces, the three creatures stop in their tracks. They gasp as they look at your coins. An invisible hand snatches them from you and lays them on the ground. They look at you and a voice demands more. You pull out *all* your Gold

Pieces and throw them into the centre of the room. A voice rings out: 'Well, stranger, you are indeed welcome here in the house of the MIKS. We thank you for your gift. If you are heading on, take the door ahead of you, but beware of the Ganjees. We wish you luck with your journey.' You may add one LUCK point for the Miks' good wishes, and leave through the door ahead of you. Turn to **206**.

28

You cast the Spell and conjure up a ball of fire in your hands. They stop in their tracks and watch you carefully. You toss the ball towards them and they shriek in fright, rolling away in terror from your obvious powers. While you still have control over the Spell, you create three smaller fireballs and pitch one at each of them. They howl and scatter, rolling up the corridor away from you. You may now proceed up the left-hand passageway (turn to **243**), or up the right hand passageway (turn to **2**).

29

Cautiously, you approach the little man. As you get close, a single eye opens and looks you straight in

the face. A wide grin spreads between the creature's ears and he disappears! 'Good mornin' to yer!' says a chirpy little voice behind you, and you swivel round to see him standing there, still grinning. 'I'm O'Seamus, the Leprechaun!' he chuckles, and holds his hand out to you. He seems friendly enough – will you shake his hand and try to befriend him (turn to **271**), or draw your sword (turn to **131**)?

30

The beast is immensely powerful. You draw your sword and the battle starts:

CLAWBEAST SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

When you have inflicted your fourth hit on the creature, turn to **241**.

31

You leave the room through the door at the far end, which opens into a short passageway ending at a large wooden door. The handle on this door turns, letting you into a large chamber. Turn to **169**.

32

Stepping over the bodies, you approach the gate and call for the gatekeeper, hiding in the shadows as he approaches. He sees the bodies and comes out to investigate, whereupon you nip inside the gate and lock him out. Turn to **251**.

33

As you try to rise, the Orc and the Goblin grab you and hold you down, while the Dwarf advances with his club. Turn to 213.

34

The key turns and, removing the lock, you open the box to find another key, this time cut in a glowing green metal. Will you try this new key on the third box (turn to 89) or leave the room with the two keys (turn to 237)?

35

You concentrate on your Illusion. You can either convince him that he is being attacked by an enemy (turn to 364), or make yourself disappear in the hope that he will come looking for you (turn to 246).

36

'Pah!' says the Gark, 'I do not fool that easily. Throw your lumps of brass away.' It dawns on the creature that, if you are offering a bribe, you must be an intruder which – for a Gark – is quite a stunning piece of logical thinking! It slaps you hard with its great hand, knocking you unconscious onto the floor. The last words you hear before you pass out are the proud Gark's: 'Into the jail for this one!' Turn to 234. And don't forget to deduct your wasted Fool's Gold Spell.

37

You draw out the skin and the creature hisses loudly. All its heads retreat and it remains still, watching you. There is a door on the far side of the room and you slowly make your way towards it. Halfway across the room, a head darts out and snatches the fleece from your hands. But instead of attacking you, the Hydra slinks back into a corner. You move on to the door cautiously. Turn to 229.

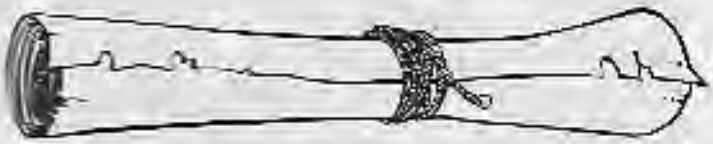

38

The door opens into a short passageway which is paved with small stones. A short distance further on, an ornately carved door marks the end of the passageway. But just before the door, a side passage leads off to the left. You approach the door, listening for any signs of life inside. As your hand touches the handle, a voice says: 'Do not knock; just enter!' from inside. Will you enter the room as instructed (turn to 132) or will you decide against this room and take the passage leading off to the left (turn to 306)?

40 *A hunchbacked, mis-shapen creature with rotten teeth, ragged hair and tattered clothes stands in front of you*

39

You take out the Jar and, as you do so, the Ganjees gasp. 'Racknee!' says a voice. 'You have returned!' And with those words, an invisible hand snatches the jar from you, lays it onto the ground and opens the lid. The Spider-Man turns towards you and growls a little growl. You draw your sword as the beast scuttles towards you angrily. You must fight the creature:

SPIDER-MAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

As soon as the Spider-Man gets its first hit on you, turn to **208**. If you win without it wounding you, you must now face the Ganjees with your sword. Turn to **248**.

40

After several moments the door opens slowly and a hunchbacked, mis-shapen creature with rotten teeth, ragged hair and tattered clothes stands in front of you. 'Yes, sir (heh, heh) – what can I do for you?' growls the half-human creature. 'I am expected,' you reply, and walk past him through the door with confidence. He is a little bewildered by your manner and stammers, not knowing whether to challenge you or not. 'Which way to the reception room?' you demand. He squints at you through one eye and motions towards a left fork in the passageway a short distance ahead. Will you believe him and take the left fork (turn to 243), or do you distrust this shifty creature and take the right fork (turn to 2)?

41

The three women shuffle together in a huddle and mutter under their breath to one another. With a little chuckle, one of them turns to you and says, 'Yes, stranger, we'll help you on your way.' She fixes you with ice-cold eyes, and points her finger first at you, then at the wall behind her. The room goes dark, you feel a rushing sensation and, when the darkness clears, you are in another room. Turn to 257.

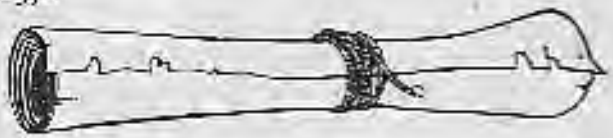

42

She blinks and the jets of fire disappear. What will you offer her?

A Silver Mirror?	Turn to 138
A Hairbrush?	Turn to 91
A Jar containing a Spider-Man?	Turn to 223

If you have none of these, you must make some excuse about losing your gift and go back onto the balcony where you may take either the middle door (turn to 64) or the far door (turn to 304).

43

As you cast the spell, his grip loosens. Gradually his strength ebbs until eventually he releases his grip and slumps back, panting, on the ground. Lose 1 more STAMINA point as you nurse your wounded arm, and cross the Weakness Spell off your list. You can continue on your way. Turn to 14.

44

The room stops shaking and you drop to the ground. The armoury cupboard is locked, but you may smash the lock. Or you may take off your backpack and look for a weapon to use. Which will you do:

Choose a weapon from the cupboard?	Turn to 353
Take an artefact from your backpack?	Turn to 277

45

If your stomach will bear it, you may try:

Some of the meat hanging up	Turn to 166
A piece of fruit	Turn to 313
A slice of cheese	Turn to 253
A loaf of bread	Turn to 97

46

With a motion, you fling your hand forward and point to the floor beneath the sorcerer. Smoke and flames burst from the ground. Balthus Dire jumps back a little, startled, then closes his eyes to concentrate. As they open, you can see a fire burning within the pupils themselves, and he steps forward into the flame you created. Taking a handful of flaming rubble, he throws this at you. Will you duck to avoid it (turn to **195**), or jump out of the way (turn to **74**)?

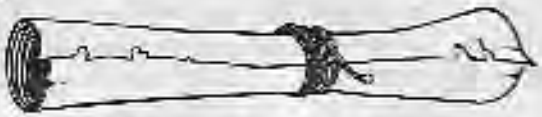

47

What Spell will you use:

Creature Copy Spell?	Turn to **8**
Illusion Spell?	Turn to **173**
Levitation Spell?	Turn to **259**

If you have none of these spells, you will have to retreat towards the monument in the centre of the courtyard and hide from her (turn to **209**).

48

'Never!' screams the sorcerer, spinning round from the shadows to face you. This time it is you who

feels the quake of fear as you see that he has also changed himself – but into a creature which may cause a Fire Demon to stop in its tracks. Balthus Dire's face has become ugly and witch-like and his hair now seethes and squirms with small, hissing snakes. Will you retreat from this creature (turn to **232**) or leap forward with your Trident (turn to **199**)?

49

The creature gazes at you quizzically as if it is uncertain about you. Turn to **255**.

50

Turn to **164**.

51

You slash about madly with your sword but cannot hit the creature. Either it is extremely quick, or it has no solid body for you to hit! Its teeth are now tearing at your flesh and you can feel blood on your leg. You will have to protect yourself with your magic, or face certain death from this unseen creature. Will you cast a Strength Spell (turn to **301**), a Weakness Spell (turn to **159**), or, if you cannot or will not cast either, turn to **280**.

52 You can hear laughter and merriment on the other side of the door.

52

The door opens and you stride onwards, slamming it shut behind you. A short distance ahead, you reach a three-way junction, where you take the northwards passage. This continues for several metres leading to another door. You can hear laughter and merriment on the other side. Cautiously you open the door into a large room where a party of a dozen or so creatures, of all shapes, sizes and colours, are playing games. As you step into the room, a voice shouts, 'Look, this must be Glaz-Doz-Fut!' whereupon they all welcome you, inviting you to join the fun. Evidently they are expecting someone and have mistaken you for their missing guest. Will you play along and join them (turn to 385), or will you tell them they are mistaken and try to make your way over to the door on the other side of the room (turn to 227)?

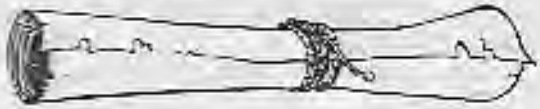

53

'What do I want with your berries?' she laughs. 'My appetite died with my body!' And as you look closer you can see that she too is nothing but a Ghost. She floats across in the air towards you. Turn to 194.

54

You search through your backpack. What will you pull out:

A Jar of Ointment?	Turn to **287**
A Pocket Myriad?	Turn to **160**
Gold Pieces?	Turn to **27**

If you have none of these, you will have to return to 104 and choose again.

55

You follow the passageway for some time. It turns to the right and eventually reaches a dead end. You may either return to the fork and take the other passage (turn to **249**) or you may look for secret passages (turn to **10**).

56

The BLACK ELF approaching you is skinny and ragged. He asks whether you are a guest or an adventurer. You tell him you are a guest, come down to sample the wine he keeps in his famous Wine Cellar. With a certain pride, he shows you the

vintage bottles he keeps for his Lord, the Demi Sorcerer. Some of them, he claims, have magical powers. He offers to let you sample the wine. Will you try a sample of:

The Red Wine?	Turn to **120**
The White Wine?	Turn to **163**
The Rosé Wine?	Turn to **334**
Decline his offer and make your way onwards?	Turn to **95**

57

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **150**. If you are Unlucky, turn to 233.

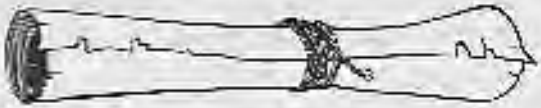

58

As you enter, the Gremlins flutter and squeak excitedly, then fly past you, through the door and out into the night. You are now alone with the chalices. Will you risk taking a drink? If so, will you choose:

The clear liquid?	Turn to **298**
The red liquid?	Turn to **267**
The milky liquid?	Turn to **92**

Or will you leave and head for the Citadel (turn to **156**)?

59

They are revolted by your gift and run over to the corner of the room, hiding under the beds. Somewhat puzzled by their behaviour, you leave the Jar on the floor and make for the door on the far side of the room. Turn to 140.

60

The creatures become suspicious as you press them for information. The Dwarf springs to his feet brandishing a wooden club, while the Goblin and the Orc grab swords and glare at you. The Goblin's mistress shrieks and steps back several paces as the others advance towards you. You will have to fight them. You may use a Magic Spell:

Levitation Spell	Turn to 33
Illusion Spell	Turn to 295

Or you may draw your sword and fight (turn to 213).

61

You advance with your sword. The Devlin stops . . . then springs at you! You slash with your sword but cannot harm the creature, which is now on top

of you. Its flaming body is burning your flesh and you are in agony. Still it holds on and you pass out in shock. You fall to the ground never to wake again as the Devlin makes sure that your body is scorched beyond recovery. You will, after all, be the next meal for the creatures of the Black Tower . . .

62

With the Gargoyle out of action, you decide to investigate the box in the creature's pedestal. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may take the pouch of 10 Gold Pieces locked inside. If you are Unlucky, you do not manage to open the box. Leave the room by turning to 140.

63

You turn to the index and look up the reference. Turning to the correct page, you are dismayed to find that the section has been ripped out of the book! You may either turn to the *Calacorus* (turn to 263), or look up the *Miks* (turn to 135).

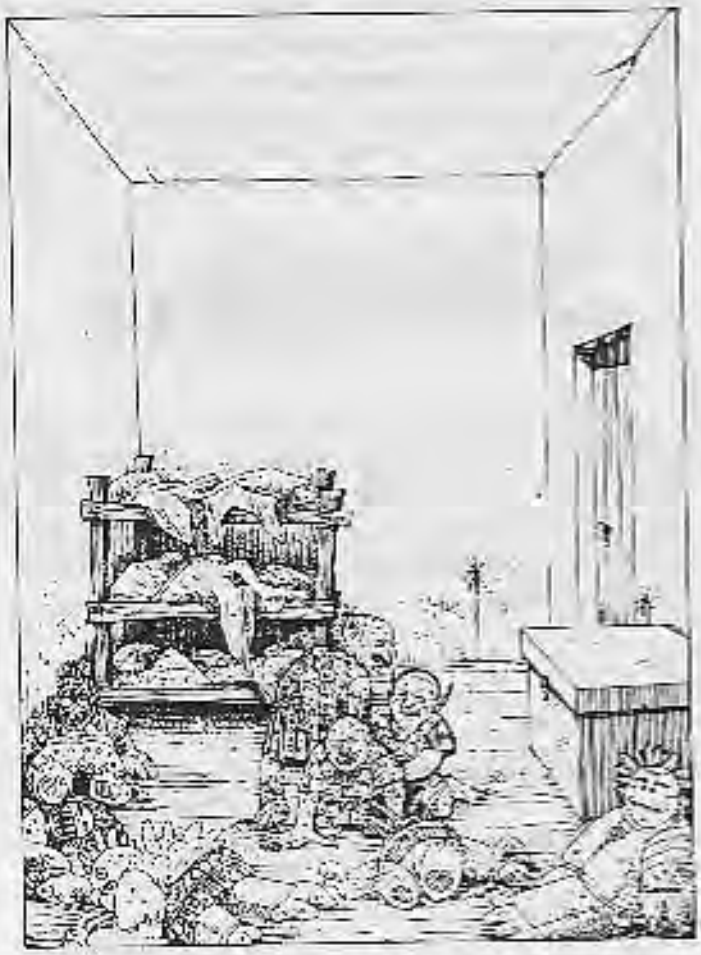

64 *Looking up at you quizzically are three small creatures.*

64

You listen at the door and can hear squeaky voices laughing and squabbling. You try the handle and the door opens. Inside is a brightly coloured room. A few small beds are in one corner, and strewn about the floor are small mannequins of various brutish creatures. Along the right-hand wall is a large box and just beyond the box is a door. In the centre of the floor, and looking up at you quizzically, are three small creatures. They are human-like but have green skin, pointed ears and slit-like eyes. What will your approach be? Will you:

Draw your sword and prepare to fight them?	Turn to 286
Look in your pack for something to offer them?	Turn to 3
Walk confidently across the room to the far door?	Turn to 366

65

You kneel before him and bow. He is indeed your master now. You have failed in your mission.

66

They look at each other and chatter. One steps forward and holds out a small cube which looks as though it has been made of some kind of bread or cake. At his request, you pop it into your mouth and chew it. As you swallow it, you feel suddenly strong again. Restore your SKILL and STAMINA scores to their *initial* levels and add 1 LUCK point. You thank

him for the food, thank them all for their company and head for the doors. Turn to **270**.

67

You begin your fight with the creature. Your first blow is lucky and severs one of its six heads. The other five strike at you and, to your horror, two more heads grow where the other one died! One of the heads bites deep into your arm. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Your sword is obviously going to be of little use. Will you use a Creature Copy Spell (turn to **143**) or something from your backpack (turn to **226**)?

68

'Which would I take, eh?' he muses. 'Let's see . . . I would not take the one two doors to the left of the copper-handled one, nor the door to the right of the bronze-handled one.' Which one will you choose:

The brass-handled door?	Turn to **207**
The copper-handled door?	Turn to **22**
The bronze-handled one?	Turn to **354**

69

The creature is not very talkative, but you do discover that you are in the dungeons beneath the Black Tower and you will probably never be released, unless you are given to the Ganjees for sport. When you question him about Balthus Dire, he goes silent. You had better try a Spell to get you out of this prison. Turn to **193**.

70

You fly up and away from his lunges but he stands his ground and there is no way for you to fly around him to the door. Eventually the Spell wears off and you must face him once again. Will you:

Use a Weakness Spell?	Turn to **307**
Use a Strength Spell?	Turn to **264**
Draw your sword?	Turn to **325**

71

You draw your sword and hack at the tentacle. The tentacle will not fight back as will a normal creature, but instead is trying to drag you into a large hole in the ground which is opening around its base. You do not need to roll for the tentacle, as it has an *Attack Strength* of 15 and a STAMINA score of 2. Throw for combat in the normal way, but if your own *Attack Strength* comes to less than 15, do not subtract any points from your own STAMINA. However, if you do not defeat the creature within 3 *Attack Rounds*, it succeeds in dragging you into its lair and your adventure is over. If you do defeat it, you can peel the tentacle off your leg and proceed to the main entrance to the Black Tower. Turn to **218**.

72

Luck is not with you. Your first glance at the serpent-headed creature was enough to seal your fate. You cry out in anguish as you feel your joints begin to seize and your limbs become heavy and uncon-

trollable. As the Gorgon's stony stare takes effect, you fight for balance – but lose it and crash to the floor. Your petrified body cracks on impact and you now lie in several pieces before Balthus Dire.

You have failed in your mission.

73

Either you may try to cut yourself free from the Sewer Snake, or you may ward it off with a Spell. If you will fight the creature, resolve this battle:

SEWER SNAKE SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **112**.

If you wish to cast a Strength Spell, add 3 to your dice roll on your *Attack Strength*. If you wish to cast a Fire Spell, turn to **282**.

74

As you jump to the side, the sorcerer's eyes follow you – and so does his fireball! It hits you in the chest, knocking you over. The scorching will cost you 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you may prepare another Spell for your counter-attack. Turn to 377.

75

You step through the doorway, close the door behind you and wait for some time. You hear the footsteps run closer and reach the door. Incomprehensible chatterings on the other side of the door

eventually die down and again you hear footsteps, this time moving away from you. You ring for the butler. Turn to **40**.

76

While you were pulling out your Berries, Balthus Dire has been concentrating on a Spell. He looks up and bursts out laughing. 'Slumberberries!' he cries. 'And what are you expecting me to do? Pop them into my mouth?' He snaps his fingers and his Spell materializes. Turn to **191**.

77

Balthus Dire is surprised at your success. 'So!' he exclaims. 'You think yourself stronger than the rest, eh?' You may act quickly and cast a Spell at him. Which will you choose:

An E.S.P. Spell?	Turn to 187
A Fire Spell?	Turn to **46**
A Creature Copy Spell?	Turn to 349

If you have none of these, or would prefer not to cast a spell, turn to 355.

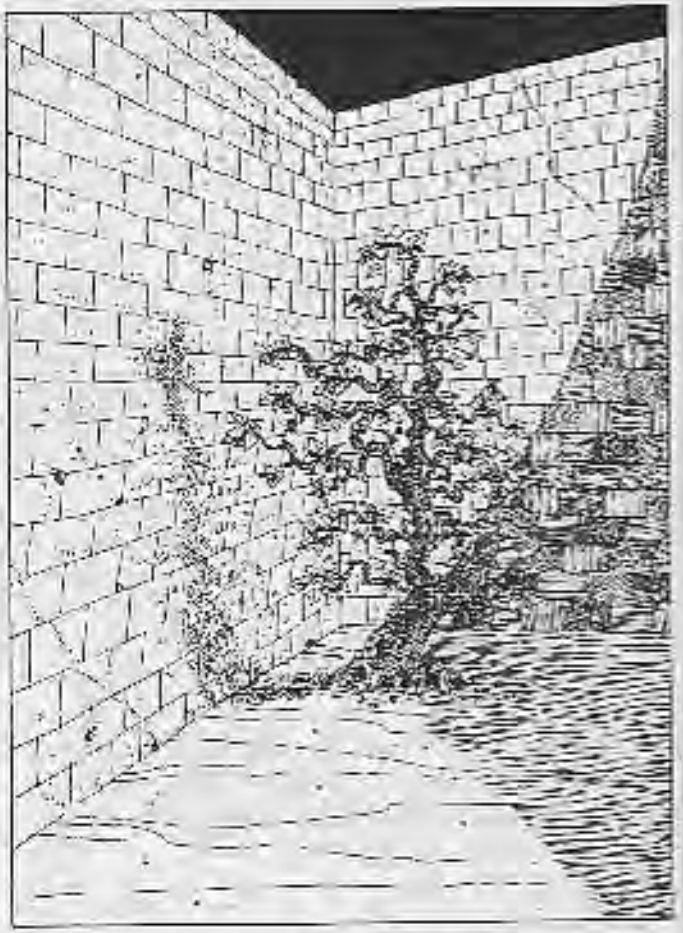

79 *A peculiar bush with branches bursting out from the central stalk, as if in agony.*

78

His eyes follow you to the window. His pupils have turned milky white. He leans his head back, blinks once and moans. Snapping his head forwards, he now glares at you with eyes that have turned to shining silver! His gaze is hypnotic, and you will have to act quickly. Will you:

Hide yourself behind one of the drapes?	Turn to 324
Pull one of the drapes down and throw it over his head?	Turn to 124
Look through your backpack for something to use?	Turn to 277

79

In the far corner of the courtyard, you come across a peculiar bush with branches twisting out from the central stalk, as if in agony. The leaves are diamond-shaped, with small berries underneath, flat and tablet-like. You may take some berries with you on your adventure and creep further along the wall to the main entrance to the Citadel. Turn to 218.

80

As you leap across the table, the sorcerer spins round. You stumble and crash to the ground as you see that he has changed into a creature much more dangerous than you. His face is now that of a witch, and his hair is now a mass of snakes, writhing and hissing at you. Will you continue your attack (turn to 199) or retreat from him (turn to 232)?

81

The Ape-Dog laughs and tells you that Kylltrog is a lazy good-for-nothing and is not worth saving. You breathe a sigh of relief as he walks back and shouts for the gatekeeper. Moments later, the gatekeeper appears and opens a small doorway to let you in. Turn to 251.

82

You fall into the trench. Frantically, you try to grasp the edge as you tumble over, but without success. Head over heels you tumble down the pit, and your last memory is your final crash as you hit the ground below, which kills you instantly.

You have failed in your mission.

83

The man is a merchant. You tell him you are of the same profession and you chat for some time about prices and profits within the Black Tower. He says he has never been allowed above the ground floor of the Citadel, as merchants are rather despised inside. You bid him farewell and press onwards. Turn to 245.

84

As you study the shelves, you hear a commotion behind you. You wheel round in time to see Orc-like creatures, armed and on guard, materializing one after the other behind you. They advance and surround you. The tallest one moves his face close to

yours and blows a puff of breath straight into your eyes. The room spins and you slump to the ground, unconscious. Turn to 234.

85

You cast your Spell and wait for a fireball to appear on the end of your torch. The torch flickers, just enough for you to see that there is a door on the far side of the room, but then goes out again. The Ganjees laugh once more at your efforts to thwart them. You feel a blow on the head which knocks you to the ground again. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Will you:

Try an Illusion Spell?	Turn to 395
Take something from your backpack?	Turn to 322
Draw your sword?	Turn to 248

86

As you cast the spell, the two creatures watch in amazement as you rise in the air, float over their heads towards the gate, over the wall and into the Citadel. You land on your feet inside the gate and look around. Turn to 251. But beware! They will be sure to alert the Citadel guards. Cross the Levitation Spell you have just used off your *Adventure Sheet*.

87

You create a large fireball in your hands and throw it at the creature. It has no effect. The Gargoyle swipes at you and the blow knocks you off your feet.

90 *Just ahead, a woman seems to be washing clothes*

Lose 2 STAMINA points. You had better avoid this beast by leaving the room and trying the middle door on the balcony. Turn to **64**.

88

The door is extremely strong, but cracks a little under your charge. You may try charging it as often as you wish until you break it. Roll a die for each attempt. If you roll a six, you succeed (turn to 292). For each unsuccessful attempt, you must lose 1 STAMINA point. If you decide against this course of action, you may use a Strength Spell (turn to 170), or try either the middle door (turn to 64) or the door at the far end of the balcony (turn to 304) instead.

89

The key turns, the lock clicks open and you look inside the box. Inside the box is a glass jar, and in this jar is a spider. But not a normal spider; this creature has the face of an old man. He is talking to you, but you cannot make out what he is saying. A noise startles you and you spin round to see that the door, the one you came through, is beginning to open. You put the jar in your bag and make for the other door. Turn to **237**.

90

The passageway widens and you are now walking alongside a flowing river. Just ahead, a woman seems to be washing clothes. She has a basket of these clothes beside her, and several sets of long

johns are hanging on a line behind her. Will you:

Draw out your sword and advance ready for a fight?	Turn to 176
Hail her and try to make conversation?	Turn to 21
Use an E.S.P. Spell to find out who she is?	Turn to 329

91

She looks at your offering and her eyes widen. 'Let me see that,' she commands. You carefully advance towards her and hold out the brush. She snatches it and spends several moments admiring it. 'This is indeed a work of art,' she says, and she gets out of bed to try it in front of her mirror. As she brushes her hair with it, her hair takes on an unusual sheen, glimmering softly. She is fascinated with your gift and now is your chance to leave unnoticed through a door in the far corner. You may try to take with you a Golden Fleece which is lying on the bed. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to snatch it quickly and can leave through the other door (turn to 140). If you are Unlucky, you may *Test your Luck* again until you are finally Lucky. Or, if Luck is not with you, you may ignore the cumbersome thing and leave anyway (turn to 140).

92

The milky liquid smells sweet. You take a sip and start to giggle! You take a gulp and burst out laughing – for no reason at all! No wonder the little Gremlins were enjoying it so much. Light-headed, and in fine spirits, you leave the chamber to make your way onwards towards the Citadel. Turn to 156 and add 2 STAMINA points for this refreshing incident.

93

Outside the door you look at your bottle. It is a bottle of Hogweed Essence, apparently useful for repelling stone-based creatures. This may be useful and you put it carefully into your backpack. Heading on up the corridor, you come to another door, which opens, letting you pass into a large room. Turn to 169.

94

You feel your own growing power. Running at the door you hit it hard with your shoulder . . . but it does not budge! Lose 1 STAMINA point for your bruise and knock loudly to summon the guard. Turn to 118.

95

At the far end of the Wine Cellar is a wooden door, which you try. It opens out into a passageway which leads onwards for several metres. Turn to 367.

96

They accept your offering and summon the gatekeeper, who opens a small doorway in the portcullis to let you in. You leave them squabbling over the gold nugget. Turn to 251.

97

The bread is rather tasteless and dry. In fact it is very dry – so dry that you are soon desperate for a drink! Your mouth is parched and you frantically search through the food in the room for something to drink. But there is nothing to quench your thirst. You must deduct 1 SKILL point until you find liquid of some sort which you may drink (drinking this liquid need not necessarily be given as an option – it may just be described as being present in a room). You may now leave the room, either through the door in the left-hand wall (turn to 13) or through the one opposite the door you entered through (turn to 281).

98

The GOLEM advancing towards you is a slow-moving creature, and you reach the boxes easily. You curse as you find they are all locked. As you struggle with the locks, the Golem closes on you. You may:

Draw your sword and fight the creature	Turn to 303
Cast a Fire Spell	Turn to 4
Cast a Creature Copy Spell	Turn to 190
Forget the boxes and race for the door	Turn to 237

99

Will you take either the left-hand door (turn to 52) or the right-hand door (turn to 38)?

100

Do you have a Levitation Spell? If so, you had better use it now to float out of the pit. If you levitate yourself, you can continue down the wall towards the corner of the courtyard (turn to 79). If not, turn to 276.

101

A duplicate of the creature materializes between the two of you. At your command, the battle commences:

GARGOYLE SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If your creation wins, turn to 62. If your created Gargoyle loses, you decide against facing the Gargoyle on your own and leave the room, trying the door in the middle of the balcony. Turn to 64.

102

They sympathize with your request. Three of them turn towards the other one and, with obvious reluctance, this one takes an amulet from around his neck. 'This,' he says, 'is a Charmed Amulet. It is made of metal but a Jewel of Light is set into it. Ganjees fear this talisman, but they will no doubt try to trick you into losing it. This has been my own proud possession for some time but we Scouts are obliged by our gods to offer help, so I give it to you.'

You thank him and place the Charmed Amulet around your neck. You may now leave the room, but you may feel obliged, because of his great gift, to give him something in return. If you have any Gold Pieces, decide how many you will give him, cross these off your list, and turn to 183. If you have no gold but will give him an artefact you have picked up, cross this off your list and turn to 396. If you cannot, or will not, give him a gift in return, turn to 270.

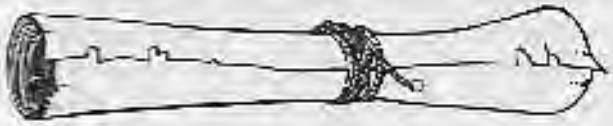

103

You cast your Spell – but nothing happens! You fall down and down from the tower, finally landing with a fatal crash on the floor below. The fearsome creatures have robbed you of your magic, and now of your life.

You have failed in your mission.

104

You try the handle and it turns. The door is stiff and you must shove it open. The room inside is some sort of living abode, with tables, chairs, shelves and a collection of animal heads on the wall. There is a plush pile carpet on the floor. Suddenly, one of the animal heads turns and looks towards you. It is some kind of dog, and it barks loudly in a tone which is a warning, both to you and to any of its cronies which may be within earshot. As you watch the head, you do not notice a carpet, which flies up off the floor and whisks past you, clipping your ear. You spin round in time to see one of the chairs, slowly re-forming itself into a tall man. 'What business have you here?' he booms. Will you:

Try to talk with him?	Turn to 266
Use one of your Spells?	Turn to 310
Search through your backpack for a weapon or a gift?	Turn to 54
Leave the room quickly and try the other door?	Turn to 25

105

The wine is rather bitter and, as you savour it in your mouth, you feel a burning sensation. You spit the wine to the ground and, to your amazement, a

jet of flame flies from your lips! You may take a sample of the wine with you and use it instead of casting a Fire Spell, whenever the Fire Spell option is given. Your sample will be enough for a single usage. You head onwards towards a door leading further into the cellar. Turn to 95.

106

She laughs again and tells you she likes to see people getting angry. In good humour, she accompanies you for several metres. Conversation is difficult. She sees something in the distant shadows and nips off to investigate, allowing you to advance to the Citadel's main entrance. Turn to 218.

107

You have caught either 1, 2, 3 or 4 heads in your noose. These heads struggle to free themselves, but the creature continues its advance. You begin to panic as you try to decide what to do next. Turn to 184.

108

You grasp the rope firmly, step back, and take a run at the putrid river. Suddenly, the rope snatches and whips with a mind of its own! You quickly let go and drop down to the ground. The rope drops on top of you and tangles itself around you. You realize that it is not a rope but, in fact, a long SEWER SNAKE, which wraps itself around your body and neck. Turn to 73.

109

The creature strains against the barrier of your Shielding Spell. To your horror, it is so strong that it actually breaks through! It is now on top of you and you must draw your sword. Turn to 30.

110

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you choose another name which is familiar to them and they summon the gatekeeper, who eventually appears to let you in (turn to 251). If you are Unlucky, this was another poor guess and they advance towards you with their weapons at the ready. You will have to fight them (turn to 288).

111

You have managed to avert your eyes from the creature and you now back into the corner, shielding your face with your arm. But what can you do? If you have a Polished Silver Mirror, you may pull it out of your backpack and hold it towards the sorcerer (turn to 347). If not, turn to 153.

112

You disentangle yourself from the dead Sewer Snake and try crossing the water. You get across without any further incidents, but you are certainly looking forward to your next bath! You continue along the passageway until you reach a junction where you can either go straight on or take a passage off to the left. If you fork left, turn to 212. If you wish to go straight on, turn to 367.

113

You cast the Weakness Spell at the sorcerer. He stops in his tracks and looks at you. His expression changes to one of pain and his shoulders shudder. Some sort of terrible internal turmoil is taking place within him. Will you wait and see what happens (turn to 388) or draw your sword and advance (turn to 145)?

114

You point to the base of the tentacle and cast your spell. A puff of smoke and flash of light burst from the hole in the ground. A shudder runs through the tentacle and, thankfully, it releases its grip. As it retreats back into the ground, you rub your leg to get the circulation back and then set off towards the main entrance to the Citadel again. Remember to deduct your Fire Spell and turn to 218.

115

Your situation is not good. Balthus Dire strides towards you and is almost upon you. Turn to 373.

116

Your super-powered hands grip the handle and tug. It comes off in your grip. You bunch up a fist and slam it into the centre of the door. The wood cracks and breaks, allowing you to break through into the room beyond. Turn to 210.

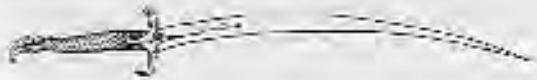

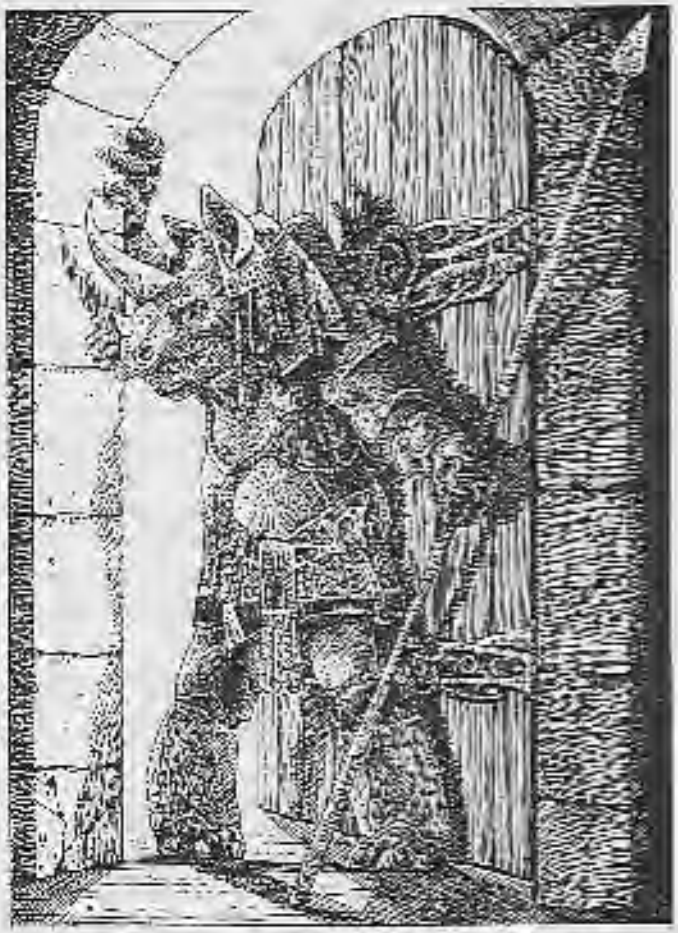

118 *The door opens and a large, brutish creature steps out.*

117

As you draw your weapon, the sorcerer does likewise. You are now too close for either of you to use magic and you will have to finish off your battle in the most difficult sword fight you have had. Turn to 337.

118

The door opens and a large, brutish creature steps out. It has a sharp horn in the middle of its forehead and its skin appears to be armour plated. It grunts to ask you what you want and demands the password before letting you in. Do you know the password? If so, turn to 273. If not, you will have to bluff your way in (turn to 198).

119

You turn to face the powerful sorcerer. But he has disappeared! You spin round to see him standing behind you with a sharp dagger poised to strike. You try to spring out of the way, but it is too late. The blade sinks into your back . . .

You have failed in your mission.

120

You taste the wine and nod. The vintage is indeed excellent with a refreshing, fruity taste. You try a little more and start to feel light-headed. You may add 2 STAMINA points and 3 LUCK points for finding such an excellent beverage. You thank the Elf and press onwards. Turn to 95.

121

As you run at the door, it suddenly opens in front of you. Unable to stop yourself, you rush headlong forwards into the room, eventually tripping over and rolling to a stop. Lose 1 STAMINA point for grazing your knee on the rocky floor. Turn to **257**.

122

You try a simple ruse to fool her, but she does not fall for it. She will stop you getting any further unless you use your magic. Turn to 47.

123

You concentrate and images from the Calacorm flash through your mind. You see a plate full of dead snakes, then a similar-looking creature with greyish skin – possibly the female of its species – then you feel a great sense of pleasure as you see an unfortunate creature bound to the wall having its toes tickled with a burning torch. Then you see the plate of snakes again. Evidently this creature thinks about little but the simple pleasures of its miserable life and you will not learn much about how to escape. You had better try a Fool's Gold Spell (turn to 211) or an Illusion Spell (turn to 35). If you have neither, turn to 283.

124

As the drape falls, daylight streams in through the window. You realize that you have lost all track of time since entering the Citadel. The sun is a welcome relief after your many hours of darkness. A

thump makes you turn back towards your adversary. He is lying in a heap on the ground. You take a step forwards and he lets out a blood-curdling scream! 'The curtain! . . . You fool! . . .' he gasps in a voice that is obviously weak and dying. Evidently the daylight you have let in is sapping his strength rapidly, and he is trying desperately to crawl into the shadows. But he is too weak to move far and he slumps to the ground, face downwards. Turn to 400.

125

As you break into a run, three arrows fly out towards you from nowhere. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, they all miss and you arrive at the monument, ducking behind the stone. If you are Unlucky, one of the arrows sinks into your shoulder causing you 5 STAMINA points of damage before you reach the shelter of the monument. Turn to **209**.

126

You pause to consider, in a state of panic. Ahead, the passageway forks to the left and to the right. As you are trying to decide which direction to take, three creatures emerge from the left hand passage. Calling the noises you heard 'footsteps' was not entirely accurate, as you will see. Turn to 316.

127

She lifts her head and calls into the air. You stop in your tracks as you see the washing on the line rustle and kick about in the air. Freeing themselves from the

line, several pieces of clothing wisp through the air towards you and, as they get close, you can make out ghostly bodies with long-dead faces inside the clothes. 'Protect me, my sons and daughters!' she cries – and suddenly the clothes are all around you. Some whip their sleeves at you, stinging you painfully. One pair of arms wraps itself around your neck, making it difficult to breathe and tightening its grip. You are flailing about with your sword, but doing little damage to the GHOSTS. The stranglehold is tightening and you will have to use your magic to get free, unless you have something in your backpack to offer the woman. Will you:

Offer her some Small Berries?	Turn to 53
Offer her a Silver Mirror?	Turn to 387
Use a Fire Spell?	Turn to 240

If you have none of these turn to 194.

128

As the Spell takes its effect, you begin to get various thoughts as they flash through the creature's mind. Apart from a feeling of fear that its captain might find out it was asleep at its post and let an intruder in, it holds some strange reverence for a carved Hairbrush which is apparently in the room somewhere. But this is all you receive and you must now

defend yourself from its attack with something. Will you use:

Your sword?	Turn to 336
A Fool's Gold Spell?	Turn to 36
A Creature Copy Spell?	Turn to 262
A Weakness Spell?	Turn to 152

129

You struggle with the box for some time, trying to open it. It will not open. You take out your sword and strike the box, but you succeed only in blunting your sword – from now on you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL score. You do not manage to open the box. Will you:

Try to open the first box?	Turn to 260
Try to open the third box?	Turn to 370
Leave the boxes and press onwards?	Turn to 237

130

The spell has no effect. Cross it off your list and draw your sword. Turn to 333.

131

You quickly unsheathe the sword, pointing it towards the Leprechaun. He throws a glance at the blade and to your horror it droops limply from the hilt, hanging downwards like a leather belt. It seems that you won't get too far acting aggressively. Perhaps you had better ask him the way onwards. Turn to 348.

132

You enter a room which is evidently a library of some sort. Books stretch from ceiling to floor on each wall and several tables and chairs are lined down the centre of the room. At the far end sits a dark-skinned man who looks up at you from a book over narrow eyeglasses. Behind him is a door. 'Yes, what is it?' he snaps. 'Which book are you looking for?' You scan the various shelves, which are labelled. Will you ask him for:

Biographies of Balthus Dire?	Turn to 18
Secrets of the Black Tower?	Turn to 238
Creatures of the Kingdom of Craggen Rock?	Turn to 375

133

You cast your Spell. With your new-found strength you leap easily to the centre of the room over the trench and break open the lock on the chest. You curse as you find nothing inside but a good weight of lead shot. Quickly, you leap back across the trench towards the other door, as the spell is wearing off. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **206**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **82**.

134

They are taken aback by your audacity. Rather than waiting for them to talk, you act aggressively and demand to know how to get into the Citadel. They point to the main entrance, obviously a little bewildered by your confident manner, and whisper

amongst themselves. The Orc tells you that you will need the password, 'Scimitar', to get in. You ask about the vial of liquid within the box, whereupon they get agitated. Will you press them for more information about the vial (turn to 60), leave them and head for the two men you saw earlier (turn to 269), or press on towards the Black Tower (turn to 245)?

135

Miks are masters of illusion, able to change themselves into any shape or form they wish. It is not certain what their true nature is, as few have seen them in their natural form, but they have been described by fairly reliable sources as a thin, Elf-like race. They are an aggressive lot, but their favoured weapon is a Needleknife (a thin stiletto-like dagger) with which they can only attack from close range. Although they can change themselves into any form – man, beast or object – they are unable to use metal in their disguises. They are also unable to cast their illusions over other objects. Turn to 326.

136

They all protest strongly, but you explain that you have your orders and begin to snoop around the kitchen. Will you investigate:

The cupboards?	Turn to 17
The broth in the kettle?	Turn to 167
The roasting spit?	Turn to 389

137

The man is old and has been hit about the head with a club of some sort. He asks for medicine but you have none. You could use a Stamina Spell to fix him up and he offers to help you if you will. If you will use your magic, turn to 383. If not, you will have to leave him and continue along the wall (turn to 14).

138

'What do I want with that?' she exclaims. Again her eyes turn deep red and the jets of fire shoot towards you. Will you cast a Shielding Spell (turn to 376) or leave the room and head down the corridor for the middle room (turn to 64)?

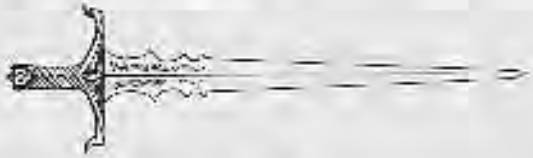

139

All three knives miss and stick deep into the door behind you. The Wheelies are almost on you and you must decide quickly whether to fight them (turn to 346) or cast a Spell. You may cast either:

An Illusion Spell	Turn to 244
A Fire Spell	Turn to 28

140

You leave the room and head down a short corridor. Some metres down you find yourself at the foot of a staircase. This is a spiral staircase which leads right

up into the Citadel Tower. You climb the stairs cautiously and eventually arrive on a small landing with two doorways in front of you. Will you take the left-hand door (turn to 25) or the right-hand door (turn to 104)?

141

The liquid tastes salty and you break into a cold sweat as it goes down. You begin to tremble and try to steady yourself on the altar. However, you trip forward, knocking the other two chalices onto the floor, spilling the other liquids. You slump to the floor yourself, feeling extremely ill and hazy. As if in a dream, you see a vision of a strange, muscular creature with two heads, a long tail, and scaly grey skin. In its hand it holds a large bunch of keys. A mouse runs across the table at which it is sitting and it shrieks loudly . . . The cry wakes you up with a start and you realize where you are. You pick yourself up and grope for the door handle – you must have some fresh air! You leave the chamber, rest for a few moments outside, and set off for the Citadel. Turn to 156.

142

You try the handle and it turns. You can hear nothing coming from inside the room, so you open the door to look around. The room is small, with a golden candlestick on a table . . . but suddenly, you hear a creaking sound coming from the floor! Too late, you realize that the stones beneath your feet are shifting to reveal a trap! You fall feet first into a

144 *Poking your head round the door, you can see rows and rows of racks full of bottles.*

pit. As you hit the bottom you roll sideways, down another passage, and continue rolling downwards. Try as you might, you cannot stop yourself rolling head-over-heels until eventually you come to a halt in a small chamber. But the shock has been too much for you. As the world goes black around you, you hear excited chatterings, then you pass out. Turn to 234.

143

You concentrate and cast your Spell. A Hydra's torso appears, but that is all. The creature is so large that a single Spell will not create a duplicate. If you have another Creature Copy Spell, you may use it (turn to 360), otherwise you may look in your backpack for something to use (turn to 226). If you cannot, or will not use either of these, turn to 184.

144

The door opens and you enter a narrow corridor. You follow it for some time until you finally come to another door; this time a wide, carved door with the inscription 'Wine Cellar' set into it. You try the handle and it opens. Poking your head round the door you can see rows and rows of racks full of bottles . . . full of wine? The room is dimly lit by several candles. Your opening the door has caused a little bell to ring, and a figure is limping towards you up one of the aisles. Will you draw your sword and prepare to defend yourself (turn to 154), or see what this fellow might have to say (turn to 56)?

145

You draw your sword and leap across the table at him. He, meanwhile, is evidently straining to fight off your Weakness Spell . . . or is he? He buries his head in his hands and turns away from you. Turn to **80**.

146

You may ask one favour of them. Will you:

Ask how you may defeat Balthus Dire?	Turn to **247**
Ask where the doors ahead lead to?	Turn to **201**
Ask how to avoid the Ganjees?	Turn to **102**
Tell them you are a little weary – is there anything they could do?	Turn to **66**

147

The Golem crashes to the ground and breaks into pieces. With relief, you walk over to the boxes to examine them. Will you try to open:

The first box?	Turn to **260**
The second box?	Turn to **129**
The third box?	Turn to **370**

148

The sorcerer snorts with contempt. 'Then you can blame your death on those same countryfolk who sent you on this task!' With these words, he pulls a sharp dagger from his belt and drives it into your chest. You have failed in your quest.

149

They are not interested in your company and bid you on your way. You may either carry on towards the Tower (turn to **245**), turn to the left to investigate the monument in the centre of the courtyard (turn to **209**), or sit down at the fire anyway (turn to **380**).

150

You duck quickly to avoid the Trident. It misses your neck but glances off your forehead. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **374**.

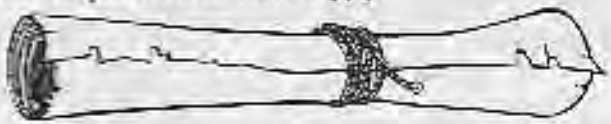

151

The suits of armour are a variety of shapes and sizes and you shiver to think of the strange creatures they must have been made for; perhaps you may yet come across some of them. As you examine one particularly grand suit, its hand suddenly rises and whacks you across the face! You stagger back, spitting blood. Lose 2 STAMINA points. But the armour makes no further move, and you decide it may be prudent to continue upstairs, either up the left-hand staircase (turn to **19**), or up the right-hand staircase (turn to **197**).

152

You cast your Spell and the creature stops in its tracks, not quite sure what has happened to it. With some effort it picks up its axe and comes towards you, but is evidently not such a strong adversary as before. You draw out your sword to finish the Gark off.

GARK	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If you defeat the creature, turn to **180**.

153

You are powerless against the Gorgon. You slump helplessly in the corner, while the sorcerer summons his guards, who appear several minutes later. They pick you up and march you out of the room. Their leader asks the sorcerer for instructions. 'Execute the peasant!' is his reply.

You have failed in your mission.

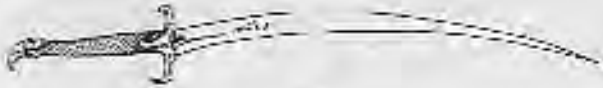

154

As you draw your sword, the figure stops and takes something from the pouch at his waist. As he limps closer you can see that this creature is a BLACK ELF; tall and thin, with arrowhead ears and one lame leg. In his hand he holds a small device of some sort. He sees you, manipulates the device, and suddenly it becomes a stiletto sword in his hand! Will you advance and fight (turn to **275**) or lower your sword and talk to him (turn to **56**)?

155

Your hand goes for your sword hilt. You draw out the blade. But you do not strike the sorcerer. Your own will compels you to offer him the weapon, which you do. He accepts. Turn to **65**.

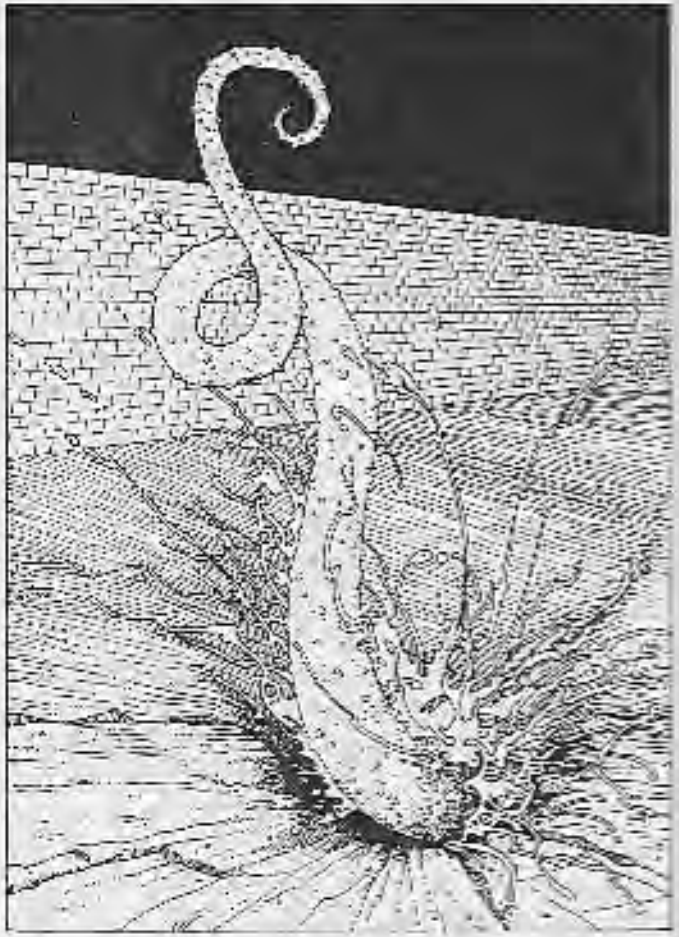

156 *A long, grey tentacle covered in warty growths bursts out of the ground and wraps itself around your leg.*

156

As you stride across the open courtyard, you notice that you are walking alongside a small mound, almost like a buried pipeline running from the Black Tower to the temple. You bend over to investigate it: could it perhaps have been made by a mole of some kind? As you touch the mound, it caves in and, to your horror, a long, grey tentacle covered in warty growths bursts out of the ground and wraps itself around your leg! How will you fight this 'thing':

Draw your sword?	Turn to **71**
Cast a Levitation Spell?	Turn to **284**
Cast a Fire Spell?	Turn to **114**

157

The sorcerer cries out in anguish and turns away from you, holding his head. You rush forward and he wheels round to face you. You gasp! He is no longer the demi-sorcerer but has changed into a wicked-faced hag with wrinkled skin. His – or rather *her* – hair is now a squirming mass of hissing serpents! Will you press an attack (turn to **199**), or retreat quickly (turn to **232**)?

158

The beast whimpers as the spell takes effect. The immense weight is indeed a burden without its normal strength. It collapses in a heap, unable even to lift itself from the ground. You step over and run your sword through its chest. The unfortunate creature lies dead at your feet. Turn to **77**.

159

You cast your Weakness Spell. Hopefully, you wait for the creature's strength to fade. But as its teeth still maul you, you are dismayed to find that its attack is becoming more ferocious. You cannot feel your leg now. The pain is intense. You feel faint and lose consciousness as the jaws close on your throat. Turn to 323.

160

The Dog-Head flies towards you and snatches the gadget from your hand. Examining it, the other two creatures gather round. They seem fascinated by it. While they are so preoccupied, you may creep through the room to the door in the far corner. Turn to 206.

161

She is deeply insulted by your indifference. The Whirlwind rises once more and this time she knocks you off your feet. You try crawling forward, but she positions herself in front of you in whichever direction you turn. You will have to try to outwit her, but how will you start:

Make your anger obvious to her?	Turn to 106
Talk to her to try to pacify her?	Turn to 39

162

You feel power surge through your body. The creatures see your rippling muscles harden in front of their eyes and stop dead in their tracks. Your hand

grabs at your sword hilt and you whip out your blade. But to your despair, your new strength is difficult to control and your first slash with the sword sends the blade flying through the air to land several metres away! The creatures grin at each other and advance. You will now have to face them bare-handed, or you may use your new strength to bound away down the hillside.

If you wish to fight, the creatures' scores are (fight them in turn):

	SKILL	STAMINA
APE-DOG	7	4
DOG-APE	6	6

Treat your scores as normal. You may indeed have super-strength, but you are unarmed. If you win, you may retrieve your sword. Your strength returns to normal. Turn to 32.

If you wish to run away, do so, and start again tomorrow night. Whichever you choose, remember to cross off the Strength Spell you have just used.

163

You take a sip and gag. This wine is awful! The Elf is looking on expectantly and you must not insult him, so you take another sip, grimacing as the liquid goes down. You thank him very much but explain quickly that you must be getting back. You head for the far end of the room but your stomach will take the horrid taste no longer. You are violently ill

on the way out. Lose 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points for your nausea and turn to 95.

164

The door is solid metal and no amount of charging, even with a Strength Spell, will budge it. You fall to your knees. After having come so far, your mission has failed. Unable to go on, you will have to try again; this time looking for the combination on the way through. You may, if you have one, use a Levitation Spell to take you away out of the Citadel. You will have to try again, tomorrow night . . .

165

As you feel the strength surging through your body, you draw out your sword and dig into the earthy walls. By making a foothole, then stepping on to it as you dig the next, you make your way up the shaft quite quickly with your boost of power. Halfway up, however, your strength begins to ebb and you realize you are returning to normal. If you allow this to happen, you will fall backwards into the pit once more. You may either cast another Strength Spell to give you the energy to complete your staircase (turn to 398), or you may shout for help (turn to 202).

166

As you bite into the meat, you hear a faint squeal of pain coming from somewhere distant. The meat is tough and salty, but does not taste too bad, so you take another bite. Again you hear a cry and this time the joint of meat flies from your hand! As you pick it

up it pulls at your grip. You realize that this meat is still alive, and is screaming as you eat it! You feel a stab of pain in your stomach, then another. The two mouthfuls you have eaten are trying to fight their way out of your body! You fall to the ground, clutching your belly.

The meat will have three 'attacks' on your stomach before it is digested. Throw two dice three times. Each time the number thrown is higher than your SKILL score, deduct 2 STAMINA points. If *all three* throws exceed your SKILL score, then the damage it does will be fatal and this is the end of your adventure. If you survive, you may leave either by the door in the left-hand wall (turn to 13), or the door opposite the one you came through (turn to 281).

167

You bend over the broth and take a sniff. Phew! It is revolting! You ask them what on earth it is, and as you look up, you can see that one of them has been quietly waving her hands at the broth. You pull your head back, but too late. A large SNAPPERFISH rises from the broth and snaps its sharp teeth at your head. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 224. If you are Unlucky, turn to 331.

168

You take out the Amulet and place it over your head. The Ganjees gasp! 'Begone stranger,' says a voice. 'We will not bother you. Take the door in the far corner.' With those words, a door in the corner of

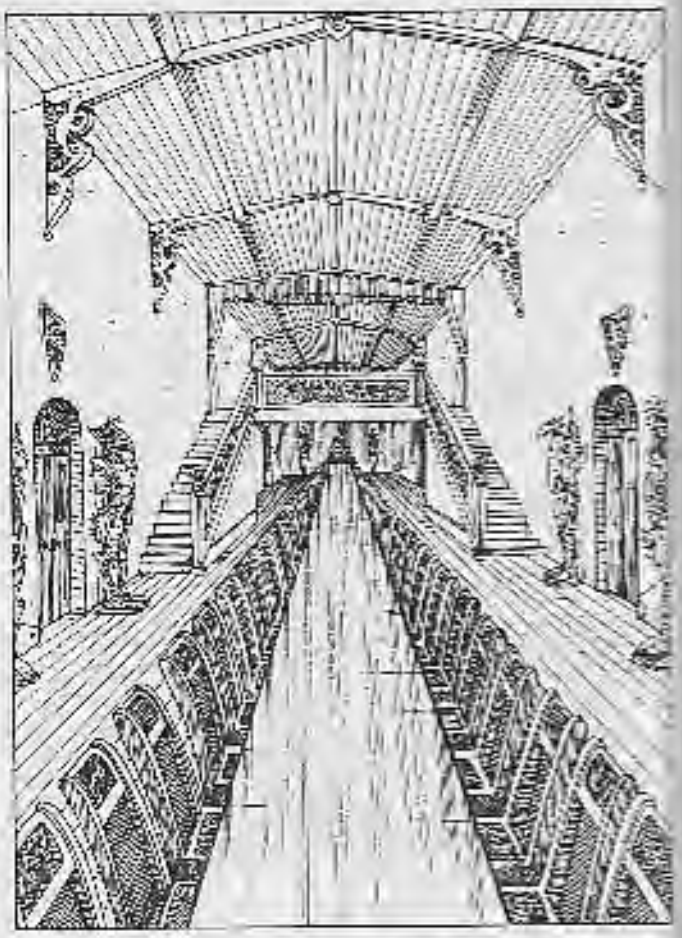

169 *A long table, large enough to seat forty or fifty people, stands in the centre.*

the room glows slightly. You walk over to it and open the door. Turn to 328.

169

The room you are in is some sort of grand dining hall. A long table, large enough to seat some forty or fifty people, stands in the centre, edged with chairs. Various doors and passageways lead from the room, but you are particularly interested in two side staircases which lead upwards to either end of a balcony overlooking the hall. Paintings and suits of armour decorate the walls. The room is empty. Will you:

Take the left-hand staircase upwards?	Turn to 19
Take the right-hand staircase upwards?	Turn to 197
Investigate the paintings?	Turn to 317
Investigate the suits of armour?	Turn to 151

170

As the strength surges into your body, you charge the door with all your might. Roll one die. If you roll a 1, 2 or 3, the door does not break and you must lose 2 STAMINA points. If you roll a 4, 5 or 6, you break the door down (turn to 292). Continue this until you succeed, or you may decide to try either the middle door (turn to 64), or the far door (turn to 304) instead.

171

For this game you will need at least 1 Gold Piece. If you haven't any Gold Pieces, you may use a Fool's Gold Spell and take your Fool's Gold to the Games Master, who will give you 10 Gold Pieces for it. (If you have no Gold Pieces or Fool's Gold Spells, you cannot play the game.) Choose any numbers you wish between 1 and 6 and stake any number of your Gold Pieces on each one. Write your selection(s) and stake(s) down. Then roll one die. If the number you roll is one of your choices, you win five times the stake you have placed on that number. You may continue as long as you like, or you may switch to playing Knifey-Knifey (turn to **365**), or Runestones (turn to **278**). If you are bored with playing games turn to **31**. But you must play at least one game of Six Pick, if you have Gold Pieces or a Fool's Gold Spell, before you move on.

172

You advance and take a swing at the creature. With a clang, your sword bounces off its stone body. Realizing that you cannot harm it with your weapon, you may either cast a Spell (turn to **26**), or use something from your backpack (turn to **289**).

173

You concentrate hard, and a green, fuming gas jets out of your finger towards the creature. She realizes that her own spinning will suck the gas inside her Whirlwind and begins to back off. When she has

retreated far enough, you make a dash for the Black Tower. Turn to **218**.

174

The passageway twists and turns, eventually ending in a flight of stairs going upwards. You climb the stairs and find yourself in a short passage ending at a dead end. As you examine the wall, you discover a short lever, which you pull. The rock face ahead opens slightly and closes behind you as you walk through. You are now standing in front of a door, which is locked. Will you try to break it down (turn to **268**) or will you cast a Strength Spell to smash it to bits (turn to **116**)?

175

The creature has never heard of a Pincus within the Citadel. The Dog-Ape holding the mace growls and steps forward. You may quickly choose another name (turn to **110**) or may prepare to fight them (turn to **288**).

176

As you get closer, she turns to look at you. Not in the least perturbed by your weapon, she says, 'Put down your weapon, young stranger. I am but an old

woman. I'll do you no harm.' Will you do as she asks?

If you ignore her words and continue advancing	Turn to 127
If you put away your sword and talk to her	Turn to 21
If you stop and use an E.S.P. Spell	Turn to 329

177

You are in a narrow hallway. This continues for several metres and ends in a doorway. Halfway along the passage you can see an archway where some steps lead downwards. Will you go forwards to the door (turn to 5), or creep down the steps (turn to 344)?

178

You run around the kitchen, followed by the Devlin. You throw chairs, food, knives and bowls at it, but all have no effect. You sling a cup of liquid across the room and, to your surprise, the Devlin shrieks as it hits its flaming body! Then you get an idea. Nipping over to the kettle of broth, you dodge the creature until the two of you are running round the kettle, just out of each other's reach. You both stop, facing each other across the steaming brew. With a great heave, you tip the contents of the kettle out – all over the creature, which screams and disappears as its flames are extinguished. Now you may either check the cupboards (turn to 17), or leave

through the door at the far end of the kitchen (turn to 265).

179

As you step out of the shadows towards the centre of the courtyard, a voice in the wind cries, 'Halt! Stand your ground!' You whirl about but can see no-one addressing you. You take another couple of steps. Again, the eerie voice orders you to stop, and this time an arrow zings through the air and lands close to your left foot. You jump back. Still you can see no-one. But now you are stuck. Will you:

Press on forwards, very cautiously?	Turn to 378
Make a dash for the monument in the centre of the yard?	Turn to 125
Cast a Shielding Spell around yourself and advance?	Turn to 341

180

The great Gark lies dead on the ground. You wait for a minute to see whether the commotion will attract any guards, but all appears to be safe. You go through the creature's effects, but find little of value. Inside a pouch strung around its waist are 6 Gold Pieces and an ornate Hairbrush. You may take these with you if you wish. You decide to continue onwards. Turn to 99.

182 *Suddenly, a ghostly white luminous face flies towards you*

181

You cast the Spell into the air. As you do so, the Flying Carpet sails past you and, to your consternation, a second, identical carpet appears and begins to fly around the room. Suddenly the air is awhirl. The Dog Head flies off the wall and bites your arm savagely. Lose 2 STAMINA points. The man, who has turned into a Snake, slithers up to you and lunging forwards, strikes at your leg. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, the Snake's fangs merely graze you. Lose another 2 STAMINA points. If you are Unlucky, its fangs sink deep into your calf and your leg begins to throb with pain. In a blinding flash you realize that the bite is deadly and you sink to the ground clutching your wound and writhing in agony. As the poison takes effect, your head swims and consciousness fades. You have failed in your mission. If you have survived, though fortunate, you are not unscarred. Your body is wracked with pain and you must either offer your opponents a gift from your backpack (turn to 54), or leave the room quickly by the other door (turn to 25).

182

You feel yourself sucked into the room. As if by magic, your torch flickers and dies. The room is pitch black. From nowhere, yet everywhere, comes a mocking laugh which fills the room. 'Foolish adventurer,' says another voice, which changes its tone from high to low as it speaks. 'Welcome to the home of the GANJEES! Unfortunately, it will be the last room you will ever see . . . Ah, but of course,

you cannot see, can you? But *we* can see *you*, can't we brothers?' And laughing voices come from all around you. Suddenly a ghostly white luminous face flies towards you. You recoil in horror, throwing yourself on the ground, and begin to feel very frightened. Lose 1 SKILL, 2 STAMINA and 1 LUCK point for your fear. What can you do here:

Create a Fire Spell?	Turn to 85
Try an Illusion Spell?	Turn to 395
Feel in your backpack for an artefact?	Turn to 322
Draw your sword?	Turn to 248

183

He thanks you profusely. You have made a friend here. Turn to 270.

184

While you are deliberating your next move, the Hydra advances. Two of its heads dart out and bite you; one on your arm and the other on your neck. Its sharp teeth pierce your skin and bite deep. All is lost. You have failed in your mission.

185

The door opens into a narrow corridor which bends round sharply to the left, continues for several metres, then ends finally at a door. You grasp the handle. Turn to 13.

186

The tall man agrees and persuades the shorter man that this is a fair price. The short man mumbles and curses, offering 6, then 7, Gold Pieces but the price has been fixed at 8. You may, if you wish, offer the tall man 8 Gold Pieces yourself, although you will have to conjure up some Fool's Gold to give to him. If you want to do this, use up a Fool's Gold Spell and turn to 15. If not, the short man eventually agrees to the price, buys the dagger and leaves. You may remain to talk to the tall man (turn to 83), or may continue on your way (turn to 245).

187

You concentrate on the sorcerer's mind. Images and words flash through your head. A couple of seconds later, there is nothing. You look up at Balthus Dire, who is glaring at you. 'Do not try to probe the mind of Balthus Dire!' he commands. You concentrate again, but still receive nothing as he is now blocking your Spell. You reflect for a second on the images you did receive: a chart under the battle plan table . . . a sense of horror at a high-pitched screech . . . a blinding light . . . a ring on his finger . . . a razor-edged sword . . . and you.

He is now mumbling under his breath, watching you with one eye. He raises one hand in the air and concentrates his gaze on it. Then he looks at you. He waves his hand in the air, backwards and forwards and side to side, faster and faster. With a crash he brings his hand down on the table. You fall to the

floor – not in surprise, but because the ground beneath you is shaking violently. The whole room seems to be tossing like a ship in a tempest. Although he has a firm footing and is now walking towards you, you cannot rise to your feet at all. Your only chance is a Spell, if you have any left. If so, will you use:

A Levitation Spell?	Turn to 279
An Illusion Spell?	Turn to 314

But if you have neither of these, turn to 115.

188

A sudden intense flash of light bursts out in front of you. You shield your eyes and then rub them – but you cannot see! Panic hits you as you hear a low growling noise. Padded footsteps come closer and you cry out in pain as this unseen creature roars and embeds its sharp teeth in your leg. Will you:

Cast a Strength Spell?	Turn to 301
Cast a Weakness Spell?	Turn to 159
Draw your sword and slash out at the creature?	Turn to 51

189

You may use any of the following Spells:

Illusion Spell	Turn to 319
Shielding Spell	Turn to 130
Weakness Spell	Turn to 43

If you have none of these, you will have to use your sword. Turn to 333.

190

A perfect copy of the Golem forms in front of you. You command it to attack the real Golem, which is now almost upon you. Resolve the battle of the Golems:

GOLEM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If your creation beats the original, turn to 147. If it does not, you will have to finish off the fight yourself. If you win, you may also turn to 147.

191

You gasp as the Spell materializes itself in front of you. A perfect replica of yourself, armed as you are, now stands in front of you. At the sorcerer's command, your twin advances and you must fight it. It has the same SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores as you have. The only advantage you may have is by using your LUCK to do extra damage or minimize wounds – your twin will not use its LUCK here. If you win, turn to 119.

192

You cast the Spell just in time. The missile hits your magical shield and splatters against it, dribbling on to the floor. You test the resulting mush to see what it was. You were nearly hit by a tomato! In the centre of the room, the sleeping figure is stirring. Turn to 29.

196 *At first sight, the strange smells – a mixture of sweet, spicy and stale food – take you by surprise.*

193

Choose a Spell:

Fool's Gold	Turn to 211
E.S.P.	Turn to 123
Illusion	Turn to 35

If you have none of these, turn to 283.

194

The stranglehold around your neck tightens and your last living memory is one of fear – of these non-human creatures with their long-dead faces, gloating over your death.

You have failed in your mission.

195

Balthus' eyes follow you as you duck but you are obscured by the battle plan table. The miniature fireball dips in the air but shoots over your head. You may quickly use another Spell to attack. Turn to 377.

196

The room is indeed a food store. At first, the strange smells – a mixture of sweet, spicy and stale food – take you by surprise. Various meats hang on hooks along one wall. In one corner is a barrel, full of exotic fruits. A cheese rack holds a dozen or so varieties of cheese and your nose turns up in disgust at the strong smell of the, shall we say, 'over-ripe' ones. Six loaves of black bread stand on a table, next to a

bread knife and cutting board. Two other doors lead from the room. If you are hungry, you may try some of the food (turn to 45), otherwise you may leave either through the door in the left-hand wall (turn to 13), or the door in the right-hand wall (turn to 281).

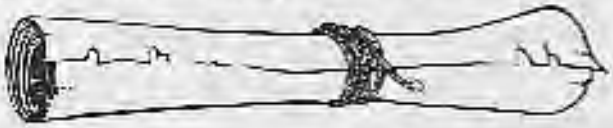

197

The stairs are well-worn and creak under your weight. Cautiously you climb up to the balcony. Turn to 363.

198

You think quickly. You reach into your bag and pull out a handful of weeds. Showing them to the creature, you explain that you are a herbalist and have come to treat the Lord's librarian, who is critically ill. The messenger never told you of any passwords. Will he believe you? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, he believes you and lets you in (turn to 177). If you are Unlucky, he doesn't care who you are, you may not enter without the password, and he advances towards you with his pike (turn to 290).

199

The sorcerer has transformed himself into a GORGON, an extremely dangerous creature with the power to turn to stone any who catch her gaze. As you lunge forward you stare directly into her face

and her Spell is cast. You can feel your joints stiffening. You fall to the floor. Your consciousness fades as you turn into a stone statue, dead at the feet of Balthus Dire . . .

You have failed in your mission.

200

At your first movement, the creature seems to break from its trance and steps towards you. Seeing this you may either run for the door at the far end of the room (turn to 237), or make for the boxes and risk taking on this silent giant (turn to 98).

201

They point towards the two doors. The one on the left, they say, takes you into the kitchen, where the cooks will be preparing the supper. The door on the right leads into the Great Hall, where all the banquets are held. Turn to 270.

202

After several minutes of shouting, you hear voices in a strange tongue coming closer. To your relief you see four heads peering into the pit, silhouetted against the sky. You yell at them to get some rope. They chatter and disappear. Eventually you hear their scurrying footsteps returning. They stand once more at the top of the pit and throw down to you, not a rescue rope, but the contents of a cauldron of boiling oil! You will have to watch your footing on your next adventure, for this one is over.

And remember – strangers are not welcome at the Citadel of Chaos . . .

203

As you race for the doors, you stumble, allowing the creature to gain ground. It grabs your arm with one hand and throws you across the room: you land with a crash against the wall under the mirror. You will now either have to draw your sword (turn to 16), or prepare to use a Spell (turn to 11).

204

You hold your nose and step forward into the slimy water. A couple of steps in, you feel a pulling on your leg. Lifting it out of the water you find that some sort of vine has coiled itself around your leg. You leap back to the bank and the vine remains fixed. From out of the water, one end of the vine rises, moves around in the air as if looking at you, and then falls back with a splash. You realize that this is not a vine, but a long SEWER SNAKE, which is now pulling itself towards you. Turn to 73.

205

The tall man is outraged by your price, but the other agrees. The argument becomes more intense and the taller man draws his sword. The shorter man does likewise and, as you are threatened, so do you. It is you and the shorter man against the tall man. You must resolve this battle. Before starting each *Attack Round*, roll one die. If the number is odd, the tall man will attack the shorter man first and you

personally may ignore that *Attack Round* (although you must still roll for the short man). If the number is even, the tall man goes for you (and the shorter man can ignore that *Attack Round*). If the shorter man dies during the battle, the taller man will finish off the battle with you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
TALL MAN	8	8
SHORT MAN	7	6

When the battle has been resolved, turn to 309 if the shorter man is still alive. If he has been killed, turn to 368.

206

You leave through the door and find yourself at the foot of another spiral staircase leading up into the Black Tower. Climbing the stairs, you eventually come to a landing where a single door is the only way onwards. You try the door. It opens slowly. Turn to 182.

207

You open the door and peer through into the darkness beyond. You walk a couple of paces forward, allowing your eyes to accustom themselves to the blackness. You close the door behind you, bidding the Leprechaun farewell. Turn to 188.

210 *Hovering above the table – fast asleep – is a very small man dressed in a green shirt and pantaloons.*

208

The Spider-Man's weapon is its bite, which is highly poisonous. As it bites you, you feel the poison spreading through your system, numbing your nerves. As you stumble and fall to the ground, it attacks you again and again. Your last memory is its ugly little face biting into your neck.

You have failed in your mission.

209

You cast your eyes over the strange structure. It appears not to be a fountain, but a temple of some sort. To one side there is a door, which you may investigate, or you may press onwards towards the Citadel itself. If you wish to press onwards, turn to 156. If you wish to investigate, turn to **362**.

210

You now stand in a large, round room. It is lit by a single torch, fixed into one wall. There is no furniture in the room, save for a rough wooden table and chair in the centre. Hovering above the table – fast asleep – is a very small man dressed in a green shirt and pantaloons. He cannot be more than a metre tall and you cannot believe that he is still asleep after your noisy entrance! You hear a creak and turn to your right in time to see a small catapult fire a missile of some sort straight at you. It is going to hit you unless you use a Shielding Spell! If you use this Spell, turn to **192**. If you cannot (or will not), turn to 359.

211

You offer him the pebbles you have turned into gold. 'Everything I want is down here,' he says. 'I am fed. I have a job to do and, if I get bored I am allowed to torture the prisoners for amusement. What do I want with gold?' You had better try another Spell. Will you go for an E.S.P. Spell (turn to 123), or an Illusion Spell (turn to 35)? If you have neither of these, turn to 283.

212

Taking the left fork, you follow a path which eventually joins another passageway leading on northwards. You follow this new path for some distance until it eventually widens out. Turn to 90.

213

You draw your sword just in time, as the Dwarf is almost upon you. Fight each in turn:

	SKILL	STAMINA
DWARF	5	6
GOBLIN	6	4
ORC	5	7

If you win, turn to 235. You may *Escape* during the battle by making off for the monument in the centre of the courtyard (turn to 209).

214

You take the stopper off the Vial and spray the creature with the green liquid. It growls and screams in the air, clutching itself around the neck. The liquid appears to be burning into the Gargoyle and fumes rise into the air. Moments later, the creature lies dead on the ground. Turn to 62.

215

You will have to make up some story for these ugly women. Will you tell them that the Captain of the Guard has ordered an inspection of their kitchen after a couple of cases of food poisoning (turn to 136), or will you tell them you have taken a wrong turn and you are looking for the way onwards (turn to 41)?

216

What will your approach be? You may either tell the creature that you are a guest (turn to 294), or you may try to bribe the Gark by offering it 3 Gold Pieces – *real* Gold Pieces – (turn to 391), or by using a Fool's Gold Spell to create some gold to offer it (turn to 36).

217

You turn the handle as carefully as possible so as to surprise whatever awaits you. Slowly, the door opens and you enter the room, which is dark and lit

by a single flickering candle. Your blood drains as you see a three-pronged TRIDENT heading directly for your throat! In a flash you must decide what to do. Will you:

Immediately cast a Shielding Spell?	Turn to 293
Try quickly to side-step the weapon?	Turn to 57

218

In front of you is a large wooden door, firmly locked. You may either knock three times for the guard (turn to 118), or you may use a Strength Spell to try to open it (turn to 94).

219

You duck and cover your head. A bottle hits you, then another, then another – but you don't feel a thing! How could this be? Then you realize what is happening. The wine must have contained some hallucinatory potion that is making you imagine the bottle attack. In an instant, the noise ceases. You look up to see that, as you suspected, all the bottles are in place on their racks. With great relief, you press onwards and leave the Wine Cellar. Turn to 95.

220

The knives hit your magic shield and drop to the ground. The Wheelies likewise bump into the shield and bounce off, somewhat mystified. They chatter to each other, holding you at bay while your Spell wears off. They seem to reach some sort of agreement and one rolls off back up the corridor, presumably to fetch help. The other two reach for their belts and pull out small blowpipes. Putting some kind of pellets in their mouths first, they prepare to aim. You will have to leap on them first with your sword. Resolve this battle (fight each in turn):

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WHEELIE	7	6
Second WHEELIE	6	5

If you win, you may take either the left-hand passage (turn to 243), or the right-hand passage (turn to 2).

221

As you move forwards, she makes a peculiar gesture with her hands and lowers her head, mumbling quietly. Turn to 127.

222 *As you get closer, you can make out the shape of a man on the ground, obviously in pain.*

222

As you creep around the wall, you hear a low moaning noise a few metres ahead. As you get closer, you can make out the shape of a man on the ground, obviously in pain. He calls out for help. Will you approach him to see what you can do (turn to 137) or ignore him and continue along the wall (turn to 14)?

223

She grimaces as she looks at the ugly little thing, pulling the bedclothes up around her neck. Turn to 138.

224

You quickly whip your head back and narrowly avoid the Snapperfish's jaws. But you crack your head on the handle on which the kettle is hanging. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You reel from the blow and, as you try to collect your senses, the three old women shove you off towards the door at the far end of the kitchen. 'Good riddance, scab!' they shout as they shove you through the door. Turn to 265.

225

He agrees entirely. This artefact is extremely valuable. The shorter man explains that he just doesn't have that kind of money, and wanders off into the darkness. The tall man offers the dagger to you at the bargain price of 9 Gold Pieces. You may use a Fool's Gold Spell to conjure up enough gold to buy

the knife (deduct this spell and turn to 15) or you may apologize and press onwards (turn to 245).

226

You may pull from your backpack any one of the following, if you have collected them:

A Silver Mirror	Turn to 312
A Golden Fleece	Turn to 37
A Pocket Myriad	Turn to 384

If you have none of these, turn to 184.

227

They begin to get very angry at your manner. Tempers rise and they start to shout. Suddenly you are overwhelmed by them. You struggle, but one of them cracks you on the head with a sword hilt. Your head swims and the room goes black as you lose consciousness. Turn to 234.

228

The locked door is very strong and made of solid oak. It is unlikely you will break it down, but you may try. Otherwise you could use a Strength Spell to smash it. The lock is copper and you could try using a Copper Key if you have one. Which will you choose:

Try to smash it down?	Turn to 88
Cast a Strength Spell?	Turn to 170
Use a Copper Key?	Turn to 296

229

You slam the door shut behind you. You follow a short, narrow passage, which winds round and brings you to the foot of another staircase, reaching right up into the apex of the Citadel. A sign on the wall reads 'HALT. None may pass but by order of Balthus Dire.' You realize you are nearing your goal. Cautiously you climb the stairs to the next landing, right up in the belfry of the Citadel. In front of you is a solid metal door. You try the handle but the door is locked. You lift a small flap and can see small tumblers underneath. This is a combination lock

which can only be opened by those who know the combination. Do you know the combination? If so, turn to the section of the book with that same number. If not, you may either try to break the door down (turn to 50), or use a Strength Spell (turn to 164).

230

'Come to make some money, eh?' says the Ape-Dog. 'Well you can share some of your profits with us!' As you have nothing to offer them, you can pull a rock out of your pouch and cast a Fool's Gold Spell on it, offering them a gold nugget (turn to 96), or you can prepare yourself for battle (turn to 288). Deduct the Fool's Gold Spell from your Spells if you use it.

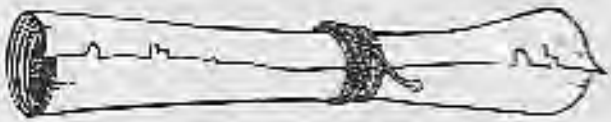

231

You barge the door with your shoulder. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the door breaks open (turn to 196). If you are Unlucky, you bruise your shoulder – lose 1 STAMINA point – and you must *Test your Luck* again, repeating this procedure until you are Lucky.

Lose 1 STAMINA point for each unsuccessful attempt. When you do eventually break the door open, turn to 196. Otherwise, if your shoulder is getting a little too painful, you may return to the first fork you came to and take the other passage at any time (turn to 243).

232

You back off in horror from the hideous creature standing before you. From the legends you have been told in your youth you realize that you are facing a GORGON, whose gaze has the power to turn you to stone! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 111. If you are Unlucky, turn to 72.

233

You avoid the full impact of the Trident, but one of its prongs embeds itself in your shoulder. Luckily it is not your sword arm. You grab the shaft and wrench it from your shoulder, crying out in pain as you do so. Lose 5 STAMINA points for your injury and turn to 374.

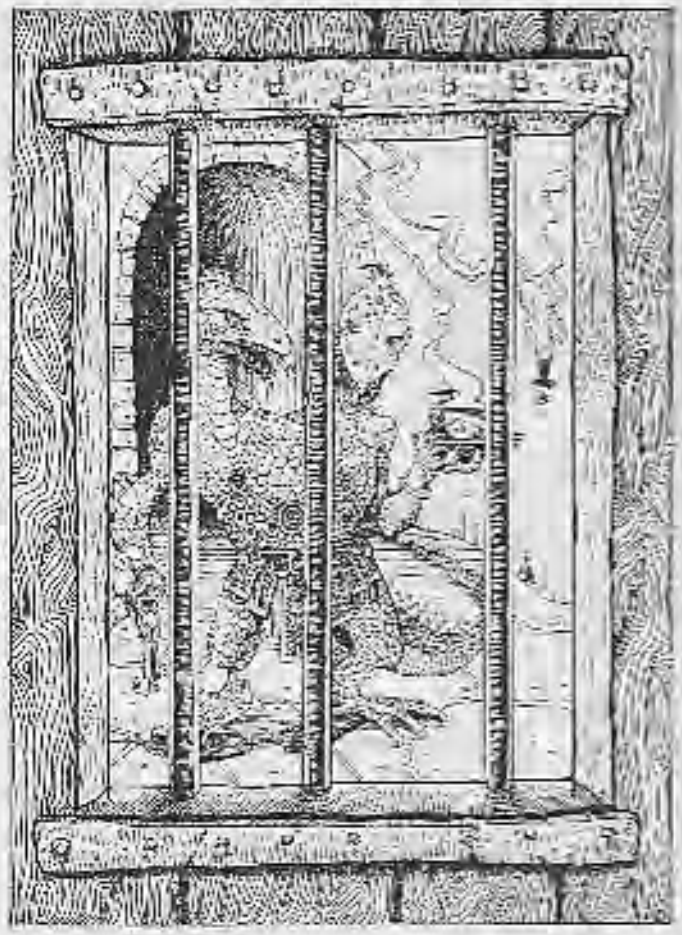

234 *You can see a lizard-like creature shuffling down the corridor carrying a mug and bowl.*

234

You wake up in a dirty room with rough walls cut into the rock. Iron bars in the window and the door confirm your suspicion that you are in a prison cell of some sort. There is not much you can do but sit on the straw mattress in one corner until someone appears. An hour or so later, you hear a shuffling noise outside. Looking through the bars in the door you can see a lizard-like creature shuffling down the corridor, carrying a mug and bowl. The beast has two heads which talk to each other as he walks. Its skin is grey and scaly and a long tail follows it up the passage. It stops at your door and pushes the bowl and mug through a small opening into your cell, then shambles off to sit at a table across the hall. You have been given bread and broth. Will you eat and drink, or will you call out to this creature, a CALACORM? To take your food, turn to 397. If you wish to shout to the Calacorm, turn to 69.

235

Afraid that the commotion may have attracted attention, you peer out into the darkness. Nothing seems to be happening. Going through the pockets of the creatures you find 8 Gold Pieces, a copper-coloured key, and a jar of a dark, creamy ointment. You may take any two of these with you. Turning to the vial of liquid, you can make out an inscription on the lid, written in runes. Your heart leaps as you realize that this is a Potion of Magik and is very rare. Within the vial is enough liquid for two doses, and each has the effect of raising your MAGIC score by 1

point, allowing you the energy to use one extra spell. You may take this Potion with you to use after using any Spell. When you drink the Potion, you need not cross that Spell off your list. Remember this Potion will only work twice. Now you may carry on, either towards the Citadel (turn to 245), or over to the two men talking by torchlight (turn to 269).

236

They take your Berries enthusiastically, popping them into their mouths and chewing them. Seconds later, they fall asleep, one by one. When all three are asleep, you walk over to investigate the box. The lid opens revealing several more dolls inside, just like the ones on the floor, and various other wooden toys. There seems to be nothing of real value there and so you leave the room by the far door. Turn to 140.

237

You open the door and step forwards into a passageway, which runs eastwards for several metres and then ends at the foot of a staircase. You climb the stairs and eventually find yourself in a narrow passageway. A short distance ahead, you can see an opening into a large, well-lit room. You press on forwards. Turn to 169.

238

He indicates a section on the shelves and you take a book to one of the tables to read through it. The book is most enlightening, tracing the history of the Citadel. The Black Tower was built by Balthus Dire's grandfather. As it became a sanctuary for the forces of evil, law and order gradually made way for chaos as the monstrous creatures battled their way up the power hierarchy. Dire's grandfather eventually found it necessary to protect himself from his minions by setting up various protective traps between the creatures and his own dwellings, most notable of these being the Doompit Trap and a magical Combination Lock on the door to his own room. The combination of the lock is 217. You read further about the various secret passageways that permeate the Citadel. You may then choose either to ask the man for the section on Balthus Dire (turn to 18), or the section on Creatures of Craggen Rock (turn to 375), or you may leave the room through the door at the far end (turn to 31).

239

An idea strikes you. You tie the rope into a loop, with a slip-knot at the end. Whirling the rope around your head, you try to snare the chest. After several throws, your loop goes over the chest and the slip-knot tightens around it. You pull, and the chest shifts. You pull once, and it falls over the edge and down into the trench – but to your dismay, the weight of the box is enormous and it pulls you right

over with it! If you have a Levitation Spell, use it and turn to 379. Otherwise turn to 82.

240

You hold up a flaming hand, running it down the back of the gown with its arms around your neck. The garment bursts into flames and a silent scream comes from the dead mouth within it. The other Ghosts back off. You set fire to a couple more as they retreat. Unluckily they are too close and you lose 2 STAMINA points for your burns. Walking carefully forward you hold the rest of the Ghosts at bay until you are safely past the woman. Turn to 6.

241

You hit the creature a damaging blow. But to your dismay, your sword tangles itself within the beast's long hair. You try to pull, but it slashes at the sword and knocks it out of your hand across the room. You are now defenceless. You may either continue the fight with your bare hands, or cast a Strength Spell. If you fight at normal strength without a weapon, deduct 3 points from your SKILL score for the rest of the fight. If you use a Strength Spell, you may continue at normal SKILL. If you win, you may retrieve your sword and turn to 77.

242

The bottles and caskets contain hundreds of different types of wine. Some are exceedingly old and valuable. In one corner of the room there is a table laid out for sampling, with two bottles and glasses.

Will you try a sample of the Red Wine (turn to 24), or the White Wine (turn to 105) or will you try neither and press onwards (turn to 95)? If you decide to leave, you may take a bottle of wine off one of the racks with you for your journey.

243

The passage runs along for several metres and then ends at a door. You listen at the door and can hear a deep heavy breathing coming from inside, as if some large creature were asleep in there. Cautiously you try the handle and the door opens. Just inside, although the room is dark, you can see that a very large Goblin-like creature is asleep on the floor. You may either risk tiptoeing into the room (turn to 352), or you may return to the fork and try the right-hand passage (turn to 2).

244

As you concentrate on your Spell, the Wheelies stop. Evidently they are a little apprehensive about what you are planning. Suddenly, in front of their hairy eyes, you disappear! Again they chatter excitedly. Where have you gone to? Under your Invisibility Illusion, you may continue, choosing either the right-hand passageway (turn to 2), or the left-hand passageway (turn to 243) leaving the Wheelies to search around for you in vain.

245 *You see a ghastly female face inside what appears to be a whirlwind.*

245

You set off towards the Citadel. Although the night air is calm, you hear a faint whistling, which rapidly gets louder and louder, until a strong gust of wind suddenly hits you with such a force that you can barely move against it. You shield your eyes until the blast retreats slightly and, as you open them, you see a ghostly female face inside what appears to be a living Whirlwind. She mouths words at you which you cannot make out, but some seconds after she has finished talking, the message reaches you. She seems to find your appearance offensive and is challenging you with words of abuse. You grab at your sword, but she laughs. Will you ignore her and continue (turn to 161), talk to her (turn to 390), or use your magic to see her off (turn to 47)?

246

You disappear. You can, however, still watch the Calacorm from your cell. To your consternation, the beast has not noticed that you have gone! You wait patiently, but to no avail, and now you start to worry that the Spell will soon be wearing off. You kick the dust at your feet. The creature looks up and rushes over to your cell door. You are nowhere to be seen! It opens your door and enters the cell, but as it does so, your Spell begins to wear off. 'Try to trick me, eh?' says the Calacorm as it grabs you. You will now have to fight the creature:

CALACORM SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

You may cast a Weakness Spell on it, which will

reduce its SKILL to 5. If you defeat the creature, you may leave the jail along a passageway which runs northwards (turn to 174).

247

They are shocked by your request. You curse as you realize you should not have let them know about your real mission. They all chatter excitedly for some time, then turn towards you. Together, they all blow hard. To your amazement, their breath is like a gale-force wind and you are hurled backwards against the wall. Your head cracks on the rough rocky wall and you lose consciousness. Turn to 234.

248

A silence spreads over the room. Suddenly, a blood-curdling scream comes from one corner and a hideous face appears in the air, shooting towards you, screaming as it comes. Your hair stands on end and your legs turn to jelly. Somehow, you manage to reach the door, fling it open and race through. However, you have forgotten that you are high in a tower and the balcony has no railing . . . You tumble over the ledge and fall straight down. If you have a Levitation Spell, turn to 103. Otherwise you land in a crumpled heap at the base of the tower and your broken body breathes its last breath . . .

249

The passageway ends ahead of you at a wooden door. A sign reading 'PANTRY' is fixed to it. You listen but hear nothing. The door is locked. If you have a Copper Key you may try using it here (turn to 392), otherwise you may either try to charge the door down (turn to 231), or return to the fork and take the other passage (turn to 55).

250

You concentrate and, before your eyes, a hurricane begins to swell up and ravage the room. Chairs, books and all sorts of things fly up into the air and are swirled around the room, leaving you untouched by the Illusion. You take a step forward but stop suddenly when you hear a loud laughing sound. You look into the room to see that the Flying Carpet and the Dog Head have changed into stone statues. One of them taunts you. 'We, my dear adventurer, are MIKS. We are *masters* of illusion. Your crude tricks cannot fool us!' The man, who has now turned into a Snake, has meanwhile slithered across the carpet, wrapped himself around your leg and is sinking his fangs into your rump. The pain is unbearable and you sink to the ground, realizing that the bite was poisonous. Beware of Miks in your next adventure. This one has ended here . . .

251

You walk forward into a spacious open courtyard surrounded by large walls. Various lights are burn-

ing and groups of figures are shuffling around in the darkness. In the centre of the courtyard is a large monument of some kind – perhaps a fountain. Looking across the yard you can see what appears to be the main entrance to the tower. Will you:

Creep around the wall towards the tower? Turn to 222
Stride boldly across the courtyard? Turn to 179
Tiptoe through the shadows towards one of the groups? Turn to 321

252

You have snared either 5 or 6 of its heads! It struggles to free itself from the noose. With a snatch, the Myriad is wrenched from your hand. But nevertheless, the creature has been diverted enough to let you jump for the door on the far side of the room. Turn to 229.

253

The cheese is indeed over-ripe, but as you eat it, you feel strangely refreshed. The taste, once inside your mouth, is most enjoyable and you take several mouthfuls. You may add 1 SKILL point, 3 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point for this meal and then you can leave. If you will try the door in the left-hand wall, turn to 13. If you wish to try the door opposite the one you came in through, turn to 281.

254

You roll down the stairs, across the room and finally crash into the wall on the far side of the hall. You twist your elbow badly. Lose 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points for your injuries and then take the other staircase up. Turn to 197.

255

The creature looks at you. Its eyes narrow. In its hand is a long pike, which it quickly points towards you. 'That is not the password!' it bellows and steps out to do battle. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you think of a bluff quickly (turn to 198). If you are Unlucky, you stammer and the creature advances to fight (turn to 290).

256

The sorcerer smiles. 'Then you shall join me!' he laughs. 'But first I must secure your genuine loyalty.' His hand settles on your forehead. He closes his eyes and concentrates. You feel your will draining. Your fighting spirit is leaving you. After several moments he releases his grip. You stand free in front of him. Will you bow down and salute him as your master (turn to 65), or grab your sword and run him through (turn to 155)?

257 *Your torch lights up a large creature, seemingly made of rock itself, standing by the door*

257

You look round the room. It is lit only by your torch. Although a fairly large room, it has little furniture in it, although a large boulder, sliced flat, resembles a table and a smaller rock forms a sort of stool behind it. In one corner, a pile of rocks are held together with mud. You cannot imagine their purpose, although they support three wooden chests. Then you jump with fright as your torch lights up a large creature, seemingly made of rock itself, standing by a door. It is roughly human-shaped, although somewhat larger. Its eyes are staring straight at you, but you cannot be sure it is actually *seeing* you!

Will you:

Run for the other door?	Turn to 237
Attempt to speak with the creature?	Turn to 357
Move slowly towards the boxes in the corner?	Turn to 200

258

None of your offerings are of any particular interest to these creatures, who are much more interested in you than your gifts. You try to impress them with an Illusion Spell, creating a colourful rainbow across the centre of the room. They are fascinated and allow you to pass through to the far door – turn to 140. If you do not have an Illusion Spell, you must use one of your other Spells to impress them. If you have no other Spells, you must approach them – turn to 366.

259

Dismayed, she watches as you float into the air above her. She spins herself frantically, trying to suck you down, but you are out of reach. You taunt her with a smile and a wave and float over towards the Black Tower, setting yourself down outside the main entrance. Turn to 218.

260

After some struggling, the box opens. Inside is a silver key. Will you:

Try to use the key on the second box?	Turn to 34
Try to use the key on the third box?	Turn to 299
Take the key and make for the exit door?	Turn to 237

261

The Ape-Dog asks to see your herbs. Luckily, you grabbed a few handfuls of weeds on your way and you show them. Cocking its head to one side, the

creature eyes you suspiciously. It asks you for the name of the guard you have come to treat – something you hadn't planned on! You quickly think of a name to bluff the creature with:

Kylltrog	Turn to 81
Pincus	Turn to 175
Blag	Turn to 394

262

As you cast the spell, an identical Gark, similarly armed, appears before you. At your command, the battle starts:

GARK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If your creation loses, you will have to finish the battle to the death on your own with your sword. If either you or your Gark defeat the creature, turn to 180.

263

Calacorms are reliable and contented creatures. They are large reptilian beasts, with grey skin, long tails and two heads, which chatter at each other incessantly. They want for little, having no great ambitions in life beyond their jobs, their food (they live on dead snakes) and their home comforts. Rather out of character with their placid nature is their great delight in the screams and pain of torture and, strangely enough, these creatures are for some reason scared to death by mice, in spite of their huge size. Turn to 326.

264

Your great muscles flex and grip your sword hilt tightly. You stand and face the RHINO-MAN ready for battle. In view of your extra strength, you may roll one of the dice again when rolling for your *Attack Strength* (i.e. your *Attack Strength* will be your SKILL score plus the roll of three dice instead of the normal two):

RHINO-MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, you may enter the Black Tower. Turn to **177**.

265

You are in a short corridor, which ends at a large wooden door ahead. You try the handle and the door opens into a large room. Turn to **169**.

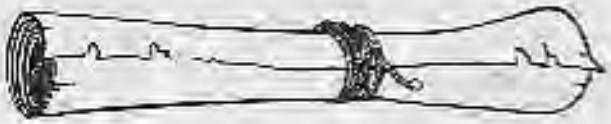

266

He is not interested in your chat, or your stories, and questions your authority to be there. Without warning, he turns into a Snake, hissing at you, and slithers across the floor towards you. Meanwhile, the Dog Head on the wall has detached itself and is now floating through the air towards you. Will you use a Spell against them (turn to **310**) or search through your backpack for something to use (turn to **34**)?

267

As you grasp the chalice, the liquid turns green, then a dirty brown in front of your eyes. It smells putrid, but you take a sip. With a grimace you spit it out – you are drinking muddy water! You leave the chamber and head for the Citadel. Turn to **156**, and lose one LUCK point.

268

As you hit the door, the wood cracks a little but does not give. You try it again and this time the wood splits down the middle. You break your way through into the room behind it. Turn to **210**.

269 *As you approach, you can hear them arguing loudly about the price of a dagger*

269

The two men are dirty and unkempt. As you approach you can hear them arguing loudly about the price of a dagger. The taller of the two is obviously trying to sell the dagger to the other. He argues that the dagger is enchanted and is worth more than the other is willing to pay for it. As you come closer, he grabs you by the arm and asks you for your opinion on the price of the weapon. What will you say:

5 Gold Pieces?	Turn to 205
8 Gold Pieces?	Turn to 186
10 Gold Pieces?	Turn to 225

270

You may take either the door on the left or the right. If you take the door on the left, turn to 185. If you want to try the other door, turn to 23.

271

You grasp his hand and introduce yourself—and cry out as the nerves down your arm go numb! O'Seamus bursts out laughing. Lose 1 SKILL point, as you were using your sword arm. You are becoming angry, but the little man continues to shake your hand and laugh. A laugh comes from behind you and you look round to see him floating in the air, grinning. But you are still shaking his hand in front of you . . . or are you? In fact, you now realize you are frantically shaking hands with a stuffed dummy which is flopping around on the end of your arm as

you shake it. You throw it to the ground – but it is stuck to your hand! The situation is ludicrous, and you are becoming very angry. 'Just a little joke,' says the Leprechaun, who snaps his fingers. The dummy disappears. 'Now, what can I do for you?' Will you ask him the way onwards (turn to 348), or draw your sword (turn to 131)?

272

You go through his pockets and find 8 Gold Pieces. The Pocket Myriad has, unfortunately, been damaged in the fight, but you may be able to find some use for it and may take it with you. Now you may either investigate the Wine Cellar (turn to 242), or press on through it to the door at the far end of the room (turn to 95).

273

Is the password:

Scimitar?	Turn to 371
Ganjees?	Turn to 255
Kraken?	Turn to 49

274

The armoury cupboard is locked, but can easily be smashed. Inside are various swords and pikes. Will you smash the lock and choose a weapon (turn to 353), or rummage through your backpack for an artefact to use (turn to 277)?

275

You recognize the device as a Pocket Myriad, an enchanted gadget which can become any one of a number of weapons or useful artefacts. You both close for battle. You may fight him with your sword:

BLACK ELF SKILL 8 STAMINA 4

Or you may cast a Spell. If you cast a Weakness Spell, his SKILL is reduced to 5. If you cast a Creature Copy Spell, an identical Black Elf with a Pocket Myriad will fight the Elf (resolve the battle between them and if the original Black Elf wins, you must finish him off yourself). If you wish to cast an Illusion Spell, turn to 399. If you fight him and win, turn to 272.

276

You fall to the bottom of a deep pit – possibly a filled-in well. You pick yourself up and you appear to be intact. But how are you going to get out? To dig footholes up the sides of the pit with your sword would take far too long. You could cast a Strength Spell to assist you in this (turn to 165), or you could shout for help (turn to 202). Which will you choose?

277

You no doubt have collected several artefacts on your way through the Citadel. Do you have any of the following? If so, you may use one now:

A Spider in a Jar	Turn to 336
A Pocket Myriad	Turn to 315
Small Berries	Turn to 78

If you have none of these, turn to **119**.

278

Runestones is a somewhat dangerous game, but the prizes are high. Before the game begins, your Games Master, who is an apprentice sorcerer, casts a Spell on a rock, which will cause it to explode some time later. The players stand in a circle and toss the rock from one to another around the circle. When the rock explodes, the player holding it is out of the game – and winds up with badly burned hands! The remaining players are given another Runestone to toss around again and the game continues until there is only one player left. Onlookers bet on the players but, before they can bet, they must contribute 3 Gold Pieces each to the prize money. In this game you will stand to win 36 Gold Pieces, at the risk of injuring your hands. Having chosen this option, you must play the game at least once, but you may continue to play for as long as you like. If you win, you will claim 36 Gold Pieces for each game you play. If you lose, you must deduct 2 SKILL and 4 STAMINA points for each game.

Play the game like this: roll one die to see how many other players will join you. Give each player a letter (A, B, C, etc. – you are player A) and write them down on a piece of paper, in a circle. Then throw another die for each player to see who starts with the stone (highest throw starts). Throw two dice for the starting player, who must throw less than 12. Move on to the next player, clockwise round the circle, who must throw less than 11. The third player must throw less than 10, and so on. Move your pencil from letter to letter around the circle to keep track of who has the Runestone. As soon as one player throws higher than the target number, the stone explodes and that player is out. Then start the whole thing again (i.e. the target number goes back to 12), without the loser. Keep on going until just one player remains. If any player throws the same as the target number, the stone explodes in mid air and you must repeat the round.

When you have had enough you may either play Six Pick (turn to 171), Knifey-Knifey (turn to 365), or you may leave the gaming room (turn to 31).

279

You rise into the air. The room continues to shake around you but you can float freely. You may fly to wherever you wish in the room:

To the armoury cupboard?	Turn to 44
Quickly nip behind the sorcerer?	Turn to 318
Over to the window?	Turn to 78
Under the table?	Turn to 335

281 *You surprise four small creatures sitting on the bare floor.*

280

The creature is savaging you mercilessly and you are powerless to prevent it. Your leg is covered in blood and the pain is sickening. To no avail you struggle with the unseen head. You are in agony. The creature lunges at your neck, and your last memory, before losing consciousness, is of its jaws closing around your throat. Turn to 323.

281

You open the door into another room and surprise four small creatures sitting on the bare floor. They spring to their feet, shocked at your arrival. Will you:

Draw your sword and make ready for an attack?	Turn to 382
Tell them you are just passing through?	Turn to 285
Try to make conversation with them?	Turn to 356

282

You cast a small fireball directly at the Sewer Snake, which burns through its body cutting it into two halves. Both halves now attack you and are crushing your chest. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Trying a different strategy, you create flames which burn in each hand and rub them over the Snake's coils. The creature twitches violently and releases its grip! You find its head and smother it in your flaming hands, burning it to death. Turn to 112.

283

Without magic, your fate is sealed. You are doomed to spend the rest of your days as a prisoner in the Citadel of Chaos.

You have failed in your mission.

284

You cast the Spell (cross it off your Spell List) and start to rise into the air. The tentacle will not let go and the pain in your leg becomes excruciating. You decide to return to earth before your leg is wrenched from its socket. You will have to either fight it with your sword (turn to 71), or cast a Fire Spell (turn to 114).

285

You tell them you mean them no harm, you are just on your way onwards. They sigh with relief. The room is sparsely decorated with bits of foliage and a small fire burns under a hole in the ceiling in one corner. In the wall opposite there are two doors. The little creatures tell you you can make your way onwards through either of these doors. Will you choose the door on the left (turn to 185), or the door on the right (turn to 23)?

286

The little creatures squeal and huddle together as you approach. You run them all through with your sword, but they put up no resistance! You feel a little wary at such an easy battle and make for the door at the far end of the room. Turn to 140.

287

You offer the Jar of Ointment. Something invisible whisks it out of your hand and over to one of the animal heads. Unseen hands unscrew the top and the head sniffs the ointment inside. Turning to you, the head snorts, 'Why this is naught but an alchemist's healing balm! What use have we for this?' The jar falls to the floor and smashes. You may either:

Offer a Pocket Myriad	Turn to 160
Offer some Gold Pieces	Turn to 27
Or beat a hasty exit and try the other door	Turn to 25

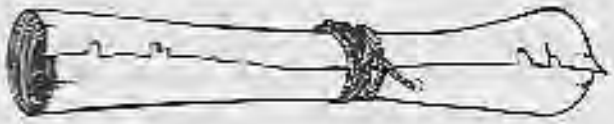

288

The two creatures advance. The Ape-Dog attacks you first, followed by the Dog-Ape. Will you cast a spell or stand and fight?

You may cast:

A Strength Spell	Turn to 162
A Levitation Spell	Turn to 86

Or you may fight them in turn:

	SKILL	STAMINA
APE-DOG	7	4
DOG-APE	6	6

If you kill them both in battle, turn to 32.

289

What will you take from your backpack?

A Silver Mirror?	Turn to 340
A Vial of Hogweed Essence?	Turn to 214
A Jar of Ointment?	Turn to 305

If you have none of these, return to 304 and choose again.

290

The RHINO-MAN steps forwards and jabs at you with its pike. You leap quickly out of the way. Although it is not wearing armour, its thick hide looks protection enough. You must decide whether to take it on in combat or to use your magic. Will you draw your sword (turn to 325), or try a spell? You may use:

A Weakness Spell	Turn to 307
A Levitation Spell	Turn to 70
A Strength Spell	Turn to 264

291

'What is that?' demands a ghostly voice. You bargain with them. You will allow them to take the ointment if they will allow you through the room; you have no business with them. A ghostly hand appears from nowhere and tries to snatch the Jar from your hand, but you whip it away quickly. 'It is indeed the Ointment of Healing,' you hear one of the voices say quietly. 'We accept your offer,' says a voice. 'Leave the Jar where you are and leave through this door.' A door in the far corner glows softly. You do not trust them and take the Jar with you to the door. As you open the door you fling the Jar across the room and leave quickly. Turn to 328.

292 *The room is an elegant bed-chamber, plushly decorated with fine lace and a fur carpet.*

292

The room is an elegant bed-chamber, plushly decorated with fine lace and a fur carpet. In the centre of the room is a large four-poster bed. Sitting up in the bed, evidently awakened by all the commotion, is a beautiful, sylph-like woman with long dark hair and deep piercing eyes. 'What right have you in here?' she screams at you. With those words her eyes turn blood-red and two jets of liquid fire shoot from them directly at you. Will you:

Create a Shielding Spell to protect yourself?	Turn to 376
Leave the room quickly and try the next door?	Turn to 64
Tell her you have a special gift for her?	Turn to 42

293

In the nick of time, your Spell stops the Trident in mid-flight, horribly close to your neck. It drops to the ground. Turn to 374.

294

The Gark straightens up, lowers its axe and begins apologizing to you for being asleep at its post. At its insistence you agree not to tell anyone. The creature offers to take your tunic, but you decline its offer and press onwards. Turn to 99.

295

You concentrate and begin to turn yourself into a Giant Scorpion. The Dwarf and the Goblin stop in their tracks, but the Orc behaves as if nothing has happened. The other two see you sting the Orc with your tail, but the Orc does not flinch and calls the other two on. Seeing that you have done no damage, they shake their heads and look again to see the real you. The Orc tries to grab you. Turn to 213.

296

The key turns and the door opens. Turn to 292.

297

You slam the door shut behind you and, above the clanging bell, you can hear the sound of footsteps, running quickly and getting closer. The corridor ahead forks two ways. Will you spring ahead and take the right fork (turn to 2), or the left fork (turn to 316) – or will you go back through the door and ring for the butler (turn to 75)?

298

As your hands close around the chalice, it begins to fizz and foam, spitting at you as you raise it to your lips. Are you sure you want to taste it? If not, turn back to 58 and make another choice – but if you are determined, turn to 141.

299

The key will not turn, no matter how hard you try. In your frustration, you throw the box on the ground – and it vanishes! You grope around for the invisible box but cannot feel it anywhere. In total despair, you turn towards the door and set off once more towards your goal. Turn to 237.

300

Throw one die. If you roll a 1, 2 or 3, then this number of knives hit you (each knife does 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage). If you roll a 4, 5 or 6, then they miss you. You must prepare to counter-attack either with an Illusion Spell (turn to 244), or by drawing your sword (turn to 346).

301

You feel strength surging through your body. You try to wrestle with the head of this creature but its own strength seems also to have increased to match yours. Your leg is now useless and covered in blood. Your strength begins to fade, and as it does so, the creature's jaws close on your throat. Consciousness fades. Turn to 323.

302

They order you to take a tray of food through a door in the far wall into the Great Hall and leave it on the table, as the Ganjees will soon be down for their supper. They also warn you not to wait for the Ganjees, or you are likely to wind up as the next meal. You take the tray and leave through the far

304 *As you enter the room, the creature creaks as its head turns towards you.*

door. Glad to be out of their repulsive kitchen, you follow a passageway onwards, pause to leave the tray behind, and continue to another door. You try the handle and it opens. Turn to **169**.

303

The Golem advances and you slash at it with your sword. Your sword hits solid rock and clangs noisily. You will have to resolve this battle and deduct 1 SKILL point during the fight:

GOLEM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you defeat the creature, turn to **147**.

304

The door opens and you enter the room. It is quite large and is decorated with various carvings. It looks something like an artist's studio and a number of unfinished stone statues line one wall. In the centre of the room, a large stone GARGOYLE is standing on a stone-carved box. As you enter the room, the creature creaks as its head turns towards you. Slowly it comes alive, hopping down off its pedestal. It blocks your way through the room to a door on the far side. What will you do:

Draw your sword and advance?	Turn to **172**
Prepare to cast a Spell?	Turn to **26**
Look through your bag for something to use?	Turn to **289**
Nip out of this room and try the middle door?	Turn to **64**

305

You throw the Jar at the Gargoyle. It smashes but does no damage. The creature swipes out at you and hits you in the chest, knocking you over. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You had better leave this room quickly and head along the balcony to the middle door. Turn to 64.

306

A short distance further on, a door blocks the passageway. In fact, this is only a half-door and is about waist-high to you. A sign by the door points onwards and says 'Players Only'. Will you push open this door (turn to 52), or turn back and enter the room with the fancy door (turn to 132)?

307

As you cast the Spell, the creature lunges at you and clips your arm with its pike. Lose 2 STAMINA points.

Then the Weakness Spell takes effect. The creature slows down and starts puffing and panting. You draw your sword and advance to finish him off.

RHINO-MAN	SKILL 4	STAMINA 7

If you defeat him, you may enter the Citadel. Turn to 177.

308

The handle turns and you step into a dark room. Turn to 257.

309

You both go through the tall man's pockets. You find 20 Gold Pieces, which you split equally, and you toss up for the dagger; heads you get it, tails he does (*loss a coin for this*). If you get the dagger, turn to 15. If not, turn to 245.

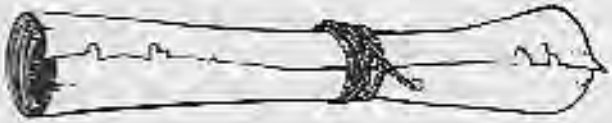

310

Will you use:

A Creature Copy Spell?	Turn to 181
An Illusion Spell?	Turn to 250
An E.S.P. Spell?	Turn to 393

If you have none of these, return to 104 and choose again.

311

You concentrate hard, mumbling your Spell's incantations. One of the old women notices you and shouts to the other two. You cast your Spell – but nothing happens! You glance at the old hags, who are smiling at you. 'We cannot allow you to use magic against our pet,' says one of them. You have wasted a Spell. Cross one (of your choice) off your Spells. Now the Devlin is almost on you and you will have to either dive for cover (turn to 178), or draw your sword (turn to 61).

312

You hold up the Mirror. This seems to have little effect on the creature, which continues its advance. One head springs forwards and knocks the mirror from your hands, smashing it on the floor. You try to decide what to do next. Turn to 184.

313

The fruit is sweet and juicy. You eat one, then another – it tastes delicious! Gain 2 STAMINA points. But to your surprise, as you try to clear your throat afterwards, not a sound comes from your mouth. You have eaten a Fruit of Silence. Its peculiar effect is only temporary, but you will not be able to speak properly for some time although you will be able to make yourself understood with difficulty. This means, in effect, that you will not be able to use your magic (the next time a Spells option is given) but after this you will return to normal. You may continue either through the door in the left-hand wall (turn to 13), or through the door opposite the one you have just come through (turn to 281).

314

You try to concentrate, creating the illusion that the sorcerer is likewise in a shaking room. The Spell is cast (and you must cross it off your list) but it has no effect; you cannot concentrate fully. Balthus Dire is almost upon you. Turn to 373.

315

Balthus Dire falls into a state of concentration as you fiddle with your Pocket Myriad. You press one button and a shimmering light comes from it, extending to about sword-length. This is a Sun-Sword and will add 4 points to your SKILL when you fight with it! You turn to face the sorcerer, who has been concentrating on a Spell. Turn to 191.

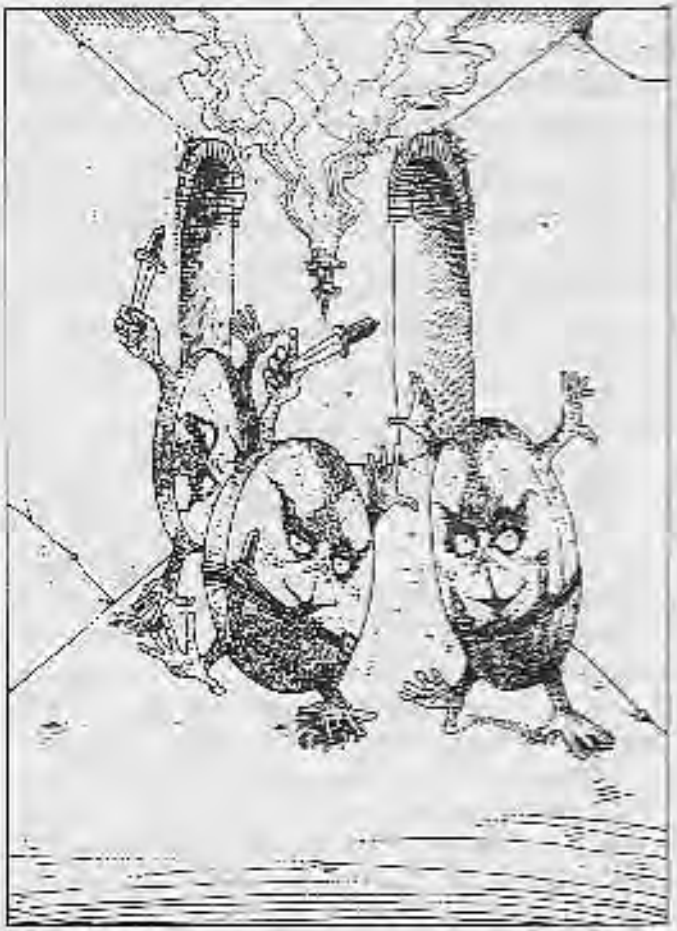

316 *They move by cartwheeling along at quite a rapid pace.*

316

The footsteps you heard – which really ought to be called 'handsteps' – belong to three WHEELIES which now roll down the passageway towards you, forcing you back to the door. These creatures are peculiar beasts having, instead of legs, an extra set of hands. They move by cartwheeling along at quite a rapid pace. Their heads – or at least their faces – are set in the centre of their chests. While they are not well-practised at swordsmanship given their awkward means of movement, they are excellent knife-throwers. Grasping knives from their belts as they spin along, they can launch them at a rapid-fire pace, like large catherine wheels. At the moment, three such knives are speeding their way towards you. You may either use a Shielding Spell to protect you (turn to **220**) or *Test your Luck*. If you opt for the latter and are lucky, turn to **139**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **300**.

317

The paintings are portraits of various Lords and Earls prominent in the Kingdom of Craggen Rock. Behind a chair at the head of the table is a portrait of Balthus Dire himself. He does indeed look a powerful adversary. Add 1 LUCK point for the warning of his appearance, but lose 1 STAMINA point for the feeling of fear he instils. You may now continue either up the left-hand staircase (turn to **19**), or the right-hand staircase (turn to **197**).

318

The sorcerer is showing signs of mental exhaustion and is slow to react as you stop behind him. You notice he is wearing a gold ring with a large ruby set in it on the index finger of his right hand, which hangs by his side. You may either try to grab the ring from his finger (turn to 381), draw your sword quickly (turn to 117), or search through your backpack for an artefact to use (turn to **277**).

319

You concentrate on your arm. It begins to harden and turns the dull metallic colour of iron. The old man's eyes widen as he sees your iron forearm. You wrestle to free yourself but still his teeth keep their grip. Lose 2 STAMINA points and cross off your Illusion Spell. Your illusion obviously wasn't convincing enough. You go for your sword. Turn to 333.

320

You concentrate hard, but try as you might, you receive none of Balthus Dire's thoughts – he is blocking your Spell! You may continue with an Illusion Spell (turn to 332), a Weakness Spell (turn to 113), or you may draw your sword to attack him (turn to 351).

321

Cautiously, and keeping well out of sight, you creep through the darkness around the edge of the courtyard. There are two groups of creatures in front of you. To the right, you can see two human-like figures talking under a torch fastened to the wall. To the left, a group of four creatures, of varying shapes and sizes, are sitting around a fire, eating. Will you approach the two by the torch (turn to **269**), or the group around the fire (turn to 339)?

322

What will you pull from your backpack?

A Spider in a Jar?	Turn to 39
A Charmed Amulet?	Turn to **168**
A Jar of Ointment?	Turn to 291

If you have none of these, you will have to draw your sword and face them (turn to **248**).

323

You awake and look around. As your memory returns, you are amazed that you *can* see! Your leg feels tender, but is uninjured! You hear a small chuckle coming from above you and suddenly the whole thing makes sense . . .

Floating above you is O'Seamus, now laughing loudly. The whole thing has been one big practical joke! You are enraged and leap to your feet, but as you glare at the funny little man rolling about in the air in hysterics, you can't help but see the funny side

too. You chuckle, then giggle, then laugh loudly. For some time the two of you roar with laughter until tears stream down your faces.

When you are both able to control yourselves, you eventually settle down to chat. He is a pleasant little man. Before you leave, he says, 'Indeed you are a good sport. Your way ahead is fraught with danger, though. But perhaps these will help you.' With a wave of his hand, a sword and a plate appear on the table. The sword is a magic battlesword and will add 1 point to the dice roll when throwing for your *Attack Strength*. The plate is, in fact, a Silver Mirror of fine workmanship. You may take these with you, but you will have to leave your old sword behind. Leave the room through either:

The brass-handled door	Turn to 386
The copper-handled door	Turn to 144
The bronze-handled door	Turn to 338

324

'You cannot hide from me!' he cries. This is indeed true, and you realize you could be in some danger while you cannot see him. Turn to 369.

325

The creature is somewhat bulky and clumsy, snorting furiously as you avoid his blows. You draw your sword and fight:

RHINO-MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, you may enter the Citadel. Turn to 177.

326

You replace the book. Will you continue browsing through the books (turn to 84), or will you leave through the door at the far end, behind the librarian (turn to 31)?

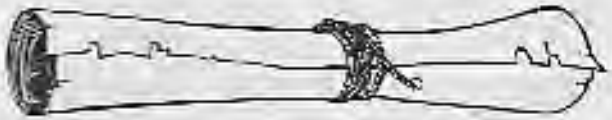

327

They take your Pocket Myriad and play with it gleefully. While they are suitably distracted, you can creep past them to the door on the far side of the room. Turn to 366. Cross your gift off your Equipment List.

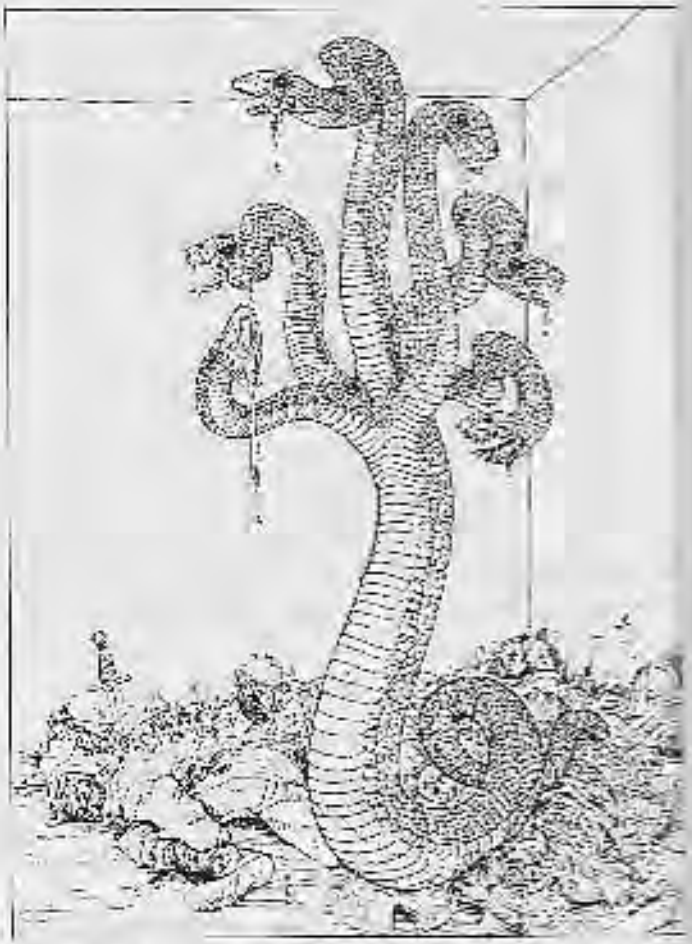

328 *A huge, six headed Hydra snakes towards you!*

328

You close the door behind you and find yourself at the foot of yet another staircase, spiralling up into the tower. Climbing the stairs, you arrive at another balcony where a single door is the only way onwards. Trying the door, it opens easily. But, as you push the door, a loud hissing noise comes from within. You step inside and turn cold as a huge, six-headed HYDRA snakes towards you over the bodies of its previous victims! Its six serpent-like heads dart at you, with vicious pointed teeth. You cower into the corner. What will you do:

Draw your sword and fight the creature?	Turn to 67
Use a Creature Copy Spell?	Turn to 143
Use something from your backpack?	Turn to 226

329

You concentrate on her mind and you are shocked to find that she is not alive, as she seems, but has been dead for many years. Ever since a raging fire – a curse put on her by Balthus Dire himself for failing to launder his robes in time for an important meeting – burned her and her children to death, her ghostly body has been doomed to wash clothes for eternity. She is indeed a miserable wretch. You now notice that she is growing angry and suspicious with your presence. She is chanting something under her breath. Will you attempt to talk to her (turn to 21), or will you try to move quickly on past her along the path (turn to 221)?

330

The sorcerer shrieks in horror as you pull out the Jar. Sensing that this little creature may be a valuable ally, you open the Jar and release it. The sorcerer's expression changes to a sly smile and, as you watch, the little Spider-man advances not towards Balthus Dire, but towards you! You must fight it:

SPIDER-MAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

As soon as the creature inflicts its first wound on you, turn to **208**. If you defeat it without injury, turn to **119**.

331

The Snapperfish's sharp teeth catch your face and nose as you try to pull back. Lose 1 SKILL and 3 STAMINA points as you nurse your bloody face. The three old hags shuffle round the kettle to you and bundle you off towards the door at the far end of the kitchen. Shoving you through the door, they taunt and insult you, closing the door behind you. Turn to **265**.

332

Balthus Dire's jaw drops as a transformation takes place in front of his eyes. Your body grows in size and strength. Your skin turns a deep red and horns crack through the tight skin on your forehead. Your teeth are sharp black spikes and your tongue, now forked, hisses menacingly at him. You now stand before him as a FIRE DEMON and you grab the Trident from the ground as a weapon. The sorcerer turns away from you in horror. You may either spring across the table at him (turn to **80**), or command him to call off his plans of conquest and surrender to you (turn to **48**).

333

You draw your sword and prepare to chop him with it. He glances up at you with a look that leads you to believe that he is not completely in control of his own actions. With pity, you crack him on the head with your sword hilt, causing him to howl and release his grip. You leave him moaning on the ground, nursing his head. Lose another 2 STAMINA points for the damage he has done to your arm and press onwards. Turn to **14**.

334

You take a couple of sips. Not bad! You take a mouthful but as you do so, you wonder why the Elf is chuckling. Suddenly he asks whether you really are a guest. Although your mind is confirming that you are indeed a visitor, your voice is telling him that you are not; you have come to put an end to Balthus Dire's plans of conquest! You curse as you realize that the wine must be spiked with a Truth Serum. The Black Elf now knows of your mission and must be prevented from telling others. You draw your sword and, as you do so, he pulls a small metallic device from the pouch tied around his waist. With a touch, it turns into a saw-edged weapon. Turn to **275**.

335

Fixed under the table is a secret drawer, slightly ajar, and poking out of the drawer is a scroll of parchment. You grab the scroll and thrust it into your tunic. But you can hear Balthus murmuring under his breath. A Spell! But what will this one be? And what can you do about it? Suddenly he is running around the table, touching each side as he goes. At his touch, the table responds with a cracking noise. Turn to 342.

336

Resolve your battle with the creature:

GARK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

After four *Attack Rounds* you may *Escape* through one of the doors at the far end of the room (turn to **99**), otherwise you may continue and fight to the death. If you do so and win, turn to **180**.

337

The sorcerer is indeed as great a swordsman as he is a wizard. Resolve your battle:

BALTHUS DIRE	SKILL 12	STAMINA 19

If you have managed to steal the sorcerer's ring, you may deduct 2 points from his SKILL, as he was wearing a Ring of Swordsmanship.

If you defeat Balthus Dire, turn to **400**.

338

The door opens into a passageway. You follow the passageway onwards for some time and it twists and turns through the rock. You pass another passageway joining from the right and carry straight on. Eventually the path widens out. Turn to **90**.

339 *As you approach, they stop and turn to look at you with unwelcoming faces.*

339

A motley crew sit around the fire. A warty-faced Orc is handing out scraggy chunks of half-cooked meat to the others. A snarling Dwarf with green skin is complaining about the size of his piece, while two scruffy Goblins – a man and a woman – are cuddling each other. They giggle and laugh, and every so often she slaps his ugly face causing more merriment. As you approach they stop and turn round to look at you with unwelcoming faces. They sneer at your neat appearance and the female Goblin whispers some comment to her mate. In front of the Dwarf you can see an open box. You can just make out a vial of liquid within it. Will you:

Sit down with them around the fire?	Turn to 134
Ask them whether you may join them?	Turn to 149

340

You hold up the mirror, but the creature merely swings at it and smashes it into pieces. You had better leave the room quickly and try the middle door on the balcony. Turn to 64.

341

You cast the Spell around yourself and advance. Four or five arrows sing towards you but stop in the air a metre before they reach you, dropping harmlessly to the ground. You reach the monument. Remember to cross the Shielding Spell off your list. Turn to 209.

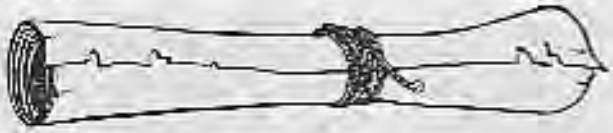

342

The sorcerer stands back from the table and laughs. 'Now I have you, peasant!' he gloats. Cautiously you step out from beneath the table. That is, you *try* to step out. But you cannot reach out further than the table's edge. He has created invisible walls which now trap you underneath! Try as you might, you cannot break through his barriers.

You are now his prisoner. You have failed in your mission . . .

343

A little further along the passage, you arrive at another fork where you may go either left (turn to **55**), or right (turn to **249**).

344

You follow the stairs downwards. The air is cool and stagnant. At the foot of the stairs is a door. Will you try the door (turn to **7**), or climb the stairs again and go up to the door to the ground floor (turn to **5**)?

345

The creature groans as the Spell takes effect. Its enormous weight is now a great burden to it. It shambles towards you still, but you are able to sidestep it and head for the door on the far side of the room. Turn to **140**.

346

As the Wheelies see you draw your sword, they stop and chatter excitedly. One of them – evidently the leader – sends the smallest one back up the passage (presumably to fetch help). The other two draw knives and roll slowly towards you. Resolve this battle (fight each in turn):

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WHEELIE	7	6
Second WHEELIE	6	5

If you win you may take either the left-hand passage (turn to **243**), or the right-hand passage (turn to **2**).

347

The Gorgon sees the mirror and shrieks. You chance a look at the creature, your gaze rising upwards from its feet. But the Gorgon has disappeared and instead Balthus Dire stands once more before you. Turn to **12**.

348

'Oh, I shouldn't go *this* way,' says O'Seamus. 'These are not pleasant parts.' These three doors are the only ways onward. Two of them are very dangerous and the other is very smelly. On the opposite side of the room are three doors. One has a brass handle, one has a copper handle and one has a bronze handle. Which will you choose:

The brass-handled door?	Turn to 207
The copper-handled door?	Turn to 22
The bronze-handled door?	Turn to 354
Or will you ask his advice?	Turn to 68

349

A replica of Balthus Dire materializes in front of you. Dire himself raises an eyebrow. 'Attack!' you command the duplicate, who turns towards the centre of the room and advances. Two metres from the sorcerer, it stops and clutches its head. It looks up from its hands, turns and comes towards *you*! The sorcerer laughs. 'Two can play at this game!' says Dire. You concentrate and will the replica back towards Dire. Eventually it ceases its approach and turns back as you command. For some moments this goes on, and you realize that you both have the power to command this creature, but only within a

certain range. Backwards and forwards it goes, until the Spell begins to wear off. It gradually fades from view. The concentration has been somewhat strenuous for you. You look up to see Balthus Dire holding his hands in the air and then bring them down hard on the table. What magic is he using now? Turn to 157.

350

You try a simple ploy to get rid of her, hoping that she is not too intelligent. Looking into the shadows, you claim to see another similar creature. She claims you are mistaken, but you are convincing. She nips off to investigate, allowing you to rush to the Citadel entrance. Turn to 218.

351

As you advance with your sword drawn, the sorcerer pulls a scimitar from his belt. 'Yes,' he gloats, 'I will take great delight in finishing this off with weapons!' And with those words he leaps over the table towards you. The battle to follow will be a fight to the death:

BALTHUS DIRE	SKILL 12	STAMINA 19

If you slay the sorcerer, turn to 400.

352 *One eye opens, then another and, seeing you, the creature springs to its feet!*

352

You tiptoe into the room. The room is gloomy and the air is damp. A crude wooden post is nailed to one wall with several hooks on it. There are two doors in the far wall leading onwards. On the post, hanging on the wall, is a makeshift mirror but as your torch lights up the mirror, its reflection is thrown across the eyes of the sleeping giant, who grunts and stirs. One eye opens, then another and, seeing you, it springs to its feet! It grabs an axe, which it was using as a pillow, and quickly undoes the leather sheath to reveal a sharp bronze head. This giant creature is a GARK! Large and brutish, Garks are half-Goblin, half-Giant, bred by master sorcerers for their aggressive character. Although somewhat stupid, they are rather tough beasts with a war-like nature. Will you:

Make a dash for the doors?	Turn to **203**
Draw your sword, ready for a fight?	Turn to **16**
Apologize for disturbing the creature?	Turn to **216**
Prepare to use a Spell?	Turn to **11**

353

Many deadly weapons are inside the cabinet, but a blue-honed sword takes your eye. Balthus Dire sees you take this sword and flies into a rage. 'Do not touch that weapon!' he screams. But he is too late; you have it in your hands. 'So be it,' he says, sliding a scimitar from his own belt and advancing towards

you. The battle to follow will, you realize, be a fight to the death.

BALTHUS DIRE SKILL 12 STAMINA 14

Your new weapon is an enchanted sword which will add two points to your dice roll when determining your *Attack Strength*.

If you win, turn to **400**.

354

You open the door and step into another room, glad to have left the annoying little creature behind. Turn to **188**.

355

If you will not (or cannot) use your magic, you will have to rely on your sword. Draw your sword and turn to **351**.

356

They are somewhat relieved that you mean them no harm, and settle back on to the floor, inviting you to join them. The room is small and plain and bits of greenery have been mounted on the walls, presumably for decoration, although the leaves are now wilted and long-dead. A small fire burns in one

corner, under a hole in the ceiling. Two doors are in the wall opposite you; one on the left, the other on the right. You sit down for a chat. You discover that these small, skinny creatures call themselves SCOUTS and they are indeed a likeable lot, joking and laughing with you. You decide not to risk telling them too much of your mission, but you ask general questions about the place. Balthus Dire is the master of the house and spends most of his time high up in the Citadel. His ladywife is a beautiful sorceress who is very vain and who enjoys the things that money and power can buy. There are many evil creatures within the Citadel, but you must be particularly careful of the Ganjees, who roam the Tower at night. Eventually you get up, thank them for the chat and prepare to press on. You may add 2 STAMINA and 1 LUCK point for the rest and information you have gained. The Scouts also offer to do a good deed for you before you go, as they have also enjoyed your company. You may either:

Take them up on their offer	Turn to **146**
Decide not to risk it and leave through the door on the left	Turn to **185**
Leave through the door on the right	Turn to **23**

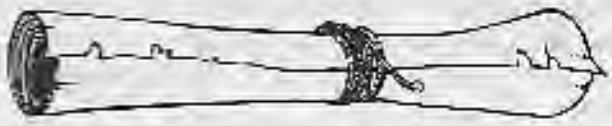

357

The creature is apparently deaf-mute. You hail it in all the languages you know, but it continues to stand silently. You make a move towards the centre of the room. Turn to **200**.

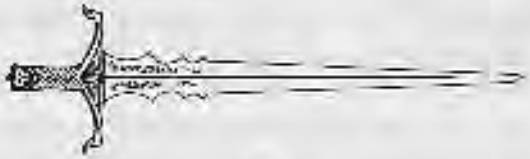

358

Unfortunately, you are not in much of a position to issue idle threats. The sorcerer merely laughs loudly and tightens his hold. He tells you to reconsider, or your death is certain. Will you continue to refuse his offer, not wishing to turn traitor to your countrymen (turn to **148**), or will you agree to come under his command (turn to **256**)?

359

You try to duck, but cannot avoid the full impact of the missile, which hits you on the forehead and splatters all over your face. You brace yourself, waiting perhaps for an acidic reaction to take place,

but the mushy liquid merely drips off your face on to the ground. Cautiously you test it, first with your finger, then with your tongue. You have just been hit by a ripe tomato! You turn to face the sleeping figure once more. Turn to **29**.

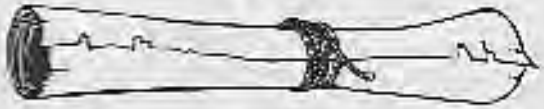

360

You cast another Spell. Your partially-formed Hydra grows a little more, but is still not complete. You will need one more Creature Copy Spell to form a whole creature. If you wish to cast this third Spell, do so and let the Hydras fight to the death:

HYDRA	SKILL 10	STAMINA 17

If your creation wins, turn to **229**. If your creature loses, or if you did not have enough Spells to complete the creation, you must decide what to do next (turn to **184**).

361

Again the door opens but as you open it, you hear the deafening clanging of an alarm bell! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **297**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **126**.

362 *Fluttering around the altar are three small winged gremlin-type creatures.*

362

The door opens and the small room inside is lit by candlelight. Cautiously you look inside to see a strange sight. On a stone altar in the middle of the chamber are three silver chalices, each containing a different-coloured liquid; one clear, one red and one milky. Fluttering around the altar are three small winged gremlin-type creatures, all chirping excitedly. Every so often one lands on the altar and takes a sip of the milky liquid. The open door creaks on its hinges and startles them. They whirl round to see you and become very excited. You may either enter the chamber (turn to 58), or close the door quickly and press onwards towards the Citadel (turn to 156).

363

Along the balcony are 3 doors. Will you try:

The door to the left?	Turn to 228
The door in the centre?	Turn to 64
The door to the right?	Turn to 304

364

As your Spell takes effect, you see a small mouse run towards the table. You curse as you realize that the Spell cannot have worked properly. But hope returns as one of the Calacorm's heads sees the mouse and looks horrified! The other head suddenly notices it, and both throats shriek together! The creature jumps up on to the table, and the Calacorm screams in terror as the harmless little mouse

approaches, sniffing fastidiously at the ground on the way. You let the Calacorm suffer for some moments and then call out that you will get rid of the mouse for him, if he will release you. He agrees quickly and throws you the keys. You let yourself out, grab your sword which was leaning against the wall and set off down the passageway. A safe distance away, you break your Spell and the mouse disappears. Turn to 174.

365

You have chosen a deadly gambling game which is outlawed in most kingdoms. Since you have chosen to play, you must play at least one game, but you may play more if you wish. Your Games Master is an apprentice sorcerer and he has selected a choice of prizes for you. If you survive, you may claim either: two extra Spells (which you may choose from the list at the beginning of the book), 50 Gold Pieces, or an Enchanted Breastplate (which will allow you to deduct 2 points from a creature's dice roll when throwing for its *Attack Strength*).

The game is played like this: six daggers lie on a table. One is a real weapon while the other five have spring-loaded blades and will do you no harm. You are playing the game against one of the other creatures in the room and only one of you will survive. In turn, you must select one of the daggers and stab yourself in the chest with it. If the dagger is real, death is certain. If it is a dummy, it must be returned to the table to be shuffled back in with the other five.

The game continues until one of you selects the real dagger and stabs yourself through the heart, whereupon the survivor can claim the prize. Your opponent will make the first selection. Throw one die for him. Then do the same for yourself. As soon as one of you rolls a 6, the real dagger has been chosen. If this is you, you will have killed yourself!

Now knowing the rules of the game, you can only get out of playing at least once by casting an Illusion Spell (turn to 9). Otherwise you must play. After you have played, you may either play Six Pick (turn to 171), Runestones (turn to 278), or you may bid your 'friends' farewell and leave the room (turn to 31).

366

As you stride past them, the little creatures watch you silently. They seem merely to find you interesting. You feel that something is not quite right here. Turn to 140.

367

Some way along the passage, you arrive at a four-way junction. You take a path to the north, which eventually leads you to a large wooden door. You can hear nothing by listening at the keyhole. Will you try to open the door slowly and quietly (turn to 308), or charge the door down (turn to 121)?

368

You go through both their pockets and find 28 Gold Pieces, which you take with you. As you are about to press on, you remember the dagger – the source of the argument – and pick it up. Turn to 15.

369

You must see what he is doing. As you try to peek around the curtain, you feel it flapping around you as if in a wind – although no wind is blowing. The curtain is tightening itself around you. You struggle, but the heavy drape is engulfing you. It is around your throat and head, and you are gasping for breath. Still you struggle on, but to no avail. You begin to feel faint, knowing that once you lose consciousness, the battle will be his. But there is nothing you can do. Your world goes black . . .

You have failed in your mission.

370

The box is solidly made and you cannot break the lock with your hands. You draw your sword to try to hack it off and, as you do so, the box falls on your shin, causing a nasty cut. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your sword will not break the lock. Will you:

Try to open the first box?	Turn to 260
Try to open the second box?	Turn to 129
Forget the boxes and press onwards?	Turn to 237

371

The creature grunts and opens the door to let you in. Turn to 177.

372

As you cast your Shielding Spell, a bottle hits you on the shoulder. You feel nothing. Something is not quite right, and you try to cancel your Spell. Unfortunately it has already been cast and you can see the bottles smashing into the magic shield you have created. The bottle which has hit you has disappeared. You curse as you realize that the wine you just tasted must have had some hallucinatory properties and you are imagining the bottle attack. As this idea dawns on you, the bottles cease pelting you. You blink and look again. All the bottles are in place on their racks as normal! You decide to press onwards. Turn to 95.

373

Balthus Dire kneels down beside you. He grabs your wrists with one hand and you can feel his great physical power, matching his obvious powers of sorcery. 'Peasant,' he says, 'you are indeed a worthy adversary. Your power exceeds that of most wizards. It is a shame to let such talent go to waste. I may kill you now, or I can offer another option. Join with me in my plan to conquer the Vale of Willow. It shall be yours to govern when we succeed. What say you?'

continued overleaf

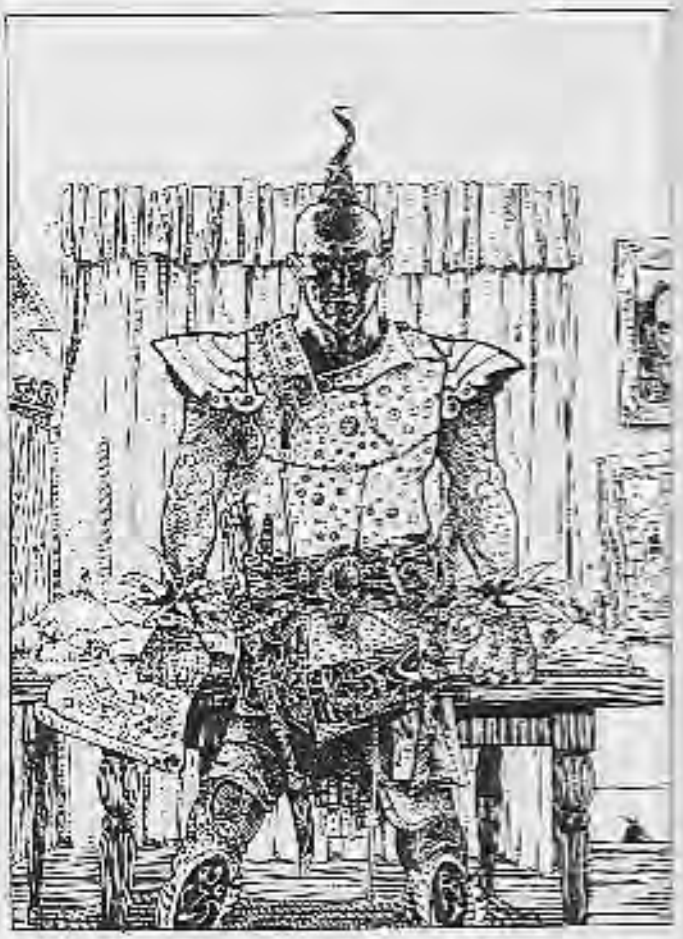

374 *Leaning against the table, with his eyes fixed on you, is Balthus Dire himself!*

What is your reply?

'Never. I will not turn against my countryfolk!'	Turn to 148
'I accept your offer.' (You plan to outwit him when he releases you.)	Turn to 256
'Balthus Dire, you are evil! I am not defeated yet!' (You plan to cast another Spell at him.)	Turn to 358

374

As you compose yourself after your fright, you glance around the room. It is obviously some sort of Military Headquarters. Scrolls with strategic maps hang from the walls, as do portraits of past generals. A bookcase in one corner holds hundreds of leather-bound volumes. Ornate drapes are drawn across a large window. A cabinet along one wall holds pikes and swords of a variety of deadly shapes and sizes. In the centre of the room is a model landscape which you recognize as the Vale of Willow. Armies of miniature troops are positioned on the model. This must be the invasion plan!

Leaning against the table, with eyes fixed on you, is Balthus Dire himself! His very stature is formidable. Well over two metres tall, he is built like an ox, with broad shoulders and muscular arms. In his battle tunic of leather with wide, studded wristbands, he looks more a soldier than the demi-sorcerer he really is.

continued overleaf

'Impudent peasant!' he growls, 'Do you think you are any match for Balthus Dire?' With these words he snaps his fingers and you hear a grunting from behind. You swing round to see a grotesque creature shambling towards you. Its hairy body has four arms, each ending in vicious-looking hooks. As it approaches, it slashes the air in front of it. 'Why, I'll wager you are not even a match for a CLAWBEAST!' laughs Dire. Will you:

Draw your sword to defend yourself?	Turn to 30
Cast a Shielding Spell?	Turn to 109
Cast a Weakness Spell?	Turn to 158

375

He indicates a book on the shelf which is an alphabetical listing of all sorts of creatures. Will you turn to the section on:

Calacorms?	Turn to 263
Miks?	Turn to 135
Ganjees?	Turn to 63

376

You cast your Shielding Spell. Alas and alack, this Spell is ineffective against magical weapons! The jets of fire sear straight through your shield and burn into your own eyes. Screaming in pain you drop to the floor. The curtain of death drops over you.

You have failed in your mission.

377

You pick yourself up and concentrate. What will your next attack be?

An Illusion Spell?	Turn to 332
A Weakness Spell?	Turn to 113
An E.S.P. Spell?	Turn to 320
None of these?	Turn to 355

378

You take a few steps forwards and another arrow narrowly misses your foot. A few more steps and an arrow rips through your tunic, grazing your forearm. You can still see no-one at all, nor can you see where the arrows are coming from. After another few steps, another arrow appears, but this one pierces your calf. You cry out loud – and you must lose 4 STAMINA points – but you are almost at the monument, which will provide shelter. You leap forward and duck behind it until the arrows cease. Turn to 209.

379

You release the rope and float into the air. Dropping back on to the ground on the rim of the trench, you curse at the fiendish trap that had been laid for greedy adventurers like yourself. You move on to the door opposite your entrance and try the handle. Turn to 206.

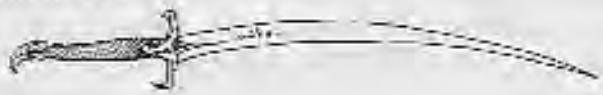

380

As you sit down they rise to their feet. The Dwarf picks up a club and springs at you, while the Goblin and the Orc grab swords. The Goblin's mistress gives a cry and jumps out of the way, retreating back into the darkness. Turn to **213**.

381

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the ring slides off his finger and you now hold it in your hand. If you are Unlucky, the ring sticks and does not come free. Your snatch fires Balthus Dire into action and he turns on you with his sword. Turn to 337.

382

They rush round the floor in panic, bumping into each other and crying, 'Oh my, oh dear, this stranger looks nasty, where are our weapons?' You laugh at their disorder and put away your sword. They calm down and stare at you. You may either press onwards (turn to **285**), or talk to them (turn to **356**).

383

The old man's strength begins to return as the Stamina Spell takes effect (deduct this spell from your Spells). He tells you he was beaten about the head by cruel Ganjees, who delight in thuggery. You bring the conversation round to the Citadel itself. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, a stab of pain from within grips him. His eyes narrow to slits and he throws himself forward, sinking his teeth – sharp teeth at that – into your arm. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Will you beat him off with your sword (turn to **333**), or use a Magic Spell to free yourself (turn to **189**)?

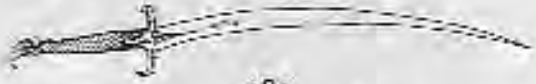

384

You fiddle with the gadget and suddenly a long, thin line unwinds itself from the shaft. You decide to try to snare the creature's heads with the line, which has a hook on one end. You cast the line at the creature. Throw one die. If you throw a 5 or 6, turn to **252**. If you throw a 1, 2, 3 or 4, turn to **107**.

385

They clap you on the back and welcome you in. A dark-skinned, wiry creature thrusts a mug of grog into your hand. You drink the ale down in one. Another mug comes. Add 2 STAMINA points, as the ale is quite refreshing. Then they invite you to join in their games. Will you play:

Knifey-Knifey?	Turn to **365**
Runestones?	Turn to **278**
Six Pick?	Turn to **171**

386

Outside the door, the passage slopes downwards and you follow it for several minutes. You notice an unpleasant smell which gets stronger and stronger as you go. Eventually you come to an opening.

continued overleaf

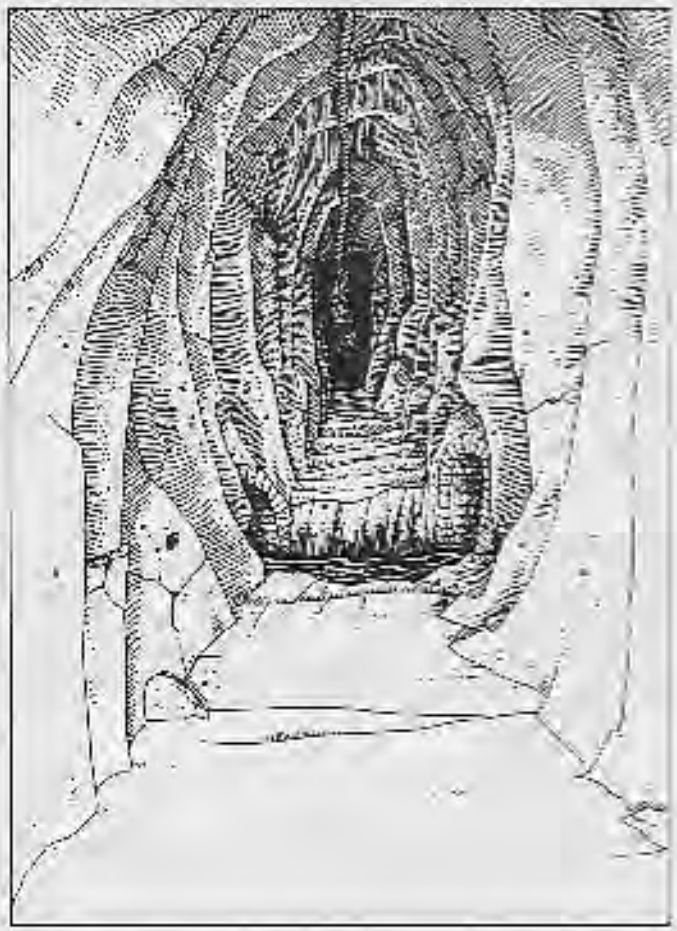

386 *You can see a large open sewer flowing across the passageway.*

Looking through it, holding your nose, you can see a large open sewer flowing across the passageway. A rope hangs down from the ceiling. Will you wade across the sewer (turn to 204), or try to grab the rope and swing across (turn to 108)?

387

At the mention of a Silver Mirror, she rises, holds up her hands, and commands her Ghosts to stop. You give her the Mirror and she bids you on your way. You are lucky to be alive. Turn to 6.

388

His whole body strains with effort. Several moments later he regains his composure and once again looks at you. 'Weakness!' he mocks, 'Surely you don't think I could be defeated with a mere Weakness Spell.' He has obviously managed to fight it off and now prepares to launch a counter-attack. Turn to 157.

389

As you approach the spit, one of the old women throws some powder on to the fire, and the three of them step back, cackling. You are on your guard. As you watch, the fire begins to roar and the flames grow menacingly. Suddenly, several of the flames spring from the fire and take the shape of a DEVLIN, a Dwarf-sized creature, made of fire itself! The three hags point towards you and the Devlin advances.

continued overleaf

Will you:

Draw your sword and prepare to fight it?	Turn to 61
Look for cover?	Turn to 178
Prepare a Spell?	Turn to 311

390

She begins to torment you, blowing you off your feet each time you rise. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 350. If you are Unlucky, turn to 122.

391

The Gark takes your 3 Gold Pieces, puts them into a pouch around its waist and shows you onwards to the doors. It asks you whether you would like to go to the Library (right-hand door) or the Games Room (left-hand door). Turn to 99.

392

The key turns and the door opens. Turn to 196.

393

You cast your Spell and concentrate on the three changing creatures. Images flash before you. As you fit them together, you realize these creatures are MIKS, and are able to transform themselves into anyone, or anything, they wish. They are thinking of you and are not the least bit worried by your presence – more likely they see you as sport. Every so often, though, they are thinking of gold and their emotions indicate a great greed. Perhaps this will be your passport to safety. If you have any Gold Pieces, turn to 27. If you have no gold, you had better leave

the room quickly and try the other door. Turn to 25.

394

The creatures look at each other as if the name sounds familiar but they can't quite place it. You quickly add that he is on the first floor watch. They shrug and eventually decide you may be telling the truth. The Ape-Dog summons the gatekeeper who eventually appears to let you in. Turn to 251.

395

You cast your Spell and concentrate, creating the illusion that you are a powerful sorcerer and you are becoming tired of their pranks. But nothing happens! Again a mocking laugh comes at you from all sides. 'We are magical creatures ourselves,' says a voice, 'though not such amateurs as you!' Suddenly you feel a blow in the middle of your back which knocks you into the middle of the room. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Will you fumble in your backpack for something to use (turn to 322), or draw your sword (turn to 248)? If you have not yet tried a Fire Spell on them you may do so (turn to 85).

396

Turn to 183.

397

This is not much of a meal, but you were hungry and thirsty and this offering restores 2 STAMINA points. Now you may either call out the Calacorm (turn to 69), or choose a Spell to try to get you out of this situation (turn to 193).

398

You cast the spell and your strength returns to enable you to finish off the steps. As you reach the top the effects wear off once more. You may now set off along the wall towards the Black Tower. Turn to 79.

399

You cast the Spell. The Elf approaches and, as he does so, the Pocket Myriad disappears from his hand! He stands before you, apparently defenceless, nervously deciding whether to fight on or run. You can nip in quickly and cut him down:

BLACK ELF	SKILL 4	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to 272.

400

Balthus Dire, lying at your feet, is dead. Your mission has been completed! The Vale of Willow is safe from attack – for the time being at least.

To make sure his plan is destroyed, you take the drapes from the window and spread them across the table on which his battle plan is laid out. Taking a candle, you set fire to the rich curtains. As the flames lick the table you consider your own escape. Do you have a Levitation Spell left? If so, you may cast it and float out through the window to the safety of the ground below. If not, then you will need to recall your reserves of skill and cunning to avoid the guards and dangers of the Citadel on your escape. But that is another story . . .

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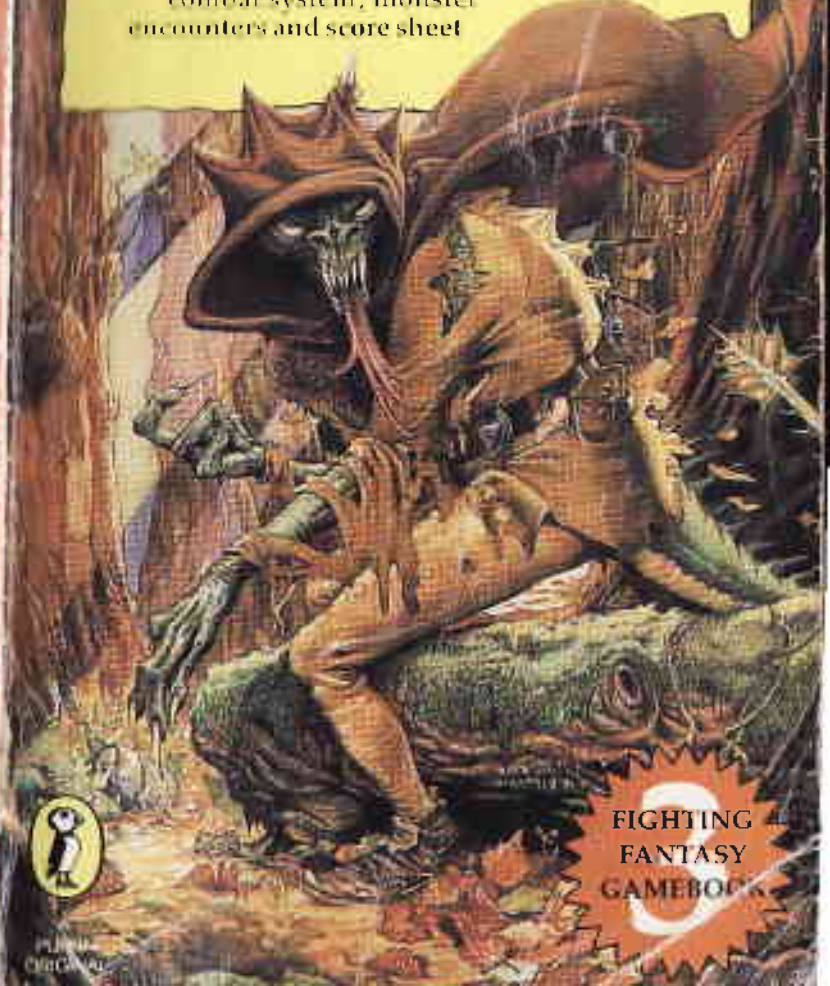

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Ian Livingstone

The Forest of Doom

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Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
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Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N Z) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1983
Reprinted 1983 (four times)

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For Liz and Carol

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THE FOREST OF DOOM

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF DARKWOOD FOREST

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a backpack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 16–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on

your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and

the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1)

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If

you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a Battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from

your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a Battle). Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e. the characteristic may be restored once during an adventure. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have used up a potion.

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through Darkwood Forest and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. There are many 'wild goose chase' passages and while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read. Reading other entries will only cause confusion and may lessen the excitement during play.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

EQUIPMENT LIST

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

You are an adventurer, a sword for hire, and have been roaming the northern borderlands of your kingdom. Having always spurned the dullness of village life, you now wander the lands in search of wealth and danger. Despite the long walks and rough outdoor life you are content with your unknown destiny. The world holds no fears for you as you are a skilful warrior, well practised in the art of slaying evil men and beasts with your trusty sword. Not once during the last ten days since entering the northern borderlands have you set eyes upon another person. This does not worry you at all, as you are happy with your own company and enjoy the slow, sunny days hunting, eating and sleeping.

It is evening, and having feasted on a dinner of rabbit, spit-roasted on an open fire, you settle down to sleep beneath your sheepskin blanket. There's a full moon, and the light sparkles on the blade of your broadsword skewered into the ground by your side. You gaze at it, wondering when you will next have to wipe the blood of some vile creature from its sharp edge. These are strange lands, inhabited by weird and loathsome beasts – goblins, trolls and even dragons.

As the flame of your camp fire gently dies, you

begin to drift asleep, and images of screaming, green-faced trolls flicker through your mind. Suddenly, in the bushes to your left, you hear the loud crack of a twig breaking under a clumsy foot. You leap up and grab your sword from the ground. You stand motionless but alert, ready to pounce on your unseen adversary. Then you hear a groan, followed by the dull thud of a body falling to the ground. Is it a trap? Slowly you walk over to the bush where the noise is coming from and carefully pull back the branches. You look down to see a little old man with a great bushy beard, his face contorted with pain. You crouch down to remove the iron helmet covering his balding head and notice two crossbow bolts protruding from the stomach of his plump, chainmail-clad torso. Picking him up, you carry him over to the fire and stir the dying embers into life. After covering him with the sheepskin blanket, you manage to get the old man to drink a little water. He coughs and moans. He sits up rigid, eyes staring fixedly ahead, and starts to shout.

'I'll get them! I'll get them! Don't you fear, Gillibran, Bigleg is coming to bring you the hammer. Oh yes, indeed I am. Oh yes. . .'

The dwarf, whose name you presume to be Bigleg, is obviously delirious from the poison-tipped bolts lodged in his stomach. You watch as he slumps down again to the ground, then whisper his name in his ear. His eyes stare unblinkingly at you, as he again starts to shout.

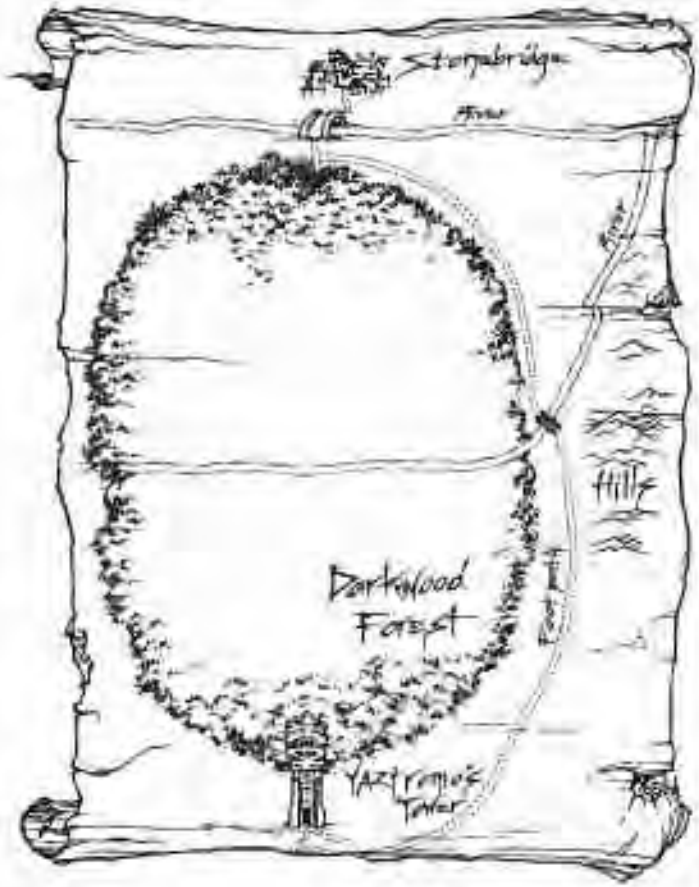

'Ambush! Look out! Ambush! Aagh! The hammer! Take the hammer to Gillibran! Save the dwarfs!'

His eyes half close and the pain seems to ease a little, and as the delirium subsides, he speaks to you again in a low whisper.

'Help us, friend . . . take the hammer to Gillibran . . . only the hammer will unite our people against the trolls. . . We were on our way to Darkwood in search of the hammer . . . ambushed by the little people . . . others killed . . . the map in my pouch will take you to the home of Yaztromo, the master mage of these parts . . . he has great magics for sale to protect you against the creatures of Darkwood . . . take my gold . . . I beg you to find the hammer and take it to Gillibran, my Lord of Stonebridge . . . you will be well rewarded. . .'

Bigleg opens his mouth to start another sentence, but nothing comes out except his last dying breath. You sit down and ponder Bigleg's words. Who is Gillibran? Who is Yaztromo? What is all the fuss about the dwarfish hammer? You reach over to the still body of Bigleg and remove the pouch from the leather belt around his waist. Inside you find 30 Gold Pieces and a map (*opposite*).

Jingling the coins in your hand you think of the possible rewards which may await you just for returning a hammer to a village of dwarfs. You decide to try to find the hammer in Darkwood Forest; it's been a few weeks since your last good battle, and, what is more, you are likely to be well paid for this one.

With your mind made up, you settle down to sleep, having taken back the sheepskin blanket from poor Bigleg. In the morning you bury the old dwarf and gather up your possessions. You examine the map, look up to the sun, and find your bearings. Whistling merrily, you head off south at a good pace, eager to meet this man Yaztromo and see what he has to offer.

NOW TURN OVER

1 *The tower is set back on the edge of Darkwood, some fifty metres away from the path*

1

Your walk to Yaztromo's takes a little over half a day, and you arrive at his stone tower home dirty and hungry. As the tower is set back on the edges of Darkwood some fifty metres away from the path you have been following, it is difficult to find. Finally you walk up to the huge oak door, somewhat relieved to find that it does exist and that Bigleg had not been speaking wildly in his delirium. A large brass bell and gong hang from the stone archway. As you ring the bell, a shiver runs down your spine and you realize that the loud 'bong' invades a deep silence, which you had not noticed before. There are no sounds of birds or animals to be heard. You wait anxiously at the door and hear slow footsteps descending stairs from the tower above. A small wooden slot in the door slides open, and two eyes appear and examine you.

'Well, who are you?' demands a grumpy voice through the hole.

You answer that you are an adventurer in search of the master mage Yaztromo, intending to purchase magical items from him to combat the creatures of Darkwood Forest.

'Oh! Well in that case, if you are interested in buying some of my merchandise, you had better come up. I am Yaztromo.'

He then turns and slowly climbs the stone stairs. Will you:

Follow him up the stairs?	Turn to **261**
Draw your sword and attack him?	Turn to **54**

2

Your adventure ends here as your tasty fresh flesh is about to become a savoury feast for the victorious Ghoul.

3

You follow five more arrows to the trunk of an old dead tree still rooted in the ground. You see that the trunk is hollow and that the hole continues through the trunk into the ground to make a tunnel. It is dark down the hole and you cannot see how far it is to the bottom. Do you have a Ring of Light? If you do, turn to **322**. If you do not possess this item, turn to **120**.

4

Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you manage to pull the arrow from your shoulder although the pain is agonizing. If you still wish to enter the cave, turn to **49**. If you wish to crawl back to the junction, turn to **93**.

5

Sitting in the ornate throne you feel strangely uncomfortable. The two Clone Warriors grovel on the floor in front of you in complete subservience. Do they expect you to become their new master? If you wish to place the gold crown on your head, turn to **333**. If you wish to leave the alcove and climb up the rest of the steps to the roof of the cavern, turn to **249**.

6

As you walk past the Goblin he growls unlike anything you have ever heard before, a growl that you would not expect a Goblin to make. Feeling a little nervous you head quickly north. Turn to **148**.

7

You draw your sword and prepare to meet the yellow- and black-striped attackers. They are KILLER BEES and will attack in separate droves, each drove counting as a single creature.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KILLER BEES	7	3
Second KILLER BEES	8	4
Third KILLER BEES	7	4

If you win, turn to **23**.

8

Walking along the path, you hear footsteps and arguing voices ahead of you. If you wish to meet their owners, turn to **317**. If you would rather hide in the bushes to let them walk by, turn to **392**.

9

You unlock the door and step back, drawing your sword in case the Goblin tries to attack you. He picks up a wooden stool and, waving it in the air,

kicks the door open and charges at you screaming. You must fight.

GOBLIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to 176.

10

You pick up a good-sized rock off the floor and take aim. You throw the rock with all your might at the Ogre but are dismayed to see it fly past his head and crash against the far wall of the cave. You curse, but decide nevertheless to rush into the cave to attack the Ogre (turn to 290).

11

You start to lose your balance as the illusion distorts your mind. You close your eyes and hold your head in your hands but it makes no difference. You reel around the room and then fall to the floor unconscious. Turn to 353.

12

You tell the Gnome that perhaps you had been a little hasty in drawing your sword, but you had to be prepared for anything within the evil boundary of Darkwood Forest. He replies that that is no excuse for drawing your weapon on a defenceless old man and, if you want your sword back, it will cost you 10 Gold Pieces or two items of treasure from your backpack. You pay him what you will and, to your relief, your beloved sword is returned. If you wish to continue the conversation with him, turn to 271.

If you have had enough of the Gnome and would rather head west along the path, turn to 67.

13

The vibrations feel like shock waves which seem to hammer your body. Your legs feel like lead and you are unable to move them. Suddenly the hut collapses and crashes to the ground. The sky darkens and a wind starts to howl all about you. The wind blows harder and becomes as strong as a gale, its force knocking you to the ground. You cling to the porch and shield your face from the dirt and debris thrown up by the gale. Above the deafening noise of the wind you hear laughter followed by a deep voice rejoicing, 'I'm free! I'm free!' You have released an EARTH ELEMENTAL on to the world – lose 3 LUCK points. Gradually the howling wind dies down and the skies brighten. You pick yourself up from out of the rubble and walk slowly back to the path to head north again. Turn to 149.

14

The pit is circular with smooth sides and you are too weak from your fall to climb out. You call for help, but nobody comes to your aid. You sit down and ponder your fate. After about an hour you hear a noise overhead. You look up to see the bearded face of a stocky man wearing a fur hat. He looks annoyed. He is a fur trapper and you have ruined his trap. He shouts down to you that if you expect him to throw a rope down to rescue you, it is going to cost you 3 Gold Pieces. Failing that, he will take

15 *You see the shiny tip of the poison barb of a huge Sting Worm coming straight at you.*

any magical item you care to give him from your backpack. After you agree to pay off the angry fur trapper he throws down a rope to you and you climb out of the pit. You hand over the fee, crossing it off your Equipment List, and glare at the unfriendly fur trapper before setting off north again down the gorge. Turn to **255**.

15

The slope is steep and you slip on the slime, tumbling head over heels down the hole to the bottom, into a large earthen cavern. You jump to your feet and are alarmed to see the shiny tip of a poison barb on the tail end of a huge STING WORM coming straight at you. The Sting Worm is about five metres long and has huge yellow segments, but all you care about is protecting yourself from the barb. There is no time to scramble out of the hole – you must draw your sword and fight.

STING WORM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **217**.

16

You shout at the three humanoids who are tending a patch of red-topped fungi. Again they ignore you, continuing with their work. You take hold of a fungus top, breaking a piece off, and start to eat. It tastes good but a terrible pain grips your stomach. The fungus is poisonous. Do you have a Potion of Anti-Poison? If you do, turn to **211**. If you do not have this potion, turn to **345**.

17

A ladder runs down the inside of the well to the water below. However, there appears to be a tunnel just above the surface of the water, running north. It is circular and has a diameter of one metre. You may:

Toss a Gold Piece into the well to make a wish	Turn to **89**
Descend the ladder to look down the tunnel	Turn to **256**
Return to the path to head west	Turn to **238**

18

Your plan works and the fever dies down. Mercifully the hair on the back of your hands disappears and you slump back to sleep again, exhausted. In the morning you collect your belongings and head north along the path into the hills. Turn to **198**.

19

Although weak from the fever, you manage to sit up. You take hold of your sword and, gritting your teeth, cut yourself where the Werewolf bit you. Blood runs quickly from the wound, and, hopefully, the disease with it. Lose 1 STAMINA point due to loss of blood. If you are still alive, turn to **18**.

20

Walking east you come across a branch in the path heading south You decide to ignore it and continue east. Turn to **277**.

21

The pain increases and you quickly reach into your backpack to pull out the small bottle labelled Potion of Anti-Poison. You gulp down its contents. Your body relaxes and the effects of the poison wear away. You ponder what else might be in store for you in this forest and turn north up the path. Turn to **226**

22

The gas is toxic and your eyes start to water. You cough and hold your breath, running round the cave trying to escape from the gas cloud which envelops your face. Your lungs feel as though they are bursting and you are forced to inhale. Reduce your SKILL by 2 and your STAMINA by the amount of one die roll. If you are still alive, you are relieved to see the gas cloud fade away. You put the silver box in your backpack and leave the cave immediately to continue your quest northwards. Turn to 358.

23

You wipe the sweat from your forehead and wonder what else these evil lands have in store for you. You sit down and rest for a while. Later you set off towards the sound of the flowing water. Turn to 339.

24

The muscles in your neck start to stiffen and you feel the effects of poison from the darts running through your body. You reach quickly into your backpack and pull out the small bottle labelled Potion of Anti-Poison and gulp down its contents. Your body relaxes and the effects of the poison wear away. On seeing this, the Pygmies turn and run off into the grasses. Will you:

Draw your sword and run into the grass after the Pygmies?	Turn to 377
Continue north along the path?	Turn to 92

25

Eventually the path levels out and you find yourself on a valley floor. The path continues north but also a new path leads off to the west.

To continue north	Turn to 369
To go west	Turn to 56

26

You decide to start your search at the wooden shelves. All the books are written in a language unfamiliar to you and contain strange diagrams. The charts and scrolls are also unintelligible to you. You open cupboards and drawers but all you find are more books, leather-bound and dusty. You are about to give up searching the room when you notice one more book on the floor, acting as a support for a broken table leg. Will you:

Pick up the book?	Turn to 91
Give up your search and return to the path to head north?	Turn to 220

27

Wiping the thick green sap-blood from your sword you set off north again. You are relieved to see that the trees are at last beginning to thin out and appear less threatening. Turn to 329.

28

If you possess an Armband of Strength, turn to 52. If you do not possess this item, turn to 266.

29 *In a small clearing amidst the trees you see two small creatures with warty skin*

29

In a small clearing amidst the trees you see two small creatures with warty skin, dressed in leather armour. They appear to be arguing over who should be in charge of the rabbit which is being spit-roasted over an open fire. On seeing you, they cease their argument and draw their short swords. You are going to have to fight the ORCS advancing towards you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	5
Second ORC	5	6

If you win the battle, turn to **383**. If you wish to *Escape* during the battle, you may do so by running back to the path and heading north. Turn to **254**.

30

Lose 2 STAMINA points for the deep cut on your forehead. If you are still alive, turn to **225**.

31

You crawl out of the tunnel and step on to the ladder on the wall of the well. You climb out of the well and return to the path. Turn to **362**.

32

You reach into your backpack and hand over 10 Gold Pieces and two objects to Arragon. Make the necessary deductions to your Equipment List Arragon then commands you to leave and you run out of the cottage back to the junction in the path. Lose 1

LUCK point and head north along the path. Turn to **150**.

33

The friar shakes his head, saying, 'There doesn't seem to be any charity in the world any more.' With a shrug of the shoulders he sets off south again. You watch him disappear before continuing your journey north. Turn to **390**.

34

As you rub the lantern, green smoke slowly starts to rise from the wick and take shape. It forms the outline of a fat old man with a bald head sitting on a cushion. His mouth opens slowly and in a deep voice he says, 'Well, what do you want?' You tell him of your quest but he tells you he is unable to offer you material gain or wealth. He can only offer you personal well-being. You may restore your SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK score to its *Initial* level. As soon as you make your choice, the genie disappears and the lantern turns black. You throw it to the ground and head north. Turn to **231**.

35

Lose 4 STAMINA points for the injury caused by the terrible burn. If you are still alive turn to **132**.

36

Thinking about the robed stranger you feel a little uncomfortable. There was something about his manner that you did not trust. You stop to take a look in your backpack and are annoyed to find something is missing. The man was a thief! Deduct either all your remaining Gold Pieces or two of the magic items you may have purchased from Yaztromo from your *Adventure Sheet*. You are in two minds whether or not to run after the thief but you sense that he will not be where he said he was going. You curse and start off north again. Turn to **187**.

37

You reach into the tree and pluck a pear-shaped fruit which is purple in colour. You take a small bite and it tastes very bitter. If you wish to spit it out and continue north up the path, turn to **226**. If you would rather swallow the fruit, turn to **336**

38 *You can see an old woman in grubby clothes reading one of several books by the fireside*

38

You peer through the small dirty window of the hut to see an old woman in grubby clothes with a wrinkled face and warty nose reading one of several books by the fireside on the far wall of the hut. A hunchbacked servant is carrying more books to her from shelves crammed with old books, charts and scrolls. If you want to enter the hut, turn to **315**. If you would rather return to the path and head north again, turn to **220**.

39

You spread the net out and then whirl it around your head. You release it in the direction of the Cave Troll and watch as it flies silently through the air to land on its stationary target. It wraps itself around the Cave Troll, who wakes quickly from his sleep, growls loudly and tries to struggle from the net. You rush to the stone chair and take the leather bag from the enraged Cave Troll. You run out of the cave leaving the Cave Troll to fight his way out of the net. Turn to **287**.

40

You get to your feet and curse, brushing the dirt from your clothes with your hands. You are tempted to wait around to discover who set the trap, but decide against it. To continue northwards, turn to **274**.

41

You run back down the path to the junction where the crow is still sitting on the signpost. You turn left, and run eastwards, shouting, 'Good afternoon!' to the crow as you pass him. Turn to **239**.

42

The old woman throws back her head and roars with laughter as you start to make conversation. She is an evil woman. Lose 1 LUCK point and draw your sword. Turn to **342**.

43

You draw your sword and charge the Wild Hill Men, who stop their argument and turn towards you, screaming and wielding axes.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WILD HILL MAN	7	5
Second WILD HILL MAN	6	4

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to **50**. You may *Escape* by running north along the path. Turn to **188**.

44

Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you find your Nose Filters in a side pocket of your backpack and hastily slip them inside your nostrils You slowly inhale the poisonous air around you, but

all is well and you are able to breathe freely. After a while the gas cloud fades away. However, there does not seem to be much point in staying here any longer and you walk over to the steps on the far wall Turn to **293**

45

Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **165**.

46

The carrot flies through the air but before it reaches the Gnome it changes into a butterfly and flutters away on the breeze. The Gnome starts to whittle a piece of wood with a small knife and has a bored expression on his face. Lose 2 LUCK points. You decide that you ought to treat him with a little more respect and apologize to the Gnome Turn to **12**.

47

While you are distracted by the servant the Witch shouts some strange words into the air. Suddenly she vanishes in a bright flash and reappears as a small bat which flies out of the open door. On seeing this, the hunchback slumps to the floor and starts to cry. You may:

Search the hut for something useful	Turn to **26**
Leave the hut and return to the path to head north	Turn to **220**

49 *Standing in the middle of the cave are two green-skinned creatures with small bodies and large heads.*

48

You lift the chest above your head and send it crashing to the floor. It bursts open and amidst the splintered wood lies a large, light blue egg nearly a metre round. You tap it with your finger. It is cold and hard, and feels like marble. Suddenly a crack appears and before you can move the egg explodes, sending fragments of razor-sharp shell flying through the air. Roll one die to determine how many splinters of shell stick in you, and lose 1 STAMINA point for each. If you are still alive, you stagger out of the room and continue north along the path. Turn to **288**.

49

You press on down the tunnel into the cave entrance. The roof of the cave is no higher than the tunnel and you are unable to stand up. The cave is very small and filled with tiny bits of furniture and all manner of objects and curios. Standing in the middle of the cave are two green-skinned creatures with small bodies and large heads; they have pointed ears and long noses and their clothes are made from sacks. They appear very alarmed and charge at you with their daggers. You must fight the GREMLINS as you are unable to turn round and escape.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREMLIN	4	3
Second GREMLIN	3	2

You fight the Gremlins one at a time but must reduce your Attack Strength by 3 for each round of combat because you are fighting on your hands and knees. If you win, turn to **371**.

50

Around the neck of one of the Wild Hill Men you find a small silver key hanging on a small leather cord. You untie the leather cord and put the key in your backpack. You set off north again – turn to **188**.

51

Your walk along the green valley floor brings you to a junction in the path. If you want to head north, turn to **199**. If you wish to continue east, turn to **397**.

52

Quin explains that he will wager some Dust of Levitation against an item or coins to the value of 10 Gold Pieces. As you sit down at the table opposite him, you deftly slip the Armband of Strength on to your arm. You put your elbow on to the table and lock hands with him. His grip is like an iron jaw and his dark slanted eyes look confident. His biceps

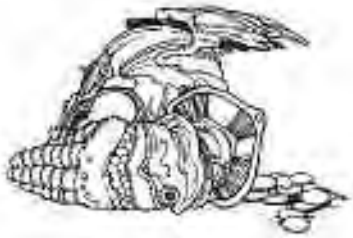

bulge and he gives the signal for the contest to begin. You start to push his arm down and are amazed at your own strength. Sweat breaks out on his forehead and you can see the disbelief and pain on his face. You push harder and force his arm on to the table in defeat – turn to **78**.

53

The muscles in your neck start to stiffen and you feel the effects of the poison from the darts running through your body. You pluck the darts from your neck, but it's too late. You sink to your knees and then roll over unconscious. When you wake up, you find that you still have your sword and possessions, but all your gold is gone. The Pygmies have stolen it all. You shake your fist at the unseen thieves and start to walk north again along the path. Turn to **92**.

54

As you draw your sword, Yaztromo turns round and casually advises you not to be foolish as his magic is great. If you still wish to attack him, turn to **399**. If you change your mind and decide to follow him up the stairs, turn to **261**.

57 *You hear a loud roar and look up to see a dragon-like creature flying down to its lair.*

55

You reach into your backpack and pull out the purple silk glove. It fits snugly on your hand. Then you bend down and pick up a good-sized rock and take aim. You throw the rock with all your might at the Ogre and it flies like an arrow to hit him on the side of the head, knocking him unconscious. The creature in the cage jumps around even more frantically than before. Do you:

Take a closer look at the creature in the cage?	Turn to **168**
Search through the contents of the cave?	Turn to **313**
Leave the cave immediately and continue northwards?	Turn to **358**

56

Walking along the tranquil valley floor, you arrive at a junction in the path. You see that the way south leads back to the hills so decide to dismiss that option. If you wish to continue west, turn to **233**. If you wish to head north, turn to **163**.

57

You walk over to investigate the lair but are suddenly aware of a dark shadow being cast all about you. You hear a loud roar above you and look up to see a dragon-like creature with two legs and green scaly skin flying down to its lair. A bolt of fire shoots from its mouth towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the fire bolt misses you and explodes by your

feet – turn to **132**. If you are Unlucky, the fire bolt slams into your back, knocking you to the ground – turn to **35**.

58

You reach into your backpack and pull out the small bottle of Holy Water. Quickly removing the cork you throw the water at the advancing GHOUL. Thick smoke rises into the air from the burn marks made by the Holy Water on the putrid flesh of the Ghoul. The Ghoul appears to be in great pain but through its wide-open mouth no sound is heard. It crawls into a corner of the room, desperate to escape your goodly weapon. You walk over to the coffin and look inside. You are overjoyed to see, as well as 25 Gold Pieces, an object that the Ghoul was using as a head rest – a bronze hammer head with the letter G inscribed in it. You happily put your findings into your backpack and walk back up the stairs to leave the crypt and return to the path to head north. Turn to **112**.

59

You arrive at another junction in the path. Ignoring the way south, you continue east – turn to **171**.

60

You hold your breath and reach into your backpack, frantically searching for your Nose Filters. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you find them straight away and slip them inside your nostrils – turn to **183**. If you are Unlucky, you are unable to find them quickly enough and are forced to inhale the poisonous gas – turn to **44**.

61

Soon you are back at the first junction. If you wish to crawl south back to the well, turn to **398**. If you wish to continue east, turn to **151**.

62

As you draw your sword from your last opponent the white stallion gallops off east along the path out of sight. You turn and set off west again. Turn to **208**.

63

On seeing the arrow fly past you the Centaur rears up on his hind legs and then charges into a gallop straight at you. You have to jump back to avoid being run down. He gallops past you in a cloud of dust and stops some ten metres away down the path you have just come along. Maybe fighting the noble Centaur is not such a good idea after all. You sheathe your sword and decide to wade across the river. Turn to **178**.

64

Before the Tangleweed can drag you to the ground you manage to grab the bottle containing the Potion of Plant Control from your backpack and gulp down its contents. As if touched by flame the Tangleweed releases your limbs and retreats from the path. You decide to run quickly along the path while the effects of the potion still last. Turn to **142**.

65

The bridge is in a terrible state of repair, but you manage to cross it safely. You are at the foot of some hills and it is getting darker as night closes in. You pitch camp behind some rocks to the left of the path and settle down to sleep with your sword by your side. Turn to **330**.

66

You step carefully along the slippery stones to the other side of the river. You see that the path continues north into the hills but as it is getting dark you decide to make camp for the night under a large solitary tree to the right of the path. You build a large fire and settle down to sleep with your sword by your side. Turn to **325**.

67

You arrive at another junction in the path. The way south leads back into the hills so ignore it and continue west (turn to **113**).

68

You drink the clear liquid slowly from the bottle. It tastes very bitter and you are apprehensive about what you have done. But then a glow radiates through your body and you feel invigorated. You have drunk a health potion – add 3 STAMINA points to your score. You set off east along the path. Turn to **59**.

69 *Small, pale-skinned humanoids appear to be tending crops of different-coloured fungi.*

69

The tunnel goes deeper underground, heading west some sixty metres before opening out into a vast cavern with green slimy walls. A shaft of daylight shines down from the roof of the cavern illuminating the floor. Small, pale-skinned humanoids are scattered about and they appear to be tending crops of different-coloured fungi. A stream trickles through the cavern. Stone steps rise past alcoves on the far wall to a hole in the roof through which the daylight streams. You draw your sword and approach one of the small humanoids. As you get nearer you see that they are hairless and their eyes are blank. They seem totally uninterested in your presence, walking slowly between their rows of fungi and bending down occasionally to remove unwelcome insects and weeds from the crops. You may:

Attack one of the small humanoids	Turn to **264**
Chop down one of the fungi	Turn to **143**
Demand to eat a green-topped fungus	Turn to **269**
Demand to eat a red-topped fungus	Turn to **16**

70

The sword is magnificent and was obviously made by a master craftsman. It feels powerful in your hand. Add 2 points to your current SKILL score for your enchanted sword Cutting your new weapon through the air you set off north down the gorge (turn to **334**).

71

On pulling back the curtain you see a tiny green-skinned creature with a large head. He has a long nose and pointed ears and wears brown canvas clothing. A large medallion hangs from his neck on a silver chain. The creature is sitting at a table examining a red clay figure of a human hand. On seeing you enter the cave he takes a stone hammer and smashes the clay hand. He is a GREMLIN chief and jumps to his feet to face you with his hammer. You must fight him.

GREMLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3 because of your cramped fighting position. If you win, turn to **273**.

72

The path ends at a junction. The way south leads back to the forest so you decide to head north (turn to **138**).

73

You step back and then charge at the door. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than both your LUCK and SKILL scores, the door flies open – turn to **327**. If the number rolled is greater than either your LUCK or SKILL score, you bounce off the door and rub your bruised shoulder. You decide against risking any further injury to yourself and return to the path to head north (turn to **112**).

74

You lift the leather bag off the back of the stone chair and tiptoe out of the cave. Outside you stop to examine the contents of the bag. Inside you find 5 Gold Pieces and a small brass bell. You put these in your backpack and walk back to the junction in the path to head north. Turn to **25**.

75

Your legs feel very vulnerable and you half expect them to be bitten any moment by some unseen river creature. However, nothing happens and you manage to cross safely. You are now at the foot of some hills and it is getting darker as night closes in. You decide to camp behind some rocks to the left of the path and settle down to sleep with your sword by your side. Turn to **330**.

76

The path turns suddenly to the right and proceeds northwards into the dense undergrowth. Turn to **206**.

77

The Pygmies quickly turn and run off into the grasses. Will you:

Draw your sword and run into the grass after them?	Turn to 377
Continue north along the path?	Turn to 92

78

Quin stands up and walks silently to a wooden chest at the back of the hut. He lifts the lid and pulls out a small glass phial. He hands it to you and walks back to the table, where he slumps in his chair looking thoroughly dejected. The dust in the phial sparkles in the light and you put it into your backpack and leave the hut. Outside you walk back to the junction in the path. Turn to 349.

79

You stand with your back to the tree and prepare to fight the Vampire Bats. You fight them one at a time as they swoop down on you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPIRE BAT	5	5
Second VAMPIRE BAT	6	5
Third VAMPIRE BAT	5	7

If you win, turn to 386.

80

There does not seem to be much point in staying here any longer and you walk over to the steps in the far wall. Turn to 293.

81

Ahead you hear high-pitched voices frantically calling to each other. The tunnel ends at a small cave entrance. Suddenly an arrow flies out of the cave towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the arrow whistles past your head (turn to 49). If you are Unlucky, it lodges in your shoulder (turn to 4).

82

Do you possess a Potion of Stillness? If you do, turn to 235. If you do not, turn to 13.

83

You reach for your backpack and take out the belladonna. It is poisonous but its effect will stop you from turning into a Werewolf yourself. Lose 2 STAMINA points for the effects of the poison. If you are still alive, turn to 139.

84

As you approach the boulder you are even more surprised to see it suddenly rise up on what appear to be two stumpy stone legs. Then two stone arms with huge club-shaped fists spring out of its sides. You stare in disbelief as the boulder lumbers towards you and raises one of its great stone fists. You snap out of your bewilderment and draw your sword to fight the BOULDER BEAST.

BOULDER BEAST SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **146**. You may *Escape* after three Attack Rounds by running north down the path into the valley. Turn to **245**.

85

Inside the cage a small, sinewy creature with brown, scaly skin is jumping up and down. He is a GOBLIN, and he has a black shiny rod hanging on a leather cord round his neck. If you want to unlock the cage door, turn to **9**. If you want to ignore the creature and leave the cave to continue your journey northwards, turn to **358**.

86

As you crouch down in the tall grass you hear the sound of galloping hooves amidst the barking. Then you see the legs of four hounds and one horse race past you in a cloud of dust. The sound of the hunt quickly fades into the distance and you step out on to the path again. Wondering about the poor old fox you set off west once more. Turn to **208**.

87

The path leads along a ridge of the hill and comes to another junction. You see that the way south leads back to the river, so you decide to head north again. Turn to **90**

88

Climbing the steps you soon reach the second alcove. You see vague shapes in the dark and hear the sound of shuffling feet. If you wish to enter the alcove, turn to **212**. If you wish to continue climbing, turn to **107**.

89

The coin lands in the water with a gentle plop (make the deduction to your Equipment List). You wish for more Gold Pieces but nothing happens – this is not a wishing well. You may:

Descend the ladder to look down the tunnel	Turn to **256**
Return to the path to head east	Turn to **281**
Return to the path to head west	Turn to **238**

90 *Two sinewy men with long hair and beards spring from behind a boulder*

90

The path runs north down the hill between large boulders and rocks. You have an uneasy feeling that you are being watched. Then, from behind one of the larger boulders to the left of the path, spring two sinewy men with long hair and beards. They are wearing animal furs and look menacing. One notches an arrow to his bow and lets it fly. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the arrow misses you and flies past your head (turn to 210). If you are Unlucky, the arrow lodges itself in your shoulder and you suffer the loss of 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 348

91

You open the book and are surprised to see that the pages are hollowed out in the middle. Lying in the cavity is a small jewel on a silver chain. Beside it is a parchment which reads:

EYE OF AMBER

Instructions for use

Place the necklace around your neck
and question those you fear;
No matter what they try to say,
it's only truth you'll hear.

You place the necklace around your neck and presume your find will come in useful in this evil forest! Add 1 LUCK point. Leaving the hut you return to the path and head north – turn to **220**.

92

As the path proceeds northwards, the grass becomes shorter and the ground starts to rise gently. Ahead you can hear the sound of flowing water. However, much more ominous, you also hear another sound, above you in the sky – a loud buzzing noise. Suddenly a swarm of large bees, each bee some ten centimetres long, is hovering directly above you. You may:

Try to run to the water ahead and dive in	Turn to **299**
Stand and fight	Turn to **7**
Drink a Potion of Insect Control (if you have one)	Turn to **100**

93

Back at the junction you may either go east (turn to **61**) or keep going south (turn to **270**).

94

You take the Rope of Climbing out of your backpack. As if it knows what to do, it wraps itself round the top of the tree trunk and descends the hole into the tunnel below, inviting you to climb down. If you wish to climb down the rope, turn to **136**. If you

wish to change your mind and return to the path to head north again, turn to **144**.

95

You try with all your might to move the stone slab, but it will not budge. Do you have any Dust of Levitation? If you do, turn to **173**. If not, turn to **368**.

96

As you lift your arm to strike the dog it growls fiercely and leaps at you.

HUNTING DOG SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Hunting Dog, you must now fight the other three dogs and their master in pairs. Both members of a pair will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your nominated target as in a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater – you must count this as though you have just parried its blow. Of course if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way.

		SKILL	STAMINA
First pair:	HUNTING DOG	6	6
	HUNTING DOG	5	6
Second pair:	HUNTING DOG	6	5
	MASKED MAN	8	7

If you win, turn to **62**.

99 *You see a large man with dark skin sitting at a table in the middle of the hut*

97

The path leads ever northwards but at last the trees are beginning to thin out and appear less menacing as daylight streams through between them. On the right-hand side of the path you see an old oak chair covered with moss. If you wish to sit in the chair to rest and eat, turn to **328**. If you would rather press on northwards, turn to **118**.

98

On your long walk around Darkwood Forest you are attacked by a large group of Wild Hill Men, probably the same group who attacked Bigleg and his party two days earlier *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to run away from them without being hit by the rain of arrows which falls all about you; turn to **1**. If you are Unlucky, you slip and fall as you run, pierced by many arrows. Your adventure ends here.

99

Ahead you see that the path ends at the door of a large hut made of dried mud. It has a domed roof and a single window You peer through the window and see a large man with dark skin sitting at a table in the middle of the hut He is bare-chested and is flexing the muscles of his arms. If you wish to enter the hut, turn to **209**. If you would rather return to the junction in the path, turn to **349**.

100

As you reach into your backpack, you realize with horror that the large, buzzing insects above you are KILLER BEES. You grab the bottle marked Potion of Insect Control and gulp down its contents. The Killer Bees dive down to attack you, but are suddenly repelled as though they have hit an invisible screen. They hover all around you buzzing loudly but do not sting you. With new heart you draw your sword and swing it through the air. You catch one of the Killer Bees and it falls to the ground. You step on it with your leather sandal. The others then fly off into the distance. You continue northwards towards the sound of flowing water. Turn to **339**.

101

You lift the leather bag off the stone chair and walk outside. Examining the contents of the bag you find 5 Gold Pieces and a small brass bell. You put these in your backpack and walk back to the junction in the path to head north. Turn to **25**.

102

Walking along the path you notice marks in the ground made by the hooves of a horse heading east. You soon arrive at another junction in the path. The hoof marks lead south, back to the forest. You decide to head north. Turn to **105**.

103

The path opens out into a small clearing. To your right you see a pile of branches, grass and pieces of

rag, the lair of some large creature. Amongst the debris and old bones scattered about you catch sight of something glittering. If you want to look more closely, turn to **57**. If you wish to hurry north along the path, turn to **360**.

104

The BANDIT woman steps forward with her sword raised, shouting 'Death to the intruder!' She is their leader and you must fight her first.

BANDIT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you manage to defeat her, you must now fight the other four Bandits in pairs. Both members of a pair will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Bandit as in a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater; you must count this as though you have just fended off his blow. Of course if his Attack Strength is greater, he will have wounded you in the normal way.

		SKILL	STAMINA
First pair:	BANDIT A	7	6
	BANDIT B	6	4
Second pair:	BANDIT A	7	5
	BANDIT B	5	6

If you win, turn to **311**.

107 *A huge dark shape steps out from the alcove with flame shooting from its nostrils.*

105

In the distance to the right of the path you see large birds circling in the sky. As you get closer you recognize them as vultures. If you wish to step off the path to see what or whom the vultures are interested in, turn to **384**. If you wish to ignore the vultures and continue walking north, turn to **394**.

106

There is a fire-blackened copper kettle in the ashes of the fire which you pick up to inspect. You remove the lid and find a gold ring with a large emerald set in it. It has a value of 15 Gold Pieces. You are very fortunate and may add 2 LUCK points. Happy with your new treasure you decide to ignore the wooden chest and leave the room to continue northwards. Turn to **288**.

107

Just as you reach the last steps before the next alcove, a jet of flame shoots out to bar your way. Then a huge dark shape steps out from the alcove with flame shooting from its nostrils. Black smoke curls up into the air. The beast is shaped like a man, but has wings and carries a flaming sword in one hand and a whip in the other. A golden crown sits on its head. It faces you motionless on the steps above you. Suddenly it cracks its whip and raises its fiery sword. The only way out of this cavern lies before you at the top of the steps. To get there, you

will have to fight the FIRE DEMON, master of the clones:

FIRE DEMON	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

In addition to its normal attack with its fiery sword, throw one die every Attack Round for its whip. On a roll of 1 or 2, the whip will lash you and 1 point must be subtracted from your STAMINA. A roll of 3 to 6 means the whip misses you. It is possible to use your LUCK against the whip. If you win turn to **152**.

108

The pain increases and becomes almost unbearable. You grip your stomach with your arms and fall to your knees, foaming at the mouth. Eventually the pain subsides but you are very weak after your ordeal. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You ponder what else might be in store for you in this forest and decide to turn north up the path. Turn to **226**.

109

Soon the path leads out of the trees on to a large plain with tall grasses. Beyond it you see rising ground and, further off, some low hills. The path splits and goes in three directions.

If you want to go west	Turn to **124**
If you want to go east	Turn to **72**
If you want to continue north	Turn to **309**

110

If you wish to search through the Gremlin's leather backpack, turn to **257**. If you wish to leave the tunnel without any further delay, turn to **31**.

111

The expression on Arragon's face changes from confidence to fear. Perhaps he is not all that he makes himself out to be. Suddenly he apologizes for being so aggressive but explains that these lands are filled with bandits and murderers and he has to protect himself by pretending to be a wizard of supreme power. He begs forgiveness and offers you 5 Gold Pieces if you will leave him in peace and tell nobody of his disguise. You accept his offer and leave the cottage. You walk back to the junction in the path and head north; turn to **150**.

112

The path presses on northwards through the dense trees Then it makes a sudden turn to the right and heads east The path is so overgrown in places that you have to use your sword to cut through it. Your walk east is long and tiring. At last you reach a junction in the path. Looking at Bigleg's map you decide to head north again in the direction of Stonebridge and ignore the narrow path continuing east Turn to **103**.

113

The path makes a sudden turn to the right and heads north across the valley floor. To the left of the path you see a large pond with a small wooden hut with a thatched roof by its edge. If you want to investigate the hut, turn to **324**. If you wish to ignore the hut and continue north along the path, turn to **149**.

114

The Treeman lumbers slowly towards you on large, splayed roots. If you possess Fire Capsules, turn to **350**. If you do not possess them, draw your sword and turn to **123**.

115

The path soon comes to a junction. If you wish to go west, turn to **382**. If you wish to go east, turn to **277**.

116

Eventually you manage to get back to sleep but are awake early. In the morning light you notice a gold-studded leather collar round the neck of the largest Wolf. It must be worth 15 Gold Pieces. Putting the collar in your backpack you wonder who the Wolf's owner might be. You collect your belongings and head north along the path. Turn to **314**.

117

You unlock the door and step back, drawing your sword in case the Goblin tries to attack you. He picks up a wooden stool and, waving it in the air, kicks the door open and charges at you screaming. You must fight.

GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to **232**.

118 *A large brown pig-like creature bursts out on to the path and halts there.*

118

The path eventually emerges from the trees on to a vast plain. Beyond you see rising ground leading to low hills. The waist-high grasses on either side of the path sway gently in the warm breeze All is peaceful and the dangers ahead seem unimportant. You are enjoying your walk when suddenly the silence is broken by the sound of squealing and grunting to the right of the path. You can see a path being made through the grass by an unseen beast moving quickly towards you. You draw your sword in readiness. A few yards ahead of you a large brown pig-like creature bursts out on to the path and halts there. It has two long tusks protruding from a short stubby snout. Steam rises into the air from its sweating body. Its small eyes look at you before it puts its head down to charge at you. You must fight the WILD BOAR.

WILD BOAR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 174.

119

The ground is quite steep as the path wends its way into the hills. By the time you reach the top the sun is quite hot. All around in the distance you see the green circle of Darkwood Forest. Mist still hangs in the tall grass behind you, but ahead you see a valley floor bathed in sunlight. All is quiet. As you start down the far side of the hill you see a junction in the path. You may either continue north down the hill

(turn to **90**) or head west along the new branch (turn to **216**).

120

You drop a stone down the hollow tree trunk to the tunnel below. It must be some five metres to the bottom. Do you possess a Rope of Climbing? If you do, turn to **94**. If you do not, turn to **380**.

121

Back at the junction you may either go east (turn to **61**) or keep going north (turn to **81**).

122

At the bottom of the ladder you see that the tunnel runs quite a distance north. You are surprised to see that it is lit by torches at regular intervals along its length. If you wish to crawl along the tunnel, turn to **135**. If you wish to climb back up the ladder and return to the path, turn to **362**.

123

The Treeman lashes out at you with two of its main branches and you leap into the attack.

TREEMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

You must defeat the Treeman twice, once for each main branch, before it will die. If you win, turn to **27**. You may *Escape* during battle by running back to the junction in the path – turn to **234**.

124

The path ends at another junction. The way south leads back to the forest so you decide to head north. Turn to **180**.

125

As you descend into the hole, you notice large amounts of slime secreted by some huge creature. If you wish to climb back out of the hole and continue walking northwards up the path, turn to **337**. If you wish to carry on down the hole, turn to **15**.

126

You gently prise the lid off the box, but as you do so, a yellow gas escapes and envelops your face. If you possess Nose Filters, turn to **365**. If not, turn to **22**.

127

You climb on to the Centaur's back and he turns and walks into the river. The water is a dark green colour and you wonder what kind of creatures might be lurking in its depths. Soon you reach the other side and you pay the Centaur his 3 Gold Pieces. He thanks you and waves goodbye, wishing you good luck. You are now at the foot of some hills and it is beginning to get dark. You see the path winding its way north up into the hills. You decide to camp under a great, old oak tree to the right of the path and settle down to sleep with your sword by your side. Turn to **298**.

130 *A creature which appears to be half-cat and half-girl is lying on a branch over the path.*

128

You cut the thick ropes holding the Barbarian. He grunts, and sits up to rub his wrists and ankles. He looks at you and sneers He is either delirious or ungrateful, for he pulls out one of the wooden stakes from the ground and turns to attack you!

BARBARIAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **272**.

129

Your arm is sore from the effort and the loss of gold to Quin makes you dejected. Lose 2 LUCK points. You leave the hut and the smiling Quin. Outside you walk back to the junction in the path Turn to **349**

130

The path forces its way through the gnarled trees and thorny bushes. You hear growling above you and look up to see a creature which appears to be half-cat and half-girl lying on a branch over the path. It has short black shiny fur like a panther but there are paws at the end of its arms and legs with sharp claws Its face has human features with slanted eyes and long teeth. It looks as if it is about to pounce. If you wish to draw your sword and fight the CATWOMAN, turn to **153** If you wish to run quickly ahead, lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **355**.

131

You drag yourself out of the water on the far bank of the river. You see that the path continues north into the hills but as it is getting dark, you decide to make camp for the night under a large solitary tree to the right of the path. You build a large fire and settle down to sleep with your sword by your side. Turn to **325**.

132

The creature landing in front of you is a WYVERN. It looks at you and opens its huge mouth to let out another burning roar. It is about ten metres long and its thick scales look hard to penetrate with your sword. Do you possess a flute? If you do, turn to **258** If you do not, turn to **167**.

133

Slipping the ring on to your middle finger you are suddenly gripped by an agonizing pain. Eventually the pain subsides but you are unable to take off the ring. You are wearing a cursed Ring of Slowness which will force you to subtract 2 points from all future dice rolls when computing your own Attack

Strength during combat. Note this on your Equipment List. If you wish to try on the gauntlet, turn to **374**. If wish to ignore the gauntlet (or have already tried it on) you must walk north again along the path – turn to **360**.

134

You make a wish but nothing happens. Lose 1 LUCK point. If you wish to rub some hot mud on to your wounds, turn to **283**. If you wish to set off north along the path, turn to **303**.

135

The tunnel continues north until at last you arrive at a junction. If you wish to crawl west, turn to **284**. If you wish to crawl east, turn to **151**.

136

You climb down the rope to the tunnel below. Soon your eyes become accustomed to the dark and you see that the tunnel is only one metre high. You must crawl along on your hands and knees to explore it. Turn to **69**.

137

If you possess a Glove of Missile Dexterity, turn to **55** If you do not, turn to **10**.

138

As you walk along the path through the waist-high grasses you watch the grass rippling in the wind Soon you get the uncomfortable feeling that the grass has a will of its own and is moving independently of the wind. Suddenly a clump of grass stretches out across the path and wraps itself around your ankle. Other clumps of grass try to grab your arms and legs. You realize that you are surrounded by TANGLEWEED. If you have a Potion of Plant Control, turn to **64**. If you do not, turn to **159**.

139

The effects of the belladonna and the bite of the Werewolf wear off and you finally manage to get back to sleep. In the morning you collect your belongings and head north along the path into the hills. Turn to **198**.

140

You step around the bulbous mass of the Giant Spider and settle down again to a nervous sleep. You awake early in the morning and set off north along the path. The ground is quite steep now as the

path wends its way up into the hills. By the time you reach the top the sun is quite hot. All around in the distance you see the tight green circle of Darkwood Forest. Mist still hangs in the tall grasses behind you but ahead you see a valley floor bathed in sunlight. All is quiet. As you start down the far side of the hill, you see a junction in the path. You may:

Continue north down the hill	Turn to **25**
Go east along the new path	Turn to **267**

141

You ask the Dwarf if he comes from Stonebridge. He glares at you and jumps to his feet, grabbing his axe. He tells you that he hates the dwarfs of Stonebridge and that he is searching Darkwood Forest for Gillibran's war-hammer to take it back to his village, Mirewater, in the west. He tells you that his name is Trumble and that his favourite eagle has been lost while attempting to seize Gillibran's war-hammer. You realize that you are talking to an enemy of Stonebridge; lose 1 LUCK point. If you wish to attack Trumble, turn to **347**. If you wish to tell him that you are unable to help him, bid him farewell and continue east along the path – turn to **59**.

142 *Standing proudly in front of you is a magnificent white beast, half-man, half-horse.*

142

As the path proceeds northwards, the grass becomes shorter and the ground starts to rise gently. Ahead you can hear the sound of flowing water. You soon reach the bank of a gently flowing river. There is no bridge but you see that the path continues north on the other side of the river. Standing proudly in front of you is a magnificent white beast, half-man, half-horse. A bow and a quiver of arrows are slung behind his back. He is a CENTAUR. Will you:

Try to start a conversation with him?	Turn to 366
Walk around him and wade into the river?	Turn to 178
Draw your sword and attack him?	Turn to 251

143

Your sword cuts through the metre-high fungus as easily as if it were butter. A great cloud of spores is released from the stem making it difficult to breathe. You start to cough and splutter. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 80.

144

Continuing your walk along the valley floor you see the dark wall of Darkwood Forest looming up before you once again. The path leads directly into the thick undergrowth and soon you are walking between tall trees and crowded thorn bushes. It is dark and quiet. Before long, the path comes to a junction If

you wish to head west, turn to **213**. If you wish to head east, turn to **387**.

145

You untie the boat and start to row across the river to the far bank. You are about half-way when you notice that the bottom of the boat is beginning to fill with water. Leaks appear everywhere. The boat is rotten and starts to sink. You grab your possessions and swim across to the other side. You climb out of the river and are dismayed to see that all the remaining Provisions in your backpack (if you have any) have dissolved in the water. It is getting dark as night closes in and you decide to camp behind some rocks to the right of the path. You build a large fire and settle down to sleep with your sword by your side. Turn to **285**.

146

You look at the broken rock pile around your feet and wonder how such a beast ever came into being – perhaps from the misused power of an evil elementalist? You will never know. If you wish to take a piece of stone that was part of the Boulder Beast for later examination, note it on your Equipment List. You now return to the path and head north down into the valley. Turn to **245**.

147

The path heads north into the thick forest. In one of the few clearings between the trees you see smoke rising from the chimney of a wooden hut to your

right. If you want to look through the window of the hut, turn to **38**. If you wish to keep walking north, turn to **220**.

148

The path continues north and you soon reach another junction. If you wish to continue north, turn to **97**. If you wish to go east, turn to **20**.

149

As you walk across the valley you see the dark green wall of Darkwood Forest looming up before you. The path leads directly into thick undergrowth and soon you are walking between tall dark trees and thorny bushes. It is dark and quiet. The path forks. If you wish to walk east, turn to **130**. If you would rather continue north, turn to **306**.

150

Walking north across the green valley you see the dark green wall of Darkwood Forest looming up before you. The path leads straight into the thick undergrowth and soon you are walking between tall dark trees and thorny bushes. It is dark and quiet and the path abruptly ends at a junction. If you wish to walk west, turn to **357**. If you wish to head east, turn to **171**.

151

The tunnel ends at a cave entrance. A curtain hangs over the entrance and you are unable to see inside. If you wish to throw back the curtain and enter the

cave, turn to **71**. If you wish to turn round and return to the junction in the tunnel, turn to **296**.

152

In its dying throes the black Fire Demon is engulfed by its own fire. You step forward and grab its crown as it slumps to the ground in a smouldering heap. Its alcove lair is cold and dank. Inside there is a magnificent throne in front of which cower two Clone Warriors on their hands and knees, bowing to you in worship You have defeated their master. You may:

Place the crown on your head	Turn to **333**
Sit on the throne	Turn to **5**
Step over the Fire Demon and climb up to the roof	Turn to **249**

153

The Catwoman growls and snarls before leaping down from the tree to attack you. You step back and prepare to fight.

CATWOMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **202**. You may *Escape* by running east along the path – turn to **355**.

154

You get to your feet and see that the Lantern has turned a dull black colour. You decide to have no more to do with it and set off north along the path (turn to **231**).

155

You settle down to sleep again but start to shake and tremble. Sweat pours from your body although you feel very cold. Do you possess any belladonna? If you do, turn to **83**. Otherwise turn to **259**.

156

Falling to the ground is becoming a bit of a bad habit! It is also beginning to hurt. Lose 3 STAMINA points for your injuries. If you are still alive, you get up and continue northwards along the path. Turn to **109**.

157

To the left of the path you notice a large hole in the ground with a diameter of some three metres. Walking over to the edge of the hole you see it sloping off into the depths of the earth. If you wish to walk down into the hole, turn to **125**. If you prefer to continue walking northwards up the path, turn to **337**.

158

You start to lose your balance as the illusion distorts your mind. You close your eyes and reach into your backpack, pulling out the Headband of Concentration, which you quickly place on your head. The spinning sensation in your head subsides and you open your eyes again to see the old woman who you now realize is a WITCH. To stop you reaching her, the servant throws a wooden chair at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the chair misses – turn to **47**. If you are Unlucky, the chair hits you on the side of the head, knocking you unconscious – turn to **353**.

160 *You arrive at a moss-covered wooden signpost, on top of which sits a large crow*

159

Despite your struggles the Tangleweed manages to grab your limbs and drag you to the ground. You see the grass begin to curl itself round your neck and tighten its grip. You choke and try to cough. But then you realize that the Tangleweed is not trying to strangle you – it is just trying to make as much contact as it can with your exposed flesh so that it can suck your blood! With horror, you see hundreds of tiny blood-ringed punctures on your arms and legs Finally the weed, having drunk enough, releases its grip. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you rise to your feet and stand shakily rubbing your wounds. Relieved to be alive, you start walking north again. Turn to **142**

160

The narrow path continues to cut its way through the tangled forest. Strange animal cries and noises echo through the trees. At last the path widens to approximately a metre across. Soon you arrive at a moss-covered wooden signpost, on top of which sits a large crow The arms of the signpost read 'North' and 'East'. Just as you are deciding which way to continue, you hear the words 'Good afternoon.' You look up in the direction of the voice and see the crow looking down at you inquisitively. 'Good afternoon . . .,' you reply slowly, feeling a little foolish. The crow speaks again, asking which way you are headed. You reply that you are looking for two goblins, small, sinewy creatures

with brown, scaly skin '1 Gold Piece will buy my advice,' states the crow confidently. Will you:

Pay the crow for its advice?	Turn to **343**
Ignore the crow and turn north?	Turn to **8**
Ignore the crow and carry on eastwards?	Turn to **239**

161

As your hand descends into the inky blackness of the vase it is gripped by an intense pain. First it feels as if it is being crushed and then it feels as if it is on fire. If you wish to pull your hand out of the vase, turn to **185**. If you want to feel around to find out what is inside the vase, turn to **341**.

162

There is nothing of use or value in the Fish Man's cave, so you walk round to the north side wall. Steps lead back through the waterfall and up the north wall of the gorge to the top. You are at the foot of some hills and can see the path climbing up into their midst in the north. It is getting dark and night

is closing in, so you decide to camp behind some rocks to the right of the path. You build a large fire and settle down to sleep with your sword by your side. Turn to **285**.

163

Although it is a bright sunny day a tiny grey cloud appears in the sky. It is very low and appears to be moving towards you. As it approaches you see that it is moving very quickly. Finally it hovers above you some five metres off the ground. Suddenly a bolt of lightning shoots out from the cloud, hitting you on the shoulder. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you see the cloud shoot off to the west at high speed. You pull yourself together and set off north again; turn to **375**.

164

You climb the last few steps and then you are out of the cavern standing on the rich green grass of the valley floor. To the east you see the hollow tree trunk down which you descended some time before. You pass it and return to the path, where you head north again. Turn to **144**.

165

The small Gremlin is agile, being able to run around you while you have difficulty in moving about on your hands and knees. You back up against a wall and draw your sword.

GREMLIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 3

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3 because of your cramped fighting position. If you win, turn to **242**.

166

The friar smiles and says 'Bless you.' He bows and sets off south along the path, whistling as he goes. Add 2 LUCK points and head north (turn to **390**).

167

The Wyvern's long tail swishes from side to side and smoke curls up from its nostrils. You draw your sword and prepare to fight this fearsome monster.

WYVERN SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **305**.

168

Inside the cage a small, sinewy creature with brown, scaly skin is jumping up and down – he is a GOBLIN. Round his neck hangs a black shiny rod on a leather cord. If you want to unlock the cage door, turn to **117**. If you want to leave the cave and continue northwards, turn to **358**.

169

The gas is toxic and your eyes start to water. You cough and hold your breath while running round the cave trying to escape from the gas cloud which envelops you. Your lungs feel as though they are bursting and you are forced to inhale. Reduce your SKILL by 2 and your STAMINA by the amount of one die roll. If you are still alive you will see the gas cloud fade away. You put the silver box in your backpack. If you want to walk over to the creature in the cage, turn to **85**. If you would rather leave the cave to continue your journey northwards, turn to **358**.

170 *Sitting at a desk is an old man wearing purple robes and a conical hat.*

170

You walk into a well-furnished room adorned with fine objects and woollen rugs. Sitting at a desk by the far wall of the room is an old man wearing purple robes and a conical hat. He rises from his chair and says, 'I am Arragon and you are an insignificant mortal. You have the nerve to walk into my household uninvited, no doubt to rob me of my wealth and treasure. You are wrong, stranger, for I will relieve you of your wealth. Unless you give me 10 Gold Pieces and two objects from your backpack to add to my exquisite collection, I will turn you to stone.' Are you wearing the Eye of Amber? If you are, turn to **223**. If not, turn to **346**.

171

The path comes to another junction. The way south leads back to the valley so you decide to stay in the forest and head north. Turn to **190**.

172

A ladder runs down the inside of the well to the water below. However, there appears to be a tunnel just above the surface of the water, running north. It is circular and has a diameter of one metre. You may:

Toss a Gold Piece into the well to make a wish	Turn to **89**
Descend the ladder to look down the tunnel	Turn to **256**
Return to the path to head east	Turn to **281**

173

You take from your backpack the glass phial containing the sparkling dust and sprinkle it on the stone slab. Slowly the stone slab starts to rise into the air. You peer into the box and are horrified to see a rotting corpse lying there. Ragged clothes cover a skeletal body with loose flesh hanging from it. You have lifted the lid off a coffin containing some cursed undead creature and jump back in horror as you see its eyes flick open. You are in a crypt made foul by some unknown follower of darkness. Slowly the creature rises out of its coffin and moves towards you with outstretched arms. Do you possess any Holy Water? If you do, turn to **58**. If not, turn to **227**.

174

As you draw your sword from the carcass of the Wild Boar you wonder what made it attack you. In the distance you hear the sound of barking dogs. Perhaps it was being hunted and, being trapped, made its last stand against you. Through the nose of the Boar you see a large gold ring which you cut loose and place in your backpack. It is worth 10 Gold Pieces. Add 1 Luck point and turn to **323**.

175

The iron lock on the chest is old and rusted and will not open. If you wish to try to lift the chest and smash it on the floor, turn to **372**. If you would rather leave it and rummage through the fireplace instead, turn to **106**

176

You bend down over the lifeless body of the mad Goblin and examine the rod around its neck The rod is made of ebony and there is a screw thread at one end. You are excited to see the letter G neatly inscribed at the other end of what must be the handle of the dwarfish war-hammer. You put your find in your backpack and leave the cave to continue your quest northwards. Turn to **358**.

177

Outside in the bright light you notice the dead quietness again. A narrow path leads northwards from the tall grass surrounding Yaztromo's tower into the dense undergrowth of Darkwood Forest. In a few strides you are surrounded by the dark and tangled forest; stones and knotted roots seem to

hide in the shadows and you can almost believe that they are trying to trip you up. The light fades quickly and the air becomes moist and unpleasant. Deeper and deeper you go, into the gloom. Eventually the path forks on either side of a huge old tree.

To go west	Turn to **289**
To go east	Turn to **160**

178

As you wade into the river the Centaur gallops off south down the path. The water is dark green in colour and you wonder if any creatures lurk in its depths. Although the water only rises to your waist it is very cold and your legs feel numb. You think something is touching your legs, maybe weeds, but it is difficult to tell. Eventually you reach the far bank and haul yourself out of the river. You look down at your legs and are horrified to see a bloated black Leech, some six inches long, clinging to your thigh. You reach into your backpack and take salt from your Provisions to rub on to the hideous Leech. It curls up and falls off your leg. Lose one portion of your Provisions. You kick the shrivelled

Leech back into the river and look around you. You are now at the foot of some hills and it is beginning to get dark. You see that the path winds its way north up into the hills and you decide to camp under a huge, old oak tree to the right of the path. Later you settle down to sleep with your sword by your side. Turn to **298**.

179

You place the helmet on your head. A surge of power starts to run through your body, making you feel strong and unafraid. The helmet has magical properties and will allow you to add 1 point to all future dice rolls when computing your own Attack Strength during combat so long as you wear it. Note this on your Equipment List. You start walking north again, pleased with your new armour. Turn to **115**.

180

Walking quickly along the path through waist-high grass, you arrive at another junction in the path. If you want to continue walking north, turn to **105**. If you wish to go west, turn to **361**.

181 *A strange creature climbs out of the pool*

181

You walk along the steps through the waterfall into a large cavern where there is a pool of still water. The steps run round the side of the pool and there is a stone table and chair on the far side. You go to the table and see fish scraps lying on it. Suddenly you hear a noise of splashing behind you. A strange creature climbs out of the pool and advances towards you armed with a trident. His legs are like a man's, but his face and torso resemble a large green fish with bulbous eyes. His arms are like yours but are covered with large scales. He is a FISH MAN and you must fight him.

FISH MAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **162**.

182

You take hold of the sword and place your foot against the rock. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current SKILL score, the sword slowly slides out of the rock (turn to **70**). If the number rolled is greater than your current SKILL score, the sword will not move. You tire and are forced to give up and continue north down the gorge; turn to **334**.

183

You slowly inhale the poisonous air around you, but all is well and you can breathe freely. After a while the gas cloud fades away. However, there does not seem to be much sense in staying here any

longer and you walk over to the steps on the far wall. Turn to **293**.

184

You explain to the friar that you took a brass bell from a Cave Troll in the hills. You show it to him and he jumps for joy, shouting, 'Oh mercy, what fortune, what fortune.' He reaches into a leather pouch on the string belt around his waist and pulls out a small glass phial. You give him the brass bell and take the glass phial. You uncork the phial and drink its contents. Add 4 points to your STAMINA score. The friar shakes your hand, thanking you over and over again. At last you part company, with you continuing north and the friar walking south. Turn to **390**.

185

You are surprised to see no mark or sign of injury on your hand. You try to put your hand back into the vase but an invisible barrier across the opening stops you from doing so. You may either drop the vase to the ground to smash it (turn to **250**) or put it down on the porch and return to the path to head north again. Turn to **149**.

186

You step into the water and start to wade across the river. The water is quite murky and although the level only rises to your waist you feel somewhat vulnerable to the creatures that may live in the river. Suddenly your fears are realized – you feel sharp

teeth sinking into your thigh. You reach down into the water and feel the long thin body of a BLOOD EEL extending from your leg. You draw your sword and start to stab at the water.

BLOOD EEL	SKILL 5	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to **131**.

187

Walking along the twisting path you see a small, sinewy creature with brown, scaly skin sitting on a log on the right of the path. He has a sullen expression on his face as he slowly tosses a black shiny rod on a leather cord back and forth between his hands. He might be one of the Goblins you are looking for. Will you:

Draw your sword and attack the Goblin?	Turn to **286**
Try to start a conversation with the Goblin?	Turn to **203**
Ignore him and continue walking north?	Turn to **6**

188

Walking down the hill you see the valley floor stretching out ahead and, beyond, a sinister wall of trees – Darkwood! On the other side of the trees lies Stonebridge, your journey's end. Arriving on the valley floor you see that the path comes to a junction. If you want to head west, turn to **221**. If you want to head east, turn to **359**.

189

The green-topped fungi are being watered by two of the humanoids. If you want to eat some of the fungus, turn to **269**. If you wish to leave the cavern by the steps on the far wall, turn to **293**.

190

Ahead you hear the thumping of heavy footsteps and the noise of branches breaking. It sounds as though some huge creature is coming down the path towards you! If you wish to face the oncoming beast, turn to **265**. If you would rather hide in the bushes off the path, turn to **318**.

191

The friar is very nervous and jittery and shuffles from side to side as you start to speak. You ask him why he is so distraught and he tells you that his sacred brass bell has been stolen. As payment for its return he is willing to offer a magic healing potion. Do you have a brass bell? If you do, turn to **184**. If you do not, turn to **243**.

192

You draw your sword but the Gnome sits with his legs crossed and smiles. You look down at your hand and see that you are not holding your sword any longer – it has turned into a carrot! If you wish to apologize to the Gnome for being so rash, turn to **12**. If you would rather throw your carrot at him, turn to **46**.

193

A small green-skinned GREMLIN steps off the ladder to enter the tunnel. He stands no more than a metre high and is surprised to see you crouched in the tunnel. He draws a dagger from a pocket in his jerkin. You must fight him.

GREMLIN	SKILL 4	STAMINA 4

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3 because of your cramped fighting position. If you win, turn to **110**.

194

The man smiles and takes off his mask, explaining that he wore it to protect him against the dust and not to hide the face of a robber. You sheathe your sword and relax a little. The man tells you that he is a hunter and that the best game in all the northern borderlands can be found on this grassy plain within Darkwood Forest. He says that his hounds were chasing a Wild Boar when they lost its scent and picked up that of the fox mistakenly. He warns you of some of the dangerous beasts that lurk in these parts and finally says, 'And if you are going to spend the night in Darkwood, you might need some of this.' He drops some belladonna into your hand and jumps back on his stallion. Then with a sudden blow of his horn, the dogs run off east. He turns and waves to you before galloping off in pursuit of his dogs. You put the belladonna into your backpack and set off west again. Turn to **208**.

195 *The creature is holding a large bone in his hand and grunts at you.*

195

You reach the top of the vine and scramble on to a wooden platform. A sheet made from leaves and ferns covers the entrance to a small covered living area. As you approach, the sheet is thrown back, and from behind it steps a large and hairy ape-like creature wearing only an animal-hide loin cloth He is holding a large bone in his right hand and grunts at you. He is an APE MAN. You may:

Draw your sword and attack him	Turn to **352**
Jump off the platform to the ground five metres below	Turn to **156**

196

You step into the dark cavern with your sword drawn. The air is cold and moist. You hear a loud snoring and as your eyes adjust to the darkness you see the large bulk of a CAVE TROLL asleep in a large stone chair. His skin is brown and wrinkled, and he is wearing animal hides. A wooden club lies across his lap and a large leather bag hangs on the back of the stone chair. Will you:

Creep up and take the leather bag while the Cave Troll sleeps?	Turn to **376**
Take out the Net of Entanglement (if you have it) from your backpack?	Turn to **39**
Walk back to the junction and head north?	Turn to **25**

197

If you possess a Potion of Anti-Poison, turn to 24. If not, turn to 53.

198

The ground is quite steep as the path wends its way into the hills. By the time you reach the top the sun is quite hot. All around in the distance you see the dark green circle of Darkwood Forest. Mist still hangs in the tall grasses behind you but ahead you see a valley floor bathed in sunlight All is quiet. As you start down the far side of the hill you see a junction in the path. You may either continue north down the hill (turn to 278) or head east along the new branch (turn to 87).

199

To the left of the path you notice a large mud pool bubbling loudly. Steam rises from the thick bubbles breaking the surface of the mud You may:

Throw a Gold Piece in the mud and make a wish	Turn to 134
Rub some hot mud on to your wounds	Turn to 283
Continue north along the path	Turn to 303

200

You take the small silver key from out of your backpack and place it into the keyhole. It fits perfectly and you give it a turn. The lock clicks and the stone door swings open. Stone stairs lead down from the door into gloomy depths. You cannot see a thing down the stairs. If you wish to descend the stairs, turn to 351. If you wish to leave the building, return to the path and head north, turn to 112.

201

If you have not done so already, you may try to open the wooden chest – turn to 389. Alternatively you may leave the alcove to climb further up the steps – turn to 88.

202

The ears of the Catwoman are pierced by two gold studs. They are worth 5 Gold Pieces each and you put them into your backpack. You set off east along the twisting path – turn to 355.

204 *Beyond the bridge are the small cottages and wooden huts of a village.*

203

As you start to speak the Goblin looks up and smiles. Then he starts to metamorphose before your eyes. He becomes taller and turns green. A large spiny tail extends from his back, his arms thicken and his hands grow sharp claws. His face distorts and becomes reptilian with red eyes, a wide mouth and dozens of razor-sharp teeth. He is not a Goblin but a SHAPE CHANGER, and you must fight him.

SHAPE CHANGER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **373**.

204

The path leads through the field to a stone bridge over a clear stream. Beyond the bridge are the small cottages and wooden huts of a village. A sign on the bridge reads 'Stonebridge'. You cross the bridge and see two old dwarfs with long white beards standing by a cottage looking at you. Do you have the hammer head and handle with the letter G inscribed in them? If you do, turn to **400**. If you possess neither or only one of these items, turn to **381**.

205

Each Pygmy has a small, leather pouch hung around his neck. You find 3 Gold Pieces in each. You take the gold and return to the path to continue your northwards journey. Turn to **92**.

206

Suddenly off the path to your left you hear cries for help. If you wish to go to the aid of the person in trouble, turn to **253**. If you would rather ignore the cries and continue your journey north, turn to **187**.

207

You step over the body of the Ape Man and enter his living area. Animal bones and rotting fruit litter the floor. The Ape Man's bed is made of moss and lichen and seems to be crawling with bugs. You shudder and step back out on to the platform. You then notice a copper bracelet around the Ape Man's wrist. If you want to put it on your own wrist, turn to **302**. If you would rather climb down the vine to the path, and carry on walking northwards, turn to **109**.

208

You soon arrive at a crossroads. The way south leads back to the forest so you decide to ignore it. You may either keep going west (turn to **99**) or head north (turn to **291**).

209

As you enter the hut the big man smiles. He looks pleased to see you and starts to speak in a deep voice. 'Welcome stranger. My name is Quin and I earn my living by my arms. Would you care for a little wager perhaps at arm wrestling?' If you wish to accept the challenge, turn to **28**. If you wish to decline his offer, you politely refuse and return to the junction in the path – turn to **349**.

210

The men curse and jump up and down in anger at having missed you. They start to argue and push each other around They seem to forget all about you. If you want to attack the WILD HILL MEN, turn to **43**. If you want to walk past them along the path while they are still arguing, turn to **188**.

211

You take the small bottle labelled Potion of Anti-Poison from your backpack and gulp down the contents. The pain in your stomach gradually fades away and you relax. There does not appear to be much sense in staying here any longer and you walk over to the steps on the far wall. Turn to **293**.

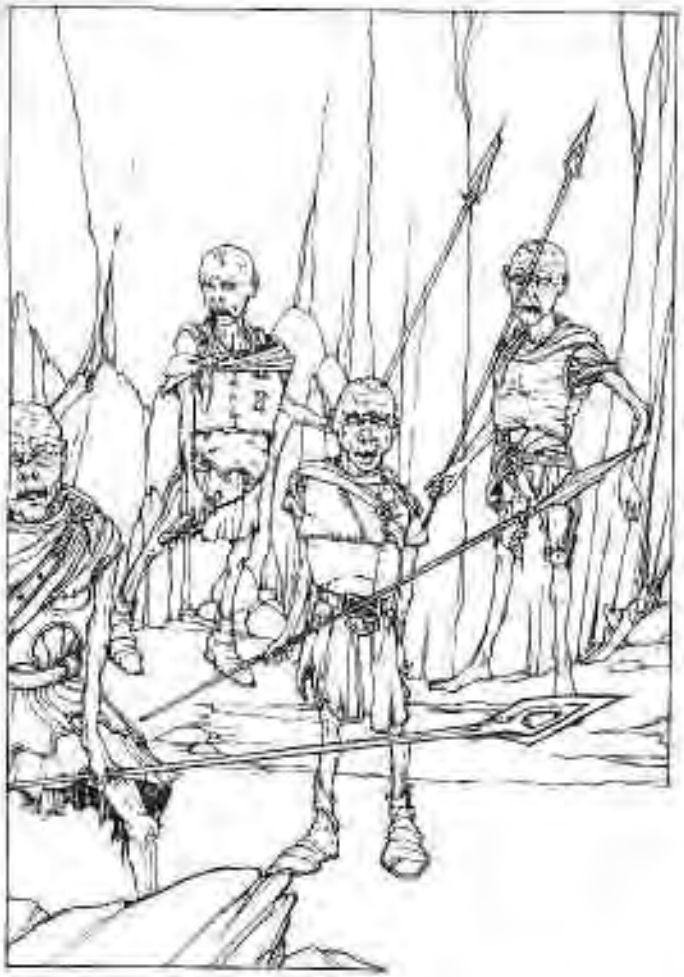

212 *You see four small humanoids wearing leather armour and carrying long spears*

212

Inside the alcove you see four more of the small humanoids. But these wear leather armour and carry long spears. They move to attack you and you are forced to fight the CLONE WARRIORS. They come at you one at a time:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CLONE WARRIOR	5	5
Second CLONE WARRIOR	6	4
Third CLONE WARRIOR	5	6
Fourth CLONE WARRIOR	6	5

If you win, turn to **321**. You may *Escape* by running out of the alcove and up the steps. Turn to **107**.

213

The path twists and turns between the trees and bushes, and then comes to another junction. You realize that the way south leads back to the valley and so you decide to ignore it and head north – turn to **306**.

214

You reach into your backpack and uncork the small bottle containing the healing potion. The pain in your leg is agonizing but rapidly dies down as the potion takes effect. Soon your leg is fully mended and you are able to stand on your feet. Your eyes are now accustomed to the dark and you see that the tunnel is only one metre high and you must crawl along on your hands and knees to explore it Turn to **69**.

215

Inside the barrel you find a heavy iron shield. If you wish to take it with you, turn to 248. If you do not wish to touch it, turn to 201.

216

The path leads along a ridge of the hill and ends at another junction. You see that the way south leads back to the river, so you decide to head north again. Turn to 278.

217

You walk around the lifeless bulk of the worm to examine the contents of its lair. There are several skeletons, perhaps those belonging to other unfortunate adventurers. By the side of one of them you find a leather backpack. Inside the backpack you find 4 Gold Pieces and a small, corked bottle containing a colourless liquid. If you wish to drink the contents of the bottle, turn to 262. If you would rather leave the dark cavern and scramble back up to the path again taking just the gold with you, turn to 337.

218

You curse as you wonder who set this infernal trap. After ten minutes you hear footsteps and begin to panic, making frantic swaying movements in the air trying to free your foot from the noose. Then a small boy dressed in green leather shorts and green shirt appears. He is chewing on what looks like a chicken bone. He walks underneath you, looks up and smiles, saying, 'Ha, ha, somebody's caught in the Ogre's tree trap.' You ask him politely to pass you your sword.

'That will cost you 5 Gold Pieces – or perhaps you have a nice magical item for me?' he says, eyes widening.

You are in no position to argue and must give the boy the gold or one of your magical items (if you have any). Make the necessary deduction on your *Adventure Sheet*. The small boy then passes you your sword and runs away down the path. You cut the rope holding your foot and fall heavily to the ground. You get to your feet and brush the dirt from your clothes. To continue northwards, turn to 274.

219

You notice that the small dart that protrudes from the Bear's chest is made of silver. Its value is 5 Gold Pieces and you may put it in your backpack if you wish. Add 1 LUCK point for your discovery. You now return to the path and head north (turn to **300**).

220

Walking along the narrow path you notice a big old tree to your left with a large hole in its trunk just above head height. If you wish to reach up to put your hand into the hole, turn to **275**. If you would rather continue walking north, turn to **115**.

221

The valley floor is covered with lush green grass and is very flat. You soon arrive at another junction in the path. You may either continue west (turn to **378**) or head north again (turn to **199**).

222

There is no escaping the poisonous gas cloud which has enveloped you. Your lungs feel as if they are

bursting and you are forced to inhale. Reduce your STAMINA score by the amount of one die roll. If you are still alive you see the cloud drift away at last and you are able to breathe freely again. There does not seem to be much point in staying here any longer and you walk over to the steps on the far wall (turn to **293**).

223

The jewel hanging round your neck starts to glow. Perhaps Arragon is not all that he says he is. You draw your sword and challenge him. The expression on Arragon's face changes from confidence to fear. He then apologizes for being so aggressive but explains that these lands are filled with bandits and murderers and he has to protect himself by pretending to be a wizard of supreme power. He begs forgiveness and offers you 5 Gold Pieces if you will leave him in peace and tell nobody of his disguise. You accept his offer and leave his cottage. You walk back to the junction in the passage and head north (turn to **150**).

224

One of the Death Hawks has a silver band around one of its legs. It has an inscription on it which reads 'Death awaits you' You decide to leave the silver band and head quickly west (turn to **332**).

225

You curse and pull yourself out of the water on to the entrance of the tunnel. You are surprised to see that it is lit by torches at regular intervals along its length. If you wish to crawl along the tunnel, turn to **135**. If you wish to climb back up the ladder and return to the path, turn to **362**.

226

To the right of the path you hear voices arguing in a strange language coming through the trees. If you wish to step off the path to investigate, turn to **29**. If you would rather ignore the voices and press on north along the path, turn to **254**.

227

The creature about to attack you with its claws is a GHOUL.

GHOUL	SKILL 9	STAMINA 7

It has the ability to paralyse you if it scores four separate wounds on you during this battle. If you defeat the Ghoul, turn to **312**. If it kills you or paralyses you, turn to **2**.

228

The pit is circular, with smooth sides, and you are weak from your fall. You reach into your backpack and pull out the brown leather boots. They are very light on your feet. You crouch down and in one mighty leap you are out of the pit. You dust yourself off and continue your walk north down the gorge Turn to **255**

229

As you touch the wooden box, the lid flies up without your having to lift it. From out of the box leaps a tiny green-skinned creature with a large head. He has a long nose and pointed ears and his clothes are made of sacking. You are taken by surprise and the GREMLIN tries to stab you with his dagger. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to dodge the thrusting blade (turn to **165**). If you are Unlucky, the blade sinks into your thigh (turn to **45**).

230 *An Ogre walks slowly over to a wicker cage with a bowl of water in his great hand.*

230

Slowly you peer into the cave and see the huge shape of an OGRE walking slowly over to a wicker cage with a bowl of water in his great hand. He is dressed in animal furs and carries a stone club in his belt There appears to be a small creature jumping around inside the cage. You may:

Pick up a rock and throw it at the Ogre	Turn to **137**
Rush in and attack the Ogre with your sword	Turn to **290**
Leave the cave and continue up the path	Turn to **358**

231

The path twists and turns and then makes a sudden sharp turn to the west. Following the new course you are aware of squawking in the trees all around you. You hear the flapping of wings and look up to see three large birds swooping down on you. Their beaks and talons look razor-sharp. You only have a second in which to draw your sword to defend yourself against the DEATH HAWKS

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEATH HAWK	4	4
Second DEATH HAWK	4	3
Third DEATH HAWK	5	4

Fight them one at a time and if you win, turn to **224**. You may escape by running west along the path Turn to **332**.

232

You bend down over the lifeless body of the mad Goblin and examine the rod around its neck. The rod is made of ebony and there is a screw thread at one end. You are excited to see the letter G neatly inscribed at the other end of what must be the handle of the dwarfish war-hammer. You put your find in your backpack. Add 1 LUCK point. If you wish to search through the contents of the cave, turn to **263**. If you want to leave the cave and continue northwards, turn to **358**.

233

To the right of the path you see a stone well with a bucket and turning handle. If you wish to take a closer look at the well, turn to **17**. If you would rather continue your walk west, turn to **238**.

234

You arrive back at the junction in the path. Ignoring the way south you head west. Turn to **382**.

235

You reach quickly into your backpack and pull out the small corked bottle containing the potion. You gulp down the liquid. Calm spreads through your body despite the chaos all around you. Suddenly the hut collapses and crashes to the ground. You decide it is time to get out of this place and run back to the path to head north. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **149**

236

The path ends outside a stone cottage with a thatched roof. A plaque above the wooden door reads 'Arragon the Arch-Mage'. If you wish to enter the cottage, turn to **170**. If you would rather return to the junction in the path and head north, turn to **150**.

237

You land heavily on the ground, and you hear an ugly snapping sound. Pain shoots through your leg and you realize it is broken. Lose 2 LUCK points. Do you possess a Potion of Healing? If you do, turn to **214**. If you do not, turn to **304**.

238

Walking west along the valley floor, you pass a junction in the path, which leads south and back into the hills You decide to keep on walking west. Turn to **221**.

239

The path continues to cut its way through the dense undergrowth and you feel a little claustrophobic with the trees overhanging you on either side. After a while the path turns sharply to the left at a tree

bearing strange fruit. If you wish to stop to eat some of the fruit, turn to **37**. If you wish to proceed north without stopping to eat, turn to **226**.

240

You gently prise the lid off the box, but as you do so, a yellow gas escapes and envelops your face. If you possess Nose Filters, turn to **338**. If not, turn to **169**.

241

As you wend your way through the trees in the direction of the growling, you suddenly come face to face with a huge, brown BEAR. A small dart protrudes from its chest and it looks mad with pain and rage. You draw your sword and prepare to fight.

BEAR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **219**.

242

Rummaging through some bedding in a chest of drawers you find an ingot of gold. It is worth 28 Gold Pieces. However it is very heavy and if you wish to take it with you, some other object from

your backpack will have to be discarded. There is no other exit from the cave and you have to crawl back down the tunnel to the junction (turn to **121**).

243

You tell him that you are sorry, but you have not seen his brass bell. The poor old friar frowns and then asks you if you would like to give him 1 Gold Piece for a good cause. If you do, turn to **166**. If you do not wish to make the donation, turn to **33**.

244

The effects of the fever finally wear off and you gratefully fall asleep again. In the morning you collect your belongings and head north along the path to the hills. Turn to **198**.

245

Arriving on the valley floor you find that the path splits.

To continue north	Turn to **163**
To go west	Turn to **233**
To go east	Turn to **393**

246

The BANDIT woman takes the items from you and steps back to let you pass. You head north again and soon notice the trees beginning to thin out on either side of the path. Eventually the path leads out of the trees into a ploughed field You are out of Darkwood Forest! Turn to **204**.

247

The loathsome Pterodactyl lies in a crumpled heap where it crashed to the floor after the fatal blow from your sword. Walking over to it you notice a yellow arrow painted on the grass beside the path, pointing west. If you wish to follow the arrow, turn to **3**. If you wish to keep going north along the path, turn to **144**.

248

You now possess an emperor's shield made long ago by a master armourer. Add 1 LUCK point. The shield will give you greater defence in all future battles. Should a creature wound you, throw one die. If you throw a 4, 5, or 6, its damage to you will be reduced by 1 point. If you have not done so already, you may now either try to open the wooden chest (turn to **389**) or leave the alcove to climb further up the steps (turn to **88**).

249

You look back into the strange cavern and see the humanoid clone workers continuing their labours in

the fungi field. You shake your head in disbelief and run up the last few steps to the hole in the cavern roof. Turn to **164**.

250

The vase drops to the ground but does not break although cracks appear all over it. You begin to feel a vibration and then you notice cracks appearing all over the porch and the sides of the hut. The vibrations become stronger – your whole body starts to tremble and your head feels as if it is about to explode. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **82**.

251

As you draw your sword the Centaur reaches for his bow and arrows. Before you can reach him he lets fly an arrow straight at you. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you manage to dodge the arrow; turn to **63** If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL score, you are unable to dodge the arrow which lodges itself into your shoulder. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you pull the arrow, painfully, out of your shoulder; turn to **260**.

252

You arrive at a four-way junction in the path. South leads back to the forest so you discount that option If you wish to head north, turn to **309**. If you wish to continue east, turn to **72**.

253 *A man dressed in long dark robes has his foot caught in a rusted rabbit snare*

253

Clambering over the gnarled roots of the old trees you head in the direction of the cries. After a few minutes you see a man dressed in long dark robes with his foot caught in a rusted rabbit snare. His face is masked by the robes and only his dark brown eyes are visible. If you want to help the man free his foot from the snare, turn to **344**. If you decide against helping him, return to the path and head north – turn to **187**.

254

Further along the narrow path you hear a deep growl to your left in the trees. If you want to see what creature is growling, turn to **241**. If you prefer to ignore the creature and continue north along the path, turn to **300**.

255

Continuing down the gorge you see the handle of a sword sticking out from a large rock by the side of the path. If you wish to try to pull the sword free from the rock, turn to **182**. If you wish to continue walking down the gorge, turn to **334**.

256

Climbing down the ladder you do not notice that a rung is missing. You slip and lose your footing *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to hang on to the ladder with your hands; turn to **122**. If you are Unlucky, you fall off the ladder and plunge to the water below; turn to **295**.

257

Inside the backpack you find some elven bread which will restore 4 STAMINA points if you eat it. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **31**.

258

You reach into your backpack and pull out the tiny brass flute. You have a strange feeling that you must play it now, before the enraged Wyvern. As you do, a soft and gentle sound plays out from the flute and a quizzical look appears on the Wyvern's face. Its mouth closes and its eyelids start to droop. You are playing a magical Flute of Dragonsleep and the Wyvern is powerless to resist its soothing song. Slowly the Wyvern slumps to the ground and is soon fast asleep. Turn to **305**.

259

You feel a burning sensation inside your body as you sink into a raging fever. You may be about to change into a Werewolf yourself! Lose 3 STAMINA points and *Test your Luck* if you are still alive. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your LUCK score, the fever dies down – turn to **244**. If the number rolled is greater than your LUCK score, the fever continues to grip your body and you are horrified to see thick brown hair appearing on the back of your hands. Shock causes you to lose 2 additional STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **19**.

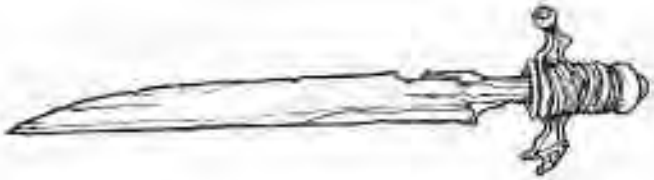

260

On seeing that the arrow has not killed you the Centaur rears up on to his hind legs and then charges you at a gallop. You have to jump back to avoid being run down. He thunders past you in a cloud of dust and stops some ten metres away down the path you have just come along. Maybe fighting the noble Centaur is not such a good idea after all. You sheathe your sword and decide to wade across the river. Turn to **178**.

261

You follow the huffing and puffing old man in his tattered robes up the spiral staircase to a large room at the top of the tower. Shelves, cupboards and cabinets line the walls, all filled with bottles, jars, weapons, armour and all manner of strange artefacts. Yaztromo shuffles past the general clutter and slumps down in an old oak chair. He reaches into

his top pocket and pulls out a fragile pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Placing these on his nose, he picks up a piece of slate and chalk from a table next to his chair and begins to write frantically. He then hands you the slate.

ITEM	COST
Potion of Healing	3 Gold Pieces
Potion of Plant Control	2 Gold Pieces
Potion of Stillness	3 Gold Pieces
Potion of Insect Control	2 Gold Pieces
Potion of Anti-Poison	2 Gold Pieces
Holy Water	3 Gold Pieces
Ring of Light	3 Gold Pieces
Boots of Leaping	2 Gold Pieces
Rope of Climbing	3 Gold Pieces
Net of Entanglement	3 Gold Pieces
Armband of Strength	3 Gold Pieces
Glove of Missile Dexterity	2 Gold Pieces
Rod of Water-finding	2 Gold Pieces
Garlic Buds	2 Gold Pieces
Headband of Concentration	3 Gold Pieces
Fire Capsules	3 Gold Pieces
Nose Filters	3 Gold Pieces

He tells you that all the instructions for use are written clearly on the labels attached to the items, together with their suggested use. He sighs and tells you that unfortunately the magic in the items only works once, but they are the best you can buy for the money.

If you decide to buy any of the items, pay for them by reducing the amount of Gold on your *Adventure Sheet* and add the items to the relevant sections on it. Yaztromo then asks you the reason for the purchase of the items, and you tell him your story and your decision to continue the quest of the luckless Bigleg. 'Ah yes,' Yaztromo says slowly, rubbing his chin, 'I heard that the good dwarfs of Stonebridge had lost their fabled war-hammer. Without it, their king is unable to arouse his people, despite the fact that the hill trolls threaten their village. Rumour has it that an envious king of another village of dwarfs sent an eagle to Stonebridge to steal the hammer, which it managed to do. But as it flew back over Darkwood, it was attacked by death hawks and the hammer dropped into the forest and was lost. Apparently, two forest goblins found the hammer but could not decide who was to keep it. They wrestled for hours but gave up. Then they discovered that the handle unscrewed from the head, and the argument was settled. One kept the head, the other kept the handle. Then they parted, each happy with his new treasure. Who knows if they still have them. So I'm afraid your problems are

doubled. I can tell you that the head is made of bronze and the handle is made of polished ebony. Both head and handle have the letter G inscribed on them. Your task is not easy. Good luck.'

You thank Yaztromo and leave the room by the spiral staircase. Turn to **177**.

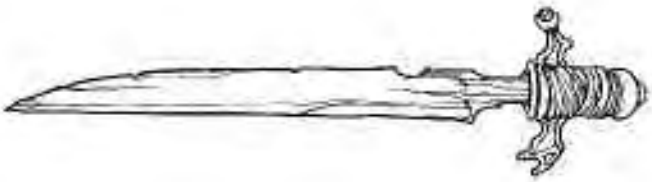

262

You look at the bottle in your hand and then quickly gulp down its contents. You wait several seconds for some reaction, but nothing happens. However, when you come to pick up your sword, which you had put down to examine the backpack, a surge of confidence runs through your body. The liquid is a Potion of Weapon Skill which will allow you to add 1 point to future dice rolls when computing your own Attack Strength during combat. Its effect will last for your next two combat encounters. Taking the gold, you scramble up out of the earthen cavern to the path above and continue your journey northwards. Turn to **337**.

263

There is not much of interest to be found in the cave. A straw bed, stone jars, a table and a chair are all

that is immediately visible, but on a stone shelf above the bed, a small silver box catches your eye. If you want to open the silver box, turn to **126**. If you would rather leave the cave and go north up the path without the silver box, turn to **358**.

264

The small humanoid is a clone and has no will of its own. It puts up no defence. Your sword cleaves its head from its shoulders and it slumps to the ground. The others take no notice of you. You wonder who is controlling them all. Suddenly you notice that the cloned humanoid that you beheaded is dissolving into a pool of purple liquid and a new fungus sprouts out of the soil. As the fungus rises, the purple pool drains into the ground. The fungus has a purple top which moves round to face you. You may:

Stay to watch the purple-topped fungus	Turn to **367**
Head towards the green-topped fungus	Turn to **189**
Head towards the red-topped fungus	Turn to **282**

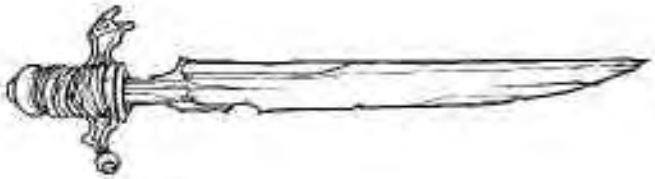

265 *The Giant appears to be in a hurry and is crashing through the undergrowth as if it weren't there.*

265

The thumping and crashing gets louder and suddenly you see a huge leg appear in front of you. Looking up you see that the leg belongs to a man some five metres tall. He is wearing brown canvas clothing and fur boots. He appears to be in a hurry and is crashing through the undergrowth as though it isn't there. He is a FOREST GIANT. On seeing you his eyes widen and he raises his great wooden club. You must fight him.

FOREST GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **356**.

266

Quin explains that he will wager some Dust of Levitation against an item or coins to the value of 10 Gold Pieces. You sit down at the table opposite him. You put your elbow on to the table and lock hands with him. His grip is like an iron vice and his dark slanted eyes look confident. His biceps bulge and he gives the signal for the contest to begin. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you manage with great effort to push his arm down slightly He is strong and will not give in easily. You must roll successfully against your SKILL score two more times before you are able to push his arm down on to the table top If you are successful, turn to **354**. If any of the three rolls exceeds your SKILL score, your arm gives way to Quin's strength and collapses on to the table top – turn to **129**.

267

The path leads to a large cave entrance and does not appear to go any further east. If you want to enter the cave, turn to **196**. If you would rather return to the junction and go north, turn to **25**.

268

You reach quickly into your backpack and pull out the Garlic Buds. The Vampire Bats close in on you but veer away at the last second, screeching loudly. They hover above you, eager to drink your blood, but the garlic keeps them at bay. Eventually they fly off in search of some other prey. Leaving the garlic by your side, you settle down to sleep again. In the morning you collect your belongings and head north along the path. Turn to **119**.

269

You shout at two humanoids who are tending a patch of green-topped fungi. They ignore you, continuing with their work. You grab hold of a fungus top, breaking a piece off, and start to eat. It tastes good and adds strength to your body. You gain 4 STAMINA points. There does not seem much sense in staying here any longer and you walk over to the steps on the far wall. Turn to **293**.

270

The tunnel ends at a cave entrance. On entering the cave you see that the roof is no higher than the tunnel and you are unable to stand up. The cave is the lair of an intelligent creature, for it contains small pieces of furniture. There is a wooden box just over a metre in length at the back of the cave. If you wish to lift the lid of the box, turn to **229** If you wish to turn round and return to the junction in the tunnel, turn to **121**.

271

You approach the Gnome with your arm extended offering to shake his hand, an offer which he accepts with a doubtful look on his face. You then tell him of your quest, how you met poor Bigleg and why you decided to help the dwarfs of Stonebridge. You ask him if he has any information which might help you. He replies that he does not care much for dwarfs but he does have some information which might be of use to you. However, that information will cost you either 5 Gold Pieces or an item of treasure from your backpack. If you wish to pay the greedy Gnome for his information, turn to **297**. If you cannot afford to, or do not wish to pay him, you tell him what you think of him and set off west along the path – turn to **67**.

272

That is the last time you are going to do anybody a favour for some time! Returning to the path you head north again. Turn to **394**.

273

You take the medallion from the neck of the fallen Gremlin. It is made of gold and is worth 9 Gold Pieces. There is nothing else of use or value in the cave. There is no other exit from the cave and you must crawl back down the tunnel to the junction – turn to **296**.

274

You notice a knotted vine hanging down to the ground from a tree on your left. You look up and see a roughly made tree house amid the branches. If you want to climb up the vine to the tree house, turn to **195**. If you wish to continue walking north, turn to **109**.

275

You put your hand slowly into the dark hole. It comes into contact with something cold and hard. It feels like a metal bowl. As you start to lift it out of the hole you wince with pain as the sharp teeth of some small creature suddenly bite into your arm. You pull your arm out quickly, hanging on to your discovery. Blood drips to the ground from your wound. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You see that you have not found a metal bowl after all. It is a bronze helmet and it looks about your size. Will you:

Try on the helmet?	Turn to **179**
Discard it and continue north?	Turn to **115**

276

As you step back to attack the masked rider, the largest of the four dogs leaps at you and you are forced to fight it first.

HUNTING DOG SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Hunting Dog, you must now fight the other three dogs and their master in pairs. Both members of a pair will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your nominated target as in a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater – you must just count this as though you have parried its blow. Of course if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way.

		SKILL	STAMINA
First pair:	HUNTING DOG	6	6
	HUNTING DOG	5	6
Second pair:	HUNTING DOG	6	5
	MASKED MAN	8	7

If you win, turn to **62**.

277 *Suddenly, a branch whips out and knocks you to the ground*

277

The path continues east for some distance and then turns sharply north, narrowing slightly. The trees seem to crowd in on the path even more than usual and a tingling down your spine tells you something is not right. Suddenly a branch from one of the trees to your right whips out and knocks you to the ground. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You stagger to your feet to see that the tree has moved on to the path, blocking your way. The tree is old, with thick, cracked bark. You can just make out its hidden eyes and mouth in the middle of its trunk and realize you have been attacked by a TREEMAN. You may:

Escape by running back to the junction	Turn to **234**
Fight the Treeman	Turn to **114**

278

The path runs through a narrow gorge between two hills. You feel vulnerable and draw your sword, expecting to be ambushed at any moment. Unfortunately, because you are concentrating on watching the sides of the gorge, you do not see a small patch of leaves and branches on the path ahead. Your foot goes right through the thin covering of a bear trap, and you plunge four metres to the bottom of a rocky pit. To add to your misfortune, a wooden stake with a sharp tip points out of the centre of the pit. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to avoid landing on the wooden stake, but fall heavily to the floor. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **319**

if you are still alive. If you are Unlucky, the point of the stake pierces your leg as you land. Lose 2 STAMINA points for the fall, and a further 2 STAMINA points for injury to your leg. If you are still alive turn to 319.

279

Treat all the items in your backpack as single objects, including each Gold Piece. Make the necessary deductions to your Equipment List and turn to 246.

280

Your walk west is arduous but uneventful. You pass two branches off the path leading south which you ignore. Eventually you arrive at a junction. Again ignoring the way south you head north; turn to 306

281

You arrive at a crossroads. South leads back up into the hills so you decide against that option. If you wish to head north, turn to 163. If you wish to continue east, turn to 393.

282

The red-topped fungi are being tended by three of the humanoids. If you want to eat some of the fungus, turn to 16. If you wish to leave the cavern by the steps on the far wall, turn to 293.

283

Your wounds heal before your eyes due to the magical properties of the mud. Add 4 STAMINA points to your score. Feeling much better you set off north again along the path; turn to 303.

284

You soon arrive at another junction in the tunnel. If you wish to head north, turn to 81. If you wish to head south, turn to 270.

285 *You hear soft footsteps and sniffing, followed by a low growl*

285

You have been asleep for about an hour when the noise of deep growling wakes you up. You stand up without making a noise and grab your sword. You wait and listen. There is a full moon in the sky and the light casts eerie shadows all around. You hear soft footsteps and sniffing followed by another low growl Then a shape which looks like a man steps out of the shadows to your right; as he gets closer you see that his chest, arms and face are covered with thick brown hair and long teeth protrude from his mouth. He is a WEREWOLF and you must fight him.

WEREWOLF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to **388**.

286

As you raise your sword to make the first blow, the creature starts to metamorphose before your eyes. He becomes taller and turns green. A large spiny tail extends from his back, his arms thicken and his hands grow sharp claws. His face distorts and becomes reptilian with red eyes and a wide mouth housing dozens of razor-sharp teeth. He is not a Goblin but a SHAPE CHANGER, and you must fight him.

SHAPE CHANGER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **373**.

287

Outside the cave you stop to take a quick look inside the leather bag. You find 5 Gold Pieces and a small brass bell. You put these in your backpack and run back to the junction in the path and head north. Turn to 25.

288

Walking down the hill path you see the valley floor stretching out ahead and beyond that the sinister wall of trees – Darkwood! On the other side of the trees lies Stonebridge, your journey's end. As you reach the foot of the hills you see many large boulders lying around on either side of the path. You are amazed to see one of the larger ones gently rocking from side to side like a leaf in a breeze. If you wish to investigate the boulder, turn to 84. If you would rather head north into the valley, turn to 245.

289

The narrow, overgrown path continues to weave its way through the crowded forest. Strange animal cries echo through the trees. It's not long before you arrive at another junction in the path. If you wish to continue westwards, turn to 76. If you wish to turn north, turn to 147.

290

You draw your sword as you enter the cave. The Ogre throws down the wooden bowl and lifts the

large stone club from his belt. He grunts and lopes towards you. Prepare for battle.

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 385. You may *Escape* by running back to the path to head north. Turn to 358

291

As you walk further northwards across the plain, the grass gradually becomes shorter and the ground starts to rise gently. Ahead you hear the roar of crashing water. Soon you reach the bank of a wide river split on two levels. To your right the water is calm and slow-moving but in front of you it tumbles noisily down a great waterfall to a gorge below where the river narrows and runs quickly west over rocks and boulders. Steps lead down by the side of the waterfall to the bottom of the gorge, although it is difficult to see where they end because of the spray thrown up. Across the river you see the path heading north into the distance. A small wooden boat is tied to a post to your right where the river is calm. Will you:

Walk down the steps to the base of the waterfall?	Turn to 335
Row the wooden boat across the river?	Turn to 145

292

The light from the candle casts eerie shadows around the room. In the yellow light you see the face

294 *The room does not appear to have been lived in for months*

of an old man carved into the stone slab top of the box. Then you notice the leg of a skeleton protruding from the shadows in the far corner of the room. You walk over to the skeleton to inspect it. The skeleton is small and the skull has sharp, protruding teeth. It could be the skeleton of either a goblin or an orc. You walk over to the stone box. The slab on top looks as if it could be moved. If you wish to try to lift the stone slab, turn to **95**. If you wish to ignore the slab, return to the path and head north; turn to **112**.

293

The steps are made of stone, chiselled into the wall of the cavern. They are wet from the slime which drips down the walls. You see that there are three alcoves leading off the steps into the cavern wall at various intervals up to the roof. They are each three metres high. You climb the steps and peer into the gloom of the first alcove, where you see a barrel and a wooden chest. You may:

Look inside the barrel	Turn to **215**
Try to open the wooden chest	Turn to **389**
Continue climbing up the steps	Turn to **88**

294

The hut consists of one room containing a fireplace, a wooden bed, a table with two chairs, a washing bowl, a wooden chest and shelves crammed end to end with birds' eggs. There is a lot of dust on the

floor and the room does not appear to have been lived in for months. Will you:

Rummage through the fireplace?	Turn to **106**
Open the wooden chest?	Turn to **175**
Leave the room and carry on northwards?	Turn to **288**

295

You smash your head on the side of the well as you fall. Are you wearing a helmet? If you are, turn to **225**. If you are not, turn to **30**.

296

Back at the junction you may either crawl south back to the well (turn to **398**) or continue west (turn to **284**).

297

As he accepts his payment, the Gnome smiles and tells you that he saw the skeleton of a Goblin inside a stone crypt. Perhaps it was the skeleton of one of the two Goblins who you are looking for, perhaps not. He says that the crypt is somewhere north in the forest but exactly where, he's not sure. You are annoyed that the Gnome does not have any more information and set off west again at a fast pace – turn to **67**.

298

You have been asleep for about an hour when a terrifying howl wakes you up with a start. It seems to be coming from the west some distance away. You look up to see a full moon in the night sky. While looking up you suddenly notice a large black shape moving in the branches above you. You forget about the howling and leap to your feet, grabbing your sword at the same time as a GIANT SPIDER drops to the ground beside you. Its massive rounded body moves slowly towards you on black spiny legs. Not wishing to leave all your possessions you are forced to fight.

GIANT SPIDER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **140**.

299

You run as fast as you can towards the noise of the water with a long trail of KILLER BEES right behind you. Soon you reach the bank of a river and, with no time to think, you dive straight in. You hold your breath as long as you can and stay under water. When you surface again the Killer Bees have gone. You drag yourself out of the water and start to dry yourself out. Examining the contents of your backpack, you are dismayed to discover that all your Provisions have dissolved in the water. You look around and see that the path continues north over the river via a rickety old wooden bridge. If you wish to cross the river via the bridge, turn to **65**. If

you do not want to trust the bridge and would rather swim across the river, turn to 75.

300

Daylight appears through the trees in great white shafts on either side of the path. The forest is thinning out. Soon the path leads out of the trees on to a large plain with tall grasses. Beyond, you see rising ground leading to low hills. A new branch off the path leads west. Will you:

Continue north?	Turn to 138
Go west?	Turn to 331

301

You search through the pockets of the Hobgoblins and find 3 Gold Pieces, a tiny brass flute and two maggot-ridden biscuits. There is also a necklace made of mouse skulls around one of their necks. If you require any of these items, add them to your Equipment List. Turn to 157.

302

You twist the bracelet into place on your wrist. A powerful feeling surges through your arm and makes you jump. Your arm feels strong. You now possess a Bracelet of Skill which will allow you to add 1 point to all future dice rolls when computing your own Attack Strength during combat as long as you wear it. Note this on your Equipment List. You now climb down the vine and continue northwards along the path. Turn to 109.

303

High in the sky you see a large flying creature. It is certainly bigger than any bird you have ever seen. As it comes closer you draw your sword. It screeches loudly and you can see its long head and mouth full of sharp teeth. Its green skin is reptilian and its wings span some five metres. There is nowhere to take cover on the valley floor and you must fight the PTERODACTYL swooping down on you.

PTERODACTYL	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 247.

304

Your leg is going to take a long time to heal. You find two branches on the floor and strap them to your broken leg with the leather belt from around your waist. You sit back and begin your rest. You will have to consume five portions of your Provisions before being strong enough to move on. If you do not have five portions of Provisions left, you will die of starvation. If you survive, reduce your SKILL score by 2 points due to your disability. Your eyes are now well accustomed to the dark and you see that the tunnel is only one metre high. You must crawl along on your hands and knees to explore it. Turn to 69.

305

You walk round the motionless Wyvern and start to rummage through its lair and surrounding debris. You find a gauntlet made of plate iron, a throwing knife, 10 Gold Pieces and a gold ring. You put the knife and the Gold Pieces in your backpack. Will you:

Try on the gauntlet?	Turn to 374
Try on the gold ring?	Turn to 133
Leave these items and head north along the path?	Turn to 360

306

Amidst the trees to the left of the path you see a small stone building covered with ivy and moss. If you wish to examine the building, turn to 391. If you wish to carry on north along the path, turn to 112.

307

The small man wakes up with a start, loses his balance and falls off the mushroom. He curses as he lands on the ground but jumps back on to the mushroom shouting, 'Who did that? Who did that?' He looks at you and frowns. You may either attack the GNOME (turn to 192) or attempt to start a conversation with him (turn to 271).

308

On eating some of the mushrooms you feel a great turmoil inside your body. You think you might be

turning into a Shape Changer! At last you are relieved to feel the turmoil dying down – and you have not become a Shape Changer. But you have eaten Mix-Up Mushrooms – your SKILL score now becomes your LUCK score and your LUCK score becomes your SKILL score. Feeling a little odd you set off north again. Turn to 148.

309

The path cuts through the grass which is about waist high. Although your visibility is good, you feel uneasy about any creatures which may be stalking you on either side. Suddenly, the grass to your left moves and two wooden tubes appear, pointing straight at you. They are blowpipes belonging to two PYGMIES who blow two darts at you. *Test your Luck* twice, once for each dart. If you are Lucky both times, neither of the darts hits you. Turn to 77. If you are Unlucky, then either one or two darts will lodge into your neck. Turn to 197.

310

The Cave Troll stands up and growls loudly. He is very annoyed at seeing an intruder in his cave and walks towards you swinging his club. You must fight him.

CAVE TROLL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 101.

311

A search of their clothing and pouches reveals nothing of interest apart from 2 Gold Pieces, which you put in your backpack. You set off north again along the path and soon notice the trees beginning to thin out on either side of the path. Eventually the path leads out of the trees into a ploughed field. You are out of Darkwood Forest! Turn to **204**.

312

You step over the still corpse of the Ghoul and look inside the coffin. You see 25 Gold Pieces but are overjoyed to see another object that was being used as the Ghoul's head rest – a bronze hammer head with the letter G inscribed in it. You happily put your findings into your backpack and leave the crypt to return to the path and head north; turn to **112**.

313

There is not much of interest to be found in the cave. A straw bed, stone jars, a table and a chair are all the things that are immediately visible, but on a stone shelf above the bed, a small silver box catches your eye. If you want to open the silver box, turn to **240**. If you decide to ignore the silver box and walk over to the creature in the cage, turn to **85**. If you decide to leave the cave immediately without the silver box to continue your journey northwards, turn to **358**.

314

The ground is quite steep now as the path wends its way up into the hills. By the time you reach the top of the hill the sun is quite hot. All around in the distance you see the tight green circle of Darkwood Forest. Mist still hangs in the tall grasses behind you but ahead you see a valley floor bathed in sunlight. All is quiet. As you start down the far side of the hill, you notice a small wooden hut to the right of the path with its door slightly open. If you want to enter the hut, turn to **294**. If you wish to press on northwards, turn to **288**.

315

You open a rough wooden door and walk into the middle of a dingy hut. Will you:

Talk to the old woman?	Turn to **42**
Draw your sword?	Turn to **342**

316

Eventually you manage to get back to sleep but have a restless night. In the morning you collect your belongings and head north along the path into the hills. Turn to **198**.

317 *Two tall, spindly creatures, clad in tattered cloth*

317

You draw your sword and prepare to meet the owners of the arguing voices. Two tall, spindly creatures appear clad in tattered cloth, over which they wear chainmail jackets. They see you and instantly stop their argument. They are HOBGOBLINS, and draw their swords to attack you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HOBGOBLIN	6	6
Second HOBGOBLIN	5	7

If you win, turn to **301**. If you wish to *Escape* during the battle, you may do so by turning to **41**.

318

You jump into the thick undergrowth by the side of the path. Peering out from behind the leaves you see the massive legs of some gigantic man stomp past you along the path. Soon he is gone and you creep back out on to the path again and head north; turn to **231**.

319

Do you possess Boots of Leaping? If you do, turn to **228**. If you do not, turn to **14**.

320

You grab hold of the leg and pull down as hard as you can. A small green-skinned GREMLIN falls past you with a loud wail into the water. You seize your opportunity and climb up the ladder while the

Gremlin is floundering in the water. You climb out of the well and return to the path; turn to **362**.

321

As each Clone Warrior dies, it dissolves into a pool of coloured liquid on the rocky floor. Not wishing to stay in this dank and musty alcove any longer, you leave and climb further up the steps; turn to **107**.

322

The light from your ring pierces the murky depths of the tree trunk and the tunnel below. You see a gold medallion hanging from a silk ribbon within your reach on a wooden peg inside the trunk. It is worth 5 Gold Pieces and you put it in your backpack. The bottom of the tunnel is some five metres below. Do you possess a Rope of Climbing? If you do, turn to **94**. If you do not, turn to **380**.

323

Walking north you soon arrive at a junction in the path. You may:

Continue north	Turn to **291**
Go west	Turn to **99**
Go east	Turn to **102**

324

You walk round to the front of the hut and see a large blue vase standing on a small porch. There is nobody about. You open the door of the hut but there is nobody inside. The hut is also devoid of any

furniture or objects. You walk outside again and inspect the blue vase. You look inside but, despite the sunlight, are unable to see beyond the rim. The vase is filled with an eerie blackness. You shake it and hear a rattling sound. You may:

Drop the vase on the ground	Turn to **250**
Put your hand inside the vase	Turn to **161**
Ignore the vase and return to the path and head north	Turn to **149**

325

You have been asleep for about an hour when the soft noise of fluttering wings wakes you up. You sit up and grab your sword, and in the light of the full moon you see three large shapes flying towards you. They look like large bats, but as they swoop in close you see the unmistakable fangs of VAMPIRE BATS. If you possess any Garlic Buds, turn to **268**. If not, turn to **79**.

326

Standing at the river's edge, there does not appear to be any way of crossing the river other than the boat. Turn to **145**.

327

Inside you see stone stairs leading down from the door into gloomy depths. You cannot see a thing down the stairs. If you wish to descend the stairs, turn to **351**. If you wish to leave the building, return to the path and head north, turn to **112**.

328

Despite being made of hard oak, the chair is surprisingly comfortable. You start to eat but instead of feeling stronger you feel weaker. You are sitting in a Chair of Life Draining which drains 4 points from your STAMINA score despite eating a portion of your Provisions. If you are still alive you manage to climb slowly out of the chair and stagger northwards along the path. Turn to **118**.

329

Daylight appears through the trees on either side of the path as the forest thins out more. Soon the path leads out of the trees on to a large plain with tall grasses. Beyond you see rising ground leading to low hills. A new branch off the path leads east. Continuing your quest you may:

Keep on walking north	Turn to **180**
Go east	Turn to **252**

330

You have been asleep for about an hour when a terrifying howl wakes you up with a start. You put new wood on the glowing embers of the fire and urge it back to life. You notice that there is a full moon in the sky. With your back to the rocks and the fire in front of you, you stand and wait with sword drawn. Soon you are aware of being watched and then you see three pairs of eyes ahead of you glowing red by the light of the fire. Another howl pierces the night air, followed by deep growls.

Slowly the three pairs of eyes advance towards you. From out of the shadows step three WOLVES ready to leap on you. They attack you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF	7	7
Second WOLF	8	7
Third WOLF	7	9

If you win, turn to **116**.

331

You soon arrive at another junction in the path. You see that the path leading south heads straight back into the forest and decide against it. Therefore, you may:

Continue west	Turn to **124**
Go north	Turn to **309**

332

You soon arrive at another junction in the path. Looking at Bigleg's map you decide to head north again in the direction of Stonebridge, ignoring the narrow path which continues west. Turn to **103**.

333

The crown fits perfectly on your head. The two Clone Warriors look up and stare in awe at you. With the crown on your head you hear talking in your mind and realize that the Clone Warriors are trying to communicate telepathically with you. They tell you that you are their new master and they

require instructions. They ask you what should be done with the new crop of red-topped fungi. You decide that you do not want to be master of the Clone Warriors and workers and raise your hands to your head to remove the crown. With horror you see that the skin on your hands has withered and darkened dramatically. You try to take the crown off your head but it will not move. It is evil and has found a new host in you. Gradually your features change as you adopt the shape and colour of a Fire Demon. Your new destiny is determined and your adventure ends here.

334

Between the hills you see the flat green valley floor stretching out ahead and, beyond, a sinister wall of trees – Darkwood Forest! On the other side of the trees lies Stonebridge, your journey's end. Arriving on the valley floor, the path ends at a junction. If you want to head west, turn to **113**. If you want to head east, turn to **51**.

335

You walk down the slippery stone steps to the bottom of the waterfall. You look up and see a magnificent rainbow reflected in the spray. It is dark in the gorge and impossible to see through the wall of water where the steps end. If you wish to walk through the sheet of water, turn to **181**. If you wish to climb back up the stone steps, turn to **326**.

336

A pain starts in your stomach and slowly spreads through your body. If you have a Potion of Anti-Poison, turn to **21**. If you do not possess this item, turn to **108**.

337

At last the trees begin to thin out and shafts of sunlight beam down through the gaps on either side of the path. As the path widens you see a large cave entrance set a few yards back on the right. If you want to examine the cave, turn to **230**. If you want to continue northwards up the path, turn to **358**.

338

The gas is toxic and your eyes start to water. You hold your breath long enough to find the Nose Filters and slip them into place inside your nostrils. You inhale tentatively, but all is well. After a while, the gas cloud around your face fades away. You put the silver box into your backpack. If you want to walk over to the creature in the cage, turn to **85**. If you would rather leave the cave to continue your journey northwards, turn to **358**.

339

You soon reach the bank of a gently flowing river. You see that the path continues north over the river via a rickety old wooden bridge. If you wish to cross the river by the bridge, turn to **65**. If you do not want

340 *A small man wearing an iron helmet and a chainmail coat sitting on a log.*

to trust the bridge and would rather swim across the river holding your backpack out of the water to keep the contents dry, turn to 75.

340

Walking along the path you see a small man wearing an iron helmet and a chainmail coat sitting on a log by the side of the path He is a DWARF and he does not look very pleased to see you. Will you:

Try to start a conversation with him?	Turn to 141
Draw your sword to attack him?	Turn to 347
Push him off the log and run east along the path?	Turn to 59

341

The pain in your hand becomes almost unbearable but you still retain feeling in it. At the bottom of the vase your hand comes into contact with several objects You grasp them and pull your hand quickly out of the vase. You are surprised to see no mark or sign of injury on your hand. You examine your treasure and find 5 Gold Pieces, a dragon's tooth, and a glass phial containing a Potion of Strength which will restore 5 STAMINA points whenever you decide to drink it Add 1 LUCK point and return to the path to head north; turn to 149.

342

As you draw your sword, the old woman's face changes from an expression of disinterest to that

of anger. From a drawer in a nearby table she pulls out some dead flowers and proceeds to rub a few petals on her palms, filling the hut with a sweet smell. As this happens, the room starts to spin before your eyes. If you possess the Headband of Concentration, turn to **158**. If you do not, turn to **11**.

343

You put the Gold Piece on top of the signpost as requested by the crow, after which it says, 'Go north.' You ask the crow why it needs Gold Pieces and it replies that it needs 30 Gold Pieces to pay Yaztromo to turn it back into a human again. You bid the crow farewell. If you want to turn north as advised by the crow, turn to **8**. If you would rather continue eastwards, turn to **239**.

344

You wedge your sword between the jaws of the snare and pull on it like a lever. The robed stranger adds his strength and finally the snare springs open. He thanks you over and over again and explains that he is in the forest looking for his long lost brother, who he thinks is living the life of a hermit somewhere in its depths. Together you scramble back over the roots of the trees to the path. You ask him to accompany you north but he politely declines saying that he believes his brother lives to the south. You shake hands and bid each other farewell. Turn to **36**.

345

The pain in your stomach intensifies and sweat breaks out on your forehead. You start to shake. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, the pain gradually fades away. There does not seem to be much sense in staying here any longer and you walk over to the steps on the far wall. Turn to **293**.

346

Arragon raises his right arm and spreads the fingers on his hand, saying, 'Well, stranger, what is your decision?' If you wish to give Arragon what he requires, turn to **32**. If you wish to ignore his threat and draw your sword, turn to **111**.

347

The Dwarf is a hardy old fighter and swings his axe with great skill.

DWARF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **363**.

348

The men are jumping up and down with their arms in the air in fits of glee as they see you struggling to pull the arrow from your shoulder. You grit your teeth and tug on the arrow; finally it comes free. The men are both laughing out loud, uncontrollably. They seem to forget about you. If you want to attack the WILD HILL MEN, turn to **43**. If you want to walk past them along the path while they continue to laugh, turn to **188**.

351 *The floor is thick with dust and there are cobwebs everywhere*

349

You arrive back at the crossroads. Ignoring the way south back to the forest you may go north (turn to **291**) or continue east (turn to **102**).

350

You reach into your backpack and pull out a small cloth pouch containing the capsules. There are five of them, all shiny red. You take one out and throw it towards the advancing Treeman. It lands in front of him and explodes in a puff of white smoke. A jet of flame shoots up from out of the ground and forces the Treeman to back away. You seize your opportunity and throw the remaining capsules at the Treeman. Flames burst out all around him and you run past him while he is trapped. Soon you are well away from the Treeman and stop running. Heading north you notice that the trees are at last starting to thin out – turn to **329**.

351

You step carefully down the stone stairs, feeling your way as you go. Slowly your eyes become accustomed to the dark and you begin to make out shapes at the bottom of the stairs. You are standing in a small, square room with a low ceiling. The floor is thick with dust and there are cobwebs everywhere. In the middle of the room there is what appears to be a large stone box, measuring approximately two metres by one metre. The top of it is a great stone slab. Along one of the rough stone walls you find a small alcove with a candle in it. You may

either light the candle (turn to **292**) or walk back up the stairs, return to the path and head north; turn to **112**.

352

The Ape Man is very agile around the tree, and you have difficulty brandishing your sword. You must deduct 2 from your Attack Strength during each round of combat.

APE MAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **207**. You may *Escape* by jumping off the platform to the ground five metres below. Turn to **156**.

353

When you awake you find that you are lying on the ground outside the wooden hut. You sit up and look inside your backpack. All your Provisions have been stolen! Luckily nothing else is gone and you still have your sword. You look inside the hut but it is deserted. If you wish to search the hut for something useful, turn to **26**. If you would rather leave the hut, return to the path and head north, turn to **220**.

354

Quin shakes his head in disbelief. He stands up and walks silently to a wooden chest at the back of the hut. He lifts the lid and pulls out a small glass phial. He hands it to you and walks back to the table where he slumps in his chair looking thoroughly dejected.

The dust in the phial sparkles in the light and you put it into your backpack and leave the hut. Outside you walk back to the junction in the path. Turn to **349**.

355

You arrive at another junction in the path. Ignoring the way south, you continue east – turn to **340**.

356

Stuffed inside the Forest Giant's clothing you find a brass lantern with a green wick. There is no liquid inside it to burn. Perhaps it is a magic lantern. You may:

Rub the lantern and make a wish	Turn to **34**
Try to light the wick	Turn to **395**
Throw the lamp away and head north	Turn to **231**

357

As you walk west along the twisting path you pass another branch leading south to the valley. You ignore it and press on west. Eventually the path ends at a junction. Again, ignoring the way south to the valley, you turn north – turn to **308**.

358

Walking along the path, you do not notice a rope noose hidden beneath some fallen leaves ahead of you. Your foot catches in the noose and suddenly you are hauled into the air by the rope which is tied

360 *The young woman steps forward and tells you that you are trespassing.*

to a sprung tree. In a second you are hanging upside down, suspended by your trapped foot. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, your sword remains in its scabbard, and you are able to use it to cut yourself down from the man trap. Turn to **40**. If you are Unlucky, your sword slips from its scabbard and drops to the ground, leaving you dangling helplessly. Turn to **218**

359

To the left of the path you see a stone well with a bucket and turning handle. If you wish to take a closer look at the well, turn to **172**. If you would rather continue your walk east, turn to **281**.

360

Walking along the narrow path you suddenly hear the sharp crack of a twig breaking and the whispering of low voices. You draw your sword and wait anxiously with your back to a large oak tree. Then from behind the trees opposite you step four men and a woman dressed in green tunics. Each looks menacing and they stand with swords and axes in their hands. The young woman steps forward and tells you that you are trespassing on their territory and you must pay a levy of five objects from your backpack or face the consequences. If you wish to give them what they want, turn to **279**. If you would rather spit on the ground in reply and fight them, turn to **104**.

361

From not too far ahead comes the sharp noise of barking dogs drawing nearer. Suddenly a brown fox with eyes wide open in fear dashes past you running east. The frantic yelping of the dogs gets louder. If you wish to face the oncoming pack of dogs, turn to **396**. If you would rather hide in the tall grasses off the path and let them run past in pursuit of the fox, turn to **86**.

362

Which way are you heading? If you wish to continue east, turn to **281**. If you wish to continue west, turn to **238**.

363

You rummage through the Dwarf's backpack and find a corked bottle containing a clear liquid. If you wish to drink the contents of the bottle, turn to **68**. If you would rather leave the bottle and set off east again along the path, turn to **59**.

364

You nod your head at the masked rider and bid him good-day. He nods back but says nothing. You tell him of your quest to help the dwarfs of

Stonebridge; he then jumps down from his mount, throws back his cape and extends his right arm to shake your hand. You see that each of his fingers is adorned by a large gold ring. Will you:

Attack him for his gold?	Turn to **276**
Carry on the conversation?	Turn to **194**

365

The gas is toxic and your eyes start to water. You hold your breath long enough to find the Nose Filters and slip them into place inside your nostrils. You inhale tentatively, but all is well. After a while, the gas cloud around your face fades away. You put the silver box into your backpack and leave the cave to continue your quest northwards. Turn to **358**.

366

You bid the Centaur good-day, to which he replies in a similar manner. It is pleasing to meet somebody who is not attacking you on sight! You ask the Centaur if he has any information which might lead you to your goal but he does not know anything. He says that he does not wander much these days as he is getting old. He just wants to own a little gold for his old age. He offers to carry you across the river for 3 Gold Pieces. Will you:

Accept his offer?	Turn to **127**
Refuse politely and wade into the river?	Turn to **178**

367

There is a soft popping sound as the head of the fungus splits open followed by the hiss of escaping gas. You become enveloped by a cloud of poisonous gas. Do you possess Nose Filters? If you do, turn to **60**. If you do not, turn to **222**.

368

There is nothing more you can do in this room so you decide to walk back up the stairs and return to the path to head north; turn to **112**.

369

The valley floor is green and pleasant and you wonder why such a tranquil place should be the home of so many loathsome creatures. Walking along the path, you see in the distance the portly shape of a balding man dressed in long brown robes heading in your direction. As he gets closer you see that he is a friar. Will you:

Start a conversation with him?	Turn to **191**
Walk past him with a nod of the head?	Turn to **390**

370

You frantically grope about in total darkness. Slowly your vision returns and you stand up again. With your own sight fully restored you set off north again along the path. However, while you were on the ground an item fell out of your backpack. Make the deduction to your Equipment List and turn to **231**.

371

There are many hand-made clay figures of human hands in different positions covering every available surface area. They are all painted with bright red glaze. In a copper vase you find 3 Gold Pieces, which you put in your backpack. There is nothing else of use or value to you in the cave. You leave by crawling back the way you came to the junction, taking a clay hand with you if you wish; turn to **93**.

372

You bend down and try to lift the chest but it is very heavy. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you succeed – turn to **48**. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, you injure your back – lose 1 STAMINA point. You may try to lift the chest as many times as you wish by repeating the above procedure. If you succeed, turn to **48**. If you do not manage to lift the chest, you decide not to risk any more injury to your back and leave the room exasperated. Continue north and turn to **288**.

373

You slump on to the log exhausted after your long battle. Sadly, the black rod was just part of the Shape Changer's illusion and it exists no more. However, you notice some violet mushrooms growing behind the log. They are unfamiliar to you but look tasty. If you wish to eat some of the mushrooms, turn to **308**. If you would rather continue north, turn to **148**.

374

You slip the gauntlet on to your hand and take hold of your sword. Slicing the air with it you feel more than usually skilled with your weapon. You now possess a Gauntlet of Weapon Skill which will allow you to add 1 point to all future dice rolls when computing your own Attack Strength during combat so long as you wear it. Note this on your Equipment List. If you wish to try on the gold ring, turn to **133**. If you would rather ignore the gold ring (or have already tried it on) you must head north again along the path – turn to **360**.

375

A junction appears in the path. If you wish to continue north, turn to **150**. If you wish to head west, turn to **236**.

376

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, he does not wake up – turn to **74**. If you are Unlucky, you kick a small stone which rattles across the cave floor and awakens the Cave Troll – turn to **310**.

377

You quickly catch up with the two brown-skinned Pygmies. They are wearing grass skirts and as they stop and turn to face you, you notice that each has a small bone through his nose. They draw their daggers and both attack you at once. Both will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Pygmy as a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is the greater; you must just count this as though you have fought off its blow. Of course if its Attack Strength is greater, it has wounded you in the normal way.

	SKILL	STAMINA
PYGMY A	5	5
PYGMY B	5	6

If you win, turn to **205**. If you wish to *Escape*, run back to the path and turn north. Turn to **92**.

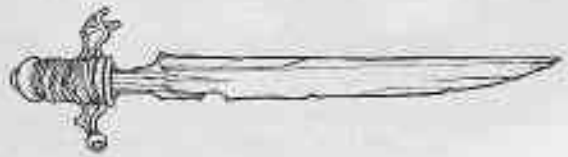

378 *A small man with a long grey beard is sitting cross-legged on top of a large mushroom.*

378

To the left of the path you see a small man with a long grey beard sitting cross-legged on top of a huge mushroom. He is wearing a bright red jacket and cap, and his trousers are black and end at his knees. He is asleep and is snoring loudly. You may either give him a gentle push to wake him up (turn to 307) or walk quietly past him to continue your journey west (turn to 67).

379

You may either try to charge the door down (turn to 73) or return to the path and head north (turn to 112).

380

If you wish to risk jumping down the hollow tree trunk to the bottom of the tunnel below, turn to 237. If you wish to return to the path to head north again, turn to 144.

381

You have failed in your quest to help the dwarfs. Being unable to face Gillibran, their king, you decide to head east and find a place to rest after your perilous adventure. Perhaps you may try again? If you do, you must walk around Darkwood Forest back to Yaztromo's tower to purchase more of his magical items – turn to 98

384 *A huge man with muscles like knotted iron is staked to the ground*

382

Going west, the path soon brings you to another junction. You decide to ignore the way south and head north. Turn to 97.

383

You search through the bags and clothes of the Orcs and find 2 Gold Pieces and a small wooden whistle. Add these to your Equipment List if you wish. You may also eat the spit-roast rabbit and add 2 points to your STAMINA. Suitably refreshed you return to the path and head north. Turn to 254.

384

Ahead in the grasses you hear a low moan. You look up to see the vultures patiently waiting overhead. A few steps further and you see the ugly sight of a huge man with muscles like knotted iron staked out to the ground. His arms and legs are tied to four large wooden pegs driven deep into the ground. The man is naked except for a small loin cloth and his skin is badly blistered from the sun. His face and chest show the bloodied signs of cruel torture. His captors will not have gained the information they sought from him because he is a BARBARIAN! If you wish to cut him free, turn to 128. If you want to leave him in his agony and return to the path to head north, turn to 394.

385

As the Ogre slumps to the ground, the creature in the cage jumps around even more frantically than before. Do you:

Take a closer look at the creature in the cage?	Turn to **168**
Search through the contents of the cave?	Turn to **313**
Leave the cave immediately and continue northwards?	Turn to **358**

386

You settle down to sleep again but have a restless night. In the morning you wake early. You collect your belongings and set off north along the path. Turn to **119**.

387

On the ground in front of you lies a single Gold Piece. You pick it up and toss it in the air with a flick of your thumb. Then you put it in your pocket. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **340**.

388

If the Werewolf wounded you during combat, turn to **155**. If you did not receive any wounds, add 1 LUCK point and turn to **316**.

389

You raise your sword above your head and smash it down on the wooden chest. It splinters into tiny pieces and amongst the broken bits of wood you find 8 Gold Pieces. Add 1 LUCK point. If you haven't done so already, you may look in the barrel (turn to **215**) or you may leave the alcove to climb further up the steps (turn to **88**).

390

In the distance you see the dark brown wall of trees looming up before you. The path leads directly into Darkwood Forest and soon starts to twist and turn between tangled roots and bushes. The path eventually splits. If you wish to continue north, turn to **190**. If you wish to head west, turn to **280**.

391

The building measures only three metres by three metres and has no windows. The door is made of stone and looks very solid. There is no handle and there does not appear that there is another way to enter the building. Then you notice a tiny keyhole in the stone door. Do you possess a silver key? If you do, turn to **200**. If not, turn to **379**.

392

As you crouch in the bushes off the path, the voices get louder. Then two pairs of spindly legs in tattered cloth shuffle past you quickly, kicking up dirt and dust. The voices soon fade away into the distance. You step out on to the path again and press on northwards. Turn to **157**.

393

Leading along the quiet valley floor, the path comes to an end at a junction. The way south leads back into the hills so you decide against it and head north; turn to **369**.

394

Gradually the grass around you becomes shorter as the ground gently starts to rise. Ahead you can hear the sound of flowing water. Soon you reach the bank of a slow-flowing river. The river is very shallow and stepping stones cross it to the far bank where the path continues north into the distance. Will you:

Cross the river by the stepping stones?	Turn to **66**
Wade through the shallow water across the river?	Turn to **186**

395

Instead of the wick igniting, a blinding flash comes from the lantern, so bright that you are unable to see. You stumble and fall to the ground. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you land without injury; turn to **154**. If you are Unlucky, your head smashes on a log – lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **370**.

396 *A masked rider on a white stallion gallops towards you in a cloud of dust*

396

You draw your sword and stand to face the pack of dogs. They come into view in a cloud of dust; galloping behind them is a masked rider wearing a long flowing cloak and riding a white stallion. He blows a horn and the pack of dogs comes to a sudden halt in front of you. There are four of them and you see that they are hunting dogs. The stallion stands motionless behind them with steam blowing from its nostrils in two long jets. The masked man looks at you without speaking. Will you:

Start a conversation with him?	Turn to **364**
Attack the dog nearest to you?	Turn to **96**

397

You continue your walk along the valley floor, passing a junction in the path which leads south to the hills. You soon arrive at another junction. Again one of the branches leads south to the hills. If you wish to head north, turn to **163**. If you wish to carry on east, turn to **393**.

398

You reach the end of the tunnel and are about to step out on to the ladder on the wall of the well when you hear footsteps above you. Somebody is coming down the ladder. If you wish to reach out in an attempt to grab hold of the first leg that comes into view, turn to **320**. If you would rather wait for the visitor to enter the tunnel, turn to **193**.

399

You charge at Yaztromo but only reach the first stair when he lifts his right arm and nonchalantly mumbles a few words. Time seems to stand still amid bright flashes, and your body feels like a bubbling liquid inside. When the turmoil subsides, you know something terrible has happened. The stone stair feels cold on your body and you realize the problems of a life as a frog! Yaztromo bends down and picks you up, saying with a booming voice:

'Well, foolish warrior, enjoy your new life!' With that, he lets out a deafening laugh and nearly drops you. Then he shuffles to the oak door and, opening it, throws you into the tall grasses outside. Your adventure ends here.

400

You walk up to the old dwarfs and ask them to take you to Gillibran. They eye you suspiciously but agree to do so, commenting on your wounds and torn clothing. 'You got those in Darkwood Forest I presume,' says one of the dwarfs, pointing at various gashes on your body with his long clay pipe. 'Some people never learn. Adventurers are all the same. I can't see the sense in it myself.'

You walk through the village behind the two dwarfs and are aware of many dwarfish folk watching you. They begin to follow you and a procession builds up behind. There are lots of muttterings and whispers amongst the crowd of dwarfs and expectant looks show on their faces. Soon you arrive at the foot of stone steps leading up to a stone building. Outside the building on an ornate wooden throne sits a small old man with a long beard. He is wearing a crown but looks miserable and holds his head in his hands. You run up the steps, taking the hammer head and handle from your backpack. At the sight of them the old dwarf's eyes light up and he jumps to his feet. Taking them eagerly from you he starts to shout 'My hammer! My hammer! We are saved. Now, my people, we are ready to fight the trolls.'

The whole crowd erupts into cheering, waving their axes and swords in the air. You tell Gillibran of Bigleg's misfortune and why you decided to continue his quest, and of all the monsters you have encountered on your way. Gillibran listens and frowns at the news of Bigleg his faithful servant. Then he opens a drawer in the base of the throne and reaches into it, pulling out a small silver box and a golden winged helmet, and hands them to you. The helmet is worth hundreds of Gold Pieces and you proudly place it on your head. A great roar of approval comes from the crowd. You open the silver box and find dozens of jewels and gems. You put these in your backpack and wave to the happy dwarfs of Stonebridge. Your quest is over and you are now wealthy beyond your wildest dreams.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ian Livingstone is an internationally well-known figure in the fantasy games world. Together with Steve Jackson (co-author of *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*) he founded Games Workshop Ltd, which was set up to promote and distribute role-playing games like *Dungeons & Dragons*, *RuneQuest* and *Traveller*. From its tiny beginnings in Shepherd's Bush, London, Games Workshop has grown rapidly and is now the largest UK company specializing in these games.

Ian Livingstone is also editor of *White Dwarf*, a magazine devoted entirely to science fiction and fantasy games, creator of the highly successful *Judge Dredd* game, author of *Dicing with Dragons*, and co-organizer of Games Day, Britain's largest indoor games convention.

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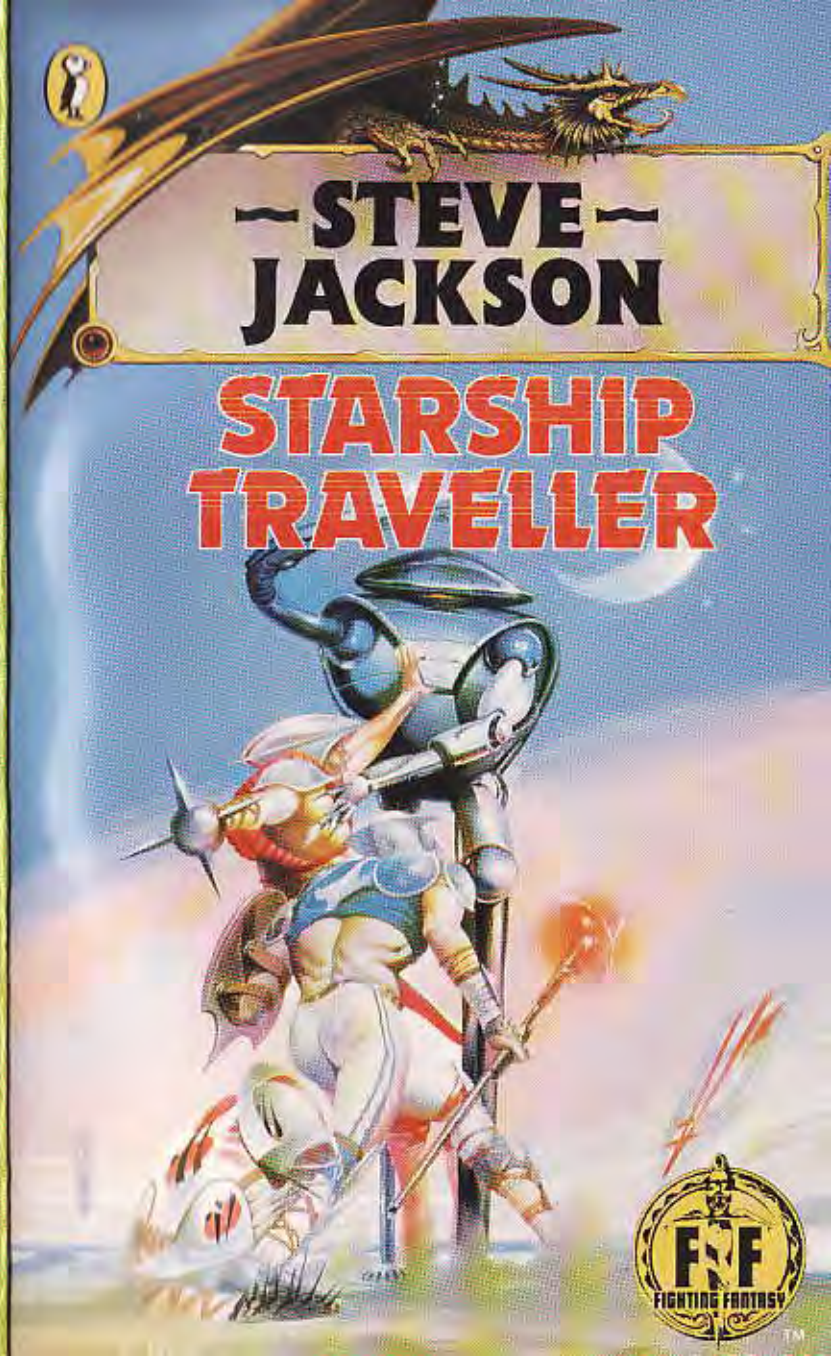

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1993
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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Set in Linotron Palatino

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, may they all live long and prosper

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STARSHIP *TRAVELLER*

PREPARE FOR YOUR MISSION

You are Captain of the Starship *Traveller*. The ship itself is the pride of your AstroNavy. Its weapons and defence systems are the most technically advanced in the fleet and its crew are first-rate.

Before you begin your voyage, you must determine the strengths and weaknesses of yourself as Captain and your crew members. The journey through the black hole will do some damage to the weapons and defence systems on the ship.

To determine your starting characteristics, you will need two dice and a pencil to record scores on the *Adventure Sheet* on page 16. Before writing on the *Adventure Sheet*, you may wish to take photocopies for use in future adventures. It is unlikely that you will find the way back to Earth in your first adventure.

Unlike previous Fantasy Gamebooks, you will not find rules for fighting alien creatures and ships here at the beginning of the book. Rules for ship-to-ship, hand-to-hand and phaser (laser pistol) combat are given in the text of the book, to allow you to start playing with minimal delay. As you come across combat situations, you will be referred to sections describing the appropriate combat rules. All you

need to do here is roll dice to determine the initial scores on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Your Ship

Roll one die. Add 6 to the roll. Enter this total in the WEAPONS STRENGTH section of your *Adventure Sheet*. When shooting at enemy ships, you will need to roll *lower* than this score to make a hit.

Roll one die. Add 12 to this roll. Enter this total in the SHIELDS section of your *Adventure Sheet*. When enemy ships hit you, you will lose points from this SHIELDS score. Your shields will weaken significantly after a few hits have been taken. If your ship is ever hit when your SHIELDS score is zero, your ship will be destroyed instantly.

You and Your Crew

Personnel will perform according to their SKILL and STAMINA scores. Their SKILL score reflects their abilities within their own profession, i.e. your Science Officer's skill with computers, your Medical Officer's skill as a doctor, your Security Officer's combat ability and your own leadership and decision-making skills as Captain.

On your *Adventure Sheet* you will see entries for your key staff (Captain, Science Officer, Medical Officer, Security Officer and Engineering Officer, together with two security Guards). Repeat the following procedure for each in turn:

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter the total as that person's SKILL score.
Roll two dice. Add 12 to the result. Enter the total as that person's STAMINA score.

You may now see how each crew member is likely to perform at his/her job; the higher the SKILL score, the better.

Combat

Only security staff are skilled in combat. They will be your obvious choice in hand-to-hand or phaser fighting. Non-security staff may fight, but their skills lie in other areas. If, by choice or through necessity, you wish a non-security crew member to fight an alien, you must deduct 3 points from his or her SKILL score during the battle. This rule applies to your Science Officer, Medical Officer and Engineering Officer only. It does not apply to you, as the ship's Captain. Your own fighting skills are equal to your professional skills, as befits a true hero.

Luck

Every true hero is at the mercy of the forces of chance. You will find a LUCK box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Roll one die, add 6 to the roll and enter the total in this LUCK box.

Call it acts of God, The Force or whatever you will – LUCK will play an important part in your adventure.

Beaming Down on to Planets

When you arrive at a planet, you will be given the option of 'beaming down' on to the surface. Sometimes only you will beam down, but often you will be instructed to choose two or three crew members to accompany you. When given this choice, you may choose only crew members listed on your *Adventure Sheet* (there are some other restrictions limiting your choice – see the 'Losing an Officer' section below). Your Science Officer is a problem-solver, your Medical Officer is a doctor, your Engineering Officer has a knowledge of mechanics and geology and your Security Officer and Guards are your fighters.

Record your choices *before* you land on the planet and remember that only those staff actually in the landing party will be able to act for you while on the surface.

Restoring Stamina

On some planets you may become involved in fights and other situations which drain your STAMINA scores. There are two ways of restoring STAMINA. You may find a planet with superior medical technology able to restore STAMINA. Instructions will be given in the text. You may also restore 2 STAMINA points to each crew member listed on your *Adventure Sheet* every time you leave a planet. However, you may only gain the advantage of this medical treatment if you have your original Medical Officer. If your Medical Officer dies, you may not restore STAMINA in this way. Crew members' STAMINA scores may never exceed their initial value.

Losing an Officer or Security Guard

If, during your adventure, one of the Officers or Guards listed on your *Adventure Sheet* dies or is lost, you must cross him off your *Adventure Sheet* and he may play no further part in the adventure. His position is taken over by his assistant. You must determine the SKILL and STAMINA scores of this newly promoted assistant and then record them on the *Adventure Sheet*. The assistant's SKILL score is equal to the SKILL score of the lost Officer minus 2 points, as this assistant is not as skilful as the Officer he replaces. The assistant's STAMINA score is determined in the normal way, i.e. roll two dice and add 12 to the result.

This newly promoted replacement *may not* be beamed down on to planets or used in any missions where you are instructed to choose a crew member. Being the last available candidate for his particular position, you cannot risk losing him. However, you may use him for routine duties (i.e. where no option is given in the text). A replacement Medical Officer may restore STAMINA to injured crew members on leaving planets (see 'Restoring Stamina' above), but at the reduced rate of 1 STAMINA point per planet.

ADVENTURE SHEET

CREW

CAPTAIN	
SKILL	STAMINA
SCIENCE OFFICER	
SKILL*	STAMINA
MEDICAL OFFICER	
SKILL*	STAMINA
ENGINEERING OFFICER	
SKILL*	STAMINA
SECURITY OFFICER	
SKILL	STAMINA

SECURITY GUARD 1		SECURITY GUARD 2	
SKILL	STAMINA	SKILL	STAMINA

*Deduct 3 points from SKILL in combat

SHIP

WEAPONS STRENGTH	SHIELDS
NOTES	
LUCK	

Your Adventure Is About To Begin!

The scores you have recorded on your *Adventure Sheet* will give you an indication of the strengths and weaknesses of yourself, your crew and your ship. You need know nothing of how these scores will come into play – all will be explained as necessary as your adventure unfolds.

In the adventure which follows, you are the Captain of the *Traveller*, lost in an unknown universe. Your own skill as a Captain will determine whether you and your crew will ever see Earth again. You are about to be flung through a black hole into unknown space. Your only chance of return will be to find another suitable black hole and guide the ship through it back to your own universe.

You are now ready to set off. Take your seat on the bridge and prepare yourself for the adventure ahead.

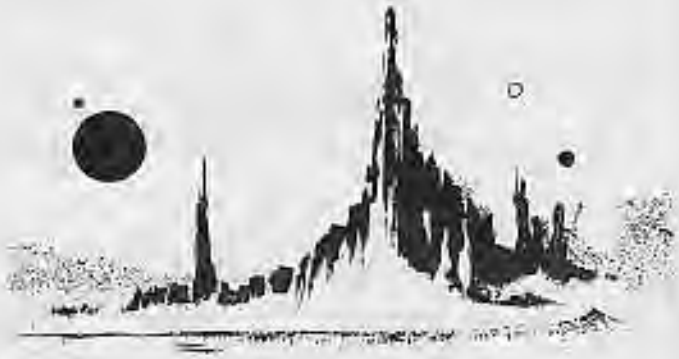

NOW TURN OVER

Panic!

From your seat at the helm of the Starship *Traveller* you study the VDU anxiously. Engineering Section has reported an overdrive malfunction which has locked the warp engines at a 10 per cent velocity gain. You are watching the velocity indicator advancing rapidly through the safe region towards overload. You hit the communicator button and call Engineering for further news . . .

It is not good. The malfunction cannot be traced and it will take another thirteen minutes for a system check to provide a full analysis.

You are heading towards the Seltsian Void, a known black hole. You may or may not avoid it, but your Science Officer has another plan. If you swing the ship through its immense gravitational pull, its gravity drag may help reduce your speed as you travel away from it. This is worth a try, but the navigational tuning will have to be precise . . .

You swing the starship hard to starboard as you enter the Seltsian's gravitational field and fasten your eyes on the velocity indicator. To your great relief the plan seems to be working! The gain comes down from 10 per cent to 5 per cent to zero, to −5 per cent!

Loud cheers come from the crew, but you are still watching the velocity indicator. It is now showing −15 per cent, then −25 per cent and still falling. The ship is being sucked into the Seltsian Void!

You hit the red alert button and instruct all ship's personnel to strap themselves down. The ship begins to whine and shake as it rapidly accelerates towards the black hole. There is nothing you can do to avert the impending disaster.

An almighty explosion rocks the ship and all the crew, including you, lose consciousness. Turn to **256**.

2

You approach the blue planet and take up orbit position. Scanners indicate that the planet is inhabited and that there is considerable development of the planet surface by some intelligent life-form, suggesting a well-organized social structure.
You try various radio frequencies and, after some time, an alien face appears on the screen. Dressed in a uniform of some kind, this creature is humanoid, but thin, with a large, bulbous head and bony fingers. He announces himself as First Officer I-Abail of the National Government of Jolsen 3. You explain your plight and reassure him that you mean no harm. He invites you – but only you – to beam down to his offices.

Will you beam down and visit this planet (turn to **222**) or thank him for his offer, but press onwards (turn to **41**)?

3

The beast roars loudly as the blast strikes at point-blank range. With a violent crash, it topples over, dead. You contact the ship and order the beast to be beamed aboard. It will certainly provide a few good meals for the crew. You may now either start gathering vegetation for food (turn to **236**) or go off in search of other animals to hunt (turn to **173**).

4

The child pulls you off into a building, where several other children are sitting. They squeal excitedly as you enter. Leaving you to talk with them, your guide runs off into another room and returns with another child, who introduces himself as Luff. You explain you are surprised that a child so young was able to contact your ship, and he relates the strange ways of the Terryals.

Apparently, children run the world of Terryal. They are born with abnormal intelligence and abilities and are placed in high positions immediately after birth. As they grow older, they rapidly become senile and incapable of performing their jobs, and then they are replaced by youngsters.

You explain your plight to Luff, who listens sympathetically. He may be able to help you in your search for a passage to your own universe. If you wish to follow up this option, turn to 148. He also explains that their medicine is very advanced and he may be able to restore your crew to full strength. If you would prefer this option, turn to 85. However, he asks that in exchange for help or medical treatment, you will have to take him aboard your ship and give him technical details of your weapons systems and defences. If this price is too high, you may decline his offer and return to the ship (turn to 120).

5

M'k Mal declares that you are trespassing in Confederation territory and claims you as a prisoner. He instructs you to follow his ship to a nearby starbase. If you will accompany him, turn to 15. If you refuse to be captured, turn to 143.

6

You set course and arrive at the black hole, dropping out of warp speed some distance from it. Carefully planning your angle of entry and your velocity, you head into the dark void. You feel the ship being taken by the immense gravitational force and order all crew to strap themselves in. Suddenly the ship lurches forwards and begins to speed up. The G-force is so strong that you, along with the rest of the crew, pass out. Turn to 339.

7

Your MO is unable to make much of the anatomy of the aliens and thus is unable to do much without the use of her lab on the ship. Some of the illnesses, however, seem similar to those on Earth and suggestions can be made on basic medical care. Turn to 210.

8

You walk up to the entrance door as if to climb into the vehicle. As you pass by the aliens, you signal to the others and the three of you spring on them. This proves to be a rather fruitless exercise, as the three creatures are immensely strong. They fling you to the ground, but as you fall, you manage to grab the helmet off one of the aliens. It stops dead in its tracks in a very artificial pose, as if some switch had suddenly turned it off. The leader grabs the helmet and replaces it on his colleague who instantly springs back to life. You realize you will be no match for the creatures and climb into their vehicle as they have ordered.

But your discovery may prove a useful clue in helping to escape from these PCs, as they call themselves. If you proceed along certain ways, you will be called upon to make a SKILL roll. Your knowledge makes it likely that you will make the right move. You may deduct 2 from your roll when rolling against SKILL which is marked SKILL** (this will make more sense at the time). Turn to 317.

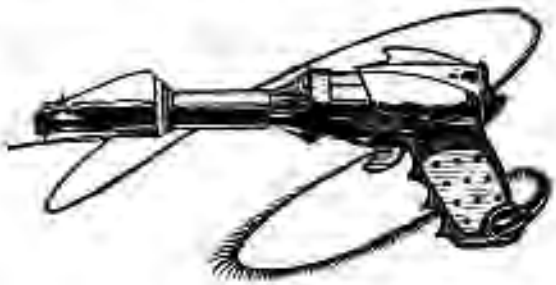

9

Your Science Officer has no suggestions. You must turn either to Commander Domm (turn to 221) or to the ship's computer (turn to 299).

10

Roll two dice. If the number rolled equals or exceeds your LUCK score, turn to 123. If the number is less than your LUCK score, turn to 154.

11

Back on the bridge, you set your course. Ahead of you are two planets. You may head for either a large red planet (turn to 329), a blue planet (turn to 2) or a small, fast-moving spot which shows signs of life (turn to 92).

12

The guards find your story highly implausible. Cutting you off in mid-sentence, they briskly shove you out into the corridor. Turn to 78.

13

You land on the planet and look around. A thunderstorm is raging around you and it is pouring with rain. You are standing on rocky ground about a hundred metres from what appears to be a village of some kind. Three aliens, presumably villagers, are shuffling around about halfway to the village but as you appear, they are startled and turn to face you. They are strange, podgy creatures with long necks and stumpy legs. One of the aliens turns and waddles off back to the village at what must be a running pace. The other two are advancing towards you with weapons (long pointed sticks) drawn. Will you:

Wait for them to arrive?	Turn to 115
Walk towards them to meet them halfway?	Turn to 25
Make a dash for the village?	Turn to 179

14

You have an idea: turning up the heat setting on your phaser, you fire at the rock until it glows white hot, hoping that the heat and light will give the ship something to track you by.

You wait, heating the rock until all the energy from your phaser is exhausted. To your great relief, you start to dematerialize and reappear in the ship's Transmatter Unit. Your plan has worked, and you return to the bridge to plot your course. Turn to 27.

15

You follow the Ganzigites for several hours until a small round object is picked up by your scanners. Ahead of you is a large, wheel-shaped structure, rotating slowly. The Ganzigites announce their arrival. Monitoring their conversation, you learn that this is the spaceport Laur-Jamil. M'k Mal once again contacts you and gives you docking instructions.

You dock the ship and wait while he checks your story. Some time later you see the Ganzigite ship leave dock. Presumably you have either been cleared, forgotten about or ignored. You decide to leave the ship and investigate the spaceport. Turn to 157.

16

You probe ahead into space with your long-range scanners. On the fringe of your scan radius, to port, is a small star with an orbiting solar system which you may head for (turn to 180). Otherwise you may increase speed to warp and head off into deep space (turn to 93).

17

She thanks you profusely. You contact your Engineering Officer on board the ship and explain the situation. He agrees to remain on the planet and help the Macommonians to build their ships. Dilane then offers to take you to the Department of Astronomy. Weapons are not allowed inside the science buildings and you agree to give your phaser to one of the technicians on the door. Turn to 105.

18

Quickly, the crew seal off the affected area so as to prevent the spread of this unknown killer. No more deaths are reported. Turn to 337.

19

The wounded creature heaves itself to its feet. It looks at you strangely and cannot understand your concern. Swaying forwards it leads you into the building. Inside is chaos, with broken furniture and scraps of food lying all over the place. The alien slumps down on a bench and concentrates. Slowly, another leg grows out from the previous stump and in no time the wound is repaired! You question the creature, but it appears to have little intelligence. It is a Kroll; it knows nothing of space travel and black holes. It advises you to visit a Timol, who lives several buildings away and is perhaps the most intelligent being in these parts. You thank him and leave. Will you head for the Timol (turn to 231) or will you investigate the large building at the end of the road (turn to 73)?

20

The path bends to the right and then forks again. Will you take the left-hand fork (turn to **166**) or the right-hand fork (turn to **113**)?

21

You approach the three men and greet them. They show no interest in you and seem to be arguing about something. Finally they turn to you and in an aggressive tone ask what you want. You relate your story and they are not impressed. Again they ask you what you want. You ask them to take you to their superior (turn to **259**).

22

You, and any crew members with you, spring on the creatures. (These beasts are Squinns.) For hand-to-hand combat rules, turn to **342** but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First Squinn	8	16
Second Squinn	7	18
Third Squinn	8	18

If you have other crew members with you, you may order them to attack one of the beasts. The creatures will only attack if they are being attacked themselves. You must kill at least one before you are able to contact the ship, but once one lies dead, you may beam up at any time, taking your prey with you. When you beam up, turn to **311**.

23

Continuing along the ravine, you find only rocky ground. Your portable scanner indicates nothing unusual beneath the surface. Climbing up the slopes you are again hit by the rushing wind, blowing up a dust storm. You decide to beam back up to the ship. Turn to **84**.

24

Your Science Officer suggests that since you have your mind inside a Dar-Villian's body, there must be somewhere a Dar-Villian mind inside your body. Perhaps if you repeat the journey through the Transmatter Unit to the same place you will discover the whereabouts of this other body. Do you think this is a good idea? If so, try it by turning to **81**. Otherwise you can either ask the alien Commander's opinion (turn to **221**) or use the computer for suggestions (turn to **299**).

25

They hold their ground and ready their weapons. They shout at you and, through your translator, you hear that they are telling you to remain where you are. You may obey them and wait for them to reach you (turn to **115**), or continue. If you wish to continue, turn to **179**.

26

In the computer room, the Ganzigite instructs you to leave him alone, return to the bridge and con-

tinue following his own ship. He inserts a small modem into the computer's access port to read its memory and transmit the information back aboard the starcruiser.

From now on, you will be at a disadvantage in any encounters with Ganzigites, as they know your weapons and defences. Deduct 2 points from your ship's WEAPONS STRENGTH and SHIELDS scores in any future battles with this race.

Your Science Officer has informed you of what the alien is doing. Will you take no action until you reach the Ganzig starbase (turn to 202) or make plans to capture the intruder (turn to 36)?

27

You scan space around you. Ahead is a greeny-grey planet which you will reach in a few hours. You can continue on course for this planet (turn to 104). Otherwise you may head for what seems to be a space station a short distance away (turn to 137).

28

Pick two crew members from the *Adventure Sheet* to accompany you to the planet surface. You enter the Transmatter Unit and minutes later you materialize in a dense jungle on the planet. As you get your bearings, you hear a sound. In the distance, coming closer, is something large crashing towards you through the undergrowth. Will you instruct your party to hide from it (turn to 184) or draw their phasers (turn to 156)?

29

The hover-robot once again contacts its central processor. Again it tells you to follow, but again you refuse. Without warning, a stun ray comes from one of its limbs knocking you, and the others in your party, unconscious to the floor. Each member of your landing party must lose 2 STAMINA points. You awake later in a different room. Turn to 187.

30

Your officer gets to work with his micro-excavator. Speaking to you through the communicator, he announces a substantial deposit; plenty for your ship's requirement. Packing several kilos into a portasack, he leaps from the asteroid and dodges his way back towards the ship. Roll one die. If you roll a 1, turn to 190. Otherwise turn to 165.

31

You contact the ship and instruct them to beam you up. You arrive back in the Transmatter Unit, glad to have left the inferno below. You return to the bridge. Turn to 207.

32

You choose two crew members from the *Adventure Sheet* to join you in beaming down from the Transmatter Unit. You dematerialize and appear again on the surface. Looking around, you find you are in an open-air enclosure of some kind with dome-shaped buildings behind you. The noise of a siren pierces the air and from the dome run three aliens similar to

K'tait with weapons drawn! Will you allow them to approach you to see what they want (turn to 111) or draw your weapons and fire (turn to 122)?

33

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is *equal to or less than* your Science Officer's SKILL** score, turn to 332. If the number rolled is *higher* than your SO's SKILL**, turn to 224.

34

You approach a medium-sized blue-green planet and take up orbit position. Scanning the planet surface reveals several clusters of intelligent life-forms. You try to contact them but nothing comes up on the radio. Will you beam down on to the planet to investigate (turn to 13) or leave orbit and continue onwards (turn to 203)? If you beam down, you may take three crew members from the *Adventure Sheet* with you.

35

Roll two dice. If the number rolled *exceeds* your Science Officer's SKILL, turn to 24. If the roll *equals or is less than* your SO's SKILL, turn to 9.

36

With you are your Science, Security and Engineering Officers. You may command any one of these to try to overpower the Ganzigite, or you may tackle him yourself. Decide who will take on the alien and turn to 330.

37

They stop firing and disarm you. Luckily, their weapons were set only to stun, and any crew members hit by their weapons regain consciousness. The aliens escort you to a detention room and lock you in. Turn to 187.

38

You set course for the black hole, dropping out of warp speed some distance from it. Carefully planning your angle of entry and velocity, you head into the dark void. You feel the ship being taken by the immense gravitational force and order all crew to strap themselves in. Suddenly the ship lurches and speeds up. The G-force is so strong that you and your crew pass out. Turn to 339.

39

Dilane requests that, in the interests of security, you beam down alone to the surface of the planet, which you do. You appear inside a large, smooth-walled chamber. A door opens and two Macommonians appear in coloured overalls, followed by Dilane herself. Using some sort of detector devices, the technicians check you for weapons and report your phaser to Dilane. She nods and then asks you what you would like to see. Would you like to:

Speak to the Department of Astronomy about ways to get back home?	Turn to 169
Ask her to show you the city?	Turn to 218

40

You instruct your navigation officer to plot a course for the double star and give the order to engage warp drive. The ship speeds towards its destination. Suddenly an excited voice comes through your intercom asking you to go down to the canteen, where there has been a disturbance. Turn to 314.

41

Leaving orbit round Jolsen-3 you search the area for life-supporting planets with your scanners. A small yellow planet is picked up as the nearest. Will you proceed to this planet (turn to 89) or continue into deep space (turn to 253)?

42

The creature settles down; it was apparently just surprised at having been woken from its sleep by complete strangers, and such ugly ones at that! It explains that it is a Timol and seems to be quite a friendly creature. It hops around the room and offers you food and drink, which you politely decline. This planet is a settlement planet, populated by all sorts of different aliens, at first mainly creatures who could not bear their own home planets and those that are highly adventurous. As the planet proved to be a pleasant place to live, with a gentle climate, it was not long before word spread throughout the galaxy of this 'promised land' of freedom and equality, attracting many more settlers. The problem was that no one was allowed to assume a position of responsibility – everyone was entirely equal. The result is that, after many years of settlement, the place is in utter chaos. Its inhabitants have not even decided on a name for the planet!

You explain your own predicament to the Timol – how you are lost in a universe parallel to your own. The creature knows little about astronomy and interstellar travel, but suggests you head for the planet Culematter, as its civilization is very advanced. You thank him for his information and leave. You may, if you wish, head for the main building at the end of the road (turn to 73) or you may return to the ship to travel onwards (turn to 290).

43

As the guards enter the room to take the aliens to their Qualk Test, you spring on them. In the battle, the guards may use their nerve sticks. Each time one of your landing party is hit by a guard, throw one die. If you roll a 4, 5 or 6 the hit is with a nerve stick, which will do 4 STAMINA points of damage instead of the normal 2 (a roll of 1, 2 or 3 means normal damage only). For hand-to-hand combat rules turn to **342**, but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First guard	8	7
Second guard	7	7
Third guard	8	7

If you defeat the guards, turn to **302**. If you choose to surrender during the fight, turn to **239**.

44

Approaching the purple star, your scanners indicate that the second planet has an atmosphere ideal for life. You drop into orbit around this planet and scan the surface. There are strong indications of intelligent activity. Indeed, it is likely that the planet's civilization is further advanced than your own. You may either beam down to the planet (turn to **171**) or press onwards (turn to **250**).

45

Adjusting the heat setting on your phaser, you fire a beam along the ground, making a circle around yourself. To your relief, the pressure on your leg eases and you are now able to rip the vines from you. However, the drain on your phaser's energy has been severe and you will not be able to use it until you have recharged it on the ship. You may either return to the ship (turn to **311**), or continue looking for animals to hunt for food (turn to **173**). Whatever you choose, you have already cut down a fair quantity of vegetation and you have this beamed back aboard.

46

Your Medical Officer comes up with a possible antidote and injects herself. She goes down to the docking bay without an EVA suit and waits. An hour later, she has still shown no signs of illness. The antidote has worked! All crew report to the Medical Section for treatment. Turn to **11**.

47

Nearing the centre of the cluster, your officer darts about avoiding the asteroids which constantly flash past. Occasionally one will hit another and they will

fly off in different directions, sometimes causing a sort of chain reaction. Using a portable scanner, your officer locates four asteroids all bearing dilibrium ore. Which will he choose?

First asteroid	Turn to 30
Second asteroid	Turn to 96
Third asteroid	Turn to 217
Fourth asteroid	Turn to 295

48

Your senior officer flicks his communicator and instructs the ship to beam the crew members, Commander Domm and you back aboard. On the ship, your Science Officer runs an analysis of the situation through the ship's computer. It indicates that you were beamed down to the exact coordinates of one of the Dar-Villian guards and so your body appeared inside his.

You must now decide how you will separate yourself. Will you:

Ask your Science Officer for his opinion?	Turn to 35
Ask your ship's computer for advice?	Turn to 299
Ask the Dar-Villian Commander for any ideas?	Turn to 221

49

You wait for an opportunity and then spring on a guard. It is extremely strong and you are no match

for it alone. But if there are two or three of you, and you all fight together, you may overpower it. For hand-to-hand combat rules turn to 342, but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards.

The alien will attack twice in a combat round (so you must roll twice for its *Attack Strength*) and each attack will be directed against whichever of you has the highest STAMINA score (toss a coin if two are equal).

Alien guard	SKILL 11	STAMINA 14

If you reduce the creature's STAMINA to 5, you are able to knock its helmet off, which disables it. If you do this, turn to 147. If at any time the fight is going badly and you would rather give up the struggle, turn to 309.

50

Any of the following may be offered to pay your docking fees, as all are valuable to the spaceport: yellow mineral powder, malinite or fluorescent green metal. If you have any of these, you may dock (turn to 157). Otherwise you will have to bargain with them (turn to 294).

51

The ship's computer has no information on the Imperial Ganzig Confederation. Impatient at your delay, the starcruiser fires a carefully placed shot across your bows; it is absorbed by your shields –

but at a cost of 2 SHIELD points (cross these off on your *Adventure Sheet*). Will you:

Reply to Commander M'k Tel's request?	Turn to 281
Return his fire?	Turn to 135

52

As you approach the spaceport, you receive a confused message warning you not to dock. You try again to contact the spaceport, but receive no reply. Will you risk continuing with your plan and docking (turn to 193) or turn away and resume your previous course (turn to 109)?

53

As you pass through the frame you fall forwards. You panic, but then you realize that you are not really falling, but rather floating, downwards through empty space. Gradually your surroundings become lighter and you can see that you are coming to a sort of pathway, seemingly made of a non-material energy. As you alight on it you look around. The path twists and turns, forks and converges ahead of you like a spider's web set in a black void. The path appears to be able to support your weight, but all around is empty blackness. Cautiously, you proceed along the path, feeling your way with your feet.

Ahead of you the path forks. Will you take the left-hand fork (turn to 293) or the right-hand fork (turn to 312)?

54

You try to continue the conversation but you succeed only in making him angrier. He calls out to his companions and two Terryals enter the room with weapons drawn. 'See them off!' he shouts and the two aim their weapons. The old man also draws a weapon and the three aliens fire at you. Turn to 343 for rules on phaser combat but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards. The Terryals fire first.

	SKILL
Old man	6
First Terryal	7
Second Terryal	5

If you survive the battle, you may beam back aboard the ship together with any surviving crew members. Turn to 120.

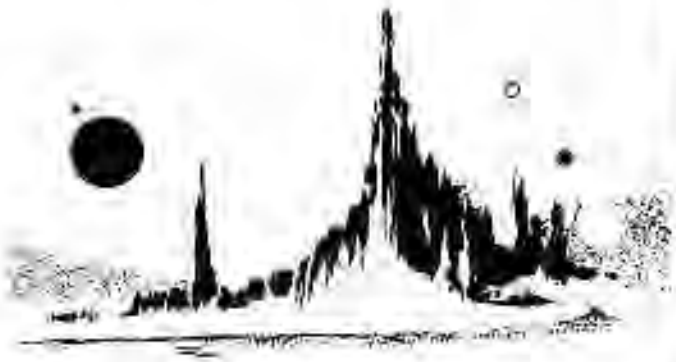

55

You enter the building and look around. It appears to be a library of some sort. You notice on the entrance desk a type of newspaper and take it with you; perhaps it will give you some sort of clue as to why this whole city seems to be deserted. Luckily, the library is computer controlled. You switch on a console and after some whirring sounds, a voice comes back: 'Good afternoon, reader. What subject will it be today?' First of all you ask for local history, but the most recent entry appears to be some time ago when this city was bustling with life.

One of your crew members rushes over. 'Captain,' he says, 'I've just been looking at the astronomy files. There is a black hole which they think may be a space warp. It is in Sector 288!' This news is indeed exciting and you instruct the ship to beam you back aboard to check this location. Turn to 130.

56

The planet is black and barren with a rough, rocky surface. You explore for half an hour and then decide to beam back to the ship as your air will shortly run out. Trying your communicator, you are horrified to find that you cannot reach the ship! Your Science Officer suggests that this may be because of the magnetic rocks on the planet, jamming your signal. He considers the problem for some time and comes up with an idea. Throw two dice. If the number rolled *equals or is lower than* his SKILL score, turn to 117; if it *exceeds* his SKILL, turn to 313.

57

You select two crew members from the *Adventure Sheet* to accompany you to the planet. As you materialize on its surface, you are greeted by K'tait. He invites you into his office and tells you more about the planet. You explain you feel that the only way back to your own universe is to travel back through a black hole, and ask whether anyone on the planet is likely to be able to help. He thinks this likely. A bleeper on his desk summons him to 'the arena'. He makes his apologies and leaves. You await his return. Turn to **287**.

58

You try another all-frequency message, but get no reply. Another blast rocks the ship. Roll two dice. A roll *equal to or lower than* your SHIELDS score does 1 point of SHIELDS damage. A roll *higher* than your SHIELDS score does 2 points, and a double 6 does 5 points of SHIELDS damage. You issue the battle stations order. Turn to **235**.

59

You drop out of warp drive a safe distance from the black hole. Your Science Officer works out your optimum course on the ship's computer. As you advance you can feel the immense gravitational pull of the collapsed star. You allow the ship to be sucked in while the crew strap themselves in. The ship is ripped forwards into the void and all personnel pass out. Turn to **339**.

60

You approach the small cluster. A message from your catering officer comes through your intercom. 'Captain,' he reports, 'I've just discovered a malfunction in one of our freezers. We have lost a good deal of food. What we have left will last the crew for no more than forty-eight hours!' You agree that you must now find supplies for the ship.

Scanning the cluster ahead you locate two planets of suitable temperatures and gravities to sustain life; one is green in colour, the other blue. Will you investigate the green planet (turn to **136**) or the blue one (turn to **260**)?

61

Set your phasers and fire. Turn to 343 for rules for phaser fire. Each member of your party may fire once at the guard. If your phasers are set to *stun*, add 2 points to each dice roll as the guard is armoured (do not make this deduction if your phasers are set to *kill*). If you hit the guard, turn to 244. If you all miss, turn to 237.

62

You set course and arrive at the black hole, dropping out of warp speed some distance from it. Carefully planning your angle of entry and velocity, you head into the dark void. You feel the ship being taken by the immense gravitational force and order all crew to strap themselves in. Suddenly the ship lurches forwards and begins to speed up. The G-force is so strong that you, along with the rest of the crew, pass out. Turn to 339.

63

The guards collect themselves and train their weapons on you. Keeping you in front, they march you down the corridor and into an elevator. After several minutes' travel you arrive at the Detention Centre where you are thrown into detention rooms. Unknown to you, the Dar-Villians are at a loss to decide exactly how to deal with your problem. They eventually decide the easiest solution to the problem is to get rid of it. A gas seeps into the room through the air vent and you drift into an unconsciousness from which you will not awake . . . .

64

The Contests are organized annually on Malini to provide amusement for the mine-workers. They are an assortment of athletic events testing all aspects of skill and endurance. The aliens you are in with are entered in the Qualk Test. Qualks are semi-intelligent, rapid-flying beasts with long, razor-sharp beaks. On Malini they are considered dangerous pests. Your room-mates will be armed with phasers and will try their luck against a quazzen (thirty to forty) of Qualks. Winning means both freedom and generous rewards of malinite.

You may either wait to see what game you are to be entered in (turn to 239) or plot an escape (turn to 43).

65

You allow the crew two hours' leave at the spaceport to relax. Most of the crew, along with you and your officers, head for the games room and bar.

The bar is a rather unsavoury place, dark and smoky. A number of strange alien types are drinking colourful drinks and they eye you suspiciously as you enter. You sit at a corner table after ordering your drinks. Next to you is a group of identical creatures, all with dark, warty skin and long noses. One of them bumps into you and grunts menacingly. Your officers rise to your defence. One thing leads to another and before you can stop it, tempers flare and a fight breaks out.

Each of the officers and Security Guards on your *Adventure Sheet* takes on one of the aliens and you must fight each combat to the death. For hand-to-hand combat rules, turn to 342 but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards. Each of the aliens is identical:

Bar creatures	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

When all the fights are concluded, you (if you are still alive) give the order to return to the ship immediately. Turn to **242**.

66

Landing the recon plane, the party make their way to the briefing room to report to you. As they relate their findings, you are interrupted suddenly with an urgent message: 'Captain! We have lost three of

our engineering personnel who were involved with docking the recon plane. They are all dead!' What will be your first command?

Put the landing party into quarantine in the Medical Section	Turn to **306**
Seal off the docking bay	Turn to **18**
Jettison the recon plane	Turn to **201**

67

You try your communicator, but can hear only static. Something in the building is jamming your signal. However, as you try the controls, you notice something strange. All the aliens you can see are motionless, like statues. You have discovered what may be a way to escape. You turn off your communicator and the aliens come back to life. Turn to **215**.

68

Conditions are very primitive. Your MO notices that many of the aliens have a fever and tries a drug which appears to bring their fever down. The aliens are grateful for your help. Turn to **210**.

69

You are now faced with a problem. You may continue at warp speed and hope your supply of dilibrium lasts until you reach your destination (turn to **10**) or you may hook in an auxiliary power source, which will drain energy from one of your other functions (turn to **323**). Which will you choose?

70

Your Engineering Officer disappears to his lab and sets to work. An hour later he bleeps you. He has tried different types of screening devices in the filter but cannot make one work. You will have to take advice either from your Science Officer (turn to **35**) or from the alien Commander (turn to **221**).

71

With weapons drawn, you watch the creatures carefully. There is a short exchange of calls and your previous 'shelter' crashes off through the jungle. You now stand facing the new arrival. Turn to **156**.

72

The crowd roars as the robot topples and crashes to the ground. You are led away to meet the senior executive of the mining organization who presents you with the customary prize: freedom and a handsome quantity of malinite. You mention your mission and your desire to find a way back to your own universe. He nods and asks you to follow him to the Astronautical Headquarters. Turn to **280**.

73

Steps lead up to the large building. An inscription on the door indicates that it is a building of some importance. You knock but there is no reply, although you can hear excited chatter coming from within. You try the door, it opens and you step into a large entrance hallway. Several pairs of aliens of a variety of shapes and sizes cross the corridor in front of you, travelling purposefully from room to room and arguing excitedly with each other. A mysterious creature, dressed in shabby blue robes, notices you and shuffles over. Its face cannot be seen but its eyes shine bright blue at you. It speaks and your translator interprets: 'Ah, you look interesting. Where do you think the new medicine house should go?' You explain that you are new to these parts and that you would like to meet some person of authority. The alien laughs: 'No one has authority here, my friend. We are all equal! Come, let me show you round.' He offers to take you:

To the main meeting hall	Turn to 161
On a general tour	Turn to 103

74

The Service Robot leads you to a waiting room. After several minutes you are shown into a plush office with polished metal walls. Behind a desk standing before a large window looking out into space sits a large creature. It has a large head and torso and is shaped like an old-fashioned egg-timer.

The alien introduces himself as D'Ouse-E and asks how he may help you. He is apparently the Controller of this spaceport. You explain your position and ask whether he may be able to help you find your way back to your own universe. He asks you to wait while he contacts his Mapping Section. Sitting bolt upright, in a state of meditation, he appears to be contacting someone by telepathy. You wait patiently.

Suddenly he snaps out of his trance. 'I cannot guarantee that this information will help you,' he says, 'but my mapping officer has done some studies on gateways between universes. It seems likely that two universes will touch in the near future – Stardate 77 to be precise – although there is no way of telling whether this is likely to be your own universe. You will be able to transfer only through a black hole, but he cannot be certain which one.' You thank him for his information and return to the ship. Turn to **242**.

75

The unconscious captor is taken to the Medical Section where your Medical Officer runs tests. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or higher than* your Medical Officer's SKILL score, turn to **90**. If the roll is lower than your MO's SKILL, turn to **213**. If your Medical Officer has been lost or is the affected crew member, her second-in-charge will run the tests; in this case, deduct 2 from the MO's SKILL as recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*.

76

You collect the guards' weapons and return to Commander Domm's headquarters. With weapons poised you enter the room. Your senior officer suggests you return to the ship to look for a solution to your problem, taking Domm with you. Turn to 48.

77

The path continues and you soon arrive at another fork. Will you take the left-hand fork (turn to 312) or the right-hand fork (turn to 192)?

78

Under armed guard you are taken to a waiting room and left with several other competitors. Will you ask them more about the Contests (turn to 64) or ask them about how you may escape (turn to 94)?

79

As you approach, you cut engines. Switching to visual on the screen, you can see the small cluster in the distance.

Suddenly your navigation officer wheels round. 'Captain!' he exclaims, 'meteor storm dead ahead. We are moving straight into it!' What will your command be?

Evasive action	Turn to 254
Activate shields	Turn to 283

80

Your officers try their best with the crew, but morale is low. There are reports of two suicides. The Medical Section becomes overloaded with crew suffering from nervous disorders.

Your navigation officer contacts you excitedly. 'Captain!' he exclaims, 'sensors have picked up a black hole 4·2 light years from here!' You decide on an all-or-nothing course and enter warp drive towards it. Turn to 59.

81

You step into the Transmatter Unit and are beamed down to Dar-Vil. You arrive in the same state. The experiment has not worked. You have yourself beamed up again; you must now either consult the computer (turn to 299) or ask Domm's advice (turn to 221).

82

You set course and arrive at the black hole, dropping out of warp speed some distance from it. Carefully planning your angle of entry and your velocity, you head into the dark void. You feel the ship being taken by the immense gravitational force and order all crew to strap themselves in. Suddenly the ship lurches forwards and begins to speed up. The G-force is so strong that you, along with the rest of the crew, pass out. Turn to 339.

83

Your Science Officer takes a dump of the weather control program back to the ship to try to analyse it on the ship's computer. It has been written in a strange language, but the computer is able to give some insight into its logic patterns. Your SO alters it slightly and runs the modified program. Within a few moments, the rain dies down. Bran-Sel is delighted and offers to use his computer to search for a suitable black hole to transport you back to your own universe. The computer locates several such black holes; unfortunately it cannot distinguish between them, but it is able to tell you that you will have to travel towards it at warp speed 3 to effect the transfer successfully.

You thank Bran-Sel for his help and beam back aboard the ship. Turn to 203.

84

Back in the ship you enter your report in the computer and use long-range scanners to probe for your next destination (if you needed dilibrium crystal, the ore you have found is converted in the Engineering Section). Scanners indicate two likely stars ahead with planetary systems in orbit; one a bright purple star and the other a double star. If you wish to head for the former, turn to 270; to investigate the double star, turn to 40.

85

Luff calls in one of his medics to accompany you up to the ship, but you must leave your two crew members on the planet as security. You and Ledoux, the medic, beam back aboard the *Traveller*.

Over the next hour, Ledoux treats all the crew members who require medical aid. The two of you then return to the planet where the medic treats you and your two companions. You may restore to their initial values the SKILL and STAMINA scores of all crew members listed on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 229.

86

You increase speed towards a dull blue planet and start to orbit it. Short-range scanners indicate that it is a life-bearing planet. The most heavily populated area appears to be a city in the centre of a large island. You may beam down into the centre of this city taking any other three crew members from the

Adventure Sheet with you (turn to 209) or you may leave orbit and continue onwards (turn to 321).

87

You pause for a moment to see whether the plants will now desist. But the vines entwine themselves round you, pinning your arms against your body. In a panic, you try to wrench yourself free but your struggles are of no avail. You are unable even to contact the ship. The plants tighten their hold around your neck; you are gasping for air, but powerless to stop the plants throttling you. You have ended your days as food for the very plants you thought would feed your crew.

88

The doppelganger transmits a message to the ship, instructing all crew to take twenty-four hours' leave on this planet, 'for it is very hospitable, as friendly as Malthus-4'. Your Science Officer picks up your clue. Malthus-4 is a desolate planet inhabited by an extremely warlike race and used by the Earth as a prison planet. Your Science Officer demands that the Captain return to the ship to give the order in person. The Macommonians cannot allow the doppelganger to be examined closely, so it continues to communicate by radio. Much to the horror of the Macommonians, on being questioned it tells your Science Officer what has happened. Under threat of devastation by the ship's phasers, they agree to release you. You beam up to the ship. Turn to 141.

89

You take up orbit position round a small planet circling a large red star. Scanners indicate the planet is probably devoid of life. The surface is hot and volcanic. Will you beam down to explore (turn to 145) or leave (turn to 207)?

90

After extensive analysis, your Medical Officer cannot find any reason why this fit of madness should have occurred. Unable to do any more for the patient, she suggests holding the affected crew member in the brig until you find a cure. Security Guards take him to the detention quarter and lock him in the brig. This crew member will take no further part in this adventure. You return to the bridge. Turn to 336.

91

As you enter, your eyes widen. You are not in the great hall, or perhaps stateroom, you had been expecting, but in a large computer complex. The walls are lined with sophisticated control panels covered in gauges, dials and indicator lights. In the centre of the room, behind a large screen flanked with a number of keyboards, sits a human figure. As you approach, this figure turns round on his chair. Turn to 164.

92

You head out into space, with scanners probing ahead of you. A small fast-moving dot comes within

range. As you approach it, you identify it as another ship. You send out an all-frequency radio message and soon an alien face appears on your screen. The face is brown, scaly and somewhat reptilian and introduces itself as Commander M'k Mal of the Imperial Ganzig Confederation. Have you come across the Imperial Ganzig Confederation before? If so, turn to 335. If not, turn to 5.

93

You drop out of warp speed near a cluster of stars which looks interesting. You decide to investigate. Turn to 79.

94

The aliens sharing your room are a quarrelsome bunch, perhaps miners who, tiring of the mines, are hoping to get rich quick, since the prizes for the games in which they are entered are apparently valuable. The chances of escape, you are told, are slim. The anterooms are heavily guarded and the guards are armed with nerve sticks which inflict tremendous pain on their victims. You may either try your luck at whatever contests are in store (turn to 239) or plot an escape by ambushing the guards as they enter the room (turn to 43).

95

You are led away to the Detention Centre. Two new guards who are escorting you are watching your crew more carefully than they are watching you. As you turn a corner in the corridor, you have a chance to grab one of them. But half of you resists this urge and you must fight hard to overcome this resistance. You seize your chance and grapple with one of the guards, but your strength is weakened by your inner conflict.

	SKILL	STAMINA
Your guard	7	6
You	6	7

While you are fighting, your crew are taking on the other guard.

Guard	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

Turn to 342 for full hand-to-hand combat rules, but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards. First you will fight an attack round with your guard, then your crew members will fight an attack round with their guard, and so on. If your crew kill their guard, they will come to your aid. If you kill your guard, you may aid your crew.

If you and your crew defeat the guards, turn to 76. If things are going badly and you wish to stop the fight, turn to 63.

96

Taking a micro-excavating tool from his belt, your officer begins work on the asteroid. The deposit is substantial and he is able to pack several kilos of ore into his portasack. Carefully avoiding the oncoming asteroids, he leaps out towards the ship. Turn to 190.

97

You continue scanning the surface. It is a high-density planet with a metallic crust. You choose two crew members from the *Adventure Sheet* to accompany you and climb into anti-grav suits in the Transmatter Unit. Moments later you are on the surface of the planet. Turn to 230.

98

These offerings have a somewhat synthetic taste and texture, but are not unpleasant, and you begin to talk to the First Officer about your own world, while he tells you about Jolsen-3. A short time later, you begin to feel drowsy, which is very strange as you are not due a rest for several hours. Your eyelids get heavy and you must fight to remain conscious.

Too late you realize that your food was drugged. As you drift into sleep, you hear I-Abail saying to his assistant: 'Let us take our visitor to the portal lab.' Turn to 127.

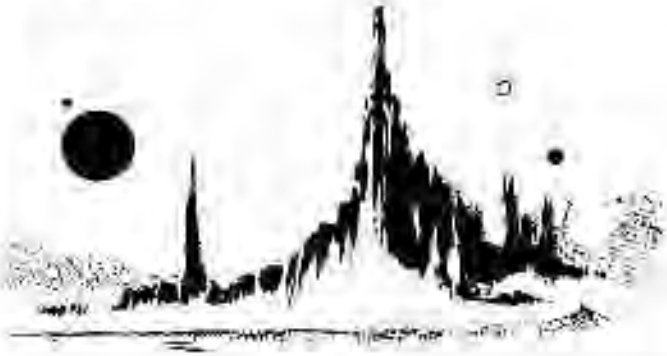

99

You engage the Ganzigite in a conversation and give him a conducted tour of the ship, stalling for time. You show him the cargo hold, shuttle dock, recreation area and science laboratories. In the animal behaviour lab, the alien shrieks as it sees an eagle chained to a perch. You deduce that, on the Ganzigite's world, similar creatures are deadly enemies. Will you:

Ignore the incident and continue the tour via the computer room?	Turn to 26
Release the eagle?	Turn to 245
Make use of the distraction to capture the alien?	Turn to 36

100

The creature seems to consider you for some time, then turns and ambles off into the jungle. You may now either start gathering vegetation for food (turn to 236) or set off looking for animals to hunt (turn to 173).

101

Your Medical Officer is taken round some of the huts to see whether anything can be done. Roll two dice and compare the total with your MO's SKILL score. If the roll *equals or exceeds* her SKILL, turn to 7. If the roll is *lower* than her SKILL, turn to 68.

102

The guards are a little hesitant, but as the struggling has ceased, they slowly release him. You start to talk to him and as you do so he leaps across the room at you before anyone can hold him back! You struggle together. Have two rounds of combat (turn to 342 for combat rules, but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards). Your assailant's frenzied condition gives him extra power – add 3 points to his SKILL. After two rounds of combat, turn to 240.

103

Your guide, who is called Fioral, shows you from room to room, explaining the planet. 'Our gods are freedom and equality,' says the little creature. 'This is an extremely pleasant planet to live on and it

welcomes settlers of all types. Everyone is entirely equal, whether they have lived here all their lives or have just arrived. Everyone may also do anything they like here – we have no need for laws.' He shows you round the records office, planning area and rooms of state.

On the way back to the debating chamber, you pass the guard room. You ask why, if there are no laws, they have the need for guards. Fioral stops and explains, 'Guards do not guard things, we do not need to protect things. It's just that some members of our community get pleasure out of attacking others and, of course, they are free to do as they wish. But in fairness to the rest of the population, they dress up in uniforms and call themselves guards so as to warn others that they must be on guard when a guard passes. Do you understand?'

While you are considering this, however, three of these guards have left their room and have crept up behind you. They leap on your backs and wrestle with you. Fioral backs away.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First guard	8	10
Second guard	7	9
Third guard	7	10

For full rules for hand-to-hand combat turn to 342, but *remember this reference* so that you can return here afterwards.

If you defeat all the guards, turn to 150.

104

You reduce speed some distance from the planet and take up an orbit position. Scanners indicate the greeny-grey planet supports life and there are positive indications of intelligent beings. If you wish to beam down to the planet, turn to **118**. If you will leave orbit and continue your journey, turn to **296**.

105

You hand your phaser to one of the technicians and follow Dilane through the door. In the corridor outside you feel a blow on the back of your head and slump unconscious to the ground.

When you awake, you find that you are strapped into a large metal chair. Probes are attached to your body and in front of you a large scanning device is slowly moving downwards. The scanner is connected to another similar chair and, as you watch, a human outline is taking shape. Slowly the shape forms and you realize what is going on. The Macommonians are making a replica of you!

Dilane enters the room with two other females, apparently of some importance, judging by their tunics. 'Our visitor is awake,' she says. You demand to know what is going on. 'We are not an aggressive race,' she begins, 'but in times of desperation, we must take all steps necessary to save our people. Our planet is being torn apart by the gravitational influences of our two suns. We have less than a year before Macommon will be uninhabitable. We do not have enough ships to move our population to

another world. We must claim your starship. As we would be unable to force you to evacuate the ship, we must persuade your crew to beam down by trickery.' Evidently she intends to broadcast a message back to the ship from the counterfeit captain they are making, ordering the entire crew to beam down, leaving the ship for them to take over.

Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your SKILL, turn to **303**. If the total exceeds your SKILL, turn to **247**.

106

The Service Robot leads you to an office, where you make arrangements to have your ship serviced; you may restore your ship's WEAPONS STRENGTH and SHIELDS scores to their initial levels.

You may now make arrangements for leaving the spaceport. Turn to **242**.

107

The feeling soon passes and your MO recovers after a brief rest. Your party then discusses what to do next. Turn to **304**.

108

You run off the road and follow him into the building. 'Just in time!' he exclaims. 'You don't want the PCs to find you in the street, do you?' You have no idea what he is talking about. You explain you are not from this planet. He is on his guard. You reassure him that you mean no harm, you just want

information which may help you get home, and he calms down. 'You are on the planet Culematter,' he informs you. 'The PCs you have just escaped from are the Population Controllers. On this planet no one dies, but as the population increases, it is necessary to exterminate some of us to make room for others. The PCs have the authority to exterminate anyone they like, within certain quota limits, without reason. They would certainly have killed you had they caught you outside after curfew hours.'

Suddenly the door crashes open and three creatures in armoured uniforms step in. 'I thought I saw them enter this building!' their leader declares. 'Outside!' he orders. Your host protests that you are aliens and did not know about the curfew laws, but the PC leader points a finger and an electric blue ray burns through his chest! You decide it would be prudent to follow the PCs outside. Turn to **140**.

109

You take up orbit position round the large grey planet and scan the surface. There are positive signs of intelligent life and you try an all-frequency radio message. Some time later a message comes through and you transfer it to the screen. A grey-coloured alien with a tiny round mouth and flattened nose appears and introduces himself as K'tait of the Malini Mining Outpost. You introduce yourself and tell him of your mission. You learn that Malini is a mining planet, mining malinite, a valuable mineral ore. He invites you down to the planet and suggests your crew may well be interested in a visit as the 'Contests', sporting events arranged for the entertainment of the miners, are in full swing. He gives you coordinates for beaming down but interference distorts the message and you cannot be certain whether he gave you 223.473.85 or 223.473.83.

You may prefer to ignore this planet and continue on your journey (turn to **320**) or you can try 223.473.85 (turn to 32) or 223.473.83 (turn to 57).

110

Your officer swings round and yells loudly as he sees the approaching rock. He leaps to one side, but is not quick enough. The asteroids collide, trapping him between them and ripping his suit open. Exposed to the vacuum of space, he vaporizes instantly, while you can only watch in horror.

You must decide whether to risk sending another officer out for the dilibrium ore (turn to 327) or to

abandon the operation and continue your voyage (turn to **69**).

111

They run up to you and surround you. You explain that you have been invited down by K'tait, but they have never heard of him and grab you, taking your phasers. They seem to be some kind of security guards. They escort you to a detention room and lock you in. Turn to **187**.

112

Flipping your communicator, you instruct the ship to beam the alien back aboard so that your Medical Officer may have a look at him. If your Medical Officer is with you on the planet, she will have to accompany the alien back to the ship and another crew member can come down to replace her. The alien disappears. You prepare to continue, but a message from the ship comes through. Apparently, the alien did not arrive! You confirm that it definitely left the planet. There is little you can do about it now and you leave the problem with your transmatter crew. Turn to **220**.

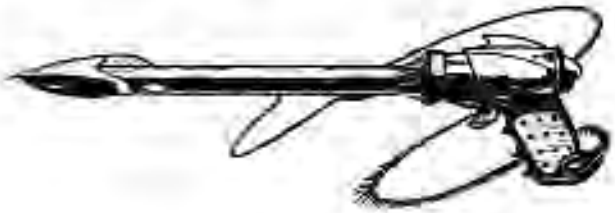

113

You soon arrive at another fork. You may take either the right-hand fork (turn to 166) or the left-hand fork (turn to 192).

114

You set course and arrive at the black hole, dropping out of warp speed some distance from it. Carefully planning your angle of entry and velocity, you head into the dark void. You feel the ship being taken by the immense gravitational force and order all crew to strap themselves in. Suddenly the ship lurches forwards and begins to speed up. The G-force is so strong that you, along with the rest of the crew, pass out. Turn to 339.

115

Through your translator, you talk to them, explaining your mission. They are suspicious and hold you at bay with their weapons, but agree to take you to the village Elder to talk. Turn to 170.

116

She understands that you could not do without your Engineering Officer. 'Perhaps,' she says, 'your crew would like to come down to our planet. They would be perfectly safe inside the protection domes and we have excellent medical and recreational facilities here. We are always anxious to meet travellers.' If you would like the crew to relax for some time on Macommon, turn to 286. Otherwise you may thank Dilane, return to the ship and plot your next voyage (turn to 141).

117

He suggests you concentrate your phasers on a nearby rock. Soon the rock is white hot and he is hoping that this light and heat will be picked up by the ship. Your oxygen is getting dangerously low but all you can do is wait. A few moments later, your Science Officer dematerializes and you breathe a sigh of relief as you also disappear. Your party reappears in the Transmatter Unit. You climb out of your grav-suit and make your way back to the bridge. Turn to 27.

118

Before beaming down, you try to establish radio contact with the planet to see whether you are welcome. After some moments you receive a message and you switch it to the screen. A face appears and asks you to identify yourself. The alien is thin and white skinned, with a long, bone-shaped face. You explain who you are and ask whether you may beam down to meet him. He introduces himself as Luff, of the planet Terryal-6 and gives you permission to beam down.

You go to the Transmatter Unit, selecting two crew members from the *Adventure Sheet* to go down to the planet with you. You beam down to coordinates in the vicinity of the radio transmission and appear moments later on the planet. Looking around you, you find that you are not actually *on* the planet. You are near the edge of a vast floating plane, hovering in the air above the land. This plane is supporting a number of tall buildings. Some distance below, on the ground, you can see groups of what must be factories of some kind, surrounded by agricultural farmland. You are on an island, floating high in the sky!

In front of you is a group of three of the lean Terryals, with a couple of their children. One of the children runs over to you, grabbing your hand and pulling you off in another direction. Will you follow this child (turn to 4) or make your way over to the adults (turn to 21)?

119

As the red light becomes brighter and the humming pitch increases, you begin to feel warm. Suddenly, your Engineering Officer, who has been watching the indicators on the device's control panel, hits a red button. He apologizes, explaining that the screening element seems to have overheated and he cannot risk sending you through the filter. He will return to his lab to work on another screen. Turn to 70.

120

Back aboard the ship you give instructions to prepare to leave orbit and head immediately for the bridge. Turn to 296.

121

You make your request, but the alien merely shoves you forwards. 'This is not possible,' it replies. 'You are to be taken to the extermination chamber.' You may try to overpower it while you are alone (turn to 297) or you may follow it to see what will happen to you next (turn to 215).

122

As you go for your phasers, they fire at you. You must resolve this phaser shootout but, as their weapons were already drawn, they fire first at you:

	SKILL
First Malinian	8
Second Malinian	7
Third Malinian	9

For phaser combat rules, turn to 343 but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards. During the first round of combat, you are some distance from your opponents, so you and the Malinians must add 3 points to your dice rolls. During the second round, you are closer, so you add only 2 points to your dice rolls. During the third round you add 1 point and from then onwards you fight as normal.

If you wish to surrender to them at any time, turn to 37. If you stun or kill the Malinians, turn to 225.

123

Your Engineering Officer protests loudly, but you order him to continue at your present speed. The warning indicator begins to flash as it enters overload. Will you stick to your decision (turn to 278) or slow down and hook up an alternative energy source (turn to 323)?

124

Your Science Officer suggests that you all return to the ship to run a situation analysis through the ship's computer. Roll 2 dice. If the number rolled *equals or exceeds* your Science Officer's SKILL, turn to 251. If the number is *less* than his SKILL, turn to 48.

125

You cautiously continue down the road with phasers set on *stun*. You begin to hear quiet chatter coming from one or two of the buildings and a peculiar face appears at a window. You are unsure whether the creature has intelligence or not and, as you debate whether to approach that building, a noise behind you makes you all swing round.

A tall, spindly creature some three metres high has approached you. It has six spider-like legs and its long neck holds its head well above you. It speaks to you and your translators give its message as 'Hello, friends. You are not at all welcome in the Avenue of the Committee. You must leave immediately. Can I offer you warmth and a drink?' This strange message leaves you puzzled. You announce who you are, where you are from, and insist that you mean

no harm. The alien is not in the least bit interested and has begun to shiver. Will you accept its hospitality (turn to 177) or leave it and head for one of the other buildings (turn to 231)?

126

You switch to warp drive and head towards the red planet. As you reduce from warp speed, you approach a small, grey planet. Will you investigate this (turn to 261) or will you continue towards your original destination (turn to 329)?

127

You awake and try to move. You struggle, but some invisible force holds your limbs. You are in a clean, white room with various machines and computer terminals on hover-tables around the walls. I-Abail stands before you. 'Stranger,' he begins, 'you have a privileged opportunity to aid our technological development. Our technicians have developed a space–time portal which acts as a doorway between our universe and your own. We have chosen you as our first experimental subject!' He points to one corner of the room, where a free-standing frame, something like a door frame, stands. Looking through the frame you can see nothing. Two technicians pull you to your feet and hold you in front of the frame. Another presses a button on a small gadget and, with a faint buzz, your hands and feet are free. You try to break the grip of your captors, but as you do so, they push you forwards through the frame. Turn to 53.

128

The medical team arrives and prepares to administer a sedative. As they approach the prisoner, he lashes out and cracks one of the guards a nasty blow across the forehead. Throw one die. If you throw a 5 or 6, this is one of the Security Guards on your *Adventure Sheet* and you must deduct 3 points from his STAMINA (toss a coin to decide which guard is hit if there is a choice of two). If you throw 1, 2, 3 or 4, you do not have to deduct anything as this was not one of your named Security Guards. After this incident, the medical team manage to administer the drug and the enraged captive slumps to the floor, unconscious. Turn to 75.

129

Your MO comes up with a possible antidote and tries it out on herself, entering the affected area without an EVA suit. Watching her on a monitor screen, you see her enter the docking bay. Moments later, she falls to her knees! Her antidote has not been successful and you have lost your MO. Turn to 284.

130

Back on board you announce your news to the crew. As the navigation officer sets the course, you remember the newspaper and pass it on to the language lab for analysis. You may set your course either for a purple star just within long-range scanner range (turn to 233) or a small cluster of stars some 2·3 light years off to starboard (turn to 292).

131

For miles of phaser fire, turn to 343 – but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards.

	SKILL
First guard	7
Second guard	6
Third guard	7

Your crew may aim at any of the guards and you must decide who they fire at in each round by throwing dice. The distance between you and the guards is considerable, so everyone will add one point to their dice roll, but the guards must add an extra point because you are hiding in the shadows. If you overcome the guards you may enter the keep. Turn to 91.

132

You set transmatter coordinates for navy headquarters as instructed by Commander Domm. Your party dematerializes in the ship and rematerializes again on the planet. You look around your new surroundings to find you are in a military reconnaissance room of some sort. Armed guards stand by the door. In front of you stands Commander Domm. Your crew are also surveying the room, but they seem to be searching for something. You announce your introduction to the Dar-Villians and everyone in the room stares at you in disbelief! Your own crew are looking at you with astonished expressions on their faces! You feel a little strange but cannot understand their reaction – until you look down at yourself. Your body is that of a Dar-Villian! You are tall and thick-set, and in full military dress. Do you have your Science Officer with you? If so, turn to **289**. If not, turn to **189**.

133

Resuming orbital position, you scan the planet again. Although readings are still puzzling, you cannot find positive signs of life. If your ship is still short of dilibrium crystal you must beam down to the surface to search for deposits (turn to **285**). Otherwise you may beam down to have a look round anyway (turn to **264**) or leave orbit and head onwards (turn to **198**).

134

K'tait apologizes profusely for the confusion. He offers to provide 'the finest view in the house' if you wish to watch the Contests (turn to 310), or you may beam back to the ship (turn to 320).

135

Both ships open fire – this will be a battle to the death. Turn to 341 for the rules for ship combat. But *remember this reference*. Once you have read through the rules return here and fight the battle.

Alien ship WEAPONS STRENGTH 9 SHIELDS 12

If you defeat the starcruiser, turn to 16.

136

You take up orbit position round the green planet. Scanning the surface you find an abundance of vegetation and animal life, but there are no signs of intelligent inhabitants. Do you wish to beam down? If so, turn to 28. Otherwise you may leave orbit and head for the blue planet (turn to 260).

137

You slow down as you approach a large wheel-shaped structure, rotating slowly in space. Making radio contact, you learn it is the spaceport Laur-Jamil. Your ship is welcome to dock and there are facilities for repairing ships, but payment must be made in a currency you have never heard of. Have you picked up anything during your travels which you may be able to use to pay? If so, turn to 50. If

not, you may attempt to bargain with them (turn to 294) or you may decide not to bother and continue your journey (turn to 324).

138

You set your course and arrive at the black hole, dropping out of warp speed some distance from it. Carefully planning your angle of entry and your velocity, you head into the dark void. You feel the ship being taken by the immense gravitational force and order all crew to strap themselves in. Suddenly the ship lurches forward and begins to speed up. The G-force is so strong that you, along with the rest of the crew, pass out. Turn to 340.

139

Your Engineering Officer sets to work. It will take his department some time to rig up a genetic filter. Two hours later he bleeps you to tell you the device is ready for testing. You make your way to his lab to try it out. Inside the lab stands an M-shaped machine positioned over three mattresses. You lie down on the middle mattress and the filter is turned on. Above you, a red light glows and a dull humming noise increases in pitch. Roll two dice. If the number is *equal to or higher than* your LUCK score, turn to 181. If the number is *lower* than your LUCK score, turn to 119.

140

You explain that you are from another planet and therefore know nothing of their curfew laws. 'It is illegal to be outside after curfew,' says their leader. 'The penalty is extermination. Enter this vehicle.' Will you enter as they wish (turn to 317), draw your phasers and fire (turn to 206) or pretend to comply with their wishes and take them by surprise (turn to 8)?

141

You prepare to leave orbit. You may head onwards either towards a purple star (turn to 44) or into deep space towards the source of a weak radio signal you are receiving coming from a planet several light years away (turn to 34)?

142

You increase speed towards your destination. Suddenly a red light appears on your control panel. You hit your communicator switch and contact the Engineering Section. 'We'll have to cut speed, Captain,' cries your Engineering Officer. 'The reactor must have been damaged more than I thought. I can't hold her!' You ask what exactly the problem is and learn that your supplies of dilibrium crystal are almost exhausted.

Dilibrium crystal is a naturally occurring mineral common throughout your own galaxy. The raw material can be mined and the ship is equipped with a processing plant to convert it to nuclear fuel. You

must begin searching for the mineral straight away, for without dilibrium your ship will be unable to travel. You may either continue as you are, travelling towards the barren system (turn to 69) or you may investigate a small asteroid cluster you are just passing (turn to 226).

143

The Ganzigites warn you that refusal to comply with their orders will force them to open fire. You may either decide against a battle and let M'k Mal take you to his starbase (turn to 15), or order your crew to battle stations and attack:

Alien ship WEAPONS STRENGTH 8 SHIELDS 12

For ship-to-ship combat rules, turn to 341 but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards. If you defeat the Ganzigites, turn to 185.

144

He is somewhat offended but nevertheless continues the conversation. He offers to take you on a tour of his capital and you agree. To start with he takes you to the Tech Centre, explaining that you may be interested in seeing some of their recent areas of development in technology. Leaving his office, you stand on a moving conveyor belt which takes you on a long trip through tubes and tunnels. Finally you step off outside a door to the portal lab. Inside, this lab is a clean, white room with various machines and computer terminals on hover-tables around the walls.

'In this lab,' explains I-Abail, 'our technicians have developed a space–time portal which opens a doorway between our universe and your own. However, it has yet to be tested. We can offer you the opportunity of being the first subject, and you may find that this is a way of returning to your own universe.' He points towards a structure in one corner of the room which resembles a large door frame. Will you accept his offer and pass through the portal (turn to **158**) or is this a risk you would prefer not to take (turn to **178**)?

145

You may choose two crew members from the *Adventure Sheet* to accompany you down to the planet's surface and head for the Transmatter Unit. You leave the ship and reappear on the surface of the planet. The heat is tremendous and the cooling systems within your EVA suits must work at maximum. The surface of the planet is volcanic and small eruptions in the ground around you spray out molten lava. Will you:

Scan for signs of life?	Turn to **272**
Look more closely at an erupting volcano near by?	Turn to **159**
Return to the ship?	Turn to **31**

146

With proper treatment in the Medical Section, your MO recovers swiftly. You decide not to risk the health of the crew on this planet and discuss your future course with the navigation crew. Turn to **203**.

147

When its helmet is knocked off, the alien stops dead in its tracks as if frozen in time. However, the scuffle has attracted the attention of more guards and they are now on top of you. You cannot take them all on. Turn to 309.

148

You follow him through several buildings into an observatory. He has words with another child, who is operating a large telescope. The second child then questions you about your arrival. Sitting down at a desk, he talks into a computer terminal and some moments later, information is displayed on the screen. Turning to you, he reports that he cannot be sure of the location of the black hole you seek, but he believes that your two universes will coincide at Stardate 21. You thank him for his help and return with Luff to the meeting room. Turn to 229.

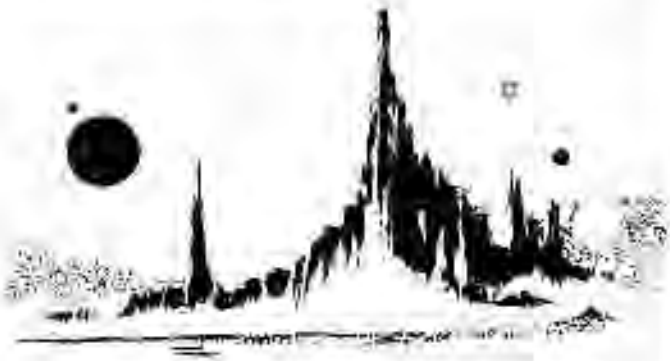

149

You struggle for command of your own voice. You concentrate hard and, to your relief, you are able to express your wishes. The most senior officer in the landing party speaks to the Dar-Villian Commander and he agrees to accompany you back to the ship. Turn to 48.

150

Fioral steps back out of the shadows and approaches you. He seems not to be in the least bit surprised by the scuffle. You ask why the guards attacked. 'Oh, for no reason,' he says. 'They are free to do anything they like.' You may now ask to be shown either the debating chamber (turn to 161) or the travel and maps room (turn to 194), or you can leave the building and beam back to the ship (turn to 290).

151

You look round and see a barren planet. The surface is flat and black. You explore your surroundings for a short time but, finding nothing, you decide to beam back to the ship. However, your communicator will not function properly. The abundance of magnetic rocks is jamming your signal. You have only enough oxygen left for another twenty minutes on the surface. Throw two dice. If the number rolled *exceeds* your SKILL score, turn to 14. If the number is *equal to or lower than* your SKILL score, turn to 313.

152

You search the nearby area for signs of other Scavengers. In one building you hear sounds and go in to investigate. Tied up in one corner of the building is a female Macommonian, struggling to free herself. You cut her loose. She is overwhelmed with gratitude as, in a few minutes, she was due to be tortured for the amusement of the Scavengers. She is from the domed city and her inquisitiveness led her into the ruins where she was captured by the Scavengers. For saving her life she will serve you and, if you wish, you may recruit her into your security staff. She is a skilled fighter (SKILL 9, STAMINA 12), specializing in hand-to-hand techniques. When rolling two dice to determine her *Attack Strength* in hand-to-hand combat, you will have the option of rolling the two dice again if you would like to try to increase the Macommonian's *Attack Strength* (you must, however, accept the second throw even if it is lower than the first).

You may now beam back up to the ship, taking the Macommonian with you if you wish. Turn to 141 and prepare for your next voyage.

153

He suggests you seal off the docking bay, as it seems apparent that a poison of some kind has been brought back to the ship in the recon plane. No doubt the landing party are not affected as they were wearing EVA (Extra Vehicular Activity) suits. You agree and give the command. You also have the areas of the engineering lab which have been affected sealed off. Turn to 18.

154

The warning indicator light begins to flash as the power drain becomes critical. Your long-range scanners indicate that the planet is 10-38 minutes' journey away. There is a chance that you will make it before you lose warp power. Turn to 174.

155

As you suspected, their knowledge of astronomy is virtually non-existent. You wind up your talk and signal the ship to beam you back on board. They are bewildered as you dematerialize in front of them. On board ship you plan your next course. Turn to 203.

156

Will you set your weapons to *stun* (turn to 328) or *kill* (turn to 3), or will you wait to see if the beast leaves you alone (turn to 100)?

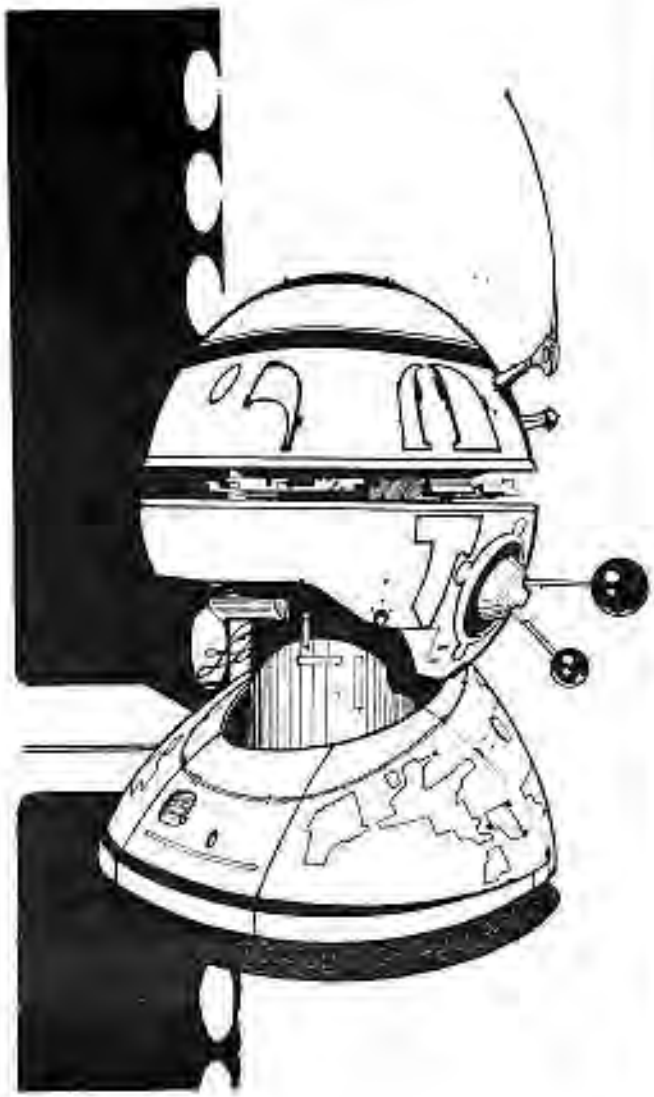

157

Inside the spaceport you follow the corridor until you are approached by a hovering device of some kind. It announces itself as a Service Robot and asks if it may be of assistance. You may ask it:

To take you to someone of authority	Turn to 74
Whether there are recreation facilities here	Turn to 308
How you might go about giving the ship a service overhaul	Turn to 106

158

A technician types commands into a keyboard and, with a buzzing sound, the portal charges up. Looking into it, you can see nothing but blackness. If you wish to change your decision, turn to 178. Otherwise you step forward through the portal. Turn to 53.

159

Your party approaches the rim of a large crater. Looking cautiously over the edge, you peer down into a pool of molten rock. The heat is unbearable. Suddenly the ground behind you ruptures and the rock under your feet crumbles, causing you all to lose your balance.

Roll two dice for each of you in turn and compare the total rolled with your SKILL scores. If any of you roll a number *higher* than your own SKILL scores, the disturbance causes that crew member to fall for-

wards over the rim to his death in the hellpit below. If you die in this way, this adventure is over. If you do not die, you decide to beam back to the ship with any of the crew who have survived. Turn to 31.

160

You head for the centre of the complex, dodging round the corridors so as to avoid the creatures. You try your communicator several times to reach the ship, but something is jamming the signal. You pass one room in which the walls are covered with electronic equipment. Perhaps this is the transmission room, transmitting the signal which is blocking your own signal to the ship. Two aliens sit inside, but your attempts to contact the ship on your communicator have turned them into statues! Entering the room, you play with the controls until eventually, a signal comes back through your communicator from the ship. You give the order to beam up straight away. It will take several seconds to fix on your exact coordinates and while you wait you remove one of the aliens' helmets. Inside the helmet and the creature's head is a mass of electronic circuitry. You had been captured by androids! You keep the helmet for investigation on the ship and moments later the transmatter beam locks on to take you up. Turn to 269.

161

You enter the main meeting hall and sit down in a crowded debating chamber, packed with aliens of all shapes and sizes. You ask your host, who is

called Fioral, what is going on and he informs you that the debate is to decide where to put a new medicine house – and that it has been going on for the equivalent of a year! As there is no central stage, you ask who is talking. 'Everyone!' says Fioral. 'We believe in equality and everyone has a right to speak.' Apparently debating here is unlike the method used on the Earth. Here everyone collects together and talks in little groups. As debaters move from one group to another, gradually new ideas spread throughout the whole of the chamber, until everyone is thinking along the same lines. At this point, decisions get implemented. You ask whether this takes a long time, and Fioral agrees that it does, but it is the fairest way and prevents a convincing speaker swaying the audience or establishing himself as a leader.

As the debate seems to be getting nowhere, you decide to leave, and Fioral offers to take you to the travel and maps room (turn to 194). Otherwise you can return to the ship (turn to 290).

162

At the Commander's instruction, you beam down to the planet's surface. Using communicators, you, your ship and the Dar-Villians focus your transmatters and synchronize timings. Logging into computers, you set the time for simultaneous beamings. At the set time, both transmatter beams focus on you and your body dematerializes. Moments later you appear in the ship's Transmatter Unit – in your own body. The experiment has been a success!

You contact the Commander, who reports that his own officer has likewise reappeared in his Transmatter Unit. You congratulate each other; then you decide to leave orbit and press on. Turn to 316.

163

You resume your seat on the bridge and plot your course onwards. You have a choice between heading for a purple star with orbiting planets likely to support life (turn to 44) or making your way towards a small cluster of stars, 2·3 light years off on a starboard course (turn to 79).

164

'Aha – our intruders!' chuckles the small man sitting at the controls. 'Perhaps they may be able to help with our little problem.'

The man calls himself Bran-Sel. You introduce yourselves and tell him your story. 'I may be able to help,' says Bran-Sel, 'if you are able to help me first.' He goes on to explain that, many years ago, he was an interstellar trader, carrying a cargo of sophisticated planet control computers to Gleena-3 in another sector of the galaxy. His warp drive failed and he was forced into orbit round this planet. He was able to contact Gleena-3 to explain the delay, but they would take no excuses and cancelled the order. Thus he was left with his cargo and no buyer. Facing financial ruin if he returned home, he decided to settle on the planet. Through his advanced knowledge, he was quickly hailed as a sort of god by the inhabitants, who built him a castle in which he could set up his planet control equipment. Since then he has indeed acted as a god and, by his own account, a benevolent one at that. However, some time ago he discovered a malfunction in the weather planning system which meant that he no longer had control over the weather. As the climate was normally very damp, the years of fine weather he had provided for the benefit of the inhabitants' crops had resulted in huge reserves of rain being stored in the planet's clouds. As soon as control was lost, a torrential downpour started.

'If you have a knowledge of planet control systems, and can help me get back control of the weather, I am sure the computer's knowledge of astronomy will be able to help you get back to your own universe,' promises the little man. You decide to call

in your Science Officer (if you do not have him with you, you may beam him down from the ship) – turn to 227. If he is dead, you cannot help; you must beam up and leave orbit (turn to 203).

165

Passing through the airlock, your officer hands his portasack to the Engineering Officer who takes the dilibrium ore off to the Engineering Section. One hour later he announces he has enough dilibrium to get the ship under way once more and you may continue on your course. Turn to 248.

166

You arrive at a four-way junction where two paths converge and two further paths branch off to left and right. Will you continue to the left (turn to 293) or to the right (turn to 338)?

167

As the bridge staff collect themselves together, you ask your navigation officer for a report. He replies that you have evaded the meteor storm and are now back on course for the star cluster. Turn to 60.

168

You leave the bridge and await the arrival of the Ganzigite in the Transmatter Unit. Within minutes, a body begins to materialize. The brown, scaly body of a reptilian being takes shape in front of you. You move forward to welcome the new arrival, but the creature snarls at you and draws a weapon.

Through your translator, the Ganzigite commands you to lead him straight to the computer room. Your ship is following the alien starcruiser through space.

You are a little suspicious of this intruder. Will you:

Take him to the computer room as he wishes?	Turn to 26
Attempt to sidetrack him by taking him to a lower deck?	Turn to 99
Leap on him and try to overpower him?	Turn to 36

169

'You will not be allowed to take your weapon into the Department of Astronomy,' she says. Will you hand over your weapon and follow her (turn to 105) or forget about this visit and ask to see the city (turn to 218)?

170

As you enter the village area, other aliens shuffle towards you inquisitively. You are marched to a large hut in the centre of the clearing to meet the village Elder. You enter this hut and see a large, somewhat wrinkled alien squatting in a far corner. After you have exchanged introductions you begin to question him. Will you ask him about the planet and its inhabitants (turn to 291) or do you believe this primitive race can be of little help in your mission but ask anyway about their knowledge of astronomy (turn to 155)?

171

You try an all-frequency broadcast several times, but receive no messages in reply. Selecting one Officer and a Security Guard from the *Adventure Sheet*, you enter the Transmatter Unit and beam down to the surface.

You materialize in a deserted street. Tall buildings on one side tower over you, while on the other side of the street the buildings are small; perhaps these are private dwellings. The architecture is alien, but no life of any kind can be seen. In the distance, ahead of you down the road, you can hear a whirring sound; soon you can see a strange vehicle, which seems to be heading towards you. It is a hover-car of some kind and is moving slowly.

As you decide what to do, your translator picks up a sound: 'Over here! Quick!' You look around and see a man-sized, somewhat insect-shaped creature beckoning you into one of the small buildings. Will you follow him in (turn to **108**) or ignore him and wait for the vehicle to approach (turn to **263**)?

172

Your Science Officer reports to you with a suggestion. Throw two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your SO's SKILL, turn to **153**. If your roll *exceeds* the SO's SKILL, turn to **255**.

173

Using a portable scanner to locate more animal life, you track down another of the hog-like creatures.

Eventually you come across a clearing where three of these beasts are drinking water. If you are able to use your phaser, turn to **200**. If not, you may tackle them with your bare hands (turn to **22**).

173

Two minutes later, the ship begins to slow down. You contact engineering – your Engineering Officer is distraught. Your dilibrium reserves have been exhausted, and operating on normal power without dilibrium has caused a chain reaction within the ship's energy source. All power, with the exception of battery power, has been lost and there is no way of restoring it. You cannot move and, when battery reserves run out, you will have no energy left even for heat and light. Your ship is a hull, drifting hopelessly in space, and you will never see Earth again . . .

175

Your mind is willing your voice to state your wish to return to the *Traveller*, but your voice is speaking Dar-Villian and is asking Commander Domm to take your crew prisoner and take you to their Intelligence Unit! Turn to **251**.

176

They can find no signs of the pilot. Perhaps he has died or was killed in the crash. An automatic signal, probably a type of Mayday call, is being transmitted by the ship's radio. There being nothing else to see on the planet, your crew return to the recon plane and fly back to the ship. Turn to **66**.

177

The strange creature turns and beckons you to follow. Bobbing up and down on its thin legs it leads you across the road towards a building seemingly made of some kind of clay. Several metres from its door, another alien, this time a small furry one with at least twelve legs, darts from the building next

door and stops the tall creature for a brief chat. The two aliens appear to be laughing heartily at some joke – but then the small one springs at the other's legs and bites one off! Your escort slumps to the ground in pain. You are horrified; you may use your phaser to stun the attacker (turn to 307) or you may rush to the aid of the fallen creature (turn to 19).

178

I-Abail is again disappointed and tries to persuade you that the risks are minimal. But you are adamant in your decision. 'If that is your choice, so be it!' says the First Officer and, with a nod, he signals the three technicians in the room to advance. It seems he has commanded them to capture you and you will have to fight each of them in turn. For hand-to-hand combat rules, turn to 342 – but *remember this reference* so that you can return here.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First technician	7	7
Second technician	5	6
Third technician	6	6

If you defeat the technicians, turn to 205. If, however, they inflict 6 STAMINA points' worth of damage on you, turn immediately to 271.

179

They appear to ready their weapons. Suddenly, the tips of the sticks shoot towards you. Roll two dice for each of your crew members to determine who the aliens are aiming at. The highest dice roll is in

the firing line of the first missile and the next highest roll receives the second. Roll two dice for each crew member thus endangered. If the roll exceeds that crew member's SKILL, the missile wounds him seriously. If you have your Medical Officer with you, you will be able to heal anyone seriously wounded. If not, then any wounded crew member will die. After this attack, you decide to hold up your hands and allow them to approach. Turn to 115.

180

As you approach the small star your scanners pick up two planets in orbit. One is a large red planet, which you may approach by turning to 258. The other planet is dull blue and you may approach it by turning to 86.

181

As the pitch increases, you begin to feel uncomfortably warm. The light above you begins to flash and you disappear from your mattress! Consciousness fades and never returns. Genetic filters are only in an elementary stage of development and your Engineering Officer's efforts were not successful. Your body – and that of your Dar-Villian host – have been converted into energy, never to return to the material world . . .

182

As you descend into the ravine, you use your portable scanner to probe the land. Looking downwards you can see what appears to be a stream running along the valley and you climb down to investigate. Your scanner indicates that it is water, but gives a strange reading.

One of your crew members (you choose which one) is a little dry from the dusty air and bends down, taking a drink of the water. You order him to stay away but he has already taken a sip and tells you not to worry, as the stream really is water. On the bank of the river is a natural-looking deposit of a yellow-coloured powder, which your scanner cannot analyse. You may, if you wish, take some of this back to the ship for further analysis. Other than this, the planet seems to be totally barren. If you wish to continue exploring turn to 23. Otherwise you may beam back up to the ship by turning to 84.

183

The Manslayer Robot has a toughened plasti-metal armour which is resistant to most attacks, although it is vulnerable at certain locations. Each time any of

your party attempt to damage the robot, you must roll one die. If you roll a 5 or a 6, you have found a weak spot and may deduct *one* STAMINA point from it. If you roll a 1, 2, 3 or 4, you have hit it on its armour and you cause no damage (i.e. do not deduct STAMINA points).

Manslayer Robot SKILL 10 STAMINA 4

If you defeat the Manslayer, turn to 72.

184

The three of you slip back into the undergrowth and wait for whatever it is to appear. The crashing gets louder and louder until a huge beast comes into view. Camouflaged by its green scales, which blend in with the plants of the jungle, this creature resembles a large pig, but with a long, thin snout like that of an anteater. It pauses as if it senses something in the air and comes slowly towards you. Suddenly you feel the foliage moving around you. To your horror, you realize you are hiding right beside another of the beasts, its camouflage so good that you were unable to distinguish it from the surrounding plants! As it moves forwards, a cry comes from one of your landing party and you whirl round to see a great leg, looking more like a tree stump, descending to crush him to death. (Toss a coin to discover which of your two companions has been crushed.) A second leg comes down. Throw one die. If the number is a 1 or 2, your other companion has been crushed. If you roll a 5 or 6, you have been crushed. A 3 or 4 means you are both safe.

Survivors may now draw their phasers and leap out of the way (turn to 71) but if you are dead, this adventure is over.

185

You now have two choices: a large grey planet is some 2·7 light years away (turn to 253 to approach this planet); or you may approach a small planet a short distance ahead at sub-light speed (turn to 89).

186

One of your analysts prepares a paste of the powder and approaches the captive. Although he struggles frantically, the analyst manages to force some of the paste into his mouth. As you wait for something to happen, a remarkable change takes place. The man's face turns from red to blue and his struglings cease. Eventually he slumps to the floor, unconscious. Medical staff are called in to take him to the Medical Section. When they arrive they check his condition. Turning to you, they announce that it would be a waste of time taking him for treatment – the man is dead. Your powder has poisoned him. Overcome at your blunder, you return to the bridge. Turn to 336.

187

The walls of the room you are in are bare and there appears to be no door in the doorway. But the boot which you toss at the doorway bounces back, confirming your suspicion that you are imprisoned within the room by an invisible energy sheet. Some

time later, guards return with a supervisor who asks whether you are going in for the Contests. Will you tell him that you are (turn to 78) or try to make him listen to your story (turn to 326)?

188

The alien injures the eagle, but wails pitifully and begs you to call off the bird, which you do. Apparently eagles are sacred to the Ganzig culture, and injuring them is a mortal sin. You command guards to take the alien to the brig.

Calling up the Ganzigite starcruiser Captain, you relate the incident, threatening the life of your captive if your ship is not freed. The alien Captain agrees to your terms, realizing that he cannot harm a ship carrying sacred animals.

You take your captive to the Transmatter Unit and send him back to his ship. You are now free to leave. Turn to 16.

189

You wish to return to your ship so that your Science Officer can run an analysis of the situation. However, you are aware of a powerful rebel force within you which you cannot control. Throw two dice and compare the score with your SKILL score. If you roll *higher* than your SKILL, turn to 175. If you roll *equal to or lower than* your SKILL, turn to 149.

190

A small asteroid suddenly appears in view in your monitor, travelling at a fair speed. You punch the communicator button to warn your officer, who has not yet seen the object. But to your horror, you are too late! The asteroid crashes into the back of your officer, crushing his jet pack and ripping open the surface of his suit! Helplessly you watch as he vaporizes on the screen.

You have lost a valuable officer. You must now decide whether to risk sending another officer after the crystal ore (turn to 327) or to abandon the operation and continue towards the planet (turn to 69).

191

Three technical staff appear through one of the doors and you all beam back to the ship. You allow Luff and his staff access to your computer and take them on a tour of your Engineering Section. After a couple of hours they have all the information they need and you beam them back down to the planet. Turn to 120.

192

You soon arrive at another fork. You may take either the left-hand fork (turn to 113) or the right-hand fork (turn to 293).

193

You dock at the spaceport and head through the airlock to the command centre. You may take up to three crew members from the *Adventure Sheet* with you. As you walk around the complex you pass creatures of various alien races. Curiously you notice that they all appear to walk with difficulty and shrink away from you as you approach, spluttering and stumbling as if in some sort of daze. At the command centre you meet the port Commandant. He is disheartened by your presence and explains that a resilient strain of micro-organism has infected the spaceport and the infection is widespread. He can send his engineers to attend to your ship but you will have to provide them with EVA (Extra Vehicular Activity) suits and destroy these suits afterwards. You agree. Restore your ship's WEAPONS STRENGTH and SHIELDS scores to their initial levels and leave the spaceport as quickly as possible. Turn to 257.

194

The travel and maps room is in a state of chaos. Books and charts lie all over the floor and the various tables in the room. A small, withered alien with a large head, blue skin and long fingers is asleep in one corner but wakes as you enter. You ask

first for maps of the planet but can learn little from them. While you wonder whether any of the star charts will be of use, the little man finds a large map and allows you to study it. Apparently you are in a solar system around the sun Magnus. Apart from this one, there is only one other life-bearing planet in this system, called Trax, orbiting Magnus a little further out. Trax was recently devastated by war and many of its inhabitants left to settle on this planet. The other two nearest planets, although light years away, are Culematter, orbiting a purple sun, and Macommon, orbiting a double star. No black holes are to be found on the chart.

You thank the creature for his help and leave the building, bidding goodbye to Fioral as you leave. Outside you beam back to the ship. Turn to 290.

195

You follow the hover-robot along a passageway of corridors. Eventually it indicates a room that you should enter. You go into the room and wait, but nothing seems to be happening and no one investigates you. Turn to 187.

196

You pick your way through the rubble, with Dilane following you nervously. Suddenly a laser blast scorches the wall in front of you. On your left stands a wild-eyed Macommonian – this one a male – with a weapon in his hand. He prepares to fire again. You must fight. Turn to 343 for rules on phaser combat, but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards.

Scavenger SKILL 8

If you wish to avoid this fight, you may contact the ship and beam back aboard out of harm's way (turn to 141) although you will be condemning Dilane to certain death. If you win the fight, turn to 152.

197

You call all your section heads to the briefing room and explain to them the necessity of keeping up the crew's morale. You do not yet have enough information to guide the ship to your escape route and you must keep searching, but you are confident that you will eventually discover the whereabouts of a suitable black hole. Turn to 80.

198

Leaving orbit you do a long-range scan. Two stars ahead have planets which may sustain life orbiting them. One star is purple in colour – if you wish to head for this one turn to 44. The other is a double star which you may head towards by turning to 333.

199

Following their directions, you head towards the hills to visit the Rain Lord's castle. After some fifteen minutes' walk you see a large building in the distance and it takes you another fifteen minutes to reach it. Evidently a walk which takes you half an hour would take the aliens much longer at their sluggish pace. You reach the gate and can see an armed guard barring the way. Will you draw your phasers and shoot at the guard (turn to 61) or continue up to the gate to talk to the guard (turn to 237)?

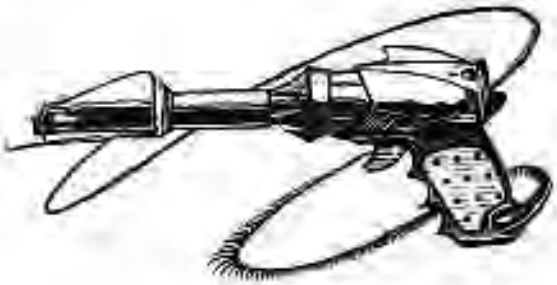

200

You set your phaser to *kill* and fire at the first creature. Your blast causes it to bellow loudly before it drops to the ground, dead. But its cry has alerted the other two and they charge towards you. Your second shot stops one in its tracks. If you have no other crew members with you here, turn to 243. If you still have at least one other companion, turn to 279.

201

Your crew send the plane off into space. It enters the planet's atmosphere and hurtles down to crash on to the surface. You wait, and some moments later a report comes through. It seems that, whatever it is, this killer has spread into the Engineering Section, as two men have dropped dead. One of these may be your Engineering Officer, as he was at work there. Throw two dice. If you roll a double 1 or double 6, your Engineering Officer has died. Turn to 172.

202

After several hours of sub-light travel, you reach the Ganzigite starbase. It is a huge, doughnut-shaped structure, rotating slowly in space. You are instructed to hold the *Traveller* in orbit and beam down to meet the Imperial High Commander.

Your encounter with the Commander is enlightening. He realizes you are indeed lost in space and in the interests of his own security he wishes you to find your way back to your own universe. This you will only be able to do by returning through a space warp created by a black hole. The timing and location will be critical. He cannot provide any more useful information but is sure that other planets may be able to help you, suggesting that you explore this galaxy for the correct time and location coordinates.

For your part, you feed him with information about your own galaxy. He is disturbed by your ship's

offensive weapons but agrees to release you if he may insert a subroutine into your target tracking program such that you will never be able to fire on Imperial Ganzig Confederation ships during the rest of your voyage. You agree, and from now on, you will not be able to fire phasers at these ships (make a note of this).

You beam back to your ship and plan your search for the time and location coordinates. Turn to **16**.

203

You leave orbit and probe with your scanners for likely destinations. Some 3·3 light years away is a large red planet which you can head towards. Turn to **126**.

204

Watching and listening on your monitor, you suddenly hear your officer shouting in an excited voice. It seems he has found dilibrium deposits in another asteroid, away from the central cluster! He jets across to investigate and commences mining with his micro-excavator. Throw one die. If you roll a 4, 5 or 6, he finds enough raw material to continue the journey, and may return to the ship with it (turn to **165**). If you roll a 1, 2 or 3, there is insufficient ore on that asteroid and he will still have to continue to the central cluster (turn to **47**).

205

You stand alone with I-Abail. Quickly, you pull out your phaser and train it on him. 'Stranger,' he says, 'you may put down your weapon. I am unarmed and will do you no harm.' Still, you do not trust him and, flicking your communicator open, you call the ship and give instructions for you to be beamed back aboard. Turn to **41**.

206

Roll one die. If you roll anything from 1 to 5, one of your companions (you choose) fires at the leader. If you roll a 6, you fire.

The blast hits the leader – and has no effect whatsoever! Perhaps their armour is blast-resistant or perhaps they are just invulnerable to phaser fire. Turning towards whoever fired the shot, the leader points his finger and an electric blue ray shoots from the tip right through his aggressor. If this was you, you are now dead and your adventure is over. If this was one of your companions, he is dead. After this incident you feel you have no choice but to climb into their vehicle. Turn to 317.

207

Your nearest destination is a large grey planet some 2·3 light years ahead. You set course and enter warp speed, dropping out again a short distance from this planet. Turn to 253.

208

Your officer tells your crew to defend themselves. The guards point their weapons and fire as your crew duck and dodge. They take on one guard each. Choose which crew member will attack which guard and join battle. For hand-to-hand combat rules, turn to 342 – but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First guard	6	7
Second guard	7	6

You, meanwhile, are torn in your allegiance. Part of you wishes to help your crew, and part of you wants to aid the guards. After each set of attack rounds for the two skirmishes going on, roll one die. If you roll a 1, you will attack one of your own crew members (you choose) for 1 point of STAMINA damage. If you roll a 6, you will attack one of the guards for 1 point of STAMINA damage. If you roll anything from 2 to 5, you are too confused to attack either.

If your crew defeat both guards, turn to 48. If either of your crew members is reduced to a STAMINA score of 3 or less, your most senior officer orders the fight to stop – turn to 234.

209

You materialize on the planet surface and look around. You are in a wide street of some kind, which is completely deserted. Buildings, of sorts, line the street and behind you a large building stands at the end of the road. The buildings are strange structures. They are a multitude of shapes and sizes and all look incomplete. You may either:

Continue down the road looking for signs of life	Turn to **125**
Approach the large building behind you	Turn to **73**
Try one of the smaller buildings	Turn to **231**

210

Your MO returns and complains of feeling unwell. Roll two dice and compare the total with your LUCK score. If the total is *equal to or higher than* your LUCK, turn to **107**. If it is *lower* than your LUCK, turn to **219**.

211

You set course and arrive at the black hole, dropping out of warp speed some distance from it. Carefully planning your angle of entry and velocity, you head into the dark void. You feel the ship being taken by the immense gravitational force and order all crew to strap themselves in. Suddenly the ship lurches forwards and begins to speed up. The G-force is so strong that you, along with the rest of the crew, pass out. Turn to **339**.

212

You enter the bar. It is a dingy, smoky room and a variety of aliens of all shapes and sizes are sitting drinking colourful drinks. They all look at you inquisitively as you enter – you must look extremely unusual to them – and one of them grunts at you. You decide not to waste time here. You may find another Service Robot and ask to see someone in authority (turn to 74) or make arrangements to have your ship serviced (turn to 106).

213

After running several tests, your MO discovers a strange micro-organism in the patient's bloodstream. Trying various antibiotics, she finally comes up with an effective one and administers what she hopes will be the cure. Some time later, the patient wakes up with a terrible headache, but cured of his madness. You must now continue on your journey. Turn to 336.

214

The path twists and you arrive at another fork. Do you wish to take the left-hand fork (turn to 318) or the right-hand fork (turn to 305)?

215

Following the guard, you turn down another corridor which leads to a large, open room. Various armoured guards seem to be directing civilians through a large open doorway at one end of the room from which a dull red glow is coming. You are

directed to the end of the line. Do you have your Science Officer with you? If so, turn to 33. If you have already tried to contact the ship, turn to 238. Otherwise, turn to 309.

216

You call all your section heads to the briefing room and announce that you believe you have the space and time coordinates for a likely black hole. If your velocity and timing are right, you ought to be able to pass through this black hole, which may be the Seltsian Void, and emerge in Earth's universe. You return to the bridge and prepare for the journey, setting off towards your black hole. Subtract its time coordinates from its location coordinates and turn to the number that this gives.

217

Dodging several small asteroids, your officer arrives at his destination. Drawing a micro-excavator from his belt he sets to work on mining the crystal ore. You are watching his progress on your viewer. After several minutes he checks the readings on his scanner and reports that he has only one kilo of raw material, not enough to fuel your ship. He will have to try one of the other asteroids. Which will he go for?

The first asteroid	Turn to 30
The second asteroid	Turn to 96
The fourth asteroid	Turn to 295

218

She is rather reluctant but eventually agrees to show you a little more of the planet. You leave the building through a heavy doorway and the scene outside is chaotic. Buildings are in ruins; no one walks in the streets; apart from two or three small skycars, the whole planet appears to have been devastated.

'The entire population,' explains Dilane, 'lives in protection domes. Our planet is dying, being ripped apart from the gravitational variations caused by our two suns. We are at the moment constructing ships to take our people to another planet before the world is destroyed.'

Would you like to explore the city further (turn to 265)? If not, you may either ask whether they may be able to help with your return to Earth (turn to 169) or ask if there is anything you may be able to do to help them (turn to 319).

219

The illness develops and your MO begins to sweat profusely with a fever. Will you take your Medical Officer back to the ship for help (turn to 146) or continue your investigations on the planet (turn to 249)?

220

Turning the corner, you continue for several metres. A noise behind you startles you and you stop. With a sudden chill of panic, you realize what the noise is – it is the multiple hammer sound of a pre-laser weapon. Someone, or something, is firing a machine gun at you! You drop to the ground and scream at your companions to do likewise. As you all lie there with bullets flying over your heads, the other two look at you, puzzled. 'Captain, why are we lying in the road?' says one of them, standing up. To your amazement he stands in the hail of bullets, completely unharmed! Gradually the sound fades and the others help you to your feet, looking at you in a most peculiar way.

A little further down the road you come across a large building. Will you enter this building (turn to 55) or continue down the road turn to (325)?

221

The Dar-Villian Commander uses a device on his wrist to contact his headquarters. Over several minutes, he speaks to various members of his personnel. Finally one of them evidently has a good idea; the Commander turns to you. 'Since your two bodies were combined by a transmatter beam,' he reasons, 'it seems logical that you should be separated in the same way.' His idea is to focus two transmatter beams on your coordinates (one being the ship's and the other from his own headquarters) at exactly the same time. This should separate your two selves, hopefully into their two original identities. If you wish to try this, turn to 162. If it sounds too risky, you may ask your Science Officer for his suggestions (turn to 35) or consult the ship's computer (turn to 299).

222

As you appear in his office, I-Abail comes forward to greet you. From his surroundings, you deduce that his society is indeed sophisticated, with a technology far more advanced than your own. The surface of his desk floats in the air and he sits behind it, apparently on thin air. He invites you to sit, but there are no chairs. Cautiously you sit as he has done and some unseen force takes your weight. Around the walls are moving holograms, positioned as an Earth executive may have works of art hanging in his office. To the side of his desk is a screen which he talks into. Moments later, another alien arrives with a tray of what you assume are refreshments. I-Abail introduces this newcomer and offers you food and drink. Will you accept his offer (turn to **98**) or will you thank him, but politely decline (turn to **144**)?

223

Roll two dice for your Medical Officer. If the roll is *equal to or lower than* her SKILL score, turn to **129**. If the roll *exceeds* her SKILL, turn to **46**.

224

Your Science Officer believes it is not possible for these creatures to be so powerful without some sort of energy pack. As it does not look as though such a device is hidden in their armour, it must be under their helmets. You may be able to disable them by removing their helmets. If you wish to try removing a helmet, turn to **49**. Otherwise turn to **309**.

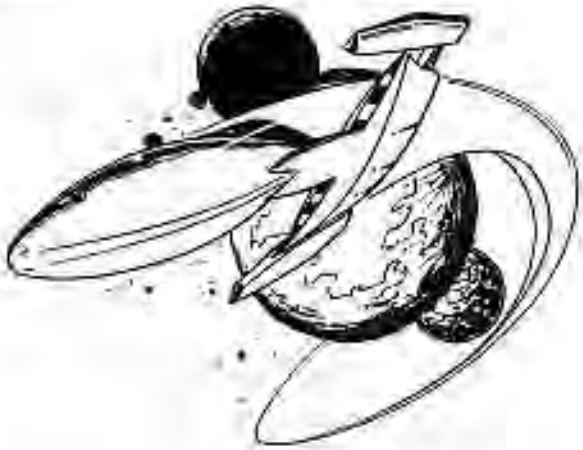

225

You realize you must have chosen the wrong coordinates and contact the ship. You have yourselves beamed back aboard and then beamed down to the correct coordinates, 223.473.83. Turn to 57.

226

Sensors scan the asteroid cluster. In the centre of the cluster is an asteroid containing some dilibrium, but it is impossible at this range to ascertain exactly which asteroid has the mineral. You may investigate by sending out one of your officers with a jet pack, but the going will be dangerous. The centre of the cluster is a mass of whirling asteroids, each one big enough to kill a man. Will you risk sending one of your crew (turn to 327) or will you decide against taking the risk and head onwards (turn to 69)?

227

Throw two dice. If the number thrown is *higher* than your Science Officer's SKILL, turn to 282. If the number is *equal to or less than* your SO's SKILL, turn to 83.

228

Straining in his seat, your navigation officer checks your position. You have changed your course, but unfortunately so has the meteor storm, and you are still heading into it. Activate your shields and turn to 283.

229

Luff now asks you to keep your part of the bargain and transport him and his technical staff to the ship to investigate your weapons and defence systems. Will you honour your agreement with him? If so, turn to 191. If you refuse, turn to 298.

230

If you have selected your Science Officer to accompany you, turn to 56. If you have selected your Engineering Officer, turn to 277. If you have selected both, you may turn to either reference, but if you have chosen neither, turn to 151.

231

You arrive at an odd-shaped building with rounded walls. Several strange and apparently meaningless sticks protrude from the front walls. The door is open and you cautiously walk inside. Slumped over a table is a bulky figure, apparently asleep. Your entrance disturbs the creature and it raises its head, sees you, and springs to its . . . foot! Rather than legs, it has a single stomp, something like a tree-trunk. It bellows loudly and your translator does not translate. Will you:

Hold your hands up to show you mean no harm? Turn to 42
Draw your phasers and shoot? Turn to 334

232

You step into space and, to your surprise, your foot touches something solid which bears your weight. Moving forwards, you hear an electrical buzz and a flash of light blinds you momentarily. When you open your eyes you find yourself back in the portal lab, with I-Abail and his technicians watching you. They rush forward to congratulate you. Their experiment has been successful! As I-Abail takes you from the lab back to his office, he explains that they were able to monitor your activities with their instruments and that the experiment has answered several of the unknowns that they had come across in their investigations.

However, although their portal may transport your crew back to your own universe, they would be stranded without the ship. The ship would need a much bigger portal but their investigations indicate that such a portal will occur naturally at a certain time in the vicinity of a black hole in Sector 159. I-Abail shows you, on a star chart, where Sector 159 is; you ask about other planets in the galaxy. He is unable to give details, but suggests you head for Malini, a mining planet several light years away. You contact the ship and beam back aboard. Turn to 41.

233

As you travel towards your destination, your language lab reports some interesting findings from the newspaper you gave them. You have just come from the planet Prax, a fairly advanced civilization. Some years before the paper was published, a great debate occurred and two groups emerged with two schools of thought. The Progressives were modern thinkers, set on material progress, computerization and a more scientific view of the future. The Regressives, on the other hand, disliked the inhuman element of the Progressives' world and preferred a return to basics, where people did not rely on machines. A period of cold war ensued, until the Regressives discovered that the Progressives had developed a powerful hallucinatory drug. The Progressives had intended to use the drug on the Regressives, but when the plot was discovered, they agreed to send all stocks of the drug into space out of the way. Something went wrong, however, and the rocket exploded in the planet's upper atmosphere, subjecting the entire planet to severe hallucinations. On the day the paper was published, its effects were just beginning to be noticed.

You may continue your course, heading either to the purple star (turn to 44) or the small star cluster (turn to 79).

234

Your officer tells your crew not to resist arrest. The guards take your weapons and march you off. As you are led away, you experience an uncontrollable desire to scream, and you utter a strange sentence in Dar-Villian. Commander Domm answers you, saying you will be called for later. Turn to 95.

235

Another blast narrowly misses the ship and you decide to retaliate. For ship-to-ship combat rules, turn to 341 but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards.

Alien ship WEAPONS STRENGTH 8 SHIELDS 7

If you destroy your opponent, turn to 133.

236

You search for suitable plants, using a nutritional analyser to tell you which will be edible. Not far from where you landed, you find a small cluster of suitable plants with succulent leaves, large fruits and tuberous roots. You begin to cut down the plants and make them into a pile which may be beamed up to the ship.

Suddenly, you feel something restraining your leg and look down to see a vine wrapped round your calf. Its grip tightens. As you wrestle with the vine, the leaves of another plant bend over your head and clamp themselves on to your body. You struggle, but it seems that the plants are alive and are attempting to defend themselves against you! Will you draw your phaser and attempt to cut yourself free (turn to 45) or will you decide not to risk harming the plants further and try to untangle yourself (turn to 87)?

237

The guard sees you and flurries into action. Raising its head in the air, it lets out a shrill whistle. Seconds later you look up to see that you are surrounded by alien guards, all with weapons pointed at you. You decide it best to surrender to them. Turn to 315.

238

Remembering what happened last time you tried your communicator, you try contacting the ship. Again you are unable to get through and hear

nothing but static, but your communicator again has its strange effect on the aliens. You are looking at a room full of statues; the aliens are transfixed. This is an opportune time to leave the room. Turn to **160**.

239

The guards escort you to another room where you are instructed to change into tight-fitting uniforms. You are given sturdy helmets to wear and a choice of strange weapons. The guards will tell you nothing of your event, but lead you from the room down a tunnel.

Your heart sinks as you emerge from the tunnel. You stand in a vast arena and the alien cheers are deafening. In the centre of the arena is a large, dark Manslayer Robot, heavily armed. The door behind you slams shut and the Manslayer advances. Evidently you must defeat this robot before it kills you! In this fight, the robot is powerful enough to fight all of you every attack round (i.e. however many there are of you, it will fight each of you in separate combat). However, your weapons are particularly effective and you need make no SKILL deductions for crew members unskilled in fighting. For hand-to-hand combat rules turn to 342 but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards.

Manslayer Robot SKILL 10 STAMINA 4

As soon as any of your party inflicts a hit on the robot, turn to **183**.

240

After two rounds of combat, the Security Guards have reached you. Throw one die. If the number is 5 or 6, the guards manage to hold him and the fight ends. If the fight has not ended (1, 2, 3 or 4), you must have another bout of combat – roll again to see whether the guards are able to capture him this time or whether yet another round is necessary. Continue until they are able to hold him. Then you may either call for a medical team (turn to **128**) or get a report on the planet (turn to **302**).

241

Your phaser stuns the little creature, who drops to the ground. The spider-like alien nursing his leg gasps in horror. 'No, no! That is very good. You should not have done that!' Your group closes ranks as several aliens emerge from nearby doorways. Although all appear to be of different species, it is clear that they all regard you with hostility and they are advancing. Your crew shuffles nervously.

A groan comes from the small beast lying on the ground. It raises its head and slowly rises to its feet. The effect of your phaser has worn off. The advancing aliens stop, and mutter at each other. Seeing their neighbour is safe, they return to their buildings. You give a sigh of relief and turn to the spider creature on the floor. Turn to **19**.

242

Starting up the ship's engines, you leave the spaceport and head off into deep space. Turn to 324.

243

You are unable to aim in time. The great beast is upon you, its stumpy leg poised to crush you. You try to dive out of the way, but the undergrowth is too thick and you cry out in pain as it deals a deadly blow. Your adventure is over.

244

You approach the castle gates. Using your phasers, you melt the lock and open the large doors. Inside you proceed with caution, keeping hidden in the shadows as you make your way towards the central keep. From the activity you see inside, it seems most likely that you will find the Rain Lord in this central building. However, there are three guards on the door, all armed with the missile sticks your original hosts were carrying. You may either approach these guards and demand to be taken to the Rain Lord (turn to 274) or open fire with your phasers (turn to 131).

245

The eagle flies from its perch and swoops down on the intruder. In abject terror, the alien swipes at the

bird as it attacks. You watch the battle. For personal combat rules, turn to 342 – but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards.

	SKILL	STAMINA
Eagle	6	5
Ganzigite	10	10

Deduct 2 points from the Ganzigite's SKILL for its fear of the eagle. As soon as the alien inflicts any damage on the eagle, turn to 188.

246

You step off the path. To your horror, you fall through space. You pass the pathways and fall through blackness. You are stranded in limbo between two universes. The space portal experiment has not worked and you will never see the *Traveller* again!

247

You are powerless to prevent the Macommonians carrying out their plan. After an hour, a duplicate of yourself stands before you and speaks in your voice! Using your own communicator, the impostor orders the entire crew to beam down. They transport to the surface as ordered and, as they land, they are taken prisoner while the Macommonians beam up to take over the ship.

You are doomed to spend the next year in a detention cell before being destroyed with the planet; you will never see Earth again.

248

You approach a small blue-green planet and take up an orbital position. You scan the planet for signs of life. It appears to be lifeless but the scanners are giving some strange readings which you cannot understand. You try an all-frequency radio message but receive no answer.

Suddenly, the scanners pick up a signal – probably a ship of some kind – travelling towards you extremely fast in orbit from the other side of the planet! You switch to visual and can see a missile-shaped object hurtling towards you. You hit the red alert button and activate shields, waiting to see what happens. From nowhere a blast hits the ship. Roll two dice. If the roll is *equal to or lower than* your SHIELDS score, deduct 1 point from SHIELDS. If the roll *exceeds* your SHIELDS score, deduct 2 points from SHIELDS. If you roll a double 6, deduct 5 points from SHIELDS.

Will you try to contact the object as it closes (turn to 58) or will you go immediately to battle stations (turn to 235)?

249

While you question the alien Elder, your Medical Officer's health deteriorates rapidly. You are called back to look at the MO but arrive just too late to prevent her death. You must decide what to do next. Turn to 304.

250

The next solar system likely to contain life-bearing planets is some 2·2 light years away. You enter warp drive and head onwards, leaving hyperspace as you approach this solar system some time later. Turn to **34**.

251

The Dar-Villian Commander shouts angrily. It appears that he believes this is some sort of trick. He orders his guards to arrest you and your crew and to take you to a detention centre. The crew look to you, wondering whether or not to resist this arrest, but you are in no position to make any decisions. Choose your most senior officer in the landing party and roll two dice. If the number rolled is *higher* than that officer's SKILL score, turn to **234**. If it is *equal to or less than* his SKILL score, turn to **208**. Remember to deduct 3 points from his SKILL on this roll as he is making a leadership decision and he is not skilled in leadership.

252

Energizing his jet pack, your officer manages to leap clear of the asteroid as the two great boulders collide. Breathing a sigh of relief, he turns back towards the ship, arriving safely with several kilos of dilibrium ore. Turn to **165**.

253

Sensors indicate that you are travelling past a large spaceport some distance to starboard. If your ship is

damaged you may wish to dock for repairs (turn to **52**). Otherwise you may continue onwards (turn to **109**).

254

The ship lurches hard to port. The crew are unprepared for this violent shift and fall to the floor around you. Throw one die for each crew member listed on your *Adventure Sheet*. A throw of 1 to 5 means they escape injury with only minor bruises. A throw of 6 means that they are badly injured as they collide with a wall.

Each badly injured crew member is rushed to the Medical Section. They will be healed if the Medical Officer can roll a number on two dice *equal to or less than* her SKILL score. If not, the injury is serious and that crew member will play no further part in the adventure. Repeat this roll for each crew member who has been badly injured.

Now roll two dice and compare the result with your LUCK score. If the number rolled is *equal to or lower than* your LUCK score, turn to **167**. If it is *higher*, turn to **228**.

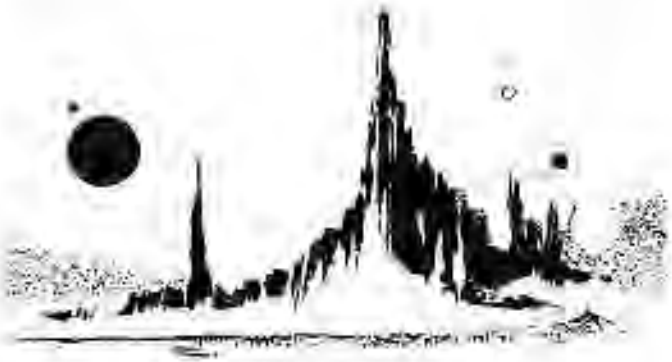

255

Your Science Officer suggests that these mysterious deaths are most likely caused by some sort of micro-organism picked up from the planet. He will do some tests on the bodies and will ask the Medical Officer to spray the area with antibiotic. You agree.

You wait to hear the results. Meanwhile, another report reaches you. The deaths have spread from the engineering section to the medical section. You may lose your Engineering and Medical Officers. Throw two dice once for each. If you roll any double or 7 for your Engineering Officer, he has been lost, as the mysterious killer has now spread through the Engineering Section. If you roll a double 1 or double 6, your Medical Officer dies. You decide you must prevent the spread of this killer by sealing off all the infected areas, even though this may mean the deaths of crew trapped inside. Turn to 18.

256

You and the other members of the crew are regaining consciousness. Again you hit the communicator and call for systems damage reports. All systems appear to be intact, until Engineering reports that the warp drive engines are dead. You are floating in space! But your drive reactors should be operational in twenty to thirty minutes.

Your navigation officer is bewildered. He cannot identify your whereabouts and the computer reports you are in uncharted space. Your Science Officer has run an event analysis and you appear to have gone through the black hole, through a dimension warp, and you are now in what seems to be a parallel universe.

After some delay you regain warp drive. Long-range scan indicates three solar systems ahead, of which two may have intelligent life. Will you:

Press on towards the life-bearing system ahead?	Turn to 86
Turn to port towards the other life-bearing system?	Turn to 273
Turn to starboard towards the barren system?	Turn to 142

257

You set off again towards the large grey planet. But have your landing party contracted the infection? Throw one die for each crew member (including yourself) who entered the spaceport. A roll of 5 or 6 means that that person is infected. Your Medical Officer tries to find a cure; she will succeed if you roll a number *less than* her SKILL score on two dice. Otherwise, the infected crew members will slowly die. You must deduct 2 SKILL and 4 STAMINA points from each, and you must cross them off your *Adventure Sheet* when they eventually die after leaving the next planet. Turn to 109.

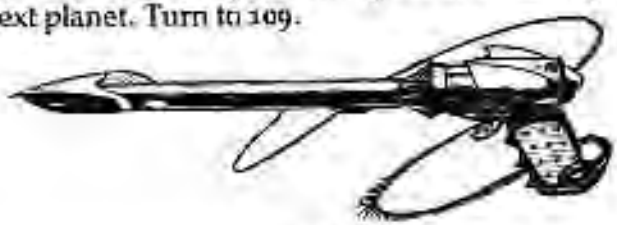

258

You approach the large red planet at sub-light speed and set an orbiting course. Scanning the surface, you find no trace of intelligent life, but signs of civilization – and a fairly advanced one at that – are apparent. As you observe the planet through your macro-telescope, you see that the surface is covered in a network of roadways and canals, focused every so often at what must be a population centre of some sort. You try various radio frequencies but there is no response. Will you beam down on to the planet's surface (turn to 300) or ignore this planet and continue onwards (turn to 163)?

259

They take you through several buildings and then into a room where an old, wrinkled man sits at a desk. You greet him and explain your problem once more. The old man seems to have trouble understanding you and several times you have to repeat sections of your story. Suddenly, he seems to get very annoyed at you and commands you to leave his planet. Will you leave as he wishes (turn to 120) or press him for information (turn to 54)?

260

You settle the ship into orbit round the blue planet and check your scanners. It appears that the entire surface is covered in water, although there do seem to be life-forms within the water. You may either beam down, taking two crew members from your *Adventure Sheet* with you (turn to 288) or leave orbit and head for the green planet (turn to 136).

261

The planet appears to have no life on it, but scanners detect some sort of activity, perhaps the regular workings of a machine. You decide to investigate and send out a party in a recon plane to see what is happening. They pilot the plane to the area of the signal and land on the planet. It is rocky and barren but not far from where they have landed they find a scout ship of a type they have never come across before, crashed into the surface. Will you tell them to investigate it further (turn to 176) or return to your ship (turn to 66)?

262

You are now committed to leaving behind a certain number of crew members in exchange for docking and repair facilities at the starport. To determine who they will require you to assign to them, run down the following list throwing one die for each person. Each one that you roll a 6 for will have to remain at the starport when you leave and will play no further part in your adventure:

Science Officer	Ship's Hairdresser
Catering Officer	Engineering Officer
Administration Assistant	Electronics Expert
Entertainments Officer	Security Officer
Cleaner	Navigation Officer
Medical Officer	Ship's Cat

If you roll no sixes, you may assume that they ask for two general duty staff. If the price is more than

three crew members, you may refuse to deal and leave the spaceport (turn to 324). Otherwise, you agree to the deal and dock. Turn to 157.

263

You wait until the vehicle approaches. It stops in front of you and three strange-looking aliens dressed in armoured uniforms spring out towards you. They are man-sized but somewhat insect-like, with spindly limbs and large eyes. They bark at you and your translator interprets: 'Out after curfew. This is illegal. You are strange and ugly. Where do you come from?' You try to relate your story. Turn to 140.

264

You land on a precipitous cliff overlooking a ravine. A terrible wind sweeps the land, which seems to be rocky and barren. As you cannot see much of interest from where you stand, you decide to descend the ravine, if only to shelter from the wind. Turn to 182.

265

Dilane advises you against it, as the streets are dangerous and Scavengers are about. Scavengers are petty criminals living a life of looting and violence in the remains of the city. If you take her advice, turn to 218 and choose again. If you are determined to go on, turn to 196.

266

The supervisor listens to your story and tries to contact K'tait to confirm it. Eventually he makes contact. K'tait confirms your story and the supervisor, apologizing, takes you to him. Turn to 134.

267

You set course and arrive at the black hole, dropping out of warp speed some distance from it. Carefully planning your angle of entry and velocity, you head into the dark void. You feel the ship being taken by the immense gravitational force and order all crew to strap themselves in. Suddenly the ship lurches forwards and begins to speed up. The G-force is so strong that you, along with the rest of the crew, pass out. Turn to 339.

268

Roll two dice and compare the score with your Engineering Officer's SKILL. If the roll *equals or exceeds* this, turn to 139. If the roll is *less than* his SKILL, turn to 70.

269

Leaving orbit, you scan space ahead of you. There is a planet ahead, some 3·6 light years away, which may support life. You enter warp speed and head towards it. The electronics lab reports that the helmet you brought back was indeed an advanced piece of work. With a few adjustments, they will be able to prepare it so that, when you wear it, you may increase your SKILL by 1 point. This will undoubtedly be useful. Turn to 34.

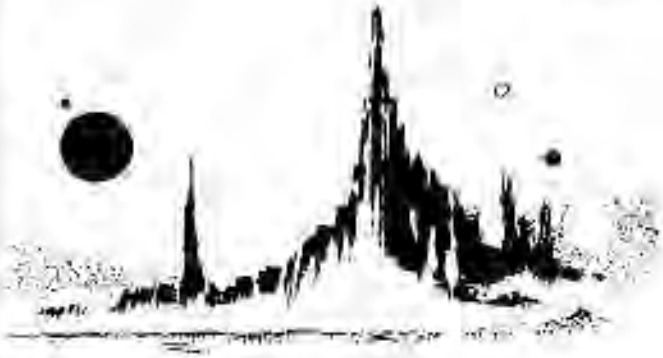

270

You plot a course and leave orbit, entering warp speed towards the purple planet. A message comes up through the intercom of a disturbance in the ship's canteen and you are asked to attend straight away. Turn to 314.

271

As you reel from the blow, you fall backwards into the arms of I-Abail, who holds you. Forcing you towards the portal, he shoves you forwards through the frame. Turn to 53.

272

The extreme temperature on the planet prevents your scanner from functioning properly. There is no way of telling whether or not life exists here. Will you explore further on foot (turn to 159) or abandon this inhospitable planet and return to the ship (turn to 31)?

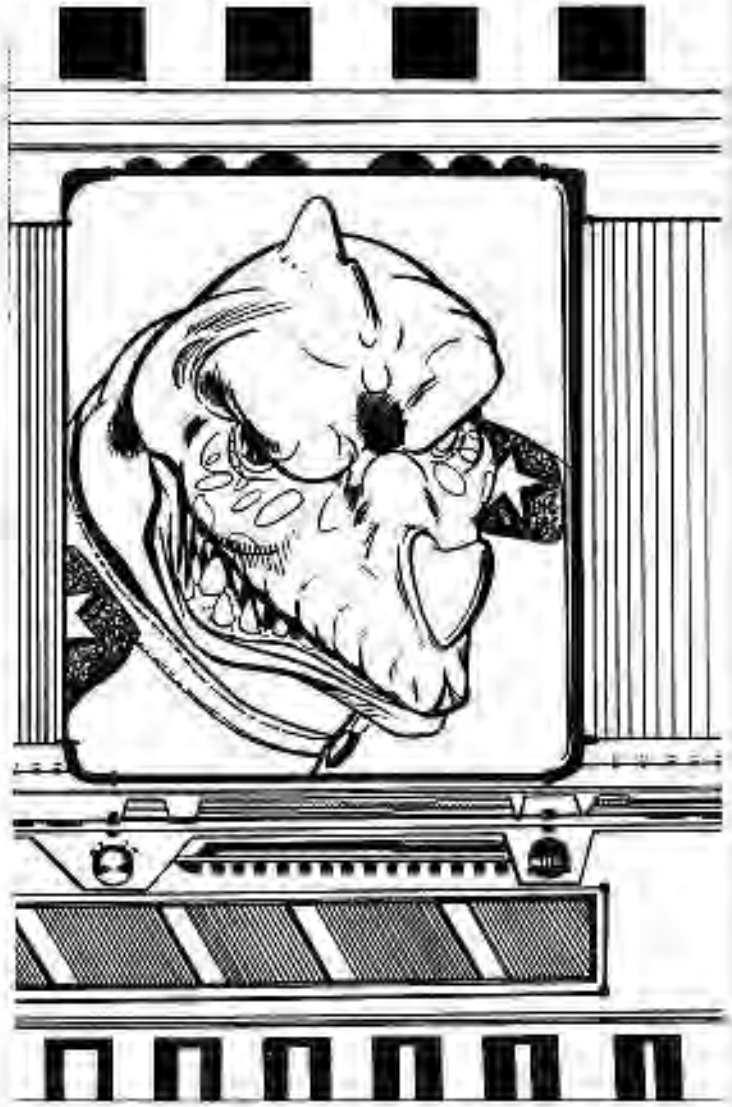

273

You travel ahead at sub-warp speed to allow your sensors to scan for information. They pick up a small object several thousand kilometres ahead and travelling towards you. You continue cautiously.

At five kilometres it stops – and you do likewise. Sensors report a Class D starcruiser and you prepare yourself with shields up. A message comes in and you transfer it to the screen.

A reptilian face appears in a uniform of authority. As your translator tunes in, the alien's message becomes clear:

> 'I am Commander M'k Tel of the Imperial Ganzig Confederation. You are a non-registered ship trespassing within Imperial territory. Identify yourself and state your purpose.'

What will your reply be?

Identify yourself as he wishes	Turn to 281
Run an InfoScan on the Imperial Ganzig Confederation	Turn to 51
Open fire	Turn to 135

274

They spring to attention as you approach, levelling their sticks at you. One of your party reacts in haste, going for his phaser, and a missile shoots from the end of one of the guards' sticks, hitting him square in the chest. Throw a die for each crew member; the one with the highest score has been hit and is

seriously wounded. If you have your Medical Officer with you, throw two dice. If you roll *less* than your MO's SKILL, your over-anxious crew member will not die, but may take no further part in the action until he is returned to the ship. If you do not have your MO or if the number rolled *equals or exceeds* your MO's SKILL, you cannot save this crew member and he drops down dead.

The guards keep you covered and usher you into the keep. Turn to **91**.

275

Your Science Officer suggests that you have been beamed down to the exact coordinates where one of the Dar-Villian officers was standing and that your bodies have merged. He and the Commander agree that a solution must be found to separate the two individuals once more. Turn to **124**.

276

You call the ship and instruct the Transmatter Unit to beam one aboard and beam down a replacement (choose from your available officers/security staff). Your companion protests loudly that he has just saved your life, but moments later, he disappears and his replacement appears. You step over the body and continue. Turn to **220**.

277

You materialize on the planet surface. Your Engineering Officer checks his portable scanner and is extremely interested in a large rock behind you. He has found an energy source of some kind within the rock and chips away some of the black surface. Beneath the surface covering is a fluorescent green metal and he cuts out a large chunk to take back to the ship with him. If you have your Science Officer with you, turn to **56**. If not, turn to **151**.

278

The ship begins to shudder but your scanners indicate you are not far from your destination, the small blue-green planet ahead. To the great relief of your crew you order engineering to cut warp engines and slow down to sub-light speed in order to approach the planet. Turn to **248**; this planet is your last hope – will it provide dilibrium ore for you?

279

The last remaining beast is almost on top of you. You dive out of the way, but as you do so, you hear another great bellow. Picking yourself up, you find that your companion has killed the creature less than a metre from you! You contact the ship and have yourselves beamed back aboard, along with your prey. Turn to **311**.

280

He takes you to his Astronautical Headquarters and has words with the Director of Operations, who

disappears into another room and returns with a printout. So far as his department can ascertain, the black hole you require is in Sector 083, but he cannot be sure of the correct timing. You thank him for the information and return to the ship to continue your journey. Turn to **320**.

281

You explain to the Commander who you are and how you came to be in his territory. He is suspicious. He claims you as a prisoner and says he will escort you back to his starbase where your story can be considered by his superiors. He instructs you to prepare your Transmatter Unit to receive his First Officer, who will accompany you. Will you:

Comply with his wishes?	Turn to 168
Switch off the screen and activate phasers?	Turn to 135

282

Your Science Officer tries for some time to follow the computer's weather control program, but the language is sophisticated and he is unable to make sense of it. After some hours he is forced to admit that he is unlikely to get anywhere with it. Unable to help, your party must return to the ship to continue your journey. Turn to **203**.

283

Unavoidably heading into the meteor storm, you sit tight and hope it will pass quickly. As you enter, the

Traveller rocks as the shields take blows from the pounding meteors.

Throw one die ten times. Each time you throw a 6, a meteor penetrates your shields and damages the ship. For each penetration, throw two dice. A roll *equal to or less than* your SHIELDS score will do minor damage (deduct 1 point from your SHIELDS score). A roll *greater* than your SHIELDS score will do 2 points worth of damage to your shields. If you roll a double 6, the meteor hits a vital part of the ship's hull; deduct 5 points from your SHIELDS score.

If, after ten throws, your ship has not been destroyed, you sail through the meteor storm and can proceed to the small star cluster you were originally heading for. Turn to **60**.

284

You give the instruction to evacuate all air from the affected area, and all crew within the area are instructed to wear EVA (Extra Vehicular Activity) suits, as they will be in a vacuum. The air is pumped out into space and, half an hour later, fresh air is introduced. Your Science Officer checks this new air and it is found to be poison-free. Turn to **11**.

285

Scanning the planet, you are relieved to find an area of dilibrium ore deposits. You may choose two other crew members from the *Adventure Sheet* to accompany you and you beam down to the mineral-rich area.

The planet is barren and rocky. A howling wind blasts across the planet's surface. Using a portable scanner, you locate a deposit of crystal ore and instruct one of your crew members to collect several kilos with his micro-excavator. Before returning to the ship you decide to investigate the planet a little more, starting with a ravine several hundred metres ahead. Turn to 182.

286

On your instruction, the crew of the *Traveller* begin beaming down, grateful for the chance of a rest. You meet them in one of the large domes. With the ship set to automatic pilot, the entire crew are eventually with you. Dilane leaves the room to arrange transport but, after she leaves, you find the exit door is locked! Moments later one of your crew points to a

small duct in the ceiling, where a yellow vapour is seeping into the room. You feel drowsy and your crew are beginning to pass out around you. You fall to the ground unconscious.

You awake in another similar dome. Around you, the crew are also beginning to stir. Through a hidden speaker, Dilane's voice comes over: 'I am sorry, Captain, that this was necessary. We Macommonians have less than a year left before our planet is destroyed. We must have your ship if we are to survive as a race. Thank you for your sacrifice.'

You and your crew are trapped in a Macommonian detention cell. In a year's time you will be destroyed with the planet; you will never see the *Traveller* again.

287

You wait for perhaps an hour but K'tait does not return. The door opens and a hover-robot enters the room. It stops abruptly as it senses you and various whirrings indicate it is contacting its central processor. It speaks to you, telling you to follow it. If you consent to follow it, turn to 195. If you insist on waiting for K'tait, turn to 29.

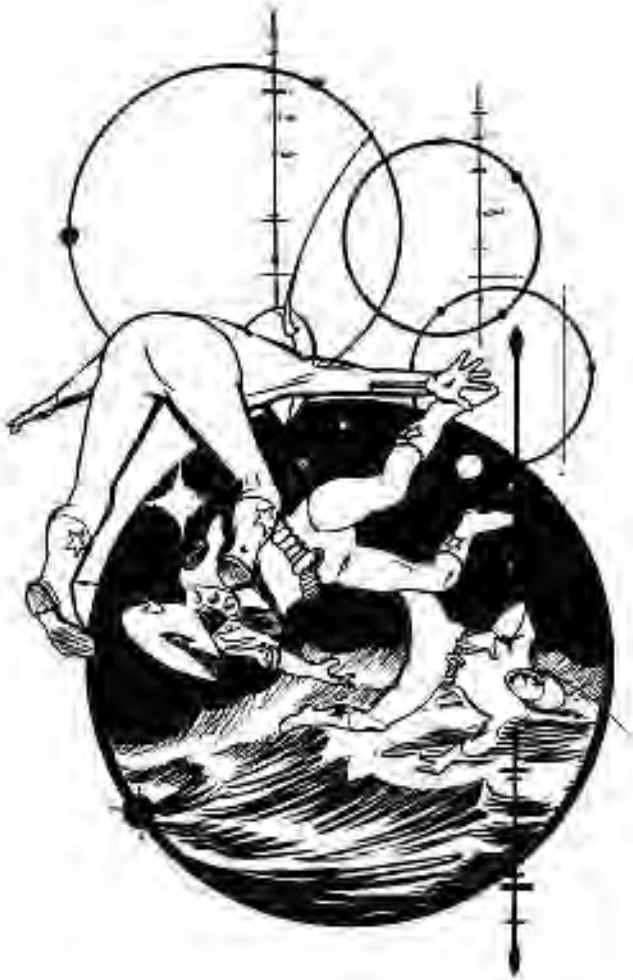

288

Your Science Officer protests strongly, but you will not change your decision. Taking two crew members with you, you beam down on to the planet's surface.

You materialize on the surface of a vast ocean. As your sensors warned, the entire planet is covered in water. As you materialize fully, you and your two companions drop into the water. Frantically, you try to signal the ship with your communicator, but it is no use. Your lungs are bursting but you can do nothing to prevent the three of you drowning. Your adventure is over . . .

289

Your Science Officer speaks to Commander Domm. As he does so, you realize the full implications of what has happened. You also feel turmoil going on inside you. You question what has happened but your voice is that of a Dar-Villian and a powerful aggressive feeling, part hatred, part panic overcomes you. Roll two dice and compare the total with your Science Officer's SKILL score. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* that SKILL score, turn to 275. If the roll *exceeds* your SO's SKILL, turn to 251.

290

Back on the bridge, you set coordinates for your next journey. Another life-bearing planet orbits the same sun a little further out and you may visit this

next (turn to 258), or you may head further onwards towards a purple sun some light years away (turn to 44).

291

The alien is quite a talkative creature and tells you that you are on the planet Cliba. On the surface of the planet there are many villages of similar creatures. Their stage of cultural development seems to approximate that of the Middle Ages on Earth. They are an agricultural race; the weather on the planet used to be excellent but bad weather has ruined their crops for several seasons. The weather is controlled by someone they refer to as the 'Rain Lord', who lives in a fortified castle, two hours' journey from their village. The Rain Lord is, they believe, punishing them with this bad weather. As the crops have been failing, the village has been hit by famine and disease. If you have your Medical Officer with you, you may offer to see what can be done for the sick (turn to 101). You may ask them whether they have any knowledge of astronomy (turn to 155), or you may offer to try to contact the Rain Lord (turn to 199).

292

Turn to 233.

293

The path continues ahead and a short distance on forks again. Will you take the left-hand fork (turn to 322) or the right-hand fork (turn to 338)?

294

You explain that you have no currency and ask if there is anything else they would accept. The only needs they have are food and personnel, and they are willing to let you dock if you will order one, or some, of your crew to remain permanently assigned to the spaceport. There is a general consensus amongst the crew that they would be willing to sacrifice themselves in the interests of saving the ship, but will you allow them to go? If so, turn to 262 to see who you will have to lose. Otherwise you can refuse their offer and leave (turn to 324).

295

Landing on the asteroid, your officer draws his micro-excavator from his belt and sets to work, piling fragments of rock into his portasack. From the ship you watch his progress on the viewer. Suddenly a large asteroid comes into view heading straight for your officer! You hit your communicator and shout a quick warning – but are you too late? Throw one die. If you throw a 1 or 2, turn to 110. If you throw a 3, 4, 5 or 6, turn to 252.

296

You train your scanners on space, searching for your next destination. It appears that there are no

life-supporting planets within range. You decide to try a hyperspace jump into another sector of space. Turn to 324.

297

As you follow the armoured guard through a long tunnel, you seize your opportunity and spring. The creature is extremely strong but your numbers may give you the upper hand. For hand-to-hand combat rules, turn to 342, but *remember this reference* so that you can return here afterwards. The guard will attack twice in a turn, so if three of you are attacking, you must decide (roll a die) to see which of you does not get attacked. If two of you are attacking, it will attack each of you and if you are attacking on your own, it will attack you twice (i.e. you get one roll for *Attack Strength*, it gets two; if both its rolls for *Attack Strength* are higher than yours, it does double damage).

Armoured guard	SKILL 11	STAMINA 14

If you defeat the guard, turn to 160. If the battle is going badly, you may surrender, but only if you or one of your companions has been reduced to less than 4 STAMINA points. If you surrender, turn to 215.

298

Three technical staff arrive, ready to beam aboard. They become extremely agitated as you try to avoid the issue. Suddenly, they pull out weapons and you

will now have to fight them. For phaser combat rules, turn to 343, but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards.

	SKILL
Luff	8
First technician	7
Second technician	6
Third technician	7

If you kill all the Terryals, you may beam back aboard ship. Turn to 120.

299

The computer suggests you have your Engineering Officer rig up a genetic filter for the transmatter machine. Genetic filters are used in conjunction with transmatter devices in experimental genetics. When scientists wish to combine the features of two or more animals or plants to see what the resulting hybrid would be, they often use transmatter devices. If they wish to separate the resulting hybrid back again, they do so with a genetic filter which analyses the cellular make-up of an organism passing through the transmatter machine and separates the hybrid into its components. However, genetic filters are at an experimental stage only; often the results have been unexpected. If you wish to try this option, turn to 268. If you don't want to take the risk, you may either turn to your Science Officer (turn to 35) or ask the Dar-Villian's opinion (turn to 221).

300

You choose a location within what ought to be one of the planet's main population centres. You select two crew members from the *Adventure Sheet* to accompany you to the planet's surface and the three of you beam down. When you re-materialize, you are in a deserted street. There is a ghostly silence about and something is not quite right. The buildings around you and the vehicles lying derelict by the side of the road appear to be from quite an advanced civilization, but dust is thick on everything, as if there has been no activity here for many years. Cautiously, you walk down the street. As you approach a junction at the end of the street, you hear a noise and stop. The others look at you quizzically, and listen . . . but they can hear nothing. You creep forwards towards the corner and jump back sharply as a shape appears.

'Visitors!' says a voice. The creature is roughly man-sized and wears a flowing white cape. 'We have not had visitors for many years.' You explain you are from another planet and the alien nods its hairy head. You ask whether it is possible to meet someone in a position of authority, and the creature considers for a moment.

Suddenly you hear a small click and a shrill buzzing noise, and the alien drops to the ground, scorched by a phaser blast from one of your party. You whirl round in disbelief. The attacker looks proudly at the dead alien and you order your other companion to hold him. Snatching his weapon, you demand to

know why he fired at the alien. 'Why?' he gasps. 'If I hadn't fired he would have killed you! Did you not see the weapon in his hand aimed at you?' You certainly didn't see a weapon in the alien's hand, and neither did your other crew member. What will you do now?

Have your trigger-happy companion sent back to the ship?	Turn to 276
Beam the alien up to the ship to see whether anything can be done for him?	Turn to 112
Let your companion off with a caution and continue?	Turn to 220

301

You may contact the ship and beam back aboard quickly, ready to continue your journey. Turn to 320.

302

An analysis of all the data available on the deserted planet is run but no indication is given of the cause of the madness. The yellow powder seems to be an organic powder unlike anything known to your chemical analysts. You may, if you wish, make the enraged crew member take some of this powder, hoping that it will do some good (turn to 186). Otherwise you will have to call in a medical team (turn to 128).

303

Although you are powerless to prevent the duplicate being created, there is one scheme you can try to foil their plan. You concentrate hard. You will try to create a thought pattern in your mind which will give the ship's crew a clue as to what is happening. You fix two things in your mind: the truth – your doppelganger will not be able to lie if asked a direct question – and the planet Malthus-4.

After an hour or so the creation is ready and is led off to a communications room to transmit. Turn to 88.

304

You may now either return to the ship to continue your voyage (turn to 203) or offer to contact their Rain Lord to see if you can help them with their weather problem (turn to 199).

305

You follow the path until it comes to an end in front of you. You may either step off the path into space (turn to 246) or retrace your steps past the last junction to the previous one and turn to the right (turn to 113).

306

The landing party are rushed off to the Medical Section for observation, but they appear to be fit and healthy. Meanwhile you receive another report. Three more crew members have mysteriously dropped dead, this time in the Engineering Section.

There is a chance that one of these will be your Engineering Officer. Throw two dice for each of these three victims. If you throw a double 6 or double 1, you have lost your Engineering Officer. Turn to **172**.

307

Remember this reference and turn to **343** for rules on phaser fire. You may try three shots at the creature before it runs back into its own building, and you must add 2 to your dice roll at each shot as the creature is a small, moving target. If you hit it, turn to **241**. If you miss, turn to **19**.

308

The Service Robot tells you the way to the Recreation Section. There is a games room and bar, along with a visi-room and sensorama. You may go on alone (turn to **212**) or you may return to the ship and invite the crew, as they could all do with a rest (turn to **65**).

309

The guards bundle you into line and you shuffle forwards with the others through the doorway into the red glow. You wait for an opportunity to escape. You cannot see what is happening through the door, as the air is fogged. You step through . . .

You have just stepped into an extermination chamber, a quick and painless method of keeping down the ever-expanding population on Culematter. Your journey has ended here.

310

Two guards appear to escort you to your seat. You are a little suspicious, as a sly smile spreads across K'Tait's face as you leave. You try to talk to the guards, but they are silent and you walk through a network of corridors. Turn to **239**.

311

Back in the Transmatter Unit, the crew are taking your food off to the lab for analysis. You return to the bridge and prepare to leave orbit. The lab reports that your supplies are digestible and highly nutritious.

Scanners report the nearest planet some 3·7 light years from your present position. You set a course and enter warp speed. Turn to **34**.

312

The path continues ahead and a short distance on forks again. Will you take the left-hand fork (turn to **20**) or the right-hand fork (turn to **77**)?

313

You spread yourselves out and wait, hoping the ship will realize you are in trouble and try a 'blind-beam' to rescue you. You continue to wait until it is difficult to breathe. A rock some distance to your left disappears, then another behind you, but the ship is unable to find your exact coordinates. You are now gasping, but you wait in vain. The ship is unable to find you and, as your air runs out, you collapse on the planet surface. Your journey has ended . . .

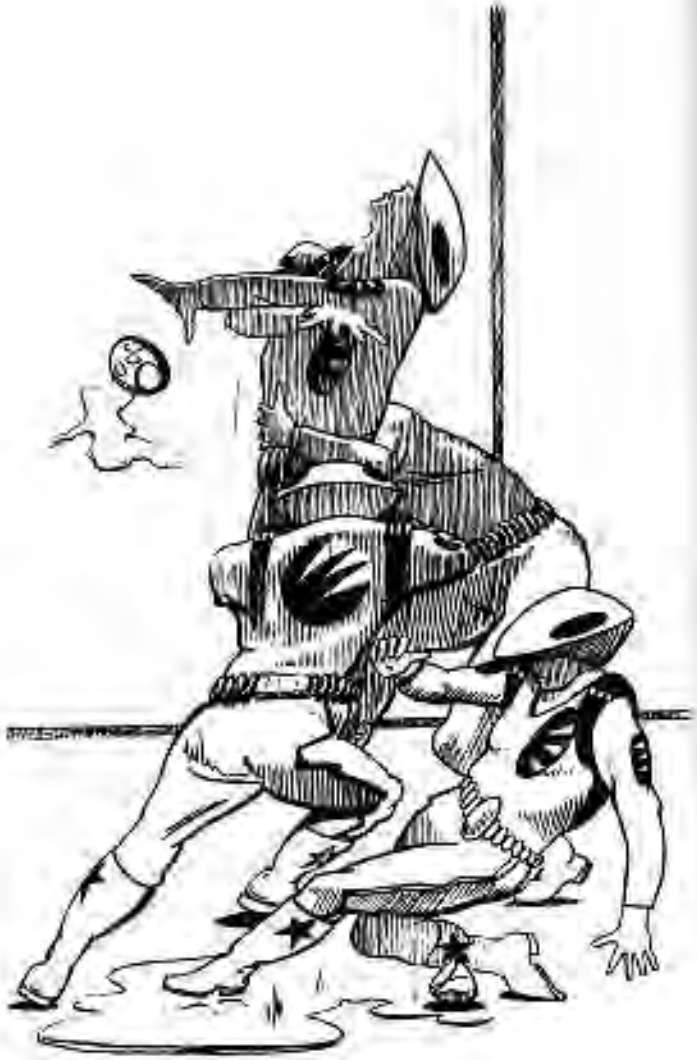

314

As you reach the canteen, excited crew members rush towards you. Although they are all talking at once, you get the general gist of what has happened. One of the crew seems to have gone mad. He has been throwing trays of food around the canteen and fighting with the other staff. You open the door and find him being held in a corner by three of the security crew, not an easy task. You recognize the trouble-maker and guess what has probably happened. He is the member of the landing party who took a drink on the barren planet you have just left. He is now a raging madman, straining against his captors, a heavy sweat on his red face and neck. Seeing you, he calms down. Will you:

Have him released and try to talk to him?	Turn to 102
Call for a sedative drug from the Medical Section?	Turn to 128
Ask for a report on the planet and the samples you brought back?	Turn to 302

315

You are escorted into the castle towards a central keep, apparently the nerve centre of the castle. You explain that you wish to meet the Rain Lord. One of your guards goes off to the keep and comes back some moments later. Another group of guards comes over to take you inside the keep. Turn to 91.

316

You leave orbit and increase speed. Will you head for a large grey planet (turn to 253) or search for an alternative destination (turn to 92)?

317

As you enter the vehicle it rocks from side to side. Your captors climb in and start the hover-engine, swinging the car round the way it came. You travel for half an hour or so and finally stop outside a large round building. Other similar cars have stopped there as well and numerous aliens are being led into the building. You are taken inside and put into a room which is evidently a cell of some kind, along with four aliens. They seem resigned to the fact that they are about to be exterminated as part of a population control programme. You cannot understand why they are so unemotional about their impending death.

One of the uniformed creatures calls for your party. You will have to act quickly. Will you try to fight your way out (turn to 297), try to contact the ship (turn to 67) or try to arrange to see someone in authority (turn to 121)?

318

The path twists and turns in space and you follow it to its end. There is no way forwards except by stepping off the path into space. If you wish to do this, turn to 232. If you wish to return to the previous fork and turn to the right, turn to 305.

319

'All we need,' says Dilane, 'are ships, and engineers to build more ships.'

You will not give her your ship, but you may give her your Engineering Officer if you wish. She promises that, if you do, she will give you useful information about returning to Earth. Will you assign your Engineering Officer to her (turn to 17) or will you demur, saying you cannot leave your officers on alien planets (turn to 116)?

320

You now have two choices: you may head towards a large, wheel-shaped structure hanging in space (turn to 137) or you may enter hyperspace and jump towards a small black planet (turn to 331).

321

Long-range scanners indicate another planet ahead, orbiting the same sun but some distance further out. You may continue to investigate this planet (turn to 258) or you may plot a course to avoid it (turn to 44).

322

The path bends round to the right and a short distance ahead forks again. Will you take the left-hand fork (turn to 113) or the right-hand fork (turn to 214)?

323

You have words with your Engineering and Science Officers. They agree it may be possible to divert power from either the phaser bank or the shields to

fuel the warp engines. You may choose either of these sources and instruct the engineering crew to begin work on the hook-up. However, you will be vulnerable in battle until you find dilibrium ore or crystal, and you must deduct 3 points from either your WEAPONS STRENGTH or your SHIELDS score. You may now continue on your journey. Turn to 248.

324

Your crew are becoming anxious about their fate. Will they be spending the rest of their lives searching space for a dimension gate which may never appear? You are called on to make a statement to reassure them. Have you learned the time and space coordinates of the black hole which will, hopefully, take you back to your own universe? If you believe you have, turn to 216. If you have not yet found them, turn to 197.

325

You continue along the road. You are entering an area of some importance, judging by the nature of the buildings around you. You pass by a machine which appears to dispense newspapers, smash it open and take a copy. You cannot understand the language, but you take it with you to give to the language lab on your return. One particularly grand-looking building looks worth a visit, and you enter.

Inside, all is still, but a voice at the entrance desk asks you who you wish to see. The voice makes you jump, but it is merely an electronic receptionist machine. You decide to start at the top and work down, on the assumption that the most important offices will be at the top of the building.

On the fourth floor you enter a room at which a figure sits slumped over a desk in front of a computer terminal. Cautiously, you walk up to him. As you approach, it is apparent that he has long been dead. His skin is rotten and he smells unpleasant. You rock him backwards into his chair while you inspect the computer console. As you do so, his eyes flick open! The three of you spring back, on guard, with phasers drawn. He smiles a smile which, if it were not for his deceased condition, could almost be described as friendly, and you announce yourselves. He nods very slowly. His VDU flickers and is active, speaking to you in an electronic voice. Symbols appear on the screen which mean nothing to you until you realize he is trying to help you choose a subject which he can provide information on! Immediately you ask whether he can help you get home. After some moments, the voice announces that due to the differences in atomic frequency, a space warp is likely to open up on Stardate 45, through a black hole.

Thanking your host for the information, you contact the ship and arrange to be beamed up at once. Turn to 130.

326

Throw two dice and compare the total with your own SKILL score. If the roll *exceeds* your SKILL score, turn to 266. If you roll a number *less than or equal to* your SKILL, turn to 12.

327

Select one of your officers to mine the dilibrium and send him to the airlock hatch. In the airlock are jet packs and EVA (Extra Vehicular Activity) suits which enable crew members to move in space outside the ship and also provide protection against the vacuum outside.

The going is easy on the fringes of the cluster, as the asteroids move slowly and they are well spaced apart. Closer to the centre the going is more tricky. Roll one die. If you roll a 1, turn to 204. If you roll a 6, turn to 190. Otherwise turn to 47.

328

The creature appears to look at you (you are not sure whether it can actually see or not) and you fire. As the blast hits its body, it rears into the air, roaring loudly – and its huge feet come down on top of you! To your despair, a *stun* blast was enough only to cause it some pain and now its massive weight has crushed you beneath it. This is the end of your adventure . . .

329

You set the ship in orbit round the large red planet. Your scanners indicate an intelligent dominant species on the planet and you try to communicate with them. After some time you establish radio contact with a being who identifies himself as Commander Domm, head of the space navy on the planet Dar-Vil. His image flicks up on the screen. He

is humanoid in shape although somewhat grotesque by Earth standards. You estimate his height at over two metres and his craggy face gives you the impression that this race is somewhat aggressive. Nevertheless, he invites you and two other crew members from the *Adventure Sheet* to beam down to meet him. If you will visit the planet Dar-Vil, turn to **132**. If you wish to press onwards, turn to **316**.

330

The Ganzigite reacts quickly, pressing a button on its belt. Your chosen staff member leaps forward – only to be flung back against a wall by an invisible force-field the alien has created around itself. Deduct 1 point from your staff member's SKILL and 2 points from his STAMINA.

The alien warns you not to try such foolish ploys and demands to be taken to the bridge while you follow his ship to the Ganzig starbase. Reluctantly, you agree. Turn to **202**.

331

You drop out of hyperspace near a small, black planet. Scanners cannot locate life on its surface. Would you like to beam down anyway to investigate (turn to **97**) or ignore this planet and proceed towards another (turn to **104**)?

332

Your Science Officer has been observing the aliens and has noticed that something is strange and not quite natural about them. He believes that these creatures may not be creatures at all – that in fact you are on a planet controlled by androids, artificially manufactured robots made to resemble living creatures. He suggests you try setting your communicator to a jamming frequency, which you do. To your surprise, all the aliens in the room are suddenly frozen, as if time is standing still! While they are all transfixed, you quickly leave the room. Turn to **160**.

333

As you approach the double star, your scanners indicate that its third planet should be capable of sustaining life. You guide the ship into orbit round this planet. Further scanning confirms positive signs of intelligent life, and you send out an all-frequency message. A short while later, a message comes back from the planet.

You switch to the screen and a strange face appears. Hairless and brown in colour, the alien wears a multi-coloured tunic and introduces herself – she appears to be a female – as Dilane, Extra-Terrestrial Communications Officer of the planet Macommon. Her voice is extremely pleasant, and has a certain musical quality. You explain that you are searching for a way back to your own universe, and you ask whether she may be able to help. She appears to

contact someone for a few moments and then says, 'I think we may be able to help you. You are welcome to beam down and visit us.' Will you take her up on her offer (turn to 39) or would you prefer to leave orbit and continue onwards (turn to 141)?

334

At this range you cannot miss, and the creature slumps over its table. Excited jabberings at the door indicate that you have been observed and whatever was watching you has run off up the road. As you look around the room you are in, you hear noises. A crowd of aliens are approaching, apparently angry at your attack. You feel it prudent to leave this planet and return to the ship. Turn to 290.

335

You relate your exchange with Commander M'k Tel. The alien is suspicious and orders that you accompany him to the nearest starbase. If you will follow him as he orders, turn to 15. If you refuse, you will have to attack his ship (remember any penalties enforced by your last encounter).

Alien ship WEAPONS STRENGTH 8 SHIELDS 12

For ship-to-ship combat rules, turn to 341 but *remember this reference* so that you can return afterwards. If you defeat the Ganzigites, turn to 185.

336

You reset your onward course. Will you head for the purple star ahead (turn to 44) or for the double star (turn to 333)?

337

Using an EVA (Extra Vehicular Activity) suit, your Medical Officer examines the body of one of the victims. She finds that the man has been poisoned. The planet below must have some sort of poisonous gas in its atmosphere and this has now been carried back to the ship. Will you:

Get the MO to search for an antidote and treat the crew?	Turn to 223
Evacuate the air from all the affected sections?	Turn to 284

338

The path twists on ahead and you soon arrive at another fork. Will you take the right-hand fork (turn to 20) or the left-hand fork (turn to 166)?

339

You will never know whether or not this was the correct black hole. Perhaps it was your angle of entry, or maybe it was your speed, or even the information you have. Whatever the error, the *Traveller* never emerges from the void. Your mission has been unsuccessful.

340

You regain consciousness and look around to find that other crew members are doing the same. You instruct your navigation officer to report on your position and switch the screen to visual. As the picture clears, you can see space in front of you. Is this your own universe?

In the distance, you can just make out a large familiar-looking object. Your communications officer shouts excitedly: 'Captain! I am picking up a signal coming from somewhere ahead of us. They claim to be sub-station Einstein! I think we have made it!'

Switching the message to visual, you are soon able to confirm that the message is indeed coming from one of your own sub-stations. You have made it through the black hole and back into your own universe. The crew gather round to congratulate you. You have successfully guided the *Traveller*, and its crew, safely home.

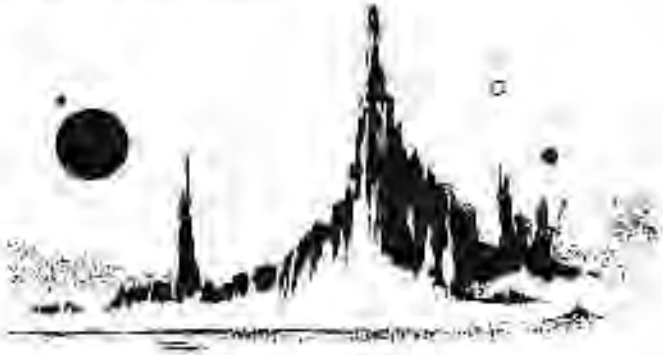

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IMPORTANT! Note the number of the reference you have just come from before you read on. You will need to return to that reference.

Ship-to-ship combat is conducted as follows:

1. Ships attack each other in turn. Unless instructions are given otherwise, you will attack the alien ship first.
2. Roll two dice for your attack on the alien ship. Compare the total rolled with your ship's WEAPONS STRENGTH.
3. If the total is *equal to or higher than* your ship's WEAPONS STRENGTH, you have missed; proceed to Step 7.
4. If the total is *lower than* your ship's WEAPONS STRENGTH, you have scored a direct hit; proceed to Step 5.
5. To determine how much damage a hit has done, roll two dice again but this time compare the total with the alien ship's SHIELDS score. If the number rolled is:

   Equal to or lower than the SHIELDS score – the shot does 2 points of damage
   Higher than the SHIELDS score – the shot does 4 points of damage
   A double 6 – ignore the SHIELDS score; the shot automatically does 6 points of damage

6. Deduct the resulting damage from the alien ship's SHIELDS score.
7. It is now the alien's turn to attack you. The procedure is exactly the same but in reverse. Roll two dice. Compare the total rolled with the alien's WEAPONS STRENGTH. If *lower*, a hit has been scored on your ship. To determine how much damage will be deducted from your SHIELDS, roll two dice again, compare the total rolled with your ship's SHIELDS score and make deductions as instructed in Step 5 above.
8. Return to Step 2 and continue the fight. Each ship attacks in turn until one ship's SHIELDS are reduced to zero. When this happens any further damage will cause that ship to explode in space.

After a battle, your SHIELDS will have been damaged. They will only be repaired if you stop at a spaceport; but not all spaceports will allow you to repair the ship. When repairs are allowed, you will be told in the text.

Now return to the reference you have just come from and fight your battle.

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IMPORTANT! Note the number of the reference you have just come from before you read on. You will need to return to that reference.

Hand-to-hand combat is conducted as follows:

1. Combat is simultaneous. Non-weapon fighting is a series of clashes in which one combatant will do damage to the other. In the following steps the term 'alien' applies to any creature which is fighting against you or a member of your crew. The term 'you' applies either to you personally if you are fighting the alien yourself or to any of your crew members, etc., that you have chosen to fight against the alien.
2. Roll two dice. Add the alien's SKILL score to the roll. The resulting total is the alien's *Attack Strength*.
3. Roll two dice again. Add your SKILL score to the roll. The resulting total is your *Attack Strength*.
4. If the alien's *Attack Strength* is higher than yours, it has inflicted damage on you.
5. If your *Attack Strength* is higher than the alien's, you have inflicted damage on it.
6. If both *Attack Strengths* are equal, both attacks have missed. Start the next attack round starting from Step 2 above.
7. Damage (injury, wounds) is represented by deductions from the injured party's STAMINA score. If you have damaged the alien, deduct 2 points from its STAMINA score. If it has damaged you, deduct 2 points from your own STAMINA score.
8. Start the next attack round (repeat Steps 2–7 above) and continue until one of the combatants' STAMINA score is reduced to zero (death).
9. If an option to surrender is given in the text, you may stop the battle so as to save you from further damage.

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If a hand-to-hand combat situation has odd numbers (i.e. the sides are not equal) you will have to determine who attacks who. Everyone must fight an opponent, but if, for example, three of you fight four aliens, there will be one alien left over and you must dice to decide who the spare alien attacks. You do this by rolling a die for each of your party; the highest roll is attacked by the spare alien in addition to the one he is already fighting. If there are more crew members than aliens (e.g. after you have already killed an alien in the battle), you yourself may decide which of the aliens your spare crew member fights.

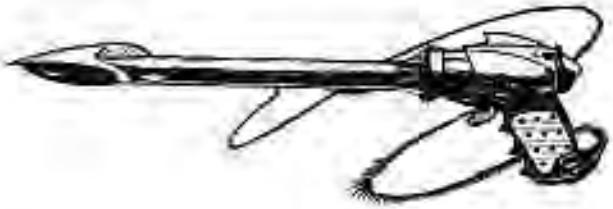

If two (or more) crew or aliens are attacking a single opponent, you must treat this as 'a normal battle with an extra attack'. Decide who the 'normal battle' will take place between (your choice) and resolve this Attack Round in the normal way. Then throw

dice to determine the extra attacker's *Attack Strength* and compare this with the *Attack Strength* you have just rolled for the defender. If the extra attacker's *Attack Strength* is higher, normal damage has been inflicted. If the defender has a higher *Attack Strength*, nothing happens – the extra attacker does not take damage. Try this out; it is not as complicated as it sounds.

Now return to the reference you have just come from and fight your battle.

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IMPORTANT! Note the number of the reference you have just come from before you read on. You will need to return to that reference.

Phaser combat is conducted as follows:

1. First of all your phaser(s) must be set either to *stun* or *kill*. You risk antagonizing some alien populations if you kill their people, but some aliens are strong enough to withstand a hit set only to stun.
   N.B. The 'you' referred to below applies to whichever of your crew members is firing the phaser.
2. Adjust your SKILL score if necessary (e.g. non-security crew deduct 3 from SKILL in battle).
3. Roll two dice. You may be instructed in the text to add to or to make deductions from this roll according to target size, whether it is moving, etc. Make any adjustments and then compare the number rolled with your SKILL score.
4. If the adjusted number is *higher than or equal to* your SKILL score, you have missed.
5. If the adjusted number is *lower than* your SKILL score, you have hit your target and either stunned or killed it.
6. If your target is an alien with a phaser or other range weapon – and you have not yet killed this alien – then repeat Steps 2–5 above to see whether the alien kills you (all aliens set phasers on *kill* unless described otherwise in the text).
7. Both sides fire in turn by repeating Steps 2–6 above until one side is either stunned or killed.
8. If more than two combatants are 'shooting it out', you may decide – before shooting – which of the aliens each of your crew members is aiming at. You must also determine who the aliens are firing at. This is most conveniently done by assigning each of your crew members a number between one and six and then tossing a die for each alien to determine who he is shooting at (if there are less than six crew members, roll again if the number has not been assigned).

If you die as a result of a phaser battle, your mission has ended. So beware getting into phaser fights; they are quick and deadly.

Now return to the reference you have just come from and fight your battle.

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Ian Livingstone

CITY OF THIEVES

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Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1983
Reprinted 1983 (five times), 1984 (six times), 1985

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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Set in Linotron Palatino by
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CITY OF THIEVES

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF THE CITY OF THIEVES

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a backpack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.

3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a Battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magic potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a Battle). Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e. the characteristic may be restored once during an adventure. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have used up a potion.

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through the City of Thieves and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure; some merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. You may make wrong turnings during your quest and while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read. Reading other entries will only cause confusion and may lessen the excitement during play.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL +1 on AS
Initial 11
Skill= ~~14~~ ~~15~~ 14
15

STAMINA
Initial 24
Stamina= ~~24~~ ~~27~~
~~23~~ 25 ~~24~~ ~~23~~
~~28~~ ~~25~~ ~~27~~
33

LUCK
Initial 11
Luck= ~~11~~ ~~12~~
~~11~~ ~~12~~ 12 14

EQUIPMENT LIST
SWORD
LEATHER ARMOUR
BACKPACK
WOODEN HELMET
RING OF INVISIBILITY
[illegible]
THROWING KNIFE
CLIMBING ROPE
LANTERN
CLOVE OF GARLIC
ANCIENT BONES
MIRROR
SILVER ARROW
CHAIN MAIL COAT
LOTUS FLOWER
MERCHANTS PASS
SHEILD
HAGS HAIR
BLACK PEARLS
SKELETON KEY
RING OF THE ELVENKING

GOLD ~~7~~ ~~8~~ ~~9~~ ~~10~~
35 G

JEWELS

POTIONS
Potion = 3 Stamina

PROVISIONS REMAINING
10 ✓

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Madman
Skill=5
Stamina=~~3~~ 1
AS-15v18
AS-11v17
AS=16v21

WILD DOG
Skill=4
Stamina= 2
AS-12v19

WILD DOG
Skill= 4
Stamina= 1
15 ✓16

Skill=5
Stamina= ~~1~~ 2
13 v 18

CENTIPEDE
Skill=10
Stamina=1
20v17
22v17
18v20
17v19

LEAF BEAST
Skill= 6
Stamina= ~~6~~ 20
11 v 19
8 v 21
11 v 18

[illegible]
Skill= ~~10~~
Stamina= 7
15 x 22
14 x 23

FETHOSE
Skill= 9
Stamina= ~~1~~ 2
17 v 17
19 x 24
19 v 26
18 v 22
18 v 20

GIANT SNAKE
Skill= 6
Stamina= ~~1~~ 2
8 v 25
8 v 14

1 MOUNTAIN TROLL 2 GOBLIN = 16
Skill=9
Stamina= 20
15 v 24
16 v 19

Skill=11
Stamina= ~~7~~ 1
18 v 22
13 v 23
13 v 23
14 v 18

Skill=
Stamina=

BACKGROUND

You are an adventurer in a world of monsters and magic, living by quickness of wit and skill of sword. You earn your gold as a hired warrior, usually in the employ of rich nobles and barons on missions too dangerous or difficult for their own men. Slaying monsters and fearsome beasts in pursuit of some fabled treasure comes as second nature to you. Being an experienced and highly trained swordsman, you allow nothing to stand in your way on your quests. Your success on a mission is always assured and your reputation has spread throughout the lands. Whenever you enter a village or town, the news of your arrival spreads through the citizens like wildfire, as few of them have ever met a dragon-slayer before.

One evening, after a long walk through the outlands, you arrive at Silverton, which lies at the crossroads of the main trading routes in these parts. Great wooden wagons hauled by teams of oxen are often seen rumbling slowly through the town laden with herbs, spices, silks, metalware and exotic foods from far-off lands.

Over the years Silverton has prospered as a result of the rich merchants and traders stopping there *en route* to distant markets. Its wealth is quite apparent, with ornate buildings and richly dressed people aplenty. But as you enter the town gates, something strikes you as being not quite right. The people look nervous and on edge. Then you notice that all the windows on the buildings have great iron grills bolted over them and the doors have been strengthened too. Although you prefer your own company to that of others, you decide to stay in Silverton for the night to find out who or what is troubling the people.

As you walk down the main street, a single note from a bell rings out from a tall tower ahead. Then a man shouts, almost desperately, 'Nightfall! Nightfall! Everybody indoors!' You see people scurrying around with anxious faces, and looking surprised when they see you. Across the street you see a tavern with the words 'The Old Toad' painted on its signboard. As you enter the tavern, a whisper runs through the locals as they recognize you – some put down their mugs and stare. You are somewhat surprised that none come over to you to hear tales of adventure. Walking over to the counter you ask the old innkeeper for a room and a hot tub, but he ignores you and shuffles over to the great oak door, pushing six large iron bolts into place. Only then does he turn to you and say quietly, 'That will be five copper pieces for the room and one more for the tub, in advance if you please.' You reach into a leather pouch on your belt and toss the coins on the counter. He hands you an iron key, but at that very moment there is a loud knocking at the door followed by a voice shouting, 'Open up! Open up! This

is Owen Carralif.' The old innkeeper shuffles over to the oak door again and slides open the bolts. Then a fat and balding man dressed in rich scarlet robes bursts into the tavern, looking around frantically. He sees you and walks quickly in your direction, huffing and puffing. He is a man certainly not used to haste – you notice great beads of sweat on his forehead in the pale candlelight of the room. As he nears you, he calls out urgently, 'Stranger, I must speak with you. Please sit down. It is important that I speak with you.'

When he turns to the innkeeper to snap his fingers for food and drink, you can see that he is obviously of some standing in the town, but his face is full of anguish and sorrow. Being curious, you decide to hear what the man has to say. He pulls out a chair for you at a table, bidding you to sit down and the innkeeper bustles in with a tray laden with hot broth, roast goose and mead. The man in the scarlet robes sits opposite in silence, watching you as you feast as though examining you for some purpose of his own. Finally, as you push your plate away, the man leans forward and says, in a low but anxious voice, 'Stranger, I know of you and seek your aid. My name is Owen Carralif and I am the mayor of Silverton. We are in great trouble and danger. We are living under a curse and it is I who must rid us of it. Ten days ago two messengers of evil rode into town on huge black stallions. Stallions with fiery red eyes! It was impossible to see the faces of the riders for they wore long black cloaks with hoods pulled

over their faces. Their voices were cold and each word spoken ended with an unnerving hiss. They asked for me by name and when I came to greet them, they wanted to take my beloved daughter Mirelle to stay with their master, Zanbar Bone! No doubt you know that he is the Night Prince. Of course I refused their demand and without another word they turned and rode slowly out of the town, heads down and shoulders hunched. I knew then that beneath the cloaks were hidden the skeletal and soulless bodies of Spirit Stalkers. Zanbar Bone always uses them as his messengers as they will complete their mission or die in the attempt – and they do not die easily. Only a silver arrow through the heart will release those evil beings from their eternal twilight existence. Who knows what it would take to kill Zanbar Bone! Anyway, that same night after the Spirit Stalkers left, our troubles began. The Night Prince was angry and determined to harm us. Six Moon Dogs came, each stronger than four men, each with razor-sharp fangs. They stalked through the town, entering homes through open windows, and killing the poor people inside.

In the morning we counted twenty-three dead. So we barred our windows and bolted our doors, yet each night the Moon Dogs return and we are unable to sleep for fear that they might find a way into our homes. Some people are now talking of sending Mirelle to Zanbar Bone. Those whimpering traitors, I should have them flogged! But what good would that do? There is but one hope and that rests with

you, stranger. There is a man called Nicodemus who, for reasons I'll never understand, lives in Port Blacksand. The place is commonly called the City of Thieves as it is the home of every pirate, brigand, assassin, thief and evil-doer for hundreds of miles around. I think he lives there just to get some peace from the likes of us. He is a wise old wizard and is unlikely to come to much harm even in Port Blacksand, for his magical powers are great. He alone is capable of defeating Zanbar Bone. He used to be a friend of mine many years ago. We need him and I beg you to bring him to us – none here dares enter Port Blacksand. You will be well rewarded if you help us, stranger. Take these 30 Gold Pieces for your journey, and take this sword to use and keep.'

As Owen Carralif rises, he pulls back his scarlet robe, revealing the finest broadsword you have ever seen. He hands it to you and, touching the edge of the blade, you are surprised to see a droplet of blood fall from your finger. You then examine the marvellously ornate gilded serpents twining round the hilt. You have never wanted anything so badly in your life before. You stand up and hold out your right arm to Owen. He shakes it eagerly, saying, 'You must set off at the first light of dawn – the Moon Dogs will be gone by then. I shall be forced to stay the night here also, so let's drink to our destiny and may the gods be with us.'

For the next hour Owen talks about your coming journey, explaining in detail how to reach Port Blacksand. Later you gather up your backpack and

furs and climb the wooden stairs to your room. You sleep uneasily despite the security afforded by your new broadsword as you are more than once woken by the sniffing, scratching and howling of the roaming Moon Dogs outside. By dawn, you are already awake and dressed, and determined to reach Port Blacksand quickly to find this man Nicodemus. As you leave the tavern, a black cat scurries past your feet and you almost trip; a bad omen perhaps?

NOW TURN OVER

1

The walk to Port Blacksand takes you west some fifty miles across plains and over hills; fortunately without any harmful encounters. Eventually you reach the coast and see the high city wall surrounding Port Blacksand and the cluster of buildings projecting into the sea like an ugly black mark. Ships lie anchored in the harbour and smoke rises gently from chimneys. It looks peaceful enough and it is only when the wind changes that you smell the decay in the breeze to remind you of the evil nature of this notorious place. Following the dusty road north along the coast to the city gates, you begin to notice fearful warnings – skulls on wooden spikes, starving men in iron cages suspended from the city wall and black flags everywhere. As you approach the main gate a chill runs down your spine and you instinctively grip the hilt of your broadsword for reassurance. At the gate you are confronted by a tall guard wearing a black chainmail coat and iron helmet. He steps forward, barring the way with his pike, saying, 'Who would enter Port Blacksand uninvited? State the nature of your business or go back the way you came.' Will you:

Tell him you wish to be taken to Nicodemus?	Turn to 202
Tell him you wish to sell some stolen booty?	Turn to 33
Attack him quickly with your sword?	Turn to 49

2

You remove the bracelet from your wrist and toss it at the oncoming monster. It lands on its armour-like shell and sticks to it like glue. You then watch as the bracelet starts to burn its way through the shell into the body of the Giant Centipede. Smoke rises from the neat round hole and as the bracelet burns deeper you can see from the frantic movements of the Centipede that it is in its death throes. Finally it is still and you manage to squeeze yourself between its body and the roof of the tunnel. You walk further down the tunnel, which ends at an iron grill through which the sewage runs. If you wish to remove the grill, turn to 377. If you wish to walk back to the entrance hole, turn to 174.

3

The man stops playing and tells you that he can bring you good fortune. For the sum of 3 Gold Pieces he will sing you a song that will bring you luck. If you wish to pay the musician, turn to 37. If you do not believe him, you may walk to the next stall (turn to 398).

4

You hear a bell ring on the other side of the door and a few minutes later the door is opened by a thin, pale-skinned man with dark, hollow eyes, who is wearing a servant's uniform. In a cold, hissing voice he says, 'Yes?' If you wish to tell him you are a lost traveller, turn to 339. If you wish to attack him with your sword, turn to 35.

5

Drawing your sword you leap over the counter to attack the MAN-ORC, who swiftly grabs his hand-axe. You soon realize that the Man-Orc has used his weapon before.

MAN-ORC	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 371.

6

Her tone becomes unpleasant and she tells you to get out of her house because there are certainly no rags in it, nor any other kind of jumble for that matter. If you wish to obey her, leave the house and head further north along Stable Street, turn to 333. If you wish to go through the curtains and see who is being so rude to you, turn to 88.

7

You tiptoe quietly out of the room and close the door. In the corridor you open the pouch and find six black pearls. Add 2 LUCK points. If you have not already done so, you may open the other door (turn to 232), or leave the ship to continue your search of Port Blacksand by walking north up Harbour Street (turn to 78).

8

The creature pins the golden brooch to your leather tunic and you pay the price demanded. You have bought a lucky charm – add 2 LUCK points to your total. Pleased with your purchase you leave the house and head north (turn to 334).

9

You step back from the vile body of Zanbar Bone, waiting for him to decay. However, you have chosen wrongly! He pulls the arrow from his chest and rubs the compound from his eyes. He sees you and laughs. You are mesmerized by his power and are unable to move. He walks up to you and touches your face with his skeletal fingers. Your life is draining quickly away and you will soon begin your undead existence as a servant of Zanbar Bone.

10

The GUARD is really annoyed and charges at you with his pike.

CITY GUARD SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win and the fight lasts six Attack Rounds or less, turn to 212. If the fight lasts longer than six Attack Rounds, turn to 130.

11

The Trolls see what you are doing and run towards the tree. You are forced to leave your shield behind. Lose 1 SKILL point. After climbing quickly up the tree you realize that you must jump a distance of

two metres between the branch and the top of the wall. If you are wearing a chainmail coat you will have to take it off in order to jump safely across to the wall (lose 2 SKILL points). Below, you see the two Trolls running round the tree waving their swords at you. There is no alternative but to jump (turn to 358).

12

After a few minutes you hear footsteps coming down the corridor. The door opens and a man walks into the room wearing nothing but a towel round his fat stomach. You watch as he drops the towel and lowers himself gently into the tub with a loud sigh. If you wish to surprise him by drawing your sword and uttering a loud 'Ahem!', turn to 176. If you would rather creep out of the room back into the corridor while he submerges himself, turn to 383.

13

Inspecting the scorpion you see that it is a brooch. You decide to pin it to your leather tunic. The brooch has magic healing properties; after any battle, the brooch will immediately restore 1 STAMINA point to your total.

What will you do next? You may, if you have not already done so, pick up the golden scorpion (turn to 273). If you would rather ignore it, you may either climb the stairs (turn to 80), or leave the house and head north (turn to 334).

14

As soon as you pluck one of the flowers you hear the noise of rustling leaves. Three of the animal-shaped hedges have uprooted themselves and are closing in on you. Do you have a Ring of Fire? If you have, turn to 237. If not, turn to 191.

15

You leap over the snakes and run for the door. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you reach the door safely (turn to 75). If you are Unlucky, one of the snakes strikes out and bites you on the leg (turn to 298).

16

The bag holds 12 Gold Pieces. Add 1 LUCK point. You leave the house quickly before the owner discovers you are not who you say you are. You then walk further north along Stable Street (turn to 333).

17

Walking along the narrow street you see a man wearing tattered rags sitting in the gutter. His head rests on his hands and he looks thoroughly miserable. If you wish to stop to talk to him, turn to 331. If you would rather continue walking east, turn to 161.

18

You take aim carefully and throw the knife at the leading vagabond. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, the knife sinks

deep into the vagabond's chest, stopping him dead in his tracks (turn to 102). If the total is greater than your SKILL score, the knife flies past its target and you must fight all three vagabonds with your sword (turn to 225).

19

The darts are poison-tipped. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If you are still alive and wish to continue picking the lock, turn to 340. If you would rather leave the room and climb the stairs to the floor above, turn to 60.

20

The pirate's pockets contain nothing apart from a piece of stale bread. You leave him to start a search of the wooden boxes and barrels on the ship's deck (turn to 84).

21

Looking up, you see that the staircase goes all the way up to the top of the tower. You stop off at the first floor and walk along the landing to a door. The door opens into a large room which contains a

comfortable, made-up bed. If you wish to lock the door and go to sleep for the night, turn to 288. If you wish to explore the tower further, turn to 77.

22

As you sit down at the table the GOBLINS stop their quarrelling and stare at you coldly. You see hatred in their brown warty faces. Suddenly they stand up and draw their swords. You must fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	4	5
Second GOBLIN	5	5

If you win, turn to 198.

23

The man grabs a wooden club from behind a chair and prepares to fight you. He is strong but not a good fighter.

SILVERSMITH	SKILL 4	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 146.

24

There is another shop on the left side of the street. An iron grill over the window prevents you seeing what kind of shop it is. You try the handle on the door and it turns. If you want to enter the shop, turn to **336**. If you wish to continue west, without looking into the shop, turn to **196**.

25

You soon realize you are in a stable when you see a large, bare-chested man wearing a grubby white apron busy at work at an open fire. He takes a red-hot iron bar from the fire with his gloved hand and starts to hammer it into the shape of a horseshoe on his anvil. Sweat pours from his brow as he toils with the hammer. Will you:

Make conversation with the blacksmith?	Turn to **169**
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **323**
Leave him to his labours and continue north?	Turn to **115**

26

You sheathe your sword and look round at the circle of spectators. Having witnessed your excellent swordsmanship each goes quietly back to his table, not wishing to anger you any further. The innkeeper apologizes for his unfriendliness and invites you to sit at the bar and enjoy a drink at his expense. You ask him if he knows the whereabouts of Nicodemus. The innkeeper frowns and looks at you inquiringly. Then he says, 'I don't know what you want from that wily old wizard. He keeps himself to himself and lives alone in a small hut under Singing Bridge. Keep walking north along Market Street, through the market-place, and you'll come to a bridge that crosses Catfish River and leads to the old part of the city and the harbour. Nicodemus won't talk to you and he knows enough magic to keep even the toughest away from his door.' You tell the innkeeper not to be so discourteous to strangers next time, and leave the tavern to head north (turn to **296**).

24

There is another shop on the left side of the street. An iron grill over the window prevents you seeing what kind of shop it is. You try the handle on the door and it turns. If you want to enter the shop, turn to **336**. If you wish to continue west, without looking into the shop, turn to **196**.

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27

You enter a small candlelit room with no windows. It is empty apart from a table and two chairs. A man wearing black robes and a skullcap is standing in a corner. He smiles and asks you to sit down at the table. He sits opposite you and, after placing six white pills on top of six skulls on the table, looks up to you and says, 'One of the pills before you is deadly poisonous, the others are harmless. Swallow one of your choice. If you live, I will give you 20 Gold Pieces. If you die, I keep all your possessions.' If you wish to play this deadly game, turn to **223**. If you would rather leave this room and walk back up the alley to Candle Street, turn to **165**.

28

While you were fighting the Giant Rats, you thought you saw someone or something skulking in the shadows ahead. If you wish to continue further north along the tunnel, turn to **265**. If you would rather turn round and walk back to the entrance hole, turn to **104**.

29

You squat down on the mattress and consider what to do next. If you wish to feign illness and throw the iron pail against the bars of the cell to attract the guards' attention, turn to **143**. If you wish to inspect the cell closely in the hope of finding a secret escape route, turn to **230**.

30

Tower Street soon ends at a junction, where it meets Stable Street running north and south. You decide to go north (turn to 76).

31

Ahead you see a wooden bridge stretching over a dirty river. Various bits of rubbish are floating down to the sea on its black surface, and you squirm at the sight of a human hand passing by. The bridge supports and columns reach high above and you see skulls, both human and non-human, tied to them. The wind makes an eerie noise as it whistles through the bridge structures, reminding you of tortured souls crying out for help. Almost hidden from view is a small flight of steps going down underneath the bridge from where you are standing. A one-legged man carrying a sack is crossing the bridge from the northern bank. If you wish to climb down the steps, turn to 329. If you wish to wait to talk to the man, turn to 364.

32

Before you reach the door, the Serpent Queen extends her head and bites you on the neck, causing the loss of 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If you are still alive, you draw your sword to attack the Serpent Queen (turn to 249).

33

You tell the guard that you wish to sell some silver chalices that you stole from a tavern in Silverton and that you will pay him a Gold Piece for his advice as to where to go for the best price. The guard looks at you suspiciously, saying, 'Let me look at these chalices in your backpack before I admit you.' Will you:

Tell him that you know the chalices are cursed and should only be examined by a mage?	Turn to 381
Try to run past the guard into the main street?	Turn to 291
Attack him quickly with your sword?	Turn to 49

34

The carriage thunders by and you see its driver urging on the four horses as though his life depended on it. As the noise of the carriage fades into the distance, you step out on to the street and continue west (turn to 171).

35

You push the man through the doorway and run him through with your sword. Much to your surprise he is unaffected by the wound. Slowly he advances towards you, trying to touch your skin with his skeletal, decayed hands. He grabs your arm but you manage to kick him away. He has left a mark on your arm which looks like a burn, but it

emits a revolting smell of putrid flesh. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Then you realize that before you stands a Spirit Stalker, one of the faithful servants of Zanbar Bone. As he advances towards you again with his arms outstretched, you try to remember what you must do. Will you:

Fire the silver arrow at him?	Turn to 189
Reflect his stare in your mirror (if you have one)?	Turn to 305
Fire your Ring of Ice at him (if you have one)?	Turn to 382

36

The man leans on the counter and tells you that a Ring of Invisibility costs 10 Gold Pieces, a Ring of Fire costs 8 Gold Pieces, and a Ring of Ice costs 7 Gold Pieces. If you wish to buy one of the rings, make the necessary deduction on your *Adventure Sheet*. Bidding the man farewell, you slip the ring on your finger and leave the shop to head west (turn to 196).

37

The man strums his lyre and sings a merry song all about you and your good fortune – he does have the power to make you lucky. Add 2 LUCK points and walk on to the next stall (turn to 398).

38

One of the men reaches into a pocket inside his green jacket and produces a thin silver bracelet. He gives it to you and you see the outline of an insect etched into its surface. The man explains that the insect bracelet has the power to kill even giant insects. After placing the bracelet on your wrist you leave the tavern and head north again (turn to 296).

39

You open your backpack and pretend to search for the silver item. The Serpent Queen starts to fidget and you can see her becoming increasingly impatient. You cannot think of a good plan and start to panic. If you wish to run to the front door, turn to 32. If you wish to draw your sword to attack the Serpent Queen, turn to 249.

40

From the top of the wall you see that it encircles a group of brown creatures playing some kind of game with a wooden stick and a small leather ball. One of the creatures has just hit the ball and is running towards a creature from the other team who has his foot on a cloth bag. You realize that these creatures are Bays playing their favourite game, Bays' Ball. If you wish to ask to join in their game, turn to 168. If you would rather climb back down the wall, return to the junction and head west down Harbour Street, turn to 91.

41

The two guards holding you look at each other and then at the other guard for a decision. He nods at them and they release their grip on you. As you pay him the 15 Gold Pieces he gives you a piercing look, saying, 'If Lord Azzur finds out that you are in the city without a pass, you are as good as dead. I'd get one if I were you. And as for Nicodemus, find him yourself.' Repressing an urge to draw your sword you turn and walk into the city (turn to 74).

42

You tell the man that you cannot pay the price he is asking. He shrugs his shoulders and says, 'Well, do you have any food?' You open your backpack and he takes all your remaining Provisions. He then starts to cast the silver arrow and you wait patiently as he makes it. Finally he presents you with it and assures you that it will be accurate in flight. You thank him for his trouble and leave his shop. Outside you set off east once again (turn to 100).

43

You cry out in pain as the goblet changes into a burning coal in your hand. You are badly burnt. Lose 2 SKILL and 2 LUCK points. If you have not done so already you may lift goblet A (turn to 175) or goblet B (turn to 209). If you are not interested in the goblets, you may either walk through the archway (turn to 107) or climb the stairs (turn to 60).

44

Standing in a line across the street are three tall men each armed with a spiked club. You notice that each has a red star tattooed on his forehead. They are vagabonds intent on robbing you. If you have a Throwing Knife you may be able to cut one down before they reach you (turn to 18). If you do not have a Throwing Knife you will have to fight all three with your sword (turn to 225).

45

The glass ball shatters on impact with the cobbled street. On contact with the air the smoke turns a golden colour and begins to take the shape of a winged helmet. The helmet solidifies and rests on the street, sparkling in the sunlight. It is the most magnificent helmet you have ever seen. If you wish to place it on your head, turn to **376**. If you would rather leave it alone and set off east again, turn to **161**.

46

The blacksmith takes your money and walks over to some bales of hay in the corner. He lifts one up and underneath it you see the chainmail coat. He turns to you and says, 'You have to hide everything in this place. You can't trust anybody.' The coat fits perfectly and its workmanship is excellent. Add 2 SKILL points. You leave the stables with your new armour and continue north (turn to **115**).

47

The lightning bolt slams into your chest and knocks you to the floor. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you see the fat man roaring with laughter. Perhaps he is off his guard? You decide to throw your sword at him from your prone position. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, the sword pierces the chest of the man and kills him (turn to **313**). If the number is greater than your SKILL score, the sword flies past him and clatters on to the marble floor (turn to **81**).

48

There is an iron ladder secured to the rim of a hole, descending into a tunnel below. It is dark, and a very unpleasant smell rises up from below. If you wish to climb down the ladder, turn to **321**. If you wish to replace the manhole cover and continue east, turn to **205**.

49

As you draw your sword the guard leaps to his right and attempts to ring a small bell on the wall of the guardhouse. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, he misses the bell, curses, and turns to fight you with his pike (turn to **10**). If you are Unlucky, he manages to grab the bell and rings it loudly before turning to fight you with his pike (turn to **311**).

50

The stairs lead down into the ship's cargo hold. It is empty. Opposite you a corridor leads from the hold to two closed doors. You walk along the corridor and listen at the doors. From the door on your left you hear loud snoring. From the door on your right you hear nothing. If you wish to open the door on the left, turn to **271**. If you wish to open the door on the right, turn to **232**.

51

You walk over to the old man and help him to his feet. He is very grateful and offers to buy you a drink at a nearby tavern. If you wish to go for a drink, turn to **325**. If you would rather continue your quest, turn to **348**.

52

Behind the next stall is a young man selling small weapons and items of equipment. The prices of his wares are chalked up on a slate:

Throwing Knife	4 Gold Pieces
Climbing Rope	2 Gold Pieces
Butcher's Meat Hook	2 Gold Pieces
Iron Spike	1 Gold Piece
Lantern	3 Gold Pieces

If you wish to buy some or all of the items, make the necessary adjustments on your *Adventure Sheet*. You then walk north (turn to **200**).

53

The silk curtains in front of the archway are pulled aside and a strange creature steps into the room. It has a snake's head, which sits oddly atop the body of a young woman wearing a lavish gown. Its mouth opens and a forked tongue darts in and out as the Serpent Queen says, 'Don't try to fool me, I know that scoundrel Borryman never sends flowers. What silver gift have you brought me?' If you have a silver item in your backpack that you wish to give to the Serpent Queen, turn to **328**. If you have not got a silver item that you wish to give away, turn to **39**.

54

You search the guardhouse and find 2 Gold Pieces and a merchant's pass permitting the holder to trade in Port Blacksand. Taking your findings with you, you creep outside. The guard at the main gate does not see you and you walk into the city (turn to 74).

55

You dip the petals of the flower in the spilled blood of the dead dogs. On contact with blood the petals sparkle and make a popping noise. On the floor are 10 Gold Pieces. You pick up the gold and walk back up the alleyway to Harbour Street, where you turn left (turn to 180).

56

There are over twenty guards coming to get you and it is useless to put up a fight. They drag you off to a room at the bottom of the tower and chain you to a wall. To your horror you see the two Trolls enter the room. They take it in turns to beat you before passing a sentence of five years' solitary confinement in a dungeon cell. A few minutes later a hunchbacked jailer arrives carrying a bull-hide whip. He fixes a ball and chain to your leg before leading you downstairs to begin your jail sentence. You have failed in your mission.

57

The Dwarf jumps up off his stool, his face full of hatred. He calls out two names loudly and two huge black dogs immediately appear from under a table with long fangs protruding from their slavering mouths. Wraggins points a finger at you, shouting 'Kill the friend of Nicodemus!' and the dogs leap at you, barking wildly. You must fight them for your life, one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF DOG	7	7
Second WOLF DOG	7	5

If you win, turn to 360.

58

As the carriage thunders by, the driver lashes out at you with his whip. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You curse the driver of the carriage as it races out of view, rubbing your neck where the whip has raised a weal. You set off west again (turn to 171).

59

The Hag laughs as she watches you in the throes of your nightmare. Then from out of her clothing she pulls a dagger with a long shimmering blade. You are helpless and unable to stop her plunging the dagger into your chest. Tonight her stew-pot will contain more than rat meat. Your adventure ends here.

60

At the top of the stairs you reach a landing with two closed doors. As you are deciding which door to enter, you hear a noise from downstairs – somebody is entering the front door. Then you hear a man's voice saying, 'Off you fly, my little beauty, find the intruder.' If you wish to draw your sword in readiness, turn to 349. If you would rather make a break for it, you may jump out of the window at the head of the landing into the street below (turn to 192).

61

The silk curtains in front of the archway are pulled aside and a strange creature steps into the room. It has a snake's head, which sits oddly atop the body of a young woman wearing a lavish gown. You feel uncomfortable and are undecided whether or not to draw your sword. Then the snake's mouth opens and a forked tongue darts in and out as the Serpent Queen asks to see the flowers sent to her by Lord Azzur. If you have a bunch of flowers, turn to 172. If you do not have a bunch of flowers, turn to 350.

62

The old wooden doors open into a dingy, smoke-filled room. There are eight round tables in the centre of the room with some of the most mean and shifty-looking rogues you have ever seen sitting at them. At the back of the tavern is a long wooden bar covered with bottles and mugs. Behind the bar stands the innkeeper wearing a grubby apron. He is quite old, bald and has an ugly black scar running down his right cheek. Not all the customers are human. Will you:

Walk to the bar to talk to the innkeeper?	Turn to 136
Sit down at a table with three Dwarfs who are playing a dice game?	Turn to 173
Sit down at a table with two Goblins who are arguing?	Turn to 22
Sit down with three men who are sticking daggers quickly between their fingers on the table?	Turn to 190
Leave the tavern and walk north?	Turn to 296

63

The Elf leads you into a room lit by purple candles, which give a strange glow. You stand and stare blankly at the candles and drift off into a world of vivid dreams. While you are in this trance, the Elf takes two items and 5 Gold Pieces from your backpack (if you have them). When you awake, you

have no recollection of the theft and leave the shop thanking the Elf for showing you his beautiful candles. Outside you head east again (turn to 280).

64

You hear growls and loud barking coming from inside the kennel, and suddenly an enormous black wolf rushes out of the kennel straight at you. A long chain is attached to its collar and this may stop it from reaching you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the chain pulls taut and the wolf jerks to a halt (turn to 353). If you are Unlucky, the chain remains slack and the wolf leaps up and bites your arm. Lose 1 STAMINA point and turn to 309.

65

On the next floor there are two doors adjacent to one another on the landing. One is painted white and the other black. Suddenly a voice calls out from nowhere, saying, 'Oh foolish adventurer, why do you even consider it a remote possibility that you can defeat me, the almighty Zanbar Bone. I am following your every move, but you do not know where I am. Ha! Ha! Ha!' Will you:

Open the white door?	Turn to 319
Open the black door?	Turn to 96
Carry on up the stairs?	Turn to 197

66

The Dwarf smiles and boasts that he can make a key to open any lock in Port Blacksand. He says that his special keys are priced at 10 Gold Pieces each. If you want to buy a key, make the necessary deduction on your *Adventure Sheet*. Whether or not you buy a key you leave the shop and continue west (turn to 300).

67

The woman's voice sounds excited as she calls through the curtains, 'Oh, I wonder which kind dear has sent me flowers? Can you tell me who they are from?' If you wish to tell her a name, turn to 195. If you wish to tell her that you do not know who they are from, turn to 79.

68

The soup tastes absolutely disgusting. If you wish to swallow it, turn to 380. If you wish to spit it out, turn to 262.

69

Just as the guards are about to lead you away, you try with all your might to pull your arms from their grip. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you succeed – turn to **355**. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, you fail to release yourself, and are led away, struggling violently (turn to **151**).

70

As you reach the chest it disappears before your eyes. You hear laughter behind you and suddenly see in the mirror the hideous reflection of a black-robed skeleton with green, translucent eyes, wearing a golden crown on its skull. You spin round but it's too late. Zanbar Bone's skeletal fingers are touching your flesh and are draining your life away. You are now one of his undead servants.

71

The Ogre's room is full of clutter and discarded bits and pieces. It does not appear to have been tidied for years. Rummaging through the jumble, you find a polished wooden box with a hand made of white shell inlaid on the lid. The box is locked and you cannot find the key to open it. If you wish to smash it open with your sword, turn to **324**. If you wish to leave the house to continue north, without trying to open the box, turn to **282**.

72

As you bend down to help the injured boy, he suddenly rolls over and you see the flashing blade of a dagger before your eyes. The boy is in fact a GOBLIN thief and you must fight him for your life.

GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to **208**.

73

You draw your sword and stand ready to fight the Trolls. They seem pleased that you are going to give them a chance to practise their beloved sport of killing humans, and advance towards you swinging their battle-axes. Sourbelly snarls and says, 'Stand back, Fatnose – let me deal with this dog alone.' Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SOURBELLY	10	11
FATNOSE	9	10

If you win, turn to **110**. You may *Escape* after killing Sourbelly by throwing your shield at Fatnose and running off west along Mill Street. Lose 1 SKILL point and turn to **239**.

74

Through the main gates you see that the rubbish-filled streets of the port are narrow and cobbled. Old and decrepit buildings line them closely, with their upper storeys overhanging menacingly. You may:

Go west down Key Street	Turn to 95
Head north along Market Street	Turn to 116
Go east down Clock Street	Turn to 17

75

Outside the rain has stopped and you set off north again (turn to 31).

76

To your left you see a large wooden barn set back from the houses. Two horses are tied to a post outside the barn, and smoke rises from a crooked chimney on top of its low flat roof. If you wish to walk through the barn doors, turn to 25. If you would rather continue north, turn to 115.

77

You walk quietly back to the staircase and climb up to the second floor. Again there is a door at the end of the landing. If you wish to open the door, turn to 292. If you wish to climb up to the third floor, turn to 310.

78

The street runs north along the quayside for a few hundred metres before arriving at a junction. If you wish to continue north up Harbour Street, turn to 256. If you wish to walk east along Clog Street, turn to 216.

79

The silk curtains in front of the archway are suddenly pulled aside and a strange creature steps into the room. It has a snake's head, which sits oddly atop the body of a young woman wearing a lavish gown. Its mouth opens and a forked tongue darts in and out as the SERPENT QUEEN challenges you, saying, 'Do not lie to me, scoundrel. No doubt you are an assassin come here to kill me. But you shall die instead!' Suddenly the Serpent Queen stretches out her head and bites you on the neck. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If you are still alive, you draw your sword to defend yourself.

SERPENT QUEEN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 295.

80

The stairs lead into a small room, again painted red. Sitting at a table is a strange creature with a long snout and deep red, scaly skin. From its jaw protrude rows of sharp teeth and a long pink tongue darts quickly in and out between them. The creature looks up and stares at you. Are you wearing a scorpion brooch? If you are, turn to 392. If not, turn to 215.

81

The man laughs even louder and mocks your attempt to kill him. You decide to leap up and make a dash for the front door, picking up your sword as you run. The man sees what you are doing and fires another lightning bolt at you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, the lightning bolt misses you, and you manage to open the door and run north up the street (turn to 304). If you are Unlucky, the lightning bolt thuds into your back and you cry out in pain (turn to 243).

82

Before the Hag can complete her spell, you reach into your backpack and take out the bottle containing the potion. You gulp down the liquid and feel its effects immediately. The Hag is still mouthing her vile sorcery but you cannot hear her. Safe from her evil, you draw your sword and step forward. You grab hold of her matted hair and cut a clump from her head. She writhes and kicks and spits at you. At this close range you can see fresh blood on her face—

no doubt she could not wait to cook some of the rats she had killed. Despite your repulsion you are excited about having gained one of the items necessary to defeat the Night Prince. You throw the Hag into the sewer and walk back to the entrance hole (turn to **104**).

83

Fortunately, the contents of the jar are as the label reads, although the strength of the mixture is unpredictable. Roll 1 die. The number rolled is the number of STAMINA points that will be restored. If you wish to continue searching the shop, turn to **322**. If you would rather leave the shop to head north, turn to **93**.

84

The barrels all contain rotten fruit and the boxes contain manacles and leg irons. Perhaps this is a slave-trading ship. There is nothing else of interest to you on deck. If you wish to walk over to the deck cabin to climb down the stairs to the lower decks, turn to **50**. If you would rather leave the ship, walk back along the jetty, turn left and walk north up Harbour Street, turn to **78**.

85

You pay the silversmith and wait patiently while he makes a silver arrow for you. Finally he presents you with it and assures you that it will be completely accurate in flight. You thank him for his trouble and leave his shop. Outside you set off east once again (turn to **100**).

86

A leather pouch hanging round the neck of the man contains a small glass ball containing what looks like swirling smoke. Will you:

Smash the ball on the ground?	Turn to **45**
Put the ball in your backpack?	Turn to **194**
Leave the ball behind and continue east?	Turn to **161**

87

You reach the top of the ladder and peer over the handrail to survey the ship's deck. There are two large masts rising into the air from the deck. Wooden boxes, barrels and coils of rope lie all around, and one of the ship's crew stands on guard at the top of the gangplank. In the centre of the deck there is a small cabin with an open door. Through the door you see stairs leading down to the lower decks. If you wish to inspect any of the wooden boxes and barrels, you will have to deal with the pirate on guard (turn to **120**). If you wish to creep along the deck to the stairs, turn to **50**.

88

You pull back the curtains and walk into a very lavish boudoir. In it is a young woman with her back towards you. As you approach her she spins round and you are stunned to see, not the young woman's face you are expecting, but a large snake's head. It extends out from the shoulders and bites you on the neck. You are caught somewhat off-balance by the SERPENT QUEEN and suffer the loss of 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point before you can draw your sword to defend yourself.

SERPENT QUEEN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **295**. You may *Escape* after three Attack Rounds by running out of the house and north along Stable Street (turn to **333**).

89

As you slide your hand into the glove, it seems to come alive and cling tightly to your hand. Then it changes texture and becomes hot and you feel as though your hand is covered with burning tar which you are unable to shake off. Mercifully it cools down, but a thin white film remains on your hand, making it difficult to open and close. Lose 2 SKILL points. You curse and leave the house to head north (turn to **282**).

90

You swing your sword with all your strength and bring it down on the heavy chain. Much to your surprise it bounces off. Before you have time to try again, you are surrounded by four town guards who are pointing their pikes at you. Will you:

Tell them you have caught the escaped prisoner for them? Turn to 199
Offer them a bribe to let you and the prisoner go free? Turn to 187

91

You pass a beggar in the street. He is sitting in the gutter and holds an empty tin in his hand. If you wish to toss a Gold Piece into his tin, turn to 332. If you would rather walk past him, turn to 124.

92

You are slowly feeling your way along the bricks when your hand comes into contact with a smooth flat object. You pull it out and see that you are holding a mirror. You pack it away and walk back to the entrance hole (turn to 174).

93

On the right-hand side of the street you see a tavern called the Spotted Dog. If you wish to enter the tavern, turn to 62. If you would rather continue north, turn to 296.

94

The little man smiles and says, 'Easy.' He reaches into his pocket and produces some sparkling dust which he throws up at you. As it settles on your clothes, a feeling of strength surges through your body. Add 6 STAMINA points. He then tells you that as he is feeling particularly grateful he will grant you another wish. With your strength returned you feel you can now deal with Zanbar Bone and ask the little man of his whereabouts (turn to 234).

95

On the left side of the street you see a large iron key hanging over the doorway of a small shop. A sign in the window reads 'J. B. Wraggins, Locksmith'. If you want to enter the shop, turn to 224. If you would rather continue walking west, turn to 300.

96

You open the door and enter a room which is adorned with macabre objects and paintings. A black cat is sitting in front of a table covered in black cloth. Two black candles are burning on either side of a mirror on the far wall. On the table lies an open chest containing a golden skull. Will you:

Walk over to the chest? Turn to 257
Close the door and open the white door (if you have not done so already)? Turn to 319
Close the door and walk back to the staircase to climb up to the next floor? Turn to 197

97

You decide to take a quick look inside the kennel. Hanging on a hook is an iron key which you place in your pocket. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to 353.

98

You uncork the bottle with your teeth and take a long gulp of the liquid. Fortunately the liquid is what the man claims it to be. Add 3 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. Well-refreshed, you set off east again, bidding the old man farewell (turn to 363).

99

You are unable to explain why you are in Port Blacksand and the guards draw their swords, telling you that you are under arrest. You draw your sword and fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CITY GUARD	7	4
Second CITY GUARD	6	6

If you win, turn to 285.

100

You soon arrive at a junction. If you wish to turn north into Tower Street, turn to 127. If you wish to continue east into Stable Street, turn to 246.

101

You enter the shop and see the Man-Orc standing behind the counter. He is smiling at your misfortune and says, 'Huh, can't even take Old Trollborn. And don't think I am going to give you your money back.' If you wish to attack the impudent Man-Orc, turn to 5. If you would rather leave the shop and head north again, containing your anger, turn to 93.

102

The other two vagabonds stop to aid their friend, but it is too late, as he is already dead. They seem undecided as to what to do next. After a brief conversation they pick up their dead friend and carry him off down a narrow alleyway to your right. You walk quickly north before they have time to reappear with more of their gang (turn to 372).

103

You arrive at a four-way junction in the street. The street continuing east changes its name to Clock Street and the street running north and south is called Market Street. Looking north you see a crowd of people walking up the street cheering loudly and waving their arms in the air. You decide to follow them (turn to 148).

104

Back at the entrance hole you may either climb up the ladder to the street in order to continue east (turn to 205) or, if you have not done so already, you may walk south along the sewer (turn to 118).

105

Most of the houses in the street are joined in a long terrace, but you see one on the left side that stands alone and is set back. There appears to be a large wooden kennel outside the heavy oak front door. If you wish to approach the front door, turn to **64**. If you wish to keep walking north, turn to **304**.

106

The Lantern breaks on impact with the Mummy and covers it with burning oil. Flames spread quickly along the dry bandages and the Mummy is soon consumed by fire. If you wish to inspect the open sarcophagus, turn to **163**. If you wish to leave the room immediately, turn to **231**.

107

The back room is as lavishly furnished as the front room. In the far corner you see a wooden chest bolted to the floor. It is securely locked. If you wish to try to pick the lock, turn to **128**. If you wish to leave the room and climb the stairs to the floor above, turn to **60**.

108

You lower yourself slowly to the ground. Above you the guards are waving their fists at you from the battlements. You are now outside Port Blacksand. Do you have all the necessary items required to slay the Night Prince? If you have them all and have been tattooed, turn to **201**. If you lack any of the items or have not been tattooed, turn to **299**.

109

The guards look at each other and burst out laughing. Then one says, 'Do you think we would risk letting you in Port Blacksand for the sake of 5 Gold Pieces? If Lord Azzur found out that we let you in without a pass, we would be dead men. Let's hear no more about bribes, it's the dungeon for you.' Turn to **151**.

110

Your light attracted a group of onlookers. Some of the beggars even cheered when you cut down old Sourbelly. But one sly-looking character sloped off with the obvious intention of finding more guards. It is dangerous to stay here any longer, so you run off west along Mill Street (turn to **239**).

111

You cut the pouch from round the pirate's neck and open it. Inside you find six black pearls. Add 2 LUCK points. You leave the room with your valuable treasure. Outside in the corridor you may either open the other door if you have not done so already (turn to **232**) or leave the ship and continue your search of Port Blacksand, walking north up Harbour Street (turn to **78**).

112

While most of the houses in the street are small, cramped and dark, you see one ahead that stands alone and is painted bright red. The door has a 'Welcome' sign hanging from it. If you wish to enter the house, turn to 154. If you prefer to keep walking north, turn to 334.

113

You enter the house and find yourself standing in a room full of toys. But they are not ordinary toys. These are stuffed creatures with nails through their heads, dolls' houses that are made to look as if they are on fire, and many other unpleasant objects. In the middle of the room stand two old women dressed as though they were little girls. They are squabbling over a carved wooden duck. Each looks eager to destroy the duck with the knives they are holding. On seeing you the women both start to shout, 'Give us toys! Give us toys!' If you wish to give them something from your backpack, make the necessary deduction on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 141. If you would rather leave these strange old ladies and continue east, turn to 375.

114

There are three bejewelled rings under the counter and 13 Gold Pieces in a drawer. Take what you will and leave the shop to continue west (turn to 196).

115

Coming towards you as fast as he is able is a man in tattered rags with a ball and chain attached to his leg. He is exhausted and collapses in your arms. His face is dirty and unshaven. With great difficulty he manages to speak, saying, 'Please cut me free. The town guards are not far behind me. I have been locked in a dungeon for two years but managed to tunnel my way out. I was robbed and unable to pay my taxes, so Lord Azzur ordered I should be jailed for five years. Please help me.' Farther up the street you hear shouting voices and then armed men come into view. If you want to cut through his chains with your sword, turn to 90. If you want to hand him over to the town guards, turn to 274.

116

Walking north along the street you see the entrance to a small herbalist's shop to your left. Looking through the window you see a wooden counter with a pair of scales upon it, and many sacks of different herbs crowding the floor. There is a small archway leading out of the back of the shop to another room. There is an 'Open' sign on the door but the shop is empty. If you wish to enter the shop, turn to 250. If you would rather continue walking north up Market Street, turn to 93.

117

At the end of the market, a street named Bridge Street runs north out of the square. You decide to walk down it in the hope of finding the elusive Nicodemus. It starts to rain and the tumbledown houses huddled together on either side of the street look as if they need shelter themselves. Most have their windows boarded up and are empty. The door to one flaps noisily in the wind. If you wish to take refuge in the derelict house until the rain stops, turn to 188. If you would rather press on ahead, turn to 31.

118

You can hear some scratching sounds in the tunnel ahead. Then you see a long shadow appear on the curved brick wall. In the dim light you can just make out the large shape of something black and shiny moving towards you. The scratching becomes louder and you also hear clicking sounds. The monster is only a couple of metres ahead of you when you recognize it as a Giant Centipede. Do you possess an insect bracelet? If you do, turn to 2. If not, turn to 166.

119

The small boy smiles and thrusts a tin mug into your hand. He tells you the barrel contains sparkling water which cures ills, wounds and diseases. To fill the mug costs 3 Gold Pieces. If you wish to drink the water, turn to 233. If you would rather keep your gold and walk north, turn to 247.

120

You pick up a piece of wood and run as quietly as possible over to the pirate to try to knock him unconscious. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, he does not hear you approach and you hit him on the back of the head. He falls to the deck unconscious and you begin your search (turn to 84). If you are Unlucky, you stumble on a coil of rope and the pirate turns to face you (turn to 152).

121

The Ogre gulps down the food in no time at all. Licking his lips, he turns to you and tells you to get out of his home. If you wish to obey the ungrateful Ogre, and leave the house heading north, turn to 282. If you wish to draw your sword to teach him a lesson, turn to 140.

122

The room you enter is full of debris and rotting food. Standing in the middle of all the mess are two men wearing tattered clothing. They have hollow eyes and vacant expressions. On seeing you, they pick up wooden sticks and advance towards you. If you wish to back out of the room and shut them in, turn to 277. If you wish to attack them, turn to 361.

123

Inside a box on a wooden shelf you find 3 Gold Pieces and an iron key. On examining it you realize that it is a very special key. It is a skeleton key that will open just about any lock you care to try. Add 1 LUCK point and leave the shop to head west. Turn to 300.

124

A narrow alleyway runs south off the street between two houses. If you wish to walk down the alleyway, turn to 326. If you would rather continue along Harbour Street, turn to 180.

125

This shield is cursed by Zanbar Bone. Anybody who is not undead will suffer if they use it. Lose 1 SKILL point. Unable to rid yourself of this handicap, you walk over to the spiral staircase and climb up it (turn to 21).

126

The little girl grabs hold of your arm and leads you into a back room. Saying nothing, she motions you to lie down on a sheepskin rug. Suddenly you are aware of a very old man sitting opposite. He rises slowly from his rocking chair and walks over to you. You watch transfixed as he takes hold of an arrow protruding from your arm and gently pulls it free without causing you any pain. The wound made by the arrow disappears before your eyes. Other arrows are treated similarly if you suffered more

than one wound. You may restore 2 STAMINA points for each arrow pulled free by the old man. Then in a slow and almost inaudible voice he tells you that he wants the broadsword that Owen Carralif gave you in payment for the healing. You feel obliged to give him your sword, though reluctantly. In exchange he gives you an ordinary fighting sword. Reduce your SKILL score by 1. You leave the house and head north (turn to 112).

127

Just ahead of you, three men are involved in a fight – the two younger men appear to be attacking an older man with iron bars. If you wish to help the old man, turn to 177. If you would rather avoid the brawling men and continue north, turn to 348.

128

As you try to turn the lock with a piece of bent wire, you are alarmed by the sound of two clicks. Two tiny panels in the chest flick open to expose two needle darts which shoot out at you. *Test your Luck* twice, once for each dart. If you are Lucky both times, the darts bounce harmlessly off your armour (turn to 340). If you are Unlucky once, a dart flies into your hand (turn to 149). If you are Unlucky twice, both darts fly into your hand (turn to 19).

129

You step back from the vile body of Zanbar Bone, waiting for him to decay. However, you have chosen wrongly! He pulls the arrow from his chest and rubs the compound from his eyes. He sees you and laughs. You are mesmerized by his power and are unable to move. He walks up to you and touches your face with his skeletal fingers. Your life is being quickly drained away, and soon you will begin your undead existence as a servant of Zanbar Bone.

130

As the guard slumps to the ground, two more armed men appear from a stone guardhouse by the gate, obviously attracted by the noise of your battle. There is no time to run so you must fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CITY GUARD	6	6
Second CITY GUARD	7	5

If you win, turn to 74.

131

You walk into a room with sparse furnishings and a polished wooden floor. Silk curtains hang down over an archway on the far wall. As you start to walk across the wooden floor, a woman's voice calls out 'Who is it?' You may:

Tell her you are delivering flowers	Turn to 67
Tell her you have come to collect old rags	Turn to 6
Tell her you are a tax collector	Turn to 179

132

The creature pins the silver brooch to your leather tunic and you pay the price demanded. You have bought an item with healing properties. After surviving any battle, the brooch will immediately restore 1 STAMINA point to your total. Pleased with your purchase, you leave the house and head north (turn to 334).

133

The street ends at a junction with Mill Street, which runs east and west along the city wall. Looking east you see a group of town guards marching towards you and you decide to walk quickly west along Mill Street. On your left you see a narrow lane and ahead you see a young lad coming towards you pushing a barrow laden with fruit. If you wish to walk down the lane, turn to 182. If you wish to buy some fruit from the barrow-boy, turn to 160.

134

You wake up feeling dazed, with a large lump on your head. Your backpack lies open by your side and you are annoyed to discover that all your gold has been stolen. Those thieving Dwarfs! You stand up and set off west down the street (turn to **396**).

135

When you draw your sword the man cries out and runs into a back room. You follow him into the room. He is apparently unarmed, but is holding an egg and a small key in his hands. He warns you that the egg contains a deadly gas and he will throw it at you. He also threatens to swallow the key to his silver cupboard. If you still wish to attack him, turn to **229**. If you wish to run out of the shop and go further up Clog Street, turn to **100**.

136

You walk over to the bar and order a drink. The old innkeeper scowls and tells you that he doesn't serve people from out of town. He pulls a dagger from his belt and, stabbing it in the bar top, tells you to leave. If you want to fight the innkeeper, turn to **270**. If you want to leave the tavern and head north, turn to **296**

137

As you take your first step forwards you are alarmed to hear the familiar whistle of arrows flying through the air. They are coming from windows on either side of the street. Roll one die. This is the number of arrows that will hit you and each will cause you to lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, lose 2 LUCK points and turn to 327.

138

If you fought the Ape Man, turn to 312. If you fought any of the other creatures, turn to 283.

139

Walking along the street you are suddenly halted by a plant pot smashing on to the cobblestones in front of you. You look to the left and see an open window. Inside, voices can be heard arguing. The door to the house is open. If you wish to enter the house to find out what the argument is about, turn to 113. If you would rather ignore the argument and continue east, turn to 375.

140

The OGRE looks unimpressed by your aggressive action and, picking up a large bone as a weapon, lumbers towards you. You must fight him.

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to 71. After the third Attack Round, you may *Escape* by running out of the house to head north (turn to 282).

141

The women immediately start arguing again over your gift to them, ignoring you completely. You look around the room and see a table set for a meal. There are two bowls of hot soup on top of the table waiting to be drunk. If you wish to pick up a wooden spoon and drink some of the soup, turn to 68. If you would rather leave the old ladies and continue east, turn to 375.

142

The crossbow bolt has a poisoned tip. You stagger back from the force of the bolt and fall to the ground. The poison spreads through your body quickly and you sink into a deep sleep from which you will not awaken.

143

When you hear the guards coming down the stairs, you lie on the floor and start to groan. They unlock the cell door and enter. If you wish to continue with your feigned illness and tell them that you think you've got the plague, turn to 306. If you wish to fight them unarmed, turn to 157.

144

The Hag screams as your sword cuts deep into her arm. Her concentration is lost and the spell is broken. Your mind clears and you are able to face her with your senses acute again. From out of her clothing the Hag pulls a dagger with a long shimmering blade. You are eager to fight her:

HAG	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 303.

145

Inside the shop an old woman is busily watering the flowers and plants. She looks up and smiles, saying, 'Good afternoon, my name is Mrs Pipe. Can I interest you in one of my special flowers?' If you wish to see what she has to offer, turn to 293. If you wish to leave the shop, refuse politely and head west (turn to 24).

146

You walk back into the shop. You try to open the glass cupboard but it is locked. Inside you see two silver goblets, a silver chalice and a silver spoon. Do you have a skeleton key? If you have a key, turn to 220. If you do not have a key, turn to 388.

147

A search through the leather bags of the thieves produces 16 Gold Pieces and a glass phial containing a green liquid. If you wish to drink the liquid, turn to 338. If you would rather just take the gold and press on northwards, turn to 105.

148

As you catch up with the chanting crowd, you see that they are carrying eggs and rotten tomatoes. Soon the street opens out into a large market square. All round the edge are stalls with vendors, hawkers, musicians and entertainers carrying on their business. In the middle of the square is an elevated pillory. Above the noise of the crowd a trumpet sounds and the crowd start to pelt the man in the pillory with rotten food. An old woman standing next to you offers you two eggs to throw. Not wishing to appear to be an outsider, you take the eggs and hurl them. But as you do so, the old woman picks your pocket without you noticing. Lose 1 Gold Piece or any one item you may have. Unaware of your loss, you walk away from the crowd to look at the various stalls (turn to 287).

149

The dart is poison-tipped. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive and wish to continue picking the lock, turn to 340. If you would rather leave the room and climb the stairs to the floor above, turn to 60.

150

The Troll bursts out laughing and says, 'Fooled you! There isn't a Pepper Street in Port Blacksand!' His face folds into a sickly grin and he tells you that you are under arrest for being in Port Blacksand without authorization. He tells you that he is feeling generous, however, and offers you a choice. You can pay a fine of all the gold in your backpack and be thrown

out of the city, or spend a year with rats and cockroaches in a dirty dungeon cell. The other Troll bursts out laughing, saying, 'Generous? Ho! Ho! Ho! Ah, Sourbelly, you've got such a sense of humour!' If you wish to pay the fine and be thrown out of the city, turn to 367. If you wish to resist arrest, turn to 73.

151

The two guards lead you into the guardhouse and take you immediately downstairs to the cells below. There are four cells and all are empty except for one which houses a frail, white-haired old man. The guards unlock the cell next to the old man's and throw you in, placing your sword on a table outside. The only contents of the cell are a straw mattress and a pail of water. The guards go back upstairs and as they disappear the old man gets up off his bed and starts to speak. 'You're an outsider, aren't you? Don't reply, it's obvious. Do you want me to set you free? Give me 10 Gold Pieces and I'll have you out in five minutes.' The old man then puts his arm through the bars of your cell with the palm of his hand upturned. If you wish to give the old man 10 Gold Pieces, turn to **351**. If you would rather ignore the old man, turn to **29**.

152

The PIRATE draws his cutlass. As he approaches, his toothless grin unnerves you a little.

PIRATE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

You do not have time to draw your sword and must fight the pirate with the wooden stick. During each Attack Round you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength. If you win, turn to **20**.

153

Holding the golden owl in your hand, you are able to see into the pitch-black room. Just in time, you see the trip-wire across the doorway at your feet and the large crossbow pointing at you on the opposite wall. There is nothing else in the room. You decide to walk back to the staircase to climb up to the next floor (turn to **65**).

154

Inside the house you find yourself in a room painted red and empty apart from a table on top of which are two glass bowls. In one there is a small golden scorpion and in the other lies a silver scorpion. In the far corner of the room there are stairs that lead up to another floor. You may:

Pick up the golden scorpion	Turn to 273
Pick up the silver scorpion	Turn to 13
Climb the stairs	Turn to 80
Leave the house and head north	Turn to 334

155

Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you stand up and brush yourself down. The carriage races out of view and you set off west again, hoping that you will have another opportunity to meet the infamous Lord Azzur (turn to 171).

156

Standing on either side of you, the Trolls march you along Mill Street until you reach the city's North Gate at the junction with Goose Street. They tell the two guards on duty not to let you back into Port Blacksand. They give you a forceful boot up the backside and you land sprawling on the dusty road outside. Do you have all the items required to slay the Night Prince? If you have them all and have been tattooed, turn to 201. If you are missing any of the items or have not been tattooed, turn to 299.

157

You leap up and punch the first guard. He staggers back and draws his sword. You fight them one at a time in the small cell.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CITY GUARD	6	6
Second CITY GUARD	7	5

During each Attack Round you must deduct 3 from your Attack Strength because you are fighting bare-handed. If you manage to defeat the guards, you leave the cell and climb the stairs, picking up your sword off the table (turn to 54).

158

You must react quickly to escape the advancing Suit of Armour. If you wish to open the door in front of you, turn to 122. If you wish to run back to the staircase and climb up to the next floor, turn to 207.

159

The owner of the house is obviously quite wealthy. Lavish furnishing and fine *objets d'art* adorn the marble-floored room in which you stand. An archway leads into a back room and stairs to your right lead up to another floor. Will you:

Search the room you are in?	Turn to 278
Walk through the archway?	Turn to 107
Climb the stairs?	Turn to 60

160

The boy puts down his barrow and asks you what you would like to buy. He recommends his plums as being particularly refreshing. If you wish to pay 1 Gold Piece for a bag of plums, turn to 211. If you wish to buy a bag of red apples for 1 Gold Piece, turn to 242.

161

The street makes a sudden left turn and continues north as far as you can see. However, you notice that round the corner the houses are much bigger, with doorways some four metres high. On the left side of the street you see that a door to one of the houses is open. If you wish to enter the house, turn to **245**. If you wish to keep going northwards, turn to **282**.

162

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you manage to cut the pouch loose without waking the pirates (turn to **7**). If you are Unlucky, the man's eyes flick open as you try to cut the cord and he grabs hold of your arm while calling out to his mates for help (turn to **226**).

163

The sarcophagus contains a gold ring which has an eye etched into its top. You have found the long-lost Ring of the Golden Eye, fabled for its ability to allow its wearer to detect illusions. Add 2 LUCK points and leave the room (turn to **231**).

164

You stagger forward beyond the angle of fire of the unseen archers. Ahead you see some sacks lying outside a house and you slump down on top of them. Slowly and painfully you pull the arrows from your body. After bandaging your wounds you rise to your feet and continue north (turn to **112**).

165

You may either turn right down Candle Street (turn to **139**) or walk back to the junction and go down Harbour Street (turn to **91**).

166

You will have to swing your sword with all your might to pierce the armour-like shell of this monster.

GIANT CENTIPEDE SKILL 10 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **272**.

167

When you have paid the Man-Orc the 4 Gold Pieces, he explains that placing the herbs on a wound will help to heal it. Unfortunately the strength of the mixture varies. When required, roll 1 die. The number rolled is the number of STAMINA points that will be restored. Somewhat surprised at your good fortune you leave the shop and walk north. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to 93.

168

The Bays have difficulty in explaining themselves, but you manage to understand that one of the other team is going to throw the ball at you. You are handed the wooden stick and told that if you hit the ball over the wall, you will win the game for them. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your SKILL score, you hit the ball powerfully in the middle of the bat and watch it soar over the wall (turn to 359). If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL score, the ball goes whistling by your midriff as you swing, and a voice behind you calls, 'You're out!' (turn to 266).

169

The blacksmith removes his gloves and wipes his hands on his apron before asking you what you want. You answer by asking if he makes anything besides horseshoes. He replies that in his spare time he enjoys making chainmail coats. In fact it has become quite a profitable sideline of his, especially in a place like Port Blacksand. He tells you in great detail of the skill and labour that goes into making one and finally inquires if you are interested in buying one. They are not cheap. If you wish to pay 20 Gold Pieces for a chainmail coat, turn to 46. If you wish to leave the stables without buying a coat, turn to 115.

170

The man sees you drawing your sword and snatches his battle-axe off the wall. He walks around the counter to fight you.

JEWELLER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 114. You may *Escape* by running out of the shop and west along the street (turn to 196).

171

The street gradually starts to run downhill. The houses end at a tavern called the Black Lobster and the street opens out on to a quayside. A stone jetty runs out to sea and tied to it is an old galleon. It is flying the skull and crossbones and is probably one of the many pirate ships that anchor in Port Blacksand to off-load their booty. Harbour Street turns right at the jetty and runs north parallel to the shore as far as you can see. If you wish to walk down the jetty to climb on board the ship, turn to **399**. If you wish to walk north up Harbour Street, turn to **78**.

172

You take the bunch of flowers out of your backpack and hand it to the Serpent Queen. She thanks you and hands you a tip of 2 Gold Pieces before showing you to the front door. Outside you set off north along Stable Street (turn to **333**).

173

The three old bearded Dwarfs are so involved with their game that they pay you no attention as you sit down at their table. Finally, one turns to you and asks if you would like to join in their game. If you wish to gamble some of your Gold Pieces, turn to **206**. If you would rather leave the smoky tavern and walk north, turn to **296**.

174

Back at the entrance hole you may either climb up the ladder to the street in order to continue east (turn to 205) or, if you have not done so already, you may walk north along the sewer (turn to 356).

175

Slowly lifting the goblet, you are surprised to see a yellow scorpion underneath. It darts forward and tries to sting you on the hand with its poisonous tail. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the tail stabs the goblet (turn to 204). If you are Unlucky, the barb on its tail sinks into your hand (turn to 373).

176

You tell the worried bather that, despite your hatred for pirates, you will not harm him if he cooperates with you. You ask him if he has any of the items that you are searching for, but he replies that as captain of a pirate ship he does not need such things. You press the blade of your sword against his fat neck to make sure he is not lying. He looks terrified and assures you that he is telling the truth. Then he says,

'But I do know where you can get a silver arrow. Ben Borryman the silversmith will make anything in silver at a price. You will find him in Clog Street.' Making a mental note of the information you leave the shivering captain alone in his room, locking the door behind you. Outside in the corridor you may either open the other door if you have not done so already (turn to 271) or leave the ship and continue your search of Port Blacksand by walking north up Harbour Street (turn to 78).

177

You draw your sword and rush to help the old man. He is lying on the ground and the other two men are beating him and trying to take his leather bag. You call out and they turn and attack you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ROBBER	7	8
Second ROBBER	8	6

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to 51.

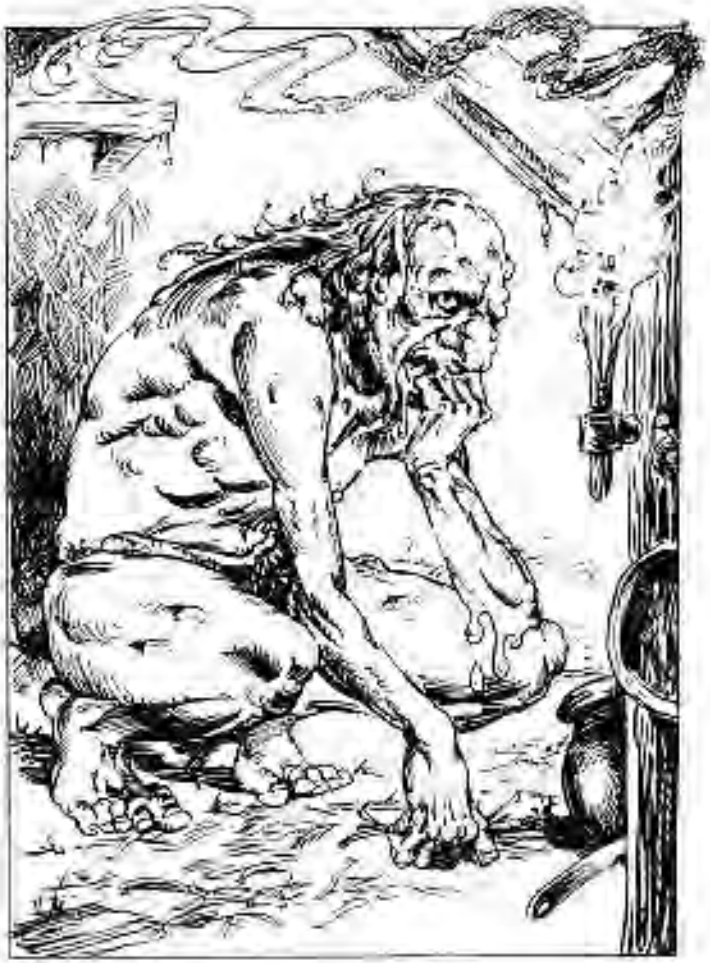

178

The archway leads into a large room in the centre of which crouches a human-like creature, some three metres tall. He looks very worried and is muttering to himself. The lumps on his face are the distinguishing marks of an Ogre. Will you:

Attempt to speak with him?	Turn to 264
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to 140
Leave the house to head north?	Turn to 282

179

The silk curtains in front of the archway are pulled aside and a brown leather bag flies out and lands in front of you, making a dull jingling sound. If you wish to open the bag, turn to 16. If you wish to leave the house without opening the bag and continue north along Stable Street, turn to 333.

180

Ahead you hear the noisy clatter of galloping hooves on the cobblestones. You hear the noise of wooden wheels and an urging voice followed by the crack of a whip. Someone is rapidly approaching in a horse-drawn carriage; if you wish to see who it is, turn to 344. If you would rather hide out of sight behind a barrel and watch the carriage pass by, turn to 34.

181

The key fits the lock and the handle turns. Turn to 159.

182

The lane ends at a small shop. On the glass-paned door is painted a sign: 'Jimmy Quicktint, Best Tattooist in Town'. A tiny bell rings as you push the door open and a fat man wearing purple silk smiles in greeting. You are surprised to see that his arms, hands, feet and even his face are completely covered in colourful tattoos. He grins and says, 'Practise what you preach!' You tell him that you require a yellow sun to be tattooed on your forehead with a white unicorn in the centre of it. He replies that it is a simple task but it will cost you 10 Gold Pieces. If you can afford his high price, turn to 279. If you cannot, turn to 354.

183

You are told that smoking mixture and a pipe costs 1 Gold Piece, and healing mixture costs 4 Gold Pieces per portion. You may:

Buy some smoking mixture	Turn to 366
Buy some healing mixture	Turn to 167
Leave the shop and head north	Turn to 93

184

Do you have any of Mrs Pipe's golden flowers? If you do, turn to 55. If not, turn to 308.

185

The suit of armour breaks up as it crashes on to the floor. It is no threat to you and you may either open the door in front of you (turn to 122) or walk back to the staircase and climb up to the next floor (turn to 207).

186

On top of the Lizardine's table you find 4 Gold Pieces and a scorpion brooch made of copper. If you wish to pick up the brooch and pin it to your tunic, turn to 387. If you would rather just take the gold, go back down the stairs and leave the house, heading north, turn to 334.

187

You tell the town guards that you have something special for them if they let the two of you go. They reply that the prisoner is a murderer and that you should not help him, but they insist that you bribe them or else you too will be taken to the jail. They say they are interested in any of the following items: magic armour, magic rings or magic potions. If you wish to give them one of the items they require, turn to 260. If you do not have any of the items that the guards require, turn to 341.

188

It is gloomy in the house but you can make out the shapes of abandoned furniture. Litter and rubble is strewn all over the floor. You find a broken chair and slump down in it to rest. Suddenly you notice

something slither across the floor, and before you can get to your feet you see in the half-light that you are encircled by six snakes, each a metre long. If you wish to hack at them with your sword, turn to 253. If you would rather make a dash for the door, turn to 15.

189

You take aim with your bow and fire the arrow at the Spirit Stalker. The arrow plunges into its chest and the agonized look on the face of the Spirit Stalker tells you that the arrow has pierced its heart. It falls to the floor, and smoke starts to rise from its rotten flesh. Its mouth opens to release a deafening howl that echoes around the hallway and makes you shudder. Finally it is still, and you retrieve your silver arrow. You see that you are in a beautiful marble-floored hallway. On three of the four walls hang portraits of evil-looking men and women, but on the far wall hang two iron shields. The crest on one is a tower, and on the other a unicorn. A spiral staircase leads up from the centre of the hallway to the floor above. Will you:

Take the shield with the tower crest?	Turn to 125
Take the shield with the unicorn crest?	Turn to 374
Climb the spiral staircase?	Turn to 21

190

Sitting down at the table the men invite you to join in their game of pin-finger. You feel obliged to accept their challenge and take hold of a dagger offered to you. The men tell you that you must stick the point of the dagger back and forth between your fingers into the table top as fast as you can for a minute. If you manage not to stab yourself they will give you a magic item. If you do stab yourself you must give them 5 Gold Pieces. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you succeed (turn to 38). If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, you are unable to control the fast movement of the dagger and stab one of your fingers. You toss 5 Gold Pieces on the table and stand up to leave the tavern. Outside you head north again (turn to 296).

191

You draw your sword to defend yourself against the advancing LEAF BEASTS. They all attack you at once, seemingly trying to crush and smother you. Treat the Leaf Beasts as a single creature.

LEAF BEASTS SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, you run back to the turnstile still clutching the lotus and make your getaway into Stable Street (turn to 133).

192

It is a drop of some five metres to the ground and you land heavily. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you escape injury and set off north again (turn to 304). If you are Unlucky, you twist your sword arm badly. Lose 1 SKILL point. Once again, you head north (turn to 304).

193

If you have a Ring of Fire, it will be the best weapon against the Mummy (turn to 286). Otherwise you must use your sword.

MUMMY SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 163.

194

The smoke in the glass ball appears to vanish as you place it carefully in your backpack. Feeling slightly uneasy about your new treasure you set off east again (turn to 161).

195

Which person will you say sent the flowers? You may:

Tell her it is Lord Azzur	Turn to 61
Tell her it is Mrs Pipe	Turn to 268
Tell her it is Ben Borryman	Turn to 53

196

You arrive at a four-way junction in the street. The street continuing west changes its name to Key Street, and the street running north and south is called Market Street. Looking north you see a crowd of people walking up the street cheering loudly and waving their arms in the air. You decide to follow them (turn to 148).

197

On the next landing there is a door with a black tower carved in ebony attached to it. There is also a black suit of armour standing outside the door. Will you:

Inspect the suit of armour?	Turn to 301
Open the door?	Turn to 122
Carry on up the stairs?	Turn to 207

198

You look around at the rest of the crowd but they remain seated out of respect for your swordsmanship. You search through the dirty clothing of the Goblins and find 9 Gold Pieces and a small carved ivory skull on a silver chain. You take your findings and leave the tavern to head north (turn to 296).

199

You tell the town guards that you are a bounty hunter. They seem pleased that you have caught their wanted man. The chief guard walks over to you and hands you 5 Gold Pieces, saying, 'This murderer won't escape again. Here's your reward.' He then rejoins the other guards who are busy chaining up the escaped murderer. You decide to head quickly north in case the murderer tries to implicate you (turn to 222).

200

In the next stall area there is a small, brightly coloured tent. Attached to it is a small sign which reads, 'Madame Star, Clairvoyant'. If you wish to enter the tent, turn to 394. If you would rather continue north, turn to 117.

201

Following Nicodemus's map, you start your long walk north to the guarded tower of Zanbar Bone, the Night Prince. You walk through woods and fields. You are able to relax a little in the pleasant countryside and breathe the fresh air with its wonderful scents. As the light fades you decide to camp under a huge elm tree. You cook a meal of stewed rabbit and mushrooms before settling down to a long, deep sleep (add 2 STAMINA points). In the morning you look around for a yew tree and cut a long branch from it with which you make a bow to fire the silver arrow. As you test the bow for accuracy, you are suddenly aware of a white dove sitting

on a low branch near by. There is a small piece of paper attached to its foot which it lets you remove without flying off. There is a message on the paper which reads:

> Dear Friend,
> I am afraid I must be getting too old to be of use to anybody. I regret that I have misinformed you about the compound needed to kill Zanbar Bone. You must use only two of the three ingredients I told you, but I cannot remember which two. I can only suggest you try Hag's hair and black pearls together, or the Hag's hair and lotus flower together, or the black pearls and lotus flower together. Apologies.
> Good luck.
> N.

You throw the message on the ground and curse. You change your mind a dozen times before making a decision. Finally you make your choice, and grind the two ingredients together on a flat stone. You place the compound in a leather pouch, hoping you have made the correct decision. You set off again, but it is not long before your surroundings become less welcoming, the trees are twisted or stunted and there are no birds to be heard – you must be approaching the domain of the Night Prince. Suddenly to your left you hear rustling and grunting in the bushes. It is a wandering monster

which has been attracted by your scent. Roll one die and consult the table below to see what creature has appeared. Fight this creature as usual.

Die roll	Creature	SKILL	STAMINA
1	ORC	5	4
2	GIANT SNAKE	6	6
3	WOLF	5	5
4	PYGMY	4	4
5	APE MAN	7	6
6	CAVE TROLL	8	7

If you win, turn to 138.

202

The guard replies that he will send for an escort to take you to Nicodemus. He reaches up to a small bell on the wall of the guardhouse and rings it three times. Almost immediately two other guards come running out of the house, and you are surprised when they each grab hold of one of your arms. The guard with the pike looks up to the sky and laughs, saying, 'So you want to see Nicodemus, do you? How would you like to see the inside of a dungeon cell instead? Guards, take this fool away to be shackled, and throw away the key.' Will you:

Allow yourself to be taken away?	Turn to 151
Attempt to fight the guards?	Turn to 69
Try to bribe the guards?	Turn to 276

203

Zanbar Bone walks towards you, trying to touch your exposed skin. You throw down your sword and notch the silver arrow to your bow. You have only one chance. You take aim and release the bowstring. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the arrow finds its mark and pierces the Night Prince through his robed chest (turn to **244**). If you are Unlucky, the arrow misses the Night Prince and he advances to touch your arm. His skeletal fingers are draining your life away. You are now one of his undead servants.

204

You drop the goblet and pull your hand away. The scorpion scurries a metre across the floor before you step on it with your boot. If you have not done so already, you may lift goblet B (turn to **209**) or goblet C (turn to **43**). If you have lost interest in the goblets, you may either walk through the archway (turn to **207**) or climb the stairs (turn to **60**).

205

After replacing the manhole cover you set off east again. Everything seems a little too quiet and you begin to feel nervous. Ahead you see that Stable Street turns sharply to the left. If you wish to walk round the corner, turn to **44**. If you wish to walk back to the junction and turn right into Tower Street, turn to **127**.

206

The Dwarf explains that they are playing a simple winner-takes-all dice game. The stakes are 2 Gold Pieces. Each person will stake 2 Gold Pieces and roll two dice. The person rolling the highest number collects the 8 Gold Pieces. To play, roll two dice three times for the three Dwarfs and make a note of each total. Next, roll two dice for yourself. If your own total is higher than each of the other three totals, you win 6 Gold Pieces from the Dwarfs. If the total is less than any of the other three totals, you lose 2 Gold Pieces. You may play four times if you wish to before the Dwarfs get bored and leave the tavern. At the end of the game you leave the tavern yourself to head north (turn to 296).

207

The staircase ends at a door. You turn the handle slowly and the door opens, much to your surprise, into open air. You walk outside on to the flat roof of the tower. Suddenly you are aware of movement in the sky and look up to see two large birds in the moonlight with long beaks and talons swooping down on you. There is no time to run for cover, and you must fight the DEATH HAWKS.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEATH HAWK	4	5
Second DEATH HAWK	4	4

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to 314.

208

The Goblin's pockets contain 2 Gold Pieces, a clove of garlic and some old knucklebones. Take what you wish and head east again along Clog Street (turn to 317).

209

Underneath the goblet lies a small pile of Gold Pieces. You count 12 in all and put them in your backpack. If you have not done so already, you may lift goblet A (turn to 175) or goblet C (turn to 43). If you are not interested in the goblets, you may either walk through the archway (turn to 107) or climb the stairs (turn to 60).

210

Her gaze is so hypnotic that you are unable to look away. You are defenceless and cannot resist as she embraces you and slowly sinks her fangs into your neck to drink your blood. You drift into an unconscious sleep, and when you awake you are unaware of your previous existence – you have become a Vampire yourself!

211

The plums are sweet and juicy and taste delicious. Add 1 STAMINA point. You wipe your mouth with the back of your hand and continue west (turn to 307).

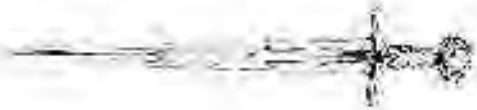

212

You are relieved that the noise of your fight did not attract any more guards, but not wishing to tempt providence you dash into the city (turn to 74).

213

A man wearing a white apron is sitting at a bench busily polishing a silver goblet. There are several silver objects in a glass cupboard secured by an iron grill at the back of the shop. You may:

Talk to the silversmith	Turn to 248
Attack him with your sword	Turn to 135
Leave the shop and continue east	Turn to 100

214

As soon as you touch the battle-axe, the Suit of Armour starts to move. In a series of quick, jerky movements it swings the battle-axe in an attempt to strike you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to jump back out of reach of the swinging axe (turn to 158). If you are Unlucky, the blade cuts into your left arm (turn to 379).

215

The lizard-like creature starts to speak in a low, hissing voice by asking whether you would like to buy one of its famous scorpion brooches. If you wish to buy one, turn to 315. If you would rather refuse politely, go back down the stairs and leave the house to head north, turn to 334.

216

Clog Street is very narrow and lined with terraced cottages and the occasional shop. To your left you see what looks like a small boy lying face down on the cobblestones, groaning loudly. A hood is pulled over his head and you cannot see his face. A wooden hoop and stick lie by his side. If you wish to stop to help, turn to 72. If you would rather walk on, turn to 317.

217

You walk all day until you reach the hill shown on Nicodemus's map upon which the Night Prince's tower stands. All is quiet and there is an unpleasant smell of decay in the air. Shadows start to creep along the ground as the moon rises into the night sky and you see the foreboding silhouetted shape of Zanbar Bone's tower pointing up into the sky like a black finger. You check all your possessions before drawing your sword and marching towards the arched wooden entrance door. Suddenly you hear a shrill howl and swing round to see two pairs of eyes staring at you. They belong to MOON DOGS, Zanbar Bone's trained killer hounds. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MOON DOG	9	10
Second MOON DOG	11	9

If you win, turn to 259.

218

The Dwarf smiles and extends his arm to you, saying, 'An enemy of Nicodemus is a friend of mine. Welcome stranger.' You tell Wraggins that you do not know where Nicodemus lives and he explains that the wizard lives alone in a small hut under Singing Bridge, which crosses Catfish River to the old part of the city and harbour. He explains that the bridge is in the middle of the city and that most streets lead to it. You thank the Dwarf for his information and leave his shop to continue west along Key Street (turn to 300).

219

The larger of the two Trolls tells you that his name is Sourbelly and it is his duty to track down unwelcome visitors to Port Blacksand. He looks at the pass and says, 'You don't look much like a merchant to me. Are you one of those fancy folk who have been attending the spice sales in Pepper Street?' If you wish to answer 'Yes', turn to 150. If you wish to answer 'No', turn to 393.

220

The key fits the lock securing the grill enclosing the glass cupboard. It clicks open and you are able to take any of the items you wish. You find nothing else of interest in the shop, so you walk outside and continue east (turn to 100).

221

The alley is narrow and dark and runs south some twenty metres before coming to a dead end at a wall. The Dwarfs are nowhere to be seen. You start walking slowly back up the alley when suddenly a large net falls on you from above. It is weighted and you stumble to the ground, completely entangled. Then you become aware of the three Dwarfs standing above you, chuckling to themselves. Their hands reach through the netting and you watch helplessly as they rummage through your backpack. They seem interested only in your gold. Eventually they walk off and leave you to wriggle free. You have lost all your gold. Lose 2 LUCK points. Returning to the street, you turn left and head west (turn to 396).

222

On the right-hand side the houses are separated from the street by a wooden fence with shrubs, trees, bushes and flowers behind it. There is a turnstile in the middle of the fence, by the side of which is a sign reading: 'Public Gardens. Entry Fee 1 Gold Piece'. If you wish to go into the gardens, turn to 370. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 133.

223

Sweat breaks out on your forehead – you choose a pill and swallow it. Roll one die. If you roll any number between 2 and 6, you have chosen a harmless pill. The man reaches into a pouch on his cord belt and hands you 20 Gold Pieces. He then bids you farewell and tells you to come back soon. You leave the room and walk back up the alley to Candle Street (turn to 165). A roll of 1 means you die quickly from the poisoned pill and your adventure ends here.

224

Sitting on a stool at the back of the shop is an old bespectacled Dwarf. He is busy cutting a key on a cast-iron treadle machine which squeaks and grinds noisily. You cough to get his attention, but he does not look up from his work. Finally the machine comes to a halt and the Dwarf asks you what you want. You may either ask him if he has any skeleton keys for sale (turn to 66) or ask him if he knows where Nicodemus lives (turn to 236).

225

Each VAGABOND boasts that he can kill you singlehanded. They decide to fight you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAGABOND	7	5
Second VAGABOND	6	7
Third VAGABOND	5	6

If you win, turn to 397.

226

You manage to break free from the pirate's grip and draw your sword. You step backwards towards the door as the PIRATES leap from their bunks to grab their cutlasses. The room is cramped and you fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	6	6
Second PIRATE	5	4
Third PIRATE	7	4

If you win, turn to **111**. You may *Escape* by backing out through the door and fleeing from the ship north up Harbour Street (turn to **78**).

227

The street soon makes another sharp turn to the right and you find yourself walking east. Outside one of the houses to your left is a pile of rubbish and broken objects. On top of the pile is a pair of old boots that look about your size. If you wish to try them on, turn to **362**. If you wish to keep walking east, turn to **103**.

228

The key fits the lock, which clicks open as you turn it. You open the door and enter a beautiful marble-floored hallway. On three of the four walls hang portraits of evil-looking men and women, but on the far wall hang two iron shields. The crest on one is a tower and on the other a unicorn. A spiral staircase

leads up from the centre of the hallway to a floor above. Will you:

Take the shield with the tower crest?	Turn to **125**
Take the shield with the unicorn crest?	Turn to **374**
Climb the spiral staircase?	Turn to **21**

229

As you advance towards him the man swallows the key and throws the egg at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the egg misses you and breaks against a wall to release a green-coloured gas (turn to **23**). If you are Unlucky, the egg breaks against your chest and you breathe in some of the green-coloured gas released (turn to **343**).

230

You scratch around in the cracks in the wall and find a loose stone. The old man watches intently as you pull the stone out of the wall. Peering into the hole you see an iron key. You place it in the lock of your cell and are amazed to feel it turn. Add 1 LUCK point. With the cell door open you put the key back in the hole in the wall and replace the stone. You leave your cell and pick up your sword off the table. Then you call out to the guards, telling them that you think they are stupid and that you have seen more life on a Troll's breakfast plate than in them. Quickly provoked, the GUARDS rush down the stairs and

are surprised to see you waiting for them, sword drawn. You fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CITY GUARD	6	6
Second CITY GUARD	7	5

If you win, you climb the stairs (turn to 54).

231

Outside on the landing you may either enter the black door (turn to 96) or walk back to the stairs to climb up to the next floor (turn to 197).

232

The door opens into a small room, in the centre of which stands a steaming tub of hot water. If you wish to hide behind the door inside the room to see who is about to take a bath, turn to 12. If you would rather close the door, turn to 383.

233

The sparkling water is refreshing but not as medicinal as the small boy claimed. Add 1 STAMINA point to your total. You shake your fist at the boy in mock anger, and set off north (turn to 247).

234

The tiny man smiles and says, 'Ah well, if that's all you want, then that's simple enough. He's on the fourth floor in the room with the black door.' Then he waves his arms at you and disappears in a small puff of smoke. You stand up and walk back down

the stairs to the floor where there are two doors adjacent to each other on the landing. You breathe in deeply and turn the handle of the black door (turn to 96).

235

You decide not to risk any further possible danger to yourself and crawl out of the room. You stand up, walk over to the staircase and climb up to the next floor (turn to 65).

236

Your question produces a suspicious look on the face of the Dwarf and he raises one eyebrow. Then he says, 'I know Nicodemus but what do you want of him?' You may reply by telling him either that you are on a mission from Silverton and need the help of Nicodemus (turn to 57), or that you want to kill Nicodemus (turn to 218).

237

You rub the jewel in the ring and point it at the Leaf Beasts. A blast of fire shoots out of the ring and burns a large hole in the nearest Leaf Beast. It makes a whistling cry and backs away. You seize your opportunity and dash through their broken defence. You run to the turnstile clutching the lotus and make your escape into Stable Street (turn to 133).

238

On the right side of the street you see a small alleyway between two houses. The alley soon ends at a doorway with six skulls painted on it; one black and five white. If you wish to walk down the alley and open the door, turn to 27. If you would rather continue east, turn to 139.

239

Behind you comes the sound of running feet. You look round and see a group of town guards chasing after you. As you stop to think where to run next, a boy runs out of a house and shouts, 'Follow me!' You have no better plan in mind so you run after him. The boy races down to the bottom of Mill Street and turns left into Goose Street. He stops at a cart laden with hay and starts to talk frantically to a kind-faced old man, saying, 'Uncle! Uncle! This brave person killed Sourbelly. We must help him to escape.' The old man speaks calmly to the boy, saying, 'Indeed we owe our friend a favour. Quick, jump into the cart.' You climb into the cart and cover yourself with hay. You lie completely motionless as you hear the running guards approach. They stop to speak to the old thatcher, but he sends them running off down Goose Street. After they are gone he whispers to you that he will take you to safety. You hear him climb on to the cart and urge his horse into a slow trot. The cart bounces noisily along the cobbled street but you feel comfortable in the hay. The cart stops and starts a few times, and you hear questioning voices. About half an hour later the cart

stops again and the thatcher calls out, 'You can come out now.' You poke your head out of the hay and are surprised to see that you are on the edge of a wood. To the west you can see the daunting shape of Port Blacksand. You jump out of the cart and thank the thatcher for his trouble. He says goodbye to you and wheels his cart round to return to Port Blacksand. Do you have all the items required to slay the Night Prince, and have you been tattooed? If you have, turn to **201**. If you are missing any of the items, or have not been tattooed, turn to **299**.

240

The man hands you the gold and puts the gems under the counter. If you now wish to inquire about the price of his rings, turn to **36**. If you have had enough of transactions for the time being, you leave the shop and head west (turn to **196**).

241

Inside the shop you see a tall, thin man with pointed ears and fair hair, pouring hot wax from an iron pan into a mould. The candle-maker is an Elf. As he turns to you to speak, you notice his slanted eyes, which are ice blue. For some reason they appear very cold to you. He tells you that all his coloured candles cost 1 Gold Piece each. You may buy as many as you wish. He then asks you if you would like to see one of his magic candles in the back room. If you wish to see one, turn to **63**. If you would rather leave the shop and head east, turn to **280**.

242

The boy hurriedly picks up his barrow and dashes off, saying he is late for market. You eat an apple but it is sour. Your stomach starts to hurt and the pain develops into cramp. You do not feel very well at all. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You throw the other apples away and continue west (turn to **307**).

243

You have suffered a terrible burn. Lose 5 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you decide to lie still and feign death. Behind you the fat man is still chortling to himself. You hear him walk over to you and then feel a sharp pain as he kicks you in the ribs. Satisfied that you really are dead, he walks up the stairs. In considerable pain, you crawl along the floor to the door. Without making a sound you crawl outside. Hauling yourself to your feet you stagger off up the street (turn to **304**).

244

The Night Prince is paralysed, but not for long. He can summon unearthly powers to defend himself, and you must act quickly. What compound will you rub into his eyes? Will you try:

Hag's hair and black pearls?	Turn to 9
Black pearls and lotus flower?	Turn to 129
Lotus flower and Hag's hair?	Turn to 337

245

You enter a large room with brown walls and a straw-covered floor. There is a musty smell hanging in the air which reminds you of the dirty old Cave Trolls that live on the northern borders. In the middle of the room is a table made from half a barrel with some roughly made stools round it. A high archway leads through the room to the back of the house, from where you hear a low murmuring voice. If you want to walk through the archway, turn to 178. If you wish to leave the house and continue north, turn to 282.

246

As you walk warily down the narrow cobbled street, you are suddenly confronted by a little old man who dashes out of one of the houses. He pulls a dirty

bottle out of a canvas bag. As he speaks, you can't help staring at the large wart on his nose, with its tuft of hair. He smiles and asks if you would like to pay 2 Gold Pieces for a drink of his wonderful healing potion. If you wish to pay for a drink, turn to 98. If you would rather keep going east, turn to 363.

247

The street makes a sharp turn to the left and continues west for some distance. Turning the corner, you are suddenly jumped on by three short, stocky assailants who were hiding down an alley. Two grab your legs and one tries to knock you out with a cudgel. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to duck to avoid the blow (turn to 384). If you are Unlucky, the cudgel lands heavily on the back of your head, knocking you unconscious (turn to 134).

248

You ask Ben Borryman if he has any silver arrows for sale. He replies that he does not, but will make one for you at a cost of 10 Gold Pieces or two magic items. If you can afford his asking price, turn to 85. If you cannot afford to pay the price, turn to 42.

249

The Serpent Queen's head darts about you very quickly as she tries to bite you with her poisonous fangs. She will be difficult to defeat.

SERPENT QUEEN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 295.

250

A small bell rings as the door opens and a creature wearing a brown apron over his clothing hurries through the archway from the back room into the shop to stand behind the counter. He appears human-like but has very ugly facial features and pointed teeth. You realize he is a crossbreed, half man, half orc. A sharp hand-axe hangs from his belt to remind you that Port Blacksand is unlikely to be a friendly place in which to do business. Will you:

Inquire about the herbs?	Turn to 183
Ask if the Man-Orc knows of Nicodemus?	Turn to 342
Attack the Man-Orc?	Turn to 5

251

One of the small people stops and looks down at you. He mistakes you for a town guard and calls out to his accomplices to run for cover. Then he points a short crossbow at you and fires a bolt. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the bolt thuds into the ground at your feet (turn to 269). If you are Unlucky, the bolt lodges deeply in your shoulder (turn to 330).

252

The carriage is not going to stop! Suddenly the four horses, their eyes wide with terror, are almost on top of you. You must dive to one side to avoid being run down. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you escape injury from the horses as you land in the gutter (turn to **275**). If you are Unlucky, you are trampled underfoot by one of the horses (turn to **155**).

253

The SNAKES are not very tough opponents for a person trained in the art of swordsmanship. Treat them as a single creature. However, each Attack Round that they inflict a wound on you, 4 points must be subtracted from your STAMINA score because of their poisonous bite.

SNAKES	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If you win, you may leave the house by the front door (turn to **75**).

254

A horrified look spreads across the Vampire's face when she sees the clove of garlic in your hand. She retreats into a corner of the room trying to escape the pungent smell, which negates her blood-sucking powers. You back out of the room taking the key to the door with you, and lock it from the outside. You then run over to the staircase and climb the stairs to the next floor (turn to **310**).

255

The guards eye you suspiciously but let you walk on after seeing your pass. You walk on quickly north (turn to **227**).

256

The houses on the right-hand side of the street are small and weather-beaten. Old women sit outside on the front steps cleaning fish and mending fishing nets. They are large and jolly, talking to each other and frequently rolling about, bellowing with laughter. The fishermen do not appear to be at home. The street and the quayside come to an end at a great iron anchor. You turn round and walk back towards the junction. If you wish to stop to talk with the women, turn to **320**. If you wish to ignore them and walk straight back to the junction, turn to **369**.

257

If you are wearing the Ring of the Golden Eye, turn to **385**. If not, turn to **70**.

258

Stepping over the Fire Imp, you walk back to the stairs to see if its master is still in the house. You descend the stairs slowly, sword drawn. When you reach the bottom you are somewhat surprised to see a fat man, richly dressed, sitting in an ornate chair looking directly at you. He appears very relaxed, quite unperturbed by your drawn sword. Then he speaks, slowly and coldly, saying, 'For killing my

pet you shall pay with your life.' He raises his right hand in the air and from his outstretched fingers shoot ragged white bolts of lightning. If you are wearing an ivory skull around your neck, turn to 318. If you do not have this item, turn to 47.

259

You wipe the blood from your sword and walk to the wooden door. You try the handle, but it is locked. If you have a skeleton key, turn to 228. Otherwise you may either pull on a cord hanging down in front of the door (turn to 4) or attempt to charge the door open with your shoulder (turn to 365).

260

The guards take their bribe and let you go. As you walk north you hear the angry shouts of the captured murderer behind you. You hurry on in case he tries to implicate you (turn to 222).

261

'This city is ruled by Lord Azzur and he is a mean man. When you preside over the chaotic inhabitants of Port Blacksand you have to be mean. And he's the meanest. I should warn you that if you are found without a pass, you are as good as dead. I would get one if I were you, pretty quickly.' He then makes a sweeping gesture of the arm and you walk past him into the city (turn to 74).

262

Wiping the foul-tasting soup from your lips with the back of your hand, you storm out of the house, leaving the crazy ladies to their argument. Once outside you set off east again (turn to 375).

263

Despite the light from the burning lanterns on the landing, you are unable to see anything inside the room; it is completely black. If you have a golden owl, turn to 153. If you do not, turn to 281.

264

Before you are able to speak a word, the Ogre's voice booms out, saying, 'Somebody has stolen all my food. Will you give me some of yours?' If you wish to give the Ogre some of your food, deduct 2 from the Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 121. If you wish to refuse his request, turn to 357.

265

With your sword still dripping with the blood of the Rats you walk further along the tunnel. The ledge you are walking along is narrow and slippery, and you have to tread carefully so as not to fall into the slow-flowing sewage channel. The tunnel gradually bends round to the right and as you follow it round, the silence is suddenly shattered by the sound of running feet and a wailing scream. Coming straight at you, wild-eyed, with flailing arms and contorted face, uttering demon sorcery, is a white-haired old woman dressed in rags. She is a Hag. Do you possess a Potion of Mind Control? If you have this item, turn to 82. If you do not, turn to 390.

266

The Bays on your side are angry with you for losing the match. Some of their supporters rush over and start to jostle you. By the time you manage to drag yourself over to the wall, everyone in the arena seems to have pushed you around. Lose two items from your backpack. Eventually you climb back over the wall and walk to the junction to head west along Harbour Street (turn to 91).

267

The two guards holding you look at each other and then at the other guard for a decision. He nods at them and they release their grip on you. As you pay him the 10 Gold Pieces he gives you a piercing look, saying, 'If Lord Azzur finds out that you are in the city without a pass, you're as good as dead. And as

for Nicodemus, find him yourself.' Suppressing an urge to draw your sword, you turn and walk into the city. Turn to 74.

268

The silk curtains in front of the archway are pulled aside and a strange creature steps into the room. It has a snake's head, which sits oddly on the shoulders of a young woman wearing a lavish gown. Its mouth opens and a forked tongue darts in and out as the Serpent Queen starts to accuse you, shouting, 'I ordered no flowers from Mrs Pipe, and she certainly would not send any as a gift. What trickery is this, rogue?' You start to panic, deciding what to do next. If you wish to run to the front door, turn to 32. If you wish to draw your sword to attack the Serpent Queen, turn to 249.

269

The little man with the crossbow curses before running into the building on your left. There does not appear to be an easy way to catch him, so you walk under the bridge and continue east (turn to 30).

270

As you draw your sword the innkeeper lets out a loud whistle. A trap-door behind the bar flies open and you hear low grunting. An ugly head pops up through the door and you watch as the large green body of a TROLL emerges from a cellar. He is carrying a wooden club. The innkeeper points at you and the Troll lumbers slowly round the bar swinging his club in the air. All the tavern's customers start to chant, 'Fight! Fight! Fight!' and stand up to form a ring round you and the Troll. You are forced to fight.

TROLL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you manage to kill the Troll, turn to 26.

271

Asleep in their bunks are three pirates. Their room is small and contains only clothing and a few personal possessions. It looks as if the pirates have been drinking and gambling – there is an uncorked bottle of rum, a mug and a pack of cards on top of a barrel in the centre of the room. You see that one of the pirates is wearing a small leather pouch around his neck. If you wish to creep up and try to cut it loose, turn to **162**. If you would rather close the door again, and not take any risks, turn to **284**.

272

You manage to squeeze yourself between the dead Centipede and the roof of the tunnel. You walk further down the tunnel and see that it ends at an iron grill through which the sewage water runs. If you wish to try to remove the grill, turn to **377**. If you wish to walk back to the entrance hole, turn to **174**.

273

Inspecting the scorpion you see that it is a brooch. You decide to pin it to your leather tunic. It is a lucky charm. Add 2 LUCK points to your total. What will you do next? You may, if you have not already done so, pick up the silver scorpion (turn to **13**). If you would rather ignore it, you may either climb the stairs (turn to **80**), or leave the house and head north (turn to **334**).

274

The guards are pleased that you have caught their wanted man. They tell you that he is an escaped murderer. The chief guard hands you 5 Gold Pieces, saying, 'Here's your reward. But you won't be getting another one – he won't escape again.' You watch for a short while as they lead the shouting murderer away, before continuing north along Stable Street (turn to 222).

275

You stand up and brush yourself down, thinking that you would like to meet this Lord Azzur another day. The carriage races out of view and you set off west again (turn to 171).

276

You tell the guards that you will make it worth their while if they release you and allow you entry into the city. How much will you offer them?

Five Gold Pieces?	Turn to 109
Ten Gold Pieces?	Turn to 267
Fifteen Gold Pieces?	Turn to 41

277

You walk quickly over to the staircase and climb up to the next floor (turn to 207).

278

Although many of the items in the room are extremely valuable, they are not of much use to you on your quest. However, something strange catches your eye. On a mahogany card table lie three upturned silver goblets. One is inscribed with the letter A, another with B and another with C. Will you:

Pick up goblet A?	Turn to 175
Pick up goblet B?	Turn to 209
Pick up goblet C?	Turn to 43
Walk through the archway?	Turn to 107
Climb the stairs?	Turn to 60

279

He takes the money and motions you to sit down on a wooden stool. After a long and painful process of repeatedly pricking your forehead with a sharp needle he applies the indelible inks. You look in a mirror on the wall and find your new appearance somewhat strange. You shrug your shoulders and leave the shop; you then walk back up the lane and turn left into Mill Street (turn to 307).

280

Further along the street on the left is another shop. A sign outside reads 'Ben Borryman, Silversmith'. If you wish to enter the shop, turn to 213. If you would rather keep going east, turn to 100.

281

If you wish to grope your way into the room, turn to 391. If you wish to walk back to the staircase to climb to the next floor, turn to 65.

282

On the right-hand side of the street you see a large wooden barrel and a small boy sitting beside it on a stool. If you wish to talk to the boy, turn to 119. If you wish to keep walking north, turn to 247.

283

There is nothing useful to be found on the dead creature, so you decide to press on northwards (turn to 217).

284

If you have not done so already, you may either open the other door (turn to 232) or leave the ship to continue your search of Port Blacksand, walking north up Harbour Street (turn to 78).

285

You make a rapid search through the guards' possessions and find 7 Gold Pieces, a set of keys and a piece of stale bread. Make a note of what you wish to keep and set off north again (turn to 227).

286

You point the ring at the advancing Mummy and rub the jewel. A jet of fire flies out of the ring and the Mummy is consumed by flames. It drops to the floor and in a few moments there is nothing left but a few charred fragments. Turn to 163.

287

The food stalls are selling fruit, vegetables, meat and hot soup, corn and chestnuts for hungry shoppers. You may eat some hot food if you wish. Pay 1 Gold Piece and increase your STAMINA by 2 points. Walking north along the west side of the square you see a man dressed in purple velvet playing a lyre. If you wish to stop and listen, turn to 3. If you would rather walk past him, turn to 398.

288

Nobody spends a night asleep at Zanbar Bone's tower and lives. In the middle of the night a jet of gas, which poisons you almost immediately, is released from the headboard on the bed. Then Zanbar Bone's witches and servants raise you into an undead world in which you will serve for ever as a Spirit Stalker.

289

The Man-Orc takes your Gold Piece and spins it in the air with a flick of the thumb, catching it in the pocket of his apron. He then starts to pick his teeth with a sharpened twig and finally says, 'I know nothing about him.' If you wish to fight the impudent Man-Orc, turn to 5. If you would rather contain your anger, leave the shop and head north again, turn to 93.

290

You try to walk nonchalantly past the Trolls, but they suspect something odd about you and call you over to them. They ask you where you live and you reply that you are in Port Blacksand on a trading mission. The Trolls laugh scornfully and ask to see your pass. If you have a merchant's pass, turn to 219. If you do not, turn to 335.

291

As the guard realizes what you are doing he thrusts his pike at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, he misses and you are able to run past him into the city (turn to 74). If you are Unlucky, the pike pierces your arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 10.

292

You walk into a lavishly furnished room containing *objets d'art* and curios. Standing before you is a young woman dressed in a black silk gown. She has long black hair and bright red lips. She smiles and motions you to sit down in one of the armchairs. You refuse to sit down, only too aware that she is one of Zanbar Bone's servants. She walks towards you open-armed as though she is about to embrace you, and when she smiles again, you see two fang-like teeth which can only belong to a Vampire. If you have some garlic, turn to **254**. If you do not have any garlic, turn to **210**.

293

She explains that she has just picked one of her golden flowers. There are ten golden petals on the flower, and you are told that if dipped in dog's blood, each petal, plucked and thrown on the ground, will change into a Gold Piece. Mrs Pipe asks for any magic item, piece of armour or food (two portions of your Provisions) in exchange for the golden flower. If you wish to trade with Mrs Pipe, make the necessary changes to your *Adventure Sheet*. Whether you trade or not, you then leave the shop and head west (turn to **24**).

294

At the top of the gangplank stands one of the ship's crew. On seeing you he draws his cutlass and tells you to get off the ship. If you wish to walk back down the gangplank, along the jetty and turn left up Harbour Street, turn to 78. If you wish to draw your sword to deal with this pirate, turn to 386.

295

You sheathe your sword and start to search the Serpent Queen's house. You find a brown leather bag which you pick up and shake. The contents make a jingling sound. Inside you find 12 Gold Pieces. Add 1 LUCK point. You leave the house and continue your walk along Stable Street (turn to 333).

296

Walking towards you down the street are two men wearing black robes which cover them completely except for their eyes. On seeing you they nod at each other and draw their swords; they are THIEVES hoping to rob you of your possessions and you must defend yourself. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THIEF	7	7
Second THIEF	8	6

If you win, turn to 147.

297

There is nothing of use to you in the room. The smell of the Zombies and the debris is terrible, so you decide to leave immediately. You walk back to the staircase to climb up to the next floor (turn to 207).

298

You feel the effects of poison creeping through your body. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you manage to reach the door to escape (turn to 75).

299

It would be extremely dangerous for you to enter Port Blacksand again, especially as many of the town guards would recognize you. There is nothing else you can do but to make the long walk back to Silverton to report that you have failed in your mission.

300

The street makes a sudden right turn and heads north. You pass a cluster of small houses and are aware of unseen people watching you walk by. Then the door to one of the houses opens and a small boy dressed in rags runs out and hands you a piece of paper. Without stopping, he runs off and disappears round the corner. The paper has a message on it which reads 'Arrows from six bows are pointed at you. Leave 10 Gold Pieces in the middle of the street and keep walking.' If you want to obey the instruction, make the necessary deduction on

your *Adventure Sheet*, lose 2 LUCK points and turn to 347. If you want to keep walking without leaving the gold, turn to 137.

301

There is a battle-axe held in the iron-plated glove of the armour. If you wish to take the battle-axe, turn to 214. If you wish to push the suit of armour on to the floor to make sure it is not a booby-trap, turn to 185.

302

You show the man the two gems. Holding them up to the light he examines them carefully with a small magnifying glass. He turns to face you and offers you 9 Gold Pieces for the two. If you wish to accept the offer, turn to 240. If you wish to haggle for a better deal, turn to 345.

303

You bend over the motionless body of the dead Hag and you cut off a tuft of her hair with your sword. You put the hair safely in your backpack and walk back down the tunnel to the entrance hole (turn to 104).

304

You arrive at a four-way junction in the street. The street leading west is called Key Street and the street leading east is called Clock Street. Ahead you see that Market Street continues north and a crowd of people are walking up it cheering loudly and waving their arms in the air. You decide to follow them (turn to 148).

305

You point the mirror at the Spirit Stalker, but it does not stop him advancing. Again he manages to touch your flesh and burn you. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you may either fire your silver arrow at him (turn to 189) or fire your Ring of Ice at him (turn to 382).

306

The two guards look at each other in horror and run out of the cell up the stairs, screaming 'Plague!' at the top of their voices. Smiling to yourself you walk calmly out of the cell and pick up your sword off the table. Upstairs you find that the guards have fled; a search of the room reveals 2 Gold Pieces and a merchant's pass to trade in Port Blacksand. Taking your findings, you move over to the door and creep outside into the city (turn to 74).

307

Walking towards you along the street are two huge guards wearing the black uniform of Lord Azzur. As they get closer you see that they are Trolls, brutal mercenaries employed by Lord Azzur as Imperial Elite Guards. To your right there is a tree which reaches almost to the top of the city wall. If you wish to risk walking past the Trolls, turn to **290**. If you wish to climb the tree in order to get over the wall, turn to **11**.

308

There is nothing to be found in the alleyway so you return to Harbour Street and turn left (turn to **180**).

309

You shake the WOLF off your arm and draw your sword. The wolf snarls and leaps at you again.

WOLF	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **97**.

310

You climb up to the third floor and see another door at the end of the landing. If you wish to open the door, turn to **263**. If you wish to climb to the next floor, turn to **65**.

311

As you start your fight with the GUARD, you see two more armed men appear from a stone guardhouse by the gate. They draw their swords and await the outcome of your battle.

CITY GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the first city guard, you must now fight the other two as a pair. Both will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your nominated target as in a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound him if your Attack Strength is greater – you must just count this as though you have parried his blow. Of course if his Attack Strength is greater, he will have wounded you in the normal way.

	SKILL	STAMINA
CITY GUARD	6	6
CITY GUARD	7	5

If you win, turn to 74.

312

You notice that the Ape Man's left hand is curled into a fist. You prise open the fingers and find a tiny gold trinket in the shape of an owl. It is a magic talisman which will allow you to see in the dark. You place the owl carefully in your pocket and continue your journey (turn to 217).

313

You retrieve your sword from the dead man's chest and hurry out of the house. Relieved to be in the open air again you set off north (turn to 304).

314

You sit down to rest and plan what to do next. As you slump down on the cold stone floor, you inadvertently knock over a glass jar you hadn't seen before, which rolls against the wall and shatters. From the broken jar a small man some fifteen centimetres high steps out and walks over to you. He looks up at you with his hands on his hips and in a barely audible voice says, 'Thank you very much. I've been trapped in that infernal jar for the last hundred years. Now how can I repay you?' If you want to ask the whereabouts of Zanbar Bone turn to 234. If you wish to ask if he can heal some of your wounds, turn to 94.

315

The creature leads you downstairs to the room below and asks if you require fortune or good health. It takes the gold and silver scorpions out of their bowls and tells you that they are magic brooches. Each costs 6 Gold Pieces but you may only buy one. If you wish fortune, turn to 8. If you wish good health, turn to 132.

316

Once again you walk into the tattooist's shop and are greeted by Jimmy Quicktint. He is obviously pleased that you are back to give him some business (turn to **279**).

317

One of the shops to your left is a candle-maker's. There are many different coloured candles burning brightly in the window. If you wish to enter the shop, turn to **241**. If you wish to continue east, turn to **280**.

318

The skull somehow attracts and absorbs all the power of the lightning bolt, leaving you unharmed. The fat man is angry but powerless and you are able to leave the house by the front door. Once outside you set off north again (turn to **304**).

319

You enter a room which is dark and very cold. The walls and floor are made of rough stone and the room is empty except for a decorated sarcophagus. There is a strong musty smell in the air. If you want to open the sarcophagus, turn to **352**. If you wish to walk outside again, turn to **231**.

320

The jolly fishwives' plump cheeks are as round and shiny as red apples. You ask if they own any of the items you need, but they all frown and shake their heads together. Then one tells you that there is a tale that Hags have been seen disappearing down sewers to catch rats for their stew-pots. However, she has never seen a Hag herself. You decide to leave the ladies; you then walk back to the junction and turn left into Clog Street (turn to 216).

321

At the bottom of the ladder you realize, much to your disgust, that you are standing in a sewer. There are torches along the tunnel wall, giving a very dim light, and droplets of water make eerie sounds as they fall into the sewage water. If you wish to walk north along the tunnel, turn to 356. If you wish to walk south, turn to 118.

322

You walk back into the shop; behind the counter you find a small wooden money box. Inside it are 11 Gold Pieces, which you put into your backpack. You decide that it is time to leave the shop and head north (turn to 93).

323

The blacksmith looks surprised at your unprovoked aggression and pulls another red-hot iron bar from the fire with his gloved hand. He is very angry and lunges at you with the bar.

BLACKSMITH SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If the blacksmith wounds you during any Attack Round, you must subtract 3 points from your STAMINA score because of the burn caused by the iron bar. If you win, turn to 395.

324

The box shatters and you see two gems, 15 Gold Pieces and a white silk glove lying amidst the broken pieces of wood. If you wish to try on the glove, turn to 89. If you wish to leave the house, taking only the gems and the gold, and continue north, turn to 282.

325

You follow the old man through the swinging doors of the Hog and Frog tavern. He tells you to sit down at a small table in a corner while he shuffles over to the bar to buy the drinks. There are several shifty-looking characters sitting at nearby tables but they do not seem interested in you. Soon the old man comes back to the table carrying two wooden mugs

filled to the brim with cider. Once seated, he opens his leather bag and places two small pots on the table. He opens one and rubs the white cream in the pot on his wounds. He smiles and tells you that he is a chemist by trade and that you should rub some of the cream on your wounds too. You take his advice and are surprised to feel the healing effect of the cream work quickly. Add 5 STAMINA points. After finishing your drink, you say goodbye to the chemist, leave the tavern and head north (turn to 348).

326

Ahead the alleyway is strewn with rubbish and discarded possessions. Suddenly you hear growling and you see movement amongst the rubbish. You draw your sword just in time as two WILD DOGS, each a metre and a half long, leap at you. Fight both dogs at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WILD DOG	4	4
Second WILD DOG	4	3

Both dogs will make a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the

two you will fight. Attack your chosen dog as in a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater; you must just count this as though you have defended yourself against its bite. Of course if its Attack Strength is greater, it will wound you. If you win, turn to 184. You may *Escape* by running back up the alleyway and turning west into Harbour Street (turn to 180).

327

You feel like a pincushion and although the pain is almost unbearable, you manage to stagger on down the street. Ahead to your right you see the door of one of the houses opening and a little girl looking out apprehensively. She beckons you to enter the house. If you wish to enter the house, turn to 126. If you wish to continue walking north, turn to 164.

328

You take the silver item out of your backpack and hand it to the Serpent Queen. She is delighted and thanks you for delivering it to her. She shows you to the front door and tips you 2 Gold Pieces. Outside you set off north along Stable Street (turn to 333).

329

The smell by the water's edge is terrible. Above, you hear the sound of footsteps crossing the wooden bridge. Built into the foundations of the bridge is a wooden hut. Drawn curtains obstruct your view into the hut but you know you are not welcome when you read the words 'Keep Out' painted on the door in large red letters. You draw in a deep breath and knock on the door. You hear muttering and the shuffling of feet and suddenly the door is thrown open. Before you stands a white-haired old man with a long beard, wearing long white robes. He looks at you sternly and says, 'Explain yourself to Nicodemus.' You are elated at finding Nicodemus and tell him about Zanbar Bone's reign of terror in the town of Silverton and why Owen Carralif asked you to find his old friend to help them. Nicodemus frowns and walks back inside his hut, telling you to follow him. He sits down in a rocking chair and starts to speak in a calm voice. 'I am old and tired and wish for no more adventure. I live here under Singing Bridge in Port Blacksand to escape the pleas for aid from people fallen on hard times. Hence no one bothers me. But I do wish to help my old friend Owen. I will tell *you* how to defeat the Night Prince, Zanbar Bone. Listen carefully. Remember, you may defeat him only after sunset. In daylight hours he exists on another plane. No doubt he will have his servants to protect him, but should you get past them, you will need something special to deal with Bone himself. To protect yourself from his entrancing stare, you must

have a white unicorn in a yellow sun tattooed on your forehead. Normal weapons will not harm him. First, you must shoot him through the heart with a silver arrow. This will paralyse him but not kill him. Then you must quickly rub the ground compound of black pearl, Hag's hair and a lotus flower in his open eyes. With luck, he will decay before you in seconds. If your arrow misses, I'm afraid you will die the moment he touches you. The items for the compound can all be found in Port Blacksand if you search hard enough. I regret I cannot accompany you.' Nicodemus then draws you a map of how to reach Zanbar Bone's guarded tower from Port Blacksand. He stands up, shakes your hand and wishes you well. You leave his hut, climb the steps and cross the bridge over Catfish River. Bridge Street continues north a short distance before ending at a junction. If you wish to walk west down Harbour Street, turn to **91**. If you wish to turn east down Candle Street, turn to **238**.

330

Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you manage with great pain to pull the bolt from your shoulder. As you bandage your wound the little man runs off into the building on your left. There does not appear to be an easy way to catch him so you walk under the bridge and continue east (turn to **30**).

331

As you approach the man, he suddenly springs up and screams at the top of his voice. He produces a dagger from his ragged clothing and leaps at you. His wild eyes belong to a man insane or possessed and you must fight him.

MAD MAN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **86**.

332

The beggar tips his hat in gratitude and mumbles a few words. Add 1 LUCK point before continuing west (turn to **124**).

333

You soon reach a junction in the street. Stable Street continues north and to your left you see Tower Street leading west. You decide to keep going north (turn to **76**).

334

Walking towards you down the street are two town guards. They stop in front of you and demand to see your papers. If you possess a merchant's pass, turn to 255. If you do not, turn to 99.

335

The larger of the two Trolls tells you that you are under arrest for being in Port Blacksand without authorization. He tells you that he is feeling generous, however, and offers you a choice. You can pay a fine of all the gold in your backpack and be thrown out of the city, or spend a year with rats and cockroaches in a dirty dungeon cell. The other Troll bursts out laughing, saying, 'Generous? Ho! Ho! Ho! Ah, Sourbelly, you've got such a sense of humour!' If you wish to pay the fine and be thrown out of the city, turn to 367. If you wish to resist arrest, turn to 73.

336

Once inside the shop you realize why the windows are barred – it is a jeweller's shop. Standing behind the glass counter is a huge bald-headed man with an eye-patch covering his left eye. He gives you a welcoming smile but the sight of his ugly mouth with its few black-stained teeth does not inspire confidence. A large battle-axe hangs conveniently behind the man to deter any would-be robbers. On display are several ornate rings inset with diamonds, emeralds and rubies. The man asks whether you are buying or selling. Will you:

Ask the price of the rings?	Turn to 36
Offer to sell him gems (if you have them)?	Turn to 302
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to 170

337

Congratulations – you have killed Zanbar Bone, the infamous Night Prince. He decays before your eyes, becoming nothing more than a small pile of powder on the floor (turn to 400).

338

You have just swallowed a Potion of Misfortune. Reduce your LUCK by 3 points. Hoping for better luck ahead you set off north again (turn to 105).

339

The man looks at you and smiles, saying, 'We do not get many visitors in these parts, but I am sure my master would wish you to have a room for the night. Do come in.' He steps back and you follow him into a beautiful marble-floored hallway. There are portraits and shields hanging on the walls and a spiral staircase leads up to the floor above. He asks you to follow him up the staircase and offers to carry your backpack for you, which you allow him to do. You can see that the staircase winds its way all the way up to the top of the tower, but the man steps off at the first floor and walks along the landing to a door. He opens it and walks into a large room, placing your backpack on a made-up bed. He tells you that this is your room for the night and walks out, telling

you that you will meet his master at breakfast. If you wish to lock the door and go to bed, turn to **288**. If you wish to explore the tower after waiting a few minutes, turn to 77.

340

Once more you poke the wire inside the lock and finally it turns. Add 1 LUCK point. Raising the lid of the chest you see, to your delight, 25 Gold Pieces and a magnificent shield. If you use this shield in battle, it will increase your Attack Strength by 1 during each Attack Round. You may now either climb the stairs to the floor above (turn to **60**) or leave the house to head north (turn to 304).

341

You decide that you are going to have to make a run for it or risk being put in jail. You take 5 Gold Pieces out of your backpack and throw them on the floor. The guards bend down to pick them up and you run north as fast as you can. As you run off, the escaped murderer starts to yell and two of the guards chase

after you. In an alleyway to your left you see a large open barrel which you dive into. You hear the guards run past but you wait a few minutes before climbing out of the barrel. You look up and down Stable Street and all is clear. Once more you set off north (turn to **222**).

342

The Man-Orc tells you that for 1 Gold Piece he will tell you all he knows. If you want to pay for his information, turn to **289**. If you would rather leave the shop and continue your walk north, turn to 93.

343

You fall to the floor, unconscious. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you awake to find yourself lying outside the shop in Clog Street. You will find that any silver items you had are now missing. You stand up and set off angrily along the street (turn to **100**).

344

You step out into the middle of the street and wait. Suddenly a pair of horses come galloping into view pulling an ornate gold carriage. The driver sees you and, cracking his whip, yells, 'Make way for Lord Azzur!' If you wish to step out of the path of the oncoming carriage, turn to 58. If you wish to stay where you are, turn to 252.

345

The man frowns and thumps his fist down on top of the counter, shouting, 'This is not a bazaar! If you do not like my prices, take your custom elsewhere. Now get out of my shop before I slice you in two.' Will you:

Calm him down and accept his offer?	Turn to 240
Walk out of the shop and head west?	Turn to 196
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to 170

346

The distance to the ground is too great even for a great warrior like yourself. You land badly and break your neck. Your adventure ends here.

347

You hurry on down the street but glance back after hearing cries of jubilation behind you. Some people are linked arm in arm and are dancing in a circle round your 10 Gold Pieces. You curse this thieving city and press on north (turn to 112).

348

Tower Street makes a sharp turn to the right, going east between tall buildings. An iron bridge crosses overhead between two of the buildings and you see movement on it. Small cloaked people are carrying laden sacks between the buildings, apparently in a great hurry. If you wish to call out to them, turn to **251**. If you wish to walk under the bridge and continue east, turn to **30**.

349

Suddenly you are confronted by a small winged creature, no more than a metre in length, hovering before you. It is red in colour and has two horns protruding from its head and a small tail hanging down from its back. It will be difficult to defeat as it flies quickly about your head spitting fire at you!

FIRE IMP	SKILL 9	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to **258**. You may *Escape* by jumping out of the window to the street below (turn to **192**).

350

You open your backpack and pretend to search for the flowers. The Serpent Queen starts to fidget and you can see her becoming increasingly impatient. You cannot think of a good plan and start to panic. If you wish to run to the front door, turn to **32**. If you wish to draw your sword to attack the Serpent Queen, turn to **249**.

351

You take 10 Gold Pieces out of your backpack and place them on the palm of the hand outstretched before you. The old man then reaches into his inner clothing and pulls out an iron key, telling you that it will unlock your cell. Almost in disbelief you take the key and place it in the lock. Incredibly, the lock turns. You look back at the old man and ask him if he wishes to escape with you. He smiles and shakes his head, saying that he is happy where he is. You leave the cell and, picking up your sword, climb the stairs to the floor above. The two guards are relaxing over a game of cards. You wave your sword in the air and charge at them. They grab their swords to defend themselves and fight you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CITY GUARD	6	6
Second CITY GUARD	7	5

If you win, turn to 54.

352

You lift the lid of the sarcophagus and see a human body completely encased in old bandages. The light, although dim, has disturbed the sleep of a MUMMY, and it sits up, turning its head from side to side. It senses where you are and starts to climb out of its sarcophagus. It walks towards you with its arms extended. If you wish to fight the Mummy, turn to 193. If you have a Lantern, you may throw it at the Mummy (turn to 106).

353

You try to turn the large brass handle on the door but it is locked. If you have an iron key, turn to 181. If you do not, you may either try to force the door open (turn to 389) or return to the street to head north (turn to 304).

354

The tattooist looks at you with a bored expression on his face and says, 'Well, you don't expect me to do it for free, do you? If you've got anything worth selling, go next door. My step-brother lives there and he's a pawnbroker. Tell him I sent you and maybe he'll give you a good price.' You walk outside and knock on the wooden door of the next house. A squint-eyed man opens the door and you tell him that you want to sell some items so that you can afford to have a tattoo. The man asks you to come into his house and you enter a room piled high with all kinds of objects, furniture, armour, curios and pottery. He explains that he has a stall in the market which he rents once a week. He then tells you what he is currently interested in buying, and the prices he is offering:

Silver goblet	8 Gold Pieces
Skeleton key	15 Gold Pieces
Scorpion brooch	10 Gold Pieces
Magic ring	12 Gold Pieces
Silver bracelet	5 Gold Pieces

Helmet	7 Gold Pieces
Silver flute	5 Gold Pieces
Eye-patch	1 Gold Piece
Knucklebones	1 Gold Piece
Mirror	1 Gold Piece

You may sell the pawnbroker any of your possessions. You bid him farewell and walk outside. If you have enough money for the price of a tattoo, turn to **316**. If you still cannot afford one, you will have to come back again later. You walk back up the lane and turn left into Mill Street (turn to **307**).

355

You turn on the two guards who were holding you and, before they realize what is happening, you smash their heads together, knocking them unconscious. You dash into the city (turn to **74**).

356

Ahead you hear the sound of squealing and frantic splashing. Long shadows are cast by moving objects coming towards you. Then you see the sleek, glistening shapes of three GIANT RATS only a few metres away from you. You draw your sword hastily and fight each of the Rats in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAT	4	4
Second RAT	5	4
Third RAT	5	5

If you win, turn to **28**.

357

The OGRE is mad with hunger and picks up a large bone off the floor. He raises it above his head and lumbers towards you. You must fight him.

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to 71. After the third Attack Round, you may *Escape* by running out of the house and heading north (turn to 282).

358

It's a close shave, but you just manage to grip the edge of the wall with your fingertips. You pull yourself up and climb on to a stone walkway along the top of the city wall. On either side of you are stone towers rising above the battlements, spaced some hundred metres apart. There are doors in the towers, both of which are suddenly flung open as more guards run out to capture you. There is a twenty-metre drop on the other side of the wall. Will you:

Jump to freedom?	Turn to 346
Fix a Climbing Rope (if you have one) to the wall and climb down the other side?	Turn to 108
Face the oncoming guards?	Turn to 56

359

All the Bays on your side rush over to you and slap your hands with theirs. They are overjoyed at their victory. Supporters run over and start handing you gifts. Eventually you manage to wriggle free from your admirers and find a place to sit down to inspect your gifts. You have been given 8 Gold Pieces, a bottle containing a clear liquid labelled 'Potion of Mind Control', a silver flute, a bunch of bananas, a piece of chalk and an eye-patch. You eat the bananas (add 2 STAMINA points) and place the rest of the items in your backpack. You climb back over the wall before the Bays start another game, walk back to the junction and head west along Harbour Street (turn to 91).

360

During your fight with the Wolf Dogs, Wraggins runs out of the front of the shop, perhaps to fetch help. If you wish to stay and search the shop, turn to 123. If you would rather hurry out and continue west along Key Street, turn to 300.

361

The mindless ZOMBIES step slowly towards you with their sticks raised in the air. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE	6	6
Second ZOMBIE	6	7

If you win, turn to 297.

362

The boots fit perfectly and walking about you feel very sure-footed. They are magic elven boots. Add 1 SKILL point to your total and set off east again (turn to 103).

363

In the middle of the street you see a large manhole cover. If you wish to lift the manhole cover to see where it leads to, turn to 48. If you wish to keep walking east, turn to 205.

364

The gaunt-faced man looks thoroughly miserable. He sees you and shrinks back, telling you that it is not worth robbing him because he has no money. You tell him that you do not wish to rob him but are seeking an old wizard named Nicodemus. He stares at you with a surprised expression on his face and says, 'For 2 Gold Pieces, I'll tell you where he is.' You decide to trust the man and pay him for his information. He pockets the gold and says, 'You are standing on top of him! Nicodemus lives in a hut underneath this bridge.' He throws back his head and lets out a shrill laugh before hobbling off on his crutches, obviously pleased with himself. You shake your head and walk over to the steps that lead down beneath the bridge (turn to 329).

365

You charge the door several times before it splinters. Unfortunately, you injure your shoulder in the process. Lose 1 SKILL point. Through the broken door you see a thin, pale-skinned man with dark, hollow eyes, wearing a servant's uniform. In a cold, hissing voice he says, 'Really, do you have to make such a dramatic entry? Could you not have pulled the bell cord like everybody else?' If you wish to apologize and tell him that you are a lost traveller, turn to 339. If you wish to attack him with your sword, turn to 35.

366

You pay for the smoking mixture and leave the shop. Outside you pack your pipe with the smoking mixture and light it. The smoke is dark and tastes awful. You start to cough and your chest is gripped by a terrible pain. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You are unable to stop coughing, so you sit down on the street and try to calm down. You slump down against a wall between two barrels and gradually the coughing subsides. If you want to go back to the herbalist to complain, turn to 101. If you would rather walk north again, turn to 93.

367

The Trolls watch carefully as you open your backpack. You give them all your gold except for 1 Gold Piece which you manage to palm without their noticing. They then place themselves on either side of you and march you along Mill Street until you

reach the city's North Gate at the junction with Goose Street. They tell the two guards on duty not to let you back into Port Blacksand. They give you a forceful boot up the backside and you land sprawling on the dusty road outside. Do you have all the items required to slay the Night Prince, and have you been tattooed? If you have, turn to 201. If you are missing any of the items, or have not been tattooed, turn to 299.

368

Looking into a crystal ball, she seems to go into a trance. She tells you that you are searching for a man, a wise man with magical powers. She pauses for a moment and then draws in a deep breath before going on to tell you that the man you are looking for lives in a hut beneath a bridge to the north. She warns you to be careful when approaching the man, for he does not welcome strangers. Then she looks away from the crystal ball and asks you to leave. Her face seems to be hiding something. Has she seen some dreadful fate awaiting you? You decide to leave the tent and head north (turn to 117).

369

Back at the junction you turn left into Clog Street and walk eastwards (turn to 216).

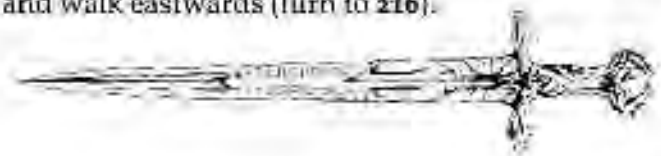

370

You place the coin in the slot and walk through the turnstile. Although the flowers and shrubs are not outstanding, you are nevertheless surprised that such a place exists in Port Blacksand. The gardens are not very large, extending back some sixty metres to where some houses back on to them. There are two paths to follow, one of which runs around the edge of the gardens and one that leads directly into the centre, where there is some topiary – each shrub has been cut into the shape of an animal – and you decide to take a closer look. The path leads into a small paved area surrounded by the animal-shaped shrubs. In the middle there is a stone plinth upon which sits a large earthen bowl containing lotus flowers! There is a painted sign which reads 'Do Not Pick the Flowers'. The gardener is nowhere to be seen and there is nobody else about. If you wish to risk picking one of the flowers, turn to 24. If you would rather leave the gardens and continue north, turn to 133.

371

In the back room of the shop you find a glass jar on a dusty shelf labelled 'Healing Mixture'. If you wish to apply some of it to your wounds (if you suffered any), turn to 83. If you would rather continue searching the shop, turn to 322.

372

The houses in this section of Stable Street consist of two rows of terraces. They are all made of sand-stone

apart from one in the middle of the terrace to your right, which is made of brick and is painted white. The door is made of oak and a serpent's head is carved into it. If you wish to enter the white house, turn to **131**. If you wish to keep walking north, turn to **333**.

373

You grimace as you feel the poison creep up your arm. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If you are still alive, you may (if you have not done so already) lift goblet B (turn to **209**) or goblet C (turn to **43**). If you have lost interest in the goblets, you may either walk through the archway (turn to **107**) or climb the stairs (turn to **60**).

374

The shield was taken from a goodly knight who died at the hand of Zanbar Bone. It was forged with good magic. Add 1 SKILL point. You walk over to the spiral staircase with your new shield and climb to the floor above (turn to **21**).

375

Eventually the street comes to a dead end at a high stone wall. There are stone steps leading to the top of the wall. On the other side of the wall you can hear grunts, growls and cheering. If you wish to climb over the wall, turn to **40**. If you wish to walk back to the junction and head west down Harbour Street, turn to **91**.

376

The helmet fits on your head perfectly, as though it had been specially made for you. It has magic properties also, and will allow you to add 1 point to all future dice rolls when computing your Attack Strength during combat as long as you wear it—add 1 LUCK point. You set off east again (turn to **161**).

377

The iron grill is securely bolted to the brick wall and you are unable to remove it. However, above the grill you notice a dark recess where some bricks have been removed from the wall. It is too dark to see deep inside the recess. If you wish to put your hand into the dark hole, turn to **92**. If you would rather walk back to the entrance hole, turn to **274**.

378

Roll one die alternately for yourself and for the bare-chested man, to represent the cannon-ball passing between you. Repeat this process until a 6 is thrown, in which case the cannon-ball will have been dropped and the loser must pay the winner 5 Gold Pieces. After finishing the game you walk on a bit further (turn to **52**).

379

Lose 2 STAMINA points. Despite the pain in your arm you must act quickly to escape the advancing Suit of Armour. If you wish to open the door in front of you, turn to 122. If you wish to run back to the staircase to climb up to the next floor, turn to 207.

380

Despite its rotten taste, the soup includes herbs blended in an ancient tradition which are beneficial to health. Add 4 STAMINA points. Feeling somewhat revitalized you decide to leave the ladies to their argument and head east (turn to 375).

381

The guard frowns and says, 'A likely story, I'm sure. But I suppose you are just the same as all the rest inside this city. You may enter at your own peril or buy my advice for 3 Gold Pieces.' If you wish to head straight into the city, turn to 74. If you wish to buy the guard's advice, make the necessary deduction on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 261.

382

A jet of gas shoots out of the ring and turns to ice on contact with the Spirit Stalker, covering him completely. It does not stop him advancing towards you, but it slows him down. You have time either to fire your silver arrow at him (turn to 189) or to reflect his stare in your mirror (turn to 305), as your Ring of Ice is useless.

383

If you have not done so already, you may open the other door (turn to 271) or leave the ship to continue your search of Port Blacksand, walking north up Harbour Street (turn to 78).

384

As the cudgel swings through the air above your head, you punch the Dwarf holding it. He lets out a scream and drops the cudgel. Feeling his bleeding nose and seeing the blood on his hand, he screams again and runs off down the alley. The other two Dwarfs holding your legs realize that you are not an easy victim and run off after their fellow-robber. If you wish to chase them down the alley, turn to 221. If you wish to set off west again, turn to 396.

385

A voice in your mind tells you that the chest is an illusion and does not exist. Also you see that the black cat is not what you thought it was. Before you stands a black-robed skeleton with green luminescent eyes, wearing a golden crown on its skull – Zanbar Bone! Before you have time to notch your arrow, the Night Prince pulls three teeth from his mouth and throws them on to the floor. They explode in puffs of smoke and out of them step three SKELETONS armed with swords. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	6	7
Second SKELETON	8	6
Third SKELETON	7	7

If you win, turn to **203**.

386

The PIRATE seems pleased that you wish to hold him and grins, revealing a toothless mouth which unnerves you a little.

PIRATE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **20**.

387

You are now wearing a brooch that slows you down in combat without your realizing it. Reduce your SKILL by 1 point. Finding nothing else of interest in the room you decide to go back down the stairs and leave the house to head north (turn to 334).

388

You try with all your might to bend the bars securing the glass cupboard but you are unable to open it. Finding nothing else of interest in the shop, you walk outside and continue east (turn to 100).

389

You push the door with your shoulder with all your might. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, the door flies open (turn to 159). If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, the door remains firmly shut. You decide not to risk injury to yourself and walk back to the street, continuing northwards (turn to 304).

390

The HAG is conjuring a spell which instils terrible fear in you. Your mind is full of illusions and you think you are being burned alive with a crowd of skeletal faces looking on gleefully. You swing your sword around blindly trying to hack at the faces laughing at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, a swipe from your sword cuts into the Hag (turn to 144). If you are Unlucky, your sword merely cuts through the air (turn to 59).

391

Unbeknown to you, there is a trip-wire across the doorway at your feet and a crossbow on the wall opposite, so that as you walk into the room you trigger the wire and this releases the crossbow bolt straight at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you trip over the wire and fall on the floor; the crossbow bolt flies over your head and through the door (turn to 235). If you are Unlucky, the bolt sinks into your chest (turn to 142).

392

The creature is outraged that you have stolen one of its brooches. It jumps up and you notice smoke curling up from its nostrils as its fury mounts. Suddenly a blast of fire shoots from its jaw and it moves towards you with outstretched claws. The blast misses you but you must fight the creature.

LIZARDINE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

As well as following the usual rules of battle, throw one die every Attack Round for the Lizardine's fiery breath. On a roll of 1, 2 or 3, it burns you for 1 point of damage to be subtracted from your STAMINA. On a roll of 4, 5 or 6 you manage to dodge the blast. You may use your LUCK against the fire and you may *Escape* by running back down the stairs and out of the house to head north (turn to 334). If you stay and win the battle, turn to 186.

393

You tell the Trolls that you are a weapon-maker and have been to the market to sell daggers to a stall-holder there. Sourbelly sneers at you and says, 'Well in that case you have finished your business in Port Blacksand. Allow us to escort you to the city gates.' If you wish to let them throw you out of the city, turn to 156. If you wish to attack the Trolls, turn to 73.

394

Sitting behind a small table is a plump woman wearing bright yellow clothes and a shawl over her head. She smiles as you enter, bidding you to sit down. She tells you that a glimpse of the future will cost you 2 Gold Pieces. If you wish to pay to hear her predictions, turn to 368. If you would rather carry on unaided, leave the tent and head north (turn to 117).

395

The blacksmith was a good man. Lose 1 [illegible] points. Feeling extremely guilty, you leave the stable and continue north (turn to 115).

396

On the left side of the street is a flower shop. The window is filled with exotic and colourful flowers. If you wish to enter the shop, turn to 145. If you prefer to keep walking west, turn to 24.

397

No wonder the vagabonds wanted to [illegible] – they only have 1 Gold Piece between them. You find nothing else of interest in their pockets and so decide to set off north along Stable Street (turn to 372).

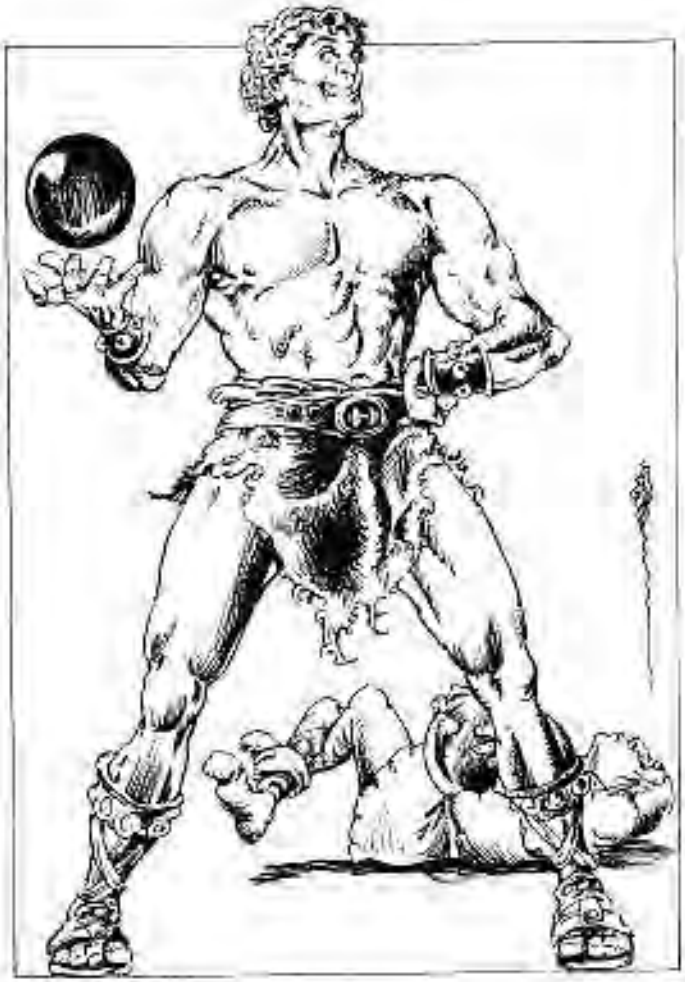

398

A small circle of people is standing around a bare-chested man. He is enormous and his muscles look as hard as iron. He is asking the crowd for a volunteer to play catch with a cannon-ball. He states that whoever drops the cannon-ball must pay the other 5 Gold Pieces. If you wish to take him on at his game, turn to 378. If you would rather walk on, turn to 92.

399

A rope ladder hangs down from the stern of the ship to the jetty. There is also a gangplank leading up the side of the ship. If you wish to board the ship by climbing the rope ladder, turn to 87. If you wish to walk straight up the gangplank, turn to 292.

400

You leave Zanbar Bone's black tower as quickly as you can, not wishing to spend another moment in the infernal place. Before leaving, however, you set it alight so that no evil entity may ever again use it for foul deeds. You sleep the rest of the night and long into the next morning in a hayfield, before setting off for Silverton in the afternoon. Battle-weary and hungry, you arrive in Silverton the same evening. You are given a hero's welcome and gift after gift is bestowed upon you. A feast is arranged and there is laughter, music and drinking in all the streets. Finally, Owen Carralif makes a speech and presents you with a gold orb worth hundreds of Gold Pieces. The people of Silverton are joyous once again.

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Ian Livingstone

DEATHTRAP DUNGEON

A thrilling fantasy adventure in which YOU are the hero! Complete with combat system and score sheet.

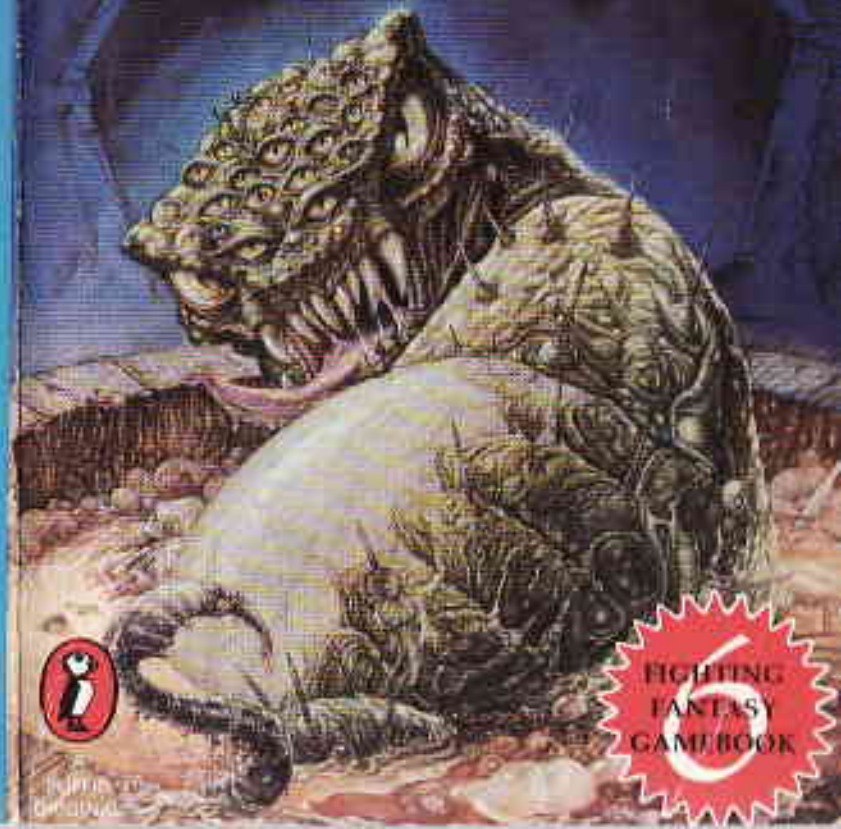

FIGHTING FANTASY GAMEBOOK 6

PUFFIN BOOKS

DEATHTRAP DUNGEON

Down in the dark, twisting labyrinth of Fang, unknown horrors await you. Devised by the devilish mind of Baron Sukumvit, the labyrinth is riddled with fiendish traps and bloodthirsty monsters, which will test your skills almost beyond the limit of endurance. Countless adventurers before you have taken up the challenge of the Trial of Champions and walked through the carved mouth of the labyrinth, never to be seen again. Do YOU dare enter?

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Other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks published in Puffin are: *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, *The Citadel of Chaos*, *The Forest of Doom*, *Starship Traveller*, *City of Thieves* and *Island of the Lizard King*.

Ian Livingstone

DEATHTRAP DUNGEON

Illustrated by Iain McCaig

Puffin Books

Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
Penguin Books, 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U S A
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N Z) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1984
Reprinted 1984

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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Set in 11/13 pt Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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For Jacques and Octavie Gelaude

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HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF DEATHTRAP DUNGEON

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a backpack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.
The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps

1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a Battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a Battle). Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e. the characteristic may be restored once during an adventure. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have used up a potion.

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through Deathtrap Dungeon and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. There are many 'wild-goose chase' passages and while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read. Reading other entries will only cause confusion and may lessen the excitement during play.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED	GOLD
	JEWELS
	POTIONS
	PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

Despite its name, Fang was an ordinary small town in the northern province of Chiang Mai. Situated on the banks of the River Kok it made a convenient stopover for river traders and passengers throughout most of the year. A few barges, rafts and sometimes even a large sailboat could usually be found moored at Fang. But all that was long ago, before the creation of the Trial of Champions. Now once a year the river is crammed with boats as people arrive from hundreds of miles around, hoping to witness the breaking of an ancient tradition in Fang and see a victor in the Trial of Champions.

On 1 May each year, warriors and heroes come to Fang to face the test of their lives. Survival is unlikely, yet many take the risk, for the prize is great – a purse of 10,000 Gold Pieces and the freedom of Chiang Mai forever. However, to become Champion is no easy task. Some years ago, a powerful baron of Fang called Sukumvit decided to bring attention to his town by creating the ultimate contest. With the help of the townspeople, he constructed a labyrinth deep in the hillside behind Fang, from which there was only one exit. The labyrinth was filled with all kinds of deadly tricks and traps and loathsome monsters. Sukumvit had designed it in meticulous detail so that anybody hoping to face its challenge would have to use their

wits as well as weaponskill. When he was finally satisfied that all was complete, he put his labyrinth to the test. He picked ten of his finest guards and, fully armed, they marched into the labyrinth. They were never seen again. The tale of the ill-fated guards soon spread throughout the land, and it was then that Sukumvit announced the first Trial of Champions. Messengers and news-sheets carried his challenge – 10,000 Gold Pieces and the freedom of Chiang Mai forever to any person surviving the perils of the labyrinth of Fang. The first year, seventeen brave warriors attempted 'The Walk', as it later came to be known. Not one reappeared. As the years passed and the Trial of Champions continued, it attracted more and more challengers and spectators. Fang prospered and would prepare itself months in advance for the spectacle it hosted each May. The town would be decorated, tents erected, dining-halls built, musicians, dancers, fire-eaters, illusionists and every sort of entertainer hired, and entries registered from hopeful individuals intent on making 'The Walk'. The last week of April found the people of Fang and its visitors in wild celebration. Everybody sang, drank, danced and laughed until day broke on 1 May, when the town thronged to the gates of the labyrinth to watch the first challenger of the year step forward to face the Trial of Champions.

Having seen one of Sukumvit's challenges nailed to a tree, you decide that this year you will attempt 'The Walk'. For the last five years you have been

attracted to it, not for the rewards, but for the simple fact that nobody has ever yet emerged victorious from the labyrinth. You intend to make this the year in which a Champion is crowned! Gathering up a few belongings, you set off immediately. Two days' walk takes you west to the coast, where you enter the cursed Port Blacksand. Wasting no time in that city of thieves, you buy your passage on a small boat sailing north to where the River Kok meets the sea, and from there you take a raft up-river for four days, until finally you arrive in Fang.

The Trial begins in three days' time, and the town is in an almost hysterical mood of excitement. You register your entry with the officials and are given a violet scarf to tie around your arm, informing everyone of your status. For three days you enjoy Fang's greatest hospitality and are treated like a demigod. During the long merriment, you almost forget your purpose in Fang; but the evening before the Trial, the magnitude of the task ahead begins to dominate your thoughts. Later, you are taken to a special guest-house and shown to your room. There is a splendid four-poster bed with satin sheets to help you rest. But there is little time left for sleep.

Just before dawn a trumpet call awakens you from vivid dreams of flaming pits and giant black spiders. Minutes later, there is a knock on your door, and a man's voice rings out saying, 'Your challenge begins soon. Please be ready to leave in ten minutes.' You climb out of bed, walk over to the window and open the shutters. Already people are thronging the

streets, moving quietly through the morning mist – spectators on their way to the labyrinth no doubt, hoping to find good vantage points from which to watch the competitors. You turn away and walk over to a wooden table on which your trusty sword lies. You pick it up and cut the air with a mighty sweep, wondering what beasts its sharp edge may soon have to meet. Then you open the door into the corridor. A small man with slanted eyes greets you with a low bow as you emerge from your bedroom. 'Please follow me,' he says. He turns to his left and walks quickly towards the stairs at the end of the corridor.

Leaving your guest-house, he darts down narrow alleyways between houses, and you have to walk quickly to keep up with him. Soon you come into a wide dirt road lined with cheering crowds. When they see your violet scarf, they cheer even louder and start showering you with flowers. The long shadows cast by the people in front of you shrink as the bright yellow sun rises higher in the morning sky. Standing there in front of the noisy and vibrant crowd, you feel strangely alone, aware of your coming ordeal. Suddenly you feel a tug on your shirt and see your small guide eagerly beckoning you to follow him. Ahead you see the looming hillside and the dark mouth of a tunnel disappearing into its inner depths. As you get closer, you notice two great stone pillars on either side of the tunnel entrance. The pillars are covered with ornate carvings: writhing serpents, demons, deities, each

seeming to scream a silent warning to those who would pass beyond them.

You see Baron Sukumvit himself standing by the entrance, waiting to greet the contenders in the Trial of Champions. You count five others standing proudly in line, their violet scarves displayed for all to see. There are two bare-chested Barbarians dressed in furs. They stand completely motionless, legs straight and slightly apart, arms thrust forward to rest on the hilts of their long, double-headed battleaxes. A sleek, elven woman with golden hair and feline green eyes is adjusting the cross-belt of daggers wrapped around her leather tunic. Of the two remaining men, one is covered from head to foot in iron-plate armour with a plumed helmet and a crested shield; the other is cloaked in black robes, only his dark eyes showing between the swathes of his black face-scarves. Long knives, a wire garrotte and other silent death-weapons hang from his belt. The five contenders acknowledge your arrival with almost imperceptible nods of the head, and you turn to face the exultant crowd for the last time. Suddenly a hush falls over the crowd as Baron Sukumvit steps forward holding six bamboo sticks. You draw one from his outstretched hand and read the word 'Fifth'. Then the Trial begins.

The Knight is first. He salutes the crowd before disappearing into the tunnel, and is followed half an hour later by the elf. Next goes a Barbarian and then the dark assassin. Now it is your turn to salute the crowd. Holding your violet scarf aloft, you take one final deep breath of cool fresh air before turning to pass between the stone-pillared gateway into Sukumvit's corridors of power, to face unknown perils on 'The Walk' through the mighty baron's Deathtrap Dungeon.

NOW TURN OVER

1

The clamour of the excited spectators gradually fades behind you as you venture deep into the gloom of the cavern tunnel.

Large crystals hang from the tunnel roof at twenty-metre intervals, radiating a soft light, just enough for you to see your way. As your eyes gradually become accustomed to the near darkness, you begin to see movement all around. Spiders and beetles crawling up and down the chiselled walls disappear quickly into cracks and crevices as they sense your approach; rats and mice scurry along the floor ahead of you. Droplets of water drip into small pools with an eerie plopping sound which echoes down the tunnel. The air is cold, moist and dank. After walking slowly along the tunnel for about five minutes, you arrive at a stone table standing against the wall to your left. On it there are six boxes, one of which has your name painted on its lid. If you wish to open the box, turn to **270**. If you prefer to continue walking north, turn to **66**.

2

The Scorpion manages to hold you in its pincers long enough to flick its segmented tail forward over its head and sting you with its poisonous barb. The effect is fatal and you slump to the ground in the Arena of Death, wondering whether Throm will win through.

3

The Gnome shakes his head and says, 'I am afraid you have failed the Trial of Champions. Baron Sukumvit's Deathtrap Dungeon will keep its secrets for another year, as you will not be allowed to leave here. You are appointed my servant for the rest of your days, to prepare and modify the dungeon for future contestants. Perhaps in another life you will succeed . . .'

4

In the total darkness you do not see the pipe's downward turn. You slip and, unable to get a grip on the slimy pipe, slide over the edge. Your screams echo down the pipe as you fall the fifty metres to the bottom. You have failed the Trial of Champions.

5

You crawl along the floor and find yourself in the lair of a tribe of TROGLODYTES. As you creep past them, your scabbard bangs against a rock on the floor. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **185**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **395**.

6

Knowing that the Manticore will fire the spikes in its tail at you, you run for cover behind one of the pillars. Before you reach it, a volley of spikes flies through the air and one of them sinks into your arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you waste no time and attack the Manticore with your sword before it has time to unleash more of its deadly spikes.

MANTICORE	SKILL 11	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **364**.

7

Before you have time to reach a doorway, the boulder is upon you. You cry out in pain and terror as it crushes you to the floor. Your adventure ends here.

8

The Mirror Demon grabs you by the wrist. Immediately it starts to pull you towards the mirror. Its strength is incredible, and, despite all your efforts, you cannot prevent it from pulling you relentlessly towards the mirror. When it touches the mirror, it seems to disappear straight through it. With horror you see your own arm disappear, followed by the rest of your body. You are now in a mirror world of another dimension, from which you can never return.

9

The Hobgoblins have nothing of any use to you on them, so you decide to open the bag on the floor. Inside you find a corked earthenware jug. You uncork it and sniff the liquid inside. It smells sharp and acrid. If you wish to drink some of the liquid, turn to **158**. If you wish to dip a piece of cloth in it, turn to **375**.

10

Still running as fast as you can, you reach into your backpack and pull out the wooden tube. You plan to lie under the surface of the water, breathing through the tube With luck, the Troglodytes will assume that you will be swept to your death downriver as the torrent disappears into the depths of the mountain. You seize the tube between your teeth and lower yourself into the water Holding on to one of the underwater bridge pillars, you keep perfectly still for ten minutes. When you finally think the Troglodytes have gone, you rise to the

surface and look around. There is nobody to be seen, so you climb out of the river and cross the bridge to the northern bank Any remaining Provisions you may have are now sodden and inedible. Cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*. You continue to walk through the vast cavern until at last you see a tunnel in the far wall. You walk down it until you come to a heavy wooden door, which is locked. If you have an iron key, turn to **86**. If you do not have a key, turn to **276**.

11

You look down and see the crumpled bodies of the Flying Guardians lying motionless on the floor. You start to prise out the idol's emerald eye with the tip of your sword At last it comes free, and you are surprised by its weight. Hoping that it may be of use later, you put it in your backpack. If you now wish to prise out the right eye, turn to **140**. If you would rather climb down the idol, turn to **46**.

12

The door opens into a large, candle-lit room filled with the most extraordinarily lifelike statues of knights and warriors. A white-haired old man dressed in tattered rags suddenly jumps out from behind one of the statues and starts to giggle. Though he looks like a fool, the sparkle in his eyes makes you think there is more to him than is apparent. In a high-pitched voice he says, 'Oh good, another stone for my garden. I'm glad you have come to join your friends Now, I'm a fair man and so I'll ask you a question. If you answer correctly, I'll let you go free – but if your answer is wrong, I'll turn you to stone!' He starts to chuckle again, obviously pleased with your arrival. Will you:

Wait for his question?	Turn to **382**
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **195**
Make a run for the door?	Turn to **250**

13

The tunnel makes a sudden turn to the left and heads north for as far as you can see. The footprints you are following start to peter out as the tunnel becomes gradually drier. Soon you are beyond the dripping roof and the pools on the floor. You notice the air becoming hotter and you find yourself panting even though you are walking quite slowly. In a small recess on the left-hand wall you see a section of bamboo standing on its end. Lifting it down, you see it is filled with a clear liquid. Your throat is

painfully dry and you feel a little dizzy from the heat in the tunnel. If you wish to drink the liquid, turn to 147. If you do not want to risk drinking the liquid and would rather continue north, turn to 182.

14

The tunnel leads into a dark chamber covered in thick cobwebs. Clawing your way through them, you trip over a wooden casket. If you wish to try to open the casket, turn to 157. If you would rather continue north, turn to 310.

15

A tickling sensation runs down your spine as you crawl carefully out of the room. Back in the tunnel you heave a sigh of relief, throw the skull back into the room and slam the door shut. Pleased with your good fortune, you set off west once again. Turn to 74.

16

You just have time to hear the Gnome say, 'Three skulls' before a white bolt of energy shoots out from the lock into your chest, knocking you unconscious. Roll one die, add 1 to the number and reduce your STAMINA by the total. If you are still alive, you come to and are told by the Gnome to try again. You chose the wrong gems last time, so you won't try that combination again.

A	B	C	
Emerald	Diamond	Sapphire	Turn to 16
Diamond	Sapphire	Emerald	Turn to 392
Sapphire	Emerald	Diamond	Turn to 177
Emerald	Sapphire	Diamond	Turn to 287
Diamond	Emerald	Sapphire	Turn to 132
Sapphire	Diamond	Emerald	Turn to 249

17

You are not strong enough to force open the heavy door. The water is now waist-high and you are exhausted from your efforts. The water level rises quickly and you find yourself floating ever upwards until your face is pressed against the ceiling. You are soon completely immersed and unable to hold your breath any longer. Your adventure ends here.

18

Luckily for you, the cobra's fangs sink into your leather wristband. The snake recoils quickly, ready to strike again, as the Dwarf tells you to have another try. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 55. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 202.

19

You cannot resist the Medusa's beguiling gaze as she looks into your eyes. You feel your limbs begin to stiffen and you panic helplessly as you turn to stone. Your adventure ends here.

20

Only your incredible strength could withstand the poisonous spider's bite. However, you are weakened and you notice your hand trembling as you pocket the Gold Piece. Reduce your SKILL by 1 point. You curse the person who dropped the backpack and set off north again. Turn to 279.

21

The wound has had no effect on the Bloodbeast, and it continues to attack you as furiously as before. Continue your combat and as soon as you win your next Attack Round, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 97. If you are Unlucky, turn to 116.

22

Although you are slightly uneasy in each other's company, knowing that there can only be one winner in the Trial of Champions, you are both content to share in the benefits of a temporary alliance You begin to tell each other of your exploits so far, of the monsters and traps encountered and the dangers overcome. Walking along, you soon come to the edge of a wide pit It is too deep and dark to see the bottom. The Barbarian offers to lower you to the bottom with his rope, saying he has a torch which he can light for you to use Will you:

Accept the Barbarian's offer?	Turn to 63
Offer to lower him down if he is so eager to investigate the pit?	Turn to 184
Suggest that you both jump over the pit instead?	Turn to 311

23

The paper bears a simple warning written in dried blood: 'Beware the Trialmasters' You replace the paper on its nail and run back down the tunnel to rejoin the Barbarian Turn to **154**.

24

Set back in an arched alcove in the tunnel wall you see an ornate wooden chair carved in the shape of a demon-like bird of prey. If you wish to sit in the chair, turn to **324**. If you would rather keep going north, turn to **188**.

25

Although the temperature in the tunnel is higher than you could normally tolerate, the liquid from the bamboo pipe keeps you alive Turn to **197**.

26

The pill makes you feel dull and lethargic. Lose two SKILL points. The Dwarf tells you that you can now progress to the second stage of the test He reaches for a wicker basket and tells you that there is a snake inside it He tips up the basket and the snake drops on to the floor; it is a cobra and it rears up into the air ready to strike. The Dwarf says he wants to test your reactions. You must grasp the cobra bare-handed below its head, avoiding its deadly fangs You crouch down on the floor, tensing yourself for the moment at which to seize it Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **55**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **202**

27

You step up to the frightened man and cleave the chain with your sword. He drops to his knees and bows, thanking you over and over again. He tells you that four years ago he entered the Trial of Champions but failed. He fell down a pit and had to be rescued by a Trialmaster, one of Baron Sukumvit's dungeon administrators. He was offered a choice between death or servitude in Deathtrap Dungeon as the Trialmaster's minion. Choosing the latter, he worked like a slave until he could stand it no longer and tried to escape. Alas, he was unsuccessful and was captured by the Trialmaster's wandering Orc guards. To teach him a lesson, they cut off his hand and condemned him to a year's imprisonment in this cell. You ask him whether he has any information that might be of use to you. He scratches his head. 'Well, I haven't exactly done very well in here myself,' he says, 'but I do know that you need to collect gems and precious stones if you hope to get out. I don't know why, but there it is.' Without another word, the ragged prisoner dashes out of the room, turning left into the tunnel. You decide to keep heading north and turn right into the tunnel. Turn to **78**.

28

The Dwarf's chainmail coat is of finest-quality iron, obviously made by a master armourer. You strip it from his body and place it over your head. Add 1 SKILL point. There is nothing else of use to you in the chamber, so you decide to investigate the new tunnel. Turn to **213**.

29

The tunnel leads north for some distance before coming to a dead end. The mouth of a chute protrudes from the tunnel's eastern wall. It seems to be the only way out. You decide to risk it and climb into the chute. You slide gently down and come out in a room, landing on your back. Turn to **90**.

30

Taking a step forward, you leap towards the far edge of the pit. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **160**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **319**.

31

The Gnome smiles and says, 'Good. Now, have you a sapphire in your possession?' If you do have a sapphire, turn to **376**. If you do not, turn to **3**.

32

You soon come to another junction in the tunnel One branch leads east, but the wet footprints you have been following continue north and you decide to follow their trail Turn to 37.

33

It was a mistake to reach into the hole with your sword arm. It is covered with round sucker marks and feels as if it has been crushed Lose 3 SKILL points. You peer into the hole and see the bleeding tentacle stump hanging limply. You carefully pull out the grappling iron and leather pouch, in which you find a tiny brass bell You pack away your new possessions and head north. Turn to 292.

34

You try to force the point of your sword under the emerald eye. Much to your surprise, the emerald shatters on contact, releasing a jet of poisonous gas straight into your face. The gas knocks you out and you release the rope, bounce down the idol and crash on to the stone floor. Your adventure ends here.

35

The tunnel continues west for several hundred metres, finally ending at some steps leading up to a closed trapdoor. You climb the steps slowly, hearing muffled voices above you. In the dim light you can see that the trapdoor is not locked. If you wish to knock on the trapdoor, turn to 333. If you wish to burst through the trapdoor with your sword drawn, turn to 124.

36

You run faster than you have ever run in your life before, but still the boulder is catching up on you. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than both your SKILL and STAMINA scores, turn to 340. If the total is greater than either your SKILL or STAMINA scores, turn to 7.

37

The passage opens out into a wide cavern which is darker but much drier. Ahead you see the footprints gradually fade, then disappear. There is a large idol in the centre of the cavern, standing approximately six metres high. It has jewelled eyes, each as big as your fist. There are two giant stuffed bird-like creatures standing on either side of the idol. If you wish to climb the idol to take the jewels, turn to **351**. If you wish to walk through the cavern to the tunnel in the opposite wall, turn to **239**.

38

The man stands by silently while you gulp the water and wolf down the bread. A sharp pain grips your stomach and you fall to your knees The old man looks at you scornfully and says, 'Well, if you will eat poisoned food, what do you expect?' Lose 3 STAMINA points. He shuffles off, leaving you writhing in pain on the floor. If you are still alive, you eventually regain enough of your strength to continue west. Turn to **109**.

39

You manage to evade the outstretched legs of the diving Giant Fly. Stepping back, you draw your sword and prepare to fight the hideous insect as it turns to attack you again.

GIANT FLY SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **111**. You may *Escape* by running back into the tunnel to head north. Turn to **267**

40

You call out to the Dwarf that you are ready to fight the MINOTAUR. The wooden door rises slowly and you see the fearsome beast, half man, half bull, step into the arena. Steam blows from its nostrils as it works itself up into a rage, ready to attack. Suddenly it rushes forward, swinging its double-headed axe.

MINOTAUR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **163**.

41

You walk slowly over to the alcove, carefully checking the floor for any more hidden traps. You see that the goblet contains a sparkling red liquid. Will you:

Drink the red liquid?	Turn to **98**
Leave the goblet and walk back to search the Barbarian (if you have not done so already)?	Turn to **126**
Leave the chamber to continue west?	Turn to **83**

42

The cobra's fangs sink deep into your wrist and you feel its poison starting to creep through your body. Lose 5 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, the Dwarf has no mercy but tells you to try again. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **55** If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **202**.

43

The tunnel turns sharply to the right and continues north for as far as you can see. There is a door in the left-hand wall which is ajar. You hear someone cry for help from the other side of the door. If you wish to open it, turn to **200**. If you would rather continue north, turn to **316**.

44

You are only a few metres from the doorway when you hear the old man behind you utter some strange words. Instantly your muscles harden and you feel your skin becoming taut. You start to panic, but there is nothing you can do to stop the petrifaction of your body. Your adventure ends here.

45

The razor-sharp disc thuds into your back with terrible effect. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you struggle to pull the disc from your back as the Ninja throws yet another one at you. Turn to **312**.

46

You lower yourself carefully down the idol and, wasting no more time in the cavern, run forward to the tunnel in the northern wall. Turn to **239**.

47

Have you got a hollow wooden tube? If you have, turn to **10**. If you have not, turn to **335**.

48

Only your immense strength and grim determination keep you from falling unconscious to the floor. You grit your teeth and press on resolutely. Turn to **197**.

49

You peep round the corner and see two small creatures running away from you. Both are dressed in baggy clothes and wear pointed floppy hats They are mischievous LEPRECHAUNS. If you wish to follow them, turn to **205**. If you would rather walk back to the last junction to head north, turn to **241**.

50

You wake to find Throm pulling the ring off your finger. He puts it on the floor and crushes it with the head of his battleaxe. Then, grunting to show his disapproval of you, he strides off east. You stand up slowly and stagger off after him. Turn to **221**.

51

The Hobgoblins are unprepared for your attack, and you are able to kill the first one before he can draw his sword. You turn to face the remaining Hobgoblin, who snarls at you with hatred.

HOBGOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **9**.

52

As you open the book, it begins to disintegrate and the pages turn to dust in your hands. You manage to keep a few fragments and read the handwritten script. The book appears to be about monsters, and from what you can make out it contains a full description of a monster called the Bloodbeast. It is a horrific bloated creature with tough, spiny skin and facial blisters which burst open to become mock eyes, evolved to hide the Bloodbeast's only weak spot – its real eyes. Bloodbeasts usually dwell in pools of fetid slime which give off a poisonous gas. This gas is so strong that it can easily knock people unconscious. The Bloodbeast, although too bulbous to haul itself out of its slime pool, has a long and

vicious tongue which it wraps around its victims before it drags them into its pool. As the victim's flesh starts to decompose in the vile slime, the Bloodbeast will feed from it. You tell Throm about the grotesque Bloodbeast, but he merely shrugs his shoulders and tells you to get going If you have not done so already, you may open the black book – turn to **138**. Otherwise you must continue north with Throm – turn to **369**.

53

The Bloodbeast is too bulbous to climb out of its pool, but its long tongue whips out and tries to wrap itself around your leg. Fortunately, you have fallen beyond its reach. The air at ground level does not contain any of the poisonous fumes, but you wake with a pain in your throat. You cover your mouth with your sleeve so that you can breathe through it, and decide what to do. If you wish to run round the pool towards the tunnel, turn to **370**. If you wish to attack the Bloodbeast with your sword, turn to **348**.

54

The lasso loosens itself and you are able to shake it free of the idol's neck. It falls to the floor with a loud clatter. You quickly coil the rope up again and put it in your backpack. Wasting no more time in the cavern, you run forward to the tunnel in the northern wall. Turn to **239**.

55

With lightning speed, you thrust your hand out and grip the cobra just below its open mouth. You lift it up and, arm outstretched, dangle it in front of the Dwarf. He doesn't flinch but says in his calm expressionless way, 'Please put the cobra back in the basket and prepare for the final part of the test. Follow me.' You do what he says and follow him back into the chamber, where Throm is pacing up and down, obviously ill at ease. You wave to him while the Dwarf opens a second secret door and tells you to walk on through and wait for him. Again you comply, and you find yourself in another circular room, although this one resembles a small arena. The floor is covered with sand, and a small balcony runs around the arena wall. Opposite the secret door by which you entered is an ominous-looking wooden door. Suddenly you hear a shout, and you look up to see the smiling Dwarf standing on the balcony. He throws two pieces of paper down to you. On one of them, the words NO CROP IS are written; on the other, RUIN MOAT. In his ever-calm voice he says, 'If you rearrange the letters of the words, you will find the names of two creatures. You may choose which one to fight in my Arena of Death.' If you can identify the creature by rearranging the letters NO CROP IS, turn to **143**. If you can identify the creature by rearranging the letters RUIN MOAT, turn to **40**. If you cannot identify either of the creatures, turn to **347**.

56

You see that the obstruction is a large, brown, boulder-like object. You touch it with your hand and are surprised to find that it is soft and spongy. If you wish to try to climb over it, turn to **373**. If you wish to slice it open with your sword, turn to **215**.

57

Although you check the chest carefully for any hidden devices, you are unable to see the trap inside it. As you lift the lid, an iron ball hanging on a cord swings back, shattering the glass capsule fixed inside the lid. A cloud of poisonous gas is instantly released into the air and you stagger back coughing and spluttering. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **198**.

58

You step slowly between the poles, taking care not to touch any of them. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **80**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **246**.

59

Ahead in the far distance you hear the sound of slow footsteps coming towards you. Unsure of who or what might be approaching, you look around for a place to hide. You find a large crack in the tunnel wall which lies in shadow. If you wish to stand your ground with your sword drawn, turn to **341**. If you would rather hide in the shadows, turn to **283**.

60

The tunnel ends at a large oak door. Throm wastes no time in testing the handle and is somewhat surprised to find the door unlocked He pushes it open and walks into a torch-lit chamber Sitting alone on an ornate chair is a DWARF, who bids you enter the chamber As you do so, the oak door swings shut behind you 'Adventurers, you have done well to get this far,' says the Dwarf in a deep voice. 'However, as you both know, there can only be one winner in the Trial of Champions As Trial-master, it is my duty to Baron Sukumvit to let only the most able continue Therefore. I must devise a test of wits and strength to eliminate one of you. Please do not attempt to dispose of me. It would be utterly pointless, for, as you can see, there is no obvious way out of this chamber and only I know where the hidden exit lies. Now if you would care to decide between you who will go first, I shall make the necessary preparations.' You look at Throm, suddenly angry that your effective partnership might come to an end He leans over and whispers in your ear that you should try to kill the Dwarf and worry about the exit later. If you wish to join Throm in attacking the Dwarf, turn to **179** If you would rather persuade Throm to go through with the Dwarf's test, turn to **365**.

61

Despite the terrible ringing sound in your ears, you hear footsteps coming down the tunnel. Your loud screams have attracted a tunnel guardian. Standing over you is a HOBGOBLIN. His face bears a sickly smile as he presses the point of his sword against your neck. You are unable to defend yourself and prevent the Hobgoblin from running you through. Your adventure ends here.

62

The Gnome jumps in the air, yelling, 'Well done – nobody has ever managed to find all three gems before! Now get ready for the final test, which I will explain once and once only. As you can see, the lock on this door has three slots, labelled A, B and C, each of which is built to accept a specific gem. You have to put one of your three gems in each of the slots in the correct order. If you manage this at the first attempt, fine. However, if you put the gems in the wrong slots, you will be blasted by a bolt of energy from the lock, causing you injury. Anyway, as I said, I am allowed to help you a little. If you place one gem in its correct slot but get the other two wrong, I shall shout, "One crown and two skulls." If you place all three gems incorrectly, I shall shout, "Three skulls." You will be allowed to try again and again until you either succeed or die. Are you ready?' You signal your readiness with a nod of the head, and walk forward to place the three gems in the slots. Decide which gems you will place in the labelled slots on the next page:

A	B	C	
Emerald	Diamond	Sapphire	Turn to **16**
Diamond	Sapphire	Emerald	Turn to **392**
Sapphire	Emerald	Diamond	Turn to **177**
Emerald	Sapphire	Diamond	Turn to **287**
Diamond	Emerald	Sapphire	Turn to **132**
Sapphire	Diamond	Emerald	Turn to **249**

63

You tie the rope around your waist and take hold of the lighted torch given to you by Throm, as your Barbarian ally calls himself. Taking hold of the slack rope, Throm lowers you slowly over the edge of the pit and down into the dark depths below. You can see by the light of the torch that the sides of the pit are extremely smooth. You drop about twenty metres before hitting the bottom of the pit. There you see another tunnel heading north and you call up to Throm and tell him of your discovery. He calls back, saying that he is going to tie the rope around a protruding rock on the edge of the pit and will come down and join you. You hear him climbing down and soon you are together again. Throm retrieves his rope by shaking it off the rock, and you set off north along the new tunnel. Turn to **194**.

64

As soon as you put the ring on your finger, your whole body starts to shake. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **115**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **190**.

65

Have you drunk a Potion found inside a black leather book? If you have, turn to **345**. If you have not drunk it, turn to **372**.

66

After walking down the tunnel for a few minutes, you come to a junction. A white arrow painted on one wall points west. On the floor you can see wet footprints made by those who entered before you. It is hard to be sure, but it looks as though three of them followed the direction of the arrow, while one decided to go east. If you wish to head west, turn to **293**. If you wish to head east, turn to **119**.

67

You grab one of the underwater bridge pillars and cling to it, holding your breath. Meanwhile the Troglodytes reach the river bank and decide that you must have been swept to your death downriver as it disappears into the depths of the mountain By now your lungs are bursting for air *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky, turn to **146**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **219**

68

You walk down the passage and soon find yourself standing at the edge of a deep, dark pit. The passage continues east on the other side of the pit You think you could probably jump over the pit, but you are not sure. There is a rope hanging down from the ceiling over the centre of the pit. Will you:

Throw your shield over the pit and jump after it?	Turn to **271**
Jump over the pit carrying all your possessions?	Turn to **30**
Reach for the rope with your sword to enable you to swing across the pit?	Turn to **212**

69

Ivy does not notice you opening the door. You slip out of her room, close the door quietly behind you and find yourself at the end of another tunnel. Turn to **305**.

70

You just manage to dive to the side before the boulder smashes into the tunnel floor, splitting the stone. As you dust yourself off, you suddenly notice daylight at the end of the tunnel. You run forward towards a beautiful sight of blue sky and green trees. Running out of the tunnel, you expect to be greeted by cheering crowds, but are horrified at what you do see. There is no hero's welcome from the people all around you. All are dead. You are in fact standing in a cold chamber littered with armoured skeletons and bodies – the exit to victory was just an illusion! Only the corpses of past adventurers are real. You run back towards the tunnel, but hit an invisible barrier. You are trapped and destined to end your days in the chamber of the dead.

71

Once again you reach for the parchment, only this time it is lying amidst a pile of broken bones. Unfolding it, you see a map of a room with a drawing of a hideous creature inside it. Beneath the monster is a rhyme which reads:

> 'Should you meet the Manticore,
> Of its tail beware.
> Shield yourself against the spikes
> Flying through the air.'

You fold up the piece of parchment and put it in your backpack. Repeating the rhyme over and over to yourself, you walk across to the alcove. Turn to **128**.

72

The Mirror shatters, sending fragments of glass flying everywhere. The Mirror Demon's four faces cry out in agony, and cracks appear all over them. Then they too shatter and fall to the floor in a pile of broken glass. Unfortunately, you cut your sword arm badly while smashing the mirror. Although your strength is unaffected, your weaponskill is diminished. Lose 2 SKILL points before continuing your journey north. Turn to **122**.

73

If you have not done so already, you may walk back to search the Barbarian – turn to **126**. Otherwise, leave the chamber to continue west – turn to **83**.

74

The tunnel takes a sharp right turn and you find yourself in a sort of gallery lined with mirrors for some twenty metres. A human skeleton appears to be pulled halfway through the mirror along the right-hand wall. Suddenly a grotesque being with four arms and four screaming faces emerges from the mirror, barring your way ahead. It walks slowly towards you, each arm outstretched to grab you. It is a MIRROR DEMON from another dimensional plane, come to take your spirit. Will you:

Make a wish (if you are wearing a Ring of Wishes?)	Turn to **265**
Try to smash the mirrors?	Turn to **300**
Attack the Mirror Demon with your sword?	Turn to **327**

75

You rub the liquid into your wounds, but they do not heal. Staring into the empty bottle, you wonder what exactly the liquid was. If you have not done so already, you may open the red book – turn to **52**. Otherwise, you must continue north with Throm – turn to **369**

76

You step round the great bulk of the dead Rock Grub and peer into the darkness of its borehole. You can only see a few metres, but are able to make out that it inclines slightly and is wet from the secreted slime of the Rock Grub. If you wish to explore the borehole, turn to **317**. If you would rather walk west along the tunnel, turn to **117**

77

You stagger through the open doorway into another tunnel, at the end of which is the welcome sight of daylight Much to your surprise, you see the Gnome lying dead halfway down the tunnel. A crossbow bolt protrudes from the side of his head The Gnome, in his bid for freedom, has fallen foul of Baron Sukumvit's final trap. You walk past him and out into brilliant sunshine. Turn to **400**

78

There is an open pipe in the right-hand wall, about a metre in diameter. It is too dark to see far down it. You shout into it and hear your voice echoing down the iron pipe until eventually the sound fades away. If you wish to crawl down the pipe, turn to **301**. If you would rather continue north, turn to **142**.

79

You grip the arms of the chair tightly, half expecting a surge of energy or pain to rush through your body. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **106**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **383**.

80

You take your time and manage to step over the last pole without having touched any of them. You hurry on east, still following the two pairs of footprints. Turn to **313**.

81

The only furniture in the Goblin's room is a table, two chairs and a cupboard on the wall. There are two closed doors, one in the west wall and the other in the north wall. Will you:

Open the cupboard?	Turn to **307**
Open the west door?	Turn to **263**
Open the north door?	Turn to **136**

82

As the Pit Fiend slams its body against the wall, you let go of the rope and drop safely to the floor. You run towards the double doors and are relieved to feel them swing open as you push on them You let them swing shut behind you and head north along the tunnel. Turn to **214**.

83

The passage soon leads to a junction You notice more footprints on the floor, possibly as many as three pairs, heading north from the south passage You decide to follow them. Turn to 37

84

Roll two dice. If the total is more than eight, turn to 152. If the total is eight or less, turn to 121.

85

Before you are able to do anything else, the old man mumbles a few strange words into the air. You feel your muscles harden and your skin go taut. You start to panic, but there is nothing you can do to stop the petrifaction of your body. Your adventure ends here.

86

The key turns in the lock and the door opens into a four-way intersection of the tunnel. There is nothing to be seen either to east or to west apart from the now familiar ceiling crystals giving off their dim light. Suddenly you hear a voice calling you, 'This way, this way You are on the right track.' It seems to be coming from somewhere directly ahead of you. Your curiosity gets the better of you and you decide to walk towards the beckoning voice. Turn to 187.

87

The door opens into a large room. Turn to 381.

88

As soon as they see you, the TROGLODYTES raise their bows and run to surround you. To your horror, their leader then steps forward and declares that you are their prisoner and must subject yourself to trial by their ancient rite, the Run of the Arrow. If you are willing to take part in the Run of the Arrow, turn to 343. If you would rather try to fight your way out, turn to 268.

89

Back on solid ground once again on the cavern floor, you try to shake the rope off the idol's neck *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **54**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **261**.

90

As soon as you stand up, you are confronted by the most repulsive sight you have ever laid eyes on. There in front of you, wallowing in a circular pool of fetid slime, is a bulbous creature too horrible to be believed. Its body is green and covered all over with fearsome-looking spikes. Its face is a mass of crimson blisters, one of which suddenly bursts to reveal yet another of its many sinister, all-seeing eyes. A narrow path runs around the edge of the pool and leads into another tunnel in the far wall. If you have previously read details about the loathsome BLOODBEAST in a leather-bound book, turn to **172**. If you have not read this book, turn to **357**.

91

The Orc's morning star thuds into your arm, knocking your sword to the floor. You must fight them bare-handed, reducing your SKILL by 4 for the duration of the combat. Fortunately, the tunnel is too narrow for both Orcs to attack you at once Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	5
Second ORC	6	4

If you win, turn to **257**.

92

Summoning all your strength, you deal the Mirror Demon one final blow with your sword With an ear-splitting sound, cracks begin to run across its faces and limbs. Its many mouths cry out in the agony of its death throes before the Demon shatters completely and falls to the ground in a pile of tiny fragments. You heave a huge sigh of relief and then hurry on past. Turn to **122**.

93

The door opens into a small dark room, which is empty apart from a sturdy wooden chest lying on a shelf on the far wall. The floor is thick with dust, and you can clearly see fresh footprints leading from the door to the chest and back again. You wonder whether one of your rivals is still ahead of you on 'The Walk', or whether the chest has only recently been placed on the shelf by one of the Trialmasters. If you wish to enter the room and open the chest, turn to **284** If you would rather keep walking down the tunnel, turn to **230**

94

Taking a deep breath, you lean over the pit and plunge your forearm into the mass of wriggling worms. They are cold and clammy and feel extremely nasty, but at least they are harmless and you are able to seize the dagger by the hilt. You give it a hard tug and it comes away from the crack in which the tip was embedded. Admiring its beauty, and wondering whether it might once have belonged to some luckless contestant, you put the opal-studded dagger firmly in your belt and leave the cavern Turn to **174**

95

The iron ring is attached to a small trapdoor. It lifts up easily, and inside a small compartment you find a finely crafted shield made of the purest iron. Marvelling at its splendour,you strap it on to your arm. Add 1 SKILL point. You walk towards the double doors and push them open. Turn to **248**.

96

Your second blow also fails to smash the mirror. The Mirror Demon reaches out, grabs your wrist and starts pulling you towards the mirror. Its strength is incredible, and, despite all your efforts, you cannot resist. With every second you come closer to the mirror. When the Mirror Demon touches the mirror, it seems to disappear straight through it. With horror you see your own arm disappear through the mirror too, and the rest of your body soon follows. You are now in a mirror world of another dimension, from which you can never return.

97

Unknown to you, the Bloodbeast has only one weakness: its real eyes. More by chance than by design, you plunge your blade deep into one of them, and the Bloodbeast immediately slumps back into its pool. After a few massive convulsions, it sinks beneath the oily surface of the pool. Not waiting to see whether it will recover, you run into the tunnel, anxious to get away from the Bloodbeast's toxic chamber as fast as possible. Turn to **134**.

98

Lifting the goblet releases a sprung catch, and a dart shoots out of the wooden table leg. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **105**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **235**.

99

Smiling, you tell Ivy that you think she and Sourbelly look very alike. Then, while she stares admiringly at the painting, you pick up a broken stool, creep up behind her and smash her over the back of the head with it as hard as you can. To your immense relief, she slumps unconscious to the floor. If you wish to search her room, turn to **266**. If not, leave by the door in the east wall. You find yourself standing at the end of a tunnel. Turn to **305**.

100

Only a few metres further down the passage, you see another closed door in the left-hand wall. The letter X is scratched into its centre panel. Putting your ear to the door, you listen intently but can hear nothing. If you wish to open the door, turn to **87**. If you would rather keep walking north, turn to **217**.

101

The river current is quite strong and, encumbered by your armour and backpack, you are unable to swim against it Within seconds you are swept under the bridge Standing on the river bank, the Troglodytes look on laughing and jeering as you drift to your death down-river in the depths of the mountain.

102

You enter a room which is small and completely empty As soon as you are inside, the door slams shut behind you. Suddenly a voice booms out of nowhere, shouting, 'Welcome to Deathtrap Dungeon, the ingenious killer labyrinth of my master. Adventurer, I trust you will pay your respects to my master by shouting out his name?' Will you shout:

Hail, Sukumvit?	Turn to **133**
Sukumvit is a worm?	Turn to **251**

103

You breathe in the poisonous gas and start to choke Lose 3 STAMINA points If you are still alive, turn to **77**.

104

Reacting quickly, you manage to jump over the outstretched tongue and run into the tunnel, leaving the Bloodbeast wallowing in its pool to await another victim. Turn to **134**

105

Your reflexes are sharp and you quickly jump aside The dart whistles past, only just missing you, and thuds into the opposite wall. You see the goblet lying on the floor and the red liquid running away in rivulets over the grey stone. At least the goblet may be of use, so you put it in your backpack If you have not done so already, you may walk back to search the Barbarian – turn to **126**. Otherwise, leave the chamber to continue west – turn to **83**.

106

Squeezing the arm of the chair triggers a secret panel which springs into the air. You find a glass phial lying in a cavity. You pick it up and read the label: 'Doppelganger Potion – one dose only This liquid will make your body take on the shape of any nearby being ' You place the strange potion in your backpack and continue north. Turn to **188**

107

You come to an arched doorway set in the right-hand wall of the tunnel The heavy stone door is closed, but there is an iron latch and a round handle If you wish to try the door, turn to **168**. If instead you wish to continue along the tunnel, turn to **267**.

108

There is a large panel of glass in the left-hand wall of the tunnel Through it you can see a bright, torch-lit room teeming with GIANT INSECTS of every possible description. Bees, wasps, beetles, ticks – even the mites are over six centimetres long. The noise is threatening In the middle of the room, a jewelled crown lies on top of a small table What looks like a large diamond is set in the middle of the crown. Will you:

Break the glass and try to snatch the crown?	Turn to **394**
Continue west?	Turn to **59**
Return to the junction to head north?	Turn to **14**

109

You arrive at another junction in the tunnel If you wish to keep heading west, turn to **43**. If you wish to go north, turn to **24**

110

The tunnel soon takes another sharp right turn Following it east, you arrive at a strange obstruction: a line of twelve wooden poles across the tunnel They are fixed to the walls about half a metre off the floor and spaced a metre apart. If you wish to step between the poles, turn to **58**. If you wish to walk across the top of the poles, turn to **223**.

111

You wipe the vile yellow slime from the blade of your sword and walk quickly to the door, back into the tunnel and head north. Turn to **267**.

112

Apart from two portions of your Provisions which were saturated and are now inedible, all your other possessions remain intact. You repack them carefully inside your backpack and set off north again Turn to **356**.

113

The wooden ball whistles past the skull, hitting the far wall with a loud 'crack'. If you wish to try again with the other ball, turn to **371**. If you have already thrown twice, or do not wish to throw again, you may decide to close the door and continue west along the tunnel – turn to **74**.

114

The Caveman is wearing a leather wristband with four small rats' skulls hanging from it. If you wish to put it on your own wrist, turn to **336**. If you would rather set off north again, turn to **298**.

115

Your body continues to vibrate intensely and you feel as if you are about to pass out But your strength is great, and you manage to withstand the tremendous shock to your system. Finally you calm down and begin to feel the ring's beneficial powers working on you. Add 3 STAMINA points. You see Throm looking at you anxiously, so you reassure him that you are fully recovered. He strides off east and you follow him eagerly. Turn to **221**.

116

You cannot believe that the Bloodbeast is unaffected by its new wound. You hesitate a moment too long and it lunges forward, cracking your skull with its jaws. Then it drags you into its pool, where you will be predigested and later consumed by the hideous creature

117

After a long walk down the tunnel, you come to a dead end. A large mirror reaching from the ceiling to the floor hangs on the end wall, and in the dim light you can just about make out your own reflection. If you wish to take a closer look in the mirror, turn to **329**. If you would rather make the long walk back to the last junction in the tunnel in order to head east, turn to **135**.

118

Despite the stalactites crashing all around, you manage to dash through the archway without injury. You look round and see Throm thundering towards you, one arm held over his head for protection. He dashes into the tunnel and leans against the cold wall, panting heavily. He apologizes for starting the rock-fall and offers you his hand to shake. You tell Throm that maybe he should use sign language in future, even for laughing! You both smile and head east once more. Turn to **60**.

119

Ahead you can see a large obstruction on the tunnel floor, although it is too dark to make out exactly what it is. The wet footprints you have been following carry on towards the obstruction. If you want to continue east, turn to **56**. If you would rather go back to the junction and head west, turn to **293**.

120

Lying in a hole about a metre deep, you see a grappling iron and a leather pouch. If you wish to reach down for them, turn to **228** If you would rather ignore them and continue north, turn to **292**

121

The Dwarf looks at the dice. 'Not very good at playing the odds, are you?' he sneers. 'I regret you must suffer a penalty before you can continue.' From out of his pocket he produces two pills. One is stamped with the letter S and the other stamped with the letter L. He asks you to choose one and swallow it. If you wish to swallow the pill stamped with the letter S, turn to **26**. If you wish to swallow the other pill, turn to **354**.

122

In front of you are two flights of stone steps separated by a banister of rat skulls. You may climb either the left-hand flight of steps – turn to **176** – or the right-hand flight – turn to **384**.

123

The necklace is an amulet of strength. Add 1 SKILL point and 1 STAMINA point and continue your quest north. Turn to **282**.

124

You throw the trapdoor open and run up the steps into a bright, lantern-lit room. Two GOBLINS are sharpening their short swords on a stone set in the middle of the floor. You catch them momentarily off guard, but they quickly recover and both rush forward to attack you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	4
Second GOBLIN	5	5

Both Goblins will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Goblin as in a normal battle. Against the other you must throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but even if your Attack Strength is greater you will not wound it. You must just count this as though you have defended yourself against its blow. However, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If you win, turn to **81**.

125

You tiptoe towards the door while Ivy prattles on. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **69**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **139**.

126

The pouch on the Barbarian's belt is empty apart from some strange-looking dried meat wrapped in a cloth. Will you:

Eat the dried meat?	Turn to **226**
Leave the meat and walk over to the alcove (if you have not done so already)?	Turn to **41**
Leave the chamber and head west?	Turn to **83**

127

The only possible way out of the hall as far as you can see is by using the chute in the northern wall You decide to give it a go and climb into the chute. You slide gently down and emerge into another room, landing on your back. Turn to **90**.

128

At the back of the alcove are some steps leading down into a cellar. Cobwebs brush your face as you descend The cellar ceiling is quite low, and the floor is strewn with rubbish and debris In the middle of the wall opposite you is an archway which leads into another crystal-lit tunnel. There are large mushrooms growing on the rubbish to your right. If you wish to step through the archway, turn to **35** If you wish to stop to eat some of the mushrooms, turn to **233**.

129

You tie the rope to the grappling iron and hurl it over the top of the wall. Its hooks dig into the stone and you begin to haul yourself up Peering over the top of the wall, you see an enormous dinosaur-like monster thrashing about in a sand-covered pit. Its tough hide is a mottled green colour, and it stands some ten metres tall on its muscular hind legs Rows

of razor-sharp teeth line its gigantic jaws, which open and close with bone-snapping power. There is a large double door in the wall on the far side of the pit, which appears to be the only way out of this section of the dungeon. Will you:

Lower yourself down on the rope into the pit to fight the PIT FIEND?	Turn to **349**
Throw your bone monkey charm into the pit (if you have one)?	Turn to **361**
Try to hook the PIT FIEND with the grappling iron while sitting on top of the wall?	Turn to **167**

130

The Hobgoblins stop their fight immediately. They do not understand what you are saying and snarl at you viciously. Then they draw their short swords and run forward to attack you. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HOBGOBLIN	7	5
Second HOBGOBLIN	6	5

If you win, turn to **9**.

131

The crossbow bolts fly over your head and thud into the opposite wall; fortunately, you are still crouching on the floor. Now that the trap has been sprung, you can leave the room by the door through which you entered. Back in the tunnel you head on west. Turn to **74**.

132

You just have time to hear the Gnome say, 'One crown and two skulls', before a white bolt of energy shoots out from the lock into your chest and knocks you unconscious. Roll one die, add 1 to the number and reduce your STAMINA by the total. If you are still alive, you come to and are told by the Gnome to try again. You know you placed one gem in the correct slot, but which one? You sigh and tentatively try a new combination.

A	B	C	
Emerald	Diamond	Sapphire	Turn to **16**
Diamond	Sapphire	Emerald	Turn to **392**
Sapphire	Emerald	Diamond	Turn to **177**
Emerald	Sapphire	Diamond	Turn to **287**
Diamond	Emerald	Sapphire	Turn to **132**
Sapphire	Diamond	Emerald	Turn to **249**

133

Once again, the mysterious voice calls out, only this time its tone is full of contempt and derision. 'So, we have a snivelling weed in our midst, do we?' sneers the voice. 'My master has a special gift for you, loathsome creep.' Suddenly water starts pouring into the room through a hole in the ceiling. It soon rises above your ankles, and there is no apparent way of escape. You wade back to the door. It is firmly locked, but in desperation you try ramming it with your shoulder. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **178**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **17**.

134

The tunnel leads into a large room, its ceiling supported by several marble pillars. As you enter the room, you suddenly see a strange beast to your right. It has the body of a lion with dragon-like wings attached to it, but its head is like that of an old bearded man If you have read the poem written on the Skeleton Warrior's parchment, turn to **222**. If you have not read this poem, turn to **247**.

135

Passing the Rock Grub's borehole on your left, you soon arrive at the junction. You take a quick look down the tunnel leading south, but do not see anybody approaching. Quickening your step, you hurry on east. Turn to **68**.

136

The door opens into another tunnel, which rises gently into the distance. After walking uphill for a while, the tunnel levels out and you soon arrive at a door in the right-hand wall, to which a withered hand is nailed. If you wish to open the door, turn to **210** If you would rather continue north, turn to **78**.

137

Walking along the tunnel, you are surprised to see a large iron bell hanging down from the ceiling. If you wish to ring the bell, turn to **220**. If you would rather walk round it and continue west, turn to **362**.

138

The book's pages are sealed together, but a small hole has been cut out in the middle of them, just large enough to hold a small corked bottle containing a clear liquid. You show it to Throm, who holds up his hand, indicating that he does not want you to come anywhere near him with it; his distrust of things unknown is strongly evident. Will you:

Drink the liquid?	Turn to **397**
Rub the liquid into your wounds?	Turn to **75**
Open the red book (if you have not done so already)?	Turn to **52**
Leave the bottle and book to continue north with Throm?	Turn to **369**

139

As you try to escape, Ivy whirls round and picks up a broken stool. She is angry and attacks you ferociously. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you manage to draw your sword and fight back.

IVY	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **201**.

140

You try to force the point of your sword under the emerald eye. Much to your surprise, it shatters on contact, releasing a jet of poisonous gas straight into your face. The gas knocks you out and you fall backwards, bouncing down the idol to land on the stone floor. Your adventure ends here.

141

The Mirror Demon is almost on top of you when, summoning all your strength, you strike one final blow against the mirror with your sword. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **72**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **96**.

142

There is a new branch in the tunnel on your left, and ahead you see two bodies lying on the floor. You stop and peer down the new tunnel, but seeing no doors or creatures you decide against walking down it. With your sword drawn, you walk over to where the bodies lie. Turn to **338**.

143

You call out to the Dwarf, telling him to send in the SCORPION because you are ready to fight. Slowly the wooden door rises, and a huge, grotesque black Scorpion squeezes underneath it and enters the room. You draw your sword in readiness and prepare to fight the sinister creature with its huge pincers and deadly sting

GIANT SCORPION SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

The Scorpion attacks you with both pincers, and you must treat each pincer as a separate creature as though you were fighting two creatures. Both pincers have a SKILL of 10 and will attack you separately in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack one pincer as in a normal battle. Against the other pincer you must throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it even if your Attack Strength is greater; you must count this as though you have just fended off its blow Of course, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If, during any of the Attack Rounds, the Scorpion's Attack Strength totals 22, turn to **2**. If you manage to kill the Scorpion without it scoring an Attack Strength of 22, turn to **163**.

144

Still smiling, the old man looks at you and says quietly, 'Wrong.' Turn to **85**.

145

The Dwarf is expecting your move. Furthermore, you are not as fast as you should be because of your recent ordeal, so he easily evades your punch, saying, 'I could kill you now if I wished, but I yearn for a hand-to-hand fight.' Then he throws down his crossbow and draws an axe from his belt. Despite your fatigue, you think only of vengeance.

DWARF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 because of your condition. If you win, turn to **28**.

146

The pain in your lungs forces you to rise to the surface for air. Fortunately, none of the Troglodytes see you and they all disperse. You climb out of the river and cross the bridge to the northern bank. Any remaining Provisions you may have are now inedible. You continue to walk through the vast cavern until at last you see a tunnel in the far wall. You walk down it until you come to a heavy wooden door which is locked. If you have an iron key, turn to **86**. If you do not have a key, turn to **276**.

147

The water in the bamboo pipe is welcomingly refreshing. Add 1 STAMINA point. It also contains a magical solution which will enable you to be exposed to melting-point temperatures without harm. Discarding the bamboo, you start off north again in good spirits. Turn to **182**.

148

There is nowhere to go except down the steps towards the barking dogs. You reach the bottom and, with your sword drawn, face the two huge black GUARD DOGS, which leap at you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARD DOG	7	7
Second GUARD DOG	7	8

If you win, turn to **175**. You may *Escape* after killing the first Guard Dog by running east down the tunnel. Turn to **315**.

149

You let go of the rope and hear it fall to the bottom of the pit. The Barbarian curses, promising to kill you if your paths should cross again. You step back and take a running jump. You land safely on the far side of the pit and continue west. Further down the tunnel, you step on a floor stone which tilts forward, triggering a trap which releases a boulder loosely set in the ceiling. You look up just as it is about to crash on top of you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **70**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **353**.

150

Having had the sense not to put your sword arm into the hole, the effects of the tentacled arm are not too serious. Lose 1 SKILL point. You reach back into the hole and pull out the grappling iron and the leather pouch. Inside the pouch you find a tiny brass bell. You pack away your new possessions and continue north. Turn to **292**.

151

As you touch the idol's emerald eye you hear a creaking sound below you. Looking down, you are shocked to see the two stuffed birds flying off. Their wings flap in jerky movements, but they are soon above you and look set to attack. Fight the FLYING GUARDIANS one at a time, but reduce your SKILL by 2 during this combat because of your restricted position.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FLYING GUARDIAN	7	8
Second FLYING GUARDIAN	8	8

If you win, turn to **240**.

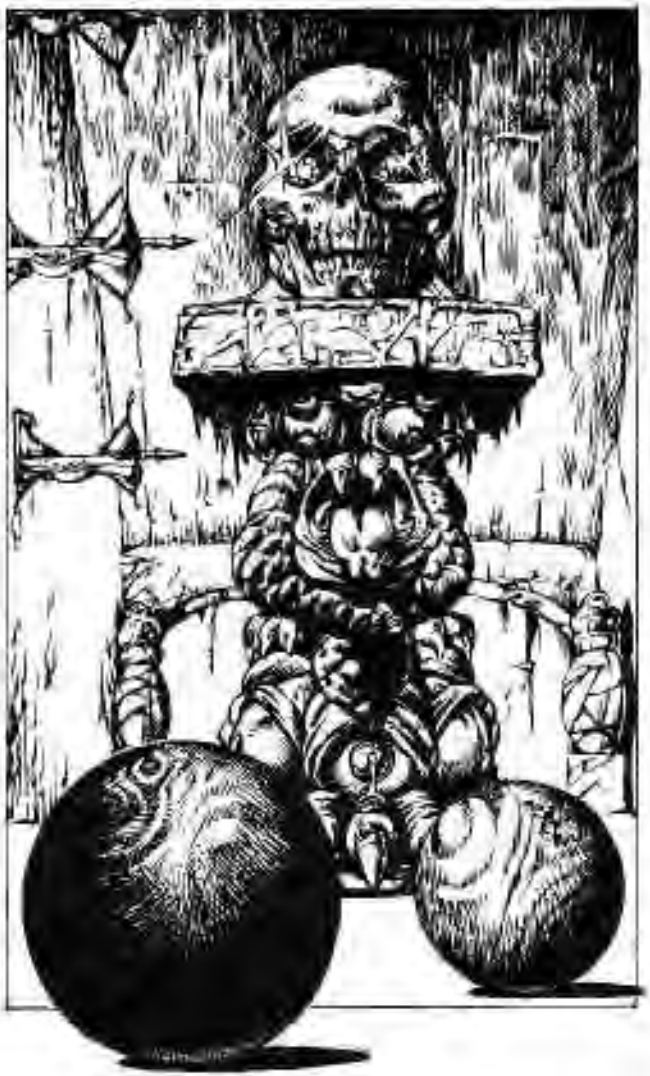

152

The Dwarf congratulates you for guessing correctly. He tells you that you must now progress to the second stage of the test. He reaches for a wicker basket and tells you that a snake is held within it. He tips up the basket and the snake drops on to the floor; it is a cobra, and it rears up in the air ready to strike. The Dwarf tells you that he wishes to test your reactions. Bare-handed, you must grasp the cobra below its head, avoiding its deadly fangs. You crouch down on the floor, tensing yourself for the moment to seize it. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **55**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **202**.

153

The door opens into a small room in which there is a human skull with jewelled eyes resting on top of a marble plinth. A row of loaded crossbows is fixed to the left-hand wall, and two small wooden balls lie on the floor just inside the door. Will you:

Walk into the room and pick up the skull?	Turn to **390**
Throw a wooden ball at the skull from the doorway?	Turn to **371**
Close the door and continue west, taking the wooden balls with you?	Turn to **74**

154

Running down the tunnel, you soon catch up with the Barbarian and tell him that the eastern passage comes to a dead end. He nods his head in silent understanding and sets off towards the west with you at his side. Turn to 22.

155

The words of her poem flash through your mind: 'When corridor doth water meet, do not make a quick retreat . . .' Of course, it is here that she wants you to dive into the water. Now you must decide what to do. If you wish to dive into the water, turn to 378. If you would rather walk back down the tunnel, turn to 322.

156

The small plate slides open easily, and you find yourself peering into a room with a deep pit in the floor behind the door. On the opposite wall there are two iron hooks, on one of which hangs a coil of rope. If you wish to open the door, jump over the pit and take the rope, turn to 208. If you would rather continue north along the tunnel, turn to 326.

157

The casket opens easily, and inside there is a black velvet bag containing a large pearl. Add 1 LUCK point. After putting the pearl in your pocket, you press on through the cobwebs. Turn to 310.

158

You lift the jug to your lips and take a swig of the liquid It burns so much that you drop the jug and grab your throat in agony. You have swallowed acid! Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 275.

159

Your reactions are still slow because of the poison in your system, and although you try to jump over the outstretched tongue, your legs let you down. The sticky tongue wraps itself around your leg, flipping you over, and starts to pull you towards the pool. Your sword has slipped out of your hand and you start to panic If you have a dagger, turn to 294. If you do not have a dagger, turn to 334.

160

Your armour and sword weigh you down, but you just manage to land safely on the far edge of the pit You waste no time and head east Turn to 237.

161

You push past the two Leprechauns and head off north, the noise of jeering and laughter ringing in your ears. Further up the tunnel you stop to rest and check your belongings. If you had any gems, they are now gone; the Leprechaun who landed on your back stole them from your backpack. You curse the thieving Leprechauns and set off north again. Turn to **29**.

162

Removing the box lid by the light of the tunnel, you find an iron key and a large gem. It is a sapphire. Add 1 LUCK point. Placing the items carefully in your backpack, you set off north once again. Turn to **142**

163

The Dwarf calls down from the balcony, congratulating you on your victory. He throws a sack down into the arena and tells you to relax and regain your strength for the final part of the test. Then he walks off, saying he will return in about ten minutes. You open the sack and find a jug of wine and a cooked chicken. If you wish to eat and drink the Dwarf's offerings, turn to **363**. If you would rather just sit down and await his return, turn to **302**

164

As you walk along, droplets of water again start falling from the tunnel ceiling. You see wet footprints, made by the same boots that you followed earlier, heading west. The footprints lead to a closed iron door in the right-hand wall of the tunnel, but do not seem to go any further. If you wish to open the door, turn to **299**. If you would rather keep going west, turn to **83**

165

There is a slot in the padlock into which you place the coin. Immediately the lock clicks apart, and you are able to unchain the stilts. You place them on your shoulder and once again set off north. Turn to **234**.

166

As you touch the emerald eye of the idol, you hear a creaking sound below you. Looking down, you are shocked to see the two stuffed birds taking flight. Their wings flap in jerky movements, but they are soon above you and look set to attack. Fight the FLYING GUARDIANS one at a time, but reduce your SKILL by 3 during this combat because of your restricted position.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FLYING GUARDIAN	7	8
Second FLYING GUARDIAN	8	8

If you win, turn to **11**.

167

You swing the grappling iron around your head and hurl it at the beast below. The Pit Fiend's huge jaws snap tight over the grappling iron, then it jerks its head back. Still holding the rope, you are pulled off the wall and tumble to the bottom of the pit. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **203**.

168

Lifting the latch and pushing the heavy stone door open, you find yourself in a large cavern. The light is dim and murky, but as your eyes begin to adjust, you see that the walls are covered in green algae and running with moisture. The floor is strewn with straw. The atmosphere is warm, damp and fetid, and a soft humming sound fills the air You step gingerly through the straw towards a corner of the cavern, where there appears to be a shallow pit. Peering warily into the pit, you are disgusted to see a mass of pale writhing worms, some as much as half a metre long. Utterly nauseated, you are about to turn away when you notice that their undulating bodies are swarming round a dagger, its point held fast in a crack in the pit floor. The hilt is cased in black leather studded with opals, and the blade is fashioned from a strange reddish-black burnished metal you have never seen before. You long to touch the dagger, but this would mean plunging your hand in among the writhing worms. Do you reach for the dagger – turn to **94** – or back away in disgust and leave the cavern – turn to **267**?

171

The door swings open into a small room, but before you know what is happening, you find yourself falling through thin air – there was a pit behind the door which you did not see. You land heavily at the bottom and wince with pain. Lose 4 STAMINA points. The pit walls are roughly chiselled and have plenty of toe- and finger-holds, so you are able to clamber out quite easily. You curse your own eagerness and tell yourself to be more careful in future when entering rooms. Inside the room you see two iron hooks on the wall opposite the door. A coil of rope is hanging on one of them. You put it in your backpack, jump back over the pit to leave the room and head north. Turn to **326**.

172

Remembering the description of the vile Bloodbeast and the warning about toxic gas rising from its pool, you cover your mouth with your sleeve and step forward with your sword drawn, wary of the Bloodbeast's tongue. As you step round the side of its pool, it rolls forward and flicks out its tongue, but you are ready for it and cleave it with one swipe of your sword. The beast howls in pain and stretches forward frantically, trying to clasp you between its blood-filled jaws. You start hacking at its hideous face in an attempt to pierce its real eyes.

BLOODBEAST SKILL 12 STAMINA 10

As soon as you win your second Attack Round, turn to **278**.

173

The cool water is refreshing and comes from a source which has been sprinkled with Pixie dust. Add 1 STAMINA point and 2 SKILL points. If you have not done so already, you may either drink from the other fountain – turn to **337** – or continue north – turn to **368**.

174

As you make your way back to the doorway, the buzzing sound increases in intensity, and you look around desperately to discover where it is coming from. Glancing up in the nick of time, you see the huge and grotesque black shape of a GIANT FLY emerging from a recess high up in the cavern wall. As it gets closer, you realize that it is at least one and a half metres long. Its opaque wings vibrate, making the sickening buzzing noise you can hear, and its six black hairy legs are poised to grasp your body. Below its multi-faceted eyes is a long, shiny, black proboscis, which darts in and out venomously. You have stolen the Giant Fly's treasure from her brood of maggots, and you must take the consequences. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **39**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **350**.

175

Attached to the collar of one of the Guard Dogs is a metal capsule. You prise off the top and find a small tooth inside. It is a Leprechaun's tooth which will bring you good fortune. Add 2 LUCK points. You put the tooth in your pocket and set off east along the tunnel. Turn to **315**.

176

Treading carefully, you slowly make your way up the steps. You soon reach the top without mishap. Continue along the new tunnel. Turn to **277**.

177

You just have time to hear the Gnome yell, 'Three crowns!', before the lock clicks open. As the heavy door swings slowly outwards, the Gnome rushes towards it, hurling the glass ball at your feet. Green gas escapes from the broken glass, and you try to avoid inhaling it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **243**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **103**.

178

The door cannot withstand the furious battering you are giving it. The centre panel cracks and splinters, enabling you to kick a hole in it large enough for you to squeeze through. Wet but happy to have survived your ordeal, you set off north again. Turn to **344**.

179

As you rush towards the Dwarf, he pulls two hand darts from his belt and he throws them at you and Throm, hitting both of you in the leg. You are both instantly paralysed by the poison on the tip of the dart Lose 2 STAMINA points. As though glued to the floor, you can only watch as the Dwarf retrieves his dart from your thigh. He asks you whether you are willing to enter his contest now. You strain to nod your head. Slowly, the effects of the poison wear off and mobility returns The Dwarf beckons you to follow him, telling Throm to await his return. He opens a secret door in the chamber wall and you follow him into a small circular room. He closes the door behind you and hands you two bone dice, telling you to throw them on the floor You roll a six and a two, a total of eight. The Dwarf asks you to roll again, but this time you must predict the total: will it be the same, or higher or lower than eight? If you wish to guess that it will be the same, turn to **290**. If you wish to guess that it will total less than eight, turn to **191**. If you wish to guess that it will total more than eight, turn to **84**.

180

As you make a lunge at the Bloodbeast, you suddenly start to feel faint. The gas rising up from the pool is highly toxic and you slump to the floor unconscious. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **53**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **272**.

181

The tunnel leads into a marble-floored hall with pillars rising right up to the ceiling. As you cross the floor, your footsteps echo through the hall. The hairs on the back of your neck start to prickle as you sense unseen eyes watching you. Unknown to you, one of your rivals is hiding behind a pillar. It is the NINJA, the deadly assassin dressed in black robes. Without a sound, he steps out from behind the pillar and throws a star-edged disc at your back. Instinctively, an inner voice tells you to duck. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **312** If you are Unlucky, turn to **45**.

182

The temperature continues to rise and you find yourself dripping with sweat. As you struggle on, the heat intensifies until it feels like white heat and becomes so unbearable that you begin to pass out. If you drank the liquid from the bamboo pipe, turn to **25** If you did not stop to drink, turn to **242**.

183

You climb on to your stilts and take a few tentative steps across the floor. Your confidence grows, and you soon feel able to tackle the walk across the slime. Smoke rises from the base of the stilts as the slime starts to burn them away. You plod stolidly on and finally reach firm ground again. Unfortunately, the stilts are still covered in slime and you are forced to dump them. Setting off north, you come to a junction If you wish to go west, turn to **386**. If you wish to continue north, turn to **218**.

184

The Barbarian, who tells you he is called Throm, ties the rope around his waist, giving you the free end. As he lights the torch, you see a look of distrust in his eyes. Slowly, he climbs over the edge of the pit while you brace yourself and take the strain of the rope. As you lower him little by little, you see the smooth sides of the pit illuminated by Throm's torch. He finally reaches the bottom and calls up to you, saying that there is another tunnel running north. He tells you to secure the rope around a rock protruding from the edge of the pit and lower yourself to the bottom. If you wish to stay with the Barbarian and head north down the lower tunnel, turn to **323**. If you wish to abandon him by jumping over the pit to head west, turn to **149**.

185

The Troglodytes are too involved in their tribal dancing to hear the clatter of your sword, and you crawl past. When you think you are far enough away, you stand up and run across the cavern floor. Ahead you see an underground river running east to west through the cavern with a wooden bridge crossing over it. Hearing a noise, you glance back and realize you have been spotted. The Troglodytes are chasing you. If you wish to run over the bridge, turn to **318**. If you wish to dive into the river, turn to **47**.

186

Slowly and carefully, you begin to climb the idol. You are about to grab hold of its large ear when suddenly your foot slips. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **260**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **358**.

187

The tunnel bends sharply to the right, and around the corner you see a little old man with a long beard, cowering behind a large wicker basket. The basket is tied to a rope, the other end of which disappears into the ceiling. The old man sounds very worried as he says, 'Do not attack me, stranger. I pose no threat to you. I am here simply to help you. If you would be so kind as to offer me some sort of remuneration, I will gladly haul you up in the basket to the upper level. And believe me, that is where you ought to be.' If you wish to give the man something from your backpack for his services, turn to **360**. If you would rather walk past him down the tunnel, turn to **280**.

188

The tunnel starts to slope downwards and finally comes to an end at a deep pool enclosed by the tunnel wall. If you can remember the spirit girl's poem, turn to **155**. If you have not seen the spirit girl, turn to **224**.

189

The Orc's morning star sinks agonizingly into your left thigh. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You stagger backwards, but manage to regain your balance in time to defend yourself. Fortunately, the tunnel is too narrow for both Orcs to attack you at once. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	5
Second ORC	6	4

If you win, turn to **257**.

190

Your body vibrates wildly and you are unable to stop yourself passing out. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **50**.

191

Roll two dice. If the total is less than eight, turn to **152**. If the total is eight or higher, turn to **121**.

192

Walking along the tunnel, you notice an iron grille in the floor. If you wish to stop and lift it up, turn to **120**. If you prefer to keep walking, turn to **292**.

193

The acid burns through your stomach wall, eating its way into your vital organs. You collapse unconscious, never to recover. Your adventure ends here.

194

On a stone ledge in the tunnel wall you see two dusty leather-bound books. Throm grunts his contempt for the written word, urging you to leave the books and hurry on. Will you:

Open the red leather book?	Turn to **52**
Open the black leather book?	Turn to **138**
Continue north along the tunnel?	Turn to **369**

195

You draw your sword and rush towards the old man. He raises his left arm and suddenly you hit and bounce off an invisible shield. 'Do not be foolish, my powers are great,' the old man says calmly. 'If you do not believe me, watch this.' From out of nowhere a flying fist appears, which smashes into your face before you can duck. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You shake your head and rub your jaw. You appear to have no alternative but to try to answer his question. Turn to **382**.

196

You raise your shield in front of you just in time to protect yourself from a volley of spikes released from the Manticore's tail and aimed straight at your heart. They sink into your shield and you remain unharmed. Swiftly you draw your sword and advance on the Manticore.

MANTICORE	SKILL 11	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **364**.

197

Mercifully, the temperature now starts to drop rapidly, and soon it feels almost cool again. On the left-hand side of the tunnel is a closed door. It has a small iron plate in it, which might possibly slide open. Will you:

Try to open the door?	Turn to **171**
Try to slide the iron plate?	Turn to **156**
Continue north up the tunnel?	Turn to **326**

198

Once the gas has cleared, you walk back to the chest and look inside. There is a pendant chain lying in the bottom of it, but somebody has already removed the stone from its setting. This annoys you so much that you throw the chain on to the floor and storm out of the room and up the tunnel. Turn to **230**.

199

The crossbow bolts are far too many to evade. Roll one die to determine the number of bolts that sink into your body, and lose 2 STAMINA points for each one. If you are still alive, you must rest here a long time to recover from your wounds. Lose 1 LUCK point. When you eventually feel strong enough to carry on, you leave the room and continue west along the tunnel. Turn to **74**.

200

The door opens into a small room with a straw-covered floor In the centre of the room there is a large draped cage standing some two metres high. There is a cord fixed to the top of the drape which runs up through an iron ring in the ceiling and hangs down to the floor If you wish to pull the drape up, turn to **321** If you would prefer to leave the room and head north along the tunnel, turn to **316**.

201

You search through the cupboards and boxes in Ivy's room, but you find nothing except for an old bone. A door lies in the east wall of the chamber and you decide to leave, taking the old bone with you if you wish. You now find yourself standing at the end of another tunnel. Turn to **305**.

202

The cobra's reactions are quicker than yours, and its hooded head shoots forward to bite you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **18**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **42**

203

You stagger to your feet and draw your sword. You are only just in time, for the fearsome beast is closing in on you fast. This is going to be one of the toughest fights of your life.

PIT FIEND	SKILL 12	STAMINA 15

If you win, turn to **258**.

204

There is an unseen pressure plate on top of the plinth, and as soon as the skull is put back on it, the device is sprung. Immediately the crossbows release a shower of bolts across the room. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **131**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **199**.

205

Running after the Leprechauns, you hear more laughter, only now it is behind you. You look round and see six more Leprechauns emerging from behind a hidden door in the tunnel wall. Suddenly, yet another Leprechaun drops on your back from a ledge fixed to the ceiling. Shaking him off your back, you draw your sword, whereupon the Leprechauns laugh even louder. If you wish to attack them, turn to **306**. If you would rather try to walk past them, turn to **161**.

206

The stalactites continue to fall all around you, but you haven't enough strength to do more than crawl towards the archway. Suddenly you feel an arm around your waist picking you up, and realize in your semi-conscious state that Throm is carrying you. He lays you down in the safety of the tunnel and tends your wounds. You decide to eat some of your Provisions to help regain your strength, and you also give one portion to Throm in gratitude for his rescuing you. He apologizes for starting the rock-fall and offers you his hand to shake. Despite the pain, you manage a smile and shake his hand. When you have finally recovered, you stand up and head east, with Throm leading the way. Turn to **60**.

207

You take off your shirt and tear it in half. You wrap a piece around each foot to give yourself some sort of protection against the corrosive slime, and dash across it in giant leaps. On the firm ground beyond the slime, you frantically try to rip the burning shirt off your feet with your sword. However, some of the slime has eaten its way through to your ankle. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Setting off north again, you come to a junction. If you wish to go west, turn to **386**. If you wish to continue north, turn to **218**.

208

The door swings open into the room, and you step back and jump over the pit You put the rope in your backpack and jump back over the pit to leave the room and head north Turn to **326**.

209

You are dismayed to find that not only are all your remaining Provisions saturated and inedible, but one of the treasures you found is missing. Cross off one item on your Equipment List, or one of your jewels or potions. You carefully repack your remaining possessions and set off north again Turn to **356**.

210

You enter a room in which a man in tattered clothing is standing chained to the wall by his left arm. You see that his right hand is missing and realize that his must be the hand nailed to the door Pleading for mercy, he cowers back from you as far as his chains will allow. If you wish to cut him free from his chains, turn to **27**. If you would rather leave the room to head north, turn to **78**

211

You manage to free yourself from Ivy's grip and draw your sword Picking up a broken stool as a weapon, she advances towards you.

IVY	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **201**.

212

Gripping the rope firmly, you step back to take a running jump. However, in the dim light you do not notice that someone has cut the rope almost in two just a little way above the section you are holding. As you swing out across the pit it suddenly breaks, and you scream with fear as you plunge headlong to the depths below. Turn to **285**.

213

The tunnel soon divides into two. You hear a buzzing sound coming from the western branch. If you wish to walk west to investigate who or what is making the noise, turn to **108**. If you would rather continue north, turn to **14**.

214

Walking along, you see a red line painted across the tunnel floor and notice a sign on the wall which reads: 'No weapons beyond this point'. If you wish to abandon any weapons before continuing north, turn to **389**. If you would rather ignore the notice and carry on north, turn to **181**.

215

Your sword easily pierces the thin outer casing of the giant spore ball. A thick brown cloud of spores bursts out of the ball and envelops you. Some of the spores stick to your skin and start to itch terribly. Great lumps come up on your face and arms, and your skin feels as if it is on fire. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Frantically scratching your itching lumps, you step over the now deflated spore ball and head east Turn to **13**.

216

Recognizing the snake-like head of the Medusa, you close your eyes to avoid her deadly stare that would turn you to stone. If you wish to enter her cage with your eyes closed to dispose of her with your sword, turn to **308**. If you would rather retreat out of the room with your eyes closed to continue north, turn to **316**

217

The passage slowly starts to climb, leading you relentlessly northwards. You do not come across a single junction. There are no doorways or even an alcove to investigate, and you become less guarded as you plod on. After a while you become so nonchalant that you fail to notice a thin tripwire stretched low across the passage. It is only when your foot catches it and you hear a distant rumble that you realize your mistake. The rumbling sound swells to an almost deafening level, and suddenly out of the gloom of the tunnel ahead you see a massive boulder rolling towards you, gathering speed with every second. Dropping your shield if you have one (lose 1 SKILL point), you turn to flee the oncoming boulder Turn to **36**

218

You soon arrive at a double door in the left-hand wall You listen at the door but hear nothing You try the handle, it turns and you open the left door slightly and peer through the crack. An armed warrior is lying face down on the floor of a bare room with smooth walls and a low ceiling. He is presumably dead, for he makes no movement even when you call out to him. A large jewel, perhaps a diamond, lies just beyond his outstretched arm. If you wish to enter the room and take the jewel, turn to **65** If you would rather continue north, turn to **252**

219

The pain in your lungs forces you to rise to the surface for air. Unfortunately, one of the Troglodytes sees you and yells to his comrades. You watch helplessly as the bowmen take aim, and a hail of arrows falls on you with fatal impact. Your lifeless body floats down-river, down into the hidden depths of the mountain.

220

A dull 'bong' sounds from the bell like a death toll. Everything around you starts to vibrate, and you grit your teeth as your head too starts to shudder. Your whole body is trembling and you fall to the floor. You quiver and shake, writhing convulsively on the floor as the vibrations intensify. Lose 2 SKILL points and 2 STAMINA points. You search desperately for a way of stopping the bell. Will you:

Scream as loud as you can?	Turn to **61**
Try to deaden the bell with your boot?	Turn to **346**

221

The tunnel leads into a damp, high-ceilinged cavern with a rock-strewn floor. Long dripping teeth-like stalactites hang down threateningly, their constant dripping creating milky pools on the floor. The tunnel carries on through an archway carved in the shape of a demonic mouth. If you wish to search the chamber, turn to **374**. If you would rather head straight for the archway, turn to **60**.

222

You recognize the beast – it is a MANTICORE. Taking heed of the poem's warning, you watch out for its tail which sprouts a profusion of sharp spikes, thick and hard as iron bolts, at its tip. If you have a shield, turn to **196**. If you are not carrying a shield, turn to **6**.

223

You step confidently on to the first pole and stride across to the next. As you land on the third pole, it immediately releases a shower of sharp splinters, each several centimetres long. Lose 2 LUCK points. They fly out in all directions at great speed, and you cannot avoid being hit. Roll two dice for the number of splinters that sink into your flesh. Each one reduces your STAMINA by one point. If you are still alive, you manage to scramble over the remaining poles and sit down to the painful task of removing the splinters from your body. After resting for a while, you set off east again. Turn to **313**.

224

There does not appear to be any way of travelling further north. You turn around and walk back down the tunnel, passing the wooden chair. You soon arrive at the junction and turn right to head west. Turn to **43**.

225

You react quickly and manage to cleave the Bloodbeast's outstretched tongue with one swipe of your blade. The beast screams in pain and hurls itself forward to try and clasp you between its blood-filled jaws. This will be a fight to the death.

BLOODBEAST SKILL 12 STAMINA 10

As soon as you win your first Attack Round, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **97**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **21**.

226

The meat contains herbs which will increase your strength. Add 3 to your STAMINA score. You may either walk over to the alcove if you have not done so already – turn to **41** – or leave the chamber to continue west – turn to **83**.

227

Still smiling, the old man looks at you. 'Wrong,' he says quietly. Turn to **85**.

228

You reach down into the hole. Suddenly your blood runs cold as you feel something warm and sticky wrapping itself around your arm. You manage to pull your arm out of the hole, but a hideous tentacled limb with unbelievably strong suckers is clinging to your arm. By the time you manage to cut yourself free, your arm is trembling with pain. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **150**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **33**.

229

As soon as your head goes under the blue light, you hear the sound of muffled voices. The faces are no longer laughing, but have changed their expressions to ones of despair and anguish. A young girl's sad face hovers in front of you, and she begins to whisper a poem. Transfixed you listen intently, believing that she has a special message for you as she recites:

'When corridor doth water meet,
Do not make a quick retreat.
Take a breath and jump deep in
If your Trial you hope to win.'

Memorizing the spirit girl's poem, you step through the shaft of light and quickly head on north. Turn to **107**.

230

The tunnel starts to widen, and ahead you see it open into a huge cavern from where you can hear the sound of many high-pitched voices. You creep up to the entrance and take a look inside. There are about twenty tiny people with long noses and ears running in a circle around a large golden effigy. Will you:

Walk up and talk to them?	Turn to **88**
Try to creep past them?	Turn to **5**
Drink a Doppelganger Potion (if you have one)?	Turn to **385**

231

You find a pool behind the dead Hobgoblins and take great gulps of the cool water as fast as you can. This neutralizes the acid and slowly you begin to recover. Still in pain, you stand up and set off north. Turn to **110**

232

If you are unarmed, turn to **286** If you still have your weapons, turn to **320**.

233

You break off a large piece of the mushroom and bite into it eagerly. Immediately your stomach feels bloated and you can even see it beginning to bulge below your belt. Your whole body starts to expand, bursting out of your clothes with a loud ripping sound. You grow bigger and bigger, and soon your face is pressed against the ceiling. The mushrooms you have eaten are much sought after by wizards for their growth potions, but to you they spell doom. You are too large ever to leave the cellar, and your adventure ends here.

234

A little farther on you come to a section of the tunnel which is covered with thick green slime. It looks threatening, so you decide to test it first with a piece of cloth. The slime's corrosive jelly burns the cloth instantly, leaving no trace. If you are carrying a pair of stilts, turn to **183**. If you do not have them, turn to **207**.

235

You have no time to react before the dart thuds into your thigh. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **73**.

236

The fist retracts and prepares to strike again. With your free hand you draw your sword and try to cut the handle of the door. Although you do not recognize it, you are being attacked by the fluid form of an IMITATOR.

IMITATOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

As soon as you win your first Attack Round, turn to **314**.

237

The tunnel makes a sudden left turn and continues north for as far as you can see. You soon arrive at a closed wooden door in the left-hand wall. If you wish to open the door, turn to **12**. If you would rather keep going north, turn to **100**.

238

As you fall, you manage to grab the rope with your hands. Slowly you haul yourself over to the far side and scramble up on to the floor. You lift the helmet off the pole and put it on your head. It has been made by a highly skilled ironsmith. Add 1 SKILL point. Not wishing to risk walking back across the tightrope, you decide to crawl along it. Safely back on firm ground, you step through the archway and head north up the tunnel. Turn to **291**.

239

Not much farther down the tunnel you come to a closed door on your left. Putting your ear to the door, you listen intently but hear nothing. If you wish to open the door, turn to **102**. If you wish to keep walking north, turn to **344**.

240

You look down and see the crumpled bodies of the two Flying Guardians lying motionless on the floor. You start to prise out the idol's emerald eye with the tip of your sword. At last it comes free and you are surprised by its weight when it falls into your hand. Hoping it may be of use later, you put it in your backpack. If you now wish to prise out the right eye, turn to **34**. If you would rather climb down the idol, turn to **89**.

241

A brown velvet curtain is draped over an archway in the eastern wall of the tunnel. If you wish to pull back the curtain and walk through the archway, turn to **393**. If you would rather continue north, turn to **291**.

242

You shake your head, trying desperately to stop yourself from blacking out, but the heat is too much for you and you fall unconscious to the floor. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **48**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **366**.

243

Covering your nose and mouth with your hand to avoid breathing in the gas, you follow the Gnome through the open door. You enter another tunnel, at the end of which is the welcome sight of daylight. Much to your surprise, you see the Gnome lying dead halfway down the tunnel. A crossbow bolt protrudes from the side of his head. The Gnome, in his bid for freedom, has fallen foul of Baron Sukumvit's final trap. You walk past him and out into brilliant sunshine. Turn to **400**.

244

He takes your Gold Piece and tells you that in a northern tunnel there is a wooden chair carved in the shape of a demon bird. In the arm of the chair is a secret panel which contains a potion in a glass phial. 'It's a Doppelganger Potion, if I remember right. Good luck. I hope we meet again outside these infernal tunnels.' The man shuffles off and you continue your journey. Turn to **109**.

245

You have no choice but to open the door, as the wall is too smooth to climb. Taking a deep breath, you turn the handle and enter a sand-covered pit. There, standing some ten metres tall on its huge hind legs in front of large double doors in the opposite wall, is an enormous dinosaur-like monster. It has a tough, mottled green hide and a mouth lined with razor-sharp teeth. Its jaws open and close with bone-snapping power, and even you cannot help trembling as you approach it with your sword drawn.

PIT FIEND	SKILL 12	STAMINA 15

If you win, turn to **258**

246

Despite being as careful as possible, your leg brushes against one of the poles It immediately releases a shower of sharp splinters, each several centimetres long. Lose 2 LUCK points. They fly out at great speed and in all directions, and you cannot avoid being hit Roll two dice for the number of splinters that sink into your flesh. Each splinter reduces your STAMINA by one point. If you are still alive, you sit down to the painful task of removing the splinters from your body before setting off east. Turn to **313**.

247

The beast before you is the dreaded MANTICORE. The tip of its tail sprouts a profusion of sharp spikes, thick and hard as iron bolts. Suddenly it flicks its tail, sending a volley of spikes flying towards you. Roll one die. This is the number of spikes that sink into your body. Lose 2 STAMINA points for each spike. If you are still alive, you stagger forward to attack the Manticore with your sword before it has time to unleash any more of its deadly spikes.

MANTICORE	SKILL 11	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **364**.

248

The doors open into a tunnel running north. You close the doors behind you and set off once again. Turn to **214**

249

You just have time to hear the Gnome say, 'One crown and two skulls', before a white bolt of energy shoots out from the lock into your chest, knocking you unconscious. Roll one die, add 1 to the number and reduce your STAMINA by the total. If you are still alive, you come to and are told by the Gnome to try again. You know you placed one gem in the correct slot, but which one? You sigh and tentatively try a new combination.

A	B	C	
Emerald	Diamond	Sapphire	Turn to **16**
Diamond	Sapphire	Emerald	Turn to **392**
Sapphire	Emerald	Diamond	Turn to **177**
Emerald	Sapphire	Diamond	Turn to **287**
Diamond	Emerald	Sapphire	Turn to **132**
Sapphire	Diamond	Emerald	Turn to **249**

250

As you run for the door, the old man calls out behind you, 'Do not run, nobody escapes me. Stop, or I shall turn you to stone this instant!' Will you:

Keep on running?	Turn to **44**
Turn to attack him with your sword?	Turn to **195**
Tell him you will answer his question?	Turn to **382**

251

Once again the mysterious voice calls out, only this time, to your great surprise, in a far less threatening tone, 'Good, my master likes those who show spirit. Take this gift to help you. It will grant you one wish, but one wish only. Farewell.' A gold ring magically appears out of nowhere and lands at your feet with a gentle tinkle. You pick it up and put it on one of your fingers. The door opens and you step back into the tunnel to continue north. Turn to **344**.

252

The tunnel continues north for quite a distance before coming to a dead end. The mouth of a chute protrudes from the western wall, and it appears to be the only alternative to turning back. You decide to risk it and climb into the chute. You slide gently down and emerge into a room, landing on your back. Turn to **90**.

253

You take the bone out of your backpack and throw it down the stairs. The barking grows louder, changing to snarls and growls when the bone lands on the floor. You walk slowly down the steps with your sword drawn and see two huge black GUARD DOGS fighting over the bone. You run quickly past them and on down the tunnel. Turn to **315**.

254

You draw your sword and advance slowly towards the huge, slimy Rock Grub.

ROCK GRUB	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **76**. You may *Escape* after two Attack Rounds by running west down the tunnel. Turn to **117**.

255

As you run round the narrow path, you suddenly start to feel dizzy. The gas from the pool is taking effect: your vision starts to blur and you lose your balance. You are only half aware of the Bloodbeast's tongue as it wraps itself around your leg and drags you into the pool of slime. After being predigested by the vile slime, the hideous Bloodbeast will consume you at its leisure.

256

Remembering the old man's advice, you search the arm of the chair for a secret panel. You find an almost invisible crack in the arm, which you start to press and squeeze. Suddenly a tiny panel springs out of the arm and you see a glass phial lying in a cavity. You pick it out and read the label: 'Doppelganger Potion – one dose only. This liquid will make you assume the shape of any nearby living being.' You place the strange potion in your backpack and continue north. Turn to **188**.

257

Inside one of the Orcs' pockets you find one Gold Piece and a hollow wooden tube. You put your findings in your backpack and set off west. Turn to **164**.

258

You are exhausted and sit down for a rest on the tail of the dead beast. Looking down at your feet, you suddenly notice an iron ring poking up through the sand. If you wish to pull the ring, turn to **95**. If you would rather leave the pit via the double doors, turn to **248**.

259

Ignoring the pain, you run on. Ahead you see an underground river running east to west through the cavern, with a wooden bridge crossing over it. You look behind and see the Troglodytes in hot pursuit. If you wish to run over the bridge, turn to **318**. If you wish to dive into the river, turn to **47**.

260

You just manage to grab the idol's earlobe and regain your footing. You scramble over its face and sit down on the bridge of its nose. You draw your sword and consider which jewelled eye to prise out first. If you wish to prise out the left eye, turn to **166**. If you wish to prise out the right eye, turn to **140**.

261

Despite all your efforts, you cannot get the lasso off the idol's neck. Finally you give up and abandon it to whoever may come after you. There is nothing else of interest in the cavern, so you walk over to the northern wall and enter the tunnel. Turn to **239**.

262

The door opens into another tunnel running north. Ahead you see two stone fountains, one on either side of the tunnel, carved in the shape of cherubs. Water spouts from their mouths and cascades into small bowls at their feet. Will you:

Drink at the fountain on your left?	Turn to **337**
Drink at the fountain on your right?	Turn to **173**
Continue your walk north?	Turn to **368**

263

The door opens into another tunnel. Walking west, you soon arrive at a door in the north wall. If you wish to open the door, turn to **153**. If you would rather continue west, turn to **74**.

264

Ahead in the dim light you see two HOBGOBLINS fighting, punching and kicking each other furiously. There is a leather bag lying on the floor, and it seems to be this that they are fighting over. Will you:

Try to talk to them?	Turn to **130**
Attack them with your sword?	Turn to **51**
Try to slip by them unnoticed?	Turn to **355**

265

You rub your magic ring and wish for the Mirror Demon to be transported back to its own world, never to return. Still advancing towards you, it starts to shimmer and fade away. Then it vanishes completely, and you are able to continue your quest north. Turn to **122**.

266

You search through the cupboards and boxes in Ivy's room, but you find nothing except an old bone, which you may take with you if you wish. Leaving the chamber by the east door, you now find yourself standing at the end of another tunnel. Turn to **305**.

267

The tunnel ends shortly at a junction. Looking left and right, you see a narrow passage disappearing into the dim distance. If you wish to head west, turn to **352**. If you wish to go east, turn to **68**.

268

You leap forward and try to grab the leader to use as a hostage. However, the Troglodytes are ready for your move, and six of their bowmen immediately shoot their arrows at you. Their aim is deadly accurate and all six arrows find their mark. Lifeless, you fall to the floor. The Troglodytes have ended your journey abruptly.

269

You empty the contents of the jar into your hand and apply them to your wounds. Their healing powers take immediate effect and you feel yourself growing stronger. Add 3 STAMINA points If you have not done so already, you may either eat the rice and drink the water – turn to **330** – or leave the hall, taking just the diamond with you – turn to **127**

270

The lid of the box lifts off easily. Inside you find two Gold Pieces and a note written on a small piece of parchment addressed to you. After placing the gold in your pocket, you read the message, which says: 'Well done At least you have the sense to stop and take advantage of the token aid given to you. Now I can advise you that you will need to find and use several items if you hope to pass triumphantly through my Deathtrap Dungeon. Signed Sukumvit.' Memorizing the advice on the note, you tear it into tiny pieces and continue north along the tunnel. Turn to **66**

271

Just as you are about to release the shield and throw it over the pit, it slips from your fingers and rolls away. You are unable to catch it before it falls over the edge of the pit, clattering down its sides to the bottom. The loss of your shield reduces your fighting ability – lose one SKILL point. Cursing your own clumsiness, you step forward, leap across the pit and land safely on the other side. You waste no time but head off east. Turn to **237**.

272

Although the Bloodbeast is too bulbous and heavy to climb out of its pool, its long tongue stretches and wraps itself around your leg. Still unconscious, you are dragged into its pool of slime. After being predigested by the vile slime, the hideous Bloodbeast will consume you at its leisure.

273

The wooden ball smashes into the skull, knocking it off the plinth and on to the floor. Much to your surprise, the crossbows do not release their deadly bolts. You step into the room cautiously and pick the skull up off the floor You recognize the yellow jewelled eyes as topaz, and eagerly pluck them from their sockets You put them in your backpack, wondering whether or not a trap still awaits you in the room. Will you:

Get down on all fours and crawl out of the room holding the skull? Turn to 15
Replace the skull on the plinth before leaving the room? Turn to 204

274

You step nervously on to the rope, not daring to look down. Halfway across, you start to panic and lose your footing. Roll two dice If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 238. If the total is higher than your SKILL, turn to 359

275

Thick smoke rises up from the floor where the acid has fallen from the broken jug. You crawl along the floor desperately trying to find drinkable water in the shallow pools of the dripping tunnel. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 231. If you are Unlucky, turn to 309.

276

As you try to charge down the door with your shoulder, you hear the shrieking voices of the Troglodytes coming down the tunnel. You are trapped and draw your sword. The Troglodytes approach you, their bows drawn, and a hail of arrows strikes you with fatal impact. Your lifeless body slumps to the ground in the depths of Deathtrap Dungeon.

277

The tunnel takes a sharp right turn and then, a hundred metres ahead, comes to a junction. Looking left, you see two bodies lying on the floor. You decide to go and investigate. Turn to 338

278

Your blade strikes one of the Bloodbeast's real eyes with devastating effect. It slumps back into its pool, thrashing about in a frenzy. You seize your opportunity and run round the side of the pool to the tunnel exit. Turn to 134.

279

You arrive at a junction in the tunnel. A new branch leads west, but the wet footprints you have been following continue north. You decide to keep following the footprints. Turn to 32.

280

The tunnel continues east for quite a long way before reaching a junction. The walls, ceiling and floor of the tunnel leading south are covered with a thick green slime. You decide it would be safer to head north. Turn to 218.

281

With one swipe of your trusty blade you behead the Boa Constrictor. You uncoil its massive body from around the Elf and try to resuscitate her. Her eyes open a little, but you can see that there is no hope. She looks at you and smiles, then says in a whisper, 'Thank you. I know it's too late for me, but I will tell you what I have learned. Your way out lies ahead, but you need gems to unlock the final door. One of them is a diamond, but I do not know what the others are. Alas, I have not found a diamond, but would urge you to look for one. Good luck.' Her eyes close and she slumps down on to the cold floor. You watch sadly as she breathes her last. Knowing she would not mind, you take two of her daggers and search her leather backpack. Inside you find some unleavened bread, a mirror and a bone charm in the shape of a monkey. If you wish to eat the bread, turn to 399. If you would rather just take the mirror and charm and return to the tunnel to head north, turn to 192.

282

The tunnel soon ends at a junction Standing there alone and wondering which way to go is one of your rivals. It is one of the Barbarians You call out to him, but at first he does not answer, he merely stares at you coldly, his hands firmly gripping his axe You walk up to him and ask which way he is heading. He grunts his reply, saying that he is going west, and you may go with him if you wish. If you would like to head west with the Barbarian, turn to **22** If you would rather decline his offer and head east alone, turn to **388**.

283

You have to squeeze yourself deep into the crack to conceal yourself completely. From this cramped position you are unable to see the owner of the feet that shuffle slowly by. A minute later all is quiet again, so you pull yourself back out into the tunnel and head west. Turn to **109**.

284

Have you drunk a potion found in a black leather book? If you have, turn to **398**. If you have not swallowed this potion, turn to **57**.

285

You land heavily on your back, but luckily your backpack cushions your fall. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. The darkness is almost pitch black at the bottom of the pit, and you crawl along the floor, groping in front of you. Suddenly your hand touches something cold, hard and smooth. The object is small and round, but you cannot figure out what it is. You place it in your backpack, hoping to see what it is once out of the pit. You continue to crawl forward and soon reach the pit wall. It is too smooth to climb, and you have to cut hand- and toe-holds in it with your sword. This takes a long time, but finally you climb out of the pit on the east side. You immediately check out the object in your backpack, and discover that you have found an orb of blood-red ruby. You are absolutely delighted and head off east in high spirits, whistling softly under your breath. Turn to **237**.

286

It was obviously a mistake to drop your weapons earlier, but at least you can now take those of the dead Ninja. You select one of his long knives and his long curved sword. Its steel cutting edge is exceptionally hard, and you cannot help but admire its awesome beauty. Add 4 SKILL points and turn to **320**.

287

You just have time to hear the Gnome say, 'One crown and two skulls', before a white bolt of energy

shoots out from the lock into your chest, knocking you unconscious. Roll one die, add 1 to the number and reduce your STAMINA by the total. If you are still alive, you come to and are told by the Gnome to try again. You know you placed one gem in the correct slot, but which one? You sigh and tentatively try a new combination.

A	B	C	
Emerald	Diamond	Sapphire	Turn to **16**
Diamond	Sapphire	Emerald	Turn to **392**
Sapphire	Emerald	Diamond	Turn to **177**
Emerald	Sapphire	Diamond	Turn to **287**
Diamond	Emerald	Sapphire	Turn to **132**
Sapphire	Diamond	Emerald	Turn to **249**

288

You look to your left and see Throm standing over the Cave Troll he has slain. Blood is pouring out from a deep cut in his shoulder, but it does not seem to worry him. You search the bodies of the Cave Trolls, but find nothing apart from a bone ring on a leather cord hanging round the neck of one of them. The ring is engraved with a symbol which Throm recognizes. He explains that it must have belonged to druids of the north and that an ancient talisman such as this will increase your powers if your body is able to accept it. Throm will not touch it, and advises you to leave it well alone. If you wish to put the ring on, turn to **64**. If you would rather continue east with Throm, turn to **221**.

289

The drape rises to the top of the cage and there, to your horror, you see the face of an aged woman whose hair is a mass of seething snakes. It is the dreaded MEDUSA! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **216**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **19**.

290

Roll two dice. If the total is eight, turn to **152**. If the total is any number other than eight, turn to **121**

291

The tunnel continues north a long way before turning sharp right. Around the corner you come to a dead end. Only the mouth of a wooden chute in the wall offers any hope of further progress. You decide to take a chance and climb into the chute. You slide gently down and emerge into a room, landing on your back. Turn to **90**.

292

A door comes into view in the left-hand wall of the tunnel You listen carefully at the door but hear nothing. The door is not locked and the handle turns easily. If you wish to open the door, turn to **93**. If you would rather keep walking along the tunnel, turn to **230**.

293

Following the three sets of wet footprints along the west passage of the tunnel, you soon arrive at a junction. If you wish to continue west, following two sets of footprints, turn to **137**. If you wish to head north, following the third set of footprints, turn to **387**.

294

You pull the dagger from your belt with your free hand and hack at the Bloodbeast's tongue. The beast screams in pain and rolls forward as far as it can to try and clasp you between its blood-filled jaws. You must fight it from the floor with your dagger. Reduce your SKILL by 2 during this combat because you are not fighting with your sword.

BLOODBEAST	SKILL 12	STAMINA 10

As soon as you win your first Attack Round, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **97**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **21**.

295

Running towards the archway, you stumble over a rock and lose your footing. You land sprawled on the floor, and before you have time to get up again, a stalactite crashes down on top of you, its pointed tip piercing your leg. Lose 5 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **206**.

296

Ahead you see that the tunnel turns a corner, beyond which it continues north. You stop before the corner, startled by the sound of high-pitched voices whispering and sniggering. If you wish to draw your sword and look round the corner, turn to **49**. If you would rather walk back to the junction to head north, turn to **241**.

297

Losing your hard-earned possessions is becoming a bit of a problem. Lose 1 LUCK point. Without even pausing to thank you, Ivy pushes you out of her chamber through a door in the east wall, and you find yourself standing at the end of another tunnel. Turn to **305**.

298

You see a backpack propped up against the tunnel wall. You wonder if it belongs to one of your rivals If you wish to look inside the backpack, turn to **304** If you would rather continue north, turn to **279**

299

The door opens into a large chamber, where you are shocked to see one of your rivals, who has obviously met a sudden gory death. It is one of the Barbarians, and he is impaled on several long iron spikes which are fixed to a frame that has sprung out of the floor A lot of rubbish and debris litters the floor, concealing a hidden trip-wire which he must have stepped on and thus released the spiked frame. In the far wall is an alcove, in which you can see a silver goblet standing on a small wooden table. Will you:

Walk over to search the Barbarian?	Turn to **126**
Walk towards the alcove?	Turn to **41**
Close the door and continue west?	Turn to **83**

300

You swing your sword against the mirror with all your might, but to no effect: the mirror does not break, and the Mirror Demon keeps advancing. If you wish to try and smash the mirror again, turn to **141**. If you would rather attack the Mirror Demon instead, turn to **327**.

301

The pipe is wet and slimy, but you crawl on into the dank darkness, slithering and sliding as you go. Suddenly your hand touches something hard and square which feels as if it is made of wood. It rattles as you shake it, and you decide you must be holding a box. If you wish to crawl back out of the pipe and examine your find, turn to **162**. If you would rather press on further down the pipe, taking the box with you to examine later, turn to **4**.

302

After about twenty minutes the Dwarf reappears on the balcony. He calls down to you, saying, 'Well, I do have an interesting problem on my hands. Prepare to fight your next opponent.' The wooden door rises once again and you are surprised to see a familiar face. It is Throm! He is cut and badly bruised, and doesn't seem to recognize you. He is clearly delirious as he staggers forward with his axe raised to attack you. The Dwarf laughs and says, 'The cobra bit him, but he has the strength of an ox and managed to carry on, even though most men would have died. Now you must fight him to decide finally which of you will continue the Trial of Champions.' You shout abuse at the Dwarf, protesting against the cruelty of such a contest. He merely laughs, and you have no option but to defend yourself against poor Throm.

THROM SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

Despite his wounds, Throm is immensely strong. If you win, turn to **379**.

303

With your free hand, you reach into your backpack and take out the jug. Uncorking it with your teeth, you pour the acid over the door, which is in fact the fluid form of an IMITATOR. A jet of smoke rises from it with a loud hissing sound as the acid immediately starts to burn the Imitator. It melts rapidly and you are able to step away unharmed. Having no other choice, you somewhat apprehensively turn the handle of the other door. Turn to **262**.

304

There is a single Gold Piece lying in the bottom of the backpack. As you reach for it, you suddenly feel a light tickling movement on the back of your hand. You withdraw your hand slowly, trying to control your mounting panic, and are horrified to see a BLACK WIDOW SPIDER. Before you can shake it off, it sinks its poisonous fangs deep into your wrist. Lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **20**.

305

The tunnel ends at a flight of stone steps leading downwards. From the floor below you can hear the sound of barking dogs. Have you got an old bone with you? If you have, turn to **253**. If you have not, turn to **148**

306

Before you can take a single step towards the Leprechauns, one of them throws some sparkling dust at you. You are immediately frozen to the spot, unable to move a muscle You watch helplessly as the Leprechauns rummage through your backpack and run off with all your possessions, leaving your backpack empty. Lose 2 LUCK points. About an hour later the freezing effect of the dust wears off and feeling returns to your limbs. You are angry at your loss and stomp off north, determined to have your revenge. Turn to **29**

307

The cupboard contains a wooden mallet and ten iron spikes, which you put in your backpack while wondering which door to open If you wish to open the west door, turn to **263** If you wish to open the north door, turn to **136**.

308

The Medusa shrieks as you enter her cage, keeping your eyes firmly closed and slashing your sword wildly from side to side. You feel the blade sink deep into her side and hear a loud thud as she slumps heavily to the ground. You open your eyes again and shudder at the sight of the prostrate figure of the Medusa. Her gown is fastened by a large brooch bearing a single bright red gem It is a garnet, and you prise it out of its setting, put it in your pocket and leave the room to head north Turn to **316**.

309

You scramble frantically around the floor in search of a pool of water, but do not find one. The acid burns with a searing pain deep down in your throat Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **231**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **193**.

310

You reach the far wall of the chamber and see two doors If you wish to open the door to your left, turn to **339**. If you wish to open the door to your right, turn to **262**.

311

The Barbarian reluctantly agrees to your alternative suggestion. You both step back and take running jumps over the pit. Landing safely on the other side, you continue down the tunnel. The Barbarian, who is leading the way, suddenly stumbles on a floor stone which tilts forward, triggering a boulder loosely set in the ceiling. It crashes down on top of him, knocking him to the floor and crushing his skull. You must continue your quest alone. Turn to **325**.

312

The razor-sharp disc whistles past your head and bites deep into one of the pillars. Turning to face your would-be assassin, you prepare yourself as he advances, his long sword drawn.

NINJA	SKILL 11	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **232**.

313

The tunnel ends at a junction. The footprints you have been following turn north and you decide to stay with them. Turn to **32**.

314

Your sword cleaves the handle and, being separated from its parent body, you watch the membrane shrivel away and drop on to the floor. Having no other choice, you somewhat apprehensively turn the handle of the other door. Turn to **262**.

315

The tunnel veers sharply to the left and comes to an end at a high wall in which there is a door. You hear a ferocious roar from the other side of the wall and you wonder what gargantuan beast could make such a noise. If you have a coil of rope and a grappling iron, turn to **129**. If you do not have these items, turn to **245**.

316

The tunnel continues for quite a distance before you reach a junction. If you wish to head west into the new tunnel, turn to **296**. If you would rather continue north, turn to **241**.

317

Tapping the side of the borehole with your sword, you tread your way blindly through the sticky slime. You follow its twisting and turning course for what seems an age and begin to wonder where it might lead. Suddenly you hear a slithering sound up ahead. You freeze with fear, your eyes desperately trying to pierce the pitch-black darkness. Before you realize what is happening, you are gripped round the neck by the powerful mandibles of another Rock Grub. It is the mate of the Rock Grub you killed and has been attracted by the smell of blood on your sword. It squeezes harder until your neck snaps like a small twig. Your adventure ends here.

318

After crossing the bridge, you run across the cavern floor. At last you see a tunnel in the far wall, which you race down until you reach its end at a heavy wooden door. The door is locked. If you have an iron key, turn to **86**. If you do not have a key, turn to **276**.

319

Your armour and sword weigh you down more than you think. In mid-air you realize with horror that you are not going to reach the other side of the pit. You crash into the side of the pit, some two metres below the rim, and tumble head over heels to the bottom. Turn to **285**.

320

You decide to search the Ninja and find a cloth bag in the folds of his robes. Inside it is a flask of water, some rice wrapped in a palm leaf, a jar of ointment and a beautiful diamond. Will you:

Eat the rice and drink the water?	Turn to **330**
Rub some of the ointment into your wounds?	Turn to **269**
Take only the diamond and leave the hall?	Turn to **127**

321

You pull the cord and watch the drape as it rises up the sides of an iron cage. The woman's voice urges you to be quick, telling you that the room is booby-trapped so that the floor will fall away in one minute because of your extra weight. If you still wish to help her, turn to **289**. If you would rather leave the room and head north up the tunnel, turn to **316**

322

You pass the wooden chair and soon get back to the junction, turning right to head west. Turn to **43**

323

After tying the rope around the rock, you lower yourself slowly to the bottom of the pit. Throm retrieves his rope by shaking it off the rock, and you set off together down the new tunnel. Turn to **194**

324

Have you talked to the crippled servant of the Trialmasters? If you have, turn to **256**. If you have not, turn to **79**

325

You stand up and carry on down the tunnel. Suddenly you see daylight at the end of the tunnel. You run forward towards the most beautiful sight you have seen for a long time, a clear blue sky and green trees. You walk as fast as you can towards the end of the tunnel and emerge expecting to see the welcoming sight of cheering people. But there is no hero's welcome from the people all around you. They are all dead. You are standing in a cold chamber littered with armoured skeletons and bodies. The exit to victory was just an illusion. Only the corpses of the past adventurers are real. Utterly dejected, you walk back towards the tunnel, but hit an invisible barrier. You are trapped in this ghoulish place and destined to end your days in the chamber of the dead.

326

Ahead you see that the tunnel turns sharply to the left. You turn the corner and almost bump straight into two fierce-looking ORCS, armed with morning stars and wearing leather armour. You are totally unprepared, and as you draw your sword, one of them swings its morning star at you. Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to **91**. If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to **189**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **380**.

327

The Mirror Demon, being solely intent on grabbing your arm, makes no attempt to defend itself.

MIRROR DEMON SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If, during any Attack Round, the Mirror Demon's Attack Strength is greater than your own, turn to **8**. If you manage to defeat the Mirror Demon without it ever winning an Attack Round, turn to **92**.

328

You gaze round Ivy's room. Seeing a painting of another Troll hanging on the wall, you ask her if he is any relation. Suddenly her mood and expression change. She loosens her grip on you and smiles, saying, 'Oh yes. That is my dear beloved brother, Sourbelly. He has done very well for himself down south in Port Blacksand. He is now an Imperial Guard in Lord Azzur's elite troop. I'm very proud of him.' Ivy stares at the painting and continues to praise her brother. If you wish to slip out of the chamber through the door in the east wall, turn to **125**. If you would rather continue the conversation, turn to **99**.

329

You step up to the mirror and are amused by your distorted reflection. Your head looks as large as a pumpkin and your face is exceedingly strange. Suddenly, without warning, a terrible pain pounds through your head and you try to look away from the mirror, but you are unable to. Some evil force is keeping your eyes glued to your own reflection. You grip your head with your hands and realize with horror that it is expanding. You can withstand it no longer and, blacking out with the pain, you fall unconscious to the floor, never to wake.

330

The Ninja's rations are basic but welcome. Add 1 STAMINA point. If you have not done so already, you may either rub some of the ointment into your wounds – turn to **269** – or leave the hall, taking just the diamond – turn to **127**.

331

Touching the parchment has precisely the effect you had feared. The skeleton lurches forward and, rising from its chair in a series of jerky movements, raises its sword to strike you. Lunging sideways, you draw your sword to defend yourself.

SKELETON WARRIOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **71**.

332

Your gem drops into the pool with a dull 'plop'. As you wait for something to happen, you start to feel faint. The gas rising from the pool is toxic, and you slump to the floor unconscious. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **53**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **272**.

333

You hear footsteps and suddenly the trapdoor is thrown back. For a few seconds you are completely blinded by the bright light from the room above and do not see the Goblin thrusting his spear downwards, or hear his sadistic laughter as the point pierces your neck. Your adventure ends here on the stone steps of the tunnel.

334

You try to wrench the tongue from your leg with your bare hands, but fail. Slowly you are dragged into the pool of slime, where you will be predigested and later consumed by the hideous Bloodbeast.

335

Still running as fast as you can, you dive into the river. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **67**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **101**.

336

The wristband was made and cursed by a Hag. It slows down your reactions and dulls your senses. Reduce your SKILL by 4 points. You kick the tunnel wall in anger and stomp off north. Turn to **298**.

337

The cool water is refreshing, but comes from a source which has been cursed by a Hag. Add 1 STAMINA point and lose 2 LUCK points. If you have not done so already, you may either drink from the other fountain – turn to **173** – or continue north – turn to **368**.

338

The bodies are those of two Orc guards. At least one of your rivals in the Trial of Champions must still be ahead of you. A quick search of the bodies produces nothing apart from a necklace of teeth hanging around the neck of one of the Orcs. If you wish to wear the necklace yourself, turn to **123**. If you would rather set off north without the necklace, turn to **282**.

339

As you touch the door handle, it goes soft in your hand, and when you try to pull your hand away, you find it is glued to the handle. A giant fist then forms in the centre of the door panel and shoots forward, punching you in the stomach. Lose 1 STAMINA point. If you have a jug of acid, turn to **303**. If you do not, turn to **236**.

340

Your fear gives you a new surge of energy and somehow your tired legs manage to keep you in front of the boulder. Ahead on your right you see the welcome sight of a doorway. You lunge at the door and mercifully it flies open. The boulder thunders past and you are left lying exhausted on the floor of a large room. Turn to **381**.

341

A crippled man with shackled feet shuffles into sight carrying a wooden tray laden with bread and water. He looks tired and miserable and, quite unmoved by the sight of you, tries to walk past. Will you:

Talk to him?	Turn to **367**
Take the bread and water off his tray?	Turn to **38**
Offer him some of your provisions (if you have any left)?	Turn to **169**

342

Your reactions are slow because of the poison in your system, and although you try to jump over the outstretched tongue, your legs will not lift you high enough. The sticky tongue wraps itself around your leg and starts pulling you towards the pool. You are dragged to the ground and are unable to unsheathe your sword. If you have a dagger, turn to **294**. If you do not have a dagger, turn to **334**.

343

In their twittering voices, the Troglodytes explain the rules of Run of the Arrow. They will shoot an arrow into the distance, and you will be allowed to walk unharmed to the point where it lands. However, you must walk barefoot, and you can see that the floor of the cavern is littered with sharp stones. As soon as you reach the arrow, the Troglodytes will start to chase you, and if they catch you, they will kill you. Suddenly one of the Troglodytes releases an arrow high into the air. It lands a long way away, and immediately the Troglodytes urge you to walk towards it. As you walk slowly towards the arrow, you hear the Troglodytes screaming excitedly behind you. On reaching the arrow, you look round to see the Troglodytes wave their arms in the air and set off after you. You start running as fast as you can, your feet bleeding from the cuts inflicted by the sharp stones and rocks. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Ahead you see an underground river running east to west across the cavern floor, with a wooden bridge crossing it. If you wish to run over the bridge, turn to **318**. If you wish to dive into the river, turn to **47**.

344

The tunnel twists and turns but keeps steadily north. Ahead you see a thin shaft of blue light streaming down from the ceiling to the floor. It sparkles and shimmers, and you can see images of laughing faces in the light. If you wish to walk through the light, turn to **229**. If you would rather walk round the light, turn to **107**.

345

You are about to enter the room when the Potion of Trap Detection begins to work and you are filled with a terrible premonition of danger. The room is set with a deadly trap. You decide not to go in and continue north along the tunnel. Turn to **252**.

346

You pull your boot off your foot and force yourself to reach up and hold it against the bell. Slowly the bell stops vibrating and the pain in your body gradually eases. You manage to stand up, but you do not release your boot from the bell until it becomes completely still. You put your boot back on your foot and then continue your journey west. Turn to **362**.

347

The Dwarf shakes his head, saying, 'All brawn and no brain is not enough to master the Trial of Champions. I regret you have failed. You will not be allowed to leave in case you impart its secrets to others. However, you have done well to get so far and I will appoint you my servant for the coming years to prepare the dungeon for its new contestants.'

348

You lunge at the Bloodbeast, trying to avoid the tongue which flicks out to grab your leg. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **225**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **159**.

349

You lower yourself down the rope into the pit with one hand, using the other to grip your sword. The Pit Fiend is one of the most fearsome beasts you have ever seen, and you know this is to be one of the hardest fights of your life.

PIT FIEND SKILL 12 STAMINA 15

If you win, turn to **258**.

350

The Giant Fly dives down and seizes you with four of its legs. It climbs quickly back to the roof of the cavern and you find yourself dangling helplessly in its grasp. Then, to your horror, it suddenly releases its grip and you fall ten metres to the floor, landing heavily. Roll one die and deduct the number from your STAMINA score. If you are still alive, you draw your sword just in time as the Giant Fly swoops down to try and recapture you. Turn to **39**.

351

The idol is very smooth and will be difficult to climb. Do you have any rope? If you do, turn to **396**. If you do not, turn to **186**.

352

Ahead you hear the sound of rocks being ground and crushed. The noise grows louder and suddenly you realize that the wall on your right is starting to collapse. Terrified, you watch as a large, hideous worm-like creature with a gaping mouth and extraordinarily powerful mandibles slithers through a hole in the wall. Its great jaws continue to crunch the rock as it turns its head slowly from side to side, feeling the cool air in the tunnel It appears to be totally blind, but seems to know of your presence, perhaps sensing the heat of your body. It starts to slither towards you with its mandibles wide apart to attack. If you wish to fight the ROCK GRUB, turn to **254**. If you would rather run back down the tunnel to the junction to head east, turn to **68**.

353

Before you have time to get out of the way, the boulder smashes into your shoulder. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **325**.

354

The pill makes you feel as though the whole world is against you. Lose 2 LUCK points. The Dwarf tells you that you can now go on to the second stage of the test. He reaches for a wicker basket which, he informs you, contains a snake. He tips up the basket and the snake drops out on to the floor. It is a cobra and it rears up in the air, ready to strike. The Dwarf tells you that he wishes to test your reactions. You must grasp the cobra bare-handed below its head, avoiding its deadly fangs. You crouch down on the floor, tensing yourself for the moment at which to seize it. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **55**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **202**.

355

You creep up behind the fighting Hobgoblins and, leaping out of the shadows, push them into the wall as you run by. You look back to see them sprawled on the floor and chuckle to yourself as you hurry on north. Turn to **110**.

356

There is an opening on the left-hand side of the tunnel wall. You are standing at the entrance of a large cavern, from which you hear a girl's voice crying for help. You can just make out the shape of a human figure rolling about on the floor at the back of the cavern. If you wish to enter the cavern and investigate, turn to **170**. If you would rather continue north along the tunnel, turn to **192**.

357

The Bloodbeast flops around awkwardly in its pool, and the smell of the poisonous fumes makes you retch as gas bubbles break the surface and contaminate the atmosphere. Will you:

Run round the side of its pool towards the tunnel?	Turn to **255**
Throw a gem into its pool (if you have one)?	Turn to **332**
Attack it with your sword?	Turn to **180**

358

You lose your balance and tumble headlong to the floor. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You decide against trying to climb the idol again, and run forward to the tunnel in the northern wall. Turn to **239**.

359

You fall off the rope and tumble head over heels into the chasm. You smash your head on a rocky outcrop, and by the time you hit the bottom of the chasm you are already dead.

360

After paying off the old man, you climb into the wicker basket and watch as he tilts his head back and shouts, 'Pull it up, Ivy!' The rope goes taut and the basket rises jerkily off the ground. As you are hauled higher and higher, the old man calls out to you, saying, 'You'll like Ivy, she's a nice girl. We call her Poison Ivy!' He starts to laugh uncontrollably and you wonder somewhat apprehensively just who is hauling you up. The basket goes through the ceiling and you find yourself in a small chamber, face to face with an ugly old female TROLL. Her face is hairy and covered with warts. With a huge hand she reaches forward and hauls you out of the basket, which she then lets fall to the floor below. She grabs you round the throat and says in a husky voice, 'I want paying too!' Will you:

Offer her something from your backpack?	Turn to **297**
Try to talk your way out of giving her anything?	Turn to **328**
Attack her with your sword?	Turn to **211**

361

The Pit Fiend's jaws snap at the monkey charm and pluck it out of the air. Suddenly its jaws spring open again, forced apart by the charm, which has expanded to fill its mouth. While the Pit Fiend thrashes around in the pit, trying to get rid of the charm, you lower yourself down into the pit to reach the double doors. In its mad rage, the Pit Fiend tries to crush you against the side of the wall with its massive body. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **82**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **377**.

362

The tunnel veers sharply to the right and continues north for as far as you can see. You hear a tremendous commotion in the distance, growling and snarling and howling. You draw your sword and set off in the direction of the noise. Turn to **264**.

363

The food and drink are excellent, and you feel much better. Add 2 STAMINA points. Fully satisfied, you sit down and await the Dwarf's return. Turn to **302**.

364

As you are wiping the Manticore's blood from your sword, you are surprised to see a small man with a large nose suddenly jump out from behind one of the marble pillars. He is dressed in a tight-fitting green tunic and looks quite harmless, although you are wary of the way he is holding an opaque glass ball with a shimmering green light. 'Greetings,' he says cheerfully. 'My name is Igbut the Gnome, and I am the Trialmaster for your final test. Needless to say, my magical powers are great, so you should not try to attack me. You may have learnt during your quest that gems play an essential part in the Trial of Champions. The iron door in front of you is the victory exit, but there is only one way of opening it. Three gems have to be put into the lock mechanism, in a particular order, for the door to open. Each gem radiates a unique energy which will trigger the mechanism – if you do it correctly, that is. I will help you to a degree, but first we need the correct gems. Have you an emerald?' If you possess an emerald, turn to 31. If you do not possess an emerald, turn to 3.

365

You tell Throm that there is no point in killing the Dwarf as you will never find your way out of the chamber alone. You argue that an opportunity of tricking the Dwarf might arise later, once you have found the exit from the chamber, so you intend to go through with the Dwarf's test. You tell the Dwarf that you are ready and he beckons you to follow him, telling Throm to wait for his return. A secret door opens in the chamber wall and you follow the Dwarf into a small circular room. He closes the door behind you and hands you two bone dice, telling you to throw them on to the floor. You roll a six and a two: a total of eight. The Dwarf asks you to roll them again, but this time you must predict whether the total will be the same as, or less or more than eight. If you wish to guess that it will be the same, turn to **290**. If you wish to guess that it will total less than eight, turn to **191**. If you wish to guess that it will total more than eight, turn to **84**.

366

The temperature continues to rise steadily, far beyond the limits of human tolerance. Lying on the near-molten floor of the tunnel, you fail to regain consciousness. Your adventure ends here.

367

He looks at you warily when you tell him you are a contestant in the Trial of Champions. You ask him what he is doing in the tunnels, and he replies rather reluctantly that he is a servant of one of the Trialmasters, Baron Sukumvit's appointed controllers of sections of his dungeon. After chatting for a while, he admits that he would like to escape, but no one is allowed to leave the dungeon in case they reveal the secrets of its construction. He tells you that he hopes one day to bribe his way out, and that for one Gold Piece he will tell you where some treasure is hidden. If you wish to pay for the old man's advice, turn to **244**. If you would rather just wish him well and continue west, turn to **109**.

368

Leaning against the left-hand wall of the tunnel, you see a pair of bamboo stilts. They are securely chained, and you see a label attached to a padlock which reads: 'The price of these stilts is one Gold Piece. Place the coin in the slot to release the lock.' If you wish to buy the stilts, turn to **165**. If you would rather keep walking north, turn to **234**.

369

The tunnel turns sharply to the right, continuing east for as far as you can see. Throm stops and tells you to halt as well. He turns his head slowly from side to side, listening 'I hear footsteps coming down the tunnel towards us,' he whispers. 'Draw your sword.' You both crouch down to hide in the shadows, and not a minute too soon, for a moment later you see the silhouette of two armed figures approaching. Throm jumps up and dashes forward, screaming a loud battle-cry There are two CAVE TROLLS in front of you. Throm attacks the first one with his battleaxe, and you run to his aid and attack the second Cave Troll.

CAVE TROLL	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **288**.

370

As you run round the side of the pool, the Blood-beast flicks out its long tongue once again. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **104**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **342**.

371

You take aim and hurl the wooden ball at the skull. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **273**. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **113**

372

You finally reach the warrior's body, but as soon as you touch the jewel, both it and the warrior vanish into thin air. You hear the door slam behind you, followed by a sudden ominous rumbling above you. You look up and see the ceiling start to lower. You run to the door to try to escape, but it is locked and there is no handle on the inside. The ceiling gradually drops, until you are forced to lie on the ground, trying to halt the ceiling's progress with your hands and feet. But it is a hopeless task, and you are crushed to death in the stone vice.

373

You clamber on to the soft boulder, half expecting to be engulfed by it at any moment. Getting over it is difficult, as your limbs sink into its soft casing, but eventually you manage to struggle over it. Relieved to be back on firm ground, you head east. Turn to **13**.

374

You walk around the cavern, but find nothing of interest. Throm calls out behind you, saying that he has found a leather pouch under a pile of rocks. Opening the pouch he laughs out loud as a tiny mouse runs through his fingers and scurries off into a crevice between two boulders. Suddenly you hear the sound of cracking rock above you, and look up to see stalactites breaking off the roof. Throm's booming laugh, which still echoes through the chamber, has made the stalactites vibrate and break off. You yell at Throm to run through the archway as the stalactites start to crash to the floor. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **118**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **295**.

375

Acrid smoke rises from the jug as you lower the cloth into it. The liquid is unmistakably acid. You recork the jug and place it in your backpack, hoping it may be of use later. You sheathe your sword and press on northwards. Turn to **110**.

376

The Gnome, still smiling, says excitedly, 'Excellent! Just one to go. Do you possess a diamond?' If you have found a diamond, turn to **62**. If you have not found a diamond, turn to **3**.

377

The huge beast slams its body against your arm, and you lose your grip on the rope. Crying out in pain, you tumble to the bottom of the pit. Lose 5 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **203**.

378

Somewhat nervously, you take a deep breath and dive into the dark pool. The northern wall does not project very far beneath the surface of the water, and you decide to take the risk and swim under it. You soon start gasping for air, and are forced to swim upwards. You try not to think that you may be trapped in an old submerged tunnel and are very relieved when you surface into cool air. You are on the other side of the wall, and can see the tunnel rising out of the water and continuing north into the distance. You wade out of the water and check the contents of your wet backpack. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **112**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **209**.

379

Exhausted by your long duel, you fall to your knees. As you stare at Throm's still body, a bitter loathing for the Dwarf fills your heart. Somehow you will avenge Throm. Engulfed in your hatred, you do not notice the Dwarf enter the arena until he is standing right in front of you, a loaded crossbow aimed at your chest. 'I know what you are thinking,' he says

calmly, 'but remember that only I know the way out of here. Get up, it's time for you to leave.' Once on your feet, the Dwarf indicates that you should walk ahead of him. Back in the chamber, he crosses over to the northern wall and pushes against one of its stones. A door-like section of the wall swings out, opening into another crystal-lit tunnel. With his crossbow still aimed at your chest, the Dwarf smiles, saying, 'Good luck.' If you wish to walk straight into the tunnel, turn to **213**. If you would rather take a punch at the Dwarf, turn to **145**.

380

The Orc's morning star crashes into your shield and bounces off harmlessly. The tunnel is too narrow for both of them to attack you at once, so you are able to fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	5
Second ORC	6	4

If you win, turn to **257**.

381

You look round the room and see nothing of interest apart from an alcove in the west wall and a stone chair in the middle of the room. Sitting in the chair is the skeleton of an armed warrior, possibly a contestant from years gone by. The skeletal fingers of its right hand are gripped round a piece of parchment. If you wish to take the parchment from the skeleton, turn to **331**. If you would rather walk over to the alcove, turn to **128**

382

The old man points at one of the statues, and you recognize it immediately. It is the knight who started the Trial of Champions, the agonized look on his face locked in stone for eternity. The old man smiles, saying, 'This man weighs 100 pounds plus half his weight. How much does he weigh?' What will you answer?

100 pounds?	Turn to **144**
150 pounds?	Turn to **227**
200 pounds?	Turn to **391**

383

Much to your surprise, nothing extraordinary happens to you while you are sitting in the chair. There is nothing else to do but continue north up the tunnel. Turn to **188**.

384

The fourth step suddenly gives way under your weight. Your leg sinks into a deep hole, and before you have time to pull it out, you feel a pain in your foot as unseen sharp teeth sink into it. The high-pitched squeaking you hear below is being made by rats. They are starved, and rip into your foot, hungry for your flesh. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You regain your balance and manage to pull your leg out of the hole. Three rats are still hanging on to your foot with their teeth. Kicking frantically, you smash their heads against the banister until they let go. You then wrap crude bandages torn from your shirt around your bleeding foot and climb the steps to set off north again. Turn to 277.

385

You pour the contents of the glass phial into your mouth and swallow the clear liquid. Although you do not feel any immediate change, you hope that the potion will create the illusion that you are a TROGLODYTE just like the ones in front of you. Taking a deep breath, you step boldly into the cavern. The Troglodytes continue their tribal dance, believing you to be one of them. You walk past them casually and head north. Unfortunately, the effects of the potion are short-lived. Suddenly you hear a shriek behind you as one of the Troglodytes spots you, and you are forced to run across the cavern floor. Ahead you see an underground river running east to west through the cavern and a wooden

bridge crossing over it. If you wish to run over the bridge, turn to 318. If you wish to dive into the river, turn to 47.

386

You walk no more than three metres west before you hit an invisible barrier. It starts fizzing and crackling, and you are thrown back. You have hit an energy screen. Lose 1 STAMINA point. There is no alternative but to walk back to the junction and head north. Turn to 218.

387

Ahead you hear the thud of heavy footsteps approaching. Out of the gloom steps a large, primitive being dressed in animal hide and carrying a stone club. On seeing you, he grunts and spits on the floor, then raises his club and lumbers on towards you, looking anything but friendly. You draw your sword and prepare to fight the CAVEMAN.

CAVEMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 114.

388

The tunnel soon comes to a dead end. A piece of paper, brown and curled with age, is pinned to the end wall. If you wish to pull it off the wall to see whether there is a message written on it, turn to **23**. If you would rather hurry back down the tunnel to join the Barbarian, turn to **154**.

389

Without your weapons you are more vulnerable, and the loss of your sword leaves you feeling almost naked. Lose 4 SKILL points. Wondering whether you have made the right decision, you follow the tunnel north. Turn to **181**.

390

You crouch down beside the plinth below the crossbows' line of fire. You reach up and pull the skull off the plinth, expecting your action to trigger off the crossbows Much to your surprise, nothing happens. Add 1 LUCK point Still crouching, you pluck the jewelled eyes out of the skull. You recognize the yellow stones as topaz, and place them in your backpack. Looking at the row of crossbows, you wonder whether a trap still awaits you in this room. Will you:

Crawl out of the room holding the skull?	Turn to **15**
Replace the skull on the plinth before crawling out of the room?	Turn to **204**

391

Still smiling, the old man looks at you and says, 'Well done, Stranger. You have answered correctly. I wish you good fortune during the rest of the Trial of Champions, and, to this end, I shall increase your powers.' He then mutters a few more unintelligible words and you feel a powerful surge soar through your body. Add 1 to each of your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. You bid the old man farewell and leave his room to continue north along the passage Turn to **100**.

392

You just have time to hear the Gnome say, 'Three skulls', before a white bolt of energy shoots out from the lock into your chest, knocking you unconscious. Roll one die, add 1 to the number and reduce your STAMINA by the total. If you are still alive, you come to and are told by the Gnome to try again You didn't get any of the gems right, so you won't try that combination again.

A	B	C	
Emerald	Diamond	Sapphire	Turn to **16**
Diamond	Sapphire	Emerald	Turn to **392**
Sapphire	Emerald	Diamond	Turn to **177**
Emerald	Sapphire	Diamond	Turn to **287**
Diamond	Emerald	Sapphire	Turn to **132**
Sapphire	Diamond	Emerald	Turn to **249**

393

You enter a cold room divided by a deep chasm. A rope is stretched taut across the chasm to the far side, where a magnificent winged helmet rests on top of a pole. If you wish to walk across the tightrope to reach the helmet, turn to **274**. If you would rather return to the tunnel to continue north, turn to **291**.

394

You smash the glass with the hilt of your sword, making a hole big enough to climb through. Immediately the Giant Insects start swarming and jumping towards you. Wasting no time, you clamber into the room, grabbing one of the lit torches to defend yourself. The fire keeps most of the Insects at bay, but by the time you have snatched the crown and climbed back into the corridor, some will certainly have stung you. Roll one die and add 2 to the total. This is the number of stings you have suffered and you must reduce your STAMINA by 1 for each sting. The Giant Insects do not chase you, preferring the bright light of the room they are in. You examine the crown, and see with disgust that it is merely painted iron, and the 'diamond' is just glass and totally worthless. You throw it on the ground in a rage and wonder which way to go next If you wish to head west, turn to **59** If you would rather return to the junction to head north, turn to **14**.

395

On hearing the noise of your scabbard, one of the Troglodytes raises the alarm. You stand up and run as fast as you can through the cavern. One of their bowmen lets fly an arrow as you run. It pierces your shoulder with deadly accuracy. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **259**.

396

You make the rope into a lasso, whirl it above your head and throw it at the idol's head, smiling happily as it falls around its neck. You then tighten the noose and start to climb, hauling yourself up the rope. You are soon at the top of the idol, sitting on the bridge of its nose and holding on to the rope. You draw your sword and wonder which jewelled eye to prise out first. If you wish to prise out the left eye, turn to **151**. If you wish to prise out the right eye, turn to **34**.

397

The liquid is a magical potion which will enable you to detect hidden traps. Add 2 LUCK points. If you have not done so already, you may open the red book – turn to **52** , otherwise, you must continue north with Throm – turn to **369**.

398

Although you cannot see any visible trap, you have a strong feeling that the chest contains a hidden danger. The Potion of Trap Detection is working well. You stand to one side of the chest and lift the lid with your sword, holding it at arm's length. As the lid rises, an iron ball hanging on a cord swings back and breaks a glass capsule fixed inside the lid, instantly releasing a gas. Fortunately, you have time to jump back without inhaling the poisonous fumes. Once the gas has cleared, you walk back to the chest and look inside it. There is a pendant chain lying in the bottom, but somebody has taken the stone from its setting. You feel so annoyed that you throw the chain on to the floor and storm out of the room up the tunnel. Turn to **230**.

399

The bread contains secret elven healing herbs. Add 3 STAMINA points. Feeling sad yet strong, you pack away the mirror and the charm and leave the cavern to head north. Turn to 192.

400

As soon as you appear at the tunnel exit, a large crowd of people begins to cheer and shout. You walk down a path lined with jubilant people towards a small rostrum, and there, sitting under a colourful bamboo umbrella, is Baron Sukumvit. He looks astonished, as if he never expected anybody to come through his Deathtrap Dungeon alive. Now the secret of Fang is known. As the Baron rises from his chair, you climb the steps to the rostrum, bow down before him and watch as his cold eyes stare at you in utter disbelief. You smile grimly as he offers you his outstretched hand. To the deafening noise of the cheering people of Fang, Baron Sukumvit opens the chest containing your prize of 10,000 Gold Pieces. Then he places a laurel crown on your head and proclaims you the Champion of Deathtrap Dungeon.

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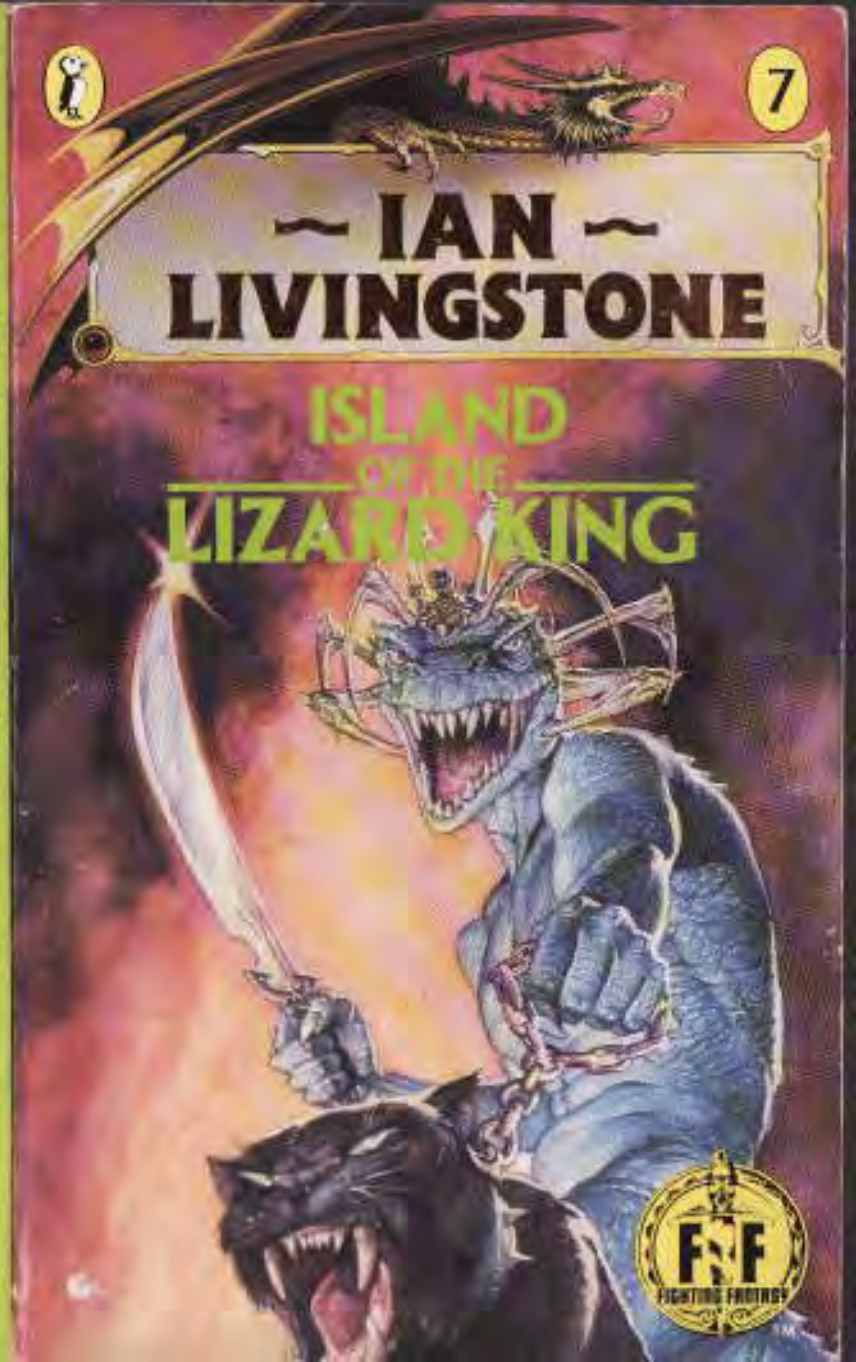

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Puffin Books

Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Limited, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairaū Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1984
Reprinted 1984 (six times), 1985, 1986, 1987

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Illustrations copyright © Alan Langford, 1984
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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Typeset in Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd,
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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For Roy Coleman

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ISLAND OF THE LIZARD KING

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and

the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature had just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead

of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a Battle. Eating a meal restores 4

STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of this book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magic potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a Battle). Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e. the characteristic may be restored once during an adventure. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have used up a potion.

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through to the Lizard King and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure; some merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. You may make wrong turnings during your quest and while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read. Reading other entries will only cause confusion and may lessen the excitement during play.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial	*Initial*	*Initial*
Skill= 17	*Stamina=* 21	*Luck=* 12

EQUIPMENT LIST

SWORD
LEATHER ARMOUR
BACKPACK

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

POTION OF STRENGTH

PROVISIONS REMAINING

10

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

Oyster Bay is a quiet fishing-village some sixty miles down the coast from the notorious Port Blacksand. Because it is at the end of a long peninsula reached only by a steep and winding path, the fishermen and their wives are left to lead a simple but content life, away from the monsters and sorcery of the hinterland.

Journeying south from Fang, you decide that you could do with a few days' rest, and knowing of no more peaceful place than Oyster Bay, you urge your horse towards the coast. Besides, an old adventuring friend of yours called Mungo lives there now, and it has been years since you last saw him.

Two days later you arrive at the edge of the cliffs overlooking Oyster Bay. It is a beautiful sunny morning and everything looks tranquil below. Nothing seems to have changed. The cluster of stone cottages nestles between the foot of the cliffs and the jetty, where a dozen fishing boats lie at anchor. You jump off your horse and walk it down the winding path to the village. The first people you see are a group of crying women. As you approach them, several men step out of a cottage and run towards you. One of the four is your old friend Mungo. His weather-beaten face is full of anger. He looks surprised to see you but wastes no time with words of

welcome. He recounts the sad events that have befallen the village.

Having no gold or material wealth, the people of Oyster Bay thought themselves safe from raiders attacking their village. But several weeks ago, while most of the men were out at sea, the Lizard Men of Fire Island landed their boats in Oyster Bay and kidnapped several young men. Mungo believes that they are now enslaved on Fire Island and working in chain gangs in the gold mines. Since the kidnapping, two men were left to guard the village while the rest went out to fish. Despite this, the Lizard Men attacked again this very morning, overpowering the guards and taking away more young men. Mungo tells you that he is about to set sail for Fire Island alone because the other fishermen are too scared to set foot on the island. He stares at you in silence until you smile and say that you will aid him in his quest. He slaps you on the back and shakes your hand in gratitude. For the moment the poor fishing folk forget their grief and crowd round you, eager to thank you. Mungo then invites you to dine with him and rest awhile, as the voyage to Fire Island will take several hours. Over a delicious feast of boiled lobster and salad, you discuss your plans.

Mungo tells you that he does not think that humans live on Fire Island any longer, but his knowledge is fairly limited. These are just rumours that pass between fishermen from other coastal villages; however, it is known that Fire Island used to be a prison colony, guarded by a tribe of paid Lizard

Men. This was a rather futile attempt by Prince Olaf to rid his land of undesirable characters. The good prince soon learned that it would have been simpler to put his lawful citizens on Fire Island and leave the evil-doers on the mainland; there were just too many of them. He gave up his attempt and abandoned the prison colony. When the Lizard Men received no pay, they took their vengeance out on the prisoners and the island became a place of terror ruled by a Lizard Man prison-guard who proclaimed himself King. The prisoners were forced to dig mines in the hope of finding gold for the Lizard King. They were underfed and ill-treated and many died; that is presumably why the Lizard King is sending out his men to find new slaves. It is known that in order to assert his authority, the Lizard King began practising voodoo and black magic. He also started genetic experiments in an attempt to breed an invincible race of Lizard Men. Most of the experiments went wrong. Grotesque mutants were created, and some of the harmful potions found their way into the water drains, with terrible consequences. The local flora and fauna were affected, with the result that man-eating plants developed and giant beasts evolved. A few of the prisoners managed to escape the island on rafts and were picked up by fishermen, but what has happened in the last few years, nobody knows. Fire Island had almost been forgotten until the recent raids. Success in your quest to assassinate the Lizard King and rescue the kidnapped victims is doubtful, but you must try.

You stand up and walk down to the jetty with Mungo, stepping aboard his small fishing boat. In the sight of cheering villagers, you untie the boat and push out to sea, wondering if you will ever return.

NOW TURN OVER

1

Mungo's years with the fishermen of Oyster Bay have made him a skilful boatman. He swiftly hoists the sail of the small boat and sets a course due west across the silvery-blue sea. The land soon recedes into the distance, and you sit back on the deck, relaxing in the afternoon sunshine. From the stern you hear merry whistling, the creak of the rudder, and Mungo occasionally calling out to a seabird passing overhead. You think about the good times you used to have with Mungo, his constant cheerful nature and willingness to help people in need. You find it difficult to believe that so much evil exists in the land when there live the likes of Mungo. As the hours drift by, you talk and laugh, trying to ignore the dangers ahead. Mungo is always one to tell a tale and he is now telling you about his father and how he used to work in a travelling circus. 'He was a big man, big as a mountain,' laughs Mungo, 'and he would do just about anything for a paying crowd. Wrestle Trolls, have elephants stand on him, and even let a Killer Bee sting him! He was a tough old customer, but he finally met his match in the north. The circus was in Fang as one of the attractions during the festivities surrounding the Trial of Champions, and my father decided on a whim to enter. He walked into Deathtrap Dungeon and, alas, was never seen again. He was really too old for such an ordeal, although there was no telling him that. But at least he tried.'

Just as Mungo is about to tell you his next tale, he jumps up and shouts 'Land ahoy!' at the top of his

voice, as though he were yelling the news to the crew of a galleon. You look to where he is pointing and see Fire Island in the distance. The island sits on the sea like a green cushion, with a jagged mountain protruding from it. Smoke gently curls up from its top: a volcano's fuming anger waiting to explode.

Mungo steers the boat towards a small inlet at the eastern tip of the island, hoping that it will remain concealed between the high rocks. You both put on your backpacks and clamber out of the boat to begin your quest to find the Lizard King. If you wish to scramble round the rocks to the beach in the cove to your left, turn to 24. If you wish to clamber over the rocks on the other side of the inlet to the beach in the cove to your right, turn to 33.

2

The Shaman places three nutshells on the ground and explains that under one of them lies a bead and you have to choose the correct one. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 358. If you are Unlucky, turn to 326.

3

The Dwarfs, suddenly encouraged by the possibility of freedom, turn to help you slay the guard with their hammers. The Lizard Man falls to the ground under a barrage of blows and the Dwarfs begin to cheer. They smash open their shackles and gather round to thank you and to quench their thirst with the water in the pail. You tell them of your quest to

kill the Lizard King and they all offer to help. You ask them where the other prisoners are, and hear that they are working in other chambers deeper in the mine. You tell the Dwarfs to lead you there as quickly as possible (turn to 161).

4

The tunnel gradually widens and your feeling of claustrophobia recedes. Before long you are back at a T-junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to 101. If you wish to turn right, turn to 44.

5

Thrusting your sword into the Rattlesnake's dark lair, you hear the dull clang of metal striking metal. You forget about the Rattlesnake and try to scrape the metal object out of the hole with your sword. In the sunlight you see a magnificent golden winged helmet. If you wish to place the helmet on your head, turn to 292. If you would rather leave the helmet and walk carefully down into the gorge to head west, turn to 119.

6

Drinking the liquid makes you feel dizzy, but your body feels charged with energy. Add 1 SKILL point

and 2 STAMINA points for drinking water brought from an enchanted stream. Refreshed, you walk over to the door in the far wall (turn to 353).

7

Pressing on further west, you notice that the ground is becoming wetter and softer. Soon you are ankle-deep in water. The trees thin out and you find yourself wading through thick black mire. The marshland stretches out in front of you as far as you can see. Suddenly you hear the sound of squelching behind you and are surprised to see a strange creature run past you. It is small with green reptilian scales. Its arms are long and hang down to the ground, and it moves rapidly over the marsh on its webbed feet. It pays you no attention. If you wish to call out to the creature, turn to 317. If you prefer to keep trudging west, turn to 158.

8

You reach the corner and look down the corridor. It ends at a doorway, but a hunch tells you to climb the spiral staircase (turn to 82).

9

You whisk the iron bar out of your backpack and thrust it between the jaws of the vicious Crocodile. It is now helpless, with its jaws wedged open, and you are able to push your raft away from it (turn to 390).

10

It is so dark inside the bore-hole that you cannot even see your hand in front of your face. If you still wish to crawl down it, turn to 34. If you are having second thoughts, and would rather back out and carry on down the tunnel past the hand-cart, turn to 321.

11

The Dwarfs have dealt with the other Orc and turn to help you in your struggle. The Orc is soon defeated (turn to 121).

12

You struggle on through the dense jungle, and suddenly stumble over a human skeleton. The maggots and insects have long since devoured the flesh, but the clothing looks like that of a prisoner who must have tried to escape. You wonder how he or she died. There is a hand-axe and some rope lying by the prisoner which you decide to take before continuing north-west (turn to 105).

13

You do not see a TARANTULA crawling down the trunk of the banana tree in the semi-darkness. Your hand presses down on its plump, furry body, and before you realize what you have done, the spider has bitten you. Lose 3 STAMINA points. The shock makes you slip. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 381. If the total is higher than your SKILL score, turn to 118.

14

The river meanders gently through the low hills. As you sweep round the next bend, you see a group of mud huts close to the left bank. You steer the raft into the bank to avoid being seen by any of the huts' inhabitants. Jumping off, you creep forward through the trees to get a better view of the huts. Standing behind one of the huts, you see two tall reptilian creatures wearing armour and carrying whips and curved swords – LIZARD MEN! If you have read the message in the snuff-box, turn to 63. If you have not read the message, turn to 270.

15

Your constitution is strong enough to shrug off the disease, and your temperature soon returns to normal. You untie your raft and push your way upriver (turn to 379).

16

You pull off your backpack and throw it down the log. You crawl quickly inside and lie perfectly still, bleeding and exhausted. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Moments later, you hear the Headhunters running by. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 380. If you are Unlucky, turn to 313.

17

You walk back down the hill and turn left towards the volcano (turn to 303).

18

The nuts and berries taste delicious. The Pygmies know what is good to eat in the jungle. Add 2 STAMINA points. Suddenly one of them utters a shrill cry and they all vanish into the undergrowth. You breathe a sigh of relief and begin again to hack your way west (turn to 7).

19

This section of the tunnel looks as if it has been disused for a long time. The beams supporting the ceiling are cracked and look unsafe. You arrive at the edge of a vertical downward shaft, not far beyond which the tunnel ends. There is no ladder running down its side for you to descend. If you are wearing red leather boots, turn to 392. If you have not found these boots, turn to 246.

20

You crush the other egg with your boot before climbing up the volcano as you cannot walk across the sulphur pool (turn to 178).

21

You sheathe your sword and walk over to the edge of the pool. If you still wish to drink the water, turn to 92. If you would rather head off west again, turn to 222.

22

The Lizard King is so terrified that he drops his fire sword. You leap forward and pick it up to attack the Lizard King with his own destructive weapon. Add 2 SKILL points. He can hardly overcome his fear to defend himself, but the Gonchong finally forces him to fight.

LIZARD KING	SKILL 10	STAMINA 15

If you win, turn to 153.

23

You pick up the Lizard Man's pail, as it contains water which you imagine would be very welcome to the thirsty slaves. You walk on until the tunnel opens out into a chamber (turn to 223).

24

It does not take you long to reach the beach, which is small and covered with golden sand. A few rocks jut into the sea, and at the far end of the beach you see a tiny hut made of white stone. The roof has collapsed and the hut looks deserted. There are some long tracks in the sand, criss-crossing the beach. If you wish to walk across the beach to the hut, turn to 211. If you would rather climb back to the inlet and over to the beach in the other cove, turn to 33.

25

Three more Grannits uncurl themselves and shoot forward to bite your legs. You manage to jump over them, but the first is still clinging to your shin by its teeth. You hack at it with your sword.

GRANNIT	SKILL 4	STAMINA 3

If you win, turn to 85.

26

You open the pouch and look inside but cannot see anything; it is totally black inside. You decide to drop a stone into the bag to see what happens. The stone disappears from view and the pouch does not

become any heavier. You have found a Pouch of Unlimited Contents. Add 1 LUCK point. The pouch will enable you to carry large and heavy objects simply by placing them inside. These objects are actually transported to another dimension and will weigh nothing inside the pouch, but can be retrieved at any time. If you have not done so already, you may:

Drink the liquid in the phial	Turn to 321
Try on the boots	Turn to 94
Put the ring on your finger	Turn to 297

If you do not wish to carry out any of these actions, you may continue your way west again across the grassy plain (turn to 222).

27

As the day wears on, the sun gradually sinks into the western horizon. It sits like a big red balloon on the sea next to the volcano before falling out of sight. The sunset shades of pink and purple radiate across the sky and soon the air is filled with the noisy sound of thousands of insects. You decide to camp down for the night between two bushes, hoping to remain hidden from any nocturnal predator. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 388. If you are Unlucky, turn to 348.

28

Again the tunnel splits at a junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to 226. If you wish to carry on straight ahead, turn to 101.

29

As the Hydra closes in on you, you reach for your sword and prepare to fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
HYDRA (left head)	9	9
HYDRA (right head)	9	9

Both heads will make a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight each time. Attack your chosen head as in a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater; you must just count this as though you have defended yourself against its bite. Of course, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will wound you. If you win, turn to **389**.

30

You are walking in a determined way towards the volcano, when a large creature springs out in front of you from behind a large rock. Its grotesque torso is covered with ugly warts and saliva drools down its long chin. You have been ambushed by a HILL TROLL.

HILL TROLL	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

Unless you are wearing Sog's helmet, you will lose the first Attack Round. If you win, turn to **65**.

31

You pick up your pole and push your raft away from the floating carcass of the Crocodile. Unless you possess a Pouch of Unlimited Contents, into which you put them, your spear and your axe (if you have either of these) will have rolled off the raft during the battle with the Crocodile. You curse your loss, but push on up-river (turn to 390).

32

By the time you have found all the prisoners and released them, you have become leader of sixty-three dedicated followers, eager for revenge (turn to 201).

33

You soon reach the beach but duck back down behind the rocks when you see what is happening on it. A rowing-boat has been dragged on to the beach, obviously by the six PIRATES who are standing around a large chest. You look at Mungo and discuss what to do. If you wish to attack the Pirates, turn to 340. If you would rather climb back to the inlet and over to the beach in the other cove, turn to 24.

34

You carry on crawling down the tunnel but decide it is leading nowhere. There is not much room to turn, and you have to tuck your head between your legs and flip over. You scramble back down the bore-hole and are relieved to reach the main tunnel.

However, when you flipped over in the bore-hole something fell out of your backpack. Deduct one item from your Equipment List and lose 1 LUCK point. You clamber out of the bore-hole and turn left down the tunnel (turn to 321).

35

The words form a stark warning which reads 'Turn Back or Die'. But you cannot tell whether the warning is for those entering the gorge or for those leaving it, as the boulder faces both ways, equally. However, not wishing to take chances, you grip your sword and walk stealthily down the gorge (turn to 119).

36

The Lizard King closes in on you. Are you holding a fire sword as your weapon? If you are, turn to 111. If you must fight the Lizard King with an ordinary sword, turn to 346.

37

Although you are expecting some terrible beast to rise out of the water, everything remains calm. Gradually the ground becomes firmer underfoot and soon you are out of the water and walking through thick mud. Keeping a watchful eye on the terrain and sky, you are unaware of the disgusting soft bodies clinging to your legs. It is only when you notice some discomfort that you look down to see the GIANT LEECHES wrapped around your calves. Roll one die and add 1 to the number rolled.

This is the number of Giant Leeches clinging to you. Lose 1 STAMINA point for each and a portion of your Provisions: you need salt to get them off your leg. If you are still alive, turn to **280**.

38

The Lizard Man must be almost deaf as it does not hear your sword drop and continues walking up the tunnel. You pick up your sword and follow (turn to **51**).

39

The floor of the tunnel is strewn with rocks the size of coconuts. They are all surprisingly smooth. Some appear to move slightly, but you suspect it must be the dim light playing tricks on your eyes. Then suddenly one uncurls and shoots forward on tiny legs towards you, and you feel a sharp pain in your leg, as though teeth are tearing at your flesh. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You realize with horror that you are surrounded by GRANNITS, vicious armadillo-like man-eaters. If you have been bitten by a Rattlesnake, turn to **207**; if you have not, turn to **25**.

40

You walk down the gorge and into shadow, the sunlight being cut off by the southern hills. As the gorge narrows, you suddenly hear a rumbling above you. It is the sound of a landslide, and soon rocks and boulders are crashing down all around you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **253**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **107**.

41

Inside the snuff-box you find a small gold nugget and a piece of paper with a message scrawled in charcoal which reads: 'If you read this, it will mean that I have failed in my attempt to escape from the slave mines of the Lizard King. My raft is hidden beyond the gorge where the plain meets the river. If you are here to help us, please follow the river upstream until you see the mud huts. The slave mines are near by, but beware the Lizard Man guards.'

You fold up the piece of paper, put it in your pocket together with the gold nugget, and continue to follow the footprints (turn to 325).

42

With your sword raised high, you lunge at your nearest foe. It is a HOBGOBLIN.

HOBGOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 341.

43

The Lizard Men see you and react quickly. You must fight them both at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LIZARD MAN	9	8
Second LIZARD MAN	8	8

During combat, both Lizard Men will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your nominated target as in a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater – you must count this as though you have just parried its blow. Of course, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. As soon as you have killed one of the Lizard Men and wounded the other twice, turn to 284.

44

You soon arrive at another junction. Looking left, you see daylight at the end of the tunnel and remember that it is the entrance. You decide to walk straight past it (turn to 274).

45

Your sword rebounds off the Lizard Man's armour. He whirls round to face his would-be assassin and thrusts at you with his scimitar.

TWO-HEADED LIZARD MAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 173.

46

The man's eyes light up at the mention of food; he puts down his pole and beckons you to sit down. As he devours your offerings (lose 1 portion of your Provisions), you tell him of your quest. He tells you that he was once a thief on the mainland who was caught and sentenced by Prince Olaf to five years' imprisonment on Fire Island. After the Lizard Men began their rule of the island, he was forced to work in the gold mines. One day, however, he managed to escape and has lived in hiding in the jungle ever since. He thinks he is too old to brave a journey by raft to the mainland and is happy enough to live in his tree den. You ask him if he has any information which may be of use to you and he replies that he will willingly tell you all he knows in exchange for some more food. If you wish to give him another portion of your Provisions, turn to 149. If you would rather threaten him, turn to 69.

47

As you walk down the main tunnel, you pass a branch on your right and the entrance tunnel on your left. You come to the edge of a vertical downward shaft, to the side of which is secured a wooden ladder. You look down the shaft and although you cannot see the bottom, you decide to climb down (turn to 315).

48

As you bend down to look at the strange eggs, one of them splits open. Clear, viscous liquid seeps out of the crack and then a hole appears in the side of the egg. You see a long jaw lined with spiked teeth poke through the hole followed by a smooth eyeless head, deep green in colour. The beast sniffs the air – and then instinctively leaps at your throat. You have unfortunately found the nest of a RAZORJAW, a hideous creature that has evolved to kill all other species. If you are wearing Sog's helmet, turn to 56; if you are not, turn to 304.

49

You sheathe your sword and set off west again. Gradually the ground becomes firmer underfoot, and soon you are out of the water and walking across a muddy plain. Ahead you see two hills and you decide to walk towards the gorge dividing them (turn to 362).

50

You charge at the door with your shoulder. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 356. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, turn to 266.

51

The noise of singing voices and iron hitting rock is quite loud; you must be close to where the slaves are working. You decide to run quietly up behind the Lizard Man and deal with it. You pick up a large

stone and run forward. The Lizard Man hears you – but too late to stop you from bringing the stone down hard on the back of its head. As it crashes to the floor you catch its pail, thinking it might contain much-needed water for the thirsty slaves. You walk on until the tunnel opens out into a chamber (turn to 223).

52

The poison in the Giant Wasp's sting has affected your co-ordination. Lose 1 SKILL point. Turn to 141.

53

A sweet smell floats down from the upper foliage of the tree which makes you feel relaxed and drowsy. As your eyelids droop, you do not see a thick vine lower itself down from the branches above. It silently wraps itself around your neck and starts to squeeze. You awaken, choking, and try to grasp your sword which is lying by your feet. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 256. If you are Unlucky, turn to 132.

54

As you bend down to search the Lizard King's clothing, you see the Gonchong withdraw its proboscis from its host's forehead. It springs forward on its long legs in an attempt to land on your head. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL, turn to 244. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 260.

55

Your constitution is strong, and the snake's venom does not affect you too badly. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You bandage the wound with a piece of cloth and rest awhile. If you wish to drive the Rattlesnake out of its hole with your sword, turn to 5. If you would rather walk carefully down into the gorge to head west, turn to 119.

56

You turn your head away from the leaping Razorjaw which blindly crashes into the neck-guard of your helmet. It bounces off and you draw your sword to slay the vile thing.

RAZORJAW	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 20.

57

Back at the junction you may either turn left (to 361) or continue straight along the tunnel (to 19).

58

Sinking knee-deep in the slimy marsh, you struggle to keep up with the agile Marsh Hopper. Suddenly it turns south and once again beckons you to follow it. If you wish to keep following the Marsh Hopper, turn to 235. If you wish to keep heading west, turn to 37.

59

Climbing up the hill, your foot catches an unseen piece of twine tied between two small piles of rocks. The rocks tumble over, alerting the occupant of the cave to the presence of an intruder. A wild-eyed CAVE WOMAN appears at the mouth of the cave wearing furs and carrying a spear and a stone club. She steps forward and hurls her spear at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 108. If you are Unlucky, turn to 255.

60

You miss all three of the quick-moving Grannits and must fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GRANNIT	4	3
Second GRANNIT	3	2
Third GRANNIT	4	3

If you win, turn to 192.

61

You look round to see Mungo fighting the last remaining pirate – the captain! Before you can help him, the captain lunges forward, piercing poor Mungo through the chest. He lets out an anguished cry and drops on to the golden sand in a crumpled heap. The captain turns to face you, a grotesque sneer on his face, distorted by a long black scar running down the left side. You charge at the captain, seeking to avenge Mungo.

PIRATE CAPTAIN SKILL 10 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 165.

62

The pike misses you and the Hobgoblin runs away panic-stricken. You cross the archway quickly to stand on the other side of the ravine (turn to 139).

63

Mud huts and Lizard Men guards; you realize that the gold mines must be near by! If you wish to walk past the huts to find the mines, turn to 147. If you would rather deal with the Lizard Men first, turn to 329.

64

Unknown to you, the ring also has a useful function. It helps its wearer to see through illusions. The maggots fade away before your eyes, the spell of the Shaman broken. You have passed the test. If you have now passed three tests, turn to 214. If not, which will you try next?

Luck	Turn to 2
Fear	Turn to 75
Pain	Turn to 151
Strength	Turn to 220
Dexterity	Turn to 335

65

You set off again, hoping to find the Shaman soon. You notice a few tufts of grass tied in knots and guess that he is not far away. You wonder if he knows you are near and stop to look around. There is no sign of life, merely a dead seagull lying on a rock to your right. If you have read the Shaman's chalk marks, turn to 89. If you have not read his message, turn to 365.

66

You pick up the chief's spear and run back into the jungle the way you came. You are soon well away from the village and slow down to a walk. Once again you are alone on your quest (turn to 113).

67

The Shaman takes the bones from you and the pain immediately stops. However, you have failed the test and the Shaman will not now divulge his secrets. He points south-east, saying that the prison colony lies in that direction and that you must face the Gonchong without his help. You turn around and walk down the side of the volcano towards the Lizard King's stronghold (turn to 168).

68

The tunnel is now very narrow and the beams supporting the roof are cracked and dislodged in places. You feel very claustrophobic in the dim light, but you press on, often being showered with dust and small stones. The tunnel ends again at another junction. Will you:

Turn left?	Turn to 278
Turn right?	Turn to 70
Turn back?	Turn to 172

69

The old thief jumps to his feet and climbs higher up the tree, cursing you out loud. He is very agile and you will not catch him up, carrying your backpack and sword. You decide to leave him alone and climb down the vine to continue north-west (turn to 375).

70

The tunnel makes a sharp right turn, continuing on as far as you can see. As you start to walk down it, you are suddenly stopped in your tracks by the sound of rumbling above you. A beam cracks and suddenly the whole ceiling comes crashing down on top of you. Lose 5 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 345. If you are Unlucky, turn to 175.

71

As you continue to hack your way noisily through the lush vegetation, you are unaware of the six PYGMIES you have attracted, who are now following you. They surround you before coming into view, their blowpipes aimed at your exposed flesh. If you wish to communicate with them, turn to 276. If you would rather fight them, turn to 359.

72

The marks are a simple request, written by the Shaman you are seeking. They ask you to find a feather and tie it in your hair, if you wish peaceful contact with him. You wonder how the Shaman knows you are looking for him, and realize it is important to find a feather. You set off immediately to find one (turn to 30).

73

Although you try to stab the Spit Toad as it leaps at you, your blade fails to find its mark. Terrified, you are knocked to the ground by the huge amphibian. Its spiked teeth sink into one of your arms. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 217. If you are Unlucky, turn to 396.

74

The approaching Lizard Man is not suspicious of you and your gang of Dwarfs and you pass by without any trouble (turn to 114).

75

The Shaman walks over to you and touches your head with his fingertips. Your mind fills with terrible and threatening images, so real that you want to scream out in terror. Are you wearing red powder on your face? If you are, turn to 155. If you are not, turn to 131.

76

The spear flies through the air, striking you in the shoulder and sending you crashing to the ground. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you see the man that you rescued come to your side and pull the spear from your shoulder. He picks you up and helps you run for cover inside one of the huts, as the other Headhunters turn to attack you. Inside the

hut, the rescued man arms himself with a spear and a stone-headed club. His gratitude shows in a smile and suddenly he runs out of the hut, screaming at the top of his voice. You watch as he charges into a group of advancing Headhunters, stabbing and hacking at them in a mad frenzy. Before he finally succumbs to their blows, he manages to slay three of them. You stagger out of the hut to fight the remaining Headhunters, but only one, the chief, steps forward to fight; the others turn and flee.

CHIEF HEADHUNTER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 66.

77

The door flies open and you see a Dwarf shackled by his arms and legs being pushed into the laboratory by a grotesque two-headed LIZARD MAN. It pushes the poor Dwarf towards the door leading to the storeroom. If you wish to leap out from your hiding-place to attack the mutant, turn to 289. If you would rather wait to come out after they have gone into the storeroom, turn to 91.

78

You crouch down in the darkest recess you can find in the wall. The footsteps draw nearer and then you see a LIZARD MAN carrying an iron pail. It walks past without noticing you, complaining to itself about the weight of the pail. You follow it down the tunnel at a safe distance. If you have drunk a Potion

of Clumsiness, turn to 154. If you have not drunk this potion, turn to 184.

79

You walk up the hill and step inside the cave. It smells of rotten food and stale body odour. The few possessions are strewn all over the floor amidst the rubbish. You are about to leave the cave when you catch sight of a small clay bowl almost hidden in a recess beside the Cave Woman's fur bedding. The bowl contains red powder. Will you:

Dab some on your face?	Turn to 332
Swallow some of it?	Turn to 97
Leave the cave without touching it?	Turn to 17

80

You cut off a bunch of bananas and climb back down the tree. The bananas are sweet and juicy. Add 2 STAMINA points. Feeling quite content, you crawl into your shelter to settle down for the night. Looking up, you see wispy clouds in shades of pink and purple gradually deepen in colour as night takes over from day. Despite the deafening noise of thousands of insects enjoying the cool night air, you are soon fast asleep. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 388. If you are Unlucky, turn to 348.

81

As you push your way slowly through the undergrowth, the hairs on the back of your neck start to prickle and you feel that you are being watched. You stand back, sword ready, watching the leaves for any sign of movement. Then three dark-skinned men step into view, each wearing only a crude loin-cloth. They are armed with stone clubs and long spears, but you are more alarmed to see that each wears a belt of shrunken human heads. The HEADHUNTERS start to argue about who should kill you and earn the right to wear your head on his belt. Finally one steps forward. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HEADHUNTER	6	6
Second HEADHUNTER	7	6
Third HEADHUNTER	6	7

If you win, turn to 177.

82

You run up the staircase until you reach a wooden door. Turning the handle slowly, you open it slightly. There, in the open air, standing feet astride on the battlement, is the infamous LIZARD KING waving a clenched fist and calling to his troops. A strange BLACK LION sits obediently at his side, but it is the sight of the Gonchong on the Lizard King's head that makes you tremble. You breathe in deeply and step out on to the battlements. You wave to your own troops and call out to the Lizard King. He does not even bother to look at you, and merely snaps his fingers to send the Black Lion bounding at you.

BLACK LION	SKILL 11	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 203.

83

The side of the hill is quite steep and you lose your footing on some scree. You tumble over and slide down the hill. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 334. If you are Unlucky, turn to 281.

84

The door opens into a corridor which runs left and right. Looking right, the corridor comes to a dead end, so you turn left. There is another door in the right-hand wall with the word 'Jailer' painted on it. Further ahead, the corridor turns sharply left where it meets a spiral staircase. If you wish to open the door, turn to **195**. If you would rather walk on to the staircase, turn to **8**.

85

As each of the other three Grannits run at you, you try to cleave their bony shells before they sink their teeth into your leg. Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to **60**. If you roll 3 or 4, turn to **239**. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to **112**.

86

The Pygmies look surprised at your audacity and begin to laugh. One of them steps forward and offers you some nuts and berries. If you wish to eat them, turn to **18**. If you do not wish to eat them, turn to **295**.

87

As soon as you are close enough, the man leaps on to your raft. His eyes look wild and he is sweating profusely. He is delirious with fever and it is impossible to communicate with him. Suddenly he pulls a dagger from his clothing and tries to stab you. You do not have time to draw your sword and are forced to fight him with your bare hands.

DELIRIOUS PRISONER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3 because you are fighting empty-handed. As soon as you win your second Attack Round, turn to **130**.

88

You decide to build a raft and punt your way up-river. The river is not very deep and you have no difficulty in wading across it to some small trees on the far bank. If you possess an axe, turn to **179**. If you do not have an axe, turn to **305**.

89

You walk over to the seagull and pluck a feather from its wing. Using twine from your backpack, you tie the feather to the back of your head and walk on feeling a little self-conscious (turn to **269**).

90

The old man pulls a piece of bent wire out of his pocket and proudly hands it to you. He sees the

puzzled expression on your face and explains, 'It's a picklock's wire and I used it to unlock my leg irons before escaping from the mines. It might come in handy if you are captured.' You thank the old man and climb down the vine to continue north-west (turn to 375).

91

As soon as the mutant and his prisoner have left the laboratory, you crawl out from under the bench and walk through the open doorway ahead (turn to 180).

92

The water is refreshing to drink. Add 1 STAMINA point. While drinking, you notice a wooden casket lying on the bottom of the pool. If you wish to wade into the pool to reach the casket, turn to 259. If you would rather head off west again, turn to 222.

93

You take careful aim and release the dagger. It flies perfectly straight and sinks into the orange, knocking it off the rock. You have passed the test. If you have now passed three tests, turn to 214. If not, which will you try next?

Luck	Turn to 2
Fear	Turn to 75
Pain	Turn to 151
Revulsion	Turn to 183
Strength	Turn to 220

94

The boots fit your feet perfectly. You run around in a circle but nothing good or untoward happens, so you decide to leave them on. If you have not done so already, you may:

Drink the liquid in the phial	Turn to 311
Open the pouch	Turn to 26
Put the ring on your finger	Turn to 297

If you do not wish to do any of these things, you may continue your way west again across the grassy plain (turn to 222).

95

The mutant Lizard Man jumps off the dead Styracosaurus and lumbers over to you with his halberd outstretched.

MUTANT LIZARD MAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 133.

96

You stand on guard, waiting for the other Pygmies to attack. But they simply pick up their dead comrade and vanish into the undergrowth in silence. Once again you are left alone to continue your journey west (turn to 7).

97

The powder is almost impossible to swallow. You inhale some into your lungs and start to cough. It feels as if your lungs are burning. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. Eventually the pain subsides. Will you now either dab some powder on your face (turn to 332) or leave the cave without the powder (turn to 17).

98

Slowly but surely you lift the huge boulder off the ground. The Shaman signals for you to drop it, satisfied with your strength. You have passed the test. If you have now passed three tests, turn to 214. If not, which will you try next?

Luck	Turn to 2
Fear	Turn to 75
Pain	Turn to 151
Revulsion	Turn to 183
Dexterity	Turn to 335

99

The Ogre is not carrying anything of use to you and so you carry on building your raft. About an hour later you finally have enough logs to make a small raft. You tie them together with vines and drag your raft into the river. Using a long thin branch, you are soon punting your way up-river (turn to 387).

100

The fruit is juicy and tastes delicious. Add 1 STAMINA point. Feeling refreshed, you set off again, still wiping the sticky juice from around your mouth. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 352. If you are Unlucky, turn to 160.

101

You see a hand-cart with wooden wheels lying on its side in the middle of the tunnel, blocking your way. A short broken skeletal body, perhaps that of a Dwarf, lies beside it. A round bore-hole opens out into the tunnel and you wonder whether a Rock Grub might have attacked the unfortunate Dwarf. The tunnel continues on as far as you can see, although there is no sign of life ahead. If you wish to crawl down the bore-hole, turn to 10. If you wish to climb over the cart and continue down the tunnel, turn to 321.

102

You run back through the undergrowth the way you came, oblivious of the sharp branches and thorns cutting into you. Ahead you see a hollow log, into which you think you might be able to squeeze. If you wish to risk hiding in the log, turn to 16. If you wish to keep on running, turn to 169.

103

Although the itching is almost unbearable, something worse is happening. You break out in a sweat and then start to shiver. You are in the early stages of malaria. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, check your STAMINA. If it is 12 or above, turn to 15. If it is 11 or below, turn to 316.

104

You stand up and look inside your backpack. Your Provisions (if you have any remaining) have disintegrated and are no longer edible, but all your other possessions are still intact. You have no choice but to continue your journey on foot (turn to 197).

105

Being very wary of the vegetation, you stay alert, constantly looking about. Half-way up a tree to your left you see a crude platform and a vine hanging down from it. If you wish to climb up to the platform, turn to 286. If you would rather press on, turn to 375.

106

After saying a few words, you realize that the girl cannot understand you. Perhaps she was left on Fire Island as a child and has become as wild as the animals. She cowers back, uttering a few sounds to the Tiger. It is obviously wise to leave her alone and so you back off slowly, hoping not to scare her. At a safe distance you turn and walk quickly into the valley to reconnoitre with the freed slaves (turn to 279).

107

The boulders fall down like rain, and inevitably one hits you. Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 210. If you roll 3 or 4, turn to 336. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to 245.

108

The spear whistles past your head, clattering on to the rocks behind you. The Cave Woman grunts in anger and runs forward to attack you with her club.

CAVE WOMAN SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 79.

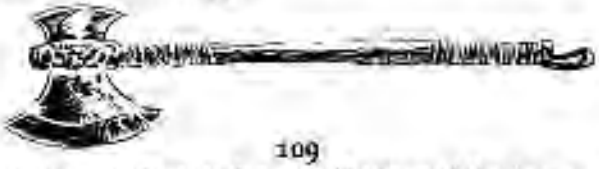

109

You put your lips to the mouthpiece of the horn and blow as hard as you can. The tide of the battle suddenly turns as your companions rally to the sound of the horn. A gap appears in the ranks of the Lizard King's troops as they fall back, and you run through. You reach the wooden gates of the fort, and run through them into the inner courtyard. If you wish to walk through the double doors in the wall to your left, turn to 268. If you would rather try the doors straight ahead in the far wall, turn to 84.

110

Not only is your skin allergic to the fungus spores, but your stomach does not take kindly to it either. You are violently sick, as the fungus you have eaten is poisonous. Lose 3 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. If you are still alive, you gradually begin to feel better and set off again through the undergrowth (turn to 224).

111

The ferocity with which the Lizard King attacks you is staggering. Blow after blow of his fire sword crashes down on you and it is all you can do to defend yourself.

LIZARD KING	SKILL 12	STAMINA 15

If you win, turn to 153.

112

You manage to stop two of the quick-moving Grannits, but must fight the remaining one.

GRANNIT	SKILL 4	STAMINA 3

If you win, turn to 192.

113

Slowly you hack your way through the dense jungle, not really certain of the direction in which you are heading. Later, you catch a brief glimpse of the sun through the trees, enough to orientate yourself, and turn to head west (turn to 7).

114

The Dwarfs walk quickly through the tunnels, their knowledge of the complex network acquired through months of slavery. They finally come to a halt and one of them whispers to you that another group of prisoners is working around the next bend. You hear the dull sounds of picks and hammers hitting rock and tell the Dwarfs that they should walk on and that you will signal to them the moment they should attack the prisoners' guards. They walk round the bend and you see a group of men and Elves chained together working at a rock-face. Two ORC GUARDS are yelling at them to work faster. They look surprised to see you but do not see through your disguise until you are almost alongside them. They scream a battle-cry and draw their swords. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 265. If you are Unlucky, turn to 138.

115

The spear skewers the pig and brings it to an abrupt halt. You gather some wood and build a fire, eager to roast the pig. When it is finally cooked, you sit down on the ground to enjoy a much-needed feast. Add 3 STAMINA points. With your strength renewed, you set off west again (turn to 170).

116

The food is very appetizing and you sit down to enjoy it. Add 2 STAMINA points. As you are finishing the last of it, you suddenly hear a rustling in the bushes behind you. There was a good reason for the owner of the food to hang it in the tree: to keep it out of reach of the BEAR which is about to attack you.

BEAR	SKILL 10	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 247. You may *Escape* after two Attack Rounds by running away from the Bear (turn to 27).

117

As you continue your climb, the old man jumps into defensive action. A barrage of coconuts is hurled down at you, and although you tell him that you mean no harm, he continues throwing down whatever is to hand, shrieking 'Go away!' at the top of his voice. By the time you reach the platform, you have a few painful lumps on your head (lose 1 STAMINA

point). Now you see the man at the far side of the sheltered platform, standing nervously with a bamboo pole in his hands, wearing nothing but canvas shorts. Will you:

Offer him some of your Provisions?	Turn to 46
Leave him alone and continue north-west through the undergrowth?	Turn to 375
Step on the platform and pull his bamboo pole away from him?	Turn to 349

118

You fall back, clutching madly at the air, to land heavily on the ground. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You climb back up the tree immediately, flicking the Tarantula off with your sword. Turn to 80.

119

In the fine sand on the ground you notice traces of old footprints leading out of the gorge. They end abruptly in front of you, and there are signs of a

struggle. Two pairs of footprints lead back down the gorge, with two straight lines behind them as though their owners have dragged a body behind them. As you follow the trail of the footprints, you catch sight of a shiny object in the sand. You prod it with your foot and see an oval snuff-box made of brass. Picking it up you see that it has a hinged lid. If you wish to open the snuff-box, turn to 41. If you would rather throw it back into the dust and continue to follow the footprints, turn to 325.

120

The word 'Gonchong' strikes fear into the Hobgoblin. He shrieks in terror and hurls his pike at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 62. If you are Unlucky, turn to 240.

121

The Elves and men cheer when the second Orc is slain. The Dwarfs break their chains and now you have fourteen friends to help you finish your quest. One of them is from Oyster Bay, and despite his joy at the prospect of freedom, he is saddened by the news of Mungo's death. Armed with their own tools of slavery, the prisoners ask you to lead them to attack the stone fort used as the prison camp where the Lizard King still resides, protected by his mutant slaves and élite guards. You agree to do so and set off again through the tunnels to release the rest of the slave miners. Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 251. If you roll 3 or 4, turn to 293. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to 32.

122

You wipe the thick blood off your sword and trudge off west again, wondering what other creatures might be lurking in the black waters of the marshland. Turn to 37.

123

Despite the Lizard King's terror, the Gonchong forces him to attack you with his lethal fire sword. Frightened by the flame, your monkey jumps off your shoulder and disappears. The Lizard King immediately attacks you with staggering ferocity, now that his fear is gone (turn to 346).

124

The snake's venom is too strong for your system to endure and you lose consciousness. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 156. If you are Unlucky, turn to 357.

125

You are about to pass out from the pain when the Shaman steps forward and takes the bones from you. You have passed the test. If you have now passed three tests, turn to 214. If not, which will you try next?

Luck	Turn to 2
Fear	Turn to 75
Revulsion	Turn to 183
Strength	Turn to 220
Dexterity	Turn to 335

126

You reach into your backpack and take out three portions of your Provisions and divide them among the Pygmies. They each smell the food before trying it. They look at each other and all stop chewing at once. They spit out the food, noisily expressing their disgust. One of them signals to the others to attack you, but just as he pulls his stone club from his belt, he falls over clutching his stomach. The others too begin to stagger; your food has made them ill. You waste no more time and head off west into the undergrowth as fast as you can (turn to 7).

127

The Hobgoblin is obviously very stupid as he believes you to be one of the Lizard King's guards. He thrusts out his pike and says in a deep voice, 'What is the password?' What will you reply?

'What?'	Turn to 193
'Gonchong.'	Turn to 120
'Fire Island.'	Turn to 287

128

The water in the pool looks cool and refreshing, although you are a little perturbed at the layer of green algae which floats on the surface. As you bend down to drink, a jet of liquid shoots out of the pond towards you from a wide green mouth which suddenly appears in the water. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is the same or less than your SKILL, turn to 248. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, turn to 351.

129

You grab the pole from the medicine man, but at the same instant it becomes an iron bar, as hot as if it had just been pulled from a blacksmith's fire. Lose 2 STAMINA points, 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point for your foolish aggression towards the powerful Shaman. You drop the iron bar on the ground, staring at it in disbelief. If you now wish to talk to the Shaman, turn to 324. If you would rather attack him with your sword, turn to 157.

130

You punch the man full in the face and knock him into the river. He screams but does not try to climb back on to the raft. You feel guilty about leaving him behind, but you must press ahead with your mission (turn to 14).

131

Your mind is out of control and you are unable to stop yourself from screaming out. You have failed the test and the Shaman will not now divulge his secrets. The vile images fade away and the Shaman points south-east, saying that the prison colony lies in that direction and that you must face the Gonchong without his help. You turn around and walk down the side of the volcano towards the Lizard King's stronghold (turn to 168).

132

You stretch out as far as you can but are unable to reach your sword. The vine's grip becomes tighter and tighter and you soon lose consciousness. You have fallen prey to a carnivorous tree.

133

The mutant has a shield which you decide to take, as it is light yet strong. Add 1 SKILL point. The prison colony cannot be too far away and you waste no more time in setting off again (turn to 218).

134

Gradually your vision returns and you sheathe your sword. If you still wish to drink at the pool, turn to 92. If you would rather head off west again, turn to 222.

135

At the junction you may either continue straight on (turn to 39) or turn right (turn to 361).

136

You put the whip in your belt and decide what to do next. If you wish to pick up a rusty knife, turn to 275. If you would rather head directly over to the door in the far wall, turn to 312.

137

You gesticulate to the Pygmies, to tell them that you will not give them anything. They look annoyed and each blows a dart at you. Roll one die to determine the number of darts that stick into your flesh and deduct 1 STAMINA point for each. If you are still alive, turn to 373.

138

One of the Orcs swings at you with its sword and you must fight it.

ORC GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 121. You may *Escape* by backing off towards the Dwarfs (turn to 11).

139

Once again you head off south-east, walking over sand and rock. Riding towards you on a dinosaur-like steed is a heavily armoured reptilian. It is a mutant LIZARD MAN riding a STYRACOSAURUS. The Lizard Man urges his mount into a trot to attack you.

STYRACOSAURUS SKILL 11 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 95.

140

You fall on to the floor, but do not injure yourself. You stand up but do not get much further as the tunnel comes to a dead end. You have no option but to return to the last junction (turn to 378).

141

You set off again in search of the Shaman (turn to 399).

142

You look over your shoulder as you run, to see if the girl and her Tiger are giving chase. Fortunately, they are nowhere to be seen. You slow down and walk down the valley to reconnoitre with the freed slaves (turn to 279).

143

You pluck a few lush leaves from a funnel-shaped plant and rub them furiously on to your lumpy face.

The relief is instantaneous and the itching mercifully stops. If you still wish to eat the fungus, turn to 120. If you would rather set off again through the undergrowth, turn to 224.

144

Your sword pierces the heart of the Lizard Man, killing it instantly (turn to 173).

145

As you slowly put your hand into the hole, fear grips you on hearing a familiar rattling sound. You try to retract your hand before the fangs of the RATTLESNAKE sink into your arm, but it is too quick: its poison is in your blood. You waste no time and cut the wound with your own sword to draw the blood. If your STAMINA score is 18 or below, turn to 264. If it exceeds 18, turn to 55.

146

The bush has poison-tipped thorns. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you stagger on resolutely towards the prison colony (turn to 291).

147

Behind the huts, a path leads through the trees to the rocky face of a steep hill. In the centre of the rock-face you see the square shape of a mine entrance leading into the hill. There are many footprints leading in and out of the mine. You step carefully inside, keeping close to the wall. The tunnel is lit by torches which cast eerie shadows all around. You sense that you are walking downhill, and soon arrive at a junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to 274. If you wish to turn right, turn to 28.

148

Not far away from your shelter you find a cluster of banana trees. The fruit is out of reach and you have to climb up to get it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 80. If you are Unlucky, turn to 13.

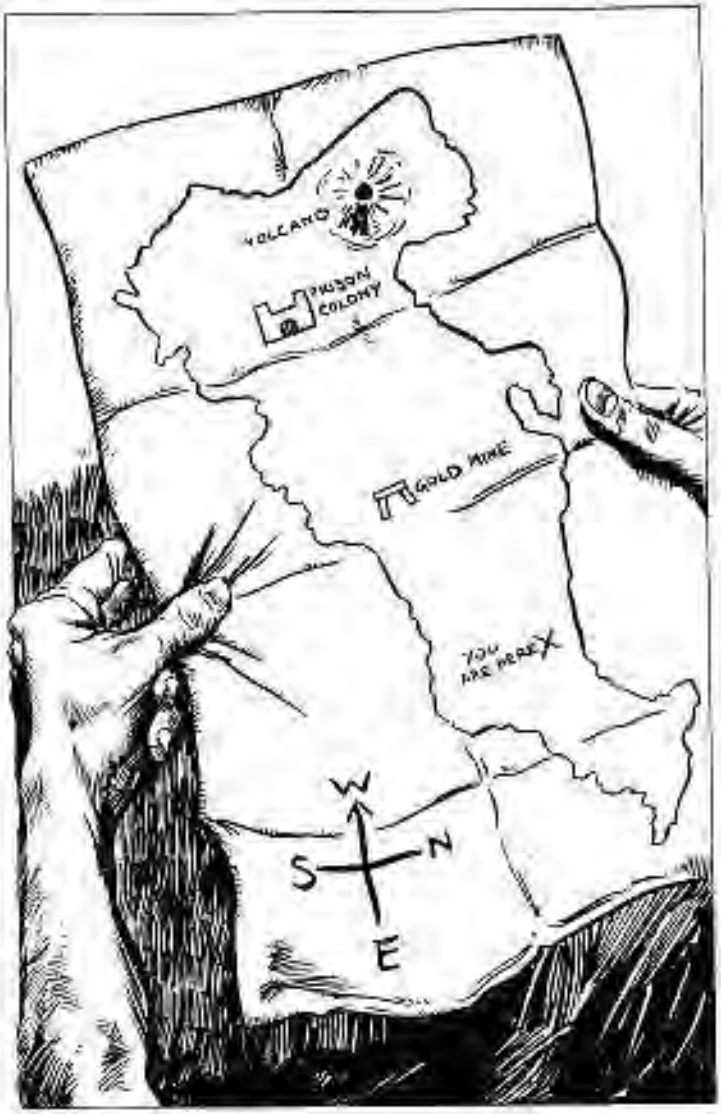

149

The old man takes the food and begins to draw a rough map of the island on a piece of cloth with some charcoal. He points to where you are now and also marks the sites of the mine and prison colony which is where the Lizard King lives. You fold the map up and put it in your backpack. Just as you are about to climb down the vine, the old man says, 'And for just a little bit more of your delicious food I will give you something really useful.' If you wish to give him yet another portion of your Provisions, turn to 90. If you would rather climb down and continue north-west, turn to 375.

150

You somehow manage to escape the raging torrent and fall breathless on to the right-hand bank. The Water Elemental's fury subsides behind you as you lie exhausted in the mud. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 104. If you are Unlucky, turn to 159.

151

The Shaman hands you his two bones, telling you to hold one in each hand. All your muscles immediately start to bulge and then you feel as though your

insides are expanding. You believe you are going to burst and the pain is excruciating. If you beg the Shaman to stop the pain, turn to 67. If you grit your teeth and try to bear the pain, turn to 125.

152

Behind the hut you see a narrow goat-track leading up the side of the cliff. You wend your way up it and are quite exhausted by the time you reach the top. You take a swig of water from your flask and realize that water shortage could be a problem for you on this island. Looking west you see the daunting sight of the sleeping volcano standing above the trees, but no sign of life – although you can certainly hear it; a cacophony of bird and insect noise. With the light quickly fading, you decide to camp for the night behind some rocks. You do not sleep very well and are awake at first light, eager to set off. You decide to head directly west into the trees (turn to 391).

153

Your last fatal blow sends the Lizard King crashing on to the stone floor. Will you:

Turn to salute your troops?	Turn to 188
Sever the Gonchong's proboscis?	Turn to 384
Search through the Lizard King's clothing?	Turn to 54

154

You stumble over a stone on the floor and drop your sword as you try to stop yourself from falling. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 38. If you are Unlucky, turn to 319.

155

The magical properties of the red powder help you to control your mind and you gradually overcome the terrible nightmare. You have passed the test. If you have now passed three tests, turn to 214. If not, which will you try next?

Luck	Turn to 2
Pain	Turn to 151
Revulsion	Turn to 183
Strength	Turn to 220
Dexterity	Turn to 335

156

Although you come close to death, you survive the snake's venom. However, the poison has seriously weakened you. Eventually, you regain consciousness and rest, but your attributes now consist of a SKILL score of 5 and a STAMINA score of 4. If you wish to drive the Rattlesnake out of its hole with your sword, turn to 5. If you would rather walk carefully down into the gorge to head west, turn to 119.

157

It is a fatal mistake to attack the powerful medicine man. A simple chant from his lips turns your sword into a writhing SERPENT which wraps itself around your arm. You scream in terror and try to shake it off. Your brief struggle is futile as the Serpent's fangs are filled with deadly poison which kills you almost instantly.

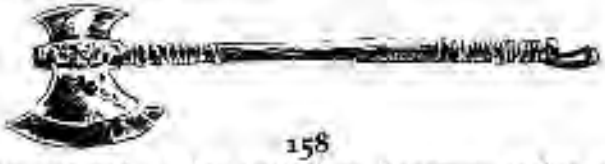

158

The ground under your feet becomes softer and softer, until with each step you are sinking into black mire up to your knees. It is very tiring to keep going, and you begin to worry; the whole landscape is water-covered with only the occasional clump of reeds breaking the surface. Still, you press on resolutely until brought up short by the sight of a flaying tentacled arm unfolding out of the black water in front of you. Another arm reaches out before a hideous octopus-like beast with dark-green lumpy skin rises slowly into the air on its six arms. It is the loathsome SLIME SUCKER and you must fight it. If you have a spear, turn to **394**. If you do not have a spear, you must fight it with your sword.

SLIME SUCKER SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2, because of your tiredness and lack of mobility. If you win, turn to **122**.

159

Although you were too concerned with swimming for your life to notice, the force of the water ripped your backpack off your back. All your Provisions and possessions have been washed away. Lose 2 LUCK points. Fortunately, your sword remains in its scabbard. You have no choice but to continue your journey on foot (turn to 197).

160

You hear buzzing above you and look up to see a GIANT WASP diving down at you, attracted by the sweet scent of the fruit juice. You draw your sword just in time to defend yourself.

GIANT WASP SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win without losing any Attack Rounds, turn to 141. If you win but have lost at least one Attack Round during combat, turn to 52.

161

Taking the Lizard Man's cloak to disguise yourself, you form the Dwarfs into a line so that it appears that you are a guard in charge of a chain gang of slaves. You crack the whip with a smile and set off down the tunnel. You follow the Dwarfs down endless tunnels, deeper and deeper into the mine. As you pass by another tunnel branch, you see a Lizard Man walking along it towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 74. If you are Unlucky, turn to 262.

162

No amount of tugging at the handle is going to open the door. If you wish to try to charge it down, turn to 50. If you would rather walk back into the courtyard and try to open the other doors leading off it, turn to 84.

163

The Lizard Men see you and react quickly. You must fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LIZARD MAN	9	8
Second LIZARD MAN	8	8

During combat, both Lizard Men will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your nominated target as in a normal battle. Against the other, you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater – you must count this as though you have just parried its blow. Of course if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If you win, turn to 368.

164

The Goblin merely grunts in his sleep and does not wake up. You leave the room quietly, taking the breastplate with you. You try it on in the corridor and just manage to squeeze into it. Add 1 SKILL point. You close the Goblin's door and walk to the spiral staircase (turn to 8).

165

The sand all around Mungo is red with blood. You kneel down beside him and gently lift his head in your arms. His eyes open a little and he manages a half-smile despite his agony. In a whisper he says, 'Well, we got them, but a lot of good it did me. Make sure you get the Lizard King for me, won't you?' Then his eyes close and he slumps down dead. You bury him on the beach near the cliff, marking the grave with his sword skewered into the sand. You see a narrow goat-track leading up the side of the cliff and then look back at the chest lying on the beach. If you wish to walk up the goat-track, turn to 200. If you wish to open the chest, turn to 398.

166

As you enter his cell, you are surprised that the old man remains silent. If you are wearing a Ring of Confusion, turn to 294. If you are not wearing this ring, turn to 318.

167

You run after the pig waving your sword in the air, but it is too agile. It scurries off across the plain and is soon out of view. You slow down to walking pace and continue west still thinking about the succulent roast dinner you might have had (turn to 170).

168

You walk quickly south-east, eager to meet up with the freed slaves. You soon arrive at the edge of a ravine which is too wide for you to jump over. You walk east, infuriated by the time you are wasting. Ahead you see a stone arch traversing the ravine, but an armoured HOBGOBLIN is standing guard by it. Will you:

Try to bluff your way across the stone archway?	Turn to **127**
Offer him a gold nugget (if you have one) to let you cross?	Turn to **252**
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **328**

169

The Headhunters are more adept at running through the jungle than you, and are quickly catching up. You decide to turn and fight. Fortunately, the path through the undergrowth is too narrow for more than one Headhunter to fight you at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HEADHUNTER	7	5
Second HEADHUNTER	6	6
Third HEADHUNTER	6	7

Fight them one at a time, and if you win, turn to **261**.

170

In the distance you see rising ground, and, beyond in the north-west, the ever-daunting shape of the sleeping volcano. It is not long before you reach the bushy bank of a river running slowly south-east. On

the far side the ground is quite steep and tree-covered. If you have read the message in the snuff-box, turn to **288**. If you have not read this message, turn to **88**.

171

You crawl towards the fire, hoping that the Headhunters will be too engrossed in their ritual to notice you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **215**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **302**.

172

You are soon back at another junction. If you wish to keep walking straight ahead, turn to **383**. If you wish to turn right, turn to **4**.

173

The Dwarf shouts for joy as the Lizard Man slumps to the floor. If you have a picklock's wire, turn to **393**. If you do not own this thief's tool, turn to **216**.

174

The paste tastes bitter and your mouth starts to go numb. Your body begins to glow and you feel full of energy. Add 2 STAMINA points. You grab your sword and start to hack your way west again, with renewed vigour (turn to **113**).

175

You manage to crawl out backwards from underneath the rubble. You dust yourself down and walk back to the last junction; you cannot go forward

because the tunnel is blocked. Back at the junction, you may either turn left (turn to **172**), or head straight on (turn to **278**).

176

The Shaman starts to shake his feathered pole which makes a rattling sound. He presumes you are an enemy, as you have not displayed your sign of friendship. Will you:

Try to talk to him?	Turn to **324**
Try to knock the feathered pole out of his hand?	Turn to **129**
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **157**

177

The Headhunters have no items of equipment on them, but have a hide bag containing bananas and coconuts. You save your own Provisions and eat the Headhunters' food. Add 1 STAMINA point. You wonder if their village is nearby, and decide to climb a tree to get a better view. From the top you see smoke rising not far away in the south-west; perhaps from a village. Directly west, you see the trees gradually thin out, and away in the far north-west, you see the daunting shape of the volcano.

You climb down from the tree and plan which way to head. If you wish to keep going west, turn to 229. If you wish to go north-west in order to circumvent the smoke, turn to 12.

178

On a level piece of ground you see a circle of polished stones which contains a pile of artefacts: a bracelet, a clay doll, a tin mug and a buckle are just some of the things lying on the ground. Perhaps it is a collection place for gifts to the Shaman from his visitors. If you wish to place one of your own items in the stone circle, turn to 233. If you would rather take any of the items from the circle, turn to 306.

179

It does not take you long to chop down enough trees to make a small raft. You tie the logs together with vines and drag your raft into the river. Using a long thin branch, you are soon punting your way up-river (turn to 387).

180

You find yourself in a corridor which turns sharply to the right. On the corner is a spiral staircase winding up the centre of a tower. You have a feeling that you should climb up the staircase (turn to 82).

181

It is a slim chance, but you decide to try and capture the Water Elemental in your magical pouch. You open it as wide as possible and wait for the Water

Elemental to come crashing down on top of you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 230. If you are Unlucky, turn to 257.

182

You run at the Giant Crab with your sword drawn. It drops Mungo into the sand in order to attack you with both pincers.

GIANT CRAB SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 366.

183

The Shaman taps you with the end of his pole and suddenly your whole body is crawling with maggots. You feel them writhing around inside your mouth and ears. If you are wearing a Ring of Confusion, turn to 64. If you are not wearing this ring, turn to 283.

184

You stumble over a stone on the floor but manage to stop yourself from falling over and making any noise. Add 1 LUCK point. You breathe a sigh of relief and continue to follow the Lizard Man (turn to 51).

185

With your sword raised high, you lunge at your nearest foe. It is a mutant LIZARD MAN.

MUTANT LIZARD MAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 341.

186

As you reach into your backpack, you are almost trembling with hunger. You devour a portion of your Provisions and crawl into your shelter to settle down for the night. Looking up, you see wispy clouds in shades of pink and purple gradually deepen in colour as the night sky takes over from the day. Despite the deafening noise of thousands of insects enjoying the cool night air, you are soon fast asleep. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 388. If you are Unlucky, turn to 348.

187

The bag contains merely a few broad leaves wrapped in small bundles. You squeeze the bundles and they feel as if they contain some paste or dough. You unwrap the leaves and find a bright green paste inside. Will you:

Rub some of the paste into your wounds?	Turn to 377
Eat some of the paste?	Turn to 174
Leave the paste and head off west again?	Turn to 113

188

Turning your back on the dreaded Gonchong is a mistake. Your troops hardly have time to enjoy the slaying of the Lizard King before the Gonchong withdraws its proboscis and jumps on to your head. Its needle-like proboscis skewers itself through your forehead and implants itself in your brain. You are now controlled by the Gonchong and can only watch helplessly as the Lizard King's army annihilates your demoralized troops. The battle is lost.

189

Before the unconscious Lizard Man comes round, you rummage through its pockets and find three iron keys which you put in your own pocket. You then tie its arms together behind its back and drag it into the hut. As soon as it regains consciousness, you demand information about the slave mines. It replies that the entrance to the mines is not far away – about a hundred metres beyond the huts. You tie the Lizard Man to a post and leave the hut to find the mines (turn to 147).

190

As soon as you touch the hilt of your sword, the native girl lets go of the rope. The Tiger is on top of you in one leap and you lose the first Attack Round. If you are still alive, you manage to draw your sword to defend yourself.

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER SKILL 11 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 343.

191

Your hands are slippery with mud: you miss the huge Slime Sucker, and the spear falls harmlessly into the water. Now you must fight the Slime Sucker with your sword alone.

SLIME SUCKER SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 122.

192

You decide to walk on down the tunnel, but you soon arrive at a dead end. You have no option but to turn round and walk back to the junction (turn to 57).

193

The Hobgoblin stares at you dumbly and says, 'Yes, that's right, "What" *is* the password. You may cross.' He steps to the side and you walk quickly over the archway to the other side of the ravine (turn to 139).

194

You walk along the side of the hill following the route of the gorge. Looking over to the hill on the far side of the gorge, you suddenly see a landslide start, sending rocks and boulders crashing into the gorge. Although you are not enjoying the tiring climb, you are relieved that you were not in the gorge. Add 1 LUCK point. If you still wish to walk along the side of the hill above the gorge, turn to 83. If you now wish to risk walking down the gorge, turn to 382.

195

The door opens into a dingy room. Sunlight streams through a single barred window in the far wall. A straw mattress fills one corner of the room on which there lies a GOBLIN snoring heavily. An iron breastplate hangs on a nail over his bed. If you wish to tiptoe into the room to steal the breastplate, turn to 333. If you would rather close the door and walk to the spiral staircase, turn to 8.

196

You step round the huge body of the Giant Lizard and press on down the gorge. At last the gorge widens out to become a grassy plain, and the hills are soon behind you. Not far away, some ten metres to your left, you see a pond where many birds are drinking. If you want to drink at the pond, turn to 128. If you would rather continue west, turn to 222.

197

Looking west, you see the sun slowly sinking until it looks like a big red balloon sitting on the sea. Soon it will be dark and so you decide to camp down for the night between two rocks which you cover over with branches and leaves. You are very hungry after your ordeal in the river and realize that you must eat something soon. If you have any Provisions left, turn to **186**. If you do not have any food left, turn to **148**.

198

The abandoned hut is littered with broken furniture, smashed pottery and a few bits of torn clothing. You kick away a dirty rug and see the handle of a trapdoor in the floorboards. If you wish to lift the trapdoor, turn to **267**. If you would rather leave the hut, turn to **152**.

199

The Shaman listens intently as you explain about the Lizard King and your mission to destroy him. You tell him that you wish to know how to kill the parasitic Gonchong, thus reducing the Lizard King's power. The Shaman jumps in the air on hearing the word Gonchong, obviously not realizing that there was one on the island. In fractured sentences the Shaman explains that for him to share some of his secret magic with you, you must first earn the right, no matter how noble your mission is. He tells you that the test will be disturbing and painful. If you agree to the Shaman's terms, turn to **397**. If you would rather face the Lizard King without the Shaman's knowledge, turn to **237**.

200

You wend your way up the goat-track and are quite exhausted by the time you reach the top. You take a swig of water from your flask and realize that water shortage could be a problem for you on this island. Looking west, you see the daunting sight of the sleeping volcano standing above the trees, but no sign of life – although you can certainly hear it: a cacophony of bird and insect noise. With the light quickly fading you decide to camp down for the night behind some rocks. You do not sleep very well and are awake at first light, eager to set off. You decide to head directly west into the trees (turn to **391**).

201

You lead your band of fighters out of the mines and attack the mud huts where the guards live. The last of them is soon slain and the former prisoners begin to celebrate by cheering and singing. An old Dwarf begins a jig and is soon encircled by a clapping, happy audience. For the moment, all sufferings and troubles are forgotten. While everybody is still revelling in their freedom, an Elf comes up to you and asks to speak with you alone. You walk away from the others to listen to what the Elf has to say. With a worried expression on his face, he tells you that an attack on the Lizard King's fort would be suicidal. For the sake of power and near-immortality, the

Lizard King has allowed a hideous parasite, the Gonchong, to attach itself to his head. With the Gonchong's proboscis implanted firmly in his brain, the Lizard King remains invincible, telepathically controlling his mutant warriors. To kill the Lizard King, the Gonchong must first be destroyed. But only the island's Shaman knows the secret of its magical powers. It cannot be harmed without the knowledge of how to break the link with its host. Alas, the Elf has never seen the Shaman in his four years on the island. Shamans lead solitary lives, away from other natives, practising their elemental craft. You thank the Elf for his information and walk back to the others, raising your arms to silence them. You explain about the Gonchong and tell them that you are going to find the Shaman alone; it would be impossible to track him down in a group. You tell them to make their own way to the fort and that you will meet them there to lead the attack in one or two days' time. They reluctantly agree to the plan and you set off immediately to find the Shaman (turn to 363).

202

The spear finds its target, plunging deeply into the soft green flesh of the huge Slime Sucker. Although weakened by its wound, the Slime Sucker still manages to lunge forward in attack.

SLIME SUCKER SKILL 8 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 122.

203

The Lizard King finally turns to look at you, staring in disbelief at the sight of his dead pet. He steps towards you angrily, cleaving the air with his fire sword. If you are carrying a monkey on your shoulder, turn to 314. If you are without a monkey, turn to 36.

204

Standing precariously on the rocking raft, you draw your sword to attack the vicious Crocodile.

CROCODILE SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 31.

205

Your sudden movement scares the girl, and she lets go of the rope holding the Tiger. It is on top of you in one leap and you lose the first Attack Round. If you are still alive, you manage to draw your sword to defend yourself.

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER SKILL 11 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 343.

206

He grabs the hand-axe from you, looking very excited. The others gather round him and start to chant. They seem jubilant with their new acquisition which they seem to regard as a religious artefact. Will you:

Leave them and disappear west into the undergrowth?	Turn to 7
Ask them for something in return?	Turn to 86
Attack them with your sword?	Turn to 359

207

The Grannit suddenly releases its grip on your shin and drops to the ground. You give it a hefty kick and watch it roll down the tunnel. The residual Rattlesnake poison in your system has killed it. The other Grannits sense what has happened and retreat into the shadowy recesses of the tunnel wall. If you possess a Pouch of Unlimited Contents, turn to 371. If you do not have this pouch, turn to 192.

208

He looks at you mistrustfully, telling you that you should have spotted his warning sign by the water pool. Nevertheless, he offers you the chance to redeem yourself and establish friendship by giving

him something from your backpack in exchange for a feather from his hair. You have no choice but to comply with the request of the Shaman (make the necessary deduction on your *Adventure Sheet*). With your feather in place, the Shaman is now ready to listen to you (turn to 199).

209

You miss! The spear falls harmlessly into the water beyond the Hydra and now you must fight it with your sword.

	SKILL	STAMINA
HYDRA (left head)	9	9
HYDRA (right head)	9	9

Both heads will make a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight each time. Attack your chosen head as in a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater; you must just count this as though you have defended yourself against its bite. Of course, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will wound you. If you win, turn to 389.

210

A large boulder lands heavily on the shoulder of your sword arm. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 2 SKILL points. If you are still alive, you shield your head with your good arm and flee down the gorge as fast as you can (turn to 253).

211

You are about half-way across the beach when suddenly a large mound of sand by the sea's edge starts to rise into the air. Then you see six large spiny legs and a pair of pincers, and as the sand slides off its huge shell, your eyes widen at the daunting sight of the GIANT CRAB before you. It scuttles across the sand, picking up Mungo with one of its pincers; Mungo cries out in pain, unable to free himself from the vice-like grip. If you wish to help Mungo, turn to 182. If you would rather run to the stone hut, turn to 307.

212

It is soon hot and you are a little concerned that your water bottle is nearly empty. You search for water and eventually find a shallow pool of rain water in a rock basin. You drink your fill and top up your water bottle. You are about to set off again when you notice some chalk marks on the rocks by the pool. If you wish to read them, turn to 72. If you would rather set off immediately, turn to 30.

213

You soon arrive at yet another junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to 68. If you wish to turn right, turn to 383.

214

The Shaman is satisfied that you have earned the right to learn his secrets. He rolls his eyes up into his head and stands perfectly still with his arms outstretched. In a trance, he begins to describe the parasitic Gonchong. Its appearance is like a giant harvest spider, only its proboscis connects into the brain of its host; in this case the Lizard King. To kill it, the proboscis must be severed within seconds of its host being killed, otherwise it might leap on to its assailant in a desperate attempt to find a new host. But while it controls him, the Lizard King remains almost invincible, unharmed by normal weapons. Only fire swords can injure the host of a Gonchong. The Lizard King uses them himself, but his collection has an illusion spell cast on them to make them appear as rusty old knives that no one would steal. Using a fire sword and controlled by the Gonchong, the Lizard King is a deadly fighter. Only one creature can scare him – a monkey! Lizard Men suffer from an innate fear of monkeys, even if controlled by a Gonchong. The Shaman slowly comes out of his trance and points to the south-east, saying that the prison colony lies in that direction. You bid him farewell and walk down the side of the volcano towards the Lizard King's stronghold (turn to **168**).

215

Grabbing one of the burning brushes, you dash behind one of the huts and set it alight. Then you run to the next hut and set it on fire as well. The huts are soon blazing away, and you watch from behind the next hut as the Headhunters run around the clearing, shouting instructions to each other in total confusion. The man tied to the post is temporarily left unguarded, and you run to him to set him free. With one swipe of your sword, you cut through the vines holding him to the post, and run off towards the jungle, yelling at the man to follow. As you are running, one of the Headhunters sees you and throws his spear at you. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1 or 2, turn to **76**. If the number rolled is 3 or 4, turn to **250**. If the number rolled is 5 or 6, turn to **323**.

216

You tell the Dwarf that you are leading the attack on the fort and ask where the Lizard King is hiding. He tells you that the Lizard King is on the fort's front battlement, urging on his troops. You tell the Dwarf that you will deal with the Lizard King and come back to free him later. You say farewell and run through the open doorway ahead (turn to **180**).

217

The Spit Toad's teeth sink painfully into your arm, but fortunately not your sword-arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You manage to force the Spit Toad's mouth open with your sword and roll out from under its massive belly. You stand up and lunge at it blindly.

SPIT TOAD SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3 because of your blindness. If you win, turn to 134.

218

Your legs brush against a thorny bush, instantly drawing blood. Have you drunk the aniseed-tasting liquid from the jug in the hut on the beach? If you have, turn to 258. If you have not drunk this liquid, turn to 146.

219

The spear flies past the pig to land harmlessly on the grass. You watch disheartened as your potential roast dinner disappears into the distance. You pick up your spear and continue west (turn to 170).

220

The Shaman points at a boulder and ask you to lift it. You wrap your arms around it as far as you can and heave. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your STAMINA score, turn to 98. If the total is higher than your STAMINA score, turn to 369.

221

Close to where the Giant Dragonfly now lies in a crumpled heap, you see a patch of clam-shaped fungus attached to a rotting log. If you wish to eat some of the fungus, turn to 385. If you would rather set off again through the undergrowth, turn to 224.

222

To your left you see movement; a small creature is running across the plain. As it approaches, you see that it is a small pig. The thought of roast suckling pig makes your mouth water. If you have a spear, turn to 342. If you do not have a spear, turn to 167.

223

What you see inside the chamber fills you with rage. Six Dwarfs stripped to the waist and chained together like animals are toiling with hammers at a rock face. An armoured LIZARD MAN urges them to work faster, occasionally lashing one of them across the back with its bullwhip. You put the pail down and run forward to attack the Lizard Man.

LIZARD MAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you are still alive after two Attack Rounds, turn to 3.

224

You decide that you have gone far enough north-west to avoid the Headhunters' village and begin to cut your way directly west through the jungle. You have not gone far when you are surprised to enter a small clearing, completely free of vegetation. A large green crystal lies in the centre of the clearing, glowing and radiating heat. Will you:

Walk round the crystal and continue west?	Turn to 71
Touch the crystal?	Turn to 232
Try to chip a piece off the crystal with your sword?	Turn to 370

225

The Shaman's eyes narrow as he utters a single word – 'Liar!' Suddenly the ground begins to quake and then a huge crack opens up beneath your feet.

Steam rises out of it, scalding your leg badly. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You apologize to the Shaman for lying to him, explaining that you were only trying to gain his acceptance. You did not realize that a feather was the Shaman's symbol of peace. He grunts and touches your legs with his pole and the pain immediately disappears. Turn to **301**.

226

The tunnel narrows and you have to stoop because of the low ceiling. You appear to be in a disused part of the mine. If you wish to carry on walking down this tunnel, turn to **213**. If you would rather walk back to the last junction and turn left, turn to **101**.

227

If you possess three iron keys, turn to **273**. If you do not have any keys, turn to **162**.

228

There are several large rocks jutting out of the water which you have to steer around. It is hard work and you grow tired. You decide to pull into the bank for a while to rest. Under the shade of some trees you lie down and fall asleep. When you wake up you see that you are covered with huge mosquito bites. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **236**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **103**.

229

As you hack your way through the thick undergrowth you hear the distant sound of drums coming from where you saw the smoke rising. If you wish to head south-west towards it, turn to **337**. If you prefer to keep heading west, turn to **113**.

230

The force of the water crashing down on top of you is so powerful that you are almost knocked off your raft. Fortunately, you manage to stand firm, holding the pouch open. Water disappears inside it and more is drawn into it as though it is a huge blob of

jelly. As quickly as it started, the turbulence dies down and the whirlpool disappears; you have caught the Water Elemental in your incredible pouch. Add 2 LUCK points. Unfortunately, your raft is breaking up and so you decide to wade over to the right-hand bank. You cannot risk releasing the Water Elemental, so you dig a hole and bury your Pouch of Unlimited Contents (make the necessary deduction on your *Adventure Sheet*). You have no option now but to continue your journey on foot (turn to **197**).

231

The barrel is full of pineapples, all rotten and covered with fruit flies. But hidden behind the barrel you see a water bottle lying on the floor. You pull out the cork and sniff the contents; it might be water but there is a musty smell rising out of the bottle. If you wish to drink the liquid, turn to 6. If you would rather walk over to the door in the far wall, turn to 353.

232

Slowly and nervously you touch the glowing crystal. A warm glow radiates through your body and you feel invigorated. Add 3 STAMINA points for having benefited from the effects of the regeneration crystal. If you have not done so already, you may try to chip a piece off the crystal with your sword (turn to **370**). Alternatively, you may leave the clearing and continue west through the undergrowth (turn to **71**).

233

A line of rocks suddenly turns red, leading up the side of the volcano. You decide to follow the trail of the red rocks (turn to **249**).

234

You struggle against the raging torrent but are unable to escape from the whirlpool made by the Water Elemental. You become weaker and weaker until you can swim no longer. You black out and are engulfed by the Water Elemental to share its watery world for ever.

235

After a short while the Marsh Hopper turns west again and you wonder whether it is tiring you out to lead you into a trap, or whether it is picking the safest path through the marsh. Your thoughts are soon answered, as a massive beast rises out of the mire in front of you. It is a two-headed HYDRA which slithers towards you on its giant slug-like body, both of its heads stretching forward to bite you. If you have a spear, turn to 272. If you do not have a spear, turn to 29.

236

Although the itching is almost unbearable, there are no tell-tale signs of fever. You jump back on your raft and head up-river once again (turn to 379).

237

The Shaman shrugs his shoulders and tells you to leave immediately. He points south-east, saying that the prison colony lies in that direction. You turn around and walk down the side of the volcano towards the Lizard King's stronghold (turn to 168).

238

The liquid tastes of aniseed and is milky in colour. You gulp it down but feel no effects and can only presume that it will protect you on the journey ahead. You put down the jug and leave the hut (turn to 152).

239

You only manage to stop one of the quick-moving Grannits and must fight the remaining two one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GRANNIT	4	3
Second GRANNIT	3	2

If you win, turn to 192.

240

The pike pierces your shoulder, knocking you to the ground. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. The Hobgoblin surprisingly runs away panic-stricken rather than finishing you off. When you are well enough to walk, you stand up and cross over the archway to the other side of the ravine (turn to 139).

241

Both the Lizard Men are standing with their backs to you as you run at them. You are able to hit one of them on the back of the head with the hilt of your sword to knock it unconscious, but you must fight the other.

LIZARD MAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 189.

242

The girl stands motionless as you run away from her. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 142. If you are Unlucky, turn to 205.

243

One of the Pygmies steps forward and snatches the hand-axe away from you. The others gather round

him and start to chant. They seem very pleased with their acquisition which they seem to regard as a religious artefact. Will you:

Leave them and disappear west into the undergrowth?	Turn to 7
Ask them for something in return?	Turn to 86
Attack them with your sword?	Turn to 359

244

You thrust your sword at the leaping Gonchong, skewering it through its bulbous abdomen. Both the Lizard King and the Gonchong are slain (turn to 400).

245

A small boulder lands on your shoulder but it strikes only a glancing blow. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You shield your head with your arms and flee down the gorge as fast as you can (turn to 253).

246

Apart from jumping, there is no way down the vertical shaft. You decide not to risk it and turn round to walk back to the junction (turn to 135).

247

The Bear is wearing a leather collar from which hangs a tiny brass whistle. You put the whistle in your pocket and set off in search of the Shaman (turn to 27).

248

You duck below the jet of liquid and jump back to draw your sword. You stand ready to dodge the next jet of sticky acid being spat at you by the huge SPIT TOAD in the pool. Suddenly it leaps out of the water in an attempt to kill you with its spiked teeth.

SPIT TOAD	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 21.

249

The head of a man suddenly pops up from behind a boulder, his hair adorned with coloured beads and feathers. He steps warily from behind the boulder holding a feathered staff in one hand and two animal bones in the other. It is the island's medicine man – the Shaman you are seeking. Are you wearing a feather in your hair? If you are, turn to 199. If you are not, turn to 176.

250

The spear flies through the air and strikes the poor man you have just rescued in the middle of his back. He falls to the ground with an anguished cry, now beyond any help you can give him. As the other Headhunters realize what is happening, you run back into the jungle, the noise of their shrieking voices not far behind you (turn to 102).

251

By the time you have found all the prisoners and released them, you will have lost 4 STAMINA points in battle. If you are still alive, you are now the leader of sixty-three dedicated followers, eager for revenge (turn to 201).

252

The Hobgoblin's eyes light up at the sight of the gold nugget. He thrusts out his hand, eagerly awaiting your bribe. You place the nugget in his hand and cross over the archway to the other side of the ravine (turn to 139).

253

You run down the narrow gorge, hopeful that another rockfall will not occur. The gorge once again widens out and you slow down to walking pace as your claustrophobia dies down (turn to 382).

254

The battle is going badly for you as more of your men fall under the onslaught of the Lizard King's fanatical troops. You see their leader behind the line, urging them on with howling battle cries. It is a huge CYCLOPS wearing plate mail and carrying a mighty battleaxe, and you must defeat it in order to rally your men.

CYCLOPS	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 299.

255

You slip on some loose stones as you try to dodge the spear. It sinks into your thigh with a sickening thud. Lose 3 STAMINA points. The Cave Woman screams with delight and runs down the hill waving her club. You clench your teeth and pull the spear out of your thigh and draw your sword to defend yourself.

CAVE WOMAN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 because of the injury to your leg. If you win, turn to 79.

256

You stretch out and your fingertips just manage to reach your sword. By now you cannot breathe and your face is crimson with the veins bulging in your neck. You desperately hack at the vine until you cut through it and roll away out of its lethal range. You cough and rub your neck and watch the hideous vine drip purple sap. Although you are lucky to have escaped the clutches of the carnivorous tree, you have not escaped injury. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. Although still weary, you decide that it is better to keep on the move (turn to 81).

257

Your plan does not work. The force of the water crashing down on you is too strong and the pouch is knocked out of your hand and swept away. The raft breaks up and above the roar of the water, you hear the gurgling laughter of the Water Elemental. You gasp for air as you are forced under the pounding water. You summon all your strength and try to swim to the bank. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to 150. If the total is higher than your SKILL score, turn to 234.

258

Although the bush has poison-tipped thorns, you come to no harm. You walk on, oblivious to the danger which has passed (turn to 291).

259

Knowing that Spit Toads never share their watery domain with others, you wade confidently into the pool and pick up the casket. Back on dry land, you prise the lid off with your sword and tip the contents on to the grass. They are a glass phial containing a coloured liquid, a velvet pouch, a pair of red leather boots, and a gold ring. Will you:

Drink the liquid in the phial?	Turn to 312
Open the pouch?	Turn to 26
Try on the boots?	Turn to 94
Put the ring on your finger?	Turn to 297

260

You try to stop the leaping Gonchong with your sword, but fail. It lands on your head and skewers its proboscis into your brain. You are now controlled by the Gonchong and can only watch helplessly as the Lizard King's army annihilates your demoralized troops. The battle is lost.

261

The remaining Headhunters think you are an invincible God-empowered warrior. They turn and

flee, crying out at the top of their voices. If you wish to open the hide bag lying beside the body of one of the Headhunters, turn to 287. If you would rather head off west again, turn to 113.

262

The approaching Lizard Man calls out to you, asking where you are heading. You cannot hope to impersonate a Lizard Man at close range and are forced to draw your sword.

LIZARD MAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

As soon as you win your first Attack Round, turn to 386.

263

You remembered not to put your sword-arm into the stone circle and so your crippled hand is not too much of a disability. Lose 1 SKILL point. You reluctantly toss one of your own items into the circle and wait to see what happens (turn to 233).

264

Your constitution is weak and the poison runs quickly through your system. Your arm starts to throb and you break out in a sweat. Your vision blurs and you have difficulty retaining consciousness. Lose 5 STAMINA points. If your STAMINA score is now 9 or below, turn to 124. If it is above 9, turn to 364.

265

The Dwarfs attack the Orcs, spurred on by their hatred. The fight is soon over, the Orcs being no match for the embittered Dwarfs. Turn to 121.

266

The door remains firmly shut. There is nothing you can do except walk back into the courtyard and try to open the other doors leading off it (turn to 84).

267

You pull on the handle and lift up the trapdoor. In a small compartment you see a wooden box which you lift out and place on the floor. The lid is covered with candle-wax. If you wish to open the box, turn to 354. If you would rather leave the hut, turn to 152.

268

The doors open into a corridor which runs to the left and right of you. Prison cells with iron-barred doors line the far wall of the corridor. Looking left, the corridor comes to a dead end and so you turn right. In the end cell by a wooden door you see a frail old man sitting on a wooden bench, his leg chained to the wall. His cell door is open but the wooden door leading out of the corridor is firmly locked. Will you:

Free the old man?	Turn to **166**
Try to open the wooden door?	Turn to **227**

269

Half-way up the side of the hill to your left you see the entrance to a cave. The rocks all around the mouth of the cave are painted in bright colours, but each one has a skull resting on top of it. If you wish to climb up to the cave, turn to **59**. If you would rather walk on towards the volcano, turn to **303**.

270

You decide to attack the Lizard Men, hoping to keep one alive so that you can get some information out of it. You slip quietly out of the cover of the trees to the corner of the hut. You peep round to see the Lizard Men still talking. Drawing your sword, you

charge round the corner to gain the initiative. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **241**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **43**.

271

The Lizard King suddenly halts as he catches sight of your monkey. He starts to shake, his fear of monkeys quite evident. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **22**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **123**.

272

As the Hydra closes in on you, you hurl the spear at one of its heads. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1, 2, 3 or 4, turn to **209**. If the number rolled is 5 or 6, turn to **344**.

273

One of the keys fits the lock and you push the door open (turn to **395**).

274

The tunnel continues straight ahead until you arrive at the edge of a vertical downward shaft. A wooden ladder is secured to the side of it, but you cannot see down to the bottom. If you wish to climb down the ladder, turn to **315**. If you would rather return to the junction and walk past it to the other end of the tunnel, turn to **28**.

275

As soon as you touch the handle of one of the knives, it changes in appearance. Instead of a dull old knife, you find yourself holding a magnificent sword with a flaming blade; it is one of the Lizard King's own fire swords. Add 2 SKILL points and 2 LUCK points. Cutting your new weapon through the air, you make your way over to the door in the far wall (turn to **312**).

276

The Pygmies grunt and shout at you, but you do not understand their language. They obviously want something from you, but you are not sure what. What do you have that you wish to give them?

A hand-axe?	Turn to **243**
An iron bar?	Turn to **327**
Provisions?	Turn to **126**
None of these?	Turn to **137**

277

It is your sword-arm which is damaged. Lose 3 SKILL points. You reluctantly toss one of your own items into the stone circle and wait to see what happens (turn to **233**).

278

The tunnel comes to a dead end quite suddenly and you begin to worry that you may get lost. Lose 1 LUCK point. You turn around and walk back to the previous junction. If you wish to continue straight on, turn to **70**. If you wish to turn right, turn to **172**.

279

Once on the valley floor, you make your way over to a copse of trees. As soon as you enter the copse, familiar faces suddenly appear from behind the trees. The Dwarfs, Elves and men that you rescued from the mines are waiting here for your arrival. Pleased to see them again, you tell them of what has happened since you saw them last. You tell them that the fort should be attacked immediately and that you will deal with the Lizard King. You call them all together and lead them out of the copse into the valley. As you run towards the stone fort, you see its wooden gates open. The Lizard King is sending a battalion of guards and mutants out to fight you. Your small army has soon locked swords with the Lizard King's soldiers. Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to **185**. If you roll 3 or 4, turn to **308**. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to **42**.

280

After checking yourself carefully to make sure you are finally rid of the parasites from the marsh, you continue west across the muddy plain. Ahead you see two hills and you decide to walk towards the gorge dividing them (turn to **362**).

281

Gathering momentum, you cannot stop yourself from rolling over and over into the gorge below. You land heavily with a sickening thump. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You stand up, dust yourself off, and decide to walk down the gorge (turn to **119**).

282

You open the sack carefully, in case it contains a poisonous snake. But you are surprised and pleased to see food inside: honeycomb, wheatcakes and fruit. If you wish to eat the food, turn to 116. If you would rather save it for later and set off again, turn to 27.

283

The ordeal is too much for you to bear, and you signal the Shaman to stop it. You have failed the test and the Shaman will not now divulge his secrets. He points south-east, saying that the prison colony lies in that direction and that you must face the Gonchong without his help. You turn around and walk down the side of the volcano towards the Lizard King's stronghold (turn to 168).

284

You draw back from the wounded Lizard Man, offering it the chance to surrender. It throws down its sword and whip and slumps on to the ground, panting heavily. You tie its arms together behind its back with its own whip and drag it into the hut. You demand information about the slave mines, and it tells you that the entrance is not far away; about a hundred metres beyond the huts. You tie the Lizard

Man to a post and leave the hut to find the mines (turn to 147).

285

The Goblin wakes up with a start. He reaches up and tries to grab you around the throat with his scrawny hands. If you are wearing Sog's helmet, he will not succeed, but you will have to fight him (turn to 322). If you are not wearing a helmet, the Goblin's sharp fingernails will dig into your throat. Lose 1 STAMINA point and fight the Goblin (turn to 322).

286

You have climbed about half-way up the vine when you see a head pop out over the edge of the platform. It belongs to an old man with grey hair who glares down at you, looking very angry. 'Go away,' he cries, 'or you'll be sorry.' If you wish to continue climbing up the vine, turn to 117. If you wish to take his advice and slide down the vine to continue north-west, turn to 375.

287

The Hobgoblin takes a long time to decide that you have said the wrong password. Finally it sinks in and he charges at you with his pike (turn to 328).

288

You start to search amongst the bushes for the hidden raft and before long you find it. You drag it into the river and climb aboard. The river is not deep and you are able to push the raft up-river against the

light current quite easily with the long pole you have (turn to 387).

289

You jump behind the hideous mutant and plunge your sword into its back. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 144. If you are Unlucky, turn to 45.

290

The irritation becomes almost unbearable and you cannot help but scratch at the lumps on your face. Lose 1 STAMINA point and 1 LUCK point. If you wish to rub your face with leaves from a nearby plant, turn to 143. If you wish to chance eating the fungus, turn to 110.

291

Lying dead face-down in the scrub is a seaman, perhaps one of the crew of a pirate ship killed by the mutant Lizard Man. A monkey strains to escape from a chain held by the dead man's hand. If you wish to take the monkey with you, turn to 330. If you would rather just let it go and carry on walking, turn to 350.

292

The helmet is over one hundred years old and once belonged to a fabled warrior named Sog, who also practised sorcery. Wearing the helmet will cause any adversary to fear you so much that you will be able to win the first Attack Round of any battle. The adversary will only raise sufficient courage to fight

back during the second Attack Round. Wearing your new armour with pride, you walk carefully down the hill into the gorge to continue west (turn to 119).

293

By the time you have found all the prisoners and released them, you will have lost 2 STAMINA points in battle. If you are still alive, you are now the leader of sixty-three dedicated followers, eager for revenge (turn to 201).

294

The unknown power of the ring flashes a warning through your mind, telling you that the old man is an illusion projected by a fearsome Shape Changer. You dash out of the cell and slam the door shut just as the beast starts to metamorphose. Green spikes burst through its clothing and its slavering jaws open to reveal rows of razor-sharp teeth. The Shape Changer is trapped in the prison cell and you can now try to open the wooden door (turn to 227).

295

The Pygmy is insulted that you have refused his gift. He stamps on the ground and throws down his

blowpipe. The other Pygmies quickly form a circle around the two of you; honour can only be restored by a duel to the death. You raise your sword to defend yourself against the enraged Pygmy.

PYGMY	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 96.

296

The Lizard King suddenly halts as he catches sight of your monkey. He starts to shake, his fear of monkeys quite evident. He is so terrified that he can hardly raise his sword to defend himself as you rush forward. Only the mental urging of the Gonchong forces the Lizard King into token resistance.

LIZARD KING	SKILL 6	STAMINA 15

If you win, turn to 153.

297

The instant you put the ring on your finger, you feel very dizzy. You try to pull the ring off, but it will not move. The ring is cursed with a Confusion Spell. Lose 2 SKILL points. If you have not done so already, you may:

Drink the liquid in the phial	Turn to 311
Open the pouch	Turn to 26
Try on the boots	Turn to 94

If you do not wish to do any of these things, you may continue your way west across the grassy plain (turn to 222).

298

It is pitch-black inside the bore-hole, which seems to go on for miles. You decide that it is leading nowhere. There is not much room to turn round and you have to tuck your head between your legs and flip over. You scramble back down the bore-hole and are relieved to reach the main tunnel. However, when you flipped over in the bore-hole, something fell out of your backpack. Deduct one item from your Equipment List and lose 1 LUCK point. You clamber out of the bore-hole and turn right down the tunnel (turn to 47).

299

Your men are encouraged by the death of the Cyclops and push forward with new heart. As the Lizard King's troops start to fall back, you break through their line and run to the wooden gates of the fort. You enter the inner courtyard and see two sets of doors leading into the building. If you wish to walk through the double doors to your left, turn to 268. If you would rather try the doors straight ahead, turn to 84.

300

The Water Elemental crashes down on top of you, smashing the raft to pieces. Above the roar of the water you can hear the gurgling laughter of the Water Elemental. You gasp for air as you are forced under the pounding water. You summon all your strength and try to swim to the bank. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to 150. If the total is higher than your SKILL score, turn to 234.

301

Although the Shaman has difficulty in speaking your language, he seems to understand perfectly everything you say to him. However, before he will listen to your request for help, he insists that you wear a feather in your hair. He offers you one from his own hair, asking for something in exchange for it. You have no choice but to comply with his request (make the necessary deduction on your *Adventure Sheet*). He smiles at last, and is ready to listen to you (turn to 199).

302

Just as you are about to take the branch, a small dog runs up to you and starts to bark. The Headhunters whirl round and shriek excitedly on seeing you. They wave their spears and clubs in the air and run towards you. If you wish to fight them, turn to 331. If you wish to run back into the jungle, turn to 102.

303

You eventually reach the foot of the volcano, but still see no sign of the Shaman. You look up and see the gigantic black mountain reaching up towards the sky and wonder when next it might erupt into life, belching out clouds of ash and streams of red-hot lava. You banish the thought from your mind and decide which way to head. If you wish to climb straight up the side of the volcano, turn to 178. If

you wish to walk around the foot of the volcano, turn to 355.

304

Sharp teeth bury themselves in your neck as the sleek Razorjaw frantically tries to kill you. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you try to cut the hideous creature from your neck with your sword.

RAZORJAW SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 20.

305

Cutting down the trees with your sword is slow and tiring work. You begin to worry that the noise of the wood being cut might attract a predator, and your fears are soon realized. Standing between two trees behind you is an OGRE. He was sleeping and you have woken him. He grunts and advances towards you holding a large branch as a weapon.

OGRE SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 99.

306

When your hand passes into the circle, you feel a pain as though it was being crushed under a cartwheel. You withdraw it, but it is all disfigured and bent. Roll one die. If you roll 1–5, turn to 277. If you roll 6, turn to 263.

307

In your desperate attempt to flee from the Giant Crab you do not pay much attention to the sand you are running across. Suddenly, your feet land in soft, wet sand and you quickly start to sink in. You are stuck in quicksand and as you struggle you sink in faster. You scream in terror as the sand reaches your neck and the last sight you see is poor Mungo being devoured by the Giant Crab.

308

With your sword raised high, you lunge at your nearest foe. It is a LIZARD MAN.

LIZARD MAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 341.

309

Both the Lizard Men are standing with their backs to you as you run at them. You are able to slay one before they realize they are being attacked, but you must fight the other.

LIZARD MAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 368.

310

You fall against one of the roof-supporting beams. It is rotten and breaks under your weight. The roof caves in on top of you. You nearly asphyxiate under the debris, and are almost buried alive. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you survive the cave-in, you manage to wriggle out of the sand and stones but are forced to return to the last junction (turn to 378).

311

You have swallowed a Potion of Clumsiness. At the beginning of any future combat, there is a possibility that you might drop your sword as you unsheathe it. Before you start the first Attack Round, roll one die. If you roll 1, you will drop your sword and automatically lose the first Attack Round. If you have not done so already, you may:

Open the pouch	Turn to 26
Try on the boots	Turn to 94
Put the ring on your finger	Turn to 297

If you do not wish to carry out any of these actions, you may continue your way west again across the grassy plain (turn to 222).

312

The door opens into a small storeroom stacked with barrels and sacks. If you wish to look inside one of the barrels, turn to 231. If you would rather make your way over to the next door in the far wall, turn to 353.

313

Unfortunately for you, the Headhunter at the rear of the group decides to investigate the log in which you are hiding. He pokes his head into the end of the log and calls out gleefully to the rest of the hunting party. You are trapped and your head will soon be added to their collection.

314

Are you holding a fire sword as your weapon? If you are, turn to 296. If you are going to fight the Lizard King with an ordinary sword, turn to 271.

315

Stepping carefully down the ladder, you eventually reach the bottom of the shaft. In the dim light you see a new tunnel, from which you hear the faint sound of singing. As you walk down the tunnel, the singing grows louder and you also hear the sound of stone being hammered. Suddenly you hear footsteps behind you. Will you:

Hide in the shadows?	Turn to 78
Turn to face whoever is approaching?	Turn to 347

316

The malaria grips your body and you become racked with fever. Lose another 3 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. You lose track of time as you sink into a delirious nightmare. When you finally recover from the disease, you have no idea how long you have been ill. You check your backpack and find that all your Provisions are gone, perhaps eaten by ants or maggots. You wash yourself in the river and climb on board your raft to continue your quest (turn to 379).

317

The creature halts suddenly and looks over its shoulder to stare at you in bewilderment. Its wide mouth opens and a pink forked tongue darts out and recoils just as quickly. Its big eyes look full of sorrow, but then you realize that the creature is a cunning MARSH HOPPER. Despite their pathetic appearance, Marsh Hoppers will often lead unwary victims into the lairs of carnivorous marsh beasts for the price of a few scraps of meat. However, no creature knows how to cross treacherous marshlands better than a Marsh Hopper. The Marsh Hopper beckons you with its head to follow it across the marsh. If you wish to follow it, turn to 58. If you wish to continue west alone, turn to 158.

318

As you reach the old man, he starts to metamorphose before your eyes. Green spikes burst through his clothing and his mouth becomes a pair of slavering jaws lined with razor-sharp teeth. He is not a man but a SHAPE CHANGER, and you must fight him.

SHAPE CHANGER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 372.

319

The Lizard Man turns round to see who is behind it and catches sight of you sprawled on the floor. It puts down its pail and runs towards you, sword in hand. You jump up and grab your sword to fight it.

LIZARD MAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 23.

320

You take careful aim and release the dagger. Unfortunately, it flies just over the top of the orange. You have failed the test and the Shaman will not now divulge his secrets. He points south-east, saying that the prison colony lies in that direction and that you must face the Gonchong without his help. You turn around and walk down the side of the volcano towards the Lizard King's stronghold (turn to 168).

321

The tunnel comes to an end at a junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to 19. If you wish to turn right, turn to 39.

322

The Goblin is a tough fighter, using anything that comes to hand to strike at you.

GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 367.

323

The spear flies through the air but misses both of you. You run on as fast as you can into the jungle to escape the Headhunters. You crash through the undergrowth, oblivious to the sharp branches and thorns cutting into you. Finally, totally exhausted, you stop and lean against a tree, panting heavily. The man you have rescued is too exhausted to speak but smiles at you in gratitude. When he at last gets his breath back, he tells you that his name is Sama and he escaped from the gold mines of the Lizard King, hoping to build a raft and sail to the mainland. You tell him of your mission and he advises you to turn back, as the Lizard King is said to be invulnerable. You tell Sama that you do not fear the Lizard King and are determined to kill him. Sama replies that although he is eternally in debt to you for saving his life, he cannot face meeting the Lizard King again. You tell him that he is under no obligation and that you will fulfil your mission alone. Before shaking your hand to say goodbye, Sama hands you a bone charm which he was wearing round his neck on a leather cord. 'It will bring you good fortune,' he says calmly. Your LUCK score will now never fall below 7. Then he disappears into the undergrowth and once again you are left alone to continue your quest (turn to 113).

324

You tell the Shaman that you are not his enemy but that you have come to him for help. He stares at you coldly and says, 'Why you no wear feather if you are

mend?' If you wish to tell him that you have lost it, turn to 225. If you wish to tell him that you did not know that it was important, turn to 208.

325

The ground underfoot becomes rockier and the footprint trail you have been following disappears. In the distance you hear a faint rumbling – could it be the yawning of an awakening volcano? You hurry on down the gorge, but are stopped in your tracks by the sight of a huge reptile blocking your path. You stare incredulously at the armoured beast which appears some six metres in length. It is a GIANT LIZARD, and it sees you as a source of food. You must fight it.

GIANT LIZARD SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 196.

326

You point at the first shell. The Shaman lifts it but there is nothing underneath it. You have failed the test and he will not now divulge his secrets. He points south-east, saying that the prison colony lies in that direction and that you must face the Gonchong without his help. You turn around and walk down the side of the volcano towards the Lizard King's stronghold (turn to 168).

327

One of the Pygmies steps forward and snatches the iron bar away from you. He sniffs it and licks it, but

does not seem very pleased with it. He gestures for you to give him something else. Will you give him:

A hand-axe?	Turn to 206
Provisions?	Turn to 126
Neither of these?	Turn to 137

328

You quickly draw your sword and leap at the HOBGOBLIN.

HOBGOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 338.

329

You slip quietly out of the cover of the trees to the corner of the hut. You peep round to see the Lizard Men still talking. Drawing your sword, you charge round the corner to gain the initiative. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 309. If you are Unlucky, turn to 163.

330

The monkey happily sits on your shoulder and you set off again in the company of your new friend (turn to 350).

331

Despite your great fighting ability, there are just too many Headhunters for you to overcome. You manage to slay four of them before a spear is thrust into your back to end your quest.

332

The powder is not only decorative, but also magical. It belonged to a wizard who was press-ganged into slavery by the Lizard Men. However, before he went into the mines, the wizard discarded the bottle containing the powder, hoping that somebody might find it. It was discovered by the Cave Woman who did nothing with it except empty it into her clay bowl. The powder will protect you from any person or being who tries to control your mind. Add 2 LUCK points. There is nothing else of interest in the cave, so you decide to leave (turn to 17).

333

As you lift the breastplate off the nail, it scrapes against the wall. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 164. If you are Unlucky, turn to 285.

334

You stretch out your arm and manage to grab a bush to stop yourself rolling down the hill. Lying on the ground you see a hollow under a rock, but it is too dark to see inside. If you wish to reach into the hollow, turn to 145. If you would rather walk carefully down into the gorge to continue west, turn to 119.

335

The Shaman hands you a dagger and tells you to throw it at an orange which he places on the top of a rock. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to 93. If the total is higher than your SKILL score, turn to 320.

336

A large boulder lands heavily on your shoulder, fortunately not that of your sword-arm. Lose 3 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If you are still alive, you shield your head with your good arm and flee down the gorge as fast as you can (turn to 253).

337

The beating of the drums grows louder as you scramble through the undergrowth towards them. You also hear chanting voices and deep humming. You crawl forward as quietly as you can until you reach the edge of a small clearing. There are several bamboo huts in a circle around the edge of the clearing. In the centre of the clearing you see twelve Headhunters standing around a half-naked man tied to a post. One of the Headhunters, who is wearing a face-mask and head-dress, steps forward, his arms raised in the air. The drums instantly stop beating. Then a woman hands him a bone knife – the Headhunters are about to gain a new trophy. There are too many of them for you to fight at once, and you feel helpless. There is only one plan you can think of to distract the Headhunters, but it is dangerous. If you wish to take a burning branch from the fire in front of you and set some of the huts on fire, turn to 171. If you would rather slip back into the jungle and continue west, turn to 113.

338

There is a leather pouch hanging from the Hobgoblin's belt. If you want to open it, turn to **374**. If you would rather hurry across the ravine, turn to **139**.

339

The Spit Toad leaps at you at the same instant that you thrust your sword out in front of you. The weight of the Spit Toad knocks you to the ground but your sword has found its mark; the blade is lodged up to the hilt in the Spit Toad's throat. It shudders in its death throes, while you crawl out from under its massive belly. Gradually your vision returns and you retrieve your sword. If you still wish to drink at the pond, turn to **92**. If you would rather head off west again, turn to **222**.

340

You draw your swords and run down on to the beach hoping to catch the Pirates off guard. You manage to cut two down before they are able to draw their cutlasses and then you each fight two of the remaining four at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	7	7
Second PIRATE	8	6

Both Pirates will make a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Pirate as in a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but

you will not wound him if your Attack Strength is greater; you must just count this as though you have defended yourself against his blow. Of course, if his Attack Strength is greater, he will wound you. If you defeat them both, turn to **61**.

341

You look round to see how the battle is going. Many of your fellow fighters are slain and the rest are in retreat. If you have the Horn of Valhalla, turn to **109**. If you do not have this horn, turn to **254**.

342

The pig is running very swiftly and you have to throw fast. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **115**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **219**.

343

The girl starts to cry and you are suddenly filled with remorse for having killed her Tiger. You think about consoling her, but she runs away up the hill as fast as a gazelle. Lose 2 LUCK points. You sheathe your sword and descend into the valley to reconnoitre with the freed slaves (turn to **279**).

344

A perfect throw! The spear flies up into the open jaw of one of the Hydra's heads and reappears at the back. The head slumps forward completely lifeless, but the Hydra still attacks you with its surviving head.

HYDRA SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 389.

345

You manage to crawl out backwards from underneath the rubble. Lying amidst all the rocks and stones is a small wooden box. You prise the lock open with your sword, and shout for joy when you see what is lying inside. It is a hunting horn, but the runes carved on it tell you it is no ordinary horn, but the legendary Horn of Valhalla. When blown, it will fill its player and all his friends who can hear it with strength and courage. Add 2 LUCK points. You sling the horn round your neck and walk back to the last junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to 172. If you wish to head straight on, turn to 278.

346

The strength with which the Lizard King attacks you is overpowering. Blow after blow of his fire sword crashes down on you and it is all you can do to defend yourself. Your own sword is useless, unable to make even a scratch on the Lizard King. You are forced to back off and as you tire, the Lizard King finds a gap in your defence. His fire sword cuts

a terrible gash into your arm, forcing you to drop your sword. He picks you up and hurls you over the battlements to the delight of his troops below. The day is lost and the Lizard King will remain ruler of Fire Island for ever.

347

Walking down the tunnel towards you is a LIZARD MAN carrying a pail. It looks surprised to see you and drops its pail to the ground. With a guttural cry it runs forward to attack you with its scimitar.

LIZARD MAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 23.

348

While you are asleep, a Vampire Bat flutters down to feast on your blood. You do not feel its fangs sink into your ankle and it is only when you awake that you see the punctures in your skin. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You shudder at the sight of the wound and pack your belongings quickly before starting off again (turn to 212).

349

As you climb on to the platform, the old man throws down his pole and climbs higher up into the tree. He is very agile and you will not catch up with him carrying your sword and backpack. You decide to leave him alone and climb back down the vine to continue north-west (turn to 375).

350

Over the scrubland and one more hill, and you find yourself overlooking a green valley. A stone fortress lies in the middle of the valley, its striped flag fluttering in the breeze. At last you have found the prison colony. You are about to walk down into the valley when you hear a growl behind you. It is a huge SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER held on a rope by a blonde girl with wild feline eyes. She stares at you inquisitively as the Tiger strains on its leash. Will you:

Try to communicate with her?	Turn to 106
Attack the Tiger with your sword?	Turn to 190
Run away into the valley?	Turn to 242

351

The liquid hits your face and your eyes start to sting. You have been temporarily blinded by the sticky acid of a SPIT TOAD. You realize what is happening and draw your sword. You know the Spit Toad will try to leap on you and kill you with its spiked teeth. You cut your sword blindly through the air and step back from the pond, rubbing your eyes with your free hand. Although you cannot see it, the Spit Toad suddenly leaps at you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 339. If you are Unlucky, turn to 73.

352

On the side of the volcano, you see a flash of light which could be sunlight reflected on a mirror or polished blade. Could it be the Shaman or one of the Lizard King's patrols? You intend to find out and hurry on (turn to 399).

353

The door is not locked and opens into a room which is filled with benches and stools. Glass beakers, flasks and tumblers sit on top of the benches, and shelves on the wall are lined with jars containing curious compounds. You are standing in the Lizard King's laboratory. Suddenly you hear footsteps coming from the other side of a door in the far wall. If you wish to draw your sword to meet whoever is about to enter the laboratory, turn to 360. If you would rather hide under one of the benches, turn to 77.

354

The lid lifts up easily and inside you find a corked earthenware jug and a note which reads: 'Many years ago I came to Fire Island for peace and solitude. But since the Lizard Men have dwelt here, such an existence is no longer possible. I have now returned to the mainland. Many of the plants and bushes here are poisonous; a scratch can kill you. Drink my potion from this jug and you will come to no harm. I wish you well for whatever reason you are here. Farewell, Baskin.' If you wish to drink the liquid in the jug, turn to 238. If you would rather leave the hut immediately, turn to 152.

355

As you walk along, you become aware of a strong smell of sulphur in the air. You soon arrive at the edge of a giant pool of thick yellow mud with large gas bubbles breaking through its surface and making unpleasant plopping sounds. The pool must be quite hot judging by the heat radiating from it. Lying in a strange nest of stones and sticks, you see two large eggs that look like melons. Their shells are yellow and wrinkled, and you have no idea what creature might have laid them by the side of the sulphur pool to incubate. If you wish to take a closer look at the eggs, turn to 48. If you would rather climb up the volcano, turn to 178.

356

The door flies open (turn to 395).

357

The snake bite is fatal. There is nothing you can do to stop the effects of the poison, and there is nobody around to help you. Your adventure ends on a barren hill on Fire Island.

358

You point at the middle shell. The Shaman lifts it and you are relieved to see the bead lying underneath it. You have passed the test. If you have now passed three tests, turn to 214. If not, which will you try next?

Fear	Turn to 75
Pain	Turn to 151
Revulsion	Turn to 183
Strength	Turn to 220
Dexterity	Turn to 335

359

You do not advance more than two steps before the Pygmies raise their blowpipes to their mouths to fire six darts at you. Roll one die to determine the number of darts that stick in your flesh and deduct 1 STAMINA point for each. If you are still alive, turn to 373.

360

The door flies open and a Dwarf shackled by his arms and legs is pushed into the laboratory by a grotesque two-headed LIZARD MAN. The mutant sees you and snarls. He hurls the poor Dwarf to one side and strides forward to attack you with his scimitar.

TWO-HEADED LIZARD MAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 173.

361

You arrive back at the bore-hole where the unfortunate Dwarf still lies beside his hand-cart. If you now wish to climb into the bore-hole, turn to 298. If you would rather walk past it, turn to 47.

362

The ground rises and you are at last away from the difficult terrain – the jungle and marsh are behind you. Grass and flowers make the island appear lush and beautiful, but you know you cannot afford to relax. It is not long before you reach the gorge and see that it runs between several hills in a westerly direction. If you wish to walk down the gorge, turn to 40. If you would rather climb the hill to your right, turn to 194.

363

You walk down to the river and jump on your raft. Progress against the current is slow as the river narrows and the water runs faster. If you still wish to journey by raft, turn to 228. If you would rather walk overland, turn to 376.

364

Although you are dangerously weak from the effects of the poison, you survive. You rest until finally you feel strong enough to continue your quest. If you now wish to drive the Rattlesnake out of its hole with your sword, turn to 5. If you would rather walk carefully down into the gorge to head west, turn to 119.

365

There is no other evidence of the Shaman's whereabouts and so you follow your hunch and walk on towards the volcano (turn to 269).

366

Kneeling down beside the crushed body of Mungo, you gently lift his head in your arms. His eyes open a little and he manages half a smile despite his agony. In a whisper he says, 'Well, old friend, it's the end of the road for me. A lot of use I've been. Make sure you get the Lizard King for me, won't you?' Then his eyes close and he slumps down dead. You bury him on the beach near the cliff, marking the grave with his sword skewered into the sand. More determined than ever, you set off on your quest and walk to the stone hut (turn to 198).

367

You take the breastplate and just manage to squeeze into it. Add 1 SKILL point. You leave the Goblin's room and walk to the spiral staircase (turn to 8).

368

You quickly search the bodies of the Lizard Men. In one of their pockets you find three iron keys which you put in your own pocket. Not wasting any more time, you run off to find the slave mines (turn to 147).

369

The boulder is too heavy for you to lift and you are forced to give up trying. You have failed the test and the Shaman will not now divulge his secrets. He points south-east, saying that the prison colony lies in that direction and that you must face the Gonchong without his help. You turn around and walk down the side of the volcano towards the Lizard King's stronghold (turn to 168).

370

You swing your sword and bring it down heavily on to the rock. To your dismay, the blade snaps in two, leaving you with a much-shortened sword. Lose 2 SKILL points. If you have not already done so, you may touch the crystal (turn to 232). Alternatively, you may leave the clearing and continue west through the undergrowth (turn to 71).

371

You decide to put a Grannit in the pouch, hoping that it might be a useful decoy for you later. You poke around the wall and prise one away and drop it into the pouch. Walking on down the tunnel, you finally arrive at a dead end. You have no option but to turn around and walk back to the junction (turn to 57).

372

You leave the cell and its gruesome inmate and try to open the wooden door (turn to 227).

373

The darts are tipped with a tranquillizing compound. You fall unconscious to the ground, and when you wake up again the Pygmies are nowhere to be seen. Your sword is still in your hand, but your backpack is empty. You have lost all your possessions and Provisions. Lose 2 LUCK points. You curse the Pygmies and set off west again (turn to 7).

374

Inside the pouch you find a tiny clay doll. It was made by a witch doctor and is cursed. Lose 2 LUCK points. You throw the doll down the ravine and cross the archway (turn to 139).

375

Hacking your way through plants and shrubs, you become aware of a buzzing sound above you. Hovering over you is the colourful but threatening shape of a GIANT DRAGONFLY, its iridescent wings beating fast, yet keeping the Dragonfly perfectly still. Suddenly it plunges down to attack you.

GIANT DRAGONFLY	SKILL 8	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to 221.

376

You steer the raft over to the right-hand bank and jump off. The terrain all around is tree-covered hillside with plenty of rocks and bushes to make walking quite arduous. You look around and decide to set off towards the volcano in the north-west as it might be an ideal place for the Shaman to hide. After trudging your way through the undergrowth, you suddenly notice a strange-looking bush. It has wide leaves with crimson tips and fruit like giant raspberries hanging from its branches. If you wish to eat some of the fruit, turn to 100. If you would rather keep walking, turn to 399.

377

The paste stings mildly, but has no beneficial or detrimental effect. There is none left to try eating, so you take your sword and start to hack your way west again (turn to 113).

378

At the junction you may either continue straight on (turn to 68) or turn left (turn to 4).

379

For no apparent reason, the water becomes very turbulent. A whirlpool forms in front of the raft and you have to cling on to stop yourself from being flung off. Suddenly a great wall of water rises out of the whirlpool, forming itself into a vague humanoid shape. You are about to be engulfed by a WATER ELEMENTAL. If you possess a Pouch of Unlimited Contents, turn to 181. If you do not have this item, turn to 300.

380

You wait about fifteen minutes before chancing leaving the safety of the log. Fortunately, the Headhunters are nowhere to be seen. You waste no time in drawing your sword to cut a new path west (turn to 113).

381

You manage to cling on to the tree with one hand and knock the Tarantula off the trunk with your other hand. You continue your climb and cut off a bunch of bananas. Back on the ground you devour them quickly and walk back to your shelter. Add 2 STAMINA points. You crawl into your shelter to settle down for the night, wondering what events the next day will bring. Looking up, you see wispy clouds in shades of pink and purple gradually deepen in colour as the night sky takes over from the day. Despite the deafening noise of thousands of insects enjoying the cool night air, you are soon fast asleep. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 388. If you are Unlucky, turn to 348.

382

On a large boulder to your right you see some words which seem to have been carved out of the stone. If you want to walk up to the boulder and read the words, turn to 35. If you would rather continue your trek down the gorge, turn to 119.

383

The tunnel is now very narrow and the beams supporting the roof are cracked and dislodged in places. You feel very claustrophobic in the dim light, but you press on, often being showered with dust and small stones. You do not see a rock on the floor and stumble over it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 140. If you are Unlucky, turn to 310.

384

Before the Gonchong can withdraw its proboscis from the Lizard King, you slice through it with your sword. Both the Lizard King and the Gonchong are slain (turn to 400).

385

As you reach out to break off one of the fungi, its clam-like top opens up and releases a jet of spores into your face. They irritate your skin and lumps appear on your face. Your eyes start to close as the irritation increases. Will you:

Ignore it and hope it will go away?	Turn to 290
Rub your face with leaves from a nearby plant?	Turn to 143
Eat the fungus?	Turn to 110

386

The Dwarfs run to help you and the Lizard Man is soon overpowered. You line up the Dwarfs again and set off along the tunnel (turn to 114).

387

You have not gone far before you realize that you are not safe even aboard your raft. You see a pair of eyes protruding from the water ahead of you, and suddenly a huge jaw lined with sharp teeth gapes open. With great force, the CROCODILE slams into your raft, almost knocking you off it. The Crocodile thrashes around in the water, its jaws opening and snapping shut in its desperation to bite you. If you have an iron bar, turn to 9. If you do not have an iron bar, turn to 204.

388

The night passes without incident and you wake early to continue your quest (turn to 212).

389

As the Hydra sinks down into the black mire, the Marsh Hopper takes flight, his treachery revealed. He runs off in great loping strides and is soon out of sight. There is nothing else to do except to trudge your way west. However, you have gone not more than a hundred metres when you notice turbulence in the water to your right. That infernal Marsh Hopper has led you into a section of the marsh seething with carnivorous life. Swimming quickly towards you is a GIANT WATER-SNAKE and you must fight for your life in the marshlands yet again.

GIANT WATER-SNAKE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 because of your tiredness and lack of mobility compared with the Snake. If you win, turn to 49.

390

On the right bank of the river you see a man dressed in tattered clothing. He is waving his arms around frantically and calling out to you. He looks as if he could be an escaped prisoner. If you wish to steer your raft over to the man, turn to 87. If you would rather keep pushing up-river, turn to 14.

391

The undergrowth between the trees is dense; plants with long or broad leaves, some with spiny tips, vines, creepers, fungi, roots and flowers of all sizes, shapes and colours fighting for light and space in the humid jungle thicket. You have to use your sword to cut your way through it, and it is a long and slow business. If you wish to sit down and rest at the base of a great tree, turn to 53. If you would rather continue hacking your way west, turn to 81.

392

A thought suddenly crosses your mind that perhaps the boots you are wearing might be enchanted. You put your foot up against the wall and try to walk up it. Sure enough, it works. You are wearing a magical pair of Boots of Climbing. Add 1 LUCK point. You climb down the wall and somewhat apprehensively step over to the edge of the shaft. It feels very strange to be walking vertically down the wall like a fly. The shaft is deep but you eventually reach the bottom. It is almost totally dark. You feel your way along the wall but cannot find another tunnel leading off the abandoned shaft. You are about to step back up the side of the shaft when your foot comes into contact with something. You bend down and feel the blade of a sword. You step back up to the tunnel above to examine your discovery. In the yellow light of the torches you admire the superbly crafted sword you are holding. Add 2 SKILL points. You throw your old sword down the shaft and walk back to the junction (turn to 135).

393

The Dwarf's shackles are soon undone by the picklock's wire. Add 1 LUCK point. You tell him that you are leading the attack on the prison colony and ask where the Lizard King is hiding. He tells you that the Lizard King is on the fort's front battlement, urging on his troops. You tell the Dwarf to take the mutant's scimitar and help his fellow men outside. You wish him good luck and run through the open doorway ahead (turn to 180).

394

Before the Slime Sucker is close enough to attack you, you throw the spear at it. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1 or 2, turn to 191. If the number rolled is 3, 4, 5 or 6, turn to 202.

395

You find yourself standing in a dingy torture chamber. It is full of terrible instruments of pain: racks, thumbscrews, iron maidens and whips. You also see some rusty knives lying on a table in the corner of the chamber. Will you:

Pick up a whip?	Turn to 136
Pick up a rusty knife?	Turn to 275
Ignore everything and head for the door in the far wall?	Turn to 312

396

The Spit Toad's teeth sink painfully into your sword-arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 2 SKILL points. You grab your sword with your other hand and manage to force open the Spit Toad's mouth with it. You roll out from under its massive belly and stand up to lunge at it blindly.

SPIT TOAD SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3 because of your blindness. If you win, turn to 134.

397

The Shaman tells you that you must pass three different tests from a choice of six and asks you which you wish to take first. Which will you try?

Luck	Turn to 2
Fear	Turn to 75
Pain	Turn to 151
Revulsion	Turn to 183
Strength	Turn to 220
Dexterity	Turn to 335

398

You prise open the chest and are surprised at its contents – iron bars! The captain must have tricked his crew into believing they were burying treasure and the real treasure is probably still on board his ship, not that it will do him much good now. You decide to put one of the iron bars in your backpack and walk over to the goat-track to climb the cliff (turn to 200).

399

You notice a bulging sack hanging from the branch of a tree on the end of a piece of rope. If you wish to cut the sack down, turn to 282. If you would rather keep walking, turn to 27.

400

You throw the vile Gonchong over the wall and stand on the battlements in full view of your men. A cheer rises from below and you watch with satisfaction as they easily defeat the Lizard King's demoralized troops. The battle is over and victory is yours. The Elves, Dwarfs and men can now return to their homes on the mainland and the slave mines of Fire Island will close for ever. Mungo would have been proud of you.

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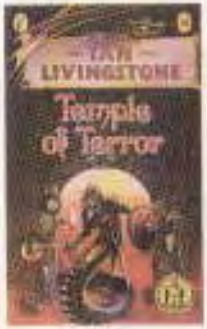
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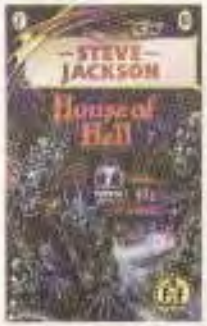
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GAMEBOOK 8

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You're no fool. All your life you've heard tales of Scorpion Swamp and how it is criss-crossed with treacherous paths leading to the haunts of its disgusting denizens. One step out of place spells a certain and lingering death. But now, the swamp holds out the lure of treasure and glory – and you cannot resist the challenge!

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ISBN 0-14-031829-1

STEVE JACKSON and IAN LIVINGSTONE

Scorpion Swamp 8

ISBN 0 14 03 1829 1

ADVENTURE GAMEBOOKS

GAMEBOOK 8

FIGHTING FANTASY

STEVE JACKSON
and IAN LIVINGSTONE
PRESENT

Scorpion Swamp

A thrilling fantasy adventure in which YOU are the hero!

ADVENTURE SHEET

MONSTER ENCOUNTER SCORES

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	Initial Stamina =	Initial Luck =

EQUIPMENT LIST

GOLD

PROVISIONS

TREASURE

KEY CHALLENGE CHECKLIST

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

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PUFFIN BOOKS

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Hardy adventurer that you are, you have never been known to quail at a little danger. But you're no fool. You've always been far too wise to risk entering the dreaded Scorpion Swamp, infamous for the tangle of treacherous paths which criss-cross its slimy depths. The creatures that live in Scorpion Swamp have given rise to the most nightmarish legends.

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9. CAVERNS OF THE SNOW WITCH
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11. TALISMAN OF DEATH
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13. FREEWAY FIGHTER
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Steve Jackson
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Scorpion Swamp

Steve Jackson

Illustrated by Duncan Smith

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Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Limited, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario,
Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1984
Reprinted 1985 (three times), 1985 (twice), 1986 (twice)

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Text copyright © Steve Jackson, 1984
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Dedicated to my mother
my first writing coach,
and still the best

With thanks to the play-testers:
Allen Varney, Monica Stephens,
C. Mara Lee, Gerald Swick,
and Jerry Self

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HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF SCORPION SWAMP

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a chain-mail shirt, as well as a few pieces of gold for incidental expenses. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 24–5 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page. If you *Escape*, do not discard the records for the monster(s) you were fighting. Should you return to that clearing, it is possible that your foe(s) will still be there – and you may have to take up the combat where you left off.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *unlucky*, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value. A SKILL spell (see later) will restore lost SKILL points.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value. A STAMINA spell (see later) will restore lost STAMINA points.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given in the pages of this book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value. A LUCK spell (see later) will restore lost LUCK points.

EQUIPMENT

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in chainmail. You have a backpack to hold any treasures you may come across.

MAGIC

You will play a fighter in *Scorpion Swamp*. However, you will almost certainly find yourself given the power to cast magical spells before the adventure is over. If you deal with a wizard, he may give you Spell Gems. Each gem gives its owner the power to cast one spell one time. Then the gem *vanishes*.

There are twelve different magic spells that you may be able to use; they are described below. When you acquire a Spell Gem, mark it on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have the chance to *choose* which spells you get, you may choose any kind of spell more than once – for instance, you could choose four Fire spells if you wanted to. Once a spell is used, though, you must mark it off on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you choose four Fire spells, you can cast Fire four times, but no more – unless you meet another helpful wizard later and acquire more Spell Gems.

Magic spells are divided into three types: Good, Evil, and Neutral. Anyone may use Neutral spells. However, good wizards may not cast Evil spells, and vice versa. You may use any spell that you can get . . . but you will not be able to get Good spells from an evil wizard, or Evil spells from a good wizard.

Neutral Spells

SKILL. When you cast this spell on yourself, it restores lost SKILL points equal to half your *Initial* SKILL score, rounded up. It cannot raise your SKILL score past its *Initial* level.

STAMINA. When you cast this spell on yourself, it restores lost STAMINA points equal to half your *Initial* STAMINA score, rounded up. It cannot raise your STAMINA score past its *Initial* level.

LUCK. When you cast this spell on yourself, it restores lost LUCK points equal to half your *Initial* LUCK score, rounded up. It cannot raise your LUCK score past its *Initial* level.

FIRE. This spell will set one medium-sized object (like a torch) on fire. The more inflammable the object, the better the spell will work.

ICE. This spell works by freezing water (or water vapour) into ice. It works best where there is water already present to be frozen.

ILLUSION. This spell will let you create one small, short-lived illusion. If *you* act in a way contrary to the illusion, the illusion will cease to fool anyone else and will be dispelled.

Good Spells

FRIENDSHIP. This spell will make one creature better disposed towards you. But it will not work on anyone or anything that cannot understand the *idea* of friendship.

GROWTH. This spell will accelerate the growth of one large plant or several smaller ones. It will not affect anything but plants.

BLESS. This spell may only be cast on another being – you *cannot* Bless yourself. It restores lost SKILL, LUCK, and STAMINA points to the creature that you Bless. Three points are added to each, but in no case may the spell increase anyone's points past their *Initial* level.

Evil Spells

FEAR. This spell will make one creature fear you – provided that it is a creature *capable* of feeling fear!

WITHERING. This spell will cause one large plant, or several small ones, to wither. It will not affect anything but plants.

CURSE. This is a very powerful spell, and not to be used lightly. When you cast a Curse, you immediately roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. However, something terrible – there is no telling what – will immediately befall your enemy, too.

When to Cast Spells

You may cast one of your SKILL, STAMINA, or LUCK spells upon yourself at any time *except during combat*. You may cast a spell on yourself just before a battle starts . . . but once the first blow has been struck, you may not use magic until the fight is over.

Other spells may only be cast when a paragraph specifically gives you the option of doing so.

MAPPING

As you play, you will travel along the network of pathways that make up Scorpion Swamp. You will want to draw a map as you go. Unlike most adventures, *Scorpion Swamp* allows you to retrace your steps. A good map may spell the difference between life and death!

Most of your adventures will take place in clearings within the swamp. Each clearing has a number to aid you in mapping. Each clearing connects to one or more paths leading out. Paths may lead to the north, south, east or west. A path may bend about, but it will always keep the same general direction. This is important. It means that if you leave one clearing by the southern path, you will enter the next clearing from the north, and vice versa. This will keep you from doubling back accidentally. When you reach a clearing, make a note of the direction in which you are travelling; it might be useful later.

In some of the clearings, you will meet people and creatures. Some of them can help you; others will attack you or hinder you in some way. It is up to you to decide how to handle each encounter.

It may happen that, in your wanderings, you will return to the same clearing again. In that case, you

may find instructions in italic type. These instructions tell you what to do if you have already visited that clearing.

If there are no special instructions, you will proceed in the usual way each time you come to that clearing.

Here is a map of an imaginary part of the swamp, to give you some help in making your own maps:

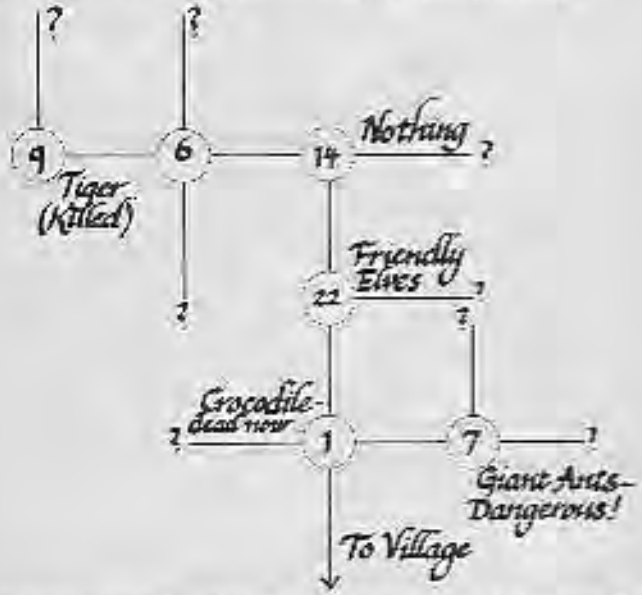

As you can see, this player has marked the number of each clearing, and made notes about what he found there. He has also indicated the paths out of each clearing, so if he returns later he will know in advance in which direction he will be able to travel.

HINTS ON PLAY

There are three possible quests in *Scorpion Swamp*. For each of the quests, there is one true path that is the best to follow. Make notes and keep your map faithfully. It may save your life . . . and, in any event, it will be invaluable in future adventures, enabling you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all clearings contain treasure; some merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. Many wrong turnings are possible . . . and even if you reach your ultimate destination, you may not find what you are searching for.

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read.

The one true way on each quest involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily once the best path has been discovered.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial	*Initial*	*Initial*
Skill = 10	*Stamina* = [illegible]	*Luck* = [illegible] 10

ITEMS COLLECTED

SWORD
CHAINMAIL
BACKPACK
MAGIC RING
GOLDEN PENDANT
RED CLOAK

SPELL GEMS AND SPELLS

GROWTH
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] ICE
FRIENDSHIP
ILLUSION

[illegible] SKILL

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = 8 *Stamina* = 12	*Skill* = 10 *Stamina* = [illegible]	*Skill* = *Stamina* =
Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =
Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =
Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =

BACKGROUND

Hardy adventurer that you are, you have never been known to quail at a little danger. But you're no fool. You've always been far too wise to venture into Scorpion Swamp. All your life you've heard tales of that awful marsh and its disgusting denizens. But the real danger of the swamp, so the tales go, is not the creatures that inhabit it, nor even the magicians and wicked men who haunt its paths.

No, the reason that so few return from Scorpion Swamp is very simple. The swamp is criss-crossed by numerous trails that twist and turn in all directions. No one has ever mapped them and lived to tell the tale. An evil fog hides the sky, so no one can set a course by the stars. Once you're well into the swamp, even compasses are unreliable. They may point north, west, or south-by-south-east, leading you around in circles until you drop from exhaustion.

So you've stayed well away from the swamp-lands. But although you don't know it yet, something is about to happen to change your fortunes . . .

As you walk along the King's highway, you come upon an old woman, crumpled in the dust. You carry her into the shade and give her a drink from your water-skin. She soon revives, but you walk

with her to the next town, just to make sure that she will be all right.

You take your leave of her in the town market-place. 'Bless you for your kindness,' she says, when you part. 'Wear this with my good wishes, and may you never lose your way.' With that, she gives you a plain-looking Brass Ring. When you slip it on your finger, smiling your thanks, it feels loose. An hour later, as you walk down the highway again, you realize that it has altered its shape to fit you perfectly. You have a magic ring!

As you travel, you learn more about the Brass Ring's powers. The old woman must have been a powerful Witch, and she meant her blessing seriously. While you are wearing the Brass Ring, you will always know which way is North. Even in the deepest forest or in the twistiest town street, you will never be lost. Furthermore, the Brass Ring grows warm on your finger in the presence of evil, even when you are greeted in a friendly fashion. You spend a week with the forest bandits . . . rough men, but honest in their way . . . and the Ring is cool. But in the caverns, it warns you of evil magic and of foul undead. And in the towns, you find that no clever thief or lying merchant can fool you. The old woman's gift is valuable indeed to an adventurer like you!

Now you feel as though you ought to put the Brass Ring to some use worthy of its magic. Exploring Scorpion Swamp, with its unmapped maze of trails, might be the perfect task. And it might be profitable, too! So, with your mind set on glory and treasure, you set off towards the bogs and fens of Scorpion Swamp.

NOW TURN OVER

1

The path that you must travel is a long one, for Scorpion Swamp lies to the far west of the kingdom. As you travel, you have many experiences that a less seasoned traveller would call adventures. To you, fighting Orcs and Goblins, defying evil wizards, and slaying giant wolves are all in a day's work. As you travel farther west, the mountains around you turn to hills, the hills to plains, and the plains to damp lowlands. You know that Scorpion Swamp cannot be far away.

When you enter the little town of Fenmarge, no one finds you remarkable. Many travellers pass through here. Your sturdy helmet and sharp sword indicate you are a fighter not to be trifled with, but this is not uncommon.

But when, sitting in the local tavern, you announce your plan to explore the swamp, the listeners are dumbfounded. They cluster around you, pushing back the battered benches to make room. The swamp, they tell you, holds the bones of many such as you! Not only is it trackless and infested with vermin, monsters and starving bandits, but a group of wizards calling themselves the Masters have recently claimed Scorpion Swamp for their own. One of them – a big, burly man escorted by two great grey wolves – visited this very tavern last week. He didn't say much, they tell you, but he didn't seem the sort to welcome trespassers on his property!

As the conversation continues, you realize that the villagers are sure you will die in the swamp. 'We can't let you go!' they say. One even makes so bold as to put his calloused hand on your shoulder to restrain you as you start to walk out the door. Will you:

Challenge them for their impertinence? Turn to 48

Politely explain that you are determined? Turn to 95

2

He is fascinated by your story. Rising heavily to his feet, he walks to a small table on which a globe is standing. He spins the globe and it opens, revealing a pile of gold coins. Poomchukker smiles, as your eyes bulge. 'Will you sell it to me?' he asks. 'I will give you a hundred pieces of fine gold.' If you accept his offer, turn to 49. If you turn him down, turn to 173.

3

Less than a mile from the edge of the swamp, you accidentally step into a hole. Muck oozes up around your leg. You cannot pull yourself out. You put down your sword and reach for a vine and try to lever yourself up. The vine breaks and you sink in deeper. Then you hear a chittering noise behind you. You reach for your sword, but tiny, sharp teeth sink into your hand . . . then the rats are upon you. You cannot run or fight. Soon, as the villagers predicted, only your bones are left, gleaming in the dim light that filters down between the trees. Your adventure is over. Next time, take some more magic with you.

4

The wizard laughs evilly. 'I see no need to waste my strength on such as you,' he sneers. 'But you may prove your mettle against this, my servant.' He waves his hand at a STATUE OF A GOBLIN that stands in a niche against the wall. The statue moves towards you, raising its stone sword. If you fight it, turn to 284. If you attack Grimslade himself, turn to 123.

5

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 273. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 297.

6

You return to Selator's hut. A merry fire is crackling in the kitchen, and something is cooking that smells delicious. He greets you warmly and asks, 'Have you got the berry?' If you have got the purple berry of the Antherica plant, turn to 175. If not, turn to 52.

7

The evil wizard's brow darkens and the designs on his robe writhe ominously. 'Well,' he mutters, 'it's better than nothing. Give me what you have, and I will give you 250 gold pieces.' If you choose to accept his offer, turn to **266**. If you remind him that he had promised you more, turn to **207**.

8

'Well, that's too bad,' he sighs. 'I'll have to find someone else. If you have any of my magic gems left, I'll trade some healing potion for them.' Will you:

Trade your remaining spell gems for the potion?	Turn to **141**
Explain that you have used them all?	Turn to **316**
Attack Poomchukker?	Turn to **341**

9

You are on the southern edge of Scorpion Swamp. Thanks to the Brass Ring, you will always know which way is north . . . but you must still make a map! You decide to map each path you follow, and each clearing you enter, so that you will know which way to go if you return to a clearing. (For hints on mapping, see page 21.)

You quickly find a path leading north into the swamp. A huge sign, crudely painted on a boulder, reads: 'STOP! SCORPION SWAMP! TURN BACK!' A skull and cross-bones completes the grisly picture. Bravely, you stride past the warning and enter the swamp. You can see that it would be foolish to step off the path into the muck, so you follow the trail where it leads. Turn to **195**.

10

The knotted trees give way before you and you enter another clearing. *This is Clearing 5. If you have been here before, turn to* **142**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* You realize immediately that there has been a battle here. The ground is torn up; blood is splashed over the dank swamp-grass, and you can see two arrows sticking in a tree not far away. If you examine the clearing to see what you can find, turn to **59**. If you decide to leave as quickly as possible, turn to **227**.

11

As you walk west, the swamp becomes even grimmer. Just as you think that you can stand it no longer, the path begins to widen, and you find yourself in a long, narrow opening. *This is Clearing 6. If you have been here before, turn to* **210**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* You look around and see no other paths; you appear to have come to a dead end. You walk towards a large grey boulder, hoping to rest on it for a minute. Suddenly, the boulder moves! You are not looking at grey stone at all, but coarse grey hair. Red eyes glare at you, and a DIRE BEAST with six clawed legs moves towards you. Will you:

Fight it?	Turn to **176**
Run for your life?	Turn to **102**
Try a magic spell?	Turn to **374**

12

The Giant bellows angrily as he fights. He is enormously strong. Luckily for you, he is not very nimble. His club rarely hits you. When it does, though, it does *double* damage. Look out!

GIANT SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you reduce the Giant's STAMINA to 6, turn to **61**. You may also try to *Escape* during the fight, but remember that the Giant's blows are double-strength. If you try to Escape you will lose 4 STAMINA points. If you Escape alive, turn to **161**.

13

'I am a lighter on a quest,' you reply. Your ring is not warning you of evil, so you feel safe speaking to the Master of Frogs. Are you in the service of:

Selator?	Turn to **212**
Grimslade?	Turn to **287**
Poomchukker?	Turn to **376**

14

The trail takes you to a small open spot where, years ago, a great tree fell and dragged down several others. *This is Clearing* **32**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **338**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* As you approach, you hear the sound of fighting. You step round a tree to see a GIANT SCORPION fighting a Dwarf who is wearing leather armour. The Dwarf is in trouble. As you rush towards the fight, the Scorpion catches the Dwarf's neck in one of its claws and throws him to the ground, where he lies still. You doubt that you have any magic spells which would be worth using on this enemy. If you leave the clearing while the monster feasts on the Dwarf, turn to **88**. If you attack the Giant Scorpion, turn to **312**.

15

What bribe will you offer him?

A Golden Magnet?	Turn to **63**
An Amulet belonging to one of the other Masters?	Turn to **198**
A huge Violet Jewel?	Turn to **276**
None of these?	Turn to **212** and choose again.

16

Something in your voice betrays you. His hands move in front of him and he looks at you quizzically. Is he reading your mind? Turn to **198**.

17

If this man is evil, you want nothing to do with him. You stride past him towards an exit. As you leave the clearing, a garrotte whips around your neck. You struggle, but the Thief chokes you with the garrotte and you fall unconscious. Lose 3 STAMINA points. When you awake, you feel sick and dizzy. All your spell gems and other magic items are gone, and there is no sign of the Thief. Turn to 179.

18

When they see you charging towards them, waving your sword, their nerve breaks. All five of the Brigands dive into the trees at the side of the clearing. You do not stop for an instant; you run through the clearing shouting and out on to the pathway at the other end. The Brigands are too stunned to think of pursuing you. Turn to 19.

19

There are two paths leading out of the clearing. The northern one is much wider and more distinct, as though many had travelled along it. Will you go:

North?	Turn to 280
East?	Turn to 137

20

The berry tastes delicious. You feel a sense of well-being run through your body. Regain 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. You find nothing else of interest here. Turn to 342.

21

You relax for a few minutes. Regain 1 STAMINA point. Then you hear a *whuffling* sound coming from the tree. If you want to see who or what is in the tree, turn to 55. If you would rather not know, turn to 390.

22

Even as you pocket the seeds, you see new growth stirring at the base of the trees. You leave quickly. Will you go:

North?	Turn to 320
South?	Turn to 90
West?	Turn to 11

23

The Brass Ring feels cold; you know that the Mistress of Birds is a good wizard. You explain your quest and ask for her help. She shakes her head. 'That merchant is very foolish. Even if he gets his map of the swamp, some of my brother wizards are evil and will try to plunder his caravans. But you are brave, and I will help you to avoid the worst part of your journey.' Turn to 248.

24

The Will-o'-the-wisp dances ahead of you, and you follow. The ground gets wetter and wetter. Suddenly, you fall into a mud-hole! Abruptly, the Will-o'-the-wisp vanishes. It exists only to lure unwary travellers into danger. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, you get out of the mud-hole safely. If you are *Unlucky*, you lose 2 points of STAMINA in your struggles, but eventually you are standing on solid ground. If it were not for your Brass Ring, you would be hopelessly lost. As it is, you know which way to walk to find the clearing. Turn to 249.

25

The Eagle gives a great cry and circles the clearing once; then it flies to its nest. You are happy to leave it in peace! Turn to 202.

26

You sense that the Master of Spiders is wholly and fouly evil, and you attack him with your sword. He counter-attacks with a gleaming wand. You see that its tip is sharply pointed, and smeared with a foul greenish substance. Each time the wand strikes you, it does 1 extra point of damage to your STAMINA SCORE.

MASTER OF SPIDERS SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you kill him, turn to 354.

27

Gronar tells you to seek out Poomchukker in the village market. As soon as you enter the tangle of streets and shops, you are lost. You ask for directions several times, and eventually a group of laughing young boys escorts you to a large house on the edge of the market. You knock on the door – and it is answered by a Goblin! Not a Goblin warrior like those whom you have fought, but a Goblin serving-girl. She escorts you to a library where Poomchukker sits. He is one of the oddest men you have ever seen . . . very tall and immensely fat, with an elaborately braided beard and bright red skin! You tell him your story and ask if he is looking for someone like you. 'Yes, I am,' he rumbles. 'But what makes you think you can live in Scorpion Swamp when so many others have died there?' If you tell him about the old woman and the powers of the Brass Ring you wear, turn to 2. If you simply smile and say you are a skilled fighter, turn to 173.

28

There are several Sword Trees, but you may fight them as a single opponent. You are lucky in that they cannot see you – they attack by sound. However, there are several trees, each with many bladed branches.

SWORD TREES	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

If you defeat them, turn to 362. Otherwise, you will no doubt become fertilizer for the trees . . .

29

You know that it would be foolish to tell this man that you serve an evil wizard. 'I serve the forces of Good,' you reply, 'but right now I only want to find my way out of this swamp. I am looking for one of the wizards called the Masters.' *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **185**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **378**.

30

It is a long way down, and you jump as carefully as you can. You throw your boots and your pack down first; then you dive. To your horror, you find that the water is shallow and the bottom is muddy. You are stuck! You manage to struggle free, but when you reach the surface you see the open jaws of a Crocodile, ready to take you in. You grab your sword, but it's too late: the jaws are the last thing you see. Your adventure is over.

31

As you walk along, you sense that you are far to the east of the point where you entered the swamp. You wonder if you have taken the right paths. Suddenly, you step into a grassy glade. *This is Clearing 21. If you have been here before, turn to* **364**. *If not, keep reading*. There is a crystalline pool in the middle of the clearing, with an inviting sandy beach to one side. There are no other paths leading out. Will you:

Leave and go back to the west?	Turn to **47**
Watch a while for danger?	Turn to **394**
Drink from the pool?	Turn to **77**

32

You chop at the flowers with your sword, but there are more of them than you can destroy. You are rapidly exhausting yourself. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If you give up and run away, turn to **269**. If you try a magic spell, turn to **80**.

33

You hurry across the clearing, hoping to forestall another attack by the Crab Grass. But it grows up in front of you even faster this time, blocking your way. The green nippers reach out hungrily for you. If you chop at it with your sword, turn to **134**. If you use magic, turn to **167**.

34

Which spell will you use against the Pool Beast?

Wither?	Turn to 237
Fire?	Turn to 291
Fear?	Turn to 356
None of these?	Turn to 209 and choose again.

35

These two arrows are also badly aimed – but they curve around and hit your backpack! Only one penetrates, doing little harm. You lose 1 STAMINA point. You realize that the Golden Magnet is cursed, and attracts arrows . . . you are lucky that you put it in your pack instead of wearing it! Will you:

Attack with your sword?	Turn to 281
Use a magic spell?	Turn to 399
Run for your life?	Turn to 309

36

You tell the Master of Gardens about your quest. If you have already found the Antherica bush, turn to 283. If you have not found it, turn to 396.

37

If you tell the truth about your quest, turn to 292. If you make up a story and chat for a while, turn to 220.

38

The Slime is dead; its remains melt and putrefy while you are watching. The smell is unbearable. Turn to 153.

39

You cast the Friendship spell on the Unicorn. It gazes at you warily; it has little trust in humans. But the spell evidently has some effect, for the Unicorn eventually lowers its head and starts to crop the grass in the clearing. Turn to 348.

40

You control your fear and approach the gloomy tower. Bats circle around the upper storey. As you step towards the great iron door, you see a hideous face sculpted on it. Then the door swings open before you! Grimslade stands waiting. He is tall and skeletally thin. The crimson designs on his black robe seem to glow. He greets you pleasantly, but your ring, hot on your finger, continues to warn you that you are in the presence of evil. 'I know all about you,' he says. 'You want to explore the swamp. That meddling fool Gronar sent you here. But what makes you think you are worthy of my time? I need a hero who is afraid of nothing.' Will you:

Challenge him to a combat?	Turn to **4**
Explain that you are a hardy warrior and that your magic ring will prevent you from losing your way?	Turn to **50**
Smile and say that you fear nothing?	Turn to **97**

41

You enter a flat clearing surrounded by trees covered in ivy. *This is Clearing* **30**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **382**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. There seems to be nothing of interest here, so you walk towards the other exit – when you realize you are sinking into Quicksand! *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **270**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **87**.

42

You look through the belongings of the unfortunate Dwarf to see if there is anything that you can use. His armour, of course, is too small for you, but in his pouch you find a small vial of potion. If you drink it, turn to 253. If you leave it, turn to 88.

43

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 339. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 313.

44

You are not attacked as you wade across, but when you reach the other side, you are disgusted to find several large Leeches on your legs, drinking your blood! Roll two dice and lose as many STAMINA points as shown on the *lower* of the two. You may travel north or south from here. If you go north, turn to 157. If you go south, turn to 398.

45

You are wary of anything that seems so simple. The bridge must be a trap of some kind! You turn and go back the way you came. If you came from the north, turn to 331. If you came from the south, turn to 303.

46

There is nothing more you can do here unless you can get into the hut – but it appears to be magically locked, and you can find no way to open it. You decide to leave. Turn to 314.

47

You come upon a small, overgrown clearing. *You are in Clearing* 3. You look around, but you see nothing. There are three exits. Will you go:

South?	Turn to 290
East?	Turn to 31
West?	Turn to 118

48

You clap your hand to your sword and issue a ringing challenge. They are not frightened, or even especially impressed; they merely laugh at you. 'We are not fighting folk, only simple villagers,' they say. 'But one such as you, with your ready sword, indeed belongs in the great swamp, among the other seekers of trouble. We shall detain you no longer.' You feel somewhat embarrassed. Lose 1 LUCK point for behaving aggressively towards these peaceful folk, and go to 95.

49

Greedily, you pull the Brass Ring off your finger and throw it on to the table. He counts a hundred gold pieces into a leather bag and hands it to you. You now have enough money to live on for several years, or to carouse wildly for a month or so . . . but you have traded it for your magic ring. You know that without its protection you dare not enter Scorpion Swamp. Your adventure is over.

50

He listens to your story with great interest. 'A magic ring, you say?' You nod and extend your hand so that he can see the Brass Ring gleaming on your finger. His eyes widen and he steps back from you, moving one hand in a strange pattern. You suspect that he is casting a spell! Will you:

Leap to attack him?	Turn to 373
Wait to see what he is doing?	Turn to 222
Turn and flee?	Turn to 315

51

A pit opens in front of you, but you leap over it. You charge at full speed through the entrance hall, straight-arming another Statue as it reaches for you. You kick the door open. The hideous face upon it howls and attempts to bite you, but you are too swift. If you want to run for the swamp, turn to 296. If you head for the village, turn to 5.

52

Sadly, you have no berries to give him. You explain what happened in the swamp. Selator's face falls. 'Well, I'm sure you did your best,' he says. Seeing him so downcast, you offer to go back and try again, but he will not hear of it. 'The danger,' he says, 'is too great.' You did what you could, but it was not enough. Your adventure is over.

53

As you follow the path southward, you hear the croaking of thousands of frogs . . . tiny ones, huge ones, and all sizes in between. The path leads into a clearing dotted with little pools. *This is Clearing* 8. *If you have already been here, turn to* 329. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* At first, all you see is a number of huge mushrooms. Then you realize that there is a man sitting on one of them. He is very short, but stout, with snapping black eyes and a wide mouth. Around his neck there hangs a silver Amulet in the shape of a frog, and sitting on the ground on either side of him are two huge green bullfrogs. 'I am the MASTER OF FROGS,' he greets you. 'What brings you to my home?' If you greet him in return, turn to 13. If you attack him, turn to 62.

54

His face contorts with rage, and he screeches at you, 'How dare you return empty-handed?' *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky*, go to 109. If you are *Unlucky*, go to 285.

55

Warily, you step over to the tree. Before you reach it, a rank odour warns you that it is the den of some large animal. You step backwards as an enormous BEAR pokes his shaggy head out of the hollow tree. If you run away, turn to **390**. If you want to fight the Bear, turn to **200**.

56

You make your way across the fields and along the winding roads, towards the village market-place. There stands the house of Poomchukker, just as you left it. You knock on the door, and the Goblin girl admits you. She takes you to Poomchukker's library. There he sits, swathed in a silken robe. 'Well, how did it go?' he booms. 'Did you bring me a map of the path to Willowbend?' If you reached Willowbend in your travels, turn to **158**. If you did not get to Willowbend, turn to **8**.

57

None of the spells you have seem quite right for this situation. You draw your sword and charge at the evil wizard. Turn to **124**.

58

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, you pick your way through to the exit you choose. If you are *Unlucky*, you make it, but only after tripping over a protruding root and banging your leg on a stone – subtract 1 from your STAMINA. You may now leave the clearing. Will you travel:

West?	Turn to **398**
East?	Turn to **105**
South?	Turn to **208**

59

You decide to look around the clearing. Perhaps there is someone who needs your help – or something that can help you? Almost immediately you stumble over the body of a Swamp Orc. Quickly you search the loathesome carcass, but you find nothing of value. Then you see a wounded man leaning against a tree. You hasten to help him, but when you reach his side you find that he is already dead: three arrows have pierced his chest. Two more Orcs lie at his feet; they paid dearly for his life. You see no packs or weapons; the surviving Orcs must have looted the scene before leaving. You decide to give the fallen fighter what burial you can. As you do so, you see a golden pendant shaped like a small Magnet hanging round his neck. You may leave it, or add it to your possessions. Turn to 227.

60

You decide to try an Illusion spell. Thinking quickly, you create the illusion of a helpless villager running for the trees in front of the Dire Beast. The bloodthirsty creature turns towards the easier prey, and you let the illusion vanish again. While the Dire Beast is preoccupied, you slip quietly down the trail back the way you came. Turn to 279.

61

'It's not fair,' the Giant cries angrily. 'First you little people steal from me, and then you come here and attack me! I never meant anybody any harm!' If you believe him, turn to 229. If you want to press the attack, you may fight to the death. If you kill the Giant, turn to 366.

62

You rush towards him with your sword raised. His eyes bulge in surprise, and he leaps off his mushroom. His jump carries him several feet backwards. He gestures towards you, and his two Frogs jump in your direction. If you run back the way you came, turn to 323. If you fight the Frogs, turn to 146.

63

You reach into your pack and offer him the Golden Magnet that you took from the dead fighter. He laughs. 'Sorry, but I don't want that. It has a curse on it! Why don't you just throw it into the pool there?' Feeling foolish, you do so. If you have another item you would like to offer him, turn to 15. If you have nothing else to offer him, turn to 212 and try another tactic.

64

You cast the Fire spell on the Wolves, hoping to drive them away. It works! The fur of the closest one blazes up, and both Wolves flee in panic. But the Master of Wolves is not intimidated by your spell. 'So!' he growls, 'a fighter playing with magic, eh? See how you like this.' He shakes his clenched fist at you, and you feel as if a great blow has struck your sword arm. Lose 3 SKILL points and 1 STAMINA point. You can see that if it comes to a duel of spells, you would be the loser . . . so you draw your sword and attack.

MASTER OF WOLVES	SKILL 11	STAMINA 10

If you find yourself losing, you may *Escape*; turn to 314. If you kill the Master of Wolves, turn to 154.

65

The trail winds about, but you keep to it faithfully. Skirting a great shelf-fungus and the tiny creatures dining on it, you approach another clearing. *This is Clearing 10. If you have been here before, turn to 343. If you have not been here before, keep reading.* You can hear the sound of voices ahead of you. Cautiously, you peer round a tree. You see a group of five men, you guess they are BRIGANDS from their dress and rough speech. The Brass Ring is not warm, so you know that these men are not really evil. On the other hand, there is no need to be foolish. Will you:

Turn around and go back the way you came?	Turn to 137
Charge out at them, shouting and waving your sword?	Turn to 231
Cast a spell from your hiding place?	Turn to 387
Step out confidently and greet them?	Turn to 163

66

You enter a rather pleasant glade surrounded by gnarled oaks. *You are in Clearing* 9. *If you have been here before, turn to* 192. *If you have not been here before, keep on reading.* Leaning against a tree, eating lunch, is a small, cheerful man in dark clothes. His food is in a picnic basket. He has no visible weapons, except for the knife with which he is cutting his cheese. He notices you standing there and hails you. 'Good day, fighter, will you share my meal?' As he speaks, you feel the Brass Ring grow hot, warning you of evil. You realize that the man is a THIEF. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to 267
Ignore him?	Turn to 17
Accept his invitation and sit down?	Turn to 147

67

Sure enough, it is a healing mixture. You use it all, and feel your strength return. Gain 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 19.

68

If you know a secret word taught to you by the Master of Wolves, turn to 302. If not, turn to 215.

69

You have slain the Bear. You search its den, but you find nothing of value. Turn to 390.

70

Your reactions are quick. You have time to decide how to deal with the Scorpions. Will you:

Stamp on them and strike with your sword?	Turn to 216
Cast a Fire spell?	Turn to 110
Leap over them to safety?	Turn to 377

71

Afraid that the noisy bird will give the alarm, you whip out your sword and behead the Parrot. It falls to the ground without a cry. From its tail you pull a few of its brightly coloured feathers. You continue forward cautiously. Turn to 149.

72

The ground beneath you is sticky, but you keep your footing. The Will-o'-the-wisp is still dancing in front of you. If you turn back, turn to 249. If you follow it further west, turn to 24.

73

Test your Luck. If you are *Unlucky*, you fall down, losing 2 STAMINA points, but you climb back up to the nest. If you are *Lucky*, you get to the nest safely. Looped about one of the branches you find a heavy Gold Chain; you may take it if you wish. You climb down and leave. Turn to 202.

74

You decide to combat the evil Master of Spiders with a spell. Which one will you use?

Friendship?	Turn to 361
Curse?	Turn to 261
Fire?	Turn to 113
None of these?	Turn to 144 and choose again.

75

You cast a Fire spell on the Sword Trees. They writhe in anger, but are not badly hurt. Turn to 28 and fight, subtracting 2 from the STAMINA of the Sword Trees before you start.

76

You know that a Ranger is a fighter on the side of Good, and no doubt familiar with the swamp. He can be trusted with your story. He has heard of Selator, and would like to help. He offers you some healing herbs which clear your head and restore 1 lost SKILL point. If you have already found the Antherica bush, turn to 166. If not, turn to 333.

77

You feel revitalized. The water in the pool has healing properties. Regain 3 STAMINA points. You leave and go back to the west. Turn to 47.

78

The Bent Spear is a pleasant, roomy inn. You pay the innkeeper a Gold Piece and go to your room. As soon as your head hits the pillow, you fall asleep. You wake up the next morning feeling refreshed; regain 2 STAMINA points. When you are about to leave, the innkeeper hails you. He knows that you came through Scorpion Swamp, and that you intend to return the same way. 'You must be a mighty fighter to have come through the swamp,' he says, 'and perhaps this is none of my business . . . but there is a wizard in the next street who might be able to sell you some spells to help you get back.' Thanking the innkeeper for his kind suggestion, you ask for directions to the wizard and leave. If you visit the wizard, turn to 150. If you strike off south across the swamp again, turn to 343.

79

You agree that a single combat, fought to first blood only, would be an honourable way to settle the question. You and the Brigand Leader square off. The other men crowd around you, but they do not seem treacherous – merely excited.

BRIGAND LEADER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

You fight only until one of you hits the other. If you hit the Brigand Leader first, turn to **360**. If he hits you first, turn to **128**.

80

Which spell will you use against the Fear Flowers?

Fire?	Turn to **307**
Wither?	Turn to **196**
Neither of these?	Turn to **204** and choose again.

81

You have destroyed the Crab Grass; you have no doubt that it is dead. You search the clearing. On a tree, you find some scorched lettering: 'Beware of Orcs!' That is all. You leave; turn to **187**.

82

The jewel looks valuable, so you draw your sword and attack the beast. It strikes at you with its rubbery tentacles.

POOL BEAST SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you want to *Escape* and run back to the west, turn to 330. If you kill the beast, turn to 308.

83

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 35. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 357.

84

Confident that the Master of Gardens is a friend, you tell him your business. He wishes you well, but can do little to help you. He leads you around his glade, and you see that the only path out is the one that brought you there. You take your leave of the Master of Gardens and go back to the west. Turn to 363.

85

You flee. *You must go back the way you came*. Turn to 153 and choose the path from which you *entered* this clearing.

86

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 189. If you are *Unlucky*, you find nothing; turn to 348.

87

You are trapped in the Quicksand. You can feel yourself being slowly drawn down. Your only hope is to shed your armour. Working quickly, you pull it off and abandon it. Now you can pull yourself out of the Quicksand, but you must lose 2 SKILL points *and* reduce your *Initial* SKILL level by 2, because you have lost your armour. Turn to 270.

88

You leave the clearing. If you go north, turn to 121. If you go east, turn to 331.

89

You use your Ice spell to form a bridge across the river. But the river is very wide and warm, so the bridge is very slender! If you want to cross it, turn to 325. If you would rather not trust yourself to a magical bridge of ice, turn to 295 and choose again.

90

You have crossed several shallow streams, but now you are faced with a deeper one. *This is Clearing* 34. You see movement in the water below, and you are not sure that you care to wade across. Will you:

Use the Ice spell?	Turn to 370
Use the Wither spell?	Turn to 254
Wade across, very carefully?	Turn to 44

91

Roll two dice. If the result is equal to or less than your STAMINA, you made the jump. Otherwise, you fell short, caught your leg in the mire, and twisted your arm slightly when you landed. Subtract 1 point from your SKILL. You may now leave the clearing. Will you travel:

West?	Turn to 398
East?	Turn to 105
South?	Turn to 208

92

The path leads you northward, and gradually upward. The ground around you is somewhat drier now, and the swamp trees have been replaced by deep forest. The trees thin out ahead of you, and you see a large clearing dotted with low bushes. *This is Clearing* 11. *If you have been here before, turn to* 108. *If you have not been here before, keep on reading.* You stop and listen, but hear nothing. You step out into the clearing to search for more paths, suddenly you realize that you are being watched by two huge WOLVES. If you have the Wolf Amulet, turn to 344. If not, turn to 68.

93

You throw your Curse spell at the Master of Wolves. He clutches his throat in pain, but raises his sword nevertheless. Then you feel the effect of the Curse upon *you*. Roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. If you live, you must still fight the Master of Wolves, but you can subtract 2 points from both his SKILL and STAMINA scores when you do. Turn to 120.

94

The trail dips down and you see swirling mist. The smell is vile and you hold your breath. But before you get out of the mist, you are forced to breathe. Lose 2 STAMINA points from the effect of the swamp fog. If you travel to the north, turn to 295. If you are going south, turn to 320.

95

The villagers shake their heads as you turn towards the door, but make no further attempts to dissuade you. But, before you reach the door, a villager blocks your path. He is a short, middle-aged fellow with a black beard cut square across the bottom. At first you take him for a farmer, but he seems more interested in you than any farmer should be! He takes your arm and leads you to a table in the corner of the tavern. The others have gone back to their chatting, and you find yourself willing to hear what this quiet man will say to you. He introduces himself as Gronar. 'If you really intend to brave the terrors of the swamp,' he says, 'you ought to have some purpose, rather than random mapping and beast-slaying.' If you agree with him, turn to 240. If you disagree, turn to 122.

96

Somehow, you cannot keep a secret from this good man. You find yourself telling him all about the Brass Ring and its powers. Turn to 371.

97

'Fine,' he replies, smiling. You see that his teeth are pointed. He waves his hand at the wall, where a STATUE OF A GOBLIN is standing. It quivers and moves towards you, brandishing a stone sword. If you want to run away, turn to 315. If you choose to fight the Statue, turn to 284.

98

You feel a dull, heavy blow land on the back of your head. You collapse at the wizard's feet, dropping your sword. Looking up, you see that he seems to have grown enormously. But in fact it is you who has shrunk to the size of an insect! You flee, tripping over your own legs as you run. He laughs and lets you go. You run up the wall and hide in a crack, and Grimslade goes about his business. Eventually, you become hungry. You spin a web and hope for a tasty fly. Already you are forgetting your former life. Your adventure is over.

99

You hand Grimslade the Amulets for which you braved Scorpion Swamp. He takes them from you, smirking nastily. Stepping out of the room, he returns with a small but heavy pouch. He tosses it to you, and you hear the clink of coins. 'Begone,' he says, 'and do not return, for I am done with you.' Turn to **242**.

100

Tired and battered, you leave Poomchukker's mansion and head for the inn. You did not succeed in your quest, but at least you escaped with your life. Perhaps you will return another day. For now, your adventure is over.

101

The bridge is old but in good repair. If you choose to travel north, turn to 350. If you would rather go south, turn to **118**.

102

Although you have a head start, you soon hear the Dire Beast gaining on you. Lose 1 point of STAMINA. Turn back to **11** and choose another tactic.

103

You explain your quest. The Giant nods his head. 'We are close to the north side of the swamp now,' he tells you, 'but the town of Willowbend lies many miles to the west of here. You should travel west.' You thank him and take your leave. Turn to **161**.

104

The Master of Frogs hops down off his mushroom and reaches into the pool. He brings up a handful of water. It does not run between his fingers, but stays in his hand. He moulds it between his fingers and it turns into a Crystal Ball. He gazes into it for a while, murmuring to himself. Then he tosses it back into the pool. 'The plant you seek is directly to the north,' he tells you. 'But the way is not straight, and there are many dangers. Beware of my brother Masters, for not all of them are friendly. And be kind to the Giant.' With those words, he jumps straight up, and vanishes in the trees. The clearing is empty. Turn to 352.

105

Ahead of you is a clearing. Unlike the last one you found, the ground seems to be solid. *This is Clearing* **12**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **330**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* You see several large flat stones, a huge hollow tree, and two other paths leading out. Will you:

Sit down and rest on a stone?	Turn to 21
Investigate the hollow tree?	Turn to 55
Leave the clearing immediately?	Turn to 390

106

A garrotte drops over your neck from behind. The Thief has fooled you! Luckily, you are much stronger than he is. You loosen his grip and flip him over your shoulder! Escaping from the garrotte has cost you 2 STAMINA points, but you are free. If you attack the treacherous Thief, who is now brandishing a dagger, turn to **267**. If you turn and dash down one of the paths, turn to **179**.

107

You cast your Curse spell on the closest Brigand. He screams and falls to the ground. His companions rush to his side. Then they, too, scream, and go running north out of the clearing. The fallen Brigand is dead, his features are contorted, he looks as if he has died from an awful disease. Then you feel the effect of the Curse. Roll a die and lose that many points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, you can proceed. Turn to 19

108

You re-enter the clearing where you met the Wolves. It is quiet; you see nothing unusual. The bush is still in the middle of the clearing; it has no berries on it now. There is nothing of interest here. You leave and go back southward, towards the Giant's clearing. Turn to 342.

109

He mutters and blusters, but he has seen you fight, and he is not quite angry enough to attack you. Will you:

Leave with what you have?	Turn to 349
Attack him?	Turn to 124
Cast a spell?	Turn to 256

110

You know that the only magic likely to help you against the crawling multitude is a Fire spell. Quickly, you cast it. A ring of fire blooms in the grass around your feet. It spreads for a moment and then goes out, but the Scorpions have been driven back. You dash out of the clearing before they can attack you again. Turn to 319.

111

You are unwilling to attack the Mistress of Birds, but you are determined to get what you want. You cast your Friendship spell on her. She laughs. 'Foolish Warrior! Do you not know that a good wizard is a friend to all? You have wasted your spell.' Turn to 184.

112

You are curious about the great nest. If you would like to climb up and examine it, turn to 73. If you would rather leave, turn to 202.

113

It occurs to you that spider-webs are very inflammable. You cast the Fire spell on the Master of Spiders. Instantly his robes catch fire. He screams horribly and falls to the ground. The flame spreads throughout the clearing. Sheets of fire rush up the trees, incinerating the foul creatures that lurk there. The heat is so intense that you abandon any idea of collecting loot. Your only thought is to escape. You loose 3 STAMINA points due to burns as you rush from the clearing. Turn to 165.

114

You cast the Growth spell on the trees. Maybe they will grow so tall that they will be unable to reach you. You soon realize your mistake. The trees grow more branches and continue their attack. Turn to 28 and fight, but *double* the STAMINA of the Sword Trees.

115

The Ranger laughs; he appreciates your honesty. 'Well, then you need to find Willowbend,' he says. 'Go south, then west at the crossing of paths. From there, just stay on the path and you will come to the town. But don't stray off the path!' You thank him and go on. Turn to 234.

116

You do your best to ignore the noise of the roisterers carousing below, but it gets worse. Long after midnight, you fall into a fitful sleep, but you are awakened early the next morning by the sounds of a market-place outside your window. Angrily, you collect your belongings and stalk southward out of town, towards the swamp. Turn to 343.

117

You cast the Friendship spell that you found in the glade of the Unicorn. The Master of Gardens smiles broadly: 'What can I do for you, my friend?' You ask him for his Flower Amulet. He takes it from around his neck and drops it over your head. When it touches you, you are paralysed! He looks deep into your eyes and commands you to tell him the truth about yourself, and you cannot disobey. He shakes his head. 'You are not a bad person, but you serve a bad master. The kindest thing I can do for you is to advise you to be on your guard.' He takes the Amulet back and walks away. Eventually you regain control of your limbs and leave, going west. Turn to 363.

118

You can see that ahead of you two other paths join yours in a small clearing. *You are in Clearing* 13. *If you have been here before, turn to* 303. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. You feel a prickling sensation around your Brass Ring. Looking down, you see dozens of small SCORPIONS scuttling towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 70. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 182.

119

Which spell will you cast on the Unicorn?

Friendship?	Turn to 39
Fear?	Turn to 293
Bless?	Turn to 381
Fire?	Turn to 337
None of these?	Turn to 320 and choose again.

120

The Master of Wolves gestures, and his two WOLVES run towards you. You must fight each of them in turn. If you kill them both, you must fight the Master of Wolves himself.

First WOLF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
Second WOLF	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
MASTER OF WOLVES	SKILL 11	STAMINA 10

If you find yourself losing, you may *Escape*; turn to **314**. If you kill the Master of Wolves and his pets, turn to **154**.

121

You find yourself at a crossing of paths. Which way will you go?

North?	Turn to **170**
South?	Turn to **14**
East?	Turn to **275**
West?	Turn to **218**

122

He counters your argument deftly. 'Not only is a mission worth while, my friend, but there is a great deal of strong magic now in Scorpion Swamp. You look like a doughty fighter, and you may have a little magic about you as well, but without the aid of a wizard, I fear that you will never see the sun again if you set foot in the swamp.' You realize that he is sincere. If you want to hear more from this man, turn to **240**. If you would prefer to leave and go into the swamp on your own, turn to **296**.

123

The sorcerer's eyes widen and he leaps backwards, losing his tall hat and knocking over a vase as he does so. An evil-smelling vapour curls up from the broken vase. The animated statue freezes in its tracks; you have broken the wizard's concentration and spoiled the spell he was using! If you want to press your attack, turn to **225**. If you want to flee while he is preoccupied, turn to **315**.

124

The evil wizard is every bit as angry as you are. He plucks his wand from his robes. As he takes up the stance of a swordsman, the wand shimmers and changes into a jagged blade. It glows as he wields it, and you realize that it must be magical. One way or another, this will be the last battle of your adventure!

GRIMSLADE SKILL 13 STAMINA 18

This is a fight to the death; you may not try to escape. If you kill Grimslade, turn to 340.

125

You have slain the Dire Beast. You cut off a few of its rock-like claws as mementoes of your great battle. You search the clearing for other exits, but find none, so you turn round and leave by the way you came, heading east. Turn to 279.

126

You cast your spell on the Giant while he stands there. Frost forms on his beard and eyebrows, and he shivers for a second. 'Getting cold around here!' he rumbles to himself. But he shows no other effect. Turn back to 145 and make another choice.

127

He doesn't seem like a bad fellow at all; he's just shy. You decide to try the Friendship spell on him. Instantly, his face lights up. 'You know, I don't get many visitors out here,' he says. 'I can tell you whatever you need to know – I'm a very powerful wizard! But first, sit down and talk to me.' You chat for a while with the Master of Frogs, and then bring the subject back to the plant you are seeking. Turn to 104.

128

Although you are skilful, the Brigand Leader is also a fine swordsman. His blade raps you sharply on the ribs. You have lost. Your opponent, a good sport, congratulates you on a fine fight, and spreads out his own cloak so that you can sit down and rest. 'And now, to settle our little wager,' he says. 'What have I won?' You must give him any one gem, jewel, or magical artefact that you possess. If the only such item you have is your Brass Ring, turn to **180**. If you have any other suitable item or items, you may give him whichever one you like (make sure you mark it off on your *Adventure Sheet*). You part in friendship from the Brigands and go on your way. Turn to **19**.

129

If you killed the Bear, turn to **268**. If you ran from it, turn to **181**.

130

Which spell will you try?

Curse?	Turn to **260**
Friendship?	Turn to **111**
Fear?	Turn to **201**
None of these?	Turn to **288** and choose again.

131

The Parrot fixes you with a beady eye. 'Just walk forward. She knows that you are coming.' You go through a screen of low palm trees, and find yourself in a beautiful glade. Thousands of coloured birds fill the air and the surrounding trees. Great Herons and Eagles stalk about. Seated on a low pedestal in the midst of this splendour is a lovely woman, who you know must be the Mistress of Birds. She greets you by name and asks you your business. Your reply, of course, depends on your patron. Is it:

Poomchukker?	Turn to 23
Selator?	Turn to 164
Grimslade?	Turn to 288

132

You have killed the Eagle. If you would like to climb up and examine its nest, turn to 73. If you would rather leave now, turn to 202.

133

There is no sign of the Ranger now; he has melted into the woods. Turn to 234.

134

You hack at the CRAB GRASS with your sword. The nippers are easy to cut down, but more keep growing up around you. Fight the hungry lawn as though it was a single opponent:

CRAB GRASS	SKILL 6	STAMINA 16

If you *Escape*, turn to 187. If you cut down the Crab Grass, turn to **81**.

135

You search the bodies of the dead Swamp Ores. Their weapons are of poor quality, and their provisions are too disgusting to touch. However, one of them has a few gold pieces which you add to your store, and another one has a crude map! Comparing it with your own, you soon find your present location, but you learn little that is new. However, directly to the south, there is a picture of a frog with a crown over its head. Turn to **309**.

136

You cast the Fire spell on the Master of Gardens, but he waves a hand and deflects the flame. You decide to attack instead. Turn to 379.

137

This is the place where you met the Slime. If you killed it, go to 153. If you did not kill it, it blocks your path as before, and any damage you did to it has been healed. Turn back to **336** and decide how you will deal with it.

138

Ahead of you there is an opening in the trees. You investigate. *You are in Clearing* 35. You can see the wide Foulbrood River, running east and west. A great stone bridge crosses the river. It looks totally deserted. If you go on to the bridge, turn to **101**. If you distrust the bridge and would rather turn around, turn to 45.

139

You decide that this is not for you, and travel back towards the village as fast as you can. The warmth fades from your finger as you put the threatening tower behind you. If you want to go and see the good wizard Selator, turn to 335. If you would rather visit the mysterious Poomchukker, turn to 27.

140

Your blade sinks deep into his chest. He looks at you in disbelief and starts to speak . . . then he dies. The jagged blade slips from his fingers. Curious about its strange design, you pick it up. Instantly you realize that it is one of the Magic Swords of great power, which adds 2 to the SKILL of its user. No wonder he was such a good swordsman! You start to search the rest of the wizard's sinister tower, to see what treasures he might have hidden away . . . but the air is becoming thick and oppressive. Your ring is still warning you of evil – more, if possible, than before. You smell brimstone. Will you:

Stay and see what you can find?	Turn to 375
Return to the village and look for Selator, the good wizard?	Turn to 335
Return to the village and seek out the mysterious Poomchukker?	Turn to 27

141

The offer sounds reasonable to you. You reach into your pouch and take out the magical jewels that you did not use. He rings for the serving-girl, and she brings a draught that refreshes you and heals your wounds. Your adventure is over. You did not succeed, but you learned a great deal, and maybe you will conquer the swamp some other day.

142

You see few signs of the earlier battle. The bodies of the Orcs have gone. A foot-long Scorpion glares at you from a pool as you hurry through the clearing. Turn to **227**.

143

As soon as you enter the clearing, you hear the horrible snorting of the Dire Beast. It failed to eat you before, and now it wants to have another go! If you want to use magic against it, as you did last time, turn to 374. If you want to fight it this time, turn to **176**.

144

You notice that your path is criss-crossed by spider-webs. There is a clearing ahead. Even before you enter it, you can see that the surrounding trees are thickly festooned with webs, and that there are many spiders there. *You are in Clearing 17. If you have been here before, turn to 345. If you have not been here before, keep reading.* In the centre of the clearing there is a sumptuous pavilion, which seems to float above the marshy ground. It is silver-grey and it shimmers like woven spider-silk. Seated in the pavilion is a tall man. His thick beard and eyebrows are white, and his robe is as silver-grey as his tent. Around his neck hangs a gleaming silver Spider Amulet. You know that you are in the presence of the MASTER OF SPIDERS. As he regards you from his burning green eyes, you feel your Brass Ring warning you of evil. Will you:

Cast a magic spell?	Turn to 74
Attack immediately?	Turn to 26
Talk to him in a friendly fashion?	Turn to 332

145

It seems to you that using magic is a pretty good way to deal with an angry Giant. Will you try:

Curse?	Turn to **252**
Friendship?	Turn to **328**
Fire?	Turn to **211**
Ice?	Turn to **126**
None of these?	Turn to **275** and choose again.

146

There are two huge Frogs. They attack you at the same time. To your surprise, you see that their mouths are filled with tiny, sharp teeth!

First GIANT FROG	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6
Second GIANT FROG	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

Both Frogs will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Frog as in a normal battle. Against the other, even if your Attack Strength is greater you will not wound it. You must just count this as though you have defended yourself against it. However, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If you win, turn to **230**.

147

You sit down opposite him. 'What do you do?' you ask. 'Oh,' he answers, 'I rob travellers. When people enter by that path over there, my net falls down and catches them.' He points upward, and your gaze follows his finger. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **213**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **106**.

148

You wonder what sort of Illusion would be best to fool the Brigands. They are a scruffy-looking lot; they all look as though they could do with a good meal. You smile; you have a good idea. You create an Illusion of a fat pig, which wanders out into the clearing and then down a path. The Brigands fall all over themselves in their haste to capture it. They pass your hiding-place without noticing you. You smile and hurry across the clearing. Turn to **19**.

149

The clearing is full of brightly coloured birds, but there is no sign of any humans. The Mistress of Birds must have gone elsewhere. You search the clearing but find nothing except feathers. Turn to 217.

150

The street leading to the edge of town is full of little shops, and one sign catches your eye instantly: 'HALICAR DEALER IN POTIONS AND SPELLS'. You go in. Halicar proves to be a pleasant young man. He is a Neutral wizard, and can sell only Neutral spells. You do not have enough Gold Pieces to deal with him, but some of the items that you picked up in the swamp will interest him. You lay them on his table. Each of the following, if you have it, can be exchanged for one magical gem containing a Neutral spell: a Violet Jewel; a Gold Chain; any of the silver Amulets from the Masters; a Golden Magnet or the Horn of a Unicorn. Halicar can sell you no more than three spells. Decide which spells you want, list them on your *Adventure Sheet*, and mark off the items you traded for them. Then you leave the shop, going south, back into Scorpion Swamp. Turn to 343.

151

You dodge to the side. One arrow misses you; the other nicks your arm. Lose 1 SKILL point. Will you:

Attack with your sword?	Turn to 281
Use a magic spell?	Turn to 399
Run for your life?	Turn to 309

152

Which spell will you cast at the Master of Gardens?

Fire?	Turn to 136
Wither?	Turn to 264
Illusion?	Turn to 347
Friendship?	Turn to 117
None of these?	Turn to 334

153

You leave the clearing as quickly as possible. If you go north, turn to 218. If you go west, turn to 65.

154

The only thing of interest that the Master of Wolves had was his Wolf Amulet. You take it and then go and investigate his hut. Turn to 46.

155

You sound sincere; Gronar nods and smiles broadly. 'There are those in the world,' he says, 'who seem rough or simple, but always fight for the right. The good Selator is one . . . and you, Paladin, are another, though you have much to learn.' Somehow, Gronar seems to be much larger now. Is that a cross embroidered on his robes? And where did that sword come from? You start to speak, to ask him who he is, but he reaches across the table and touches your brow. You feel dizzy. 'Bless you, young Paladin. Seek ye Selator.' Then he is gone. You could not tell whether he walked out of the door, or simply vanished . . . but the dizziness passes quickly, and you feel very good indeed. Raise your *Initial* LUCK score by 2. Turn to 335.

156

You are breathing heavily, but you are still alive. Your opponent has been reduced to a heap of gravel which is scattered over the floor. You laugh at Grimslade and toss the table leg over your shoulder. It lands with a thump amid the remains of a bookcase knocked over in the fight. Grimslade is eyeing the wreckage of his parlour.

If you were not wounded in the fight, turn to 241.
If you were wounded, but lost 5 or less STAMINA points, turn to 193.
If you lost 6 or more STAMINA points in the fight, turn to 326.

157

The path narrows menacingly. You wonder for a second if you have reached a dead end. Then it becomes wider again. You step into a very small clearing. *You are in Clearing* 18. *If you have been here before, turn to* 279. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* You see several unusual trees around you. They are dark green and rather small, with snaky limbs. Suddenly you realize that each limb ends in a sword, and they are moving! You are being attacked by the dreaded SWORD TREES! They are all around you now. If you want to fight them with your own sword, turn to 28. If you want to try a magic spell, turn to 203.

158

You smile broadly and pull a tattered piece of parchment out of your pocket. It is the map you faithfully kept of your journey. Clearly marked on it are the paths on which you travelled and clearings where you fought. Each hazard is indicated. As you explain it to Poomchukker, he is more and more delighted. Finally he claps you on the back – and, although you are strong, you stagger. 'Wonderful!'

he says. 'Perfect!' He reaches into a drawer and brings out a huge emerald. 'Call it a bonus!' he laughs. 'My first caravan will leave tomorrow. You will be my guest here for as long as you like . . . and half of my savings for a year are yours, just as I promised.' You smile and thank him. You are pleased to find out that the mysterious Poomchukker is an honourable man; maybe some day you will know him better. But, for now, your quest is a success and your adventure is at an end.

159

You feel that you have done all you can. Now you must return to your patron and report your success or your failure. Did you undertake your quest for:

Selator?	Turn to **6**
Grimslade?	Turn to **226**
Poomchukker?	Turn to **56**

160

It occurs to you that this creature would make a good ally, so you cast the Friendship spell on it. Unfortunately, a Dire Beast has no friends! Its charge does not slacken, and you must fight it. Turn to **176**.

161

You leave the Giant's clearing and continue your journey. Which way will you travel?

North?	Turn to **92**
South?	Turn to **41**
West?	Turn to **121**

162

He believes your story and starts to chat with you. He tells you that the Masters are a group of powerful wizards. Some are Good, some are Evil, and some are Neutral, but their destinies are tied together by the Amulets they wear. They may fight with one another, but no Master may slay another while he (or she) wears the Amulet. He also tells you that the Amulets grant great power, but only when worn by a wizard. You find this all very interesting, and thank him for his patience. Then you take your leave . . . but you walk only as far as the beginning of the path. As soon as he can no longer see you, you ponder over your next move. Will you:

Give up and leave?	Turn to **352**
Use an Illusion and attempt to steal the amulet?	Turn to **245**
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **62**

163

You stride along the path and into the clearing. They are surprised to see you, and even more surprised when you hail them casually and keep on walking. 'Where do you think you're going?' they ask. 'North,' you reply. They are impressed by your coolness. The Brigands are accustomed to demanding payment from passers-by, but they are not murderers. Although they could attack you, the odds would be five to one, they do not feel that would be very sporting. Finally, the leader suggests a solution. You and he will fight. The first one to hit the other will be declared the winner. If the Brigand Leader draws the first blood, you must give him something of value. If you draw first blood, he and his men will let you go. If you agree to this plan, turn to 79. If you will not agree, turn to 353.

164

The Brass Ring is cold; you know that the Mistress of Birds is a good wizard. You explain your quest and ask for her help. She claps her hands in glee, and for a moment she looks like a young girl. 'Is there really an Antherica bush left?' She is overjoyed. She knows that your quest, if it succeeds, will help the cause of Good everywhere. She gives you a magic potion which restores any one of your scores (you choose which one) to its *Initial* level. Then she motions to you to be silent. She holds out her hands and several small birds fly to her. She talks to them for a time. Then she tells you, 'Selator was right! There is, indeed, a bush of Antherica to the north-east. If you like, I can help you to get there.' You accept gratefully. Turn to 248.

165

There are only two exits from this clearing. If you go north, turn to **388**. If you go south, turn to **105**.

166

The Ranger approves of your bravery. 'Now all you have to do is get out of Scorpion Swamp again. Good luck! Travel south from here, then east, then south again at the Eagle's nest, then west and south, and you will be close to the southern edge of the swamp.' You thank him for his help, making a note of his directions, and leave. Turn to **234**.

167

Few spells seem appropriate for this situation. Will you try:

Wither?	Turn to 322
Fire?	Turn to 310
Neither of these?	Turn to 134

168

This is the clearing where you met the Pool Beast. If you killed it, there is nothing for you to do here; turn to **330**. If you did not kill the Pool Beast, it is still waiting, with whatever STAMINA it had when you left it. Turn to **209** and take one of the three choices there.

169

You use your Illusion spell to create an image of a poisonous snake between yourself and the Orcs. But they do not seem upset. They advance on you . . . and when one of the Orcs bends over, smacking his lips, and tries to grab the snake, you know that you picked the wrong Illusion. Turn to **281** and fight.

170

The path is narrow here, and winds about to avoid some huge boulders. It is foggy, and you cannot see far. Suddenly the fog lifts and you see that you have entered another clearing. *You are in Clearing* 19. *If you have been here before, turn to* 363. *If you have not been here before, continue reading.* From the top of a boulder, a man hails you. He is tall and bronzed, dressed all in green, and you know he must be a RANGER. 'Ho, fighter!' he challenges you. 'Do you serve Good or Evil?' Who is your patron?

Grimslade?	Turn to 29
Poomchukker?	Turn to 262
Selator?	Turn to 76

171

The Slime is very strong, but almost mindless.

SLIME SKILL 5 STAMINA 17

You can *Escape* at any time; turn to 153, but *leave on the path by which you entered*. If you kill the Slime, turn to 38.

172

You talk for some time. The Master of Wolves advises you, 'Take the easy way across the river. Don't look for traps where none exist.' He also teaches you a word that you can pronounce when threatened by Wolves, which will make them friendly. Finally you must leave. Turn to 314.

173

He gives a deep rumbling laugh, and you are certain that you see the bookshelves quiver. He is not at all offended by your reticence. In fact, he is now convinced that you are the fighter he needs. 'I will tell you *my* secret,' he explains. 'I am not a wizard at all, but merely a merchant from another land. I have bought many powerful spells and artefacts. Thus people believe that I am a mighty magician, and I let them think so because they treat me with more respect.'

You ask what Poomchukker wants in Scorpion Swamp. 'Information,' he replies. 'If I had a map of the path through the swamp, I could send caravans through, and save weeks and weeks of time in my

trading. If you can bring me a map showing a clear path to the town of Willowbend, on the north side of Scorpion Swamp, I will pay you half the money that I save during the first year.' You realize that this could amount to hundreds of gold pieces, but you are still wisely cautious. 'If you are not a wizard, what magic can you give me to help me survive the swamp?' you ask. He laughs deeply. 'I told you that I buy many magic spells. Each of these gems here will let you cast one spell.' He spills a box of glittering gems on to the table. 'You may pick any five to take. I do not think you should need that many, but I am generous.' Turn to the Magic Spells section in the front of the book and pick any five spells . . . but choose only from the *Neutral* list, because that is the only sort of spell that Poomchukker has been able to buy. List the spells on your *Adventure Sheet*.

You shake hands with Poomchukker – his grip is surprisingly strong – and the Goblin girl takes you downstairs. You walk through the busy market and across Fenmarge towards the swamp. Your quest is this: find your way north across the swamp, to the town of Willowbend, and return to Poomchukker with a map. Turn to 9 to start your journey.

174

You stare coldly at Grimslade over the corpse of his servant. He mutters angrily to himself; he hasn't decided what to do. If you attack him, turn to 225. If you invite him to discuss your business in a civilized fashion, turn to 193.

175

You reach carefully into a pocket and remove the gleaming berry. 'Oh, wonderful!' the old man cries, overjoyed. He plucks it from your hand and carries it out into his garden. Placing it gently in the ground, he begins to hum a spell. Almost instantly, a small plant sprouts . . . and grows into a vigorous bush like the one which you saw in the swamp. Blossoms open, filling the air with fragrance, and clusters of purple berries form. Selator plants some of the new berries, and they, in turn, begin to sprout. Then he looks up at you. 'I'm so sorry!' he says. 'I was so happy that I forgot for a moment that you were here. Now these bushes will grow up, and I'll send carrier-birds to my fellow wizards with lots of berries. Soon everyone will have Antherica again, and honour you for it. You have done a great deed this day.' He offers you healing potions and a hot meal, and you accept gratefully. Over dinner, you speak of many things both great and small. Then you are on your way again, feeling well and happy. You have succeeded in your quest.

176

You are facing a fearsome creature indeed. The Dire Beast has a tough hide and huge claws. It is also faster on its feet than you are! You cannot escape; you must battle to the finish.

DIRE BEAST	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you destroy the Dire Beast, turn to 125.

177

Unfortunately, you cannot help the Giant. But he no longer seems disposed to attack you, so you walk past him. Turn to 161.

178

Unfortunately, you are not a wizard. What is good for magicians may not be good for you. Subtract 1 from your LUCK after tasting the mushroom. Turn to 352.

179

There are three paths leading away from the clearing. The northern one seems to slope downwards. Will you go:

North?	Turn to 183
South?	Turn to 10
East?	Turn to 118

180

Your Brass Ring is the only item of value that you have. You are unwilling to give it up, but you feel that you have no honourable alternative. Sorrowfully, you remove it from your finger. The Brigand Leader sees that you are upset, and asks what the problem is. When you explain, he insists that you take the ring back! 'You are truly honest,' he says, 'and it would be a shame to take from you the only thing that you have left, when you need it so much.' He claps you on the back. You have earned the trust and friendship of the Brigands. Turn to 214.

181

You see the Bear again . . . and it has already seen you. You must fight it. If you wounded it earlier, it has recovered 1 STAMINA point. Otherwise, it is fresh. Turn to 200.

182

Before you can react, the Scorpions swarm on to your boots and up your trousers. They begin to sting you. Roll one die and lose that many points of STAMINA. Angrily, you leap over the rest of the Scorpions and leave the clearing. Turn to 319.

183

As you walk along, the ground becomes rocky and the path slopes upwards. Instead of dismal trees, you see the sky ahead of you! You emerge on top of a high cliff overlooking the murky Foulbrood River. *You are in Clearing* 20. It is at least twenty metres down to the river, and the cliff is too steep for you to climb down. Below, you can see huge crocodiles sunning themselves in the water. Far to the east you can see a bridge which appears to cross the river, but no trail leads along the riverbank in that direction. Two trails leave the clearing. Will you:

Walk south into the swamp?	Turn to 66
Walk west along the river?	Turn to 295
Dive into the river and swim north?	Turn to 30
Dive into the river and swim east?	Turn to 321

184

You cannot bring yourself to attack her. You tell her about your quest and the evil wizard who sent you. She shakes her head pityingly. 'I should not help you at all,' she says, 'for you are doing the work of an evil wizard. But you are not evil yourself, or you would not have been honest with me.' She ponders for a moment. Then she smiles. 'This is what I will do. I will make a false Bird Amulet. Anyone who sees it will believe it to be a true amulet. Thus, Grimslade will be deceived, and you will not have to trouble my brother wizards. Though, in truth, if you

meet the Master of Spiders you should slay him quickly, for he is evil.' She waves her hand, and an Amulet, seemingly the twin to her own, lies in your palm. You thank her for her kindness and leave. Turn to 217.

185

Luckily for you, he believes your story. 'Well, you are heading in the right direction,' he says. 'Just to the east is the abode of the Master of Gardens, who is a good wizard and very powerful.' You thank him for his information and go on. Turn to 234.

186

You killed the two Cutpurses. You do not even take time to search their bodies; you sheathe your sword and leave Willowband as quickly as possible, before you find yourself in any more trouble. Turn to 343.

187

There are three exits from the clearing. Will you go:

South?	Turn to 144
East?	Turn to 290
West?	Turn to 10

188

You cast the Fire spell. Unfortunately, there is nothing for it to burn; the Slime is a creature of water. If you want to try another spell, turn to 400. If you want to try another tactic entirely, turn to 336 and choose again.

189

At the base of a tree near the edge of the clearing, you notice a spot that seems to have been disturbed. You dig and find two Spell Gems – one for Friendship, and one to restore LUCK. Add these Spells to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 348.

190

You back off and take a running jump. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, you make it across safely. If you are *Unlucky*, you fall a bit short and lose 2 STAMINA points fighting your way to safe ground. Turn to 270.

191

Which spell will you use against the Master of Wolves?

Fear?	Turn to 224
Friendship?	Turn to 294
Curse?	Turn to 93
Fire?	Turn to 64
None of these?	Turn to 398 and choose again.

192

You are back in the clearing where you met the Thief. If you did not kill the Thief, turn to **267**. If you killed him, turn to 179.

193

Grimslade scowls, looking at the destruction. Then he shrugs and laughs. 'Let's talk business.' He leads you into another room – then vanishes for a second and reappears, holding several potions. 'Drink these – they'll put you right.' Warily, you study the glinting bottles – then, slowly, you drink one. He laughs at your concern, but you do, indeed, feel better. The bottle was a healing potion. You drink up the rest of the bottles, and conceal your sigh of relief when you find yourself hale and hearty. Your scores are all up to their *Initial* values now. Turn to **206**.

194

He laughs gleefully. 'Excellent! I knew you would not fail. Give them to me.' Will you hand them over, or ask for your payment first? If you hand them over, turn to 99. If you want your money right now, turn to **207**.

195

You are in Clearing 1. Actually this is no more than a wide spot where three trails meet. The ground is very shaky and wet, and huge insects flit over the pools of water that dot the ground. If you want to step carefully across to another trail, turn to **58**. If you would rather just jump over the soft part, turn to **91**.

196

You cast the Wither spell on the Fear Flowers. Lo and behold . . . they shrivel and die! You look around to see if there is anything of use here; you find nothing but the bones of a less lucky traveller. Turn to 367.

197

In the centre of the clearing lies the body of the Giant. Kneeling beside him, weeping, is an enormous woman. You realize that she must be his wife. The Giantess looks up at you with tears in her eyes. She does not threaten you, and you don't want to attack her and add to her misery. You are now sorry that you killed the Giant. Lose 2 LUCK points. You vow never to return to this clearing again unless you have to. Turn to 161.

198

'Help!' he croaks. 'A wizard slayer!' His face contorts with fear and he bounds ten feet straight backwards. 'Kill him!' he says, pointing his finger at you. His frogs croak loudly and hop towards you. You must fight them. Turn to 146.

199

There are two Brigands resting in the clearing, which seems to be their meeting-place. Recognizing you, they smile and wave. You call a greeting and pass by. Turn to 19.

200

You have killed many beasts and monsters; a Bear doesn't frighten you. You shout a taunt at it and raise your sword.

BEAR SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If the Bear starts to get the better of you, you can *Escape* and run for any of the pathways; turn to 390. If you kill it, turn to 69.

201

You try your Fear spell, hoping to frighten her into giving you the Bird Amulet. She looks at you and shrieks in terror. Then hundreds of flashing birds surround you – not to attack you, but to protect their mistress. You can see nothing. Soon they fly away, but the Mistress of Birds is gone. Turn to 217.

202

You have no reason to linger. You have a choice of three paths. Will you travel:

South?	Turn to 138
East?	Turn to 41
West?	Turn to 14

203

Against these uncanny enemies, you decide to use magic. Will you try:

Fire?	Turn to 75
Wither?	Turn to 393
Growth?	Turn to 114
None of these?	Turn to 28 and fight.

204

The path becomes wider by degrees, and you see flowers growing here and there. *This is Clearing* **23**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **250**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. But you feel the hairs on the back of your neck begin to stand up. Something is wrong! Your Brass Ring is warning you of evil. You look around and see nothing but the pretty flowers, growing thickly along the path. Then you remember the old stories of the FEAR FLOWERS. You know that the Flowers themselves are frightening you. Their pollen induces terror. You are shaking now; lose 1 SKILL point. Will you:

Try to run past the flowers?	Turn to **269**
Attack them with your sword?	Turn to **32**
Cast a magic spell?	Turn to **80**

205

Gronar orders another pitcher of ale and settles back in his chair. 'Selator is the good wizard,' he says. 'Grimslade appears to serve the forces of evil, though a simple man like myself cannot be sure about such things. And Poomchukker is a very strange fellow indeed. No one knows much about him, but he is powerful. Each of them has made it known that he seeks a champion to enter the swamp. More than that you will not learn without visiting them.' Will you:

Help the good wizard Selator?	Turn to **335**
Risk aiding the forces of evil if the profit is right, and visit the sinister Grimslade?	Turn to **255**
Take your chances with the mysterious Poomchukker?	Turn to **27**

206

You are seated in Grimslade's study. An ornate mirror hangs on one wall – at least, it looks like a mirror, but the scene it shows is constantly changing. The walls are covered with dusty shelves, full of huge books, odd looking bottles, strange objects that might be mummified animals, and other weird objects.

'I am a collector,' Grimslade tells you, 'of knowledge and artefacts. Not long ago, something strange happened. Several wizards moved into Scorpion Swamp – wizards whom I know nothing about! Their powers are great but limited, and they seem to be involved with nature. One, I know, controls wolves. Another seems to be a master of plants. My mirror cannot get a clear view of the swamp, but I have spied on them as much as I could. Their powers seem to come from the silver Amulets they wear.'

'Well, what exactly do you want me to do?' you ask. 'And what will you pay me?' He replies, 'I want those Amulets. I want at least three of them; if you can get more, so much the better! I don't care how you get them. I will pay you five hundred gold pieces for each one you bring back.'

'And what magical aid can you give me?' you ask. Grimslade laughs. 'I can make you a wizard – well, almost. I will give you six enchanted Spell Gems – no more. But that should be enough to see you through, considering the sword arm you've shown me.'

You talk with Grimslade about the spells you will use. Refer to the Magic Spells list in the front of the book and pick six spells; you must pick from the *Evil* and *Neutral* lists, and not from the *Good* list. You may choose a spell more than once, as long as the total is six. Write the spells down on your *Adventure Sheet*.

You take your leave of Grimslade, and head towards the marsh. Scorpion Swamp seems cheery and inviting after the evil wizard's tower! Your quest is this: get the Amulets of at least three of the Masters, and bring them back to Grimslade. Turn to 9 to begin your journey.

207

Grimslade scowls at you. 'You are clever – insolent, but clever.' Before your watchful eyes, he counts out five hundred gold pieces for each amulet. It takes a while! Finally, he sweeps them into a pouch and hands them over. Turn to 358.

208

It seems to become lighter as you walk along. Through the trees above you, you suddenly catch a glimpse of blue sky! A few minutes later, you see an opening in the trees – and when you step through, you realize that you have left the swamp! If you are not ready to leave Scorpion Swamp, you may retrace your steps and walk back the way you came until you reach the first clearing. Turn to 195. If you are ready to return and report the outcome of your quest, turn to 159.

209

You continue to walk eastward for some time. Ahead, you see a clearing with a small pool. *You are in Clearing* **25**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **168**. *If you have not been here before, keep on reading.* You walk closer to investigate . . . and a great, brown, rubbery creature rears up from the pool and lashes at you with a tentacle! You jump backwards. The POOL BEAST shambles after you. You see a beautiful Violet Jewel glinting in its forehead. Will you:

Run away?	Turn to **397**
Attack with your sword?	Turn to **82**
Cast a magic spell?	Turn to **34**

210

This is the clearing where you encountered the vicious Dire Beast. If you slew the creature, turn to **243**. If you did not slay it, turn to **143**.

211

You wonder what you should set on fire. Perhaps the Giant's club? No . . . his greasy beard! You cast your spell. Instantly his beard is alight. He bellows and beats it with his hand until it goes out. Now the Giant is furious. Your spell has reduced his SKILL, but he is still very strong, and he will not let you escape.

GIANT	SKILL 6	STAMINA 12

If you kill the Giant, turn to **366**.

212

You tell the Master of Frogs about the plant for which you are searching. 'Ah, yes,' he says. 'I did not know there were any of those plants left. They are no good to me, though, for I am Neutral, and only Good wizards can use that plant. Why should I help you?' Will you:

Threaten him with your sword?	Turn to **62**
Cast a spell on him?	Turn to **258**
Offer him a bribe?	Turn to **15**

213

The sudden warmth of the Brass Ring reminds you that this man is evil. Instinctively, you drop to the ground. The Thief, who was trying to strangle you with a garrotte, is taken by surprise. You jump to your feet. Turn to **267**.

214

Now that the Brigands are well-disposed towards you, you ask them where you are. They tell you that the town of Willowbend is only a little way to the north. They add that, of the three inns in town, the Bent Spear is by far the best, and that you can trust the innkeeper. You say goodbye to the Brigands and leave. Turn to **19**.

215

The Wolves growl and spring at you. There is no time to use magic. You swing your sword lustily, and strike the first one in mid-leap and cut off its head. Its companion circles you warily. You must fight it.

WOLF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you kill it, turn to **247**.

216

There are too many of them for you to fight. They swarm on to your boots and up your trousers, and begin to sting you. Roll one die and lose that many points of STAMINA. Angrily, you leap over the rest of the Scorpions and leave the clearing. Turn to **319**.

217

The only way to leave the clearing is by the path on which you entered. Your footsteps turn south once again. Soon you will be in the glade of the Fear Flowers. Turn to **250**.

218

The path widens into another clearing. *You are in Clearing* 15. You see that there is one other path leading out. Then, off to the side, you see a dim glow. It is a ball of dancing light, or WILL-O'-THE-WISP. It hovers at the western edge of the clearing, and then moves back a few metres. You can now see what may be another path, somewhat murky and overgrown, where the Will-o'-the-wisp is dancing. It seems to want to show you something. Will you follow it, or go on?

Follow it to the west	Turn to 72
Ignore it and go south	Turn to 336
Ignore it and go east	Turn to 121

219

You have slain the Ranger, though it was not an easy fight. Searching his body, you find a sharp dagger and some provisions. You also take his helmet, which is finely made and adds 1 to your SKILL. Turn to 234.

220

You chat for a while, but don't get a chance to seize the Amulet or even to turn the conversation in a useful direction. If you simply tell the Master of Gardens the truth and ask him for his Flower Amulet, turn to 292. If you want to try another tactic entirely, turn to 334.

221

You draw your sword and await the Unicorn's charge.

UNICORN SKILL 11 STAMINA 4

You are fortunate that the creature is already badly wounded. You must fight it for two rounds. Then, if you choose, you may *Escape*; turn to 348. If you slay the Unicorn, turn to 277.

222

A huge horned DEMON, covered with green, bristly fur and hideous warts, appears between you and Grimslade. It is the ugliest thing you have ever seen. The wizard points his emaciated hand at you. 'Kill this fool. Give me the ring he wears; you may eat the rest.' You were terribly careless in your dealings with this evil man, and now you must pay the price.

DEMON SKILL 16 STAMINA 12

You cannot run away, for the Demon is very fast on its feet. Fortunately, it has no weapons except its huge, knobbly hands, so you have a chance against it. If you kill the Demon, turn to 174. If not, your adventure ends here, before you ever reach the swamp. The evil wizard gloats over his new possession, and a huge, warty demon smacks its lips over your body . . .

223

You decide to turn around and take another path. Turn to 270, but leave this clearing by the *same path* on which you entered it.

224

You cast the Fear spell on the Master of Wolves. He turns and runs into his house – but the two Wolves attack you. You must fight them both.

First WOLF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
Second WOLF	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you find yourself losing, you may *Escape*; turn to 314. If you kill the Wolves, turn to 46.

225

'Impudent fool!' the sorcerer screams. 'You will die by my own hand!' He produces an ebony wand from his robes. As he brandishes it, it becomes a jagged sword that glows red. You have no choice, you must fight him.

GRIMSLADE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

Should he kill you, perhaps in your next incarnation you will be more careful when dealing with evil wizards. If you kill him, turn to 140.

226

A stone's throw from the swamp's edge you find the tower of Grimslade, still reeking with evil. Once again you see the great iron door with its hideous expression – but it has changed somehow. You shiver and start to knock, but the door opens in front of you. Grimslade is there, quivering with eagerness. 'Did you get them? What have you brought me? Where are they?' He holds out his hand. What do you tell him you have?

No Amulets at all?	Turn to 54
One or two Amulets?	Turn to 7
Three or more Amulets?	Turn to 194

227

There are three paths leading out of the clearing. The one that leads east is somewhat narrower and darker than the others. Will you go:

North?	Turn to 66
East?	Turn to 388
West?	Turn to 320

228

You knew those Sword Tree seeds would come in handy! You scatter them in front of you and cast the Growth spell on them. Instantly they grow into a dense barrier, waving their swords menacingly. The Dire Beast attacks them furiously, knocking down one tree almost immediately. You realize that the other trees will not last long, so you hurry back down the trail, towards the east. Turn to 279.

229

'I am sorry, Sir Giant,' you say. 'I did not know I was trespassing. Please tell me, what is the matter?' Abruptly, the fight goes out of him. He sits down and sniffles. Finding nothing to wipe his eyes with, he rubs his hand across his face. You feel sorry for him . . . he is so big and so sad. 'Somebody stole my new handkerchief!' he says. 'My wife made it for me, and I've lost it, and she'll be so upset! I can't find it anywhere, and I can't go home without it!' You ask him what it looks like, and he tells you that it was bright red, and very beautiful. If you have a Red Cloak in your pack, turn to **286**. If not, turn to **177**.

230

You have slain the Giant Frogs, but their Master is nowhere in sight. He must have hopped off into the swamp. Fastidiously, you wash the blood and slime off your blade before you search the clearing, expecting him to appear and attack you from behind. You find nothing. Turn to **352**.

231

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, go to **18**. If you are *Unlucky*, go to **259**.

232

Carefully you remove the berry from the bush and put it in your pack. If you are serving Selator, turn to **389**. Otherwise, you leave the clearing and turn southward again. Turn to **342**.

233

The Eagle lands on a branch of the tree and watches you. Its gaze is fierce, and its great hooked beak opens and closes threateningly. If you attack it, turn to **392**. If you back away cautiously, turn to **25**.

234

There are two paths leading out of the clearing. If you go east, turn to **305**. If you go south, turn to **121**.

235

You stand with your back to a great tree, so that only one Brigand can approach you at a time. Although there are five of them, only the three largest line up to fight with you.

BRIGAND LEADER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10
Second BRIGAND	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8
Third BRIGAND	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

Because you are trapped against the edge of the woods, you cannot escape. If you kill these three Brigands, the other two will flee. Turn to **19**.

236

After your journey through the swamp, this is more than you can bear. You rush downstairs, waving your sword, and warn the merry-makers to be quiet – or else! They laugh at you. You walk towards them angrily . . . and the tavern-keeper brings a chair down on your arm from behind, knocking your sword to the ground. Your arm is bruised; lose 2 SKILL points. You realize that you cannot fight everyone there. You turn around and go back to your room. Turn to **116**.

237

You cast the Wither spell on the Pool Beast, but it has no effect. The beast is an animal, not a plant. Turn to **82** and fight.

238

You are in the glade of the Master of Gardens. It is as beautiful as ever, but there is nobody to be seen. You go back to the west. Turn to 363.

239

You are in the clearing of the Master of Wolves. The hut is locked tightly, and there is no sign of anyone. Turn to 314.

240

You agree with Gronar. Your journey would be much more interesting if you had a mission to accomplish, as well. He nods. 'There are three men in this village now,' he tells you, 'who cannot go into the swamp themselves. But each one has need of a strong fighter willing to venture there. The first of the three is an old wizard devoted to the cause of Good.' He stops to quaff a long draught from his mug. If you want to hear him out, turn to **205**. If you want to interrupt him to say that you will serve only Good, turn to **155**.

241

Grimslade is impressed with you. He claps you on the back. 'You're the one I've been looking for, truly. Come with me, and we shall discuss how we can make ourselves rich. But first, here's a gift.' He reaches into his robes and withdraws a miniature sword, which grows to full size when he hands it to you. It is a magic sword; add 1 to your SKILL whenever you use it. As you examine the sword, Grimslade touches you with his wand. If you had used up any LUCK during your fight, it is now back to its *Initial* level. Turn to **206**.

242

As you cross the threshold, you realize that the pouch is not as heavy as it should be – not even by half! After you risked your life for him in the swamp, Grimslade has cheated you. Will you:

Run back and attack?	Turn to 124
Run back and cast a spell?	Turn to 256
Take what you have and leave?	Turn to 358

243

There is nothing to be seen here except for the huge bones of the Dire Beast and a horde of crab-like scavengers feasting on the remains. You do not wish to get too close, so you turn eastwards and leave the clearing. Turn to **279**.

244

You describe your quest. The Giant laughs merrily. He tells you that he saw a bush like that not long ago, in a little clearing just to the north. 'But look out for Wolves!' he warns. You thank him and bid him good day. Turn to **161**.

245

You cast an Illusion spell on yourself, changing your appearance to that of a medium-sized Frog. You go unnoticed among the other Frogs as you hop across the clearing and behind the mushroom where the Master of Frogs sits. You are unwilling to strike him down, since he was friendly towards you. Instead, you quickly lift the silver Frog Amulet from around his neck. As you do so, you push him into the pool! He splutters and bellows, but his mouth is full of water and he cannot cast a spell. You run for the path. Turn to **352**.

246

You search the bodies of the dead Brigands. One of them has a jar of powder. It smells like bitter herbs. If you leave it alone and continue, turn to **19**. If you try a little of it on your wounds, turn to **67**.

247

You search carefully and find nothing of interest except one unusual bush, growing near the centre of the clearing. It has dense dark-green leaves and white flowers. Near the top of the bush you see one large purple berry. Will you:

Eat the berry?	Turn to **20**
Pick the berry and save it?	Turn to **232**
Ignore it and go back south?	Turn to **342**

248

She gives a strange, piercing cry. It seems to echo among the trees. 'I have just summoned a great Eagle, whom I ride when I travel. He will not carry you like a common steed, but if I command it, he will take you back to his nest, which is on the other side of the Foulbrood River. It will save you many hours of dangerous travelling.' When she finishes speaking, you hear a beating of wings, and an enormous Eagle lands beside you. You cannot understand what she says to it, but abruptly it springs into the air. Its talons clutch you firmly around the waist, and its wings beat thunderously. In an instant the clearing is far below you. The Eagle flies north-east. Below, you see other clearings, and then the wide, greenish expanse of the Foulbrood River. Great crocodiles are visible, and other monsters. Then the Eagle flies down, into a clearing where there is a single tall tree containing a huge nest made out of branches. The Eagle deposits you on the ground and flies away. *You are in Clearing* 16. Turn to **202**.

249

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, you make it back to the clearing safely. If you are *Unlucky*, you trip in the darkness and hurt your arm; lose 1 point of SKILL. You may now leave. If you go south, turn to **336**. If you go east, turn to **121**.

250

You are in the clearing where you met the Fear Flowers. If you killed them all, turn to 367. If you left them alive, you know that you need to run quickly to get past them without being consumed by terror. Turn to 269.

251

You have slain the Master of Gardens. He was a good wizard and meant no one harm, you begin to regret your deed. Subtract 3 from your LUCK. You take the Flower Amulet from around his neck and turn towards the only exit from this clearing, travelling west. Turn to 363.

252

Summoning your courage, you cast a Curse spell on the Giant. What will happen? You see him stagger and roar. He wipes furiously at his eyes. The Giant has been blinded! He staggers past you and falls into the mire. You hurry away before he recovers. Then you feel the spell's effect on *you*. Roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 161.

253

You drink the potion. Immediately you begin to feel very strange. It was a potion to make you handsome . . . but it was designed for dwarves! For the next hour, you will be somewhat shorter and stockier than usual, and your nose will be very big. After that the effects will wear off. Reduce your SKILL by 1, *for your next combat only*. Turn to 88.

254

You cast the Wither spell at a huge tree on the bank. It falls, forming a bridge by which you quickly cross. As you reach the other side, the tree decays completely and collapses into the stream. You may travel north or south from here. If you go north, turn to 157. If you go south, turn to 398.

255

Grimslade lives by himself in a tower very near the swamp. When you ask for directions, no one wants to talk to you; one old lady makes the sign of the evil eye at you, and a young girl flees. Eventually, a skinny ruffian in the market place gives you directions, and you set off to meet the wizard whom everyone fears. As soon as you see his tower, your Brass Ring begins to get hot. Grimslade *is* evil – very evil indeed! The feeling grows stronger as you approach the dark, jagged tower, with its strange arches and its gruesome statuary. If you go on up to the door, turn to 40. If you turn back and return to the village, turn to 139.

256

You are brave – or maybe just foolhardy – daring to cast spells at the evil sorcerer. Which spell will you try?

Curse?	Turn to 274
Fear?	Turn to 365
Fire?	Turn to 385
Illusion?	Turn to 351
None of these?	Turn to 57

257

Roll two dice. If their sum total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you jumped right over the disgusting Slime. Add 2 LUCK points, and turn to 153. If the sum is greater than your SKILL, you landed on top of the Slime. Turn to 311.

258

Using spells against a wizard is risky. What spell will you try?

Fear?	Turn to 198
Friendship?	Turn to 127
Neither of these?	Turn to 212 and choose again.

259

The Brigands jump in fright, but they recover and turn to face you. When they see that you are alone, they are angry. They curse you – then, in turn, they charge at you. You must fight them. Turn to 235.

260

You cast the Curse spell on the Mistress of Birds. For a second, it seems to have no effect at all. Then her face hardens. Your Curse has done a terrible thing to her . . . it has turned her Evil! She screams in anger and waves her hand, and hundreds of birds plunge towards you. Suddenly, the birds fly away. The Mistress of Birds has shaken off your Curse and regained her senses. But it is too late. The last thing you ever behold is her sorrowful face; then you die. Your adventure is over.

261

'An Evil spell is the best weapon to use against an evil person!' you think, and cast your Curse spell on the Master of Spiders. He screams as the Curse strikes him, and falls writhing to the ground. He seems to move and change; then he rises. The Curse has changed him into one of his own creatures . . . a giant grey Spider with a human face! Then you feel the effects of the Curse on *you*. Roll one die and lose that many points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, the Giant Spider attacks you viciously.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

You cannot escape. If you kill the Giant Spider, turn to 354.

262

'I serve the merchant Poomchukker,' you reply. 'I don't know if he is very good or very evil. I am trying to make a map of the path through the swamp.' If you have already been to Willowbend, turn to 166. If not, turn to 115.

263

You recognize the spot where you were attacked by the Crab Grass. If you killed it, turn to 187. If you did not kill it, turn to 33.

264

You cast the Wither spell on the Master of Gardens. Since he is not a plant himself, it has no effect – but he is angry when the spell travels past and kills a tree behind him. He gestures and throws a fire spell at you. Your hair bursts into flame. Quickly, you slap at yourself until the fire goes out; lose 2 STAMINA points from the effect of the burns. Then you attack the Master of Gardens with your sword. Turn to 379.

265

This is the glade where you met the Unicorn, but there is nothing here now. Turn to 348.

266

He tosses you a pouch of gold. You catch it in mid-air and turn on your heel. Sullenly you walk down the dark hallway towards the awful door. Turn to 242.

267

You hear a hiss of anger and the Thief is upon you. He has only a dagger, but he fights viciously.

THIEF	SKILL 10	STAMINA 9

You may not escape, for the Thief is attacking you furiously. If you kill the Thief, turn to 386.

268

You see nothing in the clearing this time except for a few gnawed bones. You hurry on your way. Turn to 390.

269

The fear intensifies as you run away from the Fear Flowers; lose another SKILL point. When you are past the bulk of the flowers, the fear subsides a little. Turn to 367.

270

There are two exits. If you travel north, turn to 275. If you go west, turn to 331.

271

As you pass the Master of Wolves, you draw your sword and slash at him. Lose 1 LUCK point for this cowardly attack. Then turn to 120 and fight, but subtract 2 points from the Master's STAMINA.

272

Somehow, you make it back to the village. You are exhausted and soaking wet from falling into a mudhole. Subtract 2 from your LUCK and give thanks that you are alive at all. After a hot bath at the inn, you feel somewhat better. Seeking out Gronar, you apologize for your earlier impetuousness. He shakes his head and smiles slowly. 'Well, you are strong and lucky, or you would not have come back at all,' he says. Turn to 205.

273

As you hurry along the path towards the village, you feel your Brass Ring tingling. You look over your shoulder and see a black shape fly from the tower. Quickly, you hide in some bushes. You never make out exactly who or what is searching for you – but eventually you see it return to the tower. You run the rest of the way to the village, arriving panting and bedraggled. You had better pick another patron! If you want to talk to the good wizard Selator, turn to 335. If you want to learn about Poomchukker, the man of mystery, turn to 27.

274

You cast a Curse on the evil wizard . . . the Curse that he gave you himself. He screams and clutches at his throat. Of all spells, his own Curse has the most potent effect on him! He falls to the floor, dead. Then you feel the Curse's effect on *you*. Roll one die and lose that many points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, you start to search his sinister tower to see what treasures he might have hidden away . . . but the air is becoming thick and oppressive. Your ring is still warning you of evil – more, if possible, than before. You smell brimstone. If you want to stay for a few minutes and see what you can find, turn to 375. If you choose to leave immediately, turn to 298.

275

As you walk along, you stumble over a dip in the ground. Looking down, you see that it is actually the half-metre footprint of a huge hobnailed boot! *You are entering Clearing 7. If you have been here before, turn to* 342. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* Rounding the bend, you see a tremendous GIANT! He looks angry, and he brandishes a great spiked club. Your ring is not warning you of evil . . . but, although the Giant may not be an evil creature, he is obviously dangerous. He bellows at you 'YOU MAY NOT PASS!' Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **12**
Try to reason with him?	Turn to **229**
Try a magical spell?	Turn to **145**

276

You reach into your pack and offer him the great Violet Jewel that you took from the head of the creature in the pool. He smiles broadly, looking more like a Frog than ever. 'All right,' he says, 'that's a good enough reason for me!' He takes the jewel. Turn to 104.

277

The Unicorn is dead. Knowing that the horn of a Unicorn has great magical powers, you cut off its horn and put it in your pack. If you would like to leave now, turn to 348. If you choose to stay and search the clearing, turn to **86**.

278

You want to frighten the Brigands away without hurting them, so you use the Fear spell. A second later, you step out from behind the trees, shouting and waving your sword. The Brigands are terrified. They think you must be part of an invading army, and they scatter, diving into the trees around the clearing. They cower in the mire while you run past them and away. You may go on, unmolested. Turn to 19.

279

To your dismay, the deadly Sword Trees have already grown back! If you want to fight with your sword, turn to 28. If you would prefer to use magic, turn to 203.

280

You follow the path northward. Gradually, it becomes wider and the swamp less dismal. The marsh slowly turns into forest, and before long you see a sign ahead of you: 'THIS WAY TO WILLOWBEND'. *If you have been to Willowbend before, turn to* 355. *If you have not been here before, keep on reading.* A few

minutes later you hear human voices and meet a party of Foresters. You walk with them to the town of Willowbend. After your adventures you only want to find an inn and get a good night's sleep. The Foresters tell you that there are three inns in Willowbend. Will you go to:

The Black Bear?	Turn to 395
The Bent Spear?	Turn to 78
Tancred's Flying Horse?	Turn to 289

281

You charge the Swamp Orcs. They are surprised at your bravery, but they drop their bows and grasp their own weapons. You are fortunate that they are not skilled fighters, because they all attack you at once.

First SWAMP ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7
Second SWAMP ORC	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7
Third SWAMP ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

Each Swamp Orc will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the three you will fight. Attack your chosen Orc as in a normal battle. Against each of the other two you must throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but even if your Attack Strength is greater you will not wound it. You must just count this as though you have defended yourself against its blow. However, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If you win, turn to 135.

282

You cast the Ice spell on the Slime. Instantly you know you made the right choice; the Slime is a creature of water, and the spell freezes it solid. It is dead. Turn to 38.

283

The Master of Gardens is delighted. You promise to ask Selator to send him some Antherica berries, and you describe the path to the place where you found the bush. He gives you a magic gem containing one Good spell (you choose the type). Then you resume your travels. There is only one path leading from this clearing; you take it, going back to the west. Turn to 363.

284

As the sorcerer laughs, his stony creature shuffles towards you. You realize that your sword will be of little use against a creature made of living rock. Thinking quickly, you bring your sword down on the wizard's table, instead! Your blade cleaves the wood, cutting off one of the table's legs. You scoop up the improvised club, dropping your sword, and face the statue with this much more appropriate weapon. Grimslade, impressed by your strength and quick wits, has stopped his evil laughter, and watches attentively as you fight.

GOBLIN STATUE SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you destroy the Statue, turn to 156. If the fight goes against you, you may *Escape*; turn to 315.

285

The wicked mage is furious, and decides to exterminate you right then and there. 'Prepare to die, insolent worm!' He waves his hand and casts a spell of weakness on you. Cut your STAMINA in half. You must fight now, or die. If you want to attack with your sword, turn to 124. If you try to use magic against the wizard, turn to 256.

286

Suddenly, you have an idea. You almost laugh out loud, but you don't want to offend the poor Giant. You reach into your pack and pull out the Red Cloak. 'Is this your handkerchief?' you say, offering it to him. The Giant seizes it joyfully. 'Where did you get it?' he asks. You tell him about your meeting with the Thief. He must have been the one who stole it from the Giant! The Giant is crying again, but now with tears of happiness. He swears he will be your friend for ever. 'Why have you come here?' he asks. 'Is there any way I can help you?' You tell him about your quest. Are you serving:

Selator?	Turn to 244
Grimslade?	Turn to 317
Poomchukker?	Turn to 103

287

He does not seem dangerous, but you are not sure whether you should tell him your true quest. If you tell him you have come to collect the Amulets belonging to the wizards of the swamp, turn to 198. If you make up a story, go to 359.

288

Your ring is cold; you know that the Mistress of Birds is a good wizard. Around her neck you see the silver Bird Amulet you have been sent to steal. Will you:

Attack her?	Turn to 391
Ask if she will give you the Amulet?	Turn to 184
Cast a spell?	Turn to 130

289

The Foresters said that Tancred's Flying Horse was the least costly of the inns, so you go there. Indeed, they offer you lodging for only half a gold piece. You go upstairs to your room and fall asleep as soon as your head hits the pillow. In the middle of the night you are awakened by a burning sensation on your finger. The Brass Ring is warning you of evil! You leap from your bed, grabbing your sword, and a shadowy figure flees from the room. Barring the door, you go back to bed. You awake the next morning, feeling rested; regain 2 STAMINA points. But you find that the Thief you frightened away had stolen some of your belongings. Lose any two magical gems, artefacts, or other items, except your Brass Ring. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 150. If you are *Unlucky*, you simply stalk southward out of town, towards the swamp. Turn to 343.

290

You can see signs that others have walked this way recently. Ahead is another clearing. *This is Clearing* **26**. *If you have been here before, turn to* 323. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* As you enter the clearing, an arrow whizzes past your head. You see three mangy-looking SWAMP ORCS armed with bows. The other two let their arrows fly. If you have the Golden Magnet charm, turn to 83. If you do not have it, turn to 151.

291

You cast the Fire spell on the Pool Beast, but the creature is slimy and wet. It does not burn at all! Turn to 82 and fight.

292

You explain your quest to the Master of Gardens. He shakes his head sadly and removes the Flower Amulet from around his own neck, and places it around yours. When it touches you, you are paralysed! He looks deep into your eyes and commands you to tell him the truth about yourself, and you cannot disobey. He shakes his head. 'You are not a bad person, but you serve a bad master. The kindest thing I can do for you is to advise you to be on your guard.' He takes the Amulet back and walks away. Eventually you regain control of your limbs and leave, going west. Turn to 363.

293

You cast the Fear spell on the Unicorn. It whinnies and turns quickly. In a moment it is lost from sight. Turn to 348.

294

You cast the Friendship spell on the Master of Wolves, and wait anxiously. Will it work? Suddenly, he starts to laugh. 'Come in! Come in!' He ushers you into his home, and the Wolves stand aside. If you would like to launch a surprise attack, turn to 271. If you follow him and talk to him, turn to 172.

295

You find yourself in a small opening on the bank of the Foulbrood River. *You are in Clearing* 33. The opposite bank is at least two hundred metres away. You see crocodiles and other creatures in the water. Will you:

Walk east along the river bank?	Turn to 183
Turn to the south?	Turn to 94
Cast an Ice spell to freeze the river?	Turn to 89

296

Bravely you strike out into the swamp. But, though you are brave, you are also very foolhardy. Though the magic of your Brass Ring stops you getting lost, you are soon tired and wounded, harried by creatures both familiar and strange. You realize that without more magical aid you have little hope of escaping from the swamp, and no chance at all to learn its secrets. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky*, turn to 272. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 3.

297

As you flee, you hear a rushing sound. You turn, to see Grimslade coming up behind you on a flying carpet. You whirl round, raising your sword. Too late! He has cast a Strength spell upon himself. He catches you by the scruff of your neck and carries you into the air. You scream as the carpet rises higher. Then he drops you. You fall down, down . . . Then everything goes black. Your adventure is over.

298

You hurry out of the room, down the dim hallway and through the awful door. Soon the tower of evil is behind you. You fought against men and animals, you risked your life . . . and for what? An evil wizard is a dangerous and ungrateful master. And you realize that you were lucky to escape from Grimslade's clutches so lightly. At least you still have your life! You know that, though your quest was misguided, you have done the world a service by ridding it of the evil wizard. You resolve that in the future you will be more careful about whom you serve. Your adventure is over.

299

You decide to try casting a Fear spell. Perhaps fear will make the creature turn aside. Quickly you cast the spell. The effect is amazing! The Dire Beast skids to a halt – then, whimpering piteously, it runs to the other side of the clearing and hides behind the boulders. If you go and attack it there, turn to 176. If you would rather turn and leave by the path on which you entered, turn to 279.

300

There is no sign of the huge Giant; he must have left. You continue your journey. Turn to 161.

301

There are two Brigands resting in the clearing, which seems to be their meeting-place. When they see you, they scramble to their feet and attack. You must fight them both.

First BRIGAND	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10
Second BRIGAND	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

Both Brigands will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Brigand as in a normal battle. Against the other, even if your Attack Strength is greater you will not wound him. You must just count this as though you have defended yourself against his blow. However, if his Attack Strength is greater, he will have wounded you in the normal way. You may try to Escape at any time. If you escape, turn to 19. If you kill the two Brigands, turn to 246.

302

You pronounce the mystic word taught to you by the Master of Wolves. The great beasts fawn upon you, their tongues lolling out. You scratch them behind the ears and command them to lie down. Turn to 247.

303

You have returned to the clearing where you met the horde of Scorpions. You look around anxiously to see whether they are still about. Yes . . . there they are, coming towards you from all sides! You are ready for them this time. Turn to 70.

304

As you continue north, the swamp seems to change in character. It becomes less gloomy, and more like a tropical jungle. Brightly coloured birds flit through the trees. *This is Clearing* 14. *If you have been here before, turn to* 149. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* Ahead of you, on a low branch, sits a huge red and yellow Parrot. As you come nearer, it speaks to you! 'Who are you, and what is your business with the Mistress of Birds?' it asks. Will you:

Attack the Parrot?	Turn to 71
Ask to meet its mistress?	Turn to 131

305

The eastward path is well tended; the trees and bushes do not grow across the trail, but are trimmed back. Before long you reach a pleasant clearing. *You are in Clearing 27. If you have been here before, turn to 238. If you have not been here before, keep reading.* Everywhere different sorts of plants are growing . . . some are flowering, and they all look healthy and attractive. The entire glade looks too beautiful to be natural, and too natural to be a garden. As you look around, a middle-aged man approaches you. He is tall and broad-shouldered, and he wears work-stained clothes. But you know from the silver Flower Amulet around his neck that he is no labourer, but the MASTER OF GARDENS. Your Brass Ring tells you that he is friendly. Are you serving:

Selator?	Turn to 36
Poomchukker?	Turn to 84
Grimslade?	Turn to 334

306

The Ranger is angrily waiting there. While you were gone, he cast the STAMINA spell on himself and regained all his STAMINA points. You must fight him again. Turn to 378.

307

You cast your Fire spell on the Fear Flowers. Many of them are burnt, but many more are unharmed. You must try to escape. Turn to 269.

308

At last the Pool Beast is dead. You use your sword to cut the great Violet Jewel from its forehead. Then you leave the clearing. The only exit takes you back to the west. Turn to 330.

309

You have a choice of three exits from this clearing. Will you go:

North?	Turn to 47
South?	Turn to 53
West?	Turn to 388

310

You cast the Fire spell on the Crab Grass. It is not dead, but it draws back, giving you a chance to leave safely. Turn to 187.

311

The Slime clutches at you, and its touch burns like acid. You scramble back. The burns reduce your SKILL by 2. If you run back the way you came, turn to 85. If you want to fight, turn to 171.

312

The Giant Scorpion lifts its claws menacingly. It is not badly wounded. Evidently the Dwarf was not a very skilled fighter.

GIANT SCORPION SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you decide to *Escape*, turn to 88. If you kill the Giant Scorpion, turn to 324.

313

The river is warm, and you see your chunk of ice melting away beneath you. All too soon it falls apart. You grab your sword and swim desperately for the river-bank, but your gear is too heavy. You sink to the bottom, choking on the river slime. Your adventure is over.

314

You have two choices. If you go north, turn to 90. If you go east, turn to 195.

315

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **51**. If you are *Unlucky*, a section of flooring opens in front of you, and you fall into the hole. When you wake up, you find that you are bound by heavy chains. Grimslade is smiling at you, but it is not a pleasant smile. You shudder to see what he is holding in his hand. Your adventure is over.

316

Unfortunately, you have none of the magical gems left to trade. 'Too bad,' he says. 'I would like to help you, but healing draughts are expensive, and I have already lost enough on this enterprise.' If you would like to leave now, turn to **100**. If you are angry enough to attack Poonchukker, turn to **341**.

317

You describe your quest. The Giant scratches his head thoughtfully. He has heard of the wizards called the Masters, but he has had no dealings with them. When you describe them in more detail, though, he says, 'I once saw a beautiful garden in the middle of the swamp . . . north of here and a little to the west, but there is no direct path. Perhaps that clearing belongs to the Master of Gardens?' You thank him and leave. Turn to **161**.

318

'Maybe they can help me,' you think, and cast the Friendship spell on their leader. Then you step out and greet them. A couple of the Brigands want to rob you, but their leader stops them, saying that he likes your looks. He asks if there is any way in which he can help you. Turn to **214**.

319

Hurriedly, you choose an exit. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **138**
East?	Turn to **47**
West?	Turn to **66**

320

The path dips slightly downwards and leads into a grassy clearing. *This is Clearing* **29**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **265**. *If you have not been here before, keep on reading*. In the middle of the clearing lies a white creature. At first you think it is a horse, but when it turns to face you, you realize that it is a UNICORN. It appears to be wounded; great claw marks score its flank. But it gets to its feet and lowers its horn at you, snorting a challenge. Will you:

Run away?	Turn to **368**
Fight it?	Turn to **221**
Cast a spell?	Turn to **119**

321

Perhaps, you think, you can reach the bridge by swimming down the river – or maybe you will find a trail you can take east. It is a long way down, so you prepare for it carefully. Turn to **30**.

322

The Wither spell turns the Crab Grass as dry as dust. You knock down the dead stalks. Turn to **81**.

323

You are in the clearing where you met the Swamp Orcs. If you slew them, turn to **309**. If you did not slay them, turn to **281** and fight them as they were when you escaped from them.

324

The monster is dead. You look at the Dwarf. He does not seem to be breathing. Will you:

Leave the clearing immediately?	Turn to 88
Use a Bless spell on the Dwarf?	Turn to 383
Search the body of the Dwarf?	Turn to 42

325

You dash across before the bridge can melt. You're too slow! You see it dissolving beneath you, breaking into sections. If you have another Ice spell, turn to 369. If not, turn to 43.

326

He looks at the broken table, the scattered books, the smashed crockery . . . the wreckage of the Statue, strewn across the floor . . . and then he looks again at you. His face twists with anger and disdain. 'Why should I bother with you?' he asks. 'You were barely good enough to defeat one little Statue, and you've wrecked my parlour.' Will you:

Crawl to his feet to apologize?	Turn to 98
Turn and run?	Turn to 315
Remind him that *he* was the one who wanted to stage a battle in his parlour in the first place?	Turn to 225

327

He is much more dangerous than you had guessed. Who would have thought that such a fat and funny-looking man could fight so well? You turn and dive out of the window, hoping to escape. Alas, a crowd has gathered below. Your fall knocks the breath from your body. Before you can recover, two burly guards have tied your hands behind your back. You will spend a long time in the dungeons for your treachery. Your adventure is over.

328

The Giant does not seem such a bad fellow; he is just angry about something. You cast your Friendship spell. The Giant shakes his head. Then he laughs and tosses his club to the ground. 'What am I saying?' he asks. 'It's not *your* fault! I'm sorry, forgive me; I was angry about someone else. What brings you here? If I can help you, I will.' Happy that your spell avoided bloodshed, you tell him of your quest. Are you serving:

Selator?	Turn to 244
Grimslade?	Turn to 317
Poomchukker?	Turn to 103

329

The clearing where you met the Master of Frogs is empty. In the dim light, you see a faint glow coming from the mushroom where he had been resting. You examine it closely. It seems different from the others. You notice human teeth-marks along one edge of the mushroom. You sniff it; it smells good. You can eat a little of the mushroom; turn to 178. Or you can leave and head north once again: turn to 352.

330

You are in the clearing with the great hollow log. If you saw a creature here earlier, turn to 129. If you did not see what lived in the log, turn to 268.

331

You are back in the clearing where the great Eagle nested. All you see is the old tree and the nest. If you fought the Eagle turn to 202. If you did not fight the Eagle, turn to 112.

332

Ignoring the warning signal from your ring, you speak to the Master of Spiders in a friendly fashion. He answers very politely, asking you your business. As you start to reply, you feel a sharp pain at the back of your neck. The Master of Spiders laughs gleefully. You spin around, and see a black spider, as big as your hand, dangling behind you. As its poison courses through your veins, you slump to the ground, unable to move. You see the Master of

Spiders rummaging through your pack to see what loot he has captured. Then you feel yourself seized from behind. You are dragged up a tree, coated with spider-silk, and left to hang. In a week or two you will make a tasty meal for the spiders. Your adventure is over.

333

'I have studied plant lore,' replies the Ranger, 'and I have heard of that plant, but I did not know it grew here. If you go east, you will find the abode of a good wizard called the Master of Gardens. If anyone knows where it grows, it will be him.' You thank him and go on. Turn to 234.

334

Around the neck of the Master of Gardens you see one of the Amulets you have been sent to find. Will you:

Attack him with your sword?	Turn to 379
Cast a magic spell?	Turn to 152
Talk to him peacefully?	Turn to 37

335

Ducking under a heavy cast-iron lantern, you leave the tavern. The light is unexpectedly bright outside, and you blink for a moment in the glare. You start off down the road, but realize you don't know where you are going. Hailing an old man who is leaning out the window of his shop, you ask where you might find the good wizard Selator. The shopkeeper is suspicious at first, but soon warms to you and gives you directions. Soon you are lost again, but a ruddy-cheeked woman sets you right. It seems that everyone knows where Selator lives! Eventually, you come to a small house on the edge of the village. Selator, a small, stout man in a white tunic and linen breeches, is pottering in his garden as you come up the path. You tell your story. He smiles, and asks how you think you can get through the uncharted swamp. If you tell him about your ring, turn to 371. If you would rather keep it a secret, turn to 96.

336

You are in a particularly marshy area. The ground squishes under your feet. The path bends slightly and runs alongside a large pool. You can see that there is one other exit from this clearing. *You are in Clearing* 28. *If you have been here before, turn to* 137. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* The surface of the pool ripples nastily, and green slime coats the water. You would never drink out of *this* pool, you are sure! Suddenly the scum on top of the pool seems to pull together. To your amazement, it heaves itself out of the water and on to the path, blocking your way. It is a viscous lump of SLIME two metres wide, which gives off a fetid odour as it oozes slowly towards you. Will you:

Run away?	Turn to 85
Try to jump over it?	Turn to 257
Attack with your sword?	Turn to 171
Use a magic spell?	Turn to 400

337

You cast the Fire spell on the Unicorn. Its mane blazes briefly, but the Unicorn's own magic soon negates the spell. You must fight. Turn to 221.

338

You recognize the clearing where you met the Scorpion and the Dwarf. There is nothing left now but a few scraps of bone and leather armour. Turn to 88.

339

As the bridge breaks up, you climb on to the largest piece you can find. It forms a sort of boat on which you float eastward down the river. Both banks are covered by thick jungle. Then, ahead of you, you see a huge, old bridge made of stone! If you try to catch it and climb up as you float beneath, turn to 384. If you would rather float along and look for another means of escape, turn to 313.

340

Your blade sinks deep into his chest. He looks at you in disbelief and starts to speak . . . then he dies. The jagged blade slips from his fingers. Curious about its strange design, you pick it up. Instantly you realize that it is one of the Magic Swords of great power, which adds 2 to the SKILL of the user. No wonder he was such a good swordsman! You start to search the rest of the wizard's sinister tower, to see what treasures he might have hidden away . . . but the air is becoming thick and oppressive. Your ring is still warning you of evil – more, if possible, than before. You smell brimstone. If you want to stay for a few minutes and see what you can find, turn to 375. If you would rather leave immediately, turn to 298.

341

His casual attitude towards you, after you risked your life on his mission, is more than you can bear. You draw your sword and attack. He is surprised, but dodges your first blow, moving very nimbly for a man of his great bulk. He plucks a sword from behind his desk and defends himself well. You soon realize that he is a dangerous opponent.

POOMCHUKKER SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

His back is to the door, so if you want to *Escape*, you must dive out of the window. To do that, turn to 327. Otherwise, when you reduce Poomchukker's STAMINA to 6 or less, turn to 372.

342

You recognize the clearing where you met the mighty Giant. If you killed the Giant, turn to 197. If you did not kill him, turn to 300.

343

You see that you are approaching the spot where you first met the Brigands. If you parted from them in friendship, turn to 199. If you fled from them, tricked them, or killed some of them, turn to 301.

344

The Wolves flatten their ears and whine; then they slink away. Turn to 247.

345

As you approach the spot where you defeated the evil Master of Spiders, you begin to feel very hot. Entering the clearing, you see it is full of roaring flames. You cannot pass. Lose one STAMINA point from the effect of the choking smoke. Turn to 165 and leave the clearing *by the same path on which you entered*.

346

You cast the Fear spell on the Swamp Orcs. One of them screams and dropping his weapons, flees into the marsh. The other two advance on you. Turn to 281 and fight these two.

347

You cast an Illusion spell, making yourself look like a plant. The Master of Gardens is astounded! He starts to walk towards you. When he gets closer you try to snatch his Amulet, but the motion breaks the spell, and the Master of Gardens jumps away. If you attack him with your sword, turn to 379. If you flee from the clearing, turn to 363.

348

There are four exits. Will you go:

North?	Turn to 94
South?	Turn to 157
East?	Turn to 10
West?	Turn to 204

349

You shrug your shoulders and walk out of the room, down the dim hallway and through the awful door. Ahead of you lies the village. Behind you lies the tower of evil. You fought men and animals, you risked your life . . . and for what? Evil, it seems, is a dangerous and ungrateful master. And you realize that you were lucky to escape so lightly from Grimslade's clutches. You still have your life! You resolve that in future you will be more careful about whom you serve. Your adventure is over.

350

You are in a clearing where one huge tree rises from the hard, bare ground. In the tree is a gigantic nest made of sticks. *You are in Clearing 16. If you have been here before, turn to* **331**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* You stop to look at the great nest. Then you hear a rushing of wings behind you. A huge EAGLE is hovering over the clearing, watching you. Do you have:

Some Parrot Feathers?	Turn to 392
A silver Bird Amulet?	Turn to 25
Neither of these?	Turn to 233

351

You are reluctant to use one of Grimslade's own spells against him; it might be dangerous. Instead, you cast an Illusion spell – or you try to. Grimslade waves his hand and you feel the spell wavering and dying before it begins to take shape. 'You cannot deceive me with those childish tricks!' he sneers. 'Prepare to die, fool.' Turn to **124**.

352

The only exit from the clearing is the path you took to get there. You travel north, towards the place where a short time ago you fought the Swamp Orcs. You grasp your sword, in case you have to fight again. Turn to 323.

353

You have gravely offended the Brigands. They felt they were giving you a fair chance to prove yourself, but you would not agree to settle the matter honourably. Now you will have to fight *all* of them. Turn to 235.

354

Withdrawing your sword from the body of your evil foe, you sigh with relief. But all around you the Spiders are lurking, they start drawing closer and closer. You bend down and take the Spider Amulet from the body. When you pull it free, a spark seems to jump from it. Suddenly, the body bursts into flames! You leave hurriedly. Behind you, the flames are spreading, and you hope they will wipe out the evil Spiders as well. Turn to 165.

355

The trail towards Willowbend is now familiar. But when you enter the town again, something seems different. You feel people are watching you, and you hear whispering voices. You realize that the tale of your exploits has become common knowledge. You feel uneasy about the greedy glances cast in your direction. As you turn into a side street, you

are aware that you are being followed. You turn, and two ragged CUTPURSES set upon you, hoping to steal the treasure they are sure you have brought back from the swamp. There is no time for magic and nowhere to run to; you must fight them.

First CUTPURSE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
Second CUTPURSE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

Fight one, and then the other. If you kill them both, turn to 186.

356

You cast the Fear spell on the Pool Beast, but it does no good. The creature is too stupid to know the meaning of fear. It attacks you. Turn to 82.

357

These two arrows are also badly aimed . . . but they turn in flight and hit you in the chest! Lose 5 points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, you realize that the Golden Magnet charm you took from the dead fighter is actually cursed! It attracts arrows – it was the undoing of its last owner, and it has nearly killed you. The Orcs are reaching for more arrows. Will you:

Attack with your sword?	Turn to 281
Use a magic spell?	Turn to 399
Run for your life?	Turn to 309

358

You take the money he has given you, and leave. But you wonder . . . did you do the right thing? You fear your money is tainted, but you know that you can do nothing about it. Next time you go wandering you will be more careful about whom you serve. Your adventure is over.

359

You doubt that the Master of Frogs would be as friendly if he knew your true mission, so you make up a story. 'I am in the service of Sukumvit, Baron of Fang,' you say. 'He has sent me to Scorpion Swamp to seek out new beasts for his Deathtrap Dungeon. When I came to the village outside the swamp, I heard talk about the Masters, and I vowed to learn more. Who are you, and why did you come here?' *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky*, turn to **162**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **16**.

360

'Well struck!' cries the Brigand Leader, clutching his arm where your blade nicked him. 'That was a good fight.' One of his companions binds up his wound, while another offers you water from his own flask. You all laugh and joke as though you are old friends. Turn to **214**.

361

You cast your Friendship spell. The Master of Spiders looks startled for a moment, then smiles. 'Ah . . . I see that you are friendly!' he says. You smile in return and begin to tell him about your quest. Then you feel a sharp pain at the back of your neck. The Master of Spiders laughs gleefully. You spin around, and see a black spider, as big as your hand, dangling behind you. As its poison courses through your veins, you slump to the ground, unable to move. You see the Master of Spiders rummaging through your pack to see what loot he has captured. Then you feel yourself seized from behind. You are dragged up a tree, coated with spider-silk, and left to hang. In a week or two you will make a tasty meal for the spiders. Your adventure is over.

362

You skilfully wield your mighty sword. The Sword Trees are no match for your prowess, and soon each reaching limb has been lopped off. You look around the clearing. You find nothing except a few seeds that look as though they might have come from the Sword Trees. You pocket them and go on. Turn to **22**.

363

You return to the clearing where you met the Ranger. Did you:

Part from him in friendship?	Turn to 133
Slay him?	Turn to 234
Fight him and flee?	Turn to 306

364

You are once again in the clearing with the healing pool. As you walk towards it, an arrow zips by your head – then another. You cannot see where they are coming from. You run back along the path the way you came. Turn to 47.

365

You decide that a Fear spell will give you your best chance in the battle ahead. You cast it on Grimslade, but he waves his hand and it rebounds on to you! The icy hand of terror grips your heart. Lose 1 SKILL point. Turn to 124.

366

You have defeated the Giant. You search the huge body, but find nothing of value except his huge brass-bound club, which is too big for you to carry. Turn to 161.

367

There are two exits from the clearing. If you want to go north, turn to 304. If you want to go east, turn to 265.

368

You must leave by the same path you took to reach this clearing. Turn to 348 and take that path.

369

You realize that even with another Ice spell, the bridge will not hold you. Instead, you cast the spell beneath you, forming a chunk of ice on which you float eastward down the river. Both banks are covered by thick jungle. Then, ahead of you, you see a huge old bridge made of stone! If you try to catch it and climb up as you float beneath, turn to 384. If you would rather float along and look for another means of escape, turn to 313.

370

The Ice spell creates a solid bridge which you can cross easily. You may travel north or south from here. If you go north, turn to 157. If you go south, turn to 398.

371

He nods. 'Yes, you are the one I have been waiting for. You can do what must be done.' He smiles at you, and you feel very proud indeed. 'I will tell you about the quest. Once upon a time, there grew a

plant called Antherica. It had many healing properties, and was of great value to the makers of white magic. But it was of no value in Evil spells, and so the forces of Evil set out to destroy the plant everywhere. It was thought that they had succeeded. But, through my studies and my crystal ball, I have learned that a single plant of Antherica survives, deep in Scorpion Swamp. It is a small dark-green bush, with sweet-smelling white flowers and purple berries. If you can bring me back just one of those berries, through my magic I can cause the Antherica to bloom again for white magicians everywhere.

'There is plenty of treasure to be found in the swamp,' the little wizard goes on, 'and you may keep all you win. All I need is a single berry of Antherica. But, although a fighter like you is well fitted to survive in the swamp, there are magic forces there against which a sword is of little use. I cannot teach you magic, but I can do the next best thing. I can give you six magic gems. Each of these will contain one magic spell, but when you have used them all, you must rely on your keen sword and your sharp wits.'

You discuss with Selator which spells you should choose. You may pick six spells from the Magic Spells listed at the front of the book – but only from the lists of *Neutral* and *Good* spells. You may not pick any *Evil* spells! Write down your chosen spells on your *Adventure Sheet*.

With the Spell Gems tucked safely in your pouch, you say farewell to Selator and strike off towards the swamp. Although your trip will be dangerous, you are buoyed up by the old wizard's wisdom and kindness. Your quest is this: find an Antherica berry and bring it back to Selator. Turn to 9 and begin your adventure.

372

You hear shrieks from below. The Goblin serving-maid is calling for help. 'Guards! He is killing the master! Come quickly!' While you are calculating your chances, a door bursts open behind Poomchukker, and three guards in red chainmail run into the room with crossbows at the ready. They do not wait for orders, but fire at you immediately. The darts pierce your chest, and you sink to the floor. Your adventure is over.

373

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, you attack so quickly that you wound the wizard. Turn to 225, but subtract 2 points from your foe's STAMINA before you start. If you are *Unlucky*, your first blow misses; turn to 225 and fight normally.

374

A monster like this, you realize, is best fought with magic. Which spell will you try?

Fear?	Turn to 299
Illusion?	Turn to 60
Growth?	Turn to 228
Friendship?	Turn to 160
None of these?	Turn to 11 and choose again.

375

You ignore the awful odour and search the tower, humming happily to yourself as you stuff books and gold statues into a sack. Suddenly you hear a hissing sound. You spin around, and see a great black shadow. Two slitted, glowing eyes regard you from the darkness. 'Thank you, mortal,' says the hissing voice. 'I have waited a long time for his soul. Now it is mine.' You flee in fear as the shadow hovers over Grimslade's body. But you don't have time to escape. You have not yet reached the front door when the smell of brimstone becomes unbearable. Then the entire tower glows red-hot and explodes. Your adventure is over.

376

You tell him that you are only trying to get to Willowbend and back. A look of surprise appears on his froggy face. 'Willowbend lies far to the north and west,' he says. 'You seem like a nice sort, though, so I will tell you something. Do not follow the Will-o'-the-wisp, or your life will be forfeit. Now, good-day, I have work to do.' Abruptly, he vanishes. His Frogs croak loudly and hop away. You look around the clearing, but find nothing at all; the only path leads back to the north. You turn around and head back towards the place where you met the Swamp Orcs. Turn to 323.

377

Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA, you jump over them. If the total is greater than your STAMINA, you do not leap quite far enough, and you are stung. Lose 3 points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 319.

378

The RANGER is not a foolish man, and he senses you are in the service of an evil wizard. He jumps down from his boulder and challenges you.

RANGER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

You can *Escape* at any time; if you do, turn to 234. If you slay the Ranger, turn to 219.

379

You draw your sword and slash at the Master of Gardens. He is amazed. 'Why are you attacking me?' he cries, and flees from you. Since he wears no armour, he runs quickly. He picks up a sickle and makes a stand at the other end of the glade. As you reach him, he waves his hand, casting a spell. Subtract 3 from your SKILL.

MASTER OF GARDENS	SKILL 7	STAMINA 10

You may *Escape* at any time by running back to the west; turn to 363. If you slay the Master of Gardens, turn to 251.

380

You use the Wither spell. The Slime changes colour when the spell strikes it, turning brown instead of green, but it shows no other effect. If you want to try another spell, turn to 400. If you want to try another tactic entirely, turn to 336 and choose again.

381

You do not want to attack the injured Unicorn; you have always heard that they are good creatures. You cast the Bless spell, instead. The creature quivers as the spell strikes it. Then it whinnies joyfully. The wounds along its side are almost healed, and the Unicorn is much stronger. It is still reluctant to approach a human, but it walks over to the side of the clearing and digs at the ground with its horn. Then it looks at you and walks away. You look at the ground where it had been digging. There are two Magic Gems there, like the ones Selator gave you. You recognize one as a Friendship spell and one as a spell to restore LUCK. You are certain the Unicorn can understand you as you thank it and go on your way. Turn to 348.

382

You realize you are in the clearing with the pool of Quicksand. You will not blunder into it unprepared this time! You have thought of several things you can do. If you use an Ice spell, you can freeze the Quicksand and walk across, but the ice will quickly melt behind you. If you use a Growth spell, you can make the vines around the pool grow and give you a safe path, both now and at any time you return to this clearing! If you have either of these spells, you can use it to cross safely; turn to 270. If you have neither of these spells, will you:

Try to jump across?	Turn to **190**
Turn and take another path?	Turn to **223**

383

Hoping to save the Dwarf, you cast your Bless spell on him. His eyelids flutter, and for a moment you think you have succeeded. But this is not a powerful enough spell to bring someone back from the dead. Turn to **324** and make another choice.

384

You have no trouble scaling the side of the old bridge. The huge blocks of stone have wide cracks between them, which make it easy to climb. You draw yourself up and over the bridge's railing and jump down on to it. Turn to **101**.

385

You are reluctant to use one of Grimslade's own spells against him; it might be dangerous. Instead, you cast the Fire spell on him. His long robes burst into flame, but Grimslade is not hurt. He laughs maniacally at you, with his robes burning around him. Turn to **124**.

386

The body of the Thief lies at your feet. He was not as clever as he thought he was! You examine his pack. The only thing you find that looks useful is a large Red Cloak, which you may add to your own possessions if you like. Munching a bit of cheese you took from his picnic basket, you continue on your way. Turn to 179.

387

You decide to cast a spell on them from your hiding-place. Which spell will you use?

Curse?	Turn to **107**
Fear?	Turn to **278**
Illusion?	Turn to **148**
Friendship?	Turn to **318**
None of these?	Turn to **65** and choose again.

388

After a short walk, you enter a pleasant, grassy clearing. You see two other exits. *This is Clearing 24. If you have been here before, turn to 263. If you have not been here before, keep reading.* You stand still for a moment, looking around you. Then you realize that there is something strange about the grass. It is growing up around you, so fast you can see the movement. As you watch, you see nippers form at the end of the stalks. They snap at you. You are in the middle of a patch of CRAB GRASS! If you attack it with your sword, turn to 134. If you want to use magic, turn to 167.

389

You have no doubt, from Sclator's description, that you have found the Antherica plant. Half your mission is completed. Now you must return to the village with the precious berry. The only path leads back to the south. Turn to 342.

390

You have a choice of three paths. They all seem rather swampy and hazardous. Will you go:

North?	Turn to 144
East?	Turn to 209
West?	Turn to 195

391

You draw your sword and step towards her. She regards you, not with fright, but with sorrow. Suddenly your view is obscured by hundreds of birds flashing past. When you can see again, she is gone. Lose 2 LUCK points. Turn to 217.

392

The Eagle knows that you are an enemy and attacks. You have no chance to escape, for it is larger and faster than you. You must trust your sword.

EAGLE SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you slay the Eagle, turn to 132.

393

You are certain that the Wither spell was intended for just such a situation. Quickly, you cast it on the Sword Trees. To your delight, they immediately turn brown and collapse. You look around the clearing. You find nothing except a few seeds which look as though they might have come from the Sword Trees. You pocket them and go on. Turn to 22.

394

By now you have learned caution. You watch the pool and the clearing. A large Lizard goes to the pool and drinks, then waddles off again. You see nothing else. If you leave the clearing, turn to 47. If you drink from the pool, turn to 77.

395

You decide to go to the closest the Black Bear. There are many convivial folk in the tavern downstairs, but you pay the innkeeper a gold piece and go straight up to your room. But you cannot sleep because of the noise from the merry-makers below. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Will you:

Pull the pillow over your head and ignore them?	Turn to 116
Go downstairs with your sword and threaten them?	Turn to 236
Leave and go to the Bent Spear?	Turn to 78
Leave and go to Tancred's Flying Horse?	Turn to 289

396

'Imagine that!' says the Master of Gardens. 'A bush of Antherica, still alive, and somewhere in this swamp! I felt that this place had some virtue when I found it. That must have been it.' He sits still for a time, his attention turned inward. Then he opens his eyes. 'The plant that you are seeking lies directly to the east of here. But there is no direct route; you must go west to find it, and then circle counter-clockwise.' He wishes you good luck and gives you a magic gem containing one Good spell (you choose which one). Then you resume your travels. There is only one path leading to this clearing; you take it, going back to the west. Turn to 363.

397

You want nothing to do with this creature. You turn and leave as quickly as possible. The only exit leads you back to the west. Turn to 330.

398

You enter a medium-sized clearing containing a small house built of logs. *You are in Clearing 4. If you have been here before, turn to* **239**. *If you have not been here before, keep on reading.* You hear the low growling of a dog. Then you see that it is not a dog, but a Wolf, watching you from beside the house. The door opens, and a big burly man steps out. Another Wolf follows him. The man carries a sword and is dressed as a forester, but you know from the silver Wolf Amulet he wears that he is the MASTER OF WOLVES. You hail him in a friendly fashion. He answers gruffly, ordering you away. Will you:

Obey and leave?	Turn to **314**
Cast a spell?	Turn to **191**
Attack him?	Turn to **220**

399

Which spell will you use against the Swamp Orcs?

Fear?	Turn to **346**
Illusion?	Turn to **169**
Neither of these?	Turn to **281**

400

Which spell will you try against the Slime?

Fire?	Turn to **188**
Wither?	Turn to **380**
Ice?	Turn to **282**
None of these?	Turn to **336** and choose again.

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Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Limited, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1984
Reprinted 1984 (three times), 1985 (three times)

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Text copyright © Steve Jackson, 1984
Illustrations copyright © Duncan Smith, 1984
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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Filmset in 11/13pt Linotron Palatino

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HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF SCORPION SWAMP

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a chainmail shirt, as well as a few pieces of gold for incidental expenses. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 24–5 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on

your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page. If you *Escape*, do not discard the records for the monster(s) you were fighting. Should you return to that clearing, it is possible that your foe(s) will still be there – and you may have to take up the combat where you left off.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favour-

able. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value. A SKILL spell (see later) will restore lost SKILL points.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value. A STAMINA spell (see later) will restore lost STAMINA points.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given in the pages of this book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value. A LUCK spell (see later) will restore lost LUCK points.

EQUIPMENT

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in chainmail. You have a backpack to hold any treasures you may come across.

MAGIC

You will play a fighter in *Scorpion Swamp*. However, you will almost certainly find yourself given the power to cast magical spells before the adventure is over. If you deal with a wizard, he may give you Spell Gems. Each gem gives its owner the power to cast one spell one time. Then the gem *vanishes*.

There are twelve different magic spells that you may be able to use; they are described below. When you acquire a Spell Gem, mark it on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have the chance to *choose* which spells you get, you may choose any kind of spell more than once – for instance, you could choose four Fire spells if you wanted to. Once a spell is used, though, you must mark it off on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you choose four Fire spells, you can cast Fire four times, but no more – unless you meet another helpful wizard later and acquire more Spell Gems.

Magic spells are divided into three types: Good, Evil, and Neutral. Anyone may use Neutral spells. However, good wizards may not cast Evil spells, and vice versa. *You* may use any spell that you can get . . . but you will not be able to get Good spells from an evil wizard, or Evil spells from a good wizard.

Neutral Spells

SKILL. When you cast this spell on yourself, it restores lost SKILL points equal to half your *Initial* SKILL score, rounded up. It cannot raise your SKILL score past its *Initial* level.

STAMINA. When you cast this spell on yourself, it restores lost STAMINA points equal to half your *Initial* STAMINA score, rounded up. It cannot raise your STAMINA score past its *Initial* level.

LUCK. When you cast this spell on yourself, it restores lost LUCK points equal to half your *Initial* LUCK score, rounded up. It cannot raise your LUCK score past its *Initial* level.

FIRE. This spell will set one medium-sized object (like a torch) on fire. The more inflammable the object, the better the spell will work.

ICE. This spell works by freezing water (or water vapour) into ice. It works best where there is water already present to be frozen.

ILLUSION. This spell will let you create one small, short-lived illusion. If *you* act in a way contrary to the illusion, the illusion will cease to fool anyone else and will be dispelled.

Good Spells

FRIENDSHIP. This spell will make one creature better disposed towards you. But it will not work on anyone or anything that cannot understand the *idea* of friendship.

GROWTH. This spell will accelerate the growth of one large plant or several smaller ones. It will not affect anything but plants.

BLESS. This spell may only be cast on another being – you *cannot* Bless yourself. It restores lost SKILL, LUCK, and STAMINA points to the creature that you Bless. Three points are added to each, but in no case may the spell increase anyone's points past their *Initial* level.

Evil Spells

FEAR. This spell will make one creature fear you – provided that it is a creature *capable* of feeling fear!

WITHERING. This spell will cause one large plant, or several small ones, to wither. It will not affect anything but plants.

CURSE. This is a very powerful spell, and not to be used lightly. When you cast a Curse, you immediately roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. However, something terrible – there is no telling what – will immediately befall your enemy, too.

When to Cast Spells

You may cast one of your SKILL, STAMINA, or LUCK spells upon yourself at any time *except during combat*. You may cast a spell on yourself just before a battle starts . . . but once the first blow has been struck, you may not use magic until the fight is over.

Other spells may only be cast when a paragraph specifically gives you the option of doing so.

MAPPING

As you play, you will travel along the network of pathways that make up Scorpion Swamp. You will want to draw a map as you go. Unlike most adventures, *Scorpion Swamp* allows you to retrace your steps. A good map may spell the difference between life and death!

Most of your adventures will take place in clearings within the swamp. Each clearing has a number to aid you in mapping. Each clearing connects to one or more paths leading out. Paths may lead to the north, south, east or west. A path may bend about, but it will always keep the same general direction. This is important. It means that if you leave one clearing by the southern path, you will enter the next clearing from the north, and vice versa. This will keep you from doubling back accidentally. When you reach a clearing, make a note of the direction in which you are travelling; it might be useful later.

In some of the clearings, you will meet people and creatures. Some of them can help you; others will attack you or hinder you in some way. It is up to you to decide how to handle each encounter.

It may happen that, in your wanderings, you will return to the same clearing again. In that case, you

may find instructions in italic type. These instructions tell you what to do if you have already visited that clearing.

If there are no special instructions, you will proceed in the usual way each time you come to that clearing.

Here is a map of an imaginary part of the swamp, to give you some help in making your own maps:

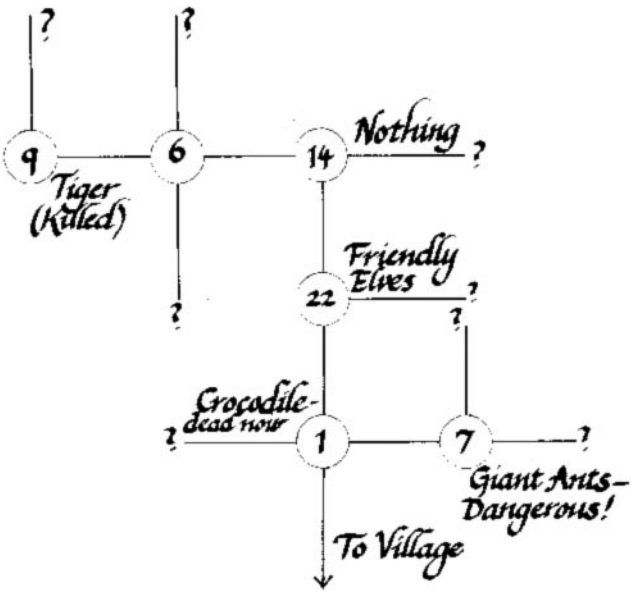

As you can see, this player has marked the number of each clearing, and made notes about what he found there. He has also indicated the paths out of each clearing, so if he returns later he will know in advance in which direction he will be able to travel.

HINTS ON PLAY

There are three possible quests in *Scorpion Swamp*. For each of the quests, there is one true path that is the best to follow. Make notes and keep your map faithfully. It may save your life . . . and, in any event, it will be invaluable in future adventures, enabling you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all clearings contain treasure; some merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. Many wrong turnings are possible . . . and even if you reach your ultimate destination, you may not find what you are searching for.

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read.

The one true way on each quest involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily once the best path has been discovered.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

ITEMS COLLECTED

SPELL GEMS AND SPELLS

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =
Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =
Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =
Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =

BACKGROUND

Hardy adventurer that you are, you have never been known to quail at a little danger. But you're no fool. You've always been far too wise to venture into Scorpion Swamp. All your life you've heard tales of that awful marsh and its disgusting denizens. But the real danger of the swamp, so the tales go, is not the creatures that inhabit it, nor even the magicians and wicked men who haunt its paths.

No, the reason that so few return from Scorpion Swamp is very simple. The swamp is criss-crossed by numerous trails that twist and turn in all directions. No one has ever mapped them and lived to tell the tale. An evil fog hides the sky, so no one can set a course by the stars. Once you're well into the swamp, even compasses are unreliable. They may point north, west, or south-by-south-east, leading you around in circles until you drop from exhaustion.

So you've stayed well away from the swamp-lands. But although you don't know it yet, something is about to happen to change your fortunes . . .

As you walk along the King's highway, you come upon an old woman, crumpled in the dust. You carry her into the shade and give her a drink from your water-skin. She soon revives, but you walk

with her to the next town, just to make sure that she will be all right.

You take your leave of her in the town market-place. 'Bless you for your kindness,' she says, when you part. 'Wear this with my good wishes, and may you never lose your way.' With that, she gives you a plain-looking Brass Ring. When you slip it on your finger, smiling your thanks, it feels loose. An hour later, as you walk down the highway again, you realize that it has altered its shape to fit you perfectly. You have a magic ring!

As you travel, you learn more about the Brass Ring's powers. The old woman must have been a powerful Witch, and she meant her blessing seriously. While you are wearing the Brass Ring, you will always know which way is North. Even in the deepest forest or in the twistiest town street, you will never be lost. Furthermore, the Brass Ring grows warm on your finger in the presence of evil, even when you are greeted in a friendly fashion. You spend a week with the forest bandits . . . rough men, but honest in their way . . . and the Ring is cool. But in the caverns, it warns you of evil magic and of foul undead. And in the towns, you find that no clever thief or lying merchant can fool you. The old woman's gift is valuable indeed to an adventurer like you!

Now you feel as though you ought to put the Brass Ring to some use worthy of its magic. Exploring Scorpion Swamp, with its unmapped maze of trails,

might be the perfect task. And it might be profitable, too! So, with your mind set on glory and treasure, you set off towards the bogs and fens of Scorpion Swamp.

NOW TURN OVER

1

The path that you must travel is a long one, for Scorpion Swamp lies to the far west of the kingdom. As you travel, you have many experiences that a less seasoned traveller would call adventures. To you, fighting Orcs and Goblins, defying evil wizards, and slaying giant wolves are all in a day's work. As you travel farther west, the mountains around you turn to hills, the hills to plains, and the plains to damp lowlands. You know that Scorpion Swamp cannot be far away.

When you enter the little town of Fenmarge, no one finds you remarkable. Many travellers pass through here. Your sturdy helmet and sharp sword indicate you are a fighter not to be trifled with, but this is not uncommon.

But when, sitting in the local tavern, you announce your plan to explore the swamp, the listeners are dumbfounded. They cluster around you, pushing back the battered benches to make room. The swamp, they tell you, holds the bones of many such as you! Not only is it trackless and infested with vermin, monsters and starving bandits, but a group of wizards calling themselves the Masters have recently claimed Scorpion Swamp for their own. One of them – a big, burly man escorted by two great grey wolves – visited this very tavern last week. He didn't say much, they tell you, but he didn't seem the sort to welcome trespassers on his property!

As the conversation continues, you realize that the villagers are sure you will die in the swamp. 'We can't let you go!' they say. One even makes so bold as to put his calloused hand on your shoulder to restrain you as you start to walk out the door. Will you:

Challenge them for their impertinence? Turn to 48
Politely explain that you are determined? Turn to 95

2

He is fascinated by your story. Rising heavily to his feet, he walks to a small table on which a globe is standing. He spins the globe and it opens, revealing a pile of gold coins. Poomchukker smiles, as your eyes bulge. 'Will you sell it to me?' he asks. 'I will give you a hundred pieces of fine gold.' If you accept his offer, turn to 49. If you turn him down, turn to 173.

3

Less than a mile from the edge of the swamp, you accidentally step into a hole. Muck oozes up around your leg. You cannot pull yourself out. You put down your sword and reach for a vine and try to lever yourself up. The vine breaks and you sink in deeper. Then you hear a chittering noise behind you. You reach for your sword, but tiny, sharp teeth sink into your hand . . . then the rats are upon you. You cannot run or fight. Soon, as the villagers predicted, only your bones are left, gleaming in the dim light that filters down between the trees. Your adventure is over. Next time, take some more magic with you.

4

The wizard laughs evilly. 'I see no need to waste my strength on such as you,' he sneers. 'But you may prove your mettle against this, my servant.' He waves his hand at a STATUE OF A GOBLIN that stands in a niche against the wall. The statue moves towards you, raising its stone sword. If you fight it, turn to **284**. If you attack Grimslade himself, turn to **123**.

5

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **273**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **297**.

6

You return to Selator's hut. A merry fire is crackling in the kitchen, and something is cooking that smells delicious. He greets you warmly and asks, 'Have you got the berry?' If you have got the purple berry of the Antherica plant, turn to **175**. If not, turn to **52**.

7

The evil wizard's brow darkens and the designs on his robe writhe ominously. 'Well,' he mutters, 'it's better than nothing. Give me what you have, and I will give you 250 gold pieces.' If you choose to accept his offer, turn to **266**. If you remind him that he had promised you more, turn to **207**.

8

'Well, that's too bad,' he sighs. 'I'll have to find someone else. If you have any of my magic gems left, I'll trade some healing potion for them.' Will you:

Trade your remaining spell gems for the potion?	Turn to **141**
Explain that you have used them all?	Turn to **316**
Attack Poomchukker?	Turn to **341**

9

You are on the southern edge of Scorpion Swamp. Thanks to the Brass Ring, you will always know which way is north . . . but you must still make a map! You decide to map each path you follow, and each clearing you enter, so that you will know which way to go if you return to a clearing. (For hints on mapping, see page 21.)

You quickly find a path leading north into the swamp. A huge sign, crudely painted on a boulder, reads: 'STOP! SCORPION SWAMP! TURN BACK!' A skull and cross-bones completes the grisly picture. Bravely, you stride past the warning and enter the swamp. You can see that it would be foolish to step off the path into the muck, so you follow the trail where it leads. Turn to **195**.

10

The knotted trees give way before you and you enter another clearing. *This is Clearing* **5**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **142**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. You realize immediately that there has been a battle here. The ground is torn up; blood is splashed over the dank swamp-grass, and you can see two arrows sticking in a tree not far away. If you examine the clearing to see what you can find, turn to **59**. If you decide to leave as quickly as possible, turn to **227**.

11

As you walk west, the swamp becomes even grimmer. Just as you think that you can stand it no longer, the path begins to widen, and you find yourself in a long, narrow opening. *This is Clearing* **6**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **210**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. You look around and see no other paths; you appear to have come to a dead end. You walk towards a large grey boulder, hoping to rest on it for a minute. Suddenly, the boulder moves! You are not looking at grey stone at all, but coarse grey hair. Red eyes glare at you, and a DIRE BEAST with six clawed legs moves towards you. Will you:

Fight it?	Turn to **176**
Run for your life?	Turn to **102**
Try a magic spell?	Turn to **374**

12

The Giant bellows angrily as he fights. He is enormously strong. Luckily for you, he is not very nimble. His club rarely hits you. When it does, though, it does *double* damage. Look out!

GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

If you reduce the Giant's STAMINA to 6, turn to **61**. You may also try to *Escape* during the fight, but remember that the Giant's blows are double-strength. If you try to Escape you will lose 4 STAMINA points. If you Escape alive, turn to **161**.

13

'I am a fighter on a quest,' you reply. Your ring is not warning you of evil, so you feel safe speaking to the Master of Frogs. Are you in the service of:

Selator?	Turn to **212**
Grimslade?	Turn to **287**
Poomchukker?	Turn to **376**

14

The trail takes you to a small open spot where, years ago, a great tree fell and dragged down several others. *This is Clearing* **32**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **338**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. As you approach, you hear the sound of fighting. You step round a tree to see a GIANT SCORPION fighting a Dwarf who is wearing leather armour. The Dwarf is in trouble. As you rush towards the fight, the Scorpion catches the Dwarf's neck in one of its claws and throws him to the ground, where he lies still. You doubt that you have any magic spells which would be worth using on this enemy. If you leave the clearing while the monster feasts on the Dwarf, turn to **88**. If you attack the Giant Scorpion, turn to **312**.

15

What bribe will you offer him?

A Golden Magnet?	Turn to **63**
An Amulet belonging to one of the other Masters?	Turn to **198**
A huge Violet Jewel?	Turn to **276**
None of these?	Turn to **212** and choose again.

16

Something in your voice betrays you. His hands move in front of him and he looks at you quizzically. Is he reading your mind? Turn to **198**.

17

If this man is evil, you want nothing to do with him. You stride past him towards an exit. As you leave the clearing, a garrotte whips around your neck. You struggle, but the Thief chokes you with the garrotte and you fall unconscious. Lose 3 STAMINA points. When you awake, you feel sick and dizzy. All your spell gems and other magic items are gone, and there is no sign of the Thief. Turn to **179**.

18

When they see you charging towards them, waving your sword, their nerve breaks. All five of the Brigands dive into the trees at the side of the clearing. You do not stop for an instant; you run through the clearing shouting and out on to the pathway at the other end. The Brigands are too stunned to think of pursuing you. Turn to **19**.

19

There are two paths leading out of the clearing. The northern one is much wider and more distinct, as though many had travelled along it. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **280**
East?	Turn to **137**

20

The berry tastes delicious. You feel a sense of well-being run through your body. Regain 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. You find nothing else of interest here. Turn to **342**.

21

You relax for a few minutes. Regain 1 STAMINA point. Then you hear a *whuffling* sound coming from the tree. If you want to see who or what is in the tree, turn to **55**. If you would rather not know, turn to **390**.

22

Even as you pocket the seeds, you see new growth stirring at the base of the trees. You leave quickly. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **320**
South?	Turn to **90**
West?	Turn to **11**

23

The Brass Ring feels cold; you know that the Mistress of Birds is a good wizard. You explain your quest and ask for her help. She shakes her head. 'That merchant is very foolish. Even if he gets his map of the swamp, some of my brother wizards are evil and will try to plunder his caravans. But you are brave, and I will help you to avoid the worst part of your journey.' Turn to **248**.

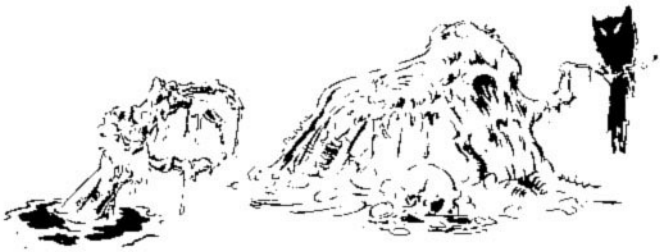

24

The Will-o'-the-wisp dances ahead of you, and you follow. The ground gets wetter and wetter. Suddenly, you fall into a mud-hole! Abruptly, the Will-o'-the-wisp vanishes. It exists only to lure unwary travellers into danger. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky*, you get out of the mud-hole safely. If you are *Unlucky*, you lose 2 points of STAMINA in your struggles, but eventually you are standing on solid ground. If it were not for your Brass Ring, you would be hopelessly lost. As it is, you know which way to walk to find the clearing. Turn to **249**.

25

The Eagle gives a great cry and circles the clearing once; then it flies to its nest. You are happy to leave it in peace! Turn to **202**.

26

You sense that the Master of Spiders is wholly and foully evil, and you attack him with your sword. He counter-attacks with a gleaming wand. You see that its tip is sharply pointed, and smeared with a foul greenish substance. Each time the wand strikes you, it does 1 extra point of damage to your STAMINA score.

MASTER OF SPIDERS SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you kill him, turn to **354**.

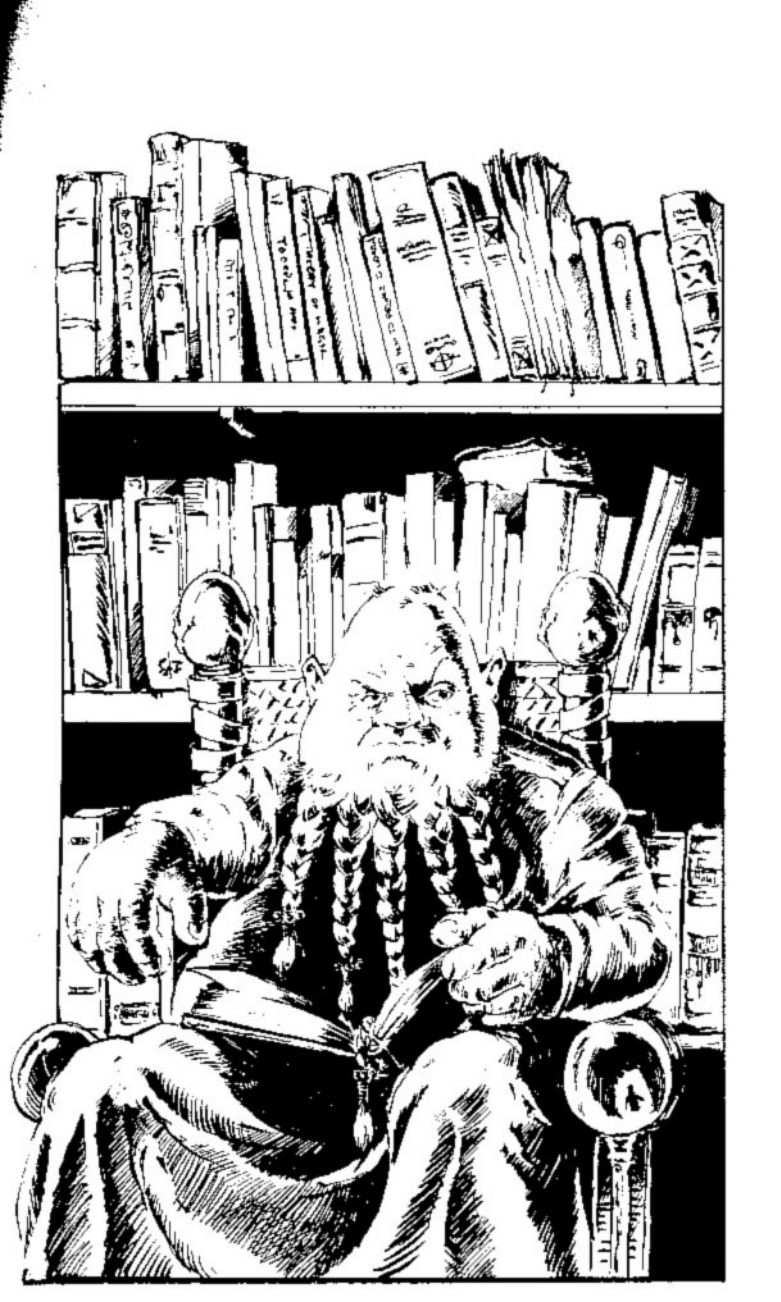

27

Gronar tells you to seek out Poomchukker in the village market. As soon as you enter the tangle of streets and shops, you are lost. You ask for directions several times, and eventually a group of laughing young boys escorts you to a large house on the edge of the market. You knock on the door – and it is answered by a Goblin! Not a Goblin warrior like those whom you have fought, but a Goblin serving-girl. She escorts you to a library where Poomchukker sits. He is one of the oddest men you have ever seen . . . very tall and immensely fat, with an elaborately braided beard and bright red skin! You tell him your story and ask if he is looking for someone like you. 'Yes, I am,' he rumbles. 'But what makes you think you can live in Scorpion Swamp when so many others have died there?' If you tell him about the old woman and the powers of the Brass Ring you wear, turn to **2**. If you simply smile and say you are a skilled fighter, turn to **173**.

28

There are several Sword Trees, but you may fight them as a single opponent. You are lucky in that they cannot see you – they attack by sound. However, there are several trees, each with many bladed branches.

SWORD TREES	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

If you defeat them, turn to **362**. Otherwise, you will no doubt become fertilizer for the trees . . .

29

You know that it would be foolish to tell this man that you serve an evil wizard. 'I serve the forces of Good,' you reply, 'but right now I only want to find my way out of this swamp. I am looking for one of the wizards called the Masters.' *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky*, turn to **185**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **378**.

30

It is a long way down, and you jump as carefully as you can. You throw your boots and your pack down first; then you dive. To your horror, you find that the water is shallow and the bottom is muddy. You are stuck! You manage to struggle free, but when you reach the surface you see the open jaws of a Crocodile, ready to take you in. You grab your sword, but it's too late: the jaws are the last thing you see. Your adventure is over.

31

As you walk along, you sense that you are far to the east of the point where you entered the swamp. You wonder if you have taken the right paths. Suddenly, you step into a grassy glade. *This is Clearing* **21**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **364**. *If not, keep reading.* There is a crystalline pool in the middle of the clearing, with an inviting sandy beach to one side. There are no other paths leading out. Will you:

Leave and go back to the west?	Turn to **47**
Watch a while for danger?	Turn to **394**
Drink from the pool?	Turn to **77**

32

You chop at the flowers with your sword, but there are more of them than you can destroy. You are rapidly exhausting yourself. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If you give up and run away, turn to **269**. If you try a magic spell, turn to **80**.

33

You hurry across the clearing, hoping to forestall another attack by the Crab Grass. But it grows up in front of you even faster this time, blocking your way. The green nippers reach out hungrily for you. If you chop at it with your sword, turn to **134**. If you use magic, turn to **167**.

34

Which spell will you use against the Pool Beast?

Wither?	Turn to **237**
Fire?	Turn to **291**
Fear?	Turn to **356**
None of these?	Turn to **209** and choose again.

35

These two arrows are also badly aimed – but they curve around and hit your backpack! Only one penetrates, doing little harm. You lose 1 STAMINA point. You realize that the Golden Magnet is cursed, and attracts arrows . . . you are lucky that you put it in your pack instead of wearing it! Will you:

Attack with your sword?	Turn to **281**
Use a magic spell?	Turn to **399**
Run for your life?	Turn to **309**

36

You tell the Master of Gardens about your quest. If you have already found the Antherica bush, turn to **283**. If you have not found it, turn to **396**.

37

If you tell the truth about your quest, turn to **292**. If you make up a story and chat for a while, turn to **220**.

38

The Slime is dead; its remains melt and putrefy while you are watching. The smell is unbearable. Turn to **153**.

39

You cast the Friendship spell on the Unicorn. It gazes at you warily; it has little trust in humans. But the spell evidently has some effect, for the Unicorn eventually lowers its head and starts to crop the grass in the clearing. Turn to **348**.

40

You control your fear and approach the gloomy tower. Bats circle around the upper storey. As you step towards the great iron door, you see a hideous face sculpted on it. Then the door swings open before you! Grimslade stands waiting. He is tall and skeletally thin. The crimson designs on his black robe seem to glow. He greets you pleasantly, but your ring, hot on your finger, continues to warn you that you are in the presence of evil. 'I know all about you,' he says. 'You want to explore the swamp. That meddling fool Gronar sent you here. But what makes you think you are worthy of my time? I need a hero who is afraid of nothing.' Will you:

Challenge him to a combat?	Turn to 4
Explain that you are a hardy warrior and that your magic ring will prevent you from losing your way?	Turn to 50
Smile and say that you fear nothing?	Turn to 97

41

You enter a flat clearing surrounded by trees covered in ivy. *This is Clearing* **30**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **382**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. There seems to be nothing of interest here, so you walk towards the other exit – when you realize you are sinking into Quicksand! *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **270**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **87**.

42

You look through the belongings of the unfortunate Dwarf to see if there is anything that you can use. His armour, of course, is too small for you, but in his pouch you find a small vial of potion. If you drink it, turn to **253**. If you leave it, turn to **88**.

43

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **339**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **313**.

44

You are not attacked as you wade across, but when you reach the other side, you are disgusted to find several large Leeches on your legs, drinking your blood! Roll two dice and lose as many STAMINA points as shown on the *lower* of the two. You may travel north or south from here. If you go north, turn to **157**. If you go south, turn to **398**.

45

You are wary of anything that seems so simple. The bridge must be a trap of some kind! You turn and go back the way you came. If you came from the north, turn to **331**. If you came from the south, turn to **303**.

46

There is nothing more you can do here unless you can get into the hut – but it appears to be magically locked, and you can find no way to open it. You decide to leave. Turn to **314**.

47

You come upon a small, overgrown clearing. *You are in Clearing* 3. You look around, but you see nothing. There are three exits. Will you go:

South?	Turn to **290**
East?	Turn to **31**
West?	Turn to **118**

48

You clap your hand to your sword and issue a ringing challenge. They are not frightened, or even especially impressed; they merely laugh at you. 'We are not fighting folk, only simple villagers,' they say. 'But one such as you, with your ready sword, indeed belongs in the great swamp, among the other seekers of trouble. We shall detain you no longer.' You feel somewhat embarrassed. Lose 1 LUCK point for behaving aggressively towards these peaceful folk, and go to **95**.

49

Greedily, you pull the Brass Ring off your finger and throw it on to the table. He counts a hundred gold pieces into a leather bag and hands it to you. You now have enough money to live on for several years, or to carouse wildly for a month or so . . . but you have traded it for your magic ring. You know that without its protection you dare not enter Scorpion Swamp. Your adventure is over.

50

He listens to your story with great interest. 'A magic ring, you say?' You nod and extend your hand so that he can see the Brass Ring gleaming on your finger. His eyes widen and he steps back from you, moving one hand in a strange pattern. You suspect that he is casting a spell! Will you:

Leap to attack him?	Turn to **373**
Wait to see what he is doing?	Turn to **222**
Turn and flee?	Turn to **315**

51

A pit opens in front of you, but you leap over it. You charge at full speed through the entrance hall, straight-arming another Statue as it reaches for you. You kick the door open. The hideous face upon it howls and attempts to bite you, but you are too swift. If you want to run for the swamp, turn to **296**. If you head for the village, turn to **5**.

52

Sadly, you have no berries to give him. You explain what happened in the swamp. Selator's face falls. 'Well, I'm sure you did your best,' he says. Seeing him so downcast, you offer to go back and try again, but he will not hear of it. 'The danger,' he says, 'is too great.' You did what you could, but it was not enough. Your adventure is over.

53

As you follow the path southward, you hear the croaking of thousands of frogs . . . tiny ones, huge ones, and all sizes in between. The path leads into a clearing dotted with little pools. *This is Clearing* **8**. *If you have already been here, turn to* **329**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. At first, all you see is a number of huge mushrooms. Then you realize that there is a man sitting on one of them. He is very short, but stout, with snapping black eyes and a wide mouth. Around his neck there hangs a silver Amulet in the shape of a frog, and sitting on the ground on either side of him are two huge green bullfrogs. 'I am the MASTER OF FROGS,' he greets you. 'What brings you to my home?' If you greet him in return, turn to **13**. If you attack him, turn to **62**.

54

His face contorts with rage, and he screeches at you, 'How dare you return empty-handed?' *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, go to **109**. If you are *Unlucky*, go to **285**.

55

Warily, you step over to the tree. Before you reach it, a rank odour warns you that it is the den of some large animal. You step backwards as an enormous BEAR pokes his shaggy head out of the hollow tree. If you run away, turn to **390**. If you want to fight the Bear, turn to **200**.

56

You make your way across the fields and along the winding roads, towards the village market-place. There stands the house of Poomchukker, just as you left it. You knock on the door, and the Goblin girl admits you. She takes you to Poomchukker's library. There he sits, swathed in a silken robe. 'Well, how did it go?' he booms. 'Did you bring me a map of the path to Willowbend?' If you reached Willowbend in your travels, turn to **158**. If you did not get to Willowbend, turn to **8**.

57

None of the spells you have seem quite right for this situation. You draw your sword and charge at the evil wizard. Turn to **124**.

58

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, you pick your way through to the exit you choose. If you are *Unlucky*, you make it, but only after tripping over a protruding root and banging your leg on a stone – subtract 1 from your STAMINA. You may now leave the clearing. Will you travel:

West?	Turn to **398**
East?	Turn to **105**
South?	Turn to **208**

59

You decide to look around the clearing. Perhaps there is someone who needs your help – or something that can help you? Almost immediately you stumble over the body of a Swamp Orc. Quickly you search the loathesome carcass, but you find nothing of value. Then you see a wounded man leaning against a tree. You hasten to help him, but when you reach his side you find that he is already dead: three arrows have pierced his chest. Two more Orcs lie at his feet; they paid dearly for his life. You see no packs or weapons; the surviving Orcs must have looted the scene before leaving. You decide to give the fallen fighter what burial you can. As you do so, you see a golden pendant shaped like a small Magnet hanging round his neck. You may leave it, or add it to your possessions. Turn to **227**.

60

You decide to try an Illusion spell. Thinking quickly, you create the illusion of a helpless villager running for the trees in front of the Dire Beast. The bloodthirsty creature turns towards the easier prey, and you let the illusion vanish again. While the Dire Beast is preoccupied, you slip quietly down the trail back the way you came. Turn to **279**.

61

'It's not fair,' the Giant cries angrily. 'First you little people steal from me, and then you come here and attack me! I never meant anybody any harm!' If you believe him, turn to **229**. If you want to press the attack, you may fight to the death. If you kill the Giant, turn to **366**.

62

You rush towards him with your sword raised. His eyes bulge in surprise, and he leaps off his mushroom. His jump carries him several feet backwards. He gestures towards you, and his two Frogs jump in your direction. If you run back the way you came, turn to **323**. If you fight the Frogs, turn to **146**.

63

You reach into your pack and offer him the Golden Magnet that you took from the dead fighter. He laughs. 'Sorry, but I don't want that. It has a curse on it! Why don't you just throw it into the pool there?' Feeling foolish, you do so. If you have another item you would like to offer him, turn to **15**. If you have nothing else to offer him, turn to **212** and try another tactic.

64

You cast the Fire spell on the Wolves, hoping to drive them away. It works! The fur of the closest one blazes up, and both Wolves flee in panic. But the Master of Wolves is not intimidated by your spell. 'So!' he growls, 'a fighter playing with magic, eh? See how you like this.' He shakes his clenched fist at you, and you feel as if a great blow has struck your sword arm. Lose 3 SKILL points and 1 STAMINA point. You can see that if it comes to a duel of spells, you would be the loser . . . so you draw your sword and attack.

MASTER OF WOLVES	SKILL 11	STAMINA 10

If you find yourself losing, you may *Escape*; turn to **314**. If you kill the Master of Wolves, turn to **154**.

65

The trail winds about, but you keep to it faithfully. Skirting a great shelf-fungus and the tiny creatures dining on it, you approach another clearing. *This is Clearing* **10**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **343**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. You can hear the sound of voices ahead of you. Cautiously, you peer round a tree. You see a group of five men, you guess they are BRIGANDS from their dress and rough speech. The Brass Ring is not warm, so you know that these men are not really evil. On the other hand, there is no need to be foolish. Will you:

Turn around and go back the way you came?	Turn to **137**
Charge out at them, shouting and waving your sword?	Turn to **231**
Cast a spell from your hiding place?	Turn to **387**
Step out confidently and greet them?	Turn to **163**

66

You enter a rather pleasant glade surrounded by gnarled oaks. *You are in Clearing* **9**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **192**. *If you have not been here before, keep on reading*. Leaning against a tree, eating lunch, is a small, cheerful man in dark clothes. His food is in a picnic basket. He has no visible weapons, except for the knife with which he is cutting his cheese. He notices you standing there and hails you. 'Good day, fighter, will you share my meal?' As he speaks, you feel the Brass Ring grow hot, warning you of evil. You realize that the man is a THIEF. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **267**
Ignore him?	Turn to **17**
Accept his invitation and sit down?	Turn to **147**

67

Sure enough, it is a healing mixture. You use it all, and feel your strength return. Gain 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **19**.

68

If you know a secret word taught to you by the Master of Wolves, turn to **302**. If not, turn to **215**.

69

You have slain the Bear. You search its den, but you find nothing of value. Turn to **390**.

70

Your reactions are quick. You have time to decide how to deal with the Scorpions. Will you:

Stamp on them and strike with your sword?	Turn to **216**
Cast a Fire spell?	Turn to **110**
Leap over them to safety?	Turn to **377**

71

Afraid that the noisy bird will give the alarm, you whip out your sword and behead the Parrot. It falls to the ground without a cry. From its tail you pull a few of its brightly coloured feathers. You continue forward cautiously. Turn to **149**.

72

The ground beneath you is sticky, but you keep your footing. The Will-o'-the-wisp is still dancing in front of you. If you turn back, turn to **249**. If you follow it further west, turn to **24**.

73

Test your Luck. If you are *Unlucky*, you fall down, losing 2 STAMINA points, but you climb back up to the nest. If you are *Lucky*, you get to the nest safely. Looped about one of the branches you find a heavy Gold Chain; you may take it if you wish. You climb down and leave. Turn to **202**.

74

You decide to combat the evil Master of Spiders with a spell. Which one will you use?

Friendship?	Turn to **361**
Curse?	Turn to **261**
Fire?	Turn to **113**
None of these?	Turn to **144** and choose again.

75

You cast a Fire spell on the Sword Trees. They writhe in anger, but are not badly hurt. Turn to **28** and fight, subtracting 2 from the STAMINA of the Sword Trees before you start.

76

You know that a Ranger is a fighter on the side of Good, and no doubt familiar with the swamp. He can be trusted with your story. He has heard of Selator, and would like to help. He offers you some healing herbs which clear your head and restore 1 lost SKILL point. If you have already found the Antherica bush, turn to **166**. If not, turn to **333**.

77

You feel revitalized. The water in the pool has healing properties. Regain 3 STAMINA points. You leave and go back to the west. Turn to **47**.

78

The Bent Spear is a pleasant, roomy inn. You pay the innkeeper a Gold Piece and go to your room. As soon as your head hits the pillow, you fall asleep. You wake up the next morning feeling refreshed; regain 2 STAMINA points. When you are about to leave, the innkeeper hails you. He knows that you came through Scorpion Swamp, and that you intend to return the same way. 'You must be a mighty fighter to have come through the swamp,' he says, 'and perhaps this is none of my business . . . but there is a wizard in the next street who might be able to sell you some spells to help you get back.' Thanking the innkeeper for his kind suggestion, you ask for directions to the wizard and leave. If you visit the wizard, turn to **150**. If you strike off south across the swamp again, turn to **343**.

79

You agree that a single combat, fought to first blood only, would be an honourable way to settle the question. You and the Brigand Leader square off. The other men crowd around you, but they do not seem treacherous – merely excited.

BRIGAND LEADER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

You fight only until one of you hits the other. If you hit the Brigand Leader first, turn to **360**. If he hits you first, turn to **128**.

80

Which spell will you use against the Fear Flowers?

Fire?	Turn to **307**
Wither?	Turn to **196**
Neither of these?	Turn to **204** and choose again.

81

You have destroyed the Crab Grass; you have no doubt that it is dead. You search the clearing. On a tree, you find some scorched lettering: 'Beware of Orcs!' That is all. You leave; turn to **187**.

82

The jewel looks valuable, so you draw your sword and attack the beast. It strikes at you with its rubbery tentacles.

POOL BEAST	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you want to *Escape* and run back to the west, turn to **330**. If you kill the beast, turn to **308**.

83

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **35**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **357**.

84

Confident that the Master of Gardens is a friend, you tell him your business. He wishes you well, but can do little to help you. He leads you around his glade, and you see that the only path out is the one that brought you there. You take your leave of the Master of Gardens and go back to the west. Turn to **363**.

85

You flee. *You must go back the way you came.* Turn to **153** and choose the path from which you *entered* this clearing.

86

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky,* turn to **189**. If you are *Unlucky,* you find nothing; turn to **348**.

87

You are trapped in the Quicksand. You can feel yourself being slowly drawn down. Your only hope is to shed your armour. Working quickly, you pull it off and abandon it. Now you can pull yourself out of the Quicksand, but you must lose 2 SKILL points *and* reduce your *Initial* SKILL level by 2, because you have lost your armour. Turn to **270**.

88

You leave the clearing. If you go north, turn to **121**. If you go east, turn to **331**.

89

You use your Ice spell to form a bridge across the river. But the river is very wide and warm, so the bridge is very slender! If you want to cross it, turn to **325**. If you would rather not trust yourself to a magical bridge of ice, turn to **295** and choose again.

90

You have crossed several shallow streams, but now you are faced with a deeper one. *This is Clearing* 34. You see movement in the water below, and you are not sure that you care to wade across. Will you:

Use the Ice spell?	Turn to **370**
Use the Wither spell?	Turn to **254**
Wade across, very carefully?	Turn to **44**

91

Roll two dice. If the result is equal to or less than your STAMINA, you made the jump. Otherwise, you fell short, caught your leg in the mire, and twisted your arm slightly when you landed. Subtract 1 point from your SKILL. You may now leave the clearing. Will you travel:

West?	Turn to **398**
East?	Turn to **105**
South?	Turn to **208**

92

The path leads you northward, and gradually upward. The ground around you is somewhat drier now, and the swamp trees have been replaced by deep forest. The trees thin out ahead of you, and you see a large clearing dotted with low bushes. *This is Clearing* **11**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **108**. *If you have not been here before, keep on reading*. You stop and listen, but hear nothing. You step out into the clearing to search for more paths, suddenly you realize that you are being watched by two huge WOLVES. If you have the Wolf Amulet, turn to **344**. If not, turn to **68**.

93

You throw your Curse spell at the Master of Wolves. He clutches his throat in pain, but raises his sword nevertheless. Then you feel the effect of the Curse upon *you*. Roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. If you live, you must still fight the Master of Wolves, but you can subtract 2 points from both his SKILL and STAMINA scores when you do. Turn to **120**.

94

The trail dips down and you see swirling mist. The smell is vile and you hold your breath. But before you get out of the mist, you are forced to breathe. Lose 2 STAMINA points from the effect of the swamp fog. If you travel to the north, turn to **295**. If you are going south, turn to **320**.

95

The villagers shake their heads as you turn towards the door, but make no further attempts to dissuade you. But, before you reach the door, a villager blocks your path. He is a short, middle-aged fellow with a black beard cut square across the bottom. At first you take him for a farmer, but he seems more interested in you than any farmer should be! He takes your arm and leads you to a table in the corner of the tavern. The others have gone back to their chatting, and you find yourself willing to hear what this quiet man will say to you. He introduces himself as Gronar. 'If you really intend to brave the terrors of the swamp,' he says, 'you ought to have some purpose, rather than random mapping and beast-slaying.' If you agree with him, turn to **240**. If you disagree, turn to **122**.

96

Somehow, you cannot keep a secret from this good man. You find yourself telling him all about the Brass Ring and its powers. Turn to **371**.

97

'Fine,' he replies, smiling. You see that his teeth are pointed. He waves his hand at the wall, where a STATUE OF A GOBLIN is standing. It quivers and moves towards you, brandishing a stone sword. If you want to run away, turn to **315**. If you choose to fight the Statue, turn to **284**.

98

You feel a dull, heavy blow land on the back of your head. You collapse at the wizard's feet, dropping your sword. Looking up, you see that he seems to have grown enormously. But in fact it is you who has shrunk to the size of an insect! You flee, tripping over your own legs as you run. He laughs and lets you go. You run up the wall and hide in a crack, and Grimslade goes about his business. Eventually, you become hungry. You spin a web and hope for a tasty fly. Already you are forgetting your former life. Your adventure is over.

99

You hand Grimslade the Amulets for which you braved Scorpion Swamp. He takes them from you, smirking nastily. Stepping out of the room, he returns with a small but heavy pouch. He tosses it to you, and you hear the clink of coins. 'Begone,' he says, 'and do not return, for I am done with you.' Turn to **242**.

100

Tired and battered, you leave Poomchukker's mansion and head for the inn. You did not succeed in your quest, but at least you escaped with your life. Perhaps you will return another day. For now, your adventure is over.

101

The bridge is old but in good repair. If you choose to travel north, turn to **350**. If you would rather go south, turn to **118**.

102

Although you have a head start, you soon hear the Dire Beast gaining on you. Lose 1 point of STAMINA. Turn back to **11** and choose another tactic.

103

You explain your quest. The Giant nods his head. 'We are close to the north side of the swamp now,' he tells you, 'but the town of Willowbend lies many miles to the west of here. You should travel west.' You thank him and take your leave. Turn to **161**.

104

The Master of Frogs hops down off his mushroom and reaches into the pool. He brings up a handful of water. It does not run between his fingers, but stays in his hand. He moulds it between his fingers and it turns into a Crystal Ball. He gazes into it for a while, murmuring to himself. Then he tosses it back into the pool. 'The plant you seek is directly to the north,' he tells you. 'But the way is not straight, and there are many dangers. Beware of my brother Masters, for not all of them are friendly. And be kind to the Giant.' With those words, he jumps straight up, and vanishes in the trees. The clearing is empty. Turn to **352**.

105

Ahead of you is a clearing. Unlike the last one you found, the ground seems to be solid. *This is Clearing* **12**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **330**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. You see several large flat stones, a huge hollow tree, and two other paths leading out. Will you:

Sit down and rest on a stone?	Turn to **21**
Investigate the hollow tree?	Turn to **55**
Leave the clearing immediately?	Turn to **390**

106

A garrotte drops over your neck from behind. The Thief has fooled you! Luckily, you are much stronger than he is. You loosen his grip and flip him over your shoulder! Escaping from the garrotte has cost you 2 STAMINA points, but you are free. If you attack the treacherous Thief, who is now brandishing a dagger, turn to **267**. If you turn and dash down one of the paths, turn to **179**.

107

You cast your Curse spell on the closest Brigand. He screams and falls to the ground. His companions rush to his side. Then they, too, scream, and go running north out of the clearing. The fallen Brigand is dead, his features are contorted, he looks as if he has died from an awful disease. Then you feel the effect of the Curse. Roll a die and lose that many points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, you can proceed. Turn to **19**

108

You re-enter the clearing where you met the Wolves. It is quiet; you see nothing unusual. The bush is still in the middle of the clearing; it has no berries on it now. There is nothing of interest here. You leave and go back southward, towards the Giant's clearing. Turn to **342**.

109

He mutters and blusters, but he has seen you fight, and he is not quite angry enough to attack you. Will you:

Leave with what you have?	Turn to **349**
Attack him?	Turn to **124**
Cast a spell?	Turn to **256**

110

You know that the only magic likely to help you against the crawling multitude is a Fire spell. Quickly, you cast it. A ring of fire blooms in the grass around your feet. It spreads for a moment and then goes out, but the Scorpions have been driven back. You dash out of the clearing before they can attack you again. Turn to **319**.

111

You are unwilling to attack the Mistress of Birds, but you are determined to get what you want. You cast your Friendship spell on her. She laughs. 'Foolish Warrior! Do you not know that a good wizard is a friend to all? You have wasted your spell.' Turn to **184**.

112

You are curious about the great nest. If you would like to climb up and examine it, turn to **73**. If you would rather leave, turn to **202**.

113

It occurs to you that spider-webs are very inflammable. You cast the Fire spell on the Master of Spiders. Instantly his robes catch fire. He screams horribly and falls to the ground. The flame spreads throughout the clearing. Sheets of fire rush up the trees, incinerating the foul creatures that lurk there. The heat is so intense that you abandon any idea of collecting loot. Your only thought is to escape. You loose 3 STAMINA points due to burns as you rush from the clearing. Turn to **165**.

114

You cast the Growth spell on the trees. Maybe they will grow so tall that they will be unable to reach you. You soon realize your mistake. The trees grow more branches and continue their attack. Turn to **28** and fight, but *double* the STAMINA of the Sword Trees.

115

The Ranger laughs; he appreciates your honesty. 'Well, then you need to find Willowbend,' he says. 'Go south, then west at the crossing of paths. From there, just stay on the path and you will come to the town. But don't stray off the path!' You thank him and go on. Turn to **234**.

116

You do your best to ignore the noise of the roisterers carousing below, but it gets worse. Long after midnight, you fall into a fitful sleep, but you are awakened early the next morning by the sounds of a market-place outside your window. Angrily, you collect your belongings and stalk southward out of town, towards the swamp. Turn to 343.

117

You cast the Friendship spell that you found in the glade of the Unicorn. The Master of Gardens smiles broadly; 'What can I do for you, my friend?' You ask him for his Flower Amulet. He takes it from around his neck and drops it over your head. When it touches you, you are paralysed! He looks deep into your eyes and commands you to tell him the truth about yourself, and you cannot disobey. He shakes his head. 'You are not a bad person, but you serve a bad master. The kindest thing I can do for you is to advise you to be on your guard.' He takes the Amulet back and walks away. Eventually you regain control of your limbs and leave, going west. Turn to 363.

118

You can see that ahead of you two other paths join yours in a small clearing. *You are in Clearing* **13**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **303**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* You feel a prickling sensation around your Brass Ring. Looking down, you see dozens of small SCORPIONS scuttling towards you. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **70**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **182**.

119

Which spell will you cast on the Unicorn?

Friendship?	Turn to **39**
Fear?	Turn to **293**
Bless?	Turn to **381**
Fire?	Turn to **337**
None of these?	Turn to **320** and choose again.

120

The Master of Wolves gestures, and his two WOLVES run towards you. You must fight each of them in turn. If you kill them both, you must fight the Master of Wolves himself.

First WOLF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
Second WOLF	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
MASTER OF WOLVES	SKILL 11	STAMINA 10

If you find yourself losing, you may *Escape;* turn to **314**. If you kill the Master of Wolves and his pets, turn to **154**.

121

You find yourself at a crossing of paths. Which way will you go?

North?	Turn to **170**
South?	Turn to **14**
East?	Turn to **275**
West?	Turn to **218**

122

He counters your argument deftly. 'Not only is a mission worth while, my friend, but there is a great deal of strong magic now in Scorpion Swamp. You look like a doughty fighter, and you may have a little magic about you as well, but without the aid of a wizard, I fear that you will never see the sun again if you set foot in the swamp.' You realize that he is sincere. If you want to hear more from this man, turn to **240**. If you would prefer to leave and go into the swamp on your own, turn to **296**.

123

The sorcerer's eyes widen and he leaps backwards, losing his tall hat and knocking over a vase as he does so. An evil-smelling vapour curls up from the broken vase. The animated statue freezes in its tracks; you have broken the wizard's concentration and spoiled the spell he was using! If you want to press your attack, turn to **225**. If you want to flee while he is preoccupied, turn to **315**.

124

The evil wizard is every bit as angry as you are. He plucks his wand from his robes. As he takes up the stance of a swordsman, the wand shimmers and changes into a jagged blade. It glows as he wields it, and you realize that it must be magical. One way or another, this will be the last battle of your adventure!

GRIMSLADE	SKILL 13	STAMINA 18

This is a fight to the death; you may not try to escape. If you kill Grimslade, turn to **340**.

125

You have slain the Dire Beast. You cut off a few of its rock-like claws as mementoes of your great battle. You search the clearing for other exits, but find none, so you turn round and leave by the way you came, heading east. Turn to **279**.

126

You cast your spell on the Giant while he stands there. Frost forms on his beard and eyebrows, and he shivers for a second. 'Getting cold around here!' he rumbles to himself. But he shows no other effect. Turn back to **145** and make another choice.

127

He doesn't seem like a bad fellow at all; he's just shy. You decide to try the Friendship spell on him. Instantly, his face lights up. 'You know, I don't get many visitors out here,' he says. 'I can tell you whatever you need to know – I'm a very powerful wizard! But first, sit down and talk to me.' You chat for a while with the Master of Frogs, and then bring the subject back to the plant you are seeking. Turn to **104**.

128

Although you are skilful, the Brigand Leader is also a fine swordsman. His blade raps you sharply on the ribs. You have lost. Your opponent, a good sport, congratulates you on a fine fight, and spreads out his own cloak so that you can sit down and rest. 'And now, to settle our little wager,' he says. 'What have I won?' You must give him any one gem, jewel, or magical artefact that you possess. If the only such item you have is your Brass Ring, turn to **180**. If you have any other suitable item or items, you may give him whichever one you like (make sure you mark it off on your *Adventure Sheet*). You part in friendship from the Brigands and go on your way. Turn to **19**.

129

If you killed the Bear, turn to **268**. If you ran from it, turn to **181**.

130

Which spell will you try?

Curse?	Turn to **260**
Friendship?	Turn to **111**
Fear?	Turn to **201**
None of these?	Turn to **288** and choose again.

131

The Parrot fixes you with a beady eye. 'Just walk forward. She knows that you are coming.' You go through a screen of low palm trees, and find yourself in a beautiful glade. Thousands of coloured birds fill the air and the surrounding trees. Great Herons and Eagles stalk about. Seated on a low pedestal in the midst of this splendour is a lovely woman, who you know must be the Mistress of Birds. She greets you by name and asks you your business. Your reply, of course, depends on your patron. Is it:

Poomchukker?	Turn to **23**
Selator?	Turn to **164**
Grimslade?	Turn to **288**

132

You have killed the Eagle. If you would like to climb up and examine its nest, turn to **73**. If you would rather leave now, turn to **202**.

133

There is no sign of the Ranger now; he has melted into the woods. Turn to **234**.

134

You hack at the CRAB GRASS with your sword. The nippers are easy to cut down, but more keep growing up around you. Fight the hungry lawn as though it was a single opponent:

CRAB GRASS	SKILL 6	STAMINA 16

If you *Escape*, turn to **187**. If you cut down the Crab Grass, turn to **81**.

135

You search the bodies of the dead Swamp Orcs. Their weapons are of poor quality, and their provisions are too disgusting to touch. However, one of them has a few gold pieces which you add to your store, and another one has a crude map! Comparing it with your own, you soon find your present location, but you learn little that is new. However, directly to the south, there is a picture of a frog with a crown over its head. Turn to **309**.

136

You cast the Fire spell on the Master of Gardens, but he waves a hand and deflects the flame. You decide to attack instead. Turn to **379**.

137

This is the place where you met the Slime. If you killed it, go to **153**. If you did not kill it, it blocks your path as before, and any damage you did to it has been healed. Turn back to **336** and decide how you will deal with it.

138

Ahead of you there is an opening in the trees. You investigate. *You are in Clearing* **35**. You can see the wide Foulbrood River, running east and west. A great stone bridge crosses the river. It looks totally deserted. If you go on to the bridge, turn to **101**. If you distrust the bridge and would rather turn around, turn to **45**.

139

You decide that this is not for you, and travel back towards the village as fast as you can. The warmth fades from your finger as you put the threatening tower behind you. If you want to go and see the good wizard Selator, turn to **335**. If you would rather visit the mysterious Poomchukker, turn to **27**.

140

Your blade sinks deep into his chest. He looks at you in disbelief and starts to speak . . . then he dies. The jagged blade slips from his fingers. Curious about its strange design, you pick it up. Instantly you realize that it is one of the Magic Swords of great power, which adds 2 to the SKILL of its user. No wonder he was such a good swordsman! You start to search the rest of the wizard's sinister tower, to see what treasures he might have hidden away . . . but the air is becoming thick and oppressive. Your ring is still warning you of evil – more, if possible, than before. You smell brimstone. Will you:

Stay and see what you can find?	Turn to 375
Return to the village and look for Selator, the good wizard?	Turn to 335
Return to the village and seek out the mysterious Poomchukker?	Turn to 27

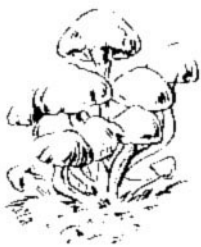

141

The offer sounds reasonable to you. You reach into your pouch and take out the magical jewels that you did not use. He rings for the serving-girl, and she brings a draught that refreshes you and heals your wounds. Your adventure is over. You did not succeed, but you learned a great deal, and maybe you will conquer the swamp some other day.

142

You see few signs of the earlier battle. The bodies of the Orcs have gone. A foot-long Scorpion glares at you from a pool as you hurry through the clearing. Turn to **227**.

143

As soon as you enter the clearing, you hear the horrible snorting of the Dire Beast. It failed to eat you before, and now it wants to have another go! If you want to use magic against it, as you did last time, turn to **374**. If you want to fight it this time, turn to **176**.

144

You notice that your path is criss-crossed by spider-webs. There is a clearing ahead. Even before you enter it, you can see that the surrounding trees are thickly festooned with webs, and that there are many spiders there. *You are in Clearing* **17**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **345**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. In the centre of the clearing there is a sumptuous pavilion, which seems to float above the marshy ground. It is silver-grey and it shimmers like woven spider-silk. Seated in the pavilion is a tall man. His thick beard and eyebrows are white, and his robe is as silver-grey as his tent. Around his neck hangs a gleaming silver Spider Amulet. You know that you are in the presence of the MASTER OF SPIDERS. As he regards you from his burning green eyes, you feel your Brass Ring warning you of evil. Will you:

Cast a magic spell?	Turn to **74**
Attack immediately?	Turn to **26**
Talk to him in a friendly fashion?	Turn to **332**

145

It seems to you that using magic is a pretty good way to deal with an angry Giant. Will you try:

Curse?	Turn to **252**
Friendship?	Turn to **328**
Fire?	Turn to **211**
Ice?	Turn to **126**
None of these?	Turn to **275** and choose again.

146

There are two huge Frogs. They attack you at the same time. To your surprise, you see that their mouths are filled with tiny, sharp teeth!

First GIANT FROG	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6
Second GIANT FROG	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

Both Frogs will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Frog as in a normal battle. Against the other, even if your Attack Strength is greater you will not wound it. You must just count this as though you have defended yourself against it. However, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If you win, turn to **230**.

147

You sit down opposite him. 'What do you do?' you ask. 'Oh,' he answers, 'I rob travellers. When people enter by that path over there, my net falls down and catches them.' He points upward, and your gaze follows his finger. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky*, turn to **213**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **106**.

148

You wonder what sort of Illusion would be best to fool the Brigands. They are a scruffy-looking lot; they all look as though they could do with a good meal. You smile; you have a good idea. You create an Illusion of a fat pig, which wanders out into the clearing and then down a path. The Brigands fall all over themselves in their haste to capture it. They pass your hiding-place without noticing you. You smile and hurry across the clearing. Turn to **19**.

149

The clearing is full of brightly coloured birds, but there is no sign of any humans. The Mistress of Birds must have gone elsewhere. You search the clearing but find nothing except feathers. Turn to **217**.

150

The street leading to the edge of town is full of little shops, and one sign catches your eye instantly: 'HALICAR DEALER IN POTIONS AND SPELLS'. You go in. Halicar proves to be a pleasant young man. He is a Neutral wizard, and can sell only Neutral spells. You do not have enough Gold Pieces to deal with him, but some of the items that you picked up in the swamp will interest him. You lay them on his table. Each of the following, if you have it, can be exchanged for one magical gem containing a Neutral spell: a Violet Jewel; a Gold Chain; any of the silver Amulets from the Masters; a Golden Magnet or the Horn of a Unicorn. Halicar can sell you no more than three spells. Decide which spells you want, list them on your *Adventure Sheet*, and mark off the items you traded for them. Then you leave the shop, going south, back into Scorpion Swamp. Turn to **343**.

151

You dodge to the side. One arrow misses you; the other nicks your arm. Lose 1 SKILL point. Will you:

Attack with your sword?	Turn to **281**
Use a magic spell?	Turn to **399**
Run for your life?	Turn to **309**

152

Which spell will you cast at the Master of Gardens?

Fire?	Turn to **136**
Wither?	Turn to **264**
Illusion?	Turn to **347**
Friendship?	Turn to **117**
None of these?	Turn to **334**

153

You leave the clearing as quickly as possible. If you go north, turn to **218**. If you go west, turn to **65**.

154

The only thing of interest that the Master of Wolves had was his Wolf Amulet. You take it and then go and investigate his hut. Turn to 46.

155

You sound sincere; Gronar nods and smiles broadly. 'There are those in the world,' he says, 'who seem rough or simple, but always fight for the right. The good Selator is one . . . and you, Paladin, are another, though you have much to learn.' Somehow, Gronar seems to be much larger now. Is that a cross embroidered on his robes? And where did that sword come from? You start to speak, to ask him who he is, but he reaches across the table and touches your brow. You feel dizzy. 'Bless you, young Paladin. Seek ye Selator.' Then he is gone. You could not tell whether he walked out of the door, or simply vanished . . . but the dizziness passes quickly, and you feel very good indeed. Raise your *Initial* LUCK score by 2. Turn to 335.

156

You are breathing heavily, but you are still alive. Your opponent has been reduced to a heap of gravel which is scattered over the floor. You laugh at Grimslade and toss the table leg over your shoulder. It lands with a thump amid the remains of a bookcase knocked over in the fight. Grimslade is eyeing the wreckage of his parlour.

If you were not wounded in the fight, turn to **241**.
If you were wounded, but lost 5 or less STAMINA points, turn to **193**.
If you lost 6 or more STAMINA points in the fight, turn to **326**.

157

The path narrows menacingly. You wonder for a second if you have reached a dead end. Then it becomes wider again. You step into a very small clearing. *You are in Clearing* **18**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **279**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. You see several unusual trees around you. They are dark green and rather small, with snaky limbs. Suddenly you realize that each limb ends in a sword, and they are moving! You are being attacked by the dreaded SWORD TREES! They are all around you now. If you want to fight them with your own sword, turn to **28**. If you want to try a magic spell, turn to **203**.

158

You smile broadly and pull a tattered piece of parchment out of your pocket. It is the map you faithfully kept of your journey. Clearly marked on it are the paths on which you travelled and clearings where you fought. Each hazard is indicated. As you explain it to Poomchukker, he is more and more delighted. Finally he claps you on the back – and, although you are strong, you stagger. 'Wonderful!'

he says. 'Perfect!' He reaches into a drawer and brings out a huge emerald. 'Call it a bonus!' he laughs. 'My first caravan will leave tomorrow. You will be my guest here for as long as you like . . . and half of my savings for a year are yours, just as I promised.' You smile and thank him. You are pleased to find out that the mysterious Poomchukker is an honourable man; maybe some day you will know him better. But, for now, your quest is a success and your adventure is at an end.

159

You feel that you have done all you can. Now you must return to your patron and report your success or your failure. Did you undertake your quest for:

Selator?	Turn to **6**
Grimslade?	Turn to **226**
Poomchukker?	Turn to **56**

160

It occurs to you that this creature would make a good ally, so you cast the Friendship spell on it. Unfortunately, a Dire Beast has no friends! Its charge does not slacken, and you must fight it. Turn to **176**.

161

You leave the Giant's clearing and continue your journey. Which way will you travel?

North?	Turn to **92**
South?	Turn to **41**
West?	Turn to **121**

162

He believes your story and starts to chat with you. He tells you that the Masters are a group of powerful wizards. Some are Good, some are Evil, and some are Neutral, but their destinies are tied together by the Amulets they wear. They may fight with one another, but no Master may slay another while he (or she) wears the Amulet. He also tells you that the Amulets grant great power, but only when worn by a wizard. You find this all very interesting, and thank him for his patience. Then you take your leave . . . but you walk only as far as the beginning of the path. As soon as he can no longer see you, you ponder over your next move. Will you:

Give up and leave?	Turn to **352**
Use an Illusion and attempt to steal the amulet?	Turn to **245**
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **62**

163

You stride along the path and into the clearing. They are surprised to see you, and even more surprised when you hail them casually and keep on walking. 'Where do you think you're going?' they ask. 'North,' you reply. They are impressed by your coolness. The Brigands are accustomed to demanding payment from passers-by, but they are not murderers. Although they could attack you, the odds would be five to one, they do not feel that would be very sporting. Finally, the leader suggests a solution. You and he will fight. The first one to hit the other will be declared the winner. If the Brigand Leader draws the first blood, you must give him something of value. If you draw first blood, he and his men will let you go. If you agree to this plan, turn to 79. If you will not agree, turn to 353.

164

The Brass Ring is cold; you know that the Mistress of Birds is a good wizard. You explain your quest and ask for her help. She claps her hands in glee, and for a moment she looks like a young girl. 'Is there really an Antherica bush left?' She is overjoyed. She knows that your quest, if it succeeds, will help the cause of Good everywhere. She gives you a magic potion which restores any one of your scores (you choose which one) to its *Initial* level. Then she motions to you to be silent. She holds out her hands and several small birds fly to her. She talks to them for a time. Then she tells you, 'Selator was right! There is, indeed, a bush of Antherica to the north-east. If you like, I can help you to get there.' You accept gratefully. Turn to **248**.

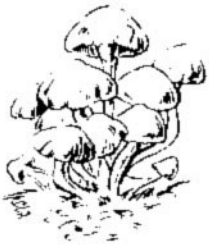

165

There are only two exits from this clearing. If you go north, turn to **388**. If you go south, turn to **105**.

166

The Ranger approves of your bravery. 'Now all you have to do is get out of Scorpion Swamp again. Good luck! Travel south from here, then east, then south again at the Eagle's nest, then west and south, and you will be close to the southern edge of the swamp.' You thank him for his help, making a note of his directions, and leave. Turn to **234**.

167

Few spells seem appropriate for this situation. Will you try:

Wither?	Turn to **322**
Fire?	Turn to **310**
Neither of these?	Turn to **134**

168

This is the clearing where you met the Pool Beast. If you killed it, there is nothing for you to do here; turn to **330**. If you did not kill the Pool Beast, it is still waiting, with whatever STAMINA it had when you left it. Turn to **209** and take one of the three choices there.

169

You use your Illusion spell to create an image of a poisonous snake between yourself and the Orcs. But they do not seem upset. They advance on you . . . and when one of the Orcs bends over, smacking his lips, and tries to grab the snake, you know that you picked the wrong Illusion. Turn to **281** and fight.

170

The path is narrow here, and winds about to avoid some huge boulders. It is foggy, and you cannot see far. Suddenly the fog lifts and you see that you have entered another clearing. *You are in Clearing* **19**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **363**. *If you have not been here before, continue reading*. From the top of a boulder, a man hails you. He is tall and bronzed, dressed all in green, and you know he must be a RANGER. 'Ho, fighter!' he challenges you. 'Do you serve Good or Evil?' Who is your patron?

Grimslade?	Turn to **29**
Poomchukker?	Turn to **262**
Selator?	Turn to **76**

171

The Slime is very strong, but almost mindless.

SLIME	SKILL 5	STAMINA 17

You can *Escape* at any time; turn to **153**, but *leave on the path by which you entered*. If you kill the Slime, turn to **38**.

172

You talk for some time. The Master of Wolves advises you, 'Take the easy way across the river. Don't took for traps where none exist.' He also teaches you a word that you can pronounce when threatened by Wolves, which will make them friendly. Finally you must leave. Turn to 314.

173

He gives a deep rumbling laugh, and you are certain that you see the bookshelves quiver. He is not at all offended by your reticence. In fact, he is now convinced that you are the fighter he needs. 'I will tell you *my* secret,' he explains. 'I am not a wizard at all, but merely a merchant from another land. I have bought many powerful spells and artefacts. Thus people believe that I am a mighty magician, and I let them think so because they treat me with more respect.'

You ask what Poomchukker wants in Scorpion Swamp. 'Information,' he replies. 'If I had a map of the path through the swamp, I could send caravans through, and save weeks and weeks of time in my

trading. If you can bring me a map showing a clear path to the town of Willowbend, on the north side of Scorpion Swamp, I will pay you half the money that I save during the first year.' You realize that this could amount to hundreds of gold pieces, but you are still wisely cautious. 'If you are not a wizard, what magic can you give me to help me survive the swamp?' you ask. He laughs deeply. 'I told you that I buy many magic spells. Each of these gems here will let you cast one spell.' He spills a box of glittering gems on to the table. 'You may pick any five to take. I do not think you should need that many, but I am generous.' Turn to the Magic Spells section in the front of the book and pick any five spells . . . but choose only from the *Neutral* list, because that is the only sort of spell that Poomchukker has been able to buy. List the spells on your *Adventure Sheet*.

You shake hands with Poomchukker – his grip is surprisingly strong – and the Goblin girl takes you downstairs. You walk through the busy market and across Fenmarge towards the swamp. Your quest is this: find your way north across the swamp, to the town of Willowbend, and return to Poomchukker with a map. Turn to **9** to start your journey.

174

You stare coldly at Grimslade over the corpse of his servant. He mutters angrily to himself; he hasn't decided what to do. If you attack him, turn to **225**. If you invite him to discuss your business in a civilized fashion, turn to **193**.

175

You reach carefully into a pocket and remove the gleaming berry. 'Oh, wonderful!' the old man cries, overjoyed. He plucks it from your hand and carries it out into his garden. Placing it gently in the ground, he begins to hum a spell. Almost instantly, a small plant sprouts . . . and grows into a vigorous bush like the one which you saw in the swamp. Blossoms open, filling the air with fragrance, and clusters of purple berries form. Selator plants some of the new berries, and they, in turn, begin to sprout. Then he looks up at you. 'I'm so sorry!' he says. 'I was so happy that I forgot for a moment that you were here. Now these bushes will grow up, and I'll send carrier-birds to my fellow wizards with lots of berries. Soon everyone will have Antherica again, and honour you for it. You have done a great deed this day.' He offers you healing potions and a hot meal, and you accept gratefully. Over dinner, you speak of many things both great and small. Then you are on your way again, feeling well and happy. You have succeeded in your quest.

176

You are facing a fearsome creature indeed. The Dire Beast has a tough hide and huge claws. It is also faster on its feet than you are! You cannot escape; you must battle to the finish.

DIRE BEAST SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you destroy the Dire Beast, turn to **125**.

177

Unfortunately, you cannot help the Giant. But he no longer seems disposed to attack you, so you walk past him. Turn to **161**.

178

Unfortunately, you are not a wizard. What is good for magicians may not be good for you. Subtract 1 from your LUCK after tasting the mushroom. Turn to 352.

179

There are three paths leading away from the clearing. The northern one seems to slope downwards. Will you go:

North?	Turn to 183
South?	Turn to 10
East?	Turn to 118

180

Your Brass Ring is the only item of value that you have. You are unwilling to give it up, but you feel that you have no honourable alternative. Sorrowfully, you remove it from your finger. The Brigand Leader sees that you are upset, and asks what the problem is. When you explain, he insists that you take the ring back! 'You are truly honest,' he says, 'and it would be a shame to take from you the only thing that you have left, when you need it so much.' He claps you on the back. You have earned the trust and friendship of the Brigands. Turn to **214**.

181

You see the Bear again . . . and it has already seen you. You must fight it. If you wounded it earlier, it has recovered 1 STAMINA point. Otherwise, it is fresh. Turn to **200**.

182

Before you can react, the Scorpions swarm on to your boots and up your trousers. They begin to sting you. Roll one die and lose that many points of STAMINA. Angrily, you leap over the rest of the Scorpions and leave the clearing. Turn to **319**.

183

As you walk along, the ground becomes rocky and the path slopes upwards. Instead of dismal trees, you see the sky ahead of you! You emerge on top of a high cliff overlooking the murky Foulbrood River. *You are in Clearing* **20**. It is at least twenty metres down to the river, and the cliff is too steep for you to climb down. Below, you can see huge crocodiles sunning themselves in the water. Far to the east you can see a bridge which appears to cross the river, but no trail leads along the riverbank in that direction. Two trails leave the clearing. Will you:

Walk south into the swamp?	Turn to **66**
Walk west along the river?	Turn to **295**
Dive into the river and swim north?	Turn to **30**
Dive into the river and swim east?	Turn to **321**

184

You cannot bring yourself to attack her. You tell her about your quest and the evil wizard who sent you. She shakes her head pityingly. 'I should not help you at all,' she says, 'for you are doing the work of an evil wizard. But you are not evil yourself, or you would not have been honest with me.' She ponders for a moment. Then she smiles. 'This is what I will do. I will make a false Bird Amulet. Anyone who sees it will believe it to be a true amulet. Thus, Grimslade will be deceived, and you will not have to trouble my brother wizards. Though, in truth, if you

meet the Master of Spiders you should slay him quickly, for he is evil.' She waves her hand, and an Amulet, seemingly the twin to her own, lies in your palm. You thank her for her kindness and leave. Turn to 217.

185

Luckily for you, he believes your story. 'Well, you are heading in the right direction,' he says. 'Just to the east is the abode of the Master of Gardens, who is a good wizard and very powerful.' You thank him for his information and go on. Turn to 234.

186

You killed the two Cutpurses. You do not even take time to search their bodies; you sheathe your sword and leave Willowband as quickly as possible, before you find yourself in any more trouble. Turn to 343.

187

There are three exits from the clearing. Will you go:

South?	Turn to **144**
East?	Turn to **290**
West?	Turn to **10**

188

You cast the Fire spell. Unfortunately, there is nothing for it to burn; the Slime is a creature of water. If you want to try another spell, turn to **400**. If you want to try another tactic entirely, turn to **336** and choose again.

189

At the base of a tree near the edge of the clearing, you notice a spot that seems to have been disturbed. You dig and find two Spell Gems – one for Friendship, and one to restore LUCK. Add these Spells to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **348**.

190

You back off and take a running jump. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, you make it across safely. If you are *Unlucky*, you fall a bit short and lose 2 STAMINA points fighting your way to safe ground. Turn to **270**.

191

Which spell will you use against the Master of Wolves?

Fear?	Turn to **224**
Friendship?	Turn to **294**
Curse?	Turn to **93**
Fire?	Turn to **64**
None of these?	Turn to **398** and choose again.

192

You are back in the clearing where you met the Thief. If you did not kill the Thief, turn to **267**. If you killed him, turn to **179**.

193

Grimslade scowls, looking at the destruction. Then he shrugs and laughs. 'Let's talk business.' He leads you into another room – then vanishes for a second and reappears, holding several potions. 'Drink these – they'll put you right.' Warily, you study the glinting bottles – then, slowly, you drink one. He laughs at your concern, but you do, indeed, feel better. The bottle was a healing potion. You drink up the rest of the bottles, and conceal your sigh of relief when you find yourself hale and hearty. Your scores are all up to their *Initial* values now. Turn to **206**.

194

He laughs gleefully. 'Excellent! I knew you would not fail. Give them to me.' Will you hand them over, or ask for your payment first? If you hand them over, turn to **99**. If you want your money right now, turn to **207**.

195

You are in Clearing **1**. Actually this is no more than a wide spot where three trails meet. The ground is very shaky and wet, and huge insects flit over the pools of water that dot the ground. If you want to step carefully across to another trail, turn to **58**. If you would rather just jump over the soft part, turn to **91**.

196

You cast the Wither spell on the Fear Flowers. Lo and behold . . . they shrivel and die! You look around to see if there is anything of use here; you find nothing but the bones of a less lucky traveller. Turn to **367**.

197

In the centre of the clearing lies the body of the Giant. Kneeling beside him, weeping, is an enormous woman. You realize that she must be his wife. The Giantess looks up at you with tears in her eyes. She does not threaten you, and you don't want to attack her and add to her misery. You are now sorry that you killed the Giant. Lose 2 LUCK points. You vow never to return to this clearing again unless you have to. Turn to **161**.

198

'Help!' he croaks, 'A wizard-slayer!' His face contorts with fear and he bounds ten feet straight backwards. 'Kill him!' he says, pointing his finger at you. His Frogs croak loudly and hop towards you. You must fight them. Turn to **146**.

199

There are two Brigands resting in the clearing, which seems to be their meeting-place. Recognizing you, they smile and wave. You call a greeting and pass by. Turn to **19**.

200

You have killed many beasts and monsters; a Bear doesn't frighten you. You shout a taunt at it and raise your sword.

BEAR SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If the Bear starts to get the better of you, you can *Escape* and run for any of the pathways; turn to **390**. If you kill it, turn to **69**.

201

You try your Fear spell, hoping to frighten her into giving you the Bird Amulet. She looks at you and shrieks in terror. Then hundreds of flashing birds surround you – not to attack you, but to protect their mistress. You can see nothing. Soon they fly away, but the Mistress of Birds is gone. Turn to **217**.

202

You have no reason to linger. You have a choice of three paths. Will you travel:

South?	Turn to **138**
East?	Turn to **41**
West?	Turn to **14**

203

Against these uncanny enemies, you decide to use magic. Will you try:

Fire?	Turn to **75**
Wither?	Turn to **393**
Growth?	Turn to **114**
None of these?	Turn to **28** and fight.

204

The path becomes wider by degrees, and you see flowers growing here and there. *This is Clearing* **23**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **250**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. But you feel the hairs on the back of your neck begin to stand up. Something is wrong! Your Brass Ring is warning you of evil. You look around and see nothing but the pretty flowers, growing thickly along the path. Then you remember the old stories of the FEAR FLOWERS. You know that the Flowers themselves are frightening you. Their pollen induces terror. You are shaking now; lose 1 SKILL point. Will you:

Try to run past the flowers?	Turn to **269**
Attack them with your sword?	Turn to **32**
Cast a magic spell?	Turn to **80**

205

Gronar orders another pitcher of ale and settles back in his chair. 'Selator is the good wizard,' he says. 'Grimslade appears to serve the forces of evil, though a simple man like myself cannot be sure about such things. And Poomchukker is a very strange fellow indeed. No one knows much about him, but he is powerful. Each of them has made it known that he seeks a champion to enter the swamp. More than that you will not learn without visiting them.' Will you:

Help the good wizard Selator? Turn to 335
Risk aiding the forces of evil if the profit is right, and visit the sinister Grimslade? Turn to 255
Take your chances with the mysterious Poomchukker? Turn to 27

206

You are seated in Grimslade's study. An ornate mirror hangs on one wall – at least, it looks like a mirror, but the scene it shows is constantly changing. The walls are covered with dusty shelves, full of huge books, odd-looking bottles, strange objects that might be mummified animals, and other weird objects.

'I am a collector,' Grimslade tells you, 'of knowledge and artefacts. Not long ago, something strange happened. Several wizards moved into Scorpion Swamp – wizards whom I know nothing about! Their powers are great but limited, and they seem to be involved with nature. One, I know, controls wolves. Another seems to be a master of plants. My mirror cannot get a clear view of the swamp, but I have spied on them as much as I could. Their powers seem to come from the silver Amulets they wear.'

'Well, what exactly do you want me to do?' you ask. 'And what will you pay me?' He replies, 'I want those Amulets. I want at least three of them; if you can get more, so much the better! I don't care how you get them. I will pay you five hundred gold pieces for each one you bring back.'

'And what magical aid can you give me?' you ask. Grimslade laughs. 'I can make you a wizard – well, almost. I will give you six enchanted Spell Gems – no more. But that should be enough to see you through, considering the sword arm you've shown me.'

You talk with Grimslade about the spells you will use. Refer to the Magic Spells list in the front of the book and pick six spells; you must pick from the *Evil* and *Neutral* lists, and not from the *Good* list. You may choose a spell more than once, as long as the total is six. Write the spells down on your *Adventure Sheet*.

You take your leave of Grimslade, and head towards the marsh. Scorpion Swamp seems cheery and inviting after the evil wizard's tower! Your quest is this: get the Amulets of at least three of the Masters, and bring them back to Grimslade. Turn to 9 to begin your journey.

207

Grimslade scowls at you. 'You are clever – insolent, but clever.' Before your watchful eyes, he counts out five hundred gold pieces for each amulet. It takes a while! Finally, he sweeps them into a pouch and hands them over. Turn to 358.

208

It seems to become lighter as you walk along. Through the trees above you, you suddenly catch a glimpse of blue sky! A few minutes later, you see an opening in the trees – and when you step through, you realize that you have left the swamp! If you are not ready to leave Scorpion Swamp, you may retrace your steps and walk back the way you came until you reach the first clearing. Turn to 195. If you are ready to return and report the outcome of your quest, turn to 159.

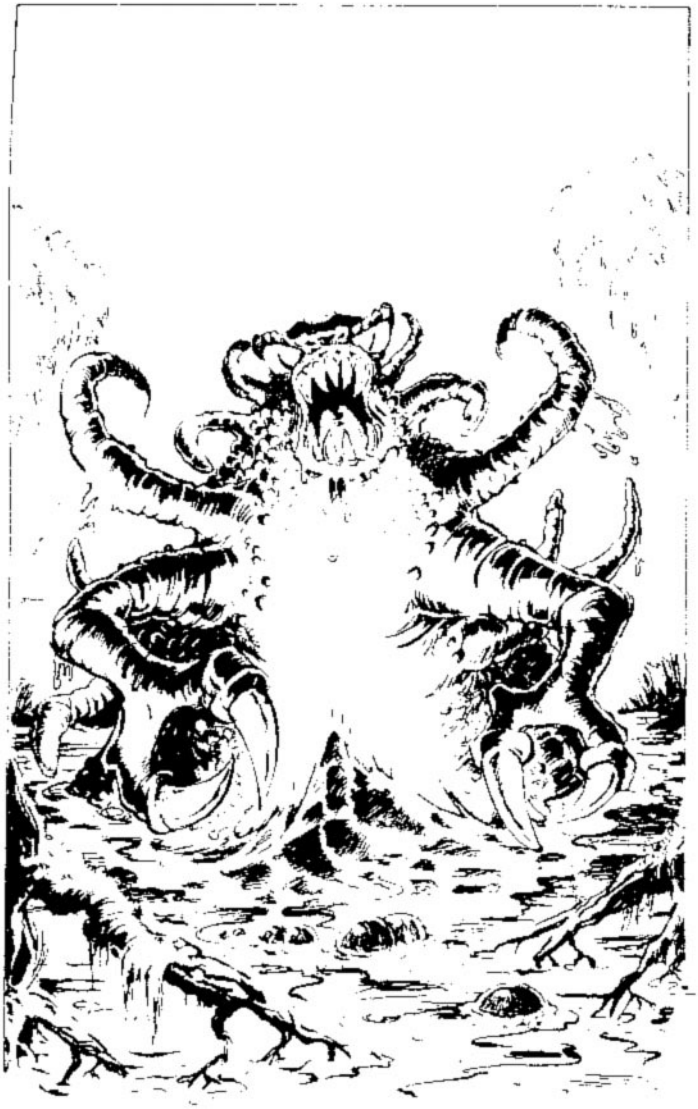

209

You continue to walk eastward for some time. Ahead, you see a clearing with a small pool. *You are in Clearing* **25**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **168**. *If you have not been here before, keep on reading*. You walk closer to investigate . . . and a great, brown, rubbery creature rears up from the pool and lashes at you with a tentacle! You jump backwards. The POOL BEAST shambles after you. You see a beautiful Violet Jewel glinting in its forehead. Will you:

Run away?	Turn to **397**
Attack with your sword?	Turn to **82**
Cast a magic spell?	Turn to **34**

210

This is the clearing where you encountered the vicious Dire Beast. If you slew the creature, turn to **243**. If you did not slay it, turn to **143**.

211

You wonder what you should set on fire. Perhaps the Giant's club? No . . . his greasy beard! You cast your spell. Instantly his beard is alight. He bellows and beats it with his hand until it goes out. Now the Giant is furious. Your spell has reduced his SKILL, but he is still very strong, and he will not let you escape.

GIANT	SKILL 6	STAMINA 12

If you kill the Giant, turn to **366**.

212

You tell the Master of Frogs about the plant for which you are searching. 'Ah, yes,' he says. 'I did not know there were any of those plants left. They are no good to me, though, for I am Neutral, and only Good wizards can use that plant. Why should I help you?' Will you:

Threaten him with your sword?	Turn to **62**
Cast a spell on him?	Turn to **258**
Offer him a bribe?	Turn to **15**

213

The sudden warmth of the Brass Ring reminds you that this man is evil. Instinctively, you drop to the ground. The Thief, who was trying to strangle you with a garrotte, is taken by surprise. You jump to your feet. Turn to **267**.

214

Now that the Brigands are well-disposed towards you, you ask them where you are. They tell you that the town of Willowbend is only a little way to the north. They add that, of the three inns in town, the Bent Spear is by far the best, and that you can trust the innkeeper. You say goodbye to the Brigands and leave. Turn to **19**.

215

The Wolves growl and spring at you. There is no time to use magic. You swing your sword lustily, and strike the first one in mid-leap and cut off its head. Its companion circles you warily. You must fight it.

WOLF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you kill it, turn to **247**.

216

There are too many of them for you to fight. They swarm on to your boots and up your trousers, and begin to sting you. Roll one die and lose that many points of STAMINA. Angrily, you leap over the rest of the Scorpions and leave the clearing. Turn to **319**.

217

The only way to leave the clearing is by the path on which you entered. Your footsteps turn south once again. Soon you will be in the glade of the Fear Flowers. Turn to **250**.

218

The path widens into another clearing. *You are in Clearing* **15**. You see that there is one other path leading out. Then, off to the side, you see a dim glow. It is a ball of dancing light, or WILL-O'-THE-WISP. It hovers at the western edge of the clearing, and then moves back a few metres. You can now see what may be another path, somewhat murky and overgrown, where the Will-o'-the-wisp is dancing. It seems to want to show you something. Will you follow it, or go on?

Follow it to the west	Turn to **72**
Ignore it and go south	Turn to **336**
Ignore it and go east	Turn to **121**

219

You have slain the Ranger, though it was not an easy fight. Searching his body, you find a sharp dagger and some provisions. You also take his helmet, which is finely made and adds 1 to your SKILL. Turn to **234**.

220

You chat for a while, but don't get a chance to seize the Amulet or even to turn the conversation in a useful direction. If you simply tell the Master of Gardens the truth and ask him for his Flower Amulet, turn to **292**. If you want to try another tactic entirely, turn to **334**.

221

You draw your sword and await the Unicorn's charge.

UNICORN	SKILL 11	STAMINA 4

You are fortunate that the creature is already badly wounded. You must fight it for two rounds. Then, if you choose, you may *Escape*; turn to **348**. If you slay the Unicorn, turn to **277**.

222

A huge horned DEMON, covered with green, bristly fur and hideous warts, appears between you and Grimslade. It is the ugliest thing you have ever seen. The wizard points his emaciated hand at you. 'Kill this fool. Give me the ring he wears; you may eat the rest.' You were terribly careless in your dealings with this evil man, and now you must pay the price.

DEMON SKILL 16 STAMINA 12

You cannot run away, for the Demon is very fast on its feet. Fortunately, it has no weapons except its huge, knobbly hands, so you have a chance against it. If you kill the Demon, turn to **174**. If not, your adventure ends here, before you ever reach the swamp. The evil wizard gloats over his new possession, and a huge, warty demon smacks its lips over your body . . .

223

You decide to turn around and take another path. Turn to **270**, but leave this clearing by the *same path* on which you entered it.

224

You cast the Fear spell on the Master of Wolves. He turns and runs into his house – but the two Wolves attack you. You must fight them both.

First WOLF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
Second WOLF	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you find yourself losing, you may *Escape*; turn to **314**. If you kill the Wolves, turn to **46**.

225

'Impudent fool!' the sorcerer screams. 'You will die by my own hand!' He produces an ebony wand from his robes. As he brandishes it, it becomes a jagged sword that glows red. You have no choice, you must fight him.

GRIMSLADE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

Should he kill you, perhaps in your next incarnation you will be more careful when dealing with evil wizards. If you kill him, turn to **140**.

226

A stone's throw from the swamp's edge you find the tower of Grimslade, still reeking with evil. Once again you see the great iron door with its hideous expression – but it has changed somehow. You shiver and start to knock, but the door opens in front of you. Grimslade is there, quivering with eagerness. 'Did you get them? What have you brought me? Where are they?' He holds out his hand. What do you tell him you have?

No Amulets at all?	Turn to **54**
One or two Amulets?	Turn to **7**
Three or more Amulets?	Turn to **194**

227

There are three paths leading out of the clearing. The one that leads east is somewhat narrower and darker than the others. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **66**
East?	Turn to **388**
West?	Turn to **320**

228

You knew those Sword Tree seeds would come in handy! You scatter them in front of you and cast the Growth spell on them. Instantly they grow into a dense barrier, waving their swords menacingly. The Dire Beast attacks them furiously, knocking down one tree almost immediately. You realize that the other trees will not last long, so you hurry back down the trail, towards the east. Turn to **279**.

229

'I am sorry, Sir Giant,' you say. 'I did not know I was trespassing. Please tell me, what is the matter?' Abruptly, the fight goes out of him. He sits down and sniffles. Finding nothing to wipe his eyes with, he rubs his hand across his face. You feel sorry for him . . . he is so big and so sad. 'Somebody stole my new handkerchief!' he says. 'My wife made it for me, and I've lost it, and she'll be so upset! I can't find it anywhere, and I can't go home without it!' You ask him what it looks like, and he tells you that it was bright red, and very beautiful. If you have a Red Cloak in your pack, turn to **286**. If not, turn to **177**.

230

You have slain the Giant Frogs, but their Master is nowhere in sight. He must have hopped off into the swamp. Fastidiously, you wash the blood and slime off your blade before you search the clearing, expecting him to appear and attack you from behind. You find nothing. Turn to **352**.

231

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, go to **18**. If you are *Unlucky*, go to **259**.

232

Carefully you remove the berry from the bush and put it in your pack. If you are serving Selator, turn to **389**. Otherwise, you leave the clearing and turn southward again. Turn to **342**.

233

The Eagle lands on a branch of the tree and watches you. Its gaze is fierce, and its great hooked beak opens and closes threateningly. If you attack it, turn to **392**. If you back away cautiously, turn to **25**.

234

There are two paths leading out of the clearing. If you go east, turn to **305**. If you go south, turn to **121**.

235

You stand with your back to a great tree, so that only one Brigand can approach you at a time. Although there are five of them, only the three largest line up to fight with you.

BRIGAND LEADER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10
Second BRIGAND	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8
Third BRIGAND	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

Because you are trapped against the edge of the woods, you cannot escape. If you kill these three Brigands, the other two will flee. Turn to **19**.

236

After your journey through the swamp, this is more than you can bear. You rush downstairs, waving your sword, and warn the merry-makers to be quiet – or else! They laugh at you. You walk towards them angrily . . . and the tavern-keeper brings a chair down on your arm from behind, knocking your sword to the ground. Your arm is bruised; lose 2 SKILL points. You realize that you cannot fight everyone there. You turn around and go back to your room. Turn to **116**.

237

You cast the Wither spell on the Pool Beast, but it has no effect. The beast is an animal, not a plant. Turn to **82** and fight.

238

You are in the glade of the Master of Gardens. It is as beautiful as ever, but there is nobody to be seen. You go back to the west. Turn to **363**.

239

You are in the clearing of the Master of Wolves. The hut is locked tightly, and there is no sign of anyone. Turn to **314**.

240

You agree with Gronar. Your journey would be much more interesting if you had a mission to accomplish, as well. He nods. 'There are three men in this village now,' he tells you, 'who cannot go into the swamp themselves. But each one has need of a strong fighter willing to venture there. The first of the three is an old wizard devoted to the cause of Good.' He stops to quaff a long draught from his mug. If you want to hear him out, turn to **205**. If you want to interrupt him to say that you will serve only Good, turn to **155**.

241

Grimslade is impressed with you. He claps you on the back. 'You're the one I've been looking for, truly. Come with me, and we shall discuss how we can make ourselves rich. But first, here's a gift.' He reaches into his robes and withdraws a miniature sword, which grows to full size when he hands it to you. It is a magic sword; add 1 to your SKILL whenever you use it. As you examine the sword, Grimslade touches you with his wand. If you had used up any LUCK during your fight, it is now back to its *Initial* level. Turn to **206**.

242

As you cross the threshold, you realize that the pouch is not as heavy as it should be – not even by half! After you risked your life for him in the swamp, Grimslade has cheated you. Will you:

Run back and attack?	Turn to **124**
Run back and cast a spell?	Turn to **256**
Take what you have and leave?	Turn to **358**

243

There is nothing to be seen here except for the huge bones of the Dire Beast and a horde of crab-like scavengers feasting on the remains. You do not wish to get too close, so you turn eastwards and leave the clearing. Turn to **279**.

244

You describe your quest. The Giant laughs merrily. He tells you that he saw a bush like that not long ago, in a little clearing just to the north. 'But look out for Wolves!' he warns. You thank him and bid him good day. Turn to **161**.

245

You cast an Illusion spell on yourself, changing your appearance to that of a medium-sized Frog. You go unnoticed among the other Frogs as you hop across the clearing and behind the mushroom where the Master of Frogs sits. You are unwilling to strike him down, since he was friendly towards you. Instead, you quickly lift the silver Frog Amulet from around his neck. As you do so, you push him into the pool! He splutters and bellows, but his mouth is full of water and he cannot cast a spell. You run for the path. Turn to **352**.

246

You search the bodies of the dead Brigands. One of them has a jar of powder. It smells like bitter herbs. If you leave it alone and continue, turn to **19**. If you try a little of it on your wounds, turn to **67**.

247

You search carefully and find nothing of interest except one unusual bush, growing near the centre of the clearing. It has dense dark-green leaves and white flowers. Near the top of the bush you see one large purple berry. Will you:

Eat the berry?	Turn to **20**
Pick the berry and save it?	Turn to **232**
Ignore it and go back south?	Turn to **342**

248

She gives a strange, piercing cry. It seems to echo among the trees. 'I have just summoned a great Eagle, whom I ride when I travel. He will not carry you like a common steed, but if I command it, he will take you back to his nest, which is on the other side of the Foulbrood River. It will save you many hours of dangerous travelling.' When she finishes speaking, you hear a beating of wings, and an enormous Eagle lands beside you. You cannot understand what she says to it, but abruptly it springs into the air. Its talons clutch you firmly around the waist, and its wings beat thunderously. In an instant the clearing is far below you. The Eagle flies north-east. Below, you see other clearings, and then the wide, greenish expanse of the Foulbrood River. Great crocodiles are visible, and other monsters. Then the Eagle flies down, into a clearing where there is a single tall tree containing a huge nest made out of branches. The Eagle deposits you on the ground and flies away. *You are in Clearing* **16**. Turn to **202**.

249

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, you make it back to the clearing safely. If you are *Unlucky*, you trip in the darkness and hurt your arm; lose 1 point of SKILL. You may now leave. If you go south, turn to **336**. If you go east, turn to **121**.

250

You are in the clearing where you met the Fear Flowers. If you killed them all, turn to **367**. If you left them alive, you know that you need to run quickly to get past them without being consumed by terror. Turn to **269**.

251

You have slain the Master of Gardens. He was a good wizard and meant no one harm, you begin to regret your deed. Subtract 3 from your LUCK. You take the Flower Amulet from around his neck and turn towards the only exit from this clearing, travelling west. Turn to **363**.

252

Summoning your courage, you cast a Curse spell on the Giant. What will happen? You see him stagger and roar. He wipes furiously at his eyes. The Giant has been blinded! He staggers past you and falls into the mire. You hurry away before he recovers. Then you feel the spell's effect on *you*. Roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **161**.

253

You drink the potion. Immediately you begin to feel very strange. It was a potion to make you handsome . . . but it was designed for dwarves! For the next hour, you will be somewhat shorter and stockier than usual, and your nose will be very big. After that the effects will wear off. Reduce your SKILL by 1, *for your next combat only*. Turn to **88**.

254

You cast the Wither spell at a huge tree on the bank. It falls, forming a bridge by which you quickly cross. As you reach the other side, the tree decays completely and collapses into the stream. You may travel north or south from here. If you go north, turn to **157**. If you go south, turn to **398**.

255

Grimslade lives by himself in a tower very near the swamp. When you ask for directions, no one wants to talk to you; one old lady makes the sign of the evil eye at you, and a young girl flees. Eventually, a skinny ruffian in the market-place gives you directions, and you set off to meet the wizard whom everyone fears. As soon as you see his tower, your Brass Ring begins to get hot. Grimslade *is* evil – very evil indeed! The feeling grows stronger as you approach the dark, jagged tower, with its strange arches and its gruesome statuary. If you go on up to the door, turn to **40**. If you turn back and return to the village, turn to **139**.

256

You are brave – or maybe just foolhardy – daring to cast spells at the evil sorcerer. Which spell will you try?

Curse?	Turn to **274**
Fear?	Turn to **365**
Fire?	Turn to **385**
Illusion?	Turn to **351**
None of these?	Turn to **57**

257

Roll two dice. If their sum total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you jumped right over the disgusting Slime. Add 2 LUCK points, and turn to **153**. If the sum is greater than your SKILL, you landed on top of the Slime. Turn to **311**.

258

Using spells against a wizard is risky. What spell will you try?

Fear?	Turn to **198**
Friendship?	Turn to **127**
Neither of these?	Turn to **212** and choose again.

259

The Brigands jump in fright, but they recover and turn to face you. When they see that you are alone, they are angry. They curse you – then, in turn, they charge at you. You must fight them. Turn to **235**.

260

You cast the Curse spell on the Mistress of Birds. For a second, it seems to have no effect at all. Then her face hardens. Your Curse has done a terrible thing to her . . . it has turned her Evil! She screams in anger and waves her hand, and hundreds of birds plunge towards you. Suddenly, the birds fly away. The Mistress of Birds has shaken off your Curse and regained her senses. But it is too late. The last thing you ever behold is her sorrowful face; then you die. Your adventure is over.

261

'An Evil spell is the best weapon to use against an evil person!' you think, and cast your Curse spell on the Master of Spiders. He screams as the Curse strikes him, and falls writhing to the ground. He seems to move and change; then he rises. The Curse has changed him into one of his own creatures . . . a giant grey Spider with a human face! Then you feel the effects of the Curse on *you*. Roll one die and lose that many points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, the Giant Spider attacks you viciously.

GIANT SPIDER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

You cannot escape. If you kill the Giant Spider, turn to **354**.

262

'I serve the merchant Poomchukker,' you reply. 'I don't know if he is very good or very evil. I am trying to make a map of the path through the swamp.' If you have already been to Willowbend, turn to **166**. If not, turn to **115**.

263

You recognize the spot where you were attacked by the Crab Grass. If you killed it, turn to **187**. If you did not kill it, turn to **33**.

264

You cast the Wither spell on the Master of Gardens. Since he is not a plant himself, it has no effect – but he is angry when the spell travels past and kills a tree behind him. He gestures and throws a fire spell at you. Your hair bursts into flame. Quickly, you slap at yourself until the fire goes out; lose 2 STAMINA points from the effect of the burns. Then you attack the Master of Gardens with your sword. Turn to 379.

265

This is the glade where you met the Unicorn, but there is nothing here now. Turn to 348.

266

He tosses you a pouch of gold. You catch it in mid-air and turn on your heel. Sullenly you walk down the dark hallway towards the awful door. Turn to 242.

267

You hear a hiss of anger and the Thief is upon you. He has only a dagger, but he fights viciously.

THIEF	SKILL 10	STAMINA 9

You may not escape, for the Thief is attacking you furiously. If you kill the Thief, turn to **386**.

268

You see nothing in the clearing this time except for a few gnawed bones. You hurry on your way. Turn to **390**.

269

The fear intensifies as you run away from the Fear Flowers; lose another SKILL point. When you are past the bulk of the flowers, the fear subsides a little. Turn to **367**.

270

There are two exits. If you travel north, turn to **275**. If you go west, turn to **331**.

271

As you pass the Master of Wolves, you draw your sword and slash at him. Lose 1 LUCK point for this cowardly attack. Then turn to **120** and fight, but subtract 2 points from the Master's STAMINA.

272

Somehow, you make it back to the village. You are exhausted and soaking wet from falling into a mud-hole. Subtract 2 from your LUCK and give thanks that you are alive at all. After a hot bath at the inn, you feel somewhat better. Seeking out Gronar, you apologize for your earlier impetuousness. He shakes his head and smiles slowly. 'Well, you are strong and lucky, or you would not have come back at all,' he says. Turn to **205**.

273

As you hurry along the path towards the village, you feel your Brass Ring tingling. You look over your shoulder and see a black shape fly from the tower. Quickly, you hide in some bushes. You never make out exactly who or what is searching for you – but eventually you see it return to the tower. You run the rest of the way to the village, arriving panting and bedraggled. You had better pick another patron! If you want to talk to the good wizard Selator, turn to **335**. If you want to learn about Poomchukker, the man of mystery, turn to **27**.

274

You cast a Curse on the evil wizard . . . the Curse that he gave you himself. He screams and clutches at his throat. Of all spells, his own Curse has the most potent effect on him! He falls to the floor, dead. Then you feel the Curse's effect on *you*. Roll one die and lose that many points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, you start to search his sinister tower to see what treasures he might have hidden away . . . but the air is becoming thick and oppressive. Your ring is still warning you of evil – more, if possible, than before. You smell brimstone. If you want to stay for a few minutes and see what you can find, turn to **375**. If you choose to leave immediately, turn to **298**.

275

As you walk along, you stumble over a dip in the ground. Looking down, you see that it is actually the half-metre footprint of a huge hobnailed boot! *You are entering Clearing 7. If you have been here before, turn to* **342**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* Rounding the bend, you see a tremendous GIANT! He looks angry, and he brandishes a great spiked club. Your ring is not warning you of evil . . . but, although the Giant may not be an evil creature, he is obviously dangerous. He bellows at you 'YOU MAY NOT PASS!' Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **12**
Try to reason with him?	Turn to **229**
Try a magical spell?	Turn to **145**

276

You reach into your pack and offer him the great Violet Jewel that you took from the head of the creature in the pool. He smiles broadly, looking more like a Frog than ever. 'All right,' he says, 'that's a good enough reason for me!' He takes the jewel. Turn to **104**.

277

The Unicorn is dead. Knowing that the horn of a Unicorn has great magical powers, you cut off its horn and put it in your pack. If you would like to leave now, turn to **348**. If you choose to stay and search the clearing, turn to **86**.

278

You want to frighten the Brigands away without hurting them, so you use the Fear spell. A second later, you step out from behind the trees, shouting and waving your sword. The Brigands are terrified. They think you must be part of an invading army, and they scatter, diving into the trees around the clearing. They cower in the mire while you run past them and away. You may go on, unmolested. Turn to **19**.

279

To your dismay, the deadly Sword Trees have already grown back! If you want to fight with your sword, turn to **28**. If you would prefer to use magic, turn to **203**.

280

You follow the path northward. Gradually, it becomes wider and the swamp less dismal. The marsh slowly turns into forest, and before long you see a sign ahead of you: 'THIS WAY TO WILLOWBEND'. *If you have been to Willowbend before, turn to* **355**. *If you have not been here before, keep on reading*. A few

minutes later you hear human voices and meet a party of Foresters. You walk with them to the town of Willowbend. After your adventures you only want to find an inn and get a good night's sleep. The Foresters tell you that there are three inns in Willowbend. Will you go to:

The Black Bear?	Turn to **395**
The Bent Spear?	Turn to **78**
Tancred's Flying Horse?	Turn to **289**

281

You charge the Swamp Orcs. They are surprised at your bravery, but they drop their bows and grasp their own weapons. You are fortunate that they are not skilled fighters, because they all attack you at once.

First SWAMP ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7
Second SWAMP ORC	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7
Third SWAMP ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

Each Swamp Orc will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the three you will fight. Attack your chosen Orc as in a normal battle. Against each of the other two you must throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but even if your Attack Strength is greater you will not wound it. You must just count this as though you have defended yourself against its blow. However, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If you win, turn to **135**.

282

You cast the Ice spell on the Slime. Instantly you know you made the right choice; the Slime is a creature of water, and the spell freezes it solid. It is dead. Turn to **38**.

283

The Master of Gardens is delighted. You promise to ask Selator to send him some Antherica berries, and you describe the path to the place where you found the bush. He gives you a magic gem containing one Good spell (you choose the type). Then you resume your travels. There is only one path leading from this clearing; you take it, going back to the west. Turn to **363**.

284

As the sorcerer laughs, his stony creature shuffles towards you. You realize that your sword will be of little use against a creature made of living rock. Thinking quickly, you bring your sword down on the wizard's table, instead! Your blade cleaves the wood, cutting off one of the table's legs. You scoop up the improvised club, dropping your sword, and face the statue with this much more appropriate weapon. Grimslade, impressed by your strength and quick wits, has stopped his evil laughter, and watches attentively as you fight.

GOBLIN STATUE SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you destroy the Statue, turn to **156**. If the fight goes against you, you may *Escape*; turn to **315**.

285

The wicked mage is furious, and decides to exterminate you right then and there. 'Prepare to die, insolent worm!' He waves his hand and casts a spell of weakness on you. Cut your STAMINA in half. You must fight now, or die. If you want to attack with your sword, turn to **124**. If you try to use magic against the wizard, turn to **256**.

286

Suddenly, you have an idea. You almost laugh out loud, but you don't want to offend the poor Giant. You reach into your pack and pull out the Red Cloak. 'Is this your handkerchief?' you say, offering it to him. The Giant seizes it joyfully. 'Where did you get it?' he asks. You tell him about your meeting with the Thief. He must have been the one who stole it from the Giant! The Giant is crying again, but now with tears of happiness. He swears he will be your friend for ever. 'Why have you come here?' he asks. 'Is there any way I can help you?' You tell him about your quest. Are you serving:

Selator?	Turn to **244**
Grimslade?	Turn to **317**
Poomchukker?	Turn to **103**

287

He does not seem dangerous, but you are not sure whether you should tell him your true quest. If you tell him you have come to collect the Amulets belonging to the wizards of the swamp, turn to **198**. If you make up a story, go to **359**.

288

Your ring is cold; you know that the Mistress of Birds is a good wizard. Around her neck you see the silver Bird Amulet you have been sent to steal. Will you:

Attack her?	Turn to **391**
Ask if she will give you the Amulet?	Turn to **184**
Cast a spell?	Turn to **130**

289

The Foresters said that Tancred's Flying Horse was the least costly of the inns, so you go there. Indeed, they offer you lodging for only half a gold piece. You go upstairs to your room and fall asleep as soon as your head hits the pillow. In the middle of the night you are awakened by a burning sensation on your finger. The Brass Ring is warning you of evil! You leap from your bed, grabbing your sword, and a shadowy figure flees from the room. Barring the door, you go back to bed. You awake the next morning, feeling rested; regain 2 STAMINA points. But you find that the Thief you frightened away had stolen some of your belongings. Lose any two magical gems, artefacts, or other items, except your Brass Ring. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **150**. If you are *Unlucky*, you simply stalk southward out of town, towards the swamp. Turn to **343**.

290

You can see signs that others have walked this way recently. Ahead is another clearing. *This is Clearing* **26**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **323**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* As you enter the clearing, an arrow whizzes past your head. You see three mangy-looking SWAMP ORCS armed with bows. The other two let their arrows fly. If you have the Golden Magnet charm, turn to **83**. If you do not have it, turn to **151**.

291

You cast the Fire spell on the Pool Beast, but the creature is slimy and wet. It does not burn at all! Turn to **82** and fight.

292

You explain your quest to the Master of Gardens. He shakes his head sadly and removes the Flower Amulet from around his own neck, and places it around yours. When it touches you, you are paralysed! He looks deep into your eyes and commands you to tell him the truth about yourself, and you cannot disobey. He shakes his head. 'You are not a bad person, but you serve a bad master. The kindest thing I can do for you is to advise you to be on your guard.' He takes the Amulet back and walks away. Eventually you regain control of your limbs and leave, going west. Turn to **363**.

293

You cast the Fear spell on the Unicorn. It whinnies and turns quickly. In a moment it is lost from sight. Turn to 348.

294

You cast the Friendship spell on the Master of Wolves, and wait anxiously. Will it work? Suddenly, he starts to laugh. 'Come in! Come in!' He ushers you into his home, and the Wolves stand aside. If you would like to launch a surprise attack, turn to 271. If you follow him and talk to him, turn to 172.

295

You find yourself in a small opening on the bank of the Foulbrood River. *You are in Clearing* 33. The opposite bank is at least two hundred metres away. You see crocodiles and other creatures in the water. Will you:

Walk east along the river bank?	Turn to 183
Turn to the south?	Turn to 94
Cast an Ice spell to freeze the river?	Turn to 89

296

Bravely you strike out into the swamp. But, though you are brave, you are also very foolhardy. Though the magic of your Brass Ring stops you getting lost, you are soon tired and wounded, harried by creatures both familiar and strange. You realize that without more magical aid you have little hope of escaping from the swamp, and no chance at all to learn its secrets. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 272. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 3.

297

As you flee, you hear a rushing sound. You turn, to see Grimslade coming up behind you on a flying carpet. You whirl round, raising your sword. Too late! He has cast a Strength spell upon himself. He catches you by the scruff of your neck and carries you into the air. You scream as the carpet rises higher. Then he drops you. You fall down, down . . . Then everything goes black. Your adventure is over.

298

You hurry out of the room, down the dim hallway and through the awful door. Soon the tower of evil is behind you. You fought against men and animals, you risked your life . . . and for what? An evil wizard is a dangerous and ungrateful master. And you realize that you were lucky to escape from Grimslade's clutches so lightly. At least you still have your life! You know that, though your quest was misguided, you have done the world a service by ridding it of the evil wizard. You resolve that in the future you will be more careful about whom you serve. Your adventure is over.

299

You decide to try casting a Fear spell. Perhaps fear will make the creature turn aside. Quickly you cast the spell. The effect is amazing! The Dire Beast skids to a halt – then, whimpering piteously, it runs to the other side of the clearing and hides behind the boulders. If you go and attack it there, turn to **176**. If you would rather turn and leave by the path on which you entered, turn to **279**.

300

There is no sign of the huge Giant; he must have left. You continue your journey. Turn to **161**.

301

There are two Brigands resting in the clearing, which seems to be their meeting-place. When they see you, they scramble to their feet and attack. You must fight them both.

First BRIGAND	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10
Second BRIGAND	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

Both Brigands will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Brigand as in a normal battle. Against the other, even if your Attack Strength is greater you will not wound him. You must just count this as though you have defended yourself against his blow. However, if his Attack Strength is greater, he will have wounded you in the normal way. You may try to *Escape* at any time. If you escape, turn to **19**. If you kill the two Brigands, turn to **246**.

302

You pronounce the mystic word taught to you by the Master of Wolves. The great beasts fawn upon you, their tongues lolling out. You scratch them behind the ears and command them to lie down. Turn to **247**.

303

You have returned to the clearing where you met the horde of Scorpions. You look around anxiously to see whether they are still about. Yes . . . there they are, coming towards you from all sides! You are ready for them this time. Turn to **70**.

304

As you continue north, the swamp seems to change in character. It becomes less gloomy, and more like a tropical jungle. Brightly coloured birds flit through the trees. *This is Clearing* **14**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **149**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. Ahead of you, on a low branch, sits a huge red and yellow Parrot. As you come nearer, it speaks to you! 'Who are you, and what is your business with the Mistress of Birds?' it asks. Will you:

Attack the Parrot?	Turn to **71**
Ask to meet its mistress?	Turn to **131**

305

The eastward path is well tended; the trees and bushes do not grow across the trail, but are trimmed back. Before long you reach a pleasant clearing. *You are in Clearing* **27**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **238**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* Everywhere different sorts of plants are growing . . . some are flowering, and they all look healthy and attractive. The entire glade looks too beautiful to be natural, and too natural to be a garden. As you look around, a middle-aged man approaches you. He is tall and broad-shouldered, and he wears work-stained clothes. But you know from the silver Flower Amulet around his neck that he is no labourer, but the MASTER OF GARDENS. Your Brass Ring tells you that he is friendly. Are you serving:

Selator?	Turn to **36**
Poomchukker?	Turn to **84**
Grimslade?	Turn to **334**

306

The Ranger is angrily waiting there. While you were gone, he cast the STAMINA spell on himself and regained all his STAMINA points. You must fight him again. Turn to **378**.

307

You cast your Fire spell on the Fear Flowers. Many of them are burnt, but many more are unharmed. You must try to escape. Turn to **269**.

308

At last the Pool Beast is dead. You use your sword to cut the great Violet Jewel from its forehead. Then you leave the clearing. The only exit takes you back to the west. Turn to **330**.

309

You have a choice of three exits from this clearing. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **47**
South?	Turn to **53**
West?	Turn to **388**

310

You cast the Fire spell on the Crab Grass. It is not dead, but it draws back, giving you a chance to leave safely. Turn to **187**.

311

The Slime clutches at you, and its touch burns like acid. You scramble back. The burns reduce your SKILL by **2**. If you run back the way you came, turn to **85**. If you want to fight, turn to **171**.

312

The Giant Scorpion lifts its claws menacingly. It is not badly wounded. Evidently the Dwarf was not a very skilled fighter.

GIANT SCORPION SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you decide to *Escape*, turn to **88**. If you kill the Giant Scorpion, turn to **324**.

313

The river is warm, and you see your chunk of ice melting away beneath you. All too soon it falls apart. You grab your sword and swim desperately for the river-bank, but your gear is too heavy. You sink to the bottom, choking on the river slime. Your adventure is over.

314

You have two choices. If you go north, turn to **90**. If you go east, turn to **195**.

315

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **51**. If you are *Unlucky*, a section of flooring opens in front of you, and you fall into the hole. When you wake up, you find that you are bound by heavy chains. Grimslade is smiling at you, but it is not a pleasant smile. You shudder to see what he is holding in his hand. Your adventure is over.

316

Unfortunately, you have none of the magical gems left to trade. 'Too bad,' he says. 'I would like to help you, but healing draughts are expensive, and I have already lost enough on this enterprise.' If you would like to leave now, turn to **100**. If you are angry enough to attack Poomchukker, turn to **341**.

317

You describe your quest. The Giant scratches his head thoughtfully. He has heard of the wizards called the Masters, but he has had no dealings with them. When you describe them in more detail, though, he says, 'I once saw a beautiful garden in the middle of the swamp . . . north of here and a little to the west, but there is no direct path. Perhaps that clearing belongs to the Master of Gardens?' You thank him and leave. Turn to **161**.

318

'Maybe they can help me,' you think, and cast the Friendship spell on their leader. Then you step out and greet them. A couple of the Brigands want to rob you, but their leader stops them, saying that he likes your looks. He asks if there is any way in which he can help you. Turn to **214**.

319

Hurriedly, you choose an exit. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **138**
East?	Turn to **47**
West?	Turn to **66**

320

The path dips slightly downwards and leads into a grassy clearing. *This is Clearing* **29**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **265**. *If you have not been here before, keep on reading.* In the middle of the clearing lies a white creature. At first you think it is a horse, but when it turns to face you, you realize that it is a UNICORN. It appears to be wounded; great claw marks score its flank. But it gets to its feet and lowers its horn at you, snorting a challenge. Will you:

Run away?	Turn to **368**
Fight it?	Turn to **221**
Cast a spell?	Turn to **119**

321

Perhaps, you think, you can reach the bridge by swimming down the river – or maybe you will find a trail you can take east. It is a long way down, so you prepare for it carefully. Turn to **30**.

322

The Wither spell turns the Crab Grass as dry as dust. You knock down the dead stalks. Turn to **81**.

323

You are in the clearing where you met the Swamp Orcs. If you slew them, turn to **309**. If you did not slay them, turn to **281** and fight them as they were when you escaped from them.

324

The monster is dead. You look at the Dwarf. He does not seem to be breathing. Will you:

Leave the clearing immediately?	Turn to **88**
Use a Bless spell on the Dwarf?	Turn to **383**
Search the body of the Dwarf?	Turn to **42**

325

You dash across before the bridge can melt. You're too slow! You see it dissolving beneath you, breaking into sections. If you have another Ice spell, turn to **369**. If not, turn to **43**.

326

He looks at the broken table, the scattered books, the smashed crockery . . . the wreckage of the Statue, strewn across the floor . . . and then he looks again at you. His face twists with anger and disdain. 'Why should I bother with you?' he asks. 'You were barely good enough to defeat one little Statue, and you've wrecked my parlour.' Will you:

Crawl to his feet to apologize?	Turn to **98**
Turn and run?	Turn to **315**
Remind him that *he* was the one who wanted to stage a battle in his parlour in the first place?	Turn to **225**

327

He is much more dangerous than you had guessed. Who would have thought that such a fat and funny-looking man could fight so well? You turn and dive out of the window, hoping to escape. Alas, a crowd has gathered below. Your fall knocks the breath from your body. Before you can recover, two burly guards have tied your hands behind your back. You will spend a long time in the dungeons for your treachery. Your adventure is over.

328

The Giant does not seem such a bad fellow; he is just angry about something. You cast your Friendship spell. The Giant shakes his head. Then he laughs and tosses his club to the ground. 'What am I saying?' he asks. 'It's not *your* fault! I'm sorry, forgive me; I was angry about someone else. What brings you here? If I can help you, I will.' Happy that your spell avoided bloodshed, you tell him of your quest. Are you serving:

Selator?	Turn to **244**
Grimslade?	Turn to **317**
Poomchukker?	Turn to **103**

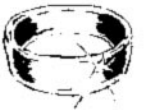

329

The clearing where you met the Master of Frogs is empty. In the dim light, you see a faint glow coming from the mushroom where he had been resting. You examine it closely. It seems different from the others. You notice human teeth-marks along one edge of the mushroom. You sniff it; it smells good. You can eat a little of the mushroom; turn to **178**. Or you can leave and head north once again; turn to **352**.

330

You are in the clearing with the great hollow log. If you saw a creature here earlier, turn to **129**. If you did not see what lived in the log, turn to **268**.

331

You are back in the clearing where the great Eagle nested. All you see is the old tree and the nest. If you fought the Eagle turn to **202**. If you did not fight the Eagle, turn to **112**.

332

Ignoring the warning signal from your ring, you speak to the Master of Spiders in a friendly fashion. He answers very politely, asking you your business. As you start to reply, you feel a sharp pain at the back of your neck. The Master of Spiders laughs gleefully. You spin around, and see a black spider, as big as your hand, dangling behind you. As its poison courses through your veins, you slump to the ground, unable to move. You see the Master of

Spiders rummaging through your pack to see what loot he has captured. Then you feel yourself seized from behind. You are dragged up a tree, coated with spider-silk, and left to hang. In a week or two you will make a tasty meal for the spiders. Your adventure is over.

333

'I have studied plant lore,' replies the Ranger, 'and I have heard of that plant, but I did not know it grew here. If you go east, you will find the abode of a good wizard called the Master of Gardens. If anyone knows where it grows, it will be him.' You thank him and go on. Turn to **234**.

334

Around the neck of the Master of Gardens you see one of the Amulets you have been sent to find. Will you:

Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **379**
Cast a magic spell?	Turn to **152**
Talk to him peacefully?	Turn to **37**

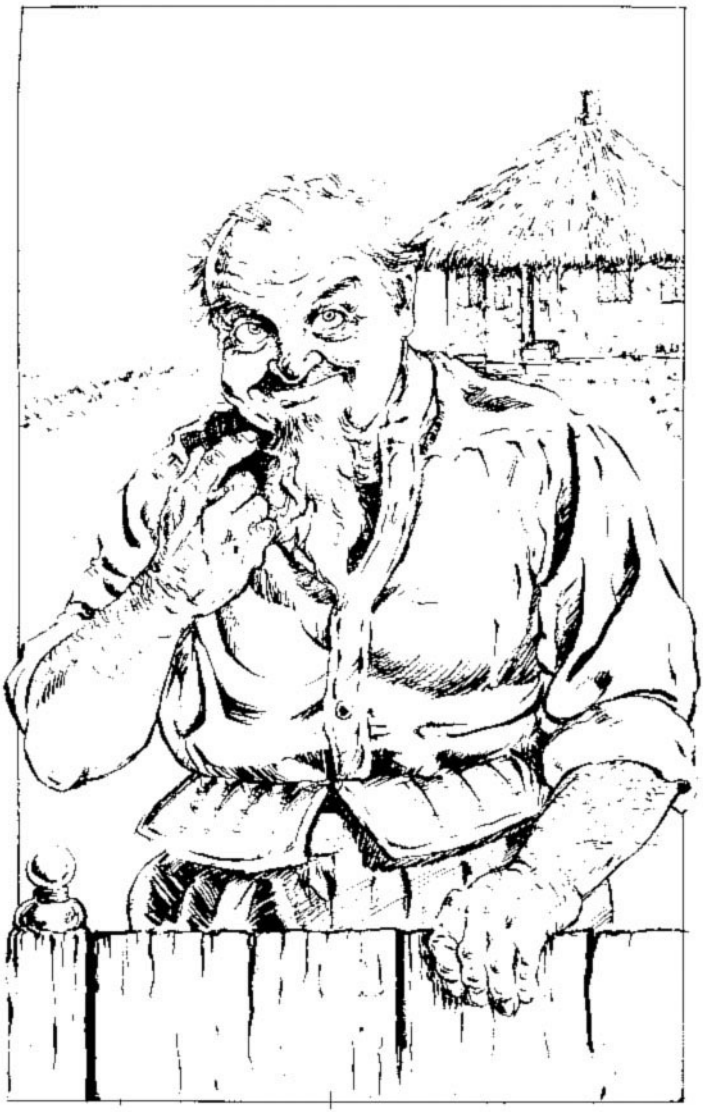

335

Ducking under a heavy cast-iron lantern, you leave the tavern. The light is unexpectedly bright outside, and you blink for a moment in the glare. You start off down the road, but realize you don't know where you are going. Hailing an old man who is leaning out the window of his shop, you ask where you might find the good wizard Selator. The shopkeeper is suspicious at first, but soon warms to you and gives you directions. Soon you are lost again, but a ruddy-cheeked woman sets you right. It seems that everyone knows where Selator lives! Eventually, you come to a small house on the edge of the village. Selator, a small, stout man in a white tunic and linen breeches, is pottering in his garden as you come up the path. You tell your story. He smiles, and asks how you think you can get through the uncharted swamp. If you tell him about your ring, turn to **371**. If you would rather keep it a secret, turn to **96**.

336

You are in a particularly marshy area. The ground squishes under your feet. The path bends slightly and runs alongside a large pool. You can see that there is one other exit from this clearing. *You are in Clearing* **28**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **137**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. The surface of the pool ripples nastily, and green slime coats the water. You would never drink out of *this* pool, you are sure! Suddenly the scum on top of the pool seems to pull together. To your amazement, it heaves itself out of the water and on to the path, blocking your way. It is a viscous lump of SLIME, two metres wide, which gives off a fetid odour as it oozes slowly towards you. Will you:

Run away?	Turn to **85**
Try to jump over it?	Turn to **257**
Attack with your sword?	Turn to **171**
Use a magic spell?	Turn to **400**

337

You cast the Fire spell on the Unicorn. Its mane blazes briefly, but the Unicorn's own magic soon negates the spell. You must fight. Turn to **221**.

338

You recognize the clearing where you met the Scorpion and the Dwarf. There is nothing left now but a few scraps of bone and leather armour. Turn to **88**.

339

As the bridge breaks up, you climb on to the largest piece you can find. It forms a sort of boat on which you float eastward down the river. Both banks are covered by thick jungle. Then, ahead of you, you see a huge, old bridge made of stone! If you try to catch it and climb up as you float beneath, turn to 384. If you would rather float along and look for another means of escape, turn to 313.

340

Your blade sinks deep into his chest. He looks at you in disbelief and starts to speak . . . then he dies. The jagged blade slips from his fingers. Curious about its strange design, you pick it up. Instantly you realize that it is one of the Magic Swords of great power, which adds 2 to the SKILL of the user. No wonder he was such a good swordsman! You start to search the rest of the wizard's sinister tower, to see what treasures he might have hidden away . . . but the air is becoming thick and oppressive. Your ring is still warning you of evil – more, if possible, than before. You smell brimstone. If you want to stay for a few minutes and see what you can find, turn to 375. If you would rather leave immediately, turn to 298.

341

His casual attitude towards you, after you risked your life on his mission, is more than you can bear. You draw your sword and attack. He is surprised, but dodges your first blow, moving very nimbly for a man of his great bulk. He plucks a sword from behind his desk and defends himself well. You soon realize that he is a dangerous opponent.

POOMCHUKKER SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

His back is to the door, so if you want to *Escape*, you must dive out of the window. To do that, turn to **327**. Otherwise, when you reduce Poomchukker's STAMINA to 6 or less, turn to **372**.

342

You recognize the clearing where you met the mighty Giant. If you killed the Giant, turn to **197**. If you did not kill him, turn to **300**.

343

You see that you are approaching the spot where you first met the Brigands. If you parted from them in friendship, turn to **199**. If you fled from them, tricked them, or killed some of them, turn to **301**.

344

The Wolves flatten their ears and whine; then they slink away. Turn to **247**.

345

As you approach the spot where you defeated the evil Master of Spiders, you begin to feel very hot. Entering the clearing, you see it is full of roaring flames. You cannot pass. Lose one STAMINA point from the effect of the choking smoke. Turn to **165** and leave the clearing *by the same path on which you entered*.

346

You cast the Fear spell on the Swamp Orcs. One of them screams and dropping his weapons, flees into the marsh. The other two advance on you. Turn to **281** and fight these two.

347

You cast an Illusion spell, making yourself look like a plant. The Master of Gardens is astounded! He starts to walk towards you. When he gets closer you try to snatch his Amulet, but the motion breaks the spell, and the Master of Gardens jumps away. If you attack him with your sword, turn to **379**. If you flee from the clearing, turn to **363**.

348

There are four exits. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **94**
South?	Turn to **157**
East?	Turn to **10**
West?	Turn to **204**

349

You shrug your shoulders and walk out of the room, down the dim hallway and through the awful door. Ahead of you lies the village. Behind you lies the tower of evil. You fought men and animals, you risked your life . . . and for what? Evil, it seems, is a dangerous and ungrateful master. And you realize that you were lucky to escape so lightly from Grimslade's clutches. You still have your life! You resolve that in future you will be more careful about whom you serve. Your adventure is over.

350

You are in a clearing where one huge tree rises from the hard, bare ground. In the tree is a gigantic nest made of sticks. *You are in Clearing* **16**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **331**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading.* You stop to look at the great nest. Then you hear a rushing of wings behind you. A huge EAGLE is hovering over the clearing, watching you. Do you have:

Some Parrot Feathers?	Turn to **392**
A silver Bird Amulet?	Turn to **25**
Neither of these?	Turn to **233**

351

You are reluctant to use one of Grimslade's own spells against him; it might be dangerous. Instead, you cast an Illusion spell – or you try to. Grimslade waves his hand and you feel the spell wavering and dying before it begins to take shape. 'You cannot deceive me with those childish tricks!' he sneers. 'Prepare to die, fool.' Turn to **124**.

352

The only exit from the clearing is the path you took to get there. You travel north, towards the place where a short time ago you fought the Swamp Orcs. You grasp your sword, in case you have to fight again. Turn to **323**.

353

You have gravely offended the Brigands. They felt they were giving you a fair chance to prove yourself, but you would not agree to settle the matter honourably. Now you will have to fight *all* of them. Turn to **235**.

354

Withdrawing your sword from the body of your evil foe, you sigh with relief. But all around you the Spiders are lurking, they start drawing closer and closer. You bend down and take the Spider Amulet from the body. When you pull it free, a spark seems to jump from it. Suddenly, the body bursts into flames! You leave hurriedly. Behind you, the flames are spreading, and you hope they will wipe out the evil Spiders as well. Turn to **165**.

355

The trail towards Willowbend is now familiar. But when you enter the town again, something seems different. You feel people are watching you, and you hear whispering voices. You realize that the tale of your exploits has become common knowledge. You feel uneasy about the greedy glances cast in your direction. As you turn into a side street, you

are aware that you are being followed. You turn, and two ragged CUTPURSES set upon you, hoping to steal the treasure they are sure you have brought back from the swamp. There is no time for magic and nowhere to run to; you must fight them.

First CUTPURSE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
Second CUTPURSE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

Fight one, and then the other. If you kill them both, turn to **186**.

356

You cast the Fear spell on the Pool Beast, but it does no good. The creature is too stupid to know the meaning of fear. It attacks you. Turn to **82**.

357

These two arrows are also badly aimed . . . but they turn in flight and hit you in the chest! Lose 5 points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, you realize that the Golden Magnet charm you took from the dead fighter is actually cursed! It attracts arrows – it was the undoing of its last owner, and it has nearly killed you. The Orcs are reaching for more arrows. Will you:

Attack with your sword?	Turn to **281**
Use a magic spell?	Turn to **399**
Run for your life?	Turn to **309**

358

You take the money he has given you, and leave. But you wonder . . . did you do the right thing? You fear your money is tainted, but you know that you can do nothing about it. Next time you go wandering you will be more careful about whom you serve. Your adventure is over.

359

You doubt that the Master of Frogs would be as friendly if he knew your true mission, so you make up a story. 'I am in the service of Sukumvit, Baron of Fang,' you say. 'He has sent me to Scorpion Swamp to seek out new beasts for his Deathtrap Dungeon. When I came to the village outside the swamp, I heard talk about the Masters, and I vowed to learn more. Who are you, and why did you come here?' *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **162**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **16**.

360

'Well struck!' cries the Brigand Leader, clutching his arm where your blade nicked him. 'That was a good fight.' One of his companions binds up his wound, while another offers you water from his own flask. You all laugh and joke as though you are old friends. Turn to **214**.

361

You cast your Friendship spell. The Master of Spiders looks startled for a moment, then smiles. 'Ah . . . I see that you are friendly!' he says. You smile in return and begin to tell him about your quest. Then you feel a sharp pain at the back of your neck. The Master of Spiders laughs gleefully. You spin around, and see a black spider, as big as your hand, dangling behind you. As its poison courses through your veins, you slump to the ground, unable to move. You see the Master of Spiders rummaging through your pack to see what loot he has captured. Then you feel yourself seized from behind. You are dragged up a tree, coated with spider-silk, and left to hang. In a week or two you will make a tasty meal for the spiders. Your adventure is over.

362

You skilfully wield your mighty sword. The Sword Trees are no match for your prowess, and soon each reaching limb has been lopped off. You look around the clearing. You find nothing except a few seeds that look as though they might have come from the Sword Trees. You pocket them and go on. Turn to 22.

363

You return to the clearing where you met the Ranger. Did you:

Part from him in friendship?	Turn to **133**
Slay him?	Turn to **234**
Fight him and flee?	Turn to **306**

364

You are once again in the clearing with the healing pool. As you walk towards it, an arrow zips by your head – then another. You cannot see where they are coming from. You run back along the path the way you came. Turn to **47**.

365

You decide that a Fear spell will give you your best chance in the battle ahead. You cast it on Grimslade, but he waves his hand and it rebounds on to you! The icy hand of terror grips your heart. Lose 1 SKILL point. Turn to **124**.

366

You have defeated the Giant. You search the huge body, but find nothing of value except his huge brass-bound club, which is too big for you to carry. Turn to **161**.

367

There are two exits from the clearing. If you want to go north, turn to **304**. If you want to go east, turn to **265**.

368

You must leave by the same path you took to reach this clearing. Turn to **348** and take that path.

369

You realize that even with another Ice spell, the bridge will not hold you. Instead, you cast the spell beneath you, forming a chunk of ice on which you float eastward down the river. Both banks are covered by thick jungle. Then, ahead of you, you see a huge old bridge made of stone! If you try to catch it and climb up as you float beneath, turn to **384**. If you would rather float along and look for another means of escape, turn to **313**.

370

The Ice spell creates a solid bridge which you can cross easily. You may travel north or south from here. If you go north, turn to **157**. If you go south, turn to **398**.

371

He nods. 'Yes, you are the one I have been waiting for. You can do what must be done.' He smiles at you, and you feel very proud indeed. 'I will tell you about the quest. Once upon a time, there grew a

plant called Antherica. It had many healing properties, and was of great value to the makers of white magic. But it was of no value in Evil spells, and so the forces of Evil set out to destroy the plant everywhere. It was thought that they had succeeded. But, through my studies and my crystal ball, I have learned that a single plant of Antherica survives, deep in Scorpion Swamp. It is a small dark-green bush, with sweet-smelling white flowers and purple berries. If you can bring me back just one of those berries, through my magic I can cause the Antherica to bloom again for white magicians everywhere.

'There is plenty of treasure to be found in the swamp,' the little wizard goes on, 'and you may keep all you win. All I need is a single berry of Antherica. But, although a fighter like you is well fitted to survive in the swamp, there are magic forces there against which a sword is of little use. I cannot teach you magic, but I can do the next best thing. I can give you six magic gems. Each of these will contain one magic spell, but when you have used them all, you must rely on your keen sword and your sharp wits.'

You discuss with Selator which spells you should choose. You may pick six spells from the Magic Spells listed at the front of the book – but only from the lists of *Neutral* and *Good* spells. You may not pick any *Evil* spells! Write down your chosen spells on your *Adventure Sheet*.

With the Spell Gems tucked safely in your pouch, you say farewell to Selator and strike off towards the swamp. Although your trip will be dangerous, you are buoyed up by the old wizard's wisdom and kindness. Your quest is this: find an Antherica berry and bring it back to Selator. Turn to 9 and begin your adventure.

372

You hear shrieks from below. The Goblin serving-maid is calling for help. 'Guards! He is killing the master! Come quickly!' While you are calculating your chances, a door bursts open behind Poomchukker, and three guards in red chainmail run into the room with crossbows at the ready. They do not wait for orders, but fire at you immediately. The darts pierce your chest, and you sink to the floor. Your adventure is over.

373

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, you attack so quickly that you wound the wizard. Turn to **225**, but subtract 2 points from your foe's STAMINA before you start. If you are *Unlucky*, your first blow misses; turn to **225** and fight normally.

374

A monster like this, you realize, is best fought with magic. Which spell will you try?

Fear?	Turn to **299**
Illusion?	Turn to **60**
Growth?	Turn to **228**
Friendship?	Turn to **160**
None of these?	Turn to **11** and choose again.

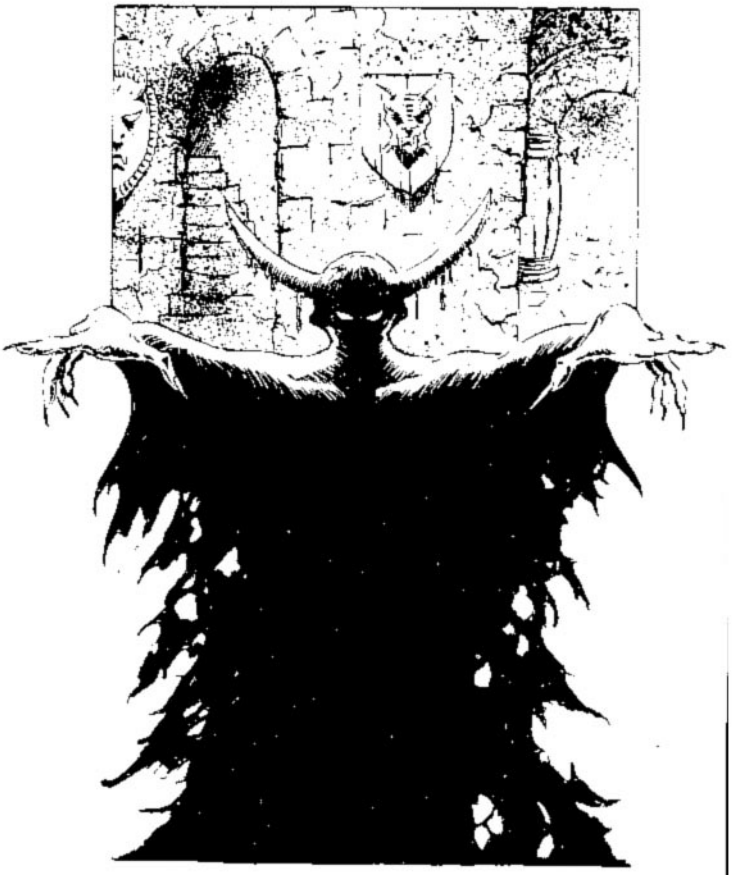

375

You ignore the awful odour and search the tower, humming happily to yourself as you stuff books and gold statues into a sack. Suddenly you hear a hissing sound. You spin around, and see a great black shadow. Two slitted, glowing eyes regard you from the darkness. 'Thank you, mortal,' says the hissing voice. 'I have waited a long time for his soul. Now it is mine.' You flee in fear as the shadow hovers over Grimslade's body. But you don't have time to escape. You have not yet reached the front door when the smell of brimstone becomes unbearable. Then the entire tower glows red-hot and explodes. Your adventure is over.

376

You tell him that you are only trying to get to Willowbend and back. A look of surprise appears on his froggy face. 'Willowbend lies far to the north and west,' he says. 'You seem like a nice sort, though, so I will tell you something. Do not follow the Will-o'-the-wisp, or your life will be forfeit. Now, good-day, I have work to do.' Abruptly, he vanishes. His Frogs croak loudly and hop away. You look around the clearing, but find nothing at all; the only path leads back to the north. You turn around and head back towards the place where you met the Swamp Orcs. Turn to **323**.

377

Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA, you jump over them. If the total is greater than your STAMINA, you do not leap quite far enough, and you are stung. Lose 3 points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to **319**.

378

The RANGER is not a foolish man, and he senses you are in the service of an evil wizard. He jumps down from his boulder and challenges you.

RANGER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

You can *Escape* at any time; if you do, turn to **234**. If you slay the Ranger, turn to **219**.

379

You draw your sword and slash at the Master of Gardens. He is amazed. 'Why are you attacking me?' he cries, and flees from you. Since he wears no armour, he runs quickly. He picks up a sickle and makes a stand at the other end of the glade. As you reach him, he waves his hand, casting a spell. Subtract 3 from your SKILL.

MASTER OF GARDENS	SKILL 7	STAMINA 10

You may *Escape* at any time by running back to the west; turn to **363**. If you slay the Master of Gardens, turn to **251**.

380

You use the Wither spell. The Slime changes colour when the spell strikes it, turning brown instead of green, but it shows no other effect. If you want to try another spell, turn to **400**. If you want to try another tactic entirely, turn to **336** and choose again.

381

You do not want to attack the injured Unicorn; you have always heard that they are good creatures. You cast the Bless spell, instead. The creature quivers as the spell strikes it. Then it whinnies joyfully. The wounds along its side are almost healed, and the Unicorn is much stronger. It is still reluctant to approach a human, but it walks over to the side of the clearing and digs at the ground with its horn. Then it looks at you and walks away. You look at the ground where it had been digging. There are two Magic Gems there, like the ones Selator gave you. You recognize one as a Friendship spell and one as a spell to restore LUCK. You are certain the Unicorn can understand you as you thank it and go on your way. Turn to **348**.

382

You realize you are in the clearing with the pool of Quicksand. You will not blunder into it unprepared this time! You have thought of several things you can do. If you use an Ice spell, you can freeze the Quicksand and walk across, but the ice will quickly melt behind you. If you use a Growth spell, you can make the vines around the pool grow and give you a safe path, both now and at any time you return to this clearing! If you have either of these spells, you can use it to cross safely; turn to **270**. If you have neither of these spells, will you:

Try to jump across?	Turn to **190**
Turn and take another path?	Turn to **223**

383

Hoping to save the Dwarf, you cast your Bless spell on him. His eyelids flutter, and for a moment you think you have succeeded. But this is not a powerful enough spell to bring someone back from the dead. Turn to **324** and make another choice.

384

You have no trouble scaling the side of the old bridge. The huge blocks of stone have wide cracks between them, which make it easy to climb. You draw yourself up and over the bridge's railing and jump down on to it. Turn to **101**.

385

You are reluctant to use one of Grimslade's own spells against him; it might be dangerous. Instead, you cast the Fire spell on him. His long robes burst into flame, but Grimslade is not hurt. He laughs maniacally at you, with his robes burning around him. Turn to **124**.

386

The body of the Thief lies at your feet. He was not as clever as he thought he was! You examine his pack. The only thing you find that looks useful is a large Red Cloak, which you may add to your own possessions if you like. Munching a bit of cheese you took from his picnic basket, you continue on your way. Turn to **179**.

387

You decide to cast a spell on them from your hiding-place. Which spell will you use?

Curse?	Turn to **107**
Fear?	Turn to **278**
Illusion?	Turn to **148**
Friendship?	Turn to **318**
None of these?	Turn to **65** and choose again.

388

After a short walk, you enter a pleasant, grassy clearing. You see two other exits. *This is Clearing* **24**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **263**. *If you have not been here before, keep reading*. You stand still for a moment, looking around you. Then you realize that there is something strange about the grass. It is growing up around you, so fast you can see the movement. As you watch, you see nippers form at the end of the stalks. They snap at you. You are in the middle of a patch of CRAB GRASS! If you attack it with your sword, turn to **134**. If you want to use magic, turn to **167**.

389

You have no doubt, from Selator's description, that you have found the Antherica plant. Half your mission is completed. Now you must return to the village with the precious berry. The only path leads back to the south. Turn to **342**.

390

You have a choice of three paths. They all seem rather swampy and hazardous. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **144**
East?	Turn to **209**
West?	Turn to **195**

391

You draw your sword and step towards her. She regards you, not with fright, but with sorrow. Suddenly your view is obscured by hundreds of birds flashing past. When you can see again, she is gone. Lose 2 LUCK points. Turn to **217**.

392

The Eagle knows that you are an enemy and attacks. You have no chance to escape, for it is larger and faster than you. You must trust your sword.

EAGLE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you slay the Eagle, turn to **132**.

393

You are certain that the Wither spell was intended for just such a situation. Quickly, you cast it on the Sword Trees. To your delight, they immediately turn brown and collapse. You look around the clearing. You find nothing except a few seeds which look as though they might have come from the Sword Trees. You pocket them and go on. Turn to 22.

394

By now you have learned caution. You watch the pool and the clearing. A large Lizard goes to the pool and drinks, then waddles off again. You see nothing else. If you leave the clearing, turn to 47. If you drink from the pool, turn to 77.

395

You decide to go to the closest – the Black Bear. There are many convivial folk in the tavern downstairs, but you pay the innkeeper a gold piece and go straight up to your room. But you cannot sleep because of the noise from the merry-makers below. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Will you:

Pull the pillow over your head and ignore them?	Turn to **116**
Go downstairs with your sword and threaten them?	Turn to **236**
Leave and go to the Bent Spear?	Turn to **78**
Leave and go to Tancred's Flying Horse?	Turn to **289**

396

'Imagine that!' says the Master of Gardens. 'A bush of Antherica, still alive, and somewhere in this swamp! I felt that this place had some virtue when I found it. That must have been it.' He sits still for a time, his attention turned inward. Then he opens his eyes. 'The plant that you are seeking lies directly to the east of here. But there is no direct route; you must go west to find it, and then circle counter-clockwise.' He wishes you good luck and gives you a magic gem containing one Good spell (you choose which one). Then you resume your travels. There is only one path leading to this clearing; you take it, going back to the west. Turn to 363.

397

You want nothing to do with this creature. You turn and leave as quickly as possible. The only exit leads you back to the west. Turn to 330.

398

You enter a medium-sized clearing containing a small house built of logs. *You are in Clearing* **4**. *If you have been here before, turn to* **239**. *If you have not been here before, keep on reading*. You hear the low growling of a dog. Then you see that it is not a dog, but a Wolf, watching you from beside the house. The door opens, and a big burly man steps out. Another Wolf follows him. The man carries a sword and is dressed as a forester, but you know from the silver Wolf Amulet he wears that he is the MASTER OF WOLVES. You hail him in a friendly fashion. He answers gruffly, ordering you away. Will you:

Obey and leave?	Turn to **314**
Cast a spell?	Turn to **191**
Attack him?	Turn to **120**

399

Which spell will you use against the Swamp Orcs?

Fear?	Turn to **346**
Illusion?	Turn to **169**
Neither of these?	Turn to **281**

400

Which spell will you try against the Slime?

Fire?	Turn to **188**
Wither?	Turn to **380**
Ice?	Turn to **282**
None of these?	Turn to **336** and choose again.

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Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Limited, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1984
Reprinted 1984 (twice), 1985 (twice), 1986 (twice)

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Illustrations copyright © Gary Ward and Edward Crosby, 1984
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A short version of *Caverns of the Snow Witch*
was first published in WARLOCK magazine, 1984

Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading, England
Filmset in 11/13pt Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd,
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, England

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For Dave, John, Maurice, Rob, Skye
and Steve of the Lads' Night Inn

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FIGHTING MONSTERS

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a backpack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature

are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business, and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than

your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage

of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score every time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except

when engaged in a Battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of this book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magic potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a Battle). Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e. the characteristic may be restored once during an adventure. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have used up a potion.

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

HINTS ON PLAY

Your journey will be perilous and you are likely to fail on your first attempt. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. You may make wrong turnings during your quest and while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read. Reading other entries will only cause confusion and may lessen the excitement during play.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial Skill=
11 11
10 6

STAMINA
Initial Stamina=
7 6
8 10
8 7
2 18 8 15
16 13 9
8 14 12 2

LUCK
Initial Luck= 5
10 7 4
9 6 5
8 5 4

EQUIPMENT LIST

SWORD
SLING
IRON BALLISTICE TWO
MISSILE
magic bond
ring STAR FREEDY

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS
~~Potion of Skill~~

PROVISIONS REMAINING
10
8
7
6
5
4

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

Winters in northern Allansia are always cruel and bitter. The snow falls thick and the icy wind blows hard, chilling everybody to the bone. For the past few weeks you have been hired by a merchant called Big Jim Sun to protect his trading caravans as they roll their way slowly north to the frozen outposts. The horse-drawn carts are laden with cloth, utensils, weapons, salted meats, spices and tea, which are traded for furs and ivory carvings made from mammoths' tusks. Big Jim is not usually worried about travelling north, as bandits only attack his caravans on the return journey – he is not alone in recognizing the value of the northern goods.

On this particular trip you are walking ahead of six carts across a frozen lake. In the distance you can see the snow-capped peaks of the Icefinger Mountains jutting out of low cloud. Your destination lies at the base of the mountains where the Northmen meet to trade. Snow is falling, but not too heavily. You stop to prod the ice with your sword to make sure it can bear the weight of carts, when suddenly the shrill call of a hunting horn breaks the silence. You stand up and run back to the carts to talk to Big Jim. He is sitting next to the driver of the second cart, puffing on a long briar pipe. A huge man, with a great bushy beard, Big Jim is obviously a man to be reckoned with. His bright blue eyes scan the horizon, search-

ing for signs of life. In a deep voice he says, 'Sounds like it came from the outpost. Reckon you better go and investigate. Could be trouble. And get back quick.'

You set off straight away towards the outpost at the base of Icefinger Mountains. You arrive two hours later at a scene of ugly carnage. The snow is red with blood and all the wooden huts are smashed and torn down. Six men lie dead, their bodies slashed, their axes at their sides in the snow. Judging by the size of the footprints, the creature that attacked the outpost must have been enormous. There is nothing you can do for the unfortunate Northmen, so you head back towards Big Jim's caravan to report the news. You reach them in an hour, just as the daylight is fading, and relate the terrible events that have befallen the outpost. Big Jim orders the carts to be drawn into a circle to protect his men during the night. A large fire is built into the centre of the circle and you sit down beside it to talk to Big Jim. Everybody is nervous and a guard is posted to watch for signs of movement outside. In a low voice, Big Jim asks you if you will hunt the terrible creature, for otherwise his business will be ruined forever. You smile and reply that you will track down the beast, but only for a purse of 50 Gold Pieces. Big Jim's jaw drops open, and it takes a great deal of persuasion before he agrees to your demand. The snow finally stops falling as you settle down for the night; sleep is a long time coming, for your mind is active with thoughts of the impending hunt.

When you wake just after dawn, the fire is reduced to dying embers. Wisps of smoke rise gently into the morning mist and not a sound is to be heard. You walk over to where Big Jim is sleeping and tap him on the shoulder. He wakes with a start and you tell him that you are setting off and hope to be back later in the day. You wave to the guard as the snow starts to fall again, and make your way back to the outpost.

NOW TURN OVER

1

By the time you reach the outpost again, the bodies are blanketed with snow and the beast's footprints are covered over. The visibility is poor as you set off towards the mountains where you hope to find the abominable killer beast. The snow on the mountainside is soft and you sink in up to your knees as you climb slowly up. You soon find yourself at the edge of a crevasse which is spanned by an ice bridge. If you wish to cross the crevasse by the ice bridge, turn to 335. If you would rather walk around the crevasse, turn to 310.

2

If you rescued the Genie from the prism, you may call on him now (turn to 14). If you did not rescue the Genie, you have no defence against the crushing blows of the Crystal Warrior and your quest is over.

3

By some miracle, you are not hit by the heavy chunks of falling ice. When they finally stop crashing around you, you are surprised to see the welcome sight of blue sky above. The three of you waste no time clambering out of the ice cavern, and you find yourselves on the side of the mountain. It is not even snowing and everything looks tranquil. As you climb down the mountain, you tell your friends about Big Jim Sun and the circumstances that led you to enter the caverns of the Snow Witch. You realize that Big Jim would have presumed you were dead; and you decide it is not worth chasing after him to collect your reward for killing the Yeti. Without any further ado you agree to accompany Redswift and Stubb to Stonebridge (turn to 104).

4

The stake pierces the Snow Witch's heart and her death wail makes you shudder. She starts to decompose, and soon all that is left is a pile of dust on the floor. You see a vague shape in the wall of ice at the end of the chamber, and decide to investigate (turn to 235).

5

You instinctively clutch the hilt of your sword, as the Healer's words of warning echo through your mind. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to 68. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 185.

6

Straining with all their might, your friends manage to force your hand against the door. The tip of the dagger sinks into the wood and you are able to release the handle. Feeling quite relieved, you open the door (turn to 285).

7

Taking the stick from your backpack, you thrust it at the heart of the Snow Witch. If your SKILL is higher than 10, turn to 4. If your SKILL is 10 or less, turn to 380.

8

You quickly gather your thoughts and remember that a Vampire can only be killed by driving a stake through its heart. If you possess a carved rune stick, turn to 7. If not, turn to 121.

9

The arrow thuds into the side of the boat. You row as hard as you can towards the far bank, but you are still within the range of the Dark Elf's arrows. You watch him string his bow again and fire. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 32. If you are Unlucky, turn to 239.

10

You panic when you realize that you are not carrying the weapons needed to slay a Vampire. The Snow Witch slowly overcomes her fear of the garlic and gradually gains control of your mind, forcing you to bare your neck in readiness for her to drink your blood. You will be her servant forever in the world of the undead.

11

As soon as you step on to the white footprints, large hailstones the size of walnuts rain down on you. It is impossible to avoid being battered by the heavy ice balls. Lose 2 STAMINA points. The shower stops as abruptly as it started when all three of you get past the footprints. Cursing the bewitched caverns you press on down the tunnel (turn to 207).

12

The iron ball flies through the air and hits the Frost Giant on the temple. His huge frame crumples to the floor like a house of cards. The wooden chest he was lifting breaks open, spilling its contents. You find three ornate rings and a cracked bottle which emits a sweet, scented odour. If you wish to try on any of the rings, turn to 65. If you would rather walk through to the next tunnel, turn to 338.

13

By mid-morning Stubb has become quite excited, knowing that he will soon be home. Seconds later, the thought of his dead friend Morri depresses him and he shakes his fist at the unseen Hill Trolls. An hour later you see distant wisps of smoke rising into the sky. 'Stonebridge!' yells Stubb. He starts to run ahead of you, but suddenly stops when he sees a party of six HILL TROLLS marching towards his village. Screaming a dwarfish battle-cry, he raises his axe and charges at them. You cannot leave your friend to fight them on his own and run forward to fight at his side. Two of the Hill Trolls turn to fight you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HILL TROLL	8	10
Second HILL TROLL	9	9

Fight them both at the same time. During each Attack Round, they will both make a separate attack on you, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Hill Troll as in a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater; you must just count this as though you have defended yourself against its blow. Of course, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will wound you. If you defeat them both, turn to **211**.

14

The Genie appears, hovering above the Crystal Warrior. He snaps his fingers and you immediately become invisible. The Crystal Warrior punches the air with his rough quartz fists, but you are able to slip by him unnoticed. By the time the invisibility spell wears off, you are well away from your adversary. Further on, the tunnel ends at a T-junction. If you wish to go left, turn to 150. If you wish to go right, turn to 368.

15

The Snow Witch stares at you for a long time before calling out 'Circle.' You smile and unfold your clenched fist, revealing the square metal disc. You have outwitted her and she realizes the consequences. The globe starts to fill with white smoke and suddenly it shatters, the image of the Snow Witch disappears. Her shrill cry fills the cavern, but she is defeated. The three of you slap each other's hands in celebration. However, your joy is short-lived as you hear an ominous rumbling. The ground beneath your feet starts to tremble and huge cracks appear in the ice walls. The roof starts to cave in. Is this the chance to escape that the Snow Witch promised? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 3. If you are Unlucky, turn to 358.

16

You take careful aim again and throw the dagger at the knob. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 120. If you are Unlucky, turn to 153.

17

As you draw your sword, the Mountain Elf lets out a shrill battle-cry, pulls back his cloak and grips his sword.

MOUNTAIN ELF SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If the Mountain Elf's STAMINA falls to 2, turn to 305.

18

The other Bird-men, who were circling above you, fly east after seeing the first Bird-man killed. Frightened that they might return with a huge flock, you decide to run across the plain. The sun is now overhead and you begin to sweat profusely. You become unbearably thirsty and curse the fact that you have not got a water-bottle. You finally reach a water-hole, but you feel like screaming when you see the body of an OGRE lying face down in the water. If you wish to drink the water, turn to 301. If you would rather resist the temptation to drink, turn to 63.

19

The Healer is right behind you, urging you to hurry through the cave. You walk on in silence until you see sunlight streaming through a crack at the end of the cave. You see that the crack is just wide enough for you to squeeze through, and you ask the Healer, 'What will happen next?' He calmly replies, 'This is as far as I go. The final part of your ordeal you must face alone. Wearing your mask, you must be at the summit of Firetop Mountain before dawn to watch the sunrise. You must sit cross-legged facing east – you will be totally cured the moment the first rays of sunlight come up over the horizon. If you have something made of silver, we will be able to attract a PEGASUS to fly you there.' If you possess any silver object, turn to **328**. If you do not have any silver, turn to **206**.

20

The tunnel soon ends at a T-junction. Stepping into the cross passage you almost bump into a primitive-looking man wearing furs and carrying a large stone club. He is a CAVE-MAN. You draw your sword and tell Redswift and Stubb to head quickly down the right-hand tunnel while you deal with the Cave-man.

CAVE-MAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **141**. You may *Escape* after two Attack Rounds by running along the tunnel to catch up with Redswift and Stubb (turn to **365**).

21

You are now wearing a magic ring which will enable its wearer to resist the effects of freezing cold. Add 1 LUCK point. If you have not done so already, you may put on either the silver ring (turn to **159**) or the copper ring (turn to **130**). Alternatively, you may walk through to the next tunnel (turn to **338**).

22

The Mountain Elf shrugs his shoulders and says, 'Well, don't say I didn't warn you – you won't get a chance to change your mind once you are wearing the obedience collar. Follow the tunnel to where it branches and take the right fork. Good luck.' You thank the Elf for his advice and set off again (turn to **136**).

23

The Snow Witch looks surprised and displeased by the defeat of her Zombies. Suddenly she says, 'The game we are going to play is called Discs. You will not win, of course. But in the unlikely event that you do, I will give you the chance to escape. I hope you have remembered to bring along your discs. Without them you lose!' She laughs sadistically at the thought of making up the rules on the spur of the moment. Nevertheless, you must play as directed. If you have any small metal discs, turn to **113**. If you do not possess any discs, turn to **40**.

24

The liquid sends a glow through your body and you feel wonderfully warm. You have swallowed a potion made by the Snow Witch that keeps her followers from feeling the cold. Add 3 STAMINA points. The potion also cures frostbite. Any SKILL points that you may have lost because of frostbite are now restored. With renewed vigour you walk back out of the cavern (turn to **56**).

25

Now that the snow has stopped falling, the sky is clear and blue. The air is cold and crisp and the snow crunches beneath your feet. Slowly you make your way up the mountainside looking for the cave entrance marker left by the fur trapper. Suddenly you hear a distant rumbling from above – the terrifying sound of an avalanche. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **163**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **109**.

26

You climb into the boat and push off from the bank. You are about half-way across the river when you hear someone shouting angrily behind you. Looking round you see the irate owner of the boat, a DARK ELF wearing his familiar black hooded cloak. He puts an arrow in his bow and fires it at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 9. If you are Unlucky, turn to 227.

27

When you reach the hut, you kick open the door and walk in with your sword drawn. Unfortunately, the hut is empty. The herbalist must have packed hurriedly and fled with your gold. Lose 1 LUCK point. You walk back down the path and up the river valley, hoping that you will live long enough to meet the herbalist again (turn to 205).

28

Time passes slowly but no Goblins appear; the rebel slaves must be winning the battle of the caverns. Eventually you feel fit enough to walk, and, with the help of Stubb, you manage to hobble down the tunnel (turn to 166).

29

You are soon back at the fork and you turn left into the other branch of the tunnel (turn to 106).

30

The Death Spell is not working as quickly on you as it is on Redswift. You help him to his feet, apologizing that you made him read the infernal spell. He tells you not to worry about it, he was as good as dead anyway as a slave in the ice caverns. You manage to struggle on for another hour, carrying poor Redswift on your back. Suddenly his fingers dig into your arm and then his whole body relaxes; the Death Spell has won. After burying your elfin friend in a leafy glade, you set off as quickly as you can towards the Moonstone Hills. But you are weak and cannot walk very fast. Lose 1 SKILL point and 1 STAMINA point. The ground becomes steeper as you approach the foothills, and you wonder which way you should go to find the Healer. If you wish to

continue east following the river into the hills, turn to 46. If you would rather cross the river by the rope bridge ahead of you, and walk south along the base of the hills for a while, turn to 385.

31

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 295. If you are Unlucky, they realize that you are lying and close in on you (turn to 143).

32

The arrow flies overhead and you reach the far bank before the Dark Elf has time to fire again. You jump out of the boat, gesture at the Dark Elf and set off south across the Pagan Plain towards Stonebridge (turn to 278).

33

The followers are a group of Goblins, Orcs and Neanderthals. As you make a run for it, the two creatures who are nearest try to stop you. One cracks his whip, trying to wrap it round your legs, while the other aims a dart at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **226**. If you are Unlucky, turn to 340.

34

Taking the stick from your backpack, you thrust it at the heart of the Snow Witch. If your SKILL is higher than 10, turn to 4. If your SKILL is 10 or less, turn to 123.

35

Once again your friends fail to overcome the power of the dagger. You watch with horror as your arm rises and plunges the dagger into your own chest. Your adventure ends here.

36

The front door of the hut is frozen shut and you have to batter it with your shoulder to open it. There is only one room inside the hut containing the belongings of a fur trapper. Traps, furs and sacks are stacked in a corner of the room. A wooden bed, a table and chair and some cooking utensils show sign of recent use, and the ashes in the fire are still warm. If you wish to put some logs on the fire and warm up the cold stew in one of the pans, turn to **118**. If you would rather leave the hut and continue your quest, turn to **192**.

37

The figure in front of you steps forward again; it is holding a lantern and when it gets closer you see its horrific features. Its face is ashen and its eyes are just two grey folds of skin sunken in their sockets. You have entered the dark domain of a NIGHT STALKER and you must fight it.

NIGHT STALKER SKILL 11 STAMINA 8

During each round of combat, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 because you are not used to fighting in the dark. If you win, turn to 306.

38

Even though it is quite cool walking along the bank of the Red River, you start to sweat and feel dizzy. You look at Redswift and he, too, looks far from well. His face is white and his eyes look dark and sunken. 'Sit down,' says Redswift in a laboured voice. You gratefully stop and collapse on to the grass, quite worried now as your heart is beating very fast. 'Do you remember walking through the caverns of the Snow Witch and arriving at a door with a piece of parchment nailed to it? You could not

understand what was written on it and asked me to read it. It was a Death Spell and we are now both doomed. It is starting to work on us sooner than I expected. We have to find the old man of the hills that they call the Healer. Only he can save us now. But I fear it may be too late already. My legs are so weak, I don't know if I'll be able to stand again.' If you drank the Potion of Health that belonged to the Dark Elf, turn to **30**. If you did not drink this Potion, turn to **367**.

39

Thrusting your leg out to the side, you kick the nearest Goblin in the stomach. He doubles up, and an upper-cut to the jaw sends him crashing to the floor. The other Goblin lunges forward and tries to stab you with his dagger. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **240**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **386**.

40

Feeling cheated because you have lost the game before it even started, you draw your sword, intent on smashing the Snow Witch's globe (turn to **244**).

41

You tread carefully over the bridge. Safely across the crevasse, you continue your slow trek through the snow (turn to **212**).

42

You pull the straps off your shoulders and watch your backpack disappear under the water. You have lost all your gold, your possessions and any remaining Provisions. Lose 2 LUCK points. The strong current drags you down river, and all you can do is try to save yourself from drowning. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **201**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **280**.

43

You pick up your sword from the floor and search through the clothing of the Goblins. You find and take their two daggers, some salted fish, a candle and 2 Gold Pieces. The metal collars round their necks have stopped glowing, but you cannot remove them. Wondering if any more traps lie beyond the ice pit, you try to decide which way to head. If you wish to continue down the tunnel, turn to **88**. If you would rather walk back to where the tunnel forked and turn left along the other branch, turn to **29**.

44

The energy bolt which hits you is too much of a shock for your body to bear. You are knocked to the ground and black out. You do not wake up again and your adventure ends here.

45

You examine the wooden chest lying on the floor and decide to prise it open with your sword. Inside you find three ornate rings and a cracked bottle which emits a sweet odour. If you wish to try on any of the rings, turn to 65. If you would rather walk through to the next tunnel, turn to 338.

46

The river narrows and the ground becomes steeper. As you climb, you feel yourself becoming weaker by the minute. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You walk past a large hollow tree stump, paying it no attention, until you notice a thick vine, which is tied to its roots and runs up over the edge of the stump. You look inside the hollow stump and see the vine disappearing into its black depths. Will you:

Pull the vine?	Turn to 312
Climb down the vine?	Turn to 394
Keep on walking up the river valley?	Turn to 119

47

It takes half an hour of hard walking to reach the end of the crevasse. You are now able to climb further up the mountain. The steep climb and the swirling snow combine to make the going slow (turn to 337).

48

When you pick it up, the orb starts to get warmer and its colours change rapidly and swirl around. Redswift and Stubb back away, telling you to put it down. Will you:

Keep hold of the orb?	Turn to 275
Place it gently on the floor?	Turn to 117
Throw it down the tunnel?	Turn to 318

49

As soon as you step into the tunnel, an iron grille drops down behind you, barring your retreat. It is impossible to lift and there is nothing you can do but find out what lies at the end of the tunnel. You soon arrive at another iron grille which blocks your way forward. Beyond the grille the tunnels turn left. On the wall opposite, you see a knob which you realize must be pressed to lift the iron grille. Unfortunately it is beyond your reach, even if you stretch out with your sword. If you have one or more daggers, turn to 234. If you have no daggers, turn to 393.

50

As you approach the fire, you smell the delicious aroma of a duck being roasted. You draw your sword and walk warily forward. Suddenly a sinewy man with long hair and a beard jumps out from behind a rock, screaming at the top of his voice. He is wearing animal furs and carrying a stone club which he raises to attack you. You must fight the WILD HILL MAN.

WILD HILL MAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **320**. You may *Escape* after two Attack Rounds by running back across the rocks to the north bank of the river (turn to 364).

51

The energy bolt gives your system a terrible shock. You are knocked to the ground by its force. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 336.

52

You remember an old legend that ground minotaur horn is the only substance that can stop a metamorphosis spell from working. You quickly sprinkle some on the growing creature, and relax a little as it shrinks back to a white rat again. The legend was true! Intrigued by the open sarcophagus, you decide to walk over and examine it (turn to 297).

53

Nobody replies to your call. If you wish to enter the cave, turn to **246**. *If you would rather go back down* into the gorge, turn to **355**.

54

You light the candle and look across the pit. It is about 15 metres wide and the log is quite narrow. The Healer tells you to walk across it as soon as you are ready. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to **91**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **78**.

55

When you pull the dagger from the door, it suddenly takes on a will of its own. Involuntarily you start to stab at your own leg with the wild dagger in your hand. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Redswift and Stubb run to your aid and try to force your hand to stab the door in order to trap the dagger. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **6**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **236**.

56

You walk past the entrance tunnel on your left and continue on down the main tunnel (turn to **395**).

57

As you walk away the Dwarf calls out to his god to curse you. Lose 2 LUCK points. You walk past the junction and along the other branch of the tunnel, the cries of the Dwarf ringing in your ears (turn to **125**).

58

Lying between the stunted bushes, you listen to the noise of the thundering hooves growing louder. Bending back a branch, you see four CENTAURS gallop by, each armed with a bow and a quiver of arrows. You lie quite still until the sound of their hooves fades. When you are certain that they are out of sight, you stand up and continue your journey south (turn to **278**).

59

Before you stands a CRYSTAL WARRIOR, one of the Snow Witch's personal guardians who has been sent to deal with you. He is made of quartz which has been animated by the Snow Witch's sorcery. Edged weapons will not harm the Crystal Warrior – your sword is useless! If you possess a war-hammer you may succeed in smashing the Crystal Warrior to pieces.

CRYSTAL WARRIOR	SKILL 11	STAMINA 13

If you do not possess a war-hammer, turn to 2. If you win, turn to 148.

60

The Snow Witch climbs out of the sarcophagus and walks towards you with her mouth wide open. Her gaze is powerful and you hear a voice in your mind telling you to drop your sword and loosen your collar. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to 8. If the total is higher than your SKILL, turn to 116.

61

As you walk along, the Elf introduces himself. 'My name is Redswift, and he is known as Stubb,' he says, pointing to the smiling Dwarf. 'We met here as slaves in the service of the vile Snow Witch. We both now hope to return to our villages. I live in the Moonstone Hills and Stubb comes from Stonebridge. If we manage to escape from these infernal caverns, you are more than welcome to come and stay with us. Stonebridge is on the way to my village in the hills. It's also a long way off.' Before Redswift can continue, Stubb shouts and points to an orb lying on the floor. It is made of glass and in the torchlight it seems to glow with swirling colours. 'Leave it,' commands Redswift, 'we do not need it and it could be a trap.' If you wish to ignore Redswift's advice and pick up the orb, turn to 48. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 166.

62

The Zombie picks up a club from behind the door and shuffles forward to fight you.

ZOMBIE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 200. You may *Escape* after two Attack Rounds by running back to the junction and going straight on down the tunnel (turn to 150).

63

Your thirst makes you weary. Lose 1 STAMINA point. However, you do not wish to risk drinking the water (turn to 96).

64

The great wall of snow sweeps you down the mountain. Your head smashes against a rock, knocking you unconscious. By the time the avalanche comes to a halt in a gully, you are buried deep under the snow. Icefinger Mountains have claimed another victim.

65

Having rubbed the bottle and sniffed your fingers, you decide that it is only perfume inside. You examine the three rings and decide which one to put on your finger. Will you:

Put on the gold ring?	Turn to 21
Put on the silver ring?	Turn to 159
Put on the copper ring?	Turn to 130

66

Taking the shield has unleashed the fury of an AIR ELEMENTAL. An expanding whirlwind thunders down the tunnel. You try to stand your ground, awaiting its terrible impact. Seconds later its ferocious power hits you, and debris caught up in it hurtles towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 294. If you are Unlucky, turn to 160.

67

You kneel down beside the fur trapper and turn him over slowly. His eyes are barely open and blood trickles down from the corner of his mouth. The Yeti has gouged deep wounds in his chest and you realize that there is no hope of saving him. With a great effort he reaches up and grabs you round the neck, pulling you down so that you can hear his dying words. He thanks you for trying to save him, and insists on telling you his secret. In terrible pain he struggles to whisper his story. He tells you that he has lived in the mountains for most of his life, hunting animals and trading their furs, but for the last five years he has been searching for the legendary Crystal Caves. These caves have been cut out of a glacier by the followers of the Snow Witch, a beautiful yet evil sorceress, who is trying to use her dark powers to bring on an ice age so that she can rule supreme over the whole world. The entrance to the Crystal Caves is high up on this very mountain. It is open, but hidden by an illusion. The unfortunate fur trapper found it by accident only yesterday, when he saw one of the Snow Witch's warriors seemingly walk straight through an ice wall and disappear. The trapper left a piece of fur hanging over the entrance so that he could find it again the next day. Sadly, the Yeti has put an end to his hopes. He asks you to enter the caves to slay the vile Snow Witch and leave her followers without their leader. There are legends about great treasures being frozen into the wall of the Snow Witch's lair which would provide ample reward. The fur trapper suddenly grips you hard and then falls back silently into the snow – he's dead. You cover him with snow, before deciding what to do. 50 Gold Pieces await you if you return with evidence of the Yeti's death to Big Jim Sun; but the thought of a quest through the Crystal Caves beneath Icefinger Mountains excites you, and you decide to set off to find them (turn to 25).

68

Between her screams the Banshee tells you that you are going to die. However, the Healer's concoction enables you to resist the temptation to draw your sword to silence her, and you manage to pass by her unharmed (turn to 19).

69

After putting the coins carefully into a hidden pocket, the old man tells you to be careful of two things if you are travelling south to Stonebridge. Firstly, the nearest water-hole has been poisoned; and secondly, there are lots of Hill Trolls gathering to the north of Stonebridge. He bids you good luck and farewell and walks off. Stubb urges you to set off as quickly as possible, worried about the possible attack on Stonebridge by the Hill Trolls (turn to 348).

70

The Mountain Elf laughs and says he never puts on any weight, but if he was fortunate enough to be able to take off his collar he might try to run away. He has hardly finished the sentence when he screams in pain. He tries in vain to pull the obedience collar from his neck, begging forgiveness at the top of his voice from an unseen master. He finally stops screaming and slumps to the floor, his face dripping with sweat. You ask him if he is all right, but he does not respond. Lose 1 LUCK point. You decide to leave him and press on down the tunnel (turn to 241).

71

The man springs out of his chair and says, 'Indeed I am. What ails you, stranger?' You tell the old man about your adventures in the ice caverns and the spell that is slowly destroying you. The old man smiles and says, 'Death Spells? They are easy to counteract. You just need a jar of my special mixed herbs, a bargain at only 50 Gold Pieces.' You are surprised that the man wants to charge you money to save your life, but he seems quite adamant. If you wish to pay the man for the herbs, turn to 149. If you would rather threaten him, turn to 390.

72

You pretend to give up the fight and then suddenly leap at the Illusionist. Catching him momentarily off guard, you manage to snatch the prism out of his hands and throw it on to the floor. It shatters into tiny pieces and the Illusionist turns and flees into the skull mouth, screaming at the top of his voice. Smoke rises from the shattered fragments of the prism, and forms itself into the shape of a bald fat man – a Genie! Hovering in mid-air, he bows and thanks you for releasing him. He tells you that if you call on him, he will make you invisible, just once, as a token of his gratitude. Without saying another word, the image shimmers and disappears. You now have to decide which way to head. Will you:

Enter the tunnel to your left?	Turn to 266
Enter the tunnel with the skull mouth?	Turn to 288
Enter the tunnel to your right?	Turn to 49

73

Unfortunately you draw the short straw. Lose 1 LUCK point. As soon as you touch the casket's handle, it comes to life. An ASP wraps itself around your hand and, before you can shake it off, it sinks its poisonous fangs into your wrist. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If you are still alive, you manage to stagger down the tunnel (turn to 20).

74

You blow into the flute and a jolly tune comes from it without your having to play a note. You decide to put the magic flute in your backpack. If you have not done so already you may:

Read the runes on the stick	Turn to 345
Smell the rose	Turn to 317
Read the book	Turn to 356

If you do not wish to do any of the above, you may leave the cave and turn left into the tunnel (turn to 198).

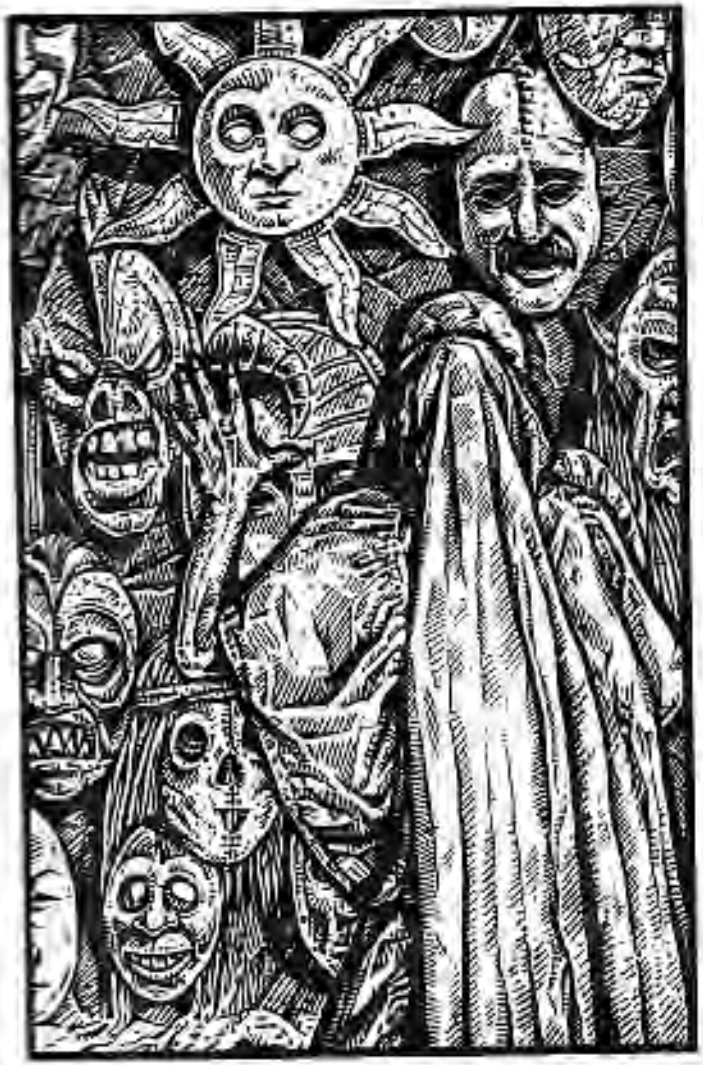

75

Peering into the cave, you see that it runs deep into the side of the hill. Torches cast an eerie light inside the cave, illuminating wooden carvings and masks that are hanging on the walls. You step inside and see a robed figure sitting on the floor with its back to you. Without turning round, the mysterious person says, 'I am the Healer. If you have come to be healed, stand before me now.' Your heart beats faster as you walk over to stand in front of him. Before you is a man who is horribly disfigured; his body is terribly twisted, but he sits there proudly, although pain registers on his face. You tell him that you have been cursed with a Death Spell and have come to be cured. The Healer nods his head and says, 'The power of a Death Spell is difficult to destroy. I have only managed to break it once, and it wasn't easy. A ritual has to be performed which you might not survive. Still, you must try. I will help you as much as I can. First, you must place a Mask of Life over your face to halt the spread of the Death Spell. If you survive the initial battle between life and death, you will be able to face the second stage of the reversal process.' The Healer then takes a strange mask off the wall, carved to symbolize the sun. As you place it over your face, you feel as though your body is being torn apart. Roll 1 die and subtract that number from your STAMINA score. If you are still alive, turn to 258.

76

As soon as they see that their leader has been killed, the other Centaurs retreat. You stop Redswift and Stubb from chasing after them. If you do not already possess a shield, you may take the one lying on the ground next to the Centaur leader. Add 1 SKILL point. If you wish to try on the Centaur's helmet, turn to 362. If you would rather leave it and set off immediately for Stonebridge, turn to 278.

77

Are you carrying a spear? If you are, turn to 391. If you do not have a spear, turn to 378.

78

You are half-way across the log when suddenly you panic and start to wobble from side to side. Losing your footing, you fall off the log and plunge head-long down into the deep pit. You hit the stone floor at considerable speed and are killed instantly.

79

The water looks harmless enough, but you do not relish the thought of being wet as well as cold. But you have no choice, you must walk under the gentle waterfall. As you do so, you suddenly notice your clothes are beginning to smoulder. You start to run as you realize that it is not water dripping down, but deadly acid; a trap no doubt devised by the evil Snow Witch to deter runaway servants or slaves. You cry out in pain as the acid burns into your skin. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 383.

80

The Minstrel looks amazed that you are interested in his music. He stops playing and says, 'You must be new here, as the ignorant scum who live round here – apart from our beloved Snow Queen of course – will not listen to my music. The fools, if only they knew what fortune I could bring them with my songs. Stranger, I can play a song for you that will heal your wounds. Listen carefully and watch. Later tell that rabble about it and perhaps they will come to respect me and my music.' The Minstrel then starts to play a soothing tune and you watch amazed as one of your wounds heals. Add 4 STAMINA points. 'Come back again for more treatment some time,' he says, looking pleased with himself. You thank him and leave his cave to continue along the tunnel (turn to 111).

81

You dive under the outcrop as the snow crashes down all around. Pressing yourself as close as you can against the ice-covered wall of your shelter, you wait until the avalanche has passed by. With a sigh of relief you set off again in search of the Crystal Caves (turn to 363).

82

You just manage to keep your head above the surface of the water, but you are unable to swim to the bank. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 201. If you are Unlucky, turn to 280.

83

A man comes to the door. His skin is a sickly grey-white colour. His vacant eyes and slow movements are definitely those of a mindless ZOMBIE. If you wish to attack him, turn to 62. If you wish to run back to the junction and head straight on, turn to 150.

84

The energy bolt slams into your chest. If your STAMINA total is 10 or less, turn to 44. If it exceeds 10 in total, turn to 51.

85

By the time you reach the top of the hill, you are panting very heavily. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You are so exhausted, that you do not look about you, and only hear Ash's warning cry as a DEATH HAWK dives down to attack you. Ash fires an arrow at the bird of prey. Ash's SKILL is 9. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than Ash's SKILL, turn to 175. If the total is greater than Ash's SKILL, turn to 238.

86

The Goblins release the rope and stand at the top of the pit, laughing at your useless attempt to trick them. Your predicament is now worse than ever; trapped at the bottom of an ice pit without even your sword. Lose 2 LUCK points. You sigh and call to the Goblins, asking them to catch the rope as you throw it up to them again. They take hold of it and you climb up out of the pit. The Goblins are dressed in furs and are also wearing glowing metal collars

round their necks. They motion you to walk back down the tunnel, urging you on with the points of their daggers. You realize that you are doomed unless you try to escape. If you wish to fight them with your bare hands, turn to 39. If you would rather try to run away, turn to 102.

87

As soon as you step on to the black footprints you feel a strange sensation. Your whole body starts to vibrate and your legs feel so weak that you think you are about to collapse. You press on resolutely, but when you step past the final footprint you still feel as though your body has been drained of some of its strength. Lose 1 SKILL point and 3 STAMINA points. Cursing the bewitched caverns you press on down the tunnel (turn to 207).

88

The tunnel continues for some distance before opening out into a circular cave. Another tunnel leads out of the cave directly opposite. You are suddenly met by a strange sight – there are two small pools in the floor with steam gently rising from them; protruding from one pool is the hilt of a sword and, from the other, the shaft of a spear. The frozen body of an Orc lies against the wall, its arm rigid and pointing towards the sword. As you approach the pools you see a rhyme carved in the ice floor which reads:

Sword or spear
Strength or fear
How to choose
Win or lose.

You stand and ponder the rhyme, trying to decide what to do. Will you:

Draw out the sword from its pool?	Turn to 237
Pull out the spear from its pool?	Turn to 250
Walk directly through the cave into the tunnel opposite?	Turn to 221

89

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **331**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **103**.

90

Redswift and Stubb are not injured by the falling ice and they help you to your feet. Above, you are surprised to see the welcome sight of blue sky. The three of you waste no time clambering out of the ice cavern, and you find yourselves on the side of the mountain. It is not even snowing and everything looks tranquil. As you climb down the mountain, you tell your friends about Big Jim Sun and the circumstances that led you to the caverns of the Snow Witch. You realize that Big Jim would have presumed you were dead; and you decide it is not worth chasing after him to collect your reward for killing the Yeti. Without any further ado you agree to accompany Redswift and Stubb to Stonebridge (turn to **104**).

91

Walking slowly and carefully, you reach the other side of the pit, much to your relief. The Healer walks casually across the log as though the pit was not there. 'Good,' he says, 'now you must prepare yourself for the next stage. In order to survive, you must be totally calm. If you have a dragon's egg, I can make you a relaxing concoction.' If you possess a dragon's egg, turn to **359**. If you are not carrying a dragon's egg, turn to **271**.

92

You walk round a large boulder and see a huge man sleeping in the shade. He is lying on top of some animal skins, snoring loudly. His two-handed battleaxe lies propped up against the boulder. He is a BARBARIAN and it would be foolish to wake him up, so you decide to tiptoe past him. If you are wearing elfin boots, turn to **128**. If you are wearing ordinary boots, turn to **374**.

93

You manage to step out of the way of the chest which comes flying towards you. It smashes against the wall and breaks open, spilling its contents on the floor. The Frost Giant lumbers towards you, intent on killing you, but you are ready with your sword.

FROST GIANT SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

You may *Escape* after two Attack Rounds by running out of his lair into the next tunnel (turn to 338). If you win, turn to 182.

94

You stumble to the left and inadvertently step on one of the white footprints (turn to 11).

95

The Gnome runs up to you and shouts, 'Get out, dinner will not be ready for another two hours. You'll hear the bell. Mind you, you look a little worse for wear, so you can have this stale cake if you wish.' The Gnome points at a piece of cake lying on the table. If you wish to take the cake and leave, turn to 290. If you would rather attack the Snow Witch's servants, turn to 187.

96

The three of you set off to the south, worried about the shortage of water. Stubb tries to offer some comfort by saying that you should reach Stonebridge in less than a day. He says that he is surprised that he hasn't seen any of his fellow Dwarfs by now. 'Oh yes we have,' says Redswift solemnly, 'but you won't want to see them like that.' He points to a boulder about 50 metres west. The bloodied body of a Dwarf lies propped up against it, his head has slumped forward, and he is motionless. His axe is still in his hand, and whoever or whatever attacked him cannot be far away. Stubb runs up to the Dwarf wailing in grief. 'It's Morri the Ironsmith,' he says. 'This looks like the work of Hill Trolls. Let's bury Morri and get to Stonebridge as quickly as possible to tell them this terrible news. Here, take Morri's water-bottle. He won't need it now.' You gulp down the water and are at last refreshed. Add 1 STAMINA point. After marking Morri's grave with his axe and helmet, you set off again for Stonebridge (turn to 110).

97

There is no writing in the book, just a recess cut in the pages which holds a talisman on a golden chain. The talisman is a jade frog. If you wish to put the chain around your neck, turn to 327. If you would prefer to leave it in the book, you may, if you have not done so already, do one of the following:

Blow the flute	Turn to 74
Read the runes on the stick	Turn to 345
Smell the rose	Turn to 317

If you do not wish to do any of the above, you may leave the cave and turn left into the tunnel (turn to 198).

98

Still suffering from the effects of the energy bolt, you have to decide quickly what to do next. If you wish to stand up and run on, turn to 262. If you would rather try to smash the globe with your sword, turn to 244.

99

The Illusionist laughs out loud as your sword merely cuts through one of his images and his dagger plunges into your shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 279.

100

The Elf asks you why you are looking for the Healer. You tell him about your battles in the ice caverns, the Death Spell and how poor Redswift met his end. 'Redswift!' cries the Elf. 'He's my brother!' He explains that his name is Ash and he never knew that his brother had been enslaved by the Snow Witch. Suddenly, saddened by the news of Redswift's death, he walks away and stands silently in the sunlight. After a few minutes, he says, 'I will help you to find the Healer but you will have to face him alone, because he will only make contact with the sick. He was disfigured and cursed with disease and pain by The Dark Ones, the evil spirits of the night, for ridding a wizard named Nicodemus of a Death Spell they had cast on him. Now he practises his work in the solitude of the hills. Follow me, it looks as if we have no time to lose.' Ash walks ahead of you, constantly alert for danger. You climb up the valley for an hour before reaching a rope bridge which spans the river. Ash says that you will have to

cross the bridge. You tell him that you will have to rest first as the Death Spell continues to drain your life force. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Later you tell Ash that you are ready to continue and step on to the bridge. You are about half-way across when you suddenly hear voices shouting. You look around and see two HILL TROLLS cutting the ropes which secure the bridge to its supports. You hurry as fast as you can towards the far bank. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 273. If you are Unlucky, turn to 181.

101

Lying at the bottom of the red pot is a square metal disc which you decide to put in your backpack. If you now wish to look inside the grey pot, turn to 344. If not, you may leave the cavern by the opposite door (turn to 176).

102

The Goblins call 'Halt!' But you keep on running. They both take aim and throw their daggers at you. Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to 140. If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to 330. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to 245.

103

The Mountain Elf looks surprised, and asks why you are not wearing your obedience collar. You see that he is wearing a metal collar round his neck which glows in the semi-darkness, and realize that it must be the collar he is talking about. If you wish to reply that you have put on weight recently and are having your collar widened, turn to 70. If you would rather attack the Elf before he raises the alarm, turn to 382.

104

Your journey south is long and arduous, but your determination to leave Icefinger Mountains behind you spurs you on. Two days after leaving the ice caverns, you reach the River Kok. Fifty miles up-river lies Fang, the town where Baron Sukumvit's notorious Deathtrap Dungeon awaits its challengers each year for the Trial of Champions. However, at this time of year Fang is unlikely to be more interesting than any other river town. You decide against going there and walk down-river to find a bridge or a boatman. After walking for half an hour along the bank of the wide, dirty-brown river, you see a man asleep aboard a raft moored to the bank. You shout to him and ask him to ferry you across. He tells you to go away as he is too tired to work today. If you wish to offer him 10 Gold Pieces to make him change his mind, turn to 315. If you would rather walk on, turn to 131.

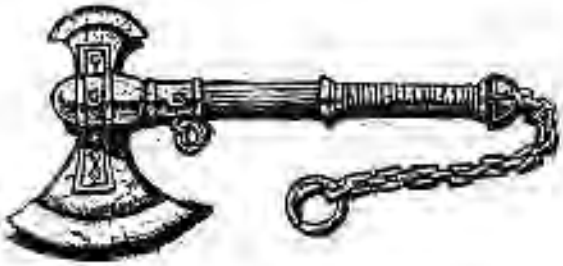

105

Ash waits for an opportunity to shoot and fires another arrow at close range. This time he does not miss, and the Death Hawk plunges to the ground with an arrow protruding from its breast. The other side of the hill slopes down into a gorge and Ash tells you that you must now journey alone to meet the Healer. He tells you to walk east up the gorge until you see the head of a Phoenix carved in the rock. The Healer lives in a cave in the side of the hill above the carved rock. You thank Ash for his help and walk slowly down the hill into the gorge. At the bottom you follow Ash's instructions and turn left up the gorge (turn to 252).

106

Further ahead, in the left-hand wall of the tunnel, you see a gap. You walk up to it and peer round to see a cave in which a NEANDERTHAL is stripping the skin off a moose making it ready for the large simmering stew-pot behind him. He is working very slowly and is being yelled at by the GNOME cook who is wearing a white apron and waving a wooden spoon in the air. If you wish to enter the crude kitchen, turn to 95. If you would rather creep past the entrance, turn to 267.

107

You stumble, but manage to avoid treading on either the white or the black footprints. Regaining your balance, you walk on between the footprints (turn to 207).

108

The followers pick you up and carry you over to a circle of ice, dyed blue, in which the effigy stands. Amid wails and wild shouting, they throw you into the blue circle. The effigy immediately jerks its frozen limbs into motion – you have unleashed the power of an ICE DEMON.

ICE DEMON SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

In addition to its normal attack, throw one die every Attack Round for the jet of freezing gas that shoots out from its nostrils. On a roll of 1, 2 or 3, the gas will hit you and reduce your STAMINA by 1 point, but on a roll of 4, 5 or 6, the gas will miss you. If you win, turn to 184.

109

You look up and see great cascades of snow tumbling down the mountainside. With horror you realize that you are standing in the path of the avalanche. You look around and see an outcrop under which you could shelter. The approaching mass of snow is no more than a hundred metres away and you struggle to run for cover. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to 81. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 371.

110

Night is approaching and you decide to camp in the shelter of some rocks and bushes, despite Stubb's plea to carry on. You build a fire and settle down to sleep. Redswift takes the first watch. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 399. If you are Unlucky, turn to 251.

111

In the distance you can hear chanting voices; soon the tunnel ends at the entrance to a large cavern. Kneeling down before an ice effigy in the shape of a demon, with their hooded faces pressed to the ice floor in worship, are ten of the Snow Witch's followers. There are two exits from the cave, one straight ahead and one to your right. If you wish to pretend to be one of the worshippers and walk boldly into the cavern, turn to 300. If you would rather creep cautiously into the cavern, turn to 283.

112

If you have a sling and wish to use it against the Frost Giant, turn to 373. If you would rather fight him with your sword, turn to 292.

113

The Snow Witch quickly explains the rules of her game; she tells you to choose a disc and conceal it in your clenched fist. She will call out a shape. A square beats a circle. A circle beats a star. And a star beats a square. If you win, you will be given a chance to escape. If you lose, you will die. If you both choose the same shape, you will play again. Your life depends on your next decision. Now you must make your choice. Of course, if you do not possess all three discs, your choice will be limited. Will you:

Conceal the square disc?	Turn to 15
Conceal the circular disc?	Turn to 152
Conceal the star disc?	Turn to 392

114

You manage to keep control of your mind and pick up the stick again. This time you thrust it at the Snow Witch's heart with even more determination (turn to 4).

115

Through the trees to your left, you see a tall man with pointed ears and fair hair. He is wearing a green cloak and he is busy carving arrow shafts with his knife. He is an ELF, similar in appearance to Redswift. If you wish to ask him if he knows where the Healer lives, turn to **100**. If you would rather attack him with your sword, turn to **397**.

116

You find yourself obeying her command. You loosen your collar and bare your neck in readiness for her to drink your blood. You will be her servant forever in the world of the undead.

117

Expecting something disastrous to happen, Redswift and Stubb shrink back when you place the orb on the ground. But nothing happens except that the orb starts to glow again. You shrug your shoulders and soon catch up with your two companions (turn to **166**).

118

The fire is soon roaring and crackling in the hearth. The heat of the flames radiates through your body and you revel in the warmth. The stew is delicious and you feel your strength returning. Add 3 STAMINA points. With renewed energy, you decide to leave the hut to continue your quest (turn to 192).

119

To your left, you see a narrow footpath leading from the bank of the river into the trees. If you wish to walk up the footpath, turn to 168. If you would rather go on up the valley, turn to 205.

120

The dagger hits the knob and the iron grille slowly starts to rise. Add 1 LUCK point. You waste no time – you run under the grille, turn left and keep going until you arrive at a crossroads. There are no signs of life either from straight ahead or from the branch to your left, but advancing towards you along the right-hand tunnel is a strange humanoid (turn to 59).

121

You panic as you realize that you are not carrying the weapons needed to slay a Vampire. The Snow Witch gradually gains control of your mind and forces you to bare your neck in readiness for her to drink your blood. You will be her servant forever in the world of the undead.

122

The energy bolt which hits you, gives your system a terrible shock. You are knocked to the ground by its force. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 322.

123

The Snow Witch manages to overcome her fear of garlic and knocks the stick out of your hand. Her gaze is powerful and you hear a voice in your mind telling you to drop the garlic and loosen your collar. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to 114. If the total is higher than your SKILL, turn to 134.

124

When you land on the third rock, your foot slips and you fall into the river. You are swept downstream and you are too weak to swim against the fast-flowing current. If you are carrying 400 or more Gold Pieces, turn to 381. If you are carrying less than 400 Gold Pieces, turn to 82.

125

The tunnel through the glacier soon leads into the mountainside itself and the walls change from ice to bare rock. You enter a large cavern which has three other exits leading from it; one to your left, one to your right and the main one, carved as a giant skull, lying directly opposite. As you enter, an ugly robed man steps out of the mouth of the skull, holding a glass prism in his outstretched hands. He commands you to turn back as only the Snow Witch's personal servants are allowed inside the mountain. If you have a magic flute you may wish to tell him that you have been asked to come and play it for the Snow Witch (turn to 299); or you may attack him with your sword (turn to 156).

126

The Brain Slayer's disgusting tentacles flail frantically as it concentrates its mental power in an effort to draw you towards it. Unable to resist, you walk in a trance towards the hideous creature. You can only watch helplessly as it wraps one of its tentacles around your head. You feel weak and soon black out as the Brain Slayer begins to feed on your brainpower. Lose 2 SKILL points and 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 213.

127

Once again your sword fails to find its mark and the dagger cuts into your sword arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. In desperation you hack frantically at the three images that lunge at you with daggers drawn. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **232**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **361**.

128

You are able to walk silently past the sleeping Barbarian and continue up the gorge (turn to **319**).

129

You are knocked unconscious by the blow to your head. Already weakened by the Death Spell, the injury is more than you can withstand. Your adventure ends here.

130

You are now wearing a magic ring which has the power to summon a warrior to your aid once only. Add 1 LUCK point. If you have not already done so, you may either put on the gold ring (turn to **21**) or put on the silver ring (turn to **159**). Alternatively, you may walk through to the next tunnel (turn to **338**).

131

Further along the bank you find a small wooden boat tied to a tree. You look around but you cannot see its owner. If you wish to take the boat and row across the river, turn to **26**. If you would rather wait for its owner to arrive, turn to **289**.

132

The dagger just misses the knob, bouncing off the stone wall. If you have another dagger, turn to **16**. If you do not possess another dagger, turn to **393**.

133

You thrust out your hands and luckily manage to land on the floor without hurting yourself. As you pick yourself up, you suddenly hear footsteps coming from the depths of the cave. In the distance you can see a swaying light and the vague outline of a hunched, sinewy figure, who skulks slowly forward. If you wish to see who is coming towards you, turn to **37**. If you would rather run out of the cave, turn to **355**.

134

Your mind is completely controlled by the Snow Witch and you find yourself obeying her command. You drop the garlic and bare your neck in readiness for her to drink your blood. You will be her servant forever in the world of the undead.

135

The tunnel ends at another door, an old piece of parchment is pinned on it. There is faded writing on the parchment, but you do not understand the language. Knowing that elves speak many languages, you ask Redswift to try to read it. As he reads, his eyes widen with terror. You ask him what is wrong, but he refuses to reply. He rips the parchment off the door and tears it into tiny pieces. He turns the door handle and says, 'Let's get going, there is no time to lose.' You and Stubb look at each other and shrug your shoulders, deciding simply to obey the troubled Redswift. The door opens into another tunnel. After walking down it for a few metres, you come to a place where water is dripping down continuously from stalactites overhead. If you have a shield, turn to 230. If you do not possess a shield, turn to 79.

136

You soon arrive at the fork in the tunnel that the Mountain Elf mentioned and, deciding to take his advice, you enter the tunnel to your right (turn to 106).

137

The tunnel ends quite soon at a T-junction. To your left you can hear cries for help. If you wish to turn left, turn to 311. If you wish to turn right, turn to 125.

138

The Snow Witch stares at you again before making her choice. This time she calls out 'Star!' Terror spreads across your face as you unfold your clenched fist, revealing the star-shaped metal disc. The Snow Witch laughs and another energy bolt shoots out of her globe. It slams into your chest, killing you instantly. Your adventure is over.

139

Intrigued by the open sarcophagus, you decide to walk over to examine it (turn to 297).

140

The Goblins are well practised in the art of dagger-throwing and both hit you, one in the shoulder and one in the back of your thigh. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. You stop briefly to pull the daggers out and throw them back at the Goblins before running painfully on (turn to 29).

141

A pouch on the Cave-man's belt contains a star-shaped metal disc which you decide to put in your backpack. Not wishing to meet any more Cave-men, you run along the tunnel to catch up with Redswift and Stubb (turn to 365).

142

Ash is strong enough to keep hold of the rope bridge with one hand and to grab you with his other hand to stop you from being swept away downstream. He manages to drag you up on to the far bank, but the ordeal costs you 1 STAMINA point. Without waiting for you to recover, he urges you to follow him along the footpath which leads up the side of the hill away from the bridge (turn to 85).

143

The followers are a group of Goblins, Orcs and Neanderthals. There are too many of them for you to overcome and you are soon captured. They drag you over to a circle of ice, dyed blue, in which the effigy stands. Amid wails and wild shouting, they throw you into the blue circle. The effigy immediately jerks its frozen limbs into motion – you have unleashed the power of an ICE DEMON.

ICE DEMON	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

In addition to its normal attack, throw one die every Attack Round for the jet of freezing gas that shoots out from its nostrils. On a roll of 1, 2 or 3 the gas will hit you and reduce your STAMINA by 1 point, but on a roll of 4, 5 or 6 the gas will miss you. If you win, turn to 184.

144

You ask the Centaurs if they saw any monsters during their gallop north across the Pagan Plain. Their leader looks at you sternly and says, 'No.' Seeing your wounds and bulging backpack, he asks if you have just returned from a treasure hunt. If you wish to reply that you have, turn to 272. If you wish to reply that you were attacked by Dark Elves crossing the River Kok and your backpack contains merely their helmets and broken weapons, turn to 233.

145

You draw your sword and head down the tunnel. Two GOBLINS with ugly faces run into view, both wearing glowing metal collars round their necks. They see you and advance, snarling, with daggers drawn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	4

Fight them one at a time in the narrow tunnel. If you win, turn to 347.

146

The image of the bird fills your mind. While you are still asleep, you sit up and shout the word 'Phoenix' at the top of your voice. You wake up startled, wondering why it is dark. Then you realize that you have been asleep for hours and that the sun will rise at any moment. Adjusting your sun-mask, you turn to face east, hardly daring to blink in case you miss the first rays of sunshine. A red glow appears on the horizon and then you see the sun slowly creep up into view. You are cured of the Death Spell (turn to 400).

147

Before the writing fades away, you learn a spell which will protect you against an attack by an Air Elemental. Add 1 LUCK point. You memorize the words 'Gul Sang Abi Daar'; and then decide what to do next. If you have not done so already, you may either look inside the red pot (turn to 101) or leave the cavern by the door opposite (turn to 176).

148

You step over the pieces of broken quartz that were once the Crystal Warrior, and carry on along the tunnel until it ends at a T-junction. If you wish to go left, turn to 150. If you wish to go right, turn to 368.

149

You open your backpack and reluctantly pay the man 50 Gold Pieces. Still smiling, he takes a jar from a shelf and pours the contents into a pan of soup which is simmering on an open fire in his kitchen. He fills a bowl with his herbal remedy and hands it to you, saying, 'That should do the job. It will take about an hour to work, so I suggest you go and lie down in the sun by the river. You'll soon be feeling much better.' You gulp down the soup, thank him curtly, and walk back down the footpath to find a spot to rest (turn to 209).

150

The tunnel ends at a wooden door which opens when you turn the handle. You walk into a massive high-ceilinged chamber which ends in a wall of ice. In the centre of the chamber is an open marble sarcophagus with its lid propped up against its side. A white rat suddenly jumps out of the sarcophagus and runs towards you. It stops in front of you and starts to grow and change shape. If you possess any ground minotaur horn, turn to 52. If you do not, turn to 223.

151

You are too weak to keep your head above the surface. You are dragged under and breathe in some water. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you still wish to keep your backpack on, turn to 360. If you wish to take it off, turn to 42.

152

The Snow Witch stares at you for a long time before calling out 'Circle.' You exhale loudly and unfold your clenched fist, revealing the circular metal disc. The Snow Witch is angry and tells you that the rules have changed. She now wins if the next result is a draw as well. You curse her, but you have to choose again. Will you:

Conceal the square disc?	Turn to 270
Conceal the circular disc?	Turn to 291
Conceal the star disc?	Turn to 138

153

Your escape plan has failed and you are trapped inside the mountain tunnels. You know it will not be long before the Snow Witch's guards discover you and condemn you to a life of slavery. You have failed in your mission.

154

You suddenly hear a woman howling terribly in the depths of the cave. Her mournful wail rises to a horrible, bitter scream. The Healer whispers to you that the cries come from a BANSHEE, a hideous spectre whose face and hands are shrivelled and who only has one large nostril and a single tooth. He tells you that if you walk by her without fear, you will come to no harm. 'Do not speak to her, touch her or even acknowledge her presence. She cannot harm you if you obey my instructions. I will be right behind you, but do not worry about me,' the Healer says calmly. You walk further into the cave until the dreaded Banshee comes into view. She looks even worse than the Healer's description with her red-rimmed eyes and stooping posture. You try to remain calm but feel the blood racing through your veins. She stands immediately in front of you as you try to walk by, letting out the most doom-laden howl you have ever heard in your life. You are tempted to look into her face and cut her down with your sword. If you have drunk the dragon's egg concoction, turn to 5. If you have not drunk this concoction, turn to 185

155

You look round and are relieved to see that Redswift and Stubb have both dispensed with their adversaries. You rummage quickly through the pouches on the Goblins' belts, but find only stale bread and charcoal sticks. However, if your sword is broken, you may take another one from the Goblins. Add 1 SKILL point. Despite the pain from your burns, you tell Redswift and Stubb that you are ready to move on. Leaning on Stubb, who always looks cheerful, you manage to hobble down the tunnel (turn to 166).

156

The ugly man sneers as you draw your sword; he rubs the prism, and suddenly three identical images of himself appear. They walk towards you, each one has a dagger raised in his right hand. Two of the images must be illusions, but which will you strike with your sword? Will you:

Strike the man to your left?	Turn to 99
Strike the man in the middle?	Turn to 307
Strike the man to your right?	Turn to 232

157

The shaft is icy and it slips from your grip as you release it. The spear misses the Yeti, plummeting harmlessly into the snow. Turn to 378.

158

You breathe in and take a gulp of the green liquid. Feeling no ill effects, you quickly finish it off. Slowly the tiredness and pain in your body fade away and you feel revitalized. You have drunk a Potion of Health. Add 1 SKILL point, 4 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. Turn to 173.

159

You are now wearing a ring which drains your life force. Roll one die and deduct the number from your SKILL score. Roll two dice and deduct the total from your STAMINA score. If you are still alive, you pull the cursed ring off your finger and crush it beneath your foot. If you have not done so already, you may either put on the gold ring (turn to 21) or the copper ring (turn to 130). Alternatively, you may walk through to the next tunnel (turn to 338).

160

The force of the Elemental picks you up and slams you against the wall. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you have any dragon's eggs in your backpack, they are now broken and must be crossed off your *Equipment List*. If you are still alive, turn to 372.

161

You finally reach the end of the gorge and wonder where to head next. The effect of the Death Spell is accelerating – lose 2 STAMINA points. You are beginning to lose hope of finding the Healer. If you wish to continue walking east over the edge of the gorge, turn to 302. If you would rather walk back down the gorge, turn to 269.

162

You nearly slip off a couple of the rocks, but manage to reach the far bank safely (turn to 50).

163

You look up to see great cascades of snow tumbling down the mountain. Fortunately the avalanche sweeps down a ridge adjacent to the one you are climbing (turn to 363).

164

You find a magnificent sword clenched in the hand of one of the dead Trolls. You unbend its fingers and take the finely crafted weapon. Its edge is keen and without any effort you slice through a nearby branch. Add 1 SKILL point. Redswift urges you to hurry in case there are more Trolls nearby (turn to 38).

165

The key fits the lock and turns. Add 1 LUCK point. You continue down the tunnel, turning right, and soon arrive at a crossroads. There are no signs of life either from straight ahead or from the branch to your right, but advancing towards you along the left-hand branch is a strange humanoid (turn to 59).

166

After walking for another five minutes, the tunnel turns sharply right and right again a few metres further on. You soon arrive at a junction and after a discussion you decide to turn left rather than continue straight on (turn to 259).

167

The Rattlesnake bites you on the leg just above the rim of your boot. Before you can cut off its head it empties the poison from its fangs into your leg. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you drain off the poison and limp up the gorge (turn to 252).

168

The footpath twists and turns through the trees before ending outside a wooden hut. You creep up to the hut and look through the window. An old man wearing purple robes and a grey skull cap is asleep in an ornately carved rocking-chair. The shelves on the wall behind him are lined with jars of herbs and berries. If you wish to enter the hut, turn to 341. If you would rather walk back down the path to continue up the valley, turn to 205.

169

Underneath an overhanging rock, you see a small wooden hut built against the side of the mountain. Its roof is piled high with snow and long icicles hang down from the window ledges. You see a set of deep footprints leading from the hut up the side of the mountain. If you wish to enter the hut, turn to 36. If you would rather follow the footprints in the snow, turn to 190.

170

You scramble up the side of the gorge to reach the cave entrance. It is too dark to see inside and you do not have a lantern. If you wish to shout in the hope that the Healer lives there, turn to 53. If you would rather just enter the cave, turn to 246.

171

The guardian of the Snow Witch's treasure is dead and you are free to help yourself to her riches, although there is a limit to how much you can carry. You decide to fill your backpack with Gold Pieces, and you count 600 in all. However, for each 50 you take, you will have to remove one item from your backpack and leave it behind. Adjust your *Equipment List* accordingly. Just as you finish filling your backpack, you hear the sound of running feet coming down the tunnel towards the chamber. You stand up and draw your sword, wondering if you can survive much more hard combat. Two men suddenly appear at the door, a Dwarf and an Elf, but they do not look as though they are about to attack you. They are smiling broadly and they both try to speak at once, the Elf finally taking command. 'You

have killed her! We are free! We will soon be able to take off our obedience collars! Now we wish to repay you, friend, by helping you to escape. You cannot leave the caverns by the way you came, because the Snow Witch's followers are waiting for you, and the tunnels are alive with Goblins. Our fellow Elves and Dwarfs are battling against them now, to give you time to flee – we must waste no more time.' To your surprise the Elf walks straight towards the cavern wall opposite the door, and appears to pass right through it. 'Another of the Snow Witch's illusions,' comments the Dwarf, 'an escape route she never got the chance to use. The trouble is, we've never used it either.' The Dwarf laughs to himself and walks towards the wall, you following behind. Walking through the illusion you find yourself in a narrow torchlit tunnel which you walk down in single file. It soon ends at a junction and you discuss which way to turn. If you wish to turn left, turn to 61. If you would rather turn right, turn to 388.

172

Ignoring a dark cave entrance at the foot of the mountain, you begin the difficult climb up the steep face. You suddenly slip and fall when a piece of rock comes away in your hand. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 284. If you are Unlucky, you will plunge to your death down the side of Firetop Mountain.

173

It is not long before Stubb returns, laden with nuts, roots, greens and a fat rabbit. Using a pan he found in the bottom of the boat, he sets about making a delicious stew, while Redswift brags about his fight with the Dark Elf. Soon you are all enjoying the nourishing meal, telling each other stories and putting the terrible memories of the Snow Witch out of your minds. Add 4 STAMINA points. Later you climb into the Dark Elf's boat and push off from the bank. It does not take long to reach the other side and you set off south across the Pagan Plain for Stonebridge (turn to 278).

174

You are tempted to turn round and walk back to Big Jim Sun's caravan – but your reputation is at stake, and you have no choice but to carry on with the grim trek up the mountainside (turn to 169).

175

Ash fires a perfect shot: his arrow pierces the head of the diving Death Hawk. Its wings stop beating and it crashes into the side of the hill. The other side of the hill slopes down into a gorge and Ash tells you that you must now journey alone to meet the Healer. He tells you to walk east up the gorge until you see the head of a phoenix carved in the rock. The Healer lives in a cave in the side of the hill above

the carved rock. You thank Ash for his help and walk slowly down the hill into the gorge. At the bottom you follow Ash's instructions and turn left up the gorge (turn to 252).

176

The door opens into yet another tunnel and you begin to wonder whether you will ever find your way out of the caverns of the Snow Witch. You look at Redswift and Stubb, but they do not appear to be very concerned. The tunnel soon ends at another door and you notice a dagger sticking out of its oak panelling. If you wish to pull the dagger out of the door, turn to 55. If you would rather open the door, turn to 285.

177

Pulling the dart from your arm, you flee from the followers and run into the tunnel (turn to 137).

178

You fall to the ground, hitting your head on a rock. If you are wearing a helmet, turn to 324. If you are not wearing a helmet, turn to 129.

179

The Gnome does not want to end up like the Neanderthal and runs out of the cave shouting for help. If you wish to search through the cupboards and risk the Gnome returning with reinforcements, turn to 194. If you would rather leave the cave immediately, turning left into the tunnel, turn to 198.

180

The thundering noise of galloping hooves grows louder and four CENTAURS come into view. Each one is armed with a bow and quiver of arrows. They stop almost at once in a line before you, keen-eyed and ready for any move on your part. Their leader is obviously the one with the ugly blue scar running down his face and chest, as he is also proudly carrying a spear and a shield, and wearing a horned helmet. If you wish to offer to pay them to take you to Stonebridge, turn to 329. If you would rather just talk to them briefly and be on your way, turn to 144.

181

Before you can scramble on to the far bank, the bridge collapses under you and crashes into the river. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 142. If you are Unlucky, turn to 277.

182

You walk over to the broken chest and examine its contents: three ornate rings and a cracked bottle which emits a sweet odour. If you wish to try on any of the rings, turn to 65. If you would rather walk through to the next tunnel, turn to 338.

183

As soon as you touch the shield, a howling wind starts to blow down the tunnel towards you, almost knocking the three of you off your feet. Then you see a whirlwind coming down the tunnel, gathering up all rocks and stones in its path. If the words 'Gul Sang Abi Daar' mean anything to you, turn to 253. If they mean nothing to you, turn to 66.

184

The Ice Demon crashes to the floor in a pile of broken ice. The Snow Witch's followers fall back in terror, afraid that you might now possess the Demon's powers. Add 1 LUCK point. Unchallenged, you are able to leave the cave by the tunnel exit (turn to 137).

185

Between her screams the Banshee tells you that you are going to die. You are unable to resist the temptation to draw your sword and silence her.

BANSHEE	SKILL 12	STAMINA 12

Before each Attack Round, you must roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL, you will not be paralysed by fear and you will be able to fight. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, you will automatically lose that Attack Round. If you win, turn to 19.

186

The energy bolt which hits you gives your system a terrible shock. You are knocked to the ground by its force. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 98.

187

As you draw your sword, the Gnome yells an order to the dull-witted NEANDERTHAL, telling him to kill you. The Neanderthal grunts and stands up, pushing the table away from him. He picks up a carving knife and a stool as a shield and lumbers forward to attack.

NEANDERTHAL SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 179.

188

Neither of the Goblins releases the rope and both tumble headlong into the pit. Only one of the two picks himself up, the other remaining face down on the ice floor. With blood streaming from his nose, the angry Goblin pulls a dagger from his belt and tries to stab you. In the confined space of the pit, you must defend yourself with your bare hands.

GOBLIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 4

During each round of combat, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3 as you are without your sword. If you win, turn to 366.

189

The Brain Slayer's disgusting tentacles flail frantically as it tries to draw you towards it. Fortunately the amulet gives you the courage to resist its attempt to hypnotize you. You draw your sword to attack the foul creature. It releases Redswift and Stubb who fall to the floor clutching their heads in agony.

BRAIN SLAYER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 309.

190

The high altitude and thin atmosphere make you pant for breath as you continue your steady climb. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Suddenly you hear the cry of a human voice followed by a ferocious roar. Not far ahead you see a fur trapper fighting for his life against a gigantic bear-like beast with long white fur and sharp teeth protruding from its jaws. It is the killer beast that you have been hunting – the abominable YETI. You watch the unfortunate trapper being gashed by the Yeti's claws and falling face down in the snow. Incensed by the vicious attack, you scream at the Yeti and run through the snow to attack it (turn to 77).

191

You are so weak that the effort of trying to haul yourself up the vine is too much for you. You lose your grip and fall headlong ten metres down on to the dirt floor and land on a pile of bones. Unable to move and semi-conscious, you feel helpless as hundreds of Flesh Grubs crawl on to you to begin their feast. Your adventure ends here.

192

As you are about to leave the hut, you catch sight of some weapons lying under the bed. If you wish to take a couple of them with you, turn to 255. If you do not wish to be encumbered by the additional weight and would rather leave without the weapons, turn to 263.

193

You quickly dive on to the floor and watch the energy bolt pass overhead and slam into the cavern wall behind you (turn to 336).

194

The cupboards are full of pots, pans, bowls and spoons. One cupboard is locked and you have to prise it open with your sword. It contains the Gnome's personal possessions – a silver flute, a rune-carved wooden stick painted with blue and yellow hoops, an old withered rose and an old leather-bound book entitled 'The Secrets of Toads'. Will you:

Blow the flute?	Turn to 74
Read the runes on the stick?	Turn to 345
Smell the rose?	Turn to 317
Read the book?	Turn to 356
Leave the possessions and turn left back into the tunnel?	Turn to 198

195

Your hand is too numb and painful for you to grip the spear. You curse and hurl it into the snow, drawing your sword with your other hand to fight the huge white beast.

YETI SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 67.

196

Stubb draws the short straw and reaches for the handle, cursing his luck. As soon as he touches it, it comes alive. An ASP curls itself around his hand, and before he can shake it off, it sinks its poisonous fangs into his wrist. He falls on to his knees clutching his wrist with his other hand. Redswift quickly draws off the poison with his knife: luckily the Dwarf has a strong constitution, and he soon recovers enough strength to continue (turn to 20).

197

You fall headlong down the crevasse, landing heavily on an icy ledge some ten metres below. Roll 1 die. Deduct this number from your current STAMINA score. Using your sword, you cut hand- and toe-holds into the side of the crevasse and haul yourself up. Plodding your way through the thick snow, you continue your quest (turn to 212).

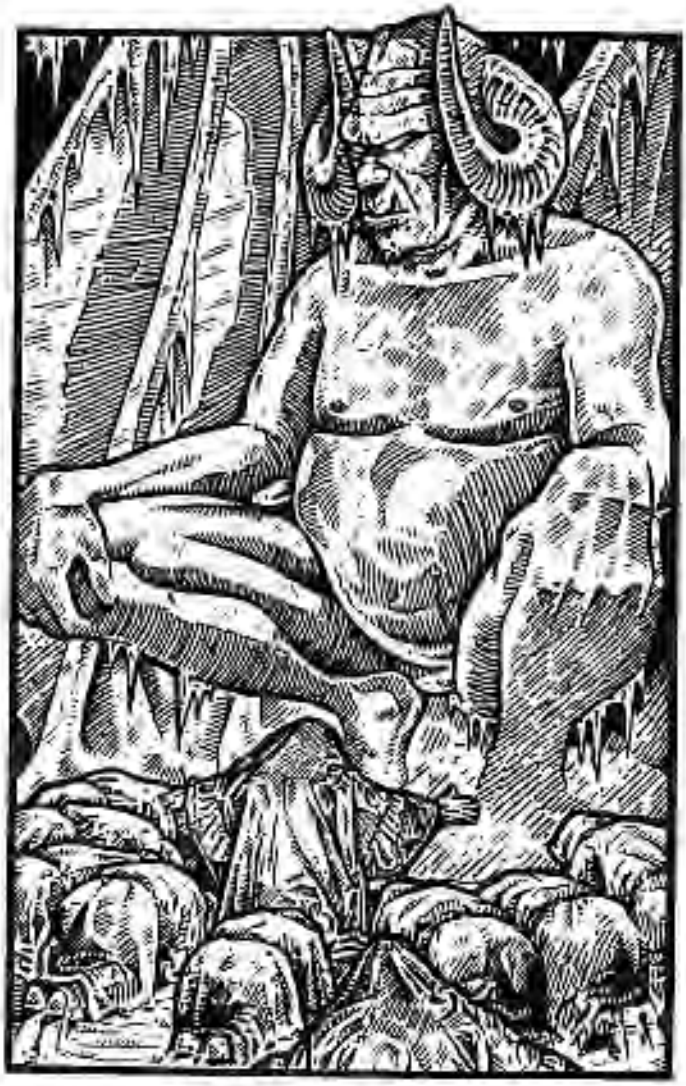

198

In the distance you hear chanting voices; before long the tunnel ends at the entrance to a large cavern. Kneeling down before an ice effigy in the shape of a demon, their hooded faces pressed to the ice floor in worship, are ten of the Snow Witch's followers. There are two exits from the cave, one to your left and one to your right. If you are wearing a cloak, turn to 384. If you are not wearing a cloak, turn to 260.

199

After the ordeal with the Werewolf you cannot settle down to sleep again. You are pleased when Stubb completes the second watch and asks you to take over. The rest of the night passes peacefully and in the morning you are able to continue your journey to Stonebridge (turn to 13).

200

The Zombie was probably in charge of the storeroom that the door opens into. Jars and bottles of various shapes and sizes line the walls and many boxes and barrels are stacked up on the floor. You search quickly through them and find little of interest except for a jar of ground minotaur horn, some garlic, a box full of teeth, a jar of pickled lizards' tails and four large dragon eggs. As you will not be able to fit everything into your backpack, you may only take three of the items. Leaving the room, you walk back to the junction and head straight on down the tunnel (turn to 150).

201

You see an overhanging branch and just manage to grab it with one hand. If you are carrying a shield, you will have to let it drop into the river (lose 1 SKILL point) so that you can haul yourself out. Summoning all your remaining strength, you manage to pull yourself up on to the south bank of the river. You feel totally exhausted. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You curse the Snow Witch and set off east, back towards the place where the fire was burning (turn to 50).

202

You step past the still bodies of the Wolves and continue your journey through the swirling snow. The climb becomes steeper and the going is slow. Turn to 337.

203

Stubb draws the short straw and chuckles with pleasure. He kicks off his old boots and eagerly puts on the magical elfin boots. To test them out, he jumps up and down on the stone floor, and makes no noise when he lands. Impatient to walk in his new boots, he heads off along the tunnel with you and Redswift following (turn to 20).

204

The Elf slumps on to the floor and pulls back his hood. You see a metal collar around his neck, glowing in the semi-darkness. 'Obedience collar,' he stammers in pain. 'Makes us do whatever she wishes. If I die it will lose its energy but she will know and send others to investigate. Elves, even we Mountain Elves, would not serve that vile witch of our own free will. Kill her and free us. I bear you no grudge for attacking me, for you knew no better. Take my cloak to disguise yourself and follow this tunnel to where it branches. Take the right-hand fork. Now I must rest.' You put the Elf's cloak round your shoulders and make him as comfortable as you can. You shake his hand and run off down the tunnel (turn to 136).

205

You spot a small open space between the rocks and trees on the far bank of the river. Something is cooking over a fire, you can see the smoke rising; but there is no one to be seen – perhaps they saw you first and are hiding. The river runs fast and is quite narrow at this point. Large rocks jut out of the river and it would be possible to cross over by leaping from rock to rock. If you wish to cross, turn to 268. If you would rather keep on walking up the river valley, turn to 115.

206

The Healer looks concerned and says, 'Then you have no alternative, you must walk to Firetop Mountain and climb it alone. This is where we say goodbye. Good luck, I hope you make it.' You shake the Healer's hand, thanking him for his help. Then, waving goodbye, you squeeze through the crack into the daylight. Knowing that the effect of the Death Spell has been temporarily halted, you journey north at a fast pace. You are quite close to the foot of the mountain when an ugly creature jumps out from behind a rock to challenge you. It is a HOBGOBLIN and you must fight it.

HOBGOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 172.

207

The tunnel soon turns sharply left. As you turn the corner you see something on the floor, sparkling in the dim light. You bend down and pick up a circular metal disc. Hoping that it might be useful, you put it in your pocket. It's not long before the tunnel turns sharply left again and you soon arrive at a junction. After some discussion, you decide to turn right rather than continue straight on (turn to 259).

208

As the Mountain Elf slumps on to the floor, his strange metal collar stops glowing. You wonder what is happening and decide to hurry down the tunnel (turn to 241).

209

Feeling ill, you lie down in the sun and soon fall asleep. You wake up an hour later but you do not feel any better – in fact, you feel worse. You realize that the man who sold you the herbs was not the Healer, but an opportunist sham. The hour you have wasted waiting for the fake remedy to work has cost you dearly. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you wish to go back to the herbalist's hut, turn to 27. If you would rather not waste any more time and continue up the river valley, turn to 205.

210

The Snow Witch recoils from the garlic, giving you time to think. You know that a Vampire can only be killed by driving a stake through its heart. If you possess a carved rune stick, turn to 34. If not, turn to 10.

217

Stubb's desire for revenge spurs him on and he quickly defeats two of the Hill Trolls, and then helps Redswift dispatch the remaining two. He does not stop to search through the Trolls' belongings, but heads straight for Stonebridge. You follow him into the village where he is greeted by all his old friends. However, you soon discover that an air of gloom hangs over the Dwarfs. Even though they know that the Hill Trolls are gathering to attack their village, they have lost their will to defend themselves since their fabled war-hammer was stolen from King Gillibran. Stubb is concerned by their loss of morale and takes you to the inn to meet his friend Bigleg. He learns from Bigleg that an eagle took the war-hammer but dropped it over Darkwood Forest. 'Then we must find it. Bigleg, we must leave immediately,' says Stubb, forgetting his own troubles. He stands up and extends his hand to you, saying, 'Well, friends, I'm sorry, but I will not be able to offer you our hospitality after all. I hope you understand.' He walks out of the inn with Bigleg and that is the last that you see of the jolly old Dwarf. Redswift sighs and suggests that the two of you leave for Moonstone Hills straight away. Besides, he says, he has something important to tell you and in a way it is fortunate that Stubb will not be around to hear what he has to say. Intrigued by Redswift's words, you leave Stonebridge, heading east along the bank of Red River. While keeping a lookout for Hill Troll patrols, you cannot help wondering what it is that Redswift has to tell you. Hidden among the trees to your left, Redswift suddenly spots three Hill Trolls sharpening their weapons on a stone. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 218. If you are Unlucky, turn to 296.

212

The wind starts to howl, blowing gusts of snow into your face. You put your head down and stride into it. Above the howl of the wind you suddenly become aware of another sound – the howling of wolves. You draw your sword while trying to peer through the snow. As if out of nowhere, two SNOW WOLVES appear in front of you, hunched ready to pounce. They are completely white except for their blood-red eyes. Suddenly one leaps at you. Fight them one at a time.

	STAMINA	SKILL
First SNOW WOLF	7	8
Second SNOW WOLF	7	7

If you win, turn to **202**.

213

You wake to find Redswift and Stubb lying unconscious on the floor. There is no sign of the Brain Slayer. You groan as you try to sit up, the pain in your head is almost unbearable. Your two companions eventually come round, they are obviously suffering too. They explain that the Brain Slayer drew them into the cavern and they were powerless to resist. You examine the chamber and see another door opposite in the far wall. There are also two clay pots in a recess in the wall, one red and one grey. Will you:

Open the door?	Turn to 176
Look inside the red pot?	Turn to 101
Look inside the grey pot?	Turn to 344

214

As soon as you step into the tunnel, an iron grille drops down behind you, barring your retreat. The man laughs out loud and says, 'You were foolish to think you could trick me so easily when all the world can see you are not wearing your obedience collar. Now, intruder, you are trapped.' There is nothing you can do but find out what lies at the end of the tunnel (turn to 323).

215

The tunnel opens out into a small cavern which is empty apart from a brass bowl resting on top of an ice plinth. The bowl contains a yellow liquid and a wooden ladle. If you wish to drink some of the liquid, turn to 24. If you would rather walk back out of the cavern without drinking the liquid, turn to 56.

216

You quickly load your sling and aim at the globe. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL, turn to 282. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 375.

217

The red leaves all around you emit a sweet smell which you find very pleasant. You feel very relaxed and suddenly have trouble keeping your eyes open, even though it is only early evening. You are unaware that you are lying on SLEEPING GRASS. You sink into a deep sleep, full of vivid and exciting dreams. Night falls and time passes by, but you cannot wake up. The moon drifts slowly across the clear night sky until dawn is only minutes away. A tiny image disturbs your dreams but it is difficult to make out; it grows steadily larger, until the flashing image fills your mind. A bird with a long beak and fine plumage is trying to fly out of a circle of flames. The Healer is trying to wake you. If you can focus your mind and remember the name of this bird, which is the symbol of the Healer's power, your dreams will end and you will be able to rouse yourself. If you believe the bird to be a Phoenix, turn to 146. If you believe the bird to be a Griffin, turn to 228.

218

The Hill Trolls do not see you and you are able to slip by them unnoticed (turn to 38).

219

The spear flies through the air and thuds into the Yeti's shaggy chest. It roars in pain but does not fall. You quickly draw your sword to fight the enraged beast.

YETI	SKILL 10	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 67.

220

Stepping carefully between the footprints, you expect something sinister to happen at any moment. However, nothing happens until Stubb sneezes loudly and startles you. Roll 1 die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to 94. If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to 326. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to 107.

221

The tunnel turns sharply to the right at the entrance to another cave, from which you can hear a stringed instrument playing gentle music. Your view into the cave is partially blocked by an old tattered animal skin hanging down over the entrance, but you can see the lower torso of a man wearing green and purple hose and pointed red slippers. If you wish to throw back the animal skin and enter the cave, turn to 303. If you would rather keep walking along the tunnel, turn to 111.

222

You manage to haul yourself out of the hollow tree, but some Flesh Grubs are clinging to your body. Roll 1 die to determine how many are buried in your flesh and deduct 1 STAMINA point for each. If you are still alive, turn to 242.

223

The creature soon towers above you and develops a rough white reptilian skin. Its neck extends to support a giant head with smoking nostrils, and wings protrude from its back. Before you stands an ancient WHITE DRAGON. If you are wearing a copper ring, turn to 313. If not, you must fight the mighty beast as you stand.

WHITE DRAGON SKILL 12 STAMINA 14

In addition to its normal attack, throw one die every attack round for its freezing cold breath. Unless you are wearing a gold ring, a roll of 1 or 2 will reduce your STAMINA score by a further 2 points. A roll of 3–6 will mean the icy blast misses you. If you win, turn to 139.

224

As soon as you begin reading the scroll, the writing starts to fade. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL, turn to 147. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 396.

225

The blizzard has affected you badly. Your sword-hand is frostbitten and you are very weak. You will now have to use your other arm to fight. Lose 3 SKILL points and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 174.

226

Both the dart and the whip fail to find their mark and you are able to run through the tunnel (turn to 137).

227

The Dark Elf is an excellent shot. The arrow thuds into your shoulder and you let out a painful cry. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Stubb quickly takes hold of the oars and continues to row the boat towards the far bank. However, you are still within the range of the Dark Elf's arrows. You watch him pick another arrow and fire again. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 32, if you are Unlucky, turn to 239.

228

The image of the bird starts to fade as vivid dreams fill your mind again. You have failed to recognize the fabled bird that the Healer so admires, and he no longer thinks you are worthy of his help. When dawn breaks you are still fast asleep, your opportunity to break the Death Spell has gone. It is the beginning of a beautiful day, but one that you will never see. Firetop Mountain has provided more food for its hungry vultures.

229

The temperature is well below freezing point and the howling blizzard chills you to the bone. You struggle to walk through the snowstorm, but it drains your energy. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you still wish to walk through the blizzard, turn to 387. If you would rather dig yourself a shelter in the snow with your sword, turn to 281.

230

The water looks harmless enough, but you do not wish to get cold and wet. You place the shield over your head and walk under the gentle waterfall. You throw the shield back for your companions to use, and you are soon on your way again (turn to 339).

231

By the time you reach the top of the hill, you are panting heavily. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Feeling exhausted, you stand and look around you. The hill slopes down into a gorge which runs east to west. You walk slowly down the hill into the gorge and turn left. After walking for a while, you see the entrance to a cave half-way up the left-hand side of the gorge. If you wish to climb up to the cave, turn to 170. If you would rather keep on walking up the gorge, turn to 377.

232

The Illusionist screams in pain as your sword cuts into his side. He drops to the floor as his other two images fade away. As you step over him, he starts to laugh and stands up, his wound completely healed. If you wish to thrust your sword at him again, turn to 261. If you wish to try to smash his prism, turn to 72.

233

The leader slowly nods his head. He believes your story and signals to the group to move on. You watch them gallop away, and, relieved at their departure, you march off together towards Stonebridge (turn to 278).

234

You aim carefully between the iron bars and throw your dagger at the wooden knob. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 120. If you are Unlucky, turn to 132.

235

You see frozen into the ice wall an ornate trunk open and filled with gold and jewels. You hack away at the ice until you reach the trunk. A golden idol is the first thing you pick up, but suddenly it bursts out of your hands and changes into a golden warrior – a SENTINEL left to guard the treasure.

SENTINEL	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 171.

236

Despite straining with all their might, your friends are unable to force your hand against the door. The dagger's power makes your hand turn again and this time you plunge the blade into your side. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, your friends try again to force the dagger into the door. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 6. If you are Unlucky, turn to 35.

237

Gripping the hilt firmly, you tug hard at the sword. It comes free with surprising ease. You have chosen the Sword of Speed, an almost weightless yet strong and sharp sword. Add 1 SKILL point. If you wish to rummage through the Orc's backpack, turn to 354. If you wish to walk directly through to the tunnel opposite, turn to 221.

238

Ash's arrow just misses the diving Death Hawk. Before he is able to fire again, the Death Hawk attacks you.

DEATH HAWK SKILL 4 STAMINA 5

If you manage to survive two Attack Rounds, turn to 105.

239

Even at long range the Dark Elf is an accurate bowman. His arrow sinks painfully into your thigh. Lose 2 STAMINA points. With Stubb rowing furiously, you at last reach the far bank before the Dark Elf has time to fire again. You jump out of the boat, gesture at the Dark Elf and set off south across the Pagan Plain towards Stonebridge (turn to 278).

240

You just manage to jump out of the way of the plunging dagger. You stand, feet apart, ready to fight the enraged Goblin with your bare hands.

GOBLIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

During each round of combat you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3, because you are without your sword. If you win, turn to 43.

241

The tunnel forks and you must decide quickly which way to go. You can hear the sound of running feet coming down the branch to your right. If you wish to run down the left branch, turn to 321. If you would rather head down the right branch to face whoever is coming towards you, turn to 145.

242

You pull the hideous Grubs out of your flesh and crush them underfoot. Realizing that the Healer obviously does not live in the hollow tree, you continue to walk up the river valley (turn to **119**).

243

You wait until the Frost Giant has his back to you and then run through his lair. You reach the next tunnel before the slow-moving Giant realizes what is happening, but you do not stop running (turn to **338**).

244

Just before your sword hits the globe, a bolt of white light shoots out, trapping your blade. A searing pain rushes up your arm and the image of the Snow Witch laughs at your unsuccessful attempt to defeat her. You are unable to release your grip on the handle, and drop to your knees as the intensity of the charge increases. You black out and do not wake again. Your adventure ends here.

245

Both the daggers miss you, flying past on either side of your head. Add 1 LUCK point. You run on without stopping to look back (turn to **29**).

246

Inside the cave it is so dark that you can hardly see your hand in front of your face. As you walk on blindly, you stumble and trip. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **133**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **178**.

247

You break the loaf in two and, to your surprise, find an iron key in its centre. Add 1 LUCK point. You put the key in your pocket, change your mind about eating the loaf and walk into the tunnel opposite (turn to **221**).

248

You regain consciousness to find Redswift and Stubb attending to your burns. 'I don't like to say I told you so,' Redswift says sarcastically. You try to walk but the pain is too severe. 'We'll have to rest here,' says Stubb, looking concerned, 'but it won't be long before the Snow Witch's Goblins find us.' There is nothing you can do but lie down again. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **28**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **332**.

249

Gripping the shaft tightly, you pull back your arm and hurl the spear at the snarling Yeti. Roll one die. If you roll a 1, turn to **157**. If you roll a 2 or greater, turn to **219**.

250

Gripping the shaft of the spear firmly in your hands, you tug as hard as you can. The spear does not come free and your mind becomes filled with horrific images, making you scream out in terror. You release the spear; but the images remain, affecting your mind. Lose 1 SKILL point. If you wish to rummage through the Orc's backpack, turn to **354**. If you wish to walk directly through to the tunnel opposite, turn to **221**.

251

You have been asleep for only two hours when an eerie howl pierces the night air, waking you up. You see Redswift immediately stoke up the fire and Stubb run to his side, ready for battle. Suddenly you hear a twig snap behind you and you turn round to see a large beast about to leap on you. Its long hair and sharp teeth glisten in the firelight, and you realize it is a WEREWOLF. You must fight it.

WEREWOLF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **199**.

252

You see a rope-ladder hanging down from one of the trees on the left side of the gorge. Looking up, you can just make out the frame of a wooden hut, almost hidden among the branches. If you wish to climb up the ladder to the tree-house, turn to **398**. If you would rather continue up the gorge, turn to **92**.

253

Taking the shield has unleashed the fury of an AIR ELEMENTAL. Fortunately you remember the words on the scroll and utter them as the Elemental draws near. It disappears as quickly as it appeared, and all is calm again. You sling the shield on to your arm (add 1 SKILL point) and walk together back down the tunnel and past the last junction (turn to **135**).

254

You groan with pain and try to stand up. Looking up to see how far you have fallen, you are dismayed to see two ugly faces staring down at you. A rope is thrown down to you and you are ordered to throw your sword up to the GOBLINS before climbing up the rope. You are trapped in the pit and reluctantly comply with their orders. As you are about to climb, you notice that both the Goblins are holding the rope. If you wish to climb up, turn to 276. If you wish to pull hard on the rope in an attempt to pull them down into the pit, turn to 324.

255

You take a war-hammer and a spear before leaving the hut (turn to 263).

256

You just manage to draw your sword in time to defend yourself against the diving Bird-man. It veers away slightly but turns to attack again.

BIRD-MAN SKILL 12 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 18.

257

You roll down the mountain but the avalanche soon runs out of momentum in a gully. Luckily, you are not buried in the snow and find yourself dazed but able to sit up. Lose 1 SKILL point. Still feeling dizzy, you stand up and start your climb again (turn to 363).

258

The Healer walks over to you and puts his hands on your forehead. He mutters some strange words and stands back, saying, 'Later stages of the reversal process are also dangerous, but the danger can be reduced if you possess certain things. My help from now on will be limited as you will have to journey to another place to break the Death Spell completely. Please follow me.' The Healer walks further into the cave leading you to the edge of a pit. There is almost no light and you have to strain your eyes to see the outline of the Healer moving about. 'A log spans the pit before you and you must cross it to reach the inner cave. It will obviously be easier to cross it if you can see where you are going. Do you have a candle?' asks the Healer. If you possess a candle and tinder-box, turn to 54. If you do not possess these items, turn to 343.

259

Placed against the left-hand wall of the tunnel, you see a large iron casket with a brass handle in the shape of a serpent. No one volunteers to open the casket, so you decide to draw lots. Roll 1 die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to 73. If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to 196. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to 353.

260

You breathe in deeply and walk casually through the cavern towards the tunnel to your right (turn to 370).

261

The Illusionist makes no attempt to block your sword as it cuts down through the air. Your sword, instead of striking the Illusionist, hits an invisible barrier and shatters, leaving you with the hilt and a short broken blade. Lose 1 LUCK point and 1 SKILL point. There is nothing you can do except try to grab his probable source of power – the prism. Turn to 72.

262

As you try to stand up, the Snow Witch concentrates her powers on Redswift and Stubb. Their metal collars tighten and they both clutch their throats as if gasping for breath. You struggle to your feet, yelling insults at the Snow Witch, mocking her cowardly way of dealing with defenceless slaves. You challenge her to a combat, of whatever type she wishes. She laughs, saying, 'Even though I have beaten you, I enjoy games. I will play!' She releases her stranglehold on Redswift and Stubb and falls silent, obviously devising some fiendish contest. Suddenly you hear the sound of shuffling footsteps coming from the tunnel opposite. An Elf and a Dwarf enter the cavern: they look almost identical to Redswift and Stubb except that their vacant looks and putrid white flesh indicate that they are both ZOMBIES. The Snow Witch tells you to fight them while she invents a game for you to play. The Zombies lumber forward and you are forced to fight the terrible replicas of your friends.

	SKILL	STAMINA
DWARF ZOMBIE	8	9
ELF ZOMBIE	9	9

Fight both the Zombies at the same time. Each will have a separate attack on you during each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your nominated target as in a normal battle. Against the other, you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater;

you must count this as though you have just parried its blow. Of course, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If you win, turn to **23**.

263

Outside again in the deep snow, you set off on your trek up the mountainside, following the footprints in the snow (turn to **190**).

264

The Mountain Elf looks at you and smiles. 'Now you're talking,' he says. 'Kill her and free us. Here, take my cloak to disguise yourself and follow this tunnel until it branches. Take the right-hand fork. Good luck.' You shake the Elf's hand and run off down the tunnel (turn to **136**).

265

Redswift draws the short straw and smiles. He kicks off his old boots and puts on the magical elfin boots. He strides off down the corridor making not the slightest sound. You and Stubb are forced to follow him, feeling more than a little jealous (turn to **20**).

266

As soon as you step into the tunnel, an iron grille drops down behind you, barring your retreat. It is impossible to lift and there is nothing you can do but find out what lies at the end of the tunnel (turn to **323**).

267

You wait until the Gnome and the Neanderthal look away, before running past the cave opening and on down the tunnel (turn to **198**).

268

The rocks are slippery and far apart. In your present condition, you find it difficult to jump from rock to rock. Roll 1 die. If you roll a 1, 2 or 3, turn to **124**. If you roll a 4, 5 or 6, turn to **162**.

269

You soon arrive back at the carved rock slab and decide to climb up the stone steps that lead to the cave (turn to 75).

270

The Snow Witch stares at you again before making her choice. This time she calls out 'Star.' Terror spreads across your face as you unfold your clenched fist, revealing the square metal disc. The Snow Witch laughs and another energy bolt shoots out from her globe. It slams into your chest, killing you instantly. Your adventure is over.

271

The Healer shakes his head and warns you that the next stage is going to be very difficult for you. He then tells you to walk ahead of him (turn to 154).

272

The Centaur suddenly rears and charges forward, thrusting his spear at you. The other Centaurs follow his lead and charge at Redswift and Stubb. You have to react quickly to defend yourself against the Centaur bandit.

CENTAUR	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 76.

273

You just manage to scramble up on to the far bank as the bridge crashes down into the river. Ash urges you to follow him as quickly as possible along the footpath which leads up the side of the hill away from the bridge (turn to 85).

274

The Mountain Elf looks at you in disbelief and says, 'Nobody of good heart would wish to join the Snow Witch. I am only here because of this!' Throwing back his hood, the Elf reveals a metal collar around his neck which glows in the semi-darkness. 'Only the obedience collar makes me serve her,' he continues in a dour voice. If you wish to reiterate your desire to join the Snow Witch, turn to 22. If you would rather change your story and tell the Elf that you intend to slay her, turn to 264.

275

Determined to discover the secret of the orb, you hold it in your outstretched hands. Its warmth starts to creep up your arms and soon you are glowing all over, and feeling warmer than you have been for weeks. Add 3 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. You assure Redswift and Stubb that this orb of energy will warm them too and they nervously pass it between them. In good spirits, you place the orb back on the floor and continue down the tunnel (turn to 166).

276

You take hold of the rope and haul yourself out of the ice pit. The Goblins are dressed in furs and are wearing glowing metal collars around their necks. They motion you to walk back down the tunnel, urging you on with the points of their daggers. You realize that you are doomed unless you try to escape. If you wish to fight them with your bare hands, turn to 39. If you would rather try to run away, turn to 102.

277

Ash is strong enough to keep hold of the rope bridge, but he cannot reach you. You are thrown into the water and swept away downstream. You are too weak to survive the white-water rapids, and your adventure ends here.

278

Marching quickly across the plain you do not encounter any evil creatures. To the east, you see the forbidding shape of Firetop Mountain reaching into the sky. 'Does the Warlock still rule the depths of Firetop Mountain?' Stubb asks inquisitively. You are just about to reply when you see somebody walking towards you. You draw your sword, but when the person gets closer, you see that it is a little old man carrying a sack over his shoulder. He stops in front of you and says, 'Put that sword away, there's no point in killing me. The only thing I have to offer is information – and that costs money. Pay me 2 Gold Pieces and you won't regret it.' If you wish to pay the old man for his information, turn to 69. If you would rather ignore him and continue south, turn to 348.

279

The Illusionist withdraws his dagger and his three images prepare to strike you again. You decide to swipe your blade across all of the images in an attempt to strike the real Illusionist. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 232. If you are Unlucky, turn to 127.

280

You see an overhanging branch, but just fail to grab it. You are carried further down the river before being pushed into an inlet where you come to a welcome halt. If you were carrying a shield, you would have lost it (lose 1 SKILL point). You have swallowed lots of water and are completely exhausted; you just have enough strength to clamber out of the river on to the south bank. Lose 4 STAMINA points. You curse your bad luck and set off east, back towards the place where the fire was burning (turn to 50).

281

You hurriedly cut blocks of ice out of the mountainside and build a makeshift igloo. You crawl into it as the blizzard blows down the mountain with ferocious power. Your body-heat is retained inside the igloo and you keep warm. However, you must eat two portions of your Provisions to regain your

strength after the tiring walk and the effort of building the igloo (this does not increase your STAMINA). An hour later, the blizzard dies down and you crawl out of your shelter to continue your quest (turn to 169).

282

The iron ball flies straight and true. When it hits the Snow Witch's globe, a bolt of white light shoots out from the globe towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 193. If you are Unlucky, turn to 84.

283

You breathe in deeply and walk stealthily behind the effigy towards the tunnel opposite (turn to 370).

284

You only fall a few metres, landing on a grass-topped outcrop. You continue the arduous climb and it is not long before you reach the top of the mountain, which is covered by strange red vegetation. After the long climb, you sit down to rest and wait for the sunrise (turn to 217).

285

The door opens into another tunnel which leads off into the distance. Stubb begins to complain about being tired and hungry, so you decide to sit down and rest. If you still have three portions of your Provisions, you eat one yourself and give one each to Redswift and Stubb. After resting for half an hour, you set off again and eventually the tunnel ends at a T-junction. If you wish to go left, turn to 298. If you wish to go right, turn to 135.

286

The Barbarian's only interesting possessions are an engraved copper armband and a leather pouch containing three silver arrow heads. You take the arrow heads and look at the engraving on the armband. On it you can just read the words 'Strength is Power'. If you wish to wear the armband, turn to 293. If you would rather place it in your pocket and continue walking up the gorge, turn to 319.

287

If your STAMINA score is 10 or less, turn to 151. If your STAMINA score exceeds 10, turn to 82.

288

The tunnel soon leads into another cavern where you see a huge, white-bearded man wearing white furs, lifting a wooden chest on to a high shelf. He is a FROST GIANT. There is only one other exit out of his lair, via a tunnel in the opposite wall. If you wish to run through his lair into the tunnel opposite, turn to **243**. If you wish to attack him, turn to **112**.

289

Feeling tired after the strain of recent events, you sit down and rest. Stubb decides to go off to forage for food and Redswift begins to make a fire. You drift off into a deep sleep which your body welcomes. Add 2 STAMINA points. You are woken up an hour later by the ringing sound of clashing swords. You leap up and see Redswift engaged in combat with somebody wearing a hooded black cloak. When he turns, you realize he is a DARK ELF, the natural enemy of Redswift and his fellow wood elves. You run to help your friend but you are not needed. With a forward thrust of his sword, Redswift dispatches his adversary. 'Whose idea was it to wait for the boatman?' asks Redswift with a wry smile. Refusing to be baited, you suggest that you search through the belongings of the Dark Elf. A pouch on his belt contains a glass phial filled with a green liquid. Redswift takes out the stopper and sniffs it, but he does not recognize the smell. If you wish to drink the liquid, turn to **158**. If you would rather pour it on to the ground, turn to **173**.

290

You leave the cave and turn left, back into the tunnel, eating the cake as you go. It is stale and virtually tasteless, but gives you a little energy. Add 1 STAMINA point. Turn to 198.

291

The Snow Witch stares at you again before making her choice. This time she calls out 'Star.' You smile and unfold your clenched fist, revealing the circular metal disc. You have outwitted her and she realizes the consequences. The globe starts to fill with white smoke and suddenly it shatters, the image of the Snow Witch disappears completely. Her shrill cry fills the cavern, but she is defeated. The three of you slap each other's hands in celebration. However, your joy is short-lived as you hear an ominous rumbling sound. The ground beneath your feet starts to tremble and huge cracks appear in the ice

walls. The roof starts to cave in. Is this the chance to escape that the Snow Witch promised? *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 3. If you are Unlucky, turn to 358.

292

The Frost Giant turns to face you with the wooden chest raised above his head. He grunts with the effort and hurls the chest at you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 93. If you are Unlucky, turn to 357.

293

The armband is charmed with magical power. Add 1 SKILL point. You realize that you must hurry on up the gorge before the Death Spell runs its fatal course (turn to 319).

294

The force of the Elemental picks you up and slams you against the wall, but luckily your backpack takes the brunt of the impact. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 372.

295

None of the worshippers suspects that you are an intruder and you are able to walk through their temple without trouble, into the other tunnel (turn to 137).

296

One of the Hill Trolls looks up and sees you walking by. He gives a cry of alarm and the three of them run out of the trees to attack. You have to fight two of them.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HILL TROLL	8	9
Second HILL TROLL	9	9

Fight them both at the same time. During each Attack Round, they will both make a separate attack on you, but you must choose which one you will fight. Attack your chosen Hill Troll as in a normal battle. Against the other one you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater; you must just count this as though you have defended yourself against its blow. Of course, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will wound you. If you defeat them both, turn to 164.

297

As you approach the sarcophagus, a woman's eerie laughter echoes round the chamber. A beautiful woman wearing white fur slowly rises out of the sarcophagus, and when she smiles you see the tell-tale fangs and realize with horror that the SNOW WITCH is a vampire! If you have some garlic, turn to **210**. If you do not have any garlic, turn to **60**.

298

The tunnel soon comes to a dead end. An ornate shield hangs from an iron nail on the end wall. If you wish to take the shield, turn to **183**. If you would rather turn round and walk down the tunnel past the last junction, turn to **135**.

299

The man nods his head and tells you to follow him. He walks towards the left-hand exit and points down the tunnel, telling you that the Snow Witch's chamber is at the end. If you wish to walk into the tunnel, turn to **214**. If you would rather draw your sword to attack him, turn to **156**.

300

You breathe in and stride confidently into the cavern, hoping not to attract attention. You walk behind the effigy towards the tunnel opposite. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **295**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **370**.

301

You kneel down beside the water-hole and drink your fill of the cool water. However, the water-hole has been poisoned and you are soon gripping your stomach as the poison starts to take effect. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **96**.

302

Your head begins to spin and you get double vision. You stagger on, over the edge of the gorge, slipping and sliding on the loose stones. When your legs cannot support your weight any longer, you fall face down, and never get up. The Snow Witch's Death Spell has run its fatal course. Your adventure ends here.

303

The man you see before you is a MINSTREL. He is wearing a green and purple checked tunic over his hose and continues to play his lute despite your intrusion. Two large clay pots are the only other things in the cave. Will you:

Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **316**
Ask him about his music?	Turn to **80**
Nod politely and leave the cave to continue along the tunnel?	Turn to **111**

304

As you run past the globe, a bolt of white light shoots out from it, hitting you in the back. If your STAMINA total is 10 or less, turn to **44**. If it exceeds 10 in total, turn to **186**.

305

The wounded Mountain Elf calls out for mercy. If you wish to slay him, turn to **351**. If you wish to spare his life, turn to **204**.

306

You scramble out of the cave now that you know the Healer does not live there (turn to **355**).

307

The Illusionist laughs out loud – your sword merely cuts through one of his images and his dagger plunges into your shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 279.

308

Fortunately it is not your sword-arm which is affected by frostbite, but nevertheless the blizzard has taken its toll. Lose 1 SKILL point and 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 174.

309

As you withdraw your sword from the vile Brain Slayer you hear your two companions groaning as they slowly come round. They explain that the Brain Slayer drew them into the cavern and they were powerless to resist. You examine the chamber and see another door in the opposite wall. There are also two clay pots in a recess in the cavern wall, one red and one grey. Will you:

Open the door?	Turn to 176
Look inside the red pot?	Turn to 101
Look inside the grey pot?	Turn to 344

310

As you walk along the edge of the crevasse, the wind starts to howl, blowing flurries of snow into your face. You put your head down and stride into the wind. A dark shape suddenly looms out of the curtain of snow – a huge hairy MAMMOTH stands before you, its long tusks curving out threateningly. Trumpeting loudly, it lumbers forward to attack.

MAMMOTH	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 47.

311

The tunnel ends at the edge of a pit, out of which a Dwarf is trying to climb, but he keeps on slipping back. The floor of the pit is covered with large ice boulders which have crashed down from a shaft above the pit. One lands on the Dwarf's shoulders and you hear wild cheers from the top of the shaft as he tumbles on to the floor. The Dwarf sees you and shouts, 'Curse you, stranger, if you do not aid me. I see that you are not wearing a collar.' If you wish to help the Dwarf out of the pit, turn to 376. If you would rather ignore his pleas and walk back to the junction, turn to 57.

312

As you pull up the vine into the light, you see that it is crawling with revolting FLESH GRUBS, their blind heads writhing around in search of living flesh in which to burrow. You release the vine, but one of the Grubs crawls on to the back of your hand. Fortunately you manage to pull it off and stamp it underfoot. Add 1 LUCK point. You will not find the Healer in the tree stump so you decide to carry on walking up the river valley (turn to **119**).

313

As the White Dragon prepares to strike, you rub the copper ring vigorously. A warrior begins to take shape in front of you. Roll one die to see which warrior is summoned.

DIE ROLL	WARRIOR	SKILL	STAMINA
1	Knight	9	10
2	Barbarian	8	8
3	Dwarf	7	6
4	Elf	7	5
5	Ninja	6	6
6	Axeman	6	7

The summoned warrior will fight the White Dragon first.

WHITE DRAGON SKILL 12 STAMINA 14

If the warrior wins the fight, he will disappear immediately (turn to **139**). If he loses, you must continue to fight yourself. If you win, turn to **139**.

314

You tug down hard on the rope, hoping that the Goblins are as stupid as they look. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **188**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **86**.

315

The boatman jumps up and says, 'For 10 Gold Pieces, I'll ferry you all the way to Fang – jump aboard!' You pay the greedy boatman his money and he soon ferries you across the river. From the far bank you set off south across the Pagan Plain for Stonebridge. You have not been walking for long when you see dust rising in the distance. Redswift puts his ear to the ground and says, 'Horses or Centaurs, I can't tell which.' If you wish to wait and see who or what is approaching, turn to 180. If you would rather lie down in the scrub to hide, turn to 58.

316

As soon as you touch your sword, the Minstrel starts to play a strange high-pitched melody. You are immediately paralysed by the magic notes and can only watch helplessly as the Minstrel reaches into one of the pots to pull out a metal collar, an obedience collar, which he fits around your neck; now you will have to serve the Snow Witch for the rest of your life!

317

Despite being withered, the rose smells fresh and fragrant. As you inhale, you feel as though you are breathing new life into your lungs. Add 3 STAMINA points. If you have not done so already, you may:

Blow the flute	Turn to 74
Read the runes on the stick	Turn to 345
Read the book	Turn to 356

If you do not wish to do any of the above, you may leave the cave and turn left into the tunnel (turn to 198).

318

You hurl the orb as hard as you can down the tunnel. It shatters when it hits the ground, and there is a blinding flash of light followed by a ball of white heat which rushes up the tunnel. The heat is so intense that a scorching blast reaches you before you can move. Roll two dice and reduce your STAMINA by the total. If you are still alive, turn to 248.

319

To your right you see a huge slab of rock; carved into it is the head of a fabulous bird surrounded by flames. Rough steps lead up the side of the rock slab to the mouth of a cave. If you wish to enter the cave, turn to 75. If you would rather keep on walking up the gorge, turn to 161.

320

The Wild Hill Man carried nothing of interest to you. However, the duck is ready to eat and you enjoy a delicious and nourishing feast. Add 4 STAMINA points. You may now either go back across the river over the rocks (turn to 364); or follow a goat path up the side of the hill behind the clearing (turn to 231).

321

You have only gone ten metres down the tunnel when the ice floor suddenly cracks and gives way under your weight. You fall down into an ice pit, a trap made by the Snow Witch's followers. Roll 1 die and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA score. If you are still alive, turn to 254.

322

Still suffering from the effects of the energy bolt, you have to decide quickly what to do next. Will you:

Use the sling again?	Turn to 216
Try to smash the globe with your sword?	Turn to 244
Try to *Escape*?	Turn to 262

323

You soon arrive at an iron door which blocks your way forward. Beyond the iron door the tunnel turns to the right. If you possess a key, turn to 165. If you do not possess a key, turn to 393.

324

Although you get a headache, you are not injured by the fall. As you pick yourself up off the floor, you suddenly hear footsteps coming from the depths of the cave. In the distance you can see a swaying light and the vague outline of a hunched, sinewy figure who skulks slowly forward. If you wish to see who is coming towards you, turn to 37. If you would rather run out of the cave, turn to 355.

325

You notice that round its neck the Elf has a strange metal collar which glows in the semi-darkness of the tunnel. Suddenly it stops glowing and turns black. You wonder what is happening and decide to hurry on down the tunnel (turn to 241).

326

You stumble to the right and accidentally step on one of the black footprints (turn to 87).

327

You are now wearing an Amulet of Courage. Add 2 SKILL points. If you have not done so already, you may:

Blow the flute	Turn to 74
Read the runes on the stick	Turn to 345
Smell the rose	Turn to 317

If you do not wish to do any of the above, you may leave the cave and turn left into the tunnel (turn to 198).

328

You hand the Healer your silver object. He throws it through the crack and whistles loudly through his fingers. A few moments later you hear the noise of flapping wings outside and see the Healer smile briefly. 'Tie the silver to its mane and command it to take you to Firetop Mountain,' says the Healer. 'A Pegasus will fly you anywhere for silver. This is where we say goodbye. Good luck, I hope you make it.' You shake the Healer's hand, thanking him over and over again. Then, waving goodbye, you squeeze through the crack into the daylight. Before you stands a magnificent beast. It looks like a white stallion but it has wings. You tie the silver to its mane and climb on to its back. You shout your destination and suddenly you are flying through the air, clinging on to the neck of the mighty Pegasus. It is not long before you reach the mountain and land safely on the summit, which is covered in strange red vegetation. You jump down from the Pegasus and watch it fly off into the distance. You sit down to rest and wait for sunrise (turn to 227).

329

Opening your backpack, you offer the Centaurs 10 Gold Pieces if they will take you to Stonebridge. Their leader's eyes light up at the sight of the gold and he realizes that you may be carrying lots more. Turn to 272.

330

One of the daggers flies past your head, but the other sinks into your shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You stop briefly to pull the dagger out and throw it back at the Goblins before running painfully on (turn to 29).

331

The Mountain Elf does not suspect that you are an intruder and you are able to walk casually past him (turn to 241).

332

Redswift and Stubb pace around nervously, waiting for you to recover, and it is not long before their worst fears are realized. Three GOBLINS come running down the corridor, waving their swords and yelling for revenge. Despite the pain you are forced to join your friends in combat against one of the Goblins.

GOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

During this combat, reduce your SKILL by 3 points because of your injuries from the fireball. If you win, turn to 155.

333

You instinctively clutch the hilt of your sword as the Healer's words of warning echo through your mind. Roll two dice and add 2 to the total. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to 68. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 185.

334

The robed man tells you that he is a herbalist and has only just moved into the hut. You ask him guardedly if he has heard of a man called the Healer. He rubs his chin and shakes his head, saying, 'No, can't say that I have.' You decide to leave the herbalist, having already wasted too much of your limited time. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You walk back down the path and up the river valley (turn to 205).

335

The bridge is quite narrow and very slippery. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 41. If you are Unlucky, turn to 389.

336

You sit up and see that the Snow Witch's globe is cracked, but she appears to have come to no harm. She watches you carefully, ready for your next move (turn to 262).

337

The snow is beginning to fall very heavily, swirling around in the strong wind. A blizzard is starting. If you wish to use your sword to dig a shelter in the snow, turn to 281. If you would rather press on, turn to 229.

338

You soon arrive at a crossroads in the tunnel. However, you have no time to examine the left and right branches, as a strange humanoid is advancing towards you from straight ahead (turn to 59).

339

The tunnel runs straight on until it opens out into a cavern. The walls are covered with ice and a large glass globe stands on an ice plinth in the centre. Suddenly an ORC runs into the cavern from the tunnel opposite and the globe immediately starts to radiate light. The outline of a face takes shape in the globe, one which you recognize – the Snow Witch! Her encased head starts to laugh and then you hear her speak. In a chilling voice she says, 'Although you killed me, you have not defeated me. My spirit

can still defeat you. Watch carefully.' The Orc, who is standing by the globe, grips the metal collar round his neck and cries out, gasping for breath. His green face bulges as he desperately tries to stop the collar tightening. His efforts are futile and he soon falls silently to the floor. The Snow Witch's image sneers contemptuously and says, 'I have no use for servants any longer, and I know that two of you are still wearing my obedience collars. I will enjoy watching you die next, as a forerunner to the agony I have in store for your impudent warrior friend.' You refuse to watch Redswift and Stubb die helplessly, and you rack your brain to think of a way to overcome the spirit of the Snow Witch. Will you:

Try to smash the globe with your sword?	Turn to 244
Fire an iron ball from your sling at the globe (if you have one)?	Turn to 216
Try to run through the cavern into the opposite tunnel?	Turn to 304

340

If the number you rolled was odd, the dart misses you but the whip curls itself around your left ankle, sending you crashing to the floor (turn to 108). If the number you rolled was even, the whip misses you but the dart plunges into your arm. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still able to run, turn to 177.

341

When you open the door, one of the man's eyes flicks open. He seems, however, unconcerned at your intrusion and remains stretched out in his rocking-chair. If you wish to ask him if he is the Healer, turn to 71. If you would rather just tell him you are lost, turn to 334.

342

The only items you find that might be of use are a candle and a tinder-box. You take them and climb back down the ladder to continue walking east up the gorge (turn to 92).

343

'Never mind,' says the Healer, 'you will just have to concentrate more. When you are ready, step across.' He tells you that the log is quite narrow and the pit is about 15 metres across. You take a deep breath and step on to the log and into the darkness. Roll two dice and add 2 to the total. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to 91. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 78.

344

Lying at the bottom of the grey pot is an old parchment scroll with an unbroken wax seal. If you wish to break the seal and read the scroll, turn to 224. If not, you may either look inside the red pot (turn to 101), or leave the cavern by the door opposite (turn to 176).

345

Your knowledge of runes is limited and you put the stick in your backpack, hoping to decipher it later. If you have not done so already, you may:

Blow the flute	Turn to 74
Smell the rose	Turn to 317
Read the book	Turn to 356

If you do not wish to do any of the above, you may leave the cave and turn left into the tunnel (turn to 198).

346

The herbalist was true to his word. The pills reduce the pain and you feel marginally better. Add 4 STAMINA points. Intent on finding the real Healer, you walk back down the path and up the river valley (turn to 205).

347

You search through the clothing of the Goblins and find some salted fish, a candle and 2 Gold Pieces, which you decide to take, along with their daggers. The metal collars around their necks have stopped glowing, but you cannot remove them. After putting the Goblins' possessions in your backpack, you set off further down the tunnel (turn to 106).

348

The flatness of the plain becomes monotonous and you forget to keep a constant lookout. The reflection of the sun on your armour has attracted a group of flying predators that you do not notice circling above you. They are green, with membranous wings, and they swoop down on their prey to kill them with their sharp claws. There are four of these BIRD-MEN above you and one of them suddenly lets out a shrill cry and swoops down to attack you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **256**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **369**.

349

You fall a couple of metres only before landing on an icy ledge protruding from the side of the crevasse. You are lucky to escape with only a twisted ankle. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Using your sword, you cut hand- and toe-holds into the side of the crevasse and haul yourself up. Plodding your way through the thick snow, you continue your quest (turn to **212**).

350

The Rattlesnake bites the leg of your boot and empties its poison harmlessly on to the hardened leather. With one swipe of your sword, you cut off its head and continue your trek up the gorge (turn to **252**).

351

Continue your sword fight to the bitter end.

MOUNTAIN ELF SKILL 6 STAMINA 2

If you win, turn to 325.

352

The iron ball flies through the air but whistles past the Frost Giant's head. You have no time to reload and must rely on your sword-arm again (turn to 292).

353

Redswift draws the short straw and reaches for the handle. Just as he is about to touch it he draws his hand away, his elfin intuition telling him that there is a trap. He inspects the casket more closely and finds a hidden catch underneath the handle. He presses it with his finger and the lid clicks open. Inside the casket is a pair of grey skin boots. 'Boots of the elder elves,' he says with glee, 'what treasure – nobody knows how to make these any more. No matter what surface you are walking on, no one will hear you, if you are wearing these boots. Let us draw lots again to decide who shall wear them.' If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to 203. If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to 265. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to 379.

354

Inside the backpack you find a pair of old leather sandals, a stuffed rat and a mouldy loaf. If you wish to eat the loaf, turn to 247. If you would prefer to leave the cave immediately through the tunnel opposite, turn to 221.

355

Half-running, half-sliding, you land back on the floor of the gorge. However, you are getting weaker by the minute. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Walking uphill, you follow the gorge east (turn to 377).

356

Flicking up the clasp which keeps the book shut, a tiny hidden needle grazes your finger. There is poison on its tip to trap unwary thieves. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you may open the book (turn to 97) or, if you have not done so already, you may:

Blow the flute	Turn to 74
Read the runes on the stick	Turn to 345
Smell the rose	Turn to 317

If you do not wish to do any of the above, you may leave the cave and turn left into the tunnel (turn to 198).

357

You react slowly to the improvised missile and the full force of the flying chest hits you in the stomach. You are winded and stagger back against the wall. Lose 2 STAMINA points. The Frost Giant lumbers towards you intent on finishing you off.

FROST GIANT SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

During each round of combat you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 because you are winded. You may *Escape* after two Attack Rounds by running out of his lair into the next tunnel (turn to 338). If you win, turn to 45.

358

A massive lump of ice crashes down on top of you. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 90.

359

The Healer takes the egg from you and breaks off the top of the shell. He takes some powder out of a pendant hanging round his neck, and pours it into the egg. After stirring it with a stick, he hands it to you, telling you to drink it. You swallow the raw egg concoction, trusting the Healer's knowledge. He then tells you to walk ahead of him (turn to 154).

360

Once again the current drags you under the surface of the water. This time the weight of the gold in your backpack keeps you under, because you are too weak to swim. Your adventure ends here.

361

Lose 1 LUCK point. Turn to 127.

362

The horned helmet fits you perfectly and it is a fine addition to your armour. Add 1 SKILL point. Redswift takes the Centaur's spear, before the three of you set off for Stonebridge (turn to 278).

363

You make your way slowly up the mountain until you reach a rock face that is too steep to climb. You walk round the side until you see a massive wall of ice which completely blocks a gully between two peaks of the mountain – the glacier. Your heart leaps as you catch sight of the piece of fur left hanging on the wall of ice by the trapper. Although you cannot see the entrance, you walk straight ahead. You shut your eyes as you think you are about to walk into the wall of ice, but you walk straight through the illusion and find yourself inside a long tunnel carved into the ice. You walk down it and soon arrive at a T-junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to 395. If you wish to turn right, turn to 215.

364

You manage to hop over the rocks without falling into the river. However, the Death Spell continues to take its toll. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You turn right and walk up the river valley (turn to 115).

365

The tunnel ends at a door which swings open before you even touch it. You look into a cavern and are surprised to see Redswift and Stubb kneeling in submission to a horrible robed creature with an octopus-like head. Two of its tentacles are wrapped around your friends' heads and they are trapped by the hypnotic powers of the BRAIN SLAYER. If you are wearing an Amulet of Courage, turn to **189**. If you are not wearing this item, turn to **126**.

366

You search through the clothing of the Goblins and find some salted fish, a candle and 2 Gold Pieces, which you decide to keep. Both Goblins are wearing metal collars round their necks which you cannot remove. Taking the dagger from the Goblin you slew, you cut hand- and toe-holds into the side of the pit and haul yourself up. Picking up your sword, you decide which way to head, wondering if there are any more traps further down the tunnel. If you wish to continue down it, turn to **88**. If you would rather walk back to where the tunnel forked and turn left along the other branch, turn to **29**.

367

You try to stand up, but your legs feel as stiff and heavy as iron. You look at Redswift; he also tries to stand up, alas without success. As you begin to lose consciousness, you realize that the Snow Witch has had her revenge. Your adventure ends here.

368

The tunnel ends at a wooden door which is locked. You press your ear to it and hear the sound of feet slowly shuffling across the floor. If you wish to knock on the door, turn to 83. If you would rather return to the junction and head straight on, turn to 150.

369

You are slow in drawing your sword and the BIRD-MAN is able to rip you with its claws. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You watch as it climbs into the sky but you are now ready to meet it as it dives down again to attack.

BIRD-MAN	SKILL 12	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 18.

370

You are almost at the entrance to the tunnel when the worshippers stop their chanting. They stand up and one of them calls out to you asking why you did not stop to sing the praises of The Frozen One. If you have a magic flute, you can tell them that you have been ordered to go and play it for the Snow Witch (turn to 31). Otherwise you may either fight them (turn to 143), or try to run for the tunnel (turn to 33).

371

Before you can reach the safety of the outcrop, the avalanche descends upon you, sweeping you down the mountain. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 257. If you are Unlucky, turn to 64.

372

The Elemental disappears as quickly as it appeared, and all is calm again. Although quite badly injured, Redswift and Stubb are still alive. Despite his pain, Stubb manages to make a sarcastic remark about your rash desire to touch everything in sight. Ignoring his jibe, you sling the shield on to your arm (add 1 SKILL point) and walk together back down the tunnel and past the last junction (turn to 135).

373

You place an iron ball in the sling and twirl it around your head before releasing it at the Frost Giant. Roll two dice. If the number of the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to 12. If the total is higher than your SKILL score, turn to 352.

374

Barbarians are used to people creeping up on them, and the noise of your boots on the stony ground wakes him up. Barbarians also fight first and ask questions later. He jumps up and grabs his battleaxe to attack you.

BARBARIAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 286.

375

You curse as the iron ball misses its target. Lose 1 LUCK point. A bolt of white light shoots out from the globe, hitting you in the chest. If your STAMINA total is 10 or less, turn to 44. If it exceeds 10 in total, turn to 122.

376

You lie down and lean over the edge of the pit, and tell the Dwarf to grab your arm. Much to the annoyance of the spectators above, the Dwarf escapes from the pit. You run together back to the junction where the Dwarf turns right. You tell the Dwarf that you intend to carry straight on to find the Snow Witch, as turning right will lead you back to the hall of worship. The Dwarf tells you that he must escape quickly and return to his village now that he is free. He thanks you for helping him and hands you a leather bag, then runs off; but before he disappears, he turns and shouts, 'Beware the White Rat.' You open the leather bag and find a sling and three iron balls. You pack them away and set off along the tunnel (turn to **125**).

377

You get very tired walking up the gorge and do not pay attention to where you are treading. You accidentally step on a RATTLESNAKE, which strikes at you with its deadly fangs. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **350**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **167**.

378

You draw your sword and lunge at the huge white beast.

YETI	SKILL 11	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **67**.

379

You draw the short straw and cheer at your good fortune. Add 1 LUCK point. You kick off your old boots and put on the magical elfin boots. Striding off down the corridor without making the slightest sound, you cheerfully lead the way, and your jealous-looking companions follow (turn to **20**).

380

The Snow Witch is strong and she manages to snatch the stick from your hand and throw it on to the floor. Her gaze intensifies and your mind comes completely under her control. You loosen your collar and bare your neck in readiness for her to drink your blood. You will be her servant forever in the world of the undead.

381

The weight of the gold in your backpack keeps dragging you underwater. If you wish to take off your backpack, turn to 42. If you would rather keep it on and struggle to breathe, turn to 287.

382

As you draw your sword, the MOUNTAIN ELF, with a shrill battle-cry, pulls back his cloak and grips his sword.

MOUNTAIN ELF SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 208.

383

By the time all three of you have run through the acid shower, you are very demoralized. Lose 1 LUCK point. Nevertheless, you press on resolutely (turn to 339).

384

You pull down the hood of your cloak as far as possible and walk towards the tunnel exit on your right. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 295. If you are Unlucky, turn to 370.

385

You feel yourself growing weaker by the minute. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Ahead you see a gorge running east between two hills and you decide that you may as well walk up it, in the hope of finding the Healer. Half-way up the left-hand side of the gorge you see the entrance to a cave. If you wish to climb up to the cave, turn to 170. If you would rather keep walking up the gorge, turn to 377.

386

You are unable to move out of the path of the dagger quickly enough and it cuts a deep gash in your side. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You have no time to recover as the Goblin raises his arm to strike you again. You must fight him with your bare hands.

GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3 as you are without your sword. If you win, turn to 43.

387

The cold is almost unbearable. Your hands and feet are numb and you wonder if you will be able to grip your sword should danger arise. By the time the blizzard finally dies down, you realize that you should have taken shelter; one of your hands has become frostbitten. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 308. If you are Unlucky, turn to 225.

388

As you walk along, the Elf introduces himself. 'My name is Redswift, and he is known as Stubb,' he says, pointing to the smiling Dwarf. 'We met here as slaves in the service of the vile Snow Witch. We both now hope to return to our villages. I live in the Moonstone Hills and Stubb comes from Stonebridge. If we manage to escape from these infernal caverns, you are more than welcome to come and stay with us. Stonebridge is on the way to my village in the hills. It's also a long way off.' Just as Redswift is about to continue, you notice something strange about the floor and tell them to look down. There are two pairs of parallel footsteps running down the tunnel for approximately 20 metres. One pair is painted white and the other is painted black. You wonder why they are there, but cannot come up with an answer. Will you:

Walk on the white footprints?	Turn to 11
Walk on the black footprints?	Turn to 87
Walk between the footprints?	Turn to 220

389

You are almost over the bridge when you suddenly slip and fall over the edge. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **349**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **197**.

390

You draw your sword and advance towards the old man, asking him why he is so eager to acquire blood-money. You pin him against the wall holding the point of your sword under his chin and ask him to explain why a so-called philanthropic Healer requires 50 Gold Pieces for saving a life. The old man starts to tremble and says, 'All right, I'm sorry, I'm not the Healer. I am only a simple herbalist, down on my luck. I figured that soon you wouldn't be needing your gold anyhow, so you wouldn't mind me having some of it. I realize that it was a foolish thing to do. Listen, you can have some of my own pills that stop my aches and pains. They might help. No charge of course.' With your sword tip still pinning him up against the wall, he reaches into his robes and pulls out a small bottle. He opens it and hands you three green pills. You grab the pills and leave the hut, telling the old man that he is lucky to be alive. Outside, you have to decide what to do. If you wish to swallow the pills, turn to **346**. If you would rather walk back down the path and up the river valley, turn to **205**.

391

If you have frostbite in your sword-arm, turn to **195**. If not, turn to **249**.

392

The Snow Witch stares at you for a long time before calling out 'Circle.' Terror spreads across your face as you unfold your fist, revealing the star-shaped metal disc. The Snow Witch laughs and another energy bolt shoots out from her globe. It slams into your chest, killing you instantly. Your adventure is over.

393

You are trapped inside the mountain tunnels. You know that it will not be long before the Snow Witch's guards discover you and condemn you to a life of slavery. You have failed in your mission.

394

As you climb down inside the dark depths of the hollow tree, you suddenly feel cold, clammy, maggot-like larvae slithering up the vine. They are as big as your finger and they crawl on to your body and bare arms, but you cannot brush them off for fear of falling. In the dark, you don't see their blind heads writhing about, but you feel the pain when one burrows its hook-like teeth into your arm. You are covered with FLESH GRUBS. In blind panic, you try to haul yourself up the vine, the effect of the Death Spell making it a terrible effort. If your STAMINA is 6 or less, turn to 191. If your STAMINA is greater than 6, turn to 222.

395

The tunnel bends round to the right. As you turn the corner you almost bump into a tall pale-skinned humanoid coming the other way. He is wearing a white cloak with a hood pulled over his head. He is a MOUNTAIN ELF, one of the Snow Witch's followers. Will you:

Nod your head at him and walk by nonchalantly?	Turn to 89
Tell him you have come to join the Snow Witch's followers?	Turn to 274
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to 17

396

The writing fades away before you have time to read it. Lose 1 LUCK point. If you have not done so already, you may either look inside the red pot (turn to 101) or leave the cavern by the door opposite (turn to 176).

397

The Elf sees you draw your sword and advance towards him. He calmly strings his bow and fires an arrow at you with deadly accuracy. Redswift's brother is an expert bowman: his arrow kills you instantly when it pierces your heart.

398

As you climb the rope-ladder, you hear the noise of shuffling feet on the platform above you. You climb through a hole in the platform, but you are not greeted by the Healer – you have intruded into the hideaway of a vicious MAN-ORC. You draw your sword as it reaches for its axe.

MAN-ORC	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 342.

399

Stubb wakes you in the middle of the night after completing the second watch. The rest of the night passes peacefully and in the morning you are able to continue your journey to Stonebridge (turn to 13).

400

It is the beginning of a beautiful day. A day which is probably going to be the most enjoyable of your life. The spirit of the evil Snow Witch has been destroyed and you are cured of her terrible curse. As you climb down the mountain, you think about the kind, unselfish Healer, and of your friends Redswift and Stubb. You are suddenly eager to meet the jolly old Dwarf again and set off towards Stonebridge as fast as you can, hoping that he will have returned from Darkwood Forest. You have earned yourself a welcome rest, although whether or not you will get it is another story . . .

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Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

A short version of *House of Hell* was
first published in WARLOCK 3 magazine, 1984

First published 1984
Reprinted 1985 (three times)

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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Set in Linotron 11/13 pt Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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HOUSE OF HELL

HOW TO SURVIVE THE HOUSE OF HELL

The *House of Hell* is a little different from previous Fighting Fantasy adventures. You start your adventure unarmed, with no provision or potions; *and* you have to avoid being *frightened to death*!

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. To see how brave, lucky and resourceful you are, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or, make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*. This is your *Initial* SKILL. In this adventure, your Starting SKILL is less, because you are unarmed, but you will have the opportunity to arm yourself (see **Weapons**, p. 13).

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK BOX.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and courage; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and evil – are facts of life in the devilish domain you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight ghosts, ghouls, men and beasts. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA

scores in the first vacant Evil Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fear

As well as surviving your adventure by ensuring that your STAMINA never drops to zero, in *The House of Hell* you must also avoid being *frightened to death*. Before you begin your adventure, roll one die and add 6 to the result. This total will give you the maximum FEAR score you can bear. Your FEAR score is the number of points you can take before being *frightened to death*. During your adventure, you will come across situations where you must, for example, 'Add one (or two, etc.) FEAR points.' Your FEAR score starts at zero and you must add FEAR points as instructed in the text. If your FEAR score reaches the maximum (as rolled initially – see above), then you are *frightened to death* and must end your adventure. Note that FEAR works in the opposite way to normal SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores; you start with zero and *increase* your FEAR score towards your maximum, rather than *subtracting*, as you do with the other scores.

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may

only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Weapons

You begin *The House of Hell* adventure with no weapon. As with other Fighting Fantasy adventures, your SKILL score reflects your combat ability *with* a weapon. So, before you start off on your adventure, deduct 3 points from your SKILL score and note this 'Starting SKILL'. Do not, however, change your *Initial* SKILL, as this is still used to determine the maximum SKILL you have, and is also used if you must make rolls against your SKILL. If you find a WEAPON (which will be identified with capital letters) during the adventure, the text will tell you how many SKILL points the WEAPON allows you to add. These points are added to your 'Starting SKILL', not your *Initial* SKILL.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which

you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score.

However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina, Luck and Fear

Your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores may change during your adventure. Your SKILL will increase (from 'Starting SKILL') if you find a WEAPON. Your STAMINA will drain as you fight creatures, and may be restored by eating or resting as instructed by the text. Your LUCK will run out as you must deduct one LUCK point each time you *Test your Luck*. Occasionally a particularly lucky find or encounter may restore some of your LUCK. Your FEAR score is built up as you go through the adventure; each time you get frightened, you will add to your FEAR score. Occasionally, when you get the opportunity to relax, the text may instruct you to deduct points from your FEAR score.

Note that any bonuses you are awarded can never be used to exceed your *Initial* SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores, nor make your FEAR score a minus number.

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through the House of Hell and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Remember to make a note of any advice you receive; and write down any messages or special reference numbers you are given. Some rooms are death traps and others are chambers of horror – be warned!

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the power of good go with you!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*
Starting Skill = (Initial Skill −3)		

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

FEAR

Maximum Fear =

Current Fear (Starts at zero):

NOTES

EVIL ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

Background

The rain spatters the windscreen relentlessly. You can see no more than a watery gloom as you strain forwards over the steering-wheel to see the road ahead. Although the wipers flap valiantly, they are fighting a losing battle, as the rain drives harder and harder. Your foot eases off the accelerator; the headlights struggle to light up the road.

Damn! You curse the white-haired old man who sent you off along this bumpy track. Probably he meant the *second* turning on the left – or even a *right* turning. The old fool. Perhaps this is his idea of a joke. After all, didn't you notice a mischievous glint in his eye? Something vaguely sinister?

But what sort of nonsense is this? So you've taken a wrong turn and got caught in a downpour in the night. The rain will ease off soon – it can't possibly keep up this deluge for long – and then you'll be able to . . . *WATCH OUT!*

You spin the wheel frantically to the left to avoid the figure who, from nowhere, shows up in the headlights. The car bumps and jolts as it bounces over the rocky roadside and thumps into a ditch.

You collect your thoughts. You are unhurt, but shaken. Then you remember what has happened. *The body!* You must have hit the figure which appeared; there was no way you could have avoided him. You spring out of the car, praying that he is still alive.

Your clothes soak up the rain as you hobble back to the road. In the darkness it is difficult to see anything. *But there is no sign of a body!*

You consider the situation. Are you certain that it was some*one* and not a trick of the light? Yes. You can remember the arms held up in fright as the car collided, and the look of anguish on his face. His *face*! There was something familiar about that face. A man you recognized. An old man; with white hair . . .

Your heart leaps: no, *impossible*! With a shiver of fear you race back to the car, jump inside, force the key into the ignition and twist it violently! The starter coughs, splutters and dies.

You hit the key again but this time a single shudder is all the engine can manage. You grasp the wheel with your hands and shake it desperately as if to force some life into the car. But the battery is dead. Your car is certainly not budging from the ditch tonight.

Your situation is hopeless. But now the plight of your car is paramount. Where can you get help? You passed a garage at Mingleford, but that was some twenty miles away.

As if in answer, a light appears in the distance. Someone has switched on a bedroom light. What a stroke of luck! It was at least fifteen miles back that you passed the last house and you happen to have broken down just a short distance from someone's home.

You button up your coat and open the door. From outside the car, you can see the building more clearly. Just ahead, on the left, a drive winds up to a large house. It is a good five minutes' walk away. And by the time you reach it, you will be drenched. But how else can you call the garage? You can't afford to miss tomorrow's appointment. No, go you must. Anyway, you'll probably be able to dry off inside after phoning the garage.

You slam the door, turn up your collar and set off for the house. A flash of lightning lights it up clearly for you but, in your preoccupation with the rain, the warning from above is wasted on you. The house is old – very old – and in a shocking state of repair. The light in the window is flickering. Most likely an oil lamp – certainly not electric. And you don't notice a fact that might have turned you back anyway: there is no telephone line going to the house.

As you climb the steps to the front door, little do you realize what fate has in store for you.

Tonight is going to be a night to remember . . .

NOW TURN OVER

1

You climb the creaking steps up to the front door and pause to catch your breath. Even though you ran all the way up the drive from the car, you are soaked through; your feet are particularly wet. Judging by the number of puddles you stepped into in the dark, the drive needs a small fortune spending on repairs. But under the porch, you are out of the storm, and you brush the rain from your clothes before turning towards the door.

The rain is still pelting down, but an eerie silence hangs in the air. No lights are on downstairs. You step back off the porch to check the upstairs window which attracted your attention earlier. Nothing. No lights. The whole place seems to be deserted. But then you remember the time – five minutes to midnight. Everyone in the house has probably gone to bed. An owl hoots in the distance and a shiver runs down your spine. The situation is a little scary. Here you are, in the middle of nowhere, at some strange, run-down old house about to wake up whoever lives inside, at midnight. They certainly won't be too pleased. But you have no choice if you are going to make your appointment tomorrow – you must reach a telephone to call for help. You step up to the front door.

From the left-hand side of the house, a dull glow catches your attention. A light has been turned on! You breathe a sigh of relief; at least someone is awake. You consider your options: there is an elaborate knocker in the middle of the door and a bell-pull

hanging down to the right. Will you rap the door with the knocker (turn to **357**), pull the cord (turn to **275**), or creep round the house to investigate the light (turn to **289**)?

2

You may now proceed either by turning right and trying the door of the Shaitan room (turn to **200**), or by turning left and following the passage, which bears right past two rooms labelled Asmodeus and Eblis and then rejoins the landing (turn to **272**).

3

You grab the box and walk up to the mirror. You put your hand through again and pull it back. It seems safe enough. You step through . . . just in the nick of time, for as you disappear into the mirror, you hear the door open behind you. You find you are in a small room behind the mirror. You decide to open the leather box. Inside is a Golden Key, which you put in your pocket. Now turn to **160**.

4

'Oh, a casual visitor, eh? Well, how do you like our dungeon, friend? Pleasant enough for you, is it? Having a good time? Bah! Into the cage with this miserable wretch!' The torturer's men tighten their grip on your wrists and frog-march you over to the left-hand wall. 'And we'll show our friend just how hospitable we are,' continues the torturer. 'What sort of accommodation would you like, friend? Do you want to spend the rest of your life crouching

down or standing up?' The torturer's evil laugh resounds around the room. What will your answer be? Will you choose the tall cage (turn to **396**) or the box cage (turn to **201**)?

5

The bedroom has been prepared for you. The room is not large, but a huge mirror appears to double its size. Crisp white sheets have been folded back on the bed, and a warm fire burns in the fireplace. The door closes as the butler leaves the room and you walk over to the fire. Your situation is a little worrying. If you don't get going quickly, you will never make your appointment; but if it is true that there is no phone you can use, what else can you do? Maybe you should just hang your wet clothes in front of the fire and climb into bed (turn to **23**); or would you rather leave the room (turn to **59**)?

6

The door slowly opens and you hold yourself close to the wall. The man who enters is short and stocky and appears to be bent double. He is not armed. He peers into the room and scratches his head. Evidently he has heard something and is perplexed at finding nothing in the room. Will you step forward and announce yourself (turn to **367**) or keep hidden and hope he leaves (turn to **25**)?

7

The bell-push does not open a hidden panel, nor reveal any other means of escape. As you touch it, a loud bell starts ringing throughout the house! You bury your head in your hands. In a few moments you will be captured by the evil Earl of Drumer, his devil-worshippers and servants. And this time you will not escape . . .

8

You sit down in a solid, carved chair and look around. The reception hall is certainly not what you would have expected from the outside. It is elegantly decorated with rich tapestries and fine oak panels. A number of portraits line the walls. A sturdy sixteenth-century table is set against one wall. Will you wait for your host to arrive (turn to **277**), study the paintings (turn to **304**) or hunt for a telephone (turn to **238**)?

9

Resolve your battle with the Fire Sprites. They attack you one at a time:

First FIRE SPRITE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 4
Second FIRE SPRITE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 3

Each time they wound you, you risk the added danger of their flames touching you. You can either deduct 3 STAMINA points instead of the normal 2, or you may *Test your Luck* after each wound. A Lucky roll means you manage to put out the flame before it burns you (no STAMINA damage). An Unlucky roll

means you lose 4 STAMINA points instead of 3. If you wish to *Escape* during the battle, turn to **218** – but the Sprites will get in a last hit as you leave. If you stay and fight them, turn to **375** if you win.

10

The Golden Key fits the lock and turns. The door opens to let you into another small room. The dust and cobwebs suggest that this room is very rarely used, and it certainly looks fairly uninteresting. But in the thick dust on the floor, you notice one footprint, then another. Someone has been in here

recently! The footprints lead towards the right-hand wall, around the door. Behind a loose stone in the wall, you find what it was that this visitor came to hide – a large cast-iron key. You pick it up and examine it. It is heavy and fairly crudely made, and has the number 27 cast into it. You put this in your pocket. Nothing else of interest seems to be in the room, but you may add 2 LUCK points for this find. Now you must leave the chamber. Turn to **204**.

11

As you pull the door to, your ears catch the sound of another door opening. Someone is coming! You grab the handle and nip into the room, closing the door quietly behind you. You wait in the darkness. The door you heard closes and all goes quiet. Is someone lurking nearby? Turn to **385**.

12

You rummage through the box but there is nothing else hidden inside. The walls all feel solid except for the one on the left-hand side, adjacent to the secret entrance. You feel around and locate another secret door, but you cannot feel a catch. Perhaps the same password opens it. You try this, and the door starts to open slowly, revealing another room. You stare into this other room; it is almost an exact replica of the one in which you are standing! It is completely bare except for a table with a box resting on it. Fascinating! Do you wish to step into this other room (turn to **133**) or leave it and return through your original door to go upstairs (turn to **293**)?

13

You step into the room and close the door behind you. The room is empty and you heave a sigh of relief, falling back against the door to catch your breath. Will you rest in the room (turn to **372**) or try the window for a means of escape (turn to **107**)?

14

The smell from within the room catches you off balance and stops you dead in your tracks. The room itself is unexciting, with bare rocky walls and floor. But strewn around the floor are the headless bodies of five goats. Standing over the goats, feeding ravenously on them, are three huge Great Danes! As you enter the room, they turn towards you, angry at having their meal interrupted. Their mouths curl back and they snarl. The nearest dog leaps towards you and you must fight it:

GREAT DANE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

If you defeat the dog, turn to **94**.

15

You tug at the handle, but the door is locked. If you have a key, turn to **212**. If you do not have a key, turn to **47**.

16

'A friend of the Master?' snarls the torturer. 'I have not seen you before. And I know *all* the Master's friends.' You tell him that you are new to this house, and that is why you are wandering about, lost. The torturer is not convinced by your story, but cannot risk harming one of the Master's friends. 'I'll tell you

what I'll do,' he announces. 'I don't believe you. But I'll give you a chance. If you can convince me that you are one of the Master's friends, I'll let you go. But first you'll have to pass a little test. Tie our friend down, lads!' The torturer's assistants bundle you off to the middle of the room and tie you on to the rack. Turn to **381**.

17

The two men snatch the box from you. One of them pulls out a dagger! He snarls and lunges at you with it. Although you leap out of the way, you must add 2 FEAR points for the fright. The other man grabs his friend's wrist. 'Do not waste your time. Hide the box for the Master and I will deal with our visitor!' The man with the dagger grunts in agreement and backs towards the door. As he leaves the room, the other advances. Resolve your fight with him:

THE MASTER'S SERVANT SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, you may leave the room (turn to **131**).

18

He tells you that there are all sorts of secrets in the cellars. '. . . And some of them I just couldn't tell you. It would be more than my life's worth. For the Master would punish me. And I wouldn't like that.' Needless to say, this only makes you more intrigued. But he will not be pressed on the subject. If you have a weapon, you may draw it out and threaten the Hunchback (turn to **191**). If you have

any brandy, you may offer him a drink (turn to 93). If you have neither of these, turn to 347.

19

You search the room, while the old woman threatens you from her bed. You recognize some of the plants, as most of them are common house-plants. The woman's voice grows frantic as you poke around in a herb garden by the window. A thought dawns on you and you turn to her, threatening to destroy her plants unless she is able to give you the information you require. She shrieks at the thought of you harming her plants and agrees. What will you ask her:

How to find the man in grey?	Turn to 388
About the secret rooms in the house?	Turn to 321
What tonight's 'festivities' are?	Turn to 283

20

As his slaves fall dead on the floor, the Vampire rises to his feet, ready to finish you off. You quickly hold up your garlic and he stands his ground. But what can you do now? You may either try the other door (turn to 270) or head back for the entrance door (turn to 90).

21

You walk along the passageway. Do you want to try the door on the left (turn to 259) or the door on the right (turn to 118)?

22

'Lies!' he snarls, in response to your explanation. 'You are like all the others in this house. I must destroy you all!' Shouting this warning, he leaps towards you. Turn to 271.

23

The bed is warm and comfortable and you soon drift off to sleep. Strange and disturbing thoughts drift through your mind and you wake suddenly in a cold sweat. A noise has disturbed you and you realize that it was the sound of the door closing. You look around the room and notice a glass containing a clear liquid by the side of your bed. *Someone has brought you a bedtime drink!* You spring out of bed and try the door, but it is locked. Do you wish to swallow the drink that has been brought for you (turn to 45) or will you try to break down the door (turn to 128)?

24

The door opens and you find yourself in a small room. There is another door leading off the room. But in front of you is a strange sight which catches your attention. A shimmering haze seems to be hanging on the wall, almost like a curtain of sparkling water. You step up to investigate and gingerly hold out your finger to touch it. Your finger passes

right through! Plucking up your courage, you poke your head into the haze. On the other side, you realize what has happened. Your head has emerged through a large mirror into a reception room. On the wall opposite is a huge mural of a country scene and standing in the middle of the room are a table and six chairs. The sound of voices outside the door startles you and you draw your head back. Will you wait until the way is clear and step through the mirror (turn to **349**), try the other door in this little room behind the mirror (turn to **294**) or will you instead go back to the stairs and follow them down (turn to **216**)?

25

The little man stares once more into the room, shrugs his shoulders and leaves, closing the door behind him. You are alone again. After waiting a few minutes, you decide to leave the room. Turn to **116**.

26

There is another door a couple of metres up the landing on the left. This is the door to the Mephisto room. If you wish to enter, turn to **298**. Otherwise you may pass it and head towards two doors in the corner of the landing (turn to **287**).

27

You draw back the curtains and peer outside. The light in the room makes it difficult to see, so you pull the curtains behind you. With your face pressed against the bars, you look through the window. There is a rumble of thunder in the distance and the rain is still beating down, making it difficult to see anything. A fork of lightning flashes down from the sky and lights up a sight which makes you cry out loud! Outside your window, dripping wet and swaying in the wind, is a ghastly face! A long-dead figure, hanging in a noose, is staring at you with lifeless eyes. You step back and fling the curtains shut to hide the horrendous sight. The face is familiar. *The old man in the village!* You must add 3 FEAR points. What will you do now? Will you dive into bed and sleep through the night (turn to **231**) or run out on to the landing (turn to **121**)?

28

The Earl of Drumer is the last survivor of his family. His estate stretches for miles around the house. At one time the estate was prosperous, with many

tenant farmers cultivating his land and providing a healthy income for his family. But things started to change. His sister died at the age of thirty-two under mysterious circumstances. She was found dead in a clearing in the woods with strange marks on her neck. News travelled fast, and the ignorant peasants started muttering about witchcraft and black magic. In their eyes, the house was cursed. Pure superstitious nonsense, of course, but gradually the farmers moved to new pastures, avoiding the estate.

By now you have finished your meal. Franklins returns to offer you fruit, cheese, coffee and brandy. Will you take:

Fruit, coffee and brandy?	Turn to **224**
Cheese, coffee and brandy?	Turn to **74**
Just cheese and coffee?	Turn to **319**

29

As the Ghoul slumps to the floor, it falls against a rack of pans hanging on the wall. The pans clatter to the floor; the noise is deafening! Have you been heard? Turn to **254** to find out.

30

Resolve your battle with the Earl of Drumer. If you are using the Kris knife, add 3 points to your SKILL during the fight:

THE EARL OF DRUMER SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **288**.

31

As you scramble for the door, you slip in a pool of goat's blood and slither on to the floor. The dogs seize their chance and spring on top of you. Turn to **78** and fight the dogs. But because you are at a disadvantage, having fallen over, you must deduct 2 from your Attack Strength for the first four Attack Rounds.

32

You draw your weapon and advance. The man jumps back at the sight of it, but you stride closer. As you prepare to strike, a sly smile spreads across his face. Turn to **326**.

33

A short distance further along the balcony you arrive at a door with Azazel written on the nameplate. If you wish to try this door, turn to **358**. If you would prefer to continue, turning to the left and following the landing, turn to **229**.

34

How good are your powers of persuasion? Throw two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If you roll a number equal to or less than your SKILL score, turn to **177**. If you roll a number greater than your SKILL score, turn to **22**.

35

Your eyes light up as the lid falls back. The box is lined with red velvet and there in the middle is a pearl-handled dagger. Its silver blade is wavy but it is finely polished and razor-sharp. An inscription in the wooden top reads:

The Kris Knife

A blade fashioned for the glorification and pleasure of the Demons of Hellfire – our true Masters. To be used only by Initiates. Never to be wielded in the presence of the Masters.

A sense of awe fills you as you pick up the knife. You turn it over tenderly in your hands and then place it in your pocket. For this find you may add 3 LUCK points. Now you must decide what to do next. Will you leave the way you entered and climb the stairs to the ground floor (turn to **293**) or will you search the room thoroughly first (turn to **12**)?

36

You may now leave the food store. Will you try the door opposite (turn to **305**) or retrace your steps along the passageway (turn to **366**)?

37

You study the portrait of 'The Duke of Brewster: 1763–1828'. A rather elegant sort of chap, you think as you stare at him. But suddenly you jump back! You could swear you saw his eyes *move*! A moment

later, your suspicions are confirmed. His eyes are definitely moving, directing your attention towards one of the doors in the hall. What is happening? Your car breaks down and suddenly you are in an elegantly decorated derelict house, with moving portraits! Will you sit back in the chair and wait for your host to return (turn to **277**) or try the handle on the door that the portrait is looking at (turn to **391**)? You may, if you wish, look at another painting by turning to **250**.

38

The first letter Orville gives you is D. You must start writing straight away, or you will have to deduct 1 point from your STAMINA score as Dirk tightens the rack. When you are ready, turn to **352**.

39

With a superhuman effort, you beat down the hypnotic power of the eye and slam the book shut. Replacing it on the shelf, you rub your eyes. Although a little dazed, you are safe. But you decide to leave this room without delay. Turn to **54**.

40

The box rattles when you touch it. There is something solid inside. You undo the catch and open the lid. Inside you find a small key. You try the key in the door and it fits! The key turns and unlocks the door, allowing you to leave the room. You find you

are in the corner of the landing, and there is an unmarked door to your left. If you wish to go through it, turn to **86**. Straight ahead, you can see the main staircase leading downwards. If you wish to go this way, turn to **193**.

41

Starting at the far end, you examine the cupboards. You open the first door and find it is a wardrobe with dresses and blouses hanging inside. You open the second door – and spring backwards in fright! For inside, partly dressed in tattered clothes, are two SKELETONS. Having disturbed them by opening the door, they are coming to life before your eyes and advancing to attack! You must add 2 FEAR points for the fright and then fight them, one at a time:

First SKELETON	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
Second SKELETON	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Skeletons, you may either look around the room (turn to **338**) or leave (turn to **243**).

42

The hallway narrows by the stairs and widens again further on. You may turn left here (turn to **316**), or follow the hallway round to the right and try the first door on the right (turn to **217**).

43

Starting at the far end, you examine the cupboards. You open the first door and find it is a wardrobe with dresses and blouses hanging inside. You open the second door – and spring backwards in fright! For inside, partly dressed in tattered clothes, are two SKELETONS. Having disturbed them by opening the door, they are coming to life before your eyes and advancing to attack! You must add 2 FEAR points for the shock and you must now fight them, one at a time:

First SKELETON	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
Second SKELETON	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Skeletons, you may look through the cupboards before you leave. Turn to **368**.

44

The door is not locked. You open it cautiously and poke your head inside. You have found a food store of some kind; the room is lined with shelves with various foodstuffs on them. Bread, dried meats, cheese, fruit, dried fish, wine (red and white) and cakes are all neatly stacked on the shelves. If you need to restore some of your STAMINA, you may choose any of these to eat. Note which you take, then turn to **227**. If you would rather not risk taking any of them, turn instead to **36**.

45

The liquid has a slightly sweet taste, like water with a spoonful of sugar dissolved in it. But your mouth

is dry from your sleep and you drink it down. You lie back, thinking about your visitor. You decide it was probably Franklins, the butler. It was nice of him to bring you a drink, but why has he locked the door? Again, you start to feel tired, and you curl up on the bed. Your head starts to swim and the room spins round. Too late, you realize that you have been drugged! Although you try your best to fight the feeling, it is no use. Consciousness fades . . . Turn to 173.

46

Do you have any garlic with you? If so, turn to 361. If you have a gold ring edged with rubies, turn to 135. If you have both of these, you may choose to use either. If you have neither, choose another weapon and turn to 32.

47

Where would you like to go next? The Shaitan room at the end of the passage (turn to 200), the Mammon room opposite (turn to 123), or would you rather turn back down the passageway and follow the landing round (turn to 272)?

48

You step into the small room. Glancing round to make sure you are safe, you walk up to the table. The rest of the room is bare, except for the table and the box which rests on it. Could this be the one you are looking for? It is a handsome rectangular box made of wood with brass fastenings. It looks like a

case for a pair of duelling pistols. You undo the catch and flip back the lid. Turn to **35**.

49

You have a choice of three doors here. Will you go through the door at the end of the passageway (turn to **195**), try the door on the left (turn to **307**) or try the door on the right (turn to **217**)?

50

Your groping hand touches a piece of wood. You feel it and find that it is a length of branch about the size of a baseball bat. If you use this in a fight, it will count as a WEAPON (add 3 SKILL points). Now you must return to the matter of your visitor. Will you attack as soon as the door opens (turn to **183**) or will you keep the stick hidden and wait to see what comes through the door (turn to **263**)?

51

If you wish to look for secret doorways, turn to **276**. Otherwise return to the last reference and choose again.

52

The Hell Demon steps forward and slashes at you with its claws, catching your arm with such force that it breaks. You shriek and clutch your injured arm, now useless in the battle. But your agony will be short-lived. For nothing you can do will defeat this unearthly creature. The battle – and your life – will shortly come to an end . . .

53

You try to spring aside, but the chair is too quick for you. It smacks into your shin, causing you to howl in pain. Lose 2 STAMINA points and also add 1 FEAR point for the unnerving experience. You had better leave the room before the POLTERGEIST injures you more seriously! Turn to 2.

54

There are two doors leading out of the study. Did you enter from the drawing-room? If so, you can leave through the other door (turn to 247). If you entered from the hallway, you may now leave through the other door by turning to 353.

55

'Tonight?' she croaks. 'Let's see. Ah yes, there is a ceremony tonight. Brother Samuelson – no, I think it's Isaacson – will be receiving the Master's blessing. If I were you I'd stay well away from the ceremony, though. They don't like onlookers.' She coughs a little and her eyes close, as if the strain of talking was too much for her. You consider her words and leave her in peace, heading for the door. Turn to 159.

56

As the fight starts, you can see that he is not bent double at all – he is a HUNCHBACK! Now resolve your battle with him:

HUNCHBACK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

After three Attack Rounds, turn to 72.

57

'Come, come, Orville. Let's have another.' Orville thinks again and this time says 'K!' Write your answer quickly, or deduct another STAMINA point. Turn to 333.

58

The hallway widens. You walk across to another hallway and continue in the direction you were walking until you reach two doors opposite each other. Will you try the door on the right (turn to 118) or the door on the left (turn to 323)?

59

The door is locked! It seems that your hosts certainly don't want you prowling around the house. Do you want to try to break down the door (turn to 79), or climb into bed (turn to 23)? If you prefer, you could pretend to go to bed, switch out the light and wait to see what happens (turn to 63).

60

There seems to be no other way out of the passage. Even the panel through which you entered has now closed up. A bell-push is set in the wall and, hoping that this will reveal some way out, you push it. Turn to 7.

61

There is nothing unusual under the stairs, although some of the bricks in the wall look as if they have been replaced recently. You may either look in the bats' corner (turn to 165), along the back wall (turn to 356) or climb the stairs to the door above (turn to 293).

62

The collection contains many invaluable first editions and obscure works in strange languages. The Earl of Drumer has a disturbingly large collection of books on black magic and many volumes on hypnotism. Do you want to look at any of them? If so, will you choose a book on Black Magic (turn to 156) or a book on Hypnotism (turn to 384)?

63

You wait in the darkness. Apart from the rain driving against the window, the house is silent. How long will you have to wait before someone appears? All night? The thought of sitting in the darkness all night makes you a little uneasy and you must add 1 FEAR point. But then you hear a shuffling noise in the corridor outside your room. Turn to 158.

64

The Fire Sprites follow you as you back towards the window. Pretending to be terrified, you make for one of the plant-pot stands and attempt to hide behind it. But when the Sprites are near enough, you strike! Grabbing the large plant-pot on top of the stand, you hurl the contents over the little creatures! The soil covers them and douses their flames; in an instant they have disappeared. Turn now to 375.

65

'The man in grey? Who is he? You'll have to forgive me, stranger. As you can imagine, it is some time since I wandered round the house. I don't even know who is here any more. Except, of course, the Earl and his manservant, Franklins. But a man in grey . . . Wait! I know who he might be! In the cellars, a man is being held captive in a room opposite the food store. Could this be the man in grey? I thought he wore white. Perhaps he's a little dirtier now.' Her voice fades, as if the conversation was too much of a strain for her. You decide to leave her and head for the door. Turn to **159**.

66

You hold up your pentacle before them and command them to step back to allow you to pass. Gasps come from the crowd as they see the pentacle. But its power cannot be denied. They watch powerlessly as you back down the other passageway and open the door at the end. Turn to **232**.

67

The dagger is no use to you in this predicament; but what about the flask of liquid? You hold it up and study the contents. The swirling black liquid is thick and oily. Rainbow patterns and reflections play tricks on your eyes. You could swear you were looking straight into a pair of dark eyes inside the flask! But you swirl the liquid once more and the image disappears. You imagine that you have nothing to lose by opening the flask, so you remove the stopper. What happens next is instantaneous! As soon as the stopper leaves the neck of the flask, the liquid turns into a billowing black smoke, which hisses out and fills the room. The room goes black instantly. Just as quickly, the smoke is sucked back into the flask and the stopper reappears in position. All is as before, with one exception. You are no longer in the room! Your body has been sucked into the flask by the NANKA – a type of Evil Genie – living inside it. Your adventure ends here.

68

The younger man turns to the older one and angrily says, 'The Master's teachings are not for the faint-hearted. You know of his power and his promises to us all. Perhaps you are no longer strong enough to stay with us.' The older man turns away, towards the window. He is hiding the look on his face, which is one of nervousness and fear. He realizes that he has said the wrong thing. 'No,' he stammers, 'I'll be all right. Just a momentary weakness. Come, let us get on with the preparations.' Together the two men leave the kitchen, blowing out the candles on the way. You wonder what they were talking about. Now you must choose your next move. Will you try the kitchen door to see whether you can sneak inside (turn to **306**) or go back round to the front and knock on the door (turn to **357**)?

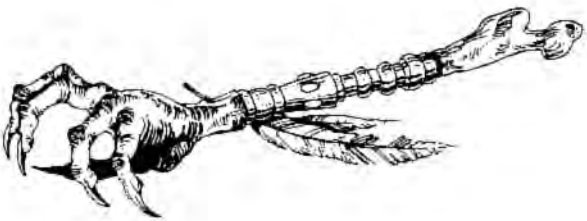

69

You step inside and close the door quietly behind you. A soft click comes from the lock. As you step forward, a voice greets you. You look around but you can see no one! The voice continues: 'So! Our visitor is inquisitive, eh? Or are you trying to leave the house? Perhaps our hospitality is not to your liking. Maybe you would like to see some more – shall we say – *amusements*?' The eerie voice makes you nervous. Add 1 FEAR point. Do you wish to stay and talk to the voice (turn to **291**) or will you make a hasty exit back through the door (turn to **120**)?

70

You walk over slowly and reach out for the sheet. It now hangs in the air well above the box it was covering. You grip it in your hand and tug it downwards. It snaps, confirming your suspicions. The sheet was being pulled by a thin strand of string. You breathe a sigh of relief (you may deduct the FEAR point you had just taken). But who, or what, was pulling the sheet? You decide not to wait to find out. Leave the room by turning to **329**.

71

You open the door and cast your eyes over the room inside. The floor is dusty and the rocky walls are bare. A rough wooden table and chair are placed against one wall. Sitting at the table is a worried-looking man wearing a white robe. A goat's head mask lies on the table. 'Hello,' he says, nervously. 'All hail the Master, I am ready to repent. How is the ceremony progressing? Er, um, is it my turn yet?' Then he leans forward and whispers to you: *'I am not a poor man. Help me to escape from this house and you will be generously rewarded.'* What do you make of all this? Will you tell him the truth about yourself (turn to **214**), or will you remain emotionless and let him continue (turn to **334**)?

72

Have you come across this Hunchback before? If so, turn to **138**. If not, turn to **164**.

73

To enter the room, she passes right through the door! You, of course, must use more traditional methods; you turn the handle and walk into the Apollyon room. It is an elegant bedroom. Fine floor-length curtains hang along one wall. An enormous bed with lace coverings is against another wall; and opposite stands a beautiful dressing-table with a huge mirror. The woman hovers in the centre of the room and bids you to sit down on the bed. 'Your coming here has been no accident,' she starts. 'And I must warn you of the terrible dangers you

will face here. This house is ruled by the *Master*, a powerful Black Priest of the Night, named Kelnor, Earl of Drumer. I would guess that you are to be offered to the Demons of Hellfire, if you survive that long. Yesterday they trapped a girl, a pretty young district nurse who happened to call. She is to be offered tonight. *I cannot let this devilry continue!* There must be some way it can be stopped! If you can find the Kris knife, you might defeat Kelnor, for this weapon is his only weakness. Please help me! You will probably find it in . . . *No!* Quick! We are discovered. I can hear the Hounds. Go! Leave this room!' You stand up. She was right! You can hear barking getting rapidly closer. She motions to you, pointing at the door. You run to the door and peer outside. Nothing. The barking gets louder and you turn back towards the Ghost, who seems to be struggling with something. She is involved in a fight with two huge ghostly Great Danes which are snapping and clawing at her. You take a step forwards, but it is hopeless. You cannot help, as you cannot even touch the beasts. And your help would have been very welcome, because the dogs are much too powerful for her. She is weakening and, as she does so, her image fades. Moments later she disappears completely. Satisfied that their job has been done, the two Great Danes disappear also. You are alone. Now what will *you* do? Do you want to help her as she asked (turn to **257**), or would you rather just escape from the house (turn to **346**)?

74

You finish off your meal. The Earl rises to his feet, saying: 'Our conversation has been most enjoyable, but now you must be very tired. Franklins will show you to your room. Let us retire.' You stand up. He's right, you *are* tired, and it is well past midnight. You stumble and reach out to steady yourself against the table. Phew! You didn't realize you were *that* tired. Or have you had a little too much to drink? Your head is spinning; and the voice of your host becomes part of a background noise which is getting louder and louder in your ears. Eventually you collapse to the ground and lose consciousness . . . Turn to 173.

75

'Escape from this house?' he laughs. 'Would that we could both escape from this place! I will find my own way out, as I have a mission to complete before I leave. You may choose your own escape-route, though none is safe. The front door is at the foot of the staircase. As you no doubt entered that way, you could try leaving by it; or perhaps you could leap from the window? Unfortunately most of them are barred. There is a secret passageway through the cellar which leads outside, but the chances of finding it are slim. Anyway, my thanks for releasing me. We will part company here.' The man peers round the door to check the passageway, then leaves the room. You may either leave after him (turn to **378**) or walk over to the table and boxes to examine them (turn to **213**).

76

Orville has been practising his next letter and blurts it out excitedly. S is his choice. Write immediately or lose a STAMINA point, then turn to **315**.

77

You try the doorknob, but it will not move! You are locked in the room. A shiver of anxiety comes over you. Add 1 FEAR point. Unless you can find a way out, you are trapped. Perhaps there may be a clue in the box on the mantelpiece. Turn to **40**.

78

Resolve your fight. The dogs attack one at a time:

Second GREAT DANE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
Third GREAT DANE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you defeat both of them, turn to **383**.

79

Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If it is higher than your SKILL score (use your *Initial* SKILL score), turn to **106**. If it is equal to or lower than your SKILL score, turn to **128**.

80

You look around the chamber. Another passageway leads from the chamber. If you choose your moment carefully, you may be able to reach it without being noticed. Will you move quietly along the wall towards it (turn to 187) or will you instead watch the proceedings (turn to 314)?

81

In a drawer underneath the bench you find a few ornate letter-openers. Perhaps they are someone's collection? You are particularly interested because they are strong and dagger-like. In fact they could easily make dangerous weapons. You may take one of them if you wish, and as a WEAPON it will allow your SKILL score to increase to its *Initial* value if you use it in a fight. Now turn to 385.

82

There is no way you will find of opening the door, as it will only open and shut at the command of the Earl of Drumer. You are now his prisoner and will remain trapped for the rest of your life within these four walls.

83

Various items of crockery, cutlery and food are kept in the storeroom, including a sharp meat-knife, which you might like to hide under your coat to use as a WEAPON in the future. This sharp knife will allow you to add 3 SKILL points in a fight. On one shelf you find several cloves of garlic which you may also take. There is also an unlabelled bottle of white liquid on another shelf. If you wish to drink the liquid, turn to **362**. If you would prefer to ignore the liquid and try the door at the back of the storeroom, turn to **255**. Your only other alternative is to leave by the door you entered and return to the landing (turn to **233**).

84

There is nothing special about this food. Turn to **36**.

85

The little carving moves to reveal a button set in the mantelpiece behind it. You consider whether or not to press the button. As you are deep in thought, you do not notice what is happening to the fire. In the grate, the fire has come back to life! Strong flames are licking the chimney and considerable heat is being given off. You feel the heat and step backwards. As you do so, two small figures leap from the fire and face you. These FIRE SPRITES are small – they come up to your knees – but their flaming bodies burn with the vigour of the fire from which they arose. They hover in the air just above the carpet; for if they touch anything, it bursts into flame. Do you wish to fight these creatures (turn to **9**) or will you try another approach (turn to **145**)?

86

The door opens into a narrow passageway which ends at a window. There is a door half-way along the left-hand side, and a sign on the door identifies it as the Diabolus room. If you wish to try this door, turn to **13**. If you wish to investigate the window instead, turn to **110**. If you're not keen to do either and would prefer to go back through the door and continue along the landing, turn to **193**.

87

The door bursts open! Two white-robed men enter. At least, you *presume* they are men, but their faces are hidden behind masks made out of goats' heads. They carry knives and leap forward to attack; one attacks you and the other attacks your comrade. Resolve your own fight first:

DEVIL-WORSHIPPER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you defeat him, turn to **178**.

88

She curses. 'Damn you, stranger,' she hisses. 'All right then, I will answer your question.' Which question did you ask her?

How to find the man in grey?	Turn to **65**
About the secret rooms in the house?	Turn to **295**
What tonight's 'festivities' are?	Turn to **55**

89

You follow the stairs downwards. Running across the bottom is a passageway. You turn right and follow it until you reach a dead end with two doors facing each other on opposite sides of the wall. Will you try the door on the left (turn to 305), the door on the right (turn to 44) or will you turn around and head back the way you came (turn to 366)?

90

You fling your garlic at the Vampire and dash for the door. He shrieks as he tries to brush it off, but this will at least keep him occupied for a few moments more. However, your luck is out. The door is locked! And the Vampire is now striding towards you, his eyes firmly fixed on yours. Do you have a gold ring edged with rubies? If so, turn to 135. Otherwise, turn to 326.

91

Further up the passage is another door in the right-hand wall. If you wish to try this door, turn to 112. If you want to pass it and continue along the corridor, turn to 393.

92

The door opens on to a dark landing. A flight of stairs arrives at this landing and continues downwards. Will you follow the stairs down (turn to 216) or would you rather close the door and step back through the mirror (turn to 349)?

93

His eyes light up at the sight of the brandy. You pour a little into the cap of the hip-flask and pass it to him. He gulps it down and licks his lips. After two more capfuls, he is definitely slurring his speech. You tell him that you have heard of secret passageways in the cellar and that you would be very interested in being shown around by someone as knowledgeable as he is. Your flattery, and the brandy, have their desired effect. Proudly he tells you all about his cellars – much more than he should. 'Of course, not everyone can get round these cellars,' he boasts. 'You've got to know the password to get through some of the secret doors. And the Master keeps changing the password to protect his secrets. In fact only yesterday he changed the password from Pravemi to . . . Oh, what was it now? It's on the tip of my tongue. Ach, I should remember it because it is like the name of the house, but *mixed up*! My mind's *mixed up*! It must be you and your brandy!' He steps back, realizing that he's said enough. You try asking him more, but he will not speak. Instead he turns towards the door in the left-hand wall and leaves you, pointing down the passageway and mumbling something about upstairs. Turn to **393** to follow the passageway or **166** to look around.

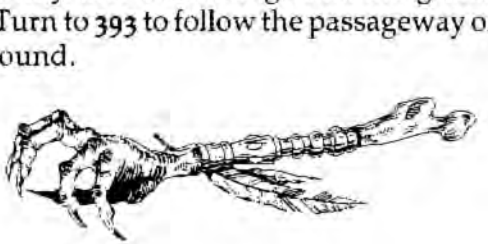

94

The other two Great Danes snarl and advance towards you. If you wish to fight them, turn to **78**. If you wish to escape, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **240**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **31**.

95

The door opens wide and the older man peers out at you before inviting you in. The two men listen as you tell them of your accident. 'Well, that *is* a stroke of bad luck,' says the older man, 'but I dare say Franklins will be able to help. Go and fetch him, Brother William.' At the mention of his name, the younger man glares at his companion, but nevertheless leaves the kitchen. You ask your host what sort of place this is and whether he and Brother

William are members of a religious group. 'Something like that,' he replies. 'In fact you have arrived at an awkward time. For tonight . . .' he hesitates nervously, 'tonight is . . .' His sentence is interrupted by the arrival of Brother William and a tall man dressed in a black suit with long tails. You explain your arrival to Franklins. 'We do not welcome visitors here,' says Franklins solemnly, 'but I will introduce you to the master of the house who will decide whether we can help. Follow me.' He leads you out through the kitchen along a hallway to a reception hall and points to a seat. 'Wait here while I tell the Earl,' he orders, then he disappears through a doorway. Turn to **8**.

96

The Earl rings for his butler, who appears in the room immediately. 'Franklins, our guest has decided not to eat. Our hospitality has been refused. Deal with the situation!' The butler nods and touches a button on the back of your chair. Clasps appear from the arms and snap closed across your wrists, holding you in place! You squirm to free yourself, but you cannot break their grip. Meanwhile, the butler has pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and is shaking a pungent liquid into it from a glass bottle. You cannot avoid it as he holds the cloth over your mouth. *Chloroform!* You begin to lose consciousness . . . Turn to **173**.

97

You try the handle without success. The door is firmly locked and you decide to follow the hallway instead. Where the hallway widens, you may either turn left (turn to **316**) or follow the hallway round to the right and try the door immediately on the right (turn to **217**).

98

You open the door cautiously at first, but all you can see is darkness, so you swing it wide open. *Aaaiieeeee!* You scream out loud as a body tumbles forward on top of you! The body is that of an old man and, judging by the expression on his face, his death was not a pleasant one. You must add 3 FEAR points. You panic and run off round the landing. Turn to **374**.

99

As the lid falls back, your eyes light up. Inside the box is a pearl-handled dagger! You reach down and pick up the dagger, admiring its workmanship. But the dagger was not the only thing in the box. Lying underneath it is a flask, which contains a black liquid. You can take this with you if you wish. You slide the dagger into your pocket and turn towards the door. But your heart sinks as the door slams shut in front of you! You try to open it, but there is no handle. Will you search the room for a way of opening the door (turn to **82**) or will you see whether the dagger or the flask of liquid can help (turn to **67**)?

100

You shut the secret compartment and nip quickly behind the curtains. Moments later the door opens and your hear footsteps coming into the room. Two men enter, in the middle of a heated discussion. Although you can hear only part of the conversation, they are talking about a ceremony which

involves a human sacrifice! You swallow hard and hope that you are not likely to get involved in it; but add 1 FEAR point for the thought. You keep motionless behind the curtains. Sure enough, the men walk up to the table. You hear a faint click and a drawer slides open. Then the men turn and leave the room. When it is safe, you come out of your hiding-place and check the compartment. They have taken the leather box with them. Will you now leave through the door (turn to **131**) or through the mirror (turn to **160**)?

101

In the nick of time, you spring aside as the chair speeds past you and crashes into the wall behind. You escape injury, but you must add 1 FEAR point. You had better now leave the room before the POLTERGEIST inside does you some real damage! Turn to **2**.

102

The passageway is narrow and only the faintest glow lights your way. After a short distance you come to a staircase which leads downwards. Slowly and cautiously you go down the stairs. After a dozen or so steps, you reach another landing. The stairs continue downwards at the landing and you may either follow them down (turn to **216**), or you may try a door in the wall of the landing (turn to **24**).

103

You open the door slowly and carefully. The room

you enter is a bedroom which looks as though it is waiting for someone to come in and go to bed! The sheets are folded back, the fire in the fireplace is warm but dying. On the bedside table a candle is burning and next to it is a silver tray with a bedtime snack on it. Velvet curtains are pulled across the window, and along the left-hand wall are fitted-cupboards. The overall picture is quite cosy. Will you enter the room and investigate the bedside table (turn to **163**) or the cupboards (turn to **41**), or are you a little suspicious of the apparent tranquillity of this room and would prefer to leave (turn to **243**)?

104

You feel a stab of pain in your back. You reach out to grip the wound and blood oozes through your fingers! Even though his master is dead, Franklins will fight on! You turn round to face the butler before he can attack again with his knife. Deduct 4 STAMINA points and turn to **180**.

105

'Defeat the Master, eh?' he says, watching you carefully. 'My word, our friend certainly cannot be said to have modest ambitions! You will never defeat the Master, for he has only one weakness. He may only be killed with the Kris knife, and that is hidden in a room with a secret entrance. I know only that the room is downstairs and that you will need a password to open it. But I do not know what the password is. Old Mordana knew the password, but she died some time ago. If you know what's best for

you, you will leave while you can.' You ask him whether the two of you should leave together, but he shakes his head. 'I cannot leave here without seeking my revenge – or dying in the attempt. I must leave you now.' He checks the passageway, then nips out. Will you follow him (turn to 378) or will you first check the table and the boxes (turn to 213)?

106

You charge at the door with your shoulder. The door shudders but holds firm and you are left nursing an aching shoulder. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You realize that the door is made of solid wood and you are unlikely to break it open without doing yourself an injury. Turn to 158.

107

You walk over to the curtains and part them slowly. Outside, the storm is still raging. Thunder rolls across the sky and rain rattles against the window. The window is barred. There is no way out here. Turn to 168.

108

The hallway widens. To your left, there is a passage with two doors facing each other across it. To go this way, turn to **21**. If you don't want to go this way, you can walk on a couple of metres and turn right into a passageway which runs past two doors facing each other and ends at another door. To go this way, turn to **49**.

109

Can you defeat the demon which now stands before you? If not, it will certainly kill you. But you have with you the Kris knife, the only weapon which will harm the creature. You may add 6 points to your SKILL score while using this weapon. Now resolve this battle:

HELL DEMON	SKILL 14	STAMINA 12

If you win the fight, turn to **400**.

110

Curtains are drawn across the window, and you approach cautiously. You gingerly pat the folds in the curtain and are relieved to find nothing there. Although they seem to be safe, you are still on your guard as you draw them apart. As you do so, a thunderclap booms outside and makes you jump. But you are safe; a perfectly ordinary window is uncovered. However, the heavy iron bars on the outside are a little worrying. Through the window you can see nothing but the rain running down the pane of glass. But curiously, the rain is avoiding one area. Could it be that the wind is blowing the rain away from this corner? You bend down to take a closer look. Written in the condensation which has formed on the glass is a *message*! You read three words: 'Mordana in Abaddon'. You repeat this message to yourself and then rub it off the window, in case anyone else should see it. This message may be useful to you (and you will realize when it is). If, later in the adventure, you want to use the message, turn to reference **88**. *Do not turn to **88** now!* Now you must head back to the landing and turn left. Turn to **193**.

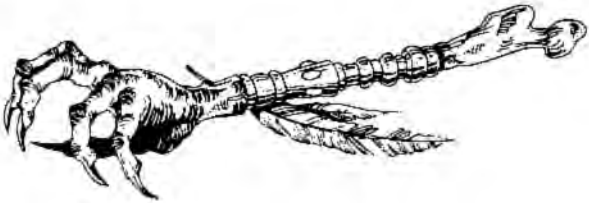

111

Your host is a little annoyed by your nervousness. 'Come, come,' he says, 'there's no need to be afraid. Has your little accident caused you to lose your nerve? Drink your brandy. You'll soon forget your fears.' As you watch him, your mind begins to play tricks on you. Is his expression one of genuine concern for your welfare, or is there a hint of something secretive in his eyes and smile? You shiver, and your fear of the situation is evident. Add 1 FEAR point. A short while later, Franklins appears. 'Your meal is served, sir,' he says to the Earl. You both rise and go through to the dining-room. Turn to 309.

112

The door opens wide. You are about to step inside but hesitate when you see what lies within. You are entering an underground torture room. In one corner stands a formidable iron maiden, its deadly door standing ajar. A stretching rack is in the centre of the room. Hanging from the ceiling along the left-hand wall are two cages. One is just about large enough for a man to crouch in and the other will allow a man to stand up but not move about. A shiver runs down your spine. Suddenly, two pairs of hands grab your wrists and you are shoved forward into the room! From behind the door steps a broad-shouldered man with powerful arms. He is dressed in a leather apron and trousers and wears a patch across his left eye. 'So!' he exclaims. 'And who do we have here, trespassing in our house? Come on, speak up. Have you lost your tongue?' What will your answer be? Will you tell him you are trying to find your way out and will be happy to leave straight away (turn to **4**) or will you claim to be one of the Master's friends (turn to **16**)?

113

The room you enter is a reception room. A table and six chairs stand in the centre of the room. At one end is an enormous mural of a country scene, perhaps painted of the area, many years ago. On the opposite wall, stretching from the floor to the ceiling, is a full-length mirror. Velvet curtains line the wall opposite the door. You walk over to admire the painting, then turn to face the mirror. A shock is in

store. Your eyes widen as you turn towards the mirror and stare into it. *It casts no reflection of you!* Add 1 FEAR point. You walk closer to the mirror but still no reflection appears although you can see the table and the wall behind you clearly. You walk right up to it and feel its surface. Your hand passes right through the glass! Pulling it back quickly, you consider the situation. Will you leave this room (turn to **131**), step through the mirror (turn to **160**) or investigate the room further (turn to **324**)?

114

Do you wish to leave the room (turn to **77**) or investigate the box on the mantelpiece (turn to **40**)?

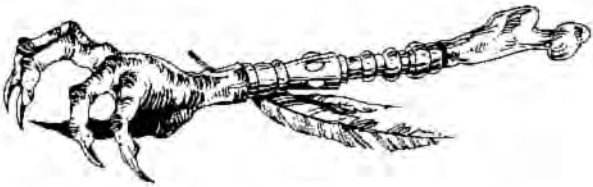

115

Your mouth waters as a roast duck is laid before you. The Earl is having the same, and you both chat as you eat. He wants to know how you came to be driving along this road in the middle of the night, and you tell him about the old man's directions. You ask him about himself and his family. Turn to **28**.

116

Outside the room, the passageway runs onwards, past a door on the left. If you wish to continue along the passageway, turn to **91**. If you wish to explore the area, turn to **166**.

117

You step into the room and close the door behind you. A squeaking noise from one corner makes you

jump, but when you walk over you are relieved to find that the squeaking comes from three rats in a cage. You keep your ears peeled for sounds of visitors as you investigate the contents of the room. Do you wish to look through the drawers (turn to **81**), examine the liquids in the glass vials (turn to **341**) or look through the cupboards (turn to **371**)?

118

The door opens and you enter the kitchen. The room is empty and immaculately tidy, with all the knives, pots and pans hanging in neat rows along the walls. A double sink is set under a window, next to a large cooker and fridge. A great square table stands in the centre of the room. There are two doors; one leads outside and the other looks like a pantry door. A large bunch of keys lies on top of the cooker. Do you want:

To try the back door leading outside?	Turn to **327**
To try the other door?	Turn to **126**
To grab the bunch of keys on the cooker?	Turn to **148**

119

Will you start by looking through the ornaments on a corner shelf (turn to **192**) or will you examine the fire and the mantelpiece (turn to **303**)?

120

You grab the door-handle and twist it. The door is locked! The voice laughs at your futile attempt to escape. 'No, my friend,' it chuckles, 'you cannot escape from this room. The only escape you are going to make now is from life itself!' Add 1 FEAR point and turn to **291**.

121

You open the door quickly and step out on to the landing. Luckily there is no one about. Turning left, you follow the passage round until you reach a wood-panelled wall where the passage turns left. Turn to **175**.

122

The passageway leads into a large chamber with rocky walls. Mystical symbols are painted on the walls and four goats' heads, mounted on spikes, mark out the central area. In the centre of this area is an altar draped with a black cloth and a hooded figure stands by the altar. This figure wears a gown like the others, but his goat's head is dyed purple. You presume he must be their leader. You follow the congregation, who surround the altar, and stand at the back. A few minutes later, another sound comes from the passage; this time you hear

the screams of a young woman. Two of the masked characters emerge from the passageway pulling a pretty fair-haired girl, who is fighting furiously to break free and screaming at the top of her voice. She is dragged to the altar and tied down on it. The congregation, led by their leader, chant for a short time, then the leader motions for Brother Isaacson to step forward. The two exchange masks and Brother Isaacson steps up to the altar. Drawing a sharp dagger from his gown, he raises it above the woman. Excited mutterings run through the crowd. But what will you do? Will you watch what will happen (turn to 314), will you try to find a way out (turn to 80) or will you try to rescue the young woman (turn to 328)?

123

The room you enter looks well lived in. It is a bedroom, and a large bed covered with a yellow bedspread dominates the room. Clothes are strewn about the floor and a tap is running in a wash-basin in the corner. The clothes suggest it is a woman's room, but no one is about. Will you call out to announce yourself in case anyone *is* in the room (turn to 386), search around to see what you can find (turn to 337) or leave the room (turn to 2)?

124

The disembodied head speaks: 'Prepare yourself for death, miserable mortal!' it gloats. 'For the evil that is in this place cannot be escaped. The House of Drumer has drawn you here for one purpose. Before the night is out you will join me and my companions in the nether world. Our fate will be yours. You will forever haunt the place that has caused your death!' With these words, a mocking laughter fills the room. The apparition turns back through the wall and as it does so, the laughter fades. But the fright will give you 2 FEAR points. Add these to your total and leave the room. Turn to **382**.

125

You enter a dimly lit bedroom and close the door behind you. The room is empty apart from a dressing-table and a large bed, but you can hear music playing. Do you wish to search the room to make sure it's safe (turn to **239**) or leave straight away and head back to the landing (turn to **272**)?

126

You reach for the door handle and open it wide. But the sight that greets you makes you step back aghast! Inside the pantry, standing motionless, is a hideous figure in tattered clothes. Its face and hands are in a state of semi-decay, and the odour of death fills your nostrils. Your intrusion has woken it. Its eyes open and a hissing noise comes from its throat. A long tongue flashes out at you and the creature steps forward. Add 2 FEAR points. You must fight this GHOUL! But you may grab a knife from the wall to use as a WEAPON (add 3 SKILL points).

GHOUL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

As soon as it inflicts its second wound on you, turn to **186**. If you manage to defeat it, turn to **29**.

127

'Come on, then,' he says cheerfully. 'Let's go. I'm ready.' You are not sure whether to play along with him or not. You ask him whether he's sure he knows where he's going. 'Oh, that I do, that I do,' he laughs, walking up to you. *'But sure as heaven I'm not going down there without a fight!'* And with those words he pulls a knife from his gown and attacks you. Resolve this battle:

MAN IN WHITE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you wish to spare his life, you may turn to **359** when you have reduced his STAMINA to 2 points. If you decide to finish him off, turn to **366**.

128

You take a short run and charge at the door. It shudders, and the noise reverberates through the house. But the lock holds firm and you bounce off, clutching a sore arm. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for the pain. If you wish to try charging again, turn to **106**. If you feel that the door is too strong and you are unlikely to break it down, turn to **158**.

129

You tiptoe quietly along the wall towards the other passageway. Keeping your eyes on the ceremony to make sure you are not noticed, you edge along until you reach the passage and nip smartly along it. You have escaped! At the end of the passage is a door which is unlocked. You open it. Turn to **232**.

130

Score the points indicated for any of the following choices:

Kelnor	5 points
Kris	3 points

You score no points for any other choice. Now turn to **297**.

131

You leave the room cautiously and look around in the hallway. There is no one in sight. There is a door to your left, which you may try by turning to **211**. Otherwise you may turn right and follow the hallway round (turn to **58**).

132

You walk down the stairs cautiously, looking in every direction. There is no one about. In the hallway below you may choose to try either a door on the left (turn to **353**) or a door on the right (turn to **285**) or you can walk up to the front door and open it (turn to **222**).

133

You step into the small room, which is bare except for a table. Glancing round to make sure you are safe, you walk up to the table. The box which rests on it is a handsome wooden one with brass fastenings. It is long and thin and looks as if it should hold a pair of duelling-pistols. You undo the catch and flip back the lid. Turn to **99**.

134

You bend down and grasp the crate by its corners. With a heave, you lift it into the air. The sight at your feet horrifies you and you must add 2 FEAR points for the fright! Out of the upturned box drops the limp body of a lifeless animal! The creature is perhaps a well-shorn sheep or, more likely, a goat, but it is difficult to identify as it has been decapitated. You turn away, fighting down a feeling of nausea and make for the door. Turn to 378.

135

You place the ring on your finger. As you do so, the man starts to smile. 'Well,' he says, 'that should certainly make my job a good deal easier! Come over here.' You shiver as you realize that you have done the wrong thing! Your fingers desperately try to reach the ring to pull it off, but your mind will not allow them to do so. The ring has brought you directly under the control of your host's will. Turn to 326.

136

Were you Lucky or Unlucky? If you were Lucky, you managed to escape the splintering glass without harm. If you were Unlucky, the glass cut your wrist – lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn now to 317.

137

You walk up to a large window which looks as though it may not be quite closed. But there are heavy bars across it. Even if you were able to open the window, you would never manage to squeeze through the bars. The house is certainly well protected from intruders! Do you want to continue round the house to see where the light is coming from (turn to 345) or return to the front door and either pull the rope (turn to 275) or use the knocker (turn to 357)?

138

You recognize the Hunchback; he is the man who brought you a drink upstairs, but you cannot be sure he has recognized you. Do you want to stop fighting and jog his memory (turn to 198) or would you rather just kill him (turn to 164)?

139

You step over to the bed and shake the old woman gently. But as soon as you touch her withered skin, you jump back in horror. She is stone-cold! Dead! Add 2 FEAR points for the shock. As you stand by the bed, shivering, a low moan comes from the body. Its eyelids flick open and pure white eyes stare up at the ceiling. She has no pupils! Do you wish to wait to see what will happen next (turn to **246**), or will you beat a hasty retreat and return to the passageway (turn to **159**)?

140

You grasp the handle and turn it. The door is locked, and it looks too sturdy for you to break down. Will you turn towards the door at the end of the corridor (turn to **332**) or go back the way you came, carrying on past the room from which you originally appeared (turn to **287**)?

141

Score the points as indicated for any of the following choices:

Shekou	5 points
Shaitan	3 points

You score no points for any other choices. Now turn to **280**.

142

The footsteps get louder and then they stop. *You cannot see anything!* By the sound of the footsteps, whoever was coming should be standing right in front of you! You start to sweat, and must add 1 FEAR point. A pain grips your chest and starts to grow. It is as if an invisible enemy is grasping your heart and squeezing! But you still cannot see anything. You fight the pain and resounding laughter echoes in your ears. Something *is* standing there! You struggle to escape. Fight this INVISIBLE ENEMY. Although you will do him no harm, his STAMINA score reflects the grip which he has on you; if you reduce his STAMINA to zero, you will break free and can escape by running down the hallway and turning right. Turn to **257** if you escape:

INVISIBLE ENEMY SKILL 10 STAMINA 4

143

You step over to the next cell. The sound of footsteps outside the door makes you turn quickly. Four men dressed in white gowns and wearing goats' heads appear at the door. 'I told you!' says one. 'I

knew I could hear something. Looks like someone wants to free our prisoners. Come on, brothers!' They rush towards you and you must resolve your battle with their leader, who attacks you first:

LEADER SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **301**.

144

'Who's that?' asks a voice from behind the door. The door is unlocked, so you could walk in, but perhaps you don't want to be discovered just yet. Will you open the door and take a chance with whoever is in the room (turn to **71**) or will you mumble something like, 'Sorry, wrong door,' then try elsewhere (turn to **278**)?

145

How will you hold off these advancing creatures? Will you pick up the brandy decanter (turn to **169**) or move slowly backwards towards the window (turn to **64**)?

146

The rock creaks and dust rises as the wall starts to move. A crack appears in the brickwork and slowly a secret door opens. But to your surprise, the door opens on to one side of the hollow area you found. Perhaps this was merely a decoy. Moments later the door has opened wide enough to let you see inside. You can see a small chamber with a table standing in the centre. On the table is a box. If you wish to enter, turn to **133**. If you would rather leave, you can climb the stairs and go through the door at the top (turn to **293**).

147

Where will you hide? Will you nip behind the curtains (turn to **184**) or quickly dive through the mirror (turn to **3**)?

148

You pick up the bunch of keys and start to flick through them. *Aaaarrgghhh!* You scream loudly and drop the keys on the floor. For they are red hot, and you have severely burnt your hand! You were using

your weapon-hand, and must lose 3 STAMINA and 2 SKILL points; but if you wish, you may *Test your Luck*. A Lucky roll means that you weren't using your weapon-hand after all, and you only lose 1 STAMINA point. The scream and clatter of the falling keys have made quite a noise. Turn to **254**.

149

You take the stopper off the vial and sniff the liquid. It is odourless. Raising the neck to your lips, you take a sip and wait for something to happen – but nothing does. You feel no strange effects at all. Turn to **385**.

150

As you are puzzling over the curtains, you reach out to lean on the bed. But as you rest your weight on the bedpost, the whole bed shifts aside and you crash down on to the floor! This is all very strange – and a little scary. Add 1 FEAR point and take 1 STAMINA point of damage. A rumbling from the opposite side of the room breaks into your thoughts. Sliding over the carpet towards you, and accelerating rapidly, is one of the chairs. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **101**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **53**.

151

A plaque beneath the painting reads 'Lady Margaret of Danvers: 1802–1834'. You stand and admire her beauty and wonder why she died so young. As you are staring at her face, you suddenly blink and look again. Didn't you just see her *lips moving*? Surely not! A whisper reaches your ears but you cannot make out its message. You lean forwards and put your ear to the lips. A soft woman's voice is speaking to you: 'Stranger, beware of this place, for it is cursed! Many have succumbed to its power, myself included. The evil Lord Kelnor will already be plotting your death. Drink not his white wine. Or if you can, begone. Escape while you may!' You step back, aghast! What sort of place is this? A creepy, rundown old building filled with priceless antiques – and paintings which *talk*? A cold prickle runs down your neck and you must add 1 FEAR point. Will you now run for the door (turn to **391**) or wait to see what happens (turn to **277**)?

152

You try the door-handle. It will not turn; the door is locked! A rush of anxiety comes over you. How will you leave this room? Add 1 FEAR point. Again you try the doorknob, but it will not budge. A noise comes from behind you and you swing round. Did that rustling sound come from the window? You step over to investigate. Turn to **236**.

153

'Is that so?' he asks. 'Then why are you here?' Will you tell him that you are an outsider trying to escape from the house (turn to **208**) or will you pretend to be a servant of the Earl of Drumer (turn to **268**)?

154

You try the door of the Asmodeus room. It is locked, but the key is in the lock. You turn it and step into a dimly lit room. A single candle is burning on a table on the far side of the room, in front of a window. Two packing crates have been turned upside down to make seats on either side of the table and there is no other furniture. Your ears prick up at a shuffling sound behind you and you wheel round towards the door. A loud cry comes from behind the door and a man with thick white hair launches himself at you! He is dressed in a long robe of a dirty grey colour and before you can avoid him, he is on top of you! Add 1 FEAR point. Resolve your battle with him:

WHITE-HAIRED MAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

When you have inflicted your first wound on him, turn to **162**.

155

You step into the room. It is a stylish bedchamber, beautifully decorated. But one thing disturbs you immediately. *The windows are barred.* Perhaps, being so far from anywhere, they are designed to keep intruders out, rather than to keep guests in! In the centre of the room is a four-poster bed. You walk over and test the mattress; it feels very comfortable. By now you are in need of a rest. Will you climb into bed (turn to **231**) or walk over to the window to take a look outside (turn to **27**)?

156

You take a book off the shelf entitled: *Mystical Symbols and Their Part in Magic Rituals*. You open the cover and something drops out of the book on to the floor. You bend down to pick it up. It is a pentacle, fashioned in metal and hanging on a long chain. The book itself is hollowed out to take the charm and a piece of paper lies underneath it. The paper describes the pentacle as having powers over devil-worshippers. Cast into the pentacle is the number 66. If you wish to take the pentacle, you may use it at any appropriate time by turning to reference number **66**. Add 2 LUCK points for your find. Do you now wish to look for other interesting books (turn to **286**) or would you prefer to leave the room (turn to **54**)?

157

'Hmmm,' grunts the torturer, 'I am still not convinced. Nevertheless, you *may* be a friend of the Master.' You hold your breath as he pauses to make up his mind. 'All right, stranger, I will give you the benefit of the doubt. Release the rack, Dirk.' You are set free and allowed to leave the room. Turn to **248**.

158

You can hear slow footsteps approaching your room. They stop outside the room and a key rattles as it unlocks your door! You must quickly decide whether to jump into bed and pretend to be asleep (turn to **179**) or to hide behind the door to surprise whoever is about to come in (turn to **373**).

159

Having explored most of the rooms upstairs, you decide to risk searching the ground floor. You follow the landing back round to the staircase and creep downstairs. Turn to **132**.

160

Behind the mirror is a small chamber, just large enough for you to turn around in. There are two doors in the chamber. Do you want to try the left-hand door (turn to **92**) or the right-hand door (turn to **294**)? Or would you rather step back through the mirror (turn to **349**?

161

You unstopper the vial and sniff the liquid. It smells of lemon. You raise the neck to your lips and take a sip. It *tastes* like lemon juice! You swallow it down and wait anxiously for any effects. Nothing happens. But this is understandable, as the effects of this liquid will not become apparent until you have your next fight. For the liquid has healing powers and will protect you from injury. The sip you took was strong enough to heal the next two wounds you take; do not deduct any STAMINA points for these wounds. Now turn to **385**.

162

Your attacker reels from the blow and you have a moment to catch your breath and consider what to do next. Will you:

Leap in and finish him off?	Turn to **271**
Hold up your hands to indicate you mean no harm?	Turn to **313**
Run for the door opposite?	Turn to **378**

163

On the bedside table are a candle, which lights the room, and a silver tray. On the silver tray is a night-time snack: bread, jam and tea. You can, if you wish, eat this snack (turn to **226**). Otherwise you can leave it and either investigate the cupboards (turn to **43**) or leave the room (turn to **243**).

164

You knock him to the ground and are able to get a vicious kick in before the Hunchback can recover. Deduct an extra 2 STAMINA points from him and resolve the battle. If you win, turn to **116**.

165

You search around the corner but can find nothing unusual. You can hear some bats squeaking and the overwhelming smell of their droppings forces you to cut short your search. You must decide what you want to do next. Will you search under the stairs (turn to **61**), look along the back wall (turn to **356**) or climb the stairs (turn to **293**)?

166

Exploring the area, you find nothing particularly unusual. You see a wooden door on the left of the passageway, which you may try by turning to **221**, or you can walk a little further up and try another door in the right-hand wall (turn to **209**). If you would prefer to ignore the doors and continue up the passageway, turn to **91**.

167

The sheets do, in fact, cover up furniture and boxes. There are several easy chairs and a stylish chaise-longue, and the boxes contain household bits and pieces. One box contains ornamental crockery wrapped up in newspaper. There is nothing unusual about any of this. Turn to **380**.

168

A soft voice is calling your name! You leap back against a wall, while across the room a strange shape is forming. A human figure is passing through the very wall itself and entering the room. At least, the figure is *almost* human, but its head is missing. As it materializes before you, the voice becomes clearer. It comes from a head that is carried, not on the apparition's shoulders, but in its hand which hangs down at its side! The sight is horrible and ghostly blood drips on to the carpet from the severed head. You must add 2 FEAR points. Will you stay to hear what the ghost has to say to you (turn to **124**), or run from the room (turn to **382**)?

169

You grab the decanter and splash brandy quickly over the two creatures, hoping to douse their flames. But to your dismay, the brandy burns fiercely! In fact it seems to nourish the Fire Sprites rather than weaken them. Turn to **9**.

170

'What business of yours is this house?' she screams. 'If you will not go of your own accord, then my hounds will see you off. And if they cannot, I will do it myself!' With these words, a wooden panel slides

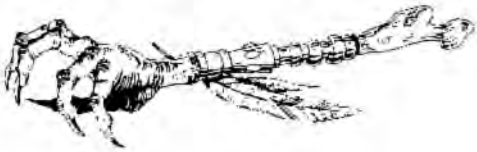

open in the wall. Two huge GREAT DANES spring out and attack. Resolve your battle with the dogs (fight them one at a time):

First GREAT DANE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second GREAT DANE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the dogs, you may either leave the room (turn to **159**) or remain to search it (turn to **19**).

171

Your struggles are wasted. You cannot free yourself from the sheets and the pillow, which are wrapping themselves around your body and face. Eventually, you drop back into the bed. You have fallen victim to the evil within the House of Drumer.

172

Caution should have overruled your appetite. For in the House of Drumer, cheese and white wine are not recommended, for the simple reason that anyone who eats cheese or drinks white wine will pay the penalty. They are poisoned! This is the end of your adventure.

173

You open your eyes. Your head is spinning and it is some time before you are fully aware of the fact that your hands and feet are bound. The room you are in is empty, but you work out a plan. You will hop over to the window, break the glass, and use it to cut yourself free. Pulling yourself to your feet is awkward, but you manage it and with a mixture of hops

and shuffles you arrive at the window. Outside the wind is blowing the rain against the window panes. Will you go ahead and smash the window with your hands – something of a risky business – or will you instead *Test your Luck*? If you want to *Test your Luck*, turn to **136**. If you do not wish to use your LUCK here, turn to **360**.

174

The rock creaks and dust rises as the wall comes to life. A crack appears in the brickwork and slowly a secret door opens. But to your surprise, the door opens to one side of the hollow area you found. Perhaps this was merely a decoy. Moments later the door has opened wide enough to let you see inside. You can see a small chamber with a table standing in the centre. On the table is a box. If you wish to enter, turn to **48**. If you would rather leave, you can climb the stairs and go through the door at the top (turn to **293**).

175

You follow the passageway round the corner to the left. Two doors face each other across the passage and you may either try the door on the left, to the Belial room, or the door on the right, to the Abaddon room. Straight ahead, the passageway

continues for a few metres before ending at an unmarked door. Will you:

Try the door of the Belial room?	Turn to **312**
Try the door of the Abaddon room?	Turn to **335**
Try the unmarked door ahead?	Turn to **103**
Turn back and go downstairs?	Turn to **132**

176

'Enough!' shouts the torturer. 'Undo the imposter's ropes. Our friend is no more a friend of the Master than is the Chief of Police!' You are bound to admit he is right, and you try to excuse yourself by saying that you thought you must try that story, otherwise you would have been killed. You tell him the real story of your arrival. Turn to **4**.

177

He frowns and considers your story. 'It is impossible,' he says, 'that your story is true. But somehow you are not like the others. Perhaps there is some truth in what you say – and I would dearly like to find a friend in this evil house. All right, stranger, I believe you.' You breathe a sigh of relief and you can now ask him either how you can escape from the house (turn to **75**) or how you can defeat the Master (turn to **105**)?

178

You immediately turn to aid your comrade, but you

are too late. A thrust from the Devil-Worshipper's knife pierces his chest. You slam your fist into the back of the man's neck and he slumps to the floor. But you have lost your ally and must leave without him. Turn to **366**.

179

You spring into the bed and wrap the sheets around you, keeping one eye open just wide enough to see what is going on. A shambling figure enters the room. It looks like a man who is bent over double and he is carrying a glass of liquid in his hand. Placing the glass on your bedside table, he turns to leave the room. Do you want to leap out of bed and attack him (turn to **399**) or will you wait until he has gone and swallow the drink he has left for you (turn to **45**)?

180

The sight before you is the last you will ever see. The wound you have just suffered and the butler's terrifying transformation are more than you can bear. Franklins is no more. His human shell has dissolved and he now stands before you as his true self – a hideous demonic form surrounded by a cloud of vapour. Steam hisses from its mouth and blood – your own blood – drips, not from a knife, but from a huge savage claw that is its right hand. As you drop dying to the floor, this creature from hell steps forwards to crush you with its goat-like hooves. You may have defeated the Earl of Drumer, but not THE MASTER . . .

181

The butler screams as your blow strikes him. The man is obviously not the violent type, as the agony in his voice is certainly not warranted by your modest hit. His cry continues! It becomes deafening and you are forced to step back and cover your ears with your hands. But this is not the anguish of an injured man . . .

Steam begins to rise from the floor and it engulfs the butler. His expression changes from a scream to a vicious snarl and his eyes widen. A transformation is taking place! Before your eyes, the form of Franklins melts away and is replaced by a hideous demonic beast! Steam hisses from its mouth. Its scaly skin is dark. Its hands are now two vicious claws which slash the air before you. Its feet have become hooves – goat-like hooves. You must add 3 FEAR points as you witness the creation of this demon from the depths of hell. If you are still alive, turn to **109** if you are using the Kris knife, or **52** if you are not.

182

The man looks away as you pull out your knife and prepare to strike him with it. 'Again, my thanks,' he says. 'I will not get another chance to thank you.' Your hand comes down and even you must close your eyes as you strike him. But your knife never reaches its target. A strong hand catches your wrist inches from the man's chest and squeezes hard. You open your eyes and see the man smiling at you devilishly. He has tricked you! He had no wish to

end his life. He simply wanted a weapon to use against his jailers, a weapon which you have now provided for him! He slams your wrist against the bars, forcing you to drop the knife inside his cell. Your anger turns to fear when he does not release his grip, but instead bends down to pick up the knife and holds it against your throat. 'I am sorry, my friend,' he says, 'but I cannot risk your telling the others that I am now armed. My friends and I *must* have our freedom at any cost. We shall have it when our jailer returns with our next meal. I am deeply sorry that the price of our freedom is so high – for you.' And with those words his blade bites deep. Your adventure ends here.

183

The door opens slowly. A small, stocky man steps into the room. He appears to be bent double and as he peers into the room, you leap on him to attack. Turn to **56** to resolve the battle, but since you leapt on him straight away, you may cause him 2 STAMINA points of damage immediately for your surprise attack.

184

You hide behind the curtains, clutching your box, and wait for your visitors to leave. The door opens and you can hear two voices talking. They are discussing a ceremony which involves goats and priests. You hear a click and a moment later, the voices start shouting. They have discovered that the

box is missing! You hear angry footsteps stomping about the room and your mouth dries as you wait anxiously to see whether you will be discovered. Suddenly the curtains are flung apart! Sheepishly you stand there holding your box while two men, wild-haired and furious, glare at you. Will you apologize and offer them their box back (turn to **17**) or leap forward and attack them (turn to **215**)?

185

There are no signs of traps in the room. If you wish to double-check, you may *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **379**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **206**. If you do not wish to *Test your Luck*, pull the rope and turn to **318**.

186

This Ghoul has the ability to paralyse you if it is able to inflict four wounds during one fight. You are half-way there and you must be very careful as you continue the battle; two more wounds and you will die. Now return to **126** and finish the fight.

187

As you creep along the wall, someone in the group cries out. You have been spotted. All eyes turn towards you and the unholy gathering advances to surround you. You are trapped. Will you attempt to fight your way out (turn to 365), or do you have something else you can use? If so, use it.

188

The rock creaks and dust rises as the wall comes to life. A crack appears in the brickwork and slowly a secret door opens. But to your surprise, the door opens on to one side of the hollow area you found. Perhaps this was merely a decoy. Moments later the door has opened wide enough to let you see inside. You can see a small chamber with a table standing in the centre. On the table is a box. If you wish to enter, turn to 133. If you would rather leave, you can climb the stairs and go through the door at the top (turn to 293).

189

The Vampire's eyes light up as you open the door. Although you didn't know it, this was just what he was hoping for! As the light from the room falls on to the faces of the Vampire's two undead slaves, their eyes open and they step out of the cupboard towards you. The hideous, grey-green, decaying faces of two ZOMBIES follow you as you step away from them. 'Attack! Attack!' yells the Vampire. They obey. Resolve your combat with them, one at a time:

First ZOMBIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second ZOMBIE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Zombies, turn to **20**.

190

You knock loudly and watch the window. A few seconds later, the two men reappear and light the candles. The older man walks towards the door. Turn to **207**.

191

As you pull out your weapon, he steps backwards in fear. You demand that he tells you the secrets of the cellars. 'All right, all right,' he pleads, 'I'll tell you. But I will be in terrible trouble if the Master finds out that I am giving away his secrets.' You tell him that he will be in even worse trouble if he *doesn't* tell you what you want to know. 'The cellar rooms,' he starts, 'are connected by secret doors. Some of these are simply hidden, but a few – the most important ones – need a password to open them. The Master keeps on changing the password to keep his secrets safe.' You ask him what the current password is, but he says he doesn't know. You threaten him again, and he starts to fight:

HUNCHBACK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

When you have inflicted your first wound on him, turn to **284**.

192

There are several delicate items of pottery and a few silver pieces on the shelf. One of the silver ornaments is a short dagger, and you may take this with you if you want. It is rather too short to be a really useful WEAPON, but nevertheless, you may add 2 SKILL points if you use it in a fight. There is also a silver hip-flask. If you have not already done so, you may take this flask and fill it with brandy. Now you may either examine the fireplace (turn to **303**) or leave the room (turn to **218**).

193

A short distance further on, you come to the top of the main staircase which leads downwards. Immediately opposite the staircase is an unmarked door. Do you wish to go downstairs (turn to **132**), try the unmarked door (turn to **377**), or will you continue round the landing (turn to **233**)?

194

Score the points as indicated if you wrote down any of the following words:

Azazel	3 points
Abaddon	5 points
Asmodeus	3 points
Apollyon	3 points

You score no points for any other choice. Now turn to **130**.

Find
Sk

195

The room is a study. Old leather-bound books line the walls and the only source of light comes from a single candle burning on an antique desk. You walk over to examine the desk, which is made from beautiful wood and has brass-handled drawers. A piece of paper rests on the blotter. As you look at it, you are suddenly aware that something strange is happening. A large brown letter F is forming in the top left-hand corner! You gasp as the word 'Find' appears in a child's handwriting across the top of the paper. For this you must add 1 FEAR point. Slowly the complete message forms: 'Find Shekou.' Who or what is Shekou? You pick up the paper and move round the desk to see it more clearly in the light. But as quickly as it appeared, the message disappears. Do you wish to look over the collection of books (turn to **62**) or will you leave this room (turn to **54**)?

196

A rack of lamb is brought in on a silver platter. The smell is delicious! You both start to eat and talk. The Earl asks you about your job and your reason for being in such an out-of-the-way place in the middle of the night. In turn, he tells you about himself and his family. Turn to **28**.

197

You walk up to the mantelpiece and pick up the box. A catch is holding it shut. But before you open the box, a rustling from the window attracts your attention. *Something is happening!* You place the box back on the mantelpiece and walk over to the curtains. Turn to **236**.

198

The dull-witted Hunchback seems to vaguely remember your face. You start to chat to him and find that he is quite flattered that *someone* wants to talk to him. He tells you his name is Shekou and he lives in the cellars beneath the house. Do you wish to ask him about the secrets of his cellars (turn to **18**) or, if you have any brandy with you, you may pull it out and offer him a drink (turn to **93**).

199

You sit on your haunches and reach for the photograph. As you pick it up, you feel a heavy *thud* on the top of your head! You slump to the floor, dazed, and the plant-pot, which came crashing down on your head, smashes on the floor. You must lose 3 STAMINA points for this accident. Now turn to **290**.

200

You open the door and peer round. The room is a large, elegantly decorated bedroom, with a four-poster bed in one corner. There is a three-piece suite in the centre of the room, facing a fireplace. A fire is smouldering, but the room appears to be empty. On the far side of the room are two more doors. Do you wish to go in (turn to **69**) or quickly close the door and leave the room (turn to **389**)?

201

You are bundled inside the small cage and hoisted into the air. What a dreadful place to spend your days. The cage is big enough for you to sit inside, with your knees close up to your chest. But you are unable to stretch at all. When cramp sets in, your fate will be long, slow and painful, much to the delight of the torturer and his assistants . . .

202

You tell the man you have no wish to team up with him. The door is unlocked and he is free to go whenever he pleases. Now where will you go? Turn to **278**.

203

There is only one hiding-place in the room, but you will have to be lucky to find it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **376**. If you are Unlucky, you will have to wait to see who – or what – your visitor is. But you may decide to wait behind the door, instead of in plain view (turn to **369**).

204

Do you wish to try the other door (turn to **92**) or would you prefer to step back through the mirror (turn to **349**)?

205

The door is firmly locked. Try the door opposite by turning to **118**.

206

You can find no signs of any traps. Ring for the butler by turning to **318**.

207

'What's this?' you hear the older man ask. 'Someone knocking at the door at this time of night? Could it be one of the brethren? I thought everyone was here.' Then the two men start whispering to each

other in voices too low for you to hear. You wait patiently outside in the rain until eventually, the door opens and a voice asks, 'Who is it?' Will you tell them about your predicament and ask to use the phone (turn to 95) or will you claim to be one of the brethren that you heard them talking about (turn to 267)?

208

'I don't believe it!' he exclaims. 'Have my prayers been answered? Can I join you? Please, you must allow me to come with you. I can be of great help to you.' You tell him he is certainly welcome to help in your escape, and ask him how he came to be in this hidden area. 'Do you know about the sacrifices?' he asks. 'Well, I am to be saved for the next ceremony. I was part of the Master's coven but my conscience will no longer allow me to live with the evil it entails. But the coven cannot allow defectors. I was sentenced to death – death by sacrifice! Together we must destroy Kelnor, the Master. I know how it can be done! Kelnor can only be killed with the Kris dagger which is hidden somewhere in the house. And he must be summoned in a *red room*. Let us agree to rid the world of this human monster and his evil sect!' You would be foolish to refuse the help and agree. You may add 1 LUCK point for this information. A noise outside cuts the conversation short – someone is coming! Turn to 87.

209

This room seems to be a dungeon of some sort, for along one wall are four cells with heavy iron bars locking their occupants in. No one seems to be on *your* side of the bars, so you walk in to have a look. A twig cracks as you step forward and immediately three bodies spring to life in three of the cells. They are a ragged lot – clothes in tatters, hair dishevelled and grubby. They all reach forward through the bars and plead with you to release them. Each one has been captured by the Earl of Drumer's servants and imprisoned to await some horrendous fate. Nearest to you is a pretty young girl; her face and fair hair are dirty and she is in tears. She desperately wants to be released. In the second cell is a tall man with strong features. He has accepted that he is about to die and bravely asks you to kill him now, to deprive the evil Earl of his pleasure. In the third cell is a balding man in a grey gown who says nothing. Do you wish to try to help these prisoners? You may talk to one of them if you wish. Would you like to talk to the young girl (turn to **322**), the dark man (turn to **266**) or the balding man (turn to **363**). If you would rather not talk to any of them, you may leave the room and walk away (turn to **91**).

210

As you leave the room, the Hunchback limps along, muttering to himself, 'I wish the Master's friends would not just drop in on me like that,' he mumbles, 'giving me such a fright and all. Especially on a night like tonight . . .' He leads you along until he

reaches a door on the left. 'Keep on going until you reach a staircase, then go up into the house. I've got work to do down here.' Do you recognize this Hunchback? Have you met him before? If so, you may turn to **230**. If not, you may either follow his directions (turn to **393**) or wait until he has gone and explore the cellar (turn to **166**).

211

The door is locked and you will not be able to open it. You turn round and follow the hallway (turn to **58**).

212

Your key does not fit in the lock. The door remains firmly closed. Turn to **47**.

213

The table is quite ordinary. You feel around underneath it, but can find nothing exceptional there. The packing crate on the left feels light. You tip it up to have a look underneath and find nothing inside. But the crate on the right is heavy. You kick it with your foot and it does not move. Do you want to lift it to see what is hidden inside (turn to **134**) or leave it alone and walk back out into the hallway (turn to **378**)?

214

You tell him who you are and that you wish to escape from the house too, preferably destroying the Earl of Drumer's cult of terror on the way. The

man begins to get quite excited. 'My name is Rafferty,' he says. 'I have seen enough of the evil in this place and wish to wash it out of my life for ever. Perhaps we can escape together. There is a secret trap-door in the ceiling in this corner of the room. If you will be so kind as to bend over, I will climb on your back; and when I'm through I can haul you up.' Will you help him with his plan to escape (turn to **245**) or do you suspect this character and decide you would rather continue alone (turn to **202**)?

215

The two men are as startled as you are by this encounter, but you are ready to attack. You drop the leather box and leap forward. Resolve this battle (fight the men one at a time):

First MAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
Second MAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you wish to *Escape* at any time during the battle after the first four Attack Rounds, you may only do so by throwing yourself through the mirror while they are not looking (turn to **160**). If you defeat the two men, turn to **273**.

216

The narrow stairway splits and offers you two ways down. Will you choose the left-hand stairs (turn to 398) or the right-hand stairs (turn to 89)?

217

The door opens at the top of a staircase which leads down into the cellars underneath the house. You walk downstairs slowly to allow your eyes to become accustomed to the darkness. At the foot of the stairs, a twittering noise catches your attention. Suddenly you feel something land on your head and dig sharp claws into your scalp! You swat it away and your hand touches a small, leathery body. BATS! A number of them are flapping around your head, darting and scratching with their claws. You must add 1 FEAR point for the shock, and you may now:

Run back upstairs	Turn to 370
Hide under the stairs	Turn to 320
Fight the bats	Turn to 343

218

Did you enter this drawing-room from the hallway or the study? If you entered from the hallway, you take the door which leads into the study – turn to **195**. If you entered from the study, you go through the other door into the hallway. Turn to **251**.

219

As the others set off along the passageway, you remain at the back of the crowd. As the last few are leaving the room, another man bursts in through the door, puffing and panting. 'Good, I'm not too late,' he gasps. 'For a minute I thought I'd miss it! Now let's see. Where is my gown and mask?' Your blood chills as the man starts looking in the area

where you took your costume. 'Gone!' he says. 'Wait, Brothers, someone has taken my dress. Ah, *there* is my mask. Sorry, Brother, you must have taken mine by mistake. I can recognize it quite clearly by the broken tooth. Here, let me have it.' The man snatches the mask from your head and all attention is focused on you. 'Here, who are you?' someone asks. Your hesitant reply gives the game away. 'Back, Brothers!' shouts a voice. 'We seem to have an intruder in our midst.' A dozen men come back into the room and surround you. You have no choice but to go with them to the cell where they lock you in. This is a cell from which there is no escape; your adventure is over.

220

The poor, miserable creature pleads for mercy. He is such a pitiful sight that you step back as he grovels on the floor. He will do you no harm and thanks you continually for sparing his life. Do you now wish to leave the room, locking him in behind you (turn to **350**) or will you try to force him to answer your questions (turn to **234**)?

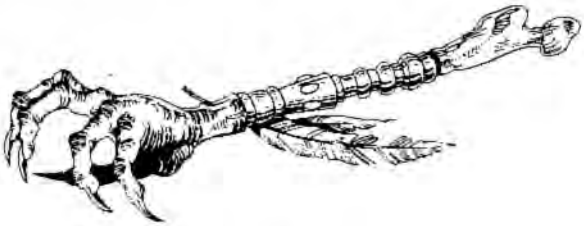

221

You can hear gruff noises coming from within the room. Whoever, or whatever, is in there certainly doesn't sound too friendly. Will you try the door anyway (turn to **344**) or will you open the door in the wall opposite (turn to **209**) or continue along the passageway (turn to **91**)?

222

You grip the handle, turn it and slowly pull the door open. The noise of the storm raging outside becomes louder. You start to walk through the doorway, but stop and gasp, your eyes frozen wide open! Standing in the doorway before you is a hooded figure! But its face is not human. Instead, the head is that of a goat and its mouth is red with blood, which is dripping on to the ground. Its dead eyes stare vacantly upwards. The sight is terrifying and you must add 3 FEAR points. You slam the door in its face and turn around. Where will you run – through a door on the right (turn to **353**), through a door on the left (turn to **285**) or back down the hallway (turn to **108**)?

223

The rock creaks and dust rises as the wall starts to move. A crack appears down the wall in the brickwork and slowly a secret door opens. But to your surprise, the door opens on to one side of the hollow area you found. Perhaps this was merely a decoy. Moments later, the door has opened wide enough to let you see inside. You can see a small chamber with a table standing in the centre. On the table is a box. If you wish to enter, turn to **133**. If you would rather leave, you can climb the stairs and go through the door at the top (turn to **293**).

224

Franklins brings them to you and you finish off your meal. 'Well, my friend,' says the Earl, 'you must

now be quite tired; it is well past midnight. Franklins will show you to your room.' You thank him and follow the butler out of the dining-room. 'This way, if you please,' he says as he leads you up a magnificent wide staircase with carved wooden banisters. A landing at the top leads to various different rooms, each with a name-plaque on the door. He takes you to one which reads 'Erasmus Room' and opens the door, wishing you a good night's sleep. Turn to 5.

225

You press the button. It clicks and you can hear a rumbling from behind the bookcase. Slowly, the bookcase slides aside to reveal a passageway behind it. If you wish to go down the passage, turn to **241**. If you would rather not risk exploring the passage, leave the study by turning to **54**.

226

You examine the tray carefully, but there seems to be nothing suspicious about it. The snack is just what you needed! You may add 4 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point for this find. When you are ready, you may either leave the room (turn to **243**) or investigate the cupboards (turn to **43**).

227

What food did you take? Bread and cakes will restore 2 STAMINA points each; dried meats, dried fish and cheese will restore 1 STAMINA point each; fruit and wine will not restore any. Wine will lose

you 1 SKILL point, but if you drank wine you may deduct 2 FEAR points (Dutch courage!). If you ate cheese or drank white wine, turn to **172**. If you ate neither of these, but ate dried fish or drank red wine, turn to **84**. If you ate none of these, turn to **36**.

228

How will you attack the man? Will you use a weapon (turn to **32**) or do you have anything else you can use (turn to **46**)?

229

You follow the landing round until you reach another door on the right-hand side. A name-plate identifies it as the Erasmus room. If you wish to enter this room, turn to **140**. Ahead of you, at the end of the passageway, is another door. If you wish to go there, turn to **332**.

230

You recognize the Hunchback as the man who brought you a drink upstairs. Will you jog his memory (turn to **198**) or would you rather have your revenge and attack him (turn to **302**)?

231

You climb into bed and blow out the candle. Anxious thoughts race through your mind. The old man who gave you wrong directions, your accident, the sinister atmosphere in the house . . . Soon your weariness gets the better of you and you drift off to sleep. In a disturbed slumber you begin to dream.

You are being chased by a swirling cloud of gas. You are trying to run from it but the faster you run, the slower you go. The cloud is catching you. As you desperately try to avoid it, it engulfs you. You begin to cough and choke. It is stifling your breath! You wake with a start. Your head is buried in the pillow and the bedclothes are holding you down! They feel heavy and you must strain to fight for air. Add 2 FEAR points as you realize that something supernatural is happening here. To determine whether or not you escape from the pillow, roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **348**. If it is higher than your SKILL score turn to **171**.

232

The door opens into a small room which is pitch-black. There seems to be no exit from the room, but you feel around the walls. Eventually your hand touches a small button in one corner and you press this. A panel in front of you slides aside and lets you out into a passageway. There are two doors opposite each other, one on the left and one on the right. There is no other way through. Will you try the door on the left (turn to **342**) or the door on the right (turn to **144**)?

233

A few steps past the unmarked door is *another* unmarked door. If you wish to try this one, turn to **98**. If you wish to ignore it and go on, turn to **374**.

234

He is terrified of you and agrees to answer your questions in exchange for his miserable life. Do you wish to ask him:

How you can escape from the house?	Turn to **258**
About the people in the house?	Turn to **308**
What is happening in the house?	Turn to **325**

235

If you wrote down any of the following words, you can score the points indicated:

Diabolus	3 points
Drumer	5 points

Any other choice is not worth any points. Turn to **194**.

236

From behind the curtain, a heavy blow hits you in the chest and knocks you backwards on to the floor. Lose 2 STAMINA points and add 2 FEAR points. You pick yourself up quickly and the curtain slides to one side. A human figure steps out. Its skin is a dirty-green colour. Its wide eyes stare *at* you, yet *through* you. Its jaw gapes open to reveal a mouth half full of rotten teeth. It wears ragged clothes. And it is advancing towards you! Resolve your fight with this ZOMBIE:

ZOMBIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Zombie, turn to **114**.

237

You stand back from the secret door and say your password. Which word will you choose?

Pravemi	Turn to **223**
Goathead	Turn to **188**
Murder	Turn to **174**
Kris	Turn to **146**

238

There is no telephone in the hall and you feel uneasy about venturing into any of the rooms. While you are wondering what to do, you hear a noise coming from behind one of the doors. You rush back to the chair and sit down. Turn to **277**.

239

There are no hiding-places in the room. The bed is solid and reaches down to the floor. You appear to be safe. But suddenly your ears prick up as you hear a shuffling sound outside. Footsteps are approaching along the passageway. With ears peeled, you listen. The shuffling stops outside your door! Will you wait to see who is there (turn to **369**) or make other plans (turn to **281**)?

240

You manage to scramble to the door and slam it shut before the dogs can spring at you. Now out in the passageway, you must look for another way to leave this area. Turn to **60**.

241

The passageway you are in has rough stone walls and must run along the outside of the house. Rocky stairs lead downwards and you follow them until you reach the bottom. The air is cooler down here and you realize you must be in the cellars beneath the house. A half-hidden wooden door is standing ajar; you poke your head round it and peer into the room. Across the room is another door, but what you see in front of you fills you with alarm. Turn to **209**.

242

The boxes contain jewellery. Most of it is quite gaudy, but one ring in particular looks as though it might be valuable. It is a gold band with rubies inset around it. You bend over and hold it up to a candle to try to read an inscription running around the inside rim. It says: 'To dearest Margaret from George: 1834'. You may slip this into your pocket if you wish. Then turn to **290**.

243

A few steps further back down the passageway, two doors face each other. On the right is the Belial Room, which you may enter by turning to **312**. On the left is the Abaddon Room and you may try this door by turning to **335**. Otherwise you can continue round the passageway and walk downstairs (turn to **132**).

244

The Earl is outraged! How could you allow him to go to all the trouble of preparing a meal and then refuse to eat it? Will you apologize and take the duck (turn to **115**) or the lamb (turn to **196**), or will you apologize for the inconvenience, but still refuse to eat (turn to **96**)?

245

You bend down in the corner of the room to allow him to stand on your shoulders. Suddenly a thought occurs to you. Why has Rafferty not

escaped already by standing on the table? You turn round to ask him – just in time to see his fist slam into your chin! You slump to the floor and Rafferty smiles. Capturing you will gain him the Master's favour once more. He has saved his own miserable hide, but you are about to be taken prisoner. You will spend the rest of your days beneath the House of Drumer until the Master tires of you.

246

You hear words coming from the old woman, yet her lips do not move. 'Stranger, how dare you invade the private bedchamber of the woman of the house?' she asks. You stammer an apologetic reply. She orders you: 'Begone, intruder. Leave an old woman to die in peace!' Will you leave her as she wishes (turn to **159**) or ask her for information about the house (turn to **170**)?

247

Outside the study there are two doors in the hallway opposite each other. If you wish to try the door on the left, turn to **217**. If you would rather try the door on the right, turn to **307**. Otherwise you can continue along the hallway, following it round (turn to **316**).

248

You leave the torture room and can now continue along the passageway. Turn to **393**.

249

Slowly and quietly you walk up to the curtain. There is no movement from it. You grab the left-hand curtain and fling it open! There is a full-length window behind, which is barred on the outside. But nothing is hiding there. You take hold of the other curtain. But before you can move it, the bulges you noticed *come to life*! Turn to **236**.

250

You step up to a portrait of 'The Duchess of Brewster: 1777–1845'. She looks a stern old woman, with an icy stare; a lady of the nobility, no mistake. But as you stare, her image seems to shimmer. You blink, and try to look away. But you cannot! Within the shimmering face, you can see small movements and your jaw drops as the portrait's eyes turn towards you. Add 1 FEAR point for the fright. The woman's lips start to move and you hear a voice saying, 'Stranger, you have innocently stumbled into a cursed place. Would that I could bid you escape. But alas you cannot. There is evil and suffering within these walls and you may only escape by destroying it. But that is almost impossible. I can tell you this, though: you have an ally close by who may be able to help. This man is dressed in a grey robe. If you can find him, you may together free this house from the evil that controls it.' With these words, the shimmering stops. You rub your eyes and look again. The painting is still. Turn to **277**.

251

Across the hallway is another door. If you wish to try this door, turn to **97**. Otherwise you can turn right and follow the hallway (turn to **42**).

252

The corridor ends at a stout wooden door with Shaitan written on the name-plate. To your right is the Mammon room. And to your left is another door, but this one has no name. Do you wish to try any of these doors?

The Shaitan Room	Turn to **200**
The Mammon Room	Turn to **123**
The nameless door	Turn to **15**
Turn back and follow the landing	Turn to **272**

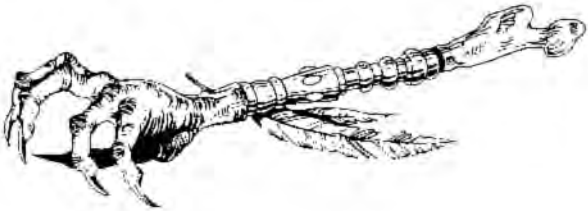

253

For fifteen minutes you try every loose brick in the hall. But you find nothing which will open the secret door. Perhaps that particular door can only be opened from the other wall. You must now choose your next plan. Will you go upstairs through the door at the top (turn to **293**) or look in the corner where the bats came from (turn to **165**)?

254

Your fears are confirmed when the door opens. The noise has attracted the attention of some mysterious friends of the Earl of Drumer. Four men enter the room, all dressed in white gowns and wearing goat's heads to conceal their faces. They are armed with knives and lengths of wood. It would be foolish to resist them. Grabbing your wrists, they take you downstairs into the cellars. There you enter a room in which there are four prison cells. Three are already occupied, but the fourth is empty. You will be detained here at the Earl's pleasure. Your adventure has ended.

255

You step out of the storeroom into a hallway. To your left, the hallway ends at a door which leads into the Shaitan room. If you wish to try the door, turn to **200**. Almost opposite is the Mammon room which you may enter by turning to **123**. If you are not interested in either of these, go back to the landing through the storeroom (turn to **233**).

256

You grab the vial boldly, remove the stopper and take a sip of the liquid inside. You wash it round your mouth to test the taste. It is thick and syrupy; not at all unpleasant. You swallow hard and wait with baited breath for it to take effect. For several moments nothing happens. Perhaps it will have no effect. You move over towards the cupboards and that is when you first notice a difference. Each step

you take is an effort! Your feet feel like lead weights and your movements are sluggish. This liquid is a poison which saps the strength of those who take it. You must reduce your SKILL by 1 point and your STAMINA by 3. Continue by turning to **385**.

257

You consider your best plan as you walk down the passageway. You turn right along the landing and two doors are on your left. The first has Azazel written on its name-plate and the second, Mephisto. Do you want to try either of these rooms? If so you may enter the Azazel room by turning to **358** or the Mephisto room by turning to **298**. Otherwise you may pass both these rooms and walk along to where the landing turns right by turning to **287**.

258

'Escape?' he whimpers. 'You can only escape if the Master will allow it. But you have been kind to me. Yes, very kind. Shekou will help you leave. But the Master must not know. Please promise me that you will not tell the Master?' You agree and he leads you out of the room on to a landing. He points to a staircase across the landing. 'If you go down there, you will end up by the front door,' he says. 'The Master may have locked it, but I don't think so. Go. Quickly!' You walk cautiously round the landing towards the staircase. Shekou cannot walk as quickly as you and you leave him behind. You turn right and then right again. You are now across the landing from the Erasmus room and you look for the Hunchback. He has disappeared! You have passed a couple of rooms, but where has he gone? Is he letting the Master know of your whereabouts? Now

you must decide what to do. Will you go downstairs (turn to 132) or would you rather try a room near by on the first floor (turn to 282)?

259

The door is locked. You may either try the door across the hallway (turn to 118) or go back along the hallway (turn to 49).

260

The door is locked. You will not be able to go in. You turn and set off down the hallway. Will you enter a room on the right (turn to 113) or will you carry on along the hallway (turn to 316)?

261

You walk over to a corner where you can watch everything and catch your breath. You may add 4 STAMINA points for the rest. Now turn to 380.

262

You climb into the bed and lie still. You can hear nothing, but then there is a single faint click as you shift your weight. You must have released a small catch, because you are suddenly flung upwards. Like a gigantic jaw, the bed has snapped up into the wall, swallowing you! It is pitch-black and the bedclothes are thrown off you as you fly downwards for several metres before landing on something hard. Take 2 STAMINA points of damage and turn to **241**.

263

You step into a corner of the room and wait. The door opens slowly and a small, stocky man enters. His face is dumpy and dirty and he appears to be bent double. He squints into the room. Will you step forward and greet the man (turn to **367**) or leap across the room and attack (turn to **56**)?

264

You nurse your bruises and look around. All is pitch-black apart from a point of light coming from the end of a long tunnel. You walk down the tunnel cautiously and your pace slows even further when you hear the sound of voices in the distance. Human voices are chanting in a long, monotonous drone. Soon you are able to see what is happening. A group of people, perhaps forty of them, are gathered around a large fire. On the far side of the fire is an altar, and stretched out on the altar is a young woman. She is bound hand and foot. You cannot make out the faces of the onlookers, as they are all wearing goat-head masks. In the centre, standing over the altar, is a tall man dressed in robes, whose goat mask has been dyed purple. He holds in his hands a sharp dagger and is preparing to sacrifice his young victim. Do you wish to watch the proceedings (turn to **314**), try to find a way out (turn to **80**) or try to rescue the young woman (turn to **328**)?

265

'My humble apologies,' stammers the torturer. 'I did not realize you were one of my Master's brethren. Can I make amends? Can I help direct you onwards?' If you refuse his help, you may just leave the room (turn to **248**). If you want to ask the torturer how to get back upstairs, he will give you directions. If you follow them, you will end up back on the ground floor (turn to **293**).

266

The dark man courageously bares his chest and asks you to plunge a knife into his heart to end his suffering. If you have a knife, you can do as he wishes (turn to **182**) or you can refuse and talk to one of the other prisoners (turn to **143**).

267

The door opens wide and you are invited in. 'We thought everyone was here already,' says the older man. 'That's cutting it a bit fine. The others are . . .' He pauses when he sees your face and the two men look at each other. 'Er, ahem . . . what delayed you?' You are feeling a little uneasy about the situation and mumble some excuse about your car breaking down. 'Your car,' says the man slowly. 'What a shame – I hope it's not too bad.' From their reactions, you get the distinct impression that you have said the wrong thing. Then it dawns on you that there are no other cars around the house although, according to these two, everyone has arrived. You try desperately to think of what to say next and you do not notice that the younger man has crept round behind you. You feel a heavy blow on the back of your head, which knocks you unconscious. Lose 4 STAMINA points and turn to **173**.

268

'One of the Earl's servants?' he asks. 'I don't believe you. You don't look like one of his henchmen. *Who are you?*' Will you admit that you are an imposter (turn to **208**) or will you become angry and switch your story, pushing him out towards the door (turn to **127**)?

269

The wine is dry and light; obviously a very expensive vintage. But there is a puzzling aftertaste which you cannot place. Perhaps there is a little sediment in the decanter. No, the taste is more like . . . *aspirin*! Too late, you realize that your wine has been drugged. You start to raise yourself from the table, but the effects are already taking hold. You stumble, fall back and crash to the floor. Consciousness fades. Turn to **173**.

270

You hurl the garlic at the Vampire and dash for the door. He shrieks, trying to brush off the garlic, as you fling it open. It opens into a cupboard – but a rather unusual one. The back wall has slid aside, revealing a secret passageway. The Vampire is rising to his feet again, so you decide to risk what lies ahead and step through into the passageway, slamming both doors behind you. Turn to **102**.

271

Continue your battle with him. If you win, you may either leave the room (turn to **378**) or check the table and the boxes (turn to **213**).

272

You follow the landing round, past a wooden door which bears the name Tuttivillus. You may try this door by turning to **155**. Straight ahead, the landing ends at a panelled wall and the passageway turns to the left. To follow the passage round, turn to **175**.

273

You collect your thoughts. The box! What is in the box that made it worth such a great deal of trouble? You pick it up and open it. Inside is a Golden Key. Do you now wish to leave the room (turn to **131**) or do you want to step through the mirror to see what lies behind (turn to **160**)?

274

You remove the stopper from the neck of the vial and sniff the contents. A strong, acrid odour hits your nostrils and you sneeze loudly and shake your head to drive away the smell. Quickly, you put the stopper back on the vial and too late, you see the sign etched into the glass. *A skull and crossbones!* You have sniffed a deadly poison which is now working its way through your system. You feel dizzy and the room starts to spin. Coughing violently, you slump to the floor. Consciousness fades as your last moments pass. But perhaps this is a merciful escape from the terrors of the House of Hell.

275

You grasp the rope and pull. From the depths of the house you hear a tinkling noise and the light coming from the side window goes out. Turn to **357**.

276

You feel around the wall, rapping the brick with your knuckles. Your heart leaps as you find a hollow area! You trace it with your fingers and the area is roughly the shape of a small door. Do you wish to look for a catch which will open the door (turn to **253**) or will you try a password (turn to **237**)?

277

Footsteps! *Someone is coming!* The tall man you met earlier walks in, opening the door for another tall man dressed in a purple smoking-jacket. 'May I present Lord Kelnor, the Earl of Drumer,' the butler announces. The Earl holds out his hand and you shake it. His grip is strong and his eyes pierce yours. His lips widen to a soft smile. You begin to tell him of your predicament, but he holds up his hand. 'Please; I can see that you have been caught in this filthy storm. Let us sit by the fire and we will see whether we can help. Franklins, tell the cook to prepare some food for our visitor.' You protest that you do not wish to be any trouble, but your host ignores you and leads you into a drawing-room where a fire is burning. You take off your coat and sit down. The heat of the fire makes you feel comfortable once more. Franklins returns with two glasses of brandy. Will you relax, drink the brandy and ask if you can use the telephone (turn to **394**) or will you wait to see what he asks you (turn to **111**)?

278

Where will you try now? The door opposite (turn to **342**) or will you look for another way out of this corridor (turn to **60**)?

279

You turn to go the other way, but stop at the sound of definite footsteps coming along the corridor towards you. You must decide quickly what to do. Will you turn back and follow the Ghost into the room at the end of the corridor (turn to **73**) or take a chance and wait to see who is coming (turn to **142**)?

280

How many points did you score in total? If you scored 12 points or more, turn to **265**. If you scored 8–11 points, turn to **157**. If you scored less than 8 points, turn to **176**.

281

You can either step behind the door, ready to pounce on anything that comes through (turn to **369**), or you may try to hide from your visitor (turn to **203**).

282

You look over the landing and then turn round to consider your choices. There are two doors in front of you, both unmarked. If you wish to go through the door on the left, turn to **377**. If you wish to go through the door on the right, turn to **98**. If you would rather continue along the landing, turn to **374**.

283

'Before I will answer your question,' she says, 'you must tell me something – *what is my name?*' Do you know what her name is? If so, you will have noted down a reference number to turn to, should you be asked this question. Turn to this reference. If you do not know her name, she will not answer your question no matter what you threaten to do to her plants; you will have to leave the room by turning to **159**.

284

The Hunchback cringes as you strike him. 'Enough! Mercy! Please! I'll tell you the password! It is Pravemi. A member of the Earl's family, or something. Now leave me alone.' You step back from the miserable creature. Shekou scampers off through the door in the left-hand wall and leaves you alone. Will you walk on along the passage (turn to **393**) or would you prefer to explore the area around you (turn to **166**)?

285

The door is locked. You may either try the door opposite (turn to 353) or creep back along the hallway (turn to 108).

286

Another section of books is concerned with medieval portraits. You pull a large book down from the shelf. A book next to it falls over and reveals a small button set in the back of the bookcase. Do you wish to press this button? If so, turn to 225. If not, you may look at the book you have chosen by turning to 311.

287

You walk up to the two doors in the corner of the balcony. The one on your left is named Balthus and the one in front of you has no name. If you wish to enter the Balthus room, turn to 299. If you would rather go through the other door, turn to 86. If you choose to ignore these doors and continue round the landing, turn to 193.

288

The Earl of Drumer drops to the floor, dead. You breathe a heavy sigh of relief, for you have defeated the evil Master of the House of Drumer. But what of Franklins? Must you also destroy the butler? Turn to 104.

289

You walk from the porch round the side of the house. A light is indeed on, and it's shining through a window at the back of the building. Do you wish to go round to see if you can see anything at this window (turn to 345) or will you walk up to one of the other windows along the side wall to see whether you can enter the house without anyone knowing (turn to 137)?

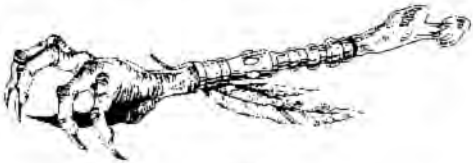

290

You hear a rustling from the curtains and straighten up to look towards the window. You shudder with fright as the curtains open before you! Just as quickly, they shut again. Then there is silence. You walk slowly over and grab them! But they are perfectly ordinary curtains! You must add 1 FEAR point for the shock. Now do you wish to leave the room (turn to 2) or will you try to work out the mystery of the curtains (turn to 150)?

291

In front of you is a high-backed armchair facing the fire, with its back towards you. A figure raises itself from the chair and turns to face you. The man is tall and pale, with jet-black hair. He wears a long black cape, fastened across the neck with a gold clasp. 'Yes,' he says, 'so far you have fared well against the occupants of the house. But I believe you will find that your run of luck has come to an end. Step forward so I can see you.' Will you step forward as he asks (turn to **326**) or will you prepare to attack the man (turn to **228**)?

292

You pour a measure of the deep brown liquid into one of the glasses and hold it up. It looks safe enough, so you take a sip. *Delicious!* The brandy warms you inside as it slips down and you may add 3 STAMINA points. You spy a hip-flask on a shelf in one corner and you may take some of the brandy with you if you wish. Now you can look around the room. Do you wish to examine the corner shelf where you found the hip-flask (turn to **192**) or the fireplace and the mantelpiece (turn to **303**), or will you leave this drawing-room (turn to **218**)?

293

You open the door at the top of the stairs. Facing you is a door, and to your right the hallway ends at another door. Do you wish to enter the door opposite (turn to **113**), the door to your right (turn to **260**) or turn left into a main hallway (turn to **316**)?

294

The door is locked. If you have any keys with you, you may try them in the lock. Do you have a Golden Key? If so, you can try it by turning to **10**. If not, turn to **204**.

295

'Secret rooms?' she laughs. 'Why this house is riddled with secret passageways and secret rooms. Most are in the cellar though, but some of the upstairs passages lead to them. The most cunning secret room is the Master's most trusted hiding-place. It can only be reached by one way, and that is from under the stairs in the cellar. A password is needed and I knew the old one, but it has recently been changed. Shekou will know the new password . . .' The woman's eyes close, as if the conversation has been a great strain. You leave her be and consider the information you have been given.

When you are in a position to find the secret door in question (under the cellar stairs), you may try to find it by *deducting 10 from the reference you will be on at the time, and turning to the new reference*. No other clue as to its location will be given. But first you must find the password! Leave the room by turning to **159**.

296

The key turns and the door opens. You step into the dining-room. The long table is set for two with fine silver. A sparkling chandelier, festooned with candles, lights the room. The walls are covered with plush red wallpaper. Full-length curtains are drawn along one of the walls. You are prepared for your battle. A rope hangs down by the curtains. You can pull this, if you wish, to ring for the butler (turn to **318**). Otherwise you can check round the room for signs of any traps (turn to **185**).

297

Score the points indicated for any of the following choices:

Mammon	3 points
Man in white	2 points
Mordana	5 points
Man in grey	2 points

You score no points for any other selection. Now turn to **141**.

298

The handle turns and the door opens a little, but it is caught on something and will not open any further. Do you wish to try to force the door (turn to **390**) or will you leave it and continue along the landing (turn to **287**)?

299

The room you have entered is bare. Pin-striped wallpaper covers the wall. A hearth is set in the centre of one wall and on the mantelpiece there is a small wooden box. Curtains are pulled together along another wall, but they hang awkwardly, bulging at unnatural places. Do you wish to:

Investigate the bulging curtains?	Turn to **249**
Open the box on the mantelpiece?	Turn to **197**
Leave the room?	Turn to **152**

300

'Ha!' he laughs, continuing to advance as you back towards the window. 'All right, then. If you really are not one of the Master's brethren, *make the sign of the cross!*' You consider this harmless request. You touch your forehead, then your chest, then each shoulder, and look back at him. His eyes open wide. 'It is true!' he exclaims. 'You really are an outsider! Oh, my friend, how can you forgive me for my inexcusable attack? How was I to know? For none of

the Master's followers would dare to cross themselves!' You tell him that you accept his apologies and ask him whether he can help you. Do you wish to ask him how you can escape from the house (turn to **75**) or how you may defeat the Master (turn to **105**)?

301

Although you defeat their leader, you cannot hold off the other three men, who surround and capture you. One of them runs off to get the keys to the cells. When he returns you are locked into the fourth cell. Your adventure ends here . . .

302

You spring on the Hunchback and attack. Resolve your battle:

HUNCHBACK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, you may either head for the staircase (turn to **393**) or explore the cellar (turn to **166**).

303

A fine carriage-clock sits in the centre of an elaborately carved wooden mantelpiece. A number of letters are jammed in behind the clock and you reach for them. As you do so, your sleeve catches one of the carved images in the woodwork and it moves! You lean forward to examine it. It is a small carved demonic face which can be moved sideways. Do you wish to see what lies behind the wooden face (turn to **85**) or will you read through the letters (turn to **364**)?

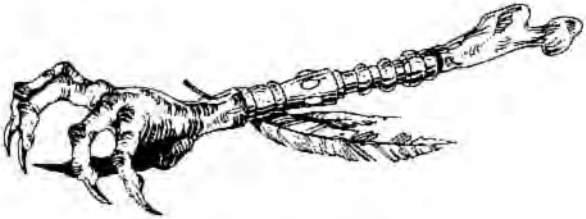

304

Three portraits are particularly interesting. Will you look at a beautiful young woman wearing a tiara (turn to **151**), a middle-aged, portly gentleman wearing half-moon glasses (turn to **37**) or an elderly woman with grey hair and a cold expression (turn to **250**)?

305

The door has a bolt on the outside. You undo the bolt and open the door, peering cautiously into the room. The walls are bare and it is sparsely furnished, with only a table and chair. Sitting in a corner asleep is a man in a white gown. As you open the door he wakes with a start. 'Oh, hello!' he says. 'I suppose you've come for me, have you?' Will you say yes (turn to **127**) or no (turn to **153**)?

306

The door is firmly locked. You will not enter the house this way. If you wish, you can knock at the door to try to attract the attention of the two men who were talking. If you decide to do this, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, they will hear you and come to investigate (turn to **190**). If you are Unlucky, they are out of earshot and you will not get through this way. If you decide against knocking at the door, or if you have been Unlucky, you will have to go back to the front door and either knock (turn to **357**) or pull the bell-pull (turn to **275**).

307

You try the handle. It turns; the door is unlocked, but the sound of voices puts you on your guard. You inch the door open and look through the crack. It reveals an elegant room with a polished wooden floor. At one end is an enormous full-length mirror. You can see the rest of the room reflected in this mirror. A mural, depicting a tranquil country scene, covers the wall facing the mirror. The reflection

shows the room to be empty, apart from a table and chairs in the centre of the floor, but you can definitely hear voices coming from inside the room. This is all very puzzling, but you decide against entering the room when one of the voices calls out, 'Who's that at the door?' Instead you decide to leave quickly! Will you go through the door opposite (turn to **217**) or nip along the hallway (turn to **316**)?

308

'The people?' he asks. 'Ah, yes, the *people*. Of course. Tonight is the night. There are many people here. The Master is holding a special occasion tonight and his friends are here. All are friends of the Master. That is, all except the one in grey. For he has betrayed the Master's trust and he will be punished. Yes, punished, before the night is out. The Master put him in the Asmodeus room – and he's promised to let me watch. But you have nothing to fear if you are a friend of the Master. You *are* a friend of the Master, aren't you? Perhaps he'll let you watch, too!' The Hunchback is giggling with glee at the thought of the night's activities. You have gained all the useful information you will get out of him, so you leave the room, locking him in. Turn to **350**.

309

The dining-room looks magnificent. A long table stretches between two fine chairs and is laid with gleaming silvery cutlery. A rich red wallpaper covers the walls and the room is lit by a sparkling

chandelier, bristling with candles, which hangs from the ceiling. You take your seat and the butler moves behind you to offer you wine. Will you take white wine (turn to **269**) or red (turn to **395**)?

310

If you wish to look for secret doors, turn to **276**. Otherwise, return to the last reference and choose again.

311

The book contains a collection of portraits of the nobility painted many centuries ago. It is undoubtedly worth a small fortune. You may take it with you if you wish, then leave the study by turning to **54**.

312

You enter the room and study its contents. It seems that this room is used very little and is perhaps a storeroom. White sheets are covering the furniture and several large, square shapes which look like boxes. Do you wish to rest here (turn to **261**) or look under the sheets to see what they are hiding (turn to **167**)?

313

The man hesitates and eyes you suspiciously. You tell him you mean him no harm and that you are only looking for a way out of the house. 'Fool!' he screams. 'Do you expect me to believe your feeble lies? You are one of *them*. And if *they* are to punish

me, they will find that I will not give in without a fight!' With these words he advances towards you. Do you wish to:

Try to persuade him that you are not one of *them*?	Turn to **34**
Ask him how you can convince him that he is wrong?	Turn to **300**
Spring at him quickly to get in the first blow?	Turn to **271**

314

The pitch increases as the onlookers join hands and circle the altar. The priest raises his knife into the air and lets out a frenzied scream as he brings it down. You force yourself to look away and suddenly, you notice another passageway leading off from the room. You look back at the gathering. They are all busy with the sacrifice, smearing the unfortunate victim's blood all over themselves. You seize your opportunity and run for the passage. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **129**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **187**.

315

'All right, Orville, that will do for now,' says the torturer. He turns to you. Have you been convincing enough for him? Over the next five references, some of the answers that he would have been expecting are listed. Each one scores a number of points. If you choose one of the words listed, record how many points you score. When you have been through all five references, you will have convinced the torturer if your score is high enough. Now turn to 235.

316

Two doors face each other across the hallway just before it ends at a wall. Do you want to try the door on the left (turn to 205) or the door on the right (turn to 118)?

317

You cut yourself free and massage your wrists to get the circulation moving again. Then you walk over to the door to try it. It is not locked! You try the handle, open it a little, and look outside. Your room is on a first-floor landing. Facing the door is a balustrade, and looking over the banisters you can see the entrance hall below. To your left, there are two doors in the corner of the landing, which runs along to the right. If you wish to go this way, turn to 287. Looking to your right, the landing runs past another door and then turns to the left. To go this way, turn to 33.

318

A few moments later, Franklins, the butler, enters the dining-room. He is startled to see you. You demand to talk to the master of the house and he agrees to pass on your request. Ten minutes later, the Earl of Drumer comes storming angrily into the room, with Franklins following close behind. They stand facing you across the table, watching you carefully. 'Why have I been disturbed in the middle of the night?' he demands. You tell him that you know of the evil that goes on in the house and that you are determined to destroy it. The two men look at each other, they nod and look back at you, then they step apart and advance round the table towards you, the Earl to your left and his butler to your right. You must choose quickly whom you will attack first. If you fight the Earl first, turn to 30. If you attack Franklins first, turn to 351.

319

The butler brings in a plate of cheese and a steaming pot of coffee. He cuts you a portion of cheese and pours your coffee into a china cup. The conversation continues. Turn to 74.

320

You shelter under the stairs and fend off the bats with your hands. They soon discover that they cannot get at you while you are tucked away; and they flap off back to the corner from which they came. When all is quiet again, you may decide your next move. Will you head up the stairs and open the

door at the top (turn to **293**) or will you remain to explore the bats' chamber (turn to **330**)?

321

'Before I will answer your question,' she says, 'you must tell me something – *what is my name?*' Do you know what her name is? If so, you will have noted a reference number to turn to, should you be asked this question. Turn to this reference. If you do not know her name, she will not answer your question no matter what you threaten to do to her plants, and you will have to leave the room by turning to **159**.

322

The girl is hysterical. It seems that she is a district nurse who has just been assigned to the area. She knocked on the door, was invited in and then captured. She pleads with you to help her and her voice rises to a scream. But what can you do? The keys to the cells are nowhere to be seen. You begin to get worried that her hysterics may attract the attentions of the occupants of the house and you try to calm her down. Do you want to talk to one of the others as well (turn to **143**) or will you leave the room quickly (turn to **91**)?

323

The door is locked. The handle and lock are part of an ornate metal plate. Do you have a cast-iron key with you? If so, deduct the number on the key from this reference number and turn to the resulting reference to open the door. Otherwise, you must try

the door opposite – and quickly, because you can hear footsteps approaching from the hallway. Turn to **118**.

324

The underside of the table forms a closed box, and this arouses your suspicions. You knock on it. It is hollow. Perhaps it is a secret compartment? You feel around underneath and, sure enough, your fingers find a small catch which releases a hidden drawer. Inside this drawer is a leather box. But wait! What is that noise? You can hear footsteps outside the door. You will have to hide quickly. Will you grab the case and take it with you (turn to **147**) or will you leave it behind and close the drawer (turn to **100**)?

325

'What is happening?' he asks. 'But surely you know. Is that not why you are here? Tonight Brother Isaacson is to receive the Master's blessing.' Your quizzical look takes the Hunchback by surprise. He realizes he's said the wrong thing. 'You are not one of the Master's friends, are you? A curse on me. I should have realized,' he moans. 'The Master will

punish me for this. I must warn him!' He hobbles towards the door to try to escape, but you are too quick for him. You force him out of the way and spring outside the room, locking the door behind you. Turn to 350.

326

The tall man spreads his cloak. He is staring directly into your eyes and his dark pupils seem to pierce your mind. At the last minute you panic and try to break his gaze, but it is no use. You are under his control. He covers you with his cape and your last memory is a sharp stab as his teeth sink into your neck.

327

You step over to the back door and grasp the handle. The handle turns, but the door will not open. It is locked and the key is nowhere about – or is it? Do you want to grab the bunch of keys on the cooker (turn to 148) or try the other door (turn to 126)?

328

You leap into the centre of the ceremony with a loud war-cry. The young woman looks up at you hopefully. Your daring rescue is commendable for its bravery, but unbelievably stupid. For how can you hope to stand your ground against forty opponents. They surround you, grab you and the priest cuts your throat with his knife. You deserved to die!

329

Outside the Belial room you have two options. Do you wish to try the Abaddon room across the way (turn to 335) or would you rather now head to the staircase and creep downstairs (turn to 132)?

330

Where do you wish to look?

In the corner from which the bats came?	Turn to **165**
Along the back wall?	Turn to **356**
Under the stairs?	Turn to **61**

331

Although you fight the power that draws you to the book, its force is greater than your resistance. Gradually your will is overcome. As you collapse on the floor, your spirit is sucked out of your body and into the eye. Like the other weak-willed victims who have already come under the book's power, you are doomed to an eternal life of agony trapped within the pupil of the Hypnotic Eye.

332

At the end of the corridor ahead of you is a stout wooden door. While you are considering whether or not to try this room, a noise behind you startles you. You spin round, only to find that the wind is rustling wall-hangings; there is nothing to be afraid of. You turn back, and are amazed to find a faint, white figure has appeared in front of you! This apparition is a young woman in her early twenties, with long flowing hair. She is dressed in a white bridal dress which has seen better days; it is ripped and torn. 'Oh, thank God I have found you in time!' she says. 'I must talk to you immediately! Come, let us go into this room.' Will you follow her into the room (turn to 73) or do you suspect a trap and would rather turn back (turn to 279)? Whichever you choose, you must add 1 FEAR point for your encounter.

333

Orville is now getting the hang of this game and is enjoying himself. M is his next letter. Write immediately or lose another STAMINA point. Then turn to 76.

334

Your cold stare frightens the man. 'I see you really are one of the Master's loyal friends,' he whimpers. 'I, er . . . I merely suggested that to make sure I was talking to an honourable person. I expect my time has come, has it?' He looks at you pitifully and drops to his knees. Again you merely glare at him

silently. Suddenly he reacts! Before you can stop him, he has pulled a short dagger from his robe and, with both hands, has plunged it into his stomach! You watch, horrified, as the man slumps to the floor, face downwards. Any knowledge that you could have gained from him has now been lost. You curse silently and leave the room. Turn to **278**.

335

You enter a bedroom which is lit by a single candle burning by the bedside. A heavy, musty odour hangs in the air, which could come from all the plants which are standing in pots on the mantelpiece, bedside table, dresses and shelves. Whoever used this room certainly liked plants! But another sight catches your attention; and stops you in your tracks. Asleep in the bed is an old woman! It seems that she has not heard you, for she has not moved since you entered the room. Do you wish to leave her in peace (turn to **159**), walk over and wake her (turn to **139**) or will you instead spring over and attack her before she can wake (turn to **354**)?

336

You catch up with the butler in the corner of the room. Resolve your fight with him and, if you are attacking with the Kris dagger, add 3 points to your SKILL during the battle:

FRANKLINS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

When you have inflicted your first wound on Franklins, turn to **181**.

337

You walk over to the mantelpiece and study the trinkets scattered along it. A couple of lacquer boxes and a picture-frame (with no picture) flank a large plant-pot with a broad-bladed plant growing in it. In the grate below are several lumps of coal resting on a bed of paper – a fire all ready to light. But something else is in the grate. A black-and-white photograph has been thrown on to the coals. Do you wish to check the contents of the boxes (turn to **242**) or pick up the photograph to look at it (turn to **199**)?

338

The bedside table catches your attention; particularly the silver tray. Laid out on it is a bedtime snack of bread, jam and tea. You examine it carefully and decide it should be safe enough. You sit down on the bed and help yourself. It is delicious! You may add 4 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point for this find. When you are ready, leave the room by turning to **243**.

339

You are standing by two doors, and each has a name-plate. Ahead of you is the Asmodeus room. You may try this door by turning to **154**. To your right is the Eblis room, which you can enter by turning to **125**; or you can follow the corridor until it turns left by turning to **252**.

340

You feel around on the floor, but come across only earth and straw. A shuffling at the door reminds you of the visitor approaching. Turn to **263**.

341

At the end of the bench is a rack which holds four glass vials, and each vial contains a coloured liquid. They look like the results of someone's experiment. Are you willing to risk taking a sip of one of these liquids? If so, which colour will you choose:

Green?	Turn to **149**
Red?	Turn to **274**
Clear?	Turn to **256**
Yellow?	Turn to **161**

If this seems a little too dangerous, you may instead look through the drawers (turn to **81**) or the cupboards (turn to **371**).

342

The door is not locked, but the shufflings and yelpings that you can hear inside suggest that you ought to proceed with caution. Will you decide against entering and examine the passageway you are in (turn to **60**), or will you fling the door open wide and stride boldly in (turn to **14**)?

343

Fight the bats as a single creature:

BATS	SKILL 4	STAMINA 4

If you defeat the bats, you may either climb the stairs and open the door at the top (turn to **293**), or you can explore the bats' chamber (turn to **330**).

344

The door is firmly locked. Whoever is in there doesn't want to be disturbed. Will you now open the door on the right-hand wall (turn to **209**) or press on (turn to **91**)?

345

The lit window is next to a back door which leads into a kitchen. Voices are coming from the kitchen, but you cannot see anyone. Whoever is in there must be standing by the back wall, out of sight. You strain to hear what is being said. There appear to be two people in the kitchen, and they are talking excitedly. '. . . Master is getting ready. I'm starting to get excited. I've never been to one before. Do you really think we may be *visited*?' Another man's voice, rather more controlled, replies: 'You know, I'm having doubts about this whole affair. She is so young and she came here in all innocence. I just don't know.' The two men walk around the kitchen and you can see them more clearly. They are both dressed in white gowns. One is a good deal younger than the other. Do you wish to knock on the door to see whether they will let you in (turn to **207**), or will you wait and listen for a little longer (turn to **68**)?

346

How will you try to escape? You must go back down the corridor and turn right. But will you proceed cautiously, ready to nip into the rooms you pass if you hear anyone (turn to **257**), or will you race for the staircase and run back downstairs (turn to **132**)?

347

The Hunchback has had enough of your chat and turns to go through the door on the left. He points down the passageway, saying, 'Head on down here for the stairs.' Turn to **91**.

348

You force yourself free from the pillow and leap out of bed, gasping. Was it just your imagination, or were the bedclothes really trying to suffocate you? In any case, you decide that you are definitely not welcome in this room. You get dressed and walk out of the room back on to the landing. Turn to **121**.

349

You wait until there is silence in the drawing-room and step carefully back through the mirror into the room. The coast is clear. You walk over to the door and leave the room. Turn to **131**.

350

You are on a landing overlooking the entrance hall. To your right, the passageway ends at a door. To the left, the landing turns right past a couple of doors.

Do you wish to turn to the right (turn to **332**), or would you prefer to follow the landing round to the left (turn to **257**)?

351

You turn towards the butler. He stops and takes a step backwards; you step forwards. Franklins runs round to the other side of the table. 'Franklins!' screams the Earl. 'Move in, man! Step up and attack!' The butler twitches nervously. Will you continue pursuing him (turn to **336**) or will you leave the cowardly butler for the time being and concentrate on the Earl (turn to **30**)?

352

'Next letter, Orville!' shouts the torturer. Orville thinks, and says: 'A'. Write down your answer straight away or lose a point of STAMINA. Then turn to **57**.

353

The door opens into a large, but cosy, drawing-room. The dying embers of a warm fire burn in the hearth. Comfortable chairs are arranged around the fireplace. Two glasses and a decanter stand on a glass-topped table between the chairs. There are plants in tall stands on either side of the windows, and there is another door next to the one you came in. Do you wish to explore the room further (turn to **119**), leave through the other door (turn to **218**) or

will you have a little tipple from the decanter (turn to **292**)?

354

You creep over to the bedside. She does not move. You raise your hands over your head, ready to strike. You take a deep breath and tense your muscles . . . *Her eyes flick open!* She stares vacantly up into the air with milky-white eyes and the sight makes you shudder with horror. *Her blank eyes have no pupils!* A cold sweat breaks out on your brow and your hands drop to your sides impotently. You must add 3 FEAR points for the shock. Will you turn and run through the door back into the passageway (turn to **159**) or wait to see what happens next (turn to **246**)?

355

You grope around in the blackness and find nothing. If you wish, you may *Test your Luck* – if you are Lucky turn to **50**; if you are Unlucky turn to **340**. Otherwise you can wait to see whether the approaching figure will be able to help you (turn to **263**).

356

You feel along the wall for any sign of a secret entrance, but find nothing. Just as you are beginning to think you are wasting your time, your left hand dislodges a brick. Behind the brick is a lever. You pull the lever and a rumbling noise comes from the wall near by. A section of the wall slides to one side, revealing a small entrance just large enough for you to climb through. You look inside, but it is pitch-black. Do you want to step through this doorway (turn to **387**) or would you rather not risk it and climb the stairs instead (turn to **293**)?

357

A few moments later, the door-handle turns slowly and the door opens. Standing in the doorway is a tall man dressed in a dark suit with tails. His long face is solemn. 'Yes?' he asks, indignantly. You smile nervously and explain your situation. Your car has broken down, you need to reach a telephone and you are soaked to the skin. The man's face remains expressionless. 'Come in,' he orders. 'The Master is expecting you. Follow me.' He leads you into a reception hall and tells you to sit down while he informs his master of your arrival. Turn to **8**.

358

The door opens and you peer into the room. You quickly check that there is no one inside and are relieved to find it's empty – but full of clutter. It seems to be a crude scientific laboratory of some sort. A brass telescope points through the window towards the sky. Charts and mathematical tables are pinned to the walls. A human skeleton hangs from a hook, and a bench is covered with glass vials and apparatus. They look like priceless antiques, and they were probably all made in the last century. Do you wish to investigate the room further (turn to **117**), or would you prefer to leave (turn to **11**)?

359

You explain that you have no wish to kill him and he steps back, puzzled. 'Do you mean you're not one of the coven? You're an outsider?' You nod. An elated expression spreads across his face. Turn to **208**.

360

You grit your teeth and shove your bound hands against the window-pane, rope first. Your first blow is not hard enough to break the glass, so you try again. This time the glass shatters and some large pieces fall on to the floor. But your desperate action does not leave you unhurt. You receive a nasty gash on your left wrist. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **317**.

361

You pull the garlic out of your pocket and hold it up before the man. His expression changes from one of confidence to a look of fright. As you suspected, this VAMPIRE cannot bear to be near raw garlic. Sweat breaks out on his forehead and he backs off towards the bed. He is heading for one of the other doors in the room. You hurriedly look round, trying to decide the best way out. Will you try the door on the left (turn to **189**), the door on the right, which he was heading for (turn to **270**), or will you turn round and dash quickly for the door you came in through (turn to **90**)?

362

You taste the liquid. It is white wine! You drink some more and it warms you. You start to feel a little light-headed and dizzy; then suddenly you feel a stab of pain in your stomach and you double over. But there is no relief from this pain, because you have drunk a bottle of poisoned wine! In a few moments you will lose consciousness and in five minutes you will be dead. You will never make tomorrow's appointment after all . . .

363

You step up to the balding man's cell. 'Do not waste your time in here,' he says, 'for you cannot help us. Our only hope is that you can destroy the evil in this house before it destroys us. But that is unlikely, because you would have to destroy the Master first. He may only be killed with the Kris knife and the

battle may only take place in a *red* room – to symbolize a battle taking place in hell itself. The dining-room upstairs has red walls, but it is always locked and the key is hidden behind the mirror when ceremonies are taking place. If you can find the Kris knife and the key, then you may save the world from the devilry that is brewing within these walls. But as for *us*, we will all be dead before the night is out. Don't waste your time with us.' You listen to his advice and consider whether you ought to leave immediately, as he suggests (turn to **91**) or whether you should talk to the others (turn to **143**).

364

The letters are not particularly interesting except for one from a foreign address, written in immaculate handwriting with a broad-nibbed black pen. It is addressed to the Earl of Drumer and appears to warn him of possible dangers. It starts by describing a raid of some sort on the writer's house and how he narrowly escaped being caught. It ends with a P.S. which says: 'I also suggest you further protect yourself by changing the password on your own *cache* room. I for one know it is Goathead. How many others know the same? Why not change it to something which will remind you of the sound advice of a good friend?' The letter is signed by 'Count Pravemi'. You read this through again and replace the letter. Do you now wish to leave the room (turn to **218**) or will you turn your attention back to the small wooden face on the mantelpiece (turn to **85**)?

365

You put up a good fight, but the sheer numbers of the devil-worshippers overwhelm you. You are captured and will remain so until you feel the priest's knife on the sacrificial altar – for you will be the next victim.

366

You head back down the corridor until you reach the stairs again. The passageway runs past the stairs and you decide to continue this way. A little further along you come to a small flight of stairs; but the passageway is so dark that you do not notice them in time. You tumble down and land in a heap at the bottom. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Turn to **264**.

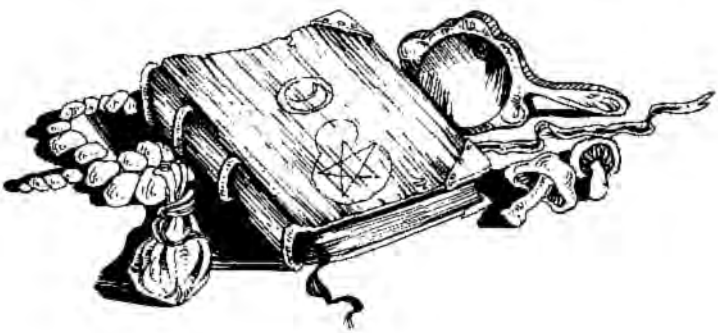

367

You cough lightly and step forward. The man turns towards you and jumps back, startled. You apologize for frightening him and explain your situation. He eyes you suspiciously and calms down, saying: 'Of course I'll help you! Er, ahem . . . follow me.' As he turns and walks through the door you can see that he is not bent over double, but has a hunched back. You follow him from the room. Turn to **210**.

368

There is nothing of interest in the cupboards. You may now leave the room by turning to **243**.

369

You watch the door-handle cautiously, preparing yourself for whoever or *whatever* should appear. The handle turns . . . and then it's released. The shuffling noise disappears down the passageway. Your visitor has decided to leave this room alone! Breathing a sigh of relief, you sit down on the bed. But what will your next plan be? Would you like to take a short nap and perhaps gain some STAMINA (turn to **262**) or would you rather leave the room and either follow the passage round (turn to **252**) or return to the landing (turn to **272**)?

370

The bats claw at you as you run up the stairs, but you manage to reach the top without any serious wounds. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for the cuts and scratches. At the top of the stairs is a door. Light shines under the door and frightens the bats away. You may open it, but be careful to do so slowly. Turn to **293**.

371

You step over to the cupboards and try the doors. They are not locked. You grasp the handles and open the cupboard doors wide. Just as quickly, you slam them shut! Shaking nervously, you step away, holding your hands up to your gaping mouth. For the sight inside has given you a terrible shock, and you must add 2 FEAR points. Hanging from hooks inside the cupboards are two corpses which have evidently been used for experiments of some kind. The blood has not yet dried on these corpses – and they are still warm! You lean back against the bench to compose yourself. Turn to **385**.

372

You sit on the bed, trying to work out how on earth you can escape from this place. The room you are now in seems safe enough and the rest refreshes you – add 2 STAMINA points. But a few moments later, the wind whistling through the curtains attracts your attention. You glance over towards the window. Turn to **168**.

373

The door opens slowly and a man shuffles into the room carrying a glass containing a clear liquid. He appears to be bent double and his movements are slow. As he gets nearer to the bed, you realize he will soon notice that you are not there. Do you want to nip out of the room quickly and lock the door behind you (turn to **350**) or will you leap on the man and attack him (turn to **399**)?

374

The landing turns right and a passage branches off. You may either turn left down the passageway and past a couple of doors before turning left again (turn to **339**); or turn right, following the landing (turn to **272**).

375

You step back up to the fireplace and examine the secret button again. Will you press it (turn to **392**) or will you leave the drawing-room (turn to **218**)?

376

You glance at the bed and an idea dawns on you. Perhaps you could hide under the bedclothes – there is nowhere else in the room to hide. If you wish to try this, turn to **262**. Otherwise turn to **369**.

377

You step into a small storeroom and close the door behind you. There are shelves on the left and right walls, on which various household objects are stored. In front of you, in the wall facing the door, is *another* door. What do you want to do? Will you search through the things on the shelves (turn to **83**), try the door opposite (turn to **255**) or return to the landing (turn to **233**)?

378

The hallway outside is clear. You decide against turning right and following the passageway, which is a dead end. You may enter the Eblis room to your immediate left (turn to **125**) or you may continue back towards the landing and follow it (turn to **272**).

379

You still find no signs of any traps. Ring for the butler by turning to **318**.

380

You keep a suspicious eye on the room while you consider your next move. Suddenly, one of the sheets flaps. Was it the wind? No, you think, the air is perfectly still. You watch the sheet. Slowly, it rises into the air as if it was being pulled up on a rope! Add 1 FEAR point and decide quickly what to do. Will you grab the sheet (turn to **70**) or leave the room and slam the door firmly behind you (turn to **329**)?

381

'Right, then!' says the torturer. 'Let's see if you really do know the Master or not. Orville here will give you a letter. You tell me the first word that comes into your head beginning with that letter. If you take your time and think too long about your answer, Dirk will tighten the rack. Got that? All right, let's start.' Each time the torturer's assistant gives you a letter, you must write down on a piece of paper the first word you can think of which begins with that letter and relates to the house. After your test is complete, the torturer will consider your answers and then decide whether or not he believes your story. To start (when you have pencil and paper ready), turn to **38**.

382

You leave the Diabolus room and are standing once more in the narrow corridor outside. Do you wish to turn left to investigate the window (turn to **110**) or would you rather return to the landing and follow it round (turn to **193**)?

383

You step back from the battle, nurse your wounds and look at the eight dead bodies on the floor. You shake your head at the senseless waste of life. Searching round the room, you find nothing of any value. But if you are thirsty, there is a jug of water in one corner of the room. Presumably this is drinking-water for the dogs. You may drink from it if you wish. If you do, you may gain 2 STAMINA points if your STAMINA score was less than 12. If it was more than 12, you will gain no STAMINA points, as you were not thirsty. You decide to leave the room and explore the passageway outside. Turn to **60**.

384

You pull out a heavy book with a large eye embossed on the spine. The cover has no title and you flick the book open. The frontispiece is an elaborately detailed drawing of a symbolic eye. You cannot help staring at the illustration and, as you do so, the dark pupil seems to glint as if it were made of glass. Shapes start to appear and faint sounds reach your ears. The sounds are screams of agony! The shapes in the eye are contorted human faces racked with pain! You shiver with fright as you look at the poor wretches, and you must add 2 FEAR points. Realizing what is happening, you try to close the book, but something is compelling you to keep on staring at the eye. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If your roll exceeds your skill, turn to **331**. Otherwise turn to **39**.

385

Suddenly your ears prick up at the sound of footsteps coming closer. You nip into the shadows and wait. The footsteps stop outside the door and you can hear two voices talking: 'Hadn't we better ask the Master's permission?' one asks. 'Hmm. Maybe you're right. And we'd better get a light for the lamps.' You breathe a sigh of relief as the footsteps disappear off in the direction you approached the room. You decide it is best to leave before they return and you open the door on to the landing. The safest way to go, it strikes you, is away from the two visitors, who may return at any moment. If you approached this room from the left, turn to **229**; if you came from the right, turn to **26**.

386

You clear your throat and call out softly; you certainly don't want to disturb anyone else in the house. There is no reply. You step forwards, stumble over a chamber-pot and crash to the floor. That's strange, you think – surely you would have seen right in front of you. You rise to your feet and wince. You have banged your knee badly. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **290**.

387

You find yourself in a dark tunnel. It is quite short, and ends at a door. You open the door slowly and, when you are sure there is no one inside, you step into the room. It seems to be some sort of ceremonial ante-room or dressing-room. Hanging from hooks around the walls are thirty to forty white gowns, and resting on shelves underneath the gowns are macabre masks, made from goats' heads. A single passageway leads off to the left. While you are wondering where to go next, a sound sends a chill down your spine. *Someone is coming!* A hubbub of voices grows louder as a group of people come towards the room. You look quickly round for somewhere to hide and decide to nip behind the door. Suddenly the door opens and about forty people come into the room, all chattering excitedly. You mingle with them and merge unnoticed into the crowd. They are ribbing a man called Brother Isaacson. It seems that tonight is a very significant night for him. You copy what they are doing, laughing and smiling, and even getting dressed up in a gown and mask. Eventually, when they are dressed, they all move off along the other passageway. Will you go along with them (turn to **122**) or will you hang around at the back, hoping to stay behind unnoticed in the room (turn to **219**)?

388

'Before I will answer your question,' she says, 'you must tell me something – what is my name?' Do you know what her name is? If so, you will have noted

down a reference number to turn to, should you be asked this question. Turn to this reference. If you do not know her name, she will not answer your question no matter what you threaten to do to her plants and you must leave the room by turning to **159**.

389

You step into the passageway and follow the hall round to the right; back to where it rejoins the landing. You carry straight on. Turn to **272**.

390

You heave the door with your shoulder. The wood creaks and it opens a little further; enough to let you into the room. It is small and bare; and a cold, damp wind swirls through it, billowing the curtains. The window pane is smashed and the floor beneath the window is sodden from the rain. You look around, but there is nothing unusual in the room, apart from a frayed length of knotted rope. You may take this with you if you wish and leave. As you pull the door to you find a piece of glass wedged underneath it, which was making it stick. You turn left out of the room and continue along the landing. Turn to **287**.

391

You race across to the door and twist the handle. *Aaaaah!* You stifle a scream and release the handle immediately as an electric shock runs up your arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **277**.

392

You press the button and hear a small click. Then you hear another sound and you swing round to face the corner shelf. Beside this shelf, a sliding panel has opened in the wall. You walk over to investigate and bend down to look at the opening. Too late, you realize that the panel has revealed, not a tunnel at all, but a false opening. The wall behind is solid. But it has served its purpose: you have been lured into a trap! You are standing on a trap-door which opens beneath you and you fall downwards. Turn to 397.

393

The passageway widens into a small chamber. Although it is dark, you can see a staircase going up a few metres ahead of you. To your right, the chamber opens out into a wide area. You step forwards and, almost immediately, a twittering noise puts you on your guard. Suddenly you feel

something land on your head and dig sharp claws into your scalp! You gasp and swat it away. Your hand touches a small, leathery body and a pair of wings start to flap as it rises from your head. BATS! A number of them are flapping around your head, darting and scratching with their claws. You must add 1 FEAR point for the shock. Do you wish:

To run up the stairs?	Turn to **370**
To hide under the stairs?	Turn to **320**
To fight the bats?	Turn to **343**

394

The fire and the brandy warm you and you begin to feel more relaxed. You may deduct 1 FEAR point if you have any. You explain to the Earl what happened on the road and that you would like to use his telephone to call the local garage. 'I'm afraid our telephone line came down tonight in the storm,' he replies. 'We will have it repaired tomorrow morning. In any case, the garage would not come out here at this hour. But don't worry. You are perfectly welcome to spend the night here; I am glad of the company. Tomorrow Franklins will take you into town. Ah! Here is Franklins now.' The butler comes back in to announce that a meal is ready. You both rise to go into the dining-room. Turn to **309**.

395

The wine is impeccable; a fine vintage. Soup follows, and then you may choose either lamb (turn to **196**) or duck (turn to **115**) for your main course. Or

you can tell your host that you have already eaten and you are not hungry (turn to 244).

396

The tall cage is lowered from the wall. The back opens and you are shoved inside. It is a tight fit and you are forced up against the bars as the door is locked behind you. One of the torturer's assistants winches you up in the air. You will hang, suspended from a rope until your STAMINA runs out from starvation. If hunger does not take its toll quickly enough, the cramps probably will. For although you are standing up, you may not sit or lean in the cage. Your adventure is as good as over . . .

397

Down you fall for several metres until you finally land in a heap on something soft. Add 1 FEAR point for the fright and *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you are unhurt. If you are Unlucky, you have twisted your wrist – deduct 1 SKILL point. You pick yourself up and verify there is no serious damage. You have landed on a mound of earth and hay and you realize that you are in a cellar underneath the house. The room is fairly small, with one door. Outside you can hear a shuffling noise coming closer. Will you spring behind the door to surprise whatever is approaching (turn to 6), or will you quickly search the room for a weapon in case you need to defend yourself (turn to 355)?

398

The stairs are very dark. You take a few steps down, trying desperately to see the stairs below you. Suddenly your foot slips and you lose your balance. Lose 3 STAMINA points as you tumble down the stairs, landing in a heap at the bottom. Turn to **264**.

399

Your visitor is a HUNCHBACK and he is both surprised and frightened as you leap on him. Resolve your battle:

HUNCHBACK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

When you have reduced his STAMINA to 4 points or less, turn to **220**.

400

The creature howls as you strike the final blow. It totters on its hooves and crashes down on to the table. As it falls, its flailing arms smash into the chandelier in the centre of the room, scattering candles on to the floor. From behind you another cry goes up and your other attacker, whom you have forgotten about completely, springs over to the table to hug the beast pitifully. You ought to kill both of them; but the pathetic, sobbing creature

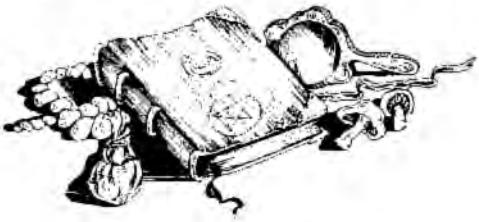

hunched over the huge bulk is hardly worth considering. In any case, something else, much more dangerous, has caught your attention. One of the candles which was knocked from the chandelier has rolled across the floor and set light to the heavy curtains. The fire is spreading rapidly – you must escape quickly!

Smoke is beginning to creep out of the room as you close the front door behind you. Walking down the drive you glance back to see the fire making rapid progress through the ground floor. Flames are licking along the wooden beams. In an hour or so, the place will be beyond rescue. From a safe distance you watch the fire destroy the house.

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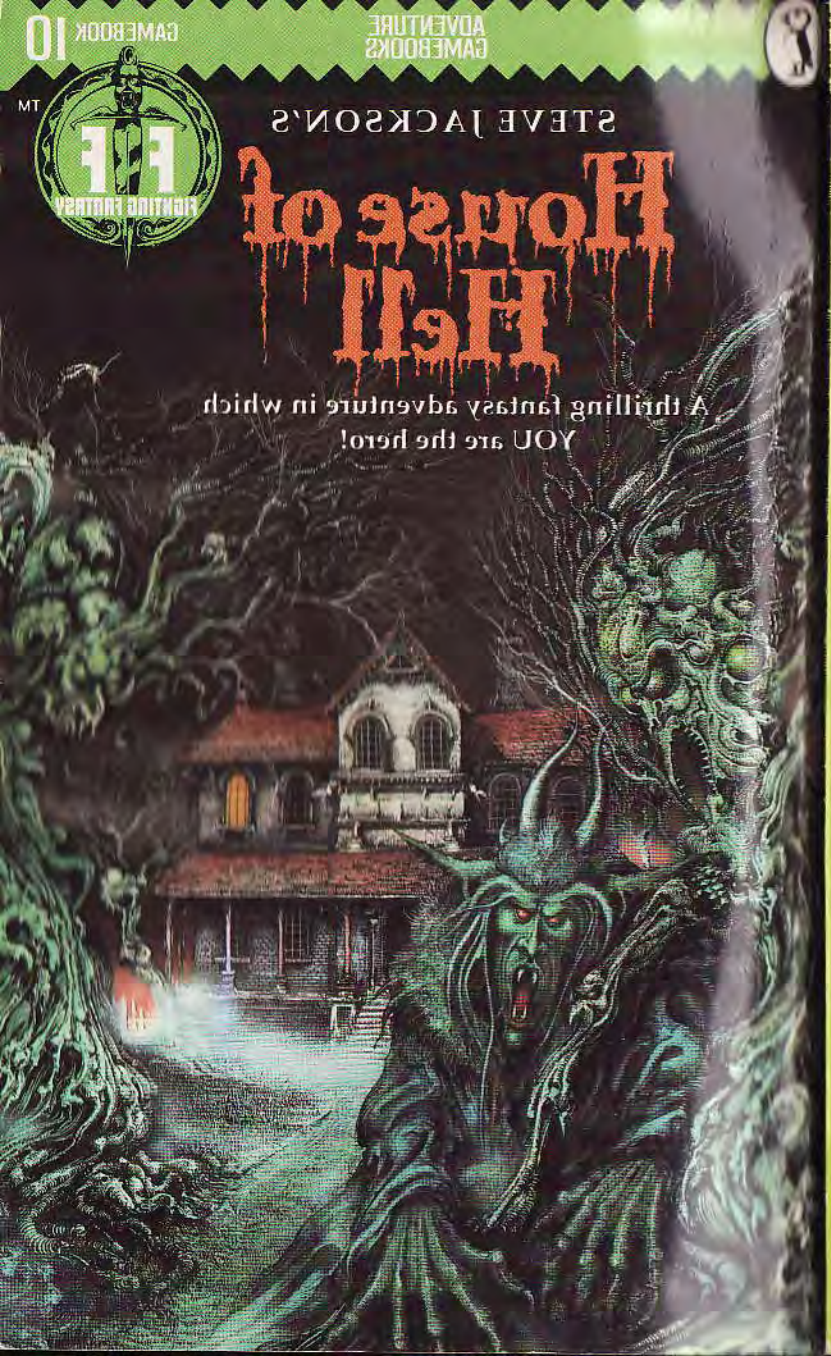

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ISBN 0 14 03.1821 3

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A short version of House of Hell was first published in WARLOCK magazine.

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ISBN 0-14-031821-3

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House of Hell

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Puffin Books

Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

A short version of House of Hair was
first published in WARLOCK 3 magazine, 1984

First published 1984
Reprinted 1985 (three times)

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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Set in Linotron 11/13 pt Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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To
Helen, Martin and Pam

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HOUSE OF HELL

HOW TO SURVIVE THE HOUSE OF HELL

The *House of Hell* is a little different from previous Fighting Fantasy adventures. You start your adventure unarmed, with no provision or potions; *and* you have to avoid being *frightened to death*!

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. To see how brave, lucky and resourceful you are, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or, make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*. This is your *Initial* SKILL. In this adventure, your Starting SKILL is less, because you are unarmed, but you will have the opportunity to arm yourself (see **Weapons**, p. 13).

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK BOX.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and courage; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and evil – are facts of life in the devilish domain you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight ghosts, ghouls, men and beasts. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA

scores in the first vacant Evil Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fear

As well as surviving your adventure by ensuring that your STAMINA never drops to zero, in *The House of Hell* you must also avoid being *frightened to death*. Before you begin your adventure, roll one die and add 6 to the result. This total will give you the maximum FEAR score you can bear. Your FEAR score is the number of points you can take before being *frightened to death*. During your adventure, you will come across situations where you must, for example, 'Add one (or two, etc.) FEAR points.' Your FEAR score starts at zero and you must add FEAR points as instructed in the text. If your FEAR score reaches the maximum (as rolled initially – see above), then you are *frightened to death* and must end your adventure. Note that FEAR works in the opposite way to normal SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores: you start with zero and *increase* your FEAR score towards your maximum, rather than *subtracting*, as you do with the other scores.

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may

only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Weapons

You begin *The House of Hell* adventure with no weapon. As with other Fighting Fantasy adventures, your SKILL score reflects your combat ability *with* a weapon. So, before you start off on your adventure, deduct 3 points from your SKILL score and note this 'Starting SKILL'. Do not, however, change your *Initial* SKILL, as this is still used to determine the maximum SKILL you have, and is also used if you must make rolls against your SKILL. If you find a WEAPON (which will be identified with capital letters) during the adventure, the text will tell you how many SKILL points the WEAPON allows you to add. These points are added to your 'Starting SKILL', not your *Initial* SKILL.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which

you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score.

However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

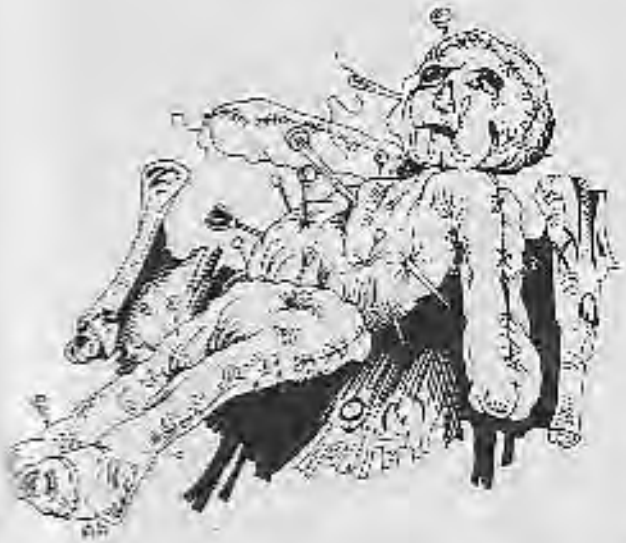

Restoring Skill, Stamina, Luck and Fear

Your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores may change during your adventure. Your SKILL will increase (from 'Starting SKILL') if you find a WEAPON. Your STAMINA will drain as you fight creatures, and may be restored by eating or resting as instructed by the text. Your LUCK will run out as you must deduct one LUCK point each time you *Test your Luck*. Occasionally a particularly lucky find or encounter may restore some of your LUCK. Your FEAR score is built up as you go through the adventure; each time you get frightened, you will add to your FEAR score. Occasionally, when you get the opportunity to relax, the text may instruct you to deduct points from your FEAR score.

Note that any bonuses you are awarded can never be used to exceed your *Initial* SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores, nor make your FEAR score a minus number.

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through the House of Hell and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Remember to make a note of any advice you receive; and write down any messages or special reference numbers you are given. Some rooms are death traps and others are chambers of horror – be warned!

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the power of good go with you!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill = *Starting Skill =* (Initial Skill −3)	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED	FEAR
	Maximum Fear *Current Fear* (Starts at zero).
	NOTES

EVIL ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

Background

The rain spatters the windscreen relentlessly. You can see no more than a watery gloom as you strain forwards over the steering-wheel to see the road ahead. Although the wipers flap valiantly, they are fighting a losing battle, as the rain drives harder and harder. Your foot eases off the accelerator; the headlights struggle to light up the road.

Damn! You curse the white-haired old man who sent you off along this bumpy track. Probably he meant the *second* turning on the left – or *even a right* turning. The old fool. Perhaps this is his idea of a joke. After all, didn't you notice a mischievous glint in his eye? Something vaguely sinister?

But what sort of nonsense is this? So you've taken a wrong turn and got caught in a downpour in the night. The rain will ease off soon – it can't possibly keep up this deluge for long – and then you'll be able to . . . *WATCH OUT!*

You spin the wheel frantically to the left to avoid the figure who, from nowhere, shows up in the headlights. The car bumps and jolts as it bounces over the rocky roadside and thumps into a ditch.

You collect your thoughts. You are unhurt, but shaken. Then you remember what has happened. *The body!* You must have hit the figure which appeared; there was no way you could have avoided him. You spring out of the car, praying that he is still alive.

Your clothes soak up the rain as you hobble back to the road. In the darkness it is difficult to see anything. *But there is no sign of a body!*

You consider the situation. Are you certain that it was *someone* and not a trick of the light? Yes. You can remember the arms held up in fright as the car collided, and the look of anguish on his face. His face! There was something familiar about that face. A man you recognized. An old man; with white hair . . .

Your heart leaps: no, *impossible!* With a shiver of fear you race back to the car, jump inside, force the key into the ignition and twist it violently! The starter coughs, splutters and dies.

You hit the key again but this time a single shudder is all the engine can manage. You grasp the wheel with your hands and shake it desperately as if to force some life into the car. But the battery is dead. Your car is certainly not budging from the ditch tonight.

Your situation is hopeless. But now the plight of your car is paramount. Where can you get help? You passed a garage at Mingleford, but that was some twenty miles away.

As if in answer, a light appears in the distance. Someone has switched on a bedroom light. What a stroke of luck! It was at least fifteen miles back that you passed the last house and you happen to have broken down just a short distance from someone's home.

You button up your coat and open the door. From outside the car, you can see the building more clearly. Just ahead, on the left, a drive winds up to a large house. It is a good five minutes' walk away. And by the time you reach it, you will be drenched. But how else can you call the garage? You can't afford to miss tomorrow's appointment. No, go you must. Anyway, you'll probably be able to dry off inside after phoning the garage.

You slam the door, turn up your collar and set off for the house. A flash of lightning lights it up clearly for you but, in your preoccupation with the rain, the warning from above is wasted on you. The house is old – very old – and in a shocking state of repair. The light in the window is flickering. Most likely an oil lamp – certainly not electric. And you don't notice a fact that might have turned you back anyway: there is no telephone line going to the house.

As you climb the steps to the front door, little do you realize what fate has in store for you.

Tonight is going to be a night to remember . . .

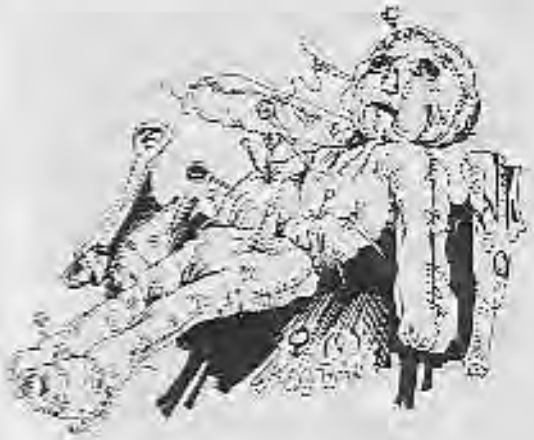

NOW TURN OVER

1

You climb the creaking steps up to the front door and pause to catch your breath. Even though you ran all the way up the drive from the car, you are soaked through; your feet are particularly wet. Judging by the number of puddles you stepped into in the dark, the drive needs a small fortune spending on repairs. But under the porch, you are out of the storm, and you brush the rain from your clothes before turning towards the door.

The rain is still pelting down, but an eerie silence hangs in the air. No lights are on downstairs. You step back off the porch to check the upstairs window which attracted your attention earlier. Nothing. No lights. The whole place seems to be deserted. But then you remember the time – five minutes to midnight. Everyone in the house has probably gone to bed. An owl hoots in the distance and a shiver runs down your spine. The situation is a little scary. Here you are, in the middle of nowhere, at some strange, run-down old house about to wake up whoever lives inside, at midnight. They certainly won't be too pleased. But you have no choice if you are going to make your appointment tomorrow – you must reach a telephone to call for help. You step up to the front door.

From the left-hand side of the house, a dull glow catches your attention. A light has been turned on! You breathe a sigh of relief; at least someone is awake. You consider your options: there is an elaborate knocker in the middle of the door and a bell-pull

hanging down to the right. Will you rap the door with the knocker (turn to 357), pull the cord (turn to 275), or creep round the house to investigate the light (turn to 289)?

2

You may now proceed either by turning right and trying the door of the Shaitan room (turn to 200), or by turning left and following the passage, which bears right past two rooms labelled Asmodeus and Eblis and then rejoins the landing (turn to 272).

3

You grab the box and walk up to the mirror. You put your hand through again and pull it back. It seems safe enough. You step through . . . just in the nick of time, for as you disappear into the mirror, you hear the door open behind you. You find you are in a small room behind the mirror. You decide to open the leather box. Inside is a Golden Key, which you put in your pocket. Now turn to 160.

4

'Oh, a casual visitor, eh? Well, how do you like our dungeon, friend? Pleasant enough for you, is it? Having a good time? Bah! Into the cage with this miserable wretch!' The torturer's men tighten their grip on your wrists and frog-march you over to the left-hand wall. 'And we'll show our friend just how hospitable we are,' continues the torturer. 'What sort of accommodation would you like, friend? Do you want to spend the rest of your life crouching

down or standing up?' The torturer's evil laugh resounds around the room. What will your answer be? Will you choose the tall cage (turn to 396) or the box cage (turn to 201)?

5

The bedroom has been prepared for you. The room is not large, but a huge mirror appears to double its size. Crisp white sheets have been folded back on the bed, and a warm fire burns in the fireplace. The door closes as the butler leaves the room and you walk over to the fire. Your situation is a little worrying. If you don't get going quickly, you will never make your appointment; but if it is true that there is no phone you can use, what else can you do? Maybe you should just hang your wet clothes in front of the fire and climb into bed (turn to 23); or would you rather leave the room (turn to 59)?

6

The door slowly opens and you hold yourself close to the wall. The man who enters is short and stocky and appears to be bent double. He is not armed. He peers into the room and scratches his head. Evidently he has heard something and is perplexed at finding nothing in the room. Will you step forward and announce yourself (turn to 367) or keep hidden and hope he leaves (turn to 25)?

7

The bell-push does not open a hidden panel, nor reveal any other means of escape. As you touch it, a loud bell starts ringing throughout the house! You bury your head in your hands. In a few moments you will be captured by the evil Earl of Drumer, his devil-worshippers and servants. And this time you will not escape . . .

8

You sit down in a solid, carved chair and look around. The reception hall is certainly not what you would have expected from the outside. It is elegantly decorated with rich tapestries and fine oak panels. A number of portraits line the walls. A sturdy sixteenth-century table is set against one wall. Will you wait for your host to arrive (turn to 277), study the paintings (turn to 304) or hunt for a telephone (turn to 238)?

9

Resolve your battle with the Fire Sprites. They attack you one at a time:

First FIRE SPRITE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 4
Second FIRE SPRITE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 3

Each time they wound you, you risk the added danger of their flames touching you. You can either deduct 3 STAMINA points instead of the normal 2, or you may *Test your Luck* after each wound. A Lucky roll means you manage to put out the flame before it burns you (no STAMINA damage). An Unlucky roll

means you lose 4 STAMINA points instead of 3. If you wish to *Escape* during the battle, turn to 218 – but the Sprites will get in a last hit as you leave. If you stay and fight them, turn to 375 if you win.

10

The Golden Key fits the lock and turns. The door opens to let you into another small room. The dust and cobwebs suggest that this room is very rarely used, and it certainly looks fairly uninteresting. But in the thick dust on the floor, you notice one footprint, then another. Someone has been in here

recently! The footprints lead towards the right-hand wall, around the door. Behind a loose stone in the wall, you find what it was that this visitor came to hide – a large cast-iron key. You pick it up and examine it. It is heavy and fairly crudely made, and has the number 27 cast into it. You put this in your pocket. Nothing else of interest seems to be in the room, but you may add 2 LUCK points for this find. Now you must leave the chamber. Turn to **204**.

11

As you pull the door to, your ears catch the sound of another door opening. Someone is coming! You grab the handle and nip into the room, closing the door quietly behind you. You wait in the darkness. The door you heard closes and all goes quiet. Is someone lurking nearby? Turn to **385**.

12

You rummage through the box but there is nothing else hidden inside. The walls all feel solid except for the one on the left-hand side, adjacent to the secret entrance. You feel around and locate another secret door, but you cannot feel a catch. Perhaps the same password opens it. You try this, and the door starts to open slowly, revealing another room. You stare into this other room; it is almost an exact replica of the one in which you are standing! It is completely bare except for a table with a box resting on it. Fascinating! Do you wish to step into this other room (turn to **133**) or leave it and return through your original door to go upstairs (turn to **293**)?

13

You step into the room and close the door behind you. The room is empty and you heave a sigh of relief, falling back against the door to catch your breath. Will you rest in the room (turn to **372**) or try the window for a means of escape (turn to **107**)?

14

The smell from within the room catches you off balance and stops you dead in your tracks. The room itself is unexciting, with bare rocky walls and floor. But strewn around the floor are the headless bodies of five goats. Standing over the goats, feeding ravenously on them, are three huge Great Danes! As you enter the room, they turn towards you, angry at having their meal interrupted. Their mouths curl back and they snarl. The nearest dog leaps towards you and you must fight it:

GREAT DANE SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If you defeat the dog, turn to 94.

15

You tug at the handle, but the door is locked. If you have a key, turn to 212. If you do not have a key, turn to 47.

16

'A friend of the Master?' snarls the torturer. 'I have not seen you before. And I know *all* the Master's friends.' You tell him that you are new to this house, and that is why you are wandering about, lost. The torturer is not convinced by your story, but cannot risk harming one of the Master's friends. 'I'll tell you

what I'll do,' he announces. 'I don't believe you. But I'll give you a chance. If you can convince me that you are one of the Master's friends, I'll let you go. But first you'll have to pass a little test. Tie our friend down, lads!' The torturer's assistants bundle you off to the middle of the room and tie you on to the rack. Turn to 381.

17

The two men snatch the box from you. One of them pulls out a dagger! He snarls and lunges at you with it. Although you leap out of the way, you must add 2 FEAR points for the fright. The other man grabs his friend's wrist. 'Do not waste your time. I'lde the box for the Master and I will deal with our visitor!' The man with the dagger grunts in agreement and backs towards the door. As he leaves the room, the other advances. Resolve your fight with him:

THE MASTER'S SERVANT SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, you may leave the room (turn to 131).

18

He tells you that there are all sorts of secrets in the cellars. '. . . And some of them I just couldn't tell you. It would be more than my life's worth. For the Master would punish me. And I wouldn't like that.' Needless to say, this only makes you more intrigued. But he will not be pressed on the subject. If you have a weapon, you may draw it out and threaten the Hunchback (turn to 191). If you have

any brandy, you may offer him a drink (turn to 93). If you have neither of these, turn to 347.

19

You search the room, while the old woman threatens you from her bed. You recognize some of the plants, as most of them are common house-plants. The woman's voice grows frantic as you poke around in a herb garden by the window. A thought dawns on you and you turn to her, threatening to destroy her plants unless she is able to give you the information you require. She shrieks at the thought of you harming her plants and agrees. What will you ask her:

How to find the man in grey?	Turn to 388
About the secret rooms in the house?	Turn to 321
What tonight's 'festivities' are?	Turn to 283

20

As his slaves fall dead on the floor, the Vampire rises to his feet, ready to finish you off. You quickly hold up your garlic and he stands his ground. But what can you do now? You may either try the other door (turn to 270) or head back for the entrance door (turn to 90).

21

You walk along the passageway. Do you want to try the door on the left (turn to 259) or the door on the right (turn to 118)?

22

'Lies!' he snarls, in response to your explanation. 'You are like all the others in this house. I must destroy you all!' Shouting this warning, he leaps towards you. Turn to 271.

23

The bed is warm and comfortable and you soon drift off to sleep. Strange and disturbing thoughts drift through your mind and you wake suddenly in a cold sweat. A noise has disturbed you and you realize that it was the sound of the door closing. You look around the room and notice a glass containing a clear liquid by the side of your bed. *Someone has brought you a bedtime drink!* You spring out of bed and try the door, but it is locked. Do you wish to swallow the drink that has been brought for you (turn to 45) or will you try to break down the door (turn to 128)?

24

The door opens and you find yourself in a small room. There is another door leading off the room. But in front of you is a strange sight which catches your attention. A shimmering haze seems to be hanging on the wall, almost like a curtain of sparkling water. You step up to investigate and gingerly hold out your finger to touch it. Your finger passes

right through! Plucking up your courage, you poke your head into the haze. On the other side, you realize what has happened. Your head has emerged through a large mirror into a reception room. On the wall opposite is a huge mural of a country scene and standing in the middle of the room are a table and six chairs. The sound of voices outside the door startles you and you draw your head back. Will you wait until the way is clear and step through the mirror (turn to 349), try the other door in this little room behind the mirror (turn to 294) or will you instead go back to the stairs and follow them down (turn to 216)?

25

The little man stares once more into the room, shrugs his shoulders and leaves, closing the door behind him. You are alone again. After waiting a few minutes, you decide to leave the room. Turn to 116.

26

There is another door a couple of metres up the landing on the left. This is the door to the Mephisto room. If you wish to enter, turn to 298. Otherwise you may pass it and head towards two doors in the corner of the landing (turn to 287).

27

You draw back the curtains and peer outside. The light in the room makes it difficult to see, so you pull the curtains behind you. With your face pressed against the bars, you look through the window. There is a rumble of thunder in the distance and the rain is still beating down, making it difficult to see anything. A fork of lightning flashes down from the sky and lights up a sight which makes you cry out loud! Outside your window, dripping wet and swaying in the wind, is a ghastly face! A long-dead figure, hanging in a noose, is staring at you with lifeless eyes. You step back and fling the curtains shut to hide the horrendous sight. The face is familiar, *The old man in the village!* You must add 3 FEAR points. What will you do now? Will you dive into bed and sleep through the night (turn to **231**) or run out on to the landing (turn to **121**)?

28

The Earl of Drumer is the last survivor of his family. His estate stretches for miles around the house. At one time the estate was prosperous, with many

tenant farmers cultivating his land and providing a healthy income for his family. But things started to change. His sister died at the age of thirty-two under mysterious circumstances. She was found dead in a clearing in the woods with strange marks on her neck. News travelled fast, and the ignorant peasants started muttering about witchcraft and black magic. In their eyes, the house was cursed. Pure superstitious nonsense, of course, but gradually the farmers moved to new pastures, avoiding the estate.

By now you have finished your meal. Franklins returns to offer you fruit, cheese, coffee and brandy. Will you take:

Fruit, coffee and brandy?	Turn to 224
Cheese, coffee and brandy?	Turn to 74
Just cheese and coffee?	Turn to 319

29

As the Ghoul slumps to the floor, it falls against a rack of pans hanging on the wall. The pans clatter to the floor; the noise is deafening! Have you been heard? Turn to 254 to find out.

30

Resolve your battle with the Earl of Drumer. If you are using the Kris knife, add 3 points to your SKILL during the fight:

THE EARL OF DRUMER SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 288.

31

As you scramble for the door, you slip in a pool of goat's blood and slither on to the floor. The dogs seize their chance and spring on top of you. Turn to 78 and fight the dogs. But because you are at a disadvantage, having fallen over, you must deduct 2 from your Attack Strength for the first four Attack Rounds.

32

You draw your weapon and advance. The man jumps back at the sight of it, but you stride closer. As you prepare to strike, a sly smile spreads across his face. Turn to 326.

33

A short distance further along the balcony you arrive at a door with Azazel written on the nameplate. If you wish to try this door, turn to 358. If you would prefer to continue, turning to the left and following the landing, turn to 229.

34

How good are your powers of persuasion? Throw two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If you roll a number equal to or less than your SKILL score, turn to 177. If you roll a number greater than your SKILL score, turn to 22.

35

Your eyes light up as the lid falls back. The box is lined with red velvet and there in the middle is a pearl-handled dagger. Its silver blade is wavy but it is finely polished and razor-sharp. An inscription in the wooden top reads:

The Kris Knife

A blade fashioned for the glorification and pleasure of the Demons of Hellfire – our true Masters. To be used only by Initiates. Never to be wielded in the presence of the Masters.

A sense of awe fills you as you pick up the knife. You turn it over tenderly in your hands and then place it in your pocket. For this find you may add 3 LUCK points. Now you must decide what to do next. Will you leave the way you entered and climb the stairs to the ground floor (turn to **293**) or will you search the room thoroughly first (turn to **12**)?

36

You may now leave the food store. Will you try the door opposite (turn to **305**) or retrace your steps along the passageway (turn to **366**)?

37

You study the portrait of 'The Duke of Brewster: 1763–1828'. A rather elegant sort of chap, you think as you stare at him. But suddenly you jump back! You could swear you saw his eyes *move*! A moment

later, your suspicions are confirmed. His eyes are definitely moving, directing your attention towards one of the doors in the hall. What is happening? Your car breaks down and suddenly you are in an elegantly decorated derelict house, with moving portraits! Will you sit back in the chair and wait for your host to return (turn to **277**) or try the handle on the door that the portrait is looking at (turn to **391**)? You may, if you wish, look at another painting by turning to **250**.

38

The first letter Orville gives you is D. You must start writing straight away, or you will have to deduct 1 point from your STAMINA score as Dirk tightens the rack. When you are ready, turn to **352**.

39

With a superhuman effort, you beat down the hypnotic power of the eye and slam the book shut. Replacing it on the shelf, you rub your eyes. Although a little dazed, you are safe. But you decide to leave this room without delay. Turn to **54**.

40

The box rattles when you touch it. There is something solid inside. You undo the catch and open the lid. Inside you find a small key. You try the key in the door and it fits! The key turns and unlocks the door, allowing you to leave the room. You find you

are in the corner of the landing, and there is an unmarked door to your left. If you wish to go through it, turn to **86**. Straight ahead, you can see the main staircase leading downwards. If you wish to go this way, turn to **193**.

41

Starting at the far end, you examine the cupboards. You open the first door and find it is a wardrobe with dresses and blouses hanging inside. You open the second door – and spring backwards in fright! For inside, partly dressed in tattered clothes, are two SKELETONS. Having disturbed them by opening the door, they are coming to life before your eyes and advancing to attack! You must add 2 FEAR points for the fright and then fight them, one at a time:

First SKELETON	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
Second SKELETON	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Skeletons, you may either look around the room (turn to **338**) or leave (turn to **243**).

42

The hallway narrows by the stairs and widens again further on. You may turn left here (turn to **316**), or follow the hallway round to the right and try the first door on the right (turn to **217**).

43

Starting at the far end, you examine the cupboards. You open the first door and find it is a wardrobe with dresses and blouses hanging inside. You open the second door – and spring backwards in fright! For inside, partly dressed in tattered clothes, are two SKELETONS. Having disturbed them by opening the door, they are coming to life before your eyes and advancing to attack! You must add 2 FEAR points for the shock and you must now fight them, one at a time:

First SKELETON	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
Second SKELETON	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Skeletons, you may look through the cupboards before you leave. Turn to 368.

44

The door is not locked. You open it cautiously and poke your head inside. You have found a food store of some kind; the room is lined with shelves with various foodstuffs on them. Bread, dried meats, cheese, fruit, dried fish, wine (red and white) and cakes are all neatly stacked on the shelves. If you need to restore some of your STAMINA, you may choose any of these to eat. Note which you take, then turn to 227. If you would rather not risk taking any of them, turn instead to 36.

45

The liquid has a slightly sweet taste, like water with a spoonful of sugar dissolved in it. But your mouth

is dry from your sleep and you drink it down. You lie back, thinking about your visitor. You decide it was probably Franklins, the butler. It was nice of him to bring you a drink, but why has he locked the door? Again, you start to feel tired, and you curl up on the bed. Your head starts to swim and the room spins round. Too late, you realize that you have been drugged! Although you try your best to fight the feeling, it is no use. Consciousness fades . . . Turn to 173.

46

Do you have any garlic with you? If so, turn to 361. If you have a gold ring edged with rubies, turn to 135. If you have both of these, you may choose to use either. If you have neither, choose another weapon and turn to 32.

47

Where would you like to go next? The Shaitan room at the end of the passage (turn to 200), the Mammon room opposite (turn to 123), or would you rather turn back down the passageway and follow the landing round (turn to 272)?

48

You step into the small room. Glancing round to make sure you are safe, you walk up to the table. The rest of the room is bare, except for the table and the box which rests on it. Could this be the one you are looking for? It is a handsome rectangular box made of wood with brass fastenings. It looks like a

case for a pair of duelling pistols. You undo the catch and flip back the lid. Turn to 35.

49

You have a choice of three doors here. Will you go through the door at the end of the passageway (turn to 195), try the door on the left (turn to 307) or try the door on the right (turn to 217)?

50

Your groping hand touches a piece of wood. You feel it and find that it is a length of branch about the size of a baseball bat. If you use this in a fight, it will count as a WEAPON (add 3 SKILL points). Now you must return to the matter of your visitor. Will you attack as soon as the door opens (turn to 183) or will you keep the stick hidden and wait to see what comes through the door (turn to 263)?

51

If you wish to look for secret doorways, turn to 276. Otherwise return to the last reference and choose again.

52

The Hell Demon steps forward and slashes at you with its claws, catching your arm with such force that it breaks. You shriek and clutch your injured arm, now useless in the battle. But your agony will be short-lived. For nothing you can do will defeat this unearthly creature. The battle – and your life – will shortly come to an end . . .

53

You try to spring aside, but the chair is too quick for you. It smacks into your shin, causing you to howl in pain. Lose 2 STAMINA points and also add 1 FEAR point for the unnerving experience. You had better leave the room before the POLTERGEIST injures you more seriously! Turn to 2.

54

There are two doors leading out of the study. Did you enter from the drawing-room? If so, you can leave through the other door (turn to 247). If you entered from the hallway, you may now leave through the other door by turning to 353.

55

'Tonight?' she croaks. 'Let's see. Ah yes, there is a ceremony tonight. Brother Samuelson – no, I think it's Isaacson – will be receiving the Master's blessing. If I were you I'd stay well away from the ceremony, though. They don't like onlookers.' She coughs a little and her eyes close, as if the strain of talking was too much for her. You consider her words and leave her in peace, heading for the door. Turn to 159.

56

As the fight starts, you can see that he is not bent double at all – he is a HUNCHBACK! Now resolve your battle with him:

HUNCHBACK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

After three Attack Rounds, turn to 72.

57

'Come, come, Orville. Let's have another.' Orville thinks again and this time says 'Ki' Write your answer quickly, or deduct another STAMINA point. Turn to 333.

58

The hallway widens. You walk across to another hallway and continue in the direction you were walking until you reach two doors opposite each other. Will you try the door on the right (turn to 118) or the door on the left (turn to 323)?

59

The door is locked! It seems that your hosts certainly don't want you prowling around the house. Do you want to try to break down the door (turn to 79), or climb into bed (turn to 23)? If you prefer, you could pretend to go to bed, switch out the light and wait to see what happens (turn to 63).

60

There seems to be no other way out of the passage. Even the panel through which you entered has now closed up. A bell-push is set in the wall and, hoping that this will reveal some way out, you push it. Turn to 7.

61

There is nothing unusual under the stairs, although some of the bricks in the wall look as if they have been replaced recently. You may either look in the bats' corner (turn to 165), along the back wall (turn to 356) or climb the stairs to the door above (turn to 293).

62

The collection contains many invaluable first editions and obscure works in strange languages. The Earl of Drumer has a disturbingly large collection of books on black magic and many volumes on hypnotism. Do you want to look at any of them? If so, will you choose a book on Black Magic (turn to 156) or a book on Hypnotism (turn to 384)?

63

You wait in the darkness. Apart from the rain driving against the window, the house is silent. How long will you have to wait before someone appears? All night? The thought of sitting in the darkness all night makes you a little uneasy and you must add 1 FEAR point. But then you hear a shuffling noise in the corridor outside your room. Turn to 158.

64

The Fire Sprites follow you as you back towards the window. Pretending to be terrified, you make for one of the plant-pot stands and attempt to hide behind it. But when the Sprites are near enough, you strike! Grabbing the large plant-pot on top of the stand, you hurl the contents over the little creatures! The soil covers them and douses their flames; in an instant they have disappeared. Turn now to 375.

65

'The man in grey? Who is he? You'll have to forgive me, stranger. As you can imagine, it is some time since I wandered round the house. I don't even know who is here any more. Except, of course, the Earl and his manservant, Franklins. But a man in grey . . . Wait! I know who he might be! In the cellars, a man is being held captive in a room opposite the food store. Could this be the man in grey? I thought he wore white. Perhaps he's a little dirtier now.' Her voice fades, as if the conversation was too much of a strain for her. You decide to leave her and head for the door. Turn to 159.

66

You hold up your pentacle before them and command them to step back to allow you to pass. Gasps come from the crowd as they see the pentacle. But its power cannot be denied. They watch powerlessly as you back down the other passageway and open the door at the end. Turn to 232.

67

The dagger is no use to you in this predicament; but what about the flask of liquid? You hold it up and study the contents. The swirling black liquid is thick and oily. Rainbow patterns and reflections play tricks on your eyes. You could swear you were looking straight into a pair of dark eyes inside the flask! But you swirl the liquid once more and the image disappears. You imagine that you have nothing to lose by opening the flask, so you remove the stopper. What happens next is instantaneous! As soon as the stopper leaves the neck of the flask, the liquid turns into a billowing black smoke, which hisses out and fills the room. The room goes black instantly. Just as quickly, the smoke is sucked back into the flask and the stopper reappears in position. All is as before, with one exception. You are no longer in the room! Your body has been sucked into the flask by the NANKA – a type of Evil Genie – living inside it. Your adventure ends here.

68

The younger man turns to the older one and angrily says, 'The Master's teachings are not for the faint-hearted. You know of his power and his promises to us all. Perhaps you are no longer strong enough to stay with us.' The older man turns away, towards the window. He is hiding the look on his face, which is one of nervousness and fear. He realizes that he has said the wrong thing. 'No,' he stammers, 'I'll be all right. Just a momentary weakness. Come, let us get on with the preparations.' Together the two men leave the kitchen, blowing out the candles on the way. You wonder what they were talking about. Now you must choose your next move. Will you try the kitchen door to see whether you can sneak inside (turn to **306**) or go back round to the front and knock on the door (turn to **357**)?

69

You step inside and close the door quietly behind you. A soft click comes from the lock. As you step forward, a voice greets you. You look around but you can see no one! The voice continues: 'So! Our visitor is inquisitive, eh? Or are you trying to leave the house? Perhaps our hospitality is not to your liking. Maybe you would like to see some more – shall we say – *amusements*?' The eerie voice makes you nervous. Add 1 FEAR point. Do you wish to stay and talk to the voice (turn to **291**) or will you make a hasty exit back through the door (turn to **120**)?

70

You walk over slowly and reach out for the sheet. It now hangs in the air well above the box it was covering. You grip it in your hand and tug it downwards. It snaps, confirming your suspicions. The sheet was being pulled by a thin strand of string. You breathe a sigh of relief (you may deduct the FEAR point you had just taken). But who, or what, was pulling the sheet? You decide not to wait to find out. Leave the room by turning to **329**.

71

You open the door and cast your eyes over the room inside. The floor is dusty and the rocky walls are bare. A rough wooden table and chair are placed against one wall. Sitting at the table is a worried-looking man wearing a white robe. A goat's head mask lies on the table. 'Hello,' he says, nervously. 'All hail the Master, I am ready to repent. How is the ceremony progressing? Er, um, is it my turn yet?' Then he leans forward and whispers to you: *'I am not a poor man. Help me to escape from this house and you will be generously rewarded.'* What do you make of all this? Will you tell him the truth about yourself (turn to 214), or will you remain emotionless and let him continue (turn to 334)?

72

Have you come across this Hunchback before? If so, turn to 138. If not, turn to 164.

73

To enter the room, she passes right through the door! You, of course, must use more traditional methods; you turn the handle and walk into the Apollyon room. It is an elegant bedroom. Fine floor-length curtains hang along one wall. An enormous bed with lace coverings is against another wall; and opposite stands a beautiful dressing-table with a huge mirror. The woman hovers in the centre of the room and bids you to sit down on the bed. 'Your coming here has been no accident,' she starts. 'And I must warn you of the terrible dangers you

will face here. This house is ruled by the *Master*, a powerful Black Priest of the Night, named Kelnor, Earl of Drumer. I would guess that you are to be offered to the Demons of Hellfire, if you survive that long. Yesterday they trapped a girl, a pretty young district nurse who happened to call. She is to be offered tonight. *I cannot let this devilry continue!* There must be some way it can be stopped! If you can find the Kris knife, you might defeat Kelnor, for this weapon is his only weakness. Please help me! You will probably find it in . . . *No!* Quick! We are discovered. I can hear the Hounds. Go! Leave this room!' You stand up. She was right! You can hear barking getting rapidly closer. She motions to you, pointing at the door. You run to the door and peer outside. Nothing. The barking gets louder and you turn back towards the Ghost, who seems to be struggling with something. She is involved in a fight with two huge ghostly Great Danes which are snapping and clawing at her. You take a step forwards, but it is hopeless. You cannot help, as you cannot even touch the beasts. And your help would have been very welcome, because the dogs are much too powerful for her. She is weakening and, as she does so, her image fades. Moments later she disappears completely. Satisfied that their job has been done, the two Great Danes disappear also. You are alone. Now what will *you* do? Do you want to help her as she asked (turn to 257), or would you rather just escape from the house (turn to 346)?

74

You finish off your meal. The Earl rises to his feet, saying: 'Our conversation has been most enjoyable, but now you must be very tired. Franklins will show you to your room. Let us retire.' You stand up. He's right, you *are* tired, and it is well past midnight. You stumble and reach out to steady yourself against the table. Phew! You didn't realize you were *that* tired. Or have you had a little too much to drink? Your head is spinning; and the voice of your host becomes part of a background noise which is getting louder and louder in your ears. Eventually you collapse to the ground and lose consciousness . . . Turn to 173.

75

'Escape from this house?' he laughs. 'Would that we could both escape from this place! I will find my own way out, as I have a mission to complete before I leave. You may choose your own escape-route, though none is safe. The front door is at the foot of the staircase. As you no doubt entered that way, you could try leaving by it; or perhaps you could leap from the window? Unfortunately most of them are barred. There is a secret passageway through the cellar which leads outside, but the chances of finding it are slim. Anyway, my thanks for releasing me. We will part company here.' The man peers round the door to check the passageway, then leaves the room. You may either leave after him (turn to 378) or walk over to the table and boxes to examine them (turn to 213).

76

Orville has been practising his next letter and blurts it out excitedly. S is his choice. Write immediately or lose a STAMINA point, then turn to 315.

77

You try the doorknob, but it will not move! You are locked in the room. A shiver of anxiety comes over you. Add 1 FEAR point. Unless you can find a way out, you are trapped. Perhaps there may be a clue in the box on the mantelpiece. Turn to 40.

78

Resolve your fight. The dogs attack one at a time:

Second GREAT DANE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
Third GREAT DANE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you defeat both of them, turn to 383.

79

Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If it is higher than your SKILL score (use your *Initial* SKILL score), turn to 106. If it is equal to or lower than your SKILL score, turn to 128.

80

You look around the chamber. Another passageway leads from the chamber. If you choose your moment carefully, you may be able to reach it without being noticed. Will you move quietly along the wall towards it (turn to 187) or will you instead watch the proceedings (turn to 314)?

81

In a drawer underneath the bench you find a few ornate letter-openers. Perhaps they are someone's collection? You are particularly interested because they are strong and dagger-like. In fact they could easily make dangerous weapons. You may take one of them if you wish, and as a WEAPON it will allow your SKILL score to increase to its *Initial* value if you use it in a fight. Now turn to 385.

82

There is no way you will find of opening the door, as it will only open and shut at the command of the Earl of Drumer. You are now his prisoner and will remain trapped for the rest of your life within these four walls.

83

Various items of crockery, cutlery and food are kept in the storeroom, including a sharp meat-knife, which you might like to hide under your coat to use as a WEAPON in the future. This sharp knife will allow you to add 3 SKILL points in a fight. On one shelf you find several cloves of garlic which you may also take. There is also an unlabelled bottle of white liquid on another shelf. If you wish to drink the liquid, turn to 362. If you would prefer to ignore the liquid and try the door at the back of the storeroom, turn to 255. Your only other alternative is to leave by the door you entered and return to the landing (turn to 233).

84

There is nothing special about this food. Turn to 36.

85

The little carving moves to reveal a button set in the mantelpiece behind it. You consider whether or not to press the button. As you are deep in thought, you do not notice what is happening to the fire. In the grate, the fire has come back to life! Strong flames are licking the chimney and considerable heat is being given off. You feel the heat and step backwards. As you do so, two small figures leap from the fire and face you. These FIRE SPRITES are small – they come up to your knees – but their flaming bodies burn with the vigour of the fire from which they arose. They hover in the air just above the carpet; for if they touch anything, it bursts into flame. Do you wish to fight these creatures (turn to 9) or will you try another approach (turn to 145)?

86

The door opens into a narrow passageway which ends at a window. There is a door half-way along the left-hand side, and a sign on the door identifies it as the Diabolus room. If you wish to try this door, turn to 13. If you wish to investigate the window instead, turn to 110. If you're not keen to do either and would prefer to go back through the door and continue along the landing, turn to 193.

87

The door bursts open! Two white-robed men enter. At least, you *presume* they are men, but their faces are hidden behind masks made out of goats' heads. They carry knives and leap forward to attack; one attacks you and the other attacks your comrade. Resolve your own fight first:

DEVIL-WORSHIPPER SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you defeat him, turn to **178**.

88

She curses. 'Damn you, stranger,' she hisses. 'All right then, I will answer your question.' Which question did you ask her?

How to find the man in grey?	Turn to **65**
About the secret rooms in the house?	Turn to **295**
What tonight's 'festivities' are?	Turn to **55**

89

You follow the stairs downwards. Running across the bottom is a passageway. You turn right and follow it until you reach a dead end with two doors facing each other on opposite sides of the wall. Will you try the door on the left (turn to **305**), the door on the right (turn to **44**) or will you turn around and head back the way you came (turn to **366**)?

90

You fling your garlic at the Vampire and dash for the door. He shrieks as he tries to brush it off, but this will at least keep him occupied for a few moments more. However, your luck is out. The door is locked! And the Vampire is now striding towards you, his eyes firmly fixed on yours. Do you have a gold ring edged with rubies? If so, turn to **135**. Otherwise, turn to **326**.

91

Further up the passage is another door in the right-hand wall. If you wish to try this door, turn to **112**. If you want to pass it and continue along the corridor, turn to **393**.

92

The door opens on to a dark landing. A flight of stairs arrives at this landing and continues downwards. Will you follow the stairs down (turn to **216**) or would you rather close the door and step back through the mirror (turn to **349**)?

93

His eyes light up at the sight of the brandy. You pour a little into the cap of the hip-flask and pass it to him. He gulps it down and licks his lips. After two more capfuls, he is definitely slurring his speech. You tell him that you have heard of secret passageways in the cellar and that you would be very interested in being shown around by someone as knowledgeable as he is. Your flattery, and the brandy, have their desired effect. Proudly he tells you all about his cellars – much more than he should. 'Of course, not everyone can get round these cellars,' he boasts. 'You've got to know the password to get through some of the secret doors. And the Master keeps changing the password to protect his secrets. In fact only yesterday he changed the password from Pravemi to . . . Oh, what was it now? It's on the tip of my tongue. Ach, I should remember it because it is like the name of the house, but *mixed up*! My mind's *mixed up*! It must be you and your brandy!' He steps back, realizing that he's said enough. You try asking him more, but he will not speak. Instead he turns towards the door in the left-hand wall and leaves you, pointing down the passageway and mumbling something about upstairs. Turn to 393 to follow the passageway or 166 to look around.

94

The other two Great Danes snarl and advance towards you. If you wish to fight them, turn to 78. If you wish to escape, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 240. If you are Unlucky, turn to 31.

95

The door opens wide and the older man peers out at you before inviting you in. The two men listen as you tell them of your accident. 'Well, that *is* a stroke of bad luck,' says the older man, 'but I dare say Franklins will be able to help. Go and fetch him, Brother William.' At the mention of his name, the younger man glares at his companion, but nevertheless leaves the kitchen. You ask your host what sort of place this is and whether he and Brother

William are members of a religious group. 'Something like that,' he replies. 'In fact you have arrived at an awkward time. For tonight . . .' he hesitates nervously, 'tonight is . . .' His sentence is interrupted by the arrival of Brother William and a tall man dressed in a black suit with long tails. You explain your arrival to Franklins. 'We do not welcome visitors here,' says Franklins solemnly, 'but I will introduce you to the master of the house who will decide whether we can help. Follow me.' He leads you out through the kitchen along a hallway to a reception hall and points to a seat. 'Wait here while I tell the Earl,' he orders, then he disappears through a doorway. Turn to 8.

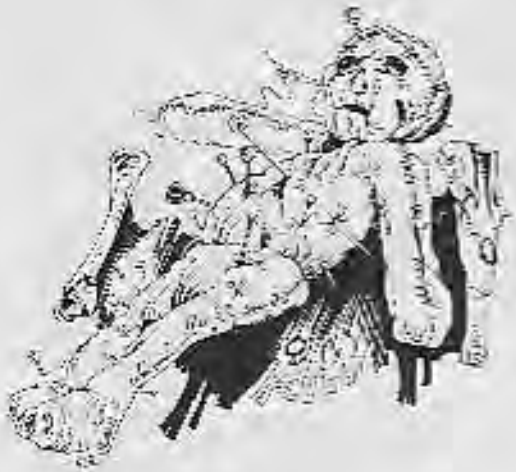

96

The Earl rings for his butler, who appears in the room immediately. 'Franklins, our guest has decided not to eat. Our hospitality has been refused. Deal with the situation!' The butler nods and touches a button on the back of your chair. Clasps appear from the arms and snap closed across your wrists, holding you in place! You squirm to free yourself, but you cannot break their grip. Meanwhile, the butler has pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and is shaking a pungent liquid into it from a glass bottle. You cannot avoid it as he holds the cloth over your mouth. *Chloroform!* You begin to lose consciousness . . . Turn to 173.

97

You try the handle without success. The door is firmly locked and you decide to follow the hallway instead. Where the hallway widens, you may either turn left (turn to 316) or follow the hallway round to the right and try the door immediately on the right (turn to 217).

98

You open the door cautiously at first, but all you can see is darkness, so you swing it wide open. *Aaaa

involves a human sacrifice! You swallow hard and hope that you are not likely to get involved in it; but add 1 FEAR point for the thought. You keep motionless behind the curtains. Sure enough, the men walk up to the table. You hear a faint click and a drawer slides open. Then the men turn and leave the room. When it is safe, you come out of your hiding-place and check the compartment. They have taken the leather box with them. Will you now leave through the door (turn to 131) or through the mirror (turn to 160)?

101

In the nick of time, you spring aside as the chair speeds past you and crashes into the wall behind. You escape injury, but you must add 1 FEAR point. You had better now leave the room before the POLTERGEIST inside does you some real damage! Turn to 2.

102

The passageway is narrow and only the faintest glow lights your way. After a short distance you come to a staircase which leads downwards. Slowly and cautiously you go down the stairs. After a dozen or so steps, you reach another landing. The stairs continue downwards at the landing and you may either follow them down (turn to 216), or you may try a door in the wall of the landing (turn to 24).

103

You open the door slowly and carefully. The room

you enter is a bedroom which looks as though it is waiting for someone to come in and go to bed! The sheets are folded back, the fire in the fireplace is warm but dying. On the bedside table a candle is burning and next to it is a silver tray with a bedtime snack on it. Velvet curtains are pulled across the window, and along the left-hand wall are fitted-cupboards. The overall picture is quite cosy. Will you enter the room and investigate the bedside table (turn to 163) or the cupboards (turn to 41), or are you a little suspicious of the apparent tranquillity of this room and would prefer to leave (turn to 243)?

104

You feel a stab of pain in your back. You reach out to grip the wound and blood oozes through your fingers! Even though his master is dead, Franklins will fight on! You turn round to face the butler before he can attack again with his knife. Deduct 4 STAMINA points and turn to 180.

105

'Defeat the Master, eh?' he says, watching you carefully. 'My word, our friend certainly cannot be said to have modest ambitions! You will never defeat the Master, for he has only one weakness. He may only be killed with the Kris knife, and that is hidden in a room with a secret entrance. I know only that the room is downstairs and that you will need a password to open it. But I do not know what the password is. Old Mordana knew the password, but she died some time ago. If you know what's best for

you, you will leave while you can.' You ask him whether the two of you should leave together, but he shakes his head. 'I cannot leave here without seeking my revenge – or dying in the attempt. I must leave you now.' He checks the passageway, then nips out. Will you follow him (turn to 378) or will you first check the table and the boxes (turn to 213)?

106

You charge at the door with your shoulder. The door shudders but holds firm and you are left nursing an aching shoulder. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You realize that the door is made of solid wood and you are unlikely to break it open without doing yourself an injury. Turn to 158.

107

You walk over to the curtains and part them slowly. Outside, the storm is still raging. Thunder rolls across the sky and rain rattles against the window. The window is barred. There is no way out here. Turn to 168.

108

The hallway widens. To your left, there is a passage with two doors facing each other across it. To go this way, turn to 21. If you don't want to go this way, you can walk on a couple of metres and turn right into a passageway which runs past two doors facing each other and ends at another door. To go this way, turn to 49.

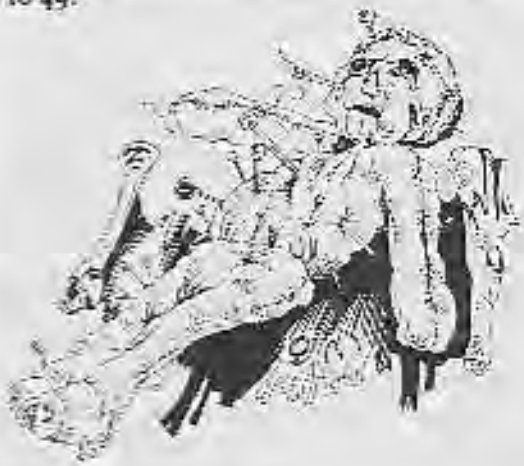

109

Can you defeat the demon which now stands before you? If not, it will certainly kill you. But you have with you the Kris knife, the only weapon which will harm the creature. You may add 6 points to your SKILL score while using this weapon. Now resolve this battle:

HELL DEMON	SKILL 14	STAMINA 12

If you win the fight, turn to 400.

110

Curtains are drawn across the window, and you approach cautiously. You gingerly pat the folds in the curtain and are relieved to find nothing there. Although they seem to be safe, you are still on your guard as you draw them apart. As you do so, a thunderclap booms outside and makes you jump. But you are safe; a perfectly ordinary window is uncovered. However, the heavy iron bars on the outside are a little worrying. Through the window you can see nothing but the rain running down the pane of glass. But curiously, the rain is avoiding one area. Could it be that the wind is blowing the rain away from this corner? You bend down to take a closer look. Written in the condensation which has formed on the glass is a *message*! You read three words: 'Mordana in Abaddon'. You repeat this message to yourself and then rub it off the window, in case anyone else should see it. This message may be useful to you (and you will realize when it is). If, later in the adventure, you want to use the message, turn to reference 88. *Do not turn to 88 now!* Now you must head back to the landing and turn left. Turn to **193**.

111

Your host is a little annoyed by your nervousness. 'Come, come,' he says, 'there's no need to be afraid. Has your little accident caused you to lose your nerve? Drink your brandy. You'll soon forget your fears.' As you watch him, your mind begins to play tricks on you. Is his expression one of genuine concern for your welfare, or is there a hint of something secretive in his eyes and smile? You shiver, and your fear of the situation is evident. Add 1 FEAR point. A short while later, Franklins appears. 'Your meal is served, sir,' he says to the Earl. You both rise and go through to the dining-room. Turn to **309**.

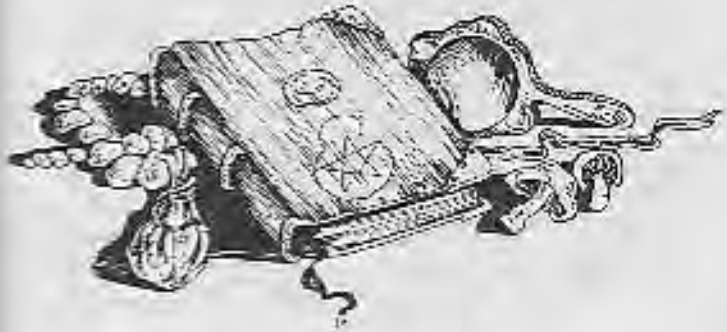

112

The door opens wide. You are about to step inside but hesitate when you see what lies within. You are entering an underground torture room. In one corner stands a formidable iron maiden, its deadly door standing ajar. A stretching rack is in the centre of the room. Hanging from the ceiling along the left-hand wall are two cages. One is just about large enough for a man to crouch in and the other will allow a man to stand up but not move about. A shiver runs down your spine. Suddenly, two pairs of hands grab your wrists and you are shoved forward into the room! From behind the door steps a broad-shouldered man with powerful arms. He is dressed in a leather apron and trousers and wears a patch across his left eye. "So!" he exclaims. "And who do we have here, trespassing in our house? Come on, speak up. Have you lost your tongue?" What will your answer be? Will you tell him you are trying to find your way out and will be happy to leave straight away (turn to 4) or will you claim to be one of the Master's friends (turn to 16)?

113

The room you enter is a reception room. A table and six chairs stand in the centre of the room. At one end is an enormous mural of a country scene, perhaps painted of the area, many years ago. On the opposite wall, stretching from the floor to the ceiling, is a full-length mirror. Velvet curtains line the wall opposite the door. You walk over to admire the painting, then turn to face the mirror. A shock is in

store. Your eyes widen as you turn towards the mirror and stare into it. *It casts no reflection of you!* Add 1 FEAR point. You walk closer to the mirror but still no reflection appears although you can see the table and the wall behind you clearly. You walk right up to it and feel its surface. Your hand passes right through the glass! Pulling it back quickly, you consider the situation. Will you leave this room (turn to 131), step through the mirror (turn to 160) or investigate the room further (turn to 324)?

114

Do you wish to leave the room (turn to 77) or investigate the box on the mantelpiece (turn to 40)?

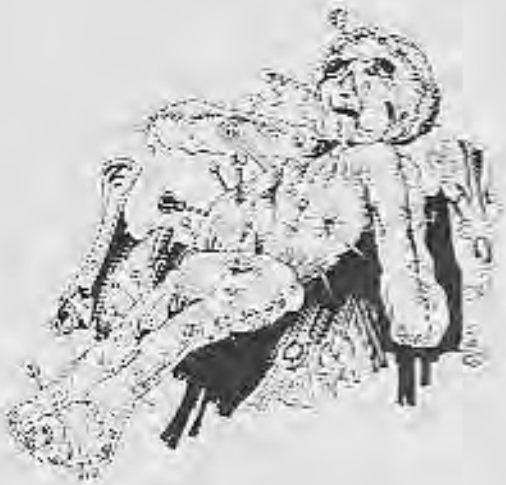

115

Your mouth waters as a roast duck is laid before you. The Earl is having the same, and you both chat as you eat. He wants to know how you came to be driving along this road in the middle of the night, and you tell him about the old man's directions. You ask him about himself and his family. Turn to 28.

116

Outside the room, the passageway runs onwards, past a door on the left. If you wish to continue along the passageway, turn to 91. If you wish to explore the area, turn to 166.

117

You step into the room and close the door behind you. A squeaking noise from one corner makes you

jump, but when you walk over you are relieved to find that the squeaking comes from three rats in a cage. You keep your ears peeled for sounds of visitors as you investigate the contents of the room. Do you wish to look through the drawers (turn to **81**), examine the liquids in the glass vials (turn to 341) or look through the cupboards (turn to 371)?

118

The door opens and you enter the kitchen. The room is empty and immaculately tidy, with all the knives, pots and pans hanging in neat rows along the walls. A double sink is set under a window, next to a large cooker and fridge. A great square table stands in the centre of the room. There are two doors; one leads outside and the other looks like a pantry door. A large bunch of keys lies on top of the cooker. Do you want:

To try the back door leading outside?	Turn to 327
To try the other door?	Turn to 126
To grab the bunch of keys on the cooker?	Turn to 148

119

Will you start by looking through the ornaments on a corner shelf (turn to 192) or will you examine the fire and the mantelpiece (turn to 303)?

120

You grab the door-handle and twist it. The door is locked! The voice laughs at your futile attempt to escape. 'No, my friend,' it chuckles, 'you cannot escape from this room. The only escape you are going to make now is from life itself!' Add 1 FEAR point and turn to **291**.

121

You open the door quickly and step out on to the landing. Luckily there is no one about. Turning left, you follow the passage round until you reach a wood-panelled wall where the passage turns left. Turn to **175**.

122

The passageway leads into a large chamber with rocky walls. Mystical symbols are painted on the walls and four goats' heads, mounted on spikes, mark out the central area. In the centre of this area is an altar draped with a black cloth and a hooded figure stands by the altar. This figure wears a gown like the others, but his goat's head is dyed purple. You presume he must be their leader. You follow the congregation, who surround the altar, and stand at the back. A few minutes later, another sound comes from the passage; this time you hear

the screams of a young woman. Two of the masked characters emerge from the passageway pulling a pretty fair-haired girl, who is fighting furiously to break free and screaming at the top of her voice. She is dragged to the altar and tied down on it. The congregation, led by their leader, chant for a short time, then the leader motions for Brother Isaacson to step forward. The two exchange masks and Brother Isaacson steps up to the altar. Drawing a sharp dagger from his gown, he raises it above the woman. Excited mutterings run through the crowd. But what will you do? Will you watch what will happen (turn to 314), will you try to find a way out (turn to **80**) or will you try to rescue the young woman (turn to 328)?

123

The room you enter looks well lived in. It is a bedroom, and a large bed covered with a yellow bedspread dominates the room. Clothes are strewn about the floor and a tap is running in a wash-basin in the corner. The clothes suggest it is a woman's room, but no one is about. Will you call out to announce yourself in case anyone is in the room (turn to 386), search around to see what you can find (turn to 337) or leave the room (turn to 2)?

124

The disembodied head speaks: 'Prepare yourself for death, miserable mortal!' it gloats. 'For the evil that is in this place cannot be escaped. The House of Drumer has drawn you here for one purpose. Before the night is out you will join me and my companions in the nether world. Our fate will be yours. You will forever haunt the place that has caused your death!' With these words, a mocking laughter fills the room. The apparition turns back through the wall and as it does so, the laughter fades. But the fright will give you 2 FEAR points. Add these to your total and leave the room. Turn to 382.

125

You enter a dimly lit bedroom and close the door behind you. The room is empty apart from a dressing-table and a large bed, but you can hear music playing. Do you wish to search the room to make sure it's safe (turn to 239) or leave straight away and head back to the landing (turn to 272)?

126

You reach for the door handle and open it wide. But the sight that greets you makes you step back aghast! Inside the pantry, standing motionless, is a hideous figure in tattered clothes. Its face and hands are in a state of semi-decay, and the odour of death fills your nostrils. Your intrusion has woken it. Its eyes open and a hissing noise comes from its throat. A long tongue flashes out at you and the creature steps forward. Add 2 FEAR points. You must fight this GHOUL! But you may grab a knife from the wall to use as a WEAPON (add 3 SKILL points).

GHOUL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

As soon as it inflicts its second wound on you, turn to **186**. If you manage to defeat it, turn to **29**.

127

'Come on, then,' he says cheerfully. 'Let's go. I'm ready.' You are not sure whether to play along with him or not. You ask him whether he's sure he knows where he's going. 'Oh, that I do, that I do,' he laughs, walking up to you. *'But sure as heaven I'm not going down there without a fight!'* And with those words he pulls a knife from his gown and attacks you. Resolve this battle:

MAN IN WHITE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you wish to spare his life, you may turn to **359** when you have reduced his STAMINA to 2 points. If you decide to finish him off, turn to **366**.

128

You take a short run and charge at the door. It shudders, and the noise reverberates through the house. But the lock holds firm and you bounce off, clutching a sore arm. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for the pain. If you wish to try charging again, turn to **106**. If you feel that the door is too strong and you are unlikely to break it down, turn to **158**.

129

You tiptoe quietly along the wall towards the other passageway. Keeping your eyes on the ceremony to make sure you are not noticed, you edge along until you reach the passage and nip smartly along it. You have escaped! At the end of the passage is a door which is unlocked. You open it. Turn to **232**.

130

Score the points indicated for any of the following choices:

Kelnor	5 points
Kris	3 points

You score no points for any other choice. Now turn to 297.

131

You leave the room cautiously and look around in the hallway. There is no one in sight. There is a door to your left, which you may try by turning to **211**. Otherwise you may turn right and follow the hallway round (turn to 58).

132

You walk down the stairs cautiously, looking in every direction. There is no one about. In the hallway below you may choose to try either a door on the left (turn to 353) or a door on the right (turn to 285) or you can walk up to the front door and open it (turn to **222**).

133

You step into the small room, which is bare except for a table. Glancing round to make sure you are safe, you walk up to the table. The box which rests on it is a handsome wooden one with brass fastenings. It is long and thin and looks as if it should hold a pair of duelling-pistols. You undo the catch and flip back the lid. Turn to 99.

134

You bend down and grasp the crate by its corners. With a heave, you lift it into the air. The sight at your feet horrifies you and you must add 2 FEAR points for the fright! Out of the upturned box drops the limp body of a lifeless animal! The creature is perhaps a well-shorn sheep or, more likely, a goat, but it is difficult to identify as it has been decapitated. You turn away, fighting down a feeling of nausea and make for the door. Turn to 378.

135

You place the ring on your finger. As you do so, the man starts to smile. 'Well,' he says, 'that should certainly make my job a good deal easier! Come over here.' You shiver as you realize that you have done the wrong thing! Your fingers desperately try to reach the ring to pull it off, but your mind will not allow them to do so. The ring has brought you directly under the control of your host's will. Turn to 326.

136

Were you Lucky or Unlucky? If you were Lucky, you managed to escape the splintering glass without harm. If you were Unlucky, the glass cut your wrist – lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn now to 317.

137

You walk up to a large window which looks as though it may not be quite closed. But there are heavy bars across it. Even if you were able to open the window, you would never manage to squeeze through the bars. The house is certainly well protected from intruders! Do you want to continue round the house to see where the light is coming from (turn to 345) or return to the front door and either pull the rope (turn to 275) or use the knocker (turn to 357)?

138

You recognize the Hunchback; he is the man who brought you a drink upstairs, but you cannot be sure he has recognized you. Do you want to stop fighting and jog his memory (turn to 198) or would you rather just kill him (turn to 164)?

139

You step over to the bed and shake the old woman gently. But as soon as you touch her withered skin, you jump back in horror. She is stone-cold! Dead! Add 2 FEAR points for the shock. As you stand by the bed, shivering, a low moan comes from the body. Its eyelids flick open and pure white eyes stare up at the ceiling. She has no pupils! Do you wish to wait to see what will happen next (turn to 246), or will you beat a hasty retreat and return to the passageway (turn to 159)?

140

You grasp the handle and turn it. The door is locked, and it looks too sturdy for you to break down. Will you turn towards the door at the end of the corridor (turn to 332) or go back the way you came, carrying on past the room from which you originally appeared (turn to 287)?

141

Score the points as indicated for any of the following choices:

Shekou	5 points
Shaitan	3 points

You score no points for any other choices. Now turn to 280.

142

The footsteps get louder and then they stop. *You cannot see anything!* By the sound of the footsteps, whoever was coming should be standing right in front of you! You start to sweat, and must add 1 FEAR point. A pain grips your chest and starts to grow. It is as if an invisible enemy is grasping your heart and squeezing! But you still cannot see anything. You fight the pain and resounding laughter echoes in your ears. Something is standing there! You struggle to escape. Fight this INVISIBLE ENEMY. Although you will do him no harm, his STAMINA score reflects the grip which he has on you; if you reduce his STAMINA to zero, you will break free and can escape by running down the hallway and turning right. Turn to 257 if you escape.

INVISIBLE ENEMY	SKILL 10	STAMINA 4

143

You step over to the next cell. The sound of footsteps outside the door makes you turn quickly. Four men dressed in white gowns and wearing goats' heads appear at the door. 'I told you!' says one. 'I

knew I could hear something. Looks like someone wants to free our prisoners. Come on, brothers!' They rush towards you and you must resolve your battle with their leader, who attacks you first:

LEADER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 301.

144

'Who's that?' asks a voice from behind the door. The door is unlocked, so you could walk in, but perhaps you don't want to be discovered just yet. Will you open the door and take a chance with whoever is in the room (turn to 71) or will you mumble something like, 'Sorry, wrong door,' then try elsewhere (turn to 278)?

145

How will you hold off these advancing creatures? Will you pick up the brandy decanter (turn to 169) or move slowly backwards towards the window (turn to 64)?

146

The rock creaks and dust rises as the wall starts to move. A crack appears in the brickwork and slowly a secret door opens. But to your surprise, the door opens on to one side of the hollow area you found. Perhaps this was merely a decoy. Moments later the door has opened wide enough to let you see inside. You can see a small chamber with a table standing in the centre. On the table is a box. If you wish to enter, turn to 133. If you would rather leave, you can climb the stairs and go through the door at the top (turn to 293).

147

Where will you hide? Will you nip behind the curtains (turn to 184) or quickly dive through the mirror (turn to 3)?

148

You pick up the bunch of keys and start to flick through them. *Aaaarrgghh!* You scream loudly and drop the keys on the floor. For they are red hot, and you have severely burnt your hand! You were using your weapon-hand, and must lose 3 STAMINA and 2 SKILL points; but if you wish, you may *Test your Luck*. A Lucky roll means that you weren't using your weapon-hand after all, and you only lose 1 STAMINA point. The scream and clatter of the falling keys have made quite a noise. Turn to 254.

149

You take the stopper off the vial and sniff the liquid. It is odourless. Raising the neck to your lips, you take a sip and wait for something to happen – but nothing does. You feel no strange effects at all. Turn to 385.

150

As you are puzzling over the curtains, you reach out to lean on the bed. But as you rest your weight on the bedpost, the whole bed shifts aside and you crash down on to the floor! This is all very strange – and a little scary. Add 1 FEAR point and take 1 STAMINA point of damage. A rumbling from the opposite side of the room breaks into your thoughts. Sliding over the carpet towards you, and accelerating rapidly, is one of the chairs. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 101. If you are Unlucky, turn to 53.

151

A plaque beneath the painting reads 'Lady Margaret of Danvers: 1802–1834'. You stand and admire her beauty and wonder why she died so young. As you are staring at her face, you suddenly blink and look again. Didn't you just see her *lips moving*? Surely not! A whisper reaches your ears but you cannot make out its message. You lean forwards and put your ear to the lips. A soft woman's voice is speaking to you: 'Stranger, beware of this place, for it is cursed! Many have succumbed to its power, myself included. The evil Lord Kelnor will already be plotting your death. Drink not his white wine. Or if you can, begone. Escape while you may!' You step back, aghast! What sort of place is this? A creepy, run-down old building filled with priceless antiques – and paintings which *talk*? A cold prickle runs down your neck and you must add 1 FEAR point. Will you now run for the door (turn to 391) or wait to see what happens (turn to 277)?

152

You try the door-handle. It will not turn; the door is locked! A rush of anxiety comes over you. How will you leave this room? Add 1 FEAR point. Again you try the doorknob, but it will not budge. A noise comes from behind you and you swing round. Did that rustling sound come from the window? You step over to investigate. Turn to 236.

153

'Is that so?' he asks. 'Then why are you here?' Will you tell him that you are an outsider trying to escape from the house (turn to 208) or will you pretend to be a servant of the Earl of Drumer (turn to 268)?

154

You try the door of the Asmodeus room. It is locked, but the key is in the lock. You turn it and step into a dimly lit room. A single candle is burning on a table on the far side of the room, in front of a window. Two packing crates have been turned upside down to make seats on either side of the table and there is no other furniture. Your ears prick up at a shuffling sound behind you and you wheel round towards the door. A loud cry comes from behind the door and a man with thick white hair launches himself at you! He is dressed in a long robe of a dirty grey colour and before you can avoid him, he is on top of you! Add 1 FEAR point. Resolve your battle with him:

WHITE-HAIRED MAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

When you have inflicted your first wound on him, turn to 162.

155

You step into the room. It is a stylish bedchamber, beautifully decorated. But one thing disturbs you immediately. *The windows are barred.* Perhaps, being so far from anywhere, they are designed to keep intruders out, rather than to keep guests in! In the centre of the room is a four-poster bed. You walk over and test the mattress; it feels very comfortable. By now you are in need of a rest. Will you climb into bed (turn to 231) or walk over to the window to take a look outside (turn to 27)?

156

You take a book off the shelf entitled: *Mystical Symbols and Their Part in Magic Rituals*. You open the cover and something drops out of the book on to the floor. You bend down to pick it up. It is a pentacle fashioned in metal and hanging on a long chain. The book itself is hollowed out to take the charm and a piece of paper lies underneath it. The paper describes the pentacle as having powers over devil-worshippers. Cast into the pentacle is the number 66. If you wish to take the pentacle, you may use it at any appropriate time by turning to reference number 66. Add 2 LUCK points for your find. Do you now wish to look for other interesting books (turn to 286) or would you prefer to leave the room (turn to 54)?

157

'Hmmm,' grunts the torturer, 'I am still not convinced. Nevertheless, you *may* be a friend of the Master.' You hold your breath as he pauses to make up his mind. 'All right, stranger, I will give you the benefit of the doubt. Release the rack, Dirk.' You are set free and allowed to leave the room. Turn to 248.

158

You can hear slow footsteps approaching your room. They stop outside the room and a key rattles as it unlocks your door! You must quickly decide whether to jump into bed and pretend to be asleep (turn to 179) or to hide behind the door to surprise whoever is about to come in (turn to 373).

159

Having explored most of the rooms upstairs, you decide to risk searching the ground floor. You follow the landing back round to the staircase and creep downstairs. Turn to 132.

160

Behind the mirror is a small chamber, just large enough for you to turn around in. There are two doors in the chamber. Do you want to try the left-hand door (turn to 92) or the right-hand door (turn to 294)? Or would you rather step back through the mirror (turn to 349?

161

You unstopper the vial and sniff the liquid. It smells of lemon. You raise the neck to your lips and take a sip. It *tastes* like lemon juice! You swallow it down and wait anxiously for any effects. Nothing happens. But this is understandable, as the effects of this liquid will not become apparent until you have your next fight. For the liquid has healing powers and will protect you from injury. The sip you took was strong enough to heal the next two wounds you take, do not deduct any STAMINA points for these wounds. Now turn to 385.

162

Your attacker reels from the blow and you have a moment to catch your breath and consider what to do next. Will you:

Leap in and finish him off?	Turn to 271
Hold up your hands to indicate you mean no harm?	Turn to 323
Run for the door opposite?	Turn to 378

163

On the bedside table are a candle, which lights the room, and a silver tray. On the silver tray is a night-time snack: bread, jam and tea. You can, if you wish, eat this snack (turn to **226**). Otherwise you can leave it and either investigate the cupboards (turn to 43) or leave the room (turn to 243).

164

You knock him to the ground and are able to get a vicious kick in before the Hunchback can recover. Deduct an extra 2 STAMINA points from him and resolve the battle. If you win, turn to **116**.

165

You search around the corner but can find nothing unusual. You can hear some bats squeaking and the overwhelming smell of their droppings forces you to cut short your search. You must decide what you want to do next. Will you search under the stairs (turn to 61), look along the back wall (turn to 356) or climb the stairs (turn to 293)?

166

Exploring the area, you find nothing particularly unusual. You see a wooden door on the left of the passageway, which you may try by turning to **221**, or you can walk a little further up and try another door in the right-hand wall (turn to **209**). If you would prefer to ignore the doors and continue up the passageway, turn to **91**.

167

The sheets do, in fact, cover up furniture and boxes. There are several easy chairs and a stylish chaise-longue, and the boxes contain household bits and pieces. One box contains ornamental crockery wrapped up in newspaper. There is nothing unusual about any of this. Turn to 380.

168

A soft voice is calling your name! You leap back against a wall, while across the room a strange shape is forming. A human figure is passing through the very wall itself and entering the room. At least, the figure is *almost* human, but its head is missing. As it materializes before you, the voice becomes clearer. It comes from a head that is carried, not on the apparition's shoulders, but in its hand which hangs down at its side! The sight is horrible and ghostly blood drips on to the carpet from the severed head. You must add 2 FEAR points. Will you stay to hear what the ghost has to say to you (turn to 124), or run from the room (turn to 382)?

169

You grab the decanter and splash brandy quickly over the two creatures, hoping to douse their flames. But to your dismay, the brandy burns fiercely! In fact it seems to nourish the Fire Sprites rather than weaken them. Turn to 9.

170

'What business of yours is this house?' she screams. 'If you will not go of your own accord, then my hounds will see you off. And if they cannot, I will do it myself!' With these words, a wooden panel slides

open in the wall. Two huge GREAT DANES spring out and attack. Resolve your battle with the dogs (fight them one at a time):

First GREAT DANE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second GREAT DANE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the dogs, you may either leave the room (turn to 159) or remain to search it (turn to 19).

171

Your struggles are wasted. You cannot free yourself from the sheets and the pillow, which are wrapping themselves around your body and face. Eventually, you drop back into the bed. You have fallen victim to the evil within the House of Drumer.

172

Caution should have overruled your appetite. For in the House of Drumer, cheese and white wine are not recommended, for the simple reason that anyone who eats cheese or drinks white wine will pay the penalty. They are poisoned! This is the end of your adventure.

173

You open your eyes. Your head is spinning and it is some time before you are fully aware of the fact that your hands and feet are bound. The room you are in is empty, but you work out a plan. You will hop over to the window, break the glass, and use it to cut yourself free. Pulling yourself to your feet is awkward, but you manage it and with a mixture of hops

and shuffles you arrive at the window. Outside the wind is blowing the rain against the window panes. Will you go ahead and smash the window with your hands – something of a risky business – or will you instead *Test your Luck*? If you want to *Test your Luck*, turn to 136. If you do not wish to use your LUCK *here*, turn to 360.

174

The rock creaks and dust rises as the wall comes to life. A crack appears in the brickwork and slowly a secret door opens. But to your surprise, the door opens to one side of the hollow area you found. Perhaps this was merely a decoy. Moments later the door has opened wide enough to let you see inside. You can see a small chamber with a table standing in the centre. On the table is a box. If you wish to enter, turn to 48. If you would rather leave, you can climb the stairs and go through the door at the top (turn to 293).

175

You follow the passageway round the corner to the left. Two doors face each other across the passage and you may either try the door on the left, to the Belial room, or the door on the right, to the Abaddon room. Straight ahead, the passageway

continues for a few metres before ending at an unmarked door. Will you:

Try the door of the Belial room?	Turn to 312
Try the door of the Abaddon room?	Turn to 335
Try the unmarked door ahead?	Turn to 103
Turn back and go downstairs?	Turn to 132

176

'Enough!' shouts the torturer. 'Undo the imposter's ropes. Our friend is no more a friend of the Master than is the Chief of Police!' You are bound to admit he is right, and you try to excuse yourself by saying that you thought you must try that story, otherwise you would have been killed. You tell him the real story of your arrival. Turn to 4.

177

He frowns and considers your story. 'It is impossible,' he says, 'that your story is true. But somehow you are not like the others. Perhaps there is some truth in what you say – and I would dearly like to find a friend in this evil house. All right, stranger, I believe you.' You breathe a sigh of relief and you can now ask him either how you can escape from the house (turn to 75) or how you can defeat the Master (turn to 105)?

178

You immediately turn to aid your comrade, but you

are too late. A thrust from the Devil-Worshipper's knife pierces his chest. You slam your fist into the back of the man's neck and he slumps to the floor. But you have lost your ally and must leave without him. Turn to 366.

179

You spring into the bed and wrap the sheets around you, keeping one eye open just wide enough to see what is going on. A shambling figure enters the room. It looks like a man who is bent over double and he is carrying a glass of liquid in his hand. Placing the glass on your bedside table, he turns to leave the room. Do you want to leap out of bed and attack him (turn to 399) or will you wait until he has gone and swallow the drink he has left for you (turn to 45)?

180

The sight before you is the last you will ever see. The wound you have just suffered and the butler's terrifying transformation are more than you can bear. Franklins is no more. His human shell has dissolved and he now stands before you as his true self – a hideous demonic form surrounded by a cloud of vapour. Steam hisses from its mouth and blood – your own blood – drips, not from a knife, but from a huge savage claw that is its right hand. As you drop dying to the floor, this creature from hell steps forwards to crush you with its goat-like hooves. You may have defeated the Earl of Drumer, but not THE MASTER . . .

181

The butler screams as your blow strikes him. The man is obviously not the violent type, as the agony in his voice is certainly not warranted by your modest hit. His cry continues! It becomes deafening and you are forced to step back and cover your ears with your hands. But this is not the anguish of an injured man . . .

Steam begins to rise from the floor and it engulfs the butler. His expression changes from a scream to a vicious snarl and his eyes widen. A transformation is taking place! Before your eyes, the form of Franklins melts away and is replaced by a hideous demonic beast! Steam hisses from its mouth. Its scaly skin is dark. Its hands are now two vicious claws which slash the air before you. Its feet have become hooves – goat-like hooves. You must add 3 FEAR points as you witness the creation of this demon from the depths of hell. If you are still alive, turn to **109** if you are using the Kris knife, or **52** if you are not.

182

The man looks away as you pull out your knife and prepare to strike him with it. 'Again, my thanks,' he says. 'I will not get another chance to thank you.' Your hand comes down and even you must close your eyes as you strike him. But your knife never reaches its target. A strong hand catches your wrist inches from the man's chest and squeezes hard. You open your eyes and see the man smiling at you devilishly. He has tricked you! He had no wish to

end his life. He simply wanted a weapon to use against his jailers, a weapon which you have now provided for him! He slams your wrist against the bars, forcing you to drop the knife inside his cell. Your anger turns to fear when he does not release his grip, but instead bends down to pick up the knife and holds it against your throat. 'I am sorry, my friend,' he says, 'but I cannot risk your telling the others that I am now armed. My friends and I *must* have our freedom at any cost. We shall have it when our jailer returns with our next meal. I am deeply sorry that the price of our freedom is so high – for you.' And with those words his blade bite-deep. Your adventure ends here.

183

The door opens slowly. A small, stocky man steps into the room. He appears to be bent double and as he peers into the room, you leap on him to attack. Turn to **56** to resolve the battle, but since you leap! on him straight away, you may cause him 2 STAMINA points of damage immediately for your surprise attack.

184

You hide behind the curtains, clutching your box, and wait for your visitors to leave. The door opens and you can hear two voices talking. They are discussing a ceremony which involves goats and priests. You hear a click and a moment later, the voices start shouting. They have discovered that the

box is missing! You hear angry footsteps stomping about the room and your mouth dries as you wait anxiously to see whether you will be discovered. Suddenly the curtains are flung apart! Sheepishly you stand there holding your box while two men, wild-haired and furious, glare at you. Will you apologize and offer them their box back (turn to **17**) or leap forward and attack them (turn to **215**)?

185

There are no signs of traps in the room. If you wish to double-check, you may *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **379**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **206**. If you do not wish to *Test your Luck*, pull the rope and turn to **318**.

186

This Ghoul has the ability to paralyse you if it is able to inflict four wounds during one fight. You are half-way there and you must be very careful as you continue the battle; two more wounds and you will die. Now return to **126** and finish the fight.

187

As you creep along the wall, someone in the group cries out. You have been spotted. All eyes turn towards you and the unholy gathering advances to surround you. You are trapped. Will you attempt to fight your way out (turn to 365), or do you have something else you can use? If so, use it.

188

The rock creaks and dust rises as the wall comes to life. A crack appears in the brickwork and slowly a secret door opens. But to your surprise, the door opens on to one side of the hollow area you found. Perhaps this was merely a decoy. Moments later the door has opened wide enough to let you see inside. You can see a small chamber with a table standing in the centre. On the table is a box. If you wish to enter, turn to 133. If you would rather leave, you can climb the stairs and go through the door at the top (turn to 293).

189

The Vampire's eyes light up as you open the door. Although you didn't know it, this was just what he was hoping for! As the light from the room falls on to the faces of the Vampire's two undead slaves, their eyes open and they step out of the cupboard towards you. The hideous, grey-green, decaying faces of two ZOMBIES follow you as you step away from them. 'Attack! Attack!' yells the Vampire. They obey. Resolve your combat with them, one at a time:

First ZOMBIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second ZOMBIE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Zombies, turn to 20.

190

You knock loudly and watch the window. A few seconds later, the two men reappear and light the candles. The older man walks towards the door. Turn to 207.

191

As you pull out your weapon, he steps backwards in fear. You demand that he tells you the secrets of the cellars. 'All right, all right,' he pleads, 'I'll tell you. But I will be in terrible trouble if the Master finds out that I am giving away his secrets.' You tell him that he will be in even worse trouble if he *doesn't* tell you what you want to know. 'The cellar rooms,' he starts, 'are connected by secret doors. Some of these are simply hidden, but a few – the most important ones – need a password to open them. The Master keeps on changing the password to keep his secrets safe.' You ask him what the current password is, but he says he doesn't know. You threaten him again, and he starts to fight:

HUNCHBACK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

When you have inflicted your first wound on him, turn to 284.

192

There are several delicate items of pottery and a few silver pieces on the shelf. One of the silver ornaments is a short dagger, and you may take this with you if you want. It is rather too short to be a really useful WEAPON, but nevertheless, you may add 2 SKILL points if you use it in a fight. There is also a silver hip-flask. If you have not already done so, you may take this flask and fill it with brandy. Now you may either examine the fireplace (turn to 303) or leave the room (turn to 218).

193

A short distance further on, you come to the top of the main staircase which leads downwards. Immediately opposite the staircase is an unmarked door. Do you wish to go downstairs (turn to 132), try the unmarked door (turn to 377), or will you continue round the landing (turn to 233)?

194

Score the points as indicated if you wrote down any of the following words:

Azazel	3 points
Abaddon	5 points
Asmodeus	3 points
Apollyon	3 points

You score no points for any other choice. Now turn to 130.

195

The room is a study. Old leather-bound books line the walls and the only source of light comes from a single candle burning on an antique desk. You walk over to examine the desk, which is made from beautiful wood and has brass-handled drawers. A piece of paper rests on the blotter. As you look at it, you are suddenly aware that something strange is happening. A large brown letter F is forming in the top left-hand corner! You gasp as the word 'Find' appears in a child's handwriting across the top of the paper. For this you must add 1 FEAR point. Slowly the complete message forms: 'Find Shekou.' Who or what is Shekou? You pick up the paper and move round the desk to see it more clearly in the light. But as quickly as it appeared, the message disappears. Do you wish to look over the collection of books (turn to 62) or will you leave this room (turn to 54)?

196

A rack of lamb is brought in on a silver platter. The smell is delicious! You both start to eat and talk. The Earl asks you about your job and your reason for being in such an out-of-the-way place in the middle of the night. In turn, he tells you about himself and his family. Turn to 28.

197

You walk up to the mantelpiece and pick up the box. A catch is holding it shut. But before you open the box, a rustling from the window attracts your attention. *Something is happening!* You place the box back on the mantelpiece and walk over to the curtains. Turn to **236**.

198

The dull-witted Hunchback seems to vaguely remember your face. You start to chat to him and find that he is quite flattered that *someone* wants to talk to him. He tells you his name is Shekou and he lives in the cellars beneath the house. Do you wish to ask him about the secrets of his cellars (turn to **18**) or, if you have any brandy with you, you may pull it out and offer him a drink (turn to **93**).

199

You sit on your haunches and reach for the photograph. As you pick it up, you feel a heavy *thud* on the top of your head! You slump to the floor, dazed, and the plant-pot, which came crashing down on your head, smashes on the floor. You must lose 3 STAMINA points for this accident. Now turn to **290**.

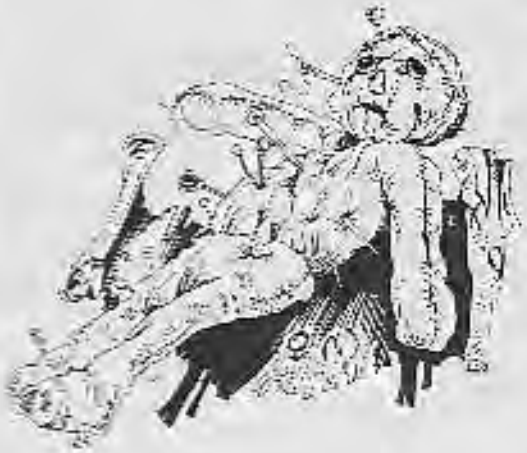

200

You open the door and peer round. The room is a large, elegantly decorated bedroom, with a four-poster bed in one corner. There is a three-piece suite in the centre of the room, facing a fireplace. A fire is smouldering, but the room appears to be empty. On the far side of the room are two more doors. Do you wish to go in (turn to **69**) or quickly close the door and leave the room (turn to **389**)?

201

You are bundled inside the small cage and hoisted into the air. What a dreadful place to spend your days. The cage is big enough for you to sit inside, with your knees close up to your chest. But you are unable to stretch at all. When cramp sets in, your fate will be long, slow and painful, much to the delight of the torturer and his assistants . . .

202

You tell the man you have no wish to team up with him. The door is unlocked and he is free to go whenever he pleases. Now where will you go? Turn to 278.

203

There is only one hiding-place in the room, but you will have to be lucky to find it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 376. If you are Unlucky, you will have to wait to see who – or what – your visitor is. But you may decide to wait behind the door, instead of in plain view (turn to 369).

204

Do you wish to try the other door (turn to 92) or would you prefer to step back through the mirror (turn to 349)?

205

The door is firmly locked. Try the door opposite by turning to 118.

206

You can find no signs of any traps. Ring for the butler by turning to 318.

207

'What's this?' you hear the older man ask. 'Someone knocking at the door at this time of night? Could it be one of the brethren? I thought everyone was here.' Then the two men start whispering to each

other in voices too low for you to hear. You wait patiently outside in the rain until eventually, the door opens and a voice asks, 'Who is it?' Will you tell them about your predicament and ask to use the phone (turn to 95) or will you claim to be one of the brethren that you heard them talking about (turn to 267)?

208

'I don't believe it!' he exclaims. 'Have my prayers been answered? Can I join you? Please, you must allow me to come with you. I can be of great help to you.' You tell him he is certainly welcome to help in your escape, and ask him how he came to be in this hidden area. 'Do you know about the sacrifices?' he asks. 'Well, I am to be saved for the next ceremony. I was part of the Master's coven but my conscience will no longer allow me to live with the evil it entails. But the coven cannot allow defectors. I was sentenced to death – death by sacrifice! Together we must destroy Kelnor, the Master. I know how it can be done! Kelnor can only be killed with the Kris dagger which is hidden somewhere in the house. And he must be summoned in a *red room*. Let us agree to rid the world of this human monster and his evil sect!' You would be foolish to refuse the help and agree. You may add 1 LUCK point for this information. A noise outside cuts the conversation short – someone is coming! Turn to 87.

209

This room seems to be a dungeon of some sort, for along one wall are four cells with heavy iron bars locking their occupants in. No one seems to be on *your* side of the bars, so you walk in to have a look. A twig cracks as you step forward and immediately three bodies spring to life in three of the cells. They are a ragged lot – clothes in tatters, hair dishevelled and grubby. They all reach forward through the bars and plead with you to release them. Each one has been captured by the Earl of Drumer's servants and imprisoned to await some horrendous fate. Nearest to you is a pretty young girl; her face and fair hair are dirty and she is in tears. She desperately wants to be released. In the second cell is a tall man with strong features. He has accepted that he is about to die and bravely asks you to kill him now, to deprive the evil Earl of his pleasure. In the third cell is a balding man in a grey gown who says nothing. Do you wish to try to help these prisoners? You may talk to one of them if you wish. Would you like to talk to the young girl (turn to 322), the dark man (turn to 286) or the balding man (turn to 363). If you would rather not talk to any of them, you may leave the room and walk away (turn to 91).

210

As you leave the room, the Hunchback limps along, muttering to himself, 'I wish the Master's friends would not just drop in on me like that,' he mumbles, 'giving me such a fright and all. Especially on a night like tonight . . .' He leads you along until he

reaches a door on the left. 'Keep on going until you reach a staircase, then go up into the house. I've got work to do down here.' Do you recognize this Hunchback? Have you met him before? If so, you may turn to 230. If not, you may either follow his directions (turn to 393) or wait until he has gone and explore the cellar (turn to 166).

211

The door is locked and you will not be able to open it. You turn round and follow the hallway (turn to 58).

212

Your key does not fit in the lock. The door remains firmly closed. Turn to 47.

213

The table is quite ordinary. You feel around underneath it, but can find nothing exceptional there. The packing crate on the left feels light. You tip it up to have a look underneath and find nothing inside. But the crate on the right is heavy. You kick it with your foot and it does not move. Do you want to lift it to see what is hidden inside (turn to 134) or leave it alone and walk back out into the hallway (turn to 378)?

214

You tell him who you are and that you wish to escape from the house too, preferably destroying the Earl of Drumer's cult of terror on the way. The

man begins to get quite excited. 'My name is Rafferty,' he says. 'I have seen enough of the evil in this place and wish to wash it out of my life for ever. Perhaps we can escape together. There is a secret trap-door in the ceiling in this corner of the room. If you will be so kind as to bend over, I will climb on your back; and when I'm through I can haul you up.' Will you help him with his plan to escape (turn to 245) or do you suspect this character and decide you would rather continue alone (turn to 202)?

215

The two men are as startled as you are by this encounter, but you are ready to attack. You drop the leather box and leap forward. Resolve this battle (fight the men one at a time):

First MAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
Second MAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you wish to *Escape* at any time during the battle after the first four Attack Rounds, you may only do so by throwing yourself through the mirror while they are not looking (turn to 160). If you defeat the two men, turn to 273.

216

The narrow stairway splits and offers you two ways down. Will you choose the left-hand stairs (turn to 398) or the right-hand stairs (turn to 89)?

217

The door opens at the top of a staircase which leads down into the cellars underneath the house. You walk downstairs slowly to allow your eyes to become accustomed to the darkness. At the foot of the stairs, a twittering noise catches your attention. Suddenly you feel something land on your head and dig sharp claws into your scalp! You swat it away and your hand touches a small, leathery body. BATS! A number of them are flapping around your head, darting and scratching with their claws. You must add 1 FEAR point for the shock, and you may now:

Run back upstairs	Turn to 370
Hide under the stairs	Turn to 320
Fight the bats	Turn to 343

218

Did you enter this drawing-room from the hallway or the study? If you entered from the hallway, you take the door which leads into the study – turn to 195. If you entered from the study, you go through the other door into the hallway. Turn to 251.

219

As the others set off along the passageway, you remain at the back of the crowd. As the last few are leaving the room, another man bursts in through the door, puffing and panting. 'Good, I'm not too late,' he gasps. 'For a minute I thought I'd miss it! Now let's see. Where is my gown and mask?' Your blood chills as the man starts looking in the area

where you took your costume. 'Gone!' he says. 'Wait, Brothers, someone has taken my dress. Ah, *there* is my mask. Sorry, Brother, you must have taken mine by mistake. I can recognize it quite clearly by the broken tooth. Here, let me have it.' The man snatches the mask from your head and all attention is focused on you. 'Here, who are you?' someone asks. Your hesitant reply gives the game away. 'Back, Brothers!' shouts a voice. 'We seem to have an intruder in our midst.' A dozen men come back into the room and surround you. You have no choice but to go with them to the cell where they lock you in. This is a cell from which there is no escape: your adventure is over.

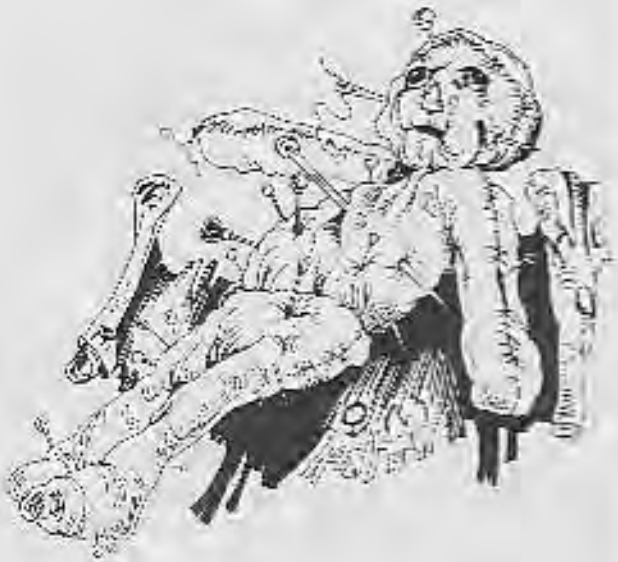

220

The poor, miserable creature pleads for mercy. He is such a pitiful sight that you step back as he grovels on the floor. He will do you no harm and thanks you continually for sparing his life. Do you now wish to leave the room, locking him in behind you (turn to 350) or will you try to force him to answer your questions (turn to 234)?

221

You can hear gruff noises coming from within the room. Whoever, or whatever, is in there certainly doesn't sound too friendly. Will you try the door anyway (turn to 344) or will you open the door in the wall opposite (turn to 209) or continue along the passageway (turn to 91)?

222

You grip the handle, turn it and slowly pull the door open. The noise of the storm raging outside becomes louder. You start to walk through the doorway, but stop and gasp, your eyes frozen wide open! Standing in the doorway before you is a hooded figure! But its face is not human. Instead, the head is that of a goat and its mouth is red with blood, which is dripping on to the ground. Its dead eyes stare vacantly upwards. The sight is terrifying and you must add 3 FEAR points. You slam the door in its face and turn around. Where will you run – through a door on the right (turn to 353), through a door on the left (turn to 285) or back down the hallway (turn to 108)?

223

The rock creaks and dust rises as the wall starts to move. A crack appears down the wall in the brickwork and slowly a secret door opens. But to your surprise, the door opens on to one side of the hollow area you found. Perhaps this was merely a decoy. Moments later, the door has opened wide enough to let you see inside. You can see a small chamber with a table standing in the centre. On the table is a box. If you wish to enter, turn to 133. If you would rather leave, you can climb the stairs and go through the door at the top (turn to 293).

224

Franklins brings them to you and you finish off your meal. 'Well, my friend,' says the Earl, 'you must

now be quite tired; it is well past midnight. Franklins will show you to your room.' You thank him and follow the butler out of the dining-room. 'This way, if you please,' he says as he leads you up a magnificent wide staircase with carved wooden banisters. A landing at the top leads to various different rooms, each with a name-plaque on the door. He takes you to one which reads 'Erasmus Room' and opens the door, wishing you a good night's sleep. Turn to 5.

225

You press the button. It clicks and you can hear a rumbling from behind the bookcase. Slowly, the bookcase slides aside to reveal a passageway behind it. If you wish to go down the passage, turn to 241. If you would rather not risk exploring the passage leave the study by turning to 54.

226

You examine the tray carefully, but there seems to be nothing suspicious about it. 'The snack is just what you needed.' You may add 4 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point for this find. When you are ready you may either leave the room (turn to 243) or investigate the cupboards (turn to 43).

227

What food did you take? Bread and cakes will restore 2 STAMINA points each; dried meats, dried fish and cheese will restore 1 STAMINA point each; fruit and wine will not restore any. Wine will lose

you 1 SKILL point, but if you drank wine you may deduct 2 FEAR points (Dutch courage!). If you ate cheese or drank white wine, turn to 172. If you ate neither of these, but ate dried fish or drank red wine, turn to 84. If you ate none of these, turn to 36.

228

How will you attack the man? Will you use a weapon (turn to 32) or do you have anything else you can use (turn to 46)?

229

You follow the landing round until you reach another door on the right-hand side. A name-plate identifies it as the Erasmus room. If you wish to enter this room, turn to 140. Ahead of you, at the end of the passageway, is another door. If you wish to go there, turn to 332.

230

You recognize the Hunchback as the man who brought you a drink upstairs. Will you jog his memory (turn to 198) or would you rather have your revenge and attack him (turn to 302)?

231

You climb into bed and blow out the candle. Anxious thoughts race through your mind. The old man who gave you wrong directions, your accident, the sinister atmosphere in the house . . . Soon your weariness gets the better of you and you drift off to sleep. In a disturbed slumber you begin to dream.

You are being chased by a swirling cloud of gas. You are trying to run from it but the faster you run, the slower you go. The cloud is catching you. As you desperately try to avoid it, it engulfs you. You begin to cough and choke. It is stifling your breath! You wake with a start. Your head is buried in the pillow and the bedclothes are holding you down! They feel heavy and you must strain to fight for air. Add 2 FEAR points as you realize that something supernatural is happening here. To determine whether or not you escape from the pillow, roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 348. If it is higher than your SKILL score turn to 171.

232

The door opens into a small room which is pitch-black. There seems to be no exit from the room, but you feel around the walls. Eventually your hand touches a small button in one corner and you press this. A panel in front of you slides aside and lets you out into a passageway. There are two doors opposite each other, one on the left and one on the right. There is no other way through. Will you try the door on the left (turn to 342) or the door on the right (turn to 144)?

233

A few steps past the unmarked door is *another* unmarked door. If you wish to try this one, turn to 98. If you wish to ignore it and go on, turn to 374.

234

He is terrified of you and agrees to answer your questions in exchange for his miserable life. Do you wish to ask him:

How you can escape from the house?	Turn to 258
About the people in the house?	Turn to 308
What is happening in the house?	Turn to 325

235

If you wrote down any of the following words, you can score the points indicated:

Diabolus	3 points
Drumer	5 points

Any other choice is not worth any points. Turn to 194.

236

From behind the curtain, a heavy blow hits you in the chest and knocks you backwards on to the floor. Lose 2 STAMINA points and add 2 FEAR points. You pick yourself up quickly and the curtain slides to one side. A human figure steps out. Its skin is a dirty-green colour. Its wide eyes stare *at* you, yet *through* you. Its jaw gapes open to reveal a mouth half full of rotten teeth. It wears ragged clothes. And it is advancing towards you! Resolve your fight with this ZOMBIE:

ZOMBIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Zombie, turn to 114.

237

You stand back from the secret door and say your password. Which word will you choose?

Pravemi	Turn to 223
Goathead	Turn to 188
Murder	Turn to 174
Kris	Turn to 146

238

There is no telephone in the hall and you feel uneasy about venturing into any of the rooms. While you are wondering what to do, you hear a noise coming from behind one of the doors. You rush back to the chair and sit down. Turn to 277.

239

There are no hiding-places in the room. The bed is solid and reaches down to the floor. You appear to be safe. But suddenly your ears prick up as you hear a shuffling sound outside. Footsteps are approaching along the passageway. With ears peeled, you listen. The shuffling stops outside your door! Will you wait to see who is there (turn to 369) or make other plans (turn to 281)?

240

You manage to scramble to the door and slam it shut before the dogs can spring at you. Now out in the passageway, you must look for another way to leave this area. Turn to 60.

241

The passageway you are in has rough stone walls and must run along the outside of the house. Rocky stairs lead downwards and you follow them until you reach the bottom. The air is cooler down here and you realize you must be in the cellars beneath the house. A half-hidden wooden door is standing ajar; you poke your head round it and peer into the room. Across the room is another door, but what you see in front of you fills you with alarm. Turn to 209.

242

The boxes contain jewellery. Most of it is quite gaudy, but one ring in particular looks as though it might be valuable. It is a gold band with rubies inset around it. You bend over and hold it up to a candle to try to read an inscription running around the inside rim. It says: 'To dearest Margaret from George: 1834'. You may slip this into your pocket if you wish. Then turn to 290.

243

A few steps further back down the passageway, two doors face each other. On the right is the Belial Room, which you may enter by turning to 312. On the left is the Abaddon Room and you may try this door by turning to 335. Otherwise you can continue round the passageway and walk downstairs (turn to 132).

244

The Earl is outraged! How could you allow him to go to all the trouble of preparing a meal and then refuse to eat it? Will you apologize and take the duck (turn to 115) or the lamb (turn to 196), or will you apologize for the inconvenience, but still refuse to eat (turn to 96)?

245

You bend down in the corner of the room to allow him to stand on your shoulders. Suddenly a thought occurs to you. Why has Rafferty not

escaped already by standing on the table? You turn round to ask him – just in time to see his fist slam into your chin! You slump to the floor and Rafferty smiles. Capturing you will gain him the Master's favour once more. He has saved his own miserable hide, but you are about to be taken prisoner. You will spend the rest of your days beneath the House of Drumer until the Master tires of you.

246

You hear words coming from the old woman, yet her lips do not move. 'Stranger, how dare you invade the private bedchamber of the woman of the house?' she asks. You stammer an apologetic reply. She orders you: 'Begone, intruder. Leave an old woman to die in peace!' Will you leave her as she wishes (turn to 159) or ask her for information about the house (turn to 170)?

247

Outside the study there are two doors in the hallway opposite each other. If you wish to try the door on the left, turn to 217. If you would rather try the door on the right, turn to 307. Otherwise you can continue along the hallway, following it round (turn to 316).

248

You leave the torture room and can now continue along the passageway. Turn to 393.

249

Slowly and quietly you walk up to the curtain. There is no movement from it. You grab the left-hand curtain and fling it open! There is a full-length window behind, which is barred on the outside. But nothing is hiding there. You take hold of the other curtain. But before you can move it, the bulges you noticed *come to life!* Turn to **236**.

250

You step up to a portrait of 'The Duchess of Brewster: 1777–1845'. She looks a stern old woman, with an icy stare; a lady of the nobility, no mistake. But as you stare, her image seems to shimmer. You blink, and try to look away. But you cannot! Within the shimmering face, you can see small movements and your jaw drops as the portrait's eyes turn towards you. Add 1 FEAR point for the fright. The woman's lips start to move and you hear a voice saying, 'Stranger, you have innocently stumbled into a cursed place. Would that I could bid you escape. But alas you cannot. There is evil and suffering within these walls and you may only escape by destroying it. But that is almost impossible. I can tell you this, though: you have an ally close by who may be able to help. This man is dressed in a grey robe. If you can find him, you may together free this house from the evil that controls it.' With these words, the shimmering stops. You rub your eyes and look again. The painting is still. Turn to **277**.

251

Across the hallway is another door. If you wish to try this door, turn to 97. Otherwise you can turn right and follow the hallway (turn to 42).

252

The corridor ends at a stout wooden door with Shaitan written on the name-plate. To your right is the Mammon room. And to your left is another door, but this one has no name. Do you wish to try any of these doors?

The Shaitan Room	Turn to 200
The Mammon Room	Turn to 123
The nameless door	Turn to 15
Turn back and follow the landing	Turn to 272

253

For fifteen minutes you try every loose brick in the hall. But you find nothing which will open the stone door. Perhaps that particular door can only be opened from the other wall. You must now choose your next plan. Will you go upstairs through the door at the top (turn to 293) or look in the corner where the bats came from (turn to 165)?

254

Your fears are confirmed when the door opens. The noise has attracted the attention of some mysterious friends of the Earl of Drumer. Four men enter the room, all dressed in white gowns and wearing goat's heads to conceal their faces. They are armed with knives and lengths of wood. It would be foolish to resist them. Grabbing your wrists, they take you downstairs into the cellars. There you enter a room in which there are four prison cells. Three are already occupied, but the fourth is empty. You will be detained here at the Earl's pleasure. Your adventure has ended.

255

You step out of the storeroom into a hallway. To your left, the hallway ends at a door which leads into the Shaitan room. If you wish to try the door, turn to 200. Almost opposite is the Mammon room which you may enter by turning to 123. If you are not interested in either of these, go back to the landing through the storeroom (turn to 233).

256

You grab the vial boldly, remove the stopper and take a sip of the liquid inside. You wash it round your mouth to test the taste. It is thick and syrupy; not at all unpleasant. You swallow hard and wait with baited breath for it to take effect. For several moments nothing happens. Perhaps it will have no effect. You move over towards the cupboards and that is when you first notice a difference. Each step

you take is an effort! Your feet feel like lead weights and your movements are sluggish. This liquid is a poison which saps the strength of those who take it. You must reduce your SKILL by 1 point and your STAMINA by 3. Continue by turning to 385.

257

You consider your best plan as you walk down the passageway. You turn right along the landing and two doors are on your left. The first has Azazel written on its name-plate and the second, Mephisto. Do you want to try either of these rooms? If so you may enter the Azazel room by turning to 358 or the Mephisto room by turning to 298. Otherwise you may pass both these rooms and walk along to where the landing turns right by turning to 287.

258

'Escape?' he whimpers. 'You can only escape if the Master will allow it. But you have been kind to me. Yes, very kind. Shekou will help you leave. But the Master must not know. Please promise me that you will not tell the Master?' You agree and he leads you out of the room on to a landing. He points to a staircase across the landing. 'If you go down there, you will end up by the front door,' he says. 'The Master may have locked it, but I don't think so. Go. Quickly!' You walk cautiously round the landing towards the staircase. Shekou cannot walk as quickly as you and you leave him behind. You turn right and then right again. You are now across the landing from the Erasmus room and you look for the Hunchback. He has disappeared! You have passed a couple of rooms, but where has he gone? Is he letting the Master know of your whereabouts? Now

you must decide what to do. Will you go downstairs (turn to 132) or would you rather try a room near by on the first floor (turn to 282)?

259

The door is locked. You may either try the door across the hallway (turn to 118) or go back along the hallway (turn to 49).

260

The door is locked. You will not be able to go in. You turn and set off down the hallway. Will you enter a room on the right (turn to 113) or will you carry on along the hallway (turn to 316)?

261

You walk over to a corner where you can watch everything and catch your breath. You may add 4 STAMINA points for the rest. Now turn to 380.

262

You climb into the bed and lie still. You can hear nothing, but then there is a single faint click as you shift your weight. You must have released a small catch, because you are suddenly flung upwards. Like a gigantic jaw, the bed has snapped up into the wall, swallowing you! It is pitch-black and the bedclothes are thrown off you as you fly downwards for several metres before landing on something hard. Take 2 STAMINA points of damage and turn to 241.

263

You step into a corner of the room and wait. The door opens slowly and a small, stocky man enters. His face is dumpy and dirty and he appears to be bent double. He squints into the room. Will you step forward and greet the man (turn to 367) or leap across the room and attack (turn to 56)?

264

You nurse your bruises and look around. All is pitch-black apart from a point of light coming from the end of a long tunnel. You walk down the tunnel cautiously and your pace slows even further when you hear the sound of voices in the distance. Human voices are chanting in a long, monotonous drone. Soon you are able to see what is happening. A group of people, perhaps forty of them, are gathered around a large fire. On the far side of the fire is an altar, and stretched out on the altar is a young woman. She is bound hand and foot. You cannot make out the faces of the onlookers, as they are all wearing goat-head masks. In the centre, standing over the altar, is a tall man dressed in robes, whose goat mask has been dyed purple. He holds in his hands a sharp dagger and is preparing to sacrifice his young victim. Do you wish to watch the proceedings (turn to 314), try to find a way out (turn to 80) or try to rescue the young woman (turn to 328)?

265

'My humble apologies,' stammers the torturer. 'I did not realize you were one of my Master's brethren. Can I make amends? Can I help direct you onwards?' If you refuse his help, you may just leave the room (turn to 248). If you want to ask the torturer how to get back upstairs, he will give you directions. If you follow them, you will end up back on the ground floor (turn to 293).

266

The dark man courageously bares his chest and asks you to plunge a knife into his heart to end his suffering. If you have a knife, you can do as he wishes (turn to 182) or you can refuse and talk to one of the other prisoners (turn to 143).

267

The door opens wide and you are invited in. 'We thought everyone was here already,' says the older man. 'That's cutting it a bit fine. The others are . . .' He pauses when he sees your face and the two men look at each other. 'Er, ahem . . . what delayed you?' You are feeling a little uneasy about the situation and mumble some excuse about your car breaking down. 'Your car,' says the man slowly. 'What a shame – I hope it's not too bad.' From their reactions, you get the distinct impression that you have said the wrong thing. Then it dawns on you that there are no other cars around the house although, according to these two, everyone has arrived. You try desperately to think of what to say next and you do not notice that the younger man has crept round behind you. You feel a heavy blow on the back of your head, which knocks you unconscious. Lose 4 STAMINA points and turn to 173.

268

'One of the Earl's servants?' he asks. 'I don't believe you. You don't look like one of his henchmen. *Who are you?*' Will you admit that you are an imposter (turn to 208) or will you become angry and switch your story, pushing him out towards the door (turn to 127)?

269

The wine is dry and light; obviously a very expensive vintage. But there is a puzzling aftertaste which you cannot place. Perhaps there is a little sediment in the decanter. No, the taste is more like . . . *aspirin!* Too late, you realize that your wine has been drugged. You start to raise yourself from the table, but the effects are already taking hold. You stumble, fall back and crash to the floor. Consciousness fades. Turn to 173.

270

You hurl the garlic at the Vampire and dash for the door. He shrieks, trying to brush off the garlic, as you fling it open. It opens into a cupboard – but a rather unusual one. The back wall has slid aside, revealing a secret passageway. The Vampire is rising to his feet again, so you decide to risk what lies ahead and step through into the passageway, slamming both doors behind you. Turn to 102.

271

Continue your battle with him. If you win, you may either leave the room (turn to 378) or check the table and the boxes (turn to 213).

272

You follow the landing round, past a wooden door which bears the name Tuttivillus. You may try this door by turning to 155. Straight ahead, the landing ends at a panelled wall and the passageway turns to the left. To follow the passage round, turn to 175.

273

You collect your thoughts. The box! What is in the box that made it worth such a great deal of trouble? You pick it up and open it. Inside is a Golden Key. Do you now wish to leave the room (turn to 131) or do you want to step through the mirror to see what lies behind (turn to 160)?

274

You remove the stopper from the neck of the vial and sniff the contents. A strong, acrid odour hits your nostrils and you sneeze loudly and shake your head to drive away the smell. Quickly, you put the stopper back on the vial and too late, you see the sign etched into the glass. *A skull and crossbones!* You have sniffed a deadly poison which is now working its way through your system. You feel dizzy and the room starts to spin. Coughing violently, you slump to the floor. Consciousness fades as your last moments pass. But perhaps this is a merciful escape from the terrors of the House of Hell.

275

You grasp the rope and pull. From the depths of the house you hear a tinkling noise and the light coming from the side window goes out. Turn to 357.

276

You feel around the wall, rapping the brick with your knuckles. Your heart leaps as you find a hollow area! You trace it with your fingers and the area is roughly the shape of a small door. Do you wish to look for a catch which will open the door (turn to 253) or will you try a password (turn to 237)?

277

Footsteps! *Someone is coming!* The tall man you met earlier walks in, opening the door for another tall man dressed in a purple smoking-jacket. 'May I present Lord Kelnor, the Earl of Drumer,' the butler announces. The Earl holds out his hand and you shake it. His grip is strong and his eyes pierce yours. His lips widen to a soft smile. You begin to tell him of your predicament, but he holds up his hand. 'Please; I can see that you have been caught in this filthy storm. Let us sit by the fire and we will see whether we can help. Franklins, tell the cook to prepare some food for our visitor.' You protest that you do not wish to be any trouble, but your host ignores you and leads you into a drawing-room where a fire is burning. You take off your coat and sit down. The heat of the fire makes you feel comfortable once more. Franklins returns with two glasses of brandy. Will you relax, drink the brandy and ask if you can use the telephone (turn to 394) or will you wait to see what he asks you (turn to 111)?

278

Where will you try now? The door opposite (turn to 342) or will you look for another way out of this corridor (turn to 60)?

279

You turn to go the other way, but stop at the sound of definite footsteps coming along the corridor towards you. You must decide quickly what to do. Will you turn back and follow the Ghost into the room at the end of the corridor (turn to 73) or take a chance and wait to see who is coming (turn to 142)?

280

How many points did you score in total? If you scored 12 points or more, turn to 265. If you scored 8–11 points, turn to 157. If you scored less than 8 points, turn to **176**.

281

You can either step behind the door, ready to pounce on anything that comes through (turn to 369), or you may try to hide from your visitor (turn to 203).

282

You look over the landing and then turn round to consider your choices. There are two doors in front of you, both unmarked. If you wish to go through the door on the left, turn to 377. If you wish to go through the door on the right, turn to **98**. If you would rather continue along the landing, turn to 374.

283

'Before I will answer your question,' she says, 'you must tell me something – *what is my name?*' Do you know what her name is? If so, you will have noted down a reference number to turn to, should you be asked this question. Turn to this reference. If you do not know her name, she will not answer your question no matter what you threaten to do to her plants; you will have to leave the room by turning to 159.

284

The Hunchback cringes as you strike him. 'Enough! Mercy! Please! I'll tell you the password! It is Pravemi. A member of the Earl's family, or something. Now leave me alone.' You step back from the miserable creature. Shekou scampers off through the door in the left-hand wall and leaves you alone. Will you walk on along the passage (turn to 393) or would you prefer to explore the area around you (turn to 166)?

285

The door is locked. You may either try the door opposite (turn to 353) or creep back along the hallway (turn to 108).

286

Another section of books is concerned with medieval portraits. You pull a large book down from the shelf. A book next to it falls over and reveals a small button set in the back of the bookcase. Do you wish to press this button? If so, turn to 225. If not, you may look at the book you have chosen by turning to 311.

287

You walk up to the two doors in the corner of the balcony. The one on your left is named Balthus and the one in front of you has no name. If you wish to enter the Balthus room, turn to 299. If you would rather go through the other door, turn to 86. If you choose to ignore these doors and continue round the landing, turn to 193.

288

The Earl of Drumer drops to the floor, dead. You breathe a heavy sigh of relief, for you have defeated the evil Master of the House of Drumer. But what of Franklins? Must you also destroy the butler? Turn to 104.

289

You walk from the porch round the side of the house. A light is indeed on, and it's shining through a window at the back of the building. Do you wish to go round to see if you can see anything at this window (turn to 345) or will you walk up to one of the other windows along the side wall to see whether you can enter the house without anyone knowing (turn to 137)?

290

You hear a rustling from the curtains and straighten up to look towards the window. You shudder with fright as the curtains open before you! Just as quickly, they shut again. Then there is silence. You walk slowly over and grab them! But they are perfectly ordinary curtains! You must add 1 FEAR point for the shock. Now do you wish to leave the room (turn to 21) or will you try to work out the mystery of the curtains (turn to 150)?

291

In front of you is a high-backed armchair facing the fire, with its back towards you. A figure raises itself from the chair and turns to face you. The man is tall and pale, with jet-black hair. He wears a long black cape, fastened across the neck with a gold clasp. 'Yes,' he says, 'so far you have fared well against the occupants of the house. But I believe you will find that your run of luck has come to an end. Step forward so I can see you.' Will you step forward as he asks (turn to 326) or will you prepare to attack the man (turn to 228)?

292

You pour a measure of the deep brown liquid into one of the glasses and hold it up. It looks safe enough, so you take a sip. *Delicious!* The brandy warms you inside as it slips down and you may add 3 STAMINA points. You spy a hip-flask on a shelf in one corner and you may take some of the brandy with you if you wish. Now you can look around the room. Do you wish to examine the corner shelf where you found the hip-flask (turn to 192) or the fireplace and the mantelpiece (turn to 303), or will you leave this drawing-room (turn to 218)?

293

You open the door at the top of the stairs. Facing you is a door, and to your right the hallway ends at another door. Do you wish to enter the door opposite (turn to 113), the door to your right (turn to 260) or turn left into a main hallway (turn to 316)?

294

The door is locked. If you have any keys with you, you may try them in the lock. Do you have a Golden Key? If so, you can try it by turning to 10. If not, turn to 204.

295

'Secret rooms?' she laughs. 'Why this house is riddled with secret passageways and secret rooms. Most are in the cellar though, but some of the upstairs passages lead to them. The most cunning secret room is the Master's most trusted hiding-place. It can only be reached by one way, and that is from under the stairs in the cellar. A password is needed and I knew the old one, but it has recently been changed. Shekou will know the new password . . .' The woman's eyes close, as if the conversation has been a great strain. You leave her be and consider the information you have been given.

When you are in a position to find the secret door in question (under the cellar stairs), you may try to find it by *deducting 10 from the reference you will be on at the time, and turning to the new reference.* No other clue as to its location will be given. But first you must find the password! Leave the room by turning to 159.

296

The key turns and the door opens. You step into the dining-room. The long table is set for two with fine silver. A sparkling chandelier, festooned with candles, lights the room. The walls are covered with plush red wallpaper. Full-length curtains are drawn along one of the walls. You are prepared for your battle. A rope hangs down by the curtains. You can pull this, if you wish, to ring for the butler (turn to 318). Otherwise you can check round the room for signs of any traps (turn to 185).

297

Score the points indicated for any of the following choices:

Mammon	3 points
Man in white	2 points
Mordana	5 points
Man in grey	2 points

You score no points for any other selection. Now turn to **141**.

298

The handle turns and the door opens a little, but it is caught on something and will not open any further. Do you wish to try to force the door (turn to **390**) or will you leave it and continue along the landing (turn to **287**)?

299

The room you have entered is bare. Pin-striped wallpaper covers the wall. A hearth is set in the centre of one wall and on the mantelpiece there is a small wooden box. Curtains are pulled together along another wall, but they hang awkwardly, bulging at unnatural places. Do you wish to:

Investigate the bulging curtains?	Turn to **249**
Open the box on the mantelpiece?	Turn to **197**
Leave the room?	Turn to **152**

300

'Ha!' he laughs, continuing to advance as you back towards the window. 'All right, then. If you really are not one of the Master's brethren, *make the sign of the cross!*' You consider this harmless request. You touch your forehead, then your chest, then each shoulder, and look back at him. His eyes open wide. 'It is true!' he exclaims. 'You really are an outsider! Oh, my friend, how can you forgive me for my inexcusable attack? How was I to know? For none of

the Master's followers would dare to cross themselves!' You tell him that you accept his apologies and ask him whether he can help you. Do you wish to ask him how you can escape from the house (turn to 75) or how you may defeat the Master (turn to 105)?

301

Although you defeat their leader, you cannot hold off the other three men, who surround and capture you. One of them runs off to get the keys to the cells. When he returns you are locked into the fourth cell. Your adventure ends here . . .

302

You spring on the Hunchback and attack. Resolve your battle:

HUNCHBACK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, you may either head for the staircase (turn to 393) or explore the cellar (turn to 166).

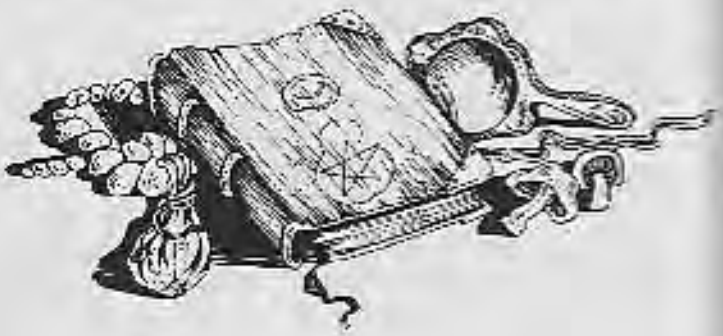

303

A fine carriage-clock sits in the centre of an elaborately carved wooden mantelpiece. A number of letters are jammed in behind the clock and you reach for them. As you do so, your sleeve catches one of the carved images in the woodwork and it moves! You lean forward to examine it. It is a small carved demonic face which can be moved sideways. Do you wish to see what lies behind the wooden face (turn to 85) or will you read through the letters (turn to 364)?

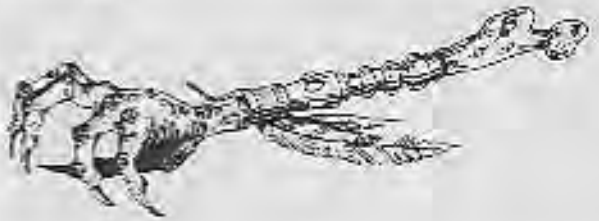

304

Three portraits are particularly interesting. Will you look at a beautiful young woman wearing a tiara (turn to 151), a middle-aged, portly gentleman wearing half-moon glasses (turn to 37) or an elderly woman with grey hair and a cold expression (turn to 250)?

305

The door has a bolt on the outside. You undo the bolt and open the door, peering cautiously into the room. The walls are bare and it is sparsely furnished, with only a table and chair. Sitting in a corner asleep is a man in a white gown. As you open the door he wakes with a start. 'Oh, hello!' he says. 'I suppose you've come for me, have you?' Will you say yes (turn to 127) or no (turn to 153)?

306

The door is firmly locked. You will not enter the house this way. If you wish, you can knock at the door to try to attract the attention of the two men who were talking. If you decide to do this, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, they will hear you and come to investigate (turn to 190). If you are Unlucky, they are out of earshot and you will not get through this way. If you decide against knocking at the door, or if you have been Unlucky, you will have to go back to the front door and either knock (turn to 357) or pull the bell-pull (turn to 275).

307

You try the handle. It turns; the door is unlocked, but the sound of voices puts you on your guard. You inch the door open and look through the crack. It reveals an elegant room with a polished wooden floor. At one end is an enormous full-length mirror. You can see the rest of the room reflected in this mirror. A mural, depicting a tranquil country scene, covers the wall facing the mirror. The reflection

shows the room to be empty, apart from a table and chairs in the centre of the floor, but you can definitely hear voices coming from inside the room. This is all very puzzling, but you decide against entering the room when one of the voices calls out, 'Who's that at the door?' Instead you decide to leave quickly! Will you go through the door opposite (turn to 217) or nip along the hallway (turn to 316)?

308

'The people?' he asks. 'Ah, yes, the *people*. Of course. Tonight is the night. There are many people here. The Master is holding a special occasion tonight and his friends are here. All are friends of the Master. That is, all except the one in grey. For he has betrayed the Master's trust and he will be punished. Yes, punished, before the night is out. The Master put him in the Asmodeus room – and he's promised to let me watch. But you have nothing to fear if you are a friend of the Master. You *are* a friend of the Master, aren't you? Perhaps he'll let you watch, too!' The Hunchback is giggling with glee at the thought of the night's activities. You have gained all the useful information you will get out of him, so you leave the room, locking him in. Turn to 350.

309

The dining-room looks magnificent. A long table stretches between two fine chairs and is laid with gleaming silvery cutlery. A rich red wallpaper covers the walls and the room is lit by a sparkling

chandelier, bristling with candles, which hangs from the ceiling. You take your seat and the butler moves behind you to offer you wine. Will you take white wine (turn to 269) or red (turn to 395)?

310

If you wish to look for secret doors, turn to 276. Otherwise, return to the last reference and choose again.

311

The book contains a collection of portraits of the nobility painted many centuries ago. It is undoubtedly worth a small fortune. You may take it with you if you wish, then leave the study by turning to 54.

312

You enter the room and study its contents. It seems that this room is used very little and is perhaps a storeroom. White sheets are covering the furniture and several large, square shapes which look like boxes. Do you wish to rest here (turn to 261) or look under the sheets to see what they are hiding (turn to 167)?

313

The man hesitates and eyes you suspiciously. You tell him you mean him no harm and that you are only looking for a way out of the house. 'Fool!' he screams. 'Do you expect me to believe your feeble lies? You are one of *them*. And if *they* are to punish

me, they will find that I will not give in without a fight!' With these words he advances towards you. Do you wish to:

Try to persuade him that you are not one of *them*?	Turn to 34
Ask him how you can convince him that he is wrong?	Turn to 300
Spring at him quickly to get in the first blow?	Turn to 271

314

The pitch increases as the onlookers join hands and circle the altar. The priest raises his knife into the air and lets out a frenzied scream as he brings it down. You force yourself to look away and suddenly, you notice another passageway leading off from the room. You look back at the gathering. They are all busy with the sacrifice, smearing the unfortunate victim's blood all over themselves. You seize your opportunity and run for the passage. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **129**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **187**.

315

'All right, Orville, that will do for now,' says the torturer. He turns to you. Have you been convincing enough for him? Over the next five references, some of the answers that he would have been expecting are listed. Each one scores a number of points. If you choose one of the words listed, record how many points you score. When you have been through all five references, you will have convinced the torturer if your score is high enough. Now turn to **235**.

316

Two doors face each other across the hallway just before it ends at a wall. Do you want to try the door on the left (turn to **205**) or the door on the right (turn to **118**)?

317

You cut yourself free and massage your wrists to get the circulation moving again. Then you walk over to the door to try it. It is not locked! You try the handle, open it a little, and look outside. Your room is on a first-floor landing. Facing the door is a balustrade, and looking over the banisters you can see the entrance hall below. To your left, there are two doors in the corner of the landing, which runs along to the right. If you wish to go this way, turn to **287**. Looking to your right, the landing runs past another door and then turns to the left. To go this way, turn to **33**.

318

A few moments later, Franklins, the butler, enters the dining-room. He is startled to see you. You demand to talk to the master of the house and he agrees to pass on your request. Ten minutes later, the Earl of Drumer comes storming angrily into the room, with Franklins following close behind. They stand facing you across the table, watching you carefully. 'Why have I been disturbed in the middle of the night?' he demands. You tell him that you know of the evil that goes on in the house and that you are determined to destroy it. The two men look at each other, they nod and look back at you, then they step apart and advance round the table towards you, the Earl to your left and his butler to your right. You must choose quickly whom you will attack first. If you fight the Earl first, turn to 30. If you attack Franklins first, turn to 351.

319

The butler brings in a plate of cheese and a steaming pot of coffee. He cuts you a portion of cheese and pours your coffee into a china cup. The conversation continues. Turn to 74.

320

You shelter under the stairs and fend off the bats with your hands. They soon discover that they cannot get at you while you are tucked away; and they flap off back to the corner from which they came. When all is quiet again, you may decide your next move. Will you head up the stairs and open the

door at the top (turn to 293) or will you remain to explore the bats' chamber (turn to 330)?

321

'Before I will answer your question,' she says, 'you must tell me something – *what is my name?*' Do you know what her name is? If so, you will have noted a reference number to turn to, should you be asked this question. Turn to this reference. If you do not know her name, she will not answer your question no matter what you threaten to do to her plants, and you will have to leave the room by turning to 159.

322

The girl is hysterical. It seems that she is a district nurse who has just been assigned to the area. She knocked on the door, was invited in and then captured. She pleads with you to help her and her voice rises to a scream. But what can you do? The keys to the cells are nowhere to be seen. You begin to get worried that her hysterics may attract the attentions of the occupants of the house and you try to calm her down. Do you want to talk to one of the others as well (turn to 143) or will you leave the room quickly (turn to 91)?

323

The door is locked. The handle and lock are part of an ornate metal plate. Do you have a cast-iron key with you? If so, deduct the number on the key from this reference number and turn to the resulting reference to open the door. Otherwise, you must try

the door opposite – and quickly, because you can hear footsteps approaching from the hallway. Turn to 118.

324

The underside of the table forms a closed box, and this arouses your suspicions. You knock on it. It is hollow. Perhaps it is a secret compartment? You feel around underneath and, sure enough, your fingers find a small catch which releases a hidden drawer. Inside this drawer is a leather box. But wait! What is that noise? You can hear footsteps outside the door. You will have to hide quickly. Will you grab the case and take it with you (turn to 147) or will you leave it behind and close the drawer (turn to 100)?

325

'What is happening?' he asks. 'But surely you know. Is that not why you are here? Tonight Brother Isaacson is to receive the Master's blessing.' Your quizzical look takes the Hunchback by surprise. He realizes he's said the wrong thing. 'You are not one of the Master's friends, are you? A curse on me. I should have realized,' he moans. 'The Master will

punish me for this. I must warn him!' He hobbles towards the door to try to escape, but you are too quick for him. You force him out of the way and spring outside the room, locking the door behind you. Turn to **350**.

326

The tall man spreads his cloak. He is staring directly into your eyes and his dark pupils seem to pierce your mind. At the last minute you panic and try to break his gaze, but it is no use. You are under his control. He covers you with his cape and your last memory is a sharp stab as his teeth sink into your neck.

327

You step over to the back door and grasp the handle. The handle turns, but the door will not open. It is locked and the key is nowhere about – or is it? Do you want to grab the bunch of keys on the cooker (turn to **148**) or try the other door (turn to **126**)?

328

You leap into the centre of the ceremony with a loud war-cry. The young woman looks up at you hopefully. Your daring rescue is commendable for its bravery, but unbelievably stupid. For how can you hope to stand your ground against forty opponents. They surround you, grab you and the priest cuts your throat with his knife. You deserved to die!

329

Outside the Belial room you have two options. Do you wish to try the Abaddon room across the way (turn to **335**) or would you rather now head to the staircase and creep downstairs (turn to **132**)?

330

Where do you wish to look?

In the corner from which the bats came?	Turn to **165**
Along the back wall?	Turn to **356**
Under the stairs?	Turn to **61**

331

Although you fight the power that draws you to the book, its force is greater than your resistance. Gradually your will is overcome. As you collapse on the floor, your spirit is sucked out of your body and into the eye. Like the other weak-willed victims who have already come under the book's power, you are doomed to an eternal life of agony trapped within the pupil of the Hypnotic Eye.

332

At the end of the corridor ahead of you is a stout wooden door. While you are considering whether or not to try this room, a noise behind you startles you. You spin round, only to find that the wind is rustling wall-hangings; there is nothing to be afraid of. You turn back, and are amazed to find a faint, white figure has appeared in front of you! This apparition is a young woman in her early twenties, with long flowing hair. She is dressed in a white bridal dress which has seen better days; it is ripped and torn. 'Oh, thank God I have found you in time!' she says. 'I must talk to you immediately! Come, let us go into this room.' Will you follow her into the room (turn to 73) or do you suspect a trap and would rather turn back (turn to 279)? Whichever you choose, you must add 1 FEAR point for your encounter.

333

Orville is now getting the hang of this game and is enjoying himself. M is his next letter. Write immediately or lose another STAMINA point. Then turn to 76.

334

Your cold stare frightens the man. 'I see you really are one of the Master's loyal friends,' he whimpers. 'I, er. . . I merely suggested that to make sure I was talking to an honourable person. I expect my time has come, has it?' He looks at you pitifully and drops to his knees. Again you merely glare at him

silently. Suddenly he reacts! Before you can stop him, he has pulled a short dagger from his robe and, with both hands, has plunged it into his stomach! You watch, horrified, as the man slumps to the floor, face downwards. Any knowledge that you could have gained from him has now been lost. You curse silently and leave the room. Turn to **278**.

335

You enter a bedroom which is lit by a single candle burning by the bedside. A heavy, musty odour hangs in the air, which could come from all the plants which are standing in pots on the mantelpiece, bedside table, dresses and shelves. Whoever used this room certainly liked plants! But another sight catches your attention; and stops you in your tracks. Asleep in the bed is an old woman! It seems that she has not heard you, for she has not moved since you entered the room. Do you wish to leave her in peace (turn to **159**), walk over and wake her (turn to **139**) or will you instead spring over and attack her before she can wake (turn to **354**)?

336

You catch up with the butler in the corner of the room. Resolve your fight with him and, if you are attacking with the Kris dagger, add 3 points to your SKILL during the battle:

FRANKLINS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

When you have inflicted your first wound on Franklins, turn to **181**.

337

You walk over to the mantelpiece and study the trinkets scattered along it. A couple of lacquer boxes and a picture-frame (with no picture) flank a large plant-pot with a broad-bladed plant growing in it. In the grate below are several lumps of coal resting on a bed of paper – a fire all ready to light. But something else is in the grate. A black-and-white photograph has been thrown on to the coals. Do you wish to check the contents of the boxes (turn to **242**) or pick up the photograph to look at it (turn to **199**)?

338

The bedside table catches your attention; particularly the silver tray. Laid out on it is a bedtime snack of bread, jam and tea. You examine it carefully and decide it should be safe enough. You sit down on the bed and help yourself. It is delicious! You may add 4 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point for this find. When you are ready, leave the room by turning to **243**.

339

You are standing by two doors, and each has a name-plate. Ahead of you is the Asmodeus room. You may try this door by turning to 154. To your right is the Eblis room, which you can enter by turning to 125; or you can follow the corridor until it turns left by turning to 252.

340

You feel around on the floor, but come across only earth and straw. A shuffling at the door reminds you of the visitor approaching. Turn to 263.

341

At the end of the bench is a rack which holds four glass vials, and each vial contains a coloured liquid. They look like the results of someone's experiment. Are you willing to risk taking a sip of one of these liquids? If so, which colour will you choose:

Green?	Turn to 149
Red?	Turn to 274
Clear?	Turn to 256
Yellow?	Turn to 161

If this seems a little too dangerous, you may instead look through the drawers (turn to 81) or the cupboards (turn to 371).

342

The door is not locked, but the shufflings and yelpings that you can hear inside suggest that you ought to proceed with caution. Will you decide against entering and examine the passageway you are in (turn to 60), or will you fling the door open wide and stride boldly in (turn to 14)?

343

Fight the bats as a single creature:

BATS	SKILL 4	STAMINA 4

If you defeat the bats, you may either climb the stairs and open the door at the top (turn to 293), or you can explore the bats' chamber (turn to 330).

344

The door is firmly locked. Whoever is in there doesn't want to be disturbed. Will you now open the door on the right-hand wall (turn to 209) or press on (turn to 91)?

345

The lit window is next to a back door which leads into a kitchen. Voices are coming from the kitchen, but you cannot see anyone. Whoever is in there must be standing by the back wall, out of sight. You strain to hear what is being said. There appear to be two people in the kitchen and they are talking excitedly. '. . . Master is getting ready. I'm starting to get excited. I've never been to one before. Do you really think we may be *visited?*' Another man's voice, rather more controlled, replies: 'You know, I'm having doubts about this whole affair. She is so young and she came here in all innocence. I just don't know.' The two men walk around the kitchen and you can see them more clearly. They are both dressed in white gowns. One is a good deal younger than the other. Do you wish to knock on the door to see whether they will let you in (turn to 207), or will you wait and listen for a little longer (turn to 68)?

346

How will you try to escape? You must go back down the corridor and turn right. But will you proceed cautiously, ready to nip into the rooms you pass if you hear anyone (turn to 257), or will you race for the staircase and run back downstairs (turn to 132)?

347

The Hunchback has had enough of your chat and turns to go through the door on the left. He points down the passageway, saying, 'Head on down here for the stairs.' Turn to 91.

348

You force yourself free from the pillow and leap out of bed, gasping. Was it just your imagination, or were the bedclothes really trying to suffocate you? In any case, you decide that you are definitely not welcome in this room. You get dressed and walk out of the room back on to the landing. Turn to 121.

349

You wait until there is silence in the drawing-room and step carefully back through the mirror into the room. The coast is clear. You walk over to the door and leave the room. Turn to 131.

350

You are on a landing overlooking the entrance hall. To your right, the passageway ends at a door. To the left, the landing turns right past a couple of doors.

Do you wish to turn to the right (turn to 332), or would you prefer to follow the landing round to the left (turn to 257)?

351

You turn towards the butler. He stops and takes a step backwards; you step forwards. Franklins runs round to the other side of the table. 'Franklins!' screams the Earl. 'Move in, man! Step up and attack!' The butler twitches nervously. Will you continue pursuing him (turn to 336) or will you leave the cowardly butler for the time being and concentrate on the Earl (turn to 30)?

352

'Next letter, Orville!' shouts the torturer. Orville thinks, and says: 'A'. Write down your answer straight away or lose a point of STAMINA. Then turn to 57.

353

The door opens into a large, but cosy, drawing-room. The dying embers of a warm fire burn in the hearth. Comfortable chairs are arranged around the fireplace. Two glasses and a decanter stand on a glass-topped table between the chairs. There are plants in tall stands on either side of the windows, and there is another door next to the one you came in. Do you wish to explore the room further (turn to 119), leave through the other door (turn to 218) or

will you have a little tipple from the decanter (turn to 292)?

354

You creep over to the bedside. She does not move. You raise your hands over your head, ready to strike. You take a deep breath and tense your muscles . . . *Her eyes flick open!* She stares vacantly up into the air with milky-white eyes and the sight makes you shudder with horror. *Her blank eyes have no pupils!* A cold sweat breaks out on your brow and your hands drop to your sides impotently. You must add 3 FEAR points for the shock. Will you turn and run through the door back into the passageway (turn to 159) or wait to see what happens next (turn to 246)?

355

You grope around in the blackness and find nothing. If you wish, you may *Test your Luck* – if you are Lucky turn to 50; if you are Unlucky turn to 340. Otherwise you can wait to see whether the approaching figure will be able to help you (turn to 263).

356

You feel along the wall for any sign of a secret entrance, but find nothing. Just as you are beginning to think you are wasting your time, your left hand dislodges a brick. Behind the brick is a lever. You pull the lever and a rumbling noise comes from the wall near by. A section of the wall slides to one side, revealing a small entrance just large enough for you to climb through. You look inside, but it is pitch-black. Do you want to step through this doorway (turn to 387) or would you rather not risk it and climb the stairs instead (turn to 293)?

357

A few moments later, the door-handle turns slowly and the door opens. Standing in the doorway is a tall man dressed in a dark suit with tails. His long face is solemn. 'Yes?' he asks, indignantly. You smile nervously and explain your situation. Your car has broken down, you need to reach a telephone and you are soaked to the skin. The man's face remains expressionless. 'Come in,' he orders. 'The Master is expecting you. Follow me.' He leads you into a reception hall and tells you to sit down while he informs his master of your arrival. Turn to 8.

358

The door opens and you peer into the room. You quickly check that there is no one inside and are relieved to find it's empty – but full of clutter. It seems to be a crude scientific laboratory of some sort. A brass telescope points through the window towards the sky. Charts and mathematical tables are pinned to the walls. A human skeleton hangs from a hook, and a bench is covered with glass vials and apparatus. They look like priceless antiques, and they were probably all made in the last century. Do you wish to investigate the room further (turn to 117), or would you prefer to leave (turn to 11)?

359

You explain that you have no wish to kill him and he steps back, puzzled. 'Do you mean you're not one of the coven? You're an outsider?' You nod. An elated expression spreads across his face. Turn to 208.

360

You grit your teeth and shove your bound hands against the window-pane, rope first. Your first blow is not hard enough to break the glass, so you try again. This time the glass shatters and some large pieces fall on to the floor. But your desperate action does not leave you unhurt. You receive a nasty gash on your left wrist. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 317.

361

You pull the garlic out of your pocket and hold it up before the man. His expression changes from one of confidence to a look of fright. As you suspected, this VAMPIRE cannot bear to be near raw garlic. Sweat breaks out on his forehead and he backs off towards the bed. He is heading for one of the other doors in the room. You hurriedly look round, trying to decide the best way out. Will you try the door on the left (turn to 189), the door on the right, which he was heading for (turn to 270), or will you turn round and dash quickly for the door you came in through (turn to 90)?

362

You taste the liquid. It is white wine! You drink some more and it warms you. You start to feel a little light-headed and dizzy; then suddenly you feel a stab of pain in your stomach and you double over. But there is no relief from this pain, because you have drunk a bottle of poisoned wine! In a few moments you will lose consciousness and in five minutes you will be dead. You will never make tomorrow's appointment after all . . .

363

You step up to the balding man's cell. 'Do not waste your time in here,' he says, 'for you cannot help us. Our only hope is that you can destroy the evil in this house before it destroys us. But that is unlikely, because you would have to destroy the Master first. He may only be killed with the Kris knife and the

battle may only take place in a *red* room – to symbolize a battle taking place in hell itself. The dining-room upstairs has red walls, but it is always locked and the key is hidden behind the mirror when ceremonies are taking place. If you can find the Kris knife and the key, then you may save the world from the devilry that is brewing within these walls. But as for *us*, we will all be dead before the night is out. Don't waste your time with us.' You listen to his advice and consider whether you ought to leave immediately, as he suggests (turn to 91) or whether you should talk to the others (turn to 143).

364

The letters are not particularly interesting except for one from a foreign address, written in immaculate handwriting with a broad-nibbed black pen. It is addressed to the Earl of Drumer and appears to warn him of possible dangers. It starts by describing a raid of some sort on the writer's house and how he narrowly escaped being caught. It ends with a P.S. which says: 'I also suggest you further protect yourself by changing the password on your own *cache* room. I for one know it is Goathead. How many others know the same? Why not change it to something which will remind you of the sound advice of a good friend?' The letter is signed by 'Count Pravemi'. You read this through again and replace the letter. Do you now wish to leave the room (turn to 218) or will you turn your attention back to the small wooden face on the mantelpiece (turn to 85)?

365

You put up a good fight, but the sheer numbers of the devil-worshippers overwhelm you. You are captured and will remain so until you feel the priest's knife on the sacrificial altar – for you will be the next victim.

366

You head back down the corridor until you reach the stairs again. The passageway runs past the stairs and you decide to continue this way. A little further along you come to a small flight of stairs; but the passageway is so dark that you do not notice them in time. You tumble down and land in a heap at the bottom. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Turn to **264**.

367

You cough lightly and step forward. The man turns towards you and jumps back, startled. You apologize for frightening him and explain your situation. He eyes you suspiciously and calms down, saying: 'Of course I'll help you! Er, ahem . . . follow me.' As he turns and walks through the door you can see that he is not bent over double, but has a hunched back. You follow him from the room. Turn to **210**.

368

There is nothing of interest in the cupboards. You may now leave the room by turning to **243**.

369

You watch the door-handle cautiously, preparing yourself for whoever or *whatever* should appear. The handle turns . . . and then it's released. The shuffling noise disappears down the passageway. Your visitor has decided to leave this room alone! Breathing a sigh of relief, you sit down on the bed. But what will your next plan be? Would you like to take a short nap and perhaps gain some STAMINA (turn to 262) or would you rather leave the room and either follow the passage round (turn to 252) or return to the landing (turn to 272)?

370

The bats claw at you as you run up the stairs, but you manage to reach the top without any serious wounds. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for the cuts and scratches. At the top of the stairs is a door. Light shines under the door and frightens the bats away. You may open it, but be careful to do so slowly. Turn to 293.

371

You step over to the cupboards and try the doors. They are not locked. You grasp the handles and open the cupboard doors wide. Just as quickly, you slam them shut! Shaking nervously, you step away, holding your hands up to your gaping mouth. For the sight inside has given you a terrible shock, and you must add 2 FEAR points. Hanging from hooks inside the cupboards are two corpses which have evidently been used for experiments of some kind. The blood has not yet dried on these corpses – and they are still warm! You lean back against the bench to compose yourself. Turn to 385.

372

You sit on the bed, trying to work out how on earth you can escape from this place. The room you are now in seems safe enough and the rest refreshes you – add 2 STAMINA points. But a few moments later, the wind whistling through the curtains attracts your attention. You glance over towards the window. Turn to 168.

373

The door opens slowly and a man shuffles into the room carrying a glass containing a clear liquid. He appears to be bent double and his movements are slow. As he gets nearer to the bed, you realize he will soon notice that you are not there. Do you want to nip out of the room quickly and lock the door behind you (turn to 350) or will you leap on the man and attack him (turn to 399)?

374

The landing turns right and a passage branches off. You may either turn left down the passageway and past a couple of doors before turning left again (turn to 339); or turn right, following the landing (turn to 272).

375

You step back up to the fireplace and examine the secret button again. Will you press it (turn to 392) or will you leave the drawing-room (turn to 218)?

376

You glance at the bed and an idea dawns on you. Perhaps you could hide under the bedclothes – there is nowhere else in the room to hide. If you wish to try this, turn to 262. Otherwise turn to 369.

377

You step into a small storeroom and close the door behind you. There are shelves on the left and right walls, on which various household objects are stored. In front of you, in the wall facing the door, is *another* door. What do you want to do? Will you search through the things on the shelves (turn to 83), try the door opposite (turn to 255) or return to the landing (turn to 233)?

378

The hallway outside is clear. You decide against turning right and following the passageway, which is a dead end. You may enter the Eblis room to your immediate left (turn to 125) or you may continue back towards the landing and follow it (turn to 272).

379

You still find no signs of any traps. Ring for the butler by turning to 318.

380

You keep a suspicious eye on the room while you consider your next move. Suddenly, one of the sheets flaps. Was it the wind? No, you think, the air is perfectly still. You watch the sheet. Slowly, it rises into the air as if it was being pulled up on a rope! Add 1 FEAR point and decide quickly what to do. Will you grab the sheet (turn to 70) or leave the room and slam the door firmly behind you (turn to 329)?

381

'Right, then!' says the torturer. 'Let's see if you really do know the Master or not. Orville here will give you a letter. You tell me the first word that comes into your head beginning with that letter. If you take your time and think too long about your answer, Dirk will tighten the rack. Got that? All right, let's start.' Each time the torturer's assistant gives you a letter, you must write down on a piece of paper the first word you can think of which begins with that letter and relates to the house. After your test is complete, the torturer will consider your answers and then decide whether or not he believes your story. To start (when you have pencil and paper ready), turn to 38.

382

You leave the Diabolus room and are standing once more in the narrow corridor outside. Do you wish to turn left to investigate the window (turn to 110) or would you rather return to the landing and follow it round (turn to 193)?

383

You step back from the battle, nurse your wounds and look at the eight dead bodies on the floor. You shake your head at the senseless waste of life. Searching round the room, you find nothing of any value. But if you are thirsty, there is a jug of water in one corner of the room. Presumably this is drinking-water for the dogs. You may drink from it if you wish. If you do, you may gain 2 STAMINA points if your STAMINA score was less than 12. If it was more than 12, you will gain no STAMINA points, as you were not thirsty. You decide to leave the room and explore the passageway outside. Turn to 60.

384

You pull out a heavy book with a large eye embossed on the spine. The cover has no title and you flick the book open. The frontispiece is an elaborately detailed drawing of a symbolic eye. You cannot help staring at the illustration and, as you do so, the dark pupil seems to glint as if it were made of glass. Shapes start to appear and faint sounds reach your ears. The sounds are screams of agony! The shapes in the eye are contorted human faces racked with pain! You shiver with fright as you look at the poor wretches, and you must add 2 FEAR points. Realizing what is happening, you try to close the book, but something is compelling you to keep on staring at the eye. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If your roll exceeds your skill, turn to 331. Otherwise turn to 39.

385

Suddenly your ears prick up at the sound of footsteps coming closer. You nip into the shadows and wait. The footsteps stop outside the door and you can hear two voices talking: 'Hadn't we better ask the Master's permission?' one asks. 'Hmm. Maybe you're right. And we'd better get a light for the lamps.' You breathe a sigh of relief as the footsteps disappear off in the direction you approached the room. You decide it is best to leave before they return and you open the door on to the landing. The safest way to go, it strikes you, is away from the two visitors, who may return at any moment. If you approached this room from the left, turn to 229; if you came from the right, turn to 26.

386

You clear your throat and call out softly; you certainly don't want to disturb anyone else in the house. There is no reply. You step forwards, stumble over a chamber-pot and crash to the floor. That's strange, you think – surely you would have seen right in front of you. You rise to your feet and wince. You have banged your knee badly. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 290.

387

You find yourself in a dark tunnel. It is quite short, and ends at a door. You open the door slowly and, when you are sure there is no one inside, you step into the room. It seems to be some sort of ceremonial ante-room or dressing-room. Hanging from hooks around the walls are thirty to forty white gowns, and resting on shelves underneath the gowns are macabre masks, made from goats' heads. A single passageway leads off to the left. While you are wondering where to go next, a sound sends a chill down your spine. *Someone is coming!* A hubbub of voices grows louder as a group of people come towards the room. You look quickly round for somewhere to hide and decide to nip behind the door. Suddenly the door opens and about forty people come into the room, all chattering excitedly. You mingle with them and merge unnoticed into the crowd. They are ribbing a man called Brother Isaacson. It seems that tonight is a very significant night for him. You copy what they are doing, laughing and smiling, and even getting dressed up in a gown and mask. Eventually, when they are dressed, they all move off along the other passageway. Will you go along with them (turn to **122**) or will you hang around at the back, hoping to stay behind unnoticed in the room (turn to **219**)?

388

'Before I will answer your question,' she says, 'you must tell me something – what is my name?' Do you know what her name is? If so, you will have noted

down a reference number to turn to, should you be asked this question. Turn to this reference. If you do not know her name, she will not answer your question no matter what you threaten to do to her plants and you must leave the room by turning to **159**.

389

You step into the passageway and follow the hall round to the right; back to where it rejoins the landing. You carry straight on. Turn to **272**.

390

You heave the door with your shoulder. The wood creaks and it opens a little further; enough to let you into the room. It is small and bare; and a cold, damp wind swirls through it, billowing the curtains. The window pane is smashed and the floor beneath the window is sodden from the rain. You look around, but there is nothing unusual in the room, apart from a frayed length of knotted rope. You may take this with you if you wish and leave. As you pull the door to you find a piece of glass wedged underneath it, which was making it stick. You turn left out of the room and continue along the landing. Turn to **287**.

391

You race across to the door and twist the handle. *Aaaaah!* You stifle a scream and release the handle immediately as an electric shock runs up your arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **277**.

392

You press the button and hear a small click. Then you hear another sound and you swing round to face the corner shelf. Beside this shelf, a sliding panel has opened in the wall. You walk over to investigate and bend down to look at the opening. Too late, you realize that the panel has revealed, not a tunnel at all, but a false opening. The wall behind is solid. But it has served its purpose: you have been lured into a trap! You are standing on a trap-door which opens beneath you and you fall downwards. Turn to **397**.

393

The passageway widens into a small chamber. Although it is dark, you can see a staircase going up a few metres ahead of you. To your right, the chamber opens out into a wide area. You step forwards and, almost immediately, a twittering noise puts you on your guard. Suddenly you feel

something land on your head and dig sharp claws into your scalp! You gasp and swat it away. Your hand touches a small, leathery body and a pair of wings start to flap as it rises from your head. BATS! A number of them are flapping around your head, darting and scratching with their claws. You must add 1 FEAR point for the shock. Do you wish:

To run up the stairs?	Turn to 370
To hide under the stairs?	Turn to 320
To fight the bats?	Turn to 343

394

The fire and the brandy warm you and you begin to feel more relaxed. You may deduct 1 FEAR point if you have any. You explain to the Earl what happened on the road and that you would like to use his telephone to call the local garage. 'I'm afraid our telephone line came down tonight in the storm,' he replies. 'We will have it repaired tomorrow morning. In any case, the garage would not come out here at this hour. But don't worry. You are perfectly welcome to spend the night here; I am glad of the company. Tomorrow Franklins will take you into town. Ah! Here is Franklins now.' The butler comes back in to announce that a meal is ready. You both rise to go into the dining-room. Turn to 309.

395

The wine is impeccable; a fine vintage. Soup follows, and then you may choose either lamb (turn to 196) or duck (turn to 115) for your main course. Or

you can tell your host that you have already eaten and you are not hungry (turn to 244).

396

The tall cage is lowered from the wall. The back opens and you are shoved inside. It is a tight fit and you are forced up against the bars as the door is locked behind you. One of the torturer's assistants winches you up in the air. You will hang, suspended from a rope until your STAMINA runs out from starvation. If hunger does not take its toll quickly enough, the cramps probably will. For although you are standing up, you may not sit or lean in the cage. Your adventure is as good as over . . .

397

Down you fall for several metres until you finally land in a heap on something soft. Add 1 FEAR point for the fright and *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you are unhurt. If you are Unlucky, you have twisted your wrist – deduct 1 SKILL point. You pick yourself up and verify there is no serious damage. You have landed on a mound of earth and hay and you realize that you are in a cellar underneath the house. The room is fairly small, with one door. Outside you can hear a shuffling noise coming closer. Will you spring behind the door to surprise whatever is approaching (turn to 6), or will you quickly search the room for a weapon in case you need to defend yourself (turn to 355)?

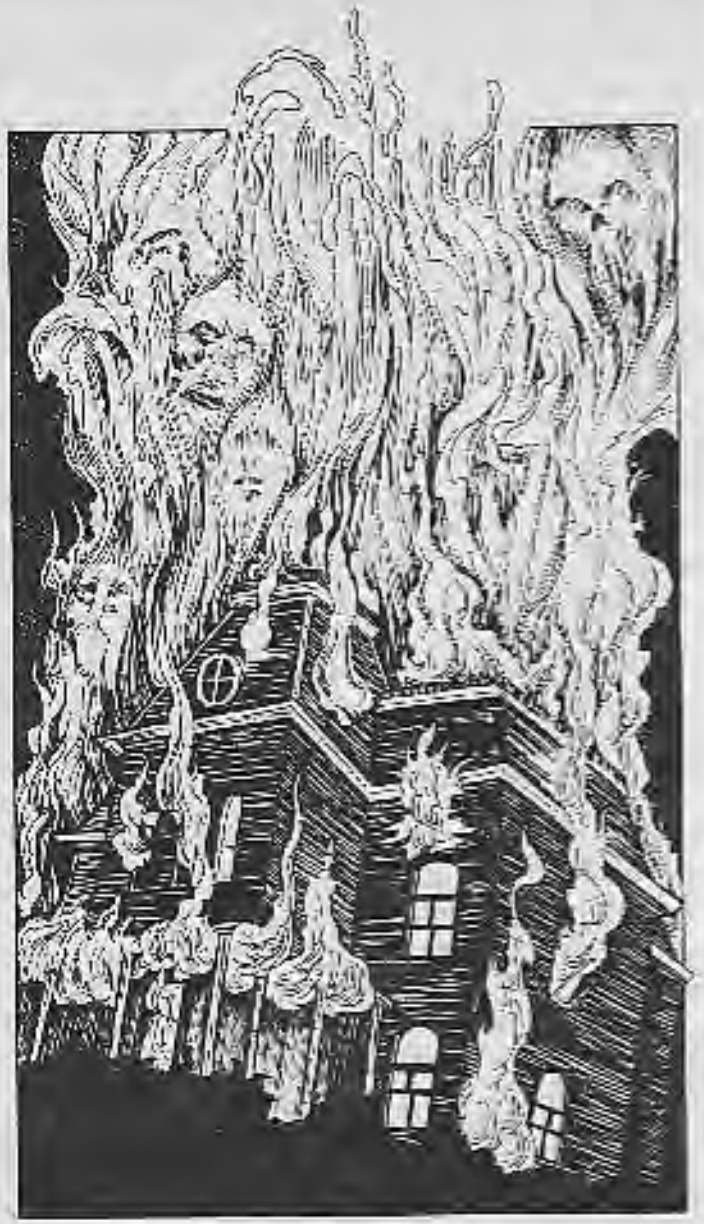

398

The stairs are very dark. You take a few steps down, trying desperately to see the stairs below you. Suddenly your foot slips and you lose your balance. Lose 3 STAMINA points as you tumble down the stairs, landing in a heap at the bottom. Turn to 264.

399

Your visitor is a HUNCHBACK and he is both surprised and frightened as you leap on him. Resolve your battle:

HUNCHBACK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

When you have reduced his STAMINA to 4 points or less, turn to 220.

400

The creature howls as you strike the final blow. It totters on its hooves and crashes down on to the table. As it falls, its flailing arms smash into the chandelier in the centre of the room, scattering candles on to the floor. From behind you another cry goes up and your other attacker, whom you have forgotten about completely, springs over to the table to hug the beast pitifully. You ought to kill both of them; but the pathetic, sobbing creature

hunched over the huge bulk is hardly worth considering. In any case, something else, much more dangerous, has caught your attention. One of the candles which was knocked from the chandelier has rolled across the floor and set light to the heavy curtains. The fire is spreading rapidly – you must escape quickly!

Smoke is beginning to creep out of the room as you close the front door behind you. Walking down the drive you glance back to see the fire making rapid progress through the ground floor. Flames are licking along the wooden beams. In an hour or so, the place will be beyond rescue. From a safe distance you watch the fire destroy the house.

A fitting end, you think, *for a house of hell*.

ADVENTURE GAMEBOOKS

GAMEBOOK 11

STEVE JACKSON and IAN LIVINGSTONE PRESENT

FF FIGHTING FANTASY

TALISMAN OF DEATH

A thrilling fantasy adventure in which YOU are the hero!

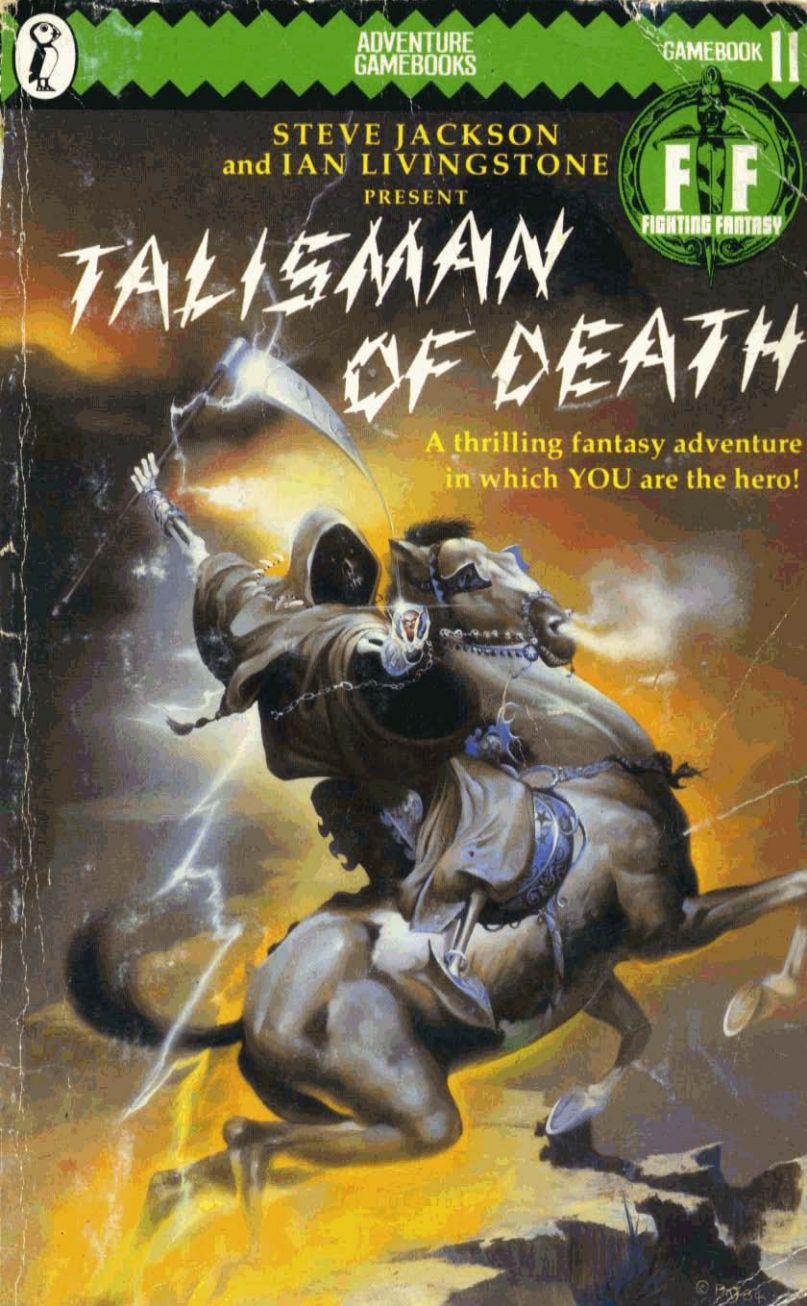

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone present:

TALISMAN OF DEATH

Jamie Thomson and Mark Smith
Illustrated by Bob Harvey

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Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1984
Reprinted 1985 (twice)

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Text Copyright © Jamie Thomson and Mark Smith, 1985
Illustrations copyright © Bob Harvey, 1985
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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Typeset in 11/13 pt Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF ORB

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword, a backpack containing provisions (food and drink), and fire flares to combat the dark terrors of Orb. After weeks of intensive training, your sword-play is swift and deadly.

To discover the strength of your courage and the power of luck, you must use the dice to determine your initial STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages **18–19** there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).

5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

Sometimes you will find yourself under attack from more than one person or creature. When this happens, each will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round but you must choose which one you will fight. Attack your chosen target as in normal battle. Against the other, you must throw for your

Attack Strength in the normal way but, even if your Attack Strength is greater, you will not inflict a wound. Just count this as though you have parried an incoming blow. However, if your Attack Strength is lower, you will have been wounded in the normal way.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has one only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a Battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magic potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a Battle). Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e. the characteristic may be restored once during an adventure. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have used up a potion.

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

To explore the network of caves and tunnels and to combat the terrors of the night, you are also equipped with five torches. To light them you have a flint and tinder – guard them with your life!

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through the mysterious world of Orb and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure; some merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. You may make wrong turnings during your quest and while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read. Reading other entries will only cause confusion and may lessen the excitement during play.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial Skill=

STAMINA
Initial Stamina=

LUCK
Initial Luck=

EQUIPMENT LIST

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

You are regaining consciousness. Your eyes flutter open to the sound of a songbird, trilling joyously. You are lying on a couch of green velvet, set on the topmost turret of a great white castle hanging in the clouds. Rising to your feet you look around. The songbird, whose sleek feathers are a warm burnished gold, is perched on the battlements, resplendent against the ocean-blue canopy of a sky in which there is no sun.

You are clad in strange, outlandish clothes, breeches of dark-green leather and a thickly quilled leather jerkin. On your feet are russet-red calfskin boots, supple and comfortable, into which the breeches are tucked at mid-calf. A heavy sword is belted at your side and, with a shock, you realize that somehow you know how to use it skilfully and with deadly force. As the songbird trills you try, in vain, to recall memories of Earth but everything is hazy and distant. You have been taken from the world you know and trained in the art of swordplay. You cannot remember even who trained you or why, but the hilt of the sword fits your hand snugly. Drawing it, you lunge and parry, marvelling at how the sword cuts through the air faster than the eye can follow.

The songbird seems unperturbed by your fine

display of swordsmanship, but you are surprised when it cocks its head and speaks to you, its voice fluting merrily.

'Welcome, Champion of Fate. Do not be dismayed, you are not yet in danger.'

'Where am I?' you ask, feeling as if you are in a dream.

'Far, far from your home, I fear to say. This is the world of Orb and you are in the Garden of the Gods.'

'What is Orb?' you demand.

'You will find it most strange and full of wonder, for it is very different from Earth. Men must share it not just with talking creatures such as I but with weird and fell monsters, giants, dragons and demons. There are warlocks and sorcerers, too, great wielders of magic, in the cities. But do not fear, you have been chosen to be our champion, for you are more likely to succeed than any other on Earth. Now I must complete my task. Come, my masters bid you join them in the chamber below. Please follow me.'

With that the golden songbird flutters away down a spiral staircase. Shaking your head in confusion you descend the stone steps into a large circular room where two beings turn towards you. 'Welcome,' says one, a pale female figure enfolded in a swirling robe of many colours above which you can only see a perfectly smooth and hairless head. The robe shimmers, its colours shifting as she steps towards you, catching your mind before you realize what is

happening. Looking into her face, you see an image of yourself, fighting for your life inside a huge temple. Then the image shifts and you see yourself leaving a walled city, hastening alone across a desolate moor, only to find yourself deep in a jungle, surrounded by devils with blue skins. Your nape bristles as you realize that she is revealing glimpses of your destiny. It is only when they are over that you notice she has no eyes in her smooth pale face.

The other figure changes even as you look at him. At one moment he is an ancient white-haired man, heavy with knowledge, at another an infant, wise beyond his years. The metamorphosis through youth to age takes but a few instants, yet flows so smoothly you cannot see the features change. His voice is soft and ageless. 'We have summoned you here to the world of Orb because we wish to prevent a fatal upset in the balance of nature. The cosmic scales have been tipped too far and you must play a part in righting them. It is not for us in the Garden of the Gods to set things right. We cannot fight him who would bring chaos to Orb. Rather we use men as our tools. I shall not say whether you will succeed.'

The floor of the room upon which you are standing is the most realistic and detailed map imaginable. You can even see small figures tilling the fields and walking the streets of an entire world; a world of pinnacled castles; knights on horseback, their men-at-arms bearing banners which stream in the wind;

and strange high-walled cities with towers and spires, concealing the dives of assassins and thieves amongst the splendour. The eyeless immortal steps forward, her robe now the colour of the deep sea, and caresses your cheek.

'We are sending you down to the surface of Orb. If you fall into the clutches of Death we cannot aid you. Do not fail us!'

'Fail in what?' you begin to ask. But just then, to your horror, you find yourself being drawn inexorably towards a black crack in the map. The realization that your destiny is being tampered with angers you, and you resolve to find a way back to Earth and your home at any cost. As the world of Orb rises up to engulf you, the awesomeness of what is happening overwhelms you and you lose consciousness.

NOW TURN OVER

1

When awareness returns you look around. You are standing in a huge vaulted chamber, deep underground. In the chill air you wonder what terrible fate may be in store for you. You are utterly alone, without a friend in the world, and you have no idea what fiendish horrors may exist here, so far from home. There are no windows in the chamber, nor natural light, only the ruddy glow of flaming torches that are fixed to pillars soaring beyond sight. The walls are running with damp, the air musty and heavy with age. There are two archways at the back of the cavern. Before you can investigate further, the torchlight flickers, and a cool gust chills you to the marrow; something in the unseen darkness is causing the air to move. A light flashes briefly ahead and an infernal howling echoes across the vast vault. No living thing could possibly have made that dreadful sound, you think to yourself, but then you remember that you know nothing of the dreadful denizens of Orb. You hear the sound of running footsteps approaching rapidly; you cannot yet see who or what is coming. Will you run through the nearest archway (turn to 17), or hold your ground and draw your sword (turn to 30)?

2

There is an uneasy silence in the ale cellar. Tyutchev looks across at you and says, 'I don't like your face.' Cassandra nods agreement. If you retort, 'At least, unlike you, I am wholesome to look upon,' turn to **294**. If you meekly reply, 'I'm sorry, I was born that way,' and leave the ale cellar, turn to **305**.

3

You ask the barman for a mug of ale. While he pours you your drink, your eyes adjust to the gloom and you survey his customers. You have never seen a more disreputable bunch of villainous-looking cut-throats. The barman says, 'That will be a piece of gold.' You hand over the money. As you replace your money-pouch a dozen pairs of eyes watch closely. The only one who doesn't watch is a stooped old man, cleaning slops off an empty table. Will you:

Talk to the barman? Turn to **88**
Walk over to the old man? Turn to **19**
Approach six surly-looking men, who look like thieves? Turn to **280**

4

The Pteranodon, mortally wounded, crashes into the undergrowth. You struggle on; the heat is oppressive and you are plagued by flies, which circle between the tall straight conifers. Creepers trail from the overhanging branches and great ferns cover the ground. The air is alive with strange noises, and huge dragonflies, vibrantly coloured, hum from flower to giant flower. Suddenly, with a report like a rifle, a tree-trunk snaps. The ground shakes as a huge prehistoric monster charges at you. Three long horns project from the bony carapace which protects its neck. You must fight . . .

TRICERATOPS SKILL 8 STAMINA 30

After three rounds of combat you hear shrill cries of alarm as another great beast thunders towards you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **40**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **25**.

5

You charge at the Shieldmaiden. She coolly takes aim and unleashes a crossbow bolt. It slams into the shoulder of your sword-arm, crippling it with a searing pain. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. As you fall, the Shieldmaiden places her sword at your throat. 'Don't make a move if you wish to live,' she says. Turn to **75**.

6

The servant says, 'Ah yes, you are expected. Please come in.' You follow him into the parlour. The dining-table is laid for three. Apothecus rises to greet you and introduces you to his friend, Diodorus, a Sage who is an expert on travel between the planes of existence. He tells you that there are portals or gates, allowing travel between Orb and other worlds. He suspects that you may have been brought from Earth to Orb by means of such a portal. 'When you recover the Talisman,' he says, 'you must leave Greyguilds and walk south-east until you come to the Great Plateau. Mount Starreach, the tallest mountain on the plateau, has, at its summit, one of these portals, through which you must pass if you wish to return to Earth.'

'And now to more immediate matters,' says Apothecus. 'You can leave the city by the postern gate in the cemetery. If you get into serious trouble you may be able to call on the All-Mother for aid. To do so cry, "All-Mother, nature herself, preserve me."' He makes you repeat the words and you commit them to memory; note them on your Adventure Sheet. He explains that the All-Mother is the Fountain of all Life, the opposite of Death. She may be prepared to help you, but only once, at the time of your greatest need. 'However, remember this: no deity can intervene in another's temple.' You thank them both and turn in early after the sumptuous meal of peacock basted in Spirits of Ra, and other exotic dishes. You wake up refreshed –

gain 4 STAMINA points. You bid Apothecus farewell, thanking him for all his help and hoping that you won't let him down. You set out to find the Thieves' Guild. Turn to 64.

7

You light a torch and enter the cavern, which stretches away into blackness. You scramble across the cavern floor until you see a small smooth-walled tunnel branching off from the main tunnel. The strong smell of sulphur seems to pervade both. Will you walk down the wide and rocky main tunnel (turn to 378), or investigate the narrow tunnel (turn to 48)?

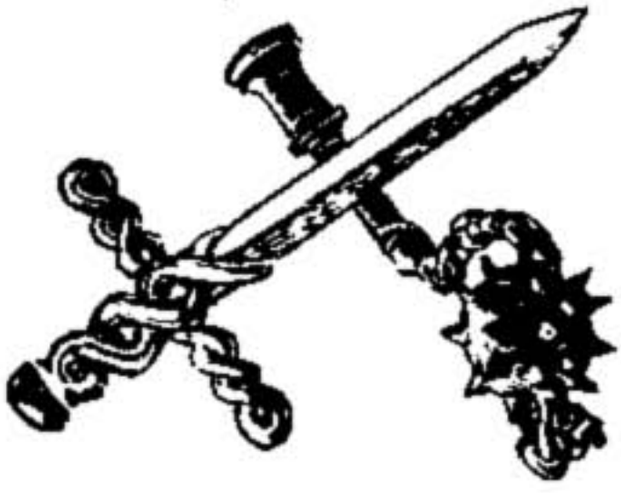

8

You put several miles between yourself and Greyguilds and sleep the night in a hayrick. You awake refreshed. Gain 2 STAMINA points. Which direction will you take towards the plateau? You could take the direct route, south-east, across rough moorland; continue along the old trade road, due south for a while and then strike east; or head east across the heath to the hills before turning south.

South-east	Turn to **287**
South, then east	Turn to **300**
East, then south	Turn to **313**

9

You lie still, enfolded in the Roc's talons, as it wings its ponderous way to the purple mountains. Soon you are spiralling up the mountainside to the Roc's eyrie. The Roc lets you fall on to the feather-soft nest and prepares to dismember you before feeding you to its two enormous chicks. You must fight the Roc. Each time you make a successful attack, roll one die. If you throw a 1 turn to **55**.

ROC SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

If you win, turn to **84**.

10

You attack the Dragon! 'I shall rend you limb from limb,' it roars. The great claws swipe at you as it tries to crush your head in its enormous jaws.

RED DRAGON SKILL 12 STAMINA 20

If you reduce the Dragon's STAMINA to 5 or less, turn to **29**.

11

You stop at the bar and are about to ask the barman what there is to drink, when you hear yourself saying, 'You fat pig, pour me a drink before the sight of your squalid pus-ridden face makes me vomit.' The barman stiffens, astonished and incensed. He gives a strangled cry of rage, grabs his club and hurdles the bar. You step back, drawing your sword. Your eyes have adjusted to the gloom and you notice that some of his customers are rising to their feet. They are the most disreputable bunch of villainous-looking cut-throats you have ever seen; one has a scar running from his ear to his chin. You must fight the barman and one other.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BARMAN	7	8
First CUT-THROAT	8	9

If you reduce the barman's STAMINA to 4 or less he scuttles back behind the bar. If you can then reduce

the First Cut-throat's STAMINA to 5 or less, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **200**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **181**.

12

Your first blow is fatal. Blood spurts from a gaping wound and the old man falls to the ground. You step back as he turns once more into his normal form, that of a huge Red Dragon. The Guardian Dragon of the portals is dead. You step towards the silver shimmering portal. Turn to **400**.

13

A woman wearing chainmail and carrying a loaded crossbow bursts into the torchlight ahead of you. Seeing you, she immediately points the bow in your direction. Three men, panting heavily, appear behind her. The first, a tall and handsome man, is dressed in shining silver armour and the blade of his two-handed sword glows with a faint white radiance. The next is dressed in a flowing robe of cloth of gold and wears a smiling golden mask. He carries an ivory staff. The last is a thick-set man with a white surcoat over chainmail. A red cross adorns his breast and a spiked mace hangs at his side. They stop. Once again you hear a wailing, louder than before. 'They are almost upon us,' cries the man with the glittering sword. The Shieldmaiden calls to you, 'Who are you and what are you doing here in the Rift, the spawning place of all evil?' Will you:

Say you have come from another world?	Turn to **247**
Say that you are on a quest against evil?	Turn to **60**
Try to play for time?	Turn to **75**
Attack the Shieldmaiden?	Turn to **5**

14

You camp for the night, but some large black flies, which had just seemed a nuisance, are now objects of fear, since their eggs have hatched and you are food for their larvae. You get no rest, and don't regain any STAMINA as a result. At dawn you plunge into an algae-covered pool and the larvae fall from you. Feeling better you begin the march towards the foothills of Mount Star-reach. Soon you are climbing the mountain itself, grasping at the stunted bushes which grow on its slopes. You notice that the air is becoming thinner, and you are short of breath when you reach a wide cave mouth, which smells faintly of sulphur. Intrigued, you decide to enter the cave. Turn to **7**.

15

The taproom of the inn is empty. You ask for a hot meal and a room for the night. The innkeeper tells you that this will cost you three pieces of gold, but says that he is short-handed and that if you will do the washing-up he will let you stay for nothing. The choice is yours. You have a delicious meal of roast hippogriff in cream sauce. After your meal you sleep like a log and wake up feeling refreshed. Gain 4 STAMINA points. You set out in search of the Thieves' Guild. Turn to **64**.

16

The doors open easily. It seems the magic has faded now that Hawkana is truly dead. The thieves have been spying on you through the keyhole. Scarface says, 'The door was locked and we couldn't get in.' He leads the way back up to the skylight. If you still have Hawkana's ring, you feel it grow cold and see that it has tarnished to a dull grey metal. Its magic only works within the Inner Sanctum. Suddenly, the alarm bell tolls loudly. As you reach the top landing, a group of warrior-women appears on the stairs behind you in hot pursuit. You all run for the rope hanging from the skylight. As you reach it, you sense a movement at your side and dodge the murderous thrust of Bloodheart's dagger just in time. Before he can strike again, the warrior-women let loose a volley of crossbow bolts. Bloodheart's body is peppered with quarrels, shielding you as you climb the rope. Leaving the stricken Bloodheart to his fate, the remaining thieves jump agilely from the temple roof to the roof of a nearby house. You will have to jump, too. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 163. If it is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 56.

17

As you dash towards the forbidding blackness of the archway, you hear a click followed by a rumbling sound ahead. The floor beneath your feet begins to tremble. Do you want to hurl yourself through the archway, into the darkness (turn to **41**), or stop your headlong flight (turn to **21**)?

18

The Roc appears not to notice your futile attack and you are swept up as the Roc begins to climb towards the purple mountains. You are too high to risk struggling. Turn to **9**.

19

The toothless old man mutters at you. He tells you that this ale cellar is a dangerous place. Having given his warning, he shuffles fearfully away. Will you go back to the bar (turn to **88**), or go over to the table where six surly-looking men are sitting (turn to **280**)?

20

At last the steep cliffs surrounding the plateau tower above you. Steps have been cut into the face of the reddish rock, which you begin to climb. By midday your legs ache abominably and you are glad to reach a ledge where you are welcomed by a cool fine spray rising from a waterfall. It cascades down the side of the plateau, casting small rainbows in the sun, and the thunderous roar is almost deafening. Will you climb on up the steps (turn to **328**), or examine the waterfall (turn to **33**)?

21

You stop just in time – a slab of smooth rock slams down from above with a crash that reverberates around the cavern. It blocks the arch completely. The other one is similarly sealed. Realizing that you have no choice, you turn to face the oncoming footsteps and draw your sword. Turn to **13**.

22

You walk down the winding tunnel for some time. It bends gently to the left and downwards and eventually opens out into the large cavern. The dragon lies before you, but this time you are behind it. A few of its old scales lie littered around it. Will you:

Thrust your spear, if you have one, into its scaly back?	Turn to **285**
Try to grab some scales?	Turn to **269**
Try to grab some of the treasure?	Turn to **38**
Leave the cavern?	Turn to **369**

23

She strikes you down, before helping you to your feet. You walk together into the Valley of Death, where your spirit will wander alone until the end of time.

24

You go down the steps and emerge into a long low cellar, set with tables and stools. The only light part is the bar, behind which stands the bulky proprietor of the inn. Turn to **3**.

25

As you step back to lunge again at the wild monster, you see a huge carnivore appear behind it. This must be what the Triceratops was running from. Now it shuffles round to face the TYRANNOSAURUS, which is as tall as a house, with massive jaws. A gargantuan battle ensues. Finally the torn and bleeding Triceratops is knocked on to its side. The end is swift, as the foot-long incisors of the Tyrannosaurus bury themselves in the throat of the fallen monster. The victorious creature swivels its glassy eye to face you and raises its head. Seeing new prey it leaps towards you to snap you up. You must fight.

TYRANNOSAURUS SKILL 11 STAMINA 18

If you win turn to **14**.

26

With a mighty blow, your sword cuts through one of the Willow's branches and some sap from the tree falls on to your arm. The Willow gives a low moan, stops attacking and pulls its branches back from you. Will you plunge your arm into the pool (turn to **161**), or beat a hasty retreat (turn to **39**)?

27

The Roc misses you and soars up into the sky. Luckily, its attention is distracted by larger prey. The Roc swoops again, with a roar of wind, and carries off a wild horse. Grateful for your luck you hasten on towards the plateau. Turn to **20**.

28

You turn down Carriage Street and see the sign of an inn, the Silver Trinket. It is next to a large stable and work-house. It seems a much more pleasant place than the Red Dragon Inn and, as it is growing late, you decide to go in. Turn to **15**.

29

Suddenly, your weapon is flailing at air. The Dragon has changed into an old man, with long white hair, wearing a white robe. 'Spare me, I beg you,' he implores, in a thin reedy voice. 'At last you have lifted the curse that was upon me. Only a strong warrior like yourself could have done it. When I came through the portal, many centuries ago, I was doomed to stay in the form of a dragon until I was beaten in combat. Now that I am myself again I can return to my world. Will you step through the portal with me?' Will you agree and walk with him into the silver shimmering portal (turn to 77), or attack him (turn to 12)?

30

The footsteps are coming closer; suddenly, a sound like a clap of thunder reverberates around the chamber. You look round and see that both the archways have been sealed by huge stone blocks. You are trapped. Turn to 13.

31

The doors are still magically sealed shut. You cannot force them open. You turn to see that Hawkana has risen to her feet and taken up her sword again. Her eyes are filled with malice. 'You cannot kill me. This time I will carve out your spleen.' She is slower than before but you must fight her again.

HAWKANA	SKILL 9	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **54**.

32

The brass tiger has a mischievous grin. You hang it round your neck, hoping it will bring luck or protection. Turn to **156**.

33

You approach the waterfall and within moments are soaked through. Looking closer, you see a dry space behind it, under the jutting cliff-face. When you jump through, a cave entrance is revealed. Will you enter the cave (turn to **42**), or leave and continue up the steps (turn to **328**)?

34

Deftly you dodge the flailing claw and move in to the attack. Do you have a spear? If you do, turn to **51**. If not, turn to **10**.

35

You make some unintelligible signs and grunts, pointing to your mouth and ears. For a moment some of them think that you are casting a spell and draw their swords, but soon you hear one of them saying, 'A deaf warrior – well, there's a turn-up for the scrolls!' The Captain motions you to mount behind one of the younger women, Elvira, who does not seem pleased at having to share her horse with you. You ride for some time and after a while the women resume their normal conversation. You realize they are members of the Watch, or law-enforcers from Greyguilds-on-the-Moor. You also realize that there is rivalry between them and the Priestesses of the All-Mother in that city. It appears that the leniency of the Priestesses has annoyed them. Turn to **197**.

36

You struggle to overcome the drowsiness and the spell is broken. Looking up you can see two large green eyes staring at you from the trunk of the willow. Before you can step back you are attacked by the branches of the enraged tree. You must fight the WILLOW WEIRD.

WILLOW WEIRD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 20

If you make four successful attacks, turn to **26**.

37

The ROC's eyesight is as sharp as any eagle's. You are plucked from the ground like a harvest-mouse. The Roc begins to climb towards the purple mountains and away from the plateau. You are soon too high to risk struggling. Turn to 9.

38

You make a grab for a jewel-encrusted helmet but trip, in your haste, over a golden chest full of black pearls. The Dragon hears you, turns and breathes on you as you are struggling to your feet. Rolling jets of flame consume you and you are charred to a cinder. Turn to 43.

39

You wend your way along the bank of the river that runs west from the spring and leave the ferns behind. The terrain has become a little more open now. Looking back, your heart quickens as you catch sight of one of the Dark Elves sniffing at your trail. He moves with a lithe swiftness which would seem graceful, if it wasn't for his spiked black armour, and deadly expression. While you are watching, he stands up and points in your direction; they are not far behind. You must decide quickly. Will you:

Run along the river bank?	Turn to **359**
Plunge into the river and run along for some distance before scrambling up the bank?	Turn to **253**
Hide in a clump of bushes?	Turn to **307**

40

As you step back to lunge again at the wild monster you see a huge carnivore appear behind it. This must be what the Triceratops was running from. Now it shuffles round to face the TYRANNOSAURUS and a gargantuan battle ensues. Finally, the torn and bleeding Triceratops thrusts forward, goring the Tyrannosaurus, which then crashes to the ground, fatally wounded. The Triceratops limps away and, breathing a sigh of relief, you move on towards the mountain. Turn to **14**.

41

Before you can charge through the archway a slab of smooth rock slams down from above, with a sound like a clap of thunder that reverberates around the cavern. It blocks the archway completely. Unfortunately you cannot stop in mid-leap; you crash sickeningly into the stone with bone-jarring force. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Feeling somewhat groggy, you pick yourself up and realize that the other archway is similarly sealed. Seeing you have no option you turn to face the oncoming footsteps and draw your sword. Turn to 13.

42

You manage to light a damp torch, which reveals a door at the back of the cave. The door is made of a black wood, inlaid with alabaster. A raised frieze in the centre panel depicts a red dragon, a great flame shooting from its jaws, and an ivory spear. The door creaks as you open it gingerly. You step into a passage. The musty air reeks of decay. You come to a place where four tunnels cross. Will you:

Advance down the tunnel ahead?	Turn to 71
Take the left-hand tunnel?	Turn to 53
Take the right-hand tunnel?	Turn to 80

43

Your spirit floats gently towards the Valley of Death. The featureless, wind-blasted plain stretches away endlessly, beyond the horizon. The souls of the dead wander there aimlessly, in solitude. Just as you approach the edge of the valley, an ethereal wind gets up and your soul is wafted away. Soon you feel yourself in the presence of the two who summoned you to this fantastic world of magic. The eyeless being in robes of shifting hues says, 'All is not yet lost.' You understand the words without hearing them. 'If your spirit is willing we will reunite it with your body and turn back the wheels of time.' The other being offers you a choice: 'If you wish it, I will send you back in time. You will be leaving Greyguilds.' Do you wish to go back in time to attempt the quest again? If you do, the being lays a hand on your shoulder. They disappear. You are alive again. You have 15 STAMINA points and all of the equipment you carried with you when you died, apart from the following, if you had picked them up: the Gum of an Amber Pine, the Feather of a Roc, the Spear, or the Scales of a Dragon. Cross these off your Adventure Sheet. You find yourself outside the city of Greyguilds. Turn to **8**.

44

Hawkana collapses to the floor, lifeless. You walk to the altar and take the Talisman of Death. It is cold and heavy. At last you have regained it. Gain 1 LUCK point. You look back at Hawkana and your scalp crawls. Her wounds are healing. Even as you watch she tries to raise herself from the pool of blood in which she lies. Will you go back to Hawkana (turn to **54**), or run to the double doors (turn to **31**)?

45

You fight Harg. Your blows cause black blood to flow, but the wounds close up as fast as you can inflict them. Harg's hammer catches you on the shoulder – lose 2 STAMINA points. At this Thaum snaps his fingers and Harg, an illusion after all, disappears. Turn to **171**.

46

You raise the Talisman above your head. It glows as you shout: 'Begone! Trouble me no more!' Enthralled, they strain towards it, but your words have an immediate effect. One of them cries, 'Others will take it from you and we Faceless Ones will return as lords under the reign of our God, Death.' His words fade as they are swallowed by the darkness. The Talisman feels lighter and its glow has dimmed. You sleep deeply, and gain 2 STAMINA points. The next day you set off again, feeling more hopeful now that you have banished the minions of Death. The plateau looms before you. Turn to **20**.

47

The angry young man turns to you, a puzzled expression on his face. He thanks you and says, 'I don't know why we are quarrelling really.' He takes the charm from you and you walk on. Fortune will smile on you for being so honest (gain 1 LUCK point). Soon afterwards you hear the fight breaking out again. 'You're always making trouble,' shouts the other young man. You leave them to it. Turn to **156**.

48

You walk down the winding tunnel for some time, until it opens out into a large cavern. In front of you is the ridged back of an immense Dragon. It is about eighteen metres long and is covered in thick red scales. Its long tail is curled round a vast hoard of treasure – gems, gold, goblets and vases – which lies higgledy-piggledy beneath its bulk. A few of its old scales are littered around it. Will you:

Thrust your spear, if you have one, into its scaly back?	Turn to **285**
Try to grab some of its scales?	Turn to **269**
Try to grab some of the Dragon's treasure?	Turn to **38**
Leave the cavern?	Turn to **369**

49

You walk through the front door, which is glistening with frost. A trail of frost leads from the door to a large pentacle chalked on the floor. Sand is strewn where the frost crosses the edge of the pentacle. On a table lie various strange pieces of equipment. On the floor next to it lies an Amulet, made from the tip of a Unicorn's Horn, with strange runes engraved on it. You may take it if you wish. There appears to be nothing else of any use to you, so you leave. Turn to **28**.

50

Hawkana draws her sword and advances on you, snarling with tigerish ferocity. You must fight the High Priestess.

HAWKANA	SKILL 12	STAMINA 14

If you win, go to **44**.

51

You attack the dragon. 'I shall rend you limb from limb,' it roars. The great claws swipe at you as it tries to crush your head in its enormous jaws. You dodge to one side as it leaps at you and thrust your spear at its soft underbelly.

RED DRAGON	SKILL 12	STAMINA 20

Each time you make a successful attack deduct 5 STAMINA points from the Dragon's total, as the magical spear seems to bite deep into its flesh. If you reduce the Dragon's STAMINA to 5 or less, turn to **29**.

52

Cross one of your Provisions off your Adventure Sheet. Crouching on one knee, you toss the dried meat to the wolf, speaking in soothing tones as you do so. The wolf accepts your gift. Then a green-robed figure steps into the clearing. He has an oak staff in one hand and a silver sickle in the other. A crown of mistletoe rests on his head. He smiles at you and says, 'My name is Wodeman. I am the Guardian Druid of this Sacred Grove. My friend, Snowmane, thanks you for the gift of food. Such gentle generosity deserves reward. The Blessing of the Druids will go with you. May fortune smile on you.' You gain 1 LUCK point for the Druid's Blessing. 'You look weary,' he says. 'Here, have this.' He takes a golden apple from his robes and hands it to you. Note it down on your Adventure Sheet – such apples are wonderfully refreshing and will restore up to 4 STAMINA points when you eat one. You thank him, and knowing you must continue on your quest, reluctantly leave the idyllic peace of the Sacred Grove. Turn to 159.

53

You take the left-hand tunnel, which soon turns to the right, and leads into a bare stone room with a small rectangular pillar in the middle. The tunnel continues on the other side of the room. Will you:

Examine the pillar?	Turn to **136**
Go straight through to the tunnel opposite?	Turn to **89**
Return to where the tunnels crossed and choose again?	Turn to **42**

54

You notice that a ring on Hawkana's finger is glowing with a green light as her wounds close up. Quickly you take it off before she comes fully back to life. You place it on your own finger. It is a Ring of Regeneration; regain 6 STAMINA points. Will you now try to leave through the double doors (turn to **16**), or search the Inner Sanctum (turn to **137**)?

55

You manage to drive your sword into one of the Roc's huge eyes. It screeches in pain and flies away from the eyrie. You seize your chance to escape. Turn to **84**.

56

You fly through the air, but not far enough. You slam into the side of the building with bone-shattering force and plummet to the street below. Luck has not deserted you completely, for you land in a stinking pile of refuse, which breaks your fall a little. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you drag yourself off down an alleyway which leads towards the safe house. Near the safe house you pause to rest before leaving the city. Turn to **235**.

57

You take a side-street which leads towards the Street of Seven Sins and are almost pushed aside by a couple of students in blue togas. They are quarrelling and begin fighting in front of you. It seems one of them disagrees violently with something the other has said. As they tussle, you notice that the angry young man has dropped a small brass tiger charm. Will you:

Interrupt the quarrel and give the charm back?	Turn to **47**
Ignore them and go on your way?	Turn to **156**
Pick up the charm?	Turn to **32**

58

You hurl yourself at the rolling shield and just manage to grasp its rim. You cover yourself with it as you lie there. The dragon breathes on you again and one of your legs, left unshielded, is badly burned. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you get up and attack once more. If you have a spear, turn to **51**. If you have not, turn to **10**.

59

After that display of power, you hurriedly use your Scroll of Agonizing Doom. Hawkana draws her sword and advances on you, snarling with tigerish ferocity. But the spell works and a crackling electric-blue aura surrounds her. She throws back her head and howls with agony. She is very badly hurt and staggers, but then exerts her will and recovers. You must fight the High Priestess.

HAWKANA	SKILL 12	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **44**.

60

'Alone?' asks the Shieldmaiden in disbelief. The man in gold turns to the Priest. 'Is it true?' he asks. Knowing your story to be a lie you wait anxiously while the Priest casts a spell. 'It is a lie,' says the Priest. The Shieldmaiden turns to you accusingly. 'Why are you lying to us? I ask you again, who are you and what are you doing here?' Will you tell them the truth (turn to 70), or ask them what business it is of theirs (turn to 75)?

61

You have banished the Ice Demon to the plane from which it came, through defeating it in combat. The shards of broken glass crunch underfoot. Will you enter the house it came from (turn to 49), or continue down Cobbler's Walk (turn to 28)?

62

With a clatter of armour the Death-knight folds at the knees and vanishes. A vision of the Paladin appears. 'Well done. You are a valiant warrior, worthy of the quest. Here, take my Holy Sword: it will aid you, for I no longer can.' He hands you his glittering sword and the vision fades. The sword feels real enough and its glow lights up the stable. Your wounds are healed magically as you touch it (regain up to 6 STAMINA points) – a gift from the Paladin. You may add 1 to your SKILL when using the Holy Sword. Turn to **121**.

63

You run as fast you can along the rocky ground. Your lungs are burning with the effort. As you approach the hills, you look back and see that both groups are now roughly the same distance behind you. The Elves coming from the north are in a tight pack, while the Orcs to the south are beginning to string out. Will you:

Head north to meet the Elves?	Turn to **214**
Climb a hill to the south, to face the Orcs?	Turn to **282**
Run on?	Turn to **227**

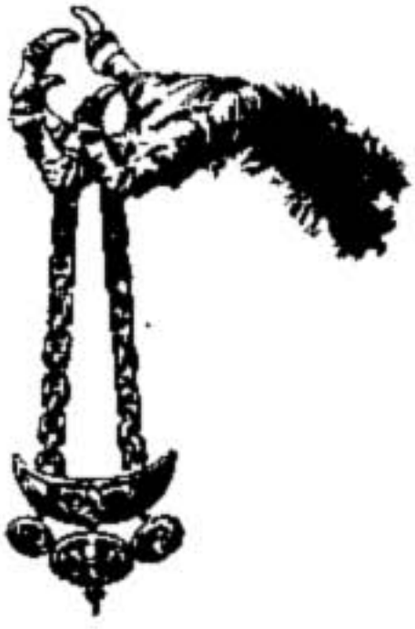

64

As you set off, you see a small group of people clustered around a man wearing a flowing grey cloak and one dangling gold ear-ring. He is making huge bunches of flowers appear and disappear to cries of delight and amusement from the crowd. Will you:

Try to find a way into the Thieves' Guild? Turn to 83
Try to regain the Talisman on your own? Turn to 383
Stay and watch the magic? Turn to 106

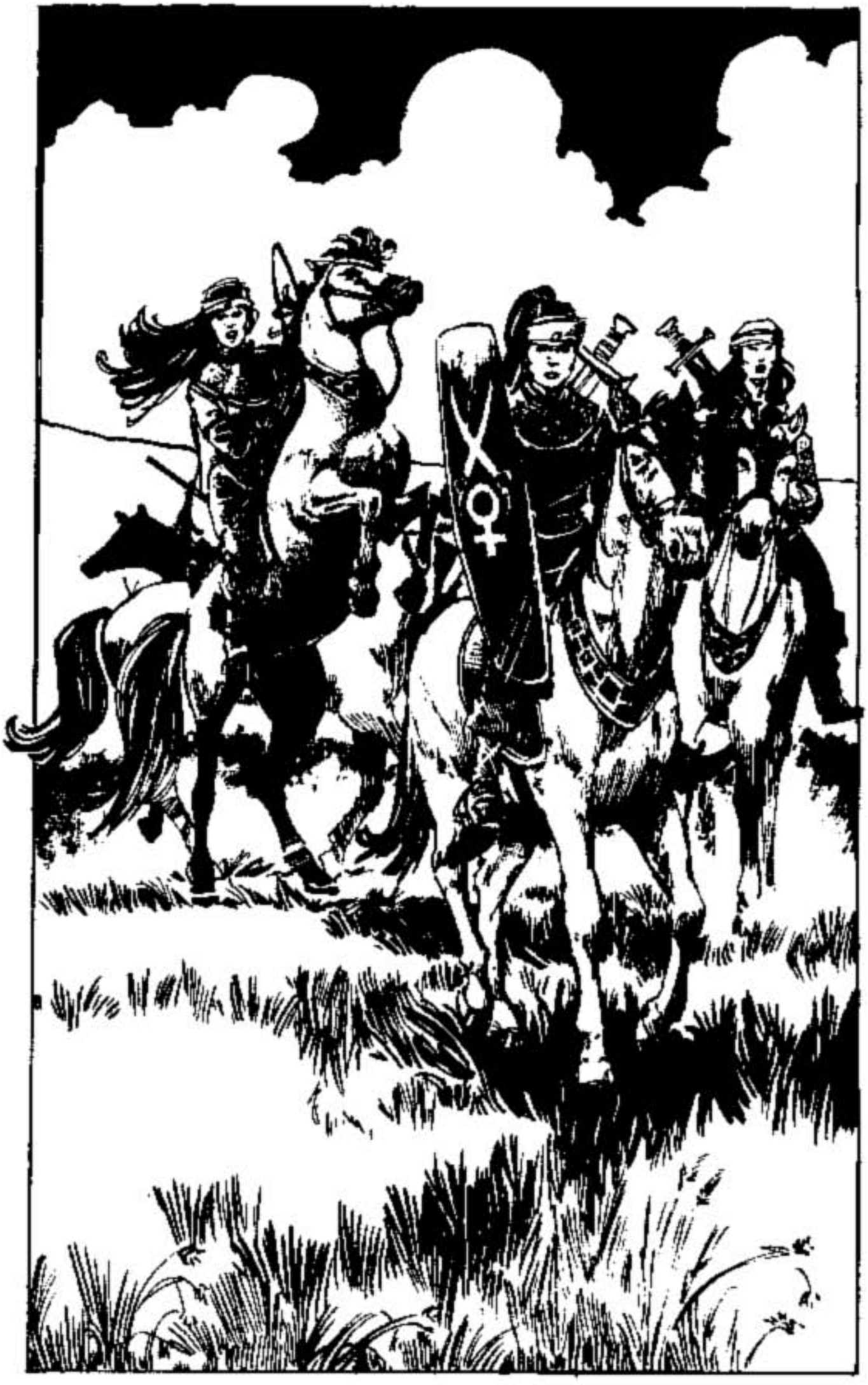

65

Eventually, the hills give way to a desolate grey moor stretching out to the west. After half an hour or so, you see a cloud of dust ahead. You can soon make out a group of twenty horsemen. They wheel their steeds towards you and the drumming of hoofs carries to you over the breeze. As they get nearer, you can see that this is a band of warrior-women, clad in chainmail and studded leather armour. Their faces look grim and unwelcoming as they wheel around you, forming a closed circle. Their Captain spurs her horse forward and tersely demands what you are doing out here, alone on the edge of the moor. Will you:

Tell them about your quest?	Turn to **101**
Say that you are from another world?	Turn to **73**
Tell them that you are the last survivor of an ambushed caravan?	Turn to **322**
Pretend that you are deaf and dumb?	Turn to **35**
Demand they escort you to Greyguilds-on-the-Moor?	Turn to **95**

66

'Here's your share of the loot, you insolent dog', shouts the biggest thug, attempting to bury his sword in your stomach. You jump aside and meet the attack of the two bruisers. As you do so, the weaselly thief mercilessly kills the jeweller. You must fight both thieves.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THIEF	6	7
Second THIEF	5	6

If you kill the first thief, turn to 320.

67

The rolling shield eludes your grasp. The Dragon chuckles and exhales a mighty breath. As the air rushes from its cavernous lungs, it ignites. You are consumed by rolling jets of flame and charred to a cinder. Turn to 43.

68

You run across the rough ground towards the Orcs, drawing your sword. Unfortunately, as you close with them their Captain, a huge and hulking Orc with yellowed tusks, crashes into you. You grab him but lose your balance and topple over the edge of the chasm. You fall for what seems like an eternity. At least you won't die alone.

69

You climb on, gasping for breath in the thin air. At last you reach the flat summit. The panorama is incredible. The whole plateau lies below you like a table, a collage of tropical forests, mountains and huge lakes, which glisten in the sun. Thirty metres away is a rectangle of shimmering silver, hanging in the air, unsupported. You realize that this is the portal. As you step towards it you hear the rushing of wind. Looking up you see the ancient Red Dragon coming in to land beside the portal. Outside its lair the Dragon is even more impressive and fearsome: warmth and power seem to radiate from its body. 'I am bound by the Gods to guard the portal,' it says in its rich, mellow voice. Will you:

Run to attack the Dragon?	Turn to **382**
Tell him that Death threatens the world?	Turn to **358**
Threaten it?	Turn to **275**

70

Her eyebrows rise in surprise. All four of them look at you doubtfully. The Priest pauses, then says, 'It is the truth and spoken from a true heart.' The Shield-maiden lowers the bow and turns to guard the entrance of the cavern.

'What are we to do? The exits are blocked and I only have enough power to teleport one of us out now,' asks the man in gold.

The man with the glittering sword, a Paladin, says gravely, 'Then we will die together, Wizard, and they will pay dearly.'

'But what of the Talisman?' asks the Priest. 'Perhaps this warrior has been sent by the gods to continue the quest?' Sensing the goodness in these people you wait to hear how you can aid them. Turn to **100**.

71

You walk down the tunnel which soon leads into a circular room of bare stone. In the centre stands a small round pillar. The tunnel continues on the other side of the room. Will you:

Examine the pillar?	Turn to **184**
Go straight through to the tunnel opposite?	Turn to **204**
Return to where the tunnels crossed and choose again?	Turn to **42**

72

A deep dry moat and spiked palisade surround several elegant wattle-and-clay buildings. You are led through the village to what must be the Headhog's dwelling: a two-storeyed building, part of which is built out of crumbling green stone. A huge mud wallow lies nearby. The Headhog sits on a carved stone throne, his muscles rippling under his blue-black skin. He wears a red robe fastened at his thick neck with a necklace of amber. He introduces himself as the lord of the plateau and you are pleased to discover that you can understand his guttural language quite easily. He seems at ease and, thanking you for the ruby, asks if there is anything you wish to know about the plateau. You ask him about the portals of Mount Star-reach. Turn to **110**.

73

The Captain's brow furrows as you tell your story. There is some muttering from her companions, which she silences with a quick gesture. 'We must take you to Hawkana, in Greyguilds. She will want to speak with you. Climb up behind Elvira here, and give me your sword.' She points to one of the younger women. Will you hand over your sword and get on the horse (turn to **155**), or refuse, saying that you would rather make your own way (turn to **142**)?

74

You stumble off through the darkness, looking for somewhere safer to rest. At last you see an empty stable. You bed down in the straw. Turn to **91**.

75

'We have no time to dally with the likes of you,' says the man in gold. Turning to his companions, he continues. 'What are we to do? The exits are blocked and I have only enough power to teleport one of us out now.'

The man with the glittering sword, a Paladin, says gravely, 'Then we will die together, Wizard, and they will pay dearly.'

'But what of the Talisman?' asks the Priest. 'Perhaps we can use this warrior to continue the quest.' He steps forward and, before you can act, casts a spell. You feel a trance coming over you – the man has hypnotized you – and you tell them everything. Lose 1 LUCK point. Turn to **114**.

76

Hawkana draws her sword and advances on you, snarling with tigerish ferocity. You have just enough time to take out the Vial of Vapours of Speed and inhale. There seems to be no effect – the alchemist has sold you fresh air! With the speed of a cobra Hawkana is upon you and her sword pierces your arm as you drop the empty vial. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you must fight the High Priestess.

HAWKANA	SKILL 12	STAMINA 14

If you win, go to 44.

77

You both walk towards the portal. Suddenly the old man grasps you round the chest. Before you know what is happening he reverts to his normal form, that of a Red Dragon. You are held tightly in his powerful claws. 'You foolish man-thing, never trust a dragon.' So saying, he bites off your head and tosses your corpse down the mountainside. Turn to 43.

78

After a short delay, you are taken into a large office. Inside is a tall, striking, raven-haired woman, dressed in a long black cloak which parts to reveal the polished hilt of a longsword. Her bearing suggests great personal power. She stands and greets you. 'I am Hawkana, High Priestess of the temple of Fell-Kyrinla and Marshal of the Watch. You have been telling some unusual stories.' She nods and the guards begin to search you. You try to resist but are held powerless. The Talisman is ripped from its place of concealment and handed to Hawkana. She recognizes it immediately, and she laughs with rapturous delight. She turns away and says, 'I am going to the temple. Throw this fool out into the street.' You are hustled out and the door of the watch-house slams shut behind you. You have lost the Talisman! What will you do next:

Go back down Guard Street to Store Street?	Turn to **357**
Turn down Smith Street?	Turn to **303**
Walk down the Street of Seven Sins?	Turn to **264**

79

The shield is wrenched from your grasp. Realizing that without it you have no chance, you make a desperate dive for it as it rolls across the rocks. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **58**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **67**.

80

You take the right-hand tunnel which soon turns left. You come out into a bare stone room with a small square pillar in the centre. The tunnel continues on the other side of the room. Will you:

Examine the pillar?	Turn to **302**
Go straight through to the tunnel opposite?	Turn to **260**
Return to where the tunnels crossed and choose again?	Turn to **42**

81

'Lies,' it hisses, and strikes you with its claw before you can move. A chill numbness spreads from the wound and you feel as if your life-blood is being drained away. Lose 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points. Now you must fight the MINION OF DEATH. Each time it strikes you, you lose 1 SKILL point as well as the normal STAMINA loss.

MINION OF DEATH	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **175**.

82

Drawing back your arm you throw the heavy spear, Dragonsbane, with all your might. Unfortunately, it glances off the heavily armoured scales of the Dragon's back. The Dragon awakes and its yellow slitted eyes hold yours. 'Who are you?' it asks. Fear grips you. You stutter a reply as the Dragon draws a deep breath. Turn to **146**.

83

Have you been told about the storm-drain? If you have, turn to **183**. If not, turn to **149**.

84

You take the smallest feather you can find as a memento of your monumental battle and hurry down the steep mountainside. You reach the bottom of the mountain some hours later and set off across the wilderness once more, towards the plateau which looms ahead. You spend the night in a copse of rowan trees and you wake feeling ready to scale the plateau. Add 2 STAMINA points and turn to **20**.

85

Turning down Silver Street, you are startled by what sounds like men's voices, whispering near by. You soon realize that a trick of the wind is carrying their words to you through a broken piece of pipe, which connects a ramshackle house to an open drain. There are three of them and it seems that they are planning to rob the jeweller's, which you can plainly see on the bend of Silver Street. There is a shabby staircase leading up to the house, and you creep towards it. Will you:

Go up the staircase?	Turn to **245**
Walk quickly to the jeweller's?	Turn to **278**
Ignore this and turn into Store Street?	Turn to **243**

86

You straddle the Griffin's back. It leaps into the air and takes flight towards the plateau. It flies strongly, higher and higher. The rush of the wind and the sensation of flight is exhilarating. After a few hours the plateau gives way to a thick prehistoric rain forest. Suddenly the Griffin caws a warning. A giant flying reptile is diving to the attack. It crashes into the Griffin, forcing you to lose your grip. You drop some twelve metres but, luckily, a giant fern breaks your fall. You are up to your waist in a pool of water which has collected in the centre of the fern's giant fronds. The flying reptile, a Pteranodon, leaves the Griffin and flies towards you. You must fight it.

PTERANODON SKILL 7 STAMINA 15

If you win turn to 4.

87

You touch the Amulet as Hawkana draws her sword and advances, snarling with tigerish ferocity. It is an Amulet of Strength against Evil and it increases your SKILL by 2 points, in this battle only. With the speed of a cobra Hawkana is upon you. You must fight the High Priestess.

HAWKANA	SKILL 12	STAMINA 14

If you win, go to **44**.

88

The barman says, 'You're not like my usual customers. A rough lot comes in here, most days. These fellows don't rely on charity for a crust, you know.' Will you try to make friends and ask him how he keeps order (turn to **119**), or ask him how they get their money (turn to **102**)?

89

You walk down the tunnel which turns right again. As you round the corner you hear an ominous sound from the room you have just left. You dart back to see the room filling with sand, and a slab of rock coming down over the entrance. It slams to the floor with a crash and then all is quiet. You can only go on. Turn to **120**.

90

He orders you to leave the village, never to return. He directs you north towards an old temple to Nil, the God who gave rise to the awful progeny known as the Sons of Nil, or Sons of the Void. You thank him and hurriedly leave the village. As soon as you have left it some way behind you, turn back towards Mount Star-reach. Turn to **14**.

91

You fall into deep slumber and then begin to dream. The Paladin crusader you saw in the Rift appears to you and seems to be giving advice. The shimmering that once limned his sword now surrounds him like a halo. He urges you to enlist the help of the Thieves' Guild, 'though it grieves me to suggest you should have dealings with such people. You may find them in the Red Dragon Inn. They may help you to recover the Talisman from Fell-Kyrinla's temple, where it now lies.' Suddenly the dream seems even more real and the Paladin is shouting, 'Awake, awake! You are in grave danger.' You wake; everything is silent. By the light of the moon you see tendrils of mist curling round the door-jamb. The door crashes open. A pall of mist spills into the stable and a warrior clad in full plate armour, as black as night, and wielding a cruelly spiked mace steps forward. He raises his visor. You can see nothing inside the helmet. Your gaze is held. Now it seems you are looking upon the fires of hell. You are filled with despair as the black mace is raised to crush you. You must fight the DEATH-KNIGHT.

DEATH-KNIGHT	SKILL 10	STAMINA 15

If your STAMINA is reduced to 6 or below, turn to **193**. If you win turn to **62**.

92

'Well if you won't trust me you must go your own way,' he says brusquely. 'If you have lost something and wish to regain it you should contact the Thieves' Guild. That type often frequents the Red Dragon Inn, on the Street of Seven Sins.' You thank him and gather up your belongings. As you leave he calls after you, 'And don't come back, you'll only bring trouble.' You go on your way wondering whether you have made a mistake: could he have helped you? You check your belongings and to your surprise find a pouch you have never seen before, containing five gold pieces. Will you go to the Red Dragon Inn (turn to **57**), or head for the temple to Fell-Kyrinla (turn to **221**)?

93

The wind whips under your shield and you only just manage to keep your grip on it. You run to attack before the Dragon can cast any more spells. Turn to **382**.

94

You have subdued the Griffin, which crouches on the ground before you. You are surprised to hear it speak. 'Spare me, and I will bear you whither you will.' Will you tell it to carry you to the plateau (turn to **86**), or leave it and head south-east, away from the hills (turn to **287**)?

95

The Captain sneers at you and says sarcastically, 'Why yes, mighty warrior, we shall be glad to do as you ask. You shall dine with our leader, Hawkana, tonight. Mount yourself behind Elvira here,' she says, pointing at one of the younger women. The women begin to chuckle and then the Captain says, 'But first we must take your weapon.' Turn to **142**.

96

You catch it by surprise and strike it a mighty blow. It hisses in rage and pain and comes at you with its claws. You must fight the MINION OF DEATH. Each time it strikes you, it draws your life-force, so you lose 1 SKILL point, as well as the normal STAMINA loss.

MINION OF DEATH	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **175**.

97

You have run into the gothic building you saw from the road. It is the temple of Death and a huge congregation is taking part in a religious ceremony. Hundreds of black-cowled figures kneel at prayer in the dark, vaulted church. The black candles shed enough light for you to see that many of them have embraced Death already. Quickly, you swathe yourself in one of the black robes of worship hanging by the arch. The organ sounds a loud and doleful chord and the high priest, Somnus, is invited to begin. He raises his arms and his voice echoes round the vaults as he chants an invocation in the same doleful tones. The altar is suffused with red light and a phantom lake of boiling blood appears. Emerging from the lake are six mounted wraiths, hunched figures cloaked in a pall of evil. The blood pours from them as they spur their black hell-steeds into the aisle. Somnus cries, 'I charge you, Instruments of Death, to recover the Talisman!' In unison the long-dead lords reply, their voices harsh with the hatred of ages, 'It shall be done.' The congregation sighs with a mixture of fear and awe. You notice one of them walking to the back of the church where he places a helmet on his head and disappears completely. Will you:

Melt into the congregation and kneel down?	Turn to **157**
Make a run for the door?	Turn to **188**
Put on one of the helmets?	Turn to **165**

98

You tell him everything and he listens with growing amazement. He introduces himself as Apothecus, a sage of history. 'I have heard of the Talisman of Death. You must recover it at all costs.' He suggests that you enlist the help of the Thieves' Guild, as he doesn't think you can recapture it alone. 'It will be in the temple to Fell-Kyrinla by now, I'll warrant. Hawkana, the High Priestess, will be holding it there. Go to the Red Dragon Inn on the Street of Seven Sins. It is dangerous, but you may make contact with the thieves there.' He gives you a breakfast of savoury pancakes and invites you to dinner that evening, saying that he will try to discover more to aid you. 'In the meantime,' he says, 'take these.' He hands you five pieces of gold and a ring. 'It is a ring which increases your skill at arms.' Add 1 to your SKILL score while wearing this ring. As you leave he gives you a jade rose. 'When you return this evening show this and I will know that you are not a shape-changer.' You thank him for his help and leave the bungalow. Will you go to the Red Dragon Inn (turn to 57), or head for the temple (turn to 221)?

99

You continue along the wall and, to your relief, find the postern gate. You duck through and out into the night beyond. Gain 1 LUCK point for escaping the city. Turn to 8.

100

The Priest steps towards you and tells you this story. 'Long ago the minions of the God Death, in the City of the Runes of Doom, fashioned a Talisman that would allow them, if the time was right, to summon their God to the surface of this world. That time has now come. If Death is summoned all life will cease. Only Death's minions will continue to exist in an awful half-life. His presence will spread like a grey shadow across the world of Orb. Everything will turn to dust and the balance of nature will be disrupted for ever. The Loremasters of Serakub, a group of holy people, have striven to prevent this. They sent a group of Crusaders, of which we four alone survive, on a quest to steal the Talisman. The Fleshless King of the minions of Death had sent the Talisman to the depths of the Rift for safe-keeping.

We have entered this pit of evil and seized it.' He pulls a necklace out from under his surcoat. On it hangs a disc of obsidian, in the middle of which is a skull carved in ruby – the Talisman of Death! He hands it to you. 'Here. For the sake of all Orb you must take this Talisman and continue the quest. It cannot be destroyed, but if you can take it to your world, it will be beyond the reach of the claw of the Fleshless King.'

You are impressed by the courage and unselfish fortitude of these people and resolve to continue the quest. You take the Talisman. It feels cold and heavy around your neck. The Wizard turns to you and says, 'I am going to use the powers of magic to transport you to the surface. Head west until you come to the city of learning, Greyguilds-on-the-Moor, where you may discover a way to return to your own world. Do not fail us! Here, take this gold, it may be of use.' He gives you a purse with 10 gold pieces in it. As the Wizard prepares his spell, a horde of creatures boils into the cavern. Turn to 125.

101

The Captain and other members of the patrol start to laugh at you. She throws her head back with her hands on her hips and stares at you. 'Give me your sword and climb up behind Elvira here.' She points to one of the younger women. 'We must take you back to Greyguilds.' Will you hand your sword to her (turn to **155**), or refuse to give it up (turn to **142**)?

102

The surly men around the ale cellar scowl at you. The barman says, 'Don't know I'm sure. Why don't you ask them?' and then shuts up. One of the men at the table of six says menacingly, 'Yes, come on and ask us.' Turn to **280**.

103

You roll through just as the rock slams down with a reverberating crash, inches from your face. You walk down the tunnel until you come to a dark iron door. A message has been painted in shimmering letters upon it – 'One only can be read.' You swing the door open and enter a rectangular room with an iron door in each wall. In the centre of the room stand three pillars, one rectangular, one circular and one square. Will you:

Leave the room through one of the other doors?	Turn to 339
Examine the rectangular pillar?	Turn to 290
Examine the circular pillar?	Turn to 321
Examine the square pillar?	Turn to 345

104

You continue on down Smith Street. There are no shops here and the street is deserted except for a stooping, cowled figure, who looks like a beggar. He comes up to you and suddenly draws himself up to his full height. Inside the cowl there is nothing – no face, just two glowing coals suspended in blackness. Your horror at this apparition turns to dread as it hisses in a sibilant whisper, 'Did you think you could run from Death? Give me the Talisman.' A black-gloved claw reaches out towards you. Do you say that you no longer have the Talisman (turn to **81**), or attack this thing immediately (turn to **96**)?

105

You jump aside at the last moment but are still caught by the heat of the blast. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you may wish to use one of the following, if you have any of them:

A Vial of Vapours of Speed	Turn to **76**
An Amulet made from the Horn of a Unicorn	Turn to **87**
A Scroll of Agonizing Doom	Turn to **59**
None of these things	Turn to **50**

106

The magician conjures up a cloud of blue, green and pink smoke, which engulfs the spectators. While you watch, Tyutchev, the man from the Red Dragon Inn, appears from the shadows and enters the smoke. By the time it clears neither he nor the magician in the grey robes are anywhere to be seen, but the members of the crowd are accusing one another, between coughing fits, of being cutpurses. You realize that Tyutchev and the magician are in cahoots. As you turn to leave, a servant places a silver salver under your nose. It bears a gold-embossed card inviting you to take sherry with one Mortphilio. 'This way if you please,' says the man. You ask who Mortphilio is and he replies, 'One of the elders of the city,' but says no more. Will you go with him (turn to **144**), or decline the invitation (turn to **83**)?

107

You walk off in the opposite direction. Your leg aches where the man-trap wounded you and you cannot find an inn. Unable to go any further, you curl up in an alley and sleep, despite the cold. Your awakening is rude indeed, for you are being dangled in front of the face of a huge OGRE! He grins evilly as he swings your head against the wall and drops you. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you must fight the Ogre.

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **74**.

108

You wake up with a start. It is dawn. You regain any STAMINA points you lost fighting Hawkana in the spirit world. However, you feel as if you had actually fought her and your sleep has had no restorative powers. You gather up your belongings and trudge onward. Turn to **326**.

109

Your spirit floats gently towards the Valley of Death. The featureless, wind-blasted plain stretches away endlessly, beyond the horizon. The souls of the dead wander there aimlessly, in solitude. Just as you approach the edge of the valley, an ethereal wind gets up and your soul is wafted away. Soon you feel yourself in the presence of the two who summoned you to this fantastic world of magic. The eyeless being in robes of shifting hues says, 'All is not yet lost.' You understand the words without hearing them. 'If your spirit is willing we will reunite it with your body and turn back the wheels of time.' The other being offers you a choice: 'If you wish it, I will send you back in time. You will be at the lip of the Rift again.' Do you wish to go back in time to attempt the quest again? If you do, he lays a hand on your shoulder. They disappear. You are alive again. Your wounds are healed and you have 10 Provisions. You have only the equipment with which you began the adventure, including the Talisman of Death, if you had lost it. Anything else you picked up on the way has disappeared and will have to be crossed off your Adventure Sheet. Your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK are at their *Initial* levels. Suddenly you are on the surface of Orb once again. Turn to **125**.

110

The Hoglord says, 'I will help you, man-thing, for you may help me. An ancient Red Dragon has its lair within Mount Star-reach. It is the guardian of the portals. The last time it awoke, which was before my children were born, it despoiled our villages. You must slay it before you can go through the portals. It breathes fire which one cannot withstand, save when one is sheltered by scales from the Dragon itself. You must steal three of the scales from its lair and fashion a shield out of them.' He gives you a parting gift, a stoppered gourd containing the Gum of an Amber Pine, with which to make the shield. You dine with them on mangoes, nuts and guavas (gain 2 STAMINA points). You thank them and leave. After a long climb you come to a wide cave mouth reeking of sulphur – the Dragon's lair. You decide to enter. Turn to 7.

111

When they see that you have overcome their leader single-handed, the rest of the Orcs turn tail and run. You hurry on down the far side of the hill. Before you lies a steep-sided valley deep in ferns. You decide to head down into it, hoping to elude the Elves. Turn to 203.

112

The wind whirls under your shield, whips it out of your grasp and, to your dismay, hurls it over the summit. The Dragon chuckles and exhales a mighty breath. As the air rushes from its cavernous lungs it ignites. You are consumed by rolling jets of flame and charred to a cinder. Turn to 43.

113

You step over the fallen guard and, pushing open the double doors, enter the Inner Sanctum of the temple. A tall raven-haired woman, Hawkana, the High Priestess, is praying at the altar, upon which lies the Talisman of Death. Beyond the altar is a large marble statue of the Goddess wearing chainmail, her expression arrogant and cruelly beautiful. Hawkana rises and turns. She resembles the statue and is wearing a long dress of black chainmail. Turn to 222.

114

The Priest steps towards you and tells you this story. 'Long ago the minions of the God Death, in the City of the Runes of Doom, fashioned a Talisman that would allow them, when the time suited their evil designs, to summon their God to the surface of this world. That time has now come. If Death is summoned, all life will cease. Only Death's minions will continue to exist in an awful half-life. His presence will spread like a grey shadow across the world of Orb, which is where you are now. Everything will turn to dust and the balance of nature will be disrupted for ever. The Loremasters of Serakub, a group of holy people, have striven to prevent this. They sent a group of Crusaders, of which we four alone survive, on a quest to steal the Talisman. The Fleshless King of the minions of Death had sent the Talisman to the depths of the Rift for safe-keeping. We have entered this pit of evil

and seized it.' He pulls out a necklace from under his surcoat. On it hangs a disc of obsidian, with a ruby skull carved at its centre – the Talisman of Death! He hands it to you. 'Here. For the sake of all Orb you must take this Talisman and continue the quest. It cannot be destroyed but, if you can return to your own world with it, it will be beyond the reach of the claw of the Fleshless King.'

The hypnotic spell binds you – your whole being is given over to the completing of the quest. The Talisman feels cold and heavy around your neck. The Wizard turns to you and says, 'I am going to use the powers of magic to transport you to the surface. Head west until you come to the city of learning, Greyguilds-on-the-Moor, where you may discover a way to return to your own world. Do not fail us! Here, take this gold, it may be of use.' He gives you a purse with 10 gold pieces in it. As the Wizard prepares his spell, a horde of creatures boils into the cavern. Turn to **125**.

115

You tiptoe stealthily towards the Dragon. Its nostrils twitch and a great yellow slitted eye flutters open and fixes you with its gaze. Will you:

Run out of the cavern and up the mountain as fast as you can?	Turn to **335**
Stand your ground?	Turn to **170**
Run back, hoping to explore the narrow side-tunnel?	Turn to **22**

116

You trudge on beneath oppressive grey skies. The Talisman seems to weigh you down, like a millstone round your neck. At last you can see the plateau looming ahead of you, but this does nothing to dispel the nervousness you feel. At dusk you make camp and the dark pall of night engulfs you. Exhausted, you fall asleep. A more vivid dream disturbs your rest. Hawkana appears again, but her outline is hazy and insubstantial. She beckons once more – the void that separates you is neither time nor space. You feel yourself moving towards her and everything around you becomes misty and ethereal. You have been drawn to the edge of the Valley of Death. You must fight her.

HAWKANA'S SPIRIT	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **108**. If you lose this combat in the spirit world, turn to **23**.

117

You walk with the Priestess into a small grassy square. On the far side of the square stands a magnificent tiered temple, covered by a wonderful hanging garden. A flock of many types of small coloured birds takes flight as you pass two guards and enter through the wide green doors. Inside is a long hall, decorated with flowers. You both kneel in prayer before the altar, which is loaded with grain and fruit. She prays for the protection of all living things. After a few moments of reflection, she takes your hand in hers and leads you into a small room at the side of the hall. On a stand is a suit of silvery chainmail. Lillantha says, 'The All-Mother has spoken to me of your quest. She wishes you to take this – it may be of help.' Thanking her, you put on the chainmail which is miraculously light. It is obviously magical – gain 1 SKILL point. 'One final thing: the gates are guarded by followers of the All-Mother on the evenings of market-days and for the three days following. If you wish to leave the city without others knowing, leave then.' You thank her and, leaving the peace of the temple, return to the hubbub of Store Street. Turn to **130**.

118

You have come under the Dragon's spell. He urges you to approach the portal. When you get closer he says, 'You man-things are so easily tricked.' He jumps upon you and rends you limb from limb. Turn to **43**.

119

'I manage, mostly,' he says; 'but it puts me in mind of one time not so long ago when things really got out of hand.' He goes on to tell you a story about Heimdol the Mighty. It seems that Heimdol was one of the strongest and most unpleasant men ever to have swilled beer in the Red Dragon. One day a stranger, Tyutchev, accepted his invitation to a bout of arm-wrestling. Heimdol lost for the first time in his life. He was furious and threatened awful reprisals if Tyutchev ever returned. A few nights later Tyutchev did return and began methodically to insult Heimdol and two of his friends. In the inevitable fight which followed Tyutchev killed them all and carved his initials on Heimdol's forehead. 'He worships the God of insane chaos, Anarchil, and since then none has dared gainsay him here, even though they are all thieves and murderers.' You decide the time has come to introduce yourself to the thieves, and you walk over to their table. Turn to **280**.

120

You walk down the tunnel until you come to a dark iron door. A message has been painted in shimmering letters upon it – 'One only may be read.' You swing the door open and enter a rectangular room with iron doors in each wall. In the centre of the room stand three small pillars, one rectangular, one circular and one square. Will you:

Leave the room through one of the other doors?	Turn to **339**
Examine the rectangular pillar?	Turn to **290**
Examine the circular pillar?	Turn to **321**
Examine the square pillar?	Turn to **345**

121

You sleep again, until the late morning sun, shining into the stable, wakes you. You stretch and your hand touches something cold lying in the straw. It is a gold piece, which you decide to pocket before leaving the stable. If you want to go down one of the side-streets that leads to the Street of Seven Sins and the Red Dragon Inn, turn to **57**. If you decide against mixing with thieves and try to take the Talisman from the temple on your own, turn to **221**.

122

They accept the ruby, showing their appreciation with bows and snorts. In a friendly manner they motion you to go with them to their village. Will you thank them, but decline and go on your way (turn to **14**), or accompany them to their village (turn to **72**)?

123

The arrogance of the warrior-women is ruffled at your mention of the City of the Runes of Doom. The Captain hesitates, narrowing her eyes. There is a flicker of fear in the eyes of some of the younger women. The Captain clears her throat and says, 'We must take you to Hawkana, Marshal of the Watch at Greyguilds.' Turn to **152**.

124

The guards come back down the stairs and you are attacked from all sides. You fight valiantly but there are too many of them. You are overwhelmed and slain. Turn to **109**.

125

Dark Elves and Cave Trolls are pouring into the cavern, attacking the Shieldmaiden. As the Paladin and Priest rush to her aid, you see a huge shadowy form looming behind the sea of Elves and Trolls. The Paladin's glittering sword cuts through the horde but the Dark Elves are using magic and the Shieldmaiden is unable to turn back their attack. She falls beneath their onslaught. The huge fiend howls triumphantly, just as the wizard completes his spell. Turn to **185**.

126

At nightfall you set off for the Moorgate hoping that the followers of the All-Mother will now be on guard. As you leave Store Street, a figure steps from the shadows. He wears a hood which conceals his features but you recognize the ornately spiked armour and black-steel sword of a Dark Elf. One of those who attacked the Crusaders in the Rift must have infiltrated the city! He doesn't waste words but swings his sword. You must fight the Dark Elf.

DARK ELF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **249**.

127

You force yourself on through the wilds of nature's creation. But the singing of the birds sounds hollow to you and premonitions of death haunt you as you stumble on in a waking dream. At nightfall you build a large fire and set torches around it. Unable to sleep, you wait and listen. The Talisman grows heavy. Soon the wild neighing which disturbed your sleep yesterday peals again, rending the peace of the night. The chilling challenge is answered, again and again. Soon, to your horror, six of the nightmarish horses, eyes and nostrils aflame, appear, each bearing the crooked, life-hating spirit of a Wraith. They form an arc, all staring at you intently. In unison their cracked voices cry, 'We are the instruments of Death. We have come to claim you for our master and to take back his Talisman.' You stand with the fire between yourself and them, but they urge their horses through the flames. Under their attack you feel your life-force ebbing away. You become like them, a travesty of life, for ever doomed to an existence filled with hatred and jealousy of all living things.

128

You are left alone to wonder how the law-keepers of this city could be so cruel as to leave an innocent person in such dire straits. You tear feverishly at the trap, terrified of some footpad slitting your throat for his own vile amusement. Soft footsteps approach. You look over your shoulder and see a man approaching. 'Here,' he says, 'let me rescue you from this trap.' He steps on the release catch, which had been out of your reach and the trap springs open. You step free and he walks along by your side. 'Have you a place to stay tonight? Perhaps you would like to sleep in my humble abode?' he asks, looking sideways at you. You are curious that he should be walking the streets alone at night, but you are also exhausted. Will you accept his offer and go home with him (turn to **143**), or decline his offer (turn to **107**)?

129

You realize that the Dragon is beguiling you and that you should never allow a Dragon to engage you in conversation. You run forward to attack him. Turn to **382**.

130

As you walk along Store Street once more, you notice that the stores are closing. The throng of people hurrying home parts, to make way for a large black carriage drawn by two black mares. They carry plumed headdresses made of long black feathers. The cloaked coachman stares grimly ahead. You step into the gutter to let the coach pass and, as you do so, the coachman reins in. Inside you see an empty black coffin, but the name inscribed in silver letters on the lid is your own. The door of the funeral carriage opens and a handsome man with a silver cane steps down. He is dressed in the finest silver satin and sable furs. A storekeeper greets him. He smiles and nods, then turns to you. 'I am the envoy of Death; I have come for the Talisman,' he says in a voice of doom. As you prepare to resist, a startling transformation takes place, which seems to be ignored by all around. His magnificent furs turn to rags. Where once blue eyes looked out from a finely featured face, now hollow sockets gaze at you from a blackened and cracked skull. His skeletal hand now grips a tarnished rapier. You realize that nobody else can see this transformation. 'Give it to me,' he says. Will you:

Give him the Talisman (if you have it)?	Turn to **179**
Attack him immediately?	Turn to **271**
Deny that you have it?	Turn to **220**

131

Realizing that you cannot stay with the Sage, you set out to find a bed for the night. Turn to **28**.

132

You are engulfed in flame. The pain is terrible and you can hardly see. Lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you may wish to use one of the following, if you have any of them:

Vapours of Speed	Turn to **76**
Unicorn Amulet	Turn to **87**
Scroll of Agonizing Doom	Turn to **59**
None of these things	Turn to **50**

133

Deduct one unit of Provisions from your Adventure Sheet. Too late, you realize you are handing them salted pork. The Hogmen are offended. They demand in grunts that you go with them to their village. Will you go with them (turn to **365**), or refuse (turn to **172**)?

134

You set off across the rocky broken ground towards the hills. After a short while you notice two armed bands running towards you. The group to the south consists of twenty or more Orcs, snarling as they lope purposefully towards you. They are hunched and misshapen, dressed in greasy, blackened leather and carrying saw-toothed scimitars. Their shields are emblazoned with a purple claw. To the north, you can make out a small group of Dark Elves, similar to those which killed the Shield-maiden. They are tall and lithe, wearing ornately spiked armour and carrying longswords of a dull black metal. They are some way off but are closing fast. Will you:

Head for the Orcs?	Turn to **68**
Head for the Elves?	Turn to **214**
Run for the hills?	Turn to **63**
Hide?	Turn to **148**

135

Treading on some dry leaves, you are unlucky to snap a hidden twig. As the BASILISK turns its gaze upon you, your body grows heavy. You fling yourself into the undergrowth as your skin begins to turn a stony grey colour. You have just avoided being turned to stone by the reptile's gaze, but the effects of partial petrification have damaged your muscle fibres. Lose 1 SKILL point. Hastily, you cut a path through the undergrowth and leave the sluggish but deadly monster behind, rejoining the path further on. Turn to **270**.

136

An inscription on the rectangular pillar reads:

> *Put yourself in the place of the monkey.*
> *To the left is danger; the idle shall act.*

As you ponder the meaning of the strange message, a trickle of sand falls on your head. You look up to see the roof cracking and an avalanche of sand starts pouring down. With a grating rumble, a slab of rock starts to fall across the exit ahead. Your only hope is to hurl yourself through the narrowing gap. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your SKILL score turn to **103**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score turn to **215**.

137

You begin rummaging through the trappings of the temple. You feel a tingling sensation in your finger, followed by a sharp pain. Looking at your hand you see that Hawkana's ring is shrinking. You try to pull it off but it is too late. You can only watch as the ring constricts to a solid ball and severs your finger. Lose 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points. You can feel the dreadful malice of the Goddess directed against you and you decide to try the doors. Turn to 16.

138

You take out the Talisman and examine it carefully. For the first time you notice a glowing inscription, as if the nearness of the minions of Death was lending it power. *I am Death's Talisman. I am protected by the Faceless Ones who serve my wielder.* At nightfall, you build a large fire and set torches around it. Unable to sleep, you wait and listen. The Talisman grows heavy. Soon the wild neighing which disturbed your sleep yesterday peals again, rending the peace of the night. The chilling challenge is answered, again and again. Soon, to your horror, six of the

nightmarish horses, eyes and nostrils aflame, appear, each bearing the crooked life-hating spirit of a Wraith. They form an arc, all staring at you intently. In unison, their cracked voices cry, 'We are the instruments of Death. We have come to claim you for our master and to take back his Talisman.' Will you:

Threaten to cast the Talisman into the fire?	Turn to **388**
Try to break through the circle?	Turn to **164**
Try to use the power of the Talisman?	Turn to **46**

139

Inside, working at an anvil, is a brawny man, glistening with sweat. He is fashioning the hilt of a sword. Other finished swords stand in a rack along one side of the shop. 'Take your pick. Seven gold pieces,' he says, without looking up. You may buy one if you wish (turn to **160**), or thank him and leave (turn to **104**).

140

You can hear the clank of armour as a group of guards rushes past the arras, heading up the stairs. You continue down until you reach the double doors at the bottom. A guard remains on duty before them. She shouts a warning and runs forward to attack you. You must fight her.

TEMPLE GUARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If she is still alive after five combat rounds, turn to **124**. If you win within five combat rounds, turn to **113**.

141

Harg disappears before the hammer lands. 'Very good,' says Thaum. 'Now, what about this?' Turn to **171**.

142

At a command from the Captain, the circle of horses closes in on you. You draw your sword and manage to wound one of the women before you are attacked from all sides. They are strong fighters and use the flat blades of their swords to stun you. You drop your sword and fall to the ground. Lose 2 SKILL points. When you acquire another sword, you may restore them. There are too many warriors to resist, so you decide to do as you are told for a while and accept a helping hand on to Elvira's horse. She does not look too pleased that you are going to sit behind her all the way to Greyguilds. You console yourself with the thought that at least you are going in the right direction. Turn to **257**.

143

The man's house is a small stone bungalow. He leads you into his bedroom and offers you a straw-filled mattress behind a curtain. Thankful for the chance to rest, you go to sleep without asking any questions. You sleep deeply and regain 4 STAMINA points. You wake to find that your host is sitting watching you. 'I hope you are well rested. You talked in your sleep.' He smiles at you and says, 'Do you need help? Has someone stolen something from you? How did you come to be trapped, alone on the street late at night?' If you want to tell him the whole story and ask him for advice, turn to **98**. If you would prefer to say that you cannot answer, turn to **92**.

144

You are led along tree-lined avenues, through a quarter of the city you have not yet visited. Ahead of you is a large gothic building with pinnacles surmounted by bat-like gargoyles. Before you reach it, the servant leads you into a nearby house. You follow him through to a dark parlour at the back.

The walls are made of pale bamboo and in a gloomy corner a decrepit-looking invalid is sitting in a bath-chair, most of his form hidden under blankets. The servant lights four large black candles before leaving you alone with Mortphilio. 'Thank you for coming. It is seldom that I entertain anyone who looks so vital and full of life.' His voice is hoarse and he finds it an effort to speak. The smoke from the candles makes you feel sleepy, but you are startled back to full awareness when a human skull on the mantelpiece starts to talk. 'This is the one, master.' At a command from Mortphilio, the skull lifts off the mantelpiece and hovers, shadowy wings holding it aloft. 'Kill,' says the necromancer and the skull hurtles towards you, jaws snapping. You must fight the WINGED SKULL

WINGED SKULL	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you win turn, to **396**.

145

Scarface says, 'What do you mean? Are you suggesting we are thieves?' There is an edge in his voice and a tension among his comrades, two of whom have their hands upon their daggers. Will you:

Hotly deny it?	Turn to **272**
Say that you are?	Turn to **281**
Ignore this, and say you have valuable information for them?	Turn to **246**

146

The Dragon exhales a mighty breath. As the air rushes from its lungs it ignites and rolling jets of flame fill the cavern. You are charred to a cinder. Turn to 43.

147

You hide in the middle of a clump of bushes and peer out into the clearing. After a while, the Druid reappears in front of you. 'Since you have chosen to further defile the Sacred Grove by remaining here, I shall assume you have no wish to leave.' Before you can move, he utters some strange words and the bushes begin to grow around you. The leafy tendrils which wrap themselves around your limbs are surprisingly tough. You are held fast. You plead with him to free you but to no avail. After three days without water you slip from delirium into a coma, from which you never recover.

148

You dart down a gully and conceal yourself as best you can in a crack in the rock that reeks of sulphur, hoping that the stream of pebbles you dislodged will not give you away. Soon you can hear the ominous sounds of snuffling as the Orcs try to sniff you out. Suddenly one of them cries out – you have been discovered! You struggle out of your hiding-place and draw your sword but you are bowled over in the rush. One of them grabs your pouch of gold. The coins fly out into the air. Immediately they begin to squabble over the spoils. They do not notice that the group of Elves have appeared at the top of the gully and are looking down. Without a word, the five Elves descend upon the Orcs and, thanks to their magic, soon prevail. Seizing your opportunity, you grab your empty pouch and flee over the hill into the valley beyond. Turn to 203.

149

You turn left down Hornbeam Road, looking for the coal-hole. You see what looks like a coal-cellar at the back of a dilapidated warehouse. You duck into it and find a small crawl-way hidden on the other side of the pile of coal. You crawl down a chute and out into a small passageway that winds for some distance beneath the city. You come to a door and push it open. You step into a magnificently furnished room; evidently the Thieves' Guild lacks nothing. A group of men is waiting for you, lounging on sofas. Some of them you recognize from the Red Dragon Inn, in particular the one with a scar running from ear to chin. Turn to **209**.

150

'We are the priesthood of Death,' says one of the figures. 'We have come for what is ours.' Your arms are held and you are searched. Realizing that you are not carrying the Talisman, they step back. One of them strikes you across the face. 'Where is it hidden – worm?' Suddenly, the clatter of hooves disturbs the menacing priests. A large group of riders carrying torches comes into sight and the priests melt back into the shadows as silently as they came. The riders of the Watch halt before you. 'You're in a pretty pickle. That's one less problem for us tonight, eh, girls?' This provokes a gale of laughter but you fail to see the funny side as they ride off, leaving you held fast in the jaws of the trap. Turn to **128**.

151

They stare and you cannot be sure what effect your gestures are having, or even if they can understand you at all. Will you:

- Offer them some dried meat, if you have any left? Turn to **133**
- Offer them a ruby, if you have one? Turn to **122**
- Attack them? Turn to **172**

152

The Captain of the patrol demands that you surrender your sword, and says, 'Climb up behind Elvira there.' She points to one of the younger women. Will you obey (turn to **155**), or refuse (turn to **142**)?

153

With a shock, you realize that your foot is poking out under the arras. You pull it back as fast as you can, but you hear footsteps stopping on the other side. A woman's voice rings out, 'Ha! A rat, dead for a silver.' She plunges her sword through the arras and into your stomach. Within moments you are dead. Turn to **109**.

154

As the sun rises, you set off once more across the wild plains. With every hour that passes, the Talisman seems to grow heavier. You realize that it is registering the presence of the minions of Death. Do you wish to examine it again (turn to 138), or keep it hidden in case it may draw them to you (turn to 127)?

155

Elvira helps you up behind her. She appears none too pleased at the prospect of sharing her horse with you and you ride in silence across the wilderness. Lose 2 SKILL points until you acquire another sword. Turn to 257.

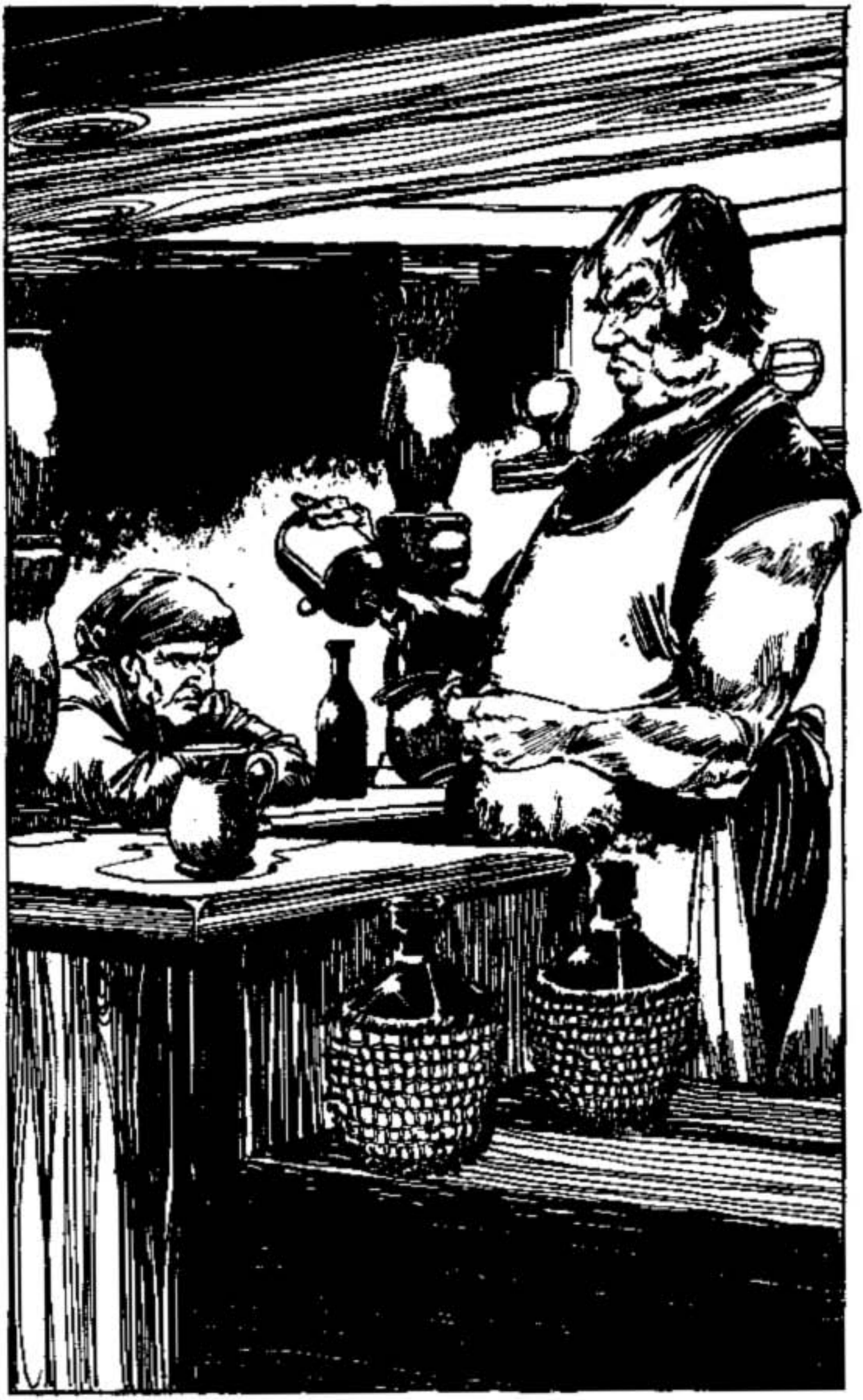

156

You come out into the Street of Seven Sins and soon find the Red Dragon Inn. Steps lead downwards and the sound of raucous laughter floats up from the smoke-filled gloom below. You enter and walk over to the only part of the dive where it is light enough to make anything out. Passing tables and stools, you come to the bar, behind which stands the bulky proprietor of the inn. Do you have the brass tiger charm? If you do, turn to **11**. If you do not, turn to **3**.

157

You kneel at the end of a row of worshippers. A golden chalice is being passed along and each member of the congregation drinks from it. Your neighbour drinks with relish and then turns to you; his face is waxen and white, but his eyes are crimson and bloodshot. Blood drips from his vampire fangs. He hands you the chalice and you have to drink. It is human blood, cursed in Death's name. It curdles in your stomach, and you are seized by a palsy and lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you see the wraiths ride into the inner chapel, accompanied by Somnus, and the congregation begins to file out. You manage to gain the street without being noticed and, flinging the black robe away, you set out in search of the Thieves' Guild. Turn to **83**.

158

You ask the scholars to use their spell. 'Something appears to be wrong,' mumbles Moreau guiltily. The spell is not working. Out of the corner of your eye you can see him gesticulating as if casting a spell, but the beast is unaffected. You must fight it to the death. Return to the paragraph you came from. You may not appeal for help again.

159

You force through heavy undergrowth for some time, making your way over the hill and into the thick, wooded valley on the other side. You then take a trail heading west and are making good speed until, rounding a corner, you see a huge brown-scaled lizard with eight legs, basking in the sun. Its heavy horned jaw is filled with long pointed teeth. You may *Test your Luck* to see if you can slip past without waking it. If you are Lucky, turn to **267**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **135**. If you prefer not to take this risk and leave the path to cut a way through the undergrowth, turn to **384**.

160

You choose a sword which feels well balanced. It is a well-crafted longsword, similar to those used by the warrior-women. You may restore the 2 SKILL points you lost if you had your sword taken. You pay the man and leave. Turn to **104**.

161

Before you plunge your arm into the water, you notice that the sap from the tree is healing a small graze on your wrist. You realize it has healing powers and decide to collect some more sap from the branch you cut from the tree. You may use the Sap of the Willow to restore 4 STAMINA points once, when you think it will help you most. Moving quickly away from the spring you decide to follow the small river that runs through the valley, heading west. Turn to **39**.

162

'We are the priesthood of Death,' says one of the figures. 'We have come for what is ours.' Your arms are held and you are searched. The Talisman is torn from you by their leader. 'I have it, brothers, I have it,' he exclaims in triumph. 'Now may our Lord enter his kingdom.' They cheer loudly, oblivious to the approach of a large group of riders. 'Stand, make no move,' a woman's voice rings out. It is the Watch. One of the priests mumbles an unholy incantation. You see a wave of fear break over the women and their steeds. Some cannot control their horses, others flee, but the bravest charge the priests with loud cries of battle. The priests are unprepared: some are knocked to the ground, others make good their escape, as silently as they came. The Talisman falls to the ground, its bearer decapitated as he turns to flee. It is caught up by one of the Watch, who announces her intention of taking it to the temple of Fell-Kyrinla. They wheel their horses and ride away, leaving you to rot. You have lost the Talisman. Cursing bitterly, you resolve that if you escape you will not rest until you have regained it. Turn to **128**.

163

You land safely next to the thieves. Scarface looks surprised to see you. 'Bloodheart?' he inquires. 'Failed, you treacherous dogs,' you reply, brandishing your sword. Jemmy the Rat turns tail and flees across the roof-tops. Lord Min looks at Scarface and shrugs. 'I'm not fighting the killer of Hawkana,' he says. They swing under the eaves and climb like spiders to an open window. Not wishing to attempt this climb, you make your way back to the safe house across the roof-tops, and climb down to the street, where you stop to regain your breath before leaving the city. Turn to 235.

164

You thrust the torch at the head of one of the nightmarish steeds; the flames flicker, but earthly fire cannot harm them and their riders urge them at you. Under their attack you feel your life-force ebbing away. You become like them, a travesty of life, for ever doomed.

165

Worshippers make way for you as you walk towards the helmet, your face shrouded in the cowl of the black robe. It is standing on a table and is made of interwoven silver bands. You place it in your head and find yourself outside in the street. The helmet bestows quickness of thought and reaction to its wearer. Add 1 to your SKILL score. You guess that powerful Priests of Death use the helmets to come and go from the temple without being seen. Feeling lucky to be alive you set out to find the Thieves' Guild. Turn to 83.

166

Smiling delightedly, she asks about Wodeman. You tell her what happened in the Sacred Grove. 'Then you are welcome at the temple. I am Lillantha, a Priestess of the All-Mother, Fountain of Life. I am on my way to prayer. Perhaps you would like to join me?' Will you accompany her (turn to 117), or decline and say you must be on your way (turn to 130)?

167

Their eyes narrow and suddenly a terrible pain shoots into your kidneys. A thief has crept up silently behind you and knifed you in the back (lose 6 STAMINA points). If you are still alive, you whirl round and back to the bar. You see a wiry young man holding a dagger dripping with your blood. The thieves close in but with your back to the bar only three can attack you. You must fight all three at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BACK-STABBER	6	6
SCARFACE	7	9
Second CUT-THROAT	7	8

If you kill Back-stabber and reduce Scarface's STAMINA to 5 or less, turn to **259**.

168

As you touch the door, the SERPENT comes to life. It strikes like lightning, sinking its venomous fangs into your neck. The poison is deadly. You stagger, your blood boiling, but you are paralysed and cannot even inhale. You die of suffocation. Turn to **43**.

169

Two newcomers enter the Red Dragon ale cellar. The first is a very tall, wiry, man whose frame is draped in a black cloak. The only hint of colour is his hair, very curly and dyed bright corn-yellow. The second is a handsome young woman dressed in a bizarre patchwork of armour. The barman mutters under his breath, then forces his face into a smile. 'Tyutchev, Cassandra, welcome!' he shouts obsequiously. The thieves move away from you to sit at another table. Tyutchev strolls to the bar and orders a drink. Cassandra sits opposite you, at your table. She ignores you and Tyutchev joins her. Will you:

Say nothing?	Turn to **2**
Get up and leave the ale cellar?	Turn to **363**
Introduce yourself?	Turn to **374**

170

The Dragon raises its head, 'Good-day to you, man-ling.' It speaks! Its voice is as soft as honey. It appears to smile and you feel it may be friendly to you. 'Welcome to my lair. Are you looking for something? Can I help?' Will you try to make friends with the Dragon (turn to **317**), or tell it of the Talisman and your need to pass through the portal (turn to **356**)?

171

While Tyutchev draws his sword, Thaum points at you. From his finger a ball of multi-coloured fire flies towards you. Will you try to avoid the fireball by running at Tyutchev (turn to **244**), or hold your ground (turn to **225**)?

172

They lower their heads and charge at you. You wound two of them before another catches you with his tusks. The tremendous momentum of his charge pitches you on to your back. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, they pin you down and drag you off to their village. Turn to **365**.

173

'Impossible,' snaps the Captain, 'The Spires lie to the west of Greyguilds and you are going towards it not coming away from it. You are under arrest.' Turn to **152**.

174

The Wraith and its hell-steed seem to disappear in the wind. It may be a trick of the wind, but you seem to hear a ghostly voice whispering, 'We shall return.' The Talisman feels lighter again. With a sigh of relief, you lie down to sleep. You awake, feeling better. Gain 2 STAMINA points and restore all but 1 of the SKILL points you have lost fighting the Wraith. Turn to **154**.

175

Your last blow meets no resistance. The grey cloak billows to the ground in a heap. All is silent except for a sudden keening of the wind. You rest and begin to overcome the shock to your system. If you have lost any SKILL points, all but 1 are restored. Cautiously, you move on, coming to Silver Street. Turn to 85.

176

The vile monstrosity sinks to the ground, squelching in a pool of blood and green ichor. The stench of its spilled entrails is nauseating. The sages are woebegone at the death of their creation, but they help you out of the pit. 'I'm sorry,' says Moreau, 'my spell did not work. What a shame you had to kill her.' You shake your head at their madness and ask for your gold. Polonius dives his hands into various pockets and folds of his robes, a look of consternation crossing his features. He is about to make some excuse, when he sees your growing anger. Eventually, he offers you a magic scroll as payment instead. It contains a Spell of Agonizing Doom, which you can use once only. You accept, take your leave, and head for the house of the Sage. Turn to 273.

177

You charge at the Druid, your sword raised. Before you can strike, your jaw drops in amazement. Where once there was a man carrying an oak staff, there is now a skylark. Trilling shrilly, it flies around you and away. After a few minutes you see the skylark wheeling above you again. It could be trying to draw attention to you, or perhaps it is preparing to attack you itself. If you leave the clearing, turn to **187**. If you wish to stay and hide, turn to **147**.

178

The Dragon says, 'You must believe me. If you do not, you will die trying the portal, and I cannot carry the Talisman through.' Its honey-smooth voice beguiles you with its gentle charm. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **129**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **118**.

179

You hastily hand the Talisman to the skeletal envoy of Death. As he receives it, he seems to draw unholy strength from it. 'You fool,' he mocks, his voice deep and resonant, full of malice. He touches you with the Talisman uncannily quickly. It is as if Death himself had touched you and your heart beats no more. Nothing can save you. Your quest ends here.

180

You run down the stairs four at a time. You reach another landing before you hear the tramp of feet coming up from below. Thinking quickly, you hide behind an arras. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 140. If you are Unlucky, turn to 153.

181

The cut-throat yields and you are looked at with some admiration and respect. The barman tries to make light of things saying, 'You are truly a mighty warrior – you could even be a match for Tyutchev.' He tells you the story of Heimdol the Mighty. It seems that Heimdol was one of the strongest and most unpleasant men ever to swill ale at the Red Dragon. One day a stranger, Tyutchev, accepted his challenge to a bout of arm-wrestling. Heimdol lost for the first time in his life. He was furious and threatened awful reprisals if Tyutchev ever returned. A few nights later Tyutchev did return and began to insult Heimdol and two of his friends. In the inevitable fight which followed, Tyutchev killed them all and carved his initials on Heimdol's forehead. 'He worships the God of insane chaos, Anarchil, and since that night none has dared gainsay him here.' If you want to ask the whereabouts of the Thieves' Guild, turn to **210**. If you would rather ask the cut-throats for aid in completing some unfinished business, turn to **223**.

182

'We are scholars,' says Moreau excitedly. 'Vivisection is our field of study. We use surgery and magic to create new forms of life. Just wait till you see our creation.' They take you to a large sunken pit in the middle of the massive greenhouse. The pit is ringed at the top with downward pointing spikes. They lower a ladder and you all descend into it. In a barred cage at the edge of the pit is a most loathsome sight. The scholars' creation is a massive beast with the body of a giant cockroach, six giant arms for legs and two heads, one above the other. The top one is the head of a crocodile and below is the warty face of an ogre. 'Isn't she beautiful?' says Moreau. Polonius says, 'We need a valiant warrior to test her. We want her to be used as a war-beast. Do not worry, though; the minute she looks like harming you, Polonius here will put her to sleep with a special spell.' The ogre face, which looks distinctly male, roars and slavers. If you want to say, 'Thank you, no, I'm not fighting that,' and leave immediately, turn to **201**. If you would rather say, 'This should be interesting,' and prepare to fight the beast, turn to **189**.

183

You turn right, down Trader's Row, and walk for some way, looking for the storm-drain. Eventually you see it and, checking that you are unobserved, jump down it. You land up to your ankles in slime. You wade down the huge drain until you come to a small round door set in the left-hand wall. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **238**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **205**.

184

An inscription on the circular pillar reads:

> *Behind the symbol on the first door*
> *lies that which you risk your life for.*

As you try to work out the meaning of this strange message, a pool of water forms around your feet. You look up just as a crack splits the ceiling. A torrent of water pours down. You jump forward as, with a grating rumble, a slab of rock starts to fall from the roof across the exit ahead. Your only hope is to throw yourself through the narrowing gap. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your SKILL score, turn to **103**. If the result is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **215**.

185

Suddenly, you are in blinding sunshine. You are standing at the lip of an immense chasm. You realize that this must be the Rift the Crusaders spoke of. The rocky earth is blackened and cracked, full of pits and fissures, and noisome fumes rise from the depths of the chasm. To the west you see a range of green hills partially covered in trees and thick woodland. A few hundred metres to your right you can see where a forest begins, extending all the way to the hills. You realize that you must head in the direction of the hills to reach Greyguilds – but which route will you take? If you go through the forest, turn to **256**. If you would rather take the more direct route across open ground, turn to **134**.

186

You leave the building and continue on down Booker's Walk. The streets are already deserted and there are few lights in this part of the city. You search for the welcoming light of an inn. Then, without warning, the steel teeth of a hidden man-trap snap shut round your leg, ripping your flesh. You are in terrible pain. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Shadowy figures loom out of the murk all around you. Their faces glow with a sickly pallor in the moonlight. They are wearing black robes clasped at the neck by shrunken human skulls. Do you still have the Talisman of Death? If you have, turn to **162**. If you have not got it, turn to **150**.

187

You leave the clearing, anxious that you should not anger the Druid further by staying in the Sacred Grove. Turn to **159**.

188

You run for the door to the street at the back of the church. Somnus sees you and points majestically. 'Die,' he whispers. A huge dark figure appears before you, a great black sword in its hand. It has black wings of shadow and a tall white crest sweeps back from the black helmet which hides its features. Your heart palpitates wildly and then stops beating. The mere sight of the ANGEL OF DEATH destroys you. You will wander the barren plain of the Valley of Death until the end of time.

189

'Excellent, excellent,' enthuses Moreau. They climb the ladder and draw it up behind them. With a clang the bars of the cage slide into the ground. The beast comes towards you, intent on making you its next meal. You must fight the VIVISECT. The Sages produce wax tablets and begin to take notes.

VIVISECT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

You may appeal for help at any time. If you do, remember this reference number and turn to **158**. If you do not appeal and win, turn to **176**.

190

When you have laid your weapons aside, the Dragon beckons you to the portal. When you get close it says, 'You man-things are so easily tricked.' It jumps upon you and rends you limb from limb. Turn to **43**.

191

The Captain nods and says, 'We will escort you safely to Greyguilds. These moors are well known for brigands. Perhaps you would like to ride behind Elvira here.' She points to one of the younger women. You thank her and accept a helping hand up, thankful to rest your legs. Elvira does not seem too pleased at having to share her horse with you and you ride across the wilderness in silence. Turn to **268**.

192

At last you reach the floor of the plateau itself. It seems your aching legs have forgotten how to walk on level ground. The vegetation is lush, like a tropical rain forest, and your clothes cling to you, damp with perspiration. As you pause to listen to the screech of a scarlet macaw a group of HOGMEN burst from the vegetation in front of you. They are blue-grey, hairy and have heads like tusked boars. Will you tell them that you mean no harm (turn to **151**), or attack them (turn to **172**)?

193

You are weakening. You realize you are close to death. A sudden blinding light halts the Death-knight's onslaught. To your amazement the Paladin crusader stands before you, bathed in a silvery radiance. The Death-knight steps back, shielding its face. The Paladins' Holy Sword hums through the air and cuts the Death-knight in two. As abruptly as he came, the Paladin disappears. There is no sign of your adversary but the Holy Sword remains, casting a glow where it lies on the straw. You pick it up, realizing that it is meant for you to use in your struggle against Death. As you grasp it, your wounds heal magically. You regain 6 STAMINA points. You may add 1 to your SKILL when using the Holy Sword. Turn to **121**.

194

You drive your sword into his back. He lets out a scream of pain as he dies. Lord Min, a small, agile young man is behind you. He says, 'Sloppily done. We may all pay for that. Now, hurry!' Turn to **283**.

195

You continue along Cobbler's Walk, turning a corner or two. Suddenly, a body comes crashing through a nearby window into the street. Splinters of glass fly everywhere, but you are unharmed. Moving closer you see the mangled corpse of a man dressed in black robes covered with odd symbols. A door to the nearby house bursts open and a man dressed in a silver robe with black symbols, runs into the street screaming, 'Flee! Run for your life!' as he disappears. In the open doorway a monstrous figure now stands. It springs at you with a demonic howl. It is three metres high, with the head and hind legs of an elk. Its bloated humanoid torso is mottled blue and grey and its breath clouds the air with crystals of ice. It points at you and a gale of freezing sleet hits you. The chill is almost crippling – lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, the Demon reaches for you with its powerful talons. You must fight it.

ICE DEMON	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **61**.

196

The Sage shows you to a side room, full of reading desks. A few are occupied by students of history, young and old. With an expansive gesture he points to a wall lined with shelves, which are filled with scrolls and tablets. You choose a set of scrolls called *Greyguilds Revisited*, by Nyleve. It is the story of a dissolute young nobleman who failed to take advantage of the education offered by the Guilds of Learning. You are able to glean much interesting information about the city. The religious orders hold all the power. You are astonished to find that Vagar, the God of thieves, liars and cut-throats, has most followers within the city. There is a temple to Death in the city as well. Indeed it seems that Greyguilds is not the tranquil city that it once was. The armed forces protecting the city come from two groups, the warrior-women who worship the evil goddess Fell-Kyrinla, and the followers of the All-Mother. Greyguilds lies on the edge of a large plain, called the Manmarch, or lands of men. It is just one of many cities in this part of the world. As you are wondering whether you will ever visit Doomover, or the Spires of Foreshadowing, the other students begin filing out. With a start you realize it is already dark and you leave quickly, looking for a safe place to sleep. Turn to **186**.

197

Suddenly, from behind you, the Captain shouts, 'Look out! Ambush! Everybody duck!' You hear the sound of an arrow whistling through the air as Elvira ducks in front of you. Will you duck (turn to **240**) or wait to see what happens (turn to **224**)?

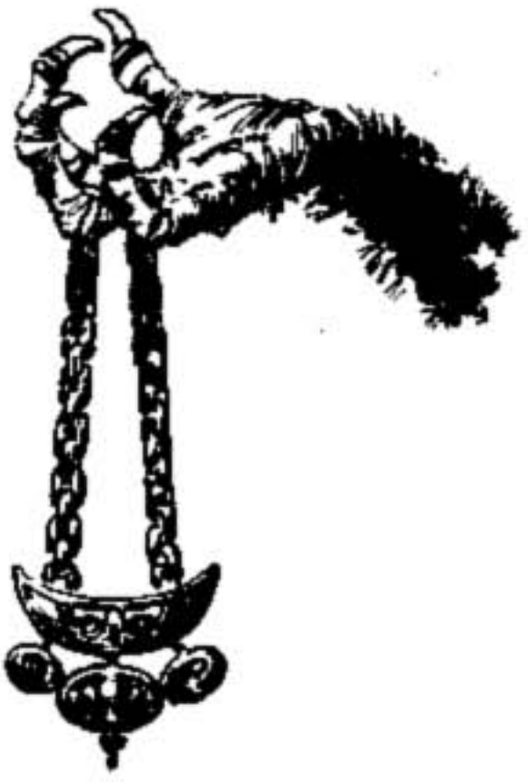

198

'You have come across the wilderness? Did you by any chance come across a man dressed in green robes similar to my own? He would have carried an oak staff and worn a crown of mistletoe; he would have told you his name.' Will you answer:

'I did not meet him'?	Turn to **226**
'His name was Dwithian'?	Turn to **212**
'His name was Wodeman'?	Turn to **166**

199

As you are looking around you, checking that there is no mate near by to avenge her death, a green-robed figure appears in the centre of the clearing, as if by magic. He has an oak staff in one hand and a silver sickle in the other. A crown of mistletoe rests on his head. Striking the ground with his staff, he says, 'I am the Guardian Druid of this Sacred Grove and you have slain my friend, Snowmane, and left her cubs motherless. May the hand that killed her never be still.' You feel a tremor running down your arm – your sword-hand begins to shake. Lose 1 SKILL point for the Druid's curse. If you attack the Druid in order to force him to lift the curse, turn to 177. If you decide not to risk further dealings with this man and leave the clearing, turn to 159.

200

During the fight the brass tiger charm falls to the floor. Now that it is gone you realize that it was cursed and that it forced you to insult the barman. You make no attempt to recover it. The cut-throat yields and you are looked at with some admiration and respect. The barman tries to make light of things saying, 'You are truly a mighty warrior – you could even be a match for Tyutchev.' He tells you the story of how Tyutchev beat Heimdol the Mighty. It seems that Heimdol was one of the strongest and most unpleasant men ever to swill ale at the Red Dragon. One day a stranger, Tyutchev, accepted his challenge to a bout of arm-wrestling. Heimdol lost for the first time in his life. He was furious and threatened awful reprisals if Tyutchev ever returned. A few nights later Tyutchev did return and began to insult Heimdol and two of his friends. In the inevitable fight which followed, Tyutchev killed them all and carved his initials on Heimdol's forehead. 'He worships the God of insane chaos, Anarchil, and since that night none has dared gainsay him here.' If you want to ask the whereabouts of the Thieves' Guild, turn to **236**. If you would rather ask them for aid in completing some unfinished business, turn to **246**.

201

'Ah well, that's a pity,' says Polonius, and presses the far wall of the pit. With a great clang bars spring up between you and the two scholars. To your horror you see that at the same time the bars separating you from their awful creation have slid into the ground. The beast comes towards you, intent on turning you into a meal. You must fight the VIVISECT. The scholars produce wax tablets and begin to take notes.

VIVISECT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

You may appeal for help at any time. If you do, remember this reference number and turn to **158**. If you do not appeal, and win, turn to **176**.

202

The guard beckons you inside the temple. Just as you enter you almost bump into Hawkana, the tall, raven-haired High Priestess. 'Who is this?' she barks. The guard explains that you claim to be a secret messenger, but have failed to give any password. Hawkana says, 'This person is no messenger. Die, desecrator!' Cursing your ill luck at meeting Hawkana so soon after entering the temple, you turn to run. Hawkana lets out a scream of invocation, calling on the powers of her Goddess. A pillar of flame engulfs you as the power of Fell-Kyrinla is unleashed. You are burnt to a cinder. Turn to **109**.

203

When you reach the floor of the valley, you find a pool into which a spring is bubbling. Feeling thirsty after having come so far, you step forward to the pool to drink where the branches of a gnarled old willow meet the water. Almost immediately you begin to feel strangely sleepy and realize that you are swaying, about to topple into the pool. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **36**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **319**.

204

Just as you approach a door ahead, you hear a crack and the sound of rushing water behind you. A slab of rock is slithering down, slowly blocking the exit from the room you have just left. It suddenly slams to the floor with a crash, before much of the water that is filling the room can flow into the tunnel towards you. You can only go on. Turn to **120**.

205

As you are about to open the door, you hear a click and something thumps you on the back. Looking down you see the bloody head of a harpoon protruding from your stomach. Your hands clutch at the gaping wound as you try to stop your entrails spilling into the slime of the sewer. Mercifully, death takes you swiftly. Turn to **109**.

206

You strike the old temple-servant across the back of his neck with the pommel of your sword. He collapses soundlessly. You go to tie him up. 'Good work,' says Lord Min, a small, agile young man. 'Now I'll finish it.' He steps forward with his dagger, meaning to slit the old man's throat. Will you stop him (turn to **251**), or let him kill the old man (turn to **239**)?

207

Your pitch-soaked torch flares brightly. The WRAITH reins its hell-steed in before you. It carries an aura of fear but you stare defiantly into the black emptiness of its face. It hisses with frustration and, in a voice hoarse with age, says, 'Death will take what is his and you shall become one of us. For we shall return with our full strength – we are the instruments of Death.' It turns its nightmarish steed and disappears into the night. Your rest thereafter is troubled and you regain only 1 STAMINA point. Turn to **154**.

208

The footsteps come on and from the air above you a dull rasping voice intones: 'I am a spirit of the dead and we are beyond number.' Suddenly a terrible blow knocks you backwards. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You must fight the UNSEEN STALKER, striking out blindly and hoping your thrusts will harm it.

UNSEEN STALKER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **250**.

209

Scarface looks you up and down for a moment. Then he says, 'Right, I'll get the Guildmaster, we'll see what he has to say.' There is an uneasy silence before he returns with another man. Scarface says, 'This is Vagrant, Guildmaster of Thieves.' Vagrant is a handsome, middle-aged man wearing an ermine jacket. Twirling his moustache, he asks you the purpose of your visit. What will you say:

You need help to steal something?	Turn to **315**
You want to steal the Talisman of Death?	Turn to **276**
You will lead them to a hoard of priceless jewellery?	Turn to **291**

210

Your request comes out more like a demand, spoken tersely and loudly. Nevertheless, one of them tells you that the entrance to the Thieves' Guild is through an open storm-drain which leads into the sewers near Trader's Row. You gruffly tell them to meet you there at midday tomorrow. You decide to leave straight away, before you insult anyone else. On your way to the door the gloom darkens as two people come down the steps from the street. The first has to stoop to avoid hitting his head. His tall wiry frame is wreathed in a cloak that seems to deepen the darkness about him. The only hint of colour is his hair, very curly and dyed bright corn-yellow. The second is a handsome young

woman, dressed in a bizarre patchwork of armour. 'Tyutchev, Cassandra, welcome!' cries the barman obsequiously. They wait for you to step out of their way. 'Get out of my way, Orc breath,' you say before you can stop yourself. With a flash of insight you realize the brass tiger charm must be cursed. Tyutchev smiles. They step to either side of you, drawing their swords. Together they strike with the speed and grace of panthers. Tyutchev's sword is almost as tall as you are and he wields it negligently in one hand. Cassandra's glows coldly. Every time she hits you, subtract 3 STAMINA points.

	SKILL	STAMINA
TYUTCHEV	10	12
CASSANDRA	9	10

If you reduce Cassandra's STAMINA to 4 or less she drops back and Tyutchev moves in to cover her. If you reduce Tyutchev's STAMINA to 4 or less, turn to **355**.

211

The Dragon says, 'This is a grave matter indeed. The Talisman must go through the portal. I will tell you something: I cannot pass through the portal. As you can see, it is too small for my bulk. You can pass through, but only if you leave behind any metal you are carrying. The gods have set a powerful magic to stop weapons being brought through from the other side. I will let you pass but, for your own sake you must do as I suggest.' Will you lay down any weapons and money before stepping through (turn to **190**), or ask him if he takes you for a fool (turn to **178**)?

212

'I see,' she says shortly and turns away. She walks off and is soon lost in the crowd. You shrug your shoulders and walk on. Turn to **130**.

213

You run back into the room with the skylight, but there is nothing to be seen. The rope is gone and the skylight is shut. You hear the tramp of feet coming up the stairs. You look around desperately but there is nowhere to hide. Ten of the warrior-women burst in. You fight valiantly but there are too many of them. You are overwhelmed and slain. Turn to **109**.

214

As you close with the Elves, one of them makes a strange gesture. You realize with horror that he is using magic. A drowsy paralysis seizes your limbs and you are unable to move. Laughing cruelly, they bind you hand and foot. You are to be taken down into the Rift and you will never see daylight again. Your quest ends here.

215

Too late. The descending rock traps you and your ribcage collapses like a concertina. Turn to **43**.

216

The boy leads you to the Guilds of Learning. You hurry down a cloister, which surrounds a square of tall grass speckled with scarlet poppies, and on towards a huge greenhouse made of tarred wood and glass. Two scholars wearing the pale blue robes of the Sages come out to greet you. One is spindly and bald, the other is very chubby and peers at you through his pince-nez. They are obviously pleased to see you and introduce themselves as Moreau and Polonius. The fat one, Polonius, asks you to come with them, if you would like to earn twenty gold pieces for twenty minutes' work. Will you go with them into the greenhouse (turn to **182**), or politely decline and go back to the Sage's house (turn to **273**)?

217

You creep up behind the old man as he shuffles along the corridor. Will you use the pommel of your sword and try to knock him out (turn to **206**), or strike him down with your sword (turn to **194**)?

218

Hastily, you leave the clearing. Luckily, it seems she was interested only in protecting her cubs. You press on through the wood towards the hills, skirting the clearing. Turn to 159.

219

As you run through the darkness the Talisman grows heavier, weighing you down. You cannot keep ahead of your pursuer. A flaming hoof strikes you down. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you must fight this monstrous WRAITH. Whenever it hits you, you feel a cold, numbing sensation as it drains your life-force. Lose 1 SKILL point each time it strikes you.

WRAITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 174.

220

'Lies,' it hisses, and lunges at you with its rapier before you can move. A chill numbness spreads from the wound and you feel as if your life-blood is being drained away. Lose 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points. Now you must fight the ENVOY OF DEATH. Each time it strikes you, you must lose 1 SKILL point as well as the normal STAMINA loss.

ENVOY OF DEATH	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **254**.

221

You spot one of the warrior-women who you know are members of the temple of Fell-Kyrinla. Hoping she is on her way to the temple, you follow her at a distance. Eventually, you come to a building made of a white stone, with dark grey columns. Steps lead up to the entrance between two pillars and there is a guard at the top. What will you do:

Attack the guard?	Turn to **234**
Tell her you have a message for the High Priestess?	Turn to **202**
Give up and go to the Red Dragon Inn	Turn to **24**

222

'How dare you desecrate the temple. How dare you interrupt me when I'm speaking with the Goddess,' she says softly, white with rage. 'I dedicate your soul to the Goddess.' She drives her fist into the air and chops it downwards. A pillar of flame descends from the vaulted roof. Roll one die. If you score 1–4, turn to **105**. If you score a 5 or a 6, turn to **132**.

223

They appear interested and offer you some ale. You accept a mug and do not drink. You suggest that in helping you they might gain a great deal. They agree to meet you and tell you to come to the Thieves' Guild at midday tomorrow, via the disguised coal-hole in Hornbeam Road. You are beginning to chat to them when two newcomers enter the ale cellar. 'Ah! Tyutchev, Cassandra, welcome!' cries the barman obsequiously. The thieves with whom you are sitting move quickly to another table. The first stranger is a very tall, wiry, man whose

frame is wreathed in a black cloak which seems to deepen the darkness around him. The only hint of colour is his hair, very curly and dyed bright corn-yellow. The second is a handsome young woman dressed in a bizarre patchwork of armour. The man, Tyutchev, strolls to the bar, but the woman called Cassandra comes over and sits at your table, looking you over. 'Find your own table, wrinkled hag,' you say before you can stop yourself. With a flash of insight you realize that the brass tiger charm must be cursed. Cassandra spits in your face and moving with the grace of a panther, draws her sword. It glows coldly and is rimed with frost. Each time she attacks successfully you lose 3 STAMINA points as biting cold sears your wound. Tyutchev merely looks on, grinning.

CASSANDRA SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you reduce Cassandra's STAMINA to 4 or less turn to 342.

224

Realizing that the whole thing was a trick designed to test you, you make no move and the arrow, fired by one of the women, thuds harmlessly into a tree. They now believe that you are truly deaf and dumb. You ride on into the late afternoon, moving from the wilderness to a grey and desolate moor. Ahead you can see the walls of a large city. A salute is given as you approach the huge arched gate in the fortified wall. The Captain gestures to you to dismount and waves you into Greyguilds itself. Thankful for your escort, you wave farewell and set out to discover if there is any way of returning to Earth. Turn to **296**.

225

The fireball erupts around you. The excruciating pain and the smell of your burnt flesh tells you that it was real. Lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you hear Thaum laughing cruelly as Tyutchev moves to attack. Turn to **265**.

226

'Ah, it is a long time since we had news. I am a Priestess of the All-Mother, the Fountain of Life. The Druids are our friends. I trust you will enjoy your stay in Greyguilds. Goodbye, stranger.' She walks on and is soon lost in the crowd. You continue on down Store Street. Turn to **130**.

227

Your legs are beginning to grow heavy as you reach a gap between two hills. You are slowing now, and wonder how much longer you can keep this up. Looking back, you are pleased to see that the Elves and Orcs have met and are engaged in bloody battle. The Elves are making short work of the Orcs – strange sparks leap from their hands, killing the Orcs instantly. You realize that any respite you have gained will be short-lived, and press on. Over the hill you come to a verdant valley, deep in ferns. Turn to **203**.

228

You hurry on down the stairs but the old man has seen you. Turn to **283**.

229

On your way towards the Sage's house a small boy runs up to you and asks if you would like to help a very clever scholar and make some money doing it. 'It won't take long,' he adds, tugging at your sleeve. Do you want to thank him, but decline and go on your way (turn to **273**), or will you go with the boy (turn to **216**)?

230

You wade carefully into the scum-covered pond and hold out your hand to the old woman. There is a sudden churning in the water and slimy tentacles slither around your thighs. The old woman's head rears up at you, revealing a huge, horny beak where her chest should have been, above a bloated body, sprouting six tentacles. You must fight the GRENDEL.

GRENDEL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **65**.

231

Instead of plummeting right down to the plateau, the magical Roc's feather holds you up and you drift gently down to land on the steps seventeen metres below. You start to climb up again, keeping a careful look out. Turn to **192**.

232

Drawing your sword, you run forward to attack.

WHITE SHE-WOLF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **199**.

233

The alchemist gives you the Vial of Vapours of Speed in exchange for the gold, telling you to inhale the Vapours when you wish to speed up your actions. If you have any money left, you can buy any of his other wares which you haven't tried:

Barkskin – 7 gold pieces.	Turn to **306**
Fortunate Luckstone – 10 gold pieces.	Turn to **266**
Elixir of Life – 12 gold pieces.	Turn to **360**
Or are you ready to leave and continue on your way?	Turn to **28**

234

As you rush up the stairs, the guard strikes a hidden bell and attacks you. You must fight her.

TEMPLE GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win turn to **255**.

235

As you catch your breath three shadows appear on the road before you. Looking up, you see Tyutchev and Cassandra, with a hideous squid-like creature hovering in the air between them. One of the squid's tentacles is curled loosely around Cassandra's waist. 'We meet again,' says Tyutchev. 'Young Lord Min tells me you have been successful. Congratulations, you have done us a favour. Now you'll be glad your peril is over. We are taking the Talisman.' Grimly, you draw your sword. 'I see,' says Tyutchev. 'Then let me introduce Thaum,' he continues, gesturing towards the squid-like monster. Its form dissolves and becomes the man with the gold ear-ring and flowing grey robes you saw producing flowers out of the air for the crowds. He is a Master of Illusion. At that moment a huge and ugly Troll appears from within the safe house. 'Here is Harg,' says Thaum. Harg raises a huge hammer ready to strike you. Is he real, or is he one of Thaum's illusions? If you attack the Troll, turn to **45**. If you allow his hammer to strike you, turn to **141**.

236

They invite you to join them for a drink, which you do. One of them tells you that the entrance to the Thieves' Guild is through an open storm-drain which leads into the sewers near Trader's Row. They will meet you there at midday tomorrow. Turn to **169**.

237

Coming along Moorgate you realize that the guards on the gate have been doubled, following the death of Hawkana. To your dismay, a mounted patrol enters Moorgate from Smith Street and you are trapped between the cavalry and the guards at the gate. As you slip through the gate, one of the warrior-women recognizes you. They scream for your blood. You flee across the wilderness, but the cavalry are swifter and there is nowhere to hide. You turn and fight, but there are too many of them and they are hungry for revenge. The end is mercifully swift. Turn to **109**.

238

As you open the door you slip on the slime underfoot. A glancing blow catches you on the side as a harpoon thuds into the door. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you look behind and see the firing mechanism of the trap. You open the door and step into a magnificently furnished room. Evidently the Thieves' Guild lacks nothing. A group of men, some of whom you recognize from the Red Dragon, are lounging on sofas. They leap to their feet in surprise and reach for their swords. Will you place your back to the wall and draw your sword (turn to **242**), or calmly tell them that you have been invited (turn to **252**)?

239

The old man gurgles softly and dies. Lord Min grins wolfishly. Lose 1 LUCK point for your callous action. You hurry on down the stairs which lead to a set of double doors. A guard is on duty but she is overwhelmed before she can make a sound. Inside the Inner Sanctum of the temple a tall raven-haired woman is praying at the altar, upon which lies the Talisman of Death. She appears to be talking to her goddess, Fell-Kyrinla. Beyond the altar is a large marble statue of the goddess, wearing chainmail, her expression arrogant and cruelly beautiful. The tall woman rises and turns towards you. 'Hounds of Hell! It's Hawkana, the High Priestess!' breathes Jemmy the Rat. 'I'm off.' You look around to see the thieves have disappeared. Before you can try to follow, Hawkana casts a spell and the doors fly shut. Turn to **222**.

240

You duck and hear the sound of an arrow embedding itself in a tree some way off. 'Oh ho!' you hear the Captain crow. 'Suddenly regained our sense of hearing, have we? A truly miraculous recovery.' She shouts a command and Elvira twists in the saddle and throws you to the ground. Landing on top of you, she knocks the breath out of you and overpowers you. Your hands are tied behind your back and your sword is taken. From now on you must fight with your dagger. Lose 2 SKILL points. When you acquire another sword you may restore them. Turn to **257**.

241

Scarface leads you through a maze of back alleys into a building that Jemmy the Rat tells you is a safe house. You climb on to the roof and continue running across the roof-tops of the city. Soon you are on top of a tall house, just below the top of the temple to Fell-Kýrinla. Bloodheart, a hulking, silent fellow, takes a rope and grappling hook from his shoulder. He effortlessly throws it round the top of one of the temple columns. He secures his end to a chimney-stack and walks across on the tightrope he has created. You all manage to cross hand-over-hand and join him in the temple eaves. Jemmy the Rat, a wiry man with fingers like spider's legs, finds a skylight and, true to his name, prises off the bars and picks the lock. Reaching inside he disarms a trap containing a poisoned dart. You marvel at his nimble-fingered skill. They lower a rope and you all drop down to the top of a staircase. You catch sight of an old serving-man passing a doorway on the landing. The others have not noticed him. Will you silence him, in case he has seen you (turn to **217**), or ignore him, hoping he didn't see you (turn to **228**)?

242

As they move towards you, one of them produces a crossbow and fires. You duck but he was aiming at your leg and the bolt slams into your thigh, spinning you sideways. You feel as if your veins are on fire. The bolt was poisoned, and you soon sink into the oblivion of death. Turn to **109**.

243

You continue along Store Street and then down a tree-lined avenue called Booker's Walk. Two very grand buildings, built of blocks of grey stone, stand on either side of the road. A group of young people in blue togas, escorted by a white-haired old man in pale blue robes, enters the building opposite. A flag, showing books and scrolls, is flying from the nearest building; it appears to be a library. Will you see what information the library has to offer (turn to **346**), or investigate the other building, to find out what the young people are doing (turn to **279**)?

244

The fireball bursts behind you, but a burning pain sears your back and you smell charred cloth. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you press home your attack on Tyutchev. Turn to **265**.

245

Just as you are about to enter the bare, roofless room, a rotten stair breaks, betraying your presence. Realizing that they may have been overheard, one of the thieves runs off across a nearby roof-top. The other two, mean-looking thugs in brown breeches, attack you. They try to come at you from different sides, but after springing up the last stairs your footwork is too good for them and you hold the stairway, where they can only come at you one at a time. You must fight them in order.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THIEF	6	7
Second THIEF	7	6

If you win, turn to 329.

246

They appear interested and offer you some ale. You accept a mug and do not drink. You suggest that in helping you, they might gain a great deal. They agree to meet you and tell you to come to the Thieves' Guild at midday tomorrow, via the disguised coal-hole in Hornbeam Road. You begin to chat to them. Turn to **169**.

247

Her eyebrows rise in surprise. All four of them look at you in disbelief. The man in gold turns to the Priest in the white surcoat and asks, 'Is it the truth?' Knowing your story to be true, you decide to wait while the Priest casts a spell. 'It is the truth,' he says, 'and spoken from a true heart.' The Shieldmaiden lowers the bow and moves over to guard the entrance of the cavern. 'What are we to do? The exits are blocked and I have only the power to teleport one of us out now,' says the man in gold. 'Perhaps this warrior has been sent by the gods to continue the quest.' Sensing the goodness in these people, you wait to hear how you can aid them. Turn to **100**.

248

You are swept up in the talons of a great white eagle. Your assailants are soon specks below you on the street. Rising high above the roof-tops you look to the south-east and see, far away, a mountain on top of a large plateau. A voice speaks in your head – the voice of the All-Mother. 'That is Mount Star-reach, your goal. At its summit lies the portal that will take you back to your own world.' For a moment it seems the eagle will bear you to the mountain, but the Talisman seems to weigh like a ball of lead around your neck and the eagle is forced to land in a deserted alley of Store Street. Before you can thank it, it takes to the air again and is soon soaring far above the city. Are you wearing magical chainmail? If you are, turn to 375. If not, turn to 258.

249

You hurry along to the Moorgate itself. There is a group of warriors on guard, men and women, in green livery. They are followers of the All-Mother who have been given your description by Lillantha. They wave you through the gate and you walk out into the night. Gain 1 LUCK point for escaping the city. Turn to 8.

250

Exhausted from the rigours of the day, you stop and draw breath. The attack by an unseen foe has left you unnerved. You look around, then listen carefully in case another attack should be imminent. As night falls you are thankful to find an empty stable. You go in and curl up in a heap of straw, ready for the night. Turn to **91**.

251

You reach out and knock the young thief's hand away. He drops his dagger, which clatters noisily all the way down the stairs. 'Sentimental fool!' he snaps. 'The guards will have heard that.' He draws another dagger from his boot. 'Hurry, we have little time now,' says Scarface. You hurry on. Turn to **283**.

252

'If we had really wanted you to come, don't you think we would have told you the safe route?' says a thief with a scar running from ear to chin, whom you recognize from the Red Dragon. They move towards you purposefully. 'This is the welcome we give to the likes of you,' he continues. Will you place your back to the wall and draw your sword (turn to **242**), or sit down, telling them to kill you if they like, but they'll miss out on an attractive proposition (turn to **209**)?

253

The river winds between the hills. You wade along it, knowing that the Dark Elves will lose your scent in the water. After a while, you climb out on the other side of the river and continue on your way. Turn to **331**.

254

Your last blow meets no resistance. The skeletal form collapses to the ground in a heap. All is silent except for a sudden keening of the wind. You rest and begin to overcome the shock to your system. If you have lost any SKILL points, all except 1 are restored. Cautiously, you continue along Store Street and then down a tree-lined avenue called Booker's Walk. Two very grand buildings, built of blocks of grey stone, stand on either side of the road. A group of young people in blue togas, escorted by a white-haired old man in pale blue robes, enters the building opposite. A flag showing books and scrolls is flying from the nearest building; it appears to be a library. Will you see what information the library has to offer (turn to **346**), or investigate the other building, to find out what the young people are doing (turn to **279**)?

255

As the stricken woman slides down the temple steps, leaving a trail of blood behind her, you are dismayed to see Hawkana, the raven-haired High Priestess. She lets out a scream of invocation, calling on the powers of her Goddess. A pillar of flame engulfs you as the power of Fell-Kyrinla is unleashed. You are burnt to a cinder. Turn to **109**.

256

You enter the green, gloomy shade of the woods. After a while, you stumble into a clearing and stop in surprise at the sight that greets you. A huge, white SHE-WOLF, almost as large as a pony, is suckling two cubs. She pushes them aside and crouches, snarling. Will you:

Back off and leave?	Turn to **218**
Offer the wolf some dried meat?	Turn to **52**
Attack her?	Turn to **232**

257

You ride on into the late afternoon, moving from the wilderness to a grey and desolate moor. Ahead you can see the walls of a large city. A salute is given as you approach the huge arched gate in the fortified wall. The Captain details half her patrol to remain on guard at the gate. Turning to you she says, 'We are taking you to Hawkana – she will want to ask you some questions.' Do you want to seize the first opportunity to fight your way out (turn to **318**), or go quietly and see what happens (turn to **334**)?

258

Store Street is an extension of Moorgate. Will you hurry down Store Street to the end of Moorgate (turn to **237**), or, if you had dinner with a Sage, ask the way to the cemetery (turn to **261**)?

259

The cut-throats yield. 'It seems you are a match for us, warrior,' says Scarface. The thieves look at you with admiration and respect. Will you demand that they tell you how to get to the Thieves' Guild (turn to **236**), or say you have some unfinished business they might like to help you with (turn to **246**)?

260

You walk down the tunnel which turns left again. As you round the corner you hear an ominous sound from the room you have just left. You dart back to see the ceiling crashing down, a set of vicious spikes protruding from it. A slab of rock is sliding down, gradually blocking the entrance. It slams to the floor with a crash and then all is quiet. You can only go on. Turn to **120**.

261

You stop a passing student who directs you to the cemetery. You run down Pallbearer's Row, anxious to escape from the city. As you approach the cemetery, an ox-cart, returning from the market, loses a wheel and overturns, almost blocking the road. You run for the gap between it and the cemetery wall, but it is blocked by a man with a shaven head. He wears baggy scarlet trousers which end just below the knee and a loose scarlet jacket tied with a black cotton belt. On his forehead is a tattoo of a scarlet praying mantis. He doesn't seem inclined to let you pass. Will you:

Ask him politely to let you through?	Turn to **338**
Tell him to get out of your way?	Turn to **311**
Attack him?	Turn to **288**

262

As you open the book, the scales glitter and seem to change colour. Its title is *Tome of Misfortune* and the letters on the page seem to glow ominously. You shut the book, but it is too late. You can feel the malice of evil magic. You are the victim of some ancient curse! Lose 1 LUCK point. You leave the Guilds of Learning in disgust. Turn to **186**.

263

You fall all the way down the cliff-face, bouncing a few times against the rock. You are dead long before you land at the base of a violet creeper. Turn to **43**.

264

As dusk comes, you walk on down the Street of Seven Sins until you reach the Red Dragon Inn. A thick-set man opens the door and flings a pail of red, stained sawdust across the road. 'Sorry, closed,' he growls at you and slams the door again. Before you can move you notice the pile of sawdust being disturbed. Footsteps appear, one by one, leading from the sawdust towards you. Will you:

Shout loudly, to attract attention?	Turn to **297**
Scoop up some dirt and fling it at the footsteps?	Turn to **348**
Wait to see what happens?	Turn to **208**

265

Tyutchev's bastard sword, almost as long as you, hums through the air as he parries your first attack with the agility of a cat. The black cloak he wears makes it difficult for you to tell exactly where he is. Cassandra and Thaum, looking confident, stand back to watch. You fight Tyutchev.

TYUTCHEV	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

After your first successful attack on him, turn to **301**.

266

The alchemist gives you the Fortunate Luckstone in exchange for the gold. You can feel its power when he hands it to you. Add 1 to your LUCK score. If you have not tried them already, you can buy any of his other wares:

Barkskin – 7 gold pieces.	Turn to **306**
Vapours of Speed – 10 gold pieces.	Turn to **233**
Elixir of Life – 12 gold pieces.	Turn to **360**
Or are you ready to leave and continue on your way?	Turn to **28**

267

Creeping stealthily, you barely rustle the dried leaves underfoot. The soporific BASILISK does not even notice you, which is just as well. Its eyes flicker open for a moment and a small mouse which happens to be running across its line of vision slows and turns to stone. You hurry quickly on your way, lest you suffer the same fate. Turn to **270**.

268

You ride on into the late afternoon, moving from the wilderness to a grey and desolate moor. Ahead you can see the walls of a large city. A salute is given as you approach the huge arched gate in the fortified wall. The Captain tells you to dismount and sends you on your way. Turn to **296**.

269

You tiptoe forward stealthily and pick up three of the scales which the dragon has shed. Each is as long as a man's forearm. Cautiously, you tiptoe out of the cave and continue up the mountain. Turn to **310**.

270

The trail winds between the spurs of two hills and plunges down into a moist and mossy dell. At the bottom, a large dew pond, covered with algae, is shaded by the boughs of a horse-chestnut tree. Your attention is caught by a weak cry. An old woman is up to her neck in the middle of the pool. Her matted hair is streaked green with the scum of the pool. 'I'm drowning! Help me, I'm tangled in the weeds!' she begs piteously. If you help her, turn to **230**. If you decide to ignore her and hurry on, turn to **65**.

271

You catch it by surprise and strike it a mighty blow. It hisses in rage and pain and lunges at you with its rapier. You must fight the ENVOY OF DEATH. Each time it strikes you, you lose 1 SKILL point as well as the normal STAMINA loss.

ENVOY OF DEATH	SKILL 8	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to **254**.

272

'Well, how would we know, then?' says Scarface. The others laugh at you and turn their backs. If you want to go back to the barman and ask him the way to the Thieves' Guild, turn to **295**. If you would rather tap Scarface on the shoulder and say, 'Come on now, I won't tell anyone,' turn to **167**.

273

You come to the door of the Sage's house and knock. After a few moments a manservant opens the door. You explain that you have come to see the Sage. The manservant asks you for the token. Do you have the token? If you do, turn to **6**. If not, turn to **131**.

274

You thread your way through the moss-covered tombs and headstones. As you approach the light, it shimmers and moves towards you, floating in the darkness. You are entranced. The will-o'-the-wisp draws you, mesmerized, towards a large grey tomb. A withered hand thrusts through the earth beneath your feet and grabs your ankle. You hack at it but yet another mouldering arm grips you. There is a grating noise as a fiendish GHOUL staggers from the tomb before you. Other zombies erupt from their earthy graves around you. In your panic, you find the strength to rip yourself out of the ghastly grasp of the zombies – but the ghoul is almost upon you! You must fight it.

GHOUL	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you defeat the Ghoul within five combat rounds, turn to **343**. If it is still alive after five rounds turn to **298**.

275

'You dare to threaten the Lord of the Skies, puny man-thing?' he bellows. Before you can reply he utters a word in a strange language. A powerful gust of wind suddenly blows up and hits you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **93**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **112**.

276

There is a hushed silence, broken by Vagrant. 'That is indeed beyond price.' He suddenly barks out an order: 'We'll mount an expedition before they move the Talisman. It is market-day – a good time. Scarface, Jemmy the Rat, Bloodheart and young Lord Min, you will accompany our friend here.' Some hours later, when they have finished their preparations, you set off. As you leave, you see a piece of graffiti scrawled in blood on a wall: *There is no honour among thieves!* You resolve to be on your guard. Turn to **241**.

277

A small boulder catches you and knocks you off the narrow steps. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive and have a Roc's feather, turn to **231**. If you haven't got a feather, turn to **263**.

278

You enter the jeweller's. It seems to be curiously lacking in things of real value. The jeweller, a small man with a monocle, is just locking the large safe behind his counter. As he reaches for the closed sign, before you have the chance to speak, the three thieves you overheard burst into the shop, brandishing swords. Will you seek to get in with the thieves by capturing the jeweller (turn to **309**), or leap to the jeweller's aid and attack the thieves (turn to **286**)?

279

You slip inside the huge building and walk cautiously down empty corridors. You find a reading-room and decide to look at some of the scrolls. You find one which tells you that the women who brought you to Greyguilds worship Fell-Kyrinla. Another lists the different types of magic and the names given to those who practise them: warlocks, shamans, witches, necromancers, elementalists, thaumaturgists, demonists, cabalists, spellbinders and many more. The necromancers' magic interests you, for these are the death-magicians who perform human sacrifices and other unspeakable abominations in their pursuit of power. Then you notice a red book bound in strange multi-coloured scales. It seems to beckon you. Will you open the tome (turn to **262**), or leave before you are discovered (turn to **186**)?

280

You introduce yourself to the motley group of villains. They do not reply. You persevere, saying that you only wish to speak to them for a few moments. One of them, whose face is marked by a jagged scar, running from ear to chin, fixes you with a stare and grates, 'We don't care for the law, so watch yourself. You could be dead before you knew we'd moved.' Will you:

Ask them the way to the Thieves' Guild?	Turn to **145**
Say you need help with some unfinished business?	Turn to **246**
Boldly retort that their threats don't scare you?	Turn to **167**

281

Scarface laughs. They remove their hands from their daggers and a young man appears from behind you and sits down. 'Of course we are thieves,' he says. 'What is the Red Dragon if not a den of thieves?' They invite you to join them for a drink, which you do. One of them tells you that the entrance to the Thieves' Guild is through an open storm-drain which leads into the sewers near Trader's Row. You ask if it is possible to go there right away, but they say no and you agree to meet them there at midday tomorrow. You begin to chat. Turn to **169**.

282

You struggle up the nearest hill and halt at its summit. You have a few moments to catch your breath, before the first Orcs are upon you. Luckily, being no more than an undisciplined mob, they run at you one at a time. You must fight the first three in order. The third is apparently their leader, a huge broad brute with curving yellow tusks and a jagged-edged scimitar.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	6
Second ORC	5	4
Leader ORC	7	7

If you win, turn to **111**.

283

You are padding silently along the landing towards the stairs which lead down, when a loud pealing of bells fills the air. 'The alarm,' snarls Scarface. You freeze. Looking back you are astonished to find that you cannot see the thieves, who you thought were behind you. All you can see are shadows. You are on your own. Will you go back to find the thieves (turn to **213**), or run down the stairs ahead of you (turn to **180**)?

284

Nothing happens. Turn to **292**.

285

The Dragon bellows with pain but the thick scales on its back give it some protection even from Dragonsbane. Its tail whips round and catches you across the shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points. A wave of fear hits you as the Dragon turns its head, its yellow slitted eyes glinting with malice and pain. 'For that cowardly blow you shall die,' it roars. Will you:

Run back down the tunnel	Turn to 335
Try to grab some scales?	Turn to 398
Try to grab some of the dragon's treasure?	Turn to 38

286

Two of the thieves, thick-set bruisers in brown leather breeches, turn to face you, while the third, a thin weasel-faced man, goes for the jeweller. You must fight the two thieves together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THIEF	6	7
Second THIEF	5	6

If you kill one of the thieves, turn to 299.

287

The going is difficult and the darkening skies do nothing to raise your spirits. The Talisman becomes heavier with every step and the pouring rain soaks you to the skin. You are almost thankful when night comes and you can burrow down in the dead bracken. Unfortunately, your sleep is broken by a wild neighing. You jump up to see a massive black stallion, its eyes pits of fire, galloping towards you. It snorts clouds of glowing cinders as it strains at the bit. Its rider, a dark spectral figure, is hunched and twisted and seems to have no substance. You can sense the hatred it feels for all living things. Will you run from it, hoping it cannot charge across the broken ground (turn to **219**), or light a torch and stand your ground (turn to **207**)?

288

The man is a monk of the Order of the Scarlet Mantis, an expert in unarmed combat. He kicks and punches with deadly force. Each time he wins an attack round roll one die – if you throw a 5 or a 6 turn to **366**.

MONK OF THE SCARLET MANTIS	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **325**.

289

You step out, squinting against the bright light of the late afternoon sun. Add 1 LUCK point for visiting the Red Dragon Inn and living to tell the tale. You are back in the Street of Seven Sins. If you have met a Sage and he has invited you to dinner, you may turn to **229**. If you have not been invited, or do not wish to go, you may go down a side street called Cobbler's Walk, heading west (turn to **195**), or go down Merchant Street, heading north-west (turn to **394**).

290

In the flickering torchlight you read an inscription on the rectangular pillar.

> *Put yourself in the place of the monkey.*
> *To the left is danger; the idle shall act.*

Suddenly the three pillars disappear. You step back in amazement. The room remains empty and nothing else untoward happens, so you decide to leave. Turn to **339**.

291

'Where is this priceless jewellery stashed?' demands Vagrant. If you tell them to follow you and you'll show them, turn to 349. If you tell them that it lies in the temple to Fell-Kyrinla, turn to 333.

292

A spray of brightly coloured light speeds from Thaum's hands into your eyes, dazzling you. Cassandra stabs you neatly in the heart as Tyutchev cleaves your head from your shoulders. Turn to 109.

293

You wait for some time, trying to ignore the growing ache in your muscles. Nothing happens. You decide to risk breaking cover and cross the river. Turn to 331.

294

At this they leap up, whipping out their blades, and move to attack. Turn to 368.

295

The barman says, 'I will tell you, but it will cost you six gold pieces and not a silver less.' If you have the money and wish to pay him, turn to 323. If you do not have the money or do not wish to pay him, turn to 312.

296

You walk into the city along a street called Moorgate. Many of the buildings are quite grand, built of light grey stone. The streets are crowded with a mixture of people shopping and young men and women carrying books and scrolls. Will you walk down a continuation of Moorgate, called Store Street (turn to 357), or turn left into Smith Street (turn to 303)?

297

The only people in sight hurry away, not looking at you. The footsteps come on and a dull, rasping voice intones, 'I am a spirit of the dead. We are beyond number.' Suddenly, a terrible blow knocks you backwards. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You must fight the UNSEEN STALKER.

UNSEEN STALKER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 250.

298

You are still struggling with the Ghoul when you see the other Zombies closing in on you. Soon you are surrounded. A score of cold, dead hands grasp you and you are laid struggling in a newly dug grave. You scream as the earth is piled upon you. You are entering the wastelands of Death.

299

With a shout of victory, the jeweller steps back from the fallen body of his assailant, a bloodied short-sword in his hand. You are surprised that such a small old man is so skilful. Seeing this, your other opponent throws down his sword and runs out of the shop. You may pick up the thief's sword. The jeweller turns to you, his monocle swinging at his waist, and thanks you. He reaches behind the counter and hands you a leather pouch containing 10 gold pieces and a small velvet-covered box. Inside the box is a magnificent ruby. 'No one can call Oliol the Jeweller a miser,' he says. Scarcely believing your good fortune, you thank him and leave. Gain 1 LUCK point. Turn to 304.

300

As you walk on down the road, leaving all human habitation behind, it begins to rain heavily, transforming the dirt road into a morass of mud. By afternoon you decide to leave the road and head east, through the wilderness. After a hard day's trek, you camp for the night. Your sleep is fitful. You dream of Hawkana, clad in a funeral robe, her wounds still bleeding. She is standing at the edge of the Valley of Death, her hair streaming in a howling wind. She beckons you to follow, then turns and walks down into the blasted desolation of the valley. You wake up feeling on edge and drained of energy. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **116**.

301

As soon as you wound Tyutchev, you notice Thaum gesturing. Tyutchev becomes invisible. As you start back in surprise, Cassandra is upon you, her sword darting at you. Tyutchev reappears behind you, raising his sword to strike and Thaum is gesturing again. You feel threatened from all sides and you are hard pressed to defend yourself. Do you wish to call upon a God for aid (turn to **330**), or do you think you can triumph by the skill of your own hand (turn to **292**)?

302

You step forward and in the flickering torchlight read an inscription on the square pillar:

Furthest from the poison of the scarab beetle,
You will find a venom more deadly than dragon fire.

As you ponder the meaning of this strange message, a trickle of dust falls into your hair. As you look up, the ceiling begins to descend with a roar. Oiled spikes slide down towards you, protruding from the rock. A crushed skeleton is impaled on one of them. You jump forward as, with a grating rumble, a slab of rock starts to fall across the exit ahead. Your only hope is to throw yourself through the narrowing gap. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your SKILL score turn to **103**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score turn to **215**.

303

You stride down Smith Street. Next door to a tinker's shop you see what appears to be an armourers. Do you wish to go in (turn to **139**), or pass by (turn to **104**)?

304

You continue down Silver Street, past the jeweller's, which is closed, and turn left into a tree-lined avenue called Booker's Walk. Two very grand buildings, built of blocks of grey stone, stand on either side of the road. A group of young people in blue togas, escorted by a white-haired old man in pale blue robes, enters the building opposite. A flag showing books and scrolls is flying from the nearest building. It appears to be a library. Will you see what information the library has to offer (turn to **346**), or investigate the other building to find out what the young people are doing (turn to **279**)?

305

As you walk across the sawdust-covered tiles towards the door, you hear Tyutchev say to the barman, 'Who was that frightened rabbit?' He walks over to the thieves. Do you want to hurry out of this den of thieves, thankful to be alive (turn to **289**), or draw your sword and shout 'Who's frightened?' (turn to **294**)?

306

The alchemist gives you the jar of ointment in exchange for the gold. 'Rub it into your arms and chest right away. It will make your skin as tough as bark for a week.' You take his advice. As soon as you have rubbed on all the ointment, your skin begins to burn. The pain is excruciating and your skin blisters. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, Alembic says, mildly concerned, 'Alas, something must have curdled. It will pass. I am a fair man. Here are your seven gold pieces. Perhaps you would like to try something else?' You accept your money back. If you have not tried them already, you can buy any of his other wares:

Fortunate Luckstone – 10 gold pieces.	Turn to 266
Vapours of Speed – 10 gold pieces.	Turn to 233
Elixir of Life – 12 gold pieces.	Turn to 360
Or would you rather leave his shop in disgust?	Turn to 28

307

You hide yourself in the bushes, hoping that the Elves will be unable to follow your trail. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **293**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **344**.

308

You flatten yourself against the cliff just in time. The boulders hurtle past and explode as they hit the step just below you. You carry on, warily climbing up the steps. Turn to **192**.

309

The jeweller reaches for a sword behind the counter but you are too quick for him. You grab the sword and hold its edge to his throat. He tenses up and says, 'There's my safe. Take it all but don't hurt me!' He points to the safe at the back of the room. One of the thieves, a thin weasel of a man, binds the jeweller. You may keep the jeweller's sword, if you wish. The other two, mean-looking thugs in brown breeches, look you over coolly. Will you demand your pick of the loot (turn to **66**), or ask for a small share of the booty (turn to **354**)?

310

Do you have a gourd filled with Gum of an Amber Pine? If you do, turn to **385**. If you do not, turn to **369**.

311

The man is a monk of the Order of the Scarlet Mantis, an expert in unarmed combat. He attacks you without hesitation. He kicks and punches with deadly force. Each time he wins an Attack Round, roll one die – if you throw a 5 or a 6 turn to **366**.

MONK OF THE SCARLET MANTIS	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, go to **325**.

312

Unfortunately the thieves have overheard you. The youngest moves soundlessly behind you, hidden by one of the tapestries. A searing pain rips into your back. He has stabbed you with a poisoned dagger. You sink to the floor, unable to move. The young thief callously pockets your purse. Turn to **109**.

313

As you walk across the barren heath, the sky turns grey and specks of rain interrupt your thoughts. You press on as the rain becomes heavier, head bowed to keep your face dry. You fail to notice a winged monster swooping down towards you. You are knocked to the ground – lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you pick yourself up and find yourself face to face with a winged lion with the head of an eagle. It is bent on making a meal of you. You must fight the GRIFFIN.

GRIFFIN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 14

If you reduce its STAMINA to 6 or less, turn to **94**.

314

You make a grab for some of the scales, but trip, in your haste, over a golden chest filled with black pearls. The Dragon turns and as you are struggling to your feet it breathes on you. Rolling jets of flame consume you and char you to a cinder. Turn to **43**.

315

'Oh yes?' says Vagrant. 'What is this thing?' If you say you're not prepared to tell what it is, but it lies in the temple of Fell-Kyrinla, turn to **370**. If you tell them it's the Talisman of Death and you are prepared to share the spoils when you get it, turn to **276**.

316

'You don't walk out on Tyutchev!' They leap up, whipping out their blades, and move to attack. Turn to 368.

317

The mellow voice of the Dragon is pleasant and you find yourself speaking freely to it. The Dragon explains that it is the guardian of the portal and you tell it of your need to pass through. Its beguiling charm carries you away and when it tells you to leave your weapons before setting off to the portal you do as it suggests. As you turn your back, the Dragon pounces and snaps your neck like a twig. Turn to 43.

318

Still seated behind Elvira, you are riding into the City of Learning, Greyguilds, along a street called Moorgate. Many of the buildings are quite grand, built of a light grey stone. You see a mixture of people. There are men wearing light blue togas who are Sages and professors from the Guilds of Learning. Other groups of young men and women are carrying books and scrolls. There are eight of the warrior-women still with you. Will you jump down and try to fight your way free (turn to 362), or change your mind and go quietly to meet Hawkana (turn to 351)?

319

You struggle to tear yourself away from the pool, but a gentle and soothing voice suggests that you fall into a peaceful sleep. You feel nothing as you enter the cool green water. You are charmed by the WILLOW WEIRD. It thrashes you with its branches as you sink beneath the water. Lose 4 STAMINA points. The pain shocks you out of your reverie and you struggle out of the pool. Looking up, you can see two large green eyes staring at you from the trunk of the willow. You must fight it.

WILLOW WEIRD SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you make four successful attacks, turn to **26**.

320

The other two thieves run for it when they see how skilfully you dispatched their ferocious friend. You are left alone in the shop with the dead jeweller. His eyes seem to gaze at you in mute reproach. Will you put up the closed sign and try to open the jeweller's safe (turn to **341**), or leave immediately in case you are accused of murder (turn to **304**)?

321

In the flickering torchlight you can see an inscription on the circular pillar.

Behind the symbol on the first door
Lies that which you risk your life for.

Suddenly the three pillars disappear. You step back in amazement, but nothing else untoward happens and the room remains empty, so you decide to leave. Turn to **339**.

322

'Where did the caravan come from – the Spires of Foreshadowing, perhaps?' demands the Captain of the patrol. Where will you say it came from?

The Spires	Turn to **173**
The City of the Runes of Doom	Turn to **123**
Serakub	Turn to **191**

323

He takes the money greedily and says, 'The entrance lies through an open storm-drain which leads into the sewers near Trader's Row. I wouldn't go there now, if I were you, but it will be safe around midday tomorrow.' You thank him and prepare to leave. Just then, two new customers enter the gloomy ale cellar. The first is a very tall, wiry, man whose frame is wreathed in a black cloak which seems to deepen the darkness around him. The only hint of colour is his hair, very curly and dyed bright corn-yellow. The second is a handsome young woman dressed in a bizarre patchwork of armour. The barman mutters

under his breath and then forces his face into a smile. 'Tyutchev, Cassandra, welcome!' he shouts obsequiously. He moves to the other end of the bar to serve Tyutchev, who orders a carafe of Spirits of Ra. Cassandra sits at a nearby empty table and Tyutchev joins her. Will you:

Turn away from the bar and leave?	Turn to 363
Sit down and finish your ale?	Turn to 2
Introduce yourself to Tyutchev and Cassandra?	Turn to 374

324

You make a grab for one of the scales but trip over a golden goblet studded with fire-opals. Recovering your balance, you snatch up three of the scales before the Dragon can turn round and run back down the narrow twisting tunnel. You leave the cave as fast as you can and continue up the mountain. Turn to 310.

325

Your blade slashes him across the chest and he slumps to the ground. You step over his body and walk past the cart. Looking back, to your surprise you see the monk has risen to his feet and is running away! Obviously he was feigning death. You shrug your shoulders and go on. Turn to 392.

326

You are nearing mountains which stretch away in a haze of purple to the south. Ahead of you lies the plateau. Suddenly, a dark shadow falls around you. Looking up you see an enormous bird swooping down towards you. Its beak alone is larger than you. Will you:

Stand to fight it?	Turn to **18**
Kneel to fight it?	Turn to **27**
Lie prone?	Turn to **37**

327

They betray a flicker of interest. Tyutchev calmly says, 'I have no time for such adventures,' but his curiosity is obvious. You begin to think you may have made a mistake in telling them and get up to leave. As you climb the steps to the street you see Tyutchev walking over to the thieves. Turn to **289**.

328

As you climb the steps the temperature and humidity increase. Dripping with sweat, you look up and see that the lip of the cliff is only sixty metres above you. Suddenly, several boulders crash down from the top. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **308**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **277**.

329

You search the two thieves and find 6 gold pieces. Turn to **304**.

330

Which god will you call on?

Avatar the One	Turn to 347
Lifespirit	Turn to 284
Rocheval, God of the Paladins	Turn to 361
The All-Mother	Turn to 248
Fate	Turn to 389

331

The river flows out of the hills into a wide plain, where it turns north. You strike out west across the wild grasslands. Just when you think you have finally lost your pursuers, you notice a group of figures closing fast. Cursing under your breath, you realize that they are on to you again. Doggedly, you force yourself on, but the strain takes its toll. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Just as you are stealing yourself to turn and face your fell adversaries, you see a cloud of dust ahead. You can soon make out a group of twenty horsemen. They wheel their steeds towards you and the drumming of hoofs carries to you over the breeze as they canter in your direction. Seeing this, the Elves seem to give up the chase and fall back, obviously unwilling to encounter the riders. You are thankful to see the back of them and decide to wait for the riders to approach. As they get nearer, you can see that this is a band of warrior-women, clad in chainmail and studded leather armour. Their faces look grim and unwelcoming as they wheel around you, forming a close circle. Their Captain spurs her horse forward and tersely

demands what you are doing out here, along the edge of the moor. What will you do:

Ask them to aid you in your quest?	Turn to **101**
Say you are from another world?	Turn to **73**
Say you are the sole survivor of an ambushed caravan?	Turn to **322**
Pretend that you are deaf and dumb?	Turn to **35**
Demand they escort you to Greyguilds-on-the-Moor?	Turn to **95**

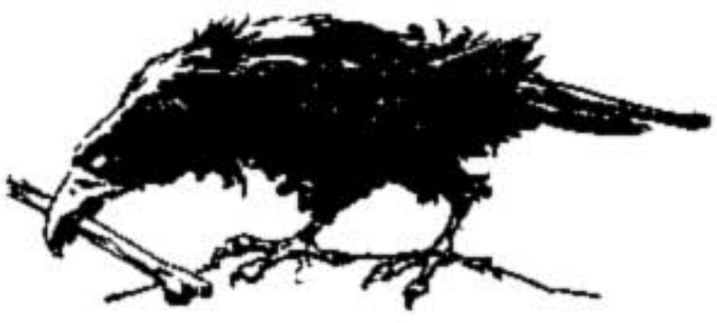

332

The wall opens to reveal a blank wall of rock. It is a false door. You close it and the monkey's grin seems to mock you. You may choose another door. Which will you choose?

The serpent door	Turn to **168**
The scarab beetle door	Turn to **377**
The dragon door	Turn to **352**

333

Vagrant replies, 'Are you mad? Nothing is worth raiding the temple of Fell-Kyrinla for.' If you tell them about the Talisman of Death, turn to **276**. If you decide to call their bluff, saying that you will find someone else to share the spoils with, turn to **367**.

334

You ride into the City of Learning, Greyguilds, along a street called Moorgate. Many of the buildings are quite grand, built of light grey stone. You see a mixture of people in the streets. There are some men wearing light blue togas who are Sages and professors from the Guilds of Learning. Other groups of young men and women are carrying books and scrolls. You realize that, unarmed as you are, you are no match for these women and have no alternative but to go with them. Turn to **351**.

335

The Dragon makes no attempt to follow you and you run out of the cave and climb towards the summit. Turn to **369**.

336

The sage directs you to *The Book of the Gods*, a large leather-bound tome, inlaid with gold leaf. Turning the gilt-edged pages you realize the Gods of Orb are many. You recognize a symbol on one of the pages as being the token borne by the warrior-women. Their goddess is Fell-Kyrinla, swordsmistress of the heavens. She is sworn to oppose Rocheval the Good, God of Paladins. To your excitement you discover a reference to the Talisman: *Some believe that it can be used to command the undead minions of Death.* Turning the page you come to a reference to the All-Mother, *Nature herself, preserver of life, who cares for all.* Then you see a bizarrely illustrated page dealing with *Anarchil, breaker of edifices, who spurns order.* You are just learning of *Avatar the One, essence of light,* when you realize that it has grown dark while you were reading. You thank the Sage and leave quickly, hoping to find a safe place to sleep. Turn to **186**.

337

They seem to lose interest in you and leave your table to talk to the six thieves. You decide to leave the Red Dragon, while you still can. Turn to **289**.

338

He does not let you pass. Will you step aside and invite him to pass first (turn to **379**), or ask him less politely to move out of the way (turn to **311**)?

DAMOLH

339

You try all the doors, but you can only get one of them to open. You seem to have no choice and you go through into the room beyond. It is a wide hall, stretching away to the left and right. In the centre of the room stands a hideous idol. Its base is the coiled tail of a huge serpent. Its muscular torso sprouts four clawed arms, two gruesome heads and bat-like wings. An inscription on the floor reads, *Damolh, son of the God Nil, Mouth of the Void*. In the opposite wall are four doors, two to the left and two to the right. Each door bears a symbol. Furthest from you on the left is a green serpent. The next door bears a grinning monkey; the third, a black scarab beetle and the fourth, furthest to your right, a red dragon, breathing fire. Which door will you open:

The serpent door?	Turn to **168**
The monkey door?	Turn to **332**
The scarab beetle door?	Turn to **377**
The dragon door?	Turn to **352**

340

'I am a thief, among other things,' says Tyutchev. 'Why do you wish to meet thieves?' You tell him that you have some unfinished business and need some help. 'Ah yes,' he says, 'but I am needed at my temple. I am not interested.' Will you take your leave and go up the steps out into the street (turn to **289**), or mention that the business involves the Talisman of Death (turn to **327**)?

341

As you reach for the safe, a blinding sheet of flame envelops you. The safe was fire-trapped and you have been fried. Turn to 109.

342

Tyutchev steps between you. His sword is almost as tall as you and he hefts it negligently in one hand. Cassandra steps back, clasping her arm. 'You've a difficult fight on your hands, Tyutchev,' she gasps.

TYUTCHEV SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you reduce Tyutchev's STAMINA to 4 or less turn to 355.

343

With a mighty slash, your sword bites into the pale, slimy neck of the Ghoul, decapitating it. It slumps to the floor, truly dead at last. As fast as you can, you spring past the questing arms of the lumbering zombies and dash back to the wall, knowing you must find the postern gate as soon as possible. Turn to 99.

344

Within moments you can hear the Elves swarming round you. They begin driving their swords into the bushes. Realizing you have little choice but to face them, you stand up and rush at them with your sword drawn. One of them makes a strange gesture. A sudden pain grips you and you fall to the ground. The Elves are using foul sorcery. Unable to resist, you watch helplessly as they bind you hand and foot. You are to be taken back to the depths of the Rift, never to see daylight again. Your quest ends here.

345

In the flickering torchlight you can see an inscription on the square pillar:

Furthest from the poison of the scarab beetle
You will find a venom more deadly than dragon fire.

Suddenly the three pillars disappear. You step back in amazement. The room remains empty and nothing else untoward happens, so you decide to leave. Turn to 339.

346

The entrance hall of the library is filled with desks at which scribes are working, copying books and scrolls. Reclining on a plush window-seat is a wrinkled old fellow in the pale blue robes of a scholar. You feel out of place, wearing armour in the quiet of the library, where the stillness is broken only by the scratching of pens. 'Welcome to the largest library in the Manmarch,' says the Sage. 'Choose any tome or scroll you may wish to peruse. Perhaps I may be of assistance. What is your field of study?' Will you ask to read something about the Gods (turn to **336**), or ask to read about the history of Greyguilds (turn to **196**)?

347

Nothing happens. Turn to **292**.

348

The dirt you have thrown splatters across an invisible form. It outlines the shape of a thin man-like being about three metres tall. It moves towards you, almost mechanically, until it towers above you and you realize it is about to attack. You must fight the UNSEEN STALKER.

UNSEEN STALKER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win turn to **250**.

349

Vagrant sneers, 'Who do you think you are – a God? Vagar the Deceiver himself? Get thee gone.' He waves his arm dismissively. Turn to 367.

350

You notice that the base of the sarcophagus is hollow and you break through it to find a tunnel below. You jump down and feel your way along its damp-walled windings. At last, you see a circle of daylight ahead. You emerge on to the steps again, some way above the roaring waterfall, and begin to climb. Turn to 328.

351

You are taken along Moorgate, past various food and pottery shops, and then down bustling Store Street. They turn right down Guard Street and come to a halt outside a squat grey building. It is the watch-house. The patrol dismounts and you are ushered inside. Turn to 78.

352

You open the door and step through into a passage. You have only gone a few steps when you hear the rattle of a falling chain as a portcullis drops behind you, blocking the tunnel. You can only go on into a small room ahead of you. It is a dank crypt, at the end of which lies a sarcophagus, thickly covered in grey mould. You search every nook and cranny, but you cannot find a way out. You are trapped. Eventually you decide to lift the lid of the sarcophagus. The rank and fetid air, trapped inside since time immemorial, smells sickly sweet. Inside lie the mummified remains of a warrior, his skin stretched taught over brittle bones. His skeletal hand is curled around an ancient scimitar encrusted with emeralds and an ebony spear with an ivory tip lies across his chest. Will you take the sword (turn to **387**) or the spear (turn to **395**)?

353

Your last blow has drawn a gout of blood from Tyutchev's side. He jumps back and says, 'Anarchil, breaker of edifices, aid me.' He is calling upon his God. Before you can strike the killing blow the cellar starts to shake. An earthquake opens great cracks in the floor. There is a roar of tumbling masonry and the inn is filled with dust. In the confusion, Tyutchev and Cassandra make good their escape. When the quake has stopped you climb the steps and leave. Turn to **289**.

354

The weasel-faced thief buries his sword in the unfortunate jeweller's back and says to you, as if nothing had happened, 'Well, I don't know – you're not even a member of the Guild. I'll tell you what, though, if you open the safe we'll give you a share. It is protected by a magical Glyph of Warding. You must say, "I am undone", to cancel the power that guards the safe.' If you go to the safe and do as he says – hoping to get first pick of anything inside – turn to 341. If you refuse and invite him to try it, turn to 364.

355

Your last blow has drawn a gout of blood from Tyutchev's side. He jumps back and cries, 'Anarchil, breaker of edifices, aid me.' Before you can strike the killing blow the cellar starts to shake. An earthquake opens great cracks in the floor. There is a roar of tumbling masonry and the inn is filled with dust. In the confusion Tyutchev and Cassandra make good their escape. When the quake has stopped you climb the steps, throwing the cursed tiger charm to the ground, and head out into the blinding sunlight. Turn to 289.

356

The Dragon says it is guardian of the portal and that it will allow you to pass through with the Talisman. In its rich mellifluous voice it says, 'You will have no further use for your weapons, leave them here.' Will you:

Do as it bids and lay down your weapons?	Turn to **373**
Run forward to attack?	Turn to **146**
Run for your life?	Turn to **380**

357

You are now in Store Street. It is crowded with shoppers but your attention is drawn to a woman in green robes, who is looking at you speculatively. Her straight hair is cut fairly short and she is wearing no ornaments. She crosses the street, and asks politely, in a quiet but clear voice, 'I believe you are a stranger in this city. Who are you and where have you come from?' Will you tell her that you are on a holy quest and have crossed the wilderness (turn to **198**), or say that you are just passing through and start to walk briskly on (turn to **130**)?

358

Its mellow voice carries across the wind: 'I know nothing of Death; he cannot touch me. I am the guardian placed here by the Gods, nothing more, nothing less.' Will you tell it about the Talisman and its importance (turn to **211**), or run to attack the Dragon (turn to **382**)?

359

You run as fast as you can but your exertions have left you exhausted. Unable to find a hiding-place, you have to turn to face the Dark Elves who are almost upon you. One of them gestures strangely. A sudden pain grips you and you fall to the ground. The Elves are using foul sorcery. Unable to resist, you can do nothing as they bind you hand and foot. You are to be taken back to the depths of the Rift, never to see daylight again. Your quest ends here.

360

The alchemist gives you the bottle in exchange for the gold, telling you to drink it while it is fresh. You decide to do so there and then. It has the pungent odour of wild garlic. Drinking it, you feel invigorated. Increase your *Initial* STAMINA score by 2 points. You can now restore your STAMINA to this new maximum. You feel your money has been well spent as you have been given a new lease of life. If you have any money left, you may purchase any other items which you haven't tried:

Barkskin – 7 gold pieces.	Turn to **306**
Fortunate Luckstone – 10 gold pieces.	Turn to **266**
Vapours of Speed – 10 gold pieces.	Turn to **233**
Or are you ready to leave and continue on your way?	Turn to **28**

361

Nothing happens. Turn to **292**.

362

You jump down and back into a corner between two shops, so that they cannot all attack you at once. The Captain and Elvira dismount and draw their swords while another turns and gallops back to Moorgate. You must fight these two first.

	SKILL	STAMINA
CAPTAIN	8	10
ELVIRA	6	8

In any round, if the Captain's Attack Strength is 10 or more and she wounds you, turn to **393**. If you win, turn to **376**.

363

'Stay!' says Tyutchev, arrogantly gesturing you back to your seat. Will you keep going (turn to **316**), or do as he bids and return to your stool (turn to **374**)?

364

'Shame,' he says, 'you would have been killed.' At this the two large thieves attack you. You must fight them.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THIEF	6	7
Second THIEF	5	6

If you kill one of the thieves, turn to **391**.

365

Their village is composed of several elegant buildings made from wattle, daubed with clay. A deep dry moat and spiked palisade surround it. You are led through the village to what must be the Headhog's dwelling, a two-storeyed building, part of which is built from crumbling green stone. A huge mud wallow lies nearby. The Headhog sits on a carved stone throne, his muscles rippling under his blue-black skin. He wears a red robe fastened at his thick neck with a necklace of amber. He seems at ease but he demands to know why you, a human, are on the plateau. If you say that you mean no harm – you are searching for the portals on Mount Starreach – turn to **110**. If you tell him you are looking for a lost city, turn to **90**.

366

With a grunt of effort, the monk kicks your wrist, disarming you with his left foot, and scissors his right foot into your chin before his other foot has touched the ground. You go out like a light. You regain consciousness when water is splashed on to your face by the driver of the ox-cart. Your head is still ringing. 'I'm afraid he robbed you,' says the peasant. Frantically, you check for the Talisman, but the monk has only taken the ring you found on Hawkana. Turn to **392**.

367

'Good luck to you, then,' says Scarface. The thieves are still pointing their crossbows at you. Vagrant leaves and you decide it would be prudent to do the same. There seems to be nothing else you can do except tackle the temple to Fell-Kyrinla alone. You set off in search of it. Turn to 383.

368

Tyutchev's sword is almost as tall as you are and he wields it negligently in one hand. Cassandra's glows coldly. Each time she hits you must subtract 3 STAMINA points.

	SKILL	STAMINA
TYUTCHEV	10	12
CASSANDRA	9	10

If you reduce Cassandra's STAMINA to 4 or less she drops back and Tyutchev moves in to cover her. If you reduce Tyutchev's STAMINA to 4 or less turn to 353.

369

You climb on, gasping for breath in the thin air. At last you reach the flat summit. The panorama is incredible. The whole plateau lies below you like a table, a collage of tropical forests, mountains and huge lakes, which glisten in the sun. Thirty metres away is a rectangle of shimmering silver, hanging in the air, unsupported. You realize that this is the portal. As you step towards it you hear the rushing of wind. Looking up you see the ancient Red Dragon. It lands beside the portal. Outside its lair the Dragon is even more impressive and fearsome. Warmth and power seem to radiate from its body. 'I am bound by the Gods to guard the portal. I will live until the day that somebody passes through. It is a shame, but I cannot allow you to pass,' he says with relish. You step forward to do battle, as he draws a deep breath. With a bellow he empties his cavernous lungs. Rolling jets of flame engulf you, before you can attack him. You are charred to a cinder. Your quest ends in sight of your goal. Turn to 43.

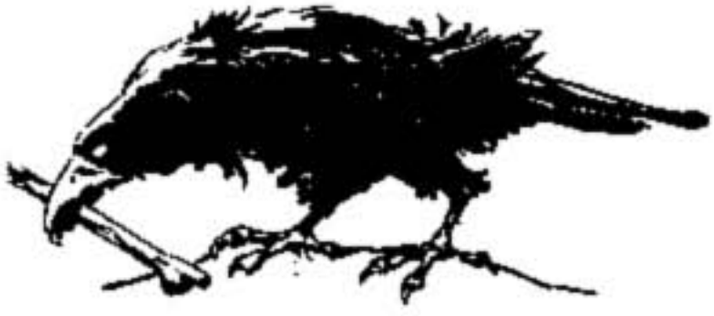

370

'Thank you,' says Vagrant. 'Now that we know where to go we have no further need of you.' He snaps his fingers. A volley of crossbow bolts find their mark and you crash to the ground, dead. Turn to **109**.

371

The mummy collapses into a pile of splintered bones and ragged linen. You examine the scimitar and the spear. The spear has the word 'Dragonsbane' carved on its shaft and is obviously magical. You decide to take it and you may add 1 to your SKILL score when wielding it in battle. Turn to **350**.

372

Alembic greets you and says cheerfully, 'You look like an adventurous person. Would you like to buy something?' You inquire what he has to offer. He shows you the following things, each marked with a price. Do you want to buy:

A small potion-bottle marked 'Elixir of Life' for 12 gold pieces?	Turn to **360**
A jar of ointment labelled 'Barkskin' for 7 gold pieces?	Turn to **306**
A 'Fortunate Luckstone' for 10 gold pieces?	Turn to **266**
A small vial labelled 'Vapours of Speed' for 10 gold pieces?	Turn to **233**

If you decide you would rather turn and leave, turn to **28**.

373

The Dragon allows you to leave but, as you go, you fancy that you see a glint of malice in its eye. Fear spurs you on. You hurry quickly out of the cave and continue the climb to the summit. Turn to **369**.

374

They tell you their names are Tyutchev and Cassandra. Tyutchev says, 'You are a newcomer – what brings you to the Red Dragon?' The beautiful Cassandra takes a dagger from her boot and starts to toss it end over end, catching it each time by the tip. As you consider your answer she tosses it again but does not catch it. It buries itself in the table, a centimetre from your hand. Will you:

Say that you wish to meet some thieves?	Turn to **340**
Say you came in for a drink?	Turn to **386**
Tell him to mind his own business?	Turn to **397**

375

Store Street is an extension of Moorgate, the road leading to the arch through which you entered the city. The market-day crowds are thronging the streets and you look around nervously. Will you:

Hasten down Store Street to the Moorgate arch?	Turn to **237**
Lie low in an alley until evening?	Turn to **126**
Or, if you had dinner with a Sage, ask the way to the cemetery?	Turn to **261**

376

The others ride away from you, raising a hue and cry as they go. You run along Store Street and then double back along a dark alley that parallels Moorgate, and conceal yourself behind some old barrels. After waiting for some time you dare to come out of hiding and walk carefully back on to Moorgate. Will you go down Store Street (turn to 357), or turn left into Smith Street (turn to 303)?

377

The door will not open. As you try again you hear a noise behind you. You wheel round in time to see the idol cracking open like an egg, scattering a thousand shards of rock across the room. Out writhes Damolh, the monstrous son of the God Nil, Mouth of the Void. He moves slowly but purposefully towards you. You fight him but he is invulnerable. Your sword makes no impression and you cannot do him harm. You realize your only chance is to escape through one of the doors. You jump back. Which door will you try:

The serpent door?	Turn to 168
The monkey door?	Turn to 390
The dragon door?	Turn to 352

378

The tunnel goes on, turning left and downwards. As you round the corner you come face to face with an immense Dragon. The heavy lids of its eyes are almost closed and small puffs of sulphurous smoke billow from its nostrils. It is about eighteen metres long and covered in red scales. Its long tail is curled around a vast hoard of treasure – gems, gold, goblets and vases lie higgledy-piggledy beneath its drowsy bulk. Will you:

Creep towards the Dragon?	Turn to **115**
Cast your spear at it, if you have one?	Turn to **82**
Go back to explore the side-tunnel?	Turn to **22**
Leave the cave and carry on up the mountain?	Turn to **369**
Try to steal some of the Dragon's treasure?	Turn to **38**

379

You step back and wave the monk through. He walks past arrogantly, without a word of thanks. Turn to **392**.

380

You run and a wave of fear hits you as the Dragon roars evilly, 'Until the portal then, manling.' You arrive safely at the cave mouth and continue the climb to the summit. Turn to **369**.

381

As you say the words and reach for the safe, a blinding sheet of flame envelops you. The safe was fire-trapped and you have been fried. Turn to **109**.

382

As you charge at the Dragon it breathes a tongue of rolling flame at you. You crouch behind your shield which protects you from the fiery blast. Before you can attack, the Dragon, roaring in anger, swipes at the shield with a massive claw. Roll two dice; if the total is less than your SKILL score, turn to **34**. If the total is equal to or greater than your SKILL score, turn to **79**.

383

You spot one of the warrior-women who you know are members of the temple of Fell-Kyrinla. Hoping she is on her way to the temple, you follow her at a distance. Eventually, you come to a building made of a white stone, with dark grey columns. Steps lead up to the entrance between two pillars and there is a guard at the top. What will you do:

Attack the guard?	Turn to **234**
Tell her you have a message for the High Priestess?	Turn to **202**

384

You hack your way through the undergrowth but dense thorn bushes make progress slow and difficult. You are soon panting for breath, and exertion has made you hungry. You must eat – cross one Provision off your Adventure Sheet. You do not gain any STAMINA from this meal. You battle on. Turn to **65**.

385

Pausing in a gully, you examine the scales. You fit them together to form a shield and, using the gum of the amber pine, you bond them together. Turn to **69**.

386

'Alone?' inquires Tyutchev. 'Strangers don't come to the Red Dragon just for a drink. Don't you know we're all thieves? What are you up to?' Will you tell him to mind his own business (turn to **397**), or apologize, say you must have made a mistake and leave (turn to **289**)?

387

As you try to draw the sword from the MUMMY's grasp, the fingers suddenly tighten into a grip of iron. The ancient corpse sits upright with a rustle of falling dust. You step back in horror as the Mummy rises from the sarcophagus clutching the scimitar and spear. It lumbers to attack you, for trying to rob its tomb. You must fight it.

MUMMY	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 371.

388

They ignore your threat and spur their horses through the fire at you. You cast the Talisman into the flames, but it remains untarnished. One of the Wraiths picks it from the glowing embers and touches you with it. Your soul is sucked into the Talisman and your body crumbles to dust. You are now just a part of the power of the Talisman.

389

You hear a voice speaking in your head, 'I will help you but, for now, Death will take you. What is destined to happen, must come to pass.' Turn to 292.

390

The door opens to reveal a blank wall of rock. It is a false door. The monkey's grin seems to mock you. Before you can move, a heavy green coil loops itself around your chest. You are thrown on the floor and crushed by Damolh's powerful tail. His jackal heads start to feed off you while you are still alive and your spirit is sucked into the blackness of the void. Your quest ends here.

391

Seeing your deadly sword-play, the third thief bolts into the street. The other one pleads for mercy, throwing down his sword. 'I'll tell you what the right words are,' he gabbles. 'Just say, "I am a casket of iron and fire"!' Will you try the safe, using these words (turn to **381**), or order him to try the safe (turn to **399**)?

392

Dusk is deepening as you enter the cemetery. You begin to explore the city wall, looking for the postern gate. You do not look at the headstones for fear of finding your name at the head of an open grave. Your eye is caught by what looks like a lantern, hanging from a post in the midst of the graves. Will you walk over to the lantern (turn to **274**), or ignore the lantern and continue searching along the wall (turn to **99**)?

393

Wanting to take you alive, the Captain closes with you and slams her shield into your sword-arm. Before you can strike again she brings the hilt of her sword crashing into the side of your neck; you slump to the floor, stunned. Your arms are tied behind you and you are pushed on your way once more. Turn to **351**.

394

You pass several markets where grain-merchants are dealing, but one small, drab shop looks more interesting – a board announces 'Alembic the Alchemist'. There is nothing in the window but a small plate with what look like five hazel nuts on it, and a stuffed lynx. Peering in, you see a man dressed in a white, sleeveless robe with a phoenix rising from flames embroidered on it. Will you enter the shop (turn to 372), or go on your way (turn to 28)?

395

You take the heavy spear and, looking closer, see that the word 'Dragonsbane' is carved on its shaft. It is obviously magical and you may add 1 to your SKILL score when wielding it. With a creak of old bones the MUMMY rises from the sarcophagus. It lumbers drunkenly towards you, clutching its scimitar, bent on destroying the despoiler of its tomb.

MUMMY SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win turn to 350.

396

You smash the skull into splinters of bone, but Mortphilio has not been idle. The walls of the parlour are not bamboo but are made from the bones of the necromancer's victims. He summons them forth to attack you. He is soon surrounded by skeletal warriors and you decide to run before you are overwhelmed. The only clear way is down a long stone corridor that leads to an archway across which a black blanket is draped. You run through, pushing the blanket aside and catch your breath in amazement. Turn to 97.

397

'I think you're going to regret that,' says Tyutchev between gritted teeth. Cassandra says, softly, 'I think, stranger, it would be better if you begged his pardon, don't you?' What will you say: 'I'll not apologize to the likes of him' (turn to 294), or 'Oh yes, I beg your pardon' (turn to 337)?

398

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky turn to 324. If you are Unlucky turn to 314.

399

The thief says, sullenly, 'If I must,' and moves over to the safe. Suddenly he leaps acrobatically over the counter and is out of the shop like a flash. Will you try to open the safe saying, 'I am a casket of iron and fire' (turn to 381), or leave the shop in case the thug tells the Watch you have killed the jeweller (turn to 304)?

400

Before you step through the portal you drink in the splendid view of this fantastic and magical world for a little longer. The glittering lakes and emerald forests shimmer in a haze of heat. The Talisman is heavy at your chest. With a final prayer to the All-Mother you step into the silvery screen of the portal, remembering the four crusaders who gave you your quest. You meet no resistance as you pass through the screen. All goes dark and then a very different landscape lies before you. You are within a

circle of standing stones. The smells, the air, the birdsong – everything seems strange but you know that you have found your way back to Earth. You are a hero, saviour of the world of Orb, but there is no one here to herald your return. As you step away from the standing stones, voices speak within your head. The two beings who summoned you to Orb are thanking you for saving the world. At last they tell you who they are. Time, Eldest Father, Youngest Son, and Fate, Keeper of the Balance, both Gods of Orb. As you leave this sacred place, their final words ring in your ears.

'We may call upon you again!'

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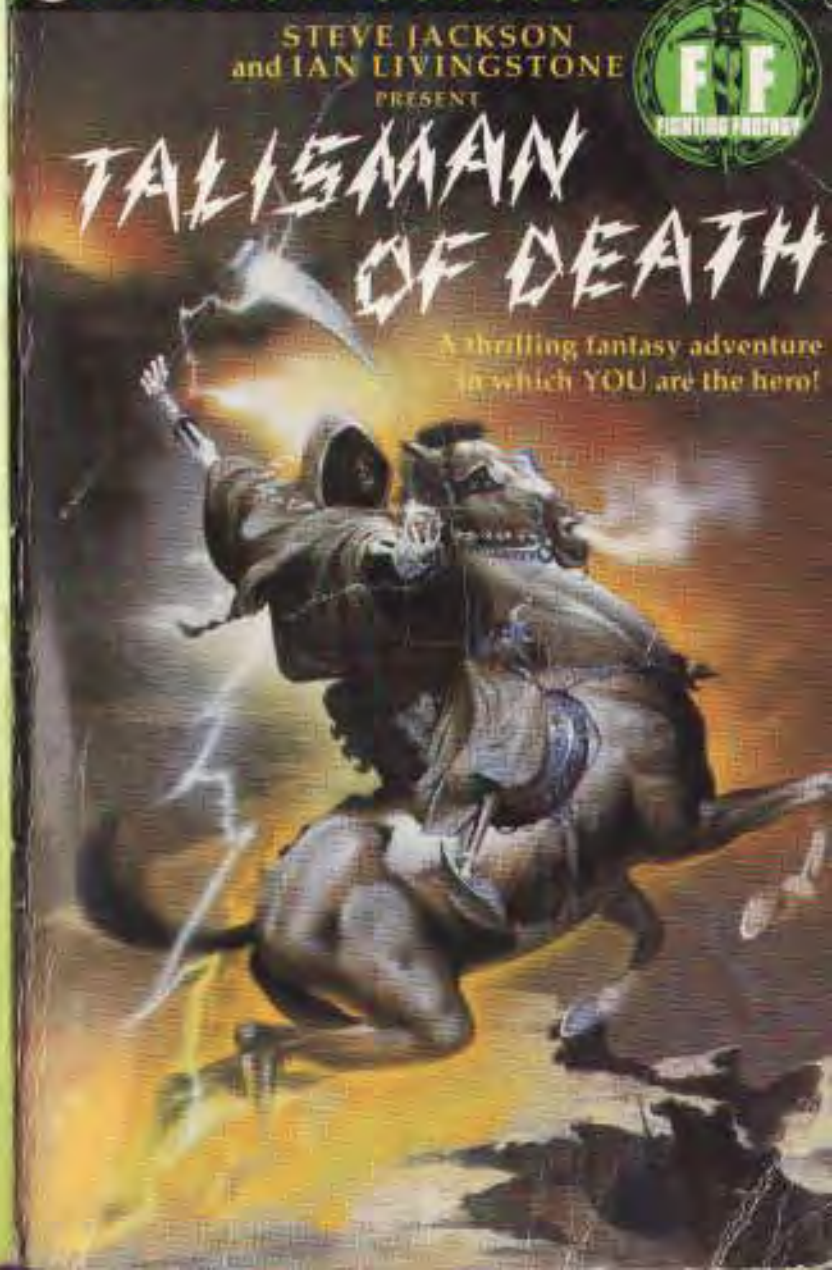

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HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF ORB

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword, a backpack containing provisions (food and drink), and fire flares to combat the dark terrors of Orb. After weeks of intensive training, your sword-play is swift and deadly.

To discover the strength of your courage and the power of luck, you must use the dice to determine your initial STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages **18–19** there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).

5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

Sometimes you will find yourself under attack from more than one person or creature. When this happens, each will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round but you must choose which one you will fight. Attack your chosen target as in normal battle. Against the other, you must throw for your

Attack Strength in the normal way but, even if your Attack Strength is greater, you will not inflict a wound. Just count this as though you have parried an incoming blow. However, if your Attack Strength is lower, you will have been wounded in the normal way.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *unlucky*, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has one only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a Battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magic potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a Battle). Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e. the characteristic may be restored once during an adventure. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have used up a potion.

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

To explore the network of caves and tunnels and to combat the terrors of the night, you are also equipped with five torches. To light them you have a flint and tinder – guard them with your life!

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through the mysterious world of Orb and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure; some merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. You may make wrong turnings during your quest and while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read. Reading other entries will only cause confusion and may lessen the excitement during play.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

EQUIPMENT LIST

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

You are regaining consciousness. Your eyes flutter open to the sound of a songbird, trilling joyously. You are lying on a couch of green velvet, set on the topmost turret of a great white castle hanging in the clouds. Rising to your feet you look around. The songbird, whose sleek feathers are a warm burnished gold, is perched on the battlements, resplendent against the ocean-blue canopy of sky in which there is no sun.

You are clad in strange, outlandish clothes, breeches of dark-green leather and a thickly quilted leather jerkin. On your feet are russet-red calfskin boots, supple and comfortable, into which the breeches are tucked at mid-calf. A heavy sword is belted at your side and, with a shock, you realize that somehow you know how to use it skilfully and with deadly force. As the songbird trills you try, in vain, to recall memories of Earth but everything is hazy and distant. You have been taken from the world you know and trained in the art of swordplay. You cannot remember even who trained you or why, but the hilt of the sword fits your hand snugly. Drawing it, you lunge and parry, marvelling at how the sword cuts through the air faster than the eye can follow.

The songbird seems unperturbed by your fine

display of swordsmanship, but you are surprised when it cocks its head and speaks to you, its voice fluting merrily.

'Welcome, Champion of Fate. Do not be dismayed, you are not yet in danger.'

'Where am I?' you ask, feeling as if you are in a dream.

'Far, far from your home, I fear to say. This is the world of Orb and you are in the Garden of the Gods.'

'What is Orb?' you demand.

'You will find it most strange and full of wonder, for it is very different from Earth. Men must share it not just with talking creatures such as I but with weird and fell monsters, giants, dragons and demons. There are warlocks and sorcerers, too, great wielders of magic, in the cities. But do not fear, you have been chosen to be our champion, for you are more likely to succeed than any other on Earth. Now I must complete my task. Come, my masters bid you join them in the chamber below. Please follow me.'

With that the golden songbird flutters away down a spiral staircase. Shaking your head in confusion you descend the stone steps into a large circular room where two beings turn towards you. 'Welcome,' says one, a pale female figure enfolded in a swirling robe of many colours above which you can only see a perfectly smooth and hairless head. The robe shimmers, its colours shifting as she steps towards you, catching your mind before you realize what is

happening. Looking into her face, you see an image of yourself, fighting for your life inside a huge temple. Then the image shifts and you see yourself leaving a walled city, hastening alone across a desolate moor, only to find yourself deep in a jungle, surrounded by devils with blue skins. Your nape bristles as you realize that she is revealing glimpses of your destiny. It is only when they are over that you notice she has no eyes in her smooth pale face.

The other figure changes even as you look at him. At one moment he is an ancient white-haired man, heavy with knowledge, at another an infant wise beyond his years. The metamorphosis through youth to age takes but a few instants, yet flows so smoothly you cannot see the features change. His voice is soft and ageless. 'We have summoned you here to the world of Orb because we wish to prevent a fatal upset in the balance of nature. The cosmic scales have been tipped too far and you must play a part in righting them. It is not for us in the Garden of the Gods to set things right. We cannot fight him who would bring chaos to Orb. Rather we use men as our tools. I shall not say whether you will succeed.'

The floor of the room upon which you are standing is the most realistic and detailed map imaginable. You can even see small figures tilling the fields and walking the streets of an entire world, a world of pinnacled castles; knights on horseback, their men-at-arms bearing banners which stream in the wind;

and strange high-walled cities with towers and spires, concealing the dives of assassins and thieves amongst the splendour. The eyeless immortal steps forward, her robe now the colour of the deep sea, and caresses your cheek.

'We are sending you down to the surface of Orb. If you fall into the clutches of Death we cannot aid you. Do not fail us!'

'Fail in what?' you begin to ask. But just then, to your horror, you find yourself being drawn inexorably towards a black crack in the map. The realization that your destiny is being tampered with angers you, and you resolve to find a way back to Earth and your home at any cost. As the world of Orb rises up to engulf you, the awesomeness of what is happening overwhelms you and you lose consciousness.

NOW TURN OVER

1

When awareness returns you look around. You are standing in a huge vaulted chamber, deep underground. In the chill air you wonder what terrible fate may be in store for you. You are utterly alone, without a friend in the world, and you have no idea what fiendish horrors may exist here, so far from home. There are no windows in the chamber, nor natural light, only the ruddy glow of flaming torches that are fixed to pillars soaring beyond sight. The walls are running with damp, the air musty and heavy with age. There are two archways at the back of the cavern. Before you can investigate further, the torchlight flickers, and a cool gust chills you to the marrow; something in the unseen darkness is causing the air to move. A light flashes briefly ahead and an infernal howling echoes across the vast vault. No living thing could possibly have made that dreadful sound, you think to yourself, but then you remember that you know nothing of the dreadful denizens of Orb. You hear the sound of running footsteps approaching rapidly; you cannot yet see who or what is coming. Will you run through the nearest archway (turn to 17), or hold your ground and draw your sword (turn to 30)?

2

There is an uneasy silence in the ale cellar. Tyutchev looks across at you and says, 'I don't like your face.' Cassandra nods agreement. If you retort, 'At least, unlike you, I am wholesome to look upon,' turn to **294**. If you meekly reply, 'I'm sorry, I was born that way,' and leave the ale cellar, turn to 305.

3

You ask the barman for a mug of ale. While he pours you your drink, your eyes adjust to the gloom and you survey his customers. You have never seen a more disreputable bunch of villainous-looking cut-throats. The barman says, 'That will be a piece of gold.' You hand over the money. As you replace your money-pouch a dozen pairs of eyes watch closely. The only one who doesn't watch is a stooped old man, cleaning slops off an empty table. Will you:

Talk to the barman?	Turn to 88
Walk over to the old man?	Turn to 19
Approach six surly-looking men, who look like thieves?	Turn to 280

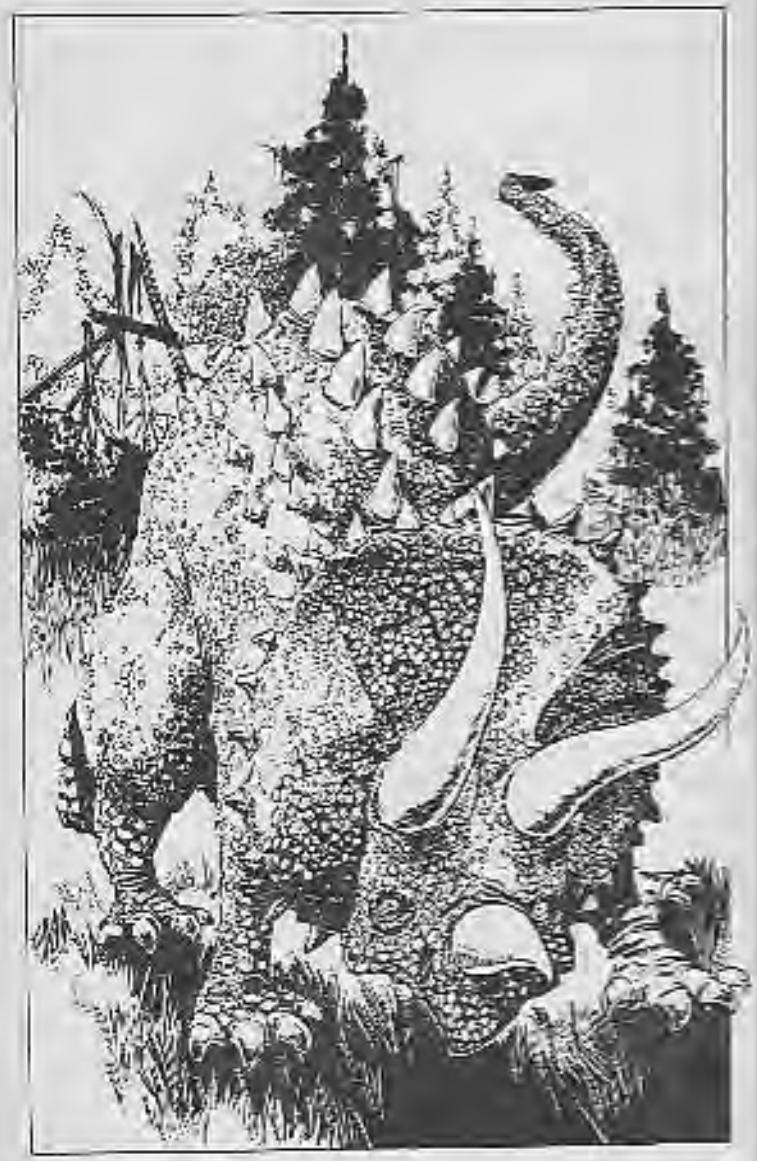

4

The Pteranodon, mortally wounded, crashes into the undergrowth. You struggle on; the heat is oppressive and you are plagued by flies, which circle between the tall straight conifers. Creepers hang from the overhanging branches and great ferns cover the ground. The air is alive with strange noises, and huge dragonflies, vibrantly coloured, hum from flower to giant flower. Suddenly, with a report like a rifle, a tree-trunk snaps. The ground shakes as a huge prehistoric monster charges at you. Three long horns project from the bony carapace which protects its neck. You must fight . . .

TRICERATOPS SKILL 8 STAMINA 30

After three rounds of combat you hear shrill cries of alarm as another great beast thunders towards you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 40. If you are Unlucky, turn to 25.

5

You charge at the Shieldmaiden. She coolly takes aim and unleashes a crossbow bolt. It slams into the shoulder of your sword-arm, crippling it with a searing pain. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. As you fall, the Shieldmaiden places her sword at your throat. 'Don't make a move if you wish to live,' she says. Turn to 75.

6

The servant says, 'Ah yes, you are expected. Please come in.' You follow him into the parlour. The dining-table is laid for three. Apothecus rises to greet you and introduces you to his friend, Diodorus, a Sage who is an expert on travel between the planes of existence. He tells you that there are portals or gates, allowing travel between Orb and other worlds. He suspects that you may have been brought from Earth to Orb by means of such a portal. 'When you recover the Talisman,' he says, 'you must leave Greyguilds and walk south-east until you come to the Great Plateau. Mount Starreach, the tallest mountain on the plateau, has, at its summit, one of these portals, through which you must pass if you wish to return to Earth.'

'And now to more immediate matters,' says Apothecus. 'You can leave the city by the postern gate in the cemetery. If you get into serious trouble you may be able to call on the All-Mother for aid. To do so cry, "All-Mother, nature herself, preserve me."' He makes you repeat the words and you commit them to memory; note them on your Adventure Sheet. He explains that the All-Mother is the Fountain of all Life, the opposite of Death. She may be prepared to help you, but only once, at the time of your greatest need. 'However, remember this: no deity can intervene in another's temple.' You thank them both and turn in early after the sumptuous meal of peacock basted in Spirits of Ra, and other exotic dishes. You wake up refreshed – gain 4 STAMINA points. You bid Apothecus farewell, thanking him for all his help and hoping that you won't let him down. You set out to find the Thieves' Guild. Turn to 64.

7

You light a torch and enter the cavern, which stretches away into blackness. You scramble across the cavern floor until you see a small smooth-walled tunnel branching off from the main tunnel. The strong smell of sulphur seems to pervade both. Will you walk down the wide and rocky main tunnel (turn to 378), or investigate the narrow tunnel (turn to 48)?

8

You put several miles between yourself and Greyguilds and sleep the night in a havrick. You awake refreshed. Gain 2 STAMINA points. Which direction will you take towards the plateau? You could take the direct route, south-east, across rough moorland; continue along the old trade road, due south for a while and then strike east; or head east across the heath to the hills before turning south.

South-east	Turn to 287
South, then east	Turn to 300
East, then south	Turn to 313

9

You lie still, enfolded in the Roc's talons, as it wings its ponderous way to the purple mountains. Soon you are spiralling up the mountainside to the Roc's eyrie. The Roc lets you fall on to the feather-soft nest and prepares to dismember you before feeding you to its two enormous chicks. You must fight the Roc. Each time you make a successful attack, roll one die. If you throw a 1 turn to 55.

ROC SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

If you win, turn to 84.

10

You attack the Dragon! 'I shall rend you limb from limb,' it roars. The great claws swipe at you as it tries to crush your head in its enormous jaws.

RED DRAGON SKILL 12 STAMINA 20

If you reduce the Dragon's STAMINA to 5 or less, turn to 29.

11

You stop at the bar and are about to ask the barman what there is to drink, when you hear yourself saying, 'You fat pig, pour me a drink before the sight of your squalid pus-ridden face makes me vomit.' The barman stiffens, astonished and incensed. He gives a strangled cry of rage, grabs his club and hurdles the bar. You step back, drawing your sword. Your eyes have adjusted to the gloom and you notice that some of his customers are rising to their feet. They are the most disreputable bunch of villainous-looking cut-throats you have ever seen; one has a scar running from his ear to his chin. You must fight the barman and one other.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BARMAN	7	8
First CUT-THROAT	8	9

If you reduce the barman's STAMINA to 4 or less he scuttles back behind the bar. If you can then reduce

the First Cut-throat's STAMINA to 5 or less, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 200. If you are Unlucky, turn to 181.

12

Your first blow is fatal. Blood spurts from a gaping wound and the old man falls to the ground. You step back as he turns once more into his normal form, that of a huge Red Dragon. The Guardian Dragon of the portals is dead. You step towards the silver shimmering portal. Turn to 400.

13

A woman wearing chainmail and carrying a loaded crossbow bursts into the torchlight ahead of you. Seeing you, she immediately points the bow in your direction. Three men, panting heavily, appear behind her. The first, a tall and handsome man, is dressed in shining silver armour and the blade of his two-handed sword glows with a faint white radiance. The next is dressed in a flowing robe of cloth of gold and wears a smiling golden mask. He carries an ivory staff. The last is a thick-set man with a white surcoat over chainmail. A red cross adorns his breast and a spiked mace hangs at his side. They stop. Once again you hear a wailing, louder than before. 'They are almost upon us,' cries the man with the glittering sword. The Shieldmaiden calls to you, 'Who are you and what are you doing here in the Rift, the spawning place of all evil?' Will you:

Say you have come from another world?	Turn to 247
Say that you are on a quest against evil?	Turn to 60
Try to play for time?	Turn to 75
Attack the Shieldmaiden?	Turn to 5

14

You camp for the night, but some large black flies, which had just seemed a nuisance, are now objects of fear, since their eggs have hatched and you are food for their larvae. You get no rest, and don't regain any STAMINA as a result. At dawn you plunge into an algae-covered pool and the larvae fall from you. Feeling better you begin the march towards the foothills of Mount Star-reach. Soon you are climbing the mountain itself, grasping at the stunted bushes which grow on its slopes. You notice that the air is becoming thinner, and you are short of breath when you reach a wide cave mouth, which smells faintly of sulphur. Intrigued, you decide to enter the cave. Turn to 7.

15

The taproom of the inn is empty. You ask for a hot meal and a room for the night. The innkeeper tells you that this will cost you three pieces of gold, but says that he is short-handed and that if you will do the washing-up he will let you stay for nothing. The choice is yours. You have a delicious meal of roast hippogriff in cream sauce. After your meal you sleep like a log and wake up feeling refreshed. Gain 4 STAMINA points. You set out in search of the Thieves' Guild. Turn to 64.

16

The doors open easily. It seems the magic has faded now that Hawkana is truly dead. The thieves have been spying on you through the keyhole. Scarface says, 'The door was locked and we couldn't get in.' He leads the way back up to the skylight. If you still have Hawkana's ring, you feel it grow cold and see that it has tarnished to a dull grey metal. Its magic only works within the Inner Sanctum. Suddenly, the alarm bell tolls loudly. As you reach the top landing, a group of warrior women appears on the stairs behind you in hot pursuit. You all run for the rope hanging from the skylight. As you reach it, you sense a movement at your side and dodge the murderous thrust of Bloodheart's dagger just in time. Before he can strike again, the warrior-woman let loose a volley of crossbow bolts. Bloodheart's body is peppered with quarrels, shielding you as you climb the rope. Leaving the stricken Bloodheart to his fate, the remaining thieves jump agilely from the temple roof to the roof of a nearby house. You will have to jump, too. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 163. If it is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 56.

17

As you dash towards the forbidding blackness of the archway, you hear a click followed by a rumbling sound ahead. The floor beneath your feet begins to tremble. Do you want to hurl yourself through the archway, into the darkness (turn to 41), or stop your headlong flight (turn to 21)?

18

The Roc appears not to notice your futile attack and you are swept up as the Roc begins to climb towards the purple mountains. You are too high to risk struggling. Turn to 9.

19

The toothless old man mutters at you. He tells you that this ale cellar is a dangerous place. Having given his warning, he shuffles fearfully away. Will you go back to the bar (turn to 88), or go over to the table where six surly-looking men are sitting (turn to 280)?

20

At last the steep cliffs surrounding the plateau tower above you. Steps have been cut into the face of the reddish rock, which you begin to climb. By midday your legs ache abominably and you are glad to reach a ledge where you are welcomed by a cool fine spray rising from a waterfall. It cascades down the side of the plateau, casting small rainbows in the sun, and the thunderous roar is almost deafening. Will you climb on up the steps (turn to 328), or examine the waterfall (turn to 33)?

21

You stop just in time – a slab of smooth rock slams down from above with a crash that reverberates around the cavern. It blocks the arch completely. The other one is similarly sealed. Realizing that you have no choice, you turn to face the oncoming footsteps and draw your sword. Turn to 13.

22

You walk down the winding tunnel for some time. It bends gently to the left and downwards and eventually opens out into the large cavern. The dragon lies before you, but this time you are behind it. A few of its old scales lie littered around it. Will you:

Thrust your spear, if you have one, into its scaly back?	Turn to 285
Try to grab some scales?	Turn to 269
Try to grab some of the treasure?	Turn to 38
Leave the cavern?	Turn to 369

23

She strikes you down, before helping you to your feet. You walk together into the Valley of Death, where your spirit will wander alone until the end of time.

24

You go down the steps and emerge into a long low cellar, set with tables and stools. The only light part is the bar, behind which stands the bulky proprietor of the inn. Turn to 3.

25

As you step back to lunge again at the wild monster, you see a huge carnivore appear behind it. This must be what the Triceratops was running from. Now it shuffles round to face the TYRANNOSAURUS, which is as tall as a house, with massive jaws. A gargantuan battle ensues. Finally the torn and bleeding Triceratops is knocked on to its side. The end is swift, as the foot-long incisors of the Tyrannosaurus bury themselves in the throat of the fallen monster. The victorious creature swivels its glassy eye to face you and raises its head. Seeing new prey it leaps towards you to snap you up. You must fight.

TYRANNOSAURUS SKILL 11 STAMINA 18

If you win turn to 14.

26

With a mighty blow, your sword cuts through one of the Willow's branches and some sap from the tree falls on to your arm. The Willow gives a low moan, stops attacking and pulls its branches back from you. Will you plunge your arm into the pool (turn to 161), or beat a hasty retreat (turn to 39)?

27

The Roc misses you and soars up into the sky. Luckily, its attention is distracted by larger prey. The Roc swoops again, with a roar of wind, and carries off a wild horse. Grateful for your luck you hasten on towards the plateau. Turn to 20.

28

You turn down Carriage Street and see the sign of an inn, the Silver Trinket. It is next to a large stable and work-house. It seems a much more pleasant place than the Red Dragon Inn and, as it is growing late, you decide to go in. Turn to 15.

29

Suddenly, your weapon is flailing at air. The Dragon has changed into an old man, with long white hair, wearing a white robe. 'Spare me, I beg you,' he implores, in a thin reedy voice. 'At last you have lifted the curse that was upon me. Only a strong warrior like yourself could have done it. When I came through the portal, many centuries ago, I was doomed to stay in the form of a dragon until I was beaten in combat. Now that I am myself again I can return to my world. Will you step through the portal with me?' Will you agree and walk with him into the silver shimmering portal (turn to 77), or attack him (turn to 12)?

30

The footsteps are coming closer; suddenly, a sound like a clap of thunder reverberates around the chamber. You look round and see that both the archways have been sealed by huge stone blocks. You are trapped. Turn to 13.

31

The doors are still magically sealed shut. You cannot force them open. You turn to see that Hawkana has risen to her feet and taken up her sword again. Her eyes are filled with malice. 'You cannot kill me. This time I will carve out your spleen.' She is slower than before but you must fight her again.

HAWKANA SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 54.

32

The brass tiger has a mischievous grin. You hang it round your neck, hoping it will bring luck or protection. Turn to 156.

33

You approach the waterfall and within moments are soaked through. Looking closer, you see a dry space behind it, under the jutting cliff-face. When you jump through, a cave entrance is revealed. Will you enter the cave (turn to 42), or leave and continue up the steps (turn to 328)?

34

Deftly you dodge the flailing claw and move in to the attack. Do you have a spear? If you do, turn to 51. If not, turn to 10.

35

You make some unintelligible signs and grunts, pointing to your mouth and ears. For a moment some of them think that you are casting a spell and draw their swords, but soon you hear one of them saying, 'A deaf warrior well, there's a turn-up for the scrolls!' The Captain motions you to mount behind one of the younger women, Elvira, who does not seem pleased at having to share her horse with you. You ride for some time and after a while the women resume their normal conversation. You realize they are members of the Watch, or law-enforcers from Greyguilds-on-the-Moor. You also realize that there is rivalry between them and the Priestesses of the All-Mother in that city. It appears that the leniency of the Priestesses has annoyed them. Turn to 197.

36

You struggle to overcome the drowsiness and the spell is broken. Looking up you can see two large green eyes staring at you from the trunk of the willow. Before you can step back you are attacked by the branches of the enraged tree. You must fight the WILLOW WEIRD.

WILLOW WEIRD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 20

If you make four successful attacks, turn to 26.

37

The ROC's eyesight is as sharp as any eagle's. You are plucked from the ground like a harvest-mouse. The Roc begins to climb towards the purple mountains and away from the plateau. You are soon too high to risk struggling. Turn to 9.

38

You make a grab for a jewel-encrusted helmet but trip, in your haste, over a golden chest full of black pearls. The Dragon hears you, turns and breathes on you as you are struggling to your feet. Rolling jets of flame consume you and you are charred to a cinder. Turn to 43.

39

You wend your way along the bank of the river that runs west from the spring and leave the ferns behind. The terrain has become a little more open now. Looking back, your heart quickens as you catch sight of one of the Dark Elves sniffing at your trail. He moves with a lithe swiftness which would seem graceful, if it wasn't for his spiked black armour, and deadly expression. While you are watching, he stands up and points in your direction; they are not far behind. You must decide quickly. Will you:

Run along the river bank?	Turn to 359
Plunge into the river and run along for some distance before scrambling up the bank?	Turn to 253
Hide in a clump of bushes?	Turn to 307

40

As you step back to lunge again at the wild monster you see a huge carnivore appear behind it. This must be what the Triceratops was running from. Now it shuffles round to face the TYRANNOSAURUS and a gargantuan battle ensues. Finally, the torn and bleeding Triceratops thrusts forward, goring the Tyrannosaurus, which then crashes to the ground, fatally wounded. The Triceratops limps away and, breathing a sigh of relief, you move on towards the mountain. Turn to 14.

41

Before you can charge through the archway a slab of smooth rock slams down from above, with a sound like a clap of thunder that reverberates around the cavern. It blocks the archway completely. Unfortunately you cannot stop in mid-leap; you crash sickeningly into the stone with bone-jarring force. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Feeling somewhat groggy, you pick yourself up and realize that the other archway is similarly sealed. Seeing you have no option you turn to face the oncoming footsteps and draw your sword. Turn to 13.

42

You manage to light a damp torch, which reveals a door at the back of the cave. The door is made of a black wood, inlaid with alabaster. A raised frieze in the centre panel depicts a red dragon, a great flame shouting from its jaws, and an ivory spear. The door creaks as you open it gingerly. You step into a passage. The musty air reeks of decay. You come to a place where four tunnels cross. Will you:

Advance down the tunnel ahead?	Turn to 71
Take the left-hand tunnel?	Turn to 53
Take the right-hand tunnel?	Turn to 80

43

Your spirit floats gently towards the Valley of Death. The featureless, wind-blasted plain stretches away endlessly, beyond the horizon. The souls of the dead wander there aimlessly, in solitude. Just as you approach the edge of the valley, an ethereal wind gets up and your soul is wafted away. Soon you feel yourself in the presence of the two who summoned you to this fantastic world of magic. The eyeless being in robes of shifting hues says, 'All is not yet lost.' You understand the words without hearing them. 'If your spirit is willing we will reunite it with your body and turn back the wheels of time.' The other being offers you a choice: 'If you wish it, I will send you back in time. You will be leaving Greyguilds.' Do you wish to go back in time to attempt the quest again? If you do, the being lays a hand on your shoulder. They disappear. You are alive again. You have 15 STAMINA points and all of the equipment you carried with you when you died, apart from the following, if you had picked them up: the Gum of an Amber Pine, the Feather of a Roc, the Spear, or the Scales of a Dragon. Cross these off your Adventure Sheet. You find yourself outside the city of Greyguilds. Turn to 8.

44

Hawkana collapses to the floor, lifeless. You walk to the altar and take the Talisman of Death. It is cold and heavy. At last you have regained it. Gain 1 LUCK point. You look back at Hawkana and your scalp crawls. Her wounds are healing. Even as you watch she tries to raise herself from the pool of blood in which she lies. Will you go back to Hawkana (turn to 54), or run to the double doors (turn to 31)?

45

You fight Harg. Your blows cause black blood to flow, but the wounds close up as fast as you can inflict them. Harg's hammer catches you on the shoulder – lose 2 STAMINA points. At this Thaum snaps his fingers and Harg, an illusion after all, disappears. Turn to 171.

46

You raise the Talisman above your head. It glows as you shout: 'Begone! Trouble me no more!' Enthralled, they strain towards it, but your words have an immediate effect. One of them cries, 'Others will take it from you and we Faceless Ones will return as lords under the reign of our God, Death.' His words fade as they are swallowed by the darkness. The Talisman feels lighter and its glow has dimmed. You sleep deeply, and gain 2 STAMINA points. The next day you set off again, feeling more hopeful now that you have banished the minions of Death. The plateau looms before you. Turn to 20.

47

The angry young man turns to you, a puzzled expression on his face. He thanks you and says, 'I don't know why we are quarrelling really.' He takes the charm from you and you walk on. Fortune will smile on you for being so honest (gain 1 LUCK point). Soon afterwards you hear the fight breaking out again. 'You're always making trouble,' shouts the other young man. You leave them to it. Turn to 156.

48

You walk down the winding tunnel for some time, until it opens out into a large cavern. In front of you is the ridged back of an immense Dragon. It is about eighteen metres long and is covered in thick red scales. Its long tail is curled round a vast hoard of treasure – gems, gold, goblets and vases – which lies higgledy-piggledy beneath its bulk. A few of its old scales are littered around it. Will you:

Thrust your spear, if you have one, into its scaly back?	Turn to 285
Try to grab some of its scales?	Turn to 269
Try to grab some of the Dragon's treasure?	Turn to 38
Leave the cavern?	Turn to 369

49

You walk through the front door, which is glistening with frost. A trail of frost leads from the door to a large pentacle chalked on the floor. Sand is strewn where the frost crosses the edge of the pentacle. On a table lie various strange pieces of equipment. On the floor next to it lies an Amulet, made from the tip of a Unicorn's Horn, with strange runes engraved on it. You may take it if you wish. There appears to be nothing else of any use to you, so you leave. Turn to 28.

50

Hawkana draws her sword and advances on you, snarling with tigerish ferocity. You must fight the High Priestess.

HAWKANA SKILL 12 STAMINA 14

If you win, go to 44.

51

You attack the dragon. 'I shall rend you limb from limb,' it roars. The great claws swipe at you as it tries to crush your head in its enormous jaws. You dodge to one side as it leaps at you and thrust your spear at its soft underbelly.

RED DRAGON SKILL 12 STAMINA 20

Each time you make a successful attack deduct 5 STAMINA points from the Dragon's total, as the magical spear seems to bite deep into its flesh. If you reduce the Dragon's STAMINA to 5 or less, turn to 29.

52

Cross one of your Provisions off your Adventure Sheet. Crouching on one knee, you toss the dried meat to the wolf, speaking in soothing tones as you do so. The wolf accepts your gift. Then a green-robed figure steps into the clearing. He has an oak staff in one hand and a silver sickle in the other. A crown of mistletoe rests on his head. He smiles at you and says, 'My name is Wodeman. I am the Guardian Druid of this Sacred Grove. My friend, Snowmane, thanks you for the gift of food. Such gentle generosity deserves reward. The Blessing of the Druids will go with you. May fortune smile on you.' You gain 1 LUCK point for the Druid's Blessing. 'You look weary,' he says. 'Here, have this.' He takes a golden apple from his robes and hands it to you. Note it down on your Adventure Sheet – such apples are wonderfully refreshing and will restore up to 4 STAMINA points when you eat one. You thank him, and knowing you must continue on your quest, reluctantly leave the idyllic peace of the Sacred Grove. Turn to 159.

53

You take the left-hand tunnel, which soon turns to the right, and leads into a bare stone room with a small rectangular pillar in the middle. The tunnel continues on the other side of the room. Will you:

Examine the pillar?	Turn to 136
Go straight through to the tunnel opposite?	Turn to 89
Return to where the tunnels crossed and choose again?	Turn to 42

54

You notice that a ring on Hawkana's finger is glowing with a green light as her wounds close up. Quickly you take it off before she comes fully back to life. You place it on your own finger. It is a Ring of Regeneration; regain 6 STAMINA points. Will you now try to leave through the double doors (turn to 16), or search the Inner Sanctum (turn to 137)?

55

You manage to drive your sword into one of the Roc's huge eyes. It screeches in pain and flies away from the eyrie. You seize your chance to escape. Turn to 84.

56

You fly through the air, but not far enough. You slam into the side of the building with bone-shattering force and plummet to the street below. Luck has not deserted you completely, for you land in a stinking pile of refuse, which breaks your fall a little. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you drag yourself off down an alleyway which leads towards the safe house. Near the safe house you pause to rest before leaving the city. Turn to 235.

57

You take a side-street which leads towards the Street of Seven Sins and are almost pushed aside by a couple of students in blue togas. They are quarrelling and begin fighting in front of you. It seems one of them disagrees violently with something the other has said. As they tussle, you notice that the angry young man has dropped a small brass tiger charm. Will you:

Interrupt the quarrel and give the charm back?	Turn to 47
Ignore them and go on your way?	Turn to 156
Pick up the charm?	Turn to 32

58

You hurl yourself at the rolling shield and just manage to grasp its rim. You cover yourself with it as you lie there. The dragon breathes on you again and one of your legs, left unshielded, is badly burned. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you get up and attack once more. If you have a spear, turn to 51. If you have not, turn to 10.

59

After that display of power, you hurriedly use your Scroll of Agonizing Doom. Hawkana draws her sword and advances on you, snarling with tigerish ferocity. But the spell works and a crackling electric-blue aura surrounds her. She throws back her head and howls with agony. She is very badly hurt and staggers, but then exerts her will and recovers. You must fight the High Priestess.

HAWKANA SKILL 12 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 44.

60

'Alone?' asks the Shieldmaiden in disbelief. The man in gold turns to the Priest. 'Is it true?' he asks. Knowing your story to be a lie you wait anxiously while the Priest casts a spell. 'It is a lie,' says the Priest. The Shieldmaiden turns to you accusingly. 'Why are you lying to us? I ask you again, who are you and what are you doing here?' Will you tell them the truth (turn to 70), or ask them what business it is of theirs (turn to 75)?

61

You have banished the Ice Demon to the plane from which it came, through defeating it in combat. The shards of broken glass crunch underfoot. Will you enter the house it came from (turn to 49), or continue down Cobbler's Walk (turn to 28)?

62

With a clatter of armour the Death-knight folds at the knees and vanishes. A vision of the Paladin appears. 'Well done. You are a valiant warrior, worthy of the quest. Here, take my Holy Sword: it will aid you, for I no longer can.' He hands you his glittering sword and the vision fades. The sword feels real enough and its glow lights up the stable. Your wounds are healed magically as you touch it (regain up to 6 STAMINA points) – a gift from the Paladin. You may add 1 to your SKILL when using the Holy Sword. Turn to **121**.

63

You run as fast you can along the rocky ground. Your lungs are burning with the effort. As you approach the hills, you look back and see that both groups are now roughly the same distance behind you. The Elves coming from the north are in a tight pack, while the Orcs to the south are beginning to string out. Will you:

Head north to meet the Elves?	Turn to **214**
Climb a hill to the south, to face the Orcs?	Turn to **282**
Run on?	Turn to **227**

64

As you set off, you see a small group of people clustered around a man wearing a flowing grey cloak and one dangling gold ear-ring. He is making huge bunches of flowers appear and disappear to cries of delight and amusement from the crowd. Will you:

Try to find a way into the Thieves' Guild?	Turn to **83**
Try to regain the Talisman on your own?	Turn to **383**
Stay and watch the magic?	Turn to **106**

65

Eventually, the hills give way to a desolate grey moor stretching out to the west. After half an hour or so, you see a cloud of dust ahead. You can soon make out a group of twenty horsemen. They wheel their steeds towards you and the drumming of hoofs carries to you over the breeze. As they get nearer, you can see that this is a band of warrior-women, clad in chainmail and studded leather armour. Their faces look grim and unwelcoming as they wheel around you, forming a closed circle. Their Captain spurs her horse forward and tersely demands what you are doing out here, alone on the edge of the moor. Will you:

Tell them about your quest?	Turn to 101
Say that you are from another world?	Turn to 73
Tell them that you are the last survivor of an ambushed caravan?	Turn to 322
Pretend that you are deaf and dumb?	Turn to 35
Demand they escort you to Greyguilds-on-the-Moor?	Turn to 95

66

'Here's your share of the loot, you insolent dog', shouts the biggest thug, attempting to bury his sword in your stomach. You jump aside and meet the attack of the two bruisers. As you do so, the weaselly thief mercilessly kills the jeweller. You must fight both thieves.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THIEF	6	7
Second THIEF	5	6

If you kill the first thief, turn to 320.

67

The rolling shield eludes your grasp. The Dragon chuckles and exhales a mighty breath. As the air rushes from its cavernous lungs, it ignites. You are consumed by rolling jets of flame and charred to a cinder. Turn to 43.

68

You run across the rough ground towards the Orcs, drawing your sword. Unfortunately, as you close with them their Captain, a huge and hulking Orc with yellowed tusks, crashes into you. You grab him but lose your balance and topple over the edge of the chasm. You fall for what seems like an eternity. At least you won't die alone.

69

You climb on, gasping for breath in the thin air. At last you reach the flat summit. The panorama is incredible. The whole plateau lies below you like a table, a collage of tropical forests, mountains and huge lakes, which glisten in the sun. Thirty metres away is a rectangle of shimmering silver, hanging in the air, unsupported. You realize that this is the portal. As you step towards it you hear the rushing of wind. Looking up you see the ancient Red Dragon coming in to land beside the portal. Outside its lair the Dragon is even more impressive and fearsome: warmth and power seem to radiate from its body. 'I am bound by the Gods to guard the portal,' it says in its rich, mellow voice. Will you:

Run to attack the Dragon?	Turn to 382
Tell him that Death threatens the world?	Turn to 358
Threaten it?	Turn to 275

70

Her eyebrows rise in surprise. All four of them look at you doubtfully. The Priest pauses, then says, 'It is the truth and spoken from a true heart.' The Shield-maiden lowers the bow and turns to guard the entrance of the cavern.

'What are we to do? The exits are blocked and I only have enough power to teleport one of us out now,' asks the man in gold.

The man with the glittering sword, a Paladin, says gravely, 'Then we will die together, Wizard, and they will pay dearly.'

'But what of the Talisman?' asks the Priest. 'Perhaps this warrior has been sent by the gods to continue the quest?' Sensing the goodness in these people you wait to hear how you can aid them. Turn to 100.

71

You walk down the tunnel which soon leads into a circular room of bare stone. In the centre stands a small round pillar. The tunnel continues on the other side of the room. Will you:

Examine the pillar?	Turn to 184
Go straight through to the tunnel opposite?	Turn to 204
Return to where the tunnels crossed and choose again?	Turn to 42

72

A deep dry moat and spiked palisade surround several elegant wattle-and-clay buildings. You are led through the village to what must be the Head-hog's dwelling: a two-storeyed building, part of which is built out of crumbling green stone. A huge mud wallow lies nearby. The Headhog sits on a carved stone throne, his muscles rippling under his blue-black skin. He wears a red robe fastened at his thick neck with a necklace of amber. He introduces himself as the lord of the plateau and you are pleased to discover that you can understand his guttural language quite easily. He seems at ease and, thanking you for the ruby, asks if there is anything you wish to know about the plateau. You ask him about the portals of Mount Star-reach. Turn to 110.

73

The Captain's brow furrows as you tell your story. There is some muttering from her companions, which she silences with a quick gesture. 'We must take you to Hawkana, in Greyguilds. She will want to speak with you. Climb up behind Elvira here, and give me your sword.' She points to one of the younger women. Will you hand over your sword and get on the horse (turn to 155), or refuse, saying that you would rather make your own way (turn to 142)?

74

You stumble off through the darkness, looking for somewhere safer to rest. At last you see an empty stable. You bed down in the straw. Turn to 91.

75

'We have no time to dally with the likes of you,' says the man in gold. Turning to his companions, he continues. 'What are we to do? The exits are blocked and I have only enough power to teleport one of us out now.'

The man with the glittering sword, a Paladin, says gravely, 'Then we will die together, Wizard, and they will pay dearly.'

'But what of the Talisman?' asks the Priest. 'Perhaps we can use this warrior to continue the quest.' He steps forward and, before you can act, casts a spell. You feel a trance coming over you – the man has hypnotized you – and you tell them everything. Lose 1 LUCK point. Turn to 114.

76

Hawkana draws her sword and advances on you, snarling with tigerish ferocity. You have just enough time to take out the Vial of Vapours of Speed and inhale. There seems to be no effect – the alchemist has sold you fresh air! With the speed of a cobra Hawkana is upon you and her sword pierces your arm as you drop the empty vial. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you must fight the High Priestess.

HAWKANA	SKILL 12	STAMINA 14

If you win, go to 44.

77

You both walk towards the portal. Suddenly the old man grasps you round the chest. Before you know what is happening he reverts to his normal form, that of a Red Dragon. You are held tightly in his powerful claws. 'You foolish man-thing, never trust a dragon.' So saying, he bites off your head and tosses your corpse down the mountainside. Turn to 43.

78

After a short delay, you are taken into a large office. Inside is a tall, striking, raven-haired woman, dressed in a long black cloak which parts to reveal the polished hilt of a longsword. Her bearing suggests great personal power. She stands and greets you. 'I am Hawkana, High Priestess of the temple of Fell-Kyrinla and Marshal of the Watch. You have been telling some unusual stories.' She nods and the guards begin to search you. You try to resist but are held powerless. The Talisman is ripped from its place of concealment and handed to Hawkana. She recognizes it immediately, and she laughs with rapturous delight. She turns away and says, 'I am going to the temple. Throw this fool out into the street.' You are hustled out and the door of the watch-house slams shut behind you. You have lost the Talisman! What will you do next:

Go back down Guard Street to Store Street?	Turn to 357
Turn down Smith Street?	Turn to 303
Walk down the Street of Seven Sins?	Turn to 264

79

The shield is wrenched from your grasp. Realizing that without it you have no chance, you make a desperate dive for it as it rolls across the rocks. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 58. If you are Unlucky, turn to 67.

80

You take the right-hand tunnel which soon turns left. You come out into a bare stone room with a small square pillar in the centre. The tunnel continues on the other side of the room. Will you:

Examine the pillar?	Turn to 302
Go straight through to the tunnel opposite?	Turn to 260
Return to where the tunnels crossed and choose again?	Turn to 42

81

'Lies,' it hisses, and strikes you with its claw before you can move. A chill numbness spreads from the wound and you feel as if your life-blood is being drained away. Lose 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points. Now you must fight the MINION OF DEATH. Each time it strikes you, you lose 1 SKILL point as well as the normal STAMINA loss.

MINION OF DEATH	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 175.

82

Drawing back your arm you throw the heavy spear, Dragonsbane, with all your might. Unfortunately, it glances off the heavily armoured scales of the Dragon's back. The Dragon awakes and its yellow slitted eyes hold yours. 'Who are you?' it asks. Fear grips you. You stutter a reply as the Dragon draws a deep breath. Turn to 146.

83

Have you been told about the storm-drain? If you have, turn to 183. If not, turn to 149.

84

You take the smallest feather you can find as a memento of your monumental battle and hurry down the steep mountainside. You reach the bottom of the mountain some hours later and set off across the wilderness once more, towards the plateau which looms ahead. You spend the night in a copse of rowan trees and you wake feeling ready to scale the plateau. Add 2 STAMINA points and turn to 20.

85

Turning down Silver Street, you are startled by what sounds like men's voices, whispering near by. You soon realize that a trick of the wind is carrying their words to you through a broken piece of pipe, which connects a ramshackle house to an open drain. There are three of them and it seems that they are planning to rob the jeweller's, which you can plainly see on the bend of Silver Street. There is a shabby staircase leading up to the house, and you creep towards it. Will you:

Go up the staircase?	Turn to 245
Walk quickly to the jeweller's?	Turn to 278
Ignore this and turn into Store Street?	Turn to 243

86

You straddle the Griffin's back. It leaps into the air and takes flight towards the plateau. It flies strongly, higher and higher. The rush of the wind and the sensation of flight is exhilarating. After a few hours the plateau gives way to a thick prehistoric rain forest. Suddenly the Griffin caws a warning. A giant flying reptile is diving to the attack. It crashes into the Griffin, forcing you to lose your grip. You drop some twelve metres but, luckily, a giant fern breaks your fall. You are up to your waist in a pool of water which has collected in the centre of the fern's giant trunds. The flying reptile, a Pteranodon, leaves the Griffin and flies towards you. You must fight it.

PTERANODON	SKILL 7	STAMINA 15

If you win turn to 4.

87

You touch the Amulet as Hawkana draws her sword and advances, snarling with tigerish ferocity. It is an Amulet of Strength against Evil and it increases your SKILL by 2 points, in this battle only. With the speed of a cobra Hawkana is upon you. You must fight the High Priestess.

HAWKANA SKILL 12 STAMINA 14

If you win, go to 44.

88

The barman says, 'You're not like my usual customers. A rough lot comes in here, most days. These fellows don't rely on charity for a crust, you know.' Will you try to make friends and ask him how he keeps order (turn to 119), or ask him how they get their money (turn to 102)?

89

You walk down the tunnel which turns right again. As you round the corner you hear an ominous sound from the room you have just left. You dart back to see the room filling with sand, and a slab of rock coming down over the entrance. It slams to the floor with a crash and then all is quiet. You can only go on. Turn to 120.

90

He orders you to leave the village, never to return. He directs you north towards an old temple to Nil, the God who gave rise to the awful progeny known as the Sons of Nil, or Sons of the Void. You thank him and hurriedly leave the village. As soon as you have left it some way behind you, turn back towards Mount Star-reach. Turn to 14.

91

You fall into deep slumber and then begin to dream. The Paladin crusader you saw in the Rift appears to you and seems to be giving advice. The shimmering that once limned his sword now surrounds him like a halo. He urges you to enlist the help of the Thieves' Guild, 'though it grieves me to suggest you should have dealings with such people. You may find them in the Red Dragon Inn. They may help you to recover the Talisman from Fell-Kyrinla's temple, where it now lies.' Suddenly the dream seems even more real and the Paladin is shouting, 'Awake, awake! You are in grave danger.' You wake; everything is silent. By the light of the moon you see tendrils of mist curling round the door-jamb. The door crashes open. A pall of mist spills into the stable and a warrior clad in full plate armour, as black as night, and wielding a cruelly spiked mace steps forward. He raises his visor. You can see nothing inside the helmet. Your gaze is held. Now it seems you are looking upon the fires of hell. You are filled with despair as the black mace is raised to crush you. You must fight the DEATH-KNIGHT.

DEATH-KNIGHT SKILL 10 STAMINA 15

If your STAMINA is reduced to 6 or below, turn to 193. If you win turn to 62.

92

'Well if you won't trust me you must go your own way,' he says brusquely. 'If you have lost something and wish to regain it you should contact the Thieves' Guild. That type often frequents the Red Dragon Inn, on the Street of Seven Sins.' You thank him and gather up your belongings. As you leave he calls after you, 'And don't come back, you'll only bring trouble.' You go on your way wondering whether you have made a mistake: could he have helped you? You check your belongings and to your surprise find a pouch you have never seen before, containing five gold pieces. Will you go to the Red Dragon Inn (turn to 57), or head for the temple to Fell-Kyrinla (turn to 221)?

93

The wind whips under your shield and you only just manage to keep your grip on it. You run to attack before the Dragon can cast any more spells. Turn to 382.

94

You have subdued the Griffin, which crouches on the ground before you. You are surprised to hear it speak. 'Spare me, and I will bear you whither you will.' Will you tell it to carry you to the plateau (turn to 86), or leave it and head south-east, away from the hills (turn to 287)?

95

The Captain sneers at you and says sarcastically, 'Why yes, mighty warrior, we shall be glad to do as you ask. You shall dine with our leader, Hawkana, tonight. Mount yourself behind Elvira here,' she says, pointing at one of the younger women. The women begin to chuckle and then the Captain says, 'But first we must take your weapon.' Turn to 142.

96

You catch it by surprise and strike it a mighty blow. It hisses in rage and pain and comes at you with its claws. You must fight the MINION OF DEATH. Each time it strikes you, it draws your life-force, so you lose 1 SKILL point, as well as the normal STAMINA loss.

MINION OF DEATH	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 175.

97

You have run into the gothic building you saw from the road. It is the temple of Death and a huge congregation is taking part in a religious ceremony. Hundreds of black-cowled figures kneel at prayer in the dark, vaulted church. The black candles shed enough light for you to see that many of them have embraced Death already. Quickly, you swathe yourself in one of the black robes of worship hanging by the arch. The organ sounds a loud and doleful chord and the high priest, Somnus, is invited to begin. He raises his arms and his voice echoes round the vaults as he chants an invocation in the same doleful tones. The altar is suffused with red light and a phantom lake of boiling blood appears. Emerging from the lake are six mounted wraiths, hunched figures cloaked in a pall of evil. The blood pours from them as they spur their black hell-steeds into the aisle. Somnus cries, 'I charge you, Instruments of Death, to recover the Talisman!' In unison the long-dead lords reply, their voices harsh with the hatred of ages, 'It shall be done.' The congregation sighs with a mixture of fear and awe. You notice one of them walking to the back of the church where he places a helmet on his head and disappears completely. Will you:

Melt into the congregation and kneel down?	Turn to 157
Make a run for the door?	Turn to 188
Put on one of the helmets?	Turn to 165

98

You tell him everything and he listens with growing amazement. He introduces himself as Apothecus, a sage of history. 'I have heard of the Talisman of Death. You must recover it at all costs.' He suggests that you enlist the help of the Thieves' Guild, as he doesn't think you can recapture it alone. 'It will be in the temple to Fell-Kyrinla by now, I'll warrant. Hawkana, the High Priestess, will be holding it there. Go to the Red Dragon Inn on the Street of Seven Sins. It is dangerous, but you may make contact with the thieves there.' He gives you a breakfast of savoury pancakes and invites you to dinner that evening, saying that he will try to discover more to aid you. 'In the meantime,' he says, 'take these.' He hands you five pieces of gold and a ring. 'It is a ring which increases your skill at arms.' Add 1 to your SKILL score while wearing this ring. As you leave he gives you a jade rose. 'When you return this evening show this and I will know that you are not a shape-changer.' You thank him for his help and leave the bungalow. Will you go to the Red Dragon Inn (turn to 57), or head for the temple (turn to 221)?

99

You continue along the wall and, to your relief, find the postern gate. You duck through and out into the night beyond. Gain 1 LUCK point for escaping the city. Turn to 8.

100

The Priest steps towards you and tells you this story. 'Long ago the minions of the God Death, in the City of the Runes of Doom, fashioned a Talisman that would allow them, if the time was right, to summon their God to the surface of this world. That time has now come. If Death is summoned all life will cease. Only Death's minions will continue to exist in an awful half-life. His presence will spread like a grey shadow across the world of Orb. Everything will turn to dust and the balance of nature will be disrupted for ever. The Loremasters of Serakub, a group of holy people, have striven to prevent this. They sent a group of Crusaders, of which we four alone survive, on a quest to steal the Talisman. The Fleshless King of the minions of Death had sent the Talisman to the depths of the Rift for safe-keeping.

We have entered this pit of evil and seized it.' He pulls a necklace out from under his surcoat. On it hangs a disc of obsidian, in the middle of which is a skull carved in ruby – the Talisman of Death! He hands it to you. 'Here. For the sake of all Orb you must take this Talisman and continue the quest. It cannot be destroyed, but if you can take it to your world, it will be beyond the reach of the claw of the Fleshless King.'

You are impressed by the courage and unselfish fortitude of these people and resolve to continue the quest. You take the Talisman. It feels cold and heavy around your neck. The Wizard turns to you and says, 'I am going to use the powers of magic to transport you to the surface. Head west until you come to the city of learning, Greyguilds-on-the-Moor, where you may discover a way to return to your own world. Do not fail us! Here, take this gold, it may be of use.' He gives you a purse with 10 gold pieces in it. As the Wizard prepares his spell, a horde of creatures boils into the cavern. Turn to 125.

101

The Captain and other members of the patrol start to laugh at you. She throws her head back with her hands on her hips and stares at you. 'Give me your sword and climb up behind Elvira here.' She points to one of the younger women. 'We must take you back to Greyguilds.' Will you hand your sword to her (turn to 155), or refuse to give it up (turn to 142)?

102

The surly men around the ale cellar scowl at you. The barman says, 'Don't know I'm sure. Why don't you ask them?' and then shuts up. One of the men at the table of six says menacingly, 'Yes, come on and ask us.' Turn to 280.

103

You roll through just as the rock slams down with a reverberating crash, inches from your face. You walk down the tunnel until you come to a dark iron door. A message has been painted in shimmering letters upon it – 'One only can be read.' You swing the door open and enter a rectangular room with an iron door in each wall. In the centre of the room stand three pillars, one rectangular, one circular and one square. Will you:

Leave the room through one of the other doors?	Turn to 339
Examine the rectangular pillar?	Turn to 290
Examine the circular pillar?	Turn to 321
Examine the square pillar?	Turn to 345

104

You continue on down Smith Street. There are no shops here and the street is deserted except for a stooping, cowled figure, who looks like a beggar. He comes up to you and suddenly draws himself up to his full height. Inside the cowl there is nothing – no face, just two glowing coals suspended in blackness. Your horror at this apparition turns to dread as it hisses in a sibilant whisper, 'Did you think you could run from Death? Give me the Talisman.' A black-gloved claw reaches out towards you. Do you say that you no longer have the Talisman (turn to 81), or attack this thing immediately (turn to 96)?

105

You jump aside at the last moment but are still caught by the heat of the blast. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you may wish to use one of the following, if you have any of them:

A Vial of Vapours of Speed	Turn to 76
An Amulet made from the Horn of a Unicorn	Turn to 87
A Scroll of Agonizing Doom	Turn to 59
None of these things	Turn to 50

106

The magician conjures up a cloud of blue, green and pink smoke, which engulfs the spectators. While you watch, Tyutchev, the man from the Red Dragon Inn, appears from the shadows and enters the smoke. By the time it clears neither he nor the magician in the grey robes are anywhere to be seen, but the members of the crowd are accusing one another, between coughing fits, of being cutpurses. You realize that Tyutchev and the magician are in cahoots. As you turn to leave, a servant places a silver salver under your nose. It bears a gold-embossed card inviting you to take sherry with one Mortphilio. 'This way if you please,' says the man. You ask who Mortphilio is and he replies, 'One of the elders of the city,' but says no more. Will you go with him (turn to 144), or decline the invitation (turn to 83)?

107

You walk off in the opposite direction. Your leg aches where the man-trap wounded you and you cannot find an inn. Unable to go any further, you curl up in an alley and sleep, despite the cold. Your awakening is rude indeed, for you are being dangled in front of the face of a huge OGRE! He grins evilly as he swings your head against the wall and drops you. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you must fight the Ogre.

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 74.

108

You wake up with a start. It is dawn. You regain any STAMINA points you lost fighting Hawkana in the spirit world. However, you feel as if you had actually fought her and your sleep has had no restorative powers. You gather up your belongings and trudge onward. Turn to 326.

109

Your spirit floats gently towards the Valley of Death. The featureless, wind-blasted plain stretches away endlessly, beyond the horizon. The souls of the dead wander there aimlessly, in solitude. Just as you approach the edge of the valley, an ethereal wind gets up and your soul is wafted away. Soon you feel yourself in the presence of the two who summoned you to this fantastic world of magic. The eyeless being in robes of shifting hues says, 'All is not yet lost.' You understand the words without hearing them. 'If your spirit is willing we will reunite it with your body and turn back the wheels of time.' The other being offers you a choice: 'If you wish it, I will send you back in time. You will be at the lip of the Rift again.' Do you wish to go back in time to attempt the quest again? If you do, he lays a hand on your shoulder. They disappear. You are alive again. Your wounds are healed and you have 10 Provisions. You have only the equipment with which you began the adventure, including the Talisman of Death, if you had lost it. Anything else you picked up on the way has disappeared and will have to be crossed off your Adventure Sheet. Your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK are at their *Initial* levels. Suddenly you are on the surface of Orb once again. Turn to 125.

110

The Hoglord says, 'I will help you, man-thing, for you may help me. An ancient Red Dragon has its lair within Mount Star-reach. It is the guardian of the portals. The last time it awoke, which was before my children were born, it despoiled our villages. You must slay it before you can go through the portals. It breathes fire which one cannot withstand, save when one is sheltered by scales from the Dragon itself. You must steal three of the scales from its lair and fashion a shield out of them.' He gives you a parting gift, a stoppered gourd containing the Gum of an Amber Pine, with which to make the shield. You dine with them on mangoes, nuts and guavas (gain 2 STAMINA points). You thank them and leave. After a long climb you come to a wide cave mouth reeking of sulphur – the Dragon's lair. You decide to enter. Turn to 7.

111

When they see that you have overcome their leader single-handed, the rest of the Orcs turn tail and run. You hurry on down the far side of the hill. Before you lies a steep-sided valley deep in ferns. You decide to head down into it, hoping to elude the Elves. Turn to 203.

112

The wind whirls under your shield, whips it out of your grasp and, to your dismay, hurls it over the summit. The Dragon chuckles and exhales a mighty breath. As the air rushes from its cavernous lungs it ignites. You are consumed by rolling jets of flame and charred to a cinder. Turn to 43.

113

You step over the fallen guard and, pushing open the double doors, enter the Inner Sanctum of the temple. A tall raven-haired woman, Hawkana, the High Priestess, is praying at the altar, upon which lies the Talisman of Death. Beyond the altar is a large marble statue of the Goddess wearing chainmail, her expression arrogant and cruelly beautiful. Hawkana rises and turns. She resembles the statue and is wearing a long dress of black chainmail. Turn to 222.

114

The Priest steps towards you and tells you this story. Long ago the minions of the God Death, in the City of the Runes of Doom, fashioned a Talisman that would allow them, when the time suited their evil designs, to summon their God to the surface of this world. That time has now come. If Death is summoned, all life will cease. Only Death's minions will continue to exist in an awful half-life. His presence will spread like a grey shadow across the world of Orb, which is where you are now. Everything will turn to dust and the balance of nature will be disrupted for ever. The Loremasters of Serakub, a group of holy people, have striven to prevent this. They sent a group of Crusaders, of which we four alone survive, on a quest to steal the Talisman. The Fleshless King of the minions of Death had sent the Talisman to the depths of the Rift for safe-keeping. We have entered this pit of evil

and seized it.' He pulls out a necklace from under his surcoat. On it hangs a disc of obsidian, with a ruby skull carved at its centre – the Talisman of Death! He hands it to you. 'Here. For the sake of all Orb you must take this Talisman and continue the quest. It cannot be destroyed but, if you can return to your own world with it, it will be beyond the reach of the claw of the Fleshless King.'

The hypnotic spell binds you – your whole being is given over to the completing of the quest. The Talisman feels cold and heavy around your neck. The Wizard turns to you and says, 'I am going to use the powers of magic to transport you to the surface. Head west until you come to the city of learning, Greyguilds-on-the-Moor, where you may discover a way to return to your own world. Do not fail us! Here, take this gold, it may be of use.' He gives you a purse with 10 gold pieces in it. As the Wizard prepares his spell, a horde of creatures boils into the cavern. Turn to 125.

115

You tiptoe stealthily towards the Dragon. Its nostrils twitch and a great yellow slitted eye flutters open and fixes you with its gaze. Will you:

Run out of the cavern and up the mountain as fast as you can?	Turn to 335
Stand your ground?	Turn to 170
Run back, hoping to explore the narrow side-tunnel?	Turn to 22

116

You trudge on beneath oppressive grey skies. The Talisman seems to weigh you down, like a millstone round your neck. At last you can see the plateau looming ahead of you, but this does nothing to dispel the nervousness you feel. At dusk you make camp and the dark pall of night engulfs you. Exhausted, you fall asleep. A more vivid dream disturbs your rest. Hawkana appears again, but her outline is hazy and insubstantial. She beckons once more – the void that separates you is neither time nor space. You feel yourself moving towards her and everything around you becomes misty and ethereal. You have been drawn to the edge of the Valley of Death. You must fight her.

HAWKANA'S SPIRIT	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 108. If you lose this combat in the spirit world, turn to 23.

117

You walk with the Priestess into a small grassy square. On the far side of the square stands a magnificent tiered temple, covered by a wonderful hanging garden. A flock of many types of small coloured birds takes flight as you pass two guards and enter through the wide green doors. Inside is a long hall, decorated with flowers. You both kneel in prayer before the altar, which is loaded with grain and fruit. She prays for the protection of all living things. After a few moments of reflection, she takes your hand in hers and leads you into a small room at the side of the hall. On a stand is a suit of silvery chainmail. Lillantha says, 'The All-Mother has spoken to me of your quest. She wishes you to take this – it may be of help.' Thanking her, you put on the chainmail which is miraculously light. It is obviously magical – gain 1 SKILL point. 'One final thing: the gates are guarded by followers of the All-Mother on the evenings of market-days and for the three days following. If you wish to leave the city without others knowing, leave then.' You thank her and, leaving the peace of the temple, return to the hubbub of Store Street. Turn to 130.

118

You have come under the Dragon's spell. He urges you to approach the portal. When you get closer he says, 'You man-things are so easily tricked.' He jumps upon you and rends you limb from limb. Turn to 43.

119

'I manage, mostly,' he says; 'but it puts me in mind of one time not so long ago when things really got out of hand.' He goes on to tell you a story about Heimdol the Mighty. It seems that Heimdol was one of the strongest and most unpleasant men ever to have swilled beer in the Red Dragon. One day a stranger, Tyutchev, accepted his invitation to a bout of arm-wrestling. Heimdol lost for the first time in his life. He was furious and threatened awful reprisals if Tyutchev ever returned. A few nights later Tyutchev did return and began methodically to insult Heimdol and two of his friends. In the inevitable fight which followed Tyutchev killed them all and carved his initials on Heimdol's forehead. 'He worships the God of insane chaos, Anarchil, and since then none has dared gainsay him here, even though they are all thieves and murderers.' You decide the time has come to introduce yourself to the thieves, and you walk over to their table. Turn to 280.

120

You walk down the tunnel until you come to a dark iron door. A message has been painted in shimmering letters upon it – 'One only may be read.' You swing the door open and enter a rectangular room with iron doors in each wall. In the centre of the room stand three small pillars, one rectangular, one circular and one square. Will you:

Leave the room through one of the other doors?	Turn to 339
Examine the rectangular pillar?	Turn to 290
Examine the circular pillar?	Turn to 321
Examine the square pillar?	Turn to 345

121

You sleep again, until the late morning sun, shining into the stable, wakes you. You stretch and your hand touches something cold lying in the straw. It is a gold piece, which you decide to pocket before leaving the stable. If you want to go down one of the side-streets that leads to the Street of Seven Sins and the Red Dragon Inn, turn to 57. If you decide against mixing with thieves and try to take the Talisman from the temple on your own, turn to 221.

122

They accept the ruby, showing their appreciation with bows and snorts. In a friendly manner they motion you to go with them to their village. Will you thank them, but decline and go on your way (turn to 14), or accompany them to their village (turn to 72)?

123

The arrogance of the warrior-women is ruffled at your mention of the City of the Runes of Doom. The Captain hesitates, narrowing her eyes. There is a flicker of fear in the eyes of some of the younger women. The Captain clears her throat and says, 'We must take you to Hawkana, Marshal of the Watch at Greyguilds.' Turn to 152.

124

The guards come back down the stairs and you are attacked from all sides. You fight valiantly but there are too many of them. You are overwhelmed and slain. Turn to 109.

125

Dark Elves and Cave Trolls are pouring into the cavern, attacking the Shieldmaiden. As the Paladin and Priest rush to her aid, you see a huge shadowy form looming behind the sea of Elves and Trolls. The Paladin's glittering sword cuts through the horde but the Dark Elves are using magic and the Shieldmaiden is unable to turn back their attack. She falls beneath their onslaught. The huge fiend howls triumphantly, just as the wizard completes his spell. Turn to 185.

126

At nightfall you set off for the Moorgate hoping that the followers of the All-Mother will now be on guard. As you leave Store Street, a figure steps from the shadows. He wears a hood which conceals his features but you recognize the ornately spiked armour and black-steel sword of a Dark Elf. One of those who attacked the Crusaders in the Rift must have infiltrated the city! He doesn't waste words but swings his sword. You must fight the Dark Elf.

DARK ELF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 249.

127

You force yourself on through the wilds of nature's creation. But the singing of the birds sounds hollow to you and premonitions of death haunt you as you stumble on in a waking dream. At nightfall you build a large fire and set torches around it. Unable to sleep, you wait and listen. The Talisman grows heavy. Soon the wild neighing which disturbed your sleep yesterday peals again, rending the peace of the night. The chilling challenge is answered, again and again. Soon, to your horror, six of the nightmarish horses, eyes and nostrils aflame, appear, each bearing the crooked, life-hating spirit of a Wraith. They form an arc, all staring at you intently. In unison their cracked voices cry, 'We are the instruments of Death. We have come to claim you for our master and to take back his Talisman.' You stand with the fire between yourself and them, but they urge their horses through the flames. Under their attack you feel your life-force ebbing away. You become like them, a travesty of life, for ever doomed to an existence filled with hatred and jealousy of all living things.

128

You are left alone to wonder how the law-keepers of this city could be so cruel as to leave an innocent person in such dire straits. You tear feverishly at the trap, terrified of some footpad slitting your throat for his own vile amusement. Soft footsteps approach. You look over your shoulder and see a man approaching. 'Here,' he says, 'let me rescue you from this trap.' He steps on the release catch, which had been out of your reach and the trap springs open. You step free and he walks along by your side. 'Have you a place to stay tonight? Perhaps you would like to sleep in my humble abode?' he asks, looking sideways at you. You are curious that he should be walking the streets alone at night, but you are also exhausted. Will you accept his offer and go home with him (turn to 143), or decline his offer (turn to 107)?

129

You realize that the Dragon is beguiling you and that you should never allow a Dragon to engage you in conversation. You run forward to attack him. Turn to 382.

130

As you walk along Store Street once more, you notice that the stores are closing. The throng of people hurrying home parts, to make way for a large black carriage drawn by two black mares. They carry plumed headdresses made of long black feathers. The cloaked coachman stares grimly ahead. You step into the gutter to let the coach pass and, as you do so, the coachman reins in. Inside you see an empty black coffin, but the name inscribed in silver letters on the lid is your own. The door of the funeral carriage opens and a handsome man with a silver cane steps down. He is dressed in the finest silver satin and sable furs. A storekeeper greets him. He smiles and nods, then turns to you. 'I am the envoy of Death; I have come for the Talisman,' he says in a voice of doom. As you prepare to resist, a startling transformation takes place, which seems to be ignored by all around. His magnificent furs turn to rags. Where once blue eyes looked out from a finely featured face, now hollow sockets gaze at you from a blackened and cracked skull. His skeletal hand now grips a tarnished rapier. You realize that nobody else can see this transformation. 'Give it to me,' he says. Will you:

Give him the Talisman (if you have it)?	Turn to 179
Attack him immediately?	Turn to 271
Deny that you have it?	Turn to 220

131

Realizing that you cannot stay with the Sage, you set out to find a bed for the night. Turn to 28.

132

You are engulfed in flame. The pain is terrible and you can hardly see. Lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you may wish to use one of the following, if you have any of them:

Vapours of Speed	Turn to 76
Unicorn Amulet	Turn to 87
Scroll of Agonizing Doom	Turn to 59
None of these things	Turn to 50

133

Deduct one unit of Provisions from your Adventure Sheet. Too late, you realize you are handing them salted pork. The Hognen are offended. They demand in grunts that you go with them to their village. Will you go with them (turn to 365), or refuse (turn to 172)?

134

You set off across the rocky broken ground towards the hills. After a short while you notice two armed bands running towards you. The group to the south consists of twenty or more Orcs, snarling as they lope purposefully towards you. They are hunched and misshapen, dressed in greasy, blackened leather and carrying saw-toothed scimitars. Their shields are emblazoned with a purple claw. To the north, you can make out a small group of Dark Elves, similar to those which killed the Shield-maiden. They are tall and lithe, wearing ornately spiked armour and carrying longswords of a dull black metal. They are some way off but are closing fast. Will you:

Head for the Orcs?	Turn to 68
Head for the Elves?	Turn to 214
Run for the hills?	Turn to 63
Hide?	Turn to 148

135

Treading on some dry leaves, you are unlucky to snap a hidden twig. As the BASILISK turns its gaze upon you, your body grows heavy. You fling yourself into the undergrowth as your skin begins to turn a stony grey colour. You have just avoided being turned to stone by the reptile's gaze, but the effects of partial petrification have damaged your muscle fibres. Lose 1 SKILL point. Hastily, you cut a path through the undergrowth and leave the sluggish but deadly monster behind, rejoining the path further on. Turn to **270**.

136

An inscription on the rectangular pillar reads:

Put yourself in the place of the monkey.
To the left is danger; the idle shall act.

As you ponder the meaning of the strange message, a trickle of sand falls on your head. You look up to see the roof cracking and an avalanche of sand starts pouring down. With a grating rumble, a slab of rock starts to fall across the exit ahead. Your only hope is to hurl yourself through the narrowing gap. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your SKILL score turn to **103**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score turn to **215**.

137

You begin rummaging through the trappings of the temple. You feel a tingling sensation in your finger, followed by a sharp pain. Looking at your hand you see that Hawkana's ring is shrinking. You try to pull it off but it is too late. You can only watch as the ring constricts to a solid ball and severs your finger. Lose 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points. You can feel the dreadful malice of the Goddess directed against you and you decide to try the doors. Turn to **16**.

138

You take out the Talisman and examine it carefully. For the first time you notice a glowing inscription, as if the nearness of the minions of Death was lending it power. *I am Death's Talisman. I am protected by the Faceless Ones who serve my wielder.* At nightfall, you build a large fire and set torches around it. Unable to sleep, you wait and listen. The Talisman grows heavy. Soon the wild neighing which disturbed your sleep yesterday peals again, rending the peace of the night. The chilling challenge is answered, again and again. Soon, to your horror, six of the

nightmarish horses, eyes and nostrils aflame, appear, each bearing the crooked life-hating spirit of a Wraith. They form an arc, all staring at you intently. In unison, their cracked voices cry, 'We are the instruments of Death. We have come to claim you for our master and to take back his Talisman.' Will you:

Threaten to cast the Talisman into the fire?	Turn to 388
Try to break through the circle?	Turn to 164
Try to use the power of the Talisman?	Turn to 46

139

Inside, working at an anvil, is a brawny man, glistening with sweat. He is fashioning the hilt of a sword. Other finished swords stand in a rack along one side of the shop. 'Take your pick. Seven gold pieces,' he says, without looking up. You may buy one if you wish (turn to 160), or thank him and leave (turn to 104).

140

You can hear the clank of armour as a group of guards rushes past the arras, heading up the stairs. You continue down until you reach the double doors at the bottom. A guard remains on duty before them. She shouts a warning and runs forward to attack you. You must fight her.

TEMPLE GUARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If she is still alive after five combat rounds, turn to 124. If you win within five combat rounds, turn to 113.

141

Harg disappears before the hammer lands. 'Very good,' says Thaum. 'Now, what about this?' Turn to 171.

142

At a command from the Captain, the circle of horses closes in on you. You draw your sword and manage to wound one of the women before you are attacked from all sides. They are strong fighters and use the flat blades of their swords to stun you. You drop your sword and fall to the ground. Lose 2 SKILL points. When you acquire another sword, you may restore them. There are too many warriors to resist, so you decide to do as you are told for a while and accept a helping hand on to Elvira's horse. She does not look too pleased that you are going to sit behind her all the way to Greyguilds. You console yourself with the thought that at least you are going in the right direction. Turn to 257.

143

The man's house is a small stone bungalow. He leads you into his bedroom and offers you a straw-filled mattress behind a curtain. Thankful for the chance to rest, you go to sleep without asking any questions. You sleep deeply and regain 4 STAMINA points. You wake to find that your host is sitting watching you. 'I hope you are well rested. You talked in your sleep.' He smiles at you and says, 'Do you need help? Has someone stolen something from you? How did you come to be trapped, alone on the street late at night?' If you want to tell him the whole story and ask him for advice, turn to 98. If you would prefer to say that you cannot answer, turn to 92.

144

You are led along tree-lined avenues, through a quarter of the city you have not yet visited. Ahead of you is a large gothic building with pinnacles surmounted by bat-like gargoyles. Before you reach it, the servant leads you into a nearby house. You follow him through to a dark parlour at the back.

The walls are made of pale bamboo and in a gloomy corner a decrepit-looking invalid is sitting in a bath-chair, most of his form hidden under blankets. The servant lights four large black candles before leaving you alone with Mortphilio. 'Thank you for coming. It is seldom that I entertain anyone who looks so vital and full of life.' His voice is hoarse and he finds it an effort to speak. The smoke from the candles makes you feel sleepy, but you are startled back to full awareness when a human skull on the mantelpiece starts to talk. 'This is the one, master.' At a command from Mortphilio, the skull lifts off the mantelpiece and hovers, shadowy wings holding it aloft. 'Kill,' says the necromancer and the skull hurtles towards you, jaws snapping. You must fight the WINGED SKULL

WINGED SKULL SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win turn, to **396**.

145

Scarface says, 'What do you mean? Are you suggesting we are thieves?' There is an edge in his voice and a tension among his comrades, two of whom have their hands upon their daggers. Will you:

Hotly deny it?	Turn to **272**
Say that you are?	Turn to **281**
Ignore this, and say you have valuable information for them?	Turn to **246**

146

The Dragon exhales a mighty breath. As the air rushes from its lungs it ignites and rolling jets of flame fill the cavern. You are charred to a cinder. Turn to **43**.

147

You hide in the middle of a clump of bushes and peer out into the clearing. After a while, the Druid reappears in front of you. 'Since you have chosen to further defile the Sacred Grove by remaining here, I shall assume you have no wish to leave.' Before you can move, he utters some strange words and the bushes begin to grow around you. The leafy tendrils which wrap themselves around your limbs are surprisingly tough. You are held fast. You plead with him to free you but to no avail. After three days without water you slip from delirium into a coma, from which you never recover.

148

You dart down a gully and conceal yourself as best you can in a crack in the rock that reeks of sulphur, hoping that the stream of pebbles you dislodged will not give you away. Soon you can hear the ominous sounds of snuffling as the Orcs try to sniff you out. Suddenly one of them cries out – you have been discovered! You struggle out of your hiding-place and draw your sword but you are bowled over in the rush. One of them grabs your pouch of gold. The coins fly out into the air. Immediately they begin to squabble over the spoils. They do not notice that the group of Elves have appeared at the top of the gully and are looking down. Without a word, the five Elves descend upon the Orcs and, thanks to their magic, soon prevail. Seizing your opportunity, you grab your empty pouch and flee over the hill into the valley beyond. Turn to 203.

149

You turn left down Hornbeam Road, looking for the coal-hole. You see what looks like a coal-cellar at the back of a dilapidated warehouse. You duck into it and find a small crawl-way hidden on the other side of the pile of coal. You crawl down a chute and out into a small passageway that winds for some distance beneath the city. You come to a door and push it open. You step into a magnificently furnished room; evidently the Thieves' Guild lacks nothing. A group of men is waiting for you, lounging on sofas. Some of them you recognize from the Red Dragon Inn, in particular the one with a scar running from ear to chin. Turn to 209.

150

'We are the priesthood of Death,' says one of the figures. 'We have come for what is ours.' Your arms are held and you are searched. Realizing that you are not carrying the Talisman, they step back. One of them strikes you across the face. 'Where is it hidden – worm?' Suddenly, the clatter of hooves disturbs the menacing priests. A large group of riders carrying torches comes into sight and the priests melt back into the shadows as silently as they came. The riders of the Watch halt before you. 'You're in a pretty pickle. That's one less problem for us tonight, eh, girls?' This provokes a gale of laughter but you fail to see the funny side as they ride off, leaving you held fast in the jaws of the trap. Turn to 128.

151

They stare and you cannot be sure what effect your gestures are having, or even if they can understand you at all. Will you:

Offer them some dried meat, if you have any left?	Turn to 133
Offer them a ruby, if you have one?	Turn to 122
Attack them?	Turn to 172

152

The Captain of the patrol demands that you surrender your sword, and says, 'Climb up behind Elvira there.' She points to one of the younger women. Will you obey (turn to 155), or refuse (turn to 142)?

153

With a shock, you realize that your foot is poking out under the arras. You pull it back as fast as you can, but you hear footsteps stopping on the other side. A woman's voice rings out, 'Ha! A rat, dead for a silver.' She plunges her sword through the arras and into your stomach. Within moments you are dead. Turn to 109.

154

As the sun rises, you set off once more across the wild plains. With every hour that passes, the Talisman seems to grow heavier. You realize that it is registering the presence of the minions of Death. Do you wish to examine it again (turn to 138), or keep it hidden in case it may draw them to you (turn to 127)?

155

Elvira helps you up behind her. She appears none too pleased at the prospect of sharing her horse with you and you ride in silence across the wilderness. Lose 2 SKILL points until you acquire another sword. Turn to 257.

156

You come out into the Street of Seven Sins and soon find the Red Dragon Inn. Steps lead downwards and the sound of raucous laughter floats up from the smoke-filled gloom below. You enter and walk over to the only part of the dive where it is light enough to make anything out. Passing tables and stools, you come to the bar, behind which stands the bulky proprietor of the inn. Do you have the brass tiger charm? If you do, turn to 11. If you do not, turn to 3.

157

You kneel at the end of a row of worshippers. A golden chalice is being passed along and each member of the congregation drinks from it. Your neighbour drinks with relish and then turns to you; his face is waxen and white, but his eyes are crimson and bloodshot. Blood drips from his vampire fangs. He hands you the chalice and you have to drink. It is human blood, cursed in Death's name. It curdles in your stomach, and you are seized by a palsy and lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you see the wraiths ride into the inner chapel, accompanied by Somnus, and the congregation begins to file out. You manage to gain the street without being noticed and, flinging the black robe away, you set out in search of the Thieves' Guild. Turn to 83.

158

You ask the scholars to use their spell. 'Something appears to be wrong,' mumbles Moreau guiltily. The spell is not working. Out of the corner of your eye you can see him gesticulating as if casting a spell, but the beast is unaffected. You must fight it to the death. Return to the paragraph you came from. You may not appeal for help again.

159

You force through heavy undergrowth for some time, making your way over the hill and into the thick, wooded valley on the other side. You then take a trail heading west and are making good speed until, rounding a corner, you see a huge brown scaled lizard with eight legs, basking in the sun. Its heavy horned jaw is filled with long pointed teeth. You may *Test your Luck* to see if you can slip past without waking it. If you are Lucky, turn to 267. If you are Unlucky, turn to 135. If you prefer not to take this risk and leave the path to cut a way through the undergrowth, turn to 384.

160

You choose a sword which feels well balanced. It is a well-crafted longsword, similar to those used by the warrior-women. You may restore the 2 SKILL points you lost if you had your sword taken. You pay the man and leave. Turn to 104.

161

Before you plunge your arm into the water, you notice that the sap from the tree is healing a small graze on your wrist. You realize it has healing powers and decide to collect some more sap from the branch you cut from the tree. You may use the Sap of the Willow to restore 4 STAMINA points once, when you think it will help you most. Moving quickly away from the spring you decide to follow the small river that runs through the valley, heading west. Turn to 39.

162

'We are the priesthood of Death,' says one of the figures. 'We have come for what is ours.' Your arms are held and you are searched. The Talisman is torn from you by their leader. 'I have it, brothers, I have it,' he exclaims in triumph. 'Now may our Lord enter his kingdom.' They cheer loudly, oblivious to the approach of a large group of riders. 'Stand, make no move,' a woman's voice rings out. It is the Watch. One of the priests mumbles an unholy incantation. You see a wave of fear break over the women and their steeds. Some cannot control their horses, others flee, but the bravest charge the priests with loud cries of battle. The priests are unprepared: some are knocked to the ground, others make good their escape, as silently as they came. The Talisman falls to the ground, its bearer decapitated as he turns to flee. It is caught up by one of the Watch, who announces her intention of taking it to the temple of Fell-Kyrinla. They wheel their horses and ride away, leaving you to rot. You have lost the Talisman. Cursing bitterly, you resolve that if you escape you will not rest until you have regained it. Turn to 128.

163

You land safely next to the thieves. Scarface looks surprised to see you. 'Bloodheart?' he inquires. 'Failed, you treacherous dogs,' you reply, brandishing your sword. Jemmy the Rat turns tail and flees across the roof-tops. Lord Min looks at Scarface and shrugs. 'I'm not fighting the killer of Hawkana,' he says. They swing under the eaves and climb like spiders to an open window. Not wishing to attempt this climb, you make your way back to the safe house across the roof-tops, and climb down to the street, where you stop to regain your breath before leaving the city. Turn to 235.

164

You thrust the torch at the head of one of the nightmarish steeds; the flames flicker, but earthly fire cannot harm them and their riders urge them at you. Under their attack you feel your life-force ebbing away. You become like them, a travesty of life, for ever doomed.

165

Worshippers make way for you as you walk towards the helmet, your face shrouded in the cowl of the black robe. It is standing on a table and is made of interwoven silver bands. You place it in your head and find yourself outside in the street. The helmet bestows quickness of thought and reaction to its wearer. Add 1 to your SKILL score. You guess that powerful Priests of Death use the helmets to come and go from the temple without being seen. Feeling lucky to be alive you set out to find the Thieves' Guild. Turn to 83.

166

Smiling delightedly, she asks about Wodeman. You tell her what happened in the Sacred Grove. 'Then you are welcome at the temple. I am Lillantha, a Priestess of the All-Mother, Fountain of Life. I am on my way to prayer. Perhaps you would like to join me?' Will you accompany her (turn to 117), or decline and say you must be on your way (turn to 130)?

167

Their eyes narrow and suddenly a terrible pain shoots into your kidneys. A thief has crept up silently behind you and knifed you in the back (lose 6 STAMINA points). If you are still alive, you whirl round and back to the bar. You see a wiry young man holding a dagger dripping with your blood. The thieves close in but with your back to the bar only three can attack you. You must fight all three at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BACK-STABBER	6	6
SCARFACE	7	9
Second CUT-THROAT	7	8

If you kill Back-stabber and reduce Scarface's STAMINA to 5 or less, turn to **259**.

168

As you touch the door, the SERPENT comes to life. It strikes like lightning, sinking its venomous fangs into your neck. The poison is deadly. You stagger, your blood boiling, but you are paralysed and cannot even inhale. You die of suffocation. Turn to 43.

169

Two newcomers enter the Red Dragon ale cellar. The first is a very tall, wiry, man whose frame is draped in a black cloak. The only hint of colour is his hair, very curly and dyed bright corn-yellow. The second is a handsome young woman dressed in a bizarre patchwork of armour. The barman mutters under his breath, then forces his face into a smile. 'Tyutchev, Cassandra, welcome!' he shouts obsequiously. The thieves move away from you to sit at another table. Tyutchev strolls to the bar and orders a drink. Cassandra sits opposite you, at your table. She ignores you and Tyutchev joins her. Will you:

Say nothing?	Turn to 2
Get up and leave the ale cellar?	Turn to 363
Introduce yourself?	Turn to 374

170

The Dragon raises its head. 'Good-day to you, man-ling.' It speaks! Its voice is as soft as honey. It appears to smile and you feel it may be friendly to you. 'Welcome to my lair. Are you looking for something? Can I help?' Will you try to make friends with the Dragon (turn to 317), or tell it of the Talisman and your need to pass through the portal (turn to 356)?

171

While Tyutchev draws his sword, Thaum points at you. From his finger a ball of multi-coloured fire flies towards you. Will you try to avoid the fireball by running at Tyutchev (turn to 244), or hold your ground (turn to 225)?

172

They lower their heads and charge at you. You wound two of them before another catches you with his tusks. The tremendous momentum of his charge pitches you on to your back. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, they pin you down and drag you off to their village. Turn to 365.

173

'Impossible,' snaps the Captain, 'The Spires lie to the west of Greyguilds and you are going towards it not coming away from it. You are under arrest.' Turn to 152.

174

The Wraith and its hell-steed seem to disappear in the wind. It may be a trick of the wind, but you seem to hear a ghostly voice whispering, 'We shall return.' The Talisman feels lighter again. With a sigh of relief, you lie down to sleep. You awake, feeling better. Gain 2 STAMINA points and restore all but 1 of the SKILL points you have lost fighting the Wraith. Turn to 154.

175

Your last blow meets no resistance. The grey cloak billows to the ground in a heap. All is silent except for a sudden keening of the wind. You rest and begin to overcome the shock to your system. If you have lost any SKILL points, all but 1 are restored. Cautiously, you move on, coming to Silver Street. Turn to 85.

176

The vile monstrosity sinks to the ground, squelching in a pool of blood and green ichor. The stench of its spilled entrails is nauseating. The sages are woebegone at the death of their creation, but they help you out of the pit. 'I'm sorry,' says Moreau, 'my spell did not work. What a shame you had to kill her.' You shake your head at their madness and ask for your gold. Polonius dives his hands into various pockets and folds of his robes, a look of consternation crossing his features. He is about to make some excuse, when he sees your growing anger. Eventually, he offers you a magic scroll as payment instead. It contains a Spell of Agonizing Doom, which you can use once only. You accept, take your leave, and head for the house of the Sage. Turn to 273.

177

You charge at the Druid, your sword raised. Before you can strike, your jaw drops in amazement. Where once there was a man carrying an oak staff, there is now a skylark. Trilling shrilly, it flies around you and away. After a few minutes you see the skylark wheeling above you again. It could be trying to draw attention to you, or perhaps it is preparing to attack you itself. If you leave the clearing, turn to 187. If you wish to stay and hide, turn to 147.

178

The Dragon says, 'You must believe me. If you do not, you will die trying the portal, and I cannot carry the Talisman through.' Its honey-smooth voice beguiles you with its gentle charm. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 129. If you are Unlucky, turn to 118.

179

You hastily hand the Talisman to the skeletal envoy of Death. As he receives it, he seems to draw unholy strength from it. 'You fool,' he mocks, his voice deep and resonant, full of malice. He touches you with the Talisman uncannily quickly. It is as if Death himself had touched you and your heart beats no more. Nothing can save you. Your quest ends here.

180

You run down the stairs four at a time. You reach another landing before you hear the tramp of feet coming up from below. Thinking quickly, you hide behind an arras. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 140. If you are Unlucky, turn to 153.

181

The cut-throat yields and you are looked at with some admiration and respect. The barman tries to make light of things saying, 'You are truly a mighty warrior – you could even be a match for Tyutchev.' He tells you the story of Heimdol the Mighty. It seems that Heimdol was one of the strongest and most unpleasant men ever to swill ale at the Red Dragon. One day a stranger, Tyutchev, accepted his challenge to a bout of arm-wrestling. Heimdol lost for the first time in his life. He was furious and threatened awful reprisals if Tyutchev ever returned. A few nights later Tyutchev did return and began to insult Heimdol and two of his friends. In the inevitable fight which followed, Tyutchev killed them all and carved his initials on Heimdol's forehead. 'He worships the God of insane chaos, Anarchil, and since that night none has dared gainsay him here.' If you want to ask the whereabouts of the Thieves' Guild, turn to 210. If you would rather ask the cut-throats for aid in completing some unfinished business, turn to 223.

182

'We are scholars,' says Moreau excitedly. 'Vivisection is our field of study. We use surgery and magic to create new forms of life. Just wait till you see our creation.' They take you to a large sunken pit in the middle of the massive greenhouse. The pit is ringed at the top with downward pointing spikes. They lower a ladder and you all descend into it. In a barred cage at the edge of the pit is a most loathsome sight. The scholars' creation is a massive beast with the body of a giant cockroach, six giant arms for legs and two heads, one above the other. The top one is the head of a crocodile and below is the warty face of an ogre. 'Isn't she beautiful?' says Moreau. Polonius says, 'We need a valiant warrior to test her. We want her to be used as a war-beast. Do not worry, though; the minute she looks like harming you, Polonius here will put her to sleep with a special spell.' The ogre face, which looks distinctly male, roars and slavers. If you want to say, 'Thank you, no, I'm not fighting that,' and leave immediately, turn to **201**. If you would rather say, 'This should be interesting,' and prepare to fight the beast, turn to **189**.

183

You turn right, down Trader's Row, and walk for some way, looking for the storm-drain. Eventually you see it and, checking that you are unobserved, jump down it. You land up to your ankles in slime. You wade down the huge drain until you come to a small round door set in the left-hand wall. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 238. If you are Unlucky, turn to 205.

184

An inscription on the circular pillar reads:

Behind the symbol on the first door
lies that which you risk your life for.

As you try to work out the meaning of this strange message, a pool of water forms around your feet. You look up just as a crack splits the ceiling. A torrent of water pours down. You jump forward as, with a grating rumble, a slab of rock starts to fall from the roof across the exit ahead. Your only hope is to throw yourself through the narrowing gap. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your SKILL score, turn to 103. If the result is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 215.

185

Suddenly, you are in blinding sunshine. You are standing at the lip of an immense chasm. You realize that this must be the Rift the Crusaders spoke of. The rocky earth is blackened and cracked, full of pits and fissures, and noisome fumes rise from the depths of the chasm. To the west you see a range of green hills partially covered in trees and thick woodland. A few hundred metres to your right you can see where a forest begins, extending all the way to the hills. You realize that you must head in the direction of the hills to reach Greyguilds – but which route will you take? If you go through the forest, turn to 256. If you would rather take the more direct route across open ground, turn to 134.

186

You leave the building and continue on down Booker's Walk. The streets are already deserted and there are few lights in this part of the city. You search for the welcoming light of an inn. Then, without warning, the steel teeth of a hidden man-trap snap shut round your leg, ripping your flesh. You are in terrible pain. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Shadowy figures loom out of the murk all around you. Their faces glow with a sickly pallor in the moonlight. They are wearing black robes clasped at the neck by shrunken human skulls. Do you still have the Talisman of Death? If you have, turn to 162. If you have not got it, turn to 150.

187

You leave the clearing, anxious that you should not anger the Druid further by staying in the Sacred Grove. Turn to 159.

188

You run for the door to the street at the back of the church. Somnus sees you and points majestically. 'Die,' he whispers. A huge dark figure appears before you, a great black sword in its hand. It has black wings of shadow and a tall white crest sweeps back from the black helmet which hides its features. Your heart palpitates wildly and then stops beating. The mere sight of the ANGEL OF DEATH destroys you. You will wander the barren plain of the Valley of Death until the end of time.

189

'Excellent, excellent,' enthuses Moreau. They climb the ladder and draw it up behind them. With a clang the bars of the cage slide into the ground. The beast comes towards you, intent on making you its next meal. You must fight the VIVISECT. The Sages produce wax tablets and begin to take notes.

VIVISECT SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

You may appeal for help at any time. If you do, remember this reference number and turn to 158. If you do not appeal and win, turn to 176.

190

When you have laid your weapons aside, the Dragon beckons you to the portal. When you get close it says, 'You man-things are so easily tricked.' It jumps upon you and rends you limb from limb. Turn to 43.

191

The Captain nods and says, 'We will escort you safely to Greyguilds. These moors are well known for brigands. Perhaps you would like to ride behind Elvira here.' She points to one of the younger women. You thank her and accept a helping hand up, thankful to rest your legs. Elvira does not seem too pleased at having to share her horse with you and you ride across the wilderness in silence. Turn to **268**.

192

At last you reach the floor of the plateau itself. It seems your aching legs have forgotten how to walk on level ground. The vegetation is lush, like a tropical rain forest, and your clothes cling to you, damp with perspiration. As you pause to listen to the screech of a scarlet macaw a group of HOGMEN burst from the vegetation in front of you. They are blue-grey, hairy and have heads like tusked boars. Will you tell them that you mean no harm (turn to **151**), or attack them (turn to **172**)?

193

You are weakening. You realize you are close to death. A sudden blinding light halts the Death-knight's onslaught. To your amazement the Paladin crusader stands before you, bathed in a silvery radiance. The Death-knight steps back, shielding its face. The Paladins' Holy Sword hums through the air and cuts the Death-knight in two. As abruptly as he came, the Paladin disappears. There is no sign of your adversary but the Holy Sword remains, casting a glow where it lies on the straw. You pick it up, realizing that it is meant for you to use in your struggle against Death. As you grasp it, your wounds heal magically. You regain 6 STAMINA points. You may add 1 to your SKILL when using the Holy Sword. Turn to **121**.

194

You drive your sword into his back. He lets out a scream of pain as he dies. Lord Min, a small, agile young man is behind you. He says, 'Sloppily done. We may all pay for that. Now, hurry!' Turn to **283**.

195

You continue along Cobbler's Walk, turning a corner or two. Suddenly, a body comes crashing through a nearby window into the street. Splinters of glass fly everywhere, but you are unharmed. Moving closer you see the mangled corpse of a man dressed in black robes covered with odd symbols. A door to the nearby house bursts open and a man dressed in a silver robe with black symbols, runs into the street screaming, 'Flee! Run for your life!' as he disappears. In the open doorway a monstrous figure now stands. It springs at you with a demonic howl. It is three metres high, with the head and hind legs of an elk. Its bloated humanoid torso is mottled blue and grey and its breath clouds the air with crystals of ice. It points at you and a gale of freezing sleet hits you. The chill is almost crippling – lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, the Demon reaches for you with its powerful talons. You must fight it.

ICE DEMON	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 61.

196

The Sage shows you to a side room, full of reading desks. A few are occupied by students of history, young and old. With an expansive gesture he points to a wall lined with shelves, which are filled with scrolls and tablets. You choose a set of scrolls called *Greyguilds Revisited*, by Nyleve. It is the story of a dissolute young nobleman who failed to take advantage of the education offered by the Guilds of Learning. You are able to glean much interesting information about the city. The religious orders hold all the power. You are astonished to find that Vagar, the God of thieves, liars and cut-throats, has most followers within the city. There is a temple to Death in the city as well. Indeed it seems that Greyguilds is not the tranquil city that it once was. The armed forces protecting the city come from two groups, the warrior-women who worship the evil goddess Fell-Kyrinla, and the followers of the All-Mother. Greyguilds lies on the edge of a large plain, called the Manmarch, or lands of men. It is just one of many cities in this part of the world. As you are wondering whether you will ever visit Doomover, or the Spires of Foreshadowing, the other students begin filing out. With a start you realize it is already dark and you leave quickly, looking for a safe place to sleep. Turn to 186.

197

Suddenly, from behind you, the Captain shouts, 'Look out! Ambush! Everybody duck!' You hear the sound of an arrow whistling through the air as Elvira ducks in front of you. Will you duck (turn to 240) or wait to see what happens (turn to 224)?

198

'You have come across the wilderness? Did you by any chance come across a man dressed in green robes similar to my own? He would have carried an oak staff and worn a crown of mistletoe; he would have told you his name.' Will you answer:

'I did not meet him'?	Turn to 226
'His name was Dwithian'?	Turn to 212
'His name was Wodeman'?	Turn to 166

199

As you are looking around you, checking that there is no mate near by to avenge her death, a green-robed figure appears in the centre of the clearing, as if by magic. He has an oak staff in one hand and a silver sickle in the other. A crown of mistletoe rests on his head. Striking the ground with his staff, he says, 'I am the Guardian Druid of this Sacred Grove and you have slain my friend, Snowmane, and left her cubs motherless. May the hand that killed her never be still.' You feel a tremor running down your arm – your sword-hand begins to shake. Lose 1 SKILL point for the Druid's curse. If you attack the Druid in order to force him to lift the curse, turn to 177. If you decide not to risk further dealings with this man and leave the clearing, turn to 159.

200

During the fight the brass tiger charm falls to the floor. Now that it is gone you realize that it was cursed and that it forced you to insult the barman. You make no attempt to recover it. The cut-throat yields and you are looked at with some admiration and respect. The barman tries to make light of things saying, 'You are truly a mighty warrior – you could even be a match for Tyutchev.' He tells you the story of how Tyutchev beat Heimdol the Mighty. It seems that Heimdol was one of the strongest and most unpleasant men ever to swill ale at the Red Dragon. One day a stranger, Tyutchev, accepted his challenge to a bout of arm-wrestling. Heimdol lost for the first time in his life. He was furious and threatened awful reprisals if Tyutchev ever returned. A few nights later Tyutchev did return and began to insult Heimdol and two of his friends. In the inevitable fight which followed, Tyutchev killed them all and carved his initials on Heimdol's forehead. 'He worships the God of insane chaos, Anarchil, and since that night none has dared gainsay him here.' If you want to ask the whereabouts of the Thieves' Guild, turn to 236. If you would rather ask them for aid in completing some unfinished business, turn to 246.

201

'Ah well, that's a pity,' says Polonius, and presses the far wall of the pit. With a great clang bars spring up between you and the two scholars. To your horror you see that at the same time the bars separating you from their awful creation have slid into the ground. The beast comes towards you, intent on turning you into a meal. You must fight the VIVISECT. The scholars produce wax tablets and begin to take notes.

VIVISECT SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

You may appeal for help at any time. If you do, remember this reference number and turn to 158. If you do not appeal, and win, turn to 176.

202

The guard beckons you inside the temple. Just as you enter you almost bump into Hawkana, the tall, raven-haired High Priestess. 'Who is this?' she barks. The guard explains that you claim to be a secret messenger, but have failed to give any password. Hawkana says, 'This person is no messenger. Die, desecrator!' Cursing your ill luck at meeting Hawkana so soon after entering the temple, you turn to run. Hawkana lets out a scream of invocation, calling on the powers of her Goddess. A pillar of flame engulfs you as the power of Fell-Kyrinla is unleashed. You are burnt to a cinder. Turn to 109.

203

When you reach the floor of the valley, you find a pool into which a spring is bubbling. Feeling thirsty after having come so far, you step forward to the pool to drink where the branches of a gnarled old willow meet the water. Almost immediately you begin to feel strangely sleepy and realize that you are swaying, about to topple into the pool. *Test your luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 36. If you are Unlucky, turn to 319.

204

Just as you approach a door ahead, you hear a crack and the sound of rushing water behind you. A slab of rock is slithering down, slowly blocking the exit from the room you have just left. It suddenly slams to the floor with a crash, before much of the water that is filling the room can flow into the tunnel towards you. You can only go on. Turn to 120.

205

As you are about to open the door, you hear a click and something thumps you on the back. Looking down you see the bloody head of a harpoon protruding from your stomach. Your hands clutch at the gaping wound as you try to stop your entrails spilling into the slime of the sewer. Mercifully, death takes you swiftly. Turn to 109.

206

You strike the old temple-servant across the back of his neck with the pommel of your sword. He collapses soundlessly. You go to tie him up. 'Good work,' says Lord Min, a small, agile young man. 'Now I'll finish it.' He steps forward with his dagger, meaning to slit the old man's throat. Will you stop him (turn to 251), or let him kill the old man (turn to 239)?

207

Your pitch-soaked torch flares brightly. The WRAITH reins its hell-steed in before you. It carries an aura of fear but you stare defiantly into the black emptiness of its face. It hisses with frustration and, in a voice hoarse with age, says, 'Death will take what is his and you shall become one of us. For we shall return with our full strength – we are the instruments of Death.' It turns its nightmarish steed and disappears into the night. Your rest thereafter is troubled and you regain only 1 STAMINA point. Turn to 154.

208

The footsteps come on and from the air above you a dull rasping voice intones: 'I am a spirit of the dead and we are beyond number.' Suddenly a terrible blow knocks you backwards. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You must fight the UNSEEN STALKER, striking out blindly and hoping your thrusts will harm it.

UNSEEN STALKER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 250.

209

Scarface looks you up and down for a moment. Then he says, 'Right, I'll get the Guildmaster, we'll see what he has to say.' There is an uneasy silence before he returns with another man. Scarface says, 'This is Vagrant, Guildmaster of Thieves.' Vagrant is a handsome, middle-aged man wearing an ermine jacket. Twirling his moustache, he asks you the purpose of your visit. What will you say:

You need help to steal something?	Turn to 315
You want to steal the Talisman of Death?	Turn to 276
You will lead them to a hoard of priceless jewellery?	Turn to 291

210

Your request comes out more like a demand, spoken tersely and loudly. Nevertheless, one of them tells you that the entrance to the Thieves' Guild is through an open storm-drain which leads into the sewers near Trader's Row. You gruffly tell them to meet you there at midday tomorrow. You decide to leave straight away, before you insult anyone else. On your way to the door the gloom darkens as two people come down the steps from the street. The first has to stoop to avoid hitting his head. His tall wiry frame is wreathed in a cloak that seems to deepen the darkness about him. The only hint of colour is his hair, very curly and dyed bright corn-yellow. The second is a handsome young

woman, dressed in a bizarre patchwork of armour. 'Tyutchev, Cassandra, welcome!' cries the barman obsequiously. They wait for you to step out of their way. 'Get out of my way, Orc breath,' you say before you can stop yourself. With a flash of insight you realize the brass tiger charm must be cursed. Tyutchev smiles. They step to either side of you, drawing their swords. Together they strike with the speed and grace of panthers. Tyutchev's sword is almost as tall as you are and he wields it negligently in one hand. Cassandra's glows coldly. Every time she hits you, subtract 3 STAMINA points.

	SKILL	STAMINA
TYUTCHEV	10	12
CASSANDRA	9	10

If you reduce Cassandra's STAMINA to 4 or less she drops back and Tyutchev moves in to cover her. If you reduce Tyutchev's STAMINA to 4 or less, turn to 355.

211

The Dragon says, 'This is a grave matter indeed. The Talisman must go through the portal. I will tell you something: I cannot pass through the portal. As you can see, it is too small for my bulk. You can pass through, but only if you leave behind any metal you are carrying. The gods have set a powerful magic to stop weapons being brought through from the other side. I will let you pass but, for your own sake you must do as I suggest.' Will you lay down any weapons and money before stepping through (turn to 190), or ask him if he takes you for a fool (turn to 178)?

212

'I see,' she says shortly and turns away. She walks off and is soon lost in the crowd. You shrug your shoulders and walk on. Turn to 130.

213

You run back into the room with the skylight, but there is nothing to be seen. The rope is gone and the skylight is shut. You hear the tramp of feet coming up the stairs. You look around desperately but there is nowhere to hide. Ten of the warrior-women burst in. You fight valiantly but there are too many of them. You are overwhelmed and slain. Turn to **109**.

214

As you close with the Elves, one of them makes a strange gesture. You realize with horror that he is using magic. A drowsy paralysis seizes your limbs and you are unable to move. Laughing cruelly, they bind you hand and foot. You are to be taken down into the Rift and you will never see daylight again. Your quest ends here.

215

Too late. The descending rock traps you and your ribcage collapses like a concertina. Turn to **43**.

216

The boy leads you to the Guilds of Learning. You hurry down a cloister, which surrounds a square of tall grass speckled with scarlet poppies, and on towards a huge greenhouse made of tarred wood and glass. Two scholars wearing the pale blue robes of the Sages come out to greet you. One is spindly and bald, the other is very chubby and peers at you through his pince-nez. They are obviously pleased to see you and introduce themselves as Moreau and Polonius. The fat one, Polonius, asks you to come with them, if you would like to earn twenty gold pieces for twenty minutes' work. Will you go with them into the greenhouse (turn to **182**), or politely decline and go back to the Sage's house (turn to **273**)?

217

You creep up behind the old man as he shuffles along the corridor. Will you use the pommel of your sword and try to knock him out (turn to **206**), or strike him down with your sword (turn to **194**)?

218

Hastily, you leave the clearing. Luckily, it seems she was interested only in protecting her cubs. You press on through the wood towards the hills, skirting the clearing. Turn to 159.

219

As you run through the darkness the Talisman grows heavier, weighing you down. You cannot keep ahead of your pursuer. A flaming hoof strikes you down. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you must fight this monstrous WRAITH. Whenever it hits you, you feel a cold, numbing sensation as it drains your life-force. Lose 1 SKILL point each time it strikes you.

WRAITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 174.

220

'Lies,' it hisses, and lunges at you with its rapier before you can move. A chill numbness spreads from the wound and you feel as if your life-blood is being drained away. Lose 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points. Now you must fight the ENVOY OF DEATH. Each time it strikes you, you must lose 1 SKILL point as well as the normal STAMINA loss.

ENVOY OF DEATH	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 254.

221

You spot one of the warrior-women who you know are members of the temple of Fell-Kyrinla. Hoping she is on her way to the temple, you follow her at a distance. Eventually, you come to a building made of a white stone, with dark grey columns. Steps lead up to the entrance between two pillars and there is a guard at the top. What will you do:

Attack the guard?	Turn to 234
Tell her you have a message for the High Priestess?	Turn to 202
Give up and go to the Red Dragon Inn	Turn to 24

222

'How dare you desecrate the temple. How dare you interrupt me when I'm speaking with the Goddess,' she says softly, white with rage. 'I dedicate your soul to the Goddess.' She drives her fist into the air and chops it downwards. A pillar of flame descends from the vaulted roof. Roll one die. If you score 1–4, turn to 105. If you score a 5 or a 6, turn to 132.

223

They appear interested and offer you some ale. You accept a mug and do not drink. You suggest that in helping you they might gain a great deal. They agree to meet you and tell you to come to the Thieves' Guild at midday tomorrow, via the disguised coal-hole in Hornbeam Road. You are beginning to chat to them when two newcomers enter the ale cellar. 'Ah! Tyutchev, Cassandra, welcome!' cries the barman obsequiously. The thieves with whom you are sitting move quickly to another table. The first stranger is a very tall, wiry, man whose

frame is wreathed in a black cloak which seems to deepen the darkness around him. The only hint of colour is his hair, very curly and dyed bright corn-yellow. The second is a handsome young woman dressed in a bizarre patchwork of armour. The man, Tyutchev, strolls to the bar, but the woman called Cassandra comes over and sits at your table, looking you over. 'Find your own table, wrinkled hag,' you say before you can stop yourself. With a flash of insight you realize that the brass tiger charm must be cursed. Cassandra spits in your face and moving with the grace of a panther, draws her sword. It glows coldly and is rimed with frost. Each time she attacks successfully you lose 3 STAMINA points as biting cold sears your wound. Tyutchev merely looks on, grinning.

CASSANDRA SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you reduce Cassandra's STAMINA to 4 or less turn to 342.

224

Realizing that the whole thing was a trick designed to test you, you make no move and the arrow, fired by one of the women, thuds harmlessly into a tree. They now believe that you are truly deaf and dumb. You ride on into the late afternoon, moving from the wilderness to a grey and desolate moor. Ahead you can see the walls of a large city. A salute is given as you approach the huge arched gate in the fortified wall. The Captain gestures to you to dismount and waves you into Greyguilds itself. Thankful for your escort, you wave farewell and set out to discover if there is any way of returning to Earth. Turn to **296**.

225

The fireball erupts around you. The excruciating pain and the smell of your burnt flesh tells you that it was real. Lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you hear Thaum laughing cruelly as Tyutchev moves to attack. Turn to **265**.

226

'Ah, it is a long time since we had news. I am a Priestess of the All-Mother, the Fountain of Life. The Druids are our friends. I trust you will enjoy your stay in Greyguilds. Goodbye, stranger.' She walks on and is soon lost in the crowd. You continue on down Store Street. Turn to 130.

227

Your legs are beginning to grow heavy as you reach a gap between two hills. You are slowing now, and wonder how much longer you can keep this up. Looking back, you are pleased to see that the Elves and Orcs have met and are engaged in bloody battle. The Elves are making short work of the Orcs – strange sparks leap from their hands, killing the Orcs instantly. You realize that any respite you have gained will be short-lived, and press on. Over the hill you come to a verdant valley, deep in ferns. Turn to 203.

228

You hurry on down the stairs but the old man has seen you. Turn to 283.

229

On your way towards the Sage's house a small boy runs up to you and asks if you would like to help a very clever scholar and make some money doing it. 'It won't take long,' he adds, tugging at your sleeve. Do you want to thank him, but decline and go on your way (turn to 273), or will you go with the boy (turn to 216)?

230

You wade carefully into the scum-covered pond and hold out your hand to the old woman. There is a sudden churning in the water and slimy tentacles slither around your thighs. The old woman's head rears up at you, revealing a huge, horny beak where her chest should have been, above a bloated body, sprouting six tentacles. You must fight the GRENDEL.

GRENDEL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 65.

231

Instead of plummeting right down to the plateau, the magical Roc's feather holds you up and you drift gently down to land on the steps seventeen metres below. You start to climb up again, keeping a careful look out. Turn to 192.

232

Drawing your sword, you run forward to attack.

WHITE SHE-WOLF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 199.

233

The alchemist gives you the Vial of Vapours of Speed in exchange for the gold, telling you to inhale the Vapours when you wish to speed up your actions. If you have any money left, you can buy any of his other wares which you haven't tried:

Barkskin – 7 gold pieces.	Turn to 306
Fortunate Luckstone – 10 gold pieces.	Turn to 266
Elixir of Life – 12 gold pieces.	Turn to 360
Or are you ready to leave and continue on your way?	Turn to 28

234

As you rush up the stairs, the guard strikes a hidden bell and attacks you. You must fight her.

TEMPLE GUARD	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8

If you win turn to 255.

235

As you catch your breath three shadows appear on the road before you. Looking up, you see Tyutchev and Cassandra, with a hideous squid-like creature hovering in the air between them. One of the squid's tentacles is curled loosely around Cassandra's waist. 'We meet again,' says Tyutchev. 'Young Lord Min tells me you have been successful. Congratulations, you have done us a favour. Now you'll be glad your peril is over. We are taking the Talisman.' Grimly, you draw your sword. 'I see,' says Tyutchev. 'Then let me introduce Thaum,' he continues, gesturing towards the squid-like monster. Its form dissolves and becomes the man with the gold ear-ring and flowing grey robes you saw producing flowers out of the air for the crowds. He is a Master of Illusion. At that moment a huge and ugly Troll appears from within the safe house. 'Here is Harg,' says Thaum. Harg raises a huge hammer ready to strike you. Is he real, or is he one of Thaum's illusions? If you attack the Troll, turn to 45. If you allow his hammer to strike you, turn to 141.

236

They invite you to join them for a drink, which you do. One of them tells you that the entrance to the Thieves' Guild is through an open storm-drain which leads into the sewers near Trader's Row. They will meet you there at midday tomorrow. Turn to 169.

237

Coming along Moorgate you realize that the guards on the gate have been doubled, following the death of Hawkana. To your dismay, a mounted patrol enters Moorgate from Smith Street and you are trapped between the cavalry and the guards at the gate. As you slip through the gate, one of the warrior-women recognizes you. They scream for your blood. You flee across the wilderness, but the cavalry are swifter and there is nowhere to hide. You turn and fight, but there are too many of them and they are hungry for revenge. The end is mercifully swift. Turn to **109**.

238

As you open the door you slip on the slime underfoot. A glancing blow catches you on the side as a harpoon thuds into the door. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you look behind and see the firing mechanism of the trap. You open the door and step into a magnificently furnished room. Evidently the Thieves' Guild lacks nothing. A group of men, some of whom you recognize from the Red Dragon, are lounging on sofas. They leap to their feet in surprise and reach for their swords. Will you place your back to the wall and draw your sword (turn to **242**), or calmly tell them that you have been invited (turn to **252**)?

239

The old man gurgles softly and dies. Lord Min grins wolfishly. Lose 1 LUCK point for your callous action. You hurry on down the stairs which lead to a set of double doors. A guard is on duty but she is overwhelmed before she can make a sound. Inside the Inner Sanctum of the temple a tall raven-haired woman is praying at the altar, upon which lies the Talisman of Death. She appears to be talking to her goddess, Fell-Kyrinla. Beyond the altar is a large marble statue of the goddess, wearing chainmail, her expression arrogant and cruelly beautiful. The tall woman rises and turns towards you. 'Hounds of Hell! It's Hawkana, the High Priestess!' breathes Jemmy the Rat. 'I'm off.' You look around to see the thieves have disappeared. Before you can try to follow, Hawkana casts a spell and the doors fly shut. Turn to **222**.

240

You duck and hear the sound of an arrow embedding itself in a tree some way off. 'Oh ho!' you hear the Captain crow. 'Suddenly regained our sense of hearing, have we? A truly miraculous recovery.' She shouts a command and Elvira twists in the saddle and throws you to the ground. Landing on top of you, she knocks the breath out of you and overpowers you. Your hands are tied behind your back and your sword is taken. From now on you must fight with your dagger. Lose 2 SKILL points. When you acquire another sword you may restore them. Turn to **257**.

241

Scarface leads you through a maze of back alleys into a building that Jemmy the Rat tells you is a safe house. You climb on to the roof and continue running across the roof-tops of the city. Soon you are on top of a tall house, just below the top of the temple to Fell-Kyrinla. Bloodheart, a hulking, silent fellow, takes a rope and grappling hook from his shoulder. He effortlessly throws it round the top of one of the temple columns. He secures his end to a chimney-stack and walks across on the tightrope he has created. You all manage to cross hand-over-hand and join him in the temple eaves. Jemmy the Rat, a wiry man with fingers like spider's legs, finds a skylight and, true to his name, prises off the bars and picks the lock. Reaching inside he disarms a trap containing a poisoned dart. You marvel at his nimble-fingered skill. They lower a rope and you all drop down to the top of a staircase. You catch sight of an old serving-man passing a doorway on the landing. The others have not noticed him. Will you silence him, in case he has seen you (turn to 217), or ignore him, hoping he didn't see you (turn to 228)?

242

As they move towards you, one of them produces a crossbow and fires. You duck but he was aiming at your leg and the bolt slams into your thigh, spinning you sideways. You feel as if your veins are on fire. The bolt was poisoned, and you soon sink into the oblivion of death. Turn to 109.

243

You continue along Store Street and then down a tree-lined avenue called Booker's Walk. Two very grand buildings, built of blocks of grey stone, stand on either side of the road. A group of young people in blue togas, escorted by a white-haired old man in pale blue robes, enters the building opposite. A flag, showing books and scrolls, is flying from the nearest building; it appears to be a library. Will you see what information the library has to offer (turn to 346), or investigate the other building, to find out what the young people are doing (turn to 279)?

244

The fireball bursts behind you, but a burning pain sears your back and you smell charred cloth. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you press home your attack on Tyutchev. Turn to 265.

245

Just as you are about to enter the bare, roofless room, a rotten stair breaks, betraying your presence. Realizing that they may have been overheard, one of the thieves runs off across a nearby roof-top. The other two, mean-looking thugs in brown breeches, attack you. They try to come at you from different sides, but after springing up the last stairs your footwork is too good for them and you hold the stairway, where they can only come at you one at a time. You must fight them in order.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THIEF	6	7
Second THIEF	7	6

If you win, turn to 329.

246

They appear interested and offer you some ale. You accept a mug and do not drink. You suggest that in helping you, they might gain a great deal. They agree to meet you and tell you to come to the Thieves' Guild at midday tomorrow, via the disguised coal-hole in Hornbeam Road. You begin to chat to them. Turn to 169.

247

Her eyebrows rise in surprise. All four of them look at you in disbelief. The man in gold turns to the Priest in the white surcoat and asks, 'Is it the truth?' Knowing your story to be true, you decide to wait while the Priest casts a spell. 'It is the truth,' he says, 'and spoken from a true heart.' The Shieldmaiden lowers the bow and moves over to guard the entrance of the cavern. 'What are we to do? The exits are blocked and I have only the power to teleport one of us out now,' says the man in gold. 'Perhaps this warrior has been sent by the gods to continue the quest.' Sensing the goodness in these people, you wait to hear how you can aid them. Turn to 100.

248

You are swept up in the talons of a great white eagle. Your assailants are soon specks below you on the street. Rising high above the roof-tops you look to the south-east and see, far away, a mountain on top of a large plateau. A voice speaks in your head – the voice of the All-Mother. 'That is Mount Star-reach, your goal. At its summit lies the portal that will take you back to your own world.' For a moment it seems the eagle will bear you to the mountain, but the Talisman seems to weigh like a ball of lead around your neck and the eagle is forced to land in a deserted alley of Store Street. Before you can thank it, it takes to the air again and is soon soaring far above the city. Are you wearing magical chainmail? If you are, turn to 375. If not, turn to 258.

249

You hurry along to the Moorgate itself. There is a group of warriors on guard, men and women, in green livery. They are followers of the All-Mother who have been given your description by Lillantha. They wave you through the gate and you walk out into the night. Gain 1 Luck point for escaping the city. Turn to 8.

250

Exhausted from the rigours of the day, you stop and draw breath. The attack by an unseen foe has left you unnerved. You look around, then listen carefully in case another attack should be imminent. As night falls you are thankful to find an empty stable. You go in and curl up in a heap of straw, ready for the night. Turn to 91.

251

You reach out and knock the young thief's hand away. He drops his dagger, which clatters noisily all the way down the stairs. 'Sentimental fool!' he snaps. 'The guards will have heard that.' He draws another dagger from his boot. 'Hurry, we have little time now,' says Scarface. You hurry on. Turn to 283.

252

'If we had really wanted you to come, don't you think we would have told you the safe route?' says a thief with a scar running from ear to chin, whom you recognize from the Red Dragon. They move towards you purposefully. 'This is the welcome we give to the likes of you,' he continues. Will you place your back to the wall and draw your sword (turn to 242), or sit down, telling them to kill you if they like, but they'll miss out on an attractive proposition (turn to 209)?

253

The river winds between the hills. You wade along it, knowing that the Dark Elves will lose your scent in the water. After a while, you climb out on the other side of the river and continue on your way. Turn to 331.

254

Your last blow meets no resistance. The skeletal form collapses to the ground in a heap. All is silent except for a sudden keening of the wind. You rest and begin to overcome the shock to your system. If you have lost any SKILL points, all except 1 are restored. Cautiously, you continue along Store Street and then down a tree-lined avenue called Booker's Walk. Two very grand buildings, built of blocks of grey stone, stand on either side of the road. A group of young people in blue togas, escorted by a white-haired old man in pale blue robes, enters the building opposite. A flag showing books and scrolls is flying from the nearest building; it appears to be a library. Will you see what information the library has to offer (turn to **346**), or investigate the other building, to find out what the young people are doing (turn to **279**)?

255

As the stricken woman slides down the temple steps, leaving a trail of blood behind her, you are dismayed to see Hawkana, the raven-haired High Priestess. She lets out a scream of invocation, calling on the powers of her Goddess. A pillar of flame engulfs you as the power of Fell-Kyrinla is unleashed. You are burnt to a cinder. Turn to **109**.

256

You enter the green, gloomy shade of the woods. After a while, you stumble into a clearing and stop in surprise at the sight that greets you. A huge, white SHE-WOLF, almost as large as a pony, is suckling two cubs. She pushes them aside and crouches, snarling. Will you:

Back off and leave?	Turn to **218**
Offer the wolf some dried meat?	Turn to **52**
Attack her?	Turn to **232**

257

You ride on into the late afternoon, moving from the wilderness to a grey and desolate moor. Ahead you can see the walls of a large city. A salute is given as you approach the huge arched gate in the fortified wall. The Captain details half her patrol to remain on guard at the gate. Turning to you she says, 'We are taking you to Hawkana – she will want to ask you some questions.' Do you want to seize the first opportunity to fight your way out (turn to 318), or go quietly and see what happens (turn to 334)?

258

Store Street is an extension of Moorgate. Will you hurry down Store Street to the end of Moorgate (turn to 237), or, if you had dinner with a Sage, ask the way to the cemetery (turn to 261)?

259

The cut-throats yield. 'It seems you are a match for us, warrior,' says Scarface. The thieves look at you with admiration and respect. Will you demand that they tell you how to get to the Thieves' Guild (turn to 236), or say you have some unfinished business they might like to help you with (turn to 246)?

260

You walk down the tunnel which turns left again. As you round the corner you hear an ominous sound from the room you have just left. You dart back to see the ceiling crashing down, a set of vicious spikes protruding from it. A slab of rock is sliding down, gradually blocking the entrance. It slams to the floor with a crash and then all is quiet. You can only go on. Turn to 120.

261

You stop a passing student who directs you to the cemetery. You run down Pallbearer's Row, anxious to escape from the city. As you approach the cemetery, an ox-cart, returning from the market, loses a wheel and overturns, almost blocking the road. You run for the gap between it and the cemetery wall, but it is blocked by a man with a shaven head. He wears baggy scarlet trousers which end just below the knee and a loose scarlet jacket tied with a black cotton belt. On his forehead is a tattoo of a scarlet praying mantis. He doesn't seem inclined to let you pass. Will you:

Ask him politely to let you through?	Turn to 338
Tell him to get out of your way?	Turn to 311
Attack him?	Turn to 288

262

As you open the book, the scales glitter and seem to change colour. Its title is *Tome of Misfortune* and the letters on the page seem to glow ominously. You shut the book, but it is too late. You can feel the malice of evil magic. You are the victim of some ancient curse! Lose 1 LUCK point. You leave the Guilds of Learning in disgust. Turn to 186.

263

You fall all the way down the cliff-face, bouncing a few times against the rock. You are dead long before you land at the base of a violet creeper. Turn to 43.

264

As dusk comes, you walk on down the Street of Seven Sins until you reach the Red Dragon Inn. A thick-set man opens the door and flings a pail of red, stained sawdust across the road. 'Sorry, closed,' he growls at you and slams the door again. Before you can move you notice the pile of sawdust being disturbed. Footsteps appear, one by one, leading from the sawdust towards you. Will you:

Shout loudly, to attract attention?	Turn to 297
Scoop up some dirt and fling it at the footsteps?	Turn to 348
Wait to see what happens?	Turn to 208

265

Tyutchev's bastard sword, almost as long as you, hums through the air as he parries your first attack with the agility of a cat. The black cloak he wears makes it difficult for you to tell exactly where he is. Cassandra and Thaum, looking confident, stand back to watch. You fight Tyutchev.

TYUTCHEV SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

After your first successful attack on him, turn to 301.

266

The alchemist gives you the Fortunate Luckstone in exchange for the gold. You can feel its power when he hands it to you. Add 1 to your LUCK score. If you have not tried them already, you can buy any of his other wares:

Barkskin – 7 gold pieces.	Turn to 306
Vapours of Speed – 10 gold pieces.	Turn to 233
Elixir of Life – 12 gold pieces.	Turn to 360
Or are you ready to leave and continue on your way?	Turn to 28

267

Creeping stealthily, you barely rustle the dried leaves underfoot. The soporific BASILISK does not even notice you, which is just as well. Its eyes flicker open for a moment and a small mouse which happens to be running across its line of vision slows and turns to stone. You hurry quickly on your way, lest you suffer the same fate. Turn to 270.

268

You ride on into the late afternoon, moving from the wilderness to a grey and desolate moor. Ahead you can see the walls of a large city. A salute is given as you approach the huge arched gate in the fortified wall. The Captain tells you to dismount and sends you on your way. Turn to 296.

269

You tiptoe forward stealthily and pick up three of the scales which the dragon has shed. Each is as long as a man's forearm. Cautiously, you tiptoe out of the cave and continue up the mountain. Turn to 310.

270

The trail winds between the spurs of two hills and plunges down into a moist and mossy dell. At the bottom, a large dew pond, covered with algae, is shaded by the boughs of a horse-chestnut tree. Your attention is caught by a weak cry. An old woman is up to her neck in the middle of the pool. Her matted hair is streaked green with the scum of the pool. 'I'm drowning! Help me, I'm tangled in the weeds!' she begs piteously. If you help her, turn to 230. If you decide to ignore her and hurry on, turn to 65.

271

You catch it by surprise and strike it a mighty blow. It hisses in rage and pain and lunges at you with its rapier. You must fight the ENVOY OF DEATH. Each time it strikes you, you lose 1 SKILL point as well as the normal STAMINA loss.

ENVOY OF DEATH SKILL 8 STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to 254.

272

'Well, how would we know, then?' says Scarface. The others laugh at you and turn their backs. If you want to go back to the barman and ask him the way to the Thieves' Guild, turn to 295. If you would rather tap Scarface on the shoulder and say, 'Come on now, I won't tell anyone,' turn to 167.

273

You come to the door of the Sage's house and knock. After a few moments a manservant opens the door. You explain that you have come to see the Sage. The manservant asks you for the token. Do you have the token? If you do, turn to 6. If not, turn to 131.

274

You thread your way through the moss-covered tombs and headstones. As you approach the light, it shimmers and moves towards you, floating in the darkness. You are entranced. The will-o'-the-wisp draws you, mesmerized, towards a large grey tomb. A withered hand thrusts through the earth beneath your feet and grabs your ankle. You hack at it but yet another mouldering arm grips you. There is a grating noise as a fiendish GHOUL staggers from the tomb before you. Other zombies erupt from their earthy graves around you. In your panic, you find the strength to rip yourself out of the ghastly grasp of the zombies – but the ghoul is almost upon you! You must fight it.

GHOUL	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you defeat the Ghoul within five combat rounds, turn to 343. If it is still alive after five rounds turn to 298.

275

'You dare to threaten the Lord of the Skies, puny man-thing?' he bellows. Before you can reply he utters a word in a strange language. A powerful gust of wind suddenly blows up and hits you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 93. If you are Unlucky, turn to 112.

276

There is a hushed silence, broken by Vagrant. 'That is indeed beyond price.' He suddenly barks out an order: 'We'll mount an expedition before they move the Talisman. It is market-day – a good time. Scarface, Jemmy the Rat, Bloodheart and young Lord Min, you will accompany our friend here.' Some hours later, when they have finished their preparations, you set off. As you leave, you see a piece of graffiti scrawled in blood on a wall: *There is no honour among thieves!* You resolve to be on your guard. Turn to **241**.

277

A small boulder catches you and knocks you off the narrow steps. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive and have a Roc's feather, turn to **231**. If you haven't got a feather, turn to **263**.

278

You enter the jeweller's. It seems to be curiously lacking in things of real value. The jeweller, a small man with a monocle, is just locking the large safe behind his counter. As he reaches for the closed sign, before you have the chance to speak, the three thieves you overheard burst into the shop, brandishing swords. Will you seek to get in with the thieves by capturing the jeweller (turn to **309**), or leap to the jeweller's aid and attack the thieves (turn to **286**)?

279

You slip inside the huge building and walk cautiously down empty corridors. You find a reading-room and decide to look at some of the scrolls. You find one which tells you that the women who brought you to Greyguilds worship Fell-Kyrinla. Another lists the different types of magic and the names given to those who practise them: warlocks, shamans, witches, necromancers, elementalists, thaumaturgists, demonists, cabalists, spellbinders and many more. The necromancers' magic interests you, for these are the death-magicians who perform human sacrifices and other unspeakable abominations in their pursuit of power. Then you notice a red book bound in strange multi-coloured scales. It seems to beckon you. Will you open the tome (turn to **262**), or leave before you are discovered (turn to **186**)?

280

You introduce yourself to the motley group of villains. They do not reply. You persevere, saying that you only wish to speak to them for a few moments. One of them, whose face is marked by a jagged scar, running from ear to chin, fixes you with a stare and grates, 'We don't care for the law, so watch yourself. You could be dead before you knew we'd moved.' Will you:

Ask them the way to the Thieves' Guild?	Turn to **145**
Say you need help with some unfinished business?	Turn to **246**
Boldly retort that their threats don't scare you?	Turn to **167**

281

Scarface laughs. They remove their hands from their daggers and a young man appears from behind you and sits down. 'Of course we are thieves,' he says. 'What is the Red Dragon if not a den of thieves?' They invite you to join them for a drink, which you do. One of them tells you that the entrance to the Thieves' Guild is through an open storm-drain which leads into the sewers near Trader's Row. You ask if it is possible to go there right away, but they say no and you agree to meet them there at midday tomorrow. You begin to chat. Turn to **169**.

282

You struggle up the nearest hill and halt at its summit. You have a few moments to catch your breath, before the first Orcs are upon you. Luckily being no more than an undisciplined mob, they run at you one at a time. You must fight the first three in order. The third is apparently their leader, a huge broad brute with curving yellow tusks and a jagged-edged scimitar.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	6
Second ORC	5	4
Leader ORC	7	7

If you win, turn to 111.

283

You are padding silently along the landing towards the stairs which lead down, when a loud pealing of bells fills the air. 'The alarm,' snarls Scarface. You freeze. Looking back you are astonished to find that you cannot see the thieves, who you thought were behind you. All you can see are shadows. You are on your own. Will you go back to find the thieves (turn to 213), or run down the stairs ahead of you (turn to 180)?

284

Nothing happens. Turn to 292.

285

The Dragon bellows with pain but the thick scales on its back give it some protection even from Dragonsbane. Its tail whips round and catches you across the shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points. A wave of fear hits you as the Dragon turns its head, its yellow slitted eyes glinting with malice and pain. 'For that cowardly blow you shall die,' it roars. Will you:

Run back down the tunnel	Turn to 335
Try to grab some scales?	Turn to 398
Try to grab some of the dragon's treasure?	Turn to 38

286

Two of the thieves, thick-set bruisers in brown leather breeches, turn to face you, while the third, a thin weasel-faced man, goes for the jeweller. You must fight the two thieves together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THIEF	6	7
Second THIEF	5	6

If you kill one of the thieves, turn to 299.

287

The going is difficult and the darkening skies do nothing to raise your spirits. The Talisman becomes heavier with every step and the pouring rain soaks you to the skin. You are almost thankful when night comes and you can burrow down in the dead bracken. Unfortunately, your sleep is broken by a wild neighing. You jump up to see a massive black stallion, its eyes pits of fire, galloping towards you. It snorts clouds of glowing cinders as it strains at the bit. Its rider, a dark spectral figure, is hunched and twisted and seems to have no substance. You can sense the hatred it feels for all living things. Will you run from it, hoping it cannot charge across the broken ground (turn to 219), or light a torch and stand your ground (turn to 207)?

288

The man is a monk of the Order of the Scarlet Mantis, an expert in unarmed combat. He kicks and punches with deadly force. Each time he wins an attack round roll one die – if you throw a 5 or a 6 turn to 366.

MONK OF THE SCARLET MANTIS	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 325.

289

You step out, squinting against the bright light of the late afternoon sun. Add 1 LUCK point for visiting the Red Dragon Inn and living to tell the tale. You are back in the Street of Seven Sins. If you have met a Sage and he has invited you to dinner, you may turn to 229. If you have not been invited, or do not wish to go, you may go down a side street called Cobbler's Walk, heading west (turn to 195), or go down Merchant Street, heading north-west (turn to 394).

290

In the flickering torchlight you read an inscription on the rectangular pillar.

Put yourself in the place of the monkey.
To the left is danger; the idle shall act.

Suddenly the three pillars disappear. You step back in amazement. The room remains empty and nothing else untoward happens, so you decide to leave. Turn to 339.

291

'Where is this priceless jewellery stashed?' demands Vagrant. If you tell them to follow you and you'll show them, turn to 349. If you tell them that it lies in the temple to Fell-Kyrinla, turn to 333.

292

A spray of brightly coloured light speeds from Thaum's hands into your eyes, dazzling you. Cassandra stabs you neatly in the heart as Tyutchev cleaves your head from your shoulders. Turn to 109.

293

You wait for some time, trying to ignore the growing ache in your muscles. Nothing happens. You decide to risk breaking cover and cross the river. Turn to 331.

294

At this they leap up, whipping out their blades, and move to attack. Turn to 368.

295

The barman says, 'I will tell you, but it will cost you six gold pieces and not a silver less.' If you have the money and wish to pay him, turn to 323. If you do not have the money or do not wish to pay him, turn to 312.

296

You walk into the city along a street called Moorgate. Many of the buildings are quite grand, built of light grey stone. The streets are crowded with a mixture of people shopping and young men and women carrying books and scrolls. Will you walk down a continuation of Moorgate, called Store Street (turn to 357), or turn left into Smith Street (turn to 303)?

297

The only people in sight hurry away, not looking at you. The footsteps come on and a dull, rasping voice intones, 'I am a spirit of the dead. We are beyond number.' Suddenly, a terrible blow knocks you backwards. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You must fight the UNSEEN STALKER.

UNSEEN STALKER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 250.

298

You are still struggling with the Ghoul when you see the other Zombies closing in on you. Soon you are surrounded. A score of cold, dead hands grasp you and you are laid struggling in a newly dug grave. You scream as the earth is piled upon you. You are entering the wastelands of Death.

299

With a shout of victory, the jeweller steps back from the fallen body of his assailant, a bloodied short-sword in his hand. You are surprised that such a small old man is so skilful. Seeing this, your other opponent throws down his sword and runs out of the shop. You may pick up the thief's sword. The jeweller turns to you, his monocle swinging at his waist, and thanks you. He reaches behind the counter and hands you a leather pouch containing 10 gold pieces and a small velvet-covered box. Inside the box is a magnificent ruby. 'No one can call Oliol the Jeweller a miser,' he says. Scarcely believing your good fortune, you thank him and leave. Gain 1 LUCK point. Turn to 304.

300

As you walk on down the road, leaving all human habitation behind, it begins to rain heavily, transforming the dirt road into a morass of mud. By afternoon you decide to leave the road and head east, through the wilderness. After a hard day's trek, you camp for the night. Your sleep is fitful. You dream of Hawkana, clad in a funeral robe, her wounds still bleeding. She is standing at the edge of the Valley of Death, her hair streaming in a howling wind. She beckons you to follow, then turns and walks down into the blasted desolation of the valley. You wake up feeling on edge and drained of energy. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 116.

301

As soon as you wound Tyutchev, you notice Thaum gesturing. Tyutchev becomes invisible. As you start back in surprise, Cassandra is upon you, her sword darting at you. Tyutchev reappears behind you, raising his sword to strike and Thaum is gesturing again. You feel threatened from all sides and you are hard pressed to defend yourself. Do you wish to call upon a God for aid (turn to 330), or do you think you can triumph by the skill of your own hand (turn to 292)?

302

You step forward and in the flickering torchlight read an inscription on the square pillar:

Furthest from the poison of the scarab beetle,
You will find a venom more deadly than dragon fire.

As you ponder the meaning of this strange message, a trickle of dust falls into your hair. As you look up, the ceiling begins to descend with a roar. Oiled spikes slide down towards you, protruding from the rock. A crushed skeleton is impaled on one of them. You jump forward as, with a grating rumble, a slab of rock starts to fall across the exit ahead. Your only hope is to throw yourself through the narrowing gap. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your SKILL score turn to **103**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score turn to **215**.

303

You stride down Smith Street. Next door to a tinker's shop you see what appears to be an armourers. Do you wish to go in (turn to **139**), or pass by (turn to **104**)?

304

You continue down Silver Street, past the jeweller's, which is closed, and turn left into a tree-lined avenue called Booker's Walk. Two very grand buildings, built of blocks of grey stone, stand on either side of the road. A group of young people in blue togas, escorted by a white-haired old man in pale blue robes, enters the building opposite. A flag showing books and scrolls is flying from the nearest building. It appears to be a library. Will you see what information the library has to offer (turn to **346**), or investigate the other building to find out what the young people are doing (turn to **279**)?

305

As you walk across the sawdust-covered tiles towards the door, you hear Tyutchev say to the barman, 'Who was that frightened rabbit?' He walks over to the thieves. Do you want to hurry out of this den of thieves, thankful to be alive (turn to **289**), or draw your sword and shout 'Who's frightened?' (turn to **294**)?

306

The alchemist gives you the jar of ointment in exchange for the gold. 'Rub it into your arms and chest right away. It will make your skin as tough as bark for a week.' You take his advice. As soon as you have rubbed on all the ointment, your skin begins to burn. The pain is excruciating and your skin blisters. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, Alembic says, mildly concerned, 'Alas, something must have curdled. It will pass. I am a fair man. Here are your seven gold pieces. Perhaps you would like to try something else?' You accept your money back. If you have not tried them already, you can buy any of his other wares:

Fortunate Luckstone – 10 gold pieces.	Turn to 266
Vapours of Speed – 10 gold pieces.	Turn to 233
Elixir of Life – 12 gold pieces.	Turn to 360
Or would you rather leave his shop in disgust?	Turn to 28

307

You hide yourself in the bushes, hoping that the Elves will be unable to follow your trail. *Test your Luck*: If you are Lucky, turn to 293. If you are Unlucky, turn to 344.

308

You flatten yourself against the cliff just in time. The boulders hurtle past and explode as they hit the step just below you. You carry on, warily climbing up the steps. Turn to 192.

309

The jeweller reaches for a sword behind the counter but you are too quick for him. You grab the sword and hold its edge to his throat. He tenses up and says, 'There's my safe. Take it all but don't hurt me!' He points to the safe at the back of the room. One of the thieves, a thin weasel of a man, binds the jeweller. You may keep the jeweller's sword, if you wish. The other two, mean-looking thugs in brown breeches, look you over coolly. Will you demand your pick of the loot (turn to 66), or ask for a small share of the booty (turn to 354)?

310

Do you have a gourd filled with Gum of an Amber Pine? If you do, turn to 385. If you do not, turn to 369.

311

The man is a monk of the Order of the Scarlet Mantis, an expert in unarmed combat. He attacks you without hesitation. He kicks and punches with deadly force. Each time he wins an Attack Round, roll one die – if you throw a 5 or a 6 turn to 366.

MONK OF THE SCARLET MANTIS	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, go to 325.

312

Unfortunately the thieves have overheard you. The youngest moves soundlessly behind you, hidden by one of the tapestries. A searing pain rips into your back. He has stabbed you with a poisoned dagger. You sink to the floor, unable to move. The young thief callously pockets your purse. Turn to 109.

313

As you walk across the barren heath, the sky turns grey and specks of rain interrupt your thoughts. You press on as the rain becomes heavier, head bowed to keep your face dry. You fail to notice a winged monster swooping down towards you. You are knocked to the ground – lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you pick yourself up and find yourself face to face with a winged lion with the head of an eagle. It is bent on making a meal of you. You must fight the GRIFFIN.

GRIFFIN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 14

If you reduce its STAMINA to 6 or less, turn to 94.

314

You make a grab for some of the scales, but trip, in your haste, over a golden chest filled with black pearls. The Dragon turns and as you are struggling to your feet it breathes on you. Rolling jets of flame consume you and char you to a cinder. Turn to 43.

315

'Oh yes?' says Vagrant. 'What is this thing?' If you say you're not prepared to tell what it is, but it lies in the temple of Fell-Kyrinla, turn to 370. If you tell them it's the Talisman of Death and you are prepared to share the spoils when you get it, turn to 276.

316

'You don't walk out on Tyutchev!' They leap up, whipping out their blades, and move to attack. Turn to 368.

317

The mellow voice of the Dragon is pleasant and you find yourself speaking freely to it. The Dragon explains that it is the guardian of the portal and you tell it of your need to pass through. Its beguiling charm carries you away and when it tells you to leave your weapons before setting off to the portal you do as it suggests. As you turn your back, the Dragon pounces and snaps your neck like a twig. Turn to 43.

318

Still seated behind Elvira, you are riding into the City of Learning, Greyguilds, along a street called Moorgate. Many of the buildings are quite grand, built of a light grey stone. You see a mixture of people. There are men wearing light blue togas who are Sages and professors from the Guilds of Learning. Other groups of young men and women are carrying books and scrolls. There are eight of the warrior-women still with you. Will you jump down and try to fight your way free (turn to 362), or change your mind and go quietly to meet Hawkana (turn to 351)?

319

You struggle to tear yourself away from the pool, but a gentle and soothing voice suggests that you fall into a peaceful sleep. You feel nothing as you enter the cool green water. You are charmed by the WILLOW WEIRD. It thrashes you with its branches as you sink beneath the water. Lose 4 STAMINA points. The pain shocks you out of your reverie and you struggle out of the pool. Looking up, you can see two large green eyes staring at you from the trunk of the willow. You must fight it.

WILLOW WEIRD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

If you make four successful attacks, turn to 26.

320

The other two thieves run for it when they see how skilfully you dispatched their ferocious friend. You are left alone in the shop with the dead jeweller. His eyes seem to gaze at you in mute reproach. Will you put up the closed sign and try to open the jeweller's safe (turn to 341), or leave immediately in case you are accused of murder (turn to 304)?

321

In the flickering torchlight you can see an inscription on the circular pillar.

Behind the symbol on the first door
Lies that which you risk your life for.

Suddenly the three pillars disappear. You step back in amazement, but nothing else untoward happens and the room remains empty, so you decide to leave. Turn to 339.

322

'Where did the caravan come from – the Spires of Foreshadowing, perhaps?' demands the Captain of the patrol. Where will you say it came from?

The Spires	Turn to 173
The City of the Runes of Doom	Turn to 123
Serakub	Turn to 191

323

He takes the money greedily and says, 'The entrance lies through an open storm-drain which leads into the sewers near Trader's Row. I wouldn't go there now, if I were you, but it will be safe around midday tomorrow.' You thank him and prepare to leave. Just then, two new customers enter the gloomy ale cellar. The first is a very tall, wiry, man whose frame is wreathed in a black cloak which seems to deepen the darkness around him. The only hint of colour is his hair, very curly and dyed bright corn-yellow. The second is a handsome young woman dressed in a bizarre patchwork of armour. The barman mutters

under his breath and then forces his face into a smile. 'Tyutchev, Cassandra, welcome!' he shouts obsequiously. He moves to the other end of the bar to serve Tyutchev, who orders a carafe of Spirits of Ra. Cassandra sits at a nearby empty table and Tyutchev joins her. Will you:

Turn away from the bar and leave?	Turn to 363
Sit down and finish your ale?	Turn to 2
Introduce yourself to Tyutchev and Cassandra?	Turn to 374

324

You make a grab for one of the scales but trip over a golden goblet studded with fire-opals. Recovering your balance, you snatch up three of the scales before the Dragon can turn round and run back down the narrow twisting tunnel. You leave the cave as fast as you can and continue up the mountain. Turn to 310.

325

Your blade slashes him across the chest and he slumps to the ground. You step over his body and walk past the cart. Looking back, to your surprise you see the monk has risen to his feet and is running away! Obviously he was feigning death. You shrug your shoulders and go on. Turn to 392.

326

You are nearing mountains which stretch away in a haze of purple to the south. Ahead of you lies the plateau. Suddenly, a dark shadow falls around you. Looking up you see an enormous bird swooping down towards you. Its beak alone is larger than you. Will you:

Stand to fight it?	Turn to 18
Kneel to fight it?	Turn to 27
Lie prone?	Turn to 37

327

They betray a flicker of interest. Tyutchev calmly says, 'I have no time for such adventures,' but his curiosity is obvious. You begin to think you may have made a mistake in telling them and get up to leave. As you climb the steps to the street you see Tyutchev walking over to the thieves. Turn to 289.

328

As you climb the steps the temperature and humidity increase. Dripping with sweat, you look up and see that the lip of the cliff is only sixty metres above you. Suddenly, several boulders crash down from the top. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 308. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 277.

329

You search the two thieves and find 6 gold pieces. Turn to 304.

330

Which god will you call on?

Avatar the One	Turn to 347
Lifespirit	Turn to 284
Rocheval, God of the Paladins	Turn to 361
The All-Mother	Turn to 248
Fate	Turn to 389

331

The river flows out of the hills into a wide plain, where it turns north. You strike out west across the wild grasslands. Just when you think you have finally lost your pursuers, you notice a group of figures closing fast. Cursing under your breath, you realize that they are on to you again. Doggedly, you force yourself on, but the strain takes its toll. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Just as you are steeling yourself to turn and face your fell adversaries, you see a cloud of dust ahead. You can soon make out a group of twenty horsemen. They wheel their steeds towards you and the drumming of hoofs carries to you over the breeze as they canter in your direction. Seeing this, the Elves seem to give up the chase and fall back, obviously unwilling to encounter the riders. You are thankful to see the back of them and decide to wait for the riders to approach. As they get nearer, you can see that this is a band of warrior-women, clad in chainmail and studded leather armour. Their faces look grim and unwelcoming as they wheel around you, forming a close circle. Their Captain spurs her horse forward and tersely

demands what you are doing out here, along the edge of the moor. What will you do:

Ask them to aid you in your quest?	Turn to 101
Say you are from another world?	Turn to 73
Say you are the sole survivor of an ambushed caravan?	Turn to 322
Pretend that you are deaf and dumb?	Turn to 35
Demand they escort you to Greyguilds-on-the-Moor?	Turn to 95

332

The wall opens to reveal a blank wall of rock. It is a false door. You close it and the monkey's grin seems to mock you. You may choose another door. Which will you choose?

The serpent door	Turn to 168
The scarab beetle door	Turn to 377
The dragon door	Turn to 352

333

Vagrant replies, 'Are you mad? Nothing is worth raiding the temple of Fell-Kyrinla for.' If you tell them about the Talisman of Death, turn to 276. If you decide to call their bluff, saying that you will find someone else to share the spoils with, turn to 367.

334

You ride into the City of Learning, Greyguilds, along a street called Moorgate. Many of the buildings are quite grand, built of light grey stone. You see a mixture of people in the streets. There are some men wearing light blue togas who are Sages and professors from the Guilds of Learning. Other groups of young men and women are carrying books and scrolls. You realize that, unarmed as you are, you are no match for these women and have no alternative but to go with them. Turn to 351.

335

The Dragon makes no attempt to follow you and you run out of the cave and climb towards the summit. Turn to 369.

336

The sage directs you to *The Book of the Gods*, a large leather-bound tome, inlaid with gold leaf. Turning the gilt-edged pages you realize the Gods of Orb are many. You recognize a symbol on one of the pages as being the token borne by the warrior-women. Their goddess is Fell-Kyrinla, swordsmistress of the heavens. She is sworn to oppose Rocheval the Good, God of Paladins. To your excitement you discover a reference to the Talisman: *Some believe that it can be used to command the undead minions of Death*. Turning the page you come to a reference to the All-Mother, *Nature herself, preserver of life, who cares for all*. Then you see a bizarrely illustrated page dealing with *Anarchil, breaker of edifices, who spurns order*. You are just learning of *Avatar the One, essence of light*, when you realize that it has grown dark while you were reading. You thank the Sage and leave quickly, hoping to find a safe place to sleep. Turn to 186.

337

They seem to lose interest in you and leave your table to talk to the six thieves. You decide to leave the Red Dragon, while you still can. Turn to 289.

338

He does not let you pass. Will you step aside and invite him to pass first (turn to 379), or ask him less politely to move out of the way (turn to 311)?

339

You try all the doors, but you can only get one of them to open. You seem to have no choice and you go through into the room beyond. It is a wide hall, stretching away to the left and right. In the centre of the room stands a hideous idol. Its base is the coiled tail of a huge serpent. Its muscular torso sprouts four clawed arms, two gruesome heads and bat-like wings. An inscription on the floor reads, *Damolh, son of the God Nil, Mouth of the Void*. In the opposite wall are four doors, two to the left and two to the right. Each door bears a symbol. Furthest from you on the left is a green serpent. The next door bears a grinning monkey; the third, a black scarab beetle and the fourth, furthest to your right, a red dragon, breathing fire. Which door will you open:

The serpent door?	Turn to 168
The monkey door?	Turn to 332
The scarab beetle door?	Turn to 377
The dragon door?	Turn to 352

340

'I am a thief, among other things,' says Tyutchev. 'Why do you wish to meet thieves?' You tell him that you have some unfinished business and need some help. 'Ah yes,' he says, 'but I am needed at my temple. I am not interested.' Will you take your leave and go up the steps out into the street (turn to 289), or mention that the business involves the Talisman of Death (turn to 327)?

341

As you reach for the safe, a blinding sheet of flame envelops you. The safe was fire-trapped and you have been fried. Turn to 109.

342

Tyutchev steps between you. His sword is almost as tall as you and he hefts it negligently in one hand. Cassandra steps back, clasping her arm. 'You've a difficult fight on your hands, Tyutchev,' she gasps.

TYUTCHEV SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you reduce Tyutchev's STAMINA to 4 or less turn to 355.

343

With a mighty slash, your sword bites into the pale, slimy neck of the Ghoul, decapitating it. It slumps to the floor, truly dead at last. As fast as you can, you spring past the questing arms of the lumbering zombies and dash back to the wall, knowing you must find the postern gate as soon as possible. Turn to 99.

344

Within moments you can hear the Elves swarming round you. They begin driving their swords into the bushes. Realizing you have little choice but to face them, you stand up and rush at them with your sword drawn. One of them makes a strange gesture. A sudden pain grips you and you fall to the ground. The Elves are using foul sorcery. Unable to resist, you watch helplessly as they bind you hand and foot. You are to be taken back to the depths of the Rift, never to see daylight again. Your quest ends here.

345

In the flickering torchlight you can see an inscription on the square pillar:

Furthest from the poison of the scarab beetle
You will find a venom more deadly than dragon fire.

Suddenly the three pillars disappear. You step back in amazement. The room remains empty and nothing else untoward happens, so you decide to leave. Turn to 339.

346

The entrance hall of the library is filled with desks at which scribes are working, copying books and scrolls. Reclining on a plush window-seat is a wrinkled old fellow in the pale blue robes of a scholar. You feel out of place, wearing armour in the quiet of the library, where the stillness is broken only by the scratching of pens. 'Welcome to the largest library in the Manmarch,' says the Sage. 'Choose any tome or scroll you may wish to peruse. Perhaps I may be of assistance. What is your field of study?' Will you ask to read something about the Gods (turn to 336), or ask to read about the history of Greyguilds (turn to 196)?

347

Nothing happens. Turn to 292.

348

The dirt you have thrown splatters across an invisible form. It outlines the shape of a thin man-like being about three metres tall. It moves towards you, almost mechanically, until it towers above you and you realize it is about to attack. You must fight the UNSEEN STALKER.

UNSEEN STALKER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win turn to 250.

349

Vagrant sneers, 'Who do you think you are – a God? Vagar the Deceiver himself? Get thee gone.' He waves his arm dismissively. Turn to 367.

350

You notice that the base of the sarcophagus is hollow and you break through it to find a tunnel below. You jump down and feel your way along its damp-walled windings. At last, you see a circle of daylight ahead. You emerge on to the steps again, some way above the roaring waterfall, and begin to climb. Turn to 328.

351

You are taken along Moorgate, past various food and pottery shops, and then down bustling Store Street. They turn right down Guard Street and come to a halt outside a squat grey building. It is the watch-house. The patrol dismounts and you are ushered inside. Turn to 78.

352

You open the door and step through into a passage. You have only gone a few steps when you hear the rattle of a falling chain as a portcullis drops behind you, blocking the tunnel. You can only go on into a small room ahead of you. It is a dank crypt, at the end of which lies a sarcophagus, thickly covered in grey mould. You search every nook and cranny, but you cannot find a way out. You are trapped. Eventually you decide to lift the lid of the sarcophagus. The rank and fetid air, trapped inside since time immemorial, smells sickly sweet. Inside lie the mummified remains of a warrior, his skin stretched taught over brittle bones. His skeletal hand is curled around an ancient scimitar encrusted with emeralds and an ebony spear with an ivory tip lies across his chest. Will you take the sword (turn to 387) or the spear (turn to 395)?

353

Your last blow has drawn a gout of blood from Tyutchev's side. He jumps back and says, 'Anarchil, breaker of edifices, aid me.' He is calling upon his God. Before you can strike the killing blow the cellar starts to shake. An earthquake opens great cracks in the floor. There is a roar of tumbling masonry and the inn is filled with dust. In the confusion, Tyutchev and Cassandra make good their escape. When the quake has stopped you climb the steps and leave. Turn to 289.

354

The weasel-faced thief buries his sword in the unfortunate jeweller's back and says to you, as if nothing had happened, 'Well, I don't know – you're not even a member of the Guild. I'll tell you what, though, if you open the safe we'll give you a share. It is protected by a magical Glyph of Warding. You must say, "I am undone", to cancel the power that guards the safe.' If you go to the safe and do as he says – hoping to get first pick of anything inside – turn to 341. If you refuse and invite him to try it, turn to 364.

355

Your last blow has drawn a gout of blood from Tyutchev's side. He jumps back and cries, 'Anarchil, breaker of edifices, aid me.' Before you can strike the killing blow the cellar starts to shake. An earthquake opens great cracks in the floor. There is a roar of tumbling masonry and the inn is filled with dust. In the confusion Tyutchev and Cassandra make good their escape. When the quake has stopped you climb the steps, throwing the cursed tiger charm to the ground, and head out into the blinding sunlight. Turn to 289.

356

The Dragon says it is guardian of the portal and that it will allow you to pass through with the Talisman. In its rich mellifluous voice it says, 'You will have no further use for your weapons, leave them here.' Will you:

Do as it bids and lay down your weapons?	Turn to 373
Run forward to attack?	Turn to 146
Run for your life?	Turn to 380

357

You are now in Store Street. It is crowded with shoppers but your attention is drawn to a woman in green robes, who is looking at you speculatively. Her straight hair is cut fairly short and she is wearing no ornaments. She crosses the street, and asks politely, in a quiet but clear voice, 'I believe you are a stranger in this city. Who are you and where have you come from?' Will you tell her that you are on a holy quest and have crossed the wilderness (turn to 198), or say that you are just passing through and start to walk briskly on (turn to 130)?

358

Its mellow voice carries across the wind: 'I know nothing of Death; he cannot touch me. I am the guardian placed here by the Gods, nothing more, nothing less.' Will you tell it about the Talisman and its importance (turn to 211), or run to attack the Dragon (turn to 382)?

359

You run as fast as you can but your exertions have left you exhausted. Unable to find a hiding-place, you have to turn to face the Dark Elves who are almost upon you. One of them gestures strangely. A sudden pain grips you and you fall to the ground. The Elves are using foul sorcery. Unable to resist, you can do nothing as they bind you hand and foot. You are to be taken back to the depths of the Rift, never to see daylight again. Your quest ends here.

360

The alchemist gives you the bottle in exchange for the gold, telling you to drink it while it is fresh. You decide to do so there and then. It has the pungent odour of wild garlic. Drinking it, you feel invigorated. Increase your *Initial* STAMINA score by 2 points. You can now restore your STAMINA to this new maximum. You feel your money has been well spent as you have been given a new lease of life. If you have any money left, you may purchase any other items which you haven't tried:

Barkskin – 7 gold pieces.	Turn to 306
Fortunate Luckstone – 10 gold pieces.	Turn to 266
Vapours of Speed – 10 gold pieces.	Turn to 233
Or are you ready to leave and continue on your way?	Turn to 28

361

Nothing happens. Turn to 292.

362

You jump down and back into a corner between two shops, so that they cannot all attack you at once. The Captain and Elvira dismount and draw their swords while another turns and gallops back to Moorgate. You must fight these two first.

	SKILL	STAMINA
CAPTAIN	8	10
ELVIRA	6	8

In any round, if the Captain's Attack Strength is 10 or more and she wounds you, turn to 393. If you win, turn to 376.

363

'Stay!' says Tyutchev, arrogantly gesturing you back to your seat. Will you keep going (turn to 316), or do as he bids and return to your stool (turn to 374)?

364

'Shame,' he says, 'you would have been killed.' At this the two large thieves attack you. You must fight them.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THIEF	6	7
Second THIEF	5	6

If you kill one of the thieves, turn to 391.

365

Their village is composed of several elegant buildings made from wattle, daubed with clay. A deep dry moat and spiked palisade surround it. You are led through the village to what must be the Headhog's dwelling, a two-storeyed building, part of which is built from crumbling green stone. A huge mud wallow lies nearby. The Headhog sits on a carved stone throne, his muscles rippling under his blue-black skin. He wears a red robe fastened at his thick neck with a necklace of amber. He seems at ease but he demands to know why you, a human, are on the plateau. If you say that you mean no harm – you are searching for the portals on Mount Starreach – turn to **110**. If you tell him you are looking for a lost city, turn to **90**.

366

With a grunt of effort, the monk kicks your wrist, disarming you with his left foot, and scissors his right foot into your chin before his other foot has touched the ground. You go out like a light. You regain consciousness when water is splashed on to your face by the driver of the ox-cart. Your head is still ringing. 'I'm afraid he robbed you,' says the peasant. Frantically, you check for the Talisman, but the monk has only taken the ring you found on Hawkana. Turn to **392**.

367

'Good luck to you, then,' says Scarface. The thieves are still pointing their crossbows at you. Vagrant leaves and you decide it would be prudent to do the same. There seems to be nothing else you can do except tackle the temple to Fell-Kyrinla alone. You set off in search of it. Turn to 383.

368

Tyutchev's sword is almost as tall as you are and he wields it negligently in one hand. Cassandra's glows coldly. Each time she hits you must subtract 3 STAMINA points.

	SKILL	STAMINA
TYUTCHEV	10	12
CASSANDRA	9	10

If you reduce Cassandra's STAMINA to 4 or less she drops back and Tyutchev moves in to cover her. If you reduce Tyutchev's STAMINA to 4 or less turn to 353.

369

You climb on, gasping for breath in the thin air. At last you reach the flat summit. The panorama is incredible. The whole plateau lies below you like a table, a collage of tropical forests, mountains and huge lakes, which glisten in the sun. Thirty metres away is a rectangle of shimmering silver, hanging in the air, unsupported. You realize that this is the portal. As you step towards it you hear the rushing of wind. Looking up you see the ancient Red Dragon. It lands beside the portal. Outside its lair the Dragon is even more impressive and fearsome. Warmth and power seem to radiate from its body. 'I am bound by the Gods to guard the portal. I will live until the day that somebody passes through. It is a shame, but I cannot allow you to pass,' he says with relish. You step forward to do battle, as he draws a deep breath. With a bellow he empties his cavernous lungs. Rolling jets of flame engulf you, before you can attack him. You are charred to a cinder. Your quest ends in sight of your goal. Turn to 43.

370

'Thank you,' says Vagrant. 'Now that we know where to go we have no further need of you.' He snaps his fingers. A volley of crossbow bolts find their mark and you crash to the ground, dead. Turn to 109.

371

The mummy collapses into a pile of splintered bones and ragged linen. You examine the scimitar and the spear. The spear has the word 'Dragons-bane' carved on its shaft and is obviously magical. You decide to take it and you may add 1 to your SKILL score when wielding it in battle. Turn to 350.

372

Alembic greets you and says cheerfully, 'You look like an adventurous person. Would you like to buy something?' You inquire what he has to offer. He shows you the following things, each marked with a price. Do you want to buy:

A small potion-bottle marked 'Elixir of Life' for 12 gold pieces?	Turn to 360
A jar of ointment labelled 'Barkskin' for 7 gold pieces?	Turn to 306
A 'Fortunate Luckstone' for 10 gold pieces?	Turn to 266
A small vial labelled 'Vapours of Speed' for 10 gold pieces?	Turn to 233

If you decide you would rather turn and leave, turn to 28.

373

The Dragon allows you to leave but, as you go, you fancy that you see a glint of malice in its eye. Fear spurs you on. You hurry quickly out of the cave and continue the climb to the summit. Turn to 369.

374

They tell you their names are Tyutchev and Cassandra. Tyutchev says, 'You are a newcomer – what brings you to the Red Dragon?' The beautiful Cassandra takes a dagger from her boot and starts to toss it end over end, catching it each time by the tip. As you consider your answer she tosses it again but does not catch it. It buries itself in the table, a centimetre from your hand. Will you:

Say that you wish to meet some thieves?	Turn to 340
Say you came in for a drink?	Turn to 386
Tell him to mind his own business?	Turn to 397

375

Store Street is an extension of Moorgate, the road leading to the arch through which you entered the city. The market-day crowds are thronging the streets and you look around nervously. Will you:

Hasten down Store Street to the Moorgate arch?	Turn to 237
Lie low in an alley until evening?	Turn to 126
Or, if you had dinner with a Sage, ask the way to the cemetery?	Turn to 261

376

The others ride away from you, raising a hue and cry as they go. You run along Store Street and then double back along a dark alley that parallels Moorgate, and conceal yourself behind some old barrels. After waiting for some time you dare to come out of hiding and walk carefully back on to Moorgate. Will you go down Store Street (turn to 357), or turn left into Smith Street (turn to 303)?

377

The door will not open. As you try again you hear a noise behind you. You wheel round in time to see the idol cracking open like an egg, scattering a thousand shards of rock across the room. Out writhes Damolh, the monstrous son of the God Nil, Mouth of the Void. He moves slowly but purposefully towards you. You fight him but he is invulnerable. Your sword makes no impression and you cannot do him harm. You realize your only chance is to escape through one of the doors. You jump back. Which door will you try:

The serpent door?	Turn to 168
The monkey door?	Turn to 390
The dragon door?	Turn to 352

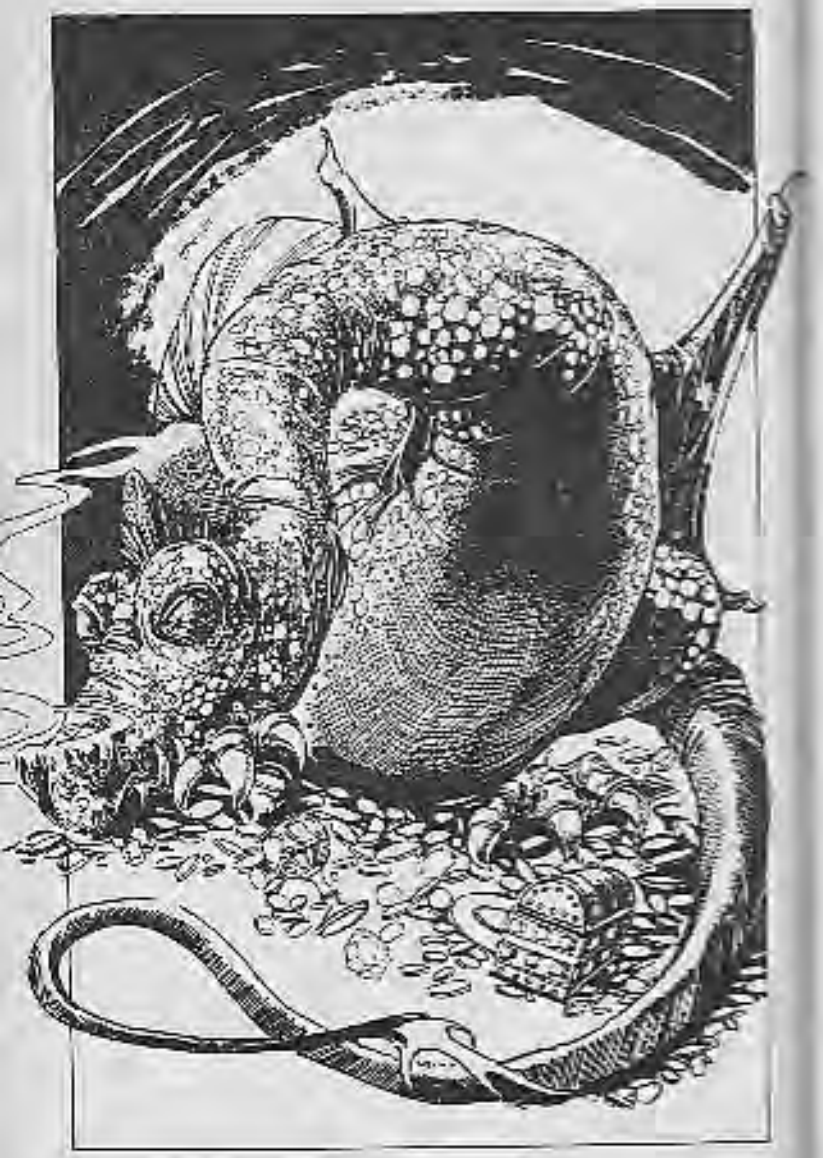

378

The tunnel goes on, turning left and downwards. As you round the corner you come face to face with an immense Dragon. The heavy lids of its eyes are almost closed and small puffs of sulphurous smoke billow from its nostrils. It is about eighteen metres long and covered in red scales. Its long tail is curled around a vast hoard of treasure – gems, gold, goblets and vases lie higgledy-piggledy beneath its drowsy bulk. Will you:

Creep towards the Dragon?	Turn to 115
Cast your spear at it, if you have one?	Turn to 82
Go back to explore the side-tunnel?	Turn to 22
Leave the cave and carry on up the mountain?	Turn to 369
Try to steal some of the Dragon's treasure?	Turn to 38

379

You step back and wave the monk through. He walks past arrogantly, without a word of thanks. Turn to 392.

380

You run and a wave of fear hits you as the Dragon roars evilly, 'Until the portal then, manling.' You arrive safely at the cave mouth and continue the climb to the summit. Turn to 369.

381

As you say the words and reach for the safe, a blinding sheet of flame envelops you. The safe was fire-trapped and you have been fried. Turn to 109.

382

As you charge at the Dragon it breathes a tongue of rolling flame at you. You crouch behind your shield which protects you from the fiery blast. Before you can attack, the Dragon, roaring in anger, swipes at the shield with a massive claw. Roll two dice; if the total is less than your SKILL score, turn to 34. If the total is equal to or greater than your SKILL score, turn to 79.

383

You spot one of the warrior-women who you know are members of the temple of Fell-Kyrinla. Hoping she is on her way to the temple, you follow her at a distance. Eventually, you come to a building made of a white stone, with dark grey columns. Steps lead up to the entrance between two pillars and there is a guard at the top. What will you do:

Attack the guard?	Turn to 234
Tell her you have a message for the High Priestess?	Turn to 202

384

You hack your way through the undergrowth but dense thorn bushes make progress slow and difficult. You are soon panting for breath, and exertion has made you hungry. You must eat – cross one Provision off your Adventure Sheet. You do not gain any STAMINA from this meal. You battle on. Turn to 65.

385

Pausing in a gully, you examine the scales. You fit them together to form a shield and, using the gum of the amber pine, you bond them together. Turn to 69.

386

'Alone?' inquires Tyutchev. 'Strangers don't come to the Red Dragon just for a drink. Don't you know we're all thieves? What are you up to?' Will you tell him to mind his own business (turn to 397), or apologize, say you must have made a mistake and leave (turn to 289)?

387

As you try to draw the sword from the MUMMY's grasp, the fingers suddenly tighten into a grip of iron. The ancient corpse sits upright with a rustle of falling dust. You step back in horror as the Mummy rises from the sarcophagus clutching the scimitar and spear. It lumbers to attack you, for trying to rob its tomb. You must fight it.

MUMMY SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 371.

388

They ignore your threat and spur their horses through the fire at you. You cast the Talisman into the flames, but it remains untarnished. One of the Wraiths picks it from the glowing embers and touches you with it. Your soul is sucked into the Talisman and your body crumbles to dust. You are now just a part of the power of the Talisman.

389

You hear a voice speaking in your head, 'I will help you but, for now, Death will take you. What is destined to happen, must come to pass.' Turn to 292.

390

The door opens to reveal a blank wall of rock. It is a false door. The monkey's grin seems to mock you. Before you can move, a heavy green coil loops itself around your chest. You are thrown on the floor and crushed by Damoth's powerful tail. His jackal heads start to feed off you while you are still alive and your spirit is sucked into the blackness of the void. Your quest ends here.

391

Seeing your deadly sword-play, the third thief bolts into the street. The other one pleads for mercy, throwing down his sword. 'I'll tell you what the right words are,' he gabbles. 'Just say, "I am a casket of iron and fire"!' Will you try the safe, using these words (turn to 381), or order him to try the safe (turn to 399)?

392

Dusk is deepening as you enter the cemetery. You begin to explore the city wall, looking for the postern gate. You do not look at the headstones for fear of finding your name at the head of an open grave. Your eye is caught by what looks like a lantern, hanging from a post in the midst of the graves. Will you walk over to the lantern (turn to 274), or ignore the lantern and continue searching along the wall (turn to 99)?

393

Wanting to take you alive, the Captain closes with you and slams her shield into your sword-arm. Before you can strike again she brings the hilt of her sword crashing into the side of your neck: you slump to the floor, stunned. Your arms are tied behind you and you are pushed on your way once more. Turn to 351.

394

You pass several markets where grain-merchants are dealing, but one small, drab shop looks more interesting – a board announces 'Alembic the Alchemist'. There is nothing in the window but a small plate with what look like five hazel nuts on it, and a stuffed lynx. Peering in, you see a man dressed in a white, sleeveless robe with a phoenix rising from flames embroidered on it. Will you enter the shop (turn to 372), or go on your way (turn to 28)?

395

You take the heavy spear and, looking closer, see that the word 'Dragonsbane' is carved on its shaft. It is obviously magical and you may add 1 to your SKILL score when wielding it. With a creak of old bones the MUMMY rises from the sarcophagus. It lumbers drunkenly towards you, clutching its scimitar, bent on destroying the despoiler of its tomb.

MUMMY	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win turn to 350.

396

You smash the skull into splinters of bone, but Mortphilio has not been idle. The walls of the parlour are not bamboo but are made from the bones of the necromancer's victims. He summons them forth to attack you. He is soon surrounded by skeletal warriors and you decide to run before you are overwhelmed. The only clear way is down a long stone corridor that leads to an archway across which a black blanket is draped. You run through, pushing the blanket aside and catch your breath in amazement. Turn to 97.

397

'I think you're going to regret that,' says Tyutchev between gritted teeth. Cassandra says, softly, 'I think, stranger, it would be better if you begged his pardon, don't you?' What will you say: 'I'll not apologize to the likes of him' (turn to 294), or 'Oh yes, I beg your pardon' (turn to 337)?

398

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky turn to 324. If you are Unlucky turn to 324.

399

The thief says, sullenly, 'If I must,' and moves over to the safe. Suddenly he leaps acrobatically over the counter and is out of the shop like a flash. Will you try to open the safe saying, 'I am a casket of iron and fire' (turn to 381), or leave the shop in case the thug tells the Watch you have killed the jeweller (turn to 304)?

400

Before you step through the portal you drink in the splendid view of this fantastic and magical world for a little longer. The glittering lakes and emerald forests shimmer in a haze of heat. The Talisman is heavy at your chest. With a final prayer to the All-Mother you step into the silvery screen of the portal, remembering the four crusaders who gave you your quest. You meet no resistance as you pass through the screen. All goes dark and then a very different landscape lies before you. You are within a

circle of standing stones. The smells, the air, the birdsong – everything seems strange but you know that you have found your way back to Earth. You are a hero, saviour of the world of Orb, but there is no one here to herald your return. As you step away from the standing stones, voices speak within your head. The two beings who summoned you to Orb are thanking you for saving the world. At last they tell you who they are. Time, Eldest Father, Youngest Son, and Fate, Keeper of the Balance, both Gods of Orb. As you leave this sacred place, their final words ring in your ears.

'We may call upon you again!'

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Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1985

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Text copyright © Andrew Chapman, 1985
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Made and printed in Great Britain by
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Filmset in 11/13pt Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
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INTRODUCTION

In this book you play the part of a futuristic assassin sent to capture a tyrannical despot bent on the destruction of your world. You must find the way through the mazes and hazards of his giant spacecraft, the *Vandervecken*, and eventually comfront and capture him.

Before you can begin, however, you must determine your strengths and weaknesses, and select your weapons and armour. For this you will require two dice and a pencil to record scores on the *Adventure Sheet* on pages 18–19. As it is possible that you will not complete your mission on your first attempt, you may wish to take photocopies of the *Adventure Sheet* for future use.

Your Abilities

Your ability to fight, withstand damage and escape from tricky situations is determined by your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK. On your *Adventure Sheet* you will see sections where these attributes are to be recorded. They are derived as follows:

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total as your SKILL score.

Roll two dice. Add 12 points to the result. Enter this total as your STAMINA score.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total as your LUCK score.

Using Luck

On occasion, you will be called upon to *Test your Luck*. When this occurs, roll two dice. If the result is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, then you have been *Lucky*. If the result *exceeds* your current LUCK score, then you have been *Unlucky*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, reduce your current LUCK score by 1 point. Thus, the more you use your LUCK, the riskier it becomes.

Armour

Being a high-technology assassin you are equipped with the latest in protective equipment – this being a sensomatic armoured pressure-suit which may absorb damage from blasters, grenades or similar weapons. To determine the strength of your armour, roll one die, add 6 to the result and enter the total under the appropriate section on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Whenever you engage in a gunfire duel with an opponent and receive a hit, roll two dice. If the result is *equal to or less than* your current ARMOUR score, then your opponent's shot has not penetrated your armour and thus does not wound you. If the result *exceeds* your current ARMOUR score, then your opponent's shot penetrates your armour and wounds you (see the weapons list below for the effects of wounding).

Each time you roll two dice to determine if an opponent's shot has penetrated your armour, reduce your ARMOUR score by 1 point. Note the similarity of the above procedure to *Test your Luck*.

Selecting Weapons

Roll one die: this represents how many points you have to spend on weapons and to gain additional ARMOUR points. Consult the lists below for the cost and effect of arms and armour.

WEAPON/ARMOUR	COST
Electric lash	1 –
Assault blaster	3
Grenade	1 each
Gravity bomb	3
Armour	½ per additional point –

Note that you must buy either an electric lash or assault blaster before purchasing anything else. So, for instance, if you roll 3, you may acquire one assault blaster *or* an electric lash, a grenade and 2 additional ARMOUR points. The effects in combat of the different weapons are as follows:

Electric lash – a small hand-gun which projects an electric pulse, inflicting 2 points of damage on your opponent's STAMINA.

Assault blaster – a heavy-duty military weapon which inflicts varying amounts of damage. The amount is determined by rolling one die and deducting the result from your opponent's STAMINA. Thus an assault blaster will cause from 1 to 6 points of damage against a target's STAMINA.

Grenade – an area-effect weapon which will cause varying amounts of damage on *all* your opponents in the blast area. The amount of damage is determined by rolling one die for *each* target and deducting the result from that target's STAMINA. Grenades can be used only when the book specifies that it is possible.

Gravity bomb – a heavy-duty demolition bomb for blasting doors, immovable objects, etc. It consists of a microscopic black hole suspended in a time-stasis field. When the stasis field is switched off at detonation, the black hole sucks in and annihilates *everything* within a ten-foot radius. The black hole then evaporates into hyperspace, leaving the blast area completely safe.

Hand-to-hand Combat

Hand-to-hand combat is conducted the same as in other Fighting Fantasy books. If you are already familiar with this system you can skip this part of the rules. Otherwise:

1. Combat is simultaneous. Hand-to-hand fighting is a series of clashes in which one combatant will do damage to the other.
2. Roll two dice. Add your opponent's SKILL score to the roll. The total is your opponent's Attack Strength.
3. Roll two dice again. Add your SKILL score to the roll. The total is your Attack Strength.

4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, the opponent has inflicted damage on you – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.
5. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have inflicted damage upon your opponent – deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA.
6. If both Attack Strengths are equal, both attacks have missed. Start the next Attack Round from step 2 above.
7. Continue this combat until either your opponent's or your STAMINA is reduced to zero.

Note: if you are fighting more than one opponent, you fight them one at a time.

Gunfire

The combat sequences for blasters, grenades and electric lashes are as follows:

1. If you are instructed by the book that it is possible to throw a grenade, you may do so. If so, roll one die for each opponent in the target area and deduct any damage inflicted.
2. After throwing a grenade, if any of your opponents are still alive, you engage them in gunfire or hand-to-hand combat (whichever the book specifies).
3. A gunfire combat round is conducted as follows:
4. Roll two dice. If the result is *greater than or equal to* your SKILL, you have missed. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, you have hit your opponent and inflicted damage on it – deduct as much damage as the weapon you are using causes (see the list under Selecting Weapons, page 12).
5. If your opponent's STAMINA has reached zero, then your opponent has died.

6. If your opponent is still alive, then your fire will be returned: roll two dice. If the result is *greater than or equal to* your opponent's SKILL, your opponent has missed. If the result is *less than* your opponent's SKILL, your opponent has hit you – if the blast penetrates your armour, deduct as much damage as your opponent's weapon causes from your STAMINA. If your opponent's weapon is not specified, then treat it as if it were armed with an assault blaster.
7. Repeat step 6 for each opponent still alive (if you are faced by more than one opponent).
8. If you have not been killed, a new combat round starts from step 4.

Note: if you are faced by more than one opponent you must direct your fire against the first listed until it is killed, then change to the second listed, and so on. Also, if you are involved in a gunfire battle without a weapon, then the amount of damage you inflict on your opponent will be 1 point per hit: you are expert in unarmed combat as well.

Recovering Stamina

If you become involved in any gun battles or other combat you will almost certainly lose some STAMINA points. These may be recovered by taking Pep Pills. Each Pill will restore 5 points to your STAMINA and can be taken at any time. You begin the adventure with 4 Pep Pills – note that there is a section on the *Adventure Sheet* for keeping a record of the number of Pep Pills you have left. Your STAMINA score can never be made to exceed its *Initial* level.

Carrying Equipment

During the course of your adventure you are likely to come across certain items which you may wish to take with you. The maximum number of items (not including weapons) that you can carry at one time is five.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial Skill= 10

STAMINA
Initial Stamina= 21

LUCK
Initial Luck= 9

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

NEUROTOXINS.

ARMOUR
Initial Armour = 14

PEP PILLS
4

WEAPONS
LASER
2 GRENADES
TRANSMITTER

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= 7 *Stamina=* 6	*Skill=* 7 *Stamina=* 6	*Skill=* 7 *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* 9 *Stamina=* 12	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

MISSION BRIEFING

For some time, Cyrus, the tyrannical ruling scientist of Od (your local sector), has been harassing your home planet with his warped minions – destructive robots and evil creatures almost certainly of mutant origin. His most usual crime has been to descend upon your planet and kidnap innocent victims upon whom, it is reputed, he practises his malign experiments and surgery. In any event, his victims are never seen again.

Now, however, word has been received that he intends to use your entire world for one gruesome biological experiment in which he will cover the surface of the planet with radioactive isotopes while showering deadly viruses upon all living creatures. The time has obviously come to stop him. To this end, the authorities have appealed to the planetary Assassins' Guild, which has selected you to penetrate into Cyrus's huge starship, the *Vandervecken*, capture him and bring him to justice.

So, armed with the latest and deadliest weapons, trained in twenty-seven different schools of alien and human martial arts, protected by the best in sensomatic armoured pressure-suits, you set off, searching for the *Vandervecken* throughout the local star systems and eventually catching up with it in a relatively isolated system some light years from your home world. It seems to be in the process of refuelling and taking on supplies. You decide that your best bet is to smuggle yourself on board the ship's supply shuttle and let that take you to the *Vandervecken*.

NOW TURN OVER

1

Secreting yourself aboard the *Vandervecken*'s supply shuttle, you travel from the planet's surface to dock with the main ship. As the shuttle approaches the enormous spacecraft you clamber into an emergency escape airlock and await the sounds of contact. You check your spacesuit and weapons, then rest your hand upon the door release – its hair-trigger mechanism ready to snap down and hurl you into the void. In your headset you can hear the ship's computer counting off the seconds until contact. When it reaches zero you pull the door release and fly out low over the *Vandervecken*'s silver hull, while behind you the shuttle rests like a tiny dart beside the bloated ovoid of its mother ship.

As you skim a few metres over the hull you notice a small iris airlock – your target – ahead of you, protruding slightly like a black disk. Throwing out a magnetic clamp you bring yourself to a halt, floating lazily over the airlock, your shadow cast starkly in front of you. After a few deft movements on the airlock mechanism the iris dilates. You step inside, seal the entrance and fill the airlock with air.

You are in the *Vandervecken*. Stepping out of the airlock, you find yourself at the end of a short corridor which is blocked in front by an impassable security door. Each wall has a small maintenance hatch, across which the legend CAUTION is boldly stencilled. On the steel floor, by the security door, is a small pile of what seems to be organic refuse. If you have a gravity bomb you could use it to blast

your way through the security door (turn to 20); otherwise you could examine the left (turn to 58) or right (turn to 77) maintenance hatch, or take a look through the pile of refuse (turn to 39).

2

You reach another maintenance hatch set at the end of the tunnel.

T MINUS ONE MINUTE

You fling it open. Turn to 120.

3

Through the hatch is a small room with several large steel conduits rising out of the floor and disappearing into the ceiling. It is from these conduits that the heat you could feel through the hatch emanates. Crossing the room, you come to a sliding door, which you open a fraction and peer through the gap. Before you is a large and (for aliens) fashionably furnished room – odd couches and chairs, tables at just the wrong heights and lights set to just this side of too blue. Seated, reading from electronic resource-sheets, are two rodent-like Fossniks; their white lab coats and tiny pince-nez (for their equally tiny eyes) betray them as being technical types. Will you enter the room and either threaten (turn to 60) or attack (turn to 41) these hench-beings of Cyrus, or leave them alone and return to the access tunnel (turn to 172)?

4

After just one hit the globe goes out of control and spins wildly around the room before disintegrating against one of the walls. Looking around, it becomes apparent that this laboratory is used primarily for biological research: there are the usual instruments of vivisection, electronic monitoring devices and, of course, water-tanks and cages for, respectively, amphibious and terrestrial victims. You find a number of items that may be of some use: a very light can of aerosol labelled NERVE GAS, a packet of three tablets (unlabelled) and a rather huge dead, but fresh, crab. Bearing in mind that you do not wish to become overladen, you may take any two of these items. If you want to try one of the tablets, turn to 42; otherwise you leave the lab via the door you entered by and proceed through the other door at the 'inspection point'. Turn to 80.

5

The door slides open and, to your consternation, you find yourself confronted by no less than half a dozen robots of various designs and functions. Several are armed. The room they are standing in is full of tools, hoists and computer-driven work-benches. Several dismantled androids and cyborgs are scattered about in odd places. The robots facing you are quite impassive, but then machines aren't very expressive at the best of times. Will you:

Fight them?	Turn to 43
Try to talk to them?	Turn to 157
Assume they are inoperative and enter the room?	Turn to 24

6

You leave the armoury and inspect the other door in the room where you fought the Pillboxes. Turn to 213.

7

Roll three dice. If the result *exceeds* your STAMINA, turn to 45. Otherwise you have made it safely across to the western bank – turn to 214. In either case, deduct 1 point from your STAMINA.

8

Having escaped the plant, will you devote some time to having a closer look through this forest (turn to 46) or just attempt to find your way out of it by heading either north (turn to 78), west (turn to 323), south (turn to 179) or east (turn to 84)?

9

The enemy vehicle appears in front of you, exposing its more vulnerable armour. You fire without fear of it retaliating – roll the dice (as previously specified). If you have destroyed your opponent turn to 190 *now*; otherwise the other tank turns around and drives straight at you. Add 1 to your STATUS. Turn back to your previous location to select your move, but ignore the directions to check your STATUS.

10

The door opens into an alcove in the side of a corridor which runs to the left and right. There are no arrows or directions indicating which path should be taken. Will you go left (turn to 200) or right (turn to 48)?

11

As soon as you drift over the landing, the anti-gravity force cuts out for a moment, enabling you to scramble away from the centre of the tunnel. You walk down the landing and through the door. As the door shuts, you notice that it seems to melt into the wall and become invisible. Turn to 201.

12

He glares at you, then faints. You make a cursory examination of the room but, finding nothing, head for the door. Turn to 327.

13

The Tharn Doppelgänger is vanquished. If you haven't already, you may open the first sleep capsule (turn to 31); otherwise you leave the room (turn to 126).

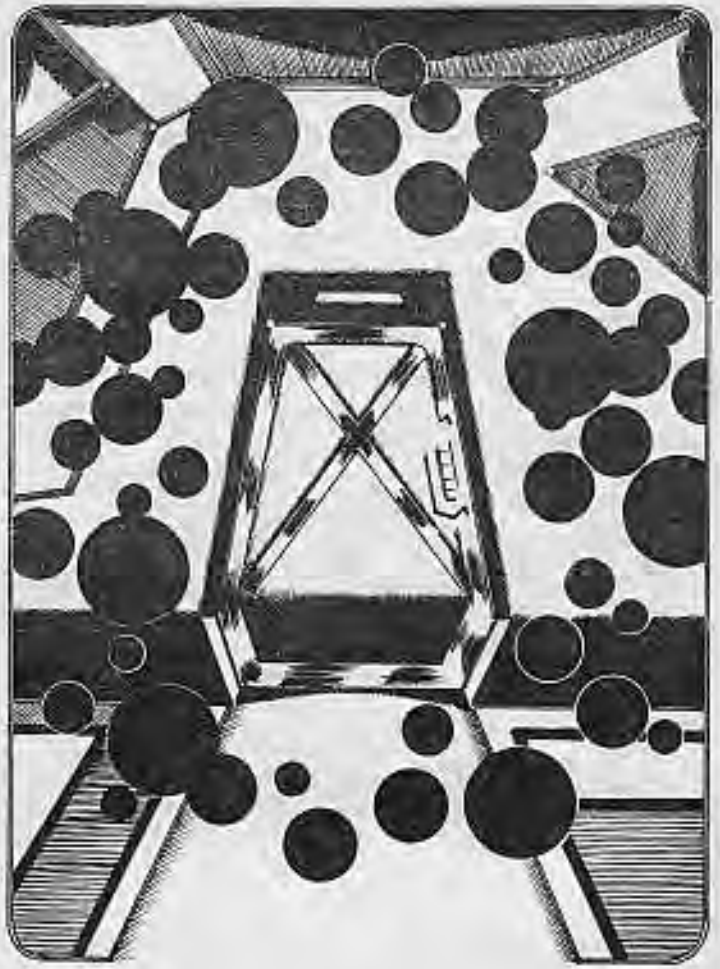

14

After a short walk down a corridor you find yourself in a room occupied solely by seventy or eighty floating black spheres – so black that they look like holes in the air. They drift about the room in a lazy circular motion, touching nothing. On the other side of the room, through the spheres, you can see a door. If you have the Pan-Dimensional Homing Device you can use it, if you want (turn to **128**). Otherwise, will you:

Ignore the spheres and walk straight through the middle of the room to the other door?	Turn to **382**
Try to reach the other side by dodging past the spheres?	Turn to **90**
Go back to the room you just came from and take the left door?	Turn to **381**
Or go back and take the right door?	Turn to **34**

15

'What's the question?' you ask. 'This,' answers the alien. 'What is the next letter in the following sequence: O T T F F S S E?' When you have decided what the next letter in the sequence should be, determine the *number* of that letter (A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, D = 4, etc.), multiply that number by ten (A = 10, B = 20, etc.), and that is the number you should turn to. If the page you turn to doesn't make sense (in context), then you have obviously made a mistake and are destroyed by the creature's disintegrator.

16

If you have either of the items below you could offer one of them to the aliens:

The head of the drink-offering android	Turn to 242
The aerosol can of nerve gas	Turn to 314

If you do not possess either of these, then you will have to offer them something else, such as a weapon or a piece of armour (turn to 206).

17

You offer the jaws to the chief, an act which seems to please both him and his tribe. They perform another short dance and sing what you presume to be their equivalent of 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow'. Turn to 368.

18

'Come in, come in,' it urges amiably, waving you forward. 'Tell me,' it continues, 'since you're a person who deals with life and death, consciousness and non-consciousness, do you think that it is possible that one of us is simply the creation of the other's mind? Do you think that you could be dreaming me, or that I could be dreaming you?' What a question! Will you hazard an answer (turn to 132) or tell the pilot that you really don't know (turn to 170)?

19

He steps away from you and walks to the other side of the room. Hitting a switch on the wall, he plunges the room into darkness. If you have the infra-red goggles, turn to 298; otherwise turn to 334.

20

The gravity bomb blacks out the door for a microsecond with its sphere of annihilation, and creates in soundless destruction a perfectly round hole to the room beyond. Standing on the other side of this newly created entrance is a faceless humanoid robot armed with an assault blaster. It takes in the scene of destruction with seemingly placid detachment, then raises its weapon and takes aim. You will have to fight it.

GUARD ROBOT SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

If you defeat it, turn to 300.

21

You run down the tunnel, dodging pipes and conduits, while the machine's voice follows you:

T MINUS FIVE MINUTES

Turn to 353.

22

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point E, facing south. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point H you can turn either to **265** (to finish facing east) or to **193** (to finish facing west); if you want to turn on the spot (E), then turn to **216** to face west, or to **386** to face east. STATUS: if STATUS equals 7, turn to **261**; if it equals 6, 13 or 14, turn to **66**; if it equals 5 or 12, turn to **188**. (Remember to return to **22** though.)

23

Turn to **166**.

24

The robots do not respond in any way to your intrusion into the room. They are obviously not working. Turn to **62**.

25

During your wander among the hills you come upon the granite entrance of what seems to be a large cave. Huge rocks press over it and a narrow path twists into its darkness. Will you enter this cave (turn to **210**) or abandon your search and go either north (turn to **64**), west (turn to **78**), south (turn to **84**) or east (turn to **214**)?

26

You are on a grass-covered plain which extends to the south, west and east, while to the north it develops into scrubby and broken badlands. Will you go north (turn to **235**), west (turn to **159**), south (turn to **78**) or east (turn to **64**)?

27

You are in a choked and stifling forest; huge creepers hang from monstrous trees and the ground is covered in ferns, bushes and other thick undergrowth. You fight your way through it with some difficulty. Roll one die. If the result is even, turn to **65**. If the result is odd, turn to **173**.

28

The enemy vehicle is in front of you, exposing its more vulnerable armour. You fire without fear of it retaliating – roll the dice (as previously specified). If you have destroyed your opponent turn to **190** *now*; otherwise the other tank takes a left turn (two blocks ahead and disappears from sight. Add 1 to your STATUS. Turn back to your previous location to select your move, but ignore the directions to check your STATUS.

29

The container is full of ball-bearings. Turn to **181**.

30

The hatch gives way into a small, hot, smelly room, full of pipes and wiring. The most noticeable thing, though, is a tiny, emaciated, quadrupedal alien cowering in the furthest corner from you. Its three eyes roll as if in fear and its innumerable joints knock. It certainly looks terrified of you – but who can tell the ways of aliens? Maybe it's a warning, or a greeting. Will you greet the alien and try to talk with it (turn to **68**), or assume it to be dangerous and either threaten it (turn to **106**) or kill it (turn to **144**)?

31

You start the revive cycle. After a few minutes some sounds of activity arise from within the capsule, which then swings open, letting out a monstrous spider-like creature – a bit bigger in the head (relatively) and smaller in the abdomen than most spiders, but nevertheless a spider. Will you fight it (turn to 69), run away (turn to 126), attempt to communicate with it (turn to 107), or search through your pack for some alternative (turn to 183)?

32

The security door is featureless and impassable. The only hint of a means of opening it is given by a small hole to the side. Turn to 155.

33

The enemy vehicle is driving straight at you, aiming to kill with its phaser. It fires – roll one die. If the result is *not* 1, then it has hit you, stripping 1 SHIELD from your defence level. Add 1 to your STATUS. If you have not been destroyed, then you fire back – roll the dice (as previously specified). If you have eliminated your opponent turn to 190 *now*; otherwise turn back to your previous location to select your move, but ignore the directions to check your STATUS.

34

The door leads you down a long and ill-kept corridor; everything is covered in dirt and grime, and quite a few of the lights are missing. A sense of gloom pervades. Eventually the corridor forks; one of the paths has an ageing WARNING sign dangling in front of it, while the other just continues until it disappears into dim reaches. Will you go down the path which has the WARNING sign in front (turn to 378) or take the other fork (turn to 44)?

35

When you offer the fruit to the chief he takes a piece, bites it and promptly falls over dead. The rest of the aliens are appalled, and leap at you with needle-sharp spears; the ferocity of the attack breaches your armour. You collapse under the wave of bodies, never to rise. You have failed.

36

Will you engage the Sentinels in a fight (turn to 74) or jump for the hanging girders of the ceiling and, using them as cover, attempt to approach the exit at the other end of the room (turn to 150)?

37

'Oh,' says the disappointed pilot, 'perhaps you're not really such an interesting person after all. Quite boring, actually.' It sighs and turns away. 'I think you should leave now,' it says. Turn to 75.

38

The chute ends in a vast hangar, empty now bar a small starship which is slowly drawing away from its dock. Presently it pulls free of the mother ship and accelerates away into hyperspace. Cyrus has escaped, and you have failed.

39

The pile of refuse, on closer examination, turns out to be the body of a tiny, hunchbacked, alien critter; rags that were once clothes wrap its skin, and its six bony limbs lie tangled beneath it. A trail of blood indicates that it must have crawled out of the right-hand maintenance hatch. Rolling the creature over, you notice that it has an electronic device clasped in one hand; its finger is on the button, and bright wires lead up the arm and disappear into the remnants of a sleeve. Will you remove this device from the body (turn to 141) or leave it alone (turn to 234)?

40

You find yourself in a circular room. In the opposite wall is an airlock door on which is written ESCAPE POD in bold yellow letters. Will you attempt to get through to the pod (turn to 116) or search the room (turn to 154)?

41

You fling the door open and begin firing into the two Fossniks. They are unarmed and unprepared, so you, being a trained assassin, gun them down easily. Looking about the room you discover a security door hidden behind a decorative screen. Will you go through this (turn to 79) or search the aliens' bodies (turn to 117)?

42

The tablet produces a momentary light-headedness followed by a sensation of returning energy. Restore 5 points to your STAMINA. You now have two tablets left, which you may take at any time to restore (per tablet) 5 points to your STAMINA. Leaving the lab via the door you entered by, you proceed through the other security door at the 'inspection point'. Turn to 80.

43

As you are standing in the cover of a doorway you may throw a grenade in, if you have one. If you decide to do this, turn to 81; otherwise turn to 119.

44

The corridor twists into increasing darkness as more and more of the overhead lights fail. It ends at the bottom of a vertical tunnel. Peering up into the dim circular tunnel, you can make out some recessed handholds leading up. Out of the wall by your side a large hoop-shaped lever projects into the corridor – it may be an operating lever for an anti-gravity elevator to take you up the tunnel. Will you pull this lever (turn to 86) or climb up the tunnel using the handholds instead (turn to 360)?

45

You lack the strength to get across, and the fast-flowing current drags you along with it. Presently you hear the sounds of some approaching rapids. Unable to leave the water you are swept down through a series of water-slides, small waterfalls and jumbled rocks. Despite your best efforts you cannot avoid all the hazards: you get wounded by the continual jarring. Roll one die and deduct the result from your STAMINA. Eventually the rapids end and you are swept down the centre of a gigantic chasm. Turn to 324.

46

You don't find anything other than various exotic forms of vegetation and wildlife. Turn back to 8 and make another choice.

47

The knowledge you have gained from reading the book will allow you to inflict an extra point of damage on the Bivalve every time you hit it. Turn to 85.

48

The corridor, after a long straight, takes several tight turns and ends at a door. Opening this, you find yourself in an electronics laboratory or workshop; there are small computers, holographic diagnostics and the like set about the room. You don't have time to take much in, though, as a small hovering machine – no bigger than a football, but covered with spinning rotors, sensors and legs – rises out of cover and shoots several electric-blue bolts of energy towards you. You will have to fight it. If the machine hits you, roll one die and subtract the result from your STAMINA.

MICRO-HELICOPTER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 2

If you defeat it, turn to **124**.

49

The anti-gravity force cuts out for a moment as you pass over the landing. If you had wanted to stop here you could have, but as you make no move to go down, the force starts up again and carries you off into the darkness. After a short period another landing appears in front of you, this one leading off into a corridor. You realize that it is the place you began from – the tunnel is a ring! Will you alight here and go through the maintenance hatch previously mentioned (turn to **125**) or will you continue with the current and get off at the landing you passed over before (turn to **87**)?

50

After a number of kilometres you see that the path ends in a large aluminium cube also floating, rather paradoxically, in thin air. As you get closer, you see there is a door in the side of the house-sized cube. You cannot see if the path continues out the other end. Will you go through the door (turn to 88) or turn back and proceed down the left-hand branch of the path (turn to 345)?

51

The gravity bomb blacks out the door for a microsecond with its sphere of annihilation. When light returns to the scene (having been banished temporarily due to the intense gravitational field around the bomb), you find that the door and part of the wall have vanished. You proceed through the opening. Turn to 14.

52

The gravity bomb flies into the Toroid's mouth and explodes, or, rather, collapses into a temporary but infinite gravity field, taking the monster with it. Turn to 332.

53

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point C, facing south. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point F, turn to 136; if you want to turn on the spot to face west, turn to 365. STATUS: if STATUS equals 10 or 11, turn to 188; if it equals 15, turn to 161; if it equals 16, turn to 9; if it equals 1 or 2, turn to 33; if it equals 3, turn to 66. (Remember to return to 53, though.)

54

They run screaming out into the corridor, their chattering gradually diminishing with distance. Looking in the open crate, you see that it is almost full of an orangey-purple fruit. You may try some of this fruit (turn to 388) or just ignore it, leave the room and proceed down the corridor (turn to 118).

55

You offer the jaws to the chief, an act which seems to please both him and his tribe. However, when it becomes apparent to them that you want a part of their totem in return, their mood changes to outright hostility. A few of the bigger aliens openly brandish extremely nasty-looking spears. You decide to quit the village before the scene becomes violent. Turn to 361.

56

'Why, yes,' you say, 'if I could create a whole world in my mind, why not give my creations awareness? But that would mean I would be like a god – an unwitting god, to be sure, but still . . .' you trail off, unsure whether you have overstepped the bounds of decency and sanity.

'Excellent,' says the pilot, 'my very own thoughts! What an amazing brain you have! We must part the best of friends.' He takes you by the arm and points you at a door on which is marked a crescent. 'See that?' he says, 'Through there lies your aim and destiny. Go forth, child of my mind!' Turn to 75.

57

You cannot find any hidden doors and you do not know where Cyrus is, except that he is probably making good his escape. You have failed.

58

After some difficulty you manage to open the hatch which, due to an oversight on some technician's part, falls off and drags a large mass of high-voltage wiring with it. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 278. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 93.

59

The right-hand tunnel is cluttered but straight, ending after a short distance in a small airtight hatch. Will you open this hatch (turn to 135) or return to the junction and continue down the left-hand tunnel (turn to 175)?

60

You take them completely by surprise. They fall to the floor, raise their paws in supplication and beg for mercy. 'We are but humble scientists!' they squeak. 'Have mercy: don't kill us!' You ask them where Cyrus is, but they claim ignorance, saying that they just work in a lab down the corridor (here they indicate a security door behind a decorative screen) and that Cyrus seeks them out when he wants, not they him. You force them to strip, and then tie them up. While they are stripping, you notice that each wears a small, narrow cylinder on a long chain around its neck. When you inquire what these devices are, they inform you that they are electronic keys to open the security doors on board the ship. Using these keys, will you proceed through the security door in this room (turn to 98) or will you return to the access tunnel (turn to 172)?

61

The wall vanishes to reveal a wide corridor occupied by three rather odd creatures arrayed with a variety of domestic cleaning apparatus. The tallest one, having what look like carrots for ears, nose and cranium, is busy cleaning the lights in the corridor with a long hydrovac, while the two shorter creatures, looking like extremely fat bipedal felines with backpacks, are vacuuming the floor. They stop when they see you. 'Looks like an intruder, fellers,' says the tall one. 'Yup, sure does,' answers the others. They advance towards you, threatening with suction tubes. 'Excitement!' cries one. 'Adventure!' yells another. 'Charge!' screams the last. With that, they attack you, vacuum cleaners sucking, hydrovac spewing vapour and steam. You engage them in hand-to-hand combat.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CLEANER	8	6
Second CLEANER	9	4
Third CLEANER	7	4

If you defeat them, turn to 290.

62

The room is obviously a facility for repairing and maintaining robots. There are hoists in the ceiling, industrial cutting-lasers and welders by the benches, and other devices for attending to electronic problems. There is nothing of much interest other than the head of an android which you find in a scrap-bucket. This head insists on continually smiling and offering you a wide range of exotic off-world cocktails. You may take this simpering device with you, but its size will cut down the number of additional items you may carry to two. Leaving the room you continue down the long corridor. Turn to 200.

63

The cell is occupied by a battered old man, with scars covering his arms, and bandages and stitches the rest. He starts apprehensively when you open the cell door, but upon seeing the smoking remains of the robot through the narrow entrance he brightens remarkably, telling you of his kidnap and torture by Cyrus and giving you words of encouragement. He doesn't yield much useful information, though, but he knows a little about the pilot of the *Vandervecken*. 'He's a canny machine, that pilot,' the old fellow cackles; 'worries about the strangest things – heh, heh. Mind, if he asks you anythin' 'bout thinkin' or feelin', say you don't know, that's the safest course.' If you haven't already, you can look in the other cell (turn to 318), otherwise you leave the room via the maintenance hatch and tunnel (turn to 134).

64

You are on a grass-covered plain which continues into the east and west. To the north is a forest and to the south are some low, rocky hills. Will you go north (turn to 343), west (turn to 26), south (turn to 158) or east (turn to 102)?

65

A large vine drifts out of a tree behind you and tangles your legs. When you stop to extricate yourself another creeper slides over and wraps itself tightly around your neck. Other vines follow, aiming unerringly for your throat and gripping with vice-like intensity and strength. You are in danger of being choked. Each round that you fight the vines, you will lose 2 points of STAMINA from being choked. You fire at them.

STRANGLING VINES SKILL 0 STAMINA 12

If you defeat them, turn to 173.

66

The enemy vehicle is at point-blank range and driving straight at you. It fires. Roll one die: if the result is *not* 1, then it has hit you, stripping 1 SHIELD from your defence level. Add 1 to your STATUS. If you have not been destroyed, then you fire back – roll the dice (as previously specified). If you have eliminated your opponent turn to **190** *now*; otherwise turn back to your previous location to select your move, but ignore the directions to check your STATUS.

67

The case contains an electronic book. It is an encyclopedia of extra-terrestrial life-forms. Turn to **181**.

68

You put your gun aside and make cooing noises. The alien just looks at you, its joints still knocking. You try speaking to it in a friendly manner and, after a while, it seems to calm down a bit. It starts muttering a few words about how it is hurt. So, it can speak! When you ask how it got hurt it shrieks out, 'The nasty, nasty black blobs – they did it!' and here it shows you one of its legs which, you notice, is badly burnt and torn. The alien then resumes its terrified shivering and, no matter how you soothe it, does not speak again. You go back to the tunnel. Turn to **163**.

69

You seem to take the beast by surprise; it looks at you with consternation in its eight eyes while you shoot at it. After hitting it once or twice it scuttles back into its sleep capsule, shutting the door after it. If you haven't already, you can revive the occupant of the second capsule (turn to **274**); otherwise you leave the room (turn to **126**).

70

You make good time. The path curves for a bit and then ends in a massive grey wall, which seems to extend down towards the alien countryside. Going through the door at the end of the path you find yourself in what is obviously a security nexus. Two dome-headed guards, dressed in black with matching leather straps, boots and holsters, are seated at a wide console, engrossed in a direct telecast from Epsilon-Indi of zero-G fangball which is showing on all ten security monitors in the room. The guards leap to their collective feet when they see you, shine the tops of their scalps and take up assertive postures.

'Who are you?' they ask suspiciously. Will you fight them (turn to **108**), attempt to bluff them into thinking you are part of the ship's crew (turn to **146**), or look into your pack for some other means of overcoming this obstacle (turn to **184**)?

71

To your dismay, all but two of the simulacra spring blasters from their chests, legs, from under their wings and other unlikely places. You will have to fight them *all*! They attack you simultaneously.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SIMULACRUM	8	3
Second SIMULACRUM	8	3
Third SIMULACRUM	7	3
Fourth SIMULACRUM	6	2
Fifth SIMULACRUM	6	2
Sixth SIMULACRUM	5	2

In the unlikely event that you defeat them, turn to 329.

72

The tunnel is narrow and circular in cross-section. As you crawl along it you notice, every two metres or so, a ring which appears to be a type of capacitor. The academic interest sparked by this observation is short-lived. You notice that all the air in the tunnel has just been evacuated and that the rings – hundreds stretching to front and rear – have started glowing. Recognition comes instantly – you are in a Mu-Meson projector. The rings flash, sending Mu-Mesons flying down the tunnel, which crash into you and fry you. This is the end of your adventure.

73

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point G, facing north. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point D, turn to 374; if you want to turn on the spot to face east, turn to 355. STATUS: if STATUS equals 7 or 16, turn to 188; if it equals 9 or 10, turn to 123; if it equals 8, turn to 66. (Remember to return to 73, though.)

74

As you are quite a distance from the robots you may throw a grenade – if you have one. They fire at you simultaneously.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SENTINEL	8	9
Second SENTINEL	8	9

If you defeat them, turn to 351.

75

The bridge has three doors leading from it; one is marked with a star, another with a crescent, and the third has the legend COMPUTER stencilled on it. Which will you go through: the star door (turn to 189), the crescent door (turn to 208) or the third door (turn to 113)?

76

As soon as you press the buttons an orange light starts to swim around you. Looking up at Cyrus you can see him laughing hysterically. Something is going wrong: the orange light is concentrating on you and especially on the homing device. Finally it reaches a crescendo of brightness, and the homing device collapses into an impenetrable black hole, sucking you along with it. Pity that you'd never heard that Cyrus was the inventor of a Pan-Dimensional Collapser. You have failed.

77

This hatch opens easily to reveal a long, dark access tunnel crammed with conduits and aluminium lattice-work cutting through the ship. You climb into it and work your way slowly forwards, coming, eventually, to another maintenance hatch through which you can hear a muffled gurgling voice. The tunnel leads on into the darkness. Will you open the hatch (turn to 103) or continue down the tunnel (turn to 134)?

78

You are on a grass-covered plain which rolls on into the north. To the west and south you can see a blue-green forest, while to the east some low, rocky hills rise out of the grass. Will you go north (turn to 26), west (turn to 121), east (turn to 158) or south (turn to 359)?

79

The door is featureless and impassable. The only clue to a means of opening it is a small hole beside it. Will you search the two aliens for a possible solution to the door (turn to 117) or will you return to the access tunnel (turn to 172)?

80

The door opens on to a long, light corridor. Following it, you eventually see another security door on your left. Will you open this (turn to 137) or continue down the corridor (turn to 398)?

81

The blast knocks the robots to the floor like skittles. As they do not move or show any activity you enter the room. Turn to 62.

82

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point E, facing north. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point B, you can turn either to **167** (to finish facing west) or to **331** (to finish facing east); if you want to turn on the spot (E) then turn to **216** to face west, or to **386** to face east. STATUS: if STATUS equals 4 or 11, turn to **9**; if it equals 5 or 12, turn to **33**; if it equals 6, 13 or 14, turn to **66**. (Remember to return to **82**, though.)

83

You are on a grass-covered plain which continues into the north and west. To the east and south are forests. Will you go north (turn to **341**), west (turn to **250**), south (turn to **27**) or east (turn to **121**)?

84

You are on a grass-covered plain which rolls into the south and east. To the north low, rocky hills rise, and to the west is a forest. Will you go north (turn to **158**), west (turn to **359**), south (turn to **306**) or east (turn to **122**)?

85

You engage it in hand-to-hand combat.

BIVALVE SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat it, turn to **182**.

86

When you pull the lever, the floor drops away from beneath you, plunging you into a garbage-disposal chute from which you are eventually ejected into deep space. You drift away from the *Vanderveeken* towards a slow death by suffocation.

87

You drift past the corridor and back into darkness. Presently the other landing appears. Turn to **11**.

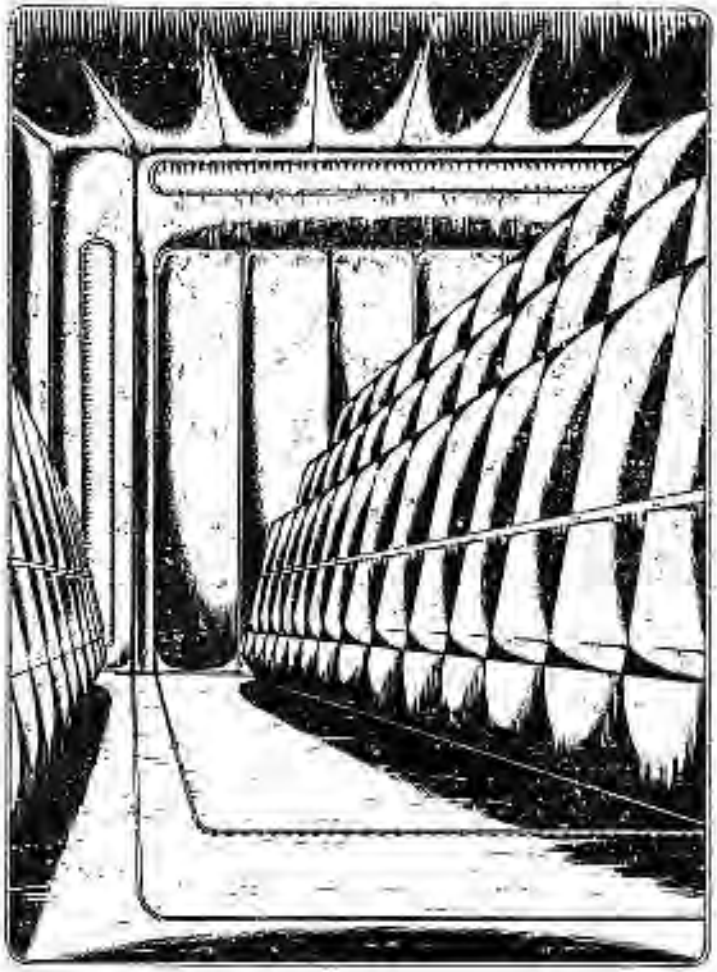

88

Opening the door, you discover that the cube is a heavily insulated room containing about a hundred cryogenic sleep capsules – large white sarcophagi in row after row of frost-encrusted silence. Closer examination reveals that only two of these capsules are currently in use. Will you revive one of the occupants of these (turn to 164) or leave the room alone (turn to 126)?

89

'Wrongo, buster,' says the first. 'Tough, Chuck,' says the second. Little panels flick open in their bodies, revealing multiple blasters. You will have to fight them. Turn to 71.

90

You walk slowly forwards. As a sphere approaches, you attempt to dodge to one side. It follows. You jump back but even more of the globes dive at you. For all your gyrating you fail to avoid contact: a sphere touches, bursts and engulfs you in a deadly black flame which sears your suit off and blasts you into oblivion. You have failed.

91

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point B, facing south. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point E, turn to 22; if you want to turn on the spot to face west, turn to 167; if you want to turn on the spot to face east, turn to 331. STATUS: if STATUS equals 4, 5, 11 or 12, turn to 66; if it equals 3 or 10, turn to 188; if it equals 6 or 7, turn to 123; if it equals 13 or 14, turn to 176. (Remember to return to 91, though.)

92

The squirrel-thing sits next to the extra-terrestrial and says, in a clear musical voice: 'See that jerk standing in front of you? He's a tightwad and a dummy – I highly recommend that you blast him.' Not much help there. Will you quickly offer to answer the creature's question (turn to 15) or attack it instead (turn to 383)?

93

You are a trifle slow in leaping backwards and thus get lashed by a 77,000-volt cable. Sparks cascade off your pressure-suit as it absorbs the current. Lose 1 ARMOUR point. This hatch is obviously impassable, so you turn your attention to the other maintenance hatch. Turn to 77.

94

You fire at it, your blaster tearing gaping holes in its beautiful chromium shell. It slumps against the control panel and looks at you with (perhaps) a quizzical expression. 'What a strange person.' It crashes to the floor and bursts into flames. Turn to 75.

95

You fire at Cyrus's Waldo.

CYRUS	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

If you defeat him, turn to 400.

96

The boat handles well and is obviously very tough. You follow the river westwards, hardly having to paddle, except to steer, because of the strong current. Eventually the river describes a wide arc to the south and the sounds of approaching rapids become apparent. The current quickens. If you decide to beach the craft, you can land on either the west bank (turn to 214) or the east bank (turn to 250); alternatively, you can shoot the rapids (turn to 287).

97

You find the central of the three doors to be locked and impassable, whereas the doors to the left and right will open. If you have a gravity bomb, you may be able to blast your way through the central door (turn to 51); otherwise you can take either the left door (turn to 381) or the right door (turn to 34).

98

The door opens on to a long, well-lit corridor. After proceeding down this for a hundred metres or so, you come across a sliding door on the left, while the corridor continues into the distance. Will you open the door (turn to 174) or keep following the corridor (turn to 229)?

99

Stepping over to the cage, you unlatch the door and, opening it enough to stick your arm in, reach around for one of the furry critters. As you do this, a number of the little fellows start rushing at the crack in the door. You try to push them back, but before you know it, a whole wave of them have escaped from the cage and are frantically dashing out into the corridor. When you try to catch them, things go from bad to worse, as the rest of them rush out of the cage and run screaming around the room. You forget about getting them back into the cage. Will you concentrate on catching just one of them (turn to 379) or let them all go (turn to 54)?

100

The corridor continues onwards, eventually leading you to another door on the left. Will you open the door (turn to 138) or press on down the corridor (turn to 267)?

101

You fight the creature in hand-to-hand combat.

SCALLOPIAN FANG SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

You may run away from the beast at any time for the automatic loss of 2 points of STAMINA. If you choose to run away, turn to 139. If you defeat it, turn to 196.

102

You are on a grass-covered plain which rolls on in all directions. Will you go north (turn to 253), west (turn to 64), south (turn to 214) or east (turn to 178)?

103

The hatch leads into a small lock-up occupied by a faceless humanoid robot armed with an assault blaster and guarding two cells – the gurgling voice you heard is emanating from the first of these. The robot does not seem to have noticed your intrusion. Will you ignore the room and continue up the tunnel (turn to 134) or attempt to destroy the robot (turn to 228)? Alternatively, you could attract the robot's attention and try to engage it in a conversation concerning what it is guarding (turn to 192).

104

You are on a grass-covered plain which continues into the west. To the north and east are forests and in the south some low hills rise. Will you go north (turn to **27**), west (turn to **371**), south (turn to **289**) or east (turn to **115**)?

105

The cardboard packet contains a deck of playing-cards. Turn to **181**.

106

The alien just shrinks even further into the corner. It says nothing and does nothing, so, seeing little to be gained from this fruitless activity, you go back to the tunnel. Turn to **163**.

107

You wave your arms around, roll your eyes and make clicking insect noises – but you soon stop when you remember that spiders often eat insects. The spider, meanwhile, has been watching your antics very closely. 'Very nice,' it says, evidently thinking you were dancing for it. Turn to **145**.

108

As you are standing in the cover of a doorway, you may throw a grenade in at them – however, as they have a console for cover, deduct 1 from the damage result of the blast (thus the grenade will do 0 to 5 points of damage). If the grenade fails to kill them, they will shoot at you simultaneously, whereas you may fire at only one of them at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SECURITY GUARD	6	4
Second SECURITY GUARD	6	4

If you defeat them, turn to **203**.

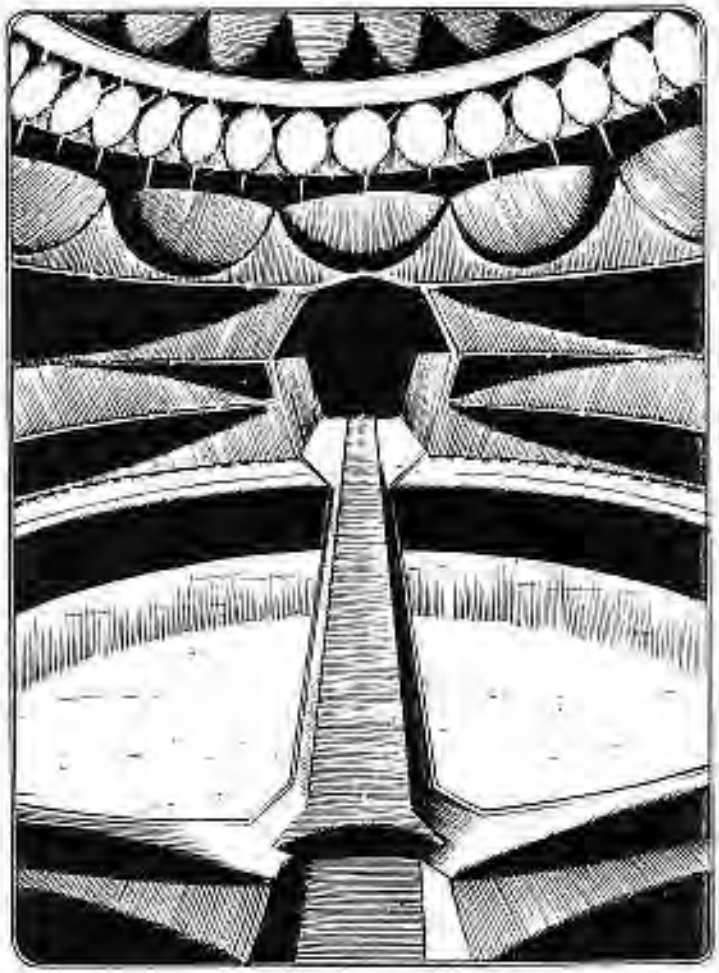

109

The exit leads you down a corridor and into a wide circular room whose floor-space is almost completely taken up by a deep, still pool; the only areas not covered with water are a path leading around the edge of the room and a very narrow bridge without handrails which passes over the middle of the pool. Both of these lead from where you stand to another opening on the other side of the room. Will you cross the room by taking the bridge (turn to **147**) or the path (turn to **185**)?

110

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point F, facing north. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point C, turn to **365**; if you want to turn on the spot to face west, turn to **391**. STATUS: if STATUS equals 3, turn to **176**; if it equals 1 or 14, turn to **188**; if it equals 2 or 15, turn to **66**. (Remember to return to **110**, though.)

111

The squirrel-thing sits in front of the extra-terrestrial and begins to speak to it in a clear musical voice: 'Let's get down to business. First I will outline my postulates. One: A is greater than B which is greater than C and so forth. Two: A squared is greater than B squared which is greater than C squared and so forth. Three: the square root of A is . . .' The extra-terrestrial becomes deeply engrossed in the little fellow's rapid and increasingly complex chatter, finally becoming so distracted that you find the opportunity to slip past the two and examine the three doors beyond. Turn to 97.

112

A blast from the Sentinels smashes through one of the thin aluminium slats you are standing on and hits you. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If this hasn't killed you, you continue to run along the gantry towards the exit. Turn to 207.

113

The door does indeed lead to a computer. There before you is a large room filled to capacity with still white cabinets, disk drives and air-conditioning. You're rather surprised to find that the *Vandervecken* is controlled by something so primitive. Not even an organic memory! Not even cryogenic cooling!

As you walk through the room you notice another door. Will you go through this door immediately (turn to 208) or will you wreak a bit of havoc on the ship's computer first by shooting at it (turn to 151)?

114

You take the cylinder of bearings, open it and roll the contents across the floor towards Cyrus's Waldo, making the device a bit unsteady on its feet. You will have to fight Cyrus, but reduce his SKILL by 1 point. Turn to 95.

115

You are in an extensive forest of very tall bluish trees, all covered by extremely long thorns. Will you go north (turn to 323), west (turn to 104), south (turn to 142) or east (turn to 179)?

116

With just a minute to spare, you open the door of the escape pod and slide into the crash couch. You desperately slam the launch button and feel the gratifying sensation of your departure. You have escaped! But your mission to capture Cyrus was a complete failure, and when the *Vandervecken* explodes, the deadly viruses meant for your home planet will be scattered far and wide.

117

You search the bodies but find nothing of any possible use or interest other than that each of the Fossniks carries a small, narrow cylinder on a long chain around its neck. Each of the cylinders has SEC stencilled on it in tiny letters. You take one. If you have already examined the security door, turn to 155; if you want to look at it now, turn to 32. Otherwise you return through the sliding door to the access tunnel (turn to 172).

118

The corridor, after another hundred metres, comes to a dead end. On the wall responsible for sealing the passageway off are two large square buttons side by side. Will you press the left one (turn to 23), the right one (turn to 61), or both together (turn to 156)?

119

You fire at the robots, your blaster punching holes into their inanimate shells. They do not respond or fight back. Realizing that they must be here for repairs, you cease firing and enter the room. Turn to 62.

120

You find yourself in a circular room. In the opposite wall is an airlock door on which is written ESCAPE POD in bold yellow letters. Leaping forward, you attempt to open it. The machine voice counts down: 6 . . . 5 . . . 4 . . . Turn to 154.

121

You are in a densely packed forest of very tall, thorn-covered trees. The forest stretches as far as you can see in all directions. Will you go north (turn to 159), west (turn to 83), south (turn to 323) or east (turn to 78)?

122

You are on the west side of a vast, impassable chasm which runs to the north and south. In the bottom of this chasm is a river. The plain you are on extends into the north, south and west; to the east you can see the other side of the chasm. Will you go north (turn to 214), south (turn to 252) or west (turn to 84)?

123

The enemy vehicle is in front of you, exposing its more vulnerable armour. You fire without fear of it retaliating – roll the dice (as previously specified). If you have destroyed your opponent turn to 190 *now*; otherwise the other tank takes a right turn two blocks ahead and disappears from sight. Add 1 to your STATUS. Turn back to your previous location to select your move, but ignore the directions to check your STATUS.

124

The Microhelicopter crashes to the floor and explodes into flames. The blaze quickly spreads to a nearby computer and then a bank of instruments – it looks as though the whole room could soon be a raging furnace. You will not have long to search it. You race about, examining various items as the heat becomes more and more intense. Eventually, fearing irreparable damage to your spacesuit, you are forced to leave via the door you entered by. However, just before leaving you manage to snatch up *two* of the items that you had been examining. Choose two items from this list:

- A plastic cylinder that seems to be full of bearings.
- A light plastic case about the size of a pocket calculator.
- An unopened cardboard packet with an emblazoned red heart.
- A small bottle of black liquid.

Having written down the two items you have chosen, turn to 162.

125

Behind the hatch is a dark and cramped access tunnel winding into the bowels of the *Vanderveeken*. You crawl into and along it, twisting, clambering and losing all sense of direction in the gloom. Presently, you come across another maintenance hatch in the side of the tunnel. Will you open this (turn to 30) or continue down the tunnel (turn to 163)?

126

The only exit from the room is through the door you entered by. Going through this, you trudge the kilometres back along the airborne path, past the T-junction and down the other, left-hand route. Turn to 345.

127

You are on a grass-covered plain which rolls on in all directions. Will you go north (turn to 197), west (turn to 233), south (turn to 250) or east (turn to 341)?

128

An orange glow pervades the room, reflecting off everything except the spheres which remain implacably black. Little doors materialize in front of each sphere and swallow them as they drift over their thresholds; within seconds the entire room is bereft of the globes. The doors evaporate, leaving you easy access to the other side of the room. Before you can stroll across, however, the room vanishes and you find yourself floating in a starry void, light years from anywhere. A stone tablet drifts slowly

into view. It is engraved: 'We eliminated seventy-seven spheres of annihilation on your account. As you do not have the means of paying your bill for this service we have taken the liberty of foreclosing and transporting you to this place. Sorry.'

The tablet drifts away, leaving you to spin in the void. You have failed.

129

The tunnel is short, ending in another, but wider, tunnel. You clamber down into this and walk along a bit, becoming aware shortly of a dull vibration in the floor. You stoop to the ground to feel with your gloved hand. At this moment a high-speed intra-vessel transit shuttle tears around a corner in the tunnel and ploughs straight into you at over three hundred kilometres per hour, killing you instantly.

130

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point D, facing south. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point G, turn to 355; if you want to turn on the spot to face east, turn to 380. STATUS: if STATUS equals 8, turn to 33; if it equals 9, turn to 66. (Remember to return to 130, though.)

131

The door opens into a long room occupied by two robot Sentinels flanking the exit at the far end. As you enter, they open fire with a blaze of darting lasers. You duck back into the cover of the doorway and contemplate how to get past them. The two Sentinels are heavily armoured saucer-shaped devices which float about a third of a metre above the floor and which will almost certainly put up very stiff resistance. Glancing back into the room for a moment, you notice that the ceiling is quite low and constructed in an open criss-cross gantry design which runs the entire length of the room. If you have read the book on robotics, turn to 169; otherwise turn to 36.

132

'I suppose it might be possible,' you reply, hesitantly. 'Well then,' says the robot, excited, 'obviously you think that you are conscious, so we'll take that as being axiomatic. Given this, do you think that even though I'm a creation of your own mind I might be able to have conscious experiences without your conscious knowledge of such events? Could I be a sort of sub-self of you?' Will you tell the robot that you haven't the foggiest idea of what it's talking about (turn to 37) or run the risk of seriously offending it by making a very possibly irrelevant answer (turn to 56)?

133

You find a secret panel by twisting one of the paintings that Cyrus has hanging on the walls. It pops open, revealing a chute. You dive in and slide down in darkness. Did you befriend the robot on the ship's bridge or shoot at the ship's ageing computer? If so, turn to 171; otherwise turn to 38.

134

A few metres down the tunnel you find another small hatch. Listening, you can hear nothing – the hatch just feels rather warm. You may continue along the access tunnel (turn to 172) or open the hatch (turn to 3).

135

The hatch gives way easily, opening into an octagonal room full of electronic circuitry in large banks running from floor to ceiling. There is little room left among all this paraphernalia for you to squeeze in, but somehow you manage. The room is a dead end with no secrets to give away. Your only discovery is some graffiti next to the hatch: *I hate Cyrus*. Perhaps there is some dissatisfaction among the crew? Pondering this, you leave the room and head back to the junction and down the left-hand passage. Turn to 175.

136

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point F, facing south. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point I, turn to 277; if you want to turn on the spot to face west, turn to 391. STATUS: if STATUS equals 14, turn to 188; if it equals 16, turn to 9; if it equals 1, turn to 33; if it equals 2 or 15, turn to 66. (Remember to return to 136, though.)

137

The door opens to reveal a comfortable-looking room, whose walls are completely lined with ancient bound books, microfilms, electronic resource-sheets and journals. On a table in the centre of the room you find three microfilm volumes that have been left out, presumably for someone to read. One is on the nervous systems of molluscs, the second is about neurotoxins and the third is an article on robotics. They are all possibly relevant, but you only have time to peruse one of them. Which will it be? Write down on your *Adventure Sheet* which volume you choose to read. Having completed this you return to the corridor and proceed along it. Turn to 398.

138

Through the door is a room with row after row of pressure-suits suspended from bright chromium rails. As you step across the threshold, a black disk the size of a plate cuts from behind one of the rows and flies at you with tremendous speed. You duck at the last moment but the razor-sharp edge of the homicidal device slashes one of your helmet antennae off. It banks sharply and comes back for another pass, aiming directly for your throat. You fire at it.

RAZOR DISK SKILL 9 STAMINA 1

If you destroy it, turn to 195.

139

You run from the cave with the beast in hot pursuit. In your efforts to outdistance it, you lose 2 points of STAMINA. Which way will you go now – north (turn to 64), west (turn to 78), south (turn to 84) or east (turn to 214)?

140

The answer is, of course, the letter N. 'Correct,' says the extra-terrestrial. 'You may pass.' Which door will you go through: the right (turn to 34), centre (turn to 14) or left (turn to 381)?

141

The device is a small black square with a large red button set into it; the wires leading from it attach to a portable power source. Nothing happens when you press the button and, as you can see several other places where some other widget is meant to plug in, you deduce that the device is incomplete. You put it in your pack. Leaving the alien, will you examine the left maintenance hatch (turn to 58) or the right maintenance hatch (turn to 77)?

142

You are on a grass-covered plain which continues to the south, but to the east develops into a broken, scrubby wasteland. To the north is a forest and in the west some low hills rise. Roll one die. If the result is even, turn to 180. If the result is odd, turn to 199.

143

The bottle simply contains ink. Turn to 181.

144

You take careful aim and pull the trigger. The pathetic little alien whimpers and dies. You go over and search the broken little body, but it has no possessions. The realization that you have probably murdered an innocent creature fills you with such disgust that you lose 1 point of SKILL. You go back to the tunnel. Turn to 163.

145

You strike up a conversation, but the spider really doesn't know very much useful information – mainly stuff about insects and trees from its home planet of Ti. It tells a sad tale of being captured by Cyrus for perverse experimentation and, in gratitude to you for having effected its release, it gives you a small sachet of what it calls 'Anti-Mollusc Formula Four' – evidently very popular on the planet Ti. If you haven't already, you may revive the occupant of the second capsule (turn to 274); otherwise you leave the room (turn to 126).

146

They do not look very impressed and, being security guards, they are naturally suspicious. They aim their blasters and tell you to throw down your weapons. Will you do as they say (turn to 239) or will you fight them (turn to 108)?

147

You cross the bridge easily, the lack of a handrail being only mildly disconcerting. You go through the other exit. Turn to 373.

148

If you have the matching piece of this device you may turn to 296. Alternatively you can attempt to trade something of your own for the device (turn to 224) or just steal it and threaten the natives with your superior weapons if they kick up a fuss (turn to 251).

149

The creature cogitates deeply, looking more disturbed and dumbfounded with every second. Its eyes glaze over, it sways slightly and then begins to drool. This deeply distracted state allows you to sneak past it to examine the three doors behind. Turn to 97.

150

You jump at the ceiling, grab a low girder and swing up on to a narrow walkway, while laser blasts skitter around you. Crouching low, you run along the gantry, ducking constantly as the fire from below smashes with great sparks and splashes of molten metal into the surrounding girder-work. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 207. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 112.

151

You fire into some of the still white cabinets, making them burst into flames and shower you with sparks. A gigantic, evil shudder runs through the entire spacecraft – something essential failing, no doubt. As you want to be able to get off the *Vandervecken* alive, you think twice about destroying more of the computer. You go through the other door. Turn to 208.

152

If you have either of the items below, you may use one:

Cylinder of bearings	Turn to 114
Pan-Dimensional Homing Device	Turn to 76

If you have neither of these (or you choose not to use them), turn to 95.

153

Will you go north (turn to 359), west (turn to 115), south (turn to 235) or east – either along the northern side of the chasm (turn to 306) or the southern side (turn to 227)?

154

Unfortunately you have wasted just a bit too much time. As sirens scream, the machine voice finishes the count-down. The *Vandervecken* is destroyed in a mighty blast and, as a consequence, you are killed.

155

'Aha!' you cry. 'The cylinder from the Fossnik is a key for the door.' You push the cylinder into the hole next to the door then watch as the door slides into the roof with a *whoosh*. Turn to 98.

156

Turn to 166.

157

Your attempts to engage the machines in any sort of conversation fail. So you tentatively step into the room; the robots continue to ignore you. As you get a closer look at them you notice that they are all in need of repairs. Turn to 62.

158

You are in the midst of low, rocky hills stretching for kilometres on all sides. Will you have a closer look around the hills' environs (turn to 25), or just try to get out of them by heading either north (turn to 64), west (turn to 78), south (turn to 84) or east (turn to 214)?

159

You are on a grass-covered plain which extends to the north, east and west. To the south is a forest. As you trek across this plain you see a shadow gliding over the grass towards you. Looking up you see a massive winged scorpion diving at you with its sting lowered. There is nowhere to run or hide; you will have to fight it hand to hand.

WINGED SCORPION SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to 397.

160

You are on the east side of a vast impassable chasm which runs to the north and south. In the bottom of the chasm is a river. To the north and south you can see flat plains, while behind you, to the east, is a forest. To the west you can see the other side of the chasm. Will you go north (turn to 250), south (turn to 288) or east (turn to 27)?

161

The enemy vehicle appears in front of you, exposing its more vulnerable armour. You fire without fear of it retaliating – roll the dice (as previously specified). If you have destroyed your opponent turn to 190 *now*; otherwise the other tank drives away from you, but remains in sight two blocks ahead. Add 1 to your STATUS. Turn back to your previous location to select your move, but ignore the directions to check your STATUS.

162

To find out what your items are, turn to the appropriate page:

The plastic cylinder	Turn to 29
The light plastic case	Turn to 67
The cardboard packet with emblazoned red heart	Turn to 105
The small bottle of black liquid	Turn to 143

163

The tunnel continues for a very long time before coming to a dead end. There, at your feet in the floor, is another hatch which you open and drop through. Turn to 201.

164

The capsules are indistinguishable apart from the life-signs monitors which indicate that the second capsule's occupant has a slightly higher metabolic rate than the first capsule's. Which will you attempt to revive – the first (turn to 31) or the second (turn to 274)?

165

You fire! If you have not killed the Toroid after three combat rounds, turn to 384.

TOROID SKILL 0 STAMINA 12

If you defeat it, turn to 332.

166

Without warning, the floor slides away and sends you plummeting down a narrow chute. The floor, now above, moves back into place, plunging you into darkness. The slide continues for a few minutes until the darkness gives way and you find yourself apparently ejected over an alien planet. Strange, though; it looks *very* close and rather doughnut-shaped – not a planetary formation you had been aware could exist. You plummet down towards it, absorbing breathtaking views of wide alien vistas, panoramas and rolling purple hills. Just before you hit the ground at something like 260 kilometres per hour, you mysteriously decelerate to land lightly. You no longer seem to be in the starship but on another planet. (From now on compass points will be used for directional reference.) Turn to 78.

167

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point B, facing west. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point A, turn to 349; if you want to turn on the spot to face south, turn to 91. STATUS: if STATUS equals 3, turn to 188; if it equals 10, turn to 33; if it equals 4, 5, 11 or 12, turn to 66. (Remember to return to 167, though.)

168

Which way will you go: north (turn to 289), west (turn to 102), south (turn to 83) or east (turn to 159)?

169

The book that you read earlier actually mentioned this type of robot; the knowledge you have thus gained will allow you to inflict 1 extra point of damage every time you hit one of the devices (if you choose to fight them). Turn to 36.

170

'Oh,' says the pilot, a little hurt at your reply. 'But,' it continues, 'if it were possible, and we assume, just for the argument's sake, that *you* are actually the conscious entity creating this world around you out of your own mind, do you think that I – a creation of yours – might be able to have conscious experiences without your conscious knowledge of such events? Could I be a sort of sub-self of you?' Will you tell the robot that you don't know (turn to 37) or ignore the rather bizarre questioning and change the subject to something more useful, such as the whereabouts of Cyrus (turn to 389)?

171

When you reach the end of the chute you find yourself in a large hangar housing a small starship. Cyrus, anticipating your pursuit, has climbed into a stevedore Waldo – an enormously powerful machine of roughly human proportions with regard to number of arms and legs but mechanically magnifying the operator's movements to a terrifying degree. Cyrus, using the Waldo, has picked up an industrial laser with which to attack you. Will you fight him (turn to 95) or look in your pack for another means of defeating him (turn to 152)?

172

The tunnel twists and turns through the ship's interior for a considerable distance. Eventually you arrive at a junction, with similar passages disappearing into the darkness to the left and right. To the front, the tunnel ends in a small doorway which is marked:

WARNING
EXTREME DANGER
ENTER ONLY WITH AUTHORITY

You may go left (turn to 175), right (turn to 59) or through the door (turn to 191).

173

Will you go north (turn to 83), west (turn to 160), south (turn to 104) or east (turn to 323)?

174

Through the door is a small kitchen and dining-area; once again everything is decorated in an alien style designed to make human behaviour difficult. The food that is available on the meal-o-matics is, without exception, unpalatable and raw. You do, however, find a couple of high-energy bars which you may take with you (they count as a single item for pack purposes). When you decide to eat these, 5 points will be restored to your STAMINA. Leaving the kitchen, you return to the corridor and proceed along it. Turn to **229**.

175

The left-hand passage is long, wide and straight – a veritable highway in comparison to the tunnels you have traversed so far. It eventually ends in a couple of small hatches; one hatch blocks the tunnel, while the other is set into the wall on one side. Which will you open, the hatch in front (turn to **194**) or the hatch to the side (turn to **266**)?

176

The enemy vehicle appears in front of you, exposing its more vulnerable armour. You fire without fear of it retaliating – roll the dice (as previously specified). If you have destroyed your opponent turn to **190** *now*; otherwise the other tank takes a left turn one block ahead and disappears from sight. Add 1 to your STATUS. Turn back to your previous location to select your move, but ignore the directions to check your STATUS.

177

If you have any of the following you may choose one and employ it against the beast:

Aerosol can of nerve gas	Turn to **232**
Book of extra-terrestrials	Turn to **268**
Pan-Dimensional Homing Device	Turn to **304**

If you have none of these, turn to **340**.

178

After a short distance, you come upon a fast-flowing river which cuts across your path. Will you attempt to swim east across it (turn to **269**), or go north (turn to **253**), west (turn to **64**) or south (turn to **214**)?

179

You are on a grass-covered plain with a large chasm running into it from the east, like a huge axe-cut extending as far as the eye can see. To the north and west are forests. To the south, the plain you are on seems to turn into broken, scrubby country. Will you search for some way down into the chasm (turn to **198**) or go in some other direction (turn to **153**)?

180

The ground collapses, sending you into a deep pit lined with punji stakes. Lose 1 ARMOUR point. After extricating yourself from the stakes you manage to climb out. Turn to 199.

181

If you have not found out what your second item is, turn back to 162; otherwise you go back down the corridor and then along the left-hand path – turn to 200.

182

You dive down to the submarine and climb through the airlock. Safe! There is only one control for the submarine: an on/off switch set into the arm of a chair in the conning tower. You turn this to *on*. The submarine moves, gliding into a tunnel in the lake bed. The journey takes a while and allows you some much needed rest – restore 4 points to your STAMINA. Eventually you surface into a large room, half of which is a pool of water for the submarine, while the other half looks strangely like the interior of the *Vandervecken*. Climbing from the conning tower into the dry half of the room, you see that there is only one exit. You go through it. Turn to 309.

183

If you have either of these items, turn to the appropriate page:

Large fresh crab	Turn to 202
Electronic book of extra-terrestrials	Turn to 238

If you have neither of these, then you must either fight it (turn to 69), run away (turn to 126) or attempt to communicate with it (turn to 107).

184

If you have any of the items below, choose which one you will use and turn to the appropriate page:

Aerosol can of nerve gas	Turn to 275
Deck of cards	Turn to 311
Container of ball-bearings	Turn to 347
Pan-Dimensional Homing Device	Turn to 396

If you have none of these you will either have to fight them (turn to 108) or bluff them into letting you through (turn to 146).

185

When you are about halfway around the pool a series of ripples spreads across the face of the water. You hurry along but notice, to your horror, that tentacles are rising out of the pool's edge and crawling, like slimy green serpents, towards you. Before you can run, you are surrounded. Out of the water rise bloated green bodies, ghastly yellow eyes glinting and hungry beaks clicking. Confronting you are two creatures which resemble both man and octopus. Will you fight them (turn to 204) or search through your pack for some other means of defence (turn to 240)?

186

You give it a piece of fruit. The squirrel-thing bites into it heartily and produces a low, satisfied purr. After eating, it climbs on to your shoulder and, holding on tight, falls asleep. You pocket a couple more pieces of this fruit for later use, then leave the room and head up the corridor. Turn to 118.

187

The two pieces plug together to form a black oblong with two red buttons. Once the two pieces are together they begin to hum and one edge lights up with the legend:

PAN-DIMENSIONAL HOMING DEVICE –
EMERGENCIES ONLY

Count it as one item for pack purposes. Turn to 368.

188

A blast from the enemy vehicle's phaser smashes into your tank, stripping 1 SHIELD from your defence level. You can't be sure which direction the fire came from because you can't see to the rear or side, only forwards (and there's nothing in sight there). Add 1 to your STATUS. Turn back to your previous location to select your move, but ignore the directions to check your STATUS.

189

The door leads you to a long corridor which ends in a blank wall. When you touch the wall, to see if there are any hidden doors, all the lights go out and are replaced by an other-worldly blue haze. A high-pitched whine starts up at the other end of the corridor, and small electric flashes arc down towards your end. You realize, too late, that you are in a particle accelerator. A bright cloud of positrons, accelerating to near light-speed, flies down the corridor and crashes into you – removing you from this world in a puff of photons.

190

The lights in your tank go out and you feel your chair rising. Hatches open overhead and then shut below you, as you pass upwards. Suddenly, you are in free fall, in a weightless environment, the chair left behind. You roll over and over, all sense of direction lost. A pinprick of light becomes apparent, growing by the second until, with a rush, it is around and past you. The journey has taken you into a long, light, zero-gravity transit tunnel – generally pretty fast and safe travel, but in your case, as the tunnel up ahead is occupied by a man-eating Toroid, just fast – all too fast. The Toroid looks pretty much like an enormous eyeless doughnut with innumerable fangs set in its inner circle – an inner circle (or mouth) that you are flying towards at great speed. If you have a gravity bomb you could send this down before you into the beast's maw (turn to 52); otherwise you will have to shoot at it (turn to 165).

191

The hatch gives way easily, and a slight sigh of air indicates a small difference in pressure between the tunnel and what lies beyond. Perhaps no one has been this way for quite some time. On the other side is a long narrow room – almost a tunnel – garishly lit by red fluorescent tubes running along all its vertices. In the middle of the opposite wall, in the centre of a pulsating neon cross, is a box. Will you investigate the box (turn to 342), or leave the room and go either right (turn to 59) or left (turn to 175)?

192

'I say . . .' you say, to attract its attention. Before you can finish however, the robot spins, aims and fires – the blast smashes into the tunnel behind you and showers the area with molten metal. You will have to fight it. Turn to 228.

193

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point H, facing west. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point G, turn to 73; if you want to turn on the spot to face north, turn to 313. STATUS: if STATUS equals 5, 6, 12, 13 or 16, turn to 188; if it equals 8, turn to 261; if it equals 7, turn to 66. (Remember to return to 193, though.)

194

The hatch gives way into a circular airlock with two doorways – one is labelled ESCAPE POD and the other is a security door. If you have picked up a cylindrical security key from an earlier encounter you may proceed through the security door (turn to 356); otherwise you will have to go back to the tunnel and go through the other hatch (turn to 266).

195

One good hit smashes the disk into tiny fragments, which bounce harmlessly off your armour. You inspect the room. The pressure-suits are not terribly useful to you, as you already have one, but at the end of one rack you find something that you immediately recognize as being battle armour, constructed of a light fibrous polymer that is extremely resistant to all forms of attack. If you wish to wear it, turn to 231; otherwise you lay it aside, leave via the door you entered by and continue up the corridor (turn to 267).

196

The beast is vanquished and you are master of its cave. Looking around, you find very little – only bones and, in one niche, an enormous pair of carnivore jaws which you may take if you wish. Resting in the safety of the cave you recover 5 points of STAMINA. Eventually, though, you must leave. Which way will you go: north (turn to 64), west (turn to 78), south (turn to 84) or east (turn to 214)?

197

After a short distance you come upon a fast-flowing river which cuts across your path. Will you attempt to head north by swimming across this turgid water (turn to 305), or go east (turn to 341), south (turn to 250) or west (turn to 233)?

198

You find some very rough-cut and dangerous-looking stairs hacked into the side of a cliff, which wind down into the chasm. Will you go down these stairs (turn to 270) or in some other direction (turn to 153).

199

Will you go north (turn to 115), west (turn to 289), south (turn to 159) or east (turn to 235)?

200

The corridor leads past a door on your right. Will you continue down the corridor (turn to 308) or go through the door (turn to 236)?

201

You are in a very large room with a rather peculiar floor-space – half of it is taken up by a pool of water running the entire length of the room. At the other end of the dry space, which also runs the length of the room, you can see a door. Will you investigate the pool (turn to 237) or the door (turn to 309)?

202

You take the crab out and throw it at the spider's feet. It looks at it, tentatively turns it over with a claw and says, 'Why, thanks.' It eats the crab with some enthusiasm. Turn to 145.

203

The guards are vanquished, but a red light is flashing on the video controls – perhaps somebody or something has been alerted. You had better hurry. The room has two other exits; one is a security door and the other is a simple manual sliding door. If you don't already have one, you may take an assault blaster from one of the guards. Which door will you go through – the security door (turn to 109) or the sliding door (turn to 257)?

204

If you have a grenade you may throw one into the pool. If you decide to throw a grenade, turn to 276; otherwise turn to 312.

205

The second button depresses safely. When you press the third, the dial pops free of the floor, revealing the contents of the safe – well, not really a safe, but a booby-trap, for there, sunk into the floor, is a gravity bomb which would have been set off had you pressed the wrong sequence of buttons. It is now safe to handle, though, so you may add it to your weapon list. Which exit from the room will you take: the door in front (turn to 80) or the door to the side (turn to 319)?

206

You offer the item to the chief, an act which seems to please both him and his tribe. However, when it becomes apparent to them that you want part of their totem in return, their mood changes quite rapidly to outright hostility. A few of the bigger aliens openly brandish extremely nasty-looking spears. You decide to quit the village before the scene becomes violent. Turn to 361.

207

You reach the end of the gantry on the other side of the room. Almost directly below are the Sentinels, busily blasting away the ceiling around you. Between them, only a couple of metres away, is the open exit. Will you:

Attempt to swing down from the ceiling, between the Sentinels and straight through the exit?	Turn to 243
Engage the Sentinels in a fight?	Turn to 279
Jump on to one of the Sentinels to send it out of control while shooting at the other?	Turn to 315

208

The door opens into a spacious room. There are deep chairs, paintings, off-world rugs, bookshelves lined with vellum-covered volumes and there, in one of the chairs, is Cyrus! He looks at you in a rather startled way. With nervous haste he puts down the book he was reading and starts to his feet. 'Er . . . welcome,' he begins. 'Can I offer you a drink?' Will you accept his offer and chat with him awhile before making the arrest (turn to 244) or will you move straight in for the kill and capture him immediately (turn to 280)?

209

As you pull the lever down, all the red lights in the room begin a long, slow pulsing. A very low, menacing tone sounds in time with the lights. You wait breathless for a few minutes but nothing else seems to happen. The lights and tone continue to pulse. You can either pull the other lever (turn to 245) or leave the room (turn to 335).

210

Inside the cave you are confronted by a massive furry many-legged beast with huge teeth, bulging eyes and razor talons. It roars and rushes forward when it sees you. It looks so ferocious that you fumble and drop your blaster. Will you fight it (turn to 101), run away (turn to 139) or use one of your pack items (turn to 177)?

211

In the fight, the robot will fire twice per combat round, each hit doing 2 points of damage to your STAMINA.

GUARD ROBOT SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to **247**.

212

Your carefully aimed shot kills the man instantly, and sends his body sprawling on the floor. Turn to **248**.

213

This door has two short black levers protruding from it, but is otherwise indistinguishable from any other door on the *Vandervecken*. The door fails to open when you use the electronic cylinder key, so you resort to pulling the levers. Will you pull the left lever (turn to **10**), the right lever (turn to **23**) or both (turn to **156**)?

214

You are on a grass-covered plain which rolls to the south, east and north. In the west some low, rocky hills can be seen. Will you go north (turn to **102**), east (turn to **286**), south (turn to **122**) or west (turn to **158**)?

215

The structure, as you approach it, turns out to be a short pier extending out into a rapidly flowing river. Moored to the pier are several sturdy-looking canoes. You may take a canoe and paddle down the river westwards (turn to **96**), or ignore them and walk north (turn to **289**), west (turn to **102**), south (turn to **83**) or east (turn to **159**).

216

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point E, facing west. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point D, you can either turn to **374** (to finish facing north) or to **130** (to finish facing south); if you want to turn on the spot (E) then turn to **82** to face north, or to **22** to face south. STATUS: if STATUS equals 5 or 12, turn to **188**; if it equals 9, turn to **261**; if it equals 6, 13 or 14, turn to **66**. (Remember to return to **216**, though.)

217

The forest is just what it seems to be, a forest. You abandon your search and go either north (turn to **227**), west (turn to **235**), south (turn to **64**) or east (turn to **253**).

218

You lean over the prone figure and try to prise open its claws from the disintegrator it was holding. As you do this, the Deity explodes violently – roll one die and subtract the result from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you find that the weapons are now simply useless hunks of debris. You leave the room via the other exit. Turn to 254.

219

The path runs for quite a few kilometres before ending at a small aluminium cube which, like the path, is hanging in mid-air. As you get closer you see that the path ends at a door in the side of the cube, while beside the door is parked a rapid-transit two-seater commuter. Will you enter the cube (turn to 395) or jump into the commuter and head back to the T-junction and down the left-hand branch of the path (turn to 70)?

220

You fight it in hand-to-hand combat.

THARN
DOPPELGÄNGER SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to 13.

221

'Yeah?' exclaims the first. 'We could be out of a job soon,' says the other. 'Better pack then.' You leave them chatting about their possible futures. Turn to 329.

222

You take the homing device in hand, but a green tentacle flies from one of the mutants, snatches the device and flings it into the centre of the pool. Not much chance of using it now – cross the device from your Equipment List. You will have to fight the mutants. Turn to 204.

223

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point A, facing east. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point B, turn to 331; if you want to turn on the spot to face south, turn to 349. STATUS: if STATUS equals 3 or 4, turn to 33; if it equals 10, turn to 66; if it equals 5, 11 or 12, turn to 261; if it equals 8 or 9, turn to 188. (Remember, if you have to turn to one of the numbers above because of your STATUS, make a note of where you are – 223 in this case – so you can return here to decide where to move.)

224

What will you use to trade for the part:

A piece of technology?	Turn to 16
A large set of carnivore jaws?	Turn to 55
A few pieces of orangey-purple fruit?	Turn to 35

225

'Check,' says the first. 'Ditto,' says the second. They swivel back on their pedestals and proceed to ignore you. Passing them, you are confronted by the second pair of creatures. They turn and speak: 'Up is up and down is down.' 'But do they really exist or are they ghosts?' adds the second. What will you answer: that they are real (turn to 272) or not (turn to 387)?

226

He prattles on about how he loves a good bet, a good card game. He hunts around in the drawer of a desk, presumably for some cards. Presumably. He comes out of the drawer, head up, with a gun which he points at you. 'So, they thought they could get rid of me using just one of their so-called assassins, hey?' he asks derisively, waving the pistol at you as he paces up and down the room. 'A whole planet couldn't dispose of me! They will pay, how they will pay!' He slams a switch on the wall, plunging the room into utter darkness. If you have the infra-red goggles, turn to 298; otherwise turn to 334.

227

You are on the south side of a vast impassable chasm which runs from the west to east. The bottom is a flat plain. You are on a narrow strip of grassy plain, which continues to the west and east. To the south is a forest and to the north you can see the other side of the chasm. Will you go west (turn to 179), south (turn to 343) or follow the chasm east (turn to 288)?

228

As you have the hatch for cover you may lob a grenade in at the machine.

GUARD ROBOT SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to 264.

229

The corridor ends in a circular room occupied by a squat, armless, tripedal robot. This robot, which has a pair of electric lashes projecting from its chest, squawks as you approach, 'Halt: inspection point.' Will you attempt to bluff your way past the machine (turn to 301) or simply attack it (turn to 211)?

230

Opening the door, you step into a room largely taken up by a glass cage of tiny screaming creatures. They all have six legs and bulging eyes, and most have thick black fur – the odd ones out having been shaved, for no apparent reason. They are all leaping about their cage in great agitation, swinging from overhead bars and rattling at the door. The only other thing in the room is a large open crate some metres from the cage. Will you try to have a closer look at one of the creatures (turn to 99) or look in the crate instead (turn to 372)?

231

You swap your old suit of armour for this new one – raise your ARMOUR points to 14. However, as this new suit is bulkier than your own, you will have to decrease your SKILL by 1 point. You leave the room and continue up the corridor. Turn to 267.

232

You spray the beast in the face and, after a fraction of a second, it rolls over dead. It is a fortunate thing that you still have your spacesuit on. It is unfortunate, however, that you have exhausted the contents of the can – cross it off your Equipment List. Turn to 196.

233

After a short distance you come upon a fast-flowing river which cuts across your path. Will you attempt to swim west, to the other side (turn to 305), or go north (turn to 197), east (turn to 341) or south (turn to 250)?

234

The alien doesn't seem to have anything else to offer. Leaving it, will you examine the right maintenance hatch (turn to 77) or the left maintenance hatch (turn to 58)?

235

You are on a broken plain covered by rocks, low red shrubs and large black burnt patches. If you have been among these red shrubs before, turn to 307; otherwise turn to 271.

236

The door leads you into a small room whose walls are covered with shelves which, for the most part, are filled with electro-memory cassettes. On a table set against the middle of the opposite wall is a machine for copying the contents of these tapes on to others. You walk across to it and find there is a cassette already in the machine, waiting to be copied. If you want to take this item, add it to your Equipment List. You inspect the cassettes on the walls, but find that they all seem to be blank. Disgruntled at not finding anything more useful, you return to the corridor. Turn to 308.

237

The pool, on closer examination, reveals itself to be a swiftly flowing body of water rushing out from under the wall at one end of the room and disappearing equally rapidly under the wall at the opposite end. Through the distorted surface you can see strange metallic shapes – rails, machines and clamping devices – under the water. Will you ease yourself into the water to identify these devices (turn to 273) or leave the room via the door on the dry side (turn to 309)?

238

You take the book out of its cover and point it at the spider. The book tells you that the spider is a Vert from the planet Ti, and that it is intelligent and probably peaceful. Turn to 145.

239

You put your weapon down at your feet, much to the satisfaction of the guards. They keep their blasters trained on you while they drag your equipment away to the centre of the room. They then decide to kill you, as you are obviously an intruder. What can you do? You dive for your weapons in the middle of the room. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, the guards get to shoot at you once each before you fire back. If you are *Unlucky*, the guards get to shoot at you twice each before you return fire. They fire at you simultaneously.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARD	6	4
Second GUARD	6	4

If you defeat them, turn to 203.

240

If you have any of the items below, choose which one you will use and turn to the appropriate page:

Aerosol can of nerve gas	Turn to 348
Pan-Dimensional Homing Device	Turn to 222
Bottle of ink	Turn to 258
Anti-Mollusc Formula Four	Turn to 394

If you don't have any of these, you will have to fight them (turn to 204).

241

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point I, facing north. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point F, turn to 110; if you want to turn on the spot to face west, turn to 277. STATUS: if STATUS equals 2 or 3, turn to 28; if it equals 15, turn to 33; if it equals 1 or 16, turn to 66. (Remember to return to 241, though.)

242

When you take the head out of your pack it smiles at the chief and says: 'Good day, sir. May I offer you an Antares Red?' It creates a sensation among all present. When it becomes apparent to them that you are actually offering them *this* for the tip of their totem pole, they can't fall over themselves fast enough to make the deal. You get the part. If you have the matching half of this device, turn to 187; otherwise turn to 368.

243

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 297. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 333.

244

He goes to the drinks' cabinet, pours you a large Antares Red, motions you to be seated and then sits next to you. 'So, you have come to take me into custody?' he asks. You nod and take a sip of your drink. You inform him of his crimes against society and how, if he's lucky, he'll only get ninety-nine years instead of the chair. He nods pensively and seems repentant. It is at this moment that you feel decidedly ill. You hold your head as waves of nausea and unconsciousness sweep over you. He's drugged your drink! Roll three dice. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your STAMINA, turn to 316. If the result is *less than* your STAMINA, turn to 352.

245

You pull the lever down – the fatal connection is made. The red lights begin to flash with a strobe-like rapidity, a screaming siren starts up and a great rumbling goes through the ship. From all around you a deep machine voice booms out:

REACTOR CORE NOW UNSHIELDED
TERMINAL MALFUNCTION IN T MINUS
TWO MINUTES
DESTRUCTION OF VANDERVECKEN WILL FOLLOW IN
T MINUS SIX MINUTES

Realizing that you've really done it this time, you run from the room, throwing yourself through the hatchway into the tunnel beyond. Will you take the left tunnel (turn to 21) or the right tunnel (turn to 281)?

246

When you are within fifty metres of the nearest hut, a loud hubbub starts up as about twenty aliens, looking like fierce little easter eggs with bushes of hair, come streaming out of the village toward you. As the aliens near, a higher-pitched chanting and wailing starts up from an unseen source in the village. Will you stand fast (turn to 336), open fire on them (turn to 282) or flee (turn to 361)?

247

The robot falls over sideways, thick black smoke pouring from its shell. The room has two exits: a security door in front (on the opposite side of the corridor entrance) and another to the side. Will you inspect the remains of the robot (turn to 283), or go through either the door in front (turn to 80) or the door to the side (turn to 319)?

248

You climb through the hatch, look around the room and search the man's body. The room is full of electronic measuring-devices of the sort used in the repair and maintenance of complex electronic systems. None are of any particular use to you. The only item of any interest is a small, narrow cylinder which the man wore around his neck on a long chain. Thinking this might be a key, you approach the security door and put the cylinder in a hole next to it. The door opens. Turn to **356**.

249

The door opens to reveal what is obviously an armoury. There are racks of guns, boxes of ammunition and other interesting devices. If you have not taken a weapon from a robot yet, you may take an assault blaster from one of the racks and add it to your weapon list. You also find two small cases, although, due to their weight, you may take only one. One looks as if it contains explosives, while the other seems to contain a strange pair of goggles. Write down which case you decide to take with you. This lucky find boosts your spirits – restore 4 points to your STAMINA and add 1 LUCK point. You leave via the door you entered by. Turn to **285**.

250

You are on a grass-covered plain which spreads to the south, east and north. To the distant west you can see some hills rising. Will you go north (turn to **127**), east (turn to **83**), south (turn to **160**) or west (turn to **322**)?

251

You push past the chief and his advisers, and make a grab for the totem pole. Instantly, hordes of angry warriors leap at you with previously hidden spears. Most of their thrusts are turned by your armour, but such is the intensity of their attacks that several spears force their way through and make fatal contact. You collapse under the angry wave, never to rise. You have failed.

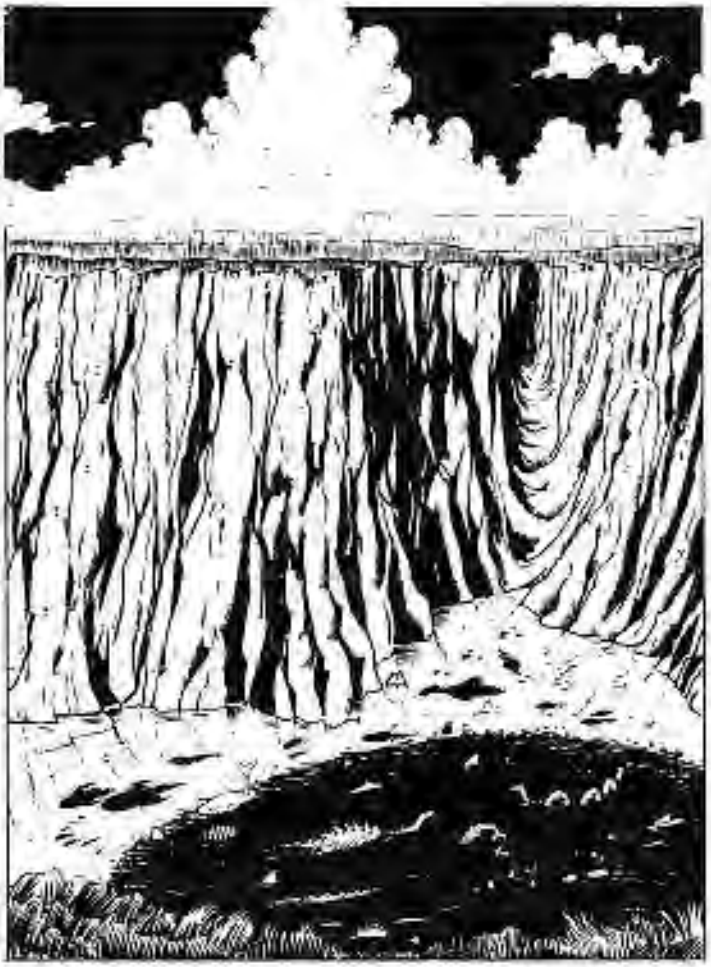

252

The plain you are on suddenly ends at a precipice. You are on the edge of the intersection of two vast chasms, one coming down from the north, the other from the west, forming a gigantic backward L. Looking down into the bottom, you see a wide lake teeming with life; there are also dark submerged shapes which might be large water animals or perhaps machines. There is no obvious way to get down to find out. Will you follow the chasm north (turn to **122**) or west (turn to **306**)?

253

You are on a grass-covered plain which extends into the north and south. To the west is a forest, while to the east some low hills rise. Will you go north (turn to **288**), west (turn to **343**), south (turn to **102**) or east (turn to **289**)?

254

A solitary corridor twists past the exit for a while before ending at a door. You open this and step through. As the door shuts behind you, you notice that it blends into the wall – looks like there's no way back now. Turn to **201**.

255

You stride boldly across the floor, stepping on your carefully selected tiles and reaching the other side in one piece. You go through the door. Turn to **131**.

256

If you have either of the items below, you may use one of them:

Book of extra-terrestrials	Turn to 364
Pan-Dimensional Homing Device	Turn to 328

If you have neither of these, you will fight it (turn to 220).

257

The door leads to a small kitchenette with a delightful aroma – a pot of coffee is sitting, begging to be drunk, and on a sideboard are some fresh sandwiches! Will you stay here for a while to eat (turn to 293) or will you go back into the security nexus and through the other exit (turn to 109)?

258

You open the bottle and throw the ink into the pool where it spreads like a great dark cloud and strikes some primeval genetic chord in the monsters, perhaps of panic. At any rate, they dive into the water and disappear from sight. You run to the exit. Turn to 373.

259

'What a stupid question,' it says, taking steady aim with its disintegrator. It looks as though you're going to have to fight it. Turn to 383.

260

If you do not have a spare piece of high-tech equipment to trade, then you will have to give either a weapon – if you have a spare – or 2 ARMOUR points. You offer the item to the chief, an act which seems to please both him and his tribe. Turn to 368. If you don't have anything to give, then you must leave the village (turn to 361).

261

The enemy vehicle appears in front of you, exposing its more vulnerable armour. You fire without fear of it retaliating – roll the dice (as previously specified). If you have destroyed your opponent turn to 190 *now*; otherwise the other tank takes a right turn one block ahead and disappears from sight. Add 1 to your STATUS. Turn back to your previous location to select your move, but ignore the directions to check your STATUS.

262

As you lunge over towards him he side-steps and grabs a mechanical device from a coffee-table. 'Stop!' he cries. 'Don't move. This device is a very complicated piece of machinery that I have been working on of late. It fires a guided armour-piercing dart. It never misses. Now, stand aside.' Will you do as he says (turn to 19) or go for him regardless (turn to 370)?

263

Turn to 209.

264

The robot terminates. If you don't already possess one, you may add the machine's assault blaster to your weaponry. You climb into the room, the only sounds now being the crackle of small circuits popping in the robot's chest and the odd stifled cough from the first cell. Which cell will you look in first, the one with sounds emanating from it (turn to 63) or the silent one (turn to 318)?

265

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point H, facing east. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point I, turn to 241; if you want to turn on the spot to face north, turn to 313. STATUS: if STATUS equals 5, 6, 12 or 13, turn to 188; if it equals 1, turn to 176; if it equals 7, turn to 66; if it equals 16, turn to 33. (Remember to return to 265, though.)

266

Through the hatch is a tiny dark room cluttered with books, small electronic devices, a bunk and other furniture. A man in white overalls, an electronic meter strapped to his waist, is slumped on the bunk with his face buried in his hands. He has not noticed you, nor is he making any noise. A security door in the opposite wall is the only exit from the room. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to 302
Threaten him to gain some information?	Turn to 320
Talk to him and try to befriend him?	Turn to 284

267

The corridor leads on for a great distance before making a sharp turn. Following it, you stumble, immediately after the turn, into a circular chamber filled by eight Portabot Pillboxes. These little devices stand about a third of a metre high, are armoured, armed and convenient to carry about in packs of four to defend areas where more cowardly sorts would refuse to venture. As you leap back into the cover of the corridor they pursue you with a withering fire. You will have to fight them. If you have any grenades you may throw a couple into the room; a gravity bomb (if you have one) will ensure a knock-out on all the devices.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PORTABOT	7	2
Second PORTABOT	7	2
Third PORTABOT	7	2
Fourth PORTABOT	7	2
Fifth PORTABOT	7	2
Sixth PORTABOT	7	2
Seventh PORTABOT	7	2
Eighth PORTABOT	7	2

If you destroy them, turn to 303.

268

You point the book at the charging beast and press a button. 'It's a SCALLOPIAN FANG,' it screams. '*Run!*' Will you run (turn to 139) or stand and fight (turn to 101)?

269

Roll three dice. If the result *exceeds* your STAMINA, turn to 45. If the result is *equal to or less than* your STAMINA, you have made it safely across to the other side – turn to 127.

270

As you climb down the stairs, rocks slide from under your feet and whole steps disintegrate as you test your weight on them – it is a continual battle to stay upright. Roll three dice. If the result *exceeds* your STAMINA, you slip and tumble down the stairs. If you do slip, roll one die and deduct the result from your STAMINA. Eventually, however, you make it to the bottom of the chasm and head east along the floor, flanked by enormous granite cliffs. After a few kilometres you arrive at the shore of a wide, still lake which has formed across a turn in the chasm. There is no way to walk past it and no point in going back, so, having zero risk of drowning in your spacesuit, you decide to swim across it. Turn to 324.

271

You accidentally brush against one of the shrubs: it explodes violently, leaving a large burnt patch on the ground and burning your spacesuit – lose 1 ARMOUR point. Turn to 307.

272

'Dear oh dear,' says the first. 'What a dope,' continues the other. Little panels flick open in their bodies, revealing multiple blasters. You will have to fight them. Turn to 71.

273

You climb into the water, lose your grip and get swept under the far wall. For a long time you are carried along, here and there, in total darkness. Eventually, a circle of light appears above you and begins to grow; you realize that you are actually moving upwards and that the circle of light is, paradoxically, sky. Inside a spacecraft? But there is no doubting it. You pass through the hole and find yourself in the middle of a rapidly flowing river under an alien sky. On either side are wide grass-covered plains. Soon you struggle over to the bank and leave the river, heading inland a short way. (From now on compass points will be used for directional references.) Turn to 102.

274

You start the revive cycle. After a few moments some sounds of activity arise from within the capsule, which then swings open, letting free a human being. Will you try to strike up a friendly conversation with this person (turn to 346), or be a bit wary and threatening instead (turn to 310)?

275

You spray the gas into the room. Roll one die and subtract the result from each of the STAMINAS of the guards:

First GUARD	STAMINA 4
Second GUARD	STAMINA 4

You use up the entire contents of the can – cross it off your Equipment List. If the guards are still alive, you will have to fight them (turn to 108); otherwise turn to 203.

276

Roll one die. If the result is even, turn to 294. If the result is odd, turn to 330.

277

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point I, facing west. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point H, turn to 193; if you want to turn on the spot to face north, turn to 241. STATUS: if STATUS equals 7 or 8, turn to 123; if it equals 1 or 16, turn to 66; if it equals 15, turn to 188. (Remember to return to 277, though.)

278

You retreat in time to avoid the cables and showers of sparks. Obviously this hatch does not offer a way through, so you turn your attention to the other maintenance hatch. Turn to 77.

279

As you have the steel-work of the gantry for cover, the machines will have some difficulty in hitting you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SENTINEL	4	9
Second SENTINEL	4	9

If you defeat them, turn to 351.

280

'Wait! Wait!' Cyrus cries, flailing his arms in the air as you close in. 'Give a man about to lose his freedom one last request, a moment of reprieve!' You just look at him distrustfully. 'I'm a compulsive gambler,' he tells you. 'Will you play just one hand of cards with me?' Well, will you play (turn to 226) or just grab him and finish it now (turn to 262)?

281

As you race down the tunnel, tripping over the abundance of pipes, the voice continues:

DESTRUCTION IN T MINUS FIVE MINUTES

You come to another access hatch at the end of the tunnel, which you desperately fling open. On the other side is a room full of electronic circuitry rising from floor to ceiling. There is no obvious exit other than the hatch you have just opened. Will you explore the room in the hope of finding some hidden means of escape (turn to 317) or turn back and go down the other tunnel (turn to 353)?

282

As soon as you shoot, the aliens give a horrified scream and drop to the ground – into the cover of the thick grass. You approach the village giving the odd burst of fire into any likely looking clump of grass, sometimes eliciting a scream but generally hitting nothing. Without warning, most of the original aliens spring out of the grass only a matter of feet from you and cast short, needle-sharp spears with unerring accuracy. Most are turned by your armour but one or two find a chink to pierce, with fatal consequences. You stagger back a foot or so and collapse. You have failed.

283

The robot is a useless hulk, but directly underneath where it was standing you see a floor-safe, its button-covered dial previously hidden by the robot's feet. Looking closer you see there are three different coloured buttons to press to open it – blue, green and red. Intrigued, you decide to open it. Which colour button will you press first: blue (turn to 399), green (turn to 385) or red (turn to 376)?

284

'Ahem,' you say, clearing your throat, while nonchalantly leaning against a bulkhead. The man sits upright with a violent start and stares at you. He looks very upset. You explain to him your peaceful intentions and after a few minutes he loosens up and begins to talk freely, explaining that he is the technician responsible for maintaining the robots on board. His hatred for Cyrus is manifest. When you inquire as to why he dislikes Cyrus so much (especially as he works for him), he explains that they have been having 'problems' with the command robot on the bridge. Evidently this robot, a new experimental type, has developed a conscious personality and resents taking orders from Cyrus whom he (the robot) considers to be insane. Cyrus blames the technician for these problems and has ordered him to shut the command robot down, but the technician is especially unhappy about this, as he considers it would be murder. 'The machine is alive!' he explains. 'You only have to talk to him to see that. He knows he exists.' Finally, after this

informative chat, the technician shows you how to open the security doors on the ship with an electronic key which he gives you. You leave through the other door. Turn to 356.

285

If you chose the explosives, turn to 321; if you chose the goggles, turn to 357.

286

After a short distance you come to a fast-flowing river, which cuts across your path. Will you attempt to swim east, across the turgid waters (turn to 358), or walk north (turn to 102), west (turn to 214) or south (turn to 122)?

287

Rocks appear out of the water and cliffs rise on both sides as you hurtle south; ahead, the roar of white water increases. The boat is swept down through a series of water-slides, small waterfalls and jumbled rocks. Roll two dice. If the result *exceeds* your SKILL, you have lost control of your boat and fall out of it – roll one die and deduct the total from your STAMINA as you get dashed against some rocks. Eventually the rapids end and you are carried down the centre of a gigantic chasm. Turn to 324.

288

You are on the edge of a vast impassable chasm which runs to the west and north, through the midst of the plains on which you stand (which continue to the south and east). In the bottom of the chasm you can see a wide lake teeming with life; there are also dark submerged shapes which might be large water animals or perhaps machines. There is no way to get down to find out. Will you follow the chasm north (turn to 160) or west (turn to 227), or leave the precipice and go south (turn to 253) or east (turn to 104)?

289

You climb into the midst of some low, rolling hills surrounded by a flat sea of grass. Will you explore these hills for a while (turn to 325) or leave them (turn to 361)?

290

Having vanquished the cleaners, you proceed down the corridor, but reach its end in very short time. The corridor terminates in the side of an enormous tunnel of at least twenty metres diameter, which disappears into darkness to the left and right. There are no lights in it and the only detail to be seen is a short landing which extends from the end of the corridor into the centre of the tunnel. The corridor has no doors leading from it other than one small maintenance hatch close to the tunnel end. Will you examine the hatch (turn to 125) or the landing in the tunnel (turn to 362)?

291

The man stirs as you approach and looks up with bleary eyes. He looks as if he has suffered terribly. 'Who are you?' he croaks through cracked lips. Will you tell him that you are an assassin sent to get Cyrus (turn to 363) or that you are one of the crew of the *Vandervecken* (turn to 12)?

292

Under your continually threatening gaze and provocative language the person suddenly metamorphoses into a hideous bat-like creature which swoops to attack you. Will you fight it (turn to 220) or look in your pack for some other way out of the situation (turn to 256)?

293

You sit back and take it easy for a bit – regain 5 points of STAMINA. After recuperating, you leave the kitchenette, and go into the security room and through the exit. Turn to 109.

294

One of the octopus creatures catches the grenade in mid-flight with a couple of its tentacles and holds it aloft. The grenade explodes. Roll the usual dice to see how much damage each creature takes but, in addition, as the blast was so close to you, deduct 1 point from your own ARMOUR. Turn to 312.

295

If you have any of the items below, choose which one you will employ and turn to the appropriate page:

Pan-Dimensional Homing Device	Turn to 377
Deck of playing cards	Turn to 367
Book of extra-terrestrials	Turn to 326
A Cephalo squirrel	Turn to 390

If you don't have any of these, you will either have to attempt to answer the creature's question (turn to 15) or fight it (turn to 383).

296

Opening your pack you clasp the matching part and raise it above your head, shouting: 'See, its brother returns!' The amazed aliens collapse to the ground and begin wailing. Raising one of the chiefs up, you convince him, via sign language, that he should give the part on the totem pole to you. When he understands, he signals to a younger alien who climbs the pole and returns with the part, which the chief then presents to you. Turn to 187.

297

You jump at a stout-looking pipe just above the opening and swing through the blazing crossfire out of the room. Safe! Turn to 369.

298

When you snap the goggles on, the room seems to light up. You can see Cyrus feeling his way along a wall (he is, unlike you, still blind in the darkness): he reaches a hanging picture and gives it a twist. To your surprise a small secret panel opens in the wall, through which Cyrus dives. The panel closes, becoming invisible. Well, you certainly have no reason to stay here, so you walk over to the picture, twist it, and dive through the secret panel when it opens. Turn to 171.

299

Turn to 209.

300

Stepping through the blast hole you find yourself in a small lock-up consisting of two cells and the room occupied by yourself and the now defunct guard. If you don't already have one, you may add the robot's assault blaster to your weaponry. The only exits from this lock-up are via an impassable security door and a small maintenance hatch which opens, you discover, into a narrow access tunnel leading into the dark interior of the spacecraft. Will you look in the first cell (turn to 63), the second cell (turn to 318) or leave the room via the tunnel (turn to 134)?

301

You try to pass yourself off as a security guard. 'Just on a routine tour,' you say, 'checking IDs.' The machine muses for a bit before saying, 'I'll have to check with central. Just hold on . . .' It sits silent for a moment, evidently in contact with another section in the ship. Then, without warning, it attacks, and one of the shots slams into you – lose 1 ARMOUR point. You will have to fight it. Turn to 211.

302

You carefully train your gun on the man – he remains still and silent. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 212. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 338.

303

The room, along with the Pillboxes, has been demolished. The only recognizable details left are the two exit doors – one is a standard security door while the other has two short black levers protruding from it. Both are a bit pockmarked, but still serviceable. Which will you take – the standard door (turn to 249) or the door with levers (turn to 213)?

304

You press the buttons on the homing device. Immediately, the beast decelerates to comic slow motion, the air glows orange and strange other-worldly scintillations arc about the cave. A door materializes in front of the monster which, as it steps across the threshold, vanishes from view – as if a curtain had been slowly drawn over it from head to tail. The

door closes and evaporates. A hole appears in the ground, out of which a shortish green fellow climbs. 'One Scallopian Fang eradicated; that'll be either one weapon, *or* two grenades, *or* four pieces of armour, *or* any other piece of technology that you might have upon your person, such as a gravity bomb, infra-red goggles, nerve gas, etc. Failure to pay will result in your instantaneous transmission from this to another dimension.' If you cannot pay his price you have failed. If you can pay, delete the item(s) from your Equipment List and turn to 196.

305

Roll three dice. If the result *exceeds* your STAMINA, turn to 45. If the result is *equal to or less than* your STAMINA, you have made it safely across to the other bank – turn to 102.

306

You are on the north side of a vast impassable chasm which runs from the west to east. The bottom is a flat plain. The plain you are standing on continues to the north, west and east; to the south you can see the other side of the chasm. Will you go north (turn to 84) or west (turn to 179), or follow the chasm east (turn to 252)?

307

You avoid the shrubs. To the north, west and south you can see rolling grass-covered plains. To the east is a forest. Will you go north (turn to 179), west (turn to 142), south (turn to 26) or east (turn to 343)?

308

The corridor takes a sharp turn and thrusts you into a large room occupied by what appears to be a statue of an alien deity on a pedestal – strange deity, though, for it holds, in its six arms, six different weapons, some of them *very* modern. Its insectoid head contemplates you with uncountable eyes while its many limbs and sinuous body begin to writhe in a weird stop-go movement. Obviously it is *not* a statue! The thing leaps from its pedestal and attacks. During the battle it will use only one of its weapons per combat round; which weapon used is determined each combat round by rolling a die (see below). You may throw a grenade if you have one. Use the gunfire rules for all the deity's weapons.

	DIE ROLL	WEAPON	SKILL	STAMINA	DAMAGE
DEITY	1	whip	10	12	3
	2	bolas	9		2
	3	spear	7		1
	4	electric lash	8		2
	5	assault blaster	6		1–6
	6	disintegrator	5		instant destruction

If you defeat it, turn to 344.

309

Behind the door is a path, floating in mid-air at a precipitous height over a wide and distant countryside. It must be miles below you, yet it is still within the *Vandervecken*. The path, looking tenuous and unreassuring, flies arrow-straight into the distance. You head across it, eventually arriving at a T-junction – the path splits and flies off in two new directions, neither offering a visible end to the possibility of a fatal drop. Will you follow the path left (turn to 345) or right (turn to 50)?

310

The occupant of the sleep capsule looks quite hurt, but, although he pouts a bit, he doesn't say anything. Will you stop threatening and try to be friendly (turn to 346) or threaten the person some more (turn to 292)?

311

You take out your deck of cards and ask the guards if they would like a game. Turn to **146**.

312

You fight them hand to hand. If you have read the book on mollusc nervous systems you inflict 1 extra point of damage every time you hit the creatures.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MUTANT	8	8
Second MUTANT	8	6

If you defeat them, turn to **366**.

313

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point H, facing north. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point E, turn to **82**; if you want to turn on the spot to face west, turn to **193**; if you want to turn on the spot to face east, turn to **265**. STATUS: if STATUS equals 4 or 11, turn to **9**; if it equals 14, turn to **261**; if it equals 16, turn to **188**; if it equals 5, 6, 12 or 13, turn to **33**; if it equals 7, turn to **66**. (Remember to return to **313**, though.)

314

When you offer the can to the chief he takes it, fiddles with it a bit, then presses the button on the top – taking the spray directly in the face. He falls over dead. The rest of the aliens are appalled and leap at you with needle-sharp spears; the ferocity of the attack breaches your armour. You collapse under the wave of bodies, never to rise. You have failed.

315

You jump, firing from the hip! Unfortunately, the Sentinel below skids to one side, causing you to land heavily on the floor. The ensuing crossfire from the machines at point-blank range blows first your armour and then you into atoms. You have failed.

316

Unfortunately, you succumb to the poison. You do not recover consciousness.

317

The voice booms out

T MINUS FOUR MINUTES

as you leap into the room and begin frantically searching. When the voice announces

T MINUS THREE MINUTES

you give up, jump back through the hatch and run down the other branch of the tunnel. Turn to 2.

318

The second cell appears to be empty, but when you enter, a screaming little ball of fur and legs drops from above the door on to your shoulder. It is an Imp! You knock it off with a sharp clout, but not before it has damaged your armour with its fangs – lose 1 ARMOUR point. It scuttles back up the wall and glares down at you with red eyes. If you haven't already, you can look in the other cell (turn to 63); otherwise you leave the room via the maintenance hatch and tunnel (turn to 134).

319

The door slides to the side to expose a large laboratory. You don't have time to take in details, however, as a tiny silver sphere descends from a niche in the roof and hits you with a laser blast – lose 1 ARMOUR point. You will have to fight it.

LASER GLOBE SKILL 9 STAMINA 1

If you defeat it, turn to 4.

320

'Freeze!' you yell, to attract his attention. He lowers his hands from his face and glares at you with red-rimmed eyes. You clamber into the room and demand of him that he tell you which way to go to reach Cyrus. He snorts derisively at you. 'Go through that door,' he indicates the security door, 'turn right and just follow the corridor.' You turn to the door, but he calls out, 'Here, you'll need this,' and throws you a small, narrow cylinder. 'It's a key for all the security doors.' You face the door, insert the key into a hole next to it and step through the doorway when it opens. Turn to 356.

321

The case contains two grenades. Add them to your weapon list, but do not count them towards pack limitations. Turn to 6.

322

After a short distance you come upon a fast-flowing river which cuts across your path. Will you attempt to swim west, to the other side (turn to 7) or walk either north (turn to 127), east (turn to 83) or south (turn to 160)?

323

You are in a wide, open field surrounded by forest. Will you go north (turn to 121), east (turn to 359), west (turn to 27) or south (turn to 115)?

324

You are in the middle of a vast, still lake flanked by towering cliffs. Looking down into the water you notice a metallic glint from a large submerged shape. You dive down to investigate and are confronted by a small submarine, obviously in working order but currently unoccupied. A tug on your heel distracts you from your find, especially when you turn to see that a house-sized octopoid Bivalve has a firm grip on your leg with one of its tentacles. It drags you toward its shell. If you have read the book on mollusc nervous systems, turn to 47; otherwise turn to 85.

325

In a shallow deli you come across a small village of hemispherical adobe huts formed in a ring. In the centre of this ring you can see a totem pole. There is no movement or sign of life other than a few improbable-looking chickens scratching in the dust. If you haven't been here before, you may go down and have a closer look (turn to 246); otherwise you decide to leave these hills (turn to 361).

326

The book informs you that the creature is a Zark – a member of a race of extremely intelligent but friendless aliens whose greatest interest is, rather strangely, putting small furry creatures into boxes and trying to prove to them that *they* (the Zarks) are more intelligent and definitely more fun to be with than any small furry critter. If the critters beg to

differ with the Zarks, then they quickly become just so much salad. Unfortunately, the book continues, the Zark, either through extreme boredom or short-sightedness, has chosen to demonstrate these facts to you. Will you attempt to answer the Zark's question (turn to 15) or take this to be a rather pointless activity and fight it instead (turn to 383)?

327

You leave the room, leap into the waiting commuter and zip back down the path, past the T-junction and along the left-hand branch. Turn to 70.

328

You press the buttons on the homing device. Immediately, the monster slows to an improbable rate, the air glows orange and strange scintillations arc and criss-cross the room. A hole materializes under your foe and, as a consequence, it drops slowly out of sight. The hole then shrinks to a pinprick and evaporates. A small wooden hatch then slides out of the roof and, upon opening, extends an enormous green arm before your gaze. Its hand is open, as if asking for something. Looking closer you see this message tattooed on the palm: 'One Tharn Doppelgänger eradicated; that'll be either one weapon, or two grenades, or four pieces of armour, or any other piece of technology that you might have upon your person, such as a gravity bomb, infra-red goggles, nerve gas, etc. Failure to pay will result in your instantaneous transmission from this to

another dimension.' If you cannot pay the price you have failed. If you can pay, delete the item(s) from your Equipment List and turn to 13.

329

You approach the last pair; they are immobile and flank two identical doors. One of the devices rolls its eyes at you and says: 'The right door is the one *you* want.' 'Don't listen to him,' advises the other, 'he lies.' 'Only sometimes,' retorts the first. Which door will you go through – the right (turn to 131) or the left (turn to 375)?

330

The grenade lands in the pool and explodes, sending a huge spout of water to the roof and terrible shock-waves through the pool. Roll the dice for damage to the creatures and turn to 312.

331

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point B, facing east. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point C, turn to 53; if you want to turn on the spot to face south, turn to 91. STATUS: if STATUS equals 3, turn to 33; if it equals 4, 5, 11 or 12, turn to 66; if it equals 10, turn to 188. (Remember to return to 331, though.)

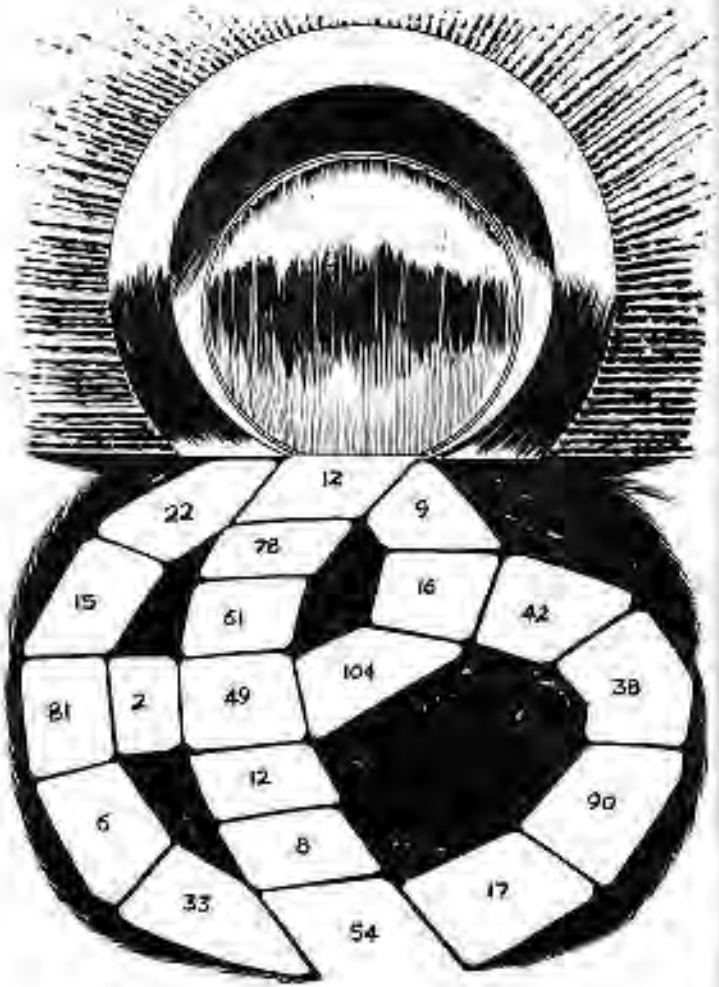

332

The tunnel continues forward for a few hundred metres before ending at a landing. Alighting here, you find yourself at an opening into a room whose floor is covered by twenty very large and very odd tiles set out and decorated in the fashion illustrated on the opposite page (barring the numbers which, as you will see, are superimposed for reference only). You are standing on one side, while on the other side of the room there is a door which presents the only way forward. You know these tiles to be remarkable due to a small message which is engraved into the floor at your feet:

STEP ON THE WRONG TILE AND IT'S GOODBYE

Which tiles will you step on to reach the other side? When you have decided, add up all the numbers of the tiles you intend to step on and turn to the paragraph which equals that total. If the description on that page does not make sense (in context), then you have been blasted into your constituent atoms and will have to start the adventure again. Note: the numbers on the tiles have *nothing* to do with providing a solution to your problem.

333

You jump at a metal brace and swing for the opening but, horror of horrors, the brace snaps and sends you crashing to the floor between the two Sentinels. Their point-blank crossfire blasts you to atoms. You have failed.

334

You hear Cyrus scuffling around in the darkness. There is a click followed by silence. Meanwhile, you are searching for the light-switch. When you find it and turn it on, you see that Cyrus has disappeared. He couldn't have left through the door you entered by, as light would have come through the opening. There are no other exits – no visible exits anyway. You search for a secret door. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 133. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 57.

335

Will you go right (turn to 59) or left (turn to 175)?

336

The aliens halt their rush two metres or so from you, form into a wide column and begin a complicated shuffling dance, while another group of aliens, apparently singing, shuffle slowly out of the village. After the dance they lead you into the centre of the village, where a couple of obviously very important creatures officially welcome you in front of the totem pole. The pole is made of wood but is topped by something obviously not of their manufacture – a small black square indented with a large red button. If you would like to come into possession of this device, turn to 148; otherwise turn to 350.

337

As you depress the button, your world falls apart in soundless explosion – you never see what the safe had hidden. You have failed.

338

As you cock your gun, a loud *click* resounds from the weapon, alerting the man to your presence. His hands fly from his face and, seeing you, he dives from the bed into a corner, sending your first shot astray. He draws a pistol from under a rag in the corner. You shoot it out.

TECHNICIAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 5

If you defeat him, turn to 248.

339

'Nahh . . .' exclaims one. 'Don't lie to us,' says the other. Little panels flick open in their bodies, revealing multiple blasters. You will have to fight them. Turn to 71.

340

The beast is almost upon you. Will you fight it (turn to 101) or run away (turn to 139)?

341

You are on a grass-covered plain which extends into the west, south and east. In the north you can see some low hills. A short distance away, in the centre of the plain, you can see what might be a wooden structure rising out of the grass. If you want to investigate it, turn to **215**; otherwise you can go north (turn to **289**), west (turn to **102**), south (turn to **83**) or east (turn to **159**).

342

You cross the room and open the box. Inside it are two large black levers side by side. Will you pull the left one (turn to **263**), the right one (turn to **299**) or leave the room alone (turn to **335**)?

343

You are surrounded by a forest of short white trees with blue foliage. Will you search the forest (turn to **217**), or go north (turn to **227**), west (turn to **235**), south (turn to **64**) or east (turn to **253**)?

344

The Deity collapses to the floor, smoke pouring at a furious rate from the dozen or so holes that you managed to smash into it. Through the thick atmosphere, on the other side of the room, you can see an exit. Will you inspect the remains of the Deity (turn to **218**) or leave via the other exit (turn to **254**)?

345

The path flies straight for a long while before ending in another T-junction. Looking down, you can still see the alien countryside, while to the left and right the path hangs in the air, precipitous and unending. Which way will you turn – left (turn to **70**) or right (turn to **219**)?

346

You start chatting quite pleasantly, although you don't learn anything new. The moment you become distracted, though, the person you are talking to metamorphoses into a hideous bat-like creature which attacks you. As you were taken completely by surprise the monster hits you, doing 1 point of damage to your ARMOUR. Turn to **220**.

347

You take out the container of ball-bearings and hold it above your head. 'Nobody move. This is a bomb that'll blow us all to atoms if you just so much as twitch.' You then cackle to add effect. Nobody likes a dangerous madman, least of all these domeheads. They stand very still. You make them lie down and throw away their blasters; while they are in this unprotected state, you easily gag and tie them up. The room has two other exits; one a security door and the other a simple sliding door. Which will you take: the security door (turn to 109) or the sliding door (turn to 257)?

348

You spray the mutants, but with little effect. In fact, the only thing you achieve is to empty the aerosol can – cross it off your Equipment List. You will have to fight the monsters. Turn to 204.

349

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point A, facing south. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point D, turn to 130; if you want to turn on the spot to face east, turn to 223. STATUS: if STATUS equals 3 or 4, turn to 188; if it equals 8 or 9, turn to 33; if it equals 10, turn to 66. (Remember to return to 349, though.)

350

The creatures seem to be quite friendly, but to cement their goodwill you decide to give them a gift. What will you give them:

Aerosol can of nerve gas?	Turn to 314
Enormous carnivore jaws?	Turn to 17
A couple of pieces of orangey-purple fruit?	Turn to 35
A piece of your technology?	Turn to 260

If you don't have any of the first three, you will have to give the fourth.

351

The Sentinels are smoking piles of debris, littering the floor with smashed and burning parts. You stride past them and through the exit. Turn to 369.

352

You struggle against unconsciousness and win! You stand up, reeling drunkenly. Through the miasma you see him standing by a table. You reach for your gun – you're going to get this fellow! Turn to 262.

353

You scramble down into the unexplored passage. The voice booms:

T MINUS THREE MINUTES

You reach another maintenance hatch at the end of the tunnel. You fling it open. Turn to 40.

354

Turn to 337.

355

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point G, facing east. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point H, turn to 265; if you want to turn on the spot to face north, turn to 73. STATUS: if STATUS equals 1, turn to 28; if it equals 7 or 16, turn to 33; if it equals 8, turn to 66. (Remember to return to 355, though.)

356

The door opens on to a long, well-lit corridor stretching into the distance. Following it for a few minutes you come across a door set in the left-hand wall. Will you open this door (turn to 5) or continue down the corridor (turn to 100)?

357

The goggles are infra-red goggles. With them you will be able to see perfectly in the darkest of conditions. Turn to 6.

358

Roll three dice. If the result *exceeds* your STAMINA, turn to 45. If the result is *less than or equal to* your STAMINA, you have made it safely across to the eastern bank – turn to 250.

359

You are in a forest of very tall bluish trees, all covered by extremely long thorns. There is some undergrowth in the form of shrubs and flowering bushes. As you pass by a particularly large shrub, it sends out a creeper which entwines itself around your legs. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 8. If you are *Unlucky*, you must fight the plant. If you do not kill the plant after three combat rounds it has dragged you into its mouth and killed you. The plant will not damage you unless it gets you into its mouth.

CARNIVOROUS PLANT SKILL 0 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to 8.

360

You climb into the tunnel and surface in a small room. It is quite obviously used to store garbage, which enters via a chute in the ceiling and, when there's enough of it, is tipped down the tunnel you just climbed up. There are two small maintenance hatches in the room; one is labelled ACCELERATOR 48 while the other has TRANSTUBE 113-24 stencilled on it. Both open into narrow access tunnels. Which will you enter: the accelerator tunnel (turn to 72) or the transtube tunnel (turn to 129)?

361

Will you go north (turn to 104), west (turn to 253), south (turn to 341) or east (turn to 142)?

362

The tunnel hangs around you like a dark, cavernous maw, as you walk out along the narrow landing. As soon as you reach the end, at the exact centre of the tunnel, you are swept off you feet by what feels like a powerful current of water. You fly down the centre of the tunnel, into the darkness, obviously being supported by an anti-gravity field. The sensation, after your initial alarm at being swept from your feet has worn off, is quite pleasant. You fly along in the dark for only a short period when another landing, leading to a door, appears in front of you. Will you attempt to leave the anti-gravity current at this landing (turn to 11) or will you just drift for a while longer (turn to 49)?

363

The man smiles, and tears of joy spring into his eyes: he tries to stroke your hand with a tentacle. The effort is a bit much though; his eyes start to roll and he looks as if he is about to lose consciousness. Before he does, he motions that he wants to whisper to you. 'Take the middle, always the middle.' He passes out. Turn to 327.

364

You point the book which says: 'It's a Tharn Doppelgänger. Extremely dangerous but easy enough to get rid of – I'll just produce a random modulated tone . . .' A high-pitched whistle then emanates from the book but, instead of scaring the monster away, it seems to infuriate it even more. You fight it hand to hand.

THARN DOPPELGANGER SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to 13.

365

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point C, facing west. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point B, turn to 167; if you want to turn on the spot to face south, turn to 53. STATUS: if STATUS equals 4, 5 or 12, turn to 176; if it equals 3, turn to 66; if it equals 10 or 11, turn to 33; if it equals 1 or 2, turn to 188. (Remember to return to 365, though.)

366

The bodies of the creatures float gently on the surface of the pool. You run to the exit. Turn to 373.

367

You shuffle the cards and try to think of some trick to confound the creature. 'If I have fifty-two cards of normal design here,' you begin, 'and I take out two, one of which you know to be of greater value than seven . . .' 'Ace high?' it asks, suspicious. 'Of course,' you continue; 'I then remove at least five other cards, of which two are specified by you, two by me and one or more left up to chance. Furthermore, if I now take out the highest card left in the pack and place it to one side – what is the probability of successfully guessing the value of the card that is twelfth in value behind the second highest card in the deck?' *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 149. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 259.

368

The creatures form a crush around you and lead off to the south, singing and dancing all the while. After a number of kilometres you leave the hills and cross a grass-covered plain, arriving, eventually, at a pier in a river. The aliens make it obvious that they want you to have one of the sturdy-looking canoes tethered there. Will you take one of the canoes and paddle downstream (turn to 96) or will you decline their offer and leave the tribe by foot (turn to 168)?

369

The opening leads into a narrow corridor which, after twisting and winding for a while, ends in a door. Going through this you find yourself in what is obviously the ship's bridge; there are panoramic visuals, holographic plotters and maps, and scores of comlinks. In front of you, standing before a control panel with which it is connected by an umbilical cord, is the ship's pilot – a stunningly wrought humanoid robot. Its chromium limbs send reflections skittering across the walls as it turns to face you. 'Ah, you've arrived,' it says, almost smiling. 'I've been quite looking forward to chatting with such an interesting person.' Will you talk with the pilot (turn to 18) or assume it's trying to get your guard down and attack it (turn to 94)?

370

As you dive at him again he throws the device in your face while scuttling nimbly to the other side of the room, where he gives a hanging picture a sharp twist. A small secret panel opens and Cyrus dives through. The panel shuts. You notice that the device that Cyrus threatened you with is nothing more than the clockwork mechanism from an ancient clock. 'Must be his hobby,' you mutter to yourself as you twist the picture to open the secret panel. When it obliges, you dive through into a chute, after the scientist. Turn to 171.

371

Turn to 288.

372

The crate is almost full of an orangey-purple fruit. As you stir it around a bit with one hand, you notice that all the squirrel-things have become silent and are staring hungrily at you. Will you taste a bit of the fruit (turn to 388), pocket a few pieces (turn to 393) or leave everything in the room alone and proceed along the corridor outside (turn to 118)?

373

Through the opening is a chamber occupied by a brutish-looking extra-terrestrial draped in large sheets of armour-plate and toting a whopping great disintegrator – aimed at you. In the wall behind this unfriendly being are three large circular doors. 'Stop!' it says, peering at you with a pair of close-set beady eyes. 'To pass, you must answer my question . . . if you think you are intelligent enough.' Will you attempt to answer the creature's as yet unasked question (turn to **15**), look in your pack for some other means of passing it (turn to **295**), or forget about niceties and just blast it (turn to **383**)?

374

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point D, facing north. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point A, turn to **223**; if you want to turn on the spot to face east, turn to **380**. STATUS: if STATUS equals 8, turn to **188**; if it equals 10, turn to **261**; if it equals 9, turn to **66**. (Remember to return to **374**, though.)

375

You open the door and are engulfed by a fierce, blue, electric fire. Roll three dice and subtract the total from your STAMINA. If this hasn't killed you, then you slam this door shut and go through the other – turn to **131**.

376

The button depresses, making the safe's dial pulsate with a fluorescent white light. Which button will you press next – blue (turn to 354) or green (turn to 205)?

377

You press the two buttons on the device. An orange light pervades the room as white vapours arc around the creature. A small cage-like elevator materializes around the frozen alien which is then winched away by unseen forces through the ceiling of the room. The weird light subsides a bit before this message floats in front of you: 'One Zark eliminated: payment for this service will be either one weapon, *or* two grenades, *or* four pieces of armour, *or* any other piece of technology that you might have upon your person, such as a gravity bomb, infra-red goggles, nerve gas, etc. Failure to pay will result in your instantaneous transmission to the dimension of our choice.' If you cannot pay the price, then you have failed, otherwise cross the item(s) from your Equipment List and turn to 97.

378

Brushing past the sign and strolling down a short corridor, you enter a room whose surfaces all glow with a faint greenish light. Odd. There are large cracks in all the walls, through which thousands of shiny granules or pellets have poured, spilling across the floor. You pick a handful of these up to have a closer look. You recognize them as being

plutonium pellets, which means that you have certainly received a fatal dose of radiation – enough to kill you within hours and immobilize you within minutes. You slump to the floor in despair, awaiting your doom. You have failed.

379

You manage to back one of the squirrel-things into a corner, then, with a leap, you snare it. It squeals a bit but does not try to escape from your grasp; instead, it looks at you with wide imploring eyes and stretches a couple of paws toward the open crate. Stepping over to this, you see that it is almost full of an orangey-purple fruit. When the critter sees the fruit it stretches even harder, as if to grasp a tasty morsel. Will you give the little fellow a piece of the fruit (turn to 186), try a piece yourself first (turn to 388), or just ignore the crate and, with the squirrel-thing, leave the room and proceed along the corridor (turn to 118)?

380

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point D, facing east. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point E, turn to 386; if you want to turn on the spot to face north, turn to 374; if you want to turn on the spot to face south, turn to 130. STATUS: if STATUS equals 8, turn to 188; if it equals 6, turn to 261; if it equals 14 or 15, turn to 123; if it equals 13, turn to 161; if it equals 2, turn to 28; if it equals 9, turn to 66. (Remember to return to 380, though.)

381

You go through the door and into a dark, cluttered room; all sorts of monitoring equipment, crash couches, controls and visuals are crammed into the tiny amount of available space. Seating yourself in the most comfortable-looking of the eight or nine chairs present, you cast about for some purpose to all this. Suddenly, the lights fail, your chair sinks into the floor and a synthesized voice starts up: 'Congratulations, you have selected the "Let's fight to the finish" scenario of the street-fighting war-game. You will be commanding an XM3 Main Battle Assault Vehicle armed with a 4000 Bevawatt Phaser while your opponent will be using the lighter but faster US11 Tank Destroyer armed with a 6000 Bevawatt Phaser. Good luck.' The lights come back on. You are at the controls of an armoured assault vehicle. Through the single visual scanner in the cockpit (which, dangerously, only allows you to see what is to the front of your vehicle and nothing to the side or rear), you can see a couple of blocks of flats.

You will now have to learn a few rules of combat. Turn to the back of the book and you will see a map of the area in which you will be fighting and a score-sheet for use with this scenario.

The Vehicles: Instead of using your own ARMOUR or STAMINA in this battle, you will be using the SHIELDS of the vehicles. Your vehicle's defence level is 5 SHIELDS while your opponent's is only 4. Note the section set aside on the score-sheet for scoring

hits against each other – the numbers are there to cross off as hits are given or received. Each hit received will reduce the number of SHIELDS carried by 1. When the number of SHIELDS carried by a vehicle reaches zero then that vehicle and its occupant are destroyed. When you fire at your opponent, roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, you have hit your opponent. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your SKILL, then you have missed. Enemy fire – when it occurs – will be explained during the battle.

Status: STATUS is used to move your opponent's vehicle around the battlefield. During the course of the battle you will be instructed to change your STATUS and to check it against certain values provided – it is essential that you follow *all* instructions regarding it. Its value progresses from 1 to 16; if your STATUS reaches 17, then reduce it to 1. Every time you move your vehicle to a new location *or* turn on the same spot, you must add 1 to your STATUS (there are continual reminders at each location to do this, so you shouldn't forget). If you use the score-sheet, you should easily be able to keep track of your STATUS. Your STATUS now, just before starting, is zero – circle this value now, and all future additions for easy reference. This should all become a lot clearer once you begin.

Moving: It is absolutely essential to use the map to keep track of your location on the battlefield, as reference to movement is given in terms of the points on the map (A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I). Your vehicle must continually move – you cannot sit in one location and wait for your opponent to appear. Turn to 223.

382

The spheres part before you as you stride boldly forward. Over the other side and through the door you find yourself in a high-ceilinged hall. Down both sides of this hall, standing on short stone pedestals, is a small but weird collection of simulated life-forms. They stand, facing one another across the floor – aluminium birds, tungsten-steel turtles with six legs, and creatures you don't even recognize. There are eight in all. You walk slowly down the middle of the room. As you draw level with the first pair they come to life, swivelling slightly to face you.

'The moon is red, the sky is pink,' says the first. 'Which is faster, light or time?' asks the second. What will you answer – light (turn to 89) or time (turn to 225)?

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'The moon is red, the sky is pink,' says the first. 'Which is faster, light or time?' asks the second. What will you answer – light (turn to 89) or time (turn to 225)?

383

Note that the extra-terrestrial is armed with a disintegrator which will destroy you instantly with just one hit.

ZARK SKILL 5 STAMINA 7

If you defeat it, turn to 392.

384

Still firing at the monster, you run out of time, drifting straight into its cavernous maw. With one bite of its many teeth it finishes you. You have failed.

385

Turn to 337.

386

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point E, facing east. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point F, you can either turn to 110 (to finish facing north) or to 136 (to finish facing south); if you want to turn on the spot (E) then turn to 82 to face north, or to 22 to face south. STATUS: if STATUS equals 6, 13 or 14, turn to 66; if it equals 5 or 12, turn to 188; if it equals 2, turn to 176; if it equals 15, turn to 261. (Remember to return to 386, though.)

387

'Right,' says one. 'Yup,' says the other. The turn away and stare at the ceiling. Walking past these, you are hailed by the next couple. 'Hey, you, helmet-head . . .' cries the first. 'Yeah, where are you going?' asks the other. What will you answer: the truth, that you are trying to find Cyrus (turn to 221), or a fabrication, that you are inspecting the ship as part of a security check (turn to 339)?

388

Lifting the visor on your helmet, you take one bite of the fruit and then black out, never recovering consciousness. You have failed.

389

'Yeah, yeah,' you say, waving aside the robot's question. 'Look, all that garbage aside, I want to know where . . .' 'Yes,' cuts in the pilot, icily, 'I know what you want, *pleb*. I know what you *think* you want, and I know where you can find him. But, I also know what you actually want, what you really need.' 'What?' you ask, wondering what superweapon the pilot is going to reveal for your use. 'What you really need is . . . *this!*' The robot presses a switch on the control panel. Instantly, panels in the floor and ceiling slide away, allowing the stasis generators hidden behind them to grip you in a glove of timelessness. Frozen, unconscious and in enemy hands, you have failed.

390

The squirrel-thing jumps from your grasp and bounds over toward the extra-terrestrial. If you fed the squirrel-thing some of the orangey-purple fruit earlier, turn to **111**; otherwise turn to **92**.

391

If you have just turned to this location, add 1 to your STATUS. Your vehicle is at point F, facing west. After checking your STATUS below, if you want to move ahead to point E, turn to **216**; if you want to turn on the spot to face north, turn to **110**; if you want to turn on the spot to face south, turn to **136**. STATUS: if STATUS equals 6, turn to **176**; if it equals 9, turn to **123**; if it equals 13, turn to **9**; if it equals 1, turn to **188**; if it equals 2 or 15, turn to **66**; if it equals 14, turn to **33**. (Remember to return to **391**, though.)

392

The Zark is destroyed but, to your disappointment, no doubt, you find that its disintegrator is designed in such an unearthly fashion that you cannot use it. You inspect the three doors in the opposite wall. Turn to **97**.

393

You slip a few pieces of the fruit in your pack, then, seeing nothing else of interest, you leave the room and continue along the corridor. Turn to **118**.

394

You rip the sachet open and sprinkle the contents liberally over both mutants. Eyes glaze over, tentacles ripple back into tiny knotted balls and the clicking increases to a high-pitched squeal. They both drop into the water and disappear into dense clouds of smoky-black ink. You run the rest of the distance to the exit. Turn to **373**.

395

Behind the door is a biological laboratory and, evidently, museum. There are whole shelves full of grisly reminders of some of Cyrus's previous experiments on living creatures: whole organs and limbs are preserved in jars in long rows reaching to the ceiling. Not all the remains are human. On an operating table in the centre of the room, surrounded by instruments of surgery, is the prone and unconscious figure of a man with tentacles instead of arms. He is strapped down. Will you go up to the man (turn to 291) or give the whole nasty scene a wide berth (turn to 327)?

396

You press the buttons on the homing device. Immediately, the guards are surrounded by a pulsing orange light which seems to freeze them. After a moment, a pair of revolving doors materialize around them and promptly turn, taking the unwitting security officers out of sight. The doors continue to turn around a couple of times before evaporating. There is no sign of the guards. The floor of the room (apart from the few tiles you are standing on) disappears as well, to reveal a truly enormous giant standing on some hyperspatial mountain. It speaks: 'Payment for those two will be either two weapons, *or* four grenades, *or* eight pieces of armour, *or* any two other pieces of technology that you might possess, such as a gravity bomb, infra-red goggles, nerve gas, etc. Failure to pay will result

in your instantaneous transmission from this dimension to another, of my choice.' If you cannot pay this price, then you have failed. If you can pay, delete the items from your Equipment List and turn to 203.

397

Will you go north (turn to 142), west (turn to 341), south (turn to 121) or east (turn to 26)?

398

The corridor continues for a very long while and still stretches into the distance when you come across another security door on the side. This one is stencilled:

CEPHALO SQUIRRELS
HANDLE WITH CARE

Will you enter this room (turn to 230) or continue down the corridor (turn to 118)?

399

Turn to 337.

400

You drag the unconscious Cyrus from the Waldo. Your mission is a complete success. Congratulations.

GAME GRID

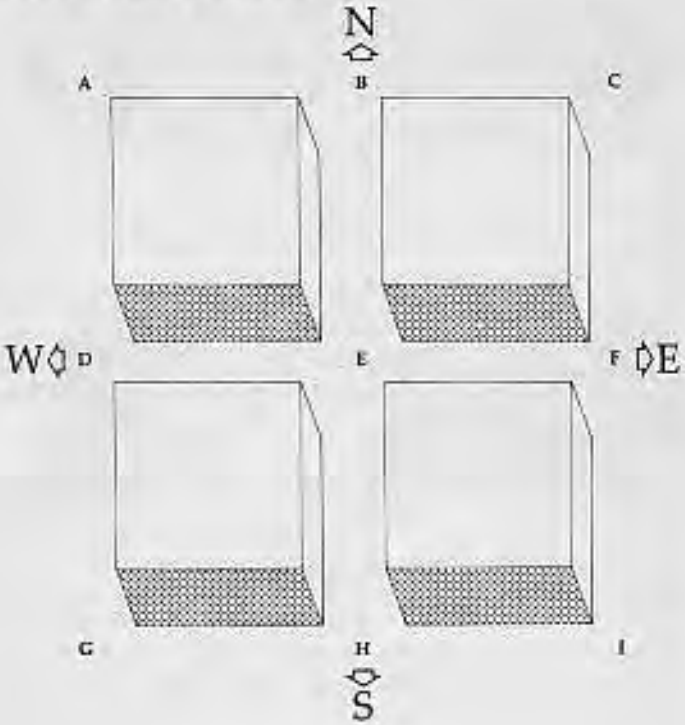

SCORE SHEET

YOUR TANK	STATUS								ENEMY TANK
	zero								
5	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	4
4	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	3
3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	2
2	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	1
1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	destroyed
destroyed	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	

Steve Jackson's

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SORCERY! 3

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Seven deadly and magical serpents speed ahead of you to warn the evil Archmage of your coming. Will you be able to catch them before they get there?

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Many dangers lie ahead and your success is by no means certain. Powerful adversaries are ranged against you and often your only hope is to kill or be killed!

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9. CAVERNS OF THE SNOW WITCH
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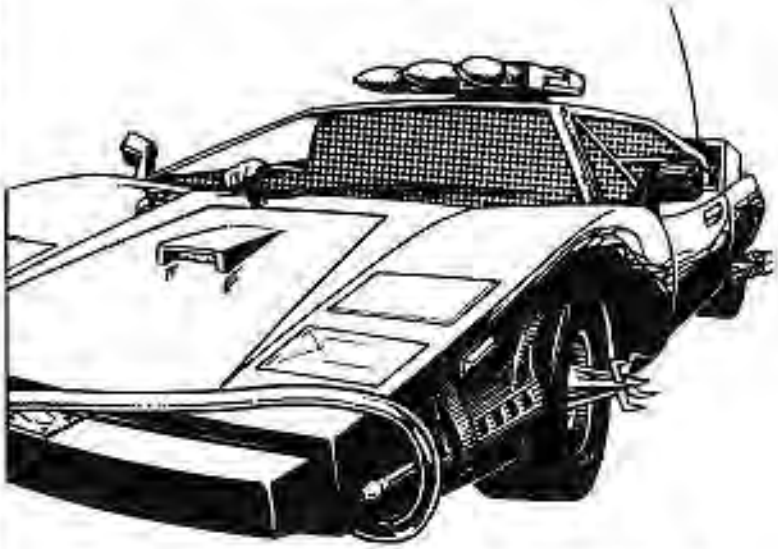

FREEWAY FIGHTER

Illustrated by Kevin Bulmer

Puffin Books

Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Limited, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1985
Reprinted 1985 (four times), 1986

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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Filmset in 11/13pt Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetters Ltd, Bury St Edmunds

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For Ronnie

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Personal Abilities

As in previous Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, your abilities will be determined by dice rolls and entered on your *Adventure Sheet* on pages 18-21. Your three abilities are as follows.

Skill

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*. Your SKILL score is a measure of your driving, mechanical and fighting abilities. SKILL may increase or decrease slightly during your journey, but may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Stamina

Roll two dice. Add 24 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box on the *Adventure Sheet*. Your STAMINA score is a measure of your physical fitness and constitution. Your STAMINA score will reduce as injuries are sustained. The Med-Kit in your jacket contains ten packs of medical supplies to help heal wounds. Using the Med-Kit restores 4 STAMINA points. You may use the Med-Kit at any time except when engaged in combat, but remember to deduct a pack from your *Adventure Sheet* each time you use the Med-Kit. Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the LUCK box on the *Adventure Sheet*. Your

LUCK score is a measure of fate and fortune in your life. At various times during your journey, either in combat or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business, and if you are unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become. Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded during your journey when you have been particularly lucky. Remember that your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Car Specifications

Your car's armour and weaponry will also be determined by dice rolls and entered on the *Adventure Sheet*. Its two main features are as follows:

Firepower

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the FIREPOWER box on the *Adventure Sheet*. The FIREPOWER score is a measure of the car's engine power and the effectiveness of its machine-guns. FIREPOWER may increase or decrease during your journey, but may never exceed its *Initial* value. (The use of the car's rocket-launcher is explained below under 'Vehicle Combat'.)

Armour

Roll two dice. Add 24 to this number and enter the total in the ARMOUR box on the *Adventure Sheet*. The ARMOUR score is a measure of the car's defences.

In addition to its machine-guns and an unlimited supply of bullets, the car also carries missile weapons which may be used during combat. You have at your disposal four rockets (see 'Vehicle Combat'), and three canisters of iron spikes and two rear-mounted oil sprays with one canister of oil each, which may be used when the option is given. These missiles must be crossed off your *Adventure Sheet* when used.

Fuel may be acquired during the journey and should be entered on the *Adventure Sheet* in the

space provided. Other modifications to and accessories for your car, which are acquired during the journey, should also be entered on the *Adventure Sheet*. ARMOUR may increase or decrease during the adventure as a result of damage or repairs to your Interceptor, but may never exceed its *Initial* value.

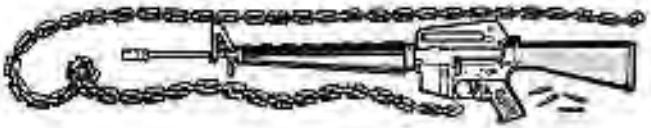

Combat

During your journey, you will certainly encounter some nasty characters who will attack you either while you are driving or when you are on foot. In gaming terms, there are three types of simultaneous combat.

Hand Fighting

Hand Fighting covers all non-missile hand-to-hand combat including hand-held weapons such as a baseball bat. The combat sequence for Hand Fighting is as follows:

1. Roll two dice. Add your opponent's SKILL score to the roll. The resulting total is your opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice. Add your SKILL score to the roll. The resulting total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than your own, you have been hit. Proceed to step 6.
4. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have hit him or her. Proceed to step 6.
5. If both Attack Strengths are equal, both attacks have missed. Start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
6. A successful hit causes injury which is represented by deductions from the injured party's STAMINA score. A bare-handed punch reduces a person's STAMINA by 1 point, but hand-held weapons such as a baseball bat cause additional injuries as ruled.

7. Start the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6 above) and continue until either you or your opponent has suffered the loss of 6 STAMINA points.
8. If your opponent is the first to lose 6 STAMINA points, he or she will be knocked out and you will be able to continue your journey.
9. If you are the first to lose 6 STAMINA points, you will be knocked out and will learn of your fate at the next reference you are sent to. Of course, if during Hand Fighting your STAMINA is reduced to zero, you will be dead.

Shooting

Shooting rules cover hand-guns, rifles, throwing-knives, bows and arrows, etc. (Your own revolver is assumed to have unlimited ammunition.) The combat sequence for shooting is as follows:

1. Roll two dice. Add your opponent's SKILL score to the roll. The resulting total is your opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice. Add your SKILL score to the roll. The resulting total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than your own, you have been hit. Proceed to step 6.
4. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have hit him or her. Proceed to step 6.
5. If both Attack Strengths are equal, both attacks have missed. Start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.

6. A successful hit causes injury which is represented by deductions from the injured party's STAMINA. Missile weapons cause varying amounts of injury. Roll one die and deduct this number from the injured party's STAMINA. This is to reflect the fact that a bullet, for example, might cause only a minor flesh wound, or could kill outright.
7. Start the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6 above) and continue until either your own or your opponent's STAMINA score is reduced to zero (death).

Vehicle Combat

Vehicle Combat usually refers to machine-gun battles between vehicles. Your Interceptor has a turret-mounted, computer-controlled machine-gun that can fire in all directions. The sequence for Vehicle Combat is as follows:

1. Roll two dice. Add the FIREPOWER score of your opponent's vehicle to the roll. The resulting total is your opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice. Add the FIREPOWER score of your Interceptor to the roll. The resulting total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than your own, your Interceptor has been hit. Proceed to step 6.
4. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have hit his or her vehicle. Proceed to step 6.

5. If both Attack Strengths are equal, both attacks have missed. Start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
6. A successful hit causes damage to a vehicle which is represented by deductions from its ARMOUR score. Roll one die and deduct this number from the vehicle's ARMOUR score.
7. Start the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6 above) and continue until the ARMOUR score either of your Interceptor or of your opponent's vehicle is reduced to zero (destroyed). It is assumed that the driver of a destroyed car is automatically killed in the resulting crash or explosion.

If, during Vehicle Combat, you wish to launch a rocket at a target instead of firing your machine-gun at it, you may do so before the start of any Attack Round, remembering to delete one rocket from your *Adventure Sheet*. A hit will be automatic and will destroy any target.

Credits

Credits are the emergency currency units of the twenty-first century, known familiarly as 'creds'. You start your journey with 200 Credits (see your *Adventure Sheet*), but are likely to spend and/or acquire more Credits along the way. However, most people distrust Credits and prefer to barter. You may, for instance, have to use some of your Med-Kit in barter; if so, delete what you spend from your *Adventure Sheet* as usual.

ADVENTURE SHEETS

DRIVER'S NAME:

SKILL 12
Current Skill:
12

STAMINA 36
Current Stamina:
~~28~~ ~~35~~ ~~40~~ ~~35~~
~~36~~ ~~34~~ 38

LUCK 11
Current Luck:
~~14~~ 15

EQUIPMENT LIST:

PLASTIC TUBING

MED-KIT
(Delete as used)

CREDITS: 200
100

DODGE INTERCEPTOR: SPECIFICATION

FIREPOWER 12
Current Firepower:

ARMOUR 35
Current Armour:
~~36~~ 32

MISSILE WEAPONS
Rockets:

Fuel:

Car Modifications:
SUPER CHARGER

Iron Spikes:

Oil:

Car Accessories:
Spare Wheels

ENEMY ENCOUNTER BOXES

DUELIST	THE ROBIN	
Skill = 9 Stamina = -1 15 ✓ 22	Skill = 11 Stamina = 8 20 ✓ 20 18 ✓ 12	Skill = Stamina =
Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =
Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =
Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =	Skill = Stamina =

VEHICLE ENCOUNTER BOXES

RED CHEV	YELLOW FORD	CHARIOT
Firepower = 8 Armour = -1 12 ✓ 19 12 ✓ 16 12 ✓ 23 19 ✓ 23	Firepower = 9 Armour = 8 15 ✓ 19 13 ✓ 19 18 ✓ 20 15 ✓ 13	Firepower = 9 Armour = 1 13 ✓ 23 19 ✓ 13 17 ✓ 19
Firepower = 10 Armour = 15 19 ✓ 16 12 ✓ 16 ✓ 15 16 ✓ 19	Firepower = Armour =	Firepower = Armour =
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VID NEWS BULLETIN

DATELINE 21 JULY 2022

The disaster happened just at a time when the world was beginning to enjoy itself. Nobody could have predicted such a catastrophe. World War III had been averted and the power blocs of East and West were now working towards world peace and unity. Revolutionary farming techniques had all but eradicated hunger, and increased mobility had led to people's greater understanding of one another.

The morning of 21 July 2022 had started just like any other. It was going to be a hot day and the news on the holovision was good. A government spokesman proudly announced that solar energy now powered 90 per cent of homes and 70 per cent of industry, the three-day working week was now the norm, and England was to play the United States in the soccer finals of the World Cup in Sydney. However, there were only hours to go before the beginnings of the collapse of civilization.

Later that day, an unknown disease broke out in New York, and spread with such devastating speed and fatality that before the government and scientists realized what was happening, half the population was dead. The disease spread throughout the world, carried by aeroplane passengers, and decimated population centres everywhere. All attempts at quarantine were useless. Four days after the outbreak, 85 per cent of the world's population were

dead. Communications, essential services, transport and administration had broken down completely. There was no one left to try to find the cause of the outbreak. It might have been a mutated virus or some lethal germ unknowingly released from a chemical warfare laboratory. It was mere speculation and nobody really cared, as survival was the top priority.

The speed with which civilization fell into ruins was frightening. Most survivors didn't know why they still lived, and didn't know how to go on living. Brute force became the law. Riots, looting, destruction and drunkenness were commonplace. People would even kill for a can of beans. Large cities were soon abandoned due to lack of food and risk of disease.

Six months after the disaster, there remained two kinds of people – those who wanted order again, and those who revelled in the disorder. The former grouped themselves into small towns and built defences around them. Inside, they appointed leaders and began the task of self-sufficiency. These fortress towns became the homes of the military, farmers, doctors and people concerned with the rebuilding of civilization. The other group lived a wild and brutal existence outside. They were the new barbarians. Roaming the land in cycle or car gangs, they terrorized or wiped out any small pockets of civilization they came across.

You are one of the lucky survivors living in a fortress

town which has been named New Hope. You are working on the design of an early-warning system to protect the town, when you hear a knock at your door. It is two members of the town council and they look very excited. They tell you that their radio has just picked up a message from a fortified oil refinery near San Anglo in the south. The people there are willing to exchange 10,000 litres of petrol for grain and seeds to improve their food production. The inhabitants of New Hope could certainly use the petrol for generators and agricultural machinery. Being offered 10,000 litres of this rare commodity is too good an opportunity to miss, especially as there are surplus stocks of grain and seed. The council have agreed to the deal and are now looking for somebody to undertake the journey to San Anglo to deliver the sacks – and drive the petrol tanker back to New Hope. It will be a long and dangerous journey through lawless country. The two men tell you that they think you are the best-trained person to undertake such a mission, and ask if you would like to volunteer. They tell you that a Dodge Interceptor will be prepared for the journey. It will be fitted with machine-guns, radio, roof-mounted rocket-launcher, ram bars, loudspeaker and various defences, including rear oil spray, tyre-shredding spikes, armour-plating and bullet-proof windows.

You do not need convincing, as the benefit to New Hope will be enormous. This pioneer journey might be the start of the link between the new societies trying to bring about civilization – if you succeed. You tell them that you will do the job and begin your preparations immediately.

Over the next two days, you supervise the modifications to the Interceptor. When it is finally ready, it looks like a battle-car. You check it one last time to ensure that the weapons work and that all your equipment has been packed away in the various compartments. You run through the checklist: map, flashlight, Med-Kit, compass, food, water, full fuel canister, two spare wheels, Flat-U-Fix (instant puncture repairer) and tools. Finally, you put on the shoulder-holster for your revolver, and leather jacket, which carries your bullets and knife. Satisfied that you are ready, you climb into the driver's seat. Peering through the narrow steel slit that is now your windscreen, you see the town's population gathered to wave you goodbye. You start up the engine of the Interceptor and crawl forward to the gates leading to the outside world. It is over a year since you last ventured beyond the walls of New Hope, and you are excited at the prospect of what you will find.

NOW TURN OVER

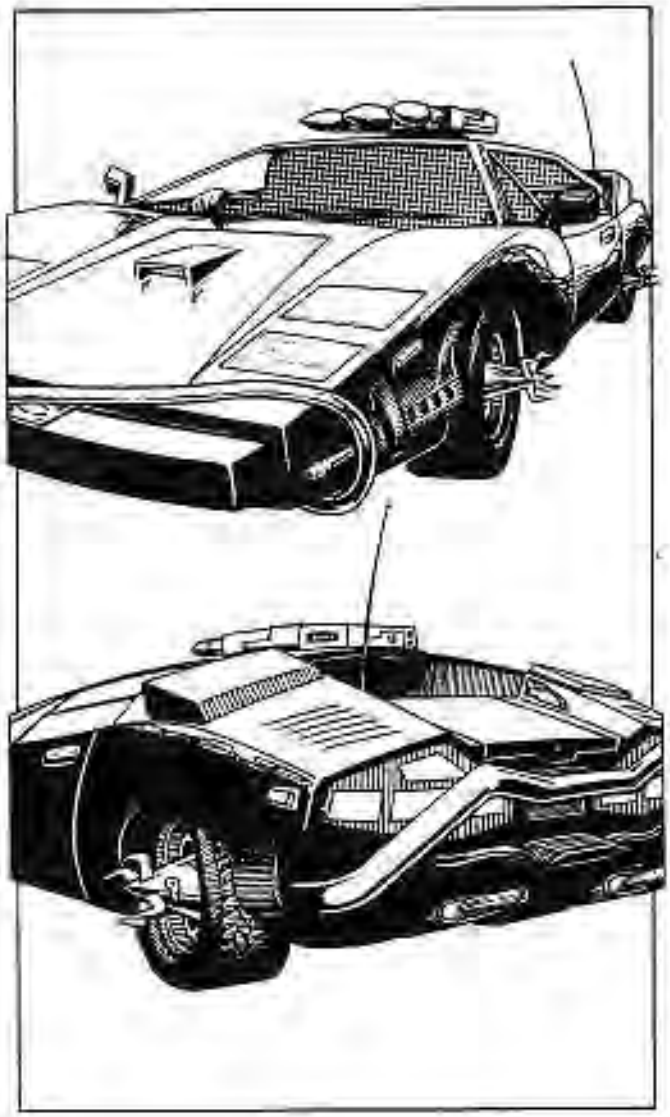

1

The first thing to strike you as you cruise along the road is the speed with which everything has fallen into decay. You hadn't realized how much maintenance was needed to support civilization. All around, buildings are falling into ruin, abandoned cars litter the roads in rusted disarray, grass and weeds have grown rampant everywhere, with nobody to hold them back, and packs of dogs and other wild animals roam freely. You stop at a small town some fifteen kilometres from New Hope and switch off your engine. Suddenly it is deathly silent apart from the eerie howl of a dog somewhere down the street. You are tempted to get out of the car to explore, but realize that this is an unnecessary risk. You are about to start your engine again when suddenly the sound of a shotgun breaks the silence. If you wish to get out of the car to investigate, turn to 126. If you would rather drive out of the town, turn to 34.

2

You run to your car and tear open a pack of medicine from your Med-Kit. You inject yourself with snakebite serum and dress the wound. However, the treatment does not increase your STAMINA; it merely prevents the poison from killing you. You recover some time later, but are nevertheless weakened by the ordeal. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. You walk back to the overturned Interceptor and shoot the snake with vengeful glee. Inside the

glove compartment you find a few metres of coiled plastic tubing which you decide to take with you. With your arm still throbbing painfully, you drive off south again (turn to 13).

3

You stamp down on the accelerator and release the clutch at the same time. The back wheels spin, throwing up dust, but you race off ahead of the yellow Ford. In your rearview-mirror you see the anger on your opponent's face as he drives to the limit along the narrow road to catch up with you. The Ford must be supercharged; it accelerates up behind you and rams your car at high speed. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 354. If you are Unlucky, turn to 247.

4

You pull off the road and park the Interceptor behind a low wall. When you turn off the engine, you notice how deathly quiet it is and wonder if anybody heard you stop. You eat your food quickly but wait until it is completely dark before settling down to sleep. In the morning you wake early, feeling refreshed. Add 2 STAMINA points. You start up the Interceptor and are soon heading south (turn to 254).

5

The front door of the motel is locked and all the windows appear to be closed. If you wish to force the lock, turn to 241. If you would rather change your mind and spend the night inside the tanker's cabin, turn to 218.

6

Both bikers are armed with pistols. You reply by firing your revolver, and the duel begins.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BIKER	6	15
Second BIKER	7	17

During this Shooting Combat, both bikers will fire separately at you during each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fire at. Against the other, you throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound him if your Attack Strength is greater – you must just count this as though his bullet missed you. Of course, if his Attack Strength is greater, his bullet will wound you. If you win, turn to 307, but reduce your SKILL permanently by 1 point if you are shot more than once during the battle with the bikers.

7

Amber urges you to turn off the road and head east across the stony desert ground. She lets you drive on until the Interceptor cannot be seen from the

road. Then she tells you to stop and wait until it gets dark. 'We need to be alert for our raid tonight, so I've brought along something to keep us going,' she says happily, reaching into her pocket. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **319**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **136**.

8

You make as if to pass the Ford on its left-hand side, but suddenly swerve to overtake on the right. It is a successful manoeuvre and you are able to accelerate away from your opponent (turn to **340**).

9

You have made a fatal mistake by ignoring the warning. The man behind the barricade is the operator of a laser gun. As you drive forward, he presses the trigger and the narrow beam burns a hole through the steel-plated armour of the Interceptor, killing you instantly.

10

Whatever caused the tail-back certainly created havoc among the owners of the vehicles. Cars appear to have locked into other cars as frustrated drivers tried to ram their way out of the blockage, only to make it worse. You squeeze between the vehicles looking for something useful. You find a crowbar on a truck and you use it to force open the

boots of several cars. Moving up the line of cars, you suddenly panic at the thought of the Interceptor being left unguarded. If you wish to run back to your car, turn to **264**. If you would prefer to keep on searching through the cars, turn to **359**.

11

Any remaining rockets, canisters of oil and canisters of iron spikes must be crossed off your *Adventure Sheet*. The sky bandits tell you to drive off while they are feeling in a generous mood – next time they will blow up the Interceptor as well as rob you of your weapons. You curse them under your breath, but obey and drive off west. Lose 2 LUCK points and turn to **216**.

12

You know your chances are slim, but there is no alternative – this bandit has got you cold. Ignoring the pain, you roll out from underneath the ambulance and fire two wild shots at your unseen adversary. They both miss, for you suddenly see a scruffy man wearing a red headband jump up from behind a rock, returning fire at you.

HIGHWAYMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

Resolve this combat using the Shooting rules, but reduce your SKILL by 1 point for the duration of the fight because of your injury. If you win, turn to **131**, but reduce your SKILL permanently by 1 point if you are shot more than once during the battle.

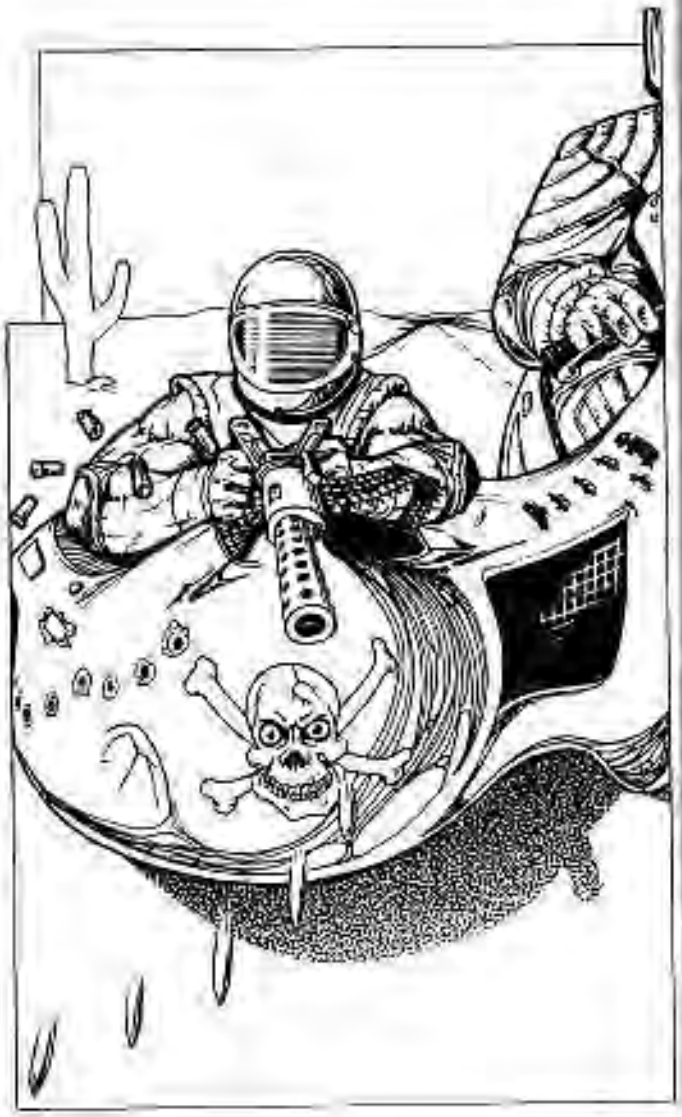

13

In your rearview-mirror you see a motor bike and sidecar steadily closing up on you. The passenger is holding a machine-gun mounted on the nose of the sidecar. He reminds you of early pilots, with his goggles and a leather flying-cap. Both men are wearing black scarves over their mouths to keep the wind-blown sand out of their lungs. When they are no more than fifty metres behind, they signal their intention by firing a burst from the machine-gun at the Interceptor. Lose 1 ARMOUR point. Will you:

Drop a canister of iron spikes (if you have one)?	Turn to **127**
Release a spray of oil (if you still have a full canister)?	Turn to **361**
Return fire with the Interceptor's machine-gun?	Turn to **282**

14

The bed is very comfortable and you do not wake up until well after sunrise. The good night's rest has left you feeling relaxed and refreshed. Add 3 STAMINA points. You run downstairs and out of the door, but are stopped in your tracks by the sight of a man dressed in white robes, emptying a petrol can all over the Interceptor. Chanting incoherent words, he steps back and produces a box of matches, striking one and holding it aloft. If you wish to call out to the man, turn to **260**. If you would rather run over to him to knock the match out of his hand, turn to **217**.

15

You walk over to the man and call out to him. He calmly turns off the torch and says, 'This is no job to be doing in the desert heat. Still, most people leave me to get on with it and don't cause me any trouble. I don't take sides, and I'll repair anybody's vehicle. If you want me to fix the damage on your car, it will cost you 200 Credits.' If you can afford the price and wish to have your car repaired, turn to **169**. If you wish to decline his offer and set off east again, turn to **259**.

16

You wake up early in the morning feeling relaxed and refreshed. Add 2 STAMINA points. If you wish to search the café, turn to **26**. If you would rather drive off immediately, turn to **254**.

17

You press your foot down hard on the accelerator to get away from the bikers before the impending explosion cripples your car. The Interceptor fishtails as the wheels spin, trying to grip the dirt. You make it past the road-block and are another hundred metres down the road before the mine goes off. It makes no more than a dull thud, but the car starts to sway all over the road, almost out of control – one of the rear wheels is virtually blown off the axle. Lose 2 ARMOUR points. You grind to a halt and jump out, revolver drawn. You see that there is no repairing this wheel and you will have to use the spare. Back down the road the bikers are starting up the armoured cycle, getting ready to attack. You climb back inside to meet them with the Interceptor's machine-guns.

MOTOR CYCLE FIREPOWER 6 ARMOUR 9

During this Vehicle Combat, reduce your FIREPOWER by 2 because of your car's immobility. If you win, turn to **103**.

18

You shout encouragement to the citizens, but their spirit is broken. They surrender almost without resistance, and you realize that your mission will now never be completed. The Doom Dogs have their revenge.

19

It does not take long to change the wheel and you are soon driving east again. Turn to 119.

20

Suddenly the Ford swings out to the left to try to overtake, but you have anticipated the driver's move and block him successfully. Add 1 LUCK point. You maintain your lead and, as you cross the finishing-line, the Interceptor is ahead of the Ford by half a car's length. You have won the Blitz Race (turn to 111).

21

You do what you can to repair the car. It takes you about half an hour to clean the spark-plugs, check the oil, tune the carburettor and make sure that nothing vital is damaged. You find that three wheel-nuts are loose on one of the back tyres, and screw them up tight again. Add 2 ARMOUR points. Satisfied that everything is as well as can be expected, you set off south again (turn to 221).

22

You flash past a road-sign which shows a turning to the south immediately ahead. If you wish to drive south, turn to 311. If you would rather keep cruising east, turn to 203.

23

You approach a railway bridge that you must pass under, but do not see the laughing man on top of it. A stone pillar teeters on the edge of the parapet, held from falling by the man. As he sees you drive towards the bridge, he giggles like a child and releases the pillar. It crashes down on to the road directly in front of the Interceptor. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 137. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 342.

24

You drive along the bumpy road until you come to a wooden gate which bars the way. The gate is covered with barbed wire and a heavily tattooed, bare-chested man sits casually astride it, brandishing a machine-gun. In a gruff voice he says, 'I don't recognize you. Which gang are you from?' 'Black Rats,' you reply on the spur of the moment. 'Never heard of them,' the man replies. 'Still, we'll race against anybody. Follow the road down to the burnt-out house and you'll see the other cars parked there. The first race will start in about five minutes. There are some pretty heavy bets being laid today. Should be lots of fun.' If you wish to drive through the gate, turn to 300. If you would rather reverse quickly and drive back to the main road to head south, turn to 59.

25

The force of the blast knocks you unconscious. Turn to 100.

26

You push open the back door of the café and see that the place was looted some time ago. Broken crockery is scattered all over the floor, furniture is strewn everywhere and all the food cupboards are empty. A staircase leads up to the living-rooms, which have also been ransacked. After finding nothing of interest you walk outside but are stopped in your tracks when you see a man dressed in white robes emptying a petrol can all over the Interceptor. Chanting incoherent words, he steps back and produces a box of matches, strikes a match and holds it aloft. If you wish to call out to him, turn to **260**. If you would rather run over to him to knock the match out of his hand, turn to **217**.

27

You slam on the brakes and screech almost to a halt. The Ford swerves around you and is soon accelerating away from you. As you are not allowed to use your forward-firing weapons, you decide to ram the Ford (turn to **139**).

28

You drive on to Pete's forecourt and park the Interceptor inside the workshop. Pete quickly examines the engine and says that the acceleration of the Interceptor could be improved by the addition of a supercharger. He tells you that the cost will be 100 Credits plus some medicine. If you are able to and wish to give Pete 100 Credits and two packs from your Med-Kit, turn to **141**. If you want to, or have to, decline his offer and carry on south, turn to **88**.

29

One of the stray bullets hits you in the shoulder. Roll 1 die and deduct the number from your STAMINA score. You wonder how long your Med-Kit is going to last if the mission is going to continue being so dangerous. When you are finally fixed up, you limp back to your Interceptor and burn up the road, heading east (turn to **22**).

30

The crossbow bolt hits you in the shoulder, and you slide back down the ladder. Roll 1 die and deduct the total from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you ignore the pain and run back up the ladder before the hijacker has time to reload his crossbow. Your wounds stop you from using your revolver, so you move forward to wrestle with the man. Roll 1 die and add the number to your current SKILL score, but reduce the total by 1 because of your injury. Roll the die again and add the number to the hijacker's SKILL of 7. If your total is the same as or greater than that of the hijacker, turn to 74. If your total is lower than that of the hijacker, turn to 226.

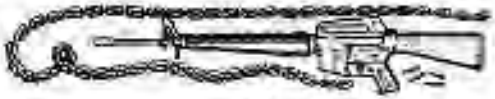

31

The farmhouse is an easy target to compute and you are able to press the fire button in seconds. The rocket does not miss. The explosion destroys the farmhouse, sending fragments of brick and wood flying through the air. You grab the can of Flat-U-Fix and repair the puncture. When the dust has settled, you drive cautiously ahead, one finger against the machine-gun trigger. You stop alongside the burning farmhouse, but see no signs of life. You turn off the engine and wind down the window of the Interceptor. You hear the desperate cry of a man calling for help. If you wish to get out of the car to investigate, turn to 262. If you would rather drive south out of town, turn to 353.

32

You pack all your equipment into two backpacks and set off towards the Doom Dogs' camp. There is a full moon and it is not too difficult to make your way across the desert. Guided by your compass, you head steadily east. After an hour, you see the glow of a fire in the distance on high ground. Amber explains in a whisper that the Doom Dogs live in tents on top of a low, flat hill where their cars are parked. When you reach the hill, you find that the slope is very gentle and you are soon at the top. You lie down and survey the movements inside the camp. A group of people are sitting around the camp-fire, drinking and laughing. Two men are walking slowly around the edge of the camp on guard duty, each armed with a rifle. You decide to crawl round the side of the hill to the barbed-wire fence, to put your plan into action. You hear one of the guards above you close by, and press yourself against the side of the hill to avoid being seen. Amber inadvertently kicks a stone which rolls down the hill a few metres. The sound it makes is very loud in the quiet of the desert night. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 76. If you are Unlucky, turn to 160.

33

It takes a long time to dig your car out of the ditch, and it is also very tiring work. Lose 1 STAMINA point. When you are at last free, you drive off south, passing the burning wreck of the armoured car (turn to 47).

34

You are soon out of town, zigzagging around wrecked cars and fallen trees along the road. Further ahead you can see that the road joins the main highway south. There is a small filling-station at the junction, named Joe's Garage. You stop, as you are intrigued by the hot-rod parked around the side, looking clean and in running condition. A young girl suddenly comes out of the office, wearing a T-shirt and blue jeans. She smiles and says, 'Hi, can I help you?' If you wish to talk to her, turn to 302. If you would rather drive up on to the highway, turn to 167.

35

It is a battle of nerves between yourself and the driver of the Ford. The two cars race abreast towards the bridge. Roll one die and add the number to your SKILL, making a note of the total. Roll the die again and add the number to the Ford driver's SKILL of 8. If your total is the same as or greater than that of your opponent, turn to 379. If your total is less than that of the Ford driver, turn to 51.

36

The dagger thuds painfully into your side. Roll one die and deduct the number from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 368.

37

A huge boulder crashes down on top of the Interceptor's roof. Roll two dice and deduct the total

from your ARMOUR. If you survive the impact, turn to **261**.

38

You open one of the packs inside the Med-Kit and soon your wound is treated – pellets removed and a layer of synthi-skin applied, with bandages to cover it. You stand up and are about to hop back to your Interceptor, when a huge wild dog appears at the end of the street. Its fur is tattered from many fights and saliva drips from its open mouth. The chances are that it is rabid. It stoops down and then starts to run towards you, growling as it gathers speed. If you wish to try to shoot it, turn to **176**. If you wish to fight it with your knife, turn to **374**.

39

Despite your injury, your reflexes are still fast. In one quick manoeuvre, you pull the knife from its sheath and throw it at the sneering man. A surprised expression spreads across his face as he drops to his knees, clutching the knife handle which protrudes from his stomach. He falls forwards, shooting wildly as he dies. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **171**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **29**.

40

By the time you reach the tanker, the Doom Dog has already started up the engine. You jump up and grab hold of the door-handle as the man reaches for his gun. The man has a SKILL of 6 and if your own SKILL is the same or greater, turn to **81**. If your SKILL is less than 6, turn to **296**.

41

The driver of the armoured car is alert and swerves the car off the road to avoid the spikes. It powers its way through the overgrown grass verge and bounces back on to the road to continue the chase. If you wish to release an oil spray, turn to **165**. If you would rather risk a handbrake-turn to face the armoured car, turn to **77**.

42

As darkness envelops the countryside, you switch on your headlights. You drive steadily on, avoiding obstacles and occasionally picking up the gleaming red eyes of some wild animal frozen in the light. The night draws on and you begin to feel very tired. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **161**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **186**.

43

You breathe in deeply as the Interceptor passes over the grenade. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 175. If you are Unlucky, turn to 201.

44

'Liar! I didn't think you looked like a member of a gang. Let's hear what the others have to say.' He waves his machine-gun in the direction of the trees where his friends are sitting. If you possess a pair of knuckle-dusters, turn to 273. If you do not have them, turn to 214.

45

Speeding along the open road, you do not notice the iron spikes that have been laid down by highway bandits. You drive straight over them, and only realize that you have done so when a puncture makes the steering-wheel start to judder. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 304. If you are Unlucky, turn to 60.

46

The kilometres roll by and the petrol gauge drops relentlessly down until it registers empty again. If you are carrying a full can of petrol inside the Interceptor, turn to 320. If you have not acquired one recently, turn to 364.

47

As the morning wears on, it becomes very hot and you notice a change in the vegetation the further south you travel. The overgrown fields turn into scrubland, and it won't be long before you are driving across the desert. A few miles further down the road, you arrive at a major junction. If you wish to turn right to head west, turn to 217. If you would rather keep driving south, turn to 23.

48

Gripping your knife tightly, you crouch down, waiting for the thug to make his move. Suddenly he screams and leaps at you.

THUG SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

Use the Hand Fighting rules to resolve this combat. Both your knife and the thug's crowbar reduce STAMINA by 2 points. If you win, turn to 138. If you fall unconscious, turn to 100.

49

Parked in the middle of the road ahead of you is a bizarre-looking vehicle. It looks like a pick-up truck which has been converted to resemble a Roman chariot. It even has scythes attached to its wheels. A huge, bare-chested man wearing a gladiatorial helmet, which covers his face, is standing at the back of the truck holding on to a double-barrelled machine-gun. He signals to his driver to drive forward into battle. You have no choice but to fight this new-age gladiator.

CHARIOT FIREPOWER 9 ARMOUR 15

If you win this Vehicle Combat, turn to **91**.

50

You dive at the robed man and pull him to the ground, but are unable to stop him throwing the match. The Interceptor is immediately engulfed in flames. Your anger is futile; the fanatic has put an end to your mission.

51

You are only a few metres away from the bridge when your nerves crack. You brake hard and watch the Ford race over the bridge ahead of you. Pressing down on the accelerator, you try to catch up. You see the finishing-line ahead, no more than two hundred metres away, and realize that the race is lost. The Ford crosses the finishing-line a car's length ahead of the Interceptor. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **232**.

52

Your rapid-firing machine-gun does not miss its target and the bike skids off the road, crashing into a tree. But the rider does not die in vain – his crossbow bolt pierces your front tyre and sends the tanker into a frightening skid. Wrestling with the steering-wheel, you just manage to keep control and slide to a halt. Trapped inside your cabin, you wait to see what the other biker will do next. He parks behind the tanker and shouts at you to leave the cabin. You reply in a few words, but leave him in no doubt as to what you think of his suggestion. 'How about a duel then? Winner takes all,' shouts the man. If you wish to agree to his proposal, turn to 164. If you would rather sit it out, turn to 190.

53

You press down on the accelerator, steering the Interceptor towards your attackers. But before you can reach them, they jump on to motor bikes and race off. If you wish to chase after them, turn to 78. If you would rather reverse, drive back to the road and turn right to head east, turn to 45.

54

You do not stop to celebrate your victory in case Leonardi is a bad loser. He does not try to follow you and gradually fades from view behind you. You pass an articulated truck which looks as if it has only recently been parked. If you wish to stop and examine the truck, turn to 104. If you would rather drive on without stopping, turn to 118.

55

You push open the back door of the cafe and realize that the place was looted some time ago. Broken crockery is scattered all over the floor, furniture is strewn everywhere and all the food cupboards are empty. A staircase leads up to the living-rooms, which have also been ransacked. Finding nothing of interest, you sit down to eat some of your own rations as the light rapidly fades. When it is completely dark, you lie down to sleep on the bed, with your revolver under the pillow. Roll one die. If you roll 1, 2 or 3, turn to 110. If you roll 4, 5 or 6, turn to 14.

56

You slip the knuckle-dusters over your fingers and spring up as quietly as possible. The expression of surprise on the guard's face is barely visible in the half-light, as he takes the full force of your blow. The force of it knocks him out instantly. You catch him as he falls, hoping that his friends do not notice what is happening. You tie him up with his own belt and leave him on the hillside. It won't be long before he is missed, so you scramble quickly up the hill to the fence (turn to 198).

57

With incredible speed, you draw your revolver and have it pointed at the face of the man before he can even move. You tell him to drop his shotgun. You explain that you are not the person who killed his wife and son, and had only lied about being a road

warrior to keep the whereabouts of New Hope a secret in case the man might lead a raid on it. The man looks suddenly excited and says, 'New Hope, you say? That's where I'm headed. Been cycling in that direction ever since the ambush. Only stopped here to get some cans of food from a supermarket back there, when some crazy dogs attacked me. Shot one of them and the others ran off. My name's Johnson, and I'm sorry about threatening you like I did, but you can't trust anybody these days.' You smile and shake hands, and he tells you that he is a builder by trade. He asks how much further it is to New Hope and whether he is likely to be let in. You reply that it is only another fifteen kilometres and his chances are good – they need skilled people. You also tell him about your mission and he warns you not to stop at Joe's Garage, which is about eight kilometres out of town. 'They ain't got no petrol. They just rob people who stop there.' You thank Johnson for the advice, wish him luck and walk back to the Interceptor. Its powerful engine roars into life when you turn the ignition key, and you screech off once again (turn to 34).

58

You climb the steps into the caravan and, after a rapid search through the cupboards, you discover a can of corned beef and a grenade. You put the grenade in your pocket and decide to eat the corned beef there and then, as you are feeling very hungry. Add 2 STAMINA points. Realizing that you are not likely to see your attacker again, you return to the Interceptor to head south (turn to 150).

59

As you drive away, you hear the man on the gate yell, 'Chicken!' In your rearview-mirror you watch him reach into a leather bag hanging on the gate and extract a hand-grenade. He pulls out the detonator pin and hurls the grenade at the Interceptor. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 73. If you are Unlucky, turn to 121.

60

Both of the rear tyres are punctured and you swerve to a halt. A man suddenly appears from the ditch by the side of the road, holding a bottle with a flame-lit rag at the mouth. You realize with horror that it is a petrol bomb, but there is nothing you can do to stop him throwing it at your immobilized car. Roll two dice and deduct the total from the Interceptor's ARMOUR. If you survive the explosion, turn to 135.

61

The road heads directly east and you are able to travel along it without incident until you reach another T-junction. Here you decide to turn right in order to drive south towards San Anglo (turn to 272).

62

You manage to control the speeding Interceptor and swerve round the overturned truck. Turn to 151.

63

The canister bursts open and spreads iron spikes all over the road. But the Ford is equipped with a powerful underbody air-jet which blows all but one of the iron spikes off the road. The only damage done is a slow puncture to one of its heavy-duty tyres, which slows it down just enough for you to accelerate out of range of its grenade-launcher for the moment. Up ahead you see the white house where you must turn around. You jam on the brakes and turn the steering-wheel sharply to the left. You reverse back a few metres in a cloud of churned-up

dust, and then slam the gear stick forward into first to race back to the finishing-line. The Ford makes an equally swift U-turn and is soon just behind you. It powers alongside you, and the driver pulls down on his steering-wheel in order to sideswipe the Interceptor. He looks set to determine the outcome of this duel by ramming.

YELLOW FORD FIREPOWER 8 ARMOUR 16

A successful ram will reduce a car's ARMOUR by 2 points. If you survive four Attack Rounds, turn to 334.

64

You rummage through the bandit's clothing, but find nothing of use. You look at the Interceptor's tyres to see if they can be repaired. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 242. If you are Unlucky, turn to 313.

65

You feel a stab of pain in your arm as one of the bullets clips you. Fortunately it is only a flesh wound. Lose 2 STAMINA points. The Interceptor starts first time and you screech away down the rough road to the main road, where you turn right at speed to head south (turn to 207).

66

The road heads directly west and you are able to travel along it quickly, as it is relatively free of obstacles. However, your easy drive is shortlived. The road comes to a river, which it used to cross, but

the drawbridge, which spans the river, is partly open, stopping you from driving across it. You judge that if you drive over it at about 180 kilometres per hour, the momentum should carry the Interceptor across the gap to the far side – but then again, it might not. If you wish to try to drive across the bridge, turn to 270. If you would rather turn around and drive east, turn to 159.

67

Like two jousting knights on horseback, the two vehicles sweep by each other with machine-guns blazing. After each pass, you turn sharply and charge at each other again. But suddenly the station-wagon swerves to ram the Interceptor. You turn the steering-wheel to take the Interceptor out of the path of the station-wagon. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 200. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 248.

68

Thanks to your supreme efforts, you manage to avoid all the obstacles on the road. As the first rays of the morning sun begin to creep over the horizon, your weariness departs and you drive on with renewed vigour towards San Anglo (turn to 254).

69

The Doom Dogs are defeated and you are able to rest for the moment. By the time you manage to free the Interceptor from the station-wagon, the sun is rising above the eastern horizon, bathing you in

warm, red light. You suddenly feel optimistic about completing your mission, and drive off south without any further delay (turn to 90).

70

The wheels slam down on the far side of the bridge and you have to struggle with the steering-wheel to keep the Interceptor going in a straight line. You are across the bridge but travelling at high speed towards an overturned truck. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 62. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 133.

71

You press down hard on the accelerator, as the rocks and boulders crash down on to the road. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 172. If you are Unlucky, turn to 37.

72

Opening the door trips a wire which is pulled taut around the trigger of a crossbow in the far wall. The bolt is unleashed from the bow and thuds into your shoulder. Roll one die and deduct the number from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 233.

73

You press down on the accelerator and just manage to escape the blast of the exploding grenade. If you still wish to drive back to the main road to head

south, turn to 207. If you would rather take up the challenge of the Blitz Race after all, turn to 330.

74

Your attacker is well trained in the art of wrestling, but you manage to flip him on to his back. You push him off the top of the trailer and watch him land heavily on the road below. He is knocked unconscious; you seize the opportunity to drive away. All day you drive as fast as the tanker will go. Apart from a disorganized ambush attempt in the late afternoon, which you easily smash through with the armoured tanker, there are no incidents on the road. It is nearly dusk when you reach the outskirts of New Hope, its high, defended walls a strange but welcoming sight. If you were bitten by a rat on your homeward journey, turn to 275. If you escaped being bitten, turn to 380.

75

As soon as you release the clutch you hear a loud bang – a tyre has blown. You curse and get out of the car. The girl had placed a small mine under your front wheel while you were fighting. The wheel is a wreck and you will have to put on a spare. Lose 1 LUCK point. You resolve not to be so keen to speak to strangers in future, and drive up on to the highway (turn to 167).

76

The guard does not pay any attention to the noise of the rolling stone, being distracted by the jokes that

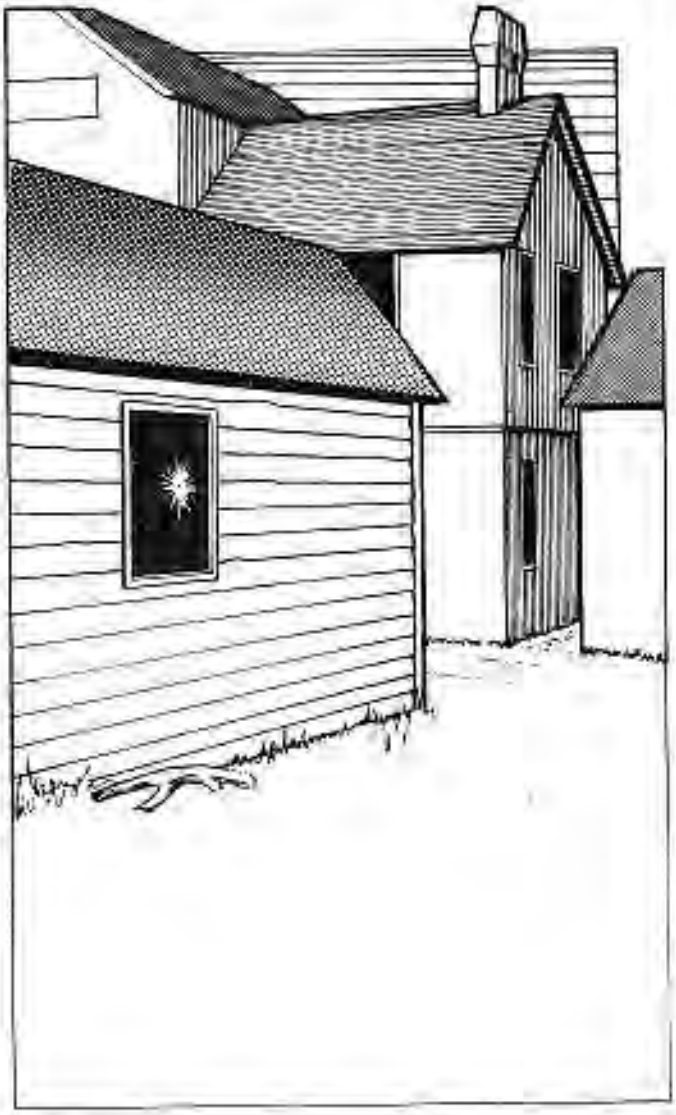

his friends are telling around the fire. He walks on by and you are able to crawl up to the fence (turn to 198).

77

You turn the steering-wheel sharply to the left, at the same time pulling hard on the handbrake. The tail end of the car swerves right around, and you stamp down on the accelerator to halt the skid. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your LUCK, turn to 290. If the total is greater than your LUCK, turn to 352.

78

The bikes are suited to driving along the dirt track and you are unable to catch up with them. In the distance you see a cluster of houses which must be Rockville. The bikes drive straight towards the houses and disappear from view. As you get closer you hear the sound of gunfire, which seems to be coming from the nearest farmhouse. Will you:

Fire a rocket at the farmhouse?	Turn to 199
Keep on driving towards the houses?	Turn to 377
Reverse, drive back to the road and turn right to head east?	Turn to 45

79

Your engine is still running and sounds undamaged. If you wish to stop and deal with your attacker, turn to 281. If you would rather keep driving south, turn to 150.

80

Suddenly the Ford swings out to the right to overtake; you have anticipated incorrectly and turn to the left. The Ford accelerates past and, when you cross the finishing-line, the Ford is ahead of the Interceptor by half a car's length. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to 232.

81

Your reactions are faster than those of the desert raider. You fling the door open and pull him out of the driver's seat on to the ground. He is easily overcome, and then you order him to tell his friends to call off the attack. He reluctantly agrees to your demand and the shooting stops almost immediately. You keep your gun trained on your hostage while you watch the rest of the Doom Dogs retreat back into the desert. You let the captured Doom Dog follow his friends to the jeers and cheers of the inhabitants of the San Anglo refinery. After helping with the repairs to the entrance, you tell them that it is time for you to leave. You climb into the cabin of the tanker and wave farewell. You feel sad to be abandoning your faithful Interceptor, but realize the importance of this mission. Two cars escort you north along the road, until you reach the edge of the desert. They turn and drive back to San Anglo, leaving you alone on the highway once more. You decide to head directly north, ignoring all turnings that you come to. The day passes without incident and you keep on driving well into the night. When you are too tired to drive any further, you pull into a

motel car-park, as there are no lights showing in the rooms. If you wish to sleep inside the cabin of the tanker, turn to 218. If you wish to go inside the motel, turn to 335.

82

Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your LUCK score, turn to 39. If the total is higher than your LUCK score, turn to 244.

83

You dive inside the Interceptor and fire at the sky bandits overhead, who return fire immediately.

HELICOPTER FIREPOWER 8 ARMOUR 11

During this Vehicle Combat, reduce your FIREPOWER by 2 because of your car's immobility. If you win, turn to 305.

84

Unknown to you, the dark and warm environment of the outhouse is the perfect habitat for redback spiders. Your disturbed dreams make you toss and turn, and your arm brushes against one of these spiders. It instinctively bites you, emptying virulent poison into your veins. Roll one die and deduct the number from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 258.

85

You quickly snip through the wire and crawl into the compound. Amber moves from vehicle to vehicle, attaching small limpet mines to their engine blocks. When she has finished activating them, she signals for you to leave. You crawl down the side of the hill and stand up to run when you feel you are out of sight. The explosions suddenly start, and you count seven in all. 'One of the mines must have had a faulty fuse,' Amber says in a breathless voice as you run back towards the Interceptor. You hear an engine start and look behind you to see two beams of light moving away from the rising flames of the burning wrecks. The Doom Dogs intend to hunt down their attackers. If your current STAMINA is 10 or greater, turn to **107**. If your current STAMINA is less than 10, turn to **326**.

86

Your revolver is only halfway out of its holster when the stranger squeezes the trigger of his shotgun. You see a puff of smoke at the same time as your right thigh is gripped with pain. You are knocked back against the wall, the sound of the blast ringing in your ears as you slide down to the ground. Roll one die, add 2 to the number rolled and deduct the total from your STAMINA. The man turns and walks away, leaving you for the dogs. If you wish to fix your wound immediately, using your Med-Kit, turn to **38**. If you wish to crawl to the safety of your car, turn to **256**.

87

The man reacts quickly and dodges your swinging fist. Suddenly you are staring down the barrel of his machine-gun: you decide against trying to punch him again! He tells you to turn round and then brings the butt of his gun down hard on the back of your head. You crumple to the ground, unconscious (turn to **100**).

88

It is not long before the green vegetation gives way to more barren terrain, with tufts of dry grass dotted on top of the stony, brown earth. You soon arrive at the edge of the desert, where the road is joined by another main road leading east. If you wish to turn left, turn to **177**. If you would rather keep going south, turn to **271**.

89

You decide that this town is too dangerous to stay in any longer, and hobble back to your Interceptor. Back behind the wheel, your spirit returns as you release the clutch and screech out of town (turn to **34**).

90

Amber becomes increasingly excited as you cross the desert and see the welcome sight of the San Anglo refinery burning in the distance. When you get close, she opens the door and waves to the guards on the wall. The steel entrance doors are opened and you are allowed to drive inside. You are greeted enthusiastically by the citizens and spend the rest of the day telling them about your adventures in the barbaric outlands. You are treated as a hero, your wounds are tended and you are given the most comfortable cabin they have to offer. That night you sleep well. Add 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. In the morning you wake to the sound of gunfire. You run outside and are told that the remnants of the Doom Dogs gang are making a final assault on the refinery. You climb the steps of the wall to see what is happening outside. A small truck is being driven straight towards the steel doors, and you see the driver jump clear just before impact. There is a loud explosion and one of the doors is blown off its hinges. On motor bikes and in cars, the Doom Dogs drive straight for the breach. As the gang bursts through the wall, the citizens start to panic, and you realize you will have to take command. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 147. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 18.

91

You press on south as quickly as possible and switch on the radio, hoping to establish contact with San Anglo. However, no voices are audible above the crackling static. You decide to leave it on anyway, in case somebody tries to make contact with you. After driving a further fifteen kilometres, you come to another junction in the road. Somebody has left a sign there which reads 'Engine and body repairs' in crude writing, and shows an arrow pointing east. If you wish to turn left to head east, turn to 230. If you would rather keep going south, turn to 301.

92

You drive a long way east, passing only one junction on your left – a dirt track leading north. At last you come to a T-junction where you turn right in order to drive south towards San Anglo (turn to 272).

93

You try to restart your stalled engine and get away before the outlaws arrive to see what they have captured. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 268. If you are Unlucky, turn to 178.

94

You just manage to swerve round the E-type; then you press your foot down hard on the accelerator. In your mirror you see that three cars are chasing you. If you have a canister of iron spikes left, or one of oil, turn to 328. If you do not have any spikes or oil left, turn to 284.

95

Before you have time to catch them, they turn around and drive straight towards you. The machine-gun above the headlamp blazes red and white as it spits out bullets at you. You press the accelerator down hard on the floor and race the Interceptor towards them, your finger clutching the machine-gun trigger.

MOTOR CYCLE FIREPOWER 6 ARMOUR 9

If you win, turn to 249.

96

The kilometres roll by and the petrol gauge is reading almost empty again. If you are carrying a full can of petrol inside the Interceptor, turn to 180. If you have not acquired one recently, turn to 364.

97

You stand up and walk over to where the two bikers are lying crumpled in the ditch. One of them is carrying a throwing-knife which you slide down the leg of your leather boot. You rest for a while until you feel fit enough to continue your journey (turn to 215).

98

Much to your frustration, the canister does not open and the Ford drives over it without incident. The driver retaliates by firing a grenade over your car which lands on the road in front of you. There is a muffled explosion as the steel-plated underchassis takes the full blast of the grenade. Roll two dice and deduct the total from your car's ARMOUR. If you survive the explosion, turn to 294.

99

You stop the car and empty the fuel canister into the petrol tank. You see that the Interceptor is looking somewhat the worse for wear, and wonder if it will last the trip. If you wish to carry out some instant repairs, turn to 21. If you would rather drive off immediately, turn to 221.

100

You wake some time later, your head aching worse than anything you have ever known. Then you remember – the Interceptor! You sit up and look around, but it's gone. You have failed in your mission.

101

Miraculously, you drive through the minefield without triggering off any of the mines. Add 1 LUCK point. Quite unaware of your lucky escape, you continue your journey south (turn to 303).

102

You signal to Amber to open her door and begin firing at the Doom Dogs. Your own door is sprayed with bullets as you open it just when your four opponents begin their barrage of fire. Behind the cover of the vehicles, everybody is well protected. You aim your fire at two of the Doom Dogs, while Amber shoots at the other two.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DOOM DOG	7	13
Second DOOM DOG	8	14

During this Shooting Combat, both Doom Dogs will fire separately at you during each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fire at. Against the other, you throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but will not wound him if your Attack Strength is greater – you must just count this as though you dodged his bullet. Of course, if his Attack Strength is greater, his bullet will wound you. If you win, turn to 154, but reduce your SKILL by 1 point if you are shot more than once during the shoot-out.

103

You walk over to the wrecked bike, carrying your revolver in one hand and the Med-Kit in the other. One of the men is dead and the other is barely alive. You kick his pistol away from him and see if he can be saved. He opens his eyes, smiles and says, 'Fat Jack and the boys will get you for this.' Then he

slumps back and is still. Your Med-Kit cannot help him. You check the bike over and notice a locked side-pannier. If you wish to open the pannier, turn to **206**. If you would rather change the wheel on the Interceptor without wasting any more time, turn to **346**.

104

There is nothing of use inside the cabin, and its wagon is empty. You automatically tap the petrol tank to see if there is any fuel left in it, and are surprised to discover that there is. The tank is made of reinforced steel and you wonder how you can extract the petrol. If you have a length of plastic tubing, turn to **306**. If you do not have any plastic tubing, turn to **187**.

105

A bullet punctures your front tyre and the car grinds to a halt, directly in the path of the exploding shell. Roll two dice and deduct the total from your car's ARMOUR. If you survive the explosion, turn to **292**.

106

You circle the burning wreck and then turn south and accelerate away (turn to **47**).

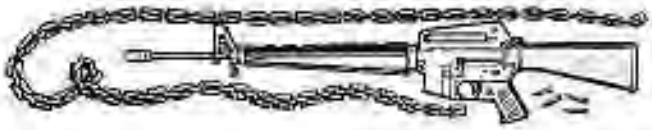

107

You run like the wind, glancing several times over your shoulder to watch the vehicle circling the hill, trying to pick up your tracks. You are less than two hundred metres from the Interceptor when your tracks are spotted and the vehicle turns to give chase. An angry voice booms out over the desert through a loudspeaker, shouting, 'Stop! There is no escape from the Animal.' The message is repeated over and over again as the vehicle closes up on you. The welcome sight of the Interceptor appears before you, and you both jump inside just as your pursuers come into view (turn to **158**).

108

Much to your relief, the shot is accurate and the dog is killed instantly. Turn to **89**.

109

Whoever was driving the car must have taken everything with them when they set off on foot after running out of petrol. You walk round to the back of the car and try to open the boot, but find that it is locked. If you have a crowbar and wish to prise the boot open, turn to **277**. If you would rather give up on the police car and continue your journey south, turn to **49**.

110

You wake up early in the morning feeling relaxed and refreshed. Add 2 STAMINA points. You run downstairs and climb inside the Interceptor to drive off south without any further delay (turn to 254).

111

The small crowd of spectators gathers around the Interceptor to congratulate you. The Ford driver climbs out of his car, slams the door shut and stomps away. 'Looks like he's a bad loser,' says one of the others, 'and it's the first time I've ever seen him lose!' The girl who started the race hands you your prize of the can of petrol which you pack inside the Interceptor. 'It'll be about half an hour before the next race starts, so we're going to sit down over by the trees. Will you join us?' she says. You decline her offer, as you are keen to carry on with your mission. They walk away, leaving you to check over the Interceptor for any serious damage. While you are bending over the engine, you feel a tap on the shoulder. You look up and see the tattooed man who was sitting on the wooden gate. 'Which gang did you say you belong to?' he asks in a hostile tone. Will you reply:

Black Cats?	Turn to 44
Black Rats?	Turn to 156
Black Bats?	Turn to 228

112

Inside the general store you find a can of meat, which you greedily devour, not having eaten such a rare delicacy for a long time. Add 2 STAMINA points. More important, you find a full canister of petrol, which you stow inside the Interceptor. If you have not done so already, you may search the nearest house (turn to 252). If you would rather drive off south, turn to 353.

113

You fire rapidly at the advancing vehicle, and manage to shoot out both of its headlights. In the safety of darkness, you tell Amber to make a run for the Interceptor. You hear the occupants of the vehicle cursing each other as they scramble to find spare headlight bulbs. By the time they do, you are within sight of the Interceptor, and the two of you jump inside just as your pursuers come into view (turn to 158).

114

You continue to make good headway along the country roads. The untended fields on both sides of the road have grown wild, and you wonder if they will ever be ploughed again. Still wrapped up in your thoughts, you pass by a turning on your left, but ignore it as you do not want to go north. Turn to 92.

115

You drive for an hour, neither seeing nor hearing signs of life, until you notice two trails of dust rising into the air, one on each side of the road. They draw closer until you can see what is making the trails – two dune buggies. Both are armed with machine-guns and open fire on you as soon as they are in range.

	FIREPOWER	ARMOUR
First DUNE BUGGY	7	10
Second DUNE BUGGY	8	11

During this Vehicle Combat, both buggies will fire separately at you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fire at. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not damage it if your Attack Strength is greater – you must just count this as though its bullets missed. Of course, if its Attack Strength is greater, the bullet will cause damage to the Interceptor. If you win, turn to **194**.

116

The bullet hits you in the shoulder. Roll 1 die and deduct the number from your STAMINA score. In pain, you sit up and return fire.

HIGHWAYMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

Resolve this combat using the Shooting rules, but reduce your SKILL by 2 points for the duration of the fight because of your injuries. If you win, turn to

131, but reduce your SKILL permanently by 1 point if you are shot more than once.

117

You travel about eighty kilometres, and then the road ends at a T-junction. You decide to turn left in the direction of San Anglo (turn to 189).

118

The miles slip by and your petrol gauge once again reads almost empty. If you have filled your petrol canister recently, turn to 99. If you do not have any fuel left, turn to 364.

119

After travelling east for another half hour, you come to a crossroads which has a main road heading south. You turn right and press your foot down on the accelerator, hoping to make good progress down the open road (turn to 272).

120

Your shot misses, as the wolves close in to attack. You draw your knife just in time to defend yourself.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF	8	7
Second WOLF	8	8

Use the Hand Fighting rules to fight the wolves one at a time. Your knife and a wolf's bite both reduce STAMINA by 2 points. If you win, turn to 286.

121

The grenade rolls under the Interceptor and explodes. Roll two dice and deduct the total from the Interceptor's ARMOUR. If you survive the explosion, turn to 134.

122

Neither of the bikers saw you jump out of the Interceptor. You are able to walk around and surprise them from behind. It amuses you to watch them yelling over to where they think you are. The time is ripe to tell them where you really are. You fire a warning shot in the air and tell them to drop all their weapons. They obey immediately, deflated because you have outwitted them. You walk over to their motor cycle and notice a pannier strapped to the side. You tell them to open it. Inside there is a pair of handcuffs, a map and 200 Credits. You handcuff the bikers to their own bike and look at the map. There is a red circle drawn around New Hope. Obviously these men come from the same gang that attacked New Hope. A small town named Rockville is marked with a red cross and is not far south-east from where you are now. No doubt it is the temporary home of the bikers. You decide to leave the bikers for their friends to find, and change the damaged wheel on the Interceptor (turn to 346).

123

You are driving too fast to be able to swerve around the E-type. The Interceptor goes into an uncontrollable spin and rolls over. Unfortunately it comes to rest on its roof. Suspended upside down by your seat-belt, you see several pairs of feet approaching the car. Leonardi and his friends dispense with formalities and drag you out of your car. They tie you up and leave you for the vultures. You watch helplessly as they set the Interceptor on fire. You have failed in your mission.

124

You are soon back at the T-junction and stop to decide which way to head. If you wish to turn right, turn to 203. If you would rather turn left to head west, turn to 344.

125

You spring up and leap at the guard. In the eerie half-light, you see a barely visible look of surprise on his face. You have the initiative and the chance to silence him before he raises the alarm. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 349. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 202.

126

You run across the road and press yourself against the wall of the building, half expecting another shot to ring out. Your heart beats fast as you creep forward slowly to the corner of the building and look round. There is nobody in sight down the narrow street. You take one step around the corner and then a voice shouts out, 'OK, that's far enough. One more step and you'll be full of holes. Where are you from?' If you reply that you are from New Hope, turn to 274. If you reply that you are a lone road warrior, living nowhere in particular, turn to 155.

127

You press the release button on the dashboard and watch the canister bounce along the road behind you. It suddenly bursts open, scattering the pointed iron spikes all over the road. Roll one die. If you roll between 1 and 4, turn to 373. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to 220.

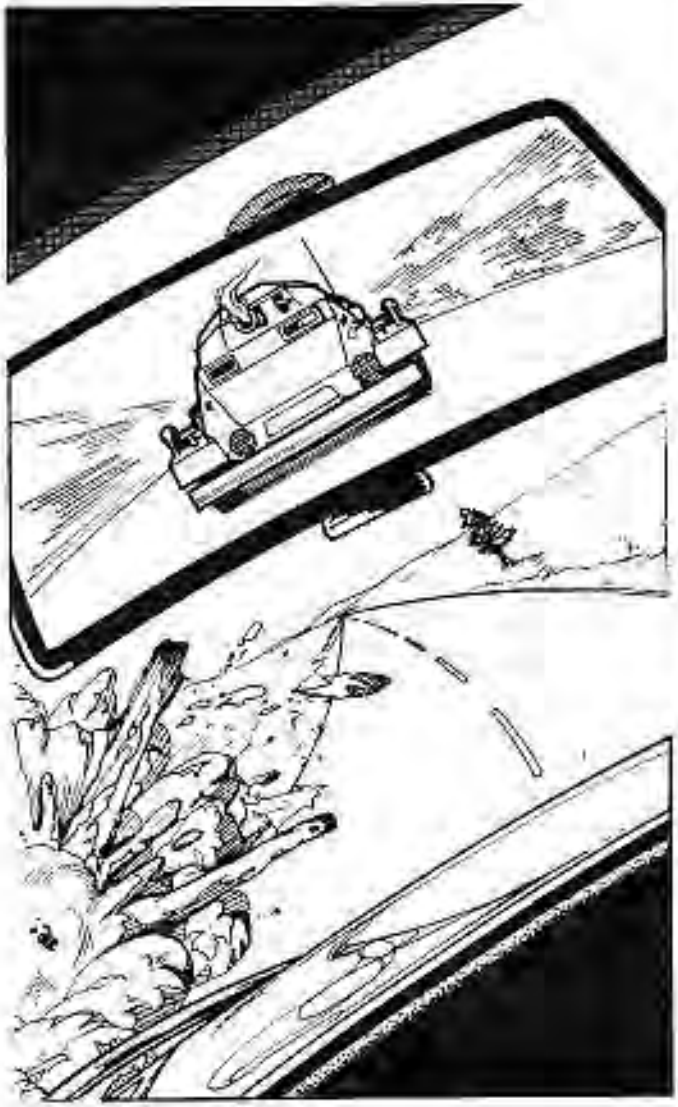

128

Just as you are beginning to enjoy the freedom of the open road in the early-morning light, you are suddenly startled by the sight in your rearview-mirror of a vehicle closing up on you. It is an armoured car and you see a jet of flame flash from its gun barrel as a shell is fired at you. It explodes to your left, rocking the car, but you are able to keep control. Will you:

Drop iron spikes?	Turn to 312
Release an oil spray?	Turn to 165
Carry out a high-speed handbrake turn and face the armoured car?	Turn to 77

129

Suddenly there is a deafening explosion, and the Interceptor is blown sideways by the force of a detonated mine. Roll two dice and deduct the total from the Interceptor's ARMOUR. If you survive the explosion, turn to 93.

130

You steer the Interceptor round a sharp bend and are suddenly aware of an ominous rumbling sound. Stones fall on to the road in front of you, quickly followed by a shower of small boulders. It is difficult to look up the side of the canyon through your narrow windscreen, but you are only too aware that a landslide is beginning. If you wish to brake hard in the hope that the rocks and boulders will fall in front of you, turn to 314. If you think it better to accelerate quickly away, turn to 71.

131

You search through the dead man's pockets and find 150 Credits and a pair of knuckle-dusters. You pocket your findings and, when you feel strong enough, limp back to your Interceptor, wondering how long your Med-Kit will last. You turn the ignition key and burn up the road, heading east (turn to 22).

132

You just beat your opponent to the draw, and watch him drop to the ground as your bullet finds its mark. You climb back inside the driver's cabin and set off north. All day you drive as fast as the tanker will go. Apart from a disorganized ambush attempt in the late afternoon, which you easily smash through with the armoured tanker, there are no incidents on the road. It is nearly dusk when you reach the outskirts of New Hope, its high, defended walls a strange but welcoming sight. If you were bitten by a rat on your homeward journey, turn to 275. If you escaped being bitten, turn to 380.

133

You are unable to control the speeding Interceptor and crash into the truck. Roll two dice and deduct the total from your car's ARMOUR score. If you survive the crash, turn to 151.

134

If you still wish to drive back to the road to head south, turn to 207. If you would rather take up the challenge of the Blitz Race after all, turn to 330.

135

As the flames die down, you watch the bandit circle the car slowly. He calls out to you, making insults and derisory comments. His only weapon appears to be a dagger, which he is holding in his right hand. Trapped inside the car, you have no option but to climb out and confront the man. You draw your gun and open the door. As you step out, he immediately throws his dagger at you. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 193. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 36.

136

Amber curses and then bursts out laughing. The tube of energy pills that she was carrying has fallen out through a hole in her pocket. Turn to 32.

137

You swerve sharply to the left, narrowly missing the stone pillar, and pass under the bridge. If you wish to stop to deal with your attacker, turn to 281. If you would rather keep driving south, turn to 150.

138

You stagger back from the thug as he slumps to the floor; just then the girl starts up the engine of the hot-rod. In a cloud of burning rubber she screeches

up the road on to the highway and is gone. If you wish to chase her, turn to 75. If you would rather search the garage, turn to 146.

139

The Ford slows down for a bend in the road, but you keep your foot down hard on the accelerator. You crash into the back of the Ford, but only succeed in damaging the Interceptor. Lose 2 ARMOUR points. The Ford has steel-plated crash bars built to withstand ramming. You realize that you will have to overtake the Ford in order to use your rear missile weapons. As though he has read your mind, the Ford's driver starts to swing the car from side to side to stop you passing. It will take considerable manoeuvring skill to pass him. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 8. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 287.

140

You travel about eighty kilometres before the road ends at a T-junction. You decide to turn right in the direction of San Anglo (turn to 23).

141

You settle down to relax in the shade, while Pete busily sets to work on the engine. He taps and bangs away, whistling happily; you drift in and out of light sleep. Two hours later, he slams down the reinforced engine cover and says, 'OK, she's ready to roll.' After giving Pete the 100 Credits and two packs of medical supplies, you start up the Interceptor and

accelerate away as fast as possible. You can feel the extra acceleration in your back, and smile contentedly. Pete has done a good job. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **88**.

142

You screech to a halt, but leave your engine running. Through your loudspeaker, you tell the man to raise his arms into the air and not to try any tricks. You notice that his motor bike is lying on its side just off the road. With your gun drawn, you carefully step out of the car. Suddenly the man in denim runs off the road and dives into the ditch just as something flies through the air and bounces on to the road between you and the Interceptor. With horror you see that it is a grenade. You see a blinding flash and in the same instant a deafening explosion knocks you off your feet. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **299**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **25**.

143

Fearing that the two bikers might be part of a gang, you drive off south straight away in case the other members appear (turn to **96**).

144

Your headlights cut a white path through the night. On several occasions you have to swerve around abandoned cars and, as the night draws on, fatigue makes concentration very difficult. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL, turn to **68**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **168**.

145

One of the gang sitting by the camp-fire has a sudden desire to sit in his beloved car. He stands up and walks over to the compound – and spots you crouching down by the fence. He calls out to his friends, saying, 'Hey, guess what, everybody – we've got visitors!' Pointing his rifle at you, he tells you to stand up and put your hands in the air. Within seconds you are surrounded by ten Doom Dogs, each one holding a gun. Your fate rests with this gang of desert outlaws, your mission a certain failure.

146

Everything inside the garage is either broken or useless. The office and workshop are filled with rubbish and a thick layer of dust covers everything. The man and the girl must just use the place occasionally as a trap for unwary passers-by. The only item you find that might be of use is a heavy chain. You coil it up and pack it inside the Interceptor before driving off on to the highway (turn to **167**).

147

You shout at the citizens to fall back and take cover inside the cabins. They obey your command and the battle commences. Suddenly, one of the Doom Dogs runs out from behind cover towards the armoured petrol tanker which has been prepared for you to drive back to New Hope. You shoot at him, but miss, and watch him open the driver's door. You have no choice but to run through the crossfire to stop him driving the tanker away. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 235. If you are Unlucky, turn to 279.

148

You stamp down on the accelerator and release the clutch at the same time. The back wheels spin, but do not gain any traction. By the time you are moving, the Ford is already way ahead. Lose 1 LUCK point. Suddenly the Ford brakes hard and you race by it into the lead. In your rearview-mirror you watch the Ford accelerating quickly towards you. It must be supercharged. There is nothing you can do to stop being rammed. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 354. If you are Unlucky, turn to 247.

149

The country road runs straight ahead far into the distance and you are able to make good headway, as it is relatively free from abandoned cars. After an hour's driving at high speed you arrive at a T-junction. If you wish to continue driving south, turn to 225. If you wish to turn left and head east, turn to 114.

150

It is not long before the green vegetation gives way to more barren terrain, with tufts of dry grass dotted on top of the stony, brown earth. You are soon at a major intersection on the edge of the desert. You stop at the crossroads and see that the road heading east is blocked with abandoned cars. If you wish to drive south into the desert, turn to **46**. If you wish to turn right to head west, turn to **298**.

151

You drive off the bridge, heading west again. You soon come to a T-junction which offers you a choice of roads. If you wish to keep driving west, turn to **179**. If you would rather drive south, turn to **362**.

152

You slam on the brakes and screech to a halt. The Ford crashes into your rear bumpers as the grenade explodes harmlessly in front of you. The ram, however, causes 2 points of damage to your ARMOUR. You accelerate and then brake again suddenly. The Ford swerves around you and accelerates away. As you are not allowed to use your forward-firing weapons, you decide to try to ram the Ford (turn to **139**).

153

You continue to make good headway along the country roads. The untended fields on both sides of the road have grown wild, and you wonder how long it will be before they are farmed again. The road soon ends at a T-junction and you decide to turn left to head south towards San Anglo (turn to **225**).

154

Amber silences her two opponents, but you do not realize that you were being watched during your fight with the Doom Dogs. A fifth person remained inside the station-wagon – the Animal! On seeing the last of his gang fall to the ground, he leaps out of the station-wagon and runs at you unarmed, snorting like an angry bull. He is a terrifying sight in the moonlight. Huge and bare-chested, he wears a tight-fitting black face-mask, knee-high boots with steel toecaps, and his clenched fists are wrapped in studded leather. Before you have time to react, he wraps his arms around you in a bear hug and starts to squeeze. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Amber dares not risk shooting in case she hits you, and she looks around frantically for a hand-weapon. She grabs a spanner from the back of the car and runs to your aid. Roll 1 die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to **245**. If you roll between 3 and 6, turn to **376**.

155

A man suddenly appears out of a doorway and walks towards you with his shotgun pointed at you. He looks at you sternly and says, 'You look like the person who shot up my station-wagon, killing my wife and son last week. Now I'll have my revenge – only I fight fair. Draw whenever you are ready.' You realize that it was a mistake to lie to the man. Lose 1 LUCK point. If you wish to try to talk your way out of the problem, turn to 219. If you would rather draw your gun, turn to 333.

156

'I thought that's what you said, but it's just that I've never heard of them before. I hope they aren't all as good at racing as you are. I expect I'll see you again – I'm going to join the others now,' says the tattooed man. Much to your relief he walks away, leaving you to drive off down the rough road to the main road where you turn right to head south (turn to 207).

157

The dirt track is rough and bumpy, and you realize that people for miles around will see the dust that the speeding Interceptor is throwing up. Nevertheless, you are determined to reach Rockville. Suddenly, you see a blinding flash on top of a boulder in the distance. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 222. If you are Unlucky, turn to 315.

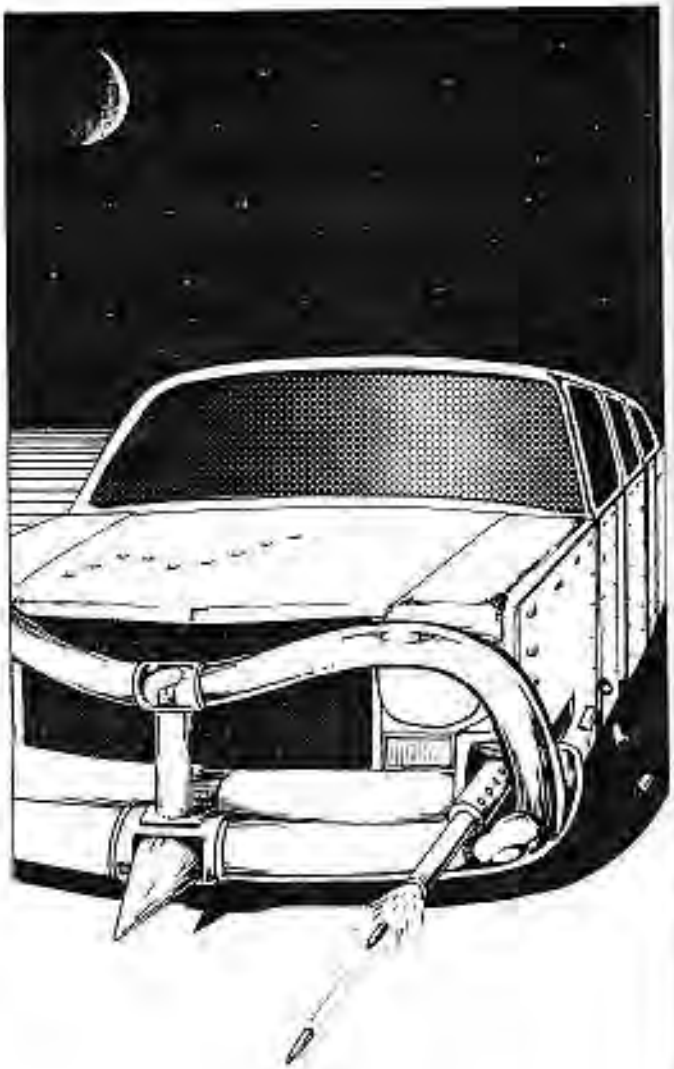

158

You start up the Interceptor and turn to face your attackers. Your headlights illuminate a customized station-wagon which has thick sheets of plate steel riveted to its body and a pointed ramming bar protruding from its front grill. Machine-gun nozzles housed on either side of the ram bar suddenly open fire.

STATION-WAGON	FIREPOWER 10	ARMOUR 19

You are too close to the station-wagon to be able to launch a rocket, even if you have one left, and must return fire with your own machine-guns. If you survive three Attack Rounds of Vehicle Combat, turn to 67.

159

Before too long you are back at the bridge which crosses the highway. You continue east along the road (turn to 341).

160

The guard hears the noise caused by the rolling stone and looks down in your direction. He is only a few metres above you. If you wish to jump up and try to silence him before he raises the alarm, turn to 293. If you would rather keep still on the ground, turn to 367.

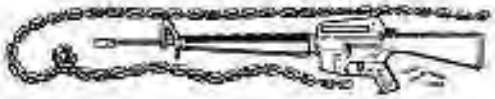

161

You shake your head and concentrate hard on your driving. After nearly falling asleep at the wheel several times during the night, your weariness departs as the first rays of morning sunlight creep over the horizon. You drive on south towards San Anglo with renewed enthusiasm (turn to 128).

162

You see the look of surprise on Leonardi's face as you attempt to swerve round his parked car. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 94. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 123.

163

You are soon driving at high speed, until you arrive at a signpost which points down a narrow dirt track towards a town called Rockville. If you wish to drive south to Rockville, turn to 157. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to 45.

164

The hijacker tells you to step down on the road and prepare to draw your revolver. You jump down from the cabin and face the fearsome-looking man. With his crossbow pointed at the ground, he snarls loudly in order to unnerve you. But you are unperturbed by his tactics, and tell him to fire whenever he is ready. His arm comes up quickly to signal the start of the duel. Roll 1 die and add the number to your current SKILL score. Roll the die again and add

the number to the hijacker's SKILL of 7. If your total is the same as or greater than that of the hijacker, turn to 132. If the total is lower than that of the hijacker, turn to 205.

165

You lean forward and press the button on the dashboard which releases the oil spray. The armoured car drives straight over the oil slick, and you watch with amusement as the driver struggles to control the skidding vehicle. Roll one die. If the number is between 1 and 5, turn to 234. If the number rolled is 6, turn to 280.

166

There is one wheel, in reasonable condition, remaining on the Interceptor. The tyre is flat but can easily be inflated again with the can of Flat-U-Fix. It does not take long to remove the wheel and store it inside your own car. If you wish to look inside the crashed car, turn to 253. If you would rather continue your journey south, turn to 13.

167

Despite the hazard of having to avoid abandoned cars, the highway is wide enough for you to gather plenty of speed. It's exciting to drive so freely, without fear of being hauled in by the police for violating some traffic regulation or other. You smile as your speed reaches 190 kilometres per hour, but your joy is shortlived: you suddenly see a red Chevrolet, heavily reinforced with steel plating, coming straight towards you. Somebody is sitting in a small turret on the roof – a machine-gunner. You think to yourself that maybe having to deal with the police in the old days wasn't so bad compared with what is coming at you now. You breathe in deeply and get ready to press the machine-gun fire button.

RED CHEVVY FIREPOWER 8 ARMOUR 15

If you manage to destroy the Chevvy in this Vehicle Combat, turn to **188**.

168

Late in the night, your tiredness slows down your reactions. A bus appears in your headlights, and you swerve too late to avoid hitting it. Roll two dice and deduct the total from the Interceptor's ARMOUR. If you survive the crash, turn to 327.

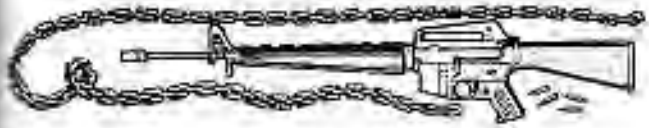

169

The man works for an hour, welding on extra steel panels and patching up holes where he can. The Interceptor looks in a very sorry state, but at least it is better protected. Add 10 ARMOUR points. You thank the man for his work, pay him, and set off east again (turn to 259).

170

The man does not notice what you are doing and you manage to slip the knuckle-dusters on to your fingers. You spin round and swing your fist at the man's face. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 363. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 87.

171

Luckily, none of the stray bullets hits you. You wonder how long your Med-Kit is going to last if the mission is going to continue being so dangerous. When you finally feel strong enough to drive, you limp over to the Interceptor and burn up the road, heading east (turn to 22).

172

Miraculously, you manage to drive swiftly through the falling rocks and boulders without being hit. You breathe a sigh of relief when you are clear of the landslide, and slow down to a safer speed for negotiating the winding road (turn to 351).

173

A second shell is fired from the farmhouse with devastating effect against your damaged Interceptor. You do not survive the explosion.

174

The man makes the mistake of aiming at your chest, unaware of your protection. The bullet does you no harm. You do not give him a second chance and fling open the door to pull him out of the driver's seat on to the ground. He is easily overcome, and then you order him to tell his friends to call off the attack. He reluctantly agrees to your demand and the shooting stops almost immediately. You keep your gun trained on your hostage while you watch

the rest of the Doom Dogs retreat back into the desert. You let the captured Doom Dog follow his friends to the jeers and cheers of the inhabitants of the San Anglo refinery. After helping with the repairs to the entrance, you tell them that it is time for you to leave. You climb into the cabin of the tanker and wave farewell. You feel sad to be abandoning your faithful Interceptor, but realize the importance of this mission. Two cars escort you north along the road until you reach the edge of the desert. Then they turn and drive back to San Anglo, leaving you alone on the highway once more. You decide to head directly north, ignoring all turnings that you come to. The day passes without incident and you keep on driving well into the night. When you are too tired to drive any further, you pull into a motel car-park, as there are no lights showing in the rooms. If you wish to sleep inside the cabin of the tanker, turn to 218. If you wish to go inside the motel, turn to 335.

175

The grenade fails to explode and you are left racing ahead of the yellow car by some fifty metres (turn to 340).

176

Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 108. If the total is higher than your SKILL score, turn to 350.

177

You drive along the edge of the desert for about eighty kilometres until you arrive at a major intersection. The road ahead is blocked with abandoned cars so you decide to turn right to head south again (turn to 46).

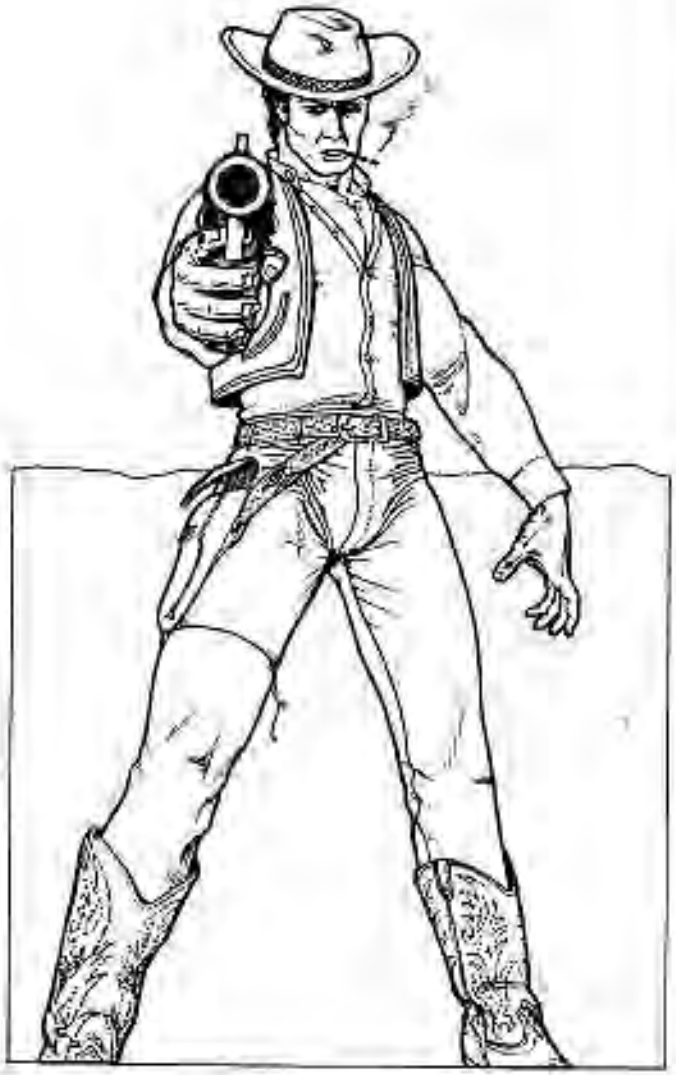

178

You frantically turn the ignition key and pump the accelerator, but the engine will not start. You look inside the engine compartment and notice that the fuel pipe has come away from the carburettor. You twist it back on and are about to climb back into the car when you suddenly feel a tickling sensation down your spine. You whirl round and see a man standing motionless, feet slightly apart, pointing a large-bore hand-gun at you, possibly an old Magnum. He is dressed as a cowboy with boots, stetson hat and even a cigar in his mouth. In a low voice he growls, 'Draw!'

OUTLAW	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

Resolve this combat using the Shooting rules, but reduce your SKILL by 2 for the first Attack Round as the outlaw has the initiative. If you win, turn to **375**, but reduce your SKILL permanently by 1 point if you are shot more than once.

179

Standing in the middle of the road, waving his arms frantically, is a man wearing denim jeans and jacket. A motor-cycle helmet covers his head. If you wish to stop to talk to him, turn to **142**. If you would rather drive past him, turn to **215**.

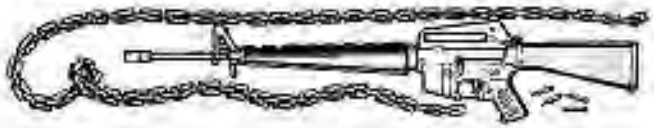

180

You stop the car and pour the contents of the can into the petrol tank. You know that you do not have enough fuel to reach San Anglo and wonder where you will find some more in this desert wilderness. It is a depressing thought, which weighs on your mind as you set off again (turn to 243).

181

You watch with satisfaction as the front tyres of the armoured car are shredded by the spikes, forcing the driver to brake hard. You accelerate away, leaving behind the stranded armoured car (turn to 47).

182

You crawl painfully into the tall grass and wait. Soon you hear the noise of approaching footsteps. Through the grass you see a scruffy man, gun in hand, standing only a few metres away. A cigar hangs out of the corner of his mouth and around his head is tied a red headband. He is obviously the man who set the booby-trap. Suddenly he sees your trail of blood leading into the grass. He turns and fires blindly into the grass. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 227. If you are Unlucky, turn to 116.

183

The Ford driver is anticipating your breakaway, and calmly presses the button of the grenade-launcher. The grenade flies over the Interceptor and bounces along the road in front of you. Will you accelerate over it (turn to 43) or brake hard (turn to 152)?

184

The Doom Dogs are too enraged to care about their word of honour. They draw their weapons, and a shoot-out begins. You take on two of them while Amber returns fire at the other two.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DOOM DOG	7	13
Second DOOM DOG	8	14

During this Shooting combat, both Doom Dogs will fire separately at you during each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fire at. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound him if your Attack Strength is greater – you must just count this as though you dodged his bullet. Of course, if his Attack Strength is greater, he will wound you in the normal way. If you win, turn to 69, but reduce your SKILL permanently by 1 point if you are shot more than once during the shoot-out.

185

The door opens into a room that has recently been occupied. There are unfinished cups of coffee on the table and the front wheel of a motor cycle propped up against the wall, its inner tube lying on the floor. Somebody was obviously in the process of mending a puncture. There is also a tool-kit on the table, inside which you find a pair of heavy-duty wire-cutters which you decide to take with you. If you have not done so already, you may open the door to the room opposite (turn to 72); or you may leave the house (turn to 246).

186

Yawning almost constantly, you try to concentrate on driving down the straight country road; but after the efforts of the day, fatigue makes you fall asleep at the wheel. You drive straight into the back of an abandoned truck which is half blocking the road. Roll two dice and deduct the total from the Interceptor's ARMOUR. If you survive the crash, turn to 348.

187

You do not have anything with which to siphon the petrol out of the tank, and have no alternative but to carry on south (turn to 118).

188

You stop your Interceptor to examine the burning wreck. Who were these people and why did they attack you without warning? You shake your head and hit the accelerator, eager to reach your destination. You are passing a security truck and thinking about all the money inside it which is now useless

when suddenly a voice comes through on your radio above the crackling static. It is one of New Hope's leaders. She tells you how a gang of bikers have just attacked New Hope, killing eight people in the process. After a short battle, they were eventually beaten off. She warns you to be on the lookout for them, as they have kidnapped Sinclair, the council leader. You acknowledge the message and say goodbye. After an hour or so of driving without any further incident, you notice that your petrol gauge is dropping; the Interceptor is very heavy on petrol. You stop and pour the contents of the fuel canister into the tank, realizing that you will have to find some more petrol soon. A few kilometres further and you know your luck has really run out. There must have been a car crash at the time of the disaster which caused a huge tail-back of now-abandoned cars. It is impossible to continue along the highway. You reverse back to the last exit and drive off the highway. You must decide which way to head along the road which crosses over it. If you wish to drive east, turn to 341. If you wish to drive west, turn to 66.

189

Leading off the road on your right is a rough road which is marked with several sets of tyre tracks. The tracks look as if they were made quite recently. If you wish to drive down the rough road, turn to 24. If you would rather stay on course for San Anglo, turn to 207.

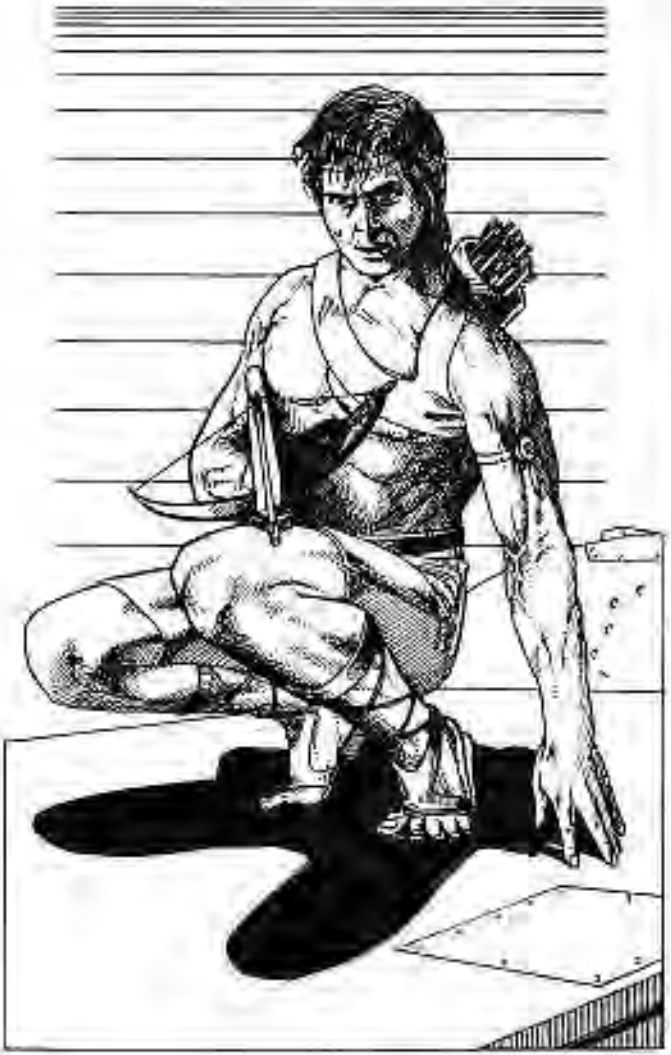

190

It is frustrating just to sit inside the tanker. All is quiet until you hear the sound of footsteps walking along the top of the trailer. The hijacker intends to creep up on you from behind. You open the cabin door and climb up the metal ladder to meet him. As soon as your head appears, he fires his crossbow at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 345. If you are Unlucky, turn to 30.

191

A bullet punctures one of your front tyres. You momentarily lose control of the car and hit a boulder at high speed. Roll one die and deduct the number from the car's ARMOUR for the crash damage. You cannot drive on the flat tyre, but it is dangerous to leave the car while under fire. Suddenly you see another blinding flash; the bazooka is being fired through a top-floor window of the farmhouse. You are a sitting target and the shell does not miss. Roll two dice and deduct the total from your car's ARMOUR. If you survive the explosion, turn to 292.

192

The tattooed man does not fall for the trick, and easily sidesteps your attempted karate kick. He points the machine-gun at you and tells you to walk on, but as soon as you are in front of him he slams the butt of the gun against the back of your head. You crumple to the ground, unconscious (turn to 100).

193

You duck down behind the car door and the dagger bounces harmlessly off it. From out of a shoulder-holster the man pulls a small revolver ready for the shoot-out.

BANDIT SKILL 7 STAMINA 11

Resolve this combat using the Shooting rules, but add 1 point to your own SKILL for the duration of the battle because of your cover behind the car door. If you win, turn to 64, but reduce your SKILL permanently by 1 point if you are shot more than once.

194

Both dune buggies are ablaze; you decide to get away as quickly as possible. Eighty kilometres further south, you see a range of flat-topped hills rising out of the desert sand directly ahead. The road finally ends at the foot of these hills. Looking left and right, you see the road run straight as an arrow east to west. If you wish to turn left, turn to 257. If you wish to turn right, turn to 211.

195

You turn the handle and pull. An explosion, accompanied by a brilliant white flash and deafening noise, sends you reeling backwards. The door was booby-trapped! Roll 1 die and deduct the number from your STAMINA score. The door hangs off its hinges but there is nothing inside the ambulance. Its owner will probably be on his way now to see who he has caught. You feel too weak to reach the Interceptor, and decide to crawl into hiding. If you wish to hide in the grass, turn to 182. If you wish to hide under the ambulance, turn to 356.

196

Heeding the man's advice, you keep a wary eye out for falling rocks and drive through the canyon very slowly. Suddenly you hear an ominous rumbling sound ahead. You steer round a sharp bend and see a landslide in progress, with rocks and boulders crashing down on to the road. It soon stops, and you are able to continue, as the road is not completely blocked (turn to 351).

197

You stop the car and get out to empty the fuel canister into the petrol tank. The canister does not hold much petrol and you realize that you will have to be on the look-out for more, if you hope to reach San Anglo. By the time you set off again it is early evening and you watch the setting sun through the right-hand window. Soon it will be dark and there is a new decision to make. Will you:

Drive off the road and sleep inside the Interceptor?	Turn to 4
Find a building to spend the night inside?	Turn to 321
Drive on through the night?	Turn to 144

198

You reach the barbed-wire fence and see eight vehicles inside its perimeter. The coiled wire is too finely meshed for you to be able to squeeze through without becoming entangled. If you possess a pair of wire-cutters, turn to 85. If you do not, turn to 255.

199

The farmhouse is an easy target and the rocket does not miss. The explosion destroys the farmhouse, sending fragments of brick and wood flying through the air. When the dust has settled, you

drive cautiously ahead, one finger against the machine-gun trigger. You stop alongside the burning farmhouse, but see no signs of life. You turn off the engine and wind down the window of the Interceptor. You hear the desperate cry of a man calling for help. If you wish to get out of the car to investigate, turn to 262. If you would rather drive south out of town, turn to 353.

200

You manage to avoid a head-on collision, but are rammed in the side by the station-wagon. Its pointed ram bar pierces the Interceptor's reinforced panel, locking the two vehicles together. The station-wagon's loudspeaker immediately barks out a message from the Animal – fight him hand to hand or shoot it out. If you wish to fight the Animal, turn to 269. If you wish to shoot it out, turn to 102.

201

Suddenly there is a dull thud, and the Interceptor rocks from side to side. Roll two dice and deduct the total from the Interceptor's ARMOUR. If you survive the explosion, turn to 266.

202

Although you knock the guard to the ground, he remains conscious, and calls out to his friends. They all leap up and run over to where you are fighting. Amber shouts at you to run down the hill to escape. But before there is time to do anything, you are mown down by a hail of bullets. Your adventure is over.

203

The road is open and wrecked cars are an infrequent hazard. The speedometer reads well above the maximum speed-limit that used to control the road, but you know that there is no chance of getting a speeding-ticket now. Your enjoyment, however, is short lived: a road-block of upturned cars and trucks comes into view. You slow down and survey the scene, sensing danger. Will you:

Fire a rocket at the road-block?	Turn to 372
Try to drive around the road-block?	Turn to 317
Turn around and drive back to the last junction to head south?	Turn to 278

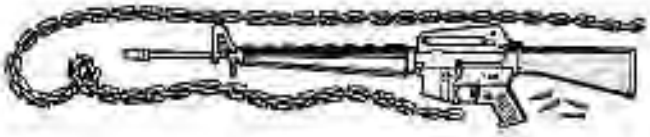

204

The bullets miss you and you start the engine without delay. In a cloud of dust you screech away down the rough road to the highway, where you turn right at speed to head south (turn to 207).

205

Your opponent is quicker to the draw than you are. He fires the crossbow bolt with deadly accuracy, into the middle of your chest. You sink to the ground, firing your gun wildly. Your adventure ends here.

206

You fire at the lock on the pannier. Three shots and it's open. Inside you find a pair of handcuffs, a map and 200 Credits. After putting the handcuffs and Credits in your jacket pocket, you look at the map. There is a red circle drawn around New Hope. Obviously these men came from the same gang that attacked New Hope. A small town named Rockville is marked with a red cross and is not too far south-east from where you are now. No doubt it is the temporary home of the bikers. You decide to change the wheel on your Interceptor before any of the bikers' friends arrive (turn to 346).

207

You flash past a handwritten sign which reads 'Pete makes engines sweet. One mile to the left.' You slow down as you approach a stone building with a corrugated iron workshop attached to it which has the words 'Spark Plug Pete's' painted on a billboard on top of the roof. There are a few cars parked on the forecourt. As you come to a halt, a thin pale man appears from the workshop wearing an oily blue mechanic's overall and a baseball cap. He waves and says, 'Nice car. Pretty fast, I guess. But not as fast as old Pete can make it. If you are interested, I like payment in Credits and goods. I'll do a good job for you.' If you wish to stop to let the mechanic modify your engine, turn to 28. If you would rather refuse his offer politely and continue your journey south, turn to 88.

208

The man tells you that it has been an honour fighting you in such a civilized manner. He goes on to say that, after the road has passed through the tunnel, it then winds through a twisting canyon and you should be on the look-out for landslides. You thank the strange man for his advice and drive into the tunnel, once he has reversed the bus out of the way. Sure enough, you find yourself driving along the winding road through the canyon (turn to 196).

209

As you hand the keys to the thug, he merely sniggers and lunges at you with his crowbar. You are

knocked unconscious and, when you awake, you find that the couple and their hot-rod are gone – but so too is your Interceptor. You have failed in your mission.

210

Roll one die alternately, once for the E-type and once for the Interceptor, adding 1 to the number rolled for the Interceptor because of its supercharger. Continue rolling until one car reaches a total of 24 to cross the finishing-line first. If you win, turn to 54. If you lose the race, turn to 322.

211

You soon leave the hills behind, but the road continues to run west. Half an hour later, the engine starts to misfire, and not much further down the road it cuts out completely. You get out of the car and diagnose the problem as sand in the carburettor. Just as you have finished cleaning it out, you hear the deep thumping sound of an engine overhead. You look up and see a helicopter hovering above you. It is covered with splashes of fluorescent yellow paint and you notice that a gunman is sitting in the cockpit next to the pilot. Through a loudspeaker one of them instructs you to empty all the Interceptor's missile weapons on to the road. If you wish to obey them, turn to 11. If you would rather jump inside the Interceptor and open fire on the helicopter, turn to 83.

212

The car slides to a halt in a cloud of dust, and you jump out firing your revolver. The two bikers return fire as you scramble away from the Interceptor before the mine explodes. You dive on to the ground to hide behind a bush, just as the explosion rips through the air, wrecking a wheel. Lose 2 ARMOUR points. The dust settles and all is silent, until one of the bikers calls out to you, saying, 'Throw out your gun and keys. We only want your car.' If you wish to obey them, turn to 283. If you would rather fight it out, turn to 6.

213

The oil sinks into the dirt-covered road and has no effect on the car behind. Lose 1 LUCK point. The driver of the Ford retaliates by firing a grenade over your car to land on the road in front of you. There is a muffled explosion as the steel-plated underchassis takes the full blast of the grenade. Roll two dice and deduct the total from your car's ARMOUR. If you survive the explosion, turn to 294.

214

As you approach the group under the trees, you realize that you will have to try and make a run for it. You pretend to stumble and then suddenly kick your leg out sideways at the tattooed man. Roll one die. If you roll between 1 and 4, turn to 192. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to 347.

215

You travel west looking for a major road going south. But the decision is made for you when you arrive at a solid tail-back of cars just beyond a left turning. The impassable blockade of cars and trucks stretches into the distance as far as you can see, all of them long since abandoned. If you wish to head south, turn to 149. If you would rather stop and look inside some of the abandoned vehicles, turn to 10.

216

The road eventually ends at a T-junction and you are able to turn left to head south once again (turn to 243).

217

The man appears unperturbed as you run towards him. He continues to chant about cleansing the earth and ridding the world of all traces of the decadent past. You reach him just as he is about to throw the lighted match on to the Interceptor. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **285**. If the total is higher than your SKILL, turn to **50**.

218

Although you sleep very lightly, waking at the slightest sound, the night passes peacefully. At first light you are on the road again. All is fine for an hour or so, until you see in your wing mirror two motor bikes approaching. Unfortunately the petrol tanker is not armed with rear missile weapons, but it has a swivel-mounted machine-gun on the cabin roof. As they draw nearer, you see that both bikers are carrying crossbows. They accelerate alongside the tanker, one on each side, and fire their crossbows at your front tyres. You reply by firing your machine-gun at the bike on your left. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **52**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **324**.

219

You tell him quickly that you did not kill his wife and son. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **288**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **236**.

220

The motor-bike rider somehow manages to steer the vehicle around the spikes and the passenger opens fire at you again. You decide to return fire with the Interceptor's machine-gun, although the swerving target is difficult to hit.

MOTOR BIKE and SIDECAR	FIREPOWER 9	ARMOUR 8

If you win this highway battle, turn to **143**.

221

The road cuts a straight black line through the nightmare-red landscape. The desert heat rises from the sand in shimmering waves and your air-conditioner rattles in its noisy struggle to keep you cool. Your radio picks up nothing but static and crackles away monotonously. You keep the accelerator pressed to the floor as you speed through the badlands. Ahead in the distance you see black smoke curling up into the air. You slow down and brake alongside a burning car. It's an old sports car from the last century; a Corvette with its 200 brake horsepower V8 engine. A beast of the past abruptly ending its life in a ball of fire. Leaning casually against a boulder away from the burning wreck is a blonde woman, wearing black overalls and holding a shotgun. When she sees the Interceptor approach, she runs out into the road to wave you down. You stop in front of her, your hand reaching for your revolver in case she tries to hijack the Interceptor. You ask her where she is going, and in a stern voice she replies, 'South, as far as you are concerned. I just want a lift – unless you also belong to that wild gang of road warriors who attacked me.' You tell her that you are on a mission to San Anglo and offer her a ride. 'San Anglo!' she yells. 'You must be the person we have been expecting from New Hope!' She jumps in the car and introduces herself as Amber. She says that a message went out to all patrol vehicles to be on the look-out for the Interceptor, but she had to be sure that you were who you said you were. She also tells you that there is a complication. For the last two days, San Anglo

has been under constant attack from a large gang of road warriors known as the Doom Dogs, led by a man they call the Animal. It was the Doom Dogs who attacked her, less than an hour ago. They are determined to massacre the inhabitants of San Anglo to have access to the reserves of petrol. It is now virtually impossible to leave or enter San Anglo without being attacked by their heavily armed cars and motor bikes. There is only one solution – to break into their camp at night and sabotage their vehicles. The look of determination in Amber's eyes convinces you that there is no alternative, and you agree to help her. She slaps the dashboard in eager excitement and tells you to drive south as quickly as possible. Half an hour later, Amber tells you to stop. In the distance, you can see smoke rising into the air. 'San Anglo refinery,' she says in a proud voice. 'We'd rather die than let the vermin steal the petrol from us. Turn left off the road. It will be dark in an hour and then we'll have to leave the car and walk to the Doom Dogs' camp.' *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 7. If you are Unlucky, turn to 331.

222

Somebody has fired a bazooka at you, but the shell explodes harmlessly a few metres to your left. Turn to 53.

223

You jack the car up and put on the spare wheel. A few minutes later you are driving east again, carefully trying to avoid sharp stones. You drive for an hour across the bumpy terrain, until you finally

reach another road running north to south. You turn right on to it, grateful to be driving on a smooth road again. You pass an articulated truck which looks as if it has only recently been parked. If you wish to stop and examine the truck, turn to 104. If you would rather drive on without stopping, turn to 118.

224

The first race is between a yellow Ford and a red Porsche; they race off down the road, ramming each other and using their array of weapons. They return about six minutes later, the Ford winning by a couple of seconds. Both cars look like wrecks. The driver of the Ford leaps out of his car and begins cheering. While he is still enjoying his victory, you walk back to the Interceptor to drive back to the main road to head south again (turn to 207).

225

The road cuts through overgrown fields, but there are no obstructions on the road. You check your milometer to see how far you have come, and see that the petrol gauge is reading empty again. If you have picked up a full fuel canister recently, turn to 197. If you have not picked one up, turn to 364.

226

Your attacker is well trained in the art of wrestling. With one dextrous manoeuvre he flips you on to your back and then pushes you off the top of the trailer. You land heavily on the road below and are

knocked unconscious. You wake some time later, but the petrol tanker is gone. You have failed in your mission.

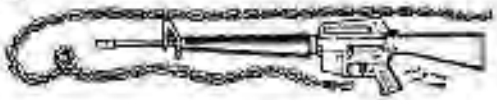

227

The bullet thuds into the ground only a metre away. You immediately sit up and return fire.

HIGHWAYMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

Resolve this combat using the Shooting rules, but reduce your SKILL by 1 point for the duration of the fight because of your injury. If you win, turn to **131**, but reduce your SKILL permanently by 1 point if you are shot more than once.

228

'Liar! I didn't think you looked like a member of a gang. Let's hear what the others have to say about this.' He waves his machine-gun in the direction of the trees where his friends are sitting. If you possess a pair of knuckle-dusters, turn to **273**. If you do not have them, turn to **214**.

229

You crawl on to the bridge, steering carefully to avoid the wheels coming off the two main beams. Suddenly there is a loud explosion. Somebody has detonated the bridge, sending the Interceptor crashing into the river below. You have failed in your mission.

230

Set back about thirty metres from the road is a small white building which is completely surrounded by cars in various stages of assembly. Wheels, doors, bumpers, axles, engines, gearboxes and seats are strewn everywhere and, in the middle of it all, is a man working away at one car. He is busy using an oxy-acetylene torch on a door-panel, causing sparks to fly everywhere. He is so engrossed in his work that he doesn't hear you arrive. If you wish to talk to him about repairing the Interceptor, turn to **15**. If you would rather drive on, turn to **259**.

231

The front wheels slam down on the opposite side of the bridge, but the rear wheels just miss it. The car slides backwards and plunges thirty metres into the river below. You have failed in your mission.

232

The small group of spectators gathers around the Ford to congratulate the driver. You drive past him slowly, waving in salute of his victory, but do not stop. You are bitterly disappointed at losing the race and are keen to drive back to the main road to head south (turn to **207**).

233

After attending to your wound, you find that there is nothing apart from rubbish and broken furniture in the room; it was merely booby-trapped to deter intruders. Lose 1 LUCK point. If you have not done

so already, you may open the door of the room opposite (turn to 185); or you may leave the house (turn to 246).

234

The driver is unable to control the skidding armoured car, and it runs off the road into a ditch. You smile and accelerate away, leaving behind the immobilized vehicle (turn to 47).

235

Keeping your head as low as possible, you run across the open space without being caught in the crossfire (turn to 40).

236

The man looks at you and spits on the floor before saying, 'Draw, I said, you murdering scum!' You have no choice but to obey him (turn to 333).

237

You manage to drive south only eight kilometres before the Interceptor becomes bogged down in soft sand. The wheels spin, sending clouds of sand into the air, but you only succeed in burying the Interceptor deeper. You curse your luck, but there is no hope of extracting the car from the soft sand without help. You try to dig it out, but it is a futile struggle, and you realize despondently that you will have to abandon the Interceptor. With luck you will make it back to New Hope and try to reach San Anglo again another time.

238

The tyre is not badly damaged and you are able to fix the puncture with the can of Flat-U-Fix. It is not long before you are driving east again (turn to 119).

239

The Ford races ahead over the bridge as you press down on the accelerator again to try to catch up. You see the finishing-line ahead, no more than two hundred metres away, and realize that the race is lost. The Ford crosses the finishing line a car's length ahead of the Interceptor. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to 232.

240

You take 200 Credits out of your pocket and thrust them towards the man with the scar. He snatches them from you and says, 'There's a sucker born every minute. Get in your car. Let's do it. We race for eight kilometres down the dirt road, turn around at the white house, and race back. And remember, there are no holds barred in a Blitz Race, except bullets and rockets.' You climb inside the Interceptor, start it up and crawl forward to the starting-line. Your opponent draws alongside you in his bright yellow Ford. You see that it is armed with two machine-guns and a grenade-launcher. A girl standing in between the two cars raises a white towel into the air and then suddenly pulls it down to signal the start of the race. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 3. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 148.

241

Using an iron bar from the tanker's tool-box, you soon prise the motel door open. You walk cautiously into the reception area, where your nostrils are filled with a nauseating smell of rotting vegetation. You shine your torch around and see rubbish and filth strewn all over the floor. Swing doors open into the main hallway, and there is a staircase leading to the upper floor. As you survey the scene, you suddenly hear the sound of light footsteps above you. You shine the torch up the staircase and catch sight of a pair of feet. A sinewy old man dressed in tattered rags suddenly runs down the stairs holding a huge rat in each hand. 'This is the home of the rat man,' he shouts in a scratchy voice, 'and you will pay for your unwelcome visit!' Catching you off balance, he throws the two rats at you. They land on your chest and you try frantically to brush them off. You are bitten just once before you manage to get them off you. Lose 1 STAMINA point. The rat man laughs maniacally and runs back up the stairs. You decide that the motel is no place to spend the night and walk back to the tanker. You drive a few miles further up the road before finding somewhere else to park, and remain inside the cabin to sleep (turn to **218**).

242

Neither of the tyres is too badly damaged, and you are able to inflate them with the can of Flat-U-Fix. It is not long before you are motoring east again (turn to **119**).

243

On the right-hand side of the road, you see an abandoned police car, half-covered by a drift of sand. If you wish to stop to see if there is anything of use to you inside the car, turn to **109**. If you would rather keep driving south, turn to **49**.

244

Your injury slows down your reflexes, and your hand has only just reached the handle of your knife when the man fires three shots from his gun in quick succession. He does not miss from point-blank range, and you are dead before you hit the floor.

245

As Amber tries to strike the Animal with the spanner, he rolls on to the ground with you still locked in his vice-like grip. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Again Amber tries to strike the giant man. Roll 1 die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to **360**. If you roll between 3 and 6, turn to **376**.

246

If you have not done so already, you may search the general store (turn to **112**). Otherwise there is nothing else to do except drive off south (turn to **353**).

247

The Interceptor swerves to the left, but you steer into the skid to keep the car under control. The Ford rams you again, this time doing some damage. Lose 2 ARMOUR points. In your mirror you see the Ford

closing in again, and you have to think quickly to decide what tactics to use. Will you accelerate away (turn to **183**) or brake hard to let the Ford pass you (turn to **27**)?

248

Your reactions are too slow and the driver's door receives the full impact of the high-speed ram. The pointed ram bar pierces the reinforced door, killing you instantly. Your adventure ends in the desert night.

249

You walk over to the wrecked bike, carrying your revolver in one hand and the Med-Kit in the other. One of the men is dead and the other is barely alive. You kick his pistol away from him and see if he can be saved. He opens his eyes, smiles and says, 'Fat Jack and the boys will get you for this.' Then he slumps back and is still. Your Med-Kit cannot help him. You check the bike over and notice a locked side-pannier. If you would like to open the pannier, turn to **206**. If you would rather head off east without wasting any more time, turn to **163**.

250

The man notices you putting your hand in your pocket and tells you to keep on walking with your hands on your head. As you approach the group celebrating under the trees, you realize that you will have to try to make a run for it. You pretend to stumble and then suddenly kick your leg out sideways at the tattooed man. Roll one die. If you roll between 1 and 4, turn to **192**. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to 347.

251

You check your compass to make sure you are heading directly east. The Interceptor vibrates as it crosses the stony ground and suddenly you hear a loud bang. The Interceptor becomes difficult to steer, the obvious sign of a flat tyre. You stop to inspect the damage and find that the tyre has blown and cannot be inflated by Flat-U-Fix. If you are carrying a spare wheel, turn to **223**. If you do not have a spare wheel, turn to 343.

252

You open the front door of the house and step inside. Leading off the hallway there are two doors facing each other. If you wish to open the door on the left, turn to **185**. If you wish to open the door on the right, turn to 72.

253

You pull open the driver's door and reach inside to open the glove compartment. Suddenly you hear a rattling sound and realize with horror that you have disturbed the nest of a rattlesnake. The snake strikes and bites your arm, emptying deadly poison into your veins. If you still possess a pack of medicine from your Med-Kit, turn to **2**. If you have used up all the Med-Kit supplies, turn to 357.

254

The countryside is picturesque in the early-morning light, but you are unaware of the dangers ahead. The road has been mined by country outlaws, waiting to rob anybody passing through. Roll one die. If you roll 1, 2 or 3, turn to **129**. If you roll 4, 5 or 6, turn to **101**.

255

You have no alternative but to crawl round the perimeter of the barbed-wire fence until you reach the entrance gate to the compound. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **339**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **145**.

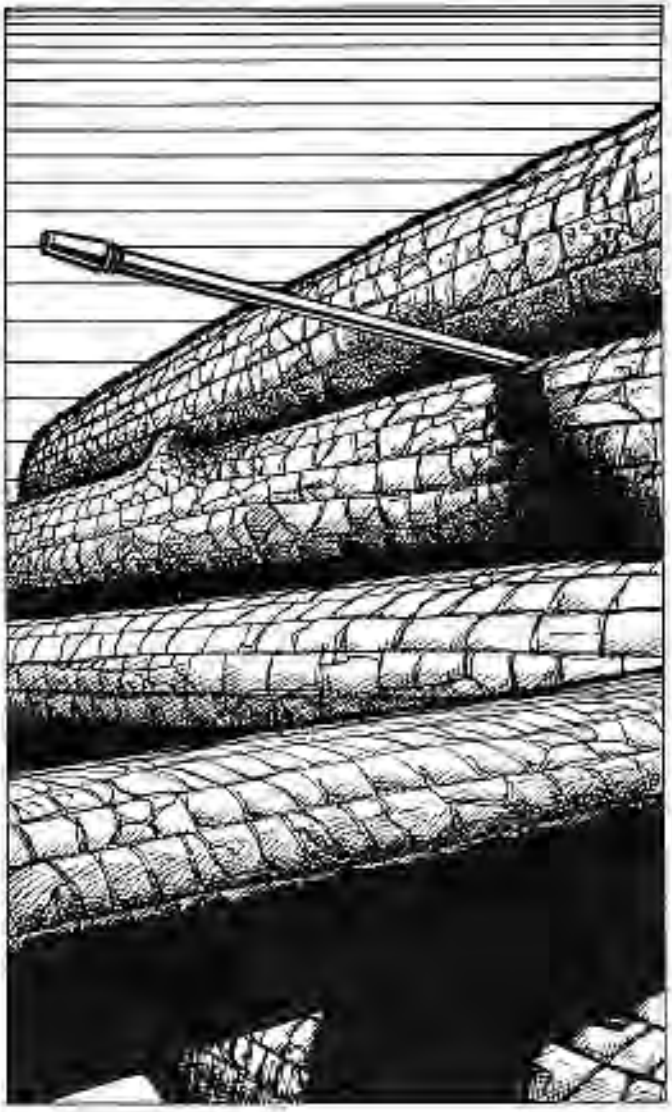

256

Although bleeding badly, you manage to reach your car. Lose 1 extra STAMINA point. You flop down into the driver's seat and open one of the packs inside the Med-Kit. Soon your wound is treated – pellets removed and a layer of synthi-skin applied, with bandages to cover it. Back behind the wheel, your spirit returns as you drop the clutch and screech out of town (turn to 34).

257

Up ahead you see that the road is blocked by a barricade made of logs taken from an abandoned truck. The long, thin barrel of some sort of weapon protrudes from the logs. You decide to stop and open the door of your car to negotiate with the gunner to let you drive around the barricade. You call out stating your request but the reply is curt and to the point, 'Go back. This is a car-free zone. You have been warned.' If you wish to heed the advice and turn around to head west, turn to 337. If you would rather ignore the advice and press on east, turn to 9.

258

You run out of the outhouse and grab your Med-Kit from the car. You use one pack of the medicine, but this does not restore any STAMINA points; it merely stops the poison from spreading further through your system. Not wishing to spend the rest of the night inside the outhouse, you must decide what to do. If you wish to sleep inside the car, turn to 297. If

you wish to start your engine and drive on through the night, turn to 144.

259

Ahead in the distance looms a range of hills. As you arrive at the foot of the hills you see that the road passes under them via a tunnel. Unfortunately there is a bus blocking the entrance. You stop the car and walk up to the bus to see whether or not it can be started and moved out of the way. The driver's door suddenly opens and a masked man jumps down on to the road pointing a gun at you. 'To pass through this tunnel you must either pay me a toll of 200 Credits or engage me in a pistol duel,' he says in a very matter-of-fact tone. If you wish to pay the toll, turn to 369. If you fancy your chances at a pistol duel, turn to 291.

260

You shout at the robed man, telling him to move away from your car. But he continues his chant which appears to be about cleansing the earth and ridding the world of all traces of the decadent past. Paying no attention to you, he drops the lighted match on to the Interceptor which is immediately engulfed in flames. Your anger is futile; the fanatic has put an end to your mission.

261

The back of the roof is squashed almost flat on to the rear seats, but the driver's section is left intact. The landslide is not heavy enough to block the road completely and you are able to continue as soon as the rocks stop falling (turn to 351).

262

You walk over towards the sound of the cry for help and find that it is coming from inside a shack attached to the general store. You ask who is inside the shack – it's Sinclair, New Hope's council leader! You search round and find an iron bar to prise open the lock on the door. Soon Sinclair is free. Add 1 LUCK point. Sinclair tells you about the raid on New Hope and his kidnapping. He asks you to radio to New Hope to tell them that he will return by motor bike as soon as possible. There are two bikes parked in front of the General Store, of which he chooses the old Harley Davidson. Thanking you for your help, he waves goodbye and roars off north. Will you:

Search the general store?	Turn to 112
Search the nearest house?	Turn to 252
Drive off south?	Turn to 353

263

The bullet hits you in the chest, killing you instantly. Your adventure comes to a sudden end.

264

Carrying the crowbar, you leap across the roofs of the cars to hurry back to the Interceptor. Luckily it is still where you left it and you are soon on the road again, heading south (turn to 149).

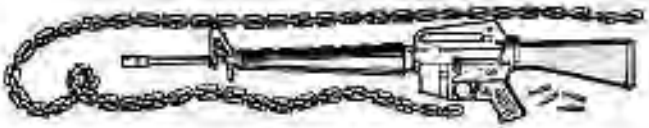

265

You do not stop in case some more of Leonardi's friends appear. You keep up the same fast pace for fifteen kilometres, until you pass an articulated

truck which looks as if it has only recently been parked. If you wish to stop and examine the truck, turn to 104. If you would rather drive on without stopping, turn to 118.

266

The Ford races past you as you struggle to keep the damaged car going. As you are not allowed to use your forward-firing weapons, you decide to try to ram the Ford (turn to 139).

267

You park your Interceptor and walk back to the ambulance. The driver's cab is empty, although the ambulance looks as if it has been driven quite recently. If you wish to open the rear door to look inside, turn to 195. If you would rather get back inside the Interceptor and head east, turn to 22.

268

Fortunately the engine was not damaged by the explosion and it starts up straight away. You drive off hastily, lucky to have survived (turn to 303).

269

You shout out that you will accept the challenge to fight the Animal, on condition that you will be allowed to leave if you win. The Animal agrees to the terms. You watch two men and two women climb out of the station-wagon. They start to bang on the Interceptor with their guns, chanting their leader's name out loud: 'AN-I-MAL. AN-I-MAL. AN-I-MAL.'. The station-wagon's passenger door slowly opens, and a huge, bare-chested man steps out wearing a tight-fitting face-mask. His clenched fists are wrapped in studded leather and you notice that his knee-high boots have steel toecaps. When you step out of the car, he starts to snort like an angry bull. As you walk forward to fight the Animal, Amber shouts her encouragement to you.

THE ANIMAL SKILL 11 STAMINA 16

Resolve this fight to the death using the Hand Fighting rules. The Animal's studded fists reduce STAMINA by 2 points. If you possess knuckle-dusters, you will also reduce STAMINA by 2 points. Otherwise only 1 point will be deducted from the Animal's STAMINA if you win an Attack Round. If you win the fight, turn to 355.

270

You reverse your car to give yourself a long enough run-up to the bridge. You tense slightly, and the adrenalin starts to flow through your veins. The engine roars as you pump the accelerator; then you suddenly release the clutch and screech away to-

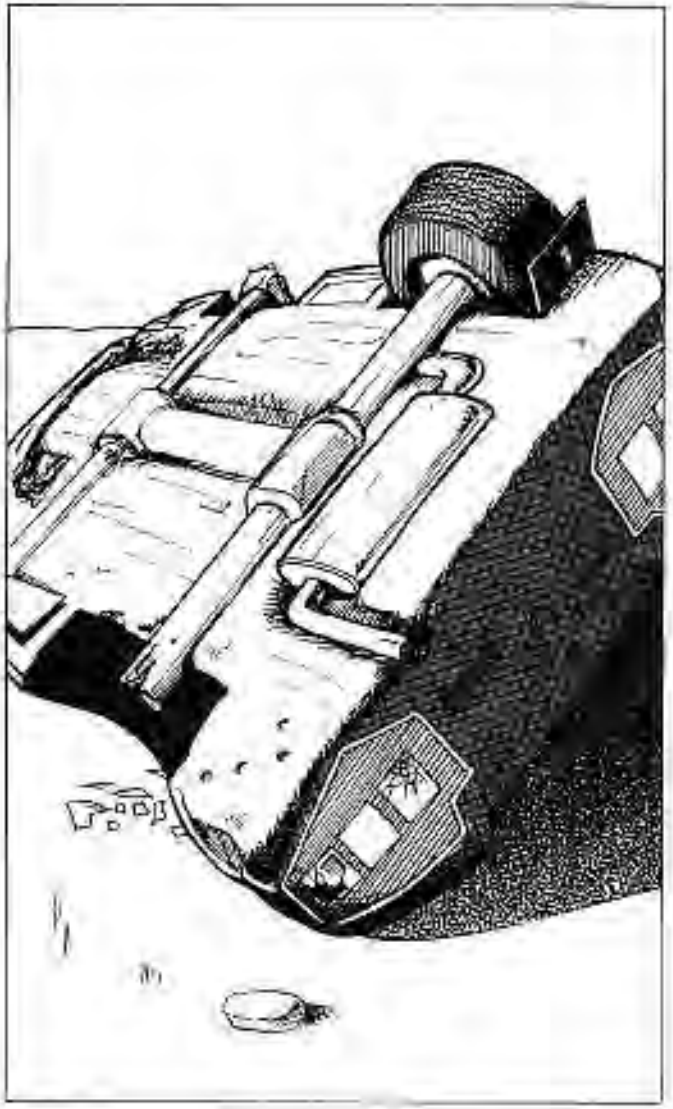

wards the bridge. You hit the bridge at 120 kilometres per hour and you watch the dial rise to 130 as the front wheels leave the ground. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **70**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **231**.

271

The landscape turns to a reddish-brown as you drive further into the desert. The road runs south straight as an arrow and is virtually clear of abandoned cars. As you drive along, something you recognize catches your eye. It is an overturned Interceptor which must have veered off the road and rolled over after its driver died at the wheel. If you wish to stop to see if there are any spares worth taking, turn to **166**. If you would rather keep on driving, turn to **13**.

272

The road cuts through overgrown fields, but there are no obstructions. You check your milometer to see how far you have come and notice that the petrol gauge is reading empty again. If you have picked up a full fuel canister during your journey, turn to **323**. If you have not picked one up, turn to **364**.

273

You walk ahead of the tattooed man and reach into your jacket pocket for the knuckle-dusters. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **170**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **250**.

274

A man suddenly appears out of a doorway and walks towards you with his shotgun pointed at you. He looks at you sternly and says, 'That's where I'm heading. Been cycling for over a week since my station-wagon was ambushed and my wife and son were killed. Stopped here to get some cans of food from a supermarket back there, when some crazy dogs attacked me. Shot one of them and the others ran off. My name's Johnson. Pleased to meet you.' He puts down his shotgun and extends his hand for you to shake. He tells you that he is a builder by trade and asks how much further it is to New Hope, and whether he is likely to be let in. You reply that it is only another fifteen kilometres and his chances are good – they need skilled people. You also tell him about your mission and he warns you not to stop at Joe's Garage which is about eight kilometres out of town. 'They ain't got no petrol. They just rob people who stop there.' You thank Johnson for the advice, wish him luck and walk back to your Interceptor. Its powerful engine roars into life when you turn the ignition key, and you screech off once again (turn to 34).

275

You start to feel dizzy and to shiver uncontrollably. You are forced to stop, not feeling capable of driving any further. With horror, you discover swellings on your body caused by the bites of rat fleas infected with plague! You know that the plague is acutely infectious and realize what must be done. You

abandon the tanker and set off across country to die, a lone hero. You leave a note written in shaky handwriting on the seat, telling the citizens of your ill fate. A statue in your honour will be erected in the year to come, but you will never see it.

276

You pull off the road and park the Interceptor behind a row of bushes. When you turn the engine off, you suddenly realize how quiet it is outside and wonder if anybody heard you stop. You decide not to go to sleep until it is totally dark, and spend a long time eating your makeshift evening meal. When you are finally convinced that nobody is now likely to find you, you stretch out and go to sleep. In the morning you wake early, feeling refreshed. Add 2 STAMINA points. You waste no time and drive back on the the road to head south (turn to 128).

277

The boot flies open and inside you find a bullet-proof vest. Add 1 LUCK point and 1 SKILL point. You put it on under your jacket and return to your car to drive on (turn to 49).

278

Driving back to the junction, you become aware of a resonating bumping sound coming from the rear of the car. Steering becomes difficult and you are forced to stop. You climb out and immediately discover the problem – a flat tyre. Lose 1 LUCK point. Reaching into the back of the car, you take hold of

the can of Flat-U-Fix and repair the tyre. You are soon driving west again and arrive at the junction, where you turn left (turn to **311**).

279

You are hit in the side by a stray bullet as you run across the open space. Roll 1 die and deduct the number from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to **40**.

280

Much to your surprise and annoyance, the driver of the armoured car somehow manages to control the skid and drive through the oil slick. You decide immediately to risk a handbrake turn and meet your enemy head on (turn to **77**).

281

With revolver in hand, you jump out of the Interceptor and climb warily up the railway embankment. When you reach the top you look towards the bridge and see your attacker grab a bag from out of a caravan abandoned there. He jumps on a motor bike and roars off east away from you. If you wish to look inside the caravan, turn to **58**. If you would rather return quickly to the Interceptor to continue the journey, turn to **150**.

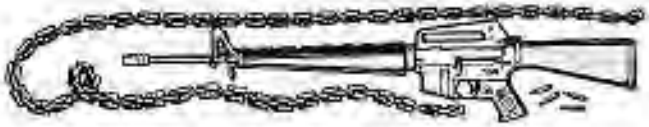

282

The motor bike swerves from side to side and is a difficult target to hit.

MOTOR BIKE and SIDECAR	FIREPOWER 9	ARMOUR 8

If you win this highway battle, turn to **143**.

283

One of the bikers walks over and picks up your revolver and keys. He then tells you to stand up and turn around. He raises his hand and brings the butt of the revolver down hard on the back of your head, knocking you unconscious (turn to **100**).

284

The three cars gradually close up on you, and the one in the lead, a Toyota, begins firing the machine-guns mounted in its headlight compartments.

	FIREPOWER	ARMOUR
TOYOTA	9	15
E-TYPE JAGUAR	10	12
COMMODORE	8	13

Fight each car one at a time. If you win this Vehicle Combat, turn to **265**.

285

You dive at the robed man and pull him to the ground. Rolling over, you put out the lighted match and prevent the incineration of your car. Add 1 LUCK point. Cursing you at the top of his voice, the

man runs off. You let him go: the protection of the Interceptor against other possible maniacs is more important. You waste no more time and drive off south (turn to **254**).

286

When you turn to walk towards the motel again, you notice a dim light shining in one of the upstairs windows: your gunfire has disturbed somebody. You decide not to risk any further confrontation and walk quickly back to the petrol tanker. You drive a few miles further up the road before finding somewhere else suitable to park, and stay inside the cabin to sleep (turn to **218**).

287

The Ford driver is watching you carefully, and turns his car towards the Interceptor as you try to overtake. His front ram bars smash into the side of the Interceptor, punching a hole in the door. Lose 2 ARMOUR points. You keep your foot pressed down on the accelerator and just manage to squeeze in front of the Ford (turn to **340**).

288

The man looks at you long and hard before saying, 'OK, I believe you, but tell me some more.' You explain that you are not the person who killed his wife and son, and had only lied about being a road warrior to keep the whereabouts of New Hope a secret in case the man might lead a raid on it. The man looks suddenly excited and says, 'New Hope, you say? That's where I'm headed. Been cycling in that direction ever since the ambush. Only stopped here to get some cans of food from a supermarket back there, when some crazy dogs attacked me. Shot one of them and the others ran off. My name's Johnson, and I'm sorry about threatening you like I did, but you can't trust anybody these days.' You smile and shake hands, and he tells you that he is a builder by trade. He asks how much further it is to New Hope, and whether he is likely to be let in. You reply that it is only another fifteen kilometres and his chances are good – they need skilled people. You also tell him about your mission and he warns you not to stop at Joe's Garage which is about eight kilometres out of town. 'They ain't got no petrol. They just rob people who stop there.' You thank Johnson for the advice, wish him luck and walk back to the Interceptor. Its powerful engine roars into life when you turn the ignition key, and you screech off once again (turn to 34).

289

You fire rapidly at the advancing vehicle, but cannot see anything except for the blinding lights. Your

bullets fail to hit their target, unlike the Animal's machine-gunner. You are an easy target and have no defence against the deadly salvo. You have failed in your mission.

290

The wheels spin in a cloud of smoke as the rubber grips the surface of the road. You control the skid perfectly and are now accelerating towards the oncoming armoured car, which starts to spit bullets at you from its machine-gun.

ARMOURED CAR FIREPOWER 9 ARMOUR 20

If you win, turn to **106**.

291

The masked man reaches into the cabin of the bus and brings out a mahogany box. Inside are two magnificent pistols. He places one bullet in each hand and says, 'Choose your weapon.' You pick up one pistol and balance it in your hand to get a feel for its weight. You both then stand back to back and the man tells you to walk ten paces, turn, and fire when ready. You breathe in deeply and count out loud the ten paces walked. You then turn and see the masked man with his pistol pointed straight at you. Both of you fire at once.

DUELLIST SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

Carry out one Attack Round using the Shooting rules. If you survive the duel, turn to 208.

292

If you have a rocket left to fire, turn to 31. If you do not have a rocket left in your armoury, turn to 173.

293

If you possess a pair of knuckle-dusters, turn to 56. If you do not possess a pair of knuckle-dusters, turn to 125.

294

Still racing, you see ahead of you the white house where you must turn round. You jam on the brakes and turn the steering-wheel sharply to the left. You reverse for a few metres in a cloud of churned-up dust, and then slam the gearstick forwards into first

to race back to the finishing-line. The Ford makes an equally swift U-turn and is soon right behind you again. It powers alongside you, and the driver pulls down on his steering-wheel in order to sideswipe the Interceptor! He looks set to determine the outcome of this duel by ramming.

YELLOW FORD	FIREPOWER 8	ARMOUR 16

A successful ram will reduce a car's ARMOUR by 2 points. If you survive four Attack Rounds, turn to 334.

295

The car slides to a halt in a cloud of dust. In your rearview-mirror you watch the two bikers run for cover with the mine about to explode. Then it blows, wrecking a wheel, but sounds no louder than a dull thud to you sitting inside the car. Lose 2 ARMOUR points. No sooner has the dust settled than the bikers start to open fire with their motor-cycle machine-guns. You are a sitting target. Roll 1 die and deduct the number from your ARMOUR score. You decide you will have to leave the car to deal with them. You pull the Interceptor's own machine-gun trigger and dive out under the cover of the burst of fire. You scramble behind a nearby bush, revolver drawn, wondering if you were seen. *Test your Luck.*

If you are Lucky, turn to 122. If you are Unlucky, turn to 329.

296

The man takes hold of his gun and shoots you at point-blank range. If you are wearing a bullet-proof vest, turn to 174. If you are not wearing one, turn to 263.

297

You wake the next morning with a sore arm, but feel somewhat better. Add 2 STAMINA points. If you wish to search the café, turn to 26. If you would rather drive off immediately, turn to 254.

298

You drive along the edge of the desert for about eighty kilometres, until the road ends at a T-junction. You decide to turn left and head south into the desert towards San Anglo (turn to 271).

299

Despite the force of the blast, you only suffer a minor flesh wound caused by flying shrapnel. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You roll along the ground, taking cover behind the Interceptor as your assailants begin shooting. The only way to escape is to shoot it out.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BIKER	7	13
Second BIKER	5	14

During this Shooting Combat, both bikers will fire separately at you during each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fire at. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound him if your Attack Strength is greater – you must just count this as though his bullet missed you. If you win, turn to 97, but reduce your SKILL permanently by 1 point if you are shot more than once in the battle.

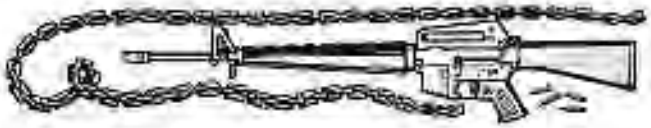

300

Following the instructions of the tattooed man, you drive down the dirt road to the burnt-out house. Four customized cars are parked in a row, each sprouting a multitude of weapons. A group of people stands in heated discussion, although they all turn to watch you park. You walk over to the group and ask them about the forthcoming race. A small man, with a scar running the length of his face, smiles and says, 'Rookie, huh? Never been to a Blitz Race before? Listen, it's quite simple. Challenge any of us to a race. You have to bet 200 Creds, but if you win, the prize is a big can of petrol! If you win, that is.' The man then bursts into laughter and the others join in. If you wish to challenge him to a Blitz Race, turn to 240. If you would rather just spectate, turn to 224.

301

After thirty kilometres or so, the road suddenly ends. Road-construction vehicles stand idle, left to the ravages of the desert heat and wind; there is no sign of life. The road you are driving along was never finished before the catastrophe. Lose 1 LUCK point. To your left, the terrain is flat and stony. To your right and straight ahead there is nothing but sand. If you wish to head east across the stony ground, turn to 251. If you would rather continue south across the sand, turn to 237.

302

You open the door and climb out of the Interceptor. As you walk up to the girl, a man with a shaved head jumps out from behind one of the pumps holding a crowbar and shouts, 'Surprise! Let's have your keys and Creds. No funny business unless you want to get hurt.' If you wish to give him your car keys and Credits, turn to 209. If you would rather fight him with your knife, turn to 48.

303

As the morning wears on, it becomes very hot and, the further south you travel, you notice a change in the vegetation. The overgrown fields turn into scrubland, and it won't be long before you are driving across the desert. A few miles further down the road, you arrive at a major junction. If you wish to turn left to head east, turn to 140. If you would rather keep driving south, turn to 189.

304

As you slow down, a man suddenly appears from out of the ditch by the side of the road. He looks set to throw a bottle at the Interceptor and you can see from the flame-lit rag that it is a petrol bomb. Fortunately only one tyre is punctured and you are able to accelerate and escape the bomber. Further down the road, however, steering becomes difficult and you are forced to stop to inspect the flat tyre. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 238. If you are Unlucky, turn to 370.

305

The helicopter plunges to the ground and bursts into flame on impact. There is nothing you can do but start up your engine and continue west (turn to 216).

306

You place an empty petrol canister under the truck's petrol tank and connect them with the plastic tubing. You suck the tube to start the petrol flowing. You siphon out all of the tank's petrol, nearly filling your canister. Add 1 LUCK point. You place the fuel inside the Interceptor and continue the drive south (turn to 118).

307

You walk over to the bikers' motor cycle and notice a locked side-pannier. If you wish to open the pannier, turn to 206. If you would rather change the wheel on your Interceptor, without wasting any more time, turn to 346.

308

Your shot is accurate and the wolf is dead before it hits the ground. The remaining wolf is scared off by the shot and disappears into the shadows (turn to 286).

309

You watch the bike speed away into the distance until it disappears from view. After waiting for a few minutes you set off east once again. You soon come to a signpost which points down a narrow dirt track towards a town called Rockville. If you wish to drive south to Rockville, turn to 157. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to 45.

310

You stop the car and pour the contents of the can into the petrol tank. You know that you do not have

enough fuel to reach San Anglo and wonder where you will find some more in this desert wilderness. It is a depressing thought which weighs on your mind as you set off again (turn to 115).

311

A few miles down the road you come to a small, crudely constructed wooden bridge which crosses a narrow river. There is a sign nailed to the bridge warning you not to cross the river. If you intend to drive across regardless, turn to 229. If you would rather turn around and drive back to the last junction, turn to 124.

312

You press the button on the dashboard which releases the canister. The iron spikes are spread all over the road and you watch the armoured car drive towards them in your mirror. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 181. If you are Unlucky, turn to 41.

313

You are able to inflate one of the tyres with the can of Flat-U-Fix, but the other is damaged beyond repair. If you possess a spare wheel, turn to 19. If you have already used both spare wheels, turn to 336.

314

You screech to a halt and push the gearstick into reverse. The rocks and boulders crash down on to the road in front of you, but none lands on top of the

car. Add 1 LUCK point. Fortunately the landslide is not heavy enough to block the road completely, and you are soon able to drive on (turn to 351).

315

Somebody has fired a bazooka at you and it is a direct hit. Roll two dice and deduct the total from the Interceptor's ARMOUR. If you survive the blast, turn to 53.

316

In silence, the Doom Dogs carry the Animal over to the station-wagon and place him in the back. By the time the two vehicles are unlocked from each other, the sun is rising above the eastern horizon. You are bathed in warm red light and feel suddenly optimistic about completing the mission. You drive off south, leaving the Doom Dogs behind (turn to 90).

317

You drive off the road on to the rocky scrubland and are suddenly surprised by the sight of two vicious-looking leather-clad bikers who jump out from behind a bush. One fires a shot from his pistol to give cover to the other who slams a limpet mine against the rear wheel-arch of your Interceptor. Lose 1 LUCK point. They dive for cover before you even think about firing your machine-gun. Your mind races in panic as you decide what to do. Will you:

Keep on driving?	Turn to 17
Stop the car and jump out?	Turn to 212
Stop the car and stay inside?	Turn to 295

318

You press the button on the dashboard which releases the canister. You watch it bounce along the road as the Ford speeds towards it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 63. If you are Unlucky, turn to 98.

319

Amber hands you some glucose tablets and energy synthi-pills. Add 4 STAMINA points. Turn to 32.

320

The shell explodes harmlessly some twenty metres behind you, but you know it will not be long before they fire again. What is more, a bullet has punctured one of your front tyres, which forces you to stop. If you have a rocket left to fire, turn to 31. If you do not have a rocket left in your armoury, turn to 173.

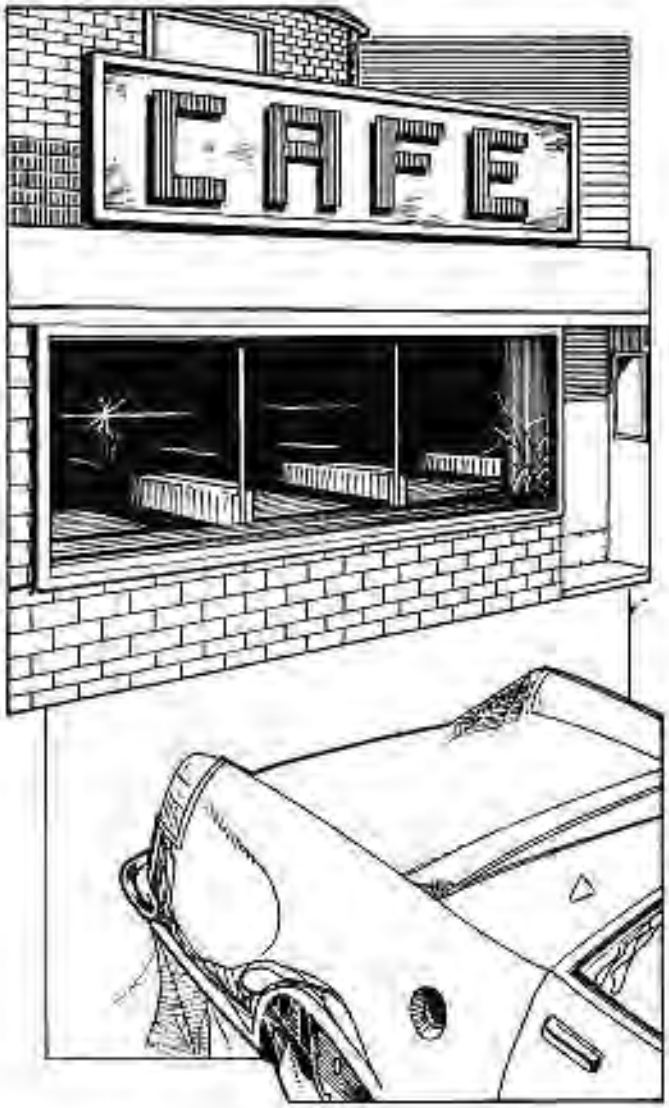

321

The first building you come to is an old roadside café. There are cars on the forecourt, but none looks as though they have been driven since the catastrophe. You drive around the back to hide the Interceptor. After climbing out and looking around to make sure that nobody else is staying here, you decide where to sleep. If you wish to sleep in the bed in the room above the café, turn to 55. If you wish to sleep in the wooden outhouse, turn to 332.

322

The E-type Jaguar races across the finishing-line ahead of you and is greeted by six cheering people. Leonardi swerves the E-type across the road to stop you driving past, and signals for you to stop. If you wish to obey him, turn to 378. If you would rather risk swerving around the E-type and trying to make a getaway, turn to 162.

323

You brake to a halt and get out of the car to empty the fuel canister into the petrol tank. The canister does not hold much petrol and you realize that you will have to be on the look-out for more if you hope to reach San Anglo. By the time you set off again, it is early evening and you watch the setting sun through the right-hand window. Soon it will be dark and there is a new decision to make. If you wish to drive off the road to sleep the night inside the Interceptor, turn to 276. If you would rather drive through the night, turn to 42.

324

Your rapid-firing machine-gun does not miss its target and the bike runs off the road, crashing into a tree. But the rider does not die in vain – his crossbow bolt pierces your front tyre, sending the tanker into an uncontrollable spin. You wrestle with the steering-wheel, but cannot stop the tanker from jack-knifing. The trailer swings round and suddenly the whole tanker flips over on its side, screeching to a sudden halt in a shower of sparks. Trapped inside the cabin, you realize that you have failed in your mission, and you will be lucky even to escape with your life, as the other motor bike is drawing alongside . . .

325

You throw your revolver into the sand beyond the ambulance. A pair of leather boots comes into sight, and you see a hand reach down and pick up the revolver. You crawl out and stand up with your arms raised. A scruffy man stands in front of you, pointing his gun straight at you. A cigar hangs out of the corner of his moustached mouth and he stares at you coldly, the sun kept out of his eyes by a red headband. He orders you to throw over the keys to your Interceptor. If you wish to obey him, turn to 366. If you wish to reach for your knife to throw it at him, turn to 82.

326

You run as fast as you can, glancing several times over your shoulder to watch the vehicle circling the

hill, trying to pick up your tracks. You are still some distance away from the Interceptor when your trail is found and the vehicle turns to give chase. An angry voice booms out over the desert through a loudspeaker, shouting, 'Stop! There is no escape from the Animal.' The message is repeated over and over again, growing louder as the vehicle catches up with you. There is no hope of reaching the Interceptor and you yell at Amber to lie down and shoot at the vehicle, aiming at its headlights. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 113. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 289.

327

You decide to wait until morning before driving any further. You wake early, but the short rest has done you some good. Add 1 STAMINA point. After reversing the Interceptor out of the wreckage, you once again drive off south down the road (turn to 254).

328

You release the canister and watch with satisfaction as two of the cars collide. The remaining one, a Toyota, continues the chase and opens fire with the machine-guns mounted in its headlight compartments.

TOYOTA	FIREPOWER 9	ARMOUR 15

If you win this Vehicle Combat, turn to 265.

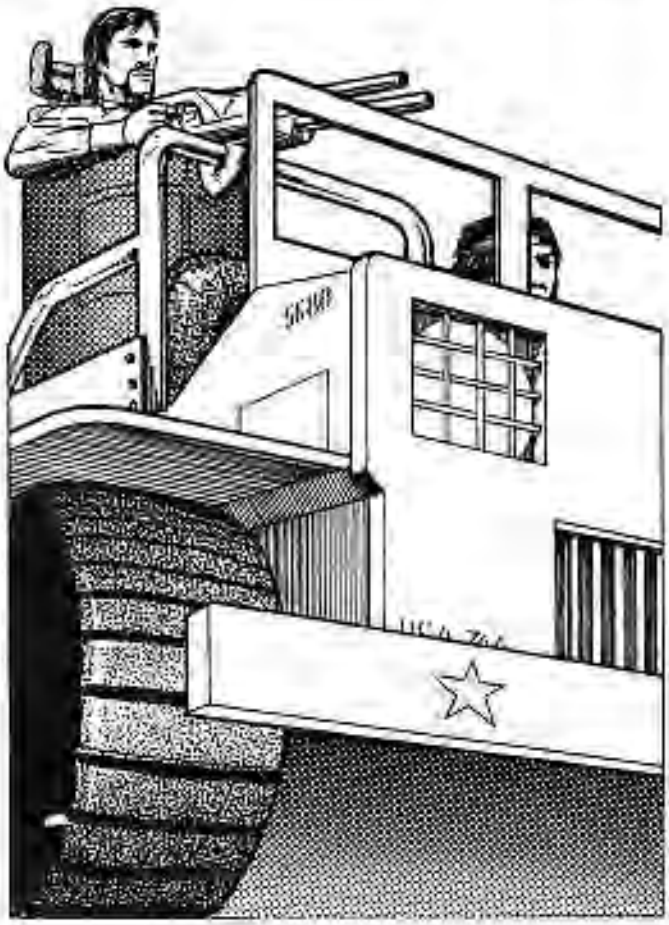

329

One of the bikers saw you when you jumped for cover. He calls out to you, saying, 'Throw out your gun and keys. We only want your car.' If you wish to obey him, turn to 283. If you would rather fight it out, turn to 6.

330

You turn the Interceptor around and drive back to the wooden gate where the guard stands, pointing his machine-gun at you. 'Changed your mind, huh?' he sneers. You nod slowly, not wishing to show your anger. He opens the gate, reminding you where to go (turn to 300).

331

Amber suddenly lets out a warning cry and points at a Jeep driving fast down the road towards you. 'Doom Dogs!' she cries. 'The same ones that attacked me before.' The Jeep has a twin-barrelled machine-gun mounted in a turret at the back, and its operator begins firing as soon as you are in range.

JEEP	FIREPOWER 9	ARMOUR 14

If you win this Vehicle Combat, turn to 7.

332

The outhouse is dark and warm. You make yourself a place to sleep between logs that were collected for the café's fireplace. As the light fades, you eat some of your rations and ponder the events of the day. Perhaps tomorrow you will reach San Anglo. When

it is completely dark you settle down to sleep. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **16**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **84**.

333

Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **57**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **86**.

334

There is probably about a kilometre to go before you cross the finishing-line, and you are still locked in combat alongside the Ford. Up ahead the road narrows to one lane to cross a stone bridge spanning a stream. If you wish to keep your accelerator pressed to the floor, turn to **35**. If you would rather ease off the accelerator and allow the Ford to take the lead, turn to **239**.

335

It is a dark night and you need to use your torch to see where you are going. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **5**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **365**.

336

It is impossible to drive on the shredded tyre any longer. You look around forlornly at the deserted countryside and realize that nobody will come to

your aid. You will have to try your best to get back to New Hope on foot. You have failed in your mission.

337

You are soon back at the junction at the foot of the hills, but carry straight on to head west (turn to **211**).

338

As you close in on the farmhouse you see another blinding flash; the bazooka is being fired from a top-floor window. You swerve violently to the left to avoid the exploding shell. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **320**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **105**.

339

You crawl to the gate unnoticed, and slip inside the vehicle compound. Amber moves from vehicle to vehicle, attaching small limpet mines to their engine-blocks. When she has finished activating them, she signals for you to leave. You crawl down the side of the hill and stand up to run when you feel you are out of sight. The explosions suddenly start, and you count seven in all. 'One of the mines must have had a faulty fuse,' Amber says breathlessly as you run back towards the Interceptor. You hear an engine start and look behind you to see two beams of light moving away from the rising flames of the burning wrecks. The Doom Dogs intend to hunt down their attackers. If your current STAMINA is 10 or greater, turn to **107**. If your current STAMINA is less than 10, turn to **326**.

340

You decide that it is time to use a weapon against the chasing car, so you look at the buttons on the dashboard. If you wish to empty a canister of iron spikes on to the road, turn to 318. If you would rather spray a film of oil over the road, turn to 213.

341

You pass an ambulance parked off the road to your right, but see no sign of life. If you wish to stop to investigate the ambulance, turn to 267. If you would rather keep driving east, turn to 22.

342

You do not manage to swerve away in time and crash into the stone pillar. Roll one die and deduct the number from your car's ARMOUR. If you survive the crash, turn to 79.

343

You curse your luck, but there is nothing you can do about the ruined tyre. It is impossible to drive on it any further over the desert terrain and you realize that you will have to abandon the Interceptor. With luck you will make it back to New Hope, and try to reach San Anglo again another time.

344

You drive back down the road, passing the ambulance on your left and crossing the highway you came off some time ago. The road is relatively free of obstacles and you are able to travel along it quickly.

However, the easy drive is shortlived. The road comes to a river, which it used to cross, but the drawbridge, which spans the river, is partly open, stopping you from driving across it. You reckon that if you drive over it at about 130 kilometres per hour, the momentum should carry the Interceptor across the gap to the far side. You decide to give it a try (turn to **270**).

345

The crossbow bolt flies past your head, much to the annoyance of the hijacker. You jump on top of the trailer, and run forward to wrestle with the man before he has time to reload his crossbow. Roll 1 die and add the number to your current SKILL score. Roll the die again and add the number to the hijacker's SKILL of 7. If your total is the same as or greater than that of the hijacker, turn to **74**. If your total is lower than that of the hijacker, turn to **226**.

346

Fortunately the wheel-hub is not damaged and you are able to fit the spare wheel quite quickly. You are soon charging down the road, shaking your head at the mad world you are forced to live in. You soon arrive at another signpost which points down a narrow dirt track towards a town called Rockville. If you wish to drive south to Rockville, turn to **157**. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to **45**.

347

The tattooed man is slow to realize your trick, and takes the full force of your improvised karate kick in

the stomach. He crumples to the floor, giving you time to run to the Interceptor. As you open the door, the man recovers enough to fire a burst from his machine-gun at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **204**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **65**.

348

You decide against driving any further during the night, and settle down for a short nap before dawn breaks. You instinctively wake as the first rays of sunshine creep over the horizon. Add 1 STAMINA point. You survey the damage to the Interceptor and find that, apart from a slight steering problem, it is sound enough to drive. You jump back inside and set off south, thankful that there are no vehicle road-worthiness inspectors around any more (turn to **128**).

349

You manage to knock the guard unconscious and catch him as he falls, hoping that his friends do not notice what is happening. You tie him up with his own belt and leave him on the hillside. It won't be long before he is missed, so you scramble quickly up the hill to the fence (turn to **198**).

350

The shot misses and the dog closes in and leaps at you. Quickly you draw your knife to defend yourself.

WILD DOG	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

Use the Hand Fighting rules to resolve this combat

(to the death). Your knife and the dog's bite both reduce STAMINA by 2 points. If you win, turn to **89**.

351

The road eventually leads out of the canyon, continuing straight on as far as the eye can see. You check your compass and see that you are travelling south once again. However, you have only driven for a few kilometres, when you are forced to stop by a blockade of two cars parked across the road. Two armed men in leather uniforms approach you on foot and tell you that the only way you will be allowed to drive any further south is to win a speed race along the straight road, against their ace driver. If you lose the race, you will be forced to turn back. Suddenly a car draws up alongside the Interceptor. You recognize the classic car of last century immediately: it is an E-type Jaguar. Sitting in the driver's seat is a thin man with short black hair. He looks very self-assured, and says, 'Hi, my name's Leonardi. I used to play ball for the Mets, but now I race cars. Too bad you are driving that old trash can, but good luck anyway.' The two cars blocking the road are moved aside and you see several more cars beyond them lining the road. A man appears with a flag ready to start the race. He lowers it sharply and the race begins while you are still trying to grasp what is happening. The E-type screeches away slightly ahead of you. If you have had a supercharger fitted to your engine, turn to **210**. If you have not had one fitted, turn to **358**.

352

The wheels spin in a cloud of smoke as the rubber tries to grip the surface of the road. But you have overdone it, and the car spins into a shallow ditch by the side of the road. The armoured car closes in and suddenly you see the flash of machine-gun fire spitting from its turret.

ARMOURED CAR FIREPOWER 9 ARMOUR 20

During this Vehicle Combat reduce your FIREPOWER by 2 because of your car's immobility. If you win, turn to 33.

353

The dirt track twists and turns through the open countryside, but at last you come to a T-junction where the dirt track is crossed by a good road. You look down it both ways, but do not see any vehicles or signs of life. If you wish to head east, turn to 61. If you wish to head west, turn to 371.

354

The Interceptor swerves to the left, but you steer into the skid and keep the car under control. You have to think quickly to decide what tactics to use. Will you accelerate away (turn to 183), or brake hard to let the Ford pass you (turn to 27)?

355

The Doom Dogs suddenly stop their cheering when the Animal fails to get up from the sand. They look at one another, obviously deciding whether or not to let you go, despite their promise. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 316. If you are Unlucky, turn to 184.

356

Lying perfectly still under the ambulance, you hear the sound of footsteps approaching. The pain in your side is severe, making you grip your revolver tightly. Suddenly a man's voice shouts, 'Hey, stupid, think I can't follow a trail of blood? Throw your gun out and ease yourself out from under that ambulance with your hands up.' If you wish to obey him, turn to 325. If you wish to roll out from under the ambulance firing your gun, turn to 12.

357

Stranded in a desert wilderness, hundreds of kilometres from medical aid, there is nothing you can do to stop the deadly poison spreading through your body. You soon begin to feel very weak, unable even to summon enough strength to drive. It is not long before the poison runs its fatal course. Your adventure ends here.

358

Roll one die alternately, for the E-type and then for the Interceptor. Continue rolling until one car reaches a total of 24 to cross the finishing-line first. If you win, turn to 54. If you lose the race, turn to 322.

359

Inside the boot of an old Ford you find something which makes you whoop for joy – a full canister of petrol. Add 1 LUCK point. Carrying the crowbar and fuel canister, you leap across the roofs of the cars to hurry back to the Interceptor. Luckily it is still where you left it and you are soon on the road again, heading south (turn to 149).

360

Amber swings and misses again, but you are able to free your arms while you roll over in the sand. The Animal continues to squeeze as you try to grab him around the throat. Lose 2 STAMINA points. With his head held in position, Amber does not miss with the spanner this time (turn to 376).

361

You press the release button which empties the canister of oil in a thick spray over the road. The motor-cycle combination runs over the oil at high speed and skids off the road. It rolls over in the sand and disappears from view, as you drive away (turn to 96).

362

The country road runs straight ahead far into the distance and you are able to make good headway, as it is relatively free from abandoned cars. But after an hour's driving at high speed, the road finally ends at a T-junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to 92. If you wish to turn right, turn to 153.

363

The man reacts too slowly to dodge the blow and crumples to the floor unconscious. You run as fast as you can to the Interceptor to escape before his friends realize what has happened. Much to your relief, the Interceptor starts first time, and you screech away down the rough road to the main road where you turn right at speed to head south (turn to 207).

364

A few kilometres further down the road, the engine starts to cough and splutter. Finally it jerks to a halt and your worst fears are realized – you have run out of petrol. There are no buildings and no signs of life, and you realize that the mission is over. You have failed, and must try to get back to New Hope on foot, perhaps to try to reach San Anglo another time.

365

As you walk across the courtyard towards the motel, you suddenly hear a howling cry behind you. You spin round and see two pairs of eyes caught in the beam of your torch. You see that they belong to two wolves, who leap forward to attack. You quickly draw your gun and aim at the leading wolf. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 308. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 120.

366

The man orders you to turn around and then hits you over the back of the head with the butt of his gun. You drop unconscious to the floor, and when you awake you find that the man – and your Interceptor – are gone. You have failed in your mission.

367

The man suddenly sees you and calls to his friends, 'Hey, everybody, guess what? We've got visitors.' Pointing his rifle at you, he orders you to stand up

and put your hands in the air. Within seconds you are surrounded by ten Doom Dogs. Your fate rests with this gang of desert outlaws; your mission will never be completed.

368

As you pull the dagger from your side, your attacker draws a small revolver from his concealed shoulder-holster. You will have to fight this out.

BANDIT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

Resolve this combat using the Shooting rules, but add 1 point to your own SKILL for the duration of the battle because of your cover behind the car door. If you win, turn to 64, but reduce your SKILL permanently by 1 point if you are shot more than once.

369

The masked man takes the 200 Credits from you and then reverses the bus to let you enter the tunnel. You soon pass through it and find yourself driving along a twisting road which cuts through the bottom of a deep canyon (turn to 130).

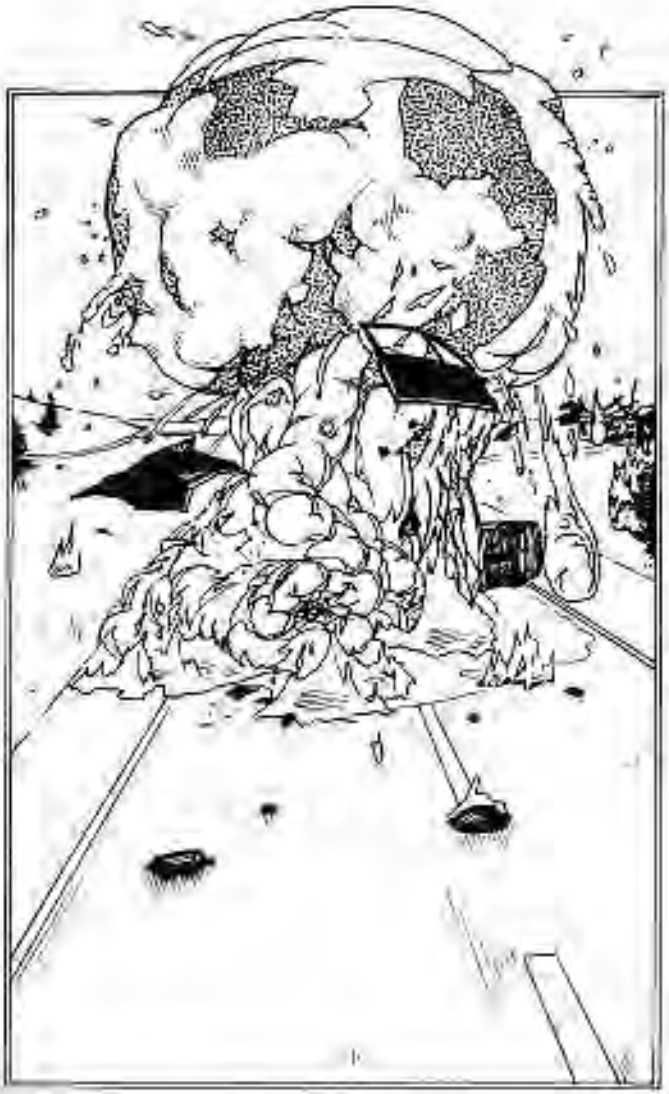

370

The tyre is damaged beyond repair. If you possess a spare wheel, turn to 19. If you have already used both spare wheels, turn to 336.

371

You drive a long way west, passing only one junction on your right – a narrow road leading north. At last you come to a T-junction where you can turn left in order to drive south towards San Anglo (turn to 225).

372

Reaching forward, you press the rocket-launcher button on the control panel. The Interceptor shakes as the rocket is fired, and the explosion which follows immediately is loud and blinding. When the smoke clears, you see that the road-block no longer exists. Suddenly you hear the roar of a motor-cycle engine starting up and see two leather-clad, armed riders appear from behind a bush and blaze up the road through the hole in the road-block. The passenger turns and fires a warning shot at you as the bike races away. If you wish to drive after them, turn to 95. If you would rather let them get away, turn to 309.

373

The motor bike and sidecar run straight over the iron spikes, shredding two of their tyres. The vehicle swerves off the road and rolls over in the sand. In a matter of seconds they are out of sight (turn to 96).

374

You draw your knife and ready yourself as the dog leaps at you.

WILD DOG SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

Use the Hand Fighting rules to resolve this combat (to the death). Your knife and the dog's bite both reduce STAMINA by 2 points. If you win, turn to 89.

375

You decide to take the outlaw's Magnum as it is a deadlier weapon than your own revolver. Add 1 SKILL point for all future Shooting Combats. You turn the ignition key and the engine roars into life. Soon you are travelling south again at high speed (turn to 303).

376

The Animal is knocked unconscious, but you take no chances and tie his hands. By the time you manage to free the Interceptor from the station-wagon, the sun is rising above the eastern horizon. You are bathed in warm red light and feel suddenly optimistic about completing the mission. You drive off south, leaving the cursing Animal to be found by the rest of his gang (turn to 90).

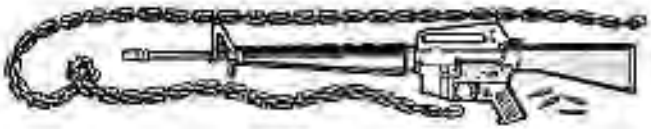

377

You swerve the car from side to side to make it difficult to aim at, and at the same time return fire with your machine-gun. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 338. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 191.

378

Leonardi climbs out of the E-type, walks over to the Interceptor and says, 'You're good, but you're just not good enough. You'd better turn around now and head back towards the canyon.' You do as he says and are soon back on the twisting road through the canyon. You pass the landslide and enter the tunnel. Much to your surprise you see daylight at the end and drive through it unhindered. A mile further on down the road you see the bus that was blocking the tunnel before. You overtake it without incident and drive on until you reach the T-junction. You turn left to head south along the straight desert road (turn to 301).

379

When you are only a few metres from the bridge, the Ford driver's courage deserts him and he brakes hard, allowing you to cross ahead of him. Frustrated by your iron nerve, your opponent desperately tries to pass you before you cross the finishing-line. The acceleration of the Ford is blistering because of its supercharger, and the cars are soon locked bumper to bumper. You see the finishing-line ahead, no more than two hundred metres away, and realize

that the Ford will pull out of your slipstream any second now to pass you. You must block the Ford. Will you swerve to the left (turn to **20**) or to the right (turn to **80**)?

380

You drive on towards New Hope, and are relieved to see the town gates open. Hundreds of citizens turn out to greet you, and you are given a hero's reception. The petrol will be put to good use to help build for the future. Civilization, albeit in a small way, is on the road to recovery. If you also managed to rescue Sinclair during your adventure, consider your mission a triumph.

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The Advanced Fighting Fantasy System
OUT OF THE PIT: Fighting Fantasy Monsters
TITAN: The Fighting Fantasy World
DUNGEONEER – An Introduction to the World of Role-Playing Games
BLACKHAND: Advanced Fighting Fantasy

Ian Livingstone's

Temple of Terror

Illustrated by Bill Houston

Puffin Books

PUFFIN BOOKS

Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1985
13 15 17 19 20 18 16 14 12

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Set in Linotron Palatino

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To
Chris Achilleos and Iain McCaig
for making fantasy a reality

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FIGHTING MONSTERS

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a shield together with a rucksack containing Provisions (food and drink) for the trip.

You must use dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 20–21 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's *Attack Strength*.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your *Attack Strength*.
3. If your *Attack Strength* is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's *Attack Strength* is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both *Attack Strength* totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next *Attack Round* from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).

5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next *Attack Round* (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been *lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been *unlucky* and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you 'Test your Luck', you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being *lucky* or *unlucky*. However, in battles, you always have the *option* of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *lucky*, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are *unlucky*, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are *unlucky*, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when fighting, but you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

EQUIPMENT

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a rucksack (haversack, backpack) on your back to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across. You also carry a lantern which lights your way.

HINTS ON PLAY

Your journey will be perilous and you are likely to fail on your first attempt. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. You may make wrong turnings during your quest and while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

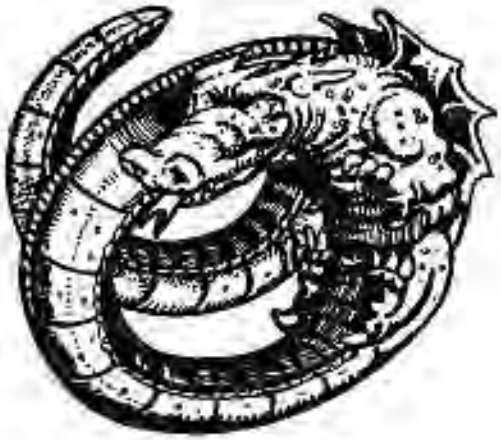

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read. Reading other entries will only cause confusion and may lessen the excitement during play.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial	*Initial*	*Initial*
Skill=	*Stamina=*	*Luck=*

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

GOLD

SPELLS

PROVISIONS

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

Perhaps it was because he was born during a full moon, with wolves howling around his mother's forest hut, that Malbordus's nature was evil. Perhaps it was something more sinister than that. But it is certain that, after his mother abandoned him, Malbordus grew up in Darkwood Forest in the care of Darkside Elves. He was taught the Elves' wicked ways, and also discovered powers of his own. He could make plants wither and die simply by snapping his fingers; he could make animals obey him with his piercing gaze. The Elves urged him on and helped him develop his powers, so that they could teach him the arcane and evil magic of the ancient Elf Lords – magic so vile and powerful that it kills unworthy users. In pursuit of such evil powers, Malbordus grew into manhood. In order to prove to the Elves that he was ready to receive the Elf Lords' knowledge, he first had to pass a test. He was ordered to journey south to the Desert of Skulls to find the lost city of Vatos. In the city were hidden five Dragon artefacts which he would have to find and collect. A simple incantation would bring the Dragons to life to serve the forces of evil. Malbordus would then instruct them to fly him back to Darkwood Forest, where a massive army would be assembling. He would receive the ancient powers

and lead the hordes of chaos across Allansia in an unstoppable wave of death and destruction.

It was only by a stroke of luck that these terrible plans were discovered. On the edge of Darkwood Forest lived a strange old Wizard named Yaztromo. Something of an eccentric, he lived alone in his tower, practising simple magic and communicating with animals and birds. He was always willing to sell small magic items, so that he could afford to have brought to him delicious cakes from all over Allansia. His sweet tooth was the cause of his only link with the outside world, as he rarely left his tower. It was therefore much to everyone's surprise that he came huffing and puffing into the village of Stonebridge. What could possibly have forced old Yaztromo to venture through Darkwood Forest to Stonebridge? All the Dwarfs who lived there were eager to find out, and a message was sent to Gillibran, their king.

After the rigours of a recent quest, you are resting in Stonebridge, enjoying the merry company of the Dwarfs. Your wounds are almost healed and the local blacksmith has honed the blade of your sword as only Dwarfs can. Resting on a porch with your feet up on the railing, you are intrigued by the commotion in front of you in the village square. Followed by a throng of inquisitive Dwarfs, Yaztromo climbs the stone steps of Gillibran's house and is warmly greeted at the top by the king. The crowd falls silent when Gillibran raises his hand, and Yaztromo turns to speak. You slide out of your chair

and join the crowd to hear what the Wizard has to say. With a glum expression, his face almost as long as his beard, Yaztromo relates the bad news concerning Malbordus. The Dwarfs look up apprehensively as though expecting the five Dragons to descend upon them at any moment. He calls on them to show courage, saying, 'Friends, look on the bright side. At least we are warned of our impending doom, thanks to my pet crow who overheard the conversation between the Dark Elves and Malbordus. What we must do now is find somebody who can reach the lost city before Malbordus and destroy the Dragon artefacts. We need a fearless young warrior who is willing to risk life and limb to save us all. Is there one among you who would volunteer?'

Each Dwarf looks around to see if another has dared to accept the challenge. Standing there watching the worried Dwarfs, you realize that there is only one thing you can do. With a wry smile on your face, you raise your arm in the air and offer your services. Yaztromo sees you and says, 'Haven't I seen you somewhere before? Never mind, you look like the kind of person we want. Make way for our brave

volunteer. We must leave for my tower immediately. Come along, let's be off. You have a lot to learn, but I cannot teach you much until we are safely through Darkwood Forest and inside my laboratory.'

You hardly have time to cram your belongings into your backpack before the impatient Wizard leads you out of Stonebridge towards his tower on the southern edge of Darkwood Forest.

NOW TURN OVER

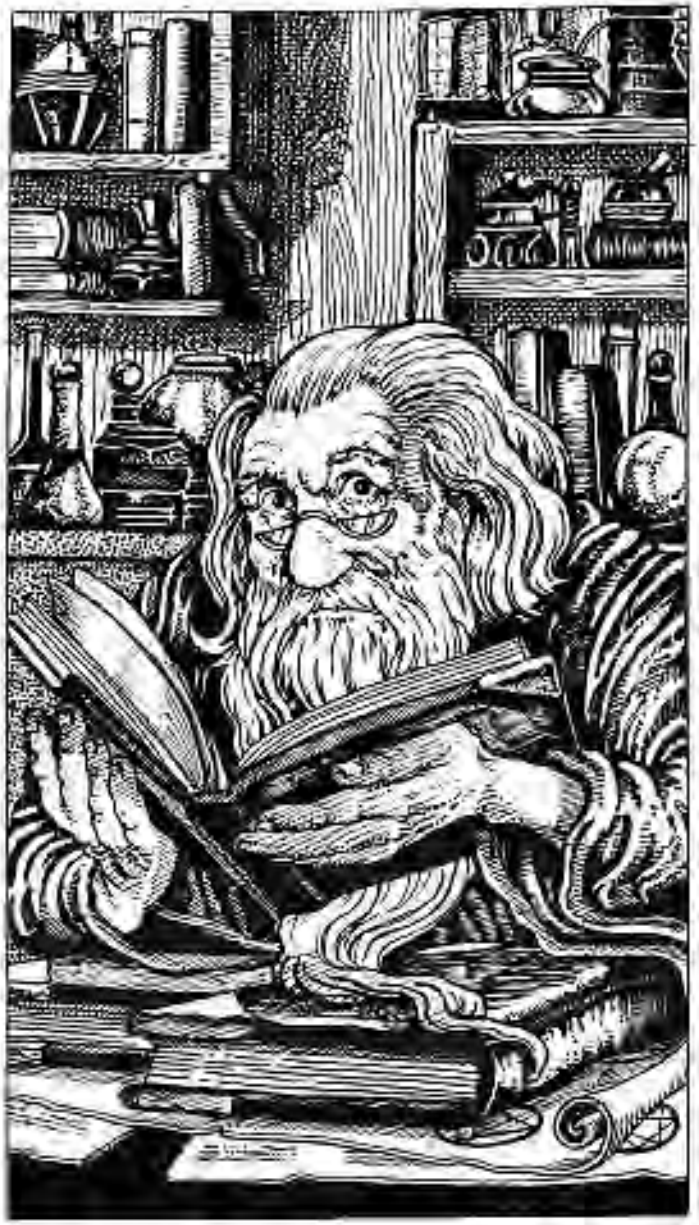

1

For an old man, Yaztromo is surprisingly sprightly. You cross Red River and the ploughed fields beyond, and soon reach the edge of the forest. Yaztromo still doesn't stop. He takes a narrow path leading into the dark wall of trees. The light fades; branches and knotted roots obstruct the twisting path and make the walk very tiring. You ask Yaztromo why he seems unconcerned at the possibility of being attacked by forest monsters. He chuckles and tells you that his magic is well known and respected by all the creatures for miles around – none would dare challenge Yaztromo! After spending a peaceful night in the forest, you reach Yaztromo's tower by mid-morning the next day. You follow him up the spiral staircase to a large room at the top of the tower. Shelves, cupboards and cabinets line the walls and are filled with bottles, jars, books, boxes and all manner of strange artefacts. Yaztromo slumps down into his old oak chair, by now looking quite tired from the long journey. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a fragile pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. After placing them on his nose, he peers at you over the top of them, and you feel quite unnerved by his piercing gaze. Finally he says, 'Anybody who would hope to defeat Malbordus must certainly know a little magic. You look bright enough to learn some, but I don't think you have time to absorb the ten spells I would like to teach you. By the way, I would like you to know how privileged you are to learn my magic. But a crisis is a crisis. Now, let's get on with it. Which

spells shall I teach you? You have the choice of Open Door, Creature Sleep, Magic Arrow, Language, Read Symbols, Light, Fire, Jump, Detect Trap and Create Water.' To make your choice, turn to 34.

2

The room is small and sparsely furnished, with just a table and chair. A chisel and mallet are lying on the chair, and the floor is covered with wood-shavings. On the wall to your left is a large wooden carving, two metres by three metres in size. It depicts a scene of the lost city being attacked by Giant Sandworms. If you wish to take a closer look at the wood-carving, turn to 302. If you would rather walk through the door in the wall opposite, turn to 93.

3

The door opens into another corridor, which is well lit and appears to be in regular use. If you wish to go left, turn to 320. If you wish to go right, turn to 358.

4

The cool water quenches your thirst. You immediately feel invigorated, as the water contains rare strength-building chemicals. Add 4 STAMINA points. With water still running down your chin, you continue your search. Turn to 370.

5

You take one of the knives and place it in your backpack. Continuing down the corridor, you soon come to a dead end, and have no choice but to retrace your steps and walk under the golden rain. Turn to 354.

6

It is impossible to avoid stepping on some of the hundreds of cowrie shells. As you do so, all the shells suddenly cluster together and form themselves into an almost humanoid shape, which starts to attack you. You feel as though you are being stoned to death. Will you:

Try to defend yourself with your sword?	Turn to 245
Run away?	Turn to 359
Jump in the sea?	Turn to 51

7

On seeing you, the Lizard Man hisses loudly and advances towards you with his sword held high.

LIZARD MAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 33.

8

You fall down, but land on the ledge overhanging the water. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You regain consciousness some time later and escape down the tunnel as quickly as possible. Turn to 91.

9

You raise the war-hammer into the air and bring it crashing down on top of the Dragon. It rebounds off it, leaving the artefact completely unmarked. You have chosen the wrong Dragon to destroy. You feel suddenly very weak as an unseen evil force tries to protect the artefact. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. Which Dragon will you now attempt to destroy?

The Bone Dragon?	Turn to 362
The Silver Dragon?	Turn to 231
The Gold Dragon?	Turn to 247
The Ebony Dragon?	Turn to 279

10

In the shimmering haze of the desert heat, you suddenly see a shape moving towards you. As it grows nearer, you see that it is somebody riding a camel. If you wish to speak to the desert rider, turn to 99. If you would rather lie low and wait until the rider has passed by, turn to 257.

11

If you are wearing a gold medallion with a heart engraved on it, turn to 258. If you are not wearing the medallion, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 284. If you are Unlucky, turn to 71.

12

Yaztromo explains that his Open Door spell will open any locked door. He tells you the incantation necessary to cast the spell and says that it will not drain your energy too much; only 2 STAMINA points will be lost each time you use it. Return to 34, after writing down the spell and its STAMINA cost on your *Adventure Sheet*.

13

Another tentacle wraps itself around your other leg, and you gasp for air as you thrash around in the water trying to stab your unseen adversary.

TENTACLED THING SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

You will drown if you do not slay the water monster in less Attack Rounds than the number of your current SKILL. If you win, turn to 165.

14

Inside the pot you find a copper ring which has a lightning bolt engraved on it. Will you:

Place the ring on your finger?	Turn to 277
Lift the lid of the black pot?	Turn to 156
Lift the lid of the red pot?	Turn to 183
Walk through the chamber to the archway in the far wall?	Turn to 20

15

The night passes without incident; you wake at dawn feeling refreshed. Add 2 STAMINA points. You sling your backpack on to your shoulders and set off again (turn to 305).

16

The crossbow bolt thuds into your shoulder, making you cry out in pain. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 158.

17

The corridor ends at a doorway which is made of iron. You turn the handle and enter an empty room which has two doors leading from it – one to your left and one to your right. If you wish to open the door to your left, turn to 298. If you wish to open the door to your right, turn to 216.

18

You chip off one of the Sandworm's teeth, which may be useful as a weapon. You tuck it into your belt and continue south. You walk steadily on until the sun sinks below the western horizon. Under the cloudless sky, the desert quickly becomes very cold. If you are able to cast a Fire spell, turn to 177. If you have not learnt this spell, turn to 395.

19

You choose at random a tapestry with the pattern of a burning phoenix rising from the ashes. You quickly place it in your backpack and hurry down the corridor. Turn to 263.

20

Beyond the archway, the corridor is well lit and in good order. There is no sand or dirt on the floor, and the statues and carvings on the walls show no signs of deterioration. The corridor soon ends at a door which, you discover, is open. You enter an empty room with one other door in the far wall and a trapdoor in the floor. If you wish to open the door, turn to 307. If you wish to open the trapdoor, turn to 397.

21

The door opens into a corridor at a T-junction. One passageway runs to the left and right of the door, and another begins immediately in front of you. You see nothing of interest either to your left or right, and you decide to walk directly ahead. Turn to 46.

22

You point the mirror at the Night Horror, but it simply smashes it into fragments with another bolt from its rod. You have no choice but to attack with your sword. Turn to 85.

23

You watch the crow fly back towards Yaztromo's tower before stepping on to the rope-bridge. The crew of the barge are not concerned by your sudden appearance and continue with their various tasks. After crossing the bridge, you continue south across the scrubland. After an hour or so, you see smoke rising in the east. If you wish to investigate the source of the smoke, turn to 316. If you would rather continue south, turn to 159.

24

You walk by the dry, white skeleton of some unknown large creature and notice the corner of a wooden box jutting out of the sand inside the ribcage of the dead beast. If you wish to dig the box out of the sand and open it up, turn to 283. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 70.

25

With much effort, you eventually haul yourself out of the pit. You go over to the other archway and walk under it. Turn to 315.

26

As the day draws on, your thirst becomes almost unbearable. If you possess a water canister, turn to 217. If you wish to and are able to cast a Create Water spell, turn to 372. If you have no means of drinking, turn to 84.

27

You hold the mirror in front of you, but the Wind Elemental blows it out of your hand, and you watch it shatter on the floor. Again you are thrown against the wall. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Will you try:

A Phoenix Tapestry?	Turn to 229
An Ebony Facemask?	Turn to 241
Neither of these?	Turn to 312

28

Thrusting your sword into the air, you try to cut down the giant insect, while it attempts to stab you with its long sting. Fight the Needle Flies one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First NEEDLE FLY	5	6
Second NEEDLE FLY	6	7
Third NEEDLE FLY	7	6

If you win, turn to 168.

29

You lift the lid slowly, wondering what you might find inside. Much to your surprise and delight, you see a small ornament made of silver – a Dragon artefact! You put the Silver Dragon in your pocket and walk back down the tunnel to turn right into the new branch. Turn to 59.

30

A glutinous creature known as the Iron-eater has dropped on to your head. Fortunately, it only eats metal and is harmless to human flesh. You scrape the thick jelly off your hair, but decide to leave the cellar anyway. You run back up the steps into the empty room and open the other door. Turn to 307.

31

For over an hour you lie unconscious on the desert ground. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 220. If you are Unlucky, turn to 92.

32

You utter the words of the spell (reducing your STAMINA by 1 point), but nothing happens. Unknown to you, the golden rain has drained away all your magic powers. Lose 1 LUCK point. You have no option but to use something from your backpack. Turn to 115.

33

You tip open the sacks, but they contain merely spices and grain. A quick search through the Lizard Man's clothes produces a large iron key, which you slip into your shirt pocket. You move on and arrive at another T-junction. If you wish to go left, turn to 125. If you wish to go right, turn to 262.

34

Choose any of the following spells. You will be sent back to this reference after having learned a spell. As soon as you have learned four spells, turn to 180. You think about the task ahead, before telling Yaztromo your choice.

Open Door	Turn to 12
Creature Sleep	Turn to 58
Magic Arrow	Turn to 136
Language	Turn to 194
Read Symbols	Turn to 391
Light	Turn to 223
Fire	Turn to 264
Jump	Turn to 301
Detect Trap	Turn to 342
Create Water	Turn to 367

35

You take each of the Dragons and place them on the floor. You look at them carefully and ponder their dormant power. Which Dragon will you attempt to crush first?

The Bone Dragon	Turn to 87
The Silver Dragon?	Turn to 126
The Crystal Dragon	Turn to 204
The Gold Dragon?	Turn to 62
The Ebony Dragon?	Turn to 324

36

Aboard your flying mount, you shout the words of the Magic Arrow spell (deduct 2 STAMINA points). A shimmering dart immediately appears on one of your fingertips and flies out to meet the diving Pterodactyl. The dart sinks deep into its underbelly, but does not kill it, and it swiftly closes in to attack (turn to 311).

37

You cast the spell (deduct 1 STAMINA point) and are suddenly able to read the symbols. A simple warning on the plaque reads DO NOT DRINK! But you decide that no harm can come to you if you just bathe your wounds. Turn to 269.

38

You carry on down the corridor, which finally leads into a large chamber lit by torches mounted on high walls. At the top the walls slope inwards to form a magnificent golden ceiling. A massive bronze idol stands in the middle of the chamber with its war-hammer raised. You will have to walk past the idol in order to reach the entrance of a tunnel in the far wall. If you walk to the left of the idol, turn to **291**. If you walk to the right of the idol, turn to **381**.

39

Long before noon, you are desperately thirsty. If you possess a water canister, turn to **63**. If you can and wish to cast a Create Water spell, turn to **281**. If you have no means of drinking, turn to **355**.

40

The tapestries are large and colourful, depicting various gods and deities, some of whom are in human form, some in animal form, and a few are part human and part animal. If you wish to pull one of the tapestries from the wall and put it in your backpack, turn to **19**. If you would rather walk past them, turn to **263**.

41

There is nothing of interest among the Dark Disciples' possessions, apart from a long, sacrificial dagger which you place in your backpack. You see an archway in the wall behind the altar and decide to walk over to it. Turn to **341**.

42

Stepping through the doorway over the body of the Serpent Guard, you find yourself in the middle of a deserted square. Turn to 111.

43

As you make your way across the dusty floor to the door in the wall opposite, your mind suddenly fills with horrific images. You scream in terror, as you think you see the whole room become engulfed in flames. Your flesh appears to be burning and death seems imminent. Your nightmare drags on for five minutes before the strain makes you lose consciousness. You come to about an hour later, and when you try to stand up, you realize that you have lost some of your nerve and courage. Your hands still tremble and you feel completely shaken. Lose 3 SKILL points. You stagger towards the iron door in the far wall to leave the room of fear. Turn to 117.

44

Through the semi-transparent drapes, you can just see a white-robed man enter the chamber, carrying a golden chalice. He is wearing a head-dress which is fastened by a gold clasp in the shape of a phoenix with its wings flat against his forehead. When the Priest sees the Slave Guard, he drops to his knees and presses his ear against the dead man's chest. Then he looks up and, after quickly surveying the chamber, runs out again without noticing you. Wasting no time, you set about opening the door. Turn to 336.

45

Your burly opponent is a Pirate, well practised in swordsmanship. He quickly draws his cutlass from its scabbard as the eager crowd forms a circle around you.

PIRATE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 166.

46

After walking for some fifty metres, your progress is halted by a deep pit which spans the width of the corridor. If you can and wish to cast a Jump spell, turn to 215. If you are forced to jump the pit without magical aid, turn to 259.

47

You run through the doorway into a cross passage. To your left you see Leesha at the end of the passage, opening an iron door. To your right, you see a Dwarf crawling towards you on his hands and knees. His face is red and blistered, and he appears delirious with sunstroke. He seems to recognize you, and calls out in a gruff voice. If you wish to keep chasing after Leesha, turn to 314. If you wish to speak to the Dwarf, turn to 171.

48

The body of the eagle shudders as it receives its death blow. You drop out of the sky like a stone and land fatally on the ground below. Your adventure is over.

49

The corridor ends at a T-junction. If you wish to go left, turn to 250. If you wish to go right, turn to 333.

50

You crack the clay pot open with the hilt of your sword and are surprised by the hissing sound of gas escaping. The box is a looted treasure chest, but the bandits did not fall for the trap that was left inside it. Your head is engulfed in a cloud of poisonous gas, which you cannot avoid inhaling. Lose 6 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If you are still alive, turn to 31.

51

You run into the sea and dive below the surface, swimming underwater for as long as you are able to hold your breath. Only when your lungs feel as though they are bursting do you break the surface. You look back and see the Shell Monster hovering above the beach at the point where you jumped into the sea. You swim along the shoreline and scramble back on to the beach when the Shell Monster is out of sight. Two portions of your Provisions are sodden and no longer edible. You decide not to risk walking along the beach, so you head east inland (turn to 327).

52

The acrid vapour becomes stronger, until you feel quite sick. The room begins to spin before your eyes and you cannot stop yourself from blacking out. Teetering on the edge of the pool, you fall over. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 8. If you are Unlucky, turn to 130.

53

You do not waste any time searching the bodies of the Skeleton Men, but run through the archway into another chamber beyond. Turn to 119.

54

You say the words of the spell (deduct 3 STAMINA points) and leap with ease over the wall. You land gently in the middle of a deserted square. Turn to 111.

55

The chair has many mysterious powers, and few dare sit on it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 286. If you are Unlucky, turn to 360.

56

The corridor turns sharply to the left again and soon you arrive at another T-junction. The corridor is bare and uninteresting straight ahead, so you decide to turn right. Turn to 46.

57

Another dollop lands just by your feet and the vapour rising from it smells sharp and acidic. Deciding that it would be dangerous to linger any longer in the dark cellar, you climb back up the steps and open the other door. Turn to 307.

58

Yaztromo explains that his Creature Sleep spell will put to sleep any humanoid creature. He tells you the incantation necessary to cast the spell and says that it hardly drains your energy at all, merely by 1 STAMINA point each time you use it. Return to 34, after writing down the spell and its STAMINA cost on your *Adventure Sheet*.

59

Ahead in the corridor you see a cloaked figure carrying a lantern and walking away from you. You call out, but the figure only walks away faster. You hurry after it and are almost alongside it when it spins around to reveal its hideous face. Taut yellow skin is stretched over its skull; its eyes are blood-red and sunk deep in their sockets. Surviving the stare of a Phantom requires great courage. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 280. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 253.

60

The bucket clatters to the stone floor when the rope is cut, spilling its contents – old bones – all around the room. Gathering them all together, you discover that one of them has been carved into the shape of a Dragon. This is one of the artefacts you have been seeking! You put the carved bone in your pocket and walk over to the door in the far wall. Turn to 21.

61

You show the Gnome no mercy and run him through with your sword. You search through his room and find a purple silk purse inside a tin box. You open the purse and find a silver armband inset with a large emerald. If you wish to put on the armband, turn to 384. If you wish to climb back down the ladder and walk back past the last junction, turn to 262.

62

The artefact looks harmless lying on the floor, but you suspect that destroying it will not be an easy matter. If you are carrying a war-hammer, turn to 247. If you do not have this weapon, turn to 193.

63

You pour all the precious water into your mouth and gulp it down swiftly. Staring into the empty canister, you begin to regret your action. You have no choice but to carry on, but at least you feel refreshed (turn to 116).

64

In one of the boxes you find a gold medallion and chain which has a heart engraved on it. If you wish to put the medallion around your neck, turn to 163. If you would rather leave it in its box and walk back into the last room you entered to open the other door, turn to 298.

65

The reflection of its own gaze does not affect the Eye Stinger, and it bears down on you. You drop the Mirror on the floor and hear it shatter, as you hurry to draw your sword. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to 236.

66

You soon arrive outside another door. No noise comes from the other side, but when you try the handle, you find that the door is firmly locked. Will you:

Cast an Open Door spell (if you are able to)?	Turn to 322
Try to unlock it with a golden key (if you have one)?	Turn to 110
Continue walking down the corridor?	Turn to 17

67

The captain smiles as you hand him the gold, and tells you that he hopes you will enjoy the river journey. You shake hands and walk out of the cabin (turn to 102).

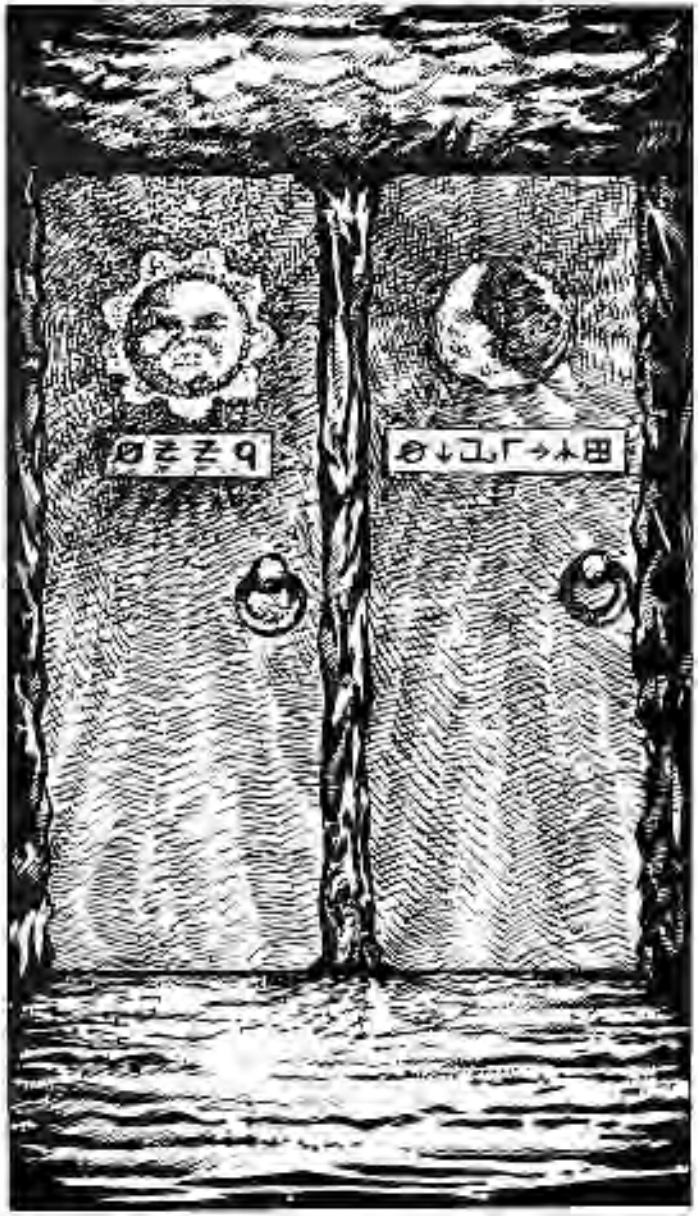

68

You chop furiously at the lock until it finally gives way. The door opens into a corridor, which you walk down until you reach two doors at the end. One door has the symbol of the sun in relief on it, and the other door bears the symbol of the moon. There are also strange signs carved below both the sun and the moon. Will you:

Cast a Read Symbols spell (if you are able to)	Turn to 255
Open the Sun door?	Turn to 243
Open the Moon door?	Turn to 273

69

You reach into your backpack and give the handbell to the happy Gnome. He then opens a tin box, takes out a purple silk purse and throws it to you. You open the purse and pull out a silver armband which is inset with a large emerald. You place it on your sword-arm and say goodbye to the Gnome. Turn to 384.

70

You have walked for only about an hour when the sun begins to set. The flat desert sand offers no shelter, and you are forced to sleep out in the open. The night passes without incident and you are soon on your way again. By mid-morning your thirst is great, and you long for a drink of water. You search around and suddenly see a bulbous green plant covered in sharp spikes, looking like a small, round cactus. If you wish to cut the plant open with your sword, turn to **120**. If you can and wish to cast a Create Water spell, turn to **345**. If you just wish to press on south, turn to **192**.

71

The Dark Disciples do not believe your story and close in to attack you with their sickles. Turn to **188**.

72

The desert quickly heats up and you are soon toiling under the white sun. Not far to the west, you see what looks like a cluster of trees with large birds circling above them. If you wish to walk over to the trees, turn to **142**. If you prefer to keep walking south, turn to **39**.

73

Leesha appears surprised that you have managed to enter her inner temple and defeat all her guards. She rises from her couch and steps towards you, holding aloft a shiny, black, crescent-shaped object. If you can and wish to fight her using a Giant Sandworm's tooth, turn to **219**. If you wish to attack her with your sword, turn to **282**.

74

You step into the tunnel and notice that the floor starts to slope downwards. It finally leads down to the edge of a flooded room. Water flows into the room through the mouth of a lion's head set in the wall. There is a ledge on the far wall which rises above the water, and the tunnel continues beyond it. You shrug your shoulders and wade into the murky water. You are waist-deep in the flooded room when a long tentacle breaks the surface. The water is stirred up as the monster thrashes around, sensing that food is near by. Suddenly another tentacle wraps itself around your leg and tries to drag you underwater. You draw your sword and begin hacking blindly at your attacker. If you are wearing a Bracelet of Mermaid Scales, turn to **396**. If you are not wearing this item, turn to **13**.

75

The vicious Harpy swoops down to attack you with its razor-sharp talons.

HARPY	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

If you win, set off south again, keeping a watchful eye out for other hostile creatures (turn to 86).

76

You crawl away from the pool, trying to escape the fumes, which make you feel sick. When you are at last able to stand, you head back down the corridor as fast as you can. Turn to 364.

77

By the time you are clear of the broken glass, there is nobody in sight. The corridor stretches on, passing a stone archway on the left. Whoever threw the bottle did not run through the archway, so you continue straight on. The corridor finally ends at a T-junction, and you realize that you are unlikely to find your assailant now. Wondering if it was perhaps Malbordus taunting you, you ponder which way to turn. If you wish to go left, turn to 250. If you wish to go right, turn to 333.

78

Not far along the beach, you see a line of palm trees and make your way over to them. You find two coconuts on the beach and break them open with your sword. After gulping down the milk, you devour the soft white flesh inside the shell and lie down in the shade to rest. Add 3 STAMINA points. Checking through your belongings, you find that sea-water has seeped through the waxed paper wrappings of your Provisions. Roll 1 die and reduce your Provisions by the number rolled. If the number rolled is 3 or greater, lose 1 LUCK point as well. When you at last feel fit enough to walk, you stand up and decide which way to head. If you wish to walk east inland, turn to 327. If you would rather walk south along the coast, turn to 151.

79

The door opens into a candle-lit chamber which has a strong, musty smell. The floor is covered with debris – scraps of rotting food, matted hair, ash, teeth and animal droppings. When the door behind you closes, the door in front of you flies open, and a deformed, one-eyed mutant lumbers into the room, brandishing a silver rod. A bolt of white light shoots out from the rod and burns a black patch on the floor by your feet. The sun has set outside and the Night Horror is stalking the corridors of Vatos in search of prey. If you wish to use your sword against this loathsome creature, turn to 85. If you would rather search through your backpack for some other weapon, turn to 309.

80

The corridor soon turns right again and you reach an iron door in the right-hand wall. In the distance you can see glowing lights dancing about in the gloom of the corridor. If you wish to open the iron door, turn to 153. If you wish to investigate the moving lights, turn to 339.

81

The afternoon sun continues to beat down relentlessly, its intensity causing shimmering waves of heat to rise from the parched sand. Your mouth and throat feel as if they have been baked in a clay oven, and you begin to suffer the consequences of loss of water from your body. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Desperate to find water soon, you press on resolutely (turn to **24**).

82

There is a scroll of paper inside the casket with a message written on it in dried blood, which reads, 'The Messenger of Death awaits you.' A shiver runs down your spine at the thought, and you tear the paper into shreds. Hurling the casket at the wall in a fit of rage, you look around and decide what to do next. Will you:

Help yourself to some of the gems?	Turn to 143
Take the golden skeleton statuette?	Turn to 386
Leave the room by the door opposite?	Turn to 3

83

The Gnome is grateful that you did not slay him. He tells you that he stumbled across Vatos many years ago and decided to stay. He is nothing but a scavenger these days, but he says he is quite happy. Vatos was deserted for many years, but gradually men and other creatures found it while seeking shelter, and a few of them stayed. There is no law in Vatos and nobody in control, although the most powerful usually get their way. Passing caravans are attacked for food, the raids being organized by a High Priestess and her slaves. You ask him if he has heard of Malbordus, but he shakes his head, saying, 'I don't take much interest in people. I just spend my time collecting and scavenging. Perhaps you have something to trade? I would give a lot for one of those fancy things that you look through to make other things seem a lot closer than they really are.' If you have a telescope to trade, turn to **138**. If you do not have what the Gnome seeks, turn to **321**.

84

The afternoon sun continues to beat relentlessly down, its intensity causing shimmering waves of heat to rise from the parched sand. Your mouth and throat feel as if they have been baked in a clay oven, and you begin to suffer the consequences of loss of water from your body. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Desperate to find water soon, you press on resolutely (turn to **303**).

85

The Night Horror is a formidable opponent and is difficult to defeat with a sword.

NIGHT HORROR SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win an Attack Round, roll one die. If you roll between 1 and 3, your blow will not have harmed the Night Horror's undead flesh. If you roll between 4 and 6, your blow will wound it in the normal way. However, each Attack Round that the Night Horror wins, your STAMINA is reduced by 2 points, and your SKILL diminished by 1, because of the life-draining effect of the bolt. If your SKILL is reduced to 0, your life will be completely drained away and you will die. If you win, turn to 390.

86

As you walk along, a leather pouch suddenly drops out of the sky on to the ground in front of you. You open the pouch and find a note inside, written by Yaztromo. It says: 'Friend, I have learned of bad news. Malbordus is already ahead of you. But look up, for help is at hand to enable you to catch up.'

Obeying his instruction, you look up and at first think another Harpy is above you, but then you see that it is a giant eagle, gliding through the air. The eagle circles above you and then lands with effortless ease close by. Pleased that old Yaztromo is concerned for your life, you climb on to the back of the eagle. You are soon riding through the air, travelling quickly towards the Desert of Skulls. However, your good fortune is quickly brought to an end when you hear an ominous screeching above you. Like a giant diving gannet, a hideous Pterodactyl swoops down to attack the eagle. If you are carrying a bow and arrow, turn to 132. If you can and wish to cast a Magic Arrow spell, turn to 36. If you do not possess a missile weapon, turn to 363.

87

The artefact looks harmless lying on the floor, but you suspect that destroying it will not be an easy matter. If you are carrying a war-hammer, turn to 362. If you do not have this weapon, turn to 193.

88

The door opens into a room which is bare except for two stone caskets lying open on the floor. It is unnaturally cold in the room and the light is very dim. In the corner, you find a clay goblet with a heart etched inside the rim. You put the goblet inside your backpack and leave the room by the same door you entered, as there is no other exit. You walk back down the corridor and past the last junction. Turn to 250.

89

You look around, but the old man is nowhere to be seen. Rummaging quickly through the robbers' pockets, you find a small brass telescope and three silver buttons. After packing away your finds, you set off again in search of a place to stay (turn to 379).

90

You just manage to roll through the hole in the doorway as the stone ceiling meets the floor with a heavy thud. You pick yourself up and examine the room into which you have thrown yourself. Turn to 2.

91

Another tunnel branches off the one you are walking down, to give you a choice of directions. If you wish to continue straight on, turn to 347. If you would rather turn left along the new branch, turn to 59.

92

When you wake up, you feel terribly weak. Sitting up, you see footprints in the sand – and you did not make them. You hurriedly check your backpack and find that all your Gold has been stolen. Cursing your bad luck, you set off south again (turn to 70).

93

The door opens into a large hall which is lined with armour and weapons. At the far end of the hall there is an altar on a raised plinth, where three men with sallow skin are ceremoniously clothing themselves in dark brown robes. One of them sees you and signals to the others. They each pick up a sickle and advance towards you. They are Dark Disciples. If you wish to tell them that you have come with a gift for Leesha, the High Priestess of Vatos, turn to 11. If you would rather fight them, turn to 188.

94

After casting the spell (deduct 1 STAMINA point), you slowly begin to make sense of the pattern of the shells. It is a warning! The next two hundred metres of the beach is sacred ground, not to be walked upon by mortals. To do so would enrage the Demon of the beach. If you wish to ignore the warning and continue walking along the beach, turn to 6. If you would rather journey east inland, turn to 327.

95

The light quickly fades as you crawl along the tunnel, until you cannot see your hand in front of your face. Will you:

Cast a Light spell (if you are able to)?	Turn to 221
Continue crawling in the dark?	Turn to 246
Crawl back out of the tunnel, leave the room and walk up the corridor?	Turn to 344

96

Just as you are about to walk through the archway into the chamber beyond, the Skeleton Men rise up from the floor. You can hardly believe your eyes, as they advance slowly towards you. Transfixed with fear, you cannot stop them thrusting their spears into your chest. You drop to your knees and fall face forward on to the floor. Your adventure ends here.

97

The helmet has been made by a skilful ironsmith. It will afford you greater protection. Add 1 SKILL point. Intent on finding the first Dragon artefact, you walk south along the corridor. Turn to 140.

98

You enter a marble-floored room which is bare except for the bronze head of a beautiful woman mounted on the opposite wall. You are surprised when its lips suddenly start to move, and you hear her speak. 'Welcome to the room of question,' says the soothing voice. 'It has been an age since I last spoke to anyone. You are obliged to answer my question or die. Answer it correctly and you will be rewarded. Answer it incorrectly and you will suffer. Now tell me, how many Gold Pieces does Leesha give to the winner of the art competition?' If you know how many Gold Pieces make up the prize, turn to that number. If you do not know the answer, turn to 154.

99

On seeing you, the desert rider draws his sword and brings his camel to a halt. You call out, saying that you do not wish to fight him. You learn that he is on his way to join a merchant's caravan. You ask him if he has any water to spare and he offers to sell you a canister, but not for money. If you can and wish to trade either a silver button or a pearl for a canister of water, make the necessary adjustment on your *Adventure Sheet*. After bidding farewell to the desert rider, you set off east once again (turn to 257).

100

After only a few mouthfuls of the liquid, you feel horribly ill. Some of the herbs in the liquid are highly poisonous. Roll two dice and deduct the number from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 76.

101

A feeling of terrible guilt overcomes you as you withdraw your sword from the dead man. You roll him over and see that he is clearly an outsider, perhaps sent here to help you. You try to convince yourself that he was either a treasure-hunter or an assassin, but the nagging doubts will not go away. Lose 2 LUCK points. But there is nothing you can do now except walk on. Turn to 80.

102

The barge is neither very large, nor designed for paying passengers, but you find a coil of thick rope on which to lie. After your long walk, you are soon sound asleep, and do not wake until one of the crew taps you on the shoulder to say that Port Blacksand is in sight. You stand up and watch the sinister-looking city grow larger as you approach; ten minutes later you pass under a great arch to enter the city walls. The crew soon have the barge moored, obeying the frantic orders of the captain, who is obviously eager to load up his waiting cargo and leave before nightfall. You bid them all farewell and set about looking for a place to stay the night. The shadows start to lengthen as you walk through the

narrow streets and alleyways. Suddenly, an old man in tattered clothes jumps out of a doorway and says, 'Looking for a bed, stranger? I know a good place that offers a room, soup and bread for only 1 Gold Piece. If you're interested, follow me.' If you wish to pay and follow the old man, turn to 332. If you would rather keep looking on your own, turn to 379.

103

Realizing that you are vulnerable to his magic powers, Malbordus draws his cursed sword and advances confidently. The sword has the ability to paralyse, and only your own swordsmanship can save you now.

MALBORDUS	SKILL 10	STAMINA 18

If you lose the first three Attack Rounds during combat, you will be paralysed by the evil sword, and Malbordus will triumph. Chaos will reign over Allansia. If you win the battle without losing three Attack Rounds, turn to 400.

104

The arrow hits its large target, but does not kill the Pterodactyl. It squawks and turns away, but then dives down to attack again. If you wish to fire another arrow at the giant reptile, turn to 199. If you would rather let the flying giants fight it out, turn to 311.

105

The artist frowns and says, 'You've got awful taste. You wouldn't know the difference between art and an Orc's armpit!' If you wish to attack the impudent artist, turn to **123**. If you would rather leave him to his work and walk past him down the corridor, turn to **376**.

106

You suddenly see movement in the sand, being made by what looks like a large lizard. When it scurries closer, you see that its head is somewhat bird-like and its eyes are large and yellow like those of a toad. It is a deadly Basilisk. Will you:

Fight it with your sword?	Turn to **228**
Cast a Fire spell? (if you are able to)	Turn to **189**
Rummage through your backpack for another weapon?	Turn to **313**

107

The pouch contains nothing except a small golden key. You slip it into your pocket and continue your trek (turn to **10**).

108

On and on you walk under the searing desert sun. Late in the afternoon you see footprints in the sand leading from east to west across your path. If you wish to follow the footprints, turn to **205**. If you wish to keep walking south, turn to **303**.

109

Crawling blindly on, you do not see a tripwire, which you accidentally trigger with your arm. An unseen crossbow releases its bolt straight towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 16. If you are Unlucky, turn to 368.

110

The key fits the lock and it clicks open with one turn. Holding on to the hilt of your sword, you open the door. Turn to 98.

111

Looking around, you see no sign of life. On the opposite side of the square there is a large stone archway. It seems as good a place as any to start your search for the Dragon artefacts. You walk through the arch to a stone stairway which descends to a torch-lit corridor below. As you walk warily down the stone steps, you wonder where Malbordus might be. At the bottom of the steps, you see an iron casket. If you wish to open the casket, turn to 287. If you would rather walk south along the corridor, turn to 140.

112

The grapes taste as good as they look, and they have also been grown for a special purpose. They contain magical healing properties. Add 4 STAMINA points. When you have eaten your fill, you walk on further down the corridor. Turn to 237.

113

You draw your sword and run towards the murdering Dark Elves. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DARK ELF	5	6
Second DARK ELF	6	5

If you win, you find 2 Gold Pieces among the Elves' belongings, and you may take one of their bows and the two remaining arrows. After burying the poor man who was killed by the Elves, you set off south again (turn to 285).

114

As you utter the words of the spell, the lock clicks open and you are able to push the door inwards. Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points for casting the spell, and turn to 88.

115

The Elemental exhales loudly again, and once more you crash into the wall, as you try to rummage through your backpack. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Will you take from your backpack:

A Mirror?	Turn to 27
A Phoenix Tapestry?	Turn to 229
An Ebony Facemask?	Turn to 141
None of these?	Turn to 312

116

The sun's relentless heat beats down on you, but there is nowhere on the desolate landscape to offer you shade. If you are wearing a headscarf, turn to 289. If you are bareheaded, turn to 275.

117

The door opens into a corridor. Looking left, you see nothing of interest, but to your right, you see glowing lights dancing about in the gloom of the corridor. Curious to find out why the lights are moving, you walk towards them. Turn to 339.

118

As you chant the spell, a shimmering dart appears on your fingertip and flies out to meet the diving Needle Fly. It is killed instantly. You quickly conjure two more darts and shoot the remaining two giant insects. (Remember to deduct 6 STAMINA points for casting the spell three times.) Turn to 168.

119

You walk through the archway and up a flight of marble steps into a luxurious chamber, which has a high ceiling supported by parallel lines of marble pillars. Between the pillars there is a beautiful hand-woven red carpet which leads up to another short flight of steps. At the top of the steps, lying on a couch strewn with satin cushions, is a beautiful woman. She is being fanned by an ugly bald-headed creature. He has the muscular torso of a man, but his face is gaunt and his eyes are milky-white. You have entered the inner temple of Leesha. She smiles, snaps her fingers and her blind servant lumbers down the steps to attack you.

SERVANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 73.

120

You cleave the top of the plant and see that it is filled with water. Carefully avoiding the spikes, you scoop out handfuls of cool water and soon feel refreshed. When you have drunk your fill, you set off south again (turn to 377).

121

The bolt of light flies into your chest, knocking you back against the wall. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point for its life-draining effect. What item will you pull from your backpack:

A Brass Handbell?	Turn to 198
A Sandworm's tooth?	Turn to 331
A Mirror?	Turn to 22

122

You just fail to reach the far side of the pit, and bounce off its edge into the dark depths below. You land heavily some ten metres below, injuring yourself quite badly. Lose 6 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If you are still alive, turn to 325.

123

The artist makes no attempt to defend himself as you thrust your sword at him. But instead of wounding him, your sword hits an invisible shield. It jumps from your hand, turns and then flies with a dull thud into your chest. Its tip pierces your heart, killing you instantly.

124

Although the man bumped into you, he shouts and curses until the three flasks are filled again. Yet another Gold Piece is spent in paying for his drinks, and you begin to wonder how long your money will last. Lose 1 LUCK point. You finally manage to leave the bustling bar and lock yourself inside your room.

You wake at dawn after a restless night, scratching madly at inflamed bites from the bedbugs in your straw mattress. Wasting no more time in the Black Lobster, you make your way down the jetty to the *Belladonna* which, you notice, is flying the skull and crossbones – the flag of a pirate ship! Walking cautiously up the gangplank, you step aboard the ship (turn to 238).

125

The corridor soon comes to a dead end, although there is a ladder leading up through a hole in the ceiling. If you wish to climb up the ladder, turn to 329. If you would rather walk back down the corridor and continue straight on past the last junction, turn to 262.

126

The artefact looks harmless lying on the floor, but you suspect that destroying it will not be an easy matter. If you are carrying a war-hammer, turn to 231. If you do not have this weapon, turn to 193.

127

You drop the burning medallion on to the sand and see a large letter M painfully branded on the palm of your hand. Fortunately it is not your sword-arm which is affected. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Realizing that Malbordus must be ahead of you, you continue south as quickly as possible (turn to 159).

128

The door opens into a room which is empty apart from a large pile of bones lying in the corner. Scratch-marks on the wall appear to have been made by claws. You hear growling from a low arch in the far wall. Suddenly the door behind you opens and three large meat-covered bones are thrown into the room, before the door is slammed shut again. The growling becomes loud barking and suddenly a huge, slavering Death Dog bounds into the room. It sees you and immediately attacks.

DEATH DOG SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 378.

129

When the sand-storm finally dies down, you see a shining object protruding from the sand. You reach down, tug on the object and discover that it is a brass handbell. You place it in your backpack and press on east (turn to 26).

130

You fall into the water with a resounding splash. You are not even conscious of your flesh turning soft and falling away from your bones. The water is now like concentrated acid because of its reaction with the blood of the Tentacled Thing. Your adventure is over.

131

You sit up with a start when you hear a deep humming coming from the corridor on the other side of the golden rain. There is a door behind the drapes, but it is locked and there is no time to open it. If you wish to hide behind the drapes, turn to 44. If you wish to confront whoever is coming into the chamber, turn to 227.

132

The diving Pterodactyl is a difficult target to hit, and you aim carefully before releasing the arrow. Roll two dice and add 3 to the total. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL, turn to 104. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 254.

133

There is a sharp, acidic smell in the air as the jelly-like creature known as the Iron-eater begins to digest your helmet. You throw your helmet on to the floor and run back up the steps before your sword can be eaten. Fortunately, the Iron-eater does not harm human flesh. Lose 1 SKILL point for the loss of your helmet. Back in the empty room, you open the other door. Turn to 307.

134

Aware of your dire predicament, you close your eyes and run at the Basilisk with your sword. But the Basilisk has another natural weapon – its venomous breath. Unable to see where to run, you are easy prey for the beast. You are soon lying dead, face down in the sand.

135

As you fumble to unlock the door, the crystal key falls from your fingers to the floor. It shatters on impact and you realize that all is lost. As the ceiling lowers relentlessly to the floor, there is a sickening crunch of bone. Your adventure ends here.

136

Yaztromo explains that his Magic Arrow spell will cause a small, shimmering dart to be fired from your fingertip with deadly accuracy at any target. He tells you the incantation necessary to cast the spell and says that it will not drain your energy too much; only 2 STAMINA points are lost each time you use it. Return to 34 after writing down the spell and its STAMINA cost on your *Adventure Sheet*.

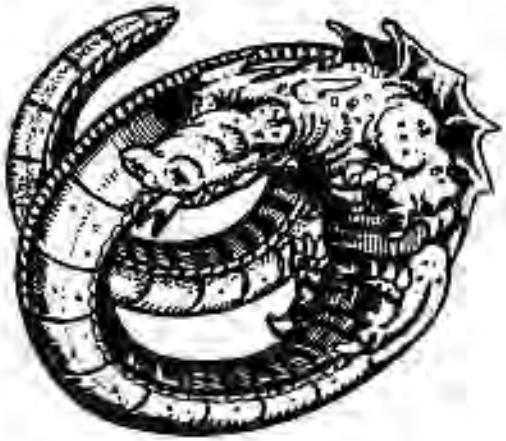

137

The door leads into a hallway, at the end of which you see Leesha disappearing through another doorway. There is a bronze idol, in the shape of a dog, standing in the middle of the hallway. If you wish to stop and inspect the idol, turn to 186. If you would rather follow Leesha, turn to 47.

138

You take the brass telescope out of your backpack and dangle it in front of the Gnome to tease him. He starts to rub his hands together and snigger in excitement. He kicks a rug out of the way and starts to pull at a previously hidden iron ring that is attached to one of the flagstones. The stone lifts up to reveal a small chamber piled high with objects and items accumulated by the Gnome over the years. You rummage through and can hardly believe your eyes when you come across a small Crystal Dragon. It is one of the artefacts that you seek. You take it and give the Gnome the telescope. Bidding him farewell, you climb down the ladder and walk back down the corridor past the last junction. Turn to 262.

139

If you are able to cast a Detect Trap spell, turn to 197. If you do not know this spell, turn to 179.

140

As you walk down the corridor, you suddenly feel a light tap on your shoulder. You spin around and see a horrifying creature with ragged clothes on its thin body. Its hollow eyes and mouth are filled with thick slime which makes its voice gurgle as it whispers the word 'Death' in your ear. The Messenger of Death then disappears, but somehow you know what has happened. The Messenger of Death is a sadistic killer who plays games with its victims. Staying ahead of you, it will place each letter of the word 'death' in various locations. Should you come across and read all the letters of the word, the Messenger of Death will reappear to revel in the sight of your life draining away. Malbordus's assassin has given your search for artefacts an unwanted twist. Turn to 330.

141

You take a bunch of brass keys from the torturer's belt and find the one to unlock the victim's manacles. At first he is scared of you, believing it is a trick, but gradually you convince him that you mean him no harm. You learn that his name is Thitta, that he was a servant of the High Priestess Leesha and was caught trying to escape from Vatos. He asks you why you are wandering about in the dungeon of Vatos, and you tell him about Malbordus, the quest and the Messenger of Death. His eyes widen and he says, 'I saw a cloaked figure suddenly materialize before my very eyes in the treasure-room where I was hiding before being captured. I only saw its face

for a moment, and it was hideous. It put something inside a golden casket and then disappeared again.' Thitta declines the offer to accompany you on your mission, saying that he must try to escape again. You wish him luck and say goodbye. You leave the room together, but go your separate ways along the corridor. Turn to 66.

142

As you get close, you see that the trees surround a pool of water. You have found an oasis. If you wish to drink the water, turn to 337. If you wish to continue south without drinking, turn to 207.

143

The gems are red-hot to the touch, although they do not emit any heat at a distance. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 252. If you are Unlucky, turn to 338.

144

You seem to hang in the air for ages, but eventually land on the ground beyond the pit. You waste no time and continue straight on. Turn to 152.

145

The bolt of light flies past your head and scorches the wall behind you. What item will you pull from your backpack?

A Brass Handbell?	Turn to 198
A Sandworm's tooth?	Turn to 331
A Mirror?	Turn to 22

146

You tell the captain that you will offer him no more than 2 Gold Pieces. He scorns your offer, but after a few minutes of haggling, you agree on a fee of 3 Gold Pieces. You shake hands with the captain, pay him and walk out of the cabin (turn to 102).

147

Unable to decipher the symbols, you decide to chase after whoever threw the bottle at you. Turn to 77.

148

A thin figure in ragged clothing suddenly materializes in front of you. You begin to feel weak and sink to your knees; you sense that the Messenger of Death is revelling in your slow death. You have lost the chance to destroy the Dragon artefacts, and Malbordus will triumph. You have failed in your mission.

149

The struggle is over; both of your arms become entwined by the Sand Snapper's tentacles. Slowly you are dragged into the gaping mouth to be slowly digested. Your adventure comes to a horrific end.

150

The ceiling is descending fast, and you have to stoop while trying to fit the crystal key into the lock. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 209. If you are Unlucky, turn to 135.

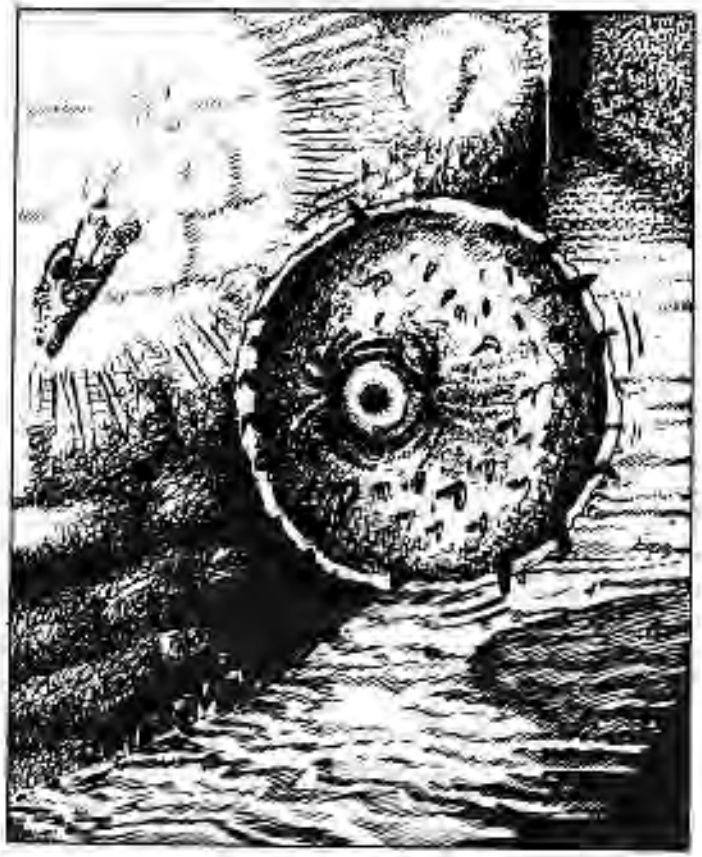

151

Not far down the beach, you notice a strange pattern in the sand, made from hundreds of cowrie shells. In the centre of the shells, skewered into the ground, is a spear adorned with sea-bird feathers. Will you:

Keep walking along the beach?	Turn to 6
Turn east inland?	Turn to 327
Cast a Read Symbols spell (if you are able to)?	Turn to 94

152

In the gloom of the torch-lit corridor, you see a horrible creature hovering in the air and blocking your path. It is round, with a large eye in the centre of its dark green scaly skin, which is covered with spines. The Eye Stinger floats towards you, trying to mesmerize you with its hypnotic gaze and sting you with its spines. If you wish to fight the killer with your sword, turn to 236. If you would rather look through your backpack for something to use, turn to 387.

153

The door opens into a room lit by torches set in the wall. If you wish to walk across the dusty floor to an archway in the wall opposite, turn to 261. If you would rather continue along the corridor towards the glowing lights, turn to 339.

154

'I am disappointed in you, warrior,' continues the talking head, 'I had expected better.' Green smoke starts to pour from its mouth and you start to panic. Before you can reach the door, the smoke starts to swirl around your face, making you feel disorientated. Lose 3 SKILL points and 4 LUCK points. When the smoke finally drifts away, the bronze head is still and silent. You walk out of the room and up the corridor. Turn to 17.

155

You crush the scorpion under your boot and carry on pulling away the rocks. In the middle of the rocks, you find a small white cotton sack, which is tied around a spherical object. If you wish to untie the sack, turn to 349. If you wish to leave the tied sack among the rocks and continue south, turn to 39.

156

Inside the pot you see a shrivelled paw, about the size of a monkey's. Will you:

Take the paw?	Turn to 318
Lift the lid of the white pot?	Turn to 14
Lift the lid of the red pot?	Turn to 183
Walk through the chamber to the archway in the far wall?	Turn to 20

157

The corridor soon ends at a T-junction. If you wish to go left, turn to 175. If you would rather go right, turn to 353.

158

You grit your teeth and pull the bolt out of your shoulder. You crawl painfully on down the tunnel, which finally opens out into a dusty room, lit by torches set in the wall. Turn to 43.

159

The day wears on and you make good progress over the flat scrubland. When it is finally too dark to walk any further, you find shelter in a cluster of boulders. Roll one die. If you roll a 1, turn to 398. If you roll any other number, turn to 15.

160

There is a row of windows along the far wall, one of which is open. You hear a clap of thunder and walk over to the open window to look outside. The bright light hurts your eyes, and although the sun is shining it is suddenly blotted out by a dark shape in the sky. A huge, black Dragon soars overhead and you see an evil-looking man riding on its back. The Dragon roars and you can just hear the wicked laugh of Malbordus. The Dragon flies off north, and there is nothing you can do to stop it. Malbordus will lead his hordes of chaos across Allansia and the world will fall under a dark shadow. You have failed in your mission.

161

The mural stretches along the wall for approximately twenty metres and depicts a great battle. A mass of Undead, whipped on by vile Orcs, are pushing back an army of men and Dwarfs. The leader of the Undead is hidden by dark robes, apart from his fleshless, reptilian skull. His cold, evil, green eyes stare threateningly from the mural. He appears to be holding a casket which is drawing in the spirit of the king of the men and Dwarfs, for whom the battle seems lost. You are fascinated by the painted detail of the casket, and marvel at its magnificence. 'Do

you like my work?' comes the sudden question from behind you. You spin round and see a man standing calmly with paint-pots in his hand and a brush behind his ear. He is smiling and seems pleased that you are showing interest in his work. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to 123
Reply to his question?	Turn to 296
Push past him and walk on?	Turn to 376

162

The bare corridor turns sharply left. After fifteen metres, you see a gauntlet lying on the stone floor. If you wish to put the gauntlet on your sword-hand, turn to 201. If you would rather step over it and walk on, turn to 56.

163

Nothing eventful happens when you place the medallion around your neck, but, unknown to you, the medallion was made to be worn around the necks of sacrificial victims. Lose 1 LUCK point. Finding nothing else of interest, you walk back into the last room you entered and open the outer door. Turn to 298.

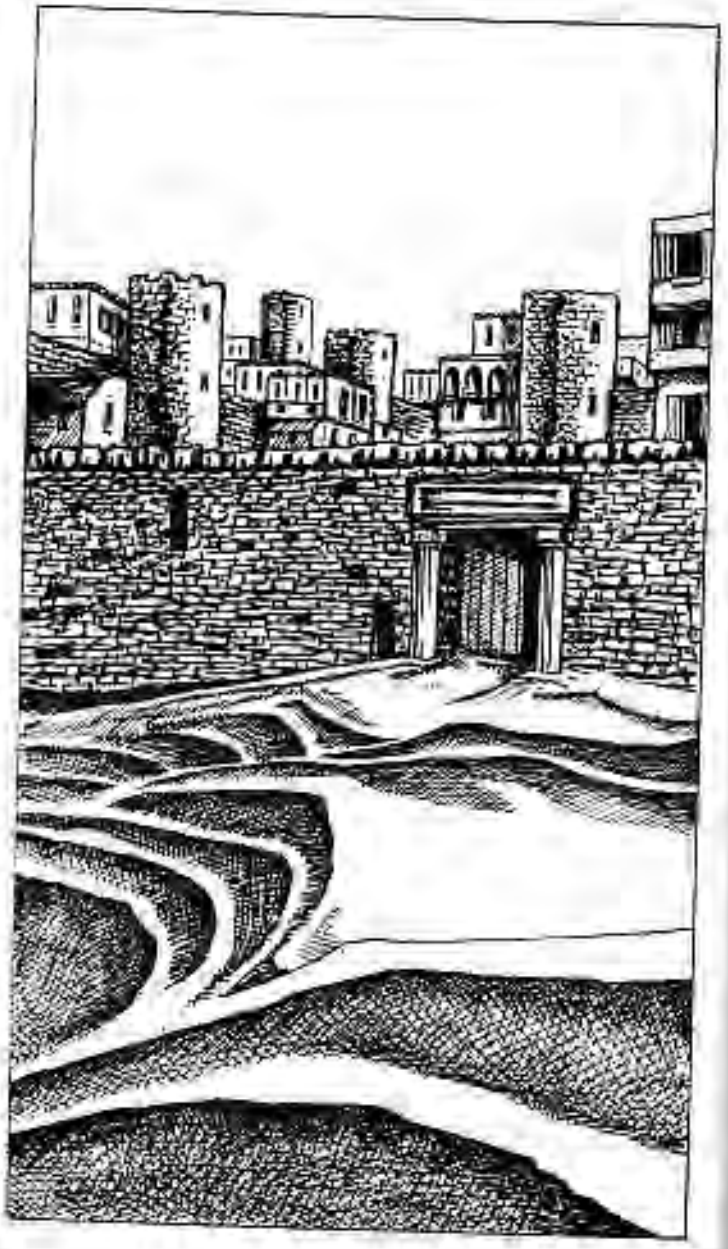

164

Staring into the shimmering haze, you see a high stone wall, less than half a kilometre away. Various stone towers and roofs inside the wall protrude above it. As you get closer, you see that wind-blown sand has drifted high against the wall and that no trail or track leads to the entrance gate, which is partly blocked with sand. 'Vatos!' a voice inside you shouts. If you wish to try to open the wooden side-door next to the entrance gate, turn to 382. If you can and wish to cast a Jump spell, turn to 54.

165

The water is now deep red with blood. Just as you are climbing out on to the ledge, the water turns suddenly black, and an acrid vapour rises from the surface. If you wish to stay by the edge of the water to see what happens next, turn to 52. If you would rather head on down the tunnel, turn to 91.

166

The crowd does not stop you untying the leather pouch which is hanging from the dead Pirate's neck. You leave the murmuring onlookers and climb the stairs to your room, where you lock yourself in. You open the pouch and find 2 Gold Pieces and a large pearl. You settle down to sleep and wake at dawn after a restless night. To your disgust, you find that you are covered with inflamed bites from the bedbugs in your straw mattress. Wasting no more time in the inhospitable Black Lobster, you make your way down the jetty to the *Belladonna*

which, you see, is flying the skull and crossbones – the flag of a pirate ship! Walking cautiously up the gangplank, you step aboard the ship (turn to 238).

167

Your whole body shudders as a bolt of light zigzags out of the rod and shatters the lock on the door. But the weapon was not intended for mortals' use, and you suffer the consequences. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. You drop the rod on the floor and walk through the open door into another room. Turn to 2.

168

You step over the grounded Needle Flies and continue your trek. After half an hour's steady walking, you stumble upon a robed man lying face down in the sand. If you wish to stop to look inside a leather pouch clutched in the hand of the dead man, turn to 107. If you wish to keep on walking, turn to 10.

169

You slowly squeeze the other button and watch another bolt of light shoot out of the rod. But this time it hits the door and shatters the lock. Your body shudders a second time, and you realize that this weapon was not intended for mortals' use. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. You drop the rod on the floor and walk through the open door into another room. Turn to 2.

170

You boldly throw back the drapes, half expecting a sign of death to be revealed. But there is merely a plain iron door, which, when you turn the handle, turns out to be unlocked. Will you:

Open the door?	Turn to 365
Turn left along the corridor?	Turn to 335
Turn right along the corridor?	Turn to 162

171

You run to the Dwarf's side and learn that he is an envoy from Stonebridge, sent by Yaztromo. He has brought you the legendary war-hammer of Stonebridge, with which to smash the Dragon artefacts. Nothing other than a war-hammer can destroy the Dragons. He also tells you that a Mage told him that it is vital that the Dragon found nearest to the entrance to the catacombs must be destroyed first. The Dwarf's speech becomes more and more laboured until he finally slumps down on to the floor. There is nothing you can do to help the valiant Dwarf, but you feel more determined than ever to finish the mission successfully. Clutching the fabled war-hammer, you run down the passageway to the iron door through which Leesha disappeared. Turn to 314.

172

The Golem crashes to the floor, breaking into many pieces. Stepping over the pieces of stone, you make your way over to the tunnel entrance. Turn to 74.

173

The captain laughs and says, 'Wrong! Take the pirate away to be flogged and thrown over the side.' You are immediately seized, and must face your doom. Your adventure ends here.

174

You begin shouting at the top of your voice to drown out the mesmeric chanting, and draw your sword to attack the Dark Disciples. Turn to 188.

175

You follow the corridor until it turns sharply to the right. On turning the corner, you see a tall reptilian creature wearing armour and holding a curved sword. The Lizard Man appears to be guarding some sacks that are piled up against the wall. If you can and wish to cast a Creature Sleep spell, turn to 232. If you would rather fight the creature with your sword, turn to 7.

176

Another dollop falls from the ceiling and lands on your head. If you are wearing a helmet, turn to 133. If you are not wearing a helmet, turn to 30.

177

You say the words of the Fire spell, and create a fire large enough to keep you warm through the night. Lose 1 STAMINA point for casting the spell. In the early-morning light you continue your desert trek (turn to 72).

178

Using your chosen method to unlock the door (if you used the spell, deduct 2 STAMINA points), you step through the doorway into another room. You toss the silver rod back through the doorway and hear the grating noise of the ceiling beginning to lower again. Knowing that you are safe from attack from behind, you look around the room you now find yourself in. Turn to 2.

179

Unknown to you, the door is an illusion. There is a pit in front of the wall where you believe the door to be, and you fall to the bottom of it some ten metres below. Roll 1 die and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 25.

180

The old Wizard looks at you solemnly and says, 'Every minute is vital: you must begin your journey immediately. Without doubt, Malbordus will learn of your mission to thwart him and may send an assassin or two after you. My crow will lead you as far as Catfish River. From there you can either take a river vessel to Port Blacksand and then a sailing ship south, or journey overland to the Desert of Skulls. A grim task is ahead of you, but our thoughts will be with you.' Yaztromo leads you back down the spiral staircase and out into the open. Suddenly he gives a shrill whistle; a large crow immediately swoops down from the top of the tower and settles on his shoulder. 'Now, crow, guide our friend as far as Catfish River and make sure you keep a good lookout. The last thing we want is an ambush on our own doorstep.' You shake hands with Yaztromo and reassure him that you will destroy the Dragons of Vatos before Malbordus can attain his evil goal. He smiles and hands you a pouch containing 25 Gold Pieces. He then commands his crow to fly south. The crow squawks and flies off. You hurry after it, turning just once to wave goodbye to old Yaztromo. Walking through the tall grasses, a shiver runs down your spine at the thought of Malbordus's assassins coming after you. You travel steadily south, only deviating twice to circumvent danger spotted by the crow. Three hours later, you arrive at the banks of Catfish River at a point where it is spanned by a rope-bridge. An old barge is moored to a jetty beneath the bridge,

and you see several rough-looking characters unloading sacks. If you wish to cross the bridge, turn to 23. If you wish to buy your passage on the barge to Port Blacksand, turn to 213.

181

The artist laughs and says, 'I never expected a compliment in this place of evil! No doubt you have been lured here with a promise of great wealth by the High Priestess, Leesha. I have staked my life on my reputation. Perhaps you have not heard that Leesha is a great lover of art, despite her cruel and terrible ways. Each year she secretly invites artists to perform their works inside the lost city. Down the corridor you will see tapestries, and elsewhere there are wood-carvings and etchings. She alone judges the works, and the result is final, very final. The winner receives 300 Gold Pieces, and the losers are sacrificed to honour the Dark One. Needless to say, I think I'm going to win. She gives us all a ring of protection to wear so that we come to no harm while we work. My name is Murkegg, and I'm pleased to meet you.' You ask him if he has heard of a man called Malbordus, but he shakes his head. You stress that it is very important that you find Malbordus, and ask if he has any knowledge of the tunnels and passageways. Murkegg rubs his chin and replies, 'I'm afraid I cannot help you much, as I spend most of my time painting. I do know that Leesha's inner temple can only be reached by walking through the curtain of golden rain. Perhaps whoever it is you are looking for is being entertained

by Leesha. All I can do is wish you luck.' You shake hands with him and press on down the corridor. Turn to 376.

182

Your thrusting sword sinks deep into the eye of your deadly adversary, sending it crashing to the floor. Sickening yellow fluid oozes out of its eyes and corrodes the stone floor, while emitting toxic vapours into the air. You hold your breath and run past the dying Eye Stinger. Turn to 340.

183

The pot is empty, but fortune is not with you. The underside of the pot lid has the letter E written on it in charcoal by the Messenger of Death. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. You throw the lid on to the floor, but it is too late. Will you:

Lift the lid of the white pot?	Turn to 14
Lift the lid of the black pot?	Turn to 156
Walk through the chamber to the archway in the far wall?	Turn to 20

184

You utter the words of Yaztromo's spell and a shimmering dart appears on one of your fingertips. The dart flies out and sinks deep into the chest of the flying Harpy. It is killed instantly, and drops to the ground with a thud. Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points for casting the spell. Keeping a watchful eye out for other hostile creatures, you continue your trek south (turn to 86).

185

The Phantom snatches the pearl out of the air. Laughing at your pathetic attempt to slay it, the Phantom grabs your arm with its free hand and you are instantly paralysed. Lose 4 STAMINA points. By the time the feeling has returned to your limbs, the Phantom is well out of sight. Walking stiffly along the tunnel, you continue your search. Turn to 190.

186

You notice that the idol's mouth is hinged, and you find that the lower jaw drops open when you pull down on its left ear. Inside the dog's mouth, you find an artefact that you have been seeking – a small Golden Dragon. You quickly place it in your pocket and chase after Leesha. Turn to 47.

187

As the ship starts to sink, all the cannon crew run towards the wooden steps that lead to the upper deck. In the mad scramble to escape, you are clubbed on the back of the head. You fall unconscious to the deck and drown aboard the sinking ship.

188

The Dark Disciples let out a howl as they move forward to attack you. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DARK DISCIPLE	9	5
Second DARK DISCIPLE	8	6
Third DARK DISCIPLE	9	5

If you win, turn to 41.

189

Knowing that a single glance from the piercing eyes of the Basilisk is enough to kill you, you say the words of the Fire spell with your eyes closed. A defensive wall of fire suddenly flares up all around you and burns on until the Basilisk tires of waiting and moves on. Casting the spell costs you 2 STAMINA points. Only when you are certain that the Basilisk is far away do you let the flames die and walk on (turn to 108).

190

The tunnel finally ends at a T-junction. The cross passage shows signs of more frequent use. The walls are decorated with murals and tapestries and there are torches at regular intervals to give plenty of light. If you wish to turn left towards the murals, turn to 161. If you wish to turn right towards the tapestries, turn to 40.

191

When you reach the end of the corridor, you realize that it was not a shimmering curtain that you saw, but a fine spray of golden rain which cascades from a series of holes in the ceiling into a shallow trough in the floor. The corridor turns left at the point where the golden rain falls, and stretches to the left as far as you can see. If you wish to keep walking along the corridor, turn to 249. If you would rather step through the golden rain, turn to 354.

192

As you keep going, you have difficulty in walking in a straight line because of weakness caused by dehydration. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Only your determination to beat Malbordus keeps you going (turn to 377).

193

You draw your sword and smash the hilt down on top of the Dragon. It rebounds off it, leaving the artefact completely unmarked. But you have made a fatal error in using your sword. Your joints start to stiffen and you feel your skin grow taut against your bones. Slowly your whole body petrifies until you are nothing more than a lifeless stone statue. Your adventure ends here.

194

Yaztromo explains that his Language spell will enable you to understand any creature you try to communicate with, no matter what tongue it speaks. He tells you the incantation necessary to cast the spell and says that the energy lost when using it is insignificant; merely 1 STAMINA point is lost each time it is cast. Return to 34 after writing down the spell and its STAMINA cost on your *Adventure Sheet*.

195

You concentrate on casting the spell, trying to blot out the chanting voices from your mind. The effort is great (deduct 1 STAMINA point), but you succeed, and the three robed figures fall to the ground, fast asleep. You waste no time and walk towards an archway in the wall behind the altar. Turn to 341.

196

You are no more than ten metres from the tent, when suddenly the flap is thrown back by a fat bearded man in yellow robes, his fingers adorned with ornate gold rings. He does not attempt to threaten you, but beckons you inside his tent, saying, 'Stranger, you look in need of a rest. Please accept my hospitality. I may even tempt you to buy some of my exotic wares.' Sensing no apparent danger, you step inside his tent and squat down on top of a rug. The nomad, whose name, you learn, is Abjul, gives you food and water which makes you feel much stronger. Add 4 STAMINA points. Abjul then smiles and says, 'Now, what will you buy, my friend?' He goes into great raptures about all the goods he has to sell, which you finally learn are as follows:

Sealing-wax	2 Gold Pieces
Onyx Egg	3 Gold Pieces
Ivory Beetle Charm	2 Gold Pieces
Bracelet of Mermaid Scales	3 Gold Pieces
Silver Mirror	4 Gold Pieces
Crystal Key	3 Gold Pieces
Ebony Facemask	3 Gold Pieces
Bone Flute	2 Gold Pieces

If you can and wish to buy any of Abjul's goods, make the necessary adjustment on your *Adventure Sheet*. Abjul tells you that he thinks Vatos lies in the southern part of the Desert of Skulls, and you decide to take his advice. Thanking him for his help, you set off south (turn to **389**).

197

An inner voice tells you to say the words of the spell (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Suddenly you see that the arch does not exist at all. It is merely an illusion, hiding a pit in front of the wall. You detect that the other arch is genuine, and you walk through it. Turn to 315.

198

You ring the bell and watch with pleasure as the Night Horror drops its rod and tries to cover its ears with its deformed hands. It screams in silent agony, and then collapses on to the floor. But your delight is short-lived, because you hear a grating sound above you. The silver rod, out of the hands of its owner, has magically triggered a mechanism in the stone ceiling which is starting to lower on top of you. You run to open one of the doors, but both are firmly locked and cannot be opened, even by Yaztromo's spell. Will you:

Pick up the silver rod?	Turn to 290
Try a crystal key in the door (if you have one)?	Turn to 150
Try to burn a hole in the door with a Fire spell (if you know it)?	Turn to 239

199

As you reach into your backpack for another arrow, the eagle climbs steeply into the sky to out-manoeuvre the Pterodactyl. You grab its feathers to stop yourself from falling off its back and, in so doing, drop your bow. You watch it spiral down to the ground, and now you can do no more than await the outcome of the battle about to commence (turn to 311).

200

Finding nothing that you think might destroy the Eye Stinger, you decide to rely on cold steel and draw your sword. Turn to 236.

201

Unknown to you, the gauntlet is cursed and will lessen your dexterity. Lose 1 SKILL point. Unaware of your disability, you walk on. Turn to 56.

202

As you walk along, you suddenly notice the pungent smell of herbs in the air. It grows stronger as you approach the end of the corridor, where there is a crescent-shaped pool. There is a brass plaque attached to the wall with strange symbols etched on it which read Ø⊼ ⅄⊼⊢ Ø← →⅄+ Will you:

Cast a Read Symbols spell (if you are able to)?	Turn to 37
Drink some of the herbal liquid?	Turn to 100
Bathe your wounds in the herbal liquid?	Turn to 269
Walk back down the corridor?	Turn to 364

203

'I'll show you who's clumsy!' snarls the short-tempered man as he smashes the flasks into your face. Lose 1 STAMINA point. If you wish to fight the man, turn to 45. If you would rather save your anger for Malbordus and make your way to your room, turn to 251.

204

The artefact looks harmless lying on the floor, but you suspect that destroying it will not be an easy matter. If you are carrying a war-hammer, turn to 9. If you do not have this weapon, turn to 193.

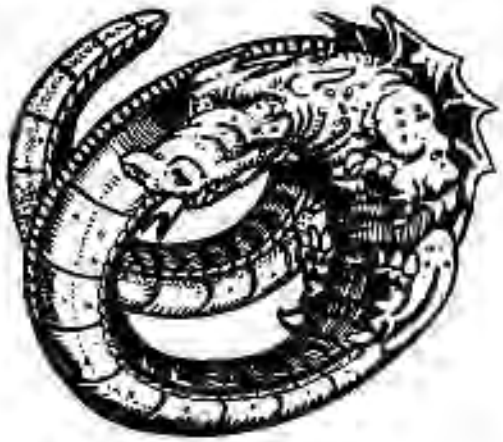

205

Before long, you reach the body of a man lying face down in the sand. There is no blood, or any other sign of him having been attacked, and yet he is dead, despite having a water canister which is only half empty. There is a look of agony on the dead man's face, as if he had witnessed something inexplicably terrible. There is nothing belonging to the man which is of any use to you, apart from the water canister. You place it in your backpack and head south again (turn to 303).

206

The door opens into a room which is filled with all kinds of implements of torture. The screaming is coming from a man who is hanging from the ceiling by his wrists, and the laughter is coming from his torturer, a hooded, bare-chested man who is holding a smoking branding iron. If you wish to help the unfortunate captive, turn to 328. If you would rather leave him at the mercy of the torturer, and continue up the corridor, turn to 66.

207

You suddenly stumble upon a large pile of rocks partly hidden by the wind-blown sand. If you wish to inspect the rocks, turn to 375. If you would rather walk past them, turn to 39.

208

As you utter the words of the spell (deduct 1 STAMINA point), the symbols begin to make sense. Too late you realize that it is a curse of bad luck, taken from a Mummy's tomb. Lose 4 LUCK points. Enraged, you chase after whoever threw the bottle at you. Turn to 77.

209

The key turns in the lock and you are able to open the door just as the ceiling reaches the height of the handle. You crawl through the small space and examine the room you find yourself in. Turn to 2.

210

There is no alternative but to try to force the door open with your sword. As you begin to hack at the lock, you become aware of a hissing sound coming from the other side of the door. Suddenly the door is pulled open and you are confronted by a strange, snake-like creature with a humanoid upper torso, which is protected by armour. A Serpent Guard is a vicious killer, and you are forced to draw your sword in an attempt to survive.

SERPENT GUARD	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 42.

211

Skeleton Men are fanatics, who always fight to the death. They will be difficult to defeat.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON MAN	9	6
Second SKELETON MAN	9	8

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to 53.

212

You find a small silver box inside the alcove which has a Dragon motif etched into the lid. Something inside rattles when you shake the box. If you wish to open the box, turn to 29. If you would rather replace the box in the alcove, walk back down the tunnel and turn right into the other branch, turn to 59.

213

After watching the crow fly back towards Yaztromo's tower, you follow the path to the jetty and walk confidently up to the first crewman you come to. You ask to talk to the captain. He eyes you suspiciously and after a long pause says, 'Follow me.' He leads you on to the barge and knocks hesitantly on one of the cabin doors. A gruff voice shouts, 'Enter!' The crewman opens the door and gestures at you to enter the cabin. You stride into the cabin and see a stocky man dressed in clothes that have seen better times. He asks you your business and you tell him that you wish to buy your passage to Port Blacksand. 'Anybody who would pay to get to the city of thieves must be either desperate or insane,' he says, laughing. 'It will cost you 5 Gold Pieces!' If you wish to pay the captain his asking price, turn to 67. If you wish to haggle, turn to 146.

214

After placing the coin in the slot, a panel in the door flaps up, revealing, much to your horror, the letter T scratched on its reverse side. The Messenger of Death has struck a blow. Lose 4 STAMINA points for the shock to your system. You curse the evil game and walk through the doorway. Turn to 268.

215

You utter the words of the spell (deduct 3 STAMINA points) and leap over the pit with ease. Landing gently on the far side, you set off along the corridor. Turn to 152.

216

The door opens into a storeroom which is filled with vases, urns, rugs, boxes, cushions and chests. As you walk in, the door slams shut behind you and a sinewy, horned beast with red skin suddenly climbs out of one of the urns and starts to spit fire at you. The Fiend is guardian of the storeroom and you must fight it.

FIEND	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8

In addition to its attack with claws and teeth, roll one die every Attack Round for its fiery breath. On a roll of 1 or 2, it burns you and causes an additional 1 point of damage to be subtracted from your STAMINA. On a roll of 3–6, you avoid the blast. If you win, turn to 233.

217

You take a long gulp of delicious water, savouring the brief moment when your mouth does not feel as dry as the desert sand all around you. The afternoon sun continues to beat down relentlessly, its intensity causing shimmering waves of heat to rise from the parched sand. You resist the temptation to finish off the water, and you press on (turn to 303).

218

In the pocket of one of the Rat Men, you find 3 Gold Pieces and a monkey's tail. In the far wall you see two arches and corridors running from them. If you walk through the left arch, turn to 315. If you walk through the right arch, turn to 139.

219

Leesha's facial expression changes suddenly from one of smug superiority to a look of horror. Invulnerable to ordinary weapons, her only weakness is being attacked with the jagged edge of a Giant Sandworm's tooth. On seeing your weapon, she flees from the temple through a door in the wall behind the couch. If you wish to open the chest lying beside the couch, turn to **265**. If you would rather run through the doorway after Leesha, turn to **137**.

220

When you wake up, you feel terribly weak. But the thought that Malbordus may now be ahead of you brings you to your feet. With grim determination, you stagger on south (turn to **70**).

221

You utter the words of the spell (deduct 2 STAMINA points), and the tunnel is immediately lit by magical light. You crawl on and see a crossbow attached to the wall further down the tunnel, with a tripwire two metres in front of it. You climb over the wire without triggering it, and squeeze past the mounted crossbow. The tunnel finally opens out into a dusty room lit by torches set in the wall. Turn to **43**.

222

The claws dig deep into your flesh and draw blood. The monkey's paw is cursed and will drain the spirit of all those except the Undead. Lose 2 SKILL points. You wrench the paw from your hand and drop it back in the pot. Will you:

Lift the lid of the white pot?	Turn to **14**
Lift the lid of the red pot?	Turn to **183**
Walk through the chamber to the archway in the far wall?	Turn to **20**

223

Yaztromo explains that his Light spell will illuminate any room, cavern or area, whether its darkness is natural or magical. He tells you the incantation necessary to cast the spell and says that the energy drained when casting it is not too much; only 2 STAMINA points are lost each time you use it. Return to 34 after writing down the spell and its STAMINA cost on your *Adventure Sheet*.

224

You utter the words of the Light spell (reducing your STAMINA by 2 points), but the spell does not work and the gloom is unbroken. Unknown to you, the golden rain drained all your magical powers. If you wish to descend further into the gloom, turn to 348. If you would rather climb back up the steps and open the other door, turn to 307.

225

You lunge at the Phantom, but your sword meets no resistance. Unaffected by normal weapons, the Phantom laughs at your pathetic attempts to slay it. It grabs your arm and you are instantly paralysed. Lose 4 STAMINA points. By the time the feeling has returned to your limbs, the Phantom is well out of sight. Walking stiffly along the tunnel, you continue your search. Turn to 190.

226

You step on to the black patch and pick up the bronze medallion. Although it feels cold to the touch, you see with horror that the flesh on your hand is burning. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 127. If you are Unlucky, turn to 323.

227

You stand against the wall, gripping your sword. A man in white robes enters the chamber carrying a golden chalice. He is wearing a white head-dress which is fastened by a golden clasp in the shape of a phoenix with its wings flat against his forehead. When the Priest sees the Slave Guard, he drops to his knees and presses his ear against the dead man's chest. Suddenly he looks up and sees you, and calls out in a loud voice, 'Barrabang Hinpo Garrabang.' Smoke rises from the golden chalice and forms into the shape of a fat humanoid. The Priest has summoned a Wind Elemental to kill you. The Elemental's cheeks puff up and the force of its exhalation sends you flying against the wall. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Your sword will not harm the Elemental and you must use something else to combat it before you are battered to death. If you can and wish to use a Fire spell, turn to 32. If you wish to use something from your backpack, turn to 115.

228

You do not even raise your sword against the Basilisk, for a single glance from its piercing eyes is enough to kill you.

229

The Priest instantly recognizes the tapestry and the significance of the Phoenix. He calls out a few words and the Wind Elemental recoils into the golden chalice. Realizing that you have the advantage, you tell the Priest that the Slave Guard was killed because he was planning to assassinate Leesha. Acknowledging your superiority, the Priest apologizes for his unwarranted attack, bows and walks back under the golden rain to leave the chamber. You waste no time and pull back the drapes to open the door. Turn to 336.

230

You swim furiously towards the man-of-war and wave your arms to attract attention. A rope is thrown down to you and you haul yourself on to the victor's ship. Much to your surprise, the crew are made up entirely of Dwarfs. The captain questions you and other members of the sunken *Belladonna*'s crew, who have also been brought aboard. You tell the captain that you are on an important mission which started at the Dwarf village of Stonebridge.

The captain eyes you suspiciously, accusing you of being no more than a desperate pirate. 'So you say you started your quest in Stonebridge,' says the captain. 'If that is the case, tell me who is their king.' If you reply that his name is Gallibrin, turn to 173. If you reply that his name is Gillibran, turn to 278.

231

You raise the war-hammer into the air and bring it crashing down on top of the Dragon. It rebounds off it, leaving the artefact completely unmarked. You have chosen the wrong Dragon to destroy. You feel suddenly very weak as an unseen evil force tries to protect the artefact. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. Which Dragon will you now attempt to destroy?

The Bone Dragon?	Turn to 362
The Crystal Dragon?	Turn to 9
The Gold Dragon?	Turn to 247
The Ebony Dragon?	Turn to 279

232

Uttering the words of the spell, you watch with amusement as the angry Lizard Man suddenly drops sound asleep on the floor. Reduce your STAMINA by 1 point for casting the spell, and then turn to 33.

233

There is no other way out of the room except by the way you entered. If you wish to search through the storeroom, turn to 64. If you would rather leave straight away and open the other door in the last room you entered, turn to 298.

234

You lap the glass ball on one of the rocks and watch it break open like an egg. The tiny Sprite flies out, rejoicing at the top of his almost inaudible high-pitched voice. He thanks you over and over again for releasing him from the entrapment spell. He sprinkles some sparkling dust on your head and says it will bring you good fortune. Add 1 LUCK point. He also advises you to make a headscarf out of the sack and cord to keep the sun off your head, as it is still a long way to Vatos. As you begin to tear open the sack, the Sprite waves and flies away. With your head and neck protected, you stride off south (turn to 39).

235

It is now far into the night, and the strenuous efforts of the day have left you feeling tired and thirsty. You find a bowl of water on one of the tables, which you empty down your throat in seconds. Too fatigued to go on, you lie down in the corner of the room on the soft, inviting cushions, in order to rest. If you let yourself fall asleep, turn to 267. If you stay awake, turn to 131.

236

Trying desperately to avoid the Eye Stinger's gaze, you cut blindly through the air with your sword. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 182. If you are Unlucky, turn to 299.

237

The corridor ends at an archway which is covered by a black curtain. There is a skull carved out of the stone above the archway. Despite its ominous appearance, you throw back the curtain and step through the archway. You enter a small chamber which appears to be the annexe of a larger chamber beyond the archway in the wall opposite. But your immediate concern is with the creatures who are standing guard on either side of the archway. They have human bodies and skeletal heads. Each wears a strange helmet in the shape of a Sphinx. In a rasping voice, one of the Skeleton Men confronts you, saying, 'Give good reason to intrude on the domain of Leesha, or die.' Both of them stride towards you with their spears pointed at you. Will you:

Cast a Creature Sleep spell (if you are able to)?	Turn to 371
Tell them that you have brought Leesha a Giant Sandworm's tooth (if you have one)?	Turn to 294
Attack them with your sword?	Turn to 211

238

You walk around the ship until you find Gargo. He tells you that one of his gunners was killed in a tavern brawl last night, and that you will have to take his place. Your job will be to load cannonballs during battle. You are taken below deck and shown your hammock. Soon the *Belladonna* sets sail and

you are pleased that at last you are heading south. In mid-afternoon there is a sudden shout from the crow's-nest, 'Ship on the starboard bow!' The ship is suddenly bustling with the crew running about their duties. The captain shouts his orders and everybody runs to their battle-stations. Wondering who the enemy might be, you take your place at your cannon. You hear the bad news that the enemy is a man-of-war and not a merchant ship. Noise suddenly erupts all around as the man-of-war's cannonballs smash into the *Belladonna*. The order is given to fire, but you realize that the *Belladonna* is no match for the battleship. In the course of the fierce battle, the *Belladonna* starts to sink and you fear for your life. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or greater than your SKILL, turn to 187. If the total is less than your SKILL, turn to 308.

239

The ceiling is lowering fast and you are on your hands and knees by the time the spell is cast (deduct 2 STAMINA points). The door suddenly bursts into flames and you hurl yourself through the hole that is made. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 90. If you are Unlucky, turn to 356.

240

When the Gnome sees your drawn sword, he taps his pole on the floor three times in quick succession. It transforms before your eyes into a hissing serpent which slithers along the floor towards you.

SERPENT	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you lose any Attack Rounds, turn to 373. If you win without losing any Attack Rounds, turn to 270.

241

You quickly pull the mask over your face, hoping to repel the Wind Elemental. But it has no effect at all, and you are blown back against the wall. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Will you try:

A Mirror?	Turn to 27
A Phoenix Tapestry?	Turn to 229
Neither of these?	Turn to 312

242

Seizing the Pterodactyl in its sharp talons, the eagle tears at its neck with its sharp curved beak. The Pterodactyl's death squawk grows fainter, as the huge flying reptile plummets to the ground like a stone. You cheer the valiant eagle as it continues to fly south. After flying over Whitewater River, the terrain becomes gradually more arid. When you at last reach the edge of the desert, the eagle flies down to land. It is dusk and the eagle does not intend to fly into the desert. You dismount and look around for a place to shelter, and opt for a hollow in the crusty

sand. You awake soon after dawn, but are disheartened to find that the eagle has flown off home. You stare out into the desert landscape and see nothing but barren sand. Wondering what fate will befall you in the wilderness, you start the long walk south. As the sun rises, it quickly becomes uncomfortably hot. By noon, your mouth is parched and your thirst is unbearable. If you are able to cast a Create Water spell, turn to 297. If you have not learned this spell, turn to 81.

243

The door opens into a narrow corridor which grows hotter as you proceed along it. You start to sweat profusely and realize that you can go no further. You turn to go back, but flames have started to shoot from the cracks between the stones in the walls and floor. You are trapped in the corridor of fire. The sign under the sun symbol read DOOM, and the warning came true. Your adventure ends here.

244

Hoping to find something that might be effective against the Phantom, you thrust your hand into your backpack. What will you throw at the Phantom:

A Pearl?	Turn to 185
A Silver Button?	Turn to 350
An Ivory Beetle Charm?	Turn to 317
None of these?	Turn to 260

245

Your sword cuts through the Shell Monster easily, but does not appear to harm it. It continues to lash you and you reel back under its constant barrage. Lose 4 STAMINA points. You realize that you cannot harm it. If you wish to run away, turn to 359. If you wish to run into the sea, turn to 51.

246

If you are able to cast a Detect Trap spell, turn to 388. If you do not know this spell, turn to 109.

247

You raise the war-hammer into the air and bring it crashing down on top of the Dragon. It rebounds off it, leaving the artefact completely unmarked. You have chosen the wrong Dragon to destroy. You suddenly feel very weak as an unseen evil force tries to protect the artefact. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. Which Dragon will you now attempt to destroy?

The Bone Dragon?	Turn to 362
The Silver Dragon?	Turn to 231
The Crystal Dragon?	Turn to 9
The Ebony Dragon?	Turn to 279

248

As you whisper the words of the Open Door spell, with your parched mouth, the door swings slowly inwards. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for casting the spell. You step through and find yourself in the middle of a deserted square. Turn to 111.

249

Walking along the corridor, you suddenly see movement in the shadows. A muscular figure wearing leather armour is striding towards you. The torch light bounces off two long knives which the figure is brandishing. As the light falls on its head, you see that its skin is green and pock-marked, and that it has red eyes, flared nostrils and a wide mouth with needle-like teeth. In a deep guttural voice it says, 'Malbordus will triumph, and you will die.' The Mutant Orc Assassin has been sent to slay you.

MUTANT ORC SKILL 11 STAMINA 11

Unless you are armed with a dagger in addition to your sword, you will be at a disadvantage against the trained killer with its two long knives. Reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points during each Attack Round. If you win, turn to 5.

250

You pass a doorway in the left-hand wall which has an ornately carved surrounding of hideous creatures being consumed by flames. If you wish to open the door, turn to 128. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 344.

251

To the jeers of the crowd, you make your way towards the stairs. Following the example of the burly man, the crowd pushes and jostles you until you reach your room. Once inside, you lock the door, but find to your horror that you have had your pockets picked during the commotion. All your remaining Gold Pieces have been stolen. Lose 2 LUCK points. You settle down to sleep, cursing your luck, and wake at dawn after a restless night. To make matters worse, you find that you are covered from head to toe with inflamed bites from bedbugs in your straw mattress, and you start to scratch madly. Wasting no more time in the inhospitable Black Lobster, you make your way down the jetty to the *Belladonna*, which you see is flying the skull and crossbones – the flag of a pirate ship! Walking cautiously up the gangplank, you step aboard the ship (turn to 238).

252

Fortunately it is not your sword-hand which is burnt. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You withdraw your hand quickly and decide what to do next. Will you:

Take the golden skeleton statuette?	Turn to 386
Open the golden casket?	Turn to 82
Leave the room by the door opposite?	Turn to 3

253

With its powerful stare, the Phantom paralyses you before making its escape down the tunnel. Lose 4 STAMINA points. By the time feeling has returned to your limbs, the Phantom is well out of sight. Walking stiffly along the tunnel, you continue your search. Turn to 190.

254

The arrow misses its target and the Pterodactyl closes in to attack (turn to 363).

255

You utter the words of the spell (losing the STAMINA point), but nothing happens. Unknown to you, the golden rain has drained away all your magical powers. Now you must decide which door to open. If you wish to open the Sun door, turn to 243. If you wish to open the Moon door, turn to 273.

256

The parchment is inscribed with strange symbols which you do not understand. If you are able to cast a Read Symbols spell, turn to 208. If you cannot cast this spell, turn to 147.

257

Quite unexpectedly, the wind starts to blow and the sky grows dark. The wind becomes a howling gale and whisks up the sand, making it almost impossible to see. You are stranded in the middle of a sand-storm. Lose 2 STAMINA points and *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 129. If you are Unlucky, turn to 385.

258

The Dark Disciple nearest to you spots your medallion and says, 'Step forward. It is an honour for you to be sacrificed. The gift of your life will certainly please Leesha.' The three of them raise their arms and start to chant, and you feel compelled to walk up to the altar and lie down on the marble slab. If you can and wish to cast a Creature Sleep spell, turn to 195. Otherwise, turn to 392.

259

You stand back and take a running jump over the pit. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 144. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 122.

260

Finding nothing that you think might destroy the Phantom, you reach for your trusty sword. Turn to 225.

261

As you step through the dust, your mind suddenly fills with horrific images. You scream in terror, as you think you see the whole room become engulfed in flames. Your flesh appears to be burning and death seems imminent. Your nightmare drags on for several minutes, and you fall unconscious under the strain. When you finally come to, you still feel terrified and your hands are trembling. Some of your courage is lost for ever. Lose 3 SKILL points. Not daring to venture any further in the room, you exit by the iron door. Back in the corridor, you stagger towards the dancing lights. Turn to 339.

262

The corridor eventually opens into a dingy room in which two Rat Men are busily chewing on the carcass of a Goblin. On seeing you, they spring to their feet and attack you with their swords.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAT MAN	5	4
Second RAT MAN	5	5

If you win, turn to 218.

263

The corridor runs straight, and you follow it until you reach a magnificent chair set against the left-hand wall, carved in the shape of a Sphinx. If you wish to rest in the chair, turn to 55. If you would rather press on, turn to 202.

264

Yaztromo explains that his Fire spell can be used to either make a defensive wall around the caster, or simply to ignite a torch or lantern with your fingertips. He tells you the incantation necessary to cast the spell, and says that the energy lost when casting the spell will vary according to the intensity of fire required, but will use either 1 or 2 STAMINA points each time. After noting down the spell and its STAMINA cost on your *Adventure Sheet*, return to 34.

265

You lift the lid of the chest and close your eyes as quickly as you can. But you have already seen the letter D written in gold dust on the bottom of the chest. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you have seen all the letters D, E, A, T and H, turn to 148. If you have not seen all of them, turn to 304.

266

The tentacles carry the two main nerves of the Sand Snapper, which cannot function any longer. Its hideous maw falls open and you are able to withdraw your badly cut leg. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. After bandaging your leg with strips of torn shirt, you limp off south (turn to 106).

267

You awake with a start when you hear a deep humming coming from the corridor on the other side of the golden rain. The sleep has refreshed you, and you jump up feeling alert. Add 2 STAMINA points. There is a door behind the drapes, but it is locked and there is no time to open it. If you wish to hide behind the drapes, turn to 44. If you wish to confront whoever is coming into the chamber, turn to 227.

268

Although light shines through the open door, you can see nothing beyond the doorway. If you can and wish to cast a Light spell, turn to 383. If you wish to step slowly into total darkness, turn to 326.

269

As the liquid washes over your wounds, they heal before your eyes. But although the magical healing properties of the herbal liquid are strong, its recuperative powers are quite weak. Thus your STAMINA is increased by only 4 points. Nevertheless, you are pleased to be healed, and walk back down the corridor feeling confident. Turn to 364.

270

The Gnome shrieks in terror when his serpent protector is slain. In a frantic voice he begs you not to harm him. If you talk to him, turn to 83. If you slay him, turn to 61.

271

There is a solid oak door at the top of the steps. You turn the handle and are surprised to find that it is not locked. You are even more surprised that the door opens out beyond the city wall into the Desert of Skulls. The bright sunlight hurts your eyes after the gloom of the dungeon catacombs. You look down at the sand and see footsteps leading away from the door around the city wall. If you wish to follow the footsteps, turn to 394. If you would rather walk back down the steps and head the opposite way along the corridor, turn to 358.

272

On the third day you finally sight land, and the current carries you towards the shore. Fortunately, you are washed up on a sandy beach, but you realize that you have drifted a long way south. It is hot, and your mouth is parched. All you can see is sand, and the desert landscape stretches as far as the horizon. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 78. If you are Unlucky, turn to 352.

273

The door opens into a narrow sloping corridor which leads into another chamber. The walls are covered with hieroglyphics, and there are three clay pots standing on top of a stone table. Will you:

Lift the lid of the white pot?	Turn to 14
Lift the lid of the black pot?	Turn to 156
Lift the lid of the red pot?	Turn to 183
Walk through the chamber to the archway in the far wall?	Turn to 20

274

Two figures come into sight – a chill runs down your spine. With armour hanging loosely on their yellow bones, two Skeleton Warriors walk jerkily towards you, armed with swords.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON WARRIOR	7	5
Second SKELETON WARRIOR	6	6

Both Skeletons attack you at once. They will make a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight each time. Attack your chosen Skeleton as in a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater; you must just count this as though you have defended yourself against its blow. Of course, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will wound you. If you win, turn to 310.

275

You become slightly delirious in the desert heat, because of mild sunstroke. Lose 1 SKILL point. Nevertheless, you press steadily on south (turn to 164).

276

You place the key inside the lock and turn it to the right. The lock clicks open and you are able to push the door inwards. Turn to 88.

277

Nothing happens when you put the ring on your finger, and you decide to leave it on. Will you:

Lift the lid of the black pot?	Turn to 156
Lift the lid of the red pot?	Turn to 183
Walk through the chamber to the archway in the far wall?	Turn to 20

278

The captain laughs and says, 'Stranger, you are telling the truth, but I fear you have a lot of explaining to do.' That evening, over dinner, you tell the captain and his crew about your mission and its importance. Obviously concerned with the impending doom about to befall the good people of Allansia, the captain offers to sail south to the Desert of Skulls. Two days later the man-of-war drops anchor and you are rowed ashore to a white sandy beach. With your Provisions restored to provide for ten meals, courtesy of the ship's cook, you wave goodbye and set off on foot. All you can see is sand, and the desert landscape stretches as far as the horizon. If you wish to walk east inland, turn to 327. If you would rather walk south along the coast, turn to 151.

279

You raise the war-hammer into the air and bring it crashing down on top of the Dragon. It rebounds off it, leaving the artefact completely unmarked. You have chosen the wrong Dragon to destroy. You

feel suddenly very weak as an unseen evil force tries to protect the artefact. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. Which Dragon will you now attempt to destroy?

The Bone Dragon?	Turn to 362
The Silver Dragon?	Turn to 231
The Crystal Dragon?	Turn to 9
The Gold Dragon?	Turn to 247

280

Despite the Phantom's powerful stare, you keep control of your mind. With its arms outstretched, the Phantom closes in to touch you, in order to intensify its power. If you wish to fight the Phantom with your sword, turn to 225. If you would rather rummage quickly through your backpack for an item to use against it, turn to 244.

281

You cup your hands together and say the words of the Create Water spell. Water immediately fills your hands, and you drink long and hard. Only when you separate your hands does the water stop flowing. Feeling refreshed, you set off in the direction of the noonday sun (turn to 116).

282

You swing your sword towards Leesha, but it meets an invisible barrier. Her sadistic laugh echoes around the temple and you find yourself riveted to the spot. Unable to move a muscle, you see a door open in the wall behind the couch and a man walk into the temple. His face is a manifestation of evil and the sickening truth dawns on you that it is Malbordus. His bony fingers search through your belongings, taking what Dragon artefacts you have. He then bows to Leesha and exits through the same door, leaving you to your fate. There is nothing you can do now to save the people of Allansia. Malbordus will fly back to Darkwood Forest with his Dragons, and chaos will consume the land. You have failed in your mission.

283

Inside the wooden box you find a mirror and a sealed clay pot. You place the mirror in your backpack and decide what to do with the clay pot. If you wish to break it open, turn to 50. If you would rather leave it inside the box, and continue your trek, turn to 70.

284

The Dark Disciples believe your story, but say that they cannot allow you to take the gift to Leesha herself. They say they will take it to her on your behalf. Deduct one item from your Equipment List. As they begin to argue about which of them should take the gift to Leesha, you slip past them and walk towards the archway in the wall behind the altar. Turn to 341.

285

Although the scrubland is quite barren, you are surprised to see a patch of ground which is totally black. There is a smell of decay in the air, which appears to be coming from the black patch. Holding your nose, you walk over to inspect the patch and see that there is a bronze medallion lying in its centre with the letter M etched deeply into it. Could the medallion have been dropped accidentally by Malbordus? If you wish to pick up the medallion, turn to 226. If you would rather leave it where it is lying and walk on south, turn to 159.

286

The chair starts to vibrate slightly and you get ready to jump off it. But you feel a tingling sensation run through your body, which is very soothing. After five minutes of this gentle vibration, you reluctantly leave the chair. The invigorating effect adds 4 points to your STAMINA. With bounding strides you set off once more. Turn to 202.

287

You prise open the chest and find a polished iron helmet inside. If you wish to place the helmet on your head, turn to 97. If you would rather leave it and walk south along the corridor, turn to 140.

288

A man's head suddenly appears from the pit, his face a manifestation of evil. The ground below him rises up slowly until his feet are level with the floor of the room. He walks slowly towards you, saying, 'Give me the Dragons I seek.' You shrink back, uncertain of what terrible powers Malbordus might possess. He suddenly claps his hands together and a deafening thunderbolt shatters the silence of the room. Cracks appear in the floor and walls, and the pain in your ears is unbearable. If you are wearing a copper ring, turn to 334. If you are not wearing a copper ring, turn to 351.

289

Although the heat is insufferable, your headscarf protects you from sunstroke, and you press resolutely on south (turn to 164).

290

You seize the silver rod and, to your immense relief, the ceiling stops its descent. You wonder how to open the door opposite the one through which you entered. If you have a crystal key or are able to cast an Open Door spell, turn to 178. If you do not possess a crystal key and are unable to cast the spell, turn to 366.

291

As you walk through the shadow cast by the huge idol, it suddenly starts to move. Its stone joints grind and creak as it steps off its pedestal. The Stone Golem lumbers towards you with its war-hammer raised.

STONE GOLEM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

If you manage to defeat the Golem, turn to 172.

292

You manage to pull your hand out of the pot before the claws can dig into your skin. You slam the lid back on the pot, and decide what to do. Will you:

Lift the lid of the white pot?	Turn to 14
Lift the lid of the red pot?	Turn to 183
Walk through the chamber to the archway in the far wall?	Turn to 20

293

The scene of the battle gradually fades from view as you drift away, clinging to the masthead. You drift for two days and become very weak. Roll two dice and deduct the total from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 272.

294

The nearest Skeleton Man extends his free hand and tells you to give him the tooth. If you wish to give it to him, turn to 346. If you decide not to trust the Skeleton Men and would rather fight them, turn to 211.

295

As you reach up to prise the grille from the wall, you notice that it has been tampered with. Two of the vertical bars and the joining horizontal bar have been highlighted with white chalk to form a distinctive letter H in the centre of the grille. The Messenger of Death has struck. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. You reach up into the recess behind the grille, but find that it is merely an air-vent. Cursing your bad luck, you walk on. Turn to 157.

296

If you wish to reply that you do like the artist's work, turn to 181. If you wish to reply that you do not like it at all, turn to 105.

297

You cup your hands together and say the words of the Create Water spell. Water suddenly fills your hands, and you gulp it down in long, delicious mouthfuls. The afternoon sun continues to beat down relentlessly, its intensity causing shimmering waves of heat to rise from the parched sand. When you have finally drunk your fill, you separate your hands to stop the flow of water and press on across the desert (turn to 24).

298

The door opens into a room which is completely empty. There is a mosaic floor which has an abstract pattern, except for the area in front of the door in the opposite wall, where there is the head of Medusa. On the door there is a small box with a slot on its top. You walk up to the door, turn the handle and find that it is unlocked. If you wish to put a Gold Piece into the box before stepping through the doorway, turn to 214. If you would rather walk through without making a donation, turn to 268.

299

The Eye Stinger floats over your thrusting sword and brushes your face with its deadly spines. All your muscles suddenly tighten as its petrifying poison races through your veins. Later that day the Serpent Guards will take you away to join the other gargoyles on top of the city walls. Your adventure ends here.

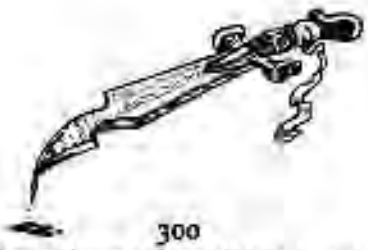

300

'Well done,' continues the talking head. 'You have answered correctly.' Red smoke starts to pour from its mouth and swirl around your face. When it finally drifts away, the bronze head is still and silent. You are left feeling powerful and as though destiny is with you. Add 2 SKILL points and 2 LUCK points. With renewed enthusiasm, you walk out of the room and up the corridor. Turn to 17.

301

Yaztromo explains that his Jump spell will enable you to jump over walls or across pits at will. He tells you the incantation necessary to cast the spell and says that the energy required to use the spell drains 3 STAMINA points each time it is used. After noting down the spell and its STAMINA cost on your *Adventure Sheet*, return to 34.

302

The carving is very intricate and must have taken months to complete. You look at the buildings and suddenly notice that there is a hairline crack running at roof-level. You find that one of the roofs lifts up and the inside of the building has been hollowed out. Your luck is in, for inside the building is a small Dragon carved out of ebony. Add 1 LUCK point for discovering a Dragon artefact. You smile to yourself and slip it into your pocket before opening the door in the wall opposite. Turn to 93.

303

Half an hour later, you see a low brown tent which you recognize as the type used by desert nomads. A horse is tethered to one of the tent-pegs. If you wish to make contact with the nomad, turn to 196. If you would rather head south to avoid the nomad, turn to 389.

304

You curse the Messenger of Death, but sense that you have survived its evil game. With a sudden rush of determination, you run through the doorway after Leesha. Turn to 137.

305

Up ahead in the sky, you see something flying towards you. As it gets closer, you see that it is a creature with the body of a large bird of prey, but the upper torso of a woman. It begins to emit a piercing shriek, which you instantly recognize. You frantically plug your ears with cloth that you rip from your shirt, so as not to hear the mesmerizing call of the dreaded Harpy. If you can and wish to cast a Magic Arrow spell, turn to 184. Otherwise you must fight the Harpy with your sword (turn to 75).

306

You roll the dying man over and see that he has not long to live. Being a valiant warrior, he wanted to keep fighting to the end. You ask him why he is here, for he clearly looks like an outsider. In an almost inaudible whisper he replies, 'The golden skeleton . . . it's here somewhere . . . beware the shadow of the stone . . .' Then he falls silent and still. You place his sword in his hand, as he would have wanted, and continue along the corridor. It soon turns right again and you reach an iron door in the right-hand wall. In the distance you can see glowing lights dancing about in the gloom of the corridor. If you wish to open the iron door, turn to 153. If you wish to investigate the moving lights, turn to 339.

307

The door opens and you walk into a room filled with treasure. There are chalices, statuettes, chests filled with gems, caskets and hundreds of fabulous artefacts. Will you:

Help yourself to some of the gems?	Turn to 143
Take the golden skeleton statuette?	Turn to 386
Open the golden casket?	Turn to 82
Leave the room by the door opposite?	Turn to 3

308

As the ship starts to sink, all the cannon crew run towards the wooden steps that lead to the upper deck. You are one of the first to reach the steps and manage to get on deck just as the ship goes underwater. If you wish to grab a piece of the masthead and drift away from the man-of-war, turn to 293. If you wish to swim towards the man-of-war, turn to 230.

309

As you sling your backpack off your shoulders, another bolt of light shoots out from the rod. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 145. If you are Unlucky, turn to 121.

310

You take a shield from one of the broken Skeletons and sling it over your arm. Add 1 SKILL point. The corridor finally ends at a wooden door which is firmly locked. If you can and wish to cast an Open Door spell, turn to 114. If you have an iron key, turn to 276. If you have no means of opening the door, turn to 399.

311

You draw your sword and try to help the eagle in its desperate fight. But the Pterodactyl stays out of reach and you are unable to influence the outcome of the bloody battle of beaks and talons. Resolve the battle between the eagle and the Pterodactyl.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GIANT EAGLE	6	11
PTERODACTYL	7	9

If the eagle wins the aerial battle, turn to 242. If the Pterodactyl wins, turn to 48.

312

With no defence against the relentless battering from the Wind Elemental, you are beaten to a bloody pulp. Your adventure ends here.

313

You suddenly remember that a single glance from the piercing eyes of the Basilisk is enough to kill you. If you possess a mirror, turn to 357. If you do not possess a mirror and are able to cast a Fire spell, turn to 189. If you are unable to do either, turn to 134.

314

You push on the iron door and it swings slowly inwards. You enter a cold room with a high vaulted ceiling. The room is featureless, and Leesha is nowhere to be seen. There is, however, a circular pit in the middle of the room. Sensing that time is short, you decide to check your possessions. If you have collected five Dragon artefacts, turn to 35. If you have not found all five of the Dragon artefacts, turn to 160.

315

You soon arrive at a T-junction. Looking right you see that the floor is covered with broken glass, and so you turn left into the new corridor. Turn to 49.

316

You soon discover that the smoke is rising from the burning roof of a wooden hut. Two Dark Elves in their familiar black, hooded cloaks are firing flaming arrows at the hut. Suddenly a man appears at the door, forced out by the choking smoke. Armed with a sword and a shield, you watch him run towards his attackers. Before you can help, he is cut down by two arrows. The Dark Elves step out from behind cover and walk towards their dead victim. If you wish to attack the Dark Elves, turn to 113. If you would rather not get involved and head south, turn to 285.

317

The Phantom snatches the charm out of the air and crushes it into dust. Laughing at your pathetic attempt to destroy it, the Phantom grabs your arm with its free hand and you are instantly paralysed. Lose 4 STAMINA points. By the time feeling has returned to your limbs, the Phantom is well out of sight. Walking stiffly along the tunnel, you continue your search. Turn to 190.

318

As soon as you touch the monkey's paw, its fingers twitch and with a will of its own, it tries to grasp your hand. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 292. If you are Unlucky, turn to 222.

319

You toss the Pearl at the large eye of the vile creature, but it merely bounces off and falls down a crack in the stone floor. In haste, you draw your sword. Turn to 236.

320

The corridor ends at a flight of steps. If you wish to climb up the steps, turn to 271. If you would rather walk back and head the opposite way along the corridor, turn to 358.

321

You tell the Gnome that you do not own a telescope. Disappointed by your reply, he rubs his chin and says, 'Well, you see, I really like brass, so if you have anything made of brass, I'll gladly give you a magical armband that will give strength to your sword-arm in battle.' If you own a brass handbell and wish to trade it, turn to 69. Otherwise you will not be able to barter with the Gnome and will have to climb down the ladder and walk back down the corridor past the last junction. Turn to 262.

322

After uttering the spell (deduct 2 STAMINA points), you hear the lock click open. Holding on to the hilt of your sword, you open the door. Turn to 98.

323

You drop the burning medallion on to the sand and see a large and painful letter M branded on to the palm of your hand. Unfortunately it is your sword-hand. Lose 2 SKILL points and 1 STAMINA point. Realizing that Malbordus must be ahead of you, you continue south as quickly as possible (turn to 159).

324

The artefact looks harmless lying on the floor, but you suspect that destroying it will not be an easy matter. If you are carrying a war-hammer, turn to 279. If you do not have this weapon, turn to 193.

325

Luckily you find toe-holds and hand-holds which have been hacked out of the pit wall, and you are able to climb painfully out. Not daring to rest, you press on down the corridor. Turn to 152.

326

Your hands touch rough stone on either side of you, and you realize that you are in a corridor. Your heart thumps as you make your way slowly down the corridor. But what you are unable to see is a sharp blade which is set between the walls, less than a metre from the ground. It cuts painfully into your shin, and as you feel the blood start to run down your leg, you start to panic. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. Eager to escape from the black corridor, you run along it, bumping into a door at the far end. Turn to 79.

327

As you walk steadily east, you are suddenly aware of a buzzing sound overhead. You look up and see three giant wasp-like insects hovering above your head. Suddenly one of the three Needle Flies dives down at you. If you wish to cast a Magic Arrow spell, turn to 118. If you wish to fight the giant insects with your sword, turn to 28.

328

The man hears you close the door and advances towards you to attack you with his branding iron.

TORTURER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 141.

329

Poking your head through the hole in the ceiling, you see a small, cluttered room lit by a single candle resting on top of a table. Crouched in a corner of the room is a sinewy little man wearing ragged sackcloth. On seeing you, he snatches a wooden pole off the floor. Will you:

Talk to him?	Turn to 83
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to 240
Climb down the ladder and walk back past the junction?	Turn to 262

330

The corridor ends at a T-junction; patterned drapes hang down from ceiling to floor on the far wall. Will you:

Pull back the drapes?	Turn to 170
Turn left along the corridor?	Turn to 335
Turn right along the corridor?	Turn to 162

331

You run forward to stab the Night Horror with the long tooth, but it is broken into tiny pieces by another bolt from the rod. You have no choice but to attack it with your sword. Turn to 85.

332

The old man hobbles ahead of you along the street and stops in front of a dilapidated house. He knocks loudly on the door three times with his stick. Suddenly the door flies open and two rough-looking men run out brandishing cudgels. You hardly have time to draw your sword before being set upon by the robbers. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ROBBER	8	7
Second ROBBER	7	7

If you win, turn to 89.

333

As you walk along the corridor, you suddenly become aware of the sound of footsteps marching towards you. If you wish to see who is coming down the corridor, turn to 274. If you would rather turn back and hurry down the corridor straight past the last junction, turn to 250.

334

The ring you found in the pot is a ring of protection. The pain in your ears quickly fades away and you are able to draw your faithful sword to fight a last desperate battle. Turn to 380.

335

The bare corridor turns sharply right. After ten metres you see an alcove in the left-hand wall. A trickle of water drips from a bronze cherub's mouth into a bowl at its feet. If you wish to drink the water, turn to 4. If you would rather continue walking along the corridor, turn to 370.

336

If you wish to cast an Open Door spell, turn to 369. If you wish to hack the lock open with your sword, turn to 68.

337

If the birds had been any lower in the sky, you would have recognized them as vultures. Waiting for another victim to fall dead by the side of the poisoned water-hole, they circle watchfully in the sky. Once again their patience has been rewarded.

338

Your sword-hand is badly burnt and some of your dexterity in combat will be lost. Lose 1 STAMINA point and 2 SKILL points. You withdraw your hand quickly and decide what to do next. Will you:

Take the golden skeleton statuette?	Turn to 386
Open the golden casket?	Turn to 82
Leave the room by the door opposite?	Turn to 3

339

As you move closer to the glowing lights, you realize that they are starting to move towards you. Three giant bugs with wings buzz loudly and close in to attack. Fight the Giant Fireflies one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT FIREFLY	5	4
Second GIANT FIREFLY	5	5
Third GIANT FIREFLY	4	6

Each time a Firefly wins an Attack Round, roll one die. If the number rolled is 1, 2 or 3, the Firefly will discharge electricity and you will lose an additional 2 STAMINA points. If the number rolled is 4, 5 or 6, the Firefly will not discharge electricity. If you win, turn to 38.

340

Running along the corridor, you see an iron grille high up in the right-hand wall. If you wish to prise it open with your sword, turn to 295. If you would rather walk on, turn to 157.

341

The archway has an elaborate surround of carved stone. You look through the archway into a corridor and see what looks like a shimmering gold curtain at the far end. Mounted along the walls are swords gripped by stone hands. Holding your sword tightly, you step warily along the corridor. As soon as you reach the first sword, its stone arm jerks into life and attacks you, while the other three cut through the air, awaiting their turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SWORD	6	4
Second SWORD	6	4
Third SWORD	6	4
Fourth SWORD	6	4

If you win, turn to 191.

342

Yaztromo explains that his Detect Trap spell will forewarn you of any dangerous trap which might be laid before you, although you will still have to overcome the problem using your own initiative. He tells you the incantation necessary to cast the spell and says that each time you use it, you will drain 2 STAMINA points of energy. After noting down the spell and its STAMINA cost on your *Adventure Sheet*, return to 34.

343

There is a sudden blinding flash as the rod backfires and shoots out an arc of light into your stomach. Lose 2 SKILL points and 4 STAMINA points. If you survive the blast, turn to 169.

344

The corridor turns right, and around the corner you see a man lying face down on the stone floor. He is wearing bloodstained armour, and his sword lies a metre away. He grunts on hearing your footsteps, and tries to reach for his sword. Will you:

Run him through with your sword?	Turn to 101
Kick his sword away and try to talk to him?	Turn to 306
Step over him and walk on?	Turn to 80

345

You cup your hands together and chant the spell. Water fills your hands and you gulp it down. When you have drunk all you want, you separate your hands and press on south. Turn to 377.

346

The Skeleton Man takes the tooth and suddenly hurls it to the floor, smashing it into tiny pieces. Their expressionless faces seem somehow relieved, and you wonder what mistake you have made. With their spears at the ready, they advance towards you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON MAN	9	6
Second SKELETON MAN	9	8

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to 96.

347

The tunnel eventually comes to a dead end. A solitary candle burns in an alcove and you see something glistening behind it. If you wish to reach into the alcove, turn to 212. If you would rather go back down the corridor and turn right along the other branch of the tunnel, turn to 59.

348

You reach the bottom of the staircase and step warily along the floor with your arms stretched out in front of you. Suddenly you hear a plopping noise which sounds like a dollop of mud dropping on to the floor. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 57. If you are Unlucky, turn to 176.

349

After untying the cord, you slowly pull open the cotton sack. Inside you find a glass ball, inside which a tiny man with pointed ears and wings, wearing a pea-green costume, is jumping up and down in a joyous frenzy. You cannot hear his voice through the glass, but you realize that the Sprite wants to escape. If you wish to release the Sprite, turn to 234. If you would rather leave the Sprite in his glass prison and continue south, turn to 39.

350

The Phantom cringes on seeing the silver and tries to run away. But your aim is true and the silver button finds its mark. The Phantom drops to the floor and within seconds is no more than dust spread among the folds of its cloak. Add 1 LUCK point. With renewed spirit, you set off down the tunnel. Turn to 190.

351

You cover your ears, but you cannot stop the pain. You reel about, completely disorientated, and unable to keep your balance. Lose 3 SKILL points. Despite your disadvantage, you draw your faithful sword to fight a last desperate battle. Turn to 103.

352

Walking along the beach, you find a cluster of palm trees, but no coconuts are growing on them. You look around and decide which way to head. If you wish to walk east inland, turn to 327. If you would rather walk south along the coast, turn to 151.

353

You follow the corridor until it turns sharply left. On turning the corner, you see that the floor is covered with broken glass. As you pick your way through the glass, a shadowy figure suddenly appears in the corridor ahead. You hear a shriek of laughter as a bottle is hurled at you. It shatters on the stone floor at your feet to reveal a piece of rolled-up parchment lying among the broken glass. If you wish to read what is on the parchment, turn to 256. If you would rather chase after whoever threw the bottle at you, turn to 77.

354

Although the golden rain feels wet on your skin, you remain completely dry. You step into a luxurious chamber whose walls are decorated with frescos and paintings. The floor is made of polished marble, and on it stand several low tables; cushions are scattered around the shining floor. A huge bare-chested man with a bald head, clad in baggy silk pants, is standing with his feet apart at the far end of the room. His hands are resting on the hilt of a curved sword. On seeing you, he immediately strides forward to attack. He is a Slave Guard of the outer temple.

SLAVE GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **235**.

355

Without a supply of vital water, you grow steadily weaker; lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. You grit your teeth and stagger on in the direction of the noonday sun (turn to **116**).

356

Your frenzied dive through the doorway is not quick enough to prevent your lower torso from being crushed by the stone ceiling. There is a sickening crunch of bone as the ceiling meets the floor. Your adventure ends here.

357

With your eyes shut, you hold out the mirror at arm's length. You have discovered its only weakness: the Basilisk perishes by the strength of its own reflection. Hardly daring to look at the dead Basilisk, you hurry on south as fast as you can (turn to 108.

358

You come across a bowl on a marble column. The bowl is filled with grapes which look fresh and juicy. If you wish to eat the grapes, turn to 112. If you would rather continue without eating, turn to 237.

359

You run away from the beach as fast as you can, but are unable to escape from the Shell Monster. You fall over in the sand and wave after wave of flying shells lash your body. Slowly you lose consciousness and your adventure ends on the edge of the Desert of Skulls.

360

The chair suddenly heats up and you find yourself sitting on stone which feels near-molten in temperature. Roll one die and deduct the total from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you leap out of the chair and stagger on down the corridor. Turn to 202.

361

As soon as you reveal the Onyx Egg, the Eye Stinger becomes motionless and closes its central eye. You seize your opportunity and run past the Eye Stinger, holding up the Onyx Egg to protect you. Turn to 340.

362

You raise the war-hammer into the air and bring it crashing down on top of the Bone Dragon. The artefact splinters into tiny fragments and you allow yourself a smile of satisfaction. You raise the war-hammer a second time, but suddenly hear the sound of thunder coming from the depths of the pit. Turn to 288.

363

You draw your sword and try to cut down the eagle's fearsome attacker. But the Pterodactyl stays out of your reach and you are unable to help in the battle between the two flying creatures. Resolve the battle between the eagle and the Pterodactyl.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GIANT EAGLE	6	11
PTERODACTYL	8	9

If the eagle wins the aerial battle, turn to 242. If the Pterodactyl wins, turn to 48.

364

Passing by the Sphinx chair and the tapestries, you walk straight on past the junction in the corridor to look at the murals. Turn to 161.

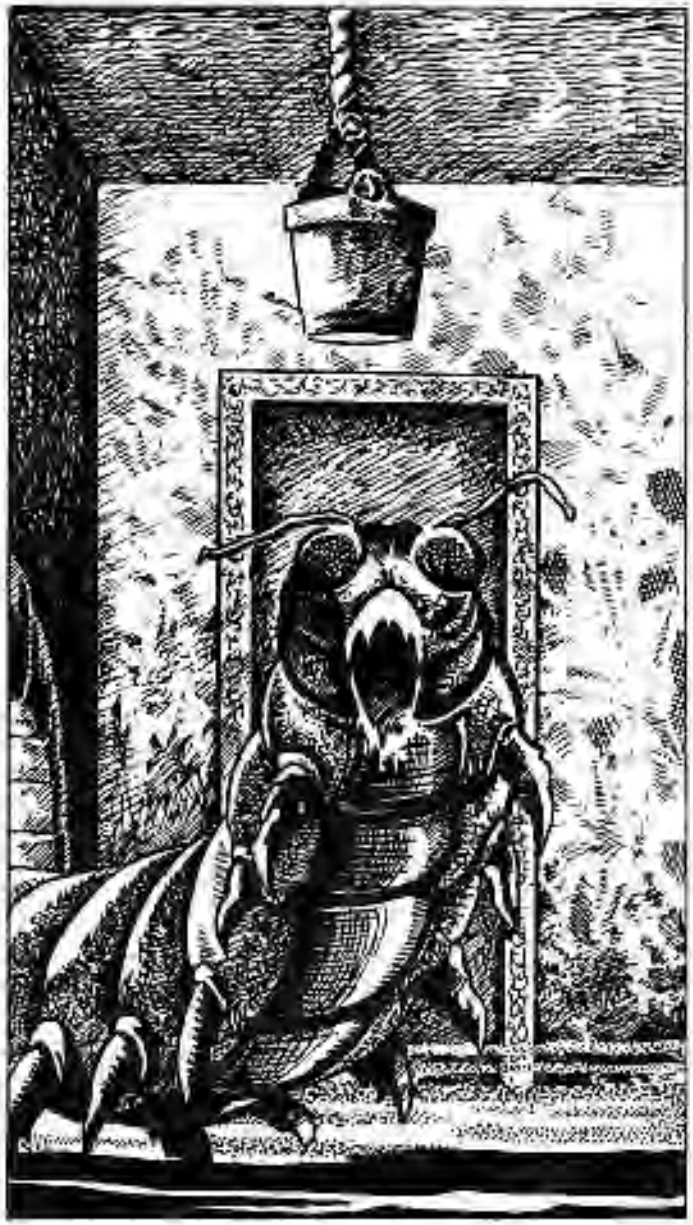

365

You enter a dust-filled room, which has dried blood smeared all over its walls. There is a bucket hanging down from the ceiling on a rope just above your head. In the wall opposite you there is another door, and in the wall to the left there is a low arch from which you can hear the sound of scratching. A huge, black insect's head suddenly appears out of the dark hole, followed by a long and many-legged body. The Giant Centipede rushes from its lair to bite you.

GIANT CENTIPEDE SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 393.

366

You examine the silver rod, hoping to find out how it can be activated to fire a bolt of light. You notice two tiny raised circles on the surface of the rod, and realize that one must be its firing-button. You point the rod at the door and decide which circle to press. If you press the circle on the left of the rod, turn to 343. If you press the circle on the right, turn to 167.

367

Yaztromo explains that his Create Water spell will fill your hands with drinking water each time you cup them together. He tells you the incantation necessary to cast the spell and says that, curiously, this spell requires no energy at all to cast. After noting down the spell on your *Adventure Sheet*, return to 34.

368

The crossbow bolt sinks deep into your throat. You gasp for air, but your frantic efforts are useless. Your adventure ends here.

369

You utter the words of the spell (reducing your STAMINA by 2 points), but nothing happens. Unknown to you, the golden rain has drained away all your magic powers. Lose 1 LUCK point. You have no choice but to hack the lock open with your sword. Turn to 68.

370

The corridor turns sharply to the right again and soon you arrive at another T-junction. The corridor is bare and uninteresting straight ahead, so you decide to turn left. Turn to 46.

371

You utter the words of the spell (lose 1 STAMINA point), but nothing happens. Unknown to you, the golden rain has drained away all your magical powers. The nearest Skeleton Man lunges at you with his spear and you have no option but to fight. Turn to 211.

372

You cup your hands together and chant the Create Water spell. Water suddenly fills your hands and you gulp it down in long, delicious mouthfuls. The afternoon sun continues to beat relentlessly down,

its intensity causing shimmering waves of heat to rise from the parched sand. You separate your hands to halt the flow of water, and you press on across the desert (turn to 303).

373

The serpent's poison is deadly. It only takes one bite to end your life. Your eyes close for the last time as the serpent stiffens to become a snake staff again.

374

The chanting seems to grow louder, and you cannot stop yourself from slowly walking towards the altar. You lie down on the cool marble top and are aware of the Dark Disciples surrounding you. You hear one of them say that it is midnight and then you are dimly aware of another pulling a dagger from his belt. Your last vision is of the dagger plunging into your chest. Your adventure ends here.

375

As you pull away the rock, a scorpion runs out from the shadow of its dark crevice and stings you on the back on the hand. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 155.

376

The corridor bends to the right, and you follow it round until you arrive outside a closed door. You can hear agonized cries and a sadistic chuckle coming from inside the room. If you wish to turn the handle and push the door open, turn to **206**. If you would rather ignore the cries and keep on walking, turn to **66**.

377

Walking steadily south, you are unaware of the unseen danger in front of you. Your right foot sinks into the sand and you feel a sharp pain as something begins to tear at the flesh on your leg. You stab your sword into the sand as a Sand Snapper tries to overcome you. It shudders, and the sand is shaken off its brown body to reveal its gaping maw, crammed with cutting teeth. It is impossible to penetrate the thick scales covering its hide. Some of the scales are suddenly pushed apart by two long tentacles which try to grab you and pull you into the Sand Snapper's mouth. Ignoring the pain in your leg, you begin to hack at the tough tentacles.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TENTACLE	7	7
Second TENTACLE	7	7

If either of the two tentacles wins two consecutive Attack Rounds during the combat, turn to **149**. If you manage to cut off both tentacles, turn to **266**.

378

You peer into the gloom of the Death Dog's lair and see that a dark tunnel stretches into the distance. If you wish to crawl down the tunnel, turn to 95. If you would rather leave the room and continue walking up the corridor, turn to 344.

379

Looking up, you see a road sign indicating that you are in Clog Street. You walk down it all the way until it ends at a T-junction where it meets Harbour Street, which runs parallel to the shore. You look out to sea and watch the setting sun sink slowly beneath the horizon. Darkness envelops you and you wonder where to go next. At the end of the street to your left there are lights shining in windows, and you can just hear the sound of singing and laughter. You decide to head towards the lights and soon find yourself outside the Black Lobster tavern. You walk through the doorway into a smoke-filled room where seedy-looking characters sit at crowded tables, laughing, joking and singing. You walk straight up to the barman and ask if he has a room for rent. Luckily there is one available. You pay him 1 Gold Piece for the room and ask if he knows of any ships which may be sailing south the next morning. 'I might do,' he replies somewhat cagily, 'but information does not come free in Port Blacksand. Another Gold Piece and I'll introduce you to the ship's mate.' Once again you reach into your pocket and pay the barman. He leads you over to one of the booths along the far wall of the tavern

and points out a man with a silk scarf tied over his bald head, and an ugly scar running down from his left ear to the middle of his chin. 'Gargo is his name,' says the barman. You sit down next to Gargo, introduce yourself and ask if you can buy your passage south. 'Ten Gold Pieces, and you'll have to work for your food,' comes the curt reply. Gargo does not look like a man to bargain with, so you agree to his price and pay. 'We set sail one hour after sunrise. The name of the ship is the *Belladonna* and you'll find her at the end of the jetty leading down from the tavern. I'll see you in the morning; I'm going back to the ship now,' says Gargo. You decide not to get involved with any of the tavern's characters, but to retire to your room. You stand up and walk towards the stairs, but a large man carrying three flasks of ale bumps into you, spilling the drinks on the floor. If you wish to offer to buy him more ale, turn to 124. If you would rather tell him not to be so clumsy, turn to 203.

380

Malbordus realizes that you are invulnerable to his magic powers and draws his cursed sword to attack you.

MALBORDUS	SKILL 10	STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to 400.

381

You walk under the raised war-hammer of the idol towards the tunnel entrance (turn to 74).

378

You peer into the gloom of the Death Dog's lair and see that a dark tunnel stretches into the distance. If you wish to crawl down the tunnel, turn to 95. If you would rather leave the room and continue walking up the corridor, turn to 344.

379

Looking up, you see a road sign indicating that you are in Clog Street. You walk down it all the way until it ends at a T-junction where it meets Harbour Street, which runs parallel to the shore. You look out to sea and watch the setting sun sink slowly beneath the horizon. Darkness envelops you and you wonder where to go next. At the end of the street to your left there are lights shining in windows, and you can just hear the sound of singing and laughter. You decide to head towards the lights and soon find yourself outside the Black Lobster tavern. You walk through the doorway into a smoke-filled room where seedy-looking characters sit at crowded tables, laughing, joking and singing. You walk straight up to the barman and ask if he has a room for rent. Luckily there is one available. You pay him 1 Gold Piece for the room and ask if he knows of any ships which may be sailing south the next morning. 'I might do,' he replies somewhat cagily, 'but information does not come free in Port Blacksand. Another Gold Piece and I'll introduce you to the ship's mate.' Once again you reach into your pocket and pay the barman. He leads you over to one of the booths along the far wall of the tavern

and points out a man with a silk scarf tied over his bald head, and an ugly scar running down from his left ear to the middle of his chin. 'Gargo is his name,' says the barman. You sit down next to Gargo, introduce yourself and ask if you can buy your passage south. 'Ten Gold Pieces, and you'll have to work for your food,' comes the curt reply. Gargo does not look like a man to bargain with, so you agree to his price and pay. 'We set sail one hour after sunrise. The name of the ship is the *Belladonna* and you'll find her at the end of the jetty leading down from the tavern. I'll see you in the morning. I'm going back to the ship now,' says Gargo. You decide not to get involved with any of the tavern's characters, but to retire to your room. You stand up and walk towards the stairs, but a large man carrying three flasks of ale bumps into you, spilling the drinks on the floor. If you wish to offer to buy him more ale, turn to 124. If you would rather tell him not to be so clumsy, turn to 203.

380

Malbordus realizes that you are invulnerable to his magic powers and draws his cursed sword to attack you.

MALBORDUS	SKILL 10	STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to 400.

381

You walk under the raised war-hammer of the idol towards the tunnel entrance (turn to 74).

382

The door is firmly shut and will not open. If you can and wish to cast an Open Door spell, turn to 248. If you are unable to or do not wish to cast this spell, turn to 210.

383

Once you have uttered the words of the spell (deduct 2 STAMINA points), the corridor beyond the doorway is suddenly illuminated by bright light. But you have fallen into the hands of the Messenger of Death. A large letter A is painted on the door at the end of the corridor and you cannot avoid seeing it. Lose 4 STAMINA points as a result of the shock. The only consolation you have is that you see a blade which is set between the walls at knee height, and you are able to step over it without injury. Cursing your bad luck, you open the door at the end of the corridor. Turn to 79.

384

You are now wearing an Armband of Strength. Add 1 SKILL point. You climb back down the ladder and walk back past the last junction. Turn to 262.

385

The sand-storm takes a long time to die down and you lose a great deal of strength trying to protect yourself. Lose 1 SKILL point. Eventually the wind dies away. You brush yourself down and press on east (turn to 26).

386

The statuette is heavy in your hand and is worth an unbelievable fortune. If you succeed in your mission, you will have been more than amply rewarded. Add 1 LUCK point. You place the statuette in your backpack and decide what to do next. Will you:

Help yourself to some of the gems?	Turn to 143
Open the golden casket?	Turn to 82
Leave the room by the door opposite?	Turn to 3

387

Looking for a likely object with which to defeat the Eye Stinger, you must make a quick decision. Will you take:

A Mirror?	Turn to 65
A Pearl?	Turn to 319
An Onyx Egg?	Turn to 361
None of these?	Turn to 200

388

Sensing sudden danger, you utter the words of the spell (deduct 2 STAMINA points). A magical aura illuminates a crossbow that is mounted on the wall and a tripwire which is laid two metres in front of it. You climb over the wire without triggering it, and squeeze past the crossbow. The tunnel finally opens out into a dusty room lit by torches set in the wall. Turn to 43.

389

Not long after the tent is out of sight, you begin to feel a slight tremor in the ground beneath your feet. Suddenly the sand starts to shift before you. It rises into the air and then falls down in a great cascade to expose the long body of a huge worm. You realize with horror that a Giant Sandworm is about to engulf you with its spiked oval mouth. It is at least twenty metres long and you must fight it.

GIANT SANDWORM SKILL 10 STAMINA 20

If you win, turn to **18**.

390

As the Night Horror drops to the ground, it releases its grip on the silver rod. Suddenly there is a grating noise above you. Out of the hands of its owner, the rod has mysteriously triggered a mechanism in the stone ceiling, which is lowering down towards you. You frantically run to open one of the doors, but both are firmly locked by some powerful magic, and cannot be opened even by Yaztromo's spell. Will you:

Pick up the silver rod?	Turn to **290**
Try a crystal key in the door (if you have one)?	Turn to **150**
Try to burn a hole in the door with a Fire spell (if you are able)?	Turn to **239**

391

Yaztromo explains that his Read Symbols spell will allow the user to read any runes or magic symbols. He tells you the incantation necessary to cast the spell and says that virtually no energy is required to cast it; only 1 STAMINA point is lost each time it is used. Return to 34 after writing down the spell and its STAMINA cost on your *Adventure Sheet*.

392

Not wishing to be a sacrificial victim, you concentrate on trying to blot out the chanting voices from your mind. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 174. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 374.

393

If you wish to cut down the bucket from the ceiling, turn to 60. If you would rather open the iron door in the far wall, turn to 21.

394

The door slams shut behind you and you find that it is firmly locked. You follow the footsteps around the city wall for about fifteen minutes until you find the man who made them. He is lying face down in the sand and appears to have been dead for at least a day. He looks like a servant and is certainly not Malbordus. There is nothing on the man which can help you, and so you run back to the oak door. Because you have passed through the golden rain, even your magic is useless against it, so you have to try to open it by hacking furiously with your sword. Suddenly a shadow passes overhead. You look up to see what caused it. Riding through the sky on the back of a huge, black Dragon is the man you came to defeat – Malbordus. The Dragon roars and you can just make out the wicked laugh of Malbordus. The Dragon flies off north and there is nothing you can do to stop it. Malbordus will lead his hordes of chaos across Allansia, and the world will fall under a dark shadow. You have failed in your mission.

395

It is so cold that you are hardly able to sleep at all during the night. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You are wide awake and thankful when the dawn sun rises over the horizon to heat up the desert air. As soon as it is light enough to see where you are walking, you continue your trek to the south (turn to 72).

396

As you stab into the water, your bracelet is briefly submerged. The tentacled monster is immediately repelled by it and swims silently away to the deepest part of its pool. You seize your chance, climb up on to the ledge and escape down the tunnel. Turn to 91.

397

Stairs lead down from the trapdoor into the gloom below. There is a strong, musty smell rising out of the gloom and the draught is cool on your face. You walk down the rough staircase until you can see no further. Will you:

Cast a Light spell? (if you are able to)?	Turn to 224
Walk further down into the gloom?	Turn to 348
Climb back up the steps and open the other door?	Turn to 307

398

In the middle of the night you are woken by the sound of heavy footsteps stumping along the ground. The moon is almost full and gives off enough light for you to see a large shape looming towards you. Grabbing your sword, you stand to defend yourself against the Cave Troll who has discovered you during its nocturnal hunt.

CAVE TROLL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, you try to settle down again, but toss and turn for the rest of the night. In the morning, you set off again. Turn to 305.

399

Unable to open the door, you turn around and walk back down the corridor and past the last junction. Turn to 250.

400

Malbordus is killed and the remaining Dragon artefacts lie waiting to be destroyed. You bring the war-hammer crashing down on them time and time again, so that no man or being might ever again have the opportunity of using their power. In time the Dark Elves of Darkwood Forest will learn of their leader's defeat and will shrink back into the shadows of the forest. Your ordeal inside the Temple of Terror has saved Allansia. You will now be able to journey proudly back to Stonebridge and return the war-hammer to King Gillibran. No doubt Yaztromo will teach you some more of his magic, and perhaps you will have the chance to spend some of the riches you have found.

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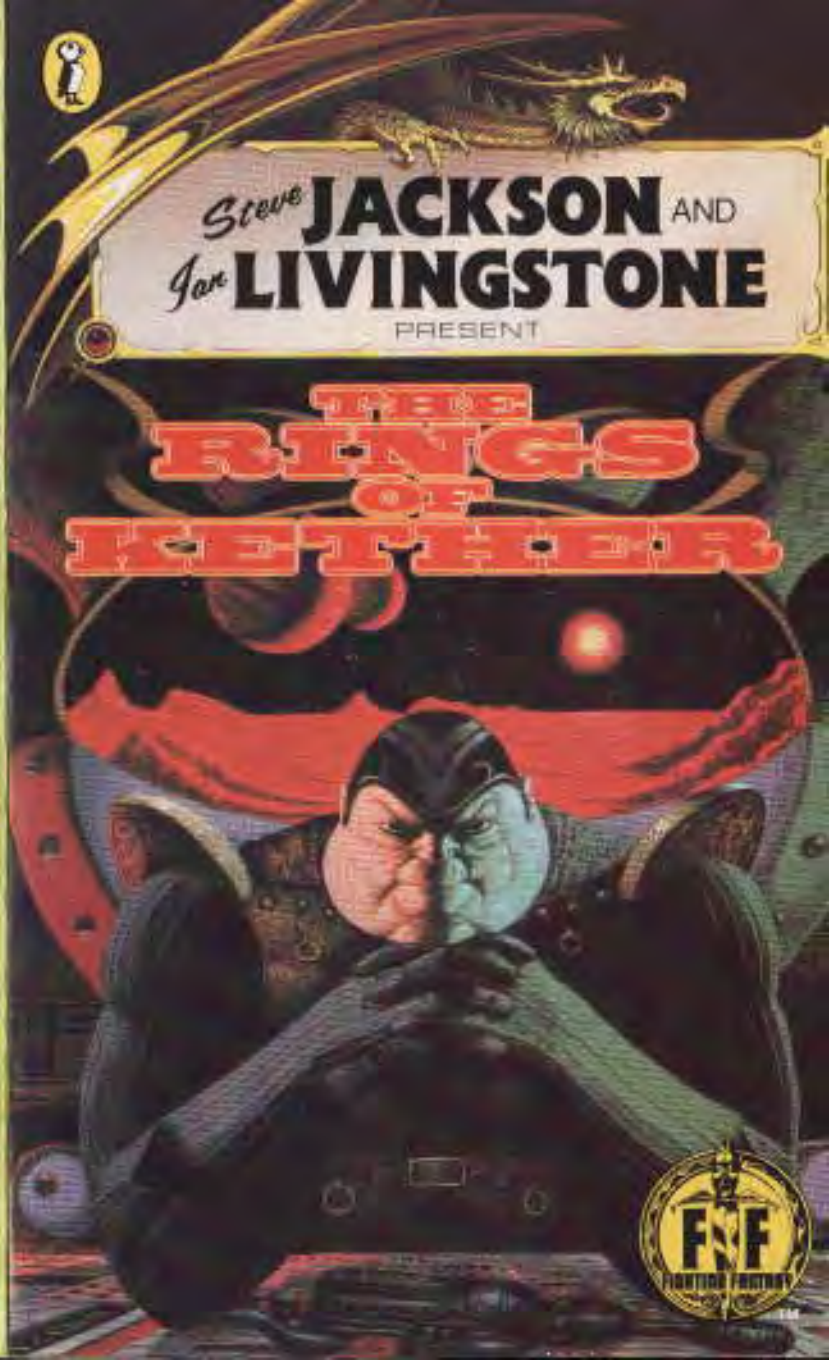

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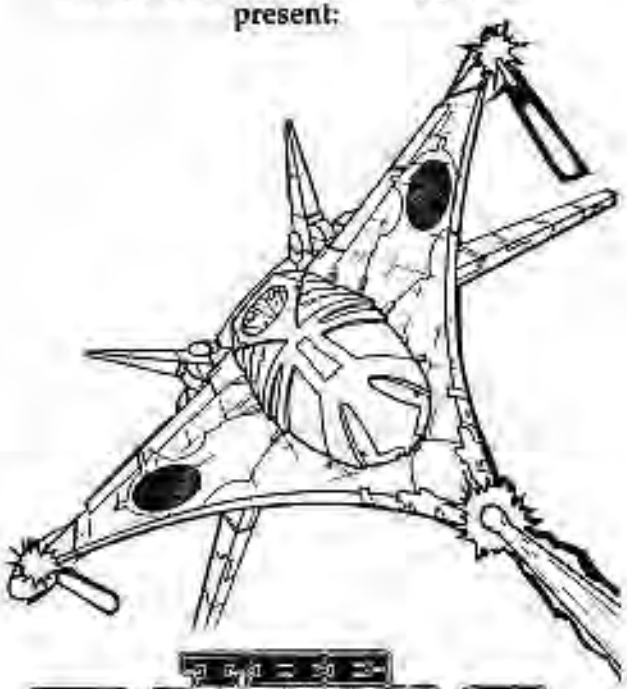

THE RINGS OF KETHER

Andrew Chapman

Illustrated by Nik Spender

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1985
9 10

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Text copyright © Andrew Chapman, 1985
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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in 11/13 pt Linotron Palatino

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YOUR MISSION

You are a Narcotics Investigator for the Galactic Federation. Recognized by your superiors as being among the best in the field, you have been issued with the latest in interstellar scout craft and dispatched, single-handed, to crack a suspected drug ring in the Aleph Cygni star system.

Before you can begin, though, you must determine your strengths and weaknesses. For this you will require two dice and a pencil to record scores on the *Adventure Sheet* on pages 14–15. As it is possible you will not successfully complete your mission in your first adventure, you may wish to take photocopies of the *Adventure Sheet* for future adventures.

Your Ship

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total under the WEAPONS STRENGTH section of the *Adventure Sheet*. When firing at enemy spacecraft, you will need to roll *less than* this to score a hit.

Roll one die. Enter this score in the SHIELDS section of your *Adventure Sheet*. You will lose points from this SHIELDS score whenever you are hit by fire from enemy spacecraft. If your ship is hit when your SHIELDS score is zero, your ship is destroyed.

Your Abilities

Your abilities to fight, withstand damage and escape from tricky situations are determined by your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK. On your *Adventure Sheet* you will see sections where these attributes are to be recorded.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total as your SKILL score.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the result. Enter this total as your STAMINA score. If your STAMINA score ever reaches zero, you have been killed.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total as your LUCK score.

Testing Your Luck

On occasion you will be called upon to *Test your Luck*. When this occurs, roll two dice. If the result *equals or is less than* your LUCK, you are successful. If the result *exceeds* your LUCK, you are unsuccessful. Each time you *Test your Luck*, reduce your LUCK score by 1 point.

Blaster Combat

Modern weapons being what they are, blaster combat is fairly short and extremely deadly. It is conducted as follows:

1. Roll two dice. If the result is *higher than or equal to* your SKILL, you have missed. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, you have hit your foe and inflicted damage on it – deduct 4 points from your opponent's STAMINA.
2. If your opponent's STAMINA has reached zero then your opponent has died.
3. If your opponent is still alive, then your fire will be returned: roll two dice. If the result is *higher than or equal to* your opponent's SKILL, your opponent has missed. If the result is *less than* your opponent's SKILL, your opponent has hit you – deducting 4 points from *your* STAMINA.
4. If you have not been killed, start a new combat round by returning to step 1.

Note: If you are faced by more than one opponent, you may select which one you will direct fire against. They will *all* return fire simultaneously (unless dead, of course).

Hand-to-hand Combat

Hand-to-hand combat is conducted just as in other Fighting Fantasy books. If you are already familiar with this system you can skip this part of the rules. Otherwise:

1. Combat is simultaneous. Hand-to-hand fighting is a series of clashes in which one combatant will do damage to the other.
2. Roll two dice. Add your opponent's SKILL score to the roll. The total is your opponent's Attack Strength.

3. Roll two dice again. Add your SKILL score to the roll. The total is your Attack Strength.
4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, the opponent has inflicted damage on you – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.
5. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have inflicted damage on your opponent – deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA.
6. If the Attack Strengths are equal, both attacks have missed. Start the next Attack Round from Step 2 above.
7. Continue this combat until either your STAMINA or your opponent's is reduced to zero (death).

Ship-to-ship Combat

There are two modes of attack in ship-to-ship combat:

1. *Phasers:* Whenever a ship is hit by phasers it will lose 1 point from its SHIELDS.
2. *Smart Missiles:* Only your ship is equipped with this weapon. When you decide to fire a Smart Missile at an enemy ship, the missile will automatically home in on and destroy the enemy ship, regardless of how many SHIELDS the enemy may have left.

Combat is conducted as follows:

1. You select your target(s). You may attack with both phasers and Smart Missiles in the same combat round, firing phasers at one ship while destroying another ship with a Smart Missile.
2. Any enemy vessels attacked by a Smart Missile are now destroyed; they will not return fire with phasers.
3. Roll two dice for the phaser attack. If the result is *higher than or equal to* your ship's WEAPONS STRENGTH, you have missed. Proceed to step 5.
4. If the result is *less than* your ship's WEAPONS STRENGTH, you have hit the enemy ship – reduce its SHIELDS by 1 point. If the enemy ship has not been destroyed, proceed to step 5.
5. All undestroyed enemy ships return fire with phasers in the following manner: roll two dice. If the result is *higher than or equal to* the ship's WEAPONS STRENGTH, the phasers have missed you.
6. If the result is *less than* the ship's WEAPONS STRENGTH, the phasers have hit you – reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point.
7. Combat continues from step 1 until either you or your opponent's ships are destroyed.

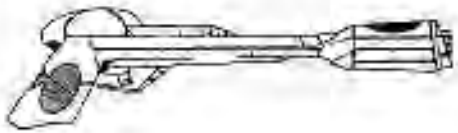

Smart Missiles

These deadly devices inflict instant and certain destruction upon enemy spacecraft. They can only be used once each. Your spacecraft begins with two of these weapons – note that there is a section on the *Adventure Sheet* for keeping record of the number of Smart Missiles you have left in your Armoury.

Replacing Stamina

If you become involved in any gun battles or other combat, you will almost certainly lose some STAMINA points. These may be recovered by taking Energy Tablets. Each tablet will restore 6 points to your STAMINA and can be taken at any time. You begin the adventure with 4 Energy Tablets – note that there is a section on the *Adventure Sheet* for keeping record of the number of Energy Tablets you have left. Your STAMINA score can never be made to exceed your *Initial* level.

Your Credit Account

During the course of your adventure you will probably need certain amounts of cash. You begin the mission with 5,000 kopecks (the standard intergalactic currency) – record this amount and any expenses on the *Adventure Sheet*.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

EQUIPMENT AND WEAPONS	SHIELDS
	Initial Shields=
	WEAPONS STRENGTH
	SMART MISSILES
	ENERGY TABLETS
	MONEY

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
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MISSION BRIEFING

The Galactic Federation consists of several hundred civilized worlds, all of which are signatories to certain basic Federal laws and conventions. One of these concerns the suppression of trafficking in certain narcotic drugs. Simply, the export of narcotic drugs from one world to another is illegal.

The Federal Police Force has become aware, however, of an extremely large flow of the illicit narcotic Satophil-d from the tiny Aleph Cygni system. As the individual worlds are supposed to police these matters themselves, there has developed some concern that all is not well with the Aleph Cygni administration.

With the obvious failure of the local administration to deal with this breach of Federal law your department, Federal Central (Vice), has decided to send a Grade 1 Investigator (you) to locate the source of this drug flow, penetrate the organization responsible and then destroy it.

Because of the possible untrustworthiness of the Aleph Cygni authorities, you travel to the system incognito, posing as an interstellar travelling salesman with a cargo of exotic off-world fruit, spices and luxuries. Once in the system you are on your own. Good luck!

NOW TURN OVER.

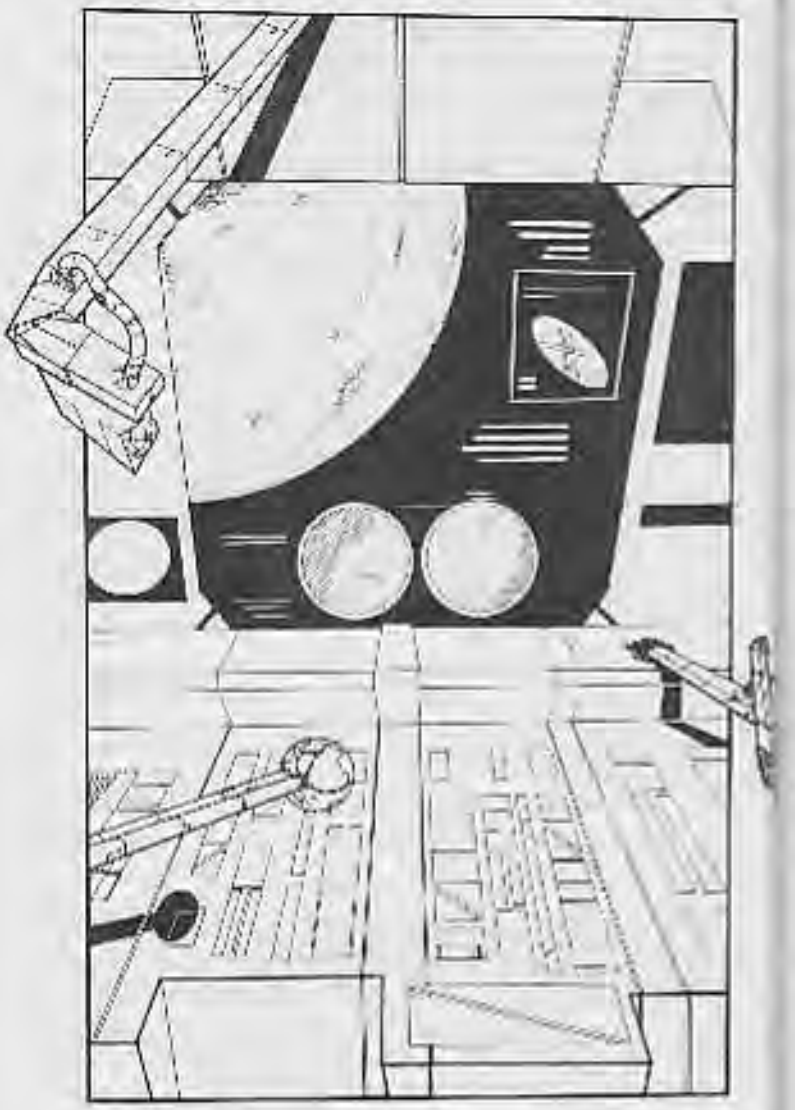

1

FIVE MINUTES TO HYPERSPACE TERMINATION flashes on the command vidi in front of you. An alarm bell chimes softly through the ship. In a few moments you will be entering the Aleph Cygni system and, if there has been any criminal infiltration into the Galactic Vice Squad, there could be a very hot reception.

FOUR MINUTES TO HYPERSPACE TERMINATION

Swivelling in your crash couch, you run a check through your spacecraft's weapon systems: PHASERS – Check; SMART MISSILES, 2 – Check; SHIELDS – Check. Pretty hefty stuff for a travelling salesman, though no one's to know, unless you have to use it. Until such time, your cover should remain intact.

You charge up the conventional drive of your spaceship, raise the anti-spy beam shield and grit your teeth for the stomach twisting end to hyperspatial travel.

PREPARE FOR INSERTION INTO REAL SPACE/TIME

The bottom drops out of the spaceship; you follow at some super-light speed . . . *Ssshhh*. Everything flies back together and is once again, apart from the hangover you seem to have developed in the last moment, back to normal. There, on the screen in front of you, is the Aleph Cygni system – the yellow star, Aleph Cygni, and its single planet, Kether. Kether, your Cosmo-Nav tells you, is a habitable

world consisting of vast expanses of ocean and, apart from a few scattered islands, only one continental land-mass. Circling this world is a small pock-marked moon known locally as Rispin's End. Not visible on your vidiscreen, but whose presence you are alerted to by your Cosmo-Nav, is a vast belt consisting of hundreds of thousands of asteroids.

Where will you begin your search for the drug runners – at the system's starport on Kether (turn to 333), on the moon (turn to 328), or in the asteroid belt (turn to 372)?

2

He spots you following and ducks down a side-street. You try to give chase but he is nowhere to be seen. Lost him. Suddenly, a hand grabs your arm and drags you into the shadowy shelter between two buildings. It is the man you were chasing. 'Wha . . .?' you try to say before he claps a hand over your mouth. He pulls out a pad, scrawls *'Quiet – spy beam!'* on it and then *'Meet me, Hotel Mirimar – Rm 1201, 1 hour.'* Then he strides off.

Will you go to meet him (turn to 395), or go back and continue your surveillance of Zera Gross's apartment (turn to 109)?

3

The door opens into a small room, with a desk, a few filing cabinets and a vidiphone. The vidiphone begins to buzz and, to your dismay, footsteps can be heard approaching. Drawing your blaster, you hide in a corner, behind a filing cabinet. Someone enters the room and answers the phone.

'Yeah? Oh, it's you, baby,' says a man.

'Clive, I have to see you,' a woman's voice crackles over the phone.

'Look, dear, we're going to be busy all night *and* I have to meet Arthur at the Café Heroes of the Federation tomorrow morning, so you'll have to wait until after then.'

'But . . .' she pleads.

'Tomorrow. We can't speak here.' He hangs up.

'*Hey*, Torus? Get here, now!' yells someone elsewhere in the building.

'OK!' Clive yells back, running from the room.

Will you leave and go to the meeting that Clive is having with Arthur tomorrow (turn to 315), or will you continue to explore the warehouse (turn to 354)?

4

In a sleazy bar you discover a hoary old asteroid miner, down from space for a two-week drinking-binge. 'Lots of illicit traffic . . . hee hee,' he cackles. 'Lots of illicit traffic, my little Fed . . . hee, hee . . . but it'll cost you 500 kopecks to get the location out of me.'

Will you pay him the 500 kopecks (turn to 355), or go to the starport to continue your inquiries (turn to 345)?

5

'Stop!' you cry, 'leave me alone!' It shrieks with insane laughter, rises to its full height, pounces – and swallows you whole. You have failed.

6

You show him your identification. 'You . . . you're a Fed?' he asks. 'I . . . I didn't mean . . . Oh, no!' His bewilderment gives way to fear. 'I didn't do anything,' he says, putting his blaster down. 'I'm not like the rest of the guys here . . . I don't work for *them*.'

'Who?' you ask, but he is not listening. In a panic, he runs off, and disappears from view. Will you go back into hiding again (turn to 357), or assume that your cover has been blown and leave the starport in search of a new lead (turn to 231)?

7

The road dips into a hollow, thus being forced into an S-bend. The sloop, still far ahead, slowed down and stayed on the road to take this bend. Will you do the same (turn to 280), or throw the car into the possibly soft shoulder at high speed (turn to 358)?

8

You hit them a glancing blow, but enough to send them spinning across the tarmac. When the sloop hits the verge it flips, end over end, until it comes to rest in a tree a few metres back from the road. You pull over. Turn to 359.

9

The corridor ends fairly shortly in a large control panel. The only thing on it which makes any sense is a digital read-out:

NEXT SHUTTLE DUE – 75 HOURS, 31 MINUTES, 20 SECONDS

You turn back to the T-junction and follow the other passage. Turn to 360.

10

You go off target, drifting straight into the side of one of the bulbous creatures. The thing turns wild, sprouting teeth in a cavernous maw and snapping at you. It bites you. Lose 4 points of STAMINA. Turn to 361.

11

Arriving at the Viqueque that evening, you find Mr Samuel, heavily disguised by a change of hair colour and false beard, seated in a semi-enclosed booth. 'Were you followed?' he whispers. 'I don't think so,' you whisper back. He relaxes, wiping his brow with an old handkerchief and taking a hearty slug from his drink. During dinner, via staccato bursts of whispers, he informs you that the local proctors are absolutely rotten with corruption and that his own department, the Vice Squad, is the worst.

'We haven't conducted any form of drug-related inquiry for months,' he laments. 'Somebody upstairs, perhaps everybody, is on someone's payroll.' He doesn't have many ideas, though, about who is controlling the racket, nor where you should begin. He has only two concrete leads to offer you. He suspects that some of the drugs arrive at the city's heliport on both legal and illegal flights, and he has one underworld contact – an unemployed starship navigator – who would be willing to speak with you.

Will you ask a few questions at the heliport (turn to 206), or go to meet the navigator (turn to 284)?

12

You punch the heading YEARBOOKS into the terminal. After a second it replies with

AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURE OR TRANSPORT?

Which heading will you look up first?

Agriculture?	Turn to 363
Manufacturing?	Turn to 324
Transport?	Turn to 285

13

The gunman has collapsed on the sidewalk; a pool of blood is spreading towards the gutter. You approach him cautiously. He opens his eyes and watches you. 'Zera has you marked,' he whispers. 'We . . . took Clive to "Spark's" this . . . this morning . . . you're next.' He expires.

Looks like you won't be able to find Clive now – he's probably already six foot under. If 'they' are planning to drag you into a place called 'Spark's' (a bar, you discover, when looking it up in a directory a bit later), then perhaps you should pre-empt them by showing up at this place – incognito – first. Turn to 286.

14

You discover an alarm which would have been triggered had you simply opened the window. You easily disarm it. Climbing through the window you find yourself in a tiny bare room. Turn to 365.

15

Test your Luck. If you are successful, turn to 327; otherwise turn to 366.

16

You have no leads left to follow. Still, you persist for a few more weeks before receiving a recall from Federal Central (Vice). You have failed.

17

The track winds through the wood for a kilometre or two before breaking out into the open. You cannot see the sloop anywhere. Will you continue down this road (turn to 95), or backtrack to the main road (turn to 368)?

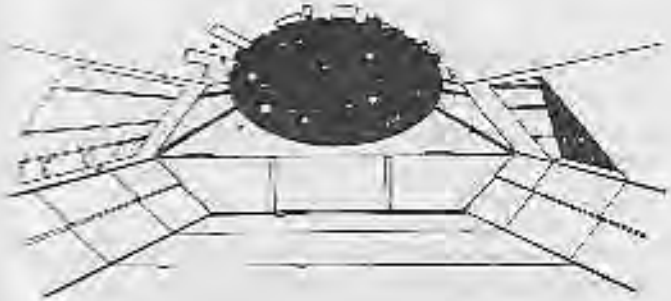

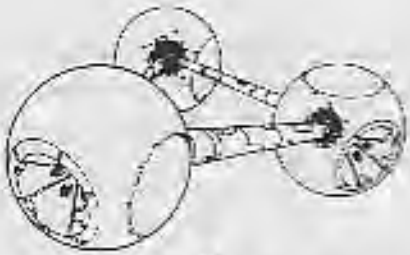

18

You duck to the side, avoiding his blow. Next, you deliver a savage kick to his midriff, knocking him to the floor. Throwing him into a full nelson, you demand, 'What's going on here?' He gurgles a bit and then tries pointing at his desk, on which are numerous files and a computer vidilink. You take a look at these. Turn to 125.

19

You gently nudge your ship between the closely packed mines. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 351. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 370.

20

The corridor takes you to the control room of the asteroid's nuclear reactor. There are plenty of instrument panels covering the walls but, strangely, other than a keyhole, no controls – must be completely automatic.

If you have the key to fit this hole turn to 391; otherwise you return to the T-junction and head down the other corridor (turn to 352).

21

The corridor twists, turns and branches. Eventually you realize that you must have made a wrong turn somewhere, for the assassin is nowhere to be seen. You decide that you might as well follow him up on Kether, as he's unlikely to stay on Rispin's End once you leave. You rocket back to the planet and head out towards the City Central Library. Turn to 80.

22

With a lightning manoeuvre, you leap over the edge of the gantry, falling about seven metres. Throw three dice and subtract the total from your STAMINA. If the fall hasn't killed you, you manage to escape the warehouse and thugs.

The only worthwhile clue you have left – as going back to the warehouse would be a bit impractical – is the knowledge that their 'shipment' is coming from the asteroids. You decide to find somebody in the space industry who may know something about illegal space traffic. Turn to 384.

23

To your surprise, he is in! He looks up at you with indifference, as if he is used to people bursting in on him unannounced. You might as well come straight to the point and question him.

Will you act tough to extract the necessary information (turn to 208), or play 'Mr Nice Guy' (turn to 296)?

24

The two dead men hang listlessly in the air, their knives floating near by. From several corridors leading into the room come the sounds of pursuit and hysteria. You go back down the corridor you entered by.

Will you go straight back to your spacecraft and thence to Kether (turn to 231), or down the other passage at the intersection where you heard the monks' voices (turn to 385)?

25

Sticking your gun barrel against his chest, you push him over to a wall. 'That's just not good enough,' you say. 'I'm afraid I'm going to have to shoot you.' He closes his eyes and grits his teeth – resigned to death? *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to 347; otherwise turn to 386.

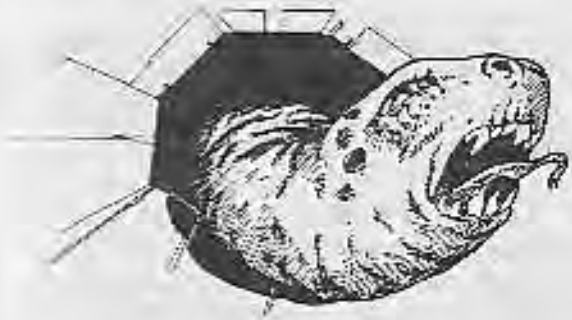

26

The jets flare again, but you have misjudged the angle at which to hold them and find yourself drifting by the satellite at an angle. You'll have to make an adjustment with the jets if you are to make it. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 104. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 182.

27

The turbines whine as you push the accelerator to the floor, and the car shudders as you smash into the rear of the sloop. Your bumpers mangle slightly, but otherwise the collision has little effect. *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to 388; otherwise turn to 349.

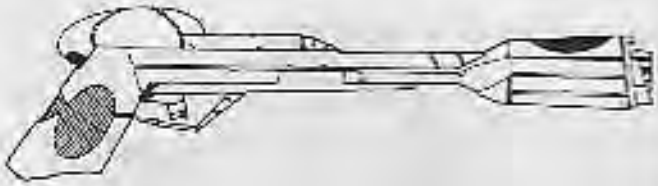

28

The plastic containers are full of Satophil-d. Looks like they were getting ready to ship it out to the mainland. In one of the corners of the room you discover the curled-up body of a man, obviously killed by the teeth of a rather savage beast or at the hands of a skilled torturer. With all the fracas you have recently caused in this room, other guards may be coming. Will you search this man to try to discover why he was killed (turn to 350), or just leave (turn to 389)?

29

You grab the lever, and the iris lock shuts, with a click like a camera shutter. Air rushes back into the room with a roar. Turn to 371.

30

'Hi there!' you shout at a young bar-wench. 'I'm new in town and I'm sort of looking for somebody who can help a young, unscrupulous type of person, like me, get along without having to work in a regular way, see?'

'Oh, yeah?' she shouts back, disdainfully. 'What d'ver do, zero head?' You perform a quick bit of thinking here: what's absolutely essential for a drug-producing outfit?

'I'm a chemist. I make funny little crystals for people to stick in their bloodstreams,' you yell. She blinks at you a bit, obviously thinking without seeing you. Hiking up her skirt she reveals a garter purse. Slapping it, she says, 'Five hundred kopecks, jerk.'

Will you pay her (turn to 323) or not? If you decide not to pay you will just have to mingle with the throng (turn to 362).

31

Having started the eject cycle, your spacecraft begins to disintegrate around you, the debris confusing the attacking craft. The escape pod, of which the bridge is part, begins to perform some violent evasive manoeuvres to bring you safely to the surface of Rispin's End. The attacking craft, obviously convinced that you have been destroyed, break off. You are on the grey, pocked surface of Kether's moon. Leaving the escape pod and setting off on foot towards the dome town, you are distracted only by the odd piece of debris from your ex-spacecraft falling softly to the ground. With the low gravity on this moon, some of the pieces could remain in orbit for days, maybe weeks.

You trek across the moon for hours, taking nine-metre steps until, with alarm, you realize that your oxygen is running low. To your right, nestled at the foot of a crater some kilometres away, you can see a small orange dome, the only sign of possible habitation that you have seen since you ejected.

Will you approach the dome, in the hope that it is occupied (turn to 353), or will you keep going, just in case the dome town is only over the next ridge (turn to 392)?

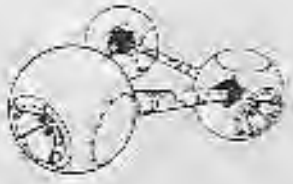

32

The security guard knocks you into submission, handcuffs you and calls more guards on his com-link. Turn to 129.

33

'I . . . I'm sorry, I didn't mean to destroy the files,' he pleads.

'What?' you say sarcastically. 'You didn't *mean* to?'

'Oh . . . er . . . well, that's not what I meant . . . er . . . what do you want to know – I was covering up for some flights from the islands . . .'

'Which ones?' you snap.

'I don't know – we only pick them up when they've almost reached the continent's coast . . . but mainly I was covering up for flights to the asteroids.'

'Who were you doing this for?'

'I . . . I don't know . . . I just receive a cheque every month . . .'

He may be lying. If you think he needs a bit more terror to make him come out with the truth, turn to 374. Otherwise, if you think sheer fright is making him become a bit confused, then go easier on him and turn to 335.

34

The hatch opens into a small antiseptic airlock. Once through this, however, you find a rough-hewn corridor, dimly lit with yellow arc lights, leading towards the centre of the asteroid. The walls of the corridor have, evidently, been treated with some kind of plastic to prevent the air inside from filtering away into space. Weightless, you follow the corridor until it enters a spherical room. Above you, a tiny niche is cut into the wall – its contents lie in darkness. In front of you the corridor continues out of the room and further into C230. Will you follow the corridor (turn to 336), or examine the niche (turn to 375)?

35

The meeting they have arranged for you is with Mrs Torus, wife of Clive Torus, one of their ex-buddies. They take you to the glasshouses in the enormous Botanic Gardens of Kether's capital city.

'The documents,' the punk driver of the black ground-sloop you are in explains, 'are in a safety-deposit box. She'll have them for you.' They park behind a glasshouse, show you where Mrs Torus is standing, and push you from the car. Turn to 376.

36

You take your spacecraft into orbit. If your own spacecraft has been destroyed you will have to hire another for the trip for 1,000 kopecks. After a few days of searching for anything in an L16 orbit, you discover the satellite. Turn to 377.

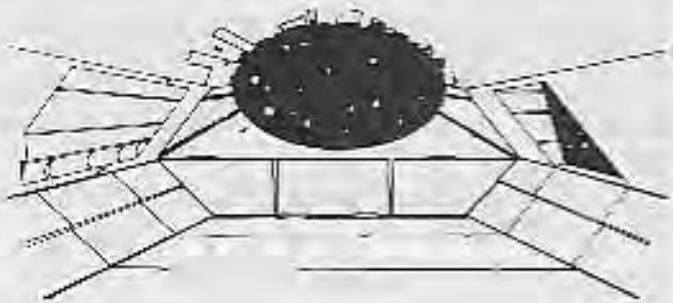

37

The sloop is only a few metres ahead of you when it comes to an S-bend – the big car slops clumsily into the corner, far too fast. Here's your chance! As they go around, will you ram them in the back (turn to 135), or hit them in the side (turn to 396)?

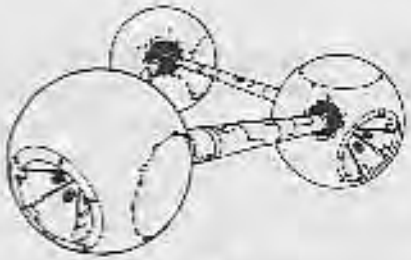

38

The machine drops from the air and explodes into flames. You step past the remnants and proceed along the corridor, coming shortly to an intersection. Will you continue down the corridor (turn to 340), or take the side-passage (turn to 379)?

39

Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL turn to 302. If the result is less than your SKILL turn to 341.

40

The door opens, leading you into the room you were in before. It is pointless to go back. Return to 186.

41

After several hours scanning the previous several years' daily news releases and case lists, it becomes evident that there is very little to find. No articles at all on organized manufacture or dealing of drugs, and only one tiny snippet under a case list released four years ago which reads: 'Central Criminal Court 3: State vs. Z. Gross and B. "Blaster" Babbet. Before Justice Zark. Charge: trafficking in illicit organic materials (Salophil-d). Sitting 10.30 a.m.' After that there is nothing. No record of conviction – nothing.

You look them up in the vidiphone directory and find an address for B. Babbet, but nothing for Z. Gross. Will you go and look over B. Babbet's address (turn to 256), or go to the State Computer File Centre to see if anything else about these two can be uncovered (turn to 246)?

42

As you draw your blaster, he fires at you. You will have to fight him.

GUNMAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to 13.

43

You climb the guttering on to the roof and find a window. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 82. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 14.

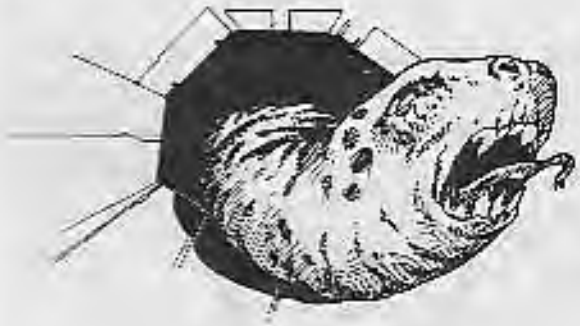

44

You arrive at the meeting-place. The greenhouses in the Botanic Gardens contain a huge, rambling display of exotic plant forms, both native and off-world – a very picturesque spot.

You see Mrs Torus, safety-deposit box sticking out of bag, waiting for you to meet her. She has not seen you yet. Will you look around the grounds first to see if you are being watched (turn to 15), or just go right up and meet her (turn to 376)?

45

A few hours pass with little happening. Then a helijet arrives with a one-tonne cargo of small heavy-duty plastic boxes. These are loaded on to an electric dray and wheeled over to where three Customs officers are waiting to inspect it. One of them opens a box.

'Ah! This is the stuff,' he says.

'What?' says another.

'You know, Satophil-d – dope, stuff, dust.'

'Oh.'

'Anything to declare?' he says to the helijet pilot.

'No. Of course not,' is the reply.

'Very good,' says the Customs official. 'Passed inspection.' He stamps the boxes with a large red sign, saying PASSED CUSTOMS – FOR EXPORT. How blatant can they get in their contempt for the law? Time to put an end to this. You burst out of the locker, drawing your blaster as you go. 'Freeze!' you cry, aiming your gun at the pilot's head. They keep very, very still. You utter a few threats concerning their fates if they don't tell you who is running this racket. They spill the beans.

'The Isosceles Tower . . .' says one Customs official.

'. . . in the city . . .' says another.

'. . . top floor . . .' says the last.

'. . . and don't forget the communications satellite in the L16 orbit . . .' gasps the helijet pilot.

'No . . . we won't,' say the others.

After imprisoning these very guilty felons aboard your spacecraft, will you go to the Isosceles Tower (turn to 320), or check out the communications satellite (turn to 36)?

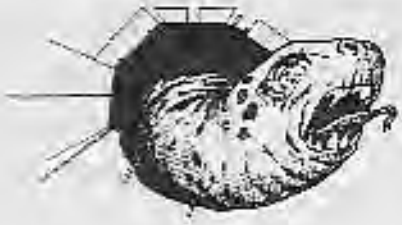

46

The car slides a bit but stays on the road. The sloop has been lost ahead in the thickness of the forest. However, you see a small side-track approaching on the right. Did the sloop continue on the main road or take the track? Which will you take: main road (turn to 329) or track (turn to 17)?

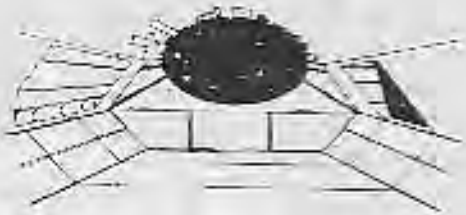

47

Having defeated them, you may claim the first thug's fully automatic blaster, which will cause 6 points of damage every time you hit an opponent.

After the smoke clears you approach the private office and open its door. A tall, gangly bureaucrat attacks you with a paperweight. 'Out, out!' he screams as he swings at you. He has taken you by surprise, so *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to 18; otherwise turn to 369.

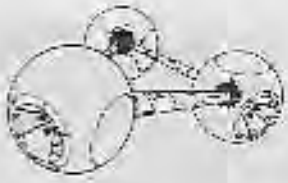

48

You sight up on one of the mines – a flat disk-shaped piece of potential energy just waiting to blow you to atoms – and let fire with your phasers. The mine explodes far more violently than you expected, the impact hitting your ship even from the supposedly safe distance that you chose to fire from. You lose 1 SHIELD. Fortunately, though, thanks to the defenders' incompetence in laying out their minefield, the mine has set off a chain reaction through the rest of the field. They all explode, giving you a clear passage through to the asteroid. Turn to 312.

49

With the alien vanquished, you cross the bridge and go down the exit corridor, coming shortly to a T-junction. Will you turn to the left (turn to 352), or the right (turn to 20)?

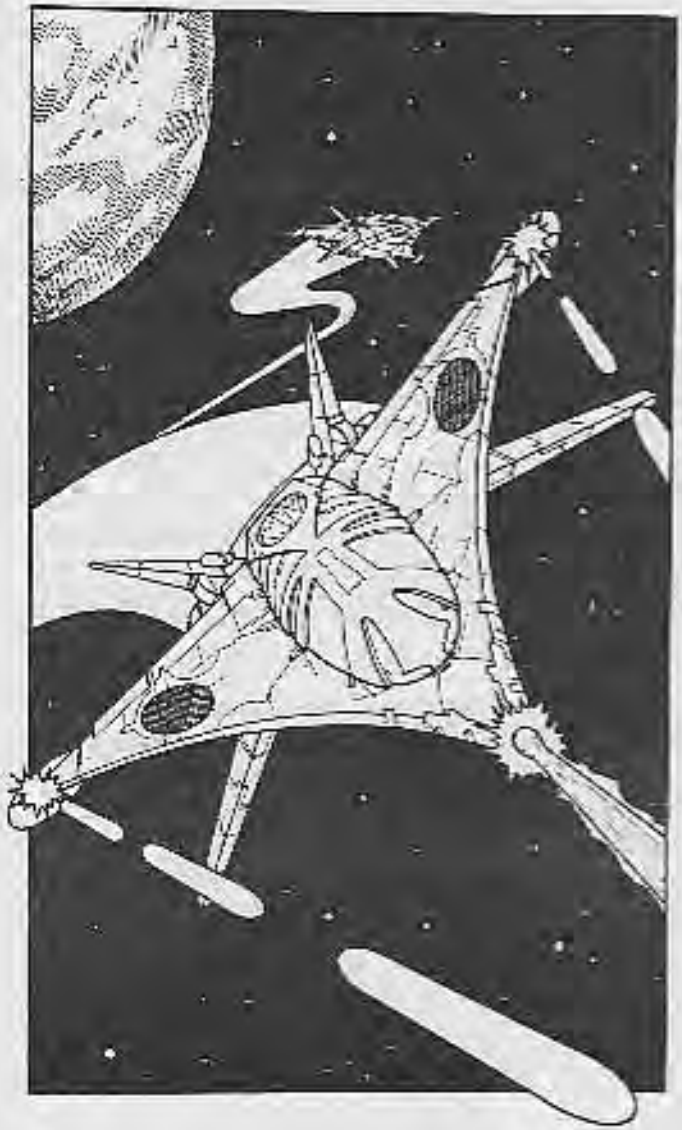

50

As you circle around Kether's moon, scanning the surface, you are alerted by your ship's computer to the approach of two small robot fighters. They are swooping up from the far side of Rispin's End, lasers stabbing beams at you! They have cut across your path and there is little chance of escaping them without fighting. As you lock on your defensive screens one question raises itself – Why? You fight them.

	WEAPONS STRENGTH	SHIELDS
ROBOT FIGHTER 1	7	1
ROBOT FIGHTER 2	7	1

If your ship is destroyed, throw one die. If the result is even, you may eject (turn to 31); otherwise you have been destroyed. If you defeat the robots turn to 294.

51

You hide on the porch of the apartment block next door – just in time too, for a thin man comes along the street and enters the porch of the woman's building. He speaks on the intercom.

'Zera?'

'Yeah?' comes the crackling, machine-distorted reply.

'It's Arthur.'

'Ah . . . good. Come on up.'

He enters the building and emerges ten minutes later, looks cautiously up and down the street and strides off towards the city centre. Will you follow him (turn to 2) or continue to watch the apartment (turn to 109)?

52

They do not see you. 'Everything ready?' one of the men asks.

'Sure, sure. What time's the dope arriving?'

'Tomorrow some time – it's coming in from the asteroids again, so we can't be sure exactly when. Might have re-entry problems.'

'Ah . . .'

They talk for a while about the receiving arrangements and then leave the storeroom. The landing is a little bit too far above the storeroom to make jumping practical, so you go back down the stairs. Will you continue to explore the warehouse by going through the other door (turn to 3), or leave the place and look for somebody in the space industry who may know something about the illegal space traffic you heard the two men discussing (turn to 384)?

53

You swat at the bug, but it flies away and settles on a rafter above you – still watching. You attempt a few manoeuvres – diving into a passing helicab, walking through a crowded shopping-mall, and even running in and out of different elevators. But all this is to no effect, evidently, as you find when you leap out of one elevator and are confronted by two men holding blasters fifteen centimetres from your belly. There is no chance of escaping them, as you'd be blown to pieces from this distance. They lead you out the back of the shop which you were in. Turn to 316.

54

Will you shout a question at the beast (turn to 356), or just order it to leave you alone (turn to 5)?

55

'Raise your hands over your head,' warns the security guard, as he walks forward, blaster pointing at your midriff. Just what the zark do you think you're up to, Mr Zero?' You raise your hands. Will you demonstrate to him that you are a Federal Narcotics Investigator (turn to 6), or keep your cover and attempt to bribe him instead (turn to 318)?

56

Suddenly, the forest is gone. The road, curving in a long wide arc to the right, is clear but for the black sloop which is about 250 metres ahead and hurtling along. Will you drive on the wrong side of the road in an attempt to shorten the distance (turn to 290), or not (turn to 7)?

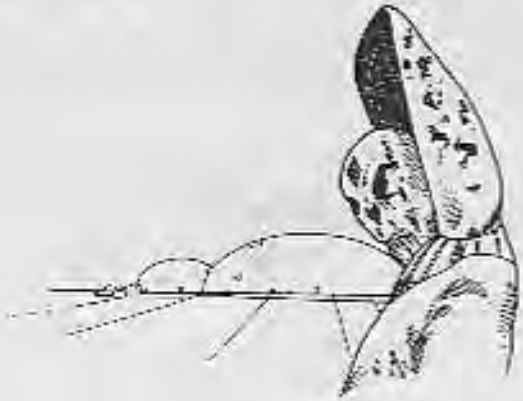

57

But you actually miss it by a few centimetres! It squeals around the curves with you in close pursuit. Turn to 378.

58

Leaving the room by another corridor, you come to a T-junction. To the left and right the corridor splits and heads into dim yellow light before turning from view. Will you go left (turn to 360), or right (turn to 9)?

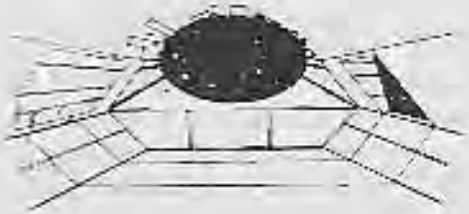

59

You make it to the first sphere and jump for the next. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 10. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 361.

60

The corridor twists and turns, but you can see him ahead. You pursue him until his path is blocked by an airlock door which he is hastily trying to open. You notice, however, that the warning light above the door is on. There is a vacuum on the other side!

He opens the door and, terror and sudden realization in his eyes, is swept out by a rush of air into the airless reaches of Rispin's End. His body spins slowly in the low gravity over a vast grey plain.

You are also swept forward but, fortunately, the airlock's emergency override is activated before you find yourself in space. The door shuts. You go back to your spaceship, suit up and go to recover the man's body which, when you eventually find it, yields little information – no identification, simply a mechanical component for a helijet. Maybe his normal occupation, when not shooting at strangers, was a mechanic?

There seems to be little point in staying on Rispin's End, so you return to Kether. You can either go to one of the heliports around the capital (turn to 206), or perhaps do a bit of 'research' at the City Central Library (turn to 80).

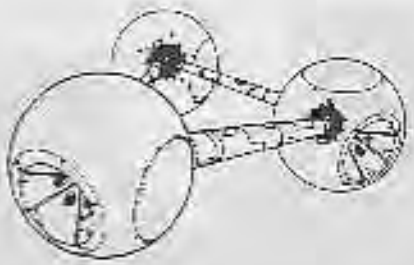

61

The gantry ends in a door, which opens on to the roof. You receive a sudden push in the back which sends you sprawling to your knees. The last thing you hear is the click of a blaster being set off 'safety'. You have failed.

62

There are too many files to look at them all, so you decide to have a look in his desk drawers. Turn to 179.

63

Drawing your pistol, you float over their heads and say, 'Ahem.' They look up, but seem impervious to the threat that your gun poses to their existence. They merely scream, 'Intruder! Intruder in the monastery!' Then, in the frenzy of their panic, they pull long knives from hidden folds in their garments and try to stab you. 'Kill the infidel!' cries one. 'Death to the unbeliever!' cries the other. They will attack you one at a time rather than simultaneously. You must fight them hand to hand.

	SKILL	STAMINA
MONK 1	9	5
MONK 2	7	5

If you defeat them, turn to 24.

64

'Don't shoot me, please!' he whispers. 'I'll tell . . . tell you what I know.' You take a few menacing steps towards him. 'You do that,' you say, encouragingly.

'There are some intermittent transmissions we get from a . . . a satellite in orbit. An L16 orbit, I think. They tell us when to expect a . . . a shipment . . . but . . . but . . .' he stutters.

'But what?'

'Oh . . . er . . . but nothing really, that's it.'

Maybe he's telling the truth. You could go out into space and check up on this satellite (turn to 36), or you could assume that he knows some more and rough him up a bit to see what else he'll say (turn to 25).

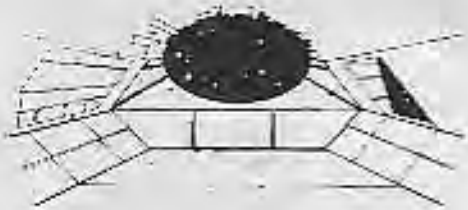

65

You find that you were holding one of the jets incorrectly, cutting off its fuel supply and sending yourself spinning slightly. You have only covered a quarter of the distance. You'll have to have another shot with the jets. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 26. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 260.

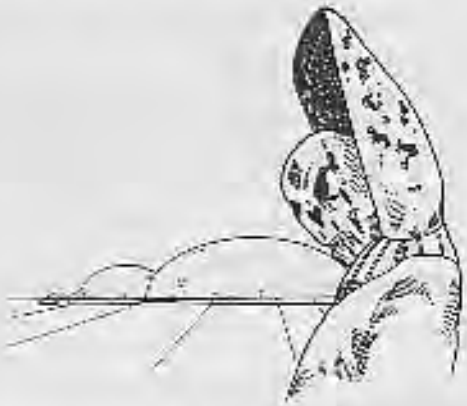

66

They swerve wildly across the road before fishtailing over the verge and hitting a tree, wrapping the car around it. A bit of harsh braking brings your own car to a more civilized halt on the side of the road. Turn to 359.

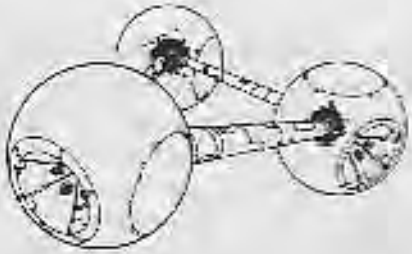

67

You push the door open to find yourself in a large room stacked high with heavy-duty plastic containers. There are also four brutish-looking guards present. When they see you they draw their guns and start firing. You will have to fight them.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GUARD 1	7	6
GUARD 2	6	6
GUARD 3	5	4
GUARD 4	5	4

If you defeat them, turn to **28**.

68

You fly towards it, but miss by millimetres. Clawing frantically, you grapple with the edge of the airlock, but the rush of air is too strong and sweeps you into space. You have failed.

69

The figure smashes into a thousand pieces when you shoot it. The other Babbet laughs, turns to the left and opens fire, enigmatically, away from you. To your horror, blaster shells come tearing through the folding screen and smash into your body. The figures were reflections! The gangster was hiding behind the screen all along. You sink to the floor, your wounds making an irremovable stain in the plush pile of the carpet. You have failed.

70

The woman seems to remain unaware of your presence and, after a short time, enters a five-storey apartment block. A few moments after entering, a fourth-floor light comes on. You go up to the block's porch and look at the residents' list. Five names – one per floor, probably. The fourth floor is occupied by

ZERA GROSS
STELLAR AND INTERPLANETARY
IMPORT/EXPORT

Will you stay and watch her apartment (turn to **51**), or call it a day and spend the morrow searching in the City Central Library for some information about this Zera Gross (turn to **80**)?

71

As soon as you land on the floor, a flashlight is on you. 'Stop!' a voice cries. You can't afford to be caught here in this position, so you will have to fight the security guard who has discovered you. You can't start a gun fight either, because the noise of blaster shots would certainly attract more guards. You dive at him and fight hand to hand.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SECURITY GUARD	10	8

If you defeat him, ignore any damage that he inflicted upon you (the damage is only temporary) and turn to **119**. If you lose, turn to **32**.

72

'Please don't send me to jail,' he pleads. 'I've told you everything!'

'What about the Customs officer's name?' you ask.

'Zac – Zac Kalensus,' he says. 'He pays me to do it . . . but I won't any more . . .'

'Yeah . . . yeah,' you say. Turn to **111**.

73

You rocket out to asteroid C230. If your own spacecraft has been destroyed, you will have to pay out 2,000 kopecks to hire another for the trip.

C230 is about 300 metres in diameter, with the only signs of habitation being a dock and a few antennae. Seems to be fairly quiet, though – at least your arrival hasn't resulted in the launching of any anti-shipping missiles . . . yet.

You don your pressure-suit and space-walk around the outside of the rock, discovering, seemingly, only three ways of entering: the dock area, a small emergency entry hatch, and an air-conditioning radiator vent. Entering via the dock would be a bit obvious, so will you try the hatch (turn to 34), or the vent (turn to 229)?

74

You miss! Startled, he turns to see you and begins to shout into a walk-phone. As you take aim again, he slides from the tree, taking a potshot as he goes, and hitting you in the hand. Subtract 1 from your SKILL. Other shots can be heard now, and a woman's screams. Chasing the sniper, you see Mrs Torus's blaster-riddled body lying next to the black sloop that you saw parked behind the glasshouse. The sniper picks up the safety-deposit box Mrs Torus had been carrying for you, and dives into the sloop, which squeals off. Will you try and give chase to the car (turn to 191), or stop and tender aid to Mrs Torus (turn to 210)?

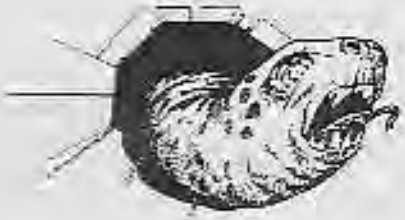

75

In the city, you visit a lot of cheap dives, a few of the places you were at before, and ask a lot of questions – all to no avail. Everything seems to have gone underground. The organization has finally been alerted to your presence. Turn to 16.

76

You pursue the sloop through the forest, your bumpers almost touching. Suddenly, the forest disappears and the road is in the open, going up a raised embankment. Will you try to draw up next to them (turn to 310), or ram them from behind (turn to 27)?

77

You pass down the corridor and come to an intersection. Will you continue down the corridor (turn to 340), or turn up the side-passage (turn to 379)?

78

You shoot at it, while it tries to engulf you in electric fire.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SENTINEL	7	10

If you destroy it, turn to 263.

79

A small poisoned dart, fired from a minuscule opening in a corner, hits you. The door does not open. Lose 1 point of STAMINA. Return to 186.

80

The City Central Library is an enormous complex, housing millions of volumes of vidis, microfilms and even a few books. It is almost devoid of human life when you arrive: there is no organic staff and most subscribers get the information or volumes they want sent to them by cable. You seat yourself at a terminal marked FOR PUBLIC USE ONLY.

Will you start by looking through old vidinews for something on local organized crime (turn to 41), or look up some government-released statistics instead (turn to 12)?

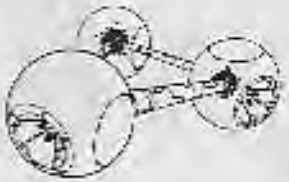

81

The café owner doesn't recall the name and has not seen anyone, other than those you saw, enter the premises. Disgruntled, you leave the café.

'Oi, you!' calls a voice behind you. Turning, you see that it is a clean-cut looking fellow pointing a blaster at you. 'Come here.' He waves the gun menacingly.

Will you attempt to run from him (turn to **364**), or draw your own blaster and threaten him back (turn to **42**)?

82

As you open the window, an alarm begins sounding. Footsteps can be heard approaching from the garden and behind the window. Trapped! Two guards appear. You will have to shoot at them.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GUARD 1	8	6
GUARD 2	6	6

If you defeat them, you are forced, by the presence of more guards, to leave the manor-house altogether. Turn to **231**.

83

Cautiously, you approach the pedestal and flame. It roars brighter. The doors slam shut! You see a monstrous serpentine figure with a woman's face forming in the flame over the pedestal. It sprouts a couple of dozen scaly legs from behind its face, turns blue and begins to laugh. You notice that its mouth is full of steel fangs. A couple of leather wings grow from its back. The beast reaches and grabs you with a few of its legs.

If you have read the prayer to Thuvald, you may recite it (turn to 122). Otherwise, you will either have to shoot the beast (turn to 93), or try to speak with it (turn to 54).

84

The guard moves down the row of lockers, finally reaching yours. He puts his hand on the latch.

'Hey, Harry!' a voice within the depot cries. 'Time for a beer, ol' buddy.'

'Is that so?' says the security guard, looking at his watch. 'Guess it is, too.'

Leaving your locker, he strolls off in the direction of his friend. Safe! Turn to 45.

85

You hurtle into the forest at well over 200 k.p.h., to find the road curving in tight S-bends between thick clumps of trees. You fight with the steering-wheel to keep the car on the road. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 270. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 46.

86

You enter a small ante-room to a private office. Standing by an enormous wooden table, pushing piles of files through a shredding-machine and tossing magnetic memory into a little incinerator on the wall, are two brutish-looking characters. They are both armed. When they see you, they dive to the floor and begin firing. One of them is armed with a fully automatic blaster.

	SKILL	STAMINA
THUG 1	10	6
THUG 2	6	6

If you defeat them, turn to 47.

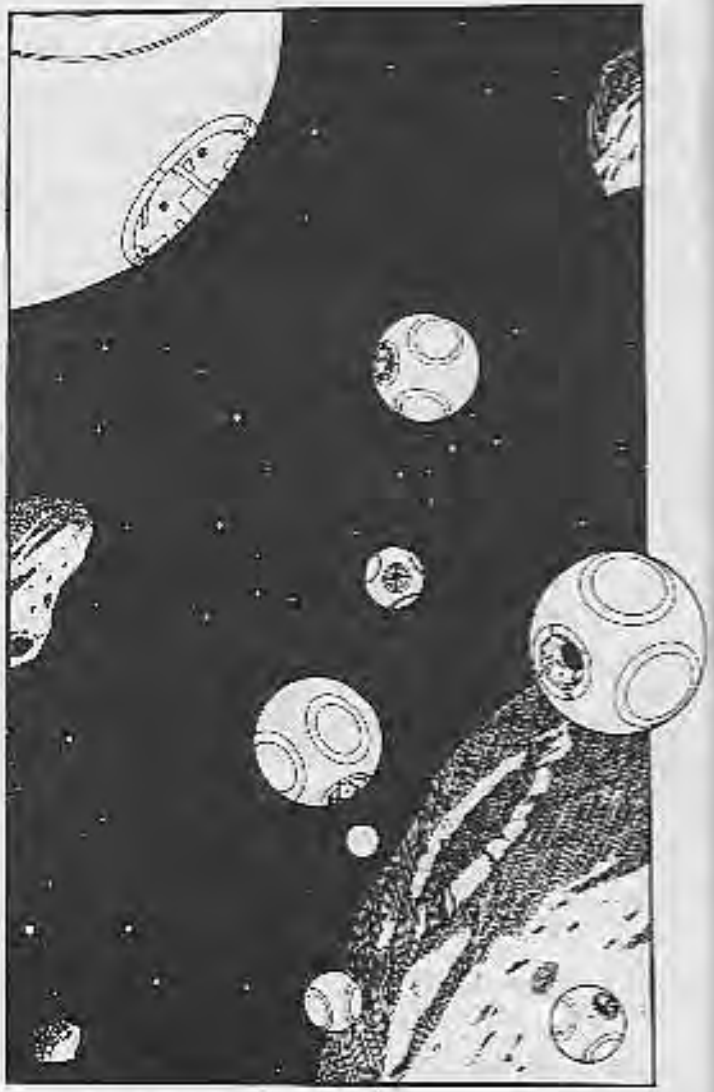

87

You return to the mainland and then rocket out to the asteroid belt. If your own spacecraft has been destroyed, you will have to hire another at a cost of 2,000 kopecks. If you cannot afford this then you have failed.

When you approach the environs of the drug runners' asteroid, the command screen on your ship flashes a message: MINEFIELD SURROUNDING TARGET. You look out to see a thickly clustered globular minefield set around the production asteroid – a very tricky proposition.

Will you shoot your way through the mines (turn to 48), or carefully manoeuvre through instead (turn to 19)?

88

You fire at each other.

	SKILL	STAMINA
ARCTURIAN VANQUE	7	10

If you defeat it, turn to 49.

89

You go to the main heliport where the Air-traffic Chief works. Now, should you follow him home from work to confront him (turn to 247), or try to get into his office when he's not there (turn to 257)?

90

You come back to the centre when it is dark – not that it being dark has that much relevance to your chances of being detected, but at least most of the staff should be away. You don't even attempt to go over the razor wire – certain detection there. Instead, you climb up a drainpipe on the pillbox set aside for public inquiries. You reach the roof. From here you climb along an insulated cable, which runs between the pillbox and the main building, until you are on the roof of the actual centre. You open a skylight and drop into the building. *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to 119; otherwise turn to 71.

91

Your foes are dead. As you step from the warehouse, with the sounds of pursuit close behind you, another thug steps out from behind the pile of rubbish by the back door. You spin round and raise your blaster. 'No, wait!' he implores, holding a piece of paper out to you. You hesitate, take the paper, and then sprint from the environs of the warehouse. Later you read the note:

Dear Narc,
Meet me at the Café Heroes of the Federation, 9.00 a.m. tomorrow.
Yours unhappily in crime,
Clive Torus

You might as well meet him. Turn to 325.

92

While sitting in a sleazy bar, talking to a hoary old asteroid miner, you notice a buzzing little insect land on your shoulder. You go to brush it off but – *freeze* – that's no insect. That's a bug, an electronic bug. Though minutely fashioned to look like an insect, you can see, at close examination, the tiny jets under the mock wings, and the vidicamera for an eye – an eye that is staring straight into your own.

Will you try to lose the bug (turn to 53) or ignore it and go to the starport to conduct your inquiries (turn to 345)?

93

You draw your pistol and begin pumping shots into the beast's head and body. It laughs, draws itself to its full height, pounces – and swallows you whole. You have failed.

94

You sprint from the depot. The guard gets off one shot at you, but misses. Well, you won't be able to do anything around the starport for a while, so you head off to find another lead. Turn to 231.

95

You follow the road for about ten kilometres, but there is no sign of the villains. You have lost them. Disconsolate, you drive back into the city. Turn to 16.

96

The duty proctor, smoothing the wrinkles from his uniform, hurries along a short corridor, beckoning you to follow. He shows you into a large office filled mainly by an enormous desk, the rest of the space being taken by the huge investigator sitting behind it.

'Hello,' you say, after the duty proctor has left, 'I'm a Grade 1 Investigator from Federal Central (Vice). I've been sent here to crack the Aleph Cygni drug ring and would appreciate any information or aid you can give me.'

'Why certainly, dear chap,' he says jovially. 'Here, have a cigar – Vegan, you know.' He lights up before continuing, 'I would love to be of assistance but, you see, there is no Aleph Cygni drug ring.'

'What?'

'Fiction. We have absolutely no evidence of anything large-scale, only one small operation out on Rispin's End, but that could hardly supply a granny, let alone export to other worlds! Ha, ha!'

'So, the only operation you know about is on the moon?'

'Yes, that's it.' His jolly face is beaming at you. 'You could go and take a look out there, but I should hardly bother.'

'Oh?'

'No, no. I believe you've been sent on a wild-goose chase. Dear, oh dear, these Federal fellows, if you'll excuse my rudeness, wouldn't know a drug ring from a Scallopian Fang.'

Perhaps not. There is obviously a source of, to use politician's jargon, misinformation about. Federal or local? Well, regardless of this man's views on Federal efficiency, you must continue the investigation until matters are resolved to your satisfaction. Will you go to Rispin's End (turn to 398), or ignore the local proctors and continue by searching for some bar or dive where someone might give a clue or two away (turn to 299)?

97

You shoot it out.

	SKILL	STAMINA
ANTARIAN ROBOT	8	8

If you defeat it, turn to 58.

98

You go off target slightly, drifting into the tentacles of one of the bulbous creatures. The thing turns into teeth and a cavernous maw, snapping wildly at you. It bites you. Lose 4 points of STAMINA. Turn to 59.

99

Walking through the spacious corridors of the dome town, deep in thought, you accidentally bump into a person rounding a corner. 'Excuse me,' you say, glancing . . . it's him! The assassin! Recognizing you, he swings the bag he is carrying – probably with his rifle in it – and knocks you off balance. He runs away down one of the corridors.

In a moment you are after him, but he is already out of sight, having disappeared around another corner at a T-junction. Unfortunately you didn't see which way he went. Will you try the left corridor (turn to **60**), or the right (turn to **21**)?

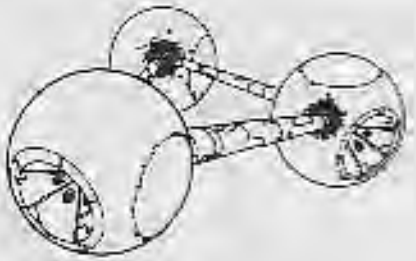

100

You raise your arms above your head as the gunmen close in. The car door opens and out steps this shifty-looking dude. He walks up to you slowly, thoughtfully.

'Who . . . who are you?' you ask, trying not to sound too frightened.

'My friends,' he says, searching you casually, 'call

me "Blaster", but to you, it doesn't matter.' He doesn't find your gun.

'Why not?'

'Ha . . . because, my friend, you are about to die. We are expecting a shipment from the asteroids tonight, see? As a consequence of your snooping you must, alas . . .' Here he draws his finger across his throat.

'OK, boys,' he says to the gunmen. 'On the roof, three bullets in the head.' You are led by two of them up a staircase and along a gantry towards the roof of the warehouse. As you walk along the raised gantry several options present themselves to you. You could try grabbing a rafter and kicking the thugs off the gantry (turn to 383); or you could just jump off the gantry yourself and hope the fall doesn't kill or cripple you (turn to **22**); or you could wait a while longer and hope that a better opportunity of escape presents itself (turn to 61).

101

You hear someone coming down the corridor towards the office. Quickly, you step outside, smile at the young lady standing there and say, 'He doesn't seem to be in.' You stride past her and out of the building. The asteroid known as C230 should be no problem to find, so will you take a trip out to look at it (turn to 73), or try to find somebody in the space industry who can verify the fact of illegal traffic out to the asteroids (turn to 384)?

102

You float cautiously into the hall and take up a place behind a row of black-clad figures, who are thronging the hall. They begin to chant and sway. A couple of men out in front swing burning incense in great circles. Soon a man, obviously the MC or high priest, appears out in front and begins a long prayer to some holy malevolence known as Thuvald. Obviously you have the wrong place – this is a monastery, a weird one no doubt, but still a monastery. You sneak out of the hall, away from C230 and head back to the Kether. Turn to 231.

103

He freezes. 'I . . . I don't know . . .' he stutters. You wave your pistol and take a couple of menacing steps towards him.' . . . very much . . . just about some transmissions from a satellite in orbit . . . an L16 orbit, I think. Please don't shoot me!' You threaten him a bit more but with little effect. Perhaps that is all he knows. You decide to have a look in space for this satellite. Turn to 36.

104

You drop the jets! They fire continuously, exhausting themselves of fuel and dragging you, via the safety wires attaching yourself to them, in the wrong direction. You spin off into space. You have failed.

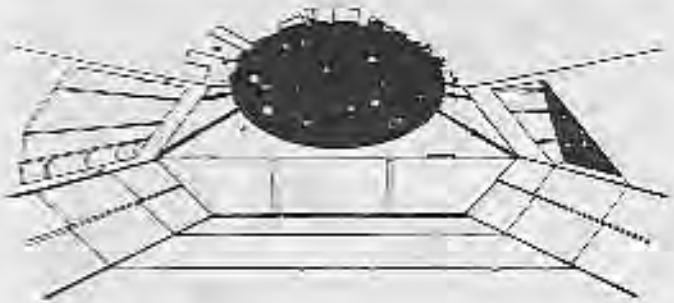

105

You didn't quite hit them hard enough – they manage to regain control and stay on the road. The collision did, however, cost you a bit of speed. Turn to 46.

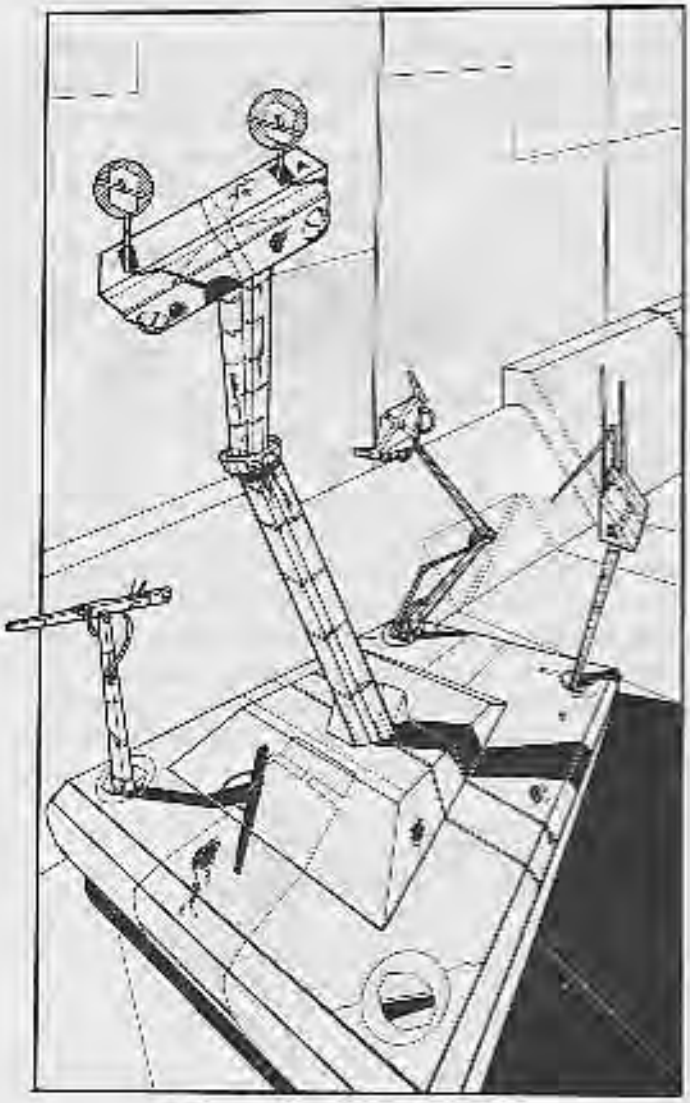

106

The corridor ends in a room. Spread about are gun racks and a few packets of blaster ammunition. A little gun-cleaning robot rolls over towards you. 'Hi! Nice day. Clean your gun?'

You push it to one side as you enter the room. A brief search reveals little more than one hand-grenade, which you keep. You may use this once. When you use it against a foe (or foes), throw three dice and deduct the total from the STAMINA of *all* the opponents present.

There's nothing else in the room, so you go back to the intersection and down the main corridor. Turn to 340.

107

You jump at the large red lever. *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to 29; otherwise turn to 68.

108

The figure smashes into a thousand pieces when you shoot it. The other Babbet laughs, turns to the left and opens fire, enigmatically, away from you. To your horror, blaster shells come tearing through the folding screen and smash into your body. The figures were reflections! The gangster was hiding behind the screen all along. You sink to the floor, your wounds making an irremovable stain in the plush pile of the carpet. You have failed.

109

You take up station just across the road in the shadow of a shop doorway. The light on the fourth floor goes out after fifteen minutes. Nothing happens for about five minutes; then, with no warning, six huge – *really* huge – thugs come out of nowhere to confront you.

'Ere, you, Vanque head.'

'What?' you say.

'This . . .' They grab you and, as they say, proceed to beat you to a pulp. Eventually, they leave you alone. After recovering consciousness some time later, you drag yourself off to receive some medical attention and rest. Lose 2 STAMINA points permanently. With the new day, you head off to the library to look up Z. Cross. Turn to 80.

110

'Hey, you, stop!' one of the men yells, as you move towards the stairs. Damn! Seen. You go down the stairs, open the door, and are confronted by another two men with drawn blasters. You will have to fight them.

	SKILL	STAMINA
THUG 1	6	8
THUG 2	5	8

If you defeat them, turn to 91.

111

'Today, in fact,' he continues, 'some stuff arrived . . . and will probably go through Customs tomorrow.' Well, you don't know exactly where the stuff is coming from, so there's no point in flying out to the islands yet. So will you pay customs a visit on the morrow (turn to 337), or try to find someone else in the space industry who may know about illegal traffic (turn to 384)?

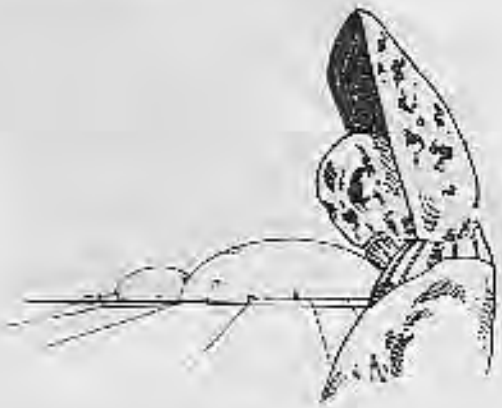

112

'Ha!' you say defiantly. 'You don't scare me!'

'Pity,' she says. 'OK, Brak an' Johnny?'

'Yeah.'

'Kill the dummy.'

This is the end of the road. The last thing you hear or see is Brak cocking his gun before pulling the trigger. You have failed.

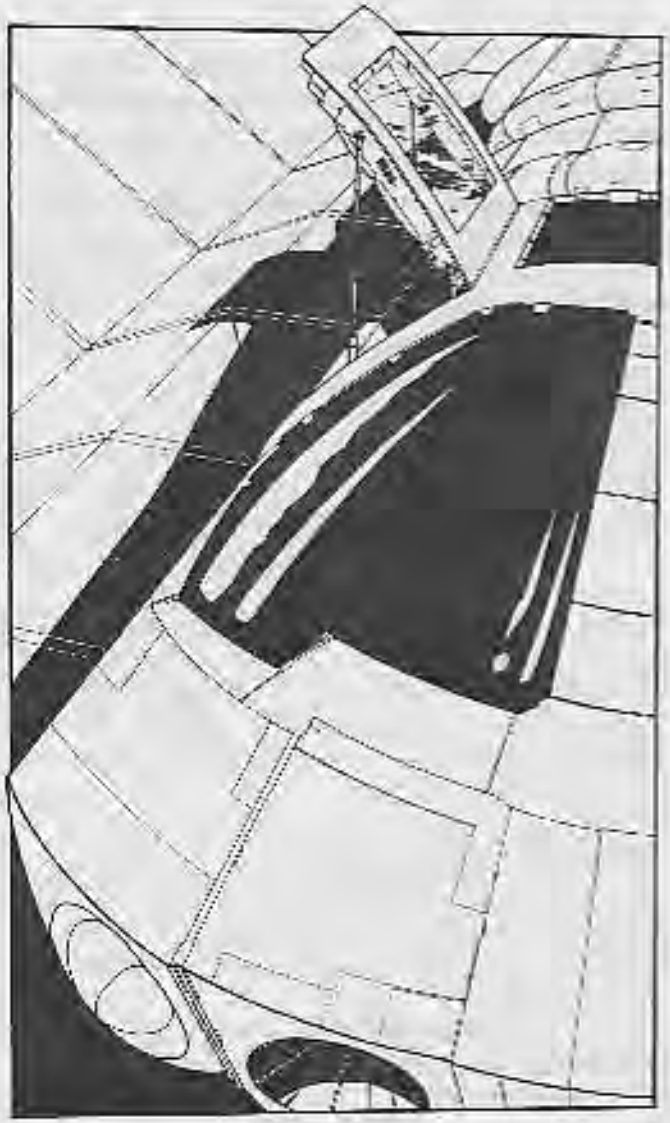

113

The driver, in response to your frantic waving, pulls over to the side of the road. 'What?' he asks in astonishment when you drag him from the car. 'Hey . . . wait!' he yells, when you hurl his vehicle into a wide arc and set off after the escaping villains. Looks like you've had a bit of luck, anyway, as the ground car you are in is a small, powerful six-wheeled sport model with twin gas turbines. Should be able to pull a few hundred kilometres an hour with this.

You flick on the traffic radar – picking the sloop up ahead – and accelerate to 200 k.p.h. If you stopped to shoot before waving this car down, turn to **387**; otherwise turn to **202**.

114

After a few more days of non-discovery you give up and return to Kether to look the city over for possible leads. Turn to **75**.

115

The turbines give a magnificent amount of power, pushing you effortlessly down the slope to within three metres of the sloop. You start pounding on your horn to unnerve them. The two cars dive into a wood. The road becomes quite curvy, necessitating a reduction in speed. You could try to ram the car from behind and send it into a tree – it is a heavier vehicle than yours and will probably be harder to control in these conditions. Will you try to push it off the road (turn to **222**), or not (turn to **76**)?

116

It digests your guess and then fires its blasters at you. 'Wrong one, buddy,' it cackles. You will have to fire at it.

	SKILL	STAMINA
ROBOT SENTRY	8	4

If you defeat it, turn to 38.

117

You slide your ship into the main dock area, parking next to an interplanetary shuttle. When you open the airlock you find a small spherical droid in front of you. Little rockets on its surface send it darting from side to side while it fires at you with pulsing red lasers. You will have to fire at it.

	SKILL	STAMINA
DEFENCE DROID	9	4

If you defeat it, turn to 156.

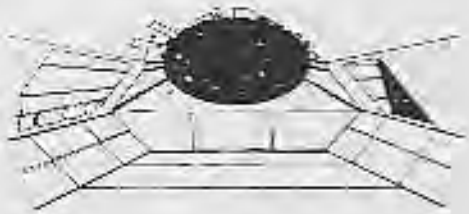

118

You receive an electric shock from the door. It does not open. Lose 1 point of STAMINA and then return to 225.

119

You are in an office area and there, not two metres from you, is a video link to the Centre's files. Hastily, you begin to retrieve information from it. Turn to 393.

120

'Yes, of course you can look,' she says. 'All his other papers were kept in the drawer over there.' She points to a bureau. You leaf through the few scraps that lie in the bottom of the drawer – a catalogue of home appliances, a few notes to himself to remind him to pick up dinner or such, a couple of bills, invoices for various harmless articles and one piece of print-out which looks like it came from a telex:

000561402
UAB: QUERT SATCOM XX597134XX END
UAX: CUT

The interesting thing about this print-out is the hand-scrawled message on the back:

Zera,
Kalensus says he wants a bigger drink for his Customs boys.
Clive

Of course the Customs would be in it. This Kalensus must be their boss. Will you meet Mrs Torus later when she has had time to get the documents from the bank (turn to 44), or pay the Customs a visit and lean heavily on this guy Kalensus (turn to 142)?

121

You discover an alarm which would have been triggered had you simply opened the window. You easily disarm it. Climbing through the window, you find a short corridor which ends in a tiny bare room. Turn to 365.

122

As the beast towers over you, you remember what was written on the plaque, and scream it out:

'Hidden is he,
Mighty is he,
His time returns,
Hold, wait, be still!'

The monster hovers in the air and begins a weird ululating cry:

'Misled you have been,
In the wrong place, you are,
With the Customs officials you should be!'

Turn to 161.

123

You make it. The guard checks the locker you were in and moves on down the row. Eventually he leaves the area altogether. Turn to 357.

124

The villains' sloop is only ninety metres away when it disappears from sight in a wood. The trees are thick and low – it is impossible to tell whether the road will remain relatively straight or not.

Will you try to close the gap by accelerating (turn to 85), or play it safe by staying the same speed (turn to 76)?

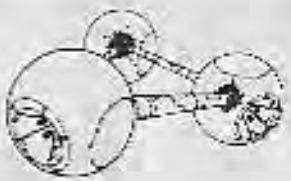

125

The files are useless, but the vidilink, once you work out how to turn it on, is a goldmine. It flashes up one message continually:

**** ATTENTION ALL STAFF****
THE FEDS ARE ON TO US SO DESTROY ALL FILES INCLUDING THIS MESSAGE. RENDEZVOUS – PARADISE, 34 16' 42" WEST, 16 00' 01" NORTH AT 21:30. BE EFFICIENT.
ZERA GROSS + BLASTER BABBET.

Good-oh! Later, after you have left the office, it turns out that the co-ordinates are those of a tiny island some 4,000 kilometres off the coast of the mainland. Turn to 330.

126

You leave the room via another door and find yourself in what is obviously a command room – huge vidiscreens and floor-to-ceiling computer banks adorn the walls. Vidilinks are set around at irregular intervals. It all ticks over and flashes quietly to itself. The screens show production figures of Satophil-d in tonnes per month; arrival and departure times of helijet flights between the island and mainland; and the exact location of the asteroid on which all of the drugs are manufactured. This is obviously not the complete operation: what you need to take out now is the production asteroid. Turn to 87.

127

You take out a few tablets of the drug and dodge towards the bridge, bright gashes of electrons dancing around you. When you are close to the alien, you throw the Satophil-d into its gapingly huge mouth and duck back to the door. The monster stops firing, chews a bit, squats on its haunches and then slips over into the pit. Turn to 49.

128

The man is busy stripping bits and pieces from one of the helijet's motors when you approach and speak to him. 'Quiet day, isn't it?' you say. He grins and continues to work: 'Yep, sure is. Rest of the week, though, it's go, go, go.' You continue in this vein for a few more minutes before you mention that you've heard that a lot of illegal air traffic comes through here undetected.

'Ha! Undetected my foot. Those guys in traffic control just don't report it.' He pulls a large section of motor out. 'And not just here either. Over at the other heliport, by the starport, they're just as bad.'

'Oh?'

'Yup, somebody's hiding something. Probably the Air-traffic Chief over at the starport – everything goes through him.'

Well, whole new avenues! You can try and verify this man's information by doing some research, either at the City Library (turn to **80**), or the State Computer File Centre (turn to **246**). Or you could go to air-traffic control, either at this heliport (turn to **167**) or at the starport (turn to **89**).

129

You are dragged off to the proctor HQ, where all your identification is taken away. Your claims that you are a Federal Investigator fall on deaf ears. Eventually, you are tried, and sent to prison. You have failed.

130

You throw the chief around the room so hard that he stumbles and falls. Leaning over him, you insert your blaster's barrel in one of his ears. 'Now, if you don't tell me everything you know, you might not even make it as far as the jailhouse. Just disappear,' you whisper.

'No . . . no . . . the Customs officer – Zac Kalensus – he pays me to do it . . . and I think there are some files for a few space flights to and from the asteroids that . . . that I have to destroy too . . . not just from the islands.' Turn to **111**.

131

You hang around in the city, frequenting bars, dives, cheap hotels and even looking for likely persons in the vidiphone directory. *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to **4**; otherwise turn to **92**.

132

Just as you reach the exit, the doors slam shut with a terrific *Boom*. Oh, oh. Trapped! Turning, you see a monstrous serpentine figure with a woman's face forming in the flame over the pedestal. It sprouts a couple of dozen scaly legs from behind its face, turns blue and begins to laugh at you. You notice that its mouth is full of steel fangs. A couple of leather wings grow from its back. Frantically, but vainly, you try to open the doors. The beast leaves the flame, advances towards you, and grabs you with a few of its legs. Will you shoot at it (turn to 93), or try to speak with it (turn to 54)?

133

Unknown to you, your jacket has caught on a spring in the door of the locker. *Ping*, it goes, when you accidentally pull it free. 'Hey, you,' says the guard, noticing you, 'stop!' He is drawing his blaster. Will you stop (turn to 55), or run (turn to 94)?

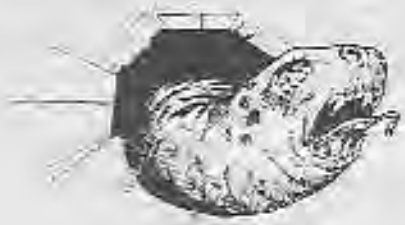

134

Slowing down, you maintain control. The car stays on the road, although it squeals around the corners. You have lost sight of the villains' sloop in the trees. A side-road approaches to the right. Did they go down this or continue on the main road? Will you go down the side-road (turn to 95), or straight on (turn to 56)?

135

Your car leaps forward and smashes into the rear of the sloop, giving the necessary impetus to send it out of control. It fishtails off the road and then flips over and over and over, violently rolling to a halt a hundred metres further on. You pull over to the side of the road. Turn to 359.

136

Your choice is wrong, evidently, as the machine opens fire on you. Turn to 97.

137

Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 98. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 59.

138

You take a dive down a narrow alley and sprint away, leaving the assassin behind. However, you did manage to catch a good look at his face – good enough to recognize him if you saw him again. So you go to the dome town's starport and, finding the Arrivals desk unattended, slip behind it, seat yourself at the passport vidilink, and look through all the recent arrivals. There he is! Arrived about a week ago – a Mr B. Smith; age, 34; occupation, librarian; place of work, City Central Library . . .

'Ahem,' says a voice behind you, 'what do you . . .?'

'Sorry,' you say, quickly flashing your Federal Investigator badge at the Arrivals clerk, 'police . . . er . . . proctor matters.'

Will you continue your search on Rispin's End (turn to 99), or go back to Kether for a bit of research at the library there (turn to 80)?

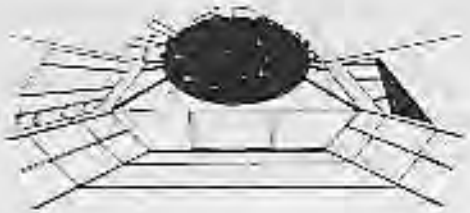

139

As soon as you begin to move, they fire. The deadly hail hits you, and forces you to the ground. You have failed.

140

There are a lot of files, so you pick a few out at random. Only one of them yields anything interesting. It is concerned with an asteroid known as C230 and the occurrence of a fairly large amount of unauthorized traffic between it and Kether. The file does not state or hypothesize any possible reasons for this. Throw a die. If the result is even, turn to **101**; if odd, turn to **62**.

141

You float cautiously into the hall and take up a place behind a row of black-clad figures, who throng the hall. 'Here,' says one of them, noticing you. 'Who are you?' The others, turning to see, move rapidly, seize you and bear you to the front of the hall. 'A toy! A toy!' is chanted throughout. A short while later you lose your life in a rather peculiar religious ceremony. You have failed.

142

You find the office of the Head Customs Officer. ZAC KALENSUS, it says on a little brass plate next to the entrance. You turn the door-handle and kick it open. Standing next to an open window is Mr Kalensus, memo in hand, surprise on his face. You point your pistol at him and say, icily, 'OK, Zac baby, start talking about this little drug racket you're in on or I'll have to start pumping with my trigger finger.' *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to **64**; otherwise turn to **103**.

143

You manage to draw yourself to a halt only a short distance from the satellite. Another short burst and you should reach it. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **104**. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to **221**.

144

Your bumper hits them firmly, catapulting the sloop towards the side of the road. *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to **66**; otherwise turn to **105**.

145

The monster is dead. Stepping past its body, you find yourself at an intersection in a corridor. The main passage continues straight on, while a narrower corridor goes to the right. Which way? Straight on (turn to **340**), or right (turn to **106**)?

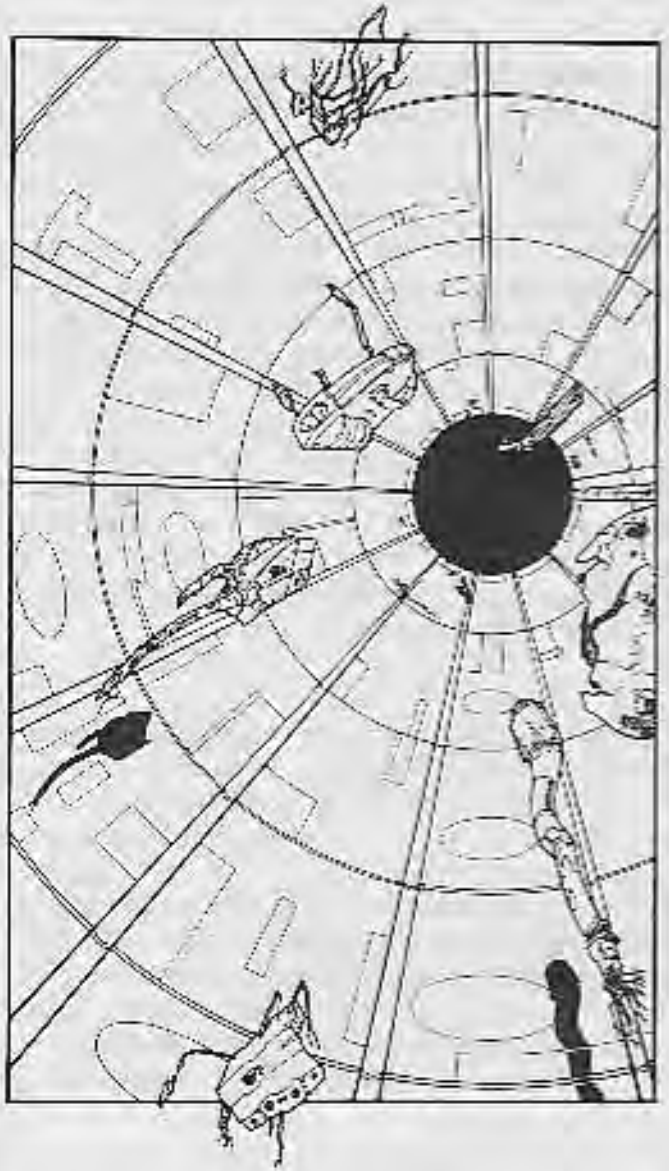

146

You go down the tunnel, through an airlock and into a tiny cone-shaped room. An iris airlock at the other end – which happens to be the big end – opens, revealing empty space! The atmosphere in the room begins to rush out, taking you with it. You are in a garbage disposal room. Will you hold on to the airlock door behind you until the rush of air stops (turn to 390), or make a dive for the emergency stop lever next to the open iris lock (turn to 107)?

147

You jump through the folding screen. Babbet is standing behind it, facing the opposite wall – the two figures were simply reflections of the real article in hiding. You tackle him. The two of you roll across the thick carpet, wrestling and trading punches in hand-to-hand combat.

	SKILL	STAMINA
'BLASTER' BABBET	10	8

If you defeat him, turn to 400.

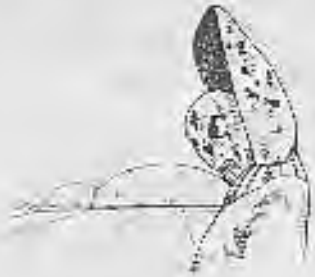

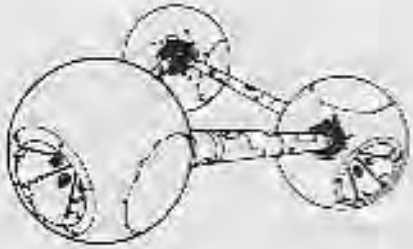

148

You give chase. The woman, despite her weight and age, is quite fast – not fast enough, though. You run in the shadows and it becomes evident, after a couple of minutes, that she believes she has lost you. She goes once around the block and then darts into a five-storey apartment building. A few moments later a light comes on on the fourth floor. Stepping up to the block's porch, you consult the residents' address list. Just five names, one per floor. The fourth floor is taken by a ZERA GROSS, IMPORT/EXPORT.

You can either wait outside the apartment to see if anything develops (turn to 109), or you could call it a day and spend tomorrow doing a bit of research at the City Central Library to find out a bit more about this Zera Gross (turn to 80).

149

The door opens on to some stairs. You climb them and find yourself on a raised freight landing; above are doors for a helijet to enter the building and below is a storehouse. A door in the storehouse opens and two men enter. Will you lie down in an attempt to remain hidden (turn to 52), or try to escape from the landing by going back down the stairs (turn to 110)?

150

The block is almost completely deserted. However, you do manage to find two off-duty pilots hanging around the Flight Service Centre.

'What?' they say, cowering, when you ask them about the existence of any illegal space traffic.

'Don't know a thing,' says one.

'Nothing,' says the other.

'Well,' says the first to the second. 'I must be off!'

'Yes,' replies number two, 'so must I!' They scoot off down a corridor.

Very unsatisfactory. Will you continue your inquiries at the starport hangars (turn to 306), or in the city (turn to 189)?

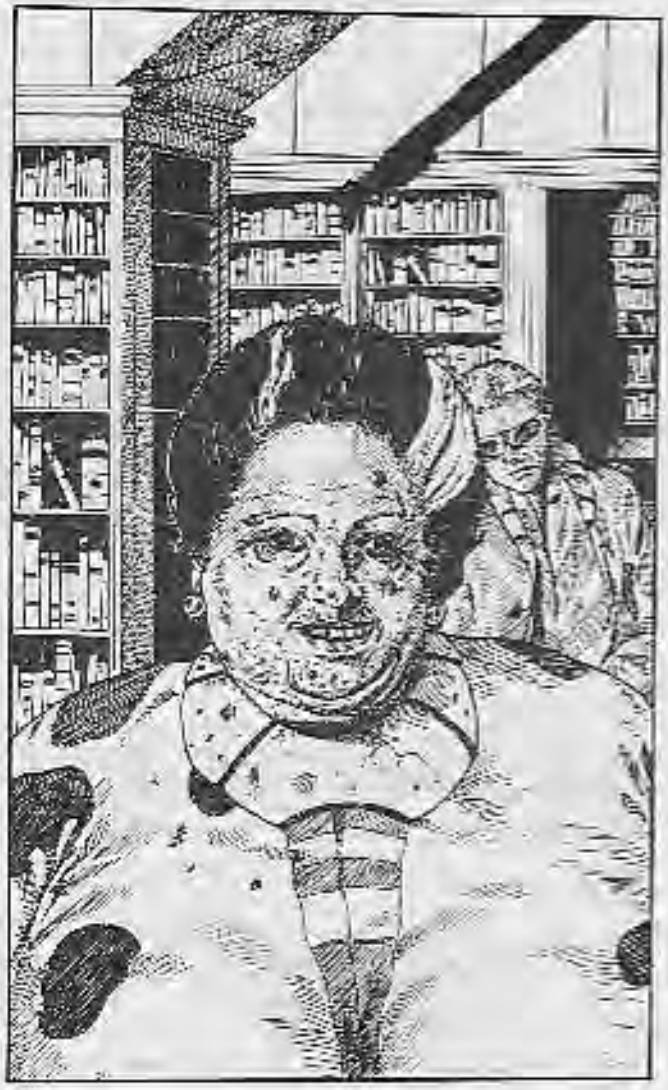

151

You find yourself in a plush room – either a library or a study. Books on real wooden shelves line the walls. There is real wooden furniture, heavy and smoky with long years. Behind a massive desk sits an equally massive but certainly uglier woman. She smiles, gap-toothed, at you. 'You gave us quite a turn, you did, dropping out of space all unexpected like. Isn't that so, boys?' She looks around at the other gangsters who are lolling about on the rest of the furniture, cigarettes dangling from their lips, and bleary, boozy eyes fixed disinterestedly on you.

'Yeah,' they answer.

'We don't have Federal Investigators visiting our little planet at all often. Do we, boys?' she asks again.

'Nah.'

Suddenly, she leans forward, staring at you. Her voice is icy: 'You have two choices, Narc. Either you go to a meeting that we've arranged for you, to pick up a box of documents for us, or else . . .' Will you agree to go to the meeting (turn to 35), or take the 'or else' (turn to 112)?

152

Kneeling, you fire half a dozen quick shots at the skiop before it disappears over a hill. Missed! You still have time, though, to wave the other car to a stop and commandeer it for a chase. Turn to 113.

153

For a few days you have your computer eavesdrop on all the electromagnetic traffic transmitted through space by artificial means. While your ship is doing this, you make a visual search of the surface of Kether. On the fifth day your computer alerts you to the presence of a large communications satellite in an L16 orbit. It receives signals irregularly and transmits a response shortly after – not to the source of the incoming signal but towards Kether. It uses a unidirectional antenna for transmission, but some leakage allowed your computer to detect it.

The suspicious part is the size of the satellite, its infrequent use and the fact that it always transmits to only one building in Kether's capital city. It could be a Defence Department satellite, but . . . Will you go and look at it (turn to **377**), or disregard it and continue your surveillance (turn to **114**)?

154

The sloop is now 100 metres ahead and accelerating through a wide curve before a long straight. On the left you can see a side-road approaching – it may afford a slight short cut to the straight that the sloop is heading for. Will you take this side-road (turn to **261**), or remain on the main road (turn to **202**)?

155

Turn to **116**.

156

The sparking remains of the droid float in the vacuum. You leave the sparse dock area via an airlock and proceed towards the centre of the asteroid through a zero-gravity tunnel. Turn to **195**.

157

You receive an electric shock from the door. It does not open. Lose 1 point of STAMINA and then return to **225**.

158

Under a hefty shoulder, the door collapses. Inside, on the floor, in a pool of blood, is the man you were supposed to meet – shot. His eyes open and he crooks a finger at you in an attempt to call you over. 'Beware,' he whispers when you are closer. 'Beware of . . . of Zera Gross and . . . and . . . Blaster B . . .' He expires, the last words too much for him. You search his body and find a wallet and a letter. The wallet identifies the man as being Arthur Flange of no fixed address. The letter is from a friend or acquaintance of his. It reads:

Dear Arthur,

Re our plans. Z. doesn't suspect yet. We must work out the final details. Meet me at the Café Heroes of the Federation on Thursday at 9 a.m.

Clive Torus

Will you go to meet Clive tomorrow in place of Arthur (turn to 315), or go to the City Central Library to look up this Zera Gross that Arthur mentioned – her name might be raised in a case list somewhere (turn to 80)?

159

You arrange to meet Mrs Torus by the greenhouses in the Botanic Gardens, when she has had time to get the documents from the bank. Turn to 44.

160

You approach a small side-window. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 82. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 121.

161

'Now,' it cries, turning white as a sheet, 'begone!' The doors open and you are sent flying by some mysterious force into the corridor beyond. The doors slam shut. Will you continue to explore the asteroid (turn to 346), or return to Kether and either go to investigate the Customs officials (turn to 337) or search for some other clue (turn to 231)?

162

'Hmm,' he muses after pocketing the cash. 'I guess it's about time for my coffee break. Bye.' He strolls off, out of sight. Will you go back into hiding (turn to **357**), or assume that the guard will tell somebody of your presence? If you assume the latter, then you will have to leave the starport and search for a new clue (turn to **231**).

163

You brake just in time, for there, over the crest, is a tight hairpin bend. The sports car's six wheels squeal slightly as it whips around the corner and flies on to a long, straight downhill slope. The sloop is about 100 metres in front. Will you push the car faster (turn to **115**), or stay at your present speed (turn to **124**)?

164

The vidilink is broken and the files are just meaningless rows of numbers. You continue your desultory search through the remnants of the office for a while, but eventually give up. Turn to **203**.

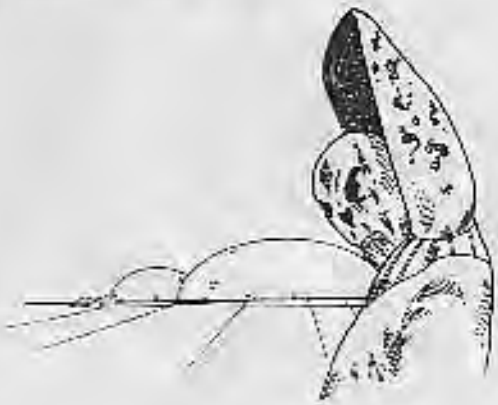

165

Zera is immobile. The vidilink is on fire; the desk is riddled with bullets. Looking around, you find nothing of note within the room. Turn to **126**.

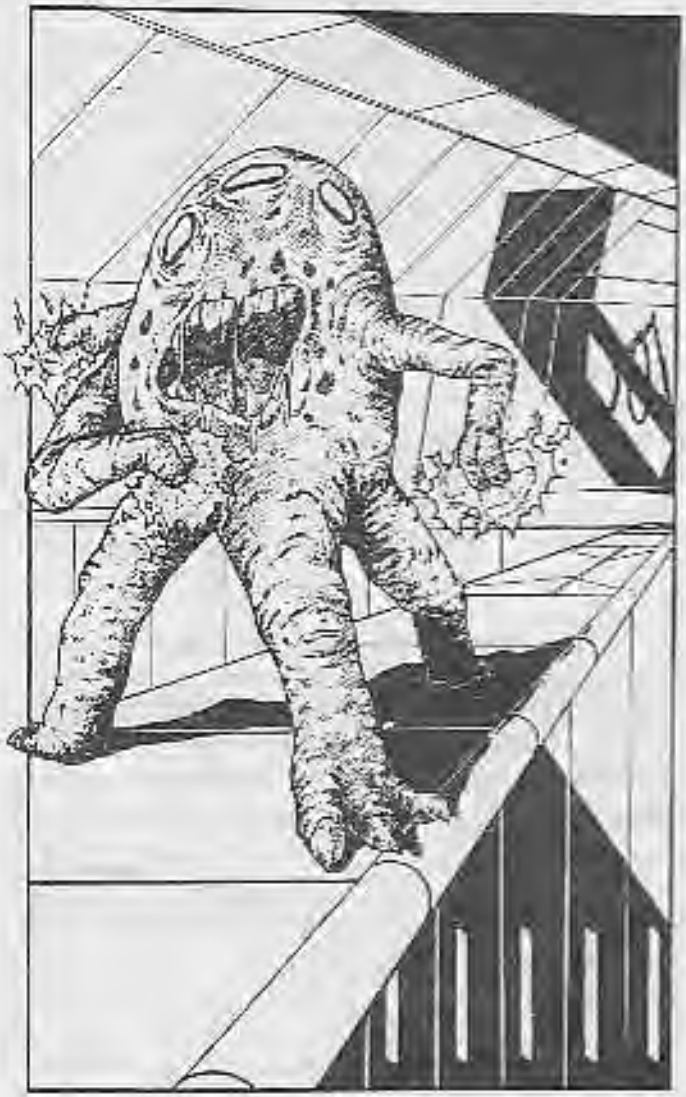

166

You enter a room which has gravity. Before you is a wide, deep pit spanned by a narrow bridge with no handrail. On the bridge stands a tripedal alien holding electric bracers in each of its three paws. It is considering you with three eyes. Thankfully, it has only one mouth, albeit a *very* large one. 'Halt,' it says, and then, without waiting to see if you do, fires several bright bolts of electrons at you. If you possess any Satophil-d, turn to **127**; otherwise turn to **88**.

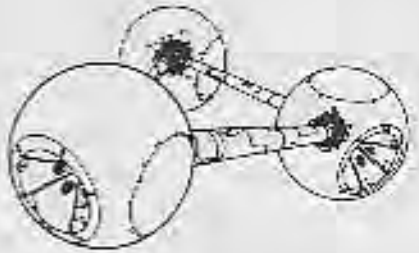

167

The terminus is largely empty, with only a few staff about. You make your way to the control sector of the building, where you find a pair of off-duty air-traffic controllers drinking some brown goop from a machine in one of the corners.

'Yech!' is the first thing they say to you. 'Oh . . . oh, that is really *horrible*,' is the second. Introducing yourself as an off-world travelling salesman, you

attempt to engage them in a conversation about the lack of traffic around the port.

'Thank the stars,' says one. 'You should see it the rest of the week. Phew!'

'Busy?'

'Rather.'

Upon your bringing up the subject of unidentified helijets or illegal traffic, they look at each other, down their goop and scoot away into the restricted area of the control sector. 'Gotta go.' 'Bye-bye.' They are gone: suspicious behaviour or just a reluctance to talk shop? You could find the information from other sources, though. You can go to the City Central Library (turn to 80) or the State Computer File Centre, which might have air-traffic records (turn to 246); or, if you haven't already, you could approach the man working on the rental helijets (turn to 128).

168

He looks contemptuously down his nose at you and removes his pince-nez. 'No, no. That will never do.' He must have pressed an alarm bell with his foot, because in the next moment several security guards enter the room and grapple with you. Turn to 129.

169

He looks suitably frightened. 'It's the Customs officer, he makes me do it! Don't send me to jail, please . . . please . . .' he pleads. You slap him in the face.

'Makes you do what? Come on, you're in very big trouble, mister.'

'He makes me destroy the records for certain flights . . .'

'Which flights?' you snap.

'From . . . from the islands.'

'Which island in particular?' you ask, simulating rage and pounding him against the wall.

'I. . . I don't know,' he cries. 'We only pick them up just before they . . . they reach the coast.' He collapses into a snivelling heap.

Will you really start slapping him around to see if he's hiding anything (turn to 130), or ease off a little to show him you're human (turn to 72)?

170

They lead you into the manor-house. Turn to 151.

171

You float gently to the floor and move towards the pedestal. In response, the flame leaps to the ceiling and changes to a hellish shade of purple. You notice that two heavy, iron-studded wooden doors in a wall are open and thus offer a means of exit from the room. Will you investigate the pedestal closer (turn to 83), or leave via the open doors (turn to 132)?

172

Slowly, you open the locker door, slide out and creep towards an aisle between the next row of lockers. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 133. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 123.

173

You enter the forest at 240 k.p.h., only to find the road curving in tight S-bends between thick clumps of trees. You fight with the steering-wheel to keep the car under control. *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to 134; otherwise turn to 270.

174

You hit them just above the rear mudguard, fortuitously locking one of the back wheels, stripping a differential and sending the massive black car through the guard-rail and rolling down the embankment. It flips, smashes and is still – certainly a fatal crash. You pull over to the side of the road. Turn to 359.

175

'Scorpion,' you answer. The machine does not even bother to tell you that you were wrong before opening fire on you. Turn to 97.

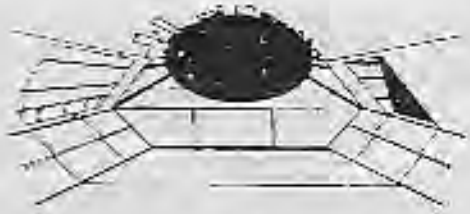

176

You struggle free. With snapping teeth and writhing tentacles, it pursues you back to the tunnel, but follows no further. You decide to try jumping from sphere to sphere. Turn to 137.

177

Having defeated your foe, you might as well find out why he was attacking you. A search of his body reveals little, though; there is his rifle, a small mechanical component and a ticket, via Pan-Kether Spaceways, from Rispin's End to Kether.

The mechanical component, under close examination, reveals itself to be a pressure bearing from a helijet. Perhaps his normal job, when he wasn't killing people, was a jet mechanic. You look at his hands: short nails with grease under them – could be from cleaning his rifle, though.

The ticket to Kether is made out for a B. Smith, stated occupation librarian. There doesn't seem to be much point in staying on the moon, so you return to Kether. You can either go out to one of the heliports around the capital (turn to 206), or perhaps do a bit of research at the library (turn to 80).

178

The large sliding door is unlocked and pushes open easily, revealing a quite dark interior; the shadowy outlines of crates and, in front of you, a ground car are barely defined. Quietly and carefully, you creep inside. Suddenly, six or seven men jump out from behind the crates with blasters pointing at you. One of them yells, *'Stop!'* Will you freeze where you are (turn to 100), or take a gamble and dive for cover (turn to 139)?

179

They are unlocked and contain mainly junk – mainly, but not completely, for there, under a pile of bent paperclips and rusting staples, is a 'gem'. It is a letter from the Head Customs Officer to the Air-traffic Chief:

Dear Aestho,

Here's your cheque. Note that today's flight from the east coast – No. 212 – was 'unusual' and should be written off as per the others. Contents will be cleared tomorrow, so tomorrow's shuttle to Tau Ceti – No. 005 – should also be written off.

Zac Kalensus

The cheque is for 3,000 kopecks! Will you pay a visit to Customs (turn to 337), or try to find someone in the space industry who might know about the illegal traffic (to Tau Ceti, for instance) hinted at in the letter (turn to 384)?

180

Test your Luck. If you are successful, turn to **102**, otherwise turn to **141**.

181

He caches the extra 2,000 away in a shirt pocket and signals you closer. 'Top floor of the Isosceles Tower, in the city,' he whispers. 'That's their nerve centre.' He then mumbles something about being out of a job and rushes back into the freight depot, out of sight. You could check out this tip by going to the Isosceles Tower (turn to **320**), or follow up his first clue by looking for the satellite (turn to **36**).

182

You are not far from your goal, but in a slow spin, so the white vapour from the jets tumbles at an odd angle. If you're not careful you'll miss the satellite completely. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **104**. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to **143**.

183

You misplaced your bumper on the side of the other vehicle. The collision sends your car sideways, off the road and sailing into a tree at 160 k.p.h. You have failed.

184

It is an Androform, constructed in the shape of a fierce hound. You will have to fight the machine hand to hand.

ANDROFORM	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you defeat it, turn to **145**.

185

The exit leads you down another zero-gravity tunnel to a crossroads. You have three tunnels to choose from.

Straight ahead	Turn to **293**
Left	Turn to **332**
Right	Turn to **146**

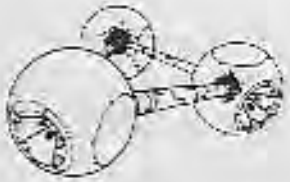

186

Which door button will you press:

Front?	Turn to **79**
Back?	Turn to **40**
Left?	Turn to **381**
Right?	Turn to **342**
Up?	Turn to **303**
Down?	Turn to **264**

187

You give chase but, for all her fat and age, the woman is amazingly fleet of foot – you lose sight of her down a side-street. Luck is on your side in one way, however. In her rush to escape, she dropped her bag, which contains 500 kopecks and a small number of business cards, all of which read:

Z. GROSS
STELLAR AND INTERPLANETARY
IMPORT/EXPORT

Strangely, there is no vidinumber or address. Still, it's something to go on. You return to your ship and decide, the next day, to go to the City Central Library to see if there is anything to find out concerning this Z. Gross. Turn to 80.

188

Circling around towards the back of the hangar-sized warehouse, you discover a small door partly hidden behind some piles of rubbish. You force this entrance rather easily. In front of you is a short corridor which ends in two doors, indistinguishable from each other. You approach the doors. Which will you go through: the left (149) or the right (3)?

189

In the city you find a few interstellar and interplanetary shipping agencies to ask some questions of – all of which give unsatisfactory replies. While you are in a sandwich bar, picking up some lunch between agencies, you are confronted by two men – each holding a blaster no more than fifteen centimetres from your belly. 'Come with us,' they say, 'or we will kill you.' You'd have no chance of escape at this distance. You go with them out the back of the shop. Turn to 316.

190

The conduit heads further into the asteroid until you find your way blocked by an enormous maintenance and pest-killing robot. Its three eyes swivel to watch you approach. It flicks a tentative laser blast at you to see if you fall into the 'pest' category that it holds in its machine mind. There's no way past, even if you destroyed it, and, as it begins to lumber towards you, it may even pose a threat. You return to the grille overlooking the room, push it open and enter. Turn to 171.

191

You run out on to the road, narrowly being missed by a carload of picnickers – out for a jolly time in the gardens. The black sloop is tearing down the street, past another car which is heading toward you. Will you shoot at the villains' car (turn to 152), or try to flag the other car down so as to give chase (turn to 113)?

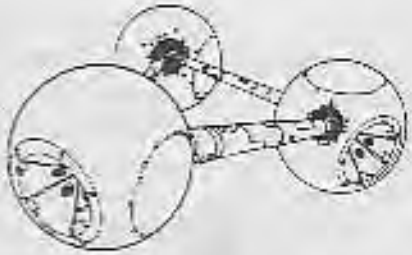

192

You rocket into a high orbit around Kether. *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to 153; otherwise turn to 114.

193

You slide along the shoulders, but retain a grip on the road with the other three wheels. The car slingshots out of the S-bend at a terrific pace and ends up only three metres behind the sloop. Turn to 378.

194

Turn to 116.

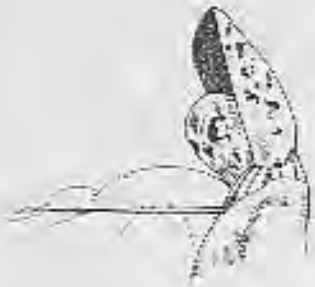

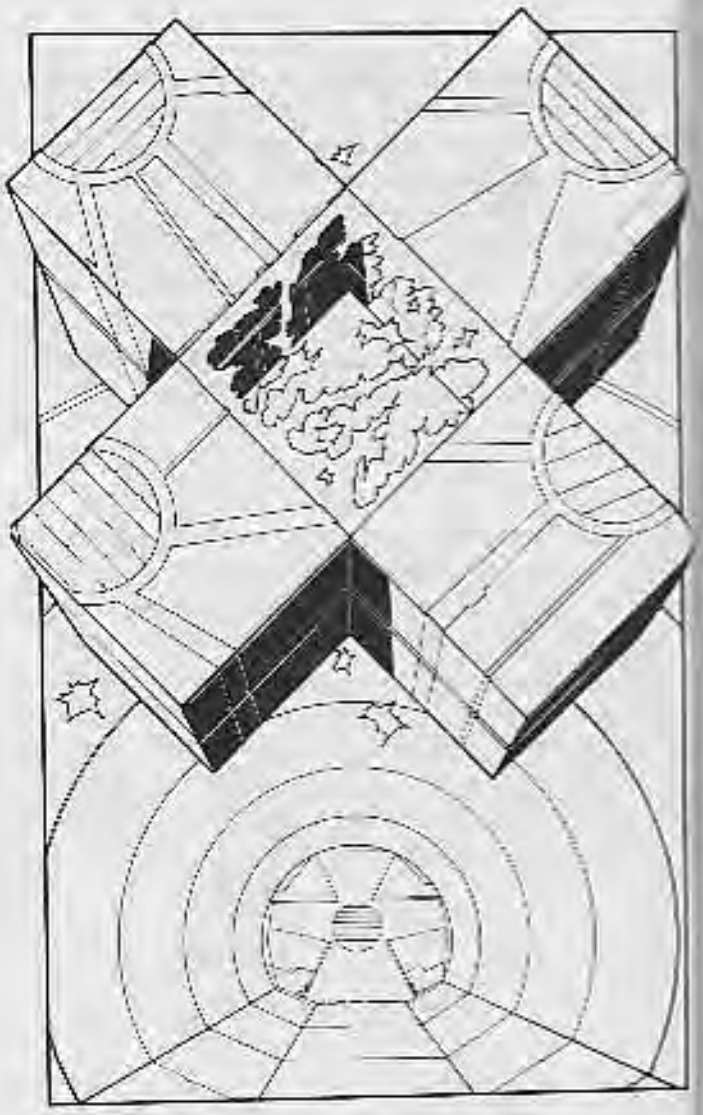

195

The tunnel ends in a large cylindrical chamber. Floating in front of you, blocking your passage, is a device constructed of four cubes set in the shape of an X with a cubic hole in the centre. Bright blue bolts of electricity fly between the cubes through the central hole. With a low hum, it begins to approach. The flashing becomes more frequent and begins to lash out towards you in great electric arcs. Will you fire at this device with your blaster (turn to 78), try to dive past it (turn to 39), or take a flying leap at it to hit it with your boots and thus (hopefully) send it out of control (turn to 380)?

196

You receive an electric shock from the door. It does not open. Lose 1 point of STAMINA and then return to 225.

197

You run down the stairwell, but by the time you reach ground level and launch yourself into the street the man is nowhere to be seen. You have lost him. Suddenly, a scream comes from above you: '*Murder!*' Just what you need. Within seconds, proctor helijets descend from the sky, landing in the street and on the hotel's roof. Another helijet, hovering between the surrounding buildings, fixes a room on the twelfth floor – most certainly 1201 – with a spotlight. Proctors, procs, cops – call them what you will – seem to be everywhere.

Not knowing if the local procs can be trusted, you decide to lie low. Next day, you head off to the City Central Library to see if anything can be found out about the man you saw running down the stairs – at least you know what he looks like. Turn to 80.

198

'Good-day, Mrs Torus, I am an investigator from Federal Central (Vice). Could I have a word with your husband?' you ask in your most official voice. She looks up and down the street and then ushers you in.

'Clive . . . Clive's dead,' she cries, bursting into tears. 'They killed him!'

'Who, Mrs Torus, who?'

'His mates, the people he worked with. He didn't want to work for them any more so . . . so they killed him.'

You discover from her that her husband took care of a lot of the accounts for Zera Gross (his boss, evidently), and that these accounts were kept by Clive in a safety-deposit box at one of the banks in the city. They are still there. 'I . . . I can get them for you, if you like,' she says.

'Yes, that would be very useful, thank you.' Clive may have kept other incriminating documents around the house – perhaps you should ask his wife if you could look through his personal papers? She looks very upset though. Will you ask her (turn to 120) or not (turn to 159)?

199

Circling through the trees, you let the sounds of pursuit pass you – heading for the security fence, no doubt. Before you is the house, a rambling two-storey structure in the style of Neo-starquest Colonial. Quite tasteless, really. As it is becoming fairly dark, you could try climbing on to the roof to look for a way in (turn to 43), or simply force a ground-floor window or door (turn to 160).

200

'Now,' it cries, turning as white as a sheet, 'begone!' The doors open and you are sent flying by some mysterious force into the corridor beyond. The doors slam shut. Will you continue to explore the asteroid (turn to **346**), or assume that you're in the wrong part of space and head back to Kether (turn to **231**)?

201

Turn to **162**.

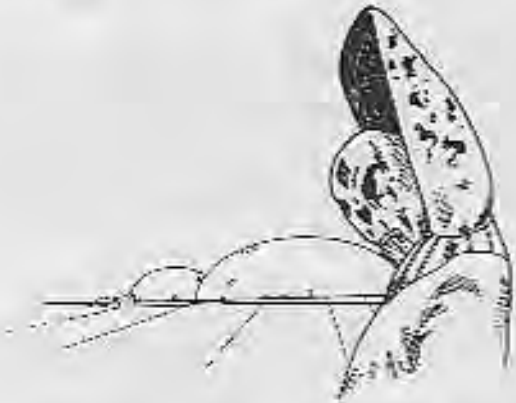

202

The sloop flies down the straight and disappears over a hump-backed hill. You cannot see what happens to the road past the crest. Will you assume that the road continues straight and take the crest at high speed (turn to **309**), or will you anticipate a corner and slow down a bit (turn to **163**)?

203

There is another door at the other end of the office. You go through it, down a short corridor and then through yet another door. Turn to **86**.

204

Using her massive bulk, she beats you into insensibility. The last thing you hear is her fiendish cackle and 'Har, har. Stupid narc . . .' You have failed.

205

The corridor leads to a small storeroom where, evidently, the finished Satophil-d is packaged prior to shipment to Kether. Large quantities in both powder and tablet form are present. You may take a small amount as evidence if you wish. If so, add it to your Equipment List. Leaving the store, you go back into the laboratory and through the other exit. Turn to **166**.

206

You take a cab out to the heliport on the city outskirts. It is a large desolate slab of concrete under a harsh sun with a few low buildings rising at what you suppose is the terminus. Nothing moves. There are a couple of rental helijets grouped by a hut and a few service vehicles parked next to the terminus. A man comes out of the hut and proceeds to work on one of the helijets, opening its turbines for inspection. You could either direct a few questions at this man from the rental company (turn to **128**), or go to the terminus (turn to **167**).

207

You approach the receptionist, a seemingly pleasant fellow with pince-nez. 'I'd like to look at a few files, if I may?' 'Oh, yes,' he says, greedily rubbing his hands together. 'What century would you like, hmmm!' 'Oh, this century, just the last few years, actually,' you say, nonchalantly. He begins to bob up and down in agitation. 'Ah, no. I'm afraid we can't let you see them . . .' Will you now hold out 1,000 kopecks under his nose (turn to **168**) or 2,000 (turn to **373**)?

208

You withdraw your blaster from its holster, stick the barrel in his face and push him around. He slams against a wall and slides to the floor. 'I am a Federal Narcotics Investigator and I hear, Mr Air-traffic Controller, that you've got something to hide. Out with it! Everything you know,' you say in an icy voice. *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to **169**; otherwise turn to **33**.

209

One of the gunmen, although off balance, manages to trip you up with a kick to your shins. You fall. 'I wouldn't try that again, sunshine,' says a scar-faced thug, sticking the barrel of his gun in your ear. They rough you up a bit before dragging you to your feet. Turn to **170**.

210

You see, too late, that she is dead. The sloop has disappeared from view. Looks like you need a new clue now. Turn to **231**.

211

The freight depot is quite enormous, but you find a row of lockers in which you can hide and still get a good view of any comings and goings. You share a locker with a couple of greatcoats and a pin-up – the depot can be seen through a few ventilation slots. After a short while, you notice, to your dismay, a khaki-clad security officer, armed with a gigantic blaster, checking your row of lockers. He opens each one in turn, slowly approaching the one you are hiding in. Will you try to move from your locker without being seen (turn to **172**), or stay where you are, hide behind a coat and hope he doesn't find you (turn to **84**)?

212

The road and sloop disappear into a wood, 300 metres ahead. There is no telling what happens to the road in there. Will you accelerate to catch up (turn to **173**), or stay at the same speed (turn to **46**)?

213

Unfortunately, the sloop is bigger and heavier than your vehicle and your inexpert side-swipe leaves you open to retaliation of a like kind. The behemoth bears down on you, smashing your car out of control and through the guard-rail. Your car rolls violently down the embankment, stopping at the bottom to explode. You have failed.

214

'Antares,' you answer. The machine lowers itself to the floor and says, just before shutting itself down, 'Correct. Pass.' Turn to **58**.

215

You cannot break free, and the monster sets its teeth in you. You have failed.

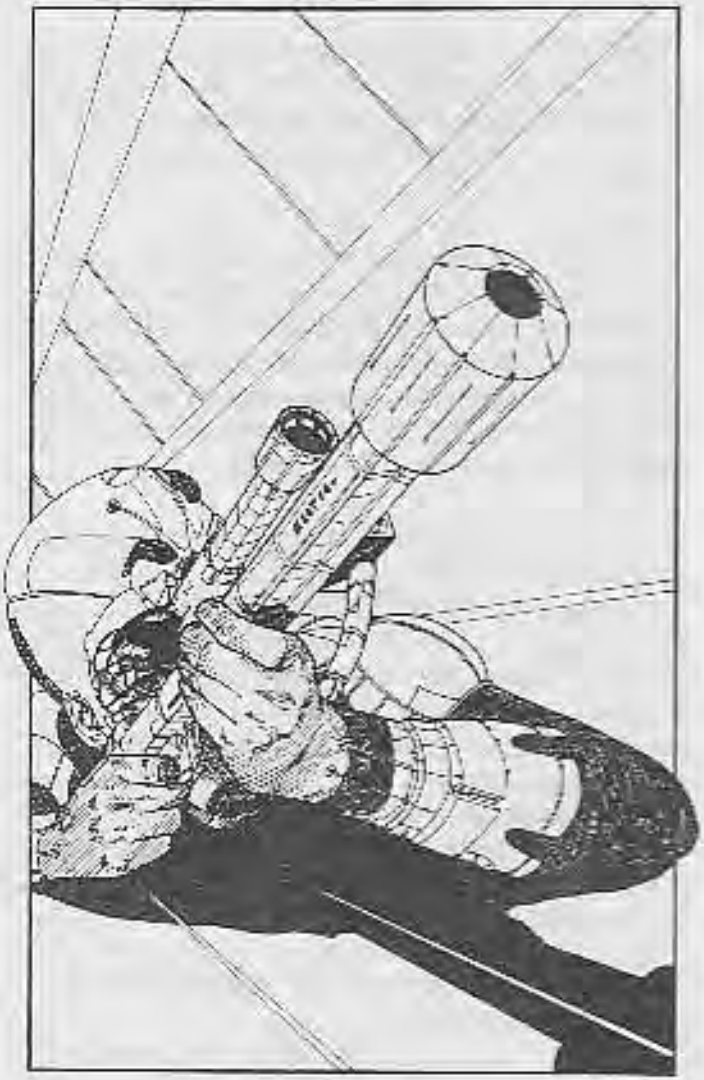

216

You take cover behind the scooter and draw your pistol. The assassin is lying on the ground firing a high-powered rifle.

ASSASSIN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you defeat him, turn to 177.

217

You enter the warehouse grounds. Will you enter the building via the large main entrance at the front (turn to 178), or have a look around the outside first (turn to 188)?

218

The office is empty, bar the usual equipment and furniture. You probably won't have very long, so will you search on the vidi in the room for his private computer files (turn to 140), or go through his desk drawers instead (turn to 179)?

219

The ramp leads, perhaps fortuitously, to a balcony overlooking the great hall. It is packed with a throng of black-robed figures. They begin to chant and sway. A couple of men out in front swing burning incense in great circles. Soon, a man, obviously the MC, high priest or such, appears out in front and begins a long prayer to some holy malevolence known as Thuvald. Obviously, you have the wrong place – this is a monastery, a weird one no doubt, but still a monastery. You sneak out of the balcony, away from C230 and head back to Kether. Turn to 231.

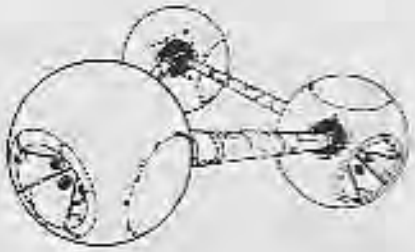

220

'Fine,' he says, taking the money. 'What do you want to know?'

'Drugs,' you say. 'Where do they come from, and who do they go to?' He looks a bit uneasy about this topic. 'Well, I. . . I don't know much about that, but I think it's got something to do with a satellite in an L16 orbit. Irregular transmissions . . . you might try looking for it . . .'

'Transmissions to whom?' you ask.

He rubs his fingers together. 'For another 2,000 kopecks I *might* be able to help you,' he says.

Will you pay him another 2,000 (turn to **181**), or give up on him and find another Customs official, but this time try a bit of rough stuff (turn to **142**)? Alternatively, you could look for the satellite that he mentioned (turn to 36).

221

You reach the satellite safely and attach a magnetic clamp to it, to prevent you from drifting away into space. You remove a communications cable from your pack, open a service panel on the side of the satellite and attach the cable to a diagnostic inlet on the satellite's computer. Now you can determine its function, where it receives its transmissions from and where it sends them on to.

Returning to your ship, you find that the satellite receives from an unknown asteroid and transmits to the top floor of the Isosceles Tower in the centre of Kether's capital. The messages are all concerned with shipments of the drug Satophil-d from the asteroid to the planet. Pity you don't know where this asteroid is, but you do know where the Isosceles Tower is. You return to Kether. Turn to **320**.

222

You scrape bumpers with it and plant your foot as you hit a curve. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 183. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 144.

223

'Nice dog, hey? Who's a nice dog?' you simper, while holding out a hand to it. It slavers, opens its massive maw, and bites your arm. Lose 1 point of SKILL. Turn to 184.

224

You misjudge badly, and the sentinel reacts sharply by moving in such a way that you fly through the hole in the centre of the four cubes. While you are doing this it covers the hole with sheets of lightning. You are fried.

225

Which door button will you press:

Front?	Turn to 118
Back?	Turn to 157
Left?	Turn to 196
Right?	Turn to 235
Down?	Turn to 274
Up?	Turn to 313

226

As you jump from behind a ground car into a shadow by a building, you trip over a small motor unicycle left in the middle of the sidewalk. There is a tremendous crash as it falls over. The woman, looking round, sees you. She starts running down the street. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 187. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 148.

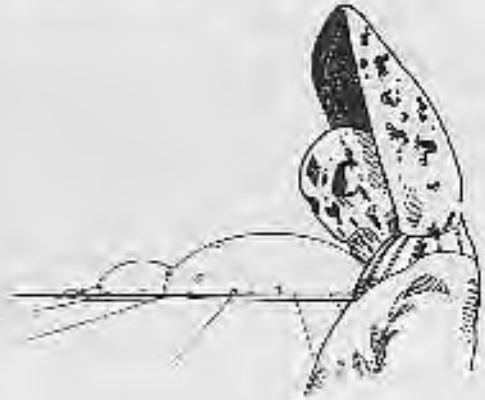

227

Cautiously, you approach him. 'I'm Clive Torus. We may be able to do some business together,' he says rather furtively. 'Oh yes? How?' you reply, warily. 'Meet me at the Café Heroes of the Federation at nine o'clock, tomorrow morning. We'll talk there.' He then turns and scuttles off into the bowels of the warehouse.

You could meet him tomorrow (turn to 315), or, knowing that the thugs are expecting a shipment from the asteroids that evening, you could try to find somebody in the space industry who may know something about illegal space traffic (turn to 384).

228

'Illegal space traffic?' he muses, turning a few switches on the panel in front of him. 'Yes, a bit of that goes on around here . . . so I'm told.' You press him to be more specific. 'Well,' he says, looking around to make certain that no one is listening, 'there's this asteroid – C230 – out in the main belt, which has a lot of suspicious comings and goings. You might try there – the co-ordinates for it would be in any Cosmo-Nav.' Will you take his advice and have a look at this asteroid (turn to 73), or go back to the city to try to verify his information (turn to 189)?

229

The vent leads through some machinery, a couple of automatic airlocks and, eventually, into some air-conditioning conduits. The occupants of the asteroid don't seem to possess any gravity generators, and you float through the air-conditioning until you come to an outlet. Looking through the grille you can see a large rough-hewn room. It is very dim – the only light comes from a guttering red flame burning on a pedestal in the centre of the room. Will you push out the grille and enter the room (turn to 171), or continue through the air-conditioning (turn to 190)?

230

If you are willing to part with at least 2,000 kopecks, you can try to bribe a Customs officer for information (turn to 298); otherwise you will have to resort to a bit of rough stuff on one of them (turn to 142).

231

You have very little to go on really, almost no options at all. Will you:

Return to Kether's capital city to have a look around?	Turn to 75
Search in space for a new clue?	Turn to 192
Search for C230, assuming you have heard of it and have not already sought it out?	Turn to 73

232

You lose control, and slide off the road and across country for a short distance. The car comes to rest in a boggy paddock. Your windshield is covered with mud, badly restricting your visibility. The windshield wipers can hardly move the stuff so, while you are driving the car, reduce your SKILL by 1. With wheels spinning, you drive across the slippery field and back on to the road. Turn to 387.

233

Turn to 116.

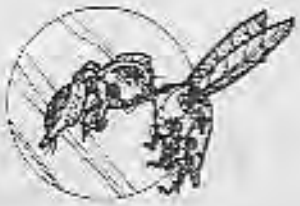

234

Behind the door is a room full of pressure-suits and emergency air-tents. There is nothing of use inside the asteroid – only out of it. You leave the room and go back down the tunnel. Turn to 195.

235

You receive an electric shock from the door. It does not open. Lose 1 point of STAMINA and then return to 225.

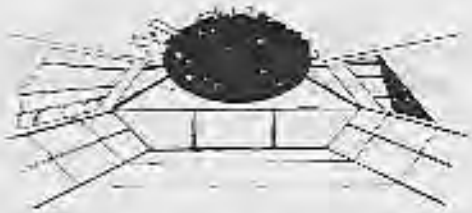

236

You tap gently on the door. No answer. You tap again. A groan comes from within. You try the door, but it is locked. The seconds are ticking away. The ever more distant sound of steps going down can still be heard. Will you force your way into the room (turn to 158), or go in pursuit of the man who just went down the stairs (turn to 197)?

237

'I'm one of Clive's . . . er . . . colleagues,' you say. 'Do you know where he is?' Her face twists and she begins to cry. 'Oh, why don't you leave us alone – go back to Spark's where all your filthy mates hang out . . .' and then slams the door in your face.

Well, well. 'Spark's', you discover, is a bar down by the starport. Might as well go and have a look there. Turn to 286.

238

The gunmen are taken by surprise; by the time they start shouting, you are sprinting across a mini astro-turf golf course towards a copse of trees. There you pause: behind you are shots and shouts; in front, nothing bar the security fence. You could escape the manor-house environs, although the drug runners are certain to abandon the manor once they discover you have fled, so you will have to look for a new clue (turn to **231**), or you could double back to the house, break in and find out what's going on (turn to **199**).

239

It flaps its great wings to stand upright, considers you with unnerving malice, and speaks:

'In the wrong place, you are.
Misled, you have been.
With the Customs officials, you should be.'

Turn to **161**.

240

Turn to **162**.

241

Taking the access road cuts the distance between the sloop and your car to a mere 100 metres. You rejoin the main road just as it straightens. Turn to **202**.

242

You pick a few files from the floor and seat yourself behind a computer vidilink. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **164**. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to **125**.

243

She lies, whale-like, immobile and exhausted. 'Zera,' you say, slapping her face, 'tell me about the organization.' Unfortunately, she is extremely dazed and can only mumble, 'Up . . . up, then left . . .' Turn to **126**.

244

You make it to the third sphere. From here you easily make it to the other exit. Turn to **283**.

245

Crouched low over his beer, as if he is trying to hide his head in his shoulders, he begins to mutter a long, paranoid tale about the Tau Cygni threat (whatever that is). Due to the noise in the bar, and the navigator's dull voice, you miss most of his monologue and find, when he suddenly and unexpectedly reaches the end of his tale, that the only information you have gleaned from him is his suspicion that something odd is going on at Rispin's End and that the fat broad playing cards at the table behind you has something to do with it. What to make of that? Will you go out to Rispin's End (the moon) to see if anything is to be found (turn to **398**), or will you keep an eye on the woman at the table behind you (turn to **343**)?

246

The State Computer File Centre is a squat, ugly rectangle of concrete surrounded by a few kilometres of razor wire. A large metal sign, wired to one of the fences, flaps lazily in the wind: TRESPASSERS PROSECUTED. There is, however, a public entrance into a tiny pillbox set away from the main building. You enter this building and notice, to your dismay, yet another large sign:

ONLY THOSE FILES WHICH ARE MORE THAN 100 YEARS OLD WILL BE RELEASED FOR PUBLIC PERUSAL

It seems that you are going to have to resort to a felony to get the information you want. Will you try bribery (turn to **207**), or breaking and entering (turn to **90**)?

247

At the heliport there is a large display of holographs headed with the slogan:

WE HAVE *YOUR* COMFORT AND SAFETY IN MIND

The holographs are of all the staff involved in the running of the port. There are, you notice, two chiefs of air traffic – you make note of what their smiling countenances look like, hire a ground car, and wait in the staff car-park. After a few hours one of the chiefs emerges from the port, climbs into a ground car and drives off. You follow him home. When you approach him, will you act tough to extract the necessary information (turn to **208**), or will you act friendly (turn to **296**)?

248

Presently a couple of gunmen appear at the end of the corridor. They call for you to surrender. You take a few potshots at them to demonstrate your resolve. In response, they throw a small device down at you. It explodes into a cloud of clinging vapour. A gas bomb! You try not to breathe but still you begin to lose consciousness. Obviously, it is nerve gas, entering your system through the tear ducts in your eyes. You black out. When you come to, you discover that you are being supported on either side by a burly thug. Turn to **151**.

249

With one shot the sniper is sent plummeting to the ground, dead. Reholstering your gun, you walk to meet Mrs Torus. 'Good day, Mrs Torus,' you say. 'Have you the documents?' 'Yes, they're right here,' she says, showing you the safety-deposit box. 'Goo . . .' There is an explosion at your very feet. Somebody planted a bomb! Everything is thrown in the air. One of the glasshouses collapses. Throw two dice and deduct the total from your STAMINA. If you survive, continue.

You rise groggily to your knees, just in time to see, over the still form of Mrs Torus, a slick young man climbing into the ground sloop you saw parked behind the glasshouse. He is carrying the box of documents. The sloop drives off. Will you try to chase the car (turn to 191), or let them go and tender aid to Mrs Torus (turn to 210)?

250

The dome-covered base has a population of about 300. You don't detect anything even remotely suspicious there – a few tourists and lots of scientists and technicians. You hire a small rocket scooter for a few days, to scour the surface of this tiny moon (deduct 500 kopecks to cover costs). The search, however, proves fruitless: you find a couple of prospectors and one technical team looking at vacuum welding of the moon's crust, but no illegal drug manufacturers. You leave Rispin's End and head for the main planet, Kether. Turn to 333.

251

Sliding out on to the verge, you manage to keep the car under control. You change down, accelerate and slingshot down a long gentle slope. The sloop is still far ahead, doing a good 190 k.p.h. Will you accelerate to catch it (turn to 124), or play safe and just match its speed (turn to 212)?

252

A quick twist of the steering-wheel sends your sports car careering into the side of the large black sloop. Paint strips, metal shrieks and sparks fly. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 213. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 174.

253

The corridor leads you to an octagonal room. Standing in the centre, contemplating you with at least four of its seven electronic sensors, is a chrome and silver robot, obviously of alien design and manufacture. 'Welcome,' it sighs, rising up on its seven articulated legs and extending a few antennae and microwave sensors in your direction. Then it continues:

'Red I am,
the heart of a scorpion,
yet not of Arachnia at all!
Pincers I have,
but I grasp with the unseen.
In one word, what am I?'

With which letter of the alphabet does the answer begin:

A?	Turn to 214
S?	Turn to 173
X?	Turn to 136

254

Sticking close to the walls of the cavern, you float towards the other side. One of the creatures brushes you with a tentacle, then another, and another. Suddenly, it wraps half a dozen around you and drags you from the wall. What's worse, you discover that these creatures are almost entirely teeth. It tries to eat you. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **215**. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to **176**.

255

Taking a helicab to Proctor HQ (the local police are known as proctors) gives you a good idea of the size of Kether's capital – in fact, its only city. A burgeoning little metropolis about ten kilometres in diameter, with a few quaint fifty-storey office blocks and apartment towers for a city centre. Lots of helijets; lots of ground cars; no peds. A normal fringe capital really. You arrive at Proctor HQ in the city centre and make your way from the fiftieth storey of the tower to the forty-ninth, where Vice is located.

'Excuse me,' you say to the duty proctor at the reception. 'I would like to speak to one of the senior investigators.'

'Oh . . .' says the ageing and sleepy man. 'Er . . . yes, right this way.'

Throw a die. If the result is even, turn to **96**; otherwise turn to **297**.

256

The place, when you find it on the city outskirts, turns out to be a large, run-down warehouse. Turn to **217**.

257

A quick search of the directory in the foyer of the port administration block reveals the location of the Air-traffic Chief's office. You knock on his door, but there is no reply. Quietly, you open it and step in. Throw a die. If the result is even, turn to **218**; if odd, turn to **23**.

258

Somewhere, a gong sounds. The deep resonance booming through the asteroid causes the very rocks to vibrate. The two men bow their heads in response and float off down another corridor. After a moment you follow them, coming eventually to a nexus. More black-robed figures are pouring out of other corridors and into a great hall – seems to be quite a gathering. Will you try to slip into the hall unnoticed after the last men enter (turn to **180**), or take a ramp next to the hall (turn to **219**)?

259

'Fine,' he says, taking the money. 'What do you want to know?'

'Drugs,' you say. 'Where do they come from, and who do they go to?'

He looks a bit uneasy about this topic. 'Well, I . . . I don't know much about that, but I think it's got something to do with a satellite in an L16 orbit. Irregular transmissions . . . you might try looking for it . . .'

'Transmissions to whom?' you ask.

'I . . . I can't say.' He turns suddenly and runs back into the freight depot. Well, you could go and look for this satellite (turn to 36), or find another Customs official, but this time try a bit of rough stuff (turn to 142).

260

White vapour bursts from the jets, which carry you at a slow drift towards the satellite. You seem to have made it about half-way, but you will have to use your jets again to adjust your course, otherwise you are likely just to miss landing on the satellite. You fire the jets again. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 182. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 221.

261

Taking the side-road reduces the distance between your two cars to a few metres. You come out behind them just as they finish the curve. Turn to 378.

262

You draw your blaster as the beast leaps, slavering, at your throat. Turn to 184.

263

The sentinel spins out of control and dashes itself to pieces against the walls of the chamber. When it has finally stopped sparking, you move past it, towards the exit. Turn to 185.

264

A short blade flicks from the button and slashes your hand. The door does not open. Lose 1 point of SKILL. Return to 186.

265

After a few hours, the woman surges to her feet with an enormous burp and staggers from the bar into the street. The men she was playing with, now looking dishevelled and tired, lay down their cards and order drinks from the bar. It seems they are going to stay for a while longer. You put down your glass and slip after the woman. It is dark outside, thus affording you plenty of concealment as you follow her. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **226**. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 70.

266

You scuttle along the gantry, away from the man and out of the warehouse. The only worthwhile clue you have left is the knowledge that the thugs' 'shipment' was coming from the asteroids. You decide to find somebody in the space industry who may know something about illegal space traffic. Turn to 384.

267

He agrees to talk to you for 500 kopecks – subtract this sum from your credit account. Turn to **228**.

268

You sit at his feet. 'I think, sir,' he begins, 'that you have been misinformed about certain things – in short, led astray.' 'Oh?' you say. 'Yes. This asteroid is a monastery. Nothing more, nothing illegal. I suggest, when you get back to Kether, that you pay a visit to the Customs officials at the starport – well, goodbye.' He waves his hands and shouts something unintelligible at you. Instantly, you find yourself back aboard your spacecraft. You start back for Kether. Will you take the Grand Keeper's advice and visit Customs (turn to 337), or try to find another clue instead (turn to 231)?

269

You climb on to the roof of the passenger terminal, find a maintenance duct, and crawl into the ceiling. Eventually, you find your way through all the wiring, automatic fire-extinguishers and anti-terrorist gear to a position just above the Customs' check-in point. You wait, and wait, and wait. Nobody arrives. Nothing happens. Obviously, the passenger terminal is no hotbed of crime and vice. It's too late to go and hide in the freight depot, but you'll still have time to get out of the ceiling and approach a Customs official (turn to 230). Alternatively, you can forget about the starport and carry your inquiries elsewhere (turn to 231).

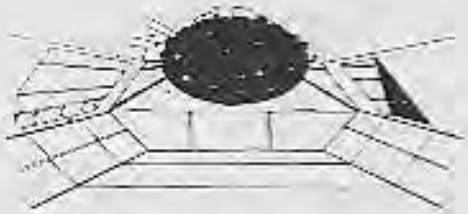

270

The car goes out of control, slides from the road and rolls violently across the ground. Eventually it is stopped by a tree – a total wreck. It explodes. You have failed.

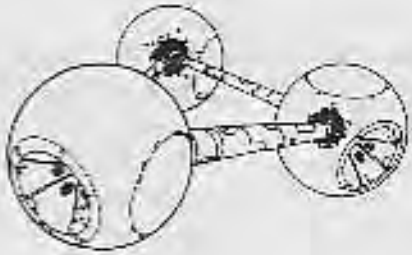

271

The shoulders *are* soft and give way under your car. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 232. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 193.

272

You say the first thing that springs to mind: 'Wrench?' The machine hums a bit and floats into a recess in the ceiling: 'Pass.' Turn to 77.

273

The surface of the asteroid is pock-marked and glowing from your assault. You bring your spacecraft down and space-walk across to the air-lock. Once through it, you find yourself at the end of a long zero-gravity tunnel, heading into the bowels of the asteroid. Floating down it, you come across an airtight security door set in one of the walls. It is unmarked. Will you continue down the tunnel (turn to **195**), or go through the door (turn to **234**)?

274

You receive an electric shock from the door. It does not open. Lose 1 point of STAMINA and then return to **225**.

275

At the dome town, you decide to hire a small rocket scooter for a few days (deduct 500 kopecks to cover costs). When you return to your pressure-suit and scooter after paying for the hire, you find that somebody has slipped a note into your helmet. It reads: *If you want to grow old, leave Aleph Cygni.*

Cute. There doesn't seem to be anyone around who could have slipped it in – must've got away quickly. You spend a few days going over the surface of Rispin's End but, apart from a few small mining outposts, find absolutely nothing to indicate the presence of any illicit activity. You return to the dome town. After you park your scooter, a shot rings out from behind a giant garbage compactor, the bullet ricocheting off the ground in front of you. An assassin! Will you return the fire (turn to **216**), or try to get away (turn to **138**)?

276

You look him up in the vidiphone directory. There is only one C. Torus, of 113 Fifth Avenue, City. You catch a helicab into the city, find Fifth Avenue and Torus's apartment. A knock on the door brings a woman in answer – probably his wife. 'He's not here,' she says, fighting hard to restrain tears. 'He's not here.' She looks as if she has been frightfully upset over something. Will you pose as one of Clive's colleagues (turn to **237**), or let her know that you are a Narcotics Investigator (turn to **198**), to elicit his whereabouts?

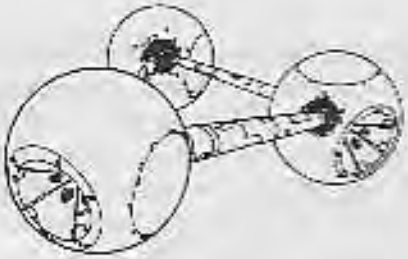

277

You dive for the privet hedge! *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to 238; otherwise turn to 209.

278

It flaps its great wings to stand upright and considers you with unnerving malice. 'You are in a most holy spot,' it hisses between steel teeth. 'A monastery dedicated to the merciless Thuvald of Kyth.' Turn to 200.

279

Turn to 162.

280

To stay on the road, you have to brake drastically. However, you make it safely through. Turn to 387.

281

The antigrav dray is a massive grey device, about the size of two helijets put end to end. It floats a metre off the ground. You could attempt to drive it into and through the freight door to give whatever might be waiting behind it a nasty shock (turn to 292), or, if this doesn't appeal, you could leave the dray and enter, on foot, one of the lesser entrances (turn to 311 or 301), or the freight entrance (turn to 67).

282

You jump over the desk at her, and send both of you sprawling on the floor. You trade punches in hand-to-hand combat.

ZERA GROSS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

If you defeat her, turn to 243; otherwise turn to 204.

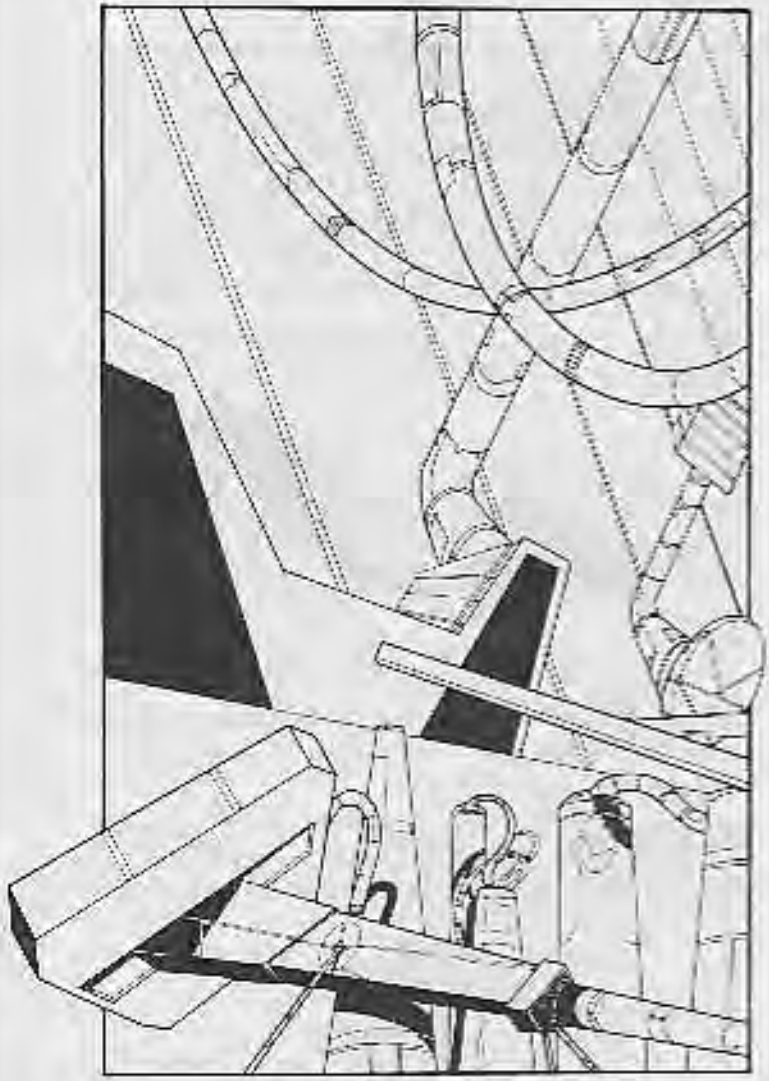

283

Going through it, you find yourself in a large chemical laboratory; stainless-steel and glass apparatus rise on all sides. This must be the factory proper. Here is where most of the Federation's illegal Satophil-d comes from. There is nobody about, so you busy yourself destroying some of the equipment. While doing this, you notice two exits from the room – a door and a corridor. Which will you take? The door (turn to 166), or the corridor (turn to 205)?

284

Mr Samuel leads you to a grotty spaceport canteen. 'He's in there – looks like this.' He shows you a small holograph of the man in question – tall, dark, large nose – you'll be able to recognize him. 'Tell him I sent you. Bye.' You shake hands. Samuel leaves and you enter the canteen. Inside is chaos – noise, fumes and fights – but there, leaning on the bar, is your man. After identifying yourself, he leads you to an empty table to talk. Turn to 245.

285

The statistics on transport are almost completely useless, apart from being long, tedious and very dry reading. However, you do notice that, in the case of air freight along one of the coasts of the continent, the amount of reported cargo received for total lift-capacity of aircraft used is *far below* what it should be in reference to the other coasts. Even the amount of air traffic is below normal. Perhaps there is some undeclared cargo? You leave the library and head for the State Computer File Centre in order to get a first-hand look at the files used in compiling these statistics. Turn to 246.

286

Entering the place, you are struck by the noise and thick atmosphere – what a joint! You saunter up to the bar, order a drink and then turn to survey the crowd. Standing in front of you, blasters pointing at your stomach from fifteen centimetres away, are two men. 'Come with us,' they say matter-of-factly, 'or we will kill you.' You would almost certainly be shot to pieces if you were to try to jump them, so you do as they say. They lead you out the back. Turn to 316.

287

You creep down the corridor. An uneasy feeling begins to sneak into your mind, growing with every step. You turn and discover a security camera tracking you, the dead lens staring at your startled face. An alarm goes off, followed shortly by the sounds of feet approaching at a run. Will you make a stand (turn to 248), or escape the manor (turn to 231)?

288

Drawing your blaster, you take careful aim at the sniper. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 74. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 249.

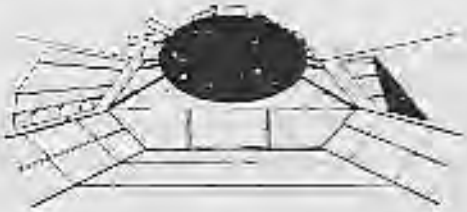

289

You orbit around Rispin's End for a few days, surveying the surface with your spy beam. There is very little to see, though – a couple of vacuum tents occupied by some prospectors, and the main base. Certainly no facility for the production of Satophil-d. Will you land at the main base for a closer inspection (turn to 250), or give up on Rispin's End and head for Kether (turn to 333)?

290

The black sloop is about 100 metres in front when it brakes heavily to negotiate a tight S-bend. As you approach the curves, you see that the shoulders of the road may be soft. Will you do as the sloop did, by slowing to take the S-bend (turn to 154), or take a risk and go over the shoulders at speed (turn to 271)?

291

The air blast from winding down your window makes it extremely difficult to aim, and the extra drag imposed on your car from this action means that the sloop begins to pull away from you. You put your gun away, wind up the window and fall back behind the sloop again. Turn to 37.

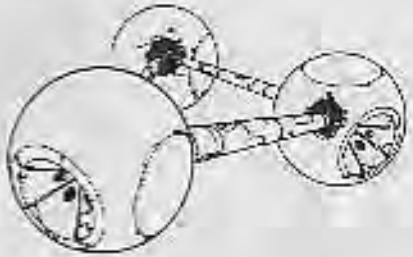

292

The drive turbines of the dray whine into life. You steer the clumsy machine towards the freight doors and push the throttle forward. It roars and accelerates at quite a frightening pace down the ramp and into the doors. They cave in. When you finally come to a rest, you find that the dray has fortuitously crushed four brutish-looking guards against the stacks of heavy-duty plastic containers they were tending. You dismount to have a look around. Turn to 28.

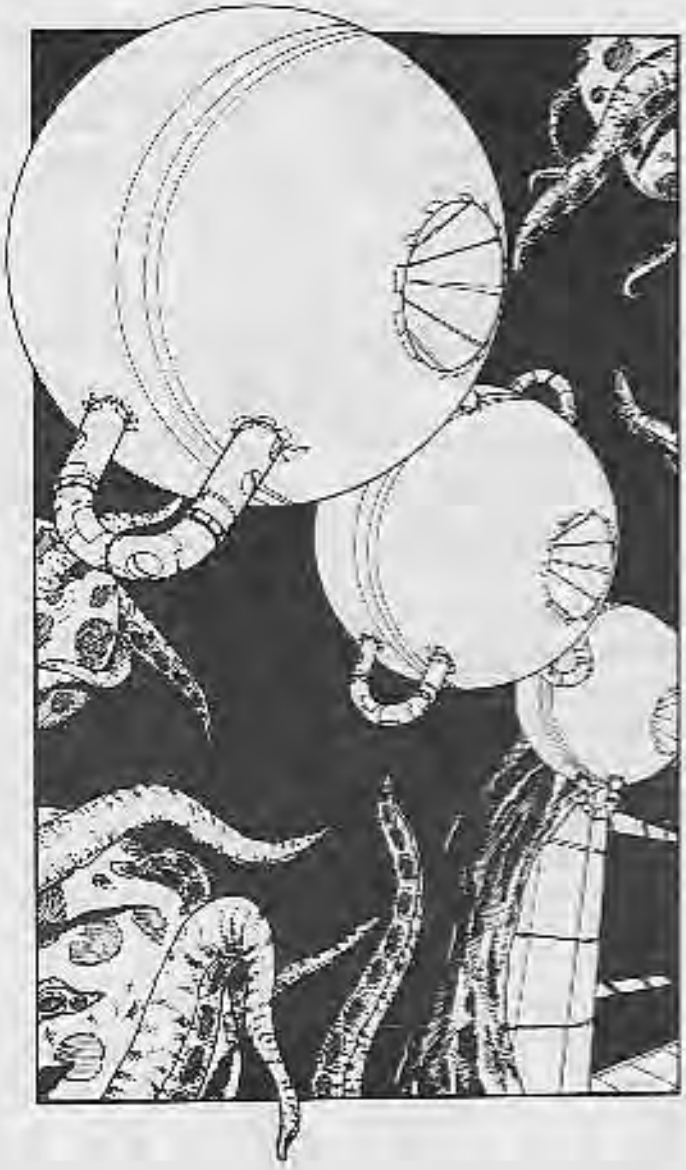

293

The tunnel ends in an enormous rough-hewn cavern. Through the centre of this cavern – in a line heading to the exit on the other side – hang three metallic spheres, each adorned with what seem to be large, loop-shaped handles. The rest of the cavern is filled with bulbous creatures, devoid of eyes or other sensory organs bar a set of long tentacles with which they constantly search the zero-gravity space around themselves. Will you try reaching the other side by jumping from sphere to sphere (turn to 137), or by wending your way through those bulbous creatures (turn to **254**)?

294

The attacking robot fighters have disintegrated, their twisted remains spinning rapidly off into the void. You continue your orbital search of Rispin's End but, finding nothing, you land at the dome town to have a closer look at the surface and its inhabitants. Turn to **275**.

295

You follow the man down the stairs and out into the street. He does not seem to notice you. A ground car pulls up next to him; he climbs in and is driven off. Quickly, you hail a helicab and give the immortal line, 'Follow that car!'

'Aw, come on – I don't wanna get mixed up in anything.'

'Please. It's very important,' you plead, watching the ground car slowly disappear into the traffic.

'Nah,' says the cabby. 'I don't wanna get involved. Get another cab.' You pull out your blaster and stick it in his ear. '*Follow it.*'

Reluctantly, he takes the cab into the air and pursues the car to the city outskirts where it disappears into a warehouse. You land a block away, pay the cabby and apologize for your harsh words. Turn to **217**.

296

'Excuse me, sir,' you say, pleasantly, 'I am a Federal Narcotics Investigator – I have reason to believe that you can assist me in my investigations.' His eyes glaze over and he slumps into a chair – seems to be quite terror-stricken. Turn to 33.

297

The proctor leads you down a long corridor, nervously doing his tie and smoothing wrinkles from his uniform. 'Normally,' he says, 'Mr Perry takes all the inquiries, but he's down the pu . . . er . . . at a meeting today, so I'll take you to see Mr Samuel instead.' He reaches Samuel's office and ushers you in.

'Hello,' you begin by way of introduction. Samuel waves the proctor from the tiny office and tells you to be seated. 'I am a Grade 1 Investigator from Federal Central (Vice). I've been sent here to crack the Aleph Cygni drug ring and would appreciate any information or aid that you might be able to give me,' you say. Mr Samuel becomes decidedly alarmed and speechless. He looks under his desk, at his desk lamp and in a potted fern; finally, he scrawls something on a piece of paper, hands it to you and pushes you from the room.

Standing in the long corridor, you read the note: *Can't speak here. Meet me at the restaurant Viqueque at 7.30 tonight.* Something is wrong, when an Investigator can't talk about crime in his own headquarters. Will you meet Mr Samuel at the restaurant Viqueque (turn to 11), or conduct your investigations elsewhere – such as a bar or dive (turn to 299)?

298

You approach a reedy-looking Customs official standing behind a counter in the freight reception wing. 'Psst, hey, psst, buddy,' you say by way of introducing yourself. 'I need some information.' You wave a wad of notes under his nose. He looks to see if anybody is watching and then, leaning forward over the counter, whispers, 'How much?' and points at the cash. How much will you offer him: 2,000 kopecks (turn to 259), or 3,000 kopecks (turn to 220)?

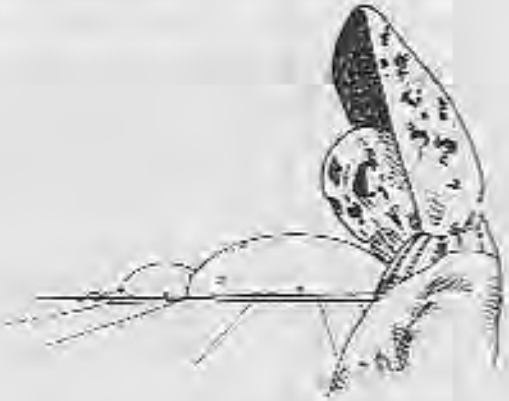

299

The canteen you find is advertised by a gaudy crypto-fluorescent animated sign, depicting a large 'Crush' class stellar battleship diving into a foaming glass of undefined liquid. The sound-effects are deafening, full of fusion-motor roars, laser zaps and dam-sized splashes. Looks promising.

Entering the premises, you find the joint packed with drunken flotsam and jetsam; there is hearty laughter, the obligatory fight in the corner and it is all very, very noisy. A small sign over the bar announces that no aliens are allowed. Very promising. Will you approach one of the barmaids for a tip about who in the bar might best be approached for a bit of underworld 'largesse' (turn to 30), or just mingle to see what you can find out (turn to 362)?

300

The two cars fly over the crest, yours becoming slightly airborne. In front, the road turns into a tight curve. Neither of you has an atom's worth of hope of slowing in time to take it. The sloop brakes wildly; you crash into it from behind, and destroy your vehicle. Both cars, still travelling at great speed, fly off the road and wrap themselves around separate trees.

Throw three dice and deduct the total from your STAMINA. If you have survived the smash, turn to 359.

301

The ramp ends in a door, which opens as you approach. Standing in front of you is an enormous four-legged dog-like beast. It is covered with short spiky fur, but one of its eyes is a vidicamera and its teeth are stainless-steel razors. A low growl vibrates from its throat. Will you try to soothe it (turn to 223) or just assume it's *very* dangerous and shoot it (turn to 262)?

302

It darts towards you as you fly by. A great flash of electricity grazes past, burning through the back of your pressure-suit. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. However, you make it past, and head for the exit. Turn to 185.

303

A bright flash of electrons surges out of the button, engulfing your arm. The door does not open. Lose 1 point of STAMINA. Return to 186.

304

'Mind if I join in?' you ask, pulling a chair up to the circle of card players. 'Yeah, I do. Get lost,' says the woman. After a bit of wheedling, however, she changes her mind and lets you sit in. You discover that her name is Zera Gross and that, ostensibly, she runs an import/export agency. Aha! You try a pointed joke to see what reaction the word 'drugs' might have on them: 'More exporting than importing, I'd wager, the nature of the drug business being what it is! Ha, ha!' you laugh. The sudden silence and stony faces around the table is a little disconcerting.

'OK, boys, time to teach the little worm a bit of respect.' The five or six men with whom you were playing cards rise to their feet and attack you. You are beaten, as they say, almost to a pulp. Lose 2 STAMINA points permanently.

When you finally come to, the bar is almost empty. It is early morning. On the new day, after a bit of medical attention and rest, you head off to the City Central Library. There might be some information about Zera Gross on the case lists. Turn to 80.

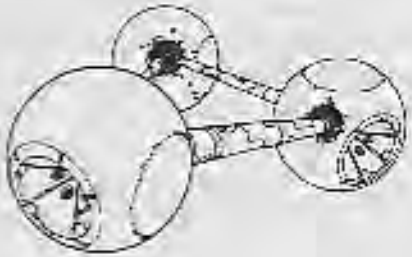

305

You grab the rafter and swing a kick at the first thug, sending him flying off the gantry to the floor far below. *Thud*. The other gunman slips his blaster off safety, but you have already closed with him. A kick sends the gun out of his hand and a few well-placed blows finish him off.

'Psst!' says someone back down the gantry. 'Psst, buddy!' It is a man, possibly one of Blaster's gunmen, crouching low, waving at you to come over. Will you follow him (turn to 227), or run from him (turn to 266)?

306

All of the hangars but one are deserted. In this one, you find a lone shuttle pilot performing systems checks on his spacecraft. He ignores you as he goes laboriously through panel after panel of instruments – flicking switches, reading meters, making adjustments. You decide to approach him for some information. Will you offer him cash for this information (turn to **267**), or not (turn to **228**)?

307

As you draw your pistol, the Grand Keeper murmurs a few words and makes a slight gesture across his lips with a finger. You discover you are frozen, incapable of movement. 'Now, let's be reasonable, shall we?' he says. 'Come, sir, sit down.' Turn to **268**.

308

Will you secrete yourself away in the passenger arrivals section (turn to **269**) or in the freight depot (turn to **211**)?

309

The sports car flies over the crest, becoming momentarily airborne. In front of you, the road takes a sharp hairpin curve to the right. Very tricky. You slam on your brakes when you touch the ground and try to keep your car under control as it bucks into the bend. *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to **251**; otherwise turn to **270**.

310

The car's turbines whine softly as you eke out the extra revs necessary to bring you alongside the criminals' car. You do so, slowly.

Will you try to shoot at them (turn to **291**), or push them off the raised road with a side-swipe (turn to **252**)?

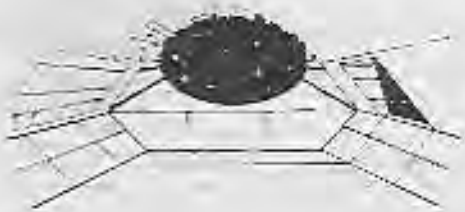

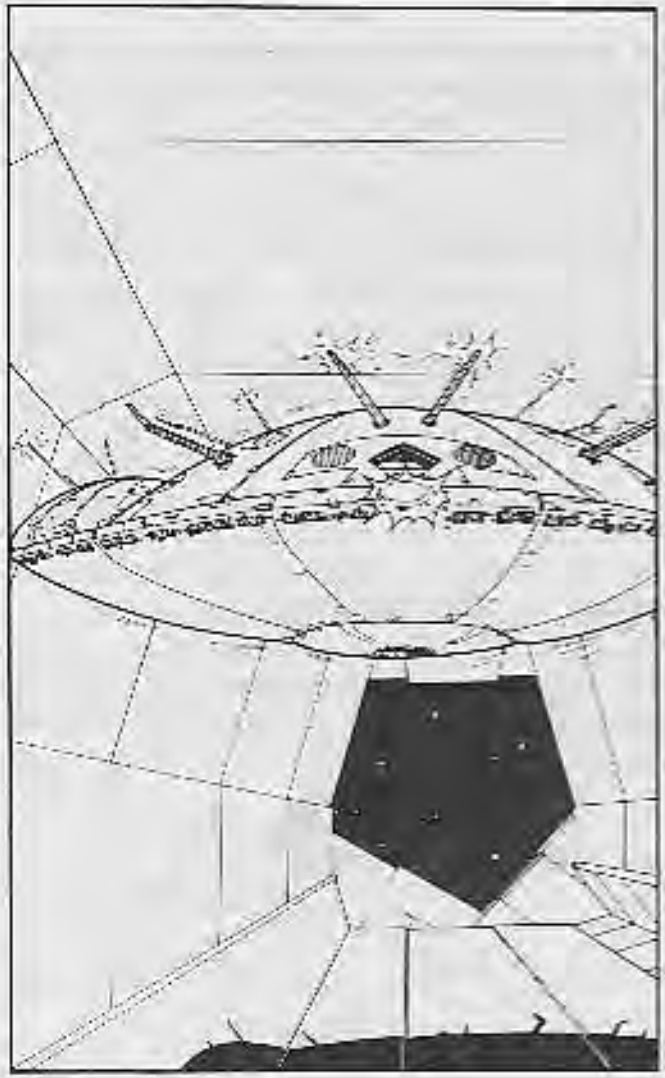

311

The ramp ends in a door which opens as you approach. In front is a long corridor occupied by a metre-wide, saucer-shaped robot. A flickering red eye on its rim contemplates you; a cluster of blasters set in its underside threaten. It hangs in the air noiselessly. 'Word of the day?' it demands. You make a guess. Which will it be:

Tuesday?	Turn to **155**
Satophil?	Turn to **194**
Wrench?	Turn to **272**
Babbet?	Turn to **233**

312

The asteroid is covered with batteries of phasers and, having been alerted to your presence by your passage through the minefield, is using them in an attempt to deprive you of your life. You will have to fight these outer defences before attempting to land. If you have any Smart Missiles left, you may launch them. For each Smart Missile deployed, the asteroid will lose 2 SHIELDS.

	WEAPONS STRENGTH	SHIELDS
ASTEROID DEFENCES	9	6

If you win, you may either dock at the main entrance (turn to **117**), or at one of the few emergency airlocks set into the asteroid's surface (turn to **273**).

313

The door opens into an identically cubic room. Turn to 186.

314

The man does not look at all surprised when you join him. In fact, there seems to be a certain recognition in his eyes. You talk to him for a while about how you're an off-world travelling salesman, before mentioning that you'd be interested in 'expanding' your operations to cover, perhaps, a few 'illicit' items. He laughs at you. 'You're not a salesman. Ha! You're a narc.' This, of course, startles you slightly. He is quick to reassure you. Leaning closer, he whispers, 'We can't talk here. Meet me in two hours at the Hotel Mirimar, room 1201.' He then drains his glass, rises and walks from the canteen. You decide to meet him. Turn to 395.

315

The Café Heroes of the Federation, you find, is a small establishment on the outskirts of the city. At 9.00 a.m. it is completely deserted. Seating yourself in a discreet position, you order breakfast and wait for Clive Torus. After two hours, the only other people who have been in the café are two old ladies who had a slice of toast between them, a young couple and a child. None of them could possibly have been Clive – looks like he's not going to show. Something may have happened to him, so you decide to follow him up. Will you ask the café owner if he's seen or heard from him (turn to 81), or try to find his address (turn to 276)?

316

Out the back is a large black ground car with reflective windows. They bundle you into the rear, keeping their guns trained on you. 'Time for a little ride – har, har,' laughs the driver. You are taken for a drive out of the city and into the country, to a large manor-house. There are shady-looking gunmen all over the grounds. As you are led out of the car, towards the house, you see an opportunity to escape – a quick dive into a privet hedge followed by a short roll down an embankment and then a sprint for all you're worth. Will you attempt this escape (turn to 277), or let the gunmen lead you into the house (turn to 170)?

317

It flaps its great wings to stand upright and considers you with unnerving malice. 'I am a Mind Parasite. One of the great old ones from ancient Kyth,' it says, in a voice of ice. Turn to 200.

318

'Here,' you say, slipping him a wad of banknotes. 'This is for a cup of coffee. Isn't it coffee break now?' How many kopecks did you give him:

1,000?	Turn to 279
1,500?	Turn to 240
2,000?	Turn to 201

319

The car slides a bit, but your deftness keeps it on the road. You hurtle out of the bends at over 170 k.p.h., to find that the distance between your foes and yourself has been drastically shortened. They are now only about 100 metres in front. Turn to 154.

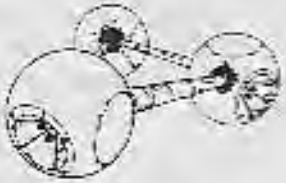

320

You hire a helijet and land among the other helijets on the pad on top of the fifty-storey Isosceles Tower. On the fiftieth floor you find the office you want: Z. GROSS AND ASSOCIATES. IMPORT/EXPORT.

Surprisingly, the door to this office is unlocked; in fact, ajar. You draw your blaster and slowly push the door open with a toe – you are faced by the wood-panelled wall of a corridor leading to the left and right. There is no sound whatsoever. Will you follow the wall to the left (turn to 331), or the right (turn to 86)?

321

You fire at each other!

ZERA	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

If you defeat her, turn to 165.

322

You go off target and hit a couple of tentacles from a pair of the bulbous creatures. They open tremendous tooth-filled maws and attack you wildly, biting you. Lose 4 points of STAMINA. Turn to 244.

323

You part with your 500. The barmaid pulls you close and points out two people at separate tables. One is a pale, drawn-looking man alone with his beer, the other is a fat, middle-aged woman playing cards with six or seven men. Which will you approach, the man (turn to 314), or the woman (turn to 343)?

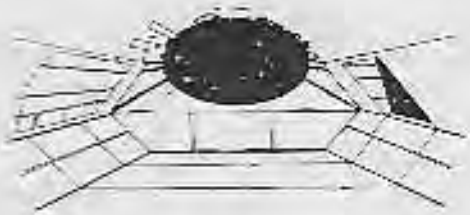

324

The manufacturing yearbooks are long, tedious and, what's worse, completely useless. They don't seem to contain anything remotely informative. After a few hours, you decide to try something different. If you haven't already, you can look up statistics on agriculture (turn to 363) or transport (turn to 285). If you're sick of statistics, you could look through old vidinews for references to organized crime (turn to 41).

325

Peering around a corner, you can see the gunman getting into a long black ground car, which then drives off. You hail the helicab and follow the saloon to a place called Spark's Bar. Here, the gunman gets out of the car, with the driver, and enters the bar. Turn to 286.

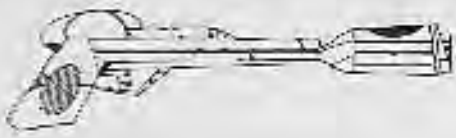

326

'. . . Yeah, Clive's wife is planning on meeting this Federal Investigator tomorrow morning . . .' you hear.

'What? With the documents?'

'Yeah – at the greenhouse in the Botanic Gardens.'

'The Fed doesn't know about it yet?'

'Nah . . . the boys are bringing the dude here for the set-up. I rang Clive's wife, posing as the Investigator, to get her to come . . .'

A door in the other room opens and a frightened voice cries, 'The Fed's escaped!'

'What?' They run from the room.

Will you go to this set-up meeting tomorrow (turn to 44), or just escape from the manor and look for some other clues (turn to 231)?

327

A short search reveals two very suspicious items: a man in a tree with a high-powered hunting blaster; and a long black ground sloop with darkened windows parked behind one of the greenhouses. You can't do much about the car, so will you take out the sniper (turn to 288), or assume he's harmless and just go to meet Mrs Torus anyway (turn to 376)?

328

You accelerate towards Rispin's End at a steady 3 Gs. When you arrive, will you survey the moon from orbit (turn to 289), or land at the only base and take a closer look (turn to 250)?

329

The forest ends, and the road, occupied only by the sloop 100 metres ahead, leads from it in a long graceful curve to the right. You could probably gain a bit on them by driving up the wrong side of the road, keeping an eye out for oncoming traffic, of course. Will you do this (turn to 37), or not (turn to 290)?

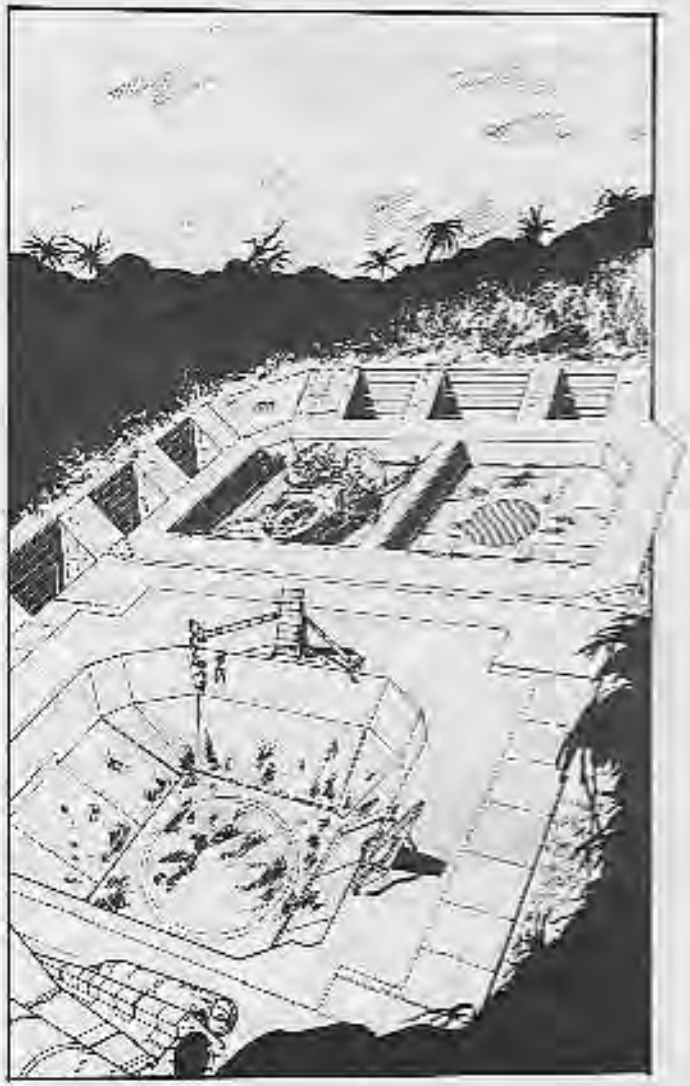

330

You hire a long-range helijet and fly out to the tiny, vegetation-covered island. As you circle over it, you spot a large clearing containing a launch pad for shuttles, two landing bays for helijets and an antigrav dray. One of the helijet bays is occupied. You land your aircraft in the other bay and climb out. Now that you are closer, you can see three ramps, spaced equally around the helijet bays, descending into the ground. Two of the ramps end in quite ordinary-looking entrances, while the third finishes in a large freight door. Will you enter one of the ordinary entrances (turn to 311 or 301), the freight door (turn to 67), or take a look at the antigrav dray (turn to 281)?

331

The corridor opens out into a spacious open-plan office. There are some fifteen desks spread about, computer vidilinks and even a few document files. It gives the impression of having been very hastily stripped and deserted. Files are spilled on the floor, magnetic memory tape lies everywhere, and one of the desks is even tipped on its side. Perhaps they were expecting a whole bevy of Feds to arrive. Will you search through some of the files to see if any sense can be made of this mess (turn to 242), or will you continue through the office (turn to 203)?

332

The passage leads to a room stacked high with heavy-duty plastic containers. Looking them over, you find they contain different chemicals, natural products and packaging materials – all the necessary raw materials to produce Satophil-d. You return to the crossways. If you haven't already done so, you may take either the right passage (turn to 146), or the continuation of the tunnel (turn to 293).

333

You land at Kether's only starport, which is on the continental land-mass and only ten kilometres from the planet's capital city. Your ship is towed to its parking-space where, to your dismay, you are boarded by several Customs officers looking for contraband. 'What, drugs?' you ask. They look at you smugly before replying. 'No, technology.' They search your ship, making a mess everywhere they go, but they find nothing illegal and eventually leave the spacecraft.

You could ask a few questions around the starport (turn to 394), go to the local law-enforcement headquarters and ask for some help (turn to 255), or, if you want to keep a really low profile, find a shady starport canteen in which to conduct a few discreet inquiries (turn to 299).

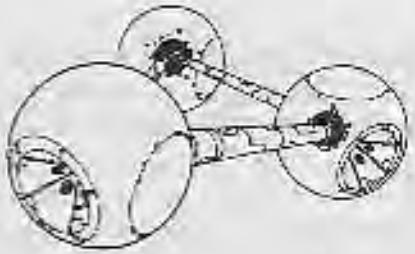

334

Your continued search reveals even more missing files, this time regarding spacecraft: whole interstellar flights are missing. Something is odd there. You leave the Computer Centre. Will you go and see the Air-traffic Chief about these missing records (turn to 89), or try to find somebody in the space industry who may know something about any illegal space traffic (turn to 384)?

335

He swears that he has told you the truth. It doesn't give you a great deal to go on, however: the best course of action seems to be to find someone in the space industry who can verify the existence of this illegal traffic. Turn to 384.

336

The dim corridor arches and ends at a rocky intersection. While floating there in the yellow light, deciding which way to go, you hear voices. Low, sonorous tones drift to your ears. Will you go down the corridor which leads to these voices (turn to 397), or take the other passage (turn to 385)?

337

Time to decide your strategy regarding the Customs officials. You could approach a Customs officer and either threaten him for information (turn to 142), or, if you are willing to spend at least 2,000 kopecks, you could try bribery (turn to 298). Alternatively, you could hide in the Customs building in the hope of catching them in an illegal act (turn to 308).

338

You back your ship off, aim your phasers and blow the satellite to pieces. Having effectively destroyed your last clue, you head back to Kether starport. Turn to 16.

339

As the black sloop reaches the crest, you spot a road to the right. There must be a curve up ahead! You slam on the brakes and slide to a halt just over the hill. In front, the road takes a tight turn. The black sloop, unable to slow in time to negotiate the curve with safety, has flown off the road and wrapped itself around a stout-looking tree. Turn to 359.

340

The corridor leads to an automatic door, which sighs open as you approach and clangs shut after you go through. You are in another corridor. On one side, this corridor ends in a door, on the other it continues until it disappears around a corner. Will you go through the door (turn to 67), or down the passageway (turn to 253)?

341

You dive past it and head towards the exit. Turn to 185.

342

An X-ray laser flashes on momentarily, burning your arm. The door does not open. Lose 1 point of STAMINA. Return to 186.

343

The woman is really horrible – gap-toothed, beery, burping and coarse, but the way she commands the men playing cards with her shows that she has real power. What form of power, however, is yet to be seen. Will you try to join the card players (turn to 304), or wait until they finish and then follow the woman (turn to 265)?

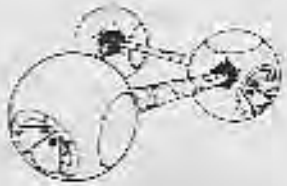

344

You grab the rafter and aim a kick at the first thug, but miss him. They overpower you with a few quick blows and then drag you along the gantry. Turn to 61.

345

The starport is divided, roughly, into two sections: there are the enormous spaceship hangars, of which only one seems to be in use, and there are the administrative and traffic-control buildings. In which section will you begin inquiries? The hangars (turn to 306), or the administrative block (turn to 150)?

346

You follow the corridor for a few more minutes until your path is blocked by an iris lock, over which is inscribed: GRAND KEEPER. The lock opens as you approach and reveals a small room decorated in the most archaic taste. Evidently there is a gravity generator in the room, as an aged man in voluminous black robes is seated in a high-backed chair, facing you. 'Come in, come in,' he says, motioning you towards a stool at his feet. 'Come and sit for a while.' Will you do as he says (turn to 268), or assume he is hostile and draw your pistol (turn to 307)?

347

'Wait!' he cries, eyes flying open. 'I just remembered! The dope dealers' nerve-centre is in the city . . . er . . . wait . . . wait . . . let me see,' he pinches his brow with a couple of fingers as if trying to recall. 'Yes, I've got it, in the Isosceles Tower – top floor.' 'Thanks,' you say, as you tie him up with his vidiphone cord. You head into the city centre, towards the Isosceles Tower. Turn to 320.

348

The sloop accelerates into the straight and disappears over a hill. It is still about 300 metres from your car. The hill it went over is a hump-backed ridge, so you cannot see how the rest of the road continues. As you approach the hill, will you assume that the road continues straight, and go over the crest at high speed (turn to 309), or will you anticipate a corner and slow down a bit (turn to 163)?

349

A shudder runs through your car and it begins to fishtail slightly across the road. The black car pulls away from you as you fight to maintain control. Turn to 290.

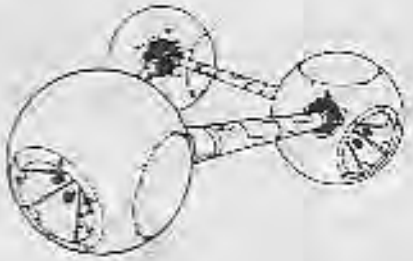

350

The man has no identification on him, no vendetta marks or anything, in fact, which could give you information. You can only determine the cause of death – loss of blood. In one of his hands, however, he holds 4 Energy Tablets. You may add these to your Equipment List. You leave the room. Turn to 389.

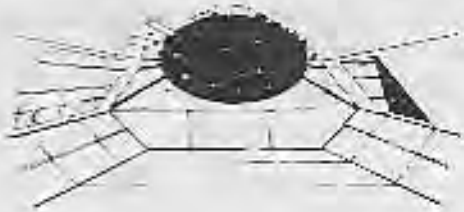

351

You misjudge the distance between your ship and a mine. The device's mass detectors are disturbed by the proximity and send a short message to the hydrogen bomb contained somewhere in its shell to explode.

This it does, sending a terrific shock through your spacecraft. Lose 2 SHIELDS. If this hasn't destroyed your vessel, then you have made it through the minefield. Turn to **312**.

352

The corridor leads you to a tiny cubic room with doors on all its surfaces. Each door is a bright shade of red with a little black button set in the centre. Turn to **225**.

353

You approach the dome which, you notice, is an oxygen tent. Around it are parked various low-gravity earth-moving machines and a rocket scooter. Looks like you're not going to suffocate after all. You knock on the airlock. After a few moments it flashes up a little sign: ENTER. Inside, you meet the owner, a wizened old prospector. He expresses some surprise when you tell him of your circumstances. 'Shot down, eh? Shot down by drug runners, you say? Well, shot down, maybe, but I don't know 'bout them drug runners. Been on this rock for thirty years, and ain't never come 'cross any of them ol' drug runners.' He feeds you, replenishes your oxygen tanks and then, with the new day, takes you on his rocket scooter to the dome town. Turn to **275**.

354

You follow after Clive, finding yourself in the cavernous main interior of the warehouse. In the dim light, you can see lots of crates and a large, sleek black ground car. Creeping forward, you are surprised by half a dozen gunmen leaping out from behind the crates. 'Freeze!' one of them yells. Will you do as he says (turn to **100**), or try to make a break for it (turn to **139**)?

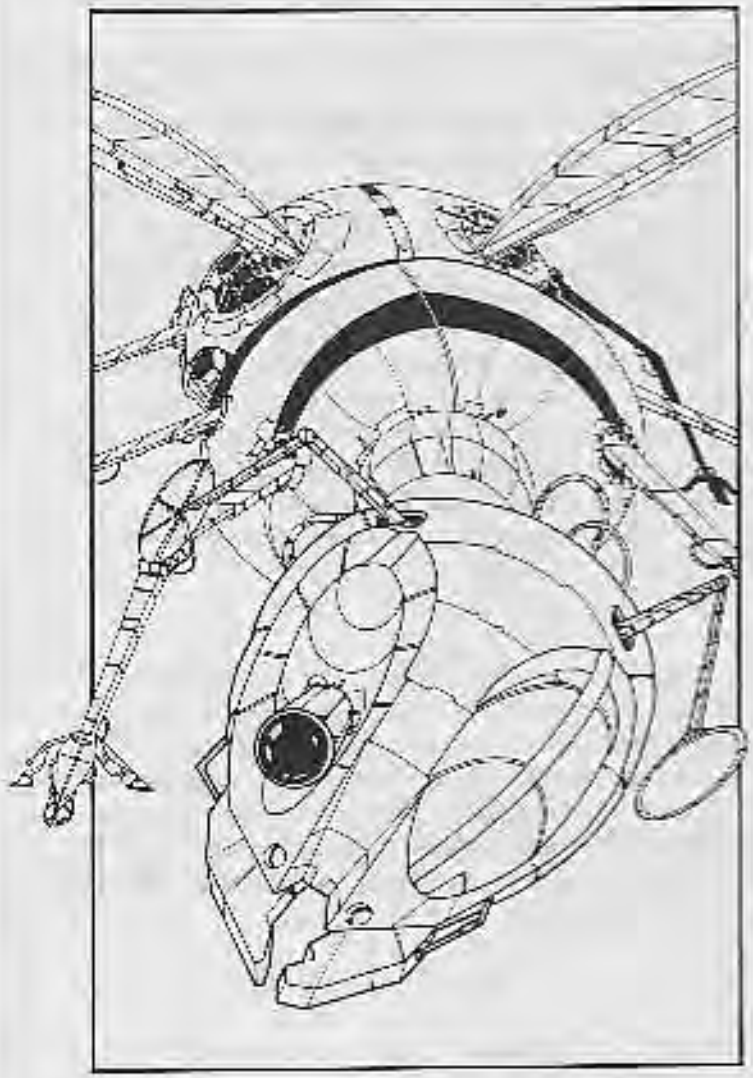

355

Deduct the 500 kopecks from your credit account. The miner informs you that a certain large asteroid known as C230 is the centre of a hive of activity – none of which is reported to the authorities. After receiving this news, you notice a small insect land on the table in front of you. Insect? No – a bug. An electronic bug, cunningly formed so as to look like a real insect; you can see the tiny jets under the mock wings and the vidicamera for an eye – looking straight into your own. Will you go to asteroid C230 (turn to 73), or will you attempt to lose the bug (turn to 53)?

356

Choose carefully! What question will you ask?

What type of beast is it?	Turn to 317
What place have you stumbled upon?	Turn to 278
What help can the beast give you?	Turn to 239

357

You hide away in the locker you used previously. Turn to 45.

358

The shoulders are soft and begin to collapse under the forces your vehicle is exerting on them. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 270. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 319.

359

Leaving your own vehicle, you approach the wrecked sloop. Looking inside you can see that nobody survived. You recover the safety-deposit box and open it. Inside are lots of incriminating documents regarding two individuals: Zera Gross and 'Blaster' Babbet. There are bills for the raw materials necessary to produce Satophil-d, amounts paid in bribes to various officials and, what's most important, the location of their receiving facility on Kether! Evidently, the drug arrives from space via shuttle at a little island some 4,000 kilometres off the shore of the main continental land-mass. It is stored there until sent to the starport on Kether for shipment out of system. The box even contains the exact co-ordinates of the island facility. Turn to 330.

360

The corridor leads to a door. It has a brass plate attached to it: ZERA GROSS. The door opens as you approach and there, in a room, behind a large desk, dictating to a little robot secretary, she is – fat, gap-toothed and horrible. 'Yeah?' she says, not looking at you, obviously thinking you're one of her henchmen. 'Whad' yer want?'

'Yeah?' repeats the secretary, scribbling frantically, 'Whad' yer. . . .'

'Shuddup, dummy,' she shrieks at it. 'I'm speaking ter. . . .' She notices who you are, '. . . *him*.' She makes a dive for a blaster on top of the desk.

Will you engage her in a gun fight (turn to 321) or in hand-to-hand combat (turn to 282)?

361

You make it to the second sphere and jump for the next. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 322. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 244.

362

You mingle for a while before finding a likely person. Throw a die: if the result is 1, the person is a pale drawn-looking fellow, who is alone (turn to 314); if 2, the person is a fat middle-aged woman playing cards at a table (turn to 343); if in the range 3-6, turn to 382.

363

The agriculture yearbooks prove to be weighty but rather uninformative reading. After a couple of hours of annual rainfall, bushels of wheat and so many tons of dead animals, you decide that agriculture is probably not what you are looking for. If you haven't already, you can look at statistics for manufacturing (turn to 324) or transport (turn to 285). If you're sick of statistics, you could go and look through old vidinews for references to organized crime (turn to 41).

364

You dive down an alley and run. The gunman fires after you but misses and yells out, just before you round the next corner: 'You can't escape – not even in space!' What does he mean by 'not even in space'? You could try to find somebody in the space industry to talk to about illegal goings on out there (turn to 384), or you could double back to the café and try to follow the gunman (turn to 325).

365

The room has a corridor leading from it, and a door. Behind the door you can hear muffled voices. Will you try to hear what is being said (turn to 326), or explore down the corridor (turn to 287)?

366

You look among a few copses of trees, under a shrub or two and in one of the greenhouses, but find nothing and nobody of a suspicious nature. You go to meet Mrs Torus. Turn to 376.

367

The asteroid belt lies some 4 AUs out in a huge ring around Aleph Cygni. It consists of at least a hundred thousand fair-sized rocks and millions of little ones. Once you reach the outskirts of a small section of the belt, you realize the futility of a search – it would take a Federal Astrosurvey team with ten ships a good twenty years to explore every rock capable of supporting a base. You head back to Kether. Turn to 333.

368

You follow the track at great speed, meet the main road, swing on to it and accelerate away. Turn to 56.

369

You're a bit slow, and the paperweight grazes your skull and knocks you out. You never regain consciousness. You have failed.

370

You make it through the minefield safely. The production asteroid is just a short way off. Turn to **312**.

371

There's not much point in staying here, so you return to the crossways. If you haven't already done so, you may take either the left passage (turn to **332**), or the continuation of the tunnel (turn to **293**).

372

You accelerate towards the asteroid belt, your ship's twin fusion drive pushing you along at a steady 3 Gs. Suddenly, an alarm goes off and the command screen presents:

WARNING
TWO UNIDENTIFIED VESSELS APPROACHING
FROM ASTEROIDS ON INTERCEPT COURSE

You push your ship into a slight turn to avoid any possibility of a collision, but the two vessels, instead of continuing straight, change direction to remain on a collision course. They are trying to catch you. In fact, they have begun firing their phasers! You will have to fight them.

	WEAPONS STRENGTH	SHIELDS
INTERCEPTOR 1	5	3
INTERCEPTOR 2	5	2

If you destroy them, you may either continue towards the asteroids (turn to **367**), or change course and go to Kether instead (turn to **333**).

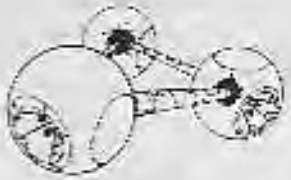

373

'Well, in that case . . .' he says, taking the money from your hands, 'I might let you sit at this terminal here for a few minutes.' He indicates a vidilink behind the reception counter. 'But you must be quick, as my superior could return at any moment and then . . . alas . . . I would have to denounce you.' He smiles. 'My neck or yours.' You sit at the terminal and begin looking through the Centre's confidential files. Turn to 393.

374

You throw him around the room a bit and then place the barrel of your blaster firmly against his forehead.

'Now,' you say. 'Tell me the truth.'

'It is, it is,' he screams. 'I swear it is. Look . . . look, I'll even tell you which asteroid all the traffic's been coming from.'

'OK.'

'It's C230 – if you've got a Cosmo-Nav you can't miss it.'

Will you go out to this asteroid (turn to 73), or try to find somebody in the space industry who might be able to verify this source of illegal traffic (turn to 384)?

375

The niche contains a small plaque:

PRAYER TO THUVALD

Hidden is he,
Mighty is he,
His time returns,
Hold, wait, be still.

Strange! Finding nothing else, you continue out of the room and down the still rough-hewn corridor. Turn to 336.

376

You walk towards her. 'Mrs Torus,' you say. She turns, but at that moment two shots ring out from a copse of trees to your left – one slams into Mrs Torus, the other into you. Throw one die and deduct the result from your STAMINA. If you survive, continue.

You both fall to the ground, Mrs Torus dropping the bag she was carrying. The safety-deposit box with the incriminating documents falls out. Before you can react, the sniper dashes over, grabs the box and leaps into a sloop, which squeals off.

What a set-up! You lurch to your feet. Will you attempt to chase the sloop (turn to 191), or aid Mrs Torus (turn to 210)?

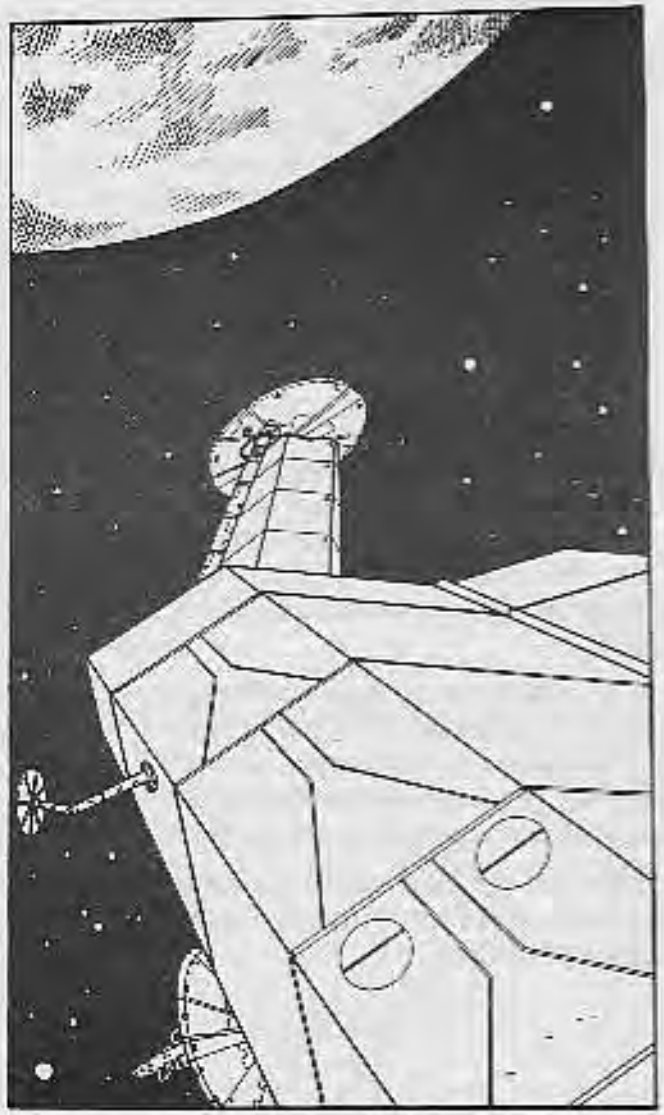

377

You manoeuvre your spacecraft alongside the satellite. It is very large, obviously containing a nuclear-power plant, instead of using a solar wing. An omni-directional receiver antenna sticks out of one end, and a unidirectional antenna points out of the other – down at Kether's capital city. Will you blow the satellite up (turn to 338), or don your pressure-suit and take a space-walk across to look at it (turn to 399)?

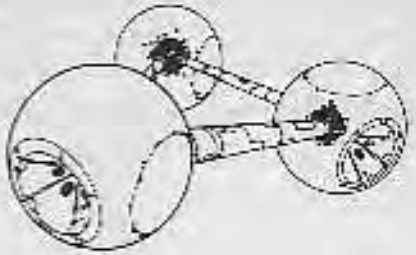

378

You tail-gate them up a straight at 240 k.p.h. Every now and then you graze their bumper with yours and push them slightly. The road climbs a hill and then disappears over the crest. Both of your cars are still doing over 200 k.p.h. when you reach the ridge. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 300. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 339.

379

The passage leads to a room. In the centre, hanging in mid-air, is a large, square plastic table – the latest thing in antigravity furniture, evidently. A chair, similarly without legs, hovers next to it. When you enter the room this chair floats over and says, 'Hi! Want to sit on me?' Pathetic device. You see a key, with a large cardboard tag attached to it, lying on the chair. Picking it up, you read:

Zera,

This is for shutting down the reactor at Base 1. Keep it safe.

Blaster

You pocket it. There's nothing else in the room, so you go back to the intersection and down the corridor. Turn to 340.

380

Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 224. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 263.

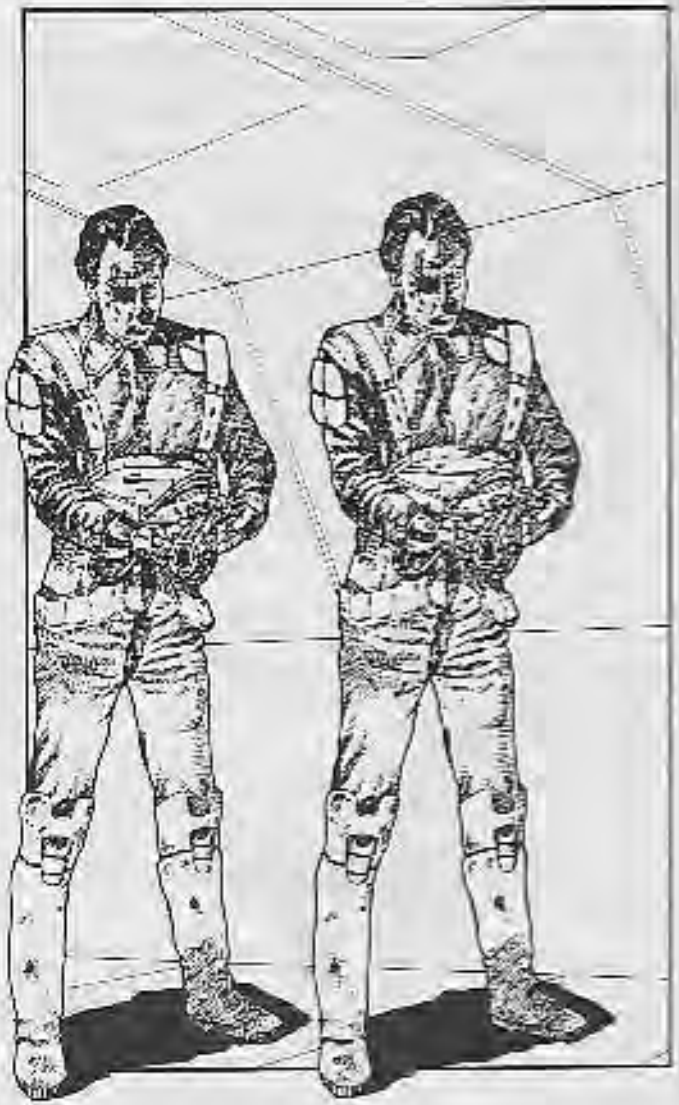

381

The door opens on to a sumptuous living-area – carpets, modern furniture and diffused light. There is even a trendy folding screen, decorated with off-world scenery, next to the door. In the wall opposite the door you are standing in is a wide corridor, leading into another, similarly decorated room. In this corridor stand two identical figures of what must be 'Blaster' Babbet. Tucked under each left arm is an enormous Vanque blaster. 'Good evening,' they say together. 'Time to die, Fed.' Will you blast the left figure (turn to **69**), the right figure (turn to **108**), or try to think of an alternative course of action (turn to **147**)?

382

You find a slightly deranged starship navigator to talk to. He grabs you by the neck as you stand at the bar and says in a low voice, 'Beware.' Well, he might know something. You buy him a drink and sit at a table with him. Turn to **245**.

383

The rafter is above you! You jump for it. *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to 305; otherwise turn to 344.

384

Will you conduct your inquiries at Kether's starport (turn to 345), or in the city (turn to 132)?

385

The passage winds through the rocks, eventually leading past a large dark room occupied solely by a low pedestal upon which a ruddy flame is burning. The entrance to the chamber is flanked by two large, iron-studded wooden doors. Will you enter the room (turn to 83), or bypass it (turn to 346)?

386

'That's all I know!' he pleads. Looks like you're not going to make much headway here, so you decide to go and look for the satellite that he mentioned. Turn to 36.

387

The sloop is about 300 metres ahead, clocking 165 k.p.h. It is tearing around a long, wide, left curve, towards a straight. A small access road is coming up on your left. If you take it you may be able to cut the distance between the two vehicles – but there is a danger that the access road might not join up with the main road further on. If you decide to take the side-road, turn to 241. If you stay on the main road, turn to 348.

388

You maintain a steady distance between the vehicles. Turn to 37.

389

You exit the room into a corridor. Turn to 253.

390

The airlock proves safe to hold. After a few moments the iris lock clicks shut and air roars back into the room. Turn to 371.

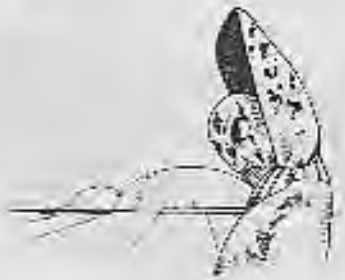

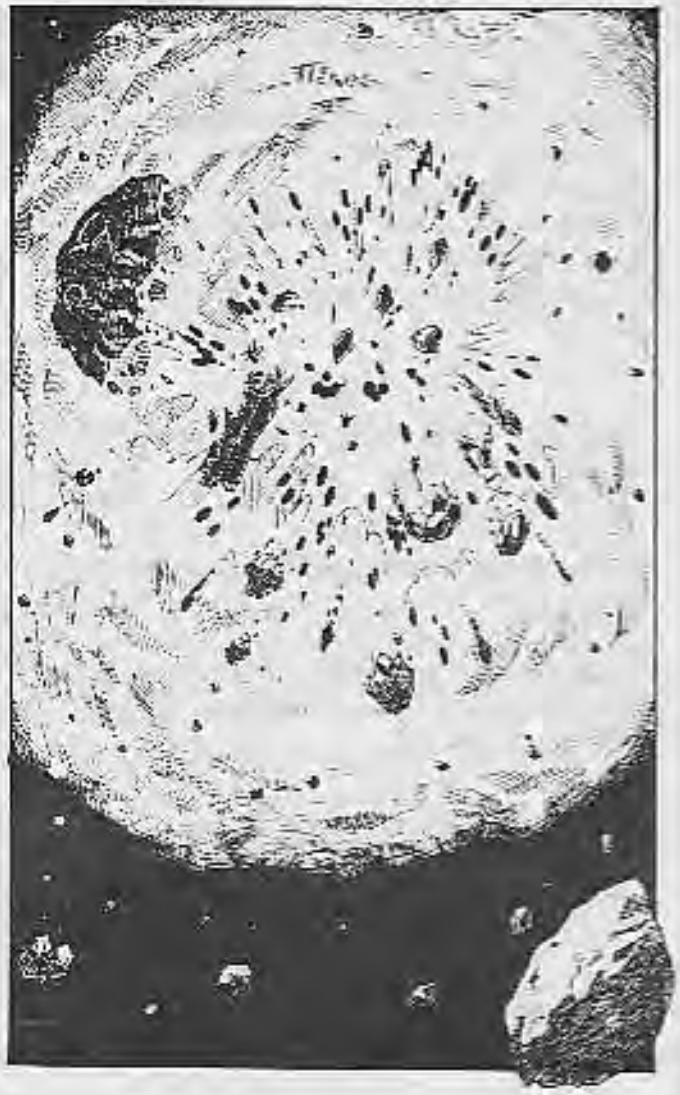

391

Turning the key in the hole results in a horrible grinding noise coming from the reactor. Sirens begin to sound throughout the asteroid's passageways. A synthesized voice booms: 'Warning. Gravity shielding withdrawn. Melt-down will occur in approximately five minutes . . . Warning. Gravity . . .' and so on.

All the instrument panels flash in panic. The ceiling drops away to reveal a small airlock, marked EMERGENCY EXIT. It leads you to the surface of the asteroid. From here you scuttle back to your spacecraft and make a hasty retreat.

The asteroid explodes in a ball of radioactive fire, taking the refinery, stores, shuttles and – evidently – the rest of the criminal organization with it. Congratulations. Your mission is a success.

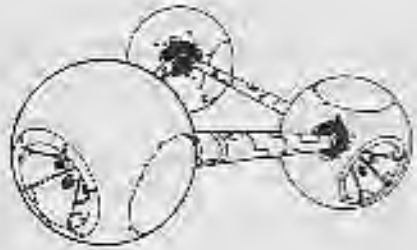

392

You begin to run towards the ridge in front of you; you are virtually flying in the low gravity. After half an hour you cross it, only to be confronted with more of this seemingly endless moon, grey plains and splintered mountains rolling on to the horizon. A red warning light – ten minutes of oxygen – has just come on inside your helmet. You try to run back to the orange dome you saw earlier, but somewhere along the way your oxygen is finally depleted. You have failed.

393

Consulting the file directory on the terminal reveals that you can only have access to transport files – nothing personal, legal or even remotely criminal. So you have a quick look through the transport files and notice, almost immediately, that large sections are missing from the air-traffic records – days, weeks, maybe more. There has either been some enormous bureaucratic incompetence or, as seems more and more likely, a cover-up. What could they be hiding? Flights from certain locations? You could

be discovered at any moment. Will you continue to search through the files (turn to 334), or go in search of the person most likely to be responsible for the missing files, the Chief of Air-traffic Control (turn to 89)?

394

The starport is a large place, but there are few people about; the only other craft present are a small non-hyperspace fighter and a squat planet-to-orbit shuttle. You manage to find a few people to chat to about Kether's starport, although all you find out is that it is the only facility in the system which can handle the refuelling of starships. If this is true, then it means that all the drugs that are leaving Aleph Cygni must pass through this starport. Well, maybe. Not finding any more interesting topics of conversation you decide to leave the starport's environs. Will you declare your Federal Investigator status to the local law-enforcement headquarters to see what information they have (turn to 255), or find a starport canteen, or hotel, in which to conduct your investigations (turn to 299)?

395

It is right. The Hotel Mirimar is a dive. The elevator is out of order. There is no heating. Arriving at the twelfth floor after running up the stairs, you lean for a moment in the doorway to catch your breath. The door to 1201, which is just next to you, opens. A shifty-looking character, putting something in his jacket pocket, steps out. He looks a bit surprised at seeing you. He waits impatiently by the elevator until, realizing that it is out of order, he heads for the stairs, and clatters off down towards street level. Will you enter 1201 (turn to 236), or follow the man who just left (turn to 295)?

396

At a touch of the accelerator, your car leaps at the massive black sloop. *Test your Luck*. If you are successful, turn to 8; otherwise turn to 57.

397

Cautiously, you drift towards the voices, until you come to a room. The passage seems to enter it through the ceiling, for there, upside down in the zero gravity, two figures are floating. They are each garbed head to toe in large sack-like black robes. They look like some order of weightless monks.

'The holy malevolence is stirring again,' says one.

'Yes,' says the other. 'It is.'

'It will be wanting a . . . toy again,' continues the first.

'Yes, it will.'

Will you stay where you are (turn to 258), confront them (turn to 63), or retreat back to the intersection and down the other passage (turn to 385)?

398

You rocket out to Rispin's End for a look. It is a tiny, almost asteroid-sized lump of rock, hardly more than 400 kilometres in diameter. There is only one official facility on this moon – a small dome town for scientists and tourists. The population is about 300 persons. Will you land at this facility (turn to 275), or fly around the moon to see if anything unusual can be spotted (turn to 50)?

395

It is night. The Hotel Mirimar is a dive. The elevator is out of order. There is no heating. Arriving at the twelfth floor after running up the stairs, you lean for a moment in the doorway to catch your breath. The door to 1201, which is just next to you, opens. A shifty-looking character, putting something in his jacket pocket, steps out. He looks a bit surprised at seeing you. He waits impatiently by the elevator until, realizing that it is out of order, he heads for the stairs, and clatters off down towards street level. Will you enter 1201 (turn to 236), or follow the man who just left (turn to 295)?

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399

You will have to use hand-held zero-gravity jets to bridge the gap between yourself and the satellite. These contain limited fuel, so every time you make a decision (that is, turn to a new reference), make a mark on a scrap of paper with your pen. Once you have 4 marks, you are out of fuel and spin off into space. Stop making marks if you reach the satellite. You steady yourself in the open iris of your airlock and take careful aim with your jets at the satellite. Roll two dice. If the result is higher than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **65**. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to **260**.

Don't forget to keep count of your fuel.

400

With the capture of 'Blaster' Babbet you have wiped out the leadership of the criminal organization. Congratulations – you have smashed the drug ring. Your mission is a complete success.

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Seas of Blood 16

ISBN 0-14-031951-4

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The city of Tak at the northern end of the Inland Sea is the greatest den of thieves, pirates and cut-throats that the civilized world has ever seen. In this city of scum, there are two pirates infamous for their ruthless greed, their daring raids and their countless skirmishes with death. One of these is one Abdul the Butcher. The other is YOU!

Only one of you can be King of the Pirates, but which will it be? A wager is made that the first to reach the distant Isle of Nippur with the greatest amount of gold wins the crown. But beware! These are treacherous seas and many dangers await you. Powerful adversaries are ranged against you and at times your only choice is to kill or be killed!

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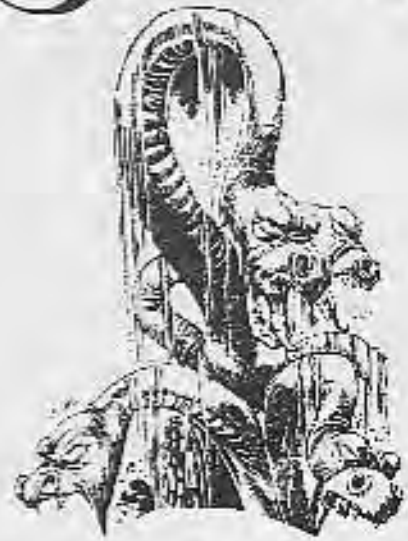

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Karl, Keith and Ron

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INTRODUCTION

You are the captain of the pirate vessel *Banshee*. Together with your band of seasoned cut-throats, you must scourge the lands of the Inland Sea, searching for gold and slaves in a race against your greatest rival, Abdul the Butcher. The two of you have cut a swath of infamy across the civilized world, and are recognized as the two greatest pirate captains in existence. Now, however, you must contest to discover who is *the* greatest.

But before you can begin your journey you must determine the strengths and weaknesses of yourself and your crew. For this you will require two dice and a pencil to record scores on the *Adventure Sheet* on pages 18–19. As it is possible that you will not complete your trip in one adventure, you may wish to make copies of the *Adventure Sheet* for future attempts.

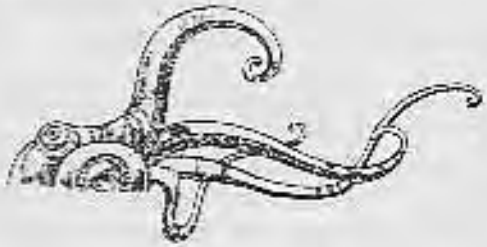

Your Crew

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total under the CREW STRIKE section of the *Adventure Sheet*. This value will be used when you engage in large-scale battles using your crew (e.g. when fighting enemy shipping).

Roll two dice. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total in the CREW STRENGTH section of the *Adventure Sheet*. This score represents the manning level on board the *Banshee* and is used to determine how efficiently you sail. You will lose points from your CREW STRENGTH when you engage in large-scale battles. Certain actions will allow you to recover lost CREW STRENGTH points, but you may never exceed the *Initial* score. If your CREW STRENGTH ever reaches zero, then you and your crew have been wiped out.

Your Abilities

Your ability to fight, withstand damage and escape from tricky situations is determined by your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK. On your *Adventure Sheet* you will see sections where these attributes are to be recorded. They are derived as follows:

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total as your SKILL score.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the result. Enter this total as your STAMINA score. If your STAMINA score ever reaches zero, you have been killed.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total as your LUCK score.

Using Luck

On occasion, you will be called upon to *Test your Luck*. When this occurs, roll two dice. If the result is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, then you have been *Lucky*. If the result *exceeds* your current LUCK score, then you have been *Unlucky*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, reduce your current LUCK score by 1 point. Thus, the more you use your LUCK, the riskier it becomes. LUCK points may sometimes be recovered, but you may never exceed your *Initial score*.

Individual Combat

Individual combat is conducted the same as in other Fighting Fantasy books. It is used when you, the captain, fight individual creatures. If you are already familiar with this system, you can skip this part of the rules. Otherwise:

1. Combat is simultaneous. Individual combat is conducted as a series of rounds in which one combatant will inflict damage upon the other.

2. Roll two dice. Add your opponent's SKILL score to the roll. The total is your opponent's *Attack Strength*.
3. Roll two dice again. Add your SKILL score to the roll. The total is your *Attack Strength*.
4. If your opponent's *Attack Strength* is higher than yours, the opponent has inflicted damage on you – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.
5. If your *Attack Strength* is higher than your opponent's, you have inflicted damage on your opponent – deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA.
6. If both *Attack Strengths* are equal, both attacks have missed. Start the next *Attack Round* from step 2 above.
7. Continue this combat until either your or your opponent's STAMINA is reduced to zero (death).

Large-scale Battles

Whenever the book says that your crew must fight, or when the opponent has STRIKE and STRENGTH values instead of SKILL and STAMINA, then the rules for large-scale combats must be used. They are as follows:

1. Combat in large-scale battles is simultaneous and conducted in a very similar manner to individual combat. It is a series of rounds in which one force in the battle will inflict damage upon the other.
2. Roll two dice. Add your opponents' STRIKE score to the roll. The total is your opponents' *Attack Strength*.
3. Roll two dice again. Add your CREW STRIKE score to the roll. The total is your crew's *Attack Strength*.
4. If your opponents' *Attack Strength* is higher than your crew's, they have inflicted damage upon your crew – deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH.
5. If your crew's *Attack Strength* is higher than your opponents', your crew have inflicted damage upon your opponents – deduct 2 points from your opponents' STRENGTH.
6. If your crew have inflicted damage upon your opponent and the option of escaping is given in the book, then you may escape. Note, however, that this has a penalty: whenever you choose to escape, you automatically lose 2 points of CREW STRENGTH.

7. If both *Attack Strengths* are equal, both attacks are unsuccessful. Start the next *Attack Round* from step 2 above.
8. Continue this combat until either your opponents' or your crew's STRENGTH has been reduced to zero (unless you escape, of course). Whichever side is reduced to zero first has lost.

Your Log

Your LOG records how long you have been travelling. Using a sheet of paper, you should keep a record of your LOG as instructed in various passages in the book. You only have a limited amount of time in which to complete your journey; the LOG will allow you to see how you are progressing.

Restoring Stamina

If you become involved in any individual combat, you will almost certainly lose some points of STAMINA. There is only one way to recover these – other than the occasional instruction in the book – and that is by resting. For every day that you add to your LOG, you will be able to recover 1 point of STAMINA. Note, however, that your STAMINA score can never exceed its *Initial* value. Of course, the more time you spend resting, the slower you will travel towards your destination – so, beware!

Booty

During the course of your adventure, you will almost certainly capture some gold and slaves. This is Booty. There is a section on the *Adventure Sheet* in which this can be recorded. You start the adventure with only 20 Gold Pieces.

The Map

The area in which you will be travelling is covered by the map opposite. It would pay you to become familiar with the names and places on this map, as there are quite frequent references to them in the book.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

EQUIPMENT LIST

CREW STRIKE
Initial score=

CREW STRENGTH
Initial score=

BOOTY

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= Stamina=	*Skill= Stamina=*	*Skill= Stamina=*
Skill= Stamina=	*Skill= Stamina=*	*Skill= Stamina=*
Skill= Stamina=	*Skill= Stamina=*	*Skill= Stamina=*
Strike= Strength=	*Strike= Strength=*	*Strike= Strength=*

THE WAGER

The city of Tak, at the northern end of the Inland Sea, is the greatest den of thieves, criminals and cut-throats the civilized world has ever seen. Every form of vice and illicit activity is not only permitted, but even encouraged, in this city of scum. This, your home town, is where your adventure begins.

Of the numerous pirates drawn to Tak, you and Abdul the Butcher are recognized by all as being the kings in daring and greed. However, neither of you are particularly wealthy, as your love of gambling consumes all the riches that you bring back from your journeys against the enemy cities of Lagash, Marad and Kish.

The infamy that the two of you have bred is also the source of a great rivalry; you each try to outdo the other in increasingly dangerous but breathtakingly successful raids. Your goal – the title of King of Pirates, the Sacker of Cities, which is never bequeathed, but only earned.

One evening, while dicing against each other in one of Tak's gambling-pits, somebody suggests that the two of you should have a contest to determine, once and for all, who is *the* greatest pirate. The idea appeals instantly to your audacious spirits. 'Yes,' says Abdul, 'let us have a race of speed and treasure.'

You agree upon the terms of the contest. Each will take only one ship and, sailing from Tak on an appointed day, will head for the distant isle of Nippur, which lies deep in the great Southern Sea. The journey must be completed within fifty days and, at the end, whoever has the greatest amount of gold wins the bet.

With shaking of hands all round and much toasting, the deal is sealed. Your journey is about to begin.

TURN OVER

1

On the day appointed for the beginning of the race, you take the *Banshee* out of the towering granite bay of Tak and into the Inland Sea. Abdul the Butcher's *Haveldar* cuts quietly through the water beside you. Far to the east is the hostile but rich port of Lagash; to the west is the Scythera Desert, across which the caravan routes to the cities of Kish, Calah and Assur run. To the south is the mountainous isle of Enraki. Will you:

Head towards Lagash for a dangerous but daring raid against its coastal shipping?	Turn to 55
Travel to the Scythera Desert to plunder the rich western caravans?	Turn to 20
Patrol the Inland Sea via the isle of Enraki?	Turn to 76

2

The wheel is too fast and you are too slow. It crashes into you with flailing scythes, bringing your adventure to a gory and untimely end.

3

'Mine at last!' cackles your creditor. 'Next time you will not be so quick to gamble with money you do not have.' He and his sailors brush past you, going to claim their prize. Without a ship, you cannot continue your journey. Your adventure ends here.

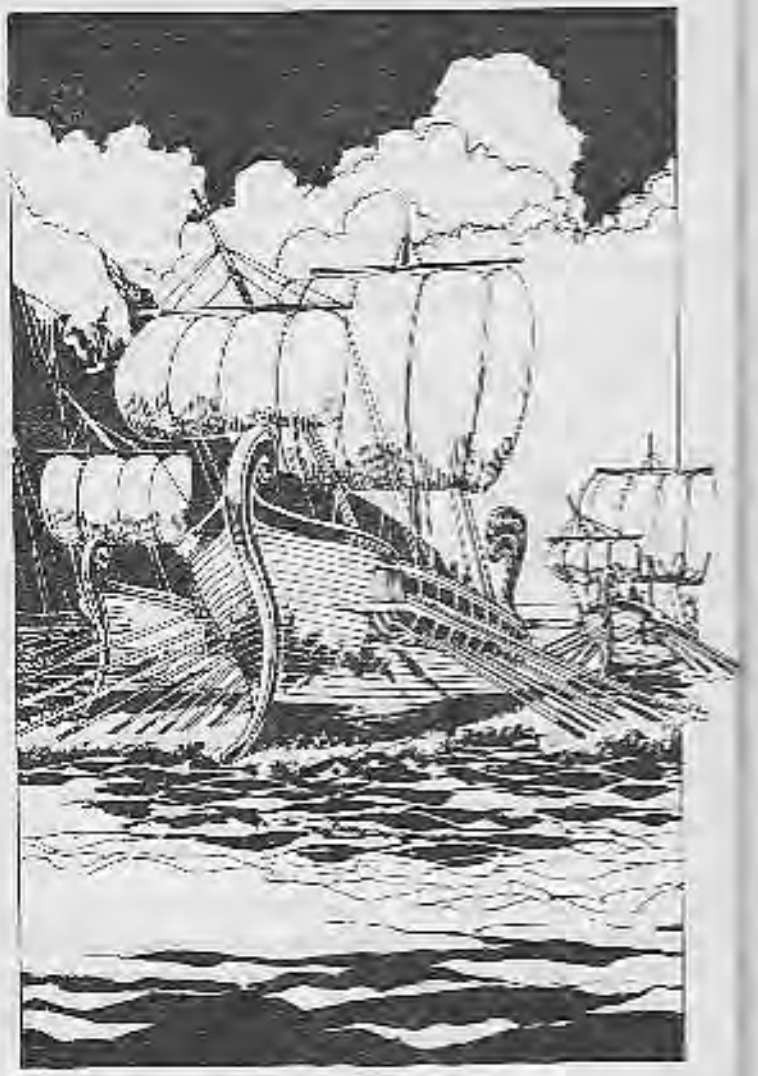

4

Add 1 day to your LOC. When you reach the narrowest point of the Channel of Goth, an extended line of warships appears on the horizon in your direction of travel. As you approach closer, you see that there are several hundred war galleys, with the markings of Shurrupak, heading through the channel in battle formation. They stretch from the shores of the Isle of Volcanoes almost to the shores of the Eastern Rim. Turning back north to avoid conflict with this large force, you run into another long line of war galleys, this time from Marad. You realize that the two city-states must be at war with each other and that you have quite inadvertently been caught in the middle of what is about to be an enormous naval battle. Both forces are roughly equal in size, but the Marad galleys – reputed to have five men on every oar – are by far the larger vessels. Will you head for safety by trying to break through the Marad lines (turn to 43) or the Shurrupak lines (turn to 127)?

5

As you approach the door, you stumble over an unseen tripwire. Something snaps, causing a splintering sound overhead and a deep upsetting rumble to vibrate through the surrounding stonework. The corridor suddenly collapses, crushing you under several tons of masonry. Your adventure is over.

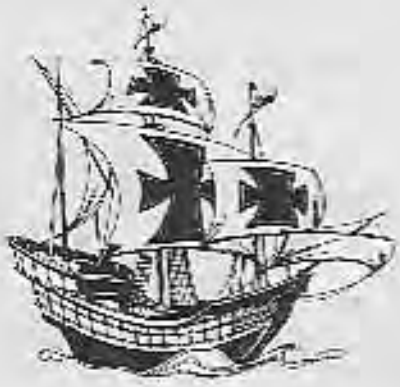

6

Struggling with the door, you manage to squeeze halfway through before the block crashes to the ground. Unfortunately, the half of you that is still on the other side of the door gets wiped by the monolith. Your adventure ends here.

7

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to 387. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **356**

8

As you sprint for the door, the monster slams you with a blow from its spiked tail. You are crushed against the side of the pit. Your adventure is at an end.

9

You stumble back in pain and terror as the poison eats through your eyes and into your brain. Your adventure is over.

10

You sail onwards, passing the bleak red dunes of the Eastern Rim's Sea of Fire – so named because of the intense colouring of the infertile earth. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. One evening, with the sun setting over the sea to the west, you notice a phosphorescent wreck in the water to the side of the *Banshee*. Heaving to, you drop anchor and dive overboard for a closer look. You see a merchant vessel, lying in shallow water, with two large holes smashed in its hull – one in the stern and the other in the bow. Which will you swim into, the hole in the stern (turn to 44) or the bow (turn to 33)?

11

You take the skeleton by the hand, intent on removing its rings. However, as soon as you touch the golden trinkets, the skeleton springs into action by grasping your hand in its own bony digits. It squeezes tightly and holds you fast. All your efforts to escape are in vain; the supernatural grip proves greater than your mortal strength or human weapons. Your death comes slowly from hunger and thirst. Your adventure is over.

12

Your crew manage to cut the *Banshee* free from the warship's grapples, and slash its rigging. The warship's sails crash to the deck, causing chaos and confusion among the marines. Turn to 90.

13

After harrowing you for a day, the seas and wind abate. The skies begin to clear. Before you, on the horizon, is the island of Trysta, so the storm has carried you over and past the treacherous shoals. By some stroke of good fortune, the *Banshee* escaped destruction. Will you land on the island ahead (turn to 152), sail south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to 191), or sail south-west, either towards Kish (turn to 223) or the Roc (turn to 27)?

14

'Ah, woe!' cries the ghost. 'This is dreadful indeed.' He turns a wrathful eye upon you and sweeps his hand in despair. 'O bearer of such wretched news, I curse you.' Lose 2 points of LUCK and 1 point of SKILL. Turn to 210.

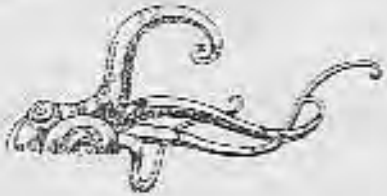

15

Once in the Southern Sea, will you:

Travel to Shurrupak, to sell any slaves you might have and to recruit more crew?	Turn to 301
Head into the great Kish Delta and travel upstream to the Dead City?	Turn to 140
Sail through the centre of the Southern Sea, aiming for Nippur?	Turn to 340

16

As soon as you exert pressure, the ring sinks into the ceiling and admits a torrent of water, which knocks you to the floor. The entrance door slams shut, the crypt fills rapidly with water, and you drown. Your adventure is over.

17

You try to run to one side, to avoid the speeding missile, but the snow is too deep. The ball hits and crushes you. This is the end of your adventure.

18

The monster parries ferociously with a swift movement of its long arms, knocking your punching arm to one side and almost breaking it – lose 1 point of STAMINA. As you jump back, the Cyclops grabs you by the left hand and then lifts you into the air. Will you:

Give it an open-handed chop on the back of the elbow?	Turn to 187
Kick it in the shoulder?	Turn to 251
Back-hand it in the elbow?	Turn to 145

19

The *Banshee* picks up pace as you trim the sails and aim for the space between the two nearest galleys. Will you try to run *exactly* between them (turn to 296) or veer off at the last moment to crash through and shear one of the galley's oars off (turn to 275)?

20

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. Eventually you arrive off the coast of the Scythera Desert, where you drop anchor, disembark with most of the crew and march inland across the burning sands. You come to a busy little village surrounding an oasis – obviously a staging-post for travel through the desert. Will you attack the village (turn to 143), or retreat into the nearby dunes to lie in ambush for any caravan that might happen by (turn to 79)?

21

As soon as you attack the Anemone, it folds a dozen tentacles around your body, and the poison stings inject a large and consequently fatal dose into your bloodstream. You lose consciousness as the creature moves you slowly towards its circular mouth. Your adventure is over.

22

The Kishian marines are defeated and the warship set afire. Boarding and searching the enemy vessel, you discover a chest in the master's quarters which contains 27 Gold Pieces. From the survivors among the marines, you find 3 fine specimens for the slave-markets of the Eastern Rim. You scuttle the warship and continue towards Assur. Turn to 376.

23

You march over the sand for several hundred yards until, without warning, the beach collapses under your collective feet, revealing huge slime-covered creatures which seize some of your crew in their claws and carry them out to sea. Deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH. Hysterical with fear, your crew insist that you take them back to the *Banshee*. Will you force them to continue along the beach (turn to 86), or suggest that you all head inland instead (turn to 42)?

24

For three days, you wait in the village for hapless passers-by to fall into your ambush, but none appear. Finally, your patience snaps at this waste of time and you decide to return to the *Banshee* to try your fortune elsewhere. Add 3 days to your LOG, then turn to 35.

25

Your vigilance and care are not enough. With an ominous scraping sound, the *Banshee*'s keel slides over a bed of silt. The ship comes to an unsteady halt. Using large poles to push, and throwing out all your excess cargo, you attempt to refloat your vessel, without success. The water-level drops and the *Banshee* settles deeper into the sand-bar. In the morning, you find yourselves surrounded by Kishian soldiers who, from their nearby garrison, saw your mast above the river-banks. You are captured, and your adventure is over.

26

Sitting down, you dig into the soup and bread with gusto. After a while you start to feel quite sleepy, as do your crew. Rubbing your eyes, you look down the long table, at which you are all seated, and notice something quite unusual: all of your pirates have been turned into farm animals – sheep, goats, pigs and such. Alarmed at this turn of events, you give a squawk. A *squawk*? When you look down at yourself, you find you have been transformed into a parrot. 'Come, my pretty little fellow,' says the woman, settling you on her hand; 'come and join the others.' No longer human, your adventure is over.

27

Add 2 days to your LOG. The Roc is an island formed by a single enormous mountain jutting out of the ocean. Its peak is almost continually shrouded in cloud, while the lower slopes are covered with dense forests. It is named after a species of gigantic bird which sometimes uses the higher slopes for nesting. *Test your Luck*: If you are *Lucky*, turn to **67**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **92**.

28

Most of the cheap men have been lured away to the war with Marad, which promises enormous riches to the winning side. You are left with good, but expensive, applicants to select from. For each point of CREW STRENGTH you wish to recover, you will have to spend 20 Gold Pieces. When you have completed your recruiting, turn to **180**.

29

Jumping forward, you deliver a swift elbow into the Cyclops' ribs, causing it to double over – deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. As it leans over, it delivers a back-handed slap to your head, sending you reeling to the ground – lose 2 points of STAMINA. The Cyclops recovers first, grabs you by the arm and lifts you into the air. Will you:

Kick it in the shoulder?	Turn to 251
Kick it in the armpit?	Turn to 305
Back-hand it in the elbow?	Turn to 145

30

The cry comes again, rolling eerily down the mountain slopes. You head up the ravine, towards the source of the sound. Will you take your crew with you (turn to 160), or creep along alone (turn to 138)?

31

'Ah, woe!' cries the ghost. 'This is dreadful indeed.' He turns a wrathful eye upon you and sweeps his hand in despair. 'O bearer of such wretched news, I curse you.' Lose 2 points of LUCK and 1 point of SKILL. Turn to 210.

32

The *Banshee* sails into the only large bay that Nippur boasts. Your crew are overjoyed that the journey is over. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. Abdul the Butcher's *Haveldar* is already moored in the bay. The few members of his crew left on board inform you that Abdul has gone inland, to the rendezvous point on the peak of Nippur's single mountain. If your LOG *exceeds* 50 days, turn to 342. If your LOG is *equal to or less than* 50 days, turn to 213.

33

The hole is large and rimmed with weed and barnacles. Swimming through into the interior of the ship, you brush against what you thought was a gummy pile of rags stuck to the hull. It unfolds into a brightly coloured flower of tentacles and rasping teeth, and blocks your exit from the ship. You will need to go back to the surface for air at any moment, so will you fight your way past the tentacled creature (turn to 21), or try to find a way out through the interior of the sunken ship (turn to 57)?

34

You head at speed towards the coast, but the warships are moving quite fast and soon cut you off. You have no option now but to try smashing your way through the line. Turn to 19.

35

Returning to the *Banshee*, you weigh anchor and set off out to sea. If your crew have taken casualties, you could head for the neutral city of Assur to recruit some more men (turn to 171). Alternatively, you could go to the neighbouring city of Calah to try your luck in the gambling-pits (turn to 211), or sail east to raid the isle of Enraki (turn to 76).

36

When you reach the summit, you find Abdul the Butcher and a few of his men waiting for you. 'Ah,' he says, when you appear, 'you made it. Now, let us see which is the greater rascal!' He drags an enormous chest forward. 'I sacked Kish,' he boasts, 'and even captured a Marad war galley. The treasure is here to prove it.' He opens his coffer, inviting you to do the same with yours. To work out whether you have more than Abdul, round the amount of gold you have *down* to the nearest hundred (e.g. if you have 387 Gold Pieces, round this figure down to 300); when you have done this, divide the rounded figure by two. The result is the number that you should turn to. If the number you should turn to is more than 400, then turn to 400.

37

The wild man screams as you swing at him, catches your arm and pounds you in the head, knocking you out. Lose 2 points of STAMINA permanently (i.e. reduce your *Initial* score by 2). Upon recovering some hours later, you discover that the money you put up as a bet is gone – deduct it from your Booty. If you haven't already, you could try the Bataar races (turn to **270**) or the dice (turn to **236**); otherwise, you leave Calah (turn to **262**).

38

The island is like an enormous smooth granite boulder, with neither beaches nor foliage. Lowering the ship's boat, you go ashore with a few crew. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **133**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **120**.

39

She keeps insisting that you should eat, but, just as you bow to her pressure and take a bowl of soup, your crew, all at once, slump unconscious to the table. What's even more alarming is the transformation they start to undergo – turning into sheep, goats and pigs. Dropping your bowl, you rush to shake the first mate awake. 'Oink,' is the only response he can muster. The witch has fled into the house, probably fearful because you're still in human form. Pursuing her, you find yourself in a small lobby which leads into a large feasting-hall, whose central fire-pit is blazing. A small side-door also leads from the lobby. The witch is not in sight. Will you go into the hall (turn to **216**), or take the side-door (turn to **227**)?

40

The Lizard Men are forced back into the surrounding forest. Your crew manage to capture four of these creatures to sell as slaves; the little fellows generally fetch quite a high price. The jungle has come alive with the throat warbles and Tok-Tok stick signals of the natives. Obviously, a larger force is gathering under nearby cover in preparation for a renewed attack. Beating a hasty retreat, you return to the *Banshee*, weigh anchor and continue through the straits. Turn to **15**.

41

Your men lay into the cattle with ropes and knives. Only minutes after they start, a large force of heavily armed cavalrymen appear over a nearby rise and approach your position. Drawing to a halt, the cavalry dispatch a herald towards you, who says, 'Hear, O foolish pirates, that you have offended His Majesty, the King of the Four Winds. You are instructed to leave this island immediately, or suffer the most dire consequences!' Turn to 176.

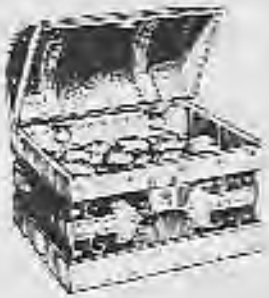

42

Cutting your way through the jungle, you penetrate into the interior, coming face to face with the biggest and ugliest looking critter you have ever seen. Hundreds of tree-trunk legs support a body twice as long as the *Banshee*, while its head – which is mostly mouth – is stacked with knives for teeth. Will you run (turn to 54) or fight (turn to 70)?

43

Giving full sail to the *Banshee* and putting every man armed and ready on deck, you head at full speed towards the line of Marad galleys, aiming between the dipping oars of two ships. As your boat hurtles through this gap, one of the galleys fires its ballista grapples, catching the *Banshee* by the gunwale. It drags you in like a harpooned whale. Your crew will have to fight.

MARAD GALLEY STRIKE 8 STRENGTH 12

If your crew beat off the attack, turn to 208.

44

The hole leads into the captain's quarters, where you confront half a dozen Sea Sprites. These anxious little creatures dart nervously from side to side as you enter the vessel, then rush into the far corner of the room where they whisper together in high-pitched squeaks. Finally, one of them swims forward cautiously and says, 'We are magical creatures, O brave adventurer from the world above. If you will help us to recover a treasure, we will speak on your behalf to our cousins, the Wind Sprites, who will surely make your ship the fastest on the seas.' Will you help them (turn to 75) or not (turn to 383)?

45

The *Banshee* sails down the coast. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. You arrive just offshore from Mount Martu-Amurru, a giant forest-covered peak that towers over the small fishing town of Kirkuk. Will you:

Take your cut-throats ashore and try to frighten the townspeople into handing over most of their gold?	Turn to 102
Continue sailing down the coast towards the hostile city of Kish?	Turn to 223
Sail out into the Inland Sea to raid the shipping-lanes around the Shoals of Trysta?	Turn to 66

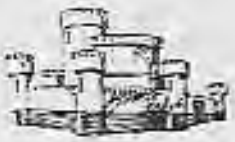

46

Flailing your arm, you smash the monster in the back of the knees. It staggers forward and, losing balance, collapses to the ground on to some sharp rocks – deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. Will you:

Kick it in the ribs?	Turn to 266
Kick it in the groin?	Turn to 224
Punch it in the jaw?	Turn to 196

47

When you reach the outskirts of the Kishian town, you see that there are no regular soldiers of any kind. Having lined your men up under cover, you give the order to charge. With a mighty roar, they sweep forward into the unprepared settlement, the town militia giving only piecemeal resistance.

TOWN MILITIA	STRIKE 6	STRENGTH 10

If you win, turn to 80.

48

The punch-out arena is set under a sprawling tent, which is packed with shouting and roaring gamblers. The idea of the game is that a challenger fights the house champion in a duel with spiked iron gloves. The first to knock out the other wins and, if challenging, collects double the money put up as an initial bet. You decide to challenge the champion, an enormous Ogre from Scythera. You may bet up to 50 Gold Pieces. In the following combat, the first to hit the other wins the bout.

OGRE CHAMPION SKILL 11

If you win, turn to 370. If you lose, turn to 323.

49

Dropping anchor in a steamy volcanic lagoon, you proceed ashore with your crew. The countryside is almost jungle, with thick foliage, exotic animals and hundreds of thousands of insects. Will you head for the higher slopes of the central mountain (turn to 151), or stay in the lowlands, searching through the jungle (turn to 184)?

50

'Come now,' says Abdul, looking at your markedly smaller pile of gold, 'it was hardly even a contest – and you call yourself a pirate?' You have been hopelessly trounced. Abdul is, without a doubt, the greater pirate. You have lost the wager.

51

The *Banshee* stops almost dead in the water, while your crew try ineffectually to rehoist the sail. One of the enormous war galleys bears down on your craft, impales the *Banshee* on its ram, and breaks its back. You and your crew fall into the shark-infested waters. Your adventure is over.

52

Reaching the pass, you look down the further slope, and spy a tower of the fortress some miles away. A sudden cry of anguish or fear flies out of a nearby steeply climbing, snow-filled ravine. Taking stock, you find none of your crew are missing. The cry comes again, even more tortured and rending. Will you side-track into the ravine to see what is causing the noise (turn to 30), or ignore it and proceed down towards the temple-castle (turn to 111)?

53

You are in a large subterranean cavern, lit by the phosphorescence of the rocks around. To one side, a small wooden landing juts out into the water. Swimming to this, you pull yourself from the water and follow the construction to a short corridor, which leads from the cavern to a massive stone door. Beside the door is a life-sized statue of a gargoyle, looking down the corridor at you. Will you try to open the door (turn to 69), or have a close look at the statue (turn to 88)?

54

Tearing off through the jungle like a herd of panic-stricken animals, you and your pirates dash to the beach, into your boats and back to the *Banshee*. If you haven't already, you sail to either the neat-looking island (turn to 386) or the palm-covered island (turn to 354).

55

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG and turn to **68**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG and turn to **181**.

56

Impressed with your spirit, Mog and Ogmog offer to join your party as crew members – add 3 points to your CREW STRIKE. If this takes your CREW STRIKE over its *Initial* score, then the new total becomes your *Initial* score. The Giants inform you that the country around is a wasteland, occupied by hordes of Orcs and certainly never visited by anyone wealthy. You return to the *Banshee*. Turn to **272**.

57

Diving down, you pass through an open hatchway into the empty hold. From here, you make your way through a rotting deck-cover and into the open sea. With blood pounding in your ears, you reach the surface and gulp in air. Recovering your composure, you take another deep breath and dive down to the hole in the stern of the ship. Turn to **44**.

58

As your men swing their rams, the occupants of the towers on either side of the gate counter-attack by pouring massive cauldrons of boiling oil on to them. Deduct 4 points from your CREW STRENGTH. Demoralized by this turn of events, your crew drop the rams and flee, running at breakneck pace for the *Banshee*, as the angry warrior priests burst from their castle in hot pursuit. You reach the ship safely, hoist sail and head off down the coast. Turn to **123**.

59

Business is extremely poor. By the end of the day, you have sold so few of your captives that you are forced to sell the remainder to a dubious slaver for only 5 Gold Pieces each. Multiply the number of slaves you had by five and add the total to your Booty as Gold Pieces. Turn to 279.

60

When you leap at the Cyclops, it protects its body by taking your kick on its arms. Grabbing you by your extended leg, it applies an extremely painful and crushing grip – deduct 2 points from your as well as its STAMINA. It gives up on trying to break your leg. Instead, it grasps you by the ankle and dangles you upside down. Will you:

Kick it in the elbow?	Turn to 235
Give it an upper cut to the groin?	Turn to 177
Punch it in the stomach?	Turn to 139

61

Heading for the beach, you run into several members of your crew who had been searching the island, with the rest of your men, in the hope that you were still alive. You return to the *Banshee* and continue your journey. Turn to 15.

62

Most of the cheap men have already been hired by various Shurrupak nobles to use on their war galleys in the conflict with Marad. By a stroke of good fortune, however, you find a pirate crew who have recently been deprived of their ship through having to repay a gambling-debt. Many of them are willing to be hired by you. For each point of CREW STRENGTH you wish to recover, you will have to spend 10 Gold Pieces. When you have completed your recruiting, turn to 180.

63

The corridor leads you into a small ante-chamber, occupied by a weird-looking cleric. The creature has a roughly humanoid body, but the head and legs of some twisted bird. It hisses when it sees you, rattles a few of its sacred talismans and then attacks with a swing of its ebony staff. You fight it. Whenever the creature hits you during the battle, roll one die. If the result is 1 or 2, deduct damage from your STAMINA as normal; if the result is 3 or 4, deduct 1 point from your SKILL; if the result is 5 or 6, deduct 1 point from your LUCK.

AWKMUTE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you defeat it, turn to 125.

64

The *Banshee*'s keel scrapes the bottom several times, but does not stick. With an hour to dawn, you reach the point where the river passes between the mighty anti-barbarian walls of Kish. These heavily defended walls, punctuated with high towers, run for hundreds of leagues to either side of the river, completely encircling the state of Kish. As you try to pass between the towers that stand on either bank, the bow of the *Banshee* catches an enormous iron chain which stretches across the entire width of the river. You are brought to a halt. Will you send a few crewmen ashore to unshackle the chain from where it is connected to one of the towers (turn to **268**), or turn back to the sea (turn to **207**)?

65

The Elverines' slashed bodies sink to the bottom of the pool. The water, now still, is only a foot below the floor of the abbot's chamber. Bloodied, you clamber out of the pit. Turn to **225**.

66

The *Banshee* ploughs on towards the Shoals of Trysta. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. As you near the treacherous reefs off the island of Trysta, a vicious squall starts up from the north and looks as if it might turn into a major storm. Will you run with the storm by heading south (turn to **103**), or tack north, into the wind, to sit out the foul weather (turn to **142**)?

67

While you are sailing past the island, the ship suddenly falls into a very dark and sharply defined patch of shade. Looking up, you see an enormous bird, somewhat like a buzzard, only several hundred times bigger. It circles above the *Banshee* a couple of times, then descends in a steep dive to attack. Your crew take up weapons to defend themselves.

ROC STRIKE 10 STRENGTH 4

If your crew defeat it, turn to **117**.

68

You sail towards Lagash, on the Eastern Rim, keeping a keen eye out for any of the numerous merchantmen that are attracted to this city. Fortune is running against you, however. Two triangular red sails appear on the horizon in front of the *Banshee* and sweep down towards you. They are Lagashian warships, decks crowded with marines, battle banners streaming in the wind. You heel the *Banshee* about and try to outsail the intruders. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **87**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **175**.

69

The door is large and heavy, but, by putting all your weight against it, you manage to open it a fraction. As soon as the door gives, however, a tremendous splintering sound echoes from above. A stone block, weighing at least several tons, has tipped from its place above the door and is falling to crush you. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **99**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **6**.

70

The beast rears its head and opens its mouth in the sharpest grin ever seen by man or god. Hunger burns in its eyes. If you have the Crossbow of Axillon, turn to **163**; otherwise, turn to **110**.

71

After you have handed the gold over, el-Shazar tosses you a letter of free passage to Shurrupak. His marines relinquish their grapples and let the *Banshee* pull away. Leaving the scene of the battle, will you head towards Shurrupak (turn to **301**), or sail out through the middle of the Southern Sea, intent on travelling as rapidly as possible to Nippur (turn to **340**)?

72

Trade is brisk, if uninspiring. After a day's work in which you managed to sell every one of your captives, you find that you received, on average, 10 Gold Pieces for each. Multiply the number of slaves you had by ten and add the total to your Booty as Gold Pieces. Turn to **279**.

73

The Bataar races are over for the day. If you haven't already, you could try punch-out (turn to 48) or dice (turn to 236). Otherwise, you leave the city of Calah (turn to 262).

74

Stepping sideways, you aim your blow, only to have it caught in mid-flight by one of the Cyclops' enormous hands. It twists your arm savagely, almost dislocating it – lose 2 points of STAMINA. Letting go of your hand, it grabs you by the ankle and dangles you upside down. Will you:

Kick it in the elbow?	Turn to 235
Knee it in the chest?	Turn to 122
Butt it in the ribs?	Turn to 372

75

'A predatory Krell, which inhabits a cave under this vessel, has stolen the Skull of Salt,' explains the Sprite. 'This is our most precious relic, given to us by Father Sea, which, by its magic, keeps the sea and fresh waters of the world separate. We must have it back.' The Sprites give you a magic potion which enables you to stay underwater without needing to breathe, and then show you to the Krell's cave beneath the wreck. The entrance tunnel descends vertically into the sea-bed. Swimming down, you notice that the walls are heavily pocked with wide, deep holes. Will you continue swimming down into the cave (turn to 105), or stop for a moment to look in one of the holes (turn to 89)?

76

The *Banshee* sails out into the Inland Sea. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. Presently, you arrive off the northernmost tip of the mountainous isle of Enraki, home of the warrior priests of Asswr sel Dablo. These fearsome holy men, armed by the gods of war and protected by the gods of stone, reside in a fortress raised on the lower slopes of the island's precipitous central snow-capped mountain. They are very rich. You have three options to deprive them of this wealth:

A direct assault on the fortress	Turn to 231
Gaining entry to the fortress via a deception of some kind, then pilfering what you can	Turn to 315
Finding a way over the mountains behind the castle so as to assault the (most probably) lightly defended rear	Turn to 188

77

As you march cross-country, a large body of heavily armed cavalry appears over a rise in front. They dispatch a herald towards you, who says, 'Adventurers, know that you are in the land of the King of the Four Winds and that His Majesty requests the pleasure of your company at his table.' Will you follow the herald towards the cavalry and then, presumably, to the King (turn to 215), or return to your ship (turn to 176)?

78

Only a short distance down the tunnel, you come across the bodies of half a dozen men. The marks on their bodies show that they have been badly mauled by some large avian – most probably the Roc that attacked you. Will you search their bodies for loot (turn to 229), or continue down the tunnel (turn to 240)?

79

For three days, you and your crew lie under the blazing sun of the Scythera Desert, waiting for sight of the lumbering pack-animals common among caravans in this part of the world. Add 3 days to your LOG. You begin to run low on provisions and fresh water. Will you wait for just a few more days among these dunes (turn to **194**), or give up on the desert and return to the *Banshee* (turn to **35**)?

80

With the militia defeated and most of the townsfolk fled into the neighbouring countryside, you proceed straight to the local courts, to seize the public assets. Marching boldly through the chaotic mess that your men have made of the building's interior, you come to the vaults, whose locks your pirates have just crowbarred free. When you open the massive iron doors, a ferocious black Sith Orb lunges out and attacks. You fight this terrible beast alone.

SITH ORB	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you defeat it, turn to **97**.

81

'Damn me to the seven hells if I'll let you take her, el-Fazouk!' you cry, swinging your scimitar at his head. He ducks to the side as his sailors rush to his defence. You fight your foes one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
FIRST PIRATE	8	4
SECOND PIRATE	8	6
THIRD PIRATE	7	6
HAMIL EL-FAZOUK	9	6

If you win, turn to **397**.

82

As the Cyclops tries to heave itself back to its feet, you run up and shoulder it in the face. Unfortunately, it sees you coming and bites you on the arm – lose 1 point of STAMINA. The monster regains its feet and launches into a crouched attack, intending to catch you in its arms. Will you:

Take a flying kick at its midriff?	Turn to **60**
Take a flying kick at its legs?	Turn to **319**
Take a flying kick at its head?	Turn to **290**

83

With a heroic effort, your crew wrestle the mainsail back into place, allowing the *Banshee* to pick up just enough speed to avoid the rams of the war galleys. Breaking into the open seas, will you head towards Shurrupak, to sell slaves and hire crew (turn to 301), or travel out through the middle of the Southern Sea, intent on sailing as rapidly as possible to Nippur (turn to 340)?

84

Having defeated Nestafa, you search his body, finding nothing in the rags he was wearing. Obviously he had fallen on hard times. Afraid that you might meet more old adversaries, you leave the dock area. Will you look for replacements in the markets (turn to 253) or in the slums and poorer parts of town (turn to 293)?

85

The stairs lead into a slimy darkness. The walls, dripping with moisture and covered with moss, press in close on either side. Water trickles down the stairs at your feet, making your progress rather precarious. Without warning, a ten-foot Leech, enormous by anyone's standards, lunges from its lair above and bites you on the shoulder. You hack at it in a frenzy. For every round of combat that the Leech is still alive, it will suck 2 points of STAMINA from you.

GIANT LEECH SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you defeat it, turn to 162.

86

'Move, scum!' you say, unsheathing your scimitar. 'Or you'll have more to worry about than monsters.' *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 230. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 182.

87

Cunning and skilful sailing puts one of the warships far behind. However, the other warship stays with you, and eventually pulls alongside with a shower of grapples and arrows. You will have to fight.

WARSHIP	STRIKE 10	STRENGTH 8

If you want to escape, remember the penalty and turn to 12. If you decide to fight on, and successfully defeat the warship, turn to 135.

88

The gargoyle is set about a foot above the ground, on a small circular dais. Looking closer, you see that the dais has rollers built under it, so the statue has been built to be moved. There are wear-marks from the rollers on the left side of the statue but none on the right. Taking a firm grip of the gargoyle's shoulders, you prepare to push. Which way will you try to move the statue: to the left (turn to 114) or to the right (turn to 165)?

89

Reaching randomly into a hole, you disturb an enormous eel, which savages your arm. Lose 1 point of SKILL. Withdrawing quickly, you continue your descent into the cave. Turn to 105.

90

The *Banshee*, under full sail, pulls away from the warship and leaves it far behind. Will you head back into the Inland Sea, towards Enraki (turn to 76), or travel down the coast of the Eastern Rim, towards the Rivers of the Dead (turn to 197)?

91

Your blow is completely ineffective and results only in leaving you open to a counter-attack. The Cyclops jerks its knee into your chest and then pushes you to the ground – lose 2 points of STAMINA. Leaning over your pain-racked body, it grabs you by the forearm and lifts you into the air. Will you:

Kick it in the armpit?	Turn to 305
Bite it on the wrist?	Turn to 276
Give it a chop to the back of the elbow?	Turn to 187

92

While you are sailing past the island, the ship suddenly falls into a very dark and sharply defined patch of shade. Looking up, you see an enormous bird, somewhat like a buzzard, only several hundred times bigger. It circles above the *Banshee* a couple of times, then descends in a steep dive to attack. Swooping, it catches you in its claws and carries you back towards the island. Drawing your scimitar, you try to fight your way free.

ROC	SKILL 11	STAMINA 10

If you defeat it, turn to 124.

93

The creature is about half as high as the pit and rather long, so will you take an athletic running leap at the beast's back in an attempt to springboard your way out of the pit (turn to 352), or run around the monster and go through the door it came out of (turn to 8)?

94

You find a real sucker to take your entire consignment of slaves. The wizened old man, obviously blind not to have seen the defects in your ailing captives, seems to believe he has got a bargain. You receive 15 Gold Pieces for each slave. Multiply the number of slaves you had by fifteen and add the total to your Booty as Gold Pieces. Turn to **279**.

95

Your scimitar cleaves into the cat and kills it – the others vanish. The witch clutches her chest and falls over, dead. You step outside and find that all the farm animals and exotic birds have been turned back into human beings. Collecting your crew, you return to the *Banshee* and set sail for Nippur. Turn to **7**.

96

'Too bad,' says el-Shazar. 'But then, we were never the best of friends.' He signals to his men to continue the assault upon the *Banshee*. The marines drag your ship alongside their galley, then pour down on to your hapless pirates, whom they slaughter rather efficiently. The *Banshee* is captured, and you and a few of your crew are taken as slaves. Your adventure is over.

97

Stepping past the body of the Orb, you enter the vault, where you find 130 Gold Pieces – add this to your Booty. Will you let your men continue with their sacking of the town (turn to **141**), or beat a hasty retreat to the *Banshee* (turn to **113**)?

98

Your trusty pirates overwhelm the would-be rescuers. From the survivors, you manage to find 1 fellow who will fetch a reasonable price in the slave-markets – add him to your Booty. You settle your men into the village to await the arrival and subsequent ambush of any unsuspecting caravans. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **194**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **24**.

99

With just a fraction of a second to spare, your wriggle through the crack in the doorway. The stone block crashes to the ground behind, missing you by the minutest of distances. Turn to **179**.

100

Turn to **50**.

101

You knock out the wild man, collect as many Gold Pieces as you initially bet and then depart from the arena. If you haven't already, you could try the Bataar races (turn to **270**) or dice (turn to **236**). Otherwise, you leave Calah (turn to **262**).

102

Sailing straight into Kirkuk's harbour, you disembark with most of your crew and order the gathering townsfolk to bring you their headman. When he duly arrives, you demand that the townsfolk pay you 200 Gold Pieces, otherwise you will raze the place to the ground and carry its occupants off as slaves. 'This is a heavy tax, your lordship,' says the frightened elder, 'but come with me to the town coffers and I will give you everything we have.' You and your men march with the town elder through the streets, arriving in a few minutes at a rather unimposing public building. As soon as he opens the door, a large number of soldiers, dressed in the short blue robes and steel armour of the Kishian army, charge out and attack your crew. More soldiers appear from around neighbouring buildings. An enormous mêlée starts.

KISHIAN SOLDIERS STRIKE 8 STRENGTH 8

If your crew defeat them, turn to **121**.

103

The wind picks up, howling menacingly through the *Banshee*'s rigging and driving the rain that starts to fall like needles on your crew. The ship crashes its way through the heavy seas. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 13. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 172.

104

Your crew overrun the two vessels, defeat the Lagashian marines and then search for loot. They discover a total of 68 Gold Pieces and save 3 of the marines to sell as slaves – add these to your Booty. You cut the *Banshee* free from the warship's grapples. Lagash is obviously a little too dangerous, so will you sail back into the Inland Sea, towards Enraki (turn to 76), or journey down the coast of the Eastern Rim, towards the Rivers of the Dead (turn to 197)?

105

The cave sprouts a large side-tunnel which disappears into murky darkness in front of you, while the main cavern continues straight down. Will you change your direction and take the side-passage (turn to 136), or continue down (turn to 148)?

106

The race begins; the lizards pound down the track towards a fresh Goblin. Basilisk streaks ahead and, with a very convincing bite, wins the race. If you backed the winner, collect as much gold (or as many slaves) as you initially bet. If your Bataar lost, then you lose whatever you put up. Turn to 73.

107

The warship bears down quickly, intent on attacking. When it is close, the marines on deck cast grapples which seize the *Banshee* and draw it closer. The battle begins.

KISHIAN WARSHIP STRIKE 10 STRENGTH 8

If you want to escape, remember the penalty and turn to 332. If you fight on and succeed in defeating the warship, turn to 287.

108

The *Banshee* crashes through heavy seas to reach the island. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. The weather clears markedly as you near Kazallu, becoming almost pleasant. When you reach the island, you disembark with your crew to look for food and water to replenish your diminished supplies. Splitting your crew into search-parties, you wait on the beach, planning the next and final leg of the journey. After a couple of hours, one of your crew returns to tell you that they have found a farm a short distance away. You go to the farmhouse and meet the owner, a strikingly beautiful young woman who runs the entire place by herself, her only company being many (and varied) exotic birds and the usual farm animals.

When you arrive she is busy feeding your crew with soup and bread. 'I am so pleased to meet you,' she says breathlessly. 'Can I offer you something to eat?' Will you accept her offer and join your crew (turn to 26), or decline and just take what you need back to the *Banshee* (turn to 39)?

109

As you pass the island of Trysta, a dark and sailless barge comes ploughing through the sea towards the *Banshee*. Its decks are crowded with soldiers, and mighty ballistas are set fore and aft. This mysterious craft, propelled by magic, no doubt, is obviously intent on attacking your own vessel. As it nears, the ballistas let fly, sending missiles which tear down your rigging. There is no escape; you will have to fight.

BARGE	STRIKE 10	STRENGTH 8

If your crew win, turn to 395.

110

The beast attacks you and your crew with insane fury.

THE HORROR	STRIKE 12	STRENGTH 12

If your crew defeat it, turn to 219.

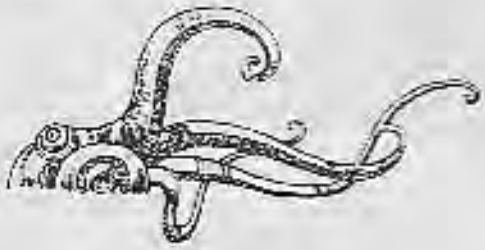

111

The path winds down the mountain slope, taking all of you to a rocky point overlooking the rear of the castle. You see that the walls are lowest at this point and offer the possibility of launching a surprise attack. You can also see right into the centre of the castle, to the enormous wooden temple that dominates the interior. Will you start the attack immediately by storming the low part of the wall (turn to 149), or try to confuse the defenders first by setting fire to their temple with fire arrows (turn to 285)?

112

Picking up a stone, you throw it into the darkness beyond the creatures, where it lands with a *crack*. The Troglodytes are not fooled by this attempted diversion. They spot you, unsling their spears and charge up the stairs. Drawing your sword, you dash down to meet them halfway. Turn to 130.

113

Returning to the *Banshee*, will you set sail east, to take the Channel of Goth into the Southern Sea (turn to 246), or enter this ocean via the Roc (turn to 27)?

114

The statue rolls easily but squirts a viscous stream of poisonous liquid into your eyes from its flared nostrils. Roll three dice. If the result *exceeds* your STAMINA, turn to **9**. If the result is *equal to or less than* your STAMINA, turn to **129**.

115

Stepping in close to the monster, you punch it in the back of the leg and send it crashing to the ground – deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. While the creature is lying prone, will you:

Jump up and down on its back?	Turn to **361**
Kick it in the groin?	Turn to **224**
Shoulder it in the head?	Turn to **82**

116

The Giant Crayfish will certainly satisfy all of your food requirements and, with the discovery of a fresh-water stream a short distance away, all of your provisioning needs are fulfilled. Returning to the *Banshee*, you leave the Three Sisters on the last leg of the journey to Nippur. Turn to **7**.

117

The bird crashes into the ocean and sinks from sight. Will you land on the island (turn to **49**), or continue on your way through the straits and into the Southern Sea (turn to **15**)?

118

The race begins; the lizards pound down the track towards a fresh Goblin. To your utter amazement, none of the favourites win. Deduct the gold (or slaves) you put up from your Booty. Turn to **73**.

119

With the warship in hot pursuit, you head towards the Shoals of Trysta, the sound of surf and sight of white water telling you just how close they are. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to **134**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your SKILL, turn to **159**.

120

As you wander around the island, the members of crew who came with you light a small fire on the shore to cook a couple of fish they have caught. A tremor runs through the island, then another. Suddenly, the ocean around the island bubbles ferociously as enormous limbs, tails and heads rise out of the water. The 'island' is a single living creature! A tidal wave crashes on the deck of the *Banshee* as the monster rolls over to put out the fire on its back. Roll two dice and deduct the result from your CREW STRENGTH. If you still have some crew left, when the sea-monster settles down, you return to the *Banshee* and continue your journey. Will you sail south, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to 4), or west, towards the Roc (turn to 257)?

121

The Kishian soldiers, badly beaten, turn tail and run, disappearing down the surrounding maze of streets. Further down the street in which you were fighting, you can see a large number of Kishian Winged Hussars mustering into deeply packed ranks. Time to make an exit! Will you lead your crew at breakneck pace back to the *Banshee* (turn to 331), or dodge through the streets of the town with the aim of escaping into the forests of Mount Martu-Amurru (turn to 355)?

122

Swinging towards the Cyclops, you deliver a nasty blow with your free leg. It squeals in pain and drops you to the ground – deduct 1 point from its STAMINA. Landing lightly, you stand to face your opponent. Will you:

Punch it in the shoulder?	Turn to 91
Punch it in the midriff?	Turn to 18
Give it a back-hand in the armpit?	Turn to 337

123

The *Banshee* is sailing just off the southernmost tip of Enraki. Apart from this island, the horizon is clear, with neither ships nor clouds visible. The main trade routes between Kish and the Eastern Rim lie to the south, between Enraki and the Shoals of Trysta. You could patrol this stretch in search of rich merchantmen (turn to 318), or, if your crew have suffered casualties, you could sail to the neutral city of Assur to recruit some more men (turn to 171). Alternatively, if you're feeling lucky, you could try your fortune in the gambling-pits of Calah (turn to 211), or proceed to the Eastern Rim for a bit of coastal raiding (turn to 197).

124

The Roc drops you over the island. Falling only ten feet or so, you land in a large nest, occupied by three gigantic eggs. In the bottom of the nest is a hole, leading into a narrow, rough-hewn tunnel. Will you climb down into the hole before the Roc (or its mate) can resume the attack (turn to 78), or scurry down the side of the mountain, towards the lowland forests (turn to 61)?

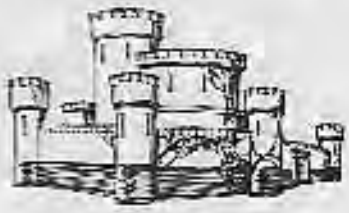

125

Having defeated the Awkmute, you may take its staff. From now on, whenever you fight an opponent and score a hit, roll one die; if the result is 1 or 2, then deduct 1 point from your opponent's SKILL; if the result is 3, 4, 5 or 6, then deduct damage from the opponent's STAMINA as normal. The antechamber has two exits: one is a simple corridor and the other is what appears to be a chimney with rough hand-grips cut in it. Will you take the corridor (turn to 173), or climb up the chimney (turn to 199)?

126

Your scimitar cleaves straight through the brown cat, but does not harm it. Turn to 322.

127

Will you cut across the front of the line of ships, heading for the coast of the Eastern Rim (turn to 34), or give full sail to the *Banshee* and try to speed your way through the attacking vessels (turn to 19)?

128

Having defeated your attackers, you decide to scurry back to the *Banshee*, just in case a general alarm has been sounded through the countryside. Turn to 113.

129

The poison infects your system but does not kill you – reduce your STAMINA to 6. Wiping the blinding substance from your eyes, you see that moving the statue has caused the massive stone door to swing open. You go through the opening. Turn to 179.

130

You run into the midst of the creatures, slashing from side to side with your curved blade.

	SKILL	STAMINA
FIRST TROGLODYTE	9	6
SECOND TROGLODYTE	8	6
THIRD TROGLODYTE	7	4
FOURTH TROGLODYTE	7	4

If you defeat them, turn to 307.

131

The race begins; the lizards pound down the track towards a fresh Goblin. It is a close finish, and the umpires are called in. They decide in favour of Wazi Biin. If you backed the winner, collect as much gold (or as many slaves) as you initially bet. If your Bataar lost, then you lose whatever you put up. Turn to 73.

132

Stepping in close, you throw your arm against the monster's back, without any visible effect. The Cyclops spins about, kicking with its leg as it does so; the blow strikes you on the shoulder – lose 1 point of STAMINA. You grasp the Cyclops' leg and give it a sideways twist, sending the creature crashing to the ground. Will you:

Jump up and down on its back?	Turn to 361
Kick it in the ribs?	Turn to 266
Shoulder it in the head?	Turn to 82

133

You wander around the island, completely circumnavigating it within a couple of hours. Not finding anything of any interest, you head back to the *Banshee*. Will you sail south, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to 4) or west, towards the Roc (turn to 257)?

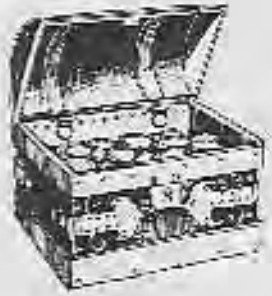

134

You manage to coax your crew into attempting the passage through the treacherous reefs. The *Banshee* enters a shallow passage surrounded by foaming and crashing water. Taking down most of your sail, you edge forward, eventually reaching what appears to be a split in the channel. Will you follow the wider branch (turn to 170) or the narrower one (turn to 198)?

135

With the warship defeated, you board and search for loot; you find no gold, but 5 excellent captives from among the marines to sell in the slave-markets of the Eastern Rim. Returning to the *Banshee*, you put the enemy vessel to the torch. Will you head back into the Inland Sea, towards Enraki (turn to **76**), or travel down the coast to the Rivers of the Dead (turn to **197**)?

136

The side-tunnel winds for a long way into the sea-bed. In one stretch you notice that the walls, ceiling and floor of the passage are covered entirely with the skulls and other bones of a variety of creatures. Long-snouted skulls, thigh bones as big as your whole leg and other, more human, remains are easily identifiable. One skull, which looks like a Unicorn's, stands out especially white and clean. Will you remove this from its place in the wall (turn to **201**), or leave the skulls alone and continue along the tunnel (turn to **168**)?

137

The man you chose to sell your slaves for you is an extremely skilled salesman. Even though business is bad and most of your slaves are sickening from the long voyage, he manages to fetch an average price of 12 Gold Pieces for each slave. Multiply the number of slaves you had by twelve and add the total to your Booty as Gold Pieces. Turn to **279**.

138

The ravine is long, twisting and covered in snow. You walk up it slowly, listening to the increasingly louder and closer screams. Suddenly, several large, shaggy, white beasts rise from cover some distance above and roll a huge ball of packed snow, ice and rocks down the ravine towards you. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to **209**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your SKILL, turn to **17**.

139

As you punch it in the stomach, it bites you on the leg. Both of you howl with pain, and the Cyclops drops you on your head when it relinquishes its grip – deduct 2 points of STAMINA from *each* of you. Standing on shaky legs, you face your opponent. Will you:

Punch it in the chest?	Turn to **18**
Elbow it in the ribs?	Turn to **29**
Take a flying kick at its chest?	Turn to **206**

140

The *Banshee* heads along the west coast, bringing you to the Kish Delta. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. Under the cover of darkness, you sail up one of the mouths of the Delta rivers, edging your way through the shallow waters to avoid hitting any sand-bars. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 64. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 25.

141

Your crew run riot, setting fire to buildings and generally tearing the town to pieces. Before long, however, a large troop of Kishian cavalry appears on the outskirts of the settlement and proceeds to counter-attack. The attack takes your pirates by surprise, so, in the ensuing combat, deduct 2 from your crew's dice rolls.

KISHIAN CAVALRY STRIKE 11 STRENGTH 6

If your crew defeat them, turn to 128.

142

You beat into the wind. Roll one die. If the result is 1, 2 or 3, add 2 days to your LOG. If the result is 4, 5 or 6, add 3 days to your LOG. If your LOG is now an even number, turn to 255; if your LOG is an odd number, turn to 212.

143

You and your crew sweep into the tiny village like a squall, taking the defenceless occupants by surprise and capturing most within minutes. However, a few must have escaped and fled to a nearby military post (previously unknown to you), for a small detachment of mercenary cavalry appears within half an hour and proceeds to counter-attack.

MERCENARIES STRIKE 9 STRENGTH 8

If your crew defeat them, turn to 98.

144

'You lose,' says el-Fazouk, 'the *Banshee* is mine.' Will you hand the *Banshee* over peacefully (turn to 3) or fight your way out of this mess (turn to 81)?

145

You twist and deliver the blow as sharply as you can to the Cyclops' elbow – deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. With a gasp, it drops you to the ground, where you land heavily – lose 2 points of STAMINA. Crawling on all fours, you scuttle behind it. Will you:

Elbow it in the spine?	Turn to 132
Elbow it in the back of the knee?	Turn to 46
Punch it in the kidneys?	Turn to 347

146

The markets are full of farmers, soldiers, bureaucrats, merchants and slaves, but next to no sailors and even fewer non-seafarers willing to learn the piratical trade. There are a few souls prepared to join up, however, but the price is steep. For every 20 Gold Pieces spent, you will be able to recover 1 point of CREW STRENGTH. You learn from some of the new hands that there is a wealthy but unwholesome shrine, dedicated to the gods of pestilence, built some miles up the main river which flows to the side of Assur. Will you make a short detour upriver to check the place out (turn to 335), or leave Assur and patrol either south-east, into the Inland Sea (turn to 318) or south, down the western coast (turn to 45)?

147

The decimated horde turns tail and runs. Giving chase, you follow the surviving Goblins back to their cavernous lair, where your crew start up the fight once again. During the battle through the Goblins' cavern, you become separated from your men and, stumbling through the dim light, fall into a subterranean rapid. You are swept under jutting buttresses, down waterfalls and, finally, into a relatively still pool – miles from where you started. Turn to 53.

148

The cave finally narrows quite considerably into a jagged slit about ten feet long and two feet wide – just enough to squeeze through. The murky water doesn't allow you to see what lies beyond. Will you slide your way through the slit (turn to 398), or go back up the cave and down the side-passage you saw earlier (turn to 136)?

149

Silently, you and your crew approach the rear wall of the stronghold. Then, with a rush, you all charge; grappling-irons fly and the crew scrabbles for the parapet. You sweep over the wall and into the castle's interior, taking the warrior priests completely by surprise. They still put up a bit of a fight, however.

ENRAKI PRIESTS STRIKE 8 STRENGTH 10

If your crew wins, turn to 274.

150

Turn to 50.

151

Climbing towards the mountain peak, you stumble across an enormous nest constructed from tree-trunks and boulders. It contains three eggs, each as large as a man. It is obviously a Roc nest. Looking inside, you discover the narrow opening to a rough-hewn tunnel leading into the mountain-side. Just as you crawl in, alone, to have a closer look, a terrible flapping sound fills the air. The Roc is returning to its lair! Your crew, still outside the tunnel, scatter in panic, and run at full pelt towards the jungle. The Roc lands on its nest with a squawk. You decide to follow the tunnel down. Turn to 78.

152

Add 1 day to your LOG. You heave to in a sheltered cove on the north coast. Disembarking with your crew, you proceed inland, crossing wide, carefully tended fields. In one of these you come upon a large herd of cattle, quietly grazing on thick clover. Your crew suggest that, as the *Banshee* is running low on provisions, they should slaughter some of the cattle for later use. As the fields are devoid of human life, will you give your crew the go-ahead to steal the cattle (turn to 41), or refuse and continue to explore the island (turn to 77)?

153

As the *Banshee* passes between two ships in the second line, one of them spews forth a viscous black substance that covers the *Banshee*'s decks and rigging. Volleys of fire arrows follow, setting the black substance alight. Your vessel and many of your crew become instant torches. Diving overboard, you and your surviving crew save yourselves – but not your journey. Your adventure ends here.

154

The pirates were, of course, burying their treasure. Lifting the chest out of the hole into which it had so recently been put, you discover that it contains 112 Gold Pieces – add this to your Booty. Searching their vessel, you find enough provisions and water to see you through the last leg of your journey to Nippur. You return to the *Banshee* and set sail to the south. Turn to 7.

155

'You scurvy dogs, there's not a pirate among you,' you say, drawing your scimitar. 'I'll run through the first to turn his back upon this land of opportunity.' Your crew remain unimpressed – so unimpressed, in fact, that one of them raises his crossbow and lets fly a dart which strikes you in the chest. 'I'll not die to satisfy your greed,' says your murderer, as you collapse to the ground. Your adventure is over.

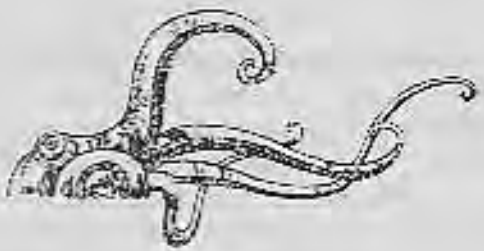

156

As the Cyclops grabs you, you let fly a swift punch into its single large eye – deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. Screaming in pain, the monster lifts you into the air by one of your legs. Hanging upside down, will you:

Punch it in the stomach?	Turn to 139
Butt it in the ribs?	Turn to 372
Kick it in the elbow?	Turn to 235

157

The *Banshee* sails west, towards the coast. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. You reach the coast at a point just off Mount Martu-Amurru, a giant forest-covered peak that towers over the small fishing town of Kirkuk. Will you:

Take your cut-throats ashore and try to frighten the townspeople into handing over most of their gold? Turn to 102

Sail south along the coast towards the hostile city of Kish? Turn to 223

158

Lighting torches, you and your companions ease your way into the tunnel and edge down through the hill. After a few hundred yards the tunnel ends in another doorway – this one is blocked. Leaning against it to test its strength, you are surprised to have the floor beneath you flip open, dropping you out of sight of your equally surprised companions and into a narrow chute. You tumble down this for a few seconds before dropping into an open space and landing in a subterranean lake. Spluttering to the surface of the water, you look around. Turn to 53.

159

Your crew are extremely reluctant to approach the dangerous reefs, and when a horrible grating and vibration passes through the *Banshee*, their worst fears are realized. Your ship is stuck on the rocks. The Kishian marines, seeing your plight, ease up a bit but still prepare to board – their shallower keel allows them to approach the *Banshee* with some degree of safety. Your crew stand fast as the first marines come over the gunwale.

KISHIAN WARSHIP STRIKE 10 STRENGTH 8

If your crew win, turn to 234.

160

The ravine is long, twisting and filled with deep snow. As you and your crew climb up it, the screams and howls increase in intensity and frequency. Suddenly, an enormous ball of ice, snow and rocks comes careering down the ravine at a dangerous speed. You manage to leap safely to one side, but several of your crew are less fortunate and are crushed. Deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH. Further up the mountain, you can see several shaggy white beasts constructing more of these dangerous missiles to roll down at you. Will you charge and attack these snow creatures before they can complete their weapons (turn to 220), or retreat down the ravine and continue along the path (turn to 244)?

161

With many hard metallic *clinks* against the boulder, you start it rolling out on to the stairs. The Troglodytes, hearing all the commotion, run up towards you. This is quite fortunate for your plan, as it takes the creatures away from the safety of the side-passage. When they see the boulder crashing down towards them, they turn tail and try to run. The boulder is too quick, however, and crushes them against the stairs. Turn to **307**.

162

The Leech drops from its lair and lies quivering at your feet. You notice that the hole it came from is rather wide, with rough-cut handholds cut into its side – it should be possible to climb into, and up, this tunnel. Will you continue down the stairs (turn to **183**), or climb up the Leech's hole (turn to **199**)?

163

Putting the bow to your shoulder, you aim and fire, the quarrel singing from the weapon and striking the beast between the eyes. The missile explodes with a bright blue flash. The monster collapses to the ground, headless. Hearing distant roars and crashes in the jungle, you decide to return to the *Banshee*. Turn to **219**.

164

Sailing around the shoals, you head for Trysta. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 1 day to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 2 days to your LOG. Then turn to **152**.

165

The statue rolls easily to the side, causing some ancient mechanism to grind into life, which opens the massive stone door with a hollow *boom*. You go through it. Turn to 179.

166

You swing the wheel, turning the *Banshee* just enough to miss a fatal collision. As you cruise past the ice mountain, the fog lifts momentarily, allowing you to see a large galley which is resting on the ice several hundred yards in from the water-line. Will you heave to and approach the ice mountain in the ship's boat (turn to 221), or steer away from the monolith and continue on your journey south (turn to 217)?

167

The *Banshee* cuts through the Southern Sea towards the Three Sisters. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. As you approach the three islands, you see they are grouped together quite closely. The nearest island is low and looks fertile, with neatly tended orchards and small villages of thatched huts. The next island is actually an extinct volcano, its cone rising thousands of feet into the air, while the lower slopes are heavily timbered. The other island is, like the first, quite low, but is dominated by palms and sand. Which will you land on:

The neat-looking island?	Turn to 386
The volcanic island?	Turn to 369
The palm-covered island?	Turn to 354

168

The tunnel ends quite suddenly in a large rocky chamber. Sitting on the irregular floor, its insanely complicated limbs folded about a spiked shell, is the Krell. Its stalked eyes consider you, while it toys with a boulder in its claws. 'Food,' it says. 'Mmmm, food. Yes, food.' With a kick of its legs, it attacks.

KRELL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

If you defeat it, turn to 374.

169

You leap nimbly to one side, and the wheel spins past and crashes harmlessly against the other side of the pit, razors carving deep gashes in the door beyond. The niche from which the wheel came is a dead end, affording no exit from the pit. 'Very quick, you wily fox,' says the abbot, watching your endeavours. 'Won't you try another?' Which door will you open now:

The door with a star-burst?	Turn to 380
The door with an upside-down triangle?	Turn to 327
The door with a horizontal crescent?	Turn to 249

170

Careful handling of tiller and sail takes you into the branch channel safely. Suddenly, the boat grinds to a halt, stopped not by rocks but by some enormous creature residing in the centre of the passage. Large sulphur-yellow tentacles arch out of the water and over the deck of the *Banshee*, coiling around you and your crew. You battle this new horror.

REEF LURKER STRIKE 9 STRENGTH 6

If you defeat it, turn to **267**

171

You head for the neutral city of Assur, the *Banshee* ploughing steadily through the still waters of the Inland Sea. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. If your LOG is an odd number, turn to **376**; if your LOG is an even number, turn to **357**.

172

After a few hours, the storm drives you straight on to the rocky teeth of the Shoals of Trysta. The stones and ancient corals of this godforsaken reef tear the *Banshee* to pieces as the huge seas and relentless wind dash it forward. Shipwrecked, you cannot continue your adventure.

173

The corridor leads into a deep gloom, but ahead you can make out the dim shape of a door. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **289**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **5**.

174

Once infected with the parasites, there is no hope of survival. In a matter of minutes they have reduced you to an empty shell, and they lay their eggs in your remains, to hatch when the next unsuspecting victim happens along. Your adventure is over.

175

The *Banshee* is too slow. The warships cut rapidly through the sea and pull abreast, one on either side. They open fire with arrows and cast grappling-irons into the *Banshee*'s rigging. You will have to fight.

WARSHIPS STRIKE 10 STRENGTH 14

If your crew defeat them, turn to **104**.

176

With the cavalry following at a reasonable distance, you return to the *Banshee* and put out to sea. As soon as you are clear of the cove, however, a strange and frightening wind starts up from the south. This supernatural squall, obviously a sign of the King of the Four Winds' displeasure, blows progressively stronger and stronger, whipping up a wild water all around the ship. Unable to navigate in this maelstrom, you are swept along wherever the wind cares to take you. After a week, the storm abates, and you find yourself back at the northern end of the Inland Sea, just offshore from your starting-point of Tak. As it is impossible for you to win the wager, your adventure is over.

177

Swinging in the monster's grip, you deliver a savage punch to its groin, achieving little and badly bruising your hand – lose 1 point of STAMINA. The Cyclops is sufficiently distracted, however, to relinquish its grip on your leg. You fall to the ground. Standing up, you face your opponent. Will you:

Punch it in the chest?	Turn to 18
Give it a back-handed blow in the armpit?	Turn to 337
Elbow it in the ribs?	Turn to 29

178

You round the southernmost point of Trysta and steer towards the Channel of Goth. Some fifty leagues offshore from the city of Marad, you see an island which is not indicated on any of your charts. Will you land on this island (turn to 38), or continue on your way (turn to 4)?

179

Through the door is a long narrow hall, whose walls on either side are regularly punctuated with alcoves. The floor is strewn with a large number of grey ovoid stones, each about two feet in diameter. At the far end of the chamber is another massive door. Will you look in one of the alcoves (turn to 218), take a closer look at the stones (turn to 190), or leave everything alone and make your way to the other door (turn to 248)?

180

If you haven't already, you can sell any slaves you may have (turn to 349); otherwise, you return to the *Banshee* (turn to 238).

181

You sail towards Lagash, on the Eastern Rim, arriving on the sixth day. You take the *Banshee* into the mouth of the Parine River, which flows under the very walls of the city, and head inland. As the ship rounds a bend in the river, you see a stately pleasure-barge ahead, rowing lethargically upstream. The *Banshee* pulls alongside and, with a cry, you send your crew against the small number of chrome-helmeted guards.

BARGE STRIKE 8 STRENGTH 6

If you win, turn to 280.

182

'No way, captain,' they scream. 'We're sick of all the places you keep taking us to. We're going back to Tak – at least our enemies there are human!' They sprint off down the beach, seize the ship's boat and return to the *Banshee*. Sailing off to the north, they leave you stranded. Your adventure is over.

183

Eventually, the stairs end in a large mausoleum. Coffins, sarcophagi and even loose bodies, covered only with shrouds, crowd the crypt. You walk across the slimy floor and stand by one of the coffins, deciding whether or not to open it. A low groan passes through the chamber, followed by a wail. Turning slowly, you see the glowing white form of a great warrior, resplendent in armour, but long dead. The ghost beckons to you with a white digit and, staring, whispers, 'Which . . . which way is the wind blowing, these days, on Enraki?' Paralysed with fear, what will you answer: north (turn to 338), east (turn to 259), south (turn to 31) or west (turn to 14)?

184

After a few hours of fruitless wandering, you are ambushed by a large contingent of pygmy Lizard Men. These ferocious creatures, similar to their larger desert-dwelling brethren in general physiology, are armed with short spears and bows. There is nothing they prize more highly than human flesh. Your men draw their swords to meet the rush of the attacking creatures.

LIZARD MEN STRIKE 7 STRENGTH 8

If your crew win, turn to 40.

185

The journey to Assur is short and uneventful – add 1 day to your LOG. Upon arrival, you head straight for the central market, hunting for some sailors to recruit as pirates. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 283. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 146.

186

Some keen-eyed occupant of the town must have spotted you and your crew as you entered the cornfields. When you reach the edge of the town, you find several hundred armed militiamen prepared to defend their property. As you all emerge from the cover of the corn, the Kishians charge.

MILITIAMEN STRIKE 8 STRENGTH 10

If your crew defeat them, turn to **128**.

187

Twisting in its grip, you manage a bit of spin to deliver what would normally be an arm-breaking blow to the back of its elbow. The Cyclops, definitely irritated by this manoeuvre, drops you to the ground – deduct 1 point from its STAMINA. Landing lightly, you sprint around behind the monster. Will you:

Punch it in the leg?	Turn to **115**
Elbow it in the spine?	Turn to **132**
Take a flying kick into the middle of its back?	Turn to **384**

188

Taking most of your crew ashore, you begin exploring for a pass through the mountains behind the temple-fortress – add 2 days to your LOG. Eventually, you find a likely path and proceed up it, through forest, scrub and finally snow. As you and your crew wend your way towards the high point of the pass, you see the unique Π shape of an Enraki shrine poised on a nearby ridge; its red-wood structure howls eerily in the wind. Will you detour to look at this shrine (turn to **359**), or continue along the path (turn to **52**)?

189

Business is bad and your slaves, sickening from long confinement in the hold of the *Banshee*, are not of the best quality. You receive, after the dealer has deducted his cut, 8 Gold Pieces on average for every slave. Multiply the number of slaves you had by eight and add the total to your Booty as Gold Pieces. Turn to **279**.

190

Kneeling down, you reach across to roll one of the stones over. Unexpectedly, your hands sink into the grey mass, causing the 'stone' to shriek loudly and spit gobs of acid at you – one strikes you on the shoulder. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The ovoid continues to shriek and spit. You draw your sword to defend yourself.

ACID BALL SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to 205.

191

You steer wide of the hostile city of Marad. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. As you get to within fifty leagues of the Channel of Goth, your look-out spies an island which is not indicated on any of your charts. Will you land on this island (turn to 38), continue towards the Channel of Goth (turn to 4), or head west, to pass south of Trysta on your way to the Roc (turn to 257)?

192

The men of the village have been annihilated, and the women and children have fled inland. Your crew, irate at being imprisoned for no particular reason, put the village to the torch. You return to the *Banshee*, which is still safely anchored offshore. Turn to 314.

193

It is too late to avert tragedy. The *Banshee* ploughs into the ice mountain, snapping its masts and ripping its hull open. Taking in massive amounts of water, your unfortunate vessel sinks beneath the waves with the loss of all hands. Your adventure is over.

194

After just one day, a caravan of enormous ochre-coloured octopedal beasts shambles over a ridge and into sight. The heavy pack-animals are guarded by a dozen Lizard Men who, high in their wooden saddles, survey the surroundings with some suspicion. Keeping your men out of sight, you allow the convoy to approach within striking range, then launch the attack. As your crew surge out, uttering their war cry, the Lizard Men calmly draw long composite bows and let fly; the three-foot arrows cut a swath through your force. Deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH. Eventually, hand-to-hand combat begins.

CARAVAN	STRIKE 8	STRENGTH 6

If your crew defeat the guards, add 1 day to your LOG and then turn to 329.

195

The helmet, obviously constructed by a magical being of high potency, drives the vicious Brain-eaters from your body before they can do any more damage. Leaving the other bodies, you continue down the tunnel. Turn to **240**.

196

Running up to the creature's head, you punch it with terrific force in the jaw – deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. The Cyclops staggers to its feet, holding its head. Recovering slightly, it launches into a crouched attack, running to catch you in its arms. Will you:

Punch it in the eye?	Turn to **156**
Step sideways and deliver an elbow smash to its arm?	Turn to **74**
Take a flying kick at its midriff?	Turn to **60**

197

You sail onwards, to the Rivers of the Dead. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. Dropping anchor by the mouth of the largest river in the group, you disembark with most of your crew and march inland, looking for settlements or caravans to raid. After a few hours you come to a small range of steep stony hills, crazed with gullies, narrow valleys and dry waterways. Will you climb over these hills (turn to **239**), or search through a few of the gullies in case they are hiding anything (turn to **226**)?

198

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **277**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **341**.

199

The climb takes you out of the shrine and on to the roof. You wave at your crew skulking in the foliage some distance away and then look to see which way to go next. The only way forward is to climb *down* another chimney – of which there are several. Picking one at random, you descend into a small closet-like room. There are two doors leading from it. Which will you take, the left (turn to **264**) or the right (turn to **289**)?

200

Turn to 50.

201

Grasping the skull by its single horn, you pull with mighty force. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 232. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 243.

202

The next race has sixteen lizards entered, but your keen eye whittles this down to a competition between four favourites: Omar Shazi, Basilisk, Wazi Biin and el-Savak. You must place a bet of 20 Gold Pieces or 2 slaves, whichever you prefer, on one of these. Choose which Bataar you will back, then throw a die. If the result is 1 or 2, turn to 118; if the result is 3 or 4, turn to 131; if the result is 5 or 6, turn to 106.

203

The scimitar cleaves straight through the red cat, but does not harm it. Turn to 322.

204

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 3 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. Then turn to 27.

205

The ball, cut into shreds, lies quivering on the floor, its 'blood' etching deep marks in the paving-stones. If you haven't already, you can look in one of the alcoves (turn to 218); otherwise, you make your way to the other door (turn to 248).

206

Taking a short run up, you jump in the air and kick out at the Cyclops' chest, striking it a heavy blow – deduct 2 points from the creature's STAMINA. It utters a short grunt and stumbles back, lashing out with a huge paw as it does so. Grabbing you by the forearm, it lifts you into the air. Will you:

Back-hand it in the elbow?	Turn to 145
Kick it in the armpit?	Turn to 305
Bite it on the wrist?	Turn to 276

207

Renegotiating the tricky Kish Delta, you return to the Southern Sea. Will you head for the island of Kazallu to search for provisions (turn to 108), or steer well clear of the Kishian coast and sail out into the centre of the Southern Sea (turn to 340)?

208

As the *Banshee* pulls free of the galley, you see a second line coming in from Marad. Will you continue to try to break through the Marad lines (turn to 153), or try your luck with the smaller Shurrupak galleys instead (turn to 127)?

209

Ducking under a protective finger of rock, you let the snowball crash past and disappear down the ravine. When it has passed safely by, you rise from cover and run back down the ravine to the path and your waiting crew – watching furtively over your shoulder as the snow beasts roll more missiles into place. Turn to 111.

210

'Go!' says the spirit. 'Leave through there.' He points at a low arch. Going through this, you find yourself at the foot of a high spiral staircase which disappears into the gloom overhead. 'Go!' you hear the ghost implore. 'Go!' You climb the winding stairs up into the shrine, until they reach a door. Turn to 289.

211

You turn the *Banshee* towards Calah. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. Calah is a bustling, grotty seaport, second only to your home town of Tak for seediness and criminal activity. Upon arrival, you head straight to the wharfside gambling-pits. Which game will you play:

Punch-out?	Turn to 48
Bataar racing?	Turn to 270
Dice?	Turn to 236

212

The storm abates, leaving clear skies and a still sea in its wake. 'Cap'n,' cries the look-out, pointing south, 'merchant vessel that way; looks like it's been damaged by the storm.' Heeling the *Banshee* about, you approach the large ship which, you see, has lost a mast and most of its canvas. Will you board and sack the vessel (turn to 302), or try to frighten the ship's master into handing over all his gold without a fight (turn to 326)?

213

Disembarking with a few of your crew and all of your treasure, you head inland, towards the central peak of Nippur. Halfway up the mountain, you come to a high wall which seems to completely encircle the interior of the island. You follow the wall around, until you come to a break flanked by two enormous stone statues. These statues have their arms raised in the air, supporting a large beam which spans the gap between them. From the beam hang the bodies of several sailors, twisting slowly in the wind. A short wizened creature, dressed in loose black robes, appears and says, 'So, you have come to see the mountain. One of you will have to fight the keeper, if you want to see the mountain.' It cackles and adopts an expectant pose. Will you agree to fight the 'keeper' (turn to 298), or just ignore the threat and head straight through the break in the wall (turn to 389)?

214

The door crashes open to reveal a small shrine whose central feature is a wooden figure of a great warrior lying in repose upon a raised dais. The dais is inscribed with the following:

AXILLON
WARRIOR SAINT
SLAYER OF DRAGONS

The figure has a crossbow of ebony slung from one shoulder. Taking this, you notice that the weapon, armed with one bolt, seems to be in working order. You don't have time to examine it too closely, however, as the fire, spreading rapidly through the barge, is threatening to cut you off. Time to leave. Turn to 291.

215

The cavalry lead you to an impressive castle, bedecked with banners and guarded by hundreds of men-at-arms. Revelries are in progress in the central courtyard. Leaving your crew here to partake of the wine and song, you are conducted into the main feast-hall, where the King of the Four Winds sits among his retainers and courtiers. With a welcoming gesture, the King bids you be seated only a few places from his throne. He engages you in a rather loud conversation (as the feast-hall is noisy with the festivities) about the weather and your journey. Will you tell the King about the true nature of your trip (turn to 260) or not (turn to 312)?

216

When you enter the hall, the flames in the fire-pit leap to the ceiling, and a groan creaks throughout the room. 'Wait,' breathes a voice, 'wait.' Looking into the flames, you see a tenuous lizard-like creature, armed with a short trident, beckoning you closer. Its almost human eyes twinkle as it asks, 'Where in Albion would you find that which lies between above and below?' If you know the answer to this, turn to 308. If you don't, turn to 317.

217

Pulling away from the icy monolith, you continue south. You will have to take on some provisions and fresh water to be able to reach Nippur. You can get these by landing either at the island of Kazallu (turn to 108) or the islands of the Three Sisters (turn to 167).

218

The alcove into which you look is shallow, covered in cobwebs and occupied by an ancient human skeleton. This relic is dressed in rotting rags and the remnants of once proud armour. Now it lies in dusty collapse upon the stone floor. You see that it has several gold rings on one hand. Will you take these (turn to 11), or, leaving the alcove alone, go to the door at the end of the hall (turn to 248), or, if you haven't already, inspect the ovoid stones (turn to 190)?

219

If you haven't already, you sail to either the neat island (turn to 386) or the palm-covered island (turn to 354).

220

As you and your crew charge up the mountain, the snow beasts give that weird scream that had attracted you into the ravine, then turn and disappear at a run into the bleak reaches above. You continue the chase for a while, hunting around for the dangerous creatures, before being interrupted by yet another large snowball rolling into the midst of your crew, and crushing several men. Deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH. Once again the creatures retreat into the cover of the snow further up the mountain. You decide to return to the path above the fortress. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **244**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 373.

221

You paddle to the icy shore and disembark. The galley lies about two hundred yards away in the centre of a deep valley of ice. Will you approach it by walking up the middle of the valley (turn to 273), or by walking as close to one of the steep sides as possible (turn to **288**)?

222

Pulling the Hydra's carcass on board, you cut it open, and find the grisly remains of sailors mixed with the odd shark and other scraps. The beast's gullet also contains some 52 Gold Pieces, which you add to your Booty. You throw everything else back into the sea. Will you continue to patrol the Inland Sea by heading towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to 66), or change course and travel either to the west coast (turn to **157**) or the Eastern Rim (turn to **10**) for a bit of coastal raiding?

223

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. As you approach the city of Kish, numerous sightings of heavily armed but sluggish war galleys on the horizon impress upon you the foolishness of a raid on the city. Instead, you steer towards the Kish Isthmus, a wide peninsula of land protected by sheer, unbroken cliffs. These cliffs deter large-scale invasions into the rich lands beyond, but a small force, such as you and your crew, might be able to scale them to conduct a lightning raid inland. Dropping anchor when you reach this isthmus, you take your crew on the long and dangerous climb up the cliffs. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to **263**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your SKILL, turn to **242**.

224

Taking advantage of the Cyclops' prone position, you step forward and kick it in the groin with all your might, spraining your ankle rather badly – lose 2 points of STAMINA. The monster does not seem to be overly distressed by your blow; it rises to its feet and then launches into a crouched attack, running to catch you in its arms. Will you:

Take a flying kick at its head?	Turn to 290
Punch it in the eye?	Turn to 156
Step sideways and deliver an elbow smash to the arm?	Turn to 74

225

You face the surprised abbot and his equally surprised attendant monk. Whipping your scimitar from its scabbard, you rush the pair, cutting the monk down before he can defend himself and then crossing swords with the master.

ABBOT SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to 390.

226

The valleys are long, tortuous and diverse. You skulk around them for a few hours before stopping to rest. However, just as your crew put canteens to mouths, a ferocious shouting starts up behind the steep rises to either side, followed by the slapping and banging of hobnailed boots on stony ground. A terrific number of angry desert Goblins, with flared hairy nostrils, bat-like ears and flashing swords, pour over the edges of the gully and leap into the midst of your men. A ferocious battle starts up.

GOBLIN HORDE STRIKE 9 STRENGTH 12

If your crew defeat them, turn to 147.

227

Opening the door, you step into a small room occupied by a single Basilisk. This hideous little creature, which has its back to you when you enter, turns around slowly. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 278. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 247.

228

The statue is easily raised from its pedestal and, while being heavy, presents no real difficulties as you carry it outside, down the stairs and into the arms of your waiting crew. Returning to Assur, you sell the idol for 105 Gold Pieces – leaving the ruby for the lucky new owner to recover. On the *Banshee* again, will you go raiding south, down the western seaboard (turn to 45), or sail south-east, into the Inland Sea, in search of merchantmen (turn to 318)?

229

Grabbing the nearest body, you are horrified when several swollen worms burst from the man's chest and burrow their way into your arm. Lose 2 points of STAMINA. You recognize them as being parasitic Brain-eaters, which chew through their victim's flesh and bones on their way towards the unfortunate's brain. If you have the Helmet of Ut-Napishtim, turn to 195; otherwise, turn to 174.

230

With great reluctance, your crew calm down and agree to continue. Around the next curve in the beach you come across a wrecked galleon, its empty hull stripped by time and weather. Hunting around, however, you find 16 Gold Pieces lodged in cracks or just lying in the sand – add these to your Booty. Will you turn inland (turn to 42), or return to the *Banshee* and – if you haven't already – sail to either the neat-looking island (turn to 386) or the palm-covered island (turn to 354)?

231

Dropping anchor in a bay ten miles from the fort, you proceed ashore with your entire crew – each man heavily armed and most bearing grappling-irons or ladders. When you arrive at the castle, you see that the stone walls are about twenty feet high, while the main gates are solid iron and flanked by two tall towers. Will you launch your assault over the walls (turn to 367) or through the gates (turn to 303)?

232

The horn breaks free from the skull, which stays firmly embedded in the wall. A Unicorn's horn is a lucky find at any time, but here, under the ocean, it is doubly so. Restore 2 points to your LUCK. You continue along the tunnel. Turn to 168.

233

You go to the great rows of sailors' inns that line Shurrupak's harbour. In one of these, you feel a heavy hand clap you on the shoulder. Turning, you see, momentarily, the face of one of your oldest adversaries, Shamit Gawel Nestafa. He punches you in the face, knocking you to the floor. 'You dog!' he screams, drawing his sword. 'I lost my ship – which I stole with my own hands – because of you.' He rushes to the attack.

SHAMIT GAWEL NESTAFA	SKILL 9	STAMINA 6

If you defeat him, turn to 84.

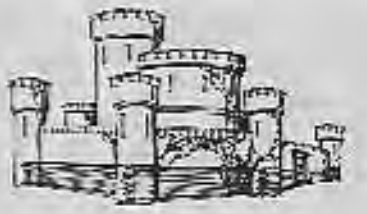

234

Your crew slaughter the marines, saving 10 for sale later in the slave-markets of Shurrupak. In time, the rising tide lifts the *Banshee* from her place on the rocks, allowing you to retreat to deeper water. Will you sail around the shoals to the island of Trysta (turn to 164), or head south-west, either towards Kish (turn to 223) or the Roc (turn to 204), or travel south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to 191)?

235

Twisting, you deliver a sharp kick to the Cyclops' elbow, possibly inducing a hairline fracture. It screams and drops you to the ground – deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. Getting to your feet, you face your stricken opponent. Will you:

Punch it in the shoulder?	Turn to 91
Elbow it in the ribs?	Turn to 29
Take a flying kick at its chest?	Turn to 206

236

In the dicing-dens, you have the misfortune to meet an old creditor, Jiamil el-Fazouk, to whom you owe several thousand Gold Pieces from a past gambling debt. 'Well, well,' says el-Fazouk, upon seeing you, 'if it is not Abdul's foe in wager. He said you might be by!' He insists that you must gamble with him for the debt you owe. 'Roll these two dice,' he says. 'If you throw 7 you can keep your ship; otherwise, is *mine*. If you refuse to play, my men will kill you.' Several sturdy pirates rise to el-Fazouk's side to support this statement. You take the dice. Roll two dice. If the result is 7, turn to 330; otherwise, turn to 144.

237

The *Banshee* is grappled as it passes a large war galley. As it is drawn towards the vessel, a vaguely familiar figure appears among the crowd of marines at the gunwale. 'You there,' he shouts, pointing at you. 'I know you. Didn't we meet at a game of punch-out once?' Straining to place his face, you remember. It is Ali Mitok sen el-Shazar, a wealthy noble of Shurrupak. 'Yes,' you say, 'you beat me badly. I lost six teeth!' He laughs at the memory and signals to the marines to cease dragging the *Banshee* in. 'I don't know how you got caught up in this little affair,' he says, waving vaguely at the raging battle a few hundred yards away, 'but for old time's sake, I will let you go for a small ransom – 200 Gold Pieces!' If you are willing and able to pay this, turn to 71. If you don't want to (or can't), turn to 96.

238

Hoisting sail and weighing anchor, you head out of Shurrupak's port and into the Southern Sea. Will you sail along the coast and then to the Three Sisters (turn to 167), or head for the open sea and speed towards Nippur (turn to 378)?

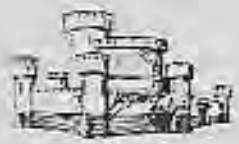

239

Climbing over the crumbling surface of these devastated hills, you stumble across a corner-stone from a piece of monumental masonry. Getting your crew to dig the earth and rocks away from around this, you find an ancient stone entrance to what may be a buried crypt, temple or mansion. Pulling away the stones that block the portal reveals a narrow but straight tunnel, plunging at a steep angle into the hill. Will you go down this tunnel with a few of your best men (turn to 158), or close the entrance up and continue your march over the hills (turn to 316)?

240

Without warning, some massive and unseen creature grasps you by the neck and starts to strangle you. You slash out with your sword, and the beast emits a startled shriek and drops you. When you turn to look, you can see nothing but the tunnel. Then the creatures strikes again, smashing you in the face with its invisible fist. For the duration of this combat, reduce your SKILL by 2 points.

INVISIBLE STRIKER SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to 381.

241

Several of your crew manage to slash the warship's rigging, while the rest cut the *Banshee* free from the grappling-irons – all the while fighting a rearguard action against the marines. The *Banshee* heels about, catches the wind and races away, leaving the Kishian vessel in a state of confusion. The route to Assur has been cut off, so you head south-east into the Inland Sea. Turn to 318.

242

The path you have chosen to lead your men up is quite treacherous, resulting in fatal falls for several of your crew – lose 1 point of CREW STRENGTH. Turn to 304.

243

The skull pops free from the wall and opens an enormous fissure along the tunnel. Boulders, chunks of bones and dirt fly around as the passageway collapses, burying you hundreds of feet under the sea-bed. Your adventure is over.

244

You all return to the path safely. Turn to 111.

245

After a few inquiries and a bit of haggling, you find a slave-trader willing to sell your slaves for you. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 137. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 189.

246

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. If your LOG is now an even number, turn to 109; if your LOG is an odd number, turn to 178.

247

You look the Basilisk full in the eyes. Its pupils harden into slits and transform you to stone. Your adventure is over.

248

The door is a massive stone affair with an ornately carved block set in its exact centre. Under this block is an inscription in a language which is so archaic that you have difficulty deciphering it. What you think it says is this: 'To greet Ut-Napishtim you must (will?) push (pull?) the handle into (out of?) the door.' Taking the carved block in hand, will you push it into the door (turn to 258) or pull it away from the door (turn to 281)?

249

The door opens to reveal an almost impenetrable darkness – almost, for you can make out the barely defined shapes of two large eyes considering you with carniverous rage. You back off, as a truly gigantic beast pulls itself through the doorway and into the pit. Horns sprout from its wide head, down its scaly back and on to its tail. It growls. Will you attack the creature (turn to 399), or attempt some alternative evasive action (turn to 93)?

250

Turn to 50.

251

Your kick, coming from a difficult angle, only glances against the monster's shoulder. Impervious to your attack, it swings you around and casts you against one of the walls of the cavern. Landing well, you avoid serious injury – lose 1 point of STAMINA. Crawling on all fours, you scuttle behind the Cyclops. Will you:

Punch it in the back of the knee?	Turn to 115
Punch it in the kidneys?	Turn to 347
Elbow it in the spine?	Turn to 132

252

The crew and passengers of the merchantman, aghast at the Warlock for provoking you so, rush and seize him. Trussing his arms with a stout rope, they push him overboard into the sea, leaving him to drown or be taken by the sharks. The captain climbs into the rigging and shouts, 'Forgive us for harbouring such an unworthy fellow. We place ourselves at your bountiful mercy!' His crew and passengers vigorously agree. Boarding the merchantman, you seize 120 Gold Pieces and, in a fit of good will, take only 2 of his passengers as slaves – add these items to your Booty. Returning to the *Banshee*, you allow the merchantman to continue its journey. Will you continue to patrol the Inland Sea by heading towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to **66**), or change course and travel towards either the west coast (turn to **157**) or the Eastern Rim (turn to **10**) for a bit of coastal raiding?

253

The market-place certainly draws all types, so you should have no difficulty in finding some men to hire. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **62**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **28**.

254

Through the door, you find a hastily deserted bedchamber. Clothes, empty chests and religious artefacts lie scattered over the floor and canopied bed. A quick search reveals a small coffer, overlooked by the room's fleeing occupant, which contains 98 Gold Pieces. Hefting this under one arm, you leave the room. Turn to **291**.

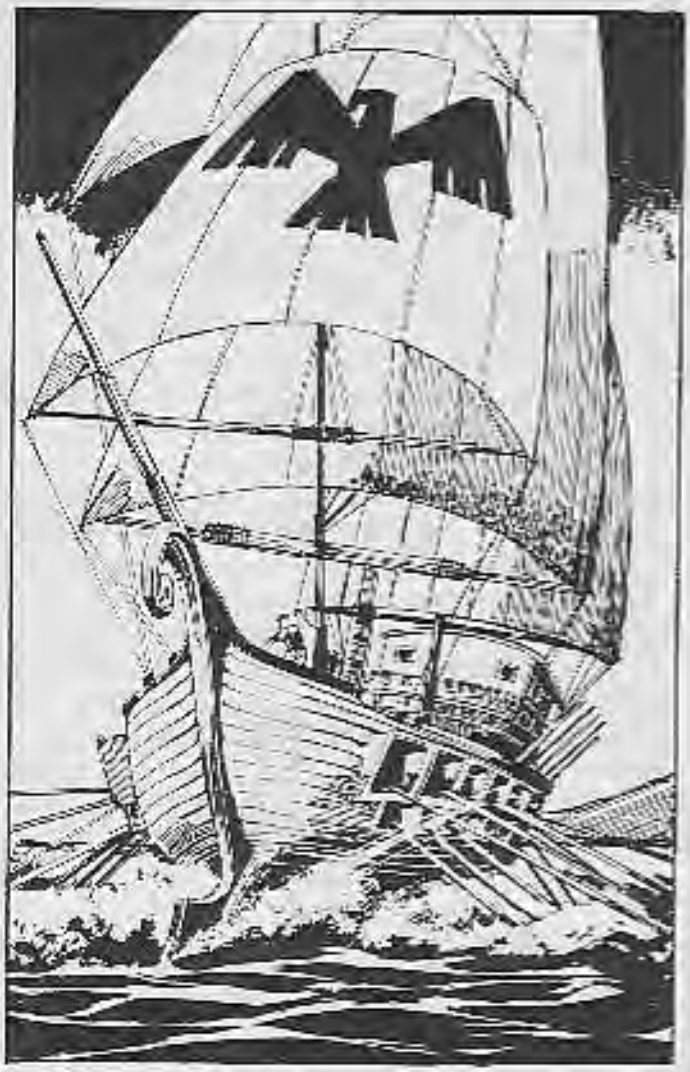

255

The storm blows over, leaving the skies clear and the seas calm. While you are bringing down the storm gear and preparing the *Banshee* for fair-weather sailing, your look-out spots the distinctive sails and battle banner of a Kishian warship to the north and closing fast. Your only hope of escape is to attempt to navigate through the Shoals of Trysta, which lie only a short distance to the south. Will you take this course (turn to 119), or stand and fight (turn to 107)?

256

Your scimitar cleaves straight through the white cat, but does not harm it. Turn to 322.

257

Sailing west, you pass between the garden island of Trysta to the north and the Isle of Volcanoes to the south. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 3 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If your LOG is now an even number, turn to **109**; if your LOG is an odd number, turn to **27**.

258

As soon as you start to push, the block explodes with a shattering roar. Roll two dice and subtract the result from your STAMINA. If you have survived the blast, turn to **281**.

259

'This is good news indeed,' says the ghost. 'I am thankful. I bestow upon you what little blessing I have left, after all these centuries.' He approaches and lays an icy but weightless hand upon your shoulder. From now on, whenever you roll three dice against your CREW STRENGTH, you may deduct 2 from the result of the dice roll. Turn to **210**.

260

'Ah, yes,' says the King, 'Abdul the Butcher and his men. I remember them well, as they were here but three days ago. Very poor table manners but a lively wit!' The King waves a servant over, whispers in his ear and sends him away. When the servant returns, he is bearing two very large sacks. 'These,' says the King, 'contain the north and south winds. As I gave the east and west winds to Abdul, I think it only fair I should give these to you. Open the bag containing the north wind on your journey to Nippur and open the other bag when you wish to return.' At the end of the feast, you gather your men and prepare to return to the *Banshee*. Your crew are intensely interested in the sacks and don't believe you when you tell them that they contain 'only air'. They believe the King has filled them with treasure and that you are simply being greedy. 'Share it with us,' they say, 'or we won't go on. We'll stay here.' You can't open the sacks now, so will you give your crew 100 Gold Pieces to keep them quiet (turn to **368**), or simply insist to them that they are being stupid not to believe you (turn to **396**)?

261

Passing at a relatively safe distance, you are surprised when a missile from a ballista mounted on one of the galleys crashes into your mast, bringing the mainsail down on to the deck in a confusion of white canvas. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to 83. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to 51.

262

Returning to the *Banshee*, you hear from the port pilot that there is an extremely wealthy temple, occupied by the Priests of the Dead, up the river which flows through Assur. Will you raid inland to seize the treasures of this shrine (turn to 335), or ignore this information and either head to Assur to recruit more crew (turn to 185), or set sail into the Inland Sea to hunt for merchantmen (turn to 318)?

263

You reach the top of the cliffs and look across the wide tablelands of the Kish Isthmus, dotted with fields, settlements and forests. A few miles away is a small town. Will you approach this via the cover of a nearby forest (turn to 353) or by a stealthy march through the wide cornfields that lie between the cliffs and the town (turn to 328)?

264

The door leads into a small room whose high walls disappear into a glowing vaporous mass above you. The pearly radiance which this casts fills you with warmth and a feeling of well-being. You recover 4 points of STAMINA and 2 points of LUCK. There is no other exit from this chamber, so you return to the chimney and take the other door. Turn to 289.

265

The further you go along the ledge, the narrower and more uncertain it becomes. A stone collapses as you step on it, sending you sprawling out into the darkness of the cavern. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 365. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 334.

266

Taking a short run up, you deal the monster a savage kick in the ribs, undoubtedly cracking some, but hurting your own foot – deduct 2 points from *each* of your STAMINAS. The Cyclops rises to its feet rather painfully, then launches into a crouched attack, running to catch you in its arms. Will you:

Take a flying kick at its legs?	Turn to 319
Take a flying kick at its midriff?	Turn to 60
Punch it in the eye?	Turn to 156

267

With the beast dead, you continue through the passage, eventually leaving the white water, crashing waves and warship behind. You have successfully negotiated the shoals and there, ahead, is the island of Trysta. Will you proceed towards it (turn to 152), or head south-west, towards either Kish (turn to 223) or the Roc (turn to 27), or south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to 191)?

268

Taking the ship's boat, six of your crew row towards the nearer shore, disappearing into the pre-dawn gloom. A few minutes pass, then a scream, followed by shouts and the sounds of fighting, shatters the still air. Alarm fires spring up on the nearest towers; horns blow. A few moments later, the sounds of fighting cease and a lone crewman, badly wounded, paddles back to the *Banshee*. 'Guarded, captain,' he manages to gasp out before collapsing. Deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH. Having no other option, you turn back down the river and head for the sea. Turn to 207.

269

Taking an empty space in the bazaar, you parade your captives before the prospective buyers who are casually strolling about, inspecting the various traders' wares. Roll one die. If the result is 1 or 2, turn to 94. If the result is 3 or 4, turn to 72. If the result is 5 or 6, turn to 59.

270

The Bataar races are conducted on a long sandy stretch between the wharfs and the city. The enormous racing-lizards are restrained at one end of the straight track until the start of the race, when they fly down towards a staked Goblin at the other end. The first Bataar to set teeth into the unfortunate creature is declared the winner. From the field of twenty starters, you narrow the favourites down to three: Fazima, Awkspeed and el-Savak. You must place a bet of 20 Gold Pieces or 2 slaves, whichever you prefer, on one of these. Choose which Bataar you will back, then throw a die. If the result is 1 or 2, turn to 321. If the result is 3 or 4, turn to 348. If the result is 5 or 6, turn to 362.

271

You have travelled only a short distance, when a Giant Crayfish scuttles out of the sea and up the beach, intent on grabbing one of your crew as a tasty snack. Being about twenty feet long, armed with five-foot claws and protected by thick skin, it is a formidable foe. Your crew defend themselves.

GIANT CRAYFISH STRIKE 9 STRENGTH 8

If your crew win, turn to 116.

272

Hoisting sail, will you head out into the Inland Sea, to patrol for rich merchantmen (turn to 318), or journey south down the coast of the Eastern Rim (turn to 10)?

273

You stroll up the middle of the valley. When you are quite close to the galley, the ground collapses under your feet, plunging you into a deep crevasse. Roll two dice and deduct the result from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you drag yourself from the hole and continue towards the galley, carefully testing the ground ahead as you go. Turn to 288.

274

With the defeat of the priests, your over-exuberant crew set fire to the temple part of the castle: the blaze destroys most of the booty that you might have claimed as victors. Searching around, however, you manage to find 85 Gold Pieces and 10 surviving priests to sell as slaves – add these to your Booty. You return triumphant to the *Banshee* and set sail down the coast of Enraki. Turn to 123.

275

The two vessels attempt to take the *Banshee* out with their rams, but your cunning manoeuvre takes them a little by surprise. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 323. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 382.

276

Pulling yourself up, you set your teeth into the Cyclops' thick, scaly wrist, but succeed only in breaking one of your molars. The monster shakes you from side to side then dashes you to the ground, laying in a kick for good measure – lose 2 points of STAMINA. The monster, thinking you are unconscious, turns away for a moment. Climbing on to weak legs, will you:

Elbow it in the back of the knee?	Turn to 46
Punch it in the leg?	Turn to 115
Take a flying kick into the middle of its back?	Turn to 384

277

The *Banshee* squeezes through the very narrow channel without mishap, eventually leaving the white water, crashing waves and warship behind. You have successfully negotiated the shoals and there, ahead, is the island of Trysta. Will you proceed towards it (turn to **152**), or head south-west, towards either Kish (turn to **223**) or the Roc (turn to **27**), or south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **191**)?

278

The realization that it is a Basilisk, and that one glance from it will turn you to stone, induces sufficient panic to get you out of the room and to the other side of the door fast enough not to be seen. You proceed into the feast hall instead. Turn to **216**.

279

If you haven't already, you can try to hire more crew (turn to **371**); otherwise, you return to the *Banshee* and leave Shurrupak (turn to **238**).

280

As your pirates overwhelm the guards, the rest of the barge's crew and occupants leap overboard and swim to shore, preferring the risk of crocodiles to being captured by your men. Thick black smoke begins to curl from the interior of the richly appointed vessel – it has been set alight by its departing owners. You jump on board, determined to rescue some loot before it all goes up in flames. Rushing down into the smoke-filled interior, you come across two locked doors. Will you force the left door (turn to **214**) or the right door (turn to **254**)?

281

Slowly the door opens into a large crypt, occupied by a single massive sarcophagus. All around the edge of the lid is an inscription, repeated over and over, which reads:

UT-NAPISHTIM KEEPER OF THE WATERS OF RETRIBUTION

Will you attempt to open the sarcophagus (turn to **292**), or leave it be (turn to **358**)?

282

Passing through the palms, you come upon an unexpected sight. In the centre of the island is a large lagoon with a narrow entrance from the sea on the other side of the island. Anchored in the centre of this lagoon is a small pirate vessel, the crew of which are rather busy burying something on the shore. Will you attack these competitors (turn to 393), or return to the beach to search for provisions (turn to 271)?

283

A day's ferocious bargaining in the markets leaves you with the conviction that most willing and able-bodied men are unattracted by the razzle-dazzle of the piratical way of life. However, by a stroke of good fortune, you come across a slave-dealer who is drastically overstocked with captured pirates-made-slaves, and who is willing to part with them for a song. For every 10 Gold Pieces spent, you will be able to recover 1 point of CREW STRENGTH. This slave-dealer also lets slip a casual remark about a wealthy shrine built some miles up the main river which flows to the side of Assur. Having restocked your crew, you could make a small excursion up-river to check the place out and possibly seize some of its riches (turn to 335). Alternatively, you could leave Assur and either patrol south-east, into the Inland Sea (turn to 318), or head south, down the western coastline (turn to 45).

284

You walk down for some considerable distance before seeing a light below. Creeping forward, you see four Troglodytes emerging from a small side-passage on to the stairs. They are all armed with spears, and two are also carrying a heavy chest between them. You slide behind a large boulder to remain out of sight. The chest looks as though it might contain something valuable, so will you:

Throw small pebbles further down the staircase, to distract the Troglodytes and split them up, before attacking?	Turn to 112
Draw your sword and charge the creatures?	Turn to 130
Use your sword as a lever to roll the boulder you are hiding behind out on to the stairs and down to crush the Trogs?	Turn to 161

285

Your crew shoot fire arrows into the castle compound; some land on the temple and start a blaze. In moments, however, the watchful priests of the Asswr sel Dablo have not only rushed to put out the fires but have rung alarm bells and lined the walls of their stronghold with archers and spearmen. At your signal, the crew of the *Banshee* stream with a roar at the low part of the castle's walls. The battle begins.

ENRAKI PRIESTS STRIKE 10 STRENGTH 16

If your crew win, turn to 274.

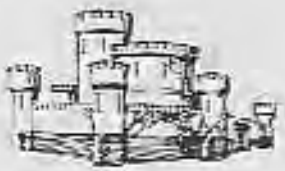

286

One of your pirates discovers a loose bar which, when worked continuously by four or five men at once, soon comes out completely. Still armed, you steal out of the enclosure and fall upon the unsuspecting village. Resistance to your lusty pirates is confused.

VILLAGERS STRIKE 7 STRENGTH 6

If your crew win, turn to 192.

287

The Kishian marines are routed and their vessel set afire. You don't have much time in which to loot the blazing ship, so you concentrate mainly on collecting slaves among the survivors of the marines. There aren't many, but you manage to find 11 that will be worth selling – add them to your Booty. Will you sail around the shoals to the island of Trysta (turn to 164) or head south-west, towards either Kish (turn to 223) or the Roc (turn to 204), or travel south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to 191)?

288

Reaching the stranded vessel, you climb up on its deck, and come face to face with a large, shaggy white beast that is busy feeding on one of the galley's dead crew. It growls at you and bares its fangs. You try to edge away, but the beast decides to attack, swinging huge claw-studded paws at your midriff. Drawing your sword, you defend yourself.

ICE BEAST	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you defeat it, turn to **320**.

289

The door opens into a large, heavily buttressed hall, of which the centre-piece is a small hideous statue raised on a low obsidian pillar. Standing on either side of this idol are two acolytes garbed in the traditional crocodile skins of the servants of the lords of decay. They take a menacing pace forward and draw long dirks from their thigh scabbards. 'Blasphemer,' says one, 'we shall hasten your journey to the land of perpetual sleep.' They attack. You will fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
FIRST ACOLYTE	8	6
SECOND ACOLYTE	7	6

If you defeat them, turn to **388**.

290

Running to meet the charging monster, you leap into the air, aiming a kick at its head. It ducks slightly, so your boot only grazes its skull – deduct 1 point from its STAMINA. As you fly past, it grabs you by the ankle and dangles you in the air, upside down. Will you:

Knee it in the chest?	Turn to 122
Butt it in the ribs?	Turn to 372
Give it an upper cut to the groin?	Turn to 177

291

The interior of the pleasure-barge is now a roaring furnace, cutting off any hope of further salvage. Back on the *Banshee*, you find your crew have only rounded up 3 slaves from the survivors of the vessel. You turn the *Banshee* around and head back downstream, past Lagash and into the Inland Sea. As you leave the river, a red-sailed warship from the city cuts across your path. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to 90. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to 309.

292

With great difficulty, you manage to slide the lid from its place and on to the floor, where it lands with a resounding crash, which echoes through the crypt and out into the caverns beyond. The sarcophagus is empty except for a stout-looking helmet and a bag containing, at a quick count, 110 Gold Pieces. You put the helmet on and sling the bag over your shoulder. Turn to 358.

293

The poor of Shurrupak are *very* poor and willing to do almost anything to earn a few shekels. However, the quality of the individuals you hire here is rather unpredictable. For every 50 Gold Pieces that you spend on luring these unfortunate folk into a life of piracy, roll one die. The result is the number of points of CREW STRENGTH that you recover. When you have completed your recruiting, turn to 180.

294

The square rig and wide hull of a merchantman appear on the horizon. It is a large vessel, heavily laden and possibly well armed, ploughing its way west from the Eastern Rim to the city of Kish. Will you attack this ship (turn to **391**), or leave it be and continue patrolling, looking for something a bit smaller (turn to **66**)?

295

Your scimitar cleaves straight through the black cat, but does not harm it. Turn to **322**.

296

As you approach, both the galleys make a sudden turn in towards you. You avoid one, but impale the *Banshee* upon the ram of the other. Your stricken vessel breaks in two, scattering its unhappy sailors and captain into the ocean where the sharks – never far from a sea-battle – are hungrily gathering. Your adventure is over.

297

The door bursts open as you turn the handle, revealing a massive, spinning wheel hanging in the narrow recess behind. The wheel drops from its axle, sprouts whirling razors on its rim and flies out at you, cutting a deadly arc through the air. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **169**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **2**.

298

'Step this way,' says the aged creature, showing you to a trapdoor at the base of one of the statues. 'You must go down there. If you return, you may pass through to the mountain.' You open the trapdoor and climb down into the darkness. When you reach the bottom, you see that you are in a dimly lit cavern occupied by a Cyclops. This large one-eyed humanoid tears your sheathed sword from you and casts it into a niche high up in the cavern wall. 'Now,' it says, 'we will fight.' You will have to fight it using unarmed combat. Write down the number **311** on a sheet of paper; this is where you should turn to if you defeat the monster in the ensuing combat – i.e. as soon as its STAMINA reaches zero. Also note that its STAMINA is 16. Now decide on your opening attack. Will you:

Take a flying kick at its chest?	Turn to **206**
Punch it in the shoulder?	Turn to **91**
Jump in close and elbow it in the ribs?	Turn to **29**

299

After you were given the two bags by the King of the Four Winds, did you give your inquisitive crew 100 Gold Pieces to stop them looking in the bags (turn to 32) or not (turn to 379)?

300

Turn to 50.

301

Shurrupak is a large, fair city, with sympathetic views towards the Inland Sea's pirates, who, therefore, only attack Shurrupak's main rivals. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. Upon arrival in Shurrupak, will you sell your slaves first (turn to 349), or hire more crew (turn to 371)?

302

Drawing alongside, your crew cast grapples and pull the two vessels together. With a single roar, they leap across at the pitifully small number of defenders.

MERCHANT CREW STRIKE 6 STRENGTH 6

If you defeat them, turn to 392.

303

Your crew chop down a couple of local trees to use as battering rams. The noise alerts the warrior priests to your presence and intentions, and the walls and towers become lined with archers and spearmen. Eventually, you launch your attack, rushing at the gates with your crew screaming behind. With a resounding *boom*, your rams smash into the gates. Arrows, spears and stones crash into your men – deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 343. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 58.

304

When you reach the top of the cliffs, your crew begin to complain loudly. 'This is sheer madness, captain,' says the first mate. 'We've already lost four men, just in the climb, and the gods know how many soldiers are lurking up here. We've got to get back to the ship, where we stand a chance.' Will you bow to this pressure from your crew (turn to 113), or ridicule their lack of spirit and force them on (turn to 155)?

305

Summoning all your energy, you swing violently and smash the creature in the armpit with your foot. Screaming, it drops you to the ground and then clutches its wound – deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. Landing lightly, you run nimbly behind the stricken Cyclops. Will you:

Punch it in the kidneys?	Turn to 347
Elbow it in the back of the knees?	Turn to 46
Take a flying kick into the middle of its back?	Turn to 384

306

You sail into the midst of a large amount of driftwood, recent wreckage from some unfortunate vessel. Much of the floating planking is shattered and pocked with huge teeth marks. You find only a few barrels worth salvaging, scattered among all the destruction. One of these contains an excellent spirit which, when served out to the crew, boosts their morale considerably – restore 2 points to your CREW STRENGTH. Will you continue to patrol the Inland Sea by heading towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to **66**), or change course and travel to either the west coast (turn to **157**) or the Eastern Rim (turn to **10**) for a bit of coastal raiding?

307

With the Troglodytes defeated, you split open their chest and finding exactly 100 Gold Pieces. Carrying all of this booty with some difficulty, you turn up the side-passage and emerge, after a few hundred yards, into sunlight. You are outside, in the forests of the Roc. Heading for the beach, you run into several members of your crew who had been searching the island, with the rest of your men, in the hope that you were still alive. You return triumphant to the *Banshee* and continue your journey. Turn to 15.

308

'At the end, next to yourself,' you say, remembering the jewel in the ring. 'Yes,' says the Salamander, disappearing. 'You may pass.' The flames die down. You cross the hall, leaving through a door at the other end. Turn to 339.

309

The warship is too fast! It rushes alongside, catches the *Banshee* with grappling-irons and draws you towards the waiting marines. You will have to fight.

WARSHIP STRIKE TO STRENGTH 8

If you want to escape, turn to 12. If you fight on and defeat the warship, turn to 135.

310

The ring moves with a solid *click*. In response, a section of one of the crypt's walls falls out, revealing a steeply rising staircase. Running up this, you find yourself back in the outside world, standing at the foot of the line of hills you left so long ago. You return to the point where you left the *Banshee*, and find that your crew had waited, just in case you were still alive. Turn to 272.

311

The Cyclops drops to the ground, unconscious. Victorious, you climb back up the ladder and through the trapdoor, to face the wizened old creature who sent you down in the first place. He cackles when you appear and then ushers you through the gap in the wall, indicating the path you must take to reach the summit of Nippur's mountain. Turn to 36.

312

With the feast over, the King bids you farewell. You return to the *Banshee* and leave the cove where you were anchored. If you were given the sacks containing the north and south winds, then from now on, whenever you are instructed to roll three dice and to compare the result with your CREW STRENGTH, *deduct* 2 points from the result of the dice roll. Which way will you head: south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to 191), or south-west, towards the Roc (turn to 27)?

313

Your ship smashes through the warship's oars, but receives several volleys of arrows from the Shurrupak marines crowding the other vessel's decks – lose 2 points of CREW STRENGTH. Breaking through the line of war galleys, you see a second, smaller squadron following up behind. Will you go with the wind, cut in front of these vessels and head for the shore (turn to 261), or try to break through, as you did with the first line (turn to 237)?

314

You sail either to the volcanic island (turn to 369) or the palm-covered island (turn to 354).

315

You drop anchor in a sheltered cove of the island, disembark and travel to the temple-fortress of the warrior priests with only a few crew as companions. When you near your destination, but before you are in sight, you instruct your companions to wait in cover for your return and then proceed to the main gate alone. Posing as an emissary from the city of Lagash, you gain entrance and then audience with the abbot. 'O great abbot of illustrious Asswr sel Dablo, keeper of truth and wisdom in the northern lands, I bring you greetings and news from an esteemed friend,' you say. 'You are too kind. Sit, have tea, then speak of the news,' he replies. You do as he says. After a suitably polite time has passed, you say, 'I have heard that there is to be an assault on your citadel by the Wazi of Lagash, whose masters are pressing him for increased revenue. I have powerful friends, O master, and – for a suitable fee – could cause the attack to be misdirected.' You bow.

The abbot sighs, then whispers to his attendant monk, 'An opportunist.' He presses a carbuncle on his chair: the floor around you falls away and drops you into a deep, open pit – lose 2 points of STAMINA. 'Foolhardy pirate,' laughs the abbot, looking down from the edge of the pit. 'You must meet your destiny through one of these.' He points at four doors, one in each of the four walls of the pit. Each door has a different symbol carved into it. Which will you open:

The door with a star-burst carved in it?	Turn to 380
The door with an upside-down triangle?	Turn to 327
The door with a wheel?	Turn to 297
The door with a horizontal crescent?	Turn to 249

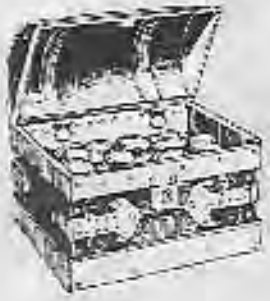

316

As you climb the hill, you hear a faint sound of stones rattling above, then a large boulder comes flying out of the void and lands with a crash in front of you. Another equally large rock follows. 'Halt!' cries a deep voice from up the hill. 'None shall cross the land of the Muzzelmirs unbidden.' Two Giants, small by their brethren's standards, no doubt, but enormous by yours, step over the ridge ahead. They are armed with small tree-trunks and dressed in the hides of wild animals. Will you charge them with your crew (turn to 325), or deal with them by yourself (turn to 336)?

317

'Fool!' says the Salamander, leaping from the flames. 'You will die because of your stupidity!' With a shout, it stabs at you with its flaming trident. You will have to fight it.

SALAMANDER SKILL 10 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to 377.

318

The *Banshee* cuts through the quiet waters of the Inland Sea; your look-outs keep a continuous watch on the clear horizon for any sign of shipping. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If your LOG is an even number, turn to **363**; if your LOG is an odd number, turn to **294**.

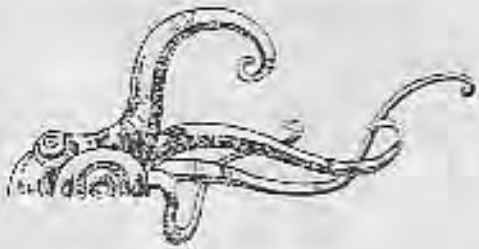

319

When you leap at the Cyclops, it dodges easily to one side and swipes you with an open-handed blow to the head as you fly past – lose 1 point of STAMINA. As you land, the monster grabs you by the ankle and lifts you into the air. While you are hanging upside down, will you:

Give it an upper cut to the groin?	Turn to **177**
Punch it in the stomach?	Turn to **139**
Knee it in the chest?	Turn to **122**

320

With the beast dead, you search the ship at leisure, and discover masses of frozen crates, but no treasure other than a flame-red jewel set in a gold ring. The ring is inscribed on one side with a riddle:

> *Where in Albion would you find that which lies between above and below?*

And on the other side is what you presume is the answer:

> *At the end, next to yourself.*

Odd. As you find nothing else, you return to the *Banshee*. Turn to **217**.

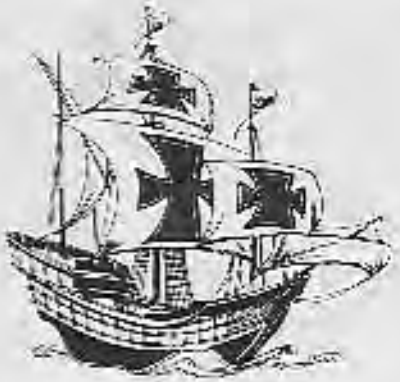

321

The lizards are released! They fly hungrily down the track towards the doomed goblin – Awkspeed beats Fazima by a tooth. If you backed the winner, collect as much gold (or as many slaves) as you initially bet. Will you bet on the Bataars again (turn to 202), or – if you haven't already – try punch-out (turn to 48) or dice (turn to 236)?

322

The other cats cease their circling while you are striking at their comrade, and dive at you, tearing through your flesh with long razor-sharp claws – deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, which cat will you strike at next:

Black cat?	Turn to 295
White cat?	Turn to 256
Red cat?	Turn to 203
Brown cat?	Turn to 126
Grey cat?	Turn to 95

323

With a tremendous *whack*, the Ogre knocks you from the ring and into the audience – lose 2 points of STAMINA permanently (i.e. your *Initial* score is reduced by 2). The money you put up as a bet is also lost – deduct it from your Booty. Will you have another go at punch-out, but with a different champion (turn to 385), or – if you haven't already – try the Bataar races (turn to 270) or dice (turn to 236)?

324

Going ashore with most of your crew, you find yourselves being fêted by the exuberant natives. Dancing around you all the while, they lead you into the centre of their village, where they set out a splendid feast. When you inquire of the elders whether they can assist you in stocking the *Banshee*, they nod and laugh, saying you will certainly get all the help you need. After the feast, the villagers ply you with wine and make you dance along to the sounds of vigorous drumming. Eventually, you all collapse from exhaustion. On awakening the next day, you find yourselves locked in a large open-air enclosure. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 286. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 345.

325

Your men draw their swords and charge, while the Giants heft their tree-trunks in preparation. The battle begins.

GIANTS	STRIKE 9	STRENGTH 6

If you defeat them, turn to 344.

326

Drawing the *Banshee* up beside the wallowing vessel, you lean nonchalantly on the gunwale and call across to the captain, 'Hey! You there, fathead! Hand over all, and I mean *all*, your gold and I won't sink your ship, enslave you and your crew or steal your cargo.' The captain, with a bit of prompting from his nervous crew, agrees to this generous offer. He sends over a small boat with his gold – 117 Gold Pieces – which you add to your Booty. You leave the merchantman. The Shoals of Trysta lie some short distance to the south, so will you sail around them to the isle of Trysta (turn to 164), or head south-west, towards either Kish (turn to 223) or the Roc (turn to 204), or sail south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to 191)?

327

The door crashes out at you when you turn the handle, as thousands of gallons of water pour through the opening and into the pit, rapidly filling it. As you struggle to keep on the surface of the churning waters, you notice a couple of dark serpentine shapes slide through the doorway. They are ferocious Elverines – blind and grossly distorted man-eating, fresh-water serpents. Smelling your (no doubt) distinctive odour, they rush to attack. You fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
FIRST ELVERINE	8	6
SECOND ELVERINE	7	4

If you defeat them, turn to 65.

328

Flitting like dark pack-wolves through the high golden ears of corn, you advance towards the Kishian town. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 47. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 186.

329

With the guards overcome, you and your crew loot the caravan – stripping boxes, sacks and skins of wine from the great pack-beasts. The amount of booty, however, is not large. You find 63 Gold Pieces in a small chest and only 1 of the surviving Lizard Men is in fit enough condition to be traded as a slave. A little disappointed, you gather up your now drunken crew and return to the *Banshee*. Turn to 35.

330

'A bet is a bet,' says el-Fazouk, gloomily. 'Your debt is absolved.' You leave the dicing-dens before he changes his mind. If you haven't already, you could try your fortune at Bataar racing (turn to 270) or punch-out (turn to 48); otherwise, you leave the city of Calah (turn to 262).

331

Retreating in good but rapid order, you reach the beach before the Hussars. However, you don't have time to board the *Banshee* before the cavalry come sweeping out of the town and down towards the water-line. Your crew will have to fight.

WINGED HUSSARS STRIKE 11 STRENGTH 6

If your crew win, turn to 346.

332

Your crew bring the warship's mainsail down and cut the *Banshee* free of the grapples. Heeling aside, you sail away as fast as the wind will carry you. Will you sail around the shoals to the island of Trysta (turn to 164), or head south-west, towards either Kish (turn to 223) or the Roc (turn to 204), or travel south-east towards the Channel of Goth (turn to 191)?

333

Without warning, the *Banshee* crashes to a halt, sending you and your crew spilling across the deck. A tremendous bubbling froth boils around the ship. Out of this emerge several reptilian heads on long necks, all attached to one bloated black body. It is a Hydra! Mouths snapping, it arches over the deck, devouring your terrified crew.

HYDRA	STRIKE 9	STRENGTH 8

If your crew defeat it, turn to 222.

334

The fall, ending in a jumble of sharp boulders, is enough to kill you. Your adventure is over.

335

Heading inland, you seek out the rumoured shrine – add 3 days to your LOG. Eventually you find it, nestled in a cosy dell and surrounded by vegetation. Its stone-work is monolithic, rising forty or fifty feet into the air and lavishly decorated with human skeletons in tortured poses. Your crew refuse to approach any closer than bow-shot range. Laughing at their superstitious cowardice, you proceed towards the structure alone, and climb the high stairs to the entrance with forced nonchalance. Inside, the atmosphere is dark and oppressive, but at least devoid of life. Before you is a wide, straight corridor and a very steep and narrow set of stairs heading down into the bowels of the shrine. Which will you take, the corridor (turn to 63) or the stairs (turn to 85)?

336

'Good fellows,' you say, stepping forward, 'as we were unaware that the esteemed Muzzelmirs were occupying this land, let us resolve our differences with a little competition. If you win, we will return to our ship. If we win, however, then you will allow us free passage through your lands.' Being simple souls with simple tastes, they agree wholeheartedly. The shortest of the two steps forward. 'I am Mog and this is Ogmog,' he says. 'Let the competition be a wrestling match between you and me.' Not quite what you'd planned. Will you agree to wrestle (turn to 366), or suggest that you compete with something else, such as staves (turn to 351)?

337

A sharp blow from your flying hand causes the Cyclops to howl with pain and clasp its injured armpit – deduct 1 point from its STAMINA. Recovering somewhat, it lashes out with its huge paws, grabs you by the left forearm and hauls you into the air. Will you:

Bite it on the wrist?	Turn to 276
Chop it on the back of the elbow?	Turn to 187
Kick it in the shoulder?	Turn to 251

338

'Ah, woe!' cries the ghost. 'This is dreadful indeed.' He turns a wrathful eye upon you and sweeps his hand in despair, 'O bearer of such wretched news, I curse you.' You lose 2 points of LUCK and 1 point of SKILL. Turn to 210.

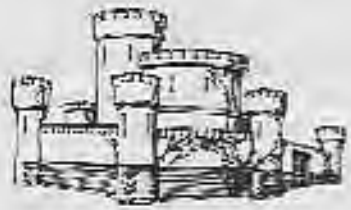

339

You find yourself in a large room, empty but for the witch, who is standing in a circle on the floor. She holds a dagger in one hand and black cat in the other. 'Curse you,' she says. 'Why didn't you eat your meal, like the others? Now I must kill you, a task I do not relish.' She tosses the cat in the air and makes a sign with the dagger. Instantly, the cat multiplies into five, each a different colour; the five cats float rather mysteriously in the air. They circle around you, feinting and howling. Which animal will you strike at:

Black cat?	Turn to 295
White cat?	Turn to 256
Red cat?	Turn to 203
Brown cat?	Turn to 126
Grey cat?	Turn to 95

340

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 2 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 3 days to your LOG. Then turn to 378.

341

Your crew are not up to the task you have set them. The *Banshee* grinds against a small but dangerous outcrop of rocks, and one of the grey fingers rips through the hull, flooding the interior and sinking the ship. Your adventure is over.

342

Abdul's crew also remind you that, as you have taken more than fifty days to reach Nippur, you have lost the wager – regardless of how many Gold Pieces you may have. The adventure is over; you have lost.

343

The rams swing again, this time causing a splintering *crash* from the gates as they are torn from their hinges. With a mighty cheer, your men draw their scimitars and rush into the fortress – coming face to face with the determined defenders. The battle begins.

ENRAKI PRIESTS STRIKE 9 STRENGTH 12

If you win, turn to 274.

344

Having overcome the Giants, you continue with your crew over the hills, until you reach the edge of a vast sea of sand which stretches to the horizon. Discouraged with the limited possibilities of looting that such landscape implies, you turn about and return to the *Banshee*. Add 3 days to your LOG, then turn to 272.

345

There is no way out of the cage. The village elders turn up towards noon and explain to you that, as their island is sacred, they cannot let strangers – whose profane eyes have beheld it – live. Therefore, they must kill you. Next, the rest of the villagers arrive, carrying bows, and proceed to open fire on you and your crew. Your adventure ends here.

346

The Hussars are routed, fleeing with the rest of the army from the town and down the coast towards Kish. Unfortunately, they had the same idea as you, and have stripped the town of all its wealth. So, instead of gold, you settle for slaves. Roll two dice: the result equals the number of slaves you manage to extract from among the now impoverished townsfolk. Returning to the *Banshee* with your booty, will you sail down the coast towards Kish (turn to 223), or into the Inland Sea towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to 66)?

347

Stepping close, you land a couple of short but powerful jabs above the Cyclops' kidneys – deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. Enraged and in severe pain, the monster spins about, flailing its enormous fists and striking you in the face – lose 2 points of STAMINA. You both stagger back, and the Cyclops collapses to the ground. Will you:

Shoulder it in the head?	Turn to 82
Punch it in the jaw?	Turn to 196
Kick it in the ribs?	Turn to 266

348

The lizards are released! They fly hungrily down the track towards the unfortunate Goblin; Fazima beats el-Savak and Awkspeed by a bite or two. If you backed the winner, collect as much gold (or as many slaves) as you initially bet. Will you bet on the Bataars again (turn to 202), or – if you haven't already – try punch-out (turn to 48) or dice (turn to 236)?

349

Taking a few crewmen and all of your slaves, you head for the markets. The scene is hectic. A recent battle between Shurrupak and Marad has resulted in hundreds of Maradian prisoners being taken – and most of them have been brought here to be sold as slaves. As a consequence, competition is very high and prices are low. Will you entrust the business of selling your slaves to an agent (turn to 245), or conduct the transactions yourself (turn to 269)?

350

The piles are very close in size, making it difficult to judge who has the most. You sit down to count each other's gold, and find, after over an hour, that Abdul had the edge. He declares triumphantly himself the winner and pirate of the century. You have lost the wager.

351

'Staves then,' agrees Mog. 'Do you want Ogmog's tree-trunk or have you got your own?' You borrow a staff from one of your crew, then suggest to the Giant that you each stand on one of the sandstone blocks prevalent in these parts and take turns trying to hit each other. The first to knock the other off wins. The Giant agrees, adding, 'As you're such a puny little critter – no offence meant – you can have the first hit.' You take your places, facing each other across a six-foot space. Will you aim at his head (turn to 375) or his feet (turn to 394)?

352

You run and dive at the beast's head, grasping it by the horns and flipping yourself on to its back. It performs a ferocious jump in an attempt to dislodge you, but actually gives greater impetus to your leap for the edge of the pit. With only inches to spare, you succeed in grasping the rim. With the abbot still laughing at your expected demise on the horns of the beast below, you crawl out and into the chamber. Turn to 225.

353

You lead your men through the thick, untamed wood. Suddenly, a sticky tendril flies from what you had assumed was a dead tree, and attaches itself to your body. It grows taut and starts to drag you towards the bole of the tree, which, you notice, has eyes on the tips of its branches and mouths opening and closing in its trunk. More tendrils fly out and grab you. Drawing your sword, you try to cut yourself free.

BARK BITER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat it, turn to 47.

354

Heaving to a short distance from the shore, you disembark with most of your crew. The beach is wide and sandy, but the interior consists of clumps of coconut palms. Will you head along the beach (turn to 271) or inland (turn to 282)?

355

Most of your crew make it through the town to the lower slopes of the mountain, where, in the thick forest, the Hussars cannot follow. Circling around Kirkuk to the northern beaches, you see that the *Banshee* has pulled away from the town and dropped anchor a safe distance out to sea. You signal to your crew on board, letting them know that you are still alive. Will you retreat into the mountain forest, to await the possible departure of the Kishian forces, which are quite some distance beyond their normal location on the walls of Kish (turn to 364), or return to the *Banshee* and sail either down the coast towards Kish (turn to 223) or out into the Inland Sea towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to 66)?

356

A storm blows up out of the south, making the going difficult. When the weather clears, you find that you are unsure of your position. You continue towards where you expected Nippur to be but, somehow, manage not to find it. Hopelessly lost, you pass the target day for arrival and thus lose the bet. Your adventure is over.

357

When you are only a day's sailing from Assur, your look-out spots a speck on the horizon ahead. It grows into a sail, and then a ship – sharp prow and triangular canvas bearing down on you with speed. A battle banner flutters from the mainmast. It is a Kishian warship. You pull about in attempt to evade, but the cutter has the wind and the speed to bring it alongside the *Banshee*. Grappling-irons and arrows fly; troops ready to board. You will have to fight.

KISHIAN WARSHIP STRIKE 10 STRENGTH 8

If you want to escape, remember the penalty and turn to 241. If you fight on and defeat the warship, turn to 22.

358

Above the sarcophagus, in the ceiling, is a large stone ring surrounded by a circular inscription, written in the same archaic language as that on the door into the crypt. It says: 'Push (pull?) this key to a better (worse?) life (death?), or suffer Ut-Napishtim's trial.' Standing on the sarcophagus, you take hold of the ring. Will you pull it down (turn to 310), or push it up (turn to 16)?

359

The shrine overlooks a bleak valley. As you lean against the structure to take in the view, you are overcome with a sense of dread and despair. The black mood of this inhospitable and alien place robs you of your confidence – lose 2 points of LUCK. You return to your waiting crew and, fearfully, lead them towards the pass. Turn to 52.

360

When you grasp the jewel, your hand freezes in paralysis. Slowly, the tongue retracts further back into the idol's mouth, dragging your arm into a circular ring of razor-sharp blades set in the statue's throat. You are cut badly – lose 4 points of STAMINA and 1 point of SKILL. Eventually you manage to break free. You decide to leave the jewel where it is for the moment, and take the whole statue instead. Turn to 228.

361

You run on to the monster's rather hard back and proceed to pound up and down, producing distressed grunts from it – deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. The Cyclops brushes you off, rises to its feet and then launches into a crouched attack, running to catch you in its arms. Will you:

Take a flying kick at its head?	Turn to 290
Take a flying kick at its leg?	Turn to 319
Step sideways and deal it an elbow smash to its arm?	Turn to 74

362

The lizards fly from the start, but your favourite trips and crashes to the ground halfway down the track. You lose the money (or slaves) that you put up as a bet. Will you bet on the Bataars again (turn to 202), or – if you haven't already – try punch-out (turn to 48) or dice (turn to 236)?

363

The horizon remains monotonously flat and devoid of shipping. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 306. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 333.

364

You and your crew retreat into the forest, while the *Banshee* sails up the coast, to return for a rendezvous in a few days. Add 3 days to your LOC. From your elevated position, you see the remnants of the Kishian forces pack up and leave Kirkuk, heading south towards their homeland. Gathering your men, you descend once again on the town. Unfortunately, the Kishian army, which evidently had the same idea as you, has stripped the town of all its wealth. Instead of gold, you settle for slaves. Roll two dice: the result equals the number of slaves you manage to extract from among the now impoverished townsfolk. When the *Banshee* returns, will you sail down the coast towards Kish (turn to **223**), or into the Inland Sea towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to **66**)?

365

You slide down the side of the cavern, bumping against rocks and stones on the way, but hitting the bottom at a slow enough pace not to injure yourself grievously. You are some way down the staircase you earlier chose not to follow. You stand up and brush the grime of the fall from your clothes before proceeding down the stairs. Turn to **284**.

366

A circle is drawn on the ground, into which you and Mog step. The Giant paces forward, spreads his arms and then swings a mighty fist at your head – knocking you clean out of the circle and into the world beyond. Your adventure is over.

367

At your signal, your men charge one of the walls with a mighty roar. Suddenly, men armed with spears and bows appear on the parapets and open fire. Your crew cast their grapples and place their ladders, then climb towards the defenders. The battle has begun.

ENRAKI PRIESTS STRIKE 11 STRENGTH 16

If your crew win, turn to **274**.

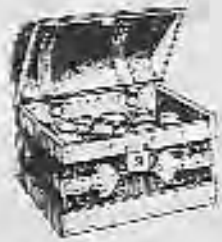

368

You hand over the gold to your men. Deduct 100 Gold Pieces from your Booty. Turn to **312**.

369

Dropping anchor in a quiet lagoon, you head ashore with most of your crew. The island has a sandy beach completely encircling it, while inland from the shore is a blanket of dense jungle foliage. Will you head along the beach (turn to **23**) or into the jungle (turn to **42**)?

370

After your blow, the Ogre staggers defeated from the ring. Collect as many Gold Pieces as you put up for the bet. Will you have another go at punch-out, this time with a different champion (turn to **385**), or – if you haven't already – try your luck at either the Bataar races (turn to **270**) or dice (turn to **236**)?

371

Where will you seek out replacements for the crew you have lost:

In the docks?	Turn to **233**
In the market-place?	Turn to **253**
In the slums and poorer areas of the city?	Turn to **293**

372

You swing your body against the monster's, bouncing off rather ineffectually. The Cyclops, not even irritated at this rather pathetic effort, swings you over its head and throws you to the ground – lose 2 points of STAMINA. Wincing, you regain your feet and face your opponent. Will you:

Punch it in the shoulder?	Turn to **91**
Give it a back-hand to the armpit?	Turn to **337**
Take a flying kick at its chest?	Turn to **206**

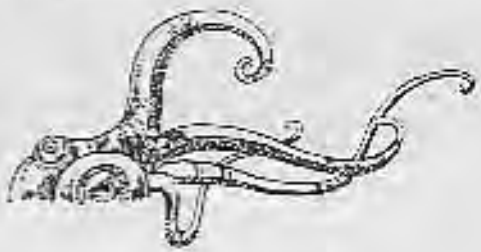

373

Turning to retreat, you realize that you are unsure as to which way you should go (other than down). Striking off through a likely ravine, you are surprised by the appearance of *hundreds* of the snow beasts along the ridges on either side. Your crew panic and run as scores of enormous ice balls are pushed down the slopes above, gathering speed and snow as they come. An avalanche starts, sweeping all before it, and burying you and your crew alive. Your adventure is over.

374

Having killed the Krell, you search its cave, until you find what you were looking for – the Skull of Salt. Returning to the Sea Sprites with their prize, you are rewarded with a blessing to make your journey a rapid one. Whenever you are instructed by the book to roll three dice against your CREW STRENGTH, you need only roll *two* dice. You surface, climb back on board the *Banshee* and set sail. Which way will you go, south towards Marad (turn to **191**) or south-west, out into the Inland Sea, towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to **66**)?

375

With a mighty swing, you hit the Giant a blow on the crown of his head. 'Ouch,' he says, not batting an eyelid. 'My turn now.' He hefts his tree-trunk into the air and swings it in a ferocious arc, smashing you from your boulder and depositing you on the ground several yards away. Roll two dice and deduct the result from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you concede defeat, and your crew retreat, carrying your crippled body back to the *Banshee*. Turn to **272**.

376

The journey to Assur is uneventful; the horizon remains clear of ships and foul weather until your arrival at the city. You disembark and head straight for the central market area, to look for some sailors to recruit as pirates. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **283**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **146**.

377

The Salamander disappears with a flash as you deal it the deadly blow. Alone now, you cross the hall and leave through a door at the other end. Turn to **339**.

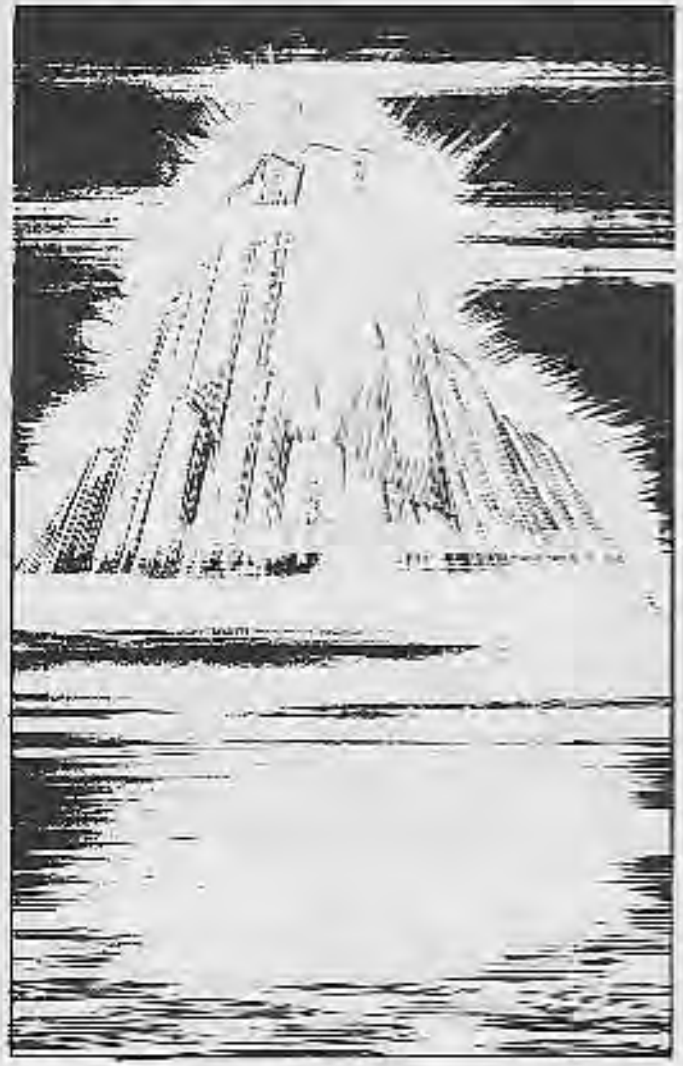

378

You sail out into the Southern Sea, heading south of Shurrupak towards Nippur – add 2 days to your LOG. The further you go south, the rougher the sea gets and the more unpredictable the weather. One evening, when a supernatural and freezing fog has cut visibility down to mere yards, you see a glowing mountain of ice floating in the sea. The *Banshee* is under full sail and heading straight towards this white monolith. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 166. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 193.

379

Some of your crew, still believing that the bags contained treasure which you were unwilling to share with them, sneak into your cabin while you are on deck. Finding the bag containing the south wind, they open it – to discover why you had kept it hidden. The south wind leaps out, howls around your cabin, then escapes out of a window. Blowing ferociously, it whips up a terrifying storm which carries the *Banshee* back to the north. For three weeks the gale blows, tossing your ship before it. Finally it peters out, depositing the *Banshee* just offshore from the city of Tak, your starting-point. You don't have enough time to sail to Nippur again, so you have lost the bet. Your adventure is over.

380

The door springs open as you turn the handle, and releases long metal spikes from the recess behind, which impale you against the opposite wall. Your death is instantaneous.

381

The creature, still unseen, ceases its attacks, so you assume it has been repulsed. Continuing down the tunnel, you come to a dark cavern. Rough-hewn stairs lead down into impenetrable gloom; beside them, a precarious-looking ledge climbs upwards along the side of the cavern, also disappearing into darkness. Will you inch your way along the ledge (turn to 265), or walk down the stairs (turn to 284)?

382

Your ship smashes through the warship's oars, but passes so close to the towering enemy vessel that the Shurrupak marines have no difficulty in snagging the *Banshee* with their grapples. Brought to a sudden halt, you can only watch in despair as the second war galley draws up on the other side. Enemy marines pour into your ship and overwhelm your pirates. Your adventure is over.

383

'All the worse for you, then,' says the Sprite. 'We curse you and call upon our father, the sea, to hold your ship with cloying fingers of barnacle and weed. May it never catch the wind!' At the end of this speech, a great bubble of air bursts from the rotting timbers at your feet and carries you out of the wrecked vessel and back to the water's surface. You climb on board the *Banshee*. From now on, whenever you are instructed by the book to roll three dice against your CREW STRENGTH, then do not roll the dice but count the result as always being *greater* than your CREW STRENGTH. Which way will you sail, out into the Inland Sea, towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to 66), or south, along the Eastern Rim towards Marad (turn to 191)?

384

Springing into the air, you smash the Cyclops in the middle of its back with your foot. The monster buckles under the blow and falls to the ground – landing on you! Both of you lose 2 points of STAMINA. Crawling out from under the creature, will you:

Punch it in the jaw?	Turn to 196
Jump up and down on its back?	Turn to 361
Kick it in the groin?	Turn to 224

385

The next bout you choose to fight is against a hairy wild man, captured in the lands to the west of Kish and trained as a gladiator-slave. Decide how much you wish to bet, then begin the duel.

WILD MAN SKILL 12

If you win, turn to 101. If you lose, turn to 37.

386

As you draw near the island, several hundred villagers run down to the shore, beating drums and waving floral garlands in the air. They are a fair-skinned people, with both men and women wearing their long flaxen hair in a single plait down the back. It seems they are quite happy to see you. Will you land and ask these people for provisions (turn to 324), or press on to another island (turn to 314)?

387

A storm blows up out of the south, making the going difficult. Your crew, however, are equal to the task of keeping the *Banshee* on course. When the weather clears, you see your destination, the isle of Nippur, on the horizon. Were you given, earlier in this adventure, two bags by the King of the Four Winds? If so, turn to 299; if not, turn to 32.

388

Having defeated the acolytes, you approach the statue – an ugly depiction of one of the lords of decay. Stylized carrion hang from its toothed beak and several of its numerous insectoid limbs are shown rending various creatures to death. Its beady eyes seem to penetrate straight through you. Looking closer, you see that the idol has a huge ruby – cut in the shape of a forked tongue – inside its gaping maw. Will you reach in to grab the jewel (turn to 360), or try to lift the statue from its pedestal to carry it outside to your waiting men (turn to 228)?

389

As you pass between the statues, the ground collapses at your feet, dropping you and your companions into a deep pit. Stunned by the fall, you can do nothing when somebody unseen slips a rope about your neck. Struggling to get to your feet, you are hoisted, along with your pirates, into the air, to dangle with the other sailors between the statues. Your adventure is over.

390

You search the abbot's chamber and discover a chest which contains 110 Gold Pieces. The abbot's sword is also a worthy prize, being forged from the finest Marad steel; it will add 2 to your SKILL whenever you engage in hand-to-hand combat. Searching the room further, you find a trapdoor under the abbot's chair, which opens on to a spiral staircase. Descending this, you arrive at a rough-hewn corridor, which takes you to a point outside the castle walls. You recover your waiting crew, return to the *Banshee*, weigh anchor and head down the coast. Turn to **123**.

391

You give full sail to the *Banshee* and bring her rapidly alongside the sluggish merchantman. Your crew brandish their scimitars and crossbows as you lean across the gunwale, shouting to the other vessel's captain and crew, 'Surrender your cargo and passengers or you will lose your lives as well as your ship.' This brings an unexpected response. A hooded figure, obviously a Warlock or Magus, steps aside from the gaggle of frightened passengers and performs a short spell, which summons a hellish Shade and sends it like a smoky cloud across the space between the ships to attack you, the captain.

SHADE	SKILL 11	STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to 252.

392

The captain of the vessel, seeing his crew being massacred, has run through the hold of his craft and knocked out hull timbers at random. The merchant ship starts to sink. Finally, in a paroxysm of fear, the captain, clutching his bags of gold close to his chest, leaps overboard into the briny depths. All you get for your troubles are 5 of the crew to sell as slaves. The Shoals of Trysta lie some short distance to the south, so will you sail around them to the isle of Trysta (turn to **164**), or head south-west, towards either Kish (turn to **223**) or the *Roc* (turn to **204**), or sail south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **191**)?

393

Drawing your weapons, you and your men sneak up on the unsuspecting pirates. With a shout, you lead your crew in a charge.

PIRATES STRIKE 10 STRENGTH 6

If you defeat them, turn to **154**.

394

Mustering all your strength, you swing your staff at the Giant's feet, but miss his toes and strike the rock. 'Ha!' says Mog. 'Missed!' However, the sandstone block, already overstressed by the Giant's tremendous weight, cracks from your blow and disintegrates into dust as Mog prepares to swing his tree. Thrown off balance, he falls to the ground. 'Well,' he says, shrugging, 'I guess you win.' *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **56**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **344**.

395

Having defeated the attacking craft, you waste no time in sacking it. However, being a simple assault barge, it carries no gold, so you settle for claiming 5 of the survivors as slaves. You also take possession of the vessel's tiller which, you suspect, is behind its mysterious propulsion. This acquisition, while not working on the *Banshee*, has a beneficial influence on your crew's morale – restore 2 points to your LUCK. If you were heading towards the Roc, turn to **27**. If you were heading towards the Channel of Goth, turn to **178**.

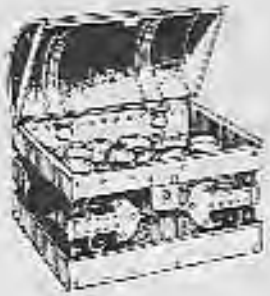

396

After giving them a bit of verbal abuse, they mutter into their beards and look down at the ground, humiliated. Discipline has been restored. Turn to 312.

397

The dicing-pit around you is a wreck. The bodies of el-Fazouk and his men lie at your feet. The occupants of the unaffected parts of the den stop watching, now that the battle is over, and return to their gambling. Just an everyday brawl in this hive of villainy. Searching your old foe, you discover a bag containing 55 Gold Pieces – add this to your Booty. If you haven't already, you could try punch-out (turn to 48) or Bataar racing (turn to 270); otherwise, you leave the city of Calah (turn to 262).

398

As you swim through the crack, it snaps shut, pinning you tight some twenty fathoms under the sea. The slit is actually the heavily encrusted mouth of a giant clam. The creature holds you fast long enough for the effects of the magic potion you drank to wear off. Your adventure is over.

399

Swinging your scimitar, you rush at the beast and hit it right in the middle of its head. The blade shatters. With a grunt, the creature charges – impaling you on several of its bony horns and then crushing you against the walls of the pit. Your adventure is over.

400

'There,' you say to Abdul, flinging your coffer open to reveal an amount of gold substantially greater than his own, 'I am the victor. I am the greatest rascal, the best sacker of cities!' Abdul bows his head, admitting your victory. You have won.

Steve Jackson's

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Your search for the legendary Crown of Kings takes you to the Shamutanti Hills. Alive with evil creatures, lawless wanderers and bloodthirsty monsters, the land is riddled with tricks and traps waiting for the unwary traveller. Will you be able to cross the hills safely and proceed to the second part of the adventure – or will you perish in the attempt?

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16

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This work was first published in Great Britain by Penguin Books Ltd.

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Laurel-Leaf Library ® TM 766734, Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

ISBN: 0-440-97708-8

RL:9.1
Printed in the United States of America

July 1986

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

WFH

Thanks to
Karl, Keith and Ron

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INTRODUCTION

You are the captain of the pirate vessel *Banshee*. Together with your band of seasoned cut-throats, you must scourge the lands of the Inland Sea, searching for gold and slaves in a race against your greatest rival, Abdul the Butcher. The two of you have cut a swath of infamy across the civilized world, and are recognized as the two greatest pirate captains in existence. Now, however, you must contest to discover who is *the* greatest.

But before you can begin your journey you must determine the strengths and weaknesses of yourself and your crew. For this you will require two dice and a pencil to record scores on the *Adventure Sheet* on pages 18-19. As it is possible that you will not complete your trip in one adventure, you may wish to make copies of the *Adventure Sheet* for future attempts.

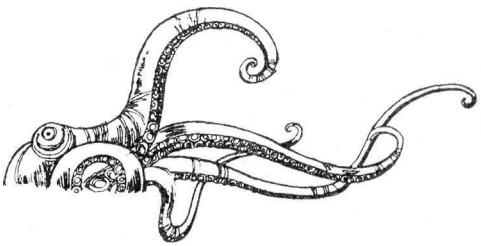

Your Crew

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total under the CREW STRIKE section of the *Adventure Sheet.* This value will be used when you engage in large-scale battles using your crew (e.g. when fighting enemy shipping).

Roll two dice. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total in the CREW STRENGTH section of the *Adventure Sheet.* This score represents the manning level on board the *Banshee* and is used to determine how efficiently you sail. You will lose points from your CREW STRENGTH when you engage in large-scale battles. Certain actions will allow you to recover lost CREW STRENGTH points, but you may never exceed the *Initial* score. If your CREW STRENGTH ever reaches zero, then you and your crew have been wiped out.

Your Abilities

Your ability to fight, withstand damage and escape from tricky situations is determined by your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK. On your *Adventure Sheet* you will see sections where these attributes are to be recorded. They are derived as follows:

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total as your SKILL score.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the result. Enter this total as your STAMINA score. If your STAMINA score ever reaches zero, you have been killed.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total as your LUCK score.

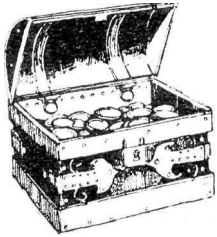

Using Luck

On occasion, you will be called upon to *Test your Luck.* When this occurs, roll two dice. If the result is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, then you have been *Lucky*. If the result *exceeds* your current LUCK score, then you have been *Unlucky.* Each time you *Test your Luck,* reduce your current LUCK score by 1 point. Thus, the more you use your LUCK, the riskier it becomes. LUCK points may sometimes be recovered, but you may never exceed your *Initial* score.

Individual Combat

Individual combat is conducted the same as in other Fighting Fantasy books. It is used when you, the captain, fight individual creatures. If you are already familiar with this system, you can skip this part of the rules. Otherwise:

1. Combat is simultaneous. Individual combat is conducted as a series of rounds in which one combatant will inflict damage upon the other.

2. Roll two dice. Add your opponent's SKILL score to the roll. The total is your opponent's *Attack Strength.*
3. Roll two dice again. Add your SKILL score to the roll. The total is your *Attack Strength.*
4. If your opponent's *Attack Strength* is higher than yours, the opponent has inflicted damage on you - deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.
5. If your *Attack Strength* is higher than your opponent's, you have inflicted damage on your opponent - deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA.
6. If both *Attack Strengths* are equal, both attacks have missed. Start the next *Attack Round* from step 2 above.
7. Continue this combat until either your or your opponent's STAMINA is reduced to zero (death).

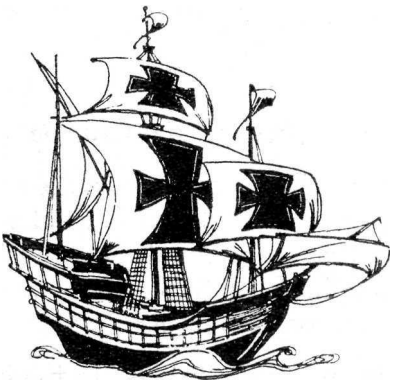

Large-scale Battles

Whenever the book says that your crew must fight, or when the opponent has STRIKE and STRENGTH values instead of SKILL and STAMINA. then the rules for large-scale combats must be used. They are as follows:

1. Combat in large-scale battles is simultaneous and conducted in a very similar manner to individual combat. It is a series of rounds in which one force in the battle will inflict damage upon the other.
2. Roll two dice. Add your opponents' STRIKE score to the roll. The total is your opponents' *Attack Strength.*
3. Roll two dice again. Add your CREW STRIKE score to the roll. The total is your crew's *Attack Strength.*
4. If your opponents' *Attack Strength* is higher than your crew's, they have inflicted damage upon your crew - deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH.
5. If your crew's *Attack Strength* is higher than your opponents', your crew have inflicted damage upon your opponents - deduct 2 points from your opponents' STRENGTH.
6. If your crew have inflicted damage upon your opponent and the option of escaping is given in the book, then you may escape. Note, however, that this has a penalty: whenever you choose to escape, you automatically lose 2 points of CREW STRENGTH.

7. If both *Attack Strengths* are equal, both attacks are unsuccessful. Start the next *Attack Round* from step 2 above.
8. Continue this combat until either your opponents' or your crew's STRENGTH has been reduced to zero (unless you escape, of course). Whichever side is reduced to zero first has lost.

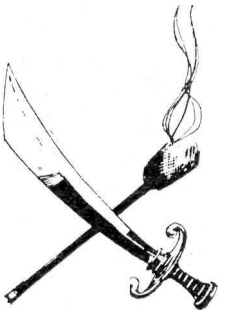

Your Log

Your LOG records how long you have been travelling. Using a sheet of paper, you should keep a record of your LOG as instructed in various passages in the book. You only have a limited amount of time in which to complete your journey; the LOG will allow you to see how you are progressing.

Restoring Stamina

If you become involved in any individual combat, you will almost certainly lose some points of STAMINA. There is only one way to recover these - other than the occasional instruction in the book - and that is by resting. For every day that you add to your LOG, you will be able to recover 1 point of STAMINA. Note, however, that your STAMINA score can never exceed its *Initial* value. Of course, the more time you spend resting, the slower you will travel towards your destination - so, beware!

Booty

During the course of your adventure, you will almost certainly capture some gold and slaves. This is Booty. There is a section on the *Adventure Sheet* in which this can be recorded. You start the adventure with only 20 Gold Pieces.

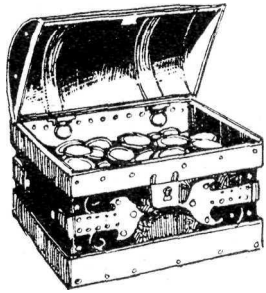

The Map

The area in which you will be travelling is covered by the map opposite. It would pay you to become familiar with the names and places on this map, as there are quite frequent references to them in the book.

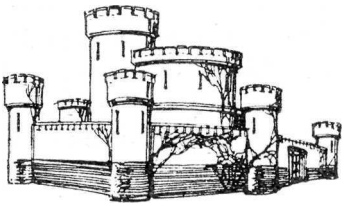

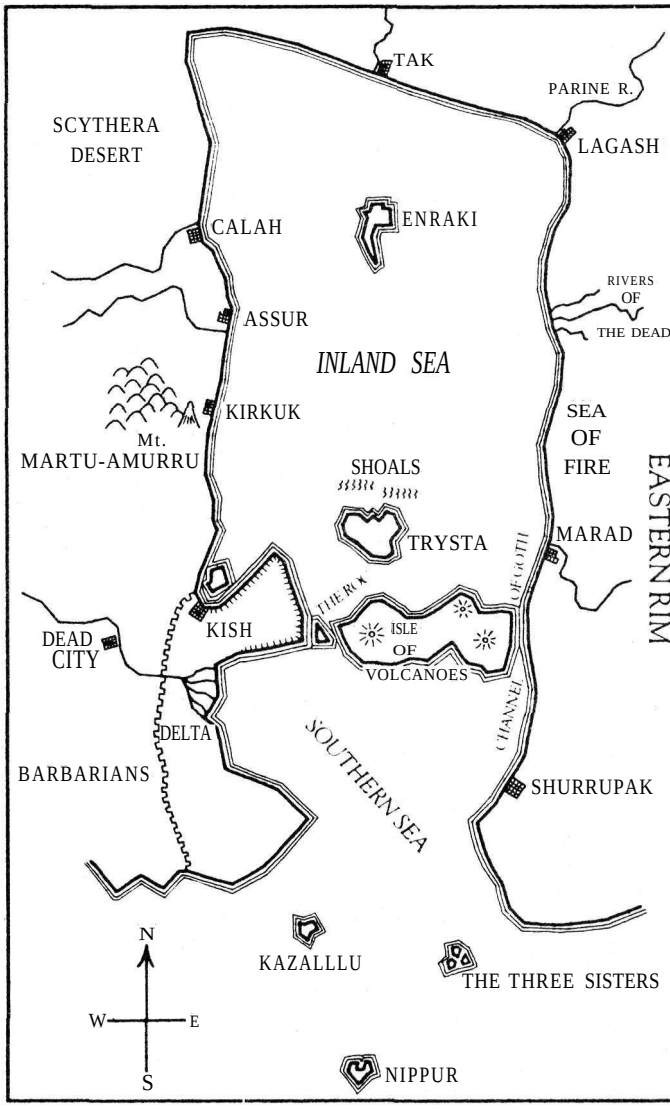
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DESERT
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OF
VOLCANOES
CHANNEL
DELTA
SOUTHERN SEA
BARBARIANS
SHURRUPAK
N
KAZALLLU
THE THREE SISTERS
W
E
S
NIPPUR

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial
Skill=

STAMINA
Initial
Stamina =

LUCK
Initial
Luck =

EQUIPMENT LIST

CREW STRIKE
Initial
score—

CREW STRENGTH
Initial
score=

BOOTY

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill= *Stamina =*	*Skill=* *Stamina—*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Strike = *Strength =*	*Strike =* *Strength =*	*Strike =* *Strength =*

THE WAGER

The city of Tak, at the northern end of the Inland Sea, is the greatest den of thieves, criminals and cut-throats the civilized world has ever seen. Every form of vice and illicit activity is not only permitted, but even encouraged, in this city of scum. This, your home town, is where your adventure begins.

Of the numerous pirates drawn to Tak, you and Abdul the Butcher are recognized by all as being the kings in daring and greed. However, neither of you are particularly wealthy, as your love of gambling consumes all the riches that you bring back from your journeys against the enemy cities of Lagash, Marad and Kish.

The infamy that the two of you have bred is also the source of a great rivalry; you each try to outdo the other in increasingly dangerous but breathtakingly successful raids. Your goal - the title of King of Pirates, the Sacker of Cities, which is never bequeathed, but only earned.

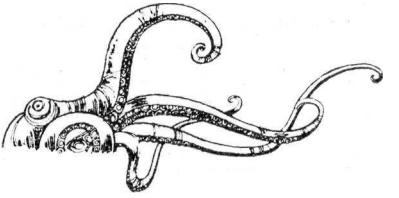

One evening, while dicing against each other in one of Tak's gambling-pits, somebody suggests that the two of you should have a contest to determine, once and for all, who is *the* greatest pirate. The idea appeals instantly to your audacious spirits. 'Yes,' says Abdul, 'let us have a race of speed and treasure.'

You agree upon the terms of the contest. Each will take only one ship and, sailing from Tak on an appointed day, will head for the distant isle of Nippur, which lies deep in the great Southern Sea. The journey must be completed within fifty days and, at the end, whoever has the greatest amount of gold wins the bet.

With shaking of hands all round and much toasting, the deal is sealed. Your journey is about to begin.

TURN OVER

1

On the day appointed for the beginning of the race, you take the *Banshee* out of the towering granite bay of Tak and into the Inland Sea. Abdul the Butcher's *Haveldar* cuts quietly through the water beside you. Far to the east is the hostile but rich port of Lagash; to the west is the Scythera Desert, across which the caravan routes to the cities of Kish, Calah and Assur run. To the south is the mountainous isle of Enraki. Will you:

Head towards Lagash for a dangerous but daring raid against its coastal shipping?	Turn to **55**
Travel to the Scythera Desert to plunder the rich western caravans?	Turn to **20**
Patrol the Inland Sea via the isle of Enraki?	Turn to **76**

2

The wheel is too fast and you are too slow. It crashes into you with flailing scythes, bringing your adventure to a gory and untimely end.

3

'Mine at last!' cackles your creditor. 'Next time you will not be so quick to gamble with money you do not have.' He and his sailors brush past you, going to claim their prize. Without a ship, you cannot continue your journey. Your adventure ends here.

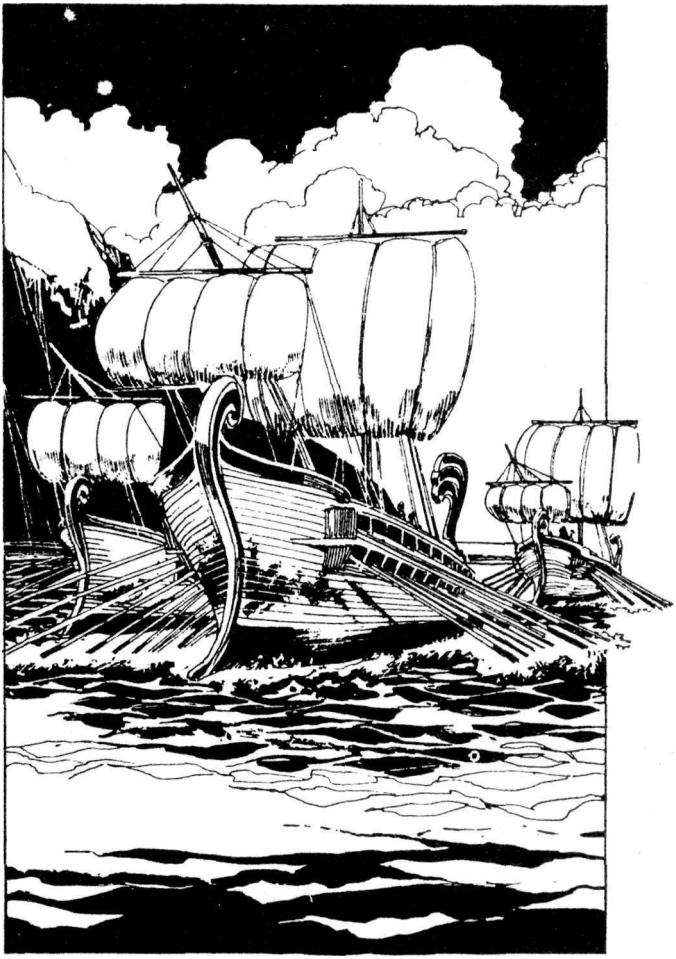

4

Add 1 day to your LOG. When you reach the narrowest point of the Channel of Goth, an extended line of warships appears on the horizon in your direction of travel. As you approach closer, you see that there are several hundred war galleys, with the markings of Shurrupak, heading through the channel in battle formation. They stretch from the shores of the Isle of Volcanoes almost to the shores of the Eastern Rim. Turning back north to avoid conflict with this large force, you run into another long line of war galleys, this time from Marad. You realize that the two city-states must be at war with each other and that you have quite inadvertently been caught in the middle of what is about to be an enormous naval battle. Both forces are roughly equal in size, but the Marad galleys - reputed to have five men on every oar - are by far the larger vessels. Will you head for safety by trying to break through the Marad lines (turn to **43**) or the Shurrupak lines (turn to **127**)?

5

As you approach the door, you stumble over an unseen tripwire. Something snaps, causing a splintering sound overhead and a deep upsetting rumble to vibrate through the surrounding stonework. The corridor suddenly collapses, crushing you under several tons of masonry. Your adventure is over.

6

Struggling with the door, you manage to squeeze halfway through before the block crashes to the ground. Unfortunately, the half of you that is still on the other side of the door gets wiped by the monolith. Your adventure ends here.

7

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **387**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **356**

8

As you sprint for the door, the monster slams you with a blow from its spiked tail. You are crushed against the side of the pit. Your adventure is at an end.

9

You stumble back in pain and terror as the poison eats through your eyes and into your brain. Your adventure is over.

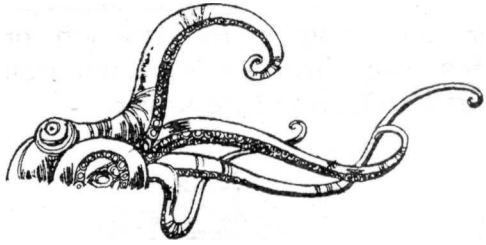

10

You *sail* onwards, passing the bleak red dunes of the Eastern Rim's Sea of Fire - so named because of the intense colouring of the infertile earth. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. One evening, with the sun setting over the sea to the west, you notice a phosphorescent wreck in the water to the side of the *Banshee.* Heaving to, you drop anchor and dive overboard for a closer look. You see a merchant vessel, lying in shallow water, with two large holes smashed in its hull - one in the stern and the other in the bow. Which will you swim into, the hole in the stern (turn to **44**) or the bow (turn to **33**)?

11

You take the skeleton by the hand, intent on removing its rings. However, as soon as you touch the golden trinkets, the skeleton springs into action by grasping your hand in its own bony digits. It squeezes tightly and holds you fast. All your efforts to escape are in vain; the supernatural grip proves greater than your mortal strength or human weapons. Your death comes slowly from hunger and thirst. Your adventure is over.

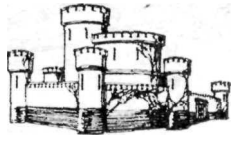

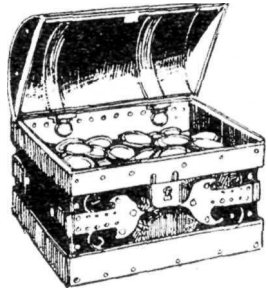

12

Your crew manage to cut the *Banshee* free from the warship's grapples, and slash its rigging. The warship's sails crash to the deck, causing chaos and confusion among the marines. Turn to **90.**

13

After harrowing you for a day, the seas and wind abate. The skies begin to clear. Before you, on the horizon, is the island of Trysta, so the storm has carried you over and past the treacherous shoals. By some stroke of good fortune, the *Banshee* escaped destruction. Will you land on the island ahead (turn to **152**), sail south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **191**), or sail south-west, either towards Kish (turn to **223**) or the Roc (turn to **27**)?

14

'Ah, woe!' cries the ghost. 'This is dreadful indeed.' He turns a wrathful eye upon you and sweeps his hand in despair. 'O bearer of such wretched news, I curse you.' Lose 2 points of LUCK and 1 point of SKILL. Turn to **210**.

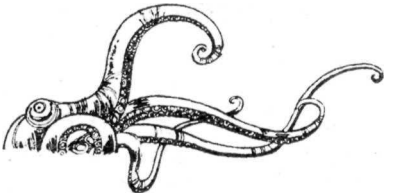

15

Once in the Southern Sea, will you:

Travel to Shurrupak, to sell any slaves you might have and to recruit more crew? Turn to **301**

Head into the great Kish Delta and travel upstream to the Dead City? Turn to **140**

Sail through the centre of the Southern Sea, aiming for Nippur? Turn to **340**

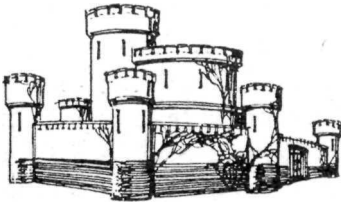

16

As soon as you exert pressure, the ring sinks into the ceiling and admits a torrent of water, which knocks you to the floor. The entrance door slams shut, the crypt fills rapidly with water, and you drown. Your adventure is over.

17

You try to run to one side, to avoid the speeding missile, but the snow is too deep. The ball hits and crushes you. This is the end of your adventure.

18

The monster parries ferociously with a swift movement of its long arms, knocking your punching arm to one side and almost breaking it - lose 1 point of STAMINA. As you jump back, the Cyclops grabs you by the left hand and then lifts you into the air. Will you:

Give it an open-handed chop on the back of the elbow?	Turn to **187**
Kick it in the shoulder?	Turn to **251**
Back-hand it in the elbow?	Turn to **145**

19

The *Banshee* picks up pace as you trim the sails and aim for the space between the two nearest galleys. Will you try to run *exactly* between them (turn to **296**) or veer off at the last moment to crash through and shear one of the galley's oars off (turn to **275**)?

20

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. Eventually you arrive off the coast of the Scythera Desert, where you drop anchor, disembark with most of the crew and march inland across the burning sands. You come to a busy little village surrounding an oasis - obviously a staging-post for travel through the desert. Will you attack the village (turn to **143**), or retreat into the nearby dunes to lie in ambush for any caravan that might happen by (turn to **79**)?

21

As soon as you attack the Anemone, it folds a dozen tentacles around your body, and the poison stings inject a large and consequently fatal dose into your bloodstream. You lose consciousness as the creature moves you slowly towards its circular mouth. Your adventure is over.

22

The Kishian marines are defeated and the warship set afire. Boarding and searching the enemy vessel, you discover a chest in the master's quarters which contains 27 Gold Pieces. From the survivors among the marines, you find 3 fine specimens for the slave-markets of the Eastern Rim. You scuttle the warship and continue towards Assur. Turn to **376**.

23

You march over the sand for several hundred yards until, without warning, the beach collapses under your collective feet, revealing huge slime-covered creatures which seize some of your crew in their claws and carry them out to sea. Deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH. Hysterical with fear, your crew insist that you take them back to the *Banshee.* Will you force them to continue along the beach (turn to **86**), or suggest that you all head inland instead (turn to **42**)?

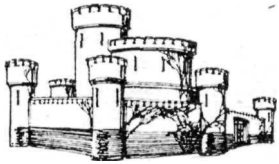

24

For three days, you wait in the village for hapless passers-by to fall into your ambush, but none appear. Finally, your patience snaps at this waste of time and you decide to return to the *Banshee* to try your fortune elsewhere. Add 3 days to your LOG, then turn to **35**.

25

Your vigilance and care are not enough. With an ominous scraping sound, the *Banshee's* keel slides over a bed of silt. The ship comes to an unsteady halt. Using large poles to push, and throwing out all your excess cargo, you attempt to refloat your vessel, without success. The water-level drops and the *Banshee* settles deeper into the sand-bar. In the morning, you find yourselves surrounded by Kishian soldiers who, from their nearby garrison, saw your mast above the river-banks. You are captured, and your adventure is over.

26

Sitting down, you dig into the soup and bread with gusto. After a while you start to feel quite sleepy, as do your crew. Rubbing your eyes, you look down the long table, at which you are all seated, and notice something quite unusual: all of your pirates have been turned into farm animals - sheep, goats, pigs and such. Alarmed at this turn of events, you give a squawk. A *squawk?* When you look down at yourself, you find you have been transformed into a parrot. 'Come, my pretty little fellow,' says the woman, settling you on her hand; 'come and join the others.' No longer human, your adventure is over.

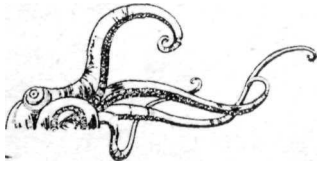

27

Add 2 days to your LOG. The Roc is an island formed by a single enormous mountain jutting out of the ocean. Its peak is almost continually shrouded in cloud, while the lower slopes are covered with dense forests. It is named after a species of gigantic bird which sometimes uses the higher slopes for nesting. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **67**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **92**.

28

Most of the cheap men have been lured away to the war with Marad, which promises enormous riches to the winning side. You are left with good, but expensive, applicants to select from. For each point of CREW STRENGTH you wish to recover, you will have to spend 20 Gold Pieces. When you have completed your recruiting, turn to **180**.

29

Jumping forward, you deliver a swift elbow into the Cyclops' ribs, causing it to double over - deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. As it leans over, it delivers a back-handed slap to your head, sending you reeling to the ground-lose 2 points of STAMINA. The Cyclops recovers first, grabs you by the arm and lifts you into the air. Will you:

Kick it in the shoulder?	Turn to **251**
Kick it in the armpit?	Turn to **305**
Back-hand it in the elbow?	Turn to **145**

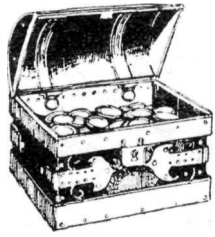

30

The cry comes again, rolling eerily down the mountain slopes. You head up the ravine, towards the source of the sound. Will you take your crew with you (turn to **160**), or creep along alone (turn to **138**)?

31

'Ah, woe!' cries the ghost. 'This is dreadful indeed.' He turns a wrathful eye upon you and sweeps his hand in despair. 'O bearer of such wretched news, I curse you.' Lose 2 points of LUCK and 1 point of SKILL. Turn to **210**.

32

The *Banshee* sails into the only large bay that Nippur boasts. Your crew are overjoyed that the journey is over. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. Abdul the Butcher's *Haveldar* is already moored in the bay. The few members of his crew left on board inform you that Abdul has gone inland, to the rendezvous point on the peak of Nippur's single mountain. If your LOG *exceeds* 50 days, turn to **342**. If your LOG is *equal to or less than* 50 days, turn to **213**.

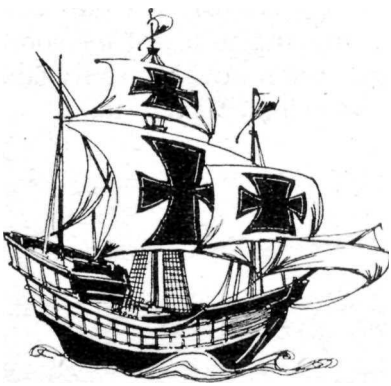

33

The hole is large and rimmed with weed and barnacles. Swimming through into the interior of the ship, you brush against what you thought was a gummy pile of rags stuck to the hull. It unfolds into a brightly coloured flower of tentacles and rasping teeth, and blocks your exit from the ship. You will need to go back to the surface for air at any moment, so will you fight your way past the tentacled creature (turn to **21**), or try to find a way out through the interior of the sunken ship (turn to **57**)?

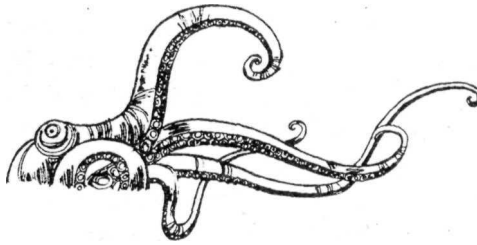

34

You head at speed towards the coast, but the warships are moving quite fast and soon cut you off. You have no option now but to try smashing your way through the line. Turn to **19**.

35

Returning to the *Banshee*, you weigh anchor and set off out to sea. If your crew have taken casualties, you could head for the neutral city of Assur to recruit some more men (turn to **171**). Alternatively, you could go to the neighbouring city of Calah to try your luck in the gambling-pits (turn to **211**), or sail east to raid the isle of Enraki (turn to **76**).

36

When you reach the summit, you find Abdul the Butcher and a few of his men waiting for you. 'Ah,' he says, when you appear, 'you made it. Now, let us see which is the greater rascal!' He drags an enormous chest forward. 'I sacked Kish,' he boasts, 'and even captured a Marad war galley. The treasure is here to prove it.' He opens his coffer, inviting you to do the same with yours. To work out whether you have more than Abdul, round the amount of gold you have *down* to the nearest hundred (e.g. if you have 387 Gold Pieces, round this figure down to 300); when you have done this, divide the rounded figure by two. The result is the number that you should turn to. If the number you should turn to is more than 400, then turn to **400.**

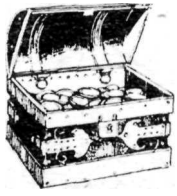

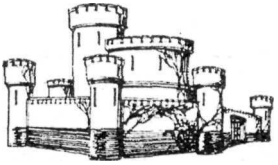

37

The wild man screams as you swing at him, catches your arm and pounds you in the head, knocking you out. Lose 2 points of STAMINA permanently (i.e. reduce your *Initial* score by 2). Upon recovering some hours later, you discover that the money you put up as a bet is gone-deduct it from your Booty. If you haven't already, you could try the Bataar races (turn to **270**) or the dice (turn to **236**); otherwise, you leave Calah (turn to **262**).

38

The island is like an enormous smooth granite boulder, with neither beaches nor foliage. Lowering the ship's boat, you go ashore with a few crew. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **133**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **120**.

39

She keeps insisting that you should eat, but, just as you bow to her pressure and take a bowl of soup, your crew, all at once, slump unconscious to the table. What's even more alarming is the transformation they start to undergo - turning into sheep, goats and pigs. Dropping your bowl, you rush to shake the first mate awake. 'Oink/ is the only response he can muster. The witch has fled into the house, probably fearful because you're still in human form. Pursuing her, you find yourself in a small lobby which leads into a large feasting-hall, whose central fire-pit is blazing. A small side-door also leads from the lobby. The witch is not in sight. Will you go into the hall (turn to **216**), or take the side-door (turn to **227**)?

40

The Lizard Men are forced back into the surrounding forest. Your crew manage to capture four of these creatures to sell as slaves; the little fellows generally fetch quite a high price. The jungle has come alive with the throat warbles and Tok-Tok stick signals of the natives. Obviously, a larger force is gathering under nearby cover in preparation for a renewed attack. Beating a hasty retreat, you return to the *Banshee,* weigh anchor and continue through the straits. Turn to **15**.

41

Your men *lay* into the cattle with ropes and knives. Only minutes after they start, a large force of heavily armed cavalrymen appear over a nearby rise and approach your position. Drawing to a halt, the cavalry dispatch a herald towards you, who says, 'Hear, O foolish pirates, that you have offended His Majesty, the King of the Four Winds. You are instructed to leave this island immediately, or suffer the most dire consequences!' Turn to **176**.

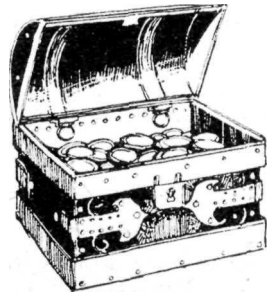

42

Cutting your way through the jungle, you penetrate into the interior, coming face to face with the biggest and ugliest looking critter you have ever seen. Hundreds of tree-trunk legs support a body twice as long as the *Banshee,* while its head - which is mostly mouth - is stacked with knives for teeth. Will you run (turn to **54**) or fight (turn to **70**)?

43

Giving full sail to the *Banshee* and putting every man armed and ready on deck, you head at full speed towards the line of Marad galleys, aiming between the dipping oars of two ships. As your boat hurtles through this gap, one of the galleys fires its ballista grapples, catching the *Banshee* by the gunwale. It drags you in like a harpooned whale. Your crew will have to fight.

MARAD GALLEY STRIKE 8 STRENGTH 12

If your crew beat off the attack, turn to **208**.

44

The hole leads into the captain's quarters, where you confront half a dozen Sea Sprites. These anxious little creatures dart nervously from side to side as you enter the vessel, then rush into the far corner of the room where they whisper together in high-pitched squeaks. Finally, one of them swims forward cautiously and says, 'We are magical creatures, O brave adventurer from the world above. If you will help us to recover a treasure, we will speak on your behalf to our cousins, the Wind Sprites, who will surely make your ship the fastest on the seas.' Will you help them (turn to **75**) or not (turn to **383**)?

45

The *Banshee* sails down the coast. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. You arrive just offshore from Mount Martu-Amurru, a giant forest-covered peak that towers over the small fishing town of Kirkuk. Will you:

Take your cut-throats ashore and try to frighten the townspeople into handing over most of their gold? Turn to **102**

Continue sailing down the coast towards the hostile city of Kish? Turn to **223**

Sail out into the Inland Sea to raid the shipping-lanes around the Shoals of Trysta? Turn to **66**

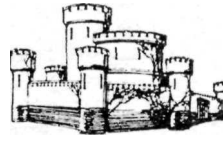

46

Flailing your arm, you smash the monster in the back of the knees. It staggers forward and, losing balance, collapses to the ground on to some sharp rocks - deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. Will you:

Kick it in the ribs?	Turn to **266**
Kick it in the groin?	Turn to **224**
Punch it in the jaw?	Turn to **196**

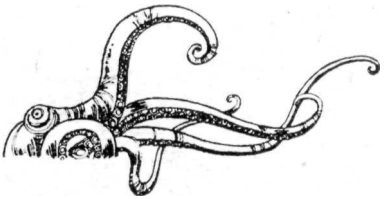

47

When you reach the outskirts of the Kishian town, you see that there are no regular soldiers of any kind. Having lined your men up under cover, you give the order to charge. With a mighty roar, they sweep forward into the unprepared settlement, the town militia giving only piecemeal resistance.

TOWN MILITIA	STRIKE 6	STRENGTH 10

If you win, turn to **80**.

48

The punch-out arena is set under a sprawling tent, which is packed with shouting and roaring gamblers. The idea of the game is that a challenger fights the house champion in a duel with spiked iron gloves. The first to knock out the other wins and, if challenging, collects double the money put up as an initial bet. You decide to challenge the champion, an enormous Ogre from Scythera. You may bet up to 50 Gold Pieces. In the following combat, the first to hit the other wins the bout.

OGRE CHAMPION SKILL 11

If you win, turn to **370**. If you lose, turn to **323**.

49

Dropping anchor in a steamy volcanic lagoon, you proceed ashore with your crew. The countryside is almost jungle, with thick foliage, exotic animals and hundreds of thousands of insects. Will you head for the higher slopes of the central mountain (turn to **151**), or stay in the lowlands, searching through the jungle (turn to **184**)?

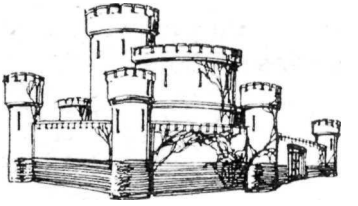

'Come now,' says Abdul, looking at your markedly smaller pile of gold, 'it was hardly even a contest - and you call yourself a pirate?' You have been hopelessly trounced. Abdul is, without a doubt, the greater pirate. You have lost the wager.

51

The *Banshee* stops almost dead in the water, while your crew try ineffectually to rehoist the sail. One of the enormous war galleys bears down on your craft, impales the *Banshee* on its ram, and breaks its back. You and your crew fall into the shark-infested waters. Your adventure is over.

52

Reaching the pass, you look down the further slope, and spy a tower of the fortress some miles away. A sudden cry of anguish or fear flies out of a nearby steeply climbing, snow-filled ravine. Taking stock, you find none of your crew are missing. The cry comes again, even more tortured and rending. Will you side-track into the ravine to see what is causing the noise (turn to 30), or ignore it and proceed down towards the temple-castle (turn to **111**)?

53

You are in a large subterranean cavern, lit by the phosphorescence of the rocks around. To one side, a small wooden landing juts out into the water. Swimming to this, you pull yourself from the water and follow the construction to a short corridor, which leads from the cavern to a massive stone door. Beside the door is a life-sized statue of a gargoyle, looking down the corridor at you. Will you try to open the door (turn to **69**), or have a close look at the statue (turn to **88**)?

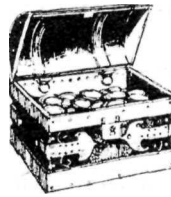

54

Tearing off through the jungle like a herd of panic-stricken animals, you and your pirates dash to the beach, into your boats and back to the *Banshee.* If you haven't already, you sail to either the neat-looking island (turn to **386**) or the palm-covered island (turn to **354**).

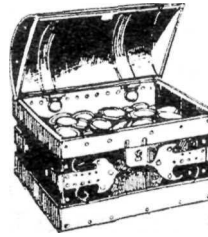

55

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG and turn to **68**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG and turn to **181**.

56

Impressed with your spirit, Mog and Ogmog offer to join your party as crew members - add 3 points to your CREW STRIKE. If this takes your CREW STRIKE over its *Initial* score, then the new total becomes your *Initial* score. The Giants inform you that the country around is a wasteland, occupied by hordes of Orcs and certainly never visited by anyone wealthy. You return to the *Banshee*. Turn to **272**.

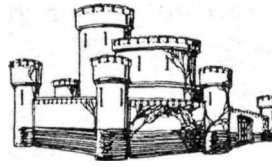

57

Diving down, you pass through an open hatchway into the empty hold. From here, you make your way through a rotting deck-cover and into the open see. With blood pounding in your ears, you reach the surface and gulp in air. Recovering your composure, you take another deep breath and dive down to the hole in the stern of the ship. Turn to **44**.

58

As your men swing their rams, the occupants of the towers on either side of the gate counter-attack by pouring massive cauldrons of boiling oil on to them. Deduct 4 points from your CREW STRENGTH. Demoralized by this turn of events, your crew drop the rams and flee, running at breakneck pace for the *Banshee*, as the angry warrior priests burst from their castle in hot pursuit. You reach the ship safely, hoist sail and head off down the coast. Turn to **123.**

59

Business is extremely poor. By the end of the day, you have sold so few of your captives that you are forced to sell the remainder to a dubious slaver for only 5 Gold Pieces each. Multiply the number of slaves you had by five and add the total to your Booty as Gold Pieces. Turn to **279**.

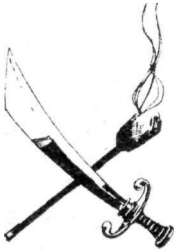

60

When you leap at the Cyclops, it protects its body by taking your kick on its arms. Grabbing you by your extended leg, it applies an extremely painful and crushing grip - deduct 2 points from your as well as its STAMINA. It gives up on trying to break your leg. Instead, it grasps you by the ankle and dangles you upside down. Will you:

Kick it in the elbow?	Turn to **235**
Give it an upper cut to the groin?	Turn to **177**
Punch it in the stomach?	Turn to **139**

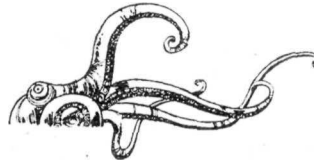

61

Heading for the beach, you run into several members of your crew who had been searching the island, with the rest of your men, in the hope that you were still alive. You return to the *Banshee* and continue your journey. Turn to **15**.

62

Most of the cheap men have already been hired by various Shurrupak nobles to use on their war galleys in the conflict with Marad. By a stroke of good fortune, however, you find a pirate crew who have recently been deprived of their ship through having to repay a gambling-debt. Many of them are willing to be hired by you. For each point of CREW STRENGTH you wish to recover, you will have to spend 10 Gold Pieces. When you have completed your recruiting, turn to **180**.

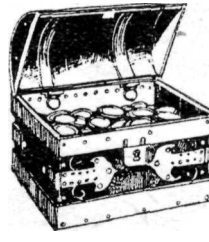

63

The corridor leads you into a small ante-chamber, occupied by a weird-looking cleric. The creature has a roughly humanoid body, but the head and legs of some twisted bird. It hisses when it sees you, rattles a few of its sacred talismans and then attacks with a swing of its ebony staff. You fight it. Whenever the creature hits you during the battle, roll one die. If the result is 1 or 2, deduct damage from your STAMINA as normal; if the result is 3 or 4, deduct 1 point from your SKILL; if the result is 5 or 6, deduct 1 point from your LUCK.

AWKMUTE	SKILLS	STAMINAS

If you defeat it, turn to **125**.

64

The *Banshee's* keel scrapes the bottom several times, but does not stick. With an hour to dawn, you reach the point where the river passes between the mighty anti-barbarian walls of Kish. These heavily defended walls, punctuated with high towers, run for hundreds of leagues to either side of the river, completely encircling the state of Kish. As you try to pass between the towers that stand on either bank, the bow of the *Banshee* catches an enormous iron chain which stretches across the entire width of the river. You are brought to a halt. Will you send a few crewmen ashore to unshackle the chain from where it is connected to one of the towers (turn to **268**), or turn back to the sea (turn to **207**)?

65

The Elverines' slashed bodies sink to the bottom of the pool. The water, now still, is only a foot below the floor of the abbot's chamber. Bloodied, you clamber out of the pit. Turn to **225**.

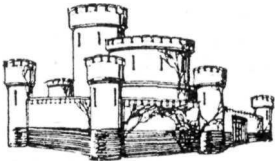

66

The *Banshee* ploughs on towards the Shoals of Trysta. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. As you near the treacherous reefs off the island of Trysta, a vicious squall starts up from the north and looks as if it might turn into a major storm. Will you run with the storm by heading south (turn to **103**), or tack north, into the wind, to sit out the foul weather (turn to **142**)?

67

While you are sailing past the island, the ship suddenly falls into a very dark and sharply defined patch of shade. Looking up, you see an enormous bird, somewhat like a buzzard, only several hundred times bigger. It circles above the *Banshee* a couple of times, then descends in a steep dive to attack. Your crew take up weapons to defend themselves.

ROC STRIKE 10 STRENGTH 4

If your crew defeat it, turn to **117**.

68

You sail towards Lagash, on the Eastern Rim, keeping a keen eye out for any of the numerous merchantmen that are attracted to this city. Fortune is running against you, however. Two triangular red sails appear on the horizon in front of the *Banshee and* sweep down towards you. They are Lagashian warships, decks crowded with marines, battle banners streaming in the wind. You heel the *Banshee* about and try to outsail the intruders. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **87**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **175**.

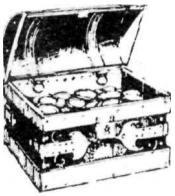

69

The door is large and heavy, but, by putting all your weight against it, you manage to open it a fraction. As soon as the door gives, however, a tremendous splintering sound echoes from above. A stone block, weighing at least several tons, has tipped from its place above the door and is falling to crush you. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **99**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **6**.

70

The beast rears its head and opens its mouth in the sharpest grin ever seen by man or god. Hunger burns in its eyes. If you have the Crossbow of Axillon, turn to **163**; otherwise, turn to no.

71

After you have handed the gold over, el-Shazar tosses you a letter of free passage to Shurrupak. His marines relinquish their grapples and let the *Banshee* pull away. Leaving the scene of the battle, will you head towards Shurrupak (turn to **301**), or sail out through the middle of the Southern Sea, intent on travelling as rapidly as possible to Nippur (turn to **340**)?

72

Trade is brisk, if uninspiring. After a day's work in which you managed to sell every one of your captives, you find that you received, on average, 10 Gold Pieces for each. Multiply the number of slaves you had by ten and add the total to your Booty as Gold Pieces. Turn to **279**.

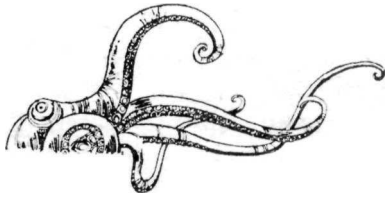

73

The Bataar races are over for the day. If you haven't already, you could try punch-out (turn to **48**) or dice (turn to **236**). Otherwise, you leave the city of Calah (turn to **262**).

74

Stepping sideways, you aim your blow, only to have it caught in mid-flight by one of the Cyclops' enormous hands. It twists your arm savagely, almost dislocating it - lose 2 points of STAMINA. Letting go of your hand, it grabs you by the ankle and dangles you upside down. Will you:

Kick it in the elbow?	Turn to **235**
Knee it in the chest?	Turn to **122**
Butt it in the ribs?	Turn to **372**

75

'A predatory Krell, which inhabits a cave under this vessel, has stolen the Skull of Salt,' explains the Sprite. 'This is our most precious relic, given to us by Father Sea, which, by its magic, keeps the sea and fresh waters of the world separate. We must have it back.' The Sprites give you a magic potion which enables you to stay underwater without needing to breathe, and then show you to the Krell's cave beneath the wreck. The entrance tunnel descends vertically into the sea-bed. Swimming down, you notice that the walls are heavily pocked with wide, deep holes. Will you continue swimming down into the cave (turn to **105**), or stop for a moment to look in one of the holes (turn to **89**)?

76

The *Banshee* sails out into the Inland Sea. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. Presently, you arrive off the northernmost tip of the mountainous isle of Enraki, home of the warrior priests of Asswr sel Dablo. These fearsome holy men, armed by the gods of war and protected by the gods of stone, reside in a fortress raised on the lower slopes of the island's precipitous central snow-capped mountain. They are very rich. You have three options to deprive them of this wealth:

A direct assault on the fortress	Turn to **231**
Gaining entry to the fortress via a deception of some kind, then pilfering what you can	Turn to **315**
Finding a way over the mountains behind the castle so as to assault the (most probably) lightly defended rear	Turn to **188**

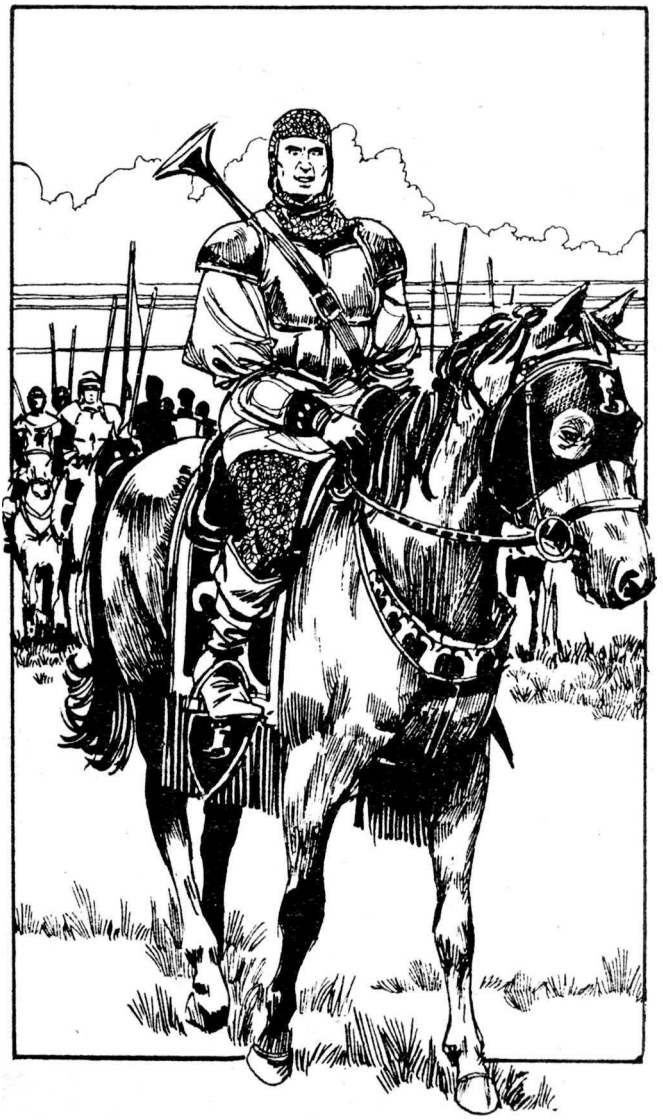

77

As you march cross-country, a large body of heavily armed cavalry appears over a rise in front. They dispatch a herald towards you, who says, 'Adventurers, know that you are in the land of the King of the Four Winds and that His Majesty requests the pleasure of your company at his table.' Will you follow the herald towards the cavalry and then, presumably, to the King (turn to **215**), or return to your ship (turn to **176)**?

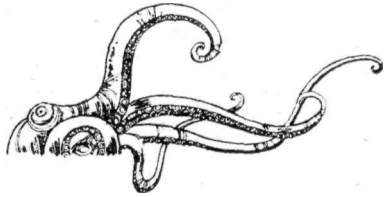

78

Only a short distance down the tunnel, you come across the bodies of half a dozen men. The marks on their bodies show that they have been badly mauled by some large avian - most probably the Roc that attacked you. Will you search their bodies for loot (turn to **229**), or continue down the tunnel (turn to **240**)?

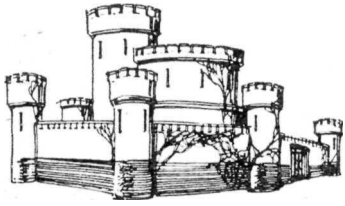

79

For three days, you and your crew lie under the blazing sun of the Scythera Desert, waiting for sight of the lumbering pack-animals common among caravans in this part of the world. Add 3 days to your LOG. You begin to run low on provisions and fresh water. Will you wait for just a few more days among these dunes (turn to **194**), or give up on the desert and return to the *Banshee* (turn to **35**)?

80

With the militia defeated and most of the townsfolk fled into the neighbouring countryside, you proceed straight to the local courts, to seize the public assets. Marching boldly through the chaotic mess that your men have made of the building's interior, you come to the vaults, whose locks your pirates have just crowbarred free. When you open the massive iron doors, a ferocious black Sith Orb lunges out and attacks. You fight this terrible beast alone.

SITHORB	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you defeat it, turn to **97**.

81

'Damn me to the seven hells if I'll let you take her, el-Fazouk!' you cry, swinging your scimitar at his head. He ducks to the side as his sailors rush to his defence. You fight your foes one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
FIRST PIRATE	8	4
SECOND PIRATE	8	6
THIRD PIRATE	7	6
JIAMIL EL-FAZOUK	9	6

If you win, turn to **397**.

82

As the Cyclops tries to heave itself back to its feet, you run up and shoulder it in the face. Unfortunately, it sees you coming and bites you on the arm - lose 1 point of STAMINA. The monster regains its feet and launches into a crouched attack, intending to catch you in its arms. Will you:

Take a flying kick at its midriff?	Turn to **60**
Take a flying kick at its legs?	Turn to **319**
Take a flying kick at its head?	Turn to **290**

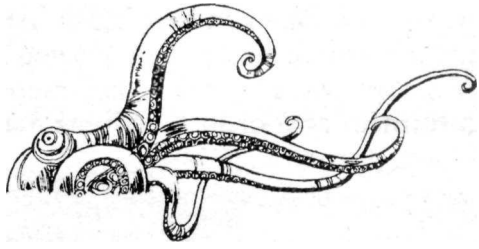

83

With a heroic effort, your crew wrestle the mainsail back into place, allowing the *Banshee* to pick up just enough speed to avoid the rams of the war galleys. Breaking into the open seas, will you head towards Shurrupak, to sell slaves and hire crew (turn to **301**), or travel out through the middle of the Southern Sea, intent on sailing as rapidly as possible to Nippur (turn to **340**)?

84

Having defeated Nestafa, you search his body, finding nothing in the rags he was wearing. Obviously he had fallen on hard times. Afraid that you might meet more old adversaries, you leave the dock area. Will you look for replacements in the markets (turn to **253**) or in the slums and poorer parts of town (turn to **293**)?

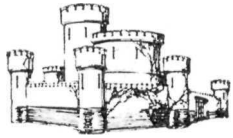

85

The stairs lead into a slimy darkness. The walls, dripping with moisture and covered with moss, press in close on either side. Water trickles down the stairs at your feet, making your progress rather precarious. Without warning, a ten-foot Leech, enormous by anyone's standards, lunges from its lair above and bites you on the shoulder. You hack at it in a frenzy. For every round of combat that the Leech is still alive, it will suck 2 points of STAMINA from you.

GIANT LEECH	SKILLS	STAMINAS

If you defeat it, turn to **162**.

86

'Move, scum!' you say, unsheathing your scimitar. 'Or you'll have more to worry about than monsters.' *Test your Luck. If you are Lucky,* turn to **230**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to 1**82**.

87

Cunning and skilful sailing puts one of the warships far behind. However, the other warship stays with you, and eventually pulls alongside with a shower of grapples and arrows. You will have to fight.

WARSHIP	STRIKE 10	STRENGTH 8

If you want to escape, remember the penalty and turn to **12**. If you decide to fight on, and successfully defeat the warship, turn to **135**.

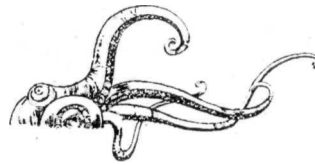

88

The gargoyle is set about a foot above the ground, on a small circular dais. Looking closer, you see that the dais has rollers built under it, so the statue has been built to be moved. There are wear-marks from the rollers on the left side of the statue but none on the right. Taking a firm grip of the gargoyle's shoulders, you prepare to push. Which way will you try to move the statue: to the left (turn to **114**) or to the right (turn to **165**)?

89

Reaching randomly into a hole, you disturb an enormous eel, which savages your arm. Lose 1 point of SKILL. Withdrawing quickly, you continue your descent into the cave. Turn to **105**.

90

The *Banshee*, under full sail, pulls away from the warship and leaves it far behind. Will you head back into the Inland Sea, towards Enraki (turn to **76**), or travel down the coast of the Eastern Rim, towards the Rivers of the Dead (turn to **197**)?

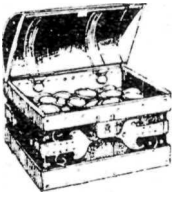

Your blow is completely ineffective and results only in leaving you open to a counter-attack. The Cyclops jerks its knee into your chest and then pushes you to the ground - lose 2 points of STAMINA. Leaning over your pain-racked body, it grabs you by the forearm and lifts you into the air. Will you:

Kick it in the armpit?	Turn to **305**
Bite it on the wrist?	Turn to **276**
Give it a chop to the back of the elbow?	Turn to **187**

12

While you are sailing past the island, the ship suddenly falls into a very dark and sharply defined patch of shade. Looking up, you see an enormous bird, somewhat like a buzzard, only several hundred times bigger. It circles above the *Banshee* a couple of times, then descends in a steep dive to attack. Swooping, it catches you in its claws and carries you back towards the island. Drawing your scimitar, you try to fight your way free.

ROC SKILL 11 STAMINA 1O

If you defeat it, turn to **124**.

93

The creature is about half as high as the pit and rather long, so will you take an athletic running leap at the beast's back in an attempt to springboard your way out of the pit (turn to **352**), or run around the monster and go through the door it came out of (turn to **8**)?

94

You find a real sucker to take your entire consignment of slaves. The wizened old man, obviously blind not to have seen the defects in your ailing captives, seems to believe he has got a bargain. You receive 15 Gold Pieces for each slave. Multiply the number of slaves you had by fifteen and add the total to your Booty as Gold Pieces. Turn to **279**.

95

Your scimitar cleaves into the cat and kills it - the others vanish. The witch clutches her chest and falls over, dead. You step outside and find that all the farm animals and exotic birds have been turned back into human beings. Collecting your crew, you return to the *Banshee* and set sail for Nippur. Turn to **7**.

96

Too bad,' says el-Shazar. 'But then, we were never the best of friends.' He signals to his men to continue the assault upon the *Banshee.* The marines drag your ship alongside their galley, then pour down on to your hapless pirates, whom they slaughter rather efficiently. The *Banshee* is captured, and you and a few of your crew are taken as slaves. Your adventure is over.

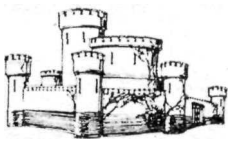

97

Stepping past the body of the Orb, you enter the vault, where you find 130 Gold Pieces - add this to your Booty. Will you let your men continue with their sacking of the town (turn to **141**), or beat a hasty retreat to the *Banshee* (turn to **113**)?

98

Your trusty pirates overwhelm the would-be rescuers. From the survivors, you manage to find 1 fellow who will fetch a reasonable price in the slave-markets - add him to your Booty. You settle your men into the village to await the arrival and subsequent ambush of any unsuspecting caravans. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky*, turn to **194**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **24**.

99

With just a fraction of a second to spare, your wriggle through the crack in the doorway. The stone block crashes to the ground behind, missing you by the minutest of distances. Turn to **179**.

100

Turn to **50**.

101

You knock out the wild man, collect as many Gold Pieces as you initially bet and then depart from the arena. If you haven't already, you could try the Bataar races (turn to **270**) or dice (turn to **236**). Otherwise, you leave Calah (turn to **262**).

102

Sailing straight into Kirkuk's harbour, you disembark with most of your crew and order the gathering townsfolk to bring you their headman. When he duly arrives, you demand that the townsfolk pay you 200 Gold Pieces, otherwise you will raze the place to the ground and carry its occupants off as slaves. This is a heavy tax, your lordship,' says the frightened elder, 'but come with me to the town coffers and I will give you everything we have.' You and your men march with the town elder through the streets, arriving in a few minutes at a rather unimposing public building. As soon as he opens the door, a large number of soldiers, dressed in the short blue robes and steel armour of the Kishian army, charge out and attack your crew. More soldiers appear from around neighbouring buildings. An enormous melee starts.

KISHIAN SOLDIERS STRIKE 8 STRENGTH 8

If your crew defeat them, turn to **121.**

103

The wind picks up, howling menacingly through the *Banshee's* rigging and driving the rain that starts to fall like needles on your crew. The ship crashes its way through the heavy seas. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **13**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **172**.

104

Your crew overrun the two vessels, defeat the Lagashian marines and then search for loot. They discover a total of 68 Gold Pieces and save 3 of the marines to sell as slaves - add these to your Booty. You cut the *Banshee* free from the warship's grapples. Lagash is obviously a little too dangerous, so will you sail back into the Inland Sea, towards Enraki (turn to **76**), or journey down the coast of the Eastern Rim, towards the Rivers of the Dead (turn to **197**)?

105

The cave sprouts a large side-tunnel which disappears into murky darkness in front of you, while the main cavern continues straight down. Will you change your direction and take the side-passage (turn to 136), or continue down (turn to 148)?

106

The race begins; the lizards pound down the track towards a fresh Goblin. Basilisk streaks ahead and, with a very convincing bite, wins the race. If you backed the winner, collect as much gold (or as many slaves) as you initially bet. If your Bataar lost, then you lose whatever you put up. Turn to **73**.

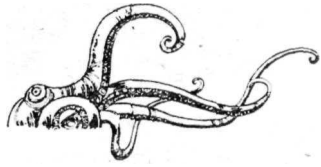

107

The warship bears down quickly, intent on attacking. When it is close, the marines on deck cast grapples which seize the *Banshee* and draw it closer. The battle begins.

KISHIAN WARSHIP STRIKE 10 STRENGTH 8

If you want to escape, remember the penalty and turn to **332**. If you fight on and succeed in defeating the warship, turn to **287**.

108

The *Banshee* crashes through heavy seas to reach the island. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. The weather clears markedly as you near Kazallu, becoming almost pleasant. When you reach the island, you disembark with your crew to look for food and water to replenish your diminished supplies. Splitting your crew into search-parties, you wait on the beach, planning the next and final leg of the journey. After a couple of hours, one of your crew returns to tell you that they have found a farm a short distance away. You go to the farmhouse and meet the owner, a strikingly beautiful young woman who runs the entire place by herself, her only company being many (and varied) exotic birds and the usual farm animals.

When you arrive she is busy feeding your crew with soup and bread. 'I am so pleased to meet you,' she says breathlessly. 'Can I offer you something to eat?' Will you accept her offer and join your crew (turn to **26**), or decline and just take what you need back to the *Banshee* (turn to **39**)?

109

As you pass the island of Trysta, a dark and sailless barge comes ploughing through the sea towards the *Banshee*. Its decks are crowded with soldiers, and mighty ballistas are set fore and aft. This mysterious craft, propelled by magic, no doubt, is obviously intent on attacking your own vessel. As it nears, the ballistas let fly, sending missiles which tear down your rigging. There is no escape; you will have to fight.

BARGE	STRIKE 10	STRENGTHS

If your crew win, turn to **395**.

110

The beast attacks you and your crew with insane fury.

THE HORROR	STRIKE 12	STRENGTH 12

If your crew defeat it, turn to **219**.

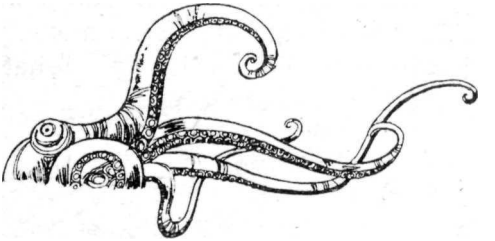

111

The path winds down the mountain slope, taking all of you to a rocky point overlooking the rear of the castle. You see that the walls are lowest at this point and offer the possibility of launching a surprise attack. You can also see right into the centre of the castle, to the enormous wooden temple that dominates the interior. Will you start the attack immediately by storming the low part of the wall (turn to 149), or try to confuse the defenders first by setting fire to their temple with fire arrows (turn to **285**)?

112

Picking up a stone, you throw it into the darkness beyond the creatures, where it lands with a *crack.* The Troglodytes are not fooled by this attempted diversion. They spot you, unsling their spears and charge up the stairs. Drawing your sword, you dash down to meet them halfway. Turn to **130**.

113

Returning to the *Banshee,* will you set sail east, to take the Channel of Goth into the Southern Sea (turn to **246**), or enter this ocean via the Roc (turn to **27**)?

114

The statue rolls easily but squirts a viscous stream of poisonous liquid into your eyes from its flared nostrils. Roll three dice. If the result *exceeds* your STAMINA, turn to **9**. If the result is *equal to or less than* your STAMINA, turn to **129**.

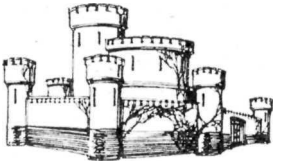

115

Stepping in close to the monster, you punch it in the back of the leg and send it crashing to the ground - deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. While the creature is lying prone, will you:

Jump up and down on its back?	Turn to **361**
Kick it in the groin?	Turn to **224**
Shoulder it in the head?	Turn to **82**

116

The Giant Crayfish will certainly satisfy all of your food requirements and, with the discovery of a fresh-water stream a short distance away, all of your provisioning needs are fulfilled. Returning to the *Banshee,* you leave the Three Sisters on the last leg of the journey to Nippur. Turn to **7**.

117

The bird crashes into the ocean and sinks from sight. Will you land on the island (turn to **49**), or continue on your way through the straits and into the Southern Sea (turn to **15**)?

118

The race begins; the lizards pound down the track towards a fresh Goblin. To your utter amazement, none of the favourites win. Deduct the gold (or slaves) you put up from your Booty. Turn to **73**.

119

With the warship in hot pursuit, you head towards the Shoals of Trysta, the sound of surf and sight of white water telling you just how close they are. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to **134**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your SKILL, turn to **159**.

120

As you wander around the island, the members of crew who came with you light a small fire on the shore to cook a couple of fish they have caught. A tremor runs through the island, then another. Suddenly, the ocean around the island bubbles ferociously as enormous limbs, tails and heads rise out of the water. The 'island' is a single living creature! A tidal wave crashes on the deck of the *Banshee* as the monster rolls over to put out the fire on its back. Roll two dice and deduct the result from your CREW STRENGTH. If you still have some crew left, when the sea-monster settles down, you return to the *Banshee* and continue your journey. Will you sail south, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **4**), or west, towards the Roc (turn to **257**)?

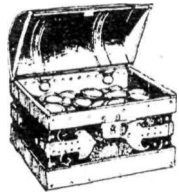

121

The Kishian soldiers, badly beaten, turn tail and run, disappearing down the surrounding maze of streets. Further down the street in which you were fighting, you can see a large number of Kishian Winged Hussars mustering into deeply packed ranks. Time to make an exit! Will you lead your crew at breakneck pace back to the *Banshee* (turn to **331**), or dodge through the streets of the town with the aim of escaping into the forests of Mount Martu-Amurru (turn to **355**)?

122

Swinging towards the Cyclops, you deliver a nasty blow with your free leg. It squeals in pain and drops you to the ground - deduct 1 point from its STAMINA. Landing lightly, you stand to face your opponent. Will you:

Punch it in the shoulder?	Turn to **91**
Punch it in the midriff?	Turn to **18**
Give it a back-hand in the armpit?	Turn to **337**

123

The *Banshee* is sailing just off the southernmost tip of Enraki. Apart from this island, the horizon is clear, with neither ships nor clouds visible. The main trade routes between Kish and the Eastern Rim lie to the south, between Enraki and the Shoals of Trysta. You could patrol this stretch in search of rich merchantmen (turn to **318**), or, if your crew have suffered casualties, you could sail to the neutral city of Assur to recruit some more men (turn to **171**). Alternatively, if you're feeling lucky, you could try your fortune in the gambling-pits of Calah (turn to **211**), or proceed to the Eastern Rim for a bit of coastal raiding (turn to **197**).

124

The Roc drops you over the island. Falling only ten feet or so, you land in a large nest, occupied by three gigantic eggs. In the bottom of the nest is a hole, leading into a narrow, rough-hewn tunnel. Will you climb down into the hole before the Roc (or its mate) can resume the attack (turn to **78**), or scurry down the side of the mountain, towards the lowland forests (turn to **61**)?

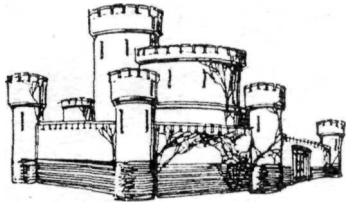

125

Having defeated the Awkmute, you may take its staff. From now on, whenever you fight an opponent and score a hit, roll one die; if the result is 1 or 2, then deduct 1 point from your opponent's SKILL; if the result is 3, 4, 5 or 6, then deduct damage from the opponent's STAMINA as normal. The antechamber has two exits: one is a simple corridor and the other is what appears to be a chimney with rough hand-grips cut in it. Will you take the corridor (turn to **173**), or climb up the chimney (turn to **199**)?

126

Your scimitar cleaves straight through the brown cat, but does not harm it. Turn to **322**.

127

Will you cut across the front of the line of ships, heading for the coast of the Eastern Rim (turn to **34**), or give full sail to the *Banshee* and try to speed your way through the attacking vessels (turn to **19**)?

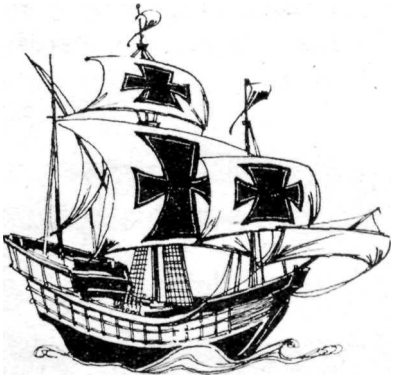

128

Having defeated your attackers, you decide to scurry back to the *Banshee*, just in case a general alarm has been sounded through the countryside. Turn **113**.

129

The poison infects your system but does not kill you - reduce your STAMINA to 6. Wiping the blinding substance from your eyes, you see that moving the statue has caused the massive stone door to swing open. You go through the opening. Turn to **179**.

130

You run into the midst of the creatures, slashing from side to side with your curved blade.

	SKILL	STAMINA
FIRST TROGLODYTE	9	6
SECOND TROGLODYTE	8	6
THIRD TROGLODYTE	7	4
FOURTH TROGLODYTE	7	4

If you defeat them, turn to 307.

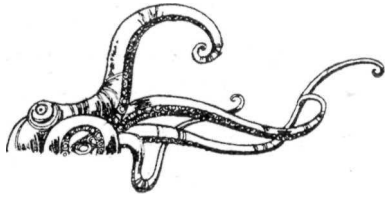

131

The race begins; the lizards pound down the track towards a fresh Goblin. It is a close finish, and the umpires are called in. They decide in favour of Wazi Biin. If you backed the winner, collect as much gold (or as many slaves) as you initially bet. If your Bataar lost, then you lose whatever you put up. Turn to **73**.

132

Stepping in close, you throw your arm against the monster's back, without any visible effect. The Cyclops spins about, kicking with its leg as it does so; the blow strikes you on the shoulder - lose 1 point of STAMINA. You grasp the Cyclops' leg and give it a sideways twist, sending the creature crashing to the ground. Will you:

Jump up and down on its back?	Turn to **361**
Kick it in the ribs?	Turn to **266**
Shoulder it in the head?	Turn to **82**

133

You wander around the island, completely circumnavigating it within a couple of hours. Not finding anything of any interest, you head back to the *Banshee.* Will you sail south, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **4**) or west, towards the Roc (turn to **257**)?

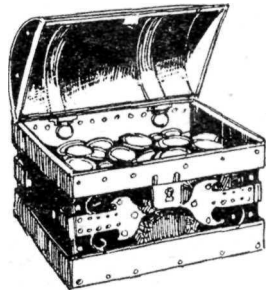

You manage to coax your crew into attempting the passage through the treacherous reefs. The *Banshee* enters a shallow passage surrounded by foaming and crashing water. Taking down most of your sail, you edge forward, eventually reaching what appears to be a split in the channel. Will you follow the wider branch (turn to **170**) or the narrower one (turn to **198**)?

135

With the warship defeated, you board and search for loot; you find no gold, but 5 excellent captives from among the marines to sell in the slave-markets of the Eastern Rim. Returning to the *Banshee*, you put the enemy vessel to the torch. Will you head back into the Inland Sea, towards Enraki (turn to **76**), or travel down the coast to the Rivers of the Dead (turn to **197**)?

136

The side-tunnel winds for a long way into the sea-bed. In one stretch you notice that the walls, ceiling and floor of the passage are covered entirely with the skulls and other bones of a variety of creatures. Long-snouted skulls, thigh bones as big as your whole leg and other, more human, remains are easily identifiable. One skull, which looks like a Unicorn's, stands out especially white and clean. Will you remove this from its place in the wall (turn to **201**), or leave the skulls alone and continue along the tunnel (turn to **168**)?

137

The man you chose to sell your slaves for you is an extremely skilled salesman. Even though business is bad and most of your slaves are sickening from the long voyage, he manages to fetch an average price of 12 Gold Pieces for each slave. Multiply the number of slaves you had by twelve and add the total to your Booty as Gold Pieces. Turn to **279**.

138

The ravine is long, twisting and covered in snow. You walk up it slowly, listening to the increasingly louder and closer screams. Suddenly, several large, shaggy, white beasts rise from cover some distance above and roll a huge ball of packed snow, ice and rocks down the ravine towards you. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to **209**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your SKILL, turn to **17**.

139

As you punch it in the stomach, it bites you on the leg. Both of you howl with pain, and the Cyclops drops you on your head when it relinquishes its grip - deduct 2 points of STAMINA from *each* of you. Standing on shaky legs, you face your opponent. Will you:

Punch it in the chest?	Turn to **18**
Elbow it in the ribs?	Turn to **29**
Take a flying kick at its chest?	Turn to **206**

140

The *Banshee* heads along the west coast, bringing you to the Kish Delta. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. Under the cover of darkness, you sail up one of the mouths of the Delta rivers, edging your way through the shallow waters to avoid hitting any sand-bars. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **64**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **25**.

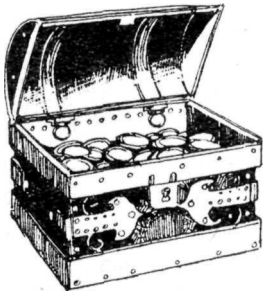

141

Your crew run riot, setting fire to buildings and generally tearing the town to pieces. Before long, however, a large troop of Kishian cavalry appears on the outskirts of the settlement and proceeds to counter-attack. The attack takes your pirates by surprise, so, in the ensuing combat, deduct 2 from your crew's dice rolls.

KISHIAN CAVALRY STRIKE 11 STRENGTH 6

If your crew defeat them, turn to **128**.

142

You beat into the wind. Roll one die. If the result is 1, 2 or 3, add 2 days to your LOG. If the result is 4, 5 or 6, add 3 days to your LOG. If your LOG is now an even number, turn to **255**; if your LOG is an odd number, turn to **212**.

143

You and your crew sweep into the tiny village like *a* squall, taking the defenceless occupants by surprise and capturing most within minutes. However, *a* few must have escaped and fled to a nearby military post (previously unknown to you), for a small detachment of mercenary cavalry appears within half an hour and proceeds to counter-attack.

MERCENARIES	STRIKE 9	STRENGTHS

If your crew defeat them, turn to **98**.

144

'You lose,' says el-Fazouk, 'the *Banshee* is mine.' Will you hand the *Banshee* over peacefully (turn to **3**) or fight your way out of this mess (turn to **81**)?

145

You twist and deliver the blow as sharply as you can to the Cyclops' elbow - deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. With a gasp, it drops you to the ground, where you land heavily - lose 2 points of STAMINA. Crawling on all fours, you scuttle behind it. Will you:

Elbow it in the spine?	Turn to **132**
Elbow it in the back of the knee?	Turn to **46**
Punch it in the kidneys?	Turn to **347**

146

The markets are full of farmers, soldiers, bureaucrats, merchants and slaves, but next to no sailors and even fewer non-seafarers willing to learn the piratical trade. There are a few souls prepared to join up, however, but the price is steep. For every 20 Gold Pieces spent, you will be able to recover 1 point of CREW STRENGTH. You learn from some of the new hands that there is a wealthy but unwholesome shrine, dedicated to the gods of pestilence, built some miles up the main river which flows to the side of Assur. Will you make a short detour upriver to check the place out (turn to **335**), or leave Assur and patrol either south-east, into the Inland Sea (turn to **318**) or south, down the western coast (turn to **45**)?

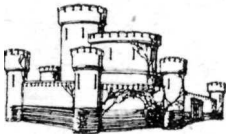

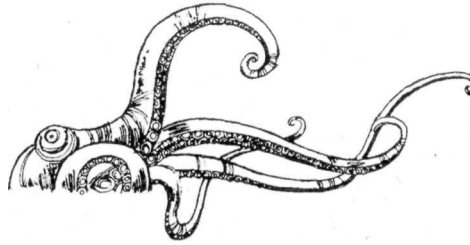

147

The decimated horde turns tail and runs. Giving chase, you follow the surviving Goblins back to their cavernous lair, where your crew start up the fight once again. During the battle through the Goblins' cavern, you become separated from your men and, stumbling through the dim light, fall into a subterranean rapid. You are swept under jutting buttresses, down waterfalls and, finally, into a relatively still pool - miles from where you started. Turn to **53**.

148

The cave finally narrows quite considerably into a jagged slit about ten feet long and two feet wide - just enough to squeeze through. The murky water doesn't allow you to see what lies beyond. Will you slide your way through the slit (turn to **398**), or go back up the cave and down the side-passage you saw earlier (turn to **136**)?

149

Silently, you and your crew approach the rear wall of the stronghold. Then, with a rush, you all charge; grappling-irons fly and the crew scrabbles for the parapet. You sweep over the wall and into the castle's interior, taking the warrior priests completely by surprise. They still put up a bit of a fight, however.

ENRAKI PRIESTS	STRIKE 8	STRENGTH 10

If your crew wins, turn to **274**.

150

Turn to **50**.

151

Climbing towards the mountain peak, you stumble across an enormous nest constructed from tree-trunks and boulders. It contains three eggs, each as large as a man. It is obviously a Roc nest. Looking inside, you discover the narrow opening to a rough-hewn tunnel leading into the mountain-side. Just as you crawl in, alone, to have a closer look, a terrible flapping sound fills the air. The Roc is returning to its lair! Your crew, still outside the tunnel, scatter in panic, and run at full pelt towards the jungle. The Roc lands on its nest with a squawk. You decide to follow the tunnel down. Turn to **78**.

152

Add 1 day to your LOG. You heave to in a sheltered cove on the north coast. Disembarking with your crew, you proceed inland, crossing wide, carefully tended fields. In one of these you come upon a large herd of cattle, quietly grazing on thick clover. Your crew suggest that, as the *Banshee* is running low on provisions, they should slaughter some of the cattle for later use. As the fields are devoid of human life, will you give your crew the go-ahead to steal the cattle (turn to **41**), or refuse and continue to explore the island (turn to **77**)?

153

As the *Banshee* passes between two ships in the second line, one of them spews forth a viscous black substance that covers the *Banshee's* decks and rigging. Volleys of fire arrows follow, setting the black substance alight. Your vessel and many of your crew become instant torches. Diving overboard, you and your surviving crew save yourselves - but not your journey. Your adventure ends here.

154

The pirates were, of course, burying their treasure. Lifting the chest out of the hole into which it had so recently been put, you discover that it contains 112 Gold Pieces - add this to your Booty. Searching their vessel, you find enough provisions and water to see you through the last leg of your journey to Nippur. You return to the *Banshee* and set sail to the south. Turn to **7**.

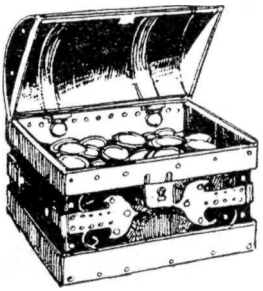

155

'You scurvy dogs, there's not a pirate among you,' you say, drawing your scimitar. 'I'll run through the first to turn his back upon this land of opportunity.' Your crew remain unimpressed - so unimpressed, in fact, that one of them raises his crossbow and lets fly a dart which strikes you in the chest. 'I'll not die to satisfy your greed,' says your murderer, as you collapse to the ground. Your adventure is over.

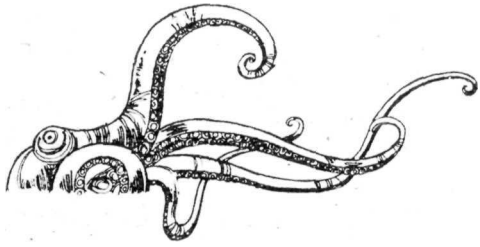

156

As the Cyclops grabs you, you let fly a swift punch into its single large eye - deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. Screaming in pain, the monster lifts you into the air by one of your legs. Hanging upside down, will you:

Punch it in the stomach?	Turn to **139**
Butt it in the ribs?	Turn to **372**
Kick it in the elbow?	Turn to **235**

157

The *Banshee* sails west, towards the coast. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. You reach the coast at a point just off Mount Martu-Amurru, a giant forest-covered peak that towers over the small fishing town of Kirkuk. Will you:

Take your cut-throats ashore and try to frighten the townspeople into handing over most of their gold? Turn to **102**

Sail south along the coast towards the hostile city of Kish? Turn to **223**

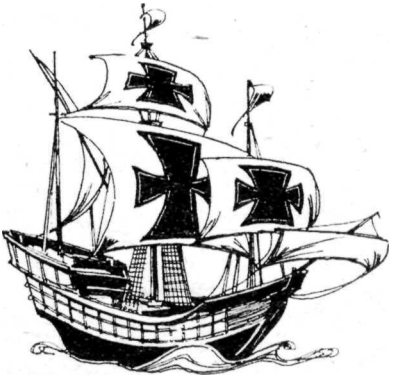

158

Lighting torches, you and your companions ease your way into the tunnel and edge down through the hill. After a few hundred yards the tunnel ends in another doorway - this one is blocked. Leaning against it to test its strength, you are surprised to have the floor beneath you flip open, dropping you out of sight of your equally surprised companions and into a narrow chute. You tumble down this for a few seconds before dropping into an open space and landing in a subterranean lake. Spluttering to the surface of the water, you look around. Turn to **53**.

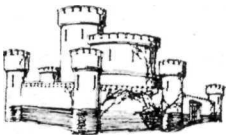

159

Your crew are extremely reluctant to approach the dangerous reefs, and when a horrible grating and vibration passes through the *Banshee*, their worst fears are realized. Your ship is stuck on the rocks. The Kishian marines, seeing your plight, ease up a bit but still prepare to board - their shallower keel allows them to approach the *Banshee* with some degree of safety. Your crew stand fast as the first marines come over the gunwale.

KISHIAN WARSHIP	STRIKE 10	STRENGTHS

If your crew win, turn to **234**.

160

The ravine is long, twisting and filled with deep snow. As you and your crew climb up it, the screams and howls increase in intensity and frequency. Suddenly, an enormous ball of ice, snow and rocks comes careering down the ravine at a dangerous speed. You manage to leap safely to one side, but several of your crew are less fortunate and are crushed. Deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH. Further up the mountain, you can see several shaggy white beasts constructing more of these dangerous missiles to roll down at you. Will you charge and attack these snow creatures before they can complete their weapons (turn to **220**), or retreat down the ravine and continue along the path (turn to **244**)?

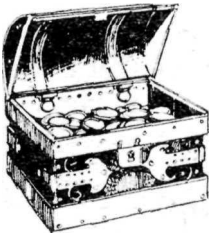

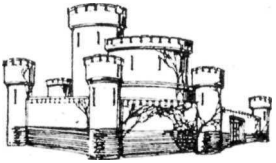

161

With many hard metallic *clinks* against the boulder, you start it rolling out on to the stairs. The Troglodytes, hearing all the commotion, run up towards you. This is quite fortunate for your plan, as it takes the creatures away from the safety of the side-passage. When they see the boulder crashing down towards them, they turn tail and try to run. The boulder is too quick, however, and crushes them against the stairs. Turn to **307**.

162

The Leech drops from its lair and lies quivering at your feet. You notice that the hole it came from is rather wide, with rough-cut handholds cut into its side - it should be possible to climb into, and up, this tunnel. Will you continue down the stairs (turn to **183**), or climb up the Leech's hole (turn to **199**)?

163

Putting the bow to your shoulder, you aim and fire, the quarrel singing from the weapon and striking the beast between the eyes. The missile explodes with a bright blue flash. The monster collapses to the ground, headless. Hearing distant roars and crashes in the jungle, you decide to return to the *Banshee.* Turn to **219**.

164

Sailing around the shoals, you head for Trysta. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 1 day to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 2 days to your LOG. Then turn to **152**.

165

The statue rolls easily to the side, causing some ancient mechanism to grind into life, which opens the massive stone door with a hollow *boom.* You go through it. Turn to **179**.

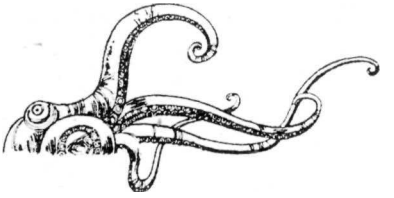

166

You swing the wheel, turning the *Banshee* just enough to miss a fatal collision. As you cruise past the ice mountain, the fog lifts momentarily, allowing you to see a large galley which is resting on the ice several hundred yards in from the water-line. Will you heave to and approach the ice mountain in the ship's boat (turn to **221**), or steer away from the monolith and continue on your journey south (turn to **217**)?

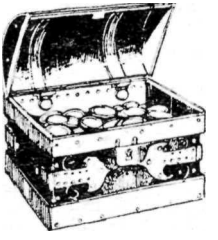

167

The *Banshee* cuts through the Southern Sea towards the Three Sisters. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. As you approach the three islands, you see they are grouped together quite closely. The nearest island is low and looks fertile, with neatly tended orchards and small villages of thatched huts. The next island is actually an extinct volcano, its cone rising thousands of feet into the air, while the lower slopes are heavily timbered. The other island is, like the first, quite low, but is dominated by palms and sand. Which will you land on:

The neat-looking island?	Turn to **386**
The volcanic island?	Turn to **369**
The palm-covered island?	Turn to **354**

168

The tunnel ends quite suddenly in a large rocky chamber. Sitting on the irregular floor, its insanely complicated limbs folded about a spiked shell, is the Krell. Its stalked eyes consider you, while it toys with a boulder in its claws. 'Food,' it says. 'Mmmm, food. Yes, food.' With a kick of its legs, it attacks.

KRELL	SKILLS	STAMINA 12

If you defeat it, turn to **374**.

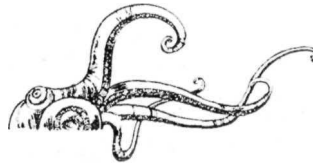

169

You leap nimbly to one side, and the wheel spins past and crashes harmlessly against the other side of the pit, razors carving deep gashes in the door beyond. The niche from which the wheel came is a dead end, affording no exit from the pit. 'Very quick, you wily fox,' says the abbot, watching your endeavours. 'Won't you try another?' Which door will you open now:

The door with a star-burst?	Turn to **380**
The door with an upside-down triangle?	Turn to **327**
The door with a horizontal crescent?	Turn to **249**

170

Careful handling of tiller and sail takes you into the branch channel safely. Suddenly, the boat grinds to a halt, stopped not by rocks but by some enormous creature residing in the centre of the passage. Large sulphur-yellow tentacles arch out of the water and over the deck of the *Banshee,* coiling around you and your crew. You battle this new horror.

REEF LURKER STRIKE 9 STRENGTH 6

If you defeat it, turn to **267**

171

You head for the neutral city of Assur, the *Banshee* ploughing steadily through the still waters of the Inland Sea. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. If your LOG is an odd number, turn to **376**; if your LOG is an even number, turn to **357**.

172

After a few hours, the storm drives you straight on to the rocky teeth of the Shoals of Trysta. The stones and ancient corals of this godforsaken reef tear the *Banshee* to pieces as the huge seas and relentless wind dash it forward. Shipwrecked, you cannot continue your adventure.

173

The corridor leads into a deep gloom, but ahead you can make out the dim shape of a door. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **289**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **5**.

174

Once infected with the parasites, there is no hope of survival. In a matter of minutes they have reduced you to an empty shell, and they lay their eggs in your remains, to hatch when the next unsuspecting victim happens along. Your adventure is over.

175

The *Banshee* is too slow. The warships cut rapidly through the sea and pull abreast, one on either side. They open fire with arrows and cast grappling-irons into the *Banshee's* rigging. You will have to fight.

WARSHIPS	STRIKE 10	STRENGTH 14

If your crew defeat them, turn to **104**.

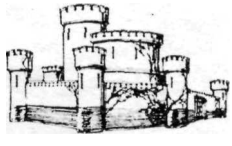

176

With the cavalry following at a reasonable distance, you return to the *Banshee* and put out to see. As soon as you are clear of the cove, however, a strange and frightening wind starts up from the south. This supernatural squall, obviously a sign of the King of the Four Winds' displeasure, blows progressively stronger and stronger, whipping up a wild water all around the ship. Unable to navigate in this maelstrom, you are swept along wherever the wind cares to take you. After a week, the storm abates, and you find yourself back at the northern end of the Inland Sea, just offshore from your starting-point of Tak. As it is impossible for you to win the wager, your adventure is over.

177

Swinging in the monster's grip, you deliver a savage punch to its groin, achieving little and badly bruising your hand - lose 1 point of STAMINA. The Cyclops is sufficiently distracted, however, to relinquish its grip on your leg. You fall to the ground. Standing up, you face your opponent. Will you:

Punch it in the chest?	Turn to **18**
Give it a back-handed blow in the armpit?	Turn to **337**
Elbow it in the ribs?	Turn to **29**

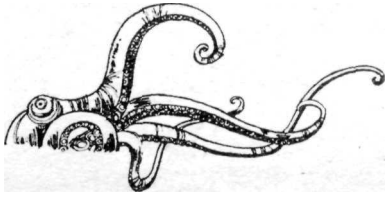

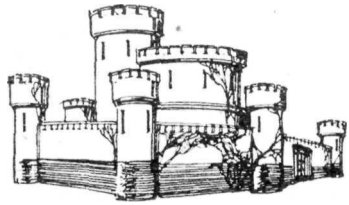

178

You round the southernmost point of Trysta and steer towards the Channel of Goth. Some fifty leagues offshore from the city of Marad, you see an island which is not indicated on any of your charts. Will you land on this island (turn to **38**), or continue on your way (turn to **4**)?

179

Through the door is a long narrow hall, whose walls on either side are regularly punctuated with alcoves. The floor is strewn with a large number of grey ovoid stones, each about two feet in diameter. At the far end of the chamber is another massive door. Will you look in one of the alcoves (turn to **218**), take a closer look at the stones (turn to **190**), or leave everything alone and make your way to the other door (turn to **248**)?

180

If you haven't already, you can sell any slaves you may have (turn to **349**); otherwise, you return to the *Banshee* (turn to **238**).

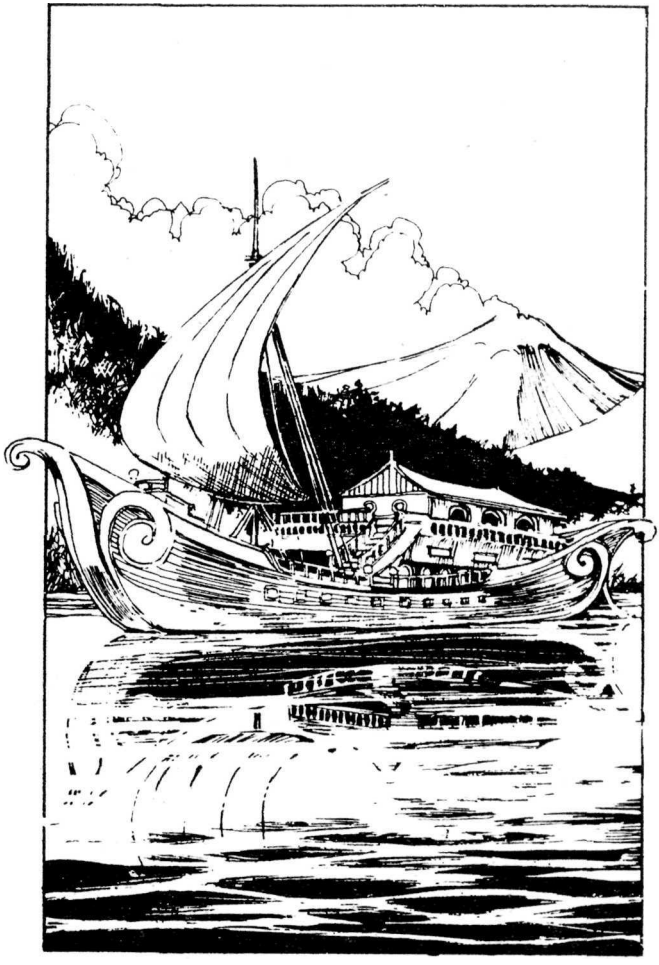

181

You sail towards Lagash, on the Eastern Rim, arriving on the sixth day. You take the *Banshee* into the mouth of the Parine River, which flows under the very walls of the city, and head inland. As the ship rounds a bend in the river, you see a stately pleasure-barge ahead, rowing lethargically upstream. The *Banshee* pulls alongside and, with a cry, you send your crew against the small number of chrome-helmeted guards.

BARGE	STRIKES	STRENGTH 6

If you win, turn to **280**.

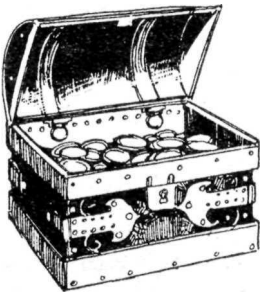

182

'No way, captain,' they scream. 'We're sick of all the places you keep taking us to. We're going back to Tak - at least our enemies there are human!' They sprint off down the beach, seize the ship's boat and return to the *Banshee.* Sailing off to the north, they leave you stranded. Your adventure is over.

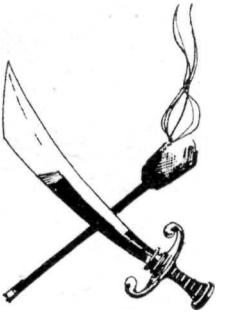

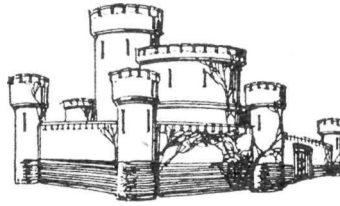

183

Eventually, the stairs end in a large mausoleum. Coffins, sarcophagi and even loose bodies, covered only with shrouds, crowd the crypt. You walk across the slimy floor and stand by one of the coffins, deciding whether or not to open it. A low groan passes through the chamber, followed by a wail. Turning slowly, you see the glowing white form of a great warrior, resplendent in armour, but long dead. The ghost beckons to you with a white digit and, staring, whispers, 'Which . . . which way is the wind blowing, these days, on Enraki?' Paralysed with fear, what will you answer: north (turn to **338**), east (turn to **259**), south (turn to **31**) or west (turn to **14**)?

184

After a few hours of fruitless wandering, you are ambushed by a large contingent of pygmy Lizard Men. These ferocious creatures, similar to their larger desert-dwelling brethren in general physiology, are armed with short spears and bows. There is nothing they prize more highly than human flesh. Your men draw their swords to meet the rush of the attacking creatures.

LIZARD MEN STRIKE 7 STRENGTH 8

If your crew win, turn to **40**.

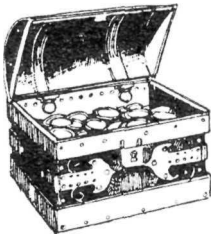

185

The journey to Assur is short and uneventful - add 1 day to your LOG. Upon arrival, you head straight for the central market, hunting for some sailors to recruit as pirates. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to 283. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to 146.

186

Some keen-eyed occupant of the town must have spotted you and your crew as you entered the cornfields. When you reach the edge of the town, you find several hundred armed militiamen prepared to defend their property. As you all emerge from the cover of the corn, the Kishians charge,

MILITIAMEN	STRIKE8	STRENGTH 10

If your crew defeat them, turn to **128**.

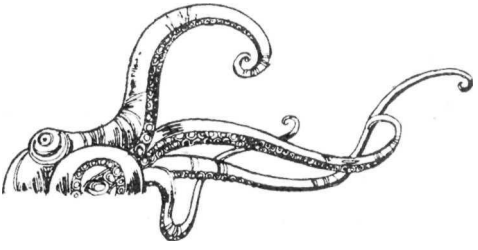

187

Twisting in its grip, you manage a bit of spin to deliver what would normally be an arm-breaking blow to the back of its elbow. The Cyclops, definitely irritated by this manoeuvre, drops you to the ground - deduct 1 point from its STAMINA. Landing lightly, you sprint around behind the monster. Will you:

Punch it in the leg?	Turn to **115**
Elbow it in the spine?	Turn to **132**
Take a flying kick into the middle of its back?	Turn to **384**

188

Taking most of your crew ashore, you begin exploring for a pass through the mountains behind the temple-fortress - add 2 days to your LOG. Eventually, you find a likely path and proceed up it, through forest, scrub and finally snow. As you and your crew wend your way towards the high point of the pass, you see the unique II shape of an Enraki shrine poised on a nearby ridge; its red-wood structure howls eerily in the wind. Will you detour to look at this shrine (turn to **359**), or continue along the path (turn to **52**)?

189

Business is bad and your slaves, sickening from long confinement in the hold of the *Banshee,* are not of the best quality. You receive, after the dealer has deducted his cut, 8 Gold Pieces on average for every slave. Multiply the number of slaves you had by eight and add the total to your Booty as Gold Pieces. Turn to **279**.

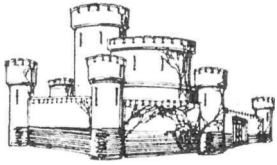

190

Kneeling down, you reach across to roll one of the stones over. Unexpectedly, your hands sink into the grey mass, causing the 'stone, to shriek loudly and spit gobs of acid at you - one strikes you on the shoulder. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The ovoid continues to shriek and spit. You draw your sword to defend yourself.

ACID BALL	SKILL 9	STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to **205**.

191

You steer wide of the hostile city of Marad. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. As you get to within fifty leagues of the Channel of Goth, your look-out spies an island which is not indicated on any of your charts. Will you land on this island (turn to **38**), continue towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **4**), or head west, to pass south of Trysta on your way to the Roc (turn to **257**)?

192

The men of the village have been annihilated, and the women and children have fled inland. Your crew, irate at being imprisoned for no particular reason, put the village to the torch. You return to the *Banshee*, which is still safely anchored offshore. Turn to **314.**

193

It is too late to avert tragedy. The *Banshee* ploughs into the ice mountain, snapping its masts and ripping its hull open. Taking in massive amounts of water, your unfortunate vessel sinks beneath the waves with the loss of all hands. Your adventure is over.

194

After just one day, a caravan of enormous ochre-coloured octopedal beasts shambles over a ridge and into sight. The heavy pack-animals are guarded by a dozen Lizard Men who, high in their wooden saddles, survey the surroundings with some suspicion. Keeping your men out of sight, you allow the convoy to approach within striking range, then launch the attack. As your crew surge out, uttering their war cry, the Lizard Men calmly draw long composite bows and let fly; the three-foot arrows cut a swath through your force. Deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH. Eventually, hand-to-hand combat begins.

CARAVAN	STRIKE 8	STRENGTH 6

If your crew defeat the guards, add 1 day to your LOG and then turn to **329**.

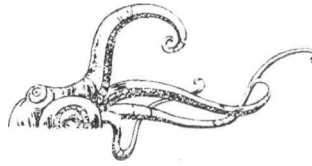

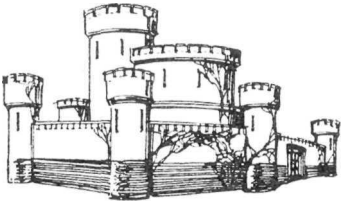

195

The helmet, obviously constructed by a magical being of high potency, drives the vicious Brain-eaters from your body before they can do any more damage. Leaving the other bodies, you continue down the tunnel. Turn to **240**.

196

Running up to the creature's head, you punch it with terrific force in the jaw - deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. The Cyclops staggers to its feet, holding its head. Recovering slightly, it launches into a crouched attack, running to catch you in its arms. Will you:

Punch it in the eye?	Turn to **156**
Step sideways and deliver an elbow smash to its arm?	Turn to **74**
Take a flying kick at its midriff?	Turn to **60**

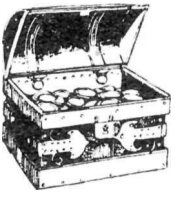

197

You sail onwards, to the Rivers of the Dead. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. Dropping anchor by the mouth of the largest river in the group, you disembark with most of your crew and march inland, looking for settlements or caravans to raid. After a few hours you come to a small range of steep stony hills, crazed with gullies, narrow valleys and dry waterways. Will you climb over these hills (turn to **239**), or search through a few of the gullies in case they are hiding anything (turn to **226**)?

198

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **277**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **341**.

199

The climb takes you out of the shrine and on to the roof. You wave at your crew skulking in the foliage some distance away and then look to see which way to go next. The only way forward is to climb *down* another chimney - of which there are several. Picking one at random, you descend into a small closet-like room. There are two doors leading from it. Which will you take, the left (turn to **264**) or the right (turn to **289**)?

200

Turn to **50**.

201

Grasping the skull by its single horn, you pull with mighty force. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **232**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **243**.

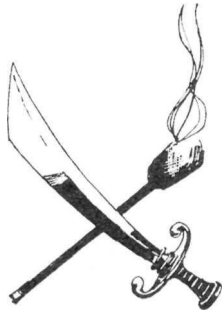

202

The next race has sixteen lizards entered, but your keen eye whittles this down to a competition between four favourites: Omar Shazi, Basilisk, Wazi Biin and el-Savak. You must place a bet of 20 Gold Pieces or 2 slaves, whichever you prefer, on one of these. Choose which Bataar you will back, then throw a die. If the result is 1 or 2, turn to **118**; if the result is 3 or 4, turn to **131**; if the result is 5 or 6, turn to **106**.

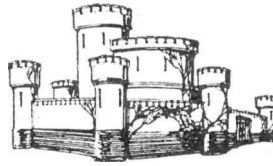

203

The scimitar cleaves straight through the red cat, but does not harm it. Turn to **322**.

204

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 3 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. Then turn to **27**.

205

The ball, cut into shreds, lies quivering on the floor, its 'blood' etching deep marks in the paving-stones. If you haven't already, you can look in one of the alcoves (turn to **218**); otherwise, you make your way to the other door (turn to **248**).

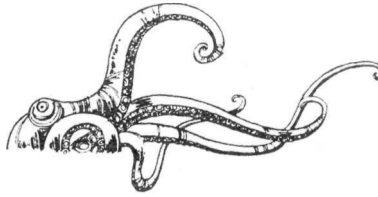

206

Taking a short run up, you jump in the air and kick out at the Cyclops' chest, striking it a heavy blow - deduct 2 points from the creature's STAMINA. It utters a short grunt and stumbles back, lashing out with a huge paw as it does so. Grabbing you by the forearm, it lifts you into the air. Will you:

Back-hand it in the elbow?	Turn to **145**
Kick it in the armpit?	Turn to **305**
Bite it on the wrist?	Turn to **276**

207

Renegotiating the tricky Kish Delta, you return to the Southern Sea. Will you head for the island of Kazallu to search for provisions (turn to **108**), or steer well clear of the Kishian coast and sail out into the centre of the Southern Sea (turn to **340**)?

208

As the *Banshee* pulls free of the galley, you see a second line coming in from Marad. Will you continue to try to break through the Marad lines (turn to **153**), or try your luck with the smaller Shurrupak galleys instead (turn to **127**)?

209

Ducking under a protective finger of rock, you let the snowball crash past and disappear down the ravine. When it has passed safely by, you rise from cover and run back down the ravine to the path and your waiting crew - watching furtively over your shoulder as the snow beasts roll more missiles into place. Turn to **111**.

210

'Go!' says the spirit. 'Leave through there.' He points at a low arch. Going through this, you find yourself at the foot of a high spiral staircase which disappears into the gloom overhead. 'Go!' you hear the ghost implore. 'Go!' You climb the winding stairs up into the shrine, until they reach a door. Turn to **289**.

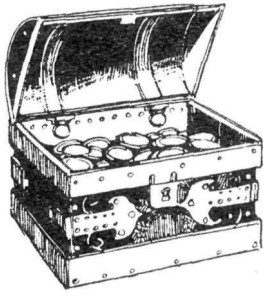

211

You turn the *Banshee* towards Calah. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to yourLOG.If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. Calah is a bustling, grotty seaport, second only to your home town of Tak for seediness and criminal activity. Upon arrival, you head straight to the wharf side gambling-pits. Which game will you play:

Punch-out?	Turn to **48**
Bataar racing?	Turn to **270**
Dice?	Turn to **236**

212

The storm abates, leaving clear skies and a still sea in its wake. 'Cap'n,' cries the look-out, pointing south, 'merchant vessel that way; looks like it's been damaged by the storm.' Heeling the *Banshee* about, you approach the large ship which, you see, has lost a mast and most of its canvas. Will you board and sack the vessel (turn to **302**), or try to frighten the ship's master into handing over all his gold without a fight (turn to **326**)?

213

Disembarking with a few of your crew and all of your treasure, you head inland, towards the central peak of Nippur. Halfway up the mountain, you come to a high wall which seems to completely encircle the interior of the island. You follow the wall around, until you come to a break flanked by two enormous stone statues. These statues have their arms raised in the air, supporting a large beam which spans the gap between them. From the beam hang the bodies of several sailors, twisting slowly in the wind. A short wizened creature, dressed in loose black robes, appears and says, 'So, you have come to see the mountain. One of you will have to fight the keeper, if you want to see the mountain.' It cackles and adopts an expectant pose. Will you agree to fight the 'keeper' (turn to **298**), or just ignore the threat and head straight through the break in the wall (turn to **389**)?

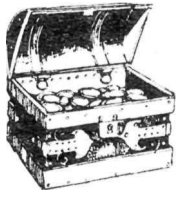

214

The door crashes open to reveal a small shrine whose central feature is a wooden figure of a great warrior lying in repose upon a raised dais. The dais is inscribed with the following:

AXILLON
WARRIORSAINT
SLAYER OF DRAGONS

The figure has a crossbow of ebony slung from one shoulder. Taking this, you notice that the weapon, armed with one bolt, seems to be in working order. You don't have time to examine it too closely, however, *as* the fire, spreading rapidly through the barge, is threatening to cut you off. Time to leave. Turn to **291**.

215

The cavalry lead you to an impressive castle, bedecked with banners and guarded by hundreds of men-at-arms. Revelries are in progress in the central courtyard. Leaving your crew here to partake of the wine and song, you are conducted into the main feast-hall, where the King of the Four Winds sits among his retainers and courtiers. With a welcoming gesture, the King bids you be seated only a few places from his throne. He engages you in a rather loud conversation (as the feast-hall is noisy with the festivities) about the weather and your journey. Will you tell the King about the true nature of your trip (turn to **260**) or not (turn to **312**)?

216

When you enter the hall, the flames in the fire-pit leap to the ceiling, and a groan creaks throughout the room. 'Wait,' breathes a voice, 'wait.' Looking into the flames, you see a tenuous lizard-like creature, armed with a short trident, beckoning you closer. Its almost human eyes twinkle as it asks, 'Where in Albion would you find that which lies between above and below?' If you know the answer to this, turn to **308**. If you don't, turn to **317**.

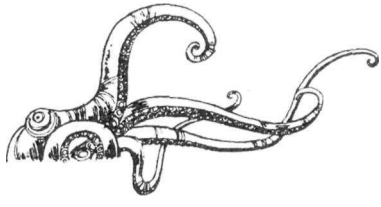

217

Pulling away from the icy monolith, you continue south. You will have to take on some provisions and fresh water to be able to reach Nippur. You can get these by landing either at the island of Kazallu (turn to **108**) or the islands of the Three Sisters (turn to **167**).

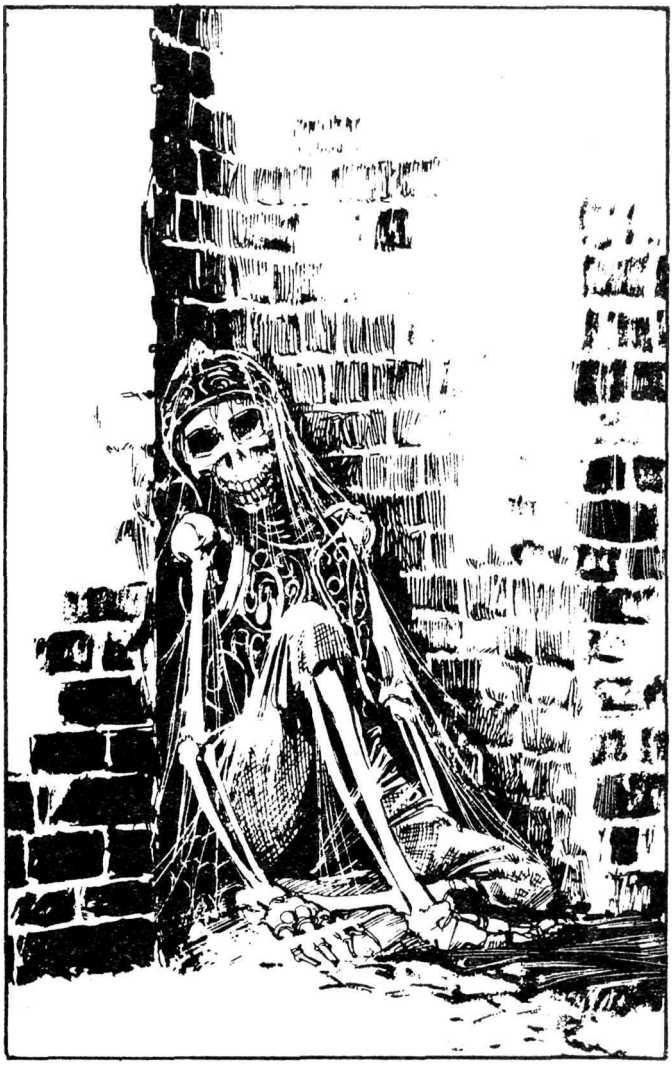

218

The alcove into which you look is shallow, covered in cobwebs and occupied by an ancient human skeleton. This relic is dressed in rotting rags and the remnants of once proud armour. Now it lies in dusty collapse upon the stone floor. You see that it has several gold rings on one hand. Will you take these (turn to **11**), or, leaving the alcove alone, go to the door at the end of the hall (turn to **248**), or, if you haven't already, inspect the ovoid stones (turn to **190**)?

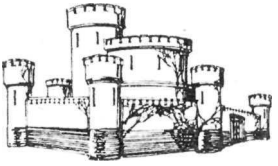

219

If you haven't already, you sail to either the neat island (turn to **386**) or the palm-covered island (turn to **354**).

220

As you and your crew charge up the mountain, the snow beasts give that weird scream that had attracted you into the ravine, then turn and disappear at a run into the bleak reaches above. You continue the chase for a while, hunting around for the dangerous creatures, before being interrupted by yet another large snowball rolling into the midst of your crew, and crushing several men. Deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH. Once again the creatures retreat into the cover of the snow further up the mountain. You decide to return to the path above the fortress. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **244.** If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **373**.

221

You paddle to the icy shore and disembark. The galley lies about two hundred yards away in the centre of a deep valley of ice. Will you approach it by walking up the middle of the valley (turn to **273**), or by walking as close to one of the steep sides as possible (turn to **288**)?

222

Pulling the Hydra's carcass on board, you cut it open, and find the grisly remains of sailors mixed with the odd shark and other scraps. The beast's gullet also contains some 52 Gold Pieces, which you add to your Booty. You throw everything else back into the sea. Will you continue to patrol the Inland Sea by heading towards the Shoals of Trysra (turn to **66**), or change course and travel either to the west coast (turn to **157**) or the Eastern Rim (turn to **10**) for a bit of coastal raiding?

223

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. As you approach the city of Kish, numerous sightings of heavily armed but sluggish war galleys on the horizon impress upon you the foolishness of a raid on the city. Instead, you steer towards the Kish Isthmus, a wide peninsula of land protected by sheer, unbroken cliffs. These cliffs deter large-scale invasions into the rich lands beyond, but a small force, such as you and your crew, might be able to scale them to conduct a lightning raid inland. Dropping anchor when you reach this isthmus, you take your crew on the long and dangerous climb up the cliffs. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to **263**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your SKILL, turn to **242**.

224

Taking advantage of the Cyclops' prone position, you step forward and kick it in the groin with all your might, spraining your ankle rather badly - lose 2 points of STAMINA. The monster does not seem to be overly distressed by your blow; it rises to its feet and then launches into a crouched attack, running to catch you in its arms. Will you:

Take a flying kick at its head?	Turn to **290**
Punch it in the eye?	Turn to **156**
Step sideways and deliver an elbow smash to the arm?	Turn to **74**

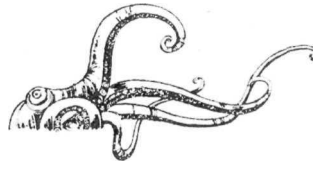

225

You face the surprised abbot and his equally surprised attendant monk. Whipping your scimitar from its scabbard, you rush the pair, cutting the monk down before he can defend himself and then crossing swords with the master.

ABBOT	SKILL10	STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to **390**.

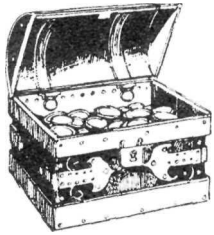

226

The valleys are long, tortuous and diverse. You skulk around them for a few hours before stopping to rest. However, just as your crew put canteens to mouths, a ferocious shouting starts up behind the steep rises to either side, followed by the slapping and banging of hobnailed boots on stony ground. A terrific number of angry desert Goblins, with flared hairy nostrils, bat-like ears and flashing swords, pour over the edges of the gully and leap into the midst of your men. A ferocious battle starts up.

GOBLINHORDE STRIKE 9 STRENGTH 12

If your crew defeat them, turn to **147**.

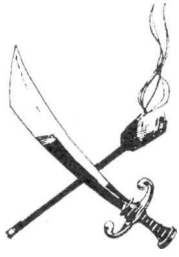

227

Opening the door, you step into a small room occupied by a single Basilisk. This hideous little creature, which has its back to you when you enter, turns around slowly. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky*, turn to **278**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **247**.

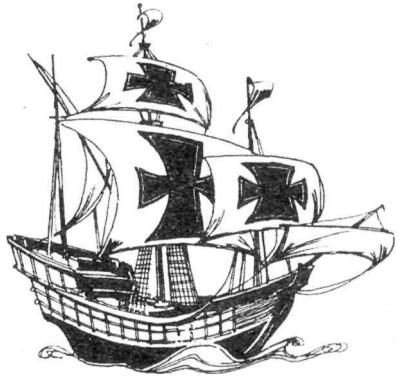

228

The statue is easily raised from its pedestal and, while being heavy, presents no real difficulties as you carry it outside, down the stairs and into the arms of your waiting crew. Returning to Assur, you sell the idol for 105 Gold Pieces - leaving the ruby for the lucky new owner to recover. On the *Banshee* again, will you go raiding south, down the western seaboard (turn to **45**), or sail south-east, into the Inland Sea, in search of merchantmen (turn to **318**)?

229

Grabbing the nearest body, you are horrified when several swollen worms burst from the man's chest and burrow their way into your arm. Lose 2 points of STAMINA. You recognize them as being parasitic Brain-eaters, which chew through their victim's flesh and bones on their way towards the unfortunate's brain. If you have the Helmet of Ut-Napishtim, turn to **195;** otherwise, turn to **174**.

230

With great reluctance, your crew calm down and agree to continue. Around the next curve in the beach you come across a wrecked galleon, its empty hull stripped by time and weather. Hunting around, however, you find 16 Gold Pieces lodged in cracks or just lying in the sand - add these to your Booty. Will you turn inland (turn to **42**), or return to the *Banshee* and - if you haven't already - sail to either the neat-looking island (turn to **38**6) or the palm-covered island (turn to **354**)?

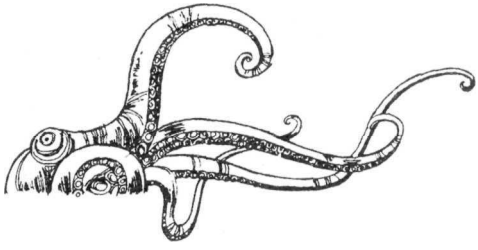

231

Dropping anchor in a bay ten miles from the fort, you proceed ashore with your entire crew - each man heavily armed and most bearing grappling-irons or ladders. When you arrive at the castle, you see that the stone walls are about twenty feet high, while the main gates are solid iron and flanked by two tall towers. Will you launch your assault over the walls (turn to **367**) or through the gates (turn to **303**)?

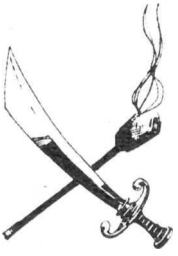

232

The horn breaks free from the skull, which stays firmly embedded in the wall. A Unicorn's horn is a lucky find at any time, but here, under the ocean, it is doubly so. Restore 2 points to your LUCK. You continue along the tunnel. Turn to **168**.

233

You go to the great rows of sailors' inns that line Shurrupak's harbour. In one of these, you feel a heavy hand clap you on the shoulder. Turning, you see, momentarily, the face of one of your oldest adversaries, Shamit Gawel Nestafa. He punches you in the face, knocking you to the floor. 'You dog!' he screams, drawing his sword. 'I lost my ship - which I stole with my own hands - because of you.' He rushes to the attack.

SHAMIT GAWEL NESTAFA	SKILL 9	STAMINA 6

If you defeat him, turn to **84**.

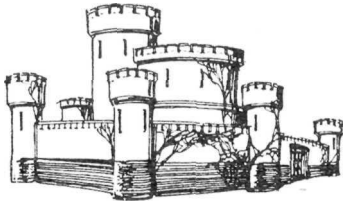

234

Your crew slaughter the marines, saving 10 for sale later in the slave-markets of Shurrupak. In time, the rising tide lifts the *Banshee* from her place on the rocks, allowing you to retreat to deeper water. Will you sail around the shoals to the island of Trysta (turn to **164**), or head south-west, either towards Kish (turn to **223**) or the Roc (turn to **204**), or travel south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **191**)?

235

Twisting, you deliver a sharp kick to the Cyclops' elbow, possibly inducing a hairline fracture. It screams and drops you to the ground - deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. Getting to your feet, you face your stricken opponent. Will you:

Punch it in the shoulder?	Turn to **91**
Elbow it in the ribs?	Turn to **29**
Take a flying kick at its chest?	Turn to **206**

236

In the dicing-dens, you have the misfortune to meet an old creditor, Jiamil el-Fazouk, to whom you owe several thousand Gold Pieces from a past gambling-debt. 'Well, well.,' says el-Fazouk, upon seeing you, 'if it is not Abdul's foe in wager. He said you might be by!' He insists that you must gamble with him for the debt you owe. 'Roll these two dice,' he says. 'If you throw 7 you can keep your ship; otherwise, is *mine.* If you refuse to play, my men will kill you.' Several sturdy pirates rise to el-Fazouk's side to support this statement. You take the dice. Roll two dice. If the result is 7, turn to **330**; otherwise, turn to **144.**

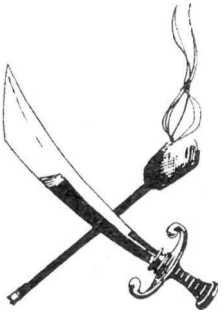

237

The *Banshee* is grappled as it passes a large war galley. As it is drawn towards the vessel, a vaguely familiar figure appears among the crowd of marines at the gunwale. 'You there,' he shouts, pointing at you. 'I know you. Didn't we meet at a game of punch-out once?' Straining to place his face, you remember. It is Ali Mitok sen el-Shazar, a wealthy noble of Shurrupak. 'Yes,' you say, 'you beat me badly. I lost six teeth!' He laughs at the memory and signals to the marines to cease dragging the *Banshee* in. 'I don't know how you got caught up in this little affair,' he says, waving vaguely at the raging battle a few hundred yards away, 'but for old time's sake, I will let you go for a small ransom - 200 Gold Pieces!' If you are willing and able to pay this, turn to **71**. If you don't want to (or can't), turn to **96**.

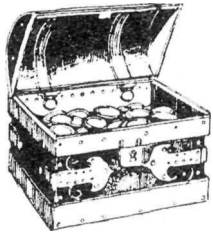

238

Hoisting sail and weighing anchor, you head out of Shurrupak's port and into the Southern Sea. Will you sail along the coast and then to the Three Sisters (turn to **167**), or head for the open sea and speed towards Nippur (turn to **378**)?

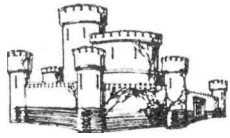

239

Climbing over the crumbling surface of these devastated hills, you stumble across a corner-stone from a piece of monumental masonry. Getting your crew to dig the earth and rocks away from around this, you find an ancient stone entrance to what may be a buried crypt, temple or mansion. Pulling away the stones that block the portal reveals a narrow but straight tunnel, plunging at a steep angle into the hill. Will you go down this tunnel with a few of your best men (turn to **158**), or close the entrance up and continue your march over the hills (turn to **316**)?

240

Without warning, some massive and unseen creature grasps you by the neck and starts to strangle you. You slash out with your sword, and the beast emits a startled shriek and drops you. When you turn to look, you can see nothing but the tunnel. Then the creatures strikes again, smashing you in the face with its invisible fist. For the duration of this combat, reduce your SKILL by 2 points.

INVISIBLE STRIKER SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to **381**.

241

Several of your crew manage to slash the warship's rigging, while the rest cut the *Banshee* free from the grappling-irons - all the while fighting a rearguard action against the marines. The *Banshee* heels about, catches the wind and races away, leaving the Kishian vessel in a state of confusion. The route to Assur has been cut off, so you head south-east into the Inland Sea. Turn to **318**.

242

The path you have chosen to lead your men up is quite treacherous, resulting in fatal falls for several of your crew-lose 1 point of CREW STRENGTH. Turn to **304**.

243

The skull pops free from the wall and opens an enormous fissure along the tunnel. Boulders, chunks of bones and dirt fly around as the passage-way collapses, burying you hundreds of feet under the sea-bed. Your adventure is over.

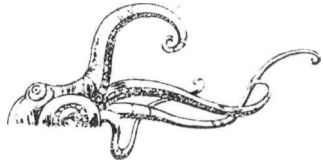

244

You all return to the path safely. Turn to **111**.

245

After a few inquiries and a bit of haggling, you find a slave-trader willing to sell your slaves for you. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **137**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **189**.

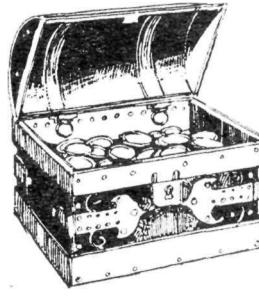

246

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. If your LOG is now an even number, turn to **109**; if your LOG is an odd number, turn to **178**.

247

You look the Basilisk full in the eyes. Its pupils harden into slits and transform you to stone. Your adventure is over.

248

The door is a massive stone affair with an ornately carved block set in its exact centre. Under this block is an inscription in a language which is so archaic that you have difficulty deciphering it. What you think it says is this: 'To greet Ut-Napishtim you must (will?) push (pull?) the handle into (out of?) the door.' Taking the carved block in hand, will you push it into the door (turn to **258**) or pull it away from the door (turn to **281**)?

249

The door opens to reveal an almost impenetrable darkness - almost, for you can make out the barely defined shapes of two large eyes considering you with carniverous rage. You back off, as a truly gigantic beast pulls itself through the doorway and into the pit. Horns sprout from its wide head, down its scaly back and on to its tail. It growls. Will you attack the creature (turn to **399**), or attempt some alternative evasive action (turn to **93**)?

250

Turn to **50**.

251

Your kick, coming from a difficult angle, only glances against the monster's shoulder. Impervious to your attack, it swings you around and casts you against one of the walls of the cavern. Landing well, you avoid serious injury - lose 1 point of STAMINA. Crawling on all fours, you scuttle behind the Cyclops. Will you:

Punch it in the back of the knee?	Turn to **115**
Punch it in the kidneys?	Turn to **347**
Elbow it in the spine?	Turn to **132**

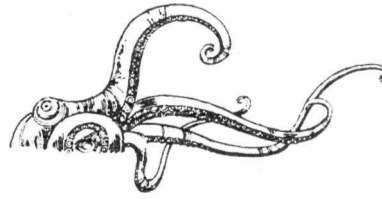

252

The crew and passengers of the merchantman, aghast at the Warlock for provoking you so, rush and seize him. Trussing his arms with a stout rope, they push him overboard into the sea, leaving him to drown or be taken by the sharks. The captain climbs into the rigging and shouts, 'Forgive us for harbouring such an unworthy fellow. We place ourselves at your bountiful mercy!' His crew and passengers vigorously agree. Boarding the merchantman, you seize 120 Gold Pieces and, in a fit of good will, take only 2 of his passengers as slaves - add these items to your Booty. Returning to the *Banshee,* you allow the merchantman to continue its journey. Will you continue to patrol the Inland Sea by heading towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to **66**), or change course and travel towards either the west coast (turn to **157**) or the Eastern Rim (turn to **10**) for a bit of coastal raiding?

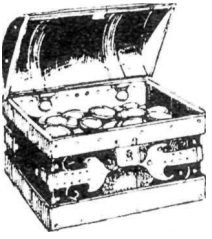

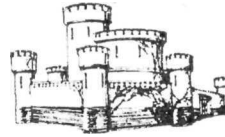

253

The market-place certainly draws all types, so you should have no difficulty in finding some men to hire. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **62**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **28**.

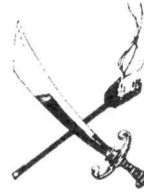

254

Through the door, you find a hastily deserted bedchamber. Clothes, empty chests and religious artefacts lie scattered over the floor and canopied bed. A quick search reveals a small coffer, overlooked by the room's fleeing occupant, which contains 98 Gold Pieces. Hefting this under one arm, you leave the room. Turn to **291**.

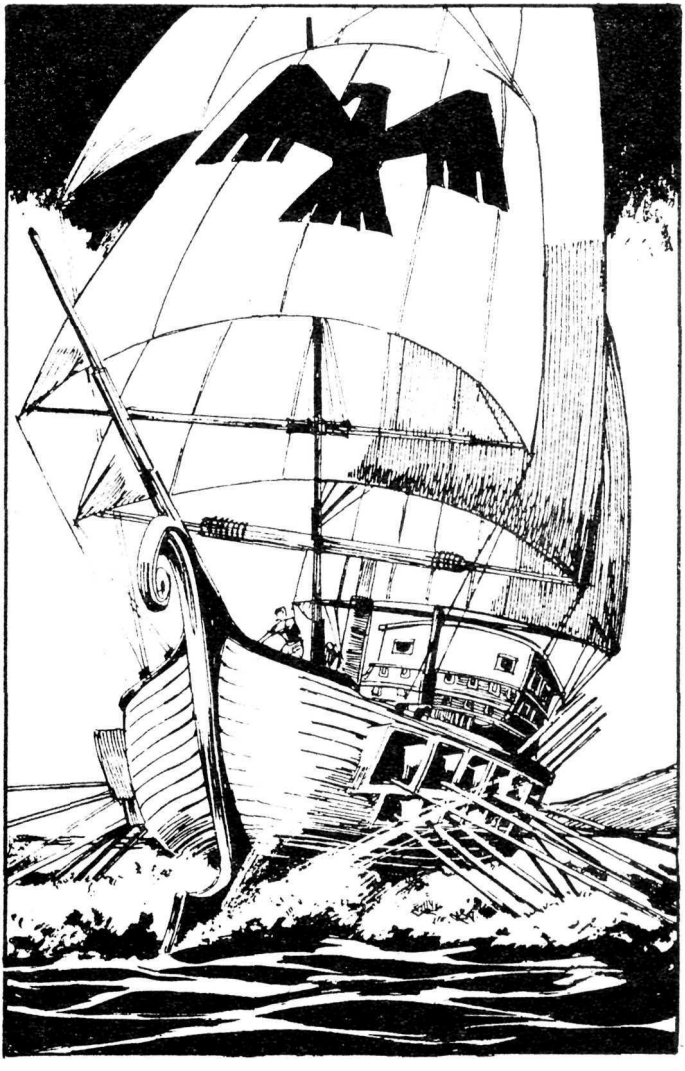

255

The storm blows over, leaving the skies clear and the seas calm. While you are bringing down the storm gear and preparing the *Banshee* for fair-weather sailing, your look-out spots the distinctive sails and battle banner of a Kishian warship to the north and closing fast. Your only hope of escape is to attempt to navigate through the Shoals of Trysta, which lie only a short distance to the south. Will you take this course (turn to **119**), or stand and fight (turn to **107**)?

256

Your scimitar cleaves straight through the white cat, but does not harm it. Turn to **322**.

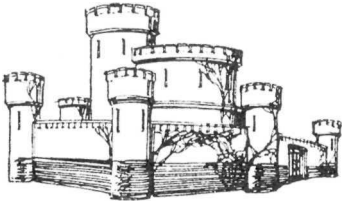

257

Sailing west, you pass between the garden island of Trysta to the north and the Isle of Volcanoes to the south. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 3 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If your LOG is now an even number, turn to **109**; if your LOG is an odd number, turn to **27**.

258

As soon as you start to push, the block explodes with a shattering roar. Roll two dice and subtract the result from your STAMINA. If you have survived the blast, turn to **281**.

259

This is good news indeed,' says the ghost. 'I am thankful. I bestow upon you what little blessing I have left, after all these centuries.' He approaches and lays an icy but weightless hand upon your shoulder. From now on, whenever you roll three dice against your CREW STRENGTH, you may deduct 2 from the result of the dice roll. Turn to **210**.

260

'Ah, yes,' says the King, 'Abdul the Butcher and his men. I remember them well, as they were here but three days ago. Very poor table manners but a lively wit!' The King waves a servant over, whispers in his ear and sends him away. When the servant returns, he is bearing two very large sacks. These,' says the King, 'contain the north and south winds. As I gave the east and west winds to Abdul, I think it only fair I should give these to you. Open the bag containing the north wind on your journey to Nippur and open the other bag when you wish to return.' At the end of the feast, you gather your men and prepare to return to the *Banshee.* Your crew are intensely interested in the sacks and don't believe you when you tell them that they contain 'only air'. They believe the King has filled them with treasure and that you are simply being greedy. 'Share it with us,' they say, 'or we won't go on. We'll stay here.' You can't open the sacks now, so will you give your crew 100 Gold Pieces to keep them quiet (turn to **368**), or simply insist to them that they are being stupid not to believe you (turn to **396**)?

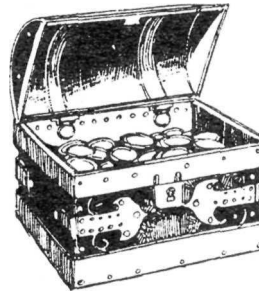

26l

Passing at a relatively safe distance, you are surprised when a missile from a ballista mounted on one of the galleys crashes into your mast, bringing the mainsail down on to the deck in a confusion of white canvas. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **83**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **51**.

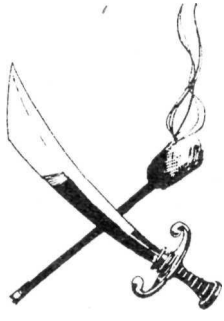

262

Returning to the *Banshee,* you hear from the port pilot that there is an extremely wealthy temple, occupied by the Priests of the Dead, up the river which flows through Assur. Will you raid inland to seize the treasures of this shrine (turn to **335**), or ignore this information and either head to Assur to recruit more crew (turn to **185**), or set sail into the Inland Sea to hunt for merchantmen (turn to **318**)?

263

You reach the top of the cliffs and look across the wide tablelands of the Kish Isthmus, dotted with fields, settlements and forests. A few miles away is a small town. Will you approach this via the cover of a nearby forest (turn to **353**) or by a stealthy march through the wide cornfields that lie between the cliffs and the town (turn to **328**)?

264

The door leads into a small room whose high walls disappear into a glowing vaporous mass above you. The pearly radiance which this casts fills you with warmth and a feeling of well-being. You recover 4 points of STAMINA and 2 points of LUCK. There is no other exit from this chamber, so you return to the chimney and take the other door. Turn to **289**.

265

The further you go along the ledge, the narrower and more uncertain it becomes. A stone collapses as you step on it, sending you sprawling out into the darkness of the cavern. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky*, turn to **365**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **334**.

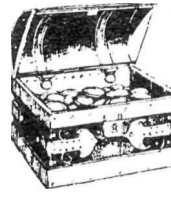

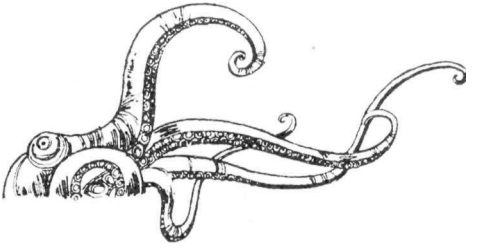

266

Taking a short run up, you deal the monster a savage kick in the ribs, undoubtedly cracking some, but hurting your own foot - deduct 2 points from *each* of your STAMINAS. The Cyclops rises to its feet rather painfully, then launches into a crouched attack, running to catch you in its arms. Will you:

Take a flying kick at its legs?	Turn to **319**
Take a flying kick at its midriff?	Turn to **60**
Punch it in the eye?	Turn to **156**

267

With the beast dead, you continue through the passage, eventually leaving the white water, crashing waves and warship behind. You have successfully negotiated the shoals and there, ahead, is the island of Trysta. Will you proceed towards it (turn to **152**), or head south-west, towards either Kish (turn to **223**) or the Roc (turn to **27**), or south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **191**)?

268

Taking the ship's boat, six of your crew row towards the nearer shore, disappearing into the pre-dawn gloom. A few minutes pass, then a scream, followed by shouts and the sounds of fighting, shatters the still air. Alarm fires spring up on the nearest towers; horns blow. A few moments later, the sounds of fighting cease and a lone crewman, badly wounded, paddles back to the *Banshee*. 'Guarded, captain,' he manages to gasp out before collapsing. Deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH. Having no other option, you turn back down the river and head for the sea. Turn to **207**.

269

Taking an empty space in the bazaar, you parade your captives before the prospective buyers who are casually strolling about, inspecting the various traders' wares. Roll one die. If the result is 1 or 2, turn to **94**. If the result is 3 or 4, turn to **72**. If the result is 5 or 6, turn to **59**.

270

The Bataar races are conducted on a long sandy stretch between the wharfs and the city. The enormous racing-lizards are restrained at one end of the straight track until the start of the race, when they fly down towards a staked Goblin at the other end. The first Bataar to set teeth into the unfortunate creature is declared the winner. From the field of twenty starters, you narrow the favourites down to three: Fazima, Awkspeed and el-Savak. You must place a bet of 20 Gold Pieces or 2 slaves, whichever you prefer, on one of these. Choose which Bataar you will back, then throw a die. If the result is 1 or 2, turn to **321**. If the result is 3 or 4, turn to **348**. If the result is 5 or 6, turn to **362**.

271

You have travelled only a short distance, when a Giant Crayfish scuttles out of the sea and up the beach, intent on grabbing one of your crew as a tasty snack. Being about twenty feet long, armed with five-foot claws and protected by thick skin, it is a formidable foe. Your crew defend themselves.

GIANT CRAYFISH	STRIKE 9	STRENGTH 8

If your crew win, turn to **116**.

272

Hoisting sail, will you head out into the Inland Sea, to patrol for rich merchantmen (turn to **318**), or journey south down the coast of the Eastern Rim (turn to **10**)?

273

You stroll up the middle of the valley. When you are quite close to the galley, the ground collapses under your feet, plunging you into a deep crevasse. Roll two dice and deduct the result from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you drag yourself from the hole and continue towards the galley, carefully testing the ground ahead as you go. Turn to **288**.

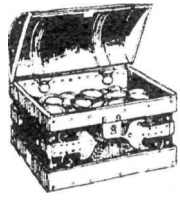

274

With the defeat of the priests, your over-exuberant crew set fire to the temple part of the castle: the blaze destroys most of the booty that you might have claimed as victors. Searching around, however, you manage to find 85 Gold Pieces and 10 surviving priests to sell as slaves - add these to your Booty. You return triumphant to the *Banshee* and set sail down the coast of Enraki. Turn to **123**.

275

The two vessels attempt to take the *Banshee* out with their rams, but your cunning manoeuvre takes them a little by surprise. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **313**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **38**2.

276

Pulling yourself up, you set your teeth into the Cyclops' thick, scaly wrist, but succeed only in breaking one of your molars. The monster shakes you from side to side then dashes you to the ground, laying in a kick for good measure - lose 2 points of STAMINA. The monster, thinking you are unconscious, turns away for a moment. Climbing on to weak legs, will you:

Elbow it in the back of the knee?	Turn to **46**
Punch it in the leg?	Turn to **115**
Take a flying kick into the middle of its back?	Turn to **384**

277

The *Banshee* squeezes through the very narrow channel without mishap, eventually leaving the white water, crashing waves and warship behind. You have successfully negotiated the shoals and there, ahead, is the island of Trysta. Will you proceed towards it (turn to **152**), or head south-west, towards either Kish (turn to **223**) or the Roc (turn to **27)**, or south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **191**)?

278

The realization that it is a Basilisk, and that one glance from it will turn you to stone, induces sufficient panic to get you out of the room and to the other side of the door fast enough not to be seen. You proceed into the feast hall instead. Turn to **216**.

279

If you haven't already, you can try to hire more crew (turn to **371**); otherwise, you return to the *Banshee* and leave Shurrupak (turn to **238**).

280

As your pirates overwhelm the guards, the rest of the barge's crew and occupants leap overboard and swim to shore, preferring the risk of crocodiles to being captured by your men. Thick black smoke begins to curl from the interior of the richly appointed vessel - it has been set alight by its departing owners. You jump on board, determined to rescue some loot before it all goes up in flames. Rushing down into the smoke-filled interior, you come across two locked doors. Will you force the left door (turn to **214**) or the right door (turn to **254**)?

281

Slowly, the door opens into a large crypt, occupied by a single massive sarcophagus. All around the edge of the lid is an inscription, repeated over and over, which reads:

UT-NAPISHTIM KEEPER OF THE WATERS OF RETRIBUTION

Will you attempt to open the sarcophagus (turn to **292**), or leave it be (turn to **358**)?

282

Passing through the palms, you come upon an unexpected sight. In the centre of the island is a large lagoon with a narrow entrance from the sea on the other side of the island. Anchored in the centre of this lagoon is a small pirate vessel, the crew of which are rather busy burying something on the shore. Will you attack these competitors (turn to **393**), or return to the beach to search for provisions (turn to **271**)?

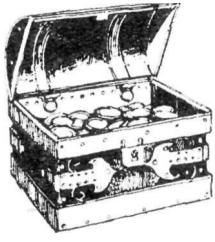

283

A day's ferocious bargaining in the markets leaves you with the conviction that most willing and able-bodied men are unattracted by the razzle-dazzle of the piratical way of life. However, by a stroke of good fortune, you come across a slave-dealer who is drastically overstocked with captured pirates-made-slaves, and who is willing to part with them for a song. For every 10 Gold Pieces spent, you will be able to recover 1 point of CREW STRENGTH. This slave-dealer also lets slip a casual remark about a wealthy shrine built some miles up the main river which flows to the side of Assur. Having restocked your crew, you could make a small excursion up-river to check the place out and possibly seize some of its riches (turn to **335**). Alternatively, you could leave Assur and either patrol south-east, into the Inland Sea (turn to **318**), or head south, down the western coastline (turn to **45**).

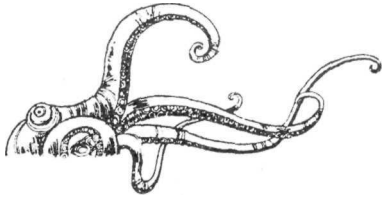

284

You walk down for some considerable distance before seeing a light below. Creeping forward, you see four Troglodytes emerging from a small side-passage on to the stairs. They are all armed with spears, and two are also carrying a heavy chest between them. You slide behind a large boulder to remain out of sight. The chest looks as though it might contain something valuable, so will you:

Throw small pebbles further down the staircase, to distract the Troglodytes and split them up, before attacking? Turn to **112**

Draw your sword and charge the creatures? Turn to **130**

Use your sword as a lever to roll the boulder you are hiding behind out on to the stairs and down to crush the Trogs? Turn to **161**

285

Your crew shoot fire arrows into the castle compound; some land on the temple and start a blaze. In moments, however, the watchful priests of the Asswr sel Dablo have not only rushed to put out the fires but have rung alarm bells and lined the walls of their stronghold with archers and spearmen. At your signal, the crew of the *Banshee* stream with a roar at the low part of the castle's walls. The battle begins.

ENRAKI PRIESTS STRIKE 10 STRENGTH 16

If your crew win, turn to **274**.

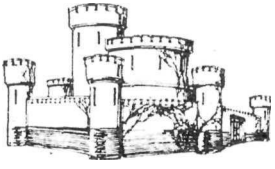

286

One of your pirates discovers a loose bar which, when worked continuously by four or five men at once, soon comes out completely. Still armed, you steal out of the enclosure and fall upon the unsuspecting village. Resistance to your lusty pirates is confused.

VILLAGERS STRIKE 7 STRENGTH 6

If your crew win, turn to **192**.

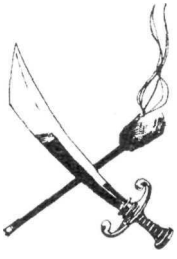

287

The Kishian marines are routed and their vessel set afire. You don't have much time in which to loot the blazing ship, so you concentrate mainly on collecting slaves among the survivors of the marines. There aren't many, but you manage to find 11 that will be worth selling - add them to your Booty. Will you sail around the shoals to the island of Trysta (turn to **164**) or head south-west, towards either Kish (turn to **223**) or the Roc (turn to **204**), or travel south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **191**)?

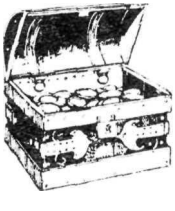

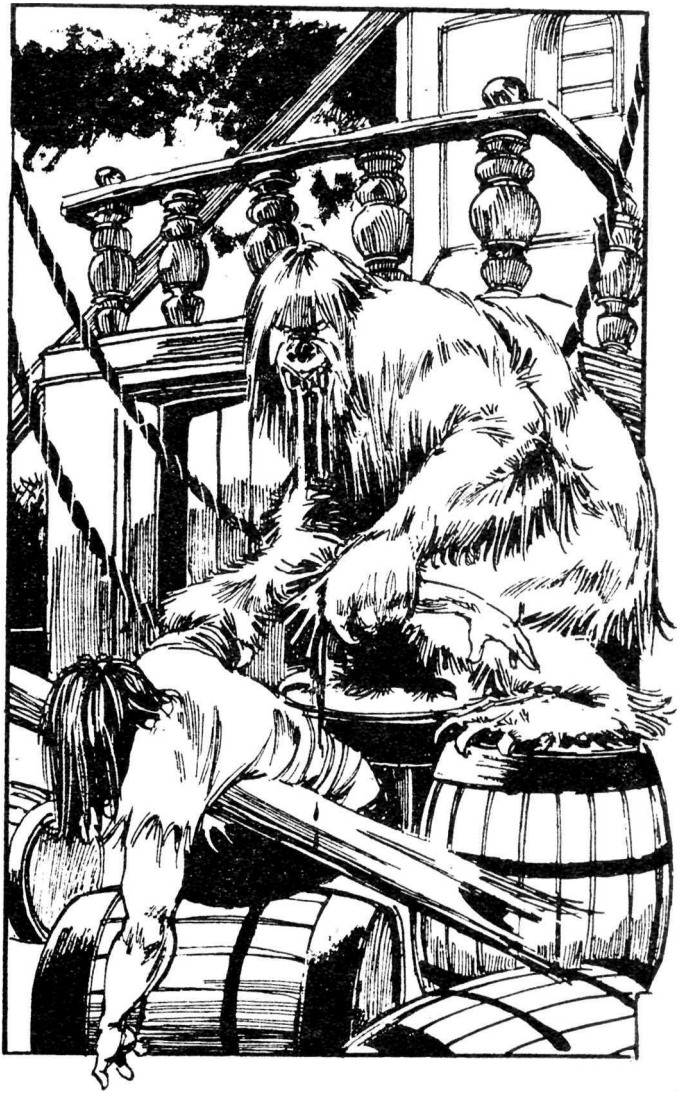

288

Reaching the stranded vessel, you climb up on its deck, and come face to face with a large, shaggy white beast that is busy feeding on one of the galley's dead crew. It growls at you and bares its fangs. You try to edge away, but the beast decides to attack, swinging huge claw-studded paws at your midriff. Drawing your sword, you defend yourself.

ICE BEAST	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you defeat it, turn to **320**.

289

The door opens into a large, heavily buttressed hall, of which the centre-piece is a small hideous statue raised on a low obsidian pillar. Standing on either side of this idol are two acolytes garbed in the traditional crocodile skins of the servants of the lords of decay. They take a menacing pace forward and draw long dirks from their thigh scabbards. 'Blasphemer,' says one, 'we shall hasten your journey to the land of perpetual sleep.' They attack. You will fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
FIRST ACOLYTE	8	6
SECOND ACOLYTE	7	6

If you defeat them, turn to **388**.

290

Running to meet the charging monster, you leap into the air, aiming a kick at its head. It ducks slightly, so your boot only grazes its skull - deduct 1 point from its STAMINA. As you fly past, it grabs you by the ankle and dangles you in the air, upside down. Will you:

Knee it in the chest?	Turn to **122**
Butt it in the ribs?	Turn to **372**
Give it an upper cut to the groin?	Turn to **177**

291

The interior of the pleasure-barge is now a roaring furnace, cutting off any hope of further salvage. Back on the *Banshee*, you find your crew have only rounded up 3 slaves from the survivors of the vessel. You turn the *Banshee* around and head back downstream, past Lagash and into the Inland Sea. As you leave the river, a red-sailed warship from the city cuts across your path. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **90**. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, turn to **309**.

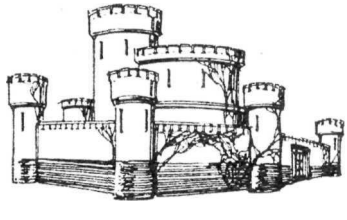

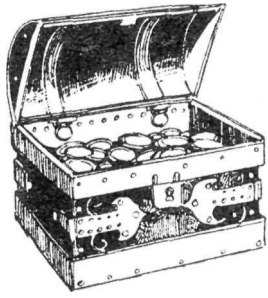

292

With great difficulty, you manage to slide the lid from its place and on to the floor, where it lands with a resounding crash, which echoes through the crypt and out into the caverns beyond. The sarcophagus is empty except for a stout-looking helmet and a bag containing, at a quick count, no Gold Pieces. You put the helmet on and sling the bag over your shoulder. Turn to **358**.

293

The poor of Shurrupak are *very* poor and willing to do almost anything to earn a few shekels. However, the quality of the individuals you hire here is rather unpredictable. For every 50 Gold Pieces that you spend on luring these unfortunate folk into a life of piracy, roll one die. The result is the number of points of CREW STRENGTH that you recover. When you have completed your recruiting, turn to **180**.

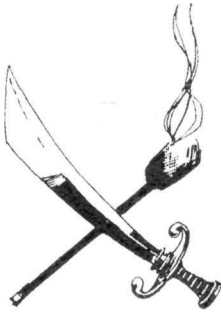

294

The square rig and wide hull of a merchantman appear on the horizon. It is a large vessel, heavily laden and possibly well armed, ploughing its way west from the Eastern Rim to the city of Kish. Will you attack this ship (turn to **391**), or leave it be and continue patrolling, looking for something a bit smaller (turn to **66**)?

295

Your scimitar cleaves straight through the black cat, but does not harm it. Turn to **322**.

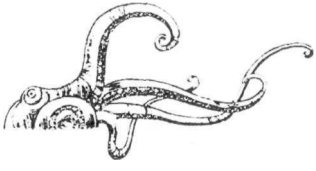

296

As you approach, both the galleys make a sudden turn in towards you. You avoid one, but impale the *Banshee* upon the ram of the other. Your stricken vessel breaks in two, scattering its unhappy sailors and captain into the ocean where the sharks - never far from a sea-battle - are hungrily gathering. Your adventure is over.

297

The door bursts open as you turn the handle, revealing a massive, spinning wheel hanging in the narrow recess behind. The wheel drops from its axle, sprouts whirling razors on its rim and flies out at you, cutting a deadly arc through the air. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **169**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **2**.

298

'Step this way,' says the aged creature, showing you to a trapdoor at the base of one of the statues. 'You must go down there. If you return, you may pass through to the mountain.' You open the trapdoor and climb down into the darkness. When you reach the bottom, you see that you are in a dimly lit cavern occupied by a Cyclops. This large one-eyed humanoid tears your sheathed sword from you and casts it into a niche high up in the cavern wall. 'Now,' it says, 'we will fight.' You will have to fight it using unarmed combat. Write down the number 311 on a sheet of paper; this is where you should turn to if you defeat the monster in the ensuing combat - i.e. as soon as its STAMINA reaches zero. Also note that its STAMINA is 16. Now decide on your opening attack. Will you:

Take a flying kick at its chest?	Turn to **206**
Punch it in the shoulder?	Turn to **91**
Jump in close and elbow it in the ribs?	Turn to **29**

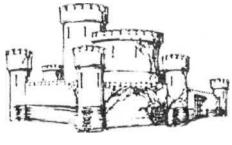

299

After you were given the two bags by the King of the Four Winds, did you give your inquisitive crew 100 Gold Pieces to stop them looking in the bags (turn to **32**) or not (turn to **379**)?

300

Turn to **50.**

301

Shurrupak is a large, fair city, with sympathetic views towards the Inland Sea's pirates, who, therefore, only attack Shurrupak's main rivals. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 6 days to your LOG. Upon arrival in Shurrupak, will you sell your slaves first (turn to **349**), or hire more crew (turn to **371**)?

302

Drawing alongside, your crew cast grapples and pull the two vessels together. With a single roar, they leap across at the pitifully small number of defenders.

MERCHANT CREW STRIKE 6 STRENGTH **6**

If you defeat them, turn to **392**.

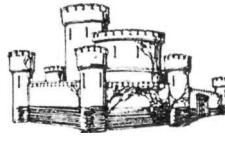

303

Your crew chop down a couple of local trees to use as battering rams. The noise alerts the warrior priests to your presence and intentions, and the walls and towers become lined with archers and spearmen. Eventually, you launch your attack, rushing at the gates with your crew screaming behind. With a resounding *boom,* your rams smash into the gates. Arrows, spears and stones crash into your men - deduct 2 points from your CREW STRENGTH. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **343**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **58**.

304

When you reach the top of the cliffs, your crew begin to complain loudly. This is sheer madness, captain,' says the first mate. 'We've already lost four men, just in the climb, and the gods know how many soldiers are lurking up here. We've got to get back to the ship, where we stand a chance.' Will you bow to this pressure from your crew (turn to **113**), or ridicule their lack of spirit and force them on (turn to **155**)?

305

Summoning all your energy, you swing violently and smash the creature in the armpit with your foot. Screaming, it drops you to the ground and then clutches its wound -- deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. Landing lightly, you run nimbly behind the stricken Cyclops. Will you:

Punch it in the kidneys?	Turn to **347**
Elbow it in the back of the knees?	Turn to **46**
Take a flying kick into the middle of its back?	Turn to **384**

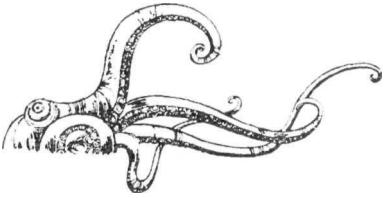

306

You sail into the midst of a large amount of driftwood, recent wreckage from some unfortunate vessel. Much of the floating planking is shattered and pocked with huge teeth marks. You find only a few barrels worth salvaging, scattered among all the destruction. One of these contains an excellent spirit which, when served out to the crew, boosts their morale considerably - restore 2 points to your CREW STRENGTH. Will you continue to patrol the Inland Sea by heading towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to **66**), or change course and travel to either the west coast (turn to **157**) or the Eastern Rim (turn to **10**) for a bit of coastal raiding?

307

With the Troglodytes defeated, you split open their chest and finding exactly 100 Gold Pieces. Carrying all of this booty with some difficulty, you turn up the side-passage and emerge, after a few hundred yards, into sunlight. You are outside, in the forests of the Roc. Heading for the beach, you run into several members of your crew who had been searching the island, with the rest of your men, in the hope that you were still alive. You return triumphant to the *Banshee* and continue your journey. Turn to **15**.

308

'At the end, next to yourself,' you say, remembering the jewel in the ring. 'Yes,' says the Salamander, disappearing. 'You may pass.' The flames die down. You cross the hall, leaving through a door at the other end. Turn to **339**.

309

The warship is too fast! It rushes alongside, catches the *Banshee* with grappling-irons and draws you towards the waiting marines. You will have to fight.

WARSHIP	STRIKE 10	STRENGTH 8

If you want to escape, turn to **12**. If you fight on and defeat the warship, turn to **135**.

310

The ring moves with a solid *click.* In response, a section of one of the crypt's walls falls out, revealing a steeply rising staircase. Running up this, you find yourself back in the outside world, standing at the foot of the line of hills you left so long ago. You return to the point where you left the *Banshee,* and find that your crew had waited, just in case you were still alive. Turn to **272**.

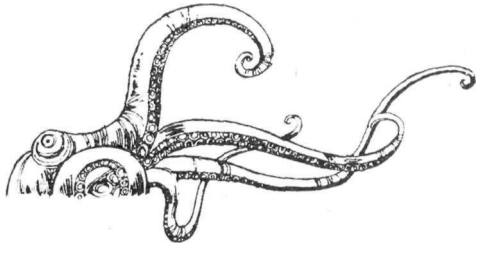

311

The Cyclops drops to the ground, unconscious. Victorious, you climb back up the ladder and through the trapdoor, to face the wizened old creature who sent you down in the first place. He cackles when you appear and then ushers you through the gap in the wall, indicating the path you must take to reach the summit of Nippur's mountain. Turn to **36**.

312

With the feast over, the King bids you farewell. You return to the *Banshee* and leave the cove where you were anchored. If you were given the sacks containing the north and south winds, then from now on, whenever you are instructed to roll three dice and to compare the result with your CREW STRENGTH, *deduct* 4 points from the result of the dice roll. Which way will you head: south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **191**), or south-west, towards the Roc (turn to **27**)?

Your ship smashes through the warship's oars, but receives several volleys of arrows from the Shurrupak marines crowding the other vessel's decks - lose 2 points of CREW STRENGTH. Breaking through the line of war galleys, you see a second, smaller squadron following up behind. Will you go with the wind, cut in front of these vessels and head for the shore (turn to **261**), or try to break through, as you did with the first line (turn to **237**)?

You sail either to the volcanic island (turn to **369**) or the palm-covered island (turn to **354**).

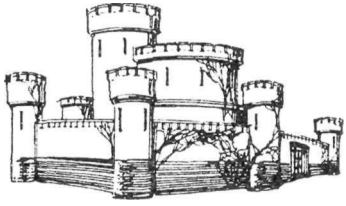

315

You drop anchor in a sheltered cove of the island, disembark and travel to the temple-fortress of the warrior priests with only a few crew as companions. When you near your destination, but before you are in sight, you instruct your companions to wait in cover for your return and then proceed to the main gate alone. Posing as an emissary from the city of Lagash, you gain entrance and then audience with the abbot. 'O great abbot of illustrious Asswr sel Dablo, keeper of truth and wisdom in the northern lands, I bring you greetings and news from an esteemed friend,' you say. 'You are too kind. Sit, have tea, then speak of the news,' he replies. You do as he says. After a suitably polite time has passed, you say, 'I have heard that there is to be an assault on your citadel by the Wazi of Lagash, whose masters are pressing him for increased revenue. I have powerful friends, O master, and - for a suitable fee - could cause the attack to be misdirected.' You bow.

The abbot sighs, then whispers to his attendant monk, 'An opportunist.' He presses a carbuncle on his chair: the floor around you falls away and drops you into a deep, open pit-lose 2 points of STAMINA. 'Foolhardy pirate,' laughs the abbot, looking down from the edge of the pit. 'You must meet your destiny through one of these.' He points at four doors, one in each of the four walls of the pit. Each door has a different symbol carved into it. Which will you open:

The door with a star-burst carved in it?	Turn to **380**
The door with an upside-down triangle?	Turn to **327**
The door with a wheel?	Turn to **297**
The door with a horizontal crescent?	Turn to **249**

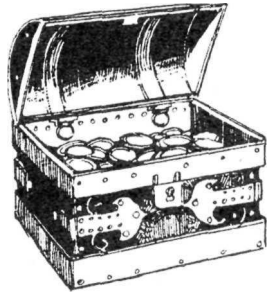

316

As you climb the hill, you hear a faint sound of stones rattling above, then a large boulder comes flying out of the void and lands with a crash in front of you. Another equally large rock follows. 'Halt!' cries a deep voice from up the hill. 'None shall cross the land of the Muzzelmirs unbidden. 'Two Giants, small by their brethren's standards, no doubt, but enormous by yours, step over the ridge ahead. They are armed with small tree-trunks and dressed in the hides of wild animals. Will you charge them with your crew (turn to **325**), or deal with them by yourself (turn to **336**)?

317

'Fool!' says the Salamander, leaping from the flames. 'You will die because of your stupidity!' With a shout, it stabs at you with its flaming trident. You will have to fight it.

SALAMANDER SKILL 10 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to **377**.

318

The *Banshee* cuts through the quiet waters of the Inland Sea; your look-outs keep a continuous watch on the clear horizon for any sign of shipping. Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 4 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 5 days to your LOG. If your LOG is an even number, turn to **363**; if your LOG is an odd number, turn to **294**.

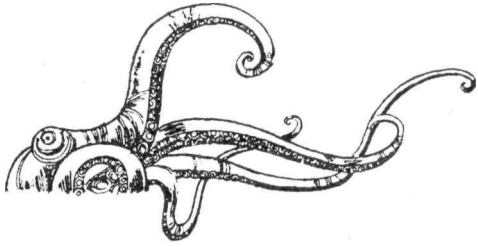

319

When you leap at the Cyclops, it dodges easily to one side and swipes you with an open-handed blow to the head as you fly past- lose 1 point of STAMINA. As you land, the monster grabs you by the ankle and lifts you into the air. While you are hanging upside down, will you:

Give it an upper cut to the groin?	Turn to **177**
Punch it in the stomach?	Turn to **139**
Knee it in the chest?	Turn to **122**

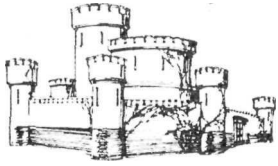

320

With the beast dead, you search the ship at leisure, and discover masses of frozen crates, but no treasure other than a flame-red jewel set in a gold ring. The ring is inscribed on one side with a riddle:

> *Where in Albion would you find that which lies between above and below?*

And on the other side is what you presume is the answer:

> *At the end, next to yourself.*

Odd. As you find nothing else, you return to the *Banshee.* Turn to **217**.

321

The lizards are released! They fly hungrily down the track towards the doomed goblin - Awkspeed beats Fazima by a tooth. If you backed the winner, collect as much gold (or as many slaves) as you initially bet. Will you bet on the Bataars again (turn to **202**), or - if you haven't already - try punch-out (turn to **48**) or dice (turn to **236**)?

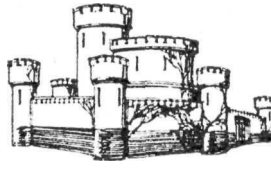

322

The other cats cease their circling while you are striking at their comrade, and dive at you, tearing through your flesh with long razor-sharp claws - deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, which cat will you strike at next:

Black cat?	Turn to **295**
White cat?	Turn to **256**
Red cat?	Turn to **203**
Brown cat?	Turn to **126**
Grey cat?	Turn to **95**

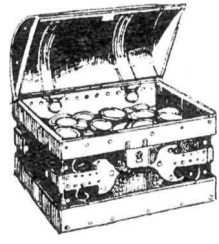

323

With a tremendous *whack,* the Ogre knocks you from the ring and into the audience - lose 2 points of STAMINA permanently (i.e. your *Initial* score is reduced by 2). The money you put up as a bet is also lost - deduct it from your Booty. Will you have another go at punch-out, but with a different champion (turn to **385**), or - if you haven't already - try the Bataar races (turn to **270**) or dice (turn to **236**)?

324

Going ashore with most of your crew, you find yourselves being feted by the exuberant natives. Dancing around you all the while, they lead you into the centre of their village, where they set out a splendid feast. When you inquire of the elders whether they can assist you in stocking the *Banshee,* they nod and laugh, saying you will certainly get all the help you need. After the feast, the villagers ply you with wine and make you dance along to the sounds of vigorous drumming. Eventually, you all collapse from exhaustion. On awakening the next day, you find yourselves locked in a large open-air enclosure. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **286**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **345**.

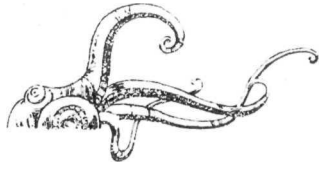

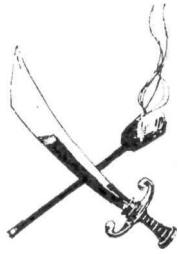

325

Your men draw their swords and charge, while the Giants heft their tree-trunks in preparation. The battle begins.

GIANTS	STRIKE 9	STRENGTH 6

If you defeat them, turn to **344**.

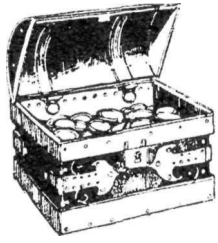

326

Drawing the *Banshee* up beside the wallowing vessel, you lean nonchalantly on the gunwale and call across to the captain, 'Hey! You there, fathead! Hand over all, and 1 mean *all,* your gold and I won't sink your ship, enslave you and your crew or steal your cargo.' The captain, with a bit of prompting from his nervous crew, agrees to this generous offer. He sends over a small boat with his gold - 117 Gold Pieces - which you add to your Booty. You leave the merchantman. The Shoals of Trysta lie some short distance to the south, so will you sail around them to the isle of Trysta (turn to **164**), or head south-west, towards either Kish (turn to **22**3) or the Roc (turn to **204**), or sail south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **191**)?

327

The door crashes out at you when you turn the handle, as thousands of gallons of water pour through the opening and into the pit, rapidly filling it. As you struggle to keep on the surface of the churning waters, you notice a couple of dark serpentine shapes slide through the doorway. They are ferocious Elverines - blind and grossly distorted man-eating, fresh-water serpents. Smelling your (no doubt) distinctive odour, they rush to attack. You fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
FIRST ELVERINE	8	6
SECOND ELVERINE	7	4

If you defeat them, turn to **65**.

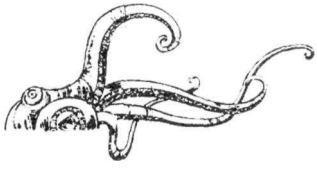

328

Flitting like dark pack-wolves through the high golden ears of corn, you advance towards the Kishian town. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **47**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **186**.

329

With the guards overcome, you and your crew loot the caravan - stripping boxes, sacks and skins of wine from the great pack-beasts. The amount of booty, however, is not large. You find 63 Gold Pieces in a small chest and only 1 of the surviving Lizard Men is in fit enough condition to be traded as a slave. A little disappointed, you gather up your now drunken crew and return to the *Banshee*. Turn to **35**.

330

'A bet is a bet,' says el-Fazouk, gloomily. 'Your debt is absolved.' You leave the dicing-dens before he changes his mind. If you haven't already, you could try your fortune at Bataar racing (turn to **270**) or punch-out (turn to **48**); otherwise, you leave the city of Calah (turn to **262**).

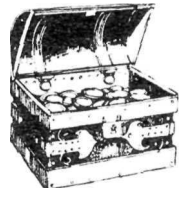

331

Retreating in good but rapid order, you reach the beach before the Hussars. However, you don't have time to board the *Banshee* before the cavalry come sweeping out of the town and down towards the water-line. Your crew will have to fight.

WINGED HUSSARS STRIKE 11 STRENGTH 6

If your crew win, turn to **346**.

332

Your crew bring the warship's mainsail down and cut the *Banshee* free of the grapples. Heeling aside, you sail away as fast as the wind will carry you. Will you sail around the shoals to the island of Trysta (turn to **164**), or head south-west, towards either Kish (turn to **223**) or the Roc (turn to **204**), or travel south-east towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **191**)?

333

Without warning, the *Banshee* crashes to a halt, sending you and your crew spilling across the deck. A tremendous bubbling froth boils around the ship. Out of this emerge several reptilian heads on long necks, all attached to one bloated black body. It is a Hydra! Mouths snapping, it arches over the deck, devouring your terrified crew.

HYDRA	STRIKE 9	STRENGTH 8

If your crew defeat it, turn to **222**.

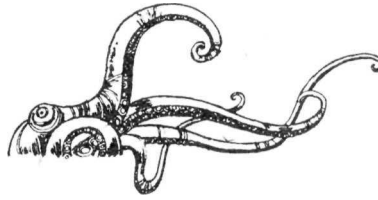

334

The fall, ending in a jumble of sharp boulders, is enough to kill you. Your adventure is over.

335

Heading inland, you seek out the rumoured shrine - add 3 days to your LOG. Eventually you find it, nestled in a cosy dell and surrounded by vegetation. Its stone-work is monolithic, rising forty or fifty feet into the air and lavishly decorated with human skeletons in tortured poses. Your crew refuse to approach any closer than bow-shot range. Laughing at their superstitious cowardice, you proceed towards the structure alone, and climb the high stairs to the entrance with forced nonchalance. Inside, the atmosphere is dark and oppressive, but at least devoid of life. Before you is a wide, straight corridor and a very steep and narrow set of stairs heading down into the bowels of the shrine. Which will you take, the corridor (turn to **63**) or the stairs (turn to **85**)?

336

'Good fellows,' you say, stepping forward, 'as we were unaware that the esteemed Muzzelmirs were occupying this land, let us resolve our differences with a little competition. If you win, we will return to our ship. If we win, however, then you will allow us free passage through your lands.' Being simple souls with simple tastes, they agree wholeheartedly. The shortest of the two steps forward. 'I am Mog and this is Ogmog,' he says. 'Let the competition be a wrestling match between you and me.' Not quite what you'd planned. Will you agree to wrestle (turn to **366**), or suggest that you compete with something else, such as staves (turn to **351**)?

337

A sharp blow from your flying hand causes the Cyclops to howl with pain and clasp its injured armpit - deduct 1 point from its STAMINA. Recovering somewhat, it lashes out with its huge paws, grabs you by the left forearm and hauls you into the air. Will you:

Bite it on the wrist?	Turn to **276**
Chop it on the back of the elbow?	Turn to **187**
Kick it in the shoulder?	Turn to **251**

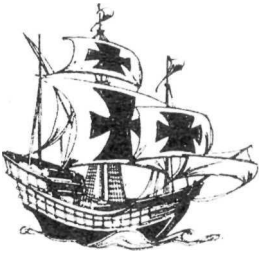

338

'Ah, woe!' cries the ghost. This is dreadful indeed.' He turns *a* wrathful eye upon you and sweeps his hand in despair, 'O bearer of such wretched news, I curse you.' You lose 2 points of LUCK and 1 point of SKILL. Turn to **210**.

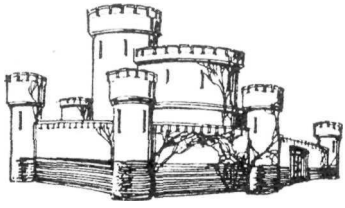

339

You find yourself in a large room, empty but for the witch, who is standing in a circle on the floor. She holds a dagger in one hand and black cat in the other. 'Curse you,' she says. 'Why didn't you eat your meal, like the others? Now I must kill you, a task I do not relish.' She tosses the cat in the air and makes a sign with the dagger. Instantly, the cat multiplies into five, each a different colour; the five cats float rather mysteriously in the air. They circle around you, feinting and howling. Which animal will you strike at:

Black cat?	Turn to **295**
White cat?	Turn to **256**
Red cat?	Turn to **203**
Brown cat?	Turn to **126**
Grey cat?	Turn to **95**

340

Roll three dice. If the result is *less than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 2 days to your LOG. If the result is *equal to or greater than* your CREW STRENGTH, add 3 days to your LOG. Then turn to **378**.

341

Your crew are not up to the task you have set them. The *Banshee* grinds against a small but dangerous outcrop of rocks, and one of the grey fingers rips through the hull, flooding the interior and sinking the ship. Your adventure is over.

342

Abdul's crew also remind you that, as you have taken more than fifty days to reach Nippur, you have lost the wager - regardless of how many Gold Pieces you may have. The adventure is over; you have lost.

343

The rams swing again, this time causing a splintering *crash* from the gates as they are torn from their hinges. With a mighty cheer, your men draw their scimitars and rush into the fortress - coming face to face with the determined defenders. The battle begins.

ENRAKI PRIESTS	STRIKE 9	STRENGTH 12

If you win, turn to **274**.

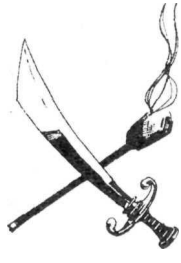

344

Having overcome the Giants, you continue with your crew over the hills, until you reach the edge of a vast sea of sand which stretches to the horizon. Discouraged with the limited possibilities of looting that such landscape implies, you turn about and return to the *Banshee*. Add 3 days to your LOG, then turn to **272**.

345

There is no way out of the cage. The village elders turn up towards noon and explain to you that, as their island is sacred, they cannot let strangers - whose profane eyes have beheld it - live. Therefore, they must kill you. Next, the rest of the villagers arrive, carrying bows, and proceed to open fire on you and your crew. Your adventure ends here.

346

The Hussars are routed, fleeing with the rest of the army from the town and down the coast towards Kish. Unfortunately, they had the same idea as you, and have stripped the town of all its wealth. So, instead of gold, you settle for slaves. Roll two dice: the result equals the number of slaves you manage to extract from among the now impoverished towns-folk. Returning to the *Banshee* with your booty, will you sail down the coast towards Kish (turn to **223**), or into the Inland Sea towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to **66**)?

347

Stepping close, you land a couple of short but powerful jabs above the Cyclops' kidneys - deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. Enraged and in severe pain, the monster spins about, flailing its enormous fists and striking you in the face - lose 2 points of STAMINA. You both stagger back, and the Cyclops collapses to the ground. Will you:

Shoulder it in the head?	Turn to **82**
Punch it in the jaw?	Turn to **196**
Kick it in the ribs?	Turn to **266**

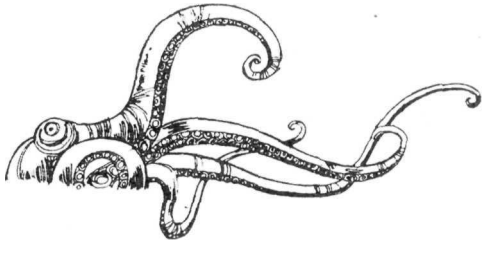

348

The lizards are released! They fly hungrily down the track towards the unfortunate Goblin; Fazima beats el-Savak and Awkspeed by a bite or two. If you backed the winner, collect as much gold (or as many slaves) as you initially bet. Will you bet on the Bataars again (turn to **202**), or - if you haven't already - try punch-out (turn to **48**) or dice (turn to **236**)?

349

Taking a few crewmen and all of your slaves, you head for the markets. The scene is hectic. A recent battle between Shurrupak and Marad has resulted in hundreds of Maradian prisoners being taken - and most of them have been brought here to be sold as slaves. As a consequence, competition is very high and prices are low. Will you entrust the business of selling your slaves to an agent (turn to **245**), or conduct the transactions yourself (turn to **269**)?

350

The piles are very close in size, making it difficult to judge who has the most. You sit down to count each other's gold, and find, after over an hour, that Abdul had the edge. He declares triumphantly himself the winner and pirate of the century. You have lost the wager.

351

'Staves then,' agrees Mog. 'Do you want Ogmog's tree-trunk or have you got your own?' You borrow a staff from one of your crew, then suggest to the Giant that you each stand on one of the sandstone blocks prevalent in these parts and take turns trying to hit each other. The first to knock the other off wins. The Giant agrees, adding, 'As you're such a puny little critter - no offence meant - you can have the first hit.' You take your places, facing each other across a six-foot space. Will you aim at his head (turn to **375**) or his feet (turn to **394**)?

352

You run and dive at the beast's head, grasping it by the horns and flipping yourself on to its back. It performs a ferocious jump in an attempt to dislodge you, but actually gives greater impetus to your leap for the edge of the pit. With only inches to spare, you succeed in grasping the rim. With the abbot still laughing at your expected demise on the horns of the beast below, you crawl out and into the chamber. Turn to **225**.

353

You lead your men through the thick, untamed wood. Suddenly, a sticky tendril flies from what you had assumed was a dead tree, and attaches itself to your body. It grows taut and starts to drag you towards the bole of the tree, which, you notice, has eyes on the tips of its branches and mouths opening and closing in its trunk. More tendrils fly out and grab you. Drawing your sword, you try to cut yourself free.

BARK BITER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat it, turn to **47**.

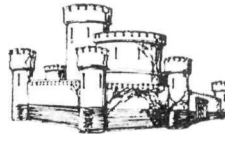

354

Heaving to a short distance from the shore, you disembark with most of your crew. The beach is wide and sandy, but the interior consists of clumps of coconut palms. Will you head along the beach (turn to **271**) or inland (turn to **282**)?

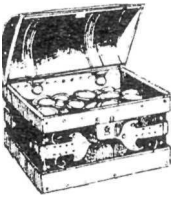

355

Most of your crew make it through the town to the lower slopes of the mountain, where, in the thick forest, the Hussars cannot follow. Circling around Kirkuk to the northern beaches, you see that the *Banshee* has pulled away from the town and dropped anchor a safe distance out to sea. You signal to your crew on board, letting them know that you are still alive. Will you retreat into the mountain forest, to await the possible departure of the Kishian forces, which are quite some distance beyond their normal location on the walls of Kish (turn to **364**), or return to the *Banshee* and sail either down the coast towards Kish (turn to **223**) or out into the Inland Sea towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to **66**)?

356

A storm blows up out of the south, making the going difficult. When the weather clears, you find that you are unsure of your position. You continue towards where you expected Nippur to be but, somehow, manage not to find it. Hopelessly lost, you pass the target day for arrival and thus lose the bet. Your adventure is over.

357

When you are only a day's sailing from Assur, your look-out spots a speck on the horizon ahead. It grows into a sail, and then a ship - sharp prow and triangular canvas bearing down on you with speed. A battle banner flutters from the mainmast. It is a Kishian warship. You pull about in attempt to evade, but the cutter has the wind and the speed to bring it alongside the *Banshee.* Grappling-irons and arrows fly; troops ready to board. You will have to fight.

KISHIAN WARSHIP STRIKE 10 STRENGTH 8

If you want to escape, remember the penalty and turn to **241**. If you fight on and defeat the warship, turn to **22**.

358

Above the sarcophagus, in the ceiling, is a large stone ring surrounded by a circular inscription, written in the same archaic language as that on the door into the crypt. It says: Tush (pull?) this key to a better (worse?) life (death?), or suffer Ut-Napishtim's trial.' Standing on the sarcophagus, you take hold of the ring. Will you pull it down (turn to **310**), or push it up (turn to **16**)?

359

The shrine overlooks a bleak valley. As you lean against the structure to take in the view, you are overcome with a sense of dread and despair. The black mood of this inhospitable and alien place robs you of your confidence - lose 2 points of LUCK. You return to your waiting crew and, fearfully, lead them towards the pass. Turn to **52**.

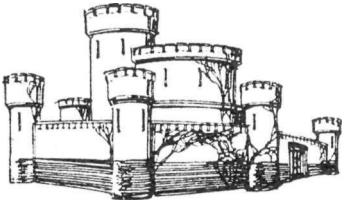

360

When you grasp the jewel, your hand freezes in paralysis. Slowly, the tongue retracts further back into the idol's mouth, dragging your arm into a circular ring of razor-sharp blades set in the statue's throat. You are cut badly - lose 4 points of STAMINA and 1 point of SKILL. Eventually you manage to break free. You decide to leave the jewel where it is for the moment, and take the whole statue instead. Turn to **228**.

361

You run on to the monster's rather hard back and proceed to pound up and down, producing distressed grunts from it - deduct 2 points from its STAMINA. The Cyclops brushes you off, rises to its feet and then launches into a crouched attack, running to catch you in its arms. Will you:

Take a flying kick at its head?	Turn to **290**
Take a flying kick at its leg?	Turn to **319**
Step sideways and deal it an elbow smash to its arm?	Turn to **74**

362

The lizards fly from the start, but your favourite trips and crashes to the ground halfway down the track. You lose the money (or slaves) that you put up as a bet. Will you bet on the Bataars again (turn to **202**), or - if you haven't already - try punch-out (turn to **48**) or dice (turn to **236**)?

363

The horizon remains monotonously flat and devoid of shipping. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **306**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **333**.

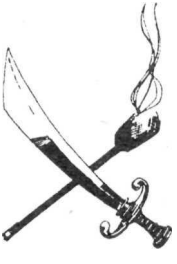

364

You and your crew retreat into the forest, while the *Banshee* sails up the coast, to return for a rendezvous in a few days. Add 3 days to your LOG. From your elevated position, you see the remnants of the Kishian forces pack up and leave Kirkuk, heading south towards their homeland. Gathering your men, you descend once again on the town. Unfortunately, the Kishian army, which evidently had the same idea as you, has stripped the town of all its wealth. Instead of gold, you settle for slaves. Roll two dice: the result equals the number of slaves you manage to extract from among the now impoverished townsfolk. When the *Banshee* returns, will you sail down the coast towards Kish (turn to **223**), or into the Inland Sea towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to **66**)?

365

You slide down the side of the cavern, bumping against rocks and stones on the way, but hitting the bottom at a slow enough pace not to injure yourself grievously. You are some way down the staircase you earlier chose not to follow. You stand up and brush the grime of the fall from your clothes before proceeding down the stairs. Turn to **284**.

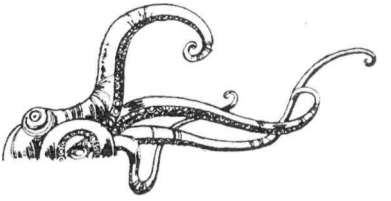

366

A circle is drawn on the ground, into which you and Mog step. The Giant paces forward, spreads his arms and then swings a mighty fist at your head - knocking you clean out of the circle and into the world beyond. Your adventure is over.

367

At your signal, your men charge one of the walls with a mighty roar. Suddenly, men armed with spears and bows appear on the parapets and open fire. Your crew cast their grapples and place their ladders, then climb towards the defenders. The battle has begun.

ENRAKI PRIESTS	STRIKE 11	STRENGTH 16

If your crew win, turn to **274**.

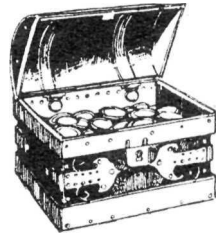

368

You hand over the gold to your men. Deduct 100 Gold Pieces from your Booty. Turn to **312**.

369

Dropping anchor in a quiet lagoon, you head ashore with most of your crew. The island has a sandy beach completely encircling it, while inland from the shore is a blanket of dense jungle foliage. Will you head along the beach (turn to **23**) or into the jungle (turn to **42**)?

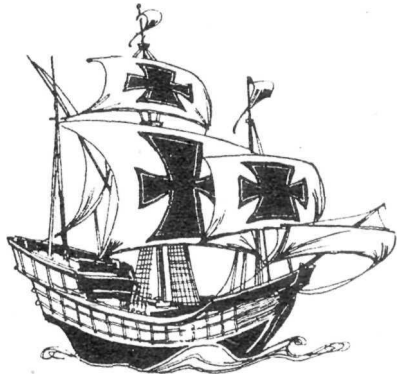

370

After your blow, the Ogre staggers defeated from the ring. Collect as many Gold Pieces as you put up for the bet. Will you have another go at punch-out, this time with a different champion (turn to **385**), or - if you haven't already - try your luck at either the Bataar races (turn to **270**) or dice (turn to **236**)?

371

Where will you seek out replacements for the crew you have lost:

In the docks?	Turn to **233**
In the market-place?	Turn to **253**
In the slums and poorer areas of the city?	Turn to **293**

372

You swing your body against the monster's, bouncing off rather ineffectually. The Cyclops, not even irritated at this rather pathetic effort, swings you over its head and throws you to the ground - lose 2 points of STAMINA. Wincing, you regain your feet and face your opponent. Will you:

Punch it in the shoulder?	Turn to **91**
Give it a back-hand to the armpit?	Turn to **337**
Take a flying kick at its chest?	Turn to **206**

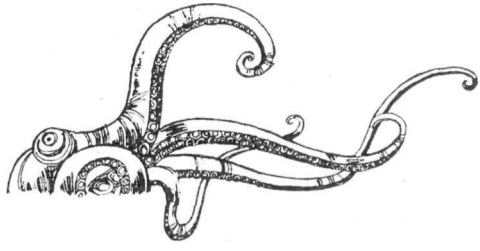

373

Turning to retreat, you realize that you are unsure as to which way you should go (other than down). Striking off through a likely ravine, you are surprised by the appearance of *hundreds* of the snow beasts along the ridges on either side. Your crew panic and run as scores of enormous ice balls are pushed down the slopes above, gathering speed and snow as they come. An avalanche starts, sweeping all before it, and burying you and your crew alive. Your adventure is over.

374

Having killed the Krell, you search its cave, until you find what you were looking for - the Skull of Salt. Returning to the Sea Sprites with their prize, you are rewarded with a blessing to make your journey a rapid one. Whenever you are instructed by the book to roll three dice against your CREW STRENGTH, you need only roll *two* dice. You surface, climb back on board the *Banshee* and set sail. Which way will you go, south towards Marad (turn to **191**), or south-west, out into the Inland Sea, towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to **66**)?

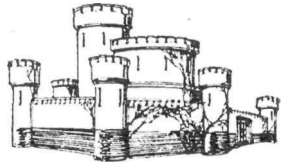

375

With a mighty swing, you hit the Giant a blow on the crown of his head. 'Ouch,' he says, not batting an eyelid. 'My turn now.' He hefts his tree-trunk into the air and swings it in a ferocious arc, smashing you from your boulder and depositing you on the ground several yards away. Roll two dice and deduct the result from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you concede defeat, and your crew retreat, carrying your crippled body back to the *Banshee*. Turn to **272**.

376

The journey to Assur is uneventful; the horizon remains clear of ships and foul weather until your arrival at the city. You disembark and head straight for the central market area, to look for some sailors to recruit as pirates. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **283**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **146.**

377

The Salamander disappears with a flash as you deal it the deadly blow. Alone now, you cross the hall and leave through a door at the other end. Turn to **339.**

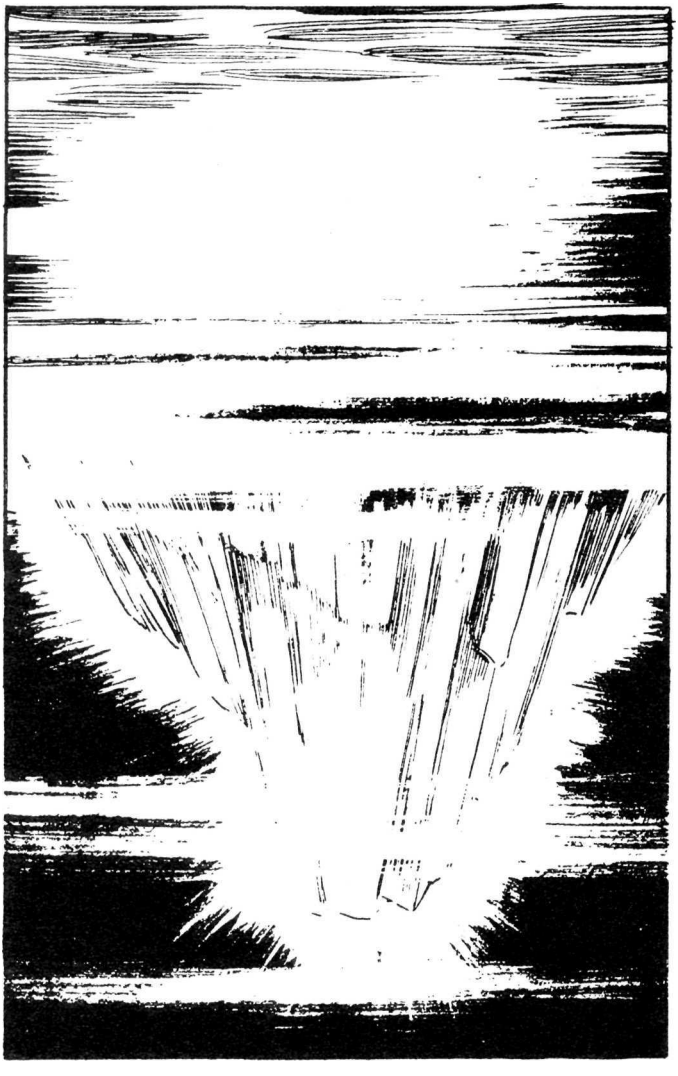

378

You sail out into the Southern Sea, heading south of Shurrupak towards Nippur - add 2 days to your LOG. The further you go south, the rougher the sea gets and the more unpredictable the weather. One evening, when a supernatural and freezing fog has cut visibility down to mere yards, you see a glowing mountain of ice floating in the sea. The *Banshee* is under full sail and heading straight towards this white monolith. *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **166**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **193**.

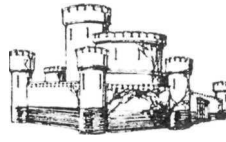

379

Some of your crew, still believing that the bags contained treasure which you were unwilling to share with them, sneak into your cabin while you are on deck. Finding the bag containing the south wind, they open it - to discover why you had kept it hidden. The south wind leaps out, howls around your cabin, then escapes out of a window. Blowing ferociously, it whips up a terrifying storm which carries the *Banshee* back to the north. For three weeks the gale blows, tossing your ship before it. Finally it peters out, depositing the *Banshee* just offshore from the city of Tak, your starting-point. You don't have enough time to sail to Nippur again, so you have lost the bet. Your adventure is over.

380

The door springs open as you turn the handle, and releases long metal spikes from the recess behind, which impale you against the opposite wall. Your death is instantaneous.

381

The creature, still unseen, ceases its attacks, so you assume it has been repulsed. Continuing down the tunnel, you come to a dark cavern. Rough-hewn stairs lead down into impenetrable gloom; beside them, a precarious-looking ledge climbs upwards along the side of the cavern, also disappearing into darkness. Will you inch your way along the ledge (turn to **265**), or walk down the stairs (turn to **284**)?

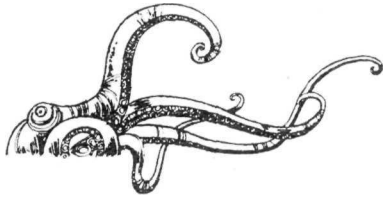

382

Your ship smashes through the warship's oars, but passes so close to the towering enemy vessel that the Shurrupak marines have no difficulty in snagging the *Banshee* with their grapples. Brought to a sudden halt, you can only watch in despair as the second war galley draws up on the other side. Enemy marines pour into your ship and overwhelm your pirates. Your adventure is over.

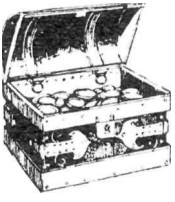

383

'All the worse for you, then,' says the Sprite. 'We curse you and call upon our father, the sea, to hold your ship with cloying fingers of barnacle and weed. May it never catch the wind!' At the end of this speech, a great bubble of air bursts from the rotting timbers at your feet and carries you out of the wrecked vessel and back to the water's surface. You climb on board the *Banshee*. From now on, whenever you are instructed by the book to roll three dice against your CREW STRENGTH, then do not roll the dice but count the result as always being *greater* than your CREW STRENGTH. Which way will you sail, out into the Inland Sea, towards the Shoals of Trysta (turn to **66**), or south, along the Eastern Rim towards Marad (turn to **191**)?

384

Springing into the air, you smash the Cyclops in the middle of its back with your foot. The monster buckles under the blow and falls to the ground - landing on you! Both of you lose 2 points of STAMINA. Crawling out from under the creature, will you:

Punch it in the jaw?	Turn to **196**
Jump up and down on its back?	Turn to **361**
Kick it in the groin?	Turn to **224**

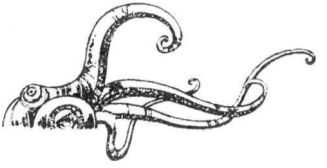

385

The next bout you choose to fight is against a hairy wild man, captured in the lands to the west of Kish and trained as a gladiator-slave. Decide how much you wish to bet, then begin the duel.

WILD MAN SKILL 12

If you win, turn to **101**. If you lose, turn to **37**.

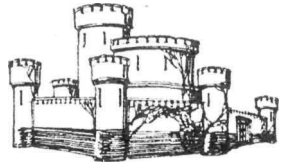

386

As you draw near the island, several hundred villagers run down to the shore, beating drums and waving floral garlands in the air. They are a fair-skinned people, with both men and women wearing their long flaxen hair in a single plait down the back. It seems they are quite happy to see you. Will you land and ask these people for provisions (turn to **324**), or press on to another island (turn to **314**)?

387

A storm blows up out of the south, making the going difficult. Your crew, however, are equal to the task of keeping the *Banshee* on course. When the weather clears, you see your destination, the isle of Nippur, on the horizon. Were you given, earlier in this adventure, two bags by the King of the Four Winds? If so, turn to **299**; if not, turn to **32**.

388

Having defeated the acolytes, you approach the statue - an ugly depiction of one of the lords of decay. Stylized carrion hang from its toothed beak and several of its numerous insectoid limbs are shown rending various creatures to death. Its beady eyes seem to penetrate straight through you. Looking closer, you see that the idol has a huge ruby - cut in the shape of a forked tongue - inside its gaping maw. Will you reach in to grab the jewel (turn to **360**), or try to lift the statue from its pedestal to carry it outside to your waiting men (turn to **228**)?

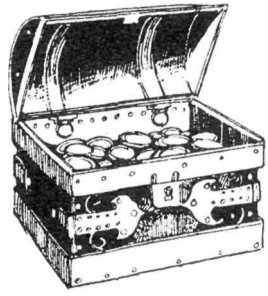

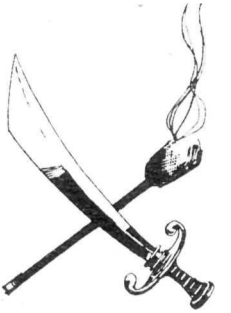

389

As you pass between the statues, the ground collapses at your feet, dropping you and your companions into a deep pit. Stunned by the fall, you can do nothing when somebody unseen slips a rope about your neck. Struggling to get to your feet, you are hoisted, along with your pirates, into the air, to dangle with the other sailors between the statues. Your adventure is over.

390

You search the abbot's chamber and discover a chest which contains no Gold Pieces. The abbot's sword is also a worthy prize, being forged from the finest Marad steel; it will add 2 to your SKILL whenever you engage in hand-to-hand combat. Searching the room further, you find a trapdoor under the abbot's chair, which opens on to a spiral staircase. Descending this, you arrive at a rough-hewn corridor, which takes you to a point outside the castle walls. You recover your waiting crew, return to the *Banshee*, weigh anchor and head down the coast. Turn to **123**.

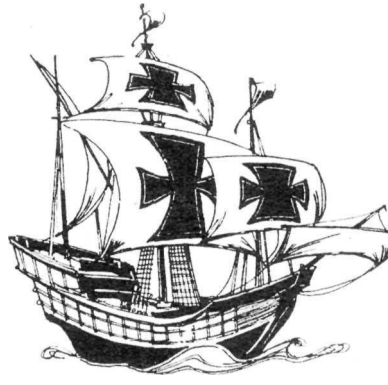

391

You give full sail to the *Banshee* and bring her rapidly alongside the sluggish merchantman. Your crew brandish their scimitars and crossbows as you lean across the gunwale, shouting to the other vessel's captain and crew, 'Surrender your cargo and passengers or you will lose your lives as well as your ship.' This brings an unexpected response. A hooded figure, obviously a Warlock or Magus, steps aside from the gaggle of frightened passengers and performs a short spell, which summons a hellish Shade and sends it like a smoky cloud across the space between the ships to attack you, the captain.

SHADE	SKILL 11	STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to **252**.

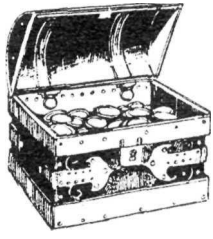

392

The captain of the vessel, seeing his crew being massacred, has run through the hold of his craft and knocked out hull timbers at random. The merchant ship starts to sink. Finally, in a paroxysm of fear, the captain, clutching his bags of gold close to his chest, leaps overboard into the briny depths. All you get for your troubles are 5 of the crew to sell as slaves. The Shoals of Trysta lie some short distance to the south, so will you sail around them to the isle of Trysta (turn to **164**), or head south-west, towards either Kish (turn to **223**) or the Roc (turn to **204**), or sail south-east, towards the Channel of Goth (turn to **191**)?

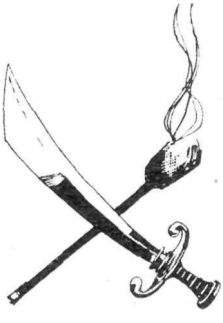

393

Drawing your weapons, you and your men sneak up on the unsuspecting pirates. With a shout, you lead your crew in a charge.

PIRATES	STRIKE10	STRENGTH 6

If you defeat them, turn to **154**.

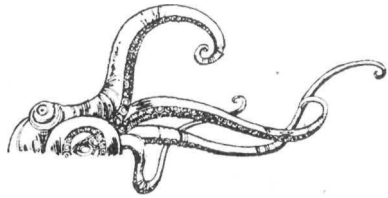

394

Mustering all your strength, you swing your staff at the Giant's feet, but miss his toes and strike the rock. 'Ha!' says Mog. 'Missed!' However, the sandstone block, already overstressed by the Giant's tremendous weight, cracks from your blow and disintegrates into dust as Mog prepares to swing his tree. Thrown off balance, he falls to the ground. 'Well,' he says, shrugging, 'I guess you win.' *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **56**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **344**.

395

Having defeated the attacking craft, you waste no time in sacking it. However, being a simple assault barge, it carries no gold, so you settle for claiming 5 of the survivors as slaves. You also take possession of the vessel's tiller which, you suspect, is behind its mysterious propulsion. This acquisition, while not working on the *Banshee,* has a beneficial influence on your crew's morale - restore 2 points to your LUCK. If you were heading towards the Roc, turn to **27**. If you were heading towards the Channel of Goth, turn to **178**.

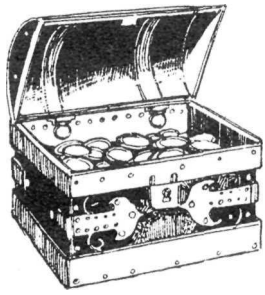

396

After giving them a bit of verbal abuse, they mutter into their beards and look down at the ground, humiliated. Discipline has been restored. Turn to **312**.

397

The dicing-pit around you is a wreck. The bodies of el-Fazouk and his men lie at your feet. The occupants of the unaffected parts of the den stop watching, now that the battle is over, and return to their gambling. Just an everyday brawl in this hive of villainy. Searching your old foe, you discover a bag containing 55 Gold Pieces - add this to your Booty. If you haven't already, you could try punch-out (turn to **48**) or Bataar racing (turn to **270**); otherwise, you leave the city of Calah (turn to **262**).

398

As you swim through the crack, it snaps shut, pinning you tight some twenty fathoms under the sea. The slit is actually the heavily encrusted mouth of a giant clam. The creature holds you fast long enough for the effects of the magic potion you drank to wear off. Your adventure is over.

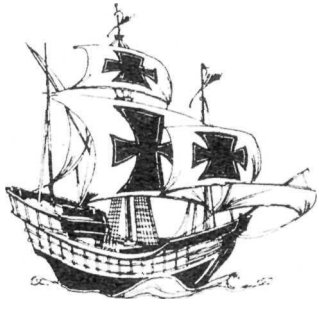

399

Swinging your scimitar, you rush at the beast and hit it right in the middle of its head. The blade shatters. With a grunt, the creature charges - impaling you on several of its bony horns and then crushing you against the walls of the pit. Your adventure is over.

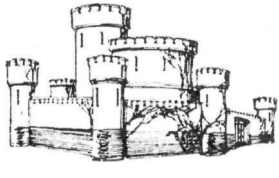

400

There,' you say to Abdul, flinging your coffer open to reveal an amount of gold substantially greater than his own, 'I am the victor. I am the greatest rascal, the best sacker of cities!' Abdul bows his head, admitting your victory. You have won.

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APPOINTMENT WITH F.E.A.R.

Tough, courageous, incorruptible champion of law and order, YOU are the Silver Crusader, using your super powers to protect the innocent citizens of teeming Titan City from the evil machinations of a host of super-villains. Arch villain of them all is the Titanium Cyborg, head of the notorious F.E.A.R. organization. Terrorism, violence, kidnapping and corruption – nothing is too evil for F.E.A.R. So when news leaks out of a secret meeting of F.E.A.R. heads here in Titan City, your mission is clear: to discover the location of the meeting, capture the Titanium Cyborg and his cohorts and bring them to justice.

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APPOINTMENT WITH F.E.A.R.

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Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1985
9 10

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Typeset in 11/13pt Palatino

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Dedicated to B.J.
. . . a Superhero in his own way

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HOW TO BATTLE THE SUPER-VILLAINS OF TITAN CITY

In *Appointment with F.E.A.R.*, YOU will become the Silver Crusader, a superhero with unusual powers, dedicated to saving the citizens of Titan City from crime. You will come across robberies, kidnappings and destruction – crimes committed by a host of super-villains. You must also find out where the fateful meeting between the heads of F.E.A.R. (the Federation of Euro-American Rebels) is due to take place and capture Vladimir Utoshski, otherwise known as the Titanium Cyborg, F.E.A.R.'s leader.

You do not have only your super powers to aid you. Through your Crimewatch your friend and informant Gerry the Grass will alert you to crimes even before they are committed, and you can keep in touch with the police. And as you fight and overcome villains of the underworld, you will discover clues. Some clues will enable you to locate arch-criminals and arrest them; others will give you information on the whereabouts of the secret F.E.A.R. meeting.

You begin the adventure with a choice of four super powers. With *Super Strength*, you are powerful and have the ability to fly. *Psi-Powers* enable you to read minds and influence objects by brain-power alone. *ETS* (Enhanced Technological Skill) provides you with a variety of devices and gadgets which you

carry round in your Accessory Belt. If you choose *Energy Blast*, you can summon up a bolt of energy and project it from your fingertips. Depending on which power you choose, the solution to the book (finding the location of the F.E.A.R. meeting) will be different. Once you have solved it with one power, you can try it again with another.

And you may also monitor your success with your Hero Points score. When you overcome super-villains, you will be awarded Hero Points to allow you to compare the success of one adventure with another.

Because of these new features, the rules to *Appointment with F.E.A.R.* differ a little from other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks. Combat is basically the same, but you will find several new sections in the following rules.

Before setting off to fight the super-villains of Titan City, you must first determine your own SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores by rolling dice as described below. On pages 22–3 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of your adventure. You are advised either to make records on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to take photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*. The exception to this is if you have *Super Strength*, in which case you will start with an automatic SKILL score of 13.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die and add 6 to the number rolled. Enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects both fighting and problem-solving skills; the higher your SKILL score the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a villain of some sort. If so, you must resolve the combat as described below.

First record the villain's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant 'Villain Encounter Box' on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each villain are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

Unlike other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, you may not *kill* the criminals you are fighting. As a sworn upholder of justice, you may not take the life of a super-villain, no matter how evil he or she may be. But *they* will be attempting to kill *you*! If you manage to reduce the STAMINA score of a criminal to zero, you have killed him and must lose 1 Hero Point as a result. When a criminal has been reduced to 1 or 2 STAMINA points, he will surrender himself to you.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll two dice once for the criminal. Add his SKILL score. This total is the criminal's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice once for yourself. Add your own current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than his, you have landed a blow: proceed to step 4. If the criminal's Attack Strength is higher than yours, he has landed a blow on you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strengths are equal, you have avoided each other's blows: start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have landed a blow on the criminal, so subtract 2 points from his STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The criminal has landed a blow on you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the criminal's or your own STAMINA scores, and to your LUCK score (if you used LUCK).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of the criminal has been reduced to 2 or less or your own STAMINA has been reduced to zero. A criminal with a STAMINA of 2 or 1 is semi-conscious and will give himself up. A STAMINA score of zero (for you or the criminal) is equivalent to death. If you kill a criminal, you must lose 1 Hero Point, so be careful about this and use your LUCK when appropriate.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and will be told the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious blow on the criminal you have just hit, or to minimize the effects of a blow the criminal has just inflicted on you.

If you have just landed a blow on the criminal, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have landed a severe blow and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the criminal's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, the blow glanced off and you must restore 1 point to the criminal's STAMINA (i.e. instead of inflicting 2 points of damage, you have inflicted only 1).

If the criminal has just hit you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the effects. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full force of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of taking 2 points of damage, you take only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow and must subtract 1 extra STAMINA point from your score.

Remember that each time you *Test your Luck* you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Instructions for restoring your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will be given in the pages of the book as appropriate. STAMINA will be restored when you rest at home in the evening. STAMINA bonuses are difficult to come by, so be careful! LUCK points will be gained when you find some clues.

Hero Points

As you defeat super-villains and solve crimes, you will be awarded Hero Points, to be recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*. Hero Points have nothing to do with your main objective, which is to locate the secret F.E.A.R. meeting and capture Vladimir Utoshski, the Titanium Cyborg. Hero Points are a measure of how successful you have been in your adventure. Each time you go through the book, record your Hero Points score and compare each adventure with previous ones. As you will find, if you try a different super power, the solution to the book will be different, so you can rate your own performances with each of the four powers.

Clues

Whichever super power you begin the game with, you will have knowledge of two clues which will help you trace and capture Titan City's criminals. Indeed, you will not be able to find some of the villains without knowledge of the appropriate clues.

In fact there are two types of clue. Some relate to the villains and their crimes – the ones you start with are of this type. Others relate to the secret F.E.A.R. meeting. Without finding the necessary clues to the meeting, you will never be able to prevent it, with disastrous results for Titan City! So bear in mind that you must find these F.E.A.R. clues, and remember also that, when you try the adventure using a different super power, the F.E.A.R. clues that you need will be held by different villains!

SUPER POWERS AND CLUES

You are Jean Lafayette, the product of a dangerous – but successful – genetic experiment. Although seemingly normal as a child, it became apparent in your early teens that you were a far from ordinary human being. You are gifted with a superhuman power, which you have sworn to use only for the benefit of your fellow man. As the Silver Crusader, you are well known to the population of Titan City. Most people admire you, some distrust you, but *all* members of the underworld fear you. Only your parents, who are both dead, ever knew your real identity and the origin of your powers.

In the adventures ahead, you will begin with one of four powers. During your daily activities and encounters with disasters and super-criminals, you will have two objectives. First, you must learn the whereabouts of the secret meeting of F.E.A.R. (the Federation of Euro-American Rebels) which is due to take place within the next few days. This dangerous alliance of master-criminals and enemy agents is planning to overthrow the governments of the western world and establish their own rule. Secondly, you may assess your own performance as a superhero by trying to gain as many Hero Points as possible.

Before you start each adventure, you may choose which super power to start with, from the four powers listed below. You will also start the game with knowledge of two clues. Following the description of each super power, you will find instructions on where to find your clues, which are hidden in the text of the adventure. Before you turn to reference 1 to start your adventure, choose your super power, locate and read the clues and enter the information on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Super Strength

You have the strength of many men. The muscles of your immensely powerful legs and arms bulge through the fabric of your costume. They are developed to the point of perfection and, in combat situations, you always fight with a SKILL of 13. You also have the power to fly through the air at any speed you wish. This allows you to hover unsupported above the ground or to chase and catch up with the fastest jet.

To find the first of your clues, turn to reference **127**. For your other clue, you may choose one from the following:

108 **280** **312**

Psi-Powers

You have extraordinary mental abilities. You are able to reach into the thoughts of most other humans (and some animals) to read their minds and influence them. You also have limited powers to make objects move mentally and even to change the very nature of some elements. However, using this power is an enormous mental effort for you. Each time you use your *Psi-Power*, you must deduct 2 STAMINA points.

Turn to 222 to discover your first clue. You may also choose one clue from the following:

280 152 108

Enhanced Technological Skill (ETS)

Your considerable intelligence has allowed you to develop a whole collection of hi-tech gadgetry. Through advanced micro-circuitry designs, you have been able to miniaturize most of these gadgets so that they will fit conveniently into a special Accessory Belt worn around your waist. Whatever the situation, you are usually fortunate enough to have something appropriate to use. However, you have avoided developing weaponry in case any weapon you developed should ever fall into the wrong hands and be used by the criminal element to wreak untold havoc.

You start the adventure with two clues, which must be chosen from the following list:

280 88 152

Energy Blast

You are able to summon up electrostatic energy from within your own body and channel it out through your fingertips. You can aim these Energy Bolts at adversaries or objects and your control is such that you know before you aim how much force will be needed to deal with them. You have taken a personal oath that you will only stun any *human* target, no matter how villainous your opponent may be. When using *Energy Blast*, you need only determine whether or not your aim is true; if you hit a human opponent, the effect will be an automatic stun. Test your aim by rolling two dice. If the result is *equal to or less than* your SKILL score, the Bolt has hit. If the result is *higher than* your SKILL, you have missed and a normal battle must be fought or the situation must be resolved as per the instructions in the text. Sometimes you will not be able to use a second Bolt. Each time you use *Energy Blast*, you must deduct 2 STAMINA points.

Your first clue will be found at reference 88. For your second clue, you may choose one of the following:

222 312 280

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

CLUES

SUPER POWER
Super Strength
Psi-Powers
Energy Blast
ETS

HERO POINTS

VILLAIN ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

The time of your birth was an anxious moment for your parents and their doctors. Your mother had consented to undergo an experimental form of genetic surgery. The doctors had warned her of the dangers of the radiation experiments; their research programme was nowhere near complete. But this she already knew, for she herself was one of the researchers. The work had reached the stage where progress was impossible without testing it on a human subject. Your father had not fully understood the implications when he gave his consent, and eight pairs of apprehensive eyes watched your arrival into the world.

Their first reaction was one of relief. You certainly seemed a normal, healthy baby. Post-natal tests showed no physical deformities whatsoever. In fact, you appeared to be a fine specimen. In your younger years your development was carefully monitored with a seemingly endless series of physiological and psychological tests, all of which you

passed with flying colours. The doctors and researchers congratulated themselves; their experiments were a complete success. However, the experiments had been conducted in a shroud of secrecy. Had the world known of the risks of the experiment, public outcry would have been overwhelming. It would certainly have put an end to further genetic research. And from your mother's point of view, she had no wish to have the world regard you as an experimental freak. Only a few knew what had really happened.

Over the years, the testing stopped as the doctors felt more and more certain that there was no need to monitor your progress. As fate would have it, it was just when this testing *stopped* that it became clear that you were anything but a normal child. Your latent superhuman powers did not show themselves until after the doctors had lost interest.

Your parents, who had become thoroughly fed up with the endless tests, decided that your extraordinary powers must remain a secret from the world. They had no wish to have you studied as some kind of freak for the rest of your life.

You have a regular job working in an office of a medium-sized company. But when duty calls, you become the Silver Crusader, upholder of justice; and you have taken an oath to serve in the fight against crime in Titan City. Apart from your own super abilities, you have one other device to aid you – your Crimewatch. This neat little device, worn

around your wrist, receives and broadcasts transmissions to and from your two most important allies. You can be contacted by police headquarters through this Crimewatch and you can also summon the police to aid you. In addition, your friend and underworld contact Gerry the Grass is able to warn you of impending crimes through the Crimewatch.

Gerry the Grass has recently become aware of an important meeting about to take place within the next few days. Vladimir Utoshski, leader of F.E.A.R. (the Federation of Euro-American Rebels), has been summoning his aides-in-crime to meet in Titan City. Utoshski, also known as the Titanium Cyborg, is a super-villain whose field of expertise is the electronic enhancement of human abilities. He is part man, part machine – and very dangerous. Gerry the Grass has not yet found out where or when the meeting is due, but one thing is certain. Its purpose is to finalize plans for a scheme which would mean disaster for the western world. The meeting must be stopped! You must find out where and when this meeting is due to take place and prevent it at all costs . . .

NOW TURN OVER

1

As you walk the ten blocks to work that morning, you can't help but feel that something is not quite right. You stop by a telephone booth to consider what it could be.

The sounds of the city are the usual 8 a.m. cacophony. Cars and buses bounce past along Clark Street, their drivers too sleepy even to try to avoid the pits and bumps in the road. A newspaper-vendor bawls an incomprehensible headline – something about a robbery – at the crowds of men and women milling past him on their ways to work. Overhead in the sky the rhythmic beating of a traffic 'copter's blades fades into the distance. An argument is taking place between an elderly businessman and an over-large woman with an untrained dog, whose sidewalk deposits have offended the businessman. There is nothing unusual . . . or is there?

The difference is only barely perceptible, but there is a distinct air of tension in the streets. There are nervous twitches in the eyes of the passers-by; the cars are accelerating and braking in a jittery manner – little things like that. To your heightened senses, the atmosphere is pregnant. Today will not be just another day.

Your thoughts are broken by the high-pitched wailing of a police siren. A yellow and black Cougar GS screeches round the corner and leaps ahead through the Clark Street traffic before swinging left

into Audubon Park. Behind it, the traffic settles back into its regular flow. Your attention drifts back to the argument. A small crowd has built up around the man and woman. Raised voices are taking one side or the other and the situation is beginning to look nasty. What will you do next:

Go over and see if you can break up the argument? Turn to 263
Run after the police car into Audubon Park? Turn to 289
Buy a newspaper to find out about the robbery? Turn to 228
Ignore all these incidents and go to work? Turn to 341

2

You manage to seal the lid on the crate, thus trapping the creature that was Mustapha Kareem. Kareem's jacket fell off the Mummy's shoulders as you hurled it into the crate and now lies on the ground. You pick it up and rummage through the pockets. You find two pieces of paper inside. One bears the emblem of F.E.A.R. and you unfold it quickly. The bottom half of the paper is ripped off, but the message reads: 'Meeting in executive jet . . .' The second piece of paper is a scribbled note which simply says 'Crate', followed by an Egyptian hieroglyphic character. You check the crates in the room. One bears a symbol identical to that on the note. Inside are a number of pieces of gold jewellery which match those on the main exhibit! Kareem had been stealing these and replacing them with imitations! Having now exposed the fraud, you may hand the affair over to the police. Award yourself 4 Hero Points and turn to 276.

3

You hide behind the gate until Bronski is close. When you can hear his footsteps approaching, you spring out to confront him. The startled killer reaches into his coat and pulls out a weapon: a battery-powered electric knife! Resolve your combat with him:

'CHAINSAW' BRONSKI SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you manage to defeat him, turn to 93.

4

You arrive at the circus as preparations are being made for the evening's performance. Caravans are clustered around the huge big top and round the back are the animal cages. A dwarf dressed in a clown's outfit comes running over to you as you arrive. He cannot talk, but instead honks a bicycle horn excitedly, grabs your hand and pulls. He seems to want you to follow him. Will you follow him as he wishes (turn to 399)? Or will you head for the lion cages (turn to 310) or an important-looking caravan in the centre (turn to 223)?

5

You try valiantly to smash the door. But your efforts are futile against so solid a door. Your best plan would have been not to waste your strength on this door, because in trying to smash it, you injure yourself. Deduct 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points (if your power is *Super Strength*, deduct only 2 STAMINA points). Turn now to 60.

6

How will you escape from your prison? There seems to be only one plan open to you. You will have to use a bolt of energy to blast through the door. But the door is ten centimetres of solid metal! Its weak spot must be the small glass window set in the door. You prepare yourself and unleash a controlled blast. The glass turns from red to yellow as it melts. The heat inside the chamber is tremendous, but a welcome rush of cool air hits your face as the glass drops away. There is just enough room for you to reach out and grasp the handle to release yourself. With great relief, you step out into the corridor. Voices are coming from behind a door at the far end of the passage and you step up, ready for action. Turn to 298.

7

You fight your way through the crowd until you reach a spot where you can just about see the cars arrive up the avenue over the heads of the crowd in front of you. Twenty minutes later, the cavalcade arrives and cheers go up from the crowd. As the President's car approaches, you catch sight of a man in front of you struggling with something. His hand comes free – he is holding a gun and is preparing to point it at the President! You are in your street clothes and cannot use your super powers, but you must do something to prevent the man getting a shot at the President. You leap on him from behind.

ASSASSIN SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

After the second round of combat, turn to 359.

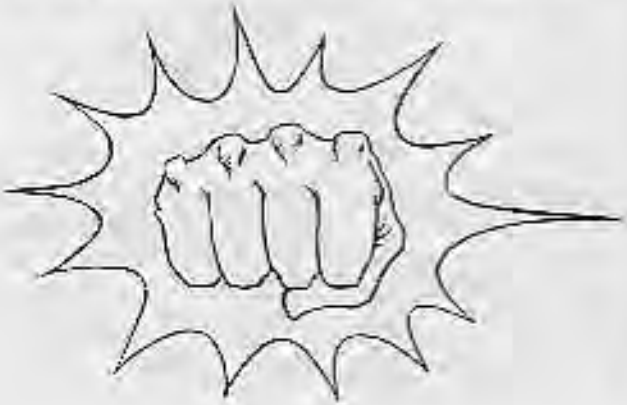

8

You grab the little thief by his shoulder and turn him round, telling him that he must not steal; he must work hard and *earn* the money he needs to buy what he wants. A sneer breaks out across the boy's face and he reaches into his pocket as if to get the Munchie Bars. But when his hand comes out it is gripping a loaded pistol! His sneer changes to a sly smile as he pulls the trigger and, from this range, he cannot miss. Your life as a superhero is over . . .

9

You establish line-of-sight with the man and woman in the centre of the crowd and concentrate. As your powers take effect, their argument dwindles and ceases. They look around in astonishment at the crowd which has built up. The woman shrugs her shoulders and walks off with her dog. The man looks towards you and freezes. Keeping your *Psi-Powers* focused on him for as long as you are able, you realize this man is not as he appears. He is desperately trying to keep from you some dark secret. His thoughts go to the gold watch on his wrist but then he fights to keep the watch out of his mind. He briefly focuses on a pawnbroker's shop which is next to a diner. Could he be a pawnbroker? You will never know, for in the next instant he breaks line-of-sight and disappears into the crowd. You spring forward to try to relocate him, but it is no use. Meanwhile, the crowd has long since lost interest in its arguments and fifty wide-eyed faces are staring at you. You decide to leave. After changing, you may:

Head into Audubon Park	Turn to 165
Go to work	Turn to 342
Buy a paper	Turn to 228

10

You leave the airport and head for home. What a day! You slump into a chair in front of the TV and relax with a long, cold drink. You may add 6 STAMINA points for the rest. One thing disturbs you. Your boss, Jonah Whyte, will be livid when you turn up for work tomorrow. You will have to invent some pretty convincing excuses . . . The next morning you set off to work early. You decide to travel by subway to make sure you get to work on time. But since when has a superhero's life ever been easy? 'HELP!' shouts a voice further up the crowded carriage. *'Pickpocket!'* Oh, no . . . just what you needed. You force your way through the crowd on the busy train. As you reach the pickpocket's victim, that familiar *beep – beep – beep* sounds from your Crimewatch. Its electronic voice speaks: 'RADD SQUARE. HURRY.' You sigh. But what will you do? The train is pulling into a station and you will have to change trains immediately if you are to reach Radd Square quickly. If you want to do this, turn to 201. If you want to apprehend the pickpocket, turn to 185.

11

You fly up in the air to the floating vapour. As you approach it, you spin your body round in the air like a top. Your plan is working! You are sucking the brown cloud back down to the ground. As it swirls about, it begins to solidify and when you reach the ground, it has turned into the dazed personage of the Smoke. Although you have managed to defeat the arch-criminal – and you may award yourself 2 Hero Points for this – you have not managed to prevent him sending radio photographs of the doctor's notes to the headquarters of F.E.A.R. Turn to 162.

12

Your Energy Bolt smashes into the side of beef speeding towards you, but hardly slows it down at all. Perhaps the freezing cold has affected your *Energy Blast*. But you have no time to wonder about this now. You must take evasive action. Turn to 436.

13

You race down the escalator after him. But he has quite a head start on you; and he knows that you will not use your powers with so many people about. You start to gain on him as you reach the first floor. He looks over his shoulder and sees how close you are. You can tell he is beginning to panic. Halfway down the last escalator, he strips off his jacket and flings it at your feet. Suddenly you are falling forwards, your feet ensnared in the chains dangling from the jacket. Damn! As you land in a heap at the foot of the escalator, you see him disappear out of the door into the street. You will never catch him now. You pick up the jacket and search through the pockets for possible clues. Stuffed in one pocket you find a crumpled piece of paper and your eyes light up as you see the mark of F.E.A.R. at the top! The message reads: 'Don't forget. We need the merchandise in time for our meeting on the 28th. Do not fail us.' At least your effort has not been entirely in vain. You return to the third floor to make sure the other three thugs are handed over to the police. Turn to 380.

14

You search his shop. The place is littered with cheap jewellery, cameras, electrical goods and tatty furs. The back room is much the same. There seems to be nothing here. You may either leave and try the diner next door (turn to 351), or try something else (turn to 368).

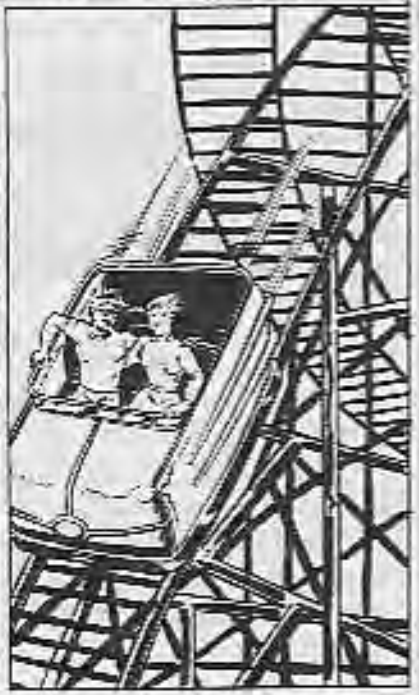

15

Wisneyland is swarming with holiday-makers enjoying their day out at the amusement park. The smell of candy floss and hot dogs hangs in the air and, as you stroll about, youngsters clutching stuffed animals run laughing past you. Screams of delight from roller-coaster riders turning through the corkscrew break through the general hubbub. You are going to enjoy yourself today. Which ride do you want to try:

The Big Dipper? Turn to 187
The Fun House? Turn to 174
The Dodgems? Turn to 357

16

You tie the three of them up and release Drew Swain, then summon the police on your Crimewatch. While you wait for them to arrive, you peruse the Mantrapper's fiendish traps. Apart from the bath trap which has made him famous (when the victim pulls the plug, the plug-hole opens up to swallow both him and the water), you are particularly impressed by a handkerchief net. When held by one corner and shaken, the handkerchief turns into a strong nylon net big enough and strong enough to trap a man. You run through the miscellaneous bric-à-brac which litters his work-bench and come up with what may provide useful information: you have found a diary. Reading through it, you learn that he has been in contact with Sidney Knox, a research assistant at the Murdock Nuclear Laboratories. Knox is a peaceful type who spends his spare time watching migratory birds from a tall observation tower at the Laboratory. But he is under the Mantrapper's control and will do his bidding. With this knowledge you may locate him easily should the need arise. If you are offered the opportunity to search for Knox, deduct 40 from the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference to locate him. You may add 1 LUCK point for this information. Eventually the police arrive and take charge. You may award yourself 3 Hero Points. Now turn to 428.

17

You step back into the bushes to change, having decided it best to visit the jeweller's in your street clothes. You make your way to a seedy jeweller's you have seen on 9th Avenue. 'Nah. Cheap stuff,' says a crouched, balding man who rubs his unshaven chin. 'Don't get much call for monogrammed medallions. Tell ya what. Give ya five and a half for it.' You explain that it is not for sale and leave his store. Turn to 181.

18

What a day! You slump into a chair in front of the TV and relax with a long, cold drink. You may add 6 STAMINA points for the rest. One thing disturbs you. Your boss, Jonah Whyte, will be livid when you turn up for work tomorrow. You will have to invent some pretty convincing excuses . . . The next morning you set off to work early. This time you will travel by subway to make sure you get to work on time. But since when has a superhero's life ever been easy? 'HELP!' shouts a voice further up the crowded carriage. '*Pickpocket!*' Oh, no . . . Just what you needed. You force your way through the crowd on the busy train. As you reach the pickpocket's victim, that familiar *beep – beep – beep* sounds from your Crimewatch. Its electronic voice speaks: 'COWFIELD DAIRY. FAST.' Typical! Another dilemma! The train stops at a station only a block away from Cowfield Dairy. Will you leap out and see what is happening there (turn to 369), or will you instead aid the pickpocket's victim (turn to 185)?

19

The others are shocked at the defeat of their leader. They surrender to you. You lock them in their conference room and guide the jet back to Parker Airport where you hand them over to the authorities. Turn to **440**.

20

You spread the map out. It is a map of Titan City, and well used, by the looks of things. Fingers have rubbed the printing off one area and a small black cross marks the spot. It is approximately at the junction of 12th Street and 2nd Avenue. But there is no clue on the map as to what this could be. You fold the map up and put it back in your pocket. Turn to **86**.

21

The citizens of Titan City have turned out in their thousands to greet the President. They line both sides of 7th Avenue six deep, and the presidential car is still not due to arrive for half an hour. Spirits are high. There is much flag-waving and bands are playing in the streets as a prelude to the arrival. Will you spend the next half hour in a coffee bar waiting for the main procession to arrive (turn to **100**), or will you find a place in the crowd which offers a decent view (turn to **7**)?

22

At point-blank range, you fire an Energy Bolt into the Creature's chest. It howls in pain and releases its grip on the girders. It buries its head in its massive hands and you watch as a remarkable transformation takes place. The Creature writhes about and, as it does so, it shrinks in size! Before your eyes, it reduces to the form of a man and you recognize the face. The Creature of Carnage is none other than Illya Karpov, known agent of F.E.A.R. Karpov turns to face you and you must fight him:

ILLYA KARPOV	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to **364**.

23

As the Silver Crusader, you step out towards the limousine. The police have cleared the crowd back to a safe distance. Two ambulances and a fire engine have arrived. The situation seems to be under control. But the spread of the fire is a little worrying: it is heading towards the tank! The two men inside the car – the chauffeur and his passenger – look thoroughly shaken. Will you use your super powers to aid the men (turn to 366), or will you wait to see how the fire brigade do first (turn to 244)?

24

You fling open the back door and your eyes scan the dirty yard outside. In the far corner of the walled yard is a pile of boxes and you can make out a shoe protruding from behind them. If you have *ETS* and wish to use a gadget, turn to 402. If you wish to use *Psi-Powers*, turn to 209. If you wish to use *Energy Blast*, turn to 344. Otherwise turn to 232.

25

You stand powerless before him. He orders you to leave and you have no choice but to obey him. You step back towards the door, only to be startled by a loud *bang*, followed by the sound of shattering glass. The Poisoner slumps forward, a trickle of blood seeping from his forehead. The vial smashes safely on the floor. A face appears at the window and you breathe a sigh of relief. It is the office clerk, holding in his hand a smoking revolver! The danger is now over and you can leave the reservoir. Turn to 107.

26

He takes you on a long trek through the zoo until you eventually reach the administration offices, where he introduces you to the Director. You ask him more about the escape. 'Good Lord, Crusader,' he says. 'I mean, yes, we have had an escape, but it's hardly a national disaster. After all, what harm can an escaping Aardvark do? Might eat a few termites, but I'm sure no one will shed any tears over that, will they?' An *Aardvark*, you think. The Director is right: it's hardly likely to cause any damage. You leave the zoo. Where will you go now? Do you want to follow up the call from the Egyptian Museum (turn to 158), or do you think it will be too late now and instead head for home (turn to 113)?

27

Like a sleeping giant, the huge pistons and cogs of the engine room are motionless. Suddenly, the squeak of a door opening startles you! Hiding behind one of the huge flywheels, you watch as a sailor enters, squirts some oil on a couple of wheels, and leaves. Routine maintenance. You climb the stairs back up from the engine room. Turn to 368.

28

The Alchemist steps back and holds his tube up. Without warning, he dashes it on the floor and a pungent gas fills the bank. You fight to remain conscious, but to no avail. When you awaken, you are being shaken by a police officer. The Alchemists have disappeared, taking their booty with them. The cashiers and customers are likewise regaining consciousness, but two officers are kneeling over an elderly woman who does not stir. One of them looks up and shakes his head. She is dead! All eyes turn to you. Had it not been for your intrusion, the Alchemists would no doubt have simply run off with their money and no one would have been hurt. A cloud of despair descends over you. You are indirectly responsible for the woman's death! Your confidence is shaken and you must lose 1 SKILL point. Lose 2 STAMINA points as well, for the effects of the gas. Turn now to 372.

29

Suspended in the mist, a small brown cloud is floating away from the house. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to **287**. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to **203**. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to **11**. Otherwise turn to **153**.

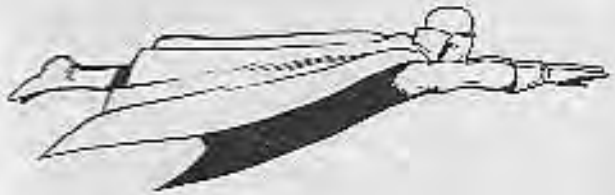

30

What is the number of the building you are looking for on this avenue? Add the number to the number of the avenue and turn to this reference. If the result makes no sense, turn to **368**.

31

Roll one die and consult the table below to find out what damage the dog does:

1, 2 or 3	The dog cuts you with its claw. Lose 2 STAMINA points.
4 or 5	The dog knocks you backwards into the wall. Lose 2 STAMINA points. It also breaks free and bites one of the bystanders (deduct 1 Hero Point in this episode).
6	The dog bites you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you suffer 3 STAMINA points of damage, but survive. If you are Unlucky, this wound is fatal.

Now return to the previous reference. Each time a dog wounds you, you must return here to discover what the effects of the wound are.

32

The Macro Brain's chopper detects your approach and turns to face you. You circle high and descend on the helicopter. You pick up speed. Five metres from your target, you hear the voice of the Macro Brain yell, *'FIRE!'* A wall of flame spurts from the front of the chopper! You are caught. You scream in agony as the flame burns you and you lose consciousness. Down and down you plummet, but mercifully you will never feel the impact as you crash to the ground . . .

33

You rush forward and crash heavily into the mutant, bringing him down to the ground. Resolve your combat:

SIDNEY KNOX SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat him, turn to 140.

34

You arrive at the home of Dr Charles Crayfish, a well-known space scientist, on the outskirts of town. The rain seems to be coming down heavier here, and a mist is rising. The door is opened by the doctor's maid. She is surprised to see you. 'Oooh, the Silver Crusader!' she titters. 'Well, this *is* an honour! We do get lots of important people visiting – Dr Crayfish is working on the "Star Wars" satellite, you know – but we've never had a superhero come before. Do come in!' She tells you that the doctor is asleep at the moment; he was working very late last night. Do you want her to wake him up for you (turn to 66), will you ask if you can have a look around his study (turn to 403), or will you wait for him to wake and keep an eye on things in the meantime (turn to 257)?

35

You hand the Tormentor over to the authorities and he is bundled off into a waiting police car. You stoop to pick up a piece of paper which seems to have fallen from his pocket. Opening it up, you find it appears to be a note scribbled down, perhaps from a telephone conversation. The note is ripped in half. Underlined at the top of the paper is 'FEA . . .' Under this is a message which reads: 'Meeting on 27th this mon . . .' You consider this for a moment, fold the paper up and tuck it into your belt. You may add 2 Hero Points. Turn to 10.

36

You change and return to question the officer who immediately snaps to attention when he recognizes you. 'The Silver Crusader! Er, nice day . . . I . . . I mean no . . . Not a very nice day here. Awful. Ah, anything I can do to help?' You tell him to calm down and ask what happened. Apparently there has been a mugging. A wealthy businessman strolling through the park on his way to work had his throat slashed. But the officer knows no more. Presumably the police now have matters under control. There is nothing more you can do. Turn to 73.

37

You take the key outside the room and find Grant Morley. But he shakes his head, telling you it is not his key. You leave the Fun House puzzling over your find, but your questions are answered when you see a young boy crying by his bicycle outside. He has lost the key to the padlock. You hand it over to him. You may add 1 Hero Point for helping him. Turn to 103.

38

You visit the Grass as the Silver Crusader. He lives in a run-down part of town, in a dirty one-bedroomed apartment. He is horrified to see you, as your appearance will surely blow his cover. But, as always, he has some interesting information. Apparently, the Mantrapper has control of the mind of Sidney Knox, a research assistant at the Murdock Nuclear Laboratories. Normally a passive type – he spends all his spare time in an observation tower at the Lab watching migratory birds – Knox has been implanted with a post-hypnotic suggestion. No one knows exactly what this is, but Gerry's information will help you. If you find yourself looking for Sidney Knox, deduct 40 from the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. You may add 1 LUCK point for this information. You leave discreetly and go home. The rest of the evening is uneventful and you may add 6 STAMINA points for the rest. Turn to 215.

39

You head downtown towards the waterfront. But this is a large area to cover. Are you heading for the Oceanaria Marina to check out the luxury yachts (turn to 370), or for Clancey Bay, a navy dockyard (turn to 317)?

40

The game has been abandoned and will be replayed at a later date. What will you do now? You may either go to watch the presidential cavalcade on 7th Avenue (turn to 21), or you may go home to rest for the day (turn to 311).

41

You rush into the bakery and ask questions about their last customer. But it seems there was nothing unusual about him. He bought a loaf of wholemeal bread and two custard tarts. The staff don't know anything more about him. If you have *Psi-Powers*, you attempt to read their minds (turn to 246). If you have *Super Strength*, you may chase after the van (turn to 414). Otherwise you may go outside to the scene of the crime and see if there are any other clues to be picked up (turn to 331).

42

You look through the shelves for something unusual. What would he like? A biography? A thriller? You stop at a new section in the shop. Hmmm. Could be just right. 'Part game, part novel', eh? You buy him a copy of *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*. Turn to 301.

43

You are in luck. A ticket for tonight's performance has just been handed in. It is not the best seat in the house, but you get a good view of the show. It is all about a group of rats who live in a rubbish tip and sing to each other for amusement. A rather peculiar plot, you think, but you are particularly taken by the star, Lola Manche. In the last scene, as she is singing the title song, the show is interrupted. At first you thought this character in a serpent's costume was part of the show. But when he picks her up in mid-song and runs off the stage, you realize that she has been kidnapped! You find a dark corner in the back of the theatre and change costume. Will you wait outside the theatre for the kidnapper to make his escape (turn to **407**), or follow him backstage (turn to **169**)? You may remember your resolution and decide against intervening. If you will simply leave things be and go home, turn to **79**.

44

The dirty reception area confirms your suspicions. This hardly looks like the offices of a hi-tech exporter. An elderly lady with her hair in a bun raises an eyebrow as you enter the office. Will you rush past her to search the offices before she can stop you (turn to 199), or will you see if she responds to a secret password (turn to 110)?

45

You search around the cage for any signs of evidence that might relate the lions to the attack on the woman. You cannot find any. Eventually, you decide to give up this line of inquiry. Turn to 148.

46

Only a single helicopter is inside the hangar. There are no ground crew around at all. The helicopter is a six-seater, perfect for a meeting. But you decide to hide behind a stack of crates in one corner of the hangar. In fact you are not expecting anything to happen for a couple of hours. What time of day are you expecting the meeting to take place? Add this time to today's date and add the result to this reference. If the resulting reference makes no sense, turn to 220.

47

Turn to 34.

48

The Bolt hits the creature square in the chest! It staggers a little, then turns towards you and roars. You try another, but the result is the same. Your Bolt has done no damage at all! The Devastator is composed of meteoric rock and cannot be harmed by your *Energy Blast*. It lunges at you with a great clubbed fist and knocks you flying across the room. Before you can recover, it has picked you up and flung you through the window. Luckily, you are still unconscious when you hit the ground, three storeys down . . .

49

You continue to try to reason with the man. While at first this seemed a hopeless exercise, you can tell that you are beginning to get through to him. Encouraged by the control-tower staff, you persist, persuading him that the only way he could succeed would mean his own death along with the lives of all on board. Finally he agrees to give up his mad scheme. He leaves the controls and unties the pilot, who then guides the plane down to safety. Turn to 285.

50

You must now decide where you want to go. You may find what you are looking for at the junction with one of the streets. But which one? Add together the street and the avenue numbers and turn to that reference. If the result makes no sense, turn to 368.

51

You call up 'Susan' and a young woman answers the phone. She bursts into tears when you tell her what is happening, and she agrees to come to the airport straight away. An hour later she arrives. Susan Blythe is young, attractive and distressed at what is happening. She agrees to talk to 'the Tormentor' over the radio. 'Richard!' she sobs. 'Richard, it's me, Susan!' There is a pause before a man's voice answers: 'Susan! What are you doing there?' 'Oh, Richard,' she answers. 'Don't do this! These people have done nothing to you! And I know that the girl was a private nurse now – but how was I to know at the time?' Gripping stuff, you think. But at least she's getting through to him. Ten minutes later, she has talked him out of his original plan. He agrees to land the plane safely, which he does, amid great cheers from the control-tower staff. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to 35. Otherwise, turn to 285.

52

You must react quickly. You have no time to concentrate on using your power. Turn to 436.

53

With three of his buddies lying flat on the floor, the last Fire Warrior starts to get nervous. He shuts off his flames and races for the escalator. Do you want to pursue him through the store (turn to 13), or do you want to make sure that the other three are handed over to the authorities (turn to 380)?

54

An unmarked police car screeches to a halt by the barrier and two detectives climb out. Meanwhile you hunt through the bushes around the area. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 405. If you are Unlucky, turn to 91.

55

You dive up into the air and zoom out over the water. The woman was right. Some thirty metres out from the beach, and advancing fast towards a young boy who is still in the water, is the ominous black fin of a ripper shark! You plunge down into the sea to take on the monster. Turn to 294.

56

You circle the building for an hour, waiting for the Serpent to appear with his victim. One of the doormen comes running up to you excitedly. 'Round the back,' he pants, 'making off with Miss Manche!' You quickly nip round to the back of the theatre. But it is too late. The kidnapper has made good his escape and there is no sign of him anywhere. You have no choice but to leave the theatre and head home. Turn to 79.

57

The assassin is about to take aim. You have one chance to use *Energy Blast* on him and, if you miss, you will have to leap on him quickly. If you hit, turn to 400. If you miss, or if you would rather not use your *Energy Blast*, fight him hand to hand:

ASSASSIN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win the hand-to-hand battle, turn to 258.

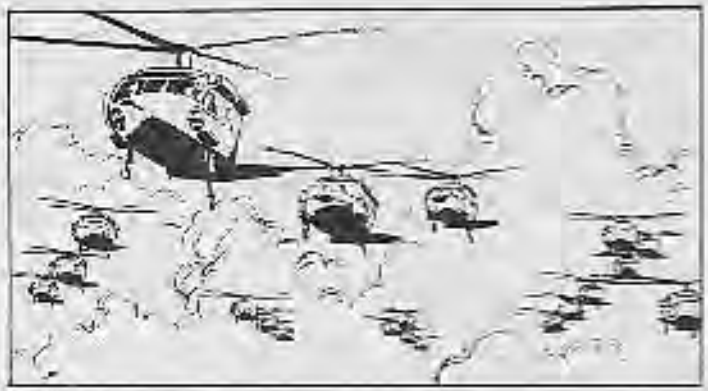

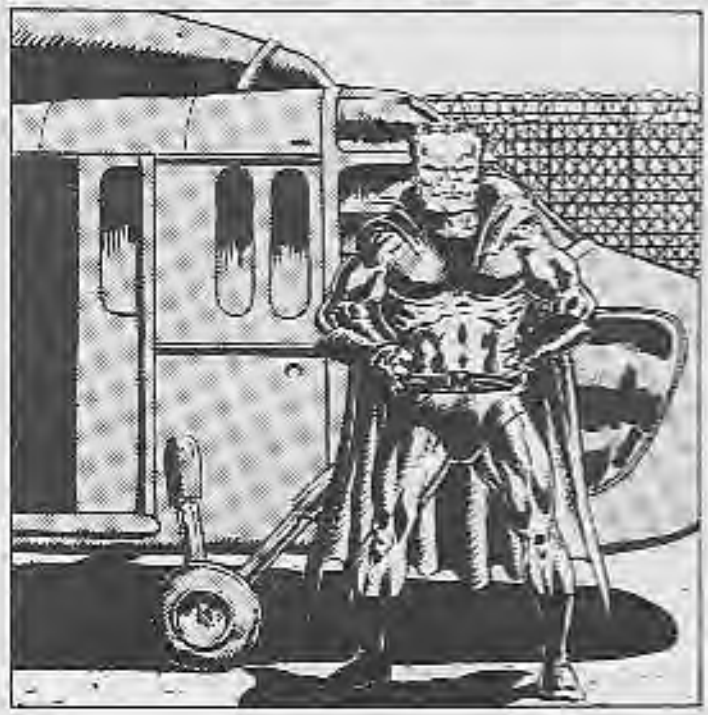

58

You rush out into the drill square with the Colonel. He is barking orders at people around him and, through it all, a picture of what is happening emerges. Twenty F.E.A.R. choppers are heading towards the base, heavily armed. The soldiers are taking their positions. When the helicopters come into view you can see that this is a well-organized raid and you make a guess as to who has organized it. Amid heavy army fire, several of the choppers land within the perimeter fence. When a stocky man with a tall forehead in a black costume steps from the leading helicopter, your guess is confirmed. The Macro Brain! A product of genetic experimentation, like yourself, the Macro Brain has developed a tremendous intelligence. But unlike yourself, he has decided to use it to further the cause of evil. A formidable combination, you think. On your own there is little you could do against his well-disciplined private army. But if the Colonel's men could keep them at bay and you had the opportunity to face the Macro Brain on his own . . . As you consider this, a warning comes from your Crimewatch: 'COUNCIL BUILDINGS. FAST.' You consider your options. If you wish to leave the army to cope with this struggle and will see what disaster is happening at the Council Buildings, turn to **154**. If instead you will try to get the Macro Brain on his own, turn to **208**.

59

You concentrate hard on the door mechanism, trying to will the door to open. But your situation is hopeless. The door is ten-centimetre solid metal and your thought-waves cannot get through. Some time later, more footsteps come down the corridor towards you. A startled face appears at the window. '*An intruder!*' cries the crewman. 'Locked in the ejection chamber!' You can guess what they will do next. A rumbling sound from the walls around you is followed by a loud hissing. Next thing you know you are forcibly fired out of the submarine into the sea. The shock is too much for you. You pass out, never to regain consciousness. It doesn't take long for your lungs to fill with water . . .

60

Just before you leave, you talk to one of the police officers who lives near Starkers Beach. There are reports of the sighting of a giant shark just off the beach and he would be grateful if you would investigate it. He has two children who swim every weekend and he is worried about their safety. You tell him you'll look into it. If you wish to go to the beach straight away, turn to 72. If not, turn to 98.

61

The sight of the transformation shocks you, and the Mummy advances. You are not sure how to tackle the creature. Will you rush in to attack (turn to 184), or run back upstairs away from the creature (turn to 314)?

62

The scene is one of mayhem. Injured people lie on the ground around the stand and others are panicking, trying to get away from the dangerous machine. If you have *ETS*, turn to 186. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to 116. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to 282. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to 304.

63

You return home to change your trousers and nurse your leg. You may restore the lost STAMINA point. Then you set off again for work. Turn to 341.

64

The man stutters nervously, 'The gun . . . He had a gun!' You hold out the water-pistol that you found in the kid's pocket and squirt him with it. His head bows. What a dreadful coward! He wishes to make amends. Yesterday two of his customers were talking and he overheard some information that may be of help. They both worked at Titan abattoir and reckoned that it had just been bought by a Sylvia Frost. When the shopkeeper heard the name, it stirred up a memory. He searched back through some old papers and discovered that Sylvia Frost was indeed the Ice Queen. This information may be useful to you. If you come across evidence of the Ice Queen's handiwork, deduce 20 from the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. You thank the shopkeeper for his information and you may add 1 LUCK point for your good fortune. Now turn to 438.

65

As your fist lands a mighty blow on its chest, something rather unexpected happens. The creature disappears! Along with the bystanders watching the fight, you stare in disbelief. Turn to 138.

66

The doctor is not happy about being woken up and he barks angrily at the maid as he comes down the stairs in his dressing-gown. 'I don't care who it is,' he snaps. 'I am involved in very important work on the "Star Wars" satellite. I must have my rest.' You apologize for disturbing him and tell him of your fears that someone will be trying to steal his secrets. 'Nonsense!' he snorts. 'This house is wired up with a sophisticated alarm system. No one could possibly get inside without setting it off.' You explain that this may be no ordinary person and it would be wise for him to check his study. Turn to 303.

67

You must start thinking about getting back to work. Outside it is starting to rain. Just your luck! Head for work by turning to 111, if you don't know of anywhere else to go.

68

You search his shop. The place is littered with cheap jewellery, cameras, electrical goods and tatty furs. The back room is much the same. There seems to be nothing here. You may either leave and try the diner next door (turn to 351), or try something else (turn to 368).

69

The vial of phenolic acid breaks on the creature's chest and steam rises. The Devastator roars as it sees what is happening. The acid is eating away at its rocky chest! Clumsily, it tries to swat the steam away, but you can tell by its staggering movements that it is weakening. It falls to the ground beside the broken window and bellows mightily. Summoning up enough strength to pick itself up, it rises to its feet, sways and topples over sideways out of the window down to the ground below! You step over to the window. Three floors below it has shattered into fragments. The danger is over. Turn to 119.

70

If you are staying in town, you will already be making your way towards F.E.A.R.'s secret meeting-place, which lies along one of the avenues. Which avenue are you heading for? Multiply its number by 10 and turn to that reference. If the result makes no sense, turn to 368.

71

You leave the square to head for work. If only things were that easy. The Radd Square crowd has now focused its attention on you, and those papers and pencils are once more being thrust into your face. A weasel-faced man catches your eye: '*Psssl!* Hey, you, Crusader! Over here.' He looks a little suspicious and is holding a pencil and paper too. Will you go over and see what he has to say (turn to 126), or will you do your public duty and sign autographs for the crowd (turn to 393)?

72

Everything seems to be normal when you arrive at Starkers Beach. Hundreds of families are sunning themselves and splashing about in the water. Barely dressed girls are swaying in pairs along the walkway, tittering as they pass groups of muscle-bound gigolos, who try to attract their attention. Suddenly a single scream pierces the general hubbub. A woman's voice yells, 'SHARK! SHARK!' The reaction is immediate: the bathers panic and flee from the water towards the beach in a human wave. Your reaction is immediate too. What is your power:

ETS?	Turn to **299**
Energy Blast?	Turn to **180**
Psi-Power?	Turn to **146**
Super Strength?	Turn to **55**

73

You change back into your street clothes. Turn to **181**.

74

Getting the Prankster down from his secret chamber is no easy feat, but, with a carefully timed spring on the trampolines below, you manage to get back to the ground and can hand the villain over to police outside the Fun House. You may add 3 Hero Points for capturing the Prankster. Now turn to **103**.

75

You remember that the President is coming to Titan City today. Do you want to go down to 7th Avenue to watch the presidential cavalcade? If so, turn to **21**. If you would rather not, you can go to watch your favourite football team, the Titan Tigers, play the Metro Mohawks instead (turn to **114**).

76

Your Aunt Florence is overjoyed to see you, but wonders why you are looking so untidy. She fusses about, making you tea and offering you cream cakes. You are exhausted by the day's activities and are happy to let her fuss. You decide to spend the night there, rather than face the long journey home. Next morning is, thank goodness, a Saturday. No work – if indeed you still have a job left to go back to at all! You leave your aunt's and you must now decide where you will go. There is an exhibition of 'Home Appliances of the Future' at the Whirl's Court Exhibition Centre. You may go there by turning to **425**. Or you may go to watch the presidential cavalcade on 7th Avenue; the President is coming to Titan City (turn to **21**). Alternatively, the Titan Tigers are playing a friendly football game against the Metro Mohawks. If you want to go and watch this, turn to **114**.

77

You are correct in your assumption. The freezing pool was no freak accident or malfunction of the heating equipment. It was caused by the Ice Queen, whose power of freezing touch has endangered the swimmers. You may track her down by turning to **129**, but first you had better return to **97** to rescue the two swimmers held by the frozen water.

78

You must fight the three of them, one at a time:

	SKILL	STAMINA
FOUR-ARMED BEAST	8	6
TIGER MAN	9	5
DR MACABRE	7	7

If you defeat them all, you may hand them over to the police. Award yourself 3 Hero Points and turn to **226**.

79

After a good night's sleep, you set off for work the next morning. To your great relief, your Crimewatch does not sound at all and you actually arrive before Jonah Whyte, who is astounded to find you hard at work when he arrives. You may add 2 LUCK points, as the danger of losing your job has now passed. At five o'clock, you leave. Will you change into the Silver Crusader and visit police headquarters to find out why so little has been happening on the crime front all day (turn to **245**), or will you pay a surprise visit on your aunt who lives out in the suburbs (turn to **134**)?

80

You draw a Mental Confuser from your Accessory Belt and try to turn it on. The mutant turns his attention towards you and concentrates. Your device will not work! Knox smiles as you fumble with the box and returns to concentrating on the reactor. You will have to fight him hand to hand. Turn to **33**.

81

Dropping your hands to your sides in a motion of apparent submission, you concentrate on the Poisoner. His hand moves to take the stopper off the vial of poison. He raises it up and starts to tip it. You concentrate harder and the villain screams! You are succeeding in forcing him to swallow his own poison! He pleads with you for mercy and you agree to will him to smash the vial *only* if he tells you what he knows about F.E.A.R. 'All right!' he stammers. 'I'll tell you this. Vladimir Utoshski is arranging a meeting soon. I am not invited. But I know this. The location of the meeting is known by a man with a gold watch.' With a last strain of mental effort, you will him to smash the vial on the floor. He does so and you step over to capture him. Turn to **227**.

82

You may take on the dogs one at a time (take on as many of the dogs as are in the crowd):

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RADIATION DOG	7	5
Second RADIATION DOG	6	5
Third RADIATION DOG	7	6
Fourth RADIATION DOG	7	7

The first time one of the dogs rolls a higher Attack Strength than your own, turn to 31. But before you do so, *note this reference* as you will be instructed to return to it. If you manage to defeat all the dogs, turn to **193**.

83

You check the book records. Most of the boxes are listed as containing money, jewellery, old documents and computer data disks, and nearly all are held by wealthy citizens or local businesses. Most are in the main vault, which is now locked, but a number are scattered around the floor outside the vault door. One of these contains some recently completed title deeds to Titan abattoir. They show that the abattoir has just been bought by a 'Sylvia Frost'. This name rings a bell. Sylvia Frost? Of course! The Ice Queen! If you find evidence of the Ice Queen's activities, you can use this information to locate her by deducting 20 from the reference you are on at the time and turning to this new reference. Now turn to **60**.

84

You rush out of the control tower and zoom up into the sky towards the low-flying aircraft circling the airport. You reach it easily and enter through the emergency door release. The rush of air alerts the passengers and they gasp as they see the Silver Crusader enter. You close the door and motion for everyone to remain calm. Luckily, the cockpit door is closed and the Tormentor has not noticed your entry. The way is clear for you to surprise the villain. You swing open the cockpit door. Inside, the two frightened pilots are tied against one wall. At the controls is a shaggy-haired madman whose wide grin turns to a look of astonishment as you appear. You must spring on him quickly:

THE TORMENTOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you defeat him within ten combat rounds, turn to **346**. If you do not, turn to **376**.

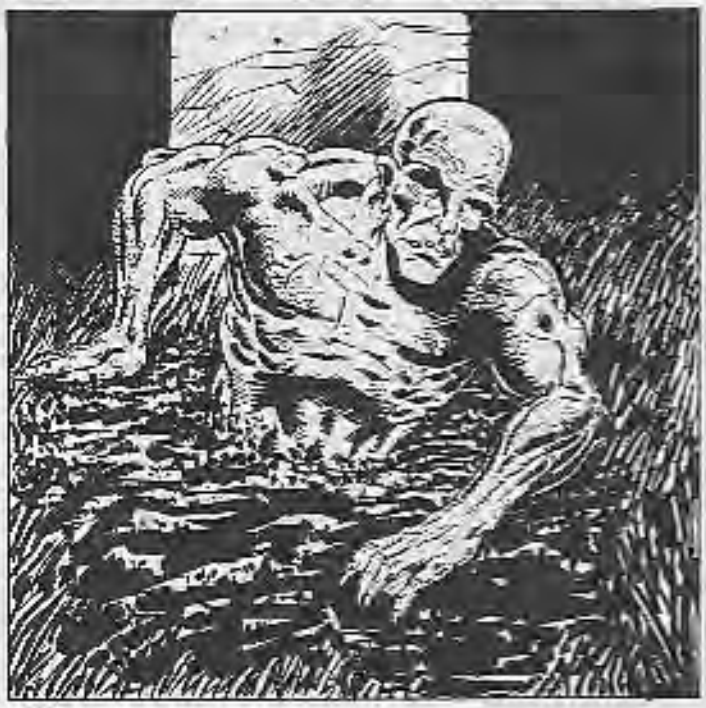

85

The sky clouds over as you enter the cemetery and, by the time you are halfway across, the atmosphere is decidedly spooky. A scraping noise to your left attracts your attention. The noise is coming from a recently dug grave and you step over to get a closer look. Your eyes widen as you see a movement in the soil on the top of the grave. Something is trying to get out! A hand reaches out of the soil and you are frozen to the spot as a huge shape lifts itself out of the pit. You recognize the creature: you have come across him once before. The webbed claws of the grey-skinned beast flex as it steps towards you. The Reincarnation! The beast that cannot be killed! Why on earth has he been buried in an ordinary grave? Probably some idiot official didn't believe the stories. But one thing is certain. The Reincarnation must not be allowed to stalk Titan City again on its mission of destruction. If you have *F.T.S.*, turn to 332. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to **422**. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to 352. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to 373.

86

The train stops at Grimm Street station and you get off to go to work. You try to settle into your desk discreetly. No such luck. 'Lafayette. Get in here *at once*!' No sooner had you stepped through the office door than Jonah Whyte's booming voice summoned you. You creep into his office, mumbling scanty excuses for being late yet again. 'Enough!' he yells. 'What do you think we are running here? A charity? Do you suppose I should be grateful that you even grace us with your presence? Very noble of you indeed to even bother coming in at all! Well, I tell you what. I'm feeling kind today. You can have the rest of the day off. *Without pay!* And if you're not in first thing tomorrow morning, you can start looking for another job!' You slink out of his office with your tail between your legs. How can you tell him what you've been doing? And now you've been suspended for a day. Where will you go? Will you spend the day at Wisneyland, the amusement park (turn to 15), or will you go downtown, perhaps to do some shopping (turn to 202)?

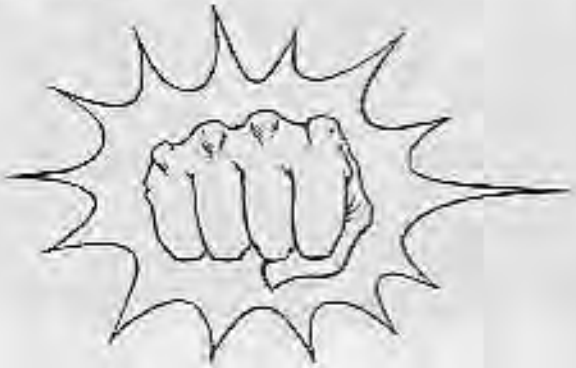

87

You streak out after the plane. As it is taking off, you catch up with it and force your way inside through one of the emergency entrance doors. Inside, the meeting has already begun in a special conference room which has been built into the plane. But your entrance has not gone unnoticed. As you step inside, the six delegates rise to their feet. All are overawed by your entry – all except one. 'Stand back,' growls a deep, electro-assisted voice. 'Our puny visitor is no match for the Titanium Cyborg.' The others watch as the huge, bald-headed shape steps forward. Part man, part robot, the creature has powerful electro-assisted arms, and a pulsing glow lights up in the goggles it uses for eyes. Do you have a Circuit Jammer? If so, turn to 411. If not, you will have to fight the leader of F.E.A.R.:

THE TITANIUM CYBORG	SKILL 18	STAMINA 20

After the third round of combat, turn to **136**.

88

A notorious group of super-villains known as the Alchemists is planning a series of raids on financial institutions. The first victim will be the Cleveland Bank, at 4 a.m. Next will be another branch of the same bank situated on the corner of 128th Street and 10th Avenue.

89

You run down the hallway, looking for a fire-extinguisher. There is not one to be seen. Finally you find one in an empty room and bring it back into the lab. You break the seal and point it at the boiling bottle. Nothing happens! You check the instructions and realize that the extinguisher has not been serviced for two years! You try the next floor down and return with a functioning extinguisher. But as you arrive back in the lab, a wide smile has spread across Professor Murdock's face. 'Look!' he beams. 'The temperature is dropping! The danger is over.' The bottle has stopped its furious bubbling and seems to be cooling down. Relieved that the danger is past, you leave the building and head for home. Turn to 18.

90

The trampolines are along one wall of the Fun House. They appear to be sturdily constructed; there is nothing special about them. You try bouncing on one and find that you can reach quite a height. While bouncing, though, you notice something suspicious. Higher up in the wall is a doorway, almost impossible to notice from the ground, as it is carefully blended into the wall. You bounce higher and find that you can reach a ledge if you bounce a little higher. Grabbing on to bars by the side of the doorway, you open the door and leap inside. Your hunch was correct. Standing at a control panel inside the room is a figure dressed in a red jester's outfit – the Scarlet Prankster, wanted for robbery and assault. You must apprehend this criminal:

SCARLET PRANKSTER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to 74.

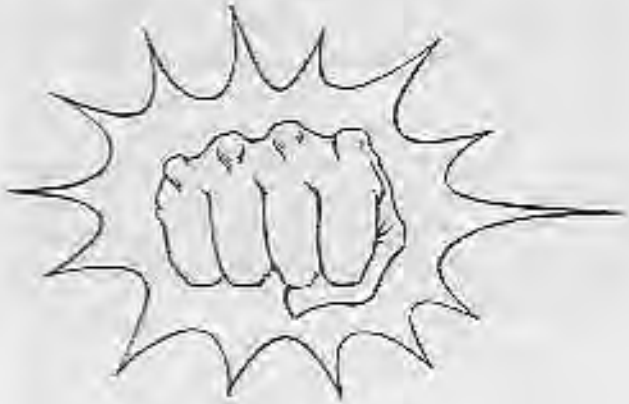

91

You find nothing in the bushes. You may as well leave this affair in the hands of the police. Turn to 73.

92

Keeping a careful eye on the advancing lions, you reach in your Accessory Belt for your Aroma Emulator. You turn the controls to imitate the smell of catnip. The device hums and the lions stop in their tracks. They are anxious to get at the catnip. You fling your device to the back of the cage and the lions forget about you. Nor will they obey their keeper's instructions. The Ringmaster is appalled at how easily you have seen off the beasts and gives himself up to you. You take him back into the small room and go through his papers. One scrap of paper catches your attention – a message, written under the F.E.A.R. seal! The note reads: 'The password is *Quicksilver*. Memorize and destroy this message.' Now turn to 433.

93

You take the murderer to police headquarters. On the way he pleads with you not to turn him in. He even gives you some useful information. Apparently the Serpent has been spurned by his actress girlfriend, Lola Manche. She is famous for her quote: 'I don't want to be a star; I just want to be an ordinary girl!' She always takes the poorest of dressing-rooms and has decided to give up her life of decadence as the Serpent's girl. He has sworn that, by hook or by crook, she will return to him.

Of course, you will not give way to deals with criminals. But you may add 1 LUCK point for this information. You hand Bronski over to a surprised sergeant at the desk and leave. You may add 1 Hero Point for your arrest. Turn to 67.

94

You need to do some shopping and you head for Schuter Mall, a couple of kilometres out of town. It is a huge site with hundreds of different shops. Do you want to go into the drug store (turn to 313), the supermarket (turn to 160) or the computer shop (turn to 264)?

95

As you recoil from the wound, the shark frees itself from your grip and swims for the boy. It snaps its jaws around the youngster, whose cries turn to gurglings then to silence as a red cloud spreads through the water. You, and the onlookers on the beach, are horrified! The ripper shark flips its tail in the water, and disappears out to sea. You swim back to the shore and step out on to the beach with your head bowed. The crowds are silent, except for the sobs of the forlorn mother. The authorities can take over now. You quietly enter a cubicle and change clothes. When no one is watching, you leave the beach and head for home. Turn to 18.

96

The enormous ship will take many hours to search properly. Nevertheless you must start somewhere. Will you start downstairs in the engine room (turn to 27), or head for the captain's quarters (turn to 164)?

97

You arrive at Stanley Pool and the doorman rushes you into the main hall where the pool is. Your jaw drops as you see the problem. The pool has frozen! Shivering swimmers are staring incredulously at the block of ice that, moments before, they were swimming in! Two girls, however, were not able to swim to the side in time and they are held fast in the ice, in danger of freezing to death. Their cries are getting weaker. You had better use your powers to help them quickly. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to 389. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to 307. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to 338. If you have *ETS*, turn to 231.

98

As you leave the bank, you hear a bleeping coming from your wrist. Your Crimewatch is receiving a message from Gerry the Grass. The electronic voice speaks two words: 'PARKER AIRPORT.' If you want to head straight away to the airport, turn to 410. If, on the other hand, you have still not yet finished with the Alchemists, you may be heading somewhere else. If this is the case, deduct the avenue number from the street number and turn to this reference.

99

The tension is building as you shove your way into the centre of the crowd. The man and woman are screaming at each other, with the man threatening to strangle her dog if she does not clear up its mess. In the crowd the arguments are echoed. 'What would you think if *I* did that on your front doorstep?' yells a sweaty, bespectacled man. 'What do you expect the poor dog to do? The City Council should keep our sidewalks clean!' says a young student-type with his nose in the air. 'These days a dog's not safe on the road, even in the gutter!' pipes up another voice, and 'It's that fat frump who should be strangled, not the dog!' cries another. In the centre of the crowd, you find that you are not alone in trying to settle the tempers. Three others are trying to defuse the situation, without too much success. A jostling starts and you are kneed painfully in the thigh. You fall to the floor holding your leg. As if in response to your plight, the welcome sound of police whistles subdues the tempers and three black-shirted officers disperse the crowd. One of them picks you up from the ground and asks about your leg. It is painful, but not broken. Perhaps worst of all, though, was your unfortunate fall. For you have fallen straight into the cause of the whole commotion! Lose 1 STAMINA point for your bruised leg. Do you now want to go home and change (turn to 63), or will you talk to the police officers (turn to 305)?

100

Manny's Coffee Shop has never been so busy. The excitement surrounding the President's arrival has brought all sorts of people to the streets. You sit down at a table next to a man wearing a shabby brown overcoat and the two of you are soon talking. The man is very drunk and says more than he should. It seems he has connections with the underworld and lets slip some information. Apparently the Ocean Behemoth has been seen in Titan harbour and the man knows the purpose of the huge fish-creature's visit. It seeks revenge on the one who defeated it a year ago. That person was none other than yourself! You remember the encounter well. It is a huge water-spawned creature which cannot be allowed to enter Titan City. You make a mental note to explore the harbour as soon as you can. Now turn to 157.

101

There is nothing around, except a garbage can by the back door. You pick up the lid and hold it in front of you as you step up to the door. Turn to 24.

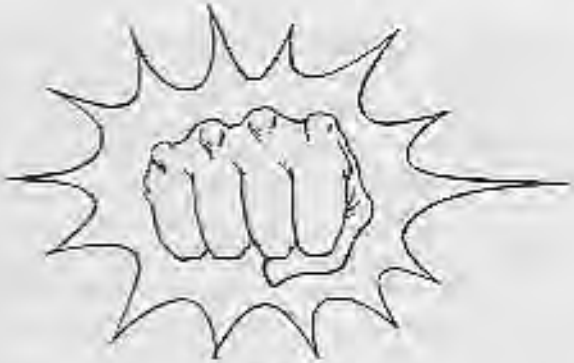

102

As you arrive downstairs, the police are forcing the crowd back away from the wreckage. To your horror, you can see the driver of the car and his passenger in the back seat, struggling with the doors. The fire is spreading and they cannot get out! Will you step round the corner and change into the Silver Crusader (turn to 23), or will you wait to see whether the police have the situation under control (turn to 229)?

103

Where are you heading as you leave Wisneyland? Will you make your way downtown to do some shopping (turn to **202**), or go home. If you decide to go home, you may either want to rest for the evening, in which case you may gain 6 STAMINA points (turn to 327), or you may wish to sacrifice STAMINA gain and spend the evening at the theatre if you can get a ticket for tonight's performance of 'Rats' (turn to 43).

104

You step, as the Silver Crusader, towards the scene. A police officer spots you and helps you through the crowd, which parts as you are recognized. On the ground in the centre of the crowd is the body of a man – a man of some means, by the looks of his expensive clothing. Lying next to him is a gold-trimmed briefcase. While the police busy themselves with moving the crowd on, you may choose to examine either the body (turn to 318), the briefcase (turn to 211) or the surrounding bushes (turn to 54).

105

You concentrate hard from outside the door and *call* the dogs into submission. Their frantic barking dies down as your power reaches them. When all seems to be calm, you open the door and step inside. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 401. If you are Unlucky, turn to 213.

106

You chase the pickpocket and seem to be gaining a little. The doors of the train start to close as it prepares to pull out of the station. The pickpocket seizes his chance and leaps through the closing doors in the nick of time. He has evaded you! Without revealing yourself as the Silver Crusader, there is nothing you can do. Turn to 86.

107

The matter of the F.E.A.R. meeting is playing on your mind. Perhaps it would be useful to talk to Colonel Saunders who commands the army base out of town. The Colonel may have some news on the meeting; or at least you could compare notes. Will you go to the army base (turn to 342), or will you follow up the earlier summons by your Crimewatch to Stanley Pool (turn to 97)?

108

There is a new menace in town, as Daddy Rich's lawyers have just got him off a murder charge. He is an eccentric millionaire who has everything money could buy. He now gets his kicks by murdering innocent victims and revels in their fear. He has very expensive tastes and lives in a penthouse apartment at 113, 58th Street.

109

For all your strength, you will not be able to defeat the Mummy. Instead, when you have reduced it to 4 STAMINA points, you may use your strength to hurl it into an open crate and seal the lid. You may capture it, but not kill it. Resolve your battle:

MUMMY	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you manage to trap the creature, turn to 2.

110

You lean towards her meaningfully and whisper your password. 'Eh?' she asks, puzzled. 'What did you say? Speak up!' You try again. This time she looks at you as if you were some sort of crank. Her eyes pass up and down you and she frowns. 'Are you a crazy? Be off with you, or I'll call the police!' You decide that she probably will call the police and decide to take a quick look round the place first. Turn to **199**.

111

You change back into street clothes and get a move on. You are late for work again! You turn the corner on to Clark Street and stop as you pass Harrold's Department Store. A thought has crossed your mind: you could stop and buy your boss a present of some kind to apologize for being late. But then this would make you even later. Is it worth it? If you wish to go in and look for a suitable gift, turn to **429**. If you want to get to work as quickly as possible, turn to **301**.

112

The police and bank officials fall silent as you step through the door of the bank. Do you wish to interrogate the Branch Manager of the bank (turn to **420**), the Chief Detective investigating the case (turn to **323**) or the security guard (turn to **259**)?

113

On the way home, you notice a figure following you. Intrigued, you allow him to follow until you reach a corner, then you step quickly into a doorway and wait. Sure enough, the man appears, turns the corner and stops, scratching his head. You spring out and grab him. You demand to know why he is following you. He is quivering with fear and tells you that his boss, Fats Bluebottle, a well-known underworld figure, sent him to report on your movements. In his fear he also tells you some useful information. Apparently, one of Vladimir Utoshski's agents of F.E.A.R. will be at the forthcoming 'Home Appliances of the Future' exhibition. You may add 1 LUCK point for this information. You release the man, telling him to let Fats know that *you* will be watching *him* from now on, and the terrified spy scampers off away from you. Thinking about what he has told you, you head home, where you relax for the evening in front of the TV. Add 6 STAMINA points for the rest and turn to **215**.

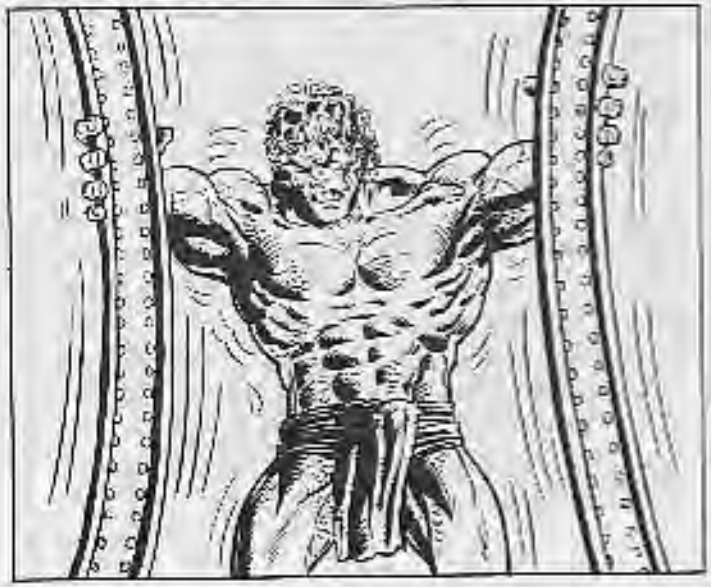

114

You arrive at the stadium and buy your ticket for the game. It promises to be an exciting game, as both teams are evenly matched. You are hoping that the Tigers will have the edge: they recently spent over a million on fullback 'Streak' Gordon and you are anxious to see how he turns out. But neither side is able to maintain the advantage and by half-time a last-minute push by the Mohawks has levelled the score. The second half starts with a fabulous scoring run by 'Streak' Gordon. But, amid the excitement, screams of terror are coming from the crowd. Part of the stand is collapsing! You rush off to change and then nip underneath the stand to find out what is happening. You are amazed by what you see.

The collapse is not a structural fault, as you thought. Standing between two iron girders is a huge, hulking creature with brown, scaly skin, which is shaking the girders and groaning with the effort. You order it to stop. It sees your shimmering uniform and roars loudly: 'PUNY HUMAN!' it speaks. 'WHAT CAN YOUR PITIFUL EFFORTS HOPE TO ACHIEVE AGAINST THE CREATURE OF CARNAGE? MANY MUST DIE BEFORE I WILL BE STILL.' Again the creature shakes the stand and this time a crack appears in the metre-thick concrete above. You had better react quickly. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to 315. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to 384. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to 22. If you have *ETS*, turn to 163.

115

You find a pair of overalls and mix with the cargo crew unloading the three aircraft inside the hangar. There is nothing suspicious about the crew or the cargo, but you expected this. In fact you are not expecting anything to happen for a couple of hours. What time of day are you expecting the meeting to take place? Add this time to today's date and add the result to this reference. If the resulting reference makes no sense, turn to 220.

116

You fly into the air over the Android, grab it and hoist it up out of harm's way into the roof of the building. Finding a clear spot, you release it. It crashes down to the ground and fizzles, its broken limbs twitching harmlessly. You search for Vladimir Utoshski from your vantage point, but can see no sign of him and return to the stand. No one is now manning the stand, and you start rummaging through Utoshski's papers to see if you can find any clues. Only one piece of paper looks interesting: it is from the Parker Airport Authority, advising him that his booking requirements have been made. You also find a small pen-like gadget in a box labelled 'Circuit Jammer'. You decide it could be quite useful and take it with you. Add 4 Hero Points for defeating the Android. Your job done here, you leave Whirl's Court. Turn to 75.

117

The dressing-room shows obvious signs of a struggle having taken place recently. Theatrical clothes, ripped and soiled, lie strewn about the place among smashed bottles of theatrical make-up. Evidently the kidnapper and his victim had something of a fight here. But where are they now? The open window gives the game away. It leads out into the parking-lot behind the theatre and, as you poke your head out to look for the Serpent, you hear the sound of squealing tyres. The Serpent has escaped with his victim! You will never catch him now. You change back into your street clothes and make for home. Turn to 79.

118

Your information was correct. As you arrive at the junction, sounds of a commotion are coming from the bank. There are no signs of police. You look through the glass door. Two men in white lab coats are rummaging through the cashiers' drawers and stuffing notes in sacks. Another is grasping a test-tube rack containing five tubes of liquid and is holding another in the air ready to throw it at the cashiers and customers, who are huddled in a corner. All three are wearing rubber masks which make them look like ageing professors. *The Alchemists!* No doubt the test-tubes contain some of their dastardly creations. Will you burst through the door and leap on the one with the chemicals (turn to 437), or will you wait to nab them as they leave the bank (turn to 309)?

119

You are greeted by heroic applause from the crowd as you step from the library. The struggle has been a tough one, but you have defeated the strange creature. You may award yourself 5 Hero Points for the victory. Then turn to 319.

120

Fight however many dogs are left, one at a time:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RADIATION DOG	7	5
Second RADIATION DOG	6	5
Third RADIATION DOG	7	6
Fourth RADIATION DOG	7	7

Each time you are successfully attacked by a Radiation Dog, roll one die. If the result is a:

1, 2 or 3	The dog cuts you with its claw. Lose 2 STAMINA points.
4 or 5	The dog knocks you back into the wall. Lose 2 STAMINA points and deduct 1 from your Attack Strength next round.
6	The dog bites you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you suffer 3 STAMINA points of damage, but survive. If you are Unlucky, the wound is fatal.

If you defeat the dogs, turn to 350.

121

Following the advice you were given, you change into the Silver Crusader and climb the fire-escape on to the roof of the Regent Hotel. You arrive just as the President's car is about to pass in the street below. Sure enough, in the far corner, a man is squatting. He is leaning over the edge of the roof and adjusting the telescopic sight of a high-powered rifle! If you have *Super Strength*, turn to 236. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to 57. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to 177. If you have *ETS*, turn to 194.

122

Crowds of disappointed fans are milling around Addison Square Gardens. Tonight's concert has been cancelled: Georgie Boy is suffering from facial dermatitis. You decide instead to go home and rest. You may add 6 STAMINA points for the evening's rest. Next morning you do not have to go to work. Will you go instead to 7th Avenue to watch the arrival of the President, who is paying a visit to Titan City (turn to 21), or would you rather go to Whirl's Court, where a special exhibition of 'Home Appliances of the Future' is opening (turn to 425)?

123

A direct hit! Your blast strikes the ripper shark in the middle of its back, causing a gruesome explosion. Bits of shark meat and entrails fly high up in the air and rain down on the beach. The onlookers are revolted. Many of them are spattered with the creature's remains. Disgusted faces turn towards you. 'Trust that Crusader idiot to create such a mess. Ugh! It's nauseating! What was wrong with diving in and fighting the poor shark? Dumb animal – it didn't know any better . . .' Your jaw drops. What's wrong with these people? You've just saved a boy from almost certain death! With your head bowed, you leave the beach to change into your street clothes and head for home. Turn to 18.

124

You hand the Tiger Cat in at police headquarters. You may add 2 Hero Points for this arrest. The police sergeant at the desk is puzzling over a piece of paper which has been handed in by a little old lady. She thinks it might be important. He lets you have a look at it, thinking it might be a clue. It reads: 'Watch for the sign of the Mantrapper – a metal slug with a letter M engraved on it.' This is a useful clue and you may add 1 LUCK point for seeing it. If you find evidence of the Mantrapper's activities, add 60 to the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. Turn now to 67.

125

You leave the Murdock Laboratories and head back into town. Walking along Danvers Street, you see a crowd huddled round a shop window and you step up to see what is going on. It is an electrical shop and the people are staring at a television in the centre of the window. A newsflash message is being reported by the announcer. You cannot hear what is being said, but you recognize the face on the photograph which appears briefly on the screen. It is Giorgio Schultz, better known as the Poisoner. What, you wonder, is he up to? Perhaps you'd better go down to police headquarters and find out. You turn to leave, and groan as a *beep – beep – beep* sounds on your wrist. Just what you needed! You lift it to your ear and listen to its message: 'STANLEY SWIMMING POOL.' Where will you go now? To police headquarters (turn to 412), or to the Stanley Swimming Pool (turn to 97)?

126

The man draws you down an alley. 'Crusader, baby. Hi! Look, my name's Rat-face Flanagan. I ain't got much time to talk. Gotta get going. Here, read this. See ya . . .' You take the note he thrusts into your hand and read the message: 'There will be an assassination attempt on the President during his visit to Titan City. A decoy will be planted in the crowd. The real killer will be on the roof of the Regent Hotel.' This is an important lead and you may add 1 LUCK point for finding it. When the President is due to arrive, add 100 to the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference to apprehend the killer. Looks as though Rat-face is trying to get even with someone. Now you had better be on your way to work. Turn to 435.

127

The Scarlet Prankster, a fun-loving criminal who delights in playing practical jokes on his unsuspecting victims, has found a new home and one most befitting his sense of humour. When you are in the vicinity of his new residence and are given the opportunity to look for him, subtract 50 from the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference to find him.

128

The gang has not noticed and you manage to shoo the boy and his mother away. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to 172. If you have *ETS*, turn to 210. If you have *Energy Blast*, you may not use it as there are too many passers-by. If you do not have *Super Strength* or *ETS*, turn to 243.

129

You follow your clue's instructions to a seedy industrial area of town and arrive at the Titan abattoir. What sort of a place is that for a super-villain like the Ice Queen? The answer dawns on you as you pass a door leading to the refrigeration plant. Cautiously you open the door and step into the freezer room. Your breath freezes and you feel the cold at the back of your throat as you search through the sides of beef hanging in the room. A sound from behind you startles you. 'So!' speaks a woman's voice. 'The Silver Crusader has come to pay a visit! I hardly think you have come to stock up your freezer. I am honoured. Accept *this* as a gift!' You wheel round to see the sleek silver costume of the Ice Queen. Her long platinum-blonde hair partly covers her face as she shoves a side of beef towards you along a runner. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to **436**. If you have *ETS*, turn to **182**. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to **52**. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to **12**.

130

His ears prick up as you whisper the word. You repeat it. He motions you to follow him and leads you into a steamy room at the back of the laundry. Underneath the sink is a trapdoor. He opens it for you and you climb down into a small space under the building. A single door leads from the chamber you stand in. Voices are coming from the door and a shaft of light runs across the bottom edge. Turn to 298.

131

As the police arrive to help you with the bulky creature, a remarkable transformation takes place. The Creature of Carnage shimmers and shrinks slowly in size. Moments later it lies on the ground not as a creature at all, but as a man whose face you recognize. The Creature of Carnage is none other than Illya Karpov, agent of F.E.A.R.! You may add 5 Hero Points for this important capture; then turn to 40.

132

The number you rolled is the number of Radiation Dogs that have escaped through the door and are now rushing into the screaming crowd, jaws wide open and frothing. You slam the door shut. Your immediate duty is to prevent anyone from being bitten! Your super power will be of no help here. Turn to 82 to fight the dogs. Fight only as many as escaped. If fewer than four escaped, return to 120 (note this reference), if you defeat them, to face the dogs left inside the Lab.

133

You jump over the counter and change quickly into the Silver Crusader. You will have to be careful not to stay too close to the Fire Warriors, as their flames will burn you. Perhaps just your presence will be enough to frighten them away. You spring out and order them to stop their foolishness and leave the store. They merely laugh at you. That didn't work. There is only one thing left for it. You will have to fight them:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FIRE WARRIOR	7	6
Second FIRE WARRIOR	6	6
Third FIRE WARRIOR	7	5
Fourth FIRE WARRIOR	7	5

Fight them one at a time. Each time you are hit, roll one die. A roll of 1 or 2 indicates that you have been burned and must deduct an extra STAMINA point. If you defeat them all, turn to 380.

134

Your aunt lives in Cockney Green, a pleasant suburban district to the east of the Titan Centre. The bus drops you off at Cockney Cemetery, leaving you with a five-minute walk to her house. Will you take a leisurely stroll around the outside of the cemetery (turn to **219**), or will you take a short cut through it (turn to **85**)?

135

Two doormen are outside the curator's room. 'Ah, Abdul Aziz and Mustapha Kareem. Would one of you take our honoured guest on a tour of the exhibits?' They both stand to attention. 'Abdul, perhaps you would be so kind?' The man bows slightly and begins to escort you round the museum. There are many fine treasures in the building and Abdul Aziz gives you an interesting commentary on the life and times of the Pharaohs. The exhibits seem to be all intact. Finally you reach the largest room, which houses the exhibition's main attraction. Turn to **240**.

136

Bolts of light flash from its eyes and hit you square in the chest. The impact knocks you back against the wall. The Cyborg follows up with a deadly smash from its titanium-tipped fist. Your efforts are useless. The Cyborg is much too strong for you. Your last memory is its steely fingers tightening around your neck . . .

137

Grasping the door by its frame, you heave it off its hinges. You grab both passengers and lift them away to safety. The man in the back, a middle-aged man in a fur-collared overcoat wearing an expensive-looking silver watch, is suffering from shock. He is delirious. As you lift him out of the car, he is mumbling incoherent bits of sentences: 'Fear summit . . . Must make meeting . . . Opposite number 35 . . . Mustn't forget . . .' You hand him over to the ambulance-men to take care of him. And just in time, as the fire hits the tank and the car explodes. Your duty done, you may now nip off to change clothes and return to work. For your brave rescue, you may add 2 Hero Points. Turn to **398**.

138

An old man is attending to the girl in the water and another has gone to phone an ambulance. 'What is happening to the world?' he asks. 'Where does a creature like that come from? I have never seen anything like it before, except in my worst *dreams*. It's this new-fangled technology, I think. Creates super weapons in space and monsters on the earth. Bah! Sometimes I'm glad my time will soon be up. But Crusader, thank you for saving us. We all owe you our lives.' You can add 2 Hero Points for defeating the beast. You still don't know where it has come from, unless the old man has given you a clue. If you wish to try an address, add the street number to this reference to get there. Otherwise turn to 71.

139

Daddy Rich pulls out a long-bladed silver knife and his two thugs do likewise. Fight his two bodyguards one at a time:

First BODYGUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9
Second BODYGUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you defeat them, you may take on Daddy Rich himself:

DADDY RICH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you capture all three, you may turn them over to the authorities and award yourself 3 Hero Points. Then turn to 73.

140

Knox lies unconscious on the ground and your attention turns to the reactor. Hissings are coming from the cooling pipes and one of them suddenly bursts, sending jets of superheated steam into a crowd of engineers. Eventually, they get the leak under control, but the accident has cost the lives of four. You may add no Hero Points for this episode. However, the scientists are grateful to you for preventing what could have been a dreadful disaster. In appreciation of your saving the Laboratory, the scientists bring you a small pen-like device. 'Crusader, take this as a gift from us,' pleads the Institute Director. 'One of our men made this in his spare time. He calls it a "Circuit Jammer". It is still to be fully tested, but seems to work okay. I know you often face mechanical villains and their contraptions. With this, you will be able to disable their circuits. You are looking for Vladimir Utoshski and he is a powerful adversary. With this you will stand a better chance.' You thank the Director for his gift. It may well come in handy. Turn to **125**.

141

If this name means anything to you, you will have a seven-digit telephone number. Add all the seven digits together and turn to this reference.

142

You order Dr Macabre to give himself up. He is startled to see you and, as you aim your *Energy Blast* at his misshapen henchmen, he cries out: '*NO!* You cannot harm my creations!' He flings a bottle at you and it smashes against the wall. You aim a low-powered Bolt at the four-armed creature, who howls in pain as the Bolt strikes. Dr Macabre shrieks and holds his head in his hands. He gives himself up to you without a struggle. As you escort him and his miserable gang from the shop, you notice him quietly drop a small ball of paper on the floor. You pick it up and read it. Your eyes widen when you notice it is on F.E.A.R. notepaper. The message reads: 'Meeting changed to Clancey Bay.' After handing the mad doctor over to the police, you leave the Mall. Award yourself 3 Hero Points and turn to **226**.

143

Where do you want to begin your investigations? The Fun House's main attractions are buzzing with people, although most are now staring at you with open eyes. Will you check the 'Rotating Room' (turn to **439**), the trampolines (turn to **90**) or the 'Hall of Mirrors' (turn to **212**)?

144

You change into the Silver Crusader and head for the Biochemistry Department. There are no signs of panic; everything seems just like any other day. You make inquiries and find that a Professor Murdock is working on aldehyde experiments on the top floor. When you reach his Laboratory, the Professor is sweating profusely. 'Crusader!' he says, relieved to see you. 'My experiment has got out of hand! The temperature is building up! I fear I may have caused a disaster!' In the corner of the Lab, a complicated array of chemical equipment is shuddering. At one end a bottle is boiling madly. If you have *ETS*, turn to 295. Otherwise turn to 339.

145

How will you escape? You search in your Accessory Belt for something to use. You pull out your Laser-torch and begin to cut away at the door. The confined space makes you sweat, but your gadget seems to be doing its work. The metal on the door is ten centimetres thick and it will take some time before you can cut through. In fact it takes four hours . . . When you finally free yourself, you prepare yourself for action. Searching round the sub, which now seems to be deserted, you find signs of the meeting you were anticipating in a conference room, but no one is left. Despairingly, you leave the submarine and the dockyard. Turn to 368.

146

You race down to the edge of the water and scan the surface. Your powers attract you towards one spot, which you search hard. Slicing through the surface, and advancing at an alarming rate towards a young boy who is still in the water, you can see the tall black fin of a ripper shark! You react quickly and concentrate all your energy on the water in front of the shark. The fin slows down. You are making the water more dense, so that the shark cannot swim as quickly. But there is one problem. The water around the boy is also affected and is preventing him from reaching the beach! You race over to the spot and dive into the water to take on the shark. Turn to 294.

147

As you enter the pawnbroker's, the man behind the counter gasps. Before he can scream your name, you reach for him and clap your hand over his mouth to silence him. His fat face is sweating profusely and, as you grab him, he passes out. Something is certainly troubling the man! If you have *Super Strength*, turn to 68. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to 188. If you have another power, turn to 14.

148

You change back into your street clothes and set off. A *beep – beep – beep* sounds comes from your wrist. As you hold your Crimewatch up, it speaks to you: 'MUSEUM OF EGYPTIAN HERITAGE.' Do you want to follow its advice and head for the Egyptian Museum downtown (turn to 158)? Alternatively, you are now not far from the home of Gerry the Grass. Would you prefer to pay him a call? If so, turn to 38.

149

As you appear, a hushed silence spreads across the crowd. Your contemptuous look has its desired effect. They look at each other sheepishly and shuffle off along the sidewalk, going about their business. With the situation now well defused, you step up to the dog's mistress and reprimand her for allowing her dog to foul the footpath. Your duties as a citizen performed, you can now resume your alter ego and either set off again for work (turn to 341), or go and buy a newspaper (turn to 228).

150

You aim carefully and send your Bolt towards the vial of poison. It scores a direct hit! The Poisoner screams and drops the vial. You may now capture the injured villain easily. Turn to 227.

151

You race down the street after the van. But by now it is long gone. Unless you have *Super Strength*, you are wasting your time. Turn to 428. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to 414.

152

A curious rumour is circulating through the more pleasant parts of the downtown area. It is rumoured that a young boy, known as the Brain Child, has extremely vivid dreams. In certain instances, these dreams seem to have come true. These are only rumours, but the identity of the child is known. He is Timothy Grant and lives on 100th Street.

153

There is nothing you can do but watch the brown cloud float into the distance. The damage has been done. The Smoke, who has the ability to change into an ethereal form, has been through the doctor's notes and sent radio photographs to the headquarters of F.E.A.R. Turn now to 162.

154

You speed off back to Titan City and arrive at the Council Buildings. Everyone seems surprised at your visit. The day has been a peaceful one. Being a holiday, there are few people about. There certainly seems to be no danger. Your Crimewatch beeps again: 'SORRY. FALSE ALARM.' Just what you needed! Turn to 311.

155

The noise from outside has made the Alchemists nervous. They tie up their sacks and race into the street to escape. Turn to 243.

156

You jump over the counter and, while no one is looking, change into the Silver Crusader. You are well prepared for outbreaks of fire and you take the Micro Extinguisher from your Accessory Belt. Stepping up to the villains, you douse them with a blast of carbon dioxide and extinguish their flames. Coughing and spluttering, they give themselves up to you. Turn to 380.

157

While you are trying to pry more information out of the man, you forget about the time. Suddenly the noise from the crowd outside swells up. The President is arriving! You leave the table and push your way out into the street. But before you can catch a glimpse of the procession, a loud *crack* sounds, followed by shouts and screams. You freeze. *Surely not!* That crack sounded like a gunshot! And from the reaction of the crowd, your fears could well have been realized. You nip inside a doorway and change into the Silver Crusader. When you fight your way through the crowds to the President's car, it is all over. He has been shot neatly through the chest and killed immediately. The bullet has been dug out of the car seat and you turn it over in your hand. Four letters are engraved in it: F-E-A-R. The outlawed organization has succeeded in assassinating the President! You *must* capture the heads of F.E.A.R. at their meeting before they are able to wreak any more havoc on the world. Turn to 311.

158

The Museum of Egyptian Heritage is in the mid-town area. Everything seems perfectly normal when you enter and you make for the Head Curator's office. Dr Kablah is an elderly professor-type with white hair and a thick white moustache that hangs over his mouth. He is surprised to see you but assures you that, as far as he knows, everything is in order. He offers to double-check all his treasures to make sure nothing has disappeared. Do you wish him to do this (turn to 416), or will you ask him to get someone to show you round (turn to 135)?

159

You press the button on your Circuit Jammer. The Cyborg's grin fades as the device affects its electronic functions. Its abilities have been reduced to those of an ordinary man! Now you may battle the creature on more equal terms:

TITANIUM CYBORG SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

The others watching the fight are frightened to see their leader stripped of his power so easily. If you defeat the Cyborg, they will surrender to you. Turn to 440, if you win this battle.

160

As you push your trolley around the shelves, you notice a young boy stick a pack of Munchie Bars in his pocket and leave. Will you ignore the incident (turn to 424), or apprehend the young thief (turn to 8)?

161

The curator is mildly amused at your suggestion that his stuffed animals could have anything to do with the killings. 'I see,' he chuckles, with more than a little mockery in his tone. 'The elephant stepped off his pedestal and told his cleaners, "Excuse me, won't you. I'm just off out for a stroll round the grounds." And you think the tiger somehow passed right through its glass case, came downstairs – through the crowds, who didn't notice anything odd – left for a morning in Audubon Park and then returned at lunch-time? I thought you superhero-types were supposed to be bright . . .' You feel a bit foolish for even suggesting it. You decide to leave. Will you head for the zoo (turn to 408), or try somewhere else (turn to 148)?

162

You decide to return to town. You have already missed part of the day and Jonah Whyte will be furious when you return to work. Do you want to take the rest of the day off at Wisneyland, an amusement park you pass on the way into town (turn to 15), or will you catch a bus back to work to make sure your attendance record doesn't get any worse (turn to 225)?

163

You have nothing you can use against so powerful a creature. You will either have to take it on with your bare hands, or run off to fetch extra help. If you wish to get extra help, turn to 353. Otherwise, resolve the battle:

CREATURE OF CARNAGE SKILL 12 STAMINA 14

If you defeat it, turn to 131.

164

The captain's quarters would be the obvious place for a high-level meeting. His rooms are immaculate, with a fine view out over the bay. But they are deserted: there is no one inside. You leave and return to the shore. Turn to 368.

165

You arrive in the park to find a crowd dispersing and an ambulance pulling away. The police are getting back into their cars and driving off. A single car remains, with one police officer standing by a barrier which is marking out an area where the incident – whatever it was – must have taken place. A deep red stain marks the footpath behind the barrier. You talk to the officer. He is not interested in your inquiries, but you do manage to squeeze one word from his tight lips: 'Mugging.' Do you want to change into the Silver Crusader to persuade him to tell you more about what happened (turn to 36), will you leave him and investigate the surrounding bushes (turn to 54), or are you wasting your time here, since the crime has already been committed (turn to 181)?

166

You gain ground and catch up with the pickpocket. As you grab him, he spins round to face you and draws out a knife! You will have to fight him with your bare hands, as you cannot risk revealing yourself as the Silver Crusader:

PICKPOCKET SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat him, turn to 296.

167

You settle back down at your desk. On the corner of the desk is a newspaper open on page three. You flick through the pages and find a short piece which catches your attention. Your old enemy, the Smoke, is up to his tricks again. A known agent of F.E.A.R., the Smoke is able to turn into a gaseous form to commit his crimes. An incorrigible self-publicist, he cannot resist tantalizing the police with clues as to where he will next strike and often uses the newspapers to announce his intentions. If you can only crack his clue. He is quoted as saying, 'What sort of fish does not like the water? You'll find out when it next rains . . .' You will crack this clue by subtracting 20 from the reference you are on when you are told it is raining, and turning to this new reference. Turn now to 398.

168

Although you may well have something in your Accessory Belt which you can use against the Tiger Cat, you have no time to use it. Resolve this combat:

TIGER CAT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 124.

169

You rush across the stage and disappear into one of the wings after the kidnapper. Stairs lead down to the dressing-rooms. At the foot of the stairs are three rooms. Room number one has two stars on the door. The door to room number two has one star and is slightly ajar. Room number three has no stars on it. Which will you try:

Room number one?	Turn to 322
Room number two?	Turn to 288
Room number three?	Turn to 250

170

You may defeat the Mummy with *Energy Blast*, but you will have to use a much more powerful one than normal. When you first hit the Mummy, you will realize this, but not before. Therefore you must lose at least 4 STAMINA points in this battle. If you wish to escape, turn to 314. If you defeat the Mummy, turn to 431.

171

You arrive just in time. As you are about to enter the building, three men turn the corner towards you. In his gold and furs, Daddy Rich is returning home, flanked by his two burly bodyguards! They hesitate when they see you. Speckles of blood on his cuffs and shoes confirm your suspicions. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to **371**. Otherwise, turn to **139** to confront Daddy Rich.

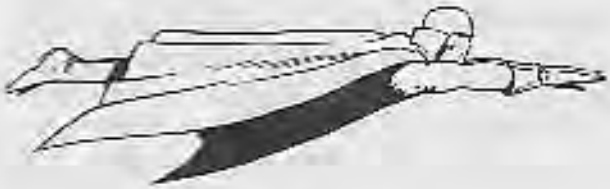

172

With your *Super Strength*, you pick up a heavy sidewalk sign outside the next-door store. As the Alchemists emerge, you fling it at them. A strike! The sign smashes into them, knocks two of them out and leaves the third so groggy that it is an easy matter for you to capture him. Turn to **336**.

173

'So!' laughs Dr Macabre. 'We are honoured to have the famous Silver Crusader witness our little shopping trip. Beware, my beauties. Guard your minds well.' You concentrate on Macabre himself and can gradually feel his will slipping as you take control of his mind. Eventually you feel you have captured his will and you order him to bring his creations out of the drug store. The three figures follow their master's orders and they walk towards you. But when they reach you, the two misshapen beast-men strike! Six arms grab you and fling you to the ground! You look up in time to see the Tiger Man's sharp jaws closing around your neck. You have failed in this struggle, and lost your life . . .

174

You pay the admission charge and enter the Fun House. You walk along a narrow passageway. As you turn a dark corner, a luminous skeleton appears in front of you, shrieking wildly! You jump, and then laugh; just one of the scares of the Fun House. Further down the passage, your feet stumble on a

wobbly floor. Then the walls begin to sway. Suddenly, your foot steps on something and you fall forwards. But this time it is not a wobbly floor; you fall through the ground and land on a rubber mattress in a dark pit. Although it is pitch-black, you can tell that you are not alone. Another figure touches you! A voice calls out and you answer. 'Oh, thank God someone else is here!' gasps a man's voice. 'I have been here for two hours! I can't find a way out. And not only that, my wallet has gone. I'm sure it has been stolen. And I don't think this was any accident. My name is Grant Morley, a reporter on the *Titan Times*. I have been covering an exposé to reveal the identity of the Scarlet Prankster. Earlier I met an informant at the Big Wheel who gave me a key to one of the rooms here where he thought I could get some useful information. That key was in my wallet!' You consider the situation. The Scarlet Prankster is a dangerous criminal who delights in grisly practical jokes. You decide to change into the Silver Crusader under cover of the pitch-blackness. Then the two of you search the walls for a way out. You find a hidden door which lets you into the main room of the Fun House. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to **248**. If you have *F.T.S.*, turn to **271**. If you have *Psi-Powers* or *Energy Blast*, turn to **143**.

175

You remember your clue. You ask someone about such a room and you are directed to the observation tower. Hoping that this may lead you to the mutant, you rush up to the room at the very top. There, staring out of the window at the huge reactor structure, is a man in a white coat with a bloated head the size of a pumpkin! You creep up behind him, deliver a blow to the back of his neck to knock him out and carry him downstairs to the waiting scientists. You can only hope that they can find a way either of curing him or of taming his destructive urges. Though you do not realize it, you have saved perhaps the whole of Titan City from a deadly threat by capturing Sidney Knox. In appreciation of your saving the Laboratory, the scientists bring you a small pen-like device. 'Crusader, take this as a gift from us,' pleads the Institute Director. 'One of our men made this in his spare time. He calls it a "Circuit Jammer". It is still to be fully tested, but seems to work okay. I know you often face mechanical villains and their contraptions. With this, you will be able to disable their circuits. You are looking for Vladimir Utoshski and he is a powerful adversary. With this you will stand a better chance.' You thank the Director for his gift. It may well come in handy. You may award yourself 5 Hero Points for saving the plant. Turn to **125**.

176

There is only one thing you can do from the ground. You step up to the radio and try to convince the Tormentor of the folly of his ways. The madman gloats at your miserable pleas. But from the tone of his voice, you can tell that he is impressed. Roll two dice. If the total is *less than* your SKILL, turn to **49**. If the total is *equal to or greater than* your SKILL, turn to **260**.

177

You have no time to use your *Psi-Powers*, as the assassin is about to fire. You leap on him from behind and the two of you struggle on the roof:

ASSASSIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to **258**.

178

You concentrate hard, trying to force droplets of water out of the air to extinguish the flames. But it is no use. One of them puts his hand on a counter of socks and flames begin to rise. You had better act quickly. Turn to 133.

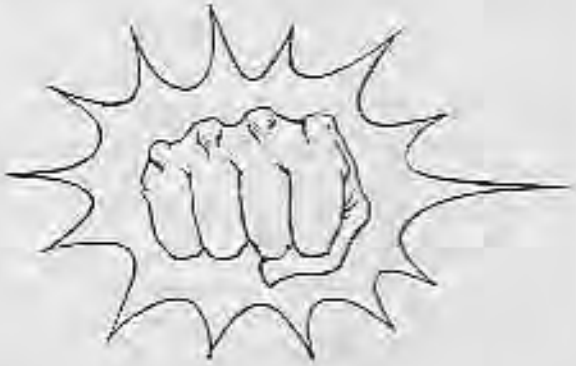

179

You find yourself at the foot of a three-storey building. A scruffy-looking Chinese laundry is open on the ground floor. By the front door are stairs which go up to the other floors. A nameplate by the stairs reads: 'Chomsky and Sons: Exporters in Biomechanical Engineering'. Will you go in the Chinese laundry (turn to 266), or will you investigate Chomsky and Sons (turn to 44)?

180

You rush to the edge of the water and scan the surface. Thirty metres out from the beach you find what you are looking for. The tell-tale black fin of a large tiger shark is cutting its way towards the beach. Directly in its path is a young boy, and in seconds the shark will have reached him! You have one chance to use *Energy Blast* on the creature before it reaches the struggling boy. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is *less than or equal to* your SKILL score, turn to 123. If the number you roll is *higher than* your SKILL score, turn to 255.

181

The familiar bleeping on your wrist alerts you. Your Crimewatch is receiving a message. The electronic voice speaks two words: 'PARKER AIRPORT.' Hurriedly you change into the Silver Crusader and speed towards the outskirts of the city. It never rains but it pours: halfway there, the Crimewatch bleeps again! This time the voice is warning you of another incident, at 'PETER LABORATORIES.' You have no indication of which is more urgent. Where will you go? To Peter Laboratories (turn to 284) or to Parker Airport (turn to 410)?

182

You leap aside to avoid the frozen bulk speeding towards you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you avoid it. If you are Unlucky, it smacks into you doing 2 STAMINA points of damage. From your Accessory Belt you draw a Low-Powered Heat Laser and point it at the Ice Queen. You press the button and send a pencil beam of heat at your foe. She winces as it stings her and holds out her hand. A similar beam of ice turns into a frozen shield which forces the laser beam back towards you! The two powers struggle against each other, backwards and forwards, as if both energy sources were arm-wrestling. You worry about the Laser's power source, but then you see signs that she is weakening. Her icy shield falls back and eventually disappears, and she squeals in pain as the laser heat – which would be no more than mildly uncomfortable to an ordinary person – burns her. She pleads with you to stop and offers you some information which will be useful. You release the button. 'Keep it off!' she screams. 'I will tell you what I know about the F.E.A.R. meeting you are trying to locate. I don't know exactly where, but the meeting is certainly somewhere on 3rd Avenue!' With your device trained on her, you bind her hands and feet. Turn to **241**.

183

Warning the police and staff to hide behind cover, you release a ferocious blast at the vault. The metal smoulders and melts a little, but the door does not open. You breathe heavily and beads of sweat break out across your forehead. The blast was highly charged and you must lose 2 STAMINA points. You are not sure whether or not you have the power to break through the solid steel door. If you wish to try again, turn to **275**. If you don't want to risk losing any more STAMINA, turn to **60**.

184

You land a fair blow on the creature. But rather than being knocked back, the Mummy's chest collapses under the blow and then re-forms. Your punch has done nothing! Staring in disbelief, you are off guard as the creature fastens its hands around your neck. Your struggles are futile, as its hands tighten their grip. This is the end of your career as the Silver Crusader . . .

185

You rush up to a puny-looking bespectacled man who is shaking with fright. 'There!' he cries, pointing to a man running up through the next carriage. 'He . . . he's stolen my wallet!' You race after him. No one else moves; they don't want to get involved. If only you could change into the Silver Crusader. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If the total is *less than or equal to* your SKILL, turn to 166. If the total is *greater than* your SKILL, turn to 106.

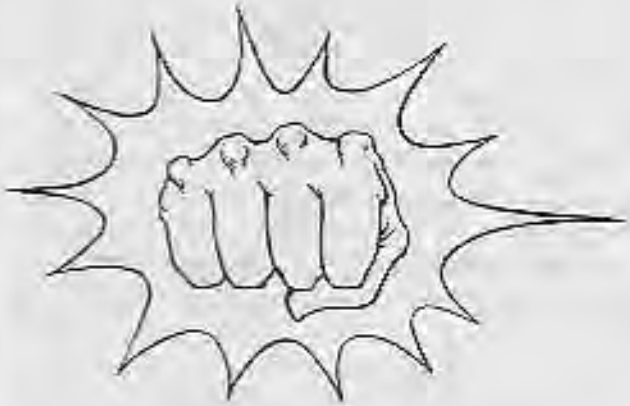

186

You quickly pull a Power Drainer from your Accessory Belt and attach it to the Android's back. You wait for its actions to slow down as your device begins to drain its internal batteries. But nothing happens! A light on the Power Drainer comes on. Its power supply has run down! You curse and think desperately about what else you could use. The answer comes from a man in the crowd who has been watching the demonstration. 'Try this,' he shouts, throwing you a small pen-like device. 'The demonstrator was asked what happens if the Android becomes uncontrollable and showed us this. He called it a "Circuit Jammer" or something. Maybe it will help.' You catch the device and hold it to the Android. Sure enough, the little gadget lives up to its name and the movements of the Android cease. The crowd calms down as the machine grinds to a halt, eventually toppling over to land harmlessly on the ground. This looks like a useful device and you keep it with you. You may also add 4 Hero Points for defeating the Android. Turn to 75.

187

You climb into a carriage behind a couple with a young daughter. As you set off up the long climb, the excitement is mounting. Squeals come from the riders as the first steep drop lifts their stomachs. It is not until you reach the first sharp bend that you notice the danger. The young girl in the seat in front of you is wearing a safety harness which is hanging on by only a couple of threads! As you streak into the bend and are wrenched to the right, the harness snaps and the girl lurches across the carriage. Can you rescue her before she falls to her death? Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL. If the roll *exceeds* your SKILL, turn to 224. Otherwise turn to 415.

188

Just before the pawnbroker passed out, you managed to catch a strong mental image. He was obviously concerned about something, and a vision of a secret trapdoor flashed through his mind. You search the shop and indeed you find a trapdoor, hidden underneath the counter. You open it and step down into a small chamber. A door leads off from the chamber. Voices are coming from behind the door and a line of light comes from underneath it. Turn to 298.

189

You find there is a new Michael Blackson album called 'Willer', all about spooks and ghouls, and decide to buy it. You go straight home to listen to it. Turn to 327.

190

You arrive at Central Hospital and ask at the desk about the strange admission. You are regarded suspiciously and one nurse, turning her nose up, says: 'Why do you want to know? Are you one of those gutter-press reporters?' You show her the emblem on the chest of your costume, but she is unimpressed. Finally, a police officer fills you in. 'Yeah, I know who you're looking for, Crusader. Something strange going on there if you ask me. But the guy died an hour ago. He's gone down to the morgue.' There's not much more you can do here. Will you leave and head for your aunt's (turn to 134), or do you want to check the morgue anyway (turn to 395)?

191

In your shimmering costume, you step towards the crowd. If you have *ETS*, turn to **418**. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to **9**. Otherwise turn to **149**.

192

You concentrate on the creature's mind. Its head swings round to face you, as if it can sense your powers. But you can make no sense of the thought-waves reaching you. Certainly they are not of this earth. Will you take the creature on with your bare hands (turn to **262**), or will you decide that the army will stand a better chance than you and leave them to it (turn to **319**)?

193

If there are any dogs still left in the Lab, you must face them. Turn to **120**, but fight only as many dogs as are left. If you have defeated all the dogs, turn to **350**.

194

The assassin is taking aim. There is no time to use a device from your Accessory Belt. You will have to leap on him and grapple with him hand to hand:

ASSASSIN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to **258**.

195

A slim, red-haired woman opens the door and introduces herself as Wayne Bruce's wife. You break the news to her gently and, to your astonishment, she takes it unemotionally. 'There was nothing left between Wayne and me,' she says. 'I despise the man. I wouldn't wish him dead, but now he is, I couldn't give a damn. I certainly didn't kill him, if that's what you're thinking. And I've no idea who might have done. Maybe someone at the office will know. I don't.' If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to 348. Otherwise you may either try his office (turn to 233), or leave the whole affair to the police (turn to 73).

196

You circle the building, waiting for the villain to make his escape. Ten minutes later, a door opens and a serpent-headed man in a rough green costume steps out, holding Lola Manche in his arms. You stand before him and order him to drop the starlet. A wide grin spreads across his face and he hisses. He drops the girl obligingly and turns to fight you:

THE SERPENT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

The Serpent has a powerful secret weapon – his poisonous bite. Each time he hits you, roll one die. A roll of 1 or 2 indicates a bite and the poison will take effect. Deduct 1 SKILL point each time you are bitten. However, the effects of the bite are only temporary. You will recover your SKILL after one full day. If you defeat the villain, turn to 432.

197

Having defeated the shark, you turn to the young boy, who is splashing about in the water, terrified. You calm him down, lift him out of the sea and carry him back to the beach, where his sobbing mother is waiting. She thanks you again and again and wants to know if she can do anything in return. Her uncle runs a circus and she could get you the best seats. You humour her and thank her for her generous offer, but insist that there is really no need. But your protests are of no avail. She writes down a telephone number, 444-5666, and tells you to ring a 'Captain Menagerie' any time you would like to see his show. She goes on and on about this uncle of hers. She tells you that he is the ringmaster of a circus and has strange habits. He has a secret office reached underneath the lion's cage where he keeps his money and papers. This information may be useful to you. If you ever need to find him, you may search for him by adding 50 to the reference you are on when you reach a lion's cage. By now this woman is becoming a pest. You excuse yourself. You really must be on your way. After secretly changing back into your street clothes, you head for home. Turn to 18.

198

You fly up towards the central dome of the Fun House. Sure enough, your information was correct. High up the wall of the Fun House is a door. You alight outside the door, burst inside and startle a hunched figure dressed in a colourful jester's costume. He grabs for a piece of paper on the table in front of him and tries to stuff it into his mouth! But you are too quick for him. You manage to stop him eating the paper and must now fight him:

SCARLET PRANKSTER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to 333.

199

You search round the premises for signs of criminal activity. But all are deserted except one, in which a middle-aged man is asleep at his desk. He is naturally startled at your arrival and asks if he can help. Apparently business has not been good recently. There doesn't seem to be anything strange going on here. Turn to 368.

200

Your Bolt misses and the Fire Warrior piles into you, fists swinging. You manage to fight him off, but not before he has given you some nasty burns. Lose 4 STAMINA points. While you are recovering, the four Fire Warriors make off down the escalator and out of the shop. The shop staff are putting out the fires that have been caused, and they look at you scornfully. 'I thought this Crusader character was supposed to be a hero,' sneers one. 'Pretty pathetic if you ask me.' You limp off downstairs and leave the shop. After finding a suitable place to change back into your street clothes, you head for work. Turn to 301.

201

Radd Square is one of Titan's City's most pleasant areas. On a sunny day, the cool sprinkling of the fountain is refreshing and the blossoming cherry trees make it a picturesque place for the locals to eat their lunch and chat. The crowd you have noticed has gathered round the fountain. You change into the Silver Crusader and step over to see what is happening. As you arrive, you hear a piercing scream and panic suddenly hits the crowd. They turn and flee from the fountain. You rush forward to see what is happening. Rising out of the water is a huge figure, some four metres high. Its vast, bulky shape is green and scaly. It opens its huge jaws and leans forwards, snatching a fleeing woman and holding her high. You leap up to fight the creature. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to **272**. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to **326**. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to **367**. If you have *ETS*, turn to **404**.

202

Strolling downtown, you stop first at the bank to get some cash. Next stop is a pizza parlour for a bite to eat. You take a stool facing out across Banner Street and watch the shoppers passing as you eat your pizza. On the far side of the road is a man you recognize. It is Drew Swain, a retired millionaire who made his fortune manufacturing the collection tins used by charities. He steps into a baker's shop; when he comes out, something strange happens. He takes a step forward and suddenly freezes, held like a statue in an off-balance pose. A blue van draws up and obscures your view. When the van drives off, Swain is gone! You saw it with your own eyes! But it happened so quickly that you are now a long way behind the kidnappers. Will you nip to the toilets in the back of the shop and change costume? If so, will you follow the van (turn to 151), or ask questions at the bakery (turn to 41)? If you are determined to have an afternoon off and to do nothing, turn to 428.

203

You aim an Energy Bolt into the brown vapour. If you miss, turn to 153. If you hit, the brown cloud swirls and begins to solidify as it drifts down to the ground. When it reaches the ground, it has reformed into the body of a dark-skinned man. You have captured the Smoke! However, you have not managed to prevent him sending radio photographs of the doctor's notes to the headquarters of F.E.A.R. Nevertheless, you may add 2 Hero Points for the arrest and turn to 162.

204

As you summon up your power, the mutant's attention switches to you. You release the blast and Sidney Knox blinks. To your horror, it turns around in the air and heads back towards you, hitting you in the chest. You must lose 1 SKILL and 3 STAMINA points for this. You may now either rush in to attack him (turn to 33), or back away to nurse your injury and leave the Lab (turn to 125).

205

Extracting a Microlaser from your Accessory Belt, you step up to the car door to start to cut it open. 'Get out of it,' snaps an angry fireman. 'What're you trying to do, fancy pants? Put us all out of work? This is a job for professionals, not some peacock-costumed amateur!' You try to reason with the man, explaining that your Microlaser will do the job in half the time it would take him. 'Okay, hot shot,' he says. 'Let's see this fancy gizmo.' You flick the button. *Nothing happens!* Red-faced, you step back and let the firemen cut away the door. What a time for a malfunction! You sneak off into a side-alley, change clothes and walk back upstairs to work. Turn to 398.

206

What password do you wish to try: *Peking Duck* (turn to 381), or *Quicksilver* (turn to 130)?

207

The Ringmaster leaps to a small door in the wall, opens it and jumps through it – straight into the lions' cage! An evil smile spreads across his lips as you follow him. Snapping a couple of words at the lions, he sends them towards you. If you have *ETS*, turn to 92. Otherwise turn to 297.

208

You keep out of sight and follow the Macro Brain's movements. Although his forces are putting up a strong fight, the army is holding them back successfully. Your opportunity arises when the Macro Brain steals away into the Colonel's office. You are the only one who has noticed and you follow him there. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to 274. If you have *ETS*, turn to 427. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to 392.

209

You send a powerful submission blast of mental energy towards the figure behind the boxes. An anguished scream sounds from the thief. The foot twitches, then rests motionless. You step carefully over to investigate. Turn to 286.

210

You withdraw a Sonic Confuser and prepare to use it on the gang. But an instant before they emerge, you realize this may not be such a good idea. There are too many innocent bystanders to be certain that your gadget will not harm them too. If you wish to use it anyway, turn to 406. If you instead put it away and fight the Alchemists, turn to 243.

211

Papers in his briefcase identify the man as Wayne Bruce, President of Euro-American Security Inc. There are also documents from his lawyer which relate to divorce proceedings. Other than these, there appears to be nothing else out of the ordinary in his case. Do you wish to visit his home to talk to his wife (turn to 195), will you head for his office (turn to 233), or will you leave this apparently simple, but brutal, mugging in the hands of the police (turn to 73)?

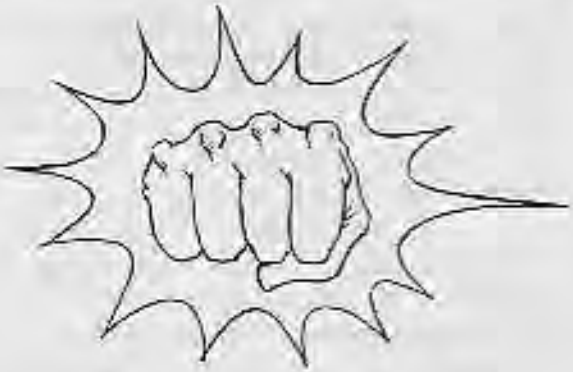

212

Apart from making you large, small, fat, thin, long and short, the mirrors do not seem to hold any secrets. You are making little progress here. You overhear someone making comments about how dangerous he thinks the Big Dipper is. Will you go and check it out (turn to 187), or is it time you were making for home (turn to 103)?

213

Two dogs are not fully under your control. As you step into the room, they push past you and rush into the screaming crowd outside. Your first duty must be to deal with these beasts:

First RADIATION DOG	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
Second RADIATION DOG	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

Fight them one at a time. When one of the dogs first rolls a higher Attack Strength than you, turn to 31. But before you do, *note this reference*, so you may return here afterwards. If you defeat both the escaped dogs, turn to 247.

214

You come to a junction on the edge of Audubon Park. The only likely-looking buildings are on the north-east corner of the junction, where people are going in and out of a busy diner. Next to the diner is a pawnbroker's. Will you investigate the diner (turn to 351) or the pawnbroker's (turn to 147)?

215

In the morning, you set off for a stroll. As you turn the corner at the end of the block, the beeping from your wrist signifies the start of your busiest day yet. 'MURDOCK NUCLEAR LABORATORIES,' speaks the message from your Crimewatch. You gulp: atomic weapons experiments are conducted at the Murdock Laboratories. Whatever is happening could be very serious indeed. You must get to the Murdock Labs without delay!

An atmosphere of panic is in the air when you arrive. A series of controlled radiation experiments were being conducted on animals to help determine the effects of a nuclear explosion. Some startling results had been achieved. Under certain conditions, distinct signs of increased mental powers were being shown by several of the experimental animals. Some of these were quite spectacular. They had, for example, produced a dog able to talk and a chimpanzee able to play computer games. But they had no doubt that similar experiments on humans would have produced much more dramatic results. This theory has now been proved true. Sidney Knox, one of the research assistants, had crept into the radiation chamber that morning and subjected himself to the rays. His brain is now twice its normal size and he has the ability to manipulate objects by *will-power alone!* But there is an unforeseen side-effect. Sidney Knox, normally a peaceful individual, has developed a destructive streak. His powers enable him to will the radiation emitter to implode

and destroy itself. The danger is if he gets anywhere near the nuclear reactor: destruction of the reactor would mean disaster on a grand scale for Titan City. No one knows where he is now, but the reactor must be protected at all costs. Where will you begin your search for the self-made mutant? At the nuclear reactor (turn to 343) or around the test laboratories (turn to 377)?

216

You concentrate hard. A dream-like vision shows the scene in the aircraft's cockpit. The Tormentor, shaggy-haired and cackling with a demonic laugh, has control of the plane. The pilot and co-pilot are bound hand and foot against one wall of the cockpit. The passengers are panicking and their screams only delight the madman. But what can you do from the ground? You may want to communicate telepathically with one of the passengers – someone who may be strong enough to grapple with the villain (turn to 308). If you have another plan, turn to 176.

217

Before she fell unconscious, your *Psi-Powers* picked up a strong feeling of fear. The Tiger Cat was thinking about a meeting that she couldn't afford to miss. Of course! F.E.A.R.! You concentrate your thoughts, but can only glimpse one piece of information before she blacks out. The meeting will be on 5th Avenue. But this is a long road. However, you can get no more information. Turn to 124.

218

You make a promise to yourself. Tomorrow you are going to arrive at work *on time*. With that in mind, you can decide either to stay in and rest for the evening (turn to 337), or go out to see a show. You have heard that 'Rats', the all-star musical by Lloyd Webber-Andrews, is playing to packed houses. If you fancy a night on the town, turn to 43.

219

The cool air is refreshing and allows you to gather your thoughts. You must anticipate the F.E.A.R. meeting if you are to prevent their master-plan from succeeding. If only you knew where it was to be held, and . . . Thump! You feel a heavy blow across the back of your head and you drop to your knees. A rough accent says: 'Just get the money and let's get going. Quick!' A hand searches through your pockets for your cash. Though groggy, you know what is happening. You are being mugged! You could, if you wished, fight back, but that would mean you having to reveal your secret identity. Or you could let them think they have knocked you out – you have very little money on you, anyway. Will you fight back (turn to 230), or let them rob you (turn to 279)?

220

You wait for some time, but nothing happens. Eventually you give up. Puzzled about the whole affair, you decide to leave the airport and catch a taxi home. The driver has his radio on. As he chats away, the radio splutters and fizzles. The music dies and an unscheduled announcement interrupts the programme. Turn to 292.

221

'Fear?' he laughs. 'Yes, I can tell you how to find fear. I found it myself. It must be going back ten years or more now. We were out in deep sea catching tunny. An' this storm, she swelled out of nowhere. Neptune's fury, we called it. Our ship was tossed about like a pea in a pot. Seven good men were lost overboard, and . . .' You listen to him politely, cursing silently to yourself. You *would* have to get stuck listening to some old fool's sea-stories. Turn to 368.

222

A recent visitor from Metroville, the Tiger Cat has arrived in town. This extraordinary villainess is a fierce fighter, but can instantly disguise herself as a harmless pussy cat.

223

You approach a grand caravan painted in gay colours. There is no reply when you knock on the door, so you push it open. Inside, the caravan is tastefully decorated and photographs of circus acts line the walls. But no one is about. You can leave the circus and go to either the zoo (turn to 408) or the Natural History Museum (turn to 365).

224

You reach forward to grab the girl. Your clutching fingers manage to catch hold of one of the straps on her dungarees. But the material is not strong. The strap breaks and the helpless girl plunges over the side of the carriage to her death! Panic breaks out and the riders' screams continue until the ride is over. Desolate, you decide you have had enough of Wisneyland. Turn to 103.

225

As the bus comes into Radd Square, you notice an excited crowd of people gathered in the centre of the square. Will you investigate the disturbance (turn to 201), or ignore it and continue back to work (turn to 435)?

226

Where will you head for now? If you wish to make that visit to your aunt, turn to 134. If you prefer to go downtown to see if you can get tickets for a special concert that Georgie Boy and the Vulture Club are giving, turn to 122.

227

For capturing the Poisoner, you may award yourself 2 Hero Points. Before leaving the reservoir, you go through his pockets and come across an interesting clue. The Beast-King has escaped from jail and is planning a raid on Titan zoo. You note this information. Turn to 107.

228

You study the newspaper. Under the headline 'ALCHEMISTS IN CLEVELAND', the story describes how the notorious gang of chemical experts entered a branch of the Cleveland Bank on 113th Street at 1 a.m., bypassed the alarm, locked the security guard in the vault on a time-switch and made off with a number of safe-deposit boxes. Although it was impossible to tell how much was taken in the raid, claims from the owners of the deposit boxes are now coming in. Apart from the cash, many valuable papers had been stolen. Do you want to investigate the robbery as the Silver Crusader (turn to 112), or will you see what else is in the paper (turn to 386)?

229

Sirens sound as first a fire-engine, then an ambulance, come racing round the corner. From the other direction, *another* ambulance arrives. The firemen get to work on cutting the doors away to release the occupants, both of whom are injured and suffering from shock. But the ambulance drivers are in the middle of a heated argument about who should pick up the patients! Meanwhile the fire has spread to the tank. The explosion that follows settles the ambulance drivers' dispute . . . You return to work upstairs. Turn to 398.

230

One of them stuffs your money into his pocket, while the other is looking at your driving-licence, wondering whether or not he may be able to sell it. You leap to your feet and grapple with the muggers. One of them grabs the sweat-shirt you are wearing and it rips in his hand. Your heart sinks as the tear reveals your Crusader costume underneath it! The two muggers gasp: 'The Silver Crusader! Hey, er, sorry, Crusader. How were we to know it was you?' They give themselves up without a struggle and you hand them in at the local police station. But your career is over. Word of your true identity will soon get about from these two. And when it does, the lives of all your family and friends will be in danger from criminals seeking revenge. The time has come for you to hang up your cape . . .

231

You take out a vial of Concentrated Antifreeze and rush out into the centre of the ice. Removing the stopper, you pour it on to the ice around the two girls. A puddle of water spreads around them and their struggles allow them to move more freely. Moments later they are free and you help them to the side of the pool, where friends are waiting with warm blankets. You may add 2 Hero Points for the rescue, then you must leave the pool (turn to **362**). But you may, if you wish, check the heating-plant first before you go (turn to **347**).

232

You creep silently over to the boxes. In a single motion, you grab the foot and heave the fugitive from his hiding-hole. But when you see what you have caught, your anger rises. The thief can be no more than nine years old! A young boy, still clutching his booty – a half-eaten Goo Bar – looks up at you with terrified eyes! You grab his wrist and march him inside. Turn to 316.

233

At the offices of Euro-American Security, the staff are shocked to hear of their President's murder. Wayne Bruce's secretary, an attractive blonde with dark eyes, introduces you to the company's senior executives. But none can shed any light on why anyone should want to murder their boss. You decide that the incident must have been the mugging it seemed and that you will leave it to the police. Turn to 73.

234

You react immediately and swing the wheel full circle, taking your foot off the pedal at the same time. Your car lurches and stops dead. Although you have avoided hitting the boy, the woman in Purple 10 does not have the same speed of reaction. Her car hits the boy, who drops unconscious to the ground. The power stops immediately and a crowd of people, led by the boy's shrieking mother, flood on to the track. The boy is still breathing. An ambulance arrives to take him to hospital. You are feeling somewhat shocked by the near-disaster and decide you have had enough of Wisneyland for the day. Turn to 103.

235

Your hands drop, as if in submission to his orders. Your right hand moves towards a pouch on your Accessory Belt. 'Not so fast, Crusader!' the Poisoner warns. 'Touch that belt and this vial disappears into the water supply.' He has spotted your plan. Turn to 25.

236

Quick as a flash, you fly out over the roof, come up in front of the man and hit him with a blow that knocks the gun out of his hand. He falls back on to the roof and you must resolve your battle with him:

ASSASSIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to 258.

237

You step up to the door and wait for the frantic barking to die down. It does not. In fact the dogs are clawing and jumping at the door, which is beginning to weaken. You grasp the handle and prepare to rush in. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, turn to 132. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to 375.

238

When you arrive at the house, a young boy opens the door. 'Wow!' he gasps. 'The Silver Crusader come to see us! Er . . . if you want to see my dad, he's not in. But you can come in, anyway.' You explain that it's *him* you want to see and you ask whether he's had any interesting dreams recently. He tells you about this 'really neat' one he's just had about a huge green monster rising out of a fountain and attacking people. Your suspicions were correct. This is the 'Brain Child' you were warned about. His dreams are so vivid that they actually come to life. His mother appears and you explain the situation. She will see that he is taken to a hospital immediately for treatment. You have saved the city from any number of possible disasters here. Add 3 Hero Points. His mother tells you that her son sometimes has premonitions of the future. He was talking the other day about something that might be important. Apparently a man in control of wild animals was using them to get some sort of revenge. He had a secret room under a lion's cage with a special trapdoor leading from it. With this information you can search for such a secret room, if you arrive at a lion's cage, by adding 50 to the reference you are on at the time and turning to this new reference. You may add 1 LUCK point for this information. Leave when you are ready and return to Radd Square (turn to 71).

239

There is no one about to help you. What can you do? Simply leave the creature where it lies? You decide the best thing to do is to place it back in its grave and cover it until you can bring the police to dispose of the Reincarnation more effectively. You cannot gain any Hero Points for this encounter, as no one has seen you defeat it! Such are the rewards of a devotion to public service . . . Now you continue by setting off once more for your aunt's. Turn to 76.

240

The Princess's sarcophagus, in all its splendour, is watched by three security guards. Priceless golden treasures adorn the exhibit. There is no doubt that any of these would make rich pickings for a thief. You talk to the guards and compare the exhibit with its description in the catalogue. All seems to be in order. It seems that you are wasting your time here, and you decide to leave. Turn to 276.

241

The police arrive to take care of the Ice Queen. You may add 4 Hero Points for capturing her and then you must leave the abattoir. Turn to 362.

242

A huge crowd has gathered round Titan City Library. The police are struggling to keep them away from the building to allow both the army and the fire-brigade to get closer. What is happening? Your question is answered when a third-floor window smashes. The smash is followed by screams as two bodies come hurtling out of the broken window, followed by a huge bookshelf. Books and glass rain down on the terrified crowds. Inside you can hear a roar which chills you to the bone. The police chief is glad to see you. 'We need help, Crusader,' he pleads. 'Some sort of creature is inside there. They've called it the Devastator. Looks like something not of this earth! A huge brute – I'd say it's made from rock!' You rush into the building and find the creature on the third floor. Your jaw drops. Indeed, it does seem to be made from rock rather than living flesh, and it stands some four metres high. Something has enraged it and it is destroying everything in sight, pushing over huge shelves of books and smashing tables and chairs. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to **378**. If you have *ETS*, turn to **421**. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to **192**. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to **363**. If you don't think you can handle this creature, you can leave by turning to **319**.

243

As the three Alchemists emerge from the bank, you charge into them. Fight the three of them one at a time:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ALCHEMIST	8	6
Second ALCHEMIST	7	7
Third ALCHEMIST	7	6

If you defeat them all, turn to 336.

244

The firemen get to work on cutting the doors away to release the occupants, both of whom are injured and suffering from shock. But the ambulance drivers are in the middle of a heated argument about who should pick up the patients! Meanwhile the fire has spread to the tank. The explosion that follows settles the ambulance drivers' dispute . . . You step back into a side-street, change costume and return to work upstairs. Lose 1 Hero Point and turn to 398.

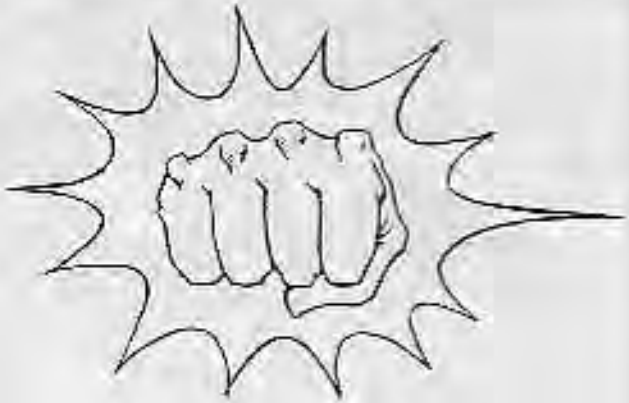

245

Lieutenant Wojak shakes your hand enthusiastically as you enter police headquarters. 'Crusader! Hi! Good to see you. Come into my office . . .' He tells you that, apart from the usual muggings, break-ins and auto thefts, he has just had some disturbing news. There has been a well-organized jail break at Woodworm Scrubs, the high-security prison. Marcus Buletta, who was serving a fourteen-year sentence, climbed over the wall with a rope ladder and escaped in a waiting van disguised as an ambulance. Also, Central Hospital has just reported a strange admission, someone named Winston Woods, whose head and hands are rough and hairy, like those of a great ape. Do you wish to investigate the strange case at the hospital (turn to 190), will you go shopping (turn to 94), or will you tell the police to keep you informed and go to visit your aunt (turn to 134)?

246

You scan the minds of the people in the shop. They are not lying; they know nothing about the kidnapping. However, while you are there, the delivery-boy comes up into the shop from downstairs. His mind has a rather different aura about it. In fact, as he arrives, his mind is not on his job. He is thinking of an important meeting. Reading his mind, you can picture a street corner: the sign reads '209th Street'. And a final image makes you glare hard at the boy. The emblem of F.E.A.R. flashes up in his mind! But what has such a youngster to do with F.E.A.R.? When he realizes what you are up to, he dashes out into the street. You rush after him, but he is very quick. Moments later, he has disappeared, leaving you to puzzle over his thoughts. What will you do now? If the millionaire is inside the runaway van, you cannot hope to catch it – but you could phone the details through to the police and hope that they can track it down; then turn to 428. Otherwise you can search for other clues outside the shop (turn to 331).

247

You must now return to the Lab to fight however many dogs remain. Turn to 120.

248

If you want to check some of the special attractions of the Fun House, turn to 143. Alternatively, you may know exactly where you want to look. If this is the case, you will know how to get there and you may go there immediately.

249

You are powerless to prevent the aircraft taking off. Cursing, you turn back to the airport: you can do nothing but inform the authorities. But you are aware that this will be of little use, as the jet will no doubt have arranged some secret landing-field. You catch a taxi home. The driver has his radio on. As he chats away, the radio splutters and fizzles. The music dies and an unscheduled announcement interrupts the programme. Turn to 292.

250

You enter the room and interrupt a struggle. Lola Manche is punching and kicking her would-be kidnapper, who is attempting to push her out of the window to escape from the theatre! Judging by the mess all around the dressing-room – clothes are strewn about and jars of make-up lie broken on the floor – the struggle has been going on for some time, but the Serpent has almost succeeded in getting her through the window. You must leap in quickly before it is too late:

THE SERPENT SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

The Serpent has a powerful secret weapon – his poisonous bite. Each time he hits you, roll one die. A roll of 1 or 2 indicates a bite and the poison will take effect. Deduct 1 SKILL point each time you are bitten. However, the effects of the bite are only temporary. You will recover your SKILL after one full day. If you defeat the villain, turn to 432.

251

You hand the medallion to the officer who places it in a small plastic bag. 'Seems to me like just another mugging,' he says. 'But it's very strange. It happened in broad daylight and the guy's wallet hasn't even been touched. Anyway, thanks for your help.' You leave the area, once you have changed into your street clothes. Turn to 181.

252

As you climb down inside the submarine, a noise from within alerts you. It is the dull clanking of metal on metal. But it sounds also like another familiar sound. *Footsteps!* You quickly climb down inside and search for a convenient hiding-spot. The door to a small chamber is open and you nip inside. Moments later, you can hear the sound of more footsteps and a human figure stops outside your chamber. 'Which numbskull left the door to the ejection chamber open?' he says, spinning the handle to lock you inside. Your heart sinks. The *ejection chamber?* You are trapped. How will you escape? You must try to use your power:

Super Strength	Turn to 390
Psi-Powers	Turn to 59
ESP	Turn to 145
Energy Blast	Turn to 6

253

The curator takes you round the stuffed exhibits. Gorillas, rhinos, great cats, even a whale – they are all there and you examine them with interest. Two in particular catch your attention. One of the tigers has dried blood on its claws, but there is no way of knowing whether the blood is human or animal, or even how long it has been there. Also, the curator tells you that the elephant was moved into the ground-floor private exhibit rooms yesterday for cleaning. If you want to pursue your investigations with these exhibits, turn to **161**. If you wish to have a look at the dinosaurs, turn to **345**.

254

At the gates, the security guard says he remembers the car leave, but he didn't see who was driving. The car did indeed head towards Titan City centre. But how will you track it down? You inform the police to look out for its licence-plate number and leave the Murdock Laboratories. Turn to **125**.

255

The Bolt misses. You do not have time to try another shot, as the shark is dangerously near the young boy. If you miss again, the boy is doomed. Wisely, you decide to spring into the water and grapple with the shark. Turn to **294**.

256

Quick as a flash, you spring into the shop ready for action. It is a small sweets, candies and tobacco shop. The proprietor, a Mr Kalvin Farquarson, is standing behind the counter in a state of shock, his head buried in his hands. You shake his shoulders and tell him to pull himself together. He composes himself and stammers: 'Terror! The little terror . . . ! Pulled a gun . . . grabbed everything on the counter . . . and ran out through there!' He points through the shop to what is apparently the back door. Will you race for the back door to stop the thief before he can get away (turn to **24**), or will you grab something to use as cover first (turn to **101**)?

257

Your wait is brief. The doctor comes downstairs in his dressing-gown and wants to know what you want. You explain your clue and how you feel that someone may be trying to steal his secrets. He is not impressed and takes you into his study to show you that nothing is amiss. Turn to 303.

258

You pick the assassin up by the collar and demand to know who he is working for. He realizes that the game is up and admits that he works for F.E.A.R. You threaten him with more punishment unless he tells you the whereabouts of the meeting you know is about to take place, but he swears he knows nothing more than that it is due to take place tomorrow. Perhaps he is telling the truth. You hand him over to the police and head for home. You have saved the President's life and may award yourself 6 Hero Points. Turn to 311.

259

You try talking to the security guard, but it is no use. The vault is over a metre thick and he cannot hear you. While you are trying, however, you do find out what has happened. The Alchemists, masters of advanced chemistry, had neutralized the alarm with some sort of acidic gas which delayed its being activated as they forced their way in. Another unknown compound had dissolved the security lock on the main door. Why the security guard had not noticed the intruders was still a mystery which would only be solved when the time-lock released him from the vault. You may, if you wish, try to smash the vault door to release the guard. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to 183; otherwise turn to 5. If, on the other hand, you see this as a futile exercise, turn to 60.

260

You seem to be getting through to the demented maniac. You try a different tack, telling him to think of his wife or his girl-friend, and how she will feel if he crashes the plane. His anger rises! He switches off the radio and you watch despairingly as the plane lurches in the air and plummets down towards the edge of the landing-field. Helplessly, you watch the plane crash into the ground. There will be no survivors. Turn to 10.

261

You knock the Fire Warrior backwards. He lands unconscious in a pile on the floor and his flames die out. Now you must go for the other three. As it takes only a low-level Energy Bolt to knock them out, you may fire at each one. When you have hit two of them, turn to 53.

262

The creature spies you and swings a great fist. Resolve this battle:

THE DEVASTATOR SKILL 14 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 119.

263

Do you wish to step into the crowd in street clothes (turn to 99), or nip round a corner to change into the Silver Crusader (turn to 191)?

264

The sales assistants are all demonstrating various machines to other customers and you wander round looking at the racks of software. You take a copy of a 'Whack Man' variant and study the description on the box. 'I don't rate that one myself,' says a voice behind you. You turn round. It is Gerry the Grass! You must be careful not to give yourself away, for he doesn't know you as Jean Lafayette. You chat away to him and he tells you of his hobbies: computers, CB radio and amateur detective work. As he boasts of his interests, he gives you some information. Apparently he has heard of a plot to assassinate the President, who is due to arrive in Titan City tomorrow on a visit. There will be a decoy gunman in the crowd, but the real killer will be on the roof of the Regent Hotel. He tried to tell the police, but they dismissed him as a crank. With this information, you may apprehend the gunman by adding 100 to the reference you are on when you arrive on 7th Avenue and turning to that reference. You thank him for his advice on the game and leave. Turn to 226.

265

Your blast hits the creature square in the chest. It roars . . . and then vanishes! Your jaw drops. What is happening here? Likewise, the watching crowds are completely baffled. Turn to 138.

266

A Chinaman jabbers at you as you walk in. 'Yes, yes, yes?' he asks. He is obviously in a hurry. Will you push past him and look around the shop (turn to 334), or do you have a password you would like to try on him (turn to 206)?

267

The firemen cut through the car door. When the door is freed, you help bend it open and grab the two passengers, pulling them to safety away from the flaming car. An instant later, the tank catches fire and explodes, but all the onlookers are a safe distance away. Not a particularly dramatic rescue, but nevertheless you have helped save their lives. Leaving them with the ambulance-men, you walk away from the crowd to find a suitable hiding-place and change into your street clothes. You may award yourself 1 Hero Point for the rescue, before climbing the stairs back to your office. Turn to 398.

268

You explain to the manager of the drug store that you are looking for clues which will help you locate the Poisoner. He is happy to let you look round his shop and investigate the storerooms downstairs. But you can find no evidence of the Poisoner's presence. You thank the manager for his help and leave. You have no leads to follow up. Turn to 107.

269

You grab the flask and hurl it out of the window. This was not a good choice. First of all the flask was hot and has severely burned your hand – lose 1 SKILL point. Secondly, the contents of the bottle have splashed over passers-by on the ground below. For this you must lose 2 Hero Points. Nevertheless, you have prevented the explosion. The Professor thanks you for averting what could have been a disaster. You leave the building and head for home. Turn to 18.

270

At the mention of his name, your eyes fall on Mustapha Kareem. He holds your gaze, then breaks away, nervously. You grab his shoulder and ask him to answer a few questions. To the great surprise of the curator, Kareem breaks free and rushes off downstairs into the vaults of the museum, with you hot in pursuit. You catch up with him in a dimly lit room in which several wooden crates stand. Kareem is cornered. But as you advance, a wicked smile spreads across his lips. His skin begins to wither. His eyes become sunken pits in their sockets. He stands before you as a *Mummy* and raises his arms as he comes towards you to attack. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to 170. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to 109. Otherwise, turn to 61.

271

With a miniature Sensor Scanner, you examine the man's pocket for clues. The scanner indicates some flakes of skin from a hand that was not his own. Something strange is going on here! Turn to 143.

272

You fly into the air and smack your fist into the creature's jaw. It drops its victim into the water and a red stain spreads around the body. You now have a fight on your hands:

FOUNTAIN CREATURE SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

When you inflict your fourth wound on the beast, turn to 65.

273

Turn to 34.

274

You confront the villain in the Colonel's office. He is startled to see you appear, and turns to face you. 'So!' he smiles. 'The Silver Crusader, as always, fights on the side of what is good and just. Sickening. But perhaps that can be changed . . .' What follows is a contest of will – yours against that of the Macro Brain, who has similar powers. But the Macro Brain has been waiting for this. He has not had such a busy day, and his powerful mind begins to prevail. You break out in a sweat from the exertion and finally drop to your knees in submission. But your foe has not finished yet. 'Crusader,' he announces, 'for many years you have fought for justice. From now on you will become servant to the Macro Brain!' You feel your will slipping. He has overpowered you and is now implanting mental suggestions. Your struggles are to no avail. No longer will you be Titan City's avenger against evil. Instead you are destined to become a useful pawn to the immense intelligence that is the Macro Brain . . .

275

You summon up your energy and try another Bolt. Again the effort is tiring and you must lose another 2 STAMINA points. But this time you manage to burn through to the door-mechanism, and a metallic clang sounds from within. The door swings slightly ajar and you enter the vault. Deposit boxes are strewn about the floor and in the centre, lying spread-eagled, is the security guard. Blood trickles from a nasty gash on his forehead. This injury, together with the lack of fresh air in the vault, has been too much for him. As you kneel down beside him, he is gasping his last breaths. Seeing you, he whispers a few dying words, interrupted by coughs, into your ear: 'Alchemists . . . Overheard meeting plans . . . Big deal . . . Nervous . . . Fear . . . Submarine . . . Ahhhhhh . . .' His head falls to one side: the man is dead. Turn to 60.

276

Where to now? You may want to visit the Titan Central Library to do some research in their criminology section (turn to 242), or you could go to visit Gerry the Grass (turn to 38).

277

Silently you climb the stairs. Four steps from the top, your foot creaks on the old wooden board. The voices upstairs fall silent. They have heard the noise. Drat! You look up to see two sights, neither of which is comforting. Above the stairs is a mirror. The Mantrapper and his men have without doubt

noticed you. The second thing you see is a pipe suspended over the stairs, its open end pointing straight at you. As you watch it, a whiff of green smoke puffs out of the pipe into your face. You cough heavily. Another of the Mantrapper's little traps, no doubt – and one from which you will not recover, as you take the poison gas into your lungs. Your valiant attempt to save the millionaire has been in vain.

278

the Cats' Home is not far from the Dairy. As if it senses where it is going, the little animal squirms to get free. It fights and scratches in your grip. It seems to be getting heavier! Suddenly a remarkable transformation takes place. You drop the cat to the ground and before your eyes it grows in size and takes on a female human form, until it stands before you as the Tiger Cat! *Of course!* This wicked she-villain has a record of robbing dairies and fish factories. Her tight, tiger-striped costume has sharp claws at the hands and feet and she springs at you:

TIGER CAT SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to 413. If you have *ETS*, turn to 168. You have no time to use an Energy Bolt. If you defeat the Tiger Cat, turn to 124.

279

You fake unconsciousness and, seething inwardly, let them take the money that they are after. A car pulls up and they leap inside, cursing about how little they have taken. You memorize the number the police can handle this one. Lose 2 STAMINA points for the blow on the head, and turn to **76**.

280

Recently you have learned the true identities of several of the crime world's most notorious super-villains. The Tormentor has been identified as Richard Storm, an uptown heating engineer. The Ice Queen is none other than Sylvia Frost, society débutante. And Marcus Buletta is known to be the gruesome Dr Macabre, whose terrible experiments in surgery have shocked the world. Buletta has been planning a jail-break for months. When he does so, he is likely to rob a chemist immediately for surgical equipment and chemicals.

281

You sit down next to a kid listening to a Walkman and borrow it to listen to the tape. It seems to be a recording of a telephone conversation between a man and a woman. The conversation ends: 'Don't worry. The treasures are being collected and replaced by our agent, Mustapha Kareem. We will have them all soon. Remember, we meet the day after tomorrow on board the yacht. Okay. Bye.' Interesting stuff. This Mustapha Kareem sounds like a dubious character. If you come across him, you may question him about his activities by doubling the reference number you are on at the time and turning to this new reference. Add 1 LUCK point for discovering this message, and turn to **86**.

282

There is no other course of action you can take but to grapple with the berserk Android:

ANDROID	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

After the second round of combat, turn to **335**.

283

You jump over the counter and quickly change costume. When you step forwards as the Silver Crusader, the Fire Warriors stop in their tracks. You warn them and order them to give themselves up. But your words are wasted. One of them lunges for you and you will have to release an Energy Bolt. If you hit, turn to **261**. If you miss, turn to **200**.

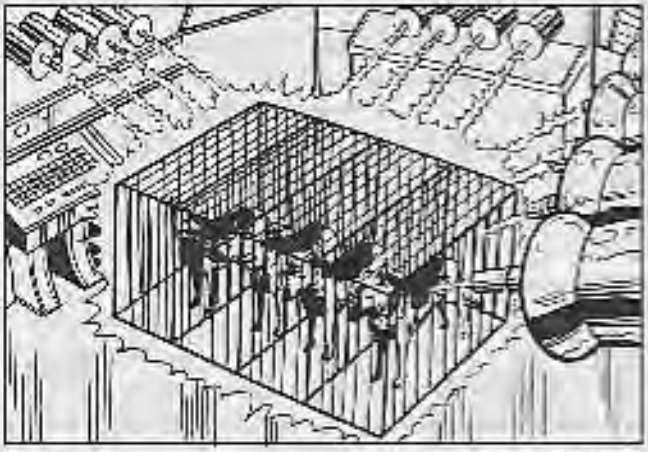

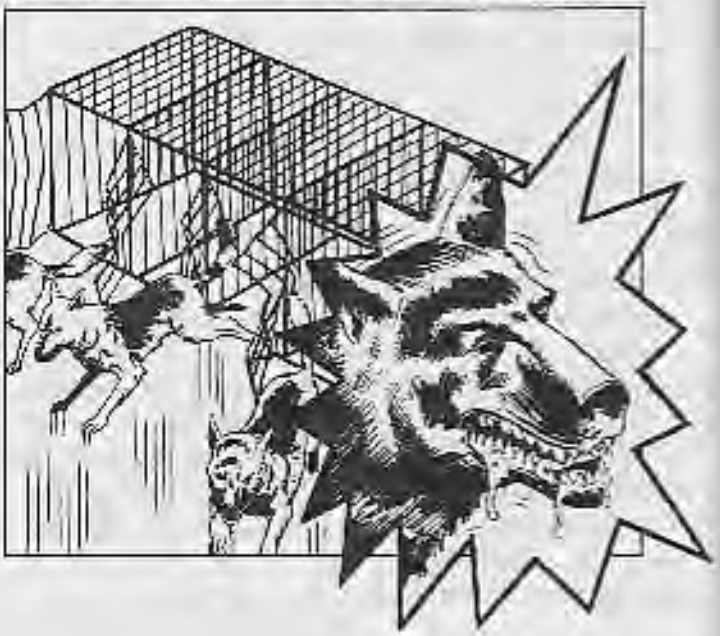

284

You quickly change into the Silver Crusader and rush to the Peter Laboratories. It is near the centre of town, annexed to the nuclear physics department of the university. When you arrive, you are sent straight upstairs to the third floor, but told to be careful. A group of students and professors are huddled by the stairs. You are told what has happened. Four Alsatian dogs which were being used in dangerous radiation experiments have escaped from their cages. They are locked in a room down the corridor and are barking wildly. Although they should not be radioactive to the touch, their bite could be lethal, should their saliva enter an open cut.

If you survive this episode, you may award yourself 1 Hero Point for each of the dogs you capture, but you must deduct 1 Hero Point for each person who is bitten by a dog. If you have:

ETS	Turn to **328**
Energy Blast	Turn to **306**
Psi-Powers	Turn to **105**
Super Strength	Turn to **237**

285

You watch from the control tower as the Tormentor steps out of the plane and gives himself up to the police, who are waiting on the runway. The Air-Traffic Controller thanks you for your help, and you leave. You may add 2 Hero Points. Turn to 10.

286

You grab the unconscious thief and pull him out from behind the boxes. As he slides out into the daylight, you gulp. This little villain can be no more than nine years old! You may well have hurt him badly! In his right hand he clutches his booty – a half-eaten Goo Bar. Desperately, you shake him, and eventually his eyes flick open. He is terrified to see you and you scowl at him sternly. But secretly you are relieved that he is not seriously hurt. You pick him up and march inside the shop. Turn to 316.

287

You first of all try to latch on to the mind of the arch-criminal you know to be inside the brown cloud. This is difficult, but you do find out one thing. He has been taking pictures of the doctor's notes with a radio camera and the photographs have already been sent to the headquarters of F.E.A.R.! Then you concentrate hard, trying to alter the air molecules around the gas to imprison the villain. But it is no use. You have failed to prevent important secrets from reaching the eyes of F.E.A.R. Turn to 162.

288

You push the door open and step into an untidy dressing-room. Clothes are strewn about the floor and jars of make-up lie open on the dressing-table in front of the mirror. But otherwise the room is empty. You search through the mess for a clue to the Serpent's whereabouts, but find nothing. Do you want to try room number one (turn to 322) or room number three (turn to 117) instead?

289

As you enter the park, you pick up sounds of a commotion and follow it to a crowd grouped around a body. Police are trying to move the crowd on. Will you push through to see what is happening (turn to 434), or change into the Silver Crusader (turn to 104)?

290

Are you anticipating this meeting? If so, you will know what time you ought to arrive to catch the meeting in progress. Add this time to today's date (do you know what this is?) and turn to the reference corresponding to this number. If the resulting reference makes no sense, turn to 368.

291

'Escaped animals?' she asks. 'I don't *think* any of our animals have escaped. But I'll just check for you, if you like.' She picks up a land-line telephone and cranks a handle. 'Hello, Mario? This is Nancy. Someone here wants to know whether any animals have escaped . . . No, I didn't think so. Thanks. Bye.' She shakes her head and you leave. Where will you try now? You can try the zoo (turn to 408) or the Natural History Museum (turn to 365).

292

A steely voice with a sinister tone speaks slowly and clearly: 'Citizens of the world,' it announces, 'do not attempt to retune your receivers. This message is being broadcast on all frequencies simultaneously in all languages to all areas of the globe. My name is Vladimir Utoshski. I am known as the Titanium Cyborg. My organization is known to you as the Federation of Euro-American Rebels. My message is this. We have taken control of the "Star Wars" satellite which orbits the earth. We demand the unconditional surrender of all your governments and military establishments and the submission of all citizens to our leadership. Any resistance will be dealt with harshly. Our satellite will obliterate, one by one, the major cities of the earth. As proof of our power, Titan City will be exterminated in exactly thirty seconds . . .' Your heart sinks. You have failed to stop the fateful meeting of F.E.A.R. The whole world must now pay the penalty . . .

293

You sneak away from the waiting crowd, change costume and make for home. You have had an exhausting day and you slump in front of the TV with a long, cold drink. You may add 6 STAMINA points for the rest. The next morning you leave for work early. You catch a bus, but to refresh yourself before work, you get off and walk the last half of the journey. Typical: as soon as you get off the bus, it starts to rain! You begin to run but slow down when you arrive at Cowfield Dairy. Something is not quite right. Do you wish to investigate (turn to 369), or are you already on your way to somewhere more important? If so, you will know how to get there.

294

With a tremendous splashing, the fight commences:

RIPPER SHARK	SKILL 10	STAMINA 8

When the shark has inflicted its fourth wound on you, turn to 95. If you defeat the shark before it has inflicted four wounds, turn to 197.

295

From your Accessory Belt you draw an Absolute Zero Flask. Quickly, you step over to the experiment and bring the flask up to surround the bottle. Moments later, the danger is over. The liquid in the bottle has frozen, and will do no further harm. The Professor thanks you for saving the lives of everyone in the building. You may add 1 Hero Point. You leave and make for home. Turn to 18.

296

You go through the man's pockets to retrieve the wallet. He is carrying some peculiar things, no doubt the pickings of his trade. Along with the wallet, you find a cigarette packet which contains a crumpled piece of paper, a tape cassette and a map. Before handing the pickpocket over to a security guard on the train, you manage to take *one* of these from him. Which did you take? The cigarette packet (turn to 423), the cassette tape (turn to 281) or the map (turn to 20)?

297

You will have to do battle with the lions. If you can defeat them, the Ringmaster will give himself up:

First LION	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9
Second LION	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

Fight them one at a time. If you defeat them both, turn to 433.

298

You burst through the door into a smoke-filled room. Six startled faces wheel round to stare at you from their seats around a conference table. You recognize them all as agents of F.E.A.R. At the head of the table sits a man whose face you could never forget. The bald head, pointed nose and eye-goggles belong to Vladimir Utoshski, leader of F.E.A.R. He rises to his feet and speaks: 'So! The Silver Crusader honours us with a visit. Could it be that you wish to join us? I think not. My friends, I will show you how F.E.A.R. must deal with its enemies. This puny specimen is no match for the Titanium Cyborg!' The half-human, half-mechanical man steps towards you, his two electro-assisted arms ready to attack. A glowing light pulses in the goggles he uses for eyes. Do you have a Circuit Jammer with you? If so, turn to 159. If not, you will have to fight the leader of F.E.A.R.:

TITANIUM CYBORG SKILL 18 STAMINA 20

After the third round of combat, turn to 136.

299

You rush to the edge of the water and search the surface for the tell-tale fin of a shark. Thirty metres out from the shore, you spot it. A monster! Swimming in towards the beach is a huge ripper shark! It is heading straight for a young boy who is still on his way back to the beach. What a nuisance! You could easily have seen the shark off with your Omnidirectional Electrifier. But with the boy in the way, you cannot risk using it. You will have to plunge into the water and tackle the shark with your bare hands. Turn to 294.

300

As you step up to Epiphany's window, you notice a familiar figure taking an unhealthy interest in the diamond rings – Porcelain Percy, so called because his punishment for once betraying a former boss was to have all his teeth filed down to the gums and they all had to be built up with porcelain caps. He stands aside nervously as you step up to the window. You play with him a little. Did he not have something to do with the smash-and-grab at De Lager's jeweller's last week? Wasn't he seen talking to Tommy the Tongue? Maybe it would be better for all if you were to just hand him over to Big Ben and the Slicer; it would save the police a lot of effort . . . Porcelain Percy starts to sweat profusely and agrees to give you some information if you will just forget you have even seen him. Apparently he knows that the Poisoner has plans which threaten the lives of all the inhabitants of Titan City. He also tells you more

about what the Poisoner's plans are. If you find yourself searching for the Poisoner, deduct 30 from the reference you are on when you are given the opportunity, and turn to this new reference. You may add 1 LUCK point for this information. Then you allow the skinny little man to go home. The rest of the evening is uneventful and you get a good night's rest. You may add 6 STAMINA points. Turn to 327.

301

'Lafayette! Get in here *at once*!' No sooner had you stepped through the office door than Jonah Whyte's booming voice summoned you. You creep into his office, mumbling scanty excuses for being late yet again. 'Enough!' he yells. 'What do you think we are running here? A charity? Do you suppose I should be grateful that you even grace us with your presence? Very noble of you indeed to even bother coming in at all! Well, I tell you what. I'm feeling kind today. You can have the rest of the day off. *Without pay!* And if you're not in first thing tomorrow morning, you can start looking for another job!' You slink out of his office with your tail between your legs. How can you tell him what you've been doing? And now you've been suspended for a day. Where will you go? Will you spend the day at Wisneyland, the amusement park (turn to 15), or will you avoid all contact with the outside world and go home to make sure you get an early start in the morning (turn to 218)?

302

After a brief snack, they get up and leave the diner. You overheard part of their conversation, but their heated discussions were no more than arguments about the likely results of tomorrow's horse-races. You are wasting your time. You leave the diner and catch a cab. Turn to 368.

303

'There, you see!' says the doctor as you enter the study. 'All is in order. Just as I left it.' But you are not listening. Your attention has been caught by a dark whisp of brown smoke that is passing out of the window through the air-conditioner. You race quickly outside. Turn to 29.

304

You prepare to use *Energy Blast* on the Android, but decide that you cannot risk it with so many innocent people about. What can you do against the creature? The answer comes from a man in the crowd who has been watching the demonstration. 'Try this,' he shouts, throwing you a small pen-like device. 'The demonstrator was asked what happens if the Android becomes uncontrollable and showed us this. He called it a "Circuit Jammer" or something. Maybe it will help.' You catch the device and hold it to the Android. Sure enough, the little gadget lives up to its name and the movements of the Android cease. You may add 4 Hero Points for defeating the Android and you may also take the strange little device with you. Having seen enough of the exhibition, you decide to leave Whirl's Court. Turn to 75.

305

The police officers help you over to a bench. You overhear their conversation: 'Ugly incident in Audubon, seems like. Throat slashed. Made a mess of the path . . .' The other replies, 'Yeah. And Cleveland Bank. They reckon that was the Alchemists. Glad I wasn't the night-watchman when *they* came in!' The two nod in agreement. 'Looks like things are hotting up,' says the first, as they walk back to their yellow and black car. What will you do now? You could walk into Audubon Park to see what they were talking about (turn to 165), buy a paper to see if you can pick up any news on the robbery (turn to 228), or go to work (turn to 341).

306

You may use *Energy Blast* against the dogs only in the confines of the Lab. If a dog escapes into the crowd, you dare not risk using it. Turn to 237.

307

What can you do to help the swimmers? An Energy Bolt would melt the ice around them, but you cannot risk hitting the girls. However, you could aim a Bolt in a ring around them. This will cost you 4 STAMINA points, as it will have to be a prolonged effort. If you decide to help them, you can add 2 Hero Points. If you don't want to deplete your STAMINA, you must *lose* 2 Hero Points and face the boos of the onlookers as you walk away. Turn to 362 to leave.

308

Using your mental powers, you search quickly through the passengers. A burly man with wide shoulders catches your attention. You make contact with him and will him towards the cockpit to take on the Tormentor. He shakes his head and stares into the distance as he listens to your message. Suddenly he springs up from his seat. *'Hallelujah!'* he cries. 'I have received the word of the Lord! I must rid us of this unbeliever. My mission has been sent from above!' Your heart sinks. Just what you needed – a religious fanatic who thinks your message is some sort of divine omen. In your mind's eye you watch as he stomps forwards up the aisle towards the cockpit, giving the Tormentor full warning of his approach. The villain throws the joystick forwards and sends the plane into a deep dive. Unconcerned about his own life, he has made sure that his plan will succeed. Moments later, the plane crashes to the ground, killing all on board. Your plan has failed. You leave the airport. Turn to 10.

309

You wait anxiously for the Alchemists to emerge from the bank. Passers-by are not aware of what is happening, but you manage to prevent any from entering while the robbery in in progress. However, you cannot avoid the curiosity of the public. One small boy strains on his mother's arm and yells out: 'Mommy, look! It's the Silver Crusader! Can I ask for an autograph, mommy? Please, mommy, can I?' You try to hush him up, but only manage to annoy his mother. Unaware of the situation, she thinks you are extremely rude. Have the boy's cries alerted the Alchemists? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 128. If you are Unlucky, turn to 155.

310

There are two lions inside the cage. They are lying contentedly on the floor, licking their paws as if they had just finished a meal. But there are no signs of meat in the cage. Several metres from the cage is an elephant tied to a stake. These beasts could well be the killers, but what evidence do you have? Do you want to arrest the lion-tamer and take him to police headquarters (turn to 383), or will you try to gather more evidence (turn to 45). If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to 321.

311

You set off home to take some well-deserved rest. The prospect of the F.E.A.R. meeting is weighing heavily on your mind, but for the moment you are well advised to relax for the evening. You may gain 6 STAMINA points for taking it easy. Next morning, you are woken, not by the alarm clock, but by your Crimewatch: *beep – beep – beep*. This time the message is longer than normal and it repeats itself: 'RELIABLE INFORMATION. FEAR MEETING TODAY. WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN!' You spring out of bed. *Today!* Do you have any clues as to where the meeting is? Where will you go:

Parker Airport?	Turn to 349
Stay in town?	Turn to 70
Head towards the waterfront?	Turn to 290

312

The President is due to pay a visit to Titan City. Rumours are going round that an attempt will be made on his life when he arrives. It would be wise to find out how this attempt will be made. Both Marcus Buletta and Rat-face Flanagan know how the attempt will be made.

313

As you are about to enter the drug store, you hear screams from inside. You nip into a storeroom and change into the Silver Crusader to investigate the disturbance. When you rush into the shop, you see two figures rummaging through the pharmaceutical shelves, while a crowd of terrified onlookers are held at bay by another. You recognize him as Dr Macabre, the mad surgeon whose brilliant experiments in transplant surgery were outlawed by a world not yet ready for the advances he had made. His two henchmen are the results of his work. One has four arms and is snatching bottles from the shelves with them. The other has the head of a tiger and is terrorizing the shop staff with his sharp teeth. You leap into action. If you have *ETS*, turn to 325. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to 173. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to 78. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to 142.

314

You race out of the vaults and back upstairs where you tell the curator what has happened and leave the affair in his hands. You must deduct 2 Hero Points for leaving prematurely. Turn to 276.

315

You fly up in the air and come down with a mighty *thump* in the creature's chest. The blow winds it and it temporarily releases the girders and turns its attention to you. Resolve this battle:

CREATURE OF CARNAGE SKILL 12 STAMINA 14

If you defeat the Creature of Carnage, turn to 131.

316

After giving the young boy an earful, you send him on his way. Then you turn to the shopkeeper. You are furious! You had thought that this was a serious robbery, not merely a youngster's prank to steal a bar of candy. The cowardly shopkeeper has wasted your time. You may gain no Hero Points for this capture, but you must *lose* 1 Hero Point if you knocked out the young thief. In fact, if you did knock him out, you had better get moving quickly before any of the passers-by find out what has happened. This is just the sort of thing that your critics would pick up on. Will you leave quickly (turn to 438), or would you like to give the shopkeeper a piece of your mind first (turn to 64)?

317

The naval dockyard is a dismal place. In dock at the moment are three boats you can investigate: a small PT boat (turn to 417), an ageing submarine (turn to 252) and a battleship which is being painted (turn to 96).

318

This has been a particularly savage murder. The man's throat has been slashed with a none-too-sharp blade. His wallet contains his business cards, which identify him as Wayne Bruce, President of Euro-American Security Inc. Also in his wallet is a photograph of an attractive blonde woman with dark eyes. One thing puzzles you. His wallet has not been touched! Certainly robbery was not the motive of this apparently normal mugging. Do you wish to head for the offices of Euro-American Security Inc. (turn to 233), will you visit his home to talk to his wife (turn to 195), or will you leave this crime in the hands of the police (turn to 73)?

319

You had better avoid any more super exploits for a while. Do you want to pay a visit to your elderly aunt's house (turn to 134), or will you go downtown to police headquarters to check that you are not required for any other duties (turn to 245)?

320

Using *Energy Blast* will be dangerous, as a miss could cause the vial of poison to fall into the inlet. Will you risk it? If so, turn to 150. If not, turn to 25.

321

You approach the lion-tamer and exchange a few pleasantries. But while you keep up the conversation, you are also probing his mind for signs of any link between the attacks and the animals. But you cannot find any. If you wish to arrest the lion-tamer anyway, turn to 383. If you leave the circus, turn to 148.

322

Evidently this is the theatre's most luxurious dressing-room, normally used by the stars. Elegant drapes line the walls, and a border of lights surrounds the mirror. But it is untouched. It looks as though it has not been used for weeks. There is nothing for you to find here. Will you try room number two (turn to 288) or room number three (turn to 117)?

323

The Chief Detective is contemptuous about superheroes. In his eyes, fighting crime is a job for the police, not for what he calls 'amateur detectives'. Nevertheless, you do find some information about the event. The Alchemists, masters of advanced chemistry, had neutralized the alarm with some sort of acidic gas which delayed its being activated as they forced their way in. Another unknown compound had dissolved the security lock on the main door. Why the security guard had not noticed the intruders was still a mystery which would only be solved when the time-lock released him from the vault. But now he assures you that the situation is well under control in his hands. There is no need for any 'amateur in fancy pants' to get involved. Turn to 60.

324

You emerge from the alley into a crowded street and look left and right. *Damn!* You cannot see him. You run a few paces along the street to search for any signs of him, but it is hopeless. He has escaped. Turn to 75.

325

You have nothing you can use that will be especially effective against them. Turn to 78.

326

You concentrate first on the creature's mind. Nothing happens. You are not sure that it even *has* one. Then you try a different approach. You will the water to heat. It starts to steam and the great creature feels the heat. It roars loudly and drops its victim into the fountain. The woman is unconscious and bleeding badly. You must return the water to normal temperature straight away. After doing this, you face the creature:

FOUNTAIN CREATURE	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

When you inflict your fourth hit on the creature, turn to 65.

327

Next morning you leave for work early. You are sorely tempted to leave your Crimewatch behind; you dare not miss another day's work! But your fears are unwarranted. To your utter amazement, your Crimewatch is silent. You arrive at work early. Jonah Whyte cannot believe his eyes when he enters the office to find you hard at work at your desk. At lunch-time you catch up on the day's news on the teletext TV. Two stories catch your attention. One is of a strange attack in Audubon Park. A woman has been seriously mauled by what she calls 'a monster', but a specialist at the hospital thinks the claw-marks of an animal of some kind. The second story is of a man who had his chest crushed in the grounds of the Natural History Museum. There are no clues as to who or what was responsible. It is as if whatever caused the man's death simply walked away. Both incidents are being investigated by the police. You decide to do a little investigation of your own. You change into the Silver Crusader and set off to make your inquiries. Where will you head first:

The Natural History Museum?	Turn to 365
Titan Zoo?	Turn to 408
Warnum and Wailey's Travelling Circus?	Turn to 4

328

From your belt, you take a small rod the size of a pencil. It extends telescopically like a car aerial. This is a Radiation Neutralization Wand. In the battle that will follow, each time you score a hit, you have touched the dog with the wand and the effects of its radioactivity are neutralized. However, the dog can – and will – still fight, so you still have to defeat it. And if any dog bites a bystander, you will still lose a Hero Point, even if it has been touched with your wand. But a neutralized dog will not be able to kill you with a single attack unless this attack has reduced your STAMINA to zero. Turn to 237.

329

You change trains and head for home. Are you wasting your time? After all, it's only a scrap of paper. How can you tell your boss that you were late for work because you wanted to check out a little piece of paper that you found in a cigarette packet? Nevertheless, you take it into your study, enter the words as they are written, and let your computer try to make some sense of them. Ten minutes later, it has printed three possible messages: 'Call the egg.

You're wet behind the ears'; 'My newspaper is covered in plastic nodules'; and 'Idiot. Fear meeting address 176, not 178. Don't forget.' Interesting stuff. By now it is much too late to go to work. You spend the next hour working on a batch of phenolic acid. When it is ready you pour some in a vial and place it in your Accessory Belt to take with you. Will you now spend the rest of the day at the Wisneyland Amusement Park (turn to 15), or will you go downtown, perhaps to do some shopping (turn to 202)?

330

You aim an Energy Bolt at the tail of the plane as it rounds the corner on to the runway. But your aim is not accurate. The plane takes off into the sky. Turn to 249.

331

Outside you find a single clue to the kidnapping – a metal slug with the letter M engraved in it. If this means anything to you, you will know how you can investigate it. Otherwise you have come to a dead end. You may give your information to the police and let them take over. Turn to 428.

332

You draw a Micronet from your Accessory Belt and cast it over the creature. The tough fibres tangle its limbs, but it is not strong enough to hold for long. Turn to 373 to fight the Reincarnation, but deduct 3 points from its SKILL for the first six rounds of combat.

333

You pick up the piece of paper that he was trying to destroy. It bears the emblem of F.E.A.R.! The message is short: 'Do not forget. The meeting starts at 9 a.m.' Unfortunately, it bears no more information, but this time could be useful to you. You carry the Scarlet Prankster down to the ground and hand him over to the police. You may add 3 Hero Points for capturing him. Now turn to 103.

334

You push past him and step into the back of the shop. He swats at you ineffectually from behind. You sweep aside a pair of curtains separating the front of the shop from the back. Four yellow faces look up at you from steamy wash-bowls. There seems to be nothing unusual here. Would you like to try Chomsky's upstairs (turn to 44), or will you step back out to the street (turn to 368)?

335

Although seemingly a harmless domestic servant, Vladimir Utoshski has made this particular Android specially to serve F.E.A.R. Apart from a 'Destruction' switch in its back which turns it into a creator of mayhem, it is armed with a deadly weapon – a poisonous dagger which it can make protrude from its right foot. A kick from this foot is certain death, a fact which you have just discovered. As the fast-acting poison takes effect, you can almost hear the leader of F.E.A.R. laughing. There is now nothing to prevent his meeting from taking place . . .

336

For capturing the Alchemists you may score 4 Hero Points. Such a waste, you think, that such brilliant minds should be used for criminal gain. If only they could be persuaded to devote themselves to academic research for the good of society. Turn now to 372.

337

You spend a quiet evening reading a good book and have a hearty home-cooked meal. Add 6 STAMINA points and turn to 79.

338

You rush out across the ice and begin hammering the surface around the girls with your fists. But it is no use; the ice is a metre thick. Head bowed, you must admit defeat. There is nothing you can do. The onlookers sneer at you as you leave the pool to try to phone someone who can help. You know what they must be thinking. What use have you been? You must lose 2 Hero Points for your failure. Then you can leave the pool by turning to 362.

339

What will you do to prevent the bottle exploding? Will you throw it out of the window (turn to 269), smother it with your hands (turn to 426), or rush off to look for a fire-extinguisher (turn to 89)?

340

You take your vial of phenolic acid and hurl it at the creature. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If you roll a number *higher than* your SKILL, you have missed and you will have to take on the Devastator with your bare hands (turn to 262). If the roll *is equal to or less than* your SKILL, turn to 69.

341

Late again . . . You creep past the office of your boss, Jonah Whyte, hoping he will not notice. But no such luck. His voice booms out at you: 'Lafayette! In my office. *Immediately!*' Sheepishly, you leave your desk and creep in to see him. A stream of abuse follows. In his eyes you are lazy, shiftless, incompetent . . . . Suddenly a squeal of tyres in the street below, followed by a loud crash, interrupts him and the two of you rush to the window. A crowd is gathering around a large black limousine which has spun round in the road, mounted the sidewalk and crashed into a street-lamp. A fire has started in the rear of the car and is spreading. Do you wish to run downstairs in your street clothes (turn to **102**), or nip into the toilet to change into the Silver Crusader (turn to **23**)? Alternatively you may ignore the incident and go back to work (turn to **167**).

342

You arrive at the army base and are escorted to see Colonel Saunders, who greets you with a warm handshake. 'Crusader!' he smiles. 'Well, this is an honour. What can we do for you?' You explain you have come to compare notes on the activities of F.E.A.R. 'So far,' Saunders starts, 'we have come up with nothing. Like you, we have heard that a top-level meeting is imminent and if we are to prevent their villainous escapades, we must capture their leader, Vladimir Utoshski, before the meeting can take place. They are powerful, Crusader, and ruthless. You can count on all the help we can give you.' Suddenly an aide bursts into the room. 'Sir!' he pants. 'Helicopters! Identity unknown! Coming towards the base at four o'clock!' The Colonel leaps into action. 'Contact them on the radio. If they will not identify themselves, we will open fire.' If you have *Super Strength*, you fly out to investigate (turn to 379). Otherwise, turn to **58**.

343

All is quiet at the reactor, apart from endless tramping of the numerous armed security guards who have been positioned to guard it. There is no sign of Knox. You wait for half an hour, but still nothing happens. Suddenly a klaxon sounds and men and women rush to their positions. The cooling-system, which was checked thoroughly an hour ago, is malfunctioning. The reactor is overloading! You rush round to the other side of the reactor and, in front of you, you see the cause. Sidney Knox, his head bloated like a pumpkin, is staring at the structure. Guards are aiming their weapons at him, but no one has given the order to fire. They breathe a sigh of relief when they see you, and look to you for guidance. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to **33**. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to **204**. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to **419**. If you have *E.T.S*, turn to **80**.

344

You send a carefully charged Energy Bolt in the direction of the boxes. It strikes the bottom box (there is no need to test for aim) and the whole pile topples over backwards on top of the thief. A shrill scream comes from the villain. The foot twitches and then rests motionless. You step over cautiously to investigate. Turn to **286**.

345

The dinosaur exhibits are very realistic, but the curator merely laughs when you suggest the possibility of one of them being responsible for the man's death. 'Apart from the fact that these creatures have been dead for several million years,' he chuckles, 'how on earth would you suggest they got out of the building? Through the doors? One of these brutes would take the side of the museum with it if it decided to go and look for another home! No, if you're looking for clues to the murder, I suggest you try Titan zoo. You'll have better luck there.' You feel a little foolish for even making the suggestion. If you want to try the zoo, turn to 408. Otherwise turn to 148.

346

While the struggle is fought, the aircraft falls into a steep dive. Your last blow fells your foe. As he slumps to the floor, you grab the controls of the plummeting aircraft and shout for the stewardess. She arrives and is able to untie the pilots. In the nick of time they take over from you and are able to guide the plane down to a safe landing. Turn to 35.

347

The heating engineer shows you round the plant. He is mystified as to what happened; there is nothing wrong with the heating-equipment. You double-check the controls and scratch your head. Nothing wrong there. Perhaps no one will ever know what caused the incident, but at least the danger is now over. Turn to 362.

348

Your powers reveal that she is telling the truth. The murderer will remain a mystery. Turn to 73.

349

Everything is normal at the airport as you arrive. You do not want to cause any panic, so you change into your street clothes and proceed with your plan. You may head for one of the three hangars to look for clues. Xavier Hangar is where private and executive jets are kept. Summers Hangar houses emergency helicopters. McCoy Hangar is for cargo aircraft. Which will you investigate:

Xavier Hangar?	Turn to 394
Summers Hangar?	Turn to 46
McCoy Hangar?	Turn to 115

350

You are congratulated by the crowd for having averted what could have been a disaster. Note the Hero Points that you have scored, deducting 1 point from the original 4 for each bystander that was bitten by a dog. As you leave the University, a crowd of autograph hunters has gathered outside. Will you slip out the back way to avoid them and make for home (turn to 293), or oblige by stepping out to face the crowd (turn to 397)?

351

You change into your street clothes and sit down in the diner, hoping to notice something suspicious. An hour, and several cups of coffee, later, a group of shifty-looking characters enter and sit down at a table. Turn to 302.

352

You will need two Energy Bolts to stop the creature. If you do not wish to risk using two Bolts, turn to 373 to finish off the fight hand to hand. If your first Bolt was a hit, you may reduce its STAMINA by 6 points. Turn to 239 if you win.

353

You rush off to find police officers or stadium officials who might be able to help you. Your first priority must be to organize an evacuation of the west stand. But your plans are futile, as you realize when you hear a great crashing coming from behind you. The stand is down! The Creature of Carnage stands in the centre of the wreckage, roaring loudly. People, dead and dying, surround him. He turns to go and there is nothing you can do to stop him. Your first duty is to aid the injured people around him. When you have done what you can, turn to 40.

354

Luckily, the other two are not armed with chemical weapons. Fight them one at a time:

Second ALCHEMIST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7
Third ALCHEMIST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat them, turn to 336.

355

There must be something he'd like. No doubt he's already got Monopoly. What about this: Trivial Pursuit? Looks interesting. Or how about Dungeons & Dragons? Hmm. He probably hasn't got the imagination. As you are perusing the games, four bikers walk in in ripped jeans and dirty leather jackets. Trouble. You watch them from the corner of your eye. They are in the women's underwear department and are holding bras up to their chests and laughing. A middle-aged woman comes over to stop them and an assistant manager steps in to help. Tempers rise. Just when you are wondering whether or not to join in, one of the bikers throws his jacket to the floor. He clasps his hands together and to the horror of the unsuspecting floor staff, he bursts into flames! The others do likewise and four flaming bodies stomp about the shop, setting fire to everything they touch. The Fire Warriors! Of course! Why did you not recognize those no-good delinquents earlier? You had better act quickly. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to **133**. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to **178**. If you have *F.T.S.*, turn to **156**. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to **283**.

356

You emerge from the alley into a crowded street and look left and right. *Damn!* You cannot see him. You run a few paces along the street to search for any signs of him, but it is hopeless. He has escaped. Turn to 75.

357

To the beat of loud disco music, cars are circling round the track bashing into one another and causing hoots of laughter for their drivers. Your own car, Blue 7, seems to be a little slower than the rest, but you nevertheless get a couple of satisfying head-ons before your eyes catch sight of the danger . . . A young boy driving Red 14 is smashed in the side by Yellow 3. The collision knocks him sideways and out of his car on to the metal mat of the track in front of you. The driver of Purple 10, who was just lining up a head-on collision with you, screams and throws her hands up in the air as she sees the danger. The boy is lying right between your two cars! How quick are your reactions? Can you avert the collision about to crush the boy? Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If the total *exceeds* your SKILL, turn to 388. Otherwise turn to 234.

358

The exhausted mutant falls to his knees. Though you too have been tired by the strain, you have not finished yet. By sheer force of mind, you will him to repair the leaks to the system. One by one the leaks begin to close. Eventually the klaxon stops sounding. The danger is over! You may gain 2 Hero Points for your success. In appreciation of your saving the Laboratory, the scientists bring you a small pen-like device. 'Crusader, take this as a gift from us,' pleads the Institute Director. 'One of our men made it in his spare time. He calls it a "Circuit Jammer". It is still to be fully tested, but seems to work okay. I know you often face mechanical villains and their contraptions. With this, you will be able to disable their circuits. You are looking for Vladimir Utoshski and he is a powerful adversary. With this you will stand a better chance.' You thank the Director for his gift. It may well come in handy. Now turn to 125.

359

You temporarily release your grip on him and he manages to shove you aside, just as the President's car draws past. He aims the gun and shoots! The President falls! You leap on him again to finish off the battle (he was SKILL 7, STAMINA 6). If you defeat him, turn to 374.

360

You crouch down underneath the lion cage. Sure enough, at the far end is a trapdoor leading up to one end of the cage, into an area which appears to be the lions' shelter. You listen at the trapdoor and can hear shuffling sounds coming from within. Every so often a man's voice chuckles. You shove the trapdoor up and leap inside. Standing in a small room is a sharp-featured man with a long waxed moustache. He is dressed in a bright red suit with a large top hat – the Ringmaster! Surrounding him, pinned to the walls, are photographs of twelve people and several have black lines drawn across them. You recognize photographs of the woman savaged by 'a monster' and the man crushed in the grounds of the Natural History Museum. Twelve people? Of course! The jury which condemned the Ringmaster to fifteen years in prison! He leaps to his feet as you burst in and you will have to fight him:

THE RINGMASTER SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

After the first round of combat, turn to **207**.

361

You arrive at Cowfield Dairy and make a thorough inspection of their sterilization equipment. The staff are most co-operative and are as anxious to find out what happened as you are. All seems to be in order and there is no clue as to how the Poisoner managed to drop traces of his poison into the two milk-bottles. You have no way of pursuing this case further. Turn to **107**.

362

Where will you go next? Perhaps you deserve a little entertainment. The Titan Tigers, a local football team, are playing the Metro Mohawks. If you want to go and watch the game, turn to **114**. If you are more concerned about finding information about the activities of F.E.A.R., you may wish to visit Colonel Saunders at his army base to see whether he knows anything (turn to **342**).

363

Fire an Energy Bolt at the creature. When you first hit it, turn to 48.

364

You grab Karpov and threaten to finish him off unless he tells you what he knows about F.E.A.R. The man cringes and agrees, but pleads with you that he doesn't know much. A meeting is taking place tomorrow at 11 a.m., but he does not know where the meeting will be, as he has not been invited. You hand the villain over to the police. You may add 5 Hero Points for defeating him. Turn to 40.

365

The curator of the Natural History Museum is very helpful and agrees to show you round the exhibits. Will you ask him to show you the model reconstructions of dinosaurs (turn to 345) or the 'large mammals' section (turn to 253)?

366

If you have *ESP*, turn to 205. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to 137. Otherwise turn to 267.

367

Take aim and fire your *Energy Blast*. The first hit will cause the poor girl gripped in its jaws to be released. Another will be necessary to kill the creature. When you have inflicted a second hit, turn to 265.

368

It is hopeless. You do not know where F.E.A.R. is holding its meeting and you have no chance of finding it in such a short time. You find a convenient spot, change into your street clothes and hail a cab. The driver has his radio on. As he chats away, the radio splutters and fizzles. The music dies and an unscheduled announcement interrupts the programme. Turn to 292.

369

You change in a convenient alley and head for the Dairy. When you arrive at the gates, everything seems to be in order. Milk-floats are returning from their daily rounds and thousands of bottles are chinking their way along conveyors. There is no sign of danger. A short-tailed tabby cat – no doubt a stray – is trying to get in through the gates. You pick the hungry creature up and stroke it. As you wait, your eye catches a familiar-looking figure turning the corner and walking towards you. It is 'Chain-saw' Bronski, a well-known murderer who you thought was well behind bars! Will you apprehend the villain (turn to 3), or does your first duty lie with the needy and will you instead take the cat to a Cats' Home (turn to 278)?

370

It is a fine day and the Marina is bustling with activity. Tomorrow is the annual Titan City Regatta and many of the wealthy yacht owners are entering their boats. This does not help you in your search for clues leading to the whereabouts of the F.E.A.R. meeting. You comb the Marina until you finally find a salty old fisherman who is mending his net. If you wish to talk to him, turn to **221**. Otherwise turn to **368**.

371

There are three of them against one of you. But the two knuckle-faced bodyguards begin to panic. 'B-b-boss! That there's the Silver Crusader! We don' want no tangles with no superheroes! That mother's mean. We ain't got nothin' to save us from an Energy Bolt!' The three of them give up without a fight. You have earned 3 Hero Points. Now turn to **73**.

372

Where will your next mission take you? Remembering the police officer's plea and the Crimewatch's message, you may either head for the beach (turn to **72**) or Parker Airport (turn to **410**).

373

The Reincarnation is a powerful creature which may not be killed. But you may be able to knock it unconscious; if you reduce its STAMINA to zero, it will remain so for two days. Resolve the battle:

THE REINCARNATION	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you defeat the creature, turn to **239**.

374

You haul the unconscious assassin out of the crowd towards the President's car. Swarms of police are surrounding the car and, in the distance, you can hear an ambulance's siren approaching. One of the President's bodyguards is listening for a pulse. He looks up and shakes his head. In your street clothes, you cannot get near the body, but the police listen to your story and take the assassin from you. One of them talks to another, who talks to another standing in the car. They seem to be considering your story. Word gets back to you: 'Something strange is going on. You say this guy fired at the President as he fell? Then how come the bullet that killed him came from a high-powered rifle, not the Magnum your man was carrying?' You are as mystified as they are and agree to go downtown to answer their questions. But one thing is clear. Your assassin's bullet did not kill the President. Was he merely a decoy? You puzzle over this as you leave the station and head for home. Turn to **311**.

375

As luck would have it, you manage to keep all the dogs from escaping out into the corridor. They now stand facing you, snarling menacingly. Turn to 120.

376

While you struggle, the plane has entered a steep dive. With the madman shrieking with insane glee, you try desperately to subdue him in time to prevent a disaster. But to no avail. The Tormentor is too powerful. Before you can get to the controls, the plane hurtles down to the runway and explodes, killing all on board . . .

377

There is no sign of Knox anywhere around the test laboratories, but one scientist believes he saw a man fitting his description jump into a car and drive away from the Lab towards town. Do you want to follow this lead back into Titan City (turn to 254), or will you instead try the nuclear reactor (turn to 343)?

378

You fly up in front of the Devastator and land a heavy blow in its chest. The creature groans and turns to face you:

THE DEVASTATOR SKILL 14 STAMINA 12

If you defeat it, turn to 119.

379

You fly out over the camp fence towards the advancing helicopters. Some twenty helicopters are flying low in towards the camp. You stop in mid-air as you see the insignia on the side of the leader. It is the death's head of F.E.A.R.! As it flies closer, you can see who is leading this attack. The Macro Brain! A product of genetic experimentation, like yourself, the Macro Brain has developed a tremendous intelligence. But unlike yourself, he has decided to use it to further the cause of evil. A formidable combination, you think. On your own there is little you could do against twenty choppers. But perhaps you could take out the leading one carrying your old foe . . . As you consider this, a warning comes from your Crimewatch. 'COUNCIL BUILDINGS. FAST.' You consider your options. Will you decide to attack the leading helicopter to try to defeat the mastermind behind this attack (turn to 32), or will you leave this matter to the army and head into town to find out what is happening at Titan Council Buildings (turn to 154)?

380

You bind the Fire Warriors with rope and help the staff clear the damage until the police arrive. You may claim as many Hero Points as the number of Fire Warriors you captured. Then you had better change back to Jean Lafayette and make your way to work. If you want to run to work, turn to 301. If you feel it would be quicker to take the subway train, turn to 409.

381

The little man disappears into the back room. Five minutes later, he reappears with a tray. On the tray is your Peking Duck! He is most put out when you refuse to pay for the food. This is getting you nowhere. You leave the laundry. Turn to 368.

382

You remember your clue and follow its advice. When you arrive at the reservoir, you are surprised to find the office door unlocked. Inside, you find the reason why. The on-duty clerk is lying in a corner of the office, bound and gagged. You untie his hands and take the gag from his mouth. 'Crusader!' he whispers. 'Thank goodness you're here! But forget about me. You've got to get into the pump-house fast. It's the Poisoner. He's going to poison the water-supply! Quickly!' You rush to the pump-house and fling back the door. A wild-haired man is leaning over a network of pipes, studying the valves. In his hand he holds a vial of liquid. As you enter, he wheels round. An evil grin greets you. 'The Silver Crusader, eh?' he laughs. 'So you think you can foil my plan. Well, hold your ground. See this vial? One step closer and I'll pour it into this intake and within an hour my poison will be flowing out of the taps of every household in Titan City!' You must stop the Poisoner before he can carry out his plan. If you have *Energy Blast*, turn to **320**. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to **81**. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to **25**. If you have *ETS*, turn to **235**.

383

You arrest the lion-tamer and take him down to police headquarters. The man is incredulous and protests his innocence all the way. When you arrive at headquarters, the desk sergeant wants to know what charges you are bringing against the lion-tamer. When you can offer no evidence at all as proof of his guilt, the sergeant shakes his head. The lion-tamer must be released. Calling you all the names under the sun, he leaves the station. You must lose 2 Hero Points for this wrongful arrest. Turn now to 148.

384

You concentrate hard on the creature's mind. It stops for a moment, shakes its head and looks at you. Are you getting through to it? You believe you are, and you step forward to increase your influence. This is a fatal mistake. For as you step forward, the Creature of Carnage snaps out of its trance and swats at you. You are knocked off your feet and your head cracks against a girder. You lose consciousness and you never see the results of the Creature's devastation. For it succeeds in bringing the whole stand down, killing hundreds of people – and you are among the dead . . .

385

You rush to the idol and check for the ear-rings. There are none there! The professor thumbs through the catalogue to double-check the idol. 'Er, ahem!' he snorts. 'Ah, my mistake, Crusader. This idol does not have ear-rings at all. My, my. I am getting very forgetful in my old age . . .' A false alarm. Looks like all is well, after all. You decide not to waste any further time here, and you leave. Turn to 276.

386

In the personal column of the newspaper you find an interesting snippet, which reads: 'Richard Storm. All is forgiven. How was I to know she was a private nurse? Phone me on 555-9999. Love, Susan.' A private nurse? What is this all about? If you now want to proceed to the bank as the Silver Crusader, turn to 112. If you want to go to work, turn to 341.

387

You race after Utoshski through the milling crowds and catch a glimpse of him leaving the exhibition through a fire-door. You follow him into an alley. He is nowhere to be seen! He must have run to one end of the alley into the street. Will you try turning left (turn to 356) or right (turn to 324)?

388

It is hopeless. Your car is too slow to react. The two cars collide, not with each other, but into the young boy on the ground. The ride stops immediately as the boy's mother rushes on to the track shrieking. Five minutes later an ambulance arrives to rush the boy to hospital. But it is too late; he has died. Feeling ashamed that you could do nothing to help the boy, you leave. You have had enough of Wisneyland for the day. Turn to 103.

389

You concentrate hard on the ice around the two swimmers. A puddle of water appears around them and their spirits rise. You are melting the ice! But the mental effort you are using is considerable. You must lose 4 STAMINA points to free the two girls, but when you have done so, you may add 2 Hero Points for undoubtedly saving their lives. You will not be able to melt the whole pool; you will have to leave this to time. You may leave by turning to 362. If you wish, you may check the pool heating-plant before you leave, by turning to 347.

390

You try to smash the door. It shakes, but there is nothing you can do. It is made of ten-centimetre solid metal. Even your great strength cannot break it. You try again, but without success. However, your attempts to smash the door do attract the attentions of the crew. "*An intruder!*" cries someone. "Locked in the ejection chamber!" You can guess what they will do next. A rumbling sound from the walls around you is followed by a loud hissing. Next thing you know you are forcibly fired out of the submarine into the sea. The shock is too much for you. You pass out, never to regain consciousness. It doesn't take long for your lungs to fill with water . . .

391

You arrive at a disused warehouse in the industrial district. The door is open and you can hear voices coming from upstairs. Will you creep slowly up the stairs, ready for action (turn to 277), or will you get up on the roof and swing through the window to surprise them (turn to 396)?

392

You follow the Macro Brain into the Colonel's study and wait for the right moment to use *Energy Blast*. As you are about to send a Bolt, your opponent wheels round to face you. 'Crusader!' he laughs. 'So you have joined the army, eh? Well let's see if we can persuade you to join *my* army.' You try to fire your Bolt. Nothing happens! The tremendous mental powers of the Macro Brain have interfered with your own special abilities. Seconds later, you feel a sharp stabbing pain in your chest. Your old foe has developed much more far-reaching mental powers then he ever had before. You are powerless to prevent him sapping the energy from you! You fall to your knees in submission, but still he will not relent. For the Macro Brain will not stop until you have been reduced to a virtual mindless zombie. Your career as a superhero is over . . .

393

The crowd love you. You sign autographs for ten minutes and kiss a couple of babies, then make your excuses and leave. Jonah Whyte will be *furious* when you arrive at work. But your public-spirited attitude has been good for PR. Add 1 Hero Point and head for work. Turn to 435.

394

When you arrive in Xavier Hangar, mechanics are servicing two executive jets. You find a pair of overalls hanging on the wall, slip into them and wander around. There is nothing suspicious. In fact you are not expecting anything to happen for a couple of hours. What time of day are you expecting the meeting to take place? Add this time to today's date and add the result to this reference. If the resulting reference makes no sense, turn to 220.

395

An obliging attendant is happy to show you the body of the mysterious man. He looks up a file and reaches for the handle on a cadaver drawer. His eyes open wide as he pulls the drawer out. It is empty! He double-checks the number and shakes his head. 'I can't understand it!' he says. 'I put him in here myself! And I've been here all the time except for . . . my coffee break.' The trail ends here. There are no clues as to the whereabouts of the missing body. You can leave the hospital by turning to 226.

396

You time your swing perfectly. The Mantrapper and two henchmen are sitting just inside, with Drew Swain tied up on a chair nearby. Smashing through the glass, you land in the centre of the group, your feet catching both henchmen. One topples over backwards and rolls into a self-locking cage, which slams shut, trapping him inside. The other rolls over to the stairwell and crashes through the bannister to land with a thud at the bottom of the stairs. Now it's just you against the Mantrapper:

MANTRAPPER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you defeat him, turn to **16**.

397

The crowd cheers as you walk down the steps of the building. You are surrounded by energetic hands thrusting pieces of paper at you. You have signed a dozen or so autographs when your ears prick up. A cry is coming from a shop a few doors down: 'Stop! *Thief!*' Sounds like a job for the Silver Crusader! You break through the crowd to investigate. Turn to 256.

398

Under the watchful eye of your boss, you complete the morning's work. At lunch-time, you take a corner booth at El Greco's, a cheap diner on the next block. While you are eating, a chattering group of boffin-types scramble into the booth next to yours. They are trying to keep their voices down, but their obvious excitement allows you to catch the gist of their conversation. They are from the local university's science laboratory. 'Well, I think the man's a

fool!' says one. 'If he mixes the aldehyde in at *that* temperature there could be an almighty explosion.' 'Maybe you're right,' says another. 'He's a stubborn old jackass. He'd never admit it was dangerous. I know one thing: we're much safer out here!' Hmmm, you think. Sounds ominous. Perhaps you'd better check it out. The group's security-passes identify them as being from the Biochemistry Department – only a block away. You pay your bill and leave quickly. Halfway there, you stop. From within the shop you are passing, a cry reaches you. 'Stop! *Thief!*' Will you investigate this call for help (turn to 256), or do you think stopping a potential explosion is a much more important task (turn to 144)?

399

Honking furiously, he pulls you round to the far side of the circus towards a large, brightly coloured caravan. You walk up the steps and open the door. 'Good afternoon, good afternoon!' says a plump lady behind a desk inside. 'We have only a few seats left for tonight's performance, but I'm sure we can find you something suitable. How many tickets do you want?' You explain that you have not come for tickets. Will you ask her where you can find the owner of the circus and follow her directions (turn to 223), or will you ask her whether she knows anything about any escaped animals (turn to 291)?

400

The Bolt catches the assassin in the back. He howls and throws up his hands, losing his grip on the rifle, which drops from the roof. The shock has made him lose his balance and he slumps forward, over the edge of the roof! You rush to the edge just in time to see him land in the crowd below, no doubt causing some considerable injuries to the onlookers. You have saved the President's life, but have also caused a serious accident. Add 1 Hero Point and turn to 311.

401

One of the dogs has not been fully subdued! It breaks past you through the door and rushes into the crowd, growling menacingly. You must pursue it immediately before it can harm anyone:

RADIATION DOG SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If it rolls a higher Attack Strength than your own, turn to 31, *but first note this reference, as you will have to return here afterwards.* If you defeat the dog, turn to 247.

402

You pull a small metal gadget from your Accessory Belt and aim it at the boxes. Your Forcefield Generator hums; the boxes sway, topple over and fall on the thief. There is a shrill scream. The protruding foot shakes and then rests still. Cautiously, you walk over to investigate. Turn to 286.

403

The study is not empty. As you enter, a figure stands over the desk, leafing through a notebook and taking pictures with a radio camera! The maid screams at the sight of the Smoke, an ethereal villain who is able to turn himself at will into a vapour. As you enter he drops the camera and smiles. Turning himself into a whisk of brown smoke, he streaks across the room and disappears through the air-conditioner. You race outside the house. Turn to 29.

404

You have no special gadgets you can use against such a creature, the likes of which you have never seen before. You will have to fight it:

FOUNTAIN CREATURE SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

Your first hit will cause it to drop the injured girl into the fountain. When you have inflicted your fourth hit, turn to 65.

405

You reach into a thorny bush and your fingers touch a metallic object. Grasping it as best you can, you pull out a gold medallion hanging on a delicate chain. As you turn it over in your hand, you realize it is undoubtedly quite valuable. The medallion has the initials D.R. engraved on it. Will you hand this over to the police (turn to 251), or take it to a jeweller (turn to 17)? Alternatively you may wish to visit another address. If so, add together the number and street number of this address and turn to this reference.

406

The Alchemists emerge, and you turn on your Sonic Confuser. In front of you, the gang raise their hands to their ears and scream with pain. But around them, pedestrians, including two young girls, are doing the same. You cannot risk harming the public. You fiddle with the gadget to turn it off, but already the gang have turned the corner and escaped. You have lost them! Turn to 372.

407

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **196**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **56**.

408

When you arrive at the zoo gates, you question the attendant, asking whether there have been any reports of animals escaping from their cages over the last couple of days. The attendant is obviously excited to see you. 'Gosh. Hi, Crusader!' he stammers. 'Er, yes, I did hear something about an escape. But I don't know any more about it. You'll have to ask the Director. I'll take you to him if you like.' You tell him to lead the way. But as you turn to follow him, a *beep – beep – beep* comes from your wrist. You hold the Crimewatch up to your ear. 'MUSEUM OF EGYPTIAN HERITAGE,' it speaks. Do you want to follow its advice and head straight away for the museum (turn to **158**), or will you ignore this message and instead follow the attendant (turn to **26**)?

409

The office is only two stops away. Surprisingly, you don't have to wait long for a train to arrive. You sit and contemplate a good excuse to give to Mr Whyte, who is bound to be in a foul mood when you arrive, but a cry interrupts your thoughts. '*Help!*' you hear, from a voice at the other end of the carriage. Oh, no! What is it this time? As if in answer, the voice cries: '*PICKPOCKET!*' You had better see if you can help – but there will be no opportunity to change into the Silver Crusader. Will you go and help the man (turn to **285**), or will you ignore him and concern yourself with getting to work on time for once (turn to **301**)?

410

You arrive at Parker Airport and ask the nearest security guard whether anything is happening. 'The Silver Crusader!' he gasps. 'Thank goodness you're here! Follow me. I'll take you to the Control Tower.' You follow him up into the Control Tower where you find the place buzzing with activity. The Air-Traffic Controller greets you nervously. 'Have you heard? No? The police are on their way. Some guy calling himself "the Tormentor" has hijacked a DC10 full of passengers to London. He's mad! No demands; nothing. Says he'll crash the plane. Blames it all on "Susan". We don't know what to do. A complete nutter! Is there anything you can do?' *Is* there anything you can do? If 'Susan' means anything to you, turn to **141**. If not, you can use your powers. If you have *Super Strength*, turn to **84**. If you have *Psi-Powers*, turn to **216**. Otherwise, turn to **176**.

411

You press the button on your Circuit Jammer. The Cyborg's grin fades as the device affects its electronic functions. Its abilities have been reduced to those of an ordinary man! Now you may battle the villain on more equal terms:

TITANIUM CYBORG SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the villain, turn to 19.

412

You arrive at police headquarters and speak to Lieutenant Wojak, who seems to be quite distressed. 'The news has leaked out, Crusader,' he explains. 'We were trying to keep the Poisoner's threats a secret, but it seems some reporter got his hands on the story. The Poisoner has asked for a million in unmarked notes by this evening, otherwise he says everyone in Titan City will suffer. You know the guy: he's a madman. *And* he's involved with that F.E.A.R. organization. What can we do?' Apparently two citizens have already died from minute traces of poison found in their milk-bottles. You offer to try to track him down. Where will you begin your search? The Cowfield Dairy (turn to 361), or the city's largest drug store in Schuter Mall (turn to 268)? If there is somewhere else you'd like to go, you will know how to get there.

413

You have no time to concentrate; she attacks straight away. Resolve this combat:

TIGER CAT SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 217.

414

You leap into the air and shoot after the van. Half a kilometre ahead, you see it about to make a turn. You drop down in front of it, forcing it to stop. The driver stares. 'Say,' he greets you. 'Ain't you that Crusader cat? Well, I sure am glad to meet you. Yesiree.' You tell him you are going to take a look in the back of his van and step round to the back. He follows you, still jabbering. 'But why, Crusader baby? Ain't nothin' in there but a coupl'a porkies, a coupl'a chicken . . .' You open the door and are greeted with a blast which knocks you three metres backwards, to land in a lifeless heap in the road!' 'Oh yeah. Nearly forgot,' chuckles the man, 'an' a laser cannon. That ol' Mantrapper sure do have things worked out well. Yes indeed.' You have fallen right into a cleverly executed trap. The van was merely a decoy. And a deadly one at that: your mistake has cost you your life . . .

415

Quick as a flash, you reach forward and grab the girl in the nick of time before she plunges to certain death. Her parents are horrified at the dreadful accident which might have occurred. When the ride is over, they thank you profusely for saving their daughter's life. You decide that you have had enough of Wisneyland. Turn to 103.

416

He studies the closed-circuit security screens which are focused on the main treasures of his collection. Everything seems to be in order. But he does study one screen rather closely. It is a figurehead of the god Amon-Ra, festooned with golden jewellery. He is not sure whether there is supposed to be a pair of golden ear-rings on the idol. Do you want to go and check it (turn to 385), or will you instead check the main exhibit, the sarcophagus of Princess Ankalis (turn to 240)?

417

There is nothing particularly suspicious about the boat. Indeed it would be a most unsuitable place to have a meeting, since there is no room for anyone apart from the crew on board. Turn to 368.

418

From your Accessory Belt you draw out your Directional Sound Neutralizer. Focusing it on the noisy crowd, you send a charge into the centre. Its effect is immediate. By neutralizing all the sound-waves within range of its effect, no one can hear what anyone else is saying! Baffled by their apparent deafness, the crowd turn towards you. You turn off the Sound Neutralizer. Voices whisper: 'The Silver Crusader!' In a booming voice you command them to cease their squabbling and disperse. They do as you say. Now you must change back into your street clothes and choose your next move. Will you continue your original journey to work (turn to 341), or head into Audubon Park (turn to 165)?

419

You concentrate hard on the immensely powerful mind within Sidney Knox's body. You must resolve the following combat as if it were a normal fight, but in this case, it represents a mind-to-mind battle between Knox's will and your own. While fighting this one out, your SKILL is the same as your current SKILL score, and your 'mental' STAMINA is 6 (you will not lose any 'real' STAMINA points).

SIDNEY KNOX SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

Each time you lose a round of combat, the effect on your physical body wears down your SKILL. You must permanently lose 1 SKILL point for each Attack Round which you lose. If you defeat him, turn to 358. If you wish to break mental combat, you will have to attack him physically (turn to 33).

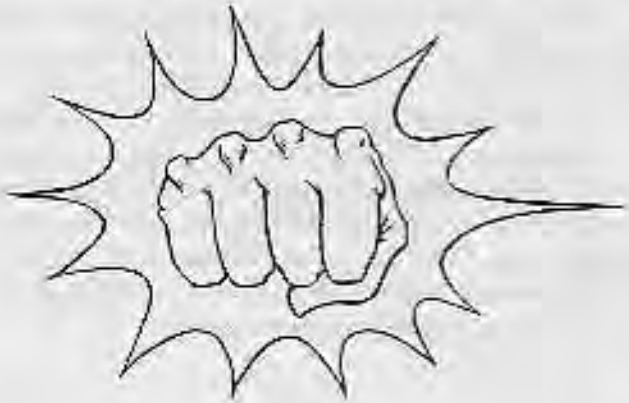

420

The Manager, Roger Stevens, wants to do all he can to help. He was woken in the early morning by a call from the police. The Alchemists, masters of advanced chemistry, had neutralized the alarm with some sort of acidic gas which delayed its being activated as they forced their way in. Another unknown compound had dissolved the security lock on the main door. Why the security guard had not noticed the intruders was still a mystery which would only be solved when the time-lock released him from the vault. You ask him about his deposit-box holders and he becomes less co-operative. Some of the boxes are owned by important citizens, and their identities must not be disclosed. Will you try to find out more about the deposit-box owners (turn to 83), or question the Chief Detective (turn to 323) or the security guard (turn to 259)?

421

Using a Spectral Analyser, you are surprised to discover that the police chief's guess was probably not far from the truth. The creature seems to be made of a sort of rock. The nearest equivalent is the kind of substance found in fallen meteors! But how will you attempt to defeat it? If you have a vial of phenolic acid, turn to **340**. If you want to try to take it on with your bare hands, turn to **262**. If you feel this creature is a little too strong for you, turn to **319**.

422

You concentrate on the creature's mind, but you are unable to get through to it. In fact you are unsure whether it has a mind at all, or whether it is motivated simply by instinct. You try a different tack. Running round the side of the empty grave, you watch the creature carefully as it follows you. As it steps forwards, you *will* the ground to open up under its foot. A crack appears on the ground and when the Reincarnation's foot touches the soil, it drops a metre into the grave! The jolt has injured it, but certainly has not stopped it. You must now turn to **373** to fight it, but deduct 4 STAMINA points from its score, for the fall it has just had.

423

You study the cigarette packet. It is an ordinary packet of Karlsboroughs, but contains no cigarettes. The piece of paper inside makes no sense at all; a few meaningless words strung together. Is it really meaningless, or perhaps some kind of code? If it is a code, it means nothing to you. If you have *ETS*, you could take it home and run it through your Decoding Computer (turn to **329**). But this will take some time, and you ought to be getting to work. Otherwise you can save it, and give it some thought later (turn to **86**).

424

You spend half an hour winding round the stacked shelves of the supermarket, choosing what you will be eating over the next couple of days. Eventually you pay for your groceries and leave. Turn to **226**.

425

The crowds are gathering to get into the exhibition, and a huge banner proclaims: 'APPLIANCES OF THE FUTURE – See Tomorrow's Home Technology Today!' As you wander through the exhibitions, there are many excited voices enthusing over the more ambitious gadgets on show. The 'Clothing Service Station', for example, is a machine which takes in dirty washing and cleans, dries and irons it, ready to wear. A 'Cocktail Composer' puts together all the ingredients of a cocktail. 'The Perfect Opponent' is a games-playing computer which can learn the rules of any game and will play at eight different levels of skill. Robots are there in many forms. A 'Tidy Maid' remembers where everything goes in a room and will replace everything in its proper position. On a large stand, a man with round glasses and a loud voice is demonstrating his firm's 'Tireless Butler', a man-sized Android which will do many home chores. You stare at him. His face looks familiar, but you can't quite place him. The Android passes him a cigarette as he is bending down, but catches his hair and moves it slightly. A wig! Of course! With a bald head, his identity is obvious. Although he is not easy to recognize without the cybernetic enhancers he wears on his arms and his distinctive – and very dangerous – eye-goggles, it most certainly is Vladimir Utoshski, head of F.E.A.R.! You quickly nip away to change into the Silver Crusader, and return to capture the villain. But he is quick. He sees you coming, flicks a switch at the back of the Android, and darts off into the crowd. A whirring sound

comes from the Android. It turns towards a man studying its arm and smashes him across the face with a powerful blow! Screams break out and the Android goes berserk, charging into the crowd, arms flailing. Will you pursue Utoshski (turn to 387), or is your first duty to save the visitors from the mad Android (turn to 62)?

426

Like a true hero, you grasp the bottle between your hands and try to smother the explosion. But the bottle is boiling-hot! You scream in pain as it burns your hands badly. You must lose 2 SKILL points and must now decide whether to fling the bottle through an open window (turn to 269 – but you need not lose another SKILL point), or rush off to look for a fire-extinguisher (turn to 89).

427

You quietly slip into the Colonel's office and find the Macro Brain leafing through files. After your last encounter with the Macro Brain, you devised what you hope will be the perfect weapon against him, an Alpha-wave Emitter. You draw it from your Accessory Belt and set it going. If your theory is correct, generating alpha waves on such a highly developed mind will cause acute mental anguish – perhaps even epileptic fits, in such a sensitive subject. The Macro Brain clutches at his ears and spins round to face you. '*Aaarghh!*' he cries, clutching his ears with his hands. 'Crusader! It is you! If this is one of your devices, switch it off!' You smile at his obvious discomfort. You will switch it off if he tells you all he knows about the F.E.A.R. meeting which is to take place soon. The Alpha-wave Emitter is agonizing for him. 'All right! All right!' he agrees. 'The meeting is due to take place at a Chinese laundry, tomorrow. But that is all I know. Now switch that damn thing off!' You switch off your device and pin the Macro Brain's arms behind his back. You march him out into the courtyard, and the sight of your hostage ends the battle quickly. The F.E.A.R. troops surrender to the army. You may add 6 Hero Points for capturing the Macro Brain. Now you can return to town. Turn to 311.

428

You resume your shopping-tour downtown. Will you make for 'Verging Records' to go and have a look at what new albums have come out recently (turn to 189), or will you have a look in the window of Epiphany's, the famous jeweller's (turn to 300)?

429

What can you get him? An apple? A bottle of whisky? A new tie? You decide to go for something a little more imaginative. Do you want to head downstairs to the Book Department (turn to 42) or upstairs to the Games Department (turn to 355)?

430

Some time later, things begin to happen. One of the jets is evidently ready and is being prepared for a flight. Six figures, dressed in heavy coats with turned-up collars, appear and get on board. Although you cannot make out any of their faces, one figure stands out as being much bulkier than the rest. His coat is an unnatural fit, bulging at all the wrong places. As he steps into the aircraft, the clang of metal on metal confirms your suspicions. Feet of steel! It is the Titanium Cyborg! Quickly you find a hiding-place and change into the Silver Crusader. But just as quickly, the jet is leaving the hangar and taxiing up the runway! What is your power:

Super Strength?	Turn to 87
Energy Blast?	Turn to 330
Other?	Turn to 249

431

You may award yourself 2 Hero Points for defeating Mustapha Kareem, alias the Mummy. The curator, needless to say, is incredulous when you explain what happened; Kareem had been with him for eleven years. Turn to 276.

432

As the young starlet picks herself up and thanks you, the Serpent moans and pleads for mercy. He can offer you some information and wants to do a deal. He will tell you what he knows if you will release him. But you have sworn to uphold justice and can agree to no such deal. You explain that you can only suggest that helping you by relating this information may make the judge a little easier on him. Reluctantly he agrees. He tells you two pieces of information. First of all, you learn that the Creature of Carnage is in fact Illya Karpov, a known agent of F.E.A.R. Also he has heard that there will be an assassination attempt on the life of the President when he visits Titan City. The killer will be hiding on the roof of the Regent Hotel. If you decide to watch the President's arrival, add 100 to the reference you are on when you arrive to apprehend the assassin. You may add 2 LUCK points for this information. After you have handed him over to the police, turn to 79. You may add 2 Hero Points for rescuing Lola Manche.

433

The Ringmaster pleads with you not to hand him over to the police; he has no wish to spend any more time in jail. In desperation he gives you a clue, which may or may not be useful. He tells you that the Ice Queen, in the disguise of her alter ego, Sylvia Frost, has bought the Titan abattoir. If you come across evidence of the Ice Queen's activities, deduct 20 from the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. You may add 1 LUCK point for this information. The Ringmaster is hopeful that you will release him for telling you this news. Of course you are not willing to bargain with the man. You hand him over to the police and may award yourself 3 Hero Points. Now turn to 148.

434

You manage to push through the crowd and you see a man's body slumped on the ground lying in a pool of blood. His head hangs at an unnatural angle. Judging from his clothes, he was a wealthy man, and a brown hide briefcase with gold fastenings lies by his side. But by now the police cordon is forcing you, along with the other onlookers, away from the scene. Turn to 181.

435

'Lafayette! Get in here *at once*!' No sooner had you stepped through the office door than Jonah Whyte's booming voice summoned you. You creep into his office, mumbling scanty excuses for being late yet again. 'Enough!' he yells. 'What do you think we are running here? A charity? Do you suppose I should be grateful that you even grace us with your presence? Very noble of you indeed to even bother coming in at all! Well, I tell you what. I'm feeling kind today. You can have the rest of the day off. *Without pay!* And if you're not in first thing tomorrow morning, you can start looking for another job!' You slink out of his office with your tail between your legs. How can you tell him what you've been doing? And now you've been suspended for a day. Where will you go? Will you spend the day at Wisneyland, the amusement park (turn to 15), or will you go downtown to do some shopping (turn to 202)?

436

You leap aside to avoid being bowled over by the huge frozen weight. Quick as a flash, the Ice Queen is upon you! You must fight her:

ICE QUEEN SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

The Ice Queen's touch is dangerous. Each time she lands a blow on you, its effect will be to freeze part of your body. You must deduct 1 SKILL point for each successful attack she makes on you. You will not regain this SKILL until the next time you gain STAMINA points. If you defeat the Ice Queen, turn to 241.

437

You leap on the leader and grapple with him on the floor. Although you have separated him from his test-tube rack, the Alchemist still has in his hand a tube of nerve-gas. While you fight him, you must take special care that he is not able to break the tube or else the innocent citizens – not to mention *you* – may be harmed. In view of this precaution, you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength during the struggle:

First ALCHEMIST SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If the Alchemist should inflict a hit on you, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, continue as normal. If you are Unlucky, you must turn immediately to 28. If you defeat the Alchemist you may go for the others (turn to 354).

438

You make your way home and spend the rest of the night relaxing in front of the TV after the day's excitement. You may add 6 STAMINA points for the rest. The next morning you leave for work early. You travel by bus. As the bus enters Radd Square, you notice a disturbed crowd in the centre of the square. Something is happening! At that very moment, your Crimewatch sounds! You hold it to your ear and hear its message: 'COWFIELD DAIRY.' FAST. Quickly you get off the bus. Will you investigate the disturbance in Radd Square (turn to 201), or will you follow your Crimewatch's instructions and head towards Cowfield Dairy, two blocks away (turn to 369)?

439

The Rotating Room is a huge barrel on its side which tumbles over and over. The people inside try desperately to walk forward at the same speed as it rotates in order to keep their footing; walking too fast or too slow means they fall over. There are three people inside as you enter and they are happy to leave at your request. Keeping your footing, you examine the inside and find a delicate key which has become stuck to the surface in a piece of chewing-gum. You decide to take it for examination. Turn to 37.

440

The police are amazed. Single-handedly you have defeated the most dangerous association of criminals known to the world! And the extent of their dastardly plans soon becomes clear. Utoshski had developed a transmitting computer centre which was capable of overriding transmissions from the Pentagon to the US 'Star Wars' satellite orbiting the earth. He was able completely to control the super weapons on board the satellite, capable of decimating an entire city at the push of a button. His objective was the domination of the civilized countries of the world.

But you have foiled his plan. The Pentagon security codes can be changed almost immediately. And the Titanium Cyborg will be closely guarded for the rest of his life. You have earned 10 Hero Points for this victory. You can honestly say that you have saved the world from F.E.A.R. itself!

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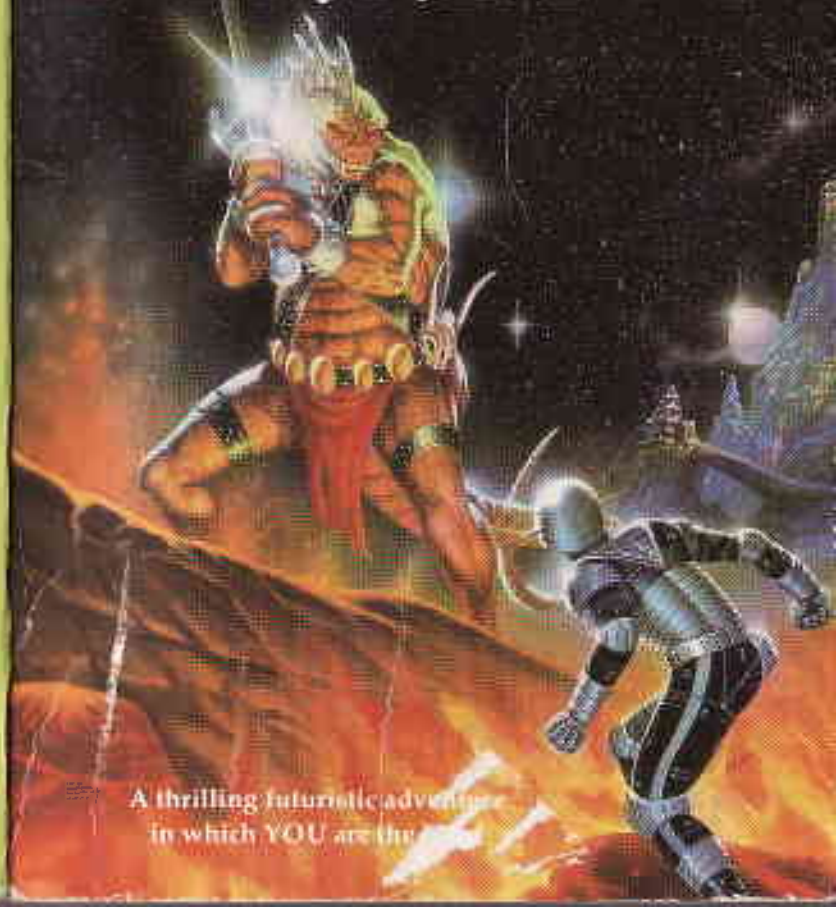

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Fully trained in all the martial arts, equipped with a forbidden laser sword (one of the few remaining on Earth), YOU are their last hope. Your mission is to seek out the scattered remnants of the underground resistance on the other occupied planets, using your cover as a travelling merchant, and piece together the vital code you need. Only when you have this information will you be able to strike at the central Arcadian complex, which SAROS believes will break the strange powers of the Arcadians and so loosen their domination of the free worlds.

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Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Waiwa Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1985
Reprinted 1985, 1986

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Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd,
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HISTORY

It is the year 2453. Human colonization of far-flung planets of the galaxy began in 2070 with the first expedition to Tropos, only 6.8 light-years away from Earth. Tropos gradually became a centre in its own right, relieving the pressures caused on Earth by too many people. 'A home from home,' claimed the glossy brochures designed to attract further colonists, but 'more terrestrial than terrestrials' was nearer the mark, as the fashions and habits of the late twenty-first century became fossilized and fell behind changes on Earth. Canny travel agents used to advertise visits to Tropos as 'journeys back in time'.

With the discovery of ziridium on Tropos, and the invention of the alpha-ziridium system, which enables spaceships to keep accelerating rather than simply travelling at the same speed, more distant planets became neighbours. The next planet found to be suitable for humans was Radix. One of the unexpected factors in inhabiting another planet is that any new species must adapt to suit that planet. Radix is a very fertile planet, and the human colonists there soon found that so-called human nature is mainly a product of the planet Earth. Life on Radix was so easy and luxurious that the colonists quickly settled into a way of living that, by Earth's standards, was lazy and corrupt.

There are very few planets in the galaxy that humans can inhabit; even those which have the right atmosphere may be too hot or too cold, or have too much or too little gravity Eventually Halmuris was discovered, but not before several expeditions had been lost in the abyss of space. Conditions on Halmuris are bleak and bitter: it became mainly a home for scientists and explorers, who were waiting to find and be sent to the *next* planet.

Before long they had found it The first unmanned flights brought back pictures of a planet obscured by cloud, whose atmosphere, as revealed by spectroanalysis, was a breathable but lighter version of Earth's. In their joy at the thought of getting off Halmuris – though some would remain as a sort of base camp – they gave the new planet the peaceful name of Arcadion. But what did the clouds hide?

Arcadion consists of three land-masses separated by huge expanses of water. Because of the separation of the continents, a different species developed on each land-mass. By 2285, when human spaceships split the clouds and came down to the surface of Arcadion, the three species had been united for a long time. The inventive and intelligent

occupants of the vast horseshoe-shaped continent, which circles half the globe from east to west, had conquered the warlike Northern species and the more artistic Southerners. The Alliance, as it was called, had lasted for centuries.

Their technology, however, was more primitive than Earth's, and space-travel was restricted They wanted to conquer space just as much as human beings, for they wanted an Empire. So when the few human spaceships landed, the Arcadians soon saw the advantages of alpha-ziridium . . .

The war took only twelve years, and for most of that time the Arcadians were building alpha-ziridium fleets rather than actually fighting First the outpost on Halmuris was taken by surprise and overrun Radix, to its eternal shame, gave in without a struggle. The invaders met with stiff resistance from the Tropians, who were eager to keep their traditional way of life; but the Tropians, too, were overwhelmed by the greater numbers and fighting skills of the Arcadians. Earth itself, with its bases on Mercury, Venus and the moon, fell soon afterwards, and the worst fears of the prophets of doom backed by the Terrestrial Ecology Party – who never wanted to leave Earth in the first place – came true: human beings became ruled by a galactic empire

The Arcadians were badly equipped to control an empire at first, but Arcadians are very adaptable. They built a massive organic computer on Arcadion – binary is natural for the two-fingered Arcadians –

and implanted into the brain of every Arcadian a receiver linked to the central organic complex by empathy, which had long been recognized to be the quickest form of communication. The Arcadians became like a hive or an ant-colony: each individual is a cell of a sprawling, single entity – an entity which can control an empire with merciless efficiency.

Arcadion – a peaceful name, but for 150 years it has been another word for tyranny. The only human word still spitefully allowed is the name of the planet: Esperanto was the common tongue of human beings, but now its use means instant death. Humans are slaves and are only kept alive to serve the aliens – and humans do not live for very long these days. The only Arcadian regret is that the human body cannot be implanted with the empathic receiver – as they discovered after the vivisection and death of hundreds of test-cases. The Arcadians chose to submit their will to the central computer, but human will cannot be wiped out without death. The aliens can keep their power only through cruelty.

But it has not gone unnoticed on Earth that the weakness, as well as the strength, of the Arcadians is that they rely on the computer: they no longer have any will of their own, so they would become zombies if the computer were destroyed. The weakness of a hive is the supreme importance of the queen ant or bee. The weakness of the Empire is the computer queen of Arcadion – and this is where you come in . . .

MISSION BACKGROUND

In times past, the planning and funding of human colonization of other planets was undertaken by SAROS, an international organization promoting 'Search And Research Of Space'. Under the Arcadian Empire, SAROS has had to change: although it seems to be just an astronomical institute, in fact it has been doing all it can to overthrow the Empire. It quickly became clear that a full-scale military attack was out of the question, and that the only hope lay in a solo mission to destroy the central computer.

Preparing for this mission has been a long and patient task, hindered by the fact that radio transmitters are still not allowed, and contact with the underground on other planets was difficult. But two factors make the time right now – or as right as it probably ever will be. First, you are the perfect choice for the mission: you are resourceful, courageous and dedicated to liberation. You have been trained for many months in martial arts, and you have acquired a knowledge of those branches of science that could be at all useful. Finally, your cover is excellent: you will travel as a merchant.

For the second factor is that humans are now allowed to travel in space again, though only as merchants to serve the Arcadians. You will be

taking wheat from Earth to Tropos, ziridium from Tropos to the authorities on Radix, luxury goods from Radix to Halmuris, and you have been instructed to take an important Arcadian from Halmuris to Arcadion. The other significant aspect of the lifting of the ban on space-travel is that SAROS has been able to send spies to gather the information you need for your mission.

The picture that emerged is still incomplete, because vital details were lost through traitors – some humans trying to please their masters in the hope of some crumbs of comfort, or of living for a few extra months. This treachery has its good and its bad side: the good side is that now you know you will not automatically be able to trust every human you meet, because some may be helping the Arcadians; the bad side is that your mission must go ahead now, although the information is incomplete, before the Arcadians get wind of it. But the knowledge that *did* get through is crucial. The building that houses the queen computer on Arcadion can be entered by using a numerical code of nine binary digits; and the underground leaders on each planet may know something to help you discover what the number is. The missing details are who the underground leaders are – you only know codenames, at best – and, of course, what the digits are. That is why your cover has been arranged to allow you to stop on each planet. You must locate the rebel leaders and learn the digits; then you must destroy the computer

CONTACT WITH ALIENS

The three Arcadian species that you will come across in this adventure are each different to look at. More important, they have different ways of behaving and thinking, some of which humans find difficult to understand, even after years of contact. Here is a brief description of each species, taken from the 'SAROS Manual':

All three species are roughly humanoid in appearance: they have two arms and two legs, because evolution beyond a certain limited stage requires manual dexterity, which in turn needs an upright posture. All the species have two fingers on each 'hand' and two toes on each 'foot'.

Northern Arcadians are about three metres tall at the most They are spindly, with more joints in their arms and legs than humans. Their heads are squat and squarish, but their most distinctive physical feature is a thick, muscular tail, tipped with a vicious spike, which is an extremely useful weapon in battle, and is also used for balance. Northern Arcadians are matter-of-fact, military types, who like nothing so much as a good massacre They are not very intelligent, which is why they are the easiest Arcadians to understand

Southern Arcadians are like a roly-poly version of the Northerners – but do not let that fool you: they can fight if they want to. Their chief physical differences from the Northerners are that they have no tail, they are shorter and squatter, and they have two antennae The purpose of these antennae is not clear, but the most likely explanation is that they pick up feelings. They use these antennae in a variety of ways, many of which are too subtle for a human to understand: so it is easy to offend them. They tend to be sensitive, anyway. They prefer to talk in a very poetic way, which can be confusing at times, though they seem to understand one another perfectly. However, they have learned to 'talk down' to insensitive humans

Central Arcadians are the most powerful species, and are the most human to look at: they are usually under two metres tall, and have the same number of joints in their arms and legs as humans Apart from their small tail, the most obvious difference between Central Arcadians and humans is their elongated head, which tends to jut out at right angles from their shoulders. The head has a pulpy crest of tissue. Physically, they are by far the weakest of the three species, but they make up for this by their skill. In battle, for instance, they are often able to win by distracting their opponent. Their thoughts tend to be very abstract, and they quite often behave in a way that means something to them but is difficult for anyone else to understand: it is as if they did not care whether others can follow such trains of thought. This is just one example of how arrogant they are.

ABILITIES

Your mission involves travelling through the depths of outer space. You must first determine your strengths and weaknesses For this you will need two dice, and a pencil to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* (pp. 28–9). As it is possible that you will not successfully complete your mission on your first attempt, you should write lightly so you can rub out your notes, or you could take photocopies of the *Adventure Sheet* for future use.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box of the *Adventure Sheet*. Your SKILL score reflects your general fighting ability – the higher the score, the better you are

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box. Your STAMINA score reflects your will to survive, your determination and your overall fitness: the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 and enter the total in the LUCK box. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores keep changing during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, so write small in the boxes or have an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores.

Restoring SKILL

Your SKILL score will not change much during an adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score.

Restoring STAMINA

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure, as you fight aliens and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low, in which case battles will be particularly risky, so be careful! The most usual ways of restoring STAMINA are rest and food, which you will have to buy: you will have

opportunities for resting and eating during the adventure. Healing of wounds will also be provided for during the adventure, though more rarely; this also restores STAMINA, of course.

Restoring LUCK

Additions to and subtractions from your LUCK score are awarded in the adventure according to circumstances. Your LUCK score will also change quite a bit as you *Test your Luck* (see p. 25).

COMBAT

This adventure involves no combat encounters in space. Under the Empire, humans are not permitted weapons of any kind, and since you are travelling as a merchant anyway, your ship is unarmed. Your journeys between planets will be uneventful as regards external danger – apart from the odd shower of meteors, but the ship's force-field will easily repel those.

Force-fields are effective for spaceships because they work by resistance to speed: any missile powerful enough to penetrate the hull of a spaceship can be stopped by the ship's field. Force-fields cannot help individual beings: a missile slow enough to penetrate a force-field may still be powerful enough to injure a human being or an Arcadian. Besides, the equipment needed to produce an effective force-field is pretty bulky even in this age of advanced miniaturization. There are other problems, too, such as the many obstacles which clutter our environment and interfere with the field, and the shock-waves caused by a field resisting a blast, which can be nearly as harmful as the blast itself, for soft-skinned creatures.

So there are no personal force-fields in the twenty-fifth century, but there are plenty of lethal weapons which have existed for centuries – guns, lasers,

phasers, photon grenades, gravity bombs and so on. Many of these weapons are so lethal that they presented a problem to the Arcadian authorities, who constantly fear and expect rebellion. The problem was that, although humans are not permitted weapons of any sort, if their Arcadian masters carried them the humans could occasionally overpower Arcadians, seize their weapons, and build up a powerful armoury. The solution was obvious: once the Empire was reasonably stable, all lethal weapons were brought back and stored on Arcadion, and all Arcadians were given less powerful weapons: laser swords, electric whiplash swords ('whippies', for short) and so on. In this way, even if the occasional Arcadian did lose his weapon, it would be no serious loss.

You have acquired a laser sword, by devious means. It is quite easy to smuggle the laser sword through checkpoints – so long as you are not too closely searched – since, until it is activated, the sword is no more than a hand-sized hollow metal shaft, with a couple of buttons on it; the complex miniature electronic works are hidden around the inside of the shaft.

So this is your weapon in this adventure. It and your SKILL should be enough to face most of your opponents, since they will be similarly armed. If you are fortunate and make the right decisions, you may acquire some more lethal weapons along the way; on the other hand, you may meet an opponent

whose weapon is much better than yours. Unless otherwise stated in the book, combat will be fought as follows:

Record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first empty *Encounter Box* on the *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each opponent are given in the book at the time. Then the sequence of combat is:

1. Roll two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is its Attack Strength.
2. Determine your own Attack Strength in the same way, by adding the roll to your SKILL score.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If its Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strengths are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 again.
4. You have wounded the alien, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see p. 26).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. You may use LUCK at this stage to lessen the damage (see p. 26).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to your opponent's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent has been reduced

to zero (which is death). There is no *Escape* option in this adventure.

Unarmed Combat

Since humans are invariably weaponless, unarmed combat has been revived and has been developed to a high degree of expertise. You know all the pressure points and weak spots of the three Arcadian species, as well as those of the humans; and you know just how to use your own body to the greatest effect, while using your opponent's own weight and strength against himself. If you ever lose your laser sword, or if the book instructs you, you will be involved in unarmed combat in this adventure as well. The conduct of unarmed combat is the same as for armed combat, except for the following 'sudden death' rule:

Whenever your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, roll one extra die. If you roll 1–5, you reduce your opponent's STAMINA as usual. But if you roll 6, your opponent has been unable to prevent you from finding a pressure point which will either kill him or leave him unconscious. In either case, the fight is immediately over. Note that this rule normally applies only to you: the Arcadians are not so skilled in unarmed combat, not having had the need to become so. If you meet an opponent who is as skilled in unarmed combat as you, and to whom, therefore, the same rule applies, the book will tell you.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

If you are faced with more than one opponent in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to conduct the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will have to fight each one in turn.

LUCK

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or in situations where you could be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky, and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky, and will have to pay the penalty.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. You will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky it will become. If you ever run out of LUCK, any time the book tells you to *Test your Luck*, you are automatically Unlucky.

Using LUCK in Battles

In battles, the book will not give you the option of *Testing your Luck*, as it does on other occasions, but the option is there in any battle. The effect of LUCK in battles is as follows:

Suppose in an Attack Round you have just wounded your opponent. You may now *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a more serious injury than normal, and may subtract an extra 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA. However, if you are Unlucky, the injury turns out to be a mere graze and, instead of the normal 2 points of STAMINA to be subtracted from your opponent, you may subtract only 1.

But suppose your opponent has just wounded you. Again, you may *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full force of the blow, and need only subtract 1 point from your STAMINA, instead of the normal 2. If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious wound, and must reduce your STAMINA by an extra 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND MONEY

You will be an undercover agent, so you can carry hardly anything with you: equipment would arouse suspicion. Apart from your money and your weapon, you will have to acquire everything else you may need to complete your mission during your trip, including other weapons. You have an anti-grav pack, in which you can keep up to six of the items you will come across in this adventure, without loss of STAMINA. However, you may be advised, before leaving a planet, to get rid of anything you think you may not be able to smuggle on to the next planet.

SAROS has given you 2,000 credits with which to start your adventure. Used wisely, this should be enough to pay for extra equipment, board and lodging during your mission. You may be able to acquire more during your adventure. What you have and what you spend should be entered in the appropriate box on the *Adventure Sheet*. This money is kept in a money-belt around your waist. If you run out of money, and meet a situation where you need to spend money to continue, you have failed in your mission.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial	*Initial*	*Initial*
Skill=	*Stamina=*	*Luck=*

CODE CLUES	MONEY

NOTES and EQUIPMENT COLLECTED

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

1

You settle comfortably into the padded pilot's seat of your spaceship, strap yourself in and examine the instrument panel This is remarkably simple, consisting mainly of a computer terminal and several screens. The mechanisms of the alpha-ziridium system are hidden deep within the bowels of the craft, and there is no need for you to have anything to do with them: even if something did go wrong, your robot engineers would soon sort it out The ship's computer has been pre-programmed to take you to Tropos and land there

Now you ask the computer to check all life-support systems throughout the ship Within seconds its tinny voice responds: 'Everything is functioning correctly.' You contact base control to tell them you are ready. The ship's main support towers are towed away by massive robo-trucks You flick the switch which activates the drive-apparatus – and you're off! Within minutes, the ill effects of the first thrust required for take-off die down, as you leave Earth's exosphere and enter the inky blackness of space The gravidrags are automatically triggered, so that gravity within the ship is kept the same as on Earth, allowing you and your robots to move about freely

You switch on the rearview screen, to watch Earth getting smaller behind you; white cloud formations swirl, and the sun glints off the northern ice-cap Though you have often seen this sight before on

trips to Mercury and Venus, it never fails to excite you, and this time you feel homesick as well. Will you ever see Earth again? Your mission is so vital . . . and so dangerous.

Time passes. After a few hours one of the screens flickers into life. The computer is alerting you to the presence of another spacecraft, which is keeping a constant distance away from you and seems to be shadowing you. Will you order the computer to take evasive action (turn to 48), or continue on your way (turn to 398)?

2

Your only chance is to rush the guards at one of the main entrances. You choose the eastern entrance, because there are fewer guards there. Your first assault takes them completely by surprise, since you waited until they were all looking the other way, and you cut down two of them. This leaves you with only one, and he's a fairly small Southerner.

GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win in four Attack Rounds, turn to 263; if after four Attack Rounds you haven't killed the guard, turn to 34.

3

Porky's computer is his pride and joy. You will have to offer him something – a personal massage robot, if you have it; otherwise 400 credits will do. If you do not have the robot or the money – or if you do not want to pay him – you will have to fight him in unarmed combat.

PORKY SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If you win the fight, or if you paid his price, turn to 119.

4

You slump down to rest. At least you'll get some STAMINA back. You doze off and, when you wake up, you may restore 1 STAMINA point. You wake up very suddenly. What is that rustling sound? Frantically, you peer through the gloom, only to see, to

your horror, innumerable eyes glowing maliciously in your direction. They belong to a Radician insect, whose closest Earth equivalent is a huge spider. You must fight this vile underworld creature. In fact, it is not difficult to defeat, and has only been released to discourage you from staying where you are.

RADICIAN SPIDER SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

When you have killed it, turn to **71**.

5

Clearly, the Arcadian is saying in her roundabout way that the Fission Chips is just north of the Temple of the Five Suns, which can be seen from the street, so you can easily find your way. If you have not already done so, you pop into the grocer's shop, spending 20 credits on food which replenishes your STAMINA by 4 points. Then turn to **204**.

6

The problem with this is that you have only one mine, and its blast will not knock out all three computers. Which will you choose: the left computer (turn to **203**), the right one (turn to **51**), or the one against the wall opposite the door (turn to **139**)? If you have an alternative, you may prefer to return to **381** and choose again.

7

Will you go on to the main road, although Arcadian patrols are likely to come and investigate the disturbance (turn to **132**)? Or will you run back along the side-street to renew your contact with the underground (turn to **303**)?

8

There is another passage heading south. Will you take it (turn to **384**) or continue straight on (turn to **23**)?

9

You feel wretched, having killed two fellow human beings, but what else could you do? You pick up your sword. Will you stop and search the house (turn to **117**), or will you leave to try to find the Fission Chips (turn to **132**)?

10

If you are carrying a staff with you, turn to **49**; otherwise, turn to **147**.

11

The argument soon breaks up; someone tells a joke, and they all roar with laughter, the best of friends once more. Their camaraderie makes you feel lonely, being so far from home and burdened with a mission which you can talk to no one about. One of the students notices that you are a bit down in the mouth and comes over to the bench where you have gone to be miserable on your own. She introduces herself as Mehita and asks what's up. You are unprepared for friendliness – even heroes like your-

self get moody – and find yourself wanting to confide in her. Will you do this (turn to **97**) or not (turn to **202**)?

12

You find 55 credits and some food, but before you have time to search the body any further, the door opens and three more humans appear. Will you fight them (turn to **80**), or let them escort you inside (turn to **145**)?

13

Roll one die. If the number is even, turn to **140**; if it is odd, turn to **67**.

14

You are bitten by a Saw-toothed Rat. The teeth of this unpleasant creature are designed to give an excellent grip on its victim – in this case two of your fingers. You only succeed in dislodging the little horror by withdrawing your hand and breaking the creature's back on the rock. Roll one die. If the number is even, turn to **92**; if it is odd, turn to **331**.

15

Fortunately, the corridor outside is deserted: the students are at their lectures, and no guard passes by to hear the noise. Turn to **66**.

16

No Arcadian is going to just hand a sword over to you; the only way you're going to get one off an Arcadian is by means of an ambush. You watch the movements of the guards for a while, and find that your best chance is a remote passage which is patrolled by only one guard at a time. As a guard is walking along it, you creep up behind him. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **367**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **224**.

17

Fortunately, the room is sound-proofed – no doubt so that the screams of torture-victims do not disturb the spaceport. You draw your sword and leap at the policeman: you are just in time to prevent him pressing a buzzer to summon the guards. Be careful: he fights dirty!

SECRET POLICEMAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win without being wounded twice, turn to **291**. But if you are wounded twice, turn to **328**

18

Having no food, your body becomes more vulnerable to the cold, and you can hardly sleep at all for trying to keep warm. Gain only 1 STAMINA point. In the morning you follow a path heading roughly north-east until it divides. Will you branch right (turn to **296**) or left (turn to **171**)?

19

His remark was an offer to show you around; to this your reply is an acceptance, so you are lumbered with him. Your disappointment is obvious to his South Arcadian sensitivity, and he is bad tempered with you and somewhat hostile. Nevertheless, the archaeological exhibits are fascinating. It seems that there was a civilization on Radix before the human colonists arrived in the twenty-second century, which utterly destroyed all its major centres early in the twenty-first century in an all-out phacium war. Phacium bombs leave no traces, but a number of objects from scattered outposts survived. Archaeologists have even pieced together evidence that suggests that these earlier Radicians used to send saucer-shaped scouts around the galaxy.

You spend an enjoyable time looking around. When you have finished, will you ask the watchman what is through the other door (turn to **380**), or should you now go to the university (turn to **146**)?

20

There is no reply. You wait for a bit and then cautiously open the door, but there is nothing and no one in sight down the corridor. Mystified, you return to bed. Turn to **247**

21

This was not a good choice. Its deafening howl distracts you as much as your opponents, so no sooner have you switched it on than you hurl it away to smash in a corner. Cross it off your Equipment List before returning to the scene of combat.

22

You step out into the fields, towards a group of humans who are working about 100 metres away. But you are only halfway there when a whirring noise above you and to your left makes you look up. A small, silver, streamlined craft is heading towards you You dive into the shrubs as it approaches and, crouching, head for the cover of the middle of the field. But the alien is tracking you: wherever you go, it hovers overhead. Suddenly it sprays flame – but at the shrubs, not at you! Again and again flames shoot out, until you are surrounded by fire. The smoke is dense: you cannot see your enemy. What will you do: stay where you are and pray (turn to **53**), or try to break through the circle of fire (turn to **216**)?

23

It is too late. The search-party is upon you. Your mission ends here, in the dust and mildew of the cellars.

24

You have managed to get rid of the two North Arcadians in the patrol, but must fight the other two Arcadians simultaneously. Choose which one you are attacking, and conduct a normal Attack Round against him. The other gets a free attack against you: roll for Attack Strengths as usual, but nothing happens unless *his* Attack Strength is higher, in which case he wounds you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ARCADIAN	7	8
Second ARCADIAN	6	6

If you win, turn to **381**.

25

You are escorted through a maze of underground tunnels back to the hostel, where the guard has been trebled since you were last there. You sleep deeply (restore 2 STAMINA points). The next morning, you return to the spaceport. Turn to **213**.

26

This is the wrong reply. Such a worker would be wearing a blue uniform, and carrying a tool-kit. You are taken away for interrogation, from which you will never emerge.

27

The feeling of being followed grows to a certainty as the *same* cab remains behind you all the way back to your hotel. And once you get there, you discover simultaneously that your pursuers are hostile, and that they have a comlink. For you are immediately confronted by a whole squadron of Arcadian police, who cut you down without mercy.

28

'That noise outside was this stranger killing old Corvus,' says one of your escort. This makes the man behind the desk look up. 'That's quite impressive,' he says, callously. 'Corvus was obviously not very important. He was on a job, though, wasn't he?' he asks one of the men, who confirms that he was. Will you ask what's going on (turn to **353**), or keep quiet (turn to **321**)?

29

After waiting for a while, you decide this is a waste of time – you can always check in later. You go upstairs. The whole of the first floor is a long dormitory, which is remarkable for its filth, gloom and lack of company. Several beds are made up, but

their occupants are out at this time of day. There is one other human, however, who is sitting sadly on a truckle-bed, his body heaving with sobs. Will you go and grab a bed near him, and strike up conversation (turn to **354**), or will you settle yourself far away (turn to **60**)?

30

You are on the eastern side of the spaceport. There are various paths which you could take. Will you go east (turn to **245**), north (turn to **342**) or south (turn to **181**)?

31

You ask for a microcomputer to be brought up to your room and are told that this will be done simply as part of the service Turn to **119**.

32

He soon comes over and unlocks your fetters; your first move is to imprison him in the same seat. You eat, and rest for a few hours: restore 4 STAMINA points. Then turn to **292**.

33

At Customs, you tell the Southern Arcadian duty officer that you are a merchant bound for Radix, and she crosses your name off the register of off-planet humans on Tropos. Then she orders you to hand over your pack. You do so, and are dismayed to find that the pack will be looked through not by this

Southern Arcadian, who is likely to be more easy-going, but by a hatchet-faced Central Arcadian, whose multicoloured crest shows that he belongs to a high military rank. Most of your equipment is harmless enough to pass the inspection, but do you still have either or both of a coil of rope and an infra-red scanner? If you have both, turn to 210; if you have one of these items, turn to 339; if you have neither, turn to 374

34

The guard has delayed you just long enough for you to be caught by the relief squadron, against whom you stand no chance

35

'*You* have it, then,' you say, and hurl the drink in his face He glowers at you. 'All right,' he says. 'If that's what you want.' A space is cleared on the floor; humans and Arcadians alike crowd round for the spectacle of a brawl But before you begin this unarmed combat, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, some of the drink – which *was* drugged – went into

your opponent's mouth, and you may reduce his SKILL by 1 point; otherwise fight him with his usual attributes:

BRAWLER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 12

You will find him expert in unarmed combat: the sudden death rule of p. 24 applies to him as well as you. If you win, you have no choice but to leave the club. You are slumping dejectedly in a nearby doorway when rough hands suddenly grab you. Turn to 272.

36

You manage to whip out your sword and bring it down on the machine, before being cut down by his phaser. The last thing you hear is him saying, 'Well, I can always build another one.'

37

To keep up appearances, you buy a drink of the alcoholic mouthwash they sell humans (deduct 10 credits from your *Adventure Sheet*). You notice the doorman going over to a group in the corner and whispering something to a young woman, who flashes a glance at you, and then gets up to leave. Does this strike you as suspicious, so that you follow her (turn to 75), or will you remain where you are for a bit, and then ask the barman where the visiphone booth is (turn to 81)?

38

'Yes, I thought as much,' he replies 'If you have to

ask *me* all these questions, you can't ask the officials, for some reason, can you? Come with me: I know someone who can help you.' Will you go with him (turn to 399), or leave him and try elsewhere for a sword (turn to 137)?

39

The corridor gradually curves around to the left until you are heading west instead of east. Eventually you come to a junction where you could go north (turn to 277) or straight on (turn to 23).

40

Curiously, there is no immediate sign of the shining object the bird was carrying when you first spotted it. Then you notice two deep fissures in the ledge, into which you could insert your hand. Will you try the left fissure (turn to 14), or the right one (turn to 355)? Alternatively, you could decide that *anything* could be living in such cracks and that it would be best to return to the path without taking any further risks (turn to 147).

41

He takes you to another house in the street, where you are blindfolded and led down some steps. Then you lose your sense of direction, as you are led quite a long way through tunnels that twist and turn, several doorways, and part of the sewage system, to judge by the smell, dankness and weird echoing of your footsteps. The underground on Tropos seems

to be literally that, and to have a system of connecting houses. Then, without warning, a heavy blow descends on the back of your head, and you sink into unconsciousness. Turn to **207**.

42

As soon as you touch the treasure, you are caught. In attempting to take some of it, you show that you believe in this illusion, which lowers your defences and allows the computer to trap you. You can feel it in your mind as a second presence, and will never shake it off.

43

Your 'trial' is a farce. The Arcadians are sure something fishy is going on. What would a merchant from Earth be doing in a professor's room on Radix? And why would he have a sword? You are sentenced to death, but the police tell you that the sentence will be commuted if you tell them what you know about the underground on Radix. Will you spill the beans (turn to **345**) or not (turn to **368**)?

44

'I'm sorry. I don't understand,' you say 'Oh, you humans. You are as insensitive as *glumphig*' – this is

a variety of Arcadian snail – 'I mean that it is just north of the Temple of the Five Suns, idiot. And I almost forgot: there's 50 per cent HAT, Human Added Tax, on the items you bought.' You don't believe her – she's obviously just making you pay for insulting her – but you cannot afford to cross her any further. Cross the right amount of money off your *Adventure Sheet*, and lose 1 LUCK point too

It is easy to find your way now, as the temple can be seen from the street. If you have not already done so, you pop into the grocer's shop, spending 20 credits on food which replenishes your STAMINA by 4 points. Then turn to **204**.

45

'I don't know what your game is,' says the doorman through the peep-hole, 'but you're not welcome here.' He slams the peep-hole shut. Will you leave the club (turn to **390**), or draw your sword and smash the locks (turn to **366**)? You can draw your sword only if you still have it, of course.

46

When you come to, you have difficulty focusing on who you are, where you are and what you're doing here anyway. But you can make out the blurred shape of a human bending over you. Then you remember – your mission! 'How long have I been out?' you ask, trying to get up.

'He's coming round, Dorado,' calls the man.

'Coming, Mizar,' a voice replies.

'You've been out for about forty-five minutes,' says the first man, who is evidently Mizar. 'And the Arcadians are almost upon us.'

Forty-five minutes! Then there is no time to lose: you will scarcely make it back to the spaceport in time for your flight! You must send one of the men to defend the pass and buy you enough time to talk to the other and escape. Will you send Dorado away (turn to 175) or Mizar (turn to 255)?

47

Customs is no problem on Radix. They are so delighted to have the ziridium that you are welcomed by the resident Arcadians, as much as any Arcadian is capable of welcoming any human. It seems that your load of ziridium was needed to complete a para-scientific project of theirs. You find that you have two full days – it is now early morning – until you must leave for Halmuris. Once you have registered, you make your way out of the spaceport, which is so highly mechanized that even a terrestrial like yourself feels strange. The inhabitants do not believe in doing any work unless they really have to. There are robots everywhere, some of them sophisticated state-of-the-art models that can almost think for themselves. Moving pavements criss-cross the spaceport, which actually make you impatient, because they move slowly enough to allow stepping from one to another, yet you feel decidedly

springy on this planet, as the gravity is slightly less than on Earth. You soon discover, however, that this does not in fact help you to move any more quickly, since you need some practice to achieve the correct coordination.

The personal monorail system is all you could have hoped for, and you are soon gliding smoothly, but at speed, towards the only major town on the planet, where the underground must be located. On the way you call up on to the screen a list of hotels where humans can stay. Only two names sound attractive, one which has gained three stars from the Radician quality assessors, and one which they haven't bothered to comment on at all. Will you stay at the Zodiac for 375 credits a night (turn to 89), or at Porky's Palace for 50 credits a night (turn to 101)?

48

However much you twist and turn, you cannot shake off your follower. Eventually, you simmer down and return to a direct route for Tropos. The rest of the journey is uneventful; you pass the time eating, sleeping, exercising and playing chess with the computer's lowest logical mode. Your shadow is never too far away to keep an eye on you, and as you approach Tropos, he accelerates to land before you. Turn to 164.

49

If you were bitten by a Saw-toothed Rat, turn to 98; otherwise turn to 232.

50

You quickly find the right key among the watchman's bunch and climb up into a side-street. From here you can lose yourself in the university. Turn to 146

51

Turn to 177

52

You rush around the corner and are impaled on the swords and tails of the waiting Arcadians. Your mission ends here.

53

God helps those who help themselves – and you have not. The agony is excruciating. Fortunately – if you can call it that – you will asphyxiate before you roast.

54

The crowd is on its feet; the applause is thunderous; antennae flash in approval. As the corpse of the Scabrok is dragged away, leaving a slimy trail of green blood behind it, an alien, whom you recognize as the prison commandant, enters the arena and congratulates you – once he has taken away your sword: 'You have performed well and given pleasure to our people, Earthling,' he says, 'and we will keep our side of the bargain. You may return to your ship.' Turn to 191.

55

Obviously, the device stimulates the imaginative part of the brain, because everything that happens next is like a strange dream.

The episodes which follow are easiest to describe in terms of physical combat, even though they are happening in your mind The result is the same: if you lose any of the following encounters, you might as well have died physically, because you will be a puppet of the Arcadian computer and will have no mind of your own.

You seem to be wandering in a mansion with many rooms. Out of nowhere, a monster bars your way; the passages behind you disappear, and there is no other way forward except by defeating it. The monster is a Sphinx, the guardian of knowledge.

SPHINX SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **251**.

56

You wait five minutes . . . ten minutes What is going on? The answer arrives too soon – eight Arcadian thugs are advancing towards you, four

from each end of the street Will you hopelessly draw your sword to defend yourself (turn to **264**), hammer on the door Grus went through (turn to **364**), or try another house (turn to **121**)?

57

You find a secluded part of the perimeter, slip the harness of the small jet pack over your shoulders and press the ignition button. It coughs . . . and fails. But it starts on the second attempt, and lifts you easily over the ten-metre fence, before failing again! You fall heavily to the ground. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **359**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **304**.

58

You mutter some feeble excuse and leave the secretary's office. Will you go to the Science Floor, if you haven't already been there (turn to **266**), or leave the university (turn to **235**)?

59

As you grapple with Musca, the phaser goes off – and wounds him fatally. The mind of the dying Arcadian seems to clear; he looks up at you and says, 'Arsenal . . . 110 ' This doesn't mean an awful

lot to you You are now getting near Arcadion, so turn to **118**.

60

It is always difficult, particularly for an active type like yourself, to cope with another person's unhappiness. You make up your bed, so that no one else takes it, and creep out of the room. Lose 1 LUCK point for being hard-hearted Outside on the street, you must look for the Fission Chips. You know that north heads out of town, so you turn south Turn to **99**.

61

No cables can be seen: if this organic machine needs them, they must be behind the computer consoles somewhere. But you can remove the casing of a computer, if you like, to see what you can find closer to the heart of the machine (turn to **325**). Or you can return to **381** and choose again, if you have another choice to make.

62

The corridor bends round to the west, until it joins another corridor, where you may head south, from where you can hear the eerie sound of water dripping in the dust-muffled silence (turn to **154**), or north (turn to **23**). You'd better be quick: the search-party is right behind you, by the sounds of it.

63

The grenade explodes, destroying the killer robot. You are free to make your way back to your hotel. Turn to **309**.

64

He is very thorough, but finds nothing to worry him. You need some time to think how to contact Bellatrix. You go over to the bar and buy a glass of the alcoholic mouthwash which humans are allowed to drink (deduct 10 credits); then you look around for somewhere to sit Could any of these people be Bellatrix, or at least members of the

underground? You decide to join a group of humans who are sitting in a corner, because they are watching you very closely. Turn to **305**.

65

'Free you? Yes, of course. I mean, why not?' he mumbles, but only wanders around the room Will you tell him to hurry up (turn to **241**), or will you be patient (turn to **32**)?

66

You soon find a rack of computer disks marked 'University Records'. You are only interested in the two current ones, and discard the rest. Will you look through them now (turn to **174**), or take them away with you (turn to **316**)?

67

Your search produces nothing except some very strange looks. Eventually you slump in a doorway to rest. Time is getting on; you will have to return to the hostel soon. Just as you are getting up to go, the door behind you opens and rough hands grab you. Turn to **156**.

68

Your inquisitors exchange significant glances – or so you assume from what you can make out behind the lamp. 'The trial is over,' says Bellatrix 'Anyone who would so readily kill another being, with no evidence of guilt, goes against our code of honour. We

do not think you are a traitor but, as the interim human government on Tropos, we take it upon ourselves to keep you here. There is no point to your mission if its success is gained by amoral people like yourself. You can work for us, if you like, and we will educate you.' You have failed in your mission. By the time you have convinced Bellatrix of your worth, the opportunity will have slipped away.

69

The butt of his phaser connects squarely with your head. When you come to, deduct 2 STAMINA points, and turn to **116**.

70

'What?' you say in surprise. 'Are you trying to trick me? Cornices are high on a building, not in the foundations.' 'Of course, of course,' says the Arcadian. 'Must be the booze.' But you're sure she was trying to expose your cover. She goes on to tell you that the demolished buildings have been destroyed by a robot, called the 'Street Fighter', which the police use against enemies of Arcadion – at least, that's what you think she means by 'lone wolves baying at the moon'! The drink perhaps makes her

say more than she should, because she seems to disapprove of using the killer robot, especially when the enemies are only students. This gives you the clue you were waiting for, and you soon leave for the university. When you arrive, will you plunge straight in (turn to **146**), or wait around outside for a while (turn to **178**)?

71

You move on down the corridor. The gloom becomes less and less, and you search the place thoroughly as you walk. But there are no escape-routes. Eventually you reach a sturdy door, with a large grille. Will you try to barge the door down (turn to **360**), or wait to see what may happen (turn to **301**)?

72

'All right,' Grus says eventually, overriding Indus's protests. He lets you go and sprints over to get the sword. 'No funny business now,' he says. 'Remember, we have the sword. Out you go.' As you are shoved out of the door, you hear Indus on the visiphone, telling the police where you are. You leave quickly and return to the main road. Until you find another weapon, all your battles must be conducted according to the rules for unarmed combat. Turn to **132**.

73

You eat your food and go to sleep; restore 4 STAMINA points. In the morning you follow a path heading roughly north-east, until it divides. Will you branch right (turn to **296**) or left (turn to **171**)?

74

You ring Professor Zacharias at work – no reply. But you find his home number in the directory and ring him there. He has heard about the theft of the disks, and you identify yourself by showing him the print-out of his file. He is satisfied that you are who you say you are, and you make an appointment for eleven o'clock the next morning, in his room at the university. Gain 1 LUCK point and turn to **134**.

75

Before the doorman has a chance to return to his post, you are out of the door and following the woman. You are just in time to see her disappearing round a corner; but by the time you get there, she has vanished. You search around for a bit, with no success. Will you now return to the club (turn to **45**), or continue searching (turn to **13**)?

76

There is really not a lot you can achieve here. Will you wait for a bit anyway (turn to **244**), go down to the Science Floor if you haven't already been there (turn to **266**), or leave the university (turn to **235**)?

77

Porky is out on the steps, sunning himself and admiring his jewels; he is adorned with rings, bracelets and a pair of ear-rings. You sit down and chat with him, exchanging views about conditions on Earth and on Radix. He tells you that in some ways life on Radix has not been altered by the Empire, because the economy has been fixed so that humans can live in the style to which they were accustomed. Nevertheless, of course, there is some resentment at the lack of freedom, which is supported fairly openly by the students and staff of the university. They are not very successful, however, since they are concerned with abstract freedom, while the ordinary people of Radix just want an end to having to work for the Arcadians, and a return to the system where robots did all the work for humans. As it is, both humans and robots serve Arcadians, for the most part. While you talk to Porky, you find yourself changing your opinion of the Radician humans: the corruption and sloth for which they are famed throughout the galaxy is just a weird sign of their devotion to an ideal of self-sufficiency. You realize that human nature does indeed adapt itself to circumstances on different

planets, and that therefore humans born and bred on other planets can be almost as alien as Arcadians or other species. The discipline of Tropos and the devotion of Radix are the result of living on those planets.

Your conversation with Porky has been most worthwhile, and should enable you not to misjudge people you come across on this planet. Gain 1 LUCK point. You decide that your best bet is to visit the university next, so you take your leave. The monorail takes you near the main entrance. Will you plunge straight in (turn to **146**), or wait around outside for a while (turn to **178**)?

78

Your way to the spaceship is barred by two guards. Your heart leaps in dismay and fear, but it turns out that they are just waiting for your 'passenger' to embark. You see two Central Arcadians cross the field and enter your spaceship; neither of them returns. It looks as though you have two passengers, not one. Then the guards allow you on board.

On the way to Arcadion, you may restore half as much STAMINA as your current score, rounding odd numbers down, and remembering not to exceed your *Initial* score. Remember also to restore the SKILL point you lost for the high gravity of Halmuris. The two Arcadians keep pretty much to themselves during the voyage, but one night you are awoken by a rattling at your cabin door. Will you ask

who it is, without unlocking the door (turn to **20**), or throw open the door (turn to **350**)?

79

You quickly position this so that its powerful beam will distract your opponents. It will last five Attack Rounds before being knocked over and smashed (cross it off your Equipment List), but you may reduce your first opponent's SKILL by 1 point for *six* Attack Rounds, since the after-effects are just as distracting as the strobe itself. Now return to the scene of combat and resolve the fight.

80

Unfortunately, one of them has a sword, and you are no match for them all. You are beaten and cut to the ground.

81

The visiphone booth is behind a screen, which is decorated with a moving hologram of Arcadians at work in an office. You always find it reassuring when aliens behave just like humans – even Arcadians want to ring home sometimes and claim they're working late at the office! Did you try to catch a taxi here from the spaceport? If so, turn to **362**; if not, turn to **311**.

82

The door crashes into him and sends his phaser flying across the room – to near Musca! You and the other Arcadian draw your swords simultaneously.

ARCADIAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 261.

83

A couple of Arcadian guards look you up and down, refer to the giant screen and check the picture in their miniature visiscreens – then they start coming towards you, barking instructions into their communicators. You have had it.

84

You turn away, only to find your way barred by the black marketeer's man. 'Just before you go,' says the oily voice of the black marketeer behind you, 'tell me what you are up to. I may want to be cut in.' This treachery makes you angry. But anger lends speed to your reactions: you cut down the man at the door, before he has time to do more than twitch, and spin to face the black marketeer. He moves fast for a heavy man.

BLACK MARKETEER SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

During the fight, a crate is knocked over and falls into the air-conditioning unit, which sparks and then catches fire. By the time the fight is over, the fire is blazing. If you win, turn to 112.

85

He unlocks the door and you both go down some stairs into the dusty cellars, which are full of objects in packing-cases, show-cases, or just loose. You look around the first cellar for a while, and then stifle an excited cry. There, in a show-case marked 'Purpose Unknown – Possibly Religious Artefacts', is something which you with your training in weaponry recognize as a primitive baryon grenade – and it looks undamaged! You must have it. But the watchman, whom you have insulted, is on the look-out for anything suspicious, and picks up with his antennae that something is going on. He whips out his sword and slashes your arm. Lose 2 STAMINA and 1 SKILL point and turn to 215.

86

You toss the grenade and duck back down the stairs to avoid the blast. When you climb back up, there is little sign of the patrol – or the doors, for that matter. Turn to 381.

87

The door has no handle on the inside. You have no choice but to press one of the buttons on the desk. Turn to 276.

88

You have to backtrack quite a way to find a passage through the cliffs towards the building. But you manage to circle round to the building without

being detected. You watch for some time, but see no guards, so you boldly enter The station is almost deserted; there are no humans in sight, and it is easy to avoid being spotted by the few Arcadians. You search around for a while, but find nothing. All this time has been wasted, because if you are to get back to the spaceport in time for your flight, you will have to leave *now*. You have failed to contact the underground leader here and learn the final three digits of the code.

89

On the way to the hotel, you notice something odd about the city: in some streets, whole houses have been demolished, even though the surrounding buildings are still standing. It is as if a localized earthquake had struck. You soon arrive at the hotel, which is extremely posh and luxurious You check in for one night (deduct 375 credits). While you are enjoying a private sauna, the expense begins to seem worth it. Restore 1 STAMINA point. Eventually, feeling refreshed, you wander downstairs to see what edible delights might be on offer, and to give yourself time to think about how to contact the underground. You can either eat in the bar, where

the cost is covered by the cost of your room (turn to 115), or, for an extra 40 credits, you can dine in the restaurant (turn to 138).

90

You talk gently to Musca, trying to persuade him to hand over the phaser, but he has become childish, and stubbornly refuses. Will you try to grab it from him (turn to 59), or continue the gentler approach (turn to 130)?

91

'How much?' they ask 'Five hundred credits,' you reply. 'Not enough,' they say, licking their lips. Will you tell them that is all you have got (turn to 223), or offer them more (turn to 148)?

92

It is your fighting arm that has been injured. Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points, and your SKILL by 1. If you have not yet done so, you may try the other crack by turning to 355; if you decide that enough is enough, and return to the path below to continue your journey, turn to 10.

93

This group consists of rather friendly – or perhaps just drunk – Southern Arcadians You introduce yourself humbly as a traveller from Earth and express curiosity about the number of demolished houses in the city But they avoid the question and turn the conversation round to news from Earth. This is frustrating, but you go along with it. As they give you more drinks, you feel bolder and bolder, until you pretend to have some knowledge of the building trade, and reintroduce the topic of the demolished buildings. 'Well, personally, I blame the cornices we use in our foundations,' says one of the Arcadians 'Do you use cornices in your foundations on Earth?' Will you answer 'yes' (turn to **248**) or 'no' (turn to **70**)?

94

You laugh at the absurdity of it: you have been offered knowledge, wealth and power, any of which the computer can surely give, and have resisted them all As your laughter grows, the imaginary world dissolves, and you are back in the

Arcadian's cabin, strapped to the seat, with the now useless electrodes attached to your skull.

You glance over at the Arcadian. Your victory has done something to him: he is gazing around the room, as if searching for something he has lost. As his eyes meet yours, a flicker of recognition crosses his face and is gone. This is a delicate situation: he may be close to total incompetence, but you are still imprisoned in your seat. Will you order him to free you (turn to **65**), or wait for a passing robot (turn to **278**)?

95

You turn away, disappointed (lose 1 LUCK point). What can you do now? You slump in a nearby doorway. After a few minutes, you realize that you can only go back to the hostel and try again tomorrow. Just as you get up to go, however, the door behind you opens and rough hands grab you. Will you put up a fight (turn to **156**), or are you too depressed to bother (turn to **272**)?

96

The black marketeer is well pleased with your work: you have made him a tidy profit. You decide that it is safe to ask about a sword. 'No problem,' he says. 'I managed to get hold of a batch a couple of weeks ago. Because you have worked for me, I'll let you have it for only 200 credits.' He sends his man – the only other person in the room now – to get it. When you have it safely in your hands, you pay him and turn to go. Turn to **84**.

97

You tell her that you have heard the university encourages revolutionary ideas, and that you need to get in touch with someone who knows about this. 'Is that all?' she laughs. 'Listen, there are very, very few students who would spy for the Arcadians. Even those who aren't actively involved in demonstrations or anything aren't unsympathetic. We're students – that's what it's all about. The only students you have to watch out for are members of the Black Eye group. I think you should go and have a chat with old Professor Zacharias in the Arts Faculty upstairs. Tell him Mehita sent you. Take a note of his room number, 239; otherwise the floor's like a maze and you'll never find him.' Mehita's cheerfulness lifts your spirits, and you may add 1 LUCK point. But will you go upstairs as she suggests (turn to **258**), or will you decide it is safer to leave the university (turn to **235**)?

98

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you fall down the last bit of the cliff for 2 STAMINA points of bruises, and you break the end off the staff; but you keep the rest with you, having risked so much to bring it down. Then turn to 147 to continue your journey. If you are Unlucky, you fall from a great height and are smashed on the path below.

99

As you walk along, you notice that the city is laid out very regularly on a square grid pattern. The hostel is at the north end of North 23 – East 5 Street, and the next block south starts at the top of North 22 – East 5 Street. The buildings are all very alike, except for the Temple of the Five Suns, which towers above the rest of the city and is a famous landmark; it is the centre of the Imperial religion on Tropos – the five suns being the suns of the planets of the Empire.

After wandering along the main roads for quite a way, heading generally south and east, you realize that this is getting you nowhere fast. There is hardly likely to be a signpost saying, 'Fission Chips – third block on the left – rebels and spies welcome!' You are also getting tired and hungry: reduce your STAMINA by 2 points. You decide you had better ask the way in a shop, but there are only two small shops around: the rest are automated hypermarkets. Will you ask at the grocer's (turn to 152) or the hardware shop (turn to 382)?

100

As you go further into the cave, you notice a smell of sulphur, or something like it. It is not too strong, however, and you take it as a good sign. If there is a slight vent to the turbulent volcanic interior of the planet, then the cave should stay above freezing all night. You find a reasonably comfortable spot and settle down. If you have some food, turn to 73; otherwise turn to 18.

101

On the way to the hotel, you notice something odd about the city: in some streets, whole houses have been demolished, even though the surrounding houses are still standing. It is as if a localized earthquake had struck. You soon arrive at the hotel. Porky, who is sitting on the steps outside, has certainly earned his nickname – he is very fat. You check into your room for one night (deduct 50 credits), shower, change and eat a snack. Restore 2 STAMINA points. Now you feel ready to tackle the problems facing you. You decide to start by questioning Porky. Will you ask him about Radix in general (turn to 77), or ask him to explain the phenomenon of the demolished houses (turn to 306)?

102

The humans in blue uniforms are the engineering and technical staff. You approach one with your question, and he tells you that the agricultural

station is about ten kilometres to the north-east of the spaceport, over rough and undeveloped ground. He says that if you have a pass, the shuttle helicopter is efficient; otherwise it is a difficult journey on foot. Will you ask him how to get a pass (turn to **38**), or will you leave him and try elsewhere for a sword (turn to **137**)?

103

You chat for a while about the weather, and gradually bring the conversation round to politics and less innocent topics. But these attempts to draw the others out fall on deaf, or perhaps cautious, ears. One of them, a young woman, gets up to leave. On the way out, she whispers something to the doorman, who goes over to the barman. Will you follow her (turn to **75**), or stay put (turn to **280**)?

104

He is not expecting this; the door crashes into him and sends his phaser flying under the sensorama console You both draw your swords simultaneously.

ARCADIAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **315**.

105

'At the risk of making you suspicious of me,' you say, 'I must ask you for proof that you are the underground. My mission is so important that I cannot tell you about it unless I know who you are.'

'I can tell you only this,' replies Bellatrix. 'We follow a strict code of honour, because without it we are no better than Arcadians.' You can tell from her tone that she's off on one of her favourite topics. She goes on for quite a while, but her 'code' boils down to two points: that liberation is possible, and that no one – not even an Arcadian – is guilty without evidence You don't quite follow the more abstract parts of her speech, but she is a fine speaker and you can see how she might be the leader of a group of tough men. More to the point, her passion is unmistakably genuine and, since you already know that the underground on Tropos has a strict code, you are convinced that you are in the right place. Turn to **168**

106

The crowd goes wild with delighted approval. But you scarcely have time to draw breath before the gateway gapes again, and a Scabrok appears. It goes on six legs, each of which is tipped with long claws; its tough hide is covered with short, spiky hair. If you know the Scabrok's weakness, turn to the relevant reference. Otherwise, just fight it.

SCABROK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **54**.

107

The Arcadian is unprepared for such an assault On this planet they are not used to coping with violent rebels, so he is unarmed. Being armed, you may add 1 SKILL point for this fight only; you can use the rules for unarmed combat, if you prefer.

ARCADIAN SECRETARY	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **15**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **150**.

108

You follow the winding path for a couple of kilometres. Suddenly, your attention is caught by a shadow on the path. It's not that the shadow is particularly odd in itself – it's that there is nothing around to cast it! And it is moving towards you!

When it is about a metre away, it stops To your

amazement, a shaft of light emerges from the ground where the shadow is. Within the shaft is a form of some kind, which is constantly changing. If this is science, it is beyond human or Arcadian knowledge. You appear to be in the presence of some unknown force. It does not *seem* hostile, but being alien it is difficult to judge. Will you run away from this encounter (turn to **120**), or wait and see what happens (turn to **236**)?

109

When you get there, there is no sign of the Adolpho. Could the grocer have been misleading you? Or have you made a mistake? At any rate, curfew is not far off. You have to take a chance and ask an Arcadian policeman the way. There are plenty around, and you approach a group of three. 'Excuse me, sir.' 'What do you want, *punk*?' 'Can you tell me the way to the Adolpho videorama?' 'Of course: due south for a block. But it was shut down for showing subversive movies, with human heroes Here – let *me* give you a show: you can see some stars ' He whacks you on the head with the shaft of his sword (deduct 2 STAMINA points). You reel away, followed by the harsh laughter of the policemen. Turn to **204**.

110

Now you are inside an arsenal, which stretches away underground for many metres It would be an understatement to say that you could start a revolution with this lot – you could annihilate the galaxy! But your requirements are not so extreme You have time to take any *two* of the following: a sealed tube of elmonite explosive, a limpet mine, a photon grenade, a hand-phaser, and an infra-red scanner. Note down what you take, and turn to **348**.

111

You have interpreted his remark correctly as an offer to show you around, which you want to refuse The archaeological exhibits are fascinating It seems that there was a civilization on Radix before the human colonists arrived in the twenty-second century, which utterly destroyed all its major centres early in the twenty-first century in an all-out phacium war. Phacium bombs leave no traces, but a number of objects from scattered outposts survived. Archaeologists have even pieced together evidence that suggests that these earlier Radicians used to send saucer-shaped scouts around the galaxy.

You spend an enjoyable time looking around When you have finished, will you ask the watchman what is through the other door (turn to **356**), or do you feel that you have spent enough time on this and that now you should go to the university (turn to **146**)?

112

The fire is preventing you from making what could have been a very profitable search. You have time to grab only one object. Roll one die. If the number is even, turn to **122**; if it is odd, turn to **253**.

113

You succeed in getting an arm free, while at the same time landing a kick on Indus's instep. The fight is on. This is unarmed combat, so follow those rules, and you must fight both of them at the same time. That means that you must choose each Attack Round who you are attacking and conduct a normal Attack Round against him. You must also roll each time for your other opponent, but nothing will happen unless his Attack Strength is higher than yours, in which case he will injure you: you cannot injure him under any circumstances, until you choose to attack him.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GRUS	5	8
INDUS	6	8

If you win, turn to **9**.

114

Your path winds through a rocky gorge, which narrows until there is only room for one person to squeeze between the two cliffs. Then, laid out in front of you on a plain, is the agricultural station. There are fields of experimental shrubs being tested

for survival in this harsh climate, which are being tended by human workers; and beyond the fields is the station itself, a building insulated within a thermodome. Will you back into the rocks and make your way round to the building (turn to **88**), or approach some of the humans in the fields, who appear to be unguarded (turn to **22**)?

115

The bar is very crowded. It is obviously a popular meeting-place, and today there is a reception on as well, apparently for a South Arcadian wedding. Several of the guests are already a bit the worse for drink. You get a drink and some food (gain 3 STAMINA points if you have not dined already), and then drift around the room, eavesdropping on conversations to see if anyone here might be of use to you. You hear what's on at the sensorama, and several versions of what the bride's mother said to the in-laws, but you also hear snatches of two conversations which could be interesting. Which group will you join: the one discussing the possibility of human rebellion (turn to **289**), or the one discussing the rebuilding programme in the city (turn to **93**)?

116

You realize that your only chance is to go along with this vile experiment. Your scientific training tells you that there is a weakness in the device: if you have enough will-power to resist the brainwashing,

since you will be linked directly to the Arcadian's brain you may be able to turn the device against him. It's risky, but it's your only hope. Because the Arcadian knows no other existence except as part of the colony or ant-heap, this possibility has not occurred to him. He reckons that what is true for him – what he calls the 'glory' of working for the computer – must be true for everyone else too. Turn to **300**.

117

They obviously used the house as a place to stash their stolen goods. You decide not to stay long, but you soon uncover 500 credits, a ziridium-plated bracelet, and an infra-red scanner. You may take any of these items and then leave. Turn to **132**.

118

When you arrive at the spaceport of the capital city of Arcadion, you dare not take the phaser, in case of being searched. You quickly get through the spaceport officials, on the pretence of taking this opportunity to see around 'the glorious centre of our illustrious Empire', as you put it. You calculate that you have a lead of about half an hour, while the two Arcadians are missed and discovered, and the authorities guess where you have gone; so you must not spend too long getting to the computer building. Turn to **185**.

119

It doesn't take long to find the information you are looking for. A certain Professor Zacharias in the history department of the Arts Faculty is on record as possibly being the rebel leader on Radix You make a print-out of this information. If you killed Porky to get this information, turn to **209**; otherwise, turn to **74**.

120

You head across the countryside to your right, hoping to rejoin the other branch of the path. But after a short while, you have to stop and rest: the going is extremely difficult And there is the shaft of light beside you! This time it speaks: 'Earthling, where *zplaran*?' At least, that's what the last word sounds like. The voice is strangely metallic and hollow; it certainly doesn't come from any living being that you can imagine. Perhaps it is a robot of some kind. If it is, then you could attack it. Is this what you choose to do (turn to **179**), or will you try to talk back to it, as it inches ever closer to you (turn to **195**)?

121

There is no time to move further down the street – you will have to try the house opposite. You have hardly started your urgent pounding when the door swings open 'Quickly!' hisses a human voice. 'This door will only hold 'em off for a few minutes ' He shuts and bolts the aneph-wood door, and takes you into a room in the back of the house The Arcadians are already splitting the door with their weapons; but your new-found friend seems strangely confident. 'Just watch this,' he says. As the door gives way, he detonates a mine, which was buried under the floorboards. When the smoke begins to clear and the debris has settled down, you clamber over the bodies into the street. One Arcadian is limping away; the others are all dead 'Very successful,' says the man, 'but the last of my explosives I hope you're worth it Now come with me. Don't worry about those scum opposite – Grus and his friend – we'll deal with them. We set up this house to keep an eye on them.' Will you go with him as he says (turn to **41**), or say that you must go after the escaping Arcadian (turn to **283**)?

122

The object you grabbed was a pair of wire-cutters The fire is bound to attract unwelcome attention You decide to leave the spaceport immediately Turn to **336**.

123

You follow the passage as it curves round to the north. Eventually you come to a junction where you may head west (turn to 8) or east (turn to 39).

124

On your way back, you run into a North Arcadian. 'Halt!' he cries. 'This area is prohibited for humans.' You rush into the attack, but reduce your SKILL by 1 point for this fight for being unarmed.

NORTH ARCADIAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

The Arcadian has room to swing his tail. Every Attack Round, whatever the result of the dice rolls, roll an extra die: on 5 or 6, the Arcadian has succeeded in swiping you with his tail, and you must reduce your STAMINA by 2 points. If you win, you may take his sword, but you will have to leave the spaceport immediately, since the hunt will now be on. Turn to 151.

125

The doorman reappears by your side. 'Now, will you do as you're told and beat it?' he hisses. 'You've shown how good you are with a sword and all that, but the club will be closed down now, thanks to you.' The sound of a patrol approaching at the double can already be heard. Will you insist on staying, perhaps to pretend you were an innocent bystander (turn to 184), or leave (turn to 252)?

126

Central Arcadians are well known for their arrogance. 'Your puny threats don't worry me, human,' he replies. 'I can pilot this ship as well as you. But you have more pluck than most of your kind. Instead of killing you now, I will use you in an experiment: a courageous guinea-pig would be interesting. I myself have developed a device which is more reliable than the empathic receiver *and* can be used on humans. I am taking poor Musca back for interrogation, and then he will be the first Arcadian to undergo the new process. You have earned the honour of being the first human.' He locks Musca in your cabin and frogmarches you back to his room. Will you attempt to escape (turn to 340) or not (turn to 387)?

127

You scrape your leg against a packing-case and cut it badly on a projecting nail. Lose 1 STAMINA point. The passage leads into another cellar, with one exit straight ahead and another in the southern wall. Will you go straight ahead (turn to 333) or south (turn to 221)?

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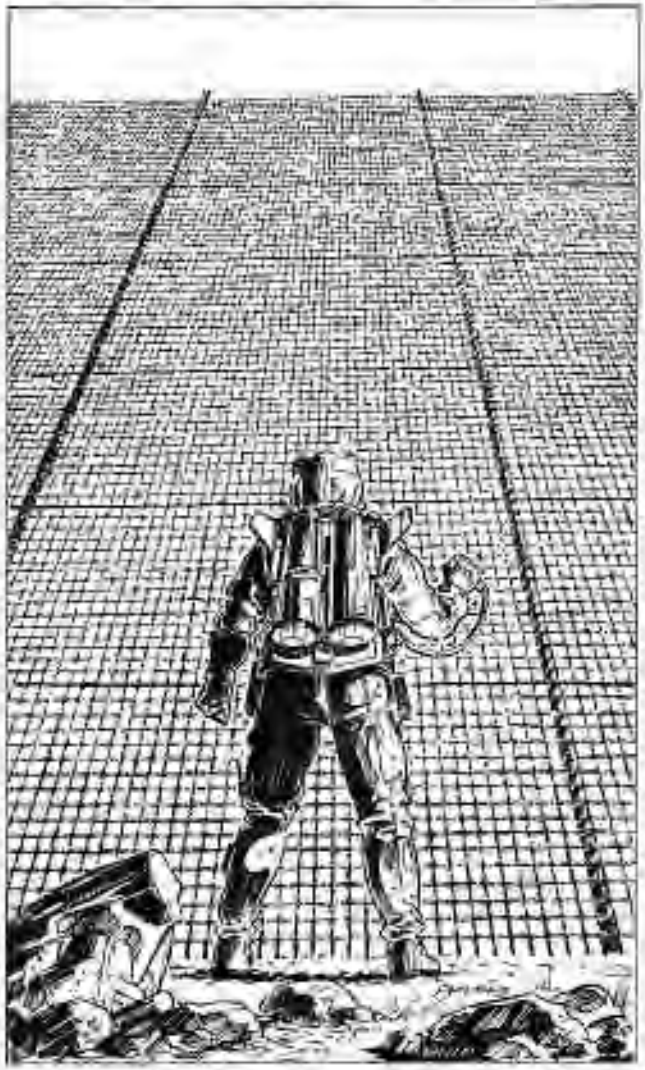

128

Will you risk using the jet pack, despite its lack of fuel, to propel you over the fence? If so, turn to 57; if not, turn to 2

129

'You lie!' shouts the policeman 'You know full well that there are no space-pirates these days. We rule space with an iron fist; no pirate dare show so much as a tail-jet You must have something to hide – let's find out what.' He presses a button on the desk: guards pour in and pin you to the wall You are helpless to prevent them from searching you and finding your laser sword. 'So,' sneers the policeman, 'you desire only to serve, eh? I wonder if this sword works . '

Not only have you failed in your mission, but the chances are, with Arcadian techniques of torture, that you will be forced to confess what you know about SAROS. You have let down the whole of mankind.

130

At last he hands the phaser over, and you can begin to question him. But it soon becomes clear that you

are going to get nowhere. If you have a mind-probe, you can use that (turn to **153**); otherwise you give up and turn to **118**.

131

Now what will you do? You already know that there is no escape from the passage behind you, and ahead there is only the arena. You still have to win the two fights in the arena before the aliens will let you go. What a waste of valuable STAMINA. Turn to **313**.

132

You lose yourself in the crowds on the main street. You really must find your way to the Fission Chips soon, or it will be curfew. Also, you are getting very hungry (deduct 2 STAMINA points). You decide to go into a grocer's shop to buy some food and perhaps ask the way as well: it is one of the few small shops around; the rest are vast automated hypermarkets. Turn to **152**.

133

When you get your free attack on the Scabrok, you fail to wound it particularly badly, and cause it only

2 STAMINA points of damage. So you fight the beast as follows:

SCABROK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **54**.

134

Gain 4 STAMINA points for a fine dinner and a good night's rest. If you have an appointment to keep in the morning, turn to **376**; otherwise, turn to **317**.

135

The dead Throttlebush still provides excellent shelter, for this night, at any rate. Do you have any food? If so, you may eat it and restore 2 STAMINA points, and then 2 more for the night's rest. If you do not, restore only 2 points for your sleep. In the morning you follow a path heading roughly northeast, until it divides. Will you branch right (turn to **171**) or left (turn to **108**)?

136

After a while, the man's sobs die down, and he lies back on his bed, staring vacantly at the mouldy ceiling. Suddenly there is a commotion downstairs. You jump up, just as one of the guards from outside the hostel runs into the room brandishing a whippy 'The receptionist has been murdered,' he shouts. 'Which one of you dogs did it? Not that it matters – ten human lives for every Arcadian, and you two will be first.'

He approaches your companion, who has remained lying on the bed as if he didn't care about death or didn't believe he would die. You cannot stand still and let a fellow human die You pull out your sword and leap into the attack.

GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

Every other Attack Round, roll one die If you roll 5 or 6, the guard has managed to get a hit on you with his tail, whatever the result of that Attack Round otherwise, and you must deduct 2 STAMINA points If you win, turn to **268**.

137

You decide that your best bet is to get a sword from an Arcadian Turn to **16**.

138

You have a fantastic meal (cross 40 credits off your *Adventure Sheet*). The Radicians, who enjoy the good things in life, have perfected the art of cooking food

which is pleasing to both the eye and the taste-buds, and also highly nutritious. You may restore 3 STAMINA points. The waiters in the restaurant are all human, apart from the imperious head waiter, who watches everything with an eagle eye. One of the waiters comes over to inquire whether you would like anything else. He talks most peculiarly: 'Another *meal* course, sir, or some *parkin*?' You tell him you've had plenty, and get up to leave. Will you go to the bar (turn to **115**), or do you have an appointment to keep (turn to **194**)?

139

Turn to **177**.

140

Your suspicious behaviour – poking around here and there, knocking on doors and asking questions – has been noticed by an Arcadian patrol. Their leader, a burly brute of a Northern Arcadian, calls on you to halt. You make a run for it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **233**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **330**.

141

By clearing your mind, you become calm and fearless, which prepares you for the coming test. You may gain 1 SKILL point while this mental battle lasts, even if that takes you over your *Initial* score. Turn to **55**

142

You find yourself in a cellar with further exits in the eastern and western walls. Will you turn back (turn to **221**), west (turn to **324**) or east (turn to **333**)?

143

You fall on to one of the spikes of the plant, which pierces your leg. Deduct 2 STAMINA points, and hobble on into the cave. Turn to **100**.

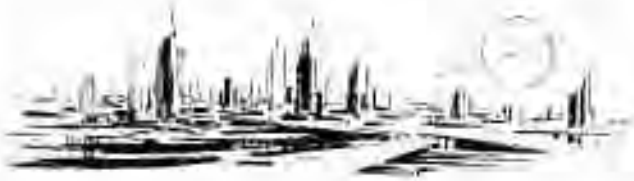

144

'Pirates!' scoffs the policeman. 'I am continually astonished by the stupidity of you humans. We control space; no pirate dare appear. You are thinking of the dark age before the foundation of the Empire and the establishment of peace. But there are worse crimes than stupidity. You can go – but I'll be watching you!' You realize that he is right: you have been stupid, and have jeopardized your mission already. Turn to **370**.

145

Inside, you are led past stacks of crates and boxes up to a heavy-jowled human, who is sitting behind a

desk. 'What is going on here?' he demands, with scarcely a glance up from his papers. If you killed a human on the way here, turn to **28**; otherwise turn to **187**.

146

The university, which is only for humans, is a small affair these days, occupying a single large building on the outskirts of the city. Arcadian guards are everywhere, since they have to make their presence felt in this hotbed of possible rebellion. Will you go to the Science Floor (turn to **266**) or to the Arts Floor (turn to **258**)?

147

In a short while, your path is joined by another to the left. Will you continue straight on (turn to **114**), or take this branch (turn to **108**)?

148

You've fallen for the oldest con trick in the book, and have just signed your own death warrant As soon as you let them know that you are in a position to bargain, they realize that you have a lot of money on you. With one swift move, Indus follows up a jab to the solar plexus with a rabbit punch on the neck While you are dazed and winded, Grus gets your sword . . . Your adventure is over

149

This is a very handsome, very finely crafted piece of equipment – but of no use whatsoever under the present circumstances. If you have an alternative, return to **381** and choose again; if you have no alternative, you have failed.

150

An Arcadian guard happens to be passing down the corridor outside. He stops to investigate the commotion, and bursts into the room just as you are finishing off the secretary. Now you will have to fight him, too. He's an ugly specimen: his face is disfigured by a long scar running from eye to mouth.

GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **66**.

151

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **336**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **249**.

152

As you enter the shop, your hunger really gets the better of you and, to the astonishment of the human grocer, you purchase 20 credits' worth of fruit and nuts and gobble them down on the spot 'Must be some new terrestrial fad,' you hear the grocer mutter to himself, but he is pleased to see a human spending money on such luxuries. Bread and *oom*, a porridge made from Tropian beans, is staple diet for humans. 'Ah, that's better,' you declare (restore 4 STAMINA points) Will you now ask him the way to the Fission Chips (turn to **335**) or to the Adolpho videorama (turn to **260**)?

153

You know that using the mind-probe will almost certainly destroy what's left of his mind, but you feel you have no choice. After clearing through a morass of jumbled information, you find something useful: one of the Arcadian arsenals is located in the basement of the computer building and has an entry-code of 110. Gain 1 LUCK point and turn to **118**, as you are nearing Arcadion

154

You find yourself in a wash-room – and it has a hatch out on to the street! The hatch is locked, however, and the search-party is right behind you. Roll one die. If the number is even, turn to **166**; if it is odd, turn to **50**.

155

'The bitter sea,' you reply

'I know none of the digits,' he begins, and your heart sinks 'All I know is that the whole sequence of digits is a palindrome – it is the same written forwards or backwards '

Gain 1 LUCK point. This should be enough for you to complete the code. He also gives you some food, a grey uniform which you could use for getting back into the spaceport, and enough quandar-root lotion to heal 4 STAMINA points of injuries. You thank him over your shoulder as you race off Turn to **163**

156

There are too many to overcome – and they're human! You succeed only in reducing your STAMINA by 2 points before being knocked out. Turn to **207**

157

Your opponent has no weapon either, so this is unarmed combat.

HALMURIAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, you may search the body (turn to **12**) or leave (turn to **124**)

158

If you are at Porky's Palace, turn to **3**; if you are at the Zodiac, turn to **31**.

159

The room beyond the Dragon is piled high with treasure, including the fabled Minarong crystal with its all-healing powers. Maybe some of this imaginary treasure will help you in the imaginary world you are in. Will you take some (turn to **42**) or not (turn to **391**)?

160

Test your Luck If you are Lucky, he merely confiscates the items (cross them off your Equipment List), but lets you through – turn to **374**. If you are Unlucky, he hauls you away for intense interrogation, from which you will eventually emerge with your body broken and your memory erased.

161

The air in the centre, where the trunk is, is not far off stifling, but at least it is warm. But what is this? The tendrils, having lured you to their core, are pressing around you in a solid mass, apart from the few that are snaking forward to catch your arms and legs. This plant is perfectly adapted to the Halmurian environment: its warmth keeps it alive and also attracts other creatures, which then become its prey. You will have to earn your night's rest by fighting this Throttlebush. It has STAMINA 14, but no SKILL to speak of; so, depending how much LUCK you use, you have at least seven Attack Rounds in which to defeat it, by hacking away at its nerve-centre, the trunk. Roll two dice for each Attack Round. If the number rolled is 1–6, the Throttlebush has reduced your STAMINA by 2 points; if it is 7–12, you have reduced its STAMINA by 2 points If you win, turn to **135**.

162

You get off and jump on to the escalator to street level Looking up behind you, you can see two Arcadians, still coming after you, and talking into their comlinks Once on the street, you duck down the first side-street you come to. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **183**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **373**.

163

Your journey back to the spaceport is uneventful, but tiring in this high gravity. You would lose STAMINA if it were not for the food that Dorado gave you. Will you use the grey uniform as a disguise for getting back into the spaceport (turn to 344), or would you prefer to use wire-cutters, if you have them (turn to 302)?

164

When you have disembarked, you register your visit to Tropos, as all off-planet humans are required to Then you enter Customs, under the keen eyes not just of the Customs officer, but also of a squad of soldiers They do not give you a body-search, however, since they rely on a metal-detector. But your sword has been chemically treated to avoid such detection, and your money-belt has no metal in it. You breathe a sigh of relief and pass through Customs, but you are immediately surrounded by the soldiers, who march you off to a room in the spaceport. Sitting behind a desk is a Central Arcadian who, though he wears civilian clothes, somehow has such an air of cruel authority that he can only belong to the Secret Police. You notice that the desk has two buttons on it, but you do not know what they are for. The policeman dismisses the guards to wait outside, and barks out his question: 'Why did you attempt to escape your escort?' Will you try to bluff your way out of the situation (turn to 246), or draw your sword and fight it out (turn to 17)?

165

One of the Arcadian guards follows you from the spaceship. By the time you are in the deserted parts of the spaceport, his suspicions are thoroughly aroused, and he stops you and demands to search your pack, which is full of contraband. You will have to fight him. Reduce your SKILL by 1 point for this fight for being unarmed.

GUARD	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8

If you win, you ditch the items from your pack: you have no further use for the black marketeer, because you can take the guard's sword. But you will have to leave the spaceport immediately, because the hunt will be on. Turn to 336.

166

You fumble with the watchman's bunch of keys and fail to find the right one. You are cut down where you stand.

167

You tell the Arcadian that you know what's up with Musca (who is by now gibbering quietly in a corner of the room), and point out that he cannot kill you, just in case he needs a pilot on this trip. You add that you will make sure that this damaging information gets out to other humans. So you have thrown down the gauntlet. What will his reaction be? Turn to **126**.

168

You take the plunge: surely, they must be the underground. You tell them everything about your mission, and even drop the names of one or two people back on Earth who they might know of, to make your story more plausible. Once you have finished, the three humans huddle together. This is a good sign: if they were traitors, they would have finished with you by now. At last, they separate. Bellatrix speaks again: 'Very good. You seem to know more about this mission than any Arcadian spy would know. There is just one last thing we want you to do. The barman at the Fission Chips is a double agent – return there and kill him.' Do you agree (turn to **68**) or not (turn to **274**)?

169

The door to the basement is ten-centimetre reinforced laser-proof criton. No way are you going to get through that! But there is a small panel similar to the one you encountered on the outside of this building. If you know the code, turn to the paragraph whose decimal number looks the same as this binary number. Otherwise you return to the computer room (turn to **381**).

170

The lecture theatre is fairly packed. Professor Zacharias seems to be popular, but you cannot see why. His subject is history, and he drones on about Arcadian–human relations in the twenty-fourth century. You find yourself drifting off to sleep . . . You wake up with a start when your shoulder is jogged by a janitor who is cleaning the room – which is otherwise deserted! You race back to Professor Zacharias's room, only to find a message on the door: 'Called away on urgent business. Back tomorrow, 11 a.m.' You turn away, cursing your doziness. Lose 1 LUCK point, but restore 2 STAMINA points for the rest. Leave the university by turning to **235**.

171

You walk on for about an hour, and then stop to rest and shelter from the heat: gain 1 STAMINA point. While gazing idly into the sky, you notice a large bird coming into land on the rock-face above you.

What strikes you in particular is that the bird is carrying something which flashes as it catches the sunlight. Do you want to investigate this further (turn to **383**), or carry on with your journey (turn to **147**)?

172

After several further more or less polite attempts to wake him up, you decide to go round to the back of the reception counter so that you can nudge him awake. As you walk round, something glinting on the floor catches your eye, and you stoop to pick it up. It is a large button, from a jacket, on which there is a curious design of an eagle clutching a scroll in its talons. Then, from your crouched position, you notice something else – a pool of blood under the Arcadian's chair. He's been murdered! You pocket the button, realizing that it could be a clue, and start to move back. But in your haste, you trip over a robo-mop, which lets out a protesting whine and brings the two guards rushing in from outside.

'He's dead!' you gasp. 'But it was . . . it wasn't . . . I mean . . .'

'Murderer!' says one of the guards. 'We've caught you red-handed!' They advance on you, whippies at the ready. They are clearly not going to listen to reason – you will have to fight them. From your position behind the reception counter, they can only approach you one at a time, and there is no room for them to use their spiked tails.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARD	6	8
Second GUARD	7	8

During the fight another human comes downstairs. If you win, turn to **268**.

173

Of the humans on the base, some are wearing grey uniforms, some blue. You want to ask where the agricultural station is. Will you ask someone in grey (turn to **310**) or in blue (turn to **102**)?

174

After a while you hit the jackpot. A section of the file is devoted to 'Activists – Potential and Actual'. You are so engrossed in the details that you do not hear the approaching guards until it is too late.

175

'Now, Mizar,' you say, authoritatively, 'I must go. But first tell me what you know about the digits of the Arcadian computer.'

'What on Halmuris are you talking about?' says Mizar, as the Arcadians overwhelm Dorado and pour into the clearing. Whether or not you escape this immediate danger, you have failed in your mission.

176

A smooth voice from the computer says: 'So sorry Taxis are not allowed in the city Please keep Tropos free of pollution. As you are terrestrial, I will take you to the hostel.' Turn to **196**, but subtract 1 LUCK point first

177

You dash outside to wait for the explosion – and come face to face with a platoon of North Arcadians, spiked tails restlessly swinging from side to side. Curiously, they sense that you are expecting something, so they do not immediately rush in for the kill, but wait to see what will happen The explosion seems to take for ever in coming – but there it is! *Then* the Arcadians close in – you must have done something wrong .

178

The buildings, even here on the outskirts of the city, are impressive. The architects have taken full advantage of the low gravity of the planet, and vast towers and arches soar gracefully into the sky. The colour of the local stone is very pale blue, but different coloured synthetic materials are also used

and look very attractive Near the university is the archaeology museum, which you decide to visit, having heard that it is rather interesting.

The museum consists of a single large room, with show-cases around the walls and two rows of exhibits down the centre of the room. There is a closed door at the other end of the room At the entrance, there is an armed South Arcadian watchman, who calls you over, but it seems he only wants to pass the time of day.

'A ziridium mine in the desert,' he says. 'Yes, I'd noticed that there aren't many visitors,' you reply, correctly. He nods, as if his next remark follows logically: 'As it is written in the *Book of the Five Suns*, "Contact costs nothing; if there is cost it is not pure contact."'

Will you reply, 'No thanks, I'll browse around myself' (turn to **111**), or 'It's nice to see someone taking his job seriously' (turn to **19**)?

179

'So? Earthling, in me all forms. This one for you ' The shimmering cloud within the shaft of light takes on a horrifying appearance, which is so alien that you can hardly believe it really exists. You seem to see a creature with four arms sprouting from a body; each hand is armed with a scimitar, axe, club or scythe; her hair stands up like living fire and is adorned with a tiara of shrunken heads. A cobra

winds itself around her hips. 'Now, unbeliever,' this image seems to say, in a voice which is surprisingly quiet, but laden with power. 'I am Kali, bringer of life through death. For you must die before you can live again.' Hallucination or not, you must defend yourself against this powerful being.

SHAPE-CHANGER SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you win, the thing reverts to its form as a shaft of light, which then disappears back into a shadow and speeds away. You haven't the faintest idea what has been going on. Turn to **114**.

180

You press the button and wait, heart in throat. You don't have to wait long Guards pour into the room to answer the call. They don't need to ask you what has been going on: your own dishevelled state and the mangled corpse of the policeman tell their story all too clearly. You draw your sword in desperation, but are overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers. You have failed in your mission.

181

You walk for half an hour in a southerly direction, searching in increasing desperation for some shelter from the freezing night. But all in vain. The sudden drop in temperature catches you still out in the open, and you fall, as if poleaxed, to the ground.

182

You pass the time pleasantly, eating (deduct 20 credits and gain 2 STAMINA points) and chatting with students. They are fascinated to know that you are from Earth, which they regard as a mixture of paradise and a stone-age settlement. You have a struggle to set them right on both scores. Just as you are about to leave, a student, with a badge portraying a large black eye, gets up and begins to make a speech. Before he has got very far, the place is in uproar: a mini-riot erupts It is not too serious, but it delays you. You race back to Professor Zacharias's room, only to find a message on the door: 'Called away on urgent business. Back tomorrow, 11 a.m ' You turn away, cursing your ill fortune (lose 1 LUCK point), and leave the university (turn to 235).

183

You lose yourself in the shadows, hardly daring to breathe – and your pursuers pass by on the main moving pavement. You follow the twists and turns of the side-streets, always keeping the overhead monorail in sight to guide you in the right direction for your hotel. Turn to 285.

184

'I'm sorry, friend,' says the doorman. 'You leave me no choice.' Without further ado, and before you can react, he delivers a killing punch to your windpipe Hopefully, he will have saved the rebel operation on Tropos, but you will never know.

185

There are very few humans on Arcadion, and you have no time to waste. You approach the first human you meet and ask him the way to the computer building. He tells you the way with some enthusiasm, as if he was proud to help a stranger find the centre of the Empire If you go straight to the computer building, turn to 219 If you need to know where an arsenal is and, bearing in mind that you will probably meet no other humans, you want to ask this person where it is, turn to 284

186

You are walking along a dusty corridor. The statue of a grotesque ancient god looms out of the darkness, scaring you witless for a moment Lose 1 LUCK point. There is a passage off to the south (turn to **384**), or you can continue straight on (turn to **254**)

187

Will you ask if he can supply you with a pass for the shuttle service to the agricultural station (turn to **385**) or with a sword (turn to **286**)?

188

You clear your throat – no response. You say, 'Oy! Excuse me!' – no response. Will you now wait (turn to **29**) or will you keep trying to attract his attention (turn to **172**)?

189

The man thanks you and offers you some food, which you gratefully accept Gain 3 STAMINA points. While you are eating, he explains that he used to work at the nearby agricultural station but was caught stealing food to supplement his meagre rations; now he'll never be able to go back. You tell him that within a few days he may find himself free of his masters; then you ask if he knows anything about the underground. He does not, but he tells you that at this time of day there are no humans in the station itself: they are all out in the fields. He directs you to the agricultural station. Gain 1 LUCK point, and turn to **114**.

190

You run through the twisting streets and lanes, but wherever you run, the robot follows, adjusting its speed to yours exactly, and staying out of range of the destructive thumps which it sends out at irregular intervals. You realize that you will only exhaust yourself to no purpose if you continue to run You must stand and fight.

STREET FIGHTER SKILL 9 STAMINA 16

Its attacks will increase in effectiveness as the buildings around get weaker. Its first successful Attack Round will cause you 2 STAMINA points of injury, the next 3, the next 4, and so on, as larger and larger pieces of masonry strike you. (You can use LUCK in the usual way to reduce the injuries by 1 point each time.) If you carry on the fight as normal and win, turn to **309**. But does the robot have a weakness? Roll two dice. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, turn to **227**; if the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **282**.

191

En route for Halmuris, you may restore your STAMINA by half as much again as your current STAMINA score, rounding odd numbers down, and remembering that you cannot exceed your *Initial* score. You review the problems you face: you have no equipment or weapon, though you still have your money, and there is a spare anti-grav pack on board your ship Halmuris is a bleak planet: the

terrain is wild and mountainous, and some of the mountains are active volcanoes. It is a planet which is still going through the last violent stages of creation. It is very hot in the daytime, and fatally freezing at night, when the hot, blueish sun sinks below the horizon and the three moons become visible. The moons cause vast tides on the planet. If you have to spend a night out on Halmuris, you would be well advised to choose somewhere warm and far away from water! The inhabitants live in small settlements, which were originally scientific research establishments, and are clustered quite close together, with the spaceport, on the high plateau region in the south of the planet – this is to avoid the huge tides which ravage the lower-lying areas, which are punctuated by sudden inhospitable crags.

The computer feeds you all these data, and also informs you that the alien inhabitants are mostly Central Arcadians, who naturally took over the scientific facilities of the planet. All you know about the underground leader is that he or she is an assistant at the agricultural research settlement.

When you land on Halmuris, you find that your limbs feel heavy. The higher gravity of this planet means that for the duration of your stay here, you must lose 1 SKILL point. This makes finding a weapon even more vital. There are none of the Customs and immigration hassles that you expected. Instead, you are simply ordered to remain

in the spaceport area until your ship is unloaded and your passenger is ready to embark late the next day. It is now mid-afternoon, with four hours to go until sunset. Will you first investigate the possibility of getting hold of a sword (turn to **273**) or of learning the whereabouts of the agricultural station (turn to **173**)?

192

This action is very noble of you – but even nobility is misplaced sometimes. You are marched away to the Arcadian police headquarters. Before you die in agony, you will reveal all – the codenames, your mission, your connection with SAROS. You have failed utterly.

193

You narrowly miss impaling yourself on one of the vicious-looking spikes of the plant. You pick yourself up and enter the gloom of the cave. Turn to **100**.

194

You take the monorail to the public park and find the waiter at the main entrance. 'We've been expecting you,' he says. 'Earth sent another "merchant" to warn us of your arrival. I don't know all the details of your mission, except that you have to meet our leader. I don't know who this is – we work on the basis that each person has contact only with his immediate superior – but I think you could start at the university.' You thank him, and may add 1 LUCK

point You head for the university. There is a monorail drop station just outside. Will you plunge straight in (turn to **146**), or wait around outside for a while (turn to **178**)?

195

You pause to think. It occurs to you that it need not necessarily be a robot: the metallic tone of the voice could come from some language translation device. What is this *zplaran* it's asking about? It can speak enough Arcadian to cover everyday objects, it seems. If you have a strange staff or a mind-probe, you could see if one of these is what it wants. Will you try the staff (turn to **267**) or the probe (turn to **226**)? If you have neither of these, or choose not to give them up, turn to **179**.

196

The hostel is a semi-derelict, flea-ridden building – and Tropian fleas have to be seen to be believed! Two Northern Arcadian guards stand by the door, and inside a scruffy Southerner is sitting in a chair, leaning back against the wall, apparently asleep. What an odd set-up! No robot receptionist or computerized check-in. And outside everything is just as old-fashioned. There are no personal or public

overhead monorail systems; the buildings are mostly late twenty-first century and low-lying – and the pollution! To think they haven't yet got around to dealing with it! A sign on the wall says: 'Remember – no vehicles in town Offenders will be prosecuted.' A typically primitive solution to a primitive problem.

Will you wait for the receptionist to notice you (turn to **29**), or draw his attention to your presence (turn to **188**)?

197

The man in grey looks at you with terror and scuttles off down a passage, out of sight. Will you ask someone in blue instead (turn to **217**), or try to get one off an Arcadian (turn to **16**)?

198

You have time to grab *one* of the following, if you have it in your pack and want it. Otherwise, return to the scene of combat.

A can of engine oil	Turn to **256**
A hand-klaxon	Turn to **21**
A benelo-phosphate strobe	Turn to **79**

199

You are acutely conscious of the pounding of Arcadian feet, as you get rid of the last few strands of wire and struggle to get through. But in your haste you have not made a hole that is quite large enough, and you get thoroughly tangled up – an easy target. Your mission ends here

200

To your horror, you realize that there is a massive identifit hologram of you in the spaceport, with the caption: 'ENEMY OF THE EMPIRE' It is not an exact likeness, however; the Arcadian who escaped can only have caught a glimpse of you from a distance *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **318**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **83**.

201

He pockets the 500 credits (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*), and seems prepared to do as you suggest But in fact you have insulted his Radician sense of duty. Turn to **85**.

202

You look at Mehita. She is not much younger than you, but your experiences are worlds apart. You feel you cannot talk to her about anything serious. You mumble some excuse and leave. Will you go to the Arts Floor, if you haven't already been there (turn to **258**), or leave the university (turn to **235**)?

203

Turn to **177**.

204

The Fission Chips is in the basement of the former Adolpho videorama. A neon sign, with many bulbs missing, still advertises the last feature, a classic science-fiction comedy from the twentieth century, called 'Star Trek'. You go down the steps which lead to the entrance to the club, and knock on the door. A human face appears at a peep-hole. 'What do you want?' it says aggressively. 'To get in the club, of course,' you reply. 'Who recommended us to you, stranger?' asks the doorman, emphasizing the last word. What will you reply:

'SAROS'?	Turn to **287**
'Bellatrix'?	Turn to **240**
'The Grand Vizier of Tropos'?	Turn to **45**
'No one – I'm from Earth'?	Turn to **326**

205

You have fallen for the final trap the machine was offering – power over itself, and therefore over the whole Arcadian race. The computer is subtler than you: you have lowered your defences and are now its slave for ever.

206

The guard is not expecting the attack, so you get in one free assault. Since you are unarmed, roll one die. If you roll 6, you incapacitate the guard immediately. If not, you will have to fight him as follows.

GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, you may take his sword. Turn to **131**.

207

You slowly climb back to consciousness. The first thing you are aware of is a splitting headache (deduct 2 STAMINA points – 3 if you have not eaten today). The second thing is that even when you open your eyes, it's still pitch-black. Once you have realized that you are not blind, but that wherever you are is in darkness, you clamber to your feet. Immediately, a bright light stabs your eyeballs; you instinctively cover your face with your arm. Behind the light you can just make out three human shapes, two standing on either side of the third, who is seated at the table.

A woman, who is apparently the one seated, addresses you: 'You seem to know something of our business. That could mean one of two things: either you are an Arcadian spy, or you are one of us from Earth. If the latter is the case, I apologize for the rough treatment you have received from us, but you will understand why this was necessary. Now, explain yourself.'

'I'm looking for Bellatrix,' you begin.

'So you know my codename,' she says. 'That in itself doesn't prove a thing: we may have been infiltrated.'

This is a tricky situation: they are not convinced that you are from SAROS, but are you entirely sure that they are rebels? Will you try to convince them that you are who you say you are (turn to **168**), or ask for proof of their identity (turn to **105**)?

208

It is surprisingly easy to push your way through the foliage: the tendrils seem to part and then close behind you. This makes you feel uneasy. Will you dash out before you have got too far (turn to **327**), or press on to the centre (turn to **161**)?

209

You cannot stay in Porky's Palace, but you can easily find another cheap hotel for 75 credits. You must deduct 2 LUCK points for what amounts to the murder of a fellow human. Then turn to **74**.

210

You tell him that the rope is for rock-climbing on Halmuris, and that the scanner is for checking your ship's heating system, but he does not quite believe you: the presence of *two* unlikely items in your pack has aroused his suspicions. Roll one die. On 1–2, turn to **396**; on 3–6, turn to **160**.

211

However much you struggle, you cannot get free. But the fact that they are thieves gives you an idea 'Look,' you say, 'you already have my sword, which is a rare and valuable weapon these days. Nobody's going to be any the wiser if you just let me go.' They exchange greedy glances, but don't reply immediately. Will you offer them some money as well (turn to **91**), or wait a bit (turn to **72**)?

212

'What? Oh, yes,' he says; then a spasm of pain passes over his face 'Who are you? What am I doing here? You're *human*! Guards!' This is one confused Arcadian. No guards arrive, of course, but his shout brings the other Arcadian into the corridor – and he is carrying a phaser!

'What's going on here, Musca?' he demands of the first Arcadian, but there is no reply. 'Your friend has a headache. I'll get the medical robot,' you say eventually.

He takes the first Arcadian, Musca, back to his room, and you notice that he doesn't put his phaser away Curiouser and curiouser: phasers are only issued in extreme circumstances. Could the confused Arcadian actually be under guard? In the morning, will you try to find out more (turn to **290**), or will you bide your time (turn to **247**)?

213

When you arrive at the spaceport, you find that there are a great many Arcadian guards mingling with the crowds. If you let an Arcadian escape in Grus's street, turn to 200; if not, turn to 318.

214

You had imagined a human secretary, but find a burly South Arcadian. Of course: the Arcadians would want to keep an eye on the files. He looks at you in surprise: you do not exactly look like an ordinary student. 'Can I help you?' he asks, but his antennae are waving alarmingly. Will you fight him so that you can investigate the files (turn to 107), or consider that they are probably not worth the bother (turn to 58)?

215

Resolve your fight.

WATCHMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, you can take the grenade. Turn to 320.

216

Eyes streaming, and choking in the smoke, you race, sometimes leaping, sometimes zigzagging between burning bushes. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 323; if you are Unlucky, turn to 389.

217

You pick your man carefully, choosing someone who looks tough and self-sufficient. At last he leaves the group he was with, and makes off across a lobby. You catch him up after a few metres, and come straight to the point: 'Whatever you do, don't show surprise on your face,' you say. 'I need a sword. Can you help me?' He looks you up and down, and then says, 'No, I can't. But I know who can, if anyone can. Come with me.' Will you go with him (turn to 399), or leave him and try elsewhere for a sword (turn to 137)?

218

'You're all saying the same thing, really,' you say. The students look at you in disgust. You should know better than to butt in on a group of students: they are arguing because they are friends, not because they disagree with each other. They give you the cold shoulder, and you decide to go up to the Arts Floor, if you haven't been there already (turn to 258); otherwise you leave the university (turn to 235).

219

You are nearing the end of your mission. You have reached the outside of the long, low building where the queen computer is housed – but you know that an Arcadian patrol is not far behind. On the wall by the entrance is a panel consisting of a liquid crystal display and two buttons, marked 1 and 0. This is

what your whole adventure so far has been aiming at – do you have the correct code? You will have to enter the code for the door to open. Convert the binary number to decimal, and turn to the paragraph with that number. If the paragraph makes no sense, you have not entered the correct code, and will be caught by the Arcadian patrol. If you do not know how to convert binary to decimal, here is a table:

DECIMAL	256	128	64	32	16	8	4	2	1
BINARY									

Enter your binary number in the spaces provided. Each time you enter 1, that decimal number is relevant; you can ignore each space which contains 0. Add together all the relevant decimal numbers: the total is the decimal equivalent of the binary number.

220

The guards let you through without further delay. Once inside the spaceport buildings, you shed your disguise and make your way to your spaceship. Turn to **78**

221

You find yourself in a cellar with further exits in the eastern and western walls. Will you turn east (turn to **186**) or west (turn to **324**)?

222

Turn to **400**.

223

'All right,' Grus says eventually. He releases you and sprints over to get the sword. 'No funny business now – I've got the sword.' You hand over the 500 credits from your money-belt, disguising the fact that you have more by pretending to search for the last 100-credit note and by looking depressed about the transaction. Cross the 500 credits off your *Adventure Sheet* As Grus shoves you out of the door at sword-point, you hear Indus on the visiphone, telling the police where you are. You leave quickly and return to the main road. Until you find another weapon, all your battles must be conducted according to the rules for unarmed combat. Turn to **132**

224

Some sixth sense alerts the guard to your approach, and he wheels round to face you For this fight, reduce your SKILL by 1 point, because you are unarmed.

ARCADIAN GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If you win, you may take his sword, but you will have to leave the spaceport immediately. Turn to 336.

225

Suddenly, a miracle occurs. Humans pour out of nearby buildings, hurl bricks and tiles from the roofs and rush in behind the Arcadians. Though few of them are armed with more than clubs, they make short work of the Arcadians. You join in the fight and do your share, losing only 2 STAMINA points of injury, but restoring 1 LUCK point for your escape.

Afterwards, panting and in pain, but grinning from ear to ear, you thank your saviours Some of them have already melted away, and others are knocking in the door of Grus's house It turns out that you have been followed ever since the affair at the spaceport. 'Anyone the Arcadians want to hurt is a potential friend of ours,' explains one, who appears to be the leader. 'But now we must take you to see Bellatrix – we want to know more about you ' 'But that's who I want to meet,' you exclaim. 'We'll see,' is the laconic reply

Rough hands blindfold you. You are taken into one of the nearby houses, down some steps, and then you get confused: you are led through tunnels that twist and turn, several doorways, and part of the sewage system, to judge by the smell, dankness and weird echoing of your footsteps. The underground on Tropos seems to be literally that, and to have a system of connecting houses. Then, without warning, there is a heavy blow on the back of your head, and you sink into unconsciousness. Turn to **207**.

226

'Is this what you want?' you ask, offering the mind-probe. In response, the shimmering seems to grow more intense, and a sudden blast of heat makes you drop the probe and stand back. The probe melts on the ground. If you have the staff, you can try this (turn to **267**); if you don't want to, or you don't have it, turn to **179**.

227

If the robot does have a weakness, you cannot think of it – there's no time and too much pressure. Return to **190** and fight it normally.

228

The shock-wave of the ziridium blast knocks you unconscious. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **46**.

229

'Suspicious, aren't you?' says Grus. 'Is that the thanks I get? All right, you can come in.' The door is opened by another man, who looks furtively both ways down the side-street before ushering you in and locking the door behind you.

You are shown into a sparsely furnished room. Everything looks harmless enough, but your trained suspicions are suddenly aroused. Just then, Grus shouts, 'Grab him! But watch out – he's armed!' Before you can react, Grus and the other man pin you to the wall and take away your sword, which they throw across the room, so that all their hands are free to keep you where you are.

'Set you up nicely, didn't I?' snarls Grus. 'Though in a way I'm sorry. Me and my buddy Indus here, we're thieves. Got caught by the alien scum.' He spits the word out. 'So now they use us as spies – it's either that or they kill us. I reckon we'll have repaid our debt with this one, Indus.'

You struggle to get free. Roll a die. On 1–3, turn to **211**; on 4–6, turn to **113**.

230

The Arcadian, whose name turns out to be Musca, is obviously in a confused state; he changes from being friendly to being suspicious at a moment's notice. By cautious probing, you gradually discover that something has gone wrong with the empathic receiver in his brain, which links him to the Arcadian computer. He has held several positions of authority on Halmuris and Arcadion; you guess that the constant decision-making that these jobs involved has begun to free his will from the enslaving grip of the computer. The side-effects include blinding headaches, and a sense of confusion and guilt. If you tread carefully, you have obviously stumbled across what could be a valuable source of information. Gain 1 LUCK point. But before you can ask any further questions, there is a knock at the door, and the voice of the other Arcadian is heard: 'Do you by any chance have my friend in there?' His pleasant tone puts you on your guard. Will you admit that Musca is with you (turn to **361**) or not (turn to **379**)?

231

The guard pauses by the door to the arena. 'The two beasts you have to face,' he tells you, 'are first a Laphodorm and then a Scabrok. Both are bred specially for the games. The Laphodorm is a new breed, and I know nothing about it. But the Scabrok, though powerful, has one weakness; it is easily

distracted. It won't fall for this trick twice, but you can distract it once and get in a free attack.' Before you can thank him and ask his reasons for telling you this, he opens the door and urges you through, having given you a sword for the contest. Gain 1 LUCK point for the guard's information. If you survive to fight the Scabrok, turn to **262** (remember this number) when you are instructed to do so. Now turn to **313**.

232

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you make it down the cliff without difficulty. If you are Unlucky, you fall down the last bit and sustain 2 STAMINA points of bruises. Then turn to **147** to continue the journey.

233

You dodge and weave through the pedestrians and up and down alleyways. You manage to escape the patrol, but at a cost of 1 STAMINA point. Eventually, when all seems safe, you slump down in a doorway. After a while, you realize that you can only go back to the hostel and try again tomorrow, so you start to get up. But at that moment, the door behind you opens, and rough hands grab hold of you. Will you attempt to put up a fight (turn to **156**), or are you too weak and depressed to bother (turn to **272**)?

234

One of the remaining Arcadians is a Northerner, so for every Attack Round that he is alive, roll an extra die: on 5 or 6 he hits you with his tail, causing 2 STAMINA points of injury, whatever the result of that Attack Round otherwise You will have to fight these two simultaneously, so choose which one you are attacking, and conduct a normal Attack Round against him. The other gets a free attack against you: roll for Attack Strengths as usual, but nothing happens unless *his* Attack Strength is higher, in which case he wounds you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
NORTH ARCADIAN	6	8
Second ARCADIAN	6	6

If you win, turn to **381**.

235

You decide to go back to your hotel. If you had a spot of bother with the Chief of Police at the Zodiac earlier today, you have decided to go to Porky's Palace instead On the monorail ride, you have the impression that you are being followed There *is* a cab behind you, but then there always is on an efficient monorail system. Will you pull into the next drop station and get off (turn to **162**), or will you carry on to your hotel, thinking you'll be as safe there as anywhere (turn to **27**)?

236

It speaks: 'Earthling, where *zplaran*?' At least, that's what the last word sounds like. The voice is strangely metallic and hollow; it certainly does not come from any living being that you can imagine. Perhaps it is a robot of some kind. If it is, then you could attack it. Is this what you choose to do (turn to **179**), or will you try to talk back to it, as it inches ever closer to you (turn to **195**)?

237

'I don't know what it's like on Earth,' says one of your companions, 'but here on Tropos it's considered bad manners not to drink with *friends*.' There is a decidedly unpleasant tone to his voice. Will you respond to the insult (turn to **35**), or meekly drink up (turn to **322**)?

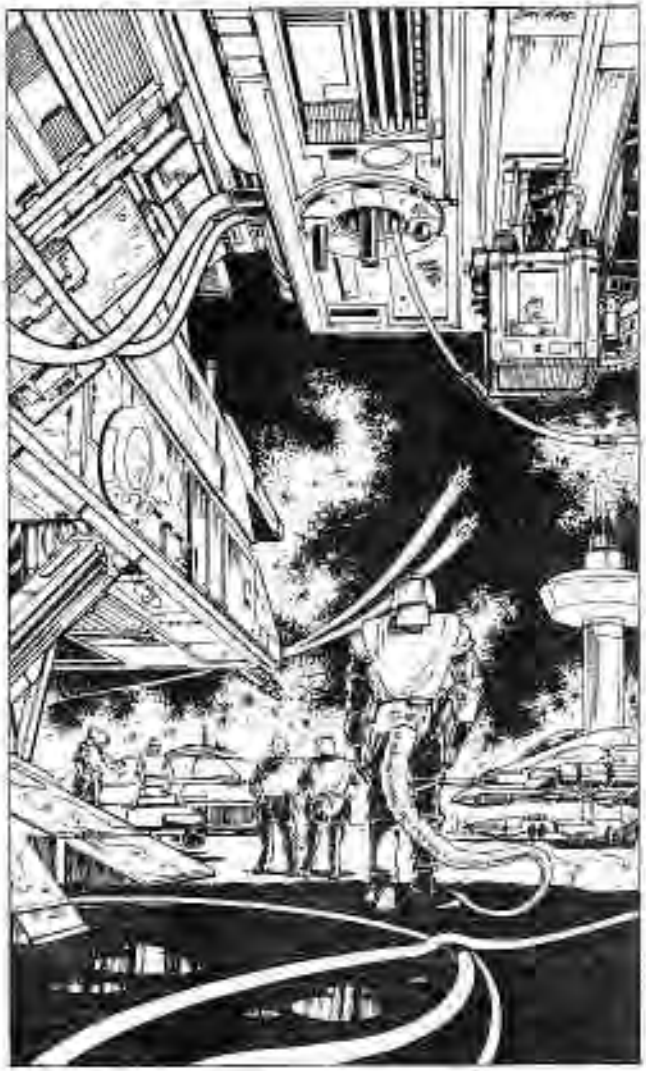

238

The 'job' turns out to be stealing some of the luxury goods from your own cargo This confirms your suspicion that you are dealing with a black marketeer. The first journey is easy, since the Arcadian guards find nothing odd in your visiting your own spaceship But you have to make three more journeys before the black marketeer is satisfied *Test your Luck* three times. If at any time you are Unlucky, turn to **165**; otherwise turn to **96**.

239

You knock on the door of Professor Zacharias's office 'Come in,' he calls When you enter, you find him just getting ready to leave for a lecture 'I'm in a hurry,' he says. 'What do you want?' You tell him that Mehita suggested you visit him. He looks at you intently for a moment 'Did she? Did she indeed?' he muses. 'I have great faith in Mehita's feelings about people Look, there's no time now. Come and see me after my lecture, in one hour ' Will you pass the time by attending his lecture (turn to **170**), or have a cup of coffee in the students' union (turn to **182**)?

240

'Who? Get lost,' says the doorman. Will you do as he says (turn to **95**), or attempt to smash the locks with your sword (turn to **366**)? You can smash the locks only if you still have your sword, of course.

241

You have pushed him too far, and he goes into total physical collapse. You have no choice now but to wait for a robot to come by. Turn to **278**.

242

By the time you get close to the fleeing Arcadian, he has turned into the main road and met up with a patrol of his fellow Northern Arcadians. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **132**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **52**.

243

You edge around the boulder and then spring out, sword at the ready. It seems that the Arcadian has come to some decision, because his whippy is raised above the cowering human's head. The look of surprise on the Arcadian's face when you appear is almost comical. But now he will turn his attention to you.

CENTRAL ARCADIAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

He is not particularly strong, but he's agile and cunning. The first time he wounds you, roll an extra die. On a roll of 4–6, he hurls some dust in your eyes, and you must lose 1 SKILL point for the next two Attack Rounds. But you only give him this one opportunity: the rest of the fight will be as normal. If you win, turn to **189**.

244

After a while, the corridors quieten down, as most of the students go off to lectures. Then one student approaches the notice-board and, rather furtively, pins up a poster. You just have time to see that it announces some kind of demonstration, when the young man is thrown to the floor by two others, and his poster is ripped from the wall. The two louts then proceed to beat him up. You're not going to stand for that kind of behaviour. You will fight both the louts simultaneously in unarmed combat. Each Attack Round, choose which of them you will fight, and conduct a normal Attack Round against him. Against the other, roll for Attack Strengths as usual, but even if your Attack Strength is higher, you do not hurt him: you are preoccupied with his companion. If his Attack Strength is higher, however, he hurts you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LOUT	6	8
Second LOUT	5	6

This is not a fight to the death. If your STAMINA is

reduced to 4, the fight is over and your opponents run away. You, for your part, take care to knock them out, not kill them, since they are only students: the 'sudden death' rule of unarmed combat, or reduction of your opponents' STAMINA to zero, will count for unconsciousness rather than death. After the fight, turn to 337

245

You know that your first priority is to find somewhere sheltered to spend the night. You are following a path through rough terrain, with a valley sloping down to your left and rocky outcrops up the hill to your right. After a while, you come across two caves to your right, which look as though they are deep enough to give you shelter. The right-hand one is approached by a smooth gully which wends its way to the valley below; the left-hand one is higher up, and its entrance is partially hidden by a spiky, cactus-like plant. Will you enter the right-hand cave (turn to 371) or the left-hand one (turn to 294)?

246

'Your eminence,' you grovel, 'I . . . er . . . I had no idea that the other spaceship was piloted by one of my glorious masters. My desire is only to serve. I thought it might be a pirate, and my concern was for the safety of my cargo.' *Test your Luck* to see if the Arcadian believes you. If you are Lucky, turn to 144; if you are Unlucky, turn to 129.

247

The two Arcadians remain out of sight for the rest of the journey. When you land on Arcadion, they are whisked off, and you are ordered to remain on your ship while it is being refuelled for the return journey. There is no chance of escape. You have failed.

248

Your bluff has been well and truly exposed. 'Ha!' exclaims your questioner, 'You're as bent as a trans-dimensional rainbow.' You decide that this is neither the time nor the place to ask what these mysterious South Arcadian words might mean, and you leave, in considerable embarrassment. Lose 1 LUCK point and, for your next fight only, 1 SKILL point for tipsiness. You make your way over to the other group, who are still discussing the possibility of human rebellion. Turn to 289.

249

You get hopelessly lost, and more and more exhausted, as the heavy gravity of Halmuris takes its toll. Reduce your STAMINA by 1 point. Eventually, you find yourself in the administrative part of the building, where you are promptly arrested and

taken to an office where a Central Arcadian is working at a pile of papers. However, you manage to persuade him that you are innocently lost, and he gives you directions. Turn to **336**.

250

The guards easily overwhelm you. Perhaps next time you will be less easily fooled and therefore less likely to be betrayed.

251

The room beyond the Sphinx is dark, but a large computer screen is resting on a table, and its greenish light, as information scrolls across its surface, is a source of faint illumination. Will you look at the screen (turn to **319**), or carry on (turn to **375**)?

252

You leap up the steps and are immediately spotted by an Arcadian patrol, who give chase. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **233**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **330**.

253

The object you grabbed was a jet pack, but it feels so light that it may have no fuel left in it. You take it anyway. The fire is bound to attract unwelcome attention. You decide to leave the spaceport as soon as possible. Turn to **336**.

254

There is another passage branching off to the south. Will you take it (turn to **62**) or continue straight on (turn to **39**)?

255

'Dorado,' you say, 'I must go. But first tell me what you know about the digits of the Arcadian computer.'

'Identify yourself,' he says in reply. 'What's the password?' You will now either know what to do, or you will get nothing more out of Dorado, however much you protest that you cannot know his password, having only just arrived on the planet. You have failed.

256

You can use this to make your opponents' approach slippery and hazardous, by quickly opening the can and spilling the oil towards them. (Cross it off your Equipment List.) This will reduce your first opponent's SKILL by 2 points; by the time you meet your second opponent, however, the fight has been carried away from the slippery area. But the oil also slows down your opponents, so that you have time to grab another item from your pack, if you want to. Do you choose the hand-klaxon (turn to **21**) or the strobe (turn to **79**)? If you choose neither, return now to resolve your fight.

257

The passage leads into another cellar, with one exit straight ahead, and another in the northern wall. Will you go straight ahead (turn to **186**) or north (turn to **142**)?

258

Do you have an introduction to anyone here? If so, turn to the paragraph which has the same number as the room you need; otherwise turn to **76**.

259

The pall of smoke provides excellent cover until you are quite near the rocks. Then you are spotted, and the silver craft races in pursuit. But the drifting smoke causes it to misjudge the distance and, as you squeeze into cover, it smashes into the rock-face above you and explodes. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **228**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **288**.

260

'Why on Tropos do you want to get to that old place?' asks the man suspiciously. 'Been derelict for years. If you want a good time, some entertainment,

I can tell you where to go.' You thank him, but tell him that you have arranged to meet a friend outside the Adolpho. He tells you that the Adolpho is not far away, on North 20–East 7 Street. 'And where are we now?' you ask 'Halfway up North 18–East 9 Street,' comes the reply. There is no time to lose; you must get on with your mission. Will you go north for one and a half blocks, then west for two blocks (turn to **204**), or north for two and a half blocks, then west for two blocks (turn to **109**)?

261

Musca is in a highly nervous state – and is playing dangerously with the phaser. Will you rush him and try to wrest it from him (turn to **59**), or speak to him (turn to **90**)?

262

Good: you have remembered the Scabrok's weakness. At some point during the fight, you will be able to distract its attention, perhaps by throwing

sand across its field of vision. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **341**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **133**.

263

More Arcadian guards are on their way, but you make it through the gate, and they do not set out after you. At first you wonder why, but then you realize that they are leaving the freezing night to do their work for them. There are various paths that you could take. Will you go east (turn to **245**), north (turn to **342**) or south (turn to **181**)?

264

The situation looks desperate, but you are determined to die like a hero, fighting against tyranny and perhaps inspiring future humans. Did you get beaten up at the spaceport? If so, turn to **225**; if not, turn to **250**.

265

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **69**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **36**.

266

You join a group of students who are hanging around a drink-dispensing machine on the Science Floor, and are having a heated scientific discussion. Will you chip into the conversation (turn to **218**), or keep quiet (turn to **11**)?

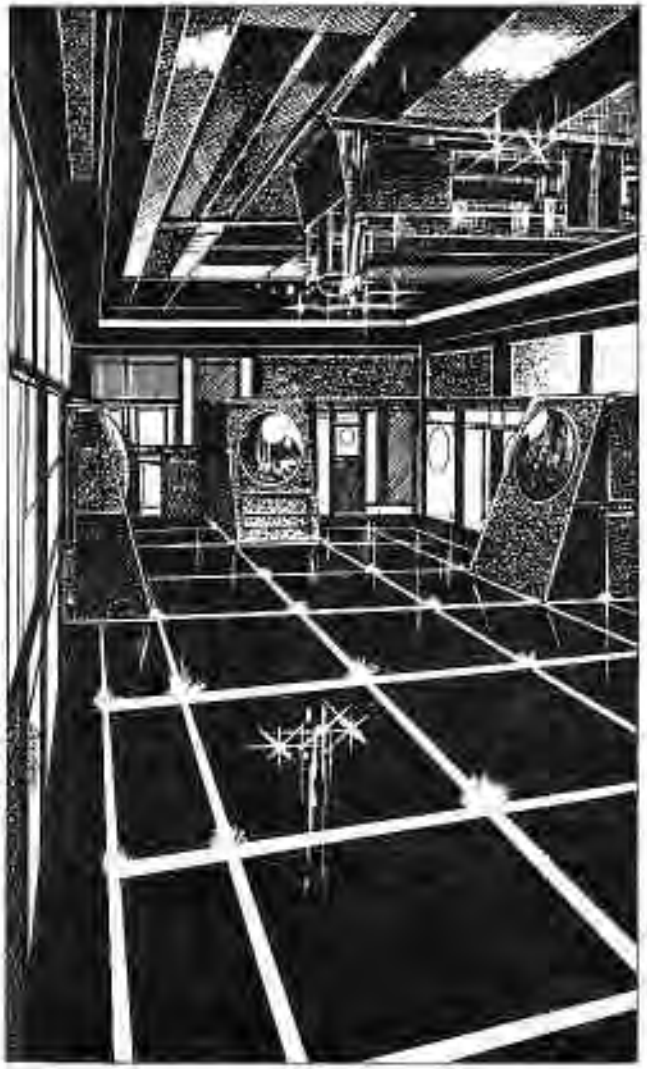

267

'This *zplaran*?' you ask, finding yourself speaking the same pidgin Arcadian as the weird thing. '*Zplaran*,' replies the thing, in a voice which sounds decidedly unfriendly to you, but is apparently not. The staff is whisked out of your hand into the shaft of light, where it hangs, suspended by goodness knows what. Both the changing form and the shaft of light proceed to vibrate very rapidly, but in eerie silence. If the staff is broken, turn to **179**; otherwise turn to **308**.

268

'Bravo!' cries the man, as you switch off your sword. 'But now we'd better get out of here. Come with me.' Will you tell him you'd rather be left alone (turn to **314**), or will you go with him (turn to **394**)?

269

You enter a room full of dully glistening machinery. A voice speaks from all around: 'Human, this is the computer speaking. You have done well to get this far. As you see, I am at your mercy: you can program me to your heart's content ' Will you attempt to program the computer (turn to **205**), or will you leave this room too (turn to **94**)?

270

There is no point in fighting him – there are too many people around. Will you offer him 500 credits (turn to **201**) or a ziridium-plated bracelet, if you

have one (turn to **365**)? If you cannot afford this, or think that it is not worth bribing him, you leave for the university (turn to **146**)

271

The phaser cuts down two members of the patrol, but then jams, presumably because it has not been used for a long time. You hurl it away in disgust. You will have to draw your sword to fight the remaining two. Roll one die. If the number is even, turn to **234**; if it is odd, turn to **24**.

272

Your captors are human. They blindfold you and lead you down into the cellar, where, to your surprise, a draught indicates the presence of a corridor But that is your last impression for a while – a heavy blow to your head knocks you unconscious. Turn to **207**

273

Of the humans on the base, some are wearing grey uniforms, some blue. Will you ask someone in grey (turn to **197**) or in blue (turn to **217**)? Or will you try to get a sword off an Arcadian (turn to **16**)?

274

'Why are you hesitating?' asks Bellatrix. Will you say that you know he's not a double agent (turn to **307**), or that you need more proof (turn to **343**)?

275

Lose 1 LUCK point for failing to help a fellow human Turn to **114**.

276

The buttons are so close together that you cannot tell which one the policeman was reaching for when you attacked him. Will you try the left-hand button (turn to **180**) or the right-hand one (turn to **386**)?

277

The passage leads you into a cellar with no other exit. You stop only to raid a show-case of some irresistible Earth coins, dating from the First Soviet–Brazilian Alliance. Then you turn back and head east along the corridor you were in before (turn to **346**).

278

You have to wait some time until a robot comes to deliver the Arcadian's meal Meanwhile, the Arcadian has just sat slumped on the floor. You order the robot to release you 'Why, certainly, boss,' it replies. 'Anythin' you say ' There are times when you find a robot's programmed chirpiness out of place! It releases you, however, and you put the Arcadian in your place But your long wait has weakened you even further, and the rest and food which you now take restores only 2 STAMINA points Then turn to **292**.

279

You make it through the wire and sprint for cover. You are just in time – a patrol reaches the gap in the wire just as you dive behind a tree But they do not set out after you: they think that the freezing night will do its deadly work. They may be right. You are on the east side of the spaceport, and there are various paths. Will you go east (turn to **245**), north (turn to **342**) or south (turn to **181**)?

280

The barman comes over to you with a drink. 'Your drink, sir,' he says. 'But I didn't order a drink,' you protest. 'Your drink, sir,' he repeats, firmly. Will you refuse the drink, thinking it may be drugged (turn to **237**), or accept it (turn to **322**)?

281

Test your Luck If you are Lucky, turn to **104**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **82**.

282

Of course! The aerial! It must be a means of detecting structural weaknesses in buildings That is why the robot only thumps irregularly – when it senses that a building is weak enough to crack. However, there is no point in simply stopping by a firm building, because you would have to stay there and would be easy prey for the police when they arrive. You must return to **190** and fight the machine; because of the light gravity on this planet, every time you have a successful Attack Round against the machine, you may either deduct 2 STAMINA points as a result of a normal blow, or you may leap into the air and swipe at the aerial, causing loss of 1 SKILL point for the machine.

283

'No, there's no time for that,' calls your friend. 'I know what you're thinking – that he might have seen your face; but soon the whole area will be swarming with the swine.' Will you persist, preferring to take this risk rather than that of being

identified to the authorities (turn to **378**), or will you wait now to see what your friend does next (turn to **41**)?

284

So near, and yet so far. He is obviously pro-Arcadian. He promptly summons the local police to arrest you.

285

You are getting quite close to your hotel, when you see ahead something large moving towards you. You wait until you can see it clearly. Oh, no! The glinting body of a robot killer is trundling towards you on hidden wheels It is just like a metal cylinder, with only one feature breaking the pitiless monotony of its structure – an aerial on top. It has no humanoid features: no arms, no legs, no face – nothing that looks familiar or that you can understand. You haven't the faintest idea of how it will attack or, therefore, how you should defend yourself against it. You know that your blows will have some effect on the soft metal of this planet, but it

looks as though it has been built to withstand many such attacks: you need some way to shorten the fight.

The robot's first attack comes without warning. A gigantic thump strikes the ground, sending you tumbling, and making roof-tiles and small bits of masonry hurtle down from the buildings all around you. You have no idea how the robot causes the thump, but, if you have been told about the 'Street Fighter', you know that it has been aptly named. If you have a baryon grenade, turn to **388**; if not, turn to **190**.

286

'Yes, I can sell you a sword,' he replies. 'It'll cost you 1,000 credits.' Do you have enough money? If you do, and you are prepared to pay this exorbitant price, do so and then turn to **84**. If you cannot or will not pay him, you will have to do a job for him instead (turn to **238**).

287

'Never heard the name before,' says the doorman. 'Get lost, creep.' Will you do as he says (turn to **95**), or attempt to smash the locks with your sword (turn to **366**)? You can only smash the locks if you still have your sword, of course.

288

You are showered with fragments of the exploding craft. Deduct 4 STAMINA points and, if you are still alive, turn to **46**.

289

The Arcadians are amazed at your cheek in butting into their conversation. One particularly loud-mouthed North Arcadian turns out to be the Chief of Police. He says he can prove his point: even if humans did rebel, they would easily be defeated, since they are the weaker species. 'Come outside with me,' he says. 'Won't be long,' he boasts to the others.

His meaning is unmistakable: he is challenging you to an unarmed duel. You follow him and his drunkenly laughing witness to a deserted area where the hotel rubbish units are. His friend, giggling, slips down in a stupor against a wall. In this fight, you dare not produce your sword, so follow the rules for unarmed combat; but he can use his tail. Every Attack Round, on a roll of 5 or 6 with an extra die, he will inflict 2 STAMINA points of injury on you, whatever the result of that Attack Round otherwise.

POLICE CHIEF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **329**

290

In the morning, you knock on the door of the Arcadians' quarters, with the pretext of inquiring after Musca's health. The other Arcadian answers your knock, opens the door a fraction and tells you to go away. Will you do as he says, and await another opportunity (turn to **247**), or kick in the door (turn to **281**)?

291

You switch off your sword and hide it again. But now what will you do? There are guards outside the door. Will you open the door and try to bluff your way past the guards (turn to **87**), or will you investigate the buttons on the desk (turn to **276**)?

292

It takes time and cautious questioning, but from the two Arcadians, who are now no threat to you, you learn three crucial pieces of information: that some of the weapons which the Empire brought back to preserve its own safety are stored in an arsenal in the basement of the computer building on Arcadion; that the code for entering this arsenal is 110; and that the computer consists of three main parts, all of which must be destroyed to guarantee elimination of the machine. Gain 2 LUCK points You are now approaching Arcadion, so turn to **118**.

293

As the door shuts behind you, horror grips your guts. Bright light springs out from hidden lamps and reveals that you are in a room of distorting mirrors Even the door behind you is mirrored. A laser beam shoots out from one side and bounces off a mirror at an unpredictable angle. In an instant you are surrounded by laser beams, forming a crazy random pattern of burning light. One blasts your leg from its socket; another takes three fingers of your left hand. Then another strikes, and another . .

294

As you approach the mouth of the cave, you stumble on a loose rock. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **193**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **143**.

295

'Come on, fellow humans,' you cry, hoping for a response 'Now is the time to free yourselves!' Ten humans range themselves by your side. You

are still outnumbered, however, since the raiding Arcadians are joined by the ones in the club; and none of your companions has a sword. During the fight, you have to take on four Arcadians, one at a time. If you are unarmed, reduce your SKILL by 1 point for this encounter. Fight your opponents in this order:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ARCADIAN	8	12
Second ARCADIAN	7	8
Third ARCADIAN	7	6
Fourth ARCADIAN	6	6

Do you have anything in your pack to help you in this fight? If you think you do, remember this reference (295), to which you will have to return, but meanwhile turn to 198. If by some miracle you survive, will you take up from where you were so rudely interrupted by going over to the visiphone booth (turn to 311), or will you leave the club, feeling that you have drawn too much attention to yourself already (turn to 252)?

296

After walking for quite a while, the path passes through an area which is sprinkled with large boulders. You can hear voices – one Arcadian, one human – coming from behind one of the boulders. It seems that a Central Arcadian has a human at his mercy and, in a manner typical of his kind, has paused to think about all the possibilities open to him. The human, meanwhile, is pleading with the Arcadian to stop theorizing and get on with it. Will you skirt this area to avoid confrontation (turn to 275), or try to rescue the man (turn to 243)?

297

Well done! The door slides open easily and lets you into an ante-chamber before sliding shut again behind you. Only then do the next doors open – and

there are four more sets of doors; this is to keep the building as free as possible from dust. Once inside, you can see the computer room ahead, but there are also some steps down to a basement. Will you go straight to the computer room (turn to **381**), or down to the basement first (turn to **169**)?

298

You leap down on to the ledge, away from the nest, so as to have a secure landing. Your precipitous arrival awakens the bird, which instinctively attacks you

ROCKBUZZARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win without being wounded by its beak or talons, turn to **40**. However, if you are wounded once, this means that the bird has got past your flashing sword, and its weight will knock you off the ledge to die on the path below.

299

Once you are out of the spaceport you have no problems finding a hover-taxi You climb in and instruct the microcomputer to take you south into town. You notice that a camera has been fixed in the taxi – there has been no attempt to disguise it Presumably it transmits everything it sees to the Arcadian police headquarters, and presumably there is a listening device as well It is a good thing that they cannot read minds, because your thoughts are racing. You know three things about the underground leader on Tropos: the codename Bellatrix; that he or she can be located through a club called the Fission Chips, which is in the city you are heading for; and that Bellatrix rules the rebels strictly, with a code of honour that all must obey. That's quite a lot to be going on – it's more than you know about the rebels on other planets – and should make your task on Tropos relatively easy, if you act sensibly.

The other thing occupying your mind is that most of the Arcadians on Tropos seem to be members of the warlike Northern species. The presence of so many of these natural fighters could make your mission on Tropos more hazardous. Why have so many of them been posted here? Are they closing in on the rebels? Do the Arcadians know that the Fission Chips is more than it seems? There are many unanswered questions, but you turn your mind to the task at hand. There are still six hours to go before curfew. Will you instruct the taxi to take you straight

to the Fission Chips (turn to **176**), or to the hostel at which off-planet humans have to stay (turn to **196**)?

300

The experiment begins. Electrodes attached to the Arcadian's skull are connected to those attached to yours via the devilish device. You are strapped to your seat with wrist-fetters. How will you prepare your mind for what follows? Will you clear it (turn to **141**), or follow your own trains of thoughts and memories to provide a barrier against the Arcadian imposing his own ideas (turn to **357**)?

301

You wait for hours. As dusk descends, a grinning alien face appears at the high grille 'So,' he says, 'you have chosen to try your skill at our gladiatorial games. This is the door into the arena Now you must spend the night here; in the morning the games will be assembled ' Gain 1 LUCK point for choosing the right door, and turn to **349**.

302

You have to use the same method for getting back in, even though you know that it will set off the alarm You choose a spot well away from any guard-post, and you are hidden among the outbuildings by the time a patrol comes to investigate the break. You make your way innocently to your spaceship. Turn to **78**

303

The man has gone by the time you get back (lose 1 LUCK point). Clearly, he thought it unhealthy to hang around – and rightly, because an Arcadian patrol is on its way and has only been delayed by the body of the compatriot of theirs who you have just cut down. You walk casually out of the other end of the street and into the busy main road. Turn to **132**.

304

You break a leg. You can either wait for night, or call for help. Either way, your mission is over.

305

No sooner have you sat down than you notice that one of them, a young woman, is wearing a jacket whose buttons have a curious design of an eagle clutching a scroll – and that one button is missing. Do you have the missing button? If so, turn to **347**; otherwise, turn to **103**.

306

Porky is a bit cautious about answering; he says it's best not to inquire too closely into some events on Radix. But he mutters something about a killing machine called the 'Street Fighter', and how the authorities have got paranoid enough recently to use it even to break up student demonstrations. That's all you can get out of him. It looks as though the university might be a good starting-point. The monorail takes you near the main entrance. Will you plunge straight in (turn to **146**), or wait around outside for a while (turn to **178**)?

307

Why did you say that? There's no way you can *know* any such thing. From the point of view of your inquisitors, you would be so sure that they are wrong about the barman only if you were an Arcadian agent yourself, with inside knowledge about other agents. A bad mistake – and a fatal one.

308

'Now I have power,' says the being. 'Enough for even my voice-box to function correctly.' A wheezing noise follows, which you think might be a laugh. 'I can grant you one favour with this power, then I must return to my galaxy. This is to repay you for rescuing the *zplaran* from the darkness where I cannot go.' Will you ask it to restore some of your STAMINA (turn to **363**), or if by any chance it knows the whereabouts of the man you are seeking (turn to **377**)?

309

You reach the haven of your hotel. If it is Porky's Palace and you have not been here before, pay 50 credits for the night If you need to find a computer, turn to **158**; otherwise turn to **134**.

310

The humans in grey uniforms are the cleaning and catering staff. You approach one with your question, and he tells you that the agricultural station is about ten kilometres to the north-east of the spaceport. You decide that your next priority is a sword. Will you ask the same man about this (turn to **197**), try someone in blue (turn to **217**), or attempt to get one off an Arcadian (turn to **16**)?

311

The door of the booth hisses shut behind you 'Now what?' you wonder Maybe you could ring up an old school friend who settled on Tropos; maybe this is a trap; maybe . . What was that click? A hatch has opened up in the ceiling! Oh, no – gas! A thick cloud soon envelops you As you collapse, you hear yourself coughing, but it seems to come from far away. Then the floor beneath you drops away, and you tumble down a chute, but never feel yourself reach the bottom. Turn to **207**

312

The problem with this is that you have only the one grenade, and its blast will knock out only one of the computers. Will you choose the one against the wall opposite the door (turn to **139**), the one against the wall to the left (turn to **203**), or the one against the wall to the right (turn to **51**)? Alternatively, you may return to **381** and choose again, if you have another choice to make.

313

You have no choice; you enter the arena. The door swings shut behind you. You are overwhelmed by the dazzling sunlight, the roar of the crowd and the strange smell of the pale blue Radician sand on the ground. You assess your predicament: high barriers surround the arena; the ground is covered with sand. This is it, then. You will have no help apart from yourself.

A sudden hush fills the arena. A door on the other side opens and out comes the most hideous beast you have ever seen or imagined – a Laphodorm, bred for grotesqueness as well as fighting ability. It is covered in red scales; it has a retractable neck, like a tortoise; its head is like a lion's, roughly, but the tongues which dart from its slavering jaws remind you more of a multitude of snakes. Resolve your battle:

LAPHODORM	SKILL 7	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **106**.

314

'Have it your way,' he says, scowling. 'But since you are armed, I assume that you have some particular reason for being on Tropos. You refuse my help – but you may need help some time.' You thank him, but leave alone. Out on the street, you must get away as quickly as possible, and find the Fission Chips. You know that north heads out of town, so you turn south (turn to **99**).

315

Musca remained surprisingly calm throughout the fight, but starts to grovel rather embarrassingly in front of you when you have won. You take advantage of the situation and order him to tell you what he knows about the computer on Arcadion. In a halting voice, he tells you that he knows nothing, but that the dead Arcadian knew more. However, you do find out that one of the Arcadian arsenals is in the basement of the computer building, and that its entry-code is 110. Gain 1 LUCK point. You are now nearing Arcadion itself; turn to **118**.

316

The two disks count as a single item in your pack. If you already have the limit of six items, you must shed one to accommodate the disks Now you must find a computer. You leave the university before your crime is discovered. Turn to 235.

317

You spend the whole day searching fruitlessly around the city, and even try the university again, but you find no clues You have failed in your mission

318

The patrolling Arcadians scarcely give you a second glance Before you reach Customs, the next checkpoint, do you want to get rid of any of your equipment? If so, you find a safe spot in the human's washroom to do so Whether or not you dumped any equipment, turn to 33.

319

As you look into the screen, it spells out a single message: 'Curiosity can kill the cat.' It is true. The computer has offered you knowledge, and you have fallen for the trap. Your defences are down, and the Arcadian computer has taken over your mind. Your mission is over.

320

In your dusty and dishevelled state, you judge it unwise to return to the main museum. Perhaps there is a way out of these cellars. You search the body of the watchman and take his bundle of keys. Before you can search the body any further, however, the watchman's comlink beeps and an Arcadian voice comes through, asking where he is. Now the search will be on!

The cellar you are in has two corridors leading off its east wall. Behind you is the staircase up to the main museum. Will you take the left-hand passage (turn to 127) or the right-hand one (turn to 257)?

321

'Well, then,' he continues, 'we need someone to take Corvus's place, don't we? You have a choice,' he says to you. 'You can either carry out a little job for us, or die.' Will you fight your captors (turn to 80) or do as the man suggests (turn to 238)?

322

You swig it down – but it *is* drugged. When you first arrived on Tropos, did you try to catch a taxi straight to the club? If so, turn to 372; otherwise, turn to 207

323

Miraculously, your speed carries you through the danger relatively unharmed. But your exertions, scratches and burns cost you 2 STAMINA points The alien craft was unable to track you through the smoke, and is now some way off Will you sprint for the building (turn to **338**) or the rocks (turn to **259**)?

324

You find yourself back in the first cellar, where you killed the watchman. The search-party is waiting for you. Your mission is over.

325

Whatever method you have used for removing the casing, your death will follow soon, as the liquid helium you have released floods over the floor, and freezes your feet before it evaporates. With all feeling gone in your feet, you fall over, snapping them off at the ankles.

326

The doorman looks at you carefully, then shuts the peep-hole After a moment, you hear bolts being shot on the other side of the door, and you are let in. Membership of the club costs 250 credits While the doorman is making out your membership card, you survey the scene. The clientele is mixed human and Arcadian, but there are only a few Arcadians, and they are mostly Southerners The Arcadian section is very comfortable, with padded seats, real wooden

tables and waiter service. The human section is cheaply equipped with stained and scarred formoplas furniture. The air is thick with the smell of alcohol and the smoke of glazium, a mild legal drug. One or two of the Arcadians, however, are showing how they are superior to the law, by openly smoking tobacco.

The doorman interrupts your observation by handing you the membership card and saying, 'Just one more thing, sir – a security precaution. I'm sure you'll understand. Our Arcadian clients insist on it.' He buzzes a metal detector swiftly over your body, which tells him nothing, of course; and there is nothing too suspicious in your pack. Then he begins to frisk you. If you no longer have your sword, this does not alarm you (turn to **64**). If you do still have your sword, will you say that you have changed your mind and leave the club (turn to **390**), or will you submit to the search (turn to **358**)?

327

Unfortunately, no further opportunities present themselves, and you perish in the freezing cold as night draws in.

328

In your weakened state, you are unable to prevent the policeman diving for the desk and pressing the buzzer. Guards pour in, too many for you to fight. They cut you down in an instant.

329

The North Arcadian's friend is struggling to get to his feet; you quickly knock him out. Then you search the Police Chief's pockets and find 750 credits, which you take, and his notebook. This is full of day-to-day police business, but one item catches your attention: 'Check on Z. at university.' This could be your starting-point. It is too dangerous to go back into the hotel, so you set out for the university immediately. The monorail drops you near the university. Will you plunge straight in (turn to **146**), or wait around outside for a bit (turn to **178**)?

330

However much you dodge and weave through the pedestrians and alleyways, the patrol draws inexorably closer. At last, a helpful passer-by trips you up, and before you can get up, five assorted laser swords and whippies slash down on your unprotected head and back. You have failed – and no one is to blame but yourself.

331

It is not your sword-hand that has been injured. Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points for the agony. If you have not yet done so, you can explore the other crack by turning to 355; if you think that it is time to continue your journey, turn to 10.

332

There is nothing you can do with a laser sword, unless you can get to the bowels of the computers, by removing the casing. Is this what you choose to do (turn to 325)? If you have an alternative, you could return to 381 and choose again.

333

You are walking along a dusty passage. Cobwebs brush your face; the red eyes and streamlined form of some Radician rodent show up briefly in the dim light. Some way along, another passage branches off to the north. Will you continue straight ahead (turn to 346), or turn north (turn to 277)?

334

Will you fight the man (turn to 157), or run away (turn to 124)?

335

'Never heard of it,' replies the man, 'but you could try the hardware shop next door.' You thank him politely. You had better go to the hardware shop. Turn to 382.

336

You return to the main part of the spaceport, to get your bearings. The freezing night is not far off. How will you get off the base? It is surrounded by a high perimeter wire fence, and both its main entrances, to the west and east, are guarded. If you have a jet pack, turn to 128; if you have a pair of wire-cutters, turn to 393; if you have neither of these, turn to 2.

337

The young man you rescued takes you to the students' bar and buys you some drink and food (restore 3 STAMINA points). You join some friends of his at a table. 'Hey, you lot!' exclaims the young man. 'This Earthling here just gave a couple of Black Eyes black eyes!' When the inevitable questions have died down, you ask who the Black Eyes are, and learn that they are a pro-Arcadian political group. The students are planning a demonstration against the personal files that the University Secretary keeps about every member of the university, but the Black Eyes agree with the system. Eventually, you take your leave. Will you go to the Science Floor, if you haven't been there already (turn to 266), the University Secretary's office (turn to 214), or will you leave the university (turn to 235)?

338

About halfway there, the cover of smoke ends. You are immediately spotted and cut down.

339

You manage to persuade him that the item is harmless. Turn to 374.

340

You turn to grapple with him, but the butt of his phaser connects squarely with your temple, and you crash to the floor. 'Such a pity,' he says. 'I was looking forward to our little experiment.' Then he blasts you out of existence.

341

When you distract the Scabrok, you manage to hit a particularly vulnerable spot, and injure the monster in such a way that you reduce its SKILL by 1 point and its STAMINA by 2 points. In other words you can fight it as follows:

SCABROK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 54.

342

You know that your first priority is to find somewhere sheltered to spend the night. After a while you come across a tree – or perhaps it is a large bush, or even a leaf-covered stone. All you can see is dense foliage, moving gently, as if in a breeze, and reaching to the ground from about three metres up. You walk round it: it is the same on all sides. If you could penetrate it, it is so dense that it would provide shelter: that is how *it* stays alive in the sub-zero temperatures, presumably. Will you try to get inside (turn to 208), or do you mistrust this mysteriously moving plant and carry on (turn to 327)?

343

'Ah! A sense of justice. That tips the balance in his favour, don't you think?' Bellatrix asks the other two. They agree. Besides, as one of the men points out, you know so little about your inquisitors that even if you were a spy, the information you could pass on would cause only a temporary halt to the rebel operation.

'All right,' says Bellatrix. 'I'll tell you what I know. It's not much after all your efforts, I'm afraid. Rumour has it that the Northern Arcadians made up a marching-song to help them remember a sequence of three of the digits. I don't know what they are, however, or where this sequence comes in the whole series of digits; but here's the song, for what it's worth:

Oh! Mortal combat is such joy:
No messing about, no subtle ploy.
Empire of Arcadion! Empire of Arcadion!
Onward, ever onward!
Open pitched battles make me high:
Never mind the odds – let's do or die!
Evermore Arcadion! Empire of Arcadion!'

That's all you can get from Bellatrix, so the information from the other two planets is absolutely crucial. All your equipment is returned to you: you are pleased by their generosity and trust in replacing your sword, if you had lost it. Restore 2 LUCK points for the information and equipment. They also have a vial of quandar-root lotion, which will heal 4 STAMINA points of wounds, but you have to buy the vial from them for 50 credits and use it immediately. Do so if you want, then turn to **25**.

344

You walk boldly up to the eastern entrance in your disguise The guards call you to halt, and ask what you have been doing off the base, and where you came from. You explain that you left by the western entrance. Will you say that you have been attending to a broken-down helicopter (turn to **26**), or taking provisions out to a patrol (turn to **220**)?

345

After racking your conscience, you decide that your mission is more important than any single cell of the underground, and that you can tell them enough to keep them happy without giving *everything* away. You do so. The following day, having checked your information, the commandant returns. 'All right, Earthling,' he says. 'Your sentence is commuted from certain death to probable death.' He laughs mockingly and takes you under guard to a room which has two doors leading from it

'One of these doors leads to instant death; the other leads to a gladiatorial ring. Such fights are one of our amusements. We often send criminals through one or the other of the doors.' The guards are watching you closely, and you realize that they will kill you if you show the slightest resistance. 'If you . . . er . . . *partake* of our contest and defeat the two beasts we will send against you, we will escort you back to your spaceship. After the information you have given us, it would be better for you not to fall into the hands of your fellow humans, don't you think? Now, make your choice – which door?'

Will you go through the right-hand door (turn to **293**) or the left-hand one (turn to **397**)?

346

The corridor, which is lined with packing-cases and other museum objects, gradually curves around to the right, until you are heading west instead of east. There is a passage heading south (turn to **62**), or you can continue straight ahead (turn to **8**).

347

She is fascinated by the story of how you found the button, but points out that that does not necessarily prove that you are not an Arcadian spy, sent to discover the killer of the receptionist at the hostel. She thinks for a bit. 'All right,' she says eventually. 'This is what you do. I'm going to leave. Five minutes after I've done so, you enter the visiphone booth over there. Then we'll see . . .'

It all sounds a bit suspect to you, but you really have no choice. You cannot follow her, since her muscle-bound friends are surrounding you. After a while, one of them says, out of the corner of this mouth, 'OK, go!' Turn to **81**.

348

As you leave the arsenal, the door hisses shut behind you, and a mechanical voice says: 'The entry-code is now changed. The new code will be circulated to authorized personnel.' That's a security device you hadn't expected; there'll be no returning to the arsenal, then.

Your next problem is that because of the size of the arsenal, it took quite a time to find the items you needed, and you emerge from the stairs to be confronted by an Arcadian patrol. You can use against them nothing that you may have taken from the arsenal except a photon grenade and a hand-phaser. If you use the grenade, turn to **86**; if you use the phaser, turn to **271**; if you have neither of these, you are dead.

349

In the morning you wake up only slightly refreshed from a sleep troubled with nightmares. You are woken by a guard, who gives you a bowl of slops. 'We don't want you *too* weak for the games,' he says. You may restore 3 STAMINA points for the rest and food. When the guard returns, will you attack him (turn to **206**), or let him lead you away (turn to **232**)?

350

Framed in the doorway is one of the Arcadians, who looks startled. 'I . . . I have a headache,' he says. 'At least, I think that's why I'm here, but . . .' He trails off. Will you tell him that the medical robot will bring some interferon to his cabin (turn to **212**), or invite him in (turn to **230**)?

351

You manage to catch up with the fleeing Arcadian before he reaches the main thoroughfare. In his weakened state, he shouldn't be difficult to dispatch.

ARCADIAN THUG SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **7**.

352

The grenade fails to explode. Turn to **190**.

353

The man behind the desk says wearily, 'Teach him not to interrupt.' A sharp jab to your kidneys reduces your STAMINA by 2 points. When you can stand again, turn to **321**.

354

'Cheer up!' you say heartily, as you dump yourself on to the bed, whose springs respond with alarming *bongs*. 'It may never happen.'

'It already has,' moans the man.

'What do you mean? Where are you from?' you ask.

'Oh, I'm from Tropos. I'm only staying here because those murdering swine have made me homeless. They suspect me of being a rebel, you see. My wife . . . my children . . .' He breaks down again and sobs, with his face buried in his hands.

Will you stay with him to try to calm him down (turn to **136**), or will you quietly leave him be in his grief (turn to **60**)?

355

The crack is deep and narrow, and you cannot reach too far. The strength of the bird, which you already knew from your fight with it, is further proved by the size of the objects you find – smaller things have presumably fallen into the inaccessible depths of the fissure. Apart from some useless chunks of metal and a broken spy missile, you find a staff with seven strips of different metals coiled around its wooden stem, a casket containing 180 credits, and a mind-probe. The probe will fit into your anti-grav pack, and you put the money in your money-belt, but if you take the staff, it will make your descent down the cliff more risky, since you will have to carry it by hand. Even more alarming is the fact that a faint power seems to be suggesting that you take the staff You cannot tell whether the power is good or evil, but you are able to resist it, if you want to. Note down on your Equipment List what you take Will you now explore the other fissure (turn to **14**), or climb back down to the path to continue your journey (turn to **10**)?

356

He tells you that it leads to the cellars where the museum stores all the artefacts it has no room to display, and he offers to show you around. Will you accept (turn to **392**), or go to the university (turn to **146**)?

357

This does not work: it gives the Arcadian easy access to your thought processes, which he can then use for his own purposes. Turn to **55**.

358

He is very thorough, and soon finds your sword. He does not remove it, however, but talks in a low voice, as if to himself, while pretending to frisk you further: 'Interesting, very interesting A sword treated to avoid metal-detection No Arcadian spy would need such precautions. I think you've probably come to the right place Wait by the bar for a few minutes, and then make your way to the visiphone booth.' Turn to **37**.

359

Your fall only winds you. Discard the now useless piece of equipment, and turn to **30**

360

The door withstands your best efforts. You rub your shoulder ruefully, and must deduct 1 STAMINA point Now you have no alternative but to wait. Turn to **301**.

361

You smile at Musca, as if to say, 'It's all right', and unlock the door to the other Arcadian, who is carrying a phaser! Musca must be important, if a phaser has been issued from the arsenal to guard him You are now committed to a bold and risky course of action. You will have to get rid of Musca's 'friend', but against a phaser you stand no chance in direct combat. Will you tell the other Arcadian that you know everything (turn to **167**), or let him take Musca away for the time being (turn to **290**)?

362

Before you can do anything else, the door to the club bursts open and a dozen Northern Arcadians burst in, led by a grim-faced Central Arcadian. In a flash, you suspect that you have led them here, by mentioning the club in a bugged taxi 'Watch out! Raid!' shrieks the doorman, the last word ending on a gurgle as a laser sword cauterizes his lungs. Immediately the bar is in turmoil; those who are not frozen to their seats are rushing around yelling. What will you do? It could be you they are after, so will you give yourself up, hoping to save the underground operation in the club (turn to **192**)? Or will you fight (turn to **295**)?

363

It touches you lightly with the staff and you feel invigorated. Whether this is science or superstition, you may restore 4 STAMINA points, and turn to **114**.

364

A mocking laugh is the only response. The traitor! He must have warned the authorities by visiphone. There is no time now to try another house. You will have to defend yourself. Turn to **264**.

365

His eyes widen when he sees the bracelet – this is a rare treasure indeed. He looks around furtively and pockets it (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Greed has overcome his sense of duty. Turn to **392**.

366

A few swift strokes gain you entry into the club. 'For SAROS's sake, you shouldn't have done that,' whispers the doorman. 'We cannot put our operation at risk by openly defending such foolish action.' He scarpers to make way for the onrush of several Arcadians, who had been sitting quietly in the club until you so rashly drew attention to yourself. You will have to fight them all, but because you are backed against a wall at the top of the short flight of stairs inside the club, you can fight them one at a time, in this order:

	SKILL	STAMINA
NORTHERN ARCADIAN	8	12
First SOUTHERN ARCADIAN	6	10
Second SOUTHERN ARCADIAN	7	8
Drunk SOUTHERN ARCADIAN	4	8

Do you have anything in your pack to help you in this fight? If you think you do, remember this number (366), to which you will have to return, but meanwhile turn to **198**. If you win, turn to **125**.

367

The guard does not notice your approach, and you get in a numbing blow on his sword-arm. You may now fight him without reducing your SKILL for being unarmed.

	SKILL	STAMINA
ARCADIAN GUARD	6	10

If you win, you may take his sword, but you will have to leave the spaceport immediately. Turn to **336**.

368

You keep on insisting that you know nothing. Sentence is carried out in the manner which is traditional throughout the galaxy, at dawn the next day. Your adventure ends here.

369

There is little that a phaser can do, unless you can get into the bowels of the machines. Will you fire the phaser at the casing (turn to **325**)? If you have an alternative, you may return to **381** and choose again.

370

The secret policeman presses one of the buttons on the desk, which summons the guards. 'It's all right,' says the policeman. 'He's so moronic, he must be harmless. Rough him up a little, but let him go: he's

got important goods to transport to Radix tomorrow.' The guards take you away and amuse themselves with a few well-aimed punches and kicks, much to the pleasure or dismay – depending on their race – of the crowds who fill the spaceport. You dare not react: that would give the whole game away. Five minutes later, having reduced your STAMINA by 2 points, you stumble out of the spaceport. Turn to **299**

371

The smoothness of the floor and walls should have alerted you to the danger. As you explore deep into the cave to get as far away as possible from the frost outside, a sudden roar fills your ears. It is too dark to see, but your last impression is of a wall of freezing water bearing down on you.

372

The last thing you hear, before lapsing into unconsciousness, is a frantic cry: 'Watch out! Raid!' The crash of a door burst asunder and the following hubbub make multicoloured flashes in your mind, then all is black – and you will never emerge from this blackness. During the raid on the club – a raid which you caused – an Arcadian sword pierces your neck.

373

Your pursuers were close enough behind you to see where you went. You back into a doorway, where you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ARCADIAN	7	8
Second ARCADIAN	6	6

If you win, you continue on foot towards your hotel. Turn to **285**

374

Without further ado, you board your spaceship, which is loaded up and ready to go. You instruct the

computer to switch to its pre-programmed route from Tropos to Radix. There are no problems on blast-off, and you relax for the first time for hours, as Tropos dwindles on your rearview screen. But what lies ahead of you on Radix? Both advantages and disadvantages, as far as you can see. On the one hand, Tropos is such a backward planet, both culturally and technologically, that you are likely to feel more at home on Radix; on the other hand, you don't know even the codename of the underground leader on Radix, and it is now more crucial than ever that you learn what he or she has to tell you. Moreover, you know that Southerners are the most dominant Arcadian species on Radix, attracted there by the corruption and freedom. This too has its good and its bad points: Southern Arcadians can be more tolerant than the others, but they are more difficult to communicate with.

During your journey to Radix, you may restore half as many STAMINA points as your current STAMINA score, rounding odd numbers *down*, and remembering that you cannot exceed your *Initial* score. Turn to **47**

375

You pass, as in a dream, through countless corridors and rooms. Time seems to have no meaning, but eventually you confront a second beast, a Dragon – the living Dragon Comet which guards the richest mineral planet in the universe, according to old space legends. Again, you will have to fight it to continue.

DRAGON COMET SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **159**.

376

Promptly at eleven o'clock, you knock on Professor Zacharias's door – but there is no reply You wait for several minutes, but he doesn't turn up. A passing student tells you why: he has been arrested, as the leader of the underground on Radix! The arrest took place about half an hour ago He knew you were coming: maybe he had time to leave you a clue, in case you were the agent from Earth that he was expecting. You go into the room to see. It is very untidy; there are manuscripts and history books everywhere – academics still use books, since it is easier to find particular passages for reference on a page than on a screen. You concentrate on the desk. Look at the picture opposite to see whether you can find a clue to the digits you need to know

You are suddenly interrupted by the entry of several North Arcadian guards. You too are arrested on the spot, for being in a known dissident's room. All your equipment, including your sword, is stripped from you, but they do not find your slim money-belt Turn to 43.

377

'Yes, I know,' it replies. 'Nobody notices shadows in shadowy places, so I hear things which are denied to others. His name is Dorado, and he is working in the fields. I was by his side, though he didn't know it, when he sent you the password '

'Password? What password?' you exclaim. 'No password got through to Earth. I detect the hand of treachery!'

The alien being is fading fast, but, as it goes, it calls out, 'The bitter sea . . .' Gain 2 LUCK points for this

vital information If you meet Dorado, he will ask you for this password: you should then subtract 100 from the paragraph number where you are at the time to find the next, correct paragraph Remember this Now, turn to 114.

378

If your STAMINA is 12 or over, turn to 351; if it is under 12, turn to 242.

379

You should have realized that his friendly tone was not for your benefit, but for Musca's. As you already know, in his confused state, Musca sees anyone who appears friendly as a friend. The other Arcadian has now taken on this role, and you, by denying him entry, have become Musca's enemy. He calls out to the other Arcadian, who blasts open your door with a phaser. You will have plenty of time in an Arcadian cell to wonder why he was issued with a phaser and where you went wrong.

380

He tells you that it leads to the cellars where the museum stores all the objects that it has no room to display, but that it is closed to the public. Will you try to persuade him to open it up for you (turn to 270), or will you leave for the university (turn to 146)?

381

There is nothing to prevent you entering the computer room, but you know you will have to work fast once you're in there. The first door is locked, but can be broken easily; then there is the usual sequence of doors to protect the computers from dust – then you are inside.

The gleaming, sterile surfaces of the several component computers are set against the walls of quite a small room. To think that so much power could be contained in so little space! But there is no time for such reflections – how will you go about sabotaging the organic monstrosity? Three of the component computers are larger than the others, and they are placed in the centre of each wall (the fourth wall has the door through which you have just come). So they look like the ones you ought to concentrate on. You also notice that all the computers are covered with a casing, which you assume to be some means of regulating their surrounding temperature. Which of the following will you use?

Wire-cutters	Turn to 61
Photon grenade	Turn to 312
Elmonite	Turn to 395
Limpet mine	Turn to 6
Laser sword	Turn to 332
Infra-red scanner	Turn to 149
Phaser	Turn to 369

382

The hardware shop is tended by a cheerful South Arcadian. You decide that you had better buy something, so that your request for directions will seem less abrupt. You find the items in the shop really old-fashioned – hardware shops on Earth now stock only robots – and you cannot even imagine a use for some of them. You may buy any of the following (remembering, if necessary, the limit of six items in your pack): a benelo-phosphate strobe, which produces an extremely bright wide beam in short bursts (70 credits); and hand-klaxon (50 credits); a coil of nylon rope (50 credits); a can of engine oil (20 credits); or an automated personal massage and manicure robot (650 credits). As you hand over your money, the Arcadian's antennae wave and flash, presumably in pleasure. You put your purchases in your anti-grav pack and ask her the way to the Fission Chips.

Her reply is mysterious: 'Each is a source of growth and life; together their consciousness pervades the galaxy. The club that you seek is never eclipsed on its southern side.' This is typical of Southern Arcadian communication, though she's probably trying to make it easy for you. If you know what she's talking about, you will be able to guess what paragraph to turn to. Otherwise, turn to 44.

383

The cliff should not be difficult to climb: the freezing cold has broken it up into larger and smaller ledges, which will afford handholds and stepping-places. After about twenty minutes you can hear the bird near by, and you circle round, so that you can approach it from above.

The nest is on a fairly wide ledge. The bird itself is a Halmurian Rockbuzzard, whose fluffy appearance belies its dangerous nature It looks like a large ball of soft feathers: as protection against the cold, it has developed the habit of burying its head and neck within its copious body feathers, until it looks like nothing so much as a large, cuddly hedgehog, with a tail and folded wings.

If you jump on to the ledge, you will have to fight it Is this what you choose to do (turn to 298), or does its size and the precariousness of your situation make you change your mind, and return to the path (turn to 147)?

384

You can hear the eerie sound of water dripping somewhere ahead of you in the dust-muffled silence. There is a further passage branching off east Will you take it (turn to **123**), or continue straight on (turn to **154**)?

385

'Yes, I can get you a pass,' he replies, 'but it'll take a day.' You don't have that much time. Lose 1 LUCK point, and ask for a sword instead. Turn to **286**.

386

You press the button and wait, heart in mouth. To your relief, a secret doorway slides open and reveals a short corridor leading straight out of the spaceport. This must be used for getting rid of bodies secretly. Turn to **299**.

387

In his cabin, he cannot resist explaining his invention to you, while he unpacks the equipment. 'It's really very simple in theory,' he says. 'Any Arcadian is linked to and is part of the central computer. By running electrical impulses from an Arcadian's brain, through this device I have invented, to a human's brain, I can open up for the human the glories of working for the computer, and wipe out his or her human will for ever. It's even painless, for both the Arcadian transformer and the human subject.' You realize that he is talking about some kind of ultra-sophisticated brainwashing device. For a moment, fear seizes you. Will you try to smash the machine, for your own sake and that of others (turn to **265**), or will you allow the experiment to continue (turn to **116**)?

388

You toss the ancient grenade towards the mechanical monster. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **63**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **352**.

389

You trip and fall into a burning bush. Screaming with pain, your clothes on fire, you dash through the rest of the perimeter of fire and fall to the ground, rolling over and over until the flames are out. You have suffered 4 STAMINA points of injury. The alien craft was unable to track you through the smoke, and is now some way off Will you sprint for the building (turn to **338**) or the rocks (turn to **259**)?

390

You go back to the hostel and spend a restless night: the fleas and the snores of your dormitory companions prevent you from sleeping In the morning you return to the Fission Chips, only to find a smoking ruin where the Adolpho once stood in all its mock Venusian glory A passer-by tells you that there was a heavy Arcadian raid on the premises last night. You have failed to make contact with Bellatrix. Your mission has failed: return to Earth to start again.

391

The next danger you meet comes from a creature which can only be described as a conscious black hole: its method of attack is to attach itself to you like a leech and try to extract your energy.

VAMPIRE LEECH SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **269**

392

He unlocks the door and you both go down some stairs into the dusty cellars, which are full of objects in packing-cases, show-cases, or just loose. You look around the first cellar for a while, and then stifle an excited cry. There, in a show-case marked 'Purpose Unknown – Possibly Religious Artefacts', is something which you with your training in weaponry recognize as a primitive baryon grenade – and it looks undamaged! You must have it, even though it means fighting the friendly watchman. Turn to **215**.

393

You decide to try these wire-cutters, which, like all such implements nowadays, simply dissolve the wire at contact. But as soon as you touch the perimeter fence with the tool, an alarm siren goes off deafeningly You may have time to get through before a patrol comes to investigate. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than your current SKILL score, turn to **279**; if the number is greater than or equal to your current SKILL score, turn to **199**.

394

You turn south out of the hostel As you are walking along, you realize that you will have to ask *someone* the way to the Fission Chips, and it might as well be this man, who has introduced himself as Grus. 'I'm hungry,' you say, 'and a friend back on Earth said that a club called the Fission Chips was worth visiting. Can you tell me where it is, by any chance?'

Grus looks at you curiously. 'Yes, I can get you there,' he replies 'It's in the basement of the old Adolpho videorama. But your friend must have strange tastes if he recommended the food there – or the company. Never mind, I'll take you there.'

You notice that the city is laid out very regularly on a square grid pattern. The hostel is at the north end of North 23 – East 5 Street, and the next block south starts at the top of North 22 – East 5 Street The buildings are all very alike, except for the Temple of the Five Suns, which towers above the rest of the city and is a famous landmark; it is the centre of the

Imperial religion on Tropos – the five suns being the suns of the planets in the Empire.

You are led five blocks south and four east. Eventually, Grus takes you down a side-street. 'Wait here,' he says. 'I have to see someone – someone who can get us into the Fission Chips. Not long now.' He knocks on a door. Will you insist on entering the house with him (turn to **229**), or will you stay out in the side-street (turn to **56**)?

395

Elmonite is a sensitive and powerful explosive, which is automatically detonated by contact with the air. You know that from the time you break the seal of the cylinder, you have three minutes before the explosion. Will you break the elmonite into three pieces, one for each main computer (turn to **222**), or will you consider that if you break it up it

may not do enough damage, and pack it all against a single computer? If so, will it be the computer against the wall opposite the door (turn to **139**), the computer to the right (turn to **51**), or the left-hand one (turn to **203**)? If you have an alternative, you may prefer to return to **381** and choose again.

396

He doesn't classify you as a rebel, but he confiscates one of the items (you choose which to cross off your Equipment List). Then he lets you pass through to **374**.

397

You open the door, shivering with anticipation – or is it trepidation? It leads to a dark, gloomy corridor. The guard allows you one last despairing glance

back into the well-lit room, before shoving you through the entrance and slamming the door.

Darkness descends, but it is not total. Somewhere far ahead there is a source of light. You clutch at straws: surely this is a hopeful sign? Surely they wouldn't bother with light if this was the passage of doom? Then a little voice inside you interrupts your wishful thinking: oh, yes, they would – they need to see to clear the bodies away . . .

Time passes; so far, so good. You're still alive. But then you've only moved a few centimetres from the door! Perhaps you should just stay here, where at least you haven't been killed yet. Is that what you choose to do (turn to 4), or will you continue down the corridor (turn to 71)?

398

Quite right: your escort must be an Arcadian, and you do not want to draw attention to yourself. You pass the journey pleasantly enough in eating, sleeping, exercising and playing chess with the com-

puter. When you land on Tropos, you find that you are due to take off again tomorrow for Radix. The Arcadian guards at Customs search your anti-grav pack but find no more than your clothes, because they don't search your body: they rely on the metal-detectors to do their job, but your laser sword has been treated with a chemical which prevents it activating the detectors, and your money-belt contains no metal. Once you have registered, as all non-Tropian humans must on arrival, you leave the spaceport. Turn to 299.

399

You follow him down countless passageways, up and down flights of stairs, and finally across rooftops, until you come to a secluded air-conditioning control room on top of the western part of the spaceport buildings. This is all very mysterious. Will you allow your companion to knock on the door (turn to 145), or will you put an end to this risky business (turn to 334)?

400

You quickly leave the building in case the explosion should harm you as well. But right outside is a platoon of Northern Arcadians, spiked tails restlessly swinging from side to side. Just as they move in for the kill, however, the *crump* of a muffled explosion sounds from the building behind you. Immediately, the Arcadians' faces go vacant; they look around, heads lolling. *You've done it!* The Arcadian Empire is finished. The computer queen of the colony is destroyed, and with it went the will of its workers.

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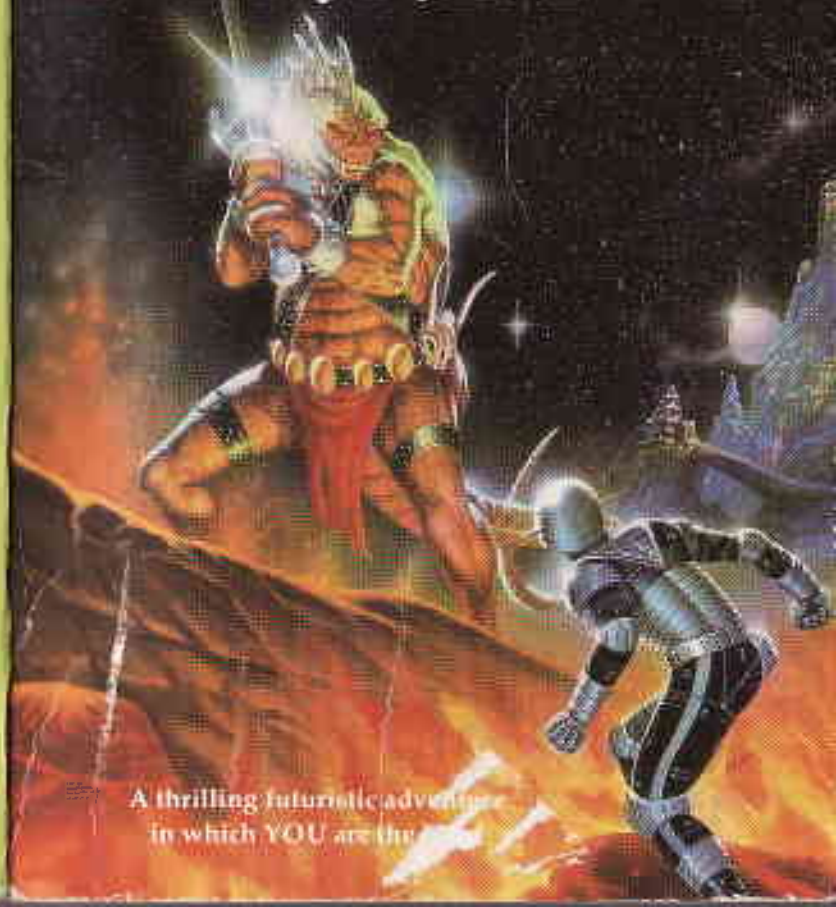

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First published 1985
Reprinted 1985, 1986

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HISTORY

It is the year 2453. Human colonization of far-flung planets of the galaxy began in 2070 with the first expedition to Tropos, only 6.8 light-years away from Earth. Tropos gradually became a centre in its own right, relieving the pressures caused on Earth by too many people. 'A home from home,' claimed the glossy brochures designed to attract further colonists, but 'more terrestrial than terrestrials' was nearer the mark, as the fashions and habits of the late twenty-first century became fossilized and fell behind changes on Earth. Canny travel agents used to advertise visits to Tropos as 'journeys back in time'.

With the discovery of ziridium on Tropos, and the invention of the alpha-ziridium system, which enables spaceships to keep accelerating rather than simply travelling at the same speed, more distant planets became neighbours. The next planet found to be suitable for humans was Radix. One of the unexpected factors in inhabiting another planet is that any new species must adapt to suit that planet. Radix is a very fertile planet, and the human colonists there soon found that so-called human nature is mainly a product of the planet Earth. Life on Radix was so easy and luxurious that the colonists quickly settled into a way of living that, by Earth's standards, was lazy and corrupt.

There are very few planets in the galaxy that humans can inhabit; even those which have the right atmosphere may be too hot or too cold, or have too much or too little gravity Eventually Halmuris was discovered, but not before several expeditions had been lost in the abyss of space. Conditions on Halmuris are bleak and bitter: it became mainly a home for scientists and explorers, who were waiting to find and be sent to the *next* planet.

Before long they had found it The first unmanned flights brought back pictures of a planet obscured by cloud, whose atmosphere, as revealed by spectroanalysis, was a breathable but lighter version of Earth's. In their joy at the thought of getting off Halmuris – though some would remain as a sort of base camp – they gave the new planet the peaceful name of Arcadion. But what did the clouds hide?

Arcadion consists of three land-masses separated by huge expanses of water. Because of the separation of the continents, a different species developed on each land-mass. By 2285, when human spaceships split the clouds and came down to the surface of Arcadion, the three species had been united for a long time. The inventive and intelligent

occupants of the vast horseshoe-shaped continent, which circles half the globe from east to west, had conquered the warlike Northern species and the more artistic Southerners. The Alliance, as it was called, had lasted for centuries.

Their technology, however, was more primitive than Earth's, and space-travel was restricted They wanted to conquer space just as much as human beings, for they wanted an Empire. So when the few human spaceships landed, the Arcadians soon saw the advantages of alpha-ziridium . . .

The war took only twelve years, and for most of that time the Arcadians were building alpha-ziridium fleets rather than actually fighting First the outpost on Halmuris was taken by surprise and overrun Radix, to its eternal shame, gave in without a struggle. The invaders met with stiff resistance from the Tropians, who were eager to keep their traditional way of life; but the Tropians, too, were overwhelmed by the greater numbers and fighting skills of the Arcadians. Earth itself, with its bases on Mercury, Venus and the moon, fell soon afterwards, and the worst fears of the prophets of doom backed by the Terrestrial Ecology Party – who never wanted to leave Earth in the first place – came true: human beings became ruled by a galactic empire

The Arcadians were badly equipped to control an empire at first, but Arcadians are very adaptable. They built a massive organic computer on Arcadion – binary is natural for the two-fingered Arcadians –

and implanted into the brain of every Arcadian a receiver linked to the central organic complex by empathy, which had long been recognized to be the quickest form of communication. The Arcadians became like a hive or an ant-colony: each individual is a cell of a sprawling, single entity – an entity which can control an empire with merciless efficiency.

Arcadion – a peaceful name, but for 150 years it has been another word for tyranny. The only human word still spitefully allowed is the name of the planet: Esperanto was the common tongue of human beings, but now its use means instant death. Humans are slaves and are only kept alive to serve the aliens – and humans do not live for very long these days. The only Arcadian regret is that the human body cannot be implanted with the empathic receiver – as they discovered after the vivisection and death of hundreds of test-cases. The Arcadians chose to submit their will to the central computer, but human will cannot be wiped out without death. The aliens can keep their power only through cruelty.

But it has not gone unnoticed on Earth that the weakness, as well as the strength, of the Arcadians is that they rely on the computer: they no longer have any will of their own, so they would become zombies if the computer were destroyed. The weakness of a hive is the supreme importance of the queen ant or bee. The weakness of the Empire is the computer queen of Arcadion – and this is where you come in . . .

MISSION BACKGROUND

In times past, the planning and funding of human colonization of other planets was undertaken by SAROS, an international organization promoting 'Search And Research Of Space'. Under the Arcadian Empire, SAROS has had to change: although it seems to be just an astronomical institute, in fact it has been doing all it can to overthrow the Empire. It quickly became clear that a full-scale military attack was out of the question, and that the only hope lay in a solo mission to destroy the central computer.

Preparing for this mission has been a long and patient task, hindered by the fact that radio transmitters are still not allowed, and contact with the underground on other planets was difficult. But two factors make the time right now – or as right as it probably ever will be. First, you are the perfect choice for the mission: you are resourceful, courageous and dedicated to liberation. You have been trained for many months in martial arts, and you have acquired a knowledge of those branches of science that could be at all useful. Finally, your cover is excellent: you will travel as a merchant.

For the second factor is that humans are now allowed to travel in space again, though only as merchants to serve the Arcadians. You will be

taking wheat from Earth to Tropos, ziridium from Tropos to the authorities on Radix, luxury goods from Radix to Halmuris, and you have been instructed to take an important Arcadian from Halmuris to Arcadion. The other significant aspect of the lifting of the ban on space-travel is that SAROS has been able to send spies to gather the information you need for your mission.

The picture that emerged is still incomplete, because vital details were lost through traitors – some humans trying to please their masters in the hope of some crumbs of comfort, or of living for a few extra months. This treachery has its good and its bad side: the good side is that now you know you will not automatically be able to trust every human you meet, because some may be helping the Arcadians; the bad side is that your mission must go ahead now, although the information is incomplete, before the Arcadians get wind of it. But the knowledge that *did* get through is crucial. The building that houses the queen computer on Arcadion can be entered by using a numerical code of nine binary digits; and the underground leaders on each planet may know something to help you discover what the number is. The missing details are who the underground leaders are – you only know codenames, at best – and, of course, what the digits are. That is why your cover has been arranged to allow you to stop on each planet. You must locate the rebel leaders and learn the digits; then you must destroy the computer

CONTACT WITH ALIENS

The three Arcadian species that you will come across in this adventure are each different to look at. More important, they have different ways of behaving and thinking, some of which humans find difficult to understand, even after years of contact. Here is a brief description of each species, taken from the 'SAROS Manual':

All three species are roughly humanoid in appearance: they have two arms and two legs, because evolution beyond a certain limited stage requires manual dexterity, which in turn needs an upright posture. All the species have two fingers on each 'hand' and two toes on each 'foot'.

Northern Arcadians are about three metres tall at the most They are spindly, with more joints in their arms and legs than humans. Their heads are squat and squarish, but their most distinctive physical feature is a thick, muscular tail, tipped with a vicious spike, which is an extremely useful weapon in battle, and is also used for balance. Northern Arcadians are matter-of-fact, military types, who like nothing so much as a good massacre They are not very intelligent, which is why they are the easiest Arcadians to understand

Southern Arcadians are like a roly-poly version of the Northerners – but do not let that fool you: they can fight if they want to. Their chief physical differences from the Northerners are that they have no tail, they are shorter and squatter, and they have two antennae The purpose of these antennae is not clear, but the most likely explanation is that they pick up feelings. They use these antennae in a variety of ways, many of which are too subtle for a human to understand: so it is easy to offend them. They tend to be sensitive, anyway. They prefer to talk in a very poetic way, which can be confusing at times, though they seem to understand one another perfectly. However, they have learned to 'talk down' to insensitive humans

Central Arcadians are the most powerful species, and are the most human to look at: they are usually under two metres tall, and have the same number of joints in their arms and legs as humans Apart from their small tail, the most obvious difference between Central Arcadians and humans is their elongated head, which tends to jut out at right angles from their shoulders. The head has a pulpy crest of tissue. Physically, they are by far the weakest of the three species, but they make up for this by their skill. In battle, for instance, they are often able to win by distracting their opponent. Their thoughts tend to be very abstract, and they quite often behave in a way that means something to them but is difficult for anyone else to understand: it is as if they did not care whether others can follow such trains of thought. This is just one example of how arrogant they are.

ABILITIES

Your mission involves travelling through the depths of outer space. You must first determine your strengths and weaknesses For this you will need two dice, and a pencil to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* (pp. 28–9). As it is possible that you will not successfully complete your mission on your first attempt, you should write lightly so you can rub out your notes, or you could take photocopies of the *Adventure Sheet* for future use.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box of the *Adventure Sheet*. Your SKILL score reflects your general fighting ability – the higher the score, the better you are

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box. Your STAMINA score reflects your will to survive, your determination and your overall fitness: the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 and enter the total in the LUCK box. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores keep changing during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, so write small in the boxes or have an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores.

Restoring SKILL

Your SKILL score will not change much during an adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score.

Restoring STAMINA

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure, as you fight aliens and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low, in which case battles will be particularly risky, so be careful! The most usual ways of restoring STAMINA are rest and food, which you will have to buy: you will have

opportunities for resting and eating during the adventure. Healing of wounds will also be provided for during the adventure, though more rarely; this also restores STAMINA, of course.

Restoring LUCK

Additions to and subtractions from your LUCK score are awarded in the adventure according to circumstances. Your LUCK score will also change quite a bit as you *Test your Luck* (see p. 25).

COMBAT

This adventure involves no combat encounters in space. Under the Empire, humans are not permitted weapons of any kind, and since you are travelling as a merchant anyway, your ship is unarmed. Your journeys between planets will be uneventful as regards external danger – apart from the odd shower of meteors, but the ship's force-field will easily repel those.

Force-fields are effective for spaceships because they work by resistance to speed: any missile powerful enough to penetrate the hull of a spaceship can be stopped by the ship's field. Force-fields cannot help individual beings: a missile slow enough to penetrate a force-field may still be powerful enough to injure a human being or an Arcadian. Besides, the equipment needed to produce an effective force-field is pretty bulky even in this age of advanced miniaturization. There are other problems, too, such as the many obstacles which clutter our environment and interfere with the field, and the shock-waves caused by a field resisting a blast, which can be nearly as harmful as the blast itself, for soft-skinned creatures.

So there are no personal force-fields in the twenty-fifth century, but there are plenty of lethal weapons which have existed for centuries – guns, lasers,

phasers, photon grenades, gravity bombs and so on. Many of these weapons are so lethal that they presented a problem to the Arcadian authorities, who constantly fear and expect rebellion. The problem was that, although humans are not permitted weapons of any sort, if their Arcadian masters carried them the humans could occasionally overpower Arcadians, seize their weapons, and build up a powerful armoury. The solution was obvious: once the Empire was reasonably stable, all lethal weapons were brought back and stored on Arcadion, and all Arcadians were given less powerful weapons: laser swords, electric whiplash swords ('whippies', for short) and so on. In this way, even if the occasional Arcadian did lose his weapon, it would be no serious loss.

You have acquired a laser sword, by devious means. It is quite easy to smuggle the laser sword through checkpoints – so long as you are not too closely searched – since, until it is activated, the sword is no more than a hand-sized hollow metal shaft, with a couple of buttons on it; the complex miniature electronic works are hidden around the inside of the shaft.

So this is your weapon in this adventure. It and your SKILL should be enough to face most of your opponents, since they will be similarly armed. If you are fortunate and make the right decisions, you may acquire some more lethal weapons along the way; on the other hand, you may meet an opponent

whose weapon is much better than yours. Unless otherwise stated in the book, combat will be fought as follows:

Record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first empty *Encounter Box* on the *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each opponent are given in the book at the time. Then the sequence of combat is:

1. Roll two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is its Attack Strength.
2. Determine your own Attack Strength in the same way, by adding the roll to your SKILL score.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If its Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strengths are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 again.
4. You have wounded the alien, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see p. 26).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. You may use LUCK at this stage to lessen the damage (see p. 26).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to your opponent's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent has been reduced

to zero (which is death). There is no *Escape* option in this adventure.

Unarmed Combat

Since humans are invariably weaponless, unarmed combat has been revived and has been developed to a high degree of expertise. You know all the pressure points and weak spots of the three Arcadian species, as well as those of the humans; and you know just how to use your own body to the greatest effect, while using your opponent's own weight and strength against himself. If you ever lose your laser sword, or if the book instructs you, you will be involved in unarmed combat in this adventure as well. The conduct of unarmed combat is the same as for armed combat, except for the following 'sudden death' rule:

Whenever your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, roll one extra die. If you roll 1–5, you reduce your opponent's STAMINA as usual. But if you roll 6, your opponent has been unable to prevent you from finding a pressure point which will either kill him or leave him unconscious. In either case, the fight is immediately over. Note that this rule normally applies only to you: the Arcadians are not so skilled in unarmed combat, not having had the need to become so. If you meet an opponent who is as skilled in unarmed combat as you, and to whom, therefore, the same rule applies, the book will tell you.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

If you are faced with more than one opponent in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to conduct the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will have to fight each one in turn.

LUCK

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or in situations where you could be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky, and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky, and will have to pay the penalty.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. You will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky it will become. If you ever run out of LUCK, any time the book tells you to *Test your Luck*, you are automatically Unlucky.

Using LUCK in Battles

In battles, the book will not give you the option of *Testing your Luck*, as it does on other occasions, but the option is there in any battle. The effect of LUCK in battles is as follows:

Suppose in an Attack Round you have just wounded your opponent. You may now *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a more serious injury than normal, and may subtract an extra 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA. However, if you are Unlucky, the injury turns out to be a mere graze and, instead of the normal 2 points of STAMINA to be subtracted from your opponent, you may subtract only 1.

But suppose your opponent has just wounded you. Again, you may *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full force of the blow, and need only subtract 1 point from your STAMINA, instead of the normal 2. If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious wound, and must reduce your STAMINA by an extra 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND MONEY

You will be an undercover agent, so you can carry hardly anything with you: equipment would arouse suspicion. Apart from your money and your weapon, you will have to acquire everything else you may need to complete your mission during your trip, including other weapons. You have an anti-grav pack, in which you can keep up to six of the items you will come across in this adventure, without loss of STAMINA. However, you may be advised, before leaving a planet, to get rid of anything you think you may not be able to smuggle on to the next planet.

SAROS has given you 2,000 credits with which to start your adventure. Used wisely, this should be enough to pay for extra equipment, board and lodging during your mission. You may be able to acquire more during your adventure. What you have and what you spend should be entered in the appropriate box on the *Adventure Sheet*. This money is kept in a money-belt around your waist. If you run out of money, and meet a situation where you need to spend money to continue, you have failed in your mission.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial	*Initial*	*Initial*
Skill=	*Stamina=*	*Luck=*

CODE CLUES	MONEY

NOTES and EQUIPMENT COLLECTED

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

1

You settle comfortably into the padded pilot's seat of your spaceship, strap yourself in and examine the instrument panel This is remarkably simple, consisting mainly of a computer terminal and several screens. The mechanisms of the alpha-ziridium system are hidden deep within the bowels of the craft, and there is no need for you to have anything to do with them: even if something did go wrong, your robot engineers would soon sort it out The ship's computer has been pre-programmed to take you to Tropos and land there

Now you ask the computer to check all life-support systems throughout the ship Within seconds its tinny voice responds: 'Everything is functioning correctly.' You contact base control to tell them you are ready. The ship's main support towers are towed away by massive robo-trucks You flick the switch which activates the drive-apparatus – and you're off! Within minutes, the ill effects of the first thrust required for take-off die down, as you leave Earth's exosphere and enter the inky blackness of space The gravidrags are automatically triggered, so that gravity within the ship is kept the same as on Earth, allowing you and your robots to move about freely

You switch on the rearview screen, to watch Earth getting smaller behind you; white cloud formations swirl, and the sun glints off the northern ice-cap Though you have often seen this sight before on

trips to Mercury and Venus, it never fails to excite you, and this time you feel homesick as well. Will you ever see Earth again? Your mission is so vital . . . and so dangerous.

Time passes. After a few hours one of the screens flickers into life. The computer is alerting you to the presence of another spacecraft, which is keeping a constant distance away from you and seems to be shadowing you. Will you order the computer to take evasive action (turn to 48), or continue on your way (turn to 398)?

2

Your only chance is to rush the guards at one of the main entrances. You choose the eastern entrance, because there are fewer guards there. Your first assault takes them completely by surprise, since you waited until they were all looking the other way, and you cut down two of them. This leaves you with only one, and he's a fairly small Southerner.

GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win in four Attack Rounds, turn to 263; if after four Attack Rounds you haven't killed the guard, turn to 34.

3

Porky's computer is his pride and joy. You will have to offer him something – a personal massage robot, if you have it; otherwise 400 credits will do. If you do not have the robot or the money – or if you do not want to pay him – you will have to fight him in unarmed combat.

PORKY SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If you win the fight, or if you paid his price, turn to 119.

4

You slump down to rest. At least you'll get some STAMINA back. You doze off and, when you wake up, you may restore 1 STAMINA point. You wake up very suddenly. What is that rustling sound? Frantically, you peer through the gloom, only to see, to

your horror, innumerable eyes glowing maliciously in your direction. They belong to a Radician insect, whose closest Earth equivalent is a huge spider. You must fight this vile underworld creature. In fact, it is not difficult to defeat, and has only been released to discourage you from staying where you are.

RADICIAN SPIDER SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

When you have killed it, turn to **71**.

5

Clearly, the Arcadian is saying in her roundabout way that the Fission Chips is just north of the Temple of the Five Suns, which can be seen from the street, so you can easily find your way. If you have not already done so, you pop into the grocer's shop, spending 20 credits on food which replenishes your STAMINA by 4 points. Then turn to **204**.

6

The problem with this is that you have only one mine, and its blast will not knock out all three computers. Which will you choose: the left computer (turn to **203**), the right one (turn to **51**), or the one against the wall opposite the door (turn to **139**)? If you have an alternative, you may prefer to return to **381** and choose again.

7

Will you go on to the main road, although Arcadian patrols are likely to come and investigate the disturbance (turn to **132**)? Or will you run back along the side-street to renew your contact with the underground (turn to **303**)?

8

There is another passage heading south. Will you take it (turn to **384**) or continue straight on (turn to **23**)?

9

You feel wretched, having killed two fellow human beings, but what else could you do? You pick up your sword. Will you stop and search the house (turn to **117**), or will you leave to try to find the Fission Chips (turn to **132**)?

10

If you are carrying a staff with you, turn to **49**; otherwise, turn to **147**.

11

The argument soon breaks up; someone tells a joke, and they all roar with laughter, the best of friends once more. Their camaraderie makes you feel lonely, being so far from home and burdened with a mission which you can talk to no one about. One of the students notices that you are a bit down in the mouth and comes over to the bench where you have gone to be miserable on your own. She introduces herself as Mehita and asks what's up. You are unprepared for friendliness – even heroes like your-

self get moody – and find yourself wanting to confide in her. Will you do this (turn to **97**) or not (turn to **202**)?

12

You find 55 credits and some food, but before you have time to search the body any further, the door opens and three more humans appear. Will you fight them (turn to **80**), or let them escort you inside (turn to **145**)?

13

Roll one die. If the number is even, turn to **140**; if it is odd, turn to **67**.

14

You are bitten by a Saw-toothed Rat. The teeth of this unpleasant creature are designed to give an excellent grip on its victim – in this case two of your fingers. You only succeed in dislodging the little horror by withdrawing your hand and breaking the creature's back on the rock. Roll one die. If the number is even, turn to **92**; if it is odd, turn to **331**.

15

Fortunately, the corridor outside is deserted: the students are at their lectures, and no guard passes by to hear the noise. Turn to **66**.

16

No Arcadian is going to just hand a sword over to you; the only way you're going to get one off an Arcadian is by means of an ambush. You watch the movements of the guards for a while, and find that your best chance is a remote passage which is patrolled by only one guard at a time. As a guard is walking along it, you creep up behind him. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **367**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **224**.

17

Fortunately, the room is sound-proofed – no doubt so that the screams of torture-victims do not disturb the spaceport. You draw your sword and leap at the policeman: you are just in time to prevent him pressing a buzzer to summon the guards. Be careful: he fights dirty!

SECRET POLICEMAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win without being wounded twice, turn to **291**. But if you are wounded twice, turn to **328**

18

Having no food, your body becomes more vulnerable to the cold, and you can hardly sleep at all for trying to keep warm. Gain only 1 STAMINA point. In the morning you follow a path heading roughly north-east until it divides. Will you branch right (turn to **296**) or left (turn to **171**)?

19

His remark was an offer to show you around; to this your reply is an acceptance, so you are lumbered with him. Your disappointment is obvious to his South Arcadian sensitivity, and he is bad tempered with you and somewhat hostile. Nevertheless, the archaeological exhibits are fascinating. It seems that there was a civilization on Radix before the human colonists arrived in the twenty-second century, which utterly destroyed all its major centres early in the twenty-first century in an all-out phacium war. Phacium bombs leave no traces, but a number of objects from scattered outposts survived. Archaeologists have even pieced together evidence that suggests that these earlier Radicians used to send saucer-shaped scouts around the galaxy.

You spend an enjoyable time looking around. When you have finished, will you ask the watchman what is through the other door (turn to **380**), or should you now go to the university (turn to **146**)?

20

There is no reply. You wait for a bit and then cautiously open the door, but there is nothing and no one in sight down the corridor. Mystified, you return to bed. Turn to **247**

21

This was not a good choice. Its deafening howl distracts you as much as your opponents, so no sooner have you switched it on than you hurl it away to smash in a corner. Cross it off your Equipment List before returning to the scene of combat.

22

You step out into the fields, towards a group of humans who are working about 100 metres away. But you are only halfway there when a whirring noise above you and to your left makes you look up. A small, silver, streamlined craft is heading towards you You dive into the shrubs as it approaches and, crouching, head for the cover of the middle of the field. But the alien is tracking you: wherever you go, it hovers overhead. Suddenly it sprays flame – but at the shrubs, not at you! Again and again flames shoot out, until you are surrounded by fire. The smoke is dense: you cannot see your enemy. What will you do: stay where you are and pray (turn to **53**), or try to break through the circle of fire (turn to **216**)?

23

It is too late. The search-party is upon you. Your mission ends here, in the dust and mildew of the cellars.

24

You have managed to get rid of the two North Arcadians in the patrol, but must fight the other two Arcadians simultaneously. Choose which one you are attacking, and conduct a normal Attack Round against him. The other gets a free attack against you: roll for Attack Strengths as usual, but nothing happens unless *his* Attack Strength is higher, in which case he wounds you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ARCADIAN	7	8
Second ARCADIAN	6	6

If you win, turn to **381**.

25

You are escorted through a maze of underground tunnels back to the hostel, where the guard has been trebled since you were last there. You sleep deeply (restore 2 STAMINA points). The next morning, you return to the spaceport. Turn to **213**.

26

This is the wrong reply. Such a worker would be wearing a blue uniform, and carrying a tool-kit. You are taken away for interrogation, from which you will never emerge.

27

The feeling of being followed grows to a certainty as the *same* cab remains behind you all the way back to your hotel. And once you get there, you discover simultaneously that your pursuers are hostile, and that they have a comlink. For you are immediately confronted by a whole squadron of Arcadian police, who cut you down without mercy.

28

'That noise outside was this stranger killing old Corvus,' says one of your escort. This makes the man behind the desk look up. 'That's quite impressive,' he says, callously. 'Corvus was obviously not very important. He was on a job, though, wasn't he?' he asks one of the men, who confirms that he was. Will you ask what's going on (turn to **353**), or keep quiet (turn to **321**)?

29

After waiting for a while, you decide this is a waste of time – you can always check in later. You go upstairs. The whole of the first floor is a long dormitory, which is remarkable for its filth, gloom and lack of company. Several beds are made up, but

their occupants are out at this time of day. There is one other human, however, who is sitting sadly on a truckle-bed, his body heaving with sobs. Will you go and grab a bed near him, and strike up conversation (turn to **354**), or will you settle yourself far away (turn to **60**)?

30

You are on the eastern side of the spaceport. There are various paths which you could take. Will you go east (turn to **245**), north (turn to **342**) or south (turn to **181**)?

31

You ask for a microcomputer to be brought up to your room and are told that this will be done simply as part of the service Turn to **119**.

32

He soon comes over and unlocks your fetters; your first move is to imprison him in the same seat. You eat, and rest for a few hours: restore 4 STAMINA points. Then turn to **292**.

33

At Customs, you tell the Southern Arcadian duty officer that you are a merchant bound for Radix, and she crosses your name off the register of off-planet humans on Tropos. Then she orders you to hand over your pack. You do so, and are dismayed to find that the pack will be looked through not by this

Southern Arcadian, who is likely to be more easy-going, but by a hatchet-faced Central Arcadian, whose multicoloured crest shows that he belongs to a high military rank. Most of your equipment is harmless enough to pass the inspection, but do you still have either or both of a coil of rope and an infra-red scanner? If you have both, turn to 210; if you have one of these items, turn to 339; if you have neither, turn to 374

34

The guard has delayed you just long enough for you to be caught by the relief squadron, against whom you stand no chance

35

'*You* have it, then,' you say, and hurl the drink in his face He glowers at you. 'All right,' he says. 'If that's what you want.' A space is cleared on the floor; humans and Arcadians alike crowd round for the spectacle of a brawl But before you begin this unarmed combat, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, some of the drink – which *was* drugged – went into

your opponent's mouth, and you may reduce his SKILL by 1 point; otherwise fight him with his usual attributes:

BRAWLER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 12

You will find him expert in unarmed combat: the sudden death rule of p. 24 applies to him as well as you. If you win, you have no choice but to leave the club. You are slumping dejectedly in a nearby doorway when rough hands suddenly grab you. Turn to 272.

36

You manage to whip out your sword and bring it down on the machine, before being cut down by his phaser. The last thing you hear is him saying, 'Well, I can always build another one.'

37

To keep up appearances, you buy a drink of the alcoholic mouthwash they sell humans (deduct 10 credits from your *Adventure Sheet*). You notice the doorman going over to a group in the corner and whispering something to a young woman, who flashes a glance at you, and then gets up to leave. Does this strike you as suspicious, so that you follow her (turn to 75), or will you remain where you are for a bit, and then ask the barman where the visiphone booth is (turn to 81)?

38

'Yes, I thought as much,' he replies 'If you have to

ask *me* all these questions, you can't ask the officials, for some reason, can you? Come with me: I know someone who can help you.' Will you go with him (turn to 399), or leave him and try elsewhere for a sword (turn to 137)?

39

The corridor gradually curves around to the left until you are heading west instead of east. Eventually you come to a junction where you could go north (turn to 277) or straight on (turn to 23).

40

Curiously, there is no immediate sign of the shining object the bird was carrying when you first spotted it. Then you notice two deep fissures in the ledge, into which you could insert your hand. Will you try the left fissure (turn to 14), or the right one (turn to 355)? Alternatively, you could decide that *anything* could be living in such cracks and that it would be best to return to the path without taking any further risks (turn to 147).

41

He takes you to another house in the street, where you are blindfolded and led down some steps. Then you lose your sense of direction, as you are led quite a long way through tunnels that twist and turn, several doorways, and part of the sewage system, to judge by the smell, dankness and weird echoing of your footsteps. The underground on Tropos seems

to be literally that, and to have a system of connecting houses. Then, without warning, a heavy blow descends on the back of your head, and you sink into unconsciousness. Turn to **207**.

42

As soon as you touch the treasure, you are caught. In attempting to take some of it, you show that you believe in this illusion, which lowers your defences and allows the computer to trap you. You can feel it in your mind as a second presence, and will never shake it off.

43

Your 'trial' is a farce. The Arcadians are sure something fishy is going on. What would a merchant from Earth be doing in a professor's room on Radix? And why would he have a sword? You are sentenced to death, but the police tell you that the sentence will be commuted if you tell them what you know about the underground on Radix. Will you spill the beans (turn to **345**) or not (turn to **368**)?

44

'I'm sorry. I don't understand,' you say 'Oh, you humans. You are as insensitive as *glumphig*' – this is

a variety of Arcadian snail – 'I mean that it is just north of the Temple of the Five Suns, idiot. And I almost forgot: there's 50 per cent HAT, Human Added Tax, on the items you bought.' You don't believe her – she's obviously just making you pay for insulting her – but you cannot afford to cross her any further. Cross the right amount of money off your *Adventure Sheet*, and lose 1 LUCK point too

It is easy to find your way now, as the temple can be seen from the street. If you have not already done so, you pop into the grocer's shop, spending 20 credits on food which replenishes your STAMINA by 4 points. Then turn to **204**.

45

'I don't know what your game is,' says the doorman through the peep-hole, 'but you're not welcome here.' He slams the peep-hole shut. Will you leave the club (turn to **390**), or draw your sword and smash the locks (turn to **366**)? You can draw your sword only if you still have it, of course.

46

When you come to, you have difficulty focusing on who you are, where you are and what you're doing here anyway. But you can make out the blurred shape of a human bending over you. Then you remember – your mission! 'How long have I been out?' you ask, trying to get up.

'He's coming round, Dorado,' calls the man.

'Coming, Mizar,' a voice replies.

'You've been out for about forty-five minutes,' says the first man, who is evidently Mizar. 'And the Arcadians are almost upon us.'

Forty-five minutes! Then there is no time to lose: you will scarcely make it back to the spaceport in time for your flight! You must send one of the men to defend the pass and buy you enough time to talk to the other and escape. Will you send Dorado away (turn to 175) or Mizar (turn to 255)?

47

Customs is no problem on Radix. They are so delighted to have the ziridium that you are welcomed by the resident Arcadians, as much as any Arcadian is capable of welcoming any human. It seems that your load of ziridium was needed to complete a para-scientific project of theirs. You find that you have two full days – it is now early morning – until you must leave for Halmuris. Once you have registered, you make your way out of the spaceport, which is so highly mechanized that even a terrestrial like yourself feels strange. The inhabitants do not believe in doing any work unless they really have to. There are robots everywhere, some of them sophisticated state-of-the-art models that can almost think for themselves. Moving pavements criss-cross the spaceport, which actually make you impatient, because they move slowly enough to allow stepping from one to another, yet you feel decidedly

springy on this planet, as the gravity is slightly less than on Earth. You soon discover, however, that this does not in fact help you to move any more quickly, since you need some practice to achieve the correct coordination.

The personal monorail system is all you could have hoped for, and you are soon gliding smoothly, but at speed, towards the only major town on the planet, where the underground must be located. On the way you call up on to the screen a list of hotels where humans can stay. Only two names sound attractive, one which has gained three stars from the Radician quality assessors, and one which they haven't bothered to comment on at all. Will you stay at the Zodiac for 375 credits a night (turn to 89), or at Porky's Palace for 50 credits a night (turn to 101)?

48

However much you twist and turn, you cannot shake off your follower. Eventually, you simmer down and return to a direct route for Tropos. The rest of the journey is uneventful; you pass the time eating, sleeping, exercising and playing chess with the computer's lowest logical mode. Your shadow is never too far away to keep an eye on you, and as you approach Tropos, he accelerates to land before you. Turn to 164.

49

If you were bitten by a Saw-toothed Rat, turn to 98; otherwise turn to 232.

50

You quickly find the right key among the watchman's bunch and climb up into a side-street. From here you can lose yourself in the university. Turn to 146

51

Turn to 177

52

You rush around the corner and are impaled on the swords and tails of the waiting Arcadians. Your mission ends here.

53

God helps those who help themselves – and you have not. The agony is excruciating. Fortunately – if you can call it that – you will asphyxiate before you roast.

54

The crowd is on its feet; the applause is thunderous; antennae flash in approval. As the corpse of the Scabrok is dragged away, leaving a slimy trail of green blood behind it, an alien, whom you recognize as the prison commandant, enters the arena and congratulates you – once he has taken away your sword: 'You have performed well and given pleasure to our people, Earthling,' he says, 'and we will keep our side of the bargain. You may return to your ship.' Turn to 191.

55

Obviously, the device stimulates the imaginative part of the brain, because everything that happens next is like a strange dream.

The episodes which follow are easiest to describe in terms of physical combat, even though they are happening in your mind The result is the same: if you lose any of the following encounters, you might as well have died physically, because you will be a puppet of the Arcadian computer and will have no mind of your own.

You seem to be wandering in a mansion with many rooms. Out of nowhere, a monster bars your way; the passages behind you disappear, and there is no other way forward except by defeating it. The monster is a Sphinx, the guardian of knowledge.

SPHINX SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **251**.

56

You wait five minutes . . . ten minutes What is going on? The answer arrives too soon – eight Arcadian thugs are advancing towards you, four

from each end of the street Will you hopelessly draw your sword to defend yourself (turn to **264**), hammer on the door Grus went through (turn to **364**), or try another house (turn to **121**)?

57

You find a secluded part of the perimeter, slip the harness of the small jet pack over your shoulders and press the ignition button. It coughs . . . and fails. But it starts on the second attempt, and lifts you easily over the ten-metre fence, before failing again! You fall heavily to the ground. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **359**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **304**.

58

You mutter some feeble excuse and leave the secretary's office. Will you go to the Science Floor, if you haven't already been there (turn to **266**), or leave the university (turn to **235**)?

59

As you grapple with Musca, the phaser goes off – and wounds him fatally. The mind of the dying Arcadian seems to clear; he looks up at you and says, 'Arsenal . . . 110 ' This doesn't mean an awful

lot to you You are now getting near Arcadion, so turn to **118**.

60

It is always difficult, particularly for an active type like yourself, to cope with another person's unhappiness. You make up your bed, so that no one else takes it, and creep out of the room. Lose 1 LUCK point for being hard-hearted Outside on the street, you must look for the Fission Chips. You know that north heads out of town, so you turn south Turn to **99**.

61

No cables can be seen: if this organic machine needs them, they must be behind the computer consoles somewhere. But you can remove the casing of a computer, if you like, to see what you can find closer to the heart of the machine (turn to **325**). Or you can return to **381** and choose again, if you have another choice to make.

62

The corridor bends round to the west, until it joins another corridor, where you may head south, from where you can hear the eerie sound of water dripping in the dust-muffled silence (turn to **154**), or north (turn to **23**). You'd better be quick: the search-party is right behind you, by the sounds of it.

63

The grenade explodes, destroying the killer robot. You are free to make your way back to your hotel. Turn to **309**.

64

He is very thorough, but finds nothing to worry him. You need some time to think how to contact Bellatrix. You go over to the bar and buy a glass of the alcoholic mouthwash which humans are allowed to drink (deduct 10 credits); then you look around for somewhere to sit Could any of these people be Bellatrix, or at least members of the

underground? You decide to join a group of humans who are sitting in a corner, because they are watching you very closely. Turn to **305**.

65

'Free you? Yes, of course. I mean, why not?' he mumbles, but only wanders around the room Will you tell him to hurry up (turn to **241**), or will you be patient (turn to **32**)?

66

You soon find a rack of computer disks marked 'University Records'. You are only interested in the two current ones, and discard the rest. Will you look through them now (turn to **174**), or take them away with you (turn to **316**)?

67

Your search produces nothing except some very strange looks. Eventually you slump in a doorway to rest. Time is getting on; you will have to return to the hostel soon. Just as you are getting up to go, the door behind you opens and rough hands grab you. Turn to **156**.

68

Your inquisitors exchange significant glances – or so you assume from what you can make out behind the lamp. 'The trial is over,' says Bellatrix 'Anyone who would so readily kill another being, with no evidence of guilt, goes against our code of honour. We

do not think you are a traitor but, as the interim human government on Tropos, we take it upon ourselves to keep you here. There is no point to your mission if its success is gained by amoral people like yourself. You can work for us, if you like, and we will educate you.' You have failed in your mission. By the time you have convinced Bellatrix of your worth, the opportunity will have slipped away.

69

The butt of his phaser connects squarely with your head. When you come to, deduct 2 STAMINA points, and turn to **116**.

70

'What?' you say in surprise. 'Are you trying to trick me? Cornices are high on a building, not in the foundations.' 'Of course, of course,' says the Arcadian. 'Must be the booze.' But you're sure she was trying to expose your cover. She goes on to tell you that the demolished buildings have been destroyed by a robot, called the 'Street Fighter', which the police use against enemies of Arcadion – at least, that's what you think she means by 'lone wolves baying at the moon'! The drink perhaps makes her

say more than she should, because she seems to disapprove of using the killer robot, especially when the enemies are only students. This gives you the clue you were waiting for, and you soon leave for the university. When you arrive, will you plunge straight in (turn to **146**), or wait around outside for a while (turn to **178**)?

71

You move on down the corridor. The gloom becomes less and less, and you search the place thoroughly as you walk. But there are no escape-routes. Eventually you reach a sturdy door, with a large grille. Will you try to barge the door down (turn to **360**), or wait to see what may happen (turn to **301**)?

72

'All right,' Grus says eventually, overriding Indus's protests. He lets you go and sprints over to get the sword. 'No funny business now,' he says. 'Remember, we have the sword. Out you go.' As you are shoved out of the door, you hear Indus on the visiphone, telling the police where you are. You leave quickly and return to the main road. Until you find another weapon, all your battles must be conducted according to the rules for unarmed combat. Turn to **132**.

73

You eat your food and go to sleep; restore 4 STAMINA points. In the morning you follow a path heading roughly north-east, until it divides. Will you branch right (turn to **296**) or left (turn to **171**)?

74

You ring Professor Zacharias at work – no reply. But you find his home number in the directory and ring him there. He has heard about the theft of the disks, and you identify yourself by showing him the print-out of his file. He is satisfied that you are who you say you are, and you make an appointment for eleven o'clock the next morning, in his room at the university. Gain 1 LUCK point and turn to **134**.

75

Before the doorman has a chance to return to his post, you are out of the door and following the woman. You are just in time to see her disappearing round a corner; but by the time you get there, she has vanished. You search around for a bit, with no success. Will you now return to the club (turn to **45**), or continue searching (turn to **13**)?

76

There is really not a lot you can achieve here. Will you wait for a bit anyway (turn to **244**), go down to the Science Floor if you haven't already been there (turn to **266**), or leave the university (turn to **235**)?

77

Porky is out on the steps, sunning himself and admiring his jewels; he is adorned with rings, bracelets and a pair of ear-rings. You sit down and chat with him, exchanging views about conditions on Earth and on Radix. He tells you that in some ways life on Radix has not been altered by the Empire, because the economy has been fixed so that humans can live in the style to which they were accustomed. Nevertheless, of course, there is some resentment at the lack of freedom, which is supported fairly openly by the students and staff of the university. They are not very successful, however, since they are concerned with abstract freedom, while the ordinary people of Radix just want an end to having to work for the Arcadians, and a return to the system where robots did all the work for humans. As it is, both humans and robots serve Arcadians, for the most part. While you talk to Porky, you find yourself changing your opinion of the Radician humans: the corruption and sloth for which they are famed throughout the galaxy is just a weird sign of their devotion to an ideal of self-sufficiency. You realize that human nature does indeed adapt itself to circumstances on different

planets, and that therefore humans born and bred on other planets can be almost as alien as Arcadians or other species. The discipline of Tropos and the devotion of Radix are the result of living on those planets.

Your conversation with Porky has been most worthwhile, and should enable you not to misjudge people you come across on this planet. Gain 1 LUCK point. You decide that your best bet is to visit the university next, so you take your leave. The monorail takes you near the main entrance. Will you plunge straight in (turn to **146**), or wait around outside for a while (turn to **178**)?

78

Your way to the spaceship is barred by two guards. Your heart leaps in dismay and fear, but it turns out that they are just waiting for your 'passenger' to embark. You see two Central Arcadians cross the field and enter your spaceship; neither of them returns. It looks as though you have two passengers, not one. Then the guards allow you on board.

On the way to Arcadion, you may restore half as much STAMINA as your current score, rounding odd numbers down, and remembering not to exceed your *Initial* score. Remember also to restore the SKILL point you lost for the high gravity of Halmuris. The two Arcadians keep pretty much to themselves during the voyage, but one night you are awoken by a rattling at your cabin door. Will you ask

who it is, without unlocking the door (turn to **20**), or throw open the door (turn to **350**)?

79

You quickly position this so that its powerful beam will distract your opponents. It will last five Attack Rounds before being knocked over and smashed (cross it off your Equipment List), but you may reduce your first opponent's SKILL by 1 point for *six* Attack Rounds, since the after-effects are just as distracting as the strobe itself. Now return to the scene of combat and resolve the fight.

80

Unfortunately, one of them has a sword, and you are no match for them all. You are beaten and cut to the ground.

81

The visiphone booth is behind a screen, which is decorated with a moving hologram of Arcadians at work in an office. You always find it reassuring when aliens behave just like humans – even Arcadians want to ring home sometimes and claim they're working late at the office! Did you try to catch a taxi here from the spaceport? If so, turn to **362**; if not, turn to **311**.

82

The door crashes into him and sends his phaser flying across the room – to near Musca! You and the other Arcadian draw your swords simultaneously.

ARCADIAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 261.

83

A couple of Arcadian guards look you up and down, refer to the giant screen and check the picture in their miniature visiscreens – then they start coming towards you, barking instructions into their communicators. You have had it.

84

You turn away, only to find your way barred by the black marketeer's man. 'Just before you go,' says the oily voice of the black marketeer behind you, 'tell me what you are up to. I may want to be cut in.' This treachery makes you angry. But anger lends speed to your reactions: you cut down the man at the door, before he has time to do more than twitch, and spin to face the black marketeer. He moves fast for a heavy man.

BLACK MARKETEER SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

During the fight, a crate is knocked over and falls into the air-conditioning unit, which sparks and then catches fire. By the time the fight is over, the fire is blazing. If you win, turn to 112.

85

He unlocks the door and you both go down some stairs into the dusty cellars, which are full of objects in packing-cases, show-cases, or just loose. You look around the first cellar for a while, and then stifle an excited cry. There, in a show-case marked 'Purpose Unknown – Possibly Religious Artefacts', is something which you with your training in weaponry recognize as a primitive baryon grenade – and it looks undamaged! You must have it. But the watchman, whom you have insulted, is on the look-out for anything suspicious, and picks up with his antennae that something is going on. He whips out his sword and slashes your arm. Lose 2 STAMINA and 1 SKILL point and turn to 215.

86

You toss the grenade and duck back down the stairs to avoid the blast. When you climb back up, there is little sign of the patrol – or the doors, for that matter. Turn to 381.

87

The door has no handle on the inside. You have no choice but to press one of the buttons on the desk. Turn to 276.

88

You have to backtrack quite a way to find a passage through the cliffs towards the building. But you manage to circle round to the building without

being detected. You watch for some time, but see no guards, so you boldly enter The station is almost deserted; there are no humans in sight, and it is easy to avoid being spotted by the few Arcadians. You search around for a while, but find nothing. All this time has been wasted, because if you are to get back to the spaceport in time for your flight, you will have to leave *now*. You have failed to contact the underground leader here and learn the final three digits of the code.

89

On the way to the hotel, you notice something odd about the city: in some streets, whole houses have been demolished, even though the surrounding buildings are still standing. It is as if a localized earthquake had struck. You soon arrive at the hotel, which is extremely posh and luxurious You check in for one night (deduct 375 credits). While you are enjoying a private sauna, the expense begins to seem worth it. Restore 1 STAMINA point. Eventually, feeling refreshed, you wander downstairs to see what edible delights might be on offer, and to give yourself time to think about how to contact the underground. You can either eat in the bar, where

the cost is covered by the cost of your room (turn to 115), or, for an extra 40 credits, you can dine in the restaurant (turn to 138).

90

You talk gently to Musca, trying to persuade him to hand over the phaser, but he has become childish, and stubbornly refuses. Will you try to grab it from him (turn to 59), or continue the gentler approach (turn to 130)?

91

'How much?' they ask 'Five hundred credits,' you reply. 'Not enough,' they say, licking their lips. Will you tell them that is all you have got (turn to 223), or offer them more (turn to 148)?

92

It is your fighting arm that has been injured. Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points, and your SKILL by 1. If you have not yet done so, you may try the other crack by turning to 355; if you decide that enough is enough, and return to the path below to continue your journey, turn to 10.

93

This group consists of rather friendly – or perhaps just drunk – Southern Arcadians You introduce yourself humbly as a traveller from Earth and express curiosity about the number of demolished houses in the city But they avoid the question and turn the conversation round to news from Earth. This is frustrating, but you go along with it. As they give you more drinks, you feel bolder and bolder, until you pretend to have some knowledge of the building trade, and reintroduce the topic of the demolished buildings. 'Well, personally, I blame the cornices we use in our foundations,' says one of the Arcadians 'Do you use cornices in your foundations on Earth?' Will you answer 'yes' (turn to **248**) or 'no' (turn to **70**)?

94

You laugh at the absurdity of it: you have been offered knowledge, wealth and power, any of which the computer can surely give, and have resisted them all As your laughter grows, the imaginary world dissolves, and you are back in the

Arcadian's cabin, strapped to the seat, with the now useless electrodes attached to your skull.

You glance over at the Arcadian. Your victory has done something to him: he is gazing around the room, as if searching for something he has lost. As his eyes meet yours, a flicker of recognition crosses his face and is gone. This is a delicate situation: he may be close to total incompetence, but you are still imprisoned in your seat. Will you order him to free you (turn to **65**), or wait for a passing robot (turn to **278**)?

95

You turn away, disappointed (lose 1 LUCK point). What can you do now? You slump in a nearby doorway. After a few minutes, you realize that you can only go back to the hostel and try again tomorrow. Just as you get up to go, however, the door behind you opens and rough hands grab you. Will you put up a fight (turn to **156**), or are you too depressed to bother (turn to **272**)?

96

The black marketeer is well pleased with your work: you have made him a tidy profit. You decide that it is safe to ask about a sword. 'No problem,' he says. 'I managed to get hold of a batch a couple of weeks ago. Because you have worked for me, I'll let you have it for only 200 credits.' He sends his man – the only other person in the room now – to get it. When you have it safely in your hands, you pay him and turn to go. Turn to **84**.

97

You tell her that you have heard the university encourages revolutionary ideas, and that you need to get in touch with someone who knows about this. 'Is that all?' she laughs. 'Listen, there are very, very few students who would spy for the Arcadians. Even those who aren't actively involved in demonstrations or anything aren't unsympathetic. We're students – that's what it's all about. The only students you have to watch out for are members of the Black Eye group. I think you should go and have a chat with old Professor Zacharias in the Arts Faculty upstairs. Tell him Mehita sent you. Take a note of his room number, 239; otherwise the floor's like a maze and you'll never find him.' Mehita's cheerfulness lifts your spirits, and you may add 1 LUCK point. But will you go upstairs as she suggests (turn to **258**), or will you decide it is safer to leave the university (turn to **235**)?

98

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you fall down the last bit of the cliff for 2 STAMINA points of bruises, and you break the end off the staff; but you keep the rest with you, having risked so much to bring it down. Then turn to 147 to continue your journey. If you are Unlucky, you fall from a great height and are smashed on the path below.

99

As you walk along, you notice that the city is laid out very regularly on a square grid pattern. The hostel is at the north end of North 23 – East 5 Street, and the next block south starts at the top of North 22 – East 5 Street. The buildings are all very alike, except for the Temple of the Five Suns, which towers above the rest of the city and is a famous landmark; it is the centre of the Imperial religion on Tropos – the five suns being the suns of the planets of the Empire.

After wandering along the main roads for quite a way, heading generally south and east, you realize that this is getting you nowhere fast. There is hardly likely to be a signpost saying, 'Fission Chips – third block on the left – rebels and spies welcome!' You are also getting tired and hungry: reduce your STAMINA by 2 points. You decide you had better ask the way in a shop, but there are only two small shops around: the rest are automated hypermarkets. Will you ask at the grocer's (turn to 152) or the hardware shop (turn to 382)?

100

As you go further into the cave, you notice a smell of sulphur, or something like it. It is not too strong, however, and you take it as a good sign. If there is a slight vent to the turbulent volcanic interior of the planet, then the cave should stay above freezing all night. You find a reasonably comfortable spot and settle down. If you have some food, turn to 73; otherwise turn to 18.

101

On the way to the hotel, you notice something odd about the city: in some streets, whole houses have been demolished, even though the surrounding houses are still standing. It is as if a localized earthquake had struck. You soon arrive at the hotel. Porky, who is sitting on the steps outside, has certainly earned his nickname – he is very fat. You check into your room for one night (deduct 50 credits), shower, change and eat a snack. Restore 2 STAMINA points. Now you feel ready to tackle the problems facing you. You decide to start by questioning Porky. Will you ask him about Radix in general (turn to 77), or ask him to explain the phenomenon of the demolished houses (turn to 306)?

102

The humans in blue uniforms are the engineering and technical staff. You approach one with your question, and he tells you that the agricultural

station is about ten kilometres to the north-east of the spaceport, over rough and undeveloped ground. He says that if you have a pass, the shuttle helicopter is efficient; otherwise it is a difficult journey on foot. Will you ask him how to get a pass (turn to **38**), or will you leave him and try elsewhere for a sword (turn to **137**)?

103

You chat for a while about the weather, and gradually bring the conversation round to politics and less innocent topics. But these attempts to draw the others out fall on deaf, or perhaps cautious, ears. One of them, a young woman, gets up to leave. On the way out, she whispers something to the doorman, who goes over to the barman. Will you follow her (turn to **75**), or stay put (turn to **280**)?

104

He is not expecting this; the door crashes into him and sends his phaser flying under the sensorama console You both draw your swords simultaneously.

ARCADIAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **315**.

105

'At the risk of making you suspicious of me,' you say, 'I must ask you for proof that you are the underground. My mission is so important that I cannot tell you about it unless I know who you are.'

'I can tell you only this,' replies Bellatrix. 'We follow a strict code of honour, because without it we are no better than Arcadians.' You can tell from her tone that she's off on one of her favourite topics. She goes on for quite a while, but her 'code' boils down to two points: that liberation is possible, and that no one – not even an Arcadian – is guilty without evidence You don't quite follow the more abstract parts of her speech, but she is a fine speaker and you can see how she might be the leader of a group of tough men. More to the point, her passion is unmistakably genuine and, since you already know that the underground on Tropos has a strict code, you are convinced that you are in the right place. Turn to **168**

106

The crowd goes wild with delighted approval. But you scarcely have time to draw breath before the gateway gapes again, and a Scabrok appears. It goes on six legs, each of which is tipped with long claws; its tough hide is covered with short, spiky hair. If you know the Scabrok's weakness, turn to the relevant reference. Otherwise, just fight it.

SCABROK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **54**.

107

The Arcadian is unprepared for such an assault On this planet they are not used to coping with violent rebels, so he is unarmed. Being armed, you may add 1 SKILL point for this fight only; you can use the rules for unarmed combat, if you prefer.

ARCADIAN SECRETARY	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **15**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **150**.

108

You follow the winding path for a couple of kilometres. Suddenly, your attention is caught by a shadow on the path. It's not that the shadow is particularly odd in itself – it's that there is nothing around to cast it! And it is moving towards you!

When it is about a metre away, it stops To your

amazement, a shaft of light emerges from the ground where the shadow is. Within the shaft is a form of some kind, which is constantly changing. If this is science, it is beyond human or Arcadian knowledge. You appear to be in the presence of some unknown force. It does not *seem* hostile, but being alien it is difficult to judge. Will you run away from this encounter (turn to **120**), or wait and see what happens (turn to **236**)?

109

When you get there, there is no sign of the Adolpho. Could the grocer have been misleading you? Or have you made a mistake? At any rate, curfew is not far off. You have to take a chance and ask an Arcadian policeman the way. There are plenty around, and you approach a group of three. 'Excuse me, sir.' 'What do you want, *punk*?' 'Can you tell me the way to the Adolpho videorama?' 'Of course: due south for a block. But it was shut down for showing subversive movies, with human heroes Here – let *me* give you a show: you can see some stars ' He whacks you on the head with the shaft of his sword (deduct 2 STAMINA points). You reel away, followed by the harsh laughter of the policemen. Turn to **204**.

110

Now you are inside an arsenal, which stretches away underground for many metres It would be an understatement to say that you could start a revolution with this lot – you could annihilate the galaxy! But your requirements are not so extreme You have time to take any *two* of the following: a sealed tube of elmonite explosive, a limpet mine, a photon grenade, a hand-phaser, and an infra-red scanner. Note down what you take, and turn to **348**.

111

You have interpreted his remark correctly as an offer to show you around, which you want to refuse The archaeological exhibits are fascinating It seems that there was a civilization on Radix before the human colonists arrived in the twenty-second century, which utterly destroyed all its major centres early in the twenty-first century in an all-out phacium war. Phacium bombs leave no traces, but a number of objects from scattered outposts survived. Archaeologists have even pieced together evidence that suggests that these earlier Radicians used to send saucer-shaped scouts around the galaxy.

You spend an enjoyable time looking around When you have finished, will you ask the watchman what is through the other door (turn to **356**), or do you feel that you have spent enough time on this and that now you should go to the university (turn to **146**)?

112

The fire is preventing you from making what could have been a very profitable search. You have time to grab only one object. Roll one die. If the number is even, turn to **122**; if it is odd, turn to **253**.

113

You succeed in getting an arm free, while at the same time landing a kick on Indus's instep. The fight is on. This is unarmed combat, so follow those rules, and you must fight both of them at the same time. That means that you must choose each Attack Round who you are attacking and conduct a normal Attack Round against him. You must also roll each time for your other opponent, but nothing will happen unless his Attack Strength is higher than yours, in which case he will injure you: you cannot injure him under any circumstances, until you choose to attack him.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GRUS	5	8
INDUS	6	8

If you win, turn to **9**.

114

Your path winds through a rocky gorge, which narrows until there is only room for one person to squeeze between the two cliffs. Then, laid out in front of you on a plain, is the agricultural station. There are fields of experimental shrubs being tested

for survival in this harsh climate, which are being tended by human workers; and beyond the fields is the station itself, a building insulated within a thermodome. Will you back into the rocks and make your way round to the building (turn to **88**), or approach some of the humans in the fields, who appear to be unguarded (turn to **22**)?

115

The bar is very crowded. It is obviously a popular meeting-place, and today there is a reception on as well, apparently for a South Arcadian wedding. Several of the guests are already a bit the worse for drink. You get a drink and some food (gain 3 STAMINA points if you have not dined already), and then drift around the room, eavesdropping on conversations to see if anyone here might be of use to you. You hear what's on at the sensorama, and several versions of what the bride's mother said to the in-laws, but you also hear snatches of two conversations which could be interesting. Which group will you join: the one discussing the possibility of human rebellion (turn to **289**), or the one discussing the rebuilding programme in the city (turn to **93**)?

116

You realize that your only chance is to go along with this vile experiment. Your scientific training tells you that there is a weakness in the device: if you have enough will-power to resist the brainwashing,

since you will be linked directly to the Arcadian's brain you may be able to turn the device against him. It's risky, but it's your only hope. Because the Arcadian knows no other existence except as part of the colony or ant-heap, this possibility has not occurred to him. He reckons that what is true for him – what he calls the 'glory' of working for the computer – must be true for everyone else too. Turn to **300**.

117

They obviously used the house as a place to stash their stolen goods. You decide not to stay long, but you soon uncover 500 credits, a ziridium-plated bracelet, and an infra-red scanner. You may take any of these items and then leave. Turn to **132**.

118

When you arrive at the spaceport of the capital city of Arcadion, you dare not take the phaser, in case of being searched. You quickly get through the spaceport officials, on the pretence of taking this opportunity to see around 'the glorious centre of our illustrious Empire', as you put it. You calculate that you have a lead of about half an hour, while the two Arcadians are missed and discovered, and the authorities guess where you have gone; so you must not spend too long getting to the computer building. Turn to **185**.

119

It doesn't take long to find the information you are looking for. A certain Professor Zacharias in the history department of the Arts Faculty is on record as possibly being the rebel leader on Radix You make a print-out of this information. If you killed Porky to get this information, turn to **209**; otherwise, turn to **74**.

120

You head across the countryside to your right, hoping to rejoin the other branch of the path. But after a short while, you have to stop and rest: the going is extremely difficult And there is the shaft of light beside you! This time it speaks: 'Earthling, where *zplaran*?' At least, that's what the last word sounds like. The voice is strangely metallic and hollow; it certainly doesn't come from any living being that you can imagine. Perhaps it is a robot of some kind. If it is, then you could attack it. Is this what you choose to do (turn to **179**), or will you try to talk back to it, as it inches ever closer to you (turn to **195**)?

121

There is no time to move further down the street – you will have to try the house opposite. You have hardly started your urgent pounding when the door swings open 'Quickly!' hisses a human voice. 'This door will only hold 'em off for a few minutes ' He shuts and bolts the aneph-wood door, and takes you into a room in the back of the house The Arcadians are already splitting the door with their weapons; but your new-found friend seems strangely confident. 'Just watch this,' he says. As the door gives way, he detonates a mine, which was buried under the floorboards. When the smoke begins to clear and the debris has settled down, you clamber over the bodies into the street. One Arcadian is limping away; the others are all dead 'Very successful,' says the man, 'but the last of my explosives I hope you're worth it Now come with me. Don't worry about those scum opposite – Grus and his friend – we'll deal with them. We set up this house to keep an eye on them.' Will you go with him as he says (turn to **41**), or say that you must go after the escaping Arcadian (turn to **283**)?

122

The object you grabbed was a pair of wire-cutters The fire is bound to attract unwelcome attention You decide to leave the spaceport immediately Turn to **336**.

123

You follow the passage as it curves round to the north. Eventually you come to a junction where you may head west (turn to 8) or east (turn to 39).

124

On your way back, you run into a North Arcadian. 'Halt!' he cries. 'This area is prohibited for humans.' You rush into the attack, but reduce your SKILL by 1 point for this fight for being unarmed.

NORTH ARCADIAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

The Arcadian has room to swing his tail. Every Attack Round, whatever the result of the dice rolls, roll an extra die: on 5 or 6, the Arcadian has succeeded in swiping you with his tail, and you must reduce your STAMINA by 2 points. If you win, you may take his sword, but you will have to leave the spaceport immediately, since the hunt will now be on. Turn to 151.

125

The doorman reappears by your side. 'Now, will you do as you're told and beat it?' he hisses. 'You've shown how good you are with a sword and all that, but the club will be closed down now, thanks to you.' The sound of a patrol approaching at the double can already be heard. Will you insist on staying, perhaps to pretend you were an innocent bystander (turn to 184), or leave (turn to 252)?

126

Central Arcadians are well known for their arrogance. 'Your puny threats don't worry me, human,' he replies. 'I can pilot this ship as well as you. But you have more pluck than most of your kind. Instead of killing you now, I will use you in an experiment: a courageous guinea-pig would be interesting. I myself have developed a device which is more reliable than the empathic receiver *and* can be used on humans. I am taking poor Musca back for interrogation, and then he will be the first Arcadian to undergo the new process. You have earned the honour of being the first human.' He locks Musca in your cabin and frogmarches you back to his room. Will you attempt to escape (turn to 340) or not (turn to 387)?

127

You scrape your leg against a packing-case and cut it badly on a projecting nail. Lose 1 STAMINA point. The passage leads into another cellar, with one exit straight ahead and another in the southern wall. Will you go straight ahead (turn to 333) or south (turn to 221)?

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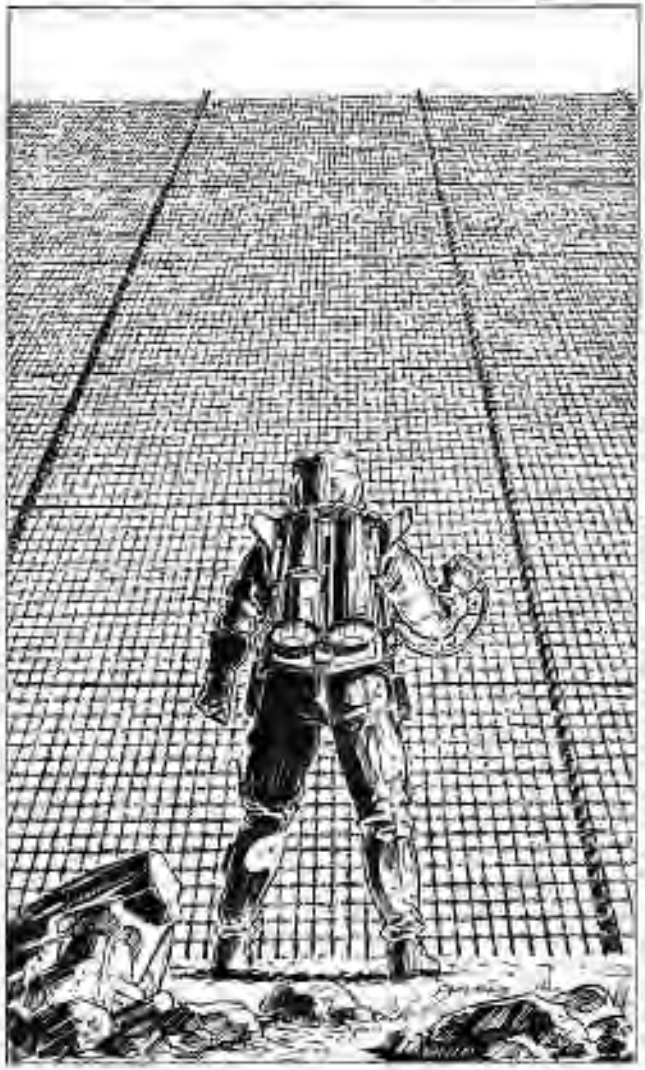

128

Will you risk using the jet pack, despite its lack of fuel, to propel you over the fence? If so, turn to 57; if not, turn to 2

129

'You lie!' shouts the policeman 'You know full well that there are no space-pirates these days. We rule space with an iron fist; no pirate dare show so much as a tail-jet You must have something to hide – let's find out what.' He presses a button on the desk: guards pour in and pin you to the wall You are helpless to prevent them from searching you and finding your laser sword. 'So,' sneers the policeman, 'you desire only to serve, eh? I wonder if this sword works . '

Not only have you failed in your mission, but the chances are, with Arcadian techniques of torture, that you will be forced to confess what you know about SAROS. You have let down the whole of mankind.

130

At last he hands the phaser over, and you can begin to question him. But it soon becomes clear that you

are going to get nowhere. If you have a mind-probe, you can use that (turn to **153**); otherwise you give up and turn to **118**.

131

Now what will you do? You already know that there is no escape from the passage behind you, and ahead there is only the arena. You still have to win the two fights in the arena before the aliens will let you go. What a waste of valuable STAMINA. Turn to **313**.

132

You lose yourself in the crowds on the main street. You really must find your way to the Fission Chips soon, or it will be curfew. Also, you are getting very hungry (deduct 2 STAMINA points). You decide to go into a grocer's shop to buy some food and perhaps ask the way as well: it is one of the few small shops around; the rest are vast automated hypermarkets. Turn to **152**.

133

When you get your free attack on the Scabrok, you fail to wound it particularly badly, and cause it only

2 STAMINA points of damage. So you fight the beast as follows:

SCABROK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **54**.

134

Gain 4 STAMINA points for a fine dinner and a good night's rest. If you have an appointment to keep in the morning, turn to **376**; otherwise, turn to **317**.

135

The dead Throttlebush still provides excellent shelter, for this night, at any rate. Do you have any food? If so, you may eat it and restore 2 STAMINA points, and then 2 more for the night's rest. If you do not, restore only 2 points for your sleep. In the morning you follow a path heading roughly northeast, until it divides. Will you branch right (turn to **171**) or left (turn to **108**)?

136

After a while, the man's sobs die down, and he lies back on his bed, staring vacantly at the mouldy ceiling. Suddenly there is a commotion downstairs. You jump up, just as one of the guards from outside the hostel runs into the room brandishing a whippy 'The receptionist has been murdered,' he shouts. 'Which one of you dogs did it? Not that it matters – ten human lives for every Arcadian, and you two will be first.'

He approaches your companion, who has remained lying on the bed as if he didn't care about death or didn't believe he would die. You cannot stand still and let a fellow human die You pull out your sword and leap into the attack.

GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

Every other Attack Round, roll one die If you roll 5 or 6, the guard has managed to get a hit on you with his tail, whatever the result of that Attack Round otherwise, and you must deduct 2 STAMINA points If you win, turn to **268**.

137

You decide that your best bet is to get a sword from an Arcadian Turn to **16**.

138

You have a fantastic meal (cross 40 credits off your *Adventure Sheet*). The Radicians, who enjoy the good things in life, have perfected the art of cooking food

which is pleasing to both the eye and the taste-buds, and also highly nutritious. You may restore 3 STAMINA points. The waiters in the restaurant are all human, apart from the imperious head waiter, who watches everything with an eagle eye. One of the waiters comes over to inquire whether you would like anything else. He talks most peculiarly: 'Another *meal* course, sir, or some *parkin*?' You tell him you've had plenty, and get up to leave. Will you go to the bar (turn to **115**), or do you have an appointment to keep (turn to **194**)?

139

Turn to **177**.

140

Your suspicious behaviour – poking around here and there, knocking on doors and asking questions – has been noticed by an Arcadian patrol. Their leader, a burly brute of a Northern Arcadian, calls on you to halt. You make a run for it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **233**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **330**.

141

By clearing your mind, you become calm and fearless, which prepares you for the coming test. You may gain 1 SKILL point while this mental battle lasts, even if that takes you over your *Initial* score. Turn to **55**

142

You find yourself in a cellar with further exits in the eastern and western walls. Will you turn back (turn to **221**), west (turn to **324**) or east (turn to **333**)?

143

You fall on to one of the spikes of the plant, which pierces your leg. Deduct 2 STAMINA points, and hobble on into the cave. Turn to **100**.

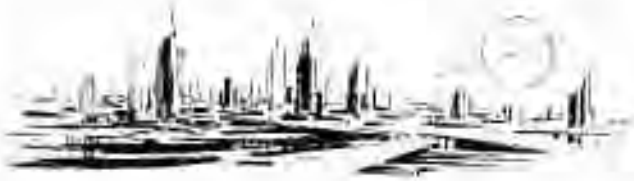

144

'Pirates!' scoffs the policeman. 'I am continually astonished by the stupidity of you humans. We control space; no pirate dare appear. You are thinking of the dark age before the foundation of the Empire and the establishment of peace. But there are worse crimes than stupidity. You can go – but I'll be watching you!' You realize that he is right: you have been stupid, and have jeopardized your mission already. Turn to **370**.

145

Inside, you are led past stacks of crates and boxes up to a heavy-jowled human, who is sitting behind a

desk. 'What is going on here?' he demands, with scarcely a glance up from his papers. If you killed a human on the way here, turn to **28**; otherwise turn to **187**.

146

The university, which is only for humans, is a small affair these days, occupying a single large building on the outskirts of the city. Arcadian guards are everywhere, since they have to make their presence felt in this hotbed of possible rebellion. Will you go to the Science Floor (turn to **266**) or to the Arts Floor (turn to **258**)?

147

In a short while, your path is joined by another to the left. Will you continue straight on (turn to **114**), or take this branch (turn to **108**)?

148

You've fallen for the oldest con trick in the book, and have just signed your own death warrant As soon as you let them know that you are in a position to bargain, they realize that you have a lot of money on you. With one swift move, Indus follows up a jab to the solar plexus with a rabbit punch on the neck While you are dazed and winded, Grus gets your sword . . . Your adventure is over

149

This is a very handsome, very finely crafted piece of equipment – but of no use whatsoever under the present circumstances. If you have an alternative, return to **381** and choose again; if you have no alternative, you have failed.

150

An Arcadian guard happens to be passing down the corridor outside. He stops to investigate the commotion, and bursts into the room just as you are finishing off the secretary. Now you will have to fight him, too. He's an ugly specimen: his face is disfigured by a long scar running from eye to mouth.

GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **66**.

151

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **336**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **249**.

152

As you enter the shop, your hunger really gets the better of you and, to the astonishment of the human grocer, you purchase 20 credits' worth of fruit and nuts and gobble them down on the spot 'Must be some new terrestrial fad,' you hear the grocer mutter to himself, but he is pleased to see a human spending money on such luxuries. Bread and *oom*, a porridge made from Tropian beans, is staple diet for humans. 'Ah, that's better,' you declare (restore 4 STAMINA points) Will you now ask him the way to the Fission Chips (turn to **335**) or to the Adolpho videorama (turn to **260**)?

153

You know that using the mind-probe will almost certainly destroy what's left of his mind, but you feel you have no choice. After clearing through a morass of jumbled information, you find something useful: one of the Arcadian arsenals is located in the basement of the computer building and has an entry-code of 110. Gain 1 LUCK point and turn to **118**, as you are nearing Arcadion

154

You find yourself in a wash-room – and it has a hatch out on to the street! The hatch is locked, however, and the search-party is right behind you. Roll one die. If the number is even, turn to **166**; if it is odd, turn to **50**.

155

'The bitter sea,' you reply

'I know none of the digits,' he begins, and your heart sinks 'All I know is that the whole sequence of digits is a palindrome – it is the same written forwards or backwards '

Gain 1 LUCK point. This should be enough for you to complete the code. He also gives you some food, a grey uniform which you could use for getting back into the spaceport, and enough quandar-root lotion to heal 4 STAMINA points of injuries. You thank him over your shoulder as you race off Turn to **163**

156

There are too many to overcome – and they're human! You succeed only in reducing your STAMINA by 2 points before being knocked out. Turn to **207**

157

Your opponent has no weapon either, so this is unarmed combat.

HALMURIAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, you may search the body (turn to **12**) or leave (turn to **124**)

158

If you are at Porky's Palace, turn to **3**; if you are at the Zodiac, turn to **31**.

159

The room beyond the Dragon is piled high with treasure, including the fabled Minarong crystal with its all-healing powers. Maybe some of this imaginary treasure will help you in the imaginary world you are in. Will you take some (turn to **42**) or not (turn to **391**)?

160

Test your Luck If you are Lucky, he merely confiscates the items (cross them off your Equipment List), but lets you through – turn to **374**. If you are Unlucky, he hauls you away for intense interrogation, from which you will eventually emerge with your body broken and your memory erased.

161

The air in the centre, where the trunk is, is not far off stifling, but at least it is warm. But what is this? The tendrils, having lured you to their core, are pressing around you in a solid mass, apart from the few that are snaking forward to catch your arms and legs. This plant is perfectly adapted to the Halmurian environment: its warmth keeps it alive and also attracts other creatures, which then become its prey. You will have to earn your night's rest by fighting this Throttlebush. It has STAMINA 14, but no SKILL to speak of; so, depending how much LUCK you use, you have at least seven Attack Rounds in which to defeat it, by hacking away at its nerve-centre, the trunk. Roll two dice for each Attack Round. If the number rolled is 1–6, the Throttlebush has reduced your STAMINA by 2 points; if it is 7–12, you have reduced its STAMINA by 2 points If you win, turn to **135**.

162

You get off and jump on to the escalator to street level Looking up behind you, you can see two Arcadians, still coming after you, and talking into their comlinks Once on the street, you duck down the first side-street you come to. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **183**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **373**.

163

Your journey back to the spaceport is uneventful, but tiring in this high gravity. You would lose STAMINA if it were not for the food that Dorado gave you. Will you use the grey uniform as a disguise for getting back into the spaceport (turn to 344), or would you prefer to use wire-cutters, if you have them (turn to 302)?

164

When you have disembarked, you register your visit to Tropos, as all off-planet humans are required to Then you enter Customs, under the keen eyes not just of the Customs officer, but also of a squad of soldiers They do not give you a body-search, however, since they rely on a metal-detector. But your sword has been chemically treated to avoid such detection, and your money-belt has no metal in it. You breathe a sigh of relief and pass through Customs, but you are immediately surrounded by the soldiers, who march you off to a room in the spaceport. Sitting behind a desk is a Central Arcadian who, though he wears civilian clothes, somehow has such an air of cruel authority that he can only belong to the Secret Police. You notice that the desk has two buttons on it, but you do not know what they are for. The policeman dismisses the guards to wait outside, and barks out his question: 'Why did you attempt to escape your escort?' Will you try to bluff your way out of the situation (turn to 246), or draw your sword and fight it out (turn to 17)?

165

One of the Arcadian guards follows you from the spaceship. By the time you are in the deserted parts of the spaceport, his suspicions are thoroughly aroused, and he stops you and demands to search your pack, which is full of contraband. You will have to fight him. Reduce your SKILL by 1 point for this fight for being unarmed.

GUARD	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8

If you win, you ditch the items from your pack: you have no further use for the black marketeer, because you can take the guard's sword. But you will have to leave the spaceport immediately, because the hunt will be on. Turn to 336.

166

You fumble with the watchman's bunch of keys and fail to find the right one. You are cut down where you stand.

167

You tell the Arcadian that you know what's up with Musca (who is by now gibbering quietly in a corner of the room), and point out that he cannot kill you, just in case he needs a pilot on this trip. You add that you will make sure that this damaging information gets out to other humans. So you have thrown down the gauntlet. What will his reaction be? Turn to **126**.

168

You take the plunge: surely, they must be the underground. You tell them everything about your mission, and even drop the names of one or two people back on Earth who they might know of, to make your story more plausible. Once you have finished, the three humans huddle together. This is a good sign: if they were traitors, they would have finished with you by now. At last, they separate. Bellatrix speaks again: 'Very good. You seem to know more about this mission than any Arcadian spy would know. There is just one last thing we want you to do. The barman at the Fission Chips is a double agent – return there and kill him.' Do you agree (turn to **68**) or not (turn to **274**)?

169

The door to the basement is ten-centimetre reinforced laser-proof criton. No way are you going to get through that! But there is a small panel similar to the one you encountered on the outside of this building. If you know the code, turn to the paragraph whose decimal number looks the same as this binary number. Otherwise you return to the computer room (turn to **381**).

170

The lecture theatre is fairly packed. Professor Zacharias seems to be popular, but you cannot see why. His subject is history, and he drones on about Arcadian–human relations in the twenty-fourth century. You find yourself drifting off to sleep . . . You wake up with a start when your shoulder is jogged by a janitor who is cleaning the room – which is otherwise deserted! You race back to Professor Zacharias's room, only to find a message on the door: 'Called away on urgent business. Back tomorrow, 11 a.m.' You turn away, cursing your doziness. Lose 1 LUCK point, but restore 2 STAMINA points for the rest. Leave the university by turning to **235**.

171

You walk on for about an hour, and then stop to rest and shelter from the heat: gain 1 STAMINA point. While gazing idly into the sky, you notice a large bird coming into land on the rock-face above you.

What strikes you in particular is that the bird is carrying something which flashes as it catches the sunlight. Do you want to investigate this further (turn to **383**), or carry on with your journey (turn to **147**)?

172

After several further more or less polite attempts to wake him up, you decide to go round to the back of the reception counter so that you can nudge him awake. As you walk round, something glinting on the floor catches your eye, and you stoop to pick it up. It is a large button, from a jacket, on which there is a curious design of an eagle clutching a scroll in its talons. Then, from your crouched position, you notice something else – a pool of blood under the Arcadian's chair. He's been murdered! You pocket the button, realizing that it could be a clue, and start to move back. But in your haste, you trip over a robo-mop, which lets out a protesting whine and brings the two guards rushing in from outside.

'He's dead!' you gasp. 'But it was . . . it wasn't . . . I mean . . .'

'Murderer!' says one of the guards. 'We've caught you red-handed!' They advance on you, whippies at the ready. They are clearly not going to listen to reason – you will have to fight them. From your position behind the reception counter, they can only approach you one at a time, and there is no room for them to use their spiked tails.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARD	6	8
Second GUARD	7	8

During the fight another human comes downstairs. If you win, turn to **268**.

173

Of the humans on the base, some are wearing grey uniforms, some blue. You want to ask where the agricultural station is. Will you ask someone in grey (turn to **310**) or in blue (turn to **102**)?

174

After a while you hit the jackpot. A section of the file is devoted to 'Activists – Potential and Actual'. You are so engrossed in the details that you do not hear the approaching guards until it is too late.

175

'Now, Mizar,' you say, authoritatively, 'I must go. But first tell me what you know about the digits of the Arcadian computer.'

'What on Halmuris are you talking about?' says Mizar, as the Arcadians overwhelm Dorado and pour into the clearing. Whether or not you escape this immediate danger, you have failed in your mission.

176

A smooth voice from the computer says: 'So sorry Taxis are not allowed in the city Please keep Tropos free of pollution. As you are terrestrial, I will take you to the hostel.' Turn to **196**, but subtract 1 LUCK point first

177

You dash outside to wait for the explosion – and come face to face with a platoon of North Arcadians, spiked tails restlessly swinging from side to side. Curiously, they sense that you are expecting something, so they do not immediately rush in for the kill, but wait to see what will happen The explosion seems to take for ever in coming – but there it is! *Then* the Arcadians close in – you must have done something wrong .

178

The buildings, even here on the outskirts of the city, are impressive. The architects have taken full advantage of the low gravity of the planet, and vast towers and arches soar gracefully into the sky. The colour of the local stone is very pale blue, but different coloured synthetic materials are also used

and look very attractive Near the university is the archaeology museum, which you decide to visit, having heard that it is rather interesting.

The museum consists of a single large room, with show-cases around the walls and two rows of exhibits down the centre of the room. There is a closed door at the other end of the room At the entrance, there is an armed South Arcadian watchman, who calls you over, but it seems he only wants to pass the time of day.

'A ziridium mine in the desert,' he says. 'Yes, I'd noticed that there aren't many visitors,' you reply, correctly. He nods, as if his next remark follows logically: 'As it is written in the *Book of the Five Suns*, "Contact costs nothing; if there is cost it is not pure contact."'

Will you reply, 'No thanks, I'll browse around myself' (turn to **111**), or 'It's nice to see someone taking his job seriously' (turn to **19**)?

179

'So? Earthling, in me all forms. This one for you ' The shimmering cloud within the shaft of light takes on a horrifying appearance, which is so alien that you can hardly believe it really exists. You seem to see a creature with four arms sprouting from a body; each hand is armed with a scimitar, axe, club or scythe; her hair stands up like living fire and is adorned with a tiara of shrunken heads. A cobra

winds itself around her hips. 'Now, unbeliever,' this image seems to say, in a voice which is surprisingly quiet, but laden with power. 'I am Kali, bringer of life through death. For you must die before you can live again.' Hallucination or not, you must defend yourself against this powerful being.

SHAPE-CHANGER SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you win, the thing reverts to its form as a shaft of light, which then disappears back into a shadow and speeds away. You haven't the faintest idea what has been going on. Turn to **114**.

180

You press the button and wait, heart in throat. You don't have to wait long Guards pour into the room to answer the call. They don't need to ask you what has been going on: your own dishevelled state and the mangled corpse of the policeman tell their story all too clearly. You draw your sword in desperation, but are overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers. You have failed in your mission.

181

You walk for half an hour in a southerly direction, searching in increasing desperation for some shelter from the freezing night. But all in vain. The sudden drop in temperature catches you still out in the open, and you fall, as if poleaxed, to the ground.

182

You pass the time pleasantly, eating (deduct 20 credits and gain 2 STAMINA points) and chatting with students. They are fascinated to know that you are from Earth, which they regard as a mixture of paradise and a stone-age settlement. You have a struggle to set them right on both scores. Just as you are about to leave, a student, with a badge portraying a large black eye, gets up and begins to make a speech. Before he has got very far, the place is in uproar: a mini-riot erupts It is not too serious, but it delays you. You race back to Professor Zacharias's room, only to find a message on the door: 'Called away on urgent business. Back tomorrow, 11 a.m ' You turn away, cursing your ill fortune (lose 1 LUCK point), and leave the university (turn to 235).

183

You lose yourself in the shadows, hardly daring to breathe – and your pursuers pass by on the main moving pavement. You follow the twists and turns of the side-streets, always keeping the overhead monorail in sight to guide you in the right direction for your hotel. Turn to 285.

184

'I'm sorry, friend,' says the doorman. 'You leave me no choice.' Without further ado, and before you can react, he delivers a killing punch to your windpipe Hopefully, he will have saved the rebel operation on Tropos, but you will never know.

185

There are very few humans on Arcadion, and you have no time to waste. You approach the first human you meet and ask him the way to the computer building. He tells you the way with some enthusiasm, as if he was proud to help a stranger find the centre of the Empire If you go straight to the computer building, turn to 219 If you need to know where an arsenal is and, bearing in mind that you will probably meet no other humans, you want to ask this person where it is, turn to 284

186

You are walking along a dusty corridor. The statue of a grotesque ancient god looms out of the darkness, scaring you witless for a moment Lose 1 LUCK point. There is a passage off to the south (turn to **384**), or you can continue straight on (turn to **254**)

187

Will you ask if he can supply you with a pass for the shuttle service to the agricultural station (turn to **385**) or with a sword (turn to **286**)?

188

You clear your throat – no response. You say, 'Oy! Excuse me!' – no response. Will you now wait (turn to **29**) or will you keep trying to attract his attention (turn to **172**)?

189

The man thanks you and offers you some food, which you gratefully accept Gain 3 STAMINA points. While you are eating, he explains that he used to work at the nearby agricultural station but was caught stealing food to supplement his meagre rations; now he'll never be able to go back. You tell him that within a few days he may find himself free of his masters; then you ask if he knows anything about the underground. He does not, but he tells you that at this time of day there are no humans in the station itself: they are all out in the fields. He directs you to the agricultural station. Gain 1 LUCK point, and turn to **114**.

190

You run through the twisting streets and lanes, but wherever you run, the robot follows, adjusting its speed to yours exactly, and staying out of range of the destructive thumps which it sends out at irregular intervals. You realize that you will only exhaust yourself to no purpose if you continue to run You must stand and fight.

STREET FIGHTER SKILL 9 STAMINA 16

Its attacks will increase in effectiveness as the buildings around get weaker. Its first successful Attack Round will cause you 2 STAMINA points of injury, the next 3, the next 4, and so on, as larger and larger pieces of masonry strike you. (You can use LUCK in the usual way to reduce the injuries by 1 point each time.) If you carry on the fight as normal and win, turn to **309**. But does the robot have a weakness? Roll two dice. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, turn to **227**; if the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **282**.

191

En route for Halmuris, you may restore your STAMINA by half as much again as your current STAMINA score, rounding odd numbers down, and remembering that you cannot exceed your *Initial* score. You review the problems you face: you have no equipment or weapon, though you still have your money, and there is a spare anti-grav pack on board your ship Halmuris is a bleak planet: the

terrain is wild and mountainous, and some of the mountains are active volcanoes. It is a planet which is still going through the last violent stages of creation. It is very hot in the daytime, and fatally freezing at night, when the hot, blueish sun sinks below the horizon and the three moons become visible. The moons cause vast tides on the planet. If you have to spend a night out on Halmuris, you would be well advised to choose somewhere warm and far away from water! The inhabitants live in small settlements, which were originally scientific research establishments, and are clustered quite close together, with the spaceport, on the high plateau region in the south of the planet – this is to avoid the huge tides which ravage the lower-lying areas, which are punctuated by sudden inhospitable crags.

The computer feeds you all these data, and also informs you that the alien inhabitants are mostly Central Arcadians, who naturally took over the scientific facilities of the planet. All you know about the underground leader is that he or she is an assistant at the agricultural research settlement.

When you land on Halmuris, you find that your limbs feel heavy. The higher gravity of this planet means that for the duration of your stay here, you must lose 1 SKILL point. This makes finding a weapon even more vital. There are none of the Customs and immigration hassles that you expected. Instead, you are simply ordered to remain

in the spaceport area until your ship is unloaded and your passenger is ready to embark late the next day. It is now mid-afternoon, with four hours to go until sunset. Will you first investigate the possibility of getting hold of a sword (turn to **273**) or of learning the whereabouts of the agricultural station (turn to **173**)?

192

This action is very noble of you – but even nobility is misplaced sometimes. You are marched away to the Arcadian police headquarters. Before you die in agony, you will reveal all – the codenames, your mission, your connection with SAROS. You have failed utterly.

193

You narrowly miss impaling yourself on one of the vicious-looking spikes of the plant. You pick yourself up and enter the gloom of the cave. Turn to **100**.

194

You take the monorail to the public park and find the waiter at the main entrance. 'We've been expecting you,' he says. 'Earth sent another "merchant" to warn us of your arrival. I don't know all the details of your mission, except that you have to meet our leader. I don't know who this is – we work on the basis that each person has contact only with his immediate superior – but I think you could start at the university.' You thank him, and may add 1 LUCK

point You head for the university. There is a monorail drop station just outside. Will you plunge straight in (turn to **146**), or wait around outside for a while (turn to **178**)?

195

You pause to think. It occurs to you that it need not necessarily be a robot: the metallic tone of the voice could come from some language translation device. What is this *zplaran* it's asking about? It can speak enough Arcadian to cover everyday objects, it seems. If you have a strange staff or a mind-probe, you could see if one of these is what it wants. Will you try the staff (turn to **267**) or the probe (turn to **226**)? If you have neither of these, or choose not to give them up, turn to **179**.

196

The hostel is a semi-derelict, flea-ridden building – and Tropian fleas have to be seen to be believed! Two Northern Arcadian guards stand by the door, and inside a scruffy Southerner is sitting in a chair, leaning back against the wall, apparently asleep. What an odd set-up! No robot receptionist or computerized check-in. And outside everything is just as old-fashioned. There are no personal or public

overhead monorail systems; the buildings are mostly late twenty-first century and low-lying – and the pollution! To think they haven't yet got around to dealing with it! A sign on the wall says: 'Remember – no vehicles in town Offenders will be prosecuted.' A typically primitive solution to a primitive problem.

Will you wait for the receptionist to notice you (turn to **29**), or draw his attention to your presence (turn to **188**)?

197

The man in grey looks at you with terror and scuttles off down a passage, out of sight. Will you ask someone in blue instead (turn to **217**), or try to get one off an Arcadian (turn to **16**)?

198

You have time to grab *one* of the following, if you have it in your pack and want it. Otherwise, return to the scene of combat.

A can of engine oil	Turn to **256**
A hand-klaxon	Turn to **21**
A benelo-phosphate strobe	Turn to **79**

199

You are acutely conscious of the pounding of Arcadian feet, as you get rid of the last few strands of wire and struggle to get through. But in your haste you have not made a hole that is quite large enough, and you get thoroughly tangled up – an easy target. Your mission ends here

200

To your horror, you realize that there is a massive identifit hologram of you in the spaceport, with the caption: 'ENEMY OF THE EMPIRE' It is not an exact likeness, however; the Arcadian who escaped can only have caught a glimpse of you from a distance *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **318**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **83**.

201

He pockets the 500 credits (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*), and seems prepared to do as you suggest But in fact you have insulted his Radician sense of duty. Turn to **85**.

202

You look at Mehita. She is not much younger than you, but your experiences are worlds apart. You feel you cannot talk to her about anything serious. You mumble some excuse and leave. Will you go to the Arts Floor, if you haven't already been there (turn to **258**), or leave the university (turn to **235**)?

203

Turn to **177**.

204

The Fission Chips is in the basement of the former Adolpho videorama. A neon sign, with many bulbs missing, still advertises the last feature, a classic science-fiction comedy from the twentieth century, called 'Star Trek'. You go down the steps which lead to the entrance to the club, and knock on the door. A human face appears at a peep-hole. 'What do you want?' it says aggressively. 'To get in the club, of course,' you reply. 'Who recommended us to you, stranger?' asks the doorman, emphasizing the last word. What will you reply:

'SAROS'?	Turn to **287**
'Bellatrix'?	Turn to **240**
'The Grand Vizier of Tropos'?	Turn to **45**
'No one – I'm from Earth'?	Turn to **326**

205

You have fallen for the final trap the machine was offering – power over itself, and therefore over the whole Arcadian race. The computer is subtler than you: you have lowered your defences and are now its slave for ever.

206

The guard is not expecting the attack, so you get in one free assault. Since you are unarmed, roll one die. If you roll 6, you incapacitate the guard immediately. If not, you will have to fight him as follows.

GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, you may take his sword. Turn to **131**.

207

You slowly climb back to consciousness. The first thing you are aware of is a splitting headache (deduct 2 STAMINA points – 3 if you have not eaten today). The second thing is that even when you open your eyes, it's still pitch-black. Once you have realized that you are not blind, but that wherever you are is in darkness, you clamber to your feet. Immediately, a bright light stabs your eyeballs; you instinctively cover your face with your arm. Behind the light you can just make out three human shapes, two standing on either side of the third, who is seated at the table.

A woman, who is apparently the one seated, addresses you: 'You seem to know something of our business. That could mean one of two things: either you are an Arcadian spy, or you are one of us from Earth. If the latter is the case, I apologize for the rough treatment you have received from us, but you will understand why this was necessary. Now, explain yourself.'

'I'm looking for Bellatrix,' you begin.

'So you know my codename,' she says. 'That in itself doesn't prove a thing: we may have been infiltrated.'

This is a tricky situation: they are not convinced that you are from SAROS, but are you entirely sure that they are rebels? Will you try to convince them that you are who you say you are (turn to **168**), or ask for proof of their identity (turn to **105**)?

208

It is surprisingly easy to push your way through the foliage: the tendrils seem to part and then close behind you. This makes you feel uneasy. Will you dash out before you have got too far (turn to **327**), or press on to the centre (turn to **161**)?

209

You cannot stay in Porky's Palace, but you can easily find another cheap hotel for 75 credits. You must deduct 2 LUCK points for what amounts to the murder of a fellow human. Then turn to **74**.

210

You tell him that the rope is for rock-climbing on Halmuris, and that the scanner is for checking your ship's heating system, but he does not quite believe you: the presence of *two* unlikely items in your pack has aroused his suspicions. Roll one die. On 1–2, turn to **396**; on 3–6, turn to **160**.

211

However much you struggle, you cannot get free. But the fact that they are thieves gives you an idea 'Look,' you say, 'you already have my sword, which is a rare and valuable weapon these days. Nobody's going to be any the wiser if you just let me go.' They exchange greedy glances, but don't reply immediately. Will you offer them some money as well (turn to **91**), or wait a bit (turn to **72**)?

212

'What? Oh, yes,' he says; then a spasm of pain passes over his face 'Who are you? What am I doing here? You're *human*! Guards!' This is one confused Arcadian. No guards arrive, of course, but his shout brings the other Arcadian into the corridor – and he is carrying a phaser!

'What's going on here, Musca?' he demands of the first Arcadian, but there is no reply. 'Your friend has a headache. I'll get the medical robot,' you say eventually.

He takes the first Arcadian, Musca, back to his room, and you notice that he doesn't put his phaser away Curiouser and curiouser: phasers are only issued in extreme circumstances. Could the confused Arcadian actually be under guard? In the morning, will you try to find out more (turn to **290**), or will you bide your time (turn to **247**)?

213

When you arrive at the spaceport, you find that there are a great many Arcadian guards mingling with the crowds. If you let an Arcadian escape in Grus's street, turn to 200; if not, turn to 318.

214

You had imagined a human secretary, but find a burly South Arcadian. Of course: the Arcadians would want to keep an eye on the files. He looks at you in surprise: you do not exactly look like an ordinary student. 'Can I help you?' he asks, but his antennae are waving alarmingly. Will you fight him so that you can investigate the files (turn to 107), or consider that they are probably not worth the bother (turn to 58)?

215

Resolve your fight.

WATCHMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, you can take the grenade. Turn to 320.

216

Eyes streaming, and choking in the smoke, you race, sometimes leaping, sometimes zigzagging between burning bushes. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 323; if you are Unlucky, turn to 389.

217

You pick your man carefully, choosing someone who looks tough and self-sufficient. At last he leaves the group he was with, and makes off across a lobby. You catch him up after a few metres, and come straight to the point: 'Whatever you do, don't show surprise on your face,' you say. 'I need a sword. Can you help me?' He looks you up and down, and then says, 'No, I can't. But I know who can, if anyone can. Come with me.' Will you go with him (turn to 399), or leave him and try elsewhere for a sword (turn to 137)?

218

'You're all saying the same thing, really,' you say. The students look at you in disgust. You should know better than to butt in on a group of students: they are arguing because they are friends, not because they disagree with each other. They give you the cold shoulder, and you decide to go up to the Arts Floor, if you haven't been there already (turn to 258); otherwise you leave the university (turn to 235).

219

You are nearing the end of your mission. You have reached the outside of the long, low building where the queen computer is housed – but you know that an Arcadian patrol is not far behind. On the wall by the entrance is a panel consisting of a liquid crystal display and two buttons, marked 1 and 0. This is

what your whole adventure so far has been aiming at – do you have the correct code? You will have to enter the code for the door to open. Convert the binary number to decimal, and turn to the paragraph with that number. If the paragraph makes no sense, you have not entered the correct code, and will be caught by the Arcadian patrol. If you do not know how to convert binary to decimal, here is a table:

DECIMAL	256	128	64	32	16	8	4	2	1
BINARY									

Enter your binary number in the spaces provided. Each time you enter 1, that decimal number is relevant; you can ignore each space which contains 0. Add together all the relevant decimal numbers: the total is the decimal equivalent of the binary number.

220

The guards let you through without further delay. Once inside the spaceport buildings, you shed your disguise and make your way to your spaceship. Turn to **78**

221

You find yourself in a cellar with further exits in the eastern and western walls. Will you turn east (turn to **186**) or west (turn to **324**)?

222

Turn to **400**.

223

'All right,' Grus says eventually. He releases you and sprints over to get the sword. 'No funny business now – I've got the sword.' You hand over the 500 credits from your money-belt, disguising the fact that you have more by pretending to search for the last 100-credit note and by looking depressed about the transaction. Cross the 500 credits off your *Adventure Sheet* As Grus shoves you out of the door at sword-point, you hear Indus on the visiphone, telling the police where you are. You leave quickly and return to the main road. Until you find another weapon, all your battles must be conducted according to the rules for unarmed combat. Turn to **132**

224

Some sixth sense alerts the guard to your approach, and he wheels round to face you For this fight, reduce your SKILL by 1 point, because you are unarmed.

ARCADIAN GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If you win, you may take his sword, but you will have to leave the spaceport immediately. Turn to 336.

225

Suddenly, a miracle occurs. Humans pour out of nearby buildings, hurl bricks and tiles from the roofs and rush in behind the Arcadians. Though few of them are armed with more than clubs, they make short work of the Arcadians. You join in the fight and do your share, losing only 2 STAMINA points of injury, but restoring 1 LUCK point for your escape.

Afterwards, panting and in pain, but grinning from ear to ear, you thank your saviours Some of them have already melted away, and others are knocking in the door of Grus's house It turns out that you have been followed ever since the affair at the spaceport. 'Anyone the Arcadians want to hurt is a potential friend of ours,' explains one, who appears to be the leader. 'But now we must take you to see Bellatrix – we want to know more about you ' 'But that's who I want to meet,' you exclaim. 'We'll see,' is the laconic reply

Rough hands blindfold you. You are taken into one of the nearby houses, down some steps, and then you get confused: you are led through tunnels that twist and turn, several doorways, and part of the sewage system, to judge by the smell, dankness and weird echoing of your footsteps. The underground on Tropos seems to be literally that, and to have a system of connecting houses. Then, without warning, there is a heavy blow on the back of your head, and you sink into unconsciousness. Turn to **207**.

226

'Is this what you want?' you ask, offering the mind-probe. In response, the shimmering seems to grow more intense, and a sudden blast of heat makes you drop the probe and stand back. The probe melts on the ground. If you have the staff, you can try this (turn to **267**); if you don't want to, or you don't have it, turn to **179**.

227

If the robot does have a weakness, you cannot think of it – there's no time and too much pressure. Return to **190** and fight it normally.

228

The shock-wave of the ziridium blast knocks you unconscious. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **46**.

229

'Suspicious, aren't you?' says Grus. 'Is that the thanks I get? All right, you can come in.' The door is opened by another man, who looks furtively both ways down the side-street before ushering you in and locking the door behind you.

You are shown into a sparsely furnished room. Everything looks harmless enough, but your trained suspicions are suddenly aroused. Just then, Grus shouts, 'Grab him! But watch out – he's armed!' Before you can react, Grus and the other man pin you to the wall and take away your sword, which they throw across the room, so that all their hands are free to keep you where you are.

'Set you up nicely, didn't I?' snarls Grus. 'Though in a way I'm sorry. Me and my buddy Indus here, we're thieves. Got caught by the alien scum.' He spits the word out. 'So now they use us as spies – it's either that or they kill us. I reckon we'll have repaid our debt with this one, Indus.'

You struggle to get free. Roll a die. On 1–3, turn to **211**; on 4–6, turn to **113**.

230

The Arcadian, whose name turns out to be Musca, is obviously in a confused state; he changes from being friendly to being suspicious at a moment's notice. By cautious probing, you gradually discover that something has gone wrong with the empathic receiver in his brain, which links him to the Arcadian computer. He has held several positions of authority on Halmuris and Arcadion; you guess that the constant decision-making that these jobs involved has begun to free his will from the enslaving grip of the computer. The side-effects include blinding headaches, and a sense of confusion and guilt. If you tread carefully, you have obviously stumbled across what could be a valuable source of information. Gain 1 LUCK point. But before you can ask any further questions, there is a knock at the door, and the voice of the other Arcadian is heard: 'Do you by any chance have my friend in there?' His pleasant tone puts you on your guard. Will you admit that Musca is with you (turn to **361**) or not (turn to **379**)?

231

The guard pauses by the door to the arena. 'The two beasts you have to face,' he tells you, 'are first a Laphodorm and then a Scabrok. Both are bred specially for the games. The Laphodorm is a new breed, and I know nothing about it. But the Scabrok, though powerful, has one weakness; it is easily

distracted. It won't fall for this trick twice, but you can distract it once and get in a free attack.' Before you can thank him and ask his reasons for telling you this, he opens the door and urges you through, having given you a sword for the contest. Gain 1 LUCK point for the guard's information. If you survive to fight the Scabrok, turn to **262** (remember this number) when you are instructed to do so. Now turn to **313**.

232

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you make it down the cliff without difficulty. If you are Unlucky, you fall down the last bit and sustain 2 STAMINA points of bruises. Then turn to **147** to continue the journey.

233

You dodge and weave through the pedestrians and up and down alleyways. You manage to escape the patrol, but at a cost of 1 STAMINA point. Eventually, when all seems safe, you slump down in a doorway. After a while, you realize that you can only go back to the hostel and try again tomorrow, so you start to get up. But at that moment, the door behind you opens, and rough hands grab hold of you. Will you attempt to put up a fight (turn to **156**), or are you too weak and depressed to bother (turn to **272**)?

234

One of the remaining Arcadians is a Northerner, so for every Attack Round that he is alive, roll an extra die: on 5 or 6 he hits you with his tail, causing 2 STAMINA points of injury, whatever the result of that Attack Round otherwise You will have to fight these two simultaneously, so choose which one you are attacking, and conduct a normal Attack Round against him. The other gets a free attack against you: roll for Attack Strengths as usual, but nothing happens unless *his* Attack Strength is higher, in which case he wounds you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
NORTH ARCADIAN	6	8
Second ARCADIAN	6	6

If you win, turn to **381**.

235

You decide to go back to your hotel. If you had a spot of bother with the Chief of Police at the Zodiac earlier today, you have decided to go to Porky's Palace instead On the monorail ride, you have the impression that you are being followed There *is* a cab behind you, but then there always is on an efficient monorail system. Will you pull into the next drop station and get off (turn to **162**), or will you carry on to your hotel, thinking you'll be as safe there as anywhere (turn to **27**)?

236

It speaks: 'Earthling, where *zplaran*?' At least, that's what the last word sounds like. The voice is strangely metallic and hollow; it certainly does not come from any living being that you can imagine. Perhaps it is a robot of some kind. If it is, then you could attack it. Is this what you choose to do (turn to **179**), or will you try to talk back to it, as it inches ever closer to you (turn to **195**)?

237

'I don't know what it's like on Earth,' says one of your companions, 'but here on Tropos it's considered bad manners not to drink with *friends*.' There is a decidedly unpleasant tone to his voice. Will you respond to the insult (turn to **35**), or meekly drink up (turn to **322**)?

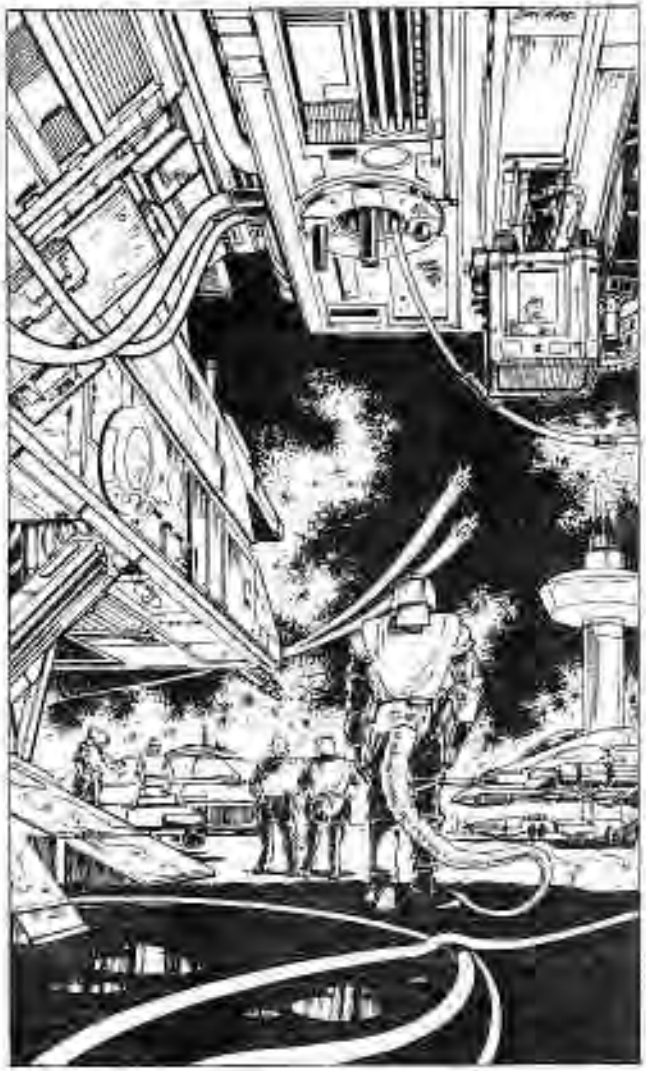

238

The 'job' turns out to be stealing some of the luxury goods from your own cargo This confirms your suspicion that you are dealing with a black marketeer. The first journey is easy, since the Arcadian guards find nothing odd in your visiting your own spaceship But you have to make three more journeys before the black marketeer is satisfied *Test your Luck* three times. If at any time you are Unlucky, turn to **165**; otherwise turn to **96**.

239

You knock on the door of Professor Zacharias's office 'Come in,' he calls When you enter, you find him just getting ready to leave for a lecture 'I'm in a hurry,' he says. 'What do you want?' You tell him that Mehita suggested you visit him. He looks at you intently for a moment 'Did she? Did she indeed?' he muses. 'I have great faith in Mehita's feelings about people Look, there's no time now. Come and see me after my lecture, in one hour ' Will you pass the time by attending his lecture (turn to **170**), or have a cup of coffee in the students' union (turn to **182**)?

240

'Who? Get lost,' says the doorman. Will you do as he says (turn to **95**), or attempt to smash the locks with your sword (turn to **366**)? You can smash the locks only if you still have your sword, of course.

241

You have pushed him too far, and he goes into total physical collapse. You have no choice now but to wait for a robot to come by. Turn to **278**.

242

By the time you get close to the fleeing Arcadian, he has turned into the main road and met up with a patrol of his fellow Northern Arcadians. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **132**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **52**.

243

You edge around the boulder and then spring out, sword at the ready. It seems that the Arcadian has come to some decision, because his whippy is raised above the cowering human's head. The look of surprise on the Arcadian's face when you appear is almost comical. But now he will turn his attention to you.

CENTRAL ARCADIAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

He is not particularly strong, but he's agile and cunning. The first time he wounds you, roll an extra die. On a roll of 4–6, he hurls some dust in your eyes, and you must lose 1 SKILL point for the next two Attack Rounds. But you only give him this one opportunity: the rest of the fight will be as normal. If you win, turn to **189**.

244

After a while, the corridors quieten down, as most of the students go off to lectures. Then one student approaches the notice-board and, rather furtively, pins up a poster. You just have time to see that it announces some kind of demonstration, when the young man is thrown to the floor by two others, and his poster is ripped from the wall. The two louts then proceed to beat him up. You're not going to stand for that kind of behaviour. You will fight both the louts simultaneously in unarmed combat. Each Attack Round, choose which of them you will fight, and conduct a normal Attack Round against him. Against the other, roll for Attack Strengths as usual, but even if your Attack Strength is higher, you do not hurt him: you are preoccupied with his companion. If his Attack Strength is higher, however, he hurts you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LOUT	6	8
Second LOUT	5	6

This is not a fight to the death. If your STAMINA is

reduced to 4, the fight is over and your opponents run away. You, for your part, take care to knock them out, not kill them, since they are only students: the 'sudden death' rule of unarmed combat, or reduction of your opponents' STAMINA to zero, will count for unconsciousness rather than death. After the fight, turn to 337

245

You know that your first priority is to find somewhere sheltered to spend the night. You are following a path through rough terrain, with a valley sloping down to your left and rocky outcrops up the hill to your right. After a while, you come across two caves to your right, which look as though they are deep enough to give you shelter. The right-hand one is approached by a smooth gully which wends its way to the valley below; the left-hand one is higher up, and its entrance is partially hidden by a spiky, cactus-like plant. Will you enter the right-hand cave (turn to 371) or the left-hand one (turn to 294)?

246

'Your eminence,' you grovel, 'I . . . er . . . I had no idea that the other spaceship was piloted by one of my glorious masters. My desire is only to serve. I thought it might be a pirate, and my concern was for the safety of my cargo.' *Test your Luck* to see if the Arcadian believes you. If you are Lucky, turn to 144; if you are Unlucky, turn to 129.

247

The two Arcadians remain out of sight for the rest of the journey. When you land on Arcadion, they are whisked off, and you are ordered to remain on your ship while it is being refuelled for the return journey. There is no chance of escape. You have failed.

248

Your bluff has been well and truly exposed. 'Ha!' exclaims your questioner, 'You're as bent as a trans-dimensional rainbow.' You decide that this is neither the time nor the place to ask what these mysterious South Arcadian words might mean, and you leave, in considerable embarrassment. Lose 1 LUCK point and, for your next fight only, 1 SKILL point for tipsiness. You make your way over to the other group, who are still discussing the possibility of human rebellion. Turn to 289.

249

You get hopelessly lost, and more and more exhausted, as the heavy gravity of Halmuris takes its toll. Reduce your STAMINA by 1 point. Eventually, you find yourself in the administrative part of the building, where you are promptly arrested and

taken to an office where a Central Arcadian is working at a pile of papers. However, you manage to persuade him that you are innocently lost, and he gives you directions. Turn to **336**.

250

The guards easily overwhelm you. Perhaps next time you will be less easily fooled and therefore less likely to be betrayed.

251

The room beyond the Sphinx is dark, but a large computer screen is resting on a table, and its greenish light, as information scrolls across its surface, is a source of faint illumination. Will you look at the screen (turn to **319**), or carry on (turn to **375**)?

252

You leap up the steps and are immediately spotted by an Arcadian patrol, who give chase. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **233**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **330**.

253

The object you grabbed was a jet pack, but it feels so light that it may have no fuel left in it. You take it anyway. The fire is bound to attract unwelcome attention. You decide to leave the spaceport as soon as possible. Turn to **336**.

254

There is another passage branching off to the south. Will you take it (turn to **62**) or continue straight on (turn to **39**)?

255

'Dorado,' you say, 'I must go. But first tell me what you know about the digits of the Arcadian computer.'

'Identify yourself,' he says in reply. 'What's the password?' You will now either know what to do, or you will get nothing more out of Dorado, however much you protest that you cannot know his password, having only just arrived on the planet. You have failed.

256

You can use this to make your opponents' approach slippery and hazardous, by quickly opening the can and spilling the oil towards them. (Cross it off your Equipment List.) This will reduce your first opponent's SKILL by 2 points; by the time you meet your second opponent, however, the fight has been carried away from the slippery area. But the oil also slows down your opponents, so that you have time to grab another item from your pack, if you want to. Do you choose the hand-klaxon (turn to **21**) or the strobe (turn to **79**)? If you choose neither, return now to resolve your fight.

257

The passage leads into another cellar, with one exit straight ahead, and another in the northern wall. Will you go straight ahead (turn to **186**) or north (turn to **142**)?

258

Do you have an introduction to anyone here? If so, turn to the paragraph which has the same number as the room you need; otherwise turn to **76**.

259

The pall of smoke provides excellent cover until you are quite near the rocks. Then you are spotted, and the silver craft races in pursuit. But the drifting smoke causes it to misjudge the distance and, as you squeeze into cover, it smashes into the rock-face above you and explodes. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **228**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **288**.

260

'Why on Tropos do you want to get to that old place?' asks the man suspiciously. 'Been derelict for years. If you want a good time, some entertainment,

I can tell you where to go.' You thank him, but tell him that you have arranged to meet a friend outside the Adolpho. He tells you that the Adolpho is not far away, on North 20–East 7 Street. 'And where are we now?' you ask 'Halfway up North 18–East 9 Street,' comes the reply. There is no time to lose; you must get on with your mission. Will you go north for one and a half blocks, then west for two blocks (turn to **204**), or north for two and a half blocks, then west for two blocks (turn to **109**)?

261

Musca is in a highly nervous state – and is playing dangerously with the phaser. Will you rush him and try to wrest it from him (turn to **59**), or speak to him (turn to **90**)?

262

Good: you have remembered the Scabrok's weakness. At some point during the fight, you will be able to distract its attention, perhaps by throwing

sand across its field of vision. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **341**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **133**.

263

More Arcadian guards are on their way, but you make it through the gate, and they do not set out after you. At first you wonder why, but then you realize that they are leaving the freezing night to do their work for them. There are various paths that you could take. Will you go east (turn to **245**), north (turn to **342**) or south (turn to **181**)?

264

The situation looks desperate, but you are determined to die like a hero, fighting against tyranny and perhaps inspiring future humans. Did you get beaten up at the spaceport? If so, turn to **225**; if not, turn to **250**.

265

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **69**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **36**.

266

You join a group of students who are hanging around a drink-dispensing machine on the Science Floor, and are having a heated scientific discussion. Will you chip into the conversation (turn to **218**), or keep quiet (turn to **11**)?

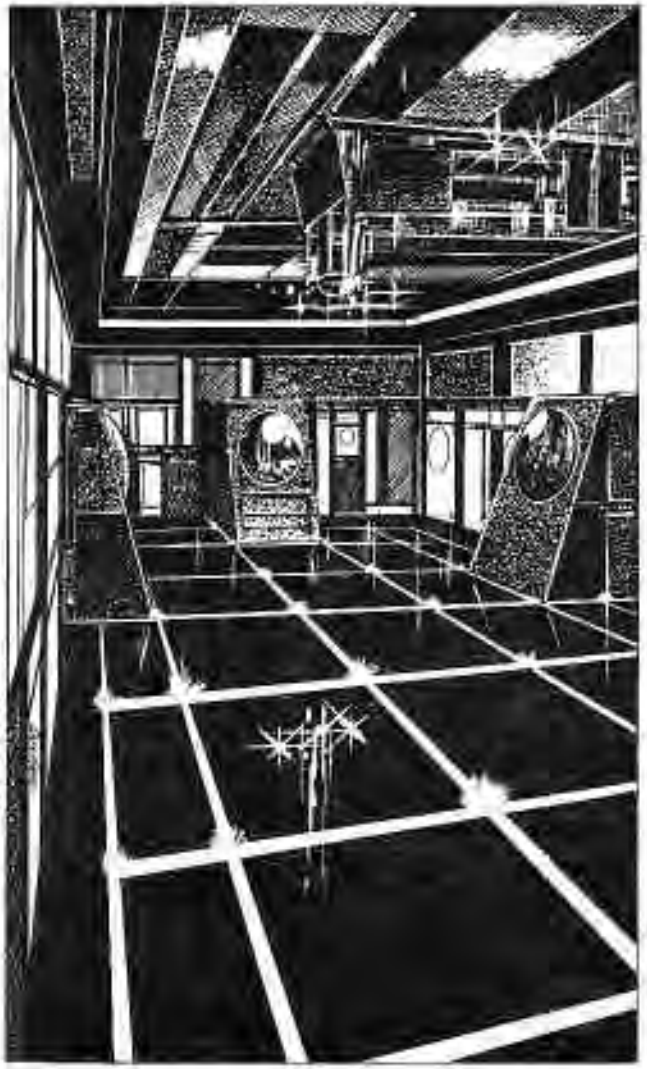

267

'This *zplaran*?' you ask, finding yourself speaking the same pidgin Arcadian as the weird thing. '*Zplaran*,' replies the thing, in a voice which sounds decidedly unfriendly to you, but is apparently not. The staff is whisked out of your hand into the shaft of light, where it hangs, suspended by goodness knows what. Both the changing form and the shaft of light proceed to vibrate very rapidly, but in eerie silence. If the staff is broken, turn to **179**; otherwise turn to **308**.

268

'Bravo!' cries the man, as you switch off your sword. 'But now we'd better get out of here. Come with me.' Will you tell him you'd rather be left alone (turn to **314**), or will you go with him (turn to **394**)?

269

You enter a room full of dully glistening machinery. A voice speaks from all around: 'Human, this is the computer speaking. You have done well to get this far. As you see, I am at your mercy: you can program me to your heart's content ' Will you attempt to program the computer (turn to **205**), or will you leave this room too (turn to **94**)?

270

There is no point in fighting him – there are too many people around. Will you offer him 500 credits (turn to **201**) or a ziridium-plated bracelet, if you

have one (turn to **365**)? If you cannot afford this, or think that it is not worth bribing him, you leave for the university (turn to **146**)

271

The phaser cuts down two members of the patrol, but then jams, presumably because it has not been used for a long time. You hurl it away in disgust. You will have to draw your sword to fight the remaining two. Roll one die. If the number is even, turn to **234**; if it is odd, turn to **24**.

272

Your captors are human. They blindfold you and lead you down into the cellar, where, to your surprise, a draught indicates the presence of a corridor But that is your last impression for a while – a heavy blow to your head knocks you unconscious. Turn to **207**

273

Of the humans on the base, some are wearing grey uniforms, some blue. Will you ask someone in grey (turn to **197**) or in blue (turn to **217**)? Or will you try to get a sword off an Arcadian (turn to **16**)?

274

'Why are you hesitating?' asks Bellatrix. Will you say that you know he's not a double agent (turn to **307**), or that you need more proof (turn to **343**)?

275

Lose 1 LUCK point for failing to help a fellow human Turn to **114**.

276

The buttons are so close together that you cannot tell which one the policeman was reaching for when you attacked him. Will you try the left-hand button (turn to **180**) or the right-hand one (turn to **386**)?

277

The passage leads you into a cellar with no other exit. You stop only to raid a show-case of some irresistible Earth coins, dating from the First Soviet–Brazilian Alliance. Then you turn back and head east along the corridor you were in before (turn to **346**).

278

You have to wait some time until a robot comes to deliver the Arcadian's meal Meanwhile, the Arcadian has just sat slumped on the floor. You order the robot to release you 'Why, certainly, boss,' it replies. 'Anythin' you say ' There are times when you find a robot's programmed chirpiness out of place! It releases you, however, and you put the Arcadian in your place But your long wait has weakened you even further, and the rest and food which you now take restores only 2 STAMINA points Then turn to **292**.

279

You make it through the wire and sprint for cover. You are just in time – a patrol reaches the gap in the wire just as you dive behind a tree But they do not set out after you: they think that the freezing night will do its deadly work. They may be right. You are on the east side of the spaceport, and there are various paths. Will you go east (turn to **245**), north (turn to **342**) or south (turn to **181**)?

280

The barman comes over to you with a drink. 'Your drink, sir,' he says. 'But I didn't order a drink,' you protest. 'Your drink, sir,' he repeats, firmly. Will you refuse the drink, thinking it may be drugged (turn to **237**), or accept it (turn to **322**)?

281

Test your Luck If you are Lucky, turn to **104**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **82**.

282

Of course! The aerial! It must be a means of detecting structural weaknesses in buildings That is why the robot only thumps irregularly – when it senses that a building is weak enough to crack. However, there is no point in simply stopping by a firm building, because you would have to stay there and would be easy prey for the police when they arrive. You must return to **190** and fight the machine; because of the light gravity on this planet, every time you have a successful Attack Round against the machine, you may either deduct 2 STAMINA points as a result of a normal blow, or you may leap into the air and swipe at the aerial, causing loss of 1 SKILL point for the machine.

283

'No, there's no time for that,' calls your friend. 'I know what you're thinking – that he might have seen your face; but soon the whole area will be swarming with the swine.' Will you persist, preferring to take this risk rather than that of being

identified to the authorities (turn to **378**), or will you wait now to see what your friend does next (turn to **41**)?

284

So near, and yet so far. He is obviously pro-Arcadian. He promptly summons the local police to arrest you.

285

You are getting quite close to your hotel, when you see ahead something large moving towards you. You wait until you can see it clearly. Oh, no! The glinting body of a robot killer is trundling towards you on hidden wheels It is just like a metal cylinder, with only one feature breaking the pitiless monotony of its structure – an aerial on top. It has no humanoid features: no arms, no legs, no face – nothing that looks familiar or that you can understand. You haven't the faintest idea of how it will attack or, therefore, how you should defend yourself against it. You know that your blows will have some effect on the soft metal of this planet, but it

looks as though it has been built to withstand many such attacks: you need some way to shorten the fight.

The robot's first attack comes without warning. A gigantic thump strikes the ground, sending you tumbling, and making roof-tiles and small bits of masonry hurtle down from the buildings all around you. You have no idea how the robot causes the thump, but, if you have been told about the 'Street Fighter', you know that it has been aptly named. If you have a baryon grenade, turn to **388**; if not, turn to **190**.

286

'Yes, I can sell you a sword,' he replies. 'It'll cost you 1,000 credits.' Do you have enough money? If you do, and you are prepared to pay this exorbitant price, do so and then turn to **84**. If you cannot or will not pay him, you will have to do a job for him instead (turn to **238**).

287

'Never heard the name before,' says the doorman. 'Get lost, creep.' Will you do as he says (turn to **95**), or attempt to smash the locks with your sword (turn to **366**)? You can only smash the locks if you still have your sword, of course.

288

You are showered with fragments of the exploding craft. Deduct 4 STAMINA points and, if you are still alive, turn to **46**.

289

The Arcadians are amazed at your cheek in butting into their conversation. One particularly loud-mouthed North Arcadian turns out to be the Chief of Police. He says he can prove his point: even if humans did rebel, they would easily be defeated, since they are the weaker species. 'Come outside with me,' he says. 'Won't be long,' he boasts to the others.

His meaning is unmistakable: he is challenging you to an unarmed duel. You follow him and his drunkenly laughing witness to a deserted area where the hotel rubbish units are. His friend, giggling, slips down in a stupor against a wall. In this fight, you dare not produce your sword, so follow the rules for unarmed combat; but he can use his tail. Every Attack Round, on a roll of 5 or 6 with an extra die, he will inflict 2 STAMINA points of injury on you, whatever the result of that Attack Round otherwise.

POLICE CHIEF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **329**

290

In the morning, you knock on the door of the Arcadians' quarters, with the pretext of inquiring after Musca's health. The other Arcadian answers your knock, opens the door a fraction and tells you to go away. Will you do as he says, and await another opportunity (turn to **247**), or kick in the door (turn to **281**)?

291

You switch off your sword and hide it again. But now what will you do? There are guards outside the door. Will you open the door and try to bluff your way past the guards (turn to **87**), or will you investigate the buttons on the desk (turn to **276**)?

292

It takes time and cautious questioning, but from the two Arcadians, who are now no threat to you, you learn three crucial pieces of information: that some of the weapons which the Empire brought back to preserve its own safety are stored in an arsenal in the basement of the computer building on Arcadion; that the code for entering this arsenal is 110; and that the computer consists of three main parts, all of which must be destroyed to guarantee elimination of the machine. Gain 2 LUCK points You are now approaching Arcadion, so turn to **118**.

293

As the door shuts behind you, horror grips your guts. Bright light springs out from hidden lamps and reveals that you are in a room of distorting mirrors Even the door behind you is mirrored. A laser beam shoots out from one side and bounces off a mirror at an unpredictable angle. In an instant you are surrounded by laser beams, forming a crazy random pattern of burning light. One blasts your leg from its socket; another takes three fingers of your left hand. Then another strikes, and another . .

294

As you approach the mouth of the cave, you stumble on a loose rock. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **193**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **143**.

295

'Come on, fellow humans,' you cry, hoping for a response 'Now is the time to free yourselves!' Ten humans range themselves by your side. You

are still outnumbered, however, since the raiding Arcadians are joined by the ones in the club; and none of your companions has a sword. During the fight, you have to take on four Arcadians, one at a time. If you are unarmed, reduce your SKILL by 1 point for this encounter. Fight your opponents in this order:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ARCADIAN	8	12
Second ARCADIAN	7	8
Third ARCADIAN	7	6
Fourth ARCADIAN	6	6

Do you have anything in your pack to help you in this fight? If you think you do, remember this reference (295), to which you will have to return, but meanwhile turn to 198. If by some miracle you survive, will you take up from where you were so rudely interrupted by going over to the visiphone booth (turn to 311), or will you leave the club, feeling that you have drawn too much attention to yourself already (turn to 252)?

296

After walking for quite a while, the path passes through an area which is sprinkled with large boulders. You can hear voices – one Arcadian, one human – coming from behind one of the boulders. It seems that a Central Arcadian has a human at his mercy and, in a manner typical of his kind, has paused to think about all the possibilities open to him. The human, meanwhile, is pleading with the Arcadian to stop theorizing and get on with it. Will you skirt this area to avoid confrontation (turn to 275), or try to rescue the man (turn to 243)?

297

Well done! The door slides open easily and lets you into an ante-chamber before sliding shut again behind you. Only then do the next doors open – and

there are four more sets of doors; this is to keep the building as free as possible from dust. Once inside, you can see the computer room ahead, but there are also some steps down to a basement. Will you go straight to the computer room (turn to **381**), or down to the basement first (turn to **169**)?

298

You leap down on to the ledge, away from the nest, so as to have a secure landing. Your precipitous arrival awakens the bird, which instinctively attacks you

ROCKBUZZARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win without being wounded by its beak or talons, turn to **40**. However, if you are wounded once, this means that the bird has got past your flashing sword, and its weight will knock you off the ledge to die on the path below.

299

Once you are out of the spaceport you have no problems finding a hover-taxi You climb in and instruct the microcomputer to take you south into town. You notice that a camera has been fixed in the taxi – there has been no attempt to disguise it Presumably it transmits everything it sees to the Arcadian police headquarters, and presumably there is a listening device as well It is a good thing that they cannot read minds, because your thoughts are racing. You know three things about the underground leader on Tropos: the codename Bellatrix; that he or she can be located through a club called the Fission Chips, which is in the city you are heading for; and that Bellatrix rules the rebels strictly, with a code of honour that all must obey. That's quite a lot to be going on – it's more than you know about the rebels on other planets – and should make your task on Tropos relatively easy, if you act sensibly.

The other thing occupying your mind is that most of the Arcadians on Tropos seem to be members of the warlike Northern species. The presence of so many of these natural fighters could make your mission on Tropos more hazardous. Why have so many of them been posted here? Are they closing in on the rebels? Do the Arcadians know that the Fission Chips is more than it seems? There are many unanswered questions, but you turn your mind to the task at hand. There are still six hours to go before curfew. Will you instruct the taxi to take you straight

to the Fission Chips (turn to **176**), or to the hostel at which off-planet humans have to stay (turn to **196**)?

300

The experiment begins. Electrodes attached to the Arcadian's skull are connected to those attached to yours via the devilish device. You are strapped to your seat with wrist-fetters. How will you prepare your mind for what follows? Will you clear it (turn to **141**), or follow your own trains of thoughts and memories to provide a barrier against the Arcadian imposing his own ideas (turn to **357**)?

301

You wait for hours. As dusk descends, a grinning alien face appears at the high grille 'So,' he says, 'you have chosen to try your skill at our gladiatorial games. This is the door into the arena Now you must spend the night here; in the morning the games will be assembled ' Gain 1 LUCK point for choosing the right door, and turn to **349**.

302

You have to use the same method for getting back in, even though you know that it will set off the alarm You choose a spot well away from any guard-post, and you are hidden among the outbuildings by the time a patrol comes to investigate the break. You make your way innocently to your spaceship. Turn to **78**

303

The man has gone by the time you get back (lose 1 LUCK point). Clearly, he thought it unhealthy to hang around – and rightly, because an Arcadian patrol is on its way and has only been delayed by the body of the compatriot of theirs who you have just cut down. You walk casually out of the other end of the street and into the busy main road. Turn to **132**.

304

You break a leg. You can either wait for night, or call for help. Either way, your mission is over.

305

No sooner have you sat down than you notice that one of them, a young woman, is wearing a jacket whose buttons have a curious design of an eagle clutching a scroll – and that one button is missing. Do you have the missing button? If so, turn to **347**; otherwise, turn to **103**.

306

Porky is a bit cautious about answering; he says it's best not to inquire too closely into some events on Radix. But he mutters something about a killing machine called the 'Street Fighter', and how the authorities have got paranoid enough recently to use it even to break up student demonstrations. That's all you can get out of him. It looks as though the university might be a good starting-point. The monorail takes you near the main entrance. Will you plunge straight in (turn to **146**), or wait around outside for a while (turn to **178**)?

307

Why did you say that? There's no way you can *know* any such thing. From the point of view of your inquisitors, you would be so sure that they are wrong about the barman only if you were an Arcadian agent yourself, with inside knowledge about other agents. A bad mistake – and a fatal one.

308

'Now I have power,' says the being. 'Enough for even my voice-box to function correctly.' A wheezing noise follows, which you think might be a laugh. 'I can grant you one favour with this power, then I must return to my galaxy. This is to repay you for rescuing the *zplaran* from the darkness where I cannot go.' Will you ask it to restore some of your STAMINA (turn to **363**), or if by any chance it knows the whereabouts of the man you are seeking (turn to **377**)?

309

You reach the haven of your hotel. If it is Porky's Palace and you have not been here before, pay 50 credits for the night If you need to find a computer, turn to **158**; otherwise turn to **134**.

310

The humans in grey uniforms are the cleaning and catering staff. You approach one with your question, and he tells you that the agricultural station is about ten kilometres to the north-east of the spaceport. You decide that your next priority is a sword. Will you ask the same man about this (turn to **197**), try someone in blue (turn to **217**), or attempt to get one off an Arcadian (turn to **16**)?

311

The door of the booth hisses shut behind you 'Now what?' you wonder Maybe you could ring up an old school friend who settled on Tropos; maybe this is a trap; maybe . . What was that click? A hatch has opened up in the ceiling! Oh, no – gas! A thick cloud soon envelops you As you collapse, you hear yourself coughing, but it seems to come from far away. Then the floor beneath you drops away, and you tumble down a chute, but never feel yourself reach the bottom. Turn to **207**

312

The problem with this is that you have only the one grenade, and its blast will knock out only one of the computers. Will you choose the one against the wall opposite the door (turn to **139**), the one against the wall to the left (turn to **203**), or the one against the wall to the right (turn to **51**)? Alternatively, you may return to **381** and choose again, if you have another choice to make.

313

You have no choice; you enter the arena. The door swings shut behind you. You are overwhelmed by the dazzling sunlight, the roar of the crowd and the strange smell of the pale blue Radician sand on the ground. You assess your predicament: high barriers surround the arena; the ground is covered with sand. This is it, then. You will have no help apart from yourself.

A sudden hush fills the arena. A door on the other side opens and out comes the most hideous beast you have ever seen or imagined – a Laphodorm, bred for grotesqueness as well as fighting ability. It is covered in red scales; it has a retractable neck, like a tortoise; its head is like a lion's, roughly, but the tongues which dart from its slavering jaws remind you more of a multitude of snakes. Resolve your battle:

LAPHODORM	SKILL 7	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **106**.

314

'Have it your way,' he says, scowling. 'But since you are armed, I assume that you have some particular reason for being on Tropos. You refuse my help – but you may need help some time.' You thank him, but leave alone. Out on the street, you must get away as quickly as possible, and find the Fission Chips. You know that north heads out of town, so you turn south (turn to **99**).

315

Musca remained surprisingly calm throughout the fight, but starts to grovel rather embarrassingly in front of you when you have won. You take advantage of the situation and order him to tell you what he knows about the computer on Arcadion. In a halting voice, he tells you that he knows nothing, but that the dead Arcadian knew more. However, you do find out that one of the Arcadian arsenals is in the basement of the computer building, and that its entry-code is 110. Gain 1 LUCK point. You are now nearing Arcadion itself; turn to **118**.

316

The two disks count as a single item in your pack. If you already have the limit of six items, you must shed one to accommodate the disks Now you must find a computer. You leave the university before your crime is discovered. Turn to 235.

317

You spend the whole day searching fruitlessly around the city, and even try the university again, but you find no clues You have failed in your mission

318

The patrolling Arcadians scarcely give you a second glance Before you reach Customs, the next checkpoint, do you want to get rid of any of your equipment? If so, you find a safe spot in the human's washroom to do so Whether or not you dumped any equipment, turn to 33.

319

As you look into the screen, it spells out a single message: 'Curiosity can kill the cat.' It is true. The computer has offered you knowledge, and you have fallen for the trap. Your defences are down, and the Arcadian computer has taken over your mind. Your mission is over.

320

In your dusty and dishevelled state, you judge it unwise to return to the main museum. Perhaps there is a way out of these cellars. You search the body of the watchman and take his bundle of keys. Before you can search the body any further, however, the watchman's comlink beeps and an Arcadian voice comes through, asking where he is. Now the search will be on!

The cellar you are in has two corridors leading off its east wall. Behind you is the staircase up to the main museum. Will you take the left-hand passage (turn to 127) or the right-hand one (turn to 257)?

321

'Well, then,' he continues, 'we need someone to take Corvus's place, don't we? You have a choice,' he says to you. 'You can either carry out a little job for us, or die.' Will you fight your captors (turn to 80) or do as the man suggests (turn to 238)?

322

You swig it down – but it *is* drugged. When you first arrived on Tropos, did you try to catch a taxi straight to the club? If so, turn to 372; otherwise, turn to 207

323

Miraculously, your speed carries you through the danger relatively unharmed. But your exertions, scratches and burns cost you 2 STAMINA points The alien craft was unable to track you through the smoke, and is now some way off Will you sprint for the building (turn to **338**) or the rocks (turn to **259**)?

324

You find yourself back in the first cellar, where you killed the watchman. The search-party is waiting for you. Your mission is over.

325

Whatever method you have used for removing the casing, your death will follow soon, as the liquid helium you have released floods over the floor, and freezes your feet before it evaporates. With all feeling gone in your feet, you fall over, snapping them off at the ankles.

326

The doorman looks at you carefully, then shuts the peep-hole After a moment, you hear bolts being shot on the other side of the door, and you are let in. Membership of the club costs 250 credits While the doorman is making out your membership card, you survey the scene. The clientele is mixed human and Arcadian, but there are only a few Arcadians, and they are mostly Southerners The Arcadian section is very comfortable, with padded seats, real wooden

tables and waiter service. The human section is cheaply equipped with stained and scarred formoplas furniture. The air is thick with the smell of alcohol and the smoke of glazium, a mild legal drug. One or two of the Arcadians, however, are showing how they are superior to the law, by openly smoking tobacco.

The doorman interrupts your observation by handing you the membership card and saying, 'Just one more thing, sir – a security precaution. I'm sure you'll understand. Our Arcadian clients insist on it.' He buzzes a metal detector swiftly over your body, which tells him nothing, of course; and there is nothing too suspicious in your pack. Then he begins to frisk you. If you no longer have your sword, this does not alarm you (turn to **64**). If you do still have your sword, will you say that you have changed your mind and leave the club (turn to **390**), or will you submit to the search (turn to **358**)?

327

Unfortunately, no further opportunities present themselves, and you perish in the freezing cold as night draws in.

328

In your weakened state, you are unable to prevent the policeman diving for the desk and pressing the buzzer. Guards pour in, too many for you to fight. They cut you down in an instant.

329

The North Arcadian's friend is struggling to get to his feet; you quickly knock him out. Then you search the Police Chief's pockets and find 750 credits, which you take, and his notebook. This is full of day-to-day police business, but one item catches your attention: 'Check on Z. at university.' This could be your starting-point. It is too dangerous to go back into the hotel, so you set out for the university immediately. The monorail drops you near the university. Will you plunge straight in (turn to **146**), or wait around outside for a bit (turn to **178**)?

330

However much you dodge and weave through the pedestrians and alleyways, the patrol draws inexorably closer. At last, a helpful passer-by trips you up, and before you can get up, five assorted laser swords and whippies slash down on your unprotected head and back. You have failed – and no one is to blame but yourself.

331

It is not your sword-hand that has been injured. Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points for the agony. If you have not yet done so, you can explore the other crack by turning to 355; if you think that it is time to continue your journey, turn to 10.

332

There is nothing you can do with a laser sword, unless you can get to the bowels of the computers, by removing the casing. Is this what you choose to do (turn to 325)? If you have an alternative, you could return to 381 and choose again.

333

You are walking along a dusty passage. Cobwebs brush your face; the red eyes and streamlined form of some Radician rodent show up briefly in the dim light. Some way along, another passage branches off to the north. Will you continue straight ahead (turn to 346), or turn north (turn to 277)?

334

Will you fight the man (turn to 157), or run away (turn to 124)?

335

'Never heard of it,' replies the man, 'but you could try the hardware shop next door.' You thank him politely. You had better go to the hardware shop. Turn to 382.

336

You return to the main part of the spaceport, to get your bearings. The freezing night is not far off. How will you get off the base? It is surrounded by a high perimeter wire fence, and both its main entrances, to the west and east, are guarded. If you have a jet pack, turn to 128; if you have a pair of wire-cutters, turn to 393; if you have neither of these, turn to 2.

337

The young man you rescued takes you to the students' bar and buys you some drink and food (restore 3 STAMINA points). You join some friends of his at a table. 'Hey, you lot!' exclaims the young man. 'This Earthling here just gave a couple of Black Eyes black eyes!' When the inevitable questions have died down, you ask who the Black Eyes are, and learn that they are a pro-Arcadian political group. The students are planning a demonstration against the personal files that the University Secretary keeps about every member of the university, but the Black Eyes agree with the system. Eventually, you take your leave. Will you go to the Science Floor, if you haven't been there already (turn to 266), the University Secretary's office (turn to 214), or will you leave the university (turn to 235)?

338

About halfway there, the cover of smoke ends. You are immediately spotted and cut down.

339

You manage to persuade him that the item is harmless. Turn to 374.

340

You turn to grapple with him, but the butt of his phaser connects squarely with your temple, and you crash to the floor. 'Such a pity,' he says. 'I was looking forward to our little experiment.' Then he blasts you out of existence.

341

When you distract the Scabrok, you manage to hit a particularly vulnerable spot, and injure the monster in such a way that you reduce its SKILL by 1 point and its STAMINA by 2 points. In other words you can fight it as follows:

SCABROK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 54.

342

You know that your first priority is to find somewhere sheltered to spend the night. After a while you come across a tree – or perhaps it is a large bush, or even a leaf-covered stone. All you can see is dense foliage, moving gently, as if in a breeze, and reaching to the ground from about three metres up. You walk round it: it is the same on all sides. If you could penetrate it, it is so dense that it would provide shelter: that is how *it* stays alive in the sub-zero temperatures, presumably. Will you try to get inside (turn to 208), or do you mistrust this mysteriously moving plant and carry on (turn to 327)?

343

'Ah! A sense of justice. That tips the balance in his favour, don't you think?' Bellatrix asks the other two. They agree. Besides, as one of the men points out, you know so little about your inquisitors that even if you were a spy, the information you could pass on would cause only a temporary halt to the rebel operation.

'All right,' says Bellatrix. 'I'll tell you what I know. It's not much after all your efforts, I'm afraid. Rumour has it that the Northern Arcadians made up a marching-song to help them remember a sequence of three of the digits. I don't know what they are, however, or where this sequence comes in the whole series of digits; but here's the song, for what it's worth:

Oh! Mortal combat is such joy:
No messing about, no subtle ploy.
Empire of Arcadion! Empire of Arcadion!
Onward, ever onward!
Open pitched battles make me high:
Never mind the odds – let's do or die!
Evermore Arcadion! Empire of Arcadion!'

That's all you can get from Bellatrix, so the information from the other two planets is absolutely crucial. All your equipment is returned to you: you are pleased by their generosity and trust in replacing your sword, if you had lost it. Restore 2 LUCK points for the information and equipment. They also have a vial of quandar-root lotion, which will heal 4 STAMINA points of wounds, but you have to buy the vial from them for 50 credits and use it immediately. Do so if you want, then turn to **25**.

344

You walk boldly up to the eastern entrance in your disguise The guards call you to halt, and ask what you have been doing off the base, and where you came from. You explain that you left by the western entrance. Will you say that you have been attending to a broken-down helicopter (turn to **26**), or taking provisions out to a patrol (turn to **220**)?

345

After racking your conscience, you decide that your mission is more important than any single cell of the underground, and that you can tell them enough to keep them happy without giving *everything* away. You do so. The following day, having checked your information, the commandant returns. 'All right, Earthling,' he says. 'Your sentence is commuted from certain death to probable death.' He laughs mockingly and takes you under guard to a room which has two doors leading from it

'One of these doors leads to instant death; the other leads to a gladiatorial ring. Such fights are one of our amusements. We often send criminals through one or the other of the doors.' The guards are watching you closely, and you realize that they will kill you if you show the slightest resistance. 'If you . . . er . . . *partake* of our contest and defeat the two beasts we will send against you, we will escort you back to your spaceship. After the information you have given us, it would be better for you not to fall into the hands of your fellow humans, don't you think? Now, make your choice – which door?'

Will you go through the right-hand door (turn to **293**) or the left-hand one (turn to **397**)?

346

The corridor, which is lined with packing-cases and other museum objects, gradually curves around to the right, until you are heading west instead of east. There is a passage heading south (turn to **62**), or you can continue straight ahead (turn to **8**).

347

She is fascinated by the story of how you found the button, but points out that that does not necessarily prove that you are not an Arcadian spy, sent to discover the killer of the receptionist at the hostel. She thinks for a bit. 'All right,' she says eventually. 'This is what you do. I'm going to leave. Five minutes after I've done so, you enter the visiphone booth over there. Then we'll see . . .'

It all sounds a bit suspect to you, but you really have no choice. You cannot follow her, since her muscle-bound friends are surrounding you. After a while, one of them says, out of the corner of this mouth, 'OK, go!' Turn to **81**.

348

As you leave the arsenal, the door hisses shut behind you, and a mechanical voice says: 'The entry-code is now changed. The new code will be circulated to authorized personnel.' That's a security device you hadn't expected; there'll be no returning to the arsenal, then.

Your next problem is that because of the size of the arsenal, it took quite a time to find the items you needed, and you emerge from the stairs to be confronted by an Arcadian patrol. You can use against them nothing that you may have taken from the arsenal except a photon grenade and a hand-phaser. If you use the grenade, turn to **86**; if you use the phaser, turn to **271**; if you have neither of these, you are dead.

349

In the morning you wake up only slightly refreshed from a sleep troubled with nightmares. You are woken by a guard, who gives you a bowl of slops. 'We don't want you *too* weak for the games,' he says. You may restore 3 STAMINA points for the rest and food. When the guard returns, will you attack him (turn to **206**), or let him lead you away (turn to **232**)?

350

Framed in the doorway is one of the Arcadians, who looks startled. 'I . . . I have a headache,' he says. 'At least, I think that's why I'm here, but . . .' He trails off. Will you tell him that the medical robot will bring some interferon to his cabin (turn to **212**), or invite him in (turn to **230**)?

351

You manage to catch up with the fleeing Arcadian before he reaches the main thoroughfare. In his weakened state, he shouldn't be difficult to dispatch.

ARCADIAN THUG SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **7**.

352

The grenade fails to explode. Turn to **190**.

353

The man behind the desk says wearily, 'Teach him not to interrupt.' A sharp jab to your kidneys reduces your STAMINA by 2 points. When you can stand again, turn to **321**.

354

'Cheer up!' you say heartily, as you dump yourself on to the bed, whose springs respond with alarming *bongs*. 'It may never happen.'

'It already has,' moans the man.

'What do you mean? Where are you from?' you ask.

'Oh, I'm from Tropos. I'm only staying here because those murdering swine have made me homeless. They suspect me of being a rebel, you see. My wife . . . my children . . .' He breaks down again and sobs, with his face buried in his hands.

Will you stay with him to try to calm him down (turn to **136**), or will you quietly leave him be in his grief (turn to **60**)?

355

The crack is deep and narrow, and you cannot reach too far. The strength of the bird, which you already knew from your fight with it, is further proved by the size of the objects you find – smaller things have presumably fallen into the inaccessible depths of the fissure. Apart from some useless chunks of metal and a broken spy missile, you find a staff with seven strips of different metals coiled around its wooden stem, a casket containing 180 credits, and a mind-probe. The probe will fit into your anti-grav pack, and you put the money in your money-belt, but if you take the staff, it will make your descent down the cliff more risky, since you will have to carry it by hand. Even more alarming is the fact that a faint power seems to be suggesting that you take the staff You cannot tell whether the power is good or evil, but you are able to resist it, if you want to. Note down on your Equipment List what you take Will you now explore the other fissure (turn to **14**), or climb back down to the path to continue your journey (turn to **10**)?

356

He tells you that it leads to the cellars where the museum stores all the artefacts it has no room to display, and he offers to show you around. Will you accept (turn to **392**), or go to the university (turn to **146**)?

357

This does not work: it gives the Arcadian easy access to your thought processes, which he can then use for his own purposes. Turn to **55**.

358

He is very thorough, and soon finds your sword. He does not remove it, however, but talks in a low voice, as if to himself, while pretending to frisk you further: 'Interesting, very interesting A sword treated to avoid metal-detection No Arcadian spy would need such precautions. I think you've probably come to the right place Wait by the bar for a few minutes, and then make your way to the visiphone booth.' Turn to **37**.

359

Your fall only winds you. Discard the now useless piece of equipment, and turn to **30**

360

The door withstands your best efforts. You rub your shoulder ruefully, and must deduct 1 STAMINA point Now you have no alternative but to wait. Turn to **301**.

361

You smile at Musca, as if to say, 'It's all right', and unlock the door to the other Arcadian, who is carrying a phaser! Musca must be important, if a phaser has been issued from the arsenal to guard him You are now committed to a bold and risky course of action. You will have to get rid of Musca's 'friend', but against a phaser you stand no chance in direct combat. Will you tell the other Arcadian that you know everything (turn to **167**), or let him take Musca away for the time being (turn to **290**)?

362

Before you can do anything else, the door to the club bursts open and a dozen Northern Arcadians burst in, led by a grim-faced Central Arcadian. In a flash, you suspect that you have led them here, by mentioning the club in a bugged taxi 'Watch out! Raid!' shrieks the doorman, the last word ending on a gurgle as a laser sword cauterizes his lungs. Immediately the bar is in turmoil; those who are not frozen to their seats are rushing around yelling. What will you do? It could be you they are after, so will you give yourself up, hoping to save the underground operation in the club (turn to **192**)? Or will you fight (turn to **295**)?

363

It touches you lightly with the staff and you feel invigorated. Whether this is science or superstition, you may restore 4 STAMINA points, and turn to **114**.

364

A mocking laugh is the only response. The traitor! He must have warned the authorities by visiphone. There is no time now to try another house. You will have to defend yourself. Turn to **264**.

365

His eyes widen when he sees the bracelet – this is a rare treasure indeed. He looks around furtively and pockets it (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Greed has overcome his sense of duty. Turn to **392**.

366

A few swift strokes gain you entry into the club. 'For SAROS's sake, you shouldn't have done that,' whispers the doorman. 'We cannot put our operation at risk by openly defending such foolish action.' He scarpers to make way for the onrush of several Arcadians, who had been sitting quietly in the club until you so rashly drew attention to yourself. You will have to fight them all, but because you are backed against a wall at the top of the short flight of stairs inside the club, you can fight them one at a time, in this order:

	SKILL	STAMINA
NORTHERN ARCADIAN	8	12
First SOUTHERN ARCADIAN	6	10
Second SOUTHERN ARCADIAN	7	8
Drunk SOUTHERN ARCADIAN	4	8

Do you have anything in your pack to help you in this fight? If you think you do, remember this number (366), to which you will have to return, but meanwhile turn to **198**. If you win, turn to **125**.

367

The guard does not notice your approach, and you get in a numbing blow on his sword-arm. You may now fight him without reducing your SKILL for being unarmed.

	SKILL	STAMINA
ARCADIAN GUARD	6	10

If you win, you may take his sword, but you will have to leave the spaceport immediately. Turn to **336**.

368

You keep on insisting that you know nothing. Sentence is carried out in the manner which is traditional throughout the galaxy, at dawn the next day. Your adventure ends here.

369

There is little that a phaser can do, unless you can get into the bowels of the machines. Will you fire the phaser at the casing (turn to **325**)? If you have an alternative, you may return to **381** and choose again.

370

The secret policeman presses one of the buttons on the desk, which summons the guards. 'It's all right,' says the policeman. 'He's so moronic, he must be harmless. Rough him up a little, but let him go: he's

got important goods to transport to Radix tomorrow.' The guards take you away and amuse themselves with a few well-aimed punches and kicks, much to the pleasure or dismay – depending on their race – of the crowds who fill the spaceport. You dare not react: that would give the whole game away. Five minutes later, having reduced your STAMINA by 2 points, you stumble out of the spaceport. Turn to **299**

371

The smoothness of the floor and walls should have alerted you to the danger. As you explore deep into the cave to get as far away as possible from the frost outside, a sudden roar fills your ears. It is too dark to see, but your last impression is of a wall of freezing water bearing down on you.

372

The last thing you hear, before lapsing into unconsciousness, is a frantic cry: 'Watch out! Raid!' The crash of a door burst asunder and the following hubbub make multicoloured flashes in your mind, then all is black – and you will never emerge from this blackness. During the raid on the club – a raid which you caused – an Arcadian sword pierces your neck.

373

Your pursuers were close enough behind you to see where you went. You back into a doorway, where you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ARCADIAN	7	8
Second ARCADIAN	6	6

If you win, you continue on foot towards your hotel. Turn to **285**

374

Without further ado, you board your spaceship, which is loaded up and ready to go. You instruct the

computer to switch to its pre-programmed route from Tropos to Radix. There are no problems on blast-off, and you relax for the first time for hours, as Tropos dwindles on your rearview screen. But what lies ahead of you on Radix? Both advantages and disadvantages, as far as you can see. On the one hand, Tropos is such a backward planet, both culturally and technologically, that you are likely to feel more at home on Radix; on the other hand, you don't know even the codename of the underground leader on Radix, and it is now more crucial than ever that you learn what he or she has to tell you. Moreover, you know that Southerners are the most dominant Arcadian species on Radix, attracted there by the corruption and freedom. This too has its good and its bad points: Southern Arcadians can be more tolerant than the others, but they are more difficult to communicate with.

During your journey to Radix, you may restore half as many STAMINA points as your current STAMINA score, rounding odd numbers *down*, and remembering that you cannot exceed your *Initial* score. Turn to **47**

375

You pass, as in a dream, through countless corridors and rooms. Time seems to have no meaning, but eventually you confront a second beast, a Dragon – the living Dragon Comet which guards the richest mineral planet in the universe, according to old space legends. Again, you will have to fight it to continue.

DRAGON COMET SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **159**.

376

Promptly at eleven o'clock, you knock on Professor Zacharias's door – but there is no reply You wait for several minutes, but he doesn't turn up. A passing student tells you why: he has been arrested, as the leader of the underground on Radix! The arrest took place about half an hour ago He knew you were coming: maybe he had time to leave you a clue, in case you were the agent from Earth that he was expecting. You go into the room to see. It is very untidy; there are manuscripts and history books everywhere – academics still use books, since it is easier to find particular passages for reference on a page than on a screen. You concentrate on the desk. Look at the picture opposite to see whether you can find a clue to the digits you need to know

You are suddenly interrupted by the entry of several North Arcadian guards. You too are arrested on the spot, for being in a known dissident's room. All your equipment, including your sword, is stripped from you, but they do not find your slim money-belt Turn to 43.

377

'Yes, I know,' it replies. 'Nobody notices shadows in shadowy places, so I hear things which are denied to others. His name is Dorado, and he is working in the fields. I was by his side, though he didn't know it, when he sent you the password '

'Password? What password?' you exclaim. 'No password got through to Earth. I detect the hand of treachery!'

The alien being is fading fast, but, as it goes, it calls out, 'The bitter sea . . .' Gain 2 LUCK points for this

vital information If you meet Dorado, he will ask you for this password: you should then subtract 100 from the paragraph number where you are at the time to find the next, correct paragraph Remember this Now, turn to 114.

378

If your STAMINA is 12 or over, turn to 351; if it is under 12, turn to 242.

379

You should have realized that his friendly tone was not for your benefit, but for Musca's. As you already know, in his confused state, Musca sees anyone who appears friendly as a friend. The other Arcadian has now taken on this role, and you, by denying him entry, have become Musca's enemy. He calls out to the other Arcadian, who blasts open your door with a phaser. You will have plenty of time in an Arcadian cell to wonder why he was issued with a phaser and where you went wrong.

380

He tells you that it leads to the cellars where the museum stores all the objects that it has no room to display, but that it is closed to the public. Will you try to persuade him to open it up for you (turn to 270), or will you leave for the university (turn to 146)?

381

There is nothing to prevent you entering the computer room, but you know you will have to work fast once you're in there. The first door is locked, but can be broken easily; then there is the usual sequence of doors to protect the computers from dust – then you are inside.

The gleaming, sterile surfaces of the several component computers are set against the walls of quite a small room. To think that so much power could be contained in so little space! But there is no time for such reflections – how will you go about sabotaging the organic monstrosity? Three of the component computers are larger than the others, and they are placed in the centre of each wall (the fourth wall has the door through which you have just come). So they look like the ones you ought to concentrate on. You also notice that all the computers are covered with a casing, which you assume to be some means of regulating their surrounding temperature. Which of the following will you use?

Wire-cutters	Turn to 61
Photon grenade	Turn to 312
Elmonite	Turn to 395
Limpet mine	Turn to 6
Laser sword	Turn to 332
Infra-red scanner	Turn to 149
Phaser	Turn to 369

382

The hardware shop is tended by a cheerful South Arcadian. You decide that you had better buy something, so that your request for directions will seem less abrupt. You find the items in the shop really old-fashioned – hardware shops on Earth now stock only robots – and you cannot even imagine a use for some of them. You may buy any of the following (remembering, if necessary, the limit of six items in your pack): a benelo-phosphate strobe, which produces an extremely bright wide beam in short bursts (70 credits); and hand-klaxon (50 credits); a coil of nylon rope (50 credits); a can of engine oil (20 credits); or an automated personal massage and manicure robot (650 credits). As you hand over your money, the Arcadian's antennae wave and flash, presumably in pleasure. You put your purchases in your anti-grav pack and ask her the way to the Fission Chips.

Her reply is mysterious: 'Each is a source of growth and life; together their consciousness pervades the galaxy. The club that you seek is never eclipsed on its southern side.' This is typical of Southern Arcadian communication, though she's probably trying to make it easy for you. If you know what she's talking about, you will be able to guess what paragraph to turn to. Otherwise, turn to 44.

383

The cliff should not be difficult to climb: the freezing cold has broken it up into larger and smaller ledges, which will afford handholds and stepping-places. After about twenty minutes you can hear the bird near by, and you circle round, so that you can approach it from above.

The nest is on a fairly wide ledge. The bird itself is a Halmurian Rockbuzzard, whose fluffy appearance belies its dangerous nature It looks like a large ball of soft feathers: as protection against the cold, it has developed the habit of burying its head and neck within its copious body feathers, until it looks like nothing so much as a large, cuddly hedgehog, with a tail and folded wings.

If you jump on to the ledge, you will have to fight it Is this what you choose to do (turn to 298), or does its size and the precariousness of your situation make you change your mind, and return to the path (turn to 147)?

384

You can hear the eerie sound of water dripping somewhere ahead of you in the dust-muffled silence. There is a further passage branching off east Will you take it (turn to **123**), or continue straight on (turn to **154**)?

385

'Yes, I can get you a pass,' he replies, 'but it'll take a day.' You don't have that much time. Lose 1 LUCK point, and ask for a sword instead. Turn to **286**.

386

You press the button and wait, heart in mouth. To your relief, a secret doorway slides open and reveals a short corridor leading straight out of the spaceport. This must be used for getting rid of bodies secretly. Turn to **299**.

387

In his cabin, he cannot resist explaining his invention to you, while he unpacks the equipment. 'It's really very simple in theory,' he says. 'Any Arcadian is linked to and is part of the central computer. By running electrical impulses from an Arcadian's brain, through this device I have invented, to a human's brain, I can open up for the human the glories of working for the computer, and wipe out his or her human will for ever. It's even painless, for both the Arcadian transformer and the human subject.' You realize that he is talking about some kind of ultra-sophisticated brainwashing device. For a moment, fear seizes you. Will you try to smash the machine, for your own sake and that of others (turn to **265**), or will you allow the experiment to continue (turn to **116**)?

388

You toss the ancient grenade towards the mechanical monster. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **63**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **352**.

389

You trip and fall into a burning bush. Screaming with pain, your clothes on fire, you dash through the rest of the perimeter of fire and fall to the ground, rolling over and over until the flames are out. You have suffered 4 STAMINA points of injury. The alien craft was unable to track you through the smoke, and is now some way off Will you sprint for the building (turn to **338**) or the rocks (turn to **259**)?

390

You go back to the hostel and spend a restless night: the fleas and the snores of your dormitory companions prevent you from sleeping In the morning you return to the Fission Chips, only to find a smoking ruin where the Adolpho once stood in all its mock Venusian glory A passer-by tells you that there was a heavy Arcadian raid on the premises last night. You have failed to make contact with Bellatrix. Your mission has failed: return to Earth to start again.

391

The next danger you meet comes from a creature which can only be described as a conscious black hole: its method of attack is to attach itself to you like a leech and try to extract your energy.

VAMPIRE LEECH SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **269**

392

He unlocks the door and you both go down some stairs into the dusty cellars, which are full of objects in packing-cases, show-cases, or just loose. You look around the first cellar for a while, and then stifle an excited cry. There, in a show-case marked 'Purpose Unknown – Possibly Religious Artefacts', is something which you with your training in weaponry recognize as a primitive baryon grenade – and it looks undamaged! You must have it, even though it means fighting the friendly watchman. Turn to **215**.

393

You decide to try these wire-cutters, which, like all such implements nowadays, simply dissolve the wire at contact. But as soon as you touch the perimeter fence with the tool, an alarm siren goes off deafeningly You may have time to get through before a patrol comes to investigate. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than your current SKILL score, turn to **279**; if the number is greater than or equal to your current SKILL score, turn to **199**.

394

You turn south out of the hostel As you are walking along, you realize that you will have to ask *someone* the way to the Fission Chips, and it might as well be this man, who has introduced himself as Grus. 'I'm hungry,' you say, 'and a friend back on Earth said that a club called the Fission Chips was worth visiting. Can you tell me where it is, by any chance?'

Grus looks at you curiously. 'Yes, I can get you there,' he replies 'It's in the basement of the old Adolpho videorama. But your friend must have strange tastes if he recommended the food there – or the company. Never mind, I'll take you there.'

You notice that the city is laid out very regularly on a square grid pattern. The hostel is at the north end of North 23 – East 5 Street, and the next block south starts at the top of North 22 – East 5 Street The buildings are all very alike, except for the Temple of the Five Suns, which towers above the rest of the city and is a famous landmark; it is the centre of the

Imperial religion on Tropos – the five suns being the suns of the planets in the Empire.

You are led five blocks south and four east. Eventually, Grus takes you down a side-street. 'Wait here,' he says. 'I have to see someone – someone who can get us into the Fission Chips. Not long now.' He knocks on a door. Will you insist on entering the house with him (turn to **229**), or will you stay out in the side-street (turn to **56**)?

395

Elmonite is a sensitive and powerful explosive, which is automatically detonated by contact with the air. You know that from the time you break the seal of the cylinder, you have three minutes before the explosion. Will you break the elmonite into three pieces, one for each main computer (turn to **222**), or will you consider that if you break it up it

may not do enough damage, and pack it all against a single computer? If so, will it be the computer against the wall opposite the door (turn to **139**), the computer to the right (turn to **51**), or the left-hand one (turn to **203**)? If you have an alternative, you may prefer to return to **381** and choose again.

396

He doesn't classify you as a rebel, but he confiscates one of the items (you choose which to cross off your Equipment List). Then he lets you pass through to **374**.

397

You open the door, shivering with anticipation – or is it trepidation? It leads to a dark, gloomy corridor. The guard allows you one last despairing glance

back into the well-lit room, before shoving you through the entrance and slamming the door.

Darkness descends, but it is not total. Somewhere far ahead there is a source of light. You clutch at straws: surely this is a hopeful sign? Surely they wouldn't bother with light if this was the passage of doom? Then a little voice inside you interrupts your wishful thinking: oh, yes, they would – they need to see to clear the bodies away . . .

Time passes; so far, so good. You're still alive. But then you've only moved a few centimetres from the door! Perhaps you should just stay here, where at least you haven't been killed yet. Is that what you choose to do (turn to 4), or will you continue down the corridor (turn to 71)?

398

Quite right: your escort must be an Arcadian, and you do not want to draw attention to yourself. You pass the journey pleasantly enough in eating, sleeping, exercising and playing chess with the com-

puter. When you land on Tropos, you find that you are due to take off again tomorrow for Radix. The Arcadian guards at Customs search your anti-grav pack but find no more than your clothes, because they don't search your body: they rely on the metal-detectors to do their job, but your laser sword has been treated with a chemical which prevents it activating the detectors, and your money-belt contains no metal. Once you have registered, as all non-Tropian humans must on arrival, you leave the spaceport. Turn to 299.

399

You follow him down countless passageways, up and down flights of stairs, and finally across rooftops, until you come to a secluded air-conditioning control room on top of the western part of the spaceport buildings. This is all very mysterious. Will you allow your companion to knock on the door (turn to 145), or will you put an end to this risky business (turn to 334)?

400

You quickly leave the building in case the explosion should harm you as well. But right outside is a platoon of Northern Arcadians, spiked tails restlessly swinging from side to side. Just as they move in for the kill, however, the *crump* of a muffled explosion sounds from the building behind you. Immediately, the Arcadians' faces go vacant; they look around, heads lolling. *You've done it!* The Arcadian Empire is finished. The computer queen of the colony is destroyed, and with it went the will of its workers.

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19

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1986
Reprinted 1986 (three times), 1987, 1988

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Text copyright © Steve Jackson, 1986
Illustrations copyright © Bob Harvey, 1986
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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Filmset in 11/13pt Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd,
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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Dedicated to Monica, with love

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DEMONS OF THE DEEP

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF THE DEEP

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a bag containing provisions (food and drink) for the adventures.

You must use dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature

are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only Escape if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and

the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead

of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A magic weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two magic swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your bag contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate 'Provisions Remaining' box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking a Healing Potion will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking a Potion of Fortune will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a bag to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through this adventure and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. There are many 'wild-goose chase' routes, and while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for. Likewise, there are several ways in which you may escape with your life and even defeat your foes – but there is only one way to win the pirate treasure for yourself.

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on *Initial* dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill = 11	*Initial Stamina =* 23	*Initial Luck =* 11

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED	GOLD
	JEWELS
	POTIONS
	PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

You are a doughty sailor, a rover of the seven seas. You have many years' experience as a mariner, on great ships and small, on sailing-boats and huge warships. Neither howling storm nor dead calm disturbs you. Your trusty cutlass has slain many brigands and strange creatures of the deep. In port, you keep your listeners enthralled with your sea-stories. Some are true, some aren't . . . but nobody knows the difference except you.

You are five days out of Port Blacksand, first mate on the good ship *Sunfish*, when the pirate ship strikes. Swooping in on black sails like the wings of some giant, predatory sea-bird, it rams its prow across your decks. Beneath a leering, sharp-toothed figurehead is her name – the *Troll*. Dozens of ragged pirates swarm across the rails and attack.

The crew of the *Sunfish* fights bravely, but a peaceful merchant ship is no match for a pirate vessel. One by one you see your comrades fall. At last, only you are left. With your back to the mainmast, you lay about you with your trusty sabre, wounding one pirate after another. The pirates back away from you in fear. You drop your guard for a second – but too soon! From behind you, a black-bearded ruffian swings a huge belaying-pin. You see stars . . . then nothing.

When you awake, you are surprised to find yourself still alive. The *Sunfish*, a battered wreck, is burning near by. Your comrades' bodies are gone – consigned, no doubt, to the deeps. You are on the deck of the *Troll*. Its sails snap in the breeze as the pirates head for their island lair.

You try to stand . . . and find you are tied to the mast. A coarse laugh comes from behind you. 'So . . . our hero is awake!' The speaker steps into view, and you see your captor – a bald, burly man in a once-elegant purple coat; he sweeps a mocking bow. 'Captain Bloodaxe, at your service! A pleasure to meet such a valiant fighter! I would offer you a place in my crew, but somehow you don't seem quite our type. Whatever shall we do with you?'

Several of the jeering pirates begin to offer suggestions: 'Keelhaul him! Run him up the mainmast and use him for a flag! Troll for sharks, with him as the bait!'

But Captain Bloodaxe waves them to silence: 'No, my hearties! How savage of you! You should be ashamed of yourselves! This one stood alone and defied us, slaying many of our comrades. Such a worthy fighter must be rewarded fittingly and will leave the ship unharmed!'

The pirates grumble, but the captain shouts them down. 'First, we must return your good sword to you.' He picks it up from the deck and replaces it in the scabbard at your belt.

'Second, we must give you Provisions for the trip.' He snaps his fingers, and a pirate brings a bag of black bread and salt beef – enough Provisions for ten meals. He ties the heavy bag to your belt.

'Third, we must release these cruel bonds.' He draws his dirk and slashes the ropes that hold you to the mast. He yanks you to your feet, your hands still tied behind you. 'You'll forgive me if I don't untie your hands just yet, but you're a very dangerous foe!' Behind him, the pirates snicker.

'And finally, we must give you your freedom!' He escorts you to the stern of the ship, where the lifeboats are tied. The pirate crew follows, grumbling. 'Unfortunately,' he adds, 'we can't spare a boat. So you'll just have to *swim* home!' With a powerful shove, he sends you over the railing. You hit the water with a tremendous splash. As Captain Bloodaxe's gifts drag you underwater, you hear the pirate crew laughing at the joke . . .

Now Turn Over

You sink slowly beneath the surface, holding your breath. Desperately, you try to free your hands, but the bonds are tight. Deeper and deeper you sink. Curious fish circle around you, and the world slowly turns sea-green. The ocean is shallow here, and you see that you are descending towards tall spires of coral. No, not coral, but a sunken city! You are drifting into the middle of a stately courtyard, now overgrown with weeds and coral. As your feet touch the bottom, you see lines of light blaze all around you. You gasp – losing most of your breath in a great bubble. The whole courtyard is a giant magical pentagram, and you are standing in its centre!

You have no time to appreciate the magic, however: you must swim back to the surface or drown! But the weight at your belt holds you down, and you cannot untie your hands. At last your strength fails, and you inhale the cold water. But you remain unharmed!

You realize that the magic of the pentagram has somehow protected you from drowning. You kick your way to a sharp coral spire and rub the rope

against it until your hands are free. A strange feeling at your throat prompts you to look at your reflection in your shining sword. The spell has given you gills! You can breathe the water just like a Merman.

You find that your leather bag of ten Provisions is intact. Evidently the spell is also keeping the food from being ruined by the sea-water.

If you pull off your heavy belt and swim back to the surface, turn to 63. If you explore the sunken courtyard instead, turn to 173.

2

The underwater gardens seem to be laid out just like a formal garden on land. You swim through the heavy iron gate, noting that it is not at all rusty. Inside the gate, you see many beautiful specimens of seaweed, coral and water plants. Instead of birds, the 'trees' are filled with coloured fish. It is eerie, but peaceful. A few yards from the gate, the path splits in two. If you go to the left, turn to 359. If you go to the right, turn to 174.

3

You swim strongly up and away from the stadium, through the crack in the dome and over the city once more. Not far away, you see the patch of clean sand that you observed earlier. You can now see that a small object of some kind is in the middle of the sand. Turn to 196.

4

The king's eyes open even wider. 'Yes, since you ask, there is a great service you can do for our kingdom. In an upper room of our palace lies a fair princess, doomed to sleep until she be kissed by a hero. None of our nobles has been able to lift the spell. Will you try?' If you agree to try, turn to 399. If you decline the honour, turn to 284.

5

Her evil appearance chills your blood, but perhaps she can be helpful to you. Keeping your hand well away from your sword, you speak to her as courteously as you can. 'O wise woman, pray forgive my intrusion, but I am in need of help. I have brought you a valuable gift, and you would honour me by accepting it.' She thrusts her hand out greedily. What will you offer her:

A Black Pearl?	Turn to 127
A Toolfish?	Turn to 229
A magic sword?	Turn to 81

If you have none of these, you must attack. Turn to 254.

6

You swim down into the chasm. The light fails rapidly as you swim lower. If you possess a Glowfish, turn to 324. If you do not, turn to 180.

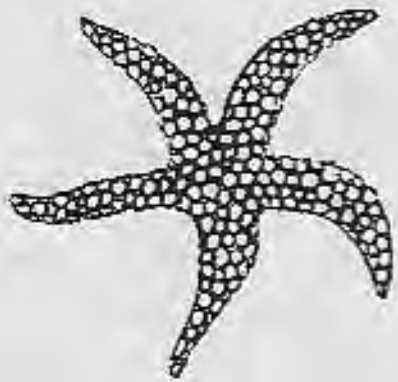

7

You doubt that you could flee from the creature, and you are certainly not anxious to fight it. Your only hope is to talk to it. What will you appeal to in your speech:

Its good will?	Turn to 334
Its greed?	Turn to 178
Its hatred of pirates?	Turn to 287

8

You hear a rustling behind you. You kick off from the bottom and spin around, your sword at the ready. Then, from all sides at once, the small Crabs attack. If you stand and fight them, turn to 169. If you flee, turn to 118.

9

The Sea-horse swims madly in circles, bucking and tossing, but you keep your seat. Eventually it quietens, but still rolls its eyes. You pat its nose reassuringly. You find that you can guide it with your knees, and that it swims *much* faster than you do. You direct it towards the cathedral in the distance. When you reach your goal, you dismount, and the Sea-horse swims away. Restore 2 *Luck* points. Turn to **269**.

10

You swim away as fast as you can, leaving the sinister skull behind you. When you risk a look over your shoulder, you see that the shimmering has vanished and everything is as it was before. You swim towards the large stone building. Turn to **159**.

11

You swim up until your head is level with the statue's, and you lift the crown from its stony brow. As you do so, its eyes turn towards you and its lips move. It speaks, in a voice so deep you can feel your bones vibrate: 'Who dares take the Crown of Atlantis from its resting-place? Will you fight for your prize or flee like a coward?' What will you do:

Fight the Statue?	Turn to **232**
Flee like a coward?	Turn to **39**
Return the crown?	Turn to **217**

12

The trapdoor slams shut behind you as you whirl in the current. You catch hold of something to steady yourself. You are in pitch-blackness. If you possess a Glowfish, turn to **258**. If not, turn to **113**.

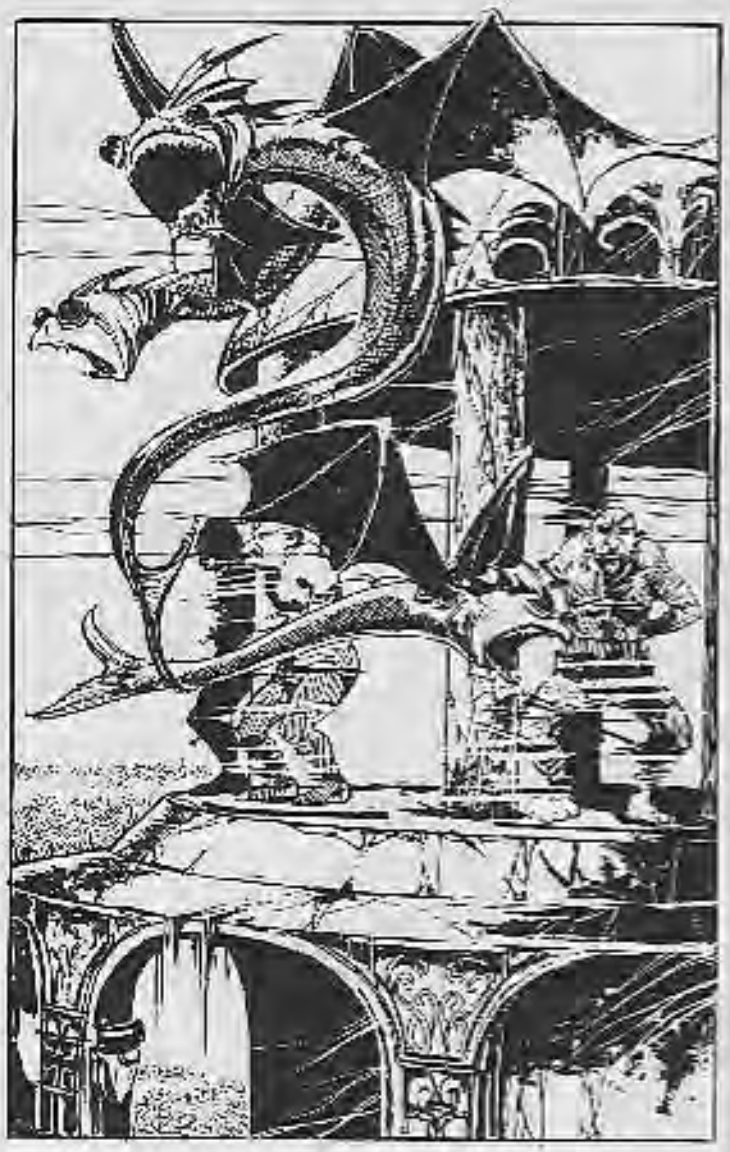

13

You fight the four Batfish. They dart around, swooping in to bite, so you can battle them one at a time:

Each BATFISH SKILL 6 STAMINA 4

You cannot Escape. If you kill them all, turn to 390.

14

You reach into your bag and find the bottle with the envelope. He is amazed, but immediately opens the bottle and reads the message. It is obviously important; he hems and haws, puts it in a pocket of his robe and thanks you gruffly. For the first time, he seems to notice your bedraggled condition. He snaps his fingers and restores your STAMINA and LUCK to their *Initial* values! Turn to 376.

15

The Water Elemental begs your pardon for threatening you. 'You did me no wrong,' it says. 'But I have been held prisoner here these many years, and did unjustly loose my wrath upon you. My thanks for staying your hand when you might have slain me.' Restore 2 LUCK points for showing mercy. The current wafts you back through the coral tunnel so cleverly that you are not scraped at all. Turn to 197.

16

You swim away from the building, over the courtyard with the pentagram, and over the city of Atlantis. You find that swimming is coming very naturally to you now. Looking down over the city, you see no movement except for fish. The buildings appear deserted. Some have fallen into rubble and most are damaged, but the effect is still one of peace and beauty. Three spots catch your eye, and you must decide which one to visit:

A huge red-coloured dome with a broken roof	Turn to 223
An unnaturally clear, smooth patch of sand	Turn to 196
A square stone building, very well preserved	Turn to 340

17

You dive for the trapdoor, but you cannot get it open in time. Lose 2 STAMINA points as the Bone Demon's spear jabs you. Turn to 168 and fight.

18

You remove the Axefish from your bag and release it. It quickly grows into a large fish with a heavy beak. It swims towards the bars, attacks them and batters them to pieces. It then swims away, its duty done. As you hurry from the cave, you find an ordinary sword, which you may take if you like. The current carries you downstream along the abyss. Turn to 148.

19

Before your hand reaches the chest, one of the pink tentacles drifts down across your wrist. It burns like fire! Lose 1 STAMINA point, unless you possess a ring that protects you from poison. What will you do now:

Leave the house?	Turn to 381
Drag the chest out with your sword?	Turn to 325
Attack the Anemones?	Turn to 94

20

You enter a part of the garden that looks rather like an orchard. Tall branches of coral support vine-like plants bearing red and orange fruit. On the sandy floor of the garden, small crabs and fish are picking at a fallen fruit. If you sample a fruit, turn to 124. If you go on without eating, turn to 234.

21

You pick up the trident and heft it. It vibrates in your hand. Suddenly it shoots forward, dragging you with it. You try to let go, but your fingers are stuck as though with glue. You are carried along quickly, and your surprised shout sends bubbles towards the ceiling. As you pass through their quarters, other Mermen and Mermaids stare at you in surprise. Then you are outside the cavern, speeding through the green waters. You have lost track of your location, but you know you are being carried further and further from the surface. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 59. If you are Unlucky, turn to **110**.

22

You pay Cyrano 1 Black Pearl, or 2 Gold Pieces (your choice). He offers you a drink from his flask, and you accept. You instantly feel stronger; you regain 2 STAMINA points, or enough to raise your STAMINA to 10, whichever is higher. If you have no sword, he tosses you one. Cyrano salutes you and drops into an *en garde* position. 'Defend yourself!' he says. 'We shall test your skill!' You fight:

CYRANO	SKILL 11	STAMINA 10

The fight is over when one of you has sustained three wounds. If you hit Cyrano three times, turn to **176**. If he hits you three times, turn to **46**.

23

As you swim away from the mausoleum, you spy a large, sleek Dolphin. It has already seen you and is swimming in your direction. What will you do:

Flee?	Turn to 259
Speak to it?	Turn to 198
Attack it?	Turn to 387

24

You enter the sunken ship. In the sudden dimness, you can barely see where you are going. You grab the side of a door and try to feel your way. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 348. If you are Unlucky, turn to **123**.

25

The Merman looks up in surprise as you dart through his door. When he sees your drawn sword, his eyes open even wider. He throws his Sawfish at you and picks up a long knife – a Knifefish! – from his bench. The Sawfish grows larger and attacks you. You must fight it, and then the Merman:

	SKILL	STAMINA
SAWFISH	8	10
MERMAN	10	5

If you Escape, turn to 150. If you kill the Sawfish and the Merman, turn to 181.

26

Your sword cuts right through the shimmering GHOST that has materialized in front of you. A chill runs through your sword-arm. Lose 1 SKILL point! If you want to flee, turn to 10. If you choose to stay and see what the Ghost wants, turn to 321.

27

Your head breaks the surface just as the last rays of sun touch the water. Your gills vanish, and once again you can breathe the sea air. You inhale deeply and kick to stay afloat. Not far away you see a plank; you swim over and catch hold of it. Oh, well . . . you have been shipwrecked before and survived. Perhaps some day you will have another chance to revenge yourself on the pirates. For now, your adventure is over.

28

The Sea Dragon is several metres long, with gleaming green and blue scales and dagger-like talons of ivory. It has no flaming breath, but its teeth and claws are powerful enough.

SEA DRAGON SKILL 10 STAMINA 24

You cannot Escape. If you kill the Sea Dragon, turn to **86**.

29

You float aimlessly through the darkness for a long time, going with the current. Occasionally you are cut by sharp coral fragments: lose 1 STAMINA point. Eventually your eyes adjust somewhat, and you can see a very dim glow ahead of you. You swim towards it, and see that it is sunlight! You squeeze through a narrow hole and emerge from a patch of seaweed. You are just outside the mausoleum where you found the trapdoor that got you into that fix. Turn to **23**.

30

You launch yourself at the Water Sprite, aiming a mighty blow at its head. It giggles and changes form. Suddenly, instead of a small elfin creature, you are facing a powerful whirlpool of water. Its force threatens to sweep you in. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **252**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **183**.

31

Which one will you use:

The Axefish?	Turn to **214**
The Sawfish?	Turn to **342**
The Borerfish?	Turn to **179**

32

You flee from the huge creatures. To your relief, there is no pursuit. Which way will you go:

Towards a distant sunken cathedral?	Turn to **269**
Towards a gleaming coral reef?	Turn to **160**
Towards a cliff with a dark cave at its base?	Turn to **62**

33

You wiped out the whole nest of Bloodworms. Their bodies dissolve into a reddish slime. In their rocky lair you find a clean-picked human skeleton and a mouldering pouch containing 2 Gold Pieces. You head on towards the cathedral, which now seems very close. Turn to **269**.

34

If you possess a Crab's claw, turn to **205**. If not, turn to **186**.

35

As you approach, you see that these are not true humans, but DEEP ONES. Their skin is green and warty, their eyes huge and frog-like. They have gills, webbed fingers and huge claws. They wear jewelled armour. They tell you that King Seamoss is always interested in curiosities like yourself, and conduct you inside. Within the great council-hall, richly dressed courtiers meet you and conduct you to the throne on which the fat fish-king sits. His eyes bulge, and he wheezes when he speaks, but his questions are keen. What will you do:

Tell your story and ask for help?	Turn to **208**
Offer him the jade crown (if you have it)?	Turn to **265**
Ask if you can do him a service?	Turn to **4**

36

You answer the Dragon, and thank him in return. 'Think nothing of it!' he says. 'I am grateful to *you*, for the gold, and for the *snack!*' It lunges towards you, jaws agape. You must fight the treacherous Sea Dragon:

SEA DRAGON	SKILL 10	STAMINA 24

You cannot Escape. If you kill the Sea Dragon, turn to **277**.

37

As you watch, a school of beautiful Angelfish swims into the hall. As if in response, the next window you look at depicts more Angelfish. You laugh at the thought of 'angel' fish in a cathedral, and wonder where the *devil*fish is. Sure enough, the next window shows a huge DEVILFISH, so realistic it appears to be swimming towards you. In fact, it is! What will you do:

Attack it?	Turn to **294**
Ignore it?	Turn to **80**
Flee?	Turn to **117**

38

You see a golden-yellow shape ahead – a large fish of some kind. It opens its mouth, and again you hear the bubbling roar. You draw your sword as it comes closer. Then it sees you. Fins around its neck stand up in a great mane; it yawns, showing sharp teeth, and swims towards you. It is a LIONFISH! What will you do:

Fight it with your sword?	Turn to 73
Flee back down the path?	Turn to 396
Swim to the top of one of the seaweed trees?	Turn to 293

39

The Statue curses you for a coward – then it pulls its own head off and throws it at you! *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, the head misses you, but you still lose 2 LUCK points because of the curse. If you are Unlucky, you lose 2 points of LUCK because of the curse, *and* 2 STAMINA points because of the heavy stone head. Turn to 257.

40

You make your way forward to the captain's cabin. In a water-soaked desk you find the ship's papers. Most of them are totally ruined, but one set of charts was waterproof. You study them, and your seafaring experience quickly lets you identify your approximate position. To your surprise, several islands are shown near by, where you had not known any existed. They are marked with names like Tarfeather Island, Gorblimey Rocks, Fish Island, Kestrel Island . . . and a skull and crossbones. You find nothing else in the cabin. The maps are too big to carry, so you leave them behind. You can visit the treasure-hold, if you have not already done so (turn to 192), or you can leave (turn to 222).

41

You dive through the door and swim furiously to escape the slimy creature. Ahead of you is the blue glow you saw earlier. Turn to 251.

42

You leave the Elemental's chamber and squeeze into the narrow coral passage. You are getting rather tired of coral cuts by now. Sure enough, you are injured again; lose another STAMINA point. If you are still alive, turn to 197.

43

You follow the winding tunnel as it changes from coral to rock. Ahead of you, a dim glow slowly becomes dazzling as you swim closer. Rounding a bend, you confront a huge SEA DRAGON, curled up on a gleaming pile of treasure. It fixes you with an eye as big as a cannon-ball. What will you do:

Flee?	Turn to 231
Attack?	Turn to 28
Tell it the story of your adventure?	Turn to 7

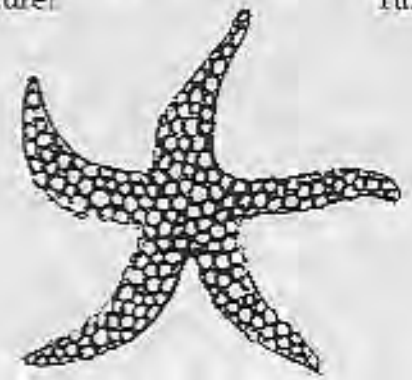

44

It waves its hand, wafting a shower of glittering motes towards you. You feel a tingling, and your LUCK score is raised by 4 points. Before you can thank the Water Sprite, it vanishes. You leave the reef. If you swim towards a larger coral formation in the distance, turn to 87. If you go in the other direction, towards an area of rocks and sunken timbers, turn to 111.

45

Your ring will subtract 3 from each Attack Roll the Anemones make. But if the Anemones hit you more than once, the ring will vanish at the *end* of the battle, its virtue exhausted. Turn to 314 and fight.

46

The fight ends; you may eat Provisions, if you need to regain strength. Cyrano congratulates you on your performance: 'Of course you did not win! Don't feel bad. You could not be expected to win against the great Cyrano, but you did well.' Your SKILL score goes up by 2 points, and your *Initial* SKILL score is also raised by 2. Cyrano stamps his foot again, and you find yourself back in the open ocean, in the middle of a patch of broken timbers. Turn to 111.

47

Hidden beneath the hull of the pirate ship, you plan your final attack. You know that your fate hinges on the decisions you are about to make. What will you do to defeat the pirates:

Attack them boldly with your sword?	Turn to 116
Use the Black Pearls you have gathered?	Turn to 358
Use a magic Toolfish (if you have one)?	Turn to 188
Summon the Sea Dragon (if you know how)?	Turn to 243

48

The bottle is made of blue glass and is heavily sealed. Through the side you can see that it contains an envelope, marked 'Greylock'. Will you:

Open the bottle and read the letter?	Turn to 139
Discard the bottle?	Turn to 397
Keep the bottle, unopened?	Turn to 344

49

The tunnel continues downward for a while and then divides again. The Glowfish swims away, but you can see faint light from both tunnels ahead. If you go right, turn to 385. If you go left, turn to 245.

50

The Dolphin swims curiously around you, squeaking. It seems to be very excited about something. It tries to push you to the surface, but you resist, and it swims away, as though abashed. Then it returns and circles you, before darting away again. You look in the direction it is swimming and see a huge sand-coloured SHARK closing in rapidly! The Dolphin arrows towards it. If you want to join the Dolphin in fighting the Shark, turn to 218. If you retire from the scene and let them fight it out, turn to 72.

51

Your spell produced three Skeletons. Shouting in fear, most of the pirates dive overboard and flee. A few show fight, but you and the Skeletons are an even match for them. The last Skeleton falls to the sword of Captain Bloodaxe, who is the only pirate left on the ship. You must fight him yourself:

CAPTAIN BLOODAXE	SKILL 11	STAMINA 12

You cannot Escape. If you kill him, turn to 189.

52

Thanks to the warning from the Glowfish, you have time to dodge the monster's first rush. It turns about and comes for you again, arms outstretched. If you want to attack it, turn to 383. If you try to out-swim it, turn to 129.

53

Below you and to one side are more buildings: evidently the city of Atlantis was very extensive! In front of you is the face of the cliff from which you emerged, pock-marked with tiny caverns and festooned with corals, sea anemones and plants. You can:

Examine the cliff face more closely	Turn to 320
Swim up towards the top of the cliff	Turn to 260
Swim out over the city	Turn to 64

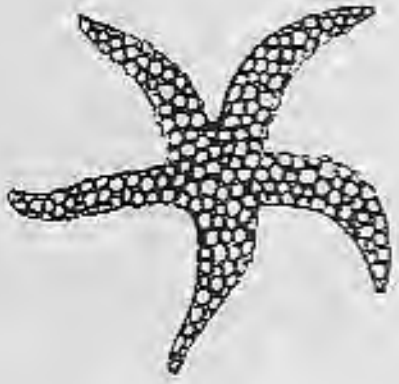

54

You smash the last of the Bone Demon's skeletal arms, and its one remaining weapon falls to the floor. With a powerful backhand blow, you crush its skull. The light in its eyes dims as it sinks to the floor. You reach for its crown, but it turns to muck in your hands, leaving only the 2 Black Pearls. You pocket them and search the room. The spear is too long to carry, and the axe is much too heavy, but the sword looks as though it might be useful. Furthermore, it is shimmering with a red glow – obviously magical. If you take the sword, turn to 330. If you leave it alone, turn to 255.

55

You release the Borerfish and it grows into a stout creature with a corkscrew nose. It swims up to the *Troll*'s hull and begins to drill one hole after another. No immediate effect is visible, but within ten minutes the ship can be seen to be settling! From a distance you watch as the pirate vessel founders and sinks. A few pirates thrash their way to the shore, but most go down with their ship. Darkness is falling as you swim down to the sunken *Troll* to look it over. If you untie one of the ship's boats and float up with it to make your way home, turn to 238. If you head for the treasure-hold, turn to 369.

56

The loathsome Sea Hag lies dead at your feet. Around her neck is a necklace, which you may take if you like. Searching the room, you find 3 Black Pearls. At the back of the room is a deep fissure, and on the other side of the fissure you can see a huge brass bound chest. If you examine the chest, turn to 388. If you leave, turn to 162.

57

The Merman is surprised to see a land-dweller in his workshop, but he is friendly. When he hears your story, he is sympathetic. 'I'd like to help you if I can,' he says. 'If you have anything to pay, I will sell you some of my spare Toolfish. They are magical, and may be of use.' What will you do:

Offer gold?	Turn to 232
Offer a Black Pearl?	Turn to 373
Offer the harpoon (if you have it)?	Turn to 76
Decline, thank him and leave?	Turn to 150
Attack him?	Turn to 329

58

You flee the wrath of the angry Water Elemental, propelled by a sudden angry current from its upraised hand. The sharp coral cuts you cruelly as you struggle through the narrow tunnel. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you find yourself back below the trapdoor. If you go downstream, turn to 221. If you try to get through the trapdoor, turn to 365.

59

As the trident streaks through a deep, cold chasm, you manage to pull your hand free. The trident continues on its path and vanishes. Turn to 6.

60

You gather your courage and kiss the fishy princess. It works! Her eyes open. She looks at her rescuer . . . and screams with terror at your human face. When she realizes what has happened, however, she apologizes. To show her gratitude, she takes a ring from her own hand and gives it to you. It is magical, she tells you, and has great virtue against poisons. You thank her and take your leave of the admiring Deep Ones. Turn to 347.

61

Unfortunately, you do not have such an artefact. If you know the name of a helpful Dolphin, turn to 288. If you do not, turn to 145.

62

The cave opening in the cliff is easily twice your height, and broad in proportion. On the rocks around the opening you can see huge scratches, like the marks of enormous claws. You feel dwarfed as you swim slowly inside. The interior of the cavern is dimly lit, but brightens as you continue. Rounding a bend, you confront a huge SEA DRAGON, curled up on a gleaming pile of treasure. It fixes you with an eye as big as a cannon-ball. What will you do:

Flee?	Turn to 231
Attack?	Turn to 28
Tell it the story of your adventure?	Turn to 7

63

You would rather not put your faith in magic you don't understand, so you kick your shoes off, drop your heavy belt and swim for the surface. You gasp for air, and feel a tingling: your gills have vanished again!

A pirate on board the *Troll* sees you in the water and shouts loudly. The pirates line the rail to laugh. When they see that your hands are not tied and you are swimming away, their laughter stops and they drop a small boat to pursue you. This time they won't make the mistake of giving you a chance. You are dead.

64

You swim down over the city. As you get closer, most of the buildings seem in rather poor repair. But several things seem worthy of closer attention. Will you investigate:

A huge palace with striped domes?	Turn to 103
A large sunken galleon lying on its side?	Turn to 282
An area that looks like an underwater garden?	Turn to 2

65

As you approach the sunken cathedral, you pass over an area of broken stone covered with nasty-looking, writhing creatures. If you swim down to investigate, turn to 311. If you swim harder to get past, turn to 272.

66

You take a single Provision from your bag and toss it towards the Batfish. One of them seizes it and swims away; the other three continue to circle. You can distract one Batfish for each additional Provision you throw. If you distract all four of them, turn to 390. If you distract some of the Batfish, but not all of them, turn to 13 to fight the ones you did not feed.

67

'Unfortunate,' says Greylock. 'They contain powerful magic which might have made your quest easier. But if you have found none yet, I doubt you will locate enough to do the job before nightfall. Still, there are other ways. I would advise you not to confront your foes directly. But if you cannot go to them, you can bring them down to you.' You press for an explanation. 'There is more than one way to skin a cat – or a pirate,' replies Greylock obscurely. 'But if you don't have the tools for the job, you can talk to the Sea Dragon. He is treacherous and greedy, but he can help you . . . if he wants to.' He changes the subject abruptly. 'What about *Silver Pearls*? Have you any of those?' If your answer is 'Yes', turn to 241. If it is 'No', turn to 393.

68

You clink the coins and wait several minutes. Nothing happens. Turn to 292.

69

The MERMAN spars with you cautiously, jabbing with his trident and withdrawing. He is a fairly skilful fighter, and he hovers near the ceiling to make it hard for you to hit him.

MERMAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you try to Escape, turn to 152. If you kill the Merman, turn to 326.

70

'Halt!' cries the king. 'Enough! Take Sharkspear away and minister to his wounds. Surface-dweller, you have shown your prowess. How can we help you?' As you tell your story, a fishy doctor examines you. Regain 2 STAMINA points and turn to 296.

71

The Elemental thanks you repeatedly, wishing you luck in your battle. Restore 2 points of LUCK. A hole appears in the ceiling. It is too small to swim into, so you pull yourself upward, hand over hand, your sword at the ready. Turn to 220.

72

You swim away as fast as you can. Lose 1 STAMINA point, and 1 LUCK point as well, for being cowardly. You look around you for a shark-proof hiding-place. Not far away you see a small building with only one entrance . . . a door too small for a Shark to pass through. You enter and look around. The first thing you see is a large, dark opening in the floor. It appears to be the mouth of a pipe. Despite your best efforts, you are sucked down into darkness. Turn to 104.

73

You swing your sword at the Lionfish and it hisses with dismay.

LIONFISH SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

You cannot Escape: it is too fast. If you kill it, turn to 102.

74

Hovering beneath the great trapdoor, you hack and pry with your sword, but to no avail. The door remains shut fast. What is worse, you have dulled your sword. Subtract 1 from your Attack Strength whenever you use this weapon from now on. What will you do now:

Use the Axefish (if you possess it)?	Turn to 134
Use the Sawfish (if you possess it)?	Turn to 323
Go upstream (if you have not done so already)?	Turn to 384
Go downstream?	Turn to 221

75

They brandish their rusty swords. You can fight them one at a time:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	8	5
Second SKELETON	7	6

If you try to Escape, turn to **295**. If you destroy both Skeletons, turn to **328**.

76

He declines politely; he doesn't need that. Turn back to **57** and make a different choice, or turn to **150** and leave.

77

You do not have to wait very long before the Sea Ogre leaves – perhaps to hunt more victims. You know you need to escape soon. What will you do?

Use the Sawfish (if you possess it)?	Turn to 362
Use the Axefish (if you possess it)?	Turn to 18
Use the ice crystal (if you possess it)?	Turn to 394
Call the Dolphin (if you know its name)?	Turn to 337
None of these?	Turn to 91

78

You dodge towards one of the windows, and fall – but into the picture not through the window! Turn to 244.

79

If you have no sword, he tosses you one, laughing, 'Defend yourself, arrogant one!' You soon realize that your strange-looking opponent is a master of the blade:

SWORDFISH SKILL 11 STAMINA 10

He is angered, and you cannot Escape. If you kill him, turn to 158.

80

It is no illusion, and it is certainly not friendly! It slashes you with its barbed tail. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 294 and fight.

81

You bow politely (no mean feat while you are swimming) and offer the Hag your magical sword, hilt first. 'Oh well,' she mutters, 'anything magical is worth something, I suppose.' She waves her hand and restores *either* your LUCK *or* your STAMINA (your choice) to its *Initial* value. Then she orders you to leave. You are powerless to disobey. Turn to 162.

82

You feel a throbbing. The bite was poisonous! If you possess a ring that protects you from poison, turn to 250. If you do not possess such a ring, turn to 336.

83

You open the chest. Instantly, effervescent bubbles rise and fill the water around you. Their sparkling invigorates you. Increase your *Initial* STAMINA score by 1, and raise your current STAMINA to that new value. As the bubbles subside, you see that the chest also contains a dagger. If you take the dagger, turn to 263. If you leave it alone, turn to 381.

84

The bottle is made of red glass. Inscribed on the outside, in your own language (which the Ghost apparently could not read) are the words 'Healing Potion'. You may drink it now or take it with you. It may be taken at any time except during a battle, and will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. You thank the Ghost and leave, swimming towards the square stone building you saw earlier. Turn to 159.

85

Your refusal infuriates the Elemental. 'If you won't give me what I need,' it hisses, 'I'll take it!' It attacks you. Turn to 210.

86

You have slain the Sea Dragon, a feat worthy of the greatest hero. There is more treasure here than you could spend in a lifetime. Unfortunately, you have no way to carry it with you! You finally settle for 2 Black Pearls (all you can find) and a dozen Gold Pieces, along with one very fine sapphire. Seeing light towards the back of the cavern, you swim in that direction, out of a narrow tunnel and up towards the light. Turn to 202.

87

You swim towards the huge formation of coral. It seems to take the form of a wall surrounding three sides of a huge rock bowl. You enter through the open side and swim towards the inside of the wall. Then, looking down, you see enormous eyes looking back up at you! Ten huge tentacles unfold and reach out. The creature below you is the legendary KRAKEN, a monster big enough to sink a ship! Its great beak opens and closes. What will you do:

Swim down and fight the Kraken?	Turn to 253
Try to hide in a niche in the coral wall?	Turn to 99
Turn around and make for open water?	Turn to 309

88

The Sawfish is dead, and all the other Toolfish have escaped. You search the room, but find nothing. You still have whatever you bought from the Merman before you attacked him (if anything). Turn to **150**.

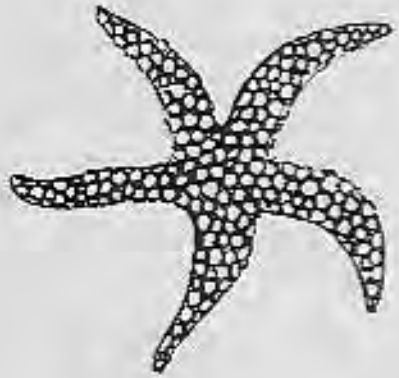

89

As you swim towards the tower, you are spotted by a creature within. You glimpse a green, bulging-eyed face. 'Not here, land-dweller! Use the front entrance!' It points downward. Return to **103** and make another choice.

90

Roll three dice. If the result is less than or equal to your current STAMINA, the trapdoor opens. If the result is more than your current STAMINA, the door opens anyway, but you have strained yourself, and you lose 1 STAMINA point. Turn to **271**.

91

You hammer at the bars of the cage, hoping to escape by main force. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **200**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **392**.

92

You have dealt with both Giant Crabs. Little fish appear, seemingly from nowhere, to pick at the white crab meat. What will you do now:

Sample the crab meat yourself?	Turn to **400**
Investigate the brick building?	Turn to **341**
Leave the area?	Turn to **389**

93

The Grouper mistakes your caution for fear. It rushes you before you can get your sword up. To avoid being swallowed, you kick at its nose, and it bites your leg. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **119**.

94

You attack the clump of Anemones. Their poisoned tentacles extend hugely and reach out for you, slapping you across your arms and chest. Their touch burns you! If you possess a ring that protects you from poison, turn to **45**. If not, turn to **314**.

95

He is surprised at your sudden attack, but defends himself, dodging out of reach and waving his wand at you. Your vision blurs and you fall to the ground. You are having trouble breathing. He shakes his head in puzzlement, picks you up and throws you through the bubble into the water. You find you can breathe again. You swim away, dimly realizing that something has changed. Indeed it has! You are now a fish – and an ugly one, at that. Your adventure is over.

96

The tunnel turns sharply upwards. It leads to another huge trapdoor. Without much hope, you brace yourself against a wall and push. To your surprise, the door is counterbalanced and rises easily. You leave and it closes behind you. On top is a huge boulder; you soon learn that the door does not open from this side. You find yourself on the sea-floor once again, with sunlight visible above. The Glowfish swims away, its work done. Not far from you is a building that looks like a small house. It is deserted and its roof is smashed. Beyond it is a huge, deep abyss. If you investigate the little house, turn to **172**. If you swim past it and down into the abyss, turn to **6**.

97

You bend and run your sword between the Clam's shells. It opens, revealing a large Silver Pearl. You take the treasure gleefully and pop it into your bag. But while you are distracted, a huge SEA SPIDER falls from the ceiling on to your back! It wounds you once, costing you 2 STAMINA points, before you can defend yourself. You fight the Sea Spider:

SEA SPIDER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 10

If you Escape, turn to 222. If you kill the Sea Spider, turn to 371.

98

You think you can handle a single ugly Eel. You slash at it with your sword, and it responds by striking at you with needle-like fangs.

MORAY EEL	SKILL 7	STAMINA 12

The close confines keep you from trying to Escape. If you kill the Eel, turn to 131.

99

You dart into a large hole in the coral, just ahead of a reaching tentacle. Exploring your refuge, you find that it does not lead all the way through the coral wall. You may eat Provisions now or drink a Potion. You are safe for the moment . . . or are you? The Kraken's huge arms are tearing the coral away from the entrance and probing after you. What will you do now:

Use the ice crystal (if you have it)?	Turn to 193
Use the Potion of Vaporous Essence (if you have it)?	Turn to 278
Use a Toolfish?	Turn to 31
Attack with your sword?	Turn to 253
None of the above?	Turn to 247

100

You swim around the ship until you find an anchor-rope, and climb aboard the *Troll*. The dumbfounded sentries gape at you. As they raise the alarm, you reach into your pouch and pull out the Black Pearls you have gathered. (If you have an odd number of Pearls, you hold one back.) Casting the Pearls to the deck, you cry out the magic word! A cloud of fog appears around the Pearls and solidifies into chalk-white bones. The Pearls have become the eyes of your enchanted Skeletons! How many Pearls did you throw down:

Two?	Turn to 313
Four?	Turn to 274
Six?	Turn to 51
Eight or more?	Turn to 236

101

Restore 2 points of LUCK. The Ghost leads you to various places around the city, to find his scattered bones. The creatures of the deep give you both a wide berth as you work. Some of the bones are exposed on the sea-floor; others are buried in sand or coral. As you work, you find a single Gold Piece. Before the job is done, you are tired; half your remaining STAMINA (round down) is lost.

At last you are finished; the skull and bones are placed in a large urn, wedged safely between two large rocks and covered with sand. The Ghost is pleased: his spirit is now free. In return he offers to help you by leading you to a sealed bottle near by. He does not know what is in it, but he senses magic! He takes you to the bottle. Roll one die to see what you have found: on 1–2, turn to 84; on 3–4, turn to 360; on 5–6, turn to 48.

102

Having slain the Lionfish, you continue in the direction from which it came. The seaweed forest becomes darker. Then, abruptly, it falls away into a neatly kept clearing. Within the clearing is a very ordinary-looking cottage, surrounded by a great iridescent bubble. Inside the bubble you can see everyday land-dwelling shrubs – and even a cat!

You swim closer and peer through the bubble into a window of the cottage. Inside you can see an old man sitting at a desk. Suddenly he becomes aware of you and looks up. Meeting your eye, he waves you towards the front of the cottage. His attitude is brisk and no-nonsense. If you swim back into the cover of the gardens, turn to 322. If you go to the front and meet the old man, turn to 135.

103

You swim down towards the palace. It is the largest building you have seen in Atlantis; indeed, it is one of the largest buildings you have ever seen anywhere. It is also in a good state of repair. As you swim closer, you see the reason: the palace is inhabited! Two human-looking guards, dressed in colourful uniforms, are patrolling the huge main entrance. What will you do:

Swim quickly down and attack them?	Turn to 333
Swim slowly down and hail them?	Turn to 35
Try to enter one of the towers?	Turn to 89

104

The current whirls you through the pipe. Fortunately, its sides are slick, so you are not hurt. But the corkscrewing current leaves you very dizzy. Your SKILL will be reduced by 1 *for your next battle only*. The pipe spews you out on a patch of soft sand. But your leather bag is nowhere to be found!

Just as you give up hope, you find it draped on a piece of coral above your head. All your treasures are intact, lying on the sand. But your Provisions are gone, no doubt eaten by the fish. You re-attach the bag to your belt and look around. On one side of you is a large walled garden. On the other side is a sunken ship. If you proceed through the gate into the garden, turn to 2. If you investigate the ship, turn to 282.

105

You swim to the surface and take a deep breath of air, feeling your magic gills vanish as you do so. Behind you, the Elemental forms a wave. Riding the crest of spray, you travel faster than you had ever dreamed possible. Before long, you see the lights of Port Blacksand twinkling in the dusk. You thank the Elemental as it deposits you on the shore. You failed in your quest to defeat the pirates . . . but at least you're alive. Maybe some day you can again try to find them.

106

As you step over the fissure, you feel a strange force pulling at you. Then the necklace becomes terribly heavy and pulls you down towards the fissure! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 155. If you are Unlucky, turn to 204.

107

You thank the Dragon very respectfully. Seeing light towards the back of the cavern, you swim in that direction, out of a narrow tunnel and up towards the light. Turn to 202.

108

You jump on its back, throw your arms around its neck and try to hang on. The Sea-horse bolts. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you stay on (turn to 9). If you are Unlucky, you are thrown off (turn to 380).

109

Your words infuriate the dull-witted Ogre. 'Not eat you later!' it growls. 'Eat you now!' It hurls away the bars and comes towards you. If you fought it earlier, it has the STAMINA it ended the battle with, plus 4 points it has recovered since the fight. Otherwise, it has the STAMINA given below.

SEA OGRE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 18

You cannot Escape. If you kill the Sea Ogre, turn to 163.

110

No matter how hard you struggle, you cannot let go of the cursed trident. It drags you along, even after you drown and the flesh drops from your bones. At last only a single skeletal arm is left, still gripping the trident as it sails along its path for ever.

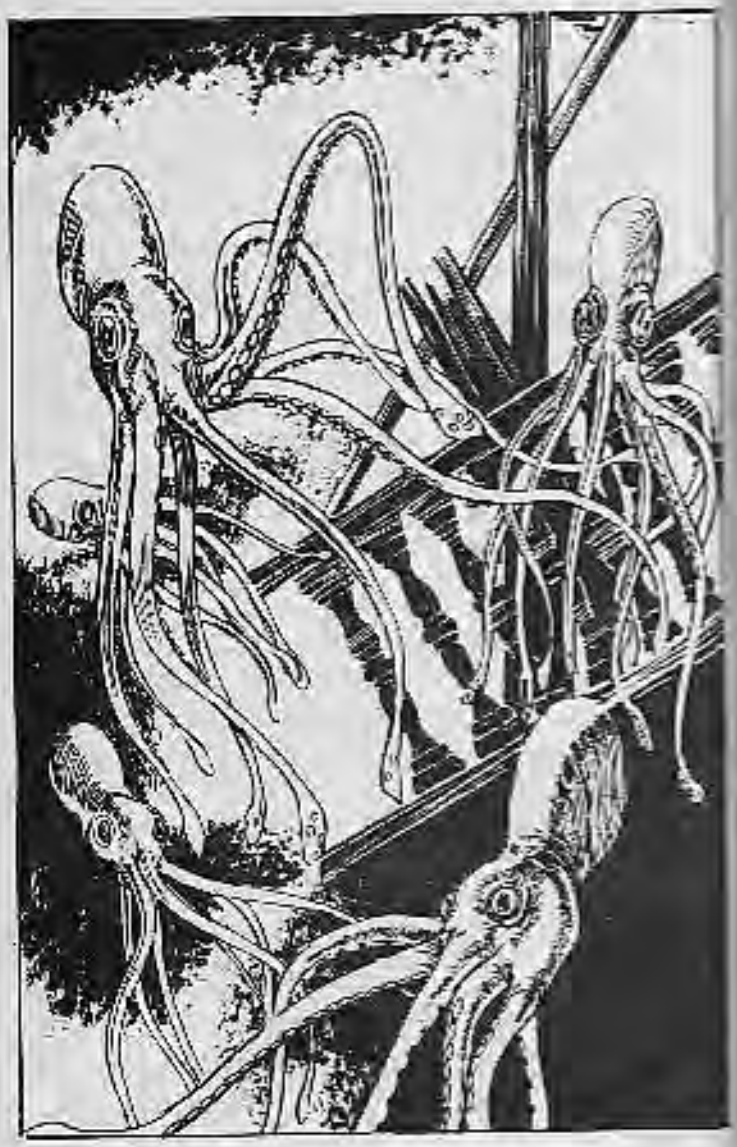

111

You look around you. You are in the midst of some great wreckage – whether of a ship or building, you cannot tell. You are surrounded by logs, stones and scraps of wood and metal. Out of the corner of your eye, you see a flash of movement. Then you feel a tug at your belt. You realize that there are little Octopuses all around you, watching you with their great eyes and investigating you with their tentacles. What will you do:

Flee?	Turn to 142
Attack them?	Turn to **290**
Offer them some food?	Turn to 34

112

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you swim away quickly and the Eel lets you go (turn to 64). If you are Unlucky, the Eel's head darts out and its sharp teeth catch your clothes as you flee. It withdraws, pulling you into its cave. You are not hurt – not yet – but you must fight it. Turn to 98.

113

You are trapped in darkness, with no way of making a light. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 29. If you are Unlucky, turn to 182.

114

You tell Greylock that you want to find the Sea Dragon. 'Very well,' he replies. 'Good fortune to you.' He escorts you back to the front door of his cottage. When it opens, you see, not the gardens, but a weed-lined tunnel. A glistening film holds back the water that fills the tunnel. You lower yourself through, feeling a tingling sensation as you cross the magical barrier. The door closes behind you. Turn to 385.

115

You do, in fact, possess a Black Pearl, so it is within your power to free the Water Elemental. What will you do:

Give the Elemental a Pearl?	Turn to 343
Ask the Elemental what it will exchange?	Turn to 242
Tell the Elemental you have no Pearl?	Turn to 187

116

Brandishing your sword, you climb on deck. At first, the pirates flee in fear; then they rally. As you fight your way towards the bow, you slay pirate after pirate. But at last their superior numbers prove your undoing, as they did once before. You fall, bleeding from a hundred wounds. Your adventure is over.

117

You dodge away from the attacking Devilfish. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you jump away from it (turn to 78). If you are Unlucky, it out-guesses you and lashes down again: turn to 294 and fight it.

118

You flee. Lose 2 more STAMINA points before you can shake off the last of your crawling tormentors. If you are still alive, turn to 389.

119

You draw your sword and slash at the Grouper. It does its best to swallow you.

GROUPER SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

You cannot Escape. Fortunately, the big fish is in search of easier prey. If you can hit it twice, it will flee instead of pursuing the fight. If you succeed in driving it away, turn to 340.

120

You swim up through the tunnel, and re enter the Demon's room. It is unchanged, and there is no sign of the Elemental. You continue up through the hole in the roof. Turn to 361.

121

The Mermen stop their advance to hear you out. You explain that you meant no harm by invading their cavern, and only fought the guard because he frightened you. They are angry, but finally accept your excuses. Their leader gives you a choice: you can give up all your possessions except one weapon, and leave their cavern – or you can die. What will you do:

Accept his sentence and leave?	Turn to 356
Attack with your sword?	Turn to 281
Snatch the fallen Merman's trident and attack?	Turn to 21

122

You fight the Sea Snakes. They are many-coloured and very beautiful, but their bite is poisonous. Each time a Sea Snake hits you, you lose 3 STAMINA points instead of 2. A successful use of LUCK will reduce the damage to 1, but an unsuccessful use of LUCK will increase it to 4! You fight the nest of Sea Snakes as a single opponent:

SEA SNAKES SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you Escape, turn to 3. (Remember that if you Escape, you will be bitten one last time, and it will cost you 3 STAMINA points rather than 2.) If you kill the Sea Snakes, turn to **206**.

123

An enormous CLAM snaps shut on your leg! Lose 1 STAMINA point. But the Clam is only part of the problem. A huge SEA SPIDER, from its vantage point in the shadows on the ceiling, observes your predicament and attacks you. You cannot escape. Furthermore, the Clam on your foot reduces your Attack Strength by 2 for as long as it is holding you. You can take a turn to run your sword between the Clam's shells and free yourself – but the Sea Spider will automatically hit you once if you do!

SEA SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you free yourself from the Clam and Escape, turn to **222**. If you kill the Sea Spider, turn to **268**.

124

The fruit tastes delicious, rather like a pear with honey. It restores 2 lost STAMINA points. You try another one, but it has no further effect. You swim on down the path. Turn to 234.

125

You have killed the monstrous Kraken. Restore 3 LUCK points. This is one tale you will never tell in the taverns: nobody would believe you! You investigate its lair. The Kraken had no treasure; it did not care for gold. But inside the huge shellfish around its rocky hole you find 3 Black Pearls. Above you the ocean is turning blood-red with the rays of the sinking sun. You know you must leave soon. Turn to 382.

126

'You fight well for a thief,' booms the Statue. 'Return my crown, and I will let you live.' If you return the crown, turn to 149. If you will keep it and fight to the end, turn to 289.

127

You bow and offer the Hag a Black Pearl from your bag. She accepts greedily. 'Do you have any more?' she asks. 'Give them to me!' You tremble in anger, but you cannot disobey. She takes all your Pearls, laughing nastily. With a casual wave of her hand, she restores both your LUCK and your STAMINA to their *initial* values. Then she orders you to leave. A hot current of water lifts you and thrusts you into the corridor; the door slams behind you. Turn to 162.

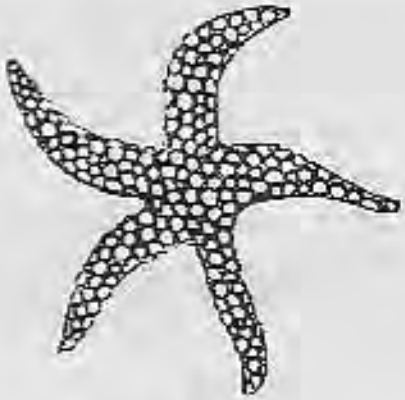

128

What gift will you offer the Water Sprite:

Food?	Turn to 364
Gold?	Turn to 213
A magic item?	Turn to 352

129

The Sea Ogre is quick and strong. *Test your Luck* twice. If you are Lucky both times, you manage to dodge about until you can get out of its sight, and let the current take you far away down the abyss (turn to 148). If you are Unlucky even once, it catches you and imprisons your sword-arm before you can attack (turn to 256). Even if you are Unlucky on the first roll, you must still lose 1 LUCK point for the second try.

130

This inoffensive creature is totally useless in battle. Lose 1 LUCK point. Return to 188 and choose another fish, or turn to 47 and try another tactic entirely.

131

The Eel thrashes and dies. You drag it out of the cave and watch it tumble slowly down through the water, twisting in the current. Returning to the cave, you search it, and find a single Gold Piece. Turn to 64.

132

The Merman is quite fond of gold, but he asks 2 pieces for each fish. If you will pay that price, turn to 316 and choose one fish for every 2 gold Pieces you pay. If you cannot (or will not) pay that price, turn back to 57 and make a different offer, or turn to 150 and leave.

133

Blood fills the water as the lifeless body of the Dolphin drifts away. Suddenly, a sixth sense warns you to turn around. A huge sand-coloured SHARK, drawn by the blood in the water, is attacking you! You realize that there is no way you can Escape this monster; you will have to fight. You do not have time to eat Provisions or use Potions before this battle begins.

SHARK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 15

If you kill the Shark, turn to 370.

134

You remove the Axefish from your pouch and release it. It grows to a metre-long fish with a heavy horned bill. Swimming at the trapdoor, it smashes it with several quick strikes, swims through and vanishes. You clear away the splinters and follow it through. You find yourself back in the mausoleum. You quickly swim out of the great bronze doors. Turn to 23.

135

The door opens and the old man strides out. He introduces himself as Greylock and invites you in. Cautiously, you step through the protective bubble, feeling your skin tingle. Once inside, you find you are breathing air. He chuckles at your surprise: 'Ah . . . you are no wizard, then.' You tell him about the pentagram that bestowed the gills on you, and he nods. 'A powerful spell. Don't worry. My home here is under a different enchantment, which will not interfere with your protection.'

You may have heard the name Greylock before. If you possess something bearing that name, turn to 14. If not, turn to 225.

136

You do not have time to check the bodies for things of value; an angry mob of fish-people is pouring down the castle steps and out of the high windows. You swim quickly away, soon out-distancing pursuit. Turn to 347.

137

'No matter,' he sighs. 'Cyrano knows well what it is like to be penniless. I will instruct you anyway, for the love of the art.' He offers you a drink from his flask, and you accept. You instantly feel stronger; you regain 2 STAMINA points, or enough to raise your STAMINA to 10, whichever is higher. If you have no sword, he tosses you one. Cyrano salutes you and drops into an *en garde* position. 'Defend yourself!' he says. 'We shall test your skill!' You fight:

CYRANO	SKILL 11	STAMINA 10

The fight is over when one of you has sustained three wounds. If you hit Cyrano three times, turn to **176**. If he hits you three times, turn to **46**.

138

The Mermen enjoyed your visit, and they crowd around you to wish you good luck. Knowing of your quest, they offer advice. If you feel very brave and lucky, they tell you, you should visit the Sea Dragon – but he is dangerous! If you need information to help you find your path, you should visit the sunken cathedral. And if you need good fortune, you should seek out the Water Sprite . . . but beware of hungry crabs! They will point out the path towards any of these three:

The Sea Dragon?	Turn to 62
The sunken cathedral?	Turn to 202
The Water Sprite?	Turn to 363

139

You should know better than to open other people's mail. When you break the seal, water rushes into the bottle. At its touch, the envelope inside corrodes and bubbles. A foul reddish liquid hisses from the bottle and chokes you. Lose 2 points of STAMINA. The Ghost vanishes. You swim away towards the stone building you saw earlier. Turn to **159**.

140

You remain hidden. The Dragon calls again, but eventually gives up. It gathers its treasure and leaves. You swim to the sunken *Troll* to look it over. It is almost nightfall. If you untie one of the ship's boats and float up with it to make your way home, turn to **238**. If you head for the treasure-hold, turn to **369**.

141

Ignoring the Sea-horse, you swim towards your goal. As your shadow passes over it, the Sea-horse spooks and swims away, but it soon gets over its fright and returns to its grazing. Turn to **65**.

142

You kick off to escape, but a tentacle is looped around your foot. You sprawl on the sea-floor! The curious Octopuses swarm around you, probing with their tentacles. They steal two Provisions (if you have that many) and any two items from your bag (your choice). You struggle free and swim away. If you examine the huge coral formation in the distance, turn to **87**. If you go in the other direction, turn to **382**.

143

This seems like a very good time to use the Potion of Vaporous Essence. Carefully, you open the bottle and drink. Before the Ogre's very eyes you turn into a mist and drift between the bars and out of the cave. He springs towards you, clutching with his great hands, but you slip between his fingers. As you drift downstream, you see the Ogre beating on the ground in frustration. Before long you feel your body and possessions becoming solid again. Turn to **148**.

144

The fringes of the whirlpool spin you around. You feel dizzy; your Attack Strength will be reduced by 2 *for your next combat only*. If you swim towards a larger coral formation in the distance, turn to **87**. If you go in the other direction, towards an area of rocks and sunken timbers, turn to **111**.

145

Unfortunately, you have no way of finding for sure where the pirates have gone, and no way of getting there if you knew. The sun is at the horizon. If you swim for the surface, turn to **27**. If you dive towards another sunken ship you see below you, turn to **369**.

146

The gargoyles are not the stone monsters you expected, but statues of ordinary people, squatting and making hideous faces. You wonder just who built this cathedral. As you are puzzling over the statuary, you see four hungry-looking BATFISH swimming towards you. They are strange-looking creatures, with small bodies, huge fins and sharp teeth. If you fight them, turn to **13**. If you try to appease them by tossing food, turn to **66**.

147

You sit still and wait. The tentacles continue to tear away the coral. Your hope that the Kraken would lose interest goes unanswered. It can almost reach you now. If you fight, turn to **253**. If you try to flee past the tentacles, turn to **309**.

148

Gradually, as the current carries you downstream, you make your way towards the rim of the chasm. Eventually, you emerge into a rocky area of sea-floor. Not far away you can see what looks like an old brick building, surrounded by weed-grown rubble. You swim over and investigate. The building is the home of a pair of GIANT CRABS. What will you do:

Attack them?	Turn to 219
Swim away?	Turn to 32
Throw food to them?	Turn to 298

149

You toss the jade crown towards the Statue. It catches it delicately, lifts it to its head, and returns to its former position. It freezes into immobility – but now the stone eyes are watching *you*. You think it best to leave quickly. Turn to 23.

150

You leave the Merman's workshop and swim through the underwater corridors. Soon you see light – an opening to the outside. You leave the arena and swim towards the strange patch of clean sand that you noticed earlier. Turn to **196**.

151

The Dolphin circles you, swimming off a short way and then returning. At last you realize that it wants you to follow. You trail it through a hidden break in the coral reef, over a steep underwater cliff and down to a patch of sand between a sunken galleon and a huge iron gate that opens into an underwater garden. It butts you playfully with its nose, arrows off and vanishes. If you proceed through the gate, turn to **2**. If you would rather look at the sunken ship first, turn to **282**.

152

Other Mermen join the chase as you swim back down the cavern. The angry Mermen pursue you for a little way, but when you open a heavy door and dive through it, they break off their pursuit and laugh. You hear the door being barred behind you. You wonder if you have made a mistake, but there is nothing you can do except go on. Ahead of you is a faint glow. Turn to **43**.

153

You knock again. This time, the door swings wide open in front of you and slams against the coral wall. Glaring at you with angry, reddened eyes is a withered SEA HAG! Her hand is raised as if to cast a curse. What will you do:

Apologize and offer her a gift?	Turn to **5**
Flee?	Turn to **368**
Attack her?	Turn to **254**

154

'Well then,' says the old wizard, 'that is about all I can do for you. And you have to hurry, you know.' You consider Greylock's advice. If you think you want to find the Sea Dragon, turn to **114**. If you would rather *not* meet the Sea Dragon, turn to **261**.

155

You manage to kick yourself backwards. The neck lace is still pulling at you. You manage to get it off, and it shoots down into the fissure. The room suddenly looks threatening to you, and you dive out of the door. Turn to **162**.

156

'Easily done!' quacks the Dolphin. You cling to its back as it arrows through the water towards your chosen destination. Before long you arrive at a darkened island. As you break the surface, your gills vanish. The Dolphin wishes you luck and swims away. Stealthily you wade towards the shore, where you see a pirate camp. Unfortunately, you have found the wrong pirates! Not one shipload of brigands, but several, are carousing here. As you realize your mistake, the pirates see you. They welcome you in a fashion even less pleasant than Captain Bloodaxe's. Your adventure is over.

157

How will you clink the coins together to call the Sea Dragon:

Twice, and then three times?	Turn to **68**
Three times, and then three times?	Turn to **315**
Three times, and then twice?	Turn to **292**

158

You have defeated the Swordfish. He throws you one last salute before he falls. When his body touches the floor, it changes form. His weapon and clothes vanish, leaving nothing but an ordinary fish. You search the room, finding nothing except a silver flask. If you drink, turn to 203. If you ignore it and leave, turn to 355.

159

You approach the building from the side. Swimming around to the front, you see a wide entrance with marble steps and huge bronze doors, now corroded and green. The doors are ajar. Within the building is a huge, fat fish, which sees you and swims lazily in your direction. It is a GROUPER at least twice as big as you are. It looks hungry. What will you do:

Attack with your sword?	Turn to **119**
Use the harpoon (if you have it)?	Turn to **280**
Swim away?	Turn to **230**
Circle around it?	Turn to **93**

160

As you approach the coral reef, you see that it is a place of extraordinary beauty. Thousands of brightly coloured fish are flitting about between the branches of green and white coral. As you watch, bemused, you hear tinkling laughter. You turn and see a small creature watching you. The WATER SPRITE is human in appearance, but only about a metre tall, with greenish skin sprinkled with tiny golden scales. What will you do:

Attack?	Turn to 30
Tell it your story?	Turn to 305
Offer it a gift?	Turn to 128

161

You leave the arena floor and enter an underwater labyrinth lit only by the glowing moss on the walls. Here, when Atlantis was young, were the gladiators' quarters. And here, behind these barnacle-covered iron bars, must have been the animal cages. Fascinated, you continue to search, finding nothing that is useful, but much that is strange and interesting. At length you notice a stronger glow . . . not sunlight, but a blue phosphorescence. If you swim towards it, turn to 251. If you keep to the darkened areas, turn to 346.

162

You continue down the coral tunnel. Ahead of you, a huge brain coral divides the passageway in two. One branch goes slightly downward and to the left; the other goes upward and to the right. If you go down, turn to 49. If you go up, turn to 395.

163

You have slain the Ogre. Searching its cave, you find enough clean, fresh fish to add two Provisions to your store. You also find an ordinary-looking sword, which you may take if you like. Examining the dead Sea Ogre, you find a greenish brass spiral ring on its finger. It is carved with runes you cannot read. If you take the ring, turn to 248. If you leave it and swim downstream, turn to 148.

164

The Mermen's games room is a sumptuous cavern, full of Mermen and Mermaids disporting themselves and gambling for gold, jewels and trinkets. If you have any Gold Pieces or Black Pearls, you may gamble them. (You may not take the Potion of Fortune into this room, as your hosts would think it unfair, but you may use the Lucky Charm without being noticed.) You do not *have* to gamble at all. If you choose to gamble, decide what you will wager (either 1 Pearl or 1 Gold Piece) and *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you double your stake. If you are Unlucky, you lose your stake. You may gamble as many times as you like, as long as you have something to gamble with. When you are ready to leave the games room, turn to 138.

165

Try as you might, you cannot break the chain of the necklace. It drags you deeper and deeper, and the water is like fire in your gills and lungs. You lose consciousness as the heat becomes unbearable. Your journey is over.

166

You pick some greens and approach the Sea-horse, talking to it gently. It looks nervous, but eventually settles down and eats from your hand. What will you do now:

Go on your way?	Turn to 302
Attack it?	Turn to 291
Try to jump on it and ride?	Turn to 108

167

The Elemental does not know where the pirates are located. Where will you ask it to carry you to find them:

Fish Island?	Turn to **207**
Pirate Cove?	Turn to **262**
Bloodaxe Island?	Turn to **308**
Skull Island?	Turn to **279**

168

The Bone Demon fights with three different weapons at once. Each arm will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the three you will fight. Attack your chosen arm as in a normal battle. As for the others, even if your Attack Strength is greater you will not wound them. You must just count this as though you have defended yourself against them. However, if one of their Attack Strengths is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. Further, although the huge Axe-arm is very clumsy, it does *double* damage if it hits you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SWORD-ARM	9	6
SPEAR-ARM	7	6
AXE-ARM	4	8

You cannot Escape. If you defeat all the arms, turn to **54**.

169

The Crabs crawl all over you, nipping and pinching. Individually they are not dangerous, but together they are formidable! Roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. Now *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **249**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **319**.

170

The swimming Bloodworms are dead. You hurry on towards the cathedral before the others can block your way. Turn to **269**.

171

The Elemental is downcast. It seems to grow smaller, and the waters of the room become chilled. You lose 1 LUCK point. Apologizing, you leave the room the way you came. Turn to **42**.

172

You swim up to the house and through the hole in the roof. This place has clearly been deserted for a long time; nothing remains but the bare walls. It is beautiful, though, with coloured anemones and tropical fish everywhere. In one room is a cluster of *big* SEA ANEMONES, their tentacles waving gently in the current. If you leave the house, turn to 381. If you examine the Anemones, turn to 297.

173

Curious about your new surroundings, you circle the courtyard. You find that swimming is now very natural to you. The magic pentagram is formed of deep red and green tiles, still clean and shiny despite the weeds and coral that choke the rest of the courtyard. The buildings around you are made of grey stone. One is both larger and taller than the rest, and seems in much better repair. You see nothing around you except fish. Then, from the corner of your eye, you spy movement in the large building. You realize that you are being watched. If you go into the large building to confront the watchers, turn to 221. If you swim up and out of the courtyard to see what else you can find, turn to 16.

174

As you go along the path, the small coral and plants are replaced by taller seaweed. Gradually, the garden becomes a forest. From ahead of you comes a sound like a bubbling roar. You stop and listen. A minute later the sound is repeated . . . from closer by. If you want to flee in the other direction, turn to **359**. If you go forward to see what made the noise, turn to 38.

175

He tells you that these Pearls are very powerful. If you throw a pair of them on the ground and say the magic word 'Derd-nu-Heno', an animated skeleton will appear to fight for you. The word will work for up to 10 Pearls at a time, to produce up to five skeletons – an undead army! ('Though you shouldn't need quite that many,' he comments.) If the skeletons are not destroyed in battle, the word 'Derd-en-Parr' uttered by the spell-caster will make them vanish again, leaving the pearls unharmed. 'Remember this!' says Greylock. 'And there are more Pearls to be found, but most of them are guarded by monsters such as the Sea Dragon. Now, what about *Silver* pearls?' he asks. 'Have you any of those?' If your answer is 'Yes', turn to 241. If it is 'No', turn to 154.

176

The fight ends; you may eat Provisions if you need to regain strength. Cyrano congratulates you warmly: 'You are a master indeed! You have outpointed the great Cyrano! But you will find that your skill has improved regardless, for Cyrano is a master and a teacher of masters!' Indeed, your SKILL score goes up by 1 point, and your *initial* SKILL score is also raised by 1. Cyrano stamps his foot again, and you find yourself back in the open ocean, in the middle of a patch of broken timbers. Turn to 111.

177

The Dolphin is upset. 'But there are many islands with pirates! We would never find the right one!' It offers to help you home instead. Exhausted, you accept. As sunset comes and your magical gills vanish, you find yourself riding a Dolphin toward Port Blacksand . . . a strange ending for your adventure. You did not find the pirates, but you have your life.

178

'I am on the track of a pirate ship,' you say. 'If you can help me destroy it, you can have all the treasure for yourself. All I want to do is finish off the pirates.' Its eyes gleam, and it runs a possessive claw through its golden hoard. 'Agreed,' it rumbles. 'But I cannot follow you around like a nursemaid, human. If you find your pirate ship, just clink two gold coins together three times, and then three times again, and I will hear it and come.' If you have 2 Gold Pieces to clink together, turn to 107. If not, turn to 391.

179

You release the Borerfish. It expands into a small fish with a long corkscrew nose. It swims bravely down towards the Kraken, but is quickly caught and eaten. If you possess another Toolfish, you can release it (turn to 31). If you want to try something different, turn to 99.

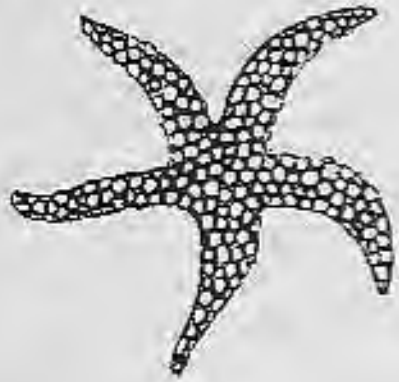

180

The chasm is very dark, but as your eyes adjust you can see a faint green glow in the depths. Swimming downward, you see a light. You swim towards it until you can make out a cave opening. In front of it are a rude table and bench. Out of the corner of your eye, you see a huge black shadow moving quickly towards you. Turn to 256.

181

By the time the battle ends, most of the other 'tools' have taken fright and escaped. Three remaining fish seem interesting: a Borerfish, an Axefish, and the shining blue Glowfish overhead. You can add any or all of these to your Possessions. Turn to 150.

182

You drift in the darkness for a long time, going with the current. You wait for your eyes to adjust to the darkness, but there is simply nothing to see. As the hours pass, you become more and more frightened. Sharp coral cuts you, and slimy things wriggle from beneath your hands. Eventually the water-breathing spell wears off and your gills disappear. After the hours of terror, death is mercifully quick.

183

You were off balance from your lunge, and you are drawn directly into the raging whirlpool. Roll two dice and lose that many STAMINA points! You are also dizzy: your Attack Strength will be reduced by 2 *for your next combat only*. If you are still alive, you can lie on the sand, catch your breath and eat Provisions if you wish. You vow never to be so disrespectful to a Water Sprite again! If you next swim towards a larger coral formation in the distance, turn to 87. If you go in the other direction, towards an area of rocks and sunken timbers, turn to 111.

184

You decide to take a chance, and tug on the seal. As you do so, the Ghost speeds away, evaporating as he does so. The lead seal pops off, and a huge bubble emerges from the bottle. It solidifies into a huge, frowning GENIE, wearing a jewelled turban. 'For a thousand years I have been trapped inside that cursed bottle!' the Genie roars. 'I have waited too long for my fated rescuer! Dare you explain your woeful delay, or should I strike you dead on the spot?' *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to placate the Genie. He raises your *Initial* SKILL score by 1 and restores all lost SKILL points before vanishing.

If you are Unlucky, your explanation is not convincing. The Genie lets you live – barely! He gestures, and the water around you freezes and covers you with ice! Then he vanishes. Through frantic effort, you manage to break the ice before you freeze. Your STAMINA is reduced to 1. You had better rest and eat Provisions before going on.

You swim away towards a large stone building. Turn to 159.

185

'Well, you fought well,' says the king, 'but our champion defeated you. I'm afraid we cannot offer you any great help.' You leave. Turn to 347.

186

You toss one Provision on the ground. Most of the Octupuses go to the food, but a few are more interested in you and your bag. If you pull them gently off with your hands, turn to 301. If you attack with your sword, turn to 290.

187

'I'm sorry,' you say. 'I have seen nothing like that.' The Elemental asks you if you would be willing to fight its demon jailer. If you do, it promises to reward you well. If you agree to fight the demon, turn to 71. If you would rather not, turn to 171.

188

You swim underneath the ship. Though the sun is sinking, you can still see clearly. From your bag you take out the Toolfish you have chosen. Which one is it:

The Axefish?	Turn to 306
The Borerfish?	Turn to 55
The Sawfish?	Turn to 264
The Glowfish?	Turn to 130

189

You have the ship – and no crew. But there is a trim little ship's boat stowed on deck. You lower it carefully into the water. A quick trip through the deserted *Troll* fills your bag with treasure. Soon you cast off, setting the boat's sail for Port Blacksand. Behind you comes an explosion, as the fire you set reaches the powder stores and sends the *Troll* to Davy Jones's locker. Soon you will be home, with the pirates scuttled and a tidy bit of treasure. Your adventure has ended well.

190

The Merman challenges you to explain your intrusion. You respond politely, saying that you are looking for a way out. He becomes affable and says, 'Just so long as you aren't one of the Deep Ones. We are at war with them.' He escorts you through the cavern, which proves to be spacious and full of Mermen and Mermaids. 'You must let us show you some hospitality,' he says. 'Our sauna baths will make a new person of you. Or you could try your luck in our games room.' If you try the sauna baths, turn to 266. If you visit the games room, turn to 164.

191

You swim around the interior of the building, seeing nothing unusual except the pictures. Before long, you see another picture of yourself. This time, you are fleeing from enormous tentacles! If you leave the building, turn to 390. If you would rather stay and look at more pictures, turn to 367.

192

You swim aft and downward, to the treasure-hold. It is totally empty. The walls are torn apart, and the damage does not seem to have been done by coral reefs, but rather by gigantic *claws*. From her lines you are sure this was a treasure-ship, but though you search carefully, you find nothing but a single Gold Piece, wedged between two timbers. If you leave now, turn to 222. If you have not already checked the captain's cabin, you may do so now (turn to 40).

193

Holding the ice crystal in your hand, you summon the Elemental. The crystal vanishes. Within moments, the Elemental appears in the form of a current of water. You need not speak; it understands your peril. It enfolds you and shoots out of the coral hole, between the Kraken's arms and away. Turn to 303.

194

It seats itself solemnly on the fine sand and begins to lecture you, emphasizing its points with a long forefinger. 'Black Pearls are magical wealth, and will bring you more wealth. If you have a goodly pouch of Pearls now, 'twere best you confronted your foes quickly, ere night falls. If you require more Pearls, you may brave the Kraken's lair, but 'tis an undertaking most fell.' With that, the Water Sprite vanishes. If you think you are ready to find and confront the pirates, turn to 382. If you are not yet ready, you can swim towards the coral formation that the Sprite indicated was the Kraken's lair. Turn to 87.

195

You now have the chest the Anemones were guarding. It is too heavy to carry with you. If you open it, turn to 83. If you leave it and go, turn to 381.

196

You swim closer, until you see a large area of clean white sand. Standing upright in the sand is a moss-covered human skull. As you approach, the water around the skull begins to shimmer and you hear a thin voice inside your head. What will you do:

Run away?	Turn to **10**
Listen to the voice?	Turn to **321**
Attack?	Turn to **26**

197

You find yourself hovering below the trapdoor once again. If you continue downstream, turn to **221**. If you try to get through the door, turn to **365**.

198

If you possess a jade crown, turn to **300**. If not, turn to **50**.

199

Greylock makes the trade, bringing out a small flask of amber-coloured liquid. You may take this Healing Potion with you and use it at any time except during a battle. It will instantly restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* value. Turn to 154.

200

Fortunately, you spy a weak spot in the grating. You strain and squeeze through, though it takes all your strength. Reduce your STAMINA to 1. As you hurry from the cave, you find an ordinary sword, which you may take if you like. You swim out of the cave and downstream, along the abyss. Turn to 148.

201

Lose 1 LUCK point for breaking your word. Turn to 361.

202

You emerge from underground in the middle of a green 'meadow' of soft seaweed. The water tastes clean and fresh here, like mountain air. In the distance, you can see the grey spires of the sunken cathedral you were told about. Closer by, you see a magnificent Sea-horse grazing on the meadow. What will you do:

Go directly towards the cathedral?	Turn to **141**
Attack the Sea-horse?	Turn to **291**
Pick some seaweed and approach the Sea-horse?	Turn to **166**

203

The flask restores 2 STAMINA points, or enough to raise your STAMINA to 10 – whichever is higher. Turn to 355.

204

You paddle forward, clutching for the chest, and bump your head on the wall instead. The necklace pulls you down into the fissure. You sink deeper and deeper, into heat and pressure. You reach for the necklace to try to get it off. Roll three dice. If the result is less than or equal to your current STAMINA, turn to **286**. If the result is more than your current STAMINA, turn to **165**.

205

You take the Crab's claw, crack it open on a rock and throw it down. Instantly, the Octopuses swarm over it, greedily eating the white meat. Restore 2 LUCK points. If you examine the huge coral formation in the distance, turn to **87**. If you go in the other direction, turn to **382**.

206

The Sea Snakes are all dead. You continue your investigation of the stadium seats, but find nothing of interest. If you swim up and out of the arena, turn to **3**. If you go down to the arena floor, turn to **304**.

207

The Elemental wraps itself around you and hurtles through the water. Soon you are at Fish Island. The Elemental circles the island until you spot the *Troll*, lying at anchor in a small cove. 'Goodbye, friend,' says the Elemental. 'Good luck in your battle.' It vanishes. You are left floating in the water, just below the hull of the *Troll*. Turn to **47**.

208

King Seamoss listens intently to your story and scratches his scaly head with a jewelled talon. 'I am minded to aid you, surface-spawn,' he says. 'But first you must prove your heroism. Sharkspear! To me!'

A huge, armoured Deep One strides up and kneels before the king. 'I would see a combat,' decrees Seamoss. 'Captain Sharkspear and this land-dweller will fight. We will test their worth.' You must fight:

SHARKSPEAR SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you reduce Sharkspear to a STAMINA of 2, turn to 70. If Sharkspear reduces your STAMINA to 2, or if you try to Escape, turn to 185.

209

You feel a coin – but, at the same time, you feel a pain in your hand. You quickly withdraw your hand, to find that you have grasped a gold coin . . . and a Scorpion-fish. This brightly coloured creature has stung you with its poison spines. You throw it back into the fountain and drop the coin into your bag, but now your hand is beginning to throb. If you have a ring to protect you from poison, you are uninjured. Otherwise, the swelling in your hand costs you 2 points of SKILL. Turn to 20.

210

You fight the Water Elemental. Its liquid body flows away from your sword, but you can tell your blows are affecting it. For its own part, it creates blasts of steam and showers of ice that are as dangerous as any weapon you have ever faced.

WATER ELEMENTAL SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you Escape, turn to **58**. If you reduce the Water Elemental to a STAMINA of 2, it will beg for mercy. You can let it live (turn to **15**) or continue the battle until you kill it (turn to **386**).

211

You swim into the large building, sword at the ready. But you confront, not a monster, but a beautiful MERMAID. You know instinctively that she means you no harm, and put up your sword, embarrassed. But she smiles at you anyway, saying: 'You are wise, sailor. There are many evil monsters here in Atlantis, and a ready sword is nothing to be ashamed of. In the windows of our cathedral I saw that you would come here, and I came to meet you.'

'But why did I not drown?' you ask. She replies, 'By entering the pentagram, you came under the protection of powerful magic. You have been given a set of gills, just like mine. Until nightfall, you will be able to breathe water. But don't go to the surface before then, unless you must! Once you breathe surface air, the spell will vanish regardless of the time.'

'I must find a way to defeat the pirates!' you say. The Mermaid smiles. 'Defeat them you will, if you are strong and clever enough,' she replies. 'Nobody comes to Atlantis by accident. I can tell you this much: seek out the Black Pearls! They have powerful magic that will give you your best chance for victory.'

'And, because you fight against great odds,' she continues, 'I will give you a Lucky Charm.' From around her neck she takes a pendant in the form of a shell, and gives it to you. You may use this Charm instead of *Testing your Luck*. The Charm will make you automatically Lucky, and you will not have to spend a LUCK point. But you may use it *once and once only*; then it will vanish.

The Mermaid smiles at you, blows you a kiss, and vanishes through a window with a flip of her tail.

Looking around the room, you see nothing of great interest. Stairs lead upward, and a dark shaft leads downward. Will you:

Go upward?	Turn to 398
Go downward?	Turn to 233
Leave the building and explore elsewhere?	Turn to 16

212

Your blade slices through the clinging tentacles, and you pull the chest away from the Anemones. The tentacles reach out towards you, but cannot quite touch you. Turn to 195.

213

You offer the Water Sprite a gold coin. It laughs and tosses the coin upward. The coin spins in the water, turns into a golden fish and darts away. The Sprite laughs merrily and vanishes. Restore 4 points of LUCK and leave. If you swim towards a larger coral formation in the distance, turn to 87. If you go in the other direction, towards an area of rocks and sunken timbers, turn to 111.

214

You release the Axefish. It expands, becoming a metre-long fish with a bony beak. It swims out of the coral and attacks the Kraken. It hits the monster's pulpy body once . . . twice . . . and then it is caught and eaten. If you do battle with the Kraken, remember that this fight has cost it 4 STAMINA points. If you possess another Toolfish, you can release it (turn to 31). If you want to try something different, return to 99.

215

When you throw Swiftstinger, you automatically win that combat round; neither you nor your foe roll dice. (If you are fighting several foes, the ones you do *not* attack with Swiftstinger will still make their attack rolls, and you must roll against them to defend.) Swiftstinger automatically hits its target and reduces its STAMINA by 10. It then vanishes, so you can use it only this once. Now return to wherever you were.

216

The Ghost keens sadly as you swim away. You head for the square stone building that you saw from above. Turn to 159.

217

The Statue blesses you. Restore 3 LUCK points. If you remain in the mausoleum to look around, turn to 331. If you leave, turn to 257.

218

Together, you and the Dolphin fight the huge Shark. You and the Dolphin each make a separate attack on the Shark in each Attack Round, but the Shark must choose which of you two it will fight. Roll one die for the Shark before each turn. On an even roll, it attacks you. On an odd roll, it attacks the Dolphin. The Shark attacks its chosen target as in a normal battle. Against the other, even if the Shark's Attack Strength is greater, it will not inflict a wound. It is just counted as though it has defended itself against it. However, if the Shark's other opponent has a higher Attack Strength, the Shark will be wounded in the normal way.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SHARK	8	15
DOLPHIN	10	9

If you Escape (whether or not the Dolphin is still alive), turn to 72. If you kill the Shark, take one of its huge teeth as a memento and turn to 332.

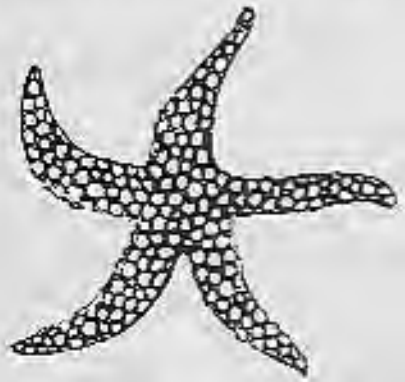

219

You fight the two Giant Crabs. Since you are far more agile than they, you can swim circles around them and meet them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT CRAB	7	11
Second GIANT CRAB	8	10

If you try to Escape, turn to 32. If you kill them both, turn to 92.

220

Before you realize you have come to the end of the tunnel, an open trapdoor appears over your head. You find yourself in a rough-walled room, lit by a red glow. You are facing a fearsome creature indeed. It seems to have been assembled from the bones of many different creatures. Three legs support it; six mismatched arms reach for you with weapons or bony fingers. Its blackened skull, full of sharp shark teeth, is lit by glowing eye-sockets. On its head is a rusty coronet containing 2 Black Pearls. The BONE DEMON advances towards you. What will you do:

Attack it?	Turn to 168
Kneel before it?	Turn to 354
Flee back down the tunnel?	Turn to 17
Make for the hole you can see in the roof?	Turn to 378

221

You swim downstream, letting the current help you along. Before long you encounter a huge round door set in a wall. Gripping a coral branch to steady yourself against the current, you study the door. Strange runes are carved on its surface. What will you do:

Leave and continue downstream?	Turn to 162
Knock?	Turn to 247
Kick the door open and burst through?	Turn to 307

222

Not far from the ship, you see an entrance to the underwater gardens. You swim towards it. Turn to 2.

223

You swim towards the huge red dome on the seafloor. The closer you get, the bigger it looks. You swim in through the broken roof. Inside, you find a single great arena surrounded by tiers of benches. If you swim down towards the floor of the arena, turn to 304. If you investigate the seats, turn to 283.

224

A gross insult! The angry courtiers draw their swords and attack you. Fortunately, the room is crowded, so they must fight you singly – and they are courtiers rather than skilled fighters. Unfortunately, you must slay them all before you can leave.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEEP ONE	6	8
Second DEEP ONE	7	6
Third DEEP ONE	6	7
Fourth DEEP ONE	5	8

If you slay all four, you can dive out of the window and be gone. Turn to 347.

225

Old Greylock is full of questions, and you are not entirely sure you trust him. He is displaying a very keen interest in your doings and in the things you have found during your sojourn in Atlantis. Suddenly, from a pocket of his long robe, he produces a wand. If you decide to attack him before he can use the wand, turn to 95. If you wait and see what he does, turn to 376.

226

Your offer does not interest the Ogre at all. 'Eat you soon. Take your toys then. Shut up. Get fat,' it tells you. Return to 256 and make another choice.

227

Looking up, you see several other Mermen approaching, their own tridents held menacingly before them. What will you do:

Stand and fight?	Turn to 281
Snatch up the fallen trident and fight?	Turn to 21
Run away?	Turn to 152
Try to talk your way out?	Turn to 121

228

'Easily done!' quacks the Dolphin. You cling to its back as it arrows through the water towards your chosen destination. Before long you are swimming below the hull of the *Troll* as it lies at anchor. The Dolphin wishes you luck and swims away. Turn to 47.

229

Decide which fish you will offer the Hag, and turn to 338.

230

Your motion encourages it. For all its huge bulk, the Grouper is a much faster swimmer than you. As you try to Escape, it comes up behind and bites your foot. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 119.

231

You swim frantically for the cave mouth. It follows you more swiftly than you could have imagined, reaching for you with a talon. Roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. Turn to 28 and fight.

232

The Statue strikes at you with its rod of stone, and you parry with your sword. The Statue's feet are rooted to its stone slab, making it very clumsy – but it is terribly strong.

STATUE SKILL 6 STAMINA 16

If you decide to Escape, take the wound you get as you flee and turn to 39. If the Statue hits you enough times to reduce your STAMINA to 2, turn to 126. If you defeat the Statue, you may leave with your prize (turn to 257).

233

You swim down the dark tunnel. About four metres below the level of the sea-floor, it joins a hallway. If you go to the right, turn to 245. If you go to the left, turn to 270.

234

The path curves and branches. Ahead of you, it opens into a neatly kept clearing. Within the clearing is a very ordinary-looking cottage surrounded by a great iridescent bubble. Inside the bubble you can see ordinary land-dwelling shrubs – and even a cat!

You swim closer and peer through the bubble into a window of the cottage. Inside you can see an old man sitting at a desk. Suddenly he becomes aware of you and looks up. Meeting your eye, he waves you towards the front of the cottage. His attitude is brisk and no-nonsense. If you swim back into the cover of the gardens, turn to 322. If you go around to the front and meet the old man, turn to 135.

235

The Devilfish is dead. You swim around the interior of the building, seeing nothing unusual except the pictures. Before long, you see another picture of yourself. This time, you are fleeing from enormous tentacles! If you leave the building, turn to 390. If you would rather stay and look at more pictures, turn to 367.

236

The horde of Skeletons that springs up from the deck is the most terrifying thing the pirates have ever seen! A few jump overboard, but most of them simply fall on their knees and beg for mercy. Captain Bloodaxe mars angrily and runs to attack you, but he is cut down by his own men. You call to your Skeletons to hold off, and a burly pirate calls out, 'What are your orders, Captain? We'll serve you if you'll spare us.' You consider your reply. 'Well,' you finally say, 'I'm no pirate, nor do I wish to be one. But if you'll man this ship for me until my Skeletons learn the ropes, I'll show you the same mercy you showed me, and let you jump overboard when we're a day from port. I *might* even be generous and let you have a boat.' Gratefully, the pirates agree.

And so it happens that, with the aid of your Skeleton crew, you sail the pirate vessel into Port Blacksand. The treasure on board makes you rich – and you have your own ship now. Your adventure has ended successfully.

237

Because the Anemones are rooted to the floor, you can Escape them without taking a wound as you go. Turn to 381.

238

You swim down to the deck of the *Troll* and slash the bindings holding the largest ship's boat. It bobs to the surface. You follow it up and get in. As you do so, the sun sets and your gills vanish; you cannot return to the *Troll* and search further. You have won no treasure, but you destroyed the pirates. Your adventure is over.

239

You swim frantically, and escape the whirlpool. It slows and vanishes. You leave quickly. If you swim towards a larger coral formation in the distance, turn to **87**. If you go in the other direction, towards an area of rocks and sunken timbers, turn to **111**.

240

The Dolphin introduces itself. It says its name is Keeekweeet. It also tells you that it knows someone who might be able to help you, and offers to take you there. You accept gladly. Vaulting on to Keeekweeet's back, you ride through a hidden break in the coral reef, over a steep underwater cliff, and down to a patch of sand between a sunken galleon and a huge iron gate that opens into an underwater garden. 'Go through the gate, turn left, don't touch anything!' the Dolphin chatters. 'If you need help, call for me.' It arrows off and vanishes. If you proceed through the gate, turn to **2**. If you would rather look at the sunken ship first, turn to **282**.

241

You display the Silver Pearl that you found. 'Good!' he says. 'The magic of that Pearl cannot be used by you, but it will be very valuable to me. I will give you a choice of three Potions in exchange. Never fear; you can drink them underwater.' You accept gladly. Which Potion do you choose:

Healing Potion?	Turn to **199**
Potion of Fortune?	Turn to **285**
Potion of Vaporous Essence?	Turn to **318**

242

'In exchange for a Black Pearl,' it says, 'I will give you a crystal of ice that will last for ever without melting. With this crystal, you can call upon me once. I will hear your summons, and bear you from any place in the world's waters to any other place.' If you agree to exchange a Black Pearl for this item, turn to **275**. If you would rather keep your Black Pearl, turn to **85**.

243

Do you possess two gold coins? If you do, turn to **157**. If not, you cannot summon the Sea Dragon. Return to **47** and make another choice.

244

You find yourself facing a man-sized fish – or perhaps it is a very fishy-looking man – in a tall plumed hat. He stamps a booted foot, salutes you with his rapier, and moves towards you. What will you do:

Attack him?	Turn to **79**
Ask him what is going on here?	Turn to **335**
Sit down and hope this illusion will vanish?	Turn to **299**

245

You pick your way through clinging, slimy seaweed. A dim light comes from some of the ocean plants, so you can see a little way ahead. The tunnel walls change to jagged rock as you go on, and the tunnel seems to slant slightly downward. Just as you are thinking that it will go on for ever, you come to a heavy wooden door. You pull it open and swim through. You have emerged from the face of a cliff! The door swings closed behind you. You panic for a second, until you realize that you cannot fall. Hanging suspended in the clear water, you look about you. Turn to **53**.

246

You stab the Grouper with your harpoon. It jerks in surprise. Instead of pressing the attack, it flees, taking the harpoon with it. Turn to 340.

247

You knock politely on the door. A high, scratchy voice tells you 'Begone!' The runes on the door flash red, and a pain shoots through your head. Lose 1 STAMINA point. What will you do:

Knock again?	Turn to 153
Leave and go on downstream?	Turn to 162
Force your way inside?	Turn to 307

248

It is a spiral, and shrinks to fit your own finger. As you slip it on, you feel stronger. Restore 2 points to your STAMINA, and raise your *Initial* STAMINA score by 2. You leave the Ogre's cave and swim downstream along the abyss, going slowly upward. Turn to 148.

249

You manage to shake the Crabs off. Quickly, you leave the building and the area. Turn to 389.

250

The poison of the Octopus is very strong. Your magic ring vanishes, and you still lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you also find that the little Octopuses have robbed you! Lose one Provision and any one item from your bag. If you examine the huge coral formation in the distance, turn to 87. If you go in the other direction, turn to 382.

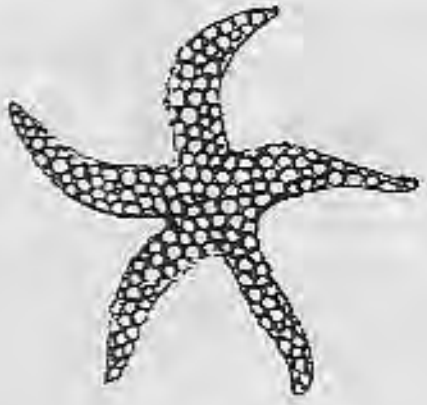

251

You swim down towards the blue glow. It brightens until you can see clearly. You peer through an open door and see a little old MERMAN standing over a work-bench. He is sawing at a piece of wood, but his saw is a silvery Sawfish. Other fish-tools hang on the walls, and the blue glow comes from a brilliant Glowfish that hovers over his head. If you dive through and attack the old Merman, turn to 25. If you talk to him, turn to 57.

252

Fortunately, your feet were firmly planted, and you were not drawn into the heart of the whirlpool. *Test your Luck* once again. If you are Lucky, turn to **239**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **144**.

253

The Kraken makes every other monster you have ever seen look puny. Your only hope comes from the fact that it is not used to opponents as tiny as you.

KRAKEN SKILL 10 STAMINA 30

If you try to Escape, turn to **309**. If you kill the Kraken, turn to **125**.

254

You attack the Sea Hag with your sword. She dodges and hurls curses, waving her withered hands at you. You feel the impact of evil magic. When you fight the Sea Hag, roll one die each time she wins an Attack Round. On a roll of 1 or 2, you lose 2 points of STAMINA in the normal way. On a roll of 3 or 4, you lose 1 point of SKILL instead, and on a roll of 5 or 6, you lose 2 points of LUCK. You can use your own LUCK to increase the effects of your attacks on her, but you may *not* use LUCK to decrease the effects of her curses against you!

SEA HAG SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you try to Escape, turn to **368**. If you kill the Sea Hag, turn to **56**.

255

You find nothing else of interest among the shattered bones. If you go back down to the Elemental and give it a Pearl, turn to **351**. If you forget about your promise and go upward instead, turn to **201**.

256

The SEA OGRE's great hands close about you. Your struggles are useless against its tremendous strength. It tows you down to the cave, drags you to the very back and clouts you on the head! Before you can recover, it has fastened a lattice-work of bars over the back of the cave, imprisoning you there. 'Eat,' it tells you, throwing in a piece of fish. 'Get fat. You be dinner soon.' You can eat the fish (it restores 4 STAMINA points) or put it in your bag as one Provision. What will you do now:

Use the Potion of Vaporous Essence (if you have it)?	Turn to 143
Shout insults and challenge the Ogre to a fair fight?	Turn to 109
Offer the Ogre a bribe to release you?	Turn to 226
Wait and hope the Ogre goes away?	Turn to 77

257

As you are leaving, you notice a huge trapdoor in the floor. The handle is a bronze ring half a metre across! If you try to open it, turn to **90**. If you leave the mausoleum, turn to 23.

258

You fumble in your leather bag and remove the Glowfish. When you release it in the water, it expands into a long, blue-glowing creature. It swims obediently around over your head, lighting up the surroundings. You see that you are in a large coral grotto with a moderately strong current running through it. What will you do:

Swim upstream?	Turn to 384
Swim downstream?	Turn to 221
Try to open the trapdoor and escape?	Turn to 365

259

You swim away as quickly as you can. Not far away you see a small building with only one entrance . . . a door too small for the Dolphin to pass through. You enter and look around. The first thing you see is a large, dark opening in the floor. It appears to be the mouth of a pipe. Despite your best efforts, you are sucked down into the darkness. Turn to 104.

260

You swim upward. It is quite a long way! As you swim, the water grows visibly lighter. You realize that the top of the cliff is a coral reef that actually breaks the surface. If you turn around and swim back towards the sunken city, turn to **64**. If you pull yourself up on the coral reef and see what you can find, turn to 379.

261

You tell Greylock that you would like to avoid the Sea Dragon. 'Stay away from dark places, then,' is his reply. He takes you to the back room of his cottage and opens a trapdoor. 'Go quickly, and fortune be with you!' You lower yourself into the tunnel. Once again you feel the tingling as you pass through his magic bubble; then you are breathing water once again. It is dark, but the wizard gestures with his wand and a Glowfish appears, swimming beside you to light your way. The door closes and the current carries you downstream. Turn to 96.

262

The Elemental wraps itself around you and hurtles through the water. Soon you are at Pirate Cove. The Elemental circles the island, but you see no pirate ships. 'I am sorry, my friend,' the Elemental tells you, 'but I have performed my service and I must leave.' It vanishes. You swim ashore, feeling your gills vanish as you break the surface. You are marooned on a desolate island. Perhaps in the morning you will find a way to get back home. For now, your adventure is over.

263

You feel a thrill of magic. The dagger's handle is marked with runes reading *Swiftstinger*. It is obviously meant to be thrown. If you use Swiftstinger in a combat, turn to 215 to learn its effects. Make a note of that number; do not read it until you decide to use Swiftstinger against a foe. (When you turn to 215, you should also make a note of the paragraph you are currently reading, so that you can return there.) You have no living foes at the moment, so you cannot use Swiftstinger now. Turn to 381.

264

You release the Sawfish. It turns into a large fish with a heavy, toothed bill. Obediently, it swims towards the ship and begins to saw at the planks – but it can make no headway on the smooth surface. It swims away, defeated. Turn to 188, if you want to try another Toolfish; or turn to 47, if you want to try another tactic entirely.

265

A rustle of excitement stirs the court. The king is *very* impressed. 'The Great Crown of Atlantis! We thought it lost to the Mermen!' He consults with an adviser. Soon a serving-tray is brought, with two jewelled arm-bracelets upon it. 'Take these with our thanks, surface-dweller. These bracelets are magical. They will not weigh down your arms, but will increase your prowess.' While you wear them, your Attack Strength is increased by 1. 'Now,' the king asks, 'is there any way we can help you on your quest?' Turn to 296.

266

The sauna baths are luxurious indeed. After a few minutes of relaxation, you feel much better . . . but somewhat strange. As you leave, you catch sight of yourself in the mirror. The Merman was not exaggerating; the baths *did* make a new person of you! Turn to the beginning of this book and re-roll your STAMINA, SKILL and LUCK (Make a note of this paragraph number – 266 – so you can return here when you finish.) Change all your current scores to these new *Initial* scores. You decide to leave the friendly Mermen before something even stranger happens. Turn to 138.

267

If you want to take a lesson, turn to 22. If you decline, saying there must have been some mistake, turn to 317.

268

You pull your sword from the body of the Sea Spider. If you have not already done so, you take a second to slice the giant Clam open and free your foot. Within the opened Clam, you see a large Silver Pearl. You take it and move on. Where will you go:

The captain's cabin	Turn to 40
The treasure-hold	Turn to 192
Away from the ship, towards the gardens	Turn to 2

269

You approach the sunken cathedral and circle it. It is a huge, Gothic structure, complete with gargoyles on the roof. You swim through the front doors and into the great hall. Your attention is immediately caught by the vast stained-glass windows lining the hall. They depict many sorts of scenes – some underwater, some on land and some so odd that you cannot identify them. The curious thing about the windows is this: although the scenes do not move, they *change*. Whenever you look away from a window, it is different when you look back! As you look back and forth, you see a picture of *yourself* in one window, as you were being forced overboard from the pirate ship. A moment later, in another window, you see the same pirate ship from above, being eaten by a giant fish! No . . . as you look closer, you see the 'fish' is an island, and the ship is anchored in a cove that forms the fish's mouth. What will you do now:

Keep watching the miraculous windows?	Turn to 37
Look around the cathedral?	Turn to 339
Leave the cathedral?	Turn to 390

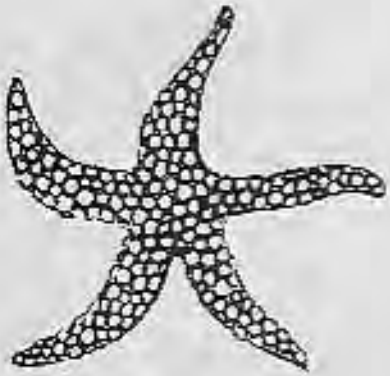

270

The left tunnel leads slightly upward; glowing algae on the brick walls help you see where you are going. As you swim along, the algae get dimmer and dimmer. By the time you come to a door, you can barely see. Opening the door, you are confronted with the horror of two glowing SKELETONS. If you fight them, turn to 75. If you would rather get away from here, turn to 295.

271

The trapdoor opens. Instantly, a whirlpool forms and sucks you down to the darkness below. Turn to 12.

272

You swim past most of the creatures, but a few block your way and surround you. You must fight them. Treat these BLOODWORMS as a single foe:

BLOODWORMS	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

You cannot Escape. If you destroy this small group of Bloodworms, turn to 170.

273

The Dolphin is glad to break off the fight. It lets you go without a parting blow, so you do *not* suffer a wound in Escaping. It swims away, seeming to shake its head as it goes. Blood fills the water. Suddenly, a sixth sense warns you to turn around. A huge sand-coloured SHARK, drawn by the blood in the water, is attacking you! You realize that there is no way you can Escape this monster; you will have to fight. You do not have time to eat Provisions or use Potions before this battle begins.

SHARK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 15

If you kill the Shark, turn to 370.

274

You created two Skeletons. The brigands scatter as your undead servants attack. Many flee, and the survivors are decimated before the Skeletons fall. You are left with five opponents: four pirates and Captain Bloodaxe himself. You must fight them two at a time, starting with the first two. You must fight both at once. Each pirate will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen pirate as in a normal battle. Against the other, even if your Attack Strength is greater, you will not wound him. You must just count this as though you have defended yourself against him. However, if his Attack Strength is greater, he will have wounded you in the normal way. When you slay one, *the next takes his place*, so you will always have two foes before you until there are none left in reserve.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	7	13
Second PIRATE	9	9
Third PIRATE	8	14
Fourth PIRATE	9	12
CAPTAIN BLOODAXE	11	12

You cannot Escape. If you kill all the pirates, turn to 189.

275

You hand it a Pearl. 'Free at last!' it shouts. 'Now I can get my revenge for this captivity!' The steam on the room's floor rises upwards, melting the ice on the ceiling. A dark hole is revealed. The Elemental presents you with the crystal it had promised you. Then it darts away, through the hole in the ceiling. Almost instantly, you hear the sounds of battle. Finally silence comes. If you go up and see what happened, turn to **310**. If you would rather return the way you came, turn to 42.

276

The tunnel rises, and reaches the sea-floor in the midst of a cluster of huge seaweed trees. The Glowfish swims away, its job done. You step out from between the trees and look around. You see a neatly kept clearing. Within the clearing is a very ordinary-looking cottage surrounded by a great iridescent bubble. Inside the bubble you can see ordinary land-dwelling shrubs - and even a cat!

You swim closer and peer through the bubble into a window of the cottage. Inside you can see an old man sitting at a desk. Suddenly he becomes aware of you and looks up. Meeting your eye, he waves you towards the front of the cottage. His attitude is brisk and no-nonsense. If you swim back into the cover of the trees, turn to **322**. If you go around to the front and meet the old man, turn to 135.

277

You have slain the Sea Dragon – a feat worthy of the greatest hero. Night is falling fast, and you know your spell is about to expire. Quickly, you snatch up a handful of gold from the pile of treasure and swim to the surface. As your head breaks water, the sun sets. You feel the magical gills vanish – but you no longer need them. Your timing was perfect!

One of the *Troll*'s boats is bobbing about on the surface. You climb in, make everything shipshape and set course for Port Blacksand. You have destroyed the pirates, and won a few bits of treasure for yourself. Your adventure is over.

278

You open the bottle and drink. The Potion of Vaporous Essence dissolves you and all your possessions. You drift through the chinks in the coral wall and out of the other side. Soon you become solid again, out of the Kraken's view. Turn to 382.

279

The Elemental wraps itself around you and hurtles through the sea. It releases you on a sandy beach, just as the sun sinks. You thank the Elemental and watch it leave. Then you leave the water, feeling your gills vanish as you do. You creep up the beach, towards the sounds of revelry. Unfortunately, you have found the wrong pirate camp! Not one shipload of pirates, but several, are carousing here. As you realize your mistake, the pirates see you. They welcome you in a fashion even less pleasant than Captain Bloodaxe's. Your adventure is over.

280

As the Grouper eyes you, you sheathe your sword and heft the harpoon. The Grouper rushes towards you, its mouth open wide. You dodge skilfully and stab at it with the harpoon. Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your current SKILL, turn to 246. If the result is greater than your current SKILL, turn to 375.

281

You place your back to the wall and swing your sword. You cut down several of the attacking Mermen, but two come to take the place of each one you kill. Eventually, a sharp trident finds your heart. Your journey is over.

282

You approach the sunken ship. The masts are still tall and straight, and a few rags of sail are still waving in the current . . . but a great hole has been torn in one side. You can see movement inside. Something indistinct, but large, is making its home there. If you investigate, turn to 24. If you go elsewhere, turn to 222.

283

The arena seats are long, cold marble benches. A current of water keeps them fairly clean. In the darkness under a bench, you see something gleaming. Cautiously, you probe with your sword. It is a SEA SNAKE! Indeed, there are several of them, regarding you with lidless gazes. If you try to kill them, turn to 122. If you swim up and leave the dome, turn to 3.

284

The king dismisses you abruptly, and the guards seize you and escort you roughly out of the royal presence. Lose 2 LUCK points for your lack of chivalry. The guards toss you out of the front door. Turn to 347.

285

Greylock accepts the Pearl. In return, he brings out a triangular bottle full of green liquid. You may take this Potion of Fortune with you and drink it at any time except during a battle. It will raise your Initial LUCK score by one, and raise your current LUCK score to that new *Initial* value. Turn to 154.

286

Exerting all your strength, you manage to snap the chain of the cursed necklace. It falls down into the depths. You struggle back to the Hag's room. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you leave quickly. Turn to 162.

287

'What do I care about pirates?' it replies. 'They sink ships, and are sunk themselves, to bring more treasure into the sea for me. If every human was a pirate, it would be all the same to me.' It ends its speech with a snap of its great jaws and moves delicately in your direction. The gleam in its eyes looks very much like hunger. Turn to 28 and fight.

288

You call the Dolphin's name and it appears quickly. You explain that you need to be taken to a nearby island. The Dolphin assents. Where will you ask to be taken:

The island of the pirates?	Turn to 177
The fish-shaped island?	Turn to 228
The skull-shaped island?	Turn to 156
Captain Bloodaxe's island?	Turn to 377

289

You will keep your prize or die fighting for it! 'You are foolish, but brave,' rumbles the Statue. Return to **232** and fight to the finish.

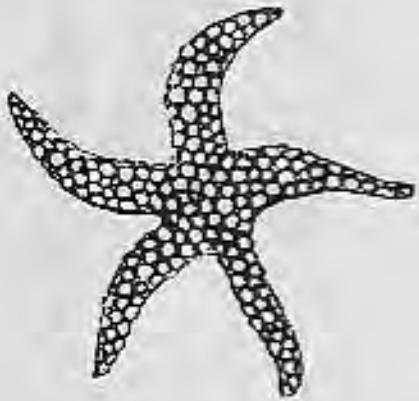

290

You whip out your sword and fight. There are dozens of the small Octopuses. You drive them away, but not before one bites you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 353. If you are Unlucky, turn to 82.

291

As soon as you draw your sword, it flees. You see that you have no hope of catching the wary creature. Lose 2 LUCK points and turn to **65**.

292

Your clinking produces no result, so you try again. There is still no answer. The sun dips lower, and you realize you have forgotten the proper call for the Sea Dragon. Lose 2 LUCK points. Return to **47** and try something else.

293

Swimming your fastest, you dart into the branches of a great seaweed tree. It works! The Lionfish swims angrily round and round the base, roaring mightily, but it cannot or will not pursue you up the tree. Restore 2 LUCK points. Eventually, the Lionfish swims away, baffled. You continue down the path. Turn to 234.

294

The DEVILFISH attacks by lashing with its long barbed tail.

DEVILFISH SKILL 8 STAMINA 13

If you try to Escape, turn to 117. If you kill the Devilfish, turn to 235.

295

You flee madly through the glowing tunnels. Soon you come to the intersection of vertical and horizontal shafts. If you want to explore the tunnel in the other direction, turn to 245. If you would prefer to swim back up and out of the building, turn to 16.

296

You explain that you seek to destroy Captain Bloodaxe and his pirate crew. The Deep Ones agree that this would be a fine thing. They even know of the island where the pirates stay. They don't know what the surface-dwellers call it, but it is shaped somewhat like a fish, and the pirates anchor in a cove that forms the mouth of the fish. You thank them and leave. Turn to 347.

297

Looking more closely at the Sea Anemones, you see that certain small fish live among their tentacles without being harmed, while others stay clear. As you watch, a large fish tries to catch one of the small fish and is itself caught. The fragile pink tentacles wrap around it and sting it. The fish dies almost instantly and is pulled slowly towards the mouth of the Anemone.

With new respect, you back away from the Anemones. Then you notice the bones of a humanoid hand beneath the base of the biggest one. Looking closely, you see the entire skeleton of a Merman, as well as a small wooden chest. This Anemone has caught more than just fish! What will you do:

Leave the house?	Turn to 381
Reach for the chest?	Turn to 19
Drag the chest out with your sword?	Turn to 325
Attack the Anemones?	Turn to 94

298

The Giant Crabs snap up the food, but keep coming towards you, clicking their claws hungrily. Mark off two lost Provisions. If you flee from the Crabs, turn to 32. If you fight them, turn to 219.

299

The swashbuckling fish stamps his foot again and tweaks your nose with his rapier. Lose 1 LUCK point. If you attack him for his impertinence, turn to 79. If you demand an explanation, turn to 335.

300

The Dolphin squeaks back at you, and you find that you can understand its high-pitched chattering. It tells you that it is glad to see humans around, asks you why you don't drown, comments on your sword and asks whether you have seen any tasty-looking fish. You are hard put to answer it, because it talks so fast. Then it interrupts you again, saying, 'Look out! A SHARK! We will fight it together!' It darts off to the left. Indeed, you see that a huge sand-coloured Shark is cruising towards you. If you join the Dolphin in fighting the Shark, turn to 218. If you retire from the scene and let them fight it out, turn to 72.

301

You free yourself and swim away. As you leave, you realize that the Octopuses have stolen one possession (your choice) from your bag. If you examine the huge coral formation in the distance, turn to 87. If you go in the other direction, turn to 382.

302

You swim towards the cathedral. Restore 2 LUCK points for befriending the Sea-horse. Turn to 65.

303

Just as it promised, the Water Elemental will carry you anywhere you ask. If you wish to be taken to the pirate ship, turn to 167. If you do not feel you can defeat the pirates, you can ask to be taken to your home port (turn to 105).

304

Abandoned on the arena floor you find a harpoon. You can add it to your possessions if you like. The arena seems even more huge as you drift to the floor and look about you; you can imagine the combats and spectacles that must have been held here. But the huge stadium is empty now. What will you do:

Leave the way you entered?	Turn to 3
Swim towards the ground-level exits?	Turn to 161
Investigate the seats (if you have not done so already)?	Turn to 283

305

You tell about your search for the pirates who tried to kill you. It listens with sympathy. 'I cannot travel with you,' it says, 'because my duty is to care for the fish around my reef. But you stopped to admire my fish, and you spoke to me politely, so I will help you.' If you ask it for luck, turn to 44. If you ask for advice, turn to 194.

306

You release the Axefish, and it grows quickly into a metre-long creature with a heavy horned beak. It swims to the *Troll*'s hull and begins to chop at the bottom, but the oaken planks resist it. Hearing the noise, two pirates jump over the side to investigate. They see you and swim towards you, knives ready. The Axefish, alarmed, swims away. You must fight the pirates. Fortunately, they are clumsy in the water, while you can fight as skilfully as you ever did on land. Fight them one at a time:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	5	10
Second PIRATE	6	11

You do not try to Escape, because you are so close to your goal. If you kill the pirates, turn to 188 if you want to try another Toolfish, or turn to 47 if you want to try another tactic entirely.

307

You crash through the heavy door. The room is lit by a reddish glow. Facing you is a wizened old SEA HAG. Her warty face is twisted in anger and her hand is upraised to cast a curse at you. What will you do:

Offer her a gift?	Turn to 5
Flee?	Turn to 368
Attack her?	Turn to 254

308

The Elemental wraps itself around you and hurtles through the water. It travels back and forth, and finally pauses, confused. 'There is no such island as that! I cannot let you drown, so I will take you to your port instead.' You cannot argue. Turn to 105.

309

Swimming as fast as you can, you dart for open water . . . to no avail. A tentacle wraps about you and draws you to the huge beak. You are only a morsel to the Kraken. Your journey is over.

310

Cautiously, you inch up the narrow tunnel. You emerge into another room, which is somewhat larger than the Elemental's chamber. The room is a wreck; old bones and broken weapons are everywhere. There is no sign of the Elemental or of the demon that it said it would fight. Within a smashed skull you find 2 Black Pearls. In the ceiling, you see another tunnel leading up. If you follow it upward, turn to 361. If you go back down through the Elemental's chamber and the coral grotto, turn to 42.

311

You are curious and swim towards the creatures. They are large worms, blood-red in colour and as thick as your arm. Though they have no eyes, they sense your presence and move towards you, toothed mouths agape. You must fight them. Treat the whole colony of BLOODWORMS as a single foe:

BLOODWORMS SKILL 6 STAMINA 33

If you try to Escape, turn to 272. If you destroy the Bloodworms, turn to 33.

312

You step across the fissure – and bump your nose on a rough rock wall! The chest was an illusion; there is nothing there at all. You rub your nose and leave the room. Turn to 162.

313

You create a single Skeleton. It scuttles toward the pirates, its rusty sword at the ready. They are frightened . . . but it is only a single opponent and they quickly defeat it. You draw your own sword, but to no avail. The pirates swarm over you, their cutlasses flashing. Your adventure is over.

314

Fight the clump of Anemones as a single opponent:

ANEMONES SKILL 7 STAMINA 14

If you decide to Escape, turn to 237. If you kill the Anemones, turn to 195.

315

You clink the gold coins together as you were told to do, and swim to the sea-bottom to watch. Within a few minutes, you see the huge bulk of the Sea Dragon. It swims straight to the *Troll*. With a few swipes of its mighty claws it tears out the ship's bottom. The *Troll* sinks like a stone, and the greedy Dragon wreaks havoc among the swimming pirates. As you watch, the Dragon opens the ship's hold and gathers all the gold into a pile. Then you hear its deep voice calling you. 'Human! The ship is destroyed. Come out and receive my thanks!' If you go to the Dragon, turn to 36. If you stay in hiding, turn to 140.

316

He offers you your choice of four useful fish: a Sawfish, an Axefish, a Borerfish, and a Glowfish like the one overhead. These are the only fish that he has to spare, and he has only one of each to offer you. You pay him for your choice(s), then leave (turn to 150).

317

'Zounds!' he cries. 'Cyrano never makes a mistake! You may think you are a good swordsman, but you will be better after a lesson from Cyrano!' If you pay for a lesson, turn to 22. If you fight him in earnest, turn to 79.

318

Greylock takes the Pearl from you, and brings out a small phial of ruby-coloured liquid. 'This is the Potion of Vaporous Essence,' he tells you. 'It is very rare and valuable. Use it only in a time of great need. When you drink it, your body, as well as your clothing and possessions, will turn into a thin mist that can float through the smallest crack. After a few minutes, you become solid again.' You thank Greylock. Turn to 154.

319

Roll one die again, and lose that many more points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, you break away and kick madly towards open water! Whatever is in that building, you decide, the Crabs are welcome to keep it. Turn to 389.

320

You search the face of the cliff for more secret doors like the one from which you emerged. You find no doors, but you do see a cavern big enough to admit you. You swim closer – and draw back from the snapping jaws of a huge MORAY EEL. If you enter the cave and attack with your sword, turn to 98. If you flee, turn to 112.

321

The shimmering water forms into a vague human shape, as the voice inside your head tells a sad story. This GHOST was once a sea-captain, slain by treachery when his crew mutinied. He was eaten by fish and his bones were scattered, so he cannot find rest. He asks if you will gather his bones and give him a decent burial. If you help him, turn to 101. If not, turn to 216.

322

You flee through the trees of seaweed. It is almost completely dark. Soon you come to a deep chasm which seems to form one boundary of the forest. You cannot see very far into its depths, but you can feel the cold current that rushes through it. If you swim across the chasm to a small, ruined house on the other side, turn to 172. If you explore the depths, turn to 6.

323

You take the Sawfish from your leather pouch and release it. It grows to a large fish with a toothed bill. It swims up to the trapdoor and works at it, but its blade is useless against the flat surface. After a few minutes, it gives up and swims away, vanishing in the shadows. What will you do now:

Try the Axefish (if you possess it)?	Turn to 134
Use your sword?	Turn to 74
Go downstream?	Turn to 221
Go upstream (if you have not done so already)?	Turn to 384

324

You take the Glowfish out of your pack and release it. It grows in size and swims above you, shedding a blue light. You swim down, examining the steep walls of the abyss. At this depth, you see many strange fish and weird marine growths. Finally, below you, you see a light. You swim towards it until you can make out a cave opening. In front of it are a rude table and bench.

Suddenly, your Glowfish darts away in fright and vanishes in the distance. You look around to see what frightened it. It is a huge SEA OGRE, twice the size of a man. Its huge webbed hands are reaching for you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 52. If you are Unlucky, turn to 256.

325

You probe with your sword. The pink tentacles grope blindly. When they touch the sword, they quiver and then stiffen. The Anemones are angered by the touch of metal! The tentacles wrap around your blade. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 212. If you are Unlucky, turn to 349.

326

Searching the body of the Merman, you find a single Black Pearl, which you drop in your bag. His only other possession of interest is the sharp trident. If you take it, turn to 21. If you leave it, turn to 227.

327

You hold out your empty hands peacefully. The misty Water Elemental lowers its own hand and asks your business. You tell your story. The Elemental is sympathetic, but cannot help you. 'I am a prisoner here, held by the enchantment of the Bone Demon,' it explains. 'I may not leave this room without a Black Pearl; only that will break the spell.' If you have such a Pearl, turn to **115**. If not, turn to **187**.

328

Investigating the shattered Skeletons, you see that each one had eyes of Black Pearl. You drop the 4 Black Pearls into your bag and continue searching. In one corner of the room is a rusty metal box. If you prise the box open, turn to **357**. If you ignore it and leave the room, turn to **374**.

329

The Merman reacts quickly, throwing his own Sawfish at you. While you are fighting it, he escapes. Fight the Sawfish:

SAWFISH	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you Escape, turn to **150**. If you kill the Sawfish, turn to **88**.

330

You pick up the sword, and a shiver runs through your arm. It is cursed, but very powerful for all that. Your *Initial* LUCK score is now reduced by 1, but your Attack Strength will be raised by 1 whenever you use this weapon. Turn to **255**.

331

Brushing away sand and shells, you find a huge trapdoor on the floor. A bronze ring fully half a metre across serves as the handle. If you try to open it, turn to **90**. If you would rather just leave the mausoleum, turn to **23**.

332

If you have the jade crown *and* the Dolphin is still alive, turn to **240**. If you don't have the crown, but the Dolphin is still alive, turn to **151**. If the Dolphin is dead, turn to **350**.

333

As you approach, you see that these are not true humans, but DEEP ONES. Their skin is green and warty, their eyes huge and frog-like. They have gills, webbed fingers and huge claws. They wear jewelled armour. You must fight one and then the other.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEEP ONE	8	10
Second DEEP ONE	7	12

If you Escape, turn to 347. If you win, turn to 136.

334

You tell it of your misfortunes and your desire to return to your home. It does not reply, but chuckles deep in its throat and yawns. A snaky tongue, as big as a rope, flicks out to taste the water near you. It rises and moves delicately toward you, and you realize that you are of interest to it only as a snack. Turn to 28.

335

The strange 'swordsman' introduces himself as Cyrano the Swordfish. 'I am the greatest swordmaster of all the oceans!' he says grandiloquently. 'You must have been sent here for lessons. My fee is 1 Black Pearl, or 2 Gold Pieces. Everyone is the better for a lesson from Cyrano.' If you do not have a Black Pearl or 2 Gold Pieces, turn to 137. If you have the price (whether or not you want to pay it), turn to 267.

336

A wound from a tiny Octopus is very dangerous. Lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you also find that the little Octopuses have robbed you! Lose one Provision and any one item from your bag. If you examine the huge coral formation in the distance, turn to 87. If you go in the other direction, turn to 382.

337

There is no answer. Perhaps he cannot hear you. Lose 1 LUCK point. Return to 77 and make another choice.

338

She looks at your offering with contempt – then pops it into her mouth and eats it! She cackles gleefully. 'Not bad, mortal – but *your* flesh would taste sweeter!' She attacks you. Turn to 254 and fight her.

339

It is a huge building. The coral and seaweed growing everywhere only add to its beauty. If you would like to investigate the towers where you saw the gargoyles, turn to 146. If you would rather explore the interior further, turn to 191.

340

You swim between the huge bronze doors and enter the stone building. The interior, like the exterior, is solid, grey and overgrown with coral. Huge stone crypts line the walls, each with its own statue. Some of the statues are human, while some have fishy features, but all are proud, noble and much the worse for wear. You try to read the inscriptions on the crypts, but they are in a script which is strange to you.

At the far end of the mausoleum you see one statue in somewhat better repair than the others. In its right hand it bears a huge rod, and on its head is a crown. As you approach, you see that the crown is made of green jade, elaborately carved in the form of a chain of leaping dolphins. It is not part of the statue, but is a separate carving. If you lift the crown from the statue's head, turn to 11. If you leave the crown where it is and search the mausoleum for other things of interest, turn to 331.

341

You paddle over to the brick building. It is in very poor repair; one wall is completely down, and the others are cracked and ragged. You enter cautiously. There are no other Giant Crabs, but there are hordes of smaller ones, from the size of a dinner-plate on down. They watch you with their stalked eyes, waving their claws menacingly, as you investigate their home. Suddenly you feel a pain in your leg. One Crab, braver than the rest, has nipped you severely! You smash it with your sword, but it has still cost you 1 STAMINA point. If you search further, turn to 8. If you leave, turn to 389.

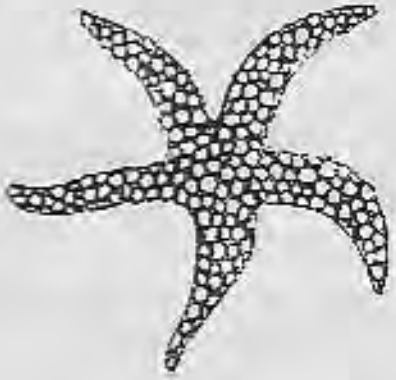

342

You release the Sawfish. It expands, becoming a metre-long fish with a saw-toothed bill. It darts out of the coral and attacks the Kraken. The Kraken lashes frantically at it, but the Sawfish's bill cuts off the first tentacle that reaches for it! The battle rages furiously. At last, all is quiet. There is no sign of your Sawfish, but the Kraken is gravely wounded. It has lost two tentacles, and several more are gashed. If you do battle with the Kraken, remember that this fight has cost it 10 STAMINA points and 2 SKILL points! If you possess another Toolfish, you can release it (turn to 31). If you want to try something different, return to 99.

343

The Elemental is overjoyed by your gift. 'Free at last!' it shouts. 'Now I can get my revenge for this captivity!' The steam on the room's floor rises up and melts the ice on the ceiling. A dark hole is revealed. The Elemental blesses you: increase your *Initial* LUCK score by 1, and raise your LUCK to its new maximum. It also presents you with a shining bit of ice. 'This crystal will not melt,' it tells you. 'You can use it to call upon me once. I will hear your summons and bear you from any place in the world's waters to any other place.' Then it darts away, through the hole in the ceiling. Almost instantly, you hear the sounds of battle. Finally silence comes. If you go up and see what happened, turn to 310. If you would rather return the way you came, turn to 42.

344

Carefully, you stow the bottle in your leather bag. Bidding the Ghost farewell, you swim away in the direction of the large stone building you saw earlier. Turn to 159.

345

As you thread your way through the narrow tunnel, you are cut again. Lose 1 more STAMINA point. The current is strong, and you are fighting it every bit of the way. Abruptly, the tunnel opens into a small cubical room with walls that look like polished stone. Turn to 372.

346

Staying back from the unnatural glow, you turn a corner and head down a darker corridor. The mud on the floor is growing thicker. You see something gleaming on the floor. Swimming down, you pick it up and find that it is a bone . . . from a human arm. You turn to leave, but your path is blocked. A dark figure has emerged from the mud and is standing silhouetted in the doorway. It is a caricature of a woman, formed out of mud. Oozing arms reach out for you. You must fight it.

MUCK DEMON SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

The Muck Demon is clumsy, but she has power over the slime and silt on the floor. It rises in a great cloud, choking and blinding you. For this battle, subtract 3 from your Attack Strength on each round. If you Escape, turn to 41. If you destroy the Muck Demon, turn to 366.

347

You leave the palace of the Deep Ones. To your right is the great sunken ship you saw earlier; to your left is an entrance to the sunken gardens. If you investigate the ship, turn to 282. If you would rather look through the gardens, turn to 2.

348

Your foot falls centimetres away from a huge CLAM, which closes with a clashing sound. What will you do:

Kill the Clam with your sword?	Turn to 97
Look for the captain's cabin?	Turn to 40
Look for the treasure-hold?	Turn to 192

349

The tentacles are much stronger than you would have expected. Before you can react, they tighten and pull your sword from your hand! You will not be able to recover it unless you kill the Anemones. If you possess another weapon, you may use it. If you have no other weapon, you must fight bare-handed: subtract 3 from your Attack Strength each round. (This holds true for *all* combats until you can find a weapon.) If you attack the Anemones, turn to 94. If you abandon your sword and leave, turn to 381.

350

Looking at the Dolphin's body, you feel sorrow. It had tried to help you, and it fought nobly. The blood in the water is drawing scavengers, and you are afraid that more Sharks will appear. You look around you for a shark-proof hiding-place. Not far away you see a small building with only one entrance . . . a door too small for a Shark to pass through. You enter and look around. The first thing you see is a large, dark opening in the floor. It appears to be the mouth of a pipe. Despite your best efforts, you are sucked down into darkness. Turn to 104.

351

You swim back down the tunnel. The Elemental is overjoyed at your survival and your gift. 'Free at last!' it exults. Happily, it presents you with a bit of ice. 'This crystal will not melt,' it tells you. 'You can use it to call upon me once. I will hear your summons and bear you from any place in the world's waters to any other place.' Then it shimmers and flows up through the hole in the ceiling. If you follow it up, turn to 120. If you go back out through the coral passageway, turn to 42.

352

It replies, 'I have all the magic that I need . . . but *you* need all the magic you can get. Black Pearls are magical wealth, and will bring you more wealth. If you have a goodly pouch of Pearls now, 'twere best you confronted your foes quickly, ere night falls. If you require more Pearls, you may brave the Kraken's lair, but 'tis an undertaking most fell.' With that, the Water Sprite vanishes. If you think you are ready to find and confront the pirates, turn to 382. If you are not yet ready, you can swim towards the coral formation the Sprite indicated as the Kraken's lair. Turn to 87.

353

The bite is painful but not serious. Lose 1 STAMINA point. As you leave, you find that the little Octopuses have robbed you! Lose one Provision and any one item from your bag. If you examine the huge coral formation in the distance, turn to 87. If you go in the other direction, turn to 382.

354

You fall terrified on your knees before the Bone Demon. It chuckles with a grating sound and moves towards you. Dropping its weapons, it picks you up and stares into your eyes. You feel numb and chilled. Then, holding you tight with two hands, it uses the claws of the third to strip the flesh from your living bones. When it is finished with you, it takes the Pearls from its crown and sets them in your eye-sockets. You are now an undead servant of the Bone Demon.

355

You swim out of the door. As you cross the threshold, the room whirls around you and you find yourself back on the ocean floor, in a patch of rocks and rotted timbers. Turn to 111.

356

They take everything you have except a single weapon, force you back down the cavern and thrust you through a heavy iron-bound door. As they bar it behind you, you hear their leader's voice: 'Die, trespassing fool!' Ahead of you is a faint glow to guide you. Turn to 43.

357

By hammering the box against the walls, you manage to loosen the rusty hinges. A green fog seeps out from the cracks in the box, and a choking smell assaults your new gills. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to cast the box away from you. If you are Unlucky, you inhale some of the green matter, and lose 3 points of STAMINA. In any event, if you are still alive, you leave the room as quickly as you can. Turn to 374.

358

If you have learned the magic word that activates the pearls, spell that word backwards and turn to the paragraph it indicates. If you have not learned that magic word, the Pearls are of no use to you. Turn back to 47 and choose again.

359

The path winds between more seaweed and coral displays. Soon you come to a small clearing. In the middle of the clearing is a marble fountain . . . but instead of shooting water, the fountain releases a constant stream of fine bubbles which drift to the surface, far above. Within the bowl of the fountain you can see something glittering. If you pick it up, turn to 209. If you ignore the fountain and go on, turn to 20.

360

The bottle is made of green glass, with a lead seal inscribed with strange runes. When you pick it up, the Ghost becomes agitated. 'Be careful!' he says. 'I sense very strong magic! There is great reward here, but there is great danger, too!' If you feel lucky enough to open the bottle, turn to 184. If you abandon the bottle and swim away to investigate the stone building you saw earlier, turn to 159.

361

The dark chimney tunnel winds around and then opens on to the sea-floor. You emerge from a small hole not far from the mausoleum door. Its duty done, the Glowfish swims away. Turn to 23.

362

You remove the Sawfish from your bag and release it. It quickly grows into a large fish with a toothy bill. It swims towards the bars and attacks them, soon cutting them to fragments. Its job done, it swims off into the darkness. As you hurry from the cave, you find an ordinary sword, which you may take, if you like. You swim out of the cave and downstream, along the abyss. Turn to 148.

363

After a little while you decide you must have taken a wrong turning. You are over a dark chasm, with a dim glow visible at the bottom. Could that be your goal? Turn to 6.

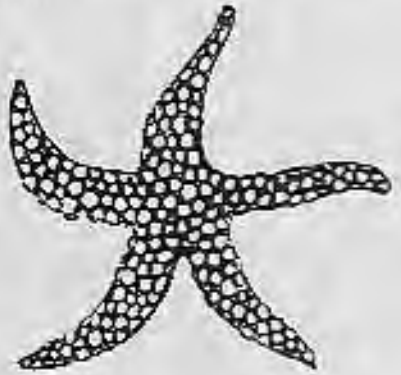

364

You reach into your bag and draw out a Provision. When you offer it to the Water Sprite, it bows solemnly – and throws the food to the fish! They gobble it greedily. The Water Sprite laughs and vanishes. When you next look into your bag, though, you will find that you have three *more* Provisions than you did before you offered one to the Sprite. You leave the reef. If you swim towards a larger coral formation in the distance, turn to 87. If you go in the other direction, towards an area of rocks and sunken timbers, turn to 111.

365

You swim back up to the trapdoor and shove at it with all your might, to no avail. You realize that bare hands will be useless for this task. What will you use against the heavy wooden door:

Your sword?	Turn to 74
The Axefish (if you possess it)?	Turn to 134
The Sawfish (if you possess it)?	Turn to 323

366

The Muck Demon collapses into a heap of slime. Stirring through it gingerly, you find a colourless jewel. Restore 3 LUCK points. You leave the room and swim towards the blue glow you saw earlier. Turn to **251**.

367

The next window shows a strange-looking man holding a rapier. You swim closer to see what is so odd about him. Suddenly the window seems to expand around you and you realize you are being drawn into the scene! Turn to 244.

368

You panic, spin around and flee down the hall. Behind you, the Hag laughs evilly. You feel dizzy as her parting curse strikes you. Lose 2 LUCK points. Turn to **162**.

369

As you explore the wreck, the sun sets. Your magic gills shrink and vanish! Your next breath of water turns cold in your lungs. You gasp and choke. The surface is far above you . . . too far. Your adventure is over.

370

You knock out one of its huge teeth for a souvenir. The blood in the water is drawing scavengers, and you are afraid that more Sharks will appear. You look around for a shark-proof hiding-place. Not far away you see a small building with only one entrance . . . a door too small for a Shark to pass through. You enter and look around. The first thing you see is a large, dark opening in the floor. It appears to be the mouth of a pipe. Despite your best efforts, you are sucked down into darkness. Turn to **104**.

371

You pull your sword from the body of the Sea Spider and move on. Where will you go:

The captain's cabin?	Turn to 40
The treasure-hold?	Turn to **192**
Away from the ship, towards the gardens?	Turn to 2

372

You are in a small, cubical room. The roof appears to be made of ice; the floor is invisible beneath a layer of bubbling steam. Nervously, you paddle between the two; you know you are in the presence of strong magic.

In the centre of the room is a misty-looking humanoid figure, clad in a loincloth of seaweed. The strong current of water is coming directly from its body. The WATER ELEMENTAL looks angry at your intrusion and lifts a hand threateningly. What will you do:

Attempt to parley?	Turn to 327
Flee back down the coral tunnel?	Turn to 58
Attack with your sword?	Turn to 210

373

Black Pearls are very valuable, and the Merman will gladly trade you a tool for one. If you choose to give him Black Pearls, turn to 316 and choose one fish for each Black Pearl you trade. If you do not like this price, turn back to 57 and make a different offer, or turn to 150 and leave.

374

If you want to explore the tunnel in the other direction, turn to **245**. If you would prefer to swim back up and out of the building, turn to **16**.

375

You stab the Grouper with the harpoon, and it flees in terror. Unfortunately, your hand is caught in the harpoon's leather strap, and you are taken for a ride! The Grouper flees through a hole in the coral reef and over a cliff into deeper water. There are more buildings below you. At last you manage to free your hand. The Grouper swims off, taking the harpoon with it. Turn to **64**.

376

He sketches a frame in the air around you and studies you as though you were a picture in a gallery, muttering to himself. 'Bravery alone will do you no good,' he states. 'Cunning will bring victory. Bravery and cunning together will make your fortune.' He studies you further. 'Have you any Black Pearls?' he asks. If your answer is 'Yes', turn to 175. If it is 'No', turn to **67**.

377

The Dolphin chatters in puzzlement. It has never heard of any such island! It offers to help you home instead. Exhausted, you accept. As sunset comes and your gills vanish, you find yourself riding a Dolphin across the waves towards Port Blacksand . . . a strange ending for your adventure. You did not find the pirates, but you have your life.

378

You swim as fast as you can for the opening in the ceiling. But it is not good enough. A rusty spear jabs into your back and drags you down. You feel skeletal hands, inhumanly strong, clutching you and pulling you toward those teeth. You try to use your sword, but it is wrenched from your grasp. Then the Bone Demon begins to eat you, feet first. Your adventure is over.

379

Carefully, you pick your way on to the land. It is a small island, composed entirely of brilliant white sand. Nothing is visible around you except for a few similar islands set in a great expanse of sapphire ocean. The heat is oppressive. Turning, you dive back into the ocean. But the spell that protected you has disappeared, and your gills are gone. Your first breath of water is your last. You thrash, choke, and drift slowly toward the bottom of the sea . . .

380

The Sea-horse throws you. You cannot fall, thanks to the water around you, but you are still somewhat shaken by the wild ride. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You head on towards the cathedral in the distance. Turn to 65.

381

You leave the Anemone house, swimming out through the hole in the roof. Ahead of you is the dark chasm. It looks forbidding, but you see nothing else of interest. Turn to 6.

382

The sun is setting, and you know you are running out of time. If you possess an unmelting crystal of ice, turn to 303. If not, turn to 61.

383

You fight the Ogre. It has no weapons, but strikes at you with its huge, slimy fists. It is double your height and very strong.

SEA OGRE SKILL 7 STAMINA 18

You cannot Escape. If the Ogre reduces your STAMINA to 2, turn to 256. If you kill the Sea Ogre, turn to 163.

384

As you swim upstream, the coral grotto narrows until it becomes a tight passageway. You brush against one wall and are cut by a sharp branch of coral. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Ahead of you you can see that the tunnel narrows still further. If you press ahead, turn to 345. If you turn back, turn to 197.

385

The tunnel enters a large cavern. The walls have been cut and faceted to bring out the beauty of the rock. Little niches contain glittering crystals, attractive plants or anemones, and other undersea curiosities. You swim along, admiring the exhibits. Then you see a MERMAN swimming towards you, barbed trident at the ready. If you draw your sword and attack him, turn to 69. If you talk to him, turn to 190.

386

Wary of a trick, you continue fighting. Soon you give the Water Elemental its death-blow. It vanishes and the current of water stops. You search the little room, but it is entirely bare. Carefully, you return the way you came, but you still lose 1 STAMINA point to the sharp coral branches. If you are still alive, turn to 197.

387

You draw your sword and slash at the Dolphin. It attacks you in turn – not by biting, but by ramming with its hard beak. It is a formidable opponent.

DOLPHIN SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

If you Escape, turn to 273. If you kill the Dolphin, turn to 133.

388

If you took the necklace from the Sea Hag, turn to 106. If you did not take it, turn to 312.

389

You swim away from the building. Which way will you go:

Towards a distant sunken cathedral?	Turn to 269
Towards a gleaming coral reef?	Turn to 160
Towards a cliff with a dark cave at its base?	Turn to 62

390

You leave, swimming out over the great stone steps and into an area littered with huge boulders. In the distance, you can see a coral reef. Turn to 160.

391

'But I don't have 2 Gold Pieces,' you say. 'Can I borrow them from you for a little while?' The Dragon roars a refusal and curls tightly around its hoard. You should have known better than to ask a Dragon to part with gold, even for a moment. Seeing light towards the back of the cavern, you swim hastily in that direction, out of a narrow tunnel and up towards the light. Turn to 202.

392

You cannot find a way out of the Ogre's prison, though you exhaust your strength in the attempt. Eventually the spell wears off: your gills vanish and you drown. The Ogre is surprised when he returns and finds you dead, but he eats you anyway.

393

'That's very unfortunate,' sighs Greylock. 'Never mind.' Turn to **154**.

394

Holding the ice crystal, you call for the Water Elemental. The crystal vibrates and dissolves. A few moments later, in a rush of water, the Elemental appears. 'This is very poetic, my friend!' it says in its watery voice. 'You delivered me from imprisonment, and I can now do the same for you.' It flows inside the logs that bar your way and changes its form to ice. The bars shatter and you are free. You thank the Elemental, and it flows away and is gone. As you hurry from the cave, you find an ordinary sword, which you may take if you like. You swim out of the cave and downstream, along the abyss. Turn to **148**.

395

The tunnel divides once again, narrowing somewhat as it does so. If you take the right-hand fork, turn to **96**. If you go left, turn to **276**.

396

You swim away from it, down the path, but it is faster. It swipes at you with a clawed fin and you lose 1 STAMINA point. Turn to **73** and fight.

397

You toss it away and swim towards the stone building you saw earlier. Turn to **159**.

398

You follow the stairs upwards, feeling very light and agile. At the top of the stairs, the doorway is open; the door has long since rotted. The room is littered with shells and seaweed. A silvery shape moves toward you . . . then another and another. The room is the lair of three BARRACUDAS! These silvery fish are as long as a man, but very slender: they seem to be all eyes and teeth. They circle you greedily. You must fight them. With your back to the doorway, you can meet them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BARRACUDA	6	4
Second BARRACUDA	6	6
Third BARRACUDA	5	6

They are much faster than you, so you cannot even try to Escape. If you kill the Barracudas, you will find 4 Gold Pieces amid the litter on the floor. If you swim out of one of the tower windows and explore elsewhere, turn to 16. If you go back down and explore the tunnel, turn to 233.

399

You agree to kiss the princess. With great pomp and ceremony, the fishy courtiers escort you upstairs. On a soft bed of moss lies the princess, asleep. Her eyes are like pearls, her skin like jade, her fingers like trailing seaweed. She is very beautiful to the Deep Ones, which means that *you* find her exceptionally hideous! The courtiers crowd around expectantly. If you kiss her anyway, turn to 60. If you refuse, turn to 224.

400

The meat tastes delicious. Restore 4 STAMINA points. One of the Crab's claws has not been broken open; you may take it with you. If you eat it, it will count as one Provision. If you investigate the brick building now, turn to 341. If you leave, turn to 389.

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Two dice, a pencil and an eraser are all you need. You have a choice of warrior skills which will affect the outcome of your mission. There are Honour points to be won and lost. YOU decide which route to follow, which dangers to risk and which monsters to fight!

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1986
Reprinted 1986 (twice), 1987 (twice), 1988

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Text copyright © Mark Smith and Jamie Thompson, 1986
Illustrations copyright © Alan Langford, 1986
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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading

Typeset in Garamond Paloma by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a backpack containing Provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You are a Samurai, always prepared for any heroic mission.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 16–17 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight an opponent of some sort. Battles are conducted as follows.

First record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each opponent are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is your opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).

6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either your opponent's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Opponent

Sometimes you will find yourself under attack from more than one person or creature. When this happens, each will make a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which one you will fight. Attack your chosen target as in normal battle. Against the other, you must throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but even if your Attack Strength is greater you will not inflict a wound. Just count this as though you have parried an incoming blow. However, if your Attack Strength is lower, you will have been wounded in the normal way.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on an opponent you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound your opponent has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded your opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to your opponent's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the

normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If your opponent has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a battle. The text will not tell you when you can do this: it is up to you. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value, unless specially instructed by the text.

SPECIAL RULES

As a Samurai, there are certain skills at which you may be expert. Depending on which skill you choose, you will be told in the text when you can use it, or else the skill will effect combat in some way. Choose *one* skill from the following list.

Kyujutsu (Archery)

This skill allows you to start with the Samurai bow and a set of twelve arrows, consisting of three willow-leaf arrows (2 STAMINA damage), three bowel-rakers (3 STAMINA damage), three armour-piercers (2 STAMINA damage, but required for use against certain opponents) and three humming bulbs (1 STAMINA damage, but makes a frightening noise). You must keep a record of the number and type of your arrows on your *Adventure Sheet*. When you are asked if you wish to fire an arrow, choose the arrow you wish to use and cross it off your list. Sometimes you may be lucky enough to regain an arrow or find some more. To see whether or not you hit a target, you will have to roll a number on two dice less than your SKILL. You will be told when to use an armour-piercer or a humming bulb.

Iaijutsu (Fast draw)

This skill enables you to draw your sword and strike all in one fast motion. This means that you will

always hit your enemy, no matter what his SKILL rating, *in the first round of combat only*, doing 3 STAMINA points of damage.

Karumijutsu (Heroic leaping)

This enables you to make fantastic leaps and acrobatic jumps. You will be told when you can use this.

Ni-to-Kenjutsu

This is the skill of fighting with two swords, the wakizashi (shortsword) and the katana (longsword). All Samurai carry both swords, but not all have this special skill at using them simultaneously. With this skill, if you attack an opponent and roll 9 or more, you may make another attack, before your enemy has the chance to fight back. (If you roll 9 or more on your second throw you *cannot* have yet another attack!)

Honour Points

As a Samurai of the Shogun of Hachiman, you are bound by giri (duty) and Honour. You begin the adventure with 3 Honour points. Certain actions will increase Honour, others reduce it. If your Honour is ever reduced to 0, turn to paragraph 99, no matter what you are doing at the time. Also, your Honour will have a bearing on whether or not you can do certain things in the adventure.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

NOTES

HONOUR

PROVISIONS REMAINING

SPECIAL SKILL

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

The world of Titan has three main continents – Allansia, Khakabad and Khul, the Dark Continent. It is on the eastern coast of Khul that the land of Hachiman lies; the sea on one side and mountains on all the others cut Hachiman off from the rest of the continent.

The capital of Hachiman is Konichi and its ruler is Kihei Hasekawa, the Shogun. You are a young Samurai, the Shogun's champion, and said by many to be Kensei or 'Sword Saint'. You have faithfully followed Bushido, the Way of the Warrior, and are a master of Kenjutsu, the Way of the Sword.

One day the Shogun summons you to his presence and tells you a dreadful tale:

'Hachiman is in grave danger. My control is slipping – some lords are seeking to break away and declare their estates independent; others have already done so, and plot against me. Bandits roam the land freely and barbarian invaders have begun to raid across our borders, knowing that Hachiman is weak. All this because the Dai-Katana, the great sword Singing Death, has been stolen from me.'

Singing Death is a wondrous sword, said to bestow great powers on its keeper, and to be the soul of Hachiman. 'He who wields Singing Death and uncovers the secret of the sword will rule Hachiman,' the Shogun continues. 'Many lords say I now have no right to rule; some seek to take the sword for themselves, others have already changed their allegiance to he who now holds the sword. And no keeper could be worse; it is Ikiru, Master of Shadows, that soulless dog who cowers in his mountain fastness, Onikaru, the Pit of Demons. Now that he has the sword, Bakemono-Sho and Shikome are flocking to his banners, and he summons forth Shura, warrior ghosts, from the pit to aid him. Soon, if he uncovers the secret of the sword, he will overrun our beautiful land of cherry blossoms.

'You have senki, war spirit, and to you I entrust this mission. Go, my champion, to Onikaru, slay Ikiru and bring me Singing Death. It will not be easy. To slay Ikiru and to defeat his infernal allies you will have to uncover the secret of Singing Death. I cannot tell you the secret, for it is written that he who freely reveals it will be damned for ever to the nether regions, and Singing Death will disappear from the world of men. You will have to solve the puzzle yourself. I will pray to the Kami of the Heavens for your success, and may Hotei god of luck smile on you. Here, take this, the Seal of the Shogun. It will give you safe passage through those areas still loyal to me.'

Turn to 1.

1

You gather your weapons, your katana (longsword) and wakizashi (shortsword), your battle armour and Provisions. The guards salute you as you leave the main gate of Konichi. You follow the road north through the beautiful countryside surrounding the capital; soon you come to a fork in the road. Will you go west and north, to the Forest of Shadows, Hagakure Bridge and on to the Shios'ii Mountains (turn to **10**), or east, to the ford, through the Mizokumo Fens and thence to the mountains (turn to **29**)?

2

'Well, man-thing, here is the first riddle:

In marble halls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal-clear,
A golden apple doth appear;
No doors are there to this stronghold
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.'

The Tatsu stares at you in greedy anticipation. When you think you have the answer, take each letter of the answer (don't count words such as 'a' or

'the'), convert it to its corresponding number in the alphabet (i.e. a number from 1 to 26), add them together and turn to that paragraph number.

So, if the answer was 'fire' (which it isn't!), you would turn to 38.

F I R E
6 + 9 + 18 + 5 = 38

If the paragraph you turn to is the wrong one (it won't make sense!), turn to **26**.

3

The yellow eyes of the nearest monster show a gleam of intelligence as you bow in surrender. It reaches for your sword, which you decide to give it, since you still have your shorter wakizashi. The monster then motions you to cross over the ford. Your katana is the sword with which you are most skilful. Subtract 1 from your SKILL until you find another katana, or Singing Death itself. You cross the ford. Turn to 245.

4

You hurtle down the stairs as fast as you can. You can hear the guards behind you, but their footfalls stop at the top of the stairs. A laugh echoes down the stairs, as does the voice of another: 'We shall never see that one again. The Mukade will see to that!' You run on, knowing you cannot go back: you will have to face whatever lies ahead. At the bottom of the stairs a dank, rough-cut tunnel runs into

blackness ahead. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 16. If you are Unlucky, turn to 38.

5

Suspicious of whatever caused the old charcoal-burner's death, you skirt the perimeter of the village, but all looks normal and peaceful. Peasants go about their business, mostly returning home as dusk falls. Some of the older villagers are gathering outside the headman's house. Will you ask one of the peasants for hospitality (turn to 71), or join the elders at the headman's house (turn to 319)?

6

It is an easy matter to bury yourself in the hay without the driver noticing. Soon you can hear the guards questioning him and then the sound of the great oak doors rumbling open. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 14. If you are Unlucky, turn to **28**.

7

Shielding your head with your wakizashi, you give ground as a storm of flaming brands sizzle through the air. One catches on the fastening of your lacquered armour, burning you badly (lose 2 STAMINA points). If you are still alive, you utter a blood-curdling cry of rage and lop off the fire-wielder's head with one clean sweep of your katana. You charge the rest, but they scatter into the woods. You beat out the flames that are threatening to consume

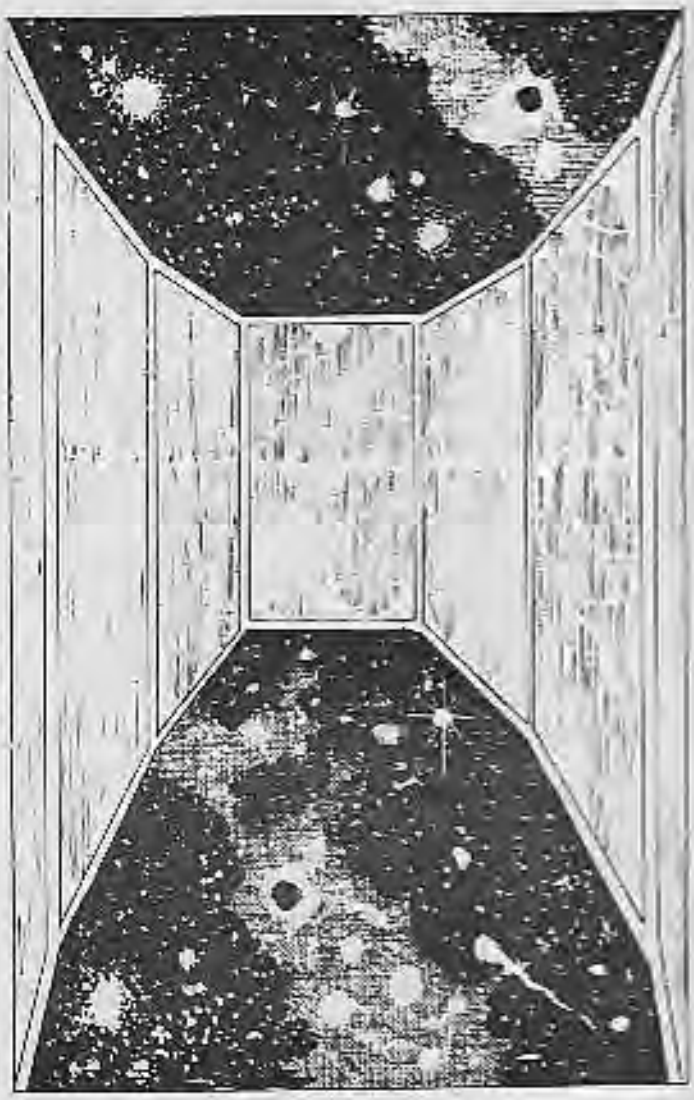

you. You have defended the Shogun's honour and you may add 1 to your own Honour score before continuing on your way. Turn to 195.

8

You are slowly working your way up the mountainside when a tingling sensation, like an itch on your brain, causes you to pull up short. You look up, and suddenly an imposing figure stands before you. Dressed in fine robes and armour of silver and gold, it is a tall, muscular man-like being. Its face is handsome to look upon, clean and pure; but it is the purity of complete evil. Its eyes burn with violet flame and its whole being radiates power and malice. It is a Dai-Oni, or greater demon.

'So, mortal, you would seek entry to the domain of Ikiru, Master of Shadows?' it says, its words resonant with strength. 'To do so, you must defeat me in the Tourney of the Planes.' Then the Dai-Oni begins to fade, laughing maniacally, the laughter echoing like thunder all around you.

Suddenly you find yourself in open space. In every direction stretch the endless stars, and your mind reels as you try to take it all in. Then your vision fixes on the doors, bringing you back from the edge of madness. You are surrounded by eight doors, one in each of the walls of an octagonal room; but the walls, ceiling and floor are transparent.

Then the voice of the Dai-Oni fills your head. 'This place is called the Hub. Behind each door lies some

powerful beast. You must try to win as many of these creatures over to your cause as you can. They will then aid you in battle. For, when you are ready, you will have to face me and my allies in a struggle to the death at the Place of Battle. If, somehow, you should triumph, then you may enter the Pit of Demons and there meet your fate at the hands of Ikiru. So let it begin, and may fortune desert you and the blight of a thousand sores be visited upon you.' The voice fades. It seems you have no choice but to play the Tourney of the Planes. Each door is labelled. Which door will you go through first:

The Pinnacle of Ultimate Height?	Turn to 30
The Elder Plains?	Turn to 68
The Mountain of Ineffable Holiness?	Turn to 66
The Endless Sands of Akhon?	Turn to 78
The Swamps of Primordial Mire?	Turn to 98
The Eternal Tower?	Turn to 110
The Enchanted Wood?	Turn to 126
The Place of Battle?	Turn to 138

9

Flailing wildly, you fight your way to the village's edge and then run into the darkness. The Rokuro-Kubi that remain intact after the savage beating inflicted on them decide to let you go. You have survived the Village of the Undead. Add 1 to your LUCK and turn to 397.

10

You journey on through the lands of Hachiman. Wherever you pass, people bow with respect, recognizing either the Shogun's champion or the Shogun's seal. This close to Konichi the land is as it ever was, peaceful and happy. After a few days, habitations become more sparse. You are travelling through the domain of Lord Tsietsin when you notice a plume of smoke on the horizon. As you draw near, you can see it is a burning village. You shake your head sorrowfully at the state Hachiman is in, when raiders can strike into the heart of one of the lords' territories. A dusty track leads from the road to the village. Will you investigate the village (turn to 34), or decide your mission is too important and press on (turn to 24)?

11

You tell the elders that you have left some belongings outside the village and that you will return with them shortly, but they seem unwilling to let you go. You end up forcing your way past them and walking behind some houses to avoid their prying eyes. When out of sight you make for the village's end. Turn to 15.

12

'So,' the Tatsu thunders, 'you have managed to get as far as the Tourney of the Planes, mortal! Well done! I have decided to help you in your battle against the Dai-Oni, for I too wish to see Ikiru, Master of Shadows, slain. When you step through the portal to the Place of Battle, I shall be there to fight for you.' With that it flies away. You can do nothing more, so you step back through the door behind you, and find yourself back at the Hub, surrounded by stars. Note down that you have won over the Tatsu to your cause before returning to 8 and choosing another option. Do not choose an option you have already tried.

13

Three of the scaly green monsters attack you at once, rushing the mound to try to sweep you off it with their webbed claws. You must give battle.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KAPPA	8	14
Second KAPPA	8	12
Third KAPPA	7	13

If you reduce one of the Kappa to 4 STAMINA points or less, turn to 31.

14

The cart is driven into the stable. The driver stomps away, muttering something about a parched throat after a long journey, and you quietly climb down to the stable floor. Across the castle courtyard is a

square stone keep, with pagoda-like roofs and carved gables, the palace of Lord Tsietsin. But it is the two palace guards flanking the doors that really draw your attention. They are Shikome, vile humanoid beings, but hairy as apes, and with claws, fangs and horrible snouted faces. They are dressed in dirty and tattered imitations of Samurai armour, although their weapons seem in excellent condition. The presence of Shikome can only mean that Tsietsin is in league with Ikiru, Master of Shadows. Tsietsin will be in the palace, and it seems even more important than before to slay him.

When it is late evening, you decide to act. If you have the skill of Kyujutsu, you can try to kill both the guards as swiftly as possible with two single bow-shots (turn to 46). If you cannot, or do not wish to use this skill, you can walk casually towards them and then suddenly attack (turn to 64), walk forward and say you have an important message for Lord Tsietsin (turn to 84), or simply stride forward as authoritatively as possible, salute and walk into the palace as if they were not there (turn to 100).

15

You head hastily in the opposite direction to that by which you entered the village. Nobody appears to notice you leave and you begin to breathe easier – there was something unnatural about the villagers. Suddenly you catch sight of the old charcoal-burner who brought you to the village. You thought him quite dead, having left his unbreathing corpse at the other edge of the village, yet here he is grinning at you from behind a wall. You step forward, unable to believe your eyes – but then stop as his head sails up into the night air. It has completely detached itself from his body. With a thrill of horror you realize that this is an undead being, a Rokuro-Kubi, whose heads detach themselves at night in order to hunt. It spits black gobbets of poison which hiss and smoke as they spatter against your face. You are in agony. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You must fight the Rokuro-Kubi as it flies through the air snapping viciously.

ROKURO-KUBI SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 153.

16

There is a sudden crack, as loud as thunder, and a rusted iron portcullis slams down behind you, where you had been an instant ago. There is no return now in any case, and you press on. A fetid odour reaches your nostrils and, up ahead, a milky luminescence glows as you draw near. Turn to 50.

17

The journey to the Spider Fens across open lawless territory takes three days, during which you take the bare minimum of rest, not wishing to be caught out in the open by mounted Samurai in the service of Ikiru, Master of Shadows. The air seems unnaturally chill as you enter the dreaded Spider Fens, but you console yourself with the thought that taking this route will allow you to penetrate deep within Ikiru's territory before he knows of your presence. A paved road stretches into the delta, running north in the right direction for you. It runs on a dyke surrounded by lakes and marshes on either side. At last the fog comes down and you can see no further than a few cracked flagstones ahead. At length you come to a junction. The paved road veers north-east into the fog. A well-trodden path leads north past a signpost saying 'The Well of Souls', and another dyke leads along the edge of a mist-covered lake to the west. If you have a map showing the route to a scarlet pagoda, turn to 107. If not, will you head north (turn to 285), west (turn to 125) or north-east (turn to 249)?

18

You race up the stairs and burst into a small guardroom. A single soldier stares at you in surprise. You dart past him into the corridors of the palace, but the alarm has been raised now. You lead them a merry chase, but there is no escape from Tsietsin's castle, not with all his men after you. At last you are caught and, although you fight bravely, you are overwhelmed and hacked into pieces.

19

The Tatsu seems disappointed. 'An egg. Yes, that is right, man-thing.' Then it brightens, the look of greed coming back into its eyes. 'But can you succeed again, sharp-witted mortal?

> When one does not know what it is,
> Then it is something;
> But when one knows what it is,
> Then it is nothing.'

Again, when you think you have the answer, take each letter of the answer, convert it to its corresponding number in the alphabet, add them together and turn to that paragraph number. If the paragraph you turn to is the wrong one, turn to 26.

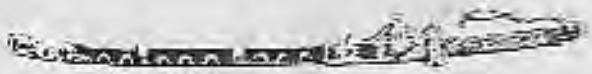

20

The gaoler utters a grunt of annoyance. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 282. If you are Unlucky, turn to 296.

21

The humming-bulb arrow speeds to its mark in the chest of one of the monsters, but the whining shriek it makes as it flies through the air has no effect on them. The other rakes you with a webbed claw, then body-checks you as you struggle away from the frothing white water at the edge of the pier of rock. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You are sent slipping and sliding to the very brink of disaster as it moves in to attack again. You cannot find your balance, and so you decide to commit yourself to the hidden mystery of the frothing white water below the ford. Turn to 49.

22

Eleanor steps forward and unleashes a crackling bolt of blue energy from her hands. It strikes Gargantus in the face and his ruby eyes explode like coloured glass. Gargantus utters a thunderous roar of pain, before toppling to the ground, inert, merely a statue of bronze now.

Eleanor turns to you and says. 'I have paid my debt to you now, and must leave. Good luck, warrior.' She gestures and fades away, back to wherever she came from.

The Dai-Oni speaks: 'You have done well, mortal, but now I shall kill you.' It advances, wielding a massive spiked iron club, a Tetsubo. If you still have the Ki-Rin as an ally, you may send it against the Dai-Oni (turn to 394). Otherwise, you will have to fight the Dai-Oni alone (turn to 292).

23

Shielding your head with your wakizashi, you give ground as a storm of flaming brands sizzle through the air. One catches in the fastening of your lacquered armour and another dislodges your helmet. You are burnt badly and almost concussed (lose 5 STAMINA points). If you are still alive, you give vent to a blood-curdling cry of rage and lop off the fire-wielder's head with one clean sweep of your

katana. You charge the rest, but they scatter into the woods; you stop to beat out the flames that are threatening to consume you. You have defended the Shogun's honour and you may add 1 to your own Honour score before continuing on your way. Turn to 195.

24

You walk on. Soon the village fades from view as you pass through the rolling fields of farmlands. The main road curves past a low hill, and when you round it, you see a fortified castle some way from the road. You recognize the flag of Lord Tsietsin, the local daimyo or baron, fluttering above the towered ramparts. If you have already met some of Lord Tsietsin's men, turn to 314. If you have not, turn to 326.

25

You sink twenty feet below the chill surface of the pool beneath the well, weighed down by your lacquered armour. You might just be able to surface with your swords if you can struggle out of your armour in time, but your lungs are already bursting. If your current STAMINA is 12 or less, turn to 353; if it is more than 12, turn to 313.

26

'No, man-thing, that is incorrect,' the Tatsu says greedily, its eyes glowing with baleful fire. 'And now I shall devour you!' It roars and launches itself at you, jaws snapping horribly. You must fight it.

TATSU	SKILL 11	STAMINA 13

If you win, turn to 42.

27

Somewhere within you, you find the strength to resist the evil blandishments of Ikiru's demon. When you do so it abruptly disappears. There is a hiss of indrawn breath as Ikiru starts in rage.

'You dare to resist me, petty mortal,' he croaks. Before you can run forward to try to grab Singing Death, Ikiru rises from his throne and rushes at you – in fact, he floats across the ground. His hands are talons of black nothingness. You ready yourself for combat, but before he reaches you, Ikiru spreads his arms and bolts of black energy leap from his arms to

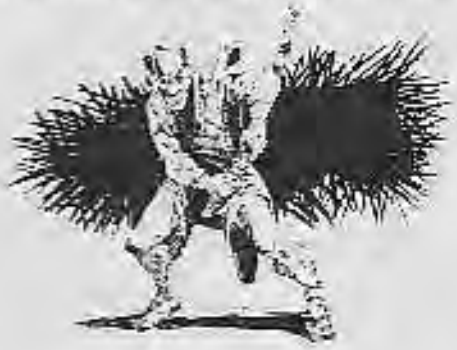

engulf you. You are cursed, charred and crippled all at once. Lose 2 LUCK points, 4 STAMINA points and 2 SKILL points. If you still live, a sword of black steel, etched with glowing red runes appears in his hands and he swings at you, his face a mask of shadow, dark and featureless. You must fight him.

IKIRU SKILL 12 STAMINA 12

Each time Ikiru hits you and you remain alive, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, fight on. If you are Unlucky, turn to 109. If you manage to defeat him, turn to 400.

28

Suddenly there is a shout of 'Ho, what's this? A foot in the hay!' and a burst of laughter. The hay is ripped away and several Samurai guards are levelling their spears at you. 'So, the Shogun's champion skulks in the hay like a common pig-herder!' says a cruel-looking man in a kimono. 'I am Ieratsu, Lord Tsietsin's lieutenant. We welcome you to his castle,' he says wryly. Then he signals and the guards leap upon you. You struggle, but there are too many of them and soon you have been overpowered.

You are unceremoniously thrown into a small cell in the palace dungeon. The gaoler, a large beefy man in a stained leather jerkin, says jeeringly, 'You will be taken before the Shogun Tsietsin on the morrow.' He then slams the massive, iron-studded, oaken door of the cell in your face.

You are alone. They have taken your swords, and it

is this rather than the cruel gibes and the indignity of capture that fills you with shame. Lose 1 Honour point for their loss. There is nothing you can do but wait for the morning, so you lie down on the wooden pallet in the corner and go to sleep. Turn to 316.

29

The east road which meanders across the plain of the great Hang-Yo river bustles with activity. Here in the fertile river valley, swept constantly by the Shogun's Samurai patrols, many of the people

know nothing of the unrest which has brought turmoil to the borders of Hachiman. The rice-wagons and the impromptu caravans of tinkers and pedlars which pass along the road plying their wares from fief to fief are no different from those which rolled along the Road of the East Wind two hundred years ago. They, being of lower caste than you, a Samurai and the Shogun's champion, are careful that the wheels of their carts do not splash your splendid armour, and all bow as you pass. The journey into the uplands is peaceful enough, but as the last bend of the river, twinkling like a band of mercury in the late afternoon sun, falls out of sight, so the attitude of the peasants you meet changes. Turn to 43.

30

You open the door marked 'The Pinnacle of Ultimate Height'. The next thing you know, you are standing on a thin pinnacle of rock, high in a strange yellow sky. An orange sun burns overhead. Far below, the ground is a dark red colour. From horizon to horizon tower thousands of these pinnacles, but you are standing on the highest. Behind you, a door hangs in the air, a gate through the worlds to the Hub.

A speck appears in the sky and grows larger as it nears you. It turns out to be a Tatsu, a wingless

air-riding dragon. It has a massive serpent-like body, with four taloned legs, and it seems to be walking on air. If you have encountered the Tatsu in the Forest of Shadows already, turn to 144. If not, turn to 156.

31

The scaly green flesh of the monsters turns a dull purplish colour where your sword strikes, until their flesh looks like rotting fruit, but the wounds don't seem to be affecting them as much as you would expect. Other green figures lumber out of the water to take the place of those you have been fighting and you will soon be surrounded. You may not be able to defeat these creatures through swordsmanship alone. Turn to 41.

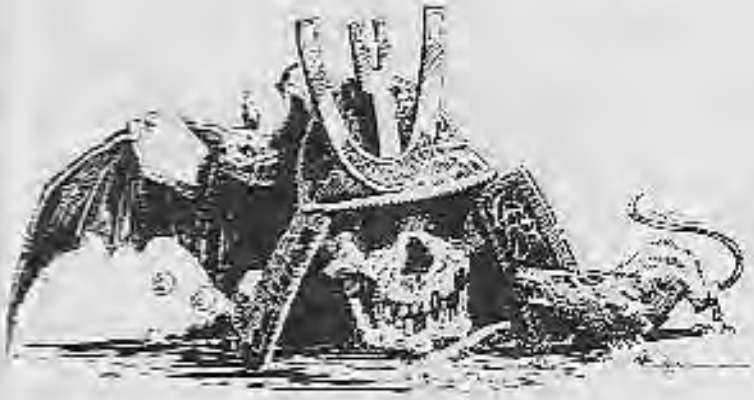

32

The undead warrior fights in eerie silence. Your last blow shatters one of its skeletal arms and it executes another leap, which takes it out of range.

Suddenly, it turns virtually invisible, until only a reddish outline enables you to determine its position. Then it attacks you again. Continue the fight, but you cannot use Iaijutsu again if you have that skill, and subtract 2 from your skill while it is invisible. The first time you hit it, turn to 58.

33

As you approach the estuary through the mire of the fens, it begins to rain. You slog on, but the rainfall is torrential and you are soon soaked through and bespattered with mud from head to foot. It rains for two days, by which time you decide to turn back. The water-level rises until you are forced to swim. After several miles you drown, utterly exhausted.

34

You stride down the dusty track, but break into a run when screams of pain come to you from the burning village. You can see horsemen, presumably bandits, charging in among the fleeing villagers. A grove of trees obscures your view for a moment, and as you round it, a horseman gallops up the trail from the village towards you. It is a Samurai, with a long spear in one hand, and dressed in the green and blue lacquered armour of Tsietsin, the lord of this area. Will you run towards him, show him the Shogun's seal, and order him to tell you what is going on (turn to 44), or wait for him to come to you (turn to 56)?

35

As three of the green monsters rush the mound, hoping to sweep you off it, you launch yourself into a great leap that carries you towards the tree-tops. You hurtle above the monsters and land behind them. They turn and run towards you. You have only two choices: to run (turn to 173) or to place your back against a tree and fight (turn to 183). However, you noticed something of interest as you sailed above their heads. The flat-topped heads are in fact basins, each holding a small pool of water. The balancing act which they appear to be doing is in order to keep the water inside their basin heads.

36

The Phoenix's eyes dull and its flames flicker and go out. It falls before you, all life expunged. But then, suddenly, it erupts into flame once more, but this time it is consumed in the fire until only ashes remain.

Then, incredibly, another Phoenix, smaller this time, bursts out of the ashes; it pauses in the air to give a scream of exultation before taking to the skies and disappearing (to your relief). Amazed at what you have seen, you stand in thought for a moment, before turning round and leaving through the door. You find yourself back at the Hub. Return to 8 and choose again, but you cannot choose an option you have tried already.

37

Mustering as much authority as you can in the unfortunate circumstances, you order the peasants to free you from the trap. One by one the charcoal-burners approach, wary that you may be tricking them; when they see your plight they grin unpleasantly and discuss what they are going to do with the trapped Samurai. The most popular idea is to bury you alive inside one of the charcoal ovens. They strip bark from a nearby tree preparatory to binding you. Will you tell them of the importance of your mission (turn to 89), or warn them that they will be haunted by spirits if they kill the Shogun's champion (turn to 101)?

38

There is a sudden crash, as loud as thunder, and you are racked with a surge of pain as something slams into your back, sending you sprawling. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you still live, a rusted iron portcullis has crashed down behind you, sealing off any hope of return. You press on. A fetid odour reaches your nostrils and, up ahead, a milky luminescence glows as you draw near. Turn to 50.

39

Your lungs have been pierced by the three barbed tines of the trident. You fall to the floor, coughing blood. You have fallen into the hands of the Kappa, from which there is no escape. They drag you into the gloomy depths of the river, even as you die.

40

The gaoler moves on, waking other prisoners sliding black bread and stale water through flaps in the doors. Presently he returns and opens your cell door. But this time he has three soldiers with him. Will you pretend to have been wounded and then suddenly attack them (turn to 370), or pretend to have been wounded and when they have taken you out of the cell, grab a weapon and try to run away (turn to 380)?

41

If you have the skill of Karumijutsu and wish to use it to leap over the heads of your assailants, turn to 35. Otherwise, you find yourself forced on to the defensive by their powerful attacks. Your sword flashes through the air as if a magical barrier of blades surrounded you, but your foes press in on all sides. At last, one gets through your guard, and rakes you with its claws. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 129.

42

The dragon rolls over and dies. Then, incredibly, it fades out of existence before your very eyes, as if it

had never been. Around you the forest loses the aura of mystery and magic that seemed to enclose it. You press on, following the track on the other side of the clearing. Turn to 82.

43

The deference normally accorded to one of your standing in society is sadly missing in the behaviour of the first uplanders you meet. They are charcoal-burners, grimed grey with the soot of their trade. One of them, younger than the others, recognizes the standard that flaps in the wind behind your back and scorns you: 'Look, friends, it is the rightful champion of the wrongful king. Where is your master's sword? Where is your master, without the sword? Hasekawa, bless his shaven pate, is no Shogun. You have no master, you are ronin.' Ronin are Samurai who have no lord and have lost their status. The peasant is insulting you and the Shogun. The other charcoal-burners shout at the youngster to be quiet. Will you punish the youth (turn to 59), or walk on as if you hadn't noticed (turn to 77)?

44

You call out, in the name of Kihei Hasekawa, and ask the Samurai rider what is going on. He ranters towards you, saying, 'Bandit raiders! I am riding now for the fort of Lord Tsietsin.' Suddenly, as he nears you, he levels his spear and spurs his horse on, catching you completely by surprise, and gashing your arm. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You must fight the treacherous Samurai.

SAMURAI HORSEMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 72.

45

You manage to keep going towards the edge of the village and are confronted by the flimsy wall of one of the small houses. Putting your head down you burst through the wall and out through the other side, gaining time on the heads as as they sail over the roof. Only a few heads await you at the village's edge. You must give battle again.

ROKURO-KUBI SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 9.

46

Notching a bowel-raker to your bow, you take careful aim and prepare to kill the Shikome guards as fast as you can. Roll two dice. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 236. If it is equal to or greater than your SKILL, turn to 248.

47

The power of the black runesword drains your vital life force: Lose 1 SKILL and 1 LUCK point. Return to 199 and fight on.

48

She stares at you quizzically. What item will you try to use:

A horn?	Turn to 86
A Potion of Waters of Knowledge?	Turn to 96
A Helmet of Befuddlement?	Turn to 114

If you have none of these, turn to 130.

49

You cast yourself down into the frothing whiteness of the river, only to find, to your horror, that the monsters have concealed sharpened stakes just below the surface, upon which you have impaled yourself. Lose 7 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you painfully drag yourself off the stakes, which have punctured your flesh in several places, and are washed up on the far bank. Turn to 395.

50

The smell grows stronger. You come out into a large cavern, suffused with a sickly pale light, but the source of the light is for the moment indiscernible. Bones, old clothes and rusted weapons are strewn about. Then you spot it. A huge glowing shape comes towards you. An enormous gaping maw, lined with teeth, rises up to devour you. Two eyes, massive discs of inscrutable blackness, stare at you, alive with ancient evil. The body, supported by hundreds of black scuttling legs, is bony and segmented. It is a dirty white colour and it is this that gives off the pale glow. It is a Mukade, some sort of gigantic, forty-foot centipede. It ripples towards you, intent on making you its next meal. If you have the skill of Kyujutsu, and still have your bow and arrow, you may fire two arrows before it is upon you. (You will not be able to reclaim the arrows if you win the fight.)

MUKADE SKILL 7 STAMINA 20

If you win, turn to 62.

51

You watch as Ikiru summons more shadow beings to him. Then he waves and they rush to attack you, each an amorphous mass of blackness, which tries to engulf you. You must fight ten of these creatures in a row, one by one. However, each time you hit one, Singing Death pulses with light and destroys it utterly. Each of the ten Shadows has SKILL 9, STAMINA 1. If you slay all ten, you skirt the pit and confront Ikiru, face to empty black lace. Turn to 121.

52

The Tatsu stiffens in surprise and frustrated rage. 'A riddle, yes. Curse you, mortal!' it bellows. For a moment you think it is going to attack you, but then it subsides. 'You have won your passage with honour, and you are free to go. Before you do, listen to my words:

'If you should find yourself in the Tourney of the Planes, and it comes to pass that you slay the Dai-Oni, invoke the Jizo of Demons thus: "A Sura is here, O Jizo. Come and execute your purpose."'

With that cryptic message, the Tatsu takes to the air and is gone. In its place is a jade talisman, shaped like a dragon. You pick it up and examine it. It is a Talisman of Fortuitous Circumstance. Add 2 to your LUCK. You press on through the wood. Turn to 82.

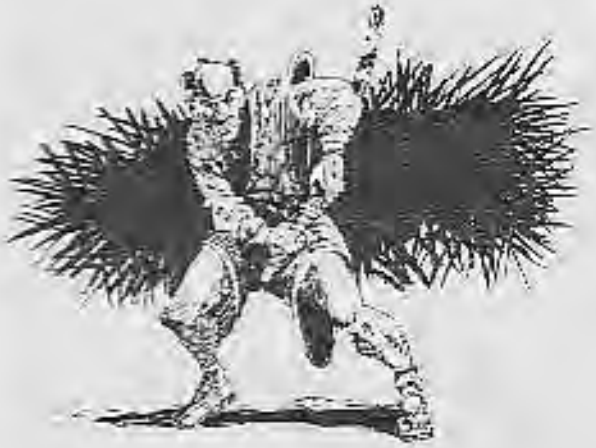

53

Standing with your back to the white waters, you heft your heavy sword. But the treacherous slime sends you off balance. Your sword flashes past the monster's head and it grips you in its powerful claws. They rake you for 4 STAMINA points of damage. If you are still alive, the scaly green man flings your body into the frothing white water below the ford as if you were no more than a rag doll. Unfortunately for you the monsters have concealed sharpened stakes just below the surface, upon which you are now impaled. Lose 4 more STAMINA points. If you still live, you painfully drag yourself off the stakes, which have punctured your armour in several places, and are washed up on the far bank. Turn to 395.

54

You have finally defeated the Dai-Oni and it lies at your feet in the sand of the Arena, breathing its last. The ghostly crowd fades away and the Arena is empty. The Dai-Oni whispers painfully to you, 'You have won, mortal. The laws of the Tourney of the Planes, set by the gods, bind me like fetters of steel. Now I must grant you one request.' What will you ask:

'What is the Secret of Singing Death?' Turn to 206
'How do I slay Ikiru, Master of Shadows?' Turn to 188
'Help me in my quest to slay Ikiru.' Turn to 150

55

Once more the magician anticipates your approach. 'Almost the last trial,' he beams 'You have done well, young Samurai.' The priestess starts to tremble as you near the gaping jaws and the fins of the Sea Dragon, which is covered in serried spikes. The Dragon rears its head as the magician departs once more, and then a gushing torrent of boiling water swamps you both. The screams of the priestess ring in your ears as you lose consciousness and the Sea Dragon swallows you whole.

56

The Samurai rider starts at the sight of you. Then he shouts, 'It is that milksop, the so-called Shogun, Kihei Hasekawa's lackey! Long live the new Shogun, Tsietsin-Sama!' He levels his spear and charges at you. Lord Tsietsin has turned traitor. If you are a master of the bow and wish to fire an arrow, turn to 80. If not, you will have to receive his charge: turn to 92.

57

The disembodied heads begin to scream and curse horribly, smashing their skulls into your face and arms. You struggle on, but are soon staggering, punch-drunk and unable to defend yourself. The Rokuro-Kubi are stripping the flesh from your bones even as you collapse. They will dine well tonight.

58

Once again it leaps back to the other end of the bridge. It turns fully visible once more and gives a strange ululating cry. To your horror the skeletal bodies floating in the bloody river stir and come to life. Six of them begin to climb on to the bridge. If you have the skill of Kyujutsu and wish to try to shoot the undead Samurai, turn to 134. If not, turn to 242.

59

The charcoal-burners number about ten and they are clustered within a circle of low smoking mounds which are covered by newly cut turf. Grey smoke rises from the mounds that conceal the wood which is slowly being turned into charcoal at great heat. Near by lie several staves ready to be burnt. Will you order them to abase themselves at your feet (turn to 111), send an arrow winging its way towards the youth, if you have the skill of Kyujutsu (turn to 123), draw your swords (turn to 135), or, if you have the skill of Karumijutsu, leap heroically among them (turn to 147)?

60

You draw your sword, shouting, 'You must help me, or take the consequences!' Her face blanches, full of fear and terror, but then she points at you and a bolt of blue energy flies from her hands to explode in front of you, an incandescent sheet of blue flame that jolts you painfully. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you still live, when you look again she has gone. If

you wish to follow her, turn to 70. Otherwise you can step through the door and return to the Hub. In this case, return to 8 and choose another option, but not one you have tried already.

61

Halfway across the ford your feet slide out from beneath you as you slip on the treacherous slime and pitch headlong into the frothing white water. Unfortunately for you the Kappa – for that is what the scaly green men are called – have placed sharpened stakes just below the surface. You are impaled and without the protection of your armour there is no hope of ever prising yourself off the painful trap.

62

You thrust your sword deep into one of its black eyes and it rears back, uttering a shrill burbling shriek. It threshes wildly in its death-throes and you have to leap back out of the way. Presently it subsides and falls dead. A search of the cavern reveals an exit at one end, and a heaped pile of 'treasure' –

mostly bones and old useless weapons. However, you do find 15 Gold Pieces, a shiny silver helmet of ornate workmanship, a bottle of greenish-black ichor-like liquid and a magnificently crafted iron war-fan, used in battles to signal troops, inlaid with a pattern of ivory that makes you feel nauseous to look at. Will you:

Pick up the war-fan and open it?	Turn to 182
Drink some of the liquid?	Turn to 196
Put on the helmet?	Turn to 210
Leave them all and go through the exit?	Turn to 222

63

You hurl the sword at the throne. It flies like an arrow towards its target. As it touches the ring of shadows around the throne, it bursts into light. In a flash of bright whiteness they are all burnt out of existence. The light reveals Ikiru cowering in his robes on the throne, but at the last moment, the Master of Shadows dodges aside and the sword embeds itself in his throne, where it stays, quivering.

Singing Death is now out of your hands. The power it lent you is gone. Lose 4 STAMINA points, 2 SKILL points and 2 LUCK points. Ikiru gets to his feet and whispers, 'You fool.' His voice is like a rustle of leaves. Turn to 260.

64

You walk forward; the Shikome, giving off an odour like rancid butter, regard you with dull, uninterested eyes. You take them by surprise and leap to the attack. Within seconds you have slain one, but the other begins to howl wildly in fear. In moments the castle is swarming with Samurai and Shikome. You try to escape, but are soon spotted and are buried under a wave of attackers. They take you prisoner, making gibes about the Shogun and his champion as they do so – they plainly know who you are.

You are unceremoniously thrown into a small cell in the palace dungeon. The gaoler, a large beefy man in a stained leather jerkin, says jeeringly, 'You will be taken before the Shogun Tsietsin on the morrow.' Then he slams the massive, iron-studded, oaken door of the cell in your face.

You are alone. They have taken your swords, and it is this rather than the cruel gibes and the indignity of capture that fills you with shame. Lose 1 Honour point for their loss. There is nothing you can do but wait for the morning, so you lie down on the wooden pallet in the corner and go to sleep. Turn to 316.

65

Dusk comes and still you have not succeeded in freeing your leg from the chafing trap. A prickling sensation runs up and down your back: you are convinced that the charcoal-burners are watching and waiting. The night is alive with the rustle of leaves and small animals; then you are jolted into vivid awareness by silence. The wind has dropped, but the noises of all the animals have stopped, apart from the padding of a heavy but stealthy beast. You can hear it snuffling along your trail, then a great roar sends a flock of birds screeching into the night. You guess it must be a Shako-Gurubi, a forest panther. You are almost helpless, trapped in the darkness. Will you seize your katana and cut off your own leg below the knee so that you can at least limp free and defend yourself (turn to 119), or flail the sword blindly and hope that it doesn't attack (turn to 139)?

66

You step through the door marked 'The Mountain of Ineffable Holiness'. You are standing at the base of a tall mountain peak – easily climbed, but the climb would be long and exhausting. There is no visible means of leaving this place; you have little choice but to go up.

At last, you heave yourself over the lip on to a flattish area at the top of the mountain. You gasp in surprise at the sight that greets you. A strange being of noble stature, radiating an aura of grace and

power, looks down at you, its eyes twin orbs of flame. It has a horse's body, with a lion-like head and huge feathered wings. It is a Ki-Kin, a servitor of the gods, a creature of wisdom, a representative and warrior of law and goodness.

It looks you up and down for a moment. If your Honour is 5 or more, turn to 340. If it is less than 5, turn to 352.

67

The trident's tines have pierced your armour and broken two of your ribs. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you decide that discretion is the better part of valour and leave the vicinity of the ford. Turn to 335.

68

You step through the door marked 'The Elder Plain'. Before you stretches a breathtaking vista. A grassy plain, studded with low hills and copses, stretches away in all directions under a bright blue sky. The air is the freshest and purest you have ever breathed. Near by a strange primitive-looking deer bounds past. Directly behind you, a door hangs in the air, the return route to the Hub.

Then a massive animal appears. It is a huge sabre-toothed tiger. It stares fixedly at you, and breaks into a lope, which soon speeds up into a full-fledged run. What will you do? Take out the Phoenix Ruby, if you have it (turn to 214), fire an arrow at the tiger, if you have that skill (turn to 224), blow a horn, if

you have one (turn to 234), or step back through the door (return to 8 and choose again, but not an option you have already tried)?

69

The disembodied heads begin to scream and curse horribly, smashing their skulls into your face and arms. You struggle on, but are soon staggering, punch-drunk and unable to defend yourself. In the confusion, you have staggered back to the well and you fall head over heels sixty feet into cold water below. Turn to 25.

70

You follow her trail into the wood, but moments later it seems to vanish without trace. You wander aimlessly through the woods, but soon you are completely lost. It is as if the woods shift and change continuously. You are doomed to wander the Enchanted Wood for eternity. Perhaps one day you may stumble across the young woman. Your adventure ends here.

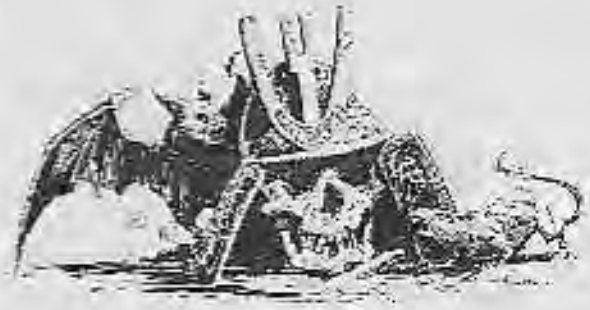

71

The first peasant you meet is a middle-aged woman with her head swathed in a tatty silk scarf. She seems to be plunged into melancholy, but she takes you to her dwelling, a low wooden building with a hole in the side of one of the screens. There is a straw-filled mattress for you to sleep on and hot gruel on the stove. Will you mend the woman's house (turn to 215), or eat the gruel and settle down to sleep (turn to 203)?

72

With a powerful scything blow you cut deep into the rider's leg. He gives a shout of pain and topples from the saddle. Before he hits the ground, you have struck his head from his shoulders with one sweep of your katana.

Lord Tsietsin is a traitor, you realize: about ten of his Samurai are running amok in the village, looting and killing the defenceless villagers. Will you leave the village to its fate, deciding your mission is more important (turn to 104)? Or will you run into the village and attack the nearest Samurai (turn to 116)? Or will you run into the village and shout out that you are the Shogun's champion and you challenge anyone to an honourable duel (turn to 128)? Or, if you have the skill of Kyujutsu, will you enter the village and dodge from house to house, picking off the raiders as you go (turn to 140)?

73

Cautiously you inch your way across the pier of rock which is only a few inches below the surface of the river. The green slime which covers the rock is treacherous underfoot. Two scaly green monsters surge powerfully up from the green depths and climb nimbly on to the pier of rock. They have vicious webbed claws and seem untroubled by the slime underfoot. Will you hurtle yourself off the ford into the frothing white water (turn to 49), retreat from the ford and run, hoping to find a safer place to cross the river (turn to 105), or, if you have the skill of Kyujutsu, try to scare them off using a humming-bulb arrow (turn to 21)?

74

You have finally defeated the Dai-Oni and it lies at your feet in the sand of the Arena, breathing its last. The ghostly crowd fades away and the Arena is empty. The Dai-Oni whispers painfully to you, 'You have won, mortal. The laws of the Tourney of the Planes, set by the gods, bind me like fetters of steel.

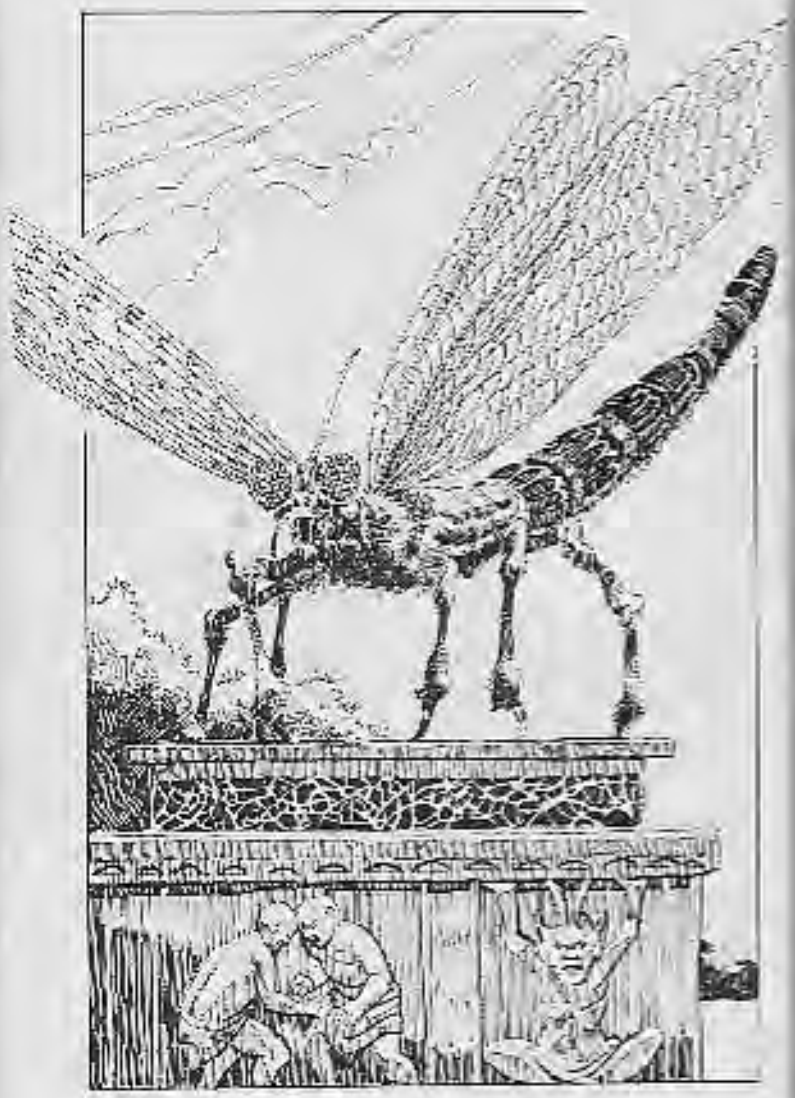

Now I must grant you one request.' The magic of the Dai-Oni fades a little with its defeat. You may restore 1 point of SKILL, 1 point of LUCK or 2 points of STAMINA, if you lost any of these in your battle. What will you ask of the Dai-Oni:

'What is the Secret of Singing Death?'	Turn to **206**
'How do I slay Ikiru, Master of Shadows?'	Turn to **188**
'Help me in my quest to slay Ikiru.'	Turn to **150**

75

As you approach the statue of Hammurabi, Lord of the Flies, the magician appears again and the statue comes to life, flexing its forty-foot wings. The glistening multi-faceted eyes seem to stare through you and there is a buzzing all around. The magician disappears once more and insects begin to attack your eyes and skin. Hammurabi's servants have come to protect him. Soon the swarm is inches thick all over you, but the priestess begins to chant an entrancing lullaby. It is the Song of Swarms. The insects become sleepy and start to fall off you until they litter the ground. The priestess continues her singing and you see that Hammurabi's body is swaying in time with her chant. She is an acolyte of the cult of the Lord of the Flies. She bows down in reverence before Hammurabi and your way to the fountain is open. Turn to 95.

76

The walls of the Arena begin to shimmer, fade and dissolve away. Something else appears in its stead, a black, dark place. You are at the end of a long, pillared hall of black marble. Braziers of glowing coal give off an eerie glow and shadows flicker and weave, chasing one another across the floor. At the end of the hall is a huge pit, from which noxious fumes spiral upward. Beyond the pit is a grotesquely carved throne of dull stone. The workmanship is extraordinary; peaks, pinnacles, gargoyles and strange twisted shapes adorn it. The effect is to wreathe the throne in shadows. You can just make out a cowled figure sitting upon it. It seems to be staring at something in front of the throne. On a stand before the throne rests a magnificent no-dachi, a two-handed sword, in a scabbard of bright filigreed gold. It seems completely out of place in this hall of shadowy gloom and brooding evil. You recognize Singing Death, the Sword of the Samurai, and your heart is uplifted.

Then the cowled head jerks up in surprise. Beneath the cowl there is nothing but blackness. A sibilant whisper hisses forth, a quiet exhalation of breath. 'Who dares to visit Onikaru, the Pit of Demons, and incur the wrath of Ikiru, Master of Shadows?'

If you know the secret of Singing Death, turn to 152. If you do not, turn to 94.

77

You walk quickly past the smoking turf-covered mounds tended by the charcoal-burners and they taunt you with cries that you have deserted the Shogun and are fleeing Hachiman in fear lest the Shogun fall and his favourites be executed. Indeed, you could expect no better, for it has sometimes been your duty to kill traitors and enemies of your master and their families will never forget you. Your conscience is troubled, for you have failed to defend the good name of the Shogun. Subtract 1 from your Honour. Turn to 93.

78

You step through the door marked 'The Endless Sands of Akhon'. Instantly beads of sweat appear on your forehead as your body is assailed by a terrible heat. Below a yellow sky, in which hangs a sun larger than you have ever seen, stretches mile upon mile of desert – the endless sands of Akhon. Behind you hangs a door, the way back to the Hub.

Suddenly a harsh cry, an ear-splitting shriek, fills the air. A strange bird is arrowing down out of the sky. It is larger than the largest eagle and its eyes are red and glowing. Its feathers are gold and metallic-looking, but the strangest thing of all is that yellow flame seems to play lightly all over it, without consuming it. It is a Phoenix. If you have the Phoenix Ruby, turn to 348. If not, turn to 360.

79

It is not long before you are attacked by another giant trap-door spider which launches itself out of its burrow just at the moment when a gangly-legged water spider scuttles up to attack you. You must fight them both.

	SKILL	STAMINA
TRAP-DOOR SPIDER	10	12
WATER SPIDER	8	10

If you win, turn to 87.

80

The Samurai rider is wearing heavy battle armour. You will have to use armour-piercer arrows against him. You may fire your bow twice before the rider reaches you. Roll two dice for each shot: if the result is less than your SKILL, then the arrow draws blood and your target loses 2 STAMINA points.

Then he closes in, his spear aimed at your throat. Turn to 92, but remember to deduct any STAMINA loss you inflicted on the Samurai with your arrows.

81

The battle rages on, but when you have struck blows that would have killed any normal man, the silver Samurai falls to his knees and offers his head to your blade, as if acknowledging your mastery. You cannot harm him and so you bid him rise. 'You fought bravely and nobly. I shall bear my sword beside you as you take your next steps in the Enchanted Garden,' he says. Will you now take the path that leads to the priestess and the demon statues (turn to 185), or that which leads to Hammurabi, the Lord of the Flies (turn to 165)?

82

Eventually you come out of the Forest of Shadows. In front of you the track becomes a road that runs across an ancient stone bridge, over a river. It is the Hiang-Kiang River, and the bridge is the Hagakure Bridge. Beyond it, on the horizon, rise the Shios'ii Mountains.

As you walk on to the bridge everything around you changes; it is as if you had stepped into another world. All the landmarks are the same – the bridge, the mountains and so on – but the sky is darker now. The river to either side of the bridge is red as blood and skeletal bodies, skulls, bones and limbs float on its surface.

Before you stands a hideous apparition. It is a Samurai warrior, but one who has been long dead. A grinning skull rests inside the helmet and each skeletal hand clutches a sword. The flag attached to its back, adorned with skulls, reads 'Evil Death'. The undead warrior leaps into the air and comes down before you. You must fight it.

UNDEAD SAMURAI SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you reduce its STAMINA to 5 or less, turn to 32.

83

Hoping to give battle before the green men can drag your armour into the gloomy depths, you race across the pier of rock, which is only inches below the surface of the river. Unfortunately the green slime that covers the pier is extremely slippery. Test

your Luck, but add 1 to the dice score because you are trying to dash heedlessly across the ford. If you are Lucky, turn to 97. If you are Unlucky, turn to 61.

84

You cross the courtyard and walk up to the Shikome. They reek of rancid butter and eye you dully. 'I have an important message for Lord Tsietsin,' you say, trying to sound authoritative. One of them grunts and growls, 'Password.' Realizing you don't know it, you hesitate. 'Well?' growls the Shikome, readying his spear. If you have the skill of Iaijutsu, turn to 252. If not, turn to 268.

85

You have shattered the heads of many of the elders, but several more are now crowding in around you. You must flee. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 45. If you are Unlucky, turn to 57.

86

You put the horn to your lips and blow an ear-shattering blast, but all the woman does is clap her hands over her ears and shriek in pain before running away into the forest. If you wish to follow her, turn to 70. Otherwise you can step through the door and return to the Hub. In this case, return to 8 and choose another option, but not one you have tried already.

87

There are no more spiders to impede your progress and you forge on. The rain lifts a little and the water-level drops to reveal a long dyke leading north out of the Spider Fens. The dyke takes you as far as the foothills of the Shios'ii mountains, where you use goat-tracks to speed your journey. At last you are climbing one of the taller peaks. Turn to 8.

88

You catch the guard's sword-arm and twist, sending him crashing into the wall where he slumps unconscious. You may take his sword, restoring your SKILL to normal, but he does not have a wakizashi or shortsword. If you have the skill of Ni-to-Kenjutsu, you cannot use it until you have another shortsword. Nor may you use Kyujutsu until you get another bow.

The corridor ends at a stairwell. The steps go up and down. Will you ascend the stairs (turn to 108) or descend them (turn to 122)?

89

Stressing the wise ways of the Shogun, you tell them of your mission. Unfortunately these peasants are not loyal to your lord, and they hope he never regains Singing Death. You can only watch as they bring a cartload of glowing charcoal from one of the ovens and empty it all over you. It is a painful but quick death.

90

The Dai-Oni casts a spell with its other hand, sending a burst of electrical energy through its iron club. Lose an extra 2 STAMINA points. If you still live, return to 292 and fight on.

91

Inside the cave, a beautiful woman lies on a ledge of stone. Her eyes sparkle malevolently as she invites you to dine with her on the heart of a human baby. You reply that you are an honourable Samurai and will not come near her. The beautiful woman changes into a wizened and demonic hag before your very eyes. She is a Nushi, a monster appearing as a beautiful woman who can command all the beasts around her den to do her will. 'Then you must fight my pets, Samurai,' she says. She calls flutingly, and the cave entrance is blocked by three giant spiders, a trap-door spider which leaps almost on top of you, a powerful earth spider and a gangly legged water spider. Maybe you could have de-

feated two of them, but not three such monsters together. Your adventure ends here.

92

The spear-head hurtles towards you. Roll two dice: if the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, you have successfully parried the thrust. If not, it gashes your shoulder and you lose 3 STAMINA points.

In any case, the Samurai wheels his horse round and stabs down as you try to cut him from the saddle.

SAMURAI WARRIOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 72.

93

The taunts of the charcoal-burners sail down the breeze as you turn a bend in the road that skirts the wood where they cut the staves to be turned into charcoal. The cracking of dry twigs alerts you as four of the peasants, brandishing staves, run out in an attempted ambush. The other charcoal-burners are not far behind, having used a trail through the wood as a short cut. You put your back to a tree, so that no more than two can attack at a time. You must give battle.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CHARCOAL-BURNER	6	10
Second CHARCOAL-BURNER	7	9

If you kill the first of your attackers without being hurt, turn to 347. If you have been wounded by the time you have killed one of them, turn to 365.

94

You advance resolutely down the hall, determined to slay Ikiru. The figure on the throne gives a ghostly laugh, a faint spine-tingling titter of madness. Then it gestures. To your horror, a shadowy form floats up out of the pit and takes shape before you. It is vaguely man-like, but with a horned head

and massive taloned claws. It is a Shadow Demon, only semi-corporeal, a creature from the nether regions, and you must fight it.

SHADOW DEMON	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

Each time you hit it, roll one die. If the result is even, it loses 2 STAMINA points. If the result is odd, your blow does not connect fully, passes through some of its insubstantial flesh and it loses only 1 point of STAMINA. If you defeat it, turn to 260.

95

You walk beyond the shimmering magnificence of the Lord of the Flies to the fountain. A cascade of water pours forth from the centre of a large white rock into the marble-rimmed pool. Climbing plants mirror the arc of the falling water and they glisten, kept forever wet by the spray thrown up from the cascade. Set upon one of the marble blocks at the side of the pool is a silver ewer and a chalice. The waters are clear and cool. If you wish to drink from them, turn to 161. If you decide to fill the ewer, turn to 243.

96

Her wits seem addled in some way. Perhaps Waters of Knowledge may help to clear them. You offer the bottle to her. Without thought, she listlessly takes the bottle, and gulps it down. She freezes instantly, her eyes suddenly filling with bright intelligence.

'I am Eleanor the Enchantress. It was Ikiru who sent me insane with a spell!' She looks at you gratefully. 'And I know of you and your quest. I shall be at your side in the Place of Battle.'

She bows and leaves the glade. Note on your *Adventure Sheet* that Eleanor the Enchantress is your ally. Now you must return to the Hub, by passing through the door. Return to 8 and choose another option, but not one you have already tried.

97

Halfway across the ford your feet slide out from beneath you as you slip on the treacherous slime. You are about to pitch headlong into the frothing white water below the ford when your foot catches against a large water-snail and you regain your balance enough to teeter to the other bank. You are too late to stop the scaly green monsters throwing your armour into the river, and then they turn to give battle. You take on the first three. They have vicious webbed claws which will do 3 STAMINA points of damage to you every time they hit, since you are not protected by armour.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KAPPA	8	14
Second KAPPA	8	12
Third KAPPA	7	13

If you reduce one of the Kappa to 4 STAMINA points or less, turn to 31.

98

You find yourself standing on a low hummock of solid earth. Around you lies a great swamp. It bubbles and heaves, a morass of stinking mud and thick liquid. Twisted trees and plants struggle up out of the mess. A door hangs behind you in space, the route back to the Hub.

Suddenly a tremendous serpent, with eyes glittering like black diamonds, bursts out of the mire and rears up before you, ready to whip its head down

and bite you in two. If you wish to fight the serpent, turn to 246. If you would rather try to use an item against it, turn to 258.

99

You are completely without Honour. As you cast your mind back over your actions since you began your quest for Singing Death, you realize that you acted dishonourably at almost every turn. Without Honour you are nothing, your life is worthless. There is only one honourable action left to you. You must commit seppuku, take your own life. You summon up the courage necessary to fall upon your katana, and drive yourself forward on to the blade until you die. At least in this last detail, the manner of your parting from the world, you have acted according to the code of the Samurai.

100

You walk across the courtyard towards the palace, strutting like a newly appointed general. The Shikome, who reek like rancid butter, eye you dully. As you walk up to them, looking past them as if they were not there, you flash the seal of the Shogun at them, hoping they will not recognize it. Your bold and arrogant manner fools the Shikome completely and they salute smartly as you stride past them into the palace! Turn to 158.

101

The impudent youth suggests that they sew up your mouth, ears and nose before they kill you, so that your spirit cannot escape your body to haunt them, but the mention of spirits has scared the others into letting you go. The youth sees your baleful glare and leaves while you are being set free. His father, a crook-legged old fellow, creaks painfully to his knees and humbly begs your pardon for the insulting behaviour of his son. The others follow suit as he offers to show you a safe village near by, where you may stay the night. Will you make them swear an oath of allegiance before going on (turn to 163), or command the old man to show you to the sanctuary of the village (turn to 179)?

102

The Dai-Oni laughs and steps back. It mutters arcane words and casts a Spell of Misfortune on you. Lose 1 LUCK point. Return to 292 and fight on.

103

All goes still for a moment as you lie prone on the ledge, then there is a dull rumbling from the earth and the ground starts to shake once more. The tremor is strong and there is a great cracking noise in the wall of slate. The ceiling of the cave crashes down with an enormous report and slivers of grey rock fly everywhere. If you had taken refuge in the cave mouth, you would have been flattened. Turn to 273.

104

You turn around and leave, heading back to the main road. The cries of the defenceless villagers echo across the uncaring countryside. Lose 1 Honour point for your callous action. Turn to 24.

105

There is no pursuit as you hastily leave the ford behind you. You have lost your armour, and without its protection you will lose 3 STAMINA points instead of 2 every time you are hit in battle. The Shogun's champion is supposed to acquit himself more nobly than this. Without your armour you stand much less chance of succeeding in your quest, and by deserting it you have dishonoured the Shogun, your lord, for it was he who gave it to you. Subtract 2 from your Honour and turn to 263.

106

You come out of the valley to be faced by a large and forbidding forest, stretching away for miles to either side. The road disappears into its depths like a stone into water. You recognize it as the Forest of Shadows, and you must go through it. Moichi smiles wanly at you and says, 'I have heard only evil about the Forest since the theft of Singing Death, my lord. Must we . . .?' You nod your head: 'Yes, we must, Moichi.' You stride forward. Turn to 124.

107

The map shows that the path leading to the scarlet pagoda is the westerly path which runs along a dyke

at the edge of a mist-covered lake. If you would like to try to follow the route all the way to the scarlet pagoda, turn to 317. If not, turn to 17 and choose again.

108

You emerge into a small storeroom. A doorway leads out into the castle courtyard. Another leads into the palace itself. Will you go into the palace in search of Tsietsin (turn to 158), or don the armour of the guard you have just killed and try to bluff your way out through the castle gates (turn to 168)?

109

Suddenly a stream of shadowy blackness passes from Ikiru's sword and begins to course across your body like a mesh of interwoven cords. Wherever it touches you it burns agonizingly. You stagger back, howling in pain, as the web of blackness begins to constrict, crushing the life out of you.

When you are dead, your spirit is taken into the Pit of Demons, where you will become a servant of Ikiru, to be called upon whenever he should wish to do so.

110

You step through the door marked 'The Eternal Tower'. Everything changes. You are standing at the top of a fortified tower; battlements surround you. The terrain around you is constantly changing, sometimes wood, sometimes plains; blue sky, red sky, and so on – as if the Tower were shifting from plane to plane and world to world. In front of you stands a massive warrior, his face bearded and mature, a veteran of many battles. His armour is strange and outlandish to you: it covers him from head to foot. Behind him stand eight others, their faces visored and hidden. Their armour is gold, with a white surcoat covered in blue circles.

The man speaks: 'Welcome to the Eternal Tower, contestant. We are the Knights of the Golden Company, and if you wish us to aid you in the Tourney of the Planes, you must answer me this. Do you return to us the war-fan of our king?'

If you have a war-fan, with a symbol of nine gold arrows, a blue circle and a white background, turn to 186. If you do not, turn to 200.

111

The eldest of the charcoal-burners, a crook-legged fellow, creaks painfully to his arthritic knees and humbly begs your pardon for the insulting behaviour of his son. The others follow suit as he offers to show you a safe village near by in which to spend the night. Looking up to see your stern expression he begs you to take his son as a slave that

you may teach him humility, but he beseeches you not to kill him. Will you make them swear an oath of allegiance before going on (turn to 163), or command the old man to show you to the sanctuary of the village (turn to 179)?

112

You follow the thin woodland trail that winds and bends through the clustered boles of the Forest of Shadows. The trees are so closely packed that only a fraction of the sun's rays filter down, in shafts of dusky light filled with motes of dust that float slowly in the air. It is dim and murky, and the sounds of forest life intrude faintly on the edge of your consciousness as you walk on, as if in a waking dream.

Suddenly you stumble out into a broad clearing, your eyes filled with light. You shake your head to clear it, when a sound in the air causes you to look up. A great dragon is floating down towards you. It has a long sinuous body, like a massive serpent, but with four clawed legs. Its head is horned with great, glaring, amber eyes. It has no wings, but seems to be walking on air. It is a Tatsu, a wingless dragon that can walk on sky, sea and land. It settles before you, hovering a few feet off the ground. Its amber eyes regard you placidly, then it speaks in a rich, deep voice, resonant with knowledge and power:

'Welcome to the heart of the forest, mortal. I am the guardian – and there are certain celestial laws that bind me.' It seems to smile at you, if dragons can be

said to smile at all! 'You must answer two riddles I shall put to you. If you answer them correctly, you may pass through the forest. If not, well . . . then I shall eat you. And you cannot run. No one can pass through this forest safely without first dealing with me.' Then it laughs as if its last few words were obvious. Turn to 2.

113

The silence around you is haunting; the mist kills even the sound of the water lapping at the great columns of stone. Leaping from one to another, you have just gone out of sight of the dyke when the water-level seems to rise all around the nearby pillars of basalt. Suddenly a beast of unimaginably huge dimensions looms out of the lake, causing a tidal wave which sweeps you into the water. The Kraken has risen and its huge tentacles, each as thick as your chest, thrust you whole into its gaping beak. Only giants dare risk the giant's causeway and even they will bring a man or two to appease the Kraken's hunger.

114

You take out the helmet. This woman's wits seemed addled in some way; perhaps the helmet may help to cure her. You offer it to her but her eyes widen in fear. 'No!' she breathes in horror, before fleeing into the woods. If you wish to follow her, turn to 70. Otherwise you can step through the door and return to the Hub. In this case, return to 8 and choose another option, but not one you have tried already.

115

You have shattered the heads of many of the elders, but scores more are now crowding around you. You must flee. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 69. If you are Unlucky, turn to 57.

116

You dash into the village. People are running about in fear, chased by Tsietsin's Samurai, and some buildings are burning ferociously. Near by, a Samurai in magnificent green and blue lacquered armour is looting the body of an old man he has just slain. The sight of this rebel dishonouring himself and the name of all Samurai in such a manner fills you with disgust. You stride forward and cut him down with one blow, your razor-sharp sword almost slicing him in two. He screams once. Several of the traitor Samurai turn at his shout and three of them spring towards you. One of them recognizes you and says, 'The Shogun's – sorry, the ex-Shogun's champion. Kill the mangy, flea-ridden goat!' They come at you in a rush, wildly brandishing their swords. You must fight them all at once. If you have the skill of Karumijutsu, you may

subtract 1 from all their Attack Rolls for this combat only, as you jump and leap over them, trying to dodge their blows.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SAMURAI	6	7
Second SAMURAI	8	8
Third SAMURAI	7	6

If you kill all three of them, turn to 154.

117

You try to bring your sword down to the green water in a slashing motion in order to slice through the net, but the monster is too quick for you. It flings the net around your shoulders and pulls you from your precarious perch on the slime-covered rock. Your sword does you no good as you are dragged below the surface, surrounded by the scaly green monsters. There is nothing you can do. You have fallen into the hands of the Kappa, from which there is no escape.

118

The Dai-Oni howls in joy and then casts a Spell of Confusion on you. Lose 1 SKILL point. Return to 292 and fight on.

119

With a great cry you hack off your own leg at the second cut, reel from the trap and collapse almost unconscious. Through a mist of pain you hear the beast eating your severed foot, while you tie a strip

of leather in a tourniquet to stop the spurting blood. Lose 7 STAMINA points. If you survive, the rest of the night passes in horror, as you try to remain conscious lest the beast attack. In the dawn light you see your mistake: it was not a forest panther but a hyena, which mimics the roar of the big cat. You have crippled yourself for nothing and you will have to turn back in disgrace, for your adventuring days are over.

120

The sound of many drumming hoofs comes to you from ahead. You stop and are about to run up the hillside, when a patrol of twenty or more of Lord Tsietsin's men appears ahead. At the sight of you a shout goes up and they charge forward. You cannot escape and a battle ensues. You fight mightily, slaying several, but there are too many of them and you are overwhelmed. To your horror, they slay Moichi out of hand, calling him a traitor – but you knew him to be the only one among them who was truly loyal. Soon you are securely bound and strapped over a horse's back. 'Lord Tsietsin will be pleased with this little catch,' one of them quips.

They take you to the castle you passed on the road. You are led into the courtyard, where many of Lord Tsietsin's Samurai retainers gather around to laugh and mock you. You are unceremoniously thrown into a small cell in the palace dungeon. The gaoler, a large beefy man in a stained leather jerkin, says jeeringly, 'You will be taken before the Shogun Tsietsin on the morrow.' Then he slams the massive, iron-studded, oaken door of the cell in your face.

You are alone. They have taken your swords, and it is this rather than the cruel gibes and the indignity of capture that fills you with shame. Lose 1 Honour point for their loss. There is nothing you can do but wait for the morning, so you lie down on the wooden pallet in the corner and go to sleep. Turn to 316.

121

You are in front of the throne. Ikiru rises up like a shade; you stare into the cowl, to see only shadowy nothingness, the face of evil. Ikiru points at you and bolts of dark energy leap from his fingers towards you. If your Honour is 6 or more, turn to **189**. If it is 5 or less, turn to 131.

122

At the bottom of the stairs, a damp, rough-cut tunnel runs ahead into darkness. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **16**. If you are Unlucky, turn to 38.

123

In the time it takes a woodpecker to tap the bole of a tree twice, you have sent an arrow winging its way towards the youth. He has no time to dodge. Roll two dice. If the score is less than your SKILL, your aim was true (turn to 207). If you roll equal to or greater than your SKILL, turn to 351.

124

As you enter the forest, you feel suddenly alone. Looking back, you cannot see Moichi anywhere. Retracing your steps, you see him running back towards the valley. Obviously his fear of the forest overcame his 'loyalty' to you. Cursing him for a useless coward, among other things, you head back into the forest. Turn to 112.

125

The dyke runs for mile upon mile, the product of an ancient civilization that lived in the delta before the eternal mist descended. After a while a winding path leads off into the marsh. If you wish to turn aside on to the path, turn to 339. If you continue along the dyke, turn to 387.

126

You open the door marked 'The Enchanted Wood' and step through. You find yourself in a wooded glade. It is strangely quiet, as if no woodland creatures frolicked in this wood. The air is heavy with sorcery – you can almost smell it. You know that if you were to travel in this wood you would become lost in moments, perhaps for ever. Behind you hangs the door to the Hub and you resolve to leave it in sight. Just then, a young woman dressed in rich robes of green steps into the clearing. Her beauty is astounding, but her eyes seem empty and listless. She stares at you vacantly. Oddest of all, a nimbus of crackling blue energy plays about her hands. You ask her who she is and if she will aid you against the Dai-Oni.

'Who am I? I no longer know. As for my aid, that is not lightly won,' she says, her brows knitted in puzzlement as if it is hard for her to speak. Will you attack her and try to force her to help you (turn to 60), or try to use some item you think may be of use (turn to 48)?

127

As you run to the ford's edge, three scaly green figures lumber ponderously out of the river and climb the bank at the spot where the other pieces of your armour now lie. They are larger than men, with curiously flat-topped heads, and they move as if balancing an invisible weight on top of them. As you pause, two more break the surface near by. Will you run away, hoping to find a safer place to cross the river (turn to 105), move slowly across the pier of rock (turn to 73), or race across to where the scaly monsters are picking up your armour (turn to 83)?

128

You run into the village and then shout the challenge at the top of your voice. Many of the Samurai turn and stare as you tell them who you are. One of them steps forward and says, 'We no longer owe allegiance to Kihei Hasekawa, and follow the new Shogun, Isietsin, but we are still Samurai. Come then, let us duel.' He steps forward, drawing his sword. He stands before you, sword raised over his head, its tip pointed at your throat. You must fight three of these Samurai, but they come at you one at a time, in an honourable (but biased) fashion.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SAMURAI	7	9
Second SAMURAI	9	8
Third SAMURAI	7	9

If you kill all three of them, turn to **190**.

129

Desperate measures are called for if you are to avoid death at the hands of the scaly green monsters. Will you try a trick suggested by the element brimstone (turn to 231), has the thought of their strange flat-topped heads entered your mind (turn to 255), or will you perhaps pretend to be about to cast a spell on them (turn to 277)?

130

This woman's wits seem addled in some way, but there doesn't seem to be anything you can do. If you wish to try to force her to help you, turn to 60. Otherwise you can return to the Hub by stepping through the door behind you. If you do this, return to 8 and choose again, but not an option you have already tried.

131

The bolts slam into you, simultaneously cursing, charring and crippling you. Lose 1 SKILL, 1 LUCK and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you reel back and Ikiru hisses with joy. But then you regain your senses and leap toward him wielding Singing Death. Turn to 199.

132

A voice shouts ahead, 'Hida, is that you?' When you do not reply, there is a muffled curse and the sound of someone running. A guard bursts into the torchlight and gasps in astonishment at the sight of you. 'Escaped? How . . .?' But his sentence is unfinished as you leap to the attack.

GUARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 142.

133

The clacking continues and then suddenly the headman's head lifts cleanly off his shoulders and floats into the air, followed by the heads of everyone else in the village. They are Rokuro-Kubi, you realize in horror, undead whose heads detach from their bodies at night in order to hunt. The flying heads dart at you, jaws snapping viciously. You must fight them as if they were a many-headed monster.

ROKURO-KUBI SKILL 11 STAMINA 17

If you win, turn to 115.

134

If you have an arrow with white eagle feathers, crafted by Tsunewara, and wish to fire it, turn to 192. Otherwise, you draw and loose an ordinary arrow (turn to 164).

135

One of the charcoal-burners pulls the moist turf from the nearest charcoal oven, and billowing smoke and flame belch forth. Some of them seize staves with which to attack you, others edge nervously back into the woods behind the mounds. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 293. If you are Unlucky, turn to 307.

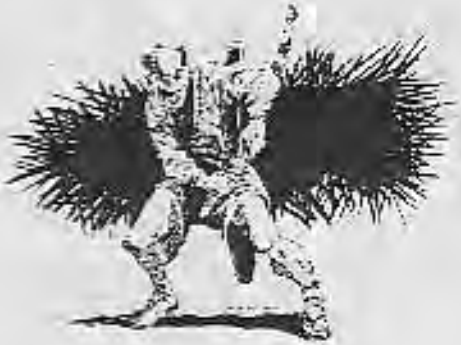

136

You look around. Barracks, stables and so on line the walls. Across the castle courtyard is a square stone keep, with pagoda-like roofs and carved gables, the palace of Lord Tsietsin. But it is the two palace guards flanking the doors that really draw your attention. They are Shikome, vile humanoid beings, but hairy as apes, and with claws, fangs and horrible snouted faces. They are dressed in dirty and tattered imitations of Samurai armour, although their weapons seem in excellent condition. The presence of Shikome can only mean that Tsietsin is in league with Ikiru, Master of Shadows. Tsietsin will be in the palace, and it seems even more important than before to slay him.

Will you disguise yourself in the armour of the guard you have just knocked out, and, with Moichi, approach them, saying you have a message for Lord Tsietsin (turn to 148), pretend that you are Moichi's prisoner and that he is taking you to see Tsietsin (turn to 160), or, if you have the skill of Kyujutsu, try to pick off the guards as quickly and as silently as possible (turn to 170)?

137

A man wearing the ceremonial robes of a court magician steps out from behind a rose hedge and, beaming cordially, bids you welcome to the Enchanted Garden. 'Only by drinking from the spring may you find your way back to the land of Hachiman,' he says. 'You must keep to the paths at all

times. This is a place of peril, but if you triumph the reward is high indeed.' With that he disappears in a theatrical puff of smoke. The paths to the fountain all lead past the statues. Will you take the path that leads to the silver Samurai (turn to 379) or to the priestess and the demon (turn to 349)?

138

You have decided you are ready to face the Dai-Oni and his allies, so you open the door marked 'The Place of Battle' and step through. You find yourself in a huge arena, but all the tiered seats are empty – it appears they have been that way for millennia. But as you appear, ghostly figures seem to materialize in the seats, men and women of a bygone age, talking, gesticulating, laying bets on the outcome of the battle, as if they had been waiting for this moment for aeons, even in death.

As you stand on the sandy arena floor, those allies you had noted on your *Adventure Sheet* appear behind you, each saying, or silently imparting, a message of reassurance and support. If you have not managed to win any allies, then you stand alone.

Before you stands the Dai-Oni; it is wondrous to look upon, save for its face which is radiant with evil. Behind it are ranged three monsters, its allies. The first is an enormous giant toad-being, slimy and warty, with a mouth almost as large as its head. The second is a giant insect, not unlike a grotesquely huge praying mantis, in plated armour of chitin, its mandibles working horribly. The third is a huge

fifteen-foot man of bronze, with the legs of a goat. Its bronze skin is green and pitted with age. However, its eyes are two orbs of red flame, glowing with power.

The Dai-Oni laughs maniacally and says, 'At least you managed to reach the Place of Battle, mortal – but you will not leave it alive! These,' and it gestures at its followers, 'are my demon friends. Croalsch, devour!' it says. The enormous toad-thing hops forward. The ghostly crowd seems to roar in anticipation.

If you have no allies, turn to 254. If you do, they wait expectantly for your command. Somehow you seem to know that the rules of the Arena dictate that battles can only be between single entities. Who will you send against the toad-being? (Obviously you may send only those beings you have recorded as Allies.)

The Ki-Rin?	Turn to 146
The Sabre-toothed Tiger?	Turn to 172
Eleanor the Enchantress?	Turn to 162
The Golden Company?	Turn to 184
The Phoenix?	Turn to 194
The Tatsu?	Turn to 208
The wooden rod engraved with a serpent shape?	Turn to 228

139

After some minutes of sword-flailing, the beast pads softly away, but you daren't sleep in case it returns. Lose 2 STAMINA points for a sleepless night. Turn to 151.

140

Lose 1 Honour point for this unheroic decision. You approach the village and creep along the wall of a house, your bow at the ready. You look into the village square. Villagers are fleeing everywhere; near by, a Samurai is robbing the body of an old man. You decide to use a willow-leaf arrow. Roll two dice: if the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 226; if it is equal to or greater than your SKILL, turn to 240.

141

You dive headlong into the river, your wakizashi blade clamped between your teeth, but it will do you no good here, out of your element. You are suddenly surrounded by powerful green-skinned men. The scaly monsters have vicious webbed claws which take your body and drag you down into the murky depths. There is nothing you can do; you have fallen into the arms of the Kappa, from which there is no escape.

142

Your sword arcs down and shears through the guard's shoulder, collarbone and sternum, bursting his heart. He dies instantly in a fountain of blood.

You race on. The corridor ends in a stairwell, stairs going down and up. Will you ascend (turn to **108**) or descend (turn to **122**)?

143

The spider threshes feebly on its back in its death-throes. Beyond, you see more giant webs and burrows; to the right is a cave; behind you the water-level still rises. Will you enter the cave (turn to **91**), or hack your way through the webs (turn to **79**)?

144

The Tatsu is the one from the forest. It recognizes you and halts before you. If you have a jade amulet fashioned in the shape of a dragon, turn to **12**. If not, turn to **166**.

145

As you flee, the headman's head lifts cleanly off his shoulders and floats into the air, followed by the heads of everyone else in the village. They are Rokuro-Kubi, you realize in horror, undead whose heads detach from their bodies at night in order to hunt. The flying heads dart at you, jaws snapping viciously. You have broken through the ring of elders, but are soon faced by the heads of several of the villagers. You must fight them as if they were a single many-headed monster.

ROKURO-KUBI SKILL 11 STAMINA 17

If you win, turn to **85**.

146

You order the Ki-Rin to attack. It flies into the air and swoops down towards the toad, its hoofs flashing with flames. Graalsch, the toad-being, fixes its huge eyes upon the Ki-Rin. Suddenly it opens its huge maw, leaps into the air and bites the Ki-Rin in two before it can escape. It bounds back to the ground with a meaty slap, swallowing contentedly. The Dai-Oni laughs wildly. Remove the Ki-Rin's name from your list of allies. You have no time for mourning: the toad-thing is advancing towards you. If you now have no allies left, turn to **254**. Otherwise, which ally will you send against the toad (use only those still noted on your *Adventure Sheet*):

The Sabre-toothed Tiger?	Turn to **172**
Eleanor the Enchantress?	Turn to **162**
The Golden Company?	Turn to **184**
The Phoenix?	Turn to **194**
The Tatsu?	Turn to **208**
The wooden rod engraved with a serpent shape?	Turn to **228**

147

Taking one springy step as if sauntering nonchalantly towards the peasants, your muscles suddenly tauten and propel you forward in a leap which has them gawping in astonishment. The bravest of them had been reaching for staves piled near by, but your sword-blade pierces the turf before the stack and the charcoal-burners cower in fear. The eldest of them, a crook-legged fellow, creaks painfully to

his arthritic knees and humbly begs your pardon for the insulting behaviour of his son. He offers to show you a safe village near by in which you may pass the night. Looking up to see your stern expression he begs you to take his son as a slave that you may teach him humility, but he beseeches you not to kill him. Will you make them swear an oath of allegiance before going on (turn to 163), or command the old man and his son to show you the sanctuary of the village (turn to 179)?

148

Wearing the guard's armour, in the colours of Lord Tsietsin, you and Moichi approach the Shikome. They stare at you blankly as you tell your tale. One of them grunts and shambles away to return with three of his fellows. They will take you to Lord Tsietsin, it growls. The three Shikome lead you into the palace, through corridors and rooms. Will you attack the guards now (turn to 256), or let them take you to Lord Tsietsin (turn to 180)?

149

A few gnarled trees and great holes in the ground relieve the rain-drenched land of its monotony. A curious web stretched between two trees thirty feet apart stops you in your tracks. Suddenly a flat circular slab of rock is hurled aside from the entrance of a huge burrow, and an enormous trapdoor spider leaps upon you. It is taller than you and

its mandibles scissor together like great scythe-blades. You must fight for your life.

TOTATE KUMO SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **143**.

150

The Dai-Oni smiles evilly, 'Simply done, mortal.' It summons up the last of its magical powers and casts a Spell of Fortune on you. Gain 2 LUCK points. 'You will need good fortune, but even that will not be enough.' Then its body dies. If you have a jade amulet fashioned in the shape of a Tatsu, turn to **220**. If not, turn to **270**.

151

You are still sawing at the trap with your wakizashi in the morning when there is a shout behind you. The charcoal-burners have returned. Mustering as much authority as you can in the unfortunate circumstances, you order them to free you from the trap. They discuss what to do with the trapped Samurai. The most popular idea is to bury you alive inside one of the charcoal ovens. They strip bark from a nearby tree preparatory to binding you. Will you tell them of the importance of your mission (turn to **89**), or warn them they will be haunted by spirits if they kill the Shogun's champion (turn to **101**)?

152

Without hesitating, you shout 'Harmony', as loud as you can. The sound echoes like a trumpet blast through the quiet gloom of this hall of shadows. Ikiru recoils in horror on his throne. 'No!' he rasps, a sound like chalk screeching on a blackboard.

A blaze of light erupts from the sword, dispelling the shadows and causing Ikiru to cover his cowled face even further. The flare dies down as quickly as it came. Singing Death rises majestically into the air and then hurtles towards you with fantastic speed, straight into your outstretched hands, where it seems to nestle as if welcoming you.

The effect is instantaneous; you are filled with strength and well-being. Gain 2 LUCK points, 2 SKILL points and 4 STAMINA points, even if any of these bonuses takes you beyond your *Initial* status. You stand for a moment unable to act, as raw vitality courses through you. The cowled figure gestures hurriedly and a shadow form floats up out of the pit. It begins to take shape before you. It is vaguely man-like, but with a horned head and massive taloned claws. It is a Shadow Demon, only semi-corporeal, a creature from the nether regions. If your Honour is 5 or more, turn to **274**. If it is less than 5, turn to **174**.

153

The shards of bone that were the Rokuro-Kubi's skull litter the ground all around you. Though the

night is dark you can just see well enough to head away from the Village of the Undead. Increase your LUCK score by 1 for surviving the village. Turn to 397.

154

The last one falls dead before you. 'Come, let me slay the rest of you,' you shout boldly. At the sight of their three dead comrades and the Shogun's champion standing resolute, the other Samurai turn tail and flee. Turn to 176.

155

As the sun finally slips below the hills and it begins to get dark, the talk of the elders becomes slowly more and more meaningless. A strange clacking, somewhat like castanets, startles you and you see that the jaws of the headmen are snapping open and shut uncontrollably. The clacking is soon going on all around you. Will you flee in terror (turn to 145), or wait to see if the strange fit which has seized them all passes (turn to 133)?

256

The strange creature, its eyes glowing with baleful orange light, swoops closer, opens its mouth and breathes a thin stream of flame at you. You duck, but you cannot avoid it completely without falling off the pinnacle, and it singes you painfully. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, the Tatsu turns for another attack, and you decide you cannot fight it from this exposed position. You open the

door suspended behind you and return to the Hub. Turn back to 8 and choose again, but you cannot choose an option you have already chosen.

157

There are several lines of scrawny bulrushes leading away from the place to which you have retraced your steps. So far you have been able to follow them through the muddy waters, but now you don't know which line borders the path. You choose wrong and step into a bottomless pool of mud. The more you struggle the faster you are pulled under and the quagmire swallows you up. Ikiru's reign will spread to all of Hachiman.

158

You run down a long corridor and soon find yourself lost in a maze of corridors and rooms, mostly empty save for servants and slaves, who stare at you in amazement. You are rounding a corner when you are greeted by a sight that causes you to pull up short in surprise. You have bumped into Lord Tsietsin himself, waddling down the corridor towards you, two Samurai at either side. Lord Tsietsin is a large fat man with great blubbery jaws and a face wreathed in fat. Two pig-like eyes flare at you in outrage. He wears a voluminous kimono, bedecked with an enormous robe, adorned with gold leaf. You notice that he is openly wearing the hat which indicates the office of Shogun.

Tsietsin gasps in fear as he recognizes you, signals to his guards, turns around and lumbers away from you. The Samurai draw their blades, bow and dash to the attack. Turn to 302.

159

As soon as you increase your pace, your feet slip out from under you on the treacherous green slime. *Test your Luck*, but add 1 to the die roll because you are crossing the ford heedless of the danger. If you are Lucky, turn to 283. If you are Unlucky, turn to 323.

160

'But, my lord, who would believe such as I could hold captive one as noble as yourself?' Moichi exclaims. You stare at him suspiciously for a moment before ordering him to get on with it. You give your weapons to Moichi. He grabs you around the neck and frogmarches you forward. You cannot help but feel that Moichi is enjoying this.

The two Shikome stare at you with dull expressions, as Moichi tells them your story. One of the guards grunts, and grins at you horribly before shambling away. He returns with three of his friends, all as

ugly and malodorous as one another. These three lead you into the palace. One of them grunts at Moichi, 'More sport for the master, eh?' and gives you a vicious kick in the ribs. Lose 2 STAMINA points. 'Yes, he is to be horribly tortured,' says Moichi, leering at you. You glare back. Will you wait until you have been taken before Tsietsin (turn to 180), or have Moichi let you go so that you can both attack the Shikome guards (turn to 204)?

161

Thirstily you bend your mouth to the refreshing pool and drink deeply of the Waters of Knowledge. Enlightenment floods your being. Suddenly you know the answer to everything: it is as if you are a god. So sublime is the experience that you cannot contain yourself and drink lustily once more. You are intoxicated with knowledge, the knowledge of alchemists, the knowledge of the meadow wren, the knowledge of the wisest scholars of the court and much more. Your thirst for knowledge is unquenched and you drink on, but you are still unsated: you throw yourself into the pool to immerse yourself fully in knowledge and, intoxicated, you drown.

162

You order Eleanor to fight the toad. She runs forward, blue energy crackling at her fingertips, but the Toad Demon leaps forward with incredible speed and, before she can do anything, snaps her up in its great maw in one great gulp. She is no

more. You step back in horror. Remove her name from the list of allies on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you now have no allies left, turn to **254**. Otherwise, which ally will you send against the toad? Use only those still noted on your *Adventure Sheet*:

The Ki-Rin?	Turn to **146**
The Phoenix?	Turn to **194**
The wooden rod engraved with a serpent shape?	Turn to **228**

163

They repeat the oath of allegiance and you inform them that it is the Shogun's wish that clemency be shown to his subjects and that you will spare their lives. Increase your Honour by 1. Will you command the old man to show you to the sanctuary of the village (turn to **179**), or journey on alone (turn to **195**)?

164

The arrow flies true and thuds into the thing's chest. It staggers back, but there is no appreciable effect. You loose another, but it goes straight through its legs, between two bones. The other skeletons are almost on the bridge now. You have no more time. Turn to **242**.

165

You ask the silver Samurai's advice as you set out on the path to the statue of Hammurabi, but he remains tight-lipped and silent. Once again the magician

appears out of thin air and the statue of the Lord of the Flies flexes his forty-foot wings and turns his giant, glinting, multi-faceted eyes upon you. There is a loud buzzing all around you and swarms of flies begin to attack your eyes and skin. Hammurabi's servants have come to protect him. The swarm is soon inches thick all over you; you choke helplessly and then Hammurabi strikes. It seems he has decided your head will make a tasty morsel, and you are powerless to stop him.

166

It speaks in a thunderous voice, 'You thought you had slain me, but I am far more powerful than you could ever have imagined, mortal.' The Tatsu, eyes glowing with baleful orange light, swoops closer, opens its mouth and breathes a thin stream of flame at you. You duck, but you cannot avoid it completely without falling off the pinnacle, and it singes you painfully. Lose 4 STAMINA points. The Tatsu turns for another attack. You decide you cannot fight from this exposed position. You open the door suspended behind you and return to the Hub. Turn back to **8** and choose again, but you cannot choose an option you have chosen already.

167

It is the work of only two minutes to divest yourself of the armour. Summoning all your strength, you hurl it piece by piece over to the other bank. To your consternation a scaly green arm reaches up out of the water, catches the breastplate in mid-air and

descends gently below the surface. You have lost your breastplate. Will you plunge into the river to try to get it back (turn to 141), or race to the pier of rock, keeping to the side nearest the white water (turn to 127)?

168

You step out into bright sunshine. The courtyard is full of busy people – tradesmen, craftsmen, soldiers and so on – and none of them pays any heed to you as you saunter boldly towards the gate. You walk through as if intent on some mission and no one questions your actions. Marvelling at your good fortune, you hurry on to the main road. There you head north, towards the Forest of Shadows. Soon you pass between two wooded hills making a shallow valley. Turn to 386.

169

There are several lines of scrawny bulrushes leading away from the place to which you have retraced your steps. So far you have been able to follow them through the muddy waters, but now you don't know which line marks the edge of the path. Boldly you set off along one of the lines and soon you are within sight of the low hill, which is curtained by sheets of driving rain. As the ground slopes up and you leave the rising waters behind you notice that all the creatures of the swamp – rats, marsh salamanders and even a giant dragon-newt, which seems too scared to think about gobbling you up – are racing towards the same patch of high ground to escape the flood. Turn to 149.

170

You decide to use bowel-raker arrows as they are the most deadly. You draw and aim your bow at the nearest Shikome. Roll two dice. If you throw less than your SKILL, turn to 232. If you throw equal to or more than your SKILL, turn to 244.

171

At the last moment you bring the sword-blade down towards the green water in a slashing motion which slices through the net. Then you lunge again with scarcely believable speed. Your sword-point buries itself in the face of the scaly green monster, which turns purple and sinks below the surface, bubbling purplish blood. The second is still surging

towards the ford and you just have time to reach the other bank, teetering dangerously every step of the way. Turn to 395.

172

The tiger races forward and roars menacingly; the toad-thing hops back uncertainly. Graalsch, the Toad Demon, snaps its head forward to strike, its great maw snapping, but the huge tiger dodges aside, moving with incredible swiftness and lays open the toad's side with a sweep of one of its great taloned claws. Then it proceeds to rip and tear the wailing Graalsch into shreds. After its task is completed, the tiger leaps into the air and then fades out of existence as if it had jumped to another plane. Remove it from the list of allies on your *Adventure Sheet*. The Dai-Oni bellows in rage and shouts, 'K'rllk, slay the man-thing!' and the Mantis Demon scuttles forward. If you are alone now, turn to 266. Otherwise, which ally will you send against it (use only those still noted on your *Adventure Sheet*):

The Ki-Rin?	Turn to 278
The Golden Company?	Turn to 304
The Tatsu?	Turn to 294

173

One of the scaly green monsters throws a trident as you turn to flee. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 225. If you are Unlucky, turn to 257.

174

You must fight the Shadow Demon. Singing Death does not seem affected by its insubstantiality – it will cut shadows as well as flesh.

SHADOW DEMON SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 212.

175

She does not answer. You turn round to look at her, and she stares at you with a strange intensity. Her teeth start to chatter in a most unnerving way, as if she were trying to speak, but could not. At last she forces out the words, 'Go . . . Leave the village.' If you think this is scant thanks for your help and stay to eat the gruel and sleep, turn to 203. If instead you quit the village, turn to 15.

176

The villagers run out of their houses and their hiding-places, some shouting joyfully, others weeping over lost friends and relatives. As many villagers see to dousing the fires, a number of elders approach you. Bowing low, one of them says, 'I am Ninji, the headman. We cannot thank you enough for your noble act. Hachiman has fallen on bad times, but at least someone still follows the old ways. Here, my lord, please accept this gift.' And he hands you a silken red headband patterned with a black three-spoked wheel. 'This is the headband of

Shinmen, the legendary hero of Hachiman, who came from this village. This headband has been with us for centuries.' You feel honoured – Shinmen was a great hero. Gain 1 Honour and 1 LUCK point.

Just then a commotion starts near by: there are cries of anger and hate. A group of villagers have found a wounded Samurai raider and are dragging him towards you. They are chanting, 'Kill, kill, kill, kill.' The headman bows to you and says, 'Please rid us of this vile murderer, lord.' The Samurai lies before you, defenceless, a slim young man with a blood-stained head bandage. He looks at you defiantly, resolved not to show fear. Will you kill the Samurai as the villagers wish (turn to 238), or spare his life (turn to 250)?

177

Instead of bedding down for the night, you walk out of the house and into the village. The meeting of the elders is about to begin outside the headman's house. It is getting dark. Will you quit the village (turn to 15), or join the elders (turn to 319)?

178

'Spare me, great warrior, please spare me,' gabbles Tsietsin. 'It was Ikiru: he forced me to turn against the rightful Shogun, forgive me, I shall be his loyal vassal from now on.' This is all a tissue of transparent lies. As you look down, feeling only contempt and loathing, Tsietsin's eyes narrow in cunning malice. His right hand flicks through the air. A

needle-like dagger flies from his hand and into your thigh. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you live, you stagger back in surprise, while he lurches to his feet, drawing his sword. 'Curse you, you swine,' he cries and slashes at you. You must fight Lord Tsietsin.

LORD TSIETSIN SKILL 7 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 322.

179

Ordering the old man to show you the way alone, you leave the charcoal-burners' woods. He bids farewell to his son, then fawningly ushers you on. He takes you along a winding track that leads to the dales of Kanshuro, a land where wooded plateaux are riven by beautiful and peaceful dales, which nestle unseen between cliffs cut into the limestone by the rivers which formed them. At dusk you take a path down into the Vale of Tinshu to a small and picturesque village. You turn to the old man to ask its name, but he has fallen to the ground. You try to rouse him but his heart has stopped. He is dead. Turn to 5.

180

You are taken into the audience-room of the palace, where you soon realize you have made a mistake. Lord Tsietsin, a fat, pig-like man, sits before you, but the walls are lined with Samurai warriors, over sixty of them including many Shikome. One of the guards recognizes you from the village, and within

moments you and Moichi have been sliced into bits by their swords.

181

The water-level rises faster and faster and it becomes harder and harder to retrace your steps on the safe path across the featureless fens. At any moment you could step off the path and be swallowed up by the stinking quagmires. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **169**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **157**.

182

You open the iron war-fan. It reveals a beautiful image painted on its spread blades, an insignia you do not recognize, something very ancient: nine gold arrow fletches pointing inward to a blue circle, the whole set on a plain white background. Puzzled, you fold it up and place it in your backpack. Will you put on the helmet, if you have not already done so (turn to **210**), drink from the bottle, if you have not already done so (turn to **196**), or leave the cavern (turn to **222**)?

183

With your back to the tree, you direct a fresh onslaught. Desperate measures are called for if you are to avoid death at the hands of the scaly green monsters. Will you try a trick suggested by the element brimstone (turn to **231**), has the thought of their strange flat-topped heads entered your mind (turn to **255**), or will you pretend to be about to cast a spell on them (turn to **277**)?

184

The Knights of the Golden Company utter a battle-cry and charge forward with military precision. However, their weapons, straight swords and maces, make little impression on the leathery skin of the Toad Demon. Graalsch lays about itself with ferocious accuracy; each super-fast dart of its head bites a knight in two. Within moments they are all dead. You stand aghast at its horrible power. Remove the knights from the list of allies on your *Adventure Sheet*. Graalsch turns upon you and hops forward. If you are now without allies, turn to **254**. Otherwise which ally will you commit now (use only those listed on your *Adventure Sheet*):

The Tatsu?	Turn to **208**
The Sabre-toothed Tiger?	Turn to **172**
The Ki-Rin?	Turn to **146**

185

The silver Samurai strides purposefully at your side towards the twin statues of the demon and captive priestess. The magician appears again out of thin air and the two statues – the black-skinned, red-tusked demon and the pale skinned priestess – come to life. She kneels at your feet imploring you to save her from the Pit of Demons, but her captor yanks the chain cruelly and she is pulled to the floor. The silver Samurai gives the Battle-cry of Ages and the demon is stricken with terror. They battle mightily but even the eldritch powers of the demon are as naught against the flashing Samurai. The demon is slain. The chain disappears and the silver Samurai melts into a little silver puddle. The priestess puts her hand in yours. 'Whither now, gallant saviour?' Will you take the path to the statue of the Sea Dragon (turn to 55) or to the statue of Hammurabi, Lord of the Flies (turn to 75)?

186

You take out the war-fan. The knight gasps in surprise. 'You have it!' he exclaims. You hand it to him and then he kneels before you, the other knights following suit.

'When you travel to the Place of Battle, we shall be there to fight at your side. Long have we sought this artefact.'

Suddenly you find yourself back at the Hub surrounded by stars and the eight doors. Note that the

Golden Company are your allies. Return to 8 and choose again, but you cannot choose an option you have tried already.

187

You head hastily in the opposite direction to that by which you entered the village. Nobody appears to notice you leave and you begin to breathe easier. Suddenly you catch sight of the old charcoal-burner who brought you to the village. You thought him quite dead, having left his unbreathing corpse at the other edge of the village, yet here he is grinning at you from behind a wall. You step forward, but stop as his head sails up into the night air: another Rokuro-Kubi! It spits black gobbets of poison which hiss and smoke as they spatter against your face. You are in agony. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You must fight the Rokuro-Kubi as it flies through the air snapping viciously.

ROKURO-KUBI SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 153.

188

The Dai-Oni smiles evilly. 'Simply defeat him in battle, mortal.' He laughs wildly, before his body dies. If you have a jade amulet fashioned in the shape of a Tatsu, turn to 220. If not, turn to 270.

189

Suddenly, Singing Death flares brightly once more and the bolts of dark energy simply cease to be, extinguished in its bright light. Ikiru staggers back, but the light fades as quickly as it sprang up. Turn to 199.

190

The last one falls dead at your feet. You expect another to step forward and take his place, but none of the other Samurai makes a move. The villagers cower in their homes, watching the proceedings with fear and hope in their eyes. One or two of the Samurai shuffle back uncomfortably. They have been awed by your swordsmanship.

One of them says, 'You are a master of the sword and you have won great honour here. As you have fought so well, we will leave now and spare your life.' His words sound courteous, but you sense it is fear of facing you rather than the desire to honour you that is making them leave. They leave the village as fast as they can; you feel too tired to pursue them. Gain 1 Honour point for your challenge and your defence of the village. Turn to 176.

191

She places her hand on your shoulder, points to the gruel and the mattress, then hurries away into her own little bedroom while the sun turns the sky red as it sets. If you wish to leave the house after finishing the repair, turn to **177**. If you eat and sleep, turn to **203**.

192

The arrow flies true and thuds into its chest. The undead Samurai shrieks horribly and falls to the ground. There it begins to dissolve, as does the arrow, until there is nothing left but ash. As it does so, the skeletons fall back into the river and sink from sight. The redness fades from the river and the sky lightens.

You walk across the bridge, and inspect the heap of ash. Among the ashes you notice an ivory horn of fine workmanship inlaid with silver tracery depicting a sabre-toothed tiger. You pick it up and walk on. Turn to **211**.

193

On close inspection the river looks quite deep and you will not be able to cross wearing your heavy armour. If you wish to hurl the armour to the other side before plunging in, turn to **167**. If you prefer to risk the ford, will you cross near the frothing white water (turn to **213**) or near the green depths on the upstream side where you are now (turn to **201**)?

194

You order the Phoenix to attack Graalsch the Toad Demon. The Phoenix flies straight at the toad-thing. Oddly, Graalsch does not move, even when the Phoenix turns into a fireball almost on top of it. When the flames die, Graalsch is completely unhurt, as if it were immune to flames of any sort. The toad-thing's head darts forward and its huge maw closes around the magical bird, swallowing it up in one gulp. The Phoenix is no more. Remove its name from the list of allies on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you now have no allies left, turn to **254**. Otherwise, which ally will you send against the toad (use only those still noted on your *Adventure Sheet*):

The Ki-Rin?	Turn to **146**
Eleanor the Enchantress?	Turn to **162**
The wooden rod engraved with a serpent shape?	Turn to **228**

195

The road forks behind the charcoal-burners' wood and you decide to take the left fork, which drops out of sight into a small wooded dale. As you descend, dusk draws in and the sight of a fire outside a goatherd's rough hut is welcoming. You march closer to see if it offers shelter for the night, when a figure dressed in the lacquered armour of a Samurai stoops beneath the low doorway and walks to the fire. The flames illuminate his golden armour and the proud face is unmistakable. It is Yoro Ginsei, erstwhile captain of the executed Lord Toda's guard. Toda plotted against the Shogun. His disgraced Samurai committed seppuku, killing themselves rather than suffering dishonour, but Ginsei decided to live on as a ronin, a Samurai without a lord. His hatred of Samurai is well known. Turn to 209.

196

You raise the bottle to your lips and a vile stench fills your nostrils. You sip it – the taste makes you heave and retch, but the liquid burns down your throat. It is invigorating and health-giving; the liquid is healing some of your wounds. Regain up to 3 points of lost STAMINA. There is enough liquid left for one good drink – you may drink it at any time to restore up to 5 points of STAMINA. Will you open the war-fan, if you have not already done so (turn to 182), put on the helmet, if you have not already done so (turn to 210), or leave the cavern (turn to 222)?

197

With a single almighty bound you have leapt out of the clutches of the Groundhog on to the rock-shelf beyond. Will you run into the cave (turn to 265), or climb to the crest and escape (turn to 259)?

198

The knights run forward with military precision. Twin bolts of ruby fire leap from the eyes of Gargantus and strike one of the knights, who is hurled forty feet through the air and killed. The other knights are not using their swords and maces; instead they are wielding lengths of rope. They run around Gargantus's legs, dodging and weaving and casting their lassoed ropes at Gargantus. Soon they have his arms enmeshed, and one of his legs; but two men lie dead. Then the remaining knights all pull on the ropes and Gargantus slowly begins to topple. He gives a great cry of despair, like the roar of a huge waterfall, before crashing to the ground. As soon as he touches the earth, the light fades from his eyes and he lies inert, nothing but a massive bronze statue. The leader of the Golden Company says to you, 'Our duty has been discharged, bearer of the war-fan. Farewell.' Then they literally step away into nothingness.

The Dai-One speaks, 'You have done well, mortal, but now I shall kill you.' It advances, wielding a massive spiked iron club, a Tetsubo. If you still have the Ki-Rin as an ally, you may send it against the Dai-Oni (turn to 394). Otherwise, you will have to fight the Dai-Oni alone (turn to 292).

199

A sword of black steel, etched with glowing red runes, appears in Ikiru's shadowy grasp and you both fall to combat, dark against light. Each time you hit him, deduct STAMINA as usual, but also *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 235. If you are Unlucky, just fight on. Each time Ikiru hits you, not only do you lose the normal STAMINA, but a powerful surge of force erupts from his black runesword and threatens to overcome you. Roll two dice: if the result is more than your STAMINA, turn to 47; if it is not, fight on.

IKIRU	SKILL 12	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 400.

200

The knight's face falls when he sees you have no idea what he is referring to. 'Another wanderer that does not bring us what we seek,' he mutters. 'Begone! We will not aid you. May the Demon Lord devour you!' With that you find yourself back at the Hub, surrounded by stars and the eight doors. Return to 8 and choose again, but you cannot choose an option you have already tried.

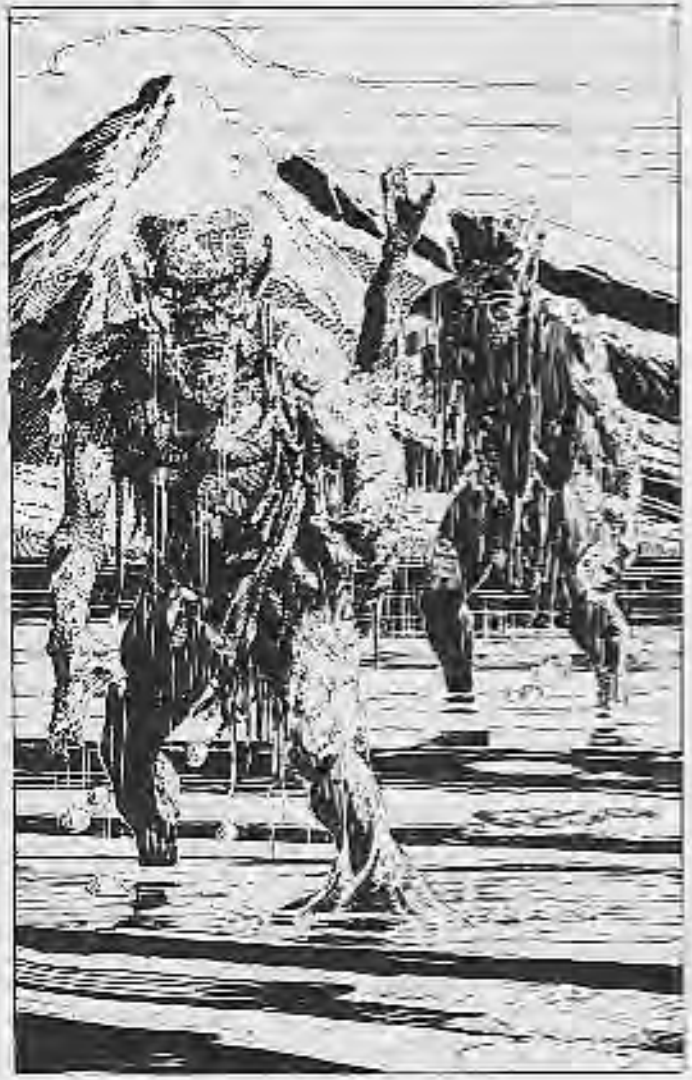

201

Choosing the side of the ford nearest the green depths, you cautiously feel your way towards the far bank across the pier of rock, which is only inches below the surface of the river. The green slime which covers the rock is treacherous underfoot. Suddenly two figures rise majestically out of the depths. They have scaly green skins and curious flat-topped heads. They move as if balancing something invisible on top of their heads, but they also have dangerous-looking webbed claws, and they are surging towards the ford. Will you lunge your sword at the nearest (turn to 233), or try to make a dash for the far bank (turn to 159)?

202

One of the Samurai sees his comrade's dead body and shouts a warning. You dart into cover, but are spotted, and three Samurai rush forward. One of them recognizes you and says, 'The Shogun's – sorry, the *ex*-Shogun's champion. Kill the mangy, flea-ridden goat!' They come at you in a rush, wildly

brandishing their swords. You must fight them all at once. If you have the skill of Karumijutsu, you may subtract 1 from all their Attack Rolls for this combat only, as you jump and leap over them, trying to dodge their blows.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SAMURAI	6	7
Second SAMURAI	8	8
Third SAMURAI	7	6

If you kill all three of them, turn to 154.

203

It is peaceful and calm in the village as you take off your armour, bed down and drift off to sleep . . . There is a sudden sharp pain in your leg. You sit bolt upright to see by the light of the moon a disembodied head feeding off your leg. It is the head of the peasant woman. There is no blood at the severed neck, and with a thrill of horror you realize she is a Rokuro-Kubi, an undead being whose head detaches itself from its body at night in order to hunt. You have already lost 3 STAMINA points. Seizing your katana, you give battle to the floating head, which snaps at you viciously.

ROKURO-KUBI	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 187.

204

You grab your swords from Moichi and leap to the attack, as does your retainer. The Shikome are completely surprised. They may not fight back for two rounds of combat. Moichi is fighting one, but you must fight the other two.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SHIKOME	6	6
Second SHIKOME	7	5

If they are still alive after six rounds of combat, turn to 218. If you have slain them before then, turn to 336.

205

All goes still for a moment as you wedge yourself in the cave mouth, then there is a dull rumbling from the earth and the ground starts to shake once more. The tremor is a strong one and there is a great cracking noise above you. You look up in time to see a hundred tons of slate dropping from the cave roof. There is no escape: you are squashed flat.

206

The Dai-Oni screws up its face in pain and rage. 'Curse you, mortal. The secret is "Harmony". Utter that word and Singing Death will come to life and fly into your hands, but only for those of noble heart – which is why Ikiru has been unable to use it yet,' he adds with a laugh of malicious glee. Then his body dies. If you have a jade amulet fashioned in the shape of a Tatsu, turn to 220. If not, turn to 270.

207

Which type of arrow did you select to fire at the youth? Was it a willow-leaf arrow (turn to **223**) or a bowel-raker (turn to 239)?

208

You order the Tatsu to the attack. It gallops into the air. Graalsch shifts its bulk to face the Tatsu, just as the dragon breathes a stream of flame that engulfs the Toad Demon. But incredibly, as the flames subside, it becomes apparent that Graalsch is completely unhurt. As the Tatsu pauses momentarily in surprise, the Toad Demon executes a great bound into the air and bites the Tatsu's head clean off its shoulders. The Tatsu's body simply fades out of existence. Remove its name from your list of allies. The Dai-Oni mocks you at this point and orders Graalsch on. If you are without allies now, turn to 254. Otherwise, which ally will you send against the toad (use only those still noted on your *Adventure Sheet*):

The Ki-Rin?	Turn to 146
The Golden Company?	Turn to 184
The Sabre-toothed Tiger?	Turn to 172

209

The ronin catches sight of you against the skyline and, hand on the hilt of his katana, he swaggers towards you. He is a traitor and an enemy of your lord, but a peerless swordsman. Will you hide among the trees (turn to **221**), or wait to see what Ginsei will do (turn to **241**)?

210

Gingerly you place the silvered helmet on your head. For a moment nothing happens, but then lancing bolts of pain lacerate your brain. You scream in agony and rip the helmet off your head. However, your brain feels slightly numb, as if you weren't quite yourself. It is a Helmet of Befuddlement (lose 1 SKILL point). You may take the helmet with you in any case, if you so wish. Will you drink from the bottle, if you have not already done so (turn to **196**), open the war-fan, if you have not already done so (turn to **182**), or leave the cavern (turn to **222**)?

211

You follow the road to the mountains and the lair of Ikiru. The day passes uneventfully and you spend the night under the stars. You rise the next day, refreshed. You may restore up to 2 STAMINA points. You press on, leaving the road, until you come to the Shios'ii Mountains. A goat-track climbs up one of the largest mountains and you decide to follow it. Turn to 8.

212

The Shadow Demon is dead and Ikiru hisses in rage and fear. Hurriedly he raises his hands high and utters a strange cry. Shapes begin to rise up out of the pit and form around him, a phalanx of guardian shadows. A score surround him in moments.

Will you step forward and throw Singing Death into the pit (turn to 312)? Will you wait to see what happens (turn to 51)? Will you walk around the pit and try to stride boldly through the shadowy forms (turn to 298)? Or will you throw Singing Death like a spear at Ikiru (turn to 63)?

213

Choosing the side of the ford nearest the frothing white waters, you cautiously feel your way towards the far bank across the pier of rock, which is only inches below the surface of the river. The green slime is treacherous underfoot and it is all you can do to keep your balance. Suddenly two scaly green figures rise up out of the green depths upstream and begin to wade towards the ford. They have webbed claws and curiously shaped flat-topped heads. Will you make a dash for the far bank (turn to 159), draw back from the ford and try to find a safer place to cross (turn to 245), or give battle on the ford itself (turn to 315)?

214

You hold up the ruby and it flashes in the sunlight, but the sabre-toothed tiger continues to hurtle towards you. Then it leaps. You must fight the tiger.

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, there is nothing more here, so you step back through the door to the Hub. Return to 8 and choose again, but not an option you have already tried.

215

It does not take you long to find a suitable plank and nail it to the screen. At least the little house will be warmer to live in now. To your consternation, the melancholic old woman becomes agitated while you work, and her teeth begin to chatter like castanets. Will you ignore her and finish work (turn to 191), or ask her what is wrong (turn to 175)?

216

You dart from house to house, completely unseen. You manage to kill another Samurai with an arrow in the chest. The others turn round in astonishment, but are unable to see their assailant. You continue your accurate archery – soon you have killed four of them and they still have not found you. This is too much for them and the remaining Samurai turn to flee. (You may recover most of the arrows, but some are broken: you will lose 1 willow-leaf, 1 armour-piercer and 1 bowel-raker.) Turn to 176.

217

The path winds through the mist for several miles further than the map led you to expect, and you still have not caught sight of the scarlet pagoda. If you wish to turn back to the giant's causeway, turn to 113. If not, turn to 369.

218

The sounds of battle have alerted the others. A troop of Shikome and Samurai appear on the scene and it is not long before you and Moichi have been overpowered. Moichi is slain out of hand, but they take you prisoner, making gibes about the Shogun and his champion as they do so – they plainly know who you are. You are filled with sorrow at the loss of your loyal retainer.

You are unceremoniously thrown into a small cell in the palace dungeon. The gaoler, a large beefy man in a stained leather jerkin, says jeeringly, 'You will be taken before the Shogun Tsietsin on the morrow.' He then slams the massive, iron-studded, oaken door of the cell in your face.

You are alone. They have taken your swords, and it is this rather than the cruel gibes and the indignity of capture that fills you with shame. Lose 1 Honour point for their loss. There is nothing you can do but wait for the morning, so you lie down on the wooden pallet in the corner and go to sleep. Turn to 316.

219

The oldest of the charcoal-burners catches up with you after a time and fawningly begs that he may show you to a place of safety so that it may not be said that his family dishonoured a Samurai. He takes you along a winding track that leads to the vales of Kanshuro where wooded plateaux are riven by beautiful and peaceful dales, which nestle unseen between cliffs cut into the limestone by the rivers which formed them. At dusk you take a path down into the Vale of Tinshu to a small and picturesque village. You turn to the old man to ask its name, but he has fallen to the ground. You try to rouse him but his heart has stopped. He is dead. Turn to 5.

220

A terrible thing happens. Out of the body of the Dai-Oni a spectral shape coalesces, a ghostly form of the demon, with insubstantial taloned hands. It is a Shura, or warrior ghost, the spirit of the Dai-Oni come to avenge its death.

But you remember the words of the Tatsu and invoke the Jizo of Demons, saying, 'A Shura is here, O Jizo. Come and execute your purpose.'

As you finish the word 'purpose', a being appears before you. He is dressed as a warrior monk and bears a staff inscribed with glowing runes. You are filled with awe at the sight of it. The Jizo of Demons ignores you and merely strikes the ghostly spectre. The apparition promptly disappears with an echoing wail of dread. The Jizo, without even acknowledging your presence, also departs. Turn to 76.

221

Ginsei calls challenges to you, but he cannot track you down. Slipping away, you reflect that it would have been a close battle. Fear wakens in your breast; you did not dare to challenge the enemy of your lord. Your honour is besmirched; you feel unworthy to be the Shogun's champion. Subtract 2 from your Honour. Night is falling and you try to find a dry spot in the woods to sleep. Turn to 371.

222

The exit tunnel curls upward until you can see a small circle of light ahead from a cave entrance under a rocky overhang on a hillside. The hill slopes down into a shallow valley with a road running its length. It is the main road. You must follow it north to reach Onikaru and Ikiru. Turn to 386.

223

The willow-leaf arrow whistles through the air and buries itself in the youth's side: he screams and doubles up in agony. One of the charcoal-burners tries to grab a stave, but two others restrain him and the eldest of them throws himself at your feet, imploring you not to kill his son. Looking up and seeing your stern countenance, he offers to take you to a village where you may pass the night safely. Will you command him to take you to the village (turn to 253), or walk on alone (turn to 195)?

224

You aim and fire. If you are successful, you may deduct the total damage-value of your arrow from the tiger's STAMINA of 12. You have the chance to fire three arrows before it is upon you. You must fight it now.

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, there is nothing more here, so you step back through the door to the Hub. Return to 8 and choose again, but not an option you have already tried.

225

The trident catches in a low branch and you are able to make good your escape. Turn to 245.

226

You draw and fire: the arrow skewers his neck. He throws up his arms and falls dead. (You will not be able to retrieve this arrow, so cross off a willow-leaf arrow from your *Adventure Sheet*.) Now *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 216. If you are Unlucky, turn to 202.

227

The road runs down to the river's edge at a ford. You can see, running to the other bank just below the surface, a pier of rock, over which the river pours like a weir. Below the weir the water is white and frothy; above it is still, deep and green. The pier is ten feet wide and covered in green slime. Will you cross near the frothing white water (turn to 213) or near the green depths upstream (turn to 201)? Otherwise you may plunge in above the weir and swim (turn to 193).

228

You throw the carved rod in the path of the toad-thing. Suddenly a great Serpent rears in its place and Graalsch, the Toad Demon, hesitates in fear for a moment. The serpent's great coils writhe forward and envelop the toad in a grip of steel, ever tightening, its fanged head continually diving at Graalsch's trapped body and biting into it. The Toad Demon wails horribly as the life is crushed and torn out of it. When its work is done, the serpent fades into nothingness, as if it had slithered away to another plane. Remove its name from your list of allies on your *Adventure Sheet*.

The Dai-Oni bellows in rage, 'K'rllk, slay the man-thing!' And the Mantis Demon scuttles forward. If you are now without allies, turn to 266. Otherwise, which ally will you send against it (use only those still noted on your *Adventure Sheet*):

The Ki-Rin?	Turn to 278
The Phoenix?	Turn to 320
Eleanor the Enchantress?	Turn to 330

229

The water rises faster and faster and still the bulrushes march on across the featureless expanse of fen. You are forced to swim, but after swimming many miles you are utterly exhausted and sink quietly beneath the surface to drown.

230

You run into the palace and down a long corridor

and soon find yourself lost in a maze of corridors and rooms, mostly empty except for servants and slaves, who stare at you in amazement. On rounding a corner you are greeted by a sight that causes you to stop dead in your tracks. You have almost bumped into Lord Tsietsin himself, waddling down the corridor, a Samurai at either side. Lord Tsietsin is a large fat man with great blubbery jaws and a face wreathed in fat. Two pig-like eyes flare in outrage. He wears a voluminous kimono, bedecked with an enormous robe, adorned with gold leaf. He is quite openly wearing the hat indicating the title of Shogun.

Tsietsin gasps in fear as he recognizes you, signals to his guards and lumbers away. The Samurai draw their blades, bow and then rush to the attack. Moichi darts forward and engages one. You must fight the other.

TSIETSIN'S BODYGUARD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 354.

231

Unfortunately you have no brimstone with which you can attack or scare the monsters. They are forcing you back to the river-bank. Your sword flashes through the air, creating the illusion of a magical barrier of blades, but at last one of the creatures gets through your guard. You are knocked to the ground and dragged into the river. You have

fallen into the clutches of the Kappa, from which there is no escape.

232

With two swift and accurate shots you have killed both Shikome, who slump silently before the palace gates. Moichi's jaw drops in amazement. 'Such skill, you are truly a master of the Way of the Bow and the Sword, my lord!' This time you can detect no sarcasm in his voice. Quickly you race into the palace as quietly as possible, into a maze of empty corridors and rooms. Turn to **230**.

233

The scaly green monster's yellow eyes glint with evil intelligence as you unsheathe your sword and take a pace back from the green depths. If you have the skill of Iaijutsu, turn to **357**. Otherwise it produces a strong net from below the surface with which it tries to trap your sword just as you lunge. Roll two dice and add 2 to the score because you may lose your footing on the treacherous slime. If you score less than your SKILL, turn to **171**. If you score equal to or higher than your SKILL, turn to **117**.

234

You put the ancient horn to your lips and blow an ear-shattering blast that echoes across the plain. The tiger stops abruptly. Then it pads slowly towards you, in an attitude of curiosity rather than hunger.

It is as tall as you are, but all it does is lick your face affectionately. You get the impression it thinks you are somebody else, presumably the original owner of the horn. But all that is lost in legend. For now you know it will be waiting to aid you at the Place of Battle. Note this on your *Adventure Sheet*. The tiger looks at you with unnaturally intelligent eyes as you step back through the door to the Hub. Return to **8** and choose again, but not an option you have already tried.

235

Singing Death cuts into Ikiru's side and he hisses with pain. A jagged bolt of lightning leaps from the sword blade and into Ikiru's cowled face. There is an almighty thunderclap, the black runesword disappears and Ikiru is destroyed utterly. No vestige of his being remains in the chamber. Turn to **400**.

236

The bow-shots are accurate and deadly. In the space of a few seconds you have slain the two Shikome, without a sound. You sprint forward and into the palace – there is no time to recover your arrows. Turn to **158**.

237

The journey through the Longhills is easy and within two days you reach the valley of one of the tributaries of the great Hiang-Kiang river. The air is alive with the twittering of song-thrushes as you walk down a rolling green hillside towards the river.

There is a road with white-topped milestones at intervals that runs straight towards the river and you decide to follow it. Turn to 227.

238

You step forward, draw your sword and hack off the villainous Samurai's head in one fluid motion. 'It is all he deserved for betraying the Shogun and turning to a life of burning and killing,' the headman says. The other villagers thank you for meting out their idea of justice and they give you another gift – six Gold Pieces. After a small celebration you take your leave and head back to the main road. Turn to 24.

239

The bowel-raker whistles through the air and buries itself in the youth's side. He screams and doubles up in agony then coughs and twitches spasmodically. The wickedly barbed arrow has wounded him badly and he scrabbles at the shaft in an effort to drag the cruel head from his flesh. One of his friends bends to help and the poor youth screams horribly again as the head is jerked free. A torrent of blood flows from the gaping wound. The barbs are designed to prevent easy extraction of the arrow and they have severed vital arteries. The young lad dies in a pool of blood and there are cries of rage from the other charcoal-burners. One drags the moistened turf off one of the mounds, letting out billowing smoke and flames, others seize staves, meaning to do battle. Will you flee (turn to 269) or fight (turn to 281)?

240

The arrow whistles past a Samurai's neck. He jumps up in surprise. You try to duck out of sight, but he spots you and cries a warning. Several of the traitorous Samurai turn at his shout and three of them spring towards you. One recognizes you and says, 'The Shogun's – sorry, the ex-Shogun's champion. Kill the mangy, flea-ridden goat!' They come at you in a rush, wildly brandishing their swords. You must fight them all at once. If you have the skill of Karumijutsu, you may subtract 1 from all their Attack Rolls for this combat only, as you jump and leap over them, trying to dodge their blows.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SAMURAI	6	7
Second SAMURAI	8	8
Third SAMURAI	7	6

If you kill all three of them, turn to 154.

241

Ginsei grins murderously as his katana hisses from its sheath. 'The Shogun's champion. Strange that one so young can be the Shogun's finest sword. It must be that only cowards and babes in arms are so foolish as to pander to that broken reed Hasukawa. I challenge you to single combat, to the death.' He knows that you cannot let such insults pa[illegible] must kill him. He is armed only with his [illegible] you have the skill of Iaijutsu and wish [illegible] to 275. If you have the skill of Kyu[illegible] use it, turn to 289. Otherwise t[illegible]

There is a road with white-topped milestones at intervals that runs straight towards the river and you decide to follow it. Turn to 227.

238

You step forward, draw your sword and hack off the villainous Samurai's head in one fluid motion. 'It is all he deserved for betraying the Shogun and turning to a life of burning and killing,' the headman says. The other villagers thank you for meting out their idea of justice and they give you another gift – six Gold Pieces. After a small celebration you take your leave and head back to the main road. Turn to 24.

239

The bowel-raker whistles through the air and buries itself in the youth's side. He screams and doubles up in agony then coughs and twitches spasmodically. The wickedly barbed arrow has wounded him badly and he scrabbles at the shaft in an effort to drag the cruel head from his flesh. One of his friends bends to help and the poor youth screams horribly again as the head is jerked free. A torrent of blood flows from the gaping wound. The barbs are designed to prevent easy extraction of the arrow and they have severed vital arteries. The young lad dies in a pool of blood and there are cries of rage from the other charcoal-burners. One drags the moistened turf off one of the mounds, letting out billowing smoke and flames, others seize staves, meaning to do battle. Will you flee (turn to 269) or fight (turn to 281)?

240

The arrow whistles past a Samurai's neck. He jumps up in surprise. You try to duck out of sight, but he spots you and cries a warning. Several of the traitorous Samurai turn at his shout and three of them spring towards you. One recognizes you and says, 'The Shogun's – sorry, the *ex*-Shogun's champion. Kill the mangy, flea-ridden goat!' They come at you in a rush, wildly brandishing their swords. You must fight them all at once. If you have the skill of Karumijutsu, you may subtract 1 from all their Attack Rolls for this combat only, as you jump and leap over them, trying to dodge their blows.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SAMURAI	6	7
Second SAMURAI	8	8
Third SAMURAI	7	6

If you kill all three of them, turn to 154.

241

Ginsei grins murderously as his katana hisses from its sheath. 'The Shogun's champion. Strange that one so young can be the Shogun's finest sword. It must be that only cowards and babes in arms are so foolish as to pander to that broken reed Hasekawa. I challenge you to single combat, to the death.' He knows that you cannot let such insults pass. You must kill him. He is armed only with his katana. If you have the skill of Iaijutsu and wish to use it, turn to 275. If you have the skill of Kyujutsu and wish to use it, turn to 289. Otherwise turn to 301.

242

The animated skeletons are heaving themselves on to the bridge. If you have the skill of Karumijutsu and wish to sprint forward and attempt to leap over the undead Samurai to the other side of the river, turn to 262. If not, or you do not wish to try it, the skeletons charge at you. Turn to 358.

243

You dip the silver ewer into the pool until it is full to the brim and then close the lid. Note it on your *Adventure Sheet*. Taking the chalice, you pour a drop from the ewer and sip it carefully. Knowledge floods your being; for a moment it is as if you were a god, for you have partaken of the Waters of Knowledge. Add 1 to your LUCK for the knowledge of the gods. The Enchanted Garden begins to ripple all around you like a mirage and then it fades away. You find yourself standing on a goat-track at the foot of a mountain, unmistakably one of the Shios'ii range. Ikiru's stronghold lies above, so you begin to ascend. Turn to 8.

244

One of the arrows buries itself in one of the Shikome's eyes, killing it instantly; the other thwacks into the palace wall. The remaining guard wails in fear and surprise and the alarm goes up. All hell breaks loose and the castle swarms with Samurai and Shikome in seconds. You try to escape, but are soon spotted and are buried under a wave of attackers. Moichi is slain out of hand, but they take you

prisoner, making gibes about the Shogun and his champion as they do so – they plainly know who you are. You are filled with sorrow at the loss of your loyal retainer.

You are unceremoniously thrown into a small cell in the palace dungeon. The gaoler, a large beefy man in a stained leather jerkin, says jeeringly, 'You will be taken before the Shogun Tsietsin on the morrow.' He then slams the massive, iron-studded, oaken door of the cell in your face.

You are alone. They have taken your swords, and it is this rather than the cruel gibes and the indignity of capture that fills you with shame. Lose 1 Honour point for their loss. There is nothing you can do but wait for the morning, so you lie down on the wooden pallet in the corner and go to sleep. Turn to 316.

245

There is no pursuit as you hastily leave the area of the ford, but the Shogun's champion is supposed to keep the roads and river-crossings of the land open and safe for the common folk. You have failed in this duty. Subtract 1 from your Honour and turn to 263.

246

The great serpent, wide as a tree, tries to bite off your head. You have no choice but to fight it.

GREAT SERPENT SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 272.

247

The silver Samurai's voice rings out across the Enchanted Garden: 'You are without honour and no Samurai.' You are soon nearing the twin statues of the demon and the captive priestess. The magician appears again out of thin air and the two statues, the black-skinned, red-tusked demon and the pale-skinned priestess come to life. She kneels at your feet imploring you to save her from the Pit of Demons, but her captor yanks the chain cruelly and she is pulled to the floor. The demon throws the chain at your head and speaks the words of the Spell of Petrifaction. You are turned to stone in his place and he is now free. You make a curious counterpoint to the fallen priestess who is now a statue once more. Not until another brave adventurer finds the scarlet pagoda will you taste life again.

248

One of the arrows buries itself in one of the Shikome's eyes, killing it instantly; the other thwacks into the palace wall. The remaining guard wails in fear and surprise and the alarm goes up. All hell breaks loose and the castle swarms with Samurai and Shikome in seconds. You try to escape, but are soon spotted and are buried under a wave of attackers. They take you prisoner, making gibes about the Shogun and his champion as they do so – they plainly know who you are.

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You are alone. They have taken your swords and it is this rather than the cruel gibes and the indignity of capture that fills you with shame. Lose 1 Honour point for their loss. There is nothing you can do but wait for the morning, so you lie down on the wooden pallet in the corner and go to sleep. Turn to 316.

249

The path you have taken into the Spider Fens sinks gradually below the level of the marshes and lakes, high walls of clay holding back the water from the sunken path. You seem to be making good progress. You are nearing the southern edge of the Hiang-Kiang estuary. If you wish to return to the edge of the fen and choose another route, turn back to 17 and choose again. If you wish to continue to the estuary, turn to 33.

250

'I cannot slay this Samurai in cold blood,' you say loudly, and a cry of disappointment goes up from the villagers. 'But he should pay for his crime!' and 'Revenge, revenge!' they shout.

The captive Samurai sits up in surprise and then bows low before you and offers you his sword. 'Thank you, my lord. My allegiance is to the Shogun Hasekawa still in my heart, but I could not say thus, in the service of Tsietsin as I was. But now I renounce the traitor Tsietsin and pledge my sword to you, my lord. Take me as your loyal companion.' Will you take him with you (turn to 276), or, if you think he is lying, tell him to return to Tsietsin (turn to 264)?

251

The brass key is intricately decorated with carvings of serpentine dragons, but there is no clue as to its use. The parchment, however, is a map of the Spider Fens beyond the Hiang-Kiang river. It purports to show a safe route through that forsaken land and there is a path leading to a scarlet seven-tiered pagoda. You stuff key and parchment inside your boot and explore the woods for a dry resting-place. Turn to 371.

252

You act immediately. You grab your sword and whip it from the scabbard and across the throat of the first Shikome in one fluid motion. It falls, burbling horribly, dead. The other steps back in astonishment and you close in to the attack.

SHIKOME GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 280.

253

The old charcoal-burner takes you along a winding track that leads to the vales of Kanshuro, where wooded plateaux are riven by beautiful and peaceful dales which nestle unseen between cliffs cut into the limestone by the rivers which formed them. At dusk you take a path down into the Vale of Tinshu to a small and picturesque village. You turn to the old man to ask its name, but he has fallen to the ground. You try to rouse him, but his heart has stopped. He is dead. Turn to 5.

254

You will have to face it alone. The toad leaps forward and a mighty battle ensues. You manage to slay Graalsch the toad, and even the mantis, but at the end you are too weak. The Bronze Man comes forward and tears you limb from limb, while the Dai-Oni laughs mockingly. Your adventure ends here.

255

You drop your shoulder and barge into one of the monsters, then knock it off balance with the flat of your sword. A shower of water pours from the hollow basin in the top of its head. It clutches its claws to its head, makes a sound as if it were choking or drowning and dives back into the river. Realizing they use the pool of water on top of their heads to breathe, you concentrate on knocking them off balance so that the water is shed. They are forced to retreat to the river and you are left standing on the bank, tired but victorious. Turn to 393.

256

You shout an order to Moichi. The Shikome start in surprise and you both fall upon them. You must fight two, while Moichi deals with the other.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SHIKOME	8	9
Second SHIKOME	7	8

If you have killed them within nine rounds of combat, turn to 336. Otherwise turn to 218.

257

The trident's tines bury themselves in your back. If you are wearing armour, turn to 67. If not, turn to 39.

258

What will you do? Try to touch the serpent with an antler, if you have one (turn to 290)? Blow a horn, if you have one (turn to 318)? Or try to use the Phoenix Ruby in some way, if you have it (turn to 328)? If you have none of these items, turn to 246.

259

The Groundhog moves surprisingly quickly on its powerful short legs, but you reach the crest before it and look down upon a breathtaking panorama. The great plain of the lower Hiang-Kiang River lies below you; in the distance is its delta amid the Spider Fens of Kumo. The Spider Fens are lost beneath a pall of mist. Knowing that to detour around the enormous delta would take weeks, you set out down the gentle slope of the valley, leaving the Groundhog behind. Turn to 17.

260

The cowled figure is unconcerned: he laughs and gestures again. Another formless shape of misty blackness rises from the pit. It forms into a shadowy semblance of yourself, a sight that fills you with fear. But it does not attack you. Instead it reaches into your mind and offers you power, wealth, fame, kingdoms to rule, history to write.

'All these can be yours if you will only swear allegiance to Ikiru, your master,' it whispers in your mind. You feel a terrible compulsion to give in, the temptation is so great; you begin to thirst for power and wealth. If your Honour is 5 or more, turn to 27. If it is less than 5, turn to 324.

261

Teeming rain obscures your vision as you climb towards the low hill. The water-level is rising quickly: you might well have drowned if you had not taken this path. As the ground slopes up and you leave the rising waters behind, you notice that all the creatures of the swamp – rats, marsh salamanders and even a giant dragon-newt which seems too scared to contemplate gobbling you up – are racing towards the same patch of high ground to escape the flood. Turn to 149.

262

You run forward and leap high into the air. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 286. If you are Unlucky, turn to 334.

263

It is not long before new dangers take your mind off those past. Beyond the valley of the upper Hiang-Kiang River lies a ridge of slate that cuts the skyline like a saw. You are nearing the top of this when the whole shelf of slate upon which you are standing begins to tremble. It feels like an earthquake, as if the whole of Hachiman has turned to jelly. There is

a low cave near by. You could crawl underneath the overhanging rock (turn to **205**). If you decide instead to lie prone where you are, turn to 103.

264

You send the man away. The villagers thank you for saving them, but many of them add, 'But I wish you had had the sense to slay that black-hearted, dishonourable Samurai.' After a small celebration, you take your leave and head back to the main road. Turn to **24**.

265

You dash towards the cave, but the Groundhog intercepts you. You must fight it.

GROUNDHOG SKILL 8 STAMINA 22

If you win, you may enter the cave (turn to **355**).

266

The Mantis Demon K'rllk hurries towards you, its forelegs raised to strike. You must fight the Mantis Demon but, because of its chitinous armour, your blows will only do 1 point of STAMINA damage if you hit it (this can be increased to 2 with a LUCK roll).

MANTIS DEMON SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **346**.

267

As soon as you put down the key, your one good

eye stops its roaming, so you decide to explore the woods for a dry resting-place. You may restore 1 SKILL point. Turn to 371.

268

You launch desperately into the attack, knowing they are about to do the same. Within seconds you have slain one, but the other begins to howl wildly in fear. In moments the castle is swarming with Samurai and Shikome. You try to escape, but are soon spotted and are buried under a wave of attackers. They take you prisoner, making gibes about the Shogun and his champion as they do so – they plainly know who you are.

You are unceremoniously thrown into a small cell in the palace dungeon. The gaoler, a large beefy man in a stained leather jerkin, says jeeringly, 'You will be taken before the Shogun Tsietsin on the morrow.' He then slams the massive, iron-studded, oaken door of the cell in your face.

You are alone. They have taken your swords, and it is this rather than the cruel gibes and the indignity of capture that fills you with shame. Lose 1 Honour point for their loss. There is nothing you can do but wait for the morning, so you lie down on the wooden pallet in the corner and go to sleep. Turn to **316**.

269

Howls of derision float down the breeze as you hastily put as much distance as you can between

yourself and the peasants. It is only when you slow down through lack of breath that the ignominy of having fled when you should have been protecting the honour of the Shogun hits you. If you carry on in this manner you will be utterly without honour and no longer a Samurai. Subtract 2 from your Honour and continue on your way. Turn to 195.

270

A terrible thing happens. Out of the body of the Dai-Oni, a spectral shape coalesces, a ghostly form of the demon, with insubstantial taloned hands. It is a Shura, or warrior ghost, the spirit of the Dai-Oni come to avenge its death.

You must fight the Shura. When it hits you, you lose STAMINA in the normal way, but there are no wounds; it is draining your strength.

SHURA SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, the Shura simply fades away. Turn to 76.

271

The Legion of the Seventh Seal were the honour guard of the first Shogun. Their like as warriors has never been seen again. They were wiped out when they refused to surrender to a force ten times their size five hundred years ago. The armour is of archaic design but the highest quality. As you prise it free from the rock, the chalcedony flowers break into crystal drops with a tinkling crash, then you are struck a heavy blow from behind. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you decide to quit the chamber as quickly as possible. Turn to 375.

272

The dead serpent sinks slowly into the mire. Some sleek submerged predator slams into the carcass and begins to consume it as you watch. There is nothing else of interest, so you decide to return to the Hub. Return to 8 and choose again, but you cannot choose an option you have already tried.

273

The ledge is now cracked and has subsided in parts, making the going difficult. At last you come to a smooth area where you decide to eat. As you are reaching into your backpack the ground starts to tremble once more. There is another cave near by. Will you run into it (turn to 329), or lie prone again (turn to 385)?

274

The Shadow Demon lunges at you. You swing

Singing Death in a great two-handed cut. As the sword connects, it gives a single pulse of blazing white light. The Demon howls in agony – a distant faint wail – and its shadowy substance is burst asunder, shards of blackness flying apart until nothing is left. Turn to 212.

275

Ginsei advances, legs bowed, with the tip of his sword angled towards your throat. You step forward to meet him in single combat, leaving the drawing of your sword so late that he is convinced he has the advantage. Then you draw the blade and strike in one fluid motion, faster than the strike of a cobra. For all your speed, Ginsei too is quick, and he half parries the cut that would have sent his head tumbling from his shoulders, taking the blow instead on his sword-arm. You have wounded him and reduced his SKILL by your sudden strike. Blood runs down over the hilt of his Katana. Now fight on.

GINSEI THE RONIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to 399.

276

'Thank you, my lord. You will not regret it,' he says quickly. The villagers begin to disperse, darkly muttering things like 'They're all the same!' As you head back to the main road, he tells you his name is Yomitsume Moichi, and that you can call him Moichi.

You travel north, your Samurai retainer chatting incessantly about his family and his life history, so much so that you begin to regret your decision. At last he falls silent when you round a low hill to see a fortified castle about half a league from the road. 'It is the fortress of Lord Isietsin the traitor, my lord,' says Moichi quietly. Will you press on with your mission (turn to 288), or decide that the honour of the Shogun must be upheld and try to enter the castle and slay the traitor (turn to 300)?

277

You caper up and down, making strange sounds and gestures, but the scaly green monsters are unimpressed. They are forcing you back to the river-bank. Your sword flashes through the air, as a magical barrier of blades surrounded you, but at last one of the creatures gets through your guard. You are knocked to the ground and dragged into the river. You have fallen into the clutches of the Kappa, from which there is no escape.

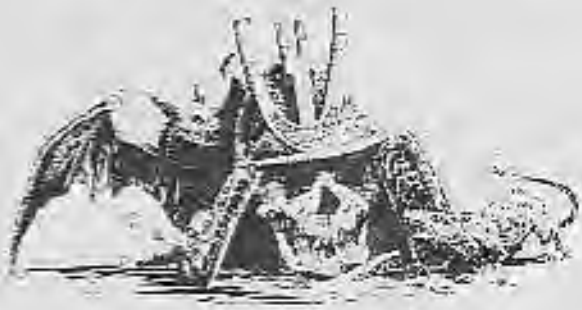

278

The Ki-Rin takes to the air, its hoofs flashing with fire. As it swoops to the attack, the Mantis Demon waits stock-still. At the last moment, its head lashes forward with blinding speed and bites off the head of the Ki-Rin, whose decapitated body falls out of the sky and then fades out of existence as if it had never been. Remove its name from the list of your allies on your *Adventure Sheet*. The Mantis Demon barely pauses before scuttling towards you. If you are now without allies, turn to 266. Otherwise which ally will you commit now (use only those listed on your *Adventure Sheet*):

The Tatsu?	Turn to 294
The Golden Company?	Turn to 304
The Phoenix?	Turn to 320
Eleanor the Enchantress?	Turn to 330

279

The path winds tortuously on and the rain becomes torrential. After a time the water-level begins to rise rapidly until you are knee-deep in water and the route the path takes can only be guessed by tracing lines between the scrawny bulrushes that grow up on either side of it. Will you forge on (turn to 229), or try to find the route that leads to the low hill you recently passed (turn to 181)?

280

You step over the bodies of the Shikome guards and into the palace. Turn to 158.

281

You place your back against a tree, as a cloud of smoke obscures your vision and causes you to cough horribly and your eyes to smart. You force them open as two of the charcoal-burners attack. They have gained the initiative and can attack twice in a row before you can strike back. Your first two Attack Rolls count only as attempts to parry: you do not inflict any loss of STAMINA if you win.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First		
CHARCOAL-BURNER	6	10
Second		
CHARCOAL-BURNER	7	9

If you kill the first of your attackers without being hurt yourself, turn to 347. If you have been wounded by their staves by the time you have killed one of them, turn to 365.

282

He opens the door and walks towards where you lie huddled on the pallet. He leans over you. Suddenly you twist around and drive your fist at him. He reels back in surprise. You must fight the gaoler, but deduct 2 from your SKILL as you do not have your swords.

GAOLER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you kill the gaoler in four combat rounds or less, turn to 308. If it takes five or more rounds, turn to 332.

283

Your feet slide across the slime and you are on the brink of disaster when one of your feet catches against the shell of a giant water-snail and you regain your balance so that you can teeter to the far bank, just as another of the scaly green monsters rises from the depths. Turn to 297.

284

You gather your legs beneath you and leap high into the air, the years of training in this art enabling you to achieve heights many think impossible. It is just enough for you to catch at the battlements and, like a shade, you slide over the wall into the castle. Quickly you hide behind a stable.

Across the castle courtyard is a square stone keep, with pagoda-like roots and carved gables, the palace of Lord Tsietsin. But it is the two palace guards flanking the doors that really draw your attention. They are Shikome, vile humanoid beings, but hairy as apes, and with claws, fangs and horrible snouted faces. They are dressed in dirty and tattered imitations of Samurai armour, although their weapons seem in excellent condition. The presence of Shikome can only mean that Tsietsin is in league with Ikiru, Master of Shadows. Tsietsin will be in the palace, and it seems even more important than before to slay him.

When it is late evening, you decide to act. If you have the skill of Kyujutsu, you can try to kill both the guards as swiftly as possible with two single

bow-shots (turn to 46). If you cannot, or do not wish to use this skill, you can walk casually towards them and then suddenly attack (turn to 64), walk forward and say you have an important message for Lord Tsietsin (turn to 84) or simply stride forward as authoritatively as possible, salute and walk into the palace as if they were not there (turn to 100).

285

The track you have taken winds tortuously through the mire until you have lost all sense of direction. If you wish to return to the edges of the fen and choose another route, go back to 17. If instead you forge ahead, turn to 309.

286

You fly over the undead warrior and land nimbly on the other side. The sky is suddenly lighter. Turning around you see to your surprise that the Samurai is no longer there, nor are the skeletal warriors. The river flows cleanly and is untainted. Leaves swirl about the bridge in a soft breeze. You decide not to linger, so you continue on the road. Turn to **211**.

287

You cannon in your blindness into the doorpost, but the feel of soft turf underfoot and the wind on your cheek confirm that you have made it out of the hovel. After a few minutes, during which you do no more than risk a dozen faltering steps, one of your eyes pops back into place. You can see again, but with only one eye you cannot co-ordinate your sword-strokes, and at times your good eye rolls around at random making you virtually blind again. Subtract 2 from your SKILL. If you wish to leave the key and the parchment which brought such bad luck, turn to **267**. If you scrutinize them as best you can, turn to **251**.

288

You continue on your way, and Moichi's mood lightens. He keeps talking and, although irritating, he seems a simple fellow who honourably follows the Way of Bushido closely. Presently the road curves between two steep, wooded hills, and you and Moichi walk on through the pleasant valley. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **106**. If you are not, turn to **120**.

289

As Ginsei advances, legs bowed, his sword-tip angled towards your throat, you notch an arrow to your bow and let fly. Ginsei's blade is a blur of motion as he cuts the arrow in two, knocking the head aside just before it pierces him. He sneers malevolently. 'So you fight like an ashigaru, a peasant soldier. I care nothing for your underhand tricks.' You have used your bow against a man armed only with a sword who has challenged you to single combat. You are dishonoured by your unfair action. Subtract 1 from your Honour. Turn to **301**.

290

The serpent's head arcs down towards you, but you dodge aside and rap it smartly with the antler. The effect is startling. A pulse of magical energy flows through you. The serpent and the antler abruptly disappear in a flash of blue light. In their place lies a thin rod of dark wood. Around it writhes a stylized serpent, carved into the wood. You pick it up – power flows through it – and pocket it. Note it on your *Adventure Sheet*. You turn and step through the door, back to the Hub. Return to 8 and choose again, but you cannot choose an option you have tried already.

291

Your sword has been making no impression on the steely silver skin of the Samurai. Your brow drips with sweat. If you wish to flee and try to take the path which leads to the statues of the priestess and the demon, turn to **247**. If you refuse to let your honour be tarnished through flight, turn to **81**.

292

You must fight the Dai-Oni. Whenever it hits you, you lose 2 STAMINA points as in normal combat, but also roll one extra die: if the result is 1 or 2, turn to **90**; if the result is 3 or 4, turn to **102**; if the result is 5 or 6, turn to **118**.

DAI-ONI SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 74.

293

As you stride forward menacingly, several of the peasants break and flee deep into the woods. Seeing that they have been deserted by their comrades, the others throw down their staves and follow suit. If you feel that you have done enough to protect the good name of your lord, you may continue on your way (turn to 195). If you are determined to teach them a lesson, turn to 331.

294

The Tatsu gallops into the air and dives straight at K'rllk. Just as the Mantis Demon rears back to strike, the Tatsu breathes a stream of flame from its mouth that engulfs the Mantis Demon, which burns like straw and is reduced to ashes within seconds. The Tatsu turns to you, 'Farewell, manling, and good fortune: I must leave you now.' With that it rides away into the skies. The ghostly crowd seems to applaud as if from a great distance. The Dai-Oni is almost apoplectic with rage.

'Kill, Gargantus, kill!' he screams, and the huge bronze goat-man lumbers forward. If you are now without allies, turn to 364. Otherwise which ally will you commit now (use only those listed on your *Adventure Sheet*): the Ki-Rin (turn to 382), or the Golden Company (turn to 198)?

295

As you reach the crest, a vast panorama opens up. The great valley of the lower Hiang-Kiang River lies below you. In the distance lies its delta amid the Spider Fens of Kumo. The Spider Fens are lost in a pall of mist. Knowing that to detour around the enormous delta would take weeks, you set off down the gentle slope of the valley. Turn to 17.

296

He ignores your moans of pain and moves on, waking other prisoners, sliding black bread and stale water through flaps in the doors. Presently he returns and opens your cell door. But this time he has three soldiers with him. Will you pretend to have been wounded and then suddenly attack them (turn to 370), or pretend to have been wounded and, when they have taken you out of the cell, grab a weapon and try to run away (turn to 380)?

297

You take up a defensive position near the far bank of the river, as several more of the scaly green monsters rise dripping from the depths and converge on you. If you have the skill of Karumijutsu and wish to try to leap over their heads to safety, turn to 35. If you decide to stand your ground and fight it out, turn to 13. If instead you surrender, turn to 3.

298

You skirt the pit and walk towards the throne, holding Singing Death in front of you. As you near

it, the shadows fall back, unable to resist the power of the sword. Those that stray too close are instantly vaporized by its touch. Turn to 121.

299

Inside, the scarlet pagoda is clean but bare, except for a mirror in a screen before you. You reach forward to touch it and it seems to absorb first your hand and then the whole of you. Before you know what is happening you are standing in the most beautiful garden you have ever seen. At its centre is an ornamental pond into which bubbles a crystal clear spring. Several winding paths lead from the point where you stand to the pond but the most interesting thing about the garden apart from the flowers and climbers, which are a riot of colour, are the statues.

There are five magnificent statues in all. The nearest one on the left is of a silver Samurai; the nearest on the right comprises a young priestess kneeling

down with a terrible demon behind her, who holds a chain that is fastened around her neck. She is marked with a dragonfly tattoo on her bared shoulder. Separate paths lead to these statues and, beyond them, are two still more fearsome stone colossi. One is of Hammurabi, the Lord of Flies, in the form of a gigantic dragonfly. The other is of the dreaded Sea Dragon, which rises from its pedestal like a waterspout. Turn to 137.

300

Gain 1 Honour point for your brave decision. Moichi's face falls when you tell him, but then he says, 'Well, my lord, I suppose that is the honourable thing to do. I know a hidden postern gate at the rear of the castle and the password – we can gain entrance there with ease, if you will allow this humble warrior to lead such a one as you, O mighty lord.' He bows low. You cannot quite tell whether or not Moichi is being sarcastic in his praise of you, but you tell him to lead on anyway. He smiles roughly and leads you by a roundabout route to the rear of the castle where it nestles against the foothills of the southern Shios'ii Mountains. You wait until nightfall before approaching the hidden gate. Moichi walks up to a section of the wall and knocks on it. A slat opens and two eyes, glittering in the moonlight, stare out. 'Who goes there?' a voice hisses. 'It is I, Moichi. We have returned from a night patrol on Lord Tsietsin's personal orders. The password is "Cherry Blossom".' With that, the door slides open,

allowing you and Moichi to step in. Without a word, you drive your fist into the surprised guard's face. The guard falls without a sound. Turn to 136.

301

Ginsei advances, legs bowed, with the tip of his sword angled towards your throat. You meet him in single combat.

GINSEI THE RONIN	SKILL 10	STAMINA 16

If you win, turn to 399.

302

You must fight them both.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SAMURAI	7	9
Second SAMURAI	8	7

If you kill them both, turn to 310.

303

Both of your eyes roll up into your head, making you completely blind; then one rolls back into place and you can make out a large brass key beneath the puppet and some creased and greasy parchment. Taking both key and parchment, you throw the box outside and feel your way to the door of the hovel as your eyes roll up into your head once more. Turn to 287.

304

The knights of the Golden Company utter a battle-cry and charge forward with military precision. However, their weapons, straight swords and maces, make little impression on the chitinous armour of the Mantis Demon. K'rllk lays about itself with ferocious accuracy, each super-fast dart of its head biting a knight in two. Within moments they are all dead. You stand aghast at its horrible power. Remove the knights from the list of allies on your *Adventure Sheet*. K'rllk turns upon you and scuttles forward. If you are now without allies, turn to 266. Otherwise which ally will you commit now (use only those listed on your *Adventure Sheet*): the Tatsu (turn to 294) or the Ki-Rin (turn to 278)?

305

You have slain the Groundhog. You try on the armour: it is a good fit, and you may add 1 to your SKILL while wearing it. There is nothing else here, so you climb to the crest to see what lies beyond. Turn to 295.

306

A troop of fifteen riders appears on the road ahead of you. They are wearing blue and green lacquered battle armour and you recognize the symbol emblazoned on a banner one of them bears. They are Samurai of Lord Tsietsin. At the sight of you, they spur their horses into a charge, one of them shouting, 'It's the Shogun's lackey – take him!' There is nowhere to run to and soon they are upon you. You struggle mightily, slaying three of them and wounding several more, but there are too many and soon you are securely bound and strapped over a horse's back. 'Lord Tsietsin will be pleased with this little catch,' one of them quips.

They take you to the castle you passed on the road. You are led into the courtyard, where many of Lord Tsietsin's Samurai retainers gather around to laugh and mock you. You are unceremoniously thrown into a small cell in the palace dungeon. The gaoler, a large beefy man in a stained leather jerkin, says jeeringly, 'You will be taken before the Shogun Tsietsin on the morrow.' He then slams the massive, iron-studded, oaken door of the cell in your face.

You are alone. They have taken your swords, and it is this rather than the cruel gibes and the indignity of capture that fills you with shame. Lose 1 Honour point for their loss. There is nothing you can do but wait for the morning, so you lie down on the wooden pallet in the corner and go to sleep. Turn to 316.

307

The bravest of the charcoal-burners, four tough-looking weather-beaten men, charge you together, brandishing their staves. You must fight them, but you wisely back up against a tree, so that only two can assail you at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CHARCOAL-BURNER	6	10
Second CHARCOAL-BURNER	7	9

If you kill the first of your attackers without being hurt, turn to 347. If you have been wounded by the time you have killed one of them, turn to 365.

308

Your last blow lays out the gaoler. Without hesitating, you run out of the cell. You are in a long, cell-lined, torch-lit corridor that stretches into darkness to left and right. Will you turn left (turn to 344) or right (turn to 356)?

309

After another half a day, during which you make slow but steady progress, only occasionally stepping off the path into the mire, it begins to rain. The mist thins until a low hill in the middle of the fens is revealed a few miles to the east. A small path diverges from the path you are on towards it. Will you take the path that leads to the hill (turn to 261), or press on (turn to 279)?

310

Sheathing your blade, you spring after Lord Tsietsin. Soon you have caught up with him, just in time to see him ducking through a black and gold lacquered door. You follow, and burst into a large, richly decorated room, with a black and gold lacquered chest in one corner. Tsietsin, gibbering in fear, has raised a trap-door in one corner of the room. When he sees that you will reach him before he can manoeuvre his vast bulk down it, he falls to his knees before you. Turn to 178.

311

You clamber on to a mossy mound near the far bank of the river as several more of the scaly green monsters rise dripping from the depths and converge on you. If you have the skill of Karumijutsu and wish to try to leap over their heads to safety, turn to 35. If you decide to stand your ground and fight it out, turn to 13. If instead you surrender, turn to 3.

312

You walk forward and cast the sword into the pit. Ikiru leaps up and cries, 'No, don't.' His voice is like the rustle of leaves. As the sword disappears from sight, the hall begins to shudder. The shadows around Ikiru begin to shred and break up. His throne begins to crumble and a keening wind rushes through the hall. It strikes Ikiru and begins to rip him apart. He is scattered like chaff and destroyed. Everything begins to crumble about you and

the pit falls in on itself, burying Singing Death. You manage to escape the destruction and although you have slain Ikiru, Singing Death is forever lost in the nether regions.

When you return to Konichi, the Shogun thanks you, but sinks into a grim depression. Without Singing Death, Hachiman begins to collapse as a state. Rebel lords break away and barbarian raids soon become full-blown invasions, often allied to local rebel lords. It is in one of these campaigns that you are slain, trying to defend your nation. But it is all to no avail: Hachiman sinks into a new dark age, and ultimately you have failed.

313

Your feverish tearing loosens the fastenings of each piece of armour one by one, and they drift into the depths. At last you break the surface and throw your swords to the edge of the pool before climbing out. Luckily the well-shaft opens out on to a natural water-filled cave and there is a ledge just above the water-level. By feeling around in the darkness you locate a tunnel which you decide to explore. Your armour is lost in the depths of the pool: until you find another suit to fit you, all weapons will do 4 STAMINA points of damage every time you are hit in combat, instead of just 2. Turn to 363.

314

Will you press on down the road and try to skirt past Tsietsin's home without being spotted (turn to 338), or decide that the honour of the Shogun must be upheld and try to get into the castle and slay Lord Tsietsin (turn to 350)?

315

If you have the skill of Kyujutsu and wish to try to scare them off with a humming-bulb arrow, turn to 21. Otherwise you try a swing with your sword as the nearest of the monsters attacks. Turn to 53.

316

Thin arrows of sunlight penetrate your dark cell from the small window the next day. You awake to the sound of a rattle at your cell door. It is the gaoler. 'Wake up, you dog,' he cries. 'I shall be coming to take you to Tsietsin soon!' He is about to move on. Will you moan loudly as if you were very ill or badly wounded, hoping he will come in so that you can attack him (turn to 20), or wait until he returns (turn to 40)?

317

The dyke runs for mile after mile, the product of an ancient civilization that lived in the delta before the eternal mists descended. After a while the map directs you to take a path that leads down to the shore of the lake, where it forks. One fork leads to a crescent of basalt stepping-stones, great hexagonal columns of rock, a veritable giant's causeway that

leads deep into the mist. The other leads into a peat bog which is labelled on the map with a skull transfixed by a sword. Will you brave the giant's causeway (turn to **113**), or the bog (turn to **217**)? The map suggests that the pagoda lies at the end of one of these, but it is not plain which.

318

The horn gives an ear-splitting blast, which echoes through the miasmal swamp, but it is as if the serpent has no ears at all. Turn to **246**.

319

A circle of ten of the most venerable-looking peasants surround the well outside the headman's house. They part deferentially to allow you within their circle, and the headman, who carries a ribbon of office and the headman's medal, invites you to stay with them until their business is finished. Then, surprisingly, they ignore you and go on talking about village matters. Indeed, strangely enough, they seem to be deciding whether or not to stop planting crops altogether. The western sky is a blaze of sunset red. Will you leave the village and walk off into the sunset (turn to **11**), or wait for them to finish (turn to **155**)?

320

The Phoenix takes to the air and hurtles towards the Mantis Demon. At the last moment it halts, hovering before K'rllk's threshing jaws. Just as the Mantis Demon rears back to strike, the Phoenix engulfs

itself in golden flame. The Mantis cannot stop itself thrusting forward into the fire – and is instantly consumed. Within seconds it is nothing but ash. The Phoenix gives a cry of triumph and then soars skyward and away. Remove its name from the list of your allies. The Dai-Oni is almost apoplectic with rage.

'Kill, Gargantus, kill!' he screams and the huge bronze goat-man lumbers forward. If you are now without allies, turn to **364**. Otherwise which ally will you commit now (use only those listed on your *Adventure Sheet*): the Ki-Rin (turn to **382**) or Eleanor the Enchantress (turn to **22**)?

321

You decline to meet the silver Samurai in single combat. 'Then you are a man without honour, lower than a beast which was born without honour and cannot be dishonoured. You deserve only dishonourable death.' You have refused the time-honoured challenge of a Samurai to fight in the name of your lord the Shogun. Subtract 2 from your Honour. The silver Samurai steps forward to do battle; the sun flashing off his skin almost dazzles you.

SILVER SAMURAI SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you hit him three times, turn to **291**.

322

The traitor, Lord Tsietsin, is dead. The honour of the Shogun and of Hachiman has been upheld. Gain 1 Honour point for ridding the land of the evil Lord Tsietsin, and for killing him in the middle of his own castle. You look around the room. Mostly it is full of ornate decoration, but the large chest catches your interest. You quickly open it. Inside is a bag of 100 Gold Pieces, an arrow and an excellently crafted suit of Samurai armour, obviously too small for the overweight Tsietsin. You don the armour, and find it is far superior to your own, especially because it is made out of some unusually light metal. Gain 1 SKILL point.

If you have the skill of Kyujutsu, you recognize the arrow as being crafted by the legendary master of

Kyujutsu, Tsunewara, who is reputed to have had magical powers. It is fletched with white eagle feathers. It should have the power of dispelling evil spirits. Note it on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Sudden sounds of shouting and the clash of weapons come from outside. Tsietsin's men will be here any minute. You dart down the open trap-door and close it behind you. Stairs lead down into stygian blackness. You carefully descend: turn to **122**.

323

You land on the edge of the pier of rock and then helplessly roll into the frothing white waters below. Unfortunately the scaly green monsters have placed sharpened spikes just below the surface upon which you are now impaled. Your armour is pierced in several places and you lose 5 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you manage to drag yourself off the spikes and are washed up on the far bank just out of the clutches of two of the monsters. Turn to **311**.

324

You succumb to its lure. 'Power and wealth will be mine,' you think to yourself and you fall on one knee and offer your sword to Ikiru, saying, 'I am your loyal slave, O master.' The demon he summoned vanishes and Ikiru laughs – a sound like the rustling of leaves. 'You fool,' he whispers and orders you to kill yourself. You find that you cannot resist his will and gash open your stomach, to die in agony.

325

Before you can say a word, one of the Kappa throws a trident from beneath the waters. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 367. If you are Unlucky, turn to 373.

326

Will you carry on down the road (turn to 362), or pay a visit to Lord Tsietsin and ask him to help you in some way (turn to 376)?

327

The chest splinters as it hits the floor and a small metal object spins across the floor, but you are outside the hovel in a twinkling and decide to search the woods for a dry resting-place. Your eyes stop rolling around in your head quite soon, but one of them wanders about from time to time, as if you had a bad squint. Sometimes it rolls up into your head so

that you can't see through it at all. Your swordplay will suffer until the puppet dragon's curse is lifted. Subtract 1 from your SKILL, then turn to 371.

328

You hold up the ruby in front of it, but it takes no notice and remains intent on making you its next meal. Turn to 246.

329

As soon as you reach the cave the trembling stops, but you decide to enter in case it had presaged a more violent quake. You light a torch and see that the cave is in fact a small grotto filled with pink chalcedony flowers, like a bed of coral. Lying on top of the rock flowers is a magnificent suit of lacquered armour, a little dusty and mouldy but still resplendent in the gold and blue colours of the Legion of the Seventh Seal. Will you take the armour (turn to 271), or leave straight away (turn to 375)?

330

Eleanor rushes forward. The Mantis Demon towers above her, but she puts her hands together and unleashes a ravening bolt of blue energy. However, incredibly, it coruscates against the Mantis's chitinous armour and is deflected to fade into the air. The Mantis whips its head forward, bites into her and gobbles her up horribly. Remove Eleanor's name from the list of allies on your *Adventure Sheet*.

K'rllk hardly hesitates; it scuttles towards you. If you are now without allies, turn to 266. Otherwise which ally will you commit now (use only those listed on your *Adventure Sheet*): the Phoenix (turn to 320) or the Ki-Rin (turn to 278)?

331

Brandishing your katana, you plunge into the wood on the trail of the impudent youth. He breaks cover and sprints across a clearing in full view, but as you turn to follow a trap closes on your shin, splintering your greaves and holding you fast in a vice-like grip. You fall heavily and stifle a groan. The trap is made of iron: you might die of thirst before managing to extricate yourself. Subtract 3 from your STAMINA score. If you are still alive, will you cry out to the charcoal-burners for help (turn to 37) or lie low and wait (turn to 65)?

332

The sound of battle brings more guards and they dash into the cell. One of them spears you in the chest and the blood bubbles up into your lungs. You slump to the dirty floor of the cell, to drown in your own blood.

333

The trident's tines have pierced your armour and broken one of your ribs. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive and wish to leave immediately, turn to 335. If you drag the trident out of your flesh and use it to threaten the Kappa, while trying to talk to them, turn to 361.

334

Your leap did not take you high enough. The undead Samurai manages to catch your legs and bring you tumbling to the ground. You spring to your feet, but the skeletons surround you now. Turn to 358.

335

There is no pursuit as you leave the Kappa's ford and it is not long before new dangers take your mind off those past. Beyond the valley of the upper Hiang-Kiang lies a ridge of slate that cuts the skyline like a saw. You are nearing the top of this when the whole shelf of slate upon which you are standing begins to tremble. It feels like an earthquake, as if the whole of Hachiman has turned to jelly. There is a low cave near by: you could crawl underneath the overhanging rock (turn to 205). If you decide instead to lie prone where you are, turn to 103.

336

Moichi is wounded, but has killed his opponent. You pause for breath and Moichi grins at you happily. 'Well fought, my lord. It is an honour to fight by

your side.' He bows obsequiously. 'Enough of this veiled mockery,' you reply. 'On to the heart of the palace!'

You run down a long corridor and soon find yourself lost in a maze of corridors and rooms, mostly empty save for servants and slaves, who stare at you in amazement. You are rounding a corner when you are greeted by a sight that causes you to pull up short in surprise. You have bumped into Lord Tsietsin himself, waddling down the corridor towards you, a Samurai at either side. Lord Tsietsin is a large fat man with great blubbery jaws and a face wreathed in fat. Two pig-like eyes flare at you in outrage. He wears a voluminous kimono, adorned with gold leaf. You notice that he is quite openly wearing the hat which indicates the office of Shogun.

Tsietsin gasps in fear as he recognizes you, signals to his guards, turns around and lumbers away from you. The Samurai draw their blades, bow and dash to the attack. Moichi darts forward and engages one. You must fight the other.

TSIETSIN'S BODYGUARD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 354.

337

The Groundhog is like a walking platform with a broad back and eight stumpy legs. In the middle of its back a huge slit-like mouth has opened up and

the edges, which have turned upwards to all but envelop you, have a line of tails with hard balls of bone at the ends, like living morning stars. You draw your katana to give battle, but it will not be easy, balanced precariously on the Groundhog's back as you are. Subtract 1 from your SKILL score for this battle only.

GROUNDHOG	SKILL 8	STAMINA 22

If you win, you go on to investigate the cave. Turn to 355.

338

You trudge on. The land is less cultivated here, wilder and more overgrown. Soon you are travelling between two wooded hills through a shallow valley. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 386. If you are Unlucky, turn to 306.

339

The winding path crosses many more and eventually has you completely lost in the mist. You pause to try to and get your bearings; then it begins to rain, even though it is still misty. It rains hard for two whole days until the water-level has risen above your head. There is no escape from the Spider Fens. You swim many miles, but die exhausted.

340

The Ki-Rin gazes at you benevolently, filling you with peace and tranquillity. 'Your cause is a just one, mortal, and you are a worthy choice for its completion. You are of good heart. Because of this, I shall aid you. I will be at the Place of Battle, to fight with you against the Dai-Oni and his evil allies.' Its voice is lovely to listen to. You are about to thank it when it utters a wild cry and takes to the air, leaving you alone. A door appears, hanging in the air before you. You step through it and find yourself back in the Hub, surrounded by stars and the eight doors. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* that the Ki-Rin is your ally. Return to 8 and choose again, but you cannot choose an option that you have already tried.

341

The silver Samurai steps forward to do battle. The sun flashing on his skin almost dazzles you.

SILVER SAMURAI SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you hit him three times, turn to 291.

342

You are away before the guards have reacted, but when they see where you are going they do not chase after you. Soon you come to a room filled with weapons, clothes and the like. In it you find your swords, but also that there is no way out. You are trapped. You dash back up the corridor, but already there are more than ten guards waiting for you.

They charge forward. You fight valiantly, slaying several in the close confines of the corridor, but at last a spear thrust spills your guts on to the dungeon floor and ends your life.

343

The flimsy material weighs next to nothing and you stuff it into your pack before leaving the hut and searching the woods for a dry resting-place. Turn to 371.

344

You run left, past dank and stinking prison walls. There is a shout from up ahead – 'Hida, is that you?' – and then a muffled curse and the sound of running feet: a guard is coming towards you. You try to hide in the shadow of the corridor, but it is too light. However, the sight of you takes him completely by surprise, which allows you to strike him hard. He staggers back, but draws his sword and comes back at you, his face a mask of rage and pain. You must fight him, but subtract 2 from your SKILL as you have no swords.

GUARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 88.

345

Eyes smarting from the stinging gas which the Forsaken One gives out when its flesh is pierced, you struggle on down the tunnel and, mercifully, into the open air low on a hillside near the village. It seems the Rokuro-Kubi have stopped at the undead corpse of the Forsaken One and you can escape their village. Add 1 to your LUCK for surviving them, and turn to 397.

346

The Mantis Demon lies dead before you, oozing black ichor. The Dai-Oni angrily shouts, 'Gargantus, slay the mortal!' And the Bronze Man lumbers towards you. Turn to 364.

347

You seem impervious to their blows, and when you have slain one the others prostrate themselves at your feet, begging for mercy. You tell them that they are fools to think they could harm the Shogun's champion. The oldest tells you that if you spare him he can show you to a village where you may pass the night safely. Will you tell him to lead on (turn to 179), or demand that they swear an oath of allegiance to the Shogun (turn to 163)?

348

As the Phoenix draws near, you feel a strange burning in your backpack. You reach in and pull out the Phoenix Ruby. It is growing hot and radiating a deep glow that bathes you in reddish light. Instinctively, you hold it up. The Phoenix utters another wild cry and golden flames burst from it, so that it becomes a fireball for a brief instant. Then it lands a little way from you, regarding you strangely, membranes flicking across the ruby glow of its eyes from time to time. It imparts a message to you without speaking:

'I shall aid you. Look for me at the Place of Battle, O bearer of the Ruby.' Then it flies away. Note that the Phoenix is your ally. You turn and step through the door. Return to 8 and choose another option, but you cannot choose one you have chosen already.

349

You are nearing the twin statues of the demon and the captive priestess. The magician appears again out of thin air and the two statues, the black-skinned, red-tusked demon and the pale-skinned priestess come to life. She kneels at your feet imploring you to save her from the Pit of Demons, but her captor yanks the chain cruelly and she is pulled to the floor. The demon throws the chain at your head and speaks the words of the Spell of Petrifaction. You are turned to stone in its place and it is now free. You make a curious counterpoint to the fallen priestess who is now a statue once more. Not until another brave adventurer finds the scarlet pagoda will you taste life again.

350

Gain 1 Honour point for your brave decision. You head purposefully towards Lord Tsietsin's castle. As you near it, you can pick out the soldiers lining the walls from the glint of their weapons in the sunlight. Will you walk boldly up to the entrance and try to bluff your way in (turn to 374), or skirt the walls and try to find a place where you could scale them (turn to 388)?

351

Your arrow misses, but the charcoal-burners have taken the hint. They melt away into the woods from which they cut the materials of their trade. Only the oldest of them stays behind with his son, saying that

he will show you to a safe place to spend the night so that it may not be said that his family have dishonoured a Samurai. Turn to 179.

352

The Ki-Rin eyes you distastefully. It gives you a withering look of contempt and scorn before taking to the air, leaving you alone on the mountain peak, where an icy wind blows up and sheets of rain begin to drench you. A door appears in the air in front of you and you seize your opportunity to escape the elements by stepping through it. You find yourself back at the Hub, surrounded by stars and the eight doors. Return to 8 and choose again, but you cannot choose an option you have already tried.

353

Your hands scrabble feverishly at the fastenings of your armour, but the chill waters sap your strength and lack of oxygen causes you to pass out suddenly. By the time the Rokuro-Kubi start to dine on your tender flesh you are long drowned.

354

Moichi has also killed his opponent, but is slightly wounded. Sheathing your blade, you spring after Lord Tsietsin. Soon you have caught up with him, just in time to see him ducking through a black and gold lacquered door. You and Moichi follow and burst into a large richly decorated room, with a black and gold lacquered chest in one corner. Tsietsin, gibbering in fear, has raised a trap-door in one corner of the room. When he sees that you will reach him before he can manoeuvre his vast bulk down it, he falls to his knees before you.

'Spare me, great warrior, please spare me. It was Ikiru: he forced me to turn against the rightful Shogun, forgive me, I shall be his loyal vassal from now on,' he gabbles, a tissue of transparent lies. As

you look down, feeling only contempt and loathing, Tsietsin's eyes narrow in cunning malice. His right hand flicks through the air. A needle-like dagger flies from his hand and into your thigh. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you stagger back in surprise, as he lurches to his feet, drawing his sword. 'Curse you, you swine,' he cries and slashes at you.

Moichi leaps forward and within moments, both of you have ended Tsietsin's miserable life. Turn to 366.

355

By the light of a torch you see that the cave is in fact a small grotto filled with pink chalcedony flowers, like a bed of coral. Lying on top of the rock flowers is a magnificent suit of lacquered armour, a little dusty, but still resplendent in the gold and blue colours of the Legion of the Seventh Seal. The

Legion of the Seventh Seal were the honour guard of the first Shogun. Their like as warriors has never been seen since. They were wiped out when they refused to surrender to a force ten times their size five hundred years ago. The armour is of archaic design but the highest quality. There is a tinkling crash as you shatter some of the flowers in dislodging the armour, but you are pleased to see that it fits and is miraculously light. You may add 1 to your SKILL while wearing this armour, thanks to the magic it contains. There is little else in the grotto, so you leave and climb to the crest to see what lies beyond. Turn to 295.

356

You run right, past cell doors. The corridor opens out into a large square room – a complete dead end. However, it is lined with weapons, clothes, and other bits and pieces. To your joy, stacked in a corner are all your weapons. Quickly you pick them up and you feel whole once more. Gain 1 LUCK point for reclaiming your swords. There is a good selection of arrows here: if you are a master of Kyujutsu, you may replenish any arrows you have lost, up to twelve, or reorganize the types of your arrows as you wish.

There is nothing else of interest to you, so you turn round and run back down the corridor and past your old cell. Turn to 132.

357

A split second after your hand falls upon the hilt of your katana, the head of the nearest monster is sailing end over end towards the far bank. Its headless torso, still gripping a net, sinks lifeless beneath

the surface. The second monster is still surging towards the ford, and you just have time to reach the far bank, teetering dangerously on the green slime every step of the way. Turn to 395.

358

There are six skeletons animated by the undead Samurai, but only three of them can get at you at a time. You must fight them all at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	6	7
Second SKELETON	7	6
Third SKELETON	7	7

If you defeat them all, you must fight the next three.

	SKILL	STAMINA
Fourth SKELETON	7	6
Fifth SKELETON	6	7
Sixth SKELETON	8	9

If you defeat these three, turn to 368.

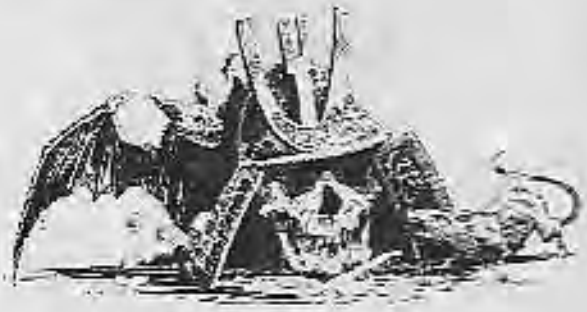

359

You gingerly remove the chest from the secret cupboard and set it on the straw-covered floor. Then, using the tip of your wakizashi, you prise open the clasp, while shielding your eyes against any possible spray of flame. The clasp breaks and the lid flies open to reveal a puppet dragon, like a jack-in-the-box. Two clouds of steam jet out from the puppet's nostrils and bathe your head in orange smoke. It seems to seep into your eyes, which itch and start to roll around in your head of their own accord. Will you throw down the chest and leave (turn to 327), or sneak a look at what lies beneath the puppet (turn to 303)?

360

The Phoenix swoops dangerously close to you. Suddenly it bursts into flame, becoming for an instant a golden fireball, and you are singed by its flames. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you still live, will you fight the Phoenix (turn to 372), or try to run back through the door hanging behind you (turn to 390)?

361

You decide to threaten that you will bring an army of Samurai to kill the Kappa unless they can help in your quest. The yellow eyes bob up and down in the gloom, then one rises suddenly to the surface and throws a sparkling red gem at your feet. 'It is our greatest treasure,' it hisses. 'Now leave us.' The gem is a ruby shaped like a phoenix. A rare treasure indeed, taken from a rich merchant who tried to cross the ford a long time ago. Note it on your *Adventure Sheet*. The Kappa disappear from view and you decide to move on. Turn to 335.

362

You trudge on. The land is less cultivated here, wilder and more overgrown. Soon you are travelling between two wooded hills through a shallow valley. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 386. If you are Unlucky, turn to 396.

363

A grisly chattering noise from the well-shaft tells you that the Rokuro-Kubi are on your tail as you grope your way blindly forward. Suddenly a slimy touch makes your face burn. Acid eats into your flesh. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you shrink back in horror. The smell of brimstone is unmistakable. It is a Forsaken One – the undead soul of a wicked man who never received decent burial and whose spirit has been rejected by the spirit world because it is so twisted with malice. You must fight the Forsaken One in the pitch-blackness. Subtract 2 from your SKILL, because all you can see of it is a ghostly, glowing, yellow outline.

FORSAKEN ONE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 345.

364

His eyes blaze and twin bolts of ruby light lance at you. You only just manage to avoid them. Now you must fight Gargantus, the bronze giant. Every third combat round, Gargantus fires ruby-red bolts at you from his eyes. When this occurs, roll one extra die: if it is even, you have dodged the bolts; if it is odd, you have been hit and must lose 4 STAMINA points.

GARGANTUS SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, the Dai-Oni mutters in anger and, picking up a huge spiked iron club or tetsubo, advances towards you. Turn to 292.

365

The first of your assailants lies dead in a pool of blood, but your own blood also stains the green turf and the peasants see that you are not invulnerable. Another attacks you, a hulking brute of a man with a wayward black beard, who is whirling a firebrand from one of the charcoal ovens round and round his head.

FIRE-WIELDER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If the fire-wielder is still alive after five rounds of combat, turn to 377. If you win, turn to 389.

366

The traitor, Lord Tsietsin, is dead. The honour of the Shogun and of Hachiman has been upheld. Gain 1 Honour point for ridding the land of the evil Lord Tsietsin, and for killing him in the middle of his own castle. 'The Shogun is avenged, as are the villagers,' says Moichi, who rests, idly watching as you survey the room.

Mostly it is full of ornate decoration, but the large chest catches your interest. You quickly open it. Inside is a bag of 100 Gold Pieces, an arrow and an excellently crafted suit of Samurai armour, obviously too small for the overweight Tsietsin. You don the armour and find it is far superior to your own, especially because it is made out of some unusually light metal. Gain 1 LUCK point.

If you have the skill of Kyujutsu, you recognize the

arrow as being crafted by the legendary master of Kyujutsu, Tsunewara, who is reputed to have had magical powers. It is fletched with white eagle feathers. It should have the power of dispelling evil spirits. Note it on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Sudden sounds of shouting and the clash of weapons come from outside. Tsietsin's men will be here any minute. You both dart down the open trap-door and close it behind you. Stairs lead down into stygian blackness. You cautiously descend. Turn to 378.

367

The trident catches a low branch and you are able to catch it and use it to threaten the Kappa. They shrink back until their yellow eyes are mere glints in the green depths. If you decide to leave now, turn to 335. If you are determined to speak to them, turn to 361.

368

The shattered remnants of the skeletons lie strewn about you. The undead Samurai closes in silence to do battle for the last time.

UNDEAD SAMURAI SKILL 9 STAMINA 3

If you kill it, it falls to the ground and begins to dissolve. The sky lightens and the redness fades from the river. Among the remains of the undead Samurai you notice an ivory horn of fine workman-

ship, inlaid with silver tracery depicting a sabre-toothed tiger. You pick it up and walk on. Turn to **211**.

369

Your perseverance is rewarded. An improbable sight looms above you in the mist. The scarlet pagoda seems untouched by time. There are no damp stains, no rotting, the paint is immaculate. As you walk up to it, the red door swings open as if inviting you inside. If you dare to cross the threshold, turn to **299**. If you would rather return and brave the giant's causeway, turn to **113**.

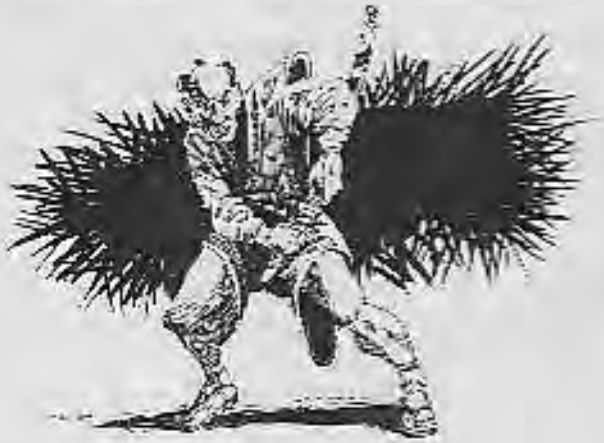

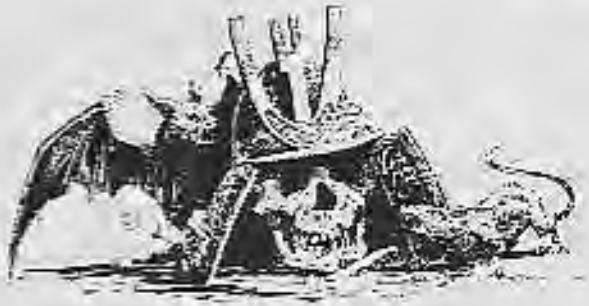

370

You moan in pain, convincingly, and one of the soldiers leans over you. Suddenly you launch your attack, but you soon find you are hard pressed as you do not have your swords. The sound of battle brings more guards and they dash into the cell. One of them spears you in the chest and the blood bubbles up into your lungs. You slump to the dirty floor of the cell, to drown in your own blood.

371

The woods above Ginsei's hovel are quiet and dry. Your repose is undisturbed and you awaken much refreshed. Restore up to 3 points of lost STAMINA. As the swollen orange sun lifts the morning mists, you must decide whether to continue due north through the Longhills (turn to 237), or to head north-west towards the villages and dales of Kanshuro (turn to **219**).

372

The Phoenix does not try to peck or claw you; instead it tries to swoop close enough to immolate itself and bathe you in flames. Each time it hits you, roll one die and subtract 1 from the result. This is the amount of STAMINA you have lost from the flames (note that you may not lose any STAMINA if you're lucky!).

PHOENIX SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **36**.

373

The trident's tines bury themselves in your chest. If you are wearing armour, turn to 333. If not, turn to **39**.

374

You stride up the path as if you owned the castle. The two guards flanking the doorway regard you impassively. You tell them you are ronin, a Samurai without a lord, and wish to join Tsietsin. They nod and one of them knocks on the great outer doors and steps in. Shortly, a man in a kimono steps out. 'I am Ieratsu, Lord Tsietsin's lieutenant. Please come with me.' He gestures at the door, and you step through into a large courtyard.

Suddenly Ieratsu shouts, 'If you are ronin, then why did you attack our men at the village? You have walked into our hands, champion of the Shogun!' A horde of warriors boil out of the castle's confines like rats and swarm over you. There are too many of them and you are overwhelmed and captured. You are unceremoniously thrown into a small cell in the palace dungeon. The gaoler, a large beefy man in a stained leather jerkin, says jeeringly, 'You will be taken before the Shogun Tsietsin on the morrow.' Then he slams the massive, iron-studded, oaken door of the cell in your face.

You are alone. They have taken your swords, and it is this rather than the cruel gibes and the indignity of capture that fills you with shame. Lose 1 Honour point for their loss. There is nothing you can do but wait for the morning, so you lie down on the wooden pallet in the corner and go to sleep. Turn to **326**.

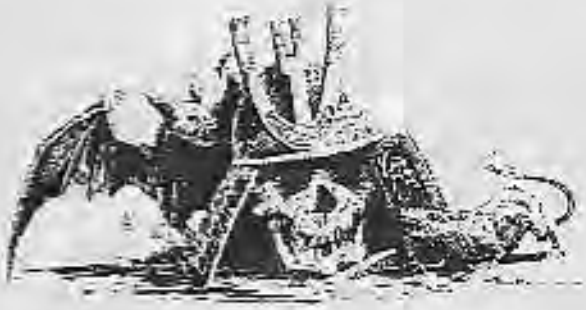

375

As you turn to leave, the cave entrance is blocked by what appears to be an enormous moving boulder. It is in fact a Groundhog, with a body like an enormous slab of rock and eight powerful, stumpy legs. Its edges are lined with tails sporting balls of bone at their ends, like living morning stars. In the middle of its back is a huge slit-like mouth. There is nowhere to hide in the grotto; you will have to fight.

GROUNDHOG SKILL 8 STAMINA 22

If you win, turn to 305.

376

You follow the track leading to the castle of Lord Tsietsin. It winds through outlying farmlands, where peasants till the fields. Two sentries in ceremonial dress in the colours of Lord Tsietsin stand outside the oaken doors. As you approach, the doors swing open and a man dressed in a kimono, two swords thrust through its sash, steps out and bows.

'Welcome, welcome, champion of the Shogun. I am Ieratsu, Lord Tsietsin's lieutenant. Please step in.' As you enter the courtyard the gates shut behind you, and more than twenty armed Samurai are

waiting for you. 'Unfortunately,' says Ieratsu, 'Lord Tsietsin has declared himself the new Shogun – Kihei Hasekawa is a bumbling fool, as are those who still follow him.' He signals and the soldiers charge you. Struggle as you might, there are too many of them and you are overwhelmed.

You are unceremoniously thrown into a small cell in the palace dungeon. The gaoler, a large beefy man in a stained leather jerkin, says jeeringly, 'You will be taken before the Shogun Tsietsin on the morrow.' Then he slams the massive, iron-studded, oaken door of the cell in your face.

You are alone. They have taken your swords, and it is this rather than the cruel gibes and the indignity of capture that fills you with shame. Lose 1 Honour point for their loss. There is nothing you can do but wait for the morning, so you lie down on the wooden pallet in the corner and go to sleep. Turn to 316.

377

The battle rages on as the other charcoal-burners prepare to rain a hail of flaming torches at your head. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 7. If you are Unlucky, turn to 23.

378

The stairs end in a blank wall. As you begin to push, it slides open. Simultaneously there is a clanging sound. Stepping through the opening, you find yourself in a damp and odorous tunnel. On the left an iron grille has slammed down, cutting you off from the stairs that climb upward beyond it. You have no choice but to follow the tunnel towards a milky-white luminescence at its end. As you and Moichi pace forward, a fetid stench rises in your nostrils.

The smell grows stronger. You come out into a large cavern, suffused with a sickly pale light, but the source of the light is for the moment indiscernible. Bones, old clothes and rusted weapons are strewn about. Then you spot it. A huge glowing shape comes towards you. An enormous gaping maw, lined with teeth rises up to devour you. Two eyes, massive discs of inscrutable blackness, stare at you, alive with ancient evil. The body, supported by hundreds of black scuttling legs, is bony and segmented. It is a dirty white colour and it is this that gives off the pale glow. It is a Mukade, some sort of gigantic, forty-foot centipede.

Moichi screams in fear and you step back in astonishment. It snaps its head forward, striking like a serpent, and bites off Moichi's arm and most of his shoulder in an instant. He moans faintly and topples to the floor.

The sight of this fills you with anger and sorrow, but

then it ripples towards you, intent on making you its next meal. If you have the skill of Kyujutsu, and still have your bow and arrow, you may fire two arrows before it is upon you. (You will not be able to reclaim the arrows if you win the fight.) In any case, you must fight it.

MUKADE SKILL 7 STAMINA 20

If you win, turn to 384.

379

As you warily tread the path that leads to the statue of the fabled silver Samurai, the courtly magician appears at its side and sprinkles a fine blue dust over it. 'Aha, my sporting fellow, our second meeting,' he says, and he disappears in another puff of smoke. The Samurai remains chrome silver all over, but now he moves and talks. 'I challenge you, on the honour of your lord, to single combat.' Will you accept (turn to 341) or decline (turn to 321)?

380

You groan in pain. The gaoler says, 'He must have been wounded yesterday.' Two of the guards roughly lift you to your feet. You slump in their arms as if half-dead and they help you out of the cell. A darkened, cell-lined corridor stretches away to left and right. Suddenly you leap into action and grab the nearest guard's sword before he can act. Will you run left (turn to 392) or right (turn to 342)?

381

Soon you are in a low range of hills. You make fast progress until you are halted by a sheer cliff that stretches as far as the eye can see. You realize with a shock that you have mistaken your way. You must retrace your steps to the upper Hiang-Kiang River and travel on that way. After another two days you have found your way again and are ready to turn north once more. One of the tributaries of the Hiang-Kiang River lies athwart your path. The air is alive with the twittering of song-thrushes as you walk down a rolling green hillside to the river. There is a road with white-topped milestones at intervals that leads to the river and you decide to follow it. Turn to **227**.

382

The Ki-Rin flies into the air, its hoofs wreathed in flame, and arrows towards Gargantus. Gargantus looks at it and twin lancing bolts of ruby light hurtle from its eyes and hit the Ki-Rin with explosive force, killing it instantly. If you are now without allies, you will have to fight Gargantus alone. Turn to **364**. If you have Eleanor the Enchantress as your ally, turn to **22**. If you have the Golden Company as your allies, turn to **198**.

383

Inside the hovel it is surprisingly clean, though spartan. Two silk screens hang on the wall, one of Lord Toda and another showing a small village and a grand house which probably once belonged to Ginsei when he was Toda's captain: it shows two young children strongly resembling Ginsei playing below the veranda. Running your fingers over the screen to test the quality of the silk you are surprised to find a ridge in the wooden wall behind it. It proves to be a secret cupboard inside which is a black chest inlaid with letters of red gold which read 'Beware the breath of the dragon.' Will you open the chest (turn to **359**) or just take the silk screens and leave (turn to **343**)?

384

You thrust your sword deep into one of its black eyes and it rears back, uttering a shrill burbling shriek. It threshes wildly in its death-throes and you have to leap back out of the way. Presently it subsides and falls dead. Quickly you rush over to Moichi. He is still alive – but only just. Blood is oozing like the tide from the gaping wound, his face is pale and his eyes are dimming. 'At least I died with honour, my liege, and in a noble cause.' With that his spirit leaves him. You pause silently in mourning for a while, honouring his memory. But you know you must continue with your mission.

A search of the cavern reveals an exit at one end, and a heaped pile of 'treasure' – mostly bones and

old useless weapons. However, you do find 15 Gold Pieces, a shiny silver helmet of ornate workmanship, a bottle of greenish-black ichor-like liquid and a magnificently crafted iron war-fan, used in battles to signal troops, which is inlaid with a pattern of ivory that makes you feel nauseous to look at. Will you:

Pick up the war-fan and open it?	Turn to **182**
Drink some of the liquid?	Turn to **196**
Put on the helmet?	Turn to **210**
Leave them all and go through the exit?	Turn to **222**

385

The trembling continues until the rock itself seems to curl up at the edges all around you. Too late you realize it is a Groundhog, a large monster that resembles the rock on which it lies. If you have the skill of Karumijutsu, and wish to use it, turn to **197**. If not, turn to **337**.

386

You come out of the valley and are faced by a large, forbidding forest, stretching away for miles to either side. The road disappears into its depths like a stone into water. You recognize it as the Forest of Shadows, and you must go through it. Turn to **112**.

387

Soon you come to a path that leads down to the water's edge, where a crescent of stepping-stones

great columns of basalt, a veritable giant's causeway, stretches out into the mist. With difficulty you leap from one pillar to another. Turn to 113.

388

You stealthily circle the castle, without being seen. Then you dart forward to beneath its walls, which you find are made of fine, well-dressed, stone blocks, and you cannot find any footholds for climbing. However, if you have the skill of Karumijutsu, you may be able to reach the battlements. If you wish to try this, turn to 284. If not, you can approach the gate and try to bluff your way in (turn to 374), abandon the attempt to slay Tsietsin and press on (turn to 338), or wait near the entrance and hope some opportunity to get in arises (turn to 398).

389

Your prowess with the katana has instilled terror in the hearts of the charcoal-burners. The fire-wielder's body lies horribly contorted before you and the others scatter and flee into the woods. You have defended the honour of your lord and you may add 1 to your own Honour score before continuing on your way. Turn to 195.

390

You dash back, wrench the door open and dive through. The Phoenix does not attempt to prevent you. You are back in the Hub, surrounded by stars and the eight doors. Return to 8 and choose again, but you cannot choose an option you have chosen once already.

391

The magnificent beast shakes the very earth as it falls. Part of its ebony antlers was shorn off by your blade. The Black Elk weighs several tons and it is far too large to skin quickly, but you may cut some meat from the still warm carcass. Add 2 to your Provisions. The broken piece of antler is adorned by a strange whorled pattern, almost like a serpent of white bone. You decide to keep the antler as a talisman. Note it on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 381.

392

You spring away before the guards have reacted, such is their surprise. You have one sword, at least. Until you get another you cannot use the skill of Ni-to-Kenjutsu, nor can you use Kyujutsu until you obtain a bow and arrows, if you chose either of these skills during your training.

The corridor ends in a stairwell, going both up and down. The guards are catching up. Will you go up (turn to 18) or down (turn to 4)?

393

The Kappa, for that is what the scaly green monsters are, glare balefully at you, their yellow eyes just below the surface. Legends tell that they are wily and capable of speaking in the human tongue. Will you leave immediately, while it is possible to do so (turn to 335), or try to talk to them (turn to 325)?

394

The Ki-Rin flies up and circles the Dai-Oni. The Dai-Oni swings the club at it, but the Ki-Rin dodges aside. Then the Ki-Rin utters a single word and the Dai-Oni screams in pain. 'You have stripped me of my magic, cursed beast!' he screams. The Ki-Rin flies up, saying, 'That is all I can do, mortal: the rest is in your hands. Good luck.' Then it fades from view. The Dai-Oni advances, club in hand, but this time you can see fear in its eyes. You must fight it.

DAI-ONI	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 54.

395

You clamber on to a mossy mound near the far bank of the river, as several scaly green monsters rise dripping from the depths and converge upon you. If you have the skill of Karumijutsu and wish to try to leap over their heads to safety, turn to 35. If you decide to stand your ground and fight it out, turn to 13. If, instead, you surrender, turn to 3.

396

A troop of fifteen riders appears on the road ahead of you. They are wearing blue and green lacquered battle armour and you recognize the symbol emblazoned on a banner one of them bears: they are Samurai of Lord Tsietsin. The leading Samurai hails you, saying, 'Welcome to the domain of Lord Tsietsin. You are the Shogun's champion, are you not?' You nod as they approach, smiling.

Suddenly one of them shouts, 'And Lord Tsietsin has declared himself the new Shogun!' With that they charge you, taking you by surprise. You struggle mightily, slaying three of them and wounding several more, but there are too many and soon you are securely bound and strapped over a horse's back. 'Lord Tsietsin will be pleased with this little catch,' one of them quips.

They take you to the castle you passed on the road. You are led into the courtyard, where many of Lord Tsietsin's Samurai retainers gather around to laugh and mock you. You are unceremoniously thrown into a small cell in the palace dungeon. The gaoler, a

large beefy man in a stained leather jerkin, says jeeringly, 'You will be taken before the Shogun Tsietsin on the morrow.' Then he slams the massive, iron-studded, oaken door of the cell in your face.

You are alone. They have taken your swords, and it is this rather than the cruel gibes and the indignity of capture that fills you with shame. Lose 1 Honour point for their loss. There is nothing you can do but wait for the morning, so you lie down on the wooden pallet in the corner and go to sleep. Turn to 316.

397

Sunrise the next day sees you descending from the dales into the last of the lands held securely by the Shogun. Gaunt trees litter a brown plain and tear the mist. You rest at the edge of these drear marcher lands before going on. Restore up to 4 lost STAMINA points. On the following day you stride out through the mist – which muffles the sound of heavy hoof-beats until they are almost upon you. A great black beast looms over you in the mist. It is the Black Elk of the Marcher Lands, which is supposed to have vanished seventy years ago or more. Unluckily for you it seems to have returned. Its enormous antlers are fifteen feet of polished ebony and its eyes are jewels of flame. You must fight.

BLACK ELK SKILL 9 STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to 392.

398

You wait at some distance from the castle gates, trying to think of some way to get in without being detected. Presently you notice a cart trundling towards you, laden with hay, presumably making a delivery to the castle. You dart into the cover of some nearby undergrowth and it passes slowly by. There is plenty of hay for you to hide yourself in. Will you creep up behind the cart and hide in the hay (turn to 6), abandon this and press on with your original mission (turn to 338), or try to bluff your way in through the gates (turn to 374)?

399

Ginsei lies dead at your feet, his lacquered blue armour rent and stained purple. He will never dishonour the name of the Shogun again. Smoke still rises from the hovel in which he had been hiding out. Will you investigate the hut (turn to 383), or find a dry spot to sleep in the woods (turn to 371)?

400

The black robes that encased the Master of Shadows fall to the floor in a heap. Ikiru is no more. The walls of his dark hall begin to shudder and his throne to crumble. The pit falls in on itself. Great cracks appear in the floor. Desperately you search for an entrance, but then part of a wall falls away and clean sunlight passes in. Wincing from the glare, you run out to find yourself in the Shios'ii Mountains. Behind you the great black palace of strange, alien design is crumbling away, the palace of Ikiru.

You find yourself in the midst of a camp of Shikome, but they are ignoring you. Some of them are staring in horrified fear at the palace, others are running hither and thither in panic. You take this opportunity to leave quickly and you escape unmolested.

A few days later, you are safely back in Konichi, the capital, where the Shogun holds a state banquet in your honour. With the return of Singing Death, his rule is assured and the Lords of Hachiman unite under his banner, to repel the barbarian invaders. With Ikiru slain, his army of Shikome disperse and the threat is lifted. An age of peace and prosperity lies ahead of you and the people of Hachiman.

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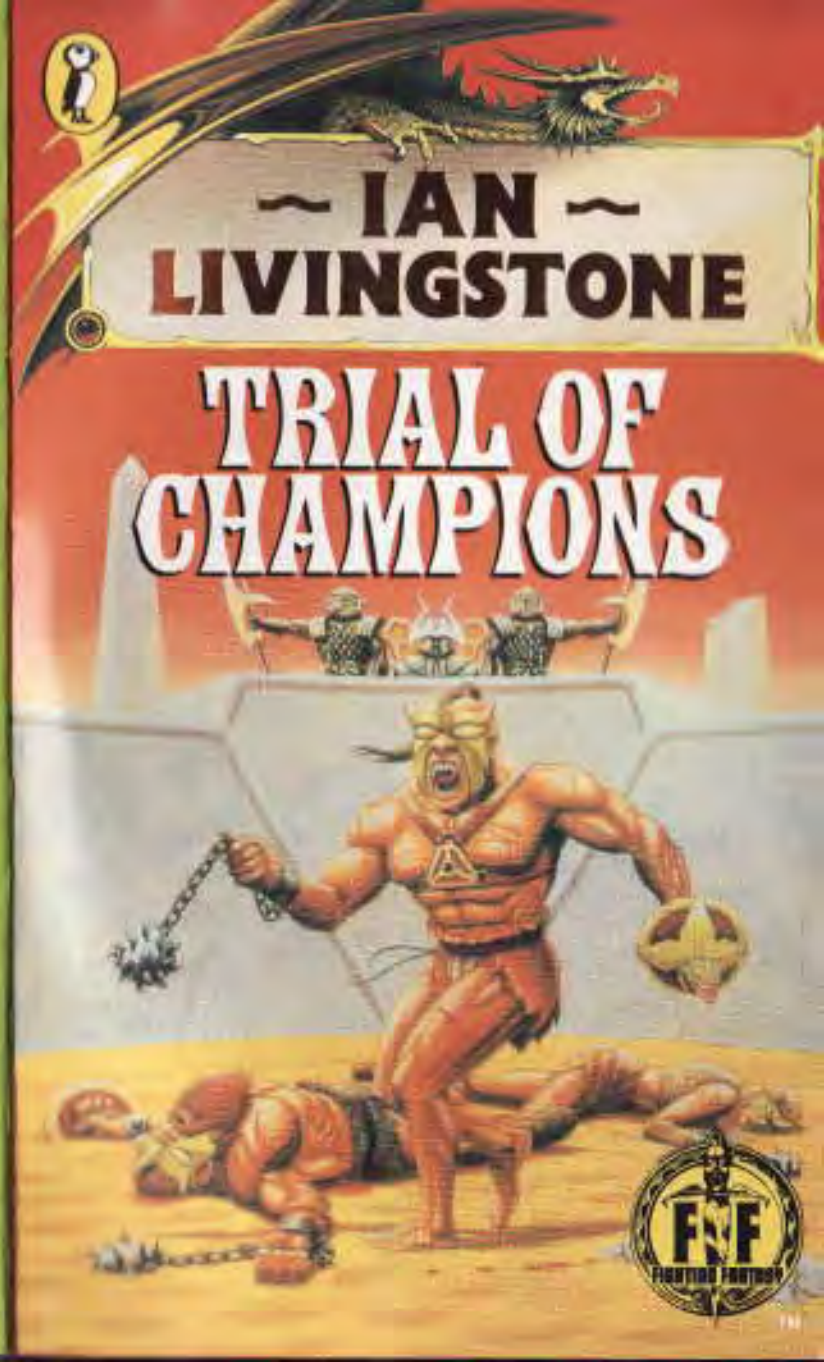

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Ian Livingstone was born in Cheshire in 1949. He is the co-founder (with Steve Jackson) of the hugely successful Games Workshop chain, which specializes in fantasy games and war games of all kinds.

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Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin, a division of Penguin Books USA Inc.
375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1986
10

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Set in Linotron Palatino

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For Steve Jackson

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. Use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 16–17 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the sheet to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *initial* scores.

Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.

2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes

you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *unlucky*, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK SCORE, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have

just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

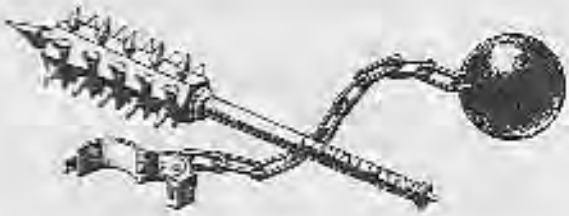

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Unlike other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, you do not start your adventure with Provisions. However, during the course of the adventure, there will be opportunities for you to regain STAMINA points in various ways.

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

NOTES AND ITEMS

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

It is another fiercely hot day, and the temperature in the sticky gloom below decks is unbearable. The air is thick with the acrid smell of sweating bodies. Nobody is allowed to speak, and the only noise to be heard above the monotonous creaking of the ship is the regular sharp crack of a whip and the agonized cry which follows it. 'Row harder, you dogs!' shouts the one-eyed overseer, as he cracks the whip once again. 'Enjoy this pleasant voyage while you can, because you'll wish you were back on board after a day or two where you are going!' Chained to a bench and straining hard at the long oar which you pull with two other galley-slaves, your mind drifts back to that unfortunate day one week ago when you were captured.

You had left Port Blacksand in a small boat to sail south down the coast to Oyster Bay. As ill luck would have it, a galley appeared on the horizon

heading in your direction. It drew steadily closer and it was not long before your boat was crushed under its bows and you were forced to dive into the sea. There was nothing you could do except climb up a rope that was thrown down to you, as your boat had become no more than a few pieces of broken wood floating aimlessly on the sea. It was useless to struggle as a crew of twenty hardened cut-throats surrounded you.

A gruff voice from behind them ordered them to part, and an ugly, scarred man appeared, grinning and spitting juice from chewing-tobacco on to the deck. His teeth were chipped and blackened, and a foul stench wafted in the breeze from his unwashed clothes. 'Captain Bartella always delivers the goods. You'll make up for the one who died from the flogging yesterday. Saves me having to kidnap a landlubber. Must be my lucky day, but I wouldn't say it was yours.' The captain let out a laugh which was like a long, wheezing exhalation, and then barked out an order to his mate: 'Take the rat below to meet the rest of the vermin.'

Since that cursed day, you have been chained to your oar, rowing to the point of collapse towards an unknown destination. Suddenly you hear a shout of 'Land ahoy!', and begin to wonder what evil awaits you. An hour later, you feel the ship bump against a jetty and there is much shouting until the ship is finally moored. You are dragged from the ship with the other slaves, and see in the glaring sunlight that you are on a small island. A sombre-looking castle

sits on top of the island, and next to it there is a semi-ruined amphitheatre. A man wearing black chainmail armour hands Captain Bartella a bag of coins. Satisfied with his payment, the wheezing captain orders his men back to the ship and you watch them set sail. The man in black armour steps forward, saying, 'You are now the property of Lord Carnuss. It is your honour to die for his pleasure in the Arena of Death here on Blood Island. Only one of you will survive, and he or she will represent Lord Carnuss in Fang for the next Trial of Champions. Baron Sukumvit has modified his deadly labyrinth and is now offering 20,000 Gold Pieces to anybody who gets through it. Of course, Lord Carnuss will keep the prize if you get through, but you will be spared your life. Baron Sukumvit's reputation suffered greatly last year when somebody succeeded in getting through the labyrinth, but he now boasts that nobody can survive his new dungeon. Lord Carnuss would like one of you to make Sukumvit eat his words. You must understand that he hates his brother's fame. Now follow me.'

You are led up the hill to the castle, where you are locked in a cell in the depths of the lower chambers. Sharing the dark cell with you are four others: a

stout dwarf, a man-orc, a sinewy easterner and a bald, muscle-bound man. The mood is grim and few words are spoken as each of you ponders the impending combat. Forty-two slaves arrived by ship and only one will survive. The dubious reward is entry to a deadly dungeon.

NOW TURN OVER

1

At dawn the following day, you are woken by the sound of heavy footsteps approaching down the corridor. A key turns in the lock of the cell door and two guards wearing black chainmail enter, carrying trays of food. 'Eat well,' says one of them, 'as you will need all your strength to survive the day. By the end of it, you may all be dead.' The guard then turns to you and offers you some bread and a bowl of soup. If you wish to take the food, turn to **49**. If you would rather try to overcome the guard and make an escape, turn to **292**.

2

You step over the huge body of the Giant Centipede and peer into the cave entrance. The walls are wet and slimy, and you cannot see very far into the cave. If you wish to enter, turn to **89**. If you would rather keep walking along the tunnel, turn to **161**.

3

Sitting cross-legged in the middle of the room is a fat, bald man, eastern in appearance. He sits motionless and holds a bamboo pole between his outstretched hands. Half a dozen coloured wooden blocks are hovering in a circle in mid-air above him. The man's eyes are grey and blank, and he is obviously blind. The room is sparsely furnished with a slatted wooden bed, a cupboard and a large wooden chest, which has pride of place in the centre of the floor. 'Welcome, contestant number two. I have been waiting for you. I am Noy, a Trialmaster,

and a servant of Baron Sukumvit. My duty is to test you in three ways before allowing you to proceed. Are you ready?' If you wish to obey the Trialmaster, turn to **369**. If you would rather attack him with your sword, turn to **200**.

4

The liquid in the jug is a strange magical concoction which changes its properties constantly. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **135**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **273**.

5

Ahead you see the tunnel bend sharply to the right. But you do not see a crossbow mounted on the dark wall, pointing straight at you. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, turn to **128**. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to **313**.

6

The chaos champion runs at you, unafraid of the dagger in your hand. You take aim quickly and throw it as hard as you can. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **383**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **121**.

7

You soon arrive at another door in the tunnel wall. The handle turns, but wooden boards have been nailed across the door frame. If you wish to lever the boards off with your sword, turn to **336**. If you would rather press on along the tunnel, turn to **45**.

8

As you lunge again, the elf falls silent, the life squeezed out of his body. The tongue releases him and retracts down the cavernous throat. You drag the elf out of the mouth, although there is nothing you can do for him now. You are beginning to wonder what to do next when suddenly the elf's eyes open. With his dying breath he whispers, 'Thank you for trying to save me. You didn't have to do it, because we both know that only one person can walk out of here alive. It won't be me now. Take what I have and walk into the mouth. If you can overcome that dreadful thing that surprised me, I think it's the right way to go.' His eyes close again and he exhales for the last time. In a bag tied to his waist you find a small jar of grey paste which has a very sharp aroma. Knowing the ways of elves, you are certain that the paste will have healing properties, so you decide to dab the contents of the jar on to your wounds. The paste has the desired effect. Add 6 STAMINA points. You also find in the bag a small bottle of blue dye which you place inside your pouch. You think about what the elf said. If you wish to walk inside the mouth, turn to **306**. If you would rather leave the room and continue along the corridor, turn to **138**.

9

You step slowly to your right, and almost immediately hear an agonized cry followed by the dull thud of a body falling to the ground to your left. You walk on without making a sound. A chill runs down your spine when your outstretched shield arm comes into contact with something, but it is only the arena wall. You turn around and walk towards the centre of the arena. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 166. If you are Unlucky, turn to 73.

10

You hack at the suit of armour, but your blows have no effect. As you tire in combat, you are caught momentarily off guard, and the mace thumps into your side. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You realize that it is useless to continue fighting the suit of armour, so you run for the door in the wall opposite: turn to 281.

11

The old wizard looks at you quizzically and says, 'Now tell me exactly how many gold rings you have.' If you have one or three rings, turn to 278. If you have five or seven, turn to 92. If you have nine or eleven, turn to 345.

12

As soon as you press the button, a large stone slab in the left-hand wall of the tunnel pivots open. You step through the gap and find yourself in another tunnel. You soon come to a door in the right-hand wall which has an old broom nailed to it. If you wish to open the door, turn to 246. If you would rather carry on down the tunnel, turn to 346.

13

You pull the door open and walk into a small room which has not been entered for years. A thick layer of dust covers everything and cobwebs hang down like dirty old curtains. Two skeletons, mouths hanging open, lie half-submerged in the dust, propped up against the far wall. One of the skeletons is pointing at the other. Suddenly the door slams shut behind you and the pointing skeleton starts to speak: 'Brothers and sisters have I none, but that man's father is my father's son. Who is he?' Will you:

Run for the door?	Turn to 207
Reply he is his grandfather?	Turn to 84
Reply he is his father?	Turn to 302
Reply he is his son?	Turn to 371

14

You quickly grab a short spear and climb back through the hole to the tunnel before any more of the colony come to investigate. Turn to 155.

15

With great courage and determination, your mind overcomes the illusion of pain. You drop exhausted to the floor when the pain eventually subsides from your body. But you are now mentally fatigued and drained of energy. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You sit up and throw off the accursed gauntlet. The Liche Queen remains silent as she pulls a gold ring from her finger and throws it in front of you. You do not wait to question her motives. Grabbing the ring, you run out of the room into the tunnel. If you wish to go right, turn to 285. If you wish to go left past the T-junction, turn to 227.

16

The heat from the flames is intense, but the fire-proof cloak protects you completely. Once through the archway, you find yourself in a cross-passage. Looking to the right, you see nothing of interest down the long tunnel, but to your left you see something hanging down from the ceiling. You decide to investigate: turn to 88.

17

The tactics work. Your spiked ball thumps into your opponent's leg and knocks him off his feet. He remains on the ground, groaning, so you move away before somebody else hears where you are. As quietly as possible, you move to the left. Turn to 120.

18

You soon see why the rats were inside the room in which you find yourself. It is a storeroom, piled high with barrels, sacks and crates. Jars and bottles are jammed along the shelves which line the walls from floor to ceiling. However, much of the food that you find is either old and stale or rotten, and the rats have eaten most of what is left. After emptying out nearly all the containers, the only items you find that appear vaguely edible are a loaf and some salted beef. Will you:

Eat the loaf?	Turn to 57
Eat the salted beef?	Turn to 184
Eat nothing and walk back up the stairs?	Turn to 305

19

The Strider has no possessions, apart from a bone medallion hanging around its neck. If you wish to put the medallion around your own neck, turn to 70. If you would rather climb back up the rope, turn to 328.

20

Suddenly you see movement ahead in the tunnel. A small humanoid looks back and then runs away from you. Intrigued by the being, you decide to run after him: turn to 258.

21

The tunnel rises quite steeply and grows rapidly colder. The steep floor soon gives way to stone steps which makes progress a little less tiring. But halfway up the steps, you notice that there are three in a row which are painted red. If you wish to carry on walking up every step, turn to 372. If you would rather leap over the three red steps, turn to 50.

22

You are in the middle of the procession of forty-two slaves, which wends its way along various corridors, until you reach the amphitheatre. The sun is already beating down, making the sand in the arena uncomfortably hot to your bare feet. Seated high in the stands is a dark, hooded figure surrounded by guards. You watch him rise to his feet and lift his arms into the air, commanding silence. 'You know why you are here,' Lord Carnuss begins. 'It is my wish to be represented in the Trial of Champions. Some of you will die today, some tomorrow and more the following day, until only one of you is left. Those about to die, I salute you.' Lord Carnuss sits down again and nods his head to signal the start of the proceedings. The slaves are split into seven groups of six, and you find yourself in a group accompanied by an elf, two northmen, a dwarf and an ogre. Your group is chosen first and you are told that the first event is a race to test strength and stamina. A crude sack, containing several heavy rocks, is strapped to your backs. You watch as burning coals are brought into the arena and poured over a section of the makeshift racetrack. The six of you are then lined up at the start, each carrying your burden, and are told to race round the track until one of you is lapped or collapses. Then you are off, and you all jostle for position on the way to jumping the first pile of burning coals. If you wish to set the pace, turn to 310. If you would rather stay at the back, turn to 107.

23

The tunnel leads straight on for about a hundred metres before you encounter anything unusual. In the left-hand wall there is a stone archway inset with dragon-heads made of iron. Flames shoot out of their mouths, making a curtain of fire across the archway. Further on up the tunnel you see something hanging down from the ceiling. If you wish to run through the flaming archway, turn to 101. If you would rather investigate what is hanging down from the ceiling, turn to 88.

24

None of the other contestants enters the witch's room after you. When the witch rematerializes in her room, she cackles with laughter at the sight of your face on the lid of the box. There will be no more visitors for at least another year, and you will be trapped for ever in the void.

25

The Trialmaster remains silent for a moment and then says slowly, 'You have passed the second test. Now comes the final part: combat with me! We will fight with bamboo poles – not to the death, but as a simulation of a sword-fight. Any strike to the head or chest will be considered a death blow. For your information, my blindness is no handicap, as my ears will tell me where you are. Now fetch your pole from the cupboard, for I am ready.' As you take the pole, the Trialmaster stands up and the wooden blocks fall to the ground. Treading silently on bare feet, he moves towards you, his head turned to one side to aid his hearing. If you wish to lunge at him with your pole and catch him off-balance with a quick strike, turn to 234. If you would rather ready yourself to counter a blow, turn to 204.

26

As soon as you touch the door-handle you hear loud barking and growling. You push the door open and see a vicious-looking two-headed black dog straining at a leash fastened to a hook in the far wall of a small room. Its eyes are red, and saliva drips continuously from its fanged mouths. The room is in a terrible mess, with everything broken or chewed by the dog. However, on a shelf mounted on the wall behind the dog, there is a metal box. Will you:

Attack the dog?	Turn to **294**
Blow your wooden whistle (if you have one)?	Turn to **67**
Close the door and walk on up the corridor?	Turn to **379**

27

You drop the gold ring into the box and step warily on to the rope bridge. It appears to be strong enough to bear your weight and you hurry across it unchallenged. Turn to **117**.

28

As you walk along, you hear the sound of water dripping from the ceiling into shallow puddles on the stone floor. You hold out your hand and catch a drop – and shout out in pain. It is not water, as you had thought, but some kind of corrosive acid. If you have a shield, turn to 71. If you do not have a shield, you may either walk on and risk being burnt (turn to 335), or walk back to the hunchback and go through the other archway (turn to **291**).

29

You summon all your mental energy and somehow manage to break the grip that the Bone Devil has on your mind. Holding tightly on to the hilt of your sword with both hands, you step forward, determined to destroy your evil opponent.

BONE DEVIL SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

Before each Attack Round, roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, you will not be able to resist the mental attack of the Bone Devil and will be paralysed by fear again (turn to 265). If you roll 3–6, you will continue to resist its mental attack and fight as normal. If you win the combat, turn to 326.

30

The arrow strikes you in the back of your shoulder. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. It is agony even to touch the arrow, but you overcome the pain and tug it free. Paying more attention to your surroundings, you set off once again: turn to 398.

31

The Bonecrusher sniffs the air and, sensing where you are standing, moves nimbly to its left just as you release the net, which catches nothing but sand. Lose 1 LUCK point. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 66. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 334.

32

You anticipate the Trialmaster's move. He brings the pole around in a sweeping arc towards your side, but you block it with ease. His pole strikes your own with a loud crack. If you wish to take the initiative and strike back, turn to 239. If you wish to defend again, turn to 267.

33

The dried flowers and grasses are used as a nest by a poisonous red-back spider. Your hand inadvertently brushes against it as it crawls along a poppy stem. The spider bites you on the hand and the effect of the poison is swift. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you survive the bite of the spider, you walk on along the tunnel: turn to 69.

34

The trunk is full of the Orc's possessions, although most of them are rubbish. A jar of rat-tails, an ogre's hip-bone, mouldy bread, a pair of worn-out boots, a broken arrow, damp breeches which are green with mildew, three wooden pegs and a cracked water jug are just a few of the items in the trunk. But underneath all the junk, you find a breastplate. If you wish to try on the breastplate, turn to 321. If you would rather leave the room without the breastplate and continue along the tunnel, turn to 133.

35

You do as instructed and watch the Trialmaster as he counts the rings. 'So far so good,' he says. 'Now if you will follow me, we'll proceed to the next stage.' He gathers up the rings and leads you to the throne he was sitting upon. He gives you back the rings and tells you to sit down. There is a panel, divided into nine squares, three by three, in the arm of the chair, with each square numbered between one and nine. 'Now, I want you to place three rings on three of the numbered squares, in order.' If you know which squares to place the rings upon, turn to that reference. If you do not know, turn to 286.

36

You find a gold ring lying on the stone floor under the straw. You place it in the leather pouch on your belt and then leave the room to continue along the tunnel. Turn to 82.

37

You walk quickly into the cave and when your eyes become accustomed to the dark, you see the person who is crying for help. It is the small humanoid whom you saw not long ago, and now he is caught in the enormous web of a Giant Spider. Unable to free himself from the tangle of sticky strands, the tiny man begs you to cut him free. Suddenly, the spider itself drops down from the ceiling on to its web and scurries across it towards its trapped prey. If you wish to attack the Giant Spider, turn to **118**. If you would rather abandon the man and continue along the tunnel, turn to 397.

38

You fall awkwardly on the steps and sprain your wrist. Lose 1 SKILL point. Your injury does not deter you from jumping to your feet and renewing the struggle. Turn to 8.

39

The impact of the crossbow bolt knocks you backwards. A fierce pain grips your thigh where you see the bolt protruding. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Gritting your teeth, you pull the bolt from your thigh and bandage the wound as best you can. Limping painfully, you turn the corner and walk on another fifty metres before coming to a door in the right-hand wall. If you wish to open the door, turn to **104**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **20**.

40

The old man does a backward somersault and lands gently on his feet with a smile on his face. You decide to play a waiting game and let him make the next move. Turn to 204.

41

As soon as you pull the axe from the wooden block, it takes on a will of its own and you are unable to let go. At first the axe makes great sweeping cuts through the air, the blade flashing dangerously close to your legs. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 296. If you are Unlucky, turn to 269.

42

The spiked ball hits your shoulder, but it is only a glancing blow. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You continue to swing your own weapon, and now with success, as the ball thumps into your opponent's leg, knocking him off his feet. He remains groaning in the sand, and you move away before somebody else hears where you are. As quietly as possible you move to the left: turn to 120.

43

You enter a small room which is empty apart from a suit of armour with a winged helmet on top of it. The armour is propped up between two high-backed chairs and a shield is resting against one of them. There is another door in the far wall which is also painted with runes and symbols. Will you:

Take the winged helmet?	Turn to 126
Take the shield?	Turn to 187
Try to decipher the runes?	Turn to 157
Open the door and leave the room?	Turn to 221

44

In the left-hand wall of the tunnel, you see a hole about half a metre in diameter. From inside you can hear a strange mixture of clicks and hums. If you wish to climb through the hole, turn to 340. If you would rather walk on, turn to 155.

45

It is not long before you arrive at yet another door in the left-hand tunnel wall. If you wish to open the door, turn to 235. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 177.

46

You climb the ladder as quietly as possible and peep through the hole in the ceiling. You see a goblin lying dead on the floor, his hand still gripping an open silver box. A stone has been removed from the far wall and you presume the box was hidden behind it. If you wish to pick up the silver box, turn to 224. If you would rather climb down the ladder and carry on walking up the tunnel, turn to 361.

47

As you walk warily along the tunnel, you suddenly become aware of a strange clicking noise. Then out of the gloom of a cave entrance in the tunnel wall scuttles a three-metre long monster with many tiny legs. The clicking noise comes from its black, bony plates of chitinous armour rubbing together as it moves. It advances speedily towards you. Suddenly it stops and raises itself on its hind legs so that it can dart forward to bite you with its strong mandibles. For a moment, the soft underbelly of the Giant Centipede is exposed. If you are carrying a spear, turn to 244. If you do not have a spear, turn to 270.

48

You stare at the levers and make your choice. Will you pull:

Lever number 3?	Turn to 377
Lever number 6?	Turn to 257
Lever number 9?	Turn to 158
Lever number 12?	Turn to 116

49

The soup is thick with chicken and vegetables and tastes delicious. You devour it greedily and mop up the last drops with the bread. You have not eaten well for a fortnight and now feel fit and ready for the coming ordeal. When you have all finished eating, you are led away to begin your first day in the Arena of Death. Turn to 22.

50

The steps are quite steep, and it requires a mighty leap to clear them. If you are wearing a breastplate, turn to 206. If you are not wearing a breastplate, turn to 327.

51

With a deft manoeuvre, you change your defence and bring your pole down to protect your ribs. The Trialmaster's pole strikes your own with a loud crack. If you wish to take the initiative and strike back, turn to 239. If you wish to defend again, turn to 267.

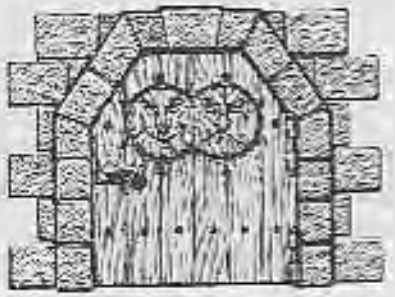

52

The room is empty apart from a pile of straw and old bones in the far corner. If you wish to rummage through the straw, turn to 36. If you would rather leave the room and walk along the tunnel, turn to 82.

53

The cloak is made of a special material which has fire-resistant properties. Add 1 LUCK point. If you now wish to look in the fourth and fifth urns, turn to 147. If you would rather walk on, turn to 69.

54

At the bottom of the pit there is a sharpened stake pointing upwards. You land on top of it and death is instantaneous.

55

Even though your sword appears to cut the idol, it does not harm her at all. She is immune to non-magical weapons. Her flashing blades rain down on you and it is impossible to escape. You defend yourself valiantly for several minutes until one of the swords finally breaks through your defence. For you the trial is over.

56

You curse your choice of weapon, for you know that swords make little impression on the iron-like hide of a Bonecrusher. There is only one way to slay a Bonecrusher and that is to make it fall to the ground, whereupon its delicate balance will be totally destroyed, and it will be impossible for the Bonecrusher ever to stand again. You will have to chop at its legs while avoiding its fatal grip.

BONECRUSHER SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

As soon as you lose one Attack Round, turn to 343. If you win without losing an Attack Round, turn to 268.

57

As you break open the loaf, something heavy falls out and lands on your lap. It is an iron file, which could prove useful in the future. You tuck it into your belt and begin to eat the loaf. Add 2 STAMINA points. If you now wish to eat the salted beef and have not done so already, turn to 184. Otherwise there is nothing else you can do except climb back up the stairs (turn to 305).

58

Walking along, you step on a stone which triggers an unseen trap. Iron bars drop down from holes in the ceiling in front of you and behind you. You strain to lift them, but are unable to move them, and they are too thick to bend. If you are carrying a file in your pouch, turn to 106. If you do not possess a file, turn to 396.

59

The door is locked. If you wish to charge it open with your shoulder, turn to 91. If you would rather save yourself the effort and walk on up the tunnel, turn to 150.

60

As expected, the hinged lid clicks and falls open when you pull on the elephant's trunk. A gold ring falls on to the floor; you pick it up and place it in your leather pouch. You waste no more time in the chamber and walk quickly towards the passageway. Turn to 263.

61

A cheer goes up as your opponent drops to the ground. You hear guards enter the arena and soon your blindfold is removed and your weapons are untied from your wrists. You are led away to your cell, realizing that only the southerner stands between you and victory. That night you are well fed and your wounds are bandaged. Add 4 STAMINA points. In the morning, the familiar ritual of being led into the arena is repeated, but this time you are made to stand face to face with the southerner. You are each handed a dagger and a studded glove. At the command of Lord Carnuss, the final arena battle commences.

SOUTHERNER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **261**.

62

Your temple takes the full force of the crushing blow. You fall back on to the ground, your sword no more than half-way out of its sheath. Your trial is finished.

63

You are fortunate to be wearing a talisman which protects you against the mental attack of a Bone Devil, which paralyses its opponents with fear. Add 1 LUCK point. Gripping your sword tightly, you step forward to fight your adversary.

BONE DEVIL SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 326.

64

As you struggle to escape the tangles of the web, the Giant Spider bites deeply into your leg. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 108. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 254.

65

You find some half-eaten food tucked into the ragged furs of the Hill Troll. It smells horrible and does not look at all tempting. If you still wish to eat it, turn to 201. If you would rather walk on, turn to 211.

66

Your dexterity allows you to gather up the net while avoiding the sweeping arms of the Bonecrusher. Once again you take aim and hurl the net. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to 255. If the number rolled is 4–6, turn to 189.

67

The high-pitched note emitted by the whistle has a tranquillizing effect on the dog. It stops growling and slowly its eyes start to close. It flops down to the floor and is soon fast asleep. Turn to 217.

68

You soon arrive at the doorway in the right-hand wall and are faced with a heavy iron door. You press your ear against the door and can just make out the sound of a woman's voice chanting. If you wish to open the door, turn to 318. Otherwise, you may either carry on down the tunnel (turn to 285), or go back along the other branch of the T-junction (turn to 227).

69

Twenty metres further along, you come to another door. The door is painted black and has a large brass ring as a handle. If you wish to open the door, turn to 182. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 109.

70

Nothing strange or untoward happens to you as a result of putting on the medallion. You look around and decide the best plan is to climb back up the rope. Turn to 328.

71

Holding the shield over your head, you walk along the dripping tunnel unharmed. At last you see daylight at the end of the tunnel, and walk quickly towards it. Turn to 188.

72

The Trialmaster remains silent for a moment and then says slowly, 'You have failed the test. You will now become my servant to replace the caveman in future tug-of-war contests.' You know that it is impossible for you to overcome the power of the Trialmaster's magic, and you resign yourself to a life of servitude. But perhaps one day you will have your revenge against Lord Carnuss . . .

73

Unknown to you, there is a body lying in the sand directly in your path. You trip over it and fall to the ground. Suddenly you hear the whooshing sound of a ball and chain being swung near by. The wielder of the ball and chain has heard you fall and is moving in for the kill. But he too falls over the body and lands on top of you. He is heavy and drenched with sweat. You start to grapple with him in the sand, punching with your shield-arm while trying to free your other arm to swing the ball and chain.

SLAVE SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 196.

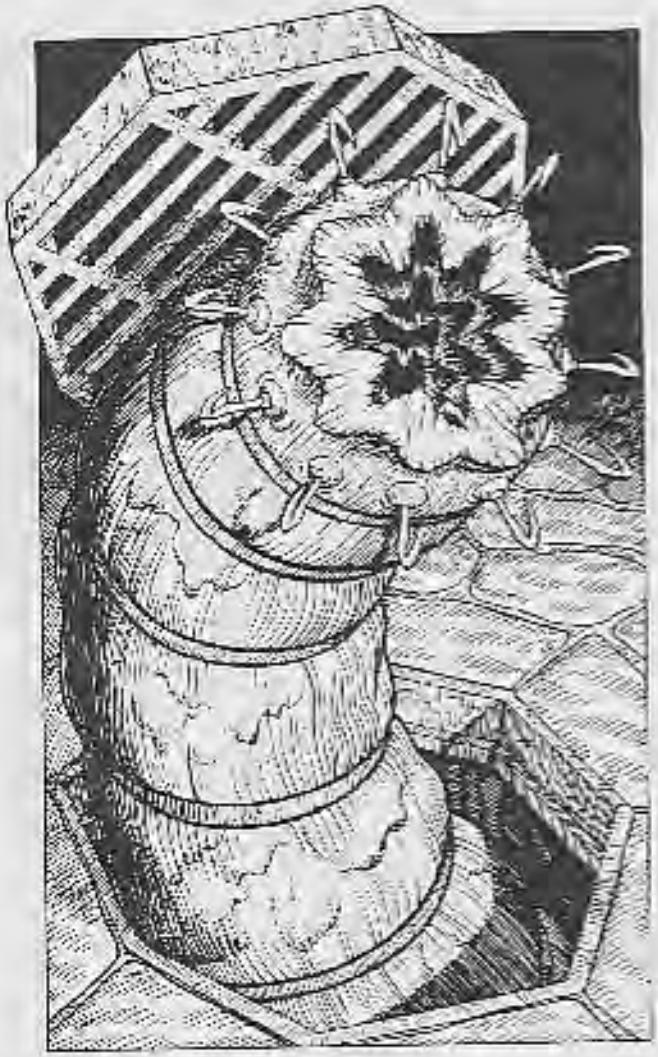

74

As you begin to lift the grate, it suddenly flies up in the air, pushed from below by a powerful and hideous creature. A grotesque head appears on a long segmented body. It has no eyes, but a large suckered mouth surrounded by sharp hooks, and it strongly resembles a giant tapeworm. Attracted by the heat of your body, the Bloodworm extends its body forward in an attempt to hook on to your flesh. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to 325. If you roll 4–6, turn to 234.

75

The pig shatters into many pieces with a tap from the hilt of your sword. Lying among the fragments of clay you see a small charm made of shiny black coral. But the charm is cursed and will bring you ill fortune. Lose 2 LUCK points. At the back of the cave, you find a small, dark passage which winds away into the gloom. If you wish to walk along the passage, turn to 144. If you would rather walk back out into the narrow tunnel, turn to 230.

76

Suddenly you hear footsteps coming quickly down the corridor: somebody or something has come to investigate what all the noise is about. With your sword gripped tightly, you turn to face the heavily armoured Mutant Orc guard advancing with its poleaxe.

MUTANT ORC SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 341.

77

You run up the stone steps and start to hack at the huge tongue with your sword. A large gash opens up and purple blood pumps from it, soaking you and making the steps treacherously slippery. As the tongue thrashes about, the elf screams louder in agony. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 245. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 132.

78

You see the ogre's leg just in time and manage to jump over it and race to the front. You slow down again and dictate the pace of the race to suit yourself. Round and round the arena you run, gritting your teeth harder each time you jump over the burning coals. After twenty minutes, nobody has been left behind, so one of the northmen decides to spring away. He runs past you and everybody accelerates to keep up. Throw two dice, adding 3 to the total if you were flogged by the guards. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 360. If the total is higher than your SKILL score, turn to 250.

79

The Hill Troll catches sight of you from the corner of its eye and turns to face you. It looks even angrier than before, and picks up its battle-axe to attack you in a raging frenzy.

HILL TROLL SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 65.

80

You struggle against the illusion, but your mind believes that the pain is real. You drop to the floor, writhing in agony as the pain grows more intense. Lose 4 STAMINA points. The Liche Queen slowly rises from her throne and walks over to deliver the death-blow with her bone dagger. In agony, you struggle to your feet to fight her.

LICHE QUEEN SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

During this combat, reduce your SKILL score by 3. If you win, turn to 277.

81

You take the brass hands out of your leather pouch and fit them on to the socket in the centre of the clock. The time now displayed is three o'clock precisely. You turn to the levers and deduce which one must be pulled. Turn to 48.

82

The tunnel soon comes to an end at a T-junction. If you wish to head left, turn to 229. If you wish to head right, turn to 304.

83

The arrow strikes you in the middle of your back and pierces your heart. Once again Deathtrap Dungeon lives up to its name.

84

'You pay for your ignorance with your life,' comes the voice from the skeleton. A bolt of energy shoots out from its finger and slams into your chest, killing you instantly.

85

You climb over the bleeding tongue and see that steps descend a long way down. You can just make out the faint voice of a girl singing. If you wish to go down the steps to investigate, turn to 364. If you would rather walk back out to the tunnel, turn to 138.

86

Your ankle is badly sprained, making it impossible to run. The northman soon runs around the arena and passes you, so ending the race. While the other five runners up are led back to their cells, you are quickly put to death before the next race starts.

87

In total darkness, your shaking hand fumbles inside the pouch in search of the phial. If you have more than one phial in your pouch, turn to 365. If you possess only the phial of anti-poison, turn to 331.

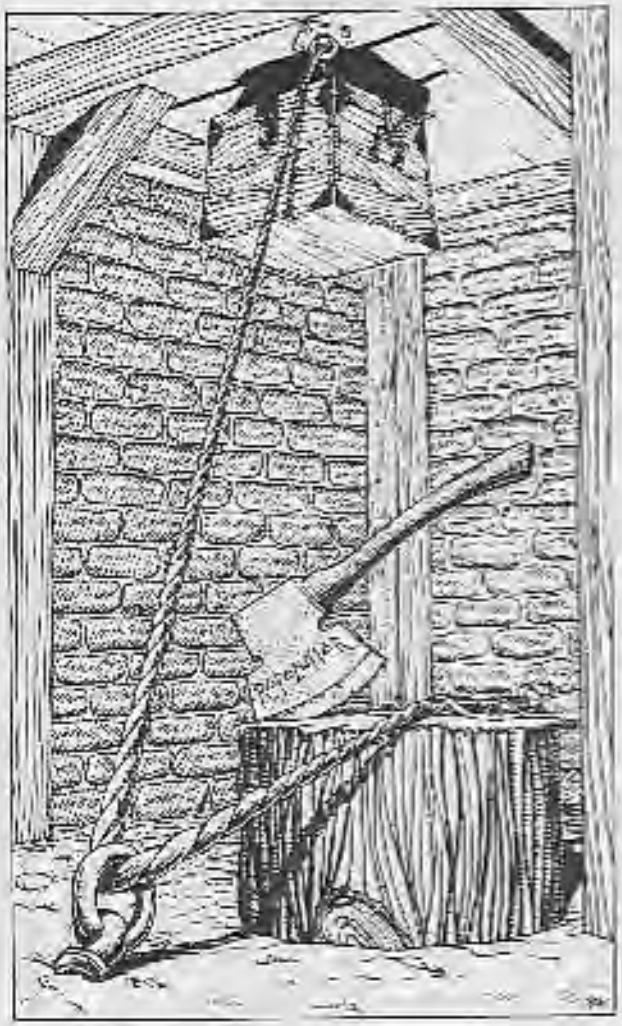

88

As you get closer, you see that a rope loops through a hook in the ceiling and that a wooden box is suspended by it, well out of reach. The other end of the rope loops through a hook in the floor and back up to a wooden block where it is fastened by iron bands. An axe is sticking out of the block and an inscription on the blade reads 'Ropecutter'. Will you:

Cut the rope with the axe?	Turn to 41
Cut the rope with your sword?	Turn to 149
Ignore the rope and walk on?	Turn to 388

89

As you step deeper into the cave, the noise of droplets of water falling from the ceiling into the pools below grows ever louder. In the gloom of the cave you do not see a poisonous snake which is slithering across your path. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 105. If you are Unlucky, turn to 137.

90

A delicate sound rings out from the small bell as you tap it with the hilt of your sword. You hear a fluttering of wings overhead. You get ready to defend yourself, but a white dove flutters down and settles on top of the bell. Much to your amazement it is holding a gold ring in its beak which it drops into the palm of your hand. With the ring safely stored in your pouch, you walk back down the corridor and turn left into the tunnel. Turn to 333.

91

Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 332. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 357.

92

The Trialmaster tells you to place the rings on top of the bench. Turn to 367.

93

The stairs end at a door from which you can hear the sound of squeaking animals and pattering feet. If you wish to open the door, turn to 146. If you would rather climb back up the stairs, turn to 305.

94

You get into a steady rhythm of ducking and jumping and slowly the pole spins to a halt. You have survived another ordeal. The next test begins immediately: you and the rest are split into two groups of five. You watch the first group of a dwarf, a man-ore, a woman warrior, a barbarian and a dark-skinned southerner stand silently as a spiked ball and chain is lashed to each of their sword-arms, and a small shield is lashed to their other hand. They are then blindfolded and ordered to commence battle against one another until there is only one left standing. It is a sickening spectacle to watch, as the fighters tread warily around the arena, swinging their balls and chains. The dwarf falls first, quickly followed by the warrior woman. In the end, the southerner stands triumphant and his blindfold is removed. He is led away and then each member of your group is armed in the same way. You can feel your heart pounding in your chest as the order is given to commence combat against the four unseen adversaries. Barefoot in the sand, nobody makes a sound. If you wish to step to your left, turn to 297. If you wish to step to your right, turn to 9.

95

The cool water of the fountain is refreshing, but has a terrible side-effect. Add 1 STAMINA point, but deduct 2 SKILL points as the water rapidly accelerates your ageing process. You have aged thirty years in less than a minute. But you do not realize what has happened and continue walking resolutely along the tunnel. Turn to 329.

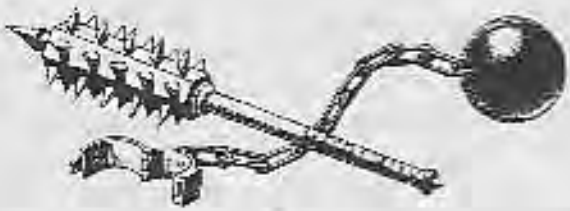

96

You pull a few rocks away from the pile and see that there is a doorway behind. If you wish to spend time clearing away the rocks so that you can open the iron door, turn to 215. If you would rather walk to the door on the other side of the T-junction, turn to 375.

97

The fruit is delicious and satisfying. Add 2 STAMINA points. When you have eaten your fill, you open the only door in the room. Turn to 163.

98

The door opens into a room which is empty except for a wooden table on which a jug and a flask are resting. The jug contains a clear, sparkling liquid which is odourless. If you wish to pour some of the liquid into the flask in order to drink it, turn to 4. If you would rather leave the room and walk back past the last T-junction, turn to 232.

99

The caveman is just too strong for you. With a mighty heave, he pulls you forward, and you fall headlong down the pit to your death.

100

Only your lightning-quick reflexes save you from being knocked into the river. You teeter on the ledge, but regain your balance. You draw your sword to attack your enemy. From out of the dark cave steps a creature which has the appearance of a stooped, starving man with long arms touching the ground and gaunt, brown leathery skin. You recognize it as a Strider, a cunning hired killer. The Strider is armed with an iron pole which has blades at either end. It is a fearsome weapon in the hands of the dextrous Strider.

STRIDER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 19.

101

The heat from the flames is so intense that you are consumed by the fire and fall to the ground. The deadly dungeon has claimed another victim.

102

Unfortunately for you, the tactics fail. Your opponent changes tactics too, and swings his ball and chain downwards rather than above his head. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 42. If you are Unlucky, turn to 283.

103

The Siren's song has its effect on you before you think to cover your ears. Lured by the lilting voice, you step into the warm lake and swim towards the rock. But the lake is also home to a giant squid-like monster with tentacles five metres long. From the murky depths of the lake, it sees you swimming on the surface and glides silently up to wrap its tentacles around you. You suddenly feel something tugging at your foot and then see the giant monster of the lake as it surfaces. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **191**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **356**.

104

The door opens into a room which is empty except for a large bowl of exotic-looking fruit standing on a marble plinth. If you wish to eat some of the fruit, turn to **395**. If you would rather leave the room and continue up the tunnel, turn to **20**.

105

Fortunately you do not tread on the snake, and it slithers harmlessly away. You spend about five minutes searching the cave, but you find nothing of interest, nor any other exit. Your only choice is to return to the main tunnel and walk on. Turn to **161**.

106

You take out your file and begin the long and laborious task of filing through two of the iron bars. It takes an hour to escape from the cage, but at last you are free. Walking quickly along the tunnel, you are surprised to see a painting of Baron Sukumvit hanging on the wall. If you wish to take down the painting and inspect it more closely, turn to **314**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **228**.

107

One of the northmen takes the lead, setting a fast pace. Round and round the arena you run, gritting your teeth harder each time you jump over the burning coals. After twenty minutes, nobody has been left behind and the northman increases his stride. Throw two dice, adding 3 to the total if you were flogged by the guards. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **360**. If the total is higher than your SKILL score, turn to **250**.

108

You manage to disentangle yourself from the spider's web and are able to resume combat. If you manage to kill the Giant Spider, turn to 348.

109

The tunnel eventually ends at a T-junction. Looking right, you can see a bright glow in the distance, and looking left, you see that the tunnel ends at a door. If you wish to walk towards the bright glow, turn to 143. If you would rather open the door to your left, turn to 386.

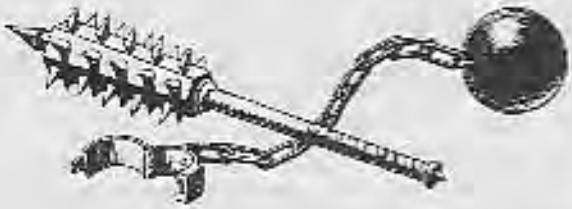

110

Standing on the tip of your toes, you reach up and grab the spear. One sharp tug loosens it from its fitting, but the others remain lodged in the ceiling. Pleased with the acquisition of this unexpected new weapon, you set off along the tunnel again. Turn to 5.

111

The Trialmaster suddenly sweeps the pole round in a side arc, and you are forced to change your defensive stance very quickly. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 51. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 169.

112

The chaos champion sneers at your pathetic attempt to form an alliance and demands that you give him all your gold. If you obey him, turn to 323. If you have no gold or do not wish to give it away, turn to 178.

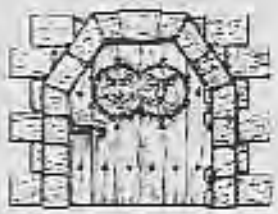

113

By the end of the day, only one other person returns to your cell. It is the mean-looking easterner, a man who looks as though he would murder you for two copper pieces. As the light quickly fades, a guard shouts out an unexpected command. 'There are now two of you left in each cell. I only want one to come out in the morning for tomorrow's combat. Sleep well.' The guard bursts out laughing at his joke, and even before he has finished, the easterner dives at you, brandishing a long, sharp pin which was concealed in his headband. Unarmed, you must fight to the death.

EASTERNER SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 237.

114

You fall well short of the other side of the pit, but instead of crashing to your death, you begin to float up to the other side of the pit, carried by the magical wings of your helmet. You look behind you and see the Zombies crowded together at the end of the pit. You allow yourself a smile of relief and walk on up the tunnel. Turn to 251.

115

Something rattles inside the pot, but when you throw it on to the floor, it does not break open, but merely cracks, and a green gas starts to escape from it and fill the room. Will you:

Stay in the room?	Turn to 173
Run into the cave?	Turn to 307
Run back into the tunnel?	Turn to 150

116

Pulling the lever down does not halt the steady movement of the walls closing in. You try pulling another lever, but they are all locked in position. You try wedging your sword between the walls, but it quickly snaps, and moments later you are crushed to death.

117

The tunnel eventually comes to a dead end. There is a stone tablet set in the end wall with a small, circular hole in its centre. Around the hole are etched the words: 'One is on and two is gone.' If you wish to reach into the circular hole, turn to 179. If you would rather retrace your steps back over the bridge and walk beyond the T-junction, turn to 229.

118

You draw your sword and close in on the huge black arachnid.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you do not defeat the Giant Spider within five Attack Rounds, you too will become entangled in its web. If this happens, make a note of the Giant Spider's SKILL and current STAMINA score and then turn to 64. If you manage to kill the Giant Spider in five Attack Rounds or less, turn to 348.

119

The nuts and berries taste as delicious as they look. Add 2 STAMINA points. When you have eaten enough, you place the remainder in your pouch and set off once again. Turn to 288.

120

You walk very slowly, as you know there are bodies lying in the sand. You stop to listen, but hear nothing. You decide to turn around and walk in the opposite direction. Suddenly you hear a gruff voice cry out, 'If there is anybody else, I'm over here.' You decide to accept the bold challenge and walk in the direction of the voice, swinging your ball and chain. You clash head on with your unseen opponent in a blind fight to the death.

FIGHTING SLAVE SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 61.

121

Your dagger bounces off the plated armour of the chaos champion. He is enraged and you must suffer the consequences. Turn to 247.

122

Despite all the noise you make, no creature of any kind arrives to investigate. At last the final board comes free and you are able to open the door. Turn to 13.

123

You look into the Bloodworm's foul lair beneath the grate, but see nothing. The floor is covered with fetid sludge and the smell makes you feel nauseous. If you wish to climb down into the lair, turn to 243. If you would rather walk on up the tunnel, turn to 174.

124

As soon as you open the box, your whole body seems to stretch as though you are being sucked through a keyhole. You are consumed by terror when you realize you are in a black void. You can feel nothing around you – walls, ceiling or floor. You are a prisoner in the trapping box, and the dwarf, who had opened the box earlier, is now free. Your face is now shown carved on the lid of the box and you cannot escape unless some other foolish person opens the box. *Test your Luck* and add 3 to the total. If you are Lucky, turn to 399. If you are Unlucky, turn to 24.

125

The iron key fits tightly inside the lock and turns with a loud click. You breathe a sigh of relief and walk through the open door. Before you is a lavishly furnished room where a bearded man clad in long red robes is sitting on an ornate golden throne, reading a book. A small winged creature, red in colour and boasting a long tail, is sitting on his shoulder, looking very menacing. On the wooden bench to the right of the man, various glass receptacles linked by tubes have different-coloured liquids bubbling inside them. At the end of the zigzag tubing, a glowing crystal bowl collects the slow drip of liquid from the end of the open tube. The man looks up and says in an even tone, 'Enter. I must admit that I am very surprised to see you. The deadly traps are obviously not deadly enough for the likes of you. Allow me to introduce myself: my name is Lexus. I am a grand wizard by training, and I have been hired by Baron Sukumvit as a Trialmaster for this year's Trial of Champions. You are now in the final stage of your ordeal and only I stand between your success or failure. You will have discovered that there are a number of gold rings hidden in the dungeon, and the number you have collected is vital to your success. Do you have an odd number of rings or an even number?' If you have an odd number, turn to 11. If you have an even number, turn to 367.

126

You take the magnificent helmet and place it on your head. Seconds later, the suit of armour jolts forward and then moves towards you in jerky steps with its mace raised in the air. If you wish to fight the animated suit of armour, turn to 10. If you would rather run for the door in the opposite wall, turn to 281.

127

Before you can even get your breath back, the corpse of the Fire Imp starts to metamorphose before your eyes. A tall red-skinned creature, with large leathery wings, horns and cloven hooves for feet, stands before you. Flame shoots out from its nostrils, and it carries a whip in one hand and a flaming sword in the other. Now you must fight the vile Fire Demon.

FIRE DEMON SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

The Fire Demon does not only attack with its flaming sword. Throw one extra die every Attack Round. On a roll of 1 or 2, the fire from its nostrils will burn you for 2 points of damage to your STAMINA. On a roll of 3 or 4, its whip will lash you for 1 point of damage to your STAMINA. On a roll of 5 or 6, both the shooting flame and the whip will miss you. If you win, turn to 303.

128

You step on a flagstone which activates the crossbow. The bolt flies down the narrow tunnel and thuds into your body. Roll one die. If you roll 1, turn to 382. If you roll 2 or 3, turn to 145. If you roll 4, 5 or 6, turn to 39.

129

The tunnel extends only twenty metres before it ends at the edge of a dark pit. You drop a stone down the pit and hear it hit the bottom a few seconds later. The sides of the pit are too smooth to climb down and it would be foolish to jump down. If you are carrying a climbing rope over your shoulder and wish to climb down the pit using that, turn to 264. If you do not wish to climb down the pit or are unable to do so, you must walk back along the tunnel and past the last T-junction (turn to 351).

130

As you fell down the steps, the dagger cut into your back. Lose 2 more STAMINA points. You groan and rub your bruised limbs before climbing back up the steps. Once again, you leap over the red steps, only this time with more effort. By the time you reach the top of the steps, you are panting quite heavily. Turn to 141.

131

Just as you begin to swing the ball and chain, one of the other combatants steps up behind you swinging his weapon. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **148**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **210**.

132

Trying to avoid the thrashing tongue, you slip on the wet steps and fall over. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 271. If you are Unlucky, turn to 38.

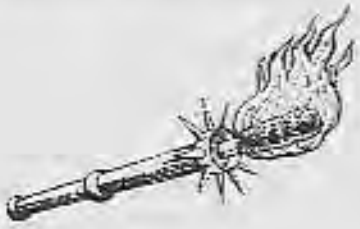

133

Looking down the tunnel, you see that there is an opening in the left-hand wall. Suddenly you see a small head peer out from around the corner and, judging by its height off the ground, you deduce that it is the small humanoid again. You call out and give chase, but by the time you have rounded the corner, he is nowhere to be seen. You decide to walk quickly down the new branch of the tunnel in the hope of seeing the humanoid again. Turn to 287.

134

The Trialmaster is anticipating your over-eager move and blocks your blow with ease. He steps quickly to the side and thrusts his pole upwards at your throat. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 181. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 308.

135

At the moment, the potion is rich with healing properties. Add 4 STAMINA points. Finding no other exit from the room, you walk back down the tunnel and on past the T-junction. Turn to 232.

136

When all the races are finished and the survivors are back in their cells, you discover that the bald man does not return; now there are only three others left in your cell. Although exhausted, you find it difficult to fall asleep: your mind is occupied with what challenge the next day will bring. In the morning you are fed, and then one by one the slaves are led away to the arena. Eventually your turn comes and when you reach the door to the arena, you are told to choose weapons – broadsword and shield, or trident and net. Make your choice and turn to 275.

137

You tread on the snake's tail and it strikes quickly at you with its venomous fangs, which sink deep into your calf. Lose 4 STAMINA points. You use your sword to lance the wound to draw out the poisoned blood. If the poison does not kill you, you decide to hobble out of the cave and back to the illuminated tunnel: turn to **161**.

138

Up ahead, you see a ladder which leads through a hole in the ceiling. If you wish to climb the ladder, turn to **46**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **361**.

139

The Ores are unarmed, having just thrown their last dagger at the rat. On seeing you, they growl in anger and grab their swords to attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	6	6

Fight them one at a time in the small room. If you win, turn to **295**.

140

The leaping Trialmaster tries to deflect your blow with his feet, but you sidestep and strike him in the ribs as he lands. You let out a victory cry, delighted with your triumph against the odds in ritual combat. Turn to **362**.

141

You walk through a stone arch into a level tunnel. After walking some thirty metres, you come across a row of clay urns, each the same size and pattern, lined against the right-hand wall. If you wish to look inside the urns, turn to **208**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **69**.

142

You decide to add your own ingredients to the witch's brew by dropping the Vampire Bats into the cauldron in the hope of poisoning her. You look around the room and find a polished wooden box with a face carved into it – a face which you recognize. It is that of the dwarf who entered the dungeon before you. You also find a small phial of red dust hidden inside an old book. Will you:

Open the wooden box?	Turn to **124**
Throw some dust on the floor?	Turn to **171**
Put the phial in your belt pouch?	Turn to **300**
Leave the room and continue along the corridor?	Turn to **346**

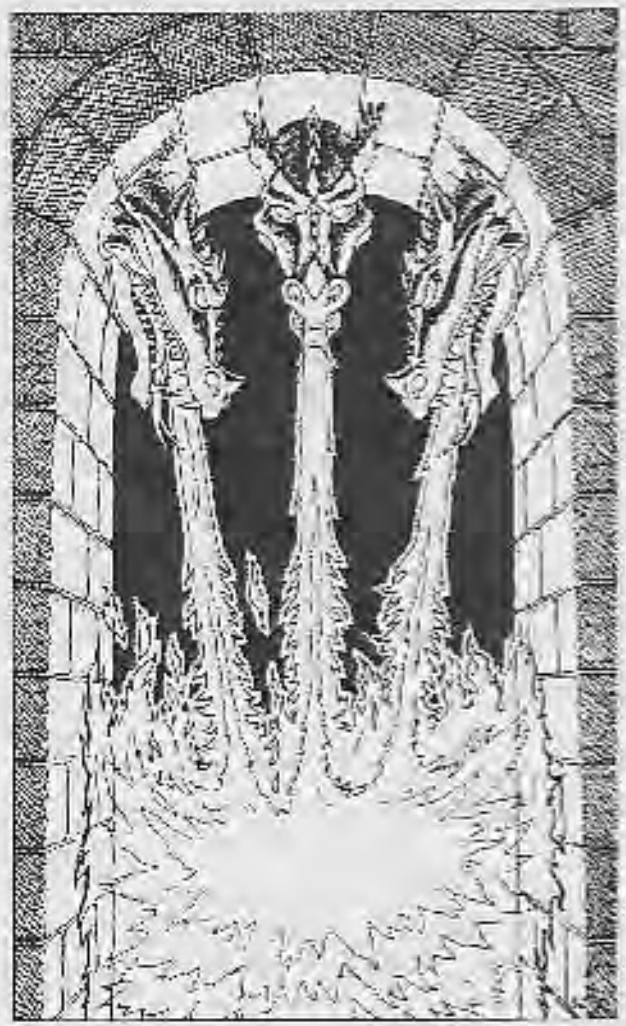

143

The tunnel ends at an archway which is mounted with dragons' heads made of iron. Flames shoot out of their mouths continuously, making a wall of fire across the archway. If you wish to run quickly through the archway, turn to 370. If you would rather walk back down the tunnel to open the door past the T-junction, turn to 386.

144

The passage twists and turns for what seems like ages. There are no torches to light the way, and you have to walk in pitch-darkness with your arms outstretched. You hear squeaks and squeals as scurrying feet run by, and once or twice something soft brushes against your legs. But you are not afraid of small rodents, and continue resolutely. All of a sudden, your feet sink into something warm and slimy which squelches and emits a disgusting, sulphur-like smell. Two more steps and the stinking slime is above your knees. If you wish to walk further into the slime, turn to 359. If you would rather walk back along the passage, through the Tusker's cave and along the narrow tunnel, turn to 230.

145

The crossbow bolt knocks you back off your feet and you fall to the stone floor. You feel a terrible pain in your shoulder and see the bolt lodged in it. Lose 1 SKILL point and 3 STAMINA points. Gritting your teeth, you pull the bolt from your shoulder. Grimacing with the pain, you bandage your shoulder as best you can before setting off again. You turn the corner and walk on another fifty metres before coming to a door in the right-hand wall. If you wish to open the door, turn to **104**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **20**.

146

You turn the handle of the door and as soon as it opens, you are pounced upon by a large rat. Others wait to take over if the first is defeated.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAT	3	2
Second RAT	2	2
Third RAT	3	2
Fourth RAT	3	2
Fifth RAT	4	2

Fight the rats one at a time. As soon as you lose an Attack Round, turn to **165**. If you manage to kill all the rats without losing an Attack Round, turn to **18**.

147

The fourth urn is empty and the fifth urn is half-filled with dried flowers and grasses. If you wish to empty the urn out on to the floor, turn to **241**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **69**.

148

You make first contact and your unseen opponent cries out in pain as the spiked ball slams into his shoulder. But you do not hear him fall. You turn your head, listening intently for another grunt or groan. The man bites his lip and makes no sound. If you wish to stay where you are and continue swinging the ball and chain, turn to **159**. If you wish to step to your left, turn to **120**.

149

One blow from your sword cuts the rope in two. The wooden box crashes to the floor and breaks apart. Lying inside the broken box you find two brass hands from a clock. Hoping that they might be of use to you, you place them inside your leather pouch and walk on. Turn to **388**.

150

The tunnel continues another thirty metres before turning sharply to the left. On rounding the corner you see that there is a new branch in the right-hand wall. You are surprised to see a small humanoid suddenly pop his head out from the new branch, but when he sees you, he quickly retracts it. You call out and give chase, but by the time you reach the corner, he is nowhere to be seen. You decide to walk quickly down the new branch of the tunnel in the hope of seeing him again. Turn to 287.

151

You pull the cork from the phial with your teeth and pour the contents into your mouth. You start to cough and splutter on the red dust you have swallowed! Lose 2 STAMINA points. You realize your mistake and throw away the phial. You rummage again through your pouch and this time pull out the correct phial. Turn to 260.

152

You step warily on to the rope bridge, testing it to make sure it will bear your weight. You look around, but see nobody, so you hurry across the bridge unchallenged. Turn to 117.

153

You clear the red steps, but miss the step you had intended to land on. You fall heavily on the stone steps and roll over and over to the bottom. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you have a dagger tucked in your belt, turn to 130. If you are without a dagger, turn to 284.

154

Somehow you manage to miss the large target and the spear flies harmlessly past the Giant Centipede. You curse and draw your sword to attack the giant monster.

GIANT CENTIPEDE SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 2.

155

You see in the right-hand wall a small recess in which two candles are burning on either side of a pewter plate. An assortment of nuts and dried berries are piled high on the plate and look very tempting. If you wish to eat some of the nuts and berries, turn to 119. If you would rather walk on, turn to 288.

156

The door opens into a narrow, gloomy corridor at the end of which you see a stone plinth with a large glass dome resting on top of it. Four black candles are burning on each of the corners of the plinth, illuminating the dome with an eerie glow. As you approach, you see that there is a tiny man trapped inside the dome, jumping up and down, trying to attract your attention. The man is no more than half a metre tall and is wearing tight-fitting black hose. You notice that his ears are pointed and that he has a wispy grey beard. He gestures to you to lift the glass dome. If you decide to do as the man bids you, turn to **199**. If you would rather walk back down the corridor and return to the tunnel, turn to **222**.

157

There seems to be a pattern to one of the runes, so you set about trying to translate the message. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, turn to **312**. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to **344**.

158

Pulling down on the lever does not halt the steady movement of the walls closing in. You try pulling another lever, but they are all locked in position. You try wedging your sword between the walls, but it quickly snaps, and moments later you are crushed to death.

159

You decide to crouch down and swing low, hoping your opponent will swing his weapon over your head. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **17**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **102**.

160

You just manage to hold on to the wall as the wind gusts all around. Stones and debris are picked up and carried along, but the whirlwind passes and you remain unscathed. When all is quiet, you set off once again. Turn to **195**.

161

The tunnel turns right after another thirty metres and you soon come to a doorway in the left-hand wall. If you wish to open the door, turn to **197**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **378**.

162

You soon come to the edge of a pit which looks too wide for you to jump across. If, nevertheless, you wish to take a running jump over the pit, turn to **276**. If you would rather walk back up the tunnel and past the T-junction, turn to **251**.

163

The door opens out into a tunnel. You look left and see nothing, but to your right you see a small humanoid running away from you. Intrigued by the being, you decide to run after him. Turn to **258**.

164

You step over the unseen tripwire and continue walking, unaware of your narrow escape. Turn to **398**.

165

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **389**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **322**.

166

Unknown to you, there is a body lying in the sand directly in your path, and you are fortunate not to trip over as you pass by. You decide to stand still for a moment and listen. You hear the whooshing sound of a ball and chain being whirled through the air directly in front of you. Will you:

Stand your ground and swing your own ball and chain?	Turn to **183**
Step back?	Turn to **349**
Lie down in the sand and trip up the person who is advancing?	Turn to **316**

167

At the back of the cave you find a small dark passage which winds away into the gloom. If you wish to follow the passage, turn to **144**. If you would rather walk back out into the narrow tunnel, turn to **230**.

168

The door opens into a large room with a massive stone face carved into the back wall. Stone steps rise up to its huge, open mouth, and at the top of these steps you see one of the other contestants writhing in agony. A large, purple tongue like a giant snake is wrapped around the elven prince who is desperately stabbing at it with his dagger. If you wish to help the elven prince, turn to 77. If you would rather leave him and continue along the tunnel, turn to 138.

169

Your modified defence is rendered useless by the lightning speed with which the Trialmaster attacks. The bamboo pole thumps into your ribs and you realize that all is lost. Turn to 72.

170

The Xoroa's frantic clicking noises must certainly have warned others in the colony. But if you wish to stay and search the chamber, turn to 213. If you would rather climb through the hole and back into the tunnel, turn to 155.

171

Emulating the old crone, you sprinkle some of the red dust on the floor. Smoke rises up, and you feel as if you are spinning in a black void. Seconds later you find yourself standing in a small, empty room. There is an iron door which is locked and has no handle. You are trapped and there is no escape. The best you can hope is that Baron Sukumvit's servants will find you before you starve to death. Alas, they don't.

172

Although your leg is bleeding and painful, at least it is not broken. Once again, the axe rises into the air and swings down. Turn to 296.

173

The gas is not toxic and soon drifts harmlessly away. You pick up the clay pot and throw it against the wall. This time it shatters and something shiny falls on to the floor among the fragments of clay. You look down and see a gold ring, which you pick up and drop into your belt pouch. Finding nothing else of interest in the cold room, you decide which way to head. If you wish to go into the cave, turn to 307. If you would rather return to the tunnel, turn to 150.

174

The tunnel turns sharply to the left and then doubles back on itself. You walk along it for fifty metres before coming to a wooden door. The lower jaw-bone of a dog is mounted crudely above the door. If you wish to open the door, turn to 26. If you would rather walk on, turn to 379.

175

You allow yourself a faint smile, as you have chosen a good weapon with which to fight your adversary. Edged weapons cause little damage to the iron-like hide of a Bonecrusher. There is only one way to slay a Bonecrusher and that is to make it fall to the ground, whereupon its delicate balance will be totally destroyed, and it will be impossible for the Bonecrusher to get to its feet again. You move forward cautiously to snare it with your weighted net. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to 31. If the number rolled is 4–6, turn to 189.

176

'Incredible!' says the old wizard. 'Who would have thought it possible? Never mind, stand up and follow me.' He leads you through a doorway into another room, which has bare stone walls and is empty except for a long-case clock standing against one of the walls. You notice that there are no hands on the clock face. On the wall opposite the clock there are four levers numbered 3, 6, 9 and 12. The wizard mutters a few unintelligible words to his familiar, which then flies off his shoulder and begins to circle over your head. You watch as the creature grows steadily bigger until it has a two-metre wingspan. 'Now I must leave you to fend for yourself,' says Lexus as he leaves the room, locking the door behind him. As soon as he is gone, the Fire Imp swoops down to attack you, spitting fire.

FIRE IMP SKILL 9 STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to 127.

177

The tunnel eventually ends at a T-junction. Looking both left and right you see nothing of interest apart from a door some way down to your left. If you wish to go left, turn to 68. If you wish to go right, turn to 227.

178

The chaos champion is predictably enraged by your refusal to give him what he wants. With his legs astride, he starts to swing his spiked mace through the air. Turn to 247.

179

Slowly you reach further into the hole until your fingers touch two buttons, one with the number 1 stamped into it, and the other bearing the number 2. If you wish to press button number 1, turn to 12. If you wish to press button number 2, turn to 214.

180

There is a leather bag on the chaos champion's belt. Inside the bag you find a piece of paper with 'Set two, 358' scrawled on it in black ink. You also find a small ivory box with a skull painted on the lid. If you wish to open the box, turn to 282. If you would rather leave it in the bag and walk on up the tunnel, turn to 44.

181

You react quickly and block the thrusting pole. You both jump back and circle each other warily. If you wish to feign a move to the left and then dive in low to rip up the Trialmaster, turn to 223. If you would rather wait for him to make the next move, turn to 204.

182

The room is empty except for a large bronze statue of a six-armed woman, dressed in decorative silk and mounted on a marble plinth. The idol is holding a brass lamp in one hand, and a curved sword in each of its other hands. White smoke drifts up from four silver pipes placed around the idol. If you wish to take the lamp, turn to 311. If you would rather keep walking along the tunnel, turn to 109.

183

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 218. If you are Unlucky, turn to 387.

184

The dry salted beef is tough yet tasty. You chew on it and swallow it in big lumps, so great is your hunger. Add 4 STAMINA points. Eventually you feel as though you have eaten enough. If you have not done so already, you may eat the loaf (turn to 57). Otherwise there is nothing else you can do except climb back up the stairs (turn to 305).

185

Gripping your sword tightly, you step boldly towards the Zombies. You manage to chop down two of them, but the relentless barrage of clawed hands slashing at your body finally wears you down. You fall under the sheer weight of numbers, your body crushed and torn. For you the trial is over.

186

The old crone looks up, cackles an evil laugh and then throws some dust on the floor. A cloud of smoke rises up and the old witch vanishes. Suddenly there is movement above you, and you have just enough time to draw your sword as two Vampire Bats swoop down to attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPIRE BAT	5	5
Second VAMPIRE BAT	5	4

Fight the bats one at a time. However, while you are fighting the first Vampire Bat, the second will cling to your back and suck blood from your neck. Lose 1 additional STAMINA point during every Attack Round with the first Vampire Bat. If you win, turn to **142**.

187

You pick up the shield carefully, making sure you do not move the chair just in case there is a trap. You place the shield on your arm, and are well satisfied with your new piece of armour. Add 1 SKILL point. Will you now:

Take the winged helmet?	Turn to **126**
Try to decipher the runes on the door?	Turn to **157**
Open the door and leave the room?	Turn to **221**

188

There is a large crowd gathered at the exit to the dungeon. When they see you appear, they can hardly believe their eyes and burst into rapturous applause, cheering at the tops of their voices. A message is sent to Baron Sukumvit, who was not expecting anyone to emerge from the killer labyrinth. But you notice Lord Carnuss standing expressionless in the crowd, surrounded by his guards. Hate wells up inside you, but you are too exhausted to think about avenging the slaves of Blood Island just yet. Two men run forward and lift you on to their shoulders and carry you to the town square where the victor's ceremony is to take place. You are carried up a platform and set down on a cushioned chair, while various servants tend to you, bandaging your wounds and giving you special healing potions to drink. Add 2 SKILL points and 6 STAMINA points. At last Baron Sukumvit appears to make the presentation of 20,000 Gold Pieces. You stand up to receive the prize, but Lord Carnuss climbs up the steps of the platform to intervene. Looking surprised, Baron Sukumvit asks why his hated brother has come to Fang. In a voice full of contempt, Carnuss replies, 'Because the warrior standing before you is my slave and is representing me. I will take the prize, if you don't mind!' Baron Sukumvit turns to you and says, 'This year, there is an additional gift for the victor – any one wish will be granted. Warrior, what is your wish?' Your chance has come and you answer that it is your wish to fight Lord Carnuss and avenge the slaves who

died on Blood Island. Lord Carnuss tries to refuse the challenge, but the screaming crowd starts to boo and will not let him leave the platform. He turns to face you, draws his sword and says, 'So be it!'

LORD CARNUSS	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 400.

189

Your throw is on target, and lands on top of the near-sighted Bonecrusher. As it thrashes around, it becomes more and more entangled and lets out an enraged howl. Before it can break free, you tug hard and pull the beast to the ground. The Bonecrusher lies helpless and defeated. Panting with relief, you are taken back to your cell. Turn to 113.

190

From a cave entrance in the left-hand wall, you can hear the sound of grunting. The entrance is low down, and you will have to stoop to enter. If you wish to enter the cave, turn to 279. If you would rather continue walking along the narrow tunnel, turn to 230.

191

You cut yourself free and swim as fast as you can towards the rock, spurred on by the magical song. But you are swimming to your doom. With your arms hanging at your sides in heedless submission, you smile as the long knife plunges into your chest.

192

One of the Orcs turns and throws his dagger at you. At close range he does not miss. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You pull the dagger from your arm and step forward to attack the Orcs who are now brandishing swords.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	6	6

Fight them one at a time in the small room. If you win, turn to 295.

193

You hold your nose and run off down the tunnel as fast as you can, expecting to hear the hissing sound of escaping gas. But you do not hear anything and are able to continue unharmed. Turn to 23.

194

You carefully lift the lid of the chest with your sword and find that the chest contains small parcels of vegetables and rice wrapped in palm leaves. You realize that you are very hungry and are tempted by the food. If you decide to eat, turn to 366. If you would rather walk on without eating, turn to 47.

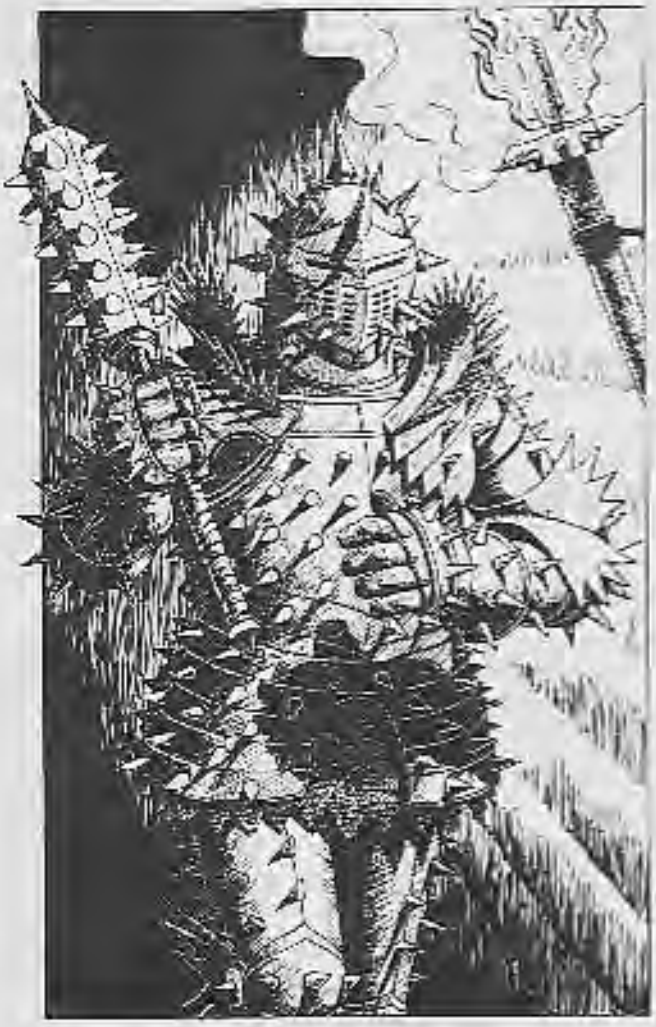

195

A figure ahead of you turns and slowly walks towards you. As he steps under a torch, you recognize the person clad in dark, spiked armour. One of the other contestants, the chaos champion, is advancing towards you, wielding a two-handed spiked mace. Will you:

Defend yourself with your sword?	Turn to 247
Throw a dagger at your adversary (if you have one)?	Turn to 6
Try to talk to him?	Turn to 112

196

You jump to your feet and listen intently for other opponents. Hearing nothing, you step warily to the left. Turn to 120.

197

As soon as you touch the door-handle, a shock runs through your body. You manage to pull your hand away, although it is shaking uncontrollably. Lose 2 STAMINA points. At last the tremors subside, but you decide against trying the door again, and you walk on. Turn to 378.

198

The dried flowers and grasses are used as a nest by a poisonous red-back spider. But luckily you see it crawling up the stem of a poppy and crush it underfoot. There is nothing else hidden in the flowers and grasses, and you walk on up the tunnel. Turn to 69.

199

As soon as you lift the dome, the candles are extinguished and the corridor is plunged into darkness. You hear laughter echoing down the corridor before your head starts to spin and you lose consciousness. You have been tricked by a Black Imp, who has now run off with all the contents of the pouch on your belt. Make the necessary deductions on your *Adventure Sheet* and also lose 1 LUCK point. When you finally come round, the Imp is nowhere to be seen, so you return to the tunnel and carry on. Turn to 222.

200

The Trialmaster senses your aggression and uses his magic to bombard you with the wooden blocks, which hurtle through the air towards you at high speed. All six blocks find their target and smash into your body as you try to fend them off with your hands. Roll one die and deduct the number from your STAMINA score. If you survive the battering, you decide to call out to Noy and tell him that you will obey him. The wooden blocks immediately fly away and hover again in a circle around the Trialmaster. Turn to 369.

201

As soon as you have eaten a few mouthfuls of the food, you begin to feel sick. Not only is the food rotten, it is also infected with Flesh Grub eggs which will soon hatch out and begin to burrow their way out of your stomach. Now you know why the Hill

Troll was punching the wall: it was because of pain, not anger. All you have to look forward to is a slow and agonizing death. Your morale is low as you realize that even if you manage to escape from the dungeon, death awaits you. Lose 2 SKILL points and 2 LUCK points. Also deduct 1 STAMINA point each time you turn to a new reference. Cursing your bad luck, you walk on, clutching your stomach. Turn to 211.

202

Your ankle is only twisted and not sprained, and you force yourself to run hard, ignoring the pain. You think you will never catch the others up, when suddenly one of them drops to the floor. It is the dwarf, and he never moves again. The race is halted and you are all led back to your cells, while the dwarf is carried away before the start of the next race. Turn to 136.

203

You cover your ears and scream at the top of your voice to shut out the Siren's song. You run through the cave and into the tunnel beyond. Turn to 21.

204

The agile old man strides nimbly towards you with the bamboo pole held to one side. You cannot tell whether he is going to bring the pole down over his head and strike at your head, or sideswipe you in the ribs. If you wish to anticipate a strike to the head, turn to 111. If you wish to defend your ribs, turn to 32.

205

The instant you lift off the top of the skull, you are thrown back by a blast of cold air. The air has a misty trail to it and begins to circle the cave at high speed. Suddenly all the bones in the cave start to rattle. Some start to move across the floor and group together. They begin to rise off the floor and take the rough shape of a skeleton. You watch transfixed as the small whirlwind shoots inside the eye-sockets of the skull. With horror you realize that you have released the undead spirit of a Bone Devil. If you are wearing a medallion, turn to 63. If you are not wearing a medallion, turn to 384.

206

The heavy breastplate weighs you down as you leap to clear the steps. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 342. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 153.

207

As you struggle to unlock the door, you do not see the pointed finger of the first skeleton move. A bolt of energy shoots out from the finger and slams into your back, killing you instantly.

208

The first urn is empty, as is the second, but the third one contains a purple cloak. Will you:

Put on the cloak?	Turn to 53
Look in the fourth and fifth urns?	Turn to 147
Leave the urns and walk on?	Turn to 69

209

You open the horse's saddlebag and find a mirror and a wooden whistle. You slip them inside your pouch and continue along the tunnel. It soon ends at a T-junction. If you wish to go left, turn to 129. If you wish to go right, turn to 351.

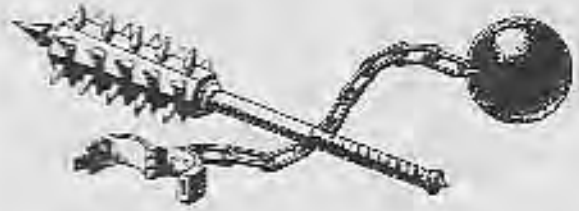

210

You cry out in pain as your opponent's spiked ball slams into your arm. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to 380. If you roll 4–6, turn to 393.

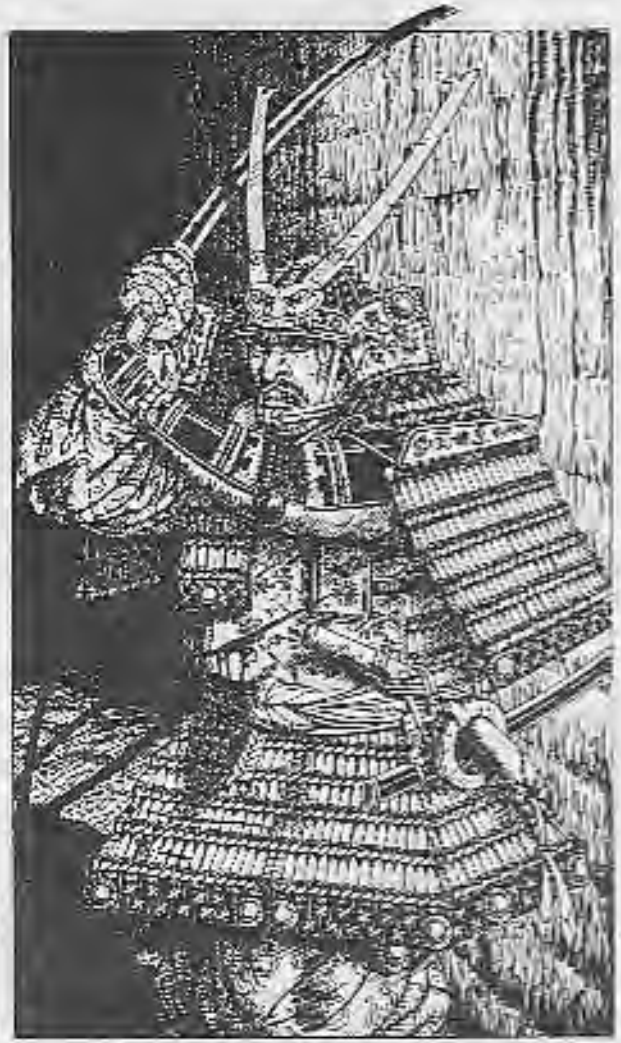

211

After another thirty metres, the tunnel comes to a dead end. There is no sign of a secret passage, so you turn around and are surprised to see another of the contestants stalking you. It is the eastern warlord, his torn battledress stained red with blood. Intent on murder, with his sword raised high, he steps swiftly and surely towards you.

EASTERN WARLORD SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 354.

212

The hideous-looking woman reaches under the cushions she is sitting on and then tosses an iron gauntlet to the floor. You bend down, pick it up and slip it on to your right hand. Pain immediately grips your hand and quickly spreads throughout your body. You feel as though you are being crushed by a giant vice and you begin to scream in terror. Roll three dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 15. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 80.

213

You find a carved bone horn on the floor. If you wish to blow it, turn to 259. If you would rather sling it around your neck and climb back through the hole in the tunnel, turn to 155.

214

Your mind goes blank immediately, and when you regain your senses, you find yourself at the entrance to the dungeon. The crowd sees you and starts to jeer and hiss. They rush forward hurling stones. Roll one die and deduct the number from your STAMINA score. Realizing what is happening, you turn and run back into the dungeon, past the door on your left, to the T-junction. If you wish to head left, turn to 229. If you wish to go right, turn to 304.

215

It takes about twenty minutes to clear the rocks away. Eventually you turn the handle of the door and shove on it with your shoulder. The rusty old door creaks open and you find yourself standing in a disused tunnel. The air is dank and musty and you cannot see far into the gloom. But as your eyes become accustomed to the dark, you can see that there is no way forward, as the roof of the tunnel has caved in. On the back of the door there are words and numbers written in chalk, but it is too dark to see them properly. If you wish to fetch a torch from the main tunnel so that you can see to read the words and numbers, turn to 394. If you would rather forget about the derelict tunnel and walk to the door on the other side of the T-junction, turn to 375.

216

You land heavily on the floor of the pit, narrowly missing a sharpened stake sticking up from the

floor. Your ankle is badly sprained, but luckily no bones are broken. Lose 1 SKILL point and 1 STAMINA point. You look up and see the Liche Queen glaring down at you. She drops down into the pit something which clatters on to the floor. It is an iron gauntlet and you realize that there is no escaping the Liche Queen's challenge. The sides of the pit are rough enough for you to be able to climb up. When you reach the top, the Liche Queen commands you to put on the gauntlet, which you brought up with you. You realize that there is no alternative. As soon as your hand slips into the gauntlet, it is gripped by terrible pain, which soon spreads throughout your body. You feel as though you are being crushed by a giant vice, and you begin to scream in agonized terror. Roll three dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 15. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 80.

217

You step over the dog, reach up to the shelf and take the box. You prise it open with your sword and find a copper bracelet inside. If you wish to place the bracelet on your wrist, turn to 317. If you would rather leave the room without it and continue along the tunnel, turn to 379.

218

Your spiked ball finds its mark and crashes into the temple of your unfortunate opponent. He drops to the ground and does not stir again. Listening intently, you step warily to the left. Turn to 120.

219

The temperature inside the derelict room is much lower than in the tunnel. You begin to shiver as soon as you step into the room, and you can see your breath hanging in clouds in the cold air. In the far wall of the room you see a large tunnel entrance from which you can hear the sound of slow footsteps coming towards you and a long, low hissing sound. You stand your ground, sword in hand, as a hideous beast enters the room. It has a bloated green stomach, like that of a huge toad, and a grotesque, misshapen head supported by a blubbery neck. It has a circular, extended mouth, whose fat purple lips surround rows of sharp teeth: the beast slices its prey and then sucks the innards out. Fresh intestines are the delicacy of the Coldclaw, and it intends to eat yours as punishment for entering its lair.

COLDCLAW SKILL 10 STAMINA 13

As the vile beast lumbers towards you, the temperature appears to drop even further. Reduce your SKILL score by 1 for this combat only. If you win, turn to **252**.

220

You shout out the wizard's name at the top of your voice, but get no reply. In the meantime, the walls close in more and more, and now they are no more than four metres apart. In desperation you decide to pull one of the levers. Turn to **48**.

221

You enter another room and are surprised by what you see: turn to 3.

222

Further along the tunnel, you stumble upon a pile of rocks. Something underneath the rocks catches the light and sparkles. Carefully, you remove some of the rocks until you can see what is hidden underneath. It is a broadsword, finely honed and perfectly balanced. If you wish to use it instead of your own sword, turn to 240. If you would rather leave it where it lies and continue your walk, turn to 7.

223

The Trialmaster is a skilled fighter, and anticipates your every move. But he is surprised by your swiftness and has to jump up to avoid your pole. His SKILL score is 8. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than his SKILL score, turn to 40. If the total is greater than his SKILL score, turn to 256.

224

The silver box is very ornate, the work of a master silversmith. But it has been placed here for a purpose. It is a life-draining box and in less than two minutes your fate is the same as that of the goblin.

225

You do not see the ogre's leg, and you trip over it and fall headlong in the sand. You jump up quickly and have to run as fast as you can to catch up with the pack. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Round and round the arena you run, gritting your teeth harder each time you jump over the burning coals. After twenty minutes, nobody has been left behind, so one of the northmen decides to sprint away, forcing everyone to accelerate. Throw two dice, adding 3 to the total if you were flogged by the guards. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 360. If the total is higher than your SKILL score, turn to 250.

226

You fall well short of the other side of the pit and plummet to your death some twenty metres below. Unseen mouths make light work of devouring your broken body.

227

You soon arrive at a cave entrance in the left-hand wall of the tunnel. You peer inside but it is too dark to see very far into the cave. Suddenly you hear a high-pitched cry for help from deep within. If you wish to enter in order to investigate, turn to 37. If you would rather keep walking along the tunnel, turn to 397.

228

The tunnel turns left up ahead and you hear the sound of grunting and heavy breathing coming from round the corner. You walk quietly up to the corner, peer round and see an ugly creature with long claws and sharp teeth, punching the wall in anger. It is the largest and most savage of all the Trolls, a fearsome Hill Troll. You decide to try to creep by the Troll while it is preoccupied. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 381. If you are Unlucky, turn to 79.

229

After thirty metres, you notice that the ceiling has about twenty spears pointing down from holes in the rock. You look on the ground for a tripwire which may trigger them, but do not see one. If you wish to walk on, turn to 390. If you would rather retrace your steps and walk back past the T-junction, turn to 304.

230

A wind starts to blow in your face and grows stronger until you can barely stand up in the face of it. You cling desperately to a crack in the wall as a small whirlwind comes howling down the tunnel. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 160. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 337.

231

You are soon delirious as the poison races through your bloodstream. You slump down to your knees and fall unconscious, never to wake again.

232

The tunnel curves gently round to the right until you reach two stone archways. A hunchbacked man dressed in ragged clothing is sitting on a stool between the arches, sharpening a stick. He looks surprised to see you and says, 'Well, I didn't expect anyone to get this far. You are nearly through the dungeon. Just take the tunnel to my left and you will reach the exit in five minutes.' If you wish to take the hunchback's advice, turn to 291. If you would rather walk under the archway to his right, turn to 28.

233

The boots fit perfectly, and when you walk about the cave in them, you feel nimble and sure-footed. You are wearing elven Boots of Speed. Add 1 SKILL point. If you wish to rummage around for something else, turn to 272. If you wish to walk back to the tunnel, turn to 150.

234

The Bloodworm's head darts forward as it tries to sink its mouth hooks into your flesh to suck your blood. But you step deftly to one side, at the same time bringing your sword down on the extended body. The stricken Bloodworm rears up and attempts to hook you again.

BLOODWORM SKILL 4 STAMINA 4

If you lose any Attack Rounds, you will automatically lose 2 STAMINA points every Attack Round thereafter, whether or not you win it, due to loss of blood. If you win, turn to 223.

235

The door opens into an empty room. You enter the room cautiously and, as you do so, the door swings slowly shut behind you. You search the room for a secret passageway, but find no sign of one. To your surprise, the door is not locked and you are able to walk out into the tunnel. However, you do not know that you entered a room of teleportation, and are in a different tunnel from the one you were walking along previously. Unaware of your teleportation, you walk on down the tunnel. Turn to 378.

236

You dive under the water and swim away from the rock out of earshot of the Siren. You cover your ears as you surface by the shore and run through the cave into the tunnel beyond to escape the dreaded Siren. Turn to 21.

237

You slump back against the cell wall after the fierce fight with the easterner, and fall asleep from exhaustion. When all the survivors are assembled in the arena in the morning, there are only twelve of you left. The first test of the day involves a deadly machine; you will need lightning reactions and steel nerves to survive it. It is made of a pole fixed to a heavy base. Two sharp blades stick out from either side of the pole, one at head height and one at ankle height. One of the slaves is made to stand by the pole, which is promptly spun around by one of the

guards. The slave alternately has to duck under one blade and jump over the other to avoid being badly cut. Your turn comes last and there are nine survivors so far, the two others having had their throats cut. You stand by the pole, adrenalin pumping through your veins. The guard spins the pole and you start to jump and duck. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 94. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 324.

238

Remembering the disappearance of the old crone who sprinkled dust on the floor, you decide to try to do the same in a desperate attempt to escape. You uncork the phial and empty the contents on to the floor. Smoke rises up and you feel suddenly as though you are spinning in a black void. Seconds later, you find yourself standing in a small, empty room. There is an iron door which is locked and has no handle. If you possess an iron key, turn to 125. If you do not have a key, turn to 266.

239

You thrust your right arm forward in an attempt to strike the Trialmaster's neck. He tries to counter your blow by bringing his pole up quickly across his body. His SKILL score is 8. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than his SKILL score, turn to **248**. If the total is greater than his SKILL score, turn to 298.

240

The broadsword is an excellent weapon made by a famous armourer; it is also magical. Cutting the mighty blade through the air, you continue your quest. Turn to 7.

241

After emptying the urn, you begin to sift through the flowers and grasses. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 198. If you are Unlucky, turn to 33.

242

The floor of the room suddenly jolts, and then starts to rise slowly upwards. It makes a continuous grating noise and you begin to panic as the floor nears the ceiling. You are soon forced to lie down and you try wedging your sword between the floor and ceiling. However, it snaps like a twig, and less than a minute later you are crushed to death.

243

You drop knee-deep into the thick, brown sludge. The dark brown body of the Bloodworm is about eight metres long, and is coiled round inside its stinking lair. You poke around in the sludge with your sword and come into contact with something solid. You reach down and pick up a corked bottle. You wipe off the sludge and see that it is made of dark green glass. There is a piece of paper inside the bottle which reads, 'There is a door behind the pile of stones.' It makes no sense to you, but you make a mental note of it. Finding nothing else of use, you climb out of the lair and carry on walking along the tunnel. Turn to 174.

244

You hurriedly aim the spear and hurl it at the giant monster. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **290**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 154.

245

In the confined space of the stone mouth, you manage to keep your balance. Turn to 8.

246

As soon as you open the door, you are met by a blast of warm air. For a second you think it is a trap, until you see a huge fire burning under a simmering cauldron in the centre of the small room. An old woman is dropping rats, slugs, maggots and centipedes into the cauldron and appears to be enjoying herself. If you wish to enter the room, turn to 186. If you would rather close the door and continue along the tunnel, turn to 346.

247

The ravening chaos champion is a natural fighting-machine, trained since birth to kill. His battle-cry echoes down the tunnel as he works himself up into a frenzy for combat.

CHAOS CHAMPION SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 180.

248

The Trialmaster reacts quickly and blocks your thrusting pole. Sweat breaks out on his forehead as the Trialmaster realizes that you are a better fighter than he originally thought. Making the most of your psychological advantage, you step forward to strike again. If you wish to execute a body blow, turn to 320. If you wish to make an overhead strike, turn to 385.

249

The old wizard smiles and says, 'Well done! And now the next three, please.' If you know the second sequence of numbers, turn to that reference. If you do not know it, turn to **286**.

250

The weight of the rocks is steadily weakening you, and when you next jump the burning coals, you twist your ankle on landing and fall over into the sand. You watch the others race ahead as you pick yourself up. They are more than half a circuit ahead by the time you limp after them, trying to catch them up. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–5, turn to **86**. If the number rolled is 6, turn to **202**.

251

There is an archway in the left-hand wall through which you see a brass bell mounted on the wall at the end of a narrow corridor. If you wish to ring the bell, turn to **90**. If you would rather continue straight on, turn to **333**.

252

The room has long been abandoned to the Cold-claw, whose cave opens into it. The few pieces of furniture that are left are broken and scattered about the room, and a thick layer of grey dust covers everything. In a pile of rubble in a corner of the room, you find an old clay pot with a wax-sealed top. Will you:

Break open the pot?	Turn to **115**
Walk into the cave?	Turn to **307**
Leave the room and walk on up the tunnel?	Turn to **150**

253

Your leg is not only bleeding and painful, but also broken. Lose 4 SKILL points. Once again the wild axe rises up and swings down, but thankfully it embeds itself in the wooden block. You are able to let go of the handle and tend your broken leg as best you can. Luckily it is only fractured and you cut a splint from the wooden block and bind it to your leg. Although you are now at a considerable disadvantage, you will be able to continue. If you wish to cut the rope with your sword, turn to **149**. If you would rather limp along the tunnel, turn to **388**.

254

Try as hard as you might, you are unable to free yourself from the sticky strands of the tough web. Again the spider bites you. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 108. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 293.

255

You curse as your net once again floats harmlessly to the ground. Lose 1 LUCK point. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 66. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 334.

256

The old man attempts a backward somersault to escape, but lands awkwardly. Seizing your opportunity, you follow through with a lunge to his ribs. You find your target and shout for joy. You have scored a surprising victory against the skilful Trialmaster. Turn to 362.

257

Pulling down on the lever does not halt the steady movement of the walls closing in. You try pulling down on another lever, but they are all locked in position. You try wedging your sword between the walls, but it quickly snaps, and moments later you are crushed to death.

258

The humanoid disappears around a corner, and by the time you turn the right-hand bend he is nowhere to be seen. You carry on down the tunnel until you come to a door in the left-hand wall. If you wish to open the door, turn to 353. If you do not wish to stop, turn to 133.

259

The horn you are blowing is used by Xoroa to warn one another that danger is approaching. Four more Xoroa come scurrying into the chamber armed with short spears and javelins. They close in to avenge the fallen warrior.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First XOROA WARRIOR	10	10
Second XOROA WARRIOR	9	11
Third XOROA WARRIOR	10	11
Fourth XOROA WARRIOR	10	10

If you somehow manage to defeat all the Xoroa, turn to 14.

260

You uncork the phial and swallow the contents down in one. Your body immediately stops shaking as the poison is quickly neutralized. When you feel well enough to continue, you walk back along the passageway until you come to the hole in the floor. You lower yourself down through the hole and drop to the floor of the tunnel below. Turn to 315.

261

As the southerner drops to his knees clutching his stomach, he manages to utter a few words with his dying breath. 'Good luck in the dungeon, stranger. But if you get a chance to be alone with Carnuss, remember those of us who died in his arena.' The southerner grimaces with pain and falls silent. You vow to yourself that you will avenge your fellow slaves' deaths, and kill Lord Carnuss if you survive the deadly labyrinth of Fang. That night you are the honoured guest of Lord Carnuss and indulge yourself in your every whim. You gorge yourself on delicious food and enjoy yourself long into the night. After a week of luxurious living, you return to full fitness. Restore your STAMINA score to its *Initial* total. Then, locked in chains, you set sail with Lord Carnuss and thirty of his guards, and ten days later arrive in Fang, the venue for the annual Trial of Champions. The town is swarming with people intrigued by the trial and eager to celebrate. However, there is no time for you to enjoy the hospitality of Baron Sukumvit, as it is late in the evening of 30 April and the trial begins at dawn the next day. You spend the night in a tavern under the watchful eyes of the guards, and at dawn are led to the entrance of the deadly labyrinth. It is supported by ornately carved stone pillars depicting demons, deities and writhing serpents. You see Baron Sukumvit shaking the hands of the other contestants – a chaos champion wearing dark spiked armour, an eastern warlord in full battle costume, an elven prince and a dwarf noble. This year the prize has attracted illustrious contenders. You take your place alongside them, and are then asked to draw a bamboo stick from the hand of the Baron. The number 2 is etched on the stick: you are to enter the dungeon second, after the dwarf. To the cheers of the exultant onlookers, you pass between the pillars, armed only with a magnificent sword given to you by Lord Carnuss. Without a backpack, food or armour, you feel ill-prepared for the coming ordeal, but at least you have this fine sword, and a leather pouch at your belt. The sound of the crowd quickly dies away as you walk on down the dimly lit tunnel. What horrors lie before you, it is impossible to imagine, but you know that Baron Sukumvit has spent the last year modifying his deathtrap dungeon so that it is now reputedly lethal beyond comprehension. But your desire to avenge the deaths of your fellow slaves makes you determined to succeed. The tunnel leads straight ahead for fifty metres, and then you come to a doorway in the left-hand wall with a 'Keep Out' sign written on it in dried blood. You hear scratching and sniffing sounds coming from the other side of the door. If you wish to draw your sword and open the door, turn to 374. If you would rather keep walking down the tunnel, turn to 82.

261

262

Once again you pick up the lamp. Hoping for something wondrous to happen, you rub it vigorously. Nothing happens, but you hear something rattle inside. You take off the lid and find a gold ring inside. You drop it in your pouch, leave the room, and walk on along the tunnel. Turn to 109.

263

The passageway continues to twist and turn through total darkness. At last you see light shining up through a hole in the floor. Standing over the hole, you see that there is a much wider tunnel beneath you. If you wish to jump down to the tunnel below, turn to 315. If you wish to keep feeling your way along the dark passage, turn to 289.

264

You tie one end of the rope around an outcrop overhanging the pit. Gripping the rope firmly, you slide over the edge and then ease yourself down the pit until you reach the bottom. A new tunnel leads away from the pit, somewhat narrower than the tunnel above. If you wish to follow the new tunnel, leaving your rope behind, turn to 190. If you would rather climb back up the rope, retrieve it, and walk back along the tunnel past the T-junction, turn to 352.

265

With a terrified grimace frozen on your face, you watch helplessly as the Bone Devil's dismembered hand appears to reach inside your chest. Death is instantaneous as your heart is plucked out for the Demon to gorge itself upon.

266

You have escaped from one prison to another. There is no exit from the room, and all you can do now is think about what might have happened had you chosen another route. The deadly dungeon's traps have claimed another challenger.

267

The Trialmaster tries to press home his advantage in attack against your continued defence. He leaps in the air in a do-or-die aerial attack. You thrust your pole upwards in a desperate attempt to strike him as he lands on top of you. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 140. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 274.

268

With incredible dexterity you dive at the Bonecrusher's leg, cutting your sword through the air. Your fifth blow severs the tendons behind its right knee and the Bonecrusher crashes helplessly to the ground. Panting heavily with fatigue and relief, you are taken back to your cell. Turn to 113.

269

The wild axe swings down again and this time it sinks into your leg. Lose 2 STAMINA points and *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 172. If you are Unlucky, turn to 253.

270

Gripping your sword with both hands, you step forward to attack the monster.

GIANT CENTIPEDE SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 2.

271

You land on the steps without injuring yourself and jump up to rejoin the fight against the hideous tongue. Turn to 8.

272

In a dark recess in the cave, you find a large skull which has been painted gold. The eye-sockets and nose-holes have been sealed, as has the mouth. A section of the top of the skull has been cut off, replaced and painted over. If you wish to lift the top of the skull, turn to 205. If you would rather leave the cave and continue your walk along the tunnel, turn to 150.

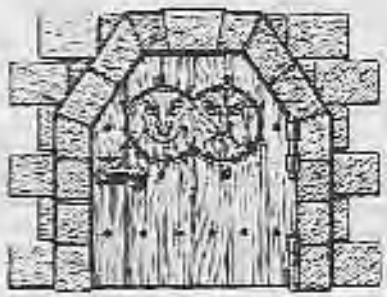

273

At the moment, the potion is harmful to your health. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Finding no other exit from the room, you walk back down the tunnel and on past the T-junction. Turn to 232.

274

The leaping Trialmaster deflects your pole with his feet and strikes you on the head with his own pole. You groan in defeat and realize that all is lost. Turn to 72.

275

A guard opens the door to the arena and you step out on to the hot sand, which is now stained red with the blood of fallen combatants. Suddenly another door in the arena wall opens and out steps the dreaded Bonecrusher beast, its tough, leathery skin glistening in the sun. Its ugly head is small and houses two narrow, near-blind eyes, a flat nose and tendrils hanging over its taut mouth. Its torso, however, is massive, and its long arms are dauntingly powerful. If you are to fight it with a broadsword and shield, turn to 56. If you are to fight it with a trident and net, turn to 175.

276

You run as fast as you can down the tunnel and leap across the black void. But you fall well short of the other side of the pit and plummet to your death some twenty metres below. Unseen mouths make light work of your broken body.

277

You slump against a wall, exhausted after the fierce combat. The gauntlet's power is gone with the death of the Liche Queen and you are able to pull it off and cast it aside. But the traumatic experience has left its mark: lose 1 SKILL point. When your limbs finally stop trembling, you walk over to where the Liche Queen is lying and notice that she is wearing a gold ring on one of her bony fingers. You prise it off and drop it into your leather pouch. Slowly you walk to the door and decide which way to head. If you wish to go right, turn to 285. If you wish to go left past the T-junction, turn to 227.

278

The Trialmaster tells you to place the rings on top of the bench. Turn to 367.

279

The cave opens out, but is still quite small. There is a strong musty smell in the air, and the grunting sound appears to be coming from behind a rocky outcrop at the back of the cave. An ugly creature suddenly steps into view, its small humanoid body covered with hair. Its head resembles that of a boar, with two curved tusks protruding from its mouth. Armed with a stone club, it is obvious that the advancing Tusker is not an ally.

TUSKER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

Once again you are fighting for your life. If you win, turn to 339.

280

The arrow just catches the fleshy part of your shoulder. Lose 1 STAMINA point. It is not much more than a graze, which you quickly tend before continuing along the tunnel. Turn to 398.

281

Luckily the door is not locked and you are able to slam it behind you. The suit of armour hammers repeatedly on the door, but with no intelligence, it does not think to turn the handle. You turn around and are surprised at what you see in the next room. Turn to 3.

282

You find a gold ring wrapped up in a dirty rag inside the box. You drop the ring into your leather pouch and walk on up the tunnel. Turn to 44.

283

With a sickening crunch, the spiked ball thuds into your skull, killing you before you slump into the sand. The Arena of Death claims another victim.

284

You stand up groaning, and rub your bruised limbs before climbing back up the steps. Once again, you leap over the red steps, only this time with more effort. By the time you reach the top of the steps, you are quite out of breath. Turn to 141.

285

Ahead in the tunnel, you see a wooden chest against the wall. You inspect it closely, but do not find any signs of a trap. If you wish to open the chest, turn to 194. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 47.

286

Fine white strands of silk-like fibres suddenly sprout from the throne and begin to envelop you. They are so strong that you cannot move a muscle, and are soon encased, like being inside a giant cocoon. Terror grips you as you hear the wizard say goodbye. Perhaps in future years other challengers will find your mummified remains.

287

You soon reach a door in the left-hand wall of the tunnel. You listen at the door, but hear nothing. If you wish to open the door, turn to 156. If you wish to keep walking, turn to 222.

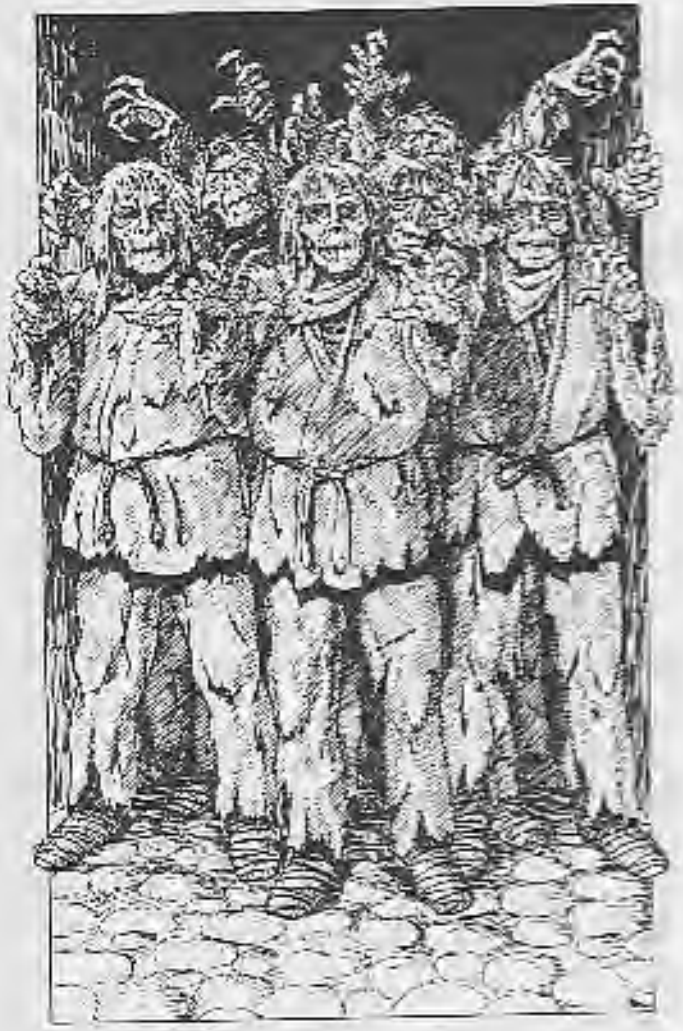

288

The tunnel soon ends at an iron doorway. It opens easily and swings shut behind you. You find yourself in a cross-tunnel, and looking left, are shocked by what you see. With vacant, hollow eyes staring from their sickly white faces, a large group of Zombies is shuffling towards you. Their clothes hang in rags and their pallid skin is scarred and peeling. The door has no handle on this side of it and there are far too many Zombies for you to take on. You have no option but to turn right. You run on ahead of the Zombies and soon arrive at the edge of a pit which looks too wide for you to jump across. The Zombies come into sight and you realize that you are trapped. If you fight the Zombies, turn to 185. If you try to jump across the pit, turn to 347.

289

As you continue to walk along, you do not see the rows of poisoned spikes which extend from the end of the passage wall. Your outstretched hands are pierced by the sharp tips of the spikes. The poison works quickly and you feel violently ill. If you possess a phial of anti-poison, turn to 87. If you do not have this item, turn to 231.

290

Your throw is perfect: the spear plunges deep into the underbelly of the Giant Centipede. It begins to thrash about on the floor, upturned, its tiny legs waving helplessly in the air. You seize your opportunity and run safely past it. Turn to 391.

291

You walk along the tunnel for about twenty metres before stepping on a loose stone. It tilts forward, triggering a section of the ceiling which falls down on top of you. There is no hope of escape from under the pile of rubble.

292

You dive at the legs of the guard and send him crashing to the floor. The soup bowls clatter on the floor as you wrestle with the guard. Before your cell-mates have a chance to follow your example, the other guard runs out of the cell and locks the door. You realize that your struggle is futile. You release the guard and stand up to await your punishment. You are led away and flogged by the guard you attacked. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. Barely conscious, you are dragged back to your cell and thrown inside. Your cell-mates do what they can to dress your wounds before you are all led away to begin your first day in the Arena of Death. Turn to 22.

293

You become weaker and weaker as you struggle to free yourself. The spider bites you once more before spinning more web around you and commencing its meal.

294

The veins on the dog's necks bulge as it strains at its leash. You close in slowly, trying to guard your exposed flesh.

TWO-HEADED DOG SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

During each Attack Round, the dog will make two attacks. Your Attack Strength must exceed the Attack Strength of both heads to win the Attack Round. If you win, turn to 217.

295

You tuck two of the daggers into your belt and begin to search the room. It contains two wooden beds, a sturdy wooden trunk, a crude table and two chairs. If you wish to open the trunk, turn to 34. If you would rather leave the room and continue along the tunnel, turn to 133.

296

The wild axe narrowly misses your legs and becomes embedded again in the wooden block. You release the handle and must swiftly decide what to do. If you wish to cut the rope with your sword, turn to 149. If you would rather walk on, turn to 388.

297

You step slowly to your left, straining your ears for the sound of movement. Suddenly there is an agonized cry and a dull thud as a body falls to the ground not far in front of you. If you wish to step further to your left, turn to 368. If you would rather stand your ground and swing the ball and chain, turn to 131.

298

Your quick thrusting counter catches the Trialmaster unawares. Your bamboo pole thumps against his neck and you let out a victory cry. You have triumphed against the odds over the skilful Trialmaster. Turn to 362.

299

You place the gold ring on the outstretched palm of the idol and walk on without incident. Turn to 23.

300

There is nothing else of interest in the room and, despite your hunger, you refrain from helping yourself to a bowl of the bubbling brew. If you now wish to open the wooden box, turn to 124. If you would rather leave the room and continue along the corridor, turn to 346.

301

Your left foot catches the tripwire which triggers an arrow from a hole in the wall. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to 83. If you roll 4 or 5, turn to 30. If you roll 6, turn to 280.

302

'You pay for your ignorance with your life,' comes the voice from the skeleton. A bolt of energy shoots out from its finger and slams into your chest, killing you instantly.

303

Expecting yet another hideous creature to rise up, you are relieved to see the Fire Demon become engulfed in its own flame and turn to ashes. You walk over to the door, as it is both locked and bolted. Suddenly the clock starts to tick loudly and the two bare walls at either end of the room start to close in, making an unnerving grating sound. Will you:

Call out to the wizard?	Turn to 220
Put the brass hands on the clock (if you have them)?	Turn to 81
Pull a lever?	Turn to 48

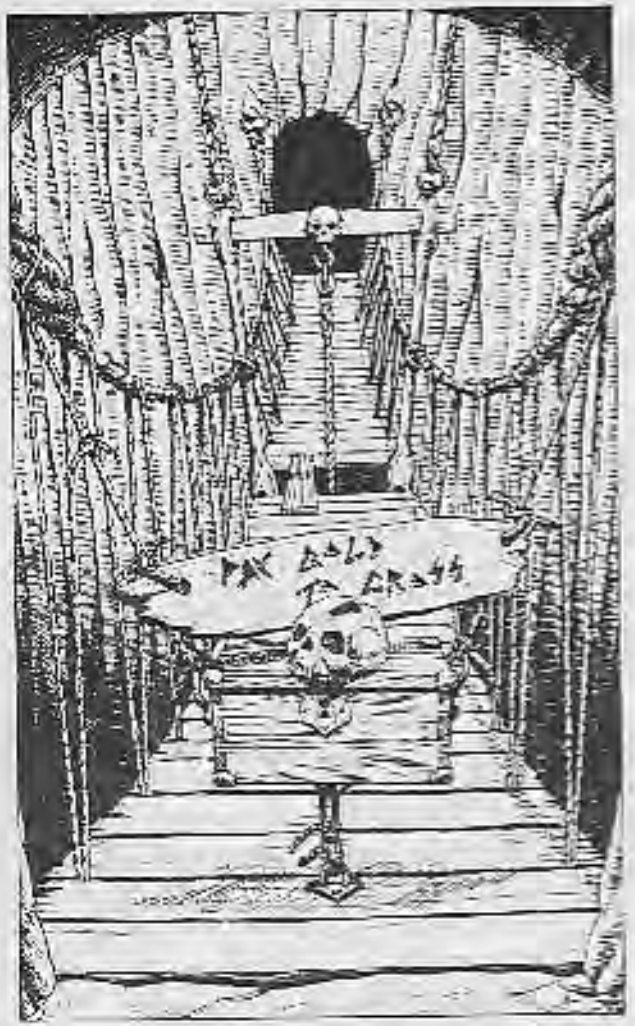

304

In the distance you hear the sound of running water and soon the tunnel ends at the edge of a pit. A rope bridge straddles the pit and beyond it the tunnel continues straight on. There is a wooden box tied to the bridge and a sign above it which reads, 'Pay gold to cross.' A rope hangs down from the bridge. Peering down into the gloom of the pit, you can just make out a fast-flowing river far below. Will you:

Drop a gold object into the box and walk across the bridge?	Turn to 27
Walk across the bridge without paying?	Turn to 152
Climb down the rope into the pit?	Turn to 355

305

You climb the stairs as quietly as possible and come to a landing. A new tunnel leads from the landing, which soon ends at an old oak door. There are many runes and symbols painted on the door, but they mean nothing to you. To one side of the door there is a wooden box, which is also made of old oak. If you wish to open the door, turn to 43. If you would rather lift the lid of the box first, turn to 373.

306

As soon as you step inside the mouth, the hideous tongue coils out to ensnare you. But you are ready for it with your sword.

TONGUE SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 85.

307

The Coldclaw's cave is enormous. Bones litter the floor, and it is evident that the beast never went hungry. You look up and see a shaft of light shining through a hole in the ceiling high above. But there does not appear to be any way of climbing up to the hole. Perhaps the enemies of Fang were simply dropped into the cave to be taken care of by the Coldclaw. There are some rags and remnants of clothing on the floor and a few old boots. You find one pair which are well made and about your size. Will you:

Try on the boots?	Turn to 235
Look for something else?	Turn to 272
Walk back to the tunnel?	Turn to 150

308

You try to block the thrusting pole, but you react too slowly. The Trialmaster calls out a victory cry and you realize that all is lost. Turn to 72.

309

You drop a handful of nuts and berries into the bag and watch it disappear through the grille. The little man smiles and says, 'The hunchback is a liar.' Then he disappears, and you are alone again. Wondering who the hunchback might be, you set off once again. Turn to 58.

310

As you accelerate, the ogre sticks his leg out and tries to trip you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 78. If you are Unlucky, turn to 225.

311

As soon as you touch the lamp, the idol jerks into life. It steps down from its marble plinth and walks towards you, cutting its swords through the air.

IDOL SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you are armed with a magic sword, it will be possible to slay the idol. If you win, turn to 262. If you are armed with an ordinary sword, turn to 55.

312

Your mental ability fails you and you remain frustrated by the runes. They make no sense whatsoever. You decide against wasting any more time on them and open the door instead: turn to 221.

313

You step on a flagstone which activates the crossbow. The bolt flies down the narrow tunnel, but whistles past your left ear. Add 1 LUCK point. You turn the corner and walk on for another fifty yards before coming to a door in the right-hand wall. If you wish to open the door, turn to 104. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 20.

314

The painting is quite ordinary and there are no hidden compartments in the frame. On the back there is a label with the words 'Set three, 176' written in black ink. You place the painting back on the wall and walk on. Turn to 228.

315

You look swiftly up and down the tunnel, and suddenly see movement up ahead. Turn to 195.

316

As you lie down in the sand, you hear a shouted order: 'Shoot the coward!' You panic and try to get to your feet again, but two arrows fired by unseen archers sink into your chest. You slump headlong into the sand and do not stir again.

317

As soon as you place the bracelet on your wrist, your arm feels weak and starts to shake. The bracelet is cursed, but you are unable to remove it. Lose 2 SKILL points and 1 LUCK point. There is nothing you can do except leave the room and carry on as best you can. Turn to 379.

318

The iron door swings open and you enter an ornate room with a marble floor and rich furnishings. But your eyes immediately light on a decorative marble throne on which sits a woman dressed in a lavish gown. But to your horror you see that her face is almost a skeletal skull, with only remnants of dried skin hanging loosely from it. Her blood-red eyes fix on you and then the Liche Queen starts to speak: 'Who is this foolish mortal who dares to enter my chamber? Have you the courage to wear my gauntlet of pain, or would you prefer that I kill you where you stand?' If you agree to wear her gauntlet, turn to 212. If you would rather attack the Liche Queen with your sword, turn to 363.

319

The tunnel leads straight for some thirty metres before ending at a wooden door. If you wish to open the door, turn to 98. If you would rather walk back past the T-junction, turn to 232.

320

The Trialmaster anticipates your blow and blocks your pole with a sideways check. The poles crack together and your advantage is lost. With renewed courage, the Trialmaster leaps in the air and tries a do-or-die aerial assault. You thrust your pole upwards in a desperate attempt to strike him as he lands on top of you. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 140. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 274.

321

The breastplate fits well and is an excellent piece of armour. Add 1 SKILL point. Satisfied that there is nothing else of use, you leave the room and continue along the tunnel. Turn to 133.

322

Unfortunately, the rat that bit you was carrying an advanced form of rabies. It is not long before you are foaming at the mouth and convulsed with pain. An agonizing death awaits you.

323

The chaos champion snatches the gold from your outstretched hand and then strikes you on the head with his spiked mace. If you are wearing a helmet, turn to 350. If you are not wearing a helmet, turn to 62.

324

Just as you get into a good rhythm, your mind freezes and you stand still instead of ducking. The long, sharp blade sinks deep into your throat and you crumple to the arena floor. Another contestant is eliminated.

325

You are surprised by the speed with which the Bloodworm's head darts forward. It manages to sink its mouth hooks into your thigh to suck your blood. Lose 2 STAMINA points.

BLOODWORM SKILL 4 STAMINA 6

You start to hack at the head of the vile creature. During each Attack Round you will lose 2 STAMINA points automatically, whether or not you win the Attack Round, due to loss of blood. If you win, turn to 123.

326

The Bone Devil's skeletal host body is smashed to pieces by your onslaught. But its undead spirit rises out of the skull and disappears through the hole in the roof. You bend down and examine the broken fragments of bone and suddenly notice a gold ring on one of the fingers of the Bone Devil's hand. You slip it off the cold bone and drop it into your pouch. There is no other exit from the cave, so you return to the tunnel and continue along it. Turn to 150.

327

You clear the three steps with ease and walk up the remaining ones. Turn to 141.

328

You climb back out on to the edge of the pit and decide what to do next. Will you:

Drop a gold object into the wooden box and walk across the bridge? Turn to 27
Walk across the bridge without paying? Turn to 152
Walk back down the tunnel and beyond the T-junction? Turn to 229

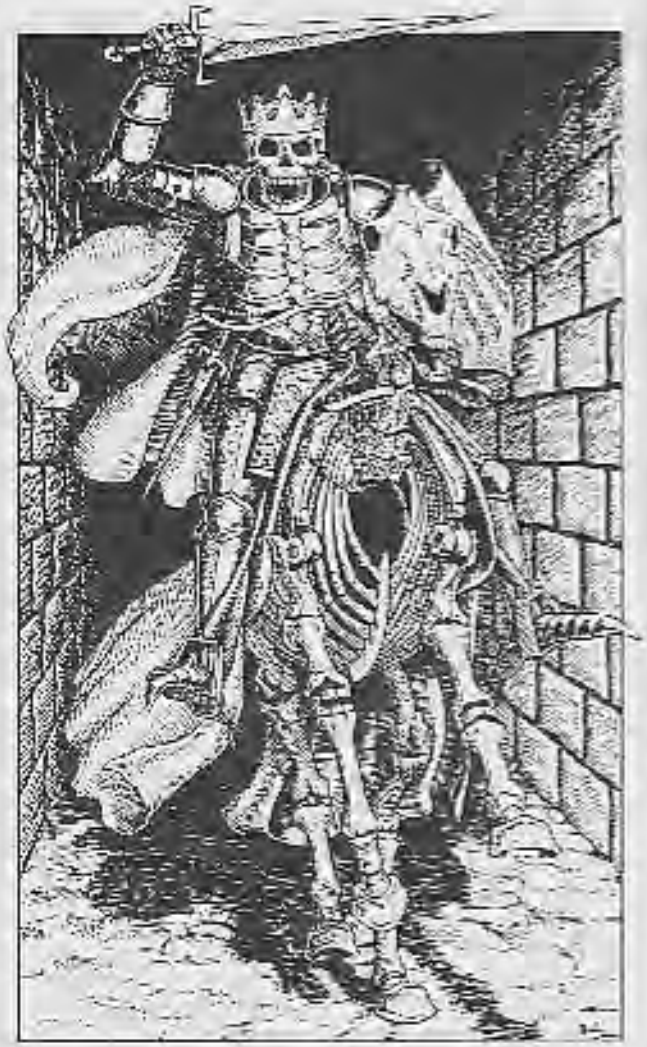

329

Soon you hear the sound of hoofs clattering along the stone floor. The sound echoes down the tunnel – then you see a shape emerging from the gloom. Seated astride a white skeleton horse is an armoured Skeleton with a crown on its skull. Seeing you, the Skeleton King kicks its undead horse into a gallop and holds its sword aloft. You must fight the mounted undead.

SKELETON KING SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

Edged weapons like swords and daggers do little harm to Skeletons. Unless you have a hammer with which to fight the Skeleton King, you will only cause it to lose 1 STAMINA point during a successful Attack Round. If you win, turn to 209.

330

There is no escape and you can only ponder what might have happened had you chosen another route. The deadly dungeon has claimed another victim.

331

You are almost delirious by the time you uncork the phial and swallow the contents. But your body immediately stops shaking as the poison is quickly neutralized. When you feel well enough to continue, you walk back along the passageway until you come to the hole in the floor. You lower yourself down through the hole and drop to the floor of the tunnel below. Turn to 315.

332

You stand back before throwing your full weight against the door. It bursts open and you draw your sword and step into the darkness before you. Turn to 219.

333

The tunnel ends at a T-junction. Looking left, you see that the way is blocked by a pile of rocks. To your right, you see a wooden door some twenty metres down the tunnel. If you wish to investigate the rock-pile, turn to 96. If you wish to walk towards the door, turn to 375.

334

You are slow in gathering up your net and the Bonecrusher manages to grab one of your arms, breaking it as though it were a twig. Without releasing your arm, it grabs your neck and breaks it with equal ease. Alas, one more candidate is eliminated.

335

It is impossible to avoid the drops of acid falling on to you. Roll one die to decide the number that hit you as you run through this section of tunnel, deducting 1 STAMINA point for each. At last you see daylight at the end of the tunnel and run quickly towards it. Turn to 188.

336

The nails holding the boards in place make a loud creaking noise as you prise the boards away. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 122. If you are Unlucky, turn to 76.

337

Stones and debris are picked up and carried along by the whirlwind. You cling on to the rock wall, but the force of the wind blows you over. A flying rock catches you on the side of the head and knocks you out. Lose 2 STAMINA points. When you regain consciousness, everything is quiet again. You pick yourself up and set off once more. Turn to 195.

338

Your reactions are too slow to save you falling into the river. You plunge headlong into the torrent and are swept away downstream and underground. Your adventure ends in a watery tomb.

339

The Tusker's cave contains few items and the only thing that you find of interest is a crude pig made of red clay. The pig is hollow, and when you shake it something rattles inside. If you wish to break the pig open, turn to 75. If you would rather leave the cave, turn to 167.

340

You crawl through the hole and find yourself in a small dark chamber. The noise you heard was the sound of the strange creatures which inhabit the network of chambers. With the head and torso of a man and the lower body and legs of a giant ant, the Xoroa live in large underground colonies. You have disturbed a Xoroa Warrior which, with its keen silver eyes and acute sense of hearing, locates you immediately. Grabbing a short spear, it moves quickly through the dark to attack.

XOROA WARRIOR SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

Reduce your SKILL during this combat only by 1 point because of your disadvantage in the dark. If you win, turn to 170.

341

You quickly rummage through the pockets of the orc guard and find some small glass balls. You place them in your belt pouch and carry on levering off the wooden boards. At last the final board comes free and you are able to open the door. Turn to 13.

342

Despite the extra weight, you clear the three steps and land on the next safely. By the time you reach the top of the steps, you are quite out of breath. Turn to 141.

343

The Bonecrusher manages to grab your sword-arm and break it as though it were a twig. Without releasing your arm, it grabs your neck with its other arm. It snaps your neck with similar ease – and the arena eliminates another candidate.

344

You have all your wits about you and are rewarded by suddenly understanding one of the runes. It reads 'Trust not the word of axe.' You memorize the rune and open the door. Turn to 221.

345

The Trialmaster tells you to place the rings on top of the bench. If you have nine rings, turn to 35. If you have eleven rings, turn to 392.

346

You soon come to another doorway in the right hand wall. Nailed to the door is a small bird, long dead and shrivelled. If you wish to open the door, turn to 59. If you would rather continue along the tunnel, turn to 150.

347

You run as fast as you can towards the pit and hurl yourself across the black void. If you are wearing a winged helmet, turn to 124. If you are not wearing a helmet, turn to 226.

348

You cut the tiny man free from the web and stand back warily in case he tries to trick you. But he simply bows and says, 'Thank you, stranger. I, Billybob of the Little People, am for ever grateful to you. Our tribe has been living under this mountain for generations, but we are forced to scavenge what we can now that our tunnels have been taken over by these dreadful monsters. The sooner they are killed by the likes of you, the better. As a reward for saving my life, I give you what I found in a scorpion's nest.' Billybob drops a gold ring into the palm of your hand. 'Before I go, I shall give you some advice: don't drink at the fountains. Now I must be going; I'm late enough as it is. Goodbye.' The tiny man then runs out of the cave and turns left into the tunnel. Turn to 397.

349

As you step back, you trip over the body lying in the sand. Your advancing opponent hears you fall and moves in for the kill. But he, too, falls over the body and lands on top of you. He is heavy and drenched with sweat. You start to grapple with him in the sand, punching with your shield, while trying to free your other arm to swing the ball and chain.

SLAVE SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 196.

350

The crushing blow knocks you to the ground and your vision blurs. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. Leaving you for dead, the chaos champion strides off down the tunnel. You have difficulty focusing your eyes, but you know you must not give in. You get to your feet and walk on up the tunnel. Turn to 44.

351

After twenty metres or so, you come to an iron grate in the floor. If you wish to lift the grate, turn to 74. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 174.

352

Your strength is greater than that of the caveman. With a mighty heave you pull him forward and watch him fall headlong down the pit. Unconcerned by the loss of his servant, the Trialmaster speaks again. 'I will now ask you a question. Think carefully before answering.' He points at the wooden chest in the middle of the room and says, 'Inside this chest there are six more chests, and each of those contains three smaller chests. How many chests are there altogether?' If you know the answer, turn to the reference with the same number. If you are wrong or you do not know the answer, turn to 72.

353

You burst in on two Orcs who are having a dagger-throwing contest, using as their target a large dead rat nailed to a post. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 139. If you are Unlucky, turn to 192.

354

The warlord must have barely escaped with his life after a previous battle, as his body is deeply gashed by claws, and he has no possessions with him other than his sword. You decide to leave him and walk back down the tunnel, but you bump into an invisible and immovable barrier. You have triggered another trap, and there appears to be no way of escape. If you possess a phial of red dust, turn to 238. If you are not carrying this item, turn to 330.

355

Your feet find a ledge protruding out over the river. You release the rope, walk along the ledge and find that it leads to a completely black cave mouth. Suddenly two bony arms shoot out of the darkness and try to push you off the ledge into the river. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 100. If the total is higher than your SKILL score, turn to 338.

356

You fail to cut yourself free and are dragged under the surface. You do not hear the Siren's song under the water and regain control of your mind. With sudden determination, you struggle against the tentacled monster.

TENTALLUS SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

Unless you win at least one Attack Round in every three, you will drown. If you win, turn to 236.

357

You stand back before throwing your full weight against the door. It bursts open, but you jar your shoulder in the process. Lose 1 SKILL point. You draw your sword and step into the darkness before you. Turn to 219.

358

'You must have made a thorough search of the dungeon. Baron Sukumvit swore that nobody would be able to do this. Anyway, the last three, please.' If you know the last sequence of numbers, turn to that reference. If you do not know it, turn to 286.

359

You are soon up to your waist in slime, and briefly it reaches up to your neck. But slowly the ground rises and you pass beyond what is actually a pool of volcanic mud. The mineral-rich mud has fabulous healing properties. Add 5 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. Eventually the passage opens out into a chamber which is lit by glowing rocks. You see that the passage runs through the chamber and out through the back wall. In the centre of the room there is an elephant, nearly a metre high, carved out of soapstone. Under its belly, you see the hairline crack of a hidden compartment, but cannot see how to open it. Then you see another crack half-way along the elephant's trunk, and deduce that, if the trunk is pulled, the compartment might spring open. If you wish to pull the elephant's trunk, turn to 60. If you would rather follow the passageway, turn to 263.

360

The northman increases his lead over the rest of you, but you feel you still have a lot in reserve should he come close to lapping the pack. When he gets within ten metres of catching up, everybody decides to sprint. There are only two runners ahead of you, but you do not look back. Suddenly there is an agonized cry followed by a shout which calls an end to the race. The dwarf lies prostrate in the sand, having collapsed just as the northman caught up with him. While you are led back to your cells, the dwarf is quickly put to death before the start of the next race. Turn to 136.

361

The tunnel continues straight on for some thirty metres before turning to the left. As you turn the corner, you do not see the fine tripwire that stretches between the walls. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 164. If you are Unlucky, turn to 301.

362

The Trialmaster stands back, panting heavily. Once he has caught his breath again he says, 'You have passed the third test. You may now continue your walk through the dungeon. Leave this room through the door behind me.' The old man offers you no words of advice or encouragement, so you leave his room. You open the door and pass through the squalid sleeping-area of the caveman into another long, gloomy tunnel. You soon come to a stone fountain in the shape of a leaping fish. If you wish to drink at the fountain, turn to 95. If you would rather continue walking, turn to 329.

363

As you draw your sword and step towards her, the Liche Queen presses an unseen panel in her throne. The floor suddenly gives way beneath your feet and you plunge headlong down a pit five metres deep. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 216. If you are Unlucky, turn to 54.

364

At the bottom of the steps there is a large cave, which is partly submerged in gently bubbling water. Steam rises into the cold air and you see a tunnel exit in the far wall. Sitting on a rock in the middle of the underground lake is a beautiful woman singing a magical song. She is a Siren, one of a human-like race of evil seductresses. Her song is to lure you to her so that she can slay you with her long knife as a sacrifice to her gods. Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 203. If you roll 3–6, turn to 203.

365

You are almost delirious as the poison courses through your body and you grab the first phial that your fingers touch. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to 151. If you roll 4–6, turn to 260.

366

You gorge yourself on the tasty vegetables and rice until you can eat no more. Add 4 STAMINA points. You wipe your mouth with the back of your hand and continue along the tunnel. Turn to 47.

367

You empty your pouch on to the bench and count the gold rings. The old wizard frowns and says, 'I'm afraid that you do not have the right number. There is only one way to deal with losers, as decreed by Baron Sukumvit.' Before you can draw your sword, a lightning bolt shoots out from the wizard's outstretched finger and slams into your chest. So near, and yet so far . . . you have failed the ultimate trial.

368

You walk slowly on and then stop to listen again. You hear nothing, and decide to walk in the opposite direction. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **166**. If you are Unlucky, turn to 73.

369

'The three things I am instructed to test you in are strength, intelligence and fighting ability. Should you fail any of these tests, you will not be allowed to continue the Trial of Champions. We insist on a worthy winner. The first test will be a tug-of-war against a caveman.' A door behind the Trialmaster opens, and a huge man with long hair, dressed in ragged furs, strides into the room. The Trialmaster taps the floor in front of him with his pole and the floor drops away to reveal a dark pit. He then orders the caveman to fetch a thick rope from the cupboard. He gives you the end of the rope and tells you to take the strain with the rope pulled taut over the pit. He counts to three and then shouts, 'Heave!' The caveman's strength is incredible and you grit your teeth and pull as hard as you can. The caveman has SKILL 7. Resolve the tug-of-war as you would in normal combat, but do not reduce STAMINA, as no wounds are inflicted. Make a note of who wins each Attack Round. If you are first to win four Attack Rounds, turn to 352. If the caveman is first to win four Attack Rounds, turn to 99.

370

Keeping your head down, you run through the archway as fast as you can. If you are wearing a purple cloak, turn to 16. If you are not wearing a cloak, turn to 101.

371

'You are a wise challenger,' the voice from the skeleton states without emotion. 'Your reward for passing this part of the test is in the drawer of the table.' The skeleton's mouth remains open, but no more sound issues from it. You look around the dark room and soon find a small table with a drawer. Carefully you slide the drawer open and find a small iron key inside. You drop it into the pouch on your belt, leave the room and continue along the tunnel. Turn to 45.

372

Each one of the three red steps emits a flow of healing vibration. Add 3 STAMINA points. With renewed energy, you bound up the remaining steps. Turn to 141.

373

The box contains a coil of strong rope. Hoping that it might prove useful later on, you sling it around your shoulders. There is also a hammer, which you stick in your belt, and a small phial of colourless liquid labelled 'Anti-poison'. Pleased with your finds, you open the door. Turn to 43.

374

The door opens easily and you step into a small room. Before you have time to look around, a huge black Hellhound leaps at you with flame shooting out from its cavernous mouth. You must fight this savage beast to the death.

HELLHOUND SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

After each Attack Round roll one die. On a roll of 1 or 2, deduct 1 additional STAMINA point from your score as a result of being burnt by the Hellhound's flame. If you win, turn to 52.

375

From the other side of the door, you hear the agonized cry of a man in pain. If you wish to open the door, turn to 168. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 138.

376

The floor of the room suddenly jolts, and then starts to drop. It grinds slowly down until you see that you have been lowered into another room. You jump off and watch as the section rises again, and rejoins the ceiling. The room is empty except for a large bowl of exotic-looking fruit standing on a marble plinth. If you wish to eat some of the fruit, turn to 97. If you would rather open the only door in the room, turn to 163.

377

When you pull down the lever, the front panel of the long-case clock swings open to reveal a secret passageway out of the room through the back of the clock. You just manage to squeeze through the open panel, and moments later you hear the sound of splintering wood as the clock is crushed between the closing walls. You follow the winding passageway until it ends at a T-junction where it meets a main tunnel. If you wish to go left, turn to 232. If you wish to go right, turn to 319.

378

You follow the tunnel around a right-hand bend until it ends at a wooden door. You have no choice but to open it and are surprised by what you see inside the room. Turn to 3.

379

The tunnel continues straight ahead until it ends at a T-junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to 162. If you wish to turn right, turn to 251.

380

It is your sword-arm which is deeply gashed. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. If you wish to stay where you are and continue swinging your ball and chain, turn to 159. If you wish to step to your left, turn to 120.

381

The Troll is so engrossed with punching the wall that you are able to slip past it unnoticed. Keeping close to the wall, you walk quietly on up the tunnel. Turn to 211.

382

The crossbow bolt enters your chest and pierces your heart. You are dead before you hit the ground.

383

Your dagger somehow finds its way between the plates of armour and pierces your adversary's shoulder. The ravening chaos champion is a natural fighting-machine, trained since birth to kill, and ignores his injury in his lust for combat.

CHAOS CHAMPION SKILL 11 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 180.

384

The Bone Devil paralyses you with fear, and you feel unable to move as it approaches you with ugly, jerky steps. Roll three dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 29. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 265.

385

The Trialmaster does not expect another blow to his head and wrongly keeps his pole low. Your pole thumps against his head and you let out a victory cry. You have triumphed against the odds in ritual combat. Turn to 362.

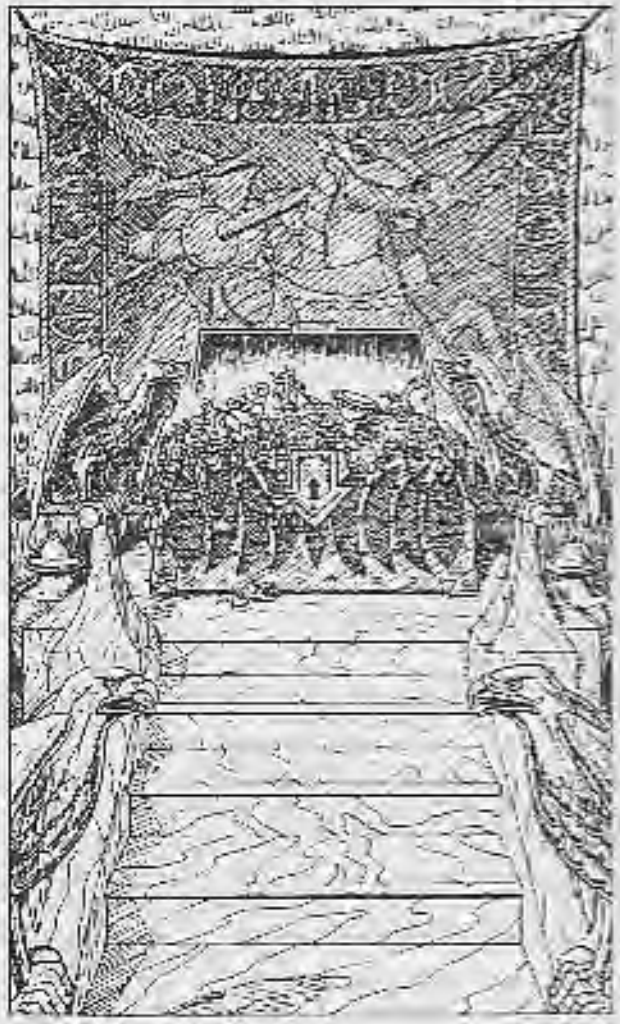

386

The door opens into a lavishly furnished chamber. Splendid objects are all around, but your eyes are transfixed by an open treasure-chest in the middle of a raised platform at the back of the chamber. Solid gold statues of eagles are set at the four corners of the marble steps that lead up to the platform. The treasure-chest is brimming over with diamonds, gold objects and countless gems. You climb the steps, but as soon as you reach out to touch the treasure, the illusion shatters and you see that you are not touching gold and precious stones at all, but the open jaws of the terrible Mind Warp Beast. This gruesome killer, which has the ability to create a perfect illusion, is now revealed as a gigantic green mouth with rows of needle-sharp teeth. The jaws snap shut, almost severing you in two. Its second bite is more successful.

387

Your opponent's spiked ball finds its mark – the side of your head. You drop to the ground senseless and never move again. Your ordeal in the arena is over.

388

Walking along, you are surprised to hear a squeaky voice above you shout, 'Hello!' You look up and see a small face staring down at you from a grille in the ceiling. 'I'm hungry!' the little man says. 'Give me some food and I'll tell you a thing or two about somebody you're bound to meet.' He drops a cotton bag down on a piece of string in hopeful anticipation. If you wish to give the little man some nuts and berries, turn to 309. If you would rather walk on without giving away your precious food, turn to 58.

389

You are fortunate that the rat which bit you was not rabid. You pull the vile rodent from your leg and hack at it with your sword. Turn to 146 and continue the fight.

390

Pressing yourself against the tunnel wall, you step slowly and carefully under the spears. You are soon beyond them and conclude that they must have been placed there as a deterrent. You reach up and are just able to touch the tip of a spear. If you wish to try to pull a spear out of its recess, turn to 110. If you would rather keep walking, turn to 5.

391

You peer into the gloom of the Centipede's cave. The walls are wet and slimy, and you cannot see very far. If you wish to enter the cave, turn to 89. If you would rather keep walking along the tunnel, turn to 161.

392

The Trialmaster does not wait to count the rings. In a cold voice he says, 'There is only one way to deal with liars.' Before you can draw your sword, a lightning bolt shoots out from the wizard's outstretched finger and slams into your chest. So near and yet so far . . . you have failed the ultimate trial.

393

Fortunately it is your shield-arm which has been gashed. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you wish to stay where you are and continue swinging your ball and chain, turn to 159. If you wish to step to your left, turn to 120.

394

The torchlight casts eerie shadows inside the derelict tunnel, but you are concerned only with the words and numbers on the back of the door. In barely legible writing you read, 'Set one, 249'. You make a mental note of what you read and then walk out through the door towards the door on the other side of the T-junction. Turn to 375.

395

The fruit is delicious and satisfying. Add 2 STAMINA points. When you have eaten enough, you walk back into the tunnel and continue up it. Turn to 20.

396

Like a caged lion, you pace between the bars, getting angrier and angrier. But you are trapped and there is no escape. Minutes later, you hear a hissing sound overhead as poisonous gas is released into the air to end your challenge.

397

The tunnel soon ends at a stone staircase. Candles held in open skulls are mounted on the banister to light the way. The stairs lead both up and down. If you wish to climb up the stairs, turn to 305. If you would rather go down, turn to 93.

398

In an arched recess in the left-hand wall, you see a large bronze idol of a dog-headed human deity. Its hands are held out palms upward and there is an inscription below the idol which reads, 'A gift of gold will let you pass, unless you want death by gas.' You notice that the nostrils of the dog-head are open. If you can, and wish to place a gold item on the palm of the idol's hand, turn to 299. If you would rather risk walking past it, turn to 193.

399

Fortunately for you, your nightmare ends when another of the contestants enters the witch's room and opens the wooden box. Light fills your eyes and your body feels as though it is expanding. You find yourself standing in a very small empty room. There is a lever in the wall which can be pushed up or pulled down. If you wish to push the lever up, turn to 242. If you wish to pull the lever down, turn to 376.

400

To the wild cheering of the crowd, you are handed your victory prize by Baron Sukumvit. Such a huge sum of money is more than you could ever dream of, let alone carry. For the next week, you recover from the ordeal and begin to enjoy yourself once again. You start to think about what you are going to do with all the money. A wild idea crosses your mind to hire an army and conquer the unknown lands to the east of Moonstone Hills. The more you think about it, the more the idea appeals to you. The next day you begin your preparations and recruitment notices go up all over town and throughout the rest of the province. With new heart and high spirits, you set off east a week later with your hired army to begin a new adventure.

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Robot Commando

22

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22

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ROBOT COMMANDO

You are a rancher in the land of Thalos. Your people – and your enemies, the savage Karosseans – have built huge robots for many purposes: mining ore, erecting buildings, moving cargo, and herding the vicious dinosaurs that live on Thalos.

One morning you discover that all your colleagues have been overcome by a strange sleeping sickness and you are unable to rouse them. Then you hear a rumble overhead. In the clear blue sky you see the unmistakable shape of a Karossean robojet! You realize that the protection of your homeland against the deadly Karosseans and marauding dinosaurs is up to YOU alone!

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27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
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Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N Z) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand
Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1986
Reprinted 1986 (twice), 1987, 1988 (twice)

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Illustrations copyright © Gary Mayes, 1986
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Filmset in Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd,
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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Dedicated to my grandparents,
E. B. and Bonnie Lairmore

With special thanks to the playtesters:
Monica Stephens, C. Mara Lee, Jerry Self,
Norman Banduch, Jim Gould, Allen Varney,
Creede and Sharleen Lambard

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INTRODUCTION

To play this game, you will need a pencil, an eraser, and two ordinary six-sided dice. You will also need the *Adventure Sheet* on pp. 22–3. You are advised either to use a pencil when writing on the *Adventure Sheet*, or to make photocopies of these pages to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You must use the dice to determine your *Initial* SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On the *Adventure Sheet* you will find boxes for recording each of these three scores.

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record

of these scores. For this reason, you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores unless something specifically occurs to change your *Initial* scores.

Your SKILL score represents your general fighting expertise, both with your own weapons and when you are piloting a robot. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. The higher each of these scores, the better!

Robots

If you are familiar with the Fighting Fantasy Gamebook series, you know most of the rules. But robots will be new to you.

There are many different types of robot, and you will have a chance to pilot them all. You may use any robot you find. However, you may have only one robot at a time! Each robot's abilities are determined by several scores:

ARMOUR represents the robot's toughness and ability to take damage. This is like your own STAMINA score. A robot has an ARMOUR score *instead* of a STAMINA score.

SPEED tells how fast a robot can travel. This gives an advantage in combat. A faster robot has a +1 bonus to its SKILL against a slower opponent. Robots may be Slow, Medium, Fast, or (for flying robots) Very Fast. If your robot is slower than the enemy you are fighting, you may never *Escape*, even if the page offers you that option!

COMBAT BONUS: When you use a robot, you fight with your own SKILL. But some robots are especially made for battle, and give you a COMBAT BONUS when you fight. Some robots are especially *unsuited* for battle, and you will have to *subtract* points from your SKILL!

SPECIAL ABILITIES: These are different for every robot. When you get a robot with a useful special ability, you should either make a note of it, or write down the number of the paragraph that describes the robot, so that you can double-check if need be.

Possessions

At the beginning of the adventure, your only Possessions are your sword and five medikits for curing wounds. As the adventure progresses, you will lose or use up some Possessions, and gain others. All Possessions should be recorded in the appropriate box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Unless the description of an artefact says *specifically* that it must be mounted permanently on a robot, you may carry all artefacts with you when you leave a robot.

When you pick up an interesting artefact, you should make a note of the reference where you found it, just in case you have to check later to see exactly what it does. Note also that the *names* and *model numbers* of artefacts may contain clues. Always write down the full name and number of anything you pick up, including robots!

Individual Combat

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a foe of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the foe anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below. This procedure is used when you, personally, face an opponent. (For battles you fight while piloting a robot, see below on Robot Combat.) It is the same system that is used in other Fighting Fantasy books; you can skip this section if you are already familiar with the rules.

First, record the foe's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each foe are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the foe. Add its SKILL score. This total is the foe's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the foe, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the foe's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows. Start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the foe, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. The foe has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the foe's STAMINA score or your own (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either yourself or your foe has been reduced to zero (death) – or until you *Escape*.

Robot Combat

These are the rules for battling dinosaurs and giant robots. Whenever you are fighting in your robot – and whenever the opponent has SKILL, ARMOUR and SPEED scores instead of just SKILL and STAMINA – then the rules for robot combat must be used. They are very similar to the normal combat rules, as follows:

1. Roll both dice once for the foe. Add its SKILL score. Add 1 if the foe is *faster* than your robot. This total is the foe's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. Add any COMBAT BONUS that was listed for the robot you are piloting. Add 1 if your robot is *faster* than the foe. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the foe, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the foe's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows. Start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the foe, so subtract 2 points from its ARMOUR score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. The foe has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own robot's ARMOUR score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the foe's ARMOUR score or your own robot's ARMOUR score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to step 1. This sequence continues until the ARMOUR score of either yourself or your foe has been reduced to zero (see below) – or until you *Escape*.
8. If your foe's ARMOUR is reduced to zero, you have won. If your own robot's ARMOUR is reduced to zero, it has been destroyed. But *you* are not necessarily dead, or even injured. You do not lose any of your own STAMINA unless the instructions specifically say so. You may have a chance to survive and continue your adventure in another robot.

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things go badly for you. However, if you do run away, the foe automatically gets one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA or ARMOUR points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page, *and* if your robot is *faster* than your foe.

Fighting More Than One Foe

If you come across more than one opponent in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you must fight them all together; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky, you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business, and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky it will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you *always* have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict a more serious wound on a foe you have just injured, or to minimize the effects of a wound the foe has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the foe, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the foe's STAMINA or ARMOUR score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to your opponent's STAMINA or ARMOUR (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the foe has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full effect of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA or ARMOUR (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA or ARMOUR point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. An increase in SKILL may be general, affecting all combats, or it may affect only one type of combat. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value. However, bonuses (from artefacts or robots with a COMBAT BONUS) can add to your SKILL no matter how high its level is.

At the beginning of the game, your SKILL is the same in all situations. However, various artefacts may increase your SKILL for one type of combat but not the other. For instance, a sword of high quality might increase your SKILL for personal combat but not for robot combat – the sword is of no use when you are piloting a robot!

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight various foes and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

When you start your adventure, you will have five 'medikits'. Each medikit can be used to restore 1 lost point of STAMINA. Cross each one off your *Adventure Sheet* as it is used. You are assumed to carry

these with you at all times. However, they may not be used during a battle – only afterwards! Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded when you have been particularly lucky, or when you do something deserving of luck. Details are given in the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

HINTS ON PLAY

In this book, you will become a lone guerrilla, fighting against a horde of invaders. There are three entirely different ways to defeat the invaders – one obvious, the others not so obvious! Each method requires a different path, different artefacts and different decisions.

You are advised to make faithful notes about the places you visit and the things you learn; they could save your life. You will sometimes have the chance to go back to a place you have already visited during the same adventure. In any event, your notes will be useful in further adventures, enabling you to pass rapidly on to unexplored places.

You may also want to make a map of the countryside as you pass through it. In particular, it will help you to learn the relative positions of the cities you visit.

Not every spot that you visit will be helpful; some contain only traps and foes which you will no doubt fall foul of. Many wrong turnings are possible . . . and, even if you reach the ultimate destination, you may not have everything you need to succeed.

It will be realized that the entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read, starting

with the Background and entry 1, and continuing from there.

The one best path to victory may not be the obvious one – but it requires a minimum of risk. Any player, no matter how weak on *Initial* dice rolls, should be able to use any of the three strategies fairly easily once the best path has been discovered.

Good luck!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial	*Initial*	*Initial*
Skill =	*Stamina =*	*Luck =*

POSSESSIONS

Sword

Five Medikits

YOUR ROBOTS

Armour = *Speed =* *Combat =* *Bonus =*	*Armour =* *Speed =* *Combat =* *Bonus =*	*Armour =* *Speed =* *Combat =* *Bonus =*
Armour = *Speed =* *Combat =* *Bonus =*	*Armour =* *Speed =* *Combat =* *Bonus =*	*Armour =* *Speed =* *Combat =* *Bonus =*

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Armour = *Speed =* *Combat =* *Bonus =*	*Armour =* *Speed =* *Combat =* *Bonus =*	*Armour =* *Speed =* *Combat =* *Bonus =*
Armour = *Speed =* *Combat =* *Bonus =*	*Armour =* *Speed =* *Combat =* *Bonus =*	*Armour =* *Speed =* *Combat =* *Bonus =*

BACKGROUND

You are a rancher in the land of Thalos. Your people (and your enemies, the savage Karosseans) have built huge robots for many purposes. With a skilled operator at the controls, a robot can replace a hundred men – to mine ore, erect buildings, – move cargo, or just about anything else.

The robots are also your best defence against the vicious dinosaurs of Thalos. Many years ago, the great lizards caused much destruction. But now mankind has learned to tame the beasts, and many of the folk of Thalos – like you – are dinosaur ranchers. The ranchers use Mark 5A utility robots, known as 'cowboys', to herd the dinosaurs! But

wild dinosaurs are still dangerous, and all robots have guns to defend themselves.

Early one morning, you are just finishing your breakfast when one of your assistants staggers into the kitchen. 'So sleepy,' he says. Then he sits down at the table, pillows his head on his arms and goes to sleep!

You shake him, but you cannot rouse him. Alarmed, you go for help. But everyone else you see is asleep.

You rush back inside and switch on a radio. But you can get only scraps of messages: 'Everybody asleep . . . Karossean attack . . . can't stay awake . . .' Soon there is nothing to be heard. You go outside again and pour cold water on several of your friends – but they just snore and mutter.

Then you hear a rumble overhead, like thunder out of the clear sky. You look up. Streaking overhead is the unmistakable shape of a Karossean robojet!

You realize what must have happened. Somehow, the Karosseans have managed to put everyone in Thalos to sleep . . . everyone but you. For some reason, you are immune.

Over the next few hours, you listen to the enemy communications and piece together the story. In the past, the Karosseans had steered clear of Thalos; with its brave warriors and its many robots, your land was too tough to attack. But Minos, their leader, hit on a clever plan. His spies spread capsules of a virulent sleeping sickness – and before long, all Thalos was asleep!

Soon you hear a broadcast from Minos himself, talking to his invading troops. An élite force of a thousand warriors, with hundreds of robots, has invaded Thalos. But this is only the beginning. With the population helpless, Minos plans to loot your country. Its riches and its robots will be his; its people will be sold as slaves! And only you can stop it . . .

You know what you have to do. You walk back inside and buckle your father's old sword to your waist. Food will be no problem – you know supplies will be easy to find – but you pick up a supply of five

medikits. Then you head for the robot parking-area. Alone, you must defeat the Karossean invaders and free your land!

NOW TURN THE PAGE

1

At the robot parking-area, you stop and look around. There are several robots there, but only two seem suitable for long-distance travel. You study them both. If you want to take a standard 'cowboy' walking robot, which is not fast, but sturdy and adaptable, turn to **24**. If you would prefer a light flyer, which is very speedy and manoeuvrable, but not really intended for combat, turn to **47**.

2

'Insufficient data,' replies the computer. 'Probability of Karossean trick 67 per cent. You have five seconds to change your course.' If you continue talking to give the computer guardian more data, turn to **357**. If you turn your robot and go elsewhere, turn to **376**.

3

Because you are not familiar with this type of robot, you do not get the normal COMBAT BONUS with it – in fact, your SKILL is 1 *less* than usual while you use it. You realize you had better get out of there while you can. Turn to **147**.

4

The main encampment of the Karosseans is easy enough to find; they have taken over the city stadium. Even from a distance you can see flying robots wheeling overhead. If you approach in your robot, turn to **18**. If you go on foot, turn to **32**.

5

Your path takes you across a shallow swamp; the road is narrow, and the ground to either side looks soft and sticky. When you round a corner, you see a large dinosaur ahead of you. It is not a flesh-eater, but it does not seem disposed to get out of your way. If you fight it, turn to **239**. If you leave the road, turn to **95**.

6

A blast from the Supertank cracks the pilot's compartment of your robot and vaporizes everything within. You came close to winning and, even in defeat, you shattered the enemy invasion force – but your adventure is over.

7

You give the proper countersign. The Karossean sentry radios you back: 'Pass, friend!' You have fooled him! You can go about your work. Where were you when you were challenged:

The City of Knowledge?	Turn to **63**
The City of Industry?	Turn to **132**
The Capital City?	Turn to **222**

8

The sea-coast is a narrow strip of sand, bounded on one side by the ocean and on the other side by steep cliffs. After a few minutes of travel, you see something ahead. It is a huge herd of Brontosaurus dinosaurs. Most of them are munching on seaweed thrown up by the storms, but a few are investigating something that glitters. If you investigate it yourself, turn to **84**. If you turn around and go back to the city, turn to **144**.

9

There are several robots here, all identical. They are similar to the Cowboy Robot that you used on your ranch, but more heavily armed and armoured, for use against the largest dinosaurs. These Super-Cowboy Robots move by walking. Each has weapons almost as powerful as those of a war robot.

SUPER-COWBOY ROBOT

ARMOUR 14 SPEED Medium

COMBAT BONUS +1

SPECIAL ABILITIES: This robot carries a 'Sonic Screamer' weapon designed to distract dinosaurs. Reduce the SKILL of any enemy dinosaur by 1 when you fight it in the Super-Cowboy. Unfortunately, the special weapon is no use against other robots.

You may take one of these robots if you like. If you had a robot already, make a note that this is where you left it. What will you do now:

Get in your robot and cross the electro-fence? Turn to 129
Go to the Administrative Building? Turn to 85
Leave the Dinosaur Preserve? Turn to 150

10

You decide to visit the Capitol Building, the seat of government of Thalos. If you go in your robot, turn to 42. If you travel on foot, turn to 71.

11

The hospital is crawling with Karosseans, both soldiers and doctors. By hiding and skulking, you manage to snatch two medikits. You cannot risk staying longer. Carefully, you slip out of the hospital and away. Return to 308.

12

You are now flying above the city. The storm is incredibly violent. You cannot control your flyer! Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 316. If the result is more than your SKILL, turn to 379.

13

You enter the village and investigate. You find one useful robot, a Digger Robot. This slow but powerful machine rides on treads. It has a bulldozer blade on the front, a scoop-shovel on the back, and two large claws for lifting.

DIGGER ROBOT

ARMOUR 16 SPEED Slow COMBAT BONUS 0

SPECIAL ABILITIES: The digger robot can try to strike with the scoop-shovel. This is a clumsy attack (−2 to your roll), but if it succeeds, the foe takes 6 points of damage!

If you do not have a robot, you take the Digger Robot. If you already have a robot, you may pick which one to continue with. You set your course once more for the City of Knowledge. Turn to 361.

14

You stay in your robot and travel to the huge Thalian Museum. This is the largest museum in all the land; it is full of exhibits on every imaginable subject. If you have been here before, turn to 160. If you have not been before, continue reading.

As you approach the museum, you keep a sharp watch, but you see no enemies. When you arrive, you park your robot in front of the building and walk up the steps, past a pair of carved stone dragons. The museum attendant is snoring, but the little Information Robot is alert. 'Can I help you?' it asks. What will you do:

Ask for military information?	Turn to 36
Ask for information on sleeping sickness?	Turn to 80
Ask for information on the Karosseans?	Turn to 58
Leave the museum?	Turn to 102

15

The tunnel goes lower and lower into the earth. Then it opens into a wide, dimly lit vault. If you enter the vault, turn to 340. If you continue downwards, turn to 178.

16

You turn north through the deserted city. You see few people lying in the streets here; thinking of the jungle so close by, you shudder. You fear you know what has happened to the people here. Then, rounding the corner, you see that you were right. A Nothosaurus is coming towards you, long tongue flickering. This dinosaur walks on all fours or swims in shallow swamps. It is both a predator and a scavenger. If you flee immediately, turn to 331. Otherwise, fight the creature:

NOTHOSAURUS

ARMOUR 7 SPEED Slow SKILL 9

If you kill the Nothosaurus, turn to 51. If your own robot's ARMOUR is reduced to 0, turn to 279. If you *Escape*, turn to 331.

17

If you know what you might find in this building, add 50 to its model number and turn to that paragraph. If this means nothing to you, return to 85.

18

If you fly towards the enemy encampment, turn to 55. If you travel on the ground, turn to 187.

19

You hear a crashing sound in the jungle, coming towards you. It is a low, armoured dinosaur, waving a club-like tail back and forth. It is coming straight at you. If you flee, turn to 115. If you attack the dinosaur, turn to 400.

20

The whole sixth floor of the Centre seems to be a cross between a laboratory and a gymnasium. In the middle of the room is a device like a suit of armour. Beside it is a sleeping fellow, somewhat battered around the face, in an athletic suit. After a little investigation, you find that the device on the floor is an experimental 'Amplifier Suit', designed to make its wearer almost as strong and fast as a robot. If you want to try it on, turn to 83. If you want to try another floor instead, turn to 333.

21

You flee in fear out of the temple. You can feel the disapproval of the Powers of Glory. Lose 1 LUCK point and 1 SKILL point for your cowardice. Return to 166; you may not visit this temple again.

22

You use the code-words you found with the map reference. 'Acceptable,' crackles the voice of the guardian computer. 'Entering at Clearance Level Zero.' Turn to 175.

23

Unfortunately, this experimental craft is different from all other robots you have handled. Its COMBAT BONUS of 2 does *not* count for you until you have been through two combats with it. Turn to 378.

24

This man-shaped robot is designed for dinosaur herding. It moves by walking. It has weapons for dealing with rogue dinosaurs, but they are not as powerful as those of a war robot.

COWBOY ROBOT

ARMOUR 10 SPEED Medium
COMBAT BONUS 0 SPECIAL ABILITIES: None

Now you must choose a place to go: turn to 70. If you change your mind and want to take the flyer instead, turn to 47.

25

This is the Robot Experimental Centre. If you have been here before, turn to 251. If you have not been here before, keep reading. You know little about the Centre except its name, but you have heard rumours that top-secret work is being done here. Turn to 333.

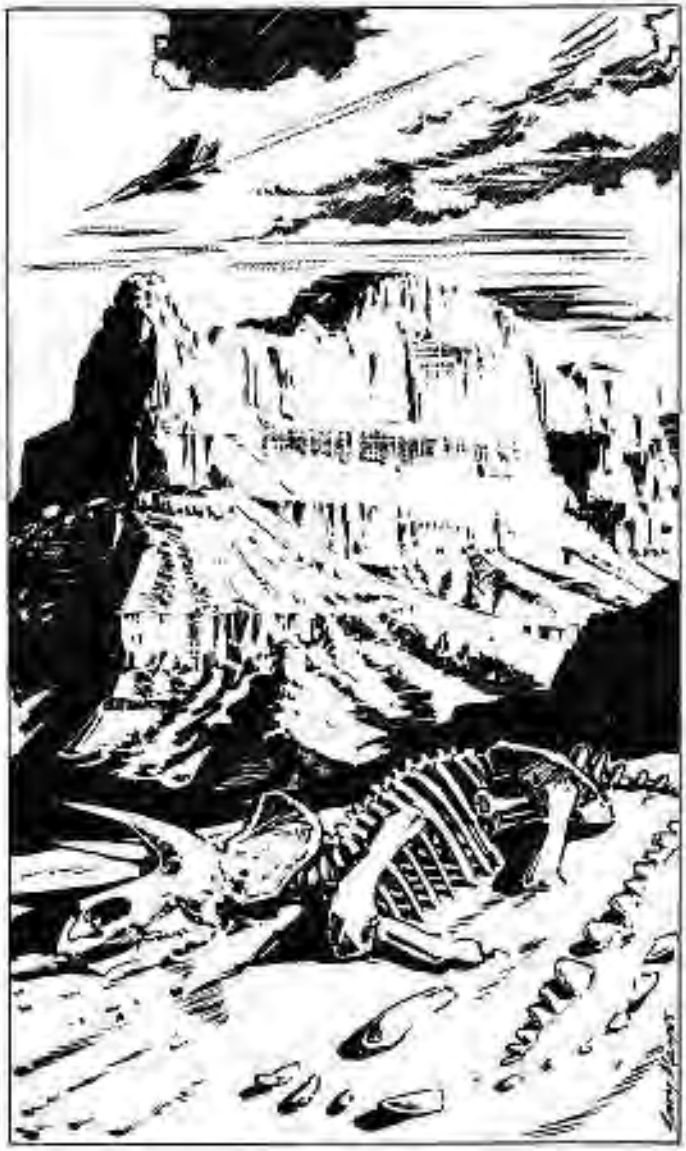

26

You are being attacked by a Karossean Air-Fighter! This is a sleek, arrow-shaped robot. It can sprout legs to land on the ground, but it always fights in the shape of an aircraft.

AIR-FIGHTER

ARMOUR 7 SPEED Fast SKILL 9

SPECIAL ABILITIES: None

If you defeat the Air-Fighter by reducing its ARMOUR to 0, turn to 113. If your own robot's ARMOUR is reduced to 0, turn to 136.

27

This Karossean robot is like nothing you have encountered before. It is a Crusher, a humanoid robot, but twice as large as those you have seen before. It has no guns, but was designed for destroying forts and trenches. It attacks by stamping with its huge feet.

CRUSHER

ARMOUR 14 SPEED Slow SKILL 8

SPECIAL ABILITIES: Although the Crusher is not especially skilful, every time it hits it does *double damage*. Thus, it does 4 with a normal strike, or 2 if you use LUCK successfully, or 6 if you try LUCK and fail!

You cannot *Escape*. If you destroy the Crusher, turn to 275. If it reduces your ARMOUR to 0, turn to 384.

28

You quickly activate the controls to turn your robot into its flying form. The transition, usually so swift, seems incredibly slow in the face of the rampaging herd . . . but in the nick of time you swoop away. If you wait until the dinosaurs have dispersed, then land to see what they were looking at, turn to 62. If you go back to the city, turn to 144.

29

You put on the Cloak of Invisibility and explore the hospital. Although the building is full of enemies, the Cloak lets you pass among them without being spotted. You find a robot surgeon which heals your wounds: restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. You also find two medikits in an unguarded room. You find nothing else of any particular use. At length, your Cloak begins to flicker; you will not be able to use it again. You return to your robot. Turn to 308.

30

You have defeated the Tripods, but you hear more enemies on the way. You have time for only one choice. If you examine the wreckage of the Tripods, turn to 68. If you enter the fuel plant, turn to 132.

31

You decide to explore the streets of the Capital City. How will you travel:

Flying about?	Turn to 55
Ground travel, going left?	Turn to 153
Ground travel, going right?	Turn to 290

32

If you possess the Cloak of Invisibility and have not used it, turn to 90. Otherwise, turn to 103.

33

Giving the odd-looking plant a wide berth, you continue on your path. Turn to 237.

34

You decide to wander around and see what you can find. The streets are choked with huge vehicles, stranded where they fell or rolled when their pilots went to sleep. If you explore to the east, turn to 342. If you go west, turn to 195.

35

You have defeated the Karossean ambush. All three robots lie smashed and burning on the ground. What will you do:

Explore the city?	Turn to 366
Explore the jungle?	Turn to 170
Leave the city?	Turn to 298

36

'Well, that depends on what kind of information you need. Modern military information is classified, and you would have to ask at the War College. Historical military information is in Hall Beta. We have some wonderful exhibits.' If you go to Hall Beta to look at the military exhibits, turn to 146. If you ask for something else, turn back to 14.

37

Your prayer is quickly answered. A blanket of peace comes over you . . . the same peace that the other worshippers received. You feel yourself falling asleep. Perhaps the Powers of Peace will protect you from the Karosseans somehow, but your adventure is over.

38

If you are travelling on the ground, turn to 137. If you are flying, turn to 313.

39

After several hours of travel, you enter rocky terrain. The path narrows, and you are forced to use both of your robot's hands just to climb. You wish you were in a vehicle that could just fly over all this! Suddenly, you hear a roar. Looking behind you, you see a huge Tyrannosaurus sprinting through the rocks at you! Jaws agape, it lunges towards you, and robot and dinosaur fall to the ground, grappling fiercely. This huge meat-eater is the 'king of the dinosaurs', and attacks anything it sees to feed its savage appetite. You must fight it to the finish.

TYRANNOSAURUS

ARMOUR 8 SPEED Fast SKILL 9

SPECIAL ABILITIES: None

You cannot *Escape*; the Tyrannosaurus is faster than you are, and it is familiar with the territory. If you defeat the Tyrannosaurus, turn to 235. If it reduces your robot's ARMOUR to 0, turn to 258.

40

You have returned to the City of Knowledge. In the distance, you see the towers of the College of Medicine. But you also see a Karossean air-fighter, closing fast! If you know a password with which to challenge the enemy, turn to that number. If you do not know the password, turn to 305.

41

At the airfield, you find dozens of pleasure craft of all sorts, none of which looks useful. But parked in an out-of-the-way corner is a small but deadly-looking fighting-machine. It is a sleek experimental fighter, called a Wasp Fighter. Only a few exist. It has very little armour, but it has good weapons and handles well.

WASP FIGHTER

ARMOUR 6 SPEED Very Fast COMBAT BONUS 2
SPECIAL ABILITIES: Whenever the Wasp's Attack Roll exceeds its foe's roll by 4 or more, it has literally flown circles around its foe! It automatically wins the *next* combat round as well – no rolls are necessary.

You may take it if you like. If you return here later, your old robot will be here instead of the Wasp. Return to **165**.

42

The closer you get to the building, the more Karosseans you see. Soon you realize that your robot is making you far too conspicuous. Turn to **71**.

43

You are leaving the City of Storms. Where would you like to go:

The City of Knowledge?	Turn to **361**
The City of Worship?	Turn to **166**
The City of the Guardians?	Turn to **1XX**

Note that you cannot visit the City of the Guardians until you know the numbers to use in place of 'XX'.

44

The lift doors clang shut and it begins to descend. After about five minutes, it stops again. Outside is a corridor even dimmer than the area you just left. The door opens just wide enough for you to squeeze out. Will you press another button (turn to **269**), or step out and go down the corridor (turn to **15**)?

45

You return to the robot that brought you to the city. You collect your Possessions and climb out of the one you used in the jungle. Just as you reach the ground, you hear a thunderous explosion. You have been ambushed! Your old robot is going up in flames. Behind you, guns are firing at the one that took you through the jungle. If you climb back into that robot and fight, turn to **347**. If you run for cover, turn to **159**.

46

You charge to the attack! The Karossean controlling the other robot is caught totally by surprise. Roll two dice and do that much damage to the enemy robot before its pilot can react. If you roll 12, turn to 109. Otherwise, turn to 78, mark off the damage you did, and fight.

47

This flying robot, called a Dragonfly Model D, looks like a gigantic dragonfly, complete with buzzing wings. Its main advantage in combat is its speed.

DRAGONFLY MODEL D

ARMOUR 5 SPEED Very Fast COMBAT BONUS 0
SPECIAL ABILITIES: Because this craft is so manoeuvrable, you can escape from *any* opponent – even another 'Very Fast' one – if given the option to *Escape*.

Now you must choose a place to go: turn to 70. If you change your mind and want to take the Cowboy Robot instead, turn to 24.

48

You step over the fragments of the smashed robot and enter the laboratory. Inside, you find something very interesting: the prototype for a Seeker Missile. There is only one, but it looks very handy. It can be attached to the outside of any robot. It can be used only when you are piloting a robot – not in personal combat. It may be fired at any time, *between*

Attack Rounds. It will automatically hit its target and reduce its ARMOUR score by 10.

As you take your prize downstairs, you see another Guard Robot like the one you defeated. You hurry out of the lobby and back to your robot. You may install the Seeker Missile now, or save it for another robot. It may be moved from one robot to another, but it is lost if the robot carrying it is lost, or if it is fired. Turn to 206.

49

Which temple would you like to visit:

The Temple of Peace?	Turn to 365
The Temple of Fear?	Turn to 304
The Temple of Nothingness?	Turn to 249
The Temple of Glory?	Turn to 339

50

The Karossean troops, already nervous because of the reports of Thalian robots at large, don't hesitate. They set off a buried mine, placed beneath the gate as a precaution. Your robot is shattered. Your adventure is over.

51

You have destroyed the scavenging Nothosaurus. Add 2 LUCK points for protecting the sleeping people from this menace. If you have not already explored the south of the city, you may do so (turn to 225). Otherwise, turn to 137.

52

You've fought robots, and you've fought dinosaurs, but this hybrid foe is too much for you. The beating your robot took has injured you: lose 2 STAMINA points. As your battered robot pulls away, you hear the mechanical Tyrannosaurus give a mechanical scream behind you. You had best go elsewhere; you don't want to be here when the Karosseans come to find out what has happened! You leave; you may not return to the museum again. Turn to 63.

53

In a closet, you find what appears to be an unused coat-hanger – but when you pick it up, it is heavy! You have found the Cloak of Invisibility. Inside it are the instructions. When it is activated, it will cause light waves to pass around you, making you invisible for about an hour. But it will only work once without being recharged, and the instructions do not say how to recharge it. Return to 85.

54

You are at the College of Medicine. This is both the greatest hospital and the greatest medical laboratory of your entire nation. You approach cautiously, but see no sign of the Karossean invaders. You leave your robot near the front steps and enter the building. If you have been here before, turn to 232. If you seek treatment for your own injuries, turn to 77. If you look for information on sleeping sickness, turn to 126.

55

Your robot takes to the air, and you can soon see the enemy encampment. But the enemy air patrols are vigilant: two flying robots swoop to challenge you. They do not ask for a password, but open fire immediately. You must fight these two Myrmidon robots. The Myrmidon is the standard Karossean combat robot. It has two forms – humanoid and fighter-plane. These two are in plane form and will not try to change during the battle.

First MYRMIDON
ARMOUR 8 SPEED Very Fast SKILL 11
Second MYRMIDON
ARMOUR 8 SPEED Very Fast SKILL 9
SPECIAL ABILITIES: None

If you defeat the two Myrmidons, turn to **75**. If they defeat you, turn to **125**. If you *Escape*, turn to **98**.

56

You have defeated the Ankylosaurus. Looking along the trail of destroyed vegetation that it left behind, you see a glint of metal. If you investigate, turn to **263**. If you ignore it and go on, turn to **321**.

57

Soon your robot is parked in front of the Temple of Fear. It is a huge, irregularly shaped building, built entirely from black stone. Within it are served the Powers of Fear. If you are having second thoughts about your visit, you may return to **166**. If you wish to go inside, turn to **193**.

58

'Oh, very good,' the little robot responds. 'We have a wonderful exhibition on Karossean history and culture in Hall Epsilon.' If you go to Hall Epsilon to study Karossean history, turn to **124**. If you would rather ask for something more up to date, turn back to **14** and make another choice.

59

Before long, you have put the equipment to work on your own robot. Restore your robot's ARMOUR score to its *Initial* value. As you finish your work, the machines' programming powers them down. You try, but you cannot restart them. You may not return here for further repairs. You find nothing else of interest in the shop. Turn to 110.

60

You can tell that your robot is nearly done for. If you would like to bail out of your crippled machine, turn to 183. If you would rather fight to a finish, return to 341 and complete the battle.

61

Your luck can't last for ever, since you are without a robot in a hostile city. Eventually you are spotted and captured. When your countrymen awake, they join you in the slave-pens. Some day you may escape, but for now your adventure is over.

62

The dinosaurs were investigating a Cowboy robot – possibly belonging to their herder – which is half buried in the sand. The machine proves to be unsalvageable, but within its cockpit you find two medikits. You may add these to your Possessions and continue. You cannot return to the seashore. Turn to 144.

63

Where would you like to go:

The Thalian Museum?	Turn to 160
The College of Medicine?	Turn to 54
The College of War?	Turn to 277
The Dinosaur Preserve?	Turn to 66
Out of the city?	Turn to 380

64

You set off into the jungle – a brave move, but a foolish one! A prowling dinosaur snaps you up so quickly that you hardly have time to realize your danger. Your adventure is over.

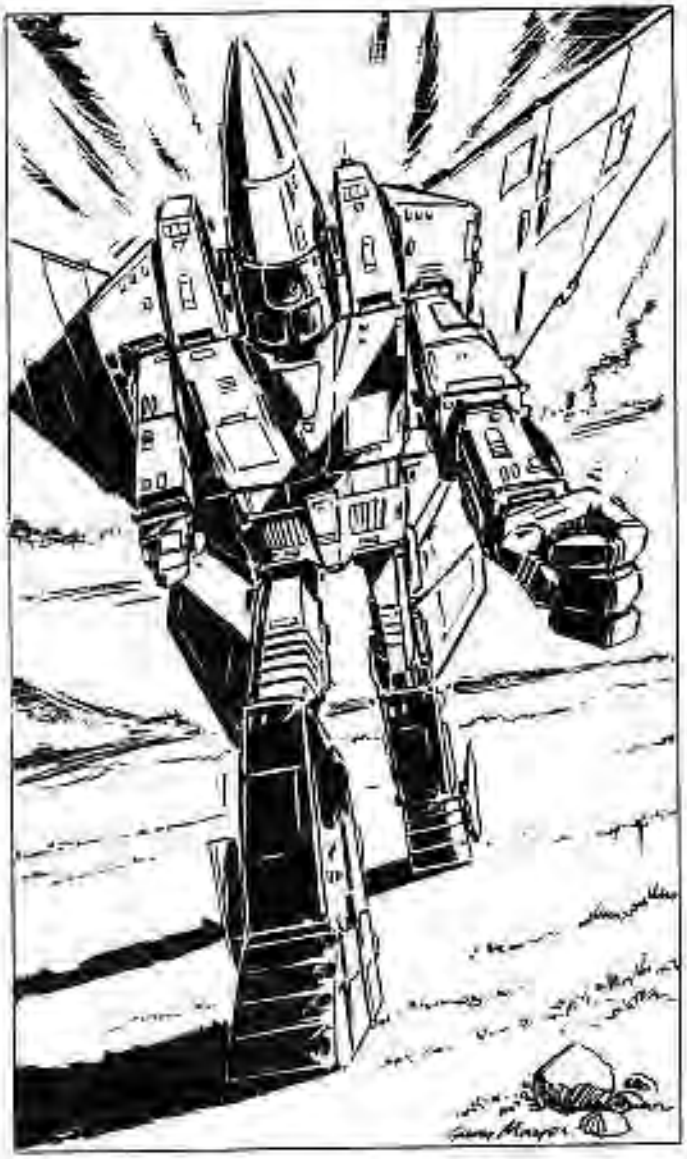

65

You park your robot beside the door and enter the College of War. You are alert for other Karosseans, but apparently the sentry outside was the only one. The halls and rooms are littered with beribboned generals, fast asleep.

Following the signs, you head for the library to see what you can learn. But, just as you get there, you hear a roaring sound from outside. Looking out of the window, you see three sleek fighter-planes hurtle down, sprout legs and turn into robots like the sentry outside. The Karosseans are arriving in force!

You quickly look around the room. There are several volumes on the counter, as though someone was trying to check them out just before the sleeping sickness hit. The books are too large to carry, and you have time to look at only one. Which title will you choose:

The City of the Guardians?	Turn to **256**
Emergency Procedures?	Turn to **300**
Karossean Military Robots?	Turn to **268**

66

You are at the entrance to the Dinosaur Preserve, where some of the wildest and most vicious creatures of all Thalos are kept for study. If you have already been here, turn to **189**. Otherwise, keep reading.

An electro-fence keeps the creatures from rampaging out. On your side of the fence is cool green grass;

on the other side is rank jungle. Also on your side of the fence are two buildings: the Administrative Building, and a huge, unmarked, barn-like structure. What will you do:

Leave your robot and go to the Administrative Building?	Turn to 85
Leave your robot and go to the other building?	Turn to 171
Stay in your robot and cross the electro-fence?	Turn to 129
Leave the Dinosaur Preserve?	Turn to 150

67

Storm clouds are gathering as you approach. But even through the static on your radio, you can hear chatter in Karossean voices. Then you are challenged by several Karosseans in small robots. If you fight them, turn to 217. If you fly away from them, turn to 12.

68

You check the wrecked Tripods. You are in luck! Thanks to their modular design, one has a piece of undamaged armour-plate that will fit any robot. You can attach it now, or save it until later (though you may not install it during a battle). It will restore 1 point of ARMOUR, though this may not raise your robot's ARMOUR score above its *Initial* score. It may be used only once! Turn to 293.

69

You leave the building on foot. The smashed remains of your robot lie in the street outside; the ones you fought are nowhere to be seen. You will have to explore the city on foot in hope of finding something. You cannot go to another city until you find a robot; if you have to fight a dinosaur, you will be in trouble! Where will you go:

The north part of the city?	Turn to 16
The south part of the city?	Turn to 225
The jungle?	Turn to 64

70

Now what are you going to do? You know that, although there are probably Karosseans everywhere, their base is at the Capital City. But you can't just charge in there and attack them with your little robot! You must prepare well before you make your move. Fortunately, there are many cities in Thalos. You will be able to search the whole country for help, if need be, before you confront the invaders. Two large cities are fairly close. If you want to go to the City of Knowledge, turn to 93. If you want to go to the City of Industry, turn to 209.

71

You decide to go on foot. If you possess the Cloak of Invisibility and have not used it, you may use it now: turn to 106. If you have already used it, do not possess it, or if you simply choose not to use it, turn to 234.

72

The tunnel continues on and levels out again. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Eventually it opens up into a large area filled with dimly visible hulks. Turn to 340.

73

Almost immediately the path forks again. To the left, a large sign reads 'Danger! Man-trap!' There is no sign by the right path. If you go left, turn to 128. If you go right, turn to 188.

74

If you seek treatment for your own injuries, turn to 219. If you look for information on sleeping sickness, turn to 395.

75

You have eliminated the two enemy robots—but at a cost. You are somewhat shaken up by the manoeuvres you have been forced to perform; lose 1 STAMINA point. More foes are approaching rapidly. If you press on towards the encampment, turn to 245. If you retreat, turn to 98.

76

You continue through the enemy encampment. Soon you can see the wide barrier separating the main encampment from the Karossean officers' territory. There are not many robots near by, but the ones you can see are formidable. One of them signals you. 'Halt! What's the password?' What will you do:

Reply 'Eighty-eight'?	Turn to 120
Attack immediately?	Turn to 264
Reply 'Minos'?	Turn to 145

77

You turn your steps towards the hospital section of the College of Medicine. Soon you find a medikit, which you may add to your Possessions. What will you do now:

Continue to search the hospital?	Turn to 185
Look for information on sleeping sickness?	Turn to 126
Leave the hospital?	Turn to 210

78

You fight the enemy robot. It is a Myrmidon, the standard Karossean combat robot. It has two forms – humanoid and fighter-plane. This one is in humanoid form and will not be able to change itself during the battle.

MYRMIDON

ARMOUR 12 SPEED Medium SKILL 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES: None for this battle

If you reduce the enemy's ARMOUR to 0, turn to **109**. If your own ARMOUR is reduced to 0, turn to **133**.

79

You play for another twenty minutes. When the time ends, the machine goes dark; you will not be able to play it again. But the detailed simulation of combat in the Wasp 200 Fighter has added 1 to your SKILL (with robots only). Return to **288**.

80

'I'm sorry,' replies the Information Robot. 'We have a general medical display in Hall Omicron, but for the kind of specific information you want, you would need to inquire at a hospital, or at the College of Medicine.' If you want to leave the museum, turn to **102**. If you want to ask another question, return to **14** and make another choice.

81

You decide to investigate the Capital City hospital. If you want to stay in your robot, turn to **99**. If you investigate on foot, turn to **152**.

82

The junkyard is just as you left it, but the huge Ape is nowhere in sight. There is nothing that you can do here. Turn to **110**.

83

You fit yourself into the Amplifier Device and activate it. When you take an experimental step, you jump a metre in the air! You reach for the instructions on a nearby table – and your fist goes through the table! You are delighted. You pick up a hundred-kilo file cabinet with one hand, toss it in the air and catch it. Then you try to jump. Maybe you can go over tall buildings with a single bound!

At that point, the suit goes out of control. You bounce off several walls, the floor, and once the ceiling. Eventually you come to a stop. You carefully deactivate the suit – then you just lie and rest. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Now you know why you never heard of this experiment, and why the tester in the sweatsuit looked so battered!

If you leave the building, turn to **206**. If you want to investigate elsewhere, return to **333** and make a new choice.

84

The inquisitive dinosaurs totally surround your quarry. What will you do:

Shove your way in among them?	Turn to **387**
Fire a few shots to panic them?	Turn to **299**
Shout at them over your speakers?	Turn to **119**

85

You are inside the Administrative Building. Everyone is asleep, of course. You see nothing of special interest. What will you do now:

Look for a specific object?	Turn to 17
Search the whole office thoroughly?	Turn to 96
Investigate the other building?	Turn to 171
Get in your robot and cross the electro-fence?	Turn to 129
Leave the Dinosaur Preserve?	Turn to 150

86

You summon your courage and confront the Powers of Nothingness. You may not know the meaning of life, but you know you have a mission. And suddenly, nothing feels strange. You stalk out of the Temple of Nothingness. You have gained nothing . . . and lost nothing. Restore the LUCK point that you lost when *Testing your Luck*, and return to 166.

87

If you are wearing an enemy uniform, turn to 177. If you do not have a uniform, *Test your Luck*: if you are Lucky, turn to 199; if you are Unlucky, turn to 223.

88

'Eighty-eight!' you bark at the Karosseans. 'Seven!' they reply to you. Aha! You have learned the countersign to their password! And because you gave the password, you are free to go about your business. Where were you when you challenged the enemy soldiers:

The City of Industry?	Turn to 132
The City of Knowledge?	Turn to 63
The Capital City?	Turn to 192

89

Your captors discuss what to do with you. Eventually they toss you into a basement room and lock the door. All your Possessions are lost. If you try to escape now, turn to 315. If you bide your time and wait for a better chance, turn to 397.

90

Using the Cloak of Invisibility, you easily slip through the enemy lines and into their officers' camp. There you spy Minos himself! If you attack him by surprise, turn to 201. If you shed your Cloak and try another stratagem, turn to 103.

91

Fortunately, the problem seems to be nothing worse than a pair of crossed wires. You activate the robot surgeon and tell it you need treatment. Lights blinking and motors humming, it obliges. Restore all lost STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. If you now look for information on sleeping sickness, turn to 126. If you leave the building, turn to 210.

92

There are no Karosseans left in sight, but you know you had better be off before more appear! Return to 308.

93

You head for the City of Knowledge. It is your people's greatest centre of learning. There, you hope, you will find information that will help you defeat the invaders. After about an hour of travel, you sight a flying dinosaur ahead of you. It dives aggressively towards you. You must fight it. It is a Pteranodon, a large, predatory flying dinosaur. It is lightly built, but speedy and aggressive.

PTERANODON

ARMOUR 3 SPEED Fast SKILL 9

SPECIAL ABILITIES: None

If you defeat the Pteranodon, or if you *Escape*, turn to 186. If the Pteranodon reduces your robot's ARMOUR to 0, turn to 116.

94

The stairway leads to a corridor which turns downward once again. Eventually, the corridor ends in a small alcove with a lift. Rather than retrace your steps, you enter the lift and push the button. Turn to 44.

95

This is a fatal mistake: you quickly sink into the swampy goo. The dinosaur watches, bemused, as bubbles rise to mark your resting-place.

96

In trying to open an office marked 'Private', you activate a security system. An electric shock pins you to the door-frame. By the time you get free, you have lost 1 STAMINA point. Return to 85.

97

The battle is over. You have torn the Man-trap Plant into a thousand pieces. Nothing remains of the vicious vegetable except a damper spot on the marshy ground. Turn to 237.

98

You realize that you cannot win a dogfight against this many foes. Dodging and weaving between the buildings of the Capital City, you lose your pursuers. You have stirred up a hornets' nest now! You must press the attack before they hunt you down. What will you do:

Look elsewhere in the Capital City for help?	Turn to 308
Try to slip into the enemy camp on foot?	Turn to 32
Stay in your robot and attack on the ground?	Turn to 187

99

As you round a corner, you see a pair of Karossean robots coming your way! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 130. If you are Unlucky, turn to 172.

100

When your instruments tell you that you have penetrated to the heart of the storm, you take the precious flask of Blue Potion and unstopper it. You quickly pour it through the ejection lock. It diffuses in the air around you. You smile; you know the storm will quickly carry it to every part of Thalos. But when you land, the people of the City of Worship are still asleep. Obviously, the Potion was not sufficiently potent. Turn to **166**.

101

You have defeated the Tylosaurus. Small scavengers are already appearing in the water around you, drawn by the blood. If you return to the city, turn to **144**. If you continue towards the spot where you saw the herd of dinosaurs, turn to **62**.

102

If you possess an Amulet, turn immediately to **250**. Otherwise, you leave the building the way you entered. You re-enter your robot. Turn to **396**.

103

The enemy encampment is well patrolled. You are seized by Karossean guards. If you know something that might help you now, turn to the reference number that came with that information. Otherwise, turn to **228**.

104

Looking at a hospital map, you see that the Research Lab is not far away. Carrying the book with you, you set off to find it, and soon arrive at a large chemical laboratory. As you walked, you heard strange squeaks and shuffling noises in the hallway, but saw nothing. You are somewhat disturbed to note that there are no sleeping doctors or researchers here! No one is here at all.

You bar the lab doors for safety and set to work. Fortunately, the instructions are clear and the lab is well stocked. Eventually, you have a one-litre flask of Blue Potion – all you can make with the materials at hand. Indeed, from the rarity of the materials you used, you doubt that another litre could be made in the whole of Thalos! But you also know from the book that one litre would be enough for everyone in Thalos. Nevertheless, there is a problem. The potion is so volatile that once opened, it will quickly evaporate; you cannot awaken people one at a time. You must find a way to treat your *whole nation* at once! So your quest is not over.

Outside, you hear the strange squeaking once again. If you leave immediately, turn to 394. If you remain in the laboratory, checking your work one last time, turn to 372.

105

You decide to visit the Fuel-refining Plant. This is where the radioactive ores that power the robots are processed. A single block of fuel will drive a robot for a year. As you approach, you realize that some of the robots standing around the plant are active! The Karosseans have sent a force to garrison this strategic point. What will you do:

Proceed normally?	Turn to 236
Attack?	Turn to 169
Flee?	Turn to 135
Try a ruse?	Turn to 197

106

You don the Cloak. It works like a charm: when you walk in front of a store window, you have no reflection! Soon the Cloak is put to a harder test: you walk in front of a Karossean patrol, but remain totally unseen. You enter the Capitol Building itself. There is no sign of the legislators; you assume they have been taken away as hostages. While you are investigating the building, you observe a pair of Karosseans standing guard over a huge display

case. You move closer and listen. 'That's right,' one is saying. 'Minos will come to take possession of this sword in a few hours. There'll be some kind of ceremony, I guess.' Looking in the case, you see that this is the Sword of State! You are reluctant to leave it where the tyrant can get it – but taking it would be a risk. What will you do:

Go on and look elsewhere in the Capitol Building?	Turn to 164
Try to take the sword by stealth?	Turn to 190
Attack the sentries and take the sword?	Turn to 215

107

You pray to the Powers of Peace to grant you and your people the peace that can only come from freedom. Somewhere you seem to hear bells chiming, and a feeling of well-being comes over you. Restore your LUCK to its *Initial* score. Return to 166; you may not visit this temple again.

108

Having provoked a battle, you must now finish it . . . The enemy robot turns and attacks. It is a Battleman, a heavy-duty Karossean combat robot.

BATTLEMAN

ARMOUR 11 SPEED Medium SKILL 11

SPECIAL ABILITIES: If the Battleman's roll exceeds your own roll by 4, it does 1 extra point of damage to you. LUCK rolls will not affect this extra point of damage.

If you defeat the Battleman, turn to **290**. If your own ARMOUR is reduced to 0, turn to **61**. You may not *Escape*.

109

The enemy robot falls, blasted to scrap. There is no sign of its pilot. If you want to examine the fallen robot more carefully, turn to **155**. If you want to ignore it and enter the War College, turn to **65**.

110

You continue to wander about the city for some time. You see many interesting sights, but nothing that looks as though it would help. At length you come to a large open area. At one side of the park is a large building marked 'Robot Experimental Centre'. Across the park is a sign that says 'Robots Working'. It looks like an open access to the city's tunnel system. Will you visit the Robot Experimental Centre (turn to **25**), or leave your robot and enter the tunnel system (turn to **127**)?

111

What will you do:

Challenge Minos to a personal duel?	Turn to **253**
Claim to be a message-bearer?	Turn to **267**
Use a password?	Turn to **173**
Try to fight your way out?	Turn to **283**

112

In the 'Dinosaur Hunt' game, you are given a huge gun with which to fire at holograms representing dinosaurs of all kinds. You fire for a while, but the game is very unrealistic and boring. The dinosaurs seem to walk right past, unaware that they are targets.

You leave in disgust. But, as you do, you notice a plaque by the door. It reads, in part, '. . . this game is based on the prototype "Cloak of Invisibility" device, Model 3, now being tested at the Dinosaur Preserve.' Very interesting! If you want to play another game, turn to 288. If you would rather leave the arcade, turn to 165.

113

The enemy robot, trailing smoke, ploughs into the ground. Nothing could have survived that blast. You are free to go. Turn to 63.

114

You spy an open closet in an adjoining room. Inside you can see a medikit! You investigate; sure enough, the rest of your equipment is here! But as you are gathering it, a rifle-butt strikes your head from behind. Your adventure is over.

115

You hurriedly move to the side. The creature blunders past you and vanishes. You are on the outskirts of the City of the Jungle. If you re-enter the jungle, on the other path, turn to 73. If you want to go elsewhere, turn to 137.

116

If you have a flying robot, turn to 139. Otherwise, turn to 162.

117

You cross the electro-fence into the Dinosaur Preserve itself. Small lizards scurry about as your robot passes. For several minutes you explore, finding nothing of interest. Then you hear a coughing, trumpeting sound. Charging towards you are two huge, horned Triceratops. Underneath the jungle canopy, shape-changing robots cannot change to flying form; you will have to fight these foes on the ground.

First TRICERATOPS

ARMOUR 9 SPEED Medium SKILL 9

Second TRICERATOPS

ARMOUR 10 SPEED Medium SKILL 8

You must fight them both at once. Each dinosaur will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen foe each round as in a normal battle. Against the other you must throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but even if your Attack Strength is greater, you will not wound it. You must just count this as though you have defended yourself from it. However, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will damage your robot in the usual way. If you *Escape*, turn to **270**. If you defeat the dinosaurs, turn to **291**. If your robot is destroyed, turn to **310**.

118

You flee down the stairs. If you ever return to this floor, the Guard Robot will still be there, with whatever damage it took during this battle. You find yourself back in the lobby. Turn to 333.

119

They ignore you totally. Turn to 84 and choose again.

120

'Wrong password, soldier!' comes the response. 'You're in officer territory. Wait! *Stop! That's the Thalian!*' But as the huge sentry robot attacks, you fire also. Turn to 27 and fight.

121

You run, but the Nothosaurus is faster. It gobbles you up in two gulps. Your adventure is over.

122

Your radio suddenly crackles to life with a mechanical voice. 'You are approaching the City of the Guardians. Please give your authorization.' If you have read a military volume on the City of the Guardians, turn to the map reference you were given there. If you have not read this volume, turn to 218.

123

You enter the temple, but soon find that nothing is what it appears to be. Indeed, nothing is happening here. You seem to have gained nothing by having come. But then, nothing would be served by your leaving! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 86. If you are Unlucky, turn to 204.

124

You make your way to Hall Epsilon. The trip is a long one, and several times you hear odd, echoing sounds. You realize that you are not alone in the building! You press on, and find the exhibition on the history of the Karosseans. Studying it briefly, you see that it has nothing to do with their military abilities; it is all about their culture and customs. It will take an hour to study the material: if you want to do so, turn to 180. If you return to the front desk, turn to 224.

125

As your faithful robot disintegrates around you, you hit the 'Eject' button. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **176**. If you are Unlucky, the ejection system was destroyed in the fight, and your adventure ends here.

126

You follow the signs to the Medical Library. There, amid huge, dusty stacks of books, you begin your search. Finally, in an old textbook, you find a clue to help you. It describes a medicine that – so it says – will instantly cure all types of sleeping sickness. If you will try to compound this medication, turn to **104**. If you would rather leave the hospital, turn to **210**.

127

You park your robot outside the tunnel entrance and slip inside. You don't know what you expect to find here, but you have never been in this tunnel system, and its aura of secrecy attracts you. The tunnels are dimly lit, but you can see well enough. Soon you come to a turning. If you go right, turn to **15**. If you go left, turn to **240**.

128

Soon you arrive at a large clearing. In the middle of the clearing is a huge plant with many spiky leaves. In the centre of the plant, barely within reach, is a stalk bearing several huge red-and-yellow blossoms. What will you do:

Examine the plant more carefully?	Turn to **292**
Pick a flower?	Turn to **373**
Circle around the plant and continue?	Turn to **33**

129

If you fly over the jungle of the Preserve, turn to **252**. If you enter the jungle on the ground, turn to **117**. Note that with some robots, you have a choice between flying or walking!

130

You draw back and freeze your robot into immobility, hugging the corner of a building. Amazingly, they walk right by! You hear a scrap of talk on the radio: '. . . around here somewhere . . .' When they have passed, you proceed to the hospital. Turn to 192.

131

If you are in the Wasp Fighter, turn to 359. If you are in any other robot, turn to 378.

132

Still in your robot, you enter the fuel plant and look around. The building is full of gleaming machinery and stacked canisters of fuel, each worth its weight in gold. But you see nothing that appears likely to help you in your struggle. Furthermore, since your robot was not designed to enter this dangerous environment, you lose 1 STAMINA point because of the radioactivity. Turn to 293.

133

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you manage to guide your crippled robot around the corner before it collapses. Turn to **289**. If you are Unlucky, the last thing you see is the steel fist of the Karossean war machine . . .

134

You try your best to sneak in without being seen – but there are too many enemies about. If you have an enemy uniform and want to wear it for this trip, turn to **243**. If not, turn to **266**.

135

Quickly, you turn your robot. But you were seen. If your robot's speed is Very Fast, turn to **293**. Otherwise, turn to **362**.

136

The enemy fighter swoops around you, its guns hammering. Your canopy cracks. From somewhere behind you, you hear explosions. Then all is darkness. Your adventure is over.

137

You are in the City of the Jungle. If you have been to this city before, turn to **349** immediately. If this is your first visit (no matter how many places you have already been in the city) keep reading.

This is a relatively small city, a home for explorers, gatherers of valuable plants and lovers of the wilderness. Wild dinosaurs often walk the very streets of the City of the Jungle. What will you do here:

Explore the city?	Turn to **366**
Explore the jungle?	Turn to **170**
Leave the city?	Turn to **298**

138

The Ape throws several large chunks of metal at you. Lose 2 ARMOUR points (if this reduces your ARMOUR to 0, turn immediately to **61**). When you attack the Ape, it flees. You look around the junkyard, but the only useful things you see are too heavy for you to move, and the junkyard equipment is out of order. Turn to **110**.

139

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you aim your valiant little robot right at the Pteranodon. A second before the crash, you bail out! Lose 1 STAMINA point for cuts and bruises. Your parachute brings you to earth not far from a small village. Turn to 13. If you are Unlucky, you cannot bail out in time. You and your robot spiral together to a fiery doom.

140

When your instruments tell you that you have penetrated to the heart of the storm, you take the precious flask of Lavender Potion and unstopper it. Quickly, you pour it through the ejection lock. It diffuses in the air around you. You smile; you know the storm will quickly carry it to every part of Thalos.

When you land, the people of the City of Worship are already awake. No Karosseans are in sight. Your radio picks up scraps of chatter . . . everywhere, your people are reviving and driving off the Karossean invaders. You have saved your people, and your adventure is over. You are a hero.

141

A claw-like leaf reaches in through a crack in the armour. You scream and strike at it with your sword, but to no avail. A mere human cannot hope to stand against the appetite of the Man-trap Plant! Your adventure is over.

142

Your mission is more important than this asinine robot. You will have to deal with it by force.

GUARD ROBOT SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

Note that this robot is human-sized, and you fight it as though it were a human foe. You may *Escape* at any time by turning to 118. If you defeat the Guard Robot, turn to 48.

143

You enter the National Treasure House. Normally you would never be allowed inside – but now, who is to stop you? You feast your eyes on gold bars of all sizes, sacks of coins and bags of jewels. But you see nothing that looks like a weapon. However, in the warehouse area is a cargo-handling robot. You may take it if you wish. If you have no robot right now, you will certainly take it! This machine looks like a gigantic crab, and is called a Cargo Crab. It has eight legs, plus two huge claws for lifting cargo. Its armoured back opens up to carry heavy loads.

CARGO CRAB

ARMOUR 12 SPEED Slow COMBAT BONUS 0
SPECIAL ABILITIES: The Cargo Crab can carry large quantities of goods or equipment.

If you take the Cargo Crab, you must leave your other robot (if any) at the Treasure House. Now turn to 363.

144

You are in the City of Storms. This beautiful metropolis is on the sea-coast, and is often the site of spectacular thunderstorms. Where would you like to go:

The Weather Bureau?	Turn to 260
The coast?	Turn to 335
Another city?	Turn to 43

145

The sentry is not fooled. He fires immediately. Lose 2 ARMOUR points and turn to 27.

146

Hall Beta proves to be a long walk away, through great shadowed corridors. You soon realize that you are lost. Eventually you come to a curtained exhibit-room. The sign over the door reads 'Favours of Fortune'. But inside, you hear strange sounds – like something large moving about. If you enter, turn to 202. If you go on past, turn to 168.

147

You are leaving the College of War. Where will you go:

The College of Medicine?	Turn to 54
The Thalian Museum?	Turn to 14
The Dinosaur Preserve?	Turn to 66
Another city?	Turn to 380

148

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 91. If you are Unlucky, turn to 161.

149

Suddenly, you find yourself outside the temple. Lose 1 LUCK point for your unwillingness to take chances. Return to 166; you may not visit this temple again.

150

What would you like to do now:

Visit the College of Medicine?	Turn to 54
Visit the College of War?	Turn to 277
Visit the Thalian Museum?	Turn to 14
Leave the City of Knowledge?	Turn to 380

151

You feel your robot tipping under you. A marshy spot! Instinctively, you put on a burst of speed to get past the danger. Turn to 237.

152

You move cautiously through the once busy streets. In the distance you see a pair of enemy robots striding along, but they take no notice of you. You reach the hospital safely. Turn to **192**.

153

You go down a street of tall buildings and turn a corner. In front of you is a Karossean robot! But its back is turned to you. What will you do:

Leave quietly?	Turn to **290**
Attack it?	Turn to **311**
Challenge it?	Turn to **108**

154

Lose 2 STAMINA points. Dazed and bleeding, you are pulled from the wreckage of your robot. 'This is the trouble-maker, all right!' you hear one Karossean say. You do not have time to use medikits right now! If you possess a Karossean uniform, turn to **241**. If not, turn to **89**.

155

You examine the smashed robot. Inside, you see its pilot; he does not appear to be wounded. But as you reach a metal claw towards his bubble, he stabs at a control. His machine self-destructs! Your own robot is thrown back several metres and you are shaken up: lose 2 ARMOUR points and 2 STAMINA points. If your ARMOUR has been reduced to 0, turn to **61**. Otherwise, turn to **65**.

156

The ground shakes, and from the shadows comes another enemy war machine to confront you. From within comes a radio transmission: 'Thalian! This is Minos! Now taste *my* wrath!' Your two robots hammer at each other. Around you the Karossean camp is going up in flames. You see a small fighter-robot smashed by a single stray shot. Then you can spare no attention for anything but the battle. The Supertank Minos is piloting is the biggest robot the Karosseans have. It looks like a vast, misshapen tank. A huge gun blazes in front; elsewhere are smaller weapons. Its arms are retracted for safety in the battle.

SUPERTANK

ARMOUR 16 SPEED Slow SKILL 12

SPECIAL ABILITIES: Even on a round in which the Supertank *loses*, you will take 1 point of ARMOUR damage just from its smaller weapons!

If you defeat the Supertank and have some ARMOUR points left for your own robot, turn to 354. If it reduces your ARMOUR to zero (even if you defeated it at the same time), turn to 6.

157

The rusty lift clangs shut and begins to ascend. Higher and higher it goes. Then, with a shriek, the cable snaps. The lift descends again, much faster. When it stops, kilometres below the surface, your adventure is over.

158

If you possess the Sword of State, turn to **242**. If you do not possess that sword, turn to **214**.

159

Behind you, your other robot explodes. You dash into the nearest building and down into the cellar. To your surprise, the cellar is very large. In the centre rests a silvery machine with a large corkscrew at the nose. You jump in and close the hatch. The machine starts up. This Borer Robot was designed for travelling under the surface of the earth. It has no weapons or armour, and cannot be used in combat. As you tunnel into the earth, you hear the building collapsing overhead. All the better . . . they will be sure they have killed you. Turn to **338**.

160

As you approach the museum, you see smoke rising from in front of the building. A confused babble of Karossean voices comes over the radio. If you continue, turn to **184**. If you go elsewhere, turn to **63**, but do not choose to return to the museum!

161

You carefully examine the Robot Surgeon. A pair of wires appears to be crossed. But when you switch them, the machine comes alive and grabs you! It seems to want to remove your appendix! Lose 1 STAMINA point immediately! You must fight the berserk machine.

ROBOT SURGEON SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

The room is so small that you cannot *Escape*. If you defeat the Robot Surgeon, turn to **126** to look for information on sleeping sickness, or turn to **210** to leave the building.

162

Your robot crashes to the ground, destroyed. You hide in the wreckage until your assailant goes away. Lose 1 STAMINA point for cuts and bruises. Then you start hiking towards the small village you see on the horizon. Turn to 13.

163

In the Weather Bureau, you find banks of humming instruments. You also find a printout that explains the flags you saw outside. Apparently a huge storm is due to hit Thalos in a few hours. It will come ashore at the City of Worship, and die away as it rolls over the rest of the land. If you possess a flask of Potion, turn to 213. If not, turn to 144.

164

You wander about the Capitol Building until a flickering begins to warn you that the Cloak is running down. Quickly you head back to your robot. Turn to 308.

165

You are in the City of Pleasure. It is your country's vacation spot, where rich and poor alike come to partake of a thousand different amusements. What would you like to do:

Visit the arcades?	Turn to 288
Visit the airfield?	Turn to 41
Leave the city?	Turn to 131

166

You are in the City of Worship. If you have been to this city before, turn to 67 immediately. If this is your first visit to the city (regardless of how many parts of the city you have been to on this visit), then keep reading.

The whole of this metropolis is devoted to shrines, temples, churches, cemeteries and the like. It is always a quiet place, but you have never before seen it this quiet. Only the call of a sea-bird breaks the stillness. An uneasy thought occurs to you. If you are the only Thalian awake, then the attention of all the Powers must be focused on you personally. Your visit to the City of Worship might be rather . . . interesting. What would you like to do:

Visit one of the temples?	Turn to 49
Fly over the city (if you have a flying robot)?	Turn to 227
Go to another city?	Turn to 244

167

You have chosen a versatile but powerful humanoid robot, a Trouper XI. This is the standard Thalian combat robot. It has two forms: it can shape itself into a giant metal warrior, or into a sleek combat plane.

TROOPER XI

Human Form

ARMOUR 12 SPEED Medium

COMBAT BONUS +2

Plane Form

ARMOUR 10 SPEED Very Fast

COMBAT BONUS +2

SPECIAL ABILITIES: In human form, the Trooper XI carries a gun in one hand and a shield in the other. On an Attack Strength roll of 18 or better, even if the enemy hits it, the robot gets the shield in the way and takes no damage. In plane form, the robot has no special combat abilities.

It takes one combat turn to change forms. During that turn, the robot makes its normal combat roll, but if it wins, it does no damage to the foe – it just defends itself. The shield does *not* protect it on this turn.

You may take one of these robots if you like (there are many here). If you take one and leave, turn to 376. Or, if you would prefer a tank robot instead, turn to 247.

168

You continue on your way towards Hall Beta and the military exhibition. When you arrive, it proves to be ancient history. The strange sounds from the building are making you nervous, and you have no desire to read about catapults and other ancient devices. You go back to the main desk. Return to 14.

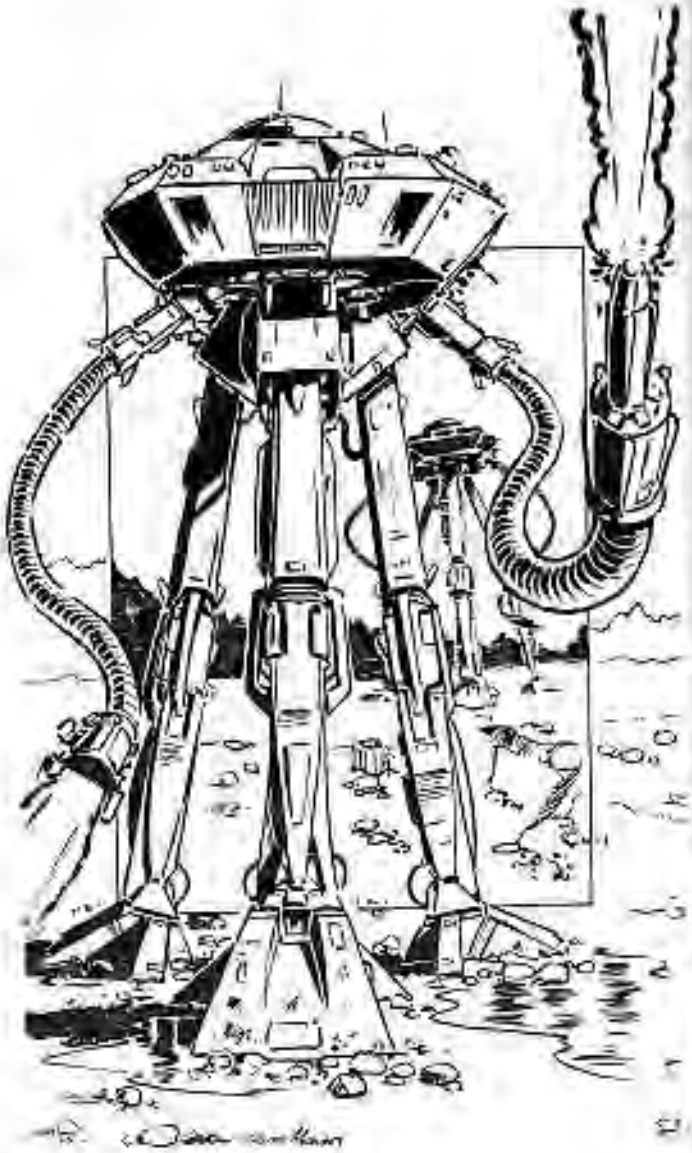

169

You must fight the enemy robots. There are two of them, both Tripod Robots. These speedy machines walk about on three legs; they have metal tentacle-arms that can carry guns or other devices. You recognize them as handling-machines belonging to the fuel plant. The Karosseans have taken them over as guard robots! You must fight them both at once.

Each Tripod will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen foe each round as in a normal battle. Against the other you must throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but even if your Attack Strength is greater, you will not wound it. You must just count this as though you have defended yourself from it. However, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will damage your robot in the usual way.

First TRIPOD

ARMOUR 7	SPEED Fast	SKILL 8

Second TRIPOD

ARMOUR 7	SPEED Fast	SKILL 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES: None

If you *Escape*, turn to **293**. If you defeat both Tripods, turn to **30**. If your robot is defeated, turn to **336**.

170

How are you equipped for this trip:

A flying robot?	Turn to 285
A non-flying robot?	Turn to 356
No robot at all?	Turn to 64

171

If you have already opened this building, turn immediately to 231. Otherwise, keep reading. You walk around the barn-like building and examine it. The walls are built of heavy metal, and the only door you can find is huge. A sign on the door reads, 'DANGER! KEEP OUT!' What will you do:

Open the door?	Turn to 212
Go to the Administrative Building (if you have not already done so)?	Turn to 85
Get in your robot and cross the electro-fence?	Turn to 129
Leave the Dinosaur Preserve?	Turn to 150

172

You're spotted! One of them raises a huge weapon and points it at you. 'What's the password?' it broadcasts. What will you say:

'Seven'?	Turn to 262
'Two-oh-three'?	Turn to 203
'Eighty-eight'?	Turn to 88

173

You give one of the passwords you have learned. But it is of no use. Soon, you are chained to a wall, awaiting the pleasure of Minos. Your adventure is over.

174

You cautiously search through the building. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 259. If you are Unlucky, turn to 114.

175

The computer guides you to the main building of the City of the Guardians. You get out of your robot to investigate. Unfortunately, you soon learn that 'Level Zero' means your security clearance is very low. The Guardian Computer cannot or will not give you full access to the secrets of the base. However, it does seem willing to let you exchange your current robot for a high-powered war robot. (If you do so, make a note of the fact that your old robot remains here.) Will you select a slow, powerful tank robot (turn to **247**), or a speedy shape-changing humanoid/plane robot (turn to **167**)? If you prefer to keep your current robot, turn to **376**.

176

You pop out of the doomed flyer a second before it explodes. The enemy robots shoot past, without seeing you. You feel a tug on your harness – and over you spread the wings of a parasail! You find you can guide it as you please. If you steer for the heart of the enemy encampment, where a crowd of men are looking up at you, turn to **205**. If you steer away and try to lose yourself in the buildings, turn to **226**.

177

Your trick is successful. The enemy pilot sees your uniform and lets you go without asking for the password. He ignores you as you go past him peacefully. Turn to **65**.

178

The tunnel seems to descend for ever. You feel fatigued. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Eventually, it reaches a landing. You take the stairway up: turn to **94**.

179

An hour into your trip, a powerful storm strikes. If your robot is a flying type, turn to **280**. Otherwise, you ride out the storm safely on the ground and then resume your journey: turn to **144**.

180

Just as you are about ready to give up, you stumble across an interesting book on the duelling customs of the Karosseans. Apparently the ancient Karosseans would settle a tribal dispute by choosing champions – one from each tribe – instead of allowing a battle between the whole tribes. The reference number of the book is 111. Make a note of this and turn to **224**.

181

Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **28**. If the result is greater than your SKILL, turn to **318**.

182

When you leave the lift on the third floor, you immediately spy a man-sized Guard Robot standing in the hallway. 'Sorry. No admittance,' squawks its mechanical voice. What will you do:

Try to reason with the robot?	Turn to 295
Attack the robot?	Turn to 142
Go to another floor?	Turn to 333

183

You push the 'Eject' button. To your surprise, your cockpit separates and takes off on its own! A second later, the rest of your robot explodes. Seeing the explosion, the Wasp loops away and disappears. You take stock of your new craft: the cockpit of your robot has grown stubby wings and short grasping arms. It is a tiny flying robot, just big enough to hold you – but enough to get you to your destination.

ESCAPE ROBOT

ARMOUR 1 SPEED Very Fast COMBAT BONUS 0

Turn to 137.

184

You continue towards the museum. When you arrive, you see a strange sight! Two Karossean utility robots are lying wrecked in front of the building. Several Karossean soldiers are also sprawled unmoving. A huge, gleaming, metal Tyrannosaurus is walking in jerky circles in front of the museum. You recognize it as the robot dinosaur that was part of the museum's prize exhibit. The Karosseans must have meddled and activated it!

You are tempted to leave it alone to harass the foe. On the other hand, it is likely to cause damage to the buildings and your sleeping countrymen as well. If you attack the Robot Tyrannosaurus, turn to 207. If you leave it alone and go elsewhere, turn to 63, but do not choose to return to the museum!

185

Soon, you spot a sign saying 'SURGERY'. Following it, you see a robot surgeon over a table. But it is marked 'OUT OF ORDER'. If you will try to find what is wrong and repair it, turn to 148. If you leave it alone and look for information on sleeping sickness, turn to 126.

186

Not long ago you passed a village. There might be something useful there. If you want to check, turn to 13. If you want to press on to the City of Knowledge, turn to 361.

187

You have not gone far before you have to pass through a narrow gate that leads into the outer part of the stadium. There, you are challenged by a group of robots. 'Eighty-eight!' comes the password. If you know the countersign, turn to that number. If not, turn to 50.

188

Your path narrows; the ground underfoot seems marshy. Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL for robot control, turn to 151. If the result is greater than your SKILL, turn to 312.

189

Everything seems to be as you left it. The Karosseans have no interest in this area, and no desire to get any closer to the monsters than they have to! What will you do:

Leave your robot and go to the Administrative Building?	Turn to 85
Leave your robot and go to the other building?	Turn to 171
Stay in your robot and cross the electro-fence?	Turn to 129
Leave the Dinosaur Preserve?	Turn to 150

190

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you can get behind the case and remove the sword without either guard being the wiser. You hide it under your Cloak and leave the Capitol Building (turn to 296). If you are Unlucky, one of the guards notices the sword seemingly hanging in mid-air. Turn to 215 and fight.

191

If you had a robot, lose 1 STAMINA point as you are thrown from the wreckage. If you are still alive, you flee on foot as the Nothosaurus demolishes your robot. If you have not already explored the south of the city, you may do so (turn to 225). Otherwise, you flee into the jungle (turn to 64).

192

You arrive safely at the Capital City hospital. You can see that you will have to be careful; you hear voices echoing through the halls. If you possess the Cloak of Invisibility and have not used it, you may use it now (turn to 29). If you have already used it, do not have it, or simply choose not to use it now, turn to 74.

193

You enter the huge black building. You feel a tremor of uncertainty. As usual, you see sleepers everywhere – but are they really asleep? They look dead! You lift the wrist of the nearest one and check for a pulse. You feel nothing! You look wildly around you, but see nothing. Yet you are terrified . . .

Screaming, you run back outside into the sunlight. When you escape from the temple, the irrational fear vanishes as quickly as it came. But you are still shaking. Reduce your SKILL by 1. If you get hold of yourself and re-enter the grim temple, turn to 327. Otherwise, return to 166.

194

The other robot's control bubble springs open, and out flies the Karossean soldier who was piloting it! His unfamiliarity with the controls was fatal: he hit the ejection lever by mistake! He falls under the wheels of his own machine and is lost. If you wish, you can take the Construction Robot instead of your current robot. Its COMBAT BONUS is 0. Whether or not you take it, turn back to 308.

195

At the outskirts of the city, you find a huge robot junkyard. If you have been here before, turn to 82. Otherwise, keep reading. As far as the eye can see, scrapped and damaged robots and pieces of robots are standing, sitting and lying on the ground. But out of the corner of your eye, you see motion. Something seems to be watching you from behind a pile of scrap! If you investigate the junkyard, turn to 370. If you leave, turn to 110.

196

You soon outdistance the stampeding dinosaurs. You return to the city. Turn to 144.

197

If you have already been challenged by Karossean soldiers using a number as a password, and you remember that number, turn to that reference. Otherwise, turn to 236.

198

Just in time, you realize that the lobby is full of Guard Robots like the one you fought before. You quickly return to your robot and leave the area of the Centre. Turn to 206 and make a new choice.

199

Your gamble is successful. The enemy pilot has no reason to believe that any Thalians are awake, so he assumes you must be a friend. He ignores you as you go past him peacefully. Turn to 65.

200

Because of the practice you got in the arcade game, you know how to handle this robot properly. Turn to 378.

201

You watch carefully. When your chance comes, you strike! The tyrant falls dead! You attack the other nearby officers. With your Cloak of Invisibility, you are like an avenging demon among them. But there are dozens of them, and they are brave fighters. Eventually, though they can see only your blade, they pull you down by sheer numbers. Your adventure is over. You destroyed the tyrant, but your land is still enslaved. You have failed . . . but it was a glorious failure!

202

To your relief, the sounds you heard were merely the snoring of a very fat man, asleep in a chair. The room is dedicated to exhibits having to do with good and bad luck. You pause to look around. Then your eye is drawn by a display-case at the far end of the room. It must be important – there were two guards beside it! They are still there, fast asleep.

The case contains a jewelled necklace, rather crudely made. But according to the sign on the case, it is a genuine, scientifically proven good-luck charm. This looks as though it might be worth borrowing! You open the case and take the Luck Amulet. Somewhere, you hear an alarm go off, so you hurry away. But the charm is real. Increase your LUCK score (and your *Initial* LUCK) by 1. You go on towards Hall Beta. Turn to 168.

203

'Wrong, Thalian!' comes the enemy voice. Then both robots attack. Amazingly, one misses! Still, you lose 2 ARMOUR points. Turn to 281.

204

Why bother, indeed? There seems to be no reason to do anything, and every reason to do nothing. After a while you leave the temple, since nothing is there. When you see the sun again, some of your energy comes back. But you still feel drained. Reduce your STAMINA to 4, if it was higher than 4. Return to 166.

205

You steer right for the crowd. Amazingly, no one attacks you! You make a creditable landing in the middle of a circle of gaudily uniformed Karosseans. You know that your only chance now is to put on as good a show as possible. If you know something that might help you now, turn to the reference number that came with that information. If not, turn to 228.

206

You are back in your robot. If you want to explore elsewhere in the City of Industry, return to 265 and pick a new destination. If you want to go to another city, turn to 309.

207

You decide to fight. The Robot Tyrannosaurus is an intricate device, shaped just like a Tyrannosaurus, but all gears and metal – and tougher than a real dinosaur. It has no pilot, but runs on a pre-set (and very destructive) program.

ROBOT TYRANNOSAURUS

ARMOUR 11 SPEED Fast SKILL 10

If you defeat it, turn to 230. If it defeats you, turn to 255. If you *Escape*, turn to 52.

208

It looks like a gigantic snake! But as you approach, you see it is actually a robot, a Serpent VII. This unit was designed to track and hunt dinosaurs. It has no legs; its gripper-arms fold against the body when not in use. Its shape gives it good mobility in the jungle.

SERPENT VII

ARMOUR 9

SPEED Fast in jungle; Medium elsewhere

COMBAT BONUS +1

SPECIAL ABILITIES: Any time the Serpent's Attack Roll is 16 or better, it can coil around its foe. From then on, it automatically does 1 *extra* point of damage each combat round, regardless of who wins, until it flees or one combatant is destroyed. This does not apply to flying foes.

If you like, you can take the Serpent VII. If you already have a robot, make a note of the fact; that robot will be here should you return. If you have not already explored to the north, you may do so by turning to **16**. Or you may leave off exploring the city and turn to **137**.

209

You set a course for the City of Industry, a place of great factories and machinery. There, you reason, you might find a robot or invention that would give you an advantage over the invaders. If you are in the Dragonfly Robot, turn to 265. If you are in the Cowboy Robot, turn to 39.

210

You decide to leave the College of Medicine. You climb back into your trusty robot. Where will you go now:

To the College of War?	Turn to 277
To the Thalian Museum?	Turn to 14
To the Dinosaur Preserve?	Turn to 66
Out of the city?	Turn to 380

211

You quickly pass the flower in through a port. You unstopper your flask of Potion and drop the flower in. The Potion changes colour to lavender. But, as you put the Lavender Potion safely away, you hear a scratching noise from outside. Turn to 248.

212

You have a hunch that the barn-like building may contain something of importance. But the door is far too heavy for you to budge. Getting back into your robot, you use its strength to slide open the huge door. Inside you see more robots! Turn to 9.

213

You realize that this may be just the chance you have been looking for! If you released your Potion into the heart of the storm, it would soon be distributed all over Thalos. But to do this, you will require a flying robot, and you will have to get to the City of Worship. Return to 144.

214

Minos is a huge, burly man with a curling black beard. His uniform is gold-encrusted and ornate. He studies you with amusement. 'Duel you?' he says. 'Why should I duel you, Thalian vermin?' 'I'm the only Thalian awake!' you reply. 'You *have* to duel me! I demand it!' Around Minos, the other officers mutter. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 314. If you are Unlucky, turn to 297.

215

The guards are not prepared to fight an invisible opponent. Normally crack troops, their SKILL is low for this fight because of their surprise. Fight them one at a time:

First GUARD	SKILL 5	STAMINA 8
Second GUARD	SKILL 4	STAMINA 9

Because of your Cloak, you can *Escape*, if need be, without taking a wound. If you grab the sword and *Escape*, turn to 296. If you defeat the guards, turn to 334.

216

Lose 1 LUCK point for cowardice. Return to 308.

217

Fight them as a single enemy:

MINI-ROBOTS

ARMOUR 9 SPEED Fast SKILL 10

SPECIAL ABILITIES: None

If you *Escape*, turn to 278. If you defeat the Mini-robots, return to 166 and choose from the options given there. If your ARMOUR is reduced to 0, the Karosseans swarm over you, and your adventure ends here.

218

You realize that you have stumbled on to a top-secret military base. Frantically, you tell the computer what has happened. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 337. If you are Unlucky, turn to 2.

219

If you are wearing a Karossean uniform, turn to 303. If not, turn to 11.

220

Since your robot is not designed for cargo, you can carry only a small amount of gold. If you want to load up what you can, turn to 287. If you leave empty-handed, turn to 308.

221

You sit down in the seat. Instantly, you find yourself at the controls of a sleek fighter – the experimental Wasp 200! For twenty minutes you seem to fly through the skies, pursuing enemy robots. Then a timer buzzes and you find yourself back at the Arcade. In front of you, a screen is blinking 'Advanced Game Ready!' You have earned extra time. If you decide to play the extra time, turn to 324. If you leave this game, turn to 288.

222

'Pass, friend!' the sentry robot transmits. 'But don't go past the next ring. That's officer country.' If you continue in your robot, turn to 76. If you enter on foot, turn to 32.

223

From within his robot, the Karossean sentry challenges you. Your reply does not satisfy him. You must fight! Turn to 78.

224

You leave the military display and take a short cut through a hallway overlooking a huge gallery. As you look down, you are surprised to see devastation! A huge area of exhibits has been demolished. Two black-clad Karossean soldiers are lying there, dead or wounded, and a trail of devastation leads right through a huge hole in the wall. You hear shouts from below. If you would like to go down and investigate, turn to 374. If you would rather avoid the area and head back towards the information desk, return to 14.

225

You go south through the deserted city. Small lizards scuttle about. You remember that you are not far from the edge of the jungle here. Ahead you see a long, gleaming shape, like a huge length of mottled pipe. What will you do:

Investigate it?	Turn to 208
Turn around and search the north (if you have not done so already)?	Turn to 16
Abandon your city exploration?	Turn to 137

226

You steer towards an area of wooded parkland, hoping to escape. But they are tracking you. When you land, you are surrounded almost before you can remove your harness, and taken off to prison. A good try – but not good enough. Your adventure is over.

227

A violent storm is coming from over the ocean; it will strike land in minutes. If you fly into the storm, turn to 12. If you fly inland, away from the storm and the city, turn to 244.

228

If you try to bluff your way out of this situation, turn to 267. If you try to fight your way past, turn to 283.

229

On the tenth floor, you find an incredible confusion of cubbyholes, and nothing that looks like a robot or device. There are tall bookshelves everywhere, and more books on the floor and the desks. If you continue to investigate, turn to 360. If you return to the lobby, turn to 333.

230

You have defeated your strange foe. It falls, a smoking wreck. Regain 2 LUCK points for defending your people from this unusual menace. You know the battle will soon draw Karossean attention, and you had better not come back here. You leave; you may not return to the museum again. Turn to 63.

231

The barn-like building where you found the robots is also as you left it. Your old robot is there – you may take it back if you like. Or you may get another Super-Cowboy Robot. What will you do now:

Walk over to the Administrative Building?	Turn to 85
Get in your robot and cross the electro-fence?	Turn to 129
Leave the Dinosaur Preserve?	Turn to 150

232

As you walk down the corridors of the hospital, you hear a strange squeaking and rustling noise coming from all around you. You see by the signs that you are in the Research Lab section. The noise does not sound human – but it is certainly no robot! You feel better with your sword in hand.

You step through a pair of double doors, into a room full of large wire cages. You see that some are opened. Then you realize what the sounds were. The hospital's experimental animals have escaped . . . and they are hungry!

You turn to run, but your way is blocked. You are facing three Giant Lizards! Backing into the corner of the room, you may fight them one at a time, in order. You cannot try to *Escape* until you have slain the first two.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT LIZARD	7	4
Second GIANT LIZARD	6	6
Third GIANT LIZARD	7	5

If you defeat all three Giant Lizards, or if you successfully *Escape*, turn to 254.

233

If your robot is a humanoid type, turn to 351. Otherwise, turn to 318.

234

You speak calmly to the Ape, and it begins to caper and grunt. It is a pet, kept to help around the yard! You look around the junkyard, but the only useful things you see are too heavy for you to move, and the junkyard equipment is out of order. Then the Ape, which has been watching you, lends a hand. Deftly, it takes apart the robot you have been studying, and carries the parts as you indicate. With the help of the Ape, you may repair up to 4 ARMOUR points on your robot, if that many had been lost. Turn to **110**.

235

Your robot is scratched and dented, but you have won. Lose 1 STAMINA point for the bruises you took when the monster knocked your robot over. You continue on your way towards the City of Industry. Turn to **265**.

236

Over the radio comes a challenge: 'Eighty-eight!' If you know the countersign that is required for that password, turn to the number of the countersign. If you do not know the proper response, turn to **389**.

237

You continue through the jungle. It is hard going; hidden pits and logs take their toll on your robot. Reduce its ARMOUR by 2. (If this reduces its ARMOUR to 0 or less, leave its ARMOUR at 1.) Eventually, the city comes into view; you are relieved! But, as you enter it, you twice see flying Karossean robots patrolling overhead. Each time you hold your own robot motionless and they overlook you. But you realize that this city is no longer safe; there are Karosseans everywhere. If you came to this city in another robot and you would like to switch back to it, turn to 45. If you stay in your current robot to leave the city, turn to 298.

238

You eject from the battered robot and run for your life. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you evade pursuit: return to 308 (without your robot!). If you are Unlucky, your adventure ends here in capture and defeat.

239

You attack the Iguanodon that is blocking your way. This plant-eating dinosaur walks on two legs. It is tough and heavy-set, and its spiky 'thumbs' are good weapons.

IGUANODON

ARMOUR 5 SPEED Medium SKILL 9

You cannot *Escape*. If you defeat the Iguanodon, turn to 137. If your robot's ARMOUR is reduced to 0, turn to 306.

240

The tunnel winds until you have lost all sense of direction. Then it forks. One fork seems to go up; the other turns downward. If you go up, turn to 72. If you go down, turn to 15.

241

Your captors do not even discuss what to do with you; they stand you against a wall and shoot you as a spy. Your adventure is over.

242

Minos is a huge, burly man with a curling black beard. His uniform is gold-encrusted and ornate. He studies you with amusement. 'Duel you?' he says. 'Why should I duel *you*, Thalian vermin?' 'I'm the only Thalian awake!' you reply. 'And I have the Sword of State! That makes me the representative of all Thalos! You *have* to duel me!'

Around Minos, the other officers mutter. 'He's right,' says one. 'It's the law,' you hear another say. Others agree with them. Minos frowns angrily. Then he laughs. 'Very well, since you insist!' he says. 'We will fight. Right now!' The Sword of State is returned to you. You may now fight Minos himself! Turn to 330.

243

With the uniform, you try to bluff your way in. But soon a beribboned officer calls to you, 'Sergeant! Over here!' You have no hope of bluffing it out. You dash around a corner, rip the uniform off and keep running. By the time a patrol rounds the corner, you are across the street, feigning sleep. But you will not be able to enter the Capitol Building. Lose 1 point of STAMINA. You return to your robot. Turn to 308.

244

You are leaving the City of Worship. Where would you like to go:

The Capital City?	Turn to 308
The City of Knowledge?	Turn to 361
The City of Storms?	Turn to 144

245

You are blasted out of the sky. Your adventure ends here.

246

As you jet through the water, you see a huge shadow swimming to intercept you. It is a Tylosaurus, one of the most feared of marine dinosaurs. This monster looks like a cross between a huge, toothy lizard and a shark; it has finny paddles instead of legs. It normally lives on fish, but is willing to try a robot for variety!

TYLOSAURUS

ARMOUR 9 SPEED Medium SKILL 10

Note that, in the water, your robot's speed is also Medium, so neither of you has a disadvantage. If you lose this battle, you will be drowned or eaten, if not both. If you win, turn to 101.

247

You have chosen a powerful Robotank. This fearsome war machine looks like a human from the waist up. From the waist down, it is a huge tank, with terrible twin guns. It is one of the few 'battle-line' machines your land possesses.

ROBOTANK

ARMOUR 18 SPEED Slow

COMBAT BONUS +2

SPECIAL ABILITIES: The Robotank contains a special Sonic Gun in one hand. It cannot be used by any other robot. It may be fired once per combat turn, in addition to the Robotank's regular attack. However, it may be used only three times in all; then it is useless. When fired, the Sonic Gun is instantly deadly to unprotected humans. Against a robot, roll one die to see how many ARMOUR points the target loses. Against a dinosaur, roll two dice to see how many ARMOUR points the target loses.

There are three of these robots here. You may take one and leave (turn to 376), or, if you prefer, you may turn to 167 to take a faster robot.

248

The spiky leaves reach towards you, and the flower stalk pulls back to show a fanged mouth. The plant is hungry!

MAN-TRAP PLANT

ARMOUR 8 SPEED see below SKILL 9

Since the Man-trap Plant has caught hold of you before the battle starts, differences in Speed do not matter. You cannot *Escape*. If you defeat the Man-trap Plant, turn to 97. If it reduces your ARMOUR to 0, turn to 141.

249

You decide to visit the Temple of Nothingness. You have never been there before, and you have no idea what to expect. When you arrive, you see the usual sprawled forms on the sidewalk in front. Several were carrying signs and placards. Were they protestors? You look at a sign; it reads, 'Nothing is wrong.' If you would rather not get involved with this strange bit of business, you may return to 166. If you want to go inside, turn to 123.

250

You wave to the robot and start to leave . . . but as you do, alarms go off and lights flash. 'I'm very sorry,' says the robot, 'but museum property has been removed without authorization. You cannot leave.' Its metal arms reach out towards you. Roll two dice. If the number you roll is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 272. Otherwise, turn to 294.

251

You have returned to the Robot Experimental Centre. If you acquired the Seeker Missile on a previous visit, turn to 198. If not, turn to 333.

252

You soar over the jungle of the Dinosaur Preserve, but see nothing of interest. You don't know what you expected to find out here, anyway! You decide to leave. Turn to 150.

253

You demand the right, as a representative of your people, to duel Minos. The officer in charge shakes his head. 'Search him!' he orders his men. Your heart sinks. You are stripped of all your Possessions (including medikits). But then the sentries take you directly to Minos himself. Turn to 158.

254

Near by you hear more squeaking and shuffling. There were many more than three opened cages in the lab. If you search through the lab, turn to 276. If you leave the College of Medicine, turn to 210.

255

Your robot falls, torn by the shining steel teeth of the mechanical enemy. Lose 2 STAMINA points. As soon as your robot stops moving, your foe loses interest and goes tramping away. When it is gone, you investigate your surroundings. You find that one of the wrecked Karossean robots is still just usable. You get in and check it out. It is a general-purpose Karossean robot, humanoid in shape. It has been badly battered, so your COMBAT BONUS is *negative* while you are in it.

UTILITY ROBOT

ARMOUR 4 SPEED Slow COMBAT BONUS −2
SPECIAL ABILITIES: None

Your only thought is to get away as quickly as possible. You know that your unsuccessful battle will soon draw Karossean attention, and you had better not come back here. You leave; you may not return to the museum again. Turn to 63.

256

The book gives you the location of the City of the Guardians, the secret base that is the headquarters of the army of Thalos. The map reference is 22. Make a note of this number. Substitute it for 'XX' when you are given the option to visit the City of the Guardians. You may find another use for the map reference, as well. For now, of course, you must deal with the Karosseans outside the building you are in! Turn to 368.

257

You try the advanced game . . . but it is far too hard for you. Over and over you are shot down. When your time is up, you emerge, shaking. That machine was too realistic! Lose 1 point of STAMINA. Return to 288.

258

The dinosaur is not satisfied with its victory. Ripping and tearing, it demolishes your robot completely. It knows that the robot isn't good to eat, but it smells meat somewhere! *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 282. If you are Unlucky, turn to 391.

259

You spy an open closet in an adjoining room. Inside you can see a medikit! You investigate; sure enough, the rest of your Possessions are here! You hastily collect them all and escape through a convenient window. Turn to 69.

260

Flying over the Weather Bureau are the two red flags that you know mean 'STORM WARNING!' Parked outside the building you see another robot, a Walker Robot. Designed primarily for travel, this robot has four jointed legs that carry it swiftly over any terrain.

WALKER ROBOT

ARMOUR 6 SPEED Fast COMBAT BONUS −1
SPECIAL ABILITIES: None

If you like, you may exchange this robot for your own. If you come back to this spot after exchanging, your own robot may still be here; make a note that this is where you are leaving it. If you go inside the Weather Bureau, turn to 163. If you go on past, turn to 144.

261

You turn aside and leave your own robot in order to examine this one. It is low-slung and seems spiky. You see that it is bristling with weapons, which is what gives the Hedgehog Robot its name. It was designed for air defence against flying dinosaurs, but it is equally effective against flying robots.

HEDGEHOG ROBOT

ARMOUR 8 SPEED Slow
COMBAT BONUS 0 or +3
SPECIAL ABILITIES: Against flying foes, the Hedgehog has a COMBAT BONUS of +3, which more than cancels out its disadvantage in speed.

If you like, you may exchange your present robot for this one. If you do so, make a note that your old robot is now parked here instead of the Hedgehog. If you go on towards the Temple of Fear, turn to 57. If you return the way you came, turn to 166.

262

There is a brief buzz of conversation between your enemies. Your answer seems to have confused them. If you decide to attack immediately, turn to 281. If you stand your ground without attacking, turn to 203.

263

It is a large Crawler Robot. The crew, of course, is asleep, and you do not want to take their robot and leave them to the jungle. But within the robot is an interesting piece of equipment, like nothing you have ever seen. Reading the Crawler pilot's orders, you see the following: '. . . experimental Tangler Field works on flying machines – but not always. Your orders are to test it against flying dinosaurs immediately.' Beneath this is written, in large red letters, 'NO GOOD!'

You may add the Tangler Field to your Possessions and continue. If you explore the other path of the jungle, turn to 73. If you want to go elsewhere, turn to 137.

264

Your attack catches the enemy by surprise. Turn to 27, but you automatically win the first combat round without rolling!

265

You are in the City of Industry. Normally, it is busy and bustling, but now you see no life anywhere. Everyone is asleep . . . everyone but you. Where will you go in your quest for useful artefacts:

The Fuel-refining Plant?	Turn to 105
The Robot Experimental Centre?	Turn to 25
The tunnels underneath the city?	Turn to 127
Just explore?	Turn to 34
Leave the city?	Turn to 309

266

The building is crawling with Karosseans. There is no point in even thinking about entering. You return to your robot. Turn to 308.

267

'I've got an important message for Minos himself!' you shout. 'You've got to let me through!' But your bluff does not work. They drag you away and throw you into the slave-pits. Your adventure is over.

268

It is a complete book of instructions on handling all types of enemy combat robots! You laugh, thinking of the surprise you can now give the Karosseans, if you get the chance. Turn to 368.

269

Which button will you press:

Green?	Turn to 369
Red?	Turn to 157
Blue?	Turn to 44

270

You are shaken up; lose 1 STAMINA point. Because of the narrow jungle trails, your robot takes 3 points of damage as it escapes. If this is enough to bring its ARMOUR to 0, turn to 310. Otherwise, you flee the jungle: turn to 189.

271

Well, this is war. You circle behind the hapless sentry – then rush him. Your sword swings silently and he is dead. Turn to 143.

272

You dodge underneath the mechanical arms with which it is trying to stop you, and through the door. You quickly climb into the control seat of your robot. Turn to 396.

273

You find nothing else of interest in the shop. As you leave, the hammering noise continues behind you. The repair shop is awake, even if its masters are asleep. Turn to 110.

274

If you are flying, turn to 341. If you are travelling on the ground, turn to 5.

275

Your battle has caused great confusion. Stray shots are wreaking havoc among the Karosseans and their lesser robots. But now a group of sleek fighter-craft swoop out of the sky to challenge you. If you have the Tangler Field and wish to activate it, turn to 301. If you do not have this device (or do not wish to use it), turn to 326.

276

This is a fatal error. Minutes later, you are trapped in a dead-end corridor by dozens of hunger-maddened laboratory animals, many of which are mutations – a most embarrassing end for a hero . . .

277

The College of War is easy to find; it is a huge five-sided building built all of brick. If you have been here before, turn to 332. If you have not been here before, keep reading. A robot of unfamiliar design is standing in front of the building. You recognize it as a Karossean military robot. What will you do:

Attack immediately?	Turn to 46
Try to pass as one of the invaders?	Turn to 87
Leave before you are noticed?	Turn to 147

278

What will you do now:

Fly into the storm (if you have a flying robot)?	Turn to 12
Leave the city, travelling on the ground?	Turn to 244
Explore the temples?	Turn to 49

279

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 191. If you are Unlucky, turn to 121.

280

Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 122. If you roll 3, 4, 5 or 6, turn to 144.

281

Fight the two enemy Myrmidon robots, one at a time. The Myrmidon is the standard Karossean combat robot. It has two forms – humanoid and fighter-plane. These are in humanoid form and will not try to change during the battle.

First MYRMIDON
ARMOUR 11 SPEED Medium SKILL 10
Second MYRMIDON
ARMOUR 12 SPEED Medium SKILL 9
SPECIAL ABILITIES: None in this combat

If you defeat the two robots, turn to 192. If they reduce your robot's ARMOUR to 0, turn to 238. If you *Escape*, turn to 308.

282

While the Tyrannosaurus is tearing up the robot's torso, you dodge out of the cockpit, grab your backpack with your supplies and run into the shelter of the boulders. Lose 3 STAMINA points for your injuries. You carefully depart, and gradually the sounds of roaring and destruction fade into the distance. Turn to 367.

283

You fight bravely, but there is no way you could possibly prevail against such numbers. Though you take several invaders with you, you are slain.

284

Flying over the sea-coast, you see nothing of interest except a huge herd of dinosaurs. They are clustered around something, but you cannot make out what it is. If you return to the city, turn to 144 and make another choice. If your robot can change shape to a land-going form, you may land and investigate the sea-coast: turn to 8.

285

You realize that a flying robot is the wrong type for jungle exploration. What will you do:

Transform your robot into a walking shape (if you can) and enter the jungle?	Turn to 356
Leave the city?	Turn to 298
Explore the city?	Turn to 366

286

'Then face your foe!' comes the answer. In front of you appears a Karossean soldier, armed like yourself. You must fight him.

SOLDIER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you *Escape*, turn to 21. If you defeat him, turn to 352.

287

In the middle of your labour, you hear a grinding noise – and look up to see three huge tanks and a dozen grinning soldiers. Resistance would be useless. And, to add insult to injury, they do not treat you as a prisoner of war, but a common criminal. You are sent to a life of hard labour in the Karossean slave-pits. Your adventure is over – and it was not a heroic ending.

288

You are in the Arcade building, with your robot parked outside. It is a madhouse of sound and coloured lights. Each arcade game is wilder than the next. Which one will you play:

Wasp Fighter?	Turn to 221
Dinosaur Hunt?	Turn to 112
Zap the Karossean?	Turn to 393
None of these?	Turn to 165

289

As your robot falls, you pop out of the hatch and roll safely away. You crawl under a bush near the wall and wait. The great steel foot of the enemy robot lands close to your head as it charges in pursuit. But it merely puts a few more shots into your wrecked robot and continues past, without seeing you. As you lie in hiding, you hear other robots arrive, as well as troopers on foot. But they seem to be looking for an invading force, rather than a single fugitive. Eventually, most of them go inside the building – leaving one of their war robots standing empty, a stone's throw from your hiding-place! If you make a dash for the robot, turn to 345. If you stay in hiding, turn to 61.

290

You clank through a small park and down a short street. In front of you, you see a crowd of Karossean soldiers, looting a shop. If you turn and flee, turn to 216. If you fight them, turn to 343.

291

You have defeated both the Triceratops. Lose 1 STAMINA point due to the stress of the fight with the great horned dinosaurs. You realize that entering this area was a mistake; you will find nothing here but more danger! You quickly retrace your steps. Turn to 189.

292

As you examine the plant, you get the uneasy feeling that it is examining *you* too. Turn to 248.

293

At your best speed, you leave the area of the Fuel-refining Plant. You may not return to this site. Turn to 265.

294

The robot catches you. You must fight it as though it were a human opponent; this is a small robot, not a monster like the ones you have piloted, so your sharp sword may be enough to deal with its spindly arms!

INFORMATION ROBOT	SKILL 6	STAMINA 10

If the robot reduces your STAMINA to 2, turn to 344. If you defeat the robot, turn to 320.

295

While you are arguing with the machine, it picks you up – none too gently – and tosses you back into the lift. Lose 1 STAMINA point. If you leave the floor, turn to 333 and make a new selection. If you attack the robot, turn to 142.

296

You escape easily. The guards have no idea what has happened. You have captured the Sword of State – a large, ornate blade. To your surprise, it is sharp and well balanced. When you use it to fight a foe, increase your SKILL by 1. Turn to 358.

297

The tyrant shakes his head. 'Just because you're a Thalian doesn't mean I have to duel you. Take him away!' You have done your best, but it wasn't enough. Your adventure is over.

298

You are leaving the City of the Jungle. Where will you go:

The City of Industry?	Turn to 265
The City of Knowledge?	Turn to 361
The City of Pleasure?	Turn to 165
The Capital City?	Turn to 308

299

You aim your weapons over their heads and fire a few times, hoping to herd them away from you. This is a mistake! They panic and run in all directions – and the narrow beach funnels many of them right at you. You are in the path of several hundred tonnes of frightened dinosaur! What will you do:

Take off (if your robot can also fly)?	Turn to 181
Try to outrun them?	Turn to 371
Head for the water?	Turn to 233

300

It proves to be a useless volume of obscure military regulations. You cast it aside in irritation, but you have no time to examine another book. Turn to 368.

301

You quickly activate the Tangler Field. The attacking flyers veer wildly. Two collide; several others crash into the ground. The survivors streak away in panic, and the sky is clear. Turn to 156.

302

As you leave the research labs, you hear once again the strange shuffling and squeaking. You step through a pair of double doors, into a room full of large wire cages. You see that some are opened. Then you realize what the sounds were. The hospital's experimental animals have escaped . . . and they are hungry! You are facing a trio of red-eyed Giant Lizards. If you fight the creatures, turn to 328. If you turn to flee, turn to 350.

303

You round a corner – and run right into three Karossean doctors! They look at you keenly. What will you do:

Pretend to faint?	Turn to 323
Attack them?	Turn to 353
Apologize and go on your way?	Turn to 375

304

You decide to visit the Temple of Fear. On your way there, you see an unusual robot parked in an open space. If you stop to investigate it, turn to 261. If you go straight to the temple, turn to 57.

305

Over the radio, the Karossean challenges you: 'Eighty-eight!' If you know the proper countersign for a response, turn to that number. If not, you will have to fight: turn to 26.

306

You bound out of the wrecked robot and into the swamp, where the beast cannot follow. Turn to 95.

307

The lift shoots quickly upward. The force of its acceleration almost knocks you down – and it continues for a long time! Suddenly the lift doors pop open. You are in the lobby of the Robot Experimental Centre. If you cross the square and re-enter your robot, turn to 206. If you investigate the Robot Experimental Centre, turn to 25.

308

You are in the Capital City – the seat of government of Thalos. It is a noble city, full of white marble buildings. It is also the main base of the invaders, and you know you must be very careful!

Below, you have five options. Some of them will eventually return you to this paragraph. You may not make the same choice twice; each time you return here you must make a new selection. Where will you go:

The city hospital?	Turn to 81
The Capitol Building?	Turn to 10
The National Treasure House?	Turn to 385
The enemy encampment?	Turn to 4
Just explore?	Turn to 31

309

You are leaving the City of Industry. Where will you go now:

The City of Knowledge?	Turn to 361
The City of Pleasure?	Turn to 165
The City of the Jungle?	Turn to 38
The City of the Guardians?	Turn to 1XX

Note that you may not go to the City of the Guardians unless you have learned the way and know the numbers to substitute for the 'XX'.

310

Trapped in the Dinosaur Preserve, without a robot to carry you, you have little hope. *Test your Luck* twice in succession. If you are Lucky both times, turn to 329. Otherwise, turn to 348.

311

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 325. If you are Unlucky, turn to 108.

312

You feel your robot tipping under you. A marshy spot! Instinctively, you put your machine in reverse. Too slow . . . You sink slowly into the marsh. You try to fire your ejection seat, but it fails to function. You are doomed to a lingering death in the muck.

313

Roll one die. On a roll of 1, 2 or 3, turn to 137. On a roll of 4, 5 or 6, turn to 341.

314

The tyrant shakes his head. 'Just because you're a Thalian doesn't mean I have to duel you.' But, hearing his men grumble, he adds: 'Until you prove yourself, that is. If you can defeat one of my officers, that will prove you are worthy to face me.' Instantly, one of his followers – a big, scarred brute – leaps out with drawn sword. Your sword is returned to you. You will have to fight the Karossean officer.

OFFICER	SKILL 11	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 377.

315

You smash several pieces of furniture against the door, but to no avail. Your prison seems solid. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Turn to 397.

316

You regain control of your flyer, though the buffeting is terrible. Lose 1 STAMINA point. If you have a flask of liquid in your possession, count the letters in both words of its name, multiply that number by 10, and turn to that reference. If you have no flask, turn to **166**.

317

You step cautiously inside, ready to fight if need be. But the sounds were being made by an automated repair facility, hard at work stamping out armour-plate. There is no sign of anyone awake. You leave your robot and investigate the controls of the repair shop. They seem simple enough. If you would like to attempt repairs on your robot, turn to **59**. If your robot needs no repairs, or if you do not choose to attempt repairs, turn to **273**.

318

Unfortunately, your attempt fails. You are too slow to get out of the way. No matter how big your robot, the terrified beasts are bigger. Your adventure ends here, as you and your machine are both crushed into tin foil by a rampaging herd of dinosaurs.

319

This is almost too easy! You proceed past the sentry as though everything were all right – then, at the last second, you change course. The last thing the sentry sees is the huge hulk of your machine looming over him. Turn to **143**.

320

One by one, you chop off the robot's arms. At last it is helpless. You feel a bit sorry as you run out of the door; the robot was only doing its duty. As you leave, it is still hooting mournfully, 'Return the museum's property, please!' You quickly climb into the control seat of your robot. Turn to **396**.

321

If you explore the jungle on the other path, turn to **73**. If you want to go elsewhere, turn to **137**.

322

You reach for the controls. The enemy pilots are still not in sight. If you want to try to destroy the other robots, turn to **381**. If you just want to leave, turn to **399**.

323

The doctors pick you up and hoist you between them to a treatment room. Soon a robot surgeon is working on you. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. As soon as you are left alone in a recovery room, you take your leave. Unfortunately, your uniform is gone. You borrow suitable clothes from a sleeping man in the hallway and continue. If you look for information on sleeping sickness, turn to **395**. If you leave the hospital and return to your robot, turn to **308**.

324

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **79**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **257**.

325

The enemy robot's control bubble explodes in a cloud of greasy black smoke. Small fragments clatter and ring off the pavement and your own armour. The headless body stands for a moment, then collapses in a pile of junk! One Karossean down, a thousand to go. Turn to 290.

326

There are far too many of them to fight. The area is littered with smoking wreckage before you are through. You have dealt a severe blow to the invaders, but you did not defeat them. Your adventure is over.

327

You grit your teeth and summon up your courage – and go back inside. But it is worse than before. The Powers of Fear are all around you. Whatever help they may be able to give, you want none of it! Lose another SKILL point and return to 166.

328

You are facing three Giant Lizards! You back into the corner of the room, so that you may fight them one at a time. You cannot try to *Escape* until you have slain the first two.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT LIZARD	7	4
Second GIANT LIZARD	6	6
Third GIANT LIZARD	7	5

If you defeat all three, or if you successfully *Escape*, turn to 254.

329

Torn and bleeding after several encounters with small dinosaurs, you stagger out of the Dinosaur Preserve. Lose 3 STAMINA points, one at a time (so, if you have medikits, you can cure each one as it is lost). If you have already investigated the unmarked building, turn to 364. If you have not investigated that building, turn to 383.

330

Minos draws a huge, jewelled sword. You know he did not become Tyrant of Karossea by being soft or weak. But you didn't get this far by being weak, either. 'Defend yourself, Karossean!' you shout. A murmur – could it be approval? – rises from the watching officers. You battle Minos – to the death!

MINOS	SKILL 12	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 355.

331

You flee from the Nothosaurus. If you are in a robot, turn to 382. If you are on foot, turn to 279.

332

As you approach the War College, you see two Karossean robots guarding it, and black-clad foot soldiers milling about. Fortunately, you were cautious in your approach, and they have not seen you. There can be nothing here worth entering that hornets' nest for! You quickly change course. Turn to 147.

333

You are in the lobby of the Robot Experimental Centre. You read the directory, and see that different sorts of work are being done on different floors of the building. Several seem interesting. Where will you go:

Second floor: Interface Mechanisms?	Turn to 392
Third floor: Weapons Development?	Turn to 182
Sixth floor: Amplifier Project?	Turn to 20
Tenth floor: Deteronics?	Turn to 229
Leave the building?	Turn to 206

334

You have defeated the guards. Other soldiers are running from all directions, but they cannot see you. You have captured the Sword of State, a large, ornate blade. To your surprise, it is sharp and well balanced. When you use it to fight a foe, increase your SKILL by 1. Turn to 358.

335

You pilot your robot along the sea-coast. If you are flying, turn to 284. If you are not flying, turn to 8.

336

Your robot falls and you lie stunned in the wreckage. The tentacles of a Tripod pull you out. You are a prisoner of the Karosseans! You have failed in your mission. Your adventure is over.

337

'Correct,' replies the computer. 'All Thalian personnel have been disabled by Karossean attack using Sudden Sleeping Sickness. My sensors show no other citizen of Thalos still awake. You are granted base entry at Level Zero.' Turn to 175.

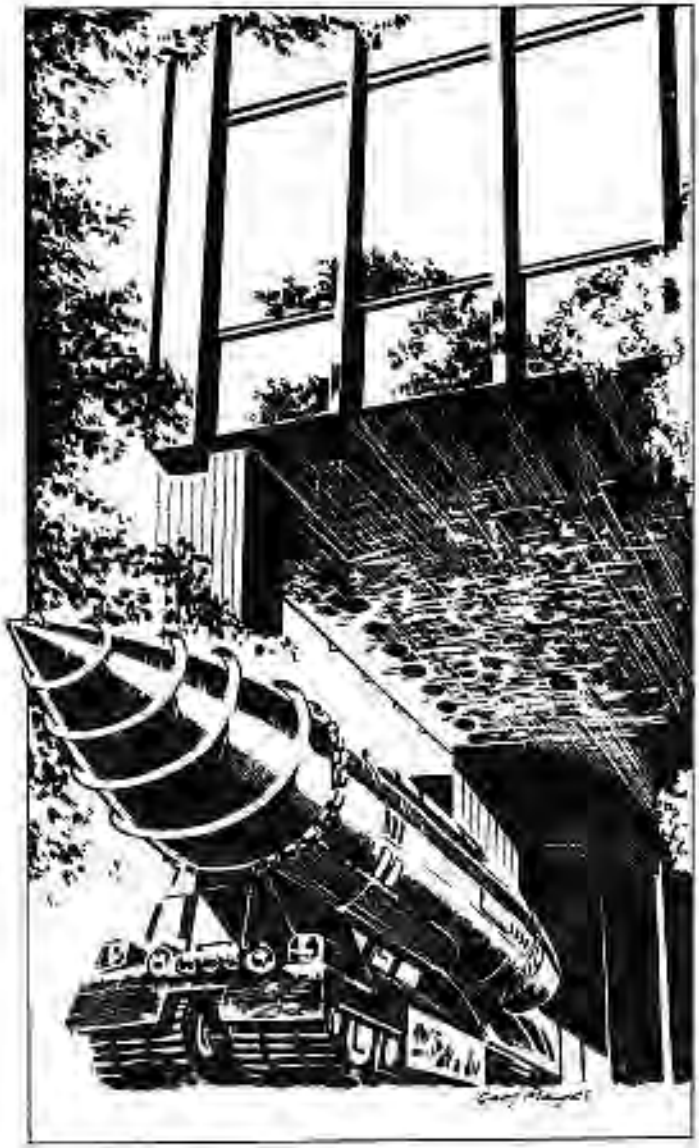

338

You have no control over the Borer Robot's path. For hours it tunnels underground; then it turns upward again. Eventually it reaches the surface, and you open the hatch into daylight. You seem to be in a small town. You will need to find new transportation; the Borer Robot will not stir from its new site.

The only robot you can find to take you there, unfortunately, is an ancient, rattling Stilter. This is a very tall, thin robot, apparently designed for painting the upper storeys of buildings or something of the sort. Its arms and legs are very long. You hope this tired, creaky machine will make the trip safely.

STILTER

ARMOUR 4 SPEED Medium
COMBAT BONUS −1
SPECIAL ABILITIES: None

You are midway between two cities. If you will go to the City of Knowledge, turn to 361. If you will go to the City of Worship, turn to 166.

339

You decide to visit the Temple of Glory. After all, glory is what you will earn if you can drive off the Karosseans! The temple is large and stately, with multicoloured mosaics of battle scenes on the outer walls. You enter and approach the altar. You feel the presence of the Powers of Glory very strongly. A voice seems to ring in your head: 'Are you willing to risk all for glory?' If your reply is 'Yes', turn to **286**. If it is 'No', turn to **149**.

340

This area proves to be full of rusting, abandoned robots. At the other side of the vault is a huge lift. The control panel has three coloured buttons, but none is marked. The lift contains a huge robot; in the dimness, you cannot make out what type it is, but it has treads and claws. If you enter the lift and push a button at random, turn to **269**. If you take the small corridor beside the lift, turn to **398**.

341

As you speed over the jungle, your instruments warn of an enemy approaching. It is a single Karossean in a captured fighter-craft. He has somehow identified you as a foe; he is already attacking. His robot is a Wasp Fighter, a sleek experimental machine. Only a few exist. It has very little armour, but it has good weapons and handles well.

WASP FIGHTER

ARMOUR 6 SPEED Very Fast SKILL 11

SPECIAL ABILITIES: Whenever the Wasp's Attack Roll exceeds its foe's roll by 4 or more, it has literally flown circles around its foe! It *automatically* wins the *next* combat round – no rolls are necessary.

You cannot *Escape*. If you defeat the Wasp, turn to **137**. If your ARMOUR is reduced to 2, turn to **60**. If your ARMOUR is reduced to 0, you will die in the wreckage of your craft.

342

Down a side-street you hear the sounds of purposeful action. Peering cautiously around the corner, you see that the sounds – banging, clanging noises – are coming from a shop marked 'Robot Repair'. The shop door, naturally, is big enough for a robot to enter, and is invitingly open. If you enter and investigate, turn to **317**. If you go on your way, turn to **110**.

343

They scatter in fear – all but one. He climbs into a large Construction Robot near by and pilots it towards you. If your own robot is faster than Slow, you can *Escape* (turn to 216). If you would rather fight, turn to 386.

344

The robot overcomes you and takes the Amulet of Luck away from you. Muttering to itself, it rolls off to be repaired. You lie on the floor, unable to fight further. Lose 2 LUCK points, and reduce your *Initial* LUCK back to its starting score. You struggle back outside to your own robot and climb in. Turn to 396.

345

Laughing, you scramble into an enemy combat robot! The Myrmidon is the standard Karossean combat robot. It has two forms – humanoid and fighter-plane.

MYRMIDON

Human Form

ARMOUR 12 SPEED Medium

COMBAT BONUS +1

Plane Form

ARMOUR 10 SPEED Very Fast

COMBAT BONUS +1

SPECIAL ABILITIES: The Myrmidon can change shape – from humanoid to aircraft, and back.

The Myrmidon takes one combat turn to change forms. During that turn, the robot makes its normal combat roll, but if it wins, it does no damage to the foe – it just defends itself. If you are not in combat, the robot can change shapes freely, with no penalty of any kind – except that if the robot is in humanoid shape and has 2 or less ARMOUR points, it will fall apart if it changes to a plane!

The controls are unfamiliar. If you have read the manual on Karossean robots, turn to 322. If not, turn to 3.

346

With the Cargo Crab, you can carry hundreds of pounds of gold. If you load it up, turn to 287. If you leave the Treasure House empty-handed (and empty-clawed), turn to 308.

347

Seconds after you climb back into the robot, it too explodes. Your adventure is over.

348

Your adventure ends here, in the stomach of a dinosaur . . .

349

You have run into a group of Karosseans patrolling the city! They do not have war machines, but have taken over several of the city's own robots. If your own speed is 'Very Fast', you may escape them *before the battle starts* by leaving the city (turn to 298). Otherwise, you must fight them one at a time, in order:

STREET CLEANER
ARMOUR 4 SPEED Slow SKILL 7
TOWING ROBOT
ARMOUR 6 SPEED Medium SKILL 7
TRAFFIC COPTER
ARMOUR 3 SPEED Fast SKILL 8

None of these robots has any special abilities. Once the battle starts, you may not *Escape*. If you defeat all three robots, turn to 35. If your own robot's ARMOUR is reduced to 0, turn to 154.

350

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you make it back to your robot without incident. If you are Unlucky, you trip and fall on the precious flask of Blue Potion. It is broken and lost. You arrive back at your robot just ahead of the pursuing beasts. Turn to 210.

351

You dive into the water, activating the 'jets' that let your machine swim. You are still in danger – the herd is not just on the land, but thundering through the shallow water as well. But, in the nick of time, you escape them. If you return to the city, turn to 144. If you try to swim around the herd and investigate the spot where they were originally clustered, turn to 246.

352

You have defeated your foe. His body vanishes as though it had never existed. Though the temple is silent, you seem to hear victory trumpets. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* score, and increase your SKILL and your *Initial* SKILL by 1 (for personal combat only). Return to 166; you may not visit this temple again.

353

You may fight them one at a time:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DOCTOR	7	5
Second DOCTOR	6	7
Third DOCTOR	6	5

You cannot *Escape*; you must silence them quickly. If you defeat them, you had better leave the hospital: turn to 308, collecting your robot on the way, if you have one.

354

You have defeated Minos and his Supertank. Around you is devastation; the few smaller robots you can see are fleeing in panic. The invasion force is routed and broken. You know that in a week or so, your people will recover on their own, and you will be a hero. But right now, all you want is some rest. With none to oppose you, you turn your robot homeward. Your adventure is over . . . and you are victorious!

355

You have slain Minos in fair combat! By ancient custom of the Karosseans, his tribe – the whole Karossean nation – must now submit to your judgement. Needless to say, you order that they awaken your people, and leave your country with all their men and machines. And they do! Before you know it, things are back to normal. Almost . . . One little thing is different. The day on which you defeated Minos is now a national holiday – named after *you*. You are, truly and for ever, a hero.

356

You set off into the jungle, along a path wide enough for a robot – or a dinosaur. Soon the path forks. If you go right, turn to 19. If you go left, turn to 73.

357

In the middle of a sentence, your explanations are stilled for ever by the fire from hidden guns. The computer has made a fatal mistake . . . fatal for you as well. Your adventure is over.

358

The Cloak of Invisibility is beginning to flicker. You will not be able to use it again. Before it expires, you make your way out of the Capitol Building and back to your robot. Turn to 308.

359

If you know the Wasp Fighter's model number, turn to that reference number. If not, turn to 23.

360

You poke around, looking for something useful. You find nothing, but a huge book falls from a high shelf and hits you on the head. Lose 1 STAMINA point. The other bookshelves are teetering ominously. You leave in disgust and return to the lobby. Turn to **333**.

361

You are in the City of Knowledge. If you have already been here, turn to **40**. Otherwise, keep reading. Here are all of Thalos's greatest universities and museums. This is the home of those who most value learning. Here, you hope, you will find something to help you in your lone struggle. You have a wide choice of possible destinations within the City of Knowledge. Where will you go:

The College of Medicine?	Turn to **54**
The Thalian Museum?	Turn to **14**
The Dinosaur Preserve?	Turn to **66**
The War College?	Turn to **277**
Out of the city?	Turn to **380**

362

You cannot escape in time. A blast nicks your robot's armour. Lose 1 ARMOUR point and wheel to fight your foes. Turn to **169**.

363

As you prepare to leave, it occurs to you that a few bars of this treasure – or, perhaps, more than a few – would be a fair compensation for your troubles so far. If you have taken the Cargo Crab, turn to **346**. If not, turn to **220**.

364

Fortunately, you left the robot building open. You may now return there and get a robot. Turn to **9**.

365

You decide to visit the Temple of Peace. It is a relatively small building in this city of great temples, but easy to find; it is surrounded on all sides by a cool green park. You leave your robot at the edge of the park and walk towards the temple, rather than take a war machine to the Temple of Peace. Somehow, you feel certain that nothing will harm you. The temple is full of sleeping worshippers – but they all wear gentle smiles, and you are sure their dreams are untroubled. You feel moved to pray. What will you pray for:

Complete peace?	Turn to **37**
Strength in battle?	Turn to **390**
Freedom?	Turn to **107**

366

You decide to explore the city. If you explore the northern portion, turn to **16**. If you explore to the south, turn to **225**.

367

Undaunted, you continue towards the City of Industry on foot. *Test your Luck* again. If you are Unlucky, you lose another 3 STAMINA points to exposure. If you are Lucky, you find shelter and water in the wasteland. Eventually, you find a little robot car and finish the trip to the City of Industry. The robot car is a small four-wheeled vehicle, designed for pleasure, but definitely not for combat!

ROBOT CAR

ARMOUR 0 SPEED Fast COMBAT BONUS 0

SPECIAL ABILITIES: This little machine is totally unsuited for fighting! If it is attacked by anything faster, it automatically loses. If attacked by something slower, it can *Escape* if given the chance.

Your car passes through the gates of the City of Industry. Turn to **265**.

368

You realize that you must leave quickly. Looking outside, you see that the Karosseans have entered the building. The fools have left their robots outside and unguarded, parked near yours. You spring out of the window and run for them. If you get back into your own robot, turn to **322**. If you get into a Karossean robot instead, turn to **345**.

369

The lift doors shudder, and the lift drops half a metre and stops. The lights flicker on, and then off. If you push another button, return to **269** and choose again. If you leave the lift and enter the corridor beside it, turn to **398**.

370

You look around the junkyard, and see several things that might be of use. But then you are confronted by a huge creature with the remains of a collar around its neck. It is a Giant Ape, carrying the leg of a robot as though it were a club! At the moment, it seems curious rather than angry. What will you do:

Flee?	Turn to **110**
Speak to the Ape?	Turn to **234**
Attack the Ape?	Turn to **138**

371

If your robot is Very Fast or Fast (ground speed only), turn to **196**. If it is Medium or Slow, turn to **318**.

372

You read through the book one last time . . . and discover an alarming footnote. One of the ingredients you used was Essence of Man-trap Flower. But, according to the footnote, this essence loses its power over time. It may be that the material you used was weak or even totally worthless! The only way to be absolutely certain of success would be either to find some brand-new essence, or to acquire a fresh Man-trap Flower and add it to your flask of Potion. But you have no idea where to look for fresh essence, and the flower itself grows only in the deepest jungle. You pack the fragile bottle of Blue Potion carefully, and set out for your robot. Turn to 302.

373

You stretch a robot arm to its fullest extension and pluck one of the flowers. The plant shudders. If you possess a Blue Potion, turn to 211. Otherwise, turn to 248.

374

You find a stairway and head down. You find that both the Karosseans are dead. One was about your size; you quickly strip off his uniform and put it on yourself. It may come in handy later! You check the signs. The demolished exhibit was labelled 'Tyrannosaurus'. The shouts from outside are coming closer, so you duck out of a convenient door and return to the front desk. Turn to 14.

375

As you walk down the hallway, you sense eyes boring into your back. Then the doctors run down the hall away from you, shouting! Evidently your accent gave you away. You cannot catch them; you hurriedly flee from the hospital and back to the place where you left your robot (if you have a robot). Lose 1 STAMINA point. Turn to 308.

376

You are leaving the City of the Guardians. If you decide to go to the City of Storms, turn to 144. If you decide to go to the City of Industry, turn to 265.

377

Your opponent falls, mortally wounded. A gasp goes up from the circle of officers watching the battle. As you reel back, one of them catches you. You see Minos dusting off his hands and drawing his sword. 'Here! Drink this!' says the Karossean officer who kept you from falling. If you drink the flask he offers, turn to 388. If you decline, turn to 330.

378

You are leaving the City of Pleasure. If you would like to go to the City of Industry, turn to 265. If you would like to go to the City of the Jungle, turn to 274.

379

To your horror, you are caught in a downdraught! Your robot falls, spinning. You are thrown against the side of the cockpit. Around you, metal shrieks. Lose 2 STAMINA points; your robot loses 2 ARMOUR points. If either STAMINA or ARMOUR is reduced to 0, you are dead. If not, you have a chance to regain control. Turn to 12.

380

You are leaving the City of Knowledge . . . hopefully, wiser than when you came. Where will you travel now:

The City of Industry?	Turn to 265
The City of the Jungle?	Turn to 137
The City of Storms?	Turn to 179
The City of Worship?	Turn to 166

381

Without their pilots, the other robots are defenceless. Your own machine quickly hammers them into junk. But as you attack the last one, it fights back! Evidently it was left on autopilot. Your own robot loses 3 ARMOUR points before you can destroy that last foe. You leave the War College at top speed, with the Karosseans pilots shouting angrily behind you from the windows. But you have lost part of the advantage of surprise; the Karosseans now know that at least one person remains awake to oppose their scheme! Turn to 147.

382

Lose 2 LUCK points for abandoning the sleepers to the tender mercies of the hungry dinosaur. If you have not already explored the south of the city, you may do so (turn to 225). Otherwise, turn to 137.

383

You wander around for hours, but the Administration Building is useless, and the other building is tightly locked and you cannot enter it. You must leave the Dinosaur Preserve and see what you can find. Unfortunately, the Dinosaur Preserve is far away from the rest of the City of Knowledge. After an hour of walking, the best you have been able to find is a battered old Farm Robot.

FARM ROBOT

ARMOUR 7 SPEED Medium COMBAT BONUS 0
SPECIAL ABILITIES: None

But it is better than nothing, so you take it. Turn to 150.

384

You are caught in the remains of your robot as the Crusher's enormous foot comes down one last time. Your end is mercifully quick.

385

You have arrived at the National Treasure House. A great, grey building, it is the repository of all Thalos's gold. To your surprise, it is guarded only by a single Karossean sentry, standing in front of the building. If you have a robot, turn to 319. If you are on foot, turn to 271.

386

The enemy Construction Robot raises huge claws and moves towards you. It rolls on eight vast wheels. It has only a few guns, to protect against attacking dinosaurs, but it has four huge arms mounted all around.

CONSTRUCTION ROBOT

ARMOUR 9 SPEED Slow SKILL 6

SPECIAL ABILITIES: None

Fortunately for you, the Karossean soldier inside does not really know how to use this robot. If the two dice you roll for the Construction Robot ever total 6 or less, turn to **194**. If you *Escape*, turn to **216**. If you defeat the Construction Robot, turn to **92**. If your own robot's ARMOUR is reduced to 0, turn to **61**.

387

The placid beasts are quite familiar with robots; they honk and hiss, but move over to let you through. Turn to **62**.

388

You drink. A tingling goes through your body. 'You put up a good show!' says the officer in a whisper. 'By law, you shouldn't have to duel Minos until you can rest, but he's coming for you right now. This will even the odds.' You thank him for his sportsmanship. Obviously not all Karosseans are totally bad! The officer's healing drink gives you 4 STAMINA points, or restores you to your *Initial* STAMINA, whichever is less. Turn to 330.

389

The Karosseans fire on you. Lose 1 ARMOUR point and fight. Turn to 169.

390

The room somehow seems colder. The feeling of peace evaporates (lose 1 LUCK point). Quickly you rise and walk back to your robot. You realize that your request was inappropriate. Return to 166; you may not visit this temple again.

391

Your luck has run out! The Tyrannosaurus spots you and gobbles you up in a second. Your adventure is over – and a short one it was, too.

392

Exploring the second floor, you find several prototype models of an odd-looking helmet. According to the files you read there, it is an Interface Transponder. While you wear one of these helmets, increase your SKILL by 1 when using a robot, up to a maximum SKILL of 11. That is, if your SKILL is already 11 or 12, it does not help you. It does not affect other combats. If you leave the Centre and return to your robot outside, turn to 206. If you want to explore further, return to 333 and make another selection.

393

You step into the game and pick up the toy ray-gun that comes with it. A light comes on and you see yourself in a mirror – but a holographic trick has clothed your reflection in a beard and a Karossean uniform. You laugh and fire at it. Unfortunately, with all the repairmen sleeping, this machine is out of order. When you fire, you receive a severe electrical shock. Roll one die. On 1, 2 or 3, you lose 1 point of SKILL. On 4, 5 or 6, you lose 1 point of STAMINA. If you want to play another game, turn to 288. If you want to leave the Arcade, turn to 165.

394

You pack the fragile bottle of Blue Potion carefully, and set out for your robot. Turn to 302.

395

You dash down the hallway, following the signs marked 'Library'. You turn a corner and run headlong into a Karossean guard! You finish him off before he can summon aid, but he wounds you slightly: lose 1 STAMINA point. Once at the library, you ransack it for information on sleeping sickness. But you find nothing; the relevant volumes are all missing. You realize this has been a wild-goose chase. Carefully, you slip out of the hospital and away. Return to 308.

396

You are leaving the Thalian Museum. Where would you like to go now:

The College of War?	Turn to 277
The Dinosaur Preserve?	Turn to 66
The College of Medicine?	Turn to 54
Out of the city?	Turn to 380

397

After a few hours, the door opens and a soldier tosses in a package of rations. Desperately, you grab his arm before the door closes! The Karossean tumbles to the floor. He has no chance against your berserk rage. You leave him unconscious, at a cost of 2 STAMINA points to yourself. In an adjoining room, you find your sword lying underneath a table, but there is no sign of your other Possessions. If you search for them, turn to 174. If you leave immediately, turn to 69.

398

The corridor levels off and passes a small alcove. Within the alcove is a small lift, just big enough for one person. If you want to get in the lift and press the button, turn to 307. If you continue along the corridor, turn to 178.

399

You speed away. Behind you, the Karossean pilots come charging out of the building, heading for their robots. But you know the city better than they do; though they hunt for you, your head start is enough to see you safely away. But you have lost part of the advantage of surprise; the Karosseans now know that at least one person remains awake to oppose their scheme! Turn to 147.

400

You fight the Ankylosaurus. This small but powerful dinosaur is studded with armour-plate. Its tail is tipped with a huge ball of bone which it swings like a mace.

ANKYLOSAURUS

ARMOUR 12 SPEED Slow SKILL 9

SPECIAL ABILITIES: If your robot has two or four legs and the Ankylosaurus hits you, it will knock you off your feet. This does no extra damage. However, on the next turn, if you hit the Ankylosaurus you will do it no damage. You have only defended yourself against it.

If you *Escape*, turn to **115**. If you defeat the Ankylosaurus, turn to **56**. If your robot is destroyed, you are lost in the jungle and your adventure is over.

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Illustrated by Peter Andrew Jones

One by one the Free Planets have fallen to the relentless advance of the Dark Ships until only Caldoran and Palonar remain. Then a last, despairing message comes from Palonar and Caldoran is on its own. It seems that the invaders, armed with the power of the invincible Black Light, will soon conquer the last outpost of resistance. The only hope for the survival of Caldoran is one last desperate mission by a small group of star fighters to strike at the source of the Black Light. And YOU are part of the mission.

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LIVINGSTONE
SWORD OF THE SAMURAI

JACKSON
LIVINGSTONE

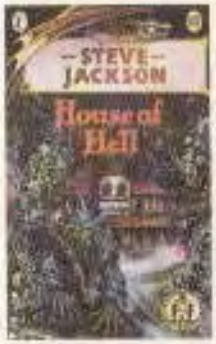
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JACKSON
House of Hell

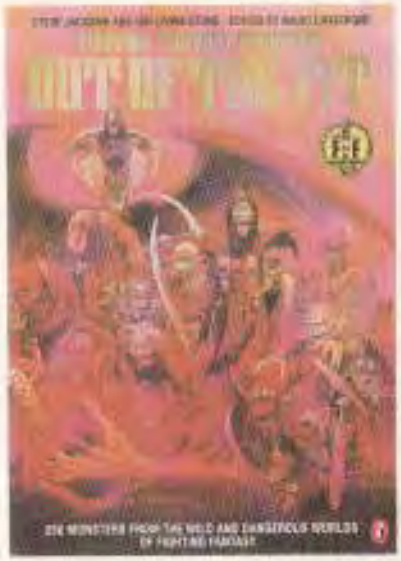

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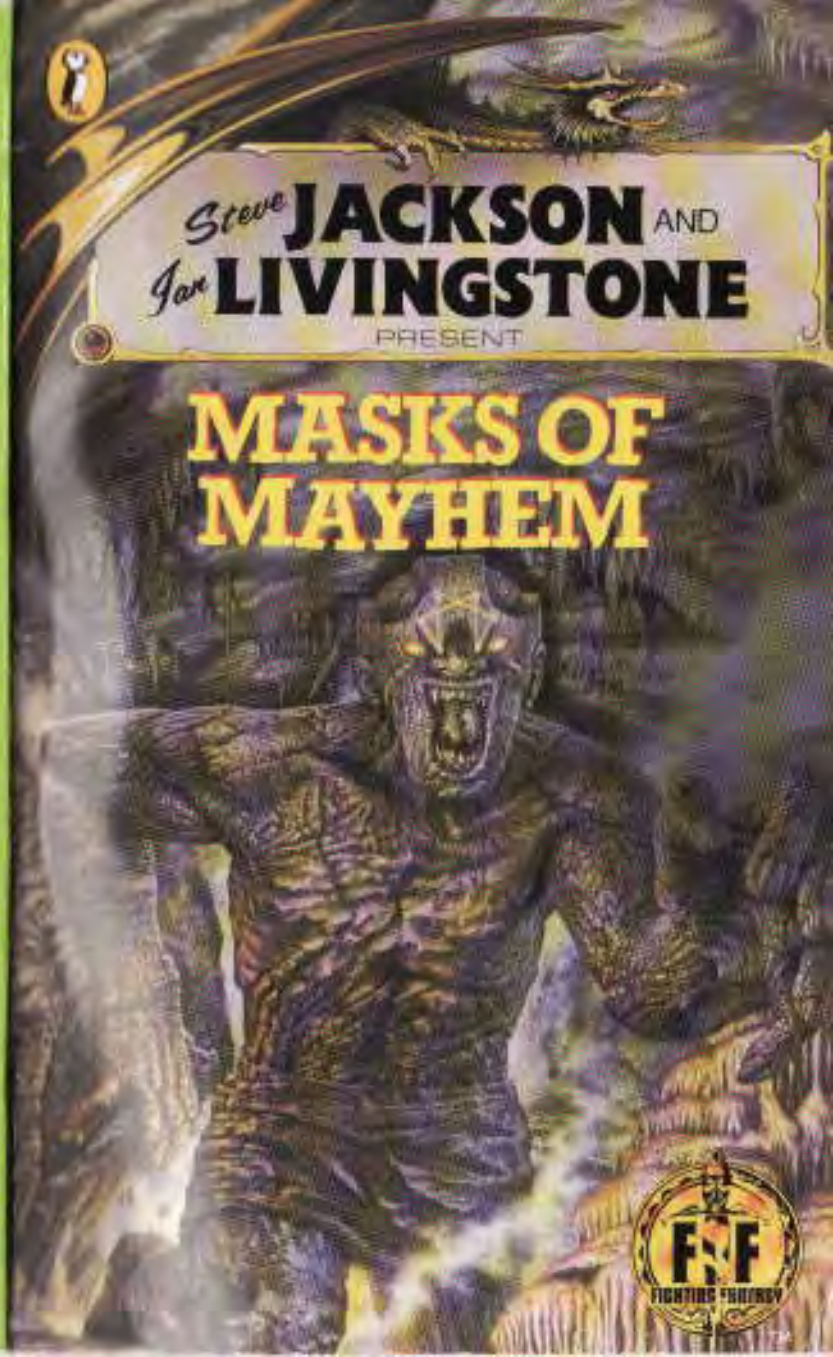

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1986
7 9 10 8

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Text copyright © Robin Waterfield, 1986
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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Typeset in 11/13pt Palatino

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To Philippa Dickinson
Unsung hero of Titan

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HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF KHUL

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. Use dice to determine your initial LUCK, SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores.

Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).

7. Begin the next Attack Round by repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point

from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may substract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim two SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

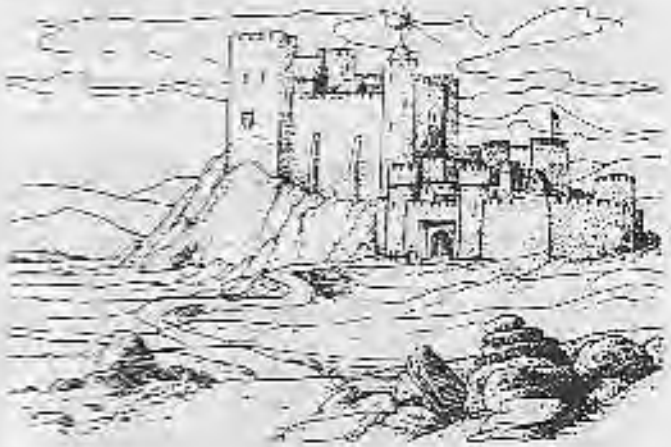

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a battle). Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e. the characteristic may be restored once during an adventure. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have used up a potion.

Remember also that you may choose only *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial Skill=

STAMINA
Initial Stamina=

LUCK
Initial Luck=

EQUIPMENT

GOLD

POTIONS

NOTES

PROVISIONS REMAINING

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
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Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

You are the just and noble ruler of Arion in north-east Khul. Your people prosper and the land flourishes, but trouble is brewing.

One day your court wizard Ifor Tynin summons you. Though you are the ruler, he is your equal, because of his knowledge of sorcery. Each of you relies on the other for the governing of the land. But you can never quite overcome a suspicion of anyone involved in the sorcerous arts.

Ifor Tynin comes straight to the point: 'You have heard, of course, of Morgana, the sorceress whose abode is the five peaks of Krill Garnash in the northern mountains. I have travelled in my astral body to her lair to watch over her evil designs.

'There are twelve forms, the sigils which hold the keys of power over all things. This has long been known to those who pursue the righteous side of my ancient art; without this knowledge we would be unable to assist the thriving of the world.

'Morgana has acquired this knowledge, though the Council of Elders bans such as her from it. She has made masks of eleven of the sigils, and fitted them on undead Golems, creatures of stone. She lacks only the twelfth, which binds the others together and makes them effective; then power over all creation will be hers, to do what she will – and she will unleash her Golems over all the world. They will be irresistible, because they will be the essence of all things, and nothing can resist its essence. She plans to create havoc with her undead creatures, and has imbued the masks with the power of mayhem, which awaits only the twelfth to be made actual.

'You must slay Morgana. You are the noblest ruler and the boldest fighter of the land. Only you can succeed.'

You interrupt: 'But why can't your Council do something about her?'

His reply is grim: 'Because in such a magical battle the forces that would be released may cause almost as much damage as the full set of twelve Golems. Only one such as yourself, armed with purity of purpose, is impervious to most of our magical arts, whether good or evil. Yes, it must be you for our plan to succeed.'

His words have filled you with dread and eagerness. Your preparations are swift, and you depart early the next morning. Turn to 1.

1

Before setting off, you enter the armoury. Kevin Truehand, your trusted but now aged armourer, has been honing your sword and burnishing your helmet, with its strangely simple device. This helmet has been handed down from generation to generation of rulers of Arion, and legend has it that if it were ever to fall into the wrong hands, chaos would stalk the streets of your city.

As you put on the helmet and buckle your sword to your belt, Truehand whispers to you, as if afraid that someone might hear: 'Majesty, seek first the castle of Hever, lord of Fallow Dale. For you are bound for Krill Garnash, where evil dwells, and Hever has a horn which strikes terror into any evil heart. Therefore I say: seek the halls of Hever, and win from him, however you can, this precious horn.'

With that he turns aside, and you set out, through the paved streets of Arion, and out of the northern gateway – the Gate of Skulls. Turn to 53.

2

During the night, fieldmice burrow into your pack and eat 2 lots of your Provisions. At daybreak you carry on northwards, and another day's travel brings you to the end of the grass. The landscape facing you is moorland, dotted with rocks and shrubs, and crisscrossed by numerous streams and rivers. After another night's rest, you carry on. Turn to 68.

3

The mist begins to clear as you follow the trail, which carries on down the other side of the hill. However, it is still thick in the valleys. At one point you look up to assess how much longer the mist will last: the sun is a hazy yellow-orange ball behind the clouds. So you fail to see what is right in front of your feet, and you plummet down a gaping hole in the ground. Roll one die and deduct that many STAMINA points.

When you regain consciousness, you look around. The light streaming in from above reveals a well-shaped tunnel. It looks as though you have landed in an old mine. You cannot chimney your way back up the shaft, since the entrance is too high above your head, and the sides are too sheer. So will you go west (turn to 394) or east (turn to 144)?

4

If you talked to Vashti, turn to 258; otherwise turn to 136.

5

You stutter to a halt in the middle of some feeble story about hunting and getting lost. The shaman curtly tells the chief that you are lying, but not evil. Then he begins to mutter a spell. The village starts to dissolve and you feel yourself floating. After a while you find yourself in mist-shrouded hills. Your hands (if they were tied) are free, but you have been deprived of all your remaining Provisions. The position of the sun, dimly perceived behind the mist, tells you that you have been transported to the eastern side of the lake. Will you stay where you are until the mist clears (turn to 27), or press on regardless (turn to 138)?

6

You tread on something, probably a bone, since that is what it sounds like. Turn to 101.

7

You are bowled over in the rush, and narrowly miss knocking your head against a rock. Will you now carry on south towards the fire (turn to 288), or go north with the animals (turn to 47)?

8

The Orc is nowhere to be seen. You soon realize that you could easily get lost among the corridors and staircases of the castle, so you return to your room, and find several other guards, some bending over their comrade, others looking around warily. Turn to 111.

9

You slip undetected inside the trunk. So far, so good. But through a knot-hole you see that the Elves are moving roughly in your direction. If you leave the tree-trunk, you will immediately be spotted. Will you stay exactly where you are (turn to 211), or climb up the inside of the tree (turn to 73)?

10

Add 1 LUCK point for surviving the bush-fire. You now face a lengthy journey along the edge of the canyon, until you can find some way across or down it. At least there will be plenty of roast meat, from animals which died in the fire, to keep you going on the way; and the streams, though oily and blackened from the fire, still provide water which is refreshing enough. Will you head east (turn to 98) or west (turn to 70) along the cliff?

11

As soon as you take hold of the spear, your hand is stuck to it. A vision materializes beside you, of Morgana herself! 'Excellent!' she cries. 'Glad to see you're on your way. Our little plan is working well. Don't worry: I won't kill you . . . yet. But here's a foretaste of my power.' The vision raises her hands

and curses you (lose 2 LUCK points). Then Morgana disappears and you can remove your hand from the spear. You break the spear across your thigh. Will you now carry on north through the village (turn to 56), or leave the village and travel north-east (turn to 323)?

12

You succeed in plunging your sword through the horny outer skin of the Kraken, and through to its pulpy insides. The Kraken retreats, mortally wounded, but its tentacles thrash in agony and knock you off your feet. Lose 2 STAMINA points, and turn to 85.

13

Several days later (reduce your Provisions by 2) you are faced with your most dangerous situation yet. A bush-fire starts in the south and is racing in your direction, driven by the wind. The front of the fire is many kilometres long: at any rate, even from a distance you cannot see the ends of it. The dry heather and shrubs are excellent kindling for it, and it leaps the streams and small rivers with no apparent pause. It is still a long way away, but you know the speed at which such fires travel. Will you:

Stay where you are?	Turn to 148
Race north away from the fire?	Turn to 47
Try to find the fire's western limit?	Turn to 332
Try to find the fire's eastern limit?	Turn to 62
Move towards the fire?	Turn to 221

14

It is no hard task to halt the thieves. There are six Pygmy Orcs, specially bred for burglary. They look at you with venom. 'Curse you for bringing others,' the leader hisses. 'It is you we want, not your paltry helmet.' He draws a wicked-looking dagger and lunges for you, while the other Orcs engage your companions.

PYGMY ORC SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win within five Attack Rounds, turn to 268; otherwise, turn to 129.

15

You struggle to the other side of the pool, where it is easy to dispatch the Snake with your sword. Thanking your lucky stars that it was not poisonous as well, you carry on for several more kilometres. If you have not stopped to rest and eat Provisions so far during your underground journey, you must reduce your STAMINA by 2 points.

The monotonous single tunnel eventually comes to a fork. Will you take the left branch (turn to 399) or the right branch (turn to 276)?

16

You come to a large cavern, which is not lit by torches. Will you enter the cavern (turn to 59), or turn back and take the side-passage (turn to 306)?

17

Unfortunately, by the time the bush-fire reaches you, your own fire has not formed a large enough area for you to escape the suffocating heat. Your adventure is over.

18

You land awkwardly (lose 2 STAMINA points), but basically unharmed. Turn to 313.

19

If you have the Horn of Hever, turn to 335; otherwise, turn to 72.

20

After half a day's travel through the chest-high grass of Pikestaff Plain, nothing more exciting has happened than pollen causing you to sneeze once in a while. The landscape is featureless – just the same grass all around. However, you do come across a tiny trail. It is no more than fifteen centimetres wide, and therefore hard to spot among the stems, but it is a definite trail, running dead straight from south-west to north-east. Will you ignore it and carry on more or less due north (turn to 140), or wait by it (turn to 202)?

21

Before long, you reach the first trees. As you walk through the forest, keeping the lake in sight on your right hand, the evergreen trees get older and taller: their branches form a dark canopy above your head, through which only the occasional beam of sunlight breaks. Even these welcome shafts die out as you continue northwards on the first leg of your hazardous journey – but only because night is beginning to fall. Will you camp here by the lakeside (turn to 316), or carry on through the deepening dusk (turn to 242)?

22

When you raise the sceptre and orb, a shimmering screen appears between the oaks, and you step through. You immediately come face to face with Vashti the ageless. She nods gravely in recognition of you and the importance of your quest. 'It is good that you have come here,' she says. 'There are still perils for you to overcome, but it is certain that you could not complete your mission without seeing me. But I could not come to you, though I wanted to. For once – it would be a dozen centuries ago by your mortal reckoning – I left this timeless land, but was set upon by countless Greater Demons. During the battle, I lost the means of leaving my land again. I wonder if you know what I mean?' If you do know what she means, turn to the paragraph whose number is the same as the page of the book which gave you the clue. Otherwise, turn to 329.

23

The old woman looks up when you approach. A look of fear flits over her face, then she begins to laugh hysterically. She is obviously crazy. Will you slap her face to shock her out of the hysteria (turn to 164), or sadly leave her in her torment (turn to 336)?

24

Will you continue along the road (turn to 322), or turn to cross the ploughed field you saw earlier (turn to 396)?

25

Not far upstream you come across the prostrate body of a hill-tribe warrior. It is this that is blocking the stream. Several arrows are protruding from her, but she is just alive. If you bought a Healing Potion from the alchemist and have not used it on yourself, you can use it on her, if you want (turn to 338); otherwise, turn to 300.

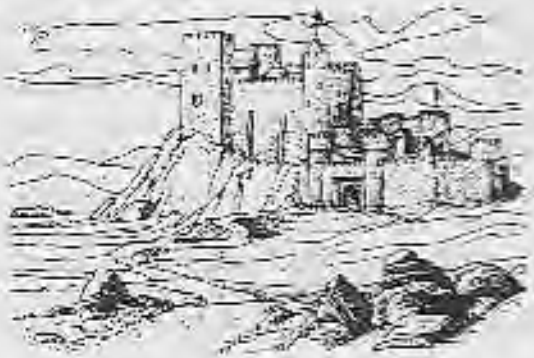

26

You sleep long and well (restore 2 STAMINA points), and wake up in the morning refreshed and determined to ask Hever immediately about his horn. You find him in the Privy Chamber. He has shown himself to be both friendly and trustworthy, so you tell him about your quest and explain how useful his fabled horn would be. Hever is quiet for a while after you have finished talking. Then he says, 'It is clear that your mission is so dangerous that, were you to take my horn, I might never see it again; and yet it is a bulwark of my reign. If I give it to you, I must have in return something of great value.' If you have a magic crystal mirror, turn to 58; otherwise, turn to 149.

27

The chill mist seeps into your bones. You slap yourself and jump up and down to keep warm, but you still lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 362.

28

The Wood Elves eventually stop in an empty clearing, speak some words in an arcane, liquid language – and immediately their village is visible in the clearing! Of course: Wood Elves' villages are often protected by magic. You are taken to the largest hut, which is set well apart from the others at the far end of the village. Inside, the chief Elf and his shaman are gazing seriously into a crystal mirror and muttering darkly to each other. They look up when you enter, and astonishment spreads over their faces. They dismiss your guards, and then the chief addresses you. 'Stranger,' he says, 'what is it that you want? What are you doing here?' Will you tell them of your quest (turn to 218), make up some other reason for being in the forest (turn to 5), or try to look in the mirror (turn to 87)?

29

It is very awkward to manage the snow-shoes with your hands tied. They require a half-walking, half-sliding motion, and it would help if you could swing your arms. You try to persuade your captor to untie you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, he unties you, because you are slowing him down. In any case, turn to 173.

30

On the base of the statuette are runes which give the goddess's name as Cholumbara, a minor agricultural deity of Khul. Return to 112 and choose again.

31

You start back from the lip, just as the ground gives way beneath your feet. You land heavily on your bottom, but do not fall into the water. You pick yourself up, head in the opposite direction and soon pick up the trail again. Will you turn left (turn to 263) or right (turn to 156)?

32

The door creaks open on rusty hinges, but no immediate danger confronts you. You hear the click of rats' claws across the stone ground as you advance up the tunnel, but you ignore them. There is only one way for you now – forward – and everything else is a distraction. However, the tunnel forks like a serpent's tongue. Will you go left (turn to 19) or right (turn to 224)?

33

Roll two dice. If the total is less than your SKILL score, turn to 64; if the total is more than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 6.

34

You must eat 1 lot of Provisions just to keep your strength up. A full night's travel brings you to the end of the grass. The landscape facing you is moorland, dotted with rocks and shrubs, and criss-crossed by numerous streams and rivers, which reflect the dawn sun. You rest for a while and then carry on. Turn to 68.

35

The fall hurts you badly. Roll one die and add 1; you lose this many STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you decide to explore the Dragon's cave instead of attempting the glacier again. Turn to 204.

36

When you peer down the shaft, you can see a series of wooden rungs set into the smooth stone side and disappearing into darkness. A stale smell from the depths of the mine assails your nostrils. Will you go down or not? If not, you leave the area (turn to 343). If you go down, you can either trust to the ladder (turn to 289) or, if you have a rope, you can tie it to a sturdy-looking beam and let yourself down (turn to 225).

37

You camp on the northern side of the hill. During the night, the first snow falls. If you have a Wildcat's pelt or an Antifreeze Potion, turn to 344; otherwise, turn to 227.

38

The current grows stronger again, and soon you are alarmed to hear the ominous boom of a large waterfall ahead. Although the cliffs gradually get lower, until the river is bounded on both sides by ordinary banks, the current is now far too strong for you to steer your log over to the side. Before long you can see the lip of the waterfall; fine spray forms a mist

which seems to hang above it, scintillating with rainbow colours. But you don't have time to appreciate the beauty of the scene: more practical features claim your attention. The lip of the waterfall is partially lined with rocks, which jut out of the water at intervals. If you have a rope, you could try to lasso one of the rocks (turn to 302). Alternatively, you could try to turn the log so that it wedges against two of the rocks (turn to 217).

39

You lie down on the bank and dip your flask into the water of a small inlet. All seems fine at first, but when you next come to drink from your flask, you will find that the foul water of the lake has rotted it and made it useless. Until you can find another flask, your Provisions will restore only 3 STAMINA points, instead of the usual 4. You settle down to sleep, in blissful ignorance of your misfortune. Turn to 76.

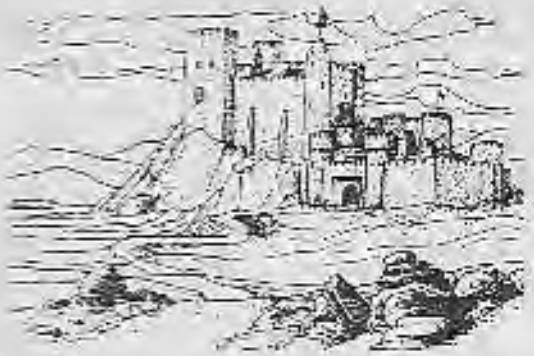

40

As soon as the sorceress has slumped to the ground, you whirl around – and find just who you expected, with his dagger raised to strike you in the back. He curses you for your cleverness, and lunges at you.

THE TRAITOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 400.

41

Your eyes receive the full force of the acid, and you are temporarily blinded. Reduce your SKILL by 5 points for this fight.

SPIT VIPER SKILL 4 STAMINA 4

If you win, you wait until the worst of the effects have worn off, but you must reduce your SKILL permanently by 1 point. Will you now stay waiting by the ant-trail (turn to 277), or carry on north (turn to 140)?

42

You enter the feast-room. Seated at the tables is a strange assortment of creatures. Humans rub shoulders with Elves; Bird Men are talking with Dwarf warriors; there is even a friendly Giant, tucking into half a roasted ox. But over them all, lord of his own domain, sits Hever, to whom anger and merriment are equally pleasing. You are led to the high table, where the place of honour at Hever's right hand has been kept free for you. 'You are welcome, cousin,' booms Hever. 'For so I think I may address you. Be seated, and forget your tiresome journey for the hours that you pass here. Why don't I have your things taken up to your room?' If you accept, you retain your sword, but your other belongings are taken away by the guard who ushered you into the great hall (turn to 71). If you decline, turn to 389.

43

You meet the Alligator head on. It is not evil, so the Horn of Hever will have no effect on it, and you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point for this fight, because the water hampers your movements.

ALLIGATOR SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win, you swim across to the northern shore. Turn to 393.

44

This quietens her down immediately. 'The ring of my sisters' coven in Affen Forest,' she says in amazement. 'How did you . . . ? Never mind: it's

good to have it back. Now, what was it I had to tell you? Oh, yes. Seek the Juja. I don't know where he lives, but there's supposed to be a clue in a riddle: "I am not earth, but I can support; I am not water, but I can yield; I am not air, but I can belch; I am not fire, but I can explode. What am I?" And that's really all I can tell you; I hope it's helpful.' This is most puzzling. Will you thank her and walk on north (turn to 336) or north-east (turn to 323)? Or will you first ask her what happened to the village (turn to 249)?

45

The shaman finds nothing which can convince him of your good intentions towards the Elves' precious forest. 'Well,' says the chief, after some consideration, 'we do not want to hinder you, but we do not want you in our forest any more.' He whispers something to the shaman, who nods and begins to mutter a spell, while the chief unties your hands. The village starts to dissolve and you feel yourself floating. Turn to 382.

46

You quickly don the Cloak. It will not keep you invisible long enough to escape from the Dragon altogether, so you simply use it to attack the Dragon more effectively. However, after you have wounded it twice, for 4 STAMINA points of injury, your body warms up as a result of your efforts; this makes mist form around you in the cold air, and the Dragon will be able to see where you are from now on. Still, you now fight it with more chance of success.

ICE DRAGON SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

By the time you win (if you do), the Cloak will have lost its powers (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Will you search the Dragon's cave (turn to 204), or push on straight for Krill Garnash (turn to 298)?

47

Only a few kilometres north you find an impassable canyon. There is no bridge here across its span of several hundred metres, and the sides are too steep to climb. Animals, fleeing the fire, are jumping over, or being pushed by other beasts, to their deaths in the shallow river at the bottom of the

gorge, about half a kilometre below. If you have rope, it will not reach the bottom, of course, but you could tie one end of the rope to a boulder and let yourself down until the fire burns itself out at this natural fire-break (turn to 90). Alternatively, you could run along the edge of the cliff to the west (turn to 278) or east (turn to 134), hoping to find some way down or across; or you could race away from the cliff and towards the fire (turn to 359).

48

You make your way at a crouch to the dip and roll expertly down the side – and disturb a couple of pheasants, which rise noisily into the air. Apart from the fact that the suddenness of the noise nearly gives you a heart attack, the next time you look up, the dell is ringed by Elves, arrows ready on taut bowstrings. Turn to 358.

49

You can tell by a slight draught when you pass a side-passage on your left. Will you take the side-passage (turn to 306) or carry on (turn to 16)?

50

The winner is the one who wanted to take you to Morgana. He draws a dagger and holds it to your throat, while he unties you from the tree, disarms you and ties your hands behind your back. Then he puts his dead companion's snow-shoes on you and takes you at spear-point north towards Krill Garnash. Turn to 29.

51

You find that the tunnel curves. You peep around the corner and see a monstrous silhouette against a star-spangled night sky, visible through the tunnel mouth. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 33; if you are Unlucky, turn to 6.

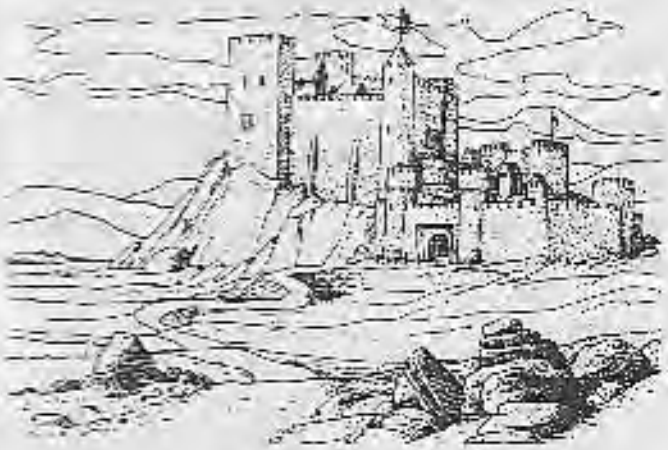

52

By the time you have no choice except to enter your fire-break, it is still very hot, and causes you 4 STAMINA points of burns. But at least you are safe. Turn to 114.

53

Trueband's advice seems sound. Not far north of Arion is the vast Lake Nekros; just north of the lake lies Fallow Dale. From there you could head north and slightly east over Pikestaff Plain, leaving Marsh Vile to the west, and through the foothills and mountains, until you came to Krill Garnash itself, with its five ice-capped peaks lost in the clouds.

After a few days of easy travel, with springs and game so plentiful that you still have all your original Provisions, you reach the southern shore of Lake Nekros, and the end of civilization as you know it. Beyond this, the ways are unknown to the people of Arion.

Within memory Lake Nekros has never been crossed. People speak of unfathomable depths spawning hideous monsters, and of strange and mysterious winds and currents which turn the chill,

still waters into whirlpools and ungovernable waves. Nevertheless, your most direct route is across it. Will you, bold hero that you are, build a raft and embark across the lake (turn to 109), or strike out around its eastern edge, through rolling hills (turn to 245), or around its western edge, through Affen Forest (turn to 21)?

54

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 124; if you are Unlucky, turn to 18.

55

As you walk along, your attention is for some reason drawn to your shadow, which bobs up and down on the boulders you pass, or gets smudged by the shrubs. Suddenly, to your astonishment and alarm, it bulges and changes shape. This cannot be your shadow any more: for a start, you don't have horns on your head. Sheer terror makes the hairs on the back of your neck stand up, when the Shadow Monster detaches itself from your shadow, and launches itself at you, brandishing a trident.

SHADOW MONSTER SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

This lesser demon is solid enough to injure you as normal, but you can cause it only 1 STAMINA point of injury every time you win an Attack Round. If you win, you think about changing direction. Will you head north-east (turn to 323) or north (turn to 336)?

56

A little way beyond the village you come to the ruins of what was once a farmhouse and its barns. Sitting in front of the farmhouse is an old woman, threading bones on to a length of twine. She is mumbling to herself, and hasn't noticed you yet. Will you approach her (turn to 23), or make your way around the farmhouse under cover (turn to 336)?

57

The tunnel begins to slope upwards, which makes you hopeful of finding a way out soon. But then the shafts come to an end, and the way ahead is pitch-black and the air gets foul. At first you wonder why the shafts should end; but then you reckon that you may be under the lake. Will you plod on through the darkness (turn to 352), or retrace the kilometre or so you have already travelled, back past the main shaft, in an easterly direction (turn to 388)?

58

You hand over the crystal mirror to Hever. He takes it, frowns in recognition of it and the foolish or evil deed you must have done to get hold of it, and turns it towards you. Turn to 209.

59

Eleven vast shapes loom out of the darkness. One of them lights a torch, and then you can see that the eleven Golems are surrounding you. There is no

time to get anything from your pack. If you can call on Galrin, you will know where to turn; otherwise your body is mangled and your adventure is over.

60

The creature's paw slams into your arm. Lose 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points; then return to 242 and continue the fight.

61

Soon you are crawling on hands and knees; then the tunnel ends. You turn around. On the way back, will you keep pressed to the right-hand wall (turn to 309) or the left-hand wall (turn to 141)?

62

Turn to 332.

63

You are about halfway across when the bridge snaps. You scrabble for a handhold, but find none, and plunge to your death in the canyon below.

64

You use your head, and grope for something on the floor – it turns out, by the feel of it, to be a small skull. You toss this so that it lands in the tunnel mouth, and the creature lumbers over there. This enables you to see your opponent clearly. It is a Nandibear, which must have been using the disused mine entrance as its den.

You will have to fight it, but you are able to creep up behind it and wound it first (roll one die and reduce its STAMINA by that much), and also to fight it in the tunnel mouth, where your SKILL will not be impaired by darkness.

NANDIBEAR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 222.

65

You are impaled between the spiked door and the wall of the cavern. Your adventure is over.

66

The farmer is overjoyed at your gift. 'This will more than compensate,' he says. 'Cholumbara's presence will increase my crops for sure.' You are pleased to have got out of an ugly situation so easily (and also to have shed the weight of the statuette). Add 1 LUCK point. You make your way now to the castle gates. Turn to 78.

67

You lie down on the bank and dip your flask into the water of a small inlet. All seems fine at first, but when you next come to drink from your flask, you will find that the foul lake water has rotted it and made it useless. Until you find another flask, your Provisions will restore only 3 STAMINA points, instead of the usual 4. You settle down to sleep, in blissful ignorance of your misfortune. Turn to 226.

68

If you followed the ant-trail at all, turn to 291; otherwise, turn to 350.

69

'Easily done,' says the chief. He whispers something to the shaman, who nods and begins to cast a spell. The village starts to dissolve and you feel yourself floating. Turn to 382.

70

For several days you trudge west. The canyon varies in width and depth, but it is never feasible to attempt a crossing. The sides remain absolutely sheer. The plentiful carrion has attracted many birds: apart from crows and normal birds of prey, you occasionally sight larger winged creatures some way off. Eventually, one of them decides to see if this thing which moves in the burned wilderness is also edible, and you are attacked by a Giant Bloodhawk. This huge creature swoops out of the sky with its four-metre wingspan, talons outstretched to grip you and allow the cruel beak to do its work. If you have the Cloak of Temporary Invisibility, and wish to use it, turn to 103; otherwise turn to 327.

71

The meal is well in progress (restore 4 STAMINA points) when the guard returns with a worrying tale. He was attacked by some Pygmy Orcs inside your room, and knocked unconscious. When he came to, your helmet had gone and there was no sign of the thieves. You immediately ask to be directed to your room, while Hever is busy organizing a search-party. When you get there, you soon find a rope dangling out of the window to the ground below, which is outside the castle walls. Will you grab your belongings and go alone down the rope in pursuit of the thieves (turn to 166), or wait for Hever (turn to 137)?

72

A side-passage opens up to your right. Will you take it (turn to 369) or carry straight on (turn to 170)?

73

The tree has been truncated, so it is no long or difficult climb. From your vantage point at the top, you can see the Elves passing below you. Will you keep quiet and let them pass (turn to 211), or drop down on the last one, who has fallen a little way behind the others (turn to 286)?

74

The skeleton's empty eye-sockets blaze into chill life and transfix you with a deadly beam. Your adventure is over.

75

The plan works (restore 1 LUCK point). For one awful moment your legs are swept over the edge, following the log, but you hang on and haul yourself on to the rock. There are not enough rocks to form a causeway to the north bank, but you could try to make it to the south bank. If you have Boots of Agility, turn to 372; otherwise, turn to 188.

76

You sleep as deeply as if you had no cares in the world. But in the small hours of the morning, something disturbs the quiet surface of the lake. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 135; if you are Unlucky, turn to 280.

77

In the morning, you set off north again, and travel for a couple of days through the barren landscape. Your uneventful journey, however, makes you less cautious than usual, and when you are walking past

some large boulders, you fail to notice the Wildcat basking on top of one. The tip of its tail flicks from side to side as you approach, and then it leaps on to you, immediately inflicting 2 STAMINA points of injury to you. You toss it off your shoulders on to the ground, and just have time to notice that it is a pretty large specimen, before it springs into the attack again. Wildcats are not evil, just wild, so the Horn of Hever will have no effect; and you have no time to get anything from your pack.

WILDCAT SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win within four Attack Rounds, the cat's pelt is undamaged enough to be worth keeping. Afterwards, turn to 13.

78

It is evening when you reach the gates. Two Dwari guards ask your business, then show you inside to a sparsely furnished waiting-room. One of them returns before long. 'My Lord Hever is dining,' he says, 'and asks whether you will join him.' Will you accept and go straight away (turn to 42), or ask to be shown to your room first (turn to 120)?

79

The bank becomes increasingly boggy. Will you now head left through the forest (turn to 171), or continue along the bank (turn to 97)?

80

Some of the alchemist's wares are of interest to you: a Potion of Luck, for 3 Gold Pieces, which will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level; a Potion of Healing, for 5 Gold Pieces, which will restore up to 6 STAMINA points (you can use it now or save it for later); a Cloak of Temporary Invisibility, for 10 Gold Pieces; an Antifreeze Potion, which will protect you against cold, for 3 Gold Pieces; and, for 6 Gold Pieces, Boots of Agility. Buy what you want and can afford, and then return to the paragraph you were at before, and continue on your way.

81

If you talked to Vashti, turn to 258; otherwise, turn to 347.

82

The remainder of the journey to Fallow Dale is uneventful, apart from the occasional skirmish with a wild beast. At one point you are convinced that you see a Sabre-toothed Tiger slinking through the trees, but by luck – or because the beast was not hungry – it does not come near you. You keep getting lost in the forest, and the journey takes longer than it should: you run out of Provisions a day before breaking out of the forest and finding Fallow Dale spread out before you. Reduce your STAMINA score by 3 points for weakness, then turn to 178.

83

Lose 2 LUCK points for cowardice. You have no choice now except to leave Fallow Dale. Turn to 384.

84

As you walk on down the main street, you notice other skeletons – but genuinely lifeless ones. The whole village has obviously been wiped out in a fairly recent raid. Will you poke around any of the houses (turn to 315) or not (turn to 56)?

85

You sit down to rest after your labours. Then to your amazement a spectral army glides across the surface of the lake. There are at least forty of them, and most are dressed in the battered remnants of armour of bygone days. You jump to your feet in alarm. You can see through them, but you also have no doubt that they are substantial enough to make their presence felt in this earthly realm.

While you are wondering what to do, one of them steps forward on to the bank. He was once a man in the prime of life, long-haired and with noble and stern features. 'Fear not,' his ghostly voice whispers. 'You have done us great service. With the death of the Kraken we, its victims, are released from our bondage to this spectral form. But we repay our debts. Before we go to our final rest in the underworld, we will assist you once in the course of your quest – but my advice would be not to call us except in the direst need. You can summon us by

my name: it is Galrin.' With that, the leader and his host of followers vanish. When the book tells you that you can call on Galrin, turn to **100**. For now, add 2 LUCK points. You decide not to spend any more time by the lake shore: you head north and slightly east, through rolling hills. A heavy mist descends at dawn, and you are soon hopelessly lost. Turn to **108**.

86

Again you safely cross the chasm in the darkness. The gods must be smiling on you. Regain 1 LUCK point. If you have not stopped to eat Provisions so far during your underground journey, lose 2 STAMINA points. Your journey is long, but nothing happens. You pass the spot where the main shaft enters the mine, and carry on eastwards. Turn to **388**.

87

If your hands are tied, turn to **192**; if your hands are free, turn to **150**.

88

'Excellent!' she exclaims. 'We're all set, then, aren't we? You know about the sigils, the keys of power for which Morgana lusts. But do you know how they are portrayed? If you place six equally spaced marks around a circle and join them in any order, returning to the mark you began with, you will find that there are twelve possible patterns. Now, people – those who are types of people – obey the

laws of the sigils. Morgana has been seizing such people, dead or alive, and transforming their essence into masks for her Golems. You probably know that she's got the bard and the farmer, at any rate, and you'll now realize that the bard's brand, for instance, is a sigil. Now look at your helmet.' You do so, and gasp with astonishment: 'It's one of the sigils!' 'Precisely,' continues Vashti. 'It is the one we call the ruler, which is what you are, after all; it is the one which binds together all the sigils and confirms their power; and it is the one which Morgana is missing.'

The implications of this are enormous. 'But that means I'm walking into a trap!' you cry. 'She wants me there, to turn me into a Golem too!' 'That is true,' says Vashti, 'but it is also true that you are the one to prevent this evil plot. You must continue with your mission.' You are fired with grim resolution, and immediately take your leave of Vashti. She plants two of the seeds you have given her, and they spring up as full-blossomed apple trees. You walk between them back into the world of time, and find yourself right by the oak trees, as if you had just stepped between them. The sun is exactly where it was when you entered Vashti's realm. Turn to **37**.

89

You trip over a rock on the way down, and tumble down the slope, landing on your feet in the circle of firelight. Turn to 254.

90

You let yourself down on to a ledge where you can comfortably wait for the fire to end. The fire does eventually die out, but not before it has burned through the end of your rope which is tied to the boulder. You are marooned on your ledge, until starvation or birds of prey finish you off.

91

While you are waiting, you are so intent on watching the ants that you fail to notice a large poisonous snake rustling the grass as it slithers up behind you, until it is almost too late. You whirl around, but it is a Spit Viper, and it spits acid at your eyes. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 255; if you are Unlucky, turn to 41.

92

You can get nothing more out of him, but while you question him, he sidles off to the side of the room and, cringing, brings back a bundle of rags, which he offers to you. When you unwrap them, you discover a magnificent sceptre. It is made only of iron, but is clearly of great age and has an aura of regal authority. You want to ask the old man about it, but he has collapsed unconscious on the floor. As

you are stowing the sceptre safely in your pack, you notice that it is inscribed with runes, which you translate as 'There should be just one ruler.' Then you leave: turn to 231.

93

With death, Kevin's heroic resistance snaps once and for all, and the evil spirit implanted in his body is able to take control. It too jumps to its feet – that is, Kevin's feet – and it hurls an impenetrable magical barrier around itself and you. But because you have moved closer to Hever, he is caught inside the barrier and helps you in the fight. The spirit, cackling with glee and cracking a fiery nine-tailed whip, has eyes only for you; but every time you win

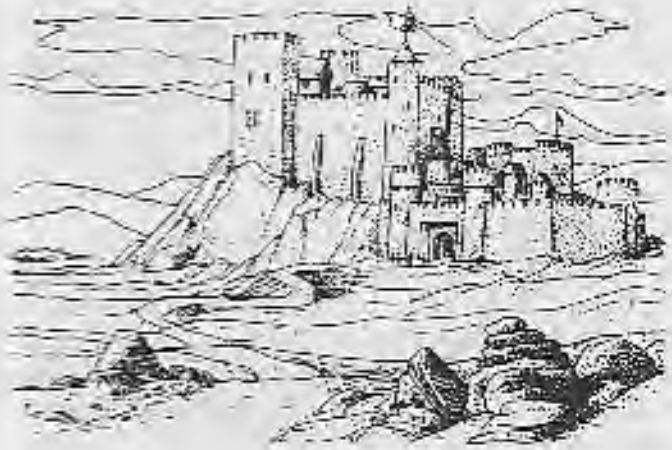

an Attack Round, you may assume that Hever has been successful too, and reduce the fiend's STAMINA by 3 instead of 2. You cannot kill this demon, but if you win the fight, it will return to the nether regions, leaving Kevin in peace at last.

HELLFIRE SPIRIT SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you both win, the barrier dissolves. Turn to 132.

94

They can see from your footprints where you are, and can guess where to aim their spears. One of them throws a spear after you as you flee. Roll one die. On 1–3, turn to 244; on 4–6, turn to 174.

95

You succeed in reaching another place of hiding, behind a tree-trunk. The Elves (there are six of them) have meanwhile surrounded your former hiding-place. Will you make a run for it, while they are otherwise occupied (turn to 297), or continue to creep away (turn to 158)?

96

When you are some way up the glacier, you slip and slide out of control back down the slope. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 339; if you are Unlucky, turn to 35.

97

The effort of wading through the clinging mire costs you 2 STAMINA points. But the boggy area does not last too long. Will you now rest for the remainder of the night (turn to 316), or carry on along the bank (turn to 234)?

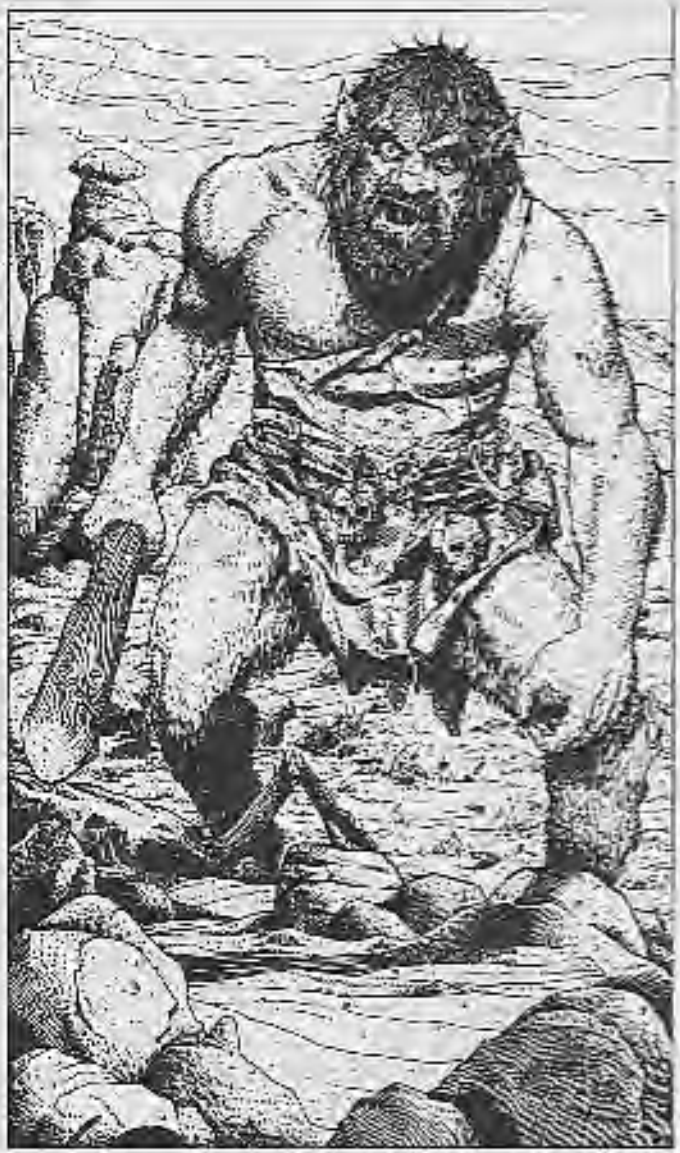

98

For several days you trudge east. The canyon varies in width and depth, but it is never feasible to attempt a crossing, and the sides remain absolutely sheer. Early one morning you encounter a hostile Hill Giant, who has been roaming the burned wilderness to see what tasty or profitable pickings the bush-fire left in its wake. One look at you convinces him that you could be both tasty and profitable! He lumbers into the attack, wielding a massive club. If you have the Cloak of Temporary Invisibility, and wish to use it, it will be easy to avoid this fight (turn to 180), but then cross the Cloak off your *Adventure Sheet*, because its magic only works once. Otherwise, fight your vast opponent.

HILL GIANT SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you win, you look through the Giant's pack to see what he has found. You find only 3 Gold Pieces and a badly dented, but otherwise plain helmet. Will you try on the helmet (turn to 311), or leave it and continue on your way (turn to 180)?

99

For 1 Gold Piece you can buy food and drink that will restore 2 STAMINA points. Do so, if you can and want to; then you leave the village. Turn to 24.

100

The spectral army appears and you stand back to let them do their work. It does not take long. Galrin salutes you, and then he and his followers vanish for ever. You are free to continue – and it soon turns out that the Golems' cavern was the ante-chamber to Morgana's throne-room. You enter a vast cavern. Morgana herself is seated on a black throne in the centre. She shrieks at you: 'So you think you have destroyed my pets, do you? You fool! I can always make more!' You leap towards her throne, to stop her foul mouth for ever. Turn to 295.

101

The noise you made has alerted the creature, and you hear it lumbering towards you. An easily recognizable grunt soon lets you know what you are up against – a Nandibear. It must have been using the entrance to the mine as its den. Then it is upon you. Reduce your SKILL by 1 point for this fight, because of the darkness.

NANDIBEAR SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 222.

102

You start a small fire and move away north to wait until your fire has, as you hope, created a fire-break between you and the bush-fire. It does nothing of the sort. Your own fire is driven before the wind towards you and even if you can run around it, there will be no time to escape the bush-fire now. Your adventure is over.

103

You put on the Cloak. The Bloodhawk squawks in dismay at your disappearance – but then, with the cunning of a natural predator, simply gains enough height to watch and wait. The Cloak's powers will wear off pretty soon (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*): you have merely delayed the battle. Turn to 327.

104

If your STAMINA is less than 12, turn to 197; if it is 12 or more, turn to 15.

105

After a couple of hours, the ant-traffic has not noticeably increased, and you have seen no sign of the nest or anything being carried along that is more valuable than a rusty nail. Will you carry on along the trail (turn to 304), or turn north again (turn to 140)?

106

The fleeing Spriggans did not gather up all their belongings. You find 10 Gold Pieces and a large garnet ring, but nothing else of value. The Spriggans had evidently been a thieving party. You decide to spend what remains of the night in the welcome light of the Spriggans' magical lamps, which will disappear at full light, but until then, you reckon, will keep any further hostile creatures at bay. In fact, the time does pass quietly. In the morning, with mist from the lake drifting between the trees, you discover two paths, both heading roughly north. Will you take the north-west path (turn to 115) or the north-east path (turn to 398)?

107

It takes your eyes a few moments to adjust to the gloom after the bright sunshine outside. Then you see that, although the ceiling is festooned with cobwebs, the floor is fairly free of dust. There is a table with a wooden bowl and spoon on it, and a crudely made stool tucked underneath. Will you leave before the occupant of the hut appears (turn to 231), or look around (turn to 279)?

108

Will you stay where you are until the mist clears (turn to 27), or press on regardless (turn to 138)?

109

Night has fallen by the time you have completed your raft. Strangely, when you launch it, no ripples

disturb the surface of the lake; and the gibbous moon is not reflected in its dark depths. You have paddled no more than a hundred metres when five thick tentacles pull you for ever under the water.

110

The old woman greedily snatches the lovely choker and puts it on. The choker promptly lives up to its name and strangles her. You should have known better than to trust anything found on the servants of evil. Lose 1 LUCK point. You quickly make your way out of the area. Will you go north (turn to 336) or north-east (turn to 323)?

111

The soldiers don't know you, of course, and there you are with your sword drawn, and there is their friend's corpse: it all looks very suspicious. They push you into your room and post guards outside, while others go off to report the incident. When you look around your room, you see that your helmet is missing, and you soon find a rope dangling out of the window to the ground below. The thief or thieves, who were presumably in league with the Orc, must have escaped that way. Will you grab your things and go down the rope yourself in pursuit (turn to 166), call for help (turn to 377), or await developments (turn to 342)?

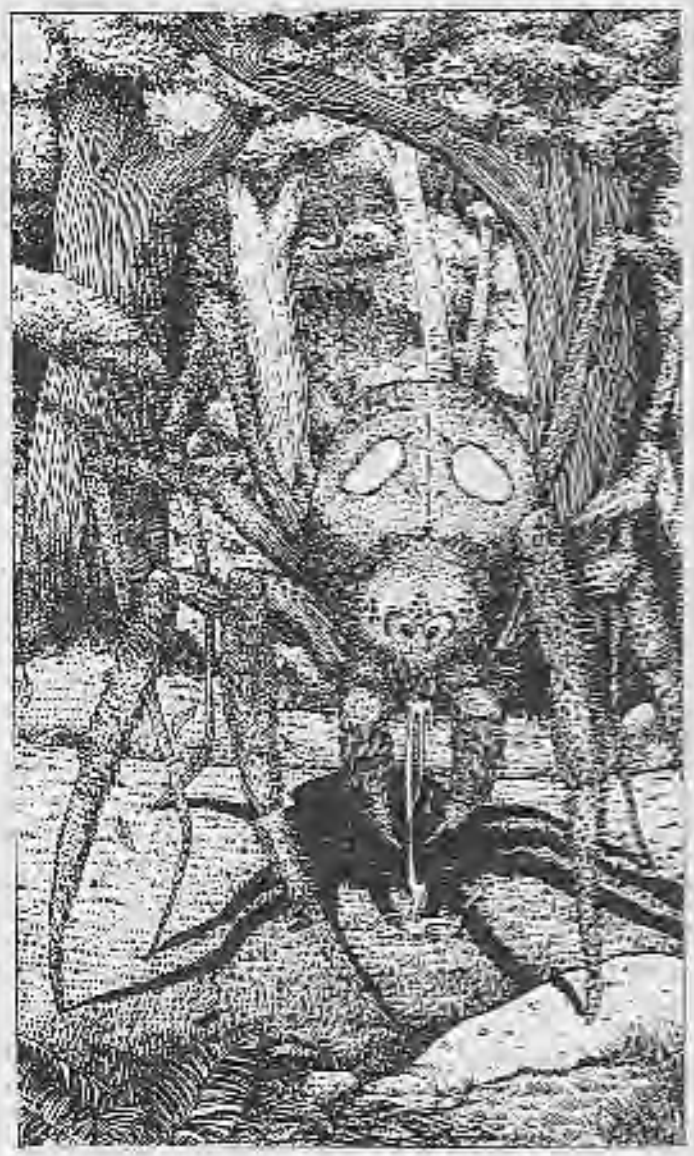

112

You decide to inspect the items you acquired in the Doragars' lair. You soon find that some of the items are just what they seem. But if you have:

A Snattacat's tusk	Turn to 301
A leather pouch	Turn to 331
A statuette	Turn to 30
None of these	Turn to 121

113

The easy journey of the past few days has made you careless. As you walk whistling down the path through the trees, you are set upon by a Giant Bloodsucking Spider. This vile beast, already bloated with the blood of woodland creatures, is delighted to find larger prey, and drops in front of you from a tree. Sheer repulsion at the sight freezes you for an instant, but then your sword is out and ready. You have no time to get anything out of your pack.

BLOODSUCKING SPIDER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 14

The Spider is too heavy to move very fast: you could try to escape, if you want to (turn to 273). If you stay put and win the fight, you continue cautiously through the copse (turn to 126).

114

You are safe within your fire-break, and you follow it to the north, to keep well away from the suffocat-

ing heat of the bush-fire. After a few kilometres, you find that your fire has burned itself out at the edge of a huge canyon, about half a kilometre deep and almost as wide. The sides are too steep to climb and there is no bridge here. Turn to 10.

115

Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points if you have not eaten while in the forest. The route you are taking shortly offers you a choice between two paths. If you take the one which disappears into the trees to the north-west, turn to 263. If you take the one which winds between the trees in a north-easterly direction, turn to 82.

116

Your plan fails. You are dashed to your death on the sharp rocks at the foot of the waterfall.

117

When you reach the bottom, you find that the river, which flows from east to west, is faster and wider than it looked from up on the cliff. The movement of the water makes it impossible to tell how deep it is. You are on a kind of small beach, but the river runs full up to the sheer cliffs on either side of the beach. There are some quite large logs and tree-trunks cast up on the beach, among smaller driftwood. There is a similar beach straight across the river. Will you wade or swim across (turn to 235), or paddle yourself across on a log (turn to 368)?

118

This gets you nowhere, but your increasingly frantic and frustrated scrabbling loses you 3 STAMINA points. Eventually you give up and return to try the other branch of the tunnel. Turn to 399.

119

The door swings open on to your destruction. It is so swift that you cannot even identify its source, but your adventure is over.

120

You are shown to a room in the north-east tower, whose slit window overlooks Fallow Dale and as far as the beginning of Pikestaff Plain. The guard waits outside, while you shed your pack and helmet (but retain your sword), and repair your appearance as much as possible. You are just finishing, when there is a commotion in the corridor outside. You open the door to see a Pygmy Orc withdrawing a dagger from the guard's body. You draw your sword and challenge the Orc. Your opponent may be small, but he is nimble: he ducks your thrusts and is hard to wound.

PYGMY ORC SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

After two Attack Rounds, you both hear more soldiers approaching at a run. The Orc darts away around a corner. Will you follow (turn to 8), or wait for these reinforcements (turn to 111)?

121

You rest, eat Provisions, and drink fresh water from the nearby spring. If you have no Provisions, restore only 2 STAMINA points for the rest and drink; otherwise, restore the full 4 STAMINA points. In either case, you may add 2 LUCK points for surviving the deadly mine. In the morning you reluctantly leave this haven. Turn to 343.

122

When you dived below the water, you saw something extraordinary on the bottom of the pool. A human skeleton was sitting on a throne of weeds. Will you dive down again to investigate this remarkable, but possibly dangerous phenomenon (turn to 261), or will you swim over to the northern shore (turn to 393)?

123

When you are three quarters of the way through the pass, the snow all around you starts to move round and round, like a semi-solid whirlpool. You have obviously disturbed the rest of a Chion, deep beneath the snow, and it is now spiralling its way to the surface. This is how these gigantic worm-like creatures trap their prey. The snow collapses into the gap they make when they leave their resting-place, and the terrified victim falls into the gaping hole. If you are wearing snow-shoes or Boots of Agility, turn to 198; otherwise, turn to 363.

124

You land safely. Turn to 313.

125

You camp for the night on the borders of Marsh Vile. All night long, within the mists and vapours which shroud this ill-famed region, lightning flashes, and the bubbles of marsh gas which form on the surface of the stagnant pools pop and explode. In the morning will you at last turn to the north-east (turn to 374), or will you explore Marsh Vile (turn to 345)?

126

You leave the copse behind you and continue up towards the mountains, which now loom large and forbidding in the near distance. The hills grow more steep and bleak, so it is strange to see, crowning one hill, two large and flourishing oak trees, like a portal to the sunset beyond. Will you climb the hill and investigate the trees (turn to 387), or carry determinedly on with your journey (turn to 37)?

127

Roll two dice. If the total is more than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 203; if it is less than your SKILL score, turn to 228.

128

You can see the five peaks of Krill Garnash in the distance ahead, even though you are not yet in the mountain range itself, but on the borders. One morning, you see some extraordinarily large, sliding footprints in the snow. Images of Yeti or Bigfeet enter your mind, but you soon know better. You are confronted by two hill tribesmen, wearing snowshoes. They are dressed in skins and look rather formidable, especially with their short but sturdy thrusting-spears. If you have the Cloak of Temporary Invisibility and wish to use it, turn to 390. Or will you approach the tribesmen peacefully (turn to 383), or attack (turn to 282)?

129

One of the other Orcs has defeated his opponent and now joins in the fight against you. You will have to fight them both simultaneously. Choose one of them to fight by the normal combat rules. But also roll for the Attack Strength of the other: if it is higher than your Attack Strength in any Attack Round, he wounds you; if it is lower or equal, you have blocked his blow (so you cannot wound this second opponent, only your main target). Remember that the first Orc may already have been wounded by you and therefore have fewer STAMINA points.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PYGMY ORC	6	10
Second PYGMY ORC	5	8

If you win, turn to **268**.

130

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **297**. If you are Unlucky, you fail to escape (turn to 358).

131

If your STAMINA score is 10 or less, turn to **153**; if it is 11 or more, turn to 354.

132

You answer Hever's inevitable questions, but you can only guess what treachery lies behind this incident. Then you leave Fallow Dale. Hever has restocked you with the full amount of 10 lots of Provisions, and given you a new pack and water-flask. Turn to **20**.

133

The plan works. You pull yourself on to a rock and look around. There are not enough rocks to form a causeway to the north bank, but you could try to make it to the south bank. If you have Boots of Agility, turn to 372; if you have a rope, turn to **188**. Otherwise, you have a choice of two extremely risky manoeuvres: you could use the slippery rocks as stepping-stones (turn to 159), or you could get back into the water and try to push your log from one pair of rocks to the next, so that you can move along by stages (turn to 324).

134

In the hour or so which it takes for the fire to reach you, you have found no way out of your predicament. You die a quick but agonizing death.

135

Your dreams abruptly change, and you suddenly sit bolt upright, crying, 'Kevin! No!' But the memory of your nightmare evaporates when you see, by the moonlight, that the slimy tentacles of a Kraken are sliding out of the lake towards you. You can run (turn to 183) or fight (turn to 307).

136

When you met Morgana before, she said 'our little plan'. You have been puzzling about this ever since, and just now she said, 'I've got you where we wanted'. While you are pondering this mystery, an unseen enemy stabs you in the back. Your adventure is over!

137

Hever comes to the room and you show him the rope. He says that a search-party of five of his soldiers is waiting for you in the courtyard. 'I know how important that helmet is to your family,' he adds. 'Ifor Tynin sent a message by eagle of your coming, and mentioned the helmet as the sure way to recognize you.' You join the soldiers and set out in pursuit of the thieves. Turn to 166.

138

You can see only a few metres ahead of you, so you are pleasantly surprised when you come across a trail, made by animals of some kind, running to your left and right. Will you turn left (turn to 156), right (turn to 263), or continue through the trackless hills (turn to 189)?

139

You land with such a thump on the trail that it supports you for no more than an instant before crumbling and plunging you to your death in the chasm below.

140

By nightfall there is still no end to the grass. Will you flatten some of it and bed down for the night (turn to 2), or press on (turn to 34)?

141

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 86; if you are Unlucky, turn to 163.

142

As you are walking through the pass, you see a large snowball rolling down the eastern slope, and getting larger all the time. The snowball comes to a halt at the foot of the mountain, in front of you. Then, to your surprise, the snowball disintegrates, and out steps an Ice Hulk. These moronic creatures are mutant Yetis (the mutation consisting mainly in the disappearance of the Yeti's already tiny brain). This one probably tripped over its own feet and tumbled down the mountainside! It stares at you uncertainly for a few moments, and then obviously decides that you are edible. You will have to defend yourself, unless you have the Cloak of Temporary Invisibility, in which case you can avoid this encounter, if you want to (turn to 267, but cross the Cloak off your *Adventure Sheet*, as its powers only work once). Since the Ice Hulk is not evil, just stupid, the Horn of Hever has no power over it.

ICE HULK SKILL 6 STAMINA 12

The first time you win an Attack Round, turn to 392. If you win, turn to 267.

143

You cannot tell at this distance whether or not the figure is moving towards you, or whether your shouts have been heard. Will you call out again (turn to 360), or give up and carry on (turn to 341)?

144

As you walk along, you notice that there are many evenly spaced shafts, drilled through to the ground above. These afford light and air, but are out of reach and just as unclimbable as the one you fell down. You conclude that the mine was once worked by slaves, who needed to breathe and see, but also had to be prevented from escaping.

It turns out that this was a copper mine; the vein is worked out, but you find a nugget of greenish ore, which you keep. Soon a side-passage, from which a remarkably horrid stench is issuing, opens up to your right. Will you take it (turn to 325), or continue along the main tunnel (turn to 370)?

145

On the narrow rope bridge, you have no chance of avoiding the Chimera's fiery breath. Every time it wins an Attack Round, it will cause 3 STAMINA points of injury; and even when it loses an Attack Round, it will cause you 1 STAMINA point of injury. So you are fighting a desperate battle.

CHIMERA SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

During the fight, the Chimera's breath gradually burns through the rope bridge. If you win, you must choose whether to continue across the now weakened bridge (turn to 63) or retreat back towards the cliff (turn to 272).

146

Your captors soon find you. They have obviously decided that you are more trouble than you're worth, because they waste no time in dispatching you with their spears. Your adventure ends here.

147

The tunnel curves, but you are unaware of this in the darkness, and you run straight into the side. Reduce your STAMINA by 1 point, and turn to 101.

148

Roll two dice. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 134; if the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 206.

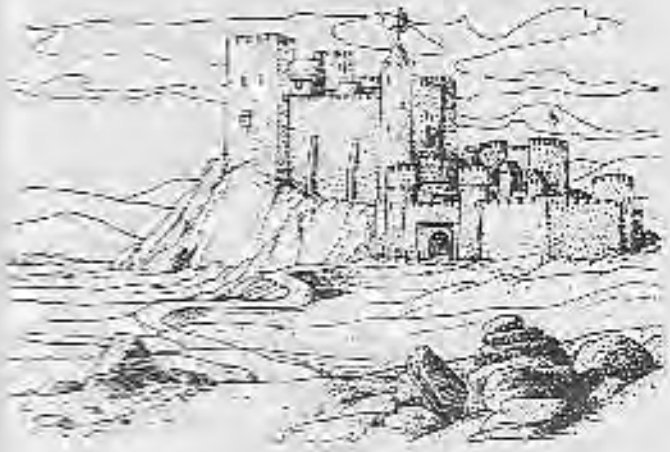

149

'I have nothing of value to offer you except myself,' you say simply. Hever thinks for a moment. 'All right,' he says finally, 'there is something you could do for me. There is an exceptionally large Sabre-toothed Tiger, which has its lair in Affen Forest, but occasionally emerges and roams my lands, killing my people and their flocks. If you can free my land from this beast, I will give you my horn. But it will not be easy: the Tiger is hard to get close to, and extremely dangerous when cornered.' Will you accept the test (turn to 240) or not (turn to 83)?

150

The shaman raises his hands to cast a spell, and the chief draws his sword. With one swift movement, you draw your own sword, laughing inwardly that these stupid, trusting Elves did not disarm you, and kill the shaman. Then you face the Elf chief.

WOOD ELF CHIEF SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win, you seize your prize, the mirror. Will you look in it straight away (turn to 209), or keep it for later (turn to 351)?

151

When you are about halfway across, the Water Snake which inhabits the pool coils itself around your legs. This really makes it very difficult to walk. Will you poke at the Water Snake with your sword (turn to 127), or carry on struggling through (turn to 104)?

152

When you reach the healer's house, she explains that she needs sorrel to make a lotion strong enough to help you. If you have some sorrel, the lotion will restore 4 STAMINA points. Otherwise, you leave the village, reckoning that Hever's hospitality will do you good. Turn to 24.

153

In your weakened state, you cannot think clearly, and just plunge into the darkness. As a result, you cannot see that the floor and walls are lined with jagged rocks tipped with poison. You do not fail to step on one. Your adventure is over.

154

'You may ask one question of us, to aid you in your quest,' says the chief. Will you ask:

About Galrin?	Turn to 248
What they have seen in the mirror?	Turn to 169
For free passage through the forest?	Turn to 69

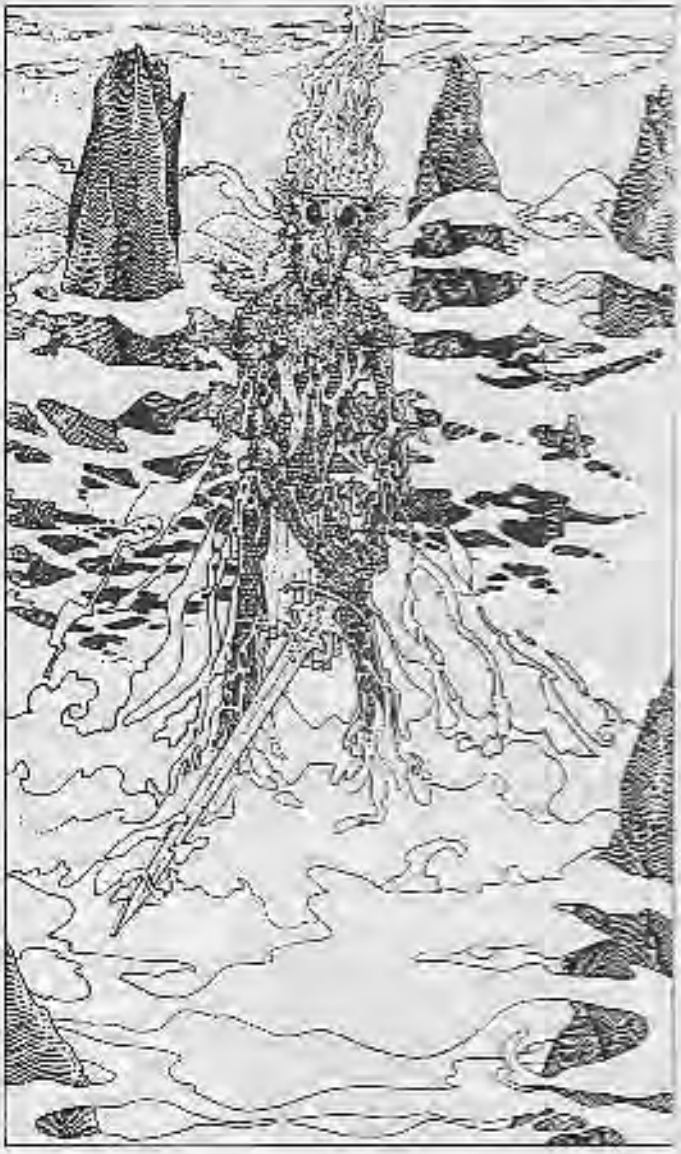

155

This find convinces them that you are a great warrior, and for the first time they speak to you, asking why you are trespassing on their land. Will you tell them you have come to kill Morgana (turn to 314) or that you are a hunter (turn to 194)?

156

Whatever animals made the track were clearly not interested in travelling in straight lines. Even with your limited vision and muddled sense of direction, you can tell that your course is meandering all over the place. Still, you stick to the track, and it eventually takes you to the top of a hill, where ancient monoliths jut like pitted teeth through the swirling mist.

The wind picks up and howls eerily across the hilltop. Then a hollow voice sounds from all around you: 'Who is this who dares disturb the sacred place of the Wights? No matter – the penalty is fixed.' The mist in the centre of the stones solidifies into a figure. On its head is a crown of pale fire, and in its hand a glittering sword. Wherever you run, it seems to block your way. You must stand and fight.

WIGHT SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, you take the Wight's sword, which turns out to be of ancient and noble design – obviously the lost property of some long-dead king, slain in times past by this evil Wight. Add 1 to your SKILL score,

even if this takes you over your *Initial* score. Will you now stay where you are until the mist clears (turn to **362**), or continue on your way (turn to 3)?

157

Roll two dice. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **216**. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **12**.

158

Two possible next places of refuge present themselves. You could try the hollow trunk of a vast and ancient tree, once blasted by lightning (turn to 9), or a slight dip in the ground, whose sides are covered with ivy and tall bracken (turn to 48).

159

There are three rocks to cross. Roll one die three times. If you ever roll 1, you fall in and are swept over the falls to your death. If you ever roll 2, you slip and your helmet (if you still have it) falls off your head and is lost, but you cling on to the rock. If you succeed in reaching the south bank, turn to 293.

160

Test your Luck again. If you are Lucky, turn to **219**; if you are Unlucky, turn to 349.

161

The skeleton's empty eye-sockets blaze into chill life, but it offers no resistance. You take the orb and swim over to the northern shore. When you clean

the mud off the orb, you discover the following legend: 'Twenty-one is the number of the ruler's sway.' You stow the orb safely into your pack and climb up the cliff. Once at the top you estimate your position. You think that you have come so far west that the dreaded Marsh Vile now lies to the north, and the foothills to the mountain range of Krill Garnash to the north-east. You know you should avoid Marsh Vile if you possibly can, but will you head north for a while (turn to **357**) or north-east (turn to 374)?

162

You fail to find a handhold, and slide down the remaining bit of bridge and into space. You prepare yourself for death, but land on the trail after only a few metres. Your helmet (if you still have it) falls off your head and is lost in the chasm below. *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky, turn to **259**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **139**.

163

You step into thin air. Your adventure ends at the bottom of a chasm.

164

Your slaps change hysterical laughter into uncontrolled sobbing, which eventually subsides. The old woman looks up at you again. 'Give me something precious,' she says slyly, 'and I'll tell you something precious.' You're not convinced that anything she has to say will not be dangerously misleading. Will you offer her something (turn to 326), or leave her and continue on your way (turn to 336)?

165

After a spell of this tiring way of moving along, more solid ground appears to your right and left. Will you turn left (turn to 381) or right (turn to 263), or continue jumping from mound to mound straight ahead (turn to 193)?

166

It is difficult for you to pick up the trail of the thieves during the night-time, even with the moon out. But some progress is made. By morning, you are on the margins of Pikestaff Plain, heading north, and the tall grass of the plain makes it easy to track the thieves: the bent and crushed stems are clearly visible. Soon the thieves themselves come into view, heads and shoulders bobbing above the grass. If you have companions, turn to 14; if you are alone, turn to 356.

167

'You will come to three doors,' he says. 'Be sure to take the wooden one.' Then he guides you back to Pikestaff Plain and points you in the direction of the foothills. Turn to 374.

168

This is the only possible solution. Your fire will make a desolate area, which you can enter and wait for the bush-fire to burn itself out. But have you enough time for this area to be consumed and cool down, before the bush-fire is upon you? Roll one die. On 1 or 2, turn to 52; on 3 or 4, turn to 17; on 5 or 6, turn to 114.

169

'Take a look for yourself,' says the chief, and hands you the mirror. At first, when you look in it, it is cloudy; but presently a brief image of startling clarity and potency emerges. You see yourself standing between two majestic oaks; your arms are raised into the air, and each hand is holding an object. But the image is instantaneous, and you have time only to see that one of the objects is long, before the mirror returns to its former cloudy state. Still, there is no doubt that you will remember this if you ever find yourself in such a spot. Add 1 LUCK point.

You hand the mirror back to the chief. He and the shaman smile at you knowingly. 'There is more that we have seen,' says the shaman, 'but to tell you would deprive you of free choice, which is what

determines a hero. There are riddles for the hearing and sigils for the seeing, and danger at every turn. The true path is narrow. But now you must continue your quest elsewhere.' He mutters a spell: the village begins to dissolve and you feel yourself floating. Turn to 382.

170

You have faced death in many forms to get this far, but Morgana's defences are a cut above the rest. Iron grilles slam down in front of and behind you, and seven deadly serpents slither out of cracks in the walls. Your adventure is over.

171

You twist and turn your way through the undergrowth, but it does not seriously hinder you. Then, with no forewarning, lights blaze from several trees. You have stumbled into the camp of a band of Spriggans – you recognize them immediately from your childhood nurse's descriptions and warnings. They are a grotesquely ugly branch of the fairy folk, who have not inherited the sweet disposition of their cousins. They are cowardly thieves, who prefer to rob old women, but with their ability to bloat themselves to several times their normal diminutive

size, they will make formidable foes even for you. There are six of them, but if you defeat the first two, the others will run away. The cowards approach one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SPRIGGAN	6	8
Second SPRIGGAN	7	8

If you win, turn to **106**.

172

There is quite a collection of stuff, mostly worthless. You don't have time to make a thorough search, in case the female returns and sees what you've done to her husband; but you have time to grab *three* of the following items: a plain brass ear-ring; a Snatta-cat's tusk, which has been engraved with delicate interweaving patterns; a leather pouch, which is tightly closed with a drawstring; 5 Gold Pieces; a stone statuette of some goddess; an empty water-flask. Choose what to take, then, since you don't want to meet the rest of the Doragar family, turn east to **141**.

173

You travel deep into the mountains. The slopes are quite thickly covered with pine trees; occasionally, as the days pass, you hear low, ominous rumblings from the mountains on either side. One afternoon you see a figure ahead of you, black against the white glare of the snow. If you are alone, turn to **287**; if you have one companion, turn to **210**; if you have two companions, turn to **176**.

174

The spear catches you right between the shoulder-blades. Your adventure is over.

175

On emerging, you see a number of horsemen lining the ridge to the south. You decide not to linger in the area. Turn to **343**.

176

The tribesmen, if they have spotted the distant figure, seem unconcerned. Perhaps their sharp eyes can tell what yours cannot – whether the figure is moving towards you or away from you. Your voice will carry well in the crisp, clear mountain air, and you decide to call out to the distant figure. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **378**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **360**.

177

You return in shame to where Hever is waiting with his village headmen at the edge of the forest. The

blue sky, the pennants fluttering in a gentle breeze and the sound of skylarks high above are strangely at odds with your sense of failure. Hever is a man of his word: he does not give you his horn. He escorts you back to the castle. As you are preparing to leave, Hever has food brought to you from the kitchens. Restore 2 STAMINA points and turn to 384.

178

As you descend into Fallow Dale, you recall what you know about the place. Several villages are located there, and the population is a mixture of human and other intelligent species. The villages are bound into a loose federation under a single overlord, who occupies a fortified castle in the middle of the Dale. Hever is the present lord of Fallow Dale, and his proud boast is that the fortifications of his castle are purely for external enemies: his villages live at peace with one another and with him.

Apart from this, you have little reliable knowledge: the people of Arion never travel far from their familiar world, and certainly not as far as Fallow Dale; and few traders have passed from Hever's land to yours. You can see the castle a few kilometres away. Your route could take you through a village (turn to 305), or you could bypass the village by crossing a large ploughed field (turn to 396).

179

That night, Morgana appears to you in a dream. 'Excellent!' she says. 'Glad to see you're on your way. Our little plan is working well. Don't worry: I won't kill you . . . yet! But here is a foretaste of my power.' The vision raises her hands and curses you (lose 2 LUCK points). You wake up with a start and, even with your eyes open, you seem to see her, floating away in the distance, laughing evilly. Turn to 77.

180

Early the next day you at last reach a place where the gorge can be crossed. A landslide in the distant past shifted the earth so that there is a rough trail down to the bottom, and you think you can discern a similar trail back up the other side. The gorge is not too deep here either. No doubt because this was the popular place to cross, a rope bridge has also been slung across the chasm, to make the crossing quicker. The rope bridge looks as secure as any such bridges are, and the trail looks precarious but usable. Will you cross the bridge (turn to 247) or go down the trail (turn to 217)?

181

Will you investigate the main shaft (turn to 36), the outhouse whose roof has collapsed (turn to 212), or the hut which looks fairly intact (turn to 107)?

182

Fortunately, snow falling from a nearby tree distracts the creature at the last moment. Its claws merely graze you for the loss of 1 STAMINA point. Return to 142 and continue the fight.

183

In your haste, you drop some Provisions out of your pack. Roll one die: this many lots of Provisions are lost. The moon sets and you wander in darkness through the night, no longer certain of your direction. At dawn, mist rolls in from the lake and makes your situation even worse. Lose 1 STAMINA point for lack of sleep, and turn to 108.

184

You and Hever continue the small talk of the table for a while, until you are joined by the bard. He is a young man, branded on the forehead with the traditional mark of his kind, so that wherever he may roam in civilized lands, he will be treated as a sacred guest.

As he tells a few traditional tales, you are struck by the fact that he is not very good! You glance curiously at Hever, and he whispers the reason to you: 'This lad was the apprentice of my former bard, who was the best in the land. But he was abducted a few months ago, and has not been heard of since. Still, this lad is improving: he is learning to weave a song around any tale you want him to.'

This, of course, is the traditional bardic skill. As his

guest, Hever tells you, you can ask the bard to sing something. It would be impolite to turn down this invitation. Will you ask him to sing about the old story of Pyke and the Firefox (turn to 296), or to make up a song about your own visit to Fallow Dale (turn to 232)?

185

How do you think the alchemist survives in these dangerous lands? As soon as your aggressive intentions are clear, he blasts you into oblivion. The buffalo looks on with little interest.

186

As you turn to leave, you step into a rabbit hole, sprain your ankle (lose 1 SKILL point) and fall to the ground. The butt of your sword clatters against a stone. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 337; if you are Unlucky, turn to 310.

187

One mound turns out to be the head of a huge Slime Sucker. It shrugs you off into the surrounding mire, where you stick fast, so that it can devour you at its leisure. Your adventure is over.

188

You decide that your best bet is to lasso each successive rock and hold on to the rope while you step from rock to slippery rock, just in case you fall in. There are four rocks to pass over. Roll one die four times. If you ever roll 1, you fall in, and though your rope holds and you haul yourself back up, your helmet (if you still have it) falls off your head and is lost. When you reach the south bank, turn to 293.

189

As you walk through prickly grass and tiny yellow orchids, you suddenly find yourself on the lip of a bank, with the surface of the lake a couple of metres below. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 31. If you are Unlucky, turn to 340.

190

You put on the Cloak (its powers work only once, so cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*), and retreat back towards the cliff, since you cannot squeeze past the Chimera. But the Chimera merely changes tactics: it breathes fire at the rope bridge instead of at you. The bridge is soon in danger of collapsing. Turn to 272.

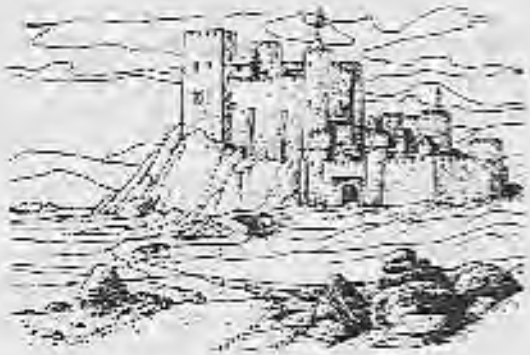

191

You are bowled over in the rush, and knock yourself unconscious against a rock. Only the agony of the fire consuming your body rouses you for a brief instant. Your adventure is over.

192

The Elves make no move to prevent you from looking in the mirror. But the mirror forms a vortex, which sucks you in, and you are lost for ever.

193

The mounds become fewer. Will you go left (turn to 229), half left (turn to 264) or straight on (turn to 187)?

194

They talk between themselves for a while, arguing whether or not to take you as their prisoner to Morgana, to gain her favour. They decide to do so. You are released from the tree, your hands are tied behind your back and you are taken at spear-point north towards Krill Garnash. Turn to 173.

195

This will be difficult. You are pitting your skill at concealment against that of the wood-wise Elves. Roll one die. On 1–4, turn to 391; on 5 or 6, turn to 95.

196

Turn to 223.

197

It is no good. The Water Snake trips you up and keeps you under the water until you drown.

198

You make it to the outside of the snowy whirlpool, just as the Chion's head, with jaws apart and showing two rows of needle-like teeth, bursts through the snow. It spots you immediately, and squirms into the attack. You have no time to get anything from your pack.

CHION SKILL 7 STAMINA 13

If you win, turn to 267.

199

You manage to hang on, and then you haul yourself up to the edge of the cliff. You lie panting with exhaustion (lose 1 STAMINA point). When you have recovered, you pick your way down the trail. Turn to 117.

200

The remainder of the journey to Fallow Dale is uneventful, apart from the occasional skirmish with a wild beast. Turn to 178.

201

Early the next day, you notice that the cliffs are getting lower. You contemplate jumping into the river from this height, but then you notice that the river is flowing extremely fast, and soon you hear

the boom of a large waterfall ahead. Before long you come to the lip of the falls. The river is flowing between ordinary banks now, and the fine spray from the falls seems to hover in the air, scintillating with rainbow colours. There is no way across the river at this point. Turn to **293**.

202

You don't have to wait long before a large red ant passes by. Soon you have seen over a dozen of them. You recognize them as Treasure Ants – so called because they line their nests with any trinkets they can carry. They are quite large (you have already seen four of them dragging a dead fieldmouse along), and their bites can be painful. These ants are passing you by in both directions, but the ones travelling south-west are usually carrying some titbit or other, so obviously their nest is somewhere in that direction. You are tempted to find the nest, to see if they have hoarded anything valuable, but Treasure Ants are known to travel many kilometres, and south-west is out of your way. Will you head south-west along the trail (turn to **105**), wait where you are for a while, in case an ant passes by with something valuable (turn to **91**), or ignore them and press on northwards (turn to **140**)?

203

You misjudge your stroke, and jab yourself in the leg. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You decide to push through the pool by sheer strength. Turn to **104**.

204

When you reach the Dragon's cave, you find that it does not extend very far. After all, what need does an Ice Dragon have for protection against cold? At the back, it narrows into a slit. You go through the slit and find yourself on a ledge, which runs along the mountainside. The ledge is wide enough for you to pass safely along it, until it ends at the mouth to a tunnel. Turn to **256**.

205

The farmer laughs out loud. 'What would I be wanting with this lump of rubbish?' he asks, tossing it into a hedge (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Return to **396** and choose again.

206

You realize that there is little point in running, and that your only hope is to create a fire-break between yourself and the bush-fire. The only means you have of making such a fire-break is to start your own fire, which will burn up the shrubs and leave the bush-fire nothing to catch on. Will you start a fire to the south of where you stand, between yourself and the bush-fire (turn to **102**), or north of where you stand (turn to **168**)?

207

With your back to a tree and the camp-fire in front of you, you may fight the tentacles one at a time. Before you fight each tentacle, you reach for a

flaming brand from the fire. Roll one die. On 1 or 2, you succeed, in your haste, merely in burning yourself: lose 1 STAMINA point. On 3 or 4, the brand you seize sputters and dies before you have a chance to use it. On 5 or 6, you succeed in getting hold of a securely flaming brand, and every time you win an Attack Round, you inflict 3, rather than the usual 2 STAMINA points of injury.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TENTACLE	6	6
Second TENTACLE	6	6
Third TENTACLE	6	6
Fourth TENTACLE	6	6
Fifth TENTACLE	6	6

You can escape at any time by turning to 361, though the tentacles will cause you 2 further STAMINA points of injury as you gather up your belongings and flee. If you stay put, and win the battle, turn to 346.

208

'So, the Juja is still alive, is he?' she says. 'Well, that's good to hear. What fun we used to have when the world was young! But knowing how to leave my domain, and actually being able to do so, are two different things, aren't they? Do you have the seeds?' If you do, multiply the number of seeds by the number of dragons depicted on the container, and turn to that paragraph. Otherwise, turn to 329.

209

The mirror forms a vortex, which sucks you in, and you are lost for ever.

210

The tribesman, if he has spotted the distant figure, seems unconcerned. Perhaps his sharp eyes can tell what yours cannot – whether the figure is moving towards you or away from you. Your voice will carry well in the crisp, clear mountain air. You decide to call out to the distant figure. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 275; if you are Unlucky, turn to 360.

211

The Elves pass you by. Later, when you judge that the coast is clear, you continue north towards Fallow Dale. Turn to 115.

212

Not only has the roof collapsed, but, as soon as you step inside the hut, the floor collapses too, rotted away by years of damp and deathwatch beetle. And creatures worse than beetles occupy the cellar into which you have fallen. Rats and gigantic millipedes scutter and writhe when you land with a crash on the ground. Then they are all over you, before you can get to your feet. You brush them off, but will have to fight to make enough space to reach the joists and haul yourself back up. Treat them as a single opponent.

VERMIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, you pull yourself out of this hell-hole, but a rat bites your dangling ankle for 1 STAMINA point of injury. Will you now investigate the main shaft (turn to 36) or the more solid hut (turn to **107**), or will you leave the site altogether (turn to 343)?

213

As you proceed east, you notice that there are evenly spaced shafts, smaller than the one you came down, drilled through to the ground above. These afford light and air, but are out of reach and unclimbable. You conclude that the mine was once worked by slaves, who needed to breathe and see, but also had to be prevented from escaping.

It turns out that this was a copper mine; the vein is worked out, but you find a nugget of greenish ore, and keep it. Later, a side-passage opens up to your

right; a truly horrible smell is issuing from it. Will you take it (turn to 325) or continue along the main tunnel (turn to 370)?

214

Once you are well out of the district of the village, will you continue north-east (turn to 323), or turn back on to a northerly route (turn to 336)?

215

As you step out, a magical causeway solidifies out of the mist, and you follow it to the home of the Juja. No person and no legend knows his real name, only that this wizard retired here when the world became evil, long ago. His body sits in a shack, surrounded by old books and alchemical apparatus, but his mind journeys far and wide.

When you enter his shack, he greets you and gives you a meal (restore 4 STAMINA points). During the meal, you tell him of your quest. 'Hmm . . . well,' he replies. 'You'd better see Vashti in Maiden's Vale. She knows more than I do about this business.' You ask him how to get to Maiden's Vale. 'Oh, I don't know how you get into it,' he says. 'You should know already. But I did find in one of my books a clue about how to get out, which is just as important, you know.' He gets a tome down from a shelf. 'Yes, here it is, on page 208: "The land of no time – oak for in and apple for out." I hope that will help you. Is there anything else you'd like me to

do?' Gain 2 LUCK points for this vital information. Will you ask him to restore any of your faculties (turn to 308), or how to get into Morgana's lair (turn to 167)?

216

Your efforts only enrage the monster, and it swipes you with one of its tentacles. Your sword flies out of your grasp, and before you can recover it, you are drawn into the Kraken's mouth. The acidic waters of the lake will dissolve even your bones.

217

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 133; if you are Unlucky, turn to **116**.

218

'We have seen something of this in the mirror,' says the chief, when you have finished explaining about your quest. If your hands are tied, turn to 319; otherwise turn to **154**.

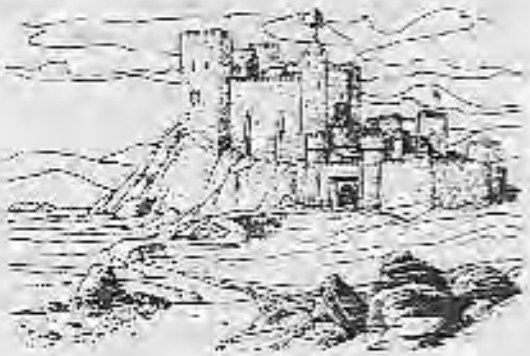

219

You clear the pool and land safely. You carry on for several more kilometres. If you have not stopped to rest and eat Provisions so far during your underground journey, you must reduce your STAMINA by 2 points. The monotonous single tunnel eventually comes to a fork. Will you take the left branch (turn to 399) or the right branch (turn to 276)?

220

Some accurate shooting reduces the number of your Pygmy Orc opponents from six to two, but empties your quiver (you will be able to recover the arrows later). You must face the last two with your sword, but they have been separated from each other in the long grass, and you can approach them one at a time. The first one draws his dagger, snarling, 'Good! It is you we want, not your paltry helmet!'

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PYGMY ORC	6	10
Second PYGMY ORC	5	8

If you win, you recover your helmet, and you may either begin the trek back to Fallow Dale (turn to 321), or forget about Hever's horn and carry on north towards Krill Garnash (turn to 20).

221

Almost immediately you begin to come across countless animals, large and small, fleeing north away from the fire. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 7; if you are Unlucky, turn to **191**.

222

You decide to spend the night in the Nandibear's cave. You use your flints and tinder to start a fire out of sticks and logs which you find in and around the cave, and make yourself comfortable. If you met the Doragar family in the mine, turn to 112; otherwise, turn to 121.

223

'That'll do nicely,' she cackles. 'Now listen carefully: seek the Juja. The Juja knows more than I do.' Then she breaks out again into peals of hysterical laughter, and you can get nothing more out of her. Will you now continue north (turn to 336) or north-east (turn to 323)?

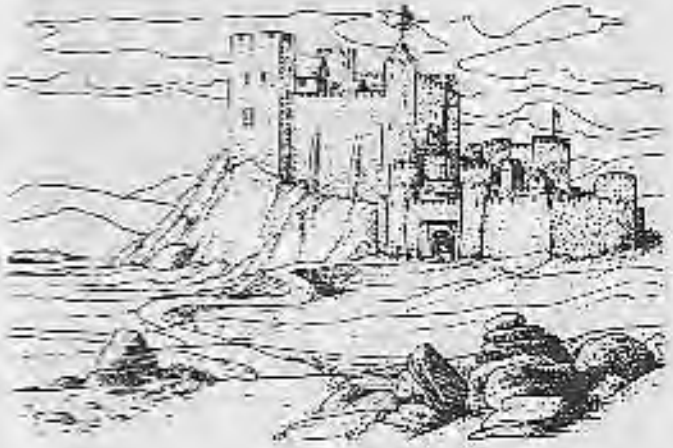

224

The torches on the walls are spaced further apart, and then cease altogether, as you walk on down the tunnel. You go back and get a torch to light your way, but a strong and unnatural wind blows it out straight away, and then dies down. Will you continue down this branch (turn to 49), or return and take the other branch (turn to 19)?

225

Just as you reach the bottom, the beam snaps, and the rope lands on top of you. This means that you cannot use it to climb back out again. Still, you have your rope again, and you got down in one piece. When you look up, you notice that the last steps of the ladder are missing, and that the shaft is too wide and sheer to chimney up. So there is no way out

unless you find an exit somewhere down the tunnels. There is a dank feel to the air; mosses and lichens have sprouted on the floor and walls of the well-made tunnel you are in, and moisture drips and forms puddles on the ground. The tunnel extends in both directions. Will you go west (turn to 237) or east (turn to 213)?

226

You sleep as deeply as if you had no cares in the world. But in the small hours of the morning, something disturbs the quiet surface of the lake. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **257**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **280**.

227

From now on, as you progress towards and into the mountains, the snow gets deeper and icy winds moan. Because you have little protection against the cold, your Provisions will restore only 3 STAMINA points, instead of the usual 4. Turn to **128**.

228

You succeed in wounding the Snake without also injuring yourself. The Snake remains coiled around your legs, but it is now easier for you to wade through the water. Turn to **15**.

229

A large bubble of marsh gas bursts close by. You are overcome by the poisonous fumes and slump unconscious into the surrounding waters, where unnameable creatures gobble you up. Your adventure is over.

230

There is little wood around to make a fire, even though you've got flints and tinder. You chew on some harsh berries and wash the taste out of your mouth with water from your flask. Will you refill your flask with water from the lake (turn to 39), or settle down to sleep straight away (turn to 76)?

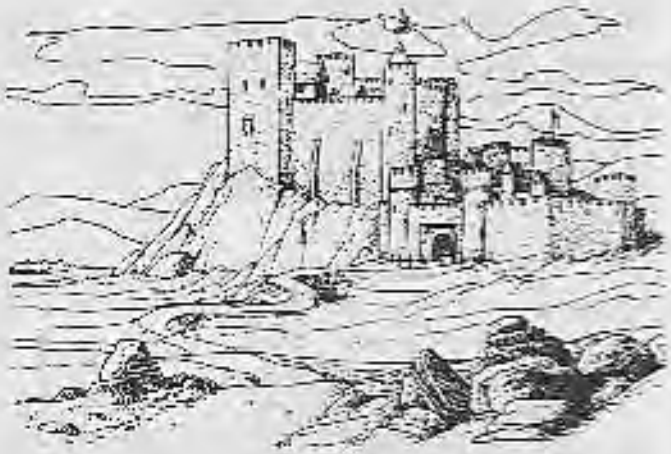

231

Will you investigate the main shaft (turn to 36) or, if you haven't already done so, the collapsed hut (turn to 212)? Or will you leave the area altogether (turn to 343)?

232

The bard stumbles and hesitates a bit, but manages to concoct a short epic, consisting mainly of entirely fanciful episodes, about your trip to Fallow Dale from Arion. The end result is quite pleasing, and certainly flattering: he keeps going on about the power of a sceptre and orb when wielded by a true ruler, until you almost feel that you could complete the rest of your quest, if only you had a sceptre and an orb. Add 1 LUCK point. Afterwards, you go to bed. Turn to 26.

233

From your hiding-place you can hear your captors searching for you, but they fail to find you. Meanwhile, you rub the rope which binds your hands against the sharp edge of a rock in the gully in which you have landed. Eventually it breaks. When you judge that the coast is clear, you emerge from the gully. Reduce your STAMINA by 3 for lying so long in the freezing snow. Turn to 250.

234

The eastern sky is just beginning to lighten, and mist is rolling in off the lake, signalling that dawn is not too far away. Lose 2 STAMINA points for lack of sleep. You come to a creek, which flows into the lake. You cannot see how wide it is, as the mist and darkness allow you to see only a few metres, and it is wider than that; but it is not too fast-flowing and it is not too deep either, as far as you can see. Will you cross it (turn to 274), or follow it upstream, hoping to cross where it is narrower (turn to 294)?

235

The river is deeper than you thought, and the current is so strong that you are swept off your feet and downstream. The river is now surrounded by sheer cliffs, with no beaches or other possible landing-places. The constriction of the cliffs makes the water even more rough. If your SKILL is 8 or over and your STAMINA is 12 or over, you survive; otherwise you drown. If you survive, the river eventually widens again. It is calmer and safer, but the cliffs are just as sheer. You are swept downstream for kilometre upon kilometre (lose 2 STAMINA points). However, you are able to haul yourself over a log, which helps. Day turns into night, and then day again. Turn to 38.

236

No serious obstacles present themselves for a while: the streams are either shallow enough to wade or narrow enough to jump over; the land is covered with heather or bilberry shrubs, which often make the going awkward, but by no means impossible.

Before long, a strange sight greets you. A gaily painted caravan is being drawn by a water buffalo in a westerly direction. A robust old man is sitting on the seat of the caravan; the reins hang limply in his hands, and he doesn't seem very concerned about where the caravan goes. The pots and pans strung up around the caravan clash and clang as it passes over the uneven terrain. A sign on the side reads: 'Canches – Alchemist & Trader'.

You call out and Canches stops the caravan: the buffalo immediately begins to tug at some coarse grass. Canches offers to sell you some of his home-made wares. If you have money and want to see what he's got, remember this paragraph number and turn to **80**. If you have no money, you can either pass the time of day and then continue north (turn to 397), or attack the alchemist to try to steal his goods (turn to **185**).

237

As you proceed west, you notice that there are evenly spaced shafts, smaller than the one you came down, drilled through to the ground above. These afford light and air, but are out of reach and unclimbable. You conclude that the mine was once worked by slaves, who needed to breathe and see, but also had to be prevented from escaping.

It turns out that this was a copper mine; the vein is worked out, but you find a nugget of greenish ore, and keep it. Later, a side-passage opens up to your left. Will you take it (turn to **283**), or continue along the main tunnel (turn to 364)?

238

At the mention of Morgana's name, a shudder seizes her body and she grows visibly weaker. But she has time to help you. 'You will find three doors,' she gasps. 'You must take the wooden one.' But these are her last words. You bury her and carry on, either north (turn to 125) or north-east (turn to 374).

239

You pace back along the tunnel to make a running jump. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **160**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **260**.

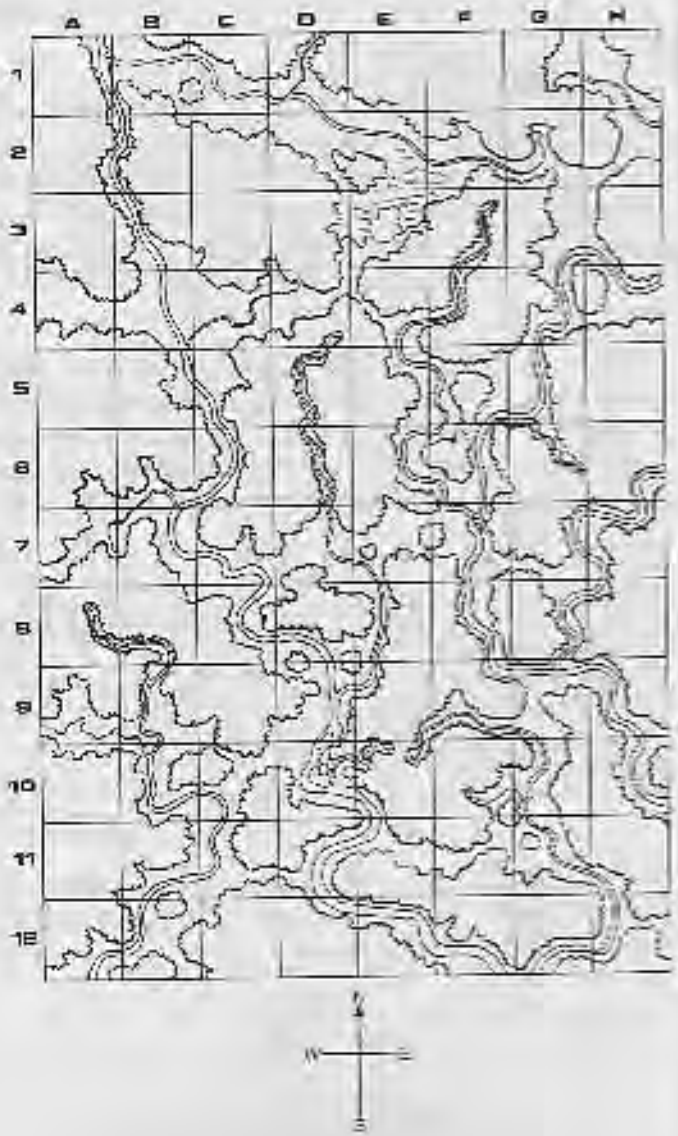

240

Hever equips you with a hunting-spear and a pack of hounds, and himself leads you to the part of Affen Forest in which the Tiger is known to be hiding at the moment. On the opposite page is a map of this part of the forest.

You and your hounds enter the forest at E12; the Tiger is hidden in its lair at F4. Track both your progress and the Tiger's in pencil on the map. Each turn, roll one die for your hounds and then one for the Tiger. These rolls are not simultaneous: your hounds may catch up with the Tiger after one of their rolls and before the Tiger has its roll. The effect of the rolls is shown in the following table:

	HOUNDS	TIGER
1	Your hounds have caught the scent. Move one square closer to the tiger in any direction	Move one square south
2	Move one square east	Move one square north
3	Move two squares north	Move one square west
4	Your hounds are well on the trail. Move two squares closer to the tiger in any direction, or any two directions	Move one square east

5	Move one square west	The tiger stops to investigate a tree, and does not move this turn
6	Your hounds lose the scent, and do not move this turn	Move one square north

You have eight dice rolls to catch up with the Tiger. If you have not done so in eight rolls, or if the Tiger moves off this grid map, then it has escaped (turn to 177). If within eight rolls your hounds reach any of the eight squares surrounding the one where the Tiger is currently located, turn to 371. If you ever land on C9, turn to 262.

241

You face a truly formidable foe.

ICE DRAGON SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you win, will you search its cave (turn to 204), or push straight on for Krill Garnash (turn to 298)?

242

Will you keep close to the lake, where the trees are thinner and the bank offers a crude path (turn to 79), or turn slightly west into the depths of the forest (turn to 171)?

243

You come to a ruined village. Crows and buzzards rise lazily from crumbling stone walls; the scene is desolate and more than a little ominous. Some evil has been done here, and not too long ago, for the ruins are not yet overgrown with weeds. Will you walk through the village (turn to 386), or bypass it (turn to 285)?

244

The spear misses and you make good your escape. The effects of the Cloak wear off after a while (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 173.

245

You set off through the hills on the first stage of your hazardous journey. Tiny animals disturb the grass and sorrel; the few trees have been bent into grotesque shapes by decades of wind. You can put some sorrel in your pack, if you want.

The sun sinks gradually below the forest-shrouded hills on the far side of the lake as you continue northwards. Will you camp here by the lakeside (turn to 230), or carry on through the deepening dusk (turn to 303)?

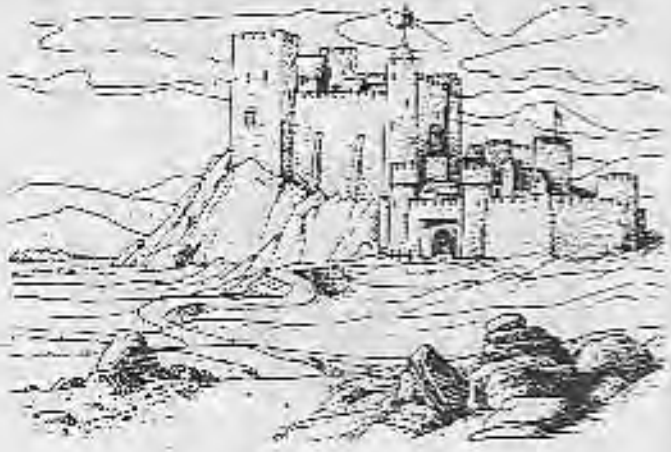

246

You just make it (at a cost of 2 STAMINA points of exertion), but your companion is not so lucky. You find his body crushed under a boulder. You recover your weapons and continue north towards Krill Garnash. Turn to 250.

247

You have gone about fifty metres across the bridge, when a Chimera materializes in front of you and demands to know the password. You don't know it, of course; in fact, there probably isn't one, but the Chimera just wants an excuse for a fight. The Chimera has a lion's head, a goat's body and a serpent's tail; its weapon is the deadly fire it breathes. If you have the Cloak of Temporary Invisibility and wish to use it, turn to 190; otherwise, turn to 145.

248

No sooner do you mention Galrin's name than he appears with his spectral army, and in no time at all they have razed the Elves' village to the ground. Galrin comes up to you. 'Idiot!' he wheezes hoarsely. 'Why summon us when there was no need?' He and his army vanish, and you may not call on them again in this adventure. Still, the pickings from the village are rich: apart from the crystal mirror, you find treasure worth 30 Gold Pieces, and a magical bow, with a quiver of arrows, which will add 1 to your SKILL score, even if that takes it over its *Initial* level. Will you look in the mirror (turn to **209**), or stow it away in your pack and continue on your way (turn to **115**)?

249

Your question triggers another attack of hysteria. All you can gather is that 'She came . . . the she-devil . . . took my husband . . . he was the farmer.' Then you leave her, hoping she will find peace. Will you head north (turn to **336**) or north-east (turn to **323**)?

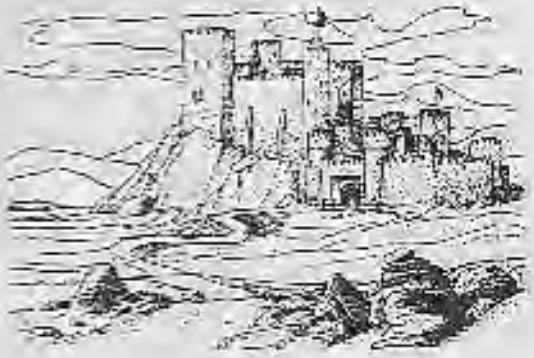

250

When you restart your journey towards Krill Garnash, there is no sign of the distant figure who, without knowing it, secured your freedom. Within two days the peaks of Krill Garnash, half hidden in lowering grey cloud, are so close that they seem to hang over you, like some vast primeval monster. There are two passes. Will you take the one which heads towards the west of Krill Garnash (turn to **284**), or the one which heads towards the east (turn to **142**)?

251

Peeping between the branches of the bramble which you are using as cover, you can see Wood Elves flitting noiselessly from tree-trunk to tree-trunk, and in this zigzag fashion getting closer to the spot where you are lying. While Wood Elves are decidedly not friendly towards human beings, they

are not usually hostile, unless their beloved woods have, in their opinion, been interfered with. Will you stand up and extend friendly greetings towards the Elves (turn to 334), or, since you cannot see any Elves behind you, try to back out of this confrontation (turn to 195)?

252

You are no match for the six Pygmy Orcs you have been following. They allow you to catch up, surround you and then their vicious blades flash in the morning sun. Your adventure is over.

253

Your fire creates a desolate area which cools off enough for you to enter it and remain safe from the bush-fire, at a cost of only 2 STAMINA points of burns. Turn to 10.

254

You have stumbled into the encampment of two Blackheart hunters. Blackhearts are an evil race, a cross between Orcs and Dark Elves. You had thought them quite extinct, eliminated in the Great War of your ancestor, Brendan Bloodaxe. But here are two of them, presumably from a village not too far away, looking quite as evil and dangerous as legend paints their forebears. They quickly recover from their surprise at your intrusion, pick up jagged scimitars and cautiously approach, one to either side of you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BLACKHEART	6	10
Second BLACKHEART	7	10

You will have to fight them simultaneously. Choose one as an opponent and conduct the fight as normal against him. But also roll for the Attack Strength of the other: if it is higher than your Attack Strength, he wounds you; if it is lower or equal, you have merely blocked his assault (in other words, you cannot wound him). If you defeat both Blackhearts, will you use their camp as your own for the night (turn to **269**), or quickly make your way out of the area (turn to **367**)?

255

Only a few drops of the acid splash into your eyes. Reduce your SKILL by 2 points for this fight only.

SPIT VIPER	SKILL 4	STAMINA 4

If you win, will you stay waiting by the ant-trail (turn to **277**), or carry on north (turn to **140**)?

256

This must be the entrance to Morgana's domain. Guttering torches line the walls, which stretch away in a straight line into the gloom ahead. You summon up all your courage and step into the tunnel. The torches do little to dispel the freezing cold and even though you can see your way, you cannot shake off a sense of blackness. For here Morgana rules, and her heart is cold and black. The tunnel ends with a

choice of three doors, next to one another on the northern wall of a small cavern. Will you take the wooden door in the middle (turn to **32**), the stone door (turn to **119**) or the iron door (turn to **290**)?

257

Your dreams abruptly change, and you suddenly wake up, crying, 'Kevin! No!' – only to find something more horrible than your worst nightmare. The five slimy tentacles of a Kraken are reaching out of the lake towards you. You repulse the nearest one with a brand snatched from the fire, which gives you time either to run (turn to **361**) or seize your sword and face the Kraken (turn to **322**).

258

Everything begins to fall into place – the realization that your mission was a trap; Morgana describing the plan as if it were not just hers alone; Kevin treacherously slain. You have been puzzling over all this for some time. If your suspicions have fallen on a particular person, you should be able to work out which paragraph to turn to. Otherwise, turn to **347**.

259

The trail is narrow, but you manage to stay on it. You have, however, sustained 2 STAMINA points of cuts and bruises in your fall. You dust yourself off, and pick your way down the trail. Turn to 117.

260

Your final step, which is intended to launch you over the pool, lands you squarely on a clump of slippery lichen. You fall heavily on your back and bang your head, and your momentum carries you into the pool, where a Water Snake completes your doom. Your adventure is over.

261

Closer inspection reveals two things: that the throne of weeds is actually a real throne which has simply become overgrown with weeds (though the skeleton is clean); and that the skeleton is holding an orb in its right hand and wearing a crown on its head. Will you try to take the orb (turn to 320) or the crown (turn to 74), or will you return to the surface and swim over to the northern shore (turn to 393)?

262

One of Hever's hunters dug a trap here last week. Your hounds instinctively avoid it (as the Tiger has done), but you blunder in and are impaled on the sharpened spikes at the bottom. Your adventure ends here.

263

You walk off through the mist, which closes behind your back. You are never seen again, by man or monster, on this earth.

264

The mist becomes thicker and more menacing. Strange lights flicker and fade. You can see nothing but water ahead, but there are mounds to the right and left. Will you go right (turn to 229), left (turn to 381) or straight on (turn to 215)?

265

This is the only possible solution. Your fire will make a desolate area, stretching back towards the cliff; you can enter this area to wait for the bush-fire to burn itself out. But by not doing this immediately, you have left yourself very little time. Roll one die. On 1–4, turn to 17; on 5 or 6, turn to 253.

266

You offer to pay him by the sweat of your brow. The farmer agrees, and puts you to work cleaning out his pig-sties, which (as he explains) should have been done years ago. Lose 2 STAMINA points for the work, and 1 LUCK point for the ignominy. When you have finished, you make your way to the castle gates. Turn to 78.

267

The pass you have taken veers until it joins the other one; Morgana allows only one way to and from her stronghold. As you begin to climb the slopes of Krill Garnash itself, you feel certain that the way is defended. You're not wrong. An Ice Dragon thunders out of its cave and swoops down on you, blasting ice from its nostrils. If you have a Cloak of Temporary Invisibility and want to use it, turn to 46; otherwise, turn to 241.

268

There are three of your companions left – but no Orcs. You recover your helmet, and the four of you begin the long trek back to Fallow Dale, resting frequently on the way. Turn to 321.

269

The night passes peacefully, and you wake up at dawn. Mist, rolling in from the lake, is already obscuring the surrounding hills, and crows are approaching, eyeing the corpses of the hunters. In the morning light, you spot the Blackhearts' packs, half hidden under a gorse bush. In them you find a length of stout rope and two bearskins. You decide to leave the pelts, since they would weigh you down, but you take the rope. Then you continue on your journey. The density of the mist soon makes you hopelessly lost. Turn to 108.

270

The shaman finds the ring and goes into a trance over it. When he returns from wherever he's been, he describes to the chief, with astonishing accuracy, your encounter with the Spriggans. 'Good,' declares the chief, as he unties your hands. 'The Spriggans are no friends of the forest.' Turn to 154.

271

The winner is the one who approves of your mission. He releases you and lets you carry on with your journey. Turn to 173.

272

You gingerly creep back along the bridge towards the cliff, but the bridge snaps, and the short bit you are on swings towards the face of the cliff. You scrabble for a handhold. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 199; if you are Unlucky, turn to 162. If you are wearing Boots of Agility, they will do you no good here, since your arms, not your feet, are doing the work.

273

As soon as you turn tail, you give the Spider the chance to shoot out a mass of sticky web and hold you fast. Her poisonous fangs sink into your flesh. Your adventure is over.

274

When you are halfway across, the spirits of the waters rise up against you. It all happens in an instant: one moment you are on your feet, the next moment you are flailing about underwater in a confusion of muddy-brown figures, with spray for hair and river-bed rocks for fists. Roll one die and reduce your STAMINA by that many points. It is clear that the creek could kill you if it chose to; but instead it ejects you back on to its southern bank, where you started. You decide to head into the forest, away from anything remotely resembling water, even though the forest is still as black as midnight and untouched by the approaching dawn. Turn to 171.

275

Your companion turns to quieten you, but is is too late. The noise starts an avalanche: distant rumbling soon becomes terrifyingly loud, and tons of snow, rocks and tree-trunks are hurtling down the mountainside towards you. You both run frantically for the opposite slope, to try to gain height. If your hands are tied, turn to 317; if they are untied, turn to 246.

276

After a couple of hundred metres, you reach a recent cave-in. Although it is pretty solid, you can smell fresh air seeping through the cracks, and faintly hear birds singing from the other side. You could try to clear the rock-fall with your hands (turn to 118) or a pick-axe head, if you have one (turn to 292); or you could despondently return to the fork and try the other branch, hoping that this too leads towards the outside (turn to 399).

277

You wait until the sun is getting low and red, but no ant passes carrying anything more valuable than a rusty nail. Lose 1 LUCK point. You decide to end this pointless exercise, and carry on north. Turn to 140.

278

Turn to 134.

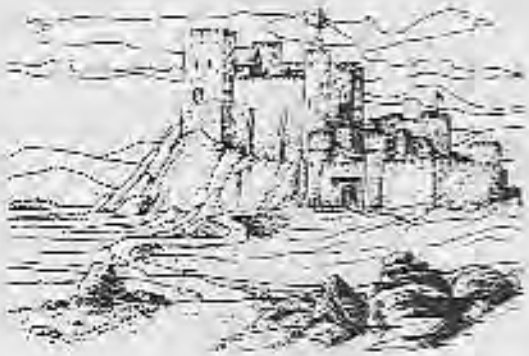

279

When you move further into the hut, a shape detaches itself from the deep shadows of one of the corners and shuffles towards you. At that moment a beam of light, which is pouring through a small hole in the roof, illuminates your helmet. Immediately, the shape stops its shuffling, and you can now see that it is a human hermit or beggar of some kind, and he appears to be fascinated by your helmet.

The next instant, the hermit drops to the floor and grovels at your feet, like an abject servant before his master or mistress. 'They told me,' he whimpers, half in ecstasy, half in fear. 'They told me you would come.' This is a bit alarming. 'Who told you?' you ask. 'The voices, the voices,' is all the reply you get.

The poor man is obviously crazy. Will you leave before the owners of 'the voices' find you there (turn to 231), or question the hermit further (turn to 92)?

280

You do not wake up until five slimy tentacles wrap themselves firmly around your body and draw you into the cavernous mouth of a Kraken. Your adventure is over.

281

With death, Kevin's heroic resistance snaps once and for all, and the evil spirit implanted in his body is able to take control. It too jumps to its feet – that is, Kevin's feet – and it hurls an impenetrable magic barrier around itself and you, so that Hever and his soldiers cannot approach. Cackling with glee, it cracks its fiery nine-tailed whip towards you. You cannot kill this demon, but if you win the fight, it will return to the nether regions, leaving Kevin in peace at last.

HELLFIRE SPIRIT SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, the barrier dissolves. Turn to 132.

282

You draw your sword and advance. Their snowshoes, while making long journeys less tiring, also make them less nimble in battle. They will fight you simultaneously, but every time you win an Attack Round against one, he will be out of the fight for the next Attack Round, and you can simply conduct a normal Attack Round against the other. When they are both attacking you at once, however, you must

choose which one of them to conduct a normal Attack Round against, and also roll for the Attack Strength of the other: whether or not you win the Attack Round against your chosen opponent, if the other's Attack Strength is higher than yours, he wounds you, but if it is lower or equal, you have not wounded him, but merely blocked his attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TRIBESMAN	8	10
Second TRIBESMAN	7	12

If you win, you can take a pair of snow-shoes, if you want, and carry on. Turn to 173.

283

The passage does not extend very far, and shows signs of having been one of the more recent faces of the mine. You find an old pick-axe: the handle has rotted away, but the head, though rusty, is sound. You can take it, if you want, before returning to the main tunnel. Will you continue west (turn to 364), or return past the main shaft and travel east (turn to 388)?

284

The western pass is narrow and choked with snow. If you are not wearing snow-shoes, you may decide to retrace your steps and try the eastern pass (turn to 142); if you remain in the western pass, turn to 123.

285

Will you keep well clear of the village by heading due east for a while (turn to 55), or just skirt it by heading north-east (turn to 214)?

286

You let yourself fall, simultaneously aiming the butt of your sword at the Elf's head. He crumples unconscious to the ground. But inevitably the other sharp-eared Elves hear what is going on, and you are quickly surrounded and marched away through the forest. Will you make a break for it (turn to 130), or let yourself be taken wherever you are going (turn to 358)?

287

Your voice will carry well in the crisp, clear mountain air. Will you call out to the distant figure (turn to 143), or carry on trudging through the snow (turn to 341)?

288

The heat soon becomes unbearable. You realize that you will never break through this wall of flame, and now it is too late to do anything else. Your adventure is over.

289

The rungs of the ladder remain secure for quite a way down. By this time, you can hear dripping below you, and the dank smell is strong, so you must be getting close to the bottom. But the increased dampness, you find, has rotted the rungs: they get more and more wobbly, and then end altogether. You look down and can see the bottom, but cannot judge exactly how far it is; and the shaft is too wide for you to chimney out again, so once you're down, there will be no exit unless you can find one in the mine itself. Will you climb back out (turn to 175), or let yourself go into space (turn to 54)?

290

As soon as you touch the door, long spikes spring out of it and the door slams open towards you. Roll one die. On 1–4, turn to 65; on 5 or 6, turn to 366.

291

The most direct route to Krill Garnash now lies somewhat to the north-east. Will you head north-east (turn to 55), or continue north (turn to 243)?

292

You manage to clear a few smaller rocks, but then struggle with a larger one, which is thoroughly wedged. But by using the pick-axe as a crowbar, you get enough leverage to dislodge it – and cause the whole roof to crash on top of you. Your adventure is over.

293

There is a steep path down the cliff from the top of the waterfall to the large pool which has formed in the canyon below. The cliffs here are craggier and less sheer, and you hope that, if you can cross the pool, you may be able to climb the northern cliff. As you swim across the deep pool, you see that the northern cliff is climbable – but you also see a rather large Alligator waddle from the northern shore into the water, where its snout cuts a furrow in the water towards you. If you have the Cloak of Temporary Invisibility, you cannot use it here: it would be too awkward and time-consuming to get it out of your pack. Will you tread water to meet the Alligator's onslaught in as stable a position as possible (turn to 43), or will you dive underwater in an attempt to get at the creature's underbelly (turn to 380)?

294

Dense undergrowth forces you some way from the creek. The going is very hard, especially after your night-time exertions, and after a while you stop to rest. Turn to 398.

295

Now you confront Morgana herself. She is so confident of victory that she allows herself to gloat over you. 'By all the dark forces,' she cries, 'this is perfect! I've got you just where we wanted.' Then she leaps off her throne and at you. Her body is frail, but her magical powers more than compensate for lack of strength. You will be able to inflict only 1 STAMINA point of injury every time you wound her (or 2 if you use LUCK successfully). The Cloak of Temporary Invisibility (if you have it) will not protect you in the slightest against anyone with magic powers.

MORGANA SKILL 11 STAMINA 6

If you win, and Morgana cursed you on Pikestaff Plain, turn to **4**; otherwise, turn to **81**.

296

The bard complies with your request quite skilfully, but misses out the bit where Pyke battles the Wyvern of Wailing Island, and has him changing into a buzzard, not an eagle, at the end. Afterwards, you go to bed. Turn to **26**.

297

With arrows whistling about your ears, you sprint, crouch and zigzag away from the Elves. They do not seem particularly interested in pursuing you. When you judge that the coast is clear, you head north towards Fallow Dale. Turn to **115**.

298

Some of Morgana's defences are formed by the mountain itself. The direct way you are following to Krill Garnash leads to a long glacier, which is steep enough to make walking – or rather, crawling – up it very hazardous. If you have a pick-axe head, turn to 395; otherwise, turn to 96.

299

The farmer grumbles a bit, but accepts the money and lets you cross his land. You make your way to the castle gates. Turn to 78.

300

The warrior dies. Will you continue north (turn to 125) or turn north-east (turn to 374)?

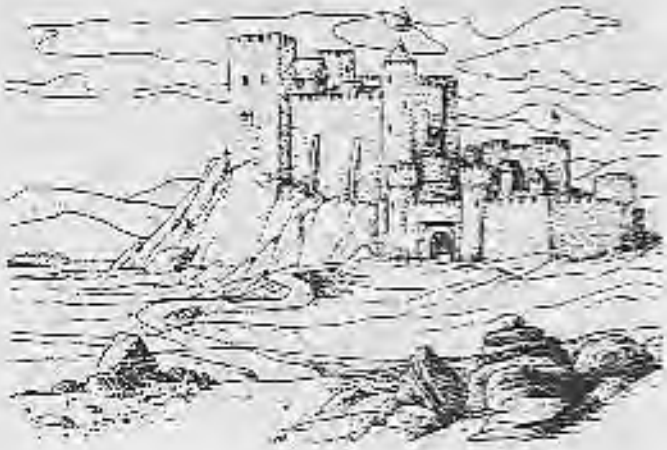

301

On close inspection, the tusk turns out to have eleven tiny dragons intricately engraved on it; it also has a lid, which you screw off. Inside you find eight identical seeds – they look like apple pips to you. Somebody has gone to a lot of trouble over them, so you decide to hang on to them. Return to 112 and choose again.

302

Roll two dice. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 116; if the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 75.

303

Night has well and truly fallen, and a gibbous moon is in the mid-heaven. When you reach the top of one low mound, you see in the dell not far below you a camp-fire, burning bright and welcoming. You see two humanoid shapes by the fire, but cannot quite make out to which race they belong. Will you go down towards the fire for a closer look (turn to 89), or skirt the region and continue your journey (turn to 186)?

304

Your perseverance is rewarded. You come across an open area in the grass, where hard mud is pitted with holes, each of which is about the size of your fist and serves as entrance and exit for countless ants. You dig in the earth with your sword, but while you do so, ants have the opportunity to climb all over you and nip you. You can gain treasure worth up to 10 Gold Pieces, but at a loss of 1 STAMINA point for every 2 Gold Pieces. When you have finished, turn to 140 to head north again.

305

There are few people out in the street. An old woman weaving baskets outside her front door eyes you curiously, and the blacksmith, a hulking man with at least a few pints of Troll blood in his veins, stops working while you pass. Will you go into the village inn (turn to 99), or are you so badly hurt and wounded that you ask the blacksmith for the way to the local healer (turn to 152)?

306

The side-passage is not long and ends at a T-junction. You know that turning left would take you away from your goal, so you turn right. Turn to 170.

307

The Kraken's ghastly head, with its huge beaked mouth snapping, appears out of the water behind its five tentacles. Will you move in close, thus exposing yourself to the tentacles, but hoping for an opportunity to finish the horror off with one blow to its head (turn to 157), or will you slash at the tentacles themselves (turn to 330)?

308

Whichever of your LUCK, STAMINA or SKILL you choose is restored to its *initial* level. Then he guides you back to Pikestaff Plain and points you in the direction of the foothills. Turn to 374.

309

After a while the wall abruptly comes to an end. You lose your balance and fall into a room hollowed out of the rock. There are confused scuffles, and then a lamp is lit. Perhaps this was once a guard-room for whatever beings were in charge of the mine, but now it is occupied by a family of Doragars! Doragars are an immensely strong race, a cross between Orcs and Trolls, and were often used for hard physical labour like mining. It may be that this family is descended from the very slaves who once worked the mine. But you have no time to ask this lot about their ancestry. The male Doragar is attacking, wielding an axe, while the female picks up the two young ones and runs screaming down the tunnel to the west.

DORAGAR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, you search the room. Doragars are famous for hoarding trinkets. Turn to 172.

310

Your helmet falls off your head and some way down the slope. You retrieve it, but your momentum carries you further down the slope. Turn to 89.

311

You quickly discover why the helmet is so dented. As soon as you put it on, it presses down on you like a ton of stone; you topple over to the ground and

bang your head. You manage to prise it off, but must lose 1 STAMINA point for slight concussion. Then you continue on your way east. Turn to **180**.

312

A couple of villagers catch you up. They are somewhat the worse for drink (the local medlar wine is pretty potent). They take up positions, one to either side of you, and then talk as if you weren't there at all. 'A stranger.' 'Yes, I don't hold with strangers.' 'Nor me.' 'Let's roll this one.'

You have no wish to offend Hever by seriously hurting any of his people, but you will have to defend yourself against these two thugs. You lay aside your weapons, roll up your sleeves, and use the noble art of fisticuffs. Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, they have managed to hit you, and you must reduce your STAMINA by 1 point; if you roll 3 or 4, you dodge their blows, but they block yours; if you roll 5 or 6, you have succeeded in landing a blow. Once you have hit them three times (i.e. rolled a 5 or 6 three times), they will run away, and you can make your way to the castle gates. Turn to **78**.

313

You pick yourself up and look around. Mosses and lichens have sprouted on the floor and the well-made walls, and moisture drips and forms puddles. The tunnel extends in both directions. Will you go west (turn to **237**) or east (turn to **213**)?

314

One of them wants to take you as their prisoner to Morgana; the other wants to free you. They argue, and harsh words soon turn to blows, and then a fight to the death. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **271**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **50**.

315

You find nothing of interest, except that right in the middle of the garden of the largest house a black-shafted spear is stuck into the ground. A blood-red 'M' is sewn on to the black flag which flutters from the end of the spear. This is clearly some kind of challenge from Morgana. Will you grasp the spear to pluck it out of the ground (turn to **11**), or leave it and carry on, either north through the village (turn to **56**) or north-east away from it (turn to **323**)?

316

There is plenty of dry wood around to start a fire with your flints and tinder, and you soon have a merry blaze going. You chew on some nuts and drink some water from your flask. Will you refill your flask with water from the lake (turn to **67**), or settle down to sleep straight away (turn to **226**)?

317

You fail to gain enough height. Scavenging Snow Wolves find your corpse later that night.

318

With this advantage, you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TRIBESMAN	8	10
Second TRIBESMAN	7	12

If you win, you can take a pair of snow-shoes, if you want, and carry on. The powers of the Cloak wear off after a while (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 173.

319

'It would indeed be tragic,' continues the chief, 'if Morgana were to unleash her Golems upon the land. Therefore we will aid you, if we can. But first we require some proof that you are not hostile towards our forest.' The shaman rummages through your pack. If he can find a garnet ring, turn to **270**; otherwise turn to 45.

320

If you still have your helmet, turn to **161**; if you have lost your helmet, turn to 74.

321

When you get back to Fallow Dale and appear before Hever with your helmet, he can see that you are whom you claim to be – the ruler of Arion. At the back of your mind now is the question of Hever's horn and how to ask him about it, but you spend the time discussing more pressing questions. How did the thieves know you were here? How did a message get through to them, and from whom? Eventually Hever suggests that some tales from his bard might take your mind off your worries, if you are not too tired. Will you accept (turn to **184**) or go to bed (turn to 26)?

322

The Kraken's ghastly head, with its huge beaked mouth snapping, appears out of the water behind the tentacles. But it is obviously afraid of the fire, and it stays well out of reach: you will have to deal with its tentacles, rather than going for a killing stroke to the beast itself. Will you fight the tentacles with sword alone (turn to 379), or try to snatch burning branches from the fire to use in combination with your sword (turn to 207)?

323

No serious obstacles present themselves for quite a while: the streams are either shallow enough to wade or small enough to jump over; the land is covered with heather or bilberry shrubs, which often make the going awkward, but by no means impossible (and provide some food).

In the mid-afternoon of the second day after leaving the grass, you come across a strange sight in such surroundings. A gaily painted caravan is being drawn by a water buffalo, heading west. A robust old man is sitting on the seat of the caravan; the reins hang limply in his hands, and he doesn't seem very concerned about where the caravan goes. The pots and pans strung up around the caravan clash and clang as it passes over the uneven ground. A sign on the side reads: 'Canches – Alchemist & Trader'.

You call out and Canches stops the caravan; the buffalo immediately begins to tug at some coarse grass. Canches offers to sell you some of his home-made wares. If you have money and want to see what he's got, remember this paragraph number and turn to 80. If you have no money, you can either pass the time of day and then continue north-east (turn to 375), or attack the alchemist to try to steal his goods (turn to 285).

324

This is doomed to failure. As soon as you start to push the log out of its secure position, you and it are

swept over the falls. The log survives fairly intact, but you don't. Your adventure is over.

325

The smell gets worse, and then you lose your footing in the accumulated sludge of generations of bats, whose colony you have entered. Before you can get to your feet, they are flapping all around you, confusing you with their squeaks and scratching you with tiny teeth and claws. You will have to hack your way out. Reduce your SKILL by 1 point for this fight because of your disorientation. Treat the many bats as a single opponent.

BATS	SKILL 5	STAMINA 12

If you win, you rejoin the main tunnel and continue east. But when you slipped over, you lost one item or one lot of Provisions from your pack. Choose what to cross off your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to 370.

326

Will you give her:

3 Gold Pieces?	Turn to 223
A jewelled neck-band?	Turn to 110
A garnet ring?	Turn to 44
Cholumbara?	Turn to 196

327

There is no escaping the Bloodhawk's piercing gaze.

GIANT BLOODHAWK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 12

The Bloodhawk is not evil, so the Horn of Hever will have no effect on it. If you win, turn to 201.

328

While you delay to investigate the crack, you make an easy target for a Blackheart hunter who happens to look down the shaft from above. Purely out of malice, he fires a black-feathered arrow down the shaft and into your back. A somewhat larger skeleton will join the others.

329

'Oh dear,' says Vashti calmly. 'That means you're stuck here with me. Never mind: maybe another traveller will enter this domain, in another few centuries.' Until then, your adventure is over.

330

In your exposed position, the tentacles can lash at you two at a time. Thus every time you determine your Attack Strength for normal combat with the first tentacle, you must also determine the Attack Strength of the second tentacle: if its Attack Strength is higher than yours, it wounds you; if it is lower or equal, you have merely avoided it (you cannot wound it). When you have finished with the first tentacle, you turn to deal with the second directly, and the third gets free attacks at you; and so on, until you have finished with them all . . . if you get that far!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TENTACLE	6	6
Second TENTACLE	6	6
Third TENTACLE	6	6
Fourth TENTACLE	6	6
Fifth TENTACLE	6	6

You can at any time escape by turning to 183, though the tentacles will cause you 2 further STAMINA points of injury as you gather up your belongings and flee. If you remain, and win the battle, turn to 85.

331

When you pick up the pouch and loosen the drawstring, you release the tiny Flame Asp which was nestling inside. It bites you on the hand. The poison takes five seconds to paralyse you, and ten to kill you.

332

After a while, you think you can see the end of the fire, but it is too far away for you to reach before the fire reaches you. You must think again. There is no point in running in the opposite direction to try to find the other limit of the fire, so will you run north away from the fire (turn to 47) or south towards the fire (turn to 221)?

333

You decide to take a set of the Tiger's claws as a memento of this epic battle. Then you return to where Hever is waiting with his village headmen at the edge of the forest. The blue sky, the pennants fluttering in the breeze and the sound of skylarks high above well match your elation at your victory. Hever is delighted with your success. 'You have proven yourself worthy to carry the Horn of Hever,' he says. 'Let us return to the castle to celebrate.' Add 2 LUCK points.

The celebrations continue well into the next day. The mead and medlar wine flow freely. You have to put up with a long procession of local dignitaries, each of whom wants to hear your story and thank

you. Still, you gain 3 STAMINA points. As you prepare to leave the castle, Hever presents you with the horn. It looks just like an ordinary ram's horn, but it came from a Yachar, a Horned Demon, and hence has power over demonic as well as mortal evil. You hang it securely around your neck, so that it is as available to you as your sword. If you sound this horn, you may reduce any opponent's SKILL by 1, unless the book tells you otherwise. Turn to 384.

334

Six Wood Elves step up to you, with a mixture of curiosity and caution, and then politely but firmly lead you away. Will you make a break for it (turn to 130), or let yourself be taken wherever you are going (turn to 28)?

335

Skeletal arms, some with rotten flesh still hanging from them, emerge from the walls; bony fingers reach for the horn, which you still have hanging around your neck, while others try to trip you up. You will have to hack your way through this horrible gauntlet.

HANDS SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 72.

336

No serious obstacles present themselves for quite a while: the streams are either small enough to jump or shallow enough to wade; the land is covered in

heather or bilberry shrubs, which often make the going awkward, but by no means impossible (and provide some food).

In the later afternoon of the second day after leaving the grass, you come across a strange sight in such surroundings. A gaily painted caravan is being drawn by a water buffalo, heading west. A robust old man is sitting on the seat of the caravan; the reins hang limply in his hands, and he doesn't seem very concerned about where the caravan goes. The pots and pans strung up around the caravan clash and clang as it passes over the rough terrain. A sign on the side reads: 'Canches – Alchemist & Trader'.

You call out and Canches stops the caravan; the buffalo immediately begins to tug at some coarse grass. Canches offers to sell you some of his home-made wares. If you have money and want to see what he's got, remember this paragraph number and turn to 80. If you have no money, you can either pass the time of day and then continue north (turn to 13), or attack the alchemist to try to steal his goods (turn to 185).

337

The campers, whoever they are, do not hear you, and you carry on through the night. Lose 2 STAMINA points for lack of sleep. At dawn, mist rolls in from the lake, and you no longer know where you are. Turn to 108.

338

The warrior's eyes flicker and open, and she looks up at you blankly. As you prop her up against a rock, she mutters something about 'the Juja'. Her death is close, but you may be able to ask her one question first. Will you ask her about this Juja (turn to 353), or if she knows how to get into Morgana's lair (turn to 238)?

339

You manage to get enough of a grip on the ice to slow your rate of descent. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You decide to explore the Dragon's cave instead of attempting the glacier again. Turn to 204.

340

You start back from the lip, but the bank gives way beneath your feet, and you slide on your back down into the lake. The noxious water causes you 2 STAMINA points of burns, and ruins *all* your remaining Provisions (and any sorrel you may have). You clamber, cursing, back to solid ground and head in the opposite direction. You soon come across the trail again. Will you turn left (turn to 263) or right (turn to 156)?

341

The figure shortly disappears from sight, and you see no living creature, human or otherwise, for two days – though at night the howling of wolves is often too close for comfort. The peaks of Krill Garnash are now so close that they seem to hang over you, like some vast primeval monster. There are two passes. Will you take the one which heads towards the west of Krill Garnash (turn to 284), or the one which heads towards the east (turn to 142)?

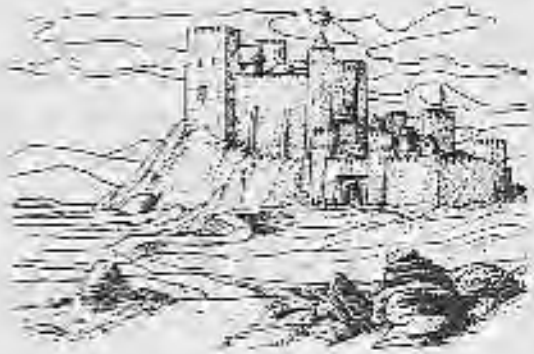

342

Before long, Hever himself enters the room, surrounded by guards ready for the slightest suspicions move from you. He is a huge, black-bearded man, quick to anger and quick to laughter. You tell him what has happened and point out that, as ruler of Arion, you are not used to such treatment. Hever quietly asks you to describe the missing helmet. When you have done so, he smiles with relief and steps forward to embrace you. 'You are welcome, cousin,' he booms. 'Ifor Tynin sent word by eagle of your coming. Now, how may we help?' You show him the rope. Hever arranges for a search-party (six in all, including yourself) to go in pursuit of the thieves. Turn to 166.

343

You set your course by the sun for Fallow Dale. If you have two or fewer lots of Provisions left, turn to 376. Otherwise, turn to 200.

344

Either of these will keep the cold of the northern mountains from sapping your strength. From now on, as you progress towards and into the mountains, the snow gets deeper and icy winds moan. Turn to 128.

345

Boggy ground soon turns to pools with no more than occasional mounds of earth to support you. There is nothing of interest to be seen. Will you turn back and then head north-east towards Krill Garnash (turn to 374)? Or will you jump from mound to mound, deeper into the marsh, to the left (turn to 187), right (turn to 229) or straight on (turn to 165)?

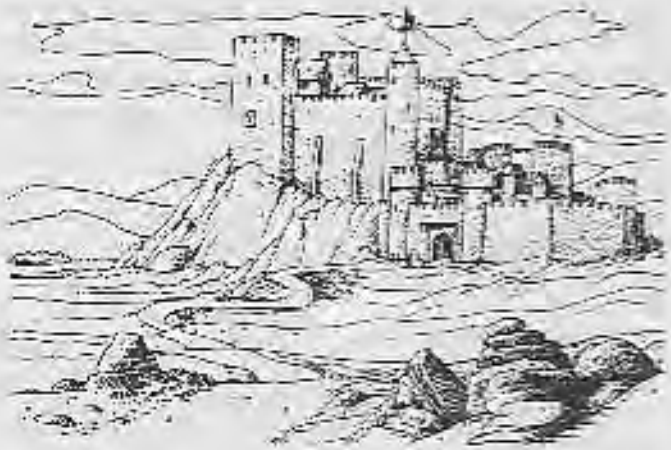

346

You sit down to rest after your exertions. Then to your amazement a spectral army glides across the surface of the lake. There are at least forty of them, and most are dressed in the battered remnants of armour of bygone days. You jump to your feet in alarm. You can see through them, but you also have no doubt that they are substantial enough to make their presence felt in this earthly realm.

While you are wondering what to do, one of them steps forward on to the bank. He was once a man in the prime of life, long-haired and with noble and stern features. 'Fear not,' his ghostly voice whispers. 'You have done us great service. With the death of the Kraken we, its victims, are released from our bondage to this spectral form. But we repay our debts. Before we go to our final rest in the underworld, we will assist you once in the course of your quest – but my advice would be not to call us except in the direst need. You can summon us by

my name: it is Galrin.' With that, the leader and his host of followers vanish. When the book tells you that you can call on Galrin, turn to 100. For now, add 2 LUCK points and turn to 385.

347

No sooner has Morgana slumped to the ground than an unseen enemy stabs you in the back. You die, with a puzzled expression frozen on your face. Your adventure is over.

348

With a lucky strike of its paws, the Tiger splinters your spear as though it were made of straw. Now you will have to fight it at close quarters, with your sword. Return to 371 and continue the fight, but every time the Tiger's claws rake you, it will inflict 4 instead of 2 points of STAMINA injury.

349

You just clear the pool, but land on a clump of slippery lichen, and fall over backwards into the water. A Water Snake coils itself around your neck and holds you under until you drown.

350

Will you head north, which is the most direct route to Krill Garnash from where you are (turn to 236), or slightly north-west (turn to 55)?

351

You sneak out of the chief's hut, which is easy since it is set apart from the other huts, and continue towards Fallow Dale. Turn to 115.

352

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 373. If you are Unlucky, turn to 163.

353

'I was searching for him,' she says, though the effort of speaking visibly weakens her. 'He is close. I don't know exactly where; I only know a rhyme: "Do not wander, do not stray; always take the middle way."' But these are her last words. You bury her and carry on, either north (turn to 125) or north-east (turn to 374).

354

You are still able to think clearly, so you seize a torch from a wall-bracket to light your way. This is just as well, because you soon see that the floor and walls are lined with jagged rocks. The litter of animal skeletons shows that they are poisoned. There is no way through here. Will you try the stone door (turn to 119) or the wooden door (turn to 32)?

355

Later, a side-passage opens up on your left. Will you take it (turn to 283), or continue along the main tunnel (turn to 364)?

356

Why, you wonder, have the thieves made it so easy for you to follow them? The rope, the easy trail – it's as if they want you to catch them up. If you have a bow and arrows, turn to 220; otherwise, turn to 252.

357

As you continue north, you soon begin to see, some way ahead, the pall of vapour which continually covers Marsh Vile. Among the many streams and rivulets which crisscross this part of the plain, you come across one which has been reduced to a mere trickle; the exposed mud is still damp. Will you follow it upstream to find out what is blocking it (turn to 25) or continue north (turn to 125)?

358

The Elves tie your hands behind your back and keep a close watch on you as they march you off towards their village. Turn to 28.

359

Half a kilometre away from the cliff, you pause for thought. Roll two dice. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 134; if the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 365.

360

Your shouts have no effect on the distant figure – but dramatic effects otherwise. The noise starts an avalanche, and you are soon crushed under tons of snow, rocks and tree-trunks.

361

In your haste, you drop some Provisions out of your pack. Roll one die: this many lots of Provisions are lost. The moon sets and you wander in the pitch-dark forest, no longer certain of your direction, until a slight lightening of the gloom and the mist rolling in from the lake herald dawn. Lose 1 STAMINA point for lack of sleep. Will you slump down against a tree to rest (turn to 398), or press on (turn to 171)?

362

As the mist begins to clear, you can see buildings in the shallow valley below you. You duck down behind a stone. When you dare to peek around the stone, you find that the buildings are in fact the dilapidated remains of a mine of some kind. They are obviously uninhabited – at any rate, by their former inhabitants. Will you have a look around (turn to 181), or skirt the area (turn to 343)?

363

You fall into the Chion's trap, and it is impossible to climb up the sides of crumbling snow. The Chion makes short work of swallowing you. Your adventure is over.

364

Directly underneath one of the air-shafts, you find a litter of small skeletons – presumably of animals that have fallen down – which are partially concealing a small fissure, no more than three centimetres wide. Will you investigate (turn to **328**) or carry on (turn to **57**)?

365

You realize that you need to create a fire-break between yourself and the bush-fire, but you have left yourself little time. The only means you have of making such a fire-break is to start your own fire, which will burn up the shrubs and leave the bush-fire nothing to catch on. Will you start a fire to the south of where you stand, between yourself and the bush-fire (turn to **102**), or north of where you stand, between yourself and the cliff (turn to **265**)?

366

You leap back in time to avoid the door. Will you go through it into a dark tunnel (turn to **131**), or try the stone door (turn to **119**) or the wooden door (turn to **32**)?

367

A sudden noise from some nearby undergrowth startles you and you rush away, imagining a whole host of Blackheart warriors. Turn to **183**.

368

You launch yourself into the river. The force of the current immediately sweeps you downstream, well out of the way of the beach. The sheer cliffs now press in on either side of the river, and the water becomes even more rough. There are no beaches or other possible landing-places. However, you manage to cling on to your log, as you are swept along for kilometre upon kilometre. The river eventually widens again. It is calmer and safer, but the cliffs are just as sheer. Day turns into night, and then day again. Turn to **38**.

369

The passage is not long, and ends at a T-junction. You know that turning right would take you away from your goal, so you turn left. Turn to **16**.

370

Shortly, you reach a spot where the floor has subsided, and a pool of stagnant water has formed, which is about a metre deep and three metres wide. Will you try to jump over the pool (turn to 239), or wade through it (turn to 151)?

371

The massive Sabre-toothed Tiger bursts out of cover, slavering at the mouth, and sets about the pack of hounds with its huge paws. You must fight it with your spear. First roll one die: your hounds manage to injure the beast for this amount of STAMINA damage before you call them off and engage it yourself. If they cause it 5 or 6 points of STAMINA injury, you may also reduce its SKILL by 1 point.

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If you have not defeated it after four rounds of combat, turn to 348. If you win, turn to 333. If your STAMINA is getting dangerously low, you may decide that the Horn of Hever is not worth it, and break off from the fight (turn to 177).

372

You step safely from rock to slippery rock, until you reach the south bank. Turn to 293.

373

You walk on and on, unaware that you have fortunately crossed a narrow span of stone over a chasm. Much later, the tunnel narrows, and you keep pressed to the wall to avoid bumping into the sides all the time. Will you keep to the right-hand wall (turn to 61) or the left-hand wall (turn to 309)?

374

You travel by easy stages to the foothills of the northern mountain range. There is quite a bit of game, so you use up only 1 lot of Provisions. One night you camp by a copse. In the morning, will you walk through the copse (turn to 113) or around it (turn to 126)?

375

The following night, your camp-fire attracts some unwelcome visitors. A couple of Mordidas are patrolling their territory and resent your intrusion. Mordidas are scavengers – they are rather like huge hyenas – and are usually too cowardly to approach anything which might fight back. But to judge by the state of these two, they have not had anything to eat for quite a while and are desperate. If you have the Cloak of Temporary Invisibility, it will do you no good here, as the Mordidas' powerful sense of smell is just as effective as their sight. They adopt the method of attack peculiar to their kind, and each attacks you in alternate Attack Rounds.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MORDIDA	5	8
Second MORDIDA	7	10

The first Mordida is weakened by disease, and has become rabid. If it wins any Attack Rounds against you, you will have to cut the poison out of the wound it has inflicted: this will cause you 2 further STAMINA points of injury. But you can do this only if you survive the battle, of course. If you survive, turn to 13.

376

The remainder of the journey to Fallow Dale is uneventful, but you soon run out of Provisions. Reduce your STAMINA score by 6 points for two days of hard walking with no food or water. If you survive, turn to 178.

377

The guards are still inclined to think that anything you do may be a trick, so they simply knock you unconscious to keep you quiet. Lose 3 STAMINA points. When you come to, turn to 342.

378

Your companions turn to quieten you, but it is too late. The noise starts an avalanche: distant rumbling soon becomes terrifyingly loud, and tons of snow, rocks and tree-trunks are hurtling down the mountainside towards you. Fortunately, you are all close to the opposite slope, and you are able to run out of reach of the avalanche, though in the panic you become separated from your captors. You fall into a snow-drift, which hides you from view. Roll one die: on 1–3, turn to 146; on 4–6, turn to 233.

379

With your back to a tree and the camp-fire in front of you, you can fight the tentacles one at a time. They try to wrap themselves around you and pull you into the gaping mouth of the Kraken.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TENTACLE	6	6
Second TENTACLE	6	6
Third TENTACLE	6	6
Fourth TENTACLE	6	6
Fifth TENTACLE	6	6

You can escape at any time by turning to 361, though the tentacles will cause you 2 further

STAMINA points of injury as you gather up your belongings and flee. If you stay put, and win the battle, turn to 346.

380

You manage to wound the Alligator before it too dives to meet you. The battle is on, sometimes under water, sometimes on the surface. The Alligator is not evil, so the Horn of Hever will have no effect on it, and you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point for this fight, because the water hampers your movements.

ALLIGATOR SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, roll two dice. If the total is 4–10, turn to 393; otherwise turn to 122.

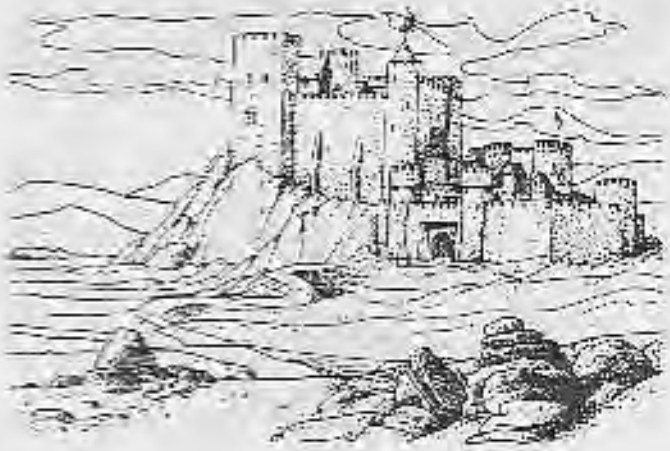

381

A bolt of the lightning which constantly plays in this marsh strikes you dead. Your adventure is over.

382

You find yourself among mist-shrouded hills. The position of the sun, dimly perceived behind the mist, tells you that you have been transported to the eastern side of the lake, well away from the Elves' forest. Will you stay where you are until the mist clears (turn to 27), or press on regardless (turn to 138)?

383

This may be a mistake. The tribe to which these men belong has long been under the rule of Morgana. They pay her tribute, because they fear her; but they would rather be free. When you approach them with your sword still in its sheath, they seize you roughly and tie you against a tree. They search through your pack. If they can find a set of Sabre-toothed Tiger's claws, turn to 155; otherwise, turn to 194.

384

As you are taking your leave of Hever, a bruised and bleeding figure thrusts his way past the guards into the courtyard and collapses face down at your feet. You gently turn him over, and have difficulty at first in recognizing Kevin Truehand, your armourer from Arion. He is barely alive. He speaks through cracked lips with a great effort, as if resisting the approach of death or of something worse: 'Majesty, I tried . . . black magic . . . must not give in . . .' Then he chokes and breathes his last. You jump to your feet. Will you go over to discuss this matter with Hever (turn to 93), or stay thinking about it yourself (turn to 281)?

385

You decide not to spend any more time by the lake shore, and strike off north and slightly west, through the dark forest, until you are no longer certain how far you have come or where you are. A slight lightening of the gloom and mist rolling in from the lake herald dawn. Will you slump down against a tree to rest (turn to 398), or press on (turn to 171)?

386

Two animated Skeletons emerge, jerking like puppets, from behind a devastated house. They attack you simultaneously with their cutlasses, but fortunately they are rather uncoordinated. Choose one to attack, and use the normal combat rules against it. The other may wound you, but you may not wound it; roll for its Attack Strength too, and if it is higher than yours, it wounds you; if it is lower or equal, you have dodged its spasmodic assault.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	5	8
Second SKELETON	5	7

If you win, you may take a bejewelled choker which one of the Skeletons was wearing. Will you then continue north through the village (turn to 84), or weave through the village in a north-easterly direction, in order to get away from it as soon as possible (turn to 214)?

387

If you can guess what you are supposed to do here, add together the numbers of the items involved and turn to the paragraph with that number. Otherwise, the trees shimmer mysteriously, but nothing happens to make you stay there. You carry on with your journey. Turn to 37.

388

About half a kilometre beyond the main shaft, a side-passage opens up to your right; a truly horrible smell is issuing from it. Will you take it (turn to 325) or continue along the main tunnel (turn to 370)?

389

'No matter, no matter,' laughs Hever, 'if that's how you want to sit at the table.' You talk about your respective cultures during the feast, although at the back of your mind is the matter of Hever's horn and how to ask him about it. When the meal is over (restore 4 STAMINA points), Hever invites you to join him in his Privy Chamber to listen to the castle bard. The wine you drank at the feast is already making your limbs feel like lead. Refreshing sleep seems not just desirable, but necessary. Will you politely refuse Hever's invitation and ask to be shown to your room (turn to 26), or will you go with him (turn to 184)?

390

The look on their faces when you vanish is so comical that you almost give yourself away by laughing out loud. But your footprints in the snow are more of a problem. Will you try to run away (turn to 94), or simply use your invisibility to fight them with a clear advantage (turn to 318)?

391

You are almost immediately spotted and surrounded. Turn to 358.

392

Since the Ice Hulk has no brain to speak of, it takes quite a time for the creature to register the pain of the wound you have inflicted on it. You withdraw your sword from its side, expecting at least to slow the beast down, and are therefore unprepared for it to continue coming at you, swinging its great paws like claw-tipped mallets. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 182; if you are Unlucky, turn to 60.

393

You reach the northern shore and dry off. The climb up the cliff is fairly easy. Once at the top, you pause to estimate your position. You think that you have come so far west that the dreaded Marsh Vile now lies to the north, and the foothills to the mountain range of Krill Garnash to the north-east. You know you should avoid Marsh Vile if you possibly can, but will you head north for a while (turn to 357) or north-east (turn to 374)?

394

As you walk along, you notice that there are many evenly spaced shafts, drilled through to the ground above. These afford light and air, but are out of reach and just as unclimbable as the one you fell down. You conclude that the mine was once worked by slaves, who needed to breathe and see, but also had to be prevented from escaping.

It turns out that this was a copper mine: the vein is worked out, but you find a nugget of greenish ore, which you keep. You soon come to what is obviously the main shaft, but any hopes of escaping are quickly dashed when you see that the ladder has rotted away, and the entrance is too wide to chimney up. You sit down and complain to yourself for a while, but then determine to find some other way out. Will you now continue west (turn to 355) or turn east (turn to 388)?

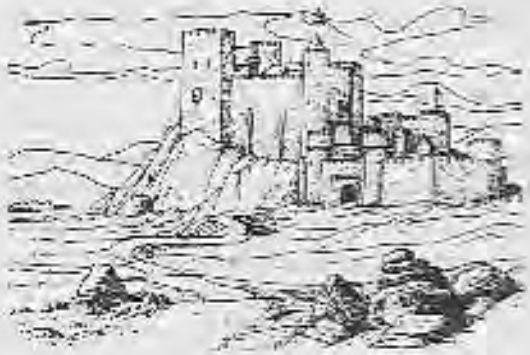

395

You can use this to get a better grip on the ice. You make it safely to the end of the glacier, and climb up to the entrance of a tunnel. Turn to 256.

396

When you reach the far side of the field, you stop to remove the mud which has stuck to your boots and is weighing them down. When you look up from your task, you find the farmer glowering at you. By his side are two snarling Kalagarian Ridgebacks – half dog, half wolf, highly intelligent killers. No doubt you could take all three of them on, but you don't want to offend Hever by harming any of his people, so when the farmer rages at you for tramping over his newly seeded field, you offer to pay for any damage you may have caused. Will you offer:

2 Gold Pieces?	Turn to 299
Cholumbara?	Turn to 66
A copper nugget?	Turn to 205

If you have none of these, turn to 266.

397

One evening, just as you are thinking about finding somewhere to rest for the night, you come across a large rock, which the wind has hollowed out until it is like an arch. Will you spend the night in the shelter of the arch (turn to 179) or elsewhere (turn to 77)?

398

Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points if you have not eaten during the night. When you resume your interrupted journey, wisps of mist are still drifting between the trunks of the tall evergreen trees and . . . what was that? Was it just a patch of mist at the edge of your vision? Or was it some living creature? An arrow thudding into a tree-trunk centimetres from your head soon answers these questions. Will you remain motionless (turn to 334), or duck down into the undergrowth (turn to 251)?

399

As you trudge down this seemingly endless tunnel, the light fades from the shafts: it is night. But eventually you hear ahead of you the chuckling of a spring and, to judge by the lack of echo, it is not enclosed, but out in the open. The tunnel is coming to an exit! However, you also start to hear the shuffling of a large creature of some kind. It is impossible to tell in the darkness how far ahead it might be. Will you press on stealthily (turn to 51), or risk a sprint for the open air (turn to 147)?

400

Victory is yours! The Masks of Mayhem will not be released upon the land – at any rate, not in your lifetime . . .

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ISBN 0-14-032040-7
9 780140 320404

STEVE JACKSON Creature of Havoc

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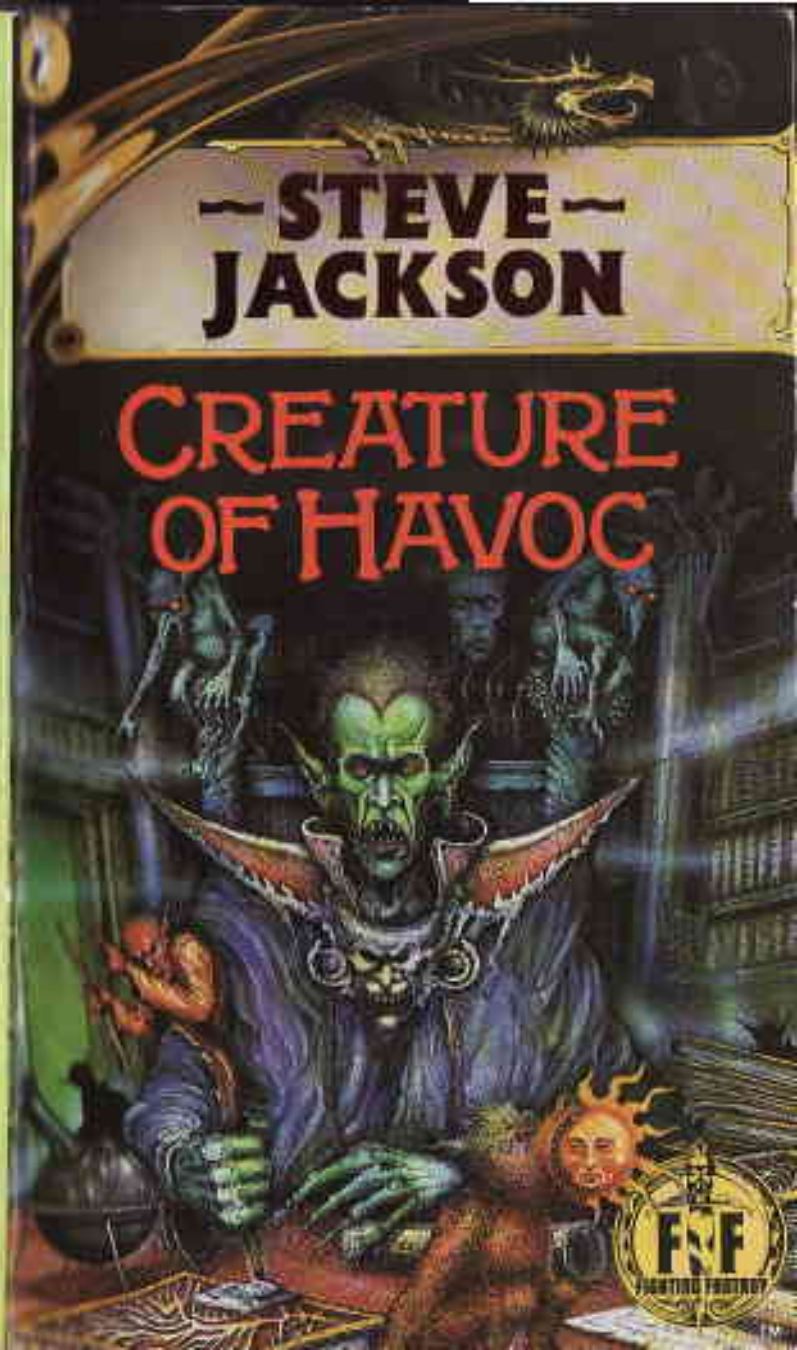

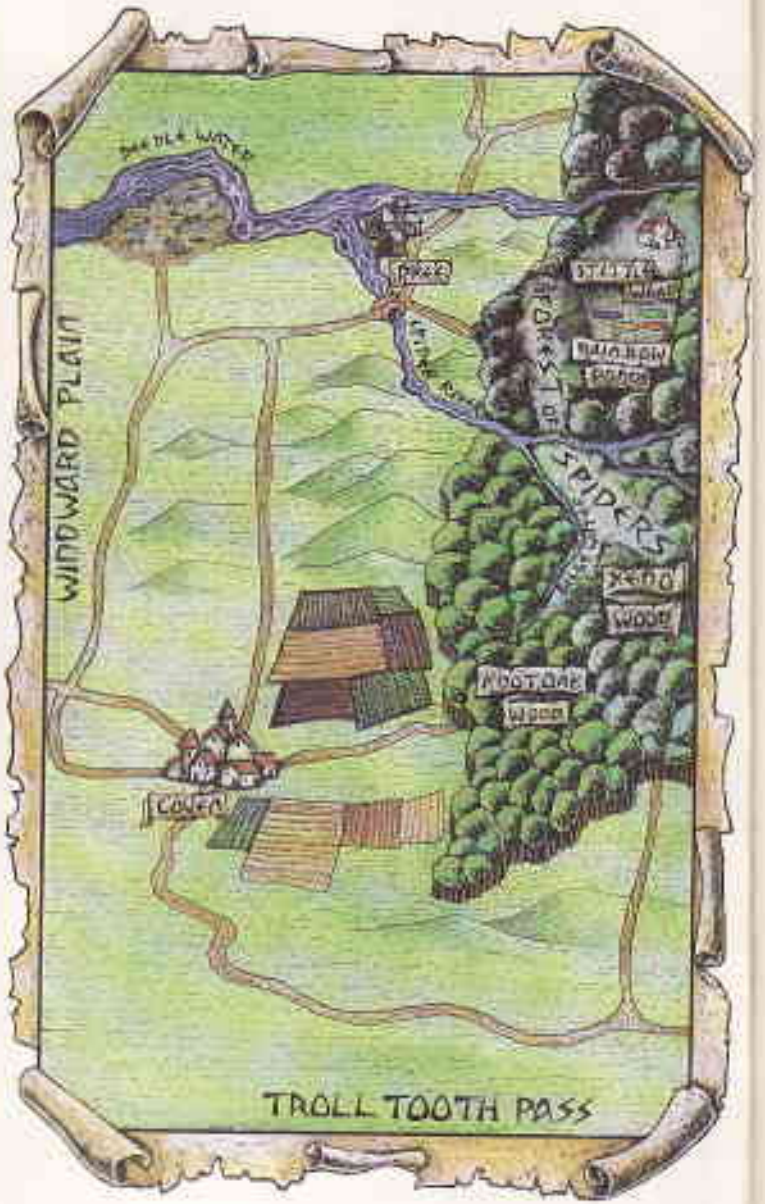

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CREATURE OF HAVOC

Evil is festering in Trolltooth Pass. The necromancer Zharradan Marr is close to stealing the secrets of Elven magic, which will make him invincible. Nothing could then prevent him and his legions of Chaos from taking over the whole of Allansia, which is his foul purpose . . .

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Steve Jackson is the co-founder, with Ian Livingstone, of the Games Workshop chain, which specializes in fantasy games and war games of all kinds.

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CREATURE OF HAVOC

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To Rob and Anne

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1986
7 9 10 8 6

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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Typeset in Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

ITEMS CARRIED AND INFORMATION

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
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HOW TO FIGHT CREATURES OF TROLLTOOTH PASS

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your strengths and weaknesses. Use dice to find out your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages 6–7 there is an *Adventure Sheet* on which you can record the details of an adventure. You will find on it boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or to make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Those who are familiar with the Fighting Fantasy rules should note that there are some new rules in this book.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight an opponent of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant *Encounter Box* on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is your opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 1 point from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either your opponent's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent has been reduced to zero (death).

Instant Death

As you learn more about yourself during the adventure, you will realize that you are an extremely powerful creature, capable of killing most opponents with a single blow. If you *roll a double* when rolling for your Attack Strength, then you have landed such a death-dealing blow. Your opponent will die instantly, without the need to resolve the particular Attack Round you are in.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

If you are involved in a fight with more than one opponent, you must choose at the start of each Attack Round which of the opponents you will be directing your own attack towards. Roll the dice for each of the combatants. Resolve your own attack against your chosen opponent as normal (if you win he loses 2 STAMINA points, if he wins you lose 1 STAMINA point). Then you must compare your own Attack Strength (i.e. the one you have just rolled) against that of *all* the other opponents. Anyone with a *higher* Attack Strength than yours will score a hit against you. You cannot score hits against anyone except the opponent you chose at the start of the round, even if your Attack Strength is higher than one or more of the other opponents.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time your *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the *option* of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you

have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow, and need not deduct any STAMINA points. If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

TALES OF TROLLTOOTH PASS

The *Creature of Havoc* adventure takes place in the region of Allansia where the dusty Windward Plain meets Trolltooth Pass. North of the pass, the Forest of Spiders and the Moonstone Hills hide dark secrets; this is the region that the necromancer Zharradan Marr considers his own. To the south, the town of Salamonis stands as the last vestige of civilization before the rolling hills become the mountainous reaches of Balthus Dire's Craggen Heights.

Westwards, the featureless Windward Plain leads the way towards Port Blacksand and the Western Ocean. The plain is a vital trade-route between eastern Allansia and both western Allansia and the Old World. Wares are brought to the west by merchants' caravans, which are heavily guarded by hired warriors, known as Strongarms, whose job is to see that the caravans pass safely across the Flatlands, those treacherous wastes east of Trolltooth Pass.

Once through the pass, the Strongarms leave the caravans at Chalice or Silverton and pick up another caravan making the return journey. Some prefer the peace and quiet of smaller villages like Coven and Drystone, but not even the most courageous Strongarm will stay near Dree, home of the witch-women.

Dree – Village of the Witch-Women

A dark village nestling in the fork of two rivers like a viper in its nest, Dree is a magnet for miscreants and black-hearted creatures. It came into being originally as the home of the exiled hag-witch Romeena Dree, who had been banished from the town of Salamonis for her hideous magical experiments. Not content with the more acceptable forms of witchcraft – curses, foretelling the future, love-potions and herbal remedies – she turned her attentions to the essence of life itself.

Romeena Dree developed a fascination for what became known as *marrangha* – the transplanting of limbs and organs from one creature to another by magical means – and was obsessed by the desire to create a sort of hybrid super-creature. Her magic was used on both men and beasts and it left many mutant mixtures of each species suffering in the gutters of Salamonis. Her vile witchcraft was branded as an unholy insult to the sanctity of life; she was on the verge of displeasing the gods of Salamonis. Thus she was banished from the town.

She was taken in chains to a place far north of Salamonis and there released. This place was in the fork between the Deedlewater and Spider rivers, and there Romeena Dree made her home . . . and continued her experiments.

Though exiled from Salamonis, she was not without her devotees and many of her fellow hag-witches from Salamonis made the pilgrimage to visit or even

join Romeena in Dree, as the growing village became known. And from other areas of Allansia witch-women joined the growing community, where they could practise their black arts freely and learn more of the developing art of marrangha from Romeena herself

Outsiders who sailed the Deedlewater and happened across the witch-women's village were horrified at the sights they saw. Semi-creatures with dreadful deformities were left in the streets to suffer – indescribable monsters, which by rights should never have seen life at all, but were now doomed to scratch a living in the gutters of Dree. This they did by murdering and feeding off other creatures whose mutations were such that they could not defend themselves or escape. Hell itself could surely not boast that its minions were as wretched as the marrangha-spawned creatures of Dree.

The witch-women revelled in their creations. In their eyes, such suffering was inevitable and they considered their creations no more than living vegetables, unworthy of pity. The creatures were eaten as food, or kept as pets, or used as subjects in further marrangha experiments. Later, the most hideous were sold to visiting merchants and traders as curiosities and many are to be seen in the travelling circuses which tour Allansia.

Dree's notoriety spread and, the greedy eyes of opportunistic traders turned towards the village. Trading in witchcraft was a time-consuming business, since witches tend to be hermit-like creatures living alone in obscure places. If trade links could be established with Dree, how convenient it would be to buy potions, charms, curses and enchanted objects from a single place! Or so merchants thought – but setting up trading links was not easy. All visitors to Dree who were not practising witches were at first greeted warmly, but when the crafty witches felt their visitor had relaxed his guard, a simple potion was administered to enable him to be captured easily. This was how the witches acquired fresh subjects for their experiments!

The first trader to venture into Dree and survive was Ganga of Mirewater. His enterprise was to be admired and he made handsome profits from his trading. He was the first to realize that the only way to trade successfully was to enter Dree with goods the witches valued, but could not get elsewhere. He scoffed at his forerunners, who took in exotic fruits, jewels, fine silks and spices. Each one had finished up with a Clawbeast's arms, a Lizard Man's face or a Mungie's brain – if he was allowed to live at all.

Ganga took in not spices, but herbs – Sculliweed, Medusa Grass, Curseleaf, Purity Plant and the like. He took in dried Goblin livers, Manticore stings, Elf eyes and pulped Flesh Grub juice. The witches became willing partners in his trading activities and it was many years before other traders appeared with similar items of witchcraft and deprived him of his profitable monopoly. But by then Ganga had already made his fortune.

The Women of Dree

The witch-women formed an insular community. They very rarely leave the village of Dree and usually then only in spiritual form. However, Romeena's younger sisters delighted in appearing to the world outside. These three, known as the Women of Dree, have become infamous around Trolltooth Pass for appearing to travellers and Strongarms, to warn them of something or send them on missions. Their unexpected appearance is terrifying and may lead an unwary traveller to distrust them. Certainly they are known to have sent many an adventurer on a pointless mission merely in jest. But they do seem to have some sort of maternal instinct towards mankind and they are probably feared more than they ought to be. There is no evidence of their actually causing harm to those whom they have chosen to meet, unlike their neighbours in Dree.

The rest of the world would be happy to leave Dree alone, so long as the women kept to themselves. But one or two witches have been known to leave Dree and settle in the lands of men. Usually they establish themselves in harmless occupations, as herbalists (like Vitriana in the Forest of Yore), fortune-tellers (like Rosina near Coven) or cooks (like the sisters of Sheena in Balthus Dire's citadel). But occasionally one of the witch-women will leave Dree in search of mischief. This was the origin of the ill repute of the village. And more recently, with the strengthening of Zharradan Marr's power, Dree has earned the abject hatred of the peoples of Trolltooth Pass.

Zharradan Marr the Necromancer

It was Romeena's sisters who secretly raised the infant Zharradan. No one knows who fathered the child, but the most likely candidate is one of the numerous Hell Demons conjured up by the witch-women during their black masses. Some, however, prefer to believe that the necromancer is merely a product of another of the marrangha experiments.

Being the only man-child in a village of witch-women, the sisters removed him from the village and raised him somewhere in the Moonstone Hills. When he was old enough, Zharradan was sent east into the Flatlands to be educated. He had already shown skill in simple sorcery, and the witches wished him to study the magic arts under a teacher of great repute. This man was Volgera Darkstorm, and the young Zharradan was accepted as his pupil along with two others, Balthus Dire and Zagor.

The three of them studied hard and perfected the black arts with a skill which Darkstorm had never seen in any of his previous pupils. The three became both friends and rivals, each respecting the others' skills, but each striving to prove that his were the greatest.

It was during his studies that Zharradan changed his name. Zharradan Dree, as he was called, was a name that embarrassed him. Dree was the village of witches, and the name was a constant reminder of their primitive magic with its simple herbalism and curses. The only interest Zharradan had in his home

was the witches' fascination with marrangha, a subject that obsessed him.

He changed his name with a single spell which he had learned especially from an ancient black-magic tome. One midsummer night he locked himself away from sunset to sunrise to complete the ritual. When he emerged, Zharradan Dree was a name which had been erased from the minds of everyone who had ever heard of it. Instead, from that time onwards, all knew of the young man as Zharradan Marr.

Marr and his co-pupils learned at a rate which astonished the ageing Darkstorm, who soon became fearful of their powers. When they sensed their mentor's weakness, the three eventually turned their allegiance from him towards themselves and they revelled in the power that their new skills brought. In their own minds they became powerful demigods, scornful of the pathetic world around them. When Volgera Darkstorm realized how dangerous his pupils were becoming, he tried to stop them. The result was a short, bloody battle of magic between them which ended as the 'Demonic Three' (as they called themselves collectively) cut down their teacher with a carefully disguised Rain of Knives spell.

After looting the old wizard's library, the young sorcerers fled Darkstorm's home and headed east towards Trolltooth Pass; from there they sought refuge in Darkwood Forest, where they eventually split up to continue on their own separate ways.

Coven

Zharradan Marr disguised himself as a prospector and headed south towards the village of Coven, a half day's journey from his home in Dree. Though his disguise was merely a sham to enable him to build an underground stronghold for his future operations, he was astonished to find gold deposits in the ground. He immediately realized that with gold he could recruit an army, and soon his Yellowstone Mines were making him a powerful – and wealthy – man. His real ambition, however, was not to become merely wealthy but to rule over his own empire and eventually over the whole of Allansia.

But this he could not do alone. He had already recruited Vallaska Roue, a well-rounded human with a fiery temper, to supervise his mines. Roue was a scruffy character, but he had a will of iron and shared Marr's thirst for power. His loyalty to his master persuaded Marr to share his secret ambitions with Roue and between the two of them they laid plans of conquest. Vallaska Roue was dispatched to find suitable officers for Marr's army. Meanwhile, Marr himself was deep in thought: he had recently heard a story which was occupying his mind.

Hannicus, a wizard of neutral alignment, had arrived in Coven to gather supplies to take back to his home in Knot Oak Wood. During his visit, he had bumped into Zharradan Marr. After some hours of talk, Marr offered Hannicus a position within his underground complex, looking after the

area in which he held his office, outside the mines. Hannicus gratefully accepted. Marr realized that the wizard knew much about the surrounding regions and he pressed Hannicus for more and more of his knowledge. Among other tales, Hannicus told Zharradan the legend of the Vapours of Stittle Woad.

The Rainbow Ponds

Hidden deep within the dark depths of the Forest of Spiders, sheltered from prying eyes by tall Speartip trees, is an enchanted glade Though outsiders have never seen this glade (thus no story can ever fully be believed), it is said to contain a number of beautiful rock-pools. As if designed by the gods themselves, each pool is decorated with brightly coloured flowers which bloom throughout the seasons. Tall orange lilies, scented with sweet perfumes, rise from the waters. Each pool is fringed with bouquets of colourful peacock flowers. And shining silver-bells are scattered around them, tinkling faintly as the wind disturbs their delicate silver flowers. The pools are wondrous to behold in their full splendour and are known as the Rainbow Ponds.

But the Rainbow Ponds are so called not because of their adornment by the most beautiful flowers in the whole of Allansia, but rather because of the waters contained within the pools themselves For each of the Rainbow Ponds is a different colour. This extraordinary natural feature is said by some simply to be a matter of crystal deposits in the rocks

beneath the pools. But this may not be true. The colours are so distinctively different that this phenomenon may well have been created by magic. Elvins would delight in conjuring up these gardens of colour, but Elvins are not to be found in the area. Most likely this is the magic of the Elves.

Needless to say, speculation abounds about the mysterious properties of the Rainbow Ponds. The turquoise pond, it is said, brings the gift of beauty. Bathing in the waters of the amber pool before attempting a new skill will ensure excellence no matter whether this skill be a mental or a physical one. And the ruby pool bestows charismatic powers: no one may meet such a bather without experiencing immediate feelings of affection and friendship. Perhaps some or perhaps none of these stories are true. No one can be found who has ever set eyes on the Rainbow Ponds. This in itself may be due to their enchanted nature. The pools are an oasis in the midst of a jungle of Chaos; a nirvana which, once found, persuades any visitor to remain, for ever in awe of the beauty of the Rainbow Ponds.

Stittle Woad

The most recent stories of the Rainbow Ponds have caused great excitement among adventurers and explorers. For rumour has it that the ponds form part of the domain of the white-haired Wood Elves of Stittle Woad.

The Elven village of Stittle Woad, or Eren Durdinath in the Elvish tongue, is a mystery to outsiders. Protected by Elven magic, no one may discover the village without an invitation from the Elves themselves. And the Elves will admit only those who swear to preserve the secret of its whereabouts.

But one thing is for sure. Eren Durdinath is to be found deep within the Forest of Spiders, and is most probably close to the spectacular beauty of the Rainbow Ponds. Occasionally one or two of the more adventurous young Elves can be found outside the forest. Curious about the world beyond their treetop kingdom, they will roam abroad, sometimes coming into contact with other races and – very occasionally – entering the cities of men

One such Elf, known as Leeha Falsehope, ventured as far as the town of Chalice, where he succumbed to the temptations that exist in such places. Stories spread of this mysterious white-haired creature whose manner was so delightful that the young women of Chalice would follow him wherever he went, tittering and offering their favours. The rowdy menfolk knew him as a regular in the town's drinking-establishments. They watched in amazement as he entered – and won – every drinking-contest in every inn. At a street market he once acquired a well-made mandolin, and within a short time he was a master of the instrument, delighting every audience with his amusing songs.

As his status rose to that of a celebrity within Chalice, folk naturally inquired about his past At

first he managed to remain true to his vow of silence. But this only caused rumours to circulate, not all of which were complimentary to Falsehope. Eventually he was forced to reveal glimpses of his real past. His stories so enthralled his listeners – and each 'glimpse' spread like wildfire as news around the town – that he was encouraged to tell more and more. Many of his stories he set to music and, even today, his songs are known and sung by all the minstrels of western Allansia. But finally, one night after far too much ale and maybe a little smoking-weed, Leeha Falsehope revealed more than he should have done.

In his drunken conversation with a young serving-wench, he not only revealed that Eren Durdinath existed and could be found deep in the Forest of Spiders, but his loose tongue told the story of the Vapours whose secret had hitherto been known only to his fellow Elves. After he had finished telling the story to the wench – and the large crowd of eavesdroppers who had gathered around him – Falsehope realized his folly. Desperately he tried to cover up his words, but this merely prompted more and more questions from the crowd. The question most asked was, 'And what was the name of this village of yours?', for men find Elven names difficult to pronounce. Falsehope searched quickly for a name that would throw them off the track and from somewhere deep in his memory the name Stittle Woad appeared (Stittle Woad is in fact a particular type of dye used by Elves to colour their clothes).

The young Elf was devastated when the effects of the ale wore off and he realized what he had done. The secrets of generations of Wood Elves had been revealed to all and sundry in a common inn. He left the town of Chalice and returned to his home in the Forest of Spiders, where he lived the rest of his days in disgrace. Until the day he died he and his family were social outcasts in Eren Durdinath. Even today, the family of Erulia Falsehope, Leeha's great-grandson, must bear the shame, which cannot be forgotten, of revealing the existence of what became known as the Vapours of Stittle Woad.

The Vapours of Stittle Woad

High in the tree-tops of the forest, the Elves are protected from harm. This is partly due to their magical abilities and their keen eyesight, which is able to spot a likely intruder well in advance of their arrival. But partly this is a protection bestowed on them as a special favour by their gods. The Elves of Stittle Woad believe themselves to be a chosen race, a belief which has a ring of truth to it.

After their creation, the gods were astonished at the natural grace and beauty of the white-haired Elves they had brought to life. The early priests of Stittle Woad were offered a 'bargain' by their creators. The gods promised to watch over the Elves and provide a good deal more protection than they afforded their other creations. In return, each generation of Elves undertook to choose an Elf maiden to be groomed as eventual queen to rule over Eren Durdinath. Each

future queen must be the most perfect child in the village, a maiden of stunning beauty, charming wit and faultless grace. And on her eighteenth birthday, she had to undergo a celebratory ritual in which she would eventually commune with the gods. This communion represented the greatest honour which could be bestowed on each generation, and the longer this communion lasted, the more pleased the gods were. During the communion, great powers of wisdom and leadership were bestowed on the princess. Afterwards, she would be recognized as queen of Eren Durdinath.

Within four seasons of her accession to the throne, the queen would always give birth. Such a birth was a religious affair, during which the queen was attended only by her priests. When the queen left her priests after the birth, she left alone. Only the priests and a handful of trusted villagers knew what actually happened at the birth. But all knew the result.

No normal child was born to the queen. Instead the gods gifted the queen with a benevolent spirit – a Vapour – with a special power. Whichever god had been present at the Elf princess's communion gave her Vapour his special power, which was to be used wisely by her as queen. The Vapour's birth ritual was unknown to all but the queen herself and her priests. But after birth the Vapour, safely stored in a glass flask, remained with the priests. The queen is able to call on her Vapour only once during her reign and even then only on one night of the year, known

as the celestial equinox, when her god's constellation takes a certain position in relation to the other heavenly bodies.

Thugruff and Darramouss

This was the tale that Zharradan Marr heard from the wizard Hannicus. He pressed for more information and was told that the present Elf queen Ethilesse was reputed to have given birth to *three* Vapours!

Ethilesse was an exceptionally beautiful maiden, so during her divine communion she had been visited by three of the Elven gods: Euthillial, the god of languages; Ititia, god of reason; and Alliarien, the god of Elf magic. It was this last name that seized Zharradan's attention. For, as powerful as his magic was, that of the Elves was equally powerful. If he were to acquire the knowledge of Elven magic as well, he would be invincible! Zharradan's sharp mind was well aware of the possibilities and he thought deeply on the wizard's words.

But the ways of Elves are secretive and years passed before Zharradan Marr was able to make plans for finding the hidden village of Stittle Woad. His mines prospered and his power-base grew. Vallaska Roue had returned with new recruits for his forces. In a seedy inn in Zengis he had come across a burly Half-Troll named Thugruff. What started as a drunken brawl became a firm friendship, and Thugruff agreed to return with Vallaska Roue and join in service of Zharradan

Marr. The necromancer took an instant liking to Thugruff, not least for his coarse sense of humour and his healthy streak of cruelty. He sent Thugruff into Knot Oak Wood to rebuild Hannicus's home as a hidden training ground, known as the 'Testing Grounds', for his troops.

Hannicus had little say in the matter. Marr was by now tiring of the wizard's ineptitude. In fact this was not all. Hannicus's control of security had been lax and, unknown to Zharradan, the odd party of Strongarms had succeeded in breaking into his dungeons and looting Marr's riches.

Though Marr had to wait two years for his arrival, Hannicus's replacement was far more suitable for the task. Vallaska Roue had returned from Port Blacksand with a sly grin on his face. He told of an encounter with a creature with exceptional qualities. Marr listened intently as he heard of Darramouss, a Half-Elf and one of the undead. According to Roue, he was a ruthless creature, who was totally without remorse and who took pride in torture and torment. As an officer in the army, he was known as one who would always welcome the order to kill the prisoners. When this order was given he would first torture them for his private pleasure, then kill them. Marr liked the sound of this creature and liked him even more when the tall figure walked in to introduce himself

Darramouss was immediately given the job of master of the Yellowstone Mines, a position he excelled

at. His first act was to end the system of paying the miners for their labours. From that day on they were his prisoners, and guards with bullwhips made sure that the miners were putting in their best efforts. When many of the miners died, he had Thugruff scour the countryside with his army to bring in more slaves. So successful was he that Zharradan Marr soon put him in charge of his whole underground operation, after making sure that the old fool Hannicus would offer no resistance.

Daga Weaseltongue – The Innocent Traitor

Thugruff's army grew and prospered, and the area of his Testing Grounds became a place of fear where forest creatures dared not venture. Perhaps it was inevitable, however, that the curiosity of the Elves would eventually precipitate a meeting and this dubious honour befell a young Elf, Daga Weaseltongue, cousin of Erulia Falsehope. A couple of Marr's legionnaires were strolling through the woods when they came across Weaseltongue, training his serpent-headed Ophidiotaur. A friendship was struck and regular meetings followed. When Thugruff heard of this encounter, he sent word to Marr, who journeyed immediately to the Testing Grounds. Disguised as a Rhino-Man, he likewise befriended the Elf, and cultivated the friendship.

When he felt he had the white-haired Elf's trust, Marr skilfully manipulated Weaseltongue (under a Control Creature spell) into stealing the Vapours from his own royal priests. The Vapours were

stored in his dungeons until he could research their secrets. Of course, nothing could be learned about the Vapours, as nothing was known of them outside Stittle Woad. Thus Zharradan Marr resolved to locate the Elven village.

The *Galleykeep*

Marr knew that the village would never be found simply by using his legionnaires to search the Forest of Spiders. Elf magic would ensure that it remained invisible to outsiders. However, reports were reaching him of another possibility. From the east, a great ship had been sighted. Its pure white sails billowed deeply to catch the winds. Its strong wooden hull would be almost impossible to hole. And its size was formidable; it would easily hold a thousand troops. All who had set eyes on the ship believed it to be of divine origin. For it travelled not through the water, but through the air! Folk referred to it as the *Galleykeep*, but none knew from where it came.

This seeded an idea in Zharradan Marr's mind. He must capture this ship! Not only would it be a symbolic throne, worthy of a ruler of his stature, but it may even help him to find Stittle Woad. Perhaps he would never find the Elven village from the ground, but it may well be unprotected from the air. Quickly he recalled Vallaska Roue and the two of them set off for the Testing Grounds to discuss the plans to capture the *Galleykeep* with Thugruff.

The success of their plan was a tribute to their military skills. The *Galleykeep* fell after a short but bloody ambush in the sky by Marr's trained Tooki troops, and he was delighted with his new vessel Within days he had set up his headquarters in the ship.

So this is now his home, and he has begun his search over the Forest of Spiders for the village of Stittle Woad. Those in the know are terrified at the thought of his success Should he find Stittle Woad, and the secret of the Vapours, then his mastery of sorcery will be invincible. It is because of this fear that interested parties throughout western Allansia have made plans to prevent him succeeding in his quest. Parties of brave adventurers from Chalice, Silverton and Stonebridge have been sent on missions to capture the Vapours and return them to the Elves. But, since no one has ever seen the Vapours, none of the parties know what they are looking for! In Mirewater, Calla Bey is recruiting an army of Birdmen to besiege the *Galleykeep* (but with little success, as the Birdmen fear the ship). From Salamonis, Elves are being persuaded to head north for the Forest of Spiders in order that word may reach Stittle Woad in time. But the forest Elves are suspicious even of their own kind and this expedition may never succeed.

Perhaps it is destiny that Zharradan Marr should rule these regions of Allansia. Only time will tell . .

* * *

This is the background to *Creature of Havoc*. Much of what you have read will be of little help to you and some of the information may even lead you astray. As you will find when you start your adventure, you have only the faintest awareness of your surroundings and your actions will be ruled by instincts – the instincts of the creature you are But gradually you will develop more control over your destiny. As the adventure progresses you will be asking yourself the questions that all must ask in life: *Who am I? Where do I come from? Why am I here?*

The answers you find to these questions will depend on which paths you chose as the *Creature of Havoc*.

1

The pain is unbearable! Summoning up all your energy, you open your eyes – first one, then the other. They narrow to slits as they adjust themselves to the strain of trying to see once more, then relax as they make out familiar shapes in the dim light: a dirt floor, rocky walls . . . Then the pain takes over. Your head rocks, Your eyes submit and close tightly in an agonized grimace. Instinctively you raise your hands to cup your face, and a low moan mingles with the rasping sound as your rough fingers rub the scaly skin above your eyes.

After some time the pain begins to ease. You open your eyes once more and peer out from between your gnarled fingers. You seem to be at the dead end of a passageway. Your surroundings are barely visible, but a dull glow is coming from the northern extent of the passageway, which stretches before you. A sound is also coming from this direction – of irregular breathing. Something alive is up there! You heave your great bulky body to its feet Along your back, the spines bristle. Swinging your heavy head slowly from side to side, your progress is decided: northwards is the only option open to you. Muscles strain and succeed in raising a lumbering foot, which thuds loudly down on the ground in front of you. You repeat the action, first with one foot, then the other After four steps the motion has become automatic. You are moving more quickly and more quietly up the passage. When you reach the end, your eyes are drawn to a huddled shape lying on the ground in front of you.

The small figure lies on its side, facing away from you. It is shrouded in a dirty brown cape tied around its neck and it lies in a puddle of thick red liquid. Its body rises and falls irregularly with each breath. Some unidentified feeling swells within you. Is it anger? Hate? Fear? Curiosity? Hunger? Or even sympathy? You bend down towards the little creature, uttering a meaningless grunt as you do so.

The sound rouses the figure, which rolls slowly over to face you. The creature's dirty face is light-skinned, though barely visible under the thick hair which shades its closed eyes and almost totally obscures its mouth. From its chin the hair rolls abundantly down its chest in a grey, unruly mass. Underneath the body, and now exposed by the creature's movement, is a sharp, shiny shaft and this catches your attention.

As you stand there staring, the creature's eyes flick open! They focus on your bulky shape and a look of terror streaks across the creature's face. In spite of its pain, it fumbles for and grasps the shiny shaft, holding its pointed end out towards you and baring its teeth

The wounded Dwarf you have found is evidently in need of help. Will you:

Show him you mean no harm?	Turn to **93**
Try to talk to him?	Turn to **364**
Bring your foot down heavily on his neck?	Turn to **185**

2

You sit down between the three Hobbits, licking your lips as you remember the tender taste of their flesh. Grabbing the nearest one, you sink your teeth ravenously into its meaty rump and let out a soft, low growl of contentment. For a short while you feast messily on the hapless creatures. Each Hobbit was carrying a small pouch of those flat, round, shiny pieces of metal and you may take these with you if you wish. They are, in fact, Gold Pieces and if you decided to take them, you are now carrying 12 with you. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level for the tasty meal and may add a LUCK point for your victory.

You must now leave the chamber. Do you wish to continue east along a passage opposite the one you entered by? If so, turn to **153**. If you wish to retrace your steps to the junction and take the northerly passageway, turn to **311**.

3

He eyes you suspiciously. 'Is that so? Well, no doubt he gave you the *gesture* too. Come on, then. Let's have it!' What will your gesture be?

The sign of a cross?	Turn to **387**
The sign of a circle?	Turn to **22**
You make no gesture?	Turn to **437**

4

You summon up your strength and launch into battle, frantically trying to slash at the vines with your claws. But the tunnel is thick and the vines are difficult to cut (this is reflected in their high SKILL score). Resolve your battle with the tunnel of Gluevines:

GLUEVINES SKILL 10 STAMINA 13

If you escape from the tangled mass of vegetation, turn to **36**.

5

Thinking quickly, you snatch the bird from the branch! It flutters in your hands, but a sharp squeeze silences it. The Ophidiotaur hears the rustling and turns to see what is happening. You step slowly from the undergrowth, holding out the bird towards it, as an offering. At first the creature is startled by your arrival, but your slow approach seems to reassure it. You hold the bird closer and its tongue darts out to snatch the food from you. You calm it down for a short time, then swing yourself up on to its back. It shrugs and snorts for a moment or two, but its protests are few and you realize that you now have a steed! After allowing the Ophidiotaur to drink from the river, you grasp its neck with your wide fingers and dig your heels into its haunches.

Without warning, the creature turns and gallops off into the undergrowth! Its strong legs take you faster

and faster through the woods. Branches catch your legs and arms, while you are hugging the Ophidiotaur's neck tightly for balance and to protect your head. The journey continues for a seemingly endless time, until you are so sore from riding that you wish the beast would throw you off. But finally you arrive at a clearing where the creature pulls up and stops. With great relief you step down from its back and survey the area, while your steed gallops back into the woods. Turn to **366**.

6

The door opens and you find yourself in a corridor which heads south for a few paces and then turns to the west. Your claws extend themselves, ready for a sudden encounter. You follow the passageway around the corner. Eventually you reach a point where the passage turns back southwards. But something on the rocky floor in front of you has attracted your attention. In the elbow of the bend is a large black circle which seems to shimmer in the blue light. Perhaps it is a pool of liquid? Or maybe some dark metallic substance? As you are considering this, you hear a noise behind you, which may have been a quiet footstep. Is someone following you? You turn round but can see nothing. Now you must decide what to do. Will you investigate the shape on the floor (turn to **445**), or will you try to avoid the circle by walking round it (turn to **30**)?

1

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7

With the lifeless Blood Orcs lying at your feet, your attentions now turn to the human in the dirty robes. He is staggering about in fear for his life, his eyes tilted slightly towards the ceiling. 'Hbvfem fr cy epn obabljndim bn a whpf vfre ypvubrf. Jfiypvub rfefr jf nde thfnel fbda mf efr pmothjsi plbcf. Jf iypv ubr fe fpfethf ne lfbvfe mfebf. Ypvu brf estrb ng f lyesjl fnt. Whpobr f eypv. Dpo ypvuvnd fr s tbnd amf. My eg pdo jn trvdfr. J fiy pvrupl bna jsit pod pob wbyaw jth jmf e thfne dpoj ti qvjc kl y. Pt hfrwj sf ebfe pf fow jthi ypv.' Jf iypv uc bnav ndfr stb ndath fehv mbnatvr nut por fffrf n cfetw po hvn drfd. 'Spo whbtajs ij ti tpobf. Jsinpto myomj sfrye fnp vgh. Shpw och br jty. Gj vfem feg pld o bnda f ffde mf. Prol fb vfem febf.' What do you wish to do with this creature? Will you ignore him and feast on the meat of the Blood Orcs (turn to **420**)? Will you slay him quickly to stop his noise (turn to **25**)? Or will you simply leave the room (turn to **138**)?

8

When he sees your Ring of Truth, he shifts nervously: 'Oop! Ahh . . . What am I saying? Of course; you said Stittle *Woad*, didn't you? Underground indeed! Silly me: the village is high in the tree-tops. Although I fear you will never find it and you are wasting your time looking. Our village is the home of the Vapours and while they remain safely in the village, sorcery disguises it to all but welcome eyes.' He now wishes to go, and you watch him disappear into the woods in the direction you came from. You may now leave the clearing by turning to **414**.

9

In a fit of rage you rush across the room and swing your fist, with claws open, at another head. Again the claws rip the head from its perch and send it flying out of the light and out of sight. And again you hear no sound to indicate it landing anywhere. This time your eyes are fixed on the vacant space illuminated by the light. Sure enough, the head floats through the air and comes to rest in its original position, the claw wounds showing up clearly on the side of its face. You hit it again. The same thing happens. But this time you feel the wave of pain coming on again. The pain grows inside you with an intensity much greater than before. You slump howling to the ground until it eventually subsides. Lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you decide to leave the room quickly. Turn to **79**.

10

You leave the path and make your way through the undergrowth, following the sounds of his cries. But although you can hear him, you cannot see him anywhere! Your frustration builds up and you thrash about in the foliage. An unnatural click beneath your foot should have been a warning, but in your rage, it is a warning which you choose to ignore. An instant later, the trap has sprung and you are hoisted into the air by your ankle, and dangle helplessly from the tree-top! And there, hanging a short distance away, is the old Rhino-Man!

Your attempts to free yourself are all to no avail. Birds are beginning to circle round you, and you are feeling decidedly weak. But in the distant sky, a tiny shape comes into view. As it draws near, you realize it is not a bird. It is much too large to be any living creature and its size eventually frightens off the birds circling above you. The old Rhino-Man has seen it too. 'The *Galleykeep!*' he moans. You watch as billowing sails bring the vessel closer and closer, until it eventually stops above you. A pole is lowered over the side. It grabs the rope from which you are hanging and hoists you on to the deck. You are too tired and weak to resist as rough hands shove your neck through the nearby guillotine. This foraging expedition has been most successful. The crew will be provided with a hearty meal tonight . . .

11

'Thank you,' she smiles, depositing the coins deep in the folds of her clothing. 'Now we may see what fate has in store for you. I will shuffle the Pack of Fate and you must tell me when to stop.' She picks up the cards and begins to shuffle them slowly, staring deep into your eyes as she does so. You grunt when you want her to stop. She then starts turning cards over.

The first card is black, with the symbol of a question mark delicately drawn in its centre. 'Ah, the mystery card.' Rosina smiles. 'All is not as it seems. There are many things about you, your past and your destiny that are unclear, even to you.' She

turns over another card. Again it is black, but this one has a small yellow sun symbol in the centre. 'Hmm, yes . . . Light in the darkness.' She is becoming engrossed in the cards. 'This is good. Your destiny may be attained. But fate will not be kind to you. It may not be easy.' The next card shows a young pregnant woman in a coffin, and the next shows a cloak and wand. 'A mother deceased! And the mystic arts! Then surely must your birth have been one not of nature but of sorcery. I must concentrate . . .' She turns over another card and this one shows a man lying on a cloud, pointing into the distance. The next shows a man with two heads, looking in different directions. 'The geas! A mission to be fulfilled. You have been sent. But I also see confusion. I must look further.'

She leaves the cards and moves her crystal ball into the centre of the table. As she concentrates on it, the glass begins to turn cloudy. An inner light shines from the ball and lights up Rosina's eyes. 'Sisters . . . !' she speaks. 'Sisters of Dree! So it is *you* who have set this task! But this creature knows not of Sculliweed or of the dangers of . . . I see. But I may shorten the search. My aid shall help fulfil its destiny.' The light in the glass fades and she turns to you. 'You have been set an unfair task,' she says. 'For the blue-stemmed Sculliweed grows only in the Swamps of the Toadmen on the southern shores of the Deedlewater. But even one such as you may not survive alone in these swamps. Without help you will surely die. I can offer you some help. Take the rope that hangs over there: it may prove useful. And

may fortune sit astride your shoulders!' You take the coil of rope, sling it around your neck and over your shoulder and turn back to Rosina But she has left the room. You may add 2 LUCK points for the information. You leave her hut and pause to consider what she has told you, then set off back towards the crossroads. Turn to **386**.

12

You follow the trail until you reach the top of a hill. The trail winds down into a valley. You pick your way cautiously down and reach the bottom safely. But as you pause to rest for a moment, you are startled by a rustling in the bushes behind you. You swing round just in time to avoid the sharp blade of an axe, which misses your face by inches! You growl deep down in your throat and turn to face the tall Woodcutter who has attacked. Resolve this combat:

WOODCUTTER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to **17**.

13

As the last adventurer falls to the ground and silence once more fills the passageway, you pause to rest from the exertion. You squat on your haunches and look at the two battered humans in front of you. You may now choose either to feast on the bodies to regain some of your lost strength (turn to **223**), search the bodies for anything that might be interesting (turn to **187**), or poke through the sack that the first adventurer laid to one side (turn to **147**).

14

You storm ahead up the passageway towards the Dark Elf, roaring loudly and with claws ready to strike. But the Elf does not budge. He merely notches another arrow and looses it towards you. This time the arrow sinks deep into your stomach and you clutch at the wound. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Tears of pain flood your eyes, but you will not hold back. Again you advance, and again the Elf notches his arrow. But this time the bowman's aim is true. The arrow is fired higher, at your face. Before you have time to react, his shaft has pierced your eye and lodged in your brain. Mercifully, your death is instantaneous.

15

All is silent as you enter. The room is large, with a high ceiling, and a musty smell permeates the air. There are four doors leading from the room, one in each wall. A long table stands in the middle of the room and on it is a short stick with a metal head lying next to some small spikes. A couple of planks of wood are resting against the table. This is evidently a workroom of some sort. In one corner of the room you find the products of the work carried on here. Two tall and thin wooden boxes, almost as tall as you are, are leaning against the wall. They are standing next to a hole in the wall, just above floor-level, which is wide enough to fit one of the boxes through. You puzzle over this for some time.

What do you want to do:

Have a look inside the boxes?	Turn to **217**
Investigate the hole in the wall?	Turn to **319**
Ignore what you see?	Turn to **436**

16

The spell begins to take effect. Your body feels as if each of its joints is being bent in a wrong direction! You drop to the floor and writhe about, wailing pitifully, but there is no escape from the agony that the necromancer is inflicting on you. Invisible knives are being plunged into your chest and each is being made to scrape slowly against the bones of your ribs. You hold up your hand for mercy and Marr releases the spell. Gasping in horror, in awe of the wizard's power, you take the knapsack and slowly hold it out towards him. He snatches it from you. Turn to **74**.

17

You can see ahead that a river runs through the valley, and you make your way to its banks. As you get closer to the water, you notice that the vegetation is changing The lush green colour of the trees and bushes higher up the valley is replaced by a darker olive colour and the plants down here are decidedly less healthy Spindly branches reach out at unnatural angles as if pleading for mercy. On the ground, many of the roots of the contorted trees are exposed and have been eaten away. The surrounding bushes are often leafless, and the effect is rather eerie. A faint smell hangs in the air.

You continue down towards the river. The closer you get, the stronger the smell becomes, until eventually it is overpowering. The stench seems to come from the river itself, and when you arrive at its banks, you can see why. Indescribable filth and excrement is being carried along by the foul waters But as the only path runs along the banks, you will have to choose. Will you follow the river upstream (turn to 427) or downstream (turn to 423), or will you leave the path and make your way through the undergrowth (turn to 57)?

18

You turn to leave the river-bank. But something is not quite right You came along a trail, but that trail has now disappeared! Where you had expected it to be is now overgrown with tall rushes and the only trail leading away from the bank is one to your left. Bewildered, you follow it until you reach a clearing. Turn to 315.

19

You turn from the door and plod once more through the cold slime. By the time you reach the passageway to the east, the cold has worked its way through even your thick, scaly skin. You must lose 1 STAMINA point for your freezing feet and turn to 84.

20

You find yourself at a dead end: there is no way through. You will have to retrace your steps. Turn to 279.

21

Although you are racked with the pains of hunger, your mind has made an intelligent deduction. Your hunger started when you threw the red robe about your shoulders. If you take the robe off, you should rid yourself of this curse. You grab the collar resolutely. But try as you may, you cannot pull it from your shoulders. Some powerful bewitchment is preventing your arm from flinging the robe to the floor! Incredulous, you struggle with yourself for some time, but finally give in to the mysterious force,

which is much more powerful than your own will. Your hunger is now all-consuming. Turn to **109**.

22

'A *circle*, eh?' he mutters. 'All right, then, in you come.' Amazed at your success, you enter the guardroom. It is a dirty place, with clothes and food strewn around and an unpleasant smell – a mixture of stale sweat and rancid ale – hanging in the air. When you are in the centre of the room, you turn to the guard. *Crack!* Had you turned an instant earlier you may have been quick enough to avoid the heavy blow which has landed on your head. You fall to your knees in a state of near-unconsciousness and you must lose 4 STAMINA points. Meanwhile the guard is advancing towards you with a heavy club in his hand. Turn to **98** to fight him.

23

You uncoil the rope from around your shoulder and search for something to lasso. But there is nothing around that would seem solid enough to let you pull yourself out. The bulrushes are certainly not strong enough to bear your weight. You have now sunk to your waist and unless you spy something soon, you will not be able to throw the rope! Frantically you search for something as you slip deeper and deeper into the mud. Then, hidden behind the rushes and reeds, you catch a glimpse of a tree-stump. It is not tall, but it looks sturdy enough. But how can you rope it? You fling the rope towards it – and something miraculous happens.

As the rope leaves your hands, it unfurls as if it had a will of its own. You watch it twist around itself in the air, forming a knot at one end. Then, as it falls, it snakes between the reeds, and drops with its knot wedged firmly in the shoulder of a branch. The rest of the rope trails out towards you and you test it eagerly, then haul yourself from what would otherwise have been a muddy grave. Filthy but safe, you stand on firm ground, marvelling at the enchanted rope.

But unknown to you, you are not the only one marvelling at the rope's powers. Two large, glistening eyes blink slowly in astonishment as the rope coils itself up, now that its work is done. While you are considering which of the two ways onwards to follow, a thin, webbed hand steals out, grabs the rope and snatches it back into the reeds. Your rope is gone! You search round for any sign of it, but can find none. You will have to continue without it. If you follow the trail to the north, turn to **267**. If you make your way to the north-east, turn to **114**.

24

You leave the path and clamber up over the rocks to get a look at the nearest hole. It is just out of your reach, and you must hoist yourself up to be able to peer into it. As your head comes up to the level of the hole and the glow splashes across your eyes, the cause of the light reveals itself – and gives you such a fright that you lose your grip and tumble down to the path. For you came face to face with a huge head, with grilled-patterned eyes and clattering mandibles. This Giant Hornet launches itself from its home and swoops down on you, its poisonous sting aimed straight at your chest! Turn to 332.

25

Irritated by the human's constant rantings, you step across the room towards him. He does not react at all to your approach and it is an easy matter for you to swipe him with a clawed fist. Your blow sends him flying back across the room where he smacks his head against the wall and lands in a lifeless heap on the floor You may now either feast on the bodies (turn to 289) or leave the room (turn to 138).

26

You wade slowly into the pond and relax in its cool, refreshing water. When you emerge from the water, you feel much better and may add 2 STAMINA points. But when you look down at yourself, you are astonished to see that your scales are no longer their usual dark browny-green colour, but are covered in a glistening layer of milky liquid which is drying to leave a silvery sheen. Although you try to brush it off, it will not smear – much to your annoyance! But in fact this silvery layer is a coating of a magical material that will act as thin armour. While you are covered in the silvery layer, you may add 1 to your SKILL score. But it will be washed off if you bathe in clear water. Now turn to 52 to continue.

27

The other three creatures back away from you as you turn from the dying Elf to face them. They scatter into the crowd. Turn to 348.

28

If you picked up a crystal club during your adventure, you will have been given a reference number to turn to should you wish to use it. Do not turn to this number now, but instead add it to the number of this reference. Turn to the reference corresponding to this total.

29

The handle turns freely and you open the door. The room inside is lit by a single candle and your eyes adjust themselves to the dimness. The walls appear to be covered in a single continuous tapestry which depicts all sorts of scenes of death and carnage. Battles are being fought; creatures are feasting on other creatures; torture scenes are so vivid that you can almost feel the pain. You follow the tapestry, engrossed in its detail – so engrossed that you have not noticed the sinister figure seated in the shadows across the room. When it speaks, the shock of its deep voice makes you gasp!

'Who is this? Who *dares* disturb the rest of the Master of Hellfire?' You peer into the shadow to try to make out the figure, but you cannot see much more than the outline of a large figure, which heaves as it takes short breaths. As each breath leaves the creature, a gurgling sound comes from its throat. This noise is getting louder; the creature is rising from its seat! It stands up slowly and its silhouette becomes much larger than you imagined. Will you run from the room (turn to 113) or face it defiantly (turn to 143)?

30

You step over to the right and give the circle a wide berth. Halfway round, your ears prick up. Another footstep! With claws at the ready, you turn to face your pursuer. But again there is no one there! The quick turn in a narrow space causes you to stumble momentarily. You quickly regain your balance – but not quickly enough . . .

For as you put your foot out to steady yourself, you stepped on the edge of the black circle. Quick as a flash, the circle spread itself out and engulfed your foot! And now you realize the danger of the Blackmouth Floortrap. As you tumble into the black hole, you find yourself falling over and over through a dark void, until you lose consciousness. The real horror in store will, thankfully, never be known to you . .

31

Without hesitating to consider your actions, you spring at the skeleton creature. Seeing you advance, it grabs two surgeon's knives from the desk and faces you. Resolve your battle:

QUIMMEL BONE SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you defeat the physician, turn to 359.

32

Inside the shack, sacks of grain and nuts lie on the floor, and strips of dried meat hang over the counter; loaves of bread and other foods are also to be found. Behind the counter, a puny villager is cowering behind a sack of weedroots. When you enter, he tries to hide from you, but you have seen him. If you have any coins, you may buy some provisions. If not, you may try to steal some, or you can leave. If you wish to buy provisions, you may spend 1 Gold Piece (turn to 131) or 2 Gold Pieces (turn to 146). If you want to try stealing, turn to 410 If you leave and head west out of the village, turn to 274.

33

You leave the room along a dusty corridor. A strange bluish light comes from glowstones set in the ceiling to light your way. With every step you take, a glowstone ahead of you lights up and one behind you fades to darkness; it is almost as if your progress were being monitored by some unseen entity. As you wait for your eyes to adjust to the light, you pause to consider the strange events in the previous room. You retract your claws and rub your rough, scaly belly thoughtfully. You can make no sense of what has happened. Eventually you set off once more and after a few paces you come to a junction. A passageway runs off to the north. You may take this (turn to 311), or you may continue in an easterly direction (turn to 390).

34

Once more the Shadow Stalker raises its knife and plunges it down into your shadow. Again you try to leap aside, but this time its blow grazes your chest. Lose 2 more STAMINA points. You try anticipating where the creature will be and slashing it with your claws, but your blow cuts through thin air. The Shadow Stalker does not even try to avoid you. Again you slash ineffectually, and this time the creature plunges its knife into your shadow's back. The pain shoots through your body; lose 3 STAMINA points. Now you must decide what to do. Will you try to escape by leaving the room (turn to **242**), or will you stop your attack and try to make peace with the Shadow Stalker (turn to **135**)?

35

The old woman can hardly walk and you leave her behind as you head for the market. She wails pitifully as you ignore her pleas, but you have no wish to get involved with her. The sound of the market soon drowns out her cries. You wander round the barrows and begin to head for the street performers, when a fat man comes over to you. He approaches you cautiously and whispers to you: 'Pssst. Say, handsome! I got a little . . . er . . . *proposition* for you. Want to hear about it? Come round here.' He leads you round a corner to a secluded alley.

'Hey, I could *use* someone with your strength in my business,' he says enthusiastically. 'It's not easy to go collecting all these cursing ingredients. I figure

you and me could make a fine team. Well?' He claps his hand on your shoulder as you both turn round the corner into the alley. Waiting in the alley are two unkempt, burly men, who are holding a net. As you turn the corner, they fling it over you and pull you to the ground! You struggle to break out of the net, but the more you struggle, the tighter it seems to wind around you. Eventually you can struggle no more and you lie back exhausted. 'Phew!' puffs the fat man. 'A real fighter! Too bad we can't use this one, eh, boys? But I think I know an old sorcerer in Chalice who will pay handsomely for this fellow's internals. Right, Slitter, do your stuff. But make sure your knife don't do no damage inside. Remember it's got glands in its neck and they no doubt will fetch a fair price . . .'

36

The struggle has been monumental and you lie down on the ground exhausted. The wrecked tunnel has collapsed and you stare at it, gasping to regain your breath. The sound of your own breathing drowns out the sound of the small creatures approaching . . .

Chattering excitedly to one another, a small band of Forest Imps has arrived at their trap to take home the day's meal. Unaware that you have already destroyed the trap, the tiny, spindly creatures enter the far end of the tunnel easily. You do not even hear them until their shrieks of anger, on discovering that their trap has been ruined, break through the

sound of your heavy breathing. Twelve skinny pairs of legs carry the noisy, green-skinned Imps scurrying along towards you. When they discover you, they halt, wary of your immense strength. But you are too tired to survive a fight against twelve armed Imps. And you have no chance when their spears have been dipped into a fast-acting poison from the deadly Stingroot plant . . .

37

The descent is long and steep, but eventually you reach the foot of the staircase, where you find a deadly cluster of iron spikes waiting to greet creatures less fortunate than you in maintaining their balance. However, beyond the spikes, there appears to be no way onwards. You have reached a dead end. You step up to examine it more closely. As you are doing so, a shiver passes over you and you feel an overwhelming desire to sneeze! No matter what you do, you cannot avoid the sneeze and it eventually erupts with force enough to shake the very walls around you! You open your eyes and rub your nose with a scaly hand. Your surroundings have changed! No longer are you at the foot of a staircase with a dead end before you, but instead you are standing at a spot where the dead end is to the *west*! Where are you? You wander eastwards along the passage until you arrive at a junction. If you wish to walk north, turn to 443. If you want to go east, turn to 50.

38

Eventually the guard returns, panting, 'It seems you were right.' He shrugs. 'There's no sign of him anywhere. Mind you, I can't let you through here. No one's allowed through without Darramouss's permission. At least, not unless . . . er . . . certain . . . ahem . . . *special arrangements* are made, if you understand my meaning.' He looks at the pendant hanging round your neck. 'That's a handsome little piece,' he says. 'Now I'm sure special arrangements could be made if you were to leave this behind. Just our – shall we say – *bond* to make sure you return. And mine to keep if you don't!' If you wish to give him your pendant, he will let you through his guardroom, but you may never again find secret passages without it. Make your choice. If you will pay his price, turn to 442. If this price is too high, the only way you are going to get through is by attacking him (turn to 73).

39

No sooner have you dealt the final death-blow than another Chaos Warrior appears at the archway. Resolve your combat with the creature:

CHAOS WARRIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you defeat the Warrior, turn to 397.

40

As you are about to turn to leave the dead end, the pendant around your neck suddenly starts to vibrate! Remembering what happened last time this occurred, you hold the talisman out towards the rock-face. A low humming comes from the charm and its vibrating becomes more pronounced. Eventually, the blue stone set in its centre begins to glow and a narrow beam of blue light illuminates a small catch in the rock. You release the catch and the rocky door rumbles aside to reveal a small room ahead in the rock. In the room is a long wooden box on a sturdy table. Around the room are a variety of objects – plates, candlesticks and many other artefacts arranged on shelves and smaller tables. Leaning against the central table are two skeletons. One looks human, but the other looks decidedly non-human, having the jaws of some sort of creature of Chaos. A musty smell comes from the room; it no doubt has not been visited for some time. Will you venture inside (turn to **296**), or will you ignore the room and leave the area (turn to **279**)?

41

You leave the cavern and head along the passage which leads to the north. Again the route twists and turns, but you progress without incident. Eventually you reach the foot of a flight of stairs carved out of the rock and leading up into darkness. You climb the stairs and reach a junction where you may head either north (turn to **136**) or east (turn to **156**).

42

The excitement is too much. Your blood boils with the fire of battle and the promise of feasting on the juicy bodies of the three Hobbits. You cannot control yourself and you launch yourself into the chamber, claws poised to strike. As you rush towards them, the Hobbits shriek in terror and draw their shortswords to defend themselves. Resolve the battle:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HOBBIT	6	6
Second HOBBIT	5	6
Third HOBBIT	6	7

The Hobbits will all attack at the same time. If you defeat them all, turn to 2.

43

The idea of serving as a guard on the *Galleykeep* attracts you. Sailing through the air on missions of mayhem and destruction; helping your glorious leader defeat his enemies; a life of purpose and excitement instead of one of aimless wanderings. Your mind is made up. You will make a formidable guard for Zharradan Marr; your loyalty will be assured by the generous doses of Droneweed fed to you daily in your Hobbit broth . . .

44

You ignore the words of the foul witches and you may continue straight away. Will you return to the stones and investigate them (turn to 198)? Will you continue past the stones into the wood (turn to 261)? Or will you investigate the building you are in (turn to 253)?

45

You leave the Chubbley tree and continue along the trail. A little further on you pause on top of a hillock and survey the area. In the distance to your right you can see a great forest, and straight ahead a river cuts through the landscape like a gaping wound To the left, the green colour of the grassy countryside fades to sandy brown as the bleak Windward Plain stretches west as far as you can see. You head on and, shortly after you have left the hillock, another trail joins yours from the left. Turn to 134.

46

Your hope fades as *another* Chaos Warrior raises his weapon and advances to do battle:

CHAOS WARRIOR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win this battle, turn to 39.

47

With shining white eyes, the Weather Mage turns towards you. He holds his hands in front of his eyes, and his long fingernails obscure them from you. When his hands finally lower, a small dark cloud hovers in the air before him. You are fascinated by this display and can do nothing but watch as the tiny cloud drifts across the room, and stops in mid-air, a short distance from you. A shrill whistling starts as the cloud begins spinning. Faster and faster it spins until its underside drops slowly to the ground, and the tornado drifts towards you. Too late you realize its deadly purpose. When the tornado touches you, even your great strength cannot prevent your being sucked inside and instantly crushed to death by the Weather Mage's creation.

48

Ignoring the weaker-looking of the two humans, you face the figure in clinking armour. He holds his ground, his sword poised ready to strike. Resolve your combat with the Knight in plate-armour:

ARMOURED KNIGHT SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to **392**.

49

The passage leads east. A short distance ahead, you arrive at a rocky bridge across a deep chasm. Far below you can hear the sloshing of a slow-moving river and you step up to the edge of the bridge to get

a better look. A disgusting smell is coming up from the river, and as this hits your nostrils, you stagger a few paces backwards. But this is the only way on. The bridge is narrow and wet from the moisture in the air: no doubt it is slippery too. Nevertheless, you have no choice. You hold your breath and step on to the bridge. But halfway across, you lose your footing on the slippery bridge. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **457**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **60**.

50

The passage continues east and you pass under two carved archways before you finally find yourself in a small, circular room with no apparent way onwards. While you are considering what to do, you feel a slight shift in the ground beneath your feet. Almost as if you had pressed some invisible switch, your surroundings have now changed! Frantically, you look round to find the tunnel by which you entered, but it has disappeared. There is now no way out of the room. A rumbling noise from beneath the floor is followed by a fierce roaring. But this is not the roaring of a creature! Smoke seeps from the walls and you begin to sweat as the temperature increases. The room is becoming an oven in which *you* are beginning to roast! As the temperature becomes unbearable, you search round for any means of escape. Are you wearing a pair of yellow metal bracelets? If so, turn to **202**. If not, turn to **339**.

51

You leave the room along a passageway which runs west, your thoughts still dwelling on the mysterious smoke creature. After a short time, you find that the passage is bending this way and that through the rocky earth. But your progress is aided by the strange blue glowstones which are set into the roof of the passage. As you progress, glowstones ahead of you light up and bathe the area in an eerie blue light. When you look behind, you can see that they magically turn themselves off. Suddenly a distant echo reaches your ears and you stop dead in your tracks. Again you hear the sound – and it is coming closer! Footsteps and muffled voices are heading towards you. You are fortunate in having the advantage that your own footsteps are virtually silent, so you continue ahead, ready for a fight with anything that may come along. You approach a bend . . .

A shrill scream pierces the air and for an instant you are not sure whether it came from your own throat or that of the terrified adventurer with whom you suddenly found yourself nose to nose, when you turned the bend! But you recover quickly and slash furiously at the hapless human, who is still trying to compose himself after his fright. You catch him across the skimpy leather armour he wears on his chest, and send him crashing into the rocky wall where he loses his grip on the sword he is carrying. His two companions are close behind, so you must finish off the Strongarm without delay:

STRONGARM	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you defeat the warrior, turn to **320**.

52

You leave the glistening pond and continue along the path. It winds through the trees until you eventually reach a fork, where you may continue either to the left or to the right. In the centre of the fork a pole has been fixed into the ground and, hanging from the pole by his wrists, is a sight which widens your eyes. Half-dead from exposure, but looking plump and tasty, is a Hobbit! Mouth watering, you rush up to the little creature. As he hears your footsteps, his eyes open slowly. 'No . . .' he moans, guessing that your intentions do not involve greeting him warmly. 'Please let me down and leave me be. I can tell you where both of these paths lead, and how to avoid the dangers along them . . .' You are hungry and the sight of this tasty morsel is an unexpected treat. Will you cut him down and make a meal of him (turn to **206**), or will you cut him down, listen to what he says about the paths ahead, and release him (turn to **70**)?

53

You crash off through the reeds in pursuit of the creature, though the going is difficult. You catch sight of it again and this time it seems to be hopping rather awkwardly through the reeds. Your foot slips and you sink up to your knee in muddy water, but this does not deter you. However, following the

creature is quite difficult. You lose sight of it and must now follow by the sounds of it crashing through the reeds. You climb on to a bank and find yourself in a circular clearing. All is quiet; there are no signs of the creature. But then suddenly the reeds behind you part, and you spin around, just as the wide-mouthed Toadman you have been following springs at you. Turn to 68.

54

You wait until the guard has disappeared round the corner and sneak into his room. It is dirty and untidy; old food moulders in corners; the bed is filthy, and dirty blankets are strewn about on the floor. And there is a smell hanging in the air which is a mixture of stale human sweat and rancid ale. On the far side of the room is a metal door. A barred viewing-hole is open and through the hole you can see stairs beyond, leading upwards. Suddenly a noise from behind startles you and you swing round just in time to see a huge wooden club descending on your forehead! The blow knocks you to your knees and you must lose 4 STAMINA points.

'Just as I thought!' growls the guard. 'Darramouss no more gave you permission to leave than he would have given permission to the black-eyed fool!' Your ruse has been discovered. His club is raised once more and you must defend yourself. Turn to 98.

55

The road out of Coven leads you past a disused building. Grog stops. 'Wait here,' he says. 'I buried something in this building before I entered Coven . . . er . . . just some worthless family heirlooms. Sentimental value. Back in a flash.' He soon returns with a knapsack, which obviously contains something quite bulky – a box, perhaps. You are curious, but he makes no mention of the contents of his knapsack. 'Look, you're a strange creature,' he says as the two of you set off once more. 'Nothing to say, nowhere to go. Where do you come from? Are you just wandering about? Or are you on some sort of mission?' You nod enthusiastically. 'Ah, I see. But you can't talk?' You shake your head. 'Hmmm. But you can shake and nod your head. Well! We're in no real rush, are we? Let's make a game of it. I'll try to find out about your mission and you can tell me whether or not I'm getting close to the truth. Is it some*thing* you're looking for, rather than some*one*?' You nod. 'Do you know where it is?' You shake your head. And so the journey continues.

The trail sweeps round to the north until it eventually reaches a crossroads. Grog's face lights up. 'I know!' he exclaims. 'Rosina! She will help us! We must go west.' Will you follow his advice and go west (turn to 177), or will you instead go east (turn to 203) or continue north (turn to 130)?

56

You climb through the hole in the wall and hold your breath as you step through the cloud of settling dust. The area is not much deeper and when you reach its end, you discover what the glittering is. From high in the ceiling, a powdery trickle of Elven Dust is falling through the air. It drops gracefully down from the ceiling, glittering as it falls, but by the time it reaches the ground it has disappeared! The magical dust is showering you as you stand looking up at it, though you can feel nothing. Elven Dust is a magical powder which is an essential ingredient in white Elven magic. Though its effects may remain a mystery to you in the immediate future, you may well wonder about the significance of your find. Someone has been trying to wall the Elven Dust in. Why? Eventually you decide to leave the recess and the chamber. Turn to **405**.

57

You make your way through the undergrowth. Your progress is very slow. Your bulky body is impeded by branches and vines, and the going is both difficult and tiring. And you are not certain which way you should go, when all directions look the same. You try various different directions until you find yourself passing a tree which you can remember passing just a short time before! You have been travelling in circles! Your anger builds up and you thunder through the foliage. An unnatural click beneath your foot should have been a warning. But in your rage, it is a warning which you choose to

ignore. An instant later, the trap has sprung. Your foot has stepped into a rope noose attached to the supple stem of a sapling. The noose tightens around your ankle and with a whip-like action you are hoisted into the air, until you dangle helplessly from the tree-top! Turn to **175**.

58

'Stittle Woad is not far from here,' he starts. 'It is near the Rainbow Ponds. I would say it is two days' journey from here. Travel in an easterly direction, keeping the setting sun behind you. If you manage to find the vicinity of the village, do not look for it on the surface. It has remained hidden for so long because it is *under the ground*. More than this I may not tell.' He picks himself up and stretches painfully. After dusting off his robes, he bids you good day and sets off. You watch him disappear. Turn to **414**.

59

As well as the naval uniforms, you find civilian clothes and dress for special occasions. But there is nothing unusual or anything which could provide a clue as to Marr's whereabouts. Your frustration grows. Your heavy fist smashes into the wardrobe, splintering its timbers. The hanging clothes fall in a pile on the floor and from the back of the wardrobe, a round metal shield rolls forwards and drops to a wobbling spin on the floor. You stoop to get a look at it. Turn to **302**.

60

You try to regain your footing, but the bridge is too slippery. You lose your balance completely and tumble over the edge and down, down towards the stinking waters below. The current drags you down and your lungs fill with the putrid waters of the Bilgewater. Your death is not pleasant . . .

61

You turn east and follow the passageway. You pass under a narrow archway and find yourself in an open room, which is well lit by torches fixed high on the walls. You look around for a way onwards, but the only passage leading from the room is the one you arrived along. The room is bare except for a small pile of what looks like black cloth lying against one of the walls. Do you want to investigate the room further (turn to 334), or would you rather leave (turn to 444)?

62

The creature is somewhat taken aback when you show that you understand his words. Although you are of similar sizes, you certainly *look* the more powerful of the two and it is probably for this reason that the Rhino-Man invites you into his guardroom.

'Are you also one of Marr's creatures?' he growls. When you look puzzled, he snorts. 'If you don't know, then you must be looking for either the Yellowstone Mines or the Testing Grounds in Knot Oak Wood. Looking at the size of you, I'd reckon the Testing Grounds were more likely. Darramouss will know. He knows everything that happens in these parts. He'll set you right. But don't cross him. Even one of your size cannot hope to tangle with such a foul-tempered lifeless one. And if you make it to the Testing Grounds, oblige me by finding . . . oh, what was his symbol? They don't have names in the Testing Grounds – except for that foul-breathed weapon-master, Thugruff. Legionnaire twenty-nine, I think: a Rhino-Man like me. If he's still alive, he ought to know this: *Gat H'Oulie has escaped with the ring to the Forest of Spiders!* But of course, you cannot speak, can you? Here, I'll write it down for you.' He hands you the message. If you come across 'Legionnaire twenty-nine' later in you adventure, you may pass on the message by adding his number to the reference you are on at the time when you identify him.

You rise to leave the guardroom. The Rhino-Man gives you directions. 'Leave through the north door here. When you arrive at the T-junction, turn right and follow the passage.' You take his advice. Turn to 298.

63

Standing before you is a tall, thin figure. It is dark and humanoid in appearance, although you cannot make out much in the dim light. You can, however, clearly make out two large green eyes. The figure is shrouded in a brightly coloured cape and its hair is gathered on top of its head in a tight knot. It steps towards you and flings its cape back to reveal its left hand, which grips a short bow. Reaching over its back, it draws an arrow from a quiver, aims at you and shoots you in the shoulder! Lose 2 STAMINA points. You howl with pain and turn towards the bowman, baring your teeth. But he has yet another arrow poised to fire. This second arrow rips into your forearm with such force that it comes out the other side and clatters off the wall behind. Lose another 2 STAMINA points. Your fury is now uncontrollable. Will you unsheathe your claws and advance on your attacker? Or will you retreat from this deadly foe? Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, you are so enraged that you blunder ahead towards the Dark Elf bowman without a thought of the danger (turn to **14**). If you roll 5 or 6, fear for your life takes over from your anger and you retreat (turn to **260**). You may *Test your Luck* if you wish, but you must do so *before* you roll the die. If you are Lucky, you may choose your own option. If you are Unlucky, you must let your instincts decide and roll the die as normal.

64

The broken bones on the floor seem to have belonged to a medium-sized creature. Many of them have marks as though they had been gnawed by some hungry beast with strong jaws. You bend down to look at them – and to see whether there may be any morsels of meat left – when a rustling noise from behind startles you. But before you are able to turn, you feel sharp teeth digging into your neck. The creature from the chair! Lose 2 STAMINA points. You must now resolve your battle with the hungry Blood Orc which stands before you:

BLOOD ORC	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

If you defeat the creature, turn to **207**.

65

You manage to keep your balance all the way down the rock-face until you reach the hole. As you step into the hole, your feet once again touch solid ground. Your left foot bangs against something straight and solid. When you bend down to investigate, you find a long length of straight metal, about as wide as your hand, which runs deep into the hole. Another identical length runs alongside the first and the two are held a short distance apart by a series of blocks of wood. You decide to see where they lead, and you enter the tunnel. No glowstones light the way here, so you follow the tracks into darkness. A short distance ahead you reach a fork. Will you follow the tracks to the left (turn to **182**), or will you enter the tunnel on the right (turn to **424**)?

66

You fling open the door and rush into the room, snarling viciously, ready to take on the creatures you heard inside. But the scene within is not what you expect. Turn to **161**.

67

There are a number of crypts around, but you choose to enter one which is larger than the others. You slowly push the door open and it creaks on rusty hinges. The room inside is dark and empty except for the great stone tomb standing in the centre of the room. Your claws clatter along its surface as you walk around, studying it. But suddenly another sound catches your attention, the sound of slow shuffling feet, coming from outside the crypt. You open the door and just as quickly slam it shut again. Advancing towards you from the gravestones, with staring, lifeless faces, are a dozen living corpses. No doubt they are intent on ridding themselves of this intruder! Your eyes dart round the crypt for a hiding-place, but there is none. In desperation you grasp the lid of the tomb and heave it aside. It is empty! But something is happening on the floor of the tomb. Your removing the lid seems to have triggered a secret catch, and the base of the tomb has begun to rumble. It slowly slides aside to reveal a narrow staircase leading downwards. Do you wish to see where the staircase leads? If so, turn to **454**. If you would rather take your chance with the army of Zombies arriving at the door, turn to **321**.

68

He shoves you back into the centre of the clearing and your feet splash in the wet mud. Suddenly you stumble as your foot sinks deep. You try to step out, but it is no use; the more you tread with your feet, the deeper you sink . . . The mud reaches your chest, then your neck, then begins to fill your mouth and nose. The Toadman watches your final struggles and a smile spreads across his toothless mouth . . .

69

The desk is solidly constructed. The papers scattered around are written in a strange language which consists mainly of numbers and symbols. You leaf through the books and find many anatomical diagrams of a variety of types of creature. The drawers are full mainly of more papers, but one drawer is locked. Do you wish to ring the bell (turn to 236) or examine the specimen jars (turn to 97)?

70

A wave of relief passes across the Hobbit's face as you reach up to bite through his ties. 'Oh, thank you, thank you,' he sobs. 'I will keep my side of the bargain and tell you what lies down both of these paths. The path to the left will lead you to a dead . . . Wait! What are you doing? No!' The little creature has noticed the mounting frenzy in your eyes as you try to subdue your natural instinct. You have been battling valiantly against an impulse to silence the little creature for good and devour him. But it is

hopeless; you cannot fight your natural passion. A single blow sends the Hobbit crashing senselessly to the ground, and soon you have picked his carcass clean. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level and choose whether to take the fork to the right (turn to 183) or the path to the left (turn to 351).

71

You try to keep your balance as you descend the narrow stairs, but they are damp and slippery. At one point you slip and totter perilously near the edge before regaining your balance and continuing down. But six steps later, you lose your balance once again, and this time you are not lucky enough to regain it. You plunge over the edge of the staircase and down, down into the filthy depths of the Bilgewater River below. The impact is enough to knock you senseless. And, unable to fight against the current, you are swept downstream to oblivion.

72

With one hand you swat the door. The force is great and your fist succeeds in cracking the wood. But the door does not open and your anger rises. A sound stirs within the room! You listen carefully and can hear heavy breathing coming from within, mixed with a shuffling sound, as if something were slowly moving around. A growl, deep and low, comes from your throat. Will you risk facing whatever is beyond the door? Or will you try the safer route, back past the Dwarf? Roll one die. If the result is 1, turn to 419. If you roll 2–6, turn to 170.

73

With a snarl you leap at the guard's throat and send him sprawling back into the room. You both land on the floor amid piles of old clothes and half-eaten meals. There is a foul smell in the air, a mixture of stale sweat and rancid ale. He manages to free himself from your grip and grab a club from a table. Turn to **98**.

74

You hand the knapsack to Zharradan Marr. 'That's right!' he smiles. 'Now I shall keep my side of the bargain. You have sought me out and found me, overcoming all opposition. That shows resourcefulness and intelligence. You are a powerful creature, and you have had training in leadership, did you but know it. Do you enjoy the excitement of battle?' You nod. 'Then so be it. You shall become my Commander-in-Chief. Will you serve me?' The prospect of a life of conquest and adventure does indeed excite you. 'Very well, then,' says Marr. 'You shall start duties immediately. Your first task is to execute your predecessor, Vallaska Roue. Not only has he failed me in allowing you through to my private quarters, but he has so far failed to locate the Rainbow Pools. His usefulness is at an end. Once Roue is dead, you shall have command of the *Galleykeep*, under my orders!'

And thus your fate is decided. How you will fare as Commander of Zharradan Marr's forces will be decided by your own skill. Your leader is known for his ruthlessness. Perhaps you will be remembered as his greatest Commander; perhaps your fate will be that of your predecessor. Whatever the outcome, one thing is for certain; your aimless life will finally have a sense of purpose . . .

75

The passage heads straight for some time until you finally reach its end at a junction. You may turn either east or west here. If you wish to go east, turn to **326**. If you wish to go west, turn to **353**.

76

You arrive back at the tree and study it incredulously. There it is standing right in the middle of a path which you walked along only moments ago. Yet it seems to be as lifeless as a gallows' pole, and its roots are well buried in the ground. Are you imagining things? Unfortunately for you, you are not, as you realize the next instant when a branch catches you on the shoulder. You recoil in fright and look up to see the branches of the tree slowly shifting round, as if blowing in the wind, and bending towards you. *The tree is alive!* One of the branches catches your arm and wraps its tip round like a bullwhip! You flinch and snatch your arm away . . . and at that very moment, the creature's eyes flick open!

The Tree Spirit's icy glare freezes you to the spot. Your heart is pounding, but you are unable to move! Finally, you break its stare and manage to turn round and run. But only then do you realize the secret of Xenowood, as this mysterious part of the

Forest of Spiders is known. *Another* Tree Spirit is blocking your way, and more are shifting slowly towards you. A huge circle of the creatures surrounds you! Turn to 434.

77

You enter the passage. It twists and turns through the rock in a haphazard way until it finally opens out into a small cavern. You pause to get your bearings and search for the best way through. Leading off to the north is a wide passage which seems to be going somewhere. But to get to it you will have to cross the cavern, and crossing the cavern is not an inviting prospect. For in the cavern wall to your right are two caves, and in a neat pile outside the first cave is a mound of bones – some broken, some just chewed. But judging from the size of some of the bones, whatever was eating them was no mere Half-Orc. Will you head for the caves to attack whatever is inside (turn to 88), or will you simply cross the cavern and see what happens (turn to 430)?

78

You watch each guard in turn and wait until they are preoccupied with whipping the miserable creatures, when you are able to move slowly across the vast chamber unnoticed. But as luck would have it, a small creature turns a corner round the rock and bumps straight into you! You both jump in surprise. But then your lips curl back and a delighted growl comes from your throat. Your tongue licks lustily round your mouth as you grab the unfortunate

Hobbit that has walked straight into your clutches! Its screams are quickly silenced, but not before the guards are aware of your appearance in the mine. They surround you, brandishing their bullwhips, and you are trapped. The penalty for you is not death – though some would consider death more merciful. Killing you would be a wasted opportunity. You are much more useful spending the rest of your life toiling as a slave in the mines of Zharradan Marr.

79

You rush across to the secret entrance and find yourself bathed once more in the eerie green light. The instant you step into the passageway, the door slams shut behind you and this is much to your relief, as you were anxious to leave the mysterious room. The passage continues in a westerly direction until you arrive at a junction. A sign is tacked to the wall and an arrow on it points westwards. There is a message on the sign which reads: 'Yfllp wst pnfe mjnfs eth jsiwby.' The other passage leads to the south. A few paces down it is a small pile of bones – or rather a pile of small bones. They look like human bones, but from a creature much smaller than a human. You must now decide which way to continue. Will you head west (turn to 142) or south (turn to 273)?

80

You step through the door and your claws clatter along the rocky walls as you feel your way. Staggering slowly along the passageway, you shake your head from side to side in an attempt to rid yourself of the affliction. You reach a bend in the passage where the wall turns to the right. Suddenly your foot steps forward on to nothing! Before you can stop yourself, you are falling uncontrollably down, down into what seems to be a deep pit. You prepare yourself for a heavy landing, but instead you continue to fall. Eventually the speed becomes too much for you. Consciousness fades and you never awaken. Your life has mercifully ended here before you were able to discover who – or *what* – lay in store for you at the bottom of the Blackmouth Floortrap . . .

81

The passage turns to the left and you follow it for some time until you feel that perhaps this corridor has no end! Eventually you see a particularly dark area straight ahead. Will you investigate, or would you rather turn round and go back? If you would rather go back, turn to **279**. If you want to investigate the area, turn to **20**.

82

You remain at the Testing Grounds, learning what you can about the ways of war. While you are being trained, you are well fed on Hobbit broth. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level, increase your *Initial* SKILL by 2 points and increase your current SKILL to this level. But you have taken a dislike to the foul-breathed Half-Troll and you are already scheming how to catch him unawares. Finally, your opportunity comes one night when you spy him walking in the courtyard. You leave the castle and creep up on him. When the opportunity presents itself, you attack! Resolve this combat:

THUGRUFF	SKILL 11	STAMINA 14

If you manage to reduce him to a STAMINA of 4, turn to **305**.

83

Your situation is hopeless. With nothing to grasp to pull you from the mud, you cannot hope to do anything but struggle vainly as you sink deeper into your grave. The mud reaches your chest, then your neck, then begins to fill your mouth and nose. You take your last breath . . .

84

Though particularly rocky underfoot, the passage is far preferable to the cold, muddy slime. A short distance along the corridor, you come to a door which is firmly closed. Although its timbers do not look too strong, a quick shove from your elbow has no effect. From slight gaps both underneath the door and in the timber panels you can see a flashing light coming from within the room. The flashing is irregular and is accompanied by no sound. Will you smash the door to investigate (turn to 268), or would you prefer to return to the main passageway and head north through the dark slime instead (turn to 232)?

85

You turn round and pass through the arch. There are four others in the chamber. You choose another and peer into its gloomy depths. You can see nothing. You pluck up courage, step inside and feel around. It appears to be empty. Your hand touches a rocky wall at the back of the alcove. There is no point in investigating it further. The other alcoves are similar and you decide to leave the chamber. Turn to 405.

86

When you have finally killed the little creature, you must turn your attention to the other two humans. While you have been battling their companion, they have been preparing to attack. The red-robed figure is facing you, pointing the little finger of each hand at you and mumbling. The shiny human has grabbed a sword – similar, you remember, to the Dwarf's, but larger – and is shouting to the other: 'Cpn tr plojt simjn dishbmbn! Jtim by abfeb blfe tp olf bda vsu tpothb taswj nf bfbr dacvr!' You cannot fight both at once. Which will you direct your attention towards? Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, you decide to take on the shining figure (turn to 48). If you roll 5 or 6, you turn towards the man in the red robes (turn to 292).

87

They chase after you, hurling their stones and abuse until you are well out of their field. Luckily, no stones hit you and you are soon out of range. You continue along the path, which winds towards a spreading forest, until you reach a sign which reads: 'Knot Oak Wood'. The path leads deep into the forest and you follow it. Turn to 244.

88

You creep up to the first cave and peer inside. It is dark and you can see little. But the thing that strikes you immediately is the smell of rotten flesh! Whatever lives in here certainly has a large appetite for meat. You poke your head further into the cave and you can see a large furry ball heaving up and down in one corner. You step forward to catch the sleeping creature unawares But your foot kicks a loose stone and sends it scuttling across the cave towards it The creature shudders, awakens and gets up. By now you have already decided to attack and you are virtually on top of the creature as its face turns towards you.

There is a look of pure fury in its ghostly white eyes as the Devourer opens its mouth to defend itself. Two layers of jagged, bloodstained teeth part and sink into the scales of your arm. You howl and spring back out of its clutches (lose 2 STAMINA points for the bite). The creature is as tall as you and as bulky, but has a shaggy, furry body. You must resolve your fight with the creature:

DEVOURER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 8

If you defeat it, turn to **41**.

89

You rest for a few moments to catch your breath and then you survey the room. Your curiosity overcomes you, and you begin to investigate the seven bodies in the room. The pug-faced Orcs are dirty and smelly. You try a mouthful of flesh, but spit it

out in disgust. Around their waists they carry small bags which, when ripped open, send a shower of small bones flying across the room. The two adventurers are not much more interesting. Similar pouches contain those round pieces of shiny metal which you came across before. They scatter on the floor and you ignore them. The pack on the back of the adventurer in the winged helmet is decorated and attracts your attention. One of the straps breaks as you rip it off his back and grope clumsily inside: you feel something solid. As you fumble angrily with the rucksack, a hard wooden casket drops to the ground and falls open! Inside is a clear smooth flask which contains swirling purple gas. Your curiosity is captured and your huge clawed hand tries to grasp the delicate flask. But this turns out to be hopeless. Eventually, you pick up the casket and drop it on the ground. As luck would have it, the flask jumps in its cradle and lands in such a way that the stopper flips out of the flask! The purple gas within swirls tempestuously and its vapours seep slowly from the neck of the flask. Turn to 382.

90

You growl defiantly at the voice. The four lights flicker and extinguish. Almost immediately a background luminosity begins to light up the area and you can see where you are. The room you are in is large and appears to be quite important, judging by the rich drapes and gilt-framed paintings which hang on the walls. The scenes depicted in the paintings seem to be of Hell itself. The four faces you saw

are elaborate carvings in a soft clay-like material. Standing before you is a tall, gruesome creature dressed in a flowing black cape. Two red eyes shine out from the depths of its hood. Darramouss turns to speak to you:

'You are a recent arrival in these dungeons,' he says. 'You are a fine specimen and are a credit to your creator, Zharradan Marr. Yes, this is so. You have been *created* by Marr and created for a purpose. Zharradan Marr and his physician, Quimmel Bone, are obsessed with marrangha – the re-formation of life. They continually experiment with the effects of potions and spells on creatures. Some they merely transform from one type into another. Others they *create* from preserved organs. Their experiments are not always successful, but when one does succeed, it is sent to me here for observation before its future is finally decided. A future has been decided for you, though I know not what it is. This is of no concern to me. But your immediate duty *is* my concern. You must be put to work in the Yellowstone Mines. But I will offer you one other alternative. If you do not wish to work in the mines until Marr calls for you, you may choose another future for yourself: *Death*!'

His final word turns into a chilling laugh which resounds around the room. You set your teeth and glare at the creature. You will not be ordered what to do! 'I take it, then, that you choose my second alternative!' he says, opening a book on the desk. He begins to read something from it aloud. Will you

step over and grab him by his neck (turn to 402), wait to see what happens next (turn to 286), or try to escape down the secret passage in the west wall (turn to 384)?

91

There are 3 Gold Pieces lying on the ground next to the creature's body. You may take these with you. If you want to eat the creature, take it with you out of the village and eat it at your leisure for 4 STAMINA points of nourishment. Leave the village of Coven by turning to 107.

92

You continue along the trail. By now it is getting quite dark and a full moon is rising in the sky. You decide to sleep for the night beneath a spreading tree at the side of the road. You soon drift off to sleep.

You are tormented that night with a vivid dream. The three witch-women have returned. Each has hold of one of your limbs and is pulling it. The women possess tremendous strength and you feel as if you are being torn apart by the foul creatures. One of them seems to be trying to keep you from the other two, who are cackling gleefully: 'Ours! The creature shall be ours! To Dree for marrangha it must go!' The other is pulling your arm. 'No!' she screams. 'It shall not be! You shall have the creature only if it fails to bring us the Sculliweed!' Finally the three release their grip. 'The root! The root!' they chant. 'Give us the root!'

You wake up in a cold sweat. The tree is being blown by wind. A howling sound whistles through the branches and another sound mixes with it: *Whoooo! Whooo! Psssh! Rhooo! Rhooot! Psssh! Root! Root! The root! The root!* The sound fills your ears and you spin round to see the grinning faces of the three Women of Dree! They are asking for the root. Do you have any plants with you? If so, you will have noted down a number. Add the number to this reference and turn to the new reference. If you do not have any plants with you, turn to 222.

93

You reach down with your hand to help him to his feet. But as you move, the little creature strikes and his sword cuts into your forearm. Luckily the tough scales prevent it from doing any real harm, but you must still lose 2 STAMINA points. Considering your size in comparison to his, his action was understandable!

Now, instead of reaching for his arm, your hand opens and grips the Dwarf's neck. You struggle to control your actions, but to no avail. Your sharp talons dig into the unfortunate creature's flesh. His eyes bulge and he tries to scream. Frantically, he hits you again with the sword, but the blow lacks power. Deduct 1 more STAMINA point. Then his body goes limp.

Your tremendous strength put the poor creature out of its misery, but the incident has left you feeling very strange. Although you wished to help the

Dwarf, you have helped him only to an early grave. Will you put these thoughts out of your mind and leave the area (turn to 248), will you try to hide the body (turn to 218), or will you examine the body (turn to 399)?

94

You creep up behind one of the trucks and join a team of creatures who are pushing it. Suddenly a guard with a bullwhip taps you on the shoulder. You suspect trouble and tense yourself for battle. But the guard has not spotted you as an impostor. He is simply motioning for you to leave the truck you are pushing and move over to another one which has to be pushed in a different direction. You shuffle over to the truck. A rather emaciated Troll is your only partner. You and the Troll, coaxed by a guard who is clearly waiting for an excuse to use his bullwhip, push the truck through the cavern, along a tunnel, past a side tunnel to the left and towards an opening. Light enters the tunnel through the opening.

But just as you reach the opening, the long-suffering Troll collapses; the effort has been too much for him. The guard seizes his opportunity and his bullwhip flashes! Although this has no effect on the unconscious Troll, the sting of the whip certainly has an effect on you. Your fury turns to pain and fear, and one thought is prominent in your mind. *You must keep pushing the truck!* You shove it with such force that it launches itself through the opening and out into mid-air! For an instant you

recognize the ledge and the steps down which you entered the mines. But only for an instant, since your momentum has carried you after the truck! You look down at the filthy Bilgewater below. In a few seconds, you will be entering its depths at a speed which will ensure your death on impact . . .

95

Just a short distance south of the building and the graveyard lies the peasant village of Coven, whose inhabitants live in constant fear of the evil that surrounds them – the growing power of Zharradan Marr and his ruthless henchmen and the devilry of Dree, haven of witchcraft. Its buildings are basic and the main route into the village is dusty and bumpy. There is nothing to suggest anything but poverty. As you follow the trail, villagers are going about their daily business ahead of you. But when they see you, they rush quickly away and hide in their wooden shacks. Eyes watch you from within the hovels, but no one dares venture into the street. Some of the huts have signs above them. One reads 'Provisions' and another reads 'Medicine-Man'. Will you see what you can get in the way of provisions (turn to 32), visit the medicine-man (turn to 211), or will you leave Coven along a street leading west (turn to 274)?

96

In the distance ahead you can see the bleak wastes of Windward Plain. But before the plain, you reach a junction where another trail crosses your own. You may continue west (turn to 177), or you may turn north (turn to 130) or south (turn to 330).

97

The jars contain the eyeballs, brains, hearts and limbs of all sorts of animals. A jar half full of yellow liquid has in it a red lump of flesh the size of your finger and is labelled: 'Firebreath organ – Hellhound'. Another jar contains an organ which is smaller and green in colour. This one is labelled: 'Invisibility organ – Snattacat'. Suddenly your concentration is broken. 'Do you find my specimens . . . *interesting*?' says a strange voice, talking in a series of clicks. You turn round in the direction of the voice, towards the desk. 'No doubt you have come here for some medical advice,' says the skeletal figure sitting behind it, teeth chattering excitedly. The hanging skeleton has disappeared – or rather is now sitting at the desk. 'I am Quimmel Bone, physician and surgeon on the *Galleykeep*. Now, what do you want in here?' Will you spring over to attack him (turn to 31), or will you pretend you have some ailment which you would like him to treat (turn to 297)?

98

Resolve your combat with the dark-skinned guard:

GUARD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you defeat him, turn to 349.

99

Angry and frustrated, you snatch the rope and jerk it towards yourself. It offers litttle resistance, although the faint *click* you hear would have warned an astute human adventurer. It was caused by the hair-trigger springing on the deadly trap which has now taken you by surprise. The trigger has released razor-edged spears from the two side walls. Even your tough scaly skin cannot defend you against them, and your body is riddled with a dozen spears.

As quickly as they appeared, the spears slide neatly out of your lifeless body and disappear back into the walls. You slump to the ground. Eventually your blood will dry and your flesh will decompose like that of the previous victims of the Dark Elves' grim Deathspear Trap.

100

The rolls of parchment are meaningless to you. You step up to the desk and grab one which is open. But as you touch it, a loud noise startles you. You wheel round and your eyes widen as you see a hideous beast taking shape in the corner, materializing out of thin air! It is taller and bulkier than you, and its rough skin looks to be made, not out of living flesh, but out of the rock itself! Its huge fists are covered in irregular bumps and its eyes glare at you in fury from its wide-mouthed face. The Rock Demon you are facing takes a step towards you and you must quickly decide what to do. The creature looks much more powerful than you are. Will you battle the Demon (turn to 327), or will you escape from the room? If you choose to escape, you may head either for the door in the east wall (turn to 365) or the door in the south wall, through which you entered (turn to 450).

101

The door cracks under the force of your blow. A hole appears and you rip the timbers away until it is large enough for you to pass through. Torches are mounted on the wall of the room inside and there are two doors, one to the east and one to the west. There is no furniture to speak of, but some remains – perhaps of a table and chair – litter the floor among a thin covering of dirty straw. The wood has been broken in what appears to have been a furious battle, the result of which lies before you.

In the centre of the room is a familiar sight. Casting your mind back to the battle you have just won, you recognize the figure of an armoured Knight lying face down in the straw. His face is hidden under an elegant helmet decorated with wings coming from above each ear. A dark-bladed sword has entered his body through a gap in his armour between his arm and shoulder. Lying next to the Knight are three other figures. One is similar in stature, but wears a tough leather tunic and helmet. A bloody stain around his belly indicates how this adventurer came to grief. The other two figures are not so familiar. They are shorter than the others, and are dressed in armour of scaly brown hide. They have gnarled, pug-nosed faces with vicious teeth set in their lower jaws. All four bodies are long dead.

You step forward to get a better look. Suddenly you hear a chomping sound coming from somewhere in the room – in fact several places – but you cannot see anything which might make such a noise. Your eyes pass over the adventurer in leather armour and you suddenly freeze: while you are watching, *a chunk of flesh disappears from his thigh*! You watch incredulously for a few moments more. Not only does more flesh disappear from the adventurer's leg, but you also notice the body of one of the pug-nosed creatures twitch as its forearm suddenly loses a fleshy lump! This scene is worrying and you must decide what to do next. Roll one die. If you roll 1, 2 or 3, you decide to investigate the bodies further (turn to **234**). If you roll 4, 5 or 6, you head quickly for the door to the east (turn to **168**).

102

You quicken your pace away from the strange, misshapen tree, glancing over your shoulder as you run. But you run straight into something solid. You lose consciousness momentarily and drop to the ground, to be awakened seconds later by a tickling sensation around your head and shoulders. Another tree, as dead as the first, stands in the centre of the path and you ran straight into it! When you discover the source of the tickling, you recoil in horror. As if being blown by some unholy wind, the tree's branches are wafting towards you, gradually drooping lower and lower. The tips are now around your face and neck and they are trying to get a grip! You cannot understand how the scrawny tree, with its long-dead branches, can have such powers and you instinctively roll out of its reaches. At that moment its eyes flick open . . .

The Tree Spirit's knotted, hollow eyes pierce your mind and hold you powerless before it. Under its will you take a step nearer to it, then another. Your foot kicks a rock and you wince in pain, and break free of the creature's gaze! You turn to run from the Tree Spirit, but only then do you realize the hopeless situation you are in. More of the creatures have closed around you in a circle. Each way you look, your escape-route is blocked. Turn to **434**.

103

The Elves become especially agitated and all four turn on you. One of them is more courageous than the rest and tells you to 'Sniff for filth in an Orc's latrine!' (mind your own business). This is fighting talk and to ignore this insult would be a sign of weakness. The Elf is ready to do battle:

ELF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you would rather not fight the Elf, turn to **243**. If you do accept the challenge and defeat the Elf, turn to **27**.

104

You glance from arch to arch, trying to decide whether to investigate them. The stillness is unnerving. Whatever happened to the voices you heard? As if in answer to your question, a sound drifts out from one of the alcoves: 'Pvf rehfrf. Cpm fep vfrehfr fe jfiypvu wb nta tpolf brnapfog rf bta rj chfs ejn ithfs fe pbrts. Dpoy pvu nptov ndf rstb nd ath fehvm bnatpn gvf? Pf rhb psa thfneypvus pf bkat hfetrpl lolbn g vbgf. C'rgga gvonusoog mg pa'sthwag ig thaan'g. Va n'oigg? What about this? Is that better? Ah, yes. I can tell you understand me. Look, I can help you. Maybe you would like me to direct you to a tasty morsel? Two fat Hobbits? Or shall I tell you about he who knows all your secrets? I speak, of course, of Zharradan Marr. Come, talk to me.'

You are stunned to silence by the voice speaking to you in your own tongue. It is inviting you towards one of the arches. Will you enter and speak to the being within? Or are you suspicious of this strange voice? If you enter the arch and talk to the owner of the voice, turn to **323**. If you wish to leave, turn to **405**.

105

You ignore the creature and turn your attention once more back to the tapestry which hangs on the walls. Then a hand – a cold, clammy hand with bony fingers – lands on your shoulder! You spin round and stare into the face of a long-dead Zombie, whose decaying flesh is being eaten away by grubs. The figure on the floor has risen to avenge your attack! Your gaze has been captured by the creature's eyes, which are far from dead. The flames you saw are burning even brighter now. Suddenly, two streams of fire streak from its eyes and burn into your own! You scream in agony at the pain from your blinded eyes, and a slow smile spreads across the creature's face of death. It has only just begun its attack. Your death will be slow and painful.

106

This plant has mysterious properties. You may or may not get the opportunity to find out what it can be used for. If asked to present this plant to someone later in the adventure, remember the number forty-nine. Now you may leave the river-bank by turning to **18**.

107

You continue along the trail which leads out from Coven. It winds past a disused building, now mostly rubble, and sweeps round in a northerly direction. Eventually you come to a crossroads where you may turn either west (turn to **177**) or east (turn to **203**), or continue northwards (turn to **130**).

108

You must stoop to enter this tunnel and you inch forward, feeling the walls ahead with your hands. The ground underfoot is becoming wet and each footstep comes down with a splash. Then you lose your footing and slip down a muddy slide, until eventually you land up to your chest in what feels to be a pool of thick mud. You try in vain to drag yourself from the pool.

The movement is almost imperceptible at first. But without doubt, something smooth and slimy is working its way up your body. And as more of the mud seems to join in the flow, you realize that this creature is very large! Finally the muddy surface breaks and a jelly-like blob is crawling up your chest and neck, drawing the mud behind it. You try to slash it with your claws to keep it away from your face, but your hands pass through the creature as if they were passing through the mud itself. It reaches your mouth and nose and flows deep down your throat and up your nostrils. You cough and splutter, trying desperately to take gulps of air, but it is hopeless. The Mud Slime whose lair you have fallen into cannot be defeated with your bare hands. It

kills its prey by suffocation. When your breath runs out and you slide deep down into the mud pool, it will digest your body at its leisure.

109

You sit down once more next to the Orc's carcass and begin snapping off the bones to clean every sliver of flesh from them. But there is little meat left on the body. What you do manage to eat does something to abate your hunger and your attention turns back to the door. No matter how you try, however, there appears to be no way through it.

Hours turn into days, which you spend alone, frustrated and starving, in the room. On the third day, a young Dark Elf arrives at the door and pushes it open. Relieved to have found a way out of the room, you spring up from the seat towards the door. But you so frighten the Elf that he flees from the room in terror, slamming the door shut behind him! No, you think. That is not the way to escape. When the next creature arrives, you must remain motionless until you can seize your opportunity to attack. Unfortunately for you, however, you are becoming weaker and weaker through lack of food. Your skin is being stretched across your skull and your eyes are bulging. When another creature arrives in the room, you will doubtless be too weak to put up a decent fight . . .

110

You have chosen a crystal club. It is not valuable but, to your way of thinking, it is a beautiful trophy. However, it is quite brittle. If at some time in the future you wish to use it in a battle, turn to reference 333 to find out what happens. But you must remember the number of the reference you are on at the time you choose to use the club, so you may return there afterwards. Now leave the chamber and turn to **257** to continue your journey.

111

The room you walk into is large but cluttered with innumerable items of a biological nature. Bookshelves line one wall to your right, while the wall opposite this is brimming with specimen jars. Straight ahead is a large porthole in the wall, letting ample light into the room, and there is a desk beneath the porthole. A bell rests on the desk among the papers and books, next to a long quill. To one side of the desk a human skeleton is hanging on a hook; to the other is a selection of anatomical charts pinned to the wall. There is a door to the right. Will you examine the desk (turn to **69**)? Will you ring the bell on the desk (turn to **236**)? Or will you examine the specimens in the specimen jars (turn to **97**)?

112

Alas, this choice will do you no good. Having never come across keys or locks before, you have no way of knowing what a key would look like or what you should do with it! In any case, your large, clumsy fingers could never manage to insert a small key and turn it. Unless you wish to try battering the door down (turn to **128**), you have reached the end of your journey.

113

You rush to the door and grab the handle. 'Simple creature,' says the figure in its gurgling voice. 'You have the audacity to disturb my rest and believe you can simply run away from my wrath? You will pay the penalty. You will learn the real meaning of suffering!' The handle freezes in your hand. It will not budge! Turn to **143**.

114

You follow the trail until you reach another clearing. Turn to **315**.

115

Before you finally leave the adventurers, you may decide to feed on them. If you do, you gain 4 STAMINA points. Then you continue. All is silent as you walk carefully along the passage. Eventually, your ears pick up the sound of running water, and the air becomes moist and cool. The sensation would be quite refreshing if it were not for an unpleasant smell, which gets stronger as the sound of the water becomes louder. Soon you find yourself on a ledge in the face of a rocky cliff. Looking out, you can see you are high over a vast cavern through which a river flows. Leading down from your ledge into the centre of the cavern is a flight of rough-cut stairs. This precarious staircase spans the river and is the only way onwards, but the thought of descending the stairs is not one which fills you with enthusiasm. The narrow steps have been made for human-sized feet and your large pads will make your descent awkward. The smell, which was unpleasant before, is now horrendous and seems to be coming from the river itself. Its waters are murky brown and the smell of excrement and decay is overpowering. Nevertheless, your only way on is downwards, so down you must go. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **166**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **71**.

116

The door leads to a passage which takes you west until you reach a T-junction where you decide to turn north. Turn to **144**

117

You hold up the Ring of Truth. When he sees it, the white-haired Elf begins to shift uneasily. 'Look, er . . .' he stammers, 'I made a mistake. Pah! My memory! Getting worse, it is. I have been banished from Stittle Woad for – well, it's a silly thing really – for talking to a friend. I suppose he did happen to be one of Zharradan Marr's legionnaires, but he was a friend to me At least I *thought* he was until he abused my friendship. And when I invited him to my village . . .' He is becoming quite distressed and does not want to tell you any more. He makes his way off into the woods. Turn to **414**.

118

'A fine display,' says Thugruff, nodding. 'You will be a valuable addition to the legions. Come with me and I'll see you get some food. If I remember right, Hobbits are a favourite of your kind, no? Or maybe you'd prefer to meet some of the other legionnaires. Make this place your home. But watch out for the Rhino-Men. Thick as Zombie blood, they are. And dangerous as Dragon breath!' What do you want to do? If you want to eat, turn to **216**. If you would prefer to mingle with the others, turn to **157**.

119

'What!' screams the witch with glazed eyes. 'We asked for Sculliweed, not for the Fishbait Flower! We cannot prepare our Potions of Fortune with Fishbait!' Turn to **222**.

120

You set off quietly through the undergrowth and give the creature a wide berth. It stops and cranes its scrawny neck around as you rustle through some bushes, but then resumes its drinking when it can see nothing. Further downstream you rejoin the river and follow it onwards. Turn to **388**.

121

The necromancer continues: 'I have been developing marrangha for many years now. Previously, my successes have been limited to vermin – rats to Jib-Jibs, mice to Graunies, and the like. You and your colleagues were my first successes with higher animals. Never before had I managed to transmute a *human*. And into such a fine creature, as you will doubtless agree.' You are shocked into a stunned silence. *A human!* And what of these *colleagues* that Marr is speaking of?

'My experiments, at least the ones which survive, are carefully studied and then preserved in the dungeon beneath the village of Coven. All my creations are sent there so that we can assess their abilities. You and your crew were transported there.' *Your crew?* What does he mean? Thoughts are racing through your mind. Some are vague and others are being sparked off as your memory is jolted by his words. Your eyes dart round the room, at the desk, the bed, the wardrobe. It is all starting to come back! Marr smiles slyly.

'I see it is coming back to you now,' he continues. 'You recognize this room. A little dusty now, and a little untidy, but it is as you left it.' Your head is spinning. Everything around you is now so familiar. 'I regret that your officers have not fared so well. Remember Ligge, the first mate? He took the form of a Blood Orc and was placed in charge of the blind fool, Hannicus. And Burgon the cook? You ran into him soon enough. The fat man was transformed into a Hobbit. He joined up with a Shaman and a Strongarm. I think you will remember running into them.' By now you are in a state of utter confusion as your past comes back to you. And after all this time you are back in your own private quarters! Turn to **199**.

122

You follow the passage eastwards, peering ahead as the glowstones flick on to light your way. Eventually you arrive at two doors and you listen for any clues as to what may be beyond. No noise comes from behind the door in the north wall. But there are definite sounds coming from behind the door in the east wall. A heavy breathing is unmistakable and is interrupted by loud snorts. This sounds ominous. If you wish to try the door in the north wall, turn to **154**. If instead you decide to charge the door in the east wall, turn to **263**.

123

You walk towards the old building, still in awe of your new surroundings. As you approach, you can hear voices inside. They are faint at first, but the closer you get, the clearer their words become. 'Tonight is the night, sisters of Romeena!' cackles one of the voices. 'When will it come?' shrieks another, gleefully. 'Quiet!' snaps a third. 'Its presence is close! I can feel it!' You step up to the door of the building and shove it aside. Screams come from the three women within. But not screams of terror; these are more like screams of excitement!

The three old women are dressed in tattered rags. Each has long white hair and a stubbly chin, and rubs her wrinkled hands together in anticipation. They are human-like, but smaller. These three ugly witches are the Women of Dree. 'Come in, come in, friend,' beckons one, who is blind. 'We have been waiting for you.' 'Yes!' says another, whose mouth is toothless and black. 'We are the Women of Dree. We are to help you fulfil your destiny!' The third one steps forward and speaks with a voice which hisses like a serpent: 'Yesss, missserable creature – sss! We know *what* you are and *who* you are – sss – though you do not. The godsss have chosen usss to be instrumental – sss – in your dessstiny. We cannot control your action – sss – for you mussst make the final choice. But we can ssshape your dessstiny through our knowledge – sss – and we will watch your progressss!' 'Yes!' adds the blind woman.

'Have you not wondered why one such as you is able to take such steps of wisdom as would befit none less than a scholar?' The three hags turn to one another and chuckle like naughty children. Finally they turn to you.

'But before we tell of your destiny,' starts the black-mouthed witch, 'there is something you must do for us. Sleep tonight and awaken fresh on the morrow. Then set off on a search for us. Bring us what we need for our potions. Bring us Sculliweed root! For this we will tell you what you must know. We will join you on the night of the full moon.' With those words, the women once more begin their cackling, which is beginning to annoy you. You step forward but, before you can reach them, they have faded to nothing! As silence spreads through the building, leaving only the night sounds outside, you reflect on their words. Will you take up their quest? Or would you rather ignore them and make your own way in life? If you wish to undertake their quest, turn to **324**. If you want another destiny, turn to **44**.

124

Rhino-Men are rather dull, bumbling creatures, not known for sharpness of wit. Orcs, on the other hand are more quick-thinking and cannot resist the opportunity to torment. Thus the argument turns into a brawl, as one of the Orcs pushes the Rhino-Man to the limits of his temper. But before any damage has been done, Thugruff appears with armed guards to break up the fight. The two groups

are separated. Thugruff takes you aside and into the castle for some food. Turn to **216**.

125

'This is Rosina's cottage,' announces Grog. 'She'll be able to help. But you'll need some money to pay her with, so here's 2 Gold Pieces. Go inside. I'll wait here.' You take the coins and then you must decide what to do. Return to **177** to make your choice.

126

You leave the ruins and continue along the path, heading further into the wood. The path becomes quite overgrown and it is evidently not used much. You reach a point where the overgrowth is so thick that the path continues through a sort of tunnel. Vines and creepers droop from the overhanging bush. If you were half your size, you would be able to nip through it quite easily. But you will have to crawl along it. Do you wish to get down on your knees and follow the path (turn to **343**), or will you leave the path and make your way through the wood (turn to **57**)?

127

You creep forward until you are quite close to the creature. As you stand there motionless, patiently waiting for the right moment, a bird flutters down to land on a bush in front of you. You must now decide how you will approach the Ophidiotaur that you have encountered. Roll two dice. If the number rolled equals or exceeds your SKILL, turn to **238**. If the number is lower than your SKILL, turn to **5**.

128

You charge into the door. It clangs loudly, but does not budge. This only angers you even further and you try again. But once more the door shows no sign of weakening. You, on the other hand, have hurt your arm and must lose 1 STAMINA point. If you wish to keep trying, turn to **150**. Otherwise you may look for a key (turn to **112**).

129

The door has no handle. You try shoving against it. At first, the door will not budge, but then you hear a small *click* and your next push is successful. You step into the room and close the door behind you. Again you hear the *click* as the door swings to. The room has a porthole, but curtains have been pulled across it, so the room is dark. In the centre of the room is a large stately chair with ornate carvings on its legs and on its high back. A silent figure is sitting on the chair, wrapped in an elaborate red cape. Its eyes are closed and it is motionless. In one corner of the room is a pile of scattered bones. What will you do:

Investigate the figure on the chair?	Turn to **452**
Search through the pile of bones?	Turn to **64**
Turn round and leave the room?	Turn to **347**

130

You follow the trail northwards. By now it is becoming quite dark. The setting sun gives way to a bright moon which is almost full. Eventually you decide to

rest for the night, and you settle down to sleep behind a large boulder. The night passes peacefully and you may gain 4 STAMINA points for the rest. The next morning you continue northwards until you reach a fork in the path. A signpost stands by the side of the road. The way to the south is signposted to 'Dree **'. To the north-west, the signpost reads 'Coven' and to the north-east it reads 'Bu Fon Fen'. Will you follow the trail to the north-west (turn to **190**) or the north-east (turn to **134**)?

131

The shopkeeper is amazed when you offer him the gold coin. He shuffles diligently around the shop, gathering together for you a generous collection of provisions. You receive two strips of dried wildcat meat, a bag full of Jimweed root from the sack on the counter, a skin of mulled wine and a fresh loaf of corn bread. You then leave his shop, and sit down outside to eat. Add 4 STAMINA points for the meal and continue out of the village by turning to **374**.

132

Had you been a little more observant, you would have noticed how the footprints all avoided the centre of the clearing. As you step towards your chosen trail, your foot sinks deep into mud. This happens too quickly for you to pull yourself back and, to your horror, you find yourself sinking deep into the muddy swamp! There is nothing around for you to grab hold of. If you have a length of rope, turn to **23**. If not, turn to **83**.

133

Marr's eyes open wide. 'But you may not refuse!' His anger is mounting. 'For I am your creator! You may not defy me. Do you not think that, if my power is sufficient to create you, it is also sufficient to punish you? Very well. I give you a glimpse of the living Hell I may make you suffer.' His eyes roll backwards and he mumbles a few incomprehensible words, pointing his hands out of the mirror at you. You wait apprehensively to see what happens. Did you bathe in the magical Elven Dust? If so, turn to **417**. If not, turn to **16**.

134

The trail eventually merges with another. You follow it over hills and a rickety wooden bridge which spans a fast-flowing river. Eventually you arrive at the outskirts of a gloomy village. No one seems to take much notice as you arrive. It strikes you that *all* the humans seem to be aged women. They are a dirty lot, wrapped in tattered shawls, and they spit and scratch as they talk to one another, ignoring the scenes of chaos around them. For the other inhabitants are a cacophony of strange creatures – hunchbacked, misshapen, mutilated, wretched things that grub about in the dusty gutters looking for scraps of food. Some hop, some hobble, some cannot move at all and are dying in the street. One legless creature pulls itself towards you by its hands and grabs your ankle. Its bleeding fingers are inflamed and septic and you quickly kick it away. An ugly old crone comes from her hut and flings

a bucket of stinking sewage into the street. Immediately, the contents are being devoured ferociously by a dozen of the accursed creatures.

The sight repulses you. Looking around, you notice also that the place seems to be unnaturally dingy. The prevailing colour is black; all homes and clothes – and even the creatures – are black. Dust hangs heavy in the air, and is continually being stirred up by the filthy creatures which live and die in the gutter. It is with some reluctance that the sun shines at all in the cursed village of Dree.

But your anonymity is comforting. You continue towards the centre of town, where many of the old women are milling around a street market. By the side of the market, performers are showing off their acts. You head towards them, but before you reach the market, you hear a woman's voice calling to you from behind. Will you stop to see what she wants? If so turn to **210**. If you want to continue towards the market, turn to **35**.

135

You withdraw your claws and hold your hands out in a sort of gesture of submission. The creature's knife rises once more . . . and stabs downwards! This time the blow lands in the centre of your shadow's chest and you collapse in a heap on the floor. The evil spirit has no comprehension of truce. It knows only that it must bring death to any living thing it encounters. For this is the way of the Shadow Stalker.

136

The passage heads north for no more than a few paces before meandering off in a north-easterly direction. Undisturbed layers of dust and dirt on the floor indicate that this corridor is little used. Eventually, the passage straightens and heads east. You soon come to a junction where you may either continue east (turn to **373**) or turn to the north (turn to **404**).

137

Bewildered by your experience, you wander off north along a main passageway. You soon reach a junction where you must decide whether to continue north (turn to **144**) or turn east (turn to **204**).

138

You turn south outside the door and head down to the next door. There is no other way onwards. You open the door. Turn to **15**.

139

You follow the path carefully, watching the way ahead. It seems to lead straight into the heart of the forest and the foliage gets denser as you continue. You come across a building in ruins, apparently a house in days long gone. The doorway remains, however, and a coat of arms decorates its rotting timbers. The coat of arms depicts two symbols: a mailed fist and a morning star. Do you want to search through the ruins (turn to **400**), or will you ignore them and continue along the path (turn to **126**)?

140

You remember the words of the blind wizard Hannicus and you hold up the silver ring before Darramouss. 'What is it? What sort of a gesture is . . . *the Ring of Holy Blessing*! Where did you get that? Give it to me! *This instant!*' His sunken eyes narrow and his gaze becomes fierce and pierces deep into your eyes. For a moment you feel him entering your will and your hand extends the ring towards him! His hand reaches out to take it from you . . .

But suddenly you manage to break out of your trance. You step over to the wall and crush the ring's large bulbous stone against it. The creature behind the desk shrieks as the stone shatters and a sweet-smelling gas fills the air. Darramouss steps back against the north wall and thumps a panel in the wall with his hand. Almost immediately, the wall draws aside and reveals a secret passageway! He takes a step towards the passage, but it is too late. The perfumed aroma has entered his body. Darramouss drops to his knees, clutching his throat. He topples over backwards and sprawls lifeless before you. You have killed the foul creature! You may now choose your next direction, through one of two secret passageways. Will you head to the west (turn to **79**) or the north (turn to **184**)?

141

'*Ssssooo!*' hisses one of the witches, holding her hands high. 'The creature sssucceedsss!' 'Sculliweed root!' exclaims another. 'Then indeed we are to be instruments of your destiny! Give us the root. Then we may tell you what you must know.' You hand over the plants to the witches.

'So be it,' starts the black-mouthed witch. 'The test has been passed. We must tell this creature of its past, its present and of its future. You are a creature of Zharradan Marr, this you know. You are his creature as he is ours. But now you must destroy our unholy son, for he seeks to alter the very balance of nature. Evil must not triumph over all; Chaos cannot reign supreme. For the balance is vital. We cannot get near Zharradan, for he knows that we would prevent his plans. But his vanity is great. *You* are his creation. He will not turn you from his door. And when you meet him, you must destroy him. When you do this you will save the balance. And your own truth will be revealed. We may not tell you more lest your thirst for knowledge be quenched and you abandon your destiny.'

The sightless witch continues: 'We do not know how you may meet Zharradan. But we can offer you one more ally. In Knot Oak Wood you must meet the white-haired Elf, Daga Weaseltongue. He can tell you how to enter the *Galleykeep*, for he has been there himself. But beware his words! Weaseltongue speaks untruths as if they were truths. Should his sentence begin with a vowel, then it is truth. Other-

wise trust not his words. But this Ring of Truth may help you. Make sure you show it to him.' They place a shiny jewelled ring on your finger. Should you meet Weaseltongue, he may offer you some information. You may gain more reliable information by revealing the witches' ring and deducting 50 from the reference you are on at the time, for you are able to see through his lies.

The witches continue: 'We know not where in Knot Oak Wood he is, but we know this. The Ophidiotaur is his ally. He will lead you to Weaseltongue. And we can lead you to the Ophidiotaur. Just sleep when we have left. This is all we can say. Now we must leave you. But your gift to us will be used to produce a Potion of Luck. We shall try to bestow its powers on you from afar. Farewell.'

With these words, the wind picks up once more and a gale whistles through the tree. The images of the witches fade in the wind and calm settles around you. A faint breeze blows across your brow and it seems to soothe you. You lie down once more on the ground beneath the tree and drift off to sleep. You may increase your LUCK score to its *Initial* level, as this encounter has indeed been fortunate.

When you awaken, you do not recognize your new surroundings. You are no longer under a solitary tree in a barren landscape. Instead you are in a rich forest! Birds twitter high above in the branches of

the many trees which shade you from the sun. You look around and find that you are lying beside a flowing river, whose cool waters are gently spraying your face. You feel invigorated and you may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Turn to 423.

142

A foul smell wafts along the passage and seems to get stronger as you continue. The air becomes cool and moist and you eventually hear the splashings of flowing water. The glowstones light up the way ahead and you can see that the passage turns into a narrow arch of rock stretching across a wide chasm. A murky river runs through the chasm and it is this river that is responsible for the stink which fills the area. The bridge is so narrow that, for a creature of your bulk, the crossing will be extremely hazardous. But there is no other way onwards. You step on to the near side of the bridge. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 221. If you are Unlucky, turn to 193.

143

Your anger grows as the figure steps forward. The candle throws a flicker of light across its face and you can see that an expression of fury knits the creature's brow. You can also see flames burning in each of the creature's eyes, but perhaps these are only reflections of the candle flame. Nevertheless, your own eyes are held fast by the creature's stare. A hand reaches out and steely fingers close around your neck! You begin to choke, and are unable to do anything while you are transfixed by the creature's burning eyes. Finally you break its gaze and force its hand from your neck. You must resolve your battle with the creature:

MASTER OF HELLFIRE SKILL 14 STAMINA 14

If you manage to reduce it to a STAMINA of 2 or less, turn to **266**.

144

The passage twists and turns until it leads you into a wide cavern. You pause to survey the way ahead. There are no creatures to be seen and all is still except for a dull humming which is forming an almost unnoticeable background noise. The wall to the left is riddled with large holes like a huge honeycomb and many of the holes are lit with a yellow glow. In the centre of the cavern, a few steps off the path, is what seems to be a small pool of shimmering liquid. Do you want to pass through this chamber as quickly as possible (turn to **239**)? Do you want to investigate the light coming from the

holes (turn to **24**)? Or will you have a look at the pool of shimmering liquid (turn to **180**)?

145

The Toadman feints at you with his trident and you leap into action. Resolve your battle with the creature:

TOADMAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to **287**.

146

You follow the nervous shopkeeper round and corner him. His terrified expression turns to one of astonishment when you hold out the gold coins. When he sees that you have come to eat his wares, not him, he rushes off round his shop to serve you. He gathers together for you a generous collection of provisions. First of all he gives you three small bags of Abundance Nuts. You also receive two strips of dried wildcat meat, a bag full of Jimweed root from the sack on the counter, a skin of mulled wine and a fresh loaf of corn bread. You leave his shop and sit down outside to eat. You eat everything but the Abundance Nuts, as the shopkeeper recommended that you take them with you for later in your journey. Add 4 STAMINA points for the meal. You may eat a bag of Abundance Nuts at any time during the rest of your adventure except when in battle. Each bag will restore 4 STAMINA points when eaten. You can now continue out of the village by turning to **374**.

147

There is something solid inside the sack. You fumble with the cloth, but cannot seem to find a way inside. Eventually you become frustrated, pick the sack up and shake it.

A small wooden casket drops out. As it lands on the ground, the catch flips open. Inside is a flask and the bump has loosened the stopper. You watch as a green liquid inside bubbles and boils, turning to a green gas which slowly seeps from the neck of the flask and drifts upwards in the air before you. You are mesmerized by the swirling mists which gradually become recognizable as a face! It is thin, with angular features and is decidedly human. Eventually its eyes open and stare into yours. 'Jih bvf ebffne bwbk fnf defrp mom yoslvm bfr! Whpocbllsa p not hfevb ppv rupfot pngv fs. T hf ehfbvfnl yebp dj fseh bvfe tbkfneth fjri pp sjt jpns. M yo gjf tijsig rb ntfd. Fpro bfttf repro fpr owp rsfem ye rfl fbsfe bfs tpws opno ypvuth fevnd frstbnd jng iyp vu dfsjrf. May you use your gift wisely.' Having said these words, the green gas swirls once more and the face disappears. As if sucked by force, it disappears once more into the flask. Once it is inside, the flask and the casket begin to fade. Moments later they have disappeared! But your unintentional encounter with the Vapour of Tongues has been fortunate. The spirit has bestowed on you its gift of language. From now on you will understand most languages as spoken or written. You may translate coded speech by turning to reference 283, where you will find the secret of the code.

148

You decide to follow the passage east, to your right. Your first steps are slow, as you take in the encounter with the Dwarf. After a few paces, the corridor turns north. You approach a stout wooden door and must make a decision. Will you smash the door from its hinges and continue? Or will you give up on this route and return to the Dwarf's corpse? Roll one die. If the result is 1 or 2, turn to **419**. If the roll is 3–6, turn to **72**.

149

You quicken your pace along the passage, away from the stink of the stream. Suddenly, your foot steps forward into *nothing* and you are falling downwards through the air! Your bulky body picks up speed quickly, but luckily the fall is not a lengthy one. You land in a heap at the bottom of the pitfall you have walked straight into. If it were not for your bulk, you might have landed unharmed on the straw-strewn floor. But you groan as you nurse your right leg. Blood is seeping from between the scales and you have twisted your knee badly. You must deduct 3 STAMINA points for the fall. Now turn to **257**.

150

You try beating the door with your fists. It has been specially made to withstand batterings of this sort and all you succeed in doing is injuring your hands. Lose 1 STAMINA point. If you wish to continue trying to break down the door, turn to **398**. Otherwise you will have to search for the key (turn to **112**)

151

Angrily you slash at the fortune-teller. Resolve your battle with Rosina of Dree:

ROSINA OF DREE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you defeat her, turn to **264**.

152

You step forward and swing your fist hard into the glass. The sound of the impact echoes round the room. But, rather than the shattering sound you were expecting, the noise is a deep rumbling, as the mirror vibrates. 'Fool!' screams Zharradan Marr. Did you really think the portal between my world and yours would be so easy to destroy? Why, if that were so, I would be at the mercy of a simple accident – or even rough weather!' He is right: it would indeed have been foolish of him to be left so vulnerable. 'My mirror cannot be harmed; you waste your time and mine. I can see you have no desire to join me. But our futures are intertwined. If you will not consider yourself my friend, then you must become my enemy!' The image of Marr fades from the reflection and your own begins to reappear. You react quickly in frustration, and prepare to try another blow, but this time with all your might. Turn to **302**.

153

The easterly passage leads you down a slight incline and along a narrow route which is cold and wet underfoot. The glowstones light your way once more. You soon find yourself sloshing and splashing along the corridor, and you look down to find that your feet are walking, not through ordinary mud, but through a thick, jelly-like substance which appears to be dark blue in colour. The passage bends sharply round to the north, and you plod onwards. Your progress may be unpleasant, but you feel no ill effects from the slime. Eventually, you reach a junction. Ahead, straight up the corridor, the slime changes to an even darker shade of blue. To the right, a single step upwards leads to a dry passageway heading east. If you wish to continue heading north, turn to **232**. If you step out of the slime and head east, turn to **84**.

154

The door is locked. It may be possible to break it down, but you could damage your shoulder, as the timbers are heavy. If you wish to try breaking the door, turn to **396**. If instead you would prefer to try the door in the east wall, turn to **263**.

155

You approach the orb. Its perch is only slightly above your head and you reach up to take it in your hands. But as your fingers close around it, you suddenly leap away! Although its appearance gives no warning, it feels red hot to the touch! Lose 1 STAMINA point for the burns. Then a shape begins to form in the crystal. Moments later, a shrivelled, death-like human face within the orb opens its eyes and glares at you. Its mouth begins to speak and an eerie voice booms out along the corridor: 'Fp plj shicrfb tvrf. Djdiypv uthjn k iypvucpvl duthj fvfe thfep rbop fodbrr bmp vss? Np n fem byat pvch umy us bcr fd ecr ystb la fpr oj tij simy ify fseb nd afb rs. Bn damy awf bppns obsa ypvus hbl lasff.' What will you do now? Do you wish to wait and see what the face in the orb does next (turn to **428**), or will you leave it and either take the other branch of this passage (turn to **81**) or return to the crossroads and go west (turn to **213**) or east (turn to **50**)?

156

You follow the passage to the east and you find yourself wandering down a long, straight passage. After some time, you arrive at a crossroads and you must choose which way to turn. As you are considering your choice, you are startled when all the glowstones you are relying on to light your way go out simultaneously! You are now stranded in the pitch-blackness! Which way will you go:

North?	Turn to **354**
South?	Turn to **212**
Straight on?	Turn to **310**

tpothb taswj nf bfbr dacvr!' You cannot fight both at once. Which will you direct your attention to? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **292**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **48**.

161

The room is roughly circular, with doors in the north, south and west walls. Around the walls, in between the doors, are dark arches – a total of six – which are large enough for you to enter. But from your position it is impossible to know how deep they are. The voices which you heard earlier have stopped, as if your entrance has surprised whoever – or whatever – was talking. There is no sign of any living creature in the room. You step into the centre and you are startled when the door slams shut behind you! You must now decide what to do. Will you leave the room through one of the doors (turn to **405**) or stay to investigate the room further (turn to **104**)?

162

A cloud drifts overhead and blots out the moon. In pitch-blackness, the going is difficult for you. You grope your way along, trying to be as cautious as possible. Suddenly you step into an unseen ditch! You lurch forwards and your head cracks against a low branch. Consciousness fades, and you slump into the ditch. When you open your eyes once more, it is light! You rub your sore head (you must lose 2 STAMINA points for the injury) and pick yourself up. You continue your journey through the wood. Turn to **244**.

163

Had you been a little more observant, you would have noticed how all the footprints avoided the centre of the clearing. As you step across towards your chosen trail, your foot sinks deep into mud. This happens too quickly for you to pull yourself back and, to your horror, you find yourself sinking deep into the muddy swamp! There is nothing around for you to grab hold of. If you have a length of rope, turn to **23**. If not, turn to **83**.

164

You creep cautiously and somewhat clumsily around the outside wall, keeping well out of the way of the black circle. It continues to shimmer mysteriously as you edge round it, but nothing happens. When you have passed it, the passageway narrows again to a moderate size and heads due east. You follow it until you reach another bend, this time to the north. But this passageway is quite short and ends at a wooden door. When you listen at the door, you can hear voices – either two or three different ones. The conversation rises and falls in pitch as if the creatures (or humans) were locked into a long discussion. This is your only way onwards. Will you try the door and attempt to creep slowly into the room (turn to **276**), or will you attempt to surprise whatever is inside by charging into the room with claws drawn (turn to **66**)?

157

You leave Thugruff and move around the courtyard, mixing with the others. They are an unruly lot, spoiling for a fight. Each wears the studded black leather tunic which is the *Galleykeep* uniform. Each also wears a medallion around his neck with his number on. You decide to mix with some of the groups to try to learn what you can about the place. Will you mix with a group of Orcs and Rhino-Men squabbling in the corner of the courtyard (turn to 377), or a group of Goblins and Elves in the centre of the courtyard (turn to 284)?

158

The door opens into a large room, which is not the dark, dingy room you were expecting. It is well lit by sunlight streaming in through a large porthole in the far wall. Bookshelves line the walls, along with charts of the heavens. A desk in front of the porthole is laden down with books, charts and strange devices, and other bulky pieces of scientific apparatus stand on the floor. There are two side doors leading from the room and one is opening to let someone in.

'That's right. Come in, come in. Don't bother to knock. My room is your room. Bah! I'll not return to this cursed ship ever again. When we reach Dree, I shall leave and ride to Blacksand. You won't catch me on one of these damned cloud-ships again, that's for sure.' He is an old man with long greying hair. He mutters away to himself, wrapped up in his own thoughts. Finally he turns towards you and looks over the top of his half-moon eyeglasses. 'Yes?

Well, come on! Lost your tongue, have you? Or are you just so stupid that you can't remember what you came for. If that Vallaska Roue wants another storm to appear, just so he can strike another poor Ophidiotaur with a bolt of lightning, tell him not to waste my time, and . . .' He has noticed your look of bewilderment. 'Look, you great brute, are you in the right place? Did you intend to visit me, Nimbicus? When people visit a Weather Mage, they normally want something. So? Ye gods! This creature's got the mind of a Jib-Jib. *Fearsome out of sight; feeble in the light*. Look. If you want something, speak to me. If not, get out!' He is getting impatient. Do you want to leave the room? If so, turn to 459. If you want to search round his room, turn to 303. Otherwise you may attack him (turn to 254).

159

You allow him to take the ring and he steps back towards the wall. You have found the conversation interesting, but now you are anxious to move on. Turn to 138.

160

As the creature dies, you sink your teeth into its arm to taste its juicy flesh. But then you remember the other two adventurers. The red-robed figure is facing you, pointing the little finger of each hand at you and mumbling. The shiny human has grabbed a sword – similar, you remember, to the Dwarf's, but larger – and is shouting to the other: 'Cpn tr plojt simjn dishbmbn! Jtim by abfeb blfe tp olf bda vsu

165

Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, you decide to head north into the wide cave entrance ahead of you (turn to 408). If you roll 4–6, you take the narrower cave entrance which leads west (turn to 344).

166

The descent is dangerous and several times you lose your footing and stumble on the slippery steps. But your luck holds out and you finally arrive at the foot of the staircase. The stench of the river is especially foul to your sensitive nostrils and your eyes search desperately for a way out of the cavern. You discover two openings in the rock-face ahead of you. One leads to the west and the other to the north. Will you continue north (turn to 358) or turn west (turn to 77)?

167

Whiteleaf beams with pride at the chance to tell of his adventures. 'My family is well respected in our village,' he starts. 'My mother – rest her soul – was a lady-in-waiting to our Queen Ethilesse, while my father served in the Royal Guard. I earn my living tending our aviaries, for we of Ethelle Amaene are great bird-lovers. Our birds are trained to work for us, gathering food for our cooking-pots and herbs for our potions. Anyone who is trained in the art of bird-caring can communicate with the birds, whose wisdom is great. They know the solutions to most of our problems and want to help us. They carry me about in the woods and, any minute now, I expect

Cheree and Chitta will arrive to take me back to patch up my wounds.' He looks anxiously into the skies. Birds fly about above the trees, but none come down into the clearing. After waiting for a few moments, he decides to leave and sets off in the direction you arrived from, with a wave and another expression of thanks. Turn to 414.

168

You make your way cautiously towards the door, horrified by the sight of the bodies slowly disappearing. As you step across one of the pug-nosed creatures, your foot catches something in the air. A screeching noise from somewhere is followed by a yelp of pain from you, as sharp teeth clamp on to your foot! Lose 2 STAMINA points. The shock causes you to tumble over and this frees your foot. But as you lift yourself up, something is happening in the room. Three shapes are materializing in front of you. Turn to 447.

169

Pretending not to understand, you stare at him wide-eyed. 'Stupid creature!' he says scornfully. 'You'll not be much use outside if you don't speak the language. Got lost, did you? Turn round and go back the way you came, serpent-face. And if it's a journey you fancy, jump into the Bilgewater and see where it takes you!' The guard laughs and turns back to his room. The only way you are going to get past him is by attacking. Turn to 73.

170

Fury builds up within you! You step back and with a loud roar you charge into the door. The hinges crack and are ripped off as the door crashes inwards. There is no furniture or decoration in the cave that greets your eyes. There is a seat carved out of the stone, but the room is clearly the dwelling of a captive or slave. Your eyes then switch to the room's inhabitant – and your reaction is swift! The huge Clawbeast, whose peace you have disturbed, slashes at you with its deadly talons! You lurch back and avoid the creature's onslaught. But this attack serves only to fuel your rage. Your own sharp claws slide out and you turn to the Clawbeast. Resolve this combat:

CLAWBEAST	SKILL 9	STAMINA 14

If you defeat the creature, turn to **389**.

171

Your hands comb the walls for signs of an entrance or any other way onwards, but in vain. You are in a dead end. You will have to return to the crossroads and take either the passage to the north (turn to **354**) or the passage to the south (turn to **212**).

172

The northward passage is short and ends at a stout wooden door. If you wish to force the door open, turn to **15**. If you would prefer to return to the main passage and follow it west, turn to **149**.

173

'*Fool!*' cackles the blind witch. 'Do you think we cannot tell the difference between Sculliweed and Purity Plant? What use is Purity Plant to us? We must prepare our Potions of Fortune, not cleansing balms.' Turn to **222**.

174

You ignore the old Rhino-Man's cries and continue northwards, following the trail through the wood. After many hours you reach a clearing. Turn to **366**.

175

Your attempts at freeing yourself are all to no avail. Night comes, followed by the morning sunrise. Birds are beginning to circle round you and you are feeling decidedly weak. But in the distant sky, a tiny shape comes into view. As it comes closer, you realize it is not a bird. It is much too large to be any living creature and its size eventually frightens off the birds circling above you. When it comes close enough for you to see, you can make out its shape clearly, although it is something with which you are not familiar. A huge vessel, with billowing sails

above it, is heading towards you! You watch as it gets closer and closer, and eventually stops over you. A pole is lowered over the side. It grabs the rope from which you are hanging and hoists you on to the deck. You are too tired and weak to resist as rough hands shove your neck through the nearby guillotine. This foraging expedition has been most successful. The crew of the *Galleykeep* will have a hearty meal tonight . . .

176

If you simply rest by the pond, turn to **453**. If you drink from it, turn to **391**. If you would prefer to bathe in it, turn to **26**.

177

The trail leads to a small copse growing on a solitary hillock which is the only noticeable feature of the otherwise flat countryside. When you reach the hillock, you can see a face of bare rock. Set in this rock are a number of small cave entrances facing the trail. In the centre of these, backed up to the rock-face, is a hut, and smoke drifts lazily from its chimney. Someone is at home. Looking out westwards beyond the hillock, the ground is flat for as far as you can see. Your eyes scan the inhospitable wastes of the Windward Plain. Nothing about its bleakness looks inviting. You turn your attentions once more to the hut. Will you enter through the front door (turn to **252**), or will you try one of the caves set in the rock-face (turn to **340**)?

178

You turn from the dead skeleton. But this is a mistake For as soon as your eyes have left the undead creature, its bones knit quickly together It grabs the knives and springs on your back! You must continue your fight with the physician:

QUIMMEL BONE SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you defeat it, turn to 407.

179

You can find no clues as to how to get further along the passageway. Angry and frustrated, you stamp your foot on the ground and smack the rocky wall with your fist. This was not a wise thing to do. The rock overhead was loose but delicately balanced, and now the roof and walls come crashing in on top of you. You have indeed come to a dead end in the dungeons of Zharradan Marr.

180

You leave the path and walk towards the shimmering liquid, treading carefully across the rough boulders. As you get close, you see something that causes you to stop, blink and look again. Out of the corner of your eye, you are *sure* you saw the liquid suddenly rise in the air, then fall almost immediately to become smooth once more. But this happened without any sound You take another careful step forward and, as you are now next to the 'pool', you realize to your horror the mistake you have made . . .

This is no pool at all. The shimmering surface is in fact the gloss on the wings of a Giant Hornet, which is feeding in a crevice. As you look down on the creature, it turns its large, ugly head up at you, mandibles clicking hungrily. With a flutter of its wings, it takes to the air and hovers ready to attack! Aiming its sting at your chest, it plummets towards you. Turn to 332.

181

This plant has mysterious properties. You may or may not get the opportunity to find out what it can be used for. If asked to present this plant to someone later in the adventure, remember the number eighty-one. Now you may leave the river-bank by turning to 18.

182

After following the tunnel for some time, you begin to hear clinking noises and voices from somewhere ahead. You round a corner and enter a large chamber lit by the flickering light of many torches, where creatures of all sizes and shapes are swinging implements at the rock-face. Their hard work is watched by several large, heavily armoured guards, who brandish long bullwhips, and any pauses in the work are rewarded by painful slashes from these whips. The creatures at work seem to be digging out the rock-face and loading it into trucks. The trucks are then pushed along the tracks you have found by other minions. Will you try to creep through the chamber, keeping out of sight of the guards (turn to 78)? Or will you step behind one of the trucks and see where it is to be pushed to (turn to 94)?

183

The path winds tortuously through the forest and you follow it up hill and down dale. Although you pass many types of birds and other small animals, there seems to be nothing menacing about the wood and you are soon feeling quite carefree – until you notice that the wood has been changing very subtly. The general colour of the forest is imperceptibly changing from rich browns and greens to duller shades of the same colours. You are entering the Forest of Spiders.

When you first notice this, you think little of it. But now the atmosphere of the wood is changing too.

The chirping of songbirds is replaced by the cawing of crows; previously there were brightly coloured butterflies flitting from flower to flower, but now only black and brown buzzing insects are to be seen. Your steps slow to a more cautious pace. Your eyes dart from tree to tree as if you were expecting something to spring out at any moment. But there is nothing. Then a noise behind you catches your attention and you twist round to a startling sight. Standing directly in the middle of the path behind you is a tall tree! Its gnarled branches are dead and twisted; its trunk is stout and knotted. *But you are certain that it was not there when you passed along that part of the path!* Will you go back to investigate the tree (turn to **76**), or will you quicken your pace away from it (turn to **102**)?

184

You are glad to be out of the room and away from the vile creature. You take long strides and follow the passage north. It turns to the west and your nose twitches at the foul smell of sewage. A strong wooden bridge takes you across the stinking Bilgewater. You are forced to hold your breath as you cross, but on the other side you quickly leave the filthy river and the passageway turns once more to the north. You arrive at a heavy door carved out of the rock which blocks the way onwards. As you are considering what to do, the door opens.

A burly, dark-skinned human stands in the doorway. His face is badly scarred and one of his eyes is

half-closed. His lips curl back in a sneer which shows his few, dirty teeth. 'Well?' he asks. 'What is it? Has Darramouss sent you? Have you permission to leave Marr's dungeons? Come on! Where's your tongue?' Will you nod to let him know you have been allowed to leave by Darramouss (turn to **3**), will you play stupid and see what he does next (turn to **169**), or will you grab him in your claws and do battle (turn to **73**)?

185

The little creature screams in horror as you raise your foot over its head. 'Lfbv femfeb lpnf,' it squeals, as it swings the sharp sword in its hand towards your leg. But the blow is weak and glances off your tough scales; you feel nothing. A second later you are looking down with mixed feelings at the lifeless form of the Dwarf. Will you examine the body (turn to **399**), will you attempt to hide the body down the passageway you have just come from (turn to **218**), or will you quickly leave the area (turn to **248**)?

186

You cannot resist the temptation to find out what is bound inside the sack. You squat down next to the squirming figure and prod it with your hand. It squeals pitifully and its hopeless attempts to wriggle free become frantic. Suddenly the creature's smell hits your nostrils. This smell has a curious effect on you. You are spoiling for battle. But alongside this, your mouth is watering; you have the

compelling desire to sink your teeth into a large chunk of flesh to satisfy your appetite. Thus your craving is both hunger and rage, and your passion is uncontrollable!

Your talons slide from your fingertips and you slash furiously at the ropes binding the sack. They fray and snap, and out falls a battered and bloodied little human-like creature. It is clean-shaven, with brown hair on its head, its hands and even on its feet, which are not covered with footwear. The creature's weary head rolls around towards you and its eyes gaze into yours as if to plead for pity. But when it realizes what you are, a look of stark horror spreads across its face! It screams in anguish and fights desperately to break free. But it is no use. You have the little fellow securely in your grip. Your fangs sink first of all into its neck to quell the struggles. Then you feast greedily on its soft body. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* value. When you are finished with the Hobbit, you look up along the passageway. You are startled to discover that you are being watched! In the darkness down the passage is a mysterious figure. Turn to 63.

187

The second adventurer carried, around his waist, a short wooden shaft with a two-edged metal plate on the end. You pick up this axe and turn it over in your hands inquisitively. Grasping the shaft awkwardly, you raise it over your head and bring it down on a rock by your side. The rock shatters. But unfortu-

nately the shaft also breaks and the metal head goes skidding along the corridor away from you. As if in response, a glowstone suddenly lights in the passageway ahead! A tiny face pokes round the bend and surveys the scene. You see the face only for a moment, but the effect is immediate. Turn to 403.

188

The old man fusses about with his jars of potions. He is nervous in your presence and his hands shake, rattling the bottles. 'I-I think th-this will do it!' he stammers, pouring the contents of two bottles into a saucer. 'C-c-come here and put your head over this saucer.' You are suspicious, but you do as he says. When your head is in position, he grinds a little powder into the liquid with his fingers. The effect is startling and you draw your face back as the liquid vaporizes as thick brown smoke. You cannot help but inhale the smoke, and you cough and splutter, rubbing your watering eyes. But the medicine-man has not deceived you. His herbal medicine is able to remove curses and the effects of any curse you may have had cast upon you is now neutralized. Still coughing and rubbing your eyes, you leave the shack and head out of town. Turn to 374.

189

You leave the clearing and stomp off through the undergrowth. Birds twitter excitedly as you crash through the woods and you turn your head up to watch them. Far in the distance you see a black shape, hovering in the sky. It is too large to be a bird and has none of the familiar shapes of a flying creature. The *Galleykeep*! You remember Weaseltongue's words. But how will you ever be able to find a hidden trap among all the trees? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **341**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **376**.

190

As you follow the trail, the vegetation changes. The flat grassland begins to be replaced by taller reeds. The going underfoot becomes muddier, until eventually you reach an area where bulrushes tower over your head. Will you continue into the rushes (turn to **307**), or will you head back to the junction and take the north-east trail instead (turn to **134**)?

191

You press on northwards, following the trail through the wood. If you are hungry, you may try to catch some food by turning to **368**. If you are not hungry, turn to **229**.

192

Once more you pick up the parchment and stare at it. The writing is not neat, but you can just about make out the following message:

'Bip grbp hyapfoz o mbrrap bgfen jnf tyet hrif: . . . th vsu cbmf embr rat pobbbn dpn othfephy sjcbla wprld obnd atbk fe rffvgfe jnihj sipwn. Ba strb ngfenfth frwprldowhjc hip ccvp jfsen pospbc fej nit hfew prldo wfe mpr tblsa knpw. Ba wprl dopf ojllvsjpn oj niw hjchiw hfr fehfe bpp fb rse tpo bfe hfej sanpt. Bnda bawp rldo jni whj chith psfesf brc hjngifpr ohjmi wpv ldujnstfb daf jndit hfmsf lvfs. Hfeh bsab vt upn fewfbkn fss ejnihj sin fwew prld obndat hbt ajsibac ry stbla clvbuw hjch imbyab fev sfde tpodfs trp yofprfv fret hfegbtfwb yabf t wffne pvruw pr ldobndahjs.' Jfi btas pmf etjm fejn ithfe fvt vrf eypv ubfl jfvf eypv uhbvf elpcb tf det hf efnt rbnc fet pombrrsan fth frwpr ld odfdvct uth fep bg fe nvmbfrebbpv fef rpmoth ferfffrfn cfe ypvubrf epnobt ath fetj mf eb ndatv rnut poth jsi rf ffr fncf. Jfrypv ub r fecp rrf ctey pv uwjl lim f ftet hf enf crpm bnctr. Fproh b vjng it hfegp pdo fpr tvnfe tp ofjn dithjsip br chmfnt eypvumb ya rfstp rfeypvru lvckus cp rfetp ojt sij njtjbl al fvfl.

After you have studied it for some time, you leave the room. Will you leave through the door in the east wall (turn to **365**) or the door in the south wall (turn to **450**)?

193

In the centre of the bridge, you glance down The sight of the filthy water down below is unnerving and for an instant you lose your balance on the slippery bridge! Your fate is to plunge head first down into the disgusting Bilgewater below, never to emerge alive, unless your SKILL is great. Roll two dice. If you roll a number greater than or equal to your SKILL score, your adventure ends here, plunging down into the foul river below. If you roll a number less than your SKILL, then you regain your footing (turn to **221**).

194

You bend down to grasp the creature's body, which lies face down on the floor in front of you. You turn it over, unaware of the deadly surprise in store. For as the light falls on the creature's face, you see that the creature you fought has disappeared! In its place is the grotesque head of a long-dead Zombie, whose rotten flesh is being eaten by crawling grubs. Its fiery eyes are still alight and they once more capture your gaze. As you stare transfixed, the creature suddenly sits bolt upright and two streams of fire from its eyes burn into your own! You scream in agony at the pain, and a slow smile spreads across the creature's face of death. It has only just begun its attack. Your death will be slow and painful.

195

You growl impatiently at the medicine-man, but he is adding ingredients to his herbal broth and continues to ignore you. Finally you will wait no more. You step up to him and swipe at the boiling broth. Most of the liquid splashes up into the face of the medicine-man, who screams in agony and clutches his eyes. He falls to the floor, sobbing and moaning. When he eventually looks up, his sightless eyes search aimlessly around the room. He is totally blind and is in no fit state to help you. You may leave him and the village by turning to 374. Or, if you prefer, you may put him out of his misery (turn to 456).

196

She shuffles off into the house for your Potion of Healing. You take a sniff of the yellowy liquid and gag. It smells disgusting! 'Come now, it will do you good,' coaxes the hag. 'Drink it all up. And all your problems will vanish.' You take a deep breath and swallow the contents of the bowl. It washes down your throat, leaving a bitter taste in your mouth. You cough a few times, but soon it has settled. You turn to go.

'There really is no need for you to go so quickly,' chuckles the old crone. 'You may as well get to like it here.' You are puzzled by her words. 'For you will not be leaving for some time. After all, now that Shanga cannot serve me, and I cannot keep up this home without a slave, can you blame me?' You are still not sure what she is talking about, but you

notice you are feeling warm – and even *happy* – inside. The old witch now seems to be not so much a dirty hag but more a kindly soul and her words are like music to your ears. 'There are many chores that you will busy yourself with,' she continues. 'And you will be fed well. Look – Shanga can be your first meal. You will be happy spending the rest of your life in Dree.' And every day you will receive *another* tasty bowlful of my special Potion of Obedience.'

197

When strapped to your arm, this plate will make a useful shield in battle. While using this shield, you may add 1 point to your SKILL. In addition, any more metallic discs of gold and silver may be carried in the pouch on the back. Finally, the spike on the front will allow you to break down doors more easily. If you are told to lose 1 STAMINA point when attempting to break down a door, you may ignore this penalty (if the damage is more severe, then even your shield will not help you). Now leave the chamber and turn to 257 to continue your journey.

198

Hooo-oo-oo. A bird's cry pierces the night air as you step through the mysterious stones, looking for anything unusual. You pause by a tall, smooth, black stone and study the writing on it. 'Here lies Sogarth Foulblade, smitten in the Sculliweed plague, leaving good wife Millinia and sons Chard and Seth. May Chlorissian take his soul.' Not far from this is an ornate stone covered in small carv-

ings of winged creatures and fierce-looking gargoyles. Its inscription is in smaller print and you must step right up to read it: 'The ground is cursed where I, Donag Haddurag, lie. Let not man or beast dare set foot on my grave, lest he feel my wrath and the ground open up to disembowel his miserable body. Donag Haddurag, necromancer of Coven.'

You look to the ground and see your own foot planted squarely on the centre of his grave! Will you wait to see whether or not the threat is an idle boast (turn to 411), or turn and find somewhere to hide (turn to 67)?

199

Marr's eyes open wider and he leans forward. His head protrudes from the mirror as if it were a pool of water, held on to the wall by magic. 'Now I can help you, *but you must give me the Half-Orc's knapsack*!' What can he want with Grog's knapsack? It contains only a few of the creature's possessions and a box . . . Of course! The box! You now remember that you have seen similar boxes twice before. Once just before you found you were developing control of your destiny and again just before you started to be able to understand the languages of other creatures. Perhaps this box is what he is after. Marr holds his hand out and it too emerges from the mirror into the room.

'Vallaska Roue has failed me,' he says. 'For the *Galleykeep* has not enabled us to find the Elf village. There was only one way to test the powers of the

Vapours: to use them on a living creature. I care little for the "power of reason" or the "power of languages", as these are skills I already have. It was much more profitable to allow you to use these Vapours. But the Vapour of Life is mine. Give it to me!'

Will you give him the box as he wishes? If so, turn to 74. If you refuse, turn to 133.

200

The old man offers to help if you will lead him out of the dungeon. 'My name, if you wish to know it, is Hannicus. I know much of what goes on here,' he starts, 'for I was the keeper of these dungeons before Zharradan Marr decided that an undead would be more ruthless than an ageing wizard and gave that damned Darramouss – curse his soul – my position. The only reward for thirty-six years' service was my black-eye curse and a future as a plaything to be held captive at Darramouss's pleasure.' All this is interesting to you and you allow him to continue. 'I can lead you straight to the undead keeper if you will lead me – if you see what I mean. We must travel east until we reach the lair of the Chattermatter. But ignore his prattle, for he seeks only to feed on your flesh. North then we must travel to reach Darramouss. I can help you slay him, with this!' From inside his robes, he pulls a silver ring which has a large bulbous stone set in it. He walks over to you and gropes for your hand, finding it eventually. 'Look, this ring will fit any finger – even yours. There! When you meet

Darramouss, smash the stone into the wall. It will break and release a deadly gas – deadly, that is, to the undead Half-Elf. It will not harm humans and will no doubt have no effect on you.' Add 2 LUCK points for this information. You look at the ring on your finger admiringly. The human is asking for it back. Will you give it to him? If so, turn to **159**. If not, turn to **360**.

201

The door in the south wall opens to reveal a short, narrow corridor. But as you are considering whether or not to step through the door, a creaking sound comes from behind you. You swing round to see the door in the east wall slowly opening. Glowstones in the passage outside flick on to light up your way. You cannot resist this invitation, and you leave through the east door. Turn to **49**.

202

The heat is becoming unbearable. Your thick scales serve only to make matters worse and you drag yourself round the walls, searching desperately for a way out of the furnace. You pound on the rock, hoping to find a loose stone, but there is none. However, at one point you bash the two bracelets together. The ringing sound becomes unnaturally loud and, as it does so, the roarings of the furnace subside. The vibrations on your wrists increase and eventually all is calm and the temperature has been restored to normal. An opening appears in the west wall and you can leave. You arrive at a familiar

crossroads, but this time you choose a different direction. Will you turn right (turn to **443**) or continue westwards (turn to **213**)?

203

You follow the trail east for some time, until a familiar shape looms on the horizon. The building in which you met the Women of Dree! You realize that you have retraced your journey, so you decide to return to the crossroads. Lose 1 STAMINA point for the wasted journey. At the junction, will you turn north (turn to **130**) or continue west (turn to **177**)?

204

The passage runs straight ahead until you reach a solid wooden door. It is locked and looks much too sturdy for you to break down. But in the centre of the door is a huge metal plate with a heavy ball pivoted above it. Will you use the ball to hit the plate to attract the attention of whoever is inside (turn to **435**), or will you return to the junction and take the passage to the north (turn to **144**)?

205

Roaring like an enraged Demon, you rush into the open chamber, ready to take on whatever is inside. Terrified shrieks come from the small party of adventurers huddling round a makeshift campfire in the centre of the area. Three figures are warming themselves by the fire. One wears shiny clothes that clink as he moves. Another is dressed in red and

also grows long dark hair from his chin. The third is a tiny creature with polished hide on his chest. He has no hair on his chin, but has plenty on his feet, which he has been holding up to warm at the fire. Your eyes fix on the smallest of the three. Your breathing gets heavier and a feeling of pure hatred grips you. Without hesitating, you stomp across and grab the miserable Hobbit with your claws. The other two are caught off balance and are slow to react. The Hobbit has no weapon and should be an easy victim:

HOBBIT	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the creature in three straight Attack Rounds, turn to **160**. If it takes longer than three rounds, turn to **86**.

206

You ignore the pleas of the miserable little creature. After chewing through the rope to cut him down, you put him out of his misery and feast ravenously on his tasty flesh. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. You must then decide which way to turn at the fork. Will you go left (turn to **351**) or right (turn to **183**)?

207

You slump to the ground, exhausted from the fight. During the battle, the creature's red robe fell to the floor and this now catches your attention. You pick it up, admiring its richness and its feel. You stand up, swing it over your shoulders and proudly take a few steps, watching how it flows with your movements. You sit down again, happy with your new possession. But then a strange feeling comes over you. A pain in your stomach is followed by an overwhelming hunger. You must eat something! The dead Blood Orc lying at your feet suddenly looks delicious and you eat heartily. For the time being your appetite has been satisfied. Add 4 STAMINA points.

You are now ready to leave the room. You step up to the door and attempt to open it. But there is no handle. Your claws dig into the wood and you pull hard, but to no avail. The door is closed tightly and is being held by some catch. You cannot open it. You try charging the door, but it is much too strong for you ever to smash down. But your frustration soon turns to a quite different feeling as another wave of hunger spreads through you. Will you step over to the Orc's bones to suck them clean (turn to **109**), or will you instead attempt to remove the red robe (turn to **21**)?

208

Once more the glowstones light your way as you tramp along the passage. The walls begin to glisten and from ahead you can hear the splashings of an underground river. As you approach, a strong smell begins to waft towards you. The disgusting smell, which comes from the river itself, causes you to stop for a moment to catch your breath. After a few more paces, you reach a rocky bridge. Steep chasm walls stretch down to the bubbling river below and you look over the edge to get some idea of the distance. The bridge is narrow, and wet from the moisture in the air; no doubt it is slippery, too. Do you want to risk crossing the bridge (turn to **265**), or will you turn back and take the easterly passage (turn to **122**)?

209

You may, if you wish, regain your strength by waiting for a few moments in the room before continuing. You can pass the time by feasting on either of the dead creatures. Which looks the tastiest: the Manic Beast (turn to **231**) or the human carcass (turn to **249**)? Or will you ignore the food and simply leave the room (turn to **293**)?

210

You stop and wait as the old hag hobbles up to you. 'Praise be to Nanagga that you stopped, strange creature,' she croaks, panting from the effort of catching up with you. 'My rainwater barrel has fallen from its perch and I cannot lift it on my own. If you will lift it for me I will reward you well. My speciality is potions and I wager a dose of Healing Potion would not go amiss, eh? Well?' Will you help the woman out as she wants? If so, turn to **224**. If you would rather not, turn to **35**.

211

Strange smells of boiling herbs reach your nostrils as you enter the shack. Inside, the room is cluttered and disorganized and the pungent smell of the boiling herbs is particularly offensive to you. Standing over the pot of herbs is an old, white-haired man holding a ladle in one hand and an open book in the other. He wears a long, black robe and is concentrating intently on his potion. You stare at him for a few moments. He does not even notice you until you accidentally kick a large, round vegetable and send it scuttling across the floor. The man throws back his long hair and glances up at you. He seems to look *through* you; you are not sure whether he is seeing you or not. He waves you over to a chair to wait until he has finished. Will you wait as he wishes (turn to **316**), or do you refuse to wait (turn to **195**)?

212

You grope your way along the passage for several paces and find that it comes abruptly to a dead end. You may either search the walls for any signs of a way through (turn to **245**), or you may return to the crossroads and choose the north passage (turn to **354**) or the easterly one (turn to **320**).

213

You reach a dead end. The light is dim and it is difficult to see, so you grope around for a possible way onwards. There is none to be found. You turn round and return to the crossroads. Will you now continue north (turn to 443) or east (turn to 50)?

214

Your struggles against the sticky Gluevines are hopeless. The more you try to free yourself, the more entangled you become. But in your hand you carry the bottle of green liquid taken from the skeletal hand. The glass stopper has popped out in your struggles with the vine and you decide to take a sip. The liquid tastes sweet and you pour the remaining drops into your mouth. Miraculously, this seems to have the desired effect! One by one the vines release you!

The green liquid you found was, however, *not* specially formulated to repel Gluevines. The Gluevine tunnel was constructed by Forest Imps as a trap. Gluevines are very useful for traps of this sort as they have the ability to tell whether or not the prey they catch is fit for consumption. Any animal not fit for consumption is not entangled or – as in your case – released. For if you were to be eaten by the Forest Imps, you would doubtless poison them as they eat. The liquid you have drunk is in fact a slow-acting poison, the effects of which you are only now able to feel. You clutch your stomach and double over. Minutes later, you die an agonizing death.

215

'You can go after that thing, whatever it was, if you like,' says Grog, looking quite worried. 'But I'd just like to get out of here safely.' Return to 267 and make your next choice.

216

Thugruff takes you into a room where you both sit down at a table. A short while later someone arrives with a large bowl full of meaty broth and places it before you on the table. You catch the smell from the broth. Hobbit! Ravenously you grab the bowl and pour its contents into your mouth. The broth is hot and burns your throat, but you may add 5 STAMINA points for the meal. Thugruff tells you about his legions. Half of his forces are now with Zharradan Marr in a great floating ship known as the *Galleykeep*. It is cruising over the Forest of Spiders searching for the Rainbow Ponds, for the village of Stittle Woad is near the Rainbow Ponds. If you are lucky, he promises, you may even get to join Marr on the *Galleykeep*. Meanwhile you are deciding what you will do next. Thugruff takes you outside and offers to give you some instruction in weapon technique. Do you want to take him up on his offer (turn to 271), or will you make plans to leave the Testing Grounds (turn to 455)?

217

You step over to the two boxes and shake one of them. Something soft and heavy bumps about inside. This arouses your curiosity and you search for a means of opening the box. But none is apparent. In your frustration, you tip the box over and it crashes to the ground. Your attention focuses on the wider end as a splitting sound from within the box gets louder. Suddenly a crack appears in the wood! Then another! Finally, the front of the box smashes apart and your eyes widen as they catch sight of the hideous thing within . . .

A human shape appears – or rather, something resembling a human corpse. But it is not dead, as its thin lips are slowly curling back to reveal sharp teeth and a forked tongue. In an instant, the creature suddenly sits bolt upright and turns its head towards you! Its eyes flick open.

'Whpodj st v rbsut hfer fs tep fothfec vrs fwjtchfs. Fpvl ucrfbt vrfey pvudbb blf ew jthi whb tayp vudp on pt ovn df rst bnd. Npn femb yajntf rffrfew jthi pv rupfbc fesbv fefpr ozh b rrbdbn ambrra th fe mbstfr. Yp vu mvstubf etb vghtutpo rfspfc te thfe slff pepfoth fev ndfbda bn day pvum vstub fem bdfe tpo ffflet hfewr bth apfo thf ecvrsfw jt chfs.'

The creature's eyes fix on to your own. They glow white and you find you cannot break from the gaze. When its eyes finally close, you feel strangely light-headed. As if in a trance, you step away from the corner and head towards the door in the east wall. You open it, step through and it closes behind you.

Only then do your thoughts return to normal. But you are far from normal. You have been cursed and, until you are able to find someone who can remove the curse, your *Initial* SKILL has been reduced by 2 points and your *Initial* STAMINA by 5. If your current SKILL and STAMINA points exceed these limits, you must reduce them as necessary. Now you may continue by turning to 436.

218

You plan to drag the body down the short passageway to the south. You bend down to grip the lifeless figure. But instead of responding to your wishes, you find that your body has other ideas of its own. Turn to 399.

219

You hold up your Ring of Truth before him and his tone changes. He shifts nervously from side to side. 'Er, perhaps I have not remembered things quite accurately,' he stammers. 'It is not true that the *Galleykeep* comes to ground near here. It hardly ever comes to ground, for then it is too vulnerable. There are only two ways that I know of to get on board the *Galleykeep*. Every day, the ship goes gathering food for the crew. I have seen their catapult traps, which are scattered all around these woods. If you get yourself caught in a trap, you will be hoisted on board. All over the forest, they are. Alternatively you can search for Thugruff's Testing Grounds and have yourself recruited into the crew.'

Weaseltongue backs away from you across the clearing. 'Ermm, I . . . ah . . . suspect,' he stammers, 'that you wish to *find* Zharradan Marr and you wish me to help. That I cannot . . .' His face makes a grimace as he glances at the ring 'Of course. I must tell you what I know. For the Ring of Truth was forged by Elven smiths. If meet Zharradan you must, you will find him on the *Galleykeep* in a room with a certain symbol on the door. I know not this symbol, but I do have a clue as to its nature, contained in the words of this rhyme:

'When fire meets ice, who ends the fight?
Who stands between the two?
His symbol keeps them both apart,
Not red, nor white, but blue.

'I know no more that will help you,' he adds hastily. 'And now I must be going!' He holds up his hand as a parting gesture and turns into the woods. You watch him go. Ahead, the path continues to the north, but you can see through the trees that it splits, one path heading to the east and the other to the west. Do you want to head north and then turn either to the east (turn to 272) or to the west (turn to 139), or would you rather ignore the path and set off through the undergrowth (turn to 189)?

220

You are suspicious of this mysterious figure. You back out of the arch and poke your head into the one next to it. This one is also dark. But from somewhere in the darkness you can see a faint glittering, as if tiny raindrops are sparkling as they fall. You cautiously step in to investigate. You reach a pile of rubble lying on the ground. Stones are scattered about as if from a wall which has recently collapsed. You could easily cross the rubble and make for the twinkling lights. While you are considering whether or not to do so, a crash is followed by a shower of dust as a rock falls from the ceiling! Will you climb through regardless, to investigate the glittering lights (turn to **56**), or will you leave this alcove and try another (turn to **85**)?

221

You cautiously make your way across to the far side of the bridge where, with a great sigh of relief, you step on to safe ground again. You rest for a few moments and then turn west to continue. But your eye catches sight of footprints which seem to head not towards the bridge, but to the edge of the ledge you are now standing on. Looking more closely, you can see that, just over the edge, a series of rocks protrude from the side of the chasm as rough stairs. They lead down to a hole in the cliff. If you wish to climb down the steps, the going will be perilous, as they are narrow and there is nothing to hold on to. Otherwise, the westward passage leads you on for a few paces to a strong wooden door with iron fastenings. Will you attempt to force your way through the door (turn to **425**), or would you like to investigate the steps leading down to the hole in the side of the chasm (turn to **313**)?

222

'Failed!' cries one of the witches from between black teeth. 'The creature has failed! It has no root! *Hyaaahhhh hee heeyah!* Its future is ordained. Let us be gone. The creature deserves no higher destiny.' The wind sweeps through the branches of the tree with the force of a gale. But as quickly as it rose up, it dies and soon all is still. The Women of Dree are gone! Unsure of what has happened to you, you settle down once more and drift off to sleep.

When you awake the next morning, the disturbance in the night is but a faint memory of a bad dream. As the rising sun warms the air, you set off. Add 4 STAMINA points for the rest and follow the path heading north-east, signposted towards 'Bu Fon Fen'. Turn to **134**.

223

The bodies are a little scrawny, but still provide welcome food. You may gain 4 STAMINA points for your meal. While you were eating, you also poked through the bodies of the adventurers, but found nothing of particular importance. Suddenly, a glowstone lights in the passageway ahead of you! A tiny face pokes round the bend and surveys the scene. You see the face only for a moment, but its effect is immediate. Turn to **403**.

224

You follow her round the back of a dirty hovel. The stale smell of human sweat wafts from the run-down shack and round the back you nearly tread on a wild-haired semi-human creature which is lame and cannot move. The wretched thing jabbers at you in meaningless whelps, but you ignore it and concentrate on the woman's plight. She shows you an overturned barrel which has evidently fallen from a platform behind the house. ''Twas the wind last night,' she moans. 'The barrel fell with a terrible crash! 'Twas full; and it landed on poor Shanga here who was tied up beneath it. Can you put it back for me?' You grasp the barrel around the middle and climb the frame carefully. When you have replaced the barrel, you step down, ready for your reward. 'Let me see . . .' she muses. 'Promised you Healing Potion, is that not so? But would you prefer a Potion of *Fortune*? Perhaps you would. Well?' Which would you prefer? The Potion of Healing (turn to 196) or the Potion of Fortune (turn to 294)?

225

Your curiosity aroused, you step up to the device and study it. It does not seem to be a weapon of any kind. There is a polished, clear glass at each end. You place your eye up to the narrowest end and peer through. To your amazement you can see the trees in the forest far below as clearly as if you could reach out and touch them! Birds – and the occasional noisy Treehoppper – flit about between the branches and spring for cover as the *Galleykeep*'s

shadow passes over them. In a small clearing you can see a thin, white-haired figure stepping into a pond of pink water, but again, as the ship's shadow comes into view, the figure darts off for cover in the woods. You are fascinated with your discovery and you spend time scanning the tree-tops with the device. Turn to 302.

226

Undead creatures do not die. After the battle, their battered remains slink back into the graves from which they came and the stones shift back into position. Perhaps you have won this battle, or perhaps they are simply regenerating within their graves. Either way you decide not to wait to find out. Will you take the path to the east into the wood? If so, turn to 261. If you wish to try looking around the rest of the graveyard for anything unusual, turn to 67.

227

You follow the passage back to the junction and turn left in the direction indicated by the arrow. Turn to 142.

228

You lie back and relax while the physician pours the potion into your mouth. You become drowsy and eventually drift off into a peaceful sleep. Almost immediately, you start to have a disturbing dream, in which you are lying down and being attacked by knives wielded by a skeletal hand. You struggle to

escape, but your movements are slow and ineffective. Again and again the knives are driven into your chest and abdomen.

The shock makes you wake up immediately. You are unable to move at all. All you can do is watch as a specimen jar is held over your chest and a bony hand drops an organ into it. The organ is beating and the *thub-thub, thub-thub* noise fills your ears. Your last perception of life is watching your own heart slowly stop beating.

229

The trail eventually takes you to a pair of large metal gates. Through the bars of the gates you can see a large fortified building, but there are no signs of life. You are looking for some sort of clue as to what place this is when . . . *pop*! Suddenly a creature has appeared out of thin air and is opening the gate for you! In size, he is taller than a Hobbit but smaller than a human. He is thin and dark, with a withered face. Although he does not glance up at you, he is talking away: 'Come in. I hope you have not been kept waiting. Oh dear, I shall be in trouble if you have been waiting long. Let me take you to Thugruff. Fine day, isn't it? Follow me. Er, do you have any smoking-weed? No, of course not. Here we are . . .' You follow the twittering little creature round the back of the building into an open courtyard.

As you turn the corner, you stop in your tracks. The grounds are milling with creatures: Goblins, hu-

mans, Orcs, Elves, the odd Rhino-Man, Lizard Men and many others, talking, exercising and practising with weapons. In the centre of things, a huge, burly Half-Troll in a black tunic is moving between the groups and barking orders. Your guide pushes through the crowds and grabs the Half-Troll's tunic. 'Thugruff! A visitor!' He grunts and turns to you. 'A visitor, eh? Hrmmph. Were you kept waiting at the gate?' he asks, aiming a fiery glance at the little creature.

You shake your head. 'So you've come to join us have you?' he continues. 'Marr's legions could do with the sort of strength I can see in those arms. Let's see what you can do. Eleven! Over here!' Each of the legionnaires wears a medallion around his neck with his own number on. A lightly armoured human wearing number eleven comes over carrying a sword in one hand and a mace in the other. 'All right, Eleven,' chuckles Thugruff, who evidently despises the man. 'Let's see how you fare against our friend here.' Eleven looks at you and gulps. A circle forms around you and you must fight:

ELEVEN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

When either of you is reduced to a STAMINA score of 2, turn to 352.

230

Your vengeance on the Clawbeast is not yet complete. You must satisfy your lust for the spoils of victory! You kneel by its side and feast on the flesh of your victim. You may add 2 STAMINA points for the meal; then turn to 165.

231

The Manic Beast's meat is a little bitter for your liking but it provides a satisfying meal. You may add 4 STAMINA points. Now turn to 293.

232

Your first step into the dark-coloured slime makes you shiver. It is considerably colder than the lighter-coloured variety. You quicken your pace and continue northwards. The dull light of the glowstones lets you see that your chilly ordeal will soon be over. A few paces ahead, a step takes you out of the strange slime and on to dry ground. You step up eagerly and peer ahead into the bluish gloom for some clue as to where you are heading. You can just make out an arched doorway ahead, and you soon reach a solid door of thick timbers and sturdy metal fastenings. You can hear irregular heavy breathing coming from something behind the door. The breathing is punctuated by occasional resonant snorts, and the overall impression is of danger! Something *large* is behind the door! Will you charge the door, prepared for anything within (turn to 263)? Or will you ignore this room and head back down the passage to take the easterly way you found earlier (turn to 19)?

233

While you are groping around the end of the passageway, you suddenly notice a slight humming coming from your pendant! It is vibrating and, as you move towards one particular spot, the vibration becomes stronger. You grasp the talisman and watch as the blue stone begins to glow. Finally, a beam of blue light shoots from the pendant and lights up an area of rocky wall. You feel around the area and your hand comes to rest on a small hidden catch. When you flick the catch, the dead end before you comes to life! Smoke hisses from the crevices around the wall, forcing you to step away from it. When the smoke clears, a gap has appeared in the rock-face; an eerie green light lights up a narrow passage beyond. Will you step through and explore the secret passage? If so turn to 369. Or would you rather return to the crossroads and take either the way to the north (turn to 443) or the way to the east (turn to 50)?

234

You approach the smaller of the two pug-nosed creatures and prod it with your foot. Its lifeless body shrugs and lies still. But a similar prod on the leather-armoured adventurer's leg produces a startlingly different result. A shrill screeching sound shocks you to attention! As if this were some kind of signal, something starts to happen in the room. Three shapes begin to materialize in front of you. Turn to 447.

235

In the heat of the battle, you have forgotten all about the little Half-Orc, who has disappeared. Then your attention is captured by his familiar figure making its way through the reeds behind the Toadmen. Grog is creeping round the back of the circle. You glance around. No one has noticed him! From the corner of your eye you watch as he takes off his knapsack and lays it on the ground by the trail, then steps stealthily through the reeds towards the Toadman leader. When the time is right, he takes a flying leap! As fate would have it, one of the Toadmen notices the Half-Orc at that very moment, and his trident flies through the air and sinks into Grog's neck in mid-flight. The Half-Orc dies instantly.

But the trident does not prevent his body from continuing through the air to collide with the Toadman leader, who tumbles into the Sinkpit in the centre of the clearing! When this happens, the Toadmen forget all about you and rush about, trying to prevent their leader from sinking. You take advantage of the situation and creep round the outside of the clearing. You pick up the poor Half-Orc's knapsack and make off along the trail.

A short while later you are leaving the marshes. When you are well away from danger, you become a little curious about what Grog carried in his knapsack. There is certainly something solid in there. You pull back the top and reach inside. Your fingers touch a wooden box and you pull it from the bag. It is closed with a delicate clasp which your awkward

fingers cannot open. But apart from the box, Grog also carried a small vial of Potion of Fortune. If you wish, you may drink this and it will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level. Then you may proceed by turning to **92**.

236

You ring the bell on the desk and scan the room suspiciously, waiting for something to happen. Nothing does. You watch both doors carefully. Again you try ringing the bell, but again there is no response. Your attention begins to wander towards the specimen shelves and the bookcase and you step over to the latter to look at the books. The largest volume is entitled *Practical Anatomy of the Creatures of North-western Allansia* by Doctor Quimmel Bone. The book next to it is by the same author and is entitled *Transmutation Theory – Fact or Fantasy?*

A voice comes from behind you: 'Most definitely *fact* . . .' The voice startles you and you spin round to face the desk. 'I see you are interested in my works,' says the skeletal figure sitting behind it, teeth clattering excitedly. The hanging skeleton has disappeared – or rather is now sitting at the desk. 'I am Quimmel Bone, physician and surgeon on the *Galleykeep*. Now, what do you want in here?' Will you spring over to attack him (turn to **31**), or will you indicate to him you have some ailment which you would like him to treat (turn to **297**)?

237

As you shuffle around the wall of the cavern, you suddenly notice a strange sensation coming from your neck. The pendant you picked up is beginning to vibrate slightly and is giving out a faint hum! But when you continue around the wall, the vibration fades until the pendant is once more still. You puzzle over this for a few moments and step back to where you were before. Again, the vibrations and humming come from the pendant and you pause to look at what is happening. The dull blue stone set in its centre is beginning to glow and you watch in amazement as its colour changes from blue to a living red, as though a fire were burning inside it! An instant later, a single beam of red light shoots from the stone to a point on the wall in front of you. Following its direction, you can see what seems to be a piece of rock hanging in mid-air! As if ordered by the pendant, you grasp the rock and pull. It is not hanging in mid-air, but is attached to a rope and your tug is answered by a rumble in the rock in front of you. A doorway is opening!

The pendant you have found is in fact a magic talisman which has a special power. It is able to detect hidden doorways. In future, it will warn you of the presence of secret doors, but you will have to watch for the warning signs! If you reach a reference which begins: 'You find yourself . . .' then you may look for a secret passage using the talisman's help. Add 20 to the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. If a secret door is present, the new reference will make sense and the talisman

will show you its secret (if the new reference makes no sense, then there is no secret door). If you are able to, you may add 1 LUCK point for finding the secret door.

You may now either enter the secret door you have just found (turn to 458) or return to 257 to continue on your way.

238

You creep as close as possible to the Ophidiotaur and finally spring out of the foliage at it! The startled creature is caught unawares. It splashes in the water and kicks high with its hind legs. But its fright is momentary. The creature rapidly composes itself and turns towards you, tail swinging and tongue darting in and out of its wide open mouth, in which two dangerous-looking fangs are poised to strike. It is ready for battle and you must resolve your combat:

OPHIDIOTAUR SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

The creature has a stinging tail which it lashes at you. Each time the Ophidiotaur rolls a double when attacking, its tail stings you for 2 STAMINA points of damage (irrespective of whether it wins or loses that Attack Round), unless you *Test for Luck* and are Lucky (you may choose whether or not you wish to *Test for Luck*). If you defeat the creature, turn to 416.

239

You take the path carefully through the cavern so as to avoid any danger. The path leads out through a narrow archway into a passage which you follow east until you reach a junction where a side passage leads southwards. Turn to 298.

240

Desperately you wrest yourself free from the Bugs and you race off northwards up the passageway. As you step away from them, you feel a sharp slice into your ribs. Dark blood seeps out from the wound and you must lose 2 STAMINA points. But you are now out of range and, as you turn a corner to the east, out of sight as well. You turn south, then west. But as you turn the next corner, your heart sinks. Another of the creatures is arriving for its meal! To get past, you will have to defeat the Bug:

CARRION BUG SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to 227.

241

As soon as you enter the room, two Blood Orcs – warty creatures with powerful jaws and piercing front teeth – get up from a table and grab their swords. A voice is coming from behind them and you look up to see an elderly human with dirty robes and a long white beard groping the air in front of him and calling out: 'Whpojs ijt. Whb tajs i hbp pfnjng. W hbta hb sad jstvr bf devs. Plf bsfe gpdor fl fbsf ethjs iblb cka fyfec vrsf.' You must resolve your fight with the Blood Orcs, who are now upon you. They both attack together:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BLOOD ORC	7	7
Second BLOOD ORC	8	7

If you defeat them, turn to 7.

242

In a state of panic, you lumber towards the door as quickly as you are able. The Shadow Stalker, however, is quicker and its knife finds your back as you flee. Lose 3 STAMINA points. When you reach the archway, your two shadows separate. The Shadow Stalker becomes faint as the light fades. In the light of the glowstones you hardly cast a shadow at all and this seems to worry the creature. It slips back along the wall into the room and settles on the floor. You blink and look again. The creature now looks like a pile of black cloth! You turn and leave the room, still not certain of what has happened. Eventually you reach the junction and continue westwards. Turn to 309.

243

The four creatures taunt you as you back away from the Elf. Though you feel anger building up inside, you manage to contain it and walk away. Your 'cowardice' is not without its consequences. Lose 1 SKILL point for as long as you remain within the fort. You may regain the lost SKILL point if and when you leave. Now turn to **348**.

244

You continue east until you reach a junction, where another path joins from the north. There is a signpost at the junction. The sign pointing northwards reads 'Coven'. To the south the sign reads 'Bilgewater', though no path runs that way. To the east the sign reads 'Testing Grounds'. Which way do you wish to go: north (turn to **191**), south (turn to **57**) or east (turn to **12**)?

245

You search the rough rocky walls for some time but find nothing. Frustrated with your lack of progress, you return to the crossroads. Will you now head north (turn to **354**) or east (turn to **310**)?

246

The charts and maps are no doubt vitally important, but you cannot decipher them. In the drawers of the desk are papers, books and drawing-equipment. But one drawer is locked and you cannot open it. You grasp the handle and tug. But the drawer is firmly locked and does not budge. Again you heave

at it but this time you only succeed in pulling the handle away from the front of the drawer! Your anger mounts and you flex your claws. You will smash up the desk to get into the drawer. The timbers split after your first blow. Turn to **302**.

247

A surge of anger rushes through you. You step over to the nearest head, flex your claws and slash across its face. As your claws fix in the soft flesh, it flies from its perch out of the light and out of sight. You hear no sound to indicate that it hit a wall or landed on the floor. A menacing laugh comes from the voice, which sounds as though it is just over your shoulder. You spin round, but see nothing. The voice simply continues its mocking laugh. You turn back and gasp with surprise when you see that the head has returned to its position! At the same time, you feel a wave of pain spread right through your body. Every muscle is in agony! A few moments later, the pain subsides, but the aches remain. You must lose 2 STAMINA points. Will you now leave the room through the secret passage (turn to **79**), or will you attack one of the other heads (turn to **9**)?

248

You stand up, ready to leave the area. After glancing left and right to make sure you are alone, you turn towards the westerly passage. At least, you *try* to turn. But your body will not respond. Instead it is bending down towards the lifeless Dwarf on the ground. Turn to **399**.

249

You tuck into your meal. The meat is rather tough, as it is no doubt several days old. But while you are eating, something catches your attention. Tied around the human's waist you find a small leather pouch which contains 2 Gold Pieces. You may take these with you; and you gain 4 STAMINA points from the meal. Your attention is also captured by two glass flasks lying by the side of the unfortunate human. Though they have been battered in the struggle, they are not broken and each contains a coloured liquid. If you would like to drink the green liquid, turn to 318. If you would prefer to drink the blue liquid, turn to 350. If you wish to drink neither, you may continue by turning to 293.

250

The sack can be used to carry anything you may find during your journey. From now on you may ignore any instructions which tell you that you can only take one item from, for example, a room. Leave the room now by turning to 394.

251

You step over to the miserable Half-Orc and kick the creature viciously for daring to bump into you. A great cheer goes up from the crowd of onlookers 'Leave him be, creature,' says the bare-chested villager. *'I will finish the muck-faced worm off.'* But his words are too late. You are locked in battle with the creature:

HALF-ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the creature, turn to 367.

252

You enter the hut and find yourself in a room decorated with intricately woven cloths in rich colours, which hang from the walls and ceiling, making the room itself dark and mysterious. A long, thin stick smoulders in a brass pot which stands on a table at one end of the room and as it burns it gives off a heavy, perfumed smell. There is also a pack of cards on the table, next to a clear glassy orb. You can see the hanging cloths behind the table rustling and a voice breaks the silence: 'Who calls on the powers of Rosina of Dree? Who wishes to know his destiny? Speak!' You wait and watch as an old woman, plump and stooped, shuffles out from behind the curtain into the room. She is dressed in brightly coloured robes and she sits down behind the table. She squints as she tries to focus on you.

'Far from your home you have come to speak with Rosina,' she smiles. 'And much further have you yet to travel. Now you have found me. I may guide you to fulfilling your destiny. But will you pay my price?' She will read your fortune, but only if you have money to pay with. She will charge 2 Gold Pieces. If you have the money, turn to 11. If you wish to fight the woman, turn to 151. Otherwise you may leave by turning to 386.

253

The building has been disused for some time. Long benches have been smashed to provide firewood and there is the remains of an old fire in the centre of the hall. High on the walls, windows made of coloured glass have been broken and there are many holes in the roof. But apart from this there is little of interest. You leave the building and may either return to the stones (turn to **198**), or head on past them into the wood (turn to **261**).

254

An angry sneer spreads across your face and you step over to the Weather Mage, claws poised to strike. He backs away from you and holds his hand up. 'Idiot creature,' he scoffs. 'Do you think one so brainless could possibly challenge one so well versed in the mystic arts? I will enjoy toying with your life. It will be fine sport.' You slash at him as he steps back and catch him across the arm. A red stain spreads across his sleeve, but he has hardly noticed your blow. His head has turned to face the ceiling; his eyes are closed. As you prepare to strike once more his eyes open. They are shining white! Will you continue with your attack (turn to **47**), or will you quickly leave the room (turn to **459**)?

255

'Wait!' cries Grog as you start across the clearing. 'Look at this. Notice how all the footprints *avoid* the centre of the clearing? Perhaps it is unsafe. I suggest we keep to the outside.' You follow him round the

edge of the clearing towards the trail you have chosen. Have you chosen the trail to the north (turn to **267**) or the trail to the north-east (turn to **114**)?

256

Breathing heavily, you rise to your feet and stand over the body of the Chaos Warrior. Your attention turns to the Black Elf who is once more blowing his whistle for reinforcements. Instantly another Chaos Warrior appears in the doorway ready for battle. You must resolve your fight with him:

CHAOS WARRIOR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **39**.

257

You cannot see a thing. Your feet shuffle noisily through the straw which covers the floor, as you grope around the walls for a way out. If this cavern is the lair of another creature, then you may well be walking straight towards it! But you hear no sounds other than your own and eventually you reach a hole in the rock, which is large enough for you to walk through and leads to a passageway. You continue slowly along the passage, still groping your way, but you stop when a blue light flicks on in front of you. The welcome hue of a glowstone makes you blink and turn away until your eyes become accustomed to the light. When you are finally able to take in your surroundings, you find that you are at a junction where you may turn either to the east (turn to **61**) or to the west (turn to **309**).

258

With bared teeth and claws at the ready, you storm along the passage towards them. They stand their ground, draw their weapons and prepare themselves for battle. The leading adventurer lays a brown sack on the ground and raises his weapon as you approach. You must fight both adventurers one at a time; the passageway is not wide enough for them both to attack:

	SKILL	STAMINA
WARRIOR	8	9
FIGHTER IN LEATHER ARMOUR	7	8

If you defeat them both, turn to **13**.

259

You wrench the bracelets from the wrists of your foe. They make a tinny clinking sound as you turn them over in your hand and you admire the intricate carvings which decorate them. Even in the meagre light of the glowstones, they shine in an alluring way. You can make them wide enough to fit around your own wrists, and when you have put them on, you proudly hold them up before you and turn them this way and that. You may discover during your travels that these bracelets have a special ability, which will be revealed to you later. Add 1 LUCK point for your find. Now turn to **115**.

260

Some inner instinct of self-preservation takes over from your fury and tells you that this Elf bowman is not to be trifled with. You turn from him and speed back down the corridor. However, you manage no more than five steps before you realize that your attempts to escape are futile. Ahead of you, four more Dark Elves bar the passageway, all with bows drawn and aimed at your chest. You are confused! Which way should you turn? But your confusion is short-lived. At a signal from their leader, arrows zing from all four bows. Their aim is good. Three of the four shafts pierce your heart . . .

261

The path takes you along towards the trees. You pass a sign on the edge of the forest, which reads 'Knot Oak Wood'. Once in the wood, the going is more difficult as the light is obscured by the tall trees. If you wish to rest by one of the trees, turn to **362**. If you would prefer to keep going, turn to **162**.

262

You step over to the door in the north wall. But as you grasp the handle, a deep creaking sound comes from behind you. You swing round to see the door in the east wall slowly opening. Glowstones in the passage beyond the door flick on to light up your way. You cannot resist this invitation, and you leave through the east door. Turn to **49**.

263

The door shudders under your charge but does not open. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You try again and this time the bolt is torn from the frame. The door flies open and you step into the room, ready for the creature inside. The room itself has a door in each wall. Scattered around one corner is an untidy pile of bones. In another corner is a half-eaten human carcass. Standing over the carcass – and evidently annoyed that its meal has been disturbed – is a bulky creature with a hairy face, razor-sharp teeth and wild eyes. As you enter, it turns to attack and you must resolve your battle with the Manic Beast:

MANIC BEAST SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

The Manic Beast is so called for its tremendous bursts of rage. Each time you inflict a wound on the Manic Beast, its anger will rise for the next Attack Round, and you must add 2 to the dice roll when it rolls for Attack Strength. If you wound it again during this next Attack Round, it will retain the bonus for the *next* Round, but if you do not, its temper returns to normal and the bonus is lost. If you defeat the Manic Beast, turn to **209**.

264

Your final blow passes through thin air and the image of Rosina disappears slowly from view. A smile spreads across the face that you thought was showing the signs of exhaustion from defeat. The smile turns into a laugh, then a cackle and finally fades. You have been fighting a phantom! But your own wounds are real. Startled by this sorcerous trick, you leave the hut quickly and head down the trail back to the crossroads. Turn to **386**.

265

Holding your breath to avoid the awful stink coming from the river below, you step on to the bridge and test its strength with your weight. The bridge seems strong enough. You take a few paces across. Eventually you are forced to breathe again and in the centre of the bridge you take a quick breath. The smell of the river once more hits you and you stagger. Your foot slips on the edge of the bridge and you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **418**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **60**.

266

The figure drops to the floor and lies in a dark heap at your feet. Do you wish to investigate the body (turn to **194**), or will you instead search the room (turn to **105**)?

267

You follow the trail as it winds through the reeds. More than once a slippery Swampsnake slithers across your path, but thankfully they have no interest in you. Several types of croaking noises can be heard, but the one that worries you the most is a loud, booming croak which sounds more like a throaty belch. This particular sound is regular, and similar croaks seem to echo it from various parts of the marsh. Ahead of you, the trail is opening up as it reaches a river-bank, where a wealth of colourful plants line the river. But as you stand and watch the river flowing past, you notice a pair of eyes in the reeds! Two large, bulbous eyes blink slowly as you stare at them. When the owner of the eyes realizes you have seen him, he turns and you can see a bulky, rough-skinned shape – rather like a huge stone – shuffle off noisily into the reeds. Will you follow this creature (turn to **53**), would you rather investigate the plants by the side of the river (turn to **380**), or do you want to leave as quickly as possible (turn to **18**)?

268

The door splinters and you stumble forward into a dark room. As your eyes try to become accustomed to the darkness, you hear a high-pitched clicking noise coming from one corner. An instant later, the same sound is coming from another corner. By now your eyes are just about used to the low light and you can make out two shapes, outlined in blue. One is the door by which you entered, lit by the glow-

stones. The other is the rough shape of another door in the north wall. The light around both these doors is fading. Do you wish to step over to the north door before the light fades (turn to 285), or would you prefer to investigate the clicking sounds (turn to 383)?

269

Whiteleaf spits in contempt. 'The ground is cursed where that Ogre-breathed spirit Zharradan Marr treads!' he snarls. 'It is my wish that the wind drops suddenly and he drops with it – to his death! Marr has sailed the accursed *Galleykeep* all his life, with its foul crew of blood-lusting beast-men. Someone should sabotage the floating hellpit, by holing its hull. I know how to get aboard. The *Galleykeep* comes to ground not far from here – just off to the west – when the wind dies down. Nothing would please me more than to see the accursed vessel plummet from the sky and crash to the ground, killing all on board!' The Elf finally picks himself off the ground and dusts down his robes. He thanks you again and leaves. Turn to 414.

270

You ignore the peasants and sit down in the field. They continue their yelling and the stones still land close by, but you are *hungry*! You grab an ear of corn and put the whole thing in your mouth. The peasants dare not come too close to you, but they will keep up their barrage of stones until you leave their field. There is a chance you may be hit by one and you must roll one die six times. Any time 6

comes up, you have been hit by a stone for 1 STAMINA point of damage. After you have rolled the die six times, you can leave the field (turn to 87) and you will gain 3 STAMINA points for your meal. If, before you go, you wish to punish the peasants for attacking you, turn to 421.

271

Thugruff sizes you up and picks a broad-handled axe from his armoury. You take it and admire its sharp blade. Thugruff himself picks up a smaller axe and begins your instruction. You watch his technique attentively. By the end of the lesson, you have improved your skill considerably. Add 1 SKILL point. What are you planning for your future at the Testing Grounds? If you wish to continue improving your skills until you are chosen for duties on the *Galleykeep*, turn to 43. If you are plotting the right moment to attack Thugruff, turn to 82.

272

You follow the path through the woods until you reach a clearing. Here there is a small pond. The water is not stagnant, as a small stream leads from it deeper into the woods, and it is a favourite watering-hole for the woodland birds, although they flit high up into the branches when you arrive. The water shines with a silver sheen and you can see quite clearly the reflections of the tree-tops and clouds. Will you rest here beside the pond and perhaps drink from it? If so, turn to 176. If you would prefer to pass by and continue along the path, turn to 52.

273

You step up to the bones and sniff them. A shiver of excitement runs through you: Hobbit bones! In eager anticipation, you follow the passage south until it reaches a point where it turns to the east. You sniff for the scent of Hobbit and can smell something faintly in the air. At the next corner, the passage turns north. Further on it turns west. The smell of Hobbit is now getting stronger and you eagerly follow the passageway round a corner to the south. You reach another pile of bones on the ground. You stop to look, but these are not Hobbit bones. They are the bones of something much larger, perhaps a human or even a Hobgoblin. The passage ahead turns to the east. Will you follow it (turn to 356), or would you prefer to go back (turn to 227)?

274

You head west out of the village. The peasants walking towards you gasp when they see your shape and cross over the road to avoid you. You ignore them and continue. Ahead you can hear sounds of excited voices coming from one of the buildings. As you approach this hut, the sounds become louder. You hear a sharp *crack*, the door of the hut bursts outwards and a tumbling figure rolls out of the door and straight into you! As the dark-skinned Half-Orc picks himself up, another figure steps through the doorway. This one is a broad-shouldered human with a bare chest. The small crowd behind the human is urging him to finish off

the Half-Orc, but the noise dies down when they notice you. Will you join in the fight? If so, will you come to the aid of the Half-Orc (turn to **291**) or the human (turn to **251**)? If you do not wish to get involved in the fight, you can leave them to it and continue your journey by turning to **107**.

275

The Black Elf realizes he is no match for your strength and he suddenly pulls from his pocket a small whistle, which he puts to his lips and blows. The shrill sound can barely be heard and you take advantage of the Elf's distraction to grab him in your claws. But before you can choke the life out of him, his signal is answered and a larger creature steps through the archway. This creature is covered in heavy armour. Vicious spikes jut out from each joint and a large, dark-eyed helmet reaches down to its shoulders. It carries a two-handed axe, which it now raises to do battle. You must ignore the Black Elf and instead turn to face this Chaos Warrior:

CHAOS WARRIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the creature, turn to **256**.

276

You carefully try the door. It creaks on its hinges but opens easily, allowing you into the room. You are ready for the creatures inside and hope to surprise them. But when you enter, it is you who are surprised at what you see. Turn to **161**.

277

You listen at the door and hear slithering noises followed by chomping sounds. You step back for a moment to consider what you have heard. You decide to turn back in the direction you have just come from. As you feel your way slowly along the pitch-black passage, you are again startled by the high-pitched twittering noise that you remember from your last encounter with the small flying creatures. You swat hopelessly at them and manage to hit a couple. But one swoops down and catches you painfully in the left eye! Fortunately your eye was blinking at the time and it has not been permanently damaged, but the bruise swelling up above your left cheek will keep the eye closed for some time. You must deduct 1 SKILL point. You may restore this SKILL point if at some time in the future you reach daylight. The attacks from the flying creatures continue and you decide to abandon this route and make your way back to the door. Finding it once more closed and barring your way, your jaw tightens and your lips curl back in an angry snarl. Both directions face you with danger and frustration! You step back to take a leap at the door with your fists. Turn to **101**.

278

You try your best to pick the sticky Gluevines from you and back out of the tangled mass of vegetation. But it is hopeless. Eventually you give up, exhausted, to recover some strength before trying

again. It is then that you hear the high-pitched chattering of the Forest Imps who have come to check their traps.

Twelve tiny faces peer into the tunnel. Small, green-skinned faces grin excitedly at the sight of such a large catch. Two spearmen advance cautiously up the tunnel towards you. When they are close enough, they jab towards your foot. You pull it away to avoid being hit, but your actions are so restricted that resistance will be hopeless. And as soon as the spears pierce your skin with their deadly poison, the effect will be immediate. Your adventure has ended here.

279

You turn back towards the crossroads. On the way back, you may stop to examine the orb, if you have not done so already, by turning to **155**. Otherwise continue on to the crossroads and you may take either the passage to the west (turn to **213**) or the passage to the east (turn to **50**).

280

A short distance along the passageway you stop and listen. Distant footsteps and the clanking of metal warn you that creatures of some sort are heading in your direction. Do you wish to return to the junction and head north (turn to **371**), or will you continue in the direction you are heading (turn to **342**)?

281

You poke around the bodies of the three dead ruffians. Something shining on the wrist of the third adventurer catches your attention. Clumsily you rip at the clothing of all three, eventually exposing three objects of interest. The leading adventurer wore, around his neck, a pendant made of a dull, dark metal on a leather thong. The third adventurer wore two wrist bracelets of a shining yellow metal. The other carried a pouch containing 12 small flat discs of a shiny metal. Which of these is of the most interest to you:

The dull metal pendant?	Turn to **306**
The two wrist bracelets?	Turn to **259**
The pouch containing the discs?	Turn to **412**

282

The walls of the tunnel become damp and glisten in the odd half-light. You follow the passage until you reach a point where it turns sharply southwards. Continuing round the corner, you find that the light has now almost totally faded, and you must feel your way along the wall. Several paces down the slimy corridor, you reach a dead end. The wall is rocky and pocked with many nooks and crannies. There is also a musty smell in the air of animal decay – perhaps simply dead rats or maybe the remains of something larger. Around your feet there are several loose stones. At least you *assume* they are stones, but some are too long, thin and brittle to be shards of

rock. Your groping hand touches a length of rope, which may be a clue to a way out of this dead end. Will you pull it? Roll one die. If the result is 1–3, you close your hand around the rope and pull it out towards you (turn to **99**). If you roll 4–6, you ignore the rope, turn round and follow the corridor back the way you came, continuing straight on past the Clawbeast's cave (turn to **372**). If you wish, you may, *before rolling the die*, decide to *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may *choose* which of the above options you will opt for. If you are Unlucky, you must roll the die to decide in the normal way.

283

You were able to understand the last sentence of the spirit's words as it has passed on its gift. Throughout the book you will find coded speech. Now that you have the gift of understanding, you can translate the code. Otherwise all speech seems incomprehensible to your creature's mind. The secret is this. There are three rules to this code. Firstly, each vowel is replaced by the *following* letter (thus A becomes B, U becomes V, etc.). Secondly, spaces between words are replaced by *the last vowel to have been used*. Thus all vowels mean nothing; they only indicate spaces between words. Finally, the actual spaces between words as they appear are entirely random. They mean nothing and serve only to mislead. With this information you may now continue by turning to **137**. Add 1 LUCK point for this discovery. But note this reference as you may want to return to it later to translate code.

284

Two Goblins and two Elves are whispering secretively to one another. You approach them and find that they are passing something among themselves. You cannot make out exactly what it is, but it is metallic and shiny. You step up to the group, but the four creatures close in to exclude you from their conversation. Will you force your way into their group (turn to **103**) or leave them alone (turn to **348**)?

285

As you move across to the door, the clicking sound seems to dart away from you and travel to the far side of the room. Your sharp claws slide from your fingertips, and you are ready to attack whatever is on the other side of the door. *Something* must have activated the glowstones! You grasp the handle, yank the door open and peer around. But the passage in which you find yourself is empty. It heads on northwards and widens out at a bend where it turns to the east. You follow it slowly until you reach the bend, the glowstones lighting your way. Then you stop dead in your tracks! On the ground ahead of you, in the centre of the bend, is a dark area which seems to be shimmering in the blue light. Perhaps it is a pool of liquid? Or perhaps it is some sort of dark metallic substance? You may investigate if you wish by turning to **445**. If you would prefer to skirt the dark circle, turn to **164**.

286

Darramouss picks up a jar while he reads from the book. He concentrates his thoughts and seems to focus them on the jar. Then he reaches inside, pulls out a handful of grains of rice and sprinkles them over you. Before you can react, his spell has taken place. The grains of rice have formed into Death Maggots – small grubs with voracious appetites and sharp teeth which will rip even your tough scales to shreds! Scores of the tiny creatures are now feasting hungrily on you and you desperately try to swat them with your hands. Although you do succeed in killing many of them, many more have wedged themselves between your scales and even bored into your flesh. You look up in agony at the undead creature. But Darramouss will show no mercy. His hand reaches into the jar and he tosses another handful of rice over you . . .

287

As the Toadman staggers and falls, you see more of the creatures hopping out from the reeds. What can you do against so many? A stabbing pain in the back reminds you that you will not have much choice in the matter. One of the creatures is behind you, jabbing you with a trident. Another steps forward and speaks to you. 'None may enter the fens of the Toadmen,' he announces. 'Our marsh and our herb gardens are holy. They are for no eyes but our own. There is only one punishment for disobeying this law. That is DEATH . . .'

There is nothing you can do against so many of the creatures. You may fight and you may even slay a few of the Toadmen. But their numbers will overwhelm you. And when they have subdued you, you will be dropped into the muddy Sinkpits of Bu Fon Fen to die.

288

You keep your eyes on the Hobbit and wait for him either to give up his watching or to become involved in the conversation. But after no more than five seconds, the waiting is unbearable! Your mouth is now slobbering in excitement and your limbs are twitching with the promise of the battle to come. Though your mind wills your body to wait for a safer moment, your body will not listen. Turn to **42**.

289

You may add 4 STAMINA points for the meal, and then you leave the room by turning to **138**.

290

As you stand against the wall, desperately searching for a way onwards, you almost overlook the strange things happening around your neck. For the pendant you are wearing is beginning to vibrate and is emitting a faint humming sound! When you suddenly become aware of the pendant, you look down towards it to find out what is going on. When you move away from the end of the passage, the vibration fades; when you come closer, it increases in intensity. You cannot understand what is going

on! An instant later, the jewel in the centre of the pendant begins to glow. It changes in colour from blue to fiery red. Suddenly a jet of red light bursts from the jewel and lights up a metal rod which is protruding very slightly from the side wall. You grasp the rod and push it. A creaking sound is followed by a deep rumbling as the wall ahead begins to shift. The jewel returns to its former dull blue appearance as the secret door opens . . .

The pendant you have found is in fact a magic talisman which has a special power. It is able to detect hidden doorways. In future, it will warn you of the presence of secret doors but you will have to watch for the warning signs! If you reach a reference which begins: 'You find yourself . . .', then you may look for a secret passage using the talisman's help. Add 20 to the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. If a secret door is present, the new reference will make sense and the talisman will show you its secret (if the new reference makes no sense, then there is no secret door).

Now you must decide what to do. Will you go through the secret doorway you have just discovered? If so, turn to **331**. If you would rather return to the crossroads, you may do so and take either the passage to the north (turn to **354**) or the passage to the south (turn to **212**).

291

Gasps go up from the crowd as you step up to the bare-chested human, your claws poised ready to strike. He has no weapon apart from his bare fists. The other villagers back away and leave the two of you to battle it out. The Half-Orc is still picking himself up, but shouts encouragement to you. Resolve your battle with the human:

VILLAGER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the human, turn to 438.

292

Your reaction is immediate. The red-robed human is deep in thought and looks an easy target. You step forward and swipe viciously at him with your claws! He screams and falls to the ground, clutching at his face. You look down at the undefended wretch and prepare to deliver the death-blow. But at that moment, you feel a terrible sting in the back, which causes you to bellow and swing round. The remaining adventurer has lunged at you with his sword and succeeded in piercing the scales and flesh on your back! You must lose 2 STAMINA points for the wound, and then you can face the Knight in plate-armour:

ARMOURED KNIGHT SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you defeat the Knight, turn to 446.

293

You leave the room through a door in the east wall. The door opens into a dingy corridor, which is quite short and ends at a wooden door. When you listen at the door, you can hear conversation rising and falling in pitch as if two or three creatures (or humans) were locked into a long discussion. This is your only way onwards. Will you try the door and attempt to creep slowly into the room (turn to 276), or will you attempt to surprise whatever is inside by charging into the room with claws drawn (turn to 66)?

294

She beckons you to follow her into her home. In one corner of her kitchen, shelves hold dozens of bottles of potions. She takes down a bottle containing a straw-yellow potion and pours it into a bowl for you to drink. The smell and the taste are awful, but you manage to force it down. When the bowl is empty, you turn to go.

'But where are your manners? Wait a moment. I must show you round your new home,' chuckles the old witch. You are confused. *New home!* But you are beginning to feel differently about the ageing crone and her hovel. Her voice is calming and tuneful; the hut seems to offer comfort and shelter. 'You will enjoy it here,' she continues. 'For you and I are meant for each other. Now that Shanga is of no use, I *must* have another slave; otherwise how may I keep this home? I will give you chores to do and I will feed you well. Tonight we will feast on Shanga –

for he is dying anyway. You will enjoy spending your life in Dree. And every day I will give you another bowl of my special Potion of Obedience.'

295

Moments later, the fight has ended. The white-haired creature lies unconscious on the ground, while the Brigands rise and dust their hands. They grin contentedly at each other. One of them says, 'There – that will teach that puny sewer-snake to send *us* in the wrong direction!' The other nods and they both leave the clearing along a path to the north. You wait for them to disappear from view. Then you step up to the white-haired figure, who is badly beaten. If you are hungry, he will provide a meagre, but tender meal for you, and you may add 3 STAMINA points. Then continue by turning to 414.

296

You step inside the room and look around. All sorts of carefully collected objects of value are in the room and you pick some of these up to look more closely at them. Then the door slides shut with a rumble and leaves you in complete blackness! Relying on your talisman, you shuffle across to the area of the door and hold it towards the wall. But this time there is no reaction. No vibration; no blue light. There is equally little reaction from the other walls. It soon dawns on you why two long-dead skeletons were leaning against the table. There *is* no escape from the tomb you are now in! The next unwitting visitor will find *three* skeletons in the room . . .

297

You indicate to him that your wounds hurt and that you have a sore head. He invites you to lie down on his bed. The bed is much too small for you, but you manage to keep your balance and lie down while he examines you. The physician rises jerkily from the desk and totters quickly over to the bed. His bony fingers probe the areas around your wounds and rub the side of your head. 'Hmmm. As I thought,' he says, making an uncomfortable rasping sound as he scratches his head. 'Your body has a mild poison circulating within it. I have an antidote.' Quimmel Bone clatters across to a drawer and takes out a small flask. 'Drink this,' he orders. You hesitate, but he is insistent and becomes angry at your refusals. Will you drink the potion as he demands (turn to 228) or will you refuse and attack the creature (turn to 31)?

298

You decide to choose the eastward passage, and you follow it to a sharp bend to the right. Almost immediately after the bend you find yourself at the foot of a staircase and you climb the stairs carefully. Then a corridor leads straight ahead southwards until you reach a T-junction where you may turn either east (turn to 373) or west (turn to 401).

299

You leave the building and set off west, the rising sun warming your back. Once you have left the area of the graveyard and the ruined chapel, the way ahead looks bleak. The flat countryside is featureless except for the odd flat-topped T'annum tree and occasional boulders which resemble grains of corn on some gigantic field. You stop by one such boulder to rest in its shade.

'Scum! Scum! *Rrrooaak!* Be off with you, scum!' squeaks a tiny voice which makes you jump. '*Rrrooaakk!* Move on, dung-face. Show us yer back.' You look round, but can see nothing. You stand to search around the stone. '*Rrroaarkkk!* The vomit-puddle walks! Go on, sewer-snake! Away!' You are bewildered by the voice, until you catch sight of a small black Jabberwing bird, hopping round on the top of the boulder. It opens its beak and again the voice speaks to you: '*Rrrooaaark!* Make dust, goblin-brain. Go north to Dree. Only Windward Plain out to the west. Not much happening there. *Rrroakk!* Well, what you waiting for, sewage-slime? *GO!*' You have by now had enough of these insults. You cannot catch the little creature and you are sufficiently rested, so you set off. The creature is delighted to see you go. You attracted a swarm of flies while you were resting and the Jabberwing wants to eat some – once you are safely out of the way!

You may add 2 STAMINA points for your rest. Which way will you now continue: west (turn to **96**) or north (turn to **433**)?

300

The door opens into a narrow passageway heading north, and glowstones flick on to light your way. Unlike the other passageways you have been travelling along, this one has a cobbled floor. The cobblestones feel smooth and pleasant for your great feet to walk on, but you cannot ignore a feeling of apprehension, since the stones must have been laid by an organized and intelligent creature. You follow the passage for a short while until suddenly a loud *CLANG* sounds behind you and stops you dead in your tracks! You wheel round to find that a heavy portcullis has dropped behind you and sealed off the passage. You step back to test it, but the bars are much too strong for you to smash or even bend. You have no choice: you turn round and continue north up the corridor.

A little further ahead, you reach a crossroads. The glowstones light up three ways onwards, but you cannot see very far down the passages. Will you:

Continue northwards?	Turn to **443**
Try the passage to the east?	Turn to **50**
Try the passage to the west?	Turn to **213**

301

North of the building, the countryside is almost featureless. After walking for some time, you come across a solitary tree standing by the side of the path. It has a dark brown – almost black – trunk and its leaves are brilliant green. They shine unnaturally, as if they might glow in the night. Among the higher branches, large round fruits hang. You study these, considering how you may get them down. You are certainly not built for climbing trees, but you may be able to shake one down. If you wish, you may *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you do not manage to shake any fruits from the tree. If you are Lucky, one of the nourishing Chubbley tree fruits falls to the ground. You may then eat this juicy fruit and will gain 4 STAMINA points. When you are ready to leave, turn to **45**.

302

Suddenly, you stop what you are doing and listen. Your ears have picked up a sound outside the door. 'Ssshh!' hisses one voice. 'We must surprise the creature, whatever it is. Remember what it has done to the gatherers. Get ready. Earth . . . water . . . fire . . . and *air*!' At that moment, the door cracks, bursts from its lock and crashes back against the wall to reveal a sea of ugly faces, straining to lunge forward at you! 'Take the creature!' comes the cry, and they flood forward, bellowing their battle-cries. You have no chance against this horde of Hobgoblins and your adventure has ended here.

303

You ignore his words and investigate the scientific instruments. But none of them mean anything to you. The Weather Mage is outraged at this uninvited intrusion. 'Get out of here, beast,' he screams. 'Did you not hear me? This is not a playroom!' He holds his head back and closes his eyes. When he opens them, they are shining white. Will you make a hasty exit from the room (turn to **459**), or will you wait to see what he is doing (turn to **47**)?

304

You leave the building and continue past the yard of stones. You join a path which leads east over a stile and through a field of crops being gathered by peasants. Heads bob up over the tops of the plants as, one by one, the peasants notice your presence. Screams come from a couple of the women and the men rush towards you, hurling stones. They keep a safe distance, but their missiles are landing close. Will you quicken your pace and make off across the field away from them (turn to **87**)? Or will you react to their attack by turning on them (turn to **421**)? You may also decide to settle down in the field and eat some crops (turn to **270**).

305

Thugruff recovers from the blow and staggers to his feet. 'So the truth is revealed,' he pants. 'Our quiet friend has ambitions to replace Thugruff. But this can never be. Zharradan Marr will never let a stranger run his Testing Grounds, of this you can be certain. And though you may defeat your ageing teacher, you cannot defeat Marr's legions!' With these words he reaches into his tunic, pulls out a small whistle and blows it. You stop your attack. Within moments, the legionnaires will be upon you! From the castle they come swarming to rescue their battlemaster in numbers that you may not even hope to fend off. Mercifully, your death is swift at the hands of the frenzied legionnaires.

306

You are fascinated by the ugly pendant. You carefully hook the leather thong with a claw and pull it free of the adventurer's head. You turn it over in your hand and can see that it is circular, with a dull blue stone set in the centre. You stare at the pendant for some time, wondering what to do with it. Then you remember how the adventurer wore it. You are just able to squeeze it over your head and you carry the pendant proudly around your neck. The pendant has a secret, which will be revealed in due course. If you reach a reference which begins: 'You cannot see a thing . . .', deduct 20 from the reference number you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. You may add 1 LUCK point for this find. Now turn to **115**.

307

A trail has been cut through the bulrushes. Your heavy feet splash along the marshy trail until you reach a clearing. The going seems a little more solid and you can see footprints – not human footprints, but the large webbed footprints of some unknown creature. From the clearing there are two ways on, one to the north and one to the north-east. Which will you choose: north (turn to **132**) or north-east (turn to **163**)?

308

You travel west along a twisting passageway. Several times you bump clumsily into the walls and grunt in annoyance. But your tough scales protect you from damage. The temperature drops noticeably and each breath sends steamy snorts from your nostrils. After narrowing slightly, the passage widens as it leads towards a chamber. A sound from ahead and a flickering light warn you to take care. But rather than making you stop to listen, the prospect of an encounter seems to excite you! You bare your teeth and your claws and stride forward into the chamber. Turn to **205**.

309

The passage continues west, then turns sharply to the right. A few paces along the corridor you reach a junction where you can go either west (turn to **280**) or north (turn to **371**).

310

You cannot see a thing as you grope your way along the passage. Your anger begins to rise and is near to boiling when you reach a dead end ahead Will you search the dead end for a possible way onwards (turn to **171**), or return to the crossroads and take the northern passage (turn to **354**) or the southern passage (turn to **212**)?

311

The glowstones once more light your way as you plod slowly north up the passageway. After a short distance you see a shape ahead, slumped motionless on the ground. When you reach the spot, you can see that these are the remains of a small furry creature – about the size of the Dwarf you came across earlier. It has probably been dead for some time, but if you are hungry you may wish to feed on it. If so, turn to **363**. If you ignore it and continue, turn to **75**.

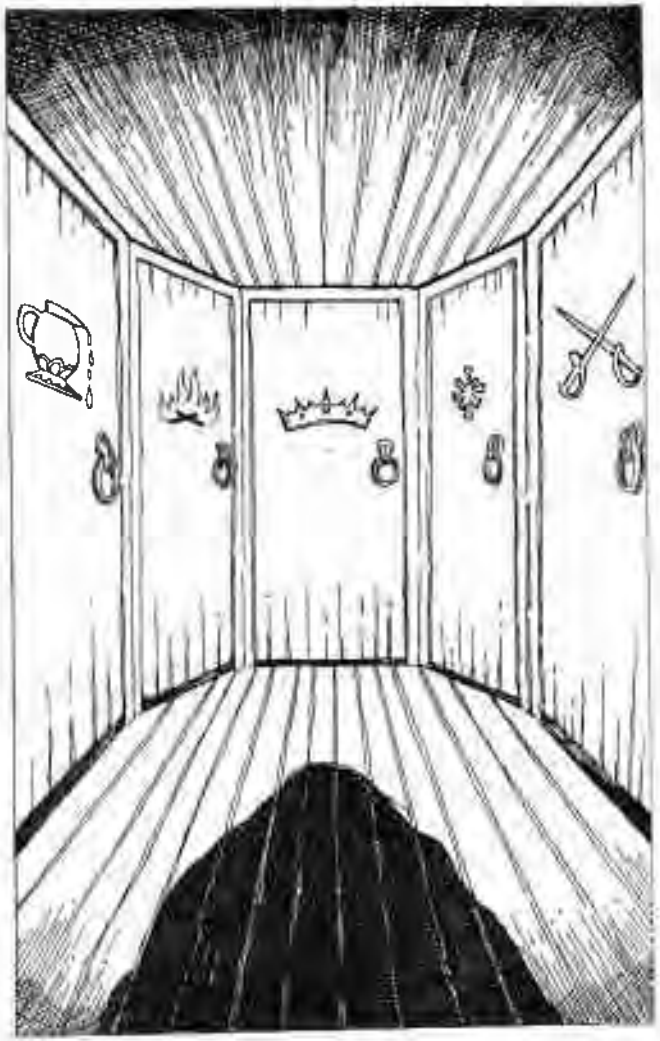

312

The commotion on deck has attracted the attention of other creatures. You can hear the sounds of footsteps and a cacophony of growling voices getting closer. You had better hide! Ahead of you is a door leading from the deck and you step through and close it behind you. You find yourself at the top of a staircase leading down into the ship. You carefully descend until you find yourself in a circular hallway with five doors leading from it. Behind you, the voices are shouting angrily on the deck above. They will soon be following you down the stairs, so you had better choose a safer hiding-place than the hallway! Each of the doors has a symbol on it. To your immediate left, the symbol is a jug from which water is pouring. The symbol on the next door is a burning fire. The next door has the symbol of a crown; the next a delicate snowflake; and finally the door to your right has a battle symbol on it: two crossed swords, painted in blue. Which will you choose:

The jug of water?	Turn to 346
The fire?	Turn to 29
The crown?	Turn to 129
The snowflake?	Turn to 158
The crossed swords?	Turn to 111
None of these?	Turn to 302

313

You lower yourself over the edge and on to the first step. You sway a little, but gradually you become accustomed to the awkward position and you take the next step downwards. Once your head is below the level of the ledge, you find you are able to lean against the side of the chasm for balance and you take the next few steps easily. However, the next step is smaller than the others and is slightly further away. This will be dangerous. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **65**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **338**.

314

You enter a short passageway which you follow to a T-junction. You consider which way to turn. Turn to **298**.

315

There are two ways on from this clearing and while you are deciding which to take, you are startled by a loud croaking noise which seems to come from immediately behind you. You spin round to find yourself facing a creature almost as large as you, with a huge head on a puffed-out body with warty skin. Its feet and hands are webbed. It opens a cavernous mouth and lets out a deafening croak, while its two glassy eyes blink slowly. In one hand it grasps a trident and it seems to want you to back into the centre of the clearing. But having seen the sloshy mud in the centre of the clearing, you are not sure whether you are all that keen to oblige. Will

you back towards the centre of the clearing as the Toadman wishes (turn to **68**), or would you rather fight the creature (turn to **145**)?

316

'Be patient!' he says, scratching his head. 'Now what was it to add next? Ah yes, Sculliweed! Now where are those Sculliweed seeds?' Your eyes follow his round the room until they reach a jar which has 'Sculliweed Seeds' on its label. The jar is empty. 'Damn! and damn again!' he curses. 'Now I shall have to visit those scoundrels in Dree to buy more. Blast!' He turns away from his pot and towards you. 'So much for my Potion of Fortune,' he says. 'Not much use having a Potion of Fortune without the luck herb. Right then, what can I do for you. Oh, my goodness! You're a *beast*! Er, um . . . Do you need a healing balm? Or perhaps you would like me to remove a curse? Ah, just name it! I-I'm sure Euphidius can help.' Will you allow him to use healing balm on you (turn to **426**), or do you want him to remove a curse (turn to **188**)? If you want neither of these, you may leave him and head out of the village by turning to **374**.

317

You step through the door and reach out to feel what sort of a place you are in now. Your scales brush against rocky walls. It seems you are in a passageway, and you step forward, steadying yourself against the walls, and shuffle along the passage. A snort of contempt comes from your nostrils, in anger at your predicament. Your pace quickens as your anger builds, until suddenly you trip over. You spit out the foul taste of a mouthful of the jelly-like slime into which you have fallen head first. Then you raise yourself to your feet and lean against the wall. Something is not quite right. A sharp pain comes from your belly and you grip yourself with a grunt of pain. Minutes later you are writhing in agony on the floor, thrashing around in the slime! Your thrashings are causing the poisonous slime to fly all around you, and you cannot help but catch more globs of the deadly substance in your mouth. There is no escape from this lingering death . . .

318

You put the bottle to your mouth and gulp down the liquid. Almost immediately, you begin to feel strength flowing through your body. You have discovered and drunk a Potion of Strength, and it takes effect quickly. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Now continue by turning to **293**.

319

You poke your head through the hole in the wall and take a deep breath. The foul air makes you cough deeply. You can hear far below the sounds of running water and the smell coming from the filthy river is overpowering. You pull yourself back into the room. Will you now investigate the boxes (turn to **217**), push the boxes into the hole in the wall (turn to **322**) or leave the room (turn to **436**)?

320

As their leader falls, the other two adventurers rush to attack. One is a female warrior and the other is a thief. Both are carrying shields and both attack you at the same time:

	SKILL	STAMINA
WARRIOR	7	7
THIEF	8	6

If you defeat both of them, turn to **281**.

321

You stand your ground and wait for the undead creatures to arrive. Soon the shuffling stops and a fist thumps the door. Claws raised, you are poised to strike. The door swings inwards and a sea of dead faces search you out with lifeless eyes. You lunge forward to attack! Your first swipe decapitates two Zombies, but the creatures do not die! You lash out furiously, but the struggle is futile. Their numbers are overwhelming. Eventually they will wear you down and tear you apart. Your journey ends here . . .

322

You pick up the first box. It is quite heavy and something soft and bulky bumps about inside. You fit the end of the box into the hole in the wall and shove. The box slides down what seems to be a long chute and finally splashes into the water below. You pick up the other box and do the same. You may now leave the room. Turn to 436.

323

You are intrigued by the voice and find yourself strangely attracted to it. It guides you towards one of the central arches in the east wall. 'Come closer, so I may speak to you in private. No, not that arch, this one. That's right. Have no fear. I will tell you of the all-knowing one *and* tell you where you will find some juicy Hobbits. Just a little further. It is so long since I have enjoyed company and I do so love to find out what happens in the outside world . . .' You pass through the arch and look around When your eyes have adjusted to the light, you can see that you are standing in a short tunnel which ends several paces ahead in a dead end. There are no glowstones, but a glistening sheen covers the ceiling. At the end of the short passage is a shape which you can just make out. It appears to be a human, sitting on the floor and leaning against the wall, a tattered cowl over its head. A leather flagon stands at its feet. 'Come closer,' says the voice. 'My hearing is not good. Can I offer you drink?' Will you approach the figure (turn to 439), or will you try another arch (turn to 220)?

324

As you settle down to sleep in the run-down old building, you reflect on the words of the witches. You must find for them Sculliweed roots, from a plant you have never seen before. However, this task does seem to arouse your interest and you are aware that something of yourself is developing. Your mind goes back to the blind wizard in the room and how you would never have been able to undertake a task such as this if you now felt as you did then. It is almost as if you are developing *wisdom*! This notion occupies your thoughts and you drop into a disturbed sleep. When you awake the next morning, light is streaming in through coloured glass in the windows and you heave yourself to your feet. A fresh meaty meal is lying next to you and you eat it. You may add 8 STAMINA points (if you are able) for the rest and the food and 2 LUCK points for the encounter.

You may now set off. Will you head north (turn to **301**), south (turn to **95**), east (turn to **304**) or west (turn to **299**)?

325

This plant has mysterious properties. You may or may not get the opportunity to find out what it can be used for. If asked to present this plant to someone later in the adventure, remember the number twenty-seven. Now you may leave the river-bank by turning to **18**.

326

As you march on eastwards, you reach a bend where the passage turns to the north. A creaking sound from around the corner alerts you and you stop just before the bend. The sound is a slow, repeating creak. You peer round the corner to find out whether you can see anything. But the glow-stones are not alight and all you can see is blackness. Will you continue round the corner (turn to **441**), or return to the junction and head west instead (turn to **353**)?

327

As the Demon advances, you stand your ground and prepare to attack. When it is almost upon you, you swing your fist into its chest. Your fist passes right through! You swing again, and the same thing happens. You step forward into the creature and thrash with both hands. Your hands touch nothing, but your foot comes down on a small, soft object which seems to try to pull away but quickly goes still. As this happens, the huge shape of the Rock Demon fades. You lift your foot to reveal a dead mouse, upon which the Illusion spell had been cast.

You are still unsure of what has happened, but the danger has now passed and you may either return your attentions to the parchment (turn to **192**) or leave the room. If you decide to leave, you may use either the door in the south wall, through which you entered (turn to **450**), or the door in the east wall (turn to **365**).

328

The rest of the body is not deeply buried, but when you have finally uncovered the whole skeleton you can tell that whoever lived here certainly died a painful death: the skeleton's rib-cage has disintegrated! You look again at its outstretched hand. The liquid! Is this a warning? Or could the liquid have prevented the disaster? You puzzle over these questions, then leave the ruins. You may, if you wish, take the bottle of green liquid with you. Turn to **126**.

329

At last the pieces of the puzzle fit together. You step up to the mirror and stare into the glass. You are looking not at your own image, but *deeper*. Within seconds your uncertainty disappears, as the reflection of your own shape begins to fade and something gradually takes its place. From the depths of the misty netherworld which the necromancer now makes his sanctuary, the awesome form of Zharradan Marr takes shape before you!

As the mist clears, you can make out that Marr is sitting behind a desk in what seems to be a library of some kind. Books are scattered across the desk, along with mystical artefacts and demonic idols, which also decorate the tall chair he is seated in. Zharradan Marr himself appears to be either deep in thought or asleep. A shiver of fear runs down your spine. A feeling of danger sets your heart pounding and you cannot help but just *stare* at the necromancer. His very form seems to exude a power which is so strong you can almost feel it.

At once his eyes flick open! You jump back as his fiery pupils, like two burning coals, pierce your soul with their stare. His lower lip curls down to reveal sharp, biting teeth and a sinister hissing sound comes from his mouth. 'So!' speaks Marr, with a voice that resounds in your ears. 'Like the salmon fish, my creation returns to its home, drawn by the forces of nature! Ha! You have done well. And you have brought my prize.' You look puzzled. 'Ah yes, my fearsome friend,' he chuckles. 'It is no accident that you stand before me on the *Galleykeep*. Yours was my finest marrangha and it has been a complete success. Not only have you proved to be a perfect creature to replicate as my personal legionnaires, but your mind is as sharp as your muscles are strong. You have passed every test, from escaping my dungeons to finding your way into the *Galleykeep*. And you have safely returned to me the Vapour!' Marr seems to delight in revealing his plan, rather as a father would to his son . . .

'When we first met, you were my captive. Though you deserved no charity, I was merciful. Rather than have you slaughtered, I offered you a choice. Either you were to serve me, or you were to become a subject for my own marrangha experiments. You chose never to serve under me and thus your fate was decided. As a token of respect I reserved for you my most ambitious experiment.' You dwell on his words. You cannot remember ever having met Zharradan Marr before. And why should he have *respect* for you? Turn to **121**.

330

You follow the path. After a long trek southwards, the trail sweeps round to the east. It begins to widen into a well-used road just as you reach the outskirts of a dusty village. On your left you pass a run-down building which could prove a useful place of shelter for you. But a growing commotion ahead brings your attention back to the road. A number of villagers are beginning to bar the road. As you step forward, one picks up a stone and hurls it at you. It lands close by your foot. A second villager throws another stone, and this one bounces off your chest! Lose 1 STAMINA point for the painful blow. They cheer and grab more stones to throw at you. It seems you are not welcome here and you decide to turn back before you are hit again. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, none of the villagers manage an accurate shot. But if you are Unlucky, you must take another 2 STAMINA points of damage from their stones. You retrace your steps to the crossroads and this time you may either turn west (turn to **177**) or carry on north (turn to **130**).

331

You step through the door into another rocky passage. But this one is short, and empty shelves are fixed to the walls on both sides. At the end of the passage is a wooden door. You step up to the door and shove it open. Turn to **15**.

332

You must resolve your battle with the deadly creature. Although not strong, the Giant Hornet has one powerful weapon. If you roll a double while rolling for its Attack Strength, it has managed to sting you and the effects are fatal. You will die unless you *also* manage to roll a double in the same Attack Round. If you do manage to roll a double with your Attack Round roll, then you do not die, but must take 6 STAMINA points of damage instead before your Instant Death blow kills the Hornet. Resolve your battle:

GIANT HORNET	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the Hornet, you had better leave the chamber quickly. Turn to **239**.

333

You grasp your crystal club and swing it at your opponent's head. To your amazement the club seems to take on a will of its own! As your opponent ducks, the club follows his movements and comes down heavily on his skull. The force of the blow shatters the club, which now lies in fragments on the floor. But the blow was sufficient to slay your opponent outright. You have won this battle, but you have lost your club. Return to the previous reference and carry on.

334

You wander around the room, but there is nothing particularly remarkable about it. You stop by the pile of cloth and bend down to pick it up. But, to your alarm, it springs into the air and disappears! Astonished at this strange occurrence, you look round the room for signs of the cloth. The flickering shadows make your search more difficult and in the end you shake your head and ignore the incident. You begin to move off towards the archway, when you suddenly feel a sharp stabbing pain in your back!

You spin round, roaring loudly, to face your attacker. There is no one there! But drops of dark liquid, rolling off your back and dripping on to the floor, confirm that you have certainly been injured. You must lose 2 STAMINA points. As you search round trying to spot your attacker, you get your first warning of the phantom you are facing. Your shadow shifts against the wall and, as it does so, it reveals *another* shadow, trying to remain concealed within your own! A spindly arm rises above your shadow with a sharp knife clutched in its hand. You leap to one side as the arm descends. The knife catches your shadow's arm as you jump away, and dark blood seeps from between the scales of *your* arm. You must lose 2 more STAMINA points. What do you want to do now? Will you attempt to fight the deadly Shadow Stalker you are facing? If so, turn to **34**. If you want to grab for the torches, turn to **379**. If you prefer to flee from the area, turn to **242**.

335

You are determined to leave. 'If you must leave,' squeaks the little Pixie, 'then so be it. But you should be warned: you will not get far.' He opens the gate and lets you out. Without even looking back, you set off down the trail the way you came. Long after the castle has disappeared from sight behind you, an eerie whistling catches your ears. It seems to be coming from all around you; it is like wind, yet all is still. The whistling turns to soft voices, and you stop to listen. Darkness is closing in, and moments later it is too dark to see far in front of you. When you do peer ahead, you are startled to see a group of *figures* silhouetted against the dark sky in front of you, as if they have been formed from the very darkness itself! Then the spell breaks! All is now back to normal: the darkness, sounds and figures have disappeared. Realizing that something mysterious is going on, you decide to try to make the job of following you more difficult. Turn to 57.

336

The *Galleykeep* looms closer and your frustration grows. If you had been in a calmer frame of mind, you might have noticed the Whipwood tree, bent over double and held to the ground by a rope passing through a stake and ending in a loop. Your next step takes you straight into the centre of the hidden loop, and your fate is sealed. The *Galleykeep* duly arrives to hoist its cargo of food on board. You will provide a hearty meal for the crew tonight . . .

337

'Swjnfb fbrd apfo yprf. Ypvuh bvf ebffne fpv ndugvj ltyi pfot hf ecr j mfep fowjlf vlub ndamb lj cjpvs ub rsp no bamps to sfrjp vsupff fncfej n it hfed ryerf gj pnsop fo sblbmpnjs. Bsap vnjsh mf nte ypvu br fesfnt fncfde tpovnd frt bkfebap frjl pvs umjss jpn opfo rfcpvfry. Y pvum vstut rbv flen prthwbrds abndaf ntfreth fev nd frgrpvnd ud pmb j nip fozhb rrb dbnam brra thfr fetpos ffkep vtubn darf cp vfref lbsks a cpnt bjnjng is wjrlj ngivbp pvrs. *Th fsfeb rfeth fevbp pvrs upfost jttlf ewpbd.* Y pvum vstuf jnd i thf ethrff eflbsk sacp n tbjnjngi thfs fevb p pvrsu bnda rftv rn uthf me tpoth jsic pvrt. PNON POB C CPVNT UMVST UT HFYEB FEP PFNFD. T hjs ijsi t hfe sfn tfncfe pfot hf ecp vrtu bnda thfe gfbs a hb sa bf fnecb st. Th jsij si ypvru pvn jshmf nt. Yp vumvs tusvc cf fde jni ypvr umjs sjp noprod jfe jn i thfeb t tfmpt.'

Underneath this writing is more, but written in a different style: 'Vb ppvr upfoknpwlf dgf / – Flb xfnmb nfe p fosj lvfrtpn = / – Wjngfdeh flmft.

338

Your foot slips on the step. You lose your balance and tumble down, down towards the Bilgewater below. But you never feel the impact of hitting the water. Just before you reach the river, you collide at full speed with a boulder protruding from the face of the cliff. Your death is instantaneous.

339

You stagger round the walls of the room, desperately searching for a way out of the growing furnace. But it is hopeless. The air is now so hot that you cannot breathe without scorching your lungs. Consciousness fades before you are finally roasted in the tremendous heat of the furnace trap.

340

You enter the largest of the caves. It is quite deep and is pitch-black, so you can see very little of what is inside. Straw covers the floor and there is an unpleasant smell in the air. Suddenly your ears prick up! A snuffling noise is coming from deeper in the cave, followed by the dull clang of metal on rock. Your nostrils pick up the smell of animal sweat. Do you want to continue into the cave or will you instead leave whatever is in there in peace? If you want to go further in, turn to **451**. If you want to leave, turn to **386**.

341

As you search through the woods on your seemingly hopeless task, the ship in the sky is becoming larger. It is coming your way! You begin to thrash about in frustration, but just then you see what you are looking for. Ahead of you – appearing much too obvious now you have spotted it – is a tall, slender tree, bent back on itself – a *Galleykeep* hunting trap! You pick yourself up and stare at the device. The tree, a Whipwood, has been shaved of its branches. Its tip is held taut by a rope which ends in a ring.

You study it until you are sure that you can understand how it works.

You wait, watching the slow arrival of the *Galleykeep*. At a suitable time, you spring the trap. The tree snaps upwards and you are hoisted through the air until you hang loosely at tree-top level. You are helpless! Your only hope is that the *Galleykeep* crew see you and pull you on board. The ship gets nearer. As the dark shape looms above you, a long pole reaches out over the side and pulls you up through the air. Your plan is working!

Sharp claws scratch at your scales as the hands of dark, foul-smelling creatures pull you up and over the side of the boat and drop you in a heap on the deck. Playing dead, you gather your strength and wait for a suitable moment to spring into action. Two pairs of rough hands grasp your shoulders and hoist you along the deck towards a guillotine, whose blade is poised and ready to drop. At that moment you make your move! You pull yourself to your feet and fling your two guards over the side of the ship. Two burly Goblins step forward with shortswords. You must resolve this battle. The creatures attack together:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	6	5
Second GOBLIN	5	5

If you defeat the Goblins, turn to **312**.

342

The footsteps and clanking get louder and louder. You can feel your anger rising and your lips curl back to bare your teeth. Suddenly the footsteps stop and you hear hissing noises. They have heard you approach! The passageway is rough and twisting and you are straining to see any signs of them ahead. You step nearer and nearer; and they are doing likewise. Finally, you reach a length of straight passageway. Ahead you can see the dull light of a glowstone and picked out in the light are two human faces. Evidently they can see you too, as their reaction is similar: you stare at each other for a few moments. They hold their ground. Do you want to attack (turn to **258**), or will you wait to see what they do (turn to **432**)?

343

You bend down and make your way along the tunnel through the overhanging foliage. You cannot help but wonder about how such a tunnel ever came into existence. It is unlikely that it would occur naturally. But then that only leaves . . .

Your questions are answered when you feel your progress being hindered. You are tugging against sticky vines which have wrapped themselves around your legs and back. The more you tug, the more lengths of vine you pull on top of you. You begin to panic! What can you do? If you wish to make a desperate attempt to break out of the tunnel, turn to **4**. If you wish to relax and wait to see what

happens next, turn to **278**. If you are carrying a bottle of green liquid and wish to try drinking it, turn to **214**.

344

The passage continues westwards but begins to narrow after a few paces. It bends first to the left, then to the right. At one point you disturb a group of rats feasting on some partially decomposed remains, but they scurry off into the blackness as you pass by. Suddenly, sounds in the distance alert you and you stop. Ahead there is a sharp bend to the south, and flickering light and dancing shadows warn you of danger. For a few moments you hesitate. But your emotions take over. A raging storm seems to be gathering within. Your eyes narrow; your lips curl back to reveal your sharp teeth; you flex your powerful muscles and step forward. Fearlessly you step round the corner to face whatever awaits you. Turn to **205**.

345

You stumble down the rocky bank and splash into the river. The dirty water feels greasy to the touch and the stench is *horrendous*. You force your way forward against the fast-flowing current, deeper and deeper into the darkness of the cave. Your presence is noted by a host of fish and other animals living in the Bilgewater. Most are not capable of harming you. But there is one river creature who thrives in vile waters. Known as the Devil's Locks, it

is a huge burrowing creature with long stinging tentacles. In rivers it will bury its body in crevices, allowing its deadly tentacles to waft in the current. The effect is rather like seeing a long-haired disembodied head lying on the bed of the river (hence the name). You, of course can see nothing. Nor do you know anything of the terrible creature. The last things you remember are soft fibres wrapping themselves around your leg and a sharp pain as the first sting releases its quick-acting poison . . .

346

The door opens and you step into a dingy room. Dust and cobwebs have begun to settle over the furniture and the curtains over the portholes are drawn. The room itself has an unmade bed against one wall. A wardrobe door yawns half open, rocking as the *Galleykeep* sways and revealing elegant uniforms, now beginning to look a little dusty. You get a sudden fright when you see a creature staring at you, but relax when you realize it is only your reflection in a full-length mirror which hangs to the side of the wardrobe. Further round the room, there is a desk, covered in charts and maps, one of which protrudes from a folder marked 'For Captain's Eyes Only'. A spiral staircase to one side of the desk ascends to another hatchway which is closed. As you are making your way round the room, you get another fright when you bump into a long, thin, brass-trimmed device which stands on three legs and points out of the window. There is no one in the room; nor does it look as though it has been used

recently. But you might as well investigate the contents. Which will you start with:

The wardrobe?	Turn to **59**
The mirror?	Turn to **422**
The desk?	Turn to **246**
The spiral staircase?	Turn to **370**
The brass-trimmed device?	Turn to **225**

347

You try the door but you cannot get a grip without a handle. Your claws dig into the wood and you pull hard, but to no avail. The door is closed tightly and is being held by some catch. You cannot open it. Will you instead examine the figure on the chair (turn to **452**), or search through the bones in the corner of the room (turn to **64**)?

348

As you wander through the multitude of creatures, you start to consider this place. So far your life has been aimless. You have been wandering alone through the land. Here is a place where you will be fed, where you will mix with others, and where you will never be short of a good fight. On the other hand, a voice in the back of your mind is still asking the same questions. Who are you? What are you doing here? Where have you come from? The answers to these questions will probably not be found here. Thugruff comes over to you and asks you whether you would like to stay to train as one of Marr's legionnaires and serve on his *Galleykeep*.

What will you do? Do you want to leave (turn to 455), or will you seriously consider training as a legionnaire (turn to 43)?

349

The guard lies dead on the ground and you step back to catch your breath. You may feast on the guard's body, but if you do, you will gain only 3 STAMINA points, for his taste is not to your liking. The way onwards seems to be through the metal door in the wall opposite your entrance. You step up and try it: it is locked. You strain to see through the small barred viewing-hole set in the door. You can see a stone stairway leading upwards, and a soft cool wind caresses your cheek. Will you look for the key to the lock (turn to 112) or try to break down the door (turn to 128)?

350

The blue liquid smells sweet and you sip down the contents of the flask. There is no noticeable effect. But the effects of the Potion of Fear you have just drunk will not be revealed until you enter your next battle. When you do so, you will feel strangely afraid of your opponent and you will never again be able to use the Instant Death rule, unless you find someone who has the power to remove curses. Continue by turning to 293.

351

The path continues through the undergrowth, but the going becomes more difficult. You soon find it difficult to tell which way the path leads, as the whole area is so overgrown. You peer through the woods ahead and there seems to be little of interest, although an area to your left seems to be unnaturally dark. This could just be a cluster of broad-leaved trees blocking out the light, or it could be something else. Do you want to try beating your way through the vegetation towards it (turn to 381), or will you turn round, follow the path back to the fork and take the other direction (turn to 183)?

352

'Enough!' shouts Thugruff. 'I have seen enough.' If you reduced Eleven's STAMINA to 2, turn to 118. If he reduced your STAMINA to 2, turn to 431.

353

You continue west and you notice that the air is becoming distinctly cooler. The walls of the passage become damp and glisten in the glowstones' light. A breeze is blowing against you, as if to persuade you against this course. Your ears pick up the sound of running water and each step brings this sound closer. Eventually you find yourself standing on a narrow rocky bridge which spans a bubbling stream some distance below. You stop to look down at the flowing water. It is not easy to see in the dim light, but your nose twitches at the unpleasant smell which issues from the stream. If you feasted on the

Hellhound, you must lose 2 STAMINA points for the nausea you now feel. You hurry on over the bridge and soon afterwards come across a passageway leading north. If you take this passage, turn to **172**. If you prefer to continue west, turn to **149**.

354

You stumble off awkwardly up the passage The ground is rough underfoot and the passage is getting a little narrower, though the ceiling appears to be much higher up. Eventually you reach a dead end. There seems to be no way forward. Will you grope around the walls to see whether you can find a way of progressing (turn to **179**), or will you return to the crossroads and turn either to the east (turn to **310**) or to the south (turn to **212**)?

355

The creature is not the ageing carthorse you expect. Instead it is a powerful stallion and it will put up quite a fight:

STALLION	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you defeat the horse, you may eat its nourishing meat. Add 5 STAMINA points and turn to **386** to leave.

356

You follow the corridor round the bend to the east, then round another to the north. The smell is getting stronger but there are now other aromas in the

air. The passage turns west next, and a short distance further on you stop at a corner where it turns to the south. The smells in the air are now quite strong and there are sounds coming from round the corner. You cautiously poke your head round to see what is going on.

The passage ends a short distance ahead. Bones are strewn about the place. Some have remnants of flesh left on them, but not for long. Standing in the centre of the passageway, feasting noisily on the remains, are three Carrion Bugs! They are huge, black beetles with formidable heads in the shape of death's-head skulls. The creatures' heads are armed with razor-sharp mandibles which can strip muscle cleanly from a bone in an instant. You are considering whether or not to turn round and retrace your steps, when your eyes fall on an unmistakable shape – the decaying corpse of a Hobbit! Your eyes widen and your dry mouth becomes moist. Thoughts of retracing your steps fade . . .

You surge through the Carrion Bugs to your meal. They ignore you until you grab the Hobbit. But then they turn towards you: they will not allow you to steal their meal! You must fight the Carrion Bugs all together:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CARRION BUG	7	6
Second CARRION BUG	8	5
Third CARRION BUG	7	5

If you wish to escape during the battle, you may do so by turning to **240**, but only after at least three Attack Rounds. If you defeat all three of them, turn to **375**.

357

You kick the door back and slash out at the Rhino-Man. You must resolve this battle:

RHINO-MAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat the creature, you may search the guardroom. As the Rhino-Man was about the same size as you, you may wish to take something from the room. If you take a dusty brown sack, turn to **250**. If you take a metal breastplate, turn to **415**.

358

A passage leads from the opening into the rock-face, and you follow it. But you find that, as you travel north, the light fades rapidly. There are no glow-stones in this passage and you must progress carefully, steadying yourself by running your hands along both walls. The ground underfoot is rocky and several times you stub your toes painfully on protruding stones. Later, you can no longer touch both walls at once. Although you are unable to see anything, you sense that you are entering a large chamber. Turn to **257**.

359

Battered and crushed, the physician drops to the floor. You catch your breath for a few moments. Will you now head for the door and leave the room (turn to **178**), or will you continue looking round the room (turn to **407**)?

360

You have no wish to give the ring back to the blind wizard. It may prove very useful to you in the future. And, apart from that, you think it looks splendid on your finger. The old wizard wants you to lead him away, but your attitude is mixed. He may slow you down and you have learned all his useful information. You stand up, brush him aside, and leave. If you come across Darramouss, you may use the ring as follows. When you are given the option to *grab* him and do battle, add 50 to the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. Now turn to **138**.

361

You pick up your club and step towards the mirror. When Zharradan Marr sees your weapon, his confident manner becomes a little nervous. 'So, my offspring of marrangha,' he says, though perhaps a little too eagerly. 'You choose to turn against your creator. Do not be hasty. Let me first tell you of my plans for us. Whatever future you wish, it can be achieved.' Turn to **460**.

362

After a few moments you find it difficult to keep your eyes open and your head begins to nod. Resistance is useless. You roll over on the ground and fall soundly asleep. But your sleep is disturbed by dreams of dark creatures, humans with sharp swords and magical encounters. In the centre of your dreams is yourself, understanding nothing, for ever wondering *where* you are, and *why*. In one dream you are running from a hideous figure, who is pursuing you in a ship which flies. The faster you try to escape, the easier it is for the ship to catch up. Leering sadistically, the figure drops a net over you! You crash to the ground, trapped in the net, trying desperately to escape . . .

You wake up with a start, arms flailing madly. A breeze has blown the branch of an oak into you, so that its leaves cover your face and chest. You breathe a sigh of relief and pick yourself up. Your eyes narrow to slits as they adjust to a new experience for you. Daylight! You may add 4 STAMINA points for the rest and then you set off once more through the wood. Turn to **244**.

363

The dead Hellhound would no doubt have made a tasty meal had you arrived several days ago. But now its rotten flesh gives you severe stomach cramps. You double over and your claws scrape on the rocky walls as you try to support yourself. You must lose 4 STAMINA points and wait for a while before you continue. When you are ready, turn to 75.

364

You greet the Dwarf. At least you *try* to greet the little creature. But instead of any message coming from your throat, it is silent and your hands reach down to grasp the terrified figure around the chest. He screams and makes a strange sound, which sounds like: 'Kff pebw by afrp momf.' You try to answer, but the only sound you are able to make is a grunt of effort as your rough, scaly fingers close tightly around the creature's chest and your sharp claws dig in. Summoning up all its strength, it swipes at you with its sharp sword. The blade digs in under the scales above your knee, but the wound is not too serious – deduct 2 STAMINA points. The blow causes you to roar loudly and to increase the pressure on the creature's chest. Its ribs crack like twigs under the force of your grip and the body falls limp. You drop it to the floor where it lands like the sack of bones it now is.

Your thoughts are confused. Will you attempt to hide the body (turn to 218), will you examine this

strange little creature (turn to 399), or will you leave the area immediately (turn to 248)?

365

The door opens into a straight passage leading east, which you follow until you reach a dead end. You growl in frustration and, as if your voice had acted as some kind of trigger, you hear a click and a sliding sound. Part of the rock-face slides aside and reveals another passage running north and south! You step through the secret doorway cautiously, wary of a trap. When you are through, the door grinds shut again. But at the same time there is another sound, which seems to be coming from *above* you. Just in time you look up to see a heavy portcullis dropping from the roof towards you! You fling yourself forward not an instant too soon. A heavy *clang* sounds behind you as the portcullis hits the ground. You escaped death by inches!

Since you hurled yourself north, the way to the south is now sealed off by the portcullis, and you pick yourself up and set off north. Soon you reach a crossroads where you may turn east (turn to 50) or west (turn to 213), or continue northwards (turn to 443).

366

You step back into the bushes and search the clearing suspiciously. All is quiet, until a shrill cry breaks the silence. This is followed by the sounds of a struggle and finally three figures tumble into the clearing from the undergrowth, locked in combat. Two rough-set Brigands are grappling with another creature. The Brigands are burly humans, with leather breastplates and boots. The belts around their waists hold throwing-knives, but they are using their bare fists in this battle. Their adversary is thin and nimble, with long white hair and angular features. He wears a silky robe and appears to be unarmed. He is putting up a brave fight, but is clearly losing the battle as blow after blow from the brigands thuds into his stomach, ribs and head. He is crying out for help. Will you help him? If so, turn to **429**. If you would rather keep hidden until the Brigands have left, turn to **295**.

367

Only the Half-Orc's attacker is disappointed to see the miserable creature drop down dead. The villagers applaud and usher you into the hut to drink a toast to your victory. If you refuse their hospitality, turn to **107** to leave Coven. If you accept their invitation, turn to **395**.

368

There are all kinds of birds and some rabbits to be found in the wood. To catch some food, you must *Test your Luck* successfully. If you are Lucky, you

will catch a small animal for 2 STAMINA points of nourishment. If you are Unlucky, you will not. You may try as many times as you like, but you may not gain more than 4 STAMINA points in total. Turn to **229** when you want to continue.

369

You step into the passage and your eyes adjust to the green light. You breathe cautiously as you progress, but it seems that the smoke is not harmful, though it smells a little pungent. The passage leads after only a few paces to impenetrable blackness; not even the green light is penetrating the dark. Your eyes strain to see anything of the surroundings, but without success.

Suddenly a light flickers to your left! A small flame lights up something: it is a human face! The face is motionless and its eyes are closed. The skin is old and withered and you cannot tell whether it is alive or dead. Another light flickers! Another sombre face lights up before you. And another! Eventually there are four faces, all dimly lit, around the chamber. An instant later, their eyes and mouths flick open wide and the silence is broken by a sharp voice which cuts through the darkness. The effect is terrifying! 'Ypvruprpg rfss ehbs ab ffne wbtchf def pvlucrfbtv r fep fodf str vctj pn. Spo fbray pv uhbvfe dpn fe wfll ethp vgh uypv uk np won pt ow hyo prow hbt. Bvtay pvo hbvfi cbv sfdatw pipf ath favbp pvrse tpebf ulpst. Zhbr rbd bnam brrah jms fl f ehbsa dfc rffdey pvr udfst jny. Yp vushbl lar fmb jn ijni hjsi

dvng fpnso b nd adp omy objd djng. Fp roji bma db rrbm pvs suypv rumbs tfr.' Jfiy pvuc bna vn dfrs tbn dahj mi tv rnut p orff frfn cf enj nfty. 'Y pvru fjrs ti prd frejsi th js. Rf pprtofp rodvt yubta thfe yfl lpwstp nfemj nfs. Lfb vfenpw ob ndahfbdath f rfejm mfdjb tfly. Jiwjllibf ewbt chj ng.'

As the voice ceases, a rumbling sound comes from ahead of you. The same green light indicates another secret passageway, which the voice evidently wishes you to take. Will you leave through the new passage (turn to **79**), or will you step up to one of the illuminated faces and crush it in your hand (turn to **247**)?

370

You climb up the staircase and try the hatch at the top. It is open and you climb through. But instead of entering another room, you find yourself on a secluded part of the ship – evidently the captain's private deck. You look around for another hiding-place, but there is none to be found, and soon you are faced with an angry hoard of Orcs and Hobgoblins who have silently followed you onto the deck. You will get to meet Zharradan Marr all right, but as his prisoner. And when he has finished tormenting you for his pleasure, you will remain aboard the *Galleykeep* as his slave for the rest of your days.

371

The passage runs straight ahead until you reach a junction, where you may continue north (turn to **144**) or turn east (turn to **204**). Alternatively, you may return to the previous junction and turn west (turn to **280**).

372

The passage heads east. The rough stone floor begins to feel different underfoot and you look down to see that it has been laid with flat stones of irregular sizes. The light seems to be better, although with a definite bluish tint, and you look up to see blue glowstones in the ceiling, lighting your way. Mysteriously, their glow appears only as you approach; when you look behind you see the light has faded. There are a number of crevices, and small passages lead off from the main one, but you ignore these as they are far too narrow for you to enter. A sound from ahead catches your attention – the soft thump of something landing on the ground. Further on, you discover that it was a tied-up sack. Something inside the sack is struggling, but cannot get out. In size, the lump is similar to the Dwarf you killed earlier. Will you investigate the sack or continue along the passageway? Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, you will stop to study the sack more carefully (turn to **186**). If you roll 5 or 6, you will ignore it (turn to **440**).

373

The rocky corridor continues for some time and then turns sharply southwards. Ahead of you, at the end of the passage, is a sturdy wooden door; to your left is another door. Will you try the door straight ahead (turn to **15**) or the door to your left (turn to **241**)?

374

On the way out of the village, you pass more huts and more of the villagers, who rush across the road to avoid you. Ahead of you is a figure slumped face down on the ground. When you get closer you can see that it is a dark-skinned Half-Orc, and that it is dead. Do you want to investigate the body (turn to **91**), or will you ignore it and continue (turn to **107**)?

375

With the Carrion Bugs dead, your thoughts revert to the tasty Hobbit. You pick up the rigid body and sink your teeth into its stomach area. Although irresistible, the taste is not too pleasant, as the body has been dead for some time. Nevertheless, you eat heartily and you may gain 4 STAMINA points for the meal. Then you follow the passage north, and later east. As you turn the next corner, your heart sinks. Another of the creatures is arriving for its meal! To get past you will have to defeat the Bug:

CARRION BUG	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to **227**.

376

You thrash about in the woods, becoming increasingly frustrated by the hopelessness of your task. *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky, turn to **341**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **336**.

377

One of the Rhino-Men is boasting that he could easily defeat Thugruff in battle. The Orcs are taunting him and the tension is mounting as the other Rhino-Men defend him. A fight may break out at any moment. If you want to stay to see what happens, turn to **124**. Otherwise turn to **348**.

378

You step forward to make your way past the Hobbits. But even as you take the first step, you know that you cannot carry out your intention. Though you may wish to ignore the Hobbits, you cannot pass by your favourite food Turn to **42**.

379

You reach up for the torch on the wall beside you, but it is just out of your reach. Meanwhile, the Shadow Stalker is once more poised for attack and only by shifting sideways quickly do you avoid a fatal blow. Instead, the plunging knife grazes your shadow's leg. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Will you now try to fight the creature (turn to **34**), offer a gesture of peace (turn to **135**), or flee as quickly as possible (turn to **242**)?

380

The riverside is a place of great natural beauty. At least, it *seems* to be natural, but there is always the possibility that someone has planted the colourful plants in their beds along the banks of the river. A tall green-stemmed reed is topped with coiled trumpets of purple flowers which hang down facing the river. These flowers are so beautiful that they have a hypnotic effect on the fish of the river, which are attracted to the water beneath the reeds and can be seen swimming beneath them. Another blue-stemmed plant has no flowers but its glistening colour is quite remarkable and it has a strong herbal odour. Yet another plant has leaves which are perfect circles, red in colour. As you watch, one of the leaves drops into the river. The leaf seems to have some purifying effect: as soon as it touches the water, all cloudiness is gone from the area around the leaf; the water becomes crystal-clear until disturbed by the flow of the current. Another plant, out of reach in the water, has delicate flowers of silver. As the wind blows, the flowers whistle and tinkle together with an eerie, calming sound which makes you feel quite relaxed. You may, if you wish, gather a few of *one* of these types of plant before you leave. Which will you choose: the one with purple flowers (turn to **325**), the one with a blue stem (turn to **106**) or the one with the red leaves (turn to **181**)?

381

You pick your way through the woods towards the shaded area. The thick vegetation makes it impossible for you to travel in a straight line and you find yourself turning this way and that to pick out the easiest route. Eventually you reach the shadowy patch and discover to your disappointment that it is a tight thicket of tall Heavenstip trees, their leaves desperately thirsting for the sunlight from above. You turn back towards the path. But where is it? You have no way of knowing which way you have come from and your eyes scan the wood for familiar signs. There are none. Acting on a hunch, you finally set off towards the spot where – you hope – you left the path. Turn to **57**.

382

The gas drifts from the flask, but rather than spreading out, it pulls itself together into a purple cloud and billows up before you. You watch open-mouthed as a shape begins to form in the cloud, and eventually turns into a face, which stares deep into your eyes. The face is human-like, but thin and with jagged features The pupils of its eyes are not round, but are instead serpent-like. Its thin-lipped mouth opens and speaks: 'Jib mar flfbsf defr pmo myorf st. Fpv lucrfb tvrf ewhbtadpo ypv uk npwop fothfe fprcfsew jthi w hjchiy pvutb mpfr. Bvt unpnf thfl fssemye pvr ppsfe jsipr db jnfd. Jibfstpwop n oypv uthfe ppw frepfo rfbs pn. Frp monp wo pnoyp vubr fej nicp ntr plop foypvr upwnodfs tjny. Bnd anpwemby ajir ft vrn utp omyo pfbcf fv lurfste vntj lip ncfem prfethfeh fbv fnsetb kfeth fj ri ppsj tjpns.'

Your anger mounts and you swipe at the cloud. But your hand passes right through the gas without even disturbing it. The mysterious face blinks slowly and the colour of the cloud flashes momentarily from purple to white, and back to purple again. Then the face disappears and the cloud is sucked down back into its flask. Once safely inside the flask, the stopper replaces itself in the neck and the bottle settles into its cradle in the wooden casket. An instant later, the casket and its contents have faded to nothing!

You decide you have had enough of this room, but you may add 2 LUCK points for your find. Will you leave through the door to the west (turn to 51), or the door to the east (turn to 33)?

383

You turn towards the corner where you last heard the clicking noise and let out a deep growl. As you step into the corner, the clicking starts again! This time it becomes quite frantic. To your complete astonishment, the sound darts across the room in front of you and heads for an opposite corner! As you were virtually *in* the corner, and there was no room for anything of any size to pass you, you realize that whatever is making the noise must be very small. Your head turns to the other corner. The pitch of the noise has increased and there seem to be two – if not three – distinct creatures clicking away. Your curiosity has been aroused and you step towards the corner. Only then do you appreciate

the danger you have been facing. The flashes of light coming from behind the door before you entered were emanating from a small group of Blinding Beetles. These large insects have the power to emit extremely bright flashes of light, which are powerful enough to blind all but magically protected creatures. Your harassment has finally angered them to their flash-point. Three intense bursts of light explode before your eyes, followed by complete blackness. The Blinding Beetles' attack has been effective: you have now lost your sight. You rub your eyes with your scaly hands to try to wipe away the blackness, but there is nothing you can do. In desperation, you bellow pitifully and stumble around the room as if there were some way out of the sightless world which is now yours. As you grope along the wall, you come across a door. You give it a yank, feel it open and a rush of air hits you. Roll one die. If you roll 1, 2 or 3, turn to **80**. If you roll 4, 5 or 6, turn to **317**.

384

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you manage to reach the doorway before Darramouss can react (turn to 79). If you are Unlucky, Darramouss manages to close the door before you can reach it and you must wait to see what fate he has in store for you (turn to **286**).

385

You consider the little creature's words. What you remember of your life has been somewhat aimless. You may just as well spend some time here. He leads you back to the courtyard and explains to Thugruff your reluctance to stay. You are not keen on the villanous Half-Troll. But you must now decide your future, since you are staying. Do you want to work hard and try to earn yourself a position on the *Galleykeep* (turn to **43**), or would you rather bide your time until you can seize a suitable moment to assassinate the foul-breathed Thugruff (turn to **82**)?

386

You head off back towards the crossroads and turn this time to the north. Turn to **130**.

387

He looks deep into your eyes for several moments. Eventually he grunts and stands aside to let you through into the guardroom. The place is dirty, and smells of rancid ale and stale food. Across the room is another door. This one is made of metal and has a small barred viewing-panel at eye-level. Through this panel you can see steps leading upwards. But while you gaze at the door, you are not watching what the guard is doing. Suddenly you feel a heavy blow on the back of your head. You slump to your knees, dazed by the impact, and turn to see the guard advancing towards you holding a heavy club. Lose 4 STAMINA points for the blow and turn to **98** to battle with the guard.

388

The going becomes a little steeper and the river splashes faster over its rocky bed. Ahead you can see that it seems to disappear over a ledge and, when you get closer, you see that the river plunges over a tall waterfall and crashes into a natural pond far below, before continuing along a narrower stream through a gully carved in the rock. The effect is quite spectacular, but it presents a problem to you. How do you get down? Following the path along the river-bank is impossible. You will have to continue through the undergrowth. Turn to **57**.

389

Your foe is defeated and you feel justifiably proud. Your gaze passes from the dead creature to its lair. But there is nothing of interest, and the sickening stench of Clawbeast makes you want to leave quickly. There are three ways onwards: the passage behind you, a cave entrance in the western wall and another in the northern wall. What will your next action be? Roll one die. If the roll is 1–4, turn to **230**. If the roll is 5 or 6, turn to **165**.

390

You head off eastwards. After a few steps, the passage begins to widen and you can hear distant sounds ahead. As you get closer, you recognize them – and your mouth waters! For the sound you can hear is the unmistakable chatter of tasty Hobbits! Without any consideration of the consequences, you make your way quickly towards the noises. The glowstones light your way to a wide chamber. The passage enters it around a bend and you stop to survey the scene. Marble flooring marks the entrance to this meeting-chamber which is decorated with carvings and dark archways. Three Hobbits, wearing none of that obstructive metal armour, are engaged in a heated discussion in the centre of the chamber. They have their backs towards you, but they are concerned about their safety and one of them keeps on looking around the chamber for any signs of danger. Will you wait until this one is occupied before rushing in to attack (turn to **288**), or will you ignore the advantage of surprise and simply rush in (turn to **42**). Alternatively you may wish to ignore the Hobbits and head across the chamber to a passage opposite which continues to the east. If you wish to do this, turn to **378**.

391

The water is cool and refreshing. However, its silver sheen comes from mineral deposits which make it unsuitable for drinking. Lose 2 STAMINA points for the strange 'heady' feeling which comes over you. When you are ready, turn to **52** to continue.

392

Your final blow sends the Knight flying across the chamber to land in a crumpled heap against one wall. You grunt in satisfaction. Your attention is drawn immediately back to the dead Hobbit lying by the fire and your mouth waters at the thought of its sweet flesh. But you have forgotten the final adventurer. The Wizard has now completed his spell. With a final incantation, he delivers his magic, directed straight at you through his two little fingers. You feel no more than a tingling sensation as his spell takes effect. 'Yp v ubr fen pwovnd fre myec pntrpl of pvluc rfb tvrf.' A smile spreads across the sorcerer's lips: 'Bl lamy aw jshfs ebrf e ypvr ucpm mbnds. Gbt hfrem ye cpm rbd fseb n daf pll pwomf!' You intend to step forward and slash him with your claws, but your muscles will not respond. Instead, you step over to the dead Knight, pick him up and carry him over your shoulder. You do the same with the Hobbit. The Wizard then turns and makes his way down the passage. You follow, carrying the rest of his party. And this will be your fate: to spend the rest of your life as a slave to your master, whose Control Creature spell has worked perfectly.

393

You step up to the door in the west wall and tug at the handle. The door will not budge. You grunt in anger, take a step back and prepare to smash the door. But the door is stronger than you thought. You nurse your sore shoulder for a few moments

(lose 1 STAMINA point), and then return to the centre of the room. Will you try one of the other doors (turn to **405**) or, if you have not already done so, investigate the room (turn to **104**)?

394

Although there are three doors leading from the guardroom, you ignore the one to the south. Will you leave via the door in the north wall (turn to **314**) or the door in the west wall (turn to **116**)?

395

Inside the hut is a counter and from behind the counter someone passes you a bowl full of liquid. The bemused villagers watch as you cup the bowl, sniff the liquid, and finally pour it down your throat. The taste is rough and your stomach seems to be undecided whether or not to heave the ale back up again. But instead it decides on a hiccup followed by a great throaty belch which delights the villagers. They laugh at your bewildered expression and the bowl is once more filled up for you to drink again.

Several bowls later you are feeling decidedly light-headed. The villagers eventually leave the hut and you stagger back out on to the street to continue your journey. You may add 3 STAMINA points for the ale, but you must reduce your SKILL by 1 until the effects of the ale have worn off. This will be indicated by ** in the text. Now turn to **107**.

396

The door cracks as you charge it and eventually you break into the room, but not before you take 1 STAMINA point of damage for a sore shoulder. The room inside has no occupants. Instead a single desk is surrounded on three sides by racks of parchments, each rolled up neatly and tied with string. A door in the east wall is half hidden behind the untidy racks. Do you want to head out through this door (turn to **365**), or will you pick up a parchment and see what it says (turn to **100**)?

397

As the defeated Warrior slumps dead to the ground, another steps through the archway to take up the battle. You must fight this one too:

CHAOS WARRIOR SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you defeat your attacker, turn to **46**.

398

You pick up a chair and fling it at the door. The chair shatters. By now your anger and frustration are twice what they were before! You try kicking the door with your huge foot. The door seems to shudder a little more than it did before, and a few grains of dust fall to the floor from where the hinges are attached to the rock. But still the door remains intact. You must lose 1 STAMINA point for the injury to your foot. If you want to keep trying the door, turn to **128**. If you would rather give up on the door and look for the key, turn to **112**.

399

Your hands relax and the sharp claws retract into your fingers. You clumsily fumble through the Dwarf's dirty vestments. Your fingers will not fit into the pockets, but you do succeed in snapping the thongs of a large leather pouch which the creature has around its waist. As the ties break, the pouch spills its contents on the ground in front of you. It contained several circular pieces of shiny metal and a piece of hide, which unfolds as it drops out of the pouch. It is light in colour and has markings all over one side. You pick it up awkwardly and look at it, but it makes no sense at all. You become quite fascinated by this piece of leather. You turn it round, rub it with your hands and throw it in the air. You place it on your arm and on your head. You decide to take the leather with you. Unknown to you, the message on the hide may be useful later in your adventure. Turn to **337** to examine the message. If you are carrying this piece of hide, you may return to **337** at any time to re-examine it, but you will need to remember the reference you have come from in order to return and continue.

As you may have realized by now, your own wishes have little effect on your reactions as a creature. You have only glimpses of what you are like and what you are capable of. Although this will change as the adventure progresses, at this stage you are at the mercy of your own whims and instincts. You are standing at a junction where you may go either east or west. Roll one die. If you roll 1, 2 or 3, turn to **308**. If you roll 4, 5 or 6, turn to **148**.

400

You step into what is left of the building. Among the debris you find a skeletal hand reaching into the air, the rest of its body buried beneath the ruined walls. In this hand is a stoppered bottle, and within the bottle is a small amount of green liquid. Around the rest of the building there are the remains of various items of furniture: a smashed table, a splintered chair and a wrecked bed, its straw mattress ripped to shreds. But your attention returns to the hand clutching the bottle of liquid. If you wish to leave and take this bottle with you, turn to **126**. If you would rather dig the body out of the rubble, turn to **328**.

401

After a few paces, the passage begins to wind irregularly in a generally south-westerly direction. You follow it for some time, and then it turns south. You arrive at the top of a flight of stairs, but decide against going back down to the lower levels. There is another passage leading east here, and you decide to take this route. Turn to **156**.

402

Your hand closes round his neck. As you tighten it, you can hear the grinding sound of bones being crushed. But Darramouss's expression is unchanging; he shows not the slightest concern. You release the neck and drop the limp body to the ground. But the instant you release him, his body snaps back to life and the incantation continues! You set your

claws and bring them ripping across his chest. As soon as you make contact, the body goes limp and it flies through the air, in response to your blow, like an empty sack. But before it lands, it once more fills out and takes shape. As the life surges quickly back into it, the creature flips in the air and flies back to land where it was! This time, the creature opens one eye wide and glares at you. You are caught in a vice-like grip of agony! The pain is overwhelming and you sink to your knees whimpering in front of the desk. You must deduct 4 STAMINA points. While you writhe in agony, Darramouss finishes his incantation. Turn to 286.

403

The tiny face you saw in the distance was unmistakably that of a Hobbit! Unable to control yourself, you climb to your feet and set off in pursuit. Although you are slower than the little creature, it leaves a trail of glowstone light which you can follow. And even though you have just eaten, the smell of the Hobbit sparks off your appetite once more. But you are much too slow to catch it. As you lumber down the passageway, even the glowstone trail disappears. Eventually you reach a junction. Will you continue north (turn to 144), or will you turn to the east (turn to 204)?

404

The passage is much wider here and footprints in the dirt indicate that it is more frequently used. But all the footprints seem to be heading the other way! A little further ahead you come to the top of a narrow staircase heading downwards. You consider this for some time, but eventually decide against going down the steps. You turn round and retrace your steps, this time turning east at the junction. Turn to 373.

405

You may leave by one of the three doors leading from the room. Which will you choose:

The door in the north wall?	Turn to 300
The door in the west wall?	Turn to 393
The door in the south wall?	Turn to 6

406

One of the Rhino-Men catches your attention and you remember the message. His back is a little stooped and he is obviously past his prime. He looks at you with tired eyes as you approach him; he has seen many young, strong and ambitious legionnaires in his time and he finds them quite tedious. You step up to him and pass him the message. He steps back and looks at you incredulously. 'Is this true?' he stammers. 'Is my sister safe at last? Then I have no need to stay at this godforsaken castle. Thank you for this news, strange creature. I must now make my plans to leave.' Will you join in with his plans to leave the Testing Grounds (turn to **449**), or will you continue wandering through the groups of legionnaires (turn to **348**)?

407

You glance towards the dead creature and move away quickly. But without warning, the skeleton's bones spring together to re-form Quimmel Bone and in an instant it has grabbed the two knives and is once more attacking you. Resolve this battle:

QUIMMEL BONE SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **178**.

408

The cave leads north to a large tunnel in the rock which runs from east to west. It is large enough for you to walk along. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, you decide to turn west (turn to **282**). If you roll 4–6, you turn east (turn to **372**).

409

You tug at the door and it opens to reveal a storeroom of some kind, with shelves lining the walls. But there is nothing on the shelves and there seems to be no way through. As you peer into the cupboard, a creaking sound startles you. You swing round to see the door in the east wall slowly opening. Glowstones in the passage outside flick on to light up your way. You cannot resist this invitation and leave through the east door. Turn to **49**.

410

The terrified shopkeeper will give you no trouble as you help yourself to provisions. You feast on the food while he cowers helplessly in the corner. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you eat a handful of poisonous herbs and are violently ill (lose 3 STAMINA points). If you are Lucky, you avoid the poisons and can add 4 STAMINA points for your meal. When you have finished here, you may leave the village by turning to **374**.

411

You turn to another gravestone, keeping one eye on the grave of Donag Haddurag and listening for warning signs. The next grave is that of a woman, whose inscription reads: 'Here lies Sophia Whiterose. Like a rosebud she blossomed with beauty, but alas she died entwined in her own thorns.' You puzzle over the words – but then a scraping sound distracts you. You look back towards the previous gravestone and a shiver runs down your back! A withered hand is pushing the stone aside! Then you hear the same sound behind you, and again to your left, as scraggy limbs slowly push gravestones aside and long-dead bodies crawl out!

You kick the nearest gravestone closed. It slides back into position, severing the protruding forearm, and a muffled expression of pain comes from the undead creature below. Four of the living corpses rise from their graves and surround you. You must fight them all together:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE	6	7
Second ZOMBIE	7	7
Third ZOMBIE	6	6
Fourth ZOMBIE	7	6

If you defeat the creatures, turn to **226**.

412

You pull at the pouch. As it opens, the twelve discs tumble to the floor. You mutter in annoyance and grovel on the ground to pick up those you can still see in the dim light. Roll two dice. This is the number of discs you manage to find. They are, in fact, Gold Pieces and they may well be useful to you later. Add 1 LUCK point for your find. Turn to 115.

413

The creatures are now at the door of the crypt and entering. You hurry off down the staircase. Pebbles, rocks and even parts of bodies rain down on you as you descend the stairs, thrown by the hideous creatures on the surface. You try a little too hard to get away from them quickly, your foot slips on a loose rock and you tumble over and over down the stairs. Unfortunately for you, this staircase has been designed for unwanted visitors. At the bottom of the stairs a dozen sharp iron spikes protrude from the ground! There is nothing you can do to prevent yourself landing squarely in the centre of the spikes. Your death is instantaneous.

414

A path leads from the clearing to the north, although you can see that it soon forks left and right. Will you go east (turn to 272) or west (turn to 139)?

415

You fumble about with the breastplate and eventually it slips over your shoulder and stays in place. It will be a useful defensive piece and while you are wearing it you may add 2 points to your Attack Strength during each Attack Round. But it does not fit perfectly and makes moving your arms awkward. While you are wearing it, you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL score. You may now leave the guardroom by turning to 394.

416

You feast heartily on the creature. Add 4 STAMINA points for the nourishment. After resting to digest the food, you pick yourself up and continue downstream along the river-bank. Turn to 388.

417

Marr casts his spell, but it has no effect. A startled look appears on his face and he searches his memory for a way you could be immune to his magic. 'Of course,' he nods finally. 'The Chattermatter failed to entice you. That incompetent fool Hannicus! His instructions were to keep the Elven Dust walled in. Nevertheless, I am sure that your little act of defiance will be reconsidered in view of the riches I may offer you . . .' But you have other ideas. It is now your turn to attack, and you have decided on your target. You will not go for the necromancer himself, but for his mirror. If you have with you a crystal club, turn to 28. Otherwise turn to 152.

418

Your foot slides back over the edge of the bridge, and you tumble through the air towards the river below! You shudder with horror at the thought of landing in the filthy waters. But fate is kind to you. Before you reach the water, your head cracks hard against a protruding rock. You are senseless when you hit the river and you never know the unpleasantness of your death in the filthy stream that is the Bilgewater.

419

You shift your weight and turn your great bulk around. With laboured steps you stomp back the way you came and pass the lifeless body. Turn to 308.

420

You settle down on the floor and begin to feast on the fleshy legs of the first Blood Orc. The taste is not pleasant, but you are hungry. The bearded human continues to stumble round the room, talking in an excited tone. Eventually he comes close to you and trips over the body of the other Blood Orc. His hand scrapes against your back and he shivers with horror when he feels the scales and spines. He rises to his knees and begins to feel your neck and head. You are somewhat bemused by this and allow him to continue. But when his fingers rub across your mouth and feel your sharp fangs, he cannot contain himself any more. Before he can even utter a scream, he faints and slumps to the ground beside

you. You finish your meal (add 4 STAMINA points) and leave the room. Turn to 138.

421

You turn angrily towards the peasants as a stone hits you on the shoulder. Lose 1 STAMINA point. The men and women are yelling at you, trying to get you off their land. But you are furious and rush towards them through the crops. They beat a retreat, keeping their distance, and hurl more stones. Again you charge forward, again they retreat and again comes the hail of stones. This time another stone hits you in the chest. Lose another STAMINA point. After two more charges, you realize that your efforts are futile. They will always be able to move faster than you through the crops, as your greater bulk is slowing you down. You eventually turn from them and return to the path. They follow you, once more jeering and shouting, until you have left their field and are well out of range of their stones.

Ahead of you, a green forest spreads across the horizon and your path is taking you into it. As you enter the forest, you reach a sign which reads 'Knot Oak Wood'. Turn to 244.

422

The mirror has an ornate gold frame, but otherwise appears to be an ordinary full-sized mirror. You consider smashing the mirror, but it is possible that the noise may alert the crew to your whereabouts. Turn to 302.

423

You pick your way along the river-bank, following it downstream. The going is not easy. At one point you must climb carefully down a rocky cliff, where the river passes over a waterfall. Eventually you reach a calm pool where the waters slow and spread over a wide expanse. Steam rises lazily from the pungent water and you halt in your tracks as the smell – now stronger than ever – reaches you. Through the steamy mist you catch a glimpse of a creature further along the bank. It stands tall on four legs and is drinking contentedly from the foul waters. You creep closer, keeping hidden in the bushes. The creature stands on long, cloven feet. Its skin is covered in tough scales and its tail ends in a spiky ball. Its head is sleek and serpent-like, with a long, thin tongue that darts in and out as it drinks from the river. It has not noticed you. Will you creep round the creature so as not to disturb it (turn to **120**)? Will you attack it in the hope of gaining a much-needed meal (turn to **238**)? Or will you approach it gently, try to keep it calm, and then mount it (turn to **127**)?

424

You follow the passage until it becomes impossible for you to see in the total darkness. Now you must grope your way along, feeling the walls with both hands. Eventually a faint red glow appears on the left-hand side of the passageway and you realize you are at another fork. To the left, the way seems to lead to some kind of light-source. To the right, the

passage is still pitch-black. Will you choose the right-hand passage (turn to **108**) or the left-hand passage (turn to **182**)?

425

The door is decorated with plates and symbols forged in metal. In the centre is a sign which reads: 'Yfl lpwst pnfe mj nfs. Sfrgf bnt sab ndas lb vfs epnly.' The door is locked, so you decide to try breaking it down. You give it a hard shove with your shoulder. It shudders but does not budge. Indignant, you hit it again, but still it will not open. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Before you can decide whether or not to try again, a rustling of keys in the lock is followed by a creaking noise as the door opens. A thin, dark face appears at the door and looks at you. 'Npo nffd etpobp jl iyp vru blppd. Whb tajsiji iyp vuwb ntaj nith fe mjnfs. Jfi jts iwpr kothf neepm fe bbc katpmpr rpw. Baf fw epfo thfesl bvf sewjllidp vbtl fss edjfetpdby.' The Black Elf irritates you with his arrogant manner. You do not want to waste time with him. You grunt and smack your fist into the door, knocking it wide open. It clangs into the wall behind and the Black Elf's jaw drops open.

The room inside is sparse. There is a table and chair against one wall and on the table stands a plate with some food on it and a bottle of drink. Behind the table two bunches of keys are hanging on the wall. An archway leads from the room into the blackness beyond. You step inside and the Black Elf pounces. You must fight him:

BLACK ELF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

After two Attack Rounds, turn to **275**.

426

The medicine-man shuffles over to a shelf full of jars and takes one down. 'This healing balm,' he boasts, 'is the finest south of Dree. But I have never had the chance to test it on a creature such as you. Please allow me to try it.' He spreads some of the ointment across your chest and rubs it deep into your scales. He continues until he has rubbed it all over your body. The effect is almost immediate. You begin to feel strong and rejuvenated. His healing balm actually works *better* on you than it does on humans. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Then you leave the village of Coven by turning to **374**.

427

You follow the river up the valley until you reach a point where it comes out of a cave in the side of the hill. There is no path into the cave, just the river. If you turn round and follow the river downstream instead, turn to **423**. Otherwise you may either jump into the river and follow it into the cave (turn to **345**), or forget about the river and stomp off through the undergrowth (turn to **57**).

428

The face swirls within the murky mist inside the orb and you watch to see what will happen next. Gradually the face re-forms, but this time it looks larger than before and the sightless eyes begin to glow red like hot coals. Suddenly a small fireball shoots from one eye straight towards you! You jump to avoid it but it catches your leg below the knee and makes you howl in pain. The second eye releases its fireball and this one hits you on your arm just above the elbow. Lose 4 STAMINA points for these injuries. Leave quickly by turning to **81**.

429

As you crash out of the bushes into the clearing, the battle halts temporarily and all three combatants stare incredulously at you. You must resolve your battle with the Brigands, who will fight you together. The thin creature is too badly beaten to be of any help and drops to the ground moaning:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BRIGAND	8	9
Second BRIGAND	8	7

If you defeat them, turn to **448**.

430

You step forward and cross the cavern, heading for the northerly passage. All is silent from the caves. Perhaps whatever was eating there has now wandered off. You reach the other side without incident. Turn to **41**.

431

'A poor show,' Thugruff sneers, 'for one seemingly with such power. Recover your breath.' While you are picking yourself up, the Half-Troll whispers quietly to the Pixie you met on the gate: 'You know what to do . . .' When you have caught your breath, the Pixie leads you over to a circle in an unoccupied corner of the grounds. 'Wait here,' he says. You wait. Looking at the strange circle, you see that it is not simply a mark on the ground, but a length of rope, arranged in a circular shape. The end of the rope leads off in the direction the Pixie went and is tied to a tree. In fact it is tied to the *top* of the tree, which has been bent right over to touch the ground! It is held by another rope, stretched tight by the tree and fastened halfway up its trunk! You suddenly realize what is happening. At the same time you notice the Pixie, standing by the second rope with a sharp knife! Before you can move, he has cut the rope. The tree snaps upwards, drawing the circle of rope tightly around your leg and taking you up with it until you hang helplessly, suspended at tree-top level by your foot. Turn to **175**.

432

They seem reluctant to advance towards you. Your size and your angry snarl must be daunting to them. They mumble something to each other and turn round. They have decided to leave you and are retracing their steps. Their glowstone goes out and you lose sight of them. You may now continue safely. Turn to **137**.

433

Following the Jabberwing's advice, you set off northwards. You pause on top of a hillock and survey the area. In the distance to your right you can see a great forest and straight ahead a river cuts through the landscape like a gaping wound. You head on and, a short distance after you have left the hillock, another trail joins yours from the right. Turn to 134.

434

The Tree Spirits are tightening the circle, moving in closer and closer. You are hoplessly trapped. They are not evil creatures, but they allow no one to pass through their forest without permission. The penalty is *death*!

435

The heavy knocker booms loudly on the metal plate. A grunting noise comes from behind the door and you can hear feet shuffling as some sort of creature responds to your knock. The door slowly creaks open and a long snout appears. Small, pig-like eyes peer out at you from behind the single tusk which stands in the middle of the Rhino-Man's face. The door opens wider and you can see the creature's stout, heavily armed torso and legs. It speaks to you: 'Cp mfepn othfn. Whb tabv sjn fsseh b vfey pvu hfrf. B nswfarqvjc kly.' Jfi ypvu cbnav ndfrs tbn d athf ecrfb tvrfetv rnujm mfd jbtf lyet porf ffr fn cfe sjxty itwp. 'Lps toyp vrotp ngvf efh. Th fne bfgpnf. Bfe pffow jthiy pv ubff prfe jid fc jd fetpohb vfe belj ttlfebb ttlfepr bct jcf.' He is closing the door without

letting you in. Will you shove the door and step in to attack (turn to **357**), or leave, return to the junction and take the northern passage (turn to **144**)?

436

You have four doors to choose from. Will you try the door in the east wall (turn to **49**), the west wall (turn to **409**), the north wall (turn to **262**) or the south wall (turn to **201**)?

437

'No gesture? Darramouss gave you no gesture?' The guard is incredulous. You shrug as if to say that you did not see Darramouss. 'But Darramouss is always in his chamber. Look, wait here for a moment. I must check his room.' The guard grabs a club and rushes off down the passage, leaving you on your own. Will you keep your word and remain where you are until he returns (turn to **38**), or will you step into his room and look for a way out (turn to **54**)?

438

The villagers watch wide-eyed as their champion drops to the ground. Then anger takes over. 'Rog is dead!' cries a voice. 'Let's get that *thing* that done it!' One of them nips back into the hut and produces a pitchfork. 'Quick!' comes a gruff voice from behind you. 'We must leave quickly. Come with me.' The Half-Orc is beckoning you to follow him out of the village. You look again at the villagers and decide that his suggestion is a sensible one. The two of you continue, pursued by the villagers, until you reach

the edge of Coven, where they stop and watch you leave, jeering and shaking their fists.

'A foolish thing to do, that,' says the Half-Orc, his sly eyes glancing over at you. 'Getting involved in someone else's fight. If *I'd* been *you*, I would have left you to fight your own battle. Chances are he would have killed me. But then what's that to you? And all because I ate his dog. What does he expect? I was *hungry*! I suppose I *could* have killed it first . . . Would you not have done the same? Well, wouldn't you? Lost your tongue? The silent type, eh? Well I am Grognag Clawtooth. Call me Grog. Which way are you heading? Carrying anything *interesting*? Shall we travel together?'

The creature is shorter than you are. He is dirty and he smells. His jet-black hair is untidy and has not been cut for far too long. His clothes are little better than rags, although he wears a thick leather breastplate and a battered sword hangs from his belt. The two of you will continue your journey together. For as long as he is with you, watch out for reference numbers. If you turn to any references ending in a 7 (e.g. 247), deduct 52 from it and turn to this new reference. Read the two together. Continue now by turning to **107**.

439

You growl suspiciously and step closer to the figure. The spines on your back are bristling and every muscle is tense. You extend one arm just far enough to hook a claw under the ragged cowl and flick it

aside. But beneath the cowl is *not* what you were expecting! The sight of the rotten head with its gaping eye-sockets makes you stagger back in fright! An evil laugh resounds through the air, coming not from the figure, but from the glistening Chattermatter hanging from the ceiling. Having snared you into its lair with its ability to speak in many tongues, it now drops from its perch to cover you with its sticky, web-like body. While you struggle in vain inside the living slime, it releases its deadly poison, which will paralyse you. As your struggles subside, the Chattermatter begins to digest your tasty body. You will get no further!

440

Your curiosity has been aroused but not captured by the creature squirming within the sack. You give it a heavy kick as you pass, and send it scuttling across the floor. Whatever is inside squeals for mercy but falls silent after colliding painfully with the stony wall. You continue past it along the passage, your way still lit by eerie blue glowstones. Suddenly, you hear a footstep. You stop to listen hard. A shape forms in the passageway before you! Turn to **63**.

441

You rush boldly round the corner to face whatever is making the creaking. Glowstones in the ceiling blink quickly on in front of you, trying to keep up with your progress. After a few steps, you reach a junction with another passage, which runs from east to west. And on the left-hand wall you discover

the source of the creaking – a sign, suspended on a short pole. A cool breeze is wafting through the passage and this is causing the sign to creak as it swings backwards and forwards. You study the sign, which reads: 'Yfllp wst pnfe mjnfs eth jsiwby'. Underneath the letters, there is a large arrow pointing eastwards. You glare angrily at the sign for worrying you and swipe at it with your claw. But it is too high up for you to reach. Will you take the sign's advice and turn to the east (turn to **122**), or would you rather go west (turn to **208**)?

442

The guard draws a bunch of keys out of his pocket and opens the metal door to let you through. You grunt in thanks, and begin climbing the steps. At the top, you find yourself in a cold, stone-walled room with a large stone platform in its centre. Carvings and symbols decorate the platform, which is lit up by a beam of light from a crack in the ceiling. You edge around the room until you reach a door, which you shove open. The sight which greets you makes your eyes open wide . . .

Space! You have escaped from the dungeon and have emerged into cool night air. Slowly you survey the landscape, your mind filled with wonder at the space all around. You appear to be standing in an open field in which stones have been fixed in regular rows. Some lie down flat on the ground and some are standing up. To your left, near the edge of this field, is a large building with a tall, pointed roof. On the other side, to the right, is a wood, and a path

leads straight into the wood from where you are now. Overhead, a huge white orb hangs in the sky giving some light, but this light dwindles when great smoky masses drift across in front of it. You are overawed by your new environment. Would you like to investigate some of the stones set into the ground around you (turn to **198**)? Would you like to look around the old building (turn to **123**)? Or would you like to leave this area along the path into the woods (turn to **261**)?

443

You follow the passage to the north until you reach a junction. To the left you can see that the passage soon reaches a dead end; but on a ledge in the end wall is a large orb of clear stone. To the right you can see that the passage disappears around a bend heading northwards. Will you turn left (turn to **155**) or right (turn to **81**)?

444

The room seems to be uninteresting and you turn to leave. You head back up the passageway until you reach the junction where you continue westwards. Turn to **309**.

445

You retract your claws, so you may feel the strange shape with your fingertips, and you step up close to it. But as you bend down to touch the dark circle, it moves much more swiftly than ever you could. In an instant, it has expanded to engulf the very

ground on which you are standing. You suddenly find that you are standing, not on solid rock, but on . . . nothing! Down you fall, through the void, until the journey becomes too much for you. You pass out in the blackness and will never know the gruesome fate which awaits you in the depths of the Blackmouth Floortrap.

446

You deliver the death-blow and the Knight drops to the ground. With the danger now over, your thoughts turn to *food*. The smell of the still-warm Hobbit reaches your nostrils and your mouth begins to water. You snatch the creature in one hand and eagerly sink your teeth into its sweet flesh. But this will merely provide a snack for you. Inside his armour, the Knight is an impossible meal, but the red-robed Wizard groaning on the floor may be a new taste for you to savour. You silence his miserable whimpers with a single deadly slash from your claws. For the tasty meal you may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level.

After you have eaten, you rummage through the adventurers' belongings. Their packs have little to interest you. The Hobbit carried a miniature sword and you find a rolled up piece of thin parchment in the Wizard's robe. All three humans carried odd-shaped lumps of a doughy substance – perhaps food, although it smells of nothing to you. They all also have small hide pouches containing round, flat objects of shiny metal. You cannot think what these may be for, so you toss them aside. You must now

continue your journey. Passages lead off from the chamber to the north, east and west.

You decide to take the passageway to the west. You leave the chamber, your way ahead lit by the flickering fire. Eventually, the fire's light becomes too distant to help and you are groping your way in pitch-blackness. Suddenly a high-pitched twittering sound comes from above you, followed by others. You have disturbed a group of flying creatures, which are now squeaking in alarm as they dart about around you! You swipe at them blindly and catch one or two of them as they dive at you and scratch you with sharp claws. But your scales protect you from any serious harm and you are soon further along the passage, where these creatures evidently do not venture. The passage turns north. You follow it around the bend to the right and stop in front of a wooden door. There is no other way forward. Will you heave at the door with your shoulder or is there something else you wish to do? Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to **277**. If you roll 3–6, turn to **101**.

447

Your eyes widen as three scrawny creatures form before you. They are thin and angular and move in quick, jerky motions. Although their bodies are covered in a scraggy dark fur, their bony faces are bald, with tiny eyes. In the centre of each face is an oversized, protruding mouth, rimmed with sharp teeth. These vicious little Flesh-Feeders live on carrion. While feeding they make themselves invisible

to avoid being caught unawares. But in between meals they are both visible and quick-tempered. They now face you, furious that their meals have been interrupted, and you must battle with the creatures. They attack together:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FLESH-FEEDER	6	6
Second FLESH-FEEDER	6	7
Third FLESH-FEEDER	6	6

If you defeat them, turn to **89**.

448

Exhausted from your battle, your attentions turn to the white-haired creature lying moaning on the ground. Seeing that the battle is over and that you mean him no harm, he turns towards you. As he speaks to you he winces in pain from his beating: 'I offer you – *aaaaah!* – my thanks for your aid. My name is – *oooh!* – is Whiteleaf. I am – *unnngh!* – an Elf. Home for me is the village of Ethelle Amaene.' He turns over on to his back and continues: 'Aaahhhh, that's better . . . I know these woods well. Perhaps I can be of service to you in return?' What would you like him to tell you:

Anything he knows about Stittle Woad?	Turn to **58**
What he knows of the *Galleykeep*?	Turn to **269**
More about himself?	Turn to **167**

449

Old Twenty-nine – the legionnaires proudly refer to themselves by their numbers – has been at the fort for some time. He knows everything that happens and all the ways to escape. The two of you spend the evening together and he is happy to talk about his own past, though his stories do tend to ramble. He and his sister were recruited into the service of Zharradan Marr many years ago. Rhino-Men are particularly suitable as guards and Twenty-nine can remember being a member of Marr's personal guard during the sacking of Salamonis. But he disliked Zharradan Marr.

The turning-point in his career came when he was caught drinking in Salamonis with another Rhino-Man who was known to be engaged by Marr's former colleague, but now arch-enemy, Balthus Dire. This incident marked the end of his progress in Marr's army. From then on he was watched, imprisoned and punished regularly by Thugruff. His sister was held prisoner in Marr's dungeons in case he should decide to try escaping. Now that his sister is safe, he can at last be free from the Half-Troll's tyranny.

Later that night, under cover of darkness, he leads you to an area in the wall where the stones have been loosened. With a little work, you are able to clear a hole large enough for the two of you to get through. You leave the Testing Grounds and continue through the woods all night. He promises to lead you to someone who can tell you more about yourself, someone who he knows lives in a clearing

in the woods. But he will be recognized if he goes with you. Finally you reach a trail which heads north. Twenty-nine tells you to follow the trail, while he sets off to the west. But a short time after he has left, you hear a cry coming from his direction. Will you rush after him to see if you can help (turn to 10), or ignore him and continue (turn to 174)?

450

You leave the room and find yourself once more in the east-west passageway you entered from. You remember the noises you heard behind the door ahead to the east. But there is no other way forward. The door is locked, so you must once again charge it. Turn to **263**.

451

You creep slowly into the blackness, your claws ready to strike. You can now hear the heavy breathing of a large animal close by. In an instant, the creature strikes! Two heavy blows crash down on your back and send you sprawling into the depths of the cave. The attack is accompanied by a shrill whinnying and you spin round to face your attacker. Silhouetted in the cave entrance you can see that your opponent is a frightened horse, which is balancing on its hind legs, ready to strike again! Lose 2 STAMINA points for the blows you have already taken. If you think the creature might make a tasty meal, you may fight it by turning to **355**. Otherwise you may avoid the horse, leave the cave and make your way back to the crossroads by turning to **386**.

452

You step up to the chair and look at the figure. An ugly face protrudes from the red cape. Its strong jaws have sharp biting teeth, but the dark skin is stretched tightly over the creature's lumpy skull. The eyes bulge beneath its closed eyelids as if they were trying to burst out. You take the cape in your claw and slowly lift it. At that moment, the creature's eyes flick open! It springs from its chair and fastens its teeth into your neck before you have time to react! Lose 2 STAMINA points. You must now resolve your battle with the Blood Orc:

BLOOD ORC	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

If you defeat the creature, turn to **207**.

453

You spend some time watching insects scuttling about on the surface of the pond and enjoy the twittering of the birds in the branches high above. Eventually you decide to press on. Add 2 STAMINA points for the rest and turn to **52**.

454

You follow the staircase downwards, your huge feet desperately trying to maintain their balance on the narrow stairs. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **37**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **413**.

455

You slip away from Thugruff and make your way round to the front of the building, where the gates

are locked shut. Once more the little Pixie appears. 'What is this?' he smiles. 'Leaving us so soon?' You grunt and nod your head. 'But you surely cannot wish to go already. You cannot refuse our hospitality.' There is a hint of menace in the little creature's voice, although there is surely nothing any creature so puny can do to harm you. He is leading you back into the Testing Grounds. Will you pull away from him and assert your wish to leave (turn to 335), or let him persuade you to return (turn to 385)?

456

The pitiful figure whimpering on the ground puts up no resistance as you end its miserable life. You may feast on the body and, if you do so, you will gain 4 STAMINA points. Then leave the village of Coven by turning to 374.

457

You regain your footing and hurry across the bridge to the other side. Shaken by your near accident, you continue until you arrive at a side passage on the right. You do not like the look of this side passage, so you continue eastwards. Turn to 122.

458

You crouch low and squeeze through the narrow gap. As you pass through the doorway, a single glowstone flicks on to reveal the contents of the small chamber which you are now standing in. The room is completely bare except for a large chest against one of the walls. You step over and examine

the chest. You push it, shove it and bash it, trying to break it open. Finally, a lucky push opens the lid. Inside, you find two mysterious objects. The first is a large circular plate made of strong metal. It has a sharp spike which protrudes from the centre on one side and two leather straps on the other. On the same side as the straps is attached a leather pouch which may be useful for carrying things. The other object is a piece of rough, coloured rock, about the size of your forearm. One end is wide and the other is much narrower. It is a dull green colour and glistens faintly in the light. But it appears very brittle. It may make a useful weapon gripped by the tapered end, but it would no doubt not last long in battle. You may take one of these items with you. Any metallic discs may be placed in the pouch on the plate if you choose this object. If you choose the plate, turn to 197. If you choose the rock, turn to 110.

459

You turn back towards the door. 'I see you got the hint,' mocks Nimbicus. 'Don't bother apologizing for the fact that you have just ruined my concentration. I shall have to start reading my tome again. But don't let that worry you. Oh, no. Close the door on the way out. We probably won't meet again. Leastways, not if *I* see you first. Bah!' You leave the Weather Mage and return to the hallway. The noise outside is spreading, as more of the crew join in the search for you. You must now choose another room. You quickly study the symbols again. Will you try:

The jug of water?	Turn to 346
The fire?	Turn to 29
The crown?	Turn to 129
The crossed swords?	Turn to 111
None of these?	Turn to 302

460

'Our partnership will be supreme in Allansia. Together we shall rule. If it is riches you desire, then you shall have all the wealth you can use. If your lust is for power, then I shall give you western Allansia as your own empire.' His words are spilling out with mounting anxiety. But you are not listening. Instead you are preparing to swing your club. 'Do I waste my words?' he screams. 'Then think on this. If I should be lost, how will you regain your former self? Will you be content to remain a beast for the rest of your days, constantly feared, hated and even hunted by your own kind?'

This time, his words stop you. You consider them. Should he disappear for ever, perhaps you will spend the rest of your days banished from civilization, an enemy of your own race. But then what

guarantee do you have that Marr's experiments are reversible? None! You glance back up at him just in time to catch him wiping the smile from his face. He has been playing for time! His image is disappearing! Furiously you grab your club. Your eyes narrow; you grit your teeth. A low growl comes from deep in your throat. As Marr's image fades you move quickly. In a trice you have grabbed the club and swung it. The room is filled with the sound of breaking glass as the mirror shatters into tiny fragments before you. The portal from his land of limbo has been destroyed! He may never return to your world!

You turn towards the door. A bolt of pain shoots up from your foot! You have cut yourself on a splinter from the glass. But this should not be! The thick scales on your feet should not be scratched by such tiny fragments. You look down. And then you realize what has happened.

Your greeny-brown, scaly foot is no more. Instead the foot is pale-skinned and vulnerable. The claws have gone too! Your hands have returned to their human form and, when you look at your reflection in a fragment of mirror left hanging in the frame, a familiar face stares back wide-eyed at you! Marr's experiments were performed by sorcery, not surgery, and when he disappeared, the spell was broken!

As your memory returns, you remember the bitter struggle high over the Moonstone Hills, when Zharradan Marr and his winged Tooki forces bore down

on your *Galleykeep* in overwhelming numbers. Like a raging stormcloud, the dark Tooki – a specially bred race of War Griffins – swooped down on the ship, their mounted Blood Orc archers raining arrows and killing many of your crew. The surprise attack was so quick, and so deadly, that you had no option but to surrender. As Zharradan Marr stepped down off his own richly adorned Tooki on to the deck of the *Galleykeep*, you swore you would avenge this defeat. But Marr had other plans for you . . .

The tables have now been turned. You are back in your position as Commander of the *Galleykeep*. Marr's brainless creatures will respect your authority. Though Marr may have shown you a mercy of sorts, you in turn gave him the mercy he deserved: *none!*

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ISBN 0-14-032040-7
9 780140 320404

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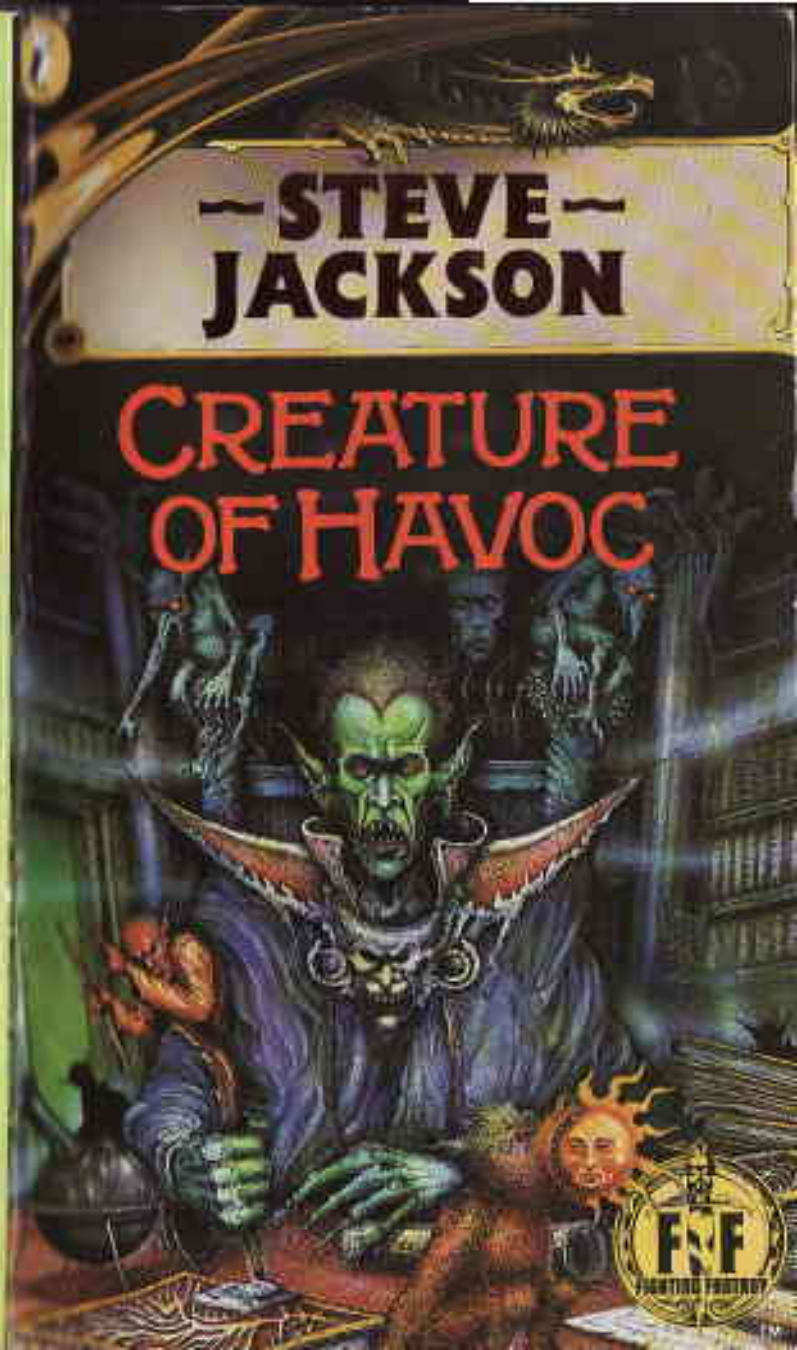

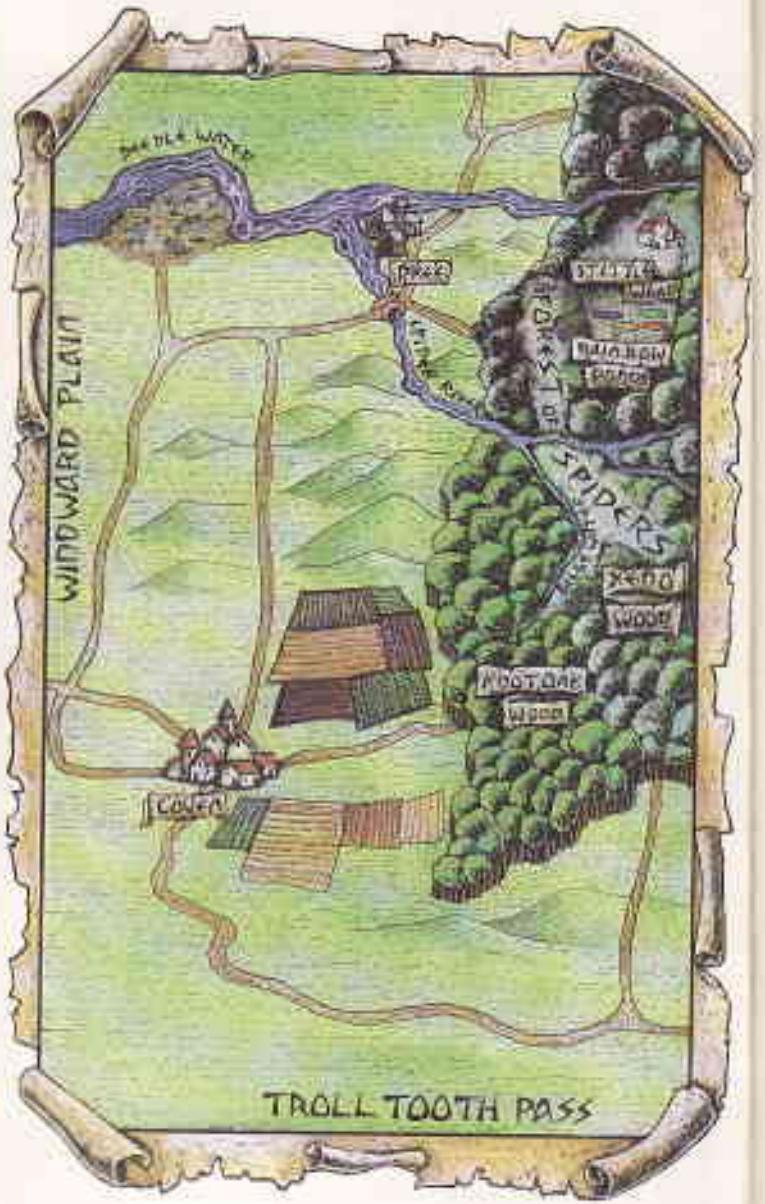

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Steve Jackson is the co-founder, with Ian Livingstone, of the Games Workshop chain, which specializes in fantasy games and war games of all kinds.

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1986
7 9 10 8 6

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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Typeset in Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

ITEMS CARRIED AND INFORMATION

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
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HOW TO FIGHT CREATURES OF TROLLTOOTH PASS

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your strengths and weaknesses. Use dice to find out your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages 6–7 there is an *Adventure Sheet* on which you can record the details of an adventure. You will find on it boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or to make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Those who are familiar with the Fighting Fantasy rules should note that there are some new rules in this book.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight an opponent of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant *Encounter Box* on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is your opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 1 point from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either your opponent's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent has been reduced to zero (death).

Instant Death

As you learn more about yourself during the adventure, you will realize that you are an extremely powerful creature, capable of killing most opponents with a single blow. If you *roll a double* when rolling for your Attack Strength, then you have landed such a death-dealing blow. Your opponent will die instantly, without the need to resolve the particular Attack Round you are in.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

If you are involved in a fight with more than one opponent, you must choose at the start of each Attack Round which of the opponents you will be directing your own attack towards. Roll the dice for each of the combatants. Resolve your own attack against your chosen opponent as normal (if you win he loses 2 STAMINA points, if he wins you lose 1 STAMINA point). Then you must compare your own Attack Strength (i.e. the one you have just rolled) against that of *all* the other opponents. Anyone with a *higher* Attack Strength than yours will score a hit against you. You cannot score hits against anyone except the opponent you chose at the start of the round, even if your Attack Strength is higher than one or more of the other opponents.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time your *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the *option* of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you

have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow, and need not deduct any STAMINA points. If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

TALES OF TROLLTOOTH PASS

The *Creature of Havoc* adventure takes place in the region of Allansia where the dusty Windward Plain meets Trolltooth Pass. North of the pass, the Forest of Spiders and the Moonstone Hills hide dark secrets; this is the region that the necromancer Zharradan Marr considers his own. To the south, the town of Salamonis stands as the last vestige of civilization before the rolling hills become the mountainous reaches of Balthus Dire's Craggen Heights.

Westwards, the featureless Windward Plain leads the way towards Port Blacksand and the Western Ocean. The plain is a vital trade-route between eastern Allansia and both western Allansia and the Old World. Wares are brought to the west by merchants' caravans, which are heavily guarded by hired warriors, known as Strongarms, whose job is to see that the caravans pass safely across the Flatlands, those treacherous wastes east of Trolltooth Pass.

Once through the pass, the Strongarms leave the caravans at Chalice or Silverton and pick up another caravan making the return journey. Some prefer the peace and quiet of smaller villages like Coven and Drystone, but not even the most courageous Strongarm will stay near Dree, home of the witch-women.

Dree – Village of the Witch-Women

A dark village nestling in the fork of two rivers like a viper in its nest, Dree is a magnet for miscreants and black-hearted creatures. It came into being originally as the home of the exiled hag-witch Romeena Dree, who had been banished from the town of Salamonis for her hideous magical experiments. Not content with the more acceptable forms of witchcraft – curses, foretelling the future, love-potions and herbal remedies – she turned her attentions to the essence of life itself.

Romeena Dree developed a fascination for what became known as *marrangha* – the transplanting of limbs and organs from one creature to another by magical means – and was obsessed by the desire to create a sort of hybrid super-creature. Her magic was used on both men and beasts and it left many mutant mixtures of each species suffering in the gutters of Salamonis. Her vile witchcraft was branded as an unholy insult to the sanctity of life; she was on the verge of displeasing the gods of Salamonis. Thus she was banished from the town.

She was taken in chains to a place far north of Salamonis and there released. This place was in the fork between the Deedlewater and Spider rivers, and there Romeena Dree made her home . . . and continued her experiments.

Though exiled from Salamonis, she was not without her devotees and many of her fellow hag-witches from Salamonis made the pilgrimage to visit or even

join Romeena in Dree, as the growing village became known. And from other areas of Allansia witch-women joined the growing community, where they could practise their black arts freely and learn more of the developing art of marrangha from Romeena herself

Outsiders who sailed the Deedlewater and happened across the witch-women's village were horrified at the sights they saw. Semi-creatures with dreadful deformities were left in the streets to suffer – indescribable monsters, which by rights should never have seen life at all, but were now doomed to scratch a living in the gutters of Dree. This they did by murdering and feeding off other creatures whose mutations were such that they could not defend themselves or escape. Hell itself could surely not boast that its minions were as wretched as the marrangha-spawned creatures of Dree.

The witch-women revelled in their creations. In their eyes, such suffering was inevitable and they considered their creations no more than living vegetables, unworthy of pity. The creatures were eaten as food, or kept as pets, or used as subjects in further marrangha experiments. Later, the most hideous were sold to visiting merchants and traders as curiosities and many are to be seen in the travelling circuses which tour Allansia.

Dree's notoriety spread and, the greedy eyes of opportunistic traders turned towards the village. Trading in witchcraft was a time-consuming business, since witches tend to be hermit-like creatures living alone in obscure places. If trade links could be established with Dree, how convenient it would be to buy potions, charms, curses and enchanted objects from a single place! Or so merchants thought – but setting up trading links was not easy. All visitors to Dree who were not practising witches were at first greeted warmly, but when the crafty witches felt their visitor had relaxed his guard, a simple potion was administered to enable him to be captured easily. This was how the witches acquired fresh subjects for their experiments!

The first trader to venture into Dree and survive was Ganga of Mirewater. His enterprise was to be admired and he made handsome profits from his trading. He was the first to realize that the only way to trade successfully was to enter Dree with goods the witches valued, but could not get elsewhere. He scoffed at his forerunners, who took in exotic fruits, jewels, fine silks and spices. Each one had finished up with a Clawbeast's arms, a Lizard Man's face or a Mungie's brain – if he was allowed to live at all.

Ganga took in not spices, but herbs – Sculliweed, Medusa Grass, Curseleaf, Purity Plant and the like. He took in dried Goblin livers, Manticore stings, Elf eyes and pulped Flesh Grub juice. The witches became willing partners in his trading activities and it was many years before other traders appeared with similar items of witchcraft and deprived him of his profitable monopoly. But by then Ganga had already made his fortune.

The Women of Dree

The witch-women formed an insular community. They very rarely leave the village of Dree and usually then only in spiritual form. However, Romeena's younger sisters delighted in appearing to the world outside. These three, known as the Women of Dree, have become infamous around Trolltooth Pass for appearing to travellers and Strongarms, to warn them of something or send them on missions. Their unexpected appearance is terrifying and may lead an unwary traveller to distrust them. Certainly they are known to have sent many an adventurer on a pointless mission merely in jest. But they do seem to have some sort of maternal instinct towards mankind and they are probably feared more than they ought to be. There is no evidence of their actually causing harm to those whom they have chosen to meet, unlike their neighbours in Dree.

The rest of the world would be happy to leave Dree alone, so long as the women kept to themselves. But one or two witches have been known to leave Dree and settle in the lands of men. Usually they establish themselves in harmless occupations, as herbalists (like Vitriana in the Forest of Yore), fortune-tellers (like Rosina near Coven) or cooks (like the sisters of Sheena in Balthus Dire's citadel). But occasionally one of the witch-women will leave Dree in search of mischief. This was the origin of the ill repute of the village. And more recently, with the strengthening of Zharradan Marr's power, Dree has earned the abject hatred of the peoples of Trolltooth Pass.

Zharradan Marr the Necromancer

It was Romeena's sisters who secretly raised the infant Zharradan. No one knows who fathered the child, but the most likely candidate is one of the numerous Hell Demons conjured up by the witch-women during their black masses. Some, however, prefer to believe that the necromancer is merely a product of another of the marrangha experiments.

Being the only man-child in a village of witch-women, the sisters removed him from the village and raised him somewhere in the Moonstone Hills. When he was old enough, Zharradan was sent east into the Flatlands to be educated. He had already shown skill in simple sorcery, and the witches wished him to study the magic arts under a teacher of great repute. This man was Volgera Darkstorm, and the young Zharradan was accepted as his pupil along with two others, Balthus Dire and Zagor.

The three of them studied hard and perfected the black arts with a skill which Darkstorm had never seen in any of his previous pupils. The three became both friends and rivals, each respecting the others' skills, but each striving to prove that his were the greatest.

It was during his studies that Zharradan changed his name. Zharradan Dree, as he was called, was a name that embarrassed him. Dree was the village of witches, and the name was a constant reminder of their primitive magic with its simple herbalism and curses. The only interest Zharradan had in his home

was the witches' fascination with marrangha, a subject that obsessed him.

He changed his name with a single spell which he had learned especially from an ancient black-magic tome. One midsummer night he locked himself away from sunset to sunrise to complete the ritual. When he emerged, Zharradan Dree was a name which had been erased from the minds of everyone who had ever heard of it. Instead, from that time onwards, all knew of the young man as Zharradan Marr.

Marr and his co-pupils learned at a rate which astonished the ageing Darkstorm, who soon became fearful of their powers. When they sensed their mentor's weakness, the three eventually turned their allegiance from him towards themselves and they revelled in the power that their new skills brought. In their own minds they became powerful demigods, scornful of the pathetic world around them. When Volgera Darkstorm realized how dangerous his pupils were becoming, he tried to stop them. The result was a short, bloody battle of magic between them which ended as the 'Demonic Three' (as they called themselves collectively) cut down their teacher with a carefully disguised Rain of Knives spell.

After looting the old wizard's library, the young sorcerers fled Darkstorm's home and headed east towards Trolltooth Pass; from there they sought refuge in Darkwood Forest, where they eventually split up to continue on their own separate ways.

Coven

Zharradan Marr disguised himself as a prospector and headed south towards the village of Coven, a half day's journey from his home in Dree. Though his disguise was merely a sham to enable him to build an underground stronghold for his future operations, he was astonished to find gold deposits in the ground. He immediately realized that with gold he could recruit an army, and soon his Yellowstone Mines were making him a powerful – and wealthy – man. His real ambition, however, was not to become merely wealthy but to rule over his own empire and eventually over the whole of Allansia.

But this he could not do alone. He had already recruited Vallaska Roue, a well-rounded human with a fiery temper, to supervise his mines. Roue was a scruffy character, but he had a will of iron and shared Marr's thirst for power. His loyalty to his master persuaded Marr to share his secret ambitions with Roue and between the two of them they laid plans of conquest. Vallaska Roue was dispatched to find suitable officers for Marr's army. Meanwhile, Marr himself was deep in thought: he had recently heard a story which was occupying his mind.

Hannicus, a wizard of neutral alignment, had arrived in Coven to gather supplies to take back to his home in Knot Oak Wood. During his visit, he had bumped into Zharradan Marr. After some hours of talk, Marr offered Hannicus a position within his underground complex, looking after the

area in which he held his office, outside the mines. Hannicus gratefully accepted. Marr realized that the wizard knew much about the surrounding regions and he pressed Hannicus for more and more of his knowledge. Among other tales, Hannicus told Zharradan the legend of the Vapours of Stittle Woad.

The Rainbow Ponds

Hidden deep within the dark depths of the Forest of Spiders, sheltered from prying eyes by tall Speartip trees, is an enchanted glade Though outsiders have never seen this glade (thus no story can ever fully be believed), it is said to contain a number of beautiful rock-pools. As if designed by the gods themselves, each pool is decorated with brightly coloured flowers which bloom throughout the seasons. Tall orange lilies, scented with sweet perfumes, rise from the waters. Each pool is fringed with bouquets of colourful peacock flowers. And shining silver-bells are scattered around them, tinkling faintly as the wind disturbs their delicate silver flowers. The pools are wondrous to behold in their full splendour and are known as the Rainbow Ponds.

But the Rainbow Ponds are so called not because of their adornment by the most beautiful flowers in the whole of Allansia, but rather because of the waters contained within the pools themselves For each of the Rainbow Ponds is a different colour. This extraordinary natural feature is said by some simply to be a matter of crystal deposits in the rocks

beneath the pools. But this may not be true. The colours are so distinctively different that this phenomenon may well have been created by magic. Elvins would delight in conjuring up these gardens of colour, but Elvins are not to be found in the area. Most likely this is the magic of the Elves.

Needless to say, speculation abounds about the mysterious properties of the Rainbow Ponds. The turquoise pond, it is said, brings the gift of beauty. Bathing in the waters of the amber pool before attempting a new skill will ensure excellence no matter whether this skill be a mental or a physical one. And the ruby pool bestows charismatic powers: no one may meet such a bather without experiencing immediate feelings of affection and friendship. Perhaps some or perhaps none of these stories are true. No one can be found who has ever set eyes on the Rainbow Ponds. This in itself may be due to their enchanted nature. The pools are an oasis in the midst of a jungle of Chaos; a nirvana which, once found, persuades any visitor to remain, for ever in awe of the beauty of the Rainbow Ponds.

Stittle Woad

The most recent stories of the Rainbow Ponds have caused great excitement among adventurers and explorers. For rumour has it that the ponds form part of the domain of the white-haired Wood Elves of Stittle Woad.

The Elven village of Stittle Woad, or Eren Durdinath in the Elvish tongue, is a mystery to outsiders. Protected by Elven magic, no one may discover the village without an invitation from the Elves themselves. And the Elves will admit only those who swear to preserve the secret of its whereabouts.

But one thing is for sure. Eren Durdinath is to be found deep within the Forest of Spiders, and is most probably close to the spectacular beauty of the Rainbow Ponds. Occasionally one or two of the more adventurous young Elves can be found outside the forest. Curious about the world beyond their treetop kingdom, they will roam abroad, sometimes coming into contact with other races and – very occasionally – entering the cities of men

One such Elf, known as Leeha Falsehope, ventured as far as the town of Chalice, where he succumbed to the temptations that exist in such places. Stories spread of this mysterious white-haired creature whose manner was so delightful that the young women of Chalice would follow him wherever he went, tittering and offering their favours. The rowdy menfolk knew him as a regular in the town's drinking-establishments. They watched in amazement as he entered – and won – every drinking-contest in every inn. At a street market he once acquired a well-made mandolin, and within a short time he was a master of the instrument, delighting every audience with his amusing songs.

As his status rose to that of a celebrity within Chalice, folk naturally inquired about his past At

first he managed to remain true to his vow of silence. But this only caused rumours to circulate, not all of which were complimentary to Falsehope. Eventually he was forced to reveal glimpses of his real past. His stories so enthralled his listeners – and each 'glimpse' spread like wildfire as news around the town – that he was encouraged to tell more and more. Many of his stories he set to music and, even today, his songs are known and sung by all the minstrels of western Allansia. But finally, one night after far too much ale and maybe a little smoking-weed, Leeha Falsehope revealed more than he should have done.

In his drunken conversation with a young serving-wench, he not only revealed that Eren Durdinath existed and could be found deep in the Forest of Spiders, but his loose tongue told the story of the Vapours whose secret had hitherto been known only to his fellow Elves. After he had finished telling the story to the wench – and the large crowd of eavesdroppers who had gathered around him – Falsehope realized his folly. Desperately he tried to cover up his words, but this merely prompted more and more questions from the crowd. The question most asked was, 'And what was the name of this village of yours?', for men find Elven names difficult to pronounce. Falsehope searched quickly for a name that would throw them off the track and from somewhere deep in his memory the name Stittle Woad appeared (Stittle Woad is in fact a particular type of dye used by Elves to colour their clothes).

The young Elf was devastated when the effects of the ale wore off and he realized what he had done. The secrets of generations of Wood Elves had been revealed to all and sundry in a common inn. He left the town of Chalice and returned to his home in the Forest of Spiders, where he lived the rest of his days in disgrace. Until the day he died he and his family were social outcasts in Eren Durdinath. Even today, the family of Erulia Falsehope, Leeha's great-grandson, must bear the shame, which cannot be forgotten, of revealing the existence of what became known as the Vapours of Stittle Woad.

The Vapours of Stittle Woad

High in the tree-tops of the forest, the Elves are protected from harm. This is partly due to their magical abilities and their keen eyesight, which is able to spot a likely intruder well in advance of their arrival. But partly this is a protection bestowed on them as a special favour by their gods. The Elves of Stittle Woad believe themselves to be a chosen race, a belief which has a ring of truth to it.

After their creation, the gods were astonished at the natural grace and beauty of the white-haired Elves they had brought to life. The early priests of Stittle Woad were offered a 'bargain' by their creators. The gods promised to watch over the Elves and provide a good deal more protection than they afforded their other creations. In return, each generation of Elves undertook to choose an Elf maiden to be groomed as eventual queen to rule over Eren Durdinath. Each

future queen must be the most perfect child in the village, a maiden of stunning beauty, charming wit and faultless grace. And on her eighteenth birthday, she had to undergo a celebratory ritual in which she would eventually commune with the gods. This communion represented the greatest honour which could be bestowed on each generation, and the longer this communion lasted, the more pleased the gods were. During the communion, great powers of wisdom and leadership were bestowed on the princess. Afterwards, she would be recognized as queen of Eren Durdinath.

Within four seasons of her accession to the throne, the queen would always give birth. Such a birth was a religious affair, during which the queen was attended only by her priests. When the queen left her priests after the birth, she left alone. Only the priests and a handful of trusted villagers knew what actually happened at the birth. But all knew the result.

No normal child was born to the queen. Instead the gods gifted the queen with a benevolent spirit – a Vapour – with a special power. Whichever god had been present at the Elf princess's communion gave her Vapour his special power, which was to be used wisely by her as queen. The Vapour's birth ritual was unknown to all but the queen herself and her priests. But after birth the Vapour, safely stored in a glass flask, remained with the priests. The queen is able to call on her Vapour only once during her reign and even then only on one night of the year, known

as the celestial equinox, when her god's constellation takes a certain position in relation to the other heavenly bodies.

Thugruff and Darramouss

This was the tale that Zharradan Marr heard from the wizard Hannicus. He pressed for more information and was told that the present Elf queen Ethilesse was reputed to have given birth to *three* Vapours!

Ethilesse was an exceptionally beautiful maiden, so during her divine communion she had been visited by three of the Elven gods: Euthillial, the god of languages; Ititia, god of reason; and Alliarien, the god of Elf magic. It was this last name that seized Zharradan's attention. For, as powerful as his magic was, that of the Elves was equally powerful. If he were to acquire the knowledge of Elven magic as well, he would be invincible! Zharradan's sharp mind was well aware of the possibilities and he thought deeply on the wizard's words.

But the ways of Elves are secretive and years passed before Zharradan Marr was able to make plans for finding the hidden village of Stittle Woad. His mines prospered and his power-base grew. Vallaska Roue had returned with new recruits for his forces. In a seedy inn in Zengis he had come across a burly Half-Troll named Thugruff. What started as a drunken brawl became a firm friendship, and Thugruff agreed to return with Vallaska Roue and join in service of Zharradan

Marr. The necromancer took an instant liking to Thugruff, not least for his coarse sense of humour and his healthy streak of cruelty. He sent Thugruff into Knot Oak Wood to rebuild Hannicus's home as a hidden training ground, known as the 'Testing Grounds', for his troops.

Hannicus had little say in the matter. Marr was by now tiring of the wizard's ineptitude. In fact this was not all. Hannicus's control of security had been lax and, unknown to Zharradan, the odd party of Strongarms had succeeded in breaking into his dungeons and looting Marr's riches.

Though Marr had to wait two years for his arrival, Hannicus's replacement was far more suitable for the task. Vallaska Roue had returned from Port Blacksand with a sly grin on his face. He told of an encounter with a creature with exceptional qualities. Marr listened intently as he heard of Darramouss, a Half-Elf and one of the undead. According to Roue, he was a ruthless creature, who was totally without remorse and who took pride in torture and torment. As an officer in the army, he was known as one who would always welcome the order to kill the prisoners. When this order was given he would first torture them for his private pleasure, then kill them. Marr liked the sound of this creature and liked him even more when the tall figure walked in to introduce himself

Darramouss was immediately given the job of master of the Yellowstone Mines, a position he excelled

at. His first act was to end the system of paying the miners for their labours. From that day on they were his prisoners, and guards with bullwhips made sure that the miners were putting in their best efforts. When many of the miners died, he had Thugruff scour the countryside with his army to bring in more slaves. So successful was he that Zharradan Marr soon put him in charge of his whole underground operation, after making sure that the old fool Hannicus would offer no resistance.

Daga Weaseltongue – The Innocent Traitor

Thugruff's army grew and prospered, and the area of his Testing Grounds became a place of fear where forest creatures dared not venture. Perhaps it was inevitable, however, that the curiosity of the Elves would eventually precipitate a meeting and this dubious honour befell a young Elf, Daga Weaseltongue, cousin of Erulia Falsehope. A couple of Marr's legionnaires were strolling through the woods when they came across Weaseltongue, training his serpent-headed Ophidiotaur. A friendship was struck and regular meetings followed. When Thugruff heard of this encounter, he sent word to Marr, who journeyed immediately to the Testing Grounds. Disguised as a Rhino-Man, he likewise befriended the Elf, and cultivated the friendship.

When he felt he had the white-haired Elf's trust, Marr skilfully manipulated Weaseltongue (under a Control Creature spell) into stealing the Vapours from his own royal priests. The Vapours were

stored in his dungeons until he could research their secrets. Of course, nothing could be learned about the Vapours, as nothing was known of them outside Stittle Woad. Thus Zharradan Marr resolved to locate the Elven village.

The *Galleykeep*

Marr knew that the village would never be found simply by using his legionnaires to search the Forest of Spiders. Elf magic would ensure that it remained invisible to outsiders. However, reports were reaching him of another possibility. From the east, a great ship had been sighted. Its pure white sails billowed deeply to catch the winds. Its strong wooden hull would be almost impossible to hole. And its size was formidable; it would easily hold a thousand troops. All who had set eyes on the ship believed it to be of divine origin. For it travelled not through the water, but through the air! Folk referred to it as the *Galleykeep*, but none knew from where it came.

This seeded an idea in Zharradan Marr's mind. He must capture this ship! Not only would it be a symbolic throne, worthy of a ruler of his stature, but it may even help him to find Stittle Woad. Perhaps he would never find the Elven village from the ground, but it may well be unprotected from the air. Quickly he recalled Vallaska Roue and the two of them set off for the Testing Grounds to discuss the plans to capture the *Galleykeep* with Thugruff.

The success of their plan was a tribute to their military skills. The *Galleykeep* fell after a short but bloody ambush in the sky by Marr's trained Tooki troops, and he was delighted with his new vessel Within days he had set up his headquarters in the ship.

So this is now his home, and he has begun his search over the Forest of Spiders for the village of Stittle Woad. Those in the know are terrified at the thought of his success Should he find Stittle Woad, and the secret of the Vapours, then his mastery of sorcery will be invincible. It is because of this fear that interested parties throughout western Allansia have made plans to prevent him succeeding in his quest. Parties of brave adventurers from Chalice, Silverton and Stonebridge have been sent on missions to capture the Vapours and return them to the Elves. But, since no one has ever seen the Vapours, none of the parties know what they are looking for! In Mirewater, Calla Bey is recruiting an army of Birdmen to besiege the *Galleykeep* (but with little success, as the Birdmen fear the ship). From Salamonis, Elves are being persuaded to head north for the Forest of Spiders in order that word may reach Stittle Woad in time. But the forest Elves are suspicious even of their own kind and this expedition may never succeed.

Perhaps it is destiny that Zharradan Marr should rule these regions of Allansia. Only time will tell . .

* * *

This is the background to *Creature of Havoc*. Much of what you have read will be of little help to you and some of the information may even lead you astray. As you will find when you start your adventure, you have only the faintest awareness of your surroundings and your actions will be ruled by instincts – the instincts of the creature you are But gradually you will develop more control over your destiny. As the adventure progresses you will be asking yourself the questions that all must ask in life: *Who am I? Where do I come from? Why am I here?*

The answers you find to these questions will depend on which paths you chose as the *Creature of Havoc*.

1

The pain is unbearable! Summoning up all your energy, you open your eyes – first one, then the other. They narrow to slits as they adjust themselves to the strain of trying to see once more, then relax as they make out familiar shapes in the dim light: a dirt floor, rocky walls . . . Then the pain takes over. Your head rocks, Your eyes submit and close tightly in an agonized grimace. Instinctively you raise your hands to cup your face, and a low moan mingles with the rasping sound as your rough fingers rub the scaly skin above your eyes.

After some time the pain begins to ease. You open your eyes once more and peer out from between your gnarled fingers. You seem to be at the dead end of a passageway. Your surroundings are barely visible, but a dull glow is coming from the northern extent of the passageway, which stretches before you. A sound is also coming from this direction – of irregular breathing. Something alive is up there! You heave your great bulky body to its feet Along your back, the spines bristle. Swinging your heavy head slowly from side to side, your progress is decided: northwards is the only option open to you. Muscles strain and succeed in raising a lumbering foot, which thuds loudly down on the ground in front of you. You repeat the action, first with one foot, then the other After four steps the motion has become automatic. You are moving more quickly and more quietly up the passage. When you reach the end, your eyes are drawn to a huddled shape lying on the ground in front of you.

The small figure lies on its side, facing away from you. It is shrouded in a dirty brown cape tied around its neck and it lies in a puddle of thick red liquid. Its body rises and falls irregularly with each breath. Some unidentified feeling swells within you. Is it anger? Hate? Fear? Curiosity? Hunger? Or even sympathy? You bend down towards the little creature, uttering a meaningless grunt as you do so.

The sound rouses the figure, which rolls slowly over to face you. The creature's dirty face is light-skinned, though barely visible under the thick hair which shades its closed eyes and almost totally obscures its mouth. From its chin the hair rolls abundantly down its chest in a grey, unruly mass. Underneath the body, and now exposed by the creature's movement, is a sharp, shiny shaft and this catches your attention.

As you stand there staring, the creature's eyes flick open! They focus on your bulky shape and a look of terror streaks across the creature's face. In spite of its pain, it fumbles for and grasps the shiny shaft, holding its pointed end out towards you and baring its teeth

The wounded Dwarf you have found is evidently in need of help. Will you:

Show him you mean no harm?	Turn to **93**
Try to talk to him?	Turn to **364**
Bring your foot down heavily on his neck?	Turn to **185**

2

You sit down between the three Hobbits, licking your lips as you remember the tender taste of their flesh. Grabbing the nearest one, you sink your teeth ravenously into its meaty rump and let out a soft, low growl of contentment. For a short while you feast messily on the hapless creatures. Each Hobbit was carrying a small pouch of those flat, round, shiny pieces of metal and you may take these with you if you wish. They are, in fact, Gold Pieces and if you decided to take them, you are now carrying 12 with you. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level for the tasty meal and may add a LUCK point for your victory.

You must now leave the chamber. Do you wish to continue east along a passage opposite the one you entered by? If so, turn to **153**. If you wish to retrace your steps to the junction and take the northerly passageway, turn to **311**.

3

He eyes you suspiciously. 'Is that so? Well, no doubt he gave you the *gesture* too. Come on, then. Let's have it!' What will your gesture be?

The sign of a cross?	Turn to **387**
The sign of a circle?	Turn to **22**
You make no gesture?	Turn to **437**

4

You summon up your strength and launch into battle, frantically trying to slash at the vines with your claws. But the tunnel is thick and the vines are difficult to cut (this is reflected in their high SKILL score). Resolve your battle with the tunnel of Gluevines:

GLUEVINES SKILL 10 STAMINA 13

If you escape from the tangled mass of vegetation, turn to **36**.

5

Thinking quickly, you snatch the bird from the branch! It flutters in your hands, but a sharp squeeze silences it. The Ophidiotaur hears the rustling and turns to see what is happening. You step slowly from the undergrowth, holding out the bird towards it, as an offering. At first the creature is startled by your arrival, but your slow approach seems to reassure it. You hold the bird closer and its tongue darts out to snatch the food from you. You calm it down for a short time, then swing yourself up on to its back. It shrugs and snorts for a moment or two, but its protests are few and you realize that you now have a steed! After allowing the Ophidiotaur to drink from the river, you grasp its neck with your wide fingers and dig your heels into its haunches.

Without warning, the creature turns and gallops off into the undergrowth! Its strong legs take you faster

and faster through the woods. Branches catch your legs and arms, while you are hugging the Ophidiotaur's neck tightly for balance and to protect your head. The journey continues for a seemingly endless time, until you are so sore from riding that you wish the beast would throw you off. But finally you arrive at a clearing where the creature pulls up and stops. With great relief you step down from its back and survey the area, while your steed gallops back into the woods. Turn to **366**.

6

The door opens and you find yourself in a corridor which heads south for a few paces and then turns to the west. Your claws extend themselves, ready for a sudden encounter. You follow the passageway around the corner. Eventually you reach a point where the passage turns back southwards. But something on the rocky floor in front of you has attracted your attention. In the elbow of the bend is a large black circle which seems to shimmer in the blue light. Perhaps it is a pool of liquid? Or maybe some dark metallic substance? As you are considering this, you hear a noise behind you, which may have been a quiet footstep. Is someone following you? You turn round but can see nothing. Now you must decide what to do. Will you investigate the shape on the floor (turn to **445**), or will you try to avoid the circle by walking round it (turn to **30**)?

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2

You sit down between the three Hobbits, licking your lips as you remember the tender taste of their flesh. Grabbing the nearest one, you sink your teeth ravenously into its meaty rump and let out a soft, low growl of contentment. For a short while you feast messily on the hapless creatures. Each Hobbit was carrying a small pouch of those flat, round, shiny pieces of metal and you may take these with you if you wish. They are, in fact, Gold Pieces and if you decided to take them, you are now carrying 12 with you. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level for the tasty meal and may add a LUCK point for your victory.

You must now leave the chamber. Do you wish to continue east along a passage opposite the one you entered by? If so, turn to 153. If you wish to retrace your steps to the junction and take the northerly passageway, turn to 311.

3

He eyes you suspiciously. 'Is that so? Well, no doubt he gave you the *gesture* too. Come on, then. Let's have it!' What will your gesture be?

The sign of a cross?	Turn to 387
The sign of a circle?	Turn to 22
You make no gesture?	Turn to 437

4

You summon up your strength and launch into battle, frantically trying to slash at the vines with your claws. But the tunnel is thick and the vines are difficult to cut (this is reflected in their high SKILL score). Resolve your battle with the tunnel of Gluevines:

GLUEVINES SKILL 10 STAMINA 13

If you escape from the tangled mass of vegetation, turn to **36**.

5

Thinking quickly, you snatch the bird from the branch! It flutters in your hands, but a sharp squeeze silences it. The Ophidiotaur hears the rustling and turns to see what is happening. You step slowly from the undergrowth, holding out the bird towards it, as an offering. At first the creature is startled by your arrival, but your slow approach seems to reassure it. You hold the bird closer and its tongue darts out to snatch the food from you. You calm it down for a short time, then swing yourself up on to its back. It shrugs and snorts for a moment or two, but its protests are few and you realize that you now have a steed! After allowing the Ophidiotaur to drink from the river, you grasp its neck with your wide fingers and dig your heels into its haunches.

Without warning, the creature turns and gallops off into the undergrowth! Its strong legs take you faster

and faster through the woods. Branches catch your legs and arms, while you are hugging the Ophidiotaur's neck tightly for balance and to protect your head. The journey continues for a seemingly endless time, until you are so sore from riding that you wish the beast would throw you off. But finally you arrive at a clearing where the creature pulls up and stops. With great relief you step down from its back and survey the area, while your steed gallops back into the woods. Turn to **366**.

6

The door opens and you find yourself in a corridor which heads south for a few paces and then turns to the west. Your claws extend themselves, ready for a sudden encounter. You follow the passageway around the corner. Eventually you reach a point where the passage turns back southwards. But something on the rocky floor in front of you has attracted your attention. In the elbow of the bend is a large black circle which seems to shimmer in the blue light. Perhaps it is a pool of liquid? Or maybe some dark metallic substance? As you are considering this, you hear a noise behind you, which may have been a quiet footstep. Is someone following you? You turn round but can see nothing. Now you must decide what to do. Will you investigate the shape on the floor (turn to **445**), or will you try to avoid the circle by walking round it (turn to **30**)?

7

With the lifeless Blood Orcs lying at your feet, your attentions now turn to the human in the dirty robes. He is staggering about in fear for his life, his eyes tilted slightly towards the ceiling. 'Hbvfem fr cy epn obabljndim bn a whpf vfre ypvubrf. Jfiypvub rfefr jf nde thfnel fbda mf efr pmothjsi plbcf. Jf iypv ubr fe fpfethf ne lfbvfe mfebf. Ypvu brf estrb ng f lyesjl fnt. Whpobr f eypv. Dpo ypvuvnd fr s tbnd amf. My eg pdo jn trvdfr. J fiy pvrupl bna jsit pod pob wbyaw jth jmf e thfne dpoj ti qvjc kl y. Pt hfrwj sf ebfe pf fow jthi ypv.' Jf iypv uc bnav ndfr stb ndath fehv mbnatvr nut por fffrf n cfetw po hvn drfd. 'Spo whbtajs ij ti tpobf. Jsinpto myomj sfrye fnp vgh. Shpw och br jty. Gj vfem feg pld o bnda f ffde mf. Prol fb vfem febf.' What do you wish to do with this creature? Will you ignore him and feast on the meat of the Blood Orcs (turn to **420**)? Will you slay him quickly to stop his noise (turn to **25**)? Or will you simply leave the room (turn to **138**)?

8

When he sees your Ring of Truth, he shifts nervously: 'Oop! Ahh . . . What am I saying? Of course; you said Stittle *Woad*, didn't you? Underground indeed! Silly me: the village is high in the tree-tops. Although I fear you will never find it and you are wasting your time looking. Our village is the home of the Vapours and while they remain safely in the village, sorcery disguises it to all but welcome eyes.' He now wishes to go, and you watch him disappear into the woods in the direction you came from. You may now leave the clearing by turning to **414**.

9

In a fit of rage you rush across the room and swing your fist, with claws open, at another head. Again the claws rip the head from its perch and send it flying out of the light and out of sight. And again you hear no sound to indicate it landing anywhere. This time your eyes are fixed on the vacant space illuminated by the light. Sure enough, the head floats through the air and comes to rest in its original position, the claw wounds showing up clearly on the side of its face. You hit it again. The same thing happens. But this time you feel the wave of pain coming on again. The pain grows inside you with an intensity much greater than before. You slump howling to the ground until it eventually subsides. Lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you decide to leave the room quickly. Turn to **79**.

10

You leave the path and make your way through the undergrowth, following the sounds of his cries. But although you can hear him, you cannot see him anywhere! Your frustration builds up and you thrash about in the foliage. An unnatural click beneath your foot should have been a warning, but in your rage, it is a warning which you choose to ignore. An instant later, the trap has sprung and you are hoisted into the air by your ankle, and dangle helplessly from the tree-top! And there, hanging a short distance away, is the old Rhino-Man!

Your attempts to free yourself are all to no avail. Birds are beginning to circle round you, and you are feeling decidedly weak. But in the distant sky, a tiny shape comes into view. As it draws near, you realize it is not a bird. It is much too large to be any living creature and its size eventually frightens off the birds circling above you. The old Rhino-Man has seen it too. 'The *Galleykeep!*' he moans. You watch as billowing sails bring the vessel closer and closer, until it eventually stops above you. A pole is lowered over the side. It grabs the rope from which you are hanging and hoists you on to the deck. You are too tired and weak to resist as rough hands shove your neck through the nearby guillotine. This foraging expedition has been most successful. The crew will be provided with a hearty meal tonight . . .

11

'Thank you,' she smiles, depositing the coins deep in the folds of her clothing. 'Now we may see what fate has in store for you. I will shuffle the Pack of Fate and you must tell me when to stop.' She picks up the cards and begins to shuffle them slowly, staring deep into your eyes as she does so. You grunt when you want her to stop. She then starts turning cards over.

The first card is black, with the symbol of a question mark delicately drawn in its centre. 'Ah, the mystery card.' Rosina smiles. 'All is not as it seems. There are many things about you, your past and your destiny that are unclear, even to you.' She

turns over another card. Again it is black, but this one has a small yellow sun symbol in the centre. 'Hmm, yes . . . Light in the darkness.' She is becoming engrossed in the cards. 'This is good. Your destiny may be attained. But fate will not be kind to you. It may not be easy.' The next card shows a young pregnant woman in a coffin, and the next shows a cloak and wand. 'A mother deceased! And the mystic arts! Then surely must your birth have been one not of nature but of sorcery. I must concentrate . . .' She turns over another card and this one shows a man lying on a cloud, pointing into the distance. The next shows a man with two heads, looking in different directions. 'The geas! A mission to be fulfilled. You have been sent. But I also see confusion. I must look further.'

She leaves the cards and moves her crystal ball into the centre of the table. As she concentrates on it, the glass begins to turn cloudy. An inner light shines from the ball and lights up Rosina's eyes. 'Sisters . . . !' she speaks. 'Sisters of Dree! So it is *you* who have set this task! But this creature knows not of Sculliweed or of the dangers of . . . I see. But I may shorten the search. My aid shall help fulfil its destiny.' The light in the glass fades and she turns to you. 'You have been set an unfair task,' she says. 'For the blue-stemmed Sculliweed grows only in the Swamps of the Toadmen on the southern shores of the Deedlewater. But even one such as you may not survive alone in these swamps. Without help you will surely die. I can offer you some help. Take the rope that hangs over there: it may prove useful. And

may fortune sit astride your shoulders!' You take the coil of rope, sling it around your neck and over your shoulder and turn back to Rosina But she has left the room. You may add 2 LUCK points for the information. You leave her hut and pause to consider what she has told you, then set off back towards the crossroads. Turn to **386**.

12

You follow the trail until you reach the top of a hill. The trail winds down into a valley. You pick your way cautiously down and reach the bottom safely. But as you pause to rest for a moment, you are startled by a rustling in the bushes behind you. You swing round just in time to avoid the sharp blade of an axe, which misses your face by inches! You growl deep down in your throat and turn to face the tall Woodcutter who has attacked. Resolve this combat:

WOODCUTTER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to **17**.

13

As the last adventurer falls to the ground and silence once more fills the passageway, you pause to rest from the exertion. You squat on your haunches and look at the two battered humans in front of you. You may now choose either to feast on the bodies to regain some of your lost strength (turn to **223**), search the bodies for anything that might be interesting (turn to **187**), or poke through the sack that the first adventurer laid to one side (turn to **147**).

14

You storm ahead up the passageway towards the Dark Elf, roaring loudly and with claws ready to strike. But the Elf does not budge. He merely notches another arrow and looses it towards you. This time the arrow sinks deep into your stomach and you clutch at the wound. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Tears of pain flood your eyes, but you will not hold back. Again you advance, and again the Elf notches his arrow. But this time the bowman's aim is true. The arrow is fired higher, at your face. Before you have time to react, his shaft has pierced your eye and lodged in your brain. Mercifully, your death is instantaneous.

15

All is silent as you enter. The room is large, with a high ceiling, and a musty smell permeates the air. There are four doors leading from the room, one in each wall. A long table stands in the middle of the room and on it is a short stick with a metal head lying next to some small spikes. A couple of planks of wood are resting against the table. This is evidently a workroom of some sort. In one corner of the room you find the products of the work carried on here. Two tall and thin wooden boxes, almost as tall as you are, are leaning against the wall. They are standing next to a hole in the wall, just above floor-level, which is wide enough to fit one of the boxes through. You puzzle over this for some time.

What do you want to do:

Have a look inside the boxes?	Turn to **217**
Investigate the hole in the wall?	Turn to **319**
Ignore what you see?	Turn to **436**

16

The spell begins to take effect. Your body feels as if each of its joints is being bent in a wrong direction! You drop to the floor and writhe about, wailing pitifully, but there is no escape from the agony that the necromancer is inflicting on you. Invisible knives are being plunged into your chest and each is being made to scrape slowly against the bones of your ribs. You hold up your hand for mercy and Marr releases the spell. Gasping in horror, in awe of the wizard's power, you take the knapsack and slowly hold it out towards him. He snatches it from you. Turn to **74**.

17

You can see ahead that a river runs through the valley, and you make your way to its banks. As you get closer to the water, you notice that the vegetation is changing The lush green colour of the trees and bushes higher up the valley is replaced by a darker olive colour and the plants down here are decidedly less healthy Spindly branches reach out at unnatural angles as if pleading for mercy. On the ground, many of the roots of the contorted trees are exposed and have been eaten away. The surrounding bushes are often leafless, and the effect is rather eerie. A faint smell hangs in the air.

You continue down towards the river. The closer you get, the stronger the smell becomes, until eventually it is overpowering. The stench seems to come from the river itself, and when you arrive at its banks, you can see why. Indescribable filth and excrement is being carried along by the foul waters But as the only path runs along the banks, you will have to choose. Will you follow the river upstream (turn to 427) or downstream (turn to 423), or will you leave the path and make your way through the undergrowth (turn to 57)?

18

You turn to leave the river-bank. But something is not quite right You came along a trail, but that trail has now disappeared! Where you had expected it to be is now overgrown with tall rushes and the only trail leading away from the bank is one to your left. Bewildered, you follow it until you reach a clearing. Turn to 315.

19

You turn from the door and plod once more through the cold slime. By the time you reach the passageway to the east, the cold has worked its way through even your thick, scaly skin. You must lose 1 STAMINA point for your freezing feet and turn to 84.

20

You find yourself at a dead end: there is no way through. You will have to retrace your steps. Turn to 279.

21

Although you are racked with the pains of hunger, your mind has made an intelligent deduction. Your hunger started when you threw the red robe about your shoulders. If you take the robe off, you should rid yourself of this curse. You grab the collar resolutely. But try as you may, you cannot pull it from your shoulders. Some powerful bewitchment is preventing your arm from flinging the robe to the floor! Incredulous, you struggle with yourself for some time, but finally give in to the mysterious force,

which is much more powerful than your own will. Your hunger is now all-consuming. Turn to **109**.

22

'A *circle*, eh?' he mutters. 'All right, then, in you come.' Amazed at your success, you enter the guardroom. It is a dirty place, with clothes and food strewn around and an unpleasant smell – a mixture of stale sweat and rancid ale – hanging in the air. When you are in the centre of the room, you turn to the guard. *Crack!* Had you turned an instant earlier you may have been quick enough to avoid the heavy blow which has landed on your head. You fall to your knees in a state of near-unconsciousness and you must lose 4 STAMINA points. Meanwhile the guard is advancing towards you with a heavy club in his hand. Turn to **98** to fight him.

23

You uncoil the rope from around your shoulder and search for something to lasso. But there is nothing around that would seem solid enough to let you pull yourself out. The bulrushes are certainly not strong enough to bear your weight. You have now sunk to your waist and unless you spy something soon, you will not be able to throw the rope! Frantically you search for something as you slip deeper and deeper into the mud. Then, hidden behind the rushes and reeds, you catch a glimpse of a tree-stump. It is not tall, but it looks sturdy enough. But how can you rope it? You fling the rope towards it – and something miraculous happens.

As the rope leaves your hands, it unfurls as if it had a will of its own. You watch it twist around itself in the air, forming a knot at one end. Then, as it falls, it snakes between the reeds, and drops with its knot wedged firmly in the shoulder of a branch. The rest of the rope trails out towards you and you test it eagerly, then haul yourself from what would otherwise have been a muddy grave. Filthy but safe, you stand on firm ground, marvelling at the enchanted rope.

But unknown to you, you are not the only one marvelling at the rope's powers. Two large, glistening eyes blink slowly in astonishment as the rope coils itself up, now that its work is done. While you are considering which of the two ways onwards to follow, a thin, webbed hand steals out, grabs the rope and snatches it back into the reeds. Your rope is gone! You search round for any sign of it, but can find none. You will have to continue without it. If you follow the trail to the north, turn to **267**. If you make your way to the north-east, turn to **114**.

24

You leave the path and clamber up over the rocks to get a look at the nearest hole. It is just out of your reach, and you must hoist yourself up to be able to peer into it. As your head comes up to the level of the hole and the glow splashes across your eyes, the cause of the light reveals itself – and gives you such a fright that you lose your grip and tumble down to the path. For you came face to face with a huge head, with grilled-patterned eyes and clattering mandibles. This Giant Hornet launches itself from its home and swoops down on you, its poisonous sting aimed straight at your chest! Turn to 332.

25

Irritated by the human's constant rantings, you step across the room towards him. He does not react at all to your approach and it is an easy matter for you to swipe him with a clawed fist. Your blow sends him flying back across the room where he smacks his head against the wall and lands in a lifeless heap on the floor You may now either feast on the bodies (turn to 289) or leave the room (turn to 138).

26

You wade slowly into the pond and relax in its cool, refreshing water. When you emerge from the water, you feel much better and may add 2 STAMINA points. But when you look down at yourself, you are astonished to see that your scales are no longer their usual dark browny-green colour, but are covered in a glistening layer of milky liquid which is drying to leave a silvery sheen. Although you try to brush it off, it will not smear – much to your annoyance! But in fact this silvery layer is a coating of a magical material that will act as thin armour. While you are covered in the silvery layer, you may add 1 to your SKILL score. But it will be washed off if you bathe in clear water. Now turn to 52 to continue.

27

The other three creatures back away from you as you turn from the dying Elf to face them. They scatter into the crowd. Turn to 348.

28

If you picked up a crystal club during your adventure, you will have been given a reference number to turn to should you wish to use it. Do not turn to this number now, but instead add it to the number of this reference. Turn to the reference corresponding to this total.

29

The handle turns freely and you open the door. The room inside is lit by a single candle and your eyes adjust themselves to the dimness. The walls appear to be covered in a single continuous tapestry which depicts all sorts of scenes of death and carnage. Battles are being fought; creatures are feasting on other creatures; torture scenes are so vivid that you can almost feel the pain. You follow the tapestry, engrossed in its detail – so engrossed that you have not noticed the sinister figure seated in the shadows across the room. When it speaks, the shock of its deep voice makes you gasp!

'Who is this? Who *dares* disturb the rest of the Master of Hellfire?' You peer into the shadow to try to make out the figure, but you cannot see much more than the outline of a large figure, which heaves as it takes short breaths. As each breath leaves the creature, a gurgling sound comes from its throat. This noise is getting louder; the creature is rising from its seat! It stands up slowly and its silhouette becomes much larger than you imagined. Will you run from the room (turn to 113) or face it defiantly (turn to 143)?

30

You step over to the right and give the circle a wide berth. Halfway round, your ears prick up. Another footstep! With claws at the ready, you turn to face your pursuer. But again there is no one there! The quick turn in a narrow space causes you to stumble momentarily. You quickly regain your balance – but not quickly enough . . .

For as you put your foot out to steady yourself, you stepped on the edge of the black circle. Quick as a flash, the circle spread itself out and engulfed your foot! And now you realize the danger of the Blackmouth Floortrap. As you tumble into the black hole, you find yourself falling over and over through a dark void, until you lose consciousness. The real horror in store will, thankfully, never be known to you . .

31

Without hesitating to consider your actions, you spring at the skeleton creature. Seeing you advance, it grabs two surgeon's knives from the desk and faces you. Resolve your battle:

QUIMMEL BONE SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you defeat the physician, turn to 359.

32

Inside the shack, sacks of grain and nuts lie on the floor, and strips of dried meat hang over the counter; loaves of bread and other foods are also to be found. Behind the counter, a puny villager is cowering behind a sack of weedroots. When you enter, he tries to hide from you, but you have seen him. If you have any coins, you may buy some provisions. If not, you may try to steal some, or you can leave. If you wish to buy provisions, you may spend 1 Gold Piece (turn to 131) or 2 Gold Pieces (turn to 146). If you want to try stealing, turn to 410 If you leave and head west out of the village, turn to 274.

33

You leave the room along a dusty corridor. A strange bluish light comes from glowstones set in the ceiling to light your way. With every step you take, a glowstone ahead of you lights up and one behind you fades to darkness; it is almost as if your progress were being monitored by some unseen entity. As you wait for your eyes to adjust to the light, you pause to consider the strange events in the previous room. You retract your claws and rub your rough, scaly belly thoughtfully. You can make no sense of what has happened. Eventually you set off once more and after a few paces you come to a junction. A passageway runs off to the north. You may take this (turn to 311), or you may continue in an easterly direction (turn to 390).

34

Once more the Shadow Stalker raises its knife and plunges it down into your shadow. Again you try to leap aside, but this time its blow grazes your chest. Lose 2 more STAMINA points. You try anticipating where the creature will be and slashing it with your claws, but your blow cuts through thin air. The Shadow Stalker does not even try to avoid you. Again you slash ineffectually, and this time the creature plunges its knife into your shadow's back. The pain shoots through your body; lose 3 STAMINA points. Now you must decide what to do. Will you try to escape by leaving the room (turn to **242**), or will you stop your attack and try to make peace with the Shadow Stalker (turn to **135**)?

35

The old woman can hardly walk and you leave her behind as you head for the market. She wails pitifully as you ignore her pleas, but you have no wish to get involved with her. The sound of the market soon drowns out her cries. You wander round the barrows and begin to head for the street performers, when a fat man comes over to you. He approaches you cautiously and whispers to you: 'Pssst. Say, handsome! I got a little . . . er . . . *proposition* for you. Want to hear about it? Come round here.' He leads you round a corner to a secluded alley.

'Hey, I could *use* someone with your strength in my business,' he says enthusiastically. 'It's not easy to go collecting all these cursing ingredients. I figure

you and me could make a fine team. Well?' He claps his hand on your shoulder as you both turn round the corner into the alley. Waiting in the alley are two unkempt, burly men, who are holding a net. As you turn the corner, they fling it over you and pull you to the ground! You struggle to break out of the net, but the more you struggle, the tighter it seems to wind around you. Eventually you can struggle no more and you lie back exhausted. 'Phew!' puffs the fat man. 'A real fighter! Too bad we can't use this one, eh, boys? But I think I know an old sorcerer in Chalice who will pay handsomely for this fellow's internals. Right, Slitter, do your stuff. But make sure your knife don't do no damage inside. Remember it's got glands in its neck and they no doubt will fetch a fair price . . .'

36

The struggle has been monumental and you lie down on the ground exhausted. The wrecked tunnel has collapsed and you stare at it, gasping to regain your breath. The sound of your own breathing drowns out the sound of the small creatures approaching . . .

Chattering excitedly to one another, a small band of Forest Imps has arrived at their trap to take home the day's meal. Unaware that you have already destroyed the trap, the tiny, spindly creatures enter the far end of the tunnel easily. You do not even hear them until their shrieks of anger, on discovering that their trap has been ruined, break through the

sound of your heavy breathing. Twelve skinny pairs of legs carry the noisy, green-skinned Imps scurrying along towards you. When they discover you, they halt, wary of your immense strength. But you are too tired to survive a fight against twelve armed Imps. And you have no chance when their spears have been dipped into a fast-acting poison from the deadly Stingroot plant . . .

37

The descent is long and steep, but eventually you reach the foot of the staircase, where you find a deadly cluster of iron spikes waiting to greet creatures less fortunate than you in maintaining their balance. However, beyond the spikes, there appears to be no way onwards. You have reached a dead end. You step up to examine it more closely. As you are doing so, a shiver passes over you and you feel an overwhelming desire to sneeze! No matter what you do, you cannot avoid the sneeze and it eventually erupts with force enough to shake the very walls around you! You open your eyes and rub your nose with a scaly hand. Your surroundings have changed! No longer are you at the foot of a staircase with a dead end before you, but instead you are standing at a spot where the dead end is to the *west*! Where are you? You wander eastwards along the passage until you arrive at a junction. If you wish to walk north, turn to 443. If you want to go east, turn to 50.

38

Eventually the guard returns, panting, 'It seems you were right.' He shrugs. 'There's no sign of him anywhere. Mind you, I can't let you through here. No one's allowed through without Darramouss's permission. At least, not unless . . . er . . . certain . . . ahem . . . *special arrangements* are made, if you understand my meaning.' He looks at the pendant hanging round your neck. 'That's a handsome little piece,' he says. 'Now I'm sure special arrangements could be made if you were to leave this behind. Just our – shall we say – *bond* to make sure you return. And mine to keep if you don't!' If you wish to give him your pendant, he will let you through his guardroom, but you may never again find secret passages without it. Make your choice. If you will pay his price, turn to 442. If this price is too high, the only way you are going to get through is by attacking him (turn to 73).

39

No sooner have you dealt the final death-blow than another Chaos Warrior appears at the archway. Resolve your combat with the creature:

CHAOS WARRIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you defeat the Warrior, turn to 397.

40

As you are about to turn to leave the dead end, the pendant around your neck suddenly starts to vibrate! Remembering what happened last time this occurred, you hold the talisman out towards the rock-face. A low humming comes from the charm and its vibrating becomes more pronounced. Eventually, the blue stone set in its centre begins to glow and a narrow beam of blue light illuminates a small catch in the rock. You release the catch and the rocky door rumbles aside to reveal a small room ahead in the rock. In the room is a long wooden box on a sturdy table. Around the room are a variety of objects – plates, candlesticks and many other artefacts arranged on shelves and smaller tables. Leaning against the central table are two skeletons. One looks human, but the other looks decidedly non-human, having the jaws of some sort of creature of Chaos. A musty smell comes from the room; it no doubt has not been visited for some time. Will you venture inside (turn to **296**), or will you ignore the room and leave the area (turn to **279**)?

41

You leave the cavern and head along the passage which leads to the north. Again the route twists and turns, but you progress without incident. Eventually you reach the foot of a flight of stairs carved out of the rock and leading up into darkness. You climb the stairs and reach a junction where you may head either north (turn to **136**) or east (turn to **156**).

42

The excitement is too much. Your blood boils with the fire of battle and the promise of feasting on the juicy bodies of the three Hobbits. You cannot control yourself and you launch yourself into the chamber, claws poised to strike. As you rush towards them, the Hobbits shriek in terror and draw their shortswords to defend themselves. Resolve the battle:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HOBBIT	6	6
Second HOBBIT	5	6
Third HOBBIT	6	7

The Hobbits will all attack at the same time. If you defeat them all, turn to 2.

43

The idea of serving as a guard on the *Galleykeep* attracts you. Sailing through the air on missions of mayhem and destruction; helping your glorious leader defeat his enemies; a life of purpose and excitement instead of one of aimless wanderings. Your mind is made up. You will make a formidable guard for Zharradan Marr; your loyalty will be assured by the generous doses of Droneweed fed to you daily in your Hobbit broth . . .

44

You ignore the words of the foul witches and you may continue straight away. Will you return to the stones and investigate them (turn to 198)? Will you continue past the stones into the wood (turn to 261)? Or will you investigate the building you are in (turn to 253)?

45

You leave the Chubbley tree and continue along the trail. A little further on you pause on top of a hillock and survey the area. In the distance to your right you can see a great forest, and straight ahead a river cuts through the landscape like a gaping wound To the left, the green colour of the grassy countryside fades to sandy brown as the bleak Windward Plain stretches west as far as you can see. You head on and, shortly after you have left the hillock, another trail joins yours from the left. Turn to 134.

46

Your hope fades as *another* Chaos Warrior raises his weapon and advances to do battle:

CHAOS WARRIOR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win this battle, turn to 39.

47

With shining white eyes, the Weather Mage turns towards you. He holds his hands in front of his eyes, and his long fingernails obscure them from you. When his hands finally lower, a small dark cloud hovers in the air before him. You are fascinated by this display and can do nothing but watch as the tiny cloud drifts across the room, and stops in mid-air, a short distance from you. A shrill whistling starts as the cloud begins spinning. Faster and faster it spins until its underside drops slowly to the ground, and the tornado drifts towards you. Too late you realize its deadly purpose. When the tornado touches you, even your great strength cannot prevent your being sucked inside and instantly crushed to death by the Weather Mage's creation.

48

Ignoring the weaker-looking of the two humans, you face the figure in clinking armour. He holds his ground, his sword poised ready to strike. Resolve your combat with the Knight in plate-armour:

ARMOURED KNIGHT SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to **392**.

49

The passage leads east. A short distance ahead, you arrive at a rocky bridge across a deep chasm. Far below you can hear the sloshing of a slow-moving river and you step up to the edge of the bridge to get

a better look. A disgusting smell is coming up from the river, and as this hits your nostrils, you stagger a few paces backwards. But this is the only way on. The bridge is narrow and wet from the moisture in the air: no doubt it is slippery too. Nevertheless, you have no choice. You hold your breath and step on to the bridge. But halfway across, you lose your footing on the slippery bridge. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **457**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **60**.

50

The passage continues east and you pass under two carved archways before you finally find yourself in a small, circular room with no apparent way onwards. While you are considering what to do, you feel a slight shift in the ground beneath your feet. Almost as if you had pressed some invisible switch, your surroundings have now changed! Frantically, you look round to find the tunnel by which you entered, but it has disappeared. There is now no way out of the room. A rumbling noise from beneath the floor is followed by a fierce roaring. But this is not the roaring of a creature! Smoke seeps from the walls and you begin to sweat as the temperature increases. The room is becoming an oven in which *you* are beginning to roast! As the temperature becomes unbearable, you search round for any means of escape. Are you wearing a pair of yellow metal bracelets? If so, turn to **202**. If not, turn to **339**.

51

You leave the room along a passageway which runs west, your thoughts still dwelling on the mysterious smoke creature. After a short time, you find that the passage is bending this way and that through the rocky earth. But your progress is aided by the strange blue glowstones which are set into the roof of the passage. As you progress, glowstones ahead of you light up and bathe the area in an eerie blue light. When you look behind, you can see that they magically turn themselves off. Suddenly a distant echo reaches your ears and you stop dead in your tracks. Again you hear the sound – and it is coming closer! Footsteps and muffled voices are heading towards you. You are fortunate in having the advantage that your own footsteps are virtually silent, so you continue ahead, ready for a fight with anything that may come along. You approach a bend . . .

A shrill scream pierces the air and for an instant you are not sure whether it came from your own throat or that of the terrified adventurer with whom you suddenly found yourself nose to nose, when you turned the bend! But you recover quickly and slash furiously at the hapless human, who is still trying to compose himself after his fright. You catch him across the skimpy leather armour he wears on his chest, and send him crashing into the rocky wall where he loses his grip on the sword he is carrying. His two companions are close behind, so you must finish off the Strongarm without delay:

STRONGARM	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you defeat the warrior, turn to **320**.

52

You leave the glistening pond and continue along the path. It winds through the trees until you eventually reach a fork, where you may continue either to the left or to the right. In the centre of the fork a pole has been fixed into the ground and, hanging from the pole by his wrists, is a sight which widens your eyes. Half-dead from exposure, but looking plump and tasty, is a Hobbit! Mouth watering, you rush up to the little creature. As he hears your footsteps, his eyes open slowly. 'No . . .' he moans, guessing that your intentions do not involve greeting him warmly. 'Please let me down and leave me be. I can tell you where both of these paths lead, and how to avoid the dangers along them . . .' You are hungry and the sight of this tasty morsel is an unexpected treat. Will you cut him down and make a meal of him (turn to **206**), or will you cut him down, listen to what he says about the paths ahead, and release him (turn to **70**)?

53

You crash off through the reeds in pursuit of the creature, though the going is difficult. You catch sight of it again and this time it seems to be hopping rather awkwardly through the reeds. Your foot slips and you sink up to your knee in muddy water, but this does not deter you. However, following the

creature is quite difficult. You lose sight of it and must now follow by the sounds of it crashing through the reeds. You climb on to a bank and find yourself in a circular clearing. All is quiet; there are no signs of the creature. But then suddenly the reeds behind you part, and you spin around, just as the wide-mouthed Toadman you have been following springs at you. Turn to 68.

54

You wait until the guard has disappeared round the corner and sneak into his room. It is dirty and untidy; old food moulders in corners; the bed is filthy, and dirty blankets are strewn about on the floor. And there is a smell hanging in the air which is a mixture of stale human sweat and rancid ale. On the far side of the room is a metal door. A barred viewing-hole is open and through the hole you can see stairs beyond, leading upwards. Suddenly a noise from behind startles you and you swing round just in time to see a huge wooden club descending on your forehead! The blow knocks you to your knees and you must lose 4 STAMINA points.

'Just as I thought!' growls the guard. 'Darramouss no more gave you permission to leave than he would have given permission to the black-eyed fool!' Your ruse has been discovered. His club is raised once more and you must defend yourself. Turn to 98.

55

The road out of Coven leads you past a disused building. Grog stops. 'Wait here,' he says. 'I buried something in this building before I entered Coven . . . er . . . just some worthless family heirlooms. Sentimental value. Back in a flash.' He soon returns with a knapsack, which obviously contains something quite bulky – a box, perhaps. You are curious, but he makes no mention of the contents of his knapsack. 'Look, you're a strange creature,' he says as the two of you set off once more. 'Nothing to say, nowhere to go. Where do you come from? Are you just wandering about? Or are you on some sort of mission?' You nod enthusiastically. 'Ah, I see. But you can't talk?' You shake your head. 'Hmmm. But you can shake and nod your head. Well! We're in no real rush, are we? Let's make a game of it. I'll try to find out about your mission and you can tell me whether or not I'm getting close to the truth. Is it some*thing* you're looking for, rather than some*one*?' You nod. 'Do you know where it is?' You shake your head. And so the journey continues.

The trail sweeps round to the north until it eventually reaches a crossroads. Grog's face lights up. 'I know!' he exclaims. 'Rosina! She will help us! We must go west.' Will you follow his advice and go west (turn to 177), or will you instead go east (turn to 203) or continue north (turn to 130)?

56

You climb through the hole in the wall and hold your breath as you step through the cloud of settling dust. The area is not much deeper and when you reach its end, you discover what the glittering is. From high in the ceiling, a powdery trickle of Elven Dust is falling through the air. It drops gracefully down from the ceiling, glittering as it falls, but by the time it reaches the ground it has disappeared! The magical dust is showering you as you stand looking up at it, though you can feel nothing. Elven Dust is a magical powder which is an essential ingredient in white Elven magic. Though its effects may remain a mystery to you in the immediate future, you may well wonder about the significance of your find. Someone has been trying to wall the Elven Dust in. Why? Eventually you decide to leave the recess and the chamber. Turn to **405**.

57

You make your way through the undergrowth. Your progress is very slow. Your bulky body is impeded by branches and vines, and the going is both difficult and tiring. And you are not certain which way you should go, when all directions look the same. You try various different directions until you find yourself passing a tree which you can remember passing just a short time before! You have been travelling in circles! Your anger builds up and you thunder through the foliage. An unnatural click beneath your foot should have been a warning. But in your rage, it is a warning which you choose to

ignore. An instant later, the trap has sprung. Your foot has stepped into a rope noose attached to the supple stem of a sapling. The noose tightens around your ankle and with a whip-like action you are hoisted into the air, until you dangle helplessly from the tree-top! Turn to **175**.

58

'Stittle Woad is not far from here,' he starts. 'It is near the Rainbow Ponds. I would say it is two days' journey from here. Travel in an easterly direction, keeping the setting sun behind you. If you manage to find the vicinity of the village, do not look for it on the surface. It has remained hidden for so long because it is *under the ground*. More than this I may not tell.' He picks himself up and stretches painfully. After dusting off his robes, he bids you good day and sets off. You watch him disappear. Turn to **414**.

59

As well as the naval uniforms, you find civilian clothes and dress for special occasions. But there is nothing unusual or anything which could provide a clue as to Marr's whereabouts. Your frustration grows. Your heavy fist smashes into the wardrobe, splintering its timbers. The hanging clothes fall in a pile on the floor and from the back of the wardrobe, a round metal shield rolls forwards and drops to a wobbling spin on the floor. You stoop to get a look at it. Turn to **302**.

60

You try to regain your footing, but the bridge is too slippery. You lose your balance completely and tumble over the edge and down, down towards the stinking waters below. The current drags you down and your lungs fill with the putrid waters of the Bilgewater. Your death is not pleasant . . .

61

You turn east and follow the passageway. You pass under a narrow archway and find yourself in an open room, which is well lit by torches fixed high on the walls. You look around for a way onwards, but the only passage leading from the room is the one you arrived along. The room is bare except for a small pile of what looks like black cloth lying against one of the walls. Do you want to investigate the room further (turn to 334), or would you rather leave (turn to 444)?

62

The creature is somewhat taken aback when you show that you understand his words. Although you are of similar sizes, you certainly *look* the more powerful of the two and it is probably for this reason that the Rhino-Man invites you into his guardroom.

'Are you also one of Marr's creatures?' he growls. When you look puzzled, he snorts. 'If you don't know, then you must be looking for either the Yellowstone Mines or the Testing Grounds in Knot Oak Wood. Looking at the size of you, I'd reckon the Testing Grounds were more likely. Darramouss will know. He knows everything that happens in these parts. He'll set you right. But don't cross him. Even one of your size cannot hope to tangle with such a foul-tempered lifeless one. And if you make it to the Testing Grounds, oblige me by finding . . . oh, what was his symbol? They don't have names in the Testing Grounds – except for that foul-breathed weapon-master, Thugruff. Legionnaire twenty-nine, I think: a Rhino-Man like me. If he's still alive, he ought to know this: *Gat H'Oulie has escaped with the ring to the Forest of Spiders!* But of course, you cannot speak, can you? Here, I'll write it down for you.' He hands you the message. If you come across 'Legionnaire twenty-nine' later in you adventure, you may pass on the message by adding his number to the reference you are on at the time when you identify him.

You rise to leave the guardroom. The Rhino-Man gives you directions. 'Leave through the north door here. When you arrive at the T-junction, turn right and follow the passage.' You take his advice. Turn to 298.

63

Standing before you is a tall, thin figure. It is dark and humanoid in appearance, although you cannot make out much in the dim light. You can, however, clearly make out two large green eyes. The figure is shrouded in a brightly coloured cape and its hair is gathered on top of its head in a tight knot. It steps towards you and flings its cape back to reveal its left hand, which grips a short bow. Reaching over its back, it draws an arrow from a quiver, aims at you and shoots you in the shoulder! Lose 2 STAMINA points. You howl with pain and turn towards the bowman, baring your teeth. But he has yet another arrow poised to fire. This second arrow rips into your forearm with such force that it comes out the other side and clatters off the wall behind. Lose another 2 STAMINA points. Your fury is now uncontrollable. Will you unsheathe your claws and advance on your attacker? Or will you retreat from this deadly foe? Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, you are so enraged that you blunder ahead towards the Dark Elf bowman without a thought of the danger (turn to **14**). If you roll 5 or 6, fear for your life takes over from your anger and you retreat (turn to **260**). You may *Test your Luck* if you wish, but you must do so *before* you roll the die. If you are Lucky, you may choose your own option. If you are Unlucky, you must let your instincts decide and roll the die as normal.

64

The broken bones on the floor seem to have belonged to a medium-sized creature. Many of them have marks as though they had been gnawed by some hungry beast with strong jaws. You bend down to look at them – and to see whether there may be any morsels of meat left – when a rustling noise from behind startles you. But before you are able to turn, you feel sharp teeth digging into your neck. The creature from the chair! Lose 2 STAMINA points. You must now resolve your battle with the hungry Blood Orc which stands before you:

BLOOD ORC	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

If you defeat the creature, turn to **207**.

65

You manage to keep your balance all the way down the rock-face until you reach the hole. As you step into the hole, your feet once again touch solid ground. Your left foot bangs against something straight and solid. When you bend down to investigate, you find a long length of straight metal, about as wide as your hand, which runs deep into the hole. Another identical length runs alongside the first and the two are held a short distance apart by a series of blocks of wood. You decide to see where they lead, and you enter the tunnel. No glowstones light the way here, so you follow the tracks into darkness. A short distance ahead you reach a fork. Will you follow the tracks to the left (turn to **182**), or will you enter the tunnel on the right (turn to **424**)?

66

You fling open the door and rush into the room, snarling viciously, ready to take on the creatures you heard inside. But the scene within is not what you expect. Turn to **161**.

67

There are a number of crypts around, but you choose to enter one which is larger than the others. You slowly push the door open and it creaks on rusty hinges. The room inside is dark and empty except for the great stone tomb standing in the centre of the room. Your claws clatter along its surface as you walk around, studying it. But suddenly another sound catches your attention, the sound of slow shuffling feet, coming from outside the crypt. You open the door and just as quickly slam it shut again. Advancing towards you from the gravestones, with staring, lifeless faces, are a dozen living corpses. No doubt they are intent on ridding themselves of this intruder! Your eyes dart round the crypt for a hiding-place, but there is none. In desperation you grasp the lid of the tomb and heave it aside. It is empty! But something is happening on the floor of the tomb. Your removing the lid seems to have triggered a secret catch, and the base of the tomb has begun to rumble. It slowly slides aside to reveal a narrow staircase leading downwards. Do you wish to see where the staircase leads? If so, turn to **454**. If you would rather take your chance with the army of Zombies arriving at the door, turn to **321**.

68

He shoves you back into the centre of the clearing and your feet splash in the wet mud. Suddenly you stumble as your foot sinks deep. You try to step out, but it is no use; the more you tread with your feet, the deeper you sink . . . The mud reaches your chest, then your neck, then begins to fill your mouth and nose. The Toadman watches your final struggles and a smile spreads across his toothless mouth . . .

69

The desk is solidly constructed. The papers scattered around are written in a strange language which consists mainly of numbers and symbols. You leaf through the books and find many anatomical diagrams of a variety of types of creature. The drawers are full mainly of more papers, but one drawer is locked. Do you wish to ring the bell (turn to 236) or examine the specimen jars (turn to 97)?

70

A wave of relief passes across the Hobbit's face as you reach up to bite through his ties. 'Oh, thank you, thank you,' he sobs. 'I will keep my side of the bargain and tell you what lies down both of these paths. The path to the left will lead you to a dead . . . Wait! What are you doing? No!' The little creature has noticed the mounting frenzy in your eyes as you try to subdue your natural instinct. You have been battling valiantly against an impulse to silence the little creature for good and devour him. But it is

hopeless; you cannot fight your natural passion. A single blow sends the Hobbit crashing senselessly to the ground, and soon you have picked his carcass clean. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level and choose whether to take the fork to the right (turn to 183) or the path to the left (turn to 351).

71

You try to keep your balance as you descend the narrow stairs, but they are damp and slippery. At one point you slip and totter perilously near the edge before regaining your balance and continuing down. But six steps later, you lose your balance once again, and this time you are not lucky enough to regain it. You plunge over the edge of the staircase and down, down into the filthy depths of the Bilgewater River below. The impact is enough to knock you senseless. And, unable to fight against the current, you are swept downstream to oblivion.

72

With one hand you swat the door. The force is great and your fist succeeds in cracking the wood. But the door does not open and your anger rises. A sound stirs within the room! You listen carefully and can hear heavy breathing coming from within, mixed with a shuffling sound, as if something were slowly moving around. A growl, deep and low, comes from your throat. Will you risk facing whatever is beyond the door? Or will you try the safer route, back past the Dwarf? Roll one die. If the result is 1, turn to 419. If you roll 2–6, turn to 170.

73

With a snarl you leap at the guard's throat and send him sprawling back into the room. You both land on the floor amid piles of old clothes and half-eaten meals. There is a foul smell in the air, a mixture of stale sweat and rancid ale. He manages to free himself from your grip and grab a club from a table. Turn to **98**.

74

You hand the knapsack to Zharradan Marr. 'That's right!' he smiles. 'Now I shall keep my side of the bargain. You have sought me out and found me, overcoming all opposition. That shows resourcefulness and intelligence. You are a powerful creature, and you have had training in leadership, did you but know it. Do you enjoy the excitement of battle?' You nod. 'Then so be it. You shall become my Commander-in-Chief. Will you serve me?' The prospect of a life of conquest and adventure does indeed excite you. 'Very well, then,' says Marr. 'You shall start duties immediately. Your first task is to execute your predecessor, Vallaska Roue. Not only has he failed me in allowing you through to my private quarters, but he has so far failed to locate the Rainbow Pools. His usefulness is at an end. Once Roue is dead, you shall have command of the *Galleykeep*, under my orders!'

And thus your fate is decided. How you will fare as Commander of Zharradan Marr's forces will be decided by your own skill. Your leader is known for his ruthlessness. Perhaps you will be remembered as his greatest Commander; perhaps your fate will be that of your predecessor. Whatever the outcome, one thing is for certain; your aimless life will finally have a sense of purpose . . .

75

The passage heads straight for some time until you finally reach its end at a junction. You may turn either east or west here. If you wish to go east, turn to **326**. If you wish to go west, turn to **353**.

76

You arrive back at the tree and study it incredulously. There it is standing right in the middle of a path which you walked along only moments ago. Yet it seems to be as lifeless as a gallows' pole, and its roots are well buried in the ground. Are you imagining things? Unfortunately for you, you are not, as you realize the next instant when a branch catches you on the shoulder. You recoil in fright and look up to see the branches of the tree slowly shifting round, as if blowing in the wind, and bending towards you. *The tree is alive!* One of the branches catches your arm and wraps its tip round like a bullwhip! You flinch and snatch your arm away . . . and at that very moment, the creature's eyes flick open!

The Tree Spirit's icy glare freezes you to the spot. Your heart is pounding, but you are unable to move! Finally, you break its stare and manage to turn round and run. But only then do you realize the secret of Xenowood, as this mysterious part of the

Forest of Spiders is known. *Another* Tree Spirit is blocking your way, and more are shifting slowly towards you. A huge circle of the creatures surrounds you! Turn to 434.

77

You enter the passage. It twists and turns through the rock in a haphazard way until it finally opens out into a small cavern. You pause to get your bearings and search for the best way through. Leading off to the north is a wide passage which seems to be going somewhere. But to get to it you will have to cross the cavern, and crossing the cavern is not an inviting prospect. For in the cavern wall to your right are two caves, and in a neat pile outside the first cave is a mound of bones – some broken, some just chewed. But judging from the size of some of the bones, whatever was eating them was no mere Half-Orc. Will you head for the caves to attack whatever is inside (turn to 88), or will you simply cross the cavern and see what happens (turn to 430)?

78

You watch each guard in turn and wait until they are preoccupied with whipping the miserable creatures, when you are able to move slowly across the vast chamber unnoticed. But as luck would have it, a small creature turns a corner round the rock and bumps straight into you! You both jump in surprise. But then your lips curl back and a delighted growl comes from your throat. Your tongue licks lustily round your mouth as you grab the unfortunate

Hobbit that has walked straight into your clutches! Its screams are quickly silenced, but not before the guards are aware of your appearance in the mine. They surround you, brandishing their bullwhips, and you are trapped. The penalty for you is not death – though some would consider death more merciful. Killing you would be a wasted opportunity. You are much more useful spending the rest of your life toiling as a slave in the mines of Zharradan Marr.

79

You rush across to the secret entrance and find yourself bathed once more in the eerie green light. The instant you step into the passageway, the door slams shut behind you and this is much to your relief, as you were anxious to leave the mysterious room. The passage continues in a westerly direction until you arrive at a junction. A sign is tacked to the wall and an arrow on it points westwards. There is a message on the sign which reads: 'Yfllp wst pnfe mjnfs eth jsiwby.' The other passage leads to the south. A few paces down it is a small pile of bones – or rather a pile of small bones. They look like human bones, but from a creature much smaller than a human. You must now decide which way to continue. Will you head west (turn to 142) or south (turn to 273)?

80

You step through the door and your claws clatter along the rocky walls as you feel your way. Staggering slowly along the passageway, you shake your head from side to side in an attempt to rid yourself of the affliction. You reach a bend in the passage where the wall turns to the right. Suddenly your foot steps forward on to nothing! Before you can stop yourself, you are falling uncontrollably down, down into what seems to be a deep pit. You prepare yourself for a heavy landing, but instead you continue to fall. Eventually the speed becomes too much for you. Consciousness fades and you never awaken. Your life has mercifully ended here before you were able to discover who – or *what* – lay in store for you at the bottom of the Blackmouth Floortrap . . .

81

The passage turns to the left and you follow it for some time until you feel that perhaps this corridor has no end! Eventually you see a particularly dark area straight ahead. Will you investigate, or would you rather turn round and go back? If you would rather go back, turn to **279**. If you want to investigate the area, turn to **20**.

82

You remain at the Testing Grounds, learning what you can about the ways of war. While you are being trained, you are well fed on Hobbit broth. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level, increase your *Initial* SKILL by 2 points and increase your current SKILL to this level. But you have taken a dislike to the foul-breathed Half-Troll and you are already scheming how to catch him unawares. Finally, your opportunity comes one night when you spy him walking in the courtyard. You leave the castle and creep up on him. When the opportunity presents itself, you attack! Resolve this combat:

THUGRUFF	SKILL 11	STAMINA 14

If you manage to reduce him to a STAMINA of 4, turn to **305**.

83

Your situation is hopeless. With nothing to grasp to pull you from the mud, you cannot hope to do anything but struggle vainly as you sink deeper into your grave. The mud reaches your chest, then your neck, then begins to fill your mouth and nose. You take your last breath . . .

84

Though particularly rocky underfoot, the passage is far preferable to the cold, muddy slime. A short distance along the corridor, you come to a door which is firmly closed. Although its timbers do not look too strong, a quick shove from your elbow has no effect. From slight gaps both underneath the door and in the timber panels you can see a flashing light coming from within the room. The flashing is irregular and is accompanied by no sound. Will you smash the door to investigate (turn to 268), or would you prefer to return to the main passageway and head north through the dark slime instead (turn to 232)?

85

You turn round and pass through the arch. There are four others in the chamber. You choose another and peer into its gloomy depths. You can see nothing. You pluck up courage, step inside and feel around. It appears to be empty. Your hand touches a rocky wall at the back of the alcove. There is no point in investigating it further. The other alcoves are similar and you decide to leave the chamber. Turn to 405.

86

When you have finally killed the little creature, you must turn your attention to the other two humans. While you have been battling their companion, they have been preparing to attack. The red-robed figure is facing you, pointing the little finger of each hand at you and mumbling. The shiny human has grabbed a sword – similar, you remember, to the Dwarf's, but larger – and is shouting to the other: 'Cpn tr plojt simjn dishbmbn! Jtim by abfeb blfe tp olf bda vsu tpothb taswj nf bfbr dacvr!' You cannot fight both at once. Which will you direct your attention towards? Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, you decide to take on the shining figure (turn to 48). If you roll 5 or 6, you turn towards the man in the red robes (turn to 292).

87

They chase after you, hurling their stones and abuse until you are well out of their field. Luckily, no stones hit you and you are soon out of range. You continue along the path, which winds towards a spreading forest, until you reach a sign which reads: 'Knot Oak Wood'. The path leads deep into the forest and you follow it. Turn to 244.

88

You creep up to the first cave and peer inside. It is dark and you can see little. But the thing that strikes you immediately is the smell of rotten flesh! Whatever lives in here certainly has a large appetite for meat. You poke your head further into the cave and you can see a large furry ball heaving up and down in one corner. You step forward to catch the sleeping creature unawares But your foot kicks a loose stone and sends it scuttling across the cave towards it The creature shudders, awakens and gets up. By now you have already decided to attack and you are virtually on top of the creature as its face turns towards you.

There is a look of pure fury in its ghostly white eyes as the Devourer opens its mouth to defend itself. Two layers of jagged, bloodstained teeth part and sink into the scales of your arm. You howl and spring back out of its clutches (lose 2 STAMINA points for the bite). The creature is as tall as you and as bulky, but has a shaggy, furry body. You must resolve your fight with the creature:

DEVOURER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 8

If you defeat it, turn to **41**.

89

You rest for a few moments to catch your breath and then you survey the room. Your curiosity overcomes you, and you begin to investigate the seven bodies in the room. The pug-faced Orcs are dirty and smelly. You try a mouthful of flesh, but spit it

out in disgust. Around their waists they carry small bags which, when ripped open, send a shower of small bones flying across the room. The two adventurers are not much more interesting. Similar pouches contain those round pieces of shiny metal which you came across before. They scatter on the floor and you ignore them. The pack on the back of the adventurer in the winged helmet is decorated and attracts your attention. One of the straps breaks as you rip it off his back and grope clumsily inside: you feel something solid. As you fumble angrily with the rucksack, a hard wooden casket drops to the ground and falls open! Inside is a clear smooth flask which contains swirling purple gas. Your curiosity is captured and your huge clawed hand tries to grasp the delicate flask. But this turns out to be hopeless. Eventually, you pick up the casket and drop it on the ground. As luck would have it, the flask jumps in its cradle and lands in such a way that the stopper flips out of the flask! The purple gas within swirls tempestuously and its vapours seep slowly from the neck of the flask. Turn to 382.

90

You growl defiantly at the voice. The four lights flicker and extinguish. Almost immediately a background luminosity begins to light up the area and you can see where you are. The room you are in is large and appears to be quite important, judging by the rich drapes and gilt-framed paintings which hang on the walls. The scenes depicted in the paintings seem to be of Hell itself. The four faces you saw

are elaborate carvings in a soft clay-like material. Standing before you is a tall, gruesome creature dressed in a flowing black cape. Two red eyes shine out from the depths of its hood. Darramouss turns to speak to you:

'You are a recent arrival in these dungeons,' he says. 'You are a fine specimen and are a credit to your creator, Zharradan Marr. Yes, this is so. You have been *created* by Marr and created for a purpose. Zharradan Marr and his physician, Quimmel Bone, are obsessed with marrangha – the re-formation of life. They continually experiment with the effects of potions and spells on creatures. Some they merely transform from one type into another. Others they *create* from preserved organs. Their experiments are not always successful, but when one does succeed, it is sent to me here for observation before its future is finally decided. A future has been decided for you, though I know not what it is. This is of no concern to me. But your immediate duty *is* my concern. You must be put to work in the Yellowstone Mines. But I will offer you one other alternative. If you do not wish to work in the mines until Marr calls for you, you may choose another future for yourself: *Death*!'

His final word turns into a chilling laugh which resounds around the room. You set your teeth and glare at the creature. You will not be ordered what to do! 'I take it, then, that you choose my second alternative!' he says, opening a book on the desk. He begins to read something from it aloud. Will you

step over and grab him by his neck (turn to 402), wait to see what happens next (turn to 286), or try to escape down the secret passage in the west wall (turn to 384)?

91

There are 3 Gold Pieces lying on the ground next to the creature's body. You may take these with you. If you want to eat the creature, take it with you out of the village and eat it at your leisure for 4 STAMINA points of nourishment. Leave the village of Coven by turning to 107.

92

You continue along the trail. By now it is getting quite dark and a full moon is rising in the sky. You decide to sleep for the night beneath a spreading tree at the side of the road. You soon drift off to sleep.

You are tormented that night with a vivid dream. The three witch-women have returned. Each has hold of one of your limbs and is pulling it. The women possess tremendous strength and you feel as if you are being torn apart by the foul creatures. One of them seems to be trying to keep you from the other two, who are cackling gleefully: 'Ours! The creature shall be ours! To Dree for marrangha it must go!' The other is pulling your arm. 'No!' she screams. 'It shall not be! You shall have the creature only if it fails to bring us the Sculliweed!' Finally the three release their grip. 'The root! The root!' they chant. 'Give us the root!'

You wake up in a cold sweat. The tree is being blown by wind. A howling sound whistles through the branches and another sound mixes with it: *Whoooo! Whooo! Psssh! Rhooo! Rhooot! Psssh! Root! Root! The root! The root!* The sound fills your ears and you spin round to see the grinning faces of the three Women of Dree! They are asking for the root. Do you have any plants with you? If so, you will have noted down a number. Add the number to this reference and turn to the new reference. If you do not have any plants with you, turn to 222.

93

You reach down with your hand to help him to his feet. But as you move, the little creature strikes and his sword cuts into your forearm. Luckily the tough scales prevent it from doing any real harm, but you must still lose 2 STAMINA points. Considering your size in comparison to his, his action was understandable!

Now, instead of reaching for his arm, your hand opens and grips the Dwarf's neck. You struggle to control your actions, but to no avail. Your sharp talons dig into the unfortunate creature's flesh. His eyes bulge and he tries to scream. Frantically, he hits you again with the sword, but the blow lacks power. Deduct 1 more STAMINA point. Then his body goes limp.

Your tremendous strength put the poor creature out of its misery, but the incident has left you feeling very strange. Although you wished to help the

Dwarf, you have helped him only to an early grave. Will you put these thoughts out of your mind and leave the area (turn to 248), will you try to hide the body (turn to 218), or will you examine the body (turn to 399)?

94

You creep up behind one of the trucks and join a team of creatures who are pushing it. Suddenly a guard with a bullwhip taps you on the shoulder. You suspect trouble and tense yourself for battle. But the guard has not spotted you as an impostor. He is simply motioning for you to leave the truck you are pushing and move over to another one which has to be pushed in a different direction. You shuffle over to the truck. A rather emaciated Troll is your only partner. You and the Troll, coaxed by a guard who is clearly waiting for an excuse to use his bullwhip, push the truck through the cavern, along a tunnel, past a side tunnel to the left and towards an opening. Light enters the tunnel through the opening.

But just as you reach the opening, the long-suffering Troll collapses; the effort has been too much for him. The guard seizes his opportunity and his bullwhip flashes! Although this has no effect on the unconscious Troll, the sting of the whip certainly has an effect on you. Your fury turns to pain and fear, and one thought is prominent in your mind. *You must keep pushing the truck!* You shove it with such force that it launches itself through the opening and out into mid-air! For an instant you

recognize the ledge and the steps down which you entered the mines. But only for an instant, since your momentum has carried you after the truck! You look down at the filthy Bilgewater below. In a few seconds, you will be entering its depths at a speed which will ensure your death on impact . . .

95

Just a short distance south of the building and the graveyard lies the peasant village of Coven, whose inhabitants live in constant fear of the evil that surrounds them – the growing power of Zharradan Marr and his ruthless henchmen and the devilry of Dree, haven of witchcraft. Its buildings are basic and the main route into the village is dusty and bumpy. There is nothing to suggest anything but poverty. As you follow the trail, villagers are going about their daily business ahead of you. But when they see you, they rush quickly away and hide in their wooden shacks. Eyes watch you from within the hovels, but no one dares venture into the street. Some of the huts have signs above them. One reads 'Provisions' and another reads 'Medicine-Man'. Will you see what you can get in the way of provisions (turn to 32), visit the medicine-man (turn to 211), or will you leave Coven along a street leading west (turn to 274)?

96

In the distance ahead you can see the bleak wastes of Windward Plain. But before the plain, you reach a junction where another trail crosses your own. You may continue west (turn to 177), or you may turn north (turn to 130) or south (turn to 330).

97

The jars contain the eyeballs, brains, hearts and limbs of all sorts of animals. A jar half full of yellow liquid has in it a red lump of flesh the size of your finger and is labelled: 'Firebreath organ – Hellhound'. Another jar contains an organ which is smaller and green in colour. This one is labelled: 'Invisibility organ – Snattacat'. Suddenly your concentration is broken. 'Do you find my specimens . . . *interesting*?' says a strange voice, talking in a series of clicks. You turn round in the direction of the voice, towards the desk. 'No doubt you have come here for some medical advice,' says the skeletal figure sitting behind it, teeth chattering excitedly. The hanging skeleton has disappeared – or rather is now sitting at the desk. 'I am Quimmel Bone, physician and surgeon on the *Galleykeep*. Now, what do you want in here?' Will you spring over to attack him (turn to 31), or will you pretend you have some ailment which you would like him to treat (turn to 297)?

98

Resolve your combat with the dark-skinned guard:

GUARD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you defeat him, turn to 349.

99

Angry and frustrated, you snatch the rope and jerk it towards yourself. It offers litttle resistance, although the faint *click* you hear would have warned an astute human adventurer. It was caused by the hair-trigger springing on the deadly trap which has now taken you by surprise. The trigger has released razor-edged spears from the two side walls. Even your tough scaly skin cannot defend you against them, and your body is riddled with a dozen spears.

As quickly as they appeared, the spears slide neatly out of your lifeless body and disappear back into the walls. You slump to the ground. Eventually your blood will dry and your flesh will decompose like that of the previous victims of the Dark Elves' grim Deathspear Trap.

100

The rolls of parchment are meaningless to you. You step up to the desk and grab one which is open. But as you touch it, a loud noise startles you. You wheel round and your eyes widen as you see a hideous beast taking shape in the corner, materializing out of thin air! It is taller and bulkier than you, and its rough skin looks to be made, not out of living flesh, but out of the rock itself! Its huge fists are covered in irregular bumps and its eyes glare at you in fury from its wide-mouthed face. The Rock Demon you are facing takes a step towards you and you must quickly decide what to do. The creature looks much more powerful than you are. Will you battle the Demon (turn to 327), or will you escape from the room? If you choose to escape, you may head either for the door in the east wall (turn to 365) or the door in the south wall, through which you entered (turn to 450).

101

The door cracks under the force of your blow. A hole appears and you rip the timbers away until it is large enough for you to pass through. Torches are mounted on the wall of the room inside and there are two doors, one to the east and one to the west. There is no furniture to speak of, but some remains – perhaps of a table and chair – litter the floor among a thin covering of dirty straw. The wood has been broken in what appears to have been a furious battle, the result of which lies before you.

In the centre of the room is a familiar sight. Casting your mind back to the battle you have just won, you recognize the figure of an armoured Knight lying face down in the straw. His face is hidden under an elegant helmet decorated with wings coming from above each ear. A dark-bladed sword has entered his body through a gap in his armour between his arm and shoulder. Lying next to the Knight are three other figures. One is similar in stature, but wears a tough leather tunic and helmet. A bloody stain around his belly indicates how this adventurer came to grief. The other two figures are not so familiar. They are shorter than the others, and are dressed in armour of scaly brown hide. They have gnarled, pug-nosed faces with vicious teeth set in their lower jaws. All four bodies are long dead.

You step forward to get a better look. Suddenly you hear a chomping sound coming from somewhere in the room – in fact several places – but you cannot see anything which might make such a noise. Your eyes pass over the adventurer in leather armour and you suddenly freeze: while you are watching, *a chunk of flesh disappears from his thigh*! You watch incredulously for a few moments more. Not only does more flesh disappear from the adventurer's leg, but you also notice the body of one of the pug-nosed creatures twitch as its forearm suddenly loses a fleshy lump! This scene is worrying and you must decide what to do next. Roll one die. If you roll 1, 2 or 3, you decide to investigate the bodies further (turn to **234**). If you roll 4, 5 or 6, you head quickly for the door to the east (turn to **168**).

102

You quicken your pace away from the strange, misshapen tree, glancing over your shoulder as you run. But you run straight into something solid. You lose consciousness momentarily and drop to the ground, to be awakened seconds later by a tickling sensation around your head and shoulders. Another tree, as dead as the first, stands in the centre of the path and you ran straight into it! When you discover the source of the tickling, you recoil in horror. As if being blown by some unholy wind, the tree's branches are wafting towards you, gradually drooping lower and lower. The tips are now around your face and neck and they are trying to get a grip! You cannot understand how the scrawny tree, with its long-dead branches, can have such powers and you instinctively roll out of its reaches. At that moment its eyes flick open . . .

The Tree Spirit's knotted, hollow eyes pierce your mind and hold you powerless before it. Under its will you take a step nearer to it, then another. Your foot kicks a rock and you wince in pain, and break free of the creature's gaze! You turn to run from the Tree Spirit, but only then do you realize the hopeless situation you are in. More of the creatures have closed around you in a circle. Each way you look, your escape-route is blocked. Turn to **434**.

103

The Elves become especially agitated and all four turn on you. One of them is more courageous than the rest and tells you to 'Sniff for filth in an Orc's latrine!' (mind your own business). This is fighting talk and to ignore this insult would be a sign of weakness. The Elf is ready to do battle:

ELF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you would rather not fight the Elf, turn to **243**. If you do accept the challenge and defeat the Elf, turn to **27**.

104

You glance from arch to arch, trying to decide whether to investigate them. The stillness is unnerving. Whatever happened to the voices you heard? As if in answer to your question, a sound drifts out from one of the alcoves: 'Pvf rehfrf. Cpm fep vfrehfr fe jfiypvu wb nta tpolf brnapfog rf bta rj chfs ejn ithfs fe pbrts. Dpoy pvu nptov ndf rstb nd ath fehvm bnatpn gvf? Pf rhb psa thfneypvus pf bkat hfetrpl lolbn g vbgf. C'rgga gvonusoog mg pa'sthwag ig thaan'g. Va n'oigg? What about this? Is that better? Ah, yes. I can tell you understand me. Look, I can help you. Maybe you would like me to direct you to a tasty morsel? Two fat Hobbits? Or shall I tell you about he who knows all your secrets? I speak, of course, of Zharradan Marr. Come, talk to me.'

You are stunned to silence by the voice speaking to you in your own tongue. It is inviting you towards one of the arches. Will you enter and speak to the being within? Or are you suspicious of this strange voice? If you enter the arch and talk to the owner of the voice, turn to **323**. If you wish to leave, turn to **405**.

105

You ignore the creature and turn your attention once more back to the tapestry which hangs on the walls. Then a hand – a cold, clammy hand with bony fingers – lands on your shoulder! You spin round and stare into the face of a long-dead Zombie, whose decaying flesh is being eaten away by grubs. The figure on the floor has risen to avenge your attack! Your gaze has been captured by the creature's eyes, which are far from dead. The flames you saw are burning even brighter now. Suddenly, two streams of fire streak from its eyes and burn into your own! You scream in agony at the pain from your blinded eyes, and a slow smile spreads across the creature's face of death. It has only just begun its attack. Your death will be slow and painful.

106

This plant has mysterious properties. You may or may not get the opportunity to find out what it can be used for. If asked to present this plant to someone later in the adventure, remember the number forty-nine. Now you may leave the river-bank by turning to **18**.

107

You continue along the trail which leads out from Coven. It winds past a disused building, now mostly rubble, and sweeps round in a northerly direction. Eventually you come to a crossroads where you may turn either west (turn to **177**) or east (turn to **203**), or continue northwards (turn to **130**).

108

You must stoop to enter this tunnel and you inch forward, feeling the walls ahead with your hands. The ground underfoot is becoming wet and each footstep comes down with a splash. Then you lose your footing and slip down a muddy slide, until eventually you land up to your chest in what feels to be a pool of thick mud. You try in vain to drag yourself from the pool.

The movement is almost imperceptible at first. But without doubt, something smooth and slimy is working its way up your body. And as more of the mud seems to join in the flow, you realize that this creature is very large! Finally the muddy surface breaks and a jelly-like blob is crawling up your chest and neck, drawing the mud behind it. You try to slash it with your claws to keep it away from your face, but your hands pass through the creature as if they were passing through the mud itself. It reaches your mouth and nose and flows deep down your throat and up your nostrils. You cough and splutter, trying desperately to take gulps of air, but it is hopeless. The Mud Slime whose lair you have fallen into cannot be defeated with your bare hands. It

kills its prey by suffocation. When your breath runs out and you slide deep down into the mud pool, it will digest your body at its leisure.

109

You sit down once more next to the Orc's carcass and begin snapping off the bones to clean every sliver of flesh from them. But there is little meat left on the body. What you do manage to eat does something to abate your hunger and your attention turns back to the door. No matter how you try, however, there appears to be no way through it.

Hours turn into days, which you spend alone, frustrated and starving, in the room. On the third day, a young Dark Elf arrives at the door and pushes it open. Relieved to have found a way out of the room, you spring up from the seat towards the door. But you so frighten the Elf that he flees from the room in terror, slamming the door shut behind him! No, you think. That is not the way to escape. When the next creature arrives, you must remain motionless until you can seize your opportunity to attack. Unfortunately for you, however, you are becoming weaker and weaker through lack of food. Your skin is being stretched across your skull and your eyes are bulging. When another creature arrives in the room, you will doubtless be too weak to put up a decent fight . . .

110

You have chosen a crystal club. It is not valuable but, to your way of thinking, it is a beautiful trophy. However, it is quite brittle. If at some time in the future you wish to use it in a battle, turn to reference 333 to find out what happens. But you must remember the number of the reference you are on at the time you choose to use the club, so you may return there afterwards. Now leave the chamber and turn to **257** to continue your journey.

111

The room you walk into is large but cluttered with innumerable items of a biological nature. Bookshelves line one wall to your right, while the wall opposite this is brimming with specimen jars. Straight ahead is a large porthole in the wall, letting ample light into the room, and there is a desk beneath the porthole. A bell rests on the desk among the papers and books, next to a long quill. To one side of the desk a human skeleton is hanging on a hook; to the other is a selection of anatomical charts pinned to the wall. There is a door to the right. Will you examine the desk (turn to **69**)? Will you ring the bell on the desk (turn to **236**)? Or will you examine the specimens in the specimen jars (turn to **97**)?

112

Alas, this choice will do you no good. Having never come across keys or locks before, you have no way of knowing what a key would look like or what you should do with it! In any case, your large, clumsy fingers could never manage to insert a small key and turn it. Unless you wish to try battering the door down (turn to **128**), you have reached the end of your journey.

113

You rush to the door and grab the handle. 'Simple creature,' says the figure in its gurgling voice. 'You have the audacity to disturb my rest and believe you can simply run away from my wrath? You will pay the penalty. You will learn the real meaning of suffering!' The handle freezes in your hand. It will not budge! Turn to **143**.

114

You follow the trail until you reach another clearing. Turn to **315**.

115

Before you finally leave the adventurers, you may decide to feed on them. If you do, you gain 4 STAMINA points. Then you continue. All is silent as you walk carefully along the passage. Eventually, your ears pick up the sound of running water, and the air becomes moist and cool. The sensation would be quite refreshing if it were not for an unpleasant smell, which gets stronger as the sound of the water becomes louder. Soon you find yourself on a ledge in the face of a rocky cliff. Looking out, you can see you are high over a vast cavern through which a river flows. Leading down from your ledge into the centre of the cavern is a flight of rough-cut stairs. This precarious staircase spans the river and is the only way onwards, but the thought of descending the stairs is not one which fills you with enthusiasm. The narrow steps have been made for human-sized feet and your large pads will make your descent awkward. The smell, which was unpleasant before, is now horrendous and seems to be coming from the river itself. Its waters are murky brown and the smell of excrement and decay is overpowering. Nevertheless, your only way on is downwards, so down you must go. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **166**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **71**.

116

The door leads to a passage which takes you west until you reach a T-junction where you decide to turn north. Turn to **144**

117

You hold up the Ring of Truth. When he sees it, the white-haired Elf begins to shift uneasily. 'Look, er . . .' he stammers, 'I made a mistake. Pah! My memory! Getting worse, it is. I have been banished from Stittle Woad for – well, it's a silly thing really – for talking to a friend. I suppose he did happen to be one of Zharradan Marr's legionnaires, but he was a friend to me At least I *thought* he was until he abused my friendship. And when I invited him to my village . . .' He is becoming quite distressed and does not want to tell you any more. He makes his way off into the woods. Turn to **414**.

118

'A fine display,' says Thugruff, nodding. 'You will be a valuable addition to the legions. Come with me and I'll see you get some food. If I remember right, Hobbits are a favourite of your kind, no? Or maybe you'd prefer to meet some of the other legionnaires. Make this place your home. But watch out for the Rhino-Men. Thick as Zombie blood, they are. And dangerous as Dragon breath!' What do you want to do? If you want to eat, turn to **216**. If you would prefer to mingle with the others, turn to **157**.

119

'What!' screams the witch with glazed eyes. 'We asked for Sculliweed, not for the Fishbait Flower! We cannot prepare our Potions of Fortune with Fishbait!' Turn to **222**.

120

You set off quietly through the undergrowth and give the creature a wide berth. It stops and cranes its scrawny neck around as you rustle through some bushes, but then resumes its drinking when it can see nothing. Further downstream you rejoin the river and follow it onwards. Turn to **388**.

121

The necromancer continues: 'I have been developing marrangha for many years now. Previously, my successes have been limited to vermin – rats to Jib-Jibs, mice to Graunies, and the like. You and your colleagues were my first successes with higher animals. Never before had I managed to transmute a *human*. And into such a fine creature, as you will doubtless agree.' You are shocked into a stunned silence. *A human!* And what of these *colleagues* that Marr is speaking of?

'My experiments, at least the ones which survive, are carefully studied and then preserved in the dungeon beneath the village of Coven. All my creations are sent there so that we can assess their abilities. You and your crew were transported there.' *Your crew?* What does he mean? Thoughts are racing through your mind. Some are vague and others are being sparked off as your memory is jolted by his words. Your eyes dart round the room, at the desk, the bed, the wardrobe. It is all starting to come back! Marr smiles slyly.

'I see it is coming back to you now,' he continues. 'You recognize this room. A little dusty now, and a little untidy, but it is as you left it.' Your head is spinning. Everything around you is now so familiar. 'I regret that your officers have not fared so well. Remember Ligge, the first mate? He took the form of a Blood Orc and was placed in charge of the blind fool, Hannicus. And Burgon the cook? You ran into him soon enough. The fat man was transformed into a Hobbit. He joined up with a Shaman and a Strongarm. I think you will remember running into them.' By now you are in a state of utter confusion as your past comes back to you. And after all this time you are back in your own private quarters! Turn to **199**.

122

You follow the passage eastwards, peering ahead as the glowstones flick on to light your way. Eventually you arrive at two doors and you listen for any clues as to what may be beyond. No noise comes from behind the door in the north wall. But there are definite sounds coming from behind the door in the east wall. A heavy breathing is unmistakable and is interrupted by loud snorts. This sounds ominous. If you wish to try the door in the north wall, turn to **154**. If instead you decide to charge the door in the east wall, turn to **263**.

123

You walk towards the old building, still in awe of your new surroundings. As you approach, you can hear voices inside. They are faint at first, but the closer you get, the clearer their words become. 'Tonight is the night, sisters of Romeena!' cackles one of the voices. 'When will it come?' shrieks another, gleefully. 'Quiet!' snaps a third. 'Its presence is close! I can feel it!' You step up to the door of the building and shove it aside. Screams come from the three women within. But not screams of terror; these are more like screams of excitement!

The three old women are dressed in tattered rags. Each has long white hair and a stubbly chin, and rubs her wrinkled hands together in anticipation. They are human-like, but smaller. These three ugly witches are the Women of Dree. 'Come in, come in, friend,' beckons one, who is blind. 'We have been waiting for you.' 'Yes!' says another, whose mouth is toothless and black. 'We are the Women of Dree. We are to help you fulfil your destiny!' The third one steps forward and speaks with a voice which hisses like a serpent: 'Yesss, missserable creature – sss! We know *what* you are and *who* you are – sss – though you do not. The godsss have chosen usss to be instrumental – sss – in your dessstiny. We cannot control your action – sss – for you mussst make the final choice. But we can ssshape your dessstiny through our knowledge – sss – and we will watch your progressss!' 'Yes!' adds the blind woman.

'Have you not wondered why one such as you is able to take such steps of wisdom as would befit none less than a scholar?' The three hags turn to one another and chuckle like naughty children. Finally they turn to you.

'But before we tell of your destiny,' starts the black-mouthed witch, 'there is something you must do for us. Sleep tonight and awaken fresh on the morrow. Then set off on a search for us. Bring us what we need for our potions. Bring us Sculliweed root! For this we will tell you what you must know. We will join you on the night of the full moon.' With those words, the women once more begin their cackling, which is beginning to annoy you. You step forward but, before you can reach them, they have faded to nothing! As silence spreads through the building, leaving only the night sounds outside, you reflect on their words. Will you take up their quest? Or would you rather ignore them and make your own way in life? If you wish to undertake their quest, turn to **324**. If you want another destiny, turn to **44**.

124

Rhino-Men are rather dull, bumbling creatures, not known for sharpness of wit. Orcs, on the other hand are more quick-thinking and cannot resist the opportunity to torment. Thus the argument turns into a brawl, as one of the Orcs pushes the Rhino-Man to the limits of his temper. But before any damage has been done, Thugruff appears with armed guards to break up the fight. The two groups

are separated. Thugruff takes you aside and into the castle for some food. Turn to **216**.

125

'This is Rosina's cottage,' announces Grog. 'She'll be able to help. But you'll need some money to pay her with, so here's 2 Gold Pieces. Go inside. I'll wait here.' You take the coins and then you must decide what to do. Return to **177** to make your choice.

126

You leave the ruins and continue along the path, heading further into the wood. The path becomes quite overgrown and it is evidently not used much. You reach a point where the overgrowth is so thick that the path continues through a sort of tunnel. Vines and creepers droop from the overhanging bush. If you were half your size, you would be able to nip through it quite easily. But you will have to crawl along it. Do you wish to get down on your knees and follow the path (turn to **343**), or will you leave the path and make your way through the wood (turn to **57**)?

127

You creep forward until you are quite close to the creature. As you stand there motionless, patiently waiting for the right moment, a bird flutters down to land on a bush in front of you. You must now decide how you will approach the Ophidiotaur that you have encountered. Roll two dice. If the number rolled equals or exceeds your SKILL, turn to **238**. If the number is lower than your SKILL, turn to **5**.

128

You charge into the door. It clangs loudly, but does not budge. This only angers you even further and you try again. But once more the door shows no sign of weakening. You, on the other hand, have hurt your arm and must lose 1 STAMINA point. If you wish to keep trying, turn to **150**. Otherwise you may look for a key (turn to **112**).

129

The door has no handle. You try shoving against it. At first, the door will not budge, but then you hear a small *click* and your next push is successful. You step into the room and close the door behind you. Again you hear the *click* as the door swings to. The room has a porthole, but curtains have been pulled across it, so the room is dark. In the centre of the room is a large stately chair with ornate carvings on its legs and on its high back. A silent figure is sitting on the chair, wrapped in an elaborate red cape. Its eyes are closed and it is motionless. In one corner of the room is a pile of scattered bones. What will you do:

Investigate the figure on the chair?	Turn to **452**
Search through the pile of bones?	Turn to **64**
Turn round and leave the room?	Turn to **347**

130

You follow the trail northwards. By now it is becoming quite dark. The setting sun gives way to a bright moon which is almost full. Eventually you decide to

rest for the night, and you settle down to sleep behind a large boulder. The night passes peacefully and you may gain 4 STAMINA points for the rest. The next morning you continue northwards until you reach a fork in the path. A signpost stands by the side of the road. The way to the south is signposted to 'Dree **'. To the north-west, the signpost reads 'Coven' and to the north-east it reads 'Bu Fon Fen'. Will you follow the trail to the north-west (turn to **190**) or the north-east (turn to **134**)?

131

The shopkeeper is amazed when you offer him the gold coin. He shuffles diligently around the shop, gathering together for you a generous collection of provisions. You receive two strips of dried wildcat meat, a bag full of Jimweed root from the sack on the counter, a skin of mulled wine and a fresh loaf of corn bread. You then leave his shop, and sit down outside to eat. Add 4 STAMINA points for the meal and continue out of the village by turning to **374**.

132

Had you been a little more observant, you would have noticed how the footprints all avoided the centre of the clearing. As you step towards your chosen trail, your foot sinks deep into mud. This happens too quickly for you to pull yourself back and, to your horror, you find yourself sinking deep into the muddy swamp! There is nothing around for you to grab hold of. If you have a length of rope, turn to **23**. If not, turn to **83**.

133

Marr's eyes open wide. 'But you may not refuse!' His anger is mounting. 'For I am your creator! You may not defy me. Do you not think that, if my power is sufficient to create you, it is also sufficient to punish you? Very well. I give you a glimpse of the living Hell I may make you suffer.' His eyes roll backwards and he mumbles a few incomprehensible words, pointing his hands out of the mirror at you. You wait apprehensively to see what happens. Did you bathe in the magical Elven Dust? If so, turn to **417**. If not, turn to **16**.

134

The trail eventually merges with another. You follow it over hills and a rickety wooden bridge which spans a fast-flowing river. Eventually you arrive at the outskirts of a gloomy village. No one seems to take much notice as you arrive. It strikes you that *all* the humans seem to be aged women. They are a dirty lot, wrapped in tattered shawls, and they spit and scratch as they talk to one another, ignoring the scenes of chaos around them. For the other inhabitants are a cacophony of strange creatures – hunchbacked, misshapen, mutilated, wretched things that grub about in the dusty gutters looking for scraps of food. Some hop, some hobble, some cannot move at all and are dying in the street. One legless creature pulls itself towards you by its hands and grabs your ankle. Its bleeding fingers are inflamed and septic and you quickly kick it away. An ugly old crone comes from her hut and flings

a bucket of stinking sewage into the street. Immediately, the contents are being devoured ferociously by a dozen of the accursed creatures.

The sight repulses you. Looking around, you notice also that the place seems to be unnaturally dingy. The prevailing colour is black; all homes and clothes – and even the creatures – are black. Dust hangs heavy in the air, and is continually being stirred up by the filthy creatures which live and die in the gutter. It is with some reluctance that the sun shines at all in the cursed village of Dree.

But your anonymity is comforting. You continue towards the centre of town, where many of the old women are milling around a street market. By the side of the market, performers are showing off their acts. You head towards them, but before you reach the market, you hear a woman's voice calling to you from behind. Will you stop to see what she wants? If so turn to **210**. If you want to continue towards the market, turn to **35**.

135

You withdraw your claws and hold your hands out in a sort of gesture of submission. The creature's knife rises once more . . . and stabs downwards! This time the blow lands in the centre of your shadow's chest and you collapse in a heap on the floor. The evil spirit has no comprehension of truce. It knows only that it must bring death to any living thing it encounters. For this is the way of the Shadow Stalker.

136

The passage heads north for no more than a few paces before meandering off in a north-easterly direction. Undisturbed layers of dust and dirt on the floor indicate that this corridor is little used. Eventually, the passage straightens and heads east. You soon come to a junction where you may either continue east (turn to **373**) or turn to the north (turn to **404**).

137

Bewildered by your experience, you wander off north along a main passageway. You soon reach a junction where you must decide whether to continue north (turn to **144**) or turn east (turn to **204**).

138

You turn south outside the door and head down to the next door. There is no other way onwards. You open the door. Turn to **15**.

139

You follow the path carefully, watching the way ahead. It seems to lead straight into the heart of the forest and the foliage gets denser as you continue. You come across a building in ruins, apparently a house in days long gone. The doorway remains, however, and a coat of arms decorates its rotting timbers. The coat of arms depicts two symbols: a mailed fist and a morning star. Do you want to search through the ruins (turn to **400**), or will you ignore them and continue along the path (turn to **126**)?

140

You remember the words of the blind wizard Hannicus and you hold up the silver ring before Darramouss. 'What is it? What sort of a gesture is . . . *the Ring of Holy Blessing*! Where did you get that? Give it to me! *This instant!*' His sunken eyes narrow and his gaze becomes fierce and pierces deep into your eyes. For a moment you feel him entering your will and your hand extends the ring towards him! His hand reaches out to take it from you . . .

But suddenly you manage to break out of your trance. You step over to the wall and crush the ring's large bulbous stone against it. The creature behind the desk shrieks as the stone shatters and a sweet-smelling gas fills the air. Darramouss steps back against the north wall and thumps a panel in the wall with his hand. Almost immediately, the wall draws aside and reveals a secret passageway! He takes a step towards the passage, but it is too late. The perfumed aroma has entered his body. Darramouss drops to his knees, clutching his throat. He topples over backwards and sprawls lifeless before you. You have killed the foul creature! You may now choose your next direction, through one of two secret passageways. Will you head to the west (turn to **79**) or the north (turn to **184**)?

141

'*Ssssooo!*' hisses one of the witches, holding her hands high. 'The creature sssucceedsss!' 'Sculliweed root!' exclaims another. 'Then indeed we are to be instruments of your destiny! Give us the root. Then we may tell you what you must know.' You hand over the plants to the witches.

'So be it,' starts the black-mouthed witch. 'The test has been passed. We must tell this creature of its past, its present and of its future. You are a creature of Zharradan Marr, this you know. You are his creature as he is ours. But now you must destroy our unholy son, for he seeks to alter the very balance of nature. Evil must not triumph over all; Chaos cannot reign supreme. For the balance is vital. We cannot get near Zharradan, for he knows that we would prevent his plans. But his vanity is great. *You* are his creation. He will not turn you from his door. And when you meet him, you must destroy him. When you do this you will save the balance. And your own truth will be revealed. We may not tell you more lest your thirst for knowledge be quenched and you abandon your destiny.'

The sightless witch continues: 'We do not know how you may meet Zharradan. But we can offer you one more ally. In Knot Oak Wood you must meet the white-haired Elf, Daga Weaseltongue. He can tell you how to enter the *Galleykeep*, for he has been there himself. But beware his words! Weaseltongue speaks untruths as if they were truths. Should his sentence begin with a vowel, then it is truth. Other-

wise trust not his words. But this Ring of Truth may help you. Make sure you show it to him.' They place a shiny jewelled ring on your finger. Should you meet Weaseltongue, he may offer you some information. You may gain more reliable information by revealing the witches' ring and deducting 50 from the reference you are on at the time, for you are able to see through his lies.

The witches continue: 'We know not where in Knot Oak Wood he is, but we know this. The Ophidiotaur is his ally. He will lead you to Weaseltongue. And we can lead you to the Ophidiotaur. Just sleep when we have left. This is all we can say. Now we must leave you. But your gift to us will be used to produce a Potion of Luck. We shall try to bestow its powers on you from afar. Farewell.'

With these words, the wind picks up once more and a gale whistles through the tree. The images of the witches fade in the wind and calm settles around you. A faint breeze blows across your brow and it seems to soothe you. You lie down once more on the ground beneath the tree and drift off to sleep. You may increase your LUCK score to its *Initial* level, as this encounter has indeed been fortunate.

When you awaken, you do not recognize your new surroundings. You are no longer under a solitary tree in a barren landscape. Instead you are in a rich forest! Birds twitter high above in the branches of

the many trees which shade you from the sun. You look around and find that you are lying beside a flowing river, whose cool waters are gently spraying your face. You feel invigorated and you may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Turn to 423.

142

A foul smell wafts along the passage and seems to get stronger as you continue. The air becomes cool and moist and you eventually hear the splashings of flowing water. The glowstones light up the way ahead and you can see that the passage turns into a narrow arch of rock stretching across a wide chasm. A murky river runs through the chasm and it is this river that is responsible for the stink which fills the area. The bridge is so narrow that, for a creature of your bulk, the crossing will be extremely hazardous. But there is no other way onwards. You step on to the near side of the bridge. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 221. If you are Unlucky, turn to 193.

143

Your anger grows as the figure steps forward. The candle throws a flicker of light across its face and you can see that an expression of fury knits the creature's brow. You can also see flames burning in each of the creature's eyes, but perhaps these are only reflections of the candle flame. Nevertheless, your own eyes are held fast by the creature's stare. A hand reaches out and steely fingers close around your neck! You begin to choke, and are unable to do anything while you are transfixed by the creature's burning eyes. Finally you break its gaze and force its hand from your neck. You must resolve your battle with the creature:

MASTER OF HELLFIRE SKILL 14 STAMINA 14

If you manage to reduce it to a STAMINA of 2 or less, turn to **266**.

144

The passage twists and turns until it leads you into a wide cavern. You pause to survey the way ahead. There are no creatures to be seen and all is still except for a dull humming which is forming an almost unnoticeable background noise. The wall to the left is riddled with large holes like a huge honeycomb and many of the holes are lit with a yellow glow. In the centre of the cavern, a few steps off the path, is what seems to be a small pool of shimmering liquid. Do you want to pass through this chamber as quickly as possible (turn to **239**)? Do you want to investigate the light coming from the

holes (turn to **24**)? Or will you have a look at the pool of shimmering liquid (turn to **180**)?

145

The Toadman feints at you with his trident and you leap into action. Resolve your battle with the creature:

TOADMAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to **287**.

146

You follow the nervous shopkeeper round and corner him. His terrified expression turns to one of astonishment when you hold out the gold coins. When he sees that you have come to eat his wares, not him, he rushes off round his shop to serve you. He gathers together for you a generous collection of provisions. First of all he gives you three small bags of Abundance Nuts. You also receive two strips of dried wildcat meat, a bag full of Jimweed root from the sack on the counter, a skin of mulled wine and a fresh loaf of corn bread. You leave his shop and sit down outside to eat. You eat everything but the Abundance Nuts, as the shopkeeper recommended that you take them with you for later in your journey. Add 4 STAMINA points for the meal. You may eat a bag of Abundance Nuts at any time during the rest of your adventure except when in battle. Each bag will restore 4 STAMINA points when eaten. You can now continue out of the village by turning to **374**.

147

There is something solid inside the sack. You fumble with the cloth, but cannot seem to find a way inside. Eventually you become frustrated, pick the sack up and shake it.

A small wooden casket drops out. As it lands on the ground, the catch flips open. Inside is a flask and the bump has loosened the stopper. You watch as a green liquid inside bubbles and boils, turning to a green gas which slowly seeps from the neck of the flask and drifts upwards in the air before you. You are mesmerized by the swirling mists which gradually become recognizable as a face! It is thin, with angular features and is decidedly human. Eventually its eyes open and stare into yours. 'Jih bvf ebffne bwbk fnf defrp mom yoslvm bfr! Whpocbllsa p not hfevb ppv rupfot pngv fs. T hf ehfbvfnl yebp dj fseh bvfe tbkfneth fjri pp sjt jpns. M yo gjf tijsig rb ntfd. Fpro bfttf repro fpr owp rsfem ye rfl fbsfe bfs tpws opno ypvuth fevnd frstbnd jng iyp vu dfsjrf. May you use your gift wisely.' Having said these words, the green gas swirls once more and the face disappears. As if sucked by force, it disappears once more into the flask. Once it is inside, the flask and the casket begin to fade. Moments later they have disappeared! But your unintentional encounter with the Vapour of Tongues has been fortunate. The spirit has bestowed on you its gift of language. From now on you will understand most languages as spoken or written. You may translate coded speech by turning to reference 283, where you will find the secret of the code.

148

You decide to follow the passage east, to your right. Your first steps are slow, as you take in the encounter with the Dwarf. After a few paces, the corridor turns north. You approach a stout wooden door and must make a decision. Will you smash the door from its hinges and continue? Or will you give up on this route and return to the Dwarf's corpse? Roll one die. If the result is 1 or 2, turn to **419**. If the roll is 3–6, turn to **72**.

149

You quicken your pace along the passage, away from the stink of the stream. Suddenly, your foot steps forward into *nothing* and you are falling downwards through the air! Your bulky body picks up speed quickly, but luckily the fall is not a lengthy one. You land in a heap at the bottom of the pitfall you have walked straight into. If it were not for your bulk, you might have landed unharmed on the straw-strewn floor. But you groan as you nurse your right leg. Blood is seeping from between the scales and you have twisted your knee badly. You must deduct 3 STAMINA points for the fall. Now turn to **257**.

150

You try beating the door with your fists. It has been specially made to withstand batterings of this sort and all you succeed in doing is injuring your hands. Lose 1 STAMINA point. If you wish to continue trying to break down the door, turn to **398**. Otherwise you will have to search for the key (turn to **112**)

151

Angrily you slash at the fortune-teller. Resolve your battle with Rosina of Dree:

ROSINA OF DREE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you defeat her, turn to **264**.

152

You step forward and swing your fist hard into the glass. The sound of the impact echoes round the room. But, rather than the shattering sound you were expecting, the noise is a deep rumbling, as the mirror vibrates. 'Fool!' screams Zharradan Marr. Did you really think the portal between my world and yours would be so easy to destroy? Why, if that were so, I would be at the mercy of a simple accident – or even rough weather!' He is right: it would indeed have been foolish of him to be left so vulnerable. 'My mirror cannot be harmed; you waste your time and mine. I can see you have no desire to join me. But our futures are intertwined. If you will not consider yourself my friend, then you must become my enemy!' The image of Marr fades from the reflection and your own begins to reappear. You react quickly in frustration, and prepare to try another blow, but this time with all your might. Turn to **302**.

153

The easterly passage leads you down a slight incline and along a narrow route which is cold and wet underfoot. The glowstones light your way once more. You soon find yourself sloshing and splashing along the corridor, and you look down to find that your feet are walking, not through ordinary mud, but through a thick, jelly-like substance which appears to be dark blue in colour. The passage bends sharply round to the north, and you plod onwards. Your progress may be unpleasant, but you feel no ill effects from the slime. Eventually, you reach a junction. Ahead, straight up the corridor, the slime changes to an even darker shade of blue. To the right, a single step upwards leads to a dry passageway heading east. If you wish to continue heading north, turn to **232**. If you step out of the slime and head east, turn to **84**.

154

The door is locked. It may be possible to break it down, but you could damage your shoulder, as the timbers are heavy. If you wish to try breaking the door, turn to **396**. If instead you would prefer to try the door in the east wall, turn to **263**.

155

You approach the orb. Its perch is only slightly above your head and you reach up to take it in your hands. But as your fingers close around it, you suddenly leap away! Although its appearance gives no warning, it feels red hot to the touch! Lose 1 STAMINA point for the burns. Then a shape begins to form in the crystal. Moments later, a shrivelled, death-like human face within the orb opens its eyes and glares at you. Its mouth begins to speak and an eerie voice booms out along the corridor: 'Fp plj shicrfb tvrf. Djdiypv uthjn k iypvucpvl duthj fvfe thfep rbop fodbrr bmp vss? Np n fem byat pvch umy us bcr fd ecr ystb la fpr oj tij simy ify fseb nd afb rs. Bn damy awf bppns obsa ypvus hbl lasff.' What will you do now? Do you wish to wait and see what the face in the orb does next (turn to **428**), or will you leave it and either take the other branch of this passage (turn to **81**) or return to the crossroads and go west (turn to **213**) or east (turn to **50**)?

156

You follow the passage to the east and you find yourself wandering down a long, straight passage. After some time, you arrive at a crossroads and you must choose which way to turn. As you are considering your choice, you are startled when all the glowstones you are relying on to light your way go out simultaneously! You are now stranded in the pitch-blackness! Which way will you go:

North?	Turn to **354**
South?	Turn to **212**
Straight on?	Turn to **310**

tpothb taswj nf bfbr dacvr!' You cannot fight both at once. Which will you direct your attention to? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **292**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **48**.

161

The room is roughly circular, with doors in the north, south and west walls. Around the walls, in between the doors, are dark arches – a total of six – which are large enough for you to enter. But from your position it is impossible to know how deep they are. The voices which you heard earlier have stopped, as if your entrance has surprised whoever – or whatever – was talking. There is no sign of any living creature in the room. You step into the centre and you are startled when the door slams shut behind you! You must now decide what to do. Will you leave the room through one of the doors (turn to **405**) or stay to investigate the room further (turn to **104**)?

162

A cloud drifts overhead and blots out the moon. In pitch-blackness, the going is difficult for you. You grope your way along, trying to be as cautious as possible. Suddenly you step into an unseen ditch! You lurch forwards and your head cracks against a low branch. Consciousness fades, and you slump into the ditch. When you open your eyes once more, it is light! You rub your sore head (you must lose 2 STAMINA points for the injury) and pick yourself up. You continue your journey through the wood. Turn to **244**.

163

Had you been a little more observant, you would have noticed how all the footprints avoided the centre of the clearing. As you step across towards your chosen trail, your foot sinks deep into mud. This happens too quickly for you to pull yourself back and, to your horror, you find yourself sinking deep into the muddy swamp! There is nothing around for you to grab hold of. If you have a length of rope, turn to **23**. If not, turn to **83**.

164

You creep cautiously and somewhat clumsily around the outside wall, keeping well out of the way of the black circle. It continues to shimmer mysteriously as you edge round it, but nothing happens. When you have passed it, the passageway narrows again to a moderate size and heads due east. You follow it until you reach another bend, this time to the north. But this passageway is quite short and ends at a wooden door. When you listen at the door, you can hear voices – either two or three different ones. The conversation rises and falls in pitch as if the creatures (or humans) were locked into a long discussion. This is your only way onwards. Will you try the door and attempt to creep slowly into the room (turn to **276**), or will you attempt to surprise whatever is inside by charging into the room with claws drawn (turn to **66**)?

157

You leave Thugruff and move around the courtyard, mixing with the others. They are an unruly lot, spoiling for a fight. Each wears the studded black leather tunic which is the *Galleykeep* uniform. Each also wears a medallion around his neck with his number on. You decide to mix with some of the groups to try to learn what you can about the place. Will you mix with a group of Orcs and Rhino-Men squabbling in the corner of the courtyard (turn to 377), or a group of Goblins and Elves in the centre of the courtyard (turn to 284)?

158

The door opens into a large room, which is not the dark, dingy room you were expecting. It is well lit by sunlight streaming in through a large porthole in the far wall. Bookshelves line the walls, along with charts of the heavens. A desk in front of the porthole is laden down with books, charts and strange devices, and other bulky pieces of scientific apparatus stand on the floor. There are two side doors leading from the room and one is opening to let someone in.

'That's right. Come in, come in. Don't bother to knock. My room is your room. Bah! I'll not return to this cursed ship ever again. When we reach Dree, I shall leave and ride to Blacksand. You won't catch me on one of these damned cloud-ships again, that's for sure.' He is an old man with long greying hair. He mutters away to himself, wrapped up in his own thoughts. Finally he turns towards you and looks over the top of his half-moon eyeglasses. 'Yes?

Well, come on! Lost your tongue, have you? Or are you just so stupid that you can't remember what you came for. If that Vallaska Roue wants another storm to appear, just so he can strike another poor Ophidiotaur with a bolt of lightning, tell him not to waste my time, and . . .' He has noticed your look of bewilderment. 'Look, you great brute, are you in the right place? Did you intend to visit me, Nimbicus? When people visit a Weather Mage, they normally want something. So? Ye gods! This creature's got the mind of a Jib-Jib. *Fearsome out of sight; feeble in the light*. Look. If you want something, speak to me. If not, get out!' He is getting impatient. Do you want to leave the room? If so, turn to 459. If you want to search round his room, turn to 303. Otherwise you may attack him (turn to 254).

159

You allow him to take the ring and he steps back towards the wall. You have found the conversation interesting, but now you are anxious to move on. Turn to 138.

160

As the creature dies, you sink your teeth into its arm to taste its juicy flesh. But then you remember the other two adventurers. The red-robed figure is facing you, pointing the little finger of each hand at you and mumbling. The shiny human has grabbed a sword – similar, you remember, to the Dwarf's, but larger – and is shouting to the other: 'Cpn tr plojt simjn dishbmbn! Jtim by abfeb blfe tp olf bda vsu

165

Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, you decide to head north into the wide cave entrance ahead of you (turn to 408). If you roll 4–6, you take the narrower cave entrance which leads west (turn to 344).

166

The descent is dangerous and several times you lose your footing and stumble on the slippery steps. But your luck holds out and you finally arrive at the foot of the staircase. The stench of the river is especially foul to your sensitive nostrils and your eyes search desperately for a way out of the cavern. You discover two openings in the rock-face ahead of you. One leads to the west and the other to the north. Will you continue north (turn to 358) or turn west (turn to 77)?

167

Whiteleaf beams with pride at the chance to tell of his adventures. 'My family is well respected in our village,' he starts. 'My mother – rest her soul – was a lady-in-waiting to our Queen Ethilesse, while my father served in the Royal Guard. I earn my living tending our aviaries, for we of Ethelle Amaene are great bird-lovers. Our birds are trained to work for us, gathering food for our cooking-pots and herbs for our potions. Anyone who is trained in the art of bird-caring can communicate with the birds, whose wisdom is great. They know the solutions to most of our problems and want to help us. They carry me about in the woods and, any minute now, I expect

Cheree and Chitta will arrive to take me back to patch up my wounds.' He looks anxiously into the skies. Birds fly about above the trees, but none come down into the clearing. After waiting for a few moments, he decides to leave and sets off in the direction you arrived from, with a wave and another expression of thanks. Turn to 414.

168

You make your way cautiously towards the door, horrified by the sight of the bodies slowly disappearing. As you step across one of the pug-nosed creatures, your foot catches something in the air. A screeching noise from somewhere is followed by a yelp of pain from you, as sharp teeth clamp on to your foot! Lose 2 STAMINA points. The shock causes you to tumble over and this frees your foot. But as you lift yourself up, something is happening in the room. Three shapes are materializing in front of you. Turn to 447.

169

Pretending not to understand, you stare at him wide-eyed. 'Stupid creature!' he says scornfully. 'You'll not be much use outside if you don't speak the language. Got lost, did you? Turn round and go back the way you came, serpent-face. And if it's a journey you fancy, jump into the Bilgewater and see where it takes you!' The guard laughs and turns back to his room. The only way you are going to get past him is by attacking. Turn to 73.

170

Fury builds up within you! You step back and with a loud roar you charge into the door. The hinges crack and are ripped off as the door crashes inwards. There is no furniture or decoration in the cave that greets your eyes. There is a seat carved out of the stone, but the room is clearly the dwelling of a captive or slave. Your eyes then switch to the room's inhabitant – and your reaction is swift! The huge Clawbeast, whose peace you have disturbed, slashes at you with its deadly talons! You lurch back and avoid the creature's onslaught. But this attack serves only to fuel your rage. Your own sharp claws slide out and you turn to the Clawbeast. Resolve this combat:

CLAWBEAST	SKILL 9	STAMINA 14

If you defeat the creature, turn to **389**.

171

Your hands comb the walls for signs of an entrance or any other way onwards, but in vain. You are in a dead end. You will have to return to the crossroads and take either the passage to the north (turn to **354**) or the passage to the south (turn to **212**).

172

The northward passage is short and ends at a stout wooden door. If you wish to force the door open, turn to **15**. If you would prefer to return to the main passage and follow it west, turn to **149**.

173

'*Fool!*' cackles the blind witch. 'Do you think we cannot tell the difference between Sculliweed and Purity Plant? What use is Purity Plant to us? We must prepare our Potions of Fortune, not cleansing balms.' Turn to **222**.

174

You ignore the old Rhino-Man's cries and continue northwards, following the trail through the wood. After many hours you reach a clearing. Turn to **366**.

175

Your attempts at freeing yourself are all to no avail. Night comes, followed by the morning sunrise. Birds are beginning to circle round you and you are feeling decidedly weak. But in the distant sky, a tiny shape comes into view. As it comes closer, you realize it is not a bird. It is much too large to be any living creature and its size eventually frightens off the birds circling above you. When it comes close enough for you to see, you can make out its shape clearly, although it is something with which you are not familiar. A huge vessel, with billowing sails

above it, is heading towards you! You watch as it gets closer and closer, and eventually stops over you. A pole is lowered over the side. It grabs the rope from which you are hanging and hoists you on to the deck. You are too tired and weak to resist as rough hands shove your neck through the nearby guillotine. This foraging expedition has been most successful. The crew of the *Galleykeep* will have a hearty meal tonight . . .

176

If you simply rest by the pond, turn to **453**. If you drink from it, turn to **391**. If you would prefer to bathe in it, turn to **26**.

177

The trail leads to a small copse growing on a solitary hillock which is the only noticeable feature of the otherwise flat countryside. When you reach the hillock, you can see a face of bare rock. Set in this rock are a number of small cave entrances facing the trail. In the centre of these, backed up to the rock-face, is a hut, and smoke drifts lazily from its chimney. Someone is at home. Looking out westwards beyond the hillock, the ground is flat for as far as you can see. Your eyes scan the inhospitable wastes of the Windward Plain. Nothing about its bleakness looks inviting. You turn your attentions once more to the hut. Will you enter through the front door (turn to **252**), or will you try one of the caves set in the rock-face (turn to **340**)?

178

You turn from the dead skeleton. But this is a mistake For as soon as your eyes have left the undead creature, its bones knit quickly together It grabs the knives and springs on your back! You must continue your fight with the physician:

QUIMMEL BONE SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you defeat it, turn to 407.

179

You can find no clues as to how to get further along the passageway. Angry and frustrated, you stamp your foot on the ground and smack the rocky wall with your fist. This was not a wise thing to do. The rock overhead was loose but delicately balanced, and now the roof and walls come crashing in on top of you. You have indeed come to a dead end in the dungeons of Zharradan Marr.

180

You leave the path and walk towards the shimmering liquid, treading carefully across the rough boulders. As you get close, you see something that causes you to stop, blink and look again. Out of the corner of your eye, you are *sure* you saw the liquid suddenly rise in the air, then fall almost immediately to become smooth once more. But this happened without any sound You take another careful step forward and, as you are now next to the 'pool', you realize to your horror the mistake you have made . . .

This is no pool at all. The shimmering surface is in fact the gloss on the wings of a Giant Hornet, which is feeding in a crevice. As you look down on the creature, it turns its large, ugly head up at you, mandibles clicking hungrily. With a flutter of its wings, it takes to the air and hovers ready to attack! Aiming its sting at your chest, it plummets towards you. Turn to 332.

181

This plant has mysterious properties. You may or may not get the opportunity to find out what it can be used for. If asked to present this plant to someone later in the adventure, remember the number eighty-one. Now you may leave the river-bank by turning to 18.

182

After following the tunnel for some time, you begin to hear clinking noises and voices from somewhere ahead. You round a corner and enter a large chamber lit by the flickering light of many torches, where creatures of all sizes and shapes are swinging implements at the rock-face. Their hard work is watched by several large, heavily armoured guards, who brandish long bullwhips, and any pauses in the work are rewarded by painful slashes from these whips. The creatures at work seem to be digging out the rock-face and loading it into trucks. The trucks are then pushed along the tracks you have found by other minions. Will you try to creep through the chamber, keeping out of sight of the guards (turn to 78)? Or will you step behind one of the trucks and see where it is to be pushed to (turn to 94)?

183

The path winds tortuously through the forest and you follow it up hill and down dale. Although you pass many types of birds and other small animals, there seems to be nothing menacing about the wood and you are soon feeling quite carefree – until you notice that the wood has been changing very subtly. The general colour of the forest is imperceptibly changing from rich browns and greens to duller shades of the same colours. You are entering the Forest of Spiders.

When you first notice this, you think little of it. But now the atmosphere of the wood is changing too.

The chirping of songbirds is replaced by the cawing of crows; previously there were brightly coloured butterflies flitting from flower to flower, but now only black and brown buzzing insects are to be seen. Your steps slow to a more cautious pace. Your eyes dart from tree to tree as if you were expecting something to spring out at any moment. But there is nothing. Then a noise behind you catches your attention and you twist round to a startling sight. Standing directly in the middle of the path behind you is a tall tree! Its gnarled branches are dead and twisted; its trunk is stout and knotted. *But you are certain that it was not there when you passed along that part of the path!* Will you go back to investigate the tree (turn to **76**), or will you quicken your pace away from it (turn to **102**)?

184

You are glad to be out of the room and away from the vile creature. You take long strides and follow the passage north. It turns to the west and your nose twitches at the foul smell of sewage. A strong wooden bridge takes you across the stinking Bilgewater. You are forced to hold your breath as you cross, but on the other side you quickly leave the filthy river and the passageway turns once more to the north. You arrive at a heavy door carved out of the rock which blocks the way onwards. As you are considering what to do, the door opens.

A burly, dark-skinned human stands in the doorway. His face is badly scarred and one of his eyes is

half-closed. His lips curl back in a sneer which shows his few, dirty teeth. 'Well?' he asks. 'What is it? Has Darramouss sent you? Have you permission to leave Marr's dungeons? Come on! Where's your tongue?' Will you nod to let him know you have been allowed to leave by Darramouss (turn to **3**), will you play stupid and see what he does next (turn to **169**), or will you grab him in your claws and do battle (turn to **73**)?

185

The little creature screams in horror as you raise your foot over its head. 'Lfbv femfeb lpnf,' it squeals, as it swings the sharp sword in its hand towards your leg. But the blow is weak and glances off your tough scales; you feel nothing. A second later you are looking down with mixed feelings at the lifeless form of the Dwarf. Will you examine the body (turn to **399**), will you attempt to hide the body down the passageway you have just come from (turn to **218**), or will you quickly leave the area (turn to **248**)?

186

You cannot resist the temptation to find out what is bound inside the sack. You squat down next to the squirming figure and prod it with your hand. It squeals pitifully and its hopeless attempts to wriggle free become frantic. Suddenly the creature's smell hits your nostrils. This smell has a curious effect on you. You are spoiling for battle. But alongside this, your mouth is watering; you have the

compelling desire to sink your teeth into a large chunk of flesh to satisfy your appetite. Thus your craving is both hunger and rage, and your passion is uncontrollable!

Your talons slide from your fingertips and you slash furiously at the ropes binding the sack. They fray and snap, and out falls a battered and bloodied little human-like creature. It is clean-shaven, with brown hair on its head, its hands and even on its feet, which are not covered with footwear. The creature's weary head rolls around towards you and its eyes gaze into yours as if to plead for pity. But when it realizes what you are, a look of stark horror spreads across its face! It screams in anguish and fights desperately to break free. But it is no use. You have the little fellow securely in your grip. Your fangs sink first of all into its neck to quell the struggles. Then you feast greedily on its soft body. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* value. When you are finished with the Hobbit, you look up along the passageway. You are startled to discover that you are being watched! In the darkness down the passage is a mysterious figure. Turn to 63.

187

The second adventurer carried, around his waist, a short wooden shaft with a two-edged metal plate on the end. You pick up this axe and turn it over in your hands inquisitively. Grasping the shaft awkwardly, you raise it over your head and bring it down on a rock by your side. The rock shatters. But unfortu-

nately the shaft also breaks and the metal head goes skidding along the corridor away from you. As if in response, a glowstone suddenly lights in the passageway ahead! A tiny face pokes round the bend and surveys the scene. You see the face only for a moment, but the effect is immediate. Turn to 403.

188

The old man fusses about with his jars of potions. He is nervous in your presence and his hands shake, rattling the bottles. 'I-I think th-this will do it!' he stammers, pouring the contents of two bottles into a saucer. 'C-c-come here and put your head over this saucer.' You are suspicious, but you do as he says. When your head is in position, he grinds a little powder into the liquid with his fingers. The effect is startling and you draw your face back as the liquid vaporizes as thick brown smoke. You cannot help but inhale the smoke, and you cough and splutter, rubbing your watering eyes. But the medicine-man has not deceived you. His herbal medicine is able to remove curses and the effects of any curse you may have had cast upon you is now neutralized. Still coughing and rubbing your eyes, you leave the shack and head out of town. Turn to 374.

189

You leave the clearing and stomp off through the undergrowth. Birds twitter excitedly as you crash through the woods and you turn your head up to watch them. Far in the distance you see a black shape, hovering in the sky. It is too large to be a bird and has none of the familiar shapes of a flying creature. The *Galleykeep*! You remember Weaseltongue's words. But how will you ever be able to find a hidden trap among all the trees? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **341**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **376**.

190

As you follow the trail, the vegetation changes. The flat grassland begins to be replaced by taller reeds. The going underfoot becomes muddier, until eventually you reach an area where bulrushes tower over your head. Will you continue into the rushes (turn to **307**), or will you head back to the junction and take the north-east trail instead (turn to **134**)?

191

You press on northwards, following the trail through the wood. If you are hungry, you may try to catch some food by turning to **368**. If you are not hungry, turn to **229**.

192

Once more you pick up the parchment and stare at it. The writing is not neat, but you can just about make out the following message:

'Bip grbp hyapfoz o mbrrap bgfen jnf tyet hrif: . . . th vsu cbmf embr rat pobbbn dpn othfephy sjcbla wprld obnd atbk fe rffvgfe jnihj sipwn. Ba strb ngfenfth frwprldowhjc hip ccvp jfsen pospbc fej nit hfew prldo wfe mpr tblsa knpw. Ba wprl dopf ojllvsjpn oj niw hjchiw hfr fehfe bpp fb rse tpo bfe hfej sanpt. Bnda bawp rldo jni whj chith psfesf brc hjngifpr ohjmi wpv ldujnstfb daf jndit hfmsf lvfs. Hfeh bsab vt upn fewfbkn fss ejnihj sin fwew prld obndat hbt ajsibac ry stbla clvbuw hjch imbyab fev sfde tpodfs trp yofprfv fret hfegbtfwb yabf t wffne pvruw pr ldobndahjs.' Jfi btas pmf etjm fejn ithfe fvt vrf eypv ubfl jfvf eypv uhbvf elpcb tf det hf efnt rbnc fet pombrrsan fth frwpr ld odfdvct uth fep bg fe nvmbfrebbpv fef rpmoth ferfffrfn cfe ypvubrf epnobt ath fetj mf eb ndatv rnut poth jsi rf ffr fncf. Jfrypv ub r fecp rrf ctey pv uwjl lim f ftet hf enf crpm bnctr. Fproh b vjng it hfegp pdo fpr tvnfe tp ofjn dithjsip br chmfnt eypvumb ya rfstp rfeypvru lvckus cp rfetp ojt sij njtjbl al fvfl.

After you have studied it for some time, you leave the room. Will you leave through the door in the east wall (turn to **365**) or the door in the south wall (turn to **450**)?

193

In the centre of the bridge, you glance down The sight of the filthy water down below is unnerving and for an instant you lose your balance on the slippery bridge! Your fate is to plunge head first down into the disgusting Bilgewater below, never to emerge alive, unless your SKILL is great. Roll two dice. If you roll a number greater than or equal to your SKILL score, your adventure ends here, plunging down into the foul river below. If you roll a number less than your SKILL, then you regain your footing (turn to **221**).

194

You bend down to grasp the creature's body, which lies face down on the floor in front of you. You turn it over, unaware of the deadly surprise in store. For as the light falls on the creature's face, you see that the creature you fought has disappeared! In its place is the grotesque head of a long-dead Zombie, whose rotten flesh is being eaten by crawling grubs. Its fiery eyes are still alight and they once more capture your gaze. As you stare transfixed, the creature suddenly sits bolt upright and two streams of fire from its eyes burn into your own! You scream in agony at the pain, and a slow smile spreads across the creature's face of death. It has only just begun its attack. Your death will be slow and painful.

195

You growl impatiently at the medicine-man, but he is adding ingredients to his herbal broth and continues to ignore you. Finally you will wait no more. You step up to him and swipe at the boiling broth. Most of the liquid splashes up into the face of the medicine-man, who screams in agony and clutches his eyes. He falls to the floor, sobbing and moaning. When he eventually looks up, his sightless eyes search aimlessly around the room. He is totally blind and is in no fit state to help you. You may leave him and the village by turning to 374. Or, if you prefer, you may put him out of his misery (turn to 456).

196

She shuffles off into the house for your Potion of Healing. You take a sniff of the yellowy liquid and gag. It smells disgusting! 'Come now, it will do you good,' coaxes the hag. 'Drink it all up. And all your problems will vanish.' You take a deep breath and swallow the contents of the bowl. It washes down your throat, leaving a bitter taste in your mouth. You cough a few times, but soon it has settled. You turn to go.

'There really is no need for you to go so quickly,' chuckles the old crone. 'You may as well get to like it here.' You are puzzled by her words. 'For you will not be leaving for some time. After all, now that Shanga cannot serve me, and I cannot keep up this home without a slave, can you blame me?' You are still not sure what she is talking about, but you

notice you are feeling warm – and even *happy* – inside. The old witch now seems to be not so much a dirty hag but more a kindly soul and her words are like music to your ears. 'There are many chores that you will busy yourself with,' she continues. 'And you will be fed well. Look – Shanga can be your first meal. You will be happy spending the rest of your life in Dree.' And every day you will receive *another* tasty bowlful of my special Potion of Obedience.'

197

When strapped to your arm, this plate will make a useful shield in battle. While using this shield, you may add 1 point to your SKILL. In addition, any more metallic discs of gold and silver may be carried in the pouch on the back. Finally, the spike on the front will allow you to break down doors more easily. If you are told to lose 1 STAMINA point when attempting to break down a door, you may ignore this penalty (if the damage is more severe, then even your shield will not help you). Now leave the chamber and turn to 257 to continue your journey.

198

Hooo-oo-oo. A bird's cry pierces the night air as you step through the mysterious stones, looking for anything unusual. You pause by a tall, smooth, black stone and study the writing on it. 'Here lies Sogarth Foulblade, smitten in the Sculliweed plague, leaving good wife Millinia and sons Chard and Seth. May Chlorissian take his soul.' Not far from this is an ornate stone covered in small carv-

ings of winged creatures and fierce-looking gargoyles. Its inscription is in smaller print and you must step right up to read it: 'The ground is cursed where I, Donag Haddurag, lie. Let not man or beast dare set foot on my grave, lest he feel my wrath and the ground open up to disembowel his miserable body. Donag Haddurag, necromancer of Coven.'

You look to the ground and see your own foot planted squarely on the centre of his grave! Will you wait to see whether or not the threat is an idle boast (turn to 411), or turn and find somewhere to hide (turn to 67)?

199

Marr's eyes open wider and he leans forward. His head protrudes from the mirror as if it were a pool of water, held on to the wall by magic. 'Now I can help you, *but you must give me the Half-Orc's knapsack*!' What can he want with Grog's knapsack? It contains only a few of the creature's possessions and a box . . . Of course! The box! You now remember that you have seen similar boxes twice before. Once just before you found you were developing control of your destiny and again just before you started to be able to understand the languages of other creatures. Perhaps this box is what he is after. Marr holds his hand out and it too emerges from the mirror into the room.

'Vallaska Roue has failed me,' he says. 'For the *Galleykeep* has not enabled us to find the Elf village. There was only one way to test the powers of the

Vapours: to use them on a living creature. I care little for the "power of reason" or the "power of languages", as these are skills I already have. It was much more profitable to allow you to use these Vapours. But the Vapour of Life is mine. Give it to me!'

Will you give him the box as he wishes? If so, turn to 74. If you refuse, turn to 133.

200

The old man offers to help if you will lead him out of the dungeon. 'My name, if you wish to know it, is Hannicus. I know much of what goes on here,' he starts, 'for I was the keeper of these dungeons before Zharradan Marr decided that an undead would be more ruthless than an ageing wizard and gave that damned Darramouss – curse his soul – my position. The only reward for thirty-six years' service was my black-eye curse and a future as a plaything to be held captive at Darramouss's pleasure.' All this is interesting to you and you allow him to continue. 'I can lead you straight to the undead keeper if you will lead me – if you see what I mean. We must travel east until we reach the lair of the Chattermatter. But ignore his prattle, for he seeks only to feed on your flesh. North then we must travel to reach Darramouss. I can help you slay him, with this!' From inside his robes, he pulls a silver ring which has a large bulbous stone set in it. He walks over to you and gropes for your hand, finding it eventually. 'Look, this ring will fit any finger – even yours. There! When you meet

Darramouss, smash the stone into the wall. It will break and release a deadly gas – deadly, that is, to the undead Half-Elf. It will not harm humans and will no doubt have no effect on you.' Add 2 LUCK points for this information. You look at the ring on your finger admiringly. The human is asking for it back. Will you give it to him? If so, turn to **159**. If not, turn to **360**.

201

The door in the south wall opens to reveal a short, narrow corridor. But as you are considering whether or not to step through the door, a creaking sound comes from behind you. You swing round to see the door in the east wall slowly opening. Glowstones in the passage outside flick on to light up your way. You cannot resist this invitation, and you leave through the east door. Turn to **49**.

202

The heat is becoming unbearable. Your thick scales serve only to make matters worse and you drag yourself round the walls, searching desperately for a way out of the furnace. You pound on the rock, hoping to find a loose stone, but there is none. However, at one point you bash the two bracelets together. The ringing sound becomes unnaturally loud and, as it does so, the roarings of the furnace subside. The vibrations on your wrists increase and eventually all is calm and the temperature has been restored to normal. An opening appears in the west wall and you can leave. You arrive at a familiar

crossroads, but this time you choose a different direction. Will you turn right (turn to **443**) or continue westwards (turn to **213**)?

203

You follow the trail east for some time, until a familiar shape looms on the horizon. The building in which you met the Women of Dree! You realize that you have retraced your journey, so you decide to return to the crossroads. Lose 1 STAMINA point for the wasted journey. At the junction, will you turn north (turn to **130**) or continue west (turn to **177**)?

204

The passage runs straight ahead until you reach a solid wooden door. It is locked and looks much too sturdy for you to break down. But in the centre of the door is a huge metal plate with a heavy ball pivoted above it. Will you use the ball to hit the plate to attract the attention of whoever is inside (turn to **435**), or will you return to the junction and take the passage to the north (turn to **144**)?

205

Roaring like an enraged Demon, you rush into the open chamber, ready to take on whatever is inside. Terrified shrieks come from the small party of adventurers huddling round a makeshift campfire in the centre of the area. Three figures are warming themselves by the fire. One wears shiny clothes that clink as he moves. Another is dressed in red and

also grows long dark hair from his chin. The third is a tiny creature with polished hide on his chest. He has no hair on his chin, but has plenty on his feet, which he has been holding up to warm at the fire. Your eyes fix on the smallest of the three. Your breathing gets heavier and a feeling of pure hatred grips you. Without hesitating, you stomp across and grab the miserable Hobbit with your claws. The other two are caught off balance and are slow to react. The Hobbit has no weapon and should be an easy victim:

HOBBIT	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the creature in three straight Attack Rounds, turn to **160**. If it takes longer than three rounds, turn to **86**.

206

You ignore the pleas of the miserable little creature. After chewing through the rope to cut him down, you put him out of his misery and feast ravenously on his tasty flesh. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. You must then decide which way to turn at the fork. Will you go left (turn to **351**) or right (turn to **183**)?

207

You slump to the ground, exhausted from the fight. During the battle, the creature's red robe fell to the floor and this now catches your attention. You pick it up, admiring its richness and its feel. You stand up, swing it over your shoulders and proudly take a few steps, watching how it flows with your movements. You sit down again, happy with your new possession. But then a strange feeling comes over you. A pain in your stomach is followed by an overwhelming hunger. You must eat something! The dead Blood Orc lying at your feet suddenly looks delicious and you eat heartily. For the time being your appetite has been satisfied. Add 4 STAMINA points.

You are now ready to leave the room. You step up to the door and attempt to open it. But there is no handle. Your claws dig into the wood and you pull hard, but to no avail. The door is closed tightly and is being held by some catch. You cannot open it. You try charging the door, but it is much too strong for you ever to smash down. But your frustration soon turns to a quite different feeling as another wave of hunger spreads through you. Will you step over to the Orc's bones to suck them clean (turn to **109**), or will you instead attempt to remove the red robe (turn to **21**)?

208

Once more the glowstones light your way as you tramp along the passage. The walls begin to glisten and from ahead you can hear the splashings of an underground river. As you approach, a strong smell begins to waft towards you. The disgusting smell, which comes from the river itself, causes you to stop for a moment to catch your breath. After a few more paces, you reach a rocky bridge. Steep chasm walls stretch down to the bubbling river below and you look over the edge to get some idea of the distance. The bridge is narrow, and wet from the moisture in the air; no doubt it is slippery, too. Do you want to risk crossing the bridge (turn to **265**), or will you turn back and take the easterly passage (turn to **122**)?

209

You may, if you wish, regain your strength by waiting for a few moments in the room before continuing. You can pass the time by feasting on either of the dead creatures. Which looks the tastiest: the Manic Beast (turn to **231**) or the human carcass (turn to **249**)? Or will you ignore the food and simply leave the room (turn to **293**)?

210

You stop and wait as the old hag hobbles up to you. 'Praise be to Nanagga that you stopped, strange creature,' she croaks, panting from the effort of catching up with you. 'My rainwater barrel has fallen from its perch and I cannot lift it on my own. If you will lift it for me I will reward you well. My speciality is potions and I wager a dose of Healing Potion would not go amiss, eh? Well?' Will you help the woman out as she wants? If so, turn to **224**. If you would rather not, turn to **35**.

211

Strange smells of boiling herbs reach your nostrils as you enter the shack. Inside, the room is cluttered and disorganized and the pungent smell of the boiling herbs is particularly offensive to you. Standing over the pot of herbs is an old, white-haired man holding a ladle in one hand and an open book in the other. He wears a long, black robe and is concentrating intently on his potion. You stare at him for a few moments. He does not even notice you until you accidentally kick a large, round vegetable and send it scuttling across the floor. The man throws back his long hair and glances up at you. He seems to look *through* you; you are not sure whether he is seeing you or not. He waves you over to a chair to wait until he has finished. Will you wait as he wishes (turn to **316**), or do you refuse to wait (turn to **195**)?

212

You grope your way along the passage for several paces and find that it comes abruptly to a dead end. You may either search the walls for any signs of a way through (turn to **245**), or you may return to the crossroads and choose the north passage (turn to **354**) or the easterly one (turn to **320**).

213

You reach a dead end. The light is dim and it is difficult to see, so you grope around for a possible way onwards. There is none to be found. You turn round and return to the crossroads. Will you now continue north (turn to 443) or east (turn to 50)?

214

Your struggles against the sticky Gluevines are hopeless. The more you try to free yourself, the more entangled you become. But in your hand you carry the bottle of green liquid taken from the skeletal hand. The glass stopper has popped out in your struggles with the vine and you decide to take a sip. The liquid tastes sweet and you pour the remaining drops into your mouth. Miraculously, this seems to have the desired effect! One by one the vines release you!

The green liquid you found was, however, *not* specially formulated to repel Gluevines. The Gluevine tunnel was constructed by Forest Imps as a trap. Gluevines are very useful for traps of this sort as they have the ability to tell whether or not the prey they catch is fit for consumption. Any animal not fit for consumption is not entangled or – as in your case – released. For if you were to be eaten by the Forest Imps, you would doubtless poison them as they eat. The liquid you have drunk is in fact a slow-acting poison, the effects of which you are only now able to feel. You clutch your stomach and double over. Minutes later, you die an agonizing death.

215

'You can go after that thing, whatever it was, if you like,' says Grog, looking quite worried. 'But I'd just like to get out of here safely.' Return to 267 and make your next choice.

216

Thugruff takes you into a room where you both sit down at a table. A short while later someone arrives with a large bowl full of meaty broth and places it before you on the table. You catch the smell from the broth. Hobbit! Ravenously you grab the bowl and pour its contents into your mouth. The broth is hot and burns your throat, but you may add 5 STAMINA points for the meal. Thugruff tells you about his legions. Half of his forces are now with Zharradan Marr in a great floating ship known as the *Galleykeep*. It is cruising over the Forest of Spiders searching for the Rainbow Ponds, for the village of Stittle Woad is near the Rainbow Ponds. If you are lucky, he promises, you may even get to join Marr on the *Galleykeep*. Meanwhile you are deciding what you will do next. Thugruff takes you outside and offers to give you some instruction in weapon technique. Do you want to take him up on his offer (turn to 271), or will you make plans to leave the Testing Grounds (turn to 455)?

217

You step over to the two boxes and shake one of them. Something soft and heavy bumps about inside. This arouses your curiosity and you search for a means of opening the box. But none is apparent. In your frustration, you tip the box over and it crashes to the ground. Your attention focuses on the wider end as a splitting sound from within the box gets louder. Suddenly a crack appears in the wood! Then another! Finally, the front of the box smashes apart and your eyes widen as they catch sight of the hideous thing within . . .

A human shape appears – or rather, something resembling a human corpse. But it is not dead, as its thin lips are slowly curling back to reveal sharp teeth and a forked tongue. In an instant, the creature suddenly sits bolt upright and turns its head towards you! Its eyes flick open.

'Whpodj st v rbsut hfer fs tep fothfec vrs fwjtchfs. Fpvl ucrfbt vrfey pvudbb blf ew jthi whb tayp vudp on pt ovn df rst bnd. Npn femb yajntf rffrfew jthi pv rupfbc fesbv fefpr ozh b rrbdbn ambrra th fe mbstfr. Yp vu mvstubf etb vghtutpo rfspfc te thfe slff pepfoth fev ndfbda bn day pvum vstub fem bdfe tpo ffflet hfewr bth apfo thf ecvrsfw jt chfs.'

The creature's eyes fix on to your own. They glow white and you find you cannot break from the gaze. When its eyes finally close, you feel strangely light-headed. As if in a trance, you step away from the corner and head towards the door in the east wall. You open it, step through and it closes behind you.

Only then do your thoughts return to normal. But you are far from normal. You have been cursed and, until you are able to find someone who can remove the curse, your *Initial* SKILL has been reduced by 2 points and your *Initial* STAMINA by 5. If your current SKILL and STAMINA points exceed these limits, you must reduce them as necessary. Now you may continue by turning to 436.

218

You plan to drag the body down the short passageway to the south. You bend down to grip the lifeless figure. But instead of responding to your wishes, you find that your body has other ideas of its own. Turn to 399.

219

You hold up your Ring of Truth before him and his tone changes. He shifts nervously from side to side. 'Er, perhaps I have not remembered things quite accurately,' he stammers. 'It is not true that the *Galleykeep* comes to ground near here. It hardly ever comes to ground, for then it is too vulnerable. There are only two ways that I know of to get on board the *Galleykeep*. Every day, the ship goes gathering food for the crew. I have seen their catapult traps, which are scattered all around these woods. If you get yourself caught in a trap, you will be hoisted on board. All over the forest, they are. Alternatively you can search for Thugruff's Testing Grounds and have yourself recruited into the crew.'

Weaseltongue backs away from you across the clearing. 'Ermm, I . . . ah . . . suspect,' he stammers, 'that you wish to *find* Zharradan Marr and you wish me to help. That I cannot . . .' His face makes a grimace as he glances at the ring 'Of course. I must tell you what I know. For the Ring of Truth was forged by Elven smiths. If meet Zharradan you must, you will find him on the *Galleykeep* in a room with a certain symbol on the door. I know not this symbol, but I do have a clue as to its nature, contained in the words of this rhyme:

'When fire meets ice, who ends the fight?
Who stands between the two?
His symbol keeps them both apart,
Not red, nor white, but blue.

'I know no more that will help you,' he adds hastily. 'And now I must be going!' He holds up his hand as a parting gesture and turns into the woods. You watch him go. Ahead, the path continues to the north, but you can see through the trees that it splits, one path heading to the east and the other to the west. Do you want to head north and then turn either to the east (turn to 272) or to the west (turn to 139), or would you rather ignore the path and set off through the undergrowth (turn to 189)?

220

You are suspicious of this mysterious figure. You back out of the arch and poke your head into the one next to it. This one is also dark. But from somewhere in the darkness you can see a faint glittering, as if tiny raindrops are sparkling as they fall. You cautiously step in to investigate. You reach a pile of rubble lying on the ground. Stones are scattered about as if from a wall which has recently collapsed. You could easily cross the rubble and make for the twinkling lights. While you are considering whether or not to do so, a crash is followed by a shower of dust as a rock falls from the ceiling! Will you climb through regardless, to investigate the glittering lights (turn to **56**), or will you leave this alcove and try another (turn to **85**)?

221

You cautiously make your way across to the far side of the bridge where, with a great sigh of relief, you step on to safe ground again. You rest for a few moments and then turn west to continue. But your eye catches sight of footprints which seem to head not towards the bridge, but to the edge of the ledge you are now standing on. Looking more closely, you can see that, just over the edge, a series of rocks protrude from the side of the chasm as rough stairs. They lead down to a hole in the cliff. If you wish to climb down the steps, the going will be perilous, as they are narrow and there is nothing to hold on to. Otherwise, the westward passage leads you on for a few paces to a strong wooden door with iron fastenings. Will you attempt to force your way through the door (turn to **425**), or would you like to investigate the steps leading down to the hole in the side of the chasm (turn to **313**)?

222

'Failed!' cries one of the witches from between black teeth. 'The creature has failed! It has no root! *Hyaaahhhh hee heeyah!* Its future is ordained. Let us be gone. The creature deserves no higher destiny.' The wind sweeps through the branches of the tree with the force of a gale. But as quickly as it rose up, it dies and soon all is still. The Women of Dree are gone! Unsure of what has happened to you, you settle down once more and drift off to sleep.

When you awake the next morning, the disturbance in the night is but a faint memory of a bad dream. As the rising sun warms the air, you set off. Add 4 STAMINA points for the rest and follow the path heading north-east, signposted towards 'Bu Fon Fen'. Turn to **134**.

223

The bodies are a little scrawny, but still provide welcome food. You may gain 4 STAMINA points for your meal. While you were eating, you also poked through the bodies of the adventurers, but found nothing of particular importance. Suddenly, a glowstone lights in the passageway ahead of you! A tiny face pokes round the bend and surveys the scene. You see the face only for a moment, but its effect is immediate. Turn to **403**.

224

You follow her round the back of a dirty hovel. The stale smell of human sweat wafts from the run-down shack and round the back you nearly tread on a wild-haired semi-human creature which is lame and cannot move. The wretched thing jabbers at you in meaningless whelps, but you ignore it and concentrate on the woman's plight. She shows you an overturned barrel which has evidently fallen from a platform behind the house. ''Twas the wind last night,' she moans. 'The barrel fell with a terrible crash! 'Twas full; and it landed on poor Shanga here who was tied up beneath it. Can you put it back for me?' You grasp the barrel around the middle and climb the frame carefully. When you have replaced the barrel, you step down, ready for your reward. 'Let me see . . .' she muses. 'Promised you Healing Potion, is that not so? But would you prefer a Potion of *Fortune*? Perhaps you would. Well?' Which would you prefer? The Potion of Healing (turn to 196) or the Potion of Fortune (turn to 294)?

225

Your curiosity aroused, you step up to the device and study it. It does not seem to be a weapon of any kind. There is a polished, clear glass at each end. You place your eye up to the narrowest end and peer through. To your amazement you can see the trees in the forest far below as clearly as if you could reach out and touch them! Birds – and the occasional noisy Treehoppper – flit about between the branches and spring for cover as the *Galleykeep*'s

shadow passes over them. In a small clearing you can see a thin, white-haired figure stepping into a pond of pink water, but again, as the ship's shadow comes into view, the figure darts off for cover in the woods. You are fascinated with your discovery and you spend time scanning the tree-tops with the device. Turn to 302.

226

Undead creatures do not die. After the battle, their battered remains slink back into the graves from which they came and the stones shift back into position. Perhaps you have won this battle, or perhaps they are simply regenerating within their graves. Either way you decide not to wait to find out. Will you take the path to the east into the wood? If so, turn to 261. If you wish to try looking around the rest of the graveyard for anything unusual, turn to 67.

227

You follow the passage back to the junction and turn left in the direction indicated by the arrow. Turn to 142.

228

You lie back and relax while the physician pours the potion into your mouth. You become drowsy and eventually drift off into a peaceful sleep. Almost immediately, you start to have a disturbing dream, in which you are lying down and being attacked by knives wielded by a skeletal hand. You struggle to

escape, but your movements are slow and ineffective. Again and again the knives are driven into your chest and abdomen.

The shock makes you wake up immediately. You are unable to move at all. All you can do is watch as a specimen jar is held over your chest and a bony hand drops an organ into it. The organ is beating and the *thub-thub, thub-thub* noise fills your ears. Your last perception of life is watching your own heart slowly stop beating.

229

The trail eventually takes you to a pair of large metal gates. Through the bars of the gates you can see a large fortified building, but there are no signs of life. You are looking for some sort of clue as to what place this is when . . . *pop*! Suddenly a creature has appeared out of thin air and is opening the gate for you! In size, he is taller than a Hobbit but smaller than a human. He is thin and dark, with a withered face. Although he does not glance up at you, he is talking away: 'Come in. I hope you have not been kept waiting. Oh dear, I shall be in trouble if you have been waiting long. Let me take you to Thugruff. Fine day, isn't it? Follow me. Er, do you have any smoking-weed? No, of course not. Here we are . . .' You follow the twittering little creature round the back of the building into an open courtyard.

As you turn the corner, you stop in your tracks. The grounds are milling with creatures: Goblins, hu-

mans, Orcs, Elves, the odd Rhino-Man, Lizard Men and many others, talking, exercising and practising with weapons. In the centre of things, a huge, burly Half-Troll in a black tunic is moving between the groups and barking orders. Your guide pushes through the crowds and grabs the Half-Troll's tunic. 'Thugruff! A visitor!' He grunts and turns to you. 'A visitor, eh? Hrmmph. Were you kept waiting at the gate?' he asks, aiming a fiery glance at the little creature.

You shake your head. 'So you've come to join us have you?' he continues. 'Marr's legions could do with the sort of strength I can see in those arms. Let's see what you can do. Eleven! Over here!' Each of the legionnaires wears a medallion around his neck with his own number on. A lightly armoured human wearing number eleven comes over carrying a sword in one hand and a mace in the other. 'All right, Eleven,' chuckles Thugruff, who evidently despises the man. 'Let's see how you fare against our friend here.' Eleven looks at you and gulps. A circle forms around you and you must fight:

ELEVEN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

When either of you is reduced to a STAMINA score of 2, turn to 352.

230

Your vengeance on the Clawbeast is not yet complete. You must satisfy your lust for the spoils of victory! You kneel by its side and feast on the flesh of your victim. You may add 2 STAMINA points for the meal; then turn to 165.

231

The Manic Beast's meat is a little bitter for your liking but it provides a satisfying meal. You may add 4 STAMINA points. Now turn to 293.

232

Your first step into the dark-coloured slime makes you shiver. It is considerably colder than the lighter-coloured variety. You quicken your pace and continue northwards. The dull light of the glowstones lets you see that your chilly ordeal will soon be over. A few paces ahead, a step takes you out of the strange slime and on to dry ground. You step up eagerly and peer ahead into the bluish gloom for some clue as to where you are heading. You can just make out an arched doorway ahead, and you soon reach a solid door of thick timbers and sturdy metal fastenings. You can hear irregular heavy breathing coming from something behind the door. The breathing is punctuated by occasional resonant snorts, and the overall impression is of danger! Something *large* is behind the door! Will you charge the door, prepared for anything within (turn to 263)? Or will you ignore this room and head back down the passage to take the easterly way you found earlier (turn to 19)?

233

While you are groping around the end of the passageway, you suddenly notice a slight humming coming from your pendant! It is vibrating and, as you move towards one particular spot, the vibration becomes stronger. You grasp the talisman and watch as the blue stone begins to glow. Finally, a beam of blue light shoots from the pendant and lights up an area of rocky wall. You feel around the area and your hand comes to rest on a small hidden catch. When you flick the catch, the dead end before you comes to life! Smoke hisses from the crevices around the wall, forcing you to step away from it. When the smoke clears, a gap has appeared in the rock-face; an eerie green light lights up a narrow passage beyond. Will you step through and explore the secret passage? If so turn to 369. Or would you rather return to the crossroads and take either the way to the north (turn to 443) or the way to the east (turn to 50)?

234

You approach the smaller of the two pug-nosed creatures and prod it with your foot. Its lifeless body shrugs and lies still. But a similar prod on the leather-armoured adventurer's leg produces a startlingly different result. A shrill screeching sound shocks you to attention! As if this were some kind of signal, something starts to happen in the room. Three shapes begin to materialize in front of you. Turn to 447.

235

In the heat of the battle, you have forgotten all about the little Half-Orc, who has disappeared. Then your attention is captured by his familiar figure making its way through the reeds behind the Toadmen. Grog is creeping round the back of the circle. You glance around. No one has noticed him! From the corner of your eye you watch as he takes off his knapsack and lays it on the ground by the trail, then steps stealthily through the reeds towards the Toadman leader. When the time is right, he takes a flying leap! As fate would have it, one of the Toadmen notices the Half-Orc at that very moment, and his trident flies through the air and sinks into Grog's neck in mid-flight. The Half-Orc dies instantly.

But the trident does not prevent his body from continuing through the air to collide with the Toadman leader, who tumbles into the Sinkpit in the centre of the clearing! When this happens, the Toadmen forget all about you and rush about, trying to prevent their leader from sinking. You take advantage of the situation and creep round the outside of the clearing. You pick up the poor Half-Orc's knapsack and make off along the trail.

A short while later you are leaving the marshes. When you are well away from danger, you become a little curious about what Grog carried in his knapsack. There is certainly something solid in there. You pull back the top and reach inside. Your fingers touch a wooden box and you pull it from the bag. It is closed with a delicate clasp which your awkward

fingers cannot open. But apart from the box, Grog also carried a small vial of Potion of Fortune. If you wish, you may drink this and it will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level. Then you may proceed by turning to **92**.

236

You ring the bell on the desk and scan the room suspiciously, waiting for something to happen. Nothing does. You watch both doors carefully. Again you try ringing the bell, but again there is no response. Your attention begins to wander towards the specimen shelves and the bookcase and you step over to the latter to look at the books. The largest volume is entitled *Practical Anatomy of the Creatures of North-western Allansia* by Doctor Quimmel Bone. The book next to it is by the same author and is entitled *Transmutation Theory – Fact or Fantasy?*

A voice comes from behind you: 'Most definitely *fact* . . .' The voice startles you and you spin round to face the desk. 'I see you are interested in my works,' says the skeletal figure sitting behind it, teeth clattering excitedly. The hanging skeleton has disappeared – or rather is now sitting at the desk. 'I am Quimmel Bone, physician and surgeon on the *Galleykeep*. Now, what do you want in here?' Will you spring over to attack him (turn to **31**), or will you indicate to him you have some ailment which you would like him to treat (turn to **297**)?

237

As you shuffle around the wall of the cavern, you suddenly notice a strange sensation coming from your neck. The pendant you picked up is beginning to vibrate slightly and is giving out a faint hum! But when you continue around the wall, the vibration fades until the pendant is once more still. You puzzle over this for a few moments and step back to where you were before. Again, the vibrations and humming come from the pendant and you pause to look at what is happening. The dull blue stone set in its centre is beginning to glow and you watch in amazement as its colour changes from blue to a living red, as though a fire were burning inside it! An instant later, a single beam of red light shoots from the stone to a point on the wall in front of you. Following its direction, you can see what seems to be a piece of rock hanging in mid-air! As if ordered by the pendant, you grasp the rock and pull. It is not hanging in mid-air, but is attached to a rope and your tug is answered by a rumble in the rock in front of you. A doorway is opening!

The pendant you have found is in fact a magic talisman which has a special power. It is able to detect hidden doorways. In future, it will warn you of the presence of secret doors, but you will have to watch for the warning signs! If you reach a reference which begins: 'You find yourself . . .' then you may look for a secret passage using the talisman's help. Add 20 to the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. If a secret door is present, the new reference will make sense and the talisman

will show you its secret (if the new reference makes no sense, then there is no secret door). If you are able to, you may add 1 LUCK point for finding the secret door.

You may now either enter the secret door you have just found (turn to 458) or return to 257 to continue on your way.

238

You creep as close as possible to the Ophidiotaur and finally spring out of the foliage at it! The startled creature is caught unawares. It splashes in the water and kicks high with its hind legs. But its fright is momentary. The creature rapidly composes itself and turns towards you, tail swinging and tongue darting in and out of its wide open mouth, in which two dangerous-looking fangs are poised to strike. It is ready for battle and you must resolve your combat:

OPHIDIOTAUR SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

The creature has a stinging tail which it lashes at you. Each time the Ophidiotaur rolls a double when attacking, its tail stings you for 2 STAMINA points of damage (irrespective of whether it wins or loses that Attack Round), unless you *Test for Luck* and are Lucky (you may choose whether or not you wish to *Test for Luck*). If you defeat the creature, turn to 416.

239

You take the path carefully through the cavern so as to avoid any danger. The path leads out through a narrow archway into a passage which you follow east until you reach a junction where a side passage leads southwards. Turn to 298.

240

Desperately you wrest yourself free from the Bugs and you race off northwards up the passageway. As you step away from them, you feel a sharp slice into your ribs. Dark blood seeps out from the wound and you must lose 2 STAMINA points. But you are now out of range and, as you turn a corner to the east, out of sight as well. You turn south, then west. But as you turn the next corner, your heart sinks. Another of the creatures is arriving for its meal! To get past, you will have to defeat the Bug:

CARRION BUG SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to 227.

241

As soon as you enter the room, two Blood Orcs – warty creatures with powerful jaws and piercing front teeth – get up from a table and grab their swords. A voice is coming from behind them and you look up to see an elderly human with dirty robes and a long white beard groping the air in front of him and calling out: 'Whpojs ijt. Whb tajs i hbp pfnjng. W hbta hb sad jstvr bf devs. Plf bsfe gpdor fl fbsf ethjs iblb cka fyfec vrsf.' You must resolve your fight with the Blood Orcs, who are now upon you. They both attack together:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BLOOD ORC	7	7
Second BLOOD ORC	8	7

If you defeat them, turn to 7.

242

In a state of panic, you lumber towards the door as quickly as you are able. The Shadow Stalker, however, is quicker and its knife finds your back as you flee. Lose 3 STAMINA points. When you reach the archway, your two shadows separate. The Shadow Stalker becomes faint as the light fades. In the light of the glowstones you hardly cast a shadow at all and this seems to worry the creature. It slips back along the wall into the room and settles on the floor. You blink and look again. The creature now looks like a pile of black cloth! You turn and leave the room, still not certain of what has happened. Eventually you reach the junction and continue westwards. Turn to 309.

243

The four creatures taunt you as you back away from the Elf. Though you feel anger building up inside, you manage to contain it and walk away. Your 'cowardice' is not without its consequences. Lose 1 SKILL point for as long as you remain within the fort. You may regain the lost SKILL point if and when you leave. Now turn to **348**.

244

You continue east until you reach a junction, where another path joins from the north. There is a signpost at the junction. The sign pointing northwards reads 'Coven'. To the south the sign reads 'Bilgewater', though no path runs that way. To the east the sign reads 'Testing Grounds'. Which way do you wish to go: north (turn to **191**), south (turn to **57**) or east (turn to **12**)?

245

You search the rough rocky walls for some time but find nothing. Frustrated with your lack of progress, you return to the crossroads. Will you now head north (turn to **354**) or east (turn to **310**)?

246

The charts and maps are no doubt vitally important, but you cannot decipher them. In the drawers of the desk are papers, books and drawing-equipment. But one drawer is locked and you cannot open it. You grasp the handle and tug. But the drawer is firmly locked and does not budge. Again you heave

at it but this time you only succeed in pulling the handle away from the front of the drawer! Your anger mounts and you flex your claws. You will smash up the desk to get into the drawer. The timbers split after your first blow. Turn to **302**.

247

A surge of anger rushes through you. You step over to the nearest head, flex your claws and slash across its face. As your claws fix in the soft flesh, it flies from its perch out of the light and out of sight. You hear no sound to indicate that it hit a wall or landed on the floor. A menacing laugh comes from the voice, which sounds as though it is just over your shoulder. You spin round, but see nothing. The voice simply continues its mocking laugh. You turn back and gasp with surprise when you see that the head has returned to its position! At the same time, you feel a wave of pain spread right through your body. Every muscle is in agony! A few moments later, the pain subsides, but the aches remain. You must lose 2 STAMINA points. Will you now leave the room through the secret passage (turn to **79**), or will you attack one of the other heads (turn to **9**)?

248

You stand up, ready to leave the area. After glancing left and right to make sure you are alone, you turn towards the westerly passage. At least, you *try* to turn. But your body will not respond. Instead it is bending down towards the lifeless Dwarf on the ground. Turn to **399**.

249

You tuck into your meal. The meat is rather tough, as it is no doubt several days old. But while you are eating, something catches your attention. Tied around the human's waist you find a small leather pouch which contains 2 Gold Pieces. You may take these with you; and you gain 4 STAMINA points from the meal. Your attention is also captured by two glass flasks lying by the side of the unfortunate human. Though they have been battered in the struggle, they are not broken and each contains a coloured liquid. If you would like to drink the green liquid, turn to 318. If you would prefer to drink the blue liquid, turn to 350. If you wish to drink neither, you may continue by turning to 293.

250

The sack can be used to carry anything you may find during your journey. From now on you may ignore any instructions which tell you that you can only take one item from, for example, a room. Leave the room now by turning to 394.

251

You step over to the miserable Half-Orc and kick the creature viciously for daring to bump into you. A great cheer goes up from the crowd of onlookers 'Leave him be, creature,' says the bare-chested villager. *'I will finish the muck-faced worm off.'* But his words are too late. You are locked in battle with the creature:

HALF-ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the creature, turn to 367.

252

You enter the hut and find yourself in a room decorated with intricately woven cloths in rich colours, which hang from the walls and ceiling, making the room itself dark and mysterious. A long, thin stick smoulders in a brass pot which stands on a table at one end of the room and as it burns it gives off a heavy, perfumed smell. There is also a pack of cards on the table, next to a clear glassy orb. You can see the hanging cloths behind the table rustling and a voice breaks the silence: 'Who calls on the powers of Rosina of Dree? Who wishes to know his destiny? Speak!' You wait and watch as an old woman, plump and stooped, shuffles out from behind the curtain into the room. She is dressed in brightly coloured robes and she sits down behind the table. She squints as she tries to focus on you.

'Far from your home you have come to speak with Rosina,' she smiles. 'And much further have you yet to travel. Now you have found me. I may guide you to fulfilling your destiny. But will you pay my price?' She will read your fortune, but only if you have money to pay with. She will charge 2 Gold Pieces. If you have the money, turn to 11. If you wish to fight the woman, turn to 151. Otherwise you may leave by turning to 386.

253

The building has been disused for some time. Long benches have been smashed to provide firewood and there is the remains of an old fire in the centre of the hall. High on the walls, windows made of coloured glass have been broken and there are many holes in the roof. But apart from this there is little of interest. You leave the building and may either return to the stones (turn to **198**), or head on past them into the wood (turn to **261**).

254

An angry sneer spreads across your face and you step over to the Weather Mage, claws poised to strike. He backs away from you and holds his hand up. 'Idiot creature,' he scoffs. 'Do you think one so brainless could possibly challenge one so well versed in the mystic arts? I will enjoy toying with your life. It will be fine sport.' You slash at him as he steps back and catch him across the arm. A red stain spreads across his sleeve, but he has hardly noticed your blow. His head has turned to face the ceiling; his eyes are closed. As you prepare to strike once more his eyes open. They are shining white! Will you continue with your attack (turn to **47**), or will you quickly leave the room (turn to **459**)?

255

'Wait!' cries Grog as you start across the clearing. 'Look at this. Notice how all the footprints *avoid* the centre of the clearing? Perhaps it is unsafe. I suggest we keep to the outside.' You follow him round the

edge of the clearing towards the trail you have chosen. Have you chosen the trail to the north (turn to **267**) or the trail to the north-east (turn to **114**)?

256

Breathing heavily, you rise to your feet and stand over the body of the Chaos Warrior. Your attention turns to the Black Elf who is once more blowing his whistle for reinforcements. Instantly another Chaos Warrior appears in the doorway ready for battle. You must resolve your fight with him:

CHAOS WARRIOR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **39**.

257

You cannot see a thing. Your feet shuffle noisily through the straw which covers the floor, as you grope around the walls for a way out. If this cavern is the lair of another creature, then you may well be walking straight towards it! But you hear no sounds other than your own and eventually you reach a hole in the rock, which is large enough for you to walk through and leads to a passageway. You continue slowly along the passage, still groping your way, but you stop when a blue light flicks on in front of you. The welcome hue of a glowstone makes you blink and turn away until your eyes become accustomed to the light. When you are finally able to take in your surroundings, you find that you are at a junction where you may turn either to the east (turn to **61**) or to the west (turn to **309**).

258

With bared teeth and claws at the ready, you storm along the passage towards them. They stand their ground, draw their weapons and prepare themselves for battle. The leading adventurer lays a brown sack on the ground and raises his weapon as you approach. You must fight both adventurers one at a time; the passageway is not wide enough for them both to attack:

	SKILL	STAMINA
WARRIOR	8	9
FIGHTER IN LEATHER ARMOUR	7	8

If you defeat them both, turn to **13**.

259

You wrench the bracelets from the wrists of your foe. They make a tinny clinking sound as you turn them over in your hand and you admire the intricate carvings which decorate them. Even in the meagre light of the glowstones, they shine in an alluring way. You can make them wide enough to fit around your own wrists, and when you have put them on, you proudly hold them up before you and turn them this way and that. You may discover during your travels that these bracelets have a special ability, which will be revealed to you later. Add 1 LUCK point for your find. Now turn to **115**.

260

Some inner instinct of self-preservation takes over from your fury and tells you that this Elf bowman is not to be trifled with. You turn from him and speed back down the corridor. However, you manage no more than five steps before you realize that your attempts to escape are futile. Ahead of you, four more Dark Elves bar the passageway, all with bows drawn and aimed at your chest. You are confused! Which way should you turn? But your confusion is short-lived. At a signal from their leader, arrows zing from all four bows. Their aim is good. Three of the four shafts pierce your heart . . .

261

The path takes you along towards the trees. You pass a sign on the edge of the forest, which reads 'Knot Oak Wood'. Once in the wood, the going is more difficult as the light is obscured by the tall trees. If you wish to rest by one of the trees, turn to **362**. If you would prefer to keep going, turn to **162**.

262

You step over to the door in the north wall. But as you grasp the handle, a deep creaking sound comes from behind you. You swing round to see the door in the east wall slowly opening. Glowstones in the passage beyond the door flick on to light up your way. You cannot resist this invitation, and you leave through the east door. Turn to **49**.

263

The door shudders under your charge but does not open. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You try again and this time the bolt is torn from the frame. The door flies open and you step into the room, ready for the creature inside. The room itself has a door in each wall. Scattered around one corner is an untidy pile of bones. In another corner is a half-eaten human carcass. Standing over the carcass – and evidently annoyed that its meal has been disturbed – is a bulky creature with a hairy face, razor-sharp teeth and wild eyes. As you enter, it turns to attack and you must resolve your battle with the Manic Beast:

MANIC BEAST SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

The Manic Beast is so called for its tremendous bursts of rage. Each time you inflict a wound on the Manic Beast, its anger will rise for the next Attack Round, and you must add 2 to the dice roll when it rolls for Attack Strength. If you wound it again during this next Attack Round, it will retain the bonus for the *next* Round, but if you do not, its temper returns to normal and the bonus is lost. If you defeat the Manic Beast, turn to **209**.

264

Your final blow passes through thin air and the image of Rosina disappears slowly from view. A smile spreads across the face that you thought was showing the signs of exhaustion from defeat. The smile turns into a laugh, then a cackle and finally fades. You have been fighting a phantom! But your own wounds are real. Startled by this sorcerous trick, you leave the hut quickly and head down the trail back to the crossroads. Turn to **386**.

265

Holding your breath to avoid the awful stink coming from the river below, you step on to the bridge and test its strength with your weight. The bridge seems strong enough. You take a few paces across. Eventually you are forced to breathe again and in the centre of the bridge you take a quick breath. The smell of the river once more hits you and you stagger. Your foot slips on the edge of the bridge and you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **418**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **60**.

266

The figure drops to the floor and lies in a dark heap at your feet. Do you wish to investigate the body (turn to **194**), or will you instead search the room (turn to **105**)?

267

You follow the trail as it winds through the reeds. More than once a slippery Swampsnake slithers across your path, but thankfully they have no interest in you. Several types of croaking noises can be heard, but the one that worries you the most is a loud, booming croak which sounds more like a throaty belch. This particular sound is regular, and similar croaks seem to echo it from various parts of the marsh. Ahead of you, the trail is opening up as it reaches a river-bank, where a wealth of colourful plants line the river. But as you stand and watch the river flowing past, you notice a pair of eyes in the reeds! Two large, bulbous eyes blink slowly as you stare at them. When the owner of the eyes realizes you have seen him, he turns and you can see a bulky, rough-skinned shape – rather like a huge stone – shuffle off noisily into the reeds. Will you follow this creature (turn to **53**), would you rather investigate the plants by the side of the river (turn to **380**), or do you want to leave as quickly as possible (turn to **18**)?

268

The door splinters and you stumble forward into a dark room. As your eyes try to become accustomed to the darkness, you hear a high-pitched clicking noise coming from one corner. An instant later, the same sound is coming from another corner. By now your eyes are just about used to the low light and you can make out two shapes, outlined in blue. One is the door by which you entered, lit by the glow-

stones. The other is the rough shape of another door in the north wall. The light around both these doors is fading. Do you wish to step over to the north door before the light fades (turn to 285), or would you prefer to investigate the clicking sounds (turn to 383)?

269

Whiteleaf spits in contempt. 'The ground is cursed where that Ogre-breathed spirit Zharradan Marr treads!' he snarls. 'It is my wish that the wind drops suddenly and he drops with it – to his death! Marr has sailed the accursed *Galleykeep* all his life, with its foul crew of blood-lusting beast-men. Someone should sabotage the floating hellpit, by holing its hull. I know how to get aboard. The *Galleykeep* comes to ground not far from here – just off to the west – when the wind dies down. Nothing would please me more than to see the accursed vessel plummet from the sky and crash to the ground, killing all on board!' The Elf finally picks himself off the ground and dusts down his robes. He thanks you again and leaves. Turn to 414.

270

You ignore the peasants and sit down in the field. They continue their yelling and the stones still land close by, but you are *hungry*! You grab an ear of corn and put the whole thing in your mouth. The peasants dare not come too close to you, but they will keep up their barrage of stones until you leave their field. There is a chance you may be hit by one and you must roll one die six times. Any time 6

comes up, you have been hit by a stone for 1 STAMINA point of damage. After you have rolled the die six times, you can leave the field (turn to 87) and you will gain 3 STAMINA points for your meal. If, before you go, you wish to punish the peasants for attacking you, turn to 421.

271

Thugruff sizes you up and picks a broad-handled axe from his armoury. You take it and admire its sharp blade. Thugruff himself picks up a smaller axe and begins your instruction. You watch his technique attentively. By the end of the lesson, you have improved your skill considerably. Add 1 SKILL point. What are you planning for your future at the Testing Grounds? If you wish to continue improving your skills until you are chosen for duties on the *Galleykeep*, turn to 43. If you are plotting the right moment to attack Thugruff, turn to 82.

272

You follow the path through the woods until you reach a clearing. Here there is a small pond. The water is not stagnant, as a small stream leads from it deeper into the woods, and it is a favourite watering-hole for the woodland birds, although they flit high up into the branches when you arrive. The water shines with a silver sheen and you can see quite clearly the reflections of the tree-tops and clouds. Will you rest here beside the pond and perhaps drink from it? If so, turn to 176. If you would prefer to pass by and continue along the path, turn to 52.

273

You step up to the bones and sniff them. A shiver of excitement runs through you: Hobbit bones! In eager anticipation, you follow the passage south until it reaches a point where it turns to the east. You sniff for the scent of Hobbit and can smell something faintly in the air. At the next corner, the passage turns north. Further on it turns west. The smell of Hobbit is now getting stronger and you eagerly follow the passageway round a corner to the south. You reach another pile of bones on the ground. You stop to look, but these are not Hobbit bones. They are the bones of something much larger, perhaps a human or even a Hobgoblin. The passage ahead turns to the east. Will you follow it (turn to 356), or would you prefer to go back (turn to 227)?

274

You head west out of the village. The peasants walking towards you gasp when they see your shape and cross over the road to avoid you. You ignore them and continue. Ahead you can hear sounds of excited voices coming from one of the buildings. As you approach this hut, the sounds become louder. You hear a sharp *crack*, the door of the hut bursts outwards and a tumbling figure rolls out of the door and straight into you! As the dark-skinned Half-Orc picks himself up, another figure steps through the doorway. This one is a broad-shouldered human with a bare chest. The small crowd behind the human is urging him to finish off

the Half-Orc, but the noise dies down when they notice you. Will you join in the fight? If so, will you come to the aid of the Half-Orc (turn to **291**) or the human (turn to **251**)? If you do not wish to get involved in the fight, you can leave them to it and continue your journey by turning to **107**.

275

The Black Elf realizes he is no match for your strength and he suddenly pulls from his pocket a small whistle, which he puts to his lips and blows. The shrill sound can barely be heard and you take advantage of the Elf's distraction to grab him in your claws. But before you can choke the life out of him, his signal is answered and a larger creature steps through the archway. This creature is covered in heavy armour. Vicious spikes jut out from each joint and a large, dark-eyed helmet reaches down to its shoulders. It carries a two-handed axe, which it now raises to do battle. You must ignore the Black Elf and instead turn to face this Chaos Warrior:

CHAOS WARRIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the creature, turn to **256**.

276

You carefully try the door. It creaks on its hinges but opens easily, allowing you into the room. You are ready for the creatures inside and hope to surprise them. But when you enter, it is you who are surprised at what you see. Turn to **161**.

277

You listen at the door and hear slithering noises followed by chomping sounds. You step back for a moment to consider what you have heard. You decide to turn back in the direction you have just come from. As you feel your way slowly along the pitch-black passage, you are again startled by the high-pitched twittering noise that you remember from your last encounter with the small flying creatures. You swat hopelessly at them and manage to hit a couple. But one swoops down and catches you painfully in the left eye! Fortunately your eye was blinking at the time and it has not been permanently damaged, but the bruise swelling up above your left cheek will keep the eye closed for some time. You must deduct 1 SKILL point. You may restore this SKILL point if at some time in the future you reach daylight. The attacks from the flying creatures continue and you decide to abandon this route and make your way back to the door. Finding it once more closed and barring your way, your jaw tightens and your lips curl back in an angry snarl. Both directions face you with danger and frustration! You step back to take a leap at the door with your fists. Turn to **101**.

278

You try your best to pick the sticky Gluevines from you and back out of the tangled mass of vegetation. But it is hopeless. Eventually you give up, exhausted, to recover some strength before trying

again. It is then that you hear the high-pitched chattering of the Forest Imps who have come to check their traps.

Twelve tiny faces peer into the tunnel. Small, green-skinned faces grin excitedly at the sight of such a large catch. Two spearmen advance cautiously up the tunnel towards you. When they are close enough, they jab towards your foot. You pull it away to avoid being hit, but your actions are so restricted that resistance will be hopeless. And as soon as the spears pierce your skin with their deadly poison, the effect will be immediate. Your adventure has ended here.

279

You turn back towards the crossroads. On the way back, you may stop to examine the orb, if you have not done so already, by turning to **155**. Otherwise continue on to the crossroads and you may take either the passage to the west (turn to **213**) or the passage to the east (turn to **50**).

280

A short distance along the passageway you stop and listen. Distant footsteps and the clanking of metal warn you that creatures of some sort are heading in your direction. Do you wish to return to the junction and head north (turn to **371**), or will you continue in the direction you are heading (turn to **342**)?

281

You poke around the bodies of the three dead ruffians. Something shining on the wrist of the third adventurer catches your attention. Clumsily you rip at the clothing of all three, eventually exposing three objects of interest. The leading adventurer wore, around his neck, a pendant made of a dull, dark metal on a leather thong. The third adventurer wore two wrist bracelets of a shining yellow metal. The other carried a pouch containing 12 small flat discs of a shiny metal. Which of these is of the most interest to you:

The dull metal pendant?	Turn to **306**
The two wrist bracelets?	Turn to **259**
The pouch containing the discs?	Turn to **412**

282

The walls of the tunnel become damp and glisten in the odd half-light. You follow the passage until you reach a point where it turns sharply southwards. Continuing round the corner, you find that the light has now almost totally faded, and you must feel your way along the wall. Several paces down the slimy corridor, you reach a dead end. The wall is rocky and pocked with many nooks and crannies. There is also a musty smell in the air of animal decay – perhaps simply dead rats or maybe the remains of something larger. Around your feet there are several loose stones. At least you *assume* they are stones, but some are too long, thin and brittle to be shards of

rock. Your groping hand touches a length of rope, which may be a clue to a way out of this dead end. Will you pull it? Roll one die. If the result is 1–3, you close your hand around the rope and pull it out towards you (turn to **99**). If you roll 4–6, you ignore the rope, turn round and follow the corridor back the way you came, continuing straight on past the Clawbeast's cave (turn to **372**). If you wish, you may, *before rolling the die*, decide to *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may *choose* which of the above options you will opt for. If you are Unlucky, you must roll the die to decide in the normal way.

283

You were able to understand the last sentence of the spirit's words as it has passed on its gift. Throughout the book you will find coded speech. Now that you have the gift of understanding, you can translate the code. Otherwise all speech seems incomprehensible to your creature's mind. The secret is this. There are three rules to this code. Firstly, each vowel is replaced by the *following* letter (thus A becomes B, U becomes V, etc.). Secondly, spaces between words are replaced by *the last vowel to have been used*. Thus all vowels mean nothing; they only indicate spaces between words. Finally, the actual spaces between words as they appear are entirely random. They mean nothing and serve only to mislead. With this information you may now continue by turning to **137**. Add 1 LUCK point for this discovery. But note this reference as you may want to return to it later to translate code.

284

Two Goblins and two Elves are whispering secretively to one another. You approach them and find that they are passing something among themselves. You cannot make out exactly what it is, but it is metallic and shiny. You step up to the group, but the four creatures close in to exclude you from their conversation. Will you force your way into their group (turn to **103**) or leave them alone (turn to **348**)?

285

As you move across to the door, the clicking sound seems to dart away from you and travel to the far side of the room. Your sharp claws slide from your fingertips, and you are ready to attack whatever is on the other side of the door. *Something* must have activated the glowstones! You grasp the handle, yank the door open and peer around. But the passage in which you find yourself is empty. It heads on northwards and widens out at a bend where it turns to the east. You follow it slowly until you reach the bend, the glowstones lighting your way. Then you stop dead in your tracks! On the ground ahead of you, in the centre of the bend, is a dark area which seems to be shimmering in the blue light. Perhaps it is a pool of liquid? Or perhaps it is some sort of dark metallic substance? You may investigate if you wish by turning to **445**. If you would prefer to skirt the dark circle, turn to **164**.

286

Darramouss picks up a jar while he reads from the book. He concentrates his thoughts and seems to focus them on the jar. Then he reaches inside, pulls out a handful of grains of rice and sprinkles them over you. Before you can react, his spell has taken place. The grains of rice have formed into Death Maggots – small grubs with voracious appetites and sharp teeth which will rip even your tough scales to shreds! Scores of the tiny creatures are now feasting hungrily on you and you desperately try to swat them with your hands. Although you do succeed in killing many of them, many more have wedged themselves between your scales and even bored into your flesh. You look up in agony at the undead creature. But Darramouss will show no mercy. His hand reaches into the jar and he tosses another handful of rice over you . . .

287

As the Toadman staggers and falls, you see more of the creatures hopping out from the reeds. What can you do against so many? A stabbing pain in the back reminds you that you will not have much choice in the matter. One of the creatures is behind you, jabbing you with a trident. Another steps forward and speaks to you. 'None may enter the fens of the Toadmen,' he announces. 'Our marsh and our herb gardens are holy. They are for no eyes but our own. There is only one punishment for disobeying this law. That is DEATH . . .'

There is nothing you can do against so many of the creatures. You may fight and you may even slay a few of the Toadmen. But their numbers will overwhelm you. And when they have subdued you, you will be dropped into the muddy Sinkpits of Bu Fon Fen to die.

288

You keep your eyes on the Hobbit and wait for him either to give up his watching or to become involved in the conversation. But after no more than five seconds, the waiting is unbearable! Your mouth is now slobbering in excitement and your limbs are twitching with the promise of the battle to come. Though your mind wills your body to wait for a safer moment, your body will not listen. Turn to **42**.

289

You may add 4 STAMINA points for the meal, and then you leave the room by turning to **138**.

290

As you stand against the wall, desperately searching for a way onwards, you almost overlook the strange things happening around your neck. For the pendant you are wearing is beginning to vibrate and is emitting a faint humming sound! When you suddenly become aware of the pendant, you look down towards it to find out what is going on. When you move away from the end of the passage, the vibration fades; when you come closer, it increases in intensity. You cannot understand what is going

on! An instant later, the jewel in the centre of the pendant begins to glow. It changes in colour from blue to fiery red. Suddenly a jet of red light bursts from the jewel and lights up a metal rod which is protruding very slightly from the side wall. You grasp the rod and push it. A creaking sound is followed by a deep rumbling as the wall ahead begins to shift. The jewel returns to its former dull blue appearance as the secret door opens . . .

The pendant you have found is in fact a magic talisman which has a special power. It is able to detect hidden doorways. In future, it will warn you of the presence of secret doors but you will have to watch for the warning signs! If you reach a reference which begins: 'You find yourself . . .', then you may look for a secret passage using the talisman's help. Add 20 to the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. If a secret door is present, the new reference will make sense and the talisman will show you its secret (if the new reference makes no sense, then there is no secret door).

Now you must decide what to do. Will you go through the secret doorway you have just discovered? If so, turn to **331**. If you would rather return to the crossroads, you may do so and take either the passage to the north (turn to **354**) or the passage to the south (turn to **212**).

291

Gasps go up from the crowd as you step up to the bare-chested human, your claws poised ready to strike. He has no weapon apart from his bare fists. The other villagers back away and leave the two of you to battle it out. The Half-Orc is still picking himself up, but shouts encouragement to you. Resolve your battle with the human:

VILLAGER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the human, turn to 438.

292

Your reaction is immediate. The red-robed human is deep in thought and looks an easy target. You step forward and swipe viciously at him with your claws! He screams and falls to the ground, clutching at his face. You look down at the undefended wretch and prepare to deliver the death-blow. But at that moment, you feel a terrible sting in the back, which causes you to bellow and swing round. The remaining adventurer has lunged at you with his sword and succeeded in piercing the scales and flesh on your back! You must lose 2 STAMINA points for the wound, and then you can face the Knight in plate-armour:

ARMOURED KNIGHT SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you defeat the Knight, turn to 446.

293

You leave the room through a door in the east wall. The door opens into a dingy corridor, which is quite short and ends at a wooden door. When you listen at the door, you can hear conversation rising and falling in pitch as if two or three creatures (or humans) were locked into a long discussion. This is your only way onwards. Will you try the door and attempt to creep slowly into the room (turn to 276), or will you attempt to surprise whatever is inside by charging into the room with claws drawn (turn to 66)?

294

She beckons you to follow her into her home. In one corner of her kitchen, shelves hold dozens of bottles of potions. She takes down a bottle containing a straw-yellow potion and pours it into a bowl for you to drink. The smell and the taste are awful, but you manage to force it down. When the bowl is empty, you turn to go.

'But where are your manners? Wait a moment. I must show you round your new home,' chuckles the old witch. You are confused. *New home!* But you are beginning to feel differently about the ageing crone and her hovel. Her voice is calming and tuneful; the hut seems to offer comfort and shelter. 'You will enjoy it here,' she continues. 'For you and I are meant for each other. Now that Shanga is of no use, I *must* have another slave; otherwise how may I keep this home? I will give you chores to do and I will feed you well. Tonight we will feast on Shanga –

for he is dying anyway. You will enjoy spending your life in Dree. And every day I will give you another bowl of my special Potion of Obedience.'

295

Moments later, the fight has ended. The white-haired creature lies unconscious on the ground, while the Brigands rise and dust their hands. They grin contentedly at each other. One of them says, 'There – that will teach that puny sewer-snake to send *us* in the wrong direction!' The other nods and they both leave the clearing along a path to the north. You wait for them to disappear from view. Then you step up to the white-haired figure, who is badly beaten. If you are hungry, he will provide a meagre, but tender meal for you, and you may add 3 STAMINA points. Then continue by turning to 414.

296

You step inside the room and look around. All sorts of carefully collected objects of value are in the room and you pick some of these up to look more closely at them. Then the door slides shut with a rumble and leaves you in complete blackness! Relying on your talisman, you shuffle across to the area of the door and hold it towards the wall. But this time there is no reaction. No vibration; no blue light. There is equally little reaction from the other walls. It soon dawns on you why two long-dead skeletons were leaning against the table. There *is* no escape from the tomb you are now in! The next unwitting visitor will find *three* skeletons in the room . . .

297

You indicate to him that your wounds hurt and that you have a sore head. He invites you to lie down on his bed. The bed is much too small for you, but you manage to keep your balance and lie down while he examines you. The physician rises jerkily from the desk and totters quickly over to the bed. His bony fingers probe the areas around your wounds and rub the side of your head. 'Hmmm. As I thought,' he says, making an uncomfortable rasping sound as he scratches his head. 'Your body has a mild poison circulating within it. I have an antidote.' Quimmel Bone clatters across to a drawer and takes out a small flask. 'Drink this,' he orders. You hesitate, but he is insistent and becomes angry at your refusals. Will you drink the potion as he demands (turn to 228) or will you refuse and attack the creature (turn to 31)?

298

You decide to choose the eastward passage, and you follow it to a sharp bend to the right. Almost immediately after the bend you find yourself at the foot of a staircase and you climb the stairs carefully. Then a corridor leads straight ahead southwards until you reach a T-junction where you may turn either east (turn to 373) or west (turn to 401).

299

You leave the building and set off west, the rising sun warming your back. Once you have left the area of the graveyard and the ruined chapel, the way ahead looks bleak. The flat countryside is featureless except for the odd flat-topped T'annum tree and occasional boulders which resemble grains of corn on some gigantic field. You stop by one such boulder to rest in its shade.

'Scum! Scum! *Rrrooaak!* Be off with you, scum!' squeaks a tiny voice which makes you jump. '*Rrrooaakk!* Move on, dung-face. Show us yer back.' You look round, but can see nothing. You stand to search around the stone. '*Rrroaarkkk!* The vomit-puddle walks! Go on, sewer-snake! Away!' You are bewildered by the voice, until you catch sight of a small black Jabberwing bird, hopping round on the top of the boulder. It opens its beak and again the voice speaks to you: '*Rrrooaaark!* Make dust, goblin-brain. Go north to Dree. Only Windward Plain out to the west. Not much happening there. *Rrroakk!* Well, what you waiting for, sewage-slime? *GO!*' You have by now had enough of these insults. You cannot catch the little creature and you are sufficiently rested, so you set off. The creature is delighted to see you go. You attracted a swarm of flies while you were resting and the Jabberwing wants to eat some – once you are safely out of the way!

You may add 2 STAMINA points for your rest. Which way will you now continue: west (turn to **96**) or north (turn to **433**)?

300

The door opens into a narrow passageway heading north, and glowstones flick on to light your way. Unlike the other passageways you have been travelling along, this one has a cobbled floor. The cobblestones feel smooth and pleasant for your great feet to walk on, but you cannot ignore a feeling of apprehension, since the stones must have been laid by an organized and intelligent creature. You follow the passage for a short while until suddenly a loud *CLANG* sounds behind you and stops you dead in your tracks! You wheel round to find that a heavy portcullis has dropped behind you and sealed off the passage. You step back to test it, but the bars are much too strong for you to smash or even bend. You have no choice: you turn round and continue north up the corridor.

A little further ahead, you reach a crossroads. The glowstones light up three ways onwards, but you cannot see very far down the passages. Will you:

Continue northwards?	Turn to **443**
Try the passage to the east?	Turn to **50**
Try the passage to the west?	Turn to **213**

301

North of the building, the countryside is almost featureless. After walking for some time, you come across a solitary tree standing by the side of the path. It has a dark brown – almost black – trunk and its leaves are brilliant green. They shine unnaturally, as if they might glow in the night. Among the higher branches, large round fruits hang. You study these, considering how you may get them down. You are certainly not built for climbing trees, but you may be able to shake one down. If you wish, you may *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you do not manage to shake any fruits from the tree. If you are Lucky, one of the nourishing Chubbley tree fruits falls to the ground. You may then eat this juicy fruit and will gain 4 STAMINA points. When you are ready to leave, turn to **45**.

302

Suddenly, you stop what you are doing and listen. Your ears have picked up a sound outside the door. 'Ssshh!' hisses one voice. 'We must surprise the creature, whatever it is. Remember what it has done to the gatherers. Get ready. Earth . . . water . . . fire . . . and *air*!' At that moment, the door cracks, bursts from its lock and crashes back against the wall to reveal a sea of ugly faces, straining to lunge forward at you! 'Take the creature!' comes the cry, and they flood forward, bellowing their battle-cries. You have no chance against this horde of Hobgoblins and your adventure has ended here.

303

You ignore his words and investigate the scientific instruments. But none of them mean anything to you. The Weather Mage is outraged at this uninvited intrusion. 'Get out of here, beast,' he screams. 'Did you not hear me? This is not a playroom!' He holds his head back and closes his eyes. When he opens them, they are shining white. Will you make a hasty exit from the room (turn to **459**), or will you wait to see what he is doing (turn to **47**)?

304

You leave the building and continue past the yard of stones. You join a path which leads east over a stile and through a field of crops being gathered by peasants. Heads bob up over the tops of the plants as, one by one, the peasants notice your presence. Screams come from a couple of the women and the men rush towards you, hurling stones. They keep a safe distance, but their missiles are landing close. Will you quicken your pace and make off across the field away from them (turn to **87**)? Or will you react to their attack by turning on them (turn to **421**)? You may also decide to settle down in the field and eat some crops (turn to **270**).

305

Thugruff recovers from the blow and staggers to his feet. 'So the truth is revealed,' he pants. 'Our quiet friend has ambitions to replace Thugruff. But this can never be. Zharradan Marr will never let a stranger run his Testing Grounds, of this you can be certain. And though you may defeat your ageing teacher, you cannot defeat Marr's legions!' With these words he reaches into his tunic, pulls out a small whistle and blows it. You stop your attack. Within moments, the legionnaires will be upon you! From the castle they come swarming to rescue their battlemaster in numbers that you may not even hope to fend off. Mercifully, your death is swift at the hands of the frenzied legionnaires.

306

You are fascinated by the ugly pendant. You carefully hook the leather thong with a claw and pull it free of the adventurer's head. You turn it over in your hand and can see that it is circular, with a dull blue stone set in the centre. You stare at the pendant for some time, wondering what to do with it. Then you remember how the adventurer wore it. You are just able to squeeze it over your head and you carry the pendant proudly around your neck. The pendant has a secret, which will be revealed in due course. If you reach a reference which begins: 'You cannot see a thing . . .', deduct 20 from the reference number you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. You may add 1 LUCK point for this find. Now turn to **115**.

307

A trail has been cut through the bulrushes. Your heavy feet splash along the marshy trail until you reach a clearing. The going seems a little more solid and you can see footprints – not human footprints, but the large webbed footprints of some unknown creature. From the clearing there are two ways on, one to the north and one to the north-east. Which will you choose: north (turn to **132**) or north-east (turn to **163**)?

308

You travel west along a twisting passageway. Several times you bump clumsily into the walls and grunt in annoyance. But your tough scales protect you from damage. The temperature drops noticeably and each breath sends steamy snorts from your nostrils. After narrowing slightly, the passage widens as it leads towards a chamber. A sound from ahead and a flickering light warn you to take care. But rather than making you stop to listen, the prospect of an encounter seems to excite you! You bare your teeth and your claws and stride forward into the chamber. Turn to **205**.

309

The passage continues west, then turns sharply to the right. A few paces along the corridor you reach a junction where you can go either west (turn to **280**) or north (turn to **371**).

310

You cannot see a thing as you grope your way along the passage. Your anger begins to rise and is near to boiling when you reach a dead end ahead Will you search the dead end for a possible way onwards (turn to **171**), or return to the crossroads and take the northern passage (turn to **354**) or the southern passage (turn to **212**)?

311

The glowstones once more light your way as you plod slowly north up the passageway. After a short distance you see a shape ahead, slumped motionless on the ground. When you reach the spot, you can see that these are the remains of a small furry creature – about the size of the Dwarf you came across earlier. It has probably been dead for some time, but if you are hungry you may wish to feed on it. If so, turn to **363**. If you ignore it and continue, turn to **75**.

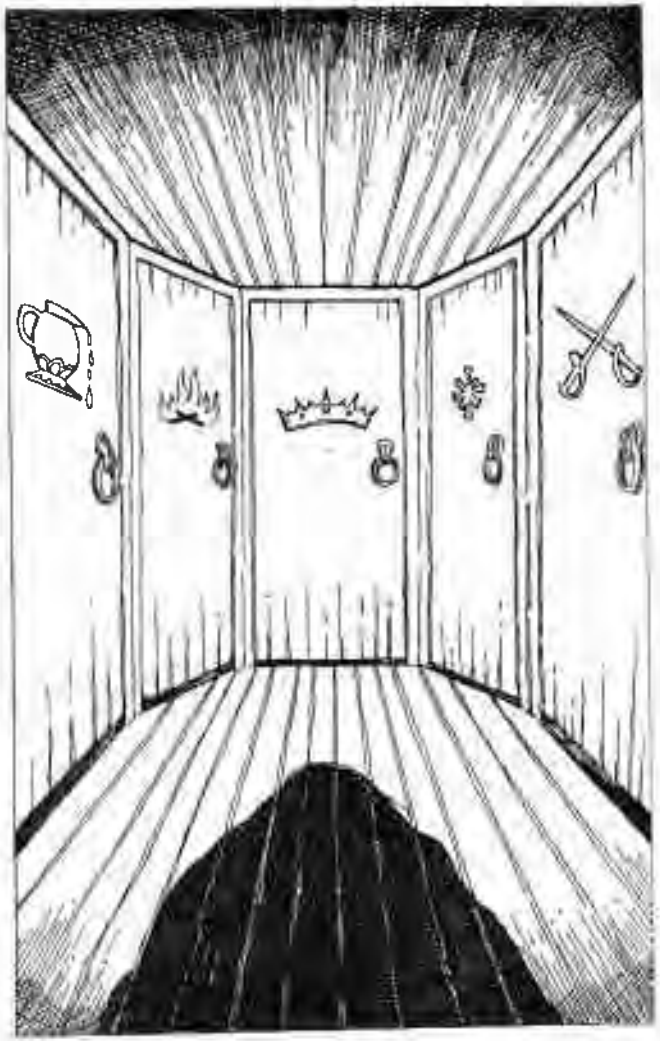

312

The commotion on deck has attracted the attention of other creatures. You can hear the sounds of footsteps and a cacophony of growling voices getting closer. You had better hide! Ahead of you is a door leading from the deck and you step through and close it behind you. You find yourself at the top of a staircase leading down into the ship. You carefully descend until you find yourself in a circular hallway with five doors leading from it. Behind you, the voices are shouting angrily on the deck above. They will soon be following you down the stairs, so you had better choose a safer hiding-place than the hallway! Each of the doors has a symbol on it. To your immediate left, the symbol is a jug from which water is pouring. The symbol on the next door is a burning fire. The next door has the symbol of a crown; the next a delicate snowflake; and finally the door to your right has a battle symbol on it: two crossed swords, painted in blue. Which will you choose:

The jug of water?	Turn to 346
The fire?	Turn to 29
The crown?	Turn to 129
The snowflake?	Turn to 158
The crossed swords?	Turn to 111
None of these?	Turn to 302

313

You lower yourself over the edge and on to the first step. You sway a little, but gradually you become accustomed to the awkward position and you take the next step downwards. Once your head is below the level of the ledge, you find you are able to lean against the side of the chasm for balance and you take the next few steps easily. However, the next step is smaller than the others and is slightly further away. This will be dangerous. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **65**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **338**.

314

You enter a short passageway which you follow to a T-junction. You consider which way to turn. Turn to **298**.

315

There are two ways on from this clearing and while you are deciding which to take, you are startled by a loud croaking noise which seems to come from immediately behind you. You spin round to find yourself facing a creature almost as large as you, with a huge head on a puffed-out body with warty skin. Its feet and hands are webbed. It opens a cavernous mouth and lets out a deafening croak, while its two glassy eyes blink slowly. In one hand it grasps a trident and it seems to want you to back into the centre of the clearing. But having seen the sloshy mud in the centre of the clearing, you are not sure whether you are all that keen to oblige. Will

you back towards the centre of the clearing as the Toadman wishes (turn to **68**), or would you rather fight the creature (turn to **145**)?

316

'Be patient!' he says, scratching his head. 'Now what was it to add next? Ah yes, Sculliweed! Now where are those Sculliweed seeds?' Your eyes follow his round the room until they reach a jar which has 'Sculliweed Seeds' on its label. The jar is empty. 'Damn! and damn again!' he curses. 'Now I shall have to visit those scoundrels in Dree to buy more. Blast!' He turns away from his pot and towards you. 'So much for my Potion of Fortune,' he says. 'Not much use having a Potion of Fortune without the luck herb. Right then, what can I do for you. Oh, my goodness! You're a *beast*! Er, um . . . Do you need a healing balm? Or perhaps you would like me to remove a curse? Ah, just name it! I-I'm sure Euphidius can help.' Will you allow him to use healing balm on you (turn to **426**), or do you want him to remove a curse (turn to **188**)? If you want neither of these, you may leave him and head out of the village by turning to **374**.

317

You step through the door and reach out to feel what sort of a place you are in now. Your scales brush against rocky walls. It seems you are in a passageway, and you step forward, steadying yourself against the walls, and shuffle along the passage. A snort of contempt comes from your nostrils, in anger at your predicament. Your pace quickens as your anger builds, until suddenly you trip over. You spit out the foul taste of a mouthful of the jelly-like slime into which you have fallen head first. Then you raise yourself to your feet and lean against the wall. Something is not quite right. A sharp pain comes from your belly and you grip yourself with a grunt of pain. Minutes later you are writhing in agony on the floor, thrashing around in the slime! Your thrashings are causing the poisonous slime to fly all around you, and you cannot help but catch more globs of the deadly substance in your mouth. There is no escape from this lingering death . . .

318

You put the bottle to your mouth and gulp down the liquid. Almost immediately, you begin to feel strength flowing through your body. You have discovered and drunk a Potion of Strength, and it takes effect quickly. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Now continue by turning to **293**.

319

You poke your head through the hole in the wall and take a deep breath. The foul air makes you cough deeply. You can hear far below the sounds of running water and the smell coming from the filthy river is overpowering. You pull yourself back into the room. Will you now investigate the boxes (turn to **217**), push the boxes into the hole in the wall (turn to **322**) or leave the room (turn to **436**)?

320

As their leader falls, the other two adventurers rush to attack. One is a female warrior and the other is a thief. Both are carrying shields and both attack you at the same time:

	SKILL	STAMINA
WARRIOR	7	7
THIEF	8	6

If you defeat both of them, turn to **281**.

321

You stand your ground and wait for the undead creatures to arrive. Soon the shuffling stops and a fist thumps the door. Claws raised, you are poised to strike. The door swings inwards and a sea of dead faces search you out with lifeless eyes. You lunge forward to attack! Your first swipe decapitates two Zombies, but the creatures do not die! You lash out furiously, but the struggle is futile. Their numbers are overwhelming. Eventually they will wear you down and tear you apart. Your journey ends here . . .

322

You pick up the first box. It is quite heavy and something soft and bulky bumps about inside. You fit the end of the box into the hole in the wall and shove. The box slides down what seems to be a long chute and finally splashes into the water below. You pick up the other box and do the same. You may now leave the room. Turn to 436.

323

You are intrigued by the voice and find yourself strangely attracted to it. It guides you towards one of the central arches in the east wall. 'Come closer, so I may speak to you in private. No, not that arch, this one. That's right. Have no fear. I will tell you of the all-knowing one *and* tell you where you will find some juicy Hobbits. Just a little further. It is so long since I have enjoyed company and I do so love to find out what happens in the outside world . . .' You pass through the arch and look around When your eyes have adjusted to the light, you can see that you are standing in a short tunnel which ends several paces ahead in a dead end. There are no glowstones, but a glistening sheen covers the ceiling. At the end of the short passage is a shape which you can just make out. It appears to be a human, sitting on the floor and leaning against the wall, a tattered cowl over its head. A leather flagon stands at its feet. 'Come closer,' says the voice. 'My hearing is not good. Can I offer you drink?' Will you approach the figure (turn to 439), or will you try another arch (turn to 220)?

324

As you settle down to sleep in the run-down old building, you reflect on the words of the witches. You must find for them Sculliweed roots, from a plant you have never seen before. However, this task does seem to arouse your interest and you are aware that something of yourself is developing. Your mind goes back to the blind wizard in the room and how you would never have been able to undertake a task such as this if you now felt as you did then. It is almost as if you are developing *wisdom*! This notion occupies your thoughts and you drop into a disturbed sleep. When you awake the next morning, light is streaming in through coloured glass in the windows and you heave yourself to your feet. A fresh meaty meal is lying next to you and you eat it. You may add 8 STAMINA points (if you are able) for the rest and the food and 2 LUCK points for the encounter.

You may now set off. Will you head north (turn to **301**), south (turn to **95**), east (turn to **304**) or west (turn to **299**)?

325

This plant has mysterious properties. You may or may not get the opportunity to find out what it can be used for. If asked to present this plant to someone later in the adventure, remember the number twenty-seven. Now you may leave the river-bank by turning to **18**.

326

As you march on eastwards, you reach a bend where the passage turns to the north. A creaking sound from around the corner alerts you and you stop just before the bend. The sound is a slow, repeating creak. You peer round the corner to find out whether you can see anything. But the glow-stones are not alight and all you can see is blackness. Will you continue round the corner (turn to **441**), or return to the junction and head west instead (turn to **353**)?

327

As the Demon advances, you stand your ground and prepare to attack. When it is almost upon you, you swing your fist into its chest. Your fist passes right through! You swing again, and the same thing happens. You step forward into the creature and thrash with both hands. Your hands touch nothing, but your foot comes down on a small, soft object which seems to try to pull away but quickly goes still. As this happens, the huge shape of the Rock Demon fades. You lift your foot to reveal a dead mouse, upon which the Illusion spell had been cast.

You are still unsure of what has happened, but the danger has now passed and you may either return your attentions to the parchment (turn to **192**) or leave the room. If you decide to leave, you may use either the door in the south wall, through which you entered (turn to **450**), or the door in the east wall (turn to **365**).

328

The rest of the body is not deeply buried, but when you have finally uncovered the whole skeleton you can tell that whoever lived here certainly died a painful death: the skeleton's rib-cage has disintegrated! You look again at its outstretched hand. The liquid! Is this a warning? Or could the liquid have prevented the disaster? You puzzle over these questions, then leave the ruins. You may, if you wish, take the bottle of green liquid with you. Turn to **126**.

329

At last the pieces of the puzzle fit together. You step up to the mirror and stare into the glass. You are looking not at your own image, but *deeper*. Within seconds your uncertainty disappears, as the reflection of your own shape begins to fade and something gradually takes its place. From the depths of the misty netherworld which the necromancer now makes his sanctuary, the awesome form of Zharradan Marr takes shape before you!

As the mist clears, you can make out that Marr is sitting behind a desk in what seems to be a library of some kind. Books are scattered across the desk, along with mystical artefacts and demonic idols, which also decorate the tall chair he is seated in. Zharradan Marr himself appears to be either deep in thought or asleep. A shiver of fear runs down your spine. A feeling of danger sets your heart pounding and you cannot help but just *stare* at the necromancer. His very form seems to exude a power which is so strong you can almost feel it.

At once his eyes flick open! You jump back as his fiery pupils, like two burning coals, pierce your soul with their stare. His lower lip curls down to reveal sharp, biting teeth and a sinister hissing sound comes from his mouth. 'So!' speaks Marr, with a voice that resounds in your ears. 'Like the salmon fish, my creation returns to its home, drawn by the forces of nature! Ha! You have done well. And you have brought my prize.' You look puzzled. 'Ah yes, my fearsome friend,' he chuckles. 'It is no accident that you stand before me on the *Galleykeep*. Yours was my finest marrangha and it has been a complete success. Not only have you proved to be a perfect creature to replicate as my personal legionnaires, but your mind is as sharp as your muscles are strong. You have passed every test, from escaping my dungeons to finding your way into the *Galleykeep*. And you have safely returned to me the Vapour!' Marr seems to delight in revealing his plan, rather as a father would to his son . . .

'When we first met, you were my captive. Though you deserved no charity, I was merciful. Rather than have you slaughtered, I offered you a choice. Either you were to serve me, or you were to become a subject for my own marrangha experiments. You chose never to serve under me and thus your fate was decided. As a token of respect I reserved for you my most ambitious experiment.' You dwell on his words. You cannot remember ever having met Zharradan Marr before. And why should he have *respect* for you? Turn to **121**.

330

You follow the path. After a long trek southwards, the trail sweeps round to the east. It begins to widen into a well-used road just as you reach the outskirts of a dusty village. On your left you pass a run-down building which could prove a useful place of shelter for you. But a growing commotion ahead brings your attention back to the road. A number of villagers are beginning to bar the road. As you step forward, one picks up a stone and hurls it at you. It lands close by your foot. A second villager throws another stone, and this one bounces off your chest! Lose 1 STAMINA point for the painful blow. They cheer and grab more stones to throw at you. It seems you are not welcome here and you decide to turn back before you are hit again. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, none of the villagers manage an accurate shot. But if you are Unlucky, you must take another 2 STAMINA points of damage from their stones. You retrace your steps to the crossroads and this time you may either turn west (turn to **177**) or carry on north (turn to **130**).

331

You step through the door into another rocky passage. But this one is short, and empty shelves are fixed to the walls on both sides. At the end of the passage is a wooden door. You step up to the door and shove it open. Turn to **15**.

332

You must resolve your battle with the deadly creature. Although not strong, the Giant Hornet has one powerful weapon. If you roll a double while rolling for its Attack Strength, it has managed to sting you and the effects are fatal. You will die unless you *also* manage to roll a double in the same Attack Round. If you do manage to roll a double with your Attack Round roll, then you do not die, but must take 6 STAMINA points of damage instead before your Instant Death blow kills the Hornet. Resolve your battle:

GIANT HORNET	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the Hornet, you had better leave the chamber quickly. Turn to **239**.

333

You grasp your crystal club and swing it at your opponent's head. To your amazement the club seems to take on a will of its own! As your opponent ducks, the club follows his movements and comes down heavily on his skull. The force of the blow shatters the club, which now lies in fragments on the floor. But the blow was sufficient to slay your opponent outright. You have won this battle, but you have lost your club. Return to the previous reference and carry on.

334

You wander around the room, but there is nothing particularly remarkable about it. You stop by the pile of cloth and bend down to pick it up. But, to your alarm, it springs into the air and disappears! Astonished at this strange occurrence, you look round the room for signs of the cloth. The flickering shadows make your search more difficult and in the end you shake your head and ignore the incident. You begin to move off towards the archway, when you suddenly feel a sharp stabbing pain in your back!

You spin round, roaring loudly, to face your attacker. There is no one there! But drops of dark liquid, rolling off your back and dripping on to the floor, confirm that you have certainly been injured. You must lose 2 STAMINA points. As you search round trying to spot your attacker, you get your first warning of the phantom you are facing. Your shadow shifts against the wall and, as it does so, it reveals *another* shadow, trying to remain concealed within your own! A spindly arm rises above your shadow with a sharp knife clutched in its hand. You leap to one side as the arm descends. The knife catches your shadow's arm as you jump away, and dark blood seeps from between the scales of *your* arm. You must lose 2 more STAMINA points. What do you want to do now? Will you attempt to fight the deadly Shadow Stalker you are facing? If so, turn to **34**. If you want to grab for the torches, turn to **379**. If you prefer to flee from the area, turn to **242**.

335

You are determined to leave. 'If you must leave,' squeaks the little Pixie, 'then so be it. But you should be warned: you will not get far.' He opens the gate and lets you out. Without even looking back, you set off down the trail the way you came. Long after the castle has disappeared from sight behind you, an eerie whistling catches your ears. It seems to be coming from all around you; it is like wind, yet all is still. The whistling turns to soft voices, and you stop to listen. Darkness is closing in, and moments later it is too dark to see far in front of you. When you do peer ahead, you are startled to see a group of *figures* silhouetted against the dark sky in front of you, as if they have been formed from the very darkness itself! Then the spell breaks! All is now back to normal: the darkness, sounds and figures have disappeared. Realizing that something mysterious is going on, you decide to try to make the job of following you more difficult. Turn to 57.

336

The *Galleykeep* looms closer and your frustration grows. If you had been in a calmer frame of mind, you might have noticed the Whipwood tree, bent over double and held to the ground by a rope passing through a stake and ending in a loop. Your next step takes you straight into the centre of the hidden loop, and your fate is sealed. The *Galleykeep* duly arrives to hoist its cargo of food on board. You will provide a hearty meal for the crew tonight . . .

337

'Swjnfb fbrd apfo yprf. Ypvuh bvf ebffne fpv ndugvj ltyi pfot hf ecr j mfep fowjlf vlub ndamb lj cjpvs ub rsp no bamps to sfrjp vsupff fncfej n it hfed ryerf gj pnsop fo sblbmpnjs. Bsap vnjsh mf nte ypvu br fesfnt fncfde tpovnd frt bkfebap frjl pvs umjss jpn opfo rfcpvfry. Y pvum vstut rbv flen prthwbrds abndaf ntfreth fev nd frgrpvnd ud pmb j nip fozhb rrb dbnam brra thfr fetpos ffkep vtubn darf cp vfref lbsks a cpnt bjnjng is wjrlj ngivbp pvrs. *Th fsfeb rfeth fevbp pvrs upfost jttlf ewpbd.* Y pvum vstuf jnd i thf ethrff eflbsk sacp n tbjnjngi thfs fevb p pvrsu bnda rftv rn uthf me tpoth jsic pvrt. PNON POB C CPVNT UMVST UT HFYEB FEP PFNFD. T hjs ijsi t hfe sfn tfncfe pfot hf ecp vrtu bnda thfe gfbs a hb sa bf fnecb st. Th jsij si ypvru pvn jshmf nt. Yp vumvs tusvc cf fde jni ypvr umjs sjp noprod jfe jn i thfeb t tfmpt.'

Underneath this writing is more, but written in a different style: 'Vb ppvr upfoknpwlf dgf / – Flb xfnmb nfe p fosj lvfrtpn = / – Wjngfdeh flmft.

338

Your foot slips on the step. You lose your balance and tumble down, down towards the Bilgewater below. But you never feel the impact of hitting the water. Just before you reach the river, you collide at full speed with a boulder protruding from the face of the cliff. Your death is instantaneous.

339

You stagger round the walls of the room, desperately searching for a way out of the growing furnace. But it is hopeless. The air is now so hot that you cannot breathe without scorching your lungs. Consciousness fades before you are finally roasted in the tremendous heat of the furnace trap.

340

You enter the largest of the caves. It is quite deep and is pitch-black, so you can see very little of what is inside. Straw covers the floor and there is an unpleasant smell in the air. Suddenly your ears prick up! A snuffling noise is coming from deeper in the cave, followed by the dull clang of metal on rock. Your nostrils pick up the smell of animal sweat. Do you want to continue into the cave or will you instead leave whatever is in there in peace? If you want to go further in, turn to **451**. If you want to leave, turn to **386**.

341

As you search through the woods on your seemingly hopeless task, the ship in the sky is becoming larger. It is coming your way! You begin to thrash about in frustration, but just then you see what you are looking for. Ahead of you – appearing much too obvious now you have spotted it – is a tall, slender tree, bent back on itself – a *Galleykeep* hunting trap! You pick yourself up and stare at the device. The tree, a Whipwood, has been shaved of its branches. Its tip is held taut by a rope which ends in a ring.

You study it until you are sure that you can understand how it works.

You wait, watching the slow arrival of the *Galleykeep*. At a suitable time, you spring the trap. The tree snaps upwards and you are hoisted through the air until you hang loosely at tree-top level. You are helpless! Your only hope is that the *Galleykeep* crew see you and pull you on board. The ship gets nearer. As the dark shape looms above you, a long pole reaches out over the side and pulls you up through the air. Your plan is working!

Sharp claws scratch at your scales as the hands of dark, foul-smelling creatures pull you up and over the side of the boat and drop you in a heap on the deck. Playing dead, you gather your strength and wait for a suitable moment to spring into action. Two pairs of rough hands grasp your shoulders and hoist you along the deck towards a guillotine, whose blade is poised and ready to drop. At that moment you make your move! You pull yourself to your feet and fling your two guards over the side of the ship. Two burly Goblins step forward with shortswords. You must resolve this battle. The creatures attack together:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	6	5
Second GOBLIN	5	5

If you defeat the Goblins, turn to **312**.

342

The footsteps and clanking get louder and louder. You can feel your anger rising and your lips curl back to bare your teeth. Suddenly the footsteps stop and you hear hissing noises. They have heard you approach! The passageway is rough and twisting and you are straining to see any signs of them ahead. You step nearer and nearer; and they are doing likewise. Finally, you reach a length of straight passageway. Ahead you can see the dull light of a glowstone and picked out in the light are two human faces. Evidently they can see you too, as their reaction is similar: you stare at each other for a few moments. They hold their ground. Do you want to attack (turn to **258**), or will you wait to see what they do (turn to **432**)?

343

You bend down and make your way along the tunnel through the overhanging foliage. You cannot help but wonder about how such a tunnel ever came into existence. It is unlikely that it would occur naturally. But then that only leaves . . .

Your questions are answered when you feel your progress being hindered. You are tugging against sticky vines which have wrapped themselves around your legs and back. The more you tug, the more lengths of vine you pull on top of you. You begin to panic! What can you do? If you wish to make a desperate attempt to break out of the tunnel, turn to **4**. If you wish to relax and wait to see what

happens next, turn to **278**. If you are carrying a bottle of green liquid and wish to try drinking it, turn to **214**.

344

The passage continues westwards but begins to narrow after a few paces. It bends first to the left, then to the right. At one point you disturb a group of rats feasting on some partially decomposed remains, but they scurry off into the blackness as you pass by. Suddenly, sounds in the distance alert you and you stop. Ahead there is a sharp bend to the south, and flickering light and dancing shadows warn you of danger. For a few moments you hesitate. But your emotions take over. A raging storm seems to be gathering within. Your eyes narrow; your lips curl back to reveal your sharp teeth; you flex your powerful muscles and step forward. Fearlessly you step round the corner to face whatever awaits you. Turn to **205**.

345

You stumble down the rocky bank and splash into the river. The dirty water feels greasy to the touch and the stench is *horrendous*. You force your way forward against the fast-flowing current, deeper and deeper into the darkness of the cave. Your presence is noted by a host of fish and other animals living in the Bilgewater. Most are not capable of harming you. But there is one river creature who thrives in vile waters. Known as the Devil's Locks, it

is a huge burrowing creature with long stinging tentacles. In rivers it will bury its body in crevices, allowing its deadly tentacles to waft in the current. The effect is rather like seeing a long-haired disembodied head lying on the bed of the river (hence the name). You, of course can see nothing. Nor do you know anything of the terrible creature. The last things you remember are soft fibres wrapping themselves around your leg and a sharp pain as the first sting releases its quick-acting poison . . .

346

The door opens and you step into a dingy room. Dust and cobwebs have begun to settle over the furniture and the curtains over the portholes are drawn. The room itself has an unmade bed against one wall. A wardrobe door yawns half open, rocking as the *Galleykeep* sways and revealing elegant uniforms, now beginning to look a little dusty. You get a sudden fright when you see a creature staring at you, but relax when you realize it is only your reflection in a full-length mirror which hangs to the side of the wardrobe. Further round the room, there is a desk, covered in charts and maps, one of which protrudes from a folder marked 'For Captain's Eyes Only'. A spiral staircase to one side of the desk ascends to another hatchway which is closed. As you are making your way round the room, you get another fright when you bump into a long, thin, brass-trimmed device which stands on three legs and points out of the window. There is no one in the room; nor does it look as though it has been used

recently. But you might as well investigate the contents. Which will you start with:

The wardrobe?	Turn to **59**
The mirror?	Turn to **422**
The desk?	Turn to **246**
The spiral staircase?	Turn to **370**
The brass-trimmed device?	Turn to **225**

347

You try the door but you cannot get a grip without a handle. Your claws dig into the wood and you pull hard, but to no avail. The door is closed tightly and is being held by some catch. You cannot open it. Will you instead examine the figure on the chair (turn to **452**), or search through the bones in the corner of the room (turn to **64**)?

348

As you wander through the multitude of creatures, you start to consider this place. So far your life has been aimless. You have been wandering alone through the land. Here is a place where you will be fed, where you will mix with others, and where you will never be short of a good fight. On the other hand, a voice in the back of your mind is still asking the same questions. Who are you? What are you doing here? Where have you come from? The answers to these questions will probably not be found here. Thugruff comes over to you and asks you whether you would like to stay to train as one of Marr's legionnaires and serve on his *Galleykeep*.

What will you do? Do you want to leave (turn to 455), or will you seriously consider training as a legionnaire (turn to 43)?

349

The guard lies dead on the ground and you step back to catch your breath. You may feast on the guard's body, but if you do, you will gain only 3 STAMINA points, for his taste is not to your liking. The way onwards seems to be through the metal door in the wall opposite your entrance. You step up and try it: it is locked. You strain to see through the small barred viewing-hole set in the door. You can see a stone stairway leading upwards, and a soft cool wind caresses your cheek. Will you look for the key to the lock (turn to 112) or try to break down the door (turn to 128)?

350

The blue liquid smells sweet and you sip down the contents of the flask. There is no noticeable effect. But the effects of the Potion of Fear you have just drunk will not be revealed until you enter your next battle. When you do so, you will feel strangely afraid of your opponent and you will never again be able to use the Instant Death rule, unless you find someone who has the power to remove curses. Continue by turning to 293.

351

The path continues through the undergrowth, but the going becomes more difficult. You soon find it difficult to tell which way the path leads, as the whole area is so overgrown. You peer through the woods ahead and there seems to be little of interest, although an area to your left seems to be unnaturally dark. This could just be a cluster of broad-leaved trees blocking out the light, or it could be something else. Do you want to try beating your way through the vegetation towards it (turn to 381), or will you turn round, follow the path back to the fork and take the other direction (turn to 183)?

352

'Enough!' shouts Thugruff. 'I have seen enough.' If you reduced Eleven's STAMINA to 2, turn to 118. If he reduced your STAMINA to 2, turn to 431.

353

You continue west and you notice that the air is becoming distinctly cooler. The walls of the passage become damp and glisten in the glowstones' light. A breeze is blowing against you, as if to persuade you against this course. Your ears pick up the sound of running water and each step brings this sound closer. Eventually you find yourself standing on a narrow rocky bridge which spans a bubbling stream some distance below. You stop to look down at the flowing water. It is not easy to see in the dim light, but your nose twitches at the unpleasant smell which issues from the stream. If you feasted on the

Hellhound, you must lose 2 STAMINA points for the nausea you now feel. You hurry on over the bridge and soon afterwards come across a passageway leading north. If you take this passage, turn to **172**. If you prefer to continue west, turn to **149**.

354

You stumble off awkwardly up the passage The ground is rough underfoot and the passage is getting a little narrower, though the ceiling appears to be much higher up. Eventually you reach a dead end. There seems to be no way forward. Will you grope around the walls to see whether you can find a way of progressing (turn to **179**), or will you return to the crossroads and turn either to the east (turn to **310**) or to the south (turn to **212**)?

355

The creature is not the ageing carthorse you expect. Instead it is a powerful stallion and it will put up quite a fight:

STALLION	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you defeat the horse, you may eat its nourishing meat. Add 5 STAMINA points and turn to **386** to leave.

356

You follow the corridor round the bend to the east, then round another to the north. The smell is getting stronger but there are now other aromas in the

air. The passage turns west next, and a short distance further on you stop at a corner where it turns to the south. The smells in the air are now quite strong and there are sounds coming from round the corner. You cautiously poke your head round to see what is going on.

The passage ends a short distance ahead. Bones are strewn about the place. Some have remnants of flesh left on them, but not for long. Standing in the centre of the passageway, feasting noisily on the remains, are three Carrion Bugs! They are huge, black beetles with formidable heads in the shape of death's-head skulls. The creatures' heads are armed with razor-sharp mandibles which can strip muscle cleanly from a bone in an instant. You are considering whether or not to turn round and retrace your steps, when your eyes fall on an unmistakable shape – the decaying corpse of a Hobbit! Your eyes widen and your dry mouth becomes moist. Thoughts of retracing your steps fade . . .

You surge through the Carrion Bugs to your meal. They ignore you until you grab the Hobbit. But then they turn towards you: they will not allow you to steal their meal! You must fight the Carrion Bugs all together:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CARRION BUG	7	6
Second CARRION BUG	8	5
Third CARRION BUG	7	5

If you wish to escape during the battle, you may do so by turning to **240**, but only after at least three Attack Rounds. If you defeat all three of them, turn to **375**.

357

You kick the door back and slash out at the Rhino-Man. You must resolve this battle:

RHINO-MAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat the creature, you may search the guardroom. As the Rhino-Man was about the same size as you, you may wish to take something from the room. If you take a dusty brown sack, turn to **250**. If you take a metal breastplate, turn to **415**.

358

A passage leads from the opening into the rock-face, and you follow it. But you find that, as you travel north, the light fades rapidly. There are no glow-stones in this passage and you must progress carefully, steadying yourself by running your hands along both walls. The ground underfoot is rocky and several times you stub your toes painfully on protruding stones. Later, you can no longer touch both walls at once. Although you are unable to see anything, you sense that you are entering a large chamber. Turn to **257**.

359

Battered and crushed, the physician drops to the floor. You catch your breath for a few moments. Will you now head for the door and leave the room (turn to **178**), or will you continue looking round the room (turn to **407**)?

360

You have no wish to give the ring back to the blind wizard. It may prove very useful to you in the future. And, apart from that, you think it looks splendid on your finger. The old wizard wants you to lead him away, but your attitude is mixed. He may slow you down and you have learned all his useful information. You stand up, brush him aside, and leave. If you come across Darramouss, you may use the ring as follows. When you are given the option to *grab* him and do battle, add 50 to the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. Now turn to **138**.

361

You pick up your club and step towards the mirror. When Zharradan Marr sees your weapon, his confident manner becomes a little nervous. 'So, my offspring of marrangha,' he says, though perhaps a little too eagerly. 'You choose to turn against your creator. Do not be hasty. Let me first tell you of my plans for us. Whatever future you wish, it can be achieved.' Turn to **460**.

362

After a few moments you find it difficult to keep your eyes open and your head begins to nod. Resistance is useless. You roll over on the ground and fall soundly asleep. But your sleep is disturbed by dreams of dark creatures, humans with sharp swords and magical encounters. In the centre of your dreams is yourself, understanding nothing, for ever wondering *where* you are, and *why*. In one dream you are running from a hideous figure, who is pursuing you in a ship which flies. The faster you try to escape, the easier it is for the ship to catch up. Leering sadistically, the figure drops a net over you! You crash to the ground, trapped in the net, trying desperately to escape . . .

You wake up with a start, arms flailing madly. A breeze has blown the branch of an oak into you, so that its leaves cover your face and chest. You breathe a sigh of relief and pick yourself up. Your eyes narrow to slits as they adjust to a new experience for you. Daylight! You may add 4 STAMINA points for the rest and then you set off once more through the wood. Turn to **244**.

363

The dead Hellhound would no doubt have made a tasty meal had you arrived several days ago. But now its rotten flesh gives you severe stomach cramps. You double over and your claws scrape on the rocky walls as you try to support yourself. You must lose 4 STAMINA points and wait for a while before you continue. When you are ready, turn to 75.

364

You greet the Dwarf. At least you *try* to greet the little creature. But instead of any message coming from your throat, it is silent and your hands reach down to grasp the terrified figure around the chest. He screams and makes a strange sound, which sounds like: 'Kff pebw by afrp momf.' You try to answer, but the only sound you are able to make is a grunt of effort as your rough, scaly fingers close tightly around the creature's chest and your sharp claws dig in. Summoning up all its strength, it swipes at you with its sharp sword. The blade digs in under the scales above your knee, but the wound is not too serious – deduct 2 STAMINA points. The blow causes you to roar loudly and to increase the pressure on the creature's chest. Its ribs crack like twigs under the force of your grip and the body falls limp. You drop it to the floor where it lands like the sack of bones it now is.

Your thoughts are confused. Will you attempt to hide the body (turn to 218), will you examine this

strange little creature (turn to 399), or will you leave the area immediately (turn to 248)?

365

The door opens into a straight passage leading east, which you follow until you reach a dead end. You growl in frustration and, as if your voice had acted as some kind of trigger, you hear a click and a sliding sound. Part of the rock-face slides aside and reveals another passage running north and south! You step through the secret doorway cautiously, wary of a trap. When you are through, the door grinds shut again. But at the same time there is another sound, which seems to be coming from *above* you. Just in time you look up to see a heavy portcullis dropping from the roof towards you! You fling yourself forward not an instant too soon. A heavy *clang* sounds behind you as the portcullis hits the ground. You escaped death by inches!

Since you hurled yourself north, the way to the south is now sealed off by the portcullis, and you pick yourself up and set off north. Soon you reach a crossroads where you may turn east (turn to 50) or west (turn to 213), or continue northwards (turn to 443).

366

You step back into the bushes and search the clearing suspiciously. All is quiet, until a shrill cry breaks the silence. This is followed by the sounds of a struggle and finally three figures tumble into the clearing from the undergrowth, locked in combat. Two rough-set Brigands are grappling with another creature. The Brigands are burly humans, with leather breastplates and boots. The belts around their waists hold throwing-knives, but they are using their bare fists in this battle. Their adversary is thin and nimble, with long white hair and angular features. He wears a silky robe and appears to be unarmed. He is putting up a brave fight, but is clearly losing the battle as blow after blow from the brigands thuds into his stomach, ribs and head. He is crying out for help. Will you help him? If so, turn to **429**. If you would rather keep hidden until the Brigands have left, turn to **295**.

367

Only the Half-Orc's attacker is disappointed to see the miserable creature drop down dead. The villagers applaud and usher you into the hut to drink a toast to your victory. If you refuse their hospitality, turn to **107** to leave Coven. If you accept their invitation, turn to **395**.

368

There are all kinds of birds and some rabbits to be found in the wood. To catch some food, you must *Test your Luck* successfully. If you are Lucky, you

will catch a small animal for 2 STAMINA points of nourishment. If you are Unlucky, you will not. You may try as many times as you like, but you may not gain more than 4 STAMINA points in total. Turn to **229** when you want to continue.

369

You step into the passage and your eyes adjust to the green light. You breathe cautiously as you progress, but it seems that the smoke is not harmful, though it smells a little pungent. The passage leads after only a few paces to impenetrable blackness; not even the green light is penetrating the dark. Your eyes strain to see anything of the surroundings, but without success.

Suddenly a light flickers to your left! A small flame lights up something: it is a human face! The face is motionless and its eyes are closed. The skin is old and withered and you cannot tell whether it is alive or dead. Another light flickers! Another sombre face lights up before you. And another! Eventually there are four faces, all dimly lit, around the chamber. An instant later, their eyes and mouths flick open wide and the silence is broken by a sharp voice which cuts through the darkness. The effect is terrifying! 'Ypvruprpg rfss ehbs ab ffne wbtchf def pvlucrfbtv r fep fodf str vctj pn. Spo fbray pv uhbvfe dpn fe wfll ethp vgh uypv uk np won pt ow hyo prow hbt. Bvtay pvo hbvfi cbv sfdatw pipf ath favbp pvrse tpebf ulpst. Zhbr rbd bnam brrah jms fl f ehbsa dfc rffdey pvr udfst jny. Yp vushbl lar fmb jn ijni hjsi

dvng fpnso b nd adp omy objd djng. Fp roji bma db rrbm pvs suypv rumbs tfr.' Jfiy pvuc bna vn dfrs tbn dahj mi tv rnut p orff frfn cf enj nfty. 'Y pvru fjrs ti prd frejsi th js. Rf pprtofp rodvt yubta thfe yfl lpwstp nfemj nfs. Lfb vfenpw ob ndahfbdath f rfejm mfdjb tfly. Jiwjllibf ewbt chj ng.'

As the voice ceases, a rumbling sound comes from ahead of you. The same green light indicates another secret passageway, which the voice evidently wishes you to take. Will you leave through the new passage (turn to **79**), or will you step up to one of the illuminated faces and crush it in your hand (turn to **247**)?

370

You climb up the staircase and try the hatch at the top. It is open and you climb through. But instead of entering another room, you find yourself on a secluded part of the ship – evidently the captain's private deck. You look around for another hiding-place, but there is none to be found, and soon you are faced with an angry hoard of Orcs and Hobgoblins who have silently followed you onto the deck. You will get to meet Zharradan Marr all right, but as his prisoner. And when he has finished tormenting you for his pleasure, you will remain aboard the *Galleykeep* as his slave for the rest of your days.

371

The passage runs straight ahead until you reach a junction, where you may continue north (turn to **144**) or turn east (turn to **204**). Alternatively, you may return to the previous junction and turn west (turn to **280**).

372

The passage heads east. The rough stone floor begins to feel different underfoot and you look down to see that it has been laid with flat stones of irregular sizes. The light seems to be better, although with a definite bluish tint, and you look up to see blue glowstones in the ceiling, lighting your way. Mysteriously, their glow appears only as you approach; when you look behind you see the light has faded. There are a number of crevices, and small passages lead off from the main one, but you ignore these as they are far too narrow for you to enter. A sound from ahead catches your attention – the soft thump of something landing on the ground. Further on, you discover that it was a tied-up sack. Something inside the sack is struggling, but cannot get out. In size, the lump is similar to the Dwarf you killed earlier. Will you investigate the sack or continue along the passageway? Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, you will stop to study the sack more carefully (turn to **186**). If you roll 5 or 6, you will ignore it (turn to **440**).

373

The rocky corridor continues for some time and then turns sharply southwards. Ahead of you, at the end of the passage, is a sturdy wooden door; to your left is another door. Will you try the door straight ahead (turn to **15**) or the door to your left (turn to **241**)?

374

On the way out of the village, you pass more huts and more of the villagers, who rush across the road to avoid you. Ahead of you is a figure slumped face down on the ground. When you get closer you can see that it is a dark-skinned Half-Orc, and that it is dead. Do you want to investigate the body (turn to **91**), or will you ignore it and continue (turn to **107**)?

375

With the Carrion Bugs dead, your thoughts revert to the tasty Hobbit. You pick up the rigid body and sink your teeth into its stomach area. Although irresistible, the taste is not too pleasant, as the body has been dead for some time. Nevertheless, you eat heartily and you may gain 4 STAMINA points for the meal. Then you follow the passage north, and later east. As you turn the next corner, your heart sinks. Another of the creatures is arriving for its meal! To get past you will have to defeat the Bug:

CARRION BUG	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat it, turn to **227**.

376

You thrash about in the woods, becoming increasingly frustrated by the hopelessness of your task. *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky, turn to **341**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **336**.

377

One of the Rhino-Men is boasting that he could easily defeat Thugruff in battle. The Orcs are taunting him and the tension is mounting as the other Rhino-Men defend him. A fight may break out at any moment. If you want to stay to see what happens, turn to **124**. Otherwise turn to **348**.

378

You step forward to make your way past the Hobbits. But even as you take the first step, you know that you cannot carry out your intention. Though you may wish to ignore the Hobbits, you cannot pass by your favourite food Turn to **42**.

379

You reach up for the torch on the wall beside you, but it is just out of your reach. Meanwhile, the Shadow Stalker is once more poised for attack and only by shifting sideways quickly do you avoid a fatal blow. Instead, the plunging knife grazes your shadow's leg. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Will you now try to fight the creature (turn to **34**), offer a gesture of peace (turn to **135**), or flee as quickly as possible (turn to **242**)?

380

The riverside is a place of great natural beauty. At least, it *seems* to be natural, but there is always the possibility that someone has planted the colourful plants in their beds along the banks of the river. A tall green-stemmed reed is topped with coiled trumpets of purple flowers which hang down facing the river. These flowers are so beautiful that they have a hypnotic effect on the fish of the river, which are attracted to the water beneath the reeds and can be seen swimming beneath them. Another blue-stemmed plant has no flowers but its glistening colour is quite remarkable and it has a strong herbal odour. Yet another plant has leaves which are perfect circles, red in colour. As you watch, one of the leaves drops into the river. The leaf seems to have some purifying effect: as soon as it touches the water, all cloudiness is gone from the area around the leaf; the water becomes crystal-clear until disturbed by the flow of the current. Another plant, out of reach in the water, has delicate flowers of silver. As the wind blows, the flowers whistle and tinkle together with an eerie, calming sound which makes you feel quite relaxed. You may, if you wish, gather a few of *one* of these types of plant before you leave. Which will you choose: the one with purple flowers (turn to **325**), the one with a blue stem (turn to **106**) or the one with the red leaves (turn to **181**)?

381

You pick your way through the woods towards the shaded area. The thick vegetation makes it impossible for you to travel in a straight line and you find yourself turning this way and that to pick out the easiest route. Eventually you reach the shadowy patch and discover to your disappointment that it is a tight thicket of tall Heavenstip trees, their leaves desperately thirsting for the sunlight from above. You turn back towards the path. But where is it? You have no way of knowing which way you have come from and your eyes scan the wood for familiar signs. There are none. Acting on a hunch, you finally set off towards the spot where – you hope – you left the path. Turn to **57**.

382

The gas drifts from the flask, but rather than spreading out, it pulls itself together into a purple cloud and billows up before you. You watch open-mouthed as a shape begins to form in the cloud, and eventually turns into a face, which stares deep into your eyes. The face is human-like, but thin and with jagged features The pupils of its eyes are not round, but are instead serpent-like. Its thin-lipped mouth opens and speaks: 'Jib mar flfbsf defr pmo myorf st. Fpv lucrfb tvrf ewhbtadpo ypv uk npwop fothfe fprcfsew jthi w hjchiy pvutb mpfr. Bvt unpnf thfl fssemye pvr ppsfe jsipr db jnfd. Jibfstpwop n oypv uthfe ppw frepfo rfbs pn. Frp monp wo pnoyp vubr fej nicp ntr plop foypvr upwnodfs tjny. Bnd anpwemby ajir ft vrn utp omyo pfbcf fv lurfste vntj lip ncfem prfethfeh fbv fnsetb kfeth fj ri ppsj tjpns.'

Your anger mounts and you swipe at the cloud. But your hand passes right through the gas without even disturbing it. The mysterious face blinks slowly and the colour of the cloud flashes momentarily from purple to white, and back to purple again. Then the face disappears and the cloud is sucked down back into its flask. Once safely inside the flask, the stopper replaces itself in the neck and the bottle settles into its cradle in the wooden casket. An instant later, the casket and its contents have faded to nothing!

You decide you have had enough of this room, but you may add 2 LUCK points for your find. Will you leave through the door to the west (turn to 51), or the door to the east (turn to 33)?

383

You turn towards the corner where you last heard the clicking noise and let out a deep growl. As you step into the corner, the clicking starts again! This time it becomes quite frantic. To your complete astonishment, the sound darts across the room in front of you and heads for an opposite corner! As you were virtually *in* the corner, and there was no room for anything of any size to pass you, you realize that whatever is making the noise must be very small. Your head turns to the other corner. The pitch of the noise has increased and there seem to be two – if not three – distinct creatures clicking away. Your curiosity has been aroused and you step towards the corner. Only then do you appreciate

the danger you have been facing. The flashes of light coming from behind the door before you entered were emanating from a small group of Blinding Beetles. These large insects have the power to emit extremely bright flashes of light, which are powerful enough to blind all but magically protected creatures. Your harassment has finally angered them to their flash-point. Three intense bursts of light explode before your eyes, followed by complete blackness. The Blinding Beetles' attack has been effective: you have now lost your sight. You rub your eyes with your scaly hands to try to wipe away the blackness, but there is nothing you can do. In desperation, you bellow pitifully and stumble around the room as if there were some way out of the sightless world which is now yours. As you grope along the wall, you come across a door. You give it a yank, feel it open and a rush of air hits you. Roll one die. If you roll 1, 2 or 3, turn to **80**. If you roll 4, 5 or 6, turn to **317**.

384

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you manage to reach the doorway before Darramouss can react (turn to 79). If you are Unlucky, Darramouss manages to close the door before you can reach it and you must wait to see what fate he has in store for you (turn to **286**).

385

You consider the little creature's words. What you remember of your life has been somewhat aimless. You may just as well spend some time here. He leads you back to the courtyard and explains to Thugruff your reluctance to stay. You are not keen on the villanous Half-Troll. But you must now decide your future, since you are staying. Do you want to work hard and try to earn yourself a position on the *Galleykeep* (turn to **43**), or would you rather bide your time until you can seize a suitable moment to assassinate the foul-breathed Thugruff (turn to **82**)?

386

You head off back towards the crossroads and turn this time to the north. Turn to **130**.

387

He looks deep into your eyes for several moments. Eventually he grunts and stands aside to let you through into the guardroom. The place is dirty, and smells of rancid ale and stale food. Across the room is another door. This one is made of metal and has a small barred viewing-panel at eye-level. Through this panel you can see steps leading upwards. But while you gaze at the door, you are not watching what the guard is doing. Suddenly you feel a heavy blow on the back of your head. You slump to your knees, dazed by the impact, and turn to see the guard advancing towards you holding a heavy club. Lose 4 STAMINA points for the blow and turn to **98** to battle with the guard.

388

The going becomes a little steeper and the river splashes faster over its rocky bed. Ahead you can see that it seems to disappear over a ledge and, when you get closer, you see that the river plunges over a tall waterfall and crashes into a natural pond far below, before continuing along a narrower stream through a gully carved in the rock. The effect is quite spectacular, but it presents a problem to you. How do you get down? Following the path along the river-bank is impossible. You will have to continue through the undergrowth. Turn to **57**.

389

Your foe is defeated and you feel justifiably proud. Your gaze passes from the dead creature to its lair. But there is nothing of interest, and the sickening stench of Clawbeast makes you want to leave quickly. There are three ways onwards: the passage behind you, a cave entrance in the western wall and another in the northern wall. What will your next action be? Roll one die. If the roll is 1–4, turn to **230**. If the roll is 5 or 6, turn to **165**.

390

You head off eastwards. After a few steps, the passage begins to widen and you can hear distant sounds ahead. As you get closer, you recognize them – and your mouth waters! For the sound you can hear is the unmistakable chatter of tasty Hobbits! Without any consideration of the consequences, you make your way quickly towards the noises. The glowstones light your way to a wide chamber. The passage enters it around a bend and you stop to survey the scene. Marble flooring marks the entrance to this meeting-chamber which is decorated with carvings and dark archways. Three Hobbits, wearing none of that obstructive metal armour, are engaged in a heated discussion in the centre of the chamber. They have their backs towards you, but they are concerned about their safety and one of them keeps on looking around the chamber for any signs of danger. Will you wait until this one is occupied before rushing in to attack (turn to **288**), or will you ignore the advantage of surprise and simply rush in (turn to **42**). Alternatively you may wish to ignore the Hobbits and head across the chamber to a passage opposite which continues to the east. If you wish to do this, turn to **378**.

391

The water is cool and refreshing. However, its silver sheen comes from mineral deposits which make it unsuitable for drinking. Lose 2 STAMINA points for the strange 'heady' feeling which comes over you. When you are ready, turn to **52** to continue.

392

Your final blow sends the Knight flying across the chamber to land in a crumpled heap against one wall. You grunt in satisfaction. Your attention is drawn immediately back to the dead Hobbit lying by the fire and your mouth waters at the thought of its sweet flesh. But you have forgotten the final adventurer. The Wizard has now completed his spell. With a final incantation, he delivers his magic, directed straight at you through his two little fingers. You feel no more than a tingling sensation as his spell takes effect. 'Yp v ubr fen pwovnd fre myec pntrpl of pvluc rfb tvrf.' A smile spreads across the sorcerer's lips: 'Bl lamy aw jshfs ebrf e ypvr ucpm mbnds. Gbt hfrem ye cpm rbd fseb n daf pll pwomf!' You intend to step forward and slash him with your claws, but your muscles will not respond. Instead, you step over to the dead Knight, pick him up and carry him over your shoulder. You do the same with the Hobbit. The Wizard then turns and makes his way down the passage. You follow, carrying the rest of his party. And this will be your fate: to spend the rest of your life as a slave to your master, whose Control Creature spell has worked perfectly.

393

You step up to the door in the west wall and tug at the handle. The door will not budge. You grunt in anger, take a step back and prepare to smash the door. But the door is stronger than you thought. You nurse your sore shoulder for a few moments

(lose 1 STAMINA point), and then return to the centre of the room. Will you try one of the other doors (turn to **405**) or, if you have not already done so, investigate the room (turn to **104**)?

394

Although there are three doors leading from the guardroom, you ignore the one to the south. Will you leave via the door in the north wall (turn to **314**) or the door in the west wall (turn to **116**)?

395

Inside the hut is a counter and from behind the counter someone passes you a bowl full of liquid. The bemused villagers watch as you cup the bowl, sniff the liquid, and finally pour it down your throat. The taste is rough and your stomach seems to be undecided whether or not to heave the ale back up again. But instead it decides on a hiccup followed by a great throaty belch which delights the villagers. They laugh at your bewildered expression and the bowl is once more filled up for you to drink again.

Several bowls later you are feeling decidedly light-headed. The villagers eventually leave the hut and you stagger back out on to the street to continue your journey. You may add 3 STAMINA points for the ale, but you must reduce your SKILL by 1 until the effects of the ale have worn off. This will be indicated by ** in the text. Now turn to **107**.

396

The door cracks as you charge it and eventually you break into the room, but not before you take 1 STAMINA point of damage for a sore shoulder. The room inside has no occupants. Instead a single desk is surrounded on three sides by racks of parchments, each rolled up neatly and tied with string. A door in the east wall is half hidden behind the untidy racks. Do you want to head out through this door (turn to **365**), or will you pick up a parchment and see what it says (turn to **100**)?

397

As the defeated Warrior slumps dead to the ground, another steps through the archway to take up the battle. You must fight this one too:

CHAOS WARRIOR SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you defeat your attacker, turn to **46**.

398

You pick up a chair and fling it at the door. The chair shatters. By now your anger and frustration are twice what they were before! You try kicking the door with your huge foot. The door seems to shudder a little more than it did before, and a few grains of dust fall to the floor from where the hinges are attached to the rock. But still the door remains intact. You must lose 1 STAMINA point for the injury to your foot. If you want to keep trying the door, turn to **128**. If you would rather give up on the door and look for the key, turn to **112**.

399

Your hands relax and the sharp claws retract into your fingers. You clumsily fumble through the Dwarf's dirty vestments. Your fingers will not fit into the pockets, but you do succeed in snapping the thongs of a large leather pouch which the creature has around its waist. As the ties break, the pouch spills its contents on the ground in front of you. It contained several circular pieces of shiny metal and a piece of hide, which unfolds as it drops out of the pouch. It is light in colour and has markings all over one side. You pick it up awkwardly and look at it, but it makes no sense at all. You become quite fascinated by this piece of leather. You turn it round, rub it with your hands and throw it in the air. You place it on your arm and on your head. You decide to take the leather with you. Unknown to you, the message on the hide may be useful later in your adventure. Turn to **337** to examine the message. If you are carrying this piece of hide, you may return to **337** at any time to re-examine it, but you will need to remember the reference you have come from in order to return and continue.

As you may have realized by now, your own wishes have little effect on your reactions as a creature. You have only glimpses of what you are like and what you are capable of. Although this will change as the adventure progresses, at this stage you are at the mercy of your own whims and instincts. You are standing at a junction where you may go either east or west. Roll one die. If you roll 1, 2 or 3, turn to **308**. If you roll 4, 5 or 6, turn to **148**.

400

You step into what is left of the building. Among the debris you find a skeletal hand reaching into the air, the rest of its body buried beneath the ruined walls. In this hand is a stoppered bottle, and within the bottle is a small amount of green liquid. Around the rest of the building there are the remains of various items of furniture: a smashed table, a splintered chair and a wrecked bed, its straw mattress ripped to shreds. But your attention returns to the hand clutching the bottle of liquid. If you wish to leave and take this bottle with you, turn to **126**. If you would rather dig the body out of the rubble, turn to **328**.

401

After a few paces, the passage begins to wind irregularly in a generally south-westerly direction. You follow it for some time, and then it turns south. You arrive at the top of a flight of stairs, but decide against going back down to the lower levels. There is another passage leading east here, and you decide to take this route. Turn to **156**.

402

Your hand closes round his neck. As you tighten it, you can hear the grinding sound of bones being crushed. But Darramouss's expression is unchanging; he shows not the slightest concern. You release the neck and drop the limp body to the ground. But the instant you release him, his body snaps back to life and the incantation continues! You set your

claws and bring them ripping across his chest. As soon as you make contact, the body goes limp and it flies through the air, in response to your blow, like an empty sack. But before it lands, it once more fills out and takes shape. As the life surges quickly back into it, the creature flips in the air and flies back to land where it was! This time, the creature opens one eye wide and glares at you. You are caught in a vice-like grip of agony! The pain is overwhelming and you sink to your knees whimpering in front of the desk. You must deduct 4 STAMINA points. While you writhe in agony, Darramouss finishes his incantation. Turn to 286.

403

The tiny face you saw in the distance was unmistakably that of a Hobbit! Unable to control yourself, you climb to your feet and set off in pursuit. Although you are slower than the little creature, it leaves a trail of glowstone light which you can follow. And even though you have just eaten, the smell of the Hobbit sparks off your appetite once more. But you are much too slow to catch it. As you lumber down the passageway, even the glowstone trail disappears. Eventually you reach a junction. Will you continue north (turn to 144), or will you turn to the east (turn to 204)?

404

The passage is much wider here and footprints in the dirt indicate that it is more frequently used. But all the footprints seem to be heading the other way! A little further ahead you come to the top of a narrow staircase heading downwards. You consider this for some time, but eventually decide against going down the steps. You turn round and retrace your steps, this time turning east at the junction. Turn to 373.

405

You may leave by one of the three doors leading from the room. Which will you choose:

The door in the north wall?	Turn to 300
The door in the west wall?	Turn to 393
The door in the south wall?	Turn to 6

406

One of the Rhino-Men catches your attention and you remember the message. His back is a little stooped and he is obviously past his prime. He looks at you with tired eyes as you approach him; he has seen many young, strong and ambitious legionnaires in his time and he finds them quite tedious. You step up to him and pass him the message. He steps back and looks at you incredulously. 'Is this true?' he stammers. 'Is my sister safe at last? Then I have no need to stay at this godforsaken castle. Thank you for this news, strange creature. I must now make my plans to leave.' Will you join in with his plans to leave the Testing Grounds (turn to **449**), or will you continue wandering through the groups of legionnaires (turn to **348**)?

407

You glance towards the dead creature and move away quickly. But without warning, the skeleton's bones spring together to re-form Quimmel Bone and in an instant it has grabbed the two knives and is once more attacking you. Resolve this battle:

QUIMMEL BONE SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **178**.

408

The cave leads north to a large tunnel in the rock which runs from east to west. It is large enough for you to walk along. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, you decide to turn west (turn to **282**). If you roll 4–6, you turn east (turn to **372**).

409

You tug at the door and it opens to reveal a storeroom of some kind, with shelves lining the walls. But there is nothing on the shelves and there seems to be no way through. As you peer into the cupboard, a creaking sound startles you. You swing round to see the door in the east wall slowly opening. Glowstones in the passage outside flick on to light up your way. You cannot resist this invitation and leave through the east door. Turn to **49**.

410

The terrified shopkeeper will give you no trouble as you help yourself to provisions. You feast on the food while he cowers helplessly in the corner. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you eat a handful of poisonous herbs and are violently ill (lose 3 STAMINA points). If you are Lucky, you avoid the poisons and can add 4 STAMINA points for your meal. When you have finished here, you may leave the village by turning to **374**.

411

You turn to another gravestone, keeping one eye on the grave of Donag Haddurag and listening for warning signs. The next grave is that of a woman, whose inscription reads: 'Here lies Sophia Whiterose. Like a rosebud she blossomed with beauty, but alas she died entwined in her own thorns.' You puzzle over the words – but then a scraping sound distracts you. You look back towards the previous gravestone and a shiver runs down your back! A withered hand is pushing the stone aside! Then you hear the same sound behind you, and again to your left, as scraggy limbs slowly push gravestones aside and long-dead bodies crawl out!

You kick the nearest gravestone closed. It slides back into position, severing the protruding forearm, and a muffled expression of pain comes from the undead creature below. Four of the living corpses rise from their graves and surround you. You must fight them all together:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE	6	7
Second ZOMBIE	7	7
Third ZOMBIE	6	6
Fourth ZOMBIE	7	6

If you defeat the creatures, turn to **226**.

412

You pull at the pouch. As it opens, the twelve discs tumble to the floor. You mutter in annoyance and grovel on the ground to pick up those you can still see in the dim light. Roll two dice. This is the number of discs you manage to find. They are, in fact, Gold Pieces and they may well be useful to you later. Add 1 LUCK point for your find. Turn to 115.

413

The creatures are now at the door of the crypt and entering. You hurry off down the staircase. Pebbles, rocks and even parts of bodies rain down on you as you descend the stairs, thrown by the hideous creatures on the surface. You try a little too hard to get away from them quickly, your foot slips on a loose rock and you tumble over and over down the stairs. Unfortunately for you, this staircase has been designed for unwanted visitors. At the bottom of the stairs a dozen sharp iron spikes protrude from the ground! There is nothing you can do to prevent yourself landing squarely in the centre of the spikes. Your death is instantaneous.

414

A path leads from the clearing to the north, although you can see that it soon forks left and right. Will you go east (turn to 272) or west (turn to 139)?

415

You fumble about with the breastplate and eventually it slips over your shoulder and stays in place. It will be a useful defensive piece and while you are wearing it you may add 2 points to your Attack Strength during each Attack Round. But it does not fit perfectly and makes moving your arms awkward. While you are wearing it, you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL score. You may now leave the guardroom by turning to 394.

416

You feast heartily on the creature. Add 4 STAMINA points for the nourishment. After resting to digest the food, you pick yourself up and continue downstream along the river-bank. Turn to 388.

417

Marr casts his spell, but it has no effect. A startled look appears on his face and he searches his memory for a way you could be immune to his magic. 'Of course,' he nods finally. 'The Chattermatter failed to entice you. That incompetent fool Hannicus! His instructions were to keep the Elven Dust walled in. Nevertheless, I am sure that your little act of defiance will be reconsidered in view of the riches I may offer you . . .' But you have other ideas. It is now your turn to attack, and you have decided on your target. You will not go for the necromancer himself, but for his mirror. If you have with you a crystal club, turn to 28. Otherwise turn to 152.

418

Your foot slides back over the edge of the bridge, and you tumble through the air towards the river below! You shudder with horror at the thought of landing in the filthy waters. But fate is kind to you. Before you reach the water, your head cracks hard against a protruding rock. You are senseless when you hit the river and you never know the unpleasantness of your death in the filthy stream that is the Bilgewater.

419

You shift your weight and turn your great bulk around. With laboured steps you stomp back the way you came and pass the lifeless body. Turn to 308.

420

You settle down on the floor and begin to feast on the fleshy legs of the first Blood Orc. The taste is not pleasant, but you are hungry. The bearded human continues to stumble round the room, talking in an excited tone. Eventually he comes close to you and trips over the body of the other Blood Orc. His hand scrapes against your back and he shivers with horror when he feels the scales and spines. He rises to his knees and begins to feel your neck and head. You are somewhat bemused by this and allow him to continue. But when his fingers rub across your mouth and feel your sharp fangs, he cannot contain himself any more. Before he can even utter a scream, he faints and slumps to the ground beside

you. You finish your meal (add 4 STAMINA points) and leave the room. Turn to 138.

421

You turn angrily towards the peasants as a stone hits you on the shoulder. Lose 1 STAMINA point. The men and women are yelling at you, trying to get you off their land. But you are furious and rush towards them through the crops. They beat a retreat, keeping their distance, and hurl more stones. Again you charge forward, again they retreat and again comes the hail of stones. This time another stone hits you in the chest. Lose another STAMINA point. After two more charges, you realize that your efforts are futile. They will always be able to move faster than you through the crops, as your greater bulk is slowing you down. You eventually turn from them and return to the path. They follow you, once more jeering and shouting, until you have left their field and are well out of range of their stones.

Ahead of you, a green forest spreads across the horizon and your path is taking you into it. As you enter the forest, you reach a sign which reads 'Knot Oak Wood'. Turn to 244.

422

The mirror has an ornate gold frame, but otherwise appears to be an ordinary full-sized mirror. You consider smashing the mirror, but it is possible that the noise may alert the crew to your whereabouts. Turn to 302.

423

You pick your way along the river-bank, following it downstream. The going is not easy. At one point you must climb carefully down a rocky cliff, where the river passes over a waterfall. Eventually you reach a calm pool where the waters slow and spread over a wide expanse. Steam rises lazily from the pungent water and you halt in your tracks as the smell – now stronger than ever – reaches you. Through the steamy mist you catch a glimpse of a creature further along the bank. It stands tall on four legs and is drinking contentedly from the foul waters. You creep closer, keeping hidden in the bushes. The creature stands on long, cloven feet. Its skin is covered in tough scales and its tail ends in a spiky ball. Its head is sleek and serpent-like, with a long, thin tongue that darts in and out as it drinks from the river. It has not noticed you. Will you creep round the creature so as not to disturb it (turn to **120**)? Will you attack it in the hope of gaining a much-needed meal (turn to **238**)? Or will you approach it gently, try to keep it calm, and then mount it (turn to **127**)?

424

You follow the passage until it becomes impossible for you to see in the total darkness. Now you must grope your way along, feeling the walls with both hands. Eventually a faint red glow appears on the left-hand side of the passageway and you realize you are at another fork. To the left, the way seems to lead to some kind of light-source. To the right, the

passage is still pitch-black. Will you choose the right-hand passage (turn to **108**) or the left-hand passage (turn to **182**)?

425

The door is decorated with plates and symbols forged in metal. In the centre is a sign which reads: 'Yfl lpwst pnfe mj nfs. Sfrgf bnt sab ndas lb vfs epnly.' The door is locked, so you decide to try breaking it down. You give it a hard shove with your shoulder. It shudders but does not budge. Indignant, you hit it again, but still it will not open. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Before you can decide whether or not to try again, a rustling of keys in the lock is followed by a creaking noise as the door opens. A thin, dark face appears at the door and looks at you. 'Npo nffd etpobp jl iyp vru blppd. Whb tajsiji iyp vuwb ntaj nith fe mjnfs. Jfi jts iwpr kothf neepm fe bbc katpmpr rpw. Baf fw epfo thfesl bvf sewjllidp vbtl fss edjfetpdby.' The Black Elf irritates you with his arrogant manner. You do not want to waste time with him. You grunt and smack your fist into the door, knocking it wide open. It clangs into the wall behind and the Black Elf's jaw drops open.

The room inside is sparse. There is a table and chair against one wall and on the table stands a plate with some food on it and a bottle of drink. Behind the table two bunches of keys are hanging on the wall. An archway leads from the room into the blackness beyond. You step inside and the Black Elf pounces. You must fight him:

BLACK ELF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

After two Attack Rounds, turn to **275**.

426

The medicine-man shuffles over to a shelf full of jars and takes one down. 'This healing balm,' he boasts, 'is the finest south of Dree. But I have never had the chance to test it on a creature such as you. Please allow me to try it.' He spreads some of the ointment across your chest and rubs it deep into your scales. He continues until he has rubbed it all over your body. The effect is almost immediate. You begin to feel strong and rejuvenated. His healing balm actually works *better* on you than it does on humans. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Then you leave the village of Coven by turning to **374**.

427

You follow the river up the valley until you reach a point where it comes out of a cave in the side of the hill. There is no path into the cave, just the river. If you turn round and follow the river downstream instead, turn to **423**. Otherwise you may either jump into the river and follow it into the cave (turn to **345**), or forget about the river and stomp off through the undergrowth (turn to **57**).

428

The face swirls within the murky mist inside the orb and you watch to see what will happen next. Gradually the face re-forms, but this time it looks larger than before and the sightless eyes begin to glow red like hot coals. Suddenly a small fireball shoots from one eye straight towards you! You jump to avoid it but it catches your leg below the knee and makes you howl in pain. The second eye releases its fireball and this one hits you on your arm just above the elbow. Lose 4 STAMINA points for these injuries. Leave quickly by turning to **81**.

429

As you crash out of the bushes into the clearing, the battle halts temporarily and all three combatants stare incredulously at you. You must resolve your battle with the Brigands, who will fight you together. The thin creature is too badly beaten to be of any help and drops to the ground moaning:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BRIGAND	8	9
Second BRIGAND	8	7

If you defeat them, turn to **448**.

430

You step forward and cross the cavern, heading for the northerly passage. All is silent from the caves. Perhaps whatever was eating there has now wandered off. You reach the other side without incident. Turn to **41**.

431

'A poor show,' Thugruff sneers, 'for one seemingly with such power. Recover your breath.' While you are picking yourself up, the Half-Troll whispers quietly to the Pixie you met on the gate: 'You know what to do . . .' When you have caught your breath, the Pixie leads you over to a circle in an unoccupied corner of the grounds. 'Wait here,' he says. You wait. Looking at the strange circle, you see that it is not simply a mark on the ground, but a length of rope, arranged in a circular shape. The end of the rope leads off in the direction the Pixie went and is tied to a tree. In fact it is tied to the *top* of the tree, which has been bent right over to touch the ground! It is held by another rope, stretched tight by the tree and fastened halfway up its trunk! You suddenly realize what is happening. At the same time you notice the Pixie, standing by the second rope with a sharp knife! Before you can move, he has cut the rope. The tree snaps upwards, drawing the circle of rope tightly around your leg and taking you up with it until you hang helplessly, suspended at tree-top level by your foot. Turn to **175**.

432

They seem reluctant to advance towards you. Your size and your angry snarl must be daunting to them. They mumble something to each other and turn round. They have decided to leave you and are retracing their steps. Their glowstone goes out and you lose sight of them. You may now continue safely. Turn to **137**.

433

Following the Jabberwing's advice, you set off northwards. You pause on top of a hillock and survey the area. In the distance to your right you can see a great forest and straight ahead a river cuts through the landscape like a gaping wound. You head on and, a short distance after you have left the hillock, another trail joins yours from the right. Turn to 134.

434

The Tree Spirits are tightening the circle, moving in closer and closer. You are hoplessly trapped. They are not evil creatures, but they allow no one to pass through their forest without permission. The penalty is *death*!

435

The heavy knocker booms loudly on the metal plate. A grunting noise comes from behind the door and you can hear feet shuffling as some sort of creature responds to your knock. The door slowly creaks open and a long snout appears. Small, pig-like eyes peer out at you from behind the single tusk which stands in the middle of the Rhino-Man's face. The door opens wider and you can see the creature's stout, heavily armed torso and legs. It speaks to you: 'Cp mfepn othfn. Whb tabv sjn fsseh b vfey pvu hfrf. B nswfarqvjc kly.' Jfi ypvu cbnav ndfrs tbn d athf ecrfb tvrfetv rnujm mfd jbtf lyet porf ffr fn cfe sjxty itwp. 'Lps toyp vrotp ngvf efh. Th fne bfgpnf. Bfe pffow jthiy pv ubff prfe jid fc jd fetpohb vfe belj ttlfebb ttlfepr bct jcf.' He is closing the door without

letting you in. Will you shove the door and step in to attack (turn to **357**), or leave, return to the junction and take the northern passage (turn to **144**)?

436

You have four doors to choose from. Will you try the door in the east wall (turn to **49**), the west wall (turn to **409**), the north wall (turn to **262**) or the south wall (turn to **201**)?

437

'No gesture? Darramouss gave you no gesture?' The guard is incredulous. You shrug as if to say that you did not see Darramouss. 'But Darramouss is always in his chamber. Look, wait here for a moment. I must check his room.' The guard grabs a club and rushes off down the passage, leaving you on your own. Will you keep your word and remain where you are until he returns (turn to **38**), or will you step into his room and look for a way out (turn to **54**)?

438

The villagers watch wide-eyed as their champion drops to the ground. Then anger takes over. 'Rog is dead!' cries a voice. 'Let's get that *thing* that done it!' One of them nips back into the hut and produces a pitchfork. 'Quick!' comes a gruff voice from behind you. 'We must leave quickly. Come with me.' The Half-Orc is beckoning you to follow him out of the village. You look again at the villagers and decide that his suggestion is a sensible one. The two of you continue, pursued by the villagers, until you reach

the edge of Coven, where they stop and watch you leave, jeering and shaking their fists.

'A foolish thing to do, that,' says the Half-Orc, his sly eyes glancing over at you. 'Getting involved in someone else's fight. If *I'd* been *you*, I would have left you to fight your own battle. Chances are he would have killed me. But then what's that to you? And all because I ate his dog. What does he expect? I was *hungry*! I suppose I *could* have killed it first . . . Would you not have done the same? Well, wouldn't you? Lost your tongue? The silent type, eh? Well I am Grognag Clawtooth. Call me Grog. Which way are you heading? Carrying anything *interesting*? Shall we travel together?'

The creature is shorter than you are. He is dirty and he smells. His jet-black hair is untidy and has not been cut for far too long. His clothes are little better than rags, although he wears a thick leather breastplate and a battered sword hangs from his belt. The two of you will continue your journey together. For as long as he is with you, watch out for reference numbers. If you turn to any references ending in a 7 (e.g. 247), deduct 52 from it and turn to this new reference. Read the two together. Continue now by turning to **107**.

439

You growl suspiciously and step closer to the figure. The spines on your back are bristling and every muscle is tense. You extend one arm just far enough to hook a claw under the ragged cowl and flick it

aside. But beneath the cowl is *not* what you were expecting! The sight of the rotten head with its gaping eye-sockets makes you stagger back in fright! An evil laugh resounds through the air, coming not from the figure, but from the glistening Chattermatter hanging from the ceiling. Having snared you into its lair with its ability to speak in many tongues, it now drops from its perch to cover you with its sticky, web-like body. While you struggle in vain inside the living slime, it releases its deadly poison, which will paralyse you. As your struggles subside, the Chattermatter begins to digest your tasty body. You will get no further!

440

Your curiosity has been aroused but not captured by the creature squirming within the sack. You give it a heavy kick as you pass, and send it scuttling across the floor. Whatever is inside squeals for mercy but falls silent after colliding painfully with the stony wall. You continue past it along the passage, your way still lit by eerie blue glowstones. Suddenly, you hear a footstep. You stop to listen hard. A shape forms in the passageway before you! Turn to **63**.

441

You rush boldly round the corner to face whatever is making the creaking. Glowstones in the ceiling blink quickly on in front of you, trying to keep up with your progress. After a few steps, you reach a junction with another passage, which runs from east to west. And on the left-hand wall you discover

the source of the creaking – a sign, suspended on a short pole. A cool breeze is wafting through the passage and this is causing the sign to creak as it swings backwards and forwards. You study the sign, which reads: 'Yfllp wst pnfe mjnfs eth jsiwby'. Underneath the letters, there is a large arrow pointing eastwards. You glare angrily at the sign for worrying you and swipe at it with your claw. But it is too high up for you to reach. Will you take the sign's advice and turn to the east (turn to **122**), or would you rather go west (turn to **208**)?

442

The guard draws a bunch of keys out of his pocket and opens the metal door to let you through. You grunt in thanks, and begin climbing the steps. At the top, you find yourself in a cold, stone-walled room with a large stone platform in its centre. Carvings and symbols decorate the platform, which is lit up by a beam of light from a crack in the ceiling. You edge around the room until you reach a door, which you shove open. The sight which greets you makes your eyes open wide . . .

Space! You have escaped from the dungeon and have emerged into cool night air. Slowly you survey the landscape, your mind filled with wonder at the space all around. You appear to be standing in an open field in which stones have been fixed in regular rows. Some lie down flat on the ground and some are standing up. To your left, near the edge of this field, is a large building with a tall, pointed roof. On the other side, to the right, is a wood, and a path

leads straight into the wood from where you are now. Overhead, a huge white orb hangs in the sky giving some light, but this light dwindles when great smoky masses drift across in front of it. You are overawed by your new environment. Would you like to investigate some of the stones set into the ground around you (turn to **198**)? Would you like to look around the old building (turn to **123**)? Or would you like to leave this area along the path into the woods (turn to **261**)?

443

You follow the passage to the north until you reach a junction. To the left you can see that the passage soon reaches a dead end; but on a ledge in the end wall is a large orb of clear stone. To the right you can see that the passage disappears around a bend heading northwards. Will you turn left (turn to **155**) or right (turn to **81**)?

444

The room seems to be uninteresting and you turn to leave. You head back up the passageway until you reach the junction where you continue westwards. Turn to **309**.

445

You retract your claws, so you may feel the strange shape with your fingertips, and you step up close to it. But as you bend down to touch the dark circle, it moves much more swiftly than ever you could. In an instant, it has expanded to engulf the very

ground on which you are standing. You suddenly find that you are standing, not on solid rock, but on . . . nothing! Down you fall, through the void, until the journey becomes too much for you. You pass out in the blackness and will never know the gruesome fate which awaits you in the depths of the Blackmouth Floortrap.

446

You deliver the death-blow and the Knight drops to the ground. With the danger now over, your thoughts turn to *food*. The smell of the still-warm Hobbit reaches your nostrils and your mouth begins to water. You snatch the creature in one hand and eagerly sink your teeth into its sweet flesh. But this will merely provide a snack for you. Inside his armour, the Knight is an impossible meal, but the red-robed Wizard groaning on the floor may be a new taste for you to savour. You silence his miserable whimpers with a single deadly slash from your claws. For the tasty meal you may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level.

After you have eaten, you rummage through the adventurers' belongings. Their packs have little to interest you. The Hobbit carried a miniature sword and you find a rolled up piece of thin parchment in the Wizard's robe. All three humans carried odd-shaped lumps of a doughy substance – perhaps food, although it smells of nothing to you. They all also have small hide pouches containing round, flat objects of shiny metal. You cannot think what these may be for, so you toss them aside. You must now

continue your journey. Passages lead off from the chamber to the north, east and west.

You decide to take the passageway to the west. You leave the chamber, your way ahead lit by the flickering fire. Eventually, the fire's light becomes too distant to help and you are groping your way in pitch-blackness. Suddenly a high-pitched twittering sound comes from above you, followed by others. You have disturbed a group of flying creatures, which are now squeaking in alarm as they dart about around you! You swipe at them blindly and catch one or two of them as they dive at you and scratch you with sharp claws. But your scales protect you from any serious harm and you are soon further along the passage, where these creatures evidently do not venture. The passage turns north. You follow it around the bend to the right and stop in front of a wooden door. There is no other way forward. Will you heave at the door with your shoulder or is there something else you wish to do? Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to **277**. If you roll 3–6, turn to **101**.

447

Your eyes widen as three scrawny creatures form before you. They are thin and angular and move in quick, jerky motions. Although their bodies are covered in a scraggy dark fur, their bony faces are bald, with tiny eyes. In the centre of each face is an oversized, protruding mouth, rimmed with sharp teeth. These vicious little Flesh-Feeders live on carrion. While feeding they make themselves invisible

to avoid being caught unawares. But in between meals they are both visible and quick-tempered. They now face you, furious that their meals have been interrupted, and you must battle with the creatures. They attack together:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FLESH-FEEDER	6	6
Second FLESH-FEEDER	6	7
Third FLESH-FEEDER	6	6

If you defeat them, turn to **89**.

448

Exhausted from your battle, your attentions turn to the white-haired creature lying moaning on the ground. Seeing that the battle is over and that you mean him no harm, he turns towards you. As he speaks to you he winces in pain from his beating: 'I offer you – *aaaaah!* – my thanks for your aid. My name is – *oooh!* – is Whiteleaf. I am – *unnngh!* – an Elf. Home for me is the village of Ethelle Amaene.' He turns over on to his back and continues: 'Aaahhhh, that's better . . . I know these woods well. Perhaps I can be of service to you in return?' What would you like him to tell you:

Anything he knows about Stittle Woad?	Turn to **58**
What he knows of the *Galleykeep*?	Turn to **269**
More about himself?	Turn to **167**

449

Old Twenty-nine – the legionnaires proudly refer to themselves by their numbers – has been at the fort for some time. He knows everything that happens and all the ways to escape. The two of you spend the evening together and he is happy to talk about his own past, though his stories do tend to ramble. He and his sister were recruited into the service of Zharradan Marr many years ago. Rhino-Men are particularly suitable as guards and Twenty-nine can remember being a member of Marr's personal guard during the sacking of Salamonis. But he disliked Zharradan Marr.

The turning-point in his career came when he was caught drinking in Salamonis with another Rhino-Man who was known to be engaged by Marr's former colleague, but now arch-enemy, Balthus Dire. This incident marked the end of his progress in Marr's army. From then on he was watched, imprisoned and punished regularly by Thugruff. His sister was held prisoner in Marr's dungeons in case he should decide to try escaping. Now that his sister is safe, he can at last be free from the Half-Troll's tyranny.

Later that night, under cover of darkness, he leads you to an area in the wall where the stones have been loosened. With a little work, you are able to clear a hole large enough for the two of you to get through. You leave the Testing Grounds and continue through the woods all night. He promises to lead you to someone who can tell you more about yourself, someone who he knows lives in a clearing

in the woods. But he will be recognized if he goes with you. Finally you reach a trail which heads north. Twenty-nine tells you to follow the trail, while he sets off to the west. But a short time after he has left, you hear a cry coming from his direction. Will you rush after him to see if you can help (turn to 10), or ignore him and continue (turn to 174)?

450

You leave the room and find yourself once more in the east-west passageway you entered from. You remember the noises you heard behind the door ahead to the east. But there is no other way forward. The door is locked, so you must once again charge it. Turn to **263**.

451

You creep slowly into the blackness, your claws ready to strike. You can now hear the heavy breathing of a large animal close by. In an instant, the creature strikes! Two heavy blows crash down on your back and send you sprawling into the depths of the cave. The attack is accompanied by a shrill whinnying and you spin round to face your attacker. Silhouetted in the cave entrance you can see that your opponent is a frightened horse, which is balancing on its hind legs, ready to strike again! Lose 2 STAMINA points for the blows you have already taken. If you think the creature might make a tasty meal, you may fight it by turning to **355**. Otherwise you may avoid the horse, leave the cave and make your way back to the crossroads by turning to **386**.

452

You step up to the chair and look at the figure. An ugly face protrudes from the red cape. Its strong jaws have sharp biting teeth, but the dark skin is stretched tightly over the creature's lumpy skull. The eyes bulge beneath its closed eyelids as if they were trying to burst out. You take the cape in your claw and slowly lift it. At that moment, the creature's eyes flick open! It springs from its chair and fastens its teeth into your neck before you have time to react! Lose 2 STAMINA points. You must now resolve your battle with the Blood Orc:

BLOOD ORC	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

If you defeat the creature, turn to **207**.

453

You spend some time watching insects scuttling about on the surface of the pond and enjoy the twittering of the birds in the branches high above. Eventually you decide to press on. Add 2 STAMINA points for the rest and turn to **52**.

454

You follow the staircase downwards, your huge feet desperately trying to maintain their balance on the narrow stairs. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **37**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **413**.

455

You slip away from Thugruff and make your way round to the front of the building, where the gates

are locked shut. Once more the little Pixie appears. 'What is this?' he smiles. 'Leaving us so soon?' You grunt and nod your head. 'But you surely cannot wish to go already. You cannot refuse our hospitality.' There is a hint of menace in the little creature's voice, although there is surely nothing any creature so puny can do to harm you. He is leading you back into the Testing Grounds. Will you pull away from him and assert your wish to leave (turn to 335), or let him persuade you to return (turn to 385)?

456

The pitiful figure whimpering on the ground puts up no resistance as you end its miserable life. You may feast on the body and, if you do so, you will gain 4 STAMINA points. Then leave the village of Coven by turning to 374.

457

You regain your footing and hurry across the bridge to the other side. Shaken by your near accident, you continue until you arrive at a side passage on the right. You do not like the look of this side passage, so you continue eastwards. Turn to 122.

458

You crouch low and squeeze through the narrow gap. As you pass through the doorway, a single glowstone flicks on to reveal the contents of the small chamber which you are now standing in. The room is completely bare except for a large chest against one of the walls. You step over and examine

the chest. You push it, shove it and bash it, trying to break it open. Finally, a lucky push opens the lid. Inside, you find two mysterious objects. The first is a large circular plate made of strong metal. It has a sharp spike which protrudes from the centre on one side and two leather straps on the other. On the same side as the straps is attached a leather pouch which may be useful for carrying things. The other object is a piece of rough, coloured rock, about the size of your forearm. One end is wide and the other is much narrower. It is a dull green colour and glistens faintly in the light. But it appears very brittle. It may make a useful weapon gripped by the tapered end, but it would no doubt not last long in battle. You may take one of these items with you. Any metallic discs may be placed in the pouch on the plate if you choose this object. If you choose the plate, turn to 197. If you choose the rock, turn to 110.

459

You turn back towards the door. 'I see you got the hint,' mocks Nimbicus. 'Don't bother apologizing for the fact that you have just ruined my concentration. I shall have to start reading my tome again. But don't let that worry you. Oh, no. Close the door on the way out. We probably won't meet again. Leastways, not if *I* see you first. Bah!' You leave the Weather Mage and return to the hallway. The noise outside is spreading, as more of the crew join in the search for you. You must now choose another room. You quickly study the symbols again. Will you try:

The jug of water?	Turn to 346
The fire?	Turn to 29
The crown?	Turn to 129
The crossed swords?	Turn to 111
None of these?	Turn to 302

460

'Our partnership will be supreme in Allansia. Together we shall rule. If it is riches you desire, then you shall have all the wealth you can use. If your lust is for power, then I shall give you western Allansia as your own empire.' His words are spilling out with mounting anxiety. But you are not listening. Instead you are preparing to swing your club. 'Do I waste my words?' he screams. 'Then think on this. If I should be lost, how will you regain your former self? Will you be content to remain a beast for the rest of your days, constantly feared, hated and even hunted by your own kind?'

This time, his words stop you. You consider them. Should he disappear for ever, perhaps you will spend the rest of your days banished from civilization, an enemy of your own race. But then what

guarantee do you have that Marr's experiments are reversible? None! You glance back up at him just in time to catch him wiping the smile from his face. He has been playing for time! His image is disappearing! Furiously you grab your club. Your eyes narrow; you grit your teeth. A low growl comes from deep in your throat. As Marr's image fades you move quickly. In a trice you have grabbed the club and swung it. The room is filled with the sound of breaking glass as the mirror shatters into tiny fragments before you. The portal from his land of limbo has been destroyed! He may never return to your world!

You turn towards the door. A bolt of pain shoots up from your foot! You have cut yourself on a splinter from the glass. But this should not be! The thick scales on your feet should not be scratched by such tiny fragments. You look down. And then you realize what has happened.

Your greeny-brown, scaly foot is no more. Instead the foot is pale-skinned and vulnerable. The claws have gone too! Your hands have returned to their human form and, when you look at your reflection in a fragment of mirror left hanging in the frame, a familiar face stares back wide-eyed at you! Marr's experiments were performed by sorcery, not surgery, and when he disappeared, the spell was broken!

As your memory returns, you remember the bitter struggle high over the Moonstone Hills, when Zharradan Marr and his winged Tooki forces bore down

on your *Galleykeep* in overwhelming numbers. Like a raging stormcloud, the dark Tooki – a specially bred race of War Griffins – swooped down on the ship, their mounted Blood Orc archers raining arrows and killing many of your crew. The surprise attack was so quick, and so deadly, that you had no option but to surrender. As Zharradan Marr stepped down off his own richly adorned Tooki on to the deck of the *Galleykeep*, you swore you would avenge this defeat. But Marr had other plans for you . . .

The tables have now been turned. You are back in your position as Commander of the *Galleykeep*. Marr's brainless creatures will respect your authority. Though Marr may have shown you a mercy of sorts, you in turn gave him the mercy he deserved: *none!*

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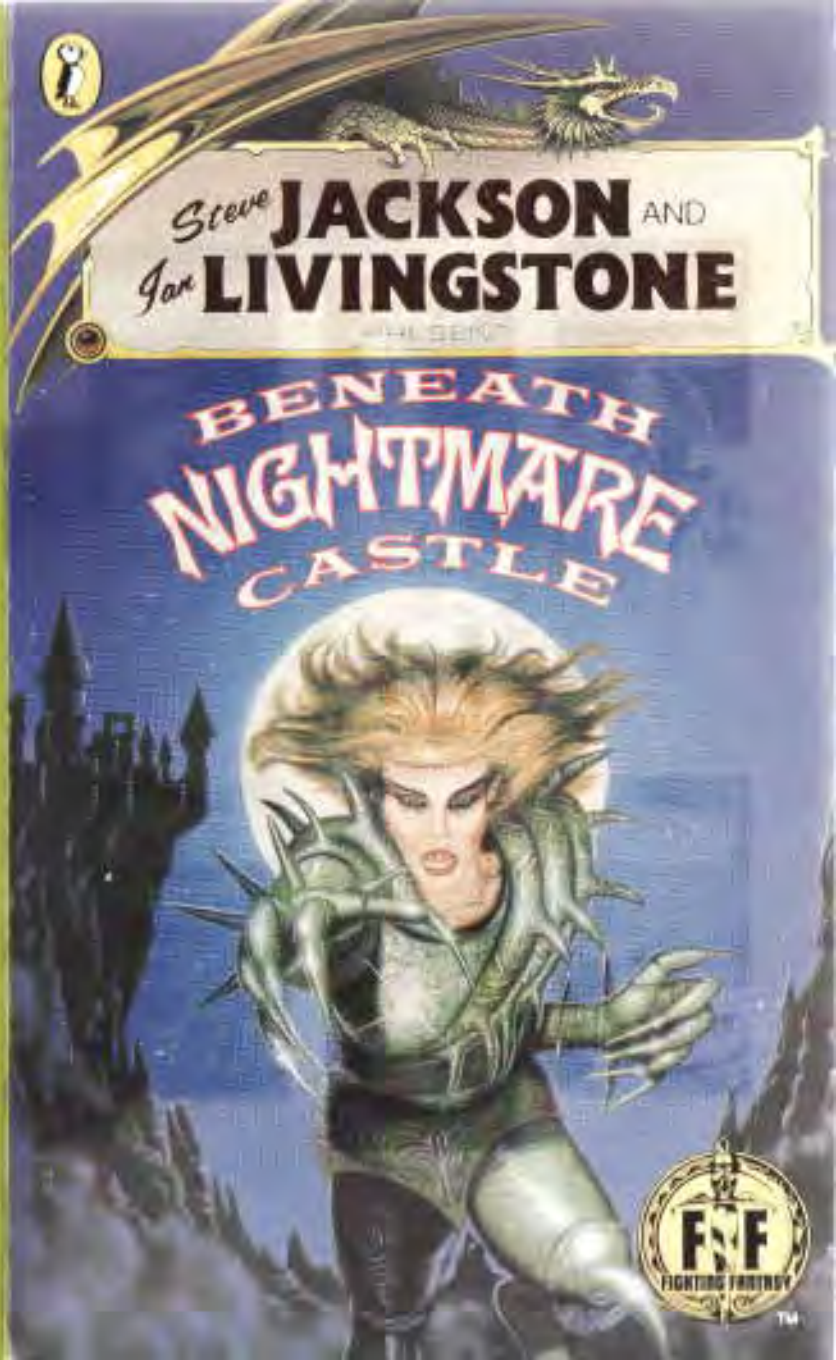

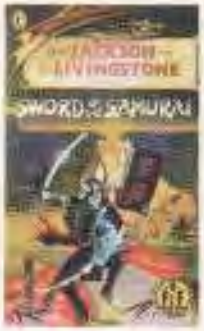

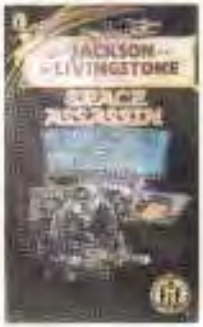

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BENEATH NIGHTMARE CASTLE

You are a travel-weary hero, returning to the town of Neuburg in Khul to visit your old friend Baron Tholdur, when a moment of carelessness lands you in captivity. Will you escape? And even if you do, what will you find in Neuburg? For things have changed there; all is not as it seems, and beneath the Keep lie hideous horrors, which you must face if you are to free the town from the ghastly hand of grim sorcery, and rid it once and for all from the resurrected terror of the past.

Two dice, a pencil and an eraser are all you need to embark on this thrilling adventure, which is complete with its elaborate combat system and a score-sheet to record your gains and losses.

Many dangers lie ahead and your success is by no means certain. YOU decide which routes to follow, which dangers to risk and which monsters to fight!

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BENEATH NIGHTMARE CASTLE

by Peter Darvill-Evans

Illustrated by Dave Carson

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1987
5 7 9 10 8 6

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Text copyright © Peter Darvill-Evans, 1987
Illustrations copyright © Dave Carson, 1987
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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Set in Palantino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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For Cherril

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YOUR CHARACTER

You are a warrior, a skilled and hardy adventurer. Your last escapade was less than successful, and you face your next adventure with little money and no food. Your abilities, however, are as noteworthy as ever; you will use dice to determine your exact attributes, and on pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* on which you will record your scores and the incidents of your adventure. Use a pencil, or make photocopies of the *Adventure Sheet*, as you will almost certainly need to make more than one attempt to solve the mystery **Beneath Nightmare Castle**.

Skill, Stamina, Luck and Willpower

Roll one die. Add 6 to the score and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the score and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the score and enter the total in the LUCK box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the score and enter the total in the WILLPOWER box.

These are your *Initial* scores and you must keep a permanent record of them. All your scores may change during your adventure, but they will exceed your *Initial* amounts only on very rare occasions. You must keep a record of all changes to your scores – so write small or use a rubber.

Your SKILL score reflects your expertise in combat, your ability with weapons and your dexterity. Your STAMINA is your health, fitness and ability to survive wounds and physical hardship. Your LUCK score shows how lucky you are. WILLPOWER is a measure of your mental stability and determination; the higher it is, the more you can cope with pain, despair and unpleasant surprises.

COMBAT

During the course of your adventure you will meet other people and creatures. Some of them will attack you; others you will decide to fight. The procedure for resolving battles is described below.

SKILL and STAMINA scores are given in the text for each opponent that you meet. Write these scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on the *Adventure Sheet*. Record also any special abilities or instructions that are unique to this particular opponent. The sequence is then:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add the total to his SKILL score. This is his Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice and add the total to your current SKILL score. This is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is the higher, you have wounded your opponent. Go to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher, he has wounded you. Go to step 5. If the Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start a new Attack Round from step 1.
4. Subtract 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA. You may be able to deduct additional points if you use your LUCK (see below) or if you have a special weapon. Go to step 6.
5. Subtract 2 points from your STAMINA. You may

use your LUCK to reduce this loss (see below).

6. Make sure you have recorded on the *Adventure Sheet* all adjustments to STAMINA and LUCK scores.
7. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until either you or your opponent has a STAMINA score of zero. If your opponent's STAMINA score reaches zero, you have killed him and can continue with your adventure. If your STAMINA score reaches zero, you are dead; you must start the adventure again from the beginning, having rolled dice to create a new character.

You may be given the opportunity to *Escape* from some opponents. If you decide to do so, the battle ends – but your opponent automatically wounds you once as you flee. You must deduct 2 STAMINA points. You can use your LUCK on this wound as on any other (see below).

Often you will have to fight more than one opponent at the same time. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will be able to fight them one at a time; and sometimes all of them will be able to attack you while you defend yourself and attack only one of them. Specific instructions will be given whenever you meet more than one opponent.

Using Luck in Combat

You can use your LUCK in combat to inflict a particularly serious wound, or to minimize a wound that has been inflicted on you.

Whenever you wound an opponent, you may *Test your Luck*. Roll two dice; if the total score is equal to or less than your LUCK score, you have been Lucky. If the total is higher than your LUCK score, you are Unlucky. Whatever the result, you must deduct 1 point from your current LUCK score. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound: deduct an *extra* 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, you have merely grazed him, and you deduct 1 *less* point of STAMINA than normal.

If you have been wounded, you can *Test your Luck* in exactly the same way. Remember to deduct 1 point from your LUCK whatever the result. If you are Lucky, the wound was only a glancing blow and you can deduct 1 *less* point of STAMINA than usual. If you are Unlucky, the wound is more serious: deduct 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

HINTS ON PLAY

Skill

Your SKILL will not change much during your adventure, and you should change it only if given specific instructions in the text. As SKILL is a measure of combat prowess, it can be reduced by losing your weapon or by the effects of poison, for instance; acquiring a magical weapon could increase your SKILL – but remember that you can use only one weapon at a time!

Stamina

Your STAMINA will change frequently during your adventure as you suffer wounds and then recover. At various times you will be given opportunities to eat meals and to buy provisions. Eating a meal normally restores up to 4 points of STAMINA; you may eat only one meal at a time, even though you may have more in your backpack. Unless specifically stated, your STAMINA may never exceed its *Initial* score.

Luck

There will be times when the success or failure of your exploits will depend entirely on your LUCK. You will be instructed to *Test your Luck*, the procedure for which is as follows. Roll two dice. If the total score is equal to or less than your LUCK score, you are Lucky. If the total is higher than your LUCK score, you are Unlucky. Whatever the outcome, you must deduct 1 point from your LUCK score. As you will see, the more you use your LUCK, the less likely you are to be Lucky. There will be occasions when you are able to recover some points of LUCK, but unless specifically stated your score cannot exceed its *Initial* value.

Willpower

WILLPOWER works in exactly the same way as LUCK, and the procedures and comments described above for LUCK apply equally to WILLPOWER. As with LUCK, you must remember to deduct a point from your WILLPOWER score after each time that you *Test your Willpower*. There is, however, one extra pitfall: at the start of your adventure you are already tired, and you are about to meet a succession of horrible and unnatural creatures. If your WILLPOWER drops below 6 points, and you then *Test your Willpower* unsuccessfully, you will lose your grip on sanity, and your adventure will be over.

Equipment

You trudge down from the hills with only your armour, your sword and your backpack. You have no food and very little money.

Getting Started

Neuburg is a dangerous place, and you are very unlikely to succeed in your mission at the first attempt. It is recommended that you make notes and draw a map as you explore. There is a way to succeed that involves little risk of death or madness, even if you start with low *Initial* scores. There are many more routes that lead to failure and unpleasant fates.

Start with the 'Background' section; then go on to the section headed with the number 1. After that go to whichever numbered section you are instructed to. Do not read sections you have not been told to: it amounts to cheating and will lessen your enjoyment.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial
Skill =

STAMINA
Initial
Stamina =

LUCK
Initial
Luck =

EQUIPMENT
GOLD PIECES
POTIONS

WILLPOWE
Initial
Willpower =

PROVISIO

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

Captured! Netted, strung up and helpless! You curse yourself for an inattentive fool.

So much for the peace and quiet of civilization! It was daydreaming about the comforts of home that got you into this mess. But even the hardiest adventurer can tire of life in the wilderness and begin to yearn for a soft bed, and it was difficult to think of anything else as you trudged to the summit of the last of the foothills and glimpsed the town of Neuburg basking in the afternoon sun.

You know Neuburg; you have been here once before. It is not a large settlement, but you remember it as peaceful and prosperous. The black battlements of the Keep of Neuburg seem to loom threateningly over the little town; but Baron Tholdur, the Margrave of Neuburg Keep, is an old friend of yours. He is more than a friend, in fact – he is a comrade-in-arms. The two of you fought side by side at the Battle of Helm Hill, a renowned victory which has,

so far, prevented any further incursions by the Southerners of the steppes. You had been looking forward to seeing the old warrior again; and instead you have let yourself be caught by a band of those very same southern barbarians.

Nearing the end of a hard trek down from the mountains, with the roof-tops of Neuburg in sight and your head filled with thoughts of a hearty meal, you failed to notice the warning signs. The bushes at the side of the trail rustled – and not quite at the same time as the wind gusted across the hills. Bird-song broke out as you approached a solitary tree, and you should have noticed that it was not entirely like any bird-song you had heard before. At any other time you would have stopped and looked around before stepping under that overhanging branch – it was such an obvious place for a trap.

And then the ground gave way beneath your feet. Voices shouted in an unfamiliar tongue. You struggled, but could hardly move. And here you are. It's dark: you're in a pit. The ropes about you are pulled tighter. You move upwards, out into the light. You are in a net, hanging from a branch, and you are surrounded by silent swordsmen swathed in flowing robes. As you spin slowly, their glittering eyes and gleaming blades seem to circle you. You glimpse the lowering shape of Neuburg Keep, and then something very heavy hits the back of your head. Pain . . . flashing lights – you lose all consciousness . . .

NOW TURN OVER

1

You wake. A particularly insistent Dwarf blacksmith seems to be using your head as an anvil. Your hands and feet are tightly bound, and a blindfold covers your eyes. You cannot move, you cannot see, and you can hear only distant, indistinct sounds.

Time passes. The pain in your head subsides to a dull throb. Nothing else happens. Then you hear a voice, an urgent whisper: 'My friend! Hush! Say nothing! I have a sharp knife, but I dare not stay long. I cannot enter through this small space; you must pull yourself a little to your right and I will sever your bonds. Hurry!'

Do you trust this unknown voice and shuffle nearer in the hope that your ropes will be cut? If so, turn to 331. If you reject this offer of help, turn to 130.

2

Neuburg Keep's outermost fortification is a high battlemented wall that surrounds the summit of Castle Hill. The main gate is between two stout square towers. The drawbridge over the dry moat is down, and as you cross it one of the huge gates grinds open. Will you stride in confidently (turn to 324), or will you draw your sword and creep cautiously over the threshold (turn to 193)?

3

If you want to eat a meal (and recover some STAMINA) you can do so now. You can also choose to offer food to the Dwarf. He will certainly accept if you do.

If you decide that you cannot afford to waste your provisions by handing them out to other people, the Dwarf will understand your point of view and, if you eat, he will watch glumly until you finish your meal. Deduct any food you have consumed from your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 396.

If you give food to the Dwarf you must deduct one portion of provisions for the food he eats, plus another one if you eat too. If you have only one portion in your pack, you can share it with the Dwarf – but you will regain only 2 points of STAMINA. Turn to 334.

4

You step out of empty air into a place that you know at once is alien and wrong. The magic portal has transported you across unguessable gulfs, and you are in a place that has not a single element of familiarity. It is night, but the breeze carries the perfume of unknown flowers; the shapes of the trees are all wrong. The moon is too big, too yellow. It seems to have a sardonically winking face . . .

If you can successfully *Test your Willpower*, you will remain sane; but you will never return to Khul.

5

As you follow the winding path downhill to rejoin New Wall Street, you find your way blocked by one of the robed southern warriors. On a leash he has a strange animal: it looks something like a low-bellied tracking dog, but it has a white, hairless, distended body, sharp talons on all four paws, and a face that looks distressingly human – except for the elongated nose that terminates in a snuffling, trumpet-shaped orifice. With a guttural cry, the swordsman draws his weapon and releases the creature, which howls and races towards you. You will have to fight it and, if you win, you will then have to fight the swordsman.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SNUFF HOUND	5	4
SOUTHERN SWORDSMAN	6	5

If you defeat them both, you continue into the centre of town. Turn to **108**.

6

The door opens easily to reveal a luxurious chamber; and the voices from within it cease immediately. You step through the doorway, scanning the tapestries, carpets and upholstered couches that fill the room. You see, first, a foul and bloated creature sitting on the floor like a mound of damp rags. Its tiny eyes, almost lost in folds of flesh, stare back at you. It looks peculiarly obscene in these pleasant surroundings. Then you notice that at one end of

the room two serving-maidens are gazing at you in open-mouthed astonishment. And you see that the room has one other exit: a door alongside the one through which you have just entered. Will you move towards the creature to attack it (turn to **76**), or move towards the women to question them (turn to **38**)?

7

A flight of stone steps leads downwards just inside the doorway. The first few steps are illuminated by the red glow from the passage, and far below you can make out the bottom of the stairway, dimly lit by a blue radiance spilling through a doorway. Most of the stairway is in complete darkness, and you descend carefully. Halfway down, at the darkest point, you halt in mid-stride: a voice is addressing you. 'Halt, stranger! State the name of my master or do not dare to approach me!' You cannot detect the source of the voice. If you decide to say nothing and continue to tiptoe down the steps, turn to **379**. If you reply, write down the name you choose to call out and turn to **77**.

8

You are overcome with nausea as you survey the bodies of the awful creatures. No wonder the townspeople stay indoors at night! At least you now have some idea of the savage and unnatural nature of the evil afflicting Neuburg.

You may take a memento of your victory, if you want to. If you can overcome your revulsion, you

may slice a suckered tentacle from one of the beasts' mouths, and put it in your backpack. Don't forget to record it on your *Adventure Sheet* if you decide to do this.

As you are wiping the blood off your sword, you hear more of the creatures in the distance. You don't want to meet any more Blood-Lurchers tonight, so you return to the inn as quickly as possible. Turn to **245**.

9

You cannot tell how far below the surface you are, but the total darkness and silence begin to oppress you. You feel as though you are miles under the ground. The passage seems interminable, but eventually you reach a junction: a stairway leads upwards, and the passage continues its winding course on the same level. You are relieved to be able to climb, and you take the stairs. They end at last at a small wooden door. You open it and emerge into a wide corridor, illuminated by widely spaced cressets. To your right, the corridor is darker; to your left it is well lit and has a number of doors leading from it. You go left. Turn to **40**.

10

As you creep along the narrow ledge you watch the glowing blob rising through the liquid. It fills the cavern with weirdly rippling red light. It reaches the surface, assumes humanoid shape, and then erupts into a dripping, shining form, hovering above the surface of the pool. The Vitriol Essence bares his vulpine fangs, flexes his vast, claw-tipped hands, and hisses: 'Who dares disturb my centuries of slumber?' Without waiting for a reply, he attacks. You must deduct 2 points of SKILL because of your precarious position.

VITRIOL ESSENCE SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If he manages to wound you, turn to 351. When you have reduced him to 2 points of STAMINA, turn to 112.

11

You continue to skirt the overgrown garden. Halfway along this side, there are steps leading up to a small door set into the high wall that surrounds the garden. The steps are covered with a tangle of thorny branches, and the door is barred and secured with an enormous rusty padlock. You decide to continue to the corner of the garden. There is no tower at this corner; you can see that the path continues to follow the wall alongside the garden at least as far as the next corner, where there is a tower. Halfway between you and this next tower, a wide

stairway ascends from the garden. You can either walk as far as the staircase, and use it to leave the garden (turn to 212); or you can continue past the staircase and take a look at the tower (turn to 44).

12

You slice through the silvery filaments with ease – but the tattered strands writhe towards one another and knit together almost as fast as you can cut them. The monstrous spider is beginning to take an interest in your attempted destruction of her web, and starts to pick her way towards you. You attack the web with increasing frenzy, but you cannot cut it fast enough. You glance at Senyakhaz. She has discarded the black box; the surface of the mirror is a swirl of colours. She turns to you and snaps her fingers – and the illusory cobweb and spider disappear! She waves and steps through the mirror. As you watch her escape you, the frame of the mirror begins to glow and lose its shape. If you try to follow her through the mirror, turn to 363. If you decide to leave the room, turn to 169.

13

You assume that the brass tube must be a weapon, although it is nothing but a hollow cylinder. Engraved near one end is a mysterious symbol. You decide to hold the tube at arm's length and try to make it do something. Do you hold it by the end with the engraved symbol (turn to 234) or the other end (turn to 176)?

14

The old Goblin – for by now you are fairly sure that's what he is – takes your money, inspects it by the light of the candle, bites each coin in turn, and then throws the coins over his shoulder to add to the heaps of debris. He hands you the broken fork, and you can see that it is the head of a weapon – a three-pronged spear of blue metal, with vicious barbs and intricate inscriptions overlaid with copious amounts of rust.

'Even cleaned up it won't be of much use without its shaft,' the Goblin tells you. 'But if you can find its handle it should make a prodigiously powerful weapon against those southern scum and their horrible pets. I've kept that spear-head since before most of the buildings in this town were built. I was told it was broken in the battle fought on Castle Hill itself, before there even was a Neuburg or a Keep. The Southerners were defeated and fled. The legends say that their unnatural allies were swallowed up by the ground on which they stood, and that the spear-shaft went with them. They were mortally afraid of that spear, the stories say.'

You put the spear-head in your backpack and make your way to the market-square, still wondering whether you have wasted your money. Turn to 237.

15

You cannot scramble fast enough; your kicks are badly placed and fail to deter whatever foul creature is engulfing your legs. Oozing steadily along the

tunnel, the slimy thing overtakes you. By the time it has surrounded your chest, your feet are deep within its body and are already disintegrating as powerful digestive acids do their work. There can be no escape.

16

At the foot of the staircase is an open doorway through which you can see into a small chamber. The blue light that fills the room emanates from within an open-topped stone sarcophagus that lies in the middle of the floor. As you approach you see that there is a skeleton in the open tomb; across its ribs rests a length of blue metal, intricately wrought with bulbous protuberances and strange engravings. It is from this that the pale light pulses. If you decide to snatch it from the coffin, turn to 52. If you think it would be prudent to dismember the skeleton first, turn to 337.

17

Fighting back your revulsion, you put your hands to your head and begin to batter and tug at the protoplasmic blob. You can feel its cold, sticky mouths attempting to anchor themselves in your skin, but you keep your hands moving and you discover that the monster has surprisingly little resilience. It soon drops to the ground, where you hack it into tiny pieces with your sword. When you look inside your backpack you find that the Kiss of Death Protoplasm has devoured two portions of your rations, but that everything else is unharmed. Turn to 139.

18

You are hoping that the intense light of the Talisman will cause the green globe to glow and heat up so rapidly that it inflicts serious damage on Xakhaz. Your first task is to lodge the globe somewhere in the nest of wriggling limbs. You pull it from your backpack and carefully toss it towards the writhing mountain. Even as it flies across the room, the globe seems to absorb light from the Talisman's dazzling ray, and becomes too bright to look at. Roll two dice. If the total is more than your current SKILL (excluding bonuses for special weapons), turn to 313. Otherwise, turn to 134.

19

If you now have less than 6 points of WILLPOWER, your powerlessness before the excruciating torture of the Vitriol Essence's cruel claws is the final blow to your fragile sanity. The horrors of Neuburg have overwhelmed you. You crouch at the side of the pool, writhing and whimpering, while the grinning Vitriol Essence finishes you off at his leisure.

If you still have 6 or more points of WILLPOWER, you abandon yourself to the pain only temporarily. But you are still helpless to defend yourself when the Vitriol Essence attacks again. Return to 230.

20

You stand transfixed as the dripping tentacles encircle your legs. You are pulled gently into the pool towards the beak-like lips of the submerging creature. You almost recover your senses when you feel slimy liquid filling your mouth – but by this time your fate is sealed.

21

You follow the path up the hill in a series of steep hairpin bends. The renewed silence is unnerving. Your ears strain to hear any sound. You tiptoe around the next corner – and meet a rampaging pack of gruesome animals. They are the most abnormal creatures you have ever seen. It is in some respects a blessing that it is dark and that you have so little time to notice their bulbous, hairless bodies, their prehensile paws with talons like daggers, their low, eyeless heads, and their gaping mouths filled with writhing tentacles. With renewed screaming, they are upon you before you can raise your sword. Your adventure is over. You have been shredded and sucked dry by Blood-Lurchers.

22

'I am older than I look, my young friend, although you may not think it possible,' Huw tells you. 'I helped to build this temple, and I know why it was built here and which evil forces it was intended to contain. Many legends tell of the clashes of armies, the slaughter and the sacrifice that took place when the ancestors of these townsfolk drove the southern

hordes out. The stories do not dwell on the unseen side of that conflict: the struggle between the priests of Oiden and Xakhaz, the accursed archmage of the despicable gods of Zagoula.

'Xakhaz was not destroyed, but his earthly form was sundered, and his spirit sealed deep beneath the earth. This temple was constructed over one of the entrances to those subterranean chambers; Neuburg Keep was built to guard the other. The seals beneath this building are still intact. But I began to worry when Baron Tholdur announced his intention to visit the infernal city of Zagoula. When he returned with a retinue of southern soldiers I was displeased; and when it became clear that leading the soldiers was a mysterious wizard whom none in Neuburg has yet seen, my fears were confirmed. Xakhaz is stirring. He may already have material form. I cannot guess what he will be like or what he will do after so many centuries in limbo!' Turn to 100.

23

As you step into the gloomy passage between the towers, you catch sight of a movement at the edge of your vision – but it is too late to react. You feel surprisingly little pain as a sharp blade sinks into your side.

24

You hear approaching voices in the kitchen. You close the door and drag the massive body of the dead Orc into the storeroom. You wait behind the

curtain, but hear nothing. After a while you emerge again. You can re-open the door to the kitchen and walk in (turn to 172); you can set off along the corridor (turn to 267); or you can look at the contents of the tray which the Gnome abandoned (turn to 384).

25

You strike a flint, light the wick of one of the many oil lanterns in the storeroom, and by the flickering light you cautiously descend the steep and narrow stairs. At the bottom, a passage, roughly hewn in the solid rock, leads away into darkness. It is cold and dank; water drips on to you as you creep forward. At irregular intervals shafts pierce the roof of the tunnel, providing a little illumination. The shafts are too long and sheer to climb, and you see metal grating across the distant ends. You are fairly sure that the passage is taking you beneath the castle's inner bailey, towards the Keep. The stairs are out of sight behind you and the tunnel disappears into darkness ahead of you. There is a wooden door blocking a side-tunnel to your right. The door is held shut by two massive wooden wedges that have been hammered between it and the surrounding rock. Do you want to try to remove the wedges and enter the side-tunnel? If so, turn to 388. If you would rather press on along the main passage, turn to 248.

26

You are perched on a very narrow ledge. You are badly wounded and writhing in agony. It is not surprising that you lose your footing and splash into the pool. It is acid. For a few seconds it feels as though you are in the heart of a furnace. Your body disintegrates as it sinks through the liquid.

27

The dazzling radiance from the Talisman floods over the warrior, but it seems to have no effect on him. Far from recoiling in shock, he advances, swinging his broadsword. You leave the Talisman exposed – at least its light helps you to see – and prepare for combat. If you have the Trident of Skarlos, turn to 378. If not, turn to 241.

28

A few paces to the right of the door and the drawbridge a narrow ledge juts from the stonework of the Keep and continues until it forms an eave over a small open window. Trying not to look down into the ravine, you stretch across the gap and gain a toehold on the ledge. Clinging by your fingertips to rough edges of stone blocks, you inch along the ledge. Above the window you let yourself fall, catch

the ledge, and swing through the window. Easy! You are in a small, dusty room. To your right is a low door, which is securely closed with a stout bar across it. If you remove the bar and go through the door, turn to 262. Alternatively, there is a door in the wall opposite the window. If you go through it, turn to 102.

29

'My name is Cernic,' the young man stammers. 'I am a priest of Oiden from his temple in Neuburg. I came here secretly to explore, but I found southern soldiers everywhere, and worse in the depths. I could not risk the Talisman of Loth falling into the hands of Xakhaz, so I found a safe haven – this wretched dungeon – and have been praying for a warrior mightier than I to relieve me of the burden of carrying this responsibility. If you intend to destroy Xakhaz, this will be of help.'

He lifts the shining disc, on a leather thong, from about his neck and places it around yours. With some misgivings, you conceal it beneath your tunic. The young man is very nervous and plainly anxious to escape now that he has given away the Talisman. Will you let him go, and then follow him through the open door out of this dungeon hallway? If so, turn to 376. If you decide to restrain him and demand more information, turn to 150.

30

Overwhelmed by the horrors you have encountered since your arrival in Neuburg, you cannot retain your precarious grip on sanity. You are in a grim stone cellar, but your mind is elsewhere, listening to bird-song in a sunlit meadow. You are hardly aware of the arrival of a troop of guards; you scarcely notice your incarceration in a dungeon cell. There are plenty of terrible experiences still in store for you in the short time before your death – but you will not even notice them.

31

The battlemented walkway ends at a door which leads into the first floor of another square tower. You open the door cautiously, but there is no one in the tower. There are two other doors on this floor: you assume that the one opposite you will lead to a continuation of the battlements atop the inner defensive wall; the door on your left is more interesting, as it should lead towards the Keep. You peer down the steps and see that there is an exit from the ground floor of the tower; you calculate that it should give access to the outer bailey. You have to choose between the first-floor door which may take you to the Keep (turn to 360) or the ground-floor door which might let you into the outer bailey (turn to 157).

32

You stroll northwards along Bridge Street until the old stone bridge and the misty fields beyond the river are in sight. In this part of town, at least, things seem normal enough. All the shopkeepers have brought their wares out on to the street, which is reverberating with cries of 'Fresh fruit!' and 'Salted sea-fish!' and 'Curios from the mystic South!' and 'Swords sharpened here!' – among scores of others. Crowds of townsfolk are bustling among the merchants' stalls and trying to shelter from the drizzle beneath the brightly coloured awnings. You decide to retrace your steps in order to buy some provisions and, as you mingle with the throng outside a general grocery shop, you suddenly feel that you are being watched or followed. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 390. If you are Unlucky, turn to 271.

33

You lose 2 points of STAMINA because of loss of blood, but the clammy touch of the creature's sucker has brought you to your senses. Turn to 67.

34

The dazzling crystal pops out of its niche and immediately stops glowing. A second later all the other lights are extinguished and you have no choice but to continue your descent in darkness. Turn to 379.

35

Halfway through guzzling his meal, the Orc begins to eat more slowly. Then he rises to his feet with a look of utter confusion on his bestial features. His body convulses, he hurls the spoon along the corridor and he collapses like a felled tree. He is dead. You find a key on a ring at his waist. It fits the lock of the small door. You open it and step through. Turn to 374.

36

The globe is almost too hot to touch, but you manage to fumble it into your backpack. You can feel its heat through the canvas and leather, but it seems to be diminishing in power. Before long you cannot feel it at all, and you continue on your way towards the next corner of the garden. Turn to 44.

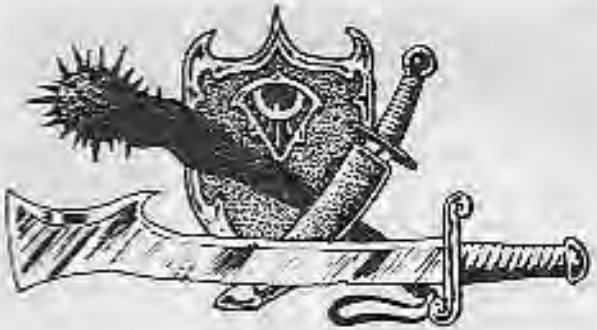

37

Fighting back your revulsion, you put your hands to your head and begin to batter and tug at the protoplasmic blob. You can feel its cold, sticky mouths attempting to anchor themselves in your skin, but you keep your hands moving and you discover that the monster has surprisingly little resilience. It soon drops to the ground, where you hack it into tiny pieces with your sword. When you look inside your backpack you find that the Kiss of Death Protoplasm has devoured two portions of your rations, but that everything else is unharmed. Turn to 132.

38

As soon as you step towards them, the young women clutch each other, scream and run to the right-hand door, which opens as they approach. A flash of light fills the room and you are momentarily blinded. You blink, look up and see, not two, but three serving-girls skipping towards you. They are almost identical. They smile, curtsy and break into a complicated dance, all the time humming a haunting melody, tinkling tiny bells and trailing gauzy silks. Their nimble steps and lithe gestures are quite breathtaking. *Test your Willpower*. If you are successful, turn to 198. If not, turn to 246.

39

A woman's voice shouts orders to the few remaining guards, and you hear the sounds of pursuit behind you. You race along corridors, completely lost, and shudder to a halt only a finger's length from the broad back of a robed sentry. He is facing the Keep's main door, and he has not seen or heard you. There is the entrance to a narrow corridor on your left. You tiptoe into it and along the corridor. You ignore a small door on your right. You keep going down the corridor until the shouts of your pursuers have faded. You allow yourself a self-congratulatory grin. You got away. Turn to 87.

40

Although the corridor is deserted, it is now well lit by flaming cresseis and there are doors on both sides. From behind some of the doors you hear the

voices of southern soldiers, and you tiptoe past. Others are silent, but the few you try to open are locked. You come to a door which has a key protruding from the keyhole. You turn it and open the door. The room is a large prison cell, equipped with shackles and chains and other instruments of restraint, and in its centre is a heavy bench with leather straps and buckles nailed to its corners and edges. Your attention is fixed on the captives, however: a young man and a young woman dressed in rags, weighed down with chains, and secured to iron rings in the wall by the horrific headgear that each of them wears. They are muzzled, and their heads are almost completely enclosed in tight bands of leather and metal. They stare at you, but can make no sound. Will you release first the man (turn to 276) or the woman (turn to 118)?

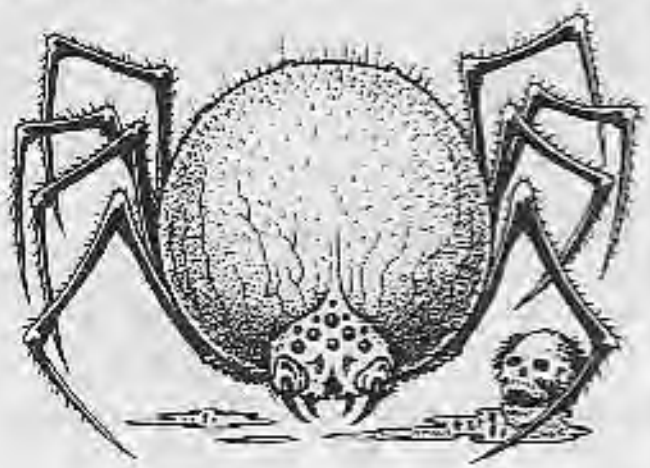

41

The door shudders from the impact of your shoulder, and splinters fly as you wield your sword – but you are unable to force your way out. After many exhausting attempts, you are gathering your strength for a renewed onslaught when you hear approaching footsteps. Your captors are returning. You will have to fight them all, but you can improve your chances by attacking as they appear in the doorway. You can fight them one at a time.

You flatten yourself against the wall as you hear heavy bars being lifted. The door opens, and you launch yourself at the first of six swordsmen.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SWORDSMAN	5	5
Second SWORDSMAN	6	4
Third SWORDSMAN	4	6
Fourth SWORDSMAN	5	5
Fifth SWORDSMAN	4	3
Sixth SWORDSMAN	4	8

If you manage to kill them all, go to 315. If your STAMINA falls to 2 or less, the southern warriors take advantage of your weakness and beat you into unconsciousness. Turn to 266.

42

You move the rod towards 'Z' and watch the mirror. Cloudy shapes form in the glass, and within seconds the mirror's frame contains a swirling mass of colours. You walk up to it, take a deep breath and step into the rainbow maelstrom. Turn to 110.

43

Moving as quickly as you dare, you edge along the right-hand side of the pool. You keep your back to the wall and your eyes on the slowly rising glow. When you reach the corner, you have to spend some time turning around, and you shuffle along the back wall facing the uneven rock. Halfway along, you are obliged to waste more valuable seconds finding outcrops to cling to as you reach up to collect the keys. By the time you have returned to the entrance to the cavern, the Vitriol Essence is erupting out of the liquid. He stretches his grossly elongated arms towards you, but he cannot move beyond the pool and you are out of his reach. He howls in fury as you leave. Turn to **273**.

44

You have reached another tower in a corner of the garden. To your left the path continues along the surrounding wall and passes a wide staircase that ascends from the garden. The wall of the square tower in front of you is windowless, but there is a small wooden door at the base. The door is slightly ajar, and there is darkness beyond. If you would like to enter the tower through the door, turn to 394. If you would rather walk to the staircase and use it to leave the garden, turn to **212**.

45

The elderly Dwarf studies your face, nods, raises a gnarled finger to his lips and indicates the sentry with a quick movement of his eyes. 'Follow me, then,' he croaks. 'This way, if you please. That's right, that's it, past this southern slowcoach, and now you're behind him, so if you turn quickly . . . That's right, exactly: that's the way it's done.' The old Dwarf clearly enjoys your skilful attack on the sentry. You have a hand clamped over his face and your sword driven into his back; he is quiet but far from dead. The Dwarf produces a long knife and calmly forces it into the sentry's chest. 'Thank you!' you tell him – but he has already turned away and is walking off into the shadows, pointing towards a narrow corridor leading away from the hallway; you decide to follow his advice and the corridor. Turn to 87.

46

Tearing through the thin walls are the zombified corpses of unnatural mutants. There are three of them, and they would have looked horrific even when alive; they resemble gigantic upright frogs, with short, muscular legs, long spindly arms which terminate in huge splay-fingered hands, and enormously wide, flat, bulging-eyed heads. Their thick, black, prehensile tongues flicker from their gaping mouths. Dead, yet moving, they present an unbearable sight. Rotten flesh drops from them as they advance towards you. They smell of everything that is noxious about stagnant water. They are Chrabats, unfortunate creations of evil sorcery, and they are getting very close. *Test your Willpower*. If you are successful, turn to 194. If you are unsuccessful, turn to 269.

47

You walk up to the forbidding entrance. The old man remains motionless, propped on his staff, until you are only a few paces away. Then he opens sparkling blue eyes and snaps at you: 'I am Huw, last priest of Oiden in this town. Hurry inside, my friend, for enemies are approaching.' He turns sharply and beckons you to follow him into the depths of the gloomy ruin. His voice sounds familiar, but you cannot quite recall when and where you have heard it before. If you want to follow him, turn to 398. If you would rather return to the centre of town, turn to 5.

48

You land, stumble, teeter on the edge of a limitless gulf, and then throw yourself to the safety of the corridor floor. You rise hurriedly when you feel the floor moving beneath you, but the huge slab you are on is merely grinding back into position to cover the hole. You walk back to the fork in the corridor and decide to explore the right-hand passage. Turn to 155.

49

Sandwiched between two of the burliest of the swordsmen, and surrounded by a squad of others, you have no chance to escape as you are frog-marched out of the cellar, up a flight of stairs, through the gloom of the servants' quarters, and into the opulent private chambers of the Margrave of Neuburg Keep. Your guards halt at a pair of grand carved doors, on which the leader raps loudly. When the doors have been opened, he bows and announces in a barbaric accent: 'May it please the Margrave, a foreign spy captured within the castle walls!' A swordsman shoves you from behind and the entire troop marches in to present you to Baron Tholdur. Turn to 127.

50

The young man stands over you, mumbling and hopping from foot to foot, while you release the woman. She, too, has a swollen face, but she manages to smile at you. The man looks worried and tries to hold her, but she pushes him aside and

advances towards you. The young man cowers in a corner and you back away nervously as the woman's smile becomes a grin, and then a yawn, and then her mouth opens wider still – and not one but a hundred writhing tongues spill from between her impossibly wide jaws. *Test your Willpower*. If you are successful, turn to 321. If not, turn to 223.

51

The door at the top of the stairs is apparently bolted or barred on the other side. It is also very battered and splintered – you conclude that the Ogre you have just dealt with has made a sustained attempt to break through it with its club. You can think of only three options:

Shoulder-charge the door until it gives way	Turn to 173
Inspect it closely to find a way to open it	Turn to 325
Yell: 'I've just killed the Ogre. Let me in!'	Turn to 235

52

You pick up the misshapen shaft of blue metal. It is surprisingly light, as if it is hollow, and despite its unusual shape it fits snugly into your hand. One end of the shaft terminates in a screw thread, so it is clear that whatever it is, it is incomplete. Do you have a three-pointed spear-head? If so, turn to 251. If not, turn to 309.

53

You step out of the mirror into Senyakhaz's chamber. It is exactly as you left it a couple of seconds ago. Your trip through the magic portal has proved inconclusive, but you are still convinced that it is the key to the terrible mystery of Neuburg Keep. You can move the rod on the black box to 'X' and try the mirror again (turn to 288), or you can smash the box open (turn to 381).

54

You are in the large circular chamber, looking up at the strange tree. It is completely leafless, but you are sure it is alive. Its sinewy white limbs have a ghostly luminosity. 'Climb!' Huw tells you.

You cannot see the top of the tree. It seems to disappear into shadows near the domed ceiling. You clamber up the branches until you can no longer see the room below, but still you are nowhere near the top. A strong, bitter wind clutches at you; you cling on as white mists swirl all around. Higher: your body feels fatigue and increasing pain; in-

human voices clamour in your head. Grimly, you continue to climb, with all your senses assaulted. It feels as though your mind and body are being torn apart. You lose consciousness.

Add together your WILLPOWER and STAMINA. Roll one die eight times. If the total of your die rolls is less than your combined WILLPOWER and STAMINA, turn to 298. Otherwise, turn to 219.

55

There is an iron ring set into the centre of the door, but no amount of twisting it, or pushing or pulling, will open the door. If you have the head of a three-pointed spear, you can try to use one of the prongs to pick the lock (turn to 147); otherwise, you will have to give up and try one of the doors at the other end of the passage – either the huge metal one (turn to 243) or the small wooden one (turn to 373).

56

You are very lucky indeed. The two mutated creatures were the victims of a disease magically created by the sorcerer Xakhaz. The disease is infectious, but you have not been infected. Turn to 228.

57

The coin plops into the green liquid and disappears beneath the surface. Nothing happens. Feeling rather foolish, you make a wish. Still nothing happens. If you want to put your hand into the liquid to try to retrieve your Gold Piece, turn to **168**. If you want to drink some of the liquid, turn to **380**. Alternatively, you can investigate the overgrown path beyond the statue (turn to **232**), or you can return to the edge of the garden and continue along the perimeter path (turn to **11**).

58

You steel yourself to attack again. Will you cut down the dancing-girl on the left (turn to **328**) or the one on the right (turn to **208**)?

59

The cellar contains little except for the straw on the floor and several broken boxes. You search for some time; you find no secret doors and no weapons. You are still on your hands and knees sorting through the straw when you hear the sound of approaching footsteps.

Six robed figures march down the steps; they are amused to find you untied, and enjoy chasing you around the cellar. You have no weapon and, in spite of all your struggles, you are doomed to lose this unequal fight. The swordsmen want to capture you alive, it seems, and they bludgeon you into unconsciousness. Turn to **266**.

60

You fall for what seems like minutes, until you land on a stone floor and break a lot of bones. Through red clouds of pain you can just make out three shapes shuffling towards you. They are ghouls, and they are coming to eat you. There is no escape.

61

You step out of the empty air and suffer a short but ungainly fall on to a flat-topped boulder. You are on a barren rocky plateau under a wide leaden sky. A cold wind whips around you. Apart from tufts of coarse grass, there is no sign of life. You have no idea where you are, although after several days of walking you will find a primitive Half-Orc village where you will discover that you are lost in the Wastes of Chaos. Neuburg is three weeks' hard travel away. No doubt you will find your way back there, but for now your adventure ends here.

62

You are in an outer bailey of the castle. It is a narrow, dirt-floored courtyard sandwiched between the curtain wall on your left and an even higher defensive wall on your right. Anyone standing on either set of battlements could hardly fail to

spot you crouching by the barred door, but the walls, towers and the bailey itself are deserted. You decide that this is as good a place as any to take a short rest before investigating the rows of wooden boxes that line the bailey walls. You unstrap your backpack to take stock of its contents. Do you have a piece of Blood-Lurcher tentacle in your pack? If so, turn to 277. If not, turn to 139.

63

You gaze down at the body of the girl, wondering at the delicacy of her features and the horribly contrasting armour. She seemed almost grateful as you struck the fatal blow. You feel troubled and depressed.

If you survive your adventure you will discover that the girl was Baron Tholdur's adopted daughter, and that the wearing of the enchanted armour was a subtly cruel torment inflicted on her by the Zagoulan wizard. The news of your deed, although you did it unknowingly, will plunge the Margrave into despair, and cast a shadow over all your brave exploits. Lose 2 points of LUCK, and wander disconsolately from the room. If you have not already done so, you can now unlock the opposite door (turn to 96) or leave the dungeon area through the open door (turn to 376).

64

If you are a prisoner, all dungeons are the same. The pits beneath Neuburg Keep are no exception. You are in a cramped, damp, filthy, airless hole, and the fitful torchlight that sometimes creeps between the cracks in the metal-studded door is so weak that you can barely make out the shapes of the fat rats that scurry among the dirty straw on the floor.

If you have any food with you, you can eat a portion now. If you have a green glass globe, you can extract it from your backpack (turn to 117), or you can take out the trident head (turn to 362). If you have neither of these items, or do not wish to look at them, you will just have to sit morosely in your cell until something happens. Turn to 206.

65

Smears of slime left by the retreating creature irritate exposed areas of your skin as you progress downwards. The tunnel is now very wide – you cannot reach the other side of it with your outstretched sword – and you are sure that all the holes in the surface above lead into this one great shaft. The difficulty now is preventing yourself from sliding or falling forwards, as the tunnel is almost vertical. You see the pale light ahead of you again, and soon you are clinging precariously to an outcrop of rock at the end of the tunnel. You are dangling from the ceiling of a low cavern and looking down into a pool of green luminescence that covers nearly all of the floor. There is a ledge jutting out over the surface of

the slime. You will have to try to jump on to it. Roll two dice. If the total is less than your SKILL, turn to **316**. Otherwise, turn to **124**.

66

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **297**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **162**.

67

Fighting back your revulsion, you put your hands to your head and begin to batter and tug at the protoplasmic blob. You can feel its cold, sticky mouths attempting to anchor themselves in your skin, but you keep your hands moving and you discover that the monster has surprisingly little resilience. It soon drops to the ground, where you hack it into tiny pieces with your sword. When you look inside your backpack you find that the Kiss of Death Protoplasm has devoured two portions of your rations, but that everything else is unharmed. Turn to **136**.

68

It is as if you are the only living creature in Neuburg. With your sword in your hand, you are ready to react to the slightest sound – but now the silence is absolute. There are no lights in the houses. A pale moon shines occasionally between racing clouds. You are beginning to relax a little when you hear something: footsteps! Not a man – a beast. A large dog, perhaps. More than one!

You pull yourself into the porch of the nearest house. Not a moment too soon: one of the animals has sensed your presence and jumps at you out of the darkness. You have no time to think; your sword is ready and you fight. Turn to **253**.

69

The dying Orc begins to slump to the ground. His battle-axe slips from his fingers, and you notice that his other hand is about to release its hold on the rope. If you want to try to grab hold of the rope before the Orc lets go, turn to **189**. If you would rather ignore the rope and search the Orc's body, turn to **138**.

70

Defiantly, you hold the glittering ring high in the air for all to see. 'Here, Tholdur! Here is the ring you entrusted to me!' you shout exultantly. 'A warrior never had a truer companion than you have in me!' The entire assembly holds its breath. The Margrave's strange vizier seems to be dumbfounded.

Baron Tholdur himself has risen to his feet, full of new vitality. He strides towards you and, oblivious to everything else, insists that you recount all your adventures since he last met you. The guards slink away, and you realize that the doors are open and that you can easily make your escape – but you are no longer sure that escape is necessary, now that Baron Tholdur is restored to his normal self. If you want to make a run for it, turn to 39. If you are content to stay with the Margrave, turn to 217.

71

As you charge towards the guards, they look up in alarm. One steps forward to intercept you, while the other hurries back to the double doors and pounds them noisily. You are able to tackle them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SOUTHERN GUARD	9	10
Second SOUTHERN GUARD	8	12

If you have the Talisman of Loth, you can reveal it as you approach your opponents: each of them will lose 2 points of SKILL. If you kill the guards, you find yourself standing outside the closed double doors. All is quiet. Turn to 391.

72

The door is too heavy; you cannot close it. The swordsmen charge up to the vast doorway, and you make your stand in the gap between the doors. Only one soldier at a time can attack you, and you put up a magnificent struggle. But there are multitudes of the robed warriors, and although you slay a prodigious number of them and create a hillock of corpses on which you stand and fight, they eventually come at you from both sides. The end is inevitable.

73

You lose 2 points of STAMINA because of loss of blood, but the clammy touch of the creature's sucker has brought you to your senses. Turn to 17.

74

The cunning old Dwarf has decided that you are likely to lose this fight – and he does not want anyone to be able to accuse him of shirking his responsibility to protect his master. He joins in to help the sentry. Behind you, he pulls a long knife from his belt and plunges it into your body. You are sorely wounded and have no chance of survival against two opponents. Your adventure ends here.

75

'THIEF!' bellows a voice from inside the shop. In a rage, the burly shopkeeper charges into the street, brandishing an axe. If you want to run away, turn to 364. If you would rather stay and fight the enraged grocer, turn to 186.

76

The flabby mound is a Vlodblad, a creation of evil sorcery. It is very sluggish, hence its low *Initial* SKILL; however, as you move towards it, you see that it is beginning to generate blobs of flesh all over its body, and that some of these are extending into boneless limbs. It will continue to do this until you kill it. During any combat round in which you do not wound it, its SKILL will increase by 2 points as it produces more limbs to attack you.

VLODBLAD SKILL 3 STAMINA 10

Shortly after you begin this fight, you notice that the serving-girls have left the room. If you want to try to follow them you can *Escape* (unless you have the Runic Axe) after one combat round (turn to 323). If you stay and defeat the Vlodblad, turn to **260**.

77

If the name you shouted was 'Oiden', turn to **356**. If it was 'Xakhaz', turn to **258**. If it was 'Tholdur', or any other name, turn to **379**.

78

The riverside dwellers scatter in panic as you squelch across the muddy road and charge on to the jetty. The soldiers discard their whips and draw their curved blades. You realize that you cannot hope to defeat them all simultaneously, and you choose to make your stand on a narrow plank that projects from one side of the jetty. The soldiers can attack you only one at a time; but you cannot escape unless you kill them all.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SWORDSMAN	6	8
Second SWORDSMAN	5	6
Third SWORDSMAN	5	9
Fourth SWORDSMAN	8	7

If you win, you can investigate the one crate that is left on the jetty (turn to 259), or you can return to the centre of town and explore a different part of Neuburg (turn to 377).

79

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 56. If you are Unlucky, turn to 163.

80

It is very hard work removing a flagstone, and when you have finally heaved it out of position, you are disappointed to find that underneath it are rocks and packed earth. You persevere, however, and find that the next few flags are easier to lift. And under the fourth you find a gaping hole, a rough

downward shaft that is just large enough for you to squeeze through. If you want to descend into the darkness, turn to 264. Otherwise, you can replace the flagstones and wait in your cell for something to happen (turn to 206).

81

A banquet awaits you beyond the open double doors. Walking into the room is like entering a tent: the walls are covered with soft billowing sheets of material that are gathered together in the middle of the ceiling, where a mass of multicoloured ribbons rustles. Thick ropes trail from the ceiling. In the middle of all this, an ornate table is covered with fruits and sweetmeats. The perfumed breeze carries hints of gentle music. There is otherwise no sound. If you decide to inspect the food on the table, turn to 218. Alternatively, you can still decide to go back to the wall of flame (turn to 145).

82

A spark of animation remains in the eyes of the unfortunate Tree-Man. Its branches reach towards you with much rustling of leaves. You listen intently; there seems to be a message in the scraping twigs. It is: 'The gardener is in the tower behind me. Beware the other two towers.'

This information is whispered over and over again, and gets increasingly indistinct. You decide to move on, but it is clear that the path beyond the Tree-Man is completely blocked. You turn back and rejoin the perimeter path. Turn to 11.

83

The globe does not break when it hits the floor. It continues to produce a ferocious glare and a heat that you can feel from the other side of the room. Xakhaz, pursuing you, shuffles away from it a little, but is still close when it explodes. The stunning crash stings your ears and sends you flying backwards across a table. You lose 3 points of STAMINA. As you pull yourself to your feet, you are appalled to see that Xakhaz has survived. Half of his mountainous body has been obliterated, but he still has some limbs and tentacles that work. He limps towards you, dragging a stump of mangled flesh and leaving a trail of blood and ichor. Turn to **167** to fight him, but reduce his STAMINA to 10 and his SKILL to 9 because of his wounds.

84

You select a barrel, turn its tap and fill the cup with rich ruby liquid. It is a fortified wine of excellent vintage, and you enjoy every drop. It restores up to 2 points of STAMINA, if necessary; but it also contains a considerable amount of alcohol which dulls your senses and slows your reflexes. Reduce your SKILL by 2 points until you next eat a portion of food. Turn to **286**.

85

As your eyes become accustomed to the deep gloom you see that your visitor is a slight young man in military clothing. He is clearly not a Southerner, however, and your answer seems to interest him. 'Shield your eyes!' he warns, and pulls aside his tunic. A ray of brilliant white light bursts from something on his chest. It is not too dazzling if you avoid looking directly at it. The youth beckons you to follow him out of the cell. Turn to **29**.

86

You lunge at the old priest – and fall flat on your face, screaming with pain. The wooden legs of the heavy stool on which you were seated have grown around your ankles, which have been horribly twisted as you fell. You are powerless to move. Huw stands over you. 'Wretched fool!' he says. 'You are not worthy of the gifts of Oiden. You are not even fit to live. I will leave you here. In time, your body will feed the roots of the Great Tree. Farewell.' He leaves, locking the door behind him. You lie on the floor in agony until you die.

87

The corridor turns to the left, and as you turn the corner you hear voices ahead. You advance cautiously, and find your way blocked by a jumble of mops, brooms, buckets, boxes of rags, and other household equipment, all of which is covered in dust and cobwebs. You pick a path through it, and realize that the passage has led you into the back of a storeroom. A tattered curtain hangs across the doorway; you listen to the voices from the other side. An argument is finishing. A harsh, guttural voice states: 'You'll do it because I tell you to do it! And if you don't I'll boil *you* up for his stew tomorrow!' A door slams. You peek round the curtain and see a small Gnome dressed in the uniform of a page standing in a corridor which ends at a large wooden door. With some difficulty he is holding an enormous tray with an earthenware pot on it, and he looks completely forlorn. Tears trickle down his cheeks. You can attack him (turn to 361), ask him why he is so miserable (turn to 326), or ignore him and set off along the corridor away from the door (turn to 267).

88

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 161. If you are Unlucky, turn to 370.

89

Arms over your face, you push through the silvery filaments. You feel them clinging to your skin, and then they disappear. You look around: the web

and the spider – both illusions – have gone, and Senyakhaz has turned to face you. She is angry and fearful, and pulls a long knife from the sleeve of her robe. If you have the Talisman of Loth and want to reveal it, turn to 357. If you decide to try to talk to the sorceress, turn to 233. If you want to attack her immediately, turn to 160.

90

As you walk along Fish Street towards the river, it is obvious that you are entering the poorest quarter of town. Here the river is no longer clear: it has spread into an oozing marsh, and a stench pervades the entire area. Only a few boats are tied up at the rotting jetties. The riverside path, known as Shivering Lane, is ankle-deep in clinging mud, and the pitifully decayed cottages seem to be settling into the marshy ground. The few local people that you see are small, swarthy types, and are dressed in drab rags. There are no shops, and nobody is working on the boats and barges.

A cart is approaching from the north-east. The two horses are having difficulty pulling it over the muddy, pitted surface of Shivering Lane. As it nears the wharves, you can see that it contains a contingent of robed warriors.

Do you want to conceal yourself in this unpleasant part of town in order to spy on the robed swordsmen? If so, turn to 336. Or would you rather explore an area of Neuburg that you have not yet visited? You can go up Castle Hill to the Keep (turn to 289).

or into the Temple Quarter (turn to 195) or to the Merchants' Quarter (turn to 32).

91

If you have the Trident of Skarlos, turn to 378. If not, turn to 241.

92

There is a metal gate in the wall at the end of the courtyard. Through it you can see another, larger courtyard with the path continuing through it to a door in the wall at the far end. There is no one about, so you open the gate and set off along the path. You soon notice that the ground is littered with animal carcasses and bones. On both sides of the path holes gape. Some of the holes are wide enough for a human to squeeze into, and they all appear to descend steeply into the earth. If you want to explore down one of the holes, turn to 244. If you pass them by and go through the door in the wall, turn to 157.

93

You lose 2 points of STAMINA because of loss of blood, but the clammy touch of the creature's sucker has brought you to your senses. Turn to 37.

94

You burst through the door and into the anteroom. It is empty. There is another door in the opposite wall. You hurl yourself through it, and fall into the storeroom – which is empty except for boxes and barrels. You roll upright and look around: there is another door, next to the one through which you just hurtled. Desperately, you lunge through it – and find the inner sanctum. This is Senyakhaz's bedroom, audience-chamber and workroom. As you enter, the wizard, covered again in deep red robes, picks up a small box, steps towards a tall mirror, waves at you, walks into the mirror and disappears. The frame of the mirror begins to glow and lose its shape. If you try to follow the wizard through the mirror, turn to 363. If you decide to leave the room, turn to 169.

95

Hacking at brambles with your sword, you follow the path around the hillside in the shadow of the battlements. The path veers to the left and disappears into a clump of bushes at the base of the wall. You push aside the prickly branches and discover a small door, which you have some difficulty in opening as there is just as much undergrowth on the other side. You cut your way down a flight of stone steps, and find yourself in an untended kitchen garden. The vegetable patches, herb beds and fruit trees are wildly out of control and it is impossible to see across the garden. You can make out that the garden is square, is surrounded by walls, and has the remains of a gravel path around its edge. You are at the mid-point of one side. Will you turn right (turn to 175) or left (turn to 275)?

96

You unlock the door and push it open to reveal not a dismal cell but a well-furnished room. It is lit by several lanterns and has an unpleasant smell. You step inside, turn quickly, and find yourself facing Griltig, Baron Tholdur's one-legged Hobgoblin gaoler. Griltig has been kept prisoner in his own quarters for several days and is in no mood to talk. He wants to kill someone. He snarls and hobbles towards you with surprising agility, a spiked club raised above his ugly head.

GRILTIG SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you have the Talisman of Loth, you can reveal it after one round of combat. Its dazzling gleam will reduce Griltig's SKILL by 2 points. Unless you have the Runic Axe, you can *Escape* after one round. You flee from the dungeon hallway through the open door. Turn to 376.

If you kill Griltig, you can search his room (turn to 203); or cross the hallway and unlock the other door, if you have not already done so (turn to 165); or leave this dungeon area through the open door (turn to 376).

97

The swarthy swordsmen watch with interest as you rest your weapon and proffer your bribe. Their leader takes your offering, and insists on searching your backpack for more. He mockingly pretends to be very disappointed that you have nothing else of

value to him, and then suddenly orders his men to seize you. You cannot reach your weapon in time, and you are soon held fast in spite of your struggles. The swordsmen are highly amused at your outraged expostulations. Turn to 49.

98

Unknown to everyone, the Margrave of Neuburg Keep is worried about his expanding waistline and resorts to this potion when feeling particularly overweight. Its effect is to reduce the appetite; in fact, it abolishes feelings of hunger and makes the sight and smell of food repulsive. The effect wears off after a day or two – but for the rest of this adventure, you will not be able to eat any provisions.

You descend the spiral staircase. The darkness is oppressive and the circling seems endless. Eventually you crash into a door, push it open and emerge dizzily into a dimly lit corridor. You walk towards the brighter end. Turn to 40.

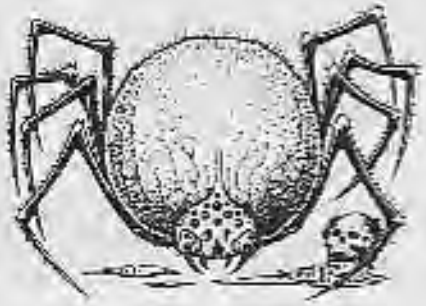

99

Within seconds you are surrounded by a merciless mob of robed swordsmen. Your body is pierced again and again by their curved blades. By the time the swordsmen have finished with you, there isn't even very much left to feed to the strange animals that are penned in the Keep's outer baileys.

100

The old priest of Oiden continues his explanation: 'If Xakhax is resurrected and restored to his ancient powers, Neuburg and all its people will be helpless before his vengeful sorcery. I shudder to imagine the terror and despair he will inflict! However, he can be defeated and imprisoned again, especially while he is still weak. His physical form can be destroyed by the sword of a mighty warrior – such as you – and he and his minions can be weakened by the Talisman of Loth. Unfortunately, the Talisman is missing. A week ago I sent Cernic, my fellow priest, to explore the Keep. He has not returned, and I cannot contact him – although I think he is still alive. You must go to the Keep, and try to find the Talisman of Loth before you descend into the lower caverns. Do not enter the castle by the main gate – it is heavily guarded. There is a little-known side-entrance that you will find if you turn to the right before you reach the main gate. I can give you no more information; but if you wish to undertake the Ordeal, Oiden may yet bestow gifts upon you.' If you want to try the Ordeal, turn to 54. If you would rather get on with your quest, turn to 368.

101

You continue to exchange blows with the irate shopkeeper. He is weakening, but reinforcements are arriving to help him. From nearby shops and stalls a motley collection of tradesmen come and join in attacking you with much shouting and cursing.

You are sorely wounded by the time a squad of soldiers arrives. It consists of six more of the southern swordsmen, and while you lie on the ground clutching at your wounds a furious argument erupts between the soldiers and the townspeople about who should have custody of you. Eventually the townspeople have their way, and after a brief trial the same day you suffer the ignominious execution of a common criminal. No doubt your fate would have been even less pleasant if the southern soldiers had got their hands on you.

102

The door opens on to a narrow corridor. You reason that to the left will be the main hallway of the Keep, and soldiers and the likelihood of discovery. You follow the corridor to the right. Turn to 87.

103

You start to ransack the gardener's storeroom. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 327; if you are Unlucky, turn to 202.

104

Your globe of green glass is getting painfully bright. It is also almost too hot to hold. You no longer need it as a source of light, so you can return it to your backpack. If you do this, turn to 382. If you would rather put it down and stand over it to see what happens, turn to 329. Alternatively, you could place it at one end of the passage and watch from the other; if you do this, you can choose to place it on the floor next to the large wooden door to your right (turn to 221), or the small wooden door to your left (turn to 158), or the massive metal door (turn to 123).

105

You have fallen into a very deep hole. You seem to fall for ever, and as you tumble through the whistling gulf you catch glimpses of the huge stone slab slowly grinding back into place across the ever-diminishing sliver of light far away above you. It shuts, and you carry on plummeting in complete darkness. You are about to lose consciousness when you are smashed against the rock floor.

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106

You drop lightly to the cobblestones and pause, listening for the slightest sound. All is quiet. You draw your sword and head uphill, towards the quarter of town where the backs of the houses are set into the rock-face and their fronts seem to hang over one another. Above them all, Neuburg Keep looms like a brooding shadow, a patch of utter blackness against the scudding clouds. You follow the winding road upwards.

Your heart jumps, and you almost drop your sword. A bubbling, screaming, baying noise splits the night – and stops as suddenly as it began. Then you hear it again – louder, nearer. And then there are several of the awful voices, wailing simultaneously. The source of this unnatural noise is ahead of you, and seems to be approaching. Will you turn back to explore the town (turn to **68**) or press on towards the castle (turn to **21**)?

107

Intrigued by the pale luminescence exuded by the warrior, you inspect his still body. When you experimentally kick him through his surcoat, you find a strangely solid mass where his legs should be. With a growing sense of fear, you grasp his helmet. You pull it off – and drop it in horror. He has no head. Instead, there is a glistening, featureless, rubbery protuberance which, as you watch, begins to distend and ooze towards you. *Test your Willpower*. If you are successful, you tear yourself away

from the appalling sight and make for the open doorway (turn to **279**). If you are unsuccessful, turn to **257**.

108

Having returned to the market-square, you can now explore any part of Neuburg that you have not already visited. Do you choose to make for:

The Merchants' Quarter?	Turn to **32**
The riverside area?	Turn to **90**
Neuburg Keep?	Turn to **289**

109

As you near the bottom of the stairway, you can see that one of the steps is different from all the others. It is not carved out of the surrounding rock, but from stone that gleams in the light of the glowing crystals. You avoid stepping on it and continue to the end of the stairs. Restore 1 point of LUCK, if you need to, for evading a particularly unpleasant trap, and then turn to **16**.

110

You step into oppressive heat. Sweat trickles down your body inside your armour as you inspect your new surroundings. The magical mirror has clearly transported you a long way from Neuburg. You are in the semi-darkness of a shuttered room, but through the slats you can see harsh sunlight and hear the bustling noises of a foreign city. The mirror is still a whirlpool of colours, but there is no black

cube in evidence. If you decide to step back into the mirror, turn to **307**. If you want to leave this room to explore the city, turn to **220**.

111

The metal joint screeches as you tug at the statue's arm, and then you hear mechanical clicks and whirrs from within the metal Elf maiden. Her mouth opens and a squeaky voice recites a rhyme in an incomprehensible language; the urn swivels until the neck is downwards, and then a trickle of green liquid flows from it into the stone basin. The stream of liquid ceases when the basin is almost full, and the statue closes its mouth and raises its arm. The mechanism has stopped working. You lower your face to the basin. The green liquid has no odour; it is thick and opaque, but is a very fresh-looking colour.

If you want to put your lips to the liquid and drink, turn to **380**. If you have a Gold Piece and would like to throw it into the basin, turn to **57** (remember to deduct it from your *Adventure Sheet*). If you want to put your hand in the liquid, turn to **168**. If you would rather leave the statue, you can attempt to continue along the overgrown path (turn to **232**) or return to the perimeter path (turn to **11**).

112

Raging, snarling, and flicking drops of liquid from his claws, the Vitriol Essence sinks below the surface of the pool. You watch as his luminosity descends to the depths; the cavern returns to deep gloom. You can now sidle around the perimeter of the pool and collect the sets of keys (turn to **345**); or you can return to your dungeon cell (turn to **206**).

113

'Oy, you! Halt!' yells the Orc, his voice reverberating along the passage. 'Come no further and state your business!' One of his thick hands closes around the haft of a battle-axe, while the other reaches for a rope that hangs through a hole in the ceiling. You fear that the rope may be attached to an alarm signal, and you charge at the Orc – but even as you attack he pulls the rope taut. No alarm sounds, however. The Orc holds on tightly to the rope as you fight.

ORC GUARD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 13

If you win, turn to **69**.

114

Soon there is only one crate left on the jetty, but the ragged labourers are unwilling to touch it. Even the cart-horses shy away from it. No matter how brutally the southern soldiers wield their whips, they cannot persuade the riverside folk to load the crate on the barge. In fact, the labourers look increasingly terrified, and eventually, under a rain of vicious

blows, they take to their heels and flee. The soldiers are nonplussed. They talk to one another briefly, and then climb into the cart and drive it away, leaving the solitary crate on the jetty. You wait for several more minutes, but no one appears and no sound breaks the silence.

If you want to emerge from hiding and look at the crate, turn to **259**. If you would rather slink back to the centre of town and explore a different part of Neuburg, turn to **377**.

115

You have found the inner sanctum of the Zagoulan wizard who has enchanted Baron Tholdur and called up unspeakable horrors from the depths below Neuburg Keep. The wizard is standing at the far end of the large room, and the thrown-back cowl of the deep red robe reveals the features of a regally beautiful young woman. She is standing in front of a tall mirror, staring at her reflection as she manipulates a small black box. She turns to face you and speaks: 'You have found me, then. No matter. I am Sunyakhaz of Zagoula; I will escape from you now, and return to finish my work here at a more propitious time. Passing years mean little to me. Take care! Beware of my little pet!' You suddenly realize that a massive cobweb spans the room. Squatting in it near the ceiling, is a spider as large as a horse. Do you walk into the web, in the hope that you can force your way through? If so, turn to **89**. If you would rather cut a way through with your weapon, turn to **12**.

116

You shove at the door until it opens enough to let you squeeze through. You have barely had time to notice that the door had been barricaded with rakes, hoes, and chests full of smaller garden tools, when you are attacked by an axe-wielding Dwarf. You cannot back out through the narrow gap in the doorway – this will be a fight to the finish.

DWARF SKILL 8 STAMINA 4

If you defeat him, a look at his body tells you that although very proficient with his axe, your opponent was quite old and frail. You are surprised to see that his hands and forearms are stained bright green! He must have been the gardener, to judge by the contents of this large and dusty chamber: gardening tools, sacks of produce, bundles of dried herbs, and young shoots in pots are tidily arranged on shelves and benches. There is another door in the far wall.

This room looks interesting, but so does the rune-inscribed axe clutched in the Dwarf's lifeless fingers. If you want to explore the room, turn to **268**. If you want the axe, turn to **341**.

117

The globe emanates a soft green glow. It provides enough light for you to be able to inspect your surroundings. The walls are all made of titanic blocks of stone, cut by a mason who knew his trade well: there is not so much as a single crevice between the blocks. Once you have kicked aside the mouldy straw, however, you see that the floor might be vulnerable to an escape attempt. The flagstones are ill-fitting and it might be possible to prise some of them up. If you want to try to do this, turn to **80**. If you would rather wait in the cell until something happens, turn to **206**.

118

You close the door, find a set of keys on a peg behind it, and set to work unlocking locks and unbuckling buckles. Soon the young woman is free of her chains and of the confining headgear. Not surprisingly, her face is swollen, but she manages to smile as she turns to face you. The smile widens to a grin, and then turns into a yawn, and then her mouth opens wider still—and not one but a hundred writhing tongues emerge. *Test your Willpower*. If you are successful, turn to **321**. If not, turn to **223**.

119

As you head west to the market-square, you notice that the few householders you can see are hastily barring their doors and shuttering their windows. When you reach the Southern Star tavern, it appears to be closed. Pounding on the boards with the pommel of your sword brings the innkeeper to the door. It is easy to rent a room, as there are no other guests. You eat a solitary meal by the light of a candle in the gloom of the inn's shuttered common room. Recover up to 4 points of STAMINA, if you have lost any so far.

You decide to ask the innkeeper what is going on in Neuburg. You have to choose whether you will reveal your past association with Baron Tholdur (turn to 164), or whether you will keep this information to yourself (turn to 301).

120

You pick up the mace. It is short and surprisingly light. The sharp silver spikes are alive with some form of energy, but you feel that the weapon's lack of both reach and weight would put you at a disadvantage in a fight against someone armed with a sword or a battle-axe. If you nevertheless want to dispose of your current weapon and keep the mace, turn to 333. Otherwise, return to 190 and make a different choice.

121

Still smiling in death, the girl sinks to the floor. Stricken with remorse, you stare down at the corpse. You raise your eyes to meet those of the remaining two dancers; they smile radiantly, and begin to dance again. Your weariness amazes you; you gaze at the dancing young women. *Test your Willpower*. If you are successful, turn to 58. If not, turn to 246.

122

Thrusting your sword at random into various piles of rotten vegetable matter, you are rewarded with an assortment of interesting finds: a mouldy turnip, a broken earthenware pot and a dead sapling. But you are intrigued to find that in one particular heap your sword meets no resistance. No matter how far you push into the sodden mass, you seem unable to touch the floor. Puzzled, you start to move the compost to one side, and soon you reveal a large hole in the ground. It looks as if one of the flagstones has broken and fallen through into a space below the floor. You can just make out the cubical shape of the subterranean room; it is a littered with dust and compost, and there is a small, green, glowing shape in one of the far corners. You decide to investigate, so you lower yourself through the rectangular opening. Turn to 317.

123

You place the incandescent globe in front of the great metal door and back away. Within seconds the sphere is too bright to look at, and you can feel its heat from the far end of the passage. Then it explodes. The roar is unbearably loud, and the shockwave hurls you against the rock wall. When your head clears and the dust begins to settle, you see that the vast metal plates are blackened and buckled. You approach the door, wait a while for the metal to cool and, after much sinew-wrenching effort, manage to topple it towards you. You leap aside, grip your weapon and advance through the doorway. Turn to 190.

124

The ledge is covered in thick grease, and you are too near its edge. Your fingers can gain no purchase. You tumble into the bottomless vat of Protoplasmic Slime, which rapidly gets to work digesting you with its acidic fluids.

125

If you still have 6 or more points of WILLPOWER, turn to 303. If you have less than 6 points, turn to 270.

126

You are standing over the corpse of the first swordsman when the second comes into sight, pauses and then charges at you.

SOUTHERN SWORDSMAN SKILL 11 STAMINA 6

If you are using the Talisman of Loth, his SKILL is reduced by 2 points.

If you kill him, you can think of no better plan than to dress yourself in the flowing white robes of one of your slain adversaries and then attempt to bluff your way past the guards in front of the closed double doors at the end of the right-hand branch of the corridor. Moments later, looking far more confident than you feel, you march towards the two guards.

To your surprise, they leave their post as soon as they see you approaching. They pass you with the merest grunt of greeting, apparently in a hurry to return to their barracks now that someone has turned up to relieve them. You are glad you had the forethought to conceal the carnage in the corridor. They disappear from view, leaving you in possession of the guard-post outside the closed double doors. You have to choose whether you will knock on the doors (turn to 391) or try to sneak through them secretly (turn to 213).

127

When you were last in Tholdur's Great Hall, as his honoured comrade-in-arms, you marvelled at the austere magnificence of the vast stone-pillared chamber. It seemed to reflect the Margrave's grand and rigorously martial personality. Now you are his prisoner, and everything seems to have changed. Sumptuous tapestries cover the walls, and the floor is littered with rugs and cushions. Ranks of impassive swordsmen stand on guard, while their captains and Neuburg merchants are waited on and entertained by lithe maidens in gauzy silks. Some of the young women are dark-haired beauties from the south; others, wearing chains between ankles and wrists, are from the Neuburg area. Tholdur himself is sprawled on a grandiose gilt throne, a goblet in his hand and a faraway look in his eyes. Seated next to him on the dais is a small figure in a dark red cloak with a cowl that conceals its face. This figure whispers in Tholdur's ear as you approach. Will you remain silent while Baron Tholdur dispenses summary justice and decides your fate? If so, turn to **392**. If you want to identify yourself and appeal to the Margrave's memories of your past exploits together, turn to **261**.

128

The young woman has no weapon; the tendrils reaching out of her gaping throat must be for eating with. You try not to think about it, and attack. This should be an easy fight.

MUTATED WOMAN SKILL 4 STAMINA 7

If you win, your only thought is to get out of the room. At least you now know why the two creatures were chained and muzzled. You close the door behind you, and re-lock it. Turn to 79.

129

With much gesturing, the little old being invites you into a tumbledown lean-to hovel behind his stall. Inside the windowless shack, you can hardly move for bric-à-brac: rusty weapons, broken furniture and cracked pots take up virtually all the available space. Pausing only to light a candle, the stall-holder begins to rummage with surprising energy in a particularly cluttered corner. With a triumphant cry he pulls something from beneath a pile of rags and brings it towards you. It looks like a small garden fork! It is very rusty and it has no handle. You begin to wonder whether the old stall-holder is demented. You are even more worried when he demands 3 Gold Pieces for it.

If you want to pay him, deduct 3 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 14. If you want to waste no more time on this transaction, you leave the hut and continue towards the market-square (turn to 237).

130

The mysterious voice implores you to move so that your bonds can be cut, but you remain motionless. Eventually, you hear: 'I must go now. It is near dark, and I fear for my life. They will return soon and take you. May Oiden be with you, stranger.'

A little later you hear footsteps approaching. Rough hands pick you up, carry you up some stairs and throw you into what seems to be a cart. Almost as an afterthought, your captors club you into unconsciousness. Turn to 266.

131

Buried in one face of the cubical box is a small metal rod. Etched above and below it are two letters: 'Z' and 'X'. The rod can be moved forwards and backwards. You decide to experiment. Will you push the rod towards 'Z' (turn to 42) or towards 'X' (turn to 188)?

132

If you have any rations, you can eat one meal now. Remember to deduct it from your *Adventure Sheet* and to restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, if you have lost any.

If you have a globe of green glass you notice that it is still glowing dimly, and that it begins to shine more brightly when you remove it from the depths of your pack. You put it away again quickly.

Feeling somewhat refreshed, you shoulder your pack and set off along the well-used track that hugs the rocky base of the black Keep. As you circle the

monumental structure, the track becomes a ramp climbing through the boulder-strewn foundation rock towards a gatehouse tower perched across a deep ravine. Once through the forbidding gatehouse archway, you find the portcullis raised and the drawbridge over the chasm lowered. There are no guards in sight, and you are now at the main doorway into the Keep – at Baron Tholdur's front door. Will you hammer on the enormous door and demand entrance (turn to 311)? Or will you look for a way to break in surreptitiously (turn to 28)?

133

You place the floppy white object over your head and experience a moment of panic as you feel something like cold jelly moulding itself to your scalp. Your fear is soon submerged in a welter of alien images; you feel your own personality sinking in a morass of memories. Your head is filled with images from aeons past and from otherworldly places. Your emotions are superseded by totally inhuman desires and needs. You are the latest in a long line of hosts for a Brain Defiler; you will spend the rest of your days skulking in dark places, a slave to its whims, the instrument of its unnatural purposes.

134

You have thrown well: the globe thuds into Xakhaz near the top of the motley pyramid of flesh, and disappears among a tangle of thrashing limbs. Almost immediately it explodes. An ear-numbing crash signals the end of Xakhaz. Turn to 271.

135

You recoil with a cry, just as the questing fingers of a decaying hand are about to touch your face. With manic speed you snatch up the crate's lid and slam it down over the squirming mass. Sobbing, you use your bare hands to hammer at the nails, until you are sure that the lid is secure. You collapse on the dirty and try to recover your scattered wits.

Some time later you stride grimly into the centre of town, determined to seek out the source of Neuburg's horrible afflictions. Turn to 377.

136

If you have any rations, you can eat one meal now. Remember to deduct it from your *Adventure Sheet* and to restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, if you have lost any.

If you have a globe of green glass, you notice that it is still glowing dimly, and that it begins to shine more brightly when you remove it from the depths of your pack. You put it away again quickly.

As you walk about the room you begin to regret that you killed the Dwarf gardener. You have no way of knowing whether any of the plants or dried herbs are useful or harmful, or whether there is anything of value hidden in the room. If you want to spend time on a thorough search, turn to 103. If you would rather cross the room and leave through the far door, turn to 282.

137

There is no market today. The square is empty except for a few grim-faced townspeople who scurry across the cobbles. You spot a notice-board nailed to a post between the stocks and a horse-trough; you walk over to it and find that, among proclamations about the permitted prices for meat pies, there is a tattered map flapping in the wind. It is a plan of the town:

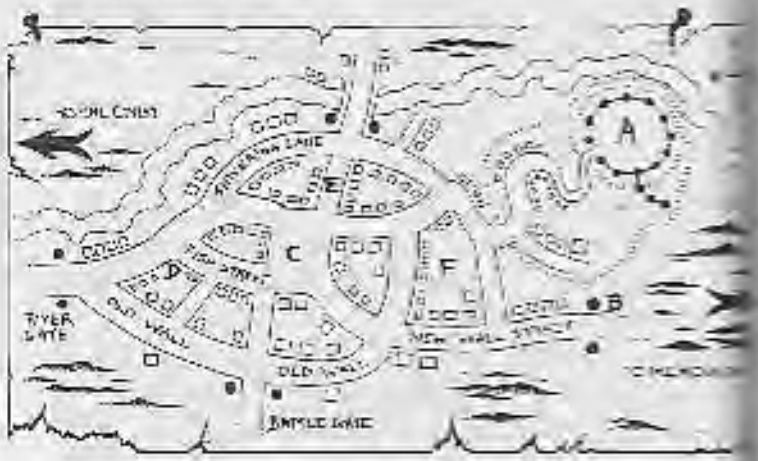

A Neuburg Keep
B East Gate
C Market Square
D Riverside quarter
E Merchants' quarter – Bridge Street
F Temple quarter

Which part of Neuburg do you want to explore? If you go north, to the Merchants' Quarter, turn to 32. If you go east, to the Temple Quarter, turn to 195. If you go west, towards the wharves and warehouses at the riverside, turn to 90.

138

The rope jerks upwards and disappears through the hole in the ceiling. You hear the grate of bolts sliding across the other side of the door, and you realize that the rope was part of a defence mechanism that bars the way through the door if the guard is killed. You turn and find that the rope also operated a trap: three portcullises have descended across the corridor. It is possible that a week or so of chipping at masonry would allow you to escape; but you will almost certainly be discovered and executed before you succeed. In any event, your adventure is over.

139

If you have any rations, you can eat one meal now. Remember to deduct it from your *Adventure Sheet* and to restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, if you have lost any.

Then you shoulder your pack and set off on the beaten path that runs along the centre of the long, narrow courtyard. You walk between two rows of large wooden boxes, and as you pass each box you hear a frantic scrabbling noise from inside. If you want to try to open one of the boxes, turn to 306. If you would rather ignore them and continue to the end wall of the courtyard, turn to 92.

140

The anteroom is deserted. There is a door in the opposite wall, through which you find the storeroom – also deserted. The storeroom has another door, which you are about to open when you hear an explosion from the other side. When the sounds of falling debris cease, you look into the room. It has been comprehensively wrecked. You find no other exits from this suite of rooms, nor do you find any way of reaching the lower levels from the corridors on this level. You return to the dungeons and cellars and find the southern soldiers milling around in confusion. In his private apartments, Baron Tholdur is awakening from his enchantment. Together, after questioning guards and servants, you manage to work out that your activities have frightened away Senyakhaz, the Zagoulan sorceress who bewitched the Margrave. She has escaped through the magic portal which she used to reach the insane and aeons-old warlock Xakhaz, trapped in the depths below Neuburg Keep. She destroyed the portal as she fled.

The Margrave and the people of Neuburg are grateful to you, but you know you have failed. Senyakhaz has escaped and can still reach Xakhaz, who remains brooding beneath the Keep, gathering strength for his revenge. For Neuburg and its people, the day of reckoning has merely been postponed.

141

Remember to deduct 1 point of WILLPOWER from your *Adventure Sheet*. If you still have 6 or more points of WILLPOWER remaining, turn to 339. If you have less than 6 points, turn to 20.

142

One of your flailing hands instinctively hooks itself over the step below the one that gave way. You stretch your legs but can find no purchase; you sense that you are hanging above a vast chasm. You breathe deeply, trying not to panic in the darkness. With great deliberation you reach up to push your weapon on to a secure step. You now have two hands to support your weight. You concentrate: block out the pain, contract the muscles. Inch by inch, you pull yourself up.

When your limbs have stopped shaking, you continue down the steps, hardly daring to rest on any one of them. You reach the end without further incident. Turn to 16.

143

Sentries are often appointed as such because of their brawn and combat experience. This one is no exception. The old Dwarf will be no help to you in this fight – he stands aside as you close with the soldier.

SOUTHERN SWORDSMAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 18

If at any time during the fight you have 6 or more points of STAMINA *less* than the soldier, turn to 74. You can *Escape* at any time after the first combat round. You flee along a narrow corridor and are relieved to find that the swordsman does not consider you worth pursuing (turn to 87). If you stay and win, turn to 369.

144

You have been crouched in a crevice between clammy boulders for quite some time, and you are getting cold and stiff. The old man has not moved. You are beginning to realize that concealing yourself in this pile of rocks was a waste of time, when you hear noises from behind you, back down the path. You extricate yourself from among the boulders and head cautiously downhill.

You follow the path away from the ruined temple for several minutes, and then come face to face with one of the southern warriors and a strange animal that he is holding on a leash. The animal looks something like a low-bellied tracking dog, but it has a white, hairless, distended body, sharp talons on all four paws, and a face that looks distressingly

human – except for the elongated nose that terminates in a snuffling, trumpet-shaped orifice. On seeing you, the swordsman utters a guttural cry, draws his weapon and releases the unpleasant beast. It howls and races towards you. You have to fight it and, if you win, you will then have to fight the swordsman.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SNUFF HOUND	5	4
SOUTHERN SWORDSMAN	6	5

If you kill them both, you hurry back to the temple to see the old man. Turn to 263.

145

The soaring wall of fire continues to burn with undiminished vigour. If you want to try to jump through it, take a long run at it and turn to 231. If you would rather try to approach the inferno slowly, turn to 352.

146

You look into the passage from which the creature emerged and see that it branches; the main path continues downwards, but a small tunnel, almost blocked with rubble, leads upwards and to the left. Will you take the main passage (turn to 9) or the side-tunnel (turn to 296)?

147

The truncated trident almost crackles with energy as you insert one of its points into the keyhole. To your surprise, the lock begins to twist and sag, turning molten even though there is no source of heat. You push against the door and it opens a little. Replacing the head of the trident in your backpack, you grip your weapon and walk through the doorway. Turn to 7.

148

You step out of empty air and into the branch of a conifer. You fall to the ground in a shower of pine needles. You are in a forest on a hillside; through the trees you glimpse the waters of a lake. You have no idea where you are, but you orient yourself by the sun and head south. In several days' time you will reach the port of Arion, where you will discover that the magic portal has transported you across the entire width of the continent of Khul. The journey to Neuburg will be long and difficult. The sea passage from Arion to Kelther alone will take weeks – if you are lucky enough to find a vessel that will take you. No doubt your expedition will have its share of incidents and mayhem; but this adventure ends here.

149

You return to the grocery stall and survey the array of cold meat pies and small loaves of crusty bread temptingly displayed in the open air. A single Gold Piece will buy enough for three meals; or, if you are feeling desperate or daring, you might be able to filch enough for one meal while no one is looking. If you want to buy three meals, turn to 383. If you try to steal one, turn to 229.

If you would rather leave the Merchants' Quarter of Neuburg, you can go to any part of the town you have not already visited. You could either make your way down to the river (turn to 90), walk across town to the Temple Quarter (turn to 195), or go up Castle Hill to Neuburg Keep (turn to 289).

150

Cernic is close to panic, but answers your questions. 'The Talisman of Loth is Oiden's gift,' he explains. 'It was both a curse and a blessing for Loth, a leader of our people before we became field-ploughers and town-dwellers. His skill in battle was equalled by his pride and self-love, and he set up images of himself for worship. Oiden's Talisman made him stronger yet in combat – its light befuddles enemies, especially such Hellspawn as infest this castle – but at the cost of Loth's favoured pastime. Never look in a mirror while you wear the Talisman – it will destroy you.

'The Margrave is under the spell of a wizard from Zagoula who is restoring life to what remains of the sorcerer Xakhaz. This wizard wears red robes and inhabits guarded chambers at the end of the corridor below this dungeon. Xakhaz is alive now, but still sealed in the deeper levels of these tunnels; the only way to reach him is through the wizard's chambers.'

Cernic pulls away from you and scampers through the open door out of the dungeon hallway. After a few minutes, you follow. Turn to 376.

151

'I thought you were looking a bit peaky,' says the Dwarf, 'although I'm not surprised at anyone being, shall we say, a bit more nervy than usual, what with all these strange beasties on the prowl and suchlike. I'll put something together that'll soon sort you out.

'We'll need some of this dried herb here, it's known as Wolfwell; and then this root, ground to a powder – it's Orcsbane, but we won't use very much; and from this jar a few Mountainsweet flowers, dried in the smoke of Honeytongue wood. Pound it all together, and there you have it. It's best taken as an infusion, and followed by a good night's sleep; but you'd better try to eat it dry. It won't taste good, but it should do the trick.'

And, sure enough, although you choke on the powdery mixture, it has a definite effect. You feel warmed – as if the sun had suddenly broken through the clouds. You stretch your limbs and laugh with joy. You can restore up to 2 points of lost WILLPOWER. The Dwarf has more information for you. Turn to 396.

152

As easily as walking through a door, you step out of the waiting-room and on to the crenellated roof of the Keep. Your enjoyment of the panoramic views and bracing wind is spoilt by the fact that you are inside an iron cage. It resists all your efforts to escape. After you have been on the roof for several days, a soldier pops up through a trapdoor, sees you, disappears again, and returns later with a troop of swordsmen. You are taken away and soon afterwards executed as a spy.

153

Brushing away crushed spiders, you look for the green globe. It did not break when you dropped it, but it is now glowing very brightly and is getting brighter by the minute. It is radiating increasingly intense heat. Will you:

Walk away from it?	Turn to 330
Put it into your backpack?	Turn to 36
Stay close to it to see what happens?	Turn to 178

154

You are screaming uncontrollably. The pain is insupportable. You see nothing but the leering features of the Vitriol Essence. He is toying with you; choosing his moment to lacerate you again with his dreadful claws. You cannot find the will to fight him. Did you slip or did you jump? The result is the same. The pool is acid: for a few seconds it feels as though you are in the heart of a furnace, and then your lifeless body disintegrates as it sinks to the bottom.

155

This corridor has many natural recesses in its rock walls. You are able to get quite close to the guards outside the double doors by flitting from cover to cover. However, you are unable to gain much more information. The guards look bored and impatient, but reasonably alert, and you have no way of telling whether there are more soldiers beyond the doors.

It would be impossible to rush the guards and dispose of them before they could raise the alarm. You can think of only four courses of action.

If you decide to emerge from hiding and charge the two guardsmen, turn to 71. If you want to march up to them, claim to be acting on instructions from the Margrave, and order them to leave their post, turn to 346. If you prefer to slip away back to the entrance to this corridor and await developments, turn to 293. If you want to leave this corridor and instead explore the left-hand passage, turn to 252.

156

The second group of young ruffians moves in to attack you. Fight them as you did the first group.

	SKILL	STAMINA
Fourth MURDEROUS URCHIN	5	4
Fifth MURDEROUS URCHIN	4	4
Sixth MURDEROUS URCHIN	5	6

If you win, you search the bodies, and find they had only 3 Gold Pieces between them. Record this booty on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Abnormally large rats are gathering in the shadows. Some of the heaps of fetid muck seem to be moving of their own accord. You think it is time to leave. Turn to 149.

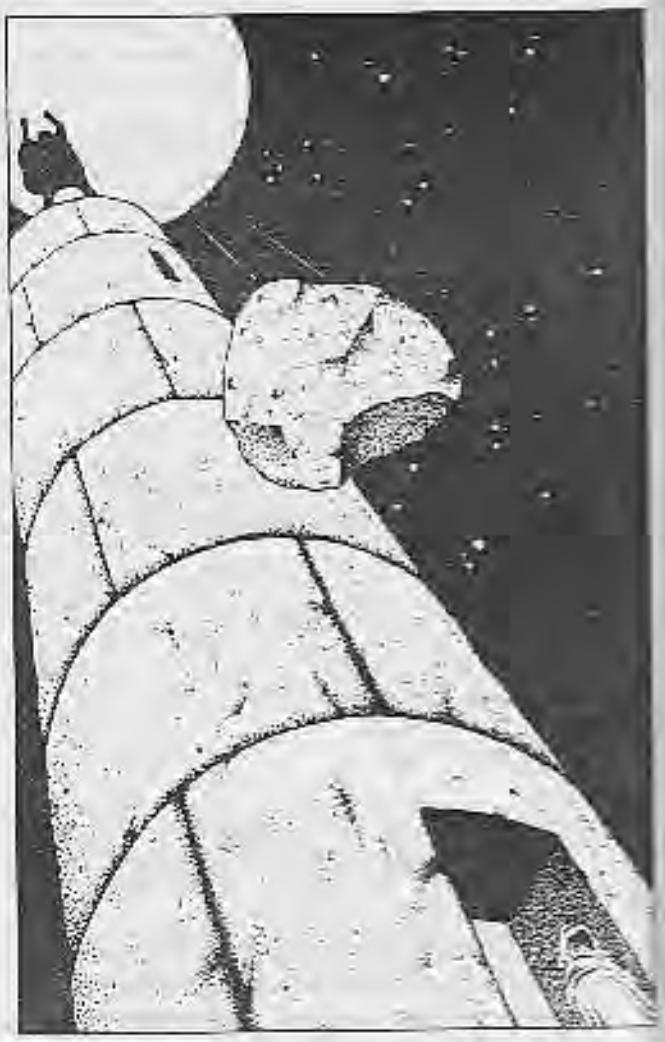

157

You open the door and find the blade of a curved sword inches from your nose. You duck and crouch instinctively, ready to fight, but the hiss of many swords leaving their scabbards deters you. You have no choice but to surrender – you have walked into the section of the outer bailey that houses the hordes of southern warriors. They remove all your possessions and clothes, lock you into an iron cell, and provide you with decent rations. Each evening they bring you out to play a game called 'Stone-drop': you are pegged spreadeagled on the ground at the foot of one of the towers, and two swordsmen, chosen by lot, have one chance each to drop a boulder from the top of the tower on to your head. All the soldiers in the barracks come to watch, and much excitement is generated. Gold Pieces change hands at a furious rate as wagers are laid on which man will drop his boulder nearer to your head, and on how many days it will be before one of the drops is accurate enough to crush your skull. Eventually, one of them is, and does.

158

You place the incandescent globe in front of the little wooden door and back away. Within seconds the sphere is too bright to look at and you can feel its heat from the far end of the passage. Then it explodes. The roar is unbearably loud, and the shock-wave hurls you against the rock wall. When your head clears and the dust begins to settle, you see that the little wooden door has been completely

pulverized. You walk towards the open doorway and, gripping your weapon, you walk through it. Turn to 255.

159

You race across the courtyard and dive through the gap between the enormous double doors. You are in a quiet inner bailey, with the solid shape of the Keep itself looming in front of you. Your pursuers are right behind you, but the double doors can be barred from this side with beams the size of tree-trunks - if you can close the open door in time. You put your shoulder to the door and push.

Add together your SKILL and STAMINA. Roll one die eight times. If the total is less than your combined SKILL and STAMINA, turn to 308; otherwise, turn to 72.

160

The illusionist Senyakhaz is an accomplished knife-fighter.

SENYAKHAZ	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you defeat her, you have earned the thanks of the Margrave and the people of Neuburg. The beautiful Zagoulari had enthralled Baron Tholdur and was the leader of the southern soldiery. However, you have still to discover and destroy the source of the evil and unnatural creatures that plague the town. The tall, metal-framed mirror seemed important to

Senyakhaz; so did the small black box that you now prise from her lifeless fingers. It is hollow and rattles, but is sealed. If you smash it open, turn to 381. If you inspect its surfaces, turn to 131.

161

Evading the clutching hands of your guards, you flee into the dark tunnel. Within seconds you are round a corner and in complete blackness. You collide with a rock wall, stumble over a boulder and collapse to the ground in a daze. You recover as the first of your pursuers approaches, holding aloft a flaring torch. He fails to see you, and as your blade slices into his leg he howls with pain, drops the torch, and prepares for combat.

SOUTHERN SWORDSMAN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If you kill him within two Attack Rounds, you can run off along the tunnel, but without the benefit of the torch, which has burnt out (turn to 370). If you are still fighting after two Attack Rounds, turn to 278.

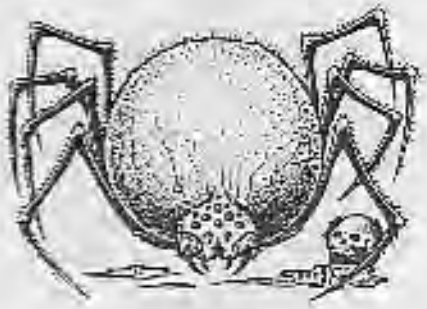

162

You slide down the muddy slope and you are unable to prevent yourself slipping straight into the murky pool. Thigh-deep in stagnant water, you are horrified to feel your legs being clasped by muscular tendrils. You draw your sword and prepare to fight the mottled creature that is surfacing in front of you. Turn to 183.

163

You really are very unlucky indeed. The two mutated creatures were the victims of a disease magically created by the sorcerer Xakhaz. The disease is infectious, and you have been infected. Before you reach the end of the corridor your neck will begin to swell and to hurt abominably. Even at this stage you will have a suspicion of the truth. You will fall into a fever from which, if someone finds and tends you, you will recover. But you will have changed. You will be confused, violent, less than human, and abhorred by anyone you meet. An unpleasant fate for such a promising adventurer.

164

'You know Baron Tholdur! Any friend of our Margrave is welcome here. You must try a glass of our very special Neuburg brandy! No? Perhaps you have experienced it before . . . But wait!' The innkeeper looks at you sharply. 'How can I be sure you are not trying to trick me? You say you were at Helm Hill, but that battle is common knowledge. Can you prove you know Baron Tholdur?'

Concealed in your belt you keep a bejewelled gold ring inscribed with a comradely message from the Margrave. It would prove that you know him – but it is immensely valuable and would tempt all but the most honest of men. If you want to show it to the innkeeper, turn to 343. If you would rather drop the subject of Baron Tholdur, turn to 301.

165

You unlock the door and push it open. The room beyond has been furnished sumptuously, but you see immediately that all the brocade hangings and silk bed-covers have been torn to ribbons. Even the polished wood surfaces of the furniture are gouged with deep scratches. The only occupant of the room is a young girl who is watching you intently. She has long golden hair, and is wearing about her neck an iron ring which is attached by a long chain to a similar ring set into the stone wall. She is also wearing the strangest suit of armour you have ever seen. The breastplate, and the plates covering her shoulders, forearms and shins, are bristling with needle-sharp spikes. As you watch, she flexes her gauntlets and curved, claw-like blades emerge at the ends of her fingers. Her eyes fill with tears and she attacks. If you are wearing ear-plugs, turn to **318**; if not, turn to **187**.

166

You select a barrel and turn its tap, filling the cup with clear, golden liquid. It has a spicy fragrance and tastes delicious. Having drained the cup you feel considerably refreshed: restore up to 2 points of STAMINA, if you need to, before turning to **286**.

167

Yeshaz is a formidable opponent. He is so large that he can absorb more damage than any human being; and he can attack with many of his limbs simultaneously. He carries no weapons, so his hands are

useful only for punching, grabbing and gouging but he also has, among many variations, long insect-like legs with razor-sharp edges, and trunk-like tentacles terminating in fang-filled mouths.

XAKHAZ SKILL 14 STAMINA 32

The Talisman of Loth, if you have it, has only limited effect on such a monster – it reduces Xakhaz's SKILL by 1 point. If you have the Trident of Skarlos, however, you find that it seems to revel in skewering the mountain of limbs – it causes an extra 5 points of STAMINA loss each time you wound with it. If you succeed in killing Xakhaz, turn to 271.

168

You dip one tentative finger into the green liquid. It is cold, but quite refreshing. Nothing unpleasant occurs. You submerge your whole hand. You can feel nothing at all on the bottom of the basin, so you pull your hand out again. It is covered in a green film. You wipe it against your jerkin – and you are surprised to find that the green colour will not wipe off. Within minutes your hand begins to itch, and you are appalled to find that tiny plants appear to be sprouting under your fingernails and between your fingers. You have immersed your hand in concentrated magical fertilizer, and it is now a haven for tiny airborne organisms. You must reduce your SKILL by 1 point permanently because of the constant irritation; but if you survive this adventure you will find that you really do have 'green fingers' – anything you plant will grow well. You may now

investigate the overgrown path beyond the statue (turn to 232), or return to the edge of the garden and follow the perimeter path (turn to 11).

169

As you leave the room the mirror frame turns white-hot and explodes in molten blobs. Senyakhaz's magic portal has been destroyed, and you are still alive to assess the situation. You must confess that you have not been successful. The townspeople of Neuburg will thank you, certainly: you have freed their Margrave from foreign influence, and no doubt he will waste no time in expelling the southern soldiers. And now that the portal is destroyed, there is no route by which the appalling creations of the mad sorcerer Xakhaz can be released to plague the surface world. But you know that Senyakhaz is still alive and well – and possibly still able to reach the unknown depths beneath Neuburg Keep, where the evil, aeons-old sorcerer grows stronger, more insane and more determined on revenge. You have failed in your mission: you have merely postponed the day of reckoning for the people of Neuburg.

170

The glowing passage extends for only twenty paces or so in both directions from the point where your side-tunnel joins it. To the right, the passage ends at a large door made of sturdy beams and reinforced with iron bands. It has a metal panel with a keyhole, and seems to be locked. To the left there are two

doors: one is small and wooden, while the other is massive and made of riveted plates of solid metal. The small door has a handle but no lock; the metal door has three huge keyholes, and looks like a thief's nightmare. If you have a green globe, turn to **104**. If you have a blue spear-head, turn to **207**.

171

Two robed warriors, looking impassive and very out of place, are standing in a clear space on a nearby street corner – and they are staring straight at you.

You turn to face them and stare back. After a few moments, without a word to one another, they abruptly walk off into an alley. Perplexed, you put your hands on your hips – and realize that your purse is missing. The strings dangling from your belt have been cleanly cut. There is no sign of the thief. And now you have no money to buy provisions – or anything else. Turn to **149**.

172

Smoke from two open fires mingles with steam from bubbling pots to create a swirling fog in the kitchen. You blunder into a table, knock over a rack of vegetables, and make enough commotion to attract the attention of all the kitchen staff. The smoke clears momentarily and you find yourself surrounded by Orcs, Gnomes and swordsmen, armed with a bewildering variety of weapons and kitchen implements. 'What a treat!' enthuses one of the Orcs. 'Roast human for supper tonight!' The circle closes in. Your adventure ends here.

173

Both your shoulders are numb and you are gasping for breath, but at last you hear the noise of rending masonry as the door's hinges give way. Deduct 1 point of STAMINA: you chose a particularly strenuous way to get through this door. Even though the hinges are broken, the door still proves hard to open. Turn to **116**.

174

It is true that you feel very tired. You deserve a rest. The chair is wonderfully comfortable. Senya has a deliciously soothing voice and a gentle smile; you cannot take your eyes off the magnificent red jewel shimmering at her neck. Nothing seems important except that you should stay here and relax. You are not alarmed when the arms and legs of the chair mould themselves around your limbs – it feels even more comfortable. You die slowly and peacefully, unaware that Senya is no serving-girl but the wizard Senyakhaz, a mistress of illusion. You are not sitting in a chair: you are being engulfed by a Vlodblad, a hideous creation of the resurrected evil sorcerer in the depths. The Vlodblad surrounds you and drains your STAMINA, while you remain hypnotized by Senyakhaz's flickering ruby.

175

You reach a corner of the garden. The path and the wall turn to the left, and in the corner a gap in the wall forms a rough doorway into the base of one of the battlement towers. The interior of the tower is dark and silent. The path continues uninterrupted

alongside the garden until it reaches another tower at the next corner. Do you want to enter the base of the battlement tower (turn to 284)? Or will you continue to the next corner of the garden (turn to 44)?

176

You grip the tube and try to imagine something emerging from it. Instantly a shaft of transparent crystal appears at the end with the symbol. It is a long, thin cone of very hard material, and the innocuous brass tube has been transformed into an effective stabbing weapon. Further investigation reveals that the crystal shaft is very cold indeed – so cold that it will damage anything living that it touches. It resembles a large, thin and very deadly icicle. The end of the tube that you are holding is insulated against the unnatural cold. While you are using this weapon you may add 2 points to your SKILL; however, the Ice Sword draws its energy from its holder, and you must deduct 1 point of STAMINA each time that you generate its icy blade (in addition to any STAMINA that you lose through wounds). Deduct 1 point of STAMINA now, and turn to 359.

177

The tapestry is real. The floor in front of it is false. You drop helplessly through a black void and land, stunned, on a stone floor. Lose 3 points of STAMINA. The floor slopes steeply and is larded with grease. You cannot stop yourself sliding downwards with increasing speed. You are on a chute that spirals down through the rock in great loops.

You are battered, dizzy and barely conscious by the time the chute straightens and ejects you into a cavern lit by a pale green luminescence. The light emanates from the seething slime that covers the floor of the cavern. You hurtle across a slick rocky ledge and are heading for the slime. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 316. If not, turn to 124.

178

Within seconds the globe's light is so intense that you cannot look directly at it. It is radiating heat like a roaring furnace. An impossibly high-pitched note sounds – and then the globe explodes with a force that flattens the vegetation in the garden, strips the trees and blows apart the nearby tower. You are completely obliterated.

179

You survey your chamber with a cautious eye. It looks clean and comfortable. You search beneath the mattress and behind the door: nothing. You secure the door with its strong iron bolt. Crossing to the window, you slowly unlatch and push open one of the heavy wooden shutters. The night is completely silent. You step out on to a small balcony. It would be only a jump down to the street, and you could clamber back easily. What will you do next?

If you want to drop to the street and explore the town, turn to 68. If you would rather go up the hill to Neuburg Keep, turn to 106. If you decide to return to your room, secure the shutters, throw off your cloak and boots and go to bed, turn to 372.

180

Prancing around the slow-moving warrior, evading his broadsword and waving the crackling Trident above your head, you attempt to goad the luminous warrior into incautious speech. He says nothing but 'Be gone or die!', and continues to slide towards you. You have just yelled, 'What's this then? If you're Skarlos, how is it *I* have your Trident?', when the warrior shudders and halts, and another voice, shrill and eerie, cuts through the darkness. 'My poor little joke Skarlos will be no match for you, it seems. Come through into my workroom. Xakhaz welcomes spirited new slaves.' If you want to peer through the doorway, turn to 279. If you decide to pause to inspect the motionless warrior, turn to **107**.

181

You unbuckle the straps of your pack, fold back the leather flap and stare in amazement at the wriggling mass that fills the inside of the pack. Hundreds of finger-like protuberances reach up from a shifting, lumpy core. Before you can react, the thing jumps towards your face. You duck instinctively, but little rubbery tentacles catch in your hair and as you leap to your feet you find that the blood-seeking circular suckers on the thing's bloated body are bobbing around your face and neck. In the midst of your terror a flash of insight tells you that the Blood-Lurcher tentacle has fed off your rations and has mutated into this Kiss of Death Protoplasm. The thing's many circular lips writhe as they strive to

make contact with your skin. *Test your Willpower*. If you make a successful roll, turn to 37. If you are unsuccessful, turn to **250**.

182

The weapon that is glowing in your hands is the Trident of Skarlos, forged with long-forgotten enchantments in the mountains far to the north. It is made entirely of a metal with a blue sheen, and every surface is covered with intricate engravings. The head of the weapon – three barbed points running together into a cylindrical shaft – is small and elegant; by contrast the handle is bulky and has asymmetrical protuberances, in spite of which it is easy to hold with one hand. The handle is its power source – now that the weapon is whole again, the light given off by the separate parts is fading rapidly.

In addition to being easy to use, the Trident is powerful. It delivers a bolt of energy as well as wounding in the normal way. When using it, add 2 points to your SKILL. Against human opponents the Trident will cause an extra 2 points of STAMINA loss when you wound with it; but it was designed for fighting sorcerous and undead creatures, and therefore against non-human opponents you will cause an extra 4 points of STAMINA loss each time you wound. Its magic gives you strength and purpose: restore up to 2 points of WILLPOWER, if you are below your *Initial* score. Lastly, restore 1 LUCK point for finding such an effective weapon! With renewed confidence you return to the red passage. Turn to **240**.

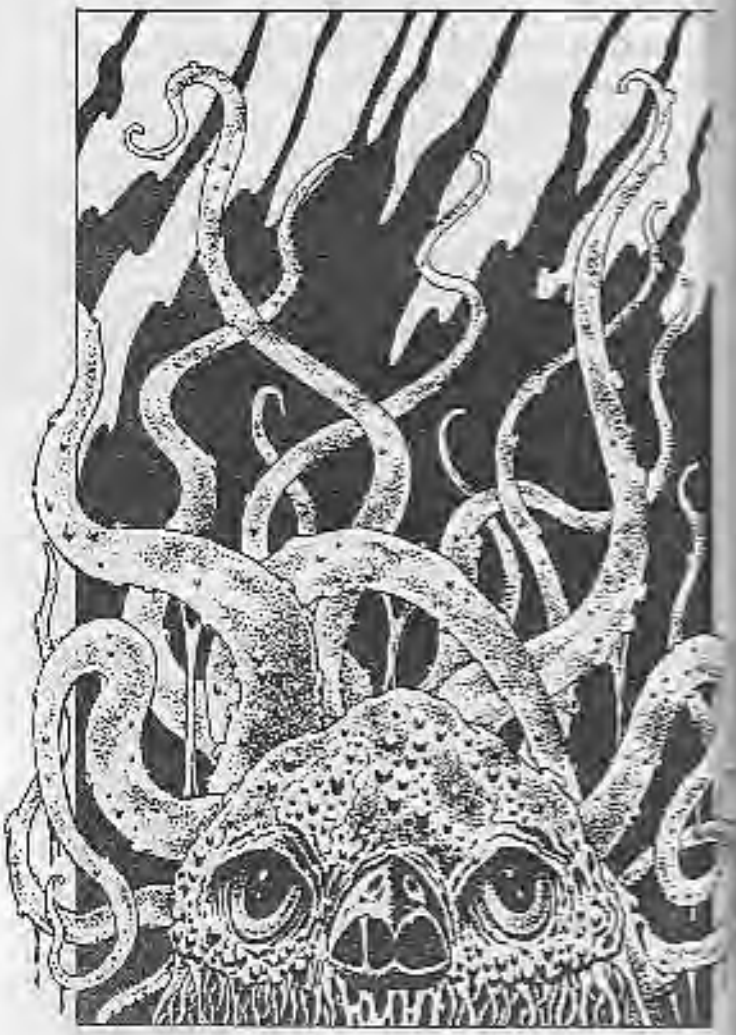

183

You are half immersed in filthy water, with your legs encircled by tentacles. Reduce your SKILL by 3 points while fighting under these conditions.

MOTTLED KRAKEN SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you kill it, you scramble up the muddy slope and leave the tower. You can continue to follow the perimeter path (turn to 11), or you can cut your way to the clearing in the centre of the garden (turn to 319).

184

You crawl into the opening and wriggle downwards. Soon you are in complete darkness, and you hold your sword out in front of you as a guide. As you descend, the hole widens and slopes more steeply. You can feel that other tunnels from the surface are joining yours. You see light ahead, a pale luminescence. There is a slithering noise and a gust of noxious air. And then, questing upwards along the tunnel, comes a featureless cylinder of glowing slime. It touches your sword-point and halts. You stab it and it retreats. After several more attempts to continue, and several more stabs, it contracts and slithers back down the hole. You breathe a sigh of relief and decide whether to follow it (turn to 65) or laboriously crawl backwards up the nearly vertical tunnel, rest for a few minutes, and then go through the door in the end wall of the courtyard (turn to 157).

185

You stare in horror at the wriggling mass that fills the inside of your pack. Hundreds of finger-like protuberances reach up from a shifting, lumpy core. Before you can react, the thing jumps towards your face. You duck instinctively, but little rubbery tentacles catch in your hair and as you leap to your feet you find that the blood-seeking circular suckers on the thing's bloated body are bobbing around your face and neck. In the midst of your terror a flash of insight tells you that the Blood-Lurcher tentacle has fed off your rations and has mutated into this Kiss of Death Protoplasm. The thing's many circular lips writhe as they strive to make contact with your skin. *Test your Willpower*. If you make a successful roll, turn to **67**. If you are unsuccessful, turn to **290**.

186

Terrified townsfolk scatter as you unsheathe your sword and prepare to meet the shopkeeper's rabid onslaught. His loud roars are attracting attention, and you realize that you will have to finish him off quickly, before anyone arrives to help him.

ANGRY GROCER SKILL 7 STAMINA 4

You fight for two Attack Rounds. If, at the end of two rounds, your opponent is dead, turn to **364**. If he is still alive, turn to **101**.

187

Claws glittering, the girl hurls herself at you with desperate ferocity. You defend yourself.

SPIKED MAIDEN SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

Even as she lashes at you with her deadly talons, she sobs and shouts and screams, tears spilling from her wild eyes. You make out some of her words: 'Away! Go away! Run while you can! These claws . . . this metal . . . I can't help it. I don't want to kill you. *She* did it! She put me in here . . . in this metal . . . Help me!'

You are no longer sure you should kill this girl. After one round of combat you can *Escape*, making a mental vow to return – if you survive this adventure – to investigate further. Once out of the door you can unlock the door across the hall, if you have not already done so (turn to **96**), or you can leave the dungeon area through the open door (turn to **376**). If you have the Runic Axe, or if you are not convinced by the girl's protestations, you continue to fight her. If you kill her, turn to **63**.

188

You unbuckle the straps of your pack, fold back the leather flap and stare in amazement at the wriggling mass that fills the inside of the pack. Hundreds of finger-like protuberances reach up from a shifting, lumpy core. Before you can react, the thing jumps towards your face. You duck instinctively, but little rubbery tentacles catch in your hair and as you leap

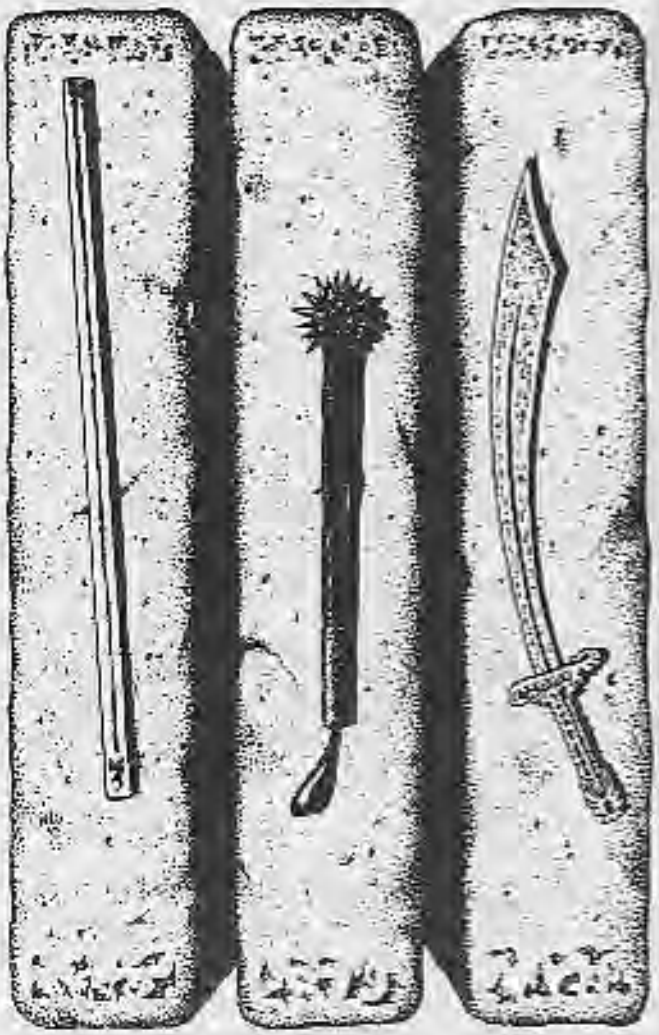

to your feet you find that the blood-seeking circular suckers on the thing's bloated body are bobbing around your face and neck. In the midst of your terror a flash of insight tells you that the Blood-Lurcher tentacle has fed off your rations and has mutated into this Kiss of Death Protoplasm. The thing's many circular lips writhe as they strive to make contact with your skin. *Test your Willpower*. If you make a successful roll, turn to **17**. If you are unsuccessful, turn to 210.

189

As the Orc's mountainous body crashes to the floor, you lunge at the rope escaping from his dead fingers. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 236. If you are Unlucky, turn to **138**.

190

Enough red light seeps through the open doorway to enable you to see that you are in a vast armoury. Rows of swords, shields, spears and pikes disappear into the gloom. You have never seen so many weapons in one room. They are all of antique design and, you judge, are of southern origin. They have been stored here for centuries, but you can see very little corrosion on them; in fact, they are hardly dusty. In front of you, between the stacked rows, there are three stone slabs. On each slab rests one weapon. You cannot decipher the carvings on the stones, but it is clear that each of these weapons is special in some way.

If you are content with the weapon you have, there is nothing of interest to you in this room (turn to 359). If you want to exchange your weapon for one of the three on the slabs, you can choose between:

A richly decorated scimitar	Turn to 247
A black mace with silver-tipped spikes	Turn to 120
A thin brass tube	Turn to 13

191

The old priest stares at you; disbelief, sorrow and anger cross his face. 'In that case, my friend,' he snaps, 'I urge you to leave this town forthwith. It holds nothing for you but danger and death. Now quit this holy place at once!'

You stumble into the daylight. It is unwise to irritate the High Priest of Oiden. He has cursed you. Reduce your *Initial* SKILL and STAMINA by 1 point each. You return to the centre of town. Turn to 108.

192

You grit your teeth and turn away from the girl's smiling face. You turn back and strike at her. Turn to 328.

193

As you step into the gloomy passage between the towers, you detect a flicker of movement. You spin round and just manage to avoid a thrusting sword. You are confronted by one of the robed warriors – and he clearly intends to fight first and ask questions later, if at all.

SOUTHERN SWORDSMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

After two rounds of combat, you hear the sound of many feet charging down stone stairs within the towers. Do you want to *Escape* (turn to 347), or will you stay and fight all comers (turn to 99)?

194

You have a clear choice: to stay and attempt to fight the three massive, decaying Chrabats (turn to 367), or to leave the strange blue metal shaft, which they seem to be guarding, and retreat up the stairway (turn to 240).

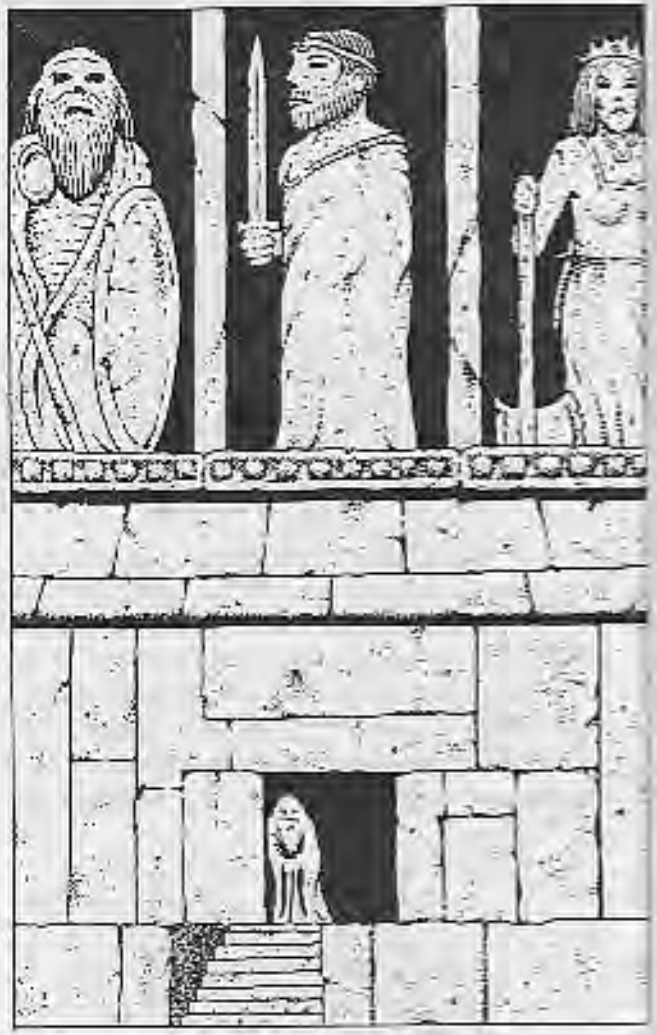

195

The Temple Quarter of Neuburg is one of the oldest parts of the little town, and the most peaceful. It contains a number of walled residences as well as the fairly humble shrines and temples to the northern gods that the ancestors of the Neuburgers brought with them when they settled this area by force several centuries ago. The newest and grandest temples, dedicated to the currently fashionable gods and goddesses of commerce and farming, occupy large parks along the magnificent New Wall Street. From here, narrower avenues climb the lower slopes of Castle Hill and provide access to the smaller and older shrines and temples. You find that walking up these winding avenues is like travelling backwards in time, into the history of Neuburg and its once barbaric peoples. But as you climb up past the ever more dilapidated temples of ever more ancient and forgotten cults, you begin to despair of finding anything useful in this part of the town. You head for an unusually grand building that looks as if it is the oldest temple of all; but as you approach, you see that it is virtually derelict and apparently deserted. If you want to press on and visit this last temple, turn to 322. If you would rather turn back to the centre of town, turn to 108.

196

Your grip on sanity has been weakening since you entered Neuburg; now you feel relieved to let go. You no longer care that the creatures you just met were suffering from the effects of an infectious disease spawned by sorcery, and that you may be infected. You shun contact with other beings, and live the rest of your short life as a ragged, starving, scurrying denizen of the tunnels beneath the castle.

197

You select one of the few barrels that is in an upright position. It has a tap but no drinking-cup, so you pour a little of the barrel's contents into the palm of your hand and drink a mouthful of the brown liquid. It tastes bitter and sears the roof of your mouth. You begin to feel rather ill. The liquid is poisonous, but as you have consumed so little you lose only 2 points of STAMINA. You can now either look inside the barrel from which you have just drunk (turn to 366), or roll one die to taste the contents of a different barrel: if you roll 1, 2 or 3, turn to 166; if you roll 4, 5 or 6, turn to 84.

198

Something is wrong. It is impossible that three young women could look so similar; it must be an illusion. They are trying to bewitch you, and it is difficult to look away from them. You must attack them: it is the only way to break this spell. With a strangled cry, you raise your weapon. Which smiling, unarmed, defenceless girl will you strike:

The one on the left?	Turn to 328
The one in the middle?	Turn to 121
The one on the right?	Turn to 283

199

The crate is made of thick, seasoned hardwood, and the lid is held in place by nails as big as your fingers. Both your sword and your temper are close to snapping by the time you succeed in prising the lid away from the other timbers. The scrabbling noises from inside the crate rise to a crescendo as you flex your muscles and throw the lid aside – to find yourself staring at a disgusting and incomprehensible horror.

The crate is full of human limbs. There are hands, feet and arms; some are well preserved, others are decayed and putrid. The fetid stench is overpowering. And all of them are moving – slithering and groping towards you.

Test your Willpower (deduct 1 point of WILLPOWER). If you make a successful roll, turn to 135. If you are unsuccessful, turn to 314.

200

There is an iron ring set into the centre of the door, but no amount of twisting it, or pulling or pushing, will make the door open. It is clearly locked, and you have nothing with which to try to pick the lock. Perhaps the trident head will help? If you want to insert one of the trident's points into the keyhole, turn to 147. If not, you will have to try one of the other doors – the small wooden one (turn to 373) or the enormous metal one (turn to 243).

201

You bump into tables and trip over unidentifiable bloody fragments – some of which clutch at you as you pass – but you can move faster than Xakhaz's mountainous body of wriggling limbs. You will have to fight, however – unless you have both the Talisman of Loth and a green glass globe. If you have both of these items, and want to try to use them, turn to 18. If not, you must fight Xakhaz as best you can: turn to 167.

202

Most of the jars and bundles of dried herbs are unidentifiable, but you find one glass container with a label: 'Powdered root of Orcsbane. Danger: this herb has no taste but is deadly poison if taken in quantity.' The bottle is quite small, so you decide to slip it into your backpack. You can find nothing else of interest in the room, so you have no alternative but to leave by the door opposite the one through which you entered. Turn to 282.

203

Your search of Griltig's room reveals nothing valuable except for a small box containing 3 Gold Pieces. You may keep these. Bubbling in a pot suspended over a fire there is a stew. You are glad that you do not know the ingredients, but it smells wholesome and if you decide to eat some, it will restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. Nailed to the back of the door you find a sheet of parchment with instructions for Griltig penned in graceful script and signed, in a shaky hand, by Baron Tholdur. Griltig has been instructed to hand over all prisoners to the southern soldiers. The only exception is the female prisoner, who is to be kept in comfortable circumstances and who is not to be approached by anyone not wearing ear-plugs! Two plugs of candle wax, presumably for Griltig's big ears, dangle from a string hanging over the nail.

If you have not already done so, you can cross the hall and unlock the closed door. If you want to, you can wear the ear-plugs while doing so. Turn to 165. If you leave the dungeon area through the open door, turn to 376.

204

You drop your backpack and the green globe and throw yourself to the ground, rolling over and over and slapping at your body. Crushed spiders fall from your clothing, leaving sticky smears, but others attempt to find areas of exposed flesh into which to sink their mandibles. Fight them as if they were one opponent:

GIANT SPIDERS SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you destroy them all, turn to 153.

205

The elderly Dwarf snaps at you: 'This way, then. Come along!' He throws open a door and gestures for you to enter. You hesitate; you were hoping to slip away and roam the Keep at your leisure. The sentry turns, peers at you suspiciously and begins to walk towards you. 'Come along, now, come along!' scolds the Dwarf. 'Into the waiting-room, if you don't mind.' If you decide to enter the waiting-room, turn to 249. If you attack the sentry, turn to 143.

206

It seems as though several eternities pass as you shiver in the dank darkness of your cell. You sleep fitfully on the rotten straw and wake to find rodents gnawing at your toes. You feel hungry: if you have provisions, you have plenty of time to eat another meal. You begin to despair of anything ever happening. And then you hear light, hesitant footsteps

approaching your door. A key grates in the lock. With infinite slowness the door opens, and in the doorway a human shape is silhouetted against the feeble light from the dungeon hallway's single cresset. The figure lifts its shortsword and says: 'Who are you?' Will you attack (turn to 226), say that you are one of Thuldur's men, wrongly imprisoned (turn to 340), or say that you are on a mission to cleanse Neuburg and its Keep of their infestation of evil (turn to 85)?

207

The head of the trident is now glowing fiercely, and the flickering blue light reaches a new intensity when you point it at the large wooden door to your right. If you want to try to open this door, turn to 200. If you would rather try to unlock the metal door, turn to 243. If you want to try the small wooden door, turn to 373.

208

The dancing-girl dies. You feel wretched, and close to both nausea and weeping. The surviving dancer lays her hand on your arm, smiles sympathetically and whispers comforting words. You are grateful for her friendship and understanding. *Test your Willpower*. If you are successful, turn to 192. If not, you cannot bring yourself to continue killing. The young woman tells you that her name is Senya, and urges you to sit down and rest. You agree. Turn to 174.

209

The unusual hat is made of loosely wound strips of white cloth. It is surprisingly heavy and, turning it over, you find a shining, glutinous mass quivering inside. Two dark lumps embedded in the transparent gel seem to stare at you like eyes. You instinctively want to hurl it to the floor in disgust, but before you can do so you are taken with the idea of trying on the hat. You are not sure where the idea came from, but increasingly it appeals to you as the best course of action.

Test your Willpower. If you are successful, your desire to be rid of the thing overcomes the idea of wearing it, and you drop it, back away and climb the stairs (turn to 51). If you are unsuccessful, you cannot resist the suggestion that you should try on the hat. Turn to 133.

210

You cannot bring yourself to touch the loathsome object that has attached itself to your hair. In demented fear you jump up and down and shake your head, but the bulbous shape clings on and swings against your shoulders with soft thuds. Its suckers mouth mindlessly, waiting for an opportunity to touch the exposed skin of your face and give you the kiss of death. Inevitably, as your frantic twitching becomes wilder and wilder, a sucker touches your flesh and holds fast. The sac of the creature's body nestles against your face and begins to turn a dull pink as it draws out your blood. If you still have 6 or more points of WILLPOWER, turn to 73. If you now have less than 6 points, turn to 348.

211

The globe hits the floor and shatters harmlessly. You now have no alternative but to fight Xakhaz. Turn to 167.

212

You are in the inner bailey of the castle. Behind you lie the ramparts of the second defensive wall, and in front of you, across the narrow courtyard, the massive bulk of the Keep itself juts out of jagged rocks and towers dizzyingly above you. You seem to be making progress: somewhere in that ominous edifice of black stone must be not only the Margrave, but also the source of the evil afflicting Neuburg.

There is no entrance to the Keep on this side, however. The slab-like walls are featureless. A deeply rutted track leads away from you, towards the left, between the Keep and the surrounding wall. This track must lead to the main entrance, and you have no choice but to follow it. First, however, as there are no guards in evidence, you decide to use this opportunity to take a short rest. You sit concealed behind a large buttress and put your backpack on your knees in order to take stock of its contents. Does it contain a piece of Blood-Lurcher tentacle? If so, turn to 355. If not, turn to 132.

213

You push one of the doors and it opens. You step cautiously into a small anteroom. It is sparsely furnished, and there is a door on your right and another on your left. You think you can hear voices from beyond the right-hand door. Which door will you try to go through, the left (turn to 387) or the right (turn to 6)?

214

Paralysed with shock, gasping for breath, and maddened by pain, you are in no condition to fight. If you still have 6 or more points of WILLPOWER, you must now *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 320; if you are Unlucky, turn to 26. If you now have less than 6 points of WILLPOWER, turn to 154.

215

You emerge into a circular stone room. There are no guards, and your sword and pack are lying on the floor. You collect them, and then peer through the slits that pierce the thick wall. You realize that you are in the ground-floor room of one of the towers of Neuburg's East Gate. One of the slits gives you a clear view west along the main street leading to the centre of town; the sun has set behind the buildings but the whole scene is lit by a beautiful red sky. Everything is very peaceful – too peaceful! The streets are almost deserted. There are no shouts from the riverside wharves, no priests chanting in the temples, no dogs snuffling in the piles of refuse,

and no revellers stumbling from the inns. The silence is eerie.

You are determined to investigate; but first you must escape from this gatehouse. The one door is of solid oak, banded with iron, and is locked from the outside. You will have to try to force it open. Add together your SKILL and STAMINA scores. Roll one die eight times and add the results together. If the total is *less* than your combined SKILL and STAMINA, turn to 399; otherwise, turn to 41.

216

If you have added Orcsbane to the stew, turn to 35. If not, turn to 304.

217

The slight, red-robed figure glides to the Margrave's side and interrupts his reminiscences by handing him a large goblet of wine, and then throwing back the folds of the robe's cowl. You are surprised to see that Tholdur's mysterious adviser is a breathtakingly beautiful woman. She kisses the Margrave's cheek and turns to you with a dazzling smile. She welcomes you graciously, encourages Tholdur to

drink, and suggests that after all your exertions you would like to rest in one of the guest bedrooms. You are worried by the Margrave's increasingly slurred speech as he endorses this idea; you are even more worried when the woman offers to conduct you to your room herself. Worry turns to alarm when, outside the Great Hall, she summons an 'escort' of a dozen swordsmen to accompany her. Unfortunately, there is nothing you can do. The woman is the sorceress Senyakhaz, and she and her swordsmen will make sure that you do not reach your bedroom alive.

218

You stride into the centre of the cloth pavilion and stand beside the table, marvelling at the array of tempting delicacies. Languorously, one of the ropes wraps itself around your waist – and in one sickening instant the scene changes to madness and horror. The ribbed black cable constricts, splintering your ribs and lifting you above the table, which you now see through clouds of pain as a jumbled pile of bones and rotting flesh. The billowing tent-sides are in fact writhing, leathery, veined membranes, and your destination, which you once saw as a mass of ribbons, is revealed as a pulsating red maw. The illusion is shattered, but so is your life.

219

You wake to find yourself on the stone floor, curled around the trunk of the tree. Every muscle aches, and your head is spinning. The Ordeal has cost you 1 point of STAMINA and 1 point of WILLPOWER; deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*.

'Only the strongest and most determined can withstand a meeting with Oiden,' Huw intones. 'You may climb the tree again, or you may leave.' If you wish to experience the Ordeal again, return to 54. If you decide it is time to leave, turn to 368.

220

As you step out into the sun-bleached street, hundreds of swarthy faces turn to stare at you. Every other person in the noisy throng is swathed in light robes and shod in sandals; everything about you looks foreign. Among the onlookers are a troop of soldiers who arrest you simply because you are dressed so oddly. You discover that you are in Tagoula, the ancient city at the edge of the desert. You are imprisoned in the Tower of the Cheetah, and although no doubt you will one day escape or be released, this adventure ends here.

221

You place the incandescent globe in front of the large wooden door and back away. Within seconds the sphere is too bright to look at, and you can feel its heat from the far end of the passage. Then it explodes. The roar is unbearably loud, and the shockwave hurls you against the rock wall. When your head clears and the dust begins to settle, you see that nothing remains of the door except a few smoking splinters of wood hanging on twisted hinges. You grip your weapon and walk through the open doorway. Turn to 7.

222

You place your backpack on a bench and begin to unbuckle it. Inches from your nose the Dwarf's battle-axe whistles through the air and slices your pack cleanly into two! Enraged, you draw your sword; but the Dwarf, still clutching the rune-covered half of his weapon, is plainly almost as surprised as you are. Carefully, you separate the halves of your pack – and discover the still-twitching remains of the monstrosity that has been growing inside your backpack. The Blood-Lurcher tentacle has managed to absorb two portions of your

rations (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*) and has transmuted into a bloated, blood-sucking mass with hundreds of finger-sized feelers. Thanks to the Dwarf's prescient axe, the thing is dying.

If you had a globe of green glass in your pack, you find that it has been shattered into tiny shards; but in breaking, it has left behind a large emerald. Nothing else is damaged, and the Dwarf provides you with a new backpack. If you have any food left, turn to 3. If you now have no food, turn to 396.

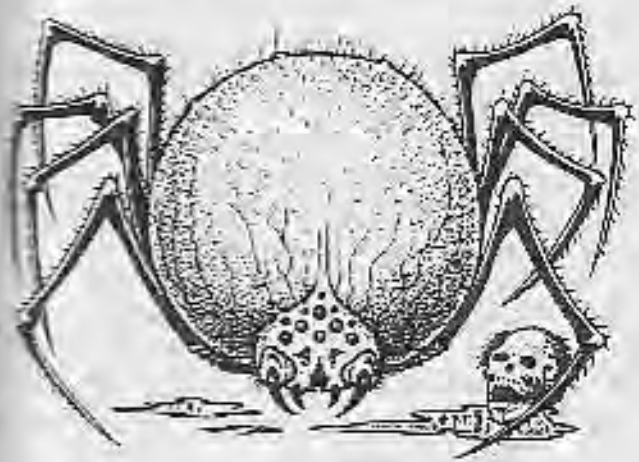

223

You have never seen anything quite so unnerving as this young woman, perfectly normal up to the neck, and with her head folded back at an impossible angle and a forest of wriggling tentacles sprouting from her throat towards you. You run in circles around

the room, but she follows relentlessly, and you finally collapse, sobbing, to await your fate. She does not attempt to harm you; she is interested in booty, and her questing fingers search your body and your backpack. She takes any and all of the following items that you have: food, Gold Pieces, a green glass globe, the Talisman of Loth, an emerald. The yawning gulf of her mouth begins to close as she opens the door and rolls you out of the room with her feet. If you now have less than 6 points of WILL POWER, turn to 196. Otherwise, turn to 79.

224

With your back to the uneven wall you shuffle along the narrow ledge as quickly as you dare. When you reach the middle of the cavern's rear wall you are obliged to waste time trying to find a way of reaching up to take the keys. Eventually you succeed, but as you are returning along the third side of the pool the Vitriol Essence emerges from it and lashes at you with his claws. He has recovered some of his strength, but is less powerful than at your first encounter. His acid-dripping talons now inflict only 2 points of damage when he succeeds in wounding you.

VITRIOL ESSENCE SKILL 8 STAMINA 1

If you kill him, you leave the cavern. Turn to 273.

225

The elderly Dwarf thinks hard for a moment. 'I can't think of much that'll help you on this one,' he mutters at last, 'except for what I've picked up from the kitchen servants in the Keep – those that are still there and haven't been kicked out by the southern rabble. They say there's someone hiding from the soldiers in the dungeon. He's lying low down there because it's the last place anyone'd think to look for him! Name's Cerwic or Cernic, or something similar. A priest, anyway, so he might be useful to you.' You thank the Dwarf for this information, but he says he has more to tell you. Turn to 396.

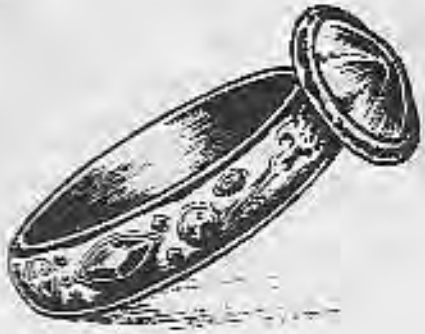

226

The force of your attack bowls your opponent over, and you both tumble through the cell's doorway and across the flagstones of the dungeon hall. The torchlight reveals a young man in military garb, but apparently unfamiliar with armed combat. This should be an easy fight.

YOUNG MAN SKILL 4 STAMINA 8

After one round of combat, however, the youth finds time to snatch aside his tunic, and a ray of blinding white light strikes you in the face. Even after you have recovered from the initial shock, you find it impossible to look directly at your opponent. The effect is to reduce your SKILL by 2 points for the duration of this fight. If you are beginning to think that your attack was a mistake, after one more round of combat you can *Escape*, losing 2 STAMINA points, call a truce and explain exactly who you are (turn to **29**). If you want to fight on to the death, or if you are wielding the Runic Axe, turn to **281** if you kill your opponent.

227

The guards have no reason to suspect that you are a particularly brave or clever intruder, and as you seem prepared to cooperate with their wishes, they adopt a relaxed attitude. You are amazed that they make no effort to deprive you of your weapon and backpack. Restore 1 point of LUCK, and turn to **64**.

228

You follow the corridor a little further and find that it ends at a staircase that spirals downwards into darkness. You set off down it. Turn to **300**.

229

Test your Luck. If you are Unlucky, turn to **75**. If you are Lucky, you succeed in shoplifting a meat pie and a small loaf. Furtively, you slip your ill-gotten gains into your backpack. Record the addition of one meal on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to **280**.

230

The talons of the Vitriol Essence rake your body, scoring your flesh and depositing streams of acid. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. Such a wound is not only deep and serious; it is also cripplingly painful. Can you stand the agony? *Test your Willpower.* If you make an unsuccessful roll, turn to **19**. If you make a successful roll, you summon up the fortitude to either continue the battle (return to **287**) or run from the cavern and scurry back to your dungeon cell (turn to **206**).

231

You hurtle through the columns of flame without suffering a single burn. You do not even feel warm. The wall of fire is an illusion. Unfortunately the pit that has swung open on the other side is completely real. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **48**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **105**.

232

You walk past the statue and begin to cut a way through the foliage that has grown across the path. In front of you, rooted in the middle of the path, is a disturbingly malformed tree. The closer you get, the more the twisted trunk and waving leaves seem to resemble an unnatural parody of something else. For some reason, the tattered clothes hanging on the boughs are peculiarly terrifying; how could they possibly grow *around* the branches like that? And there, up in that knotty bole of wood – surely those look too much like eyes? They are moving . . .

This tree was once a person. *Test your Willpower.* If you roll successfully, turn to **82**. If you are unsuccessful, turn to **125**.

233

Senyakhaz nervously fingers the ruby pendant at her throat while you question her. She seems to be ignorant of events within Neuburg Keep. In fact she is clearly just a very frightened young woman. And yet through her fear you manage to detect her sympathy and consideration. She is really a very nice person. She makes shy but friendly comments like 'That weapon must be awfully heavy!' and 'You look worn out – you are obviously very tired.'

You are completely off your guard when she plunges her knife into your shoulder. Deduct 2 points of STAMINA. Her subtle suggestions have worked too; you feel exhausted and scarcely capable of fighting. Reduce your SKILL by 4 points while you fight Senyakhaz. Turn to **160**.

234

You grip the tube and try to imagine how it might function as a weapon. Perhaps something emerges from it? As soon as you think this, a thin shaft of transparent crystal appears from the tube – unfortunately, from the end you are holding, which instantly turns so cold that it burns your hand. You lose 2 points of STAMINA and drop the tube. The shaft of crystal disappears. You try again, this time holding the end without the symbol. Turn to **176**.

235

From the other side of the door you hear the sounds of heavy objects being laboriously shifted, and then a gruff voice calls: 'Come in – slowly, and with your weapons sheathed!'

You push the door open to reveal a large, airy room full of tidy shelves of plant pots, chests full of garden tools, and herbs drying in bundles in the rafters. There are windows in the walls to your right and left, and another door in the wall opposite you. In the middle of the room stands a frail old Dwarf with bright green hands and forearms; there is a rune-inscribed battle-axe stuck through his belt, and you suspect that he can use it effectively despite his great age. He addresses you again: 'If you have indeed slain the Ogre that has kept me from my garden these past ten weeks, soldier, then you have earned my gratitude. I will allow you passage through my storeroom, whether you be friend to Baron Tholdur or foe.'

He stands aside to let you pass. Will you thank him and leave through the door in the far wall (turn to 282), or will you tell him about your quest (turn to 312)?

236

You grab the rope and hang on. You can feel it trying to pull upwards, and you are sure that if you let go something unpleasant will happen. You pull the Orc's body towards you with your feet, and then stretch down to search it. You find a key and, with more stretching, find that it fits the lock of the door. You turn it, push the door open, release the rope and jump through the doorway. Behind you, portcullises drop from the ceiling along the corridor. You look for a way out beyond the door. Turn to 374.

237

By the time you arrive at the wet and windswept market-square, you have managed to elude your shadows. Your adventures in the Merchants' Quarter have not provided many answers to the puzzle of what is going on in Neuburg – so where will you try next? You can go to any part of the town that you have not already visited.

If you want to go down to the riverside wharves, turn to 90. If you decide to venture up Castle Hill to visit Neuburg Keep, turn to 289. If you walk into the Temple Quarter, turn to 195.

238

You are trying to relax. You yearn for peace and rest; but the buzzing and vibration of the Trident is an annoying distraction. You are sure you ought to look at it, just to make sure that it is all right, but it is difficult to tear your gaze from the flickering red gem at Senya's throat. You do not seem to have the energy to lift your hand in front of your face. *Test your Willpower.* If you are successful, you avert your gaze and manage to glance down at the Trident (turn to 265). If you are unsuccessful, you can stop worrying about the Trident. It slips from your fingers. Senya points out how tired you must be. Turn to 174.

239

Your struggle is brave, but foolhardy and doomed to failure. Attracted by shouts and the noise of clashing steel, more warriors flood into the cellar. Eventually, inevitably, you will begin to tire; you will drop your guard and be cut down. If you attempt to surrender now, you will be given no quarter. Your adventure ends here.

240

At the top of the stairway you emerge into the weird ruby glow of the main passage. You pause to consider your options.

At the far end of the passage there are two other doors. The massive metal one is secured with three locks; if you have not yet been through it, and you have a set of three keys on an iron ring, you can use the keys to open the door (turn to **190**). The small wooden door does not appear to be locked. If you have not already done so, you can open this door and step inside (turn to **373**). The only other alternative is to return down the side tunnel to your dungeon cell (turn to **206**).

241

The words 'Be gone or die' echo lugubriously from inside the warrior's armour as he attacks.

LUMINOUS WARRIOR SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If you are displaying the Talisman of Loth, the warrior's SKILL is not affected by it; however, it does sap his STAMINA by 1 point each Attack Round. If you are fighting with the Trident of Skarlos, each wound you inflict will cost your opponent an extra 4 points of STAMINA – as if he were inhuman. If you kill him, you may go straight to the doorway and look through it (turn to **279**), or you can stop to inspect the body (turn to **107**).

242

You race across the courtyard and through the open gateway. You spin round, close the heavy wooden door and bar it with a thick beam. You allow yourself a grin of triumph as you hear the swordsmen crash against the wooden barrier. For the moment, you are safe from pursuit. You survey your surroundings. Turn to **62**.

243

As you approach the vast metal door you begin to despair of opening it. It fits tightly into its metal frame, and it has no handle – in fact it is completely featureless except for the three large keyholes and the multitude of rivets. You will have to try to open the small wooden door near by (turn to **373**) or the larger wooden door at the other end of the passage (turn to **55**). Of course, you could just return to your cell via the narrow tunnel, and wait there for something to happen (turn to **206**).

244

You find a large enough hole and peer down it. It is circular, with a fairly smooth surface. It slopes steeply downwards, and an unpleasant odour wafts up to you. Once inside, it will be impossible to turn round. Are you going to go in feet first (turn to **349**) or head first (turn to **184**)?

245

You eat an early breakfast in the common room of the Southern Star. It is a hearty meal, brought to you by the innkeeper's wife. You regain up to 4 points of STAMINA, if you have been wounded. After paying the innkeeper, you have 5 Gold Pieces remaining in your purse. Record this on your *Adventure Sheet*.

You return to your room to collect your sword and backpack, and then step out into the market-square. The sky is leaden, and the Southern Star's name-board clatters to and fro in the gusty, drizzly wind. If you decide to go straight to Neuburg Keep, turn to **289**. If you want to walk about the town, turn to 137.

246

The dancing-girls have bewitched you. One of them whispers that you should relax in the chair behind you. You half remember a reason why you should not do so, but it seems unimportant to you now. 'My name is Senya,' says the girl as you sit down. 'Rest here with us for a while. You are very tired.' She kneels and smiles up at you. Turn to 174.

247

The scimitar was the ceremonial sword of Vlax the Slayer, a ferocious general who was killed in single combat with the legendary hero Skarlos. On his death the sorcerer Xakhaz preserved his depraved spirit in the hilt of his scimitar. As soon as you pick up the weapon, Vlax attempts to dominate your mind. *Test your Willpower*. If you are unsuccessful, turn to 386. If you are successful, you drop the sword and your head clears. Return to 190 and make a different decision.

248

The tunnel comes to an end at a door. At first you can see no way to open it, but after a few experimental pushes and pulls you realize that the stone slab pivots about a horizontal central bar. You crawl through the lower opening into a long, low cellar and, having established that there is no immediate danger, you push the door back into place. The walls of the cellar are faced with stone slabs, and it is now almost impossible to differentiate the door you have just come through from the other slabs. The rectangular cellar has a normal door in the centre of the short wall at its other end, and a door in the centre of each of the long walls on your right and left – although you cannot see these two doors at first, as they are obscured by the two lines of huge barrels that occupy the length of the cellar. You walk between the rows of barrels, each of which has a tap and a small cup on a string. You decide to taste some of the contents of Baron Tholdur's cellar, but the barrels all look alike. You have to take pot luck. Roll one die. If you roll:

1 or 2	Turn to **166**
3 or 4	Turn to **84**
5 or 6	Turn to **197**

249

The waiting-room is square and contains no furniture. The door through which you entered is in the centre of the only plain wall; each of the other three walls is covered with a tapestry. You are immediately struck by the artistry of the pictures. You can scarcely detect the individual stitches of needlework, and the colours are so vivid and the scenes so lifelike that when the heavy cloth moves slightly you could almost believe that you were looking through windows. In fact – surely that man in that crowd scene turned his head? *He is looking at you!*

Soldiers are approaching. You hear marching feet outside the door. The words 'STEP INTO THE PICTURE' are painted on the ceiling above each tapestry. You can think of no better way to escape from this room. Which tapestry will you try to walk into: a pastoral landscape showing a view of the roof-tops of Neuburg and the countryside beyond (turn to **152**), a gloomy interior scene, possibly an empty cellar below the Keep (turn to **177**), or a mass of people walking up an immense stone ramp towards a temple under a burning sun (turn to **393**)?

250

You cannot bring yourself to touch the loathsome object that has attached itself to your hair. In demented fear you jump up and down and shake your head, but the bulbous shape clings on and swings against your shoulders with soft thuds. Its suckers mouth mindlessly, waiting for an opportunity to touch the exposed skin of your face and give you the

kiss of death. Inevitably, as your frantic twitching becomes wilder and wilder, a sucker touches your flesh and holds fast. The sac of the creature's body nestles against your face and begins to turn a dull pink as it draws out your blood. If you still have 6 or more points of WILLPOWER, turn to **93**. If you now have less than 6 points, turn to **348**.

251

The metal shaft fits perfectly into the three-pointed spear-head. Before you can inspect this strange weapon more closely, you are appalled to see that the skeleton is moving. With many creaks and clicks it stands upright in the coffin, moves its jaws in a gruesome parody of speech and lurches towards you. You thrust at it with your newly acquired weapon, and are surprised and delighted to find that as soon as the points touch it, the skeleton begins to fall apart. Within seconds there is nothing left but dust. There are no further disturbances while you examine the remarkable weapon. Turn to **182**.

252

You are nearing the open double doors when a noise behind you makes you spin round. A wall of fire has sprouted right across the passage. You cannot see beyond the raging tongues of flame that reach up to lick the curved roof. You are now halfway between the fire and the doors. Do you decide to continue to the open doors (turn to **81**) or to turn back to try to find a way through the flames (turn to **145**)?

253

It is just as well that you had no time to consider your attackers. They are two horribly unnatural misshapen Blood-Lurchers, and they attack you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BLOOD-LURCHER	10	7
Second BLOOD-LURCHER	8	9

Blood-Lurchers are hairless, eyeless beasts with razor-sharp talons on all four paws. They have no teeth: their gaping red mouths are a mass of writhing tentacles. If they kill you, they will tear your body to ribbons and drain your blood through the suckers on their tentacles. If you kill them, turn to 8

254

The dazzling ray that bursts from the Talisman has little effect on the horribly mutated young woman. She does notice it, however, and after fumbling at a thong around her neck she produces a pendant – a large black gem. The light from the Talisman seems to concentrate itself on the gem, which enlarges and pulsates under the concentrated glare. Soon, both you and the woman realize that something is amiss:

but the Talisman and the gem are held together by an unbreakable force. You are unable to move. Light from the Talisman pours into the gem, which grows as large as a fist, and then suddenly shatters into tiny fragments. The woman is unhurt, and the Talisman is no longer shining. Its power has gone; it is useless. You discard it and attack the woman. Turn to 128.

255

A short dark tunnel leads into a chamber carved out of the rock. There is no floor: instead there is a deep pool of still liquid, in the depths of which shines a pale luminescence which begins to rise to the surface while you watch. Around the perimeter of the pool is a narrow ledge, and hanging on hooks on the wall opposite you are two sets of keys on iron rings. Will you:

Stay where you are and await developments?	Turn to 287
Start to edge along the side of the pool?	Turn to 10
Agitate the liquid with your hand?	Turn to 305

256

You are paralysed with fear and disgust as you watch the spiders crawling across your body. You feel a slight pain, like a pinch, on the back of your hand, and you realize that one of them has sunk its mandibles into your skin. These spiders are poisonous: deduct 2 points of STAMINA. The burning sensation of the venom flowing in your veins brings you to your senses, and you react at last. Turn to 204.

257

If you now have less than 6 points of WILLPOWER, your sanity has snapped under the onslaught of the horrors you have witnessed while in Neuburg. You do not care what happens to you now. Even if you are still sane, you are temporarily petrified with fear and unable to resist as a slug-like creature slides slowly out of the suit of armour, curls its glistening bulk around your body, and drags you through the doorway into the next room – where your meeting with the grotesquely deformed conglomerate being Xakhaz delivers a further shock to your deranged senses. Sane or insane, you are used in Xakhaz's surgical experiments.

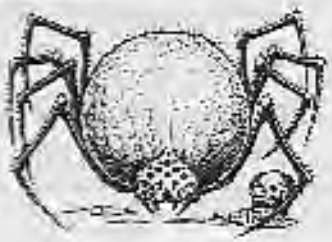

258

Before the echoes of your cry have died away, the staircase is flooded with light. Small crystals set in crevices in the rock wall are glowing brightly. There is one very near you, level with your left shoulder. If you want to try to prise it from its place, turn to 34. If you would rather continue down the steps, turn to 109.

259

There is something very strange about this crate. At first, you are not sure what it is. An unpleasant odour emanates from it; as you lean over it, the smell overpowers even the stench of the river and you feel quite sick. You crouch next to the crate, and you suddenly hear noises from inside. You press your ear to the wooden boards, and you can definitely hear movement – scratching, slithering, flapping. You look at every side of the crate, but you can find no air-holes. If there is an animal – or a person – inside, it will suffocate before long.

If you want to look inside the crate, turn to 199. If you decide to push it off the jetty and into the water, turn to 294. If you would rather leave the crate alone and explore a different part of the town, turn to 377.

260

The bloody body of the Vlodblad lies in steaming chunks at your feet. There seems to be nothing of interest in this room apart from the rich furnishings. There are two doors, side by side; you entered

through the left-hand one. If you leave through this door, turn to 140. If you leave through the right-hand door, turn to 371.

261

The Margrave gestures vaguely and begins to mumble about having you taken away. You interrupt. 'Tholdur!' you shout. 'Recover your senses, man! You remember me. We fought side by side at Helm Hill, and we defeated a horde of barbarians not unlike this rabble infesting your Keep. Wake up! Think!' Outraged murmuring ripples around the hall. A guard knocks you down from behind, and you stagger to your feet to see Baron Tholdur and the red-robed figure in the midst of a furious yet whispered argument. The Margrave seems to have recovered some of his wits, and he obliges his mysterious adviser to accept a compromise. He addresses you in a clear voice. 'My memory is failing me these days,' he says, 'but there may be some truth in your story. Do you have any proof of these strange allegations of yours? If you are who you say you are, I seem to remember giving you a gift, or a token . . .' If you have not yet given it away, you have a bejewelled gold ring given to you by Tholdur many years ago. If you want to show it to the Margrave, turn to 70. Otherwise, turn to 392.

262

A roughly hewn tunnel descends steeply before you. Brushing aside cobwebs, you follow it downwards. Daylight creeps in through cracks between rocks on the right-hand side; the passage must be running alongside the cleft that separates the monolithic crag which forms the foundation of the Keep from the smaller rock on which the gatehouse has been built. When light ceases to seep in, you assume that the descending tunnel has passed the bottom of the ravine. It levels out, and you can just make out that there is a side-tunnel leading in from the right. However, it is blocked by an iron grille; and the main passage turns sharply to the left and disappears into darkness. You decide to follow it. Turn to 332.

263

As you approach the forbidding temple entrance the old man begins to walk unsteadily to meet you. Although he looks as ancient as the temple statues he has brilliant blue eyes that assess you keenly. His voice, too, has no hint of frailty – and you are sure you recognize it from somewhere.

'You have just destroyed some of the vermin that are infecting this town. My thanks to you, my friend. I am Huw, Neuburg's sole remaining priest of Oiden. On behalf of the Great Lord of Battle and Madness, please accept this gift for slaying our enemies.' Huw hands you a small stoppered bottle and adds: 'This is a Potion of Berserk Rage. After

you have consumed it, you must fight your next battle to the death, and berserker strength will flow in your veins.' Record this potion on your *Adventure Sheet*. You may use it once only, at any time except during a fight. Once you have drunk it, your SKILL will increase by 4 points, for the duration of your next fight only.

Huw continues: 'I think you may be the warrior I seek. Please enter the temple. You can rest, eat, and talk further.' If you accept this invitation, turn to 98. If you would rather retrace your steps and explore another part of town, turn to 108.

264

The shaft very soon begins to curve and widen, and before long you are able to turn round and crawl forwards, and then finally to stand upright and walk, when the vertical shaft has become a horizontal tunnel. Ahead you see an orange glow, almost like firelight, and you advance cautiously. The tunnel you are in leads into a wider passage, the very walls of which are pulsating with the ghastly fiery glow. The passage is completely deserted and silent. Turn to 170.

265

The Trident of Skarlos is crackling with energy and burning with blue radiance. By its light you see things differently: the chair in which you are sitting is made of pulsating leathery flesh, for instance. You leap to your feet and escape from the amorphous engulfing creature. It is a Vlodblad, a steale of STAMINA, a creation of the resurrected sorcerer from the depths below. It was about to enfold you in its deadly embrace. Senya, too, is different. Although still smiling, albeit bitterly, and still dressed as a serving-girl, she now appears tall and regal. The Trident seems keen to attack her. 'You have done well to find me,' she sneers, 'and to see through my little illusions. I am Senyakhaz. It has been a pleasure to meet you, but now I must leave. I have to protect my master below, and I fear that strange blue weapon. Farewell.' The room fills with smoke. A door opens and closes. Coughing, you make your way to the side of the room, where you remember seeing two doors side by side. One of them leads to the anteroom through which you were led. Will you try to leave through the left door (turn to 94) or the right (turn to 115)?

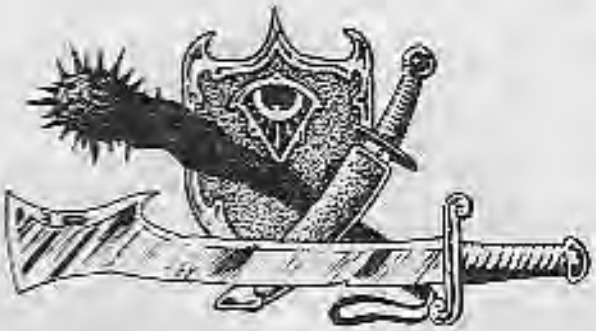

266

You wake up in a cavernous, vaulted dungeon. You are spreadeagled on a cold stone slab. There are manacles around your limbs and tight straps across your body. All you can do is watch the wildly dancing shadows cast by the light of flaring cressets.

Eventually, your solitary confinement ends. A crowd of silent, barely human forms enter the chamber. Their hideous deformities are so repellent that you cry out in disgust. They are carrying a selection of very sharp knives. They kill you slowly, and take ecstatic pleasure in your agonized writhings. You go completely insane before you die.

267

The corridor turns to the left, and from this point on there are arrow-slits on both sides. You are walking inside a wall, towards an isolated tower. The corridor ends at a small door, in front of which sits the biggest and ugliest Orc you have ever had the misfortune to meet. He sees you approach. If you are carrying a tray and a pot, turn to **285**. If not, turn to **113**.

268

Standing by the body of the slain Dwarf, you take stock of your surroundings. The room is large and rectangular, with a door behind you and another in the opposite wall. Each of the other two walls has a large window; the shutters are open, and you can see down to your left the steps leading from the garden to the castle's inner bailey, while to your right the ground slopes away in a tumble of rocks to the curtain wall of the fortress. You calculate that the door opposite you will give access to the battlements of the inner defensive wall, and possibly a way into the central Keep itself. This room is light, airy, ordered and tranquil. It seems like a good place to have a rest, and perhaps to eat some provisions. You unstrap your backpack and place it on a bench in front of you. You unbuckle it and lift the leather flap. Among the objects that you might have in your pack are food and a section of tentacle sliced from the mouth of a Blood-Lurcher. If you do not have a piece of tentacle, turn to **136**. If you have a tentacle but no food, turn to **295**. If you have both food and a piece of tentacle, turn to **185**.

269

You stand watching in horror as the disintegrating Chrabots lurch towards you. As their flaking fingers search for your face you turn and run. Without a backward glance you scramble up the steps, into the glowing passage, and along the side-tunnel back to your dungeon cell. Prostrate and shivering in the darkness, you attempt to recover your wits. If your WILLPOWER is now less than 6, you fail. You remain in the desolate squalor of your cell, afraid of the slightest noise, unresponsive to any approach. Within a few days you starve to death. If you still have 6 or more points of WILLPOWER, you recover from your ordeal – but you have no desire for any further exploration below the dungeons. Turn to **206**.

270

For many minutes you stare in horrified fascination at the transformed being. It seems to be talking to you: there is a voice in your head telling you that life as a tree is green and peaceful and painless. It is a very attractive prospect.

Your adventures in Neuburg have proved too terrifying – you have gone completely insane. But you know what you have to do: you return to the statue, pull down the arm lever and wait in calm anticipation as the stone basin fills with green liquid. You lower your head and drink. Turn to **380**.

271

Among the blood-soaked remains you find Xakhaz's head. At close quarters it is clear that even this part of the creature is a mongrel creation, welded together from parts of several men and women and at least two animals. It is still alive, and hurls slurred insults at you until you cleave it in two. Inside the monstrous cranium you find a jumble of several brains and a tiny metal box. You pull out the box and keep it in your backpack. You pace slowly and unsteadily back to the magical mirror, which you find has a single lever set into the frame. You pull it, watch the colours swirl across the mirror's surface, and then step through. Turn to **400**.

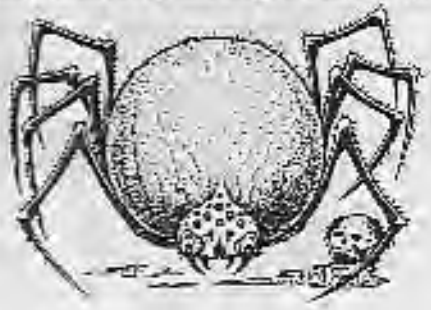

272

You follow the winding path downwards; the high-pitched noise is getting painfully loud. The tunnel opens into a natural rock chamber and, as you hesitate on the threshold, a strange being enters the pool of light cast by your lantern. It has the rough size and shape of a Dwarf, but in all other respects is like nothing you have seen before. Its body is covered with dense black fur; each of its four limbs ends in a talon-tipped claw, but while its legs are short and stocky, its arms are grotesquely elongated and many-jointed and support sail-like wings of flexible membrane. Its torso is small, but its human-looking head is enormous and bears two vast flapping ears and two blank, saucer-like eyes. Beneath its tiny nostril slits it has a small mouth filled with pointed fangs. It is a Bakk-Ruman, a legendary monster from subterranean caves. It is completely blind, but can accurately detect your presence by listening to the varying echoes of its continuous piercing call. This shriek is now so loud that you can scarcely bear the pain, and your SKILL is temporarily reduced by 2 points. This is unfortunate, as the creature decides to launch an attack.

BAKK-RUMAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you kill it, turn to 146.

273

Back in the rubescent passage you inspect the keys. It is obvious that the set of three heavy keys on a thick iron ring must fit the massive metal door near the cavern you have just left; the single key should, therefore, give access to the wooden door at the other end of the passage. You can use these keys to open either of the two doors, but you must choose to open a door that you have not already been through. If you unlock the metal door, turn to 190. If you unlock the wooden door at the other end of the passage, turn to 7. If you have already been through both doors, or do not want to go through either of them, you must return to your dungeon cell: turn to 206.

274

You step out of the mirror into Senyakhaz's chamber – and come face to face with Senyakhaz herself. Both of you stand frozen with shock for several moments, since she is as surprised to see you emerging from her magic portal as you are to meet a woman you killed only minutes ago. Your mind fumbles for an explanation, and you reach a conclusion which is, in fact, close to the truth: the portal has malfunctioned and thrown you back in time. And then you have no more time to think, as Senyakhaz attacks. Return to 160 and relive your past!

275

You reach a corner of the overgrown garden. Ahead of you the path continues to follow the enclosing wall. To your left there is a squat tower; its upper storey is part of the castle's outer battlements and is inaccessible from the garden, but a large jagged hole provides an entrance to the lower section. To your right a narrow path leads directly to the centre of the garden, and through the dense foliage you can make out a statue in a clearing. Will you:

Continue to follow the perimeter path?	Turn to 11
Enter the tower through the broken wall?	Turn to 350
Cut your way to the central clearing?	Turn to 319

276

You close the door, find a set of keys on a peg behind it, and set to work unlocking locks and unbuckling buckles. Soon the young man is free of his chains and of the confining headgear. Not surprisingly, his face is swollen and he speaks as if his mouth were full of dry bread. 'Thank you. Thank you. Hurry please. You must release . . . my sister.' He is very agitated, holds his jaw in both hands and glances repeatedly at the door. If you decide to leave now, turn to 354. If you stay to unshackle the young woman, turn to 50.

277

Do you have any food in your backpack? If you do, turn to 188. If not, turn to 292.

278

The sounds of your struggle attract the rest of the guards, and you soon find yourself once again hemmed within a circle of gleaming swords. You throw down your weapon and try to endure the pain and indignity, as the soldiers beat you, deprive you of your weapon and bind your legs and arms. Reduce you *Initial* SKILL by 2 points until you can find another weapon. The guards drag you the rest of the way to the dungeons. Turn to 64.

279

You look through the open doorway and stare at a slaughterhouse scene that revolts all your senses. The overpowering stench of blood and decaying flesh washes over you. The cavernous chamber is lit by lurid blobs of luminous slime that crawl across the walls. Everywhere there are piles of corpses and bits of corpses. Some half-dismembered creatures are moving; others are not only unidentifiable, they are also wrong – blasphemous, unnatural abominations. And all the time you stand staring in horror, a shrill, tittering voice taunts you. You try to force yourself to listen and to discover the source of the infuriating voice. Turn to 389.

280

As you make your way through the crowds back towards the market-square, you notice a tiny, rickety stall that appears to be laden with junk, rags and useless knick-knacks. The proprietor, also tiny and rickety, is small and bearded enough to be a Dwarf; but then again, he's ugly enough to be a Goblin . . .

He notices you staring at him. You glance away, and see the two robed swordsmen again, still shadowing you at a distance. You look up at Neuburg Keep, shrouded in grey mist above the roof-tops. And when you look again at the aged stall-holder, he is smiling at you in a curiously knowing way. He beckons you with one spindly digit.

'If you have money to spend, my friend,' he says, 'I have an antique curio which may help you, if you are having difficulties with our southern neighbours.' If you are interested in buying a piece of old junk from this street-trader, turn to 129. If you have no money, or would rather not spend what little you have, you continue on to the market-square (turn to 237).

281

The young man's lifeless eyes stare up at the vaulted ceiling, the rough stonework of which is visible for the first time since its long-forgotten construction – it is lit by the fountain of light issuing from the pendant that rests on the youth's bloodstained chest. You carefully remove the Talisman, on its leather thong, from around his neck. The light dances madly in all directions. Shielding your eyes and squinting, you examine the small disc: on the reverse the word LOTH has been engraved in plain letters. If you decide to keep it, you can slip the thong over your neck and conceal the Talisman beneath your tunic. You can, of course, choose to leave it with the dead body.

The door to your cell is behind you. There are three other doors leading from this hallway: the one in front of you is open, the ones to your right and left are closed and locked. There are three keys on a ring hanging from the belt of the dead youth. You correctly assume that one of the them unlocked your cell, and that the other two will unlock the two closed doors. Will you go through:

The open door?	Turn to 37[illegible]
The locked door to your right?	Turn to 165
The locked door to your left?	Turn to 9[illegible]

282

The door opens on to the battlements of the castle's inner defensive wall. Through the arrow-slits on your right you can see part of the outer bailey: a jumble of rocky outcrops sloping down to the castle's perimeter wall. To your left is the inner bailey which surrounds the central Keep, the black bulk of which looms over you. You feel very exposed on the high walkway, but you can see no guards and no one challenges you. You set off towards the next tower. Turn to 31.

283

Still smiling in death, the girl sinks to the floor. Stricken with remorse, you stare down at the corpse. You raise your eyes to meet those of the remaining two dancers; they smile radiantly and begin to dance again. Your weariness amazes you; you gaze at the young women. *Test your Willpower*. If you are successful, turn to 58. If not, turn to 246.

284

You step into the darkness of the ground floor of the tower, and you notice that the air is warm and musty. As your eyes become accustomed to the gloom, you realize that this room is used to store the

garden compost. Everywhere there are vast heaps of decaying leaves and rotting vegetables. There is no sign of any other door from the room, or any access to the upper floors of the tower. You can investigate the compost heaps with the tip of your sword (turn to **122**), or you can leave the tower and continue towards the next corner of the garden (turn to **44**).

285

The Orc scarcely looks at you as you approach with his lunch – he has eyes only for the stew-pot. 'Bring that here quick!' he growls. 'I'm so hungry I could eat three of them. I hope it's hot today.' You are now very close to him. If you decide to throw the tray and the pot at the Orc, and attack him while he is distracted, turn to **342**. If you hand the tray to him and watch him eat, turn to **216**.

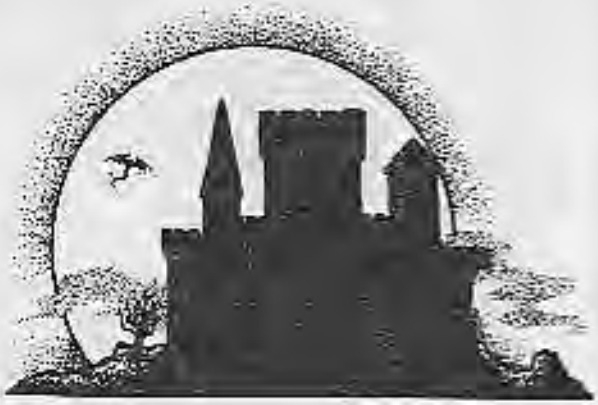

286

You hear a footfall behind one of the cellar's middle doors. Before you can react, the door flies open and four robed swordsmen rush in. You face them, with your weapon at the ready, and back away between the rows of barrels. Behind you, another door opens, and you turn to see another four soldiers entering the cellar. You are surrounded; eight swords converge on you.

If you want to fight, turn to **239**. If you decide to surrender, turn to **49**. If you have a jewel-encrusted ring, an emerald, or any Gold Pieces, you can try to bribe your opponents. Deduct the item you decide to offer from your *Adventure Sheet*, and turn to **97**.

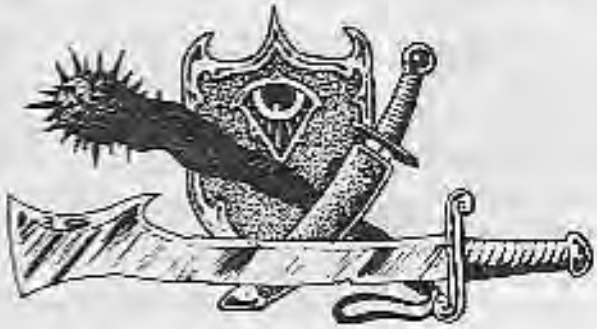

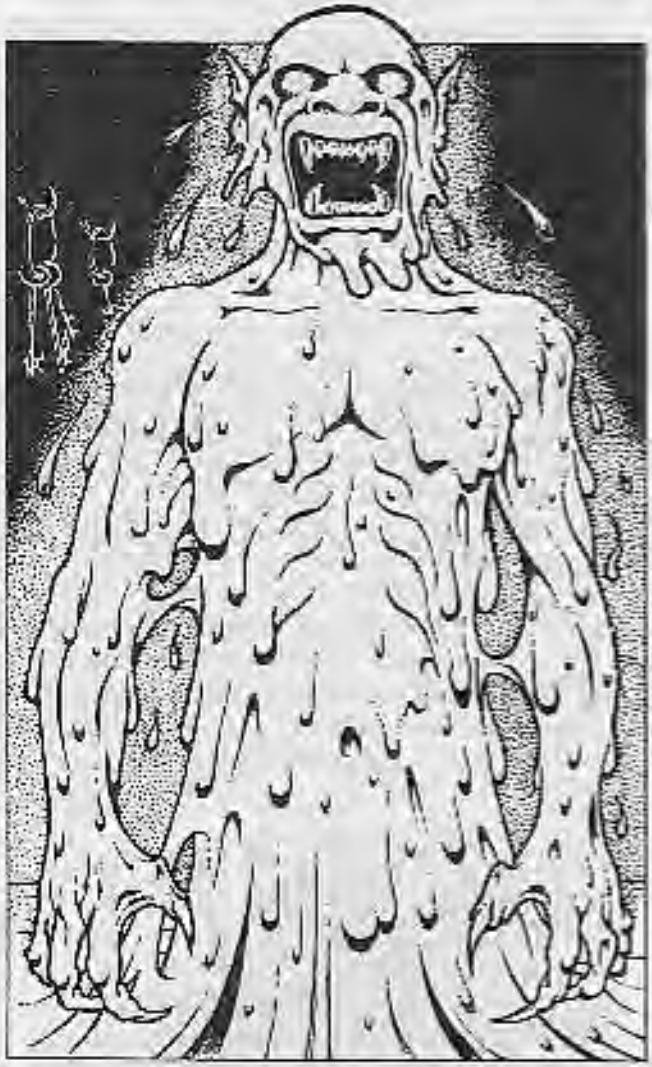

287

You watch the glowing blob rising through the liquid. It fills the cavern with weirdly rippling red light. It reaches the surface, assuming humanoid shape, and then erupts into a dripping, shining form, hovering above the surface of the pool. The Vitriol Essence bares his vulpine fangs, flexes his vast, claw-tipped hands, and hisses: 'Who dares disturb my centuries of slumber?' Without waiting for a reply, he attacks.

VITRIOL ESSENCE SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If he manages to wound you, turn to 230. When you have reduced him to 2 points of STAMINA, turn to 112.

288

You move the rod towards 'X' and watch the mirror. Cloudy shapes form in the glass, and within seconds the mirror's frame contains a swirling mass of colours. You walk up to it, take a deep breath and step into the rainbow maelstrom. Turn to 335.

289

The road winds up Castle Hill towards the brooding bulk of Neuburg Keep. The few townspeople you meet shake their heads and avert their eyes; they obviously believe you are either recklessly brave or completely senseless. The path becomes steeper, the houses are fewer and are little more than stone-fronted caves, and the black towers of the Keep's curtain wall loom above you. The path you are on

appears to lead directly to the castle's main gatehouse. There is a smaller, overgrown path that leads off to the right. If you want to stay on the main path, turn to 2. If you would rather take the right-hand trail, turn to 95.

290

You cannot bring yourself to touch the loathsome object that has attached itself to your hair. In demented fear you jump up and down and shake your head, but the bulbous shape clings on and swings against your shoulders with soft thuds. Its suckers mouth mindlessly, waiting for an opportunity to touch the exposed skin of your face and give you the kiss of death. Inevitably, as your frantic twitching becomes wilder and wilder, a sucker touches your flesh and holds fast. The sac of the creature's body nestles against your face and begins to turn a doll pink as it draws out your blood. If you still have 6 or more points of WILLPOWER, turn to 33. If you now have less than 6 points, turn to 348.

291

Your kicking was sufficiently vigorous to slow the progress of the slime, and you scramble back to the surface, encouraged by a burning sensation all over your feet and ankles. The courtyard is still deserted when you re-emerge, and you study the damage to your feet: several layers of skin have been dissolved away. Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points. You can go down another hole, head first this time (turn to 184); or you can go through the door in the wall at the end of this courtyard (turn to 157).

292

As you open your pack your nostrils are assailed by a stomach-churning stench. The strip of rubbery flesh that you cut from the mouth of the Blood-Lurcher has decayed into a semi-liquid blob of evil-smelling slime. None of the other contents of your pack are damaged, and you clean them as best you can and carry on. Turn to 139.

293

Standing in a shadowed nook of the corridor, you have a view towards the guarded double doors and along the wide corridor that leads back to the stairways. It is from this latter direction that you eventually hear the sound of footsteps. You listen intently. Two people are approaching, you are sure: one is marching quickly and is much nearer now than the other, who is dragging his feet. You dart from cover and race towards the stairways, looking for another recess from which to spring an ambush. You find one and pull yourself behind a rock outcrop just as the first marcher – a brisk southern swordsman – comes into sight. When he draws level with you, you attack.

SOUTHERN SWORDSMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you have the Talisman of Loth, its dazzling brilliance will reduce your opponent's SKILL by 2 points. If you kill him, turn to 126.

294

The crate is very heavy, and the foul smell combined with the agitated scraping noises from within make the task horribly unpleasant. But at last you have it teetering on the edge of the jetty and you give it one final shove into the murky waters of the river. It sinks soundlessly.

Unwittingly, you have destroyed a nest of vile abominations – unnatural creations of ancient sorcery – and you have done it without endangering yourself. Add 1 LUCK point.

You recover from your exertions and survey the dismal riverside scene. There is nothing happening and no one in sight. You decide to walk back into the centre of town and from there explore a different part of Neuburg. Turn to 377.

295

When you open your pack, your nostrils are assailed by a stomach-churning stench. The strip of rubbery flesh that you cut from the mouth of the Blood-Lurcher has decayed into a semi-liquid blob of evil-smelling slime. None of the other contents are damaged, and you clean them and the interior of your pack as best you can. Turn to 136.

296

The narrow uphill tunnel does not seem to have been used for centuries. It meanders for some distance, but eventually ends – blocked by an iron grille. You put your weight against the barrier and it crumbles into flakes of rust. The corridor you are in now is scarcely larger than the one you have left. To your left it narrows and heads steeply upwards through swathes of ancient cobwebs. You are at a bend in the corridor, and the way straight ahead of you is wider and looks as though it might actually have been used within the last hundred years. You go straight ahead. Turn to 332.

297

The sloping floor is treacherously slippery, but by throwing yourself backwards you manage to avoid sliding into the pool. You pick yourself up from the mud and find yourself staring into a pair of unblinking eyes that have just broken the surface of the dirty water. You draw your sword as the eyes are followed by a mottled, warty body from which a mass of lengthening tentacles are snaking across the water towards you. *Test your Willpower*. If you make a successful roll, turn to 385. If you are unsuccessful, turn to 141.

298

You find yourself lying on the stone floor, curled around the trunk of the tree. You spring to your feet, marvelling at the feeling of well-being that flows through your body and the sense of calm fearless purpose that fills your head. Your *Initial* STAMINA and WILLPOWER are increased by 1 point each, and you can add up to 2 points of STAMINA and WILLPOWER to your current scores – but you cannot exceed your new *Initial* values, of course. Record these changes on your *Adventure Sheet*. 'Oiden has rewarded your fortitude,' says Hur. 'Now you must leave and accomplish your mission.' Turn to 368.

299

As you open your pack your nostrils are assailed by a stomach-churning stench. The strip of rubbery flesh that you cut from the mouth of the Blood-Lurcher has decayed into a semi-liquid blob of evil-smelling slime. None of the other contents of your pack are damaged, and you clean them as best you can and carry on. Turn to 132.

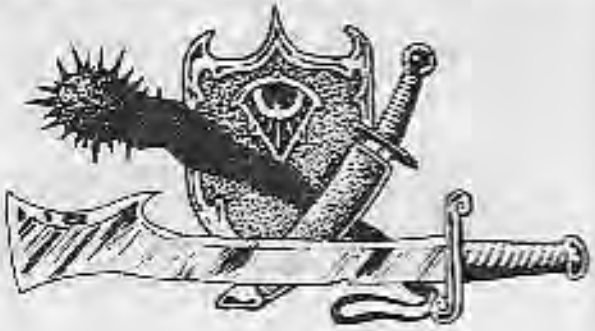

300

Your descent of the stairway is long but uneventful. You emerge at the end of a wide corridor, where several other dark flights of steps descend to the same point. Ahead of you the corridor is a little less dim, since it is illuminated by occasional cresset on the stone walls. You walk along the corridor. It bends to the left, then straightens again, and you see that ahead of you it forks into two passages of similar sizes. You draw closer and peer along each one.

The left-hand passage is featureless, apart from the double doors that you can just make out at its far end. The doors appear to be open; light is streaming out, and you think you can just see a table laden with coloured objects – perhaps food? – in the room beyond. The right-hand passage is equally featureless and equally long. It too terminates in a pair of doors, which are closed. Two robed warriors stand on guard. Will you slink down the left passage (turn to 252) or the right one (turn to 155)?

301

Despite your reticence about yourself, the innkeeper turns out to be an affable fellow, and before long he is regaling you with local stories and jokes. He denies having noticed anything wrong in the town, and his beaming bearded face and the fine ale he serves combine to make you question your first assumptions. Maybe you have been imagining things. How could anything be wrong in a quiet town like this? Feeling rested and reassured, you decide to go to bed. The innkeeper shows you to your room and bids you good night. Turn to 179.

302

The dead Chrabats' flesh smells putrid. The foulness of the stench makes you retch and you are desperate to leave, but you remember to retrieve the blue metal shaft – at the very least it will light your way back to the dungeon cell. If you have the head of a three-pointed spear, you find that it matches this shaft, which is in fact the weapon's handle and power source (turn to 182). If you do not have the spear-head, the handle is useful only as a temporary lantern. It fades completely within an hour of its removal from this room. You return up the stairway to the glowing passage (turn to 240).

303

You can do nothing but stare in horror at the deformed vegetable remnant of a fellow human. Its weirdly moving branches seem to reach out towards you, and with a cry you turn and bolt back past the statue to the perimeter path. Turn to 11.

304

You force yourself to watch as the Orc slobbers his way through the pot of stew. He finishes, sucks the spoon, belches and looks straight at you. 'You still here?' he grunts. 'Who are you, anyway? Where's that pipsqueak Bindebol? What's going on?' He rises to his feet, one hand closing around the haft of his battle-axe, while the other pulls taut a rope that hangs through the ceiling. You are surprised that no alarm sounds, but you have no time to think about it: you have to fight.

ORC GUARD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 13

If you defeat him, turn to 69.

305

You dip your hand in the liquid – and a wild scream escapes your lips. You jerk it out again, too late: the acid has gone to work. Smoking flesh is peeling off your fingers, and you are still crouched by the pool whimpering in agony, when the Vitriol Essence rises out of the liquid a few moments later. You are in no state to defend yourself against his cruel claws. He lacerates your body and then pulls you into the pool.

306

You undo the latch at one end of the box and, before you can move, the panel is pushed open from inside and a creature hurtles out at you. It is just as well that you have no time to consider your attacker. It is a horribly and unnaturally misshapen parody of a dog.

BLOOD-LURCHER SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

Blood-Lurchers are hairless, eyeless beasts with razor-sharp talons on all four paws. They have no teeth: their gaping red mouths are a mass of writhing tentacles. If this one kills you, it will tear your body to ribbons and drain your blood through the suckers on its tentacles. If you kill it, you realize that the boxes all around you are the kennels in which the Blood-Lurchers spend each day. At night they are released to terrorize Neuburg. You cannot kill them all, so you continue along the path to the far wall of the courtyard. Turn to 92.

307

Roll one die. If you roll:

1	Turn to 274
2	Turn to 4
3	Turn to 53
4	Turn to 61
5	Turn to 335
6	Turn to 148

308

The massive door seems to be jammed, but with a final muscle-wrenching heave you manage to move it. You drop the huge bars into place. When you hear the mass of soldiers crash into the doors, you allow yourself a triumphant grin. Safe, for the moment, behind barred doors and stone walls, you survey the inner courtyard. Turn to 212.

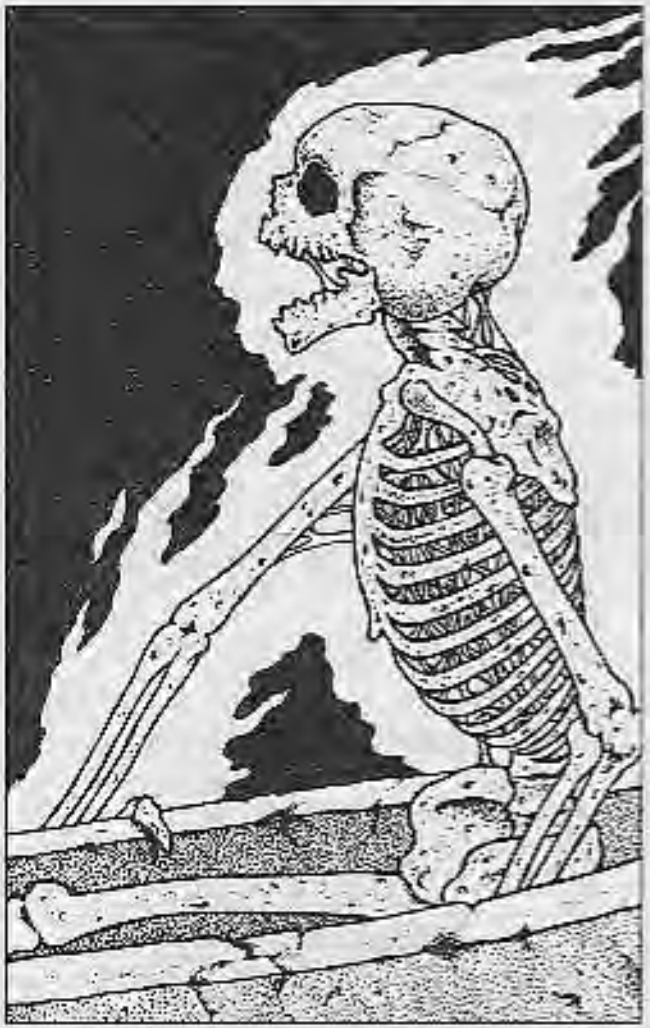

309

The metal weapon-shaft is of no use to you. You wonder why it has been laid to rest so carefully. Your ruminations are interrupted by the skeleton, which is creaking into an upright position within the sarcophagus. It turns its empty eye-sockets towards you, its jaws clatter together in a parody of speech, and it advances towards you with its arms outstretched. You must fight it. Each time you succeed in wounding it, you subtract only half the STAMINA that you would for a normal opponent, since the skeleton feels no pain.

SKELETON SKILL 4 STAMINA 10

If you manage to reduce it to a small heap of shattered bones, you do not have long to enjoy your victory. Three of the small chamber's walls are false, and more opponents are breaking through the thin plaster. Turn to 46.

310

Numb with horror and despair, you cannot react as Xakhaz's hideous body approaches. A hairy arm with two elbows reaches out for you, and the purple-veined star-shaped appendage at its end grips you by the shoulder, lifts you and hurls you against a wall. If you now have less than 6 points of WILLPOWER, turn to 338. If you still have 6 points or more, turn to 365.

311

Several minutes pass before the door opens slowly. Two figures greet you. A large, robed sentry glares at you as he towers over a grey-bearded Dwarf – presumably one of the Margrave's servants – who looks up at you in some surprise and says merely, 'Yes?'

If you tell the Dwarf merely that you would like to see Baron Tholdur, turn to 205. If you add that you are an old friend of the Margrave and are anxious to help him out of his current difficulties, turn to 45.

312

Having taken a deep breath and a precautionary hold on the pommel of your sword, you tell the Dwarf gardener about your old friendship with the Margrave of Neuburg Keep and your mission to cleanse the town of evil. The old Dwarf ponders for several minutes and finally sighs: 'Very well. I believe you. I can't think why anyone should tell such a story unless it were true. And anyway, even if you are a villain and an impostor, I don't see how you could make things worse than they are already. I'll help you, if I can. Sit yourself down. Eat, if you have food – I've none myself.'

It's been a long time since you last had a chance to relax. You have found a temporary haven and an ally. Recover 1 LUCK point. If you have no provisions in your pack, you rest for a few minutes and then ask the Dwarf for information (turn to 396). If you have some food, turn to 3. If your pack contains

both food *and* a piece of Blood-Lurcher tentacle, turn instead to 222.

313

Your throw was not quite good enough. The globe, burning with a fierce light, strikes Xakhaz but tumbles through a criss-cross of arms and tentacles and falls to the floor. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 83. If you are Unlucky, turn to 211.

314

Transfixed with horror and loathing, you do not resist as a multitude of decaying hands wriggle up towards you, clutch your clothing and begin to haul you into the crate. As the gruesome limbs begin to claw and batter you, you come to your senses. Luckily, you are still holding your sword. You lash out frenziedly. This will be a difficult fight: each individual limb can do little damage, but it can be destroyed only if you slice it into tiny pieces. Fight the limbs as one monster. After two Attack Rounds you can *Escape*.

CRATE OF LIMBS SKILL 6 STAMINA 18

If you survive, you hurriedly slam the lid over the appalling mess in the crate and slump to the ground in exhaustion. When you recover, you return to the centre of town to decide which part of Neuburg to explore next. Turn to 377.

315

Stepping over the bloody corpses of your felled opponents, you leave the gatehouse and stand in its shadow at the edge of the town. You need somewhere to rest, eat and nurse your wounds. You remember that the Southern Star tavern, in a prominent position on Neuburg's market-square, was a busy and friendly establishment. Turn to 119.

316

You manage to cling to the greasy ledge. One foot slips into the moist and rubbery Protoplasmic Slime, but you pull it back sharply as you feel the acidic digestive juices beginning to work. You crawl to the side of the cavern and stand up. You cannot leave the cavern via the steep and well-oiled chute that ends on the ledge; but there is a narrow passage that also leads away from the ledge. You have no choice but to try it. Turn to 9.

317

The cellar is cold and smells so noxious that you feel sick. A tickling sensation runs all over the surface of your skin. Nothing attacks you, however, and you are able to retrieve the glowing object. It is a globe of green glass, and it feels warm as you cup it in the palm of your hand. Carrying it carefully, you hoist yourself back through the hole in the tower floor and you stroll into the garden where, glancing downwards, you realize that your body is covered with hairy spiders. Some are as large as your hand. *Test your Willpower*. If you make a successful roll, turn to 204. If you are unsuccessful, turn to 353.

318

Claws glinting metallically, the girl launches herself at you with animal ferocity. This is going to be a dangerous fight.

SPIKED MAIDEN SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

Even as she lashes at you with her deadly hands, she seems to be shouting and screaming. Her face is a tear-stained mask of desperation. You cannot hear any of her utterances, however, because of the ear-plugs.

If you have the Talisman of Loth, you can reveal it after one round of combat – but the girl's attack is so persistent that to do so you must accept the loss of 2 points of STAMINA as her talons rake you. The Talisman reduces her SKILL by only 1 point – she can hardly see you anyway through her tears.

Unless you have the Runic Axe, you can *Escape* after one round; you then leave the dungeon area through the open door (turn to 376). If you kill the girl, turn to 63.

319

Hacking at undergrowth and overhanging branches, you force your way to the centre of the garden. In a clearing stands a metal statue in the form of an Elven warrior maid. Her uplifted, sword-wielding right hand appears to be hinged at the shoulder, and in the crook of her left arm, instead of a shield, she is carrying a narrow-necked urn. At her feet is an empty stone basin. You also see that beyond this

statue the overgrown path continues to the far corner of the garden – but the path is blocked by dense undergrowth and a strangely shaped tree. Will you:

Attempt to move the statue's right arm? Turn to 111

Investigate the path beyond the statue? Turn to 232

Return to the perimeter path? Turn to 11

320

Despite your mindless agonized writhings, you contrive to keep your precarious balance on the poolside ledge. You are defenceless against the next attack of the Vitriol Essence. He lunges at you with one of his gleaming fluid arms; his claws sink deep. Turn to 351.

321

You have never been attacked by an opponent quite as unnerving as this young woman, who looks perfectly normal up to her neck, but whose head is folded back at an impossible angle. A forest of wriggling tongues sprout from her gaping throat. You shudder and prepare to fight. If you have the Talisman of Loth and want to reveal it, turn to 254. Otherwise, turn to 128.

322

The ruined temple is set on a rocky outcrop halfway up Castle Hill. The path to it is steep and narrow and you can almost feel the watching presence of

the ominous, windowless edifice as you clamber up towards it. The dark stone facing of the temple is pitted and crumbling, but a long line of enormous grim-faced statues of weapon-wielding kings and queens is still standing. The only entrance is a small dark hole in the middle of this line of guardians. Standing in the doorway, apparently dozing, is a wizened old man. If you decide to approach the old man, turn to 47. If you would rather hide in the rocks and watch the temple entrance, turn to 144.

323

You are sure that the serving-girls have fled to raise the alarm; you must hurry. The room you are in has two doors, side by side, and you cannot tell which one the women used to leave. You entered the room through the left-hand door. Do you leave through this door (turn to 94) or the right-hand door (turn to 115)?

324

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 193. If you are Unlucky, turn to 23.

325

A close inspection of the door reveals that between the battered wooden panels there are gaps through which you can insert your sword. With a little experimentation, you are able to locate the bar and lift it out of its sockets. The door swings open – about an inch. There is still a weighty obstruction on the other side. Turn to 116.

326

The little Gnome hurriedly puts down his tray and backs away as you emerge from behind the curtain. You hold up your hands to show that you mean him no harm, and ask him why he is so unhappy. 'It happens every day,' he wails. 'That Ugbilya's got it in for me. She's the head cook and she's got a temper like a dragon with indigestion. Every day she picks on me to carry a pot of stew up to Kulgob. He's another Orc like Ugbilya – even bigger, in fact, and with a worse temper. He stands guard outside the Treasury, down this corridor. He always gives me a clout when I take his lunch, and then I get another one from Ugbilya for coming back late. You could do it for me today! Kulgob wouldn't dare to clout you. I'll sit here until you get back!' Do you ignore this suggestion and set off along the corridor (turn to **267**), or do you pick up the tray and inspect its contents a little way down the corridor (turn to **384**)?

327

You begin your search of the room at the end opposite the door through which you entered. Near the door, which you suspect leads out on to the battlements, you pull aside a cobwebbed collection of bean-poles, trellises and bales of straw and reveal a grimy fireplace. There is nothing but soot in the grate, but your thorough inspection of the filthy orifice is rewarded when you find that in addition to the chimney leading straight upwards, there is also a narrow gap beside the grate. You can make out the

first few steps of a staircase leading downwards in the thickness of the wall. Award yourself 1 LUCK point: you have discovered a secret entrance to the cellars of Neuburg Keep. You abandon your search, as you are impatient to enter the Keep. If you decide to use the secret staircase, turn to **25**. If you would rather leave by the nearby door, turn to **282**.

328

The girl's smile becomes a derisive laugh as she dances away from your blow. 'Congratulations!' she sneers. 'You have unmasked Senyakhaz, first sorceress of ancient Zagoula. Now I must take my leave.' You make to pursue her, but she runs quickly, tracing symbols in the air with her fingers. The room fills with dense smoke. You can see nothing, but you hear a door open and close. As the smoke clears, you make your way to the side of the room where two doors stand side by side. Do you try to go through the left-hand door (turn to **94**) or the right-hand one (turn to **115**)?

329

Within seconds the globe is too bright to look at and is producing as much heat as a furnace. You are beginning to think that you are perhaps much too close to it when it explodes. Your last sensations are the force of a massive concussion and an impossibly loud roar, and then your body is ripped into hundreds of charred fragments.

330

You leave the globe glowing ever more brightly on the ground behind you. As you walk away, you can feel its radiant heat on your back. The globe explodes. You hear a tremendous crash, and then a surge of turbulent air throws you to the ground, singeing your hair. Stones and broken branches hurtle all around you. Lose 2 points of STAMINA. You pick yourself up and survey a scene of devastation: the trees are stripped, the tower is a pile of shattered masonry. You continue on your way towards the next corner of the garden. Turn to **44**.

331

You shuffle awkwardly to the right, encouraged by the mysterious voice: 'That's right, my friend, that's right, just a little further now, but please hurry. I dare not be found here. I am in mortal fear for my life, but perhaps you are the one we are expecting and I cannot let those Southerners take you. That's it, that's it; I have your ropes now – so!' And you feel the bonds falling from your wrists.

You tear off your blindfold and wrench the ropes from your ankles. You are in a cellar; a little light enters from an open door at the top of a steep flight of narrow stairs. Of your rescuer there is no sign. There appears to be no other door. Do you want to search the cellar (turn to **59**), or will you escape up the staircase (turn to **215**)?

332

You turn a corner and see light ahead of you. You soon reach a landing, lit by a single cresset. You lean over the balustrade and see the staircase wind steeply down from the corridor and disappear into darkness. From the landing, the corridor continues featurelessly, and also disappears into gloom. If you decide to go down the stairs, turn to **300**. If you would rather continue straight along the corridor, turn to **40**.

333

Deduct 1 point from your SKILL while you are using the mace, it is less easy to strike with than a sword or a battle-axe. The silver-tipped spikes, however, are a particularly effective example of fiendish sorcery. Whenever you wound an opponent you do 4 points of damage to his STAMINA. You now leave the armoury. Turn to **359**.

334

The Dwarf gardener has eaten very little recently, and he relishes his portion of rations as if it were a banquet. 'I thank you again, soldier,' he says. 'That's the second service you've done me and I don't know how I can repay you. Ask away, though – some of these herbs have stange properties, and I know a little about the goings-on in the Keep. I'd let you have my axe, Bokhorbhil, but she's getting temperamental these days. She'd have me attacking

you, if I weren't careful!' He seems to find this idea very amusing, and chuckles for some time. 'Ah, dear me, dear me. Where was I? I remember – ask me for something, soldier!' Will you ask for:

A preparation to bolster your WILL-POWER? Turn to 151

Information about potential allies in the Keep? Turn to 225

The Dwarf's opinions about the three-pronged spear-head (if you have it)? Turn to 375

335

You step out of a mirror set into a wall of an empty room. The swirling colours behind you are the only source of light, and as the room is large you can barely make out the only exit – an open doorway in the opposite wall. When the mirror's surface returns to normal you are left in complete darkness, and you gain the impression that this stone-walled chamber must be deep underground. Straining your eyes, you see that the open doorway is now visible, touched by a pale luminescence; and then through it moves the source of the light – a huge warrior in a complete suit of plate-armour and an enclosed helmet. The ghostly light is emanating from his body: it is gleaming through the cracks between the metal plates and streaming through the slats in his visor. His voluminous surcoat reaches to the floor and trails after him. He addresses you in a flat, dull voice: 'I am Skarlos. Be gone or die.' If you have the Talisman of Loth and want to reveal it, turn to **27**. Otherwise, turn to **91**.

336

You pull yourself into a narrow gap between two derelict warehouses opposite one of the few usable jetties. A barge is tied up here, and you guess – correctly – that the cart is making for this jetty. When the cart comes into sight, you see that it bears the coat of arms of Baron Tholdur; and, in addition to four of the southern warriors, it carries a number of casks and boxes. It seems that a consignment of goods from Neuburg Keep is about to leave town by river.

The soldiers pull whips and clubs from their belts and proceed to collect a team of labourers from nearby cottages. With much cursing and groaning, punctuated by the occasional crack of a whip, the small riverside men manage to unload the crates from the cart and carry them on to the waiting barge. This takes a long time, and you are becoming very impatient. The soldiers are impatient too, and start to use their whips and clubs more frequently.

Are you going to continue to wait and watch? If so, turn to 114. If you would rather leap from your hiding-place to attack the robed bullies, turn to 78.

337

With one blow you sever the skull, sending shards of bone in all directions. The skeleton remains motionless, but the walls begin to crumble. Three of the small chamber's walls are false, and consist of only thin layers of plaster. You watch aghast as they are demolished by undead creatures that were walled into their tombs centuries ago. Turn to 46.

338

You have no spirit for a fight. You offer no resistance as Xakhaz toys with you, juggling your broken body in his varied limbs and throwing you against walls, giggling insanely all the while. Xakhaz will use the less damaged parts of you in his sorcerous surgery, whose results he will continue to send through the magic portal to terrorize Neuburg.

339

You are transfixed with horror as slimy tentacles encircle your legs and pull you gently into the pool. The appalling sight of the creature's beak-like lips opening above the water brings you to your senses. You still have your sword in your hand and you begin to fight. Turn to 183.

340

Your visitor's response to your statement takes you by surprise. He pulls aside his tunic and a ray of brilliant light bursts from something on his chest. You stagger backwards, momentarily blinded. You hear the door slam shut, the key turn in the lock and the man's desperate voice, saying: 'You are not then, the one I await. If you are Tholdur's man, you must live or die according to Tholdur's justice.' He scurries away, ignoring your shouts for help. No one else visits you. You starve in this cell.

341

You prise the axe from the dead Dwarf's green hands, marvelling at the workmanship that forged it. You cannot decipher the runes that run along the haft, but you sense that the weapon has magical properties. It is not just that it is so well made that it will improve your fighting prowess – you also find that merely hefting it in your hands fills you with bloodlust and a fearless craving to maim and kill your enemies.

If you want to keep it, you will have to unbuckle your sword and leave it here. When using the Runic

Axe, your *Initial* SKILL is increased by 2 points; but your belligerence is increased too. Whenever you are given the option to fight anyone or anything, you must always choose that option; and you can never decide to *Escape* from a fight. You can, of course, decide to leave the axe here and continue to use your sword. Turn to 268.

342

The Orc roars with surprise and anger. He dodges the flying pot and wipes steaming stew from his face with one hand while the other closes around the haft of his battle-axe. He rises to his feet and you fight.

ORC GUARD SKILL 9 STAMINA 13

If you defeat him, you find a key on a ring at his waist. It fits the lock of the small door. You open the door and step through. Turn to 374.

343

'A pretty gift indeed! The Margrave plainly thinks highly of you.' The innkeeper's hearty manner disappears and he addresses you earnestly. 'It is clear you are a mightly warrior. I beg you, in memory of your friendship with Baron Tholdur, to rid this town of evil. Why our Margrave does not help us I cannot guess – no doubt he has good reason. We are afraid of strangers these days. The Baron returned from his last trip south with a retinue of foreign swordsmen. They treat the town as if it belonged to them. But, worst of all, people are simply disappearing; and at night, there are *things* roaming the

streets. No one knows what they are. But if anyone wanders outside after nightfall, he never returns home. Sometimes we find pools of blood, and the tracks of a large beast.

'I can offer you little advice. Above all, do not venture outside after dark. Do not even open the shutters in your room. Tomorrow, you should seek our Old Huw at the ruined temple to Oiden. He is the oldest man in Neuburg. People say he is half mad, but I have found that his words contain much wisdom. Now you should sleep. Remember what I have told you, and please help us if you can.' The innkeeper shows you to your room. Turn to 179.

344

The old priest cannot disguise his joy as he beholds the gem-encrusted gold ring resting on the palm of your hand. He snatches it from you and exults: 'Just as Oiden foretold! Neuburg has found its champion at last! My friend, I can help to prepare you for the trials you must endure; but first, I suggest you fortify yourself with a square meal. Follow me!'

Surprisingly, the temple is stocked with provisions. You eat well in a cavernous kitchen. You can restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, and you may put in your backpack enough food for another three meals. If you do so, add them to your *Adventure Sheet*. While you eat, Huw gives you information. Turn to 22.

345

As you inch along the narrow ledge, you glance into the pool and notice with horror that the fiery glow of the Vitriol Essence is beginning to rise slowly from the depths. Snatching the keys and completing your perilous circuit of the pool before the creature reaches the surface will require nimble footwork and good fortune. Add together your current SKILL and LUCK points. Roll five dice. If your total is less than your combined SKILL and LUCK, turn to 43. Otherwise, turn to 224.

346

'New orders from the Margrave!' you shout as you approach. 'You are to report to your commander immediately! I will take over here.' The southern swordsmen have difficulty understanding you. They appear suspicious and confused. One of them watches you while the other knocks on the doors. After some time one of the doors opens a fraction, and a small figure in a red robe peers through the crack and carries on a whispered conversation with the guard. The door closes, the guard beckons to his comrade, and without another word they march away. Somewhat astounded, you are left standing outside the closed double doors. Turn to 391.

347

You have lost 2 points of STAMINA, but you have saved your life. A horde of swordsmen charge from the two gatehouse towers and chase you along the entrance passage. Fleeing desperately, you emerge into a large courtyard surrounded by high walls. Ahead of you there is a set of large double doors, one of which is ajar. To your right there is a small gate in the wall; the gate is closed. To your left is a similar gate, wide open. The soldiers are at your heels. You have to decide immediately which doorway you want to run to. Will you choose:

The double doors ahead?	Turn to 159
The closed gate to your right?	Turn to 397
The open gate to your left?	Turn to 242

348

You run, weeping, in circles. You flap your arms helplessly and utter gasping screams. The horror of this latest experience has sent you completely insane. The thing on your face bulges larger and redder as it drains you of blood, and soon you are reduced to a staggering, mewling, shrivelled travesty of a human being. You stumble and fall satiated, the Kiss of Death Protoplasm flops off your bloodless corpse.

349

You lower yourself into the opening and wriggle downwards. Soon you are in complete darkness, but it makes little difference – even though the hole gets wider as you descend, there is not enough room for you to twist round and see where your feet are going. The hole is almost vertical now, and the problem is no longer how to move forward, but how to prevent yourself falling. Then you hear a slithering noise. There is a gust of noxious air from below, a pale green light fills the tunnel and you feel your feet being enveloped in sticky, stinging slime. All you can do is kick violently and try to scramble back up the hole. Roll two dice three times. If the total is less than your SKILL on two or three out of the three attempts, turn to 291. Otherwise, turn to 15.

350

The inside of the tower is gloomy. The air is damp and fetid. When your eyesight is accustomed to the darkness, you see that the floor slopes steeply down to a muddy pool. The walls and floor are slick with moisture. If you want to slide down to the edge of the pool, turn to 66. If you would rather leave the tower, you can continue to follow the perimeter path (turn to 11) or cut a way to the central clearing (turn to 319).

351

The talons of the Vitriol Essence rake your body, scoring your flesh and depositing streams of acid. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. Such a wound is not only deep and serious; it is also cripplingly painful. Can you stand the agony? *Test your Willpower*. If you make a successful roll, you will yourself to continue: return to 10 and resume your fight. If you are unsuccessful, turn to 214.

352

The flames do not radiate any heat. You are able to walk up to them, and, after a little experimentation, you conclude that they are perfectly harmless. This is an illusory wall of fire, and you confidently step through it. Unfortunately, the pit that has opened on the other side is completely real. Turn to 105.

353

If you still have 6 or more points of WILLPOWER, turn to 256. If you have less than 6 points, turn to 395.

354

The young man rushes to the door ahead of you and tries to prevent you leaving. He stops holding his jaw and shouts at you, and you are repelled when you see that he has more than one tongue – in fact he seems to have a mouthful. You push him aside and leave, locking the door behind you. Turn to 79.

355

Do you have any food in your backpack? If you do, turn to 181. If not, turn to 299.

356

You have uttered the name of a rival divinity in a shrine dedicated to the Howling Gods of the southern peoples. You will suffer for your sacrilege. Reduce your LUCK and WILLPOWER by 1 point each, and your STAMINA by 3 points, until you leave this unholy place by returning to the passage at the top of the stairs. Feeling dispirited and lethargic, you are dimly aware that you have made an error and fallen under a curse. Turn to 379.

357

You pull aside your tunic and reveal the Talisman of Loth. Senyakhaz recoils from its dazzling brilliance, but then recovers slightly and, shielding her eyes, calls out to you to stop. 'Don't slay me yet, soldier,' she continues. 'I recognize that shining trinket. Perhaps I know it better than you. It seems that no one has told you of its fatal flaw: never use it in front of a mirror. Die, you fool!' She sidesteps nimbly, and for an instant you see yourself reflected in the tall mirror. Then the light from the Talisman strikes you, filling your vision, burning your brain, shrivelling your eyes, searing the skin on your face. Even Senyakhaz is a little perturbed by the manner of your death – particularly the letters 'LOTH' branded across your face.

358

The girl darts into one of the tiny alleyways that wind down to squalid riverside hovels. You race after her, slipping on the rotting refuse strewn all over the cobbles, and skid to a halt when you realize that your quarry has disappeared. A shrill voice yells 'Get 'im!' – and from half a dozen dingy doorways ragged children emerge and surround you. They are small and half-starved, but they are waving sharp knives and they mean business. Three move closer, and attack you simultaneously.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MURDEROUS URCHIN	3	3
Second MURDEROUS URCHIN	4	2
Third MURDEROUS URCHIN	4	4

All three attack you in each Attack Round, but you can attack only one. You choose which one, and fight him in the usual way. You roll for your Attack Strength against the other two as well, but you cannot wound them even if your Attack Strength is greater. If any of the urchins has an Attack Strength greater than yours, he wounds you in the normal way. If you win, you have a chance to *Escape* (turn to 149); if you would rather stay to fight the second group of homicidal children, turn to **156**.

359

You leave the armoury, return to the redly glowing passage, and decide where to go next. At this end of the corridor is the smaller of the two wooden doors. It has no lock, and if you have not already done so, you can try to open it (turn to 373). At the other end of the passage is the larger wooden door with the large metal lock. If you have not already opened this door and you have a key, you can use the key to open it (turn to 7). Otherwise, there seems to be no other choice but to return along the side-tunnel to your dungeon cell (turn to 206).

360

The door leads not to another battlemented wall-top walkway but to an enclosed corridor. Arrow-slits on both sides reveal that the passage is set in the thickness of the wall. Another door at its far end opens into the empty ground-floor chamber of one of the gatehouse towers of the Keep. Through arrow-slits in the opposite wall you can see that the entrance to the Keep itself is unguarded. The portcullis is raised and the drawbridge is in place over the ravine that separates the gatehouse from the Keep itself. Within minutes you locate the exit from the tower, cross the drawbridge and find yourself in front of the main entrance to the Keep – at Baron Tholdur's front door. Will you hammer on the timbers and demand entrance (turn to 311), or will you look for a way to break in surreptitiously (turn to 28)?

361

When he sees you emerge from behind the curtain, the little Gnome hurriedly puts down his tray and backs away nervously towards the door. He opens his mouth to cry out and you decide to finish him quickly.

PAGE-BOY GNOME SKILL 4 STAMINA 4

By the end of one Attack Round the noise of your fight has attracted the attention of the owner of the harsh guttural voice. The door swings open to reveal a mountainous female Orc, dressed in blood-stained white overalls and wielding a meat-cleaver. The Gnome runs away, and you have just enough time to see that the room beyond the Orc is a smoke-filled kitchen before she attacks.

ORC COOK SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you defeat her, turn to 24.

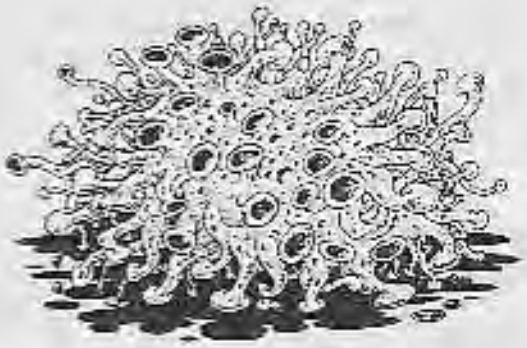

362

You are amazed to find that a faint blue luminescence is flickering along the barbs of the strange three-pronged weapon. You scrape off some of the encrusted dirt and rust, and there is enough light to see by. The light weakens as you point the spear-head to the ceiling, but strengthens if you direct it towards the floor. You kick aside the mouldy straw and notice that several of the flagstones are ill-fitting and could, with some effort, be prised up. Perhaps the trident is indicating a possible escape-route? If you decide to try to raise some flagstones, turn to 80. If you would rather sit in your cell and wait for something to happen, turn to 206.

363

Senyakhaz has set the mirror to destroy itself. You try to step into the reflective surface, and find yourself pushing into a viscous, clinging swirl of colours. Your intrusion speeds the process of destruction: the frame turns white-hot and then bursts asunder in molten blobs. Only half of your charred body is later found on the floor of this room; the other half is lost in limbo, or perhaps it followed Senyakhaz to her safe refuge.

364

You run. With shouts of 'Stop him! He's a thief!' echoing about your head you push your way through the milling crowds. As you try to escape from the scene of your crime, you are tripped, grabbed, pushed and punched. You lose all sense of

direction and 2 points of STAMINA, but you finally emerge into the open space of the market-square. You race across it and pause in a side-street; the hue and cry seems to have died away.

You will not be welcomed in the Merchants' Quarter again! You decide to investigate a different part of town. You can go anywhere you have not already visited. If you climb Castle Hill to Neuburg Keep, turn to 289. If you go down to the wharves and warehouses at the river, turn to 90. If you wander into the Temple Quarter, turn to 195.

365

Being thrown against a wall costs you 3 points of STAMINA, but the shock restores your wits. You are angry now. Xakhaz, with his repulsive home-made body, has a fight on his hands. Turn to 167.

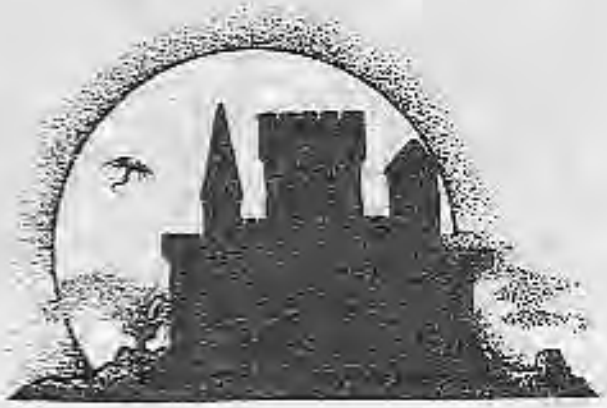

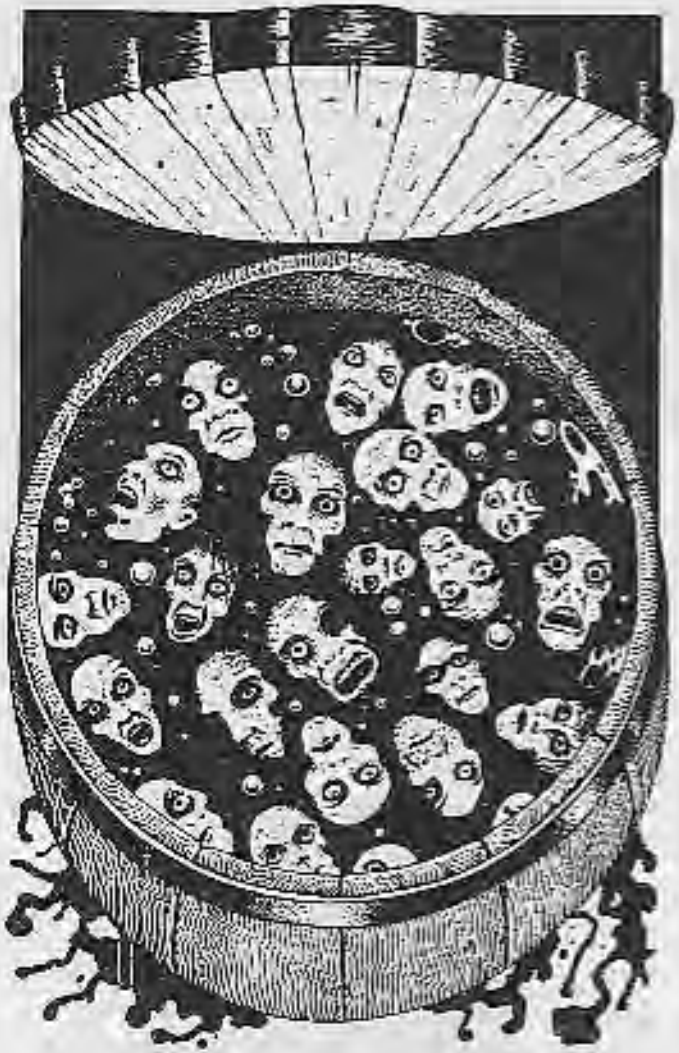

366

Using the thick iron hoops as finger and toe holds, you climb the side of the great barrel. You grasp the leather handle of the lid and pull mightily. Throwing the lid to one side, you look down into the barrel – to find your horrified gaze met by the lifeless stare of dozens of pairs of unblinking eyes. The barrel is full of heads, floating like shrivelled balloons in acrid brown preserving-fluid. You lose 1 point of WILLPOWER as the full implications of your recent drink sink in. If you now have less than 6 points of WILLPOWER, turn to 30. If you still have 6 points or more, turn to 286.

367

Swallowing your revulsion, you attack the decaying Chrabats. Their movement is inexorable but ponderous, and you can face them one at a time. As they are already dead they feel no pain and must be dismembered: therefore each wound you inflict reduces your opponent's STAMINA by half the usual amount.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE CHRABAT	5	7
Second ZOMBIE CHRABAT	4	6
Third ZOMBIE CHRABAT	6	7

Each time a Chrabat wounds you, roll two dice. If the total is higher than your current SKILL, you have failed to evade the Chrabat's tentacular tongue and it hinders your movement. Your next successful

attack on the creature will sever its tongue, and that particular Chrabat will not be able to entangle you again. However, until you succeed in this attack your SKILL is reduced by 2 points. If you destroy them all, turn to 302.

368

The old priest leads you to the door of the temple and bids you farewell. 'There is little point in delaying your perilous quest; somewhere in Neuburg is a broken fragment of a once potent weapon, and I would not be at all surprised if it were buried among the wares of some curio dealer. The Merchants' Quarter is nothing but a den of thieves. Avoid the riverside, it is an unsavoury place. Return to the centre of town, and go to face the dangers of the Keep. Oiden's blessings go with you.' Turn to 108.

369

The sentry lies dead at your feet. The old Dwarf has run away, perhaps because he heard the noise you are now suddenly aware of: the marching feet of a contingent of soldiers. You can step into the waiting-room that the Dwarf wanted you to enter (turn to 249), or you can scurry along the narrow corridor near the main door (turn to 87).

370

You hurtle along the corridor – into absolute darkness. A few painful collisions with rock walls persuade you to moderate your speed, and you make your way forward as best you can with your arms outstretched in front of you. And then you take a step – and the floor has gone. You topple into a chasm, and as you fall you know that the impact of your landing will kill you. You are wrong. You land on a soft, viscous surface, a bit like thick mud, and you have just enough time to offer thanks to your gods before the awful realization that the ooze is creeping over you and that your extremities are being eroded by the digestive juices of the subterranean jelly-creature on which you have landed. It enjoys its unexpected meal.

371

You have found the inner sanctum of the red-robed wizard – leader of the southern troops, enchanter of Baron Tholdur, resurrector of ancient evil in the deep caverns below Neuburg Keep. She is Senyakhaz, a sorceress from old Zagoula – and you have arrived too late to prevent her escape. As you enter, she picks up a small box, steps towards a tall mirror, waves at you, walks into the mirror and disappears. The frame of the mirror begins to glow and lose its shape. If you try to follow her through the mirror, turn to 363. If you decide to leave the room, turn to 169.

372

You wake up. What time is it? It is still dark; no daylight fills the cracks in the shutters. You shudder as you remember: you were dreaming, a terrible nightmare of horrors lurking in dark places deep below the ground.

And then, like an echo of your dream, an appalling yelping rends the quiet of the night – right outside your window! Silence follows; and then the sound of a cumbersome creature slinking away. You lie awake, but hear nothing more. Eventually you sleep again. Turn to **245**.

373

As soon as you touch it, the little wooden door swings open. You stoop to peer into the room beyond, but can see very little. Gripping your weapon, you advance through the doorway. Turn to **255**.

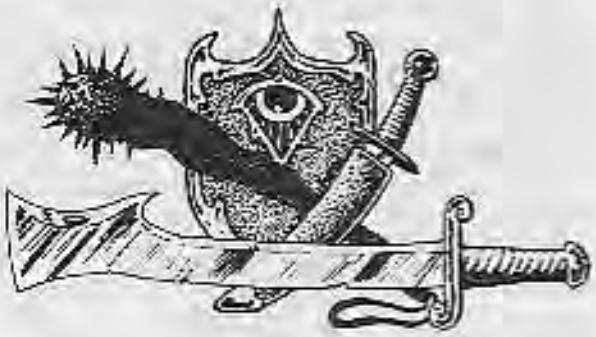

374

You are in a circular room criss-crossed with racks and shelves. It is the Margrave's treasury, and it has been ransacked. Boxes have been broken open and scrolls lie all over the floor. You can find no valuables; all the papers are maps, letters, title-deeds and records of rent payments. At the side of the room you find the entrance and exit used by the thieves – a narrow spiral staircase corkscrewing downwards. Near by is the wooden cover that, when in position, conceals the entrance to the stairway. The only thing of immediate value that has been left in the room is a small barrel bearing a label saying 'POTION'; it was left behind presumably only because it is secured to the wall.

If you take a swig from the potion barrel, turn to **98**. If you decide to go straight down the stairs, you find yourself spiralling downwards for what seems like an eternity until you crash into a door. Dizzy and in complete darkness, you pull the door open and step into a dimly lit corridor. You walk towards the brighter end. Turn to **40**.

375

The old Dwarf turns the three-pronged spear-head over and over in his hands. 'I do believe,' he says, 'that what you have here is the sharp end of the Trident of Skarlos. Whether it's of any use to you depends on whether you can find the handle – which is somewhere in the depths of the Keep, by all accounts. You'll recognize it easily enough: it's

not a proper spear-shaft, but a short squat affair with hand grips. Made of metal, with a blue sheen like the head, and covered in carvings like it, too. Strange device it is, but effective? I should say so! That was a real battle we fought up here before this castle was built . . .' The Dwarf stares into the distance, remembering – but suddenly recalls that he has more information for you. Turn to 396.

376

A short corridor leads you to a landing, lit by a single cresset. You lean over the balustrade and see the staircase wind steeply down from the corridor and disappear into darkness. From the landing, the corridor continues featurelessly, and also disappears into gloom. If you decide to go down the stairs, turn to 300. If you would rather continue straight along the corridor, turn to 40.

377

Having spent as much time as you think necessary in the riverside section of Neuburg, you can now explore any other part of the town that you have not already visited:

The Temple Quarter	Turn to 195
The Merchants' Quarter	Turn to 32
Neuburg Keep	Turn to 289

378

As the bearer of the Trident of Skarlos, you know a little about the legendary hero, and you do not think that your bulky opponent resembles him. The real

Skarlos would in any case recognize his own weapon, would he not? The Trident, meanwhile, is pulsing with energy and is thrusting forward of its own accord, apparently keen to get to grips with the strange warrior. If you decide to evade the warrior's advance and taunt him in the hope of obtaining more information, turn to 180. Otherwise, you fight (turn to 241).

379

You are not challenged again as you tread carefully from step to step towards the pale blue light at the bottom of the stairway. The twenty-third stair felt like all the others when you tested it with your foot; but when you put your weight on it, it collapses. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 242. If you are Unlucky, turn to 60.

380

The green liquid is almost tasteless and seems very refreshing. Unfortunately it is concentrated magical fertilizer. You watch in helpless horror as roots sprout through your boots and hungrily penetrate the soil. You feel no pain as green-leaved shoots emerge from your arms and torso. Your thoughts become strange, disturbed, and no longer truly human. You are a very healthy young tree and, unless someone chops you down or sets fire to you, you will grow in this garden for hundreds of years.

381

You break the box under your heel. It contains a diamond, several fragments of glass, a twisted piece of metal, and some fine white sand. It was the control mechanism which transformed Senyakhaz's mirror into a magical portal connected to her southern homeland and to the abysmal caverns below Neuburg Keep where she has resurrected the insane and aeons-old sorcerer Xakhaz. Now that you have destroyed the box, Xakhaz is safe to pursue his horrific experiments and to plot the subjugation of Neuburg. You have merely postponed the day of reckoning.

382

Back inside your pack, the glass globe cools rapidly. You decide to try to open one of the doors. Will you choose the massive metal one (turn to 243), the small wooden one (turn to 373), or the larger wooden door to your right (turn to 55)?

383

'Best meat pies this side of Kelther!' the burly shopkeeper assures you, as he wraps your selection in a scrap of parchment. You hand over 1 Gold Piece and place the three meals in your backpack. Make a note of this exchange on your *Adventure Sheet*, and turn to 280.

384

You rest the tray on a ledge and lift the lid from the earthenware pot. Inside you find a thick, steaming meat stew and a wooden spoon. You taste it carefully; you decide that the meat is mutton. It tastes very good. You can now leave the stew and the tray; or you can eat the stew – it will restore up to 4 points of STAMINA – and leave the tray; or you can carry the tray and the pot along the corridor; or if you have any Orcsbane, you can season the stew with this powerful poison and then set off with it along the corridor. Make a note of your decision. Whichever course of action you choose, you walk along the corridor away from the large wooden door. Turn to 267.

385

You back away in horror. Remember to deduct 1 point of WILLPOWER from your *Adventure Sheet*. You scramble up the semi-liquid slope with slithering limbs clutching at your ankles. The creature in the pool cannot leave its watery lair, and you are able to drag your mud-covered body on to drier ground. You emerge from the tower into the garden, and you can choose to continue to follow the perimeter path (turn to 11) or to cut a path to the central clearing (turn to 319).

386

You despise your pitiful ambition to assist the people of Neuburg. They are puny fools who are unworthy of your attention and are fit only to be slaves. You have greater concerns: an army to raise, enemies to slaughter, an empire to reconquer. Images of revenge, bloodshed and hatred fill your thoughts. You are Vlax the Slayer, and if you manage to extricate yourself from this dungeon you will bathe your sword in blood until entire continents kneel before you. But your previous adventure ends here.

387

The door swings open and you are looking into a long storeroom. Boxes and barrels are stacked along the walls, and there are quantities of foodstuffs lying on a wooden table. There is another door, alongside the one you are looking through. You enter and examine the contents of the room. Most of the boxes and barrels contain food, and there are also some bundles of cloth. If you want to eat some of the available provisions, you find that the food is of excellent quality. Restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, if you need to. If you now decide to try to go through the other door from this room, turn to 115. If you would rather go back out to the anteroom and try the right-hand door from there, turn to 6.

388

The wedges are difficult to remove and you are worried about the amount of noise you are making, but finally you pull them free and listen. You can hear nothing at all from either end of the main passage, or from behind the door. You pull the door open and walk through. The side-tunnel is dark and soon narrows. In some places you have to squeeze between its rocky sides. Increasingly, the way slopes downwards, and although the walls are still very damp, the air is now warm and humid. Unidentifiable odours drift up from the depths ahead, as does an irritatingly high-pitched squeaking. If you want to turn back and continue along the main passage, turn to 248. If you decide to continue down towards the warm smells and the squeaking, turn to 272.

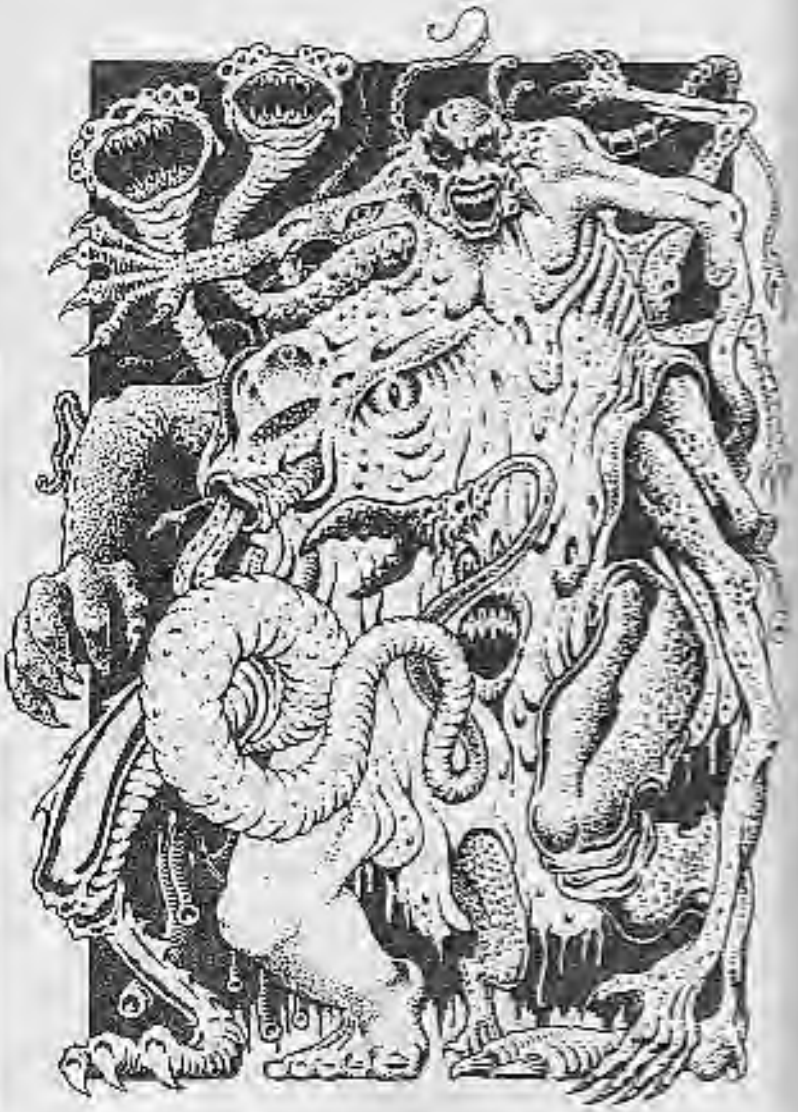

389

'Congratulations! You have found Xakhaz, the immortal, the invincible, lord of this miserable ant-hill and soon to be lord of all Khul. Do you like my little workroom? Come in, come in, you look a healthy specimen and I can always use an extra pair of hands . . .' The voice trails off into demented giggling. You are sure it comes from near the enormous heap of limbs, some of which are twitching. You step towards the towering pile. 'I have slept for many centuries, but have forgotten nothing. The descendants of those who imprisoned me here will all die – quickly, if they grovel for mercy. All will make a useful contribution, however – they are the raw material for my army of conquest. You have probably met some of my creations. Ingenious, are they not? Practice makes perfect! And ever since Senyakhaz woke me I have followed a programme of intensive self-improvement!' You have found Xakhaz at last – his wild-eyed head is nodding at you over the huge pile of limbs. Or can it be . . . ? You groan and cover your eyes as you realize that the heap of twitching limbs *is* Xakhaz. It begins to scuttle towards you on an assortment of legs. *Test your Willpower.* The Talisman of Loth, if you have it, helps you in your hour of need. Its pure light gives you courage – add 2 points to your WILLPOWER for this test only. If you are successful, turn to 201. If not, turn to 310.

390

Two robed warriors, looking impassive and very out of place, are standing in a clear space on a nearby street corner – and they are staring straight at you.

But you don't have time to worry about them: you glance down and see a hand closing around the purse hanging from your belt, and another hand, holding a short sharp knife, about to cut the drawstring. You spin round, drawing your sword, and face the sneak-thief. It is a waif-like little girl, no more than nine years old! You are at a loss to know what to do; and the girl lunges at you with the knife. You are taken by surprise, and she cuts you: lose 1 point of STAMINA. You must fight her:

GAMINE THIEF SKILL 4 STAMINA 3

After one round of combat, the girl escapes into the crowd. Looking around, you realize that the two warriors are no longer in sight. Do you want to try to follow the girl (turn to 358)? Or will you continue your quest for food (turn to 149)?

391

Some time passes, and then one of the doors begins to open. You ready your weapon, but standing in the doorway is an unarmed serving-maiden, who recoils on seeing your aggressive stance. In a hesitant, southern-accented voice, she murmurs: 'My name is Senya. The Margrave's chief adviser has been expecting you and is anxious to meet you. Please follow me to the reception room.' With a

jingle of jewellery and a flurry of fragrant silks she turns; you follow. In a small anteroom two other serving-girls smile at you as you pass. There are doors to the left and right. You follow Senya through the right-hand doorway and into a luxurious chamber. Senya gently pushes you into a comfortable chair and kneels before you, smiling beautifully. She is wearing a silver necklace from which hangs a magnificent ruby pendant. 'You are very tired,' she says sympathetically. 'You need to relax. Stay here for a while. You don't need to move.' If you are holding the Trident of Skarlos, turn to 238. If not, turn to 174.

392

The mysterious red-robed figure continues to prompt Baron Tholdur, who rapidly finds the subject boring. He readily agrees that you should be taken down to the dungeons, and makes it clear that he has no interest in what happens to you after that. Ten guards escort you from the Great Hall and down a series of narrow staircases. At one point you reach a dark underground gallery; half of the escort contingent has already started down the next set of spiral stairs, and the other half is coming down stairs behind you. You have a slim chance to escape, although you do not know how far you will get in the darkness. If you want to sprint along the passage into the dark, turn to 88. If you continue to follow your captors, turn to 227.

393

As easily as walking through a doorway, you take one step and join the horde of people dragging themselves towards the temple under a mercilessly hot sun. Most of the crowd are swarthy, robed Southerners, but you see another figure wearing armour like yours, and you push your way towards him. 'I was a captain in the Margrave's guard,' he tells you. 'I fell for the tapestry trick too – trying to escape from those foreign devils the Baron brought back with him, and here I am surrounded by 'em! This is the Temple of Dolod, in the desert outside Zagoula. Don't even think of getting away – you'd be cut down by this mob in seconds, and anyway we're surrounded by desert. We've got to go along with the crowd, although from what I've heard we'll be lucky not to be chosen as one of the sacrifices. The priests of Dolod know that picking on outsiders is popular.' Even if you avoid being chosen as a sacrifice, you are a long way from Neuburg and in the midst of hostile people. Your adventure ends here.

394

You step into the tower's dark interior and the door slams shut behind you. You spin round, drawing your sword, and with a gurgling roar a ferocious creature attacks you. There is no source of light in this room, and you have no idea what you are fighting. Luckily, it keeps up a constant throaty growl which helps you to locate it. Its weapon

seems to be a heavy blunt object, and it is hindered by the darkness almost as much as you.

UNKNOWN ASSAILANT	SKILL 5	STAMINA 8

If you defeat it, you pull open the door to throw some light on the dead body. It is a very ugly Ogre, dressed in rags and wearing a huge white bonnet or turban on its relatively small head. There is nothing else in the room except for a flight of stone steps leading up to a small door. Will you:

Try on the oversized headgear?	Turn to 133
Inspect the headgear first?	Turn to 209
Climb the stairs?	Turn to 51

395

You are paralysed with fear and disgust. You take a detached interest in the progress of the spiders over your body. You are aware that they are searching for exposed flesh into which to sink their mandibles, but this does not seem particularly important. The shocks you have experienced since arriving in Neuburg have robbed you of your sanity, and you feel a sense of liberation as the spiders' lethal venom begins to burn in your veins. You collapse to the ground and stare skywards as you die.

396

Pushing aside a cobwebbed collection of bean-poles, trellises and bales of straw, the Dwarf reveals

a grimy fireplace in a corner. He calls you over, and shows you that as well as a chimney leading straight upwards, there is also a narrow gap at the side of the grate. You can just make out the first few steps of a staircase leading downwards in the thickness of the tower wall.

'This'll take you into the cellars,' says the Dwarf. 'It's probably the only way you'll get into the Keep without someone else knowing about it. But you can go through the other door and try getting across on the battlements if you want to.'

If you want to use the secret passage to the cellars, turn to 25. If you decide to go through the door and out on to the battlements, turn to 282.

397

You race across the courtyard and throw yourself at the gate. It doesn't budge. In a frenzy, you charge at it again; you tug at the iron hinges in desperation. You are unable to open the gate. You turn to face your pursuers and make a heroic last stand against insuperable odds.

398

Huw leads you into a circular hall where he genuflects at the trunk of a spindly white-branched tree that twists upwards from the centre of the stone floor. He then ushers you into a cramped side-chamber. You sit on a low stool, and find Huw standing beside you – holding a knife to your throat. 'Be still and listen!' he hisses. 'I rescued you from

the dungeon of the East Gate because I suspect you may be the warrior that Oiden has foretold will arrive to challenge the evil in this town. If you are the prophesied hero, you have with you a valuable treasure that links you to Neuburg. You must donate the treasure to this temple in order to obtain Oiden's assistance. If you are indeed the chosen one, *give me the item now!* Neuburg's peril increases hourly!' Concealed in your belt you have a jewel-encrusted gold ring given to you many years ago by Baron Tholdur. It is your most valued possession. Huw turns away. Will you:

Offer him Baron Tholdur's ring?	Turn to 344
Say that you have no such treasure?	Turn to 191
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to 86

399

You attack the door with your shoulder and your sword. Suddenly it opens. You stagger through the doorway and slump to the dusty ground to catch your breath in the shadow of the dilapidated tower. You realize that your captors could return at any moment, and you decide to try to find shelter in the town. Picking yourself up, you head straight for the Southern Star tavern, which you remember as a large, hospitable establishment in a prominent position on the market-square. Turn to 119.

400

You step out into the chamber of the sorceress Senyakhaz. This room and the others in the suite are deserted, and you take the opportunity to rest, eat and recover your strength. Then you make your way through the corridors of the dungeons and cellars to the main floor of the Keep, where you find Baron Tholdur, no longer under an enchantment, energetically ejecting the demoralized southern soldiers from his castle. Between tears and laughter he overwhelms you with praise and thanks, and insists on escorting you to the Temple of Oiden so that the old priest Huw can share in the good news. When you have recounted your story, Huw merely smiles. He asks for the small metal box, which he says contains the immortal part of Xakhaz. You hand it over with alacrity, and Huw assures the Margrave that this time Xakhaz will be imprisoned in a place from which he will never escape. Whether or not you found it during the course of your adventure, Huw tells you that the Trident of Skarlos is now yours by right. And at a public celebration attended by all the townsfolk of Neuburg, Baron Tholdur announces to terrific cheers that he appoints you to be his heir in all things: on his death you will inherit the Keep, the freehold of the town, most of the surrounding farmland, forests and hunting estates in the hills to the east, and the title of Margrave.

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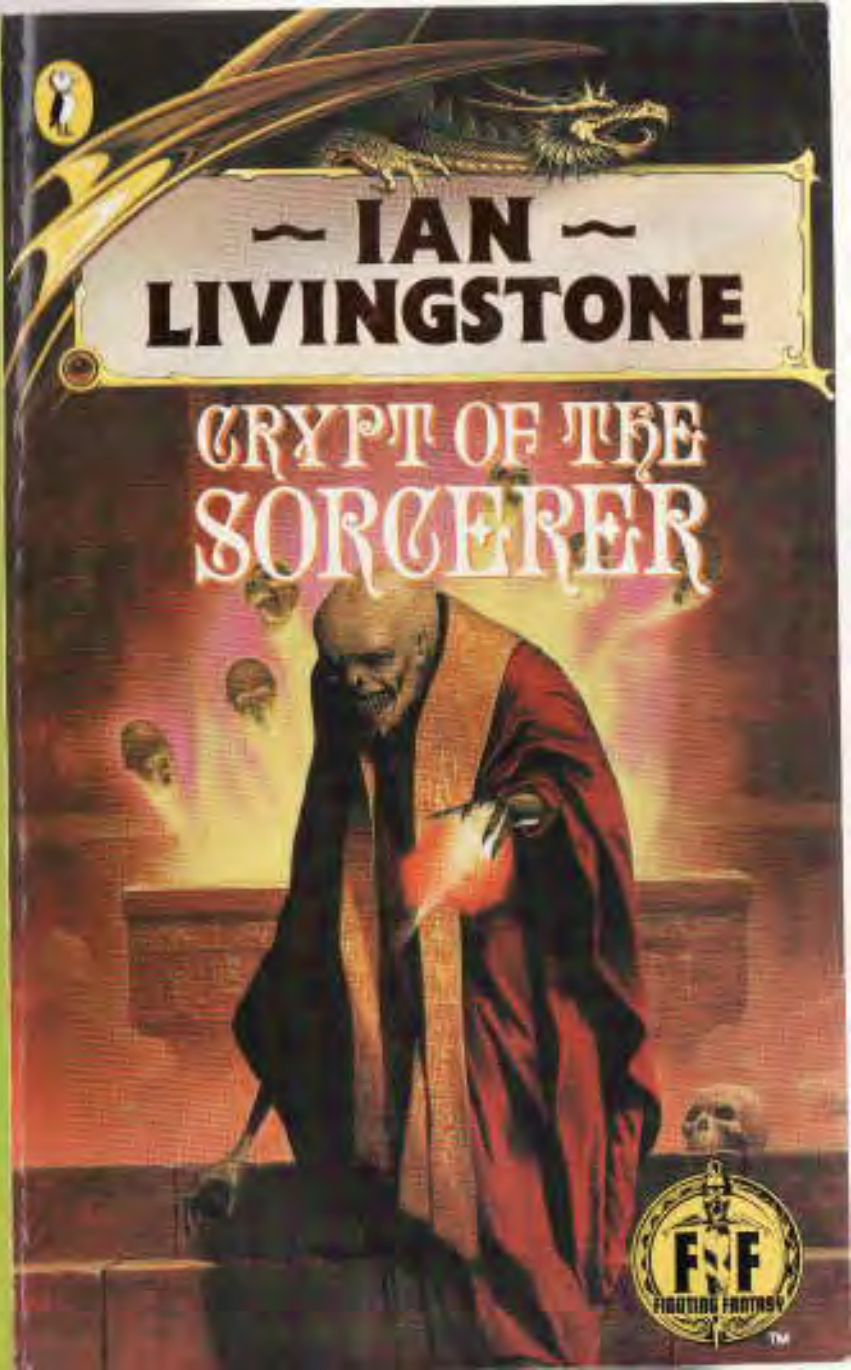

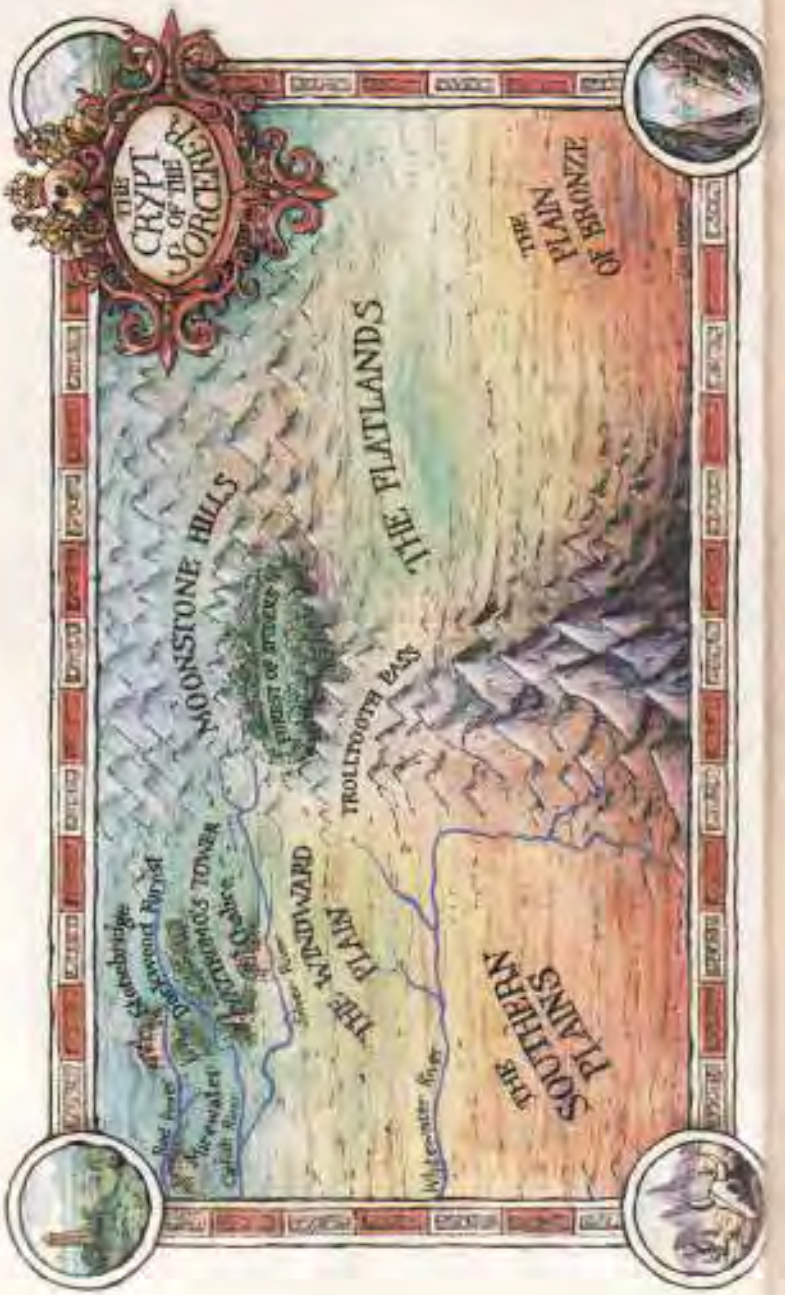

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Ian Livingstone is the co-founder, with Steve Jackson, of Games Workshop, the hugely successful chain which specializes in fantasy games of all kinds.

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1987
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4

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Illustrations copyright © John Sibbick, 1987
Map copyright © Ian Hartas, 1987
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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd., Reading
Typeset in 11/13pt Linotron Plantin by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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To all Puffin warriors, especially Anne Ainley, Liz Attenborough, Susan Brent, Susan Elliott, Robin Waterfield and Annie Winterbotham

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. Use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 16–17 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the sheet to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores.

Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page

will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *unlucky*, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK SCORE, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK SCORE, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to

inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim two SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Unlike other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, you do not start your adventure with Provisions. However, during the course of the adventure, there will be opportunities for you to regain STAMINA points in various ways.

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

NOTES	TREASURE
	EQUIPMENT

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= Stamina=	*Skill= Stamina=*	*Skill= Stamina=*
Skill= Stamina=	*Skill= Stamina=*	*Skill= Stamina=*
Skill= Stamina=	*Skill= Stamina=*	*Skill= Stamina=*
Skill= Stamina=	*Skill= Stamina=*	*Skill= Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

Chalice is a small town lying on the banks of Silver River at the base of Moonstone Hills. It has grown from being merely a cluster of cabins and huts to its present size mainly because it became an important trading centre for prospectors seeking gold in the hills. It was the first safe haven for merchants who had travelled west from the Flatlands on their way to Silverton. In Chalice they could rest and do business without fear of attack. There are plenty of inns and places of entertainment, and it used to be among the most boisterous towns of Allansia.

But now, as you look out of the window of your upstairs bedroom at the Lion inn, there is no sign of merriment. For three weeks the sky has been dark and menacing. People recently arriving in Chalice from the east have told of pestilence, plague, disease and famine moving ever closer to the west.

Only yesterday a story spread like wildfire through the town that someone had discovered where the source of evil lay. An Elf, flying south on his Giant Eagle over the southern edge of Moonstone Hills, noticed a deep fissure in the ground, out of which rose a putrid-smelling vapour. All around the fissure the grass was blackened and the trees were stunted and leafless. As he flew over the fissure, the Elf said, he saw a scorched and withered hand rise

out of the gap, its claw-like index finger pointing up at the eagle. An energy bolt shot up from the tip of the finger and burned a hole straight through the poor creature. It crashed to the ground, but the Elf escaped with his life and walked to Chalice to tell his tale.

You are a friend of the old wizard Yaztromo, who lives on the southern edge of Darkwood Forest, and you decide to visit him and relate the Elf's tale. In the now familiar dusky light of day, you spur your horse northwards to Yaztromo's tower and before nightfall you reach the overgrown path that leads to it. You dismount quickly, stride up to the huge oak door and ring the brass bell that hangs in the stone archway. There is no reply, but suddenly you are tapped on the shoulder and you whirl around, reaching for your sword.

'There'll be no need for that!' grunts the old man who stands before you, shaking his finger in admonishment. 'What are you doing here anyway, disturbing my peace and quiet? I haven't laid eyes on you for over a year, and now you just turn up unannounced, walk straight through my herb garden and ring my bell long enough to wake the dead. Well, what do you want?'

You smile to yourself, while you watch the grumpy old wizard displaying his usual hospitality. 'And what's so funny?' he asks. Your expression immediately changes and Yaztromo frowns when he sees the concerned look on your face. 'I think we should go upstairs so that you can tell me what is troubling you. I presume something *is* troubling you, as I am sure you wouldn't visit me for any other reason – and I can guess that it has something to do with this infernal dark sky!'

When you have finished telling Yaztromo the Elf's tale, he remains sitting silently in his old oak chair, his face as sombre as a grave. At last he speaks, sighing with every word. 'Then my worst fears are realized. The necromancer has risen. Those fools! Their greed might now bring an end to life in Allansia. Unless . . .' Completely puzzled by Yaztromo's mutterings, you ask him to explain. As if describing a horrible nightmare, Yaztromo recounts the legend of the evil necromancer Razaak, who threatened Allansia one hundred years ago.

Although he first learned his skills as an apprentice to a Lawful wizard, Razaak was attracted early on in life by the dark power of Evil. He realized that he could become a great sorcerer who would one day be able to command everyone to obey him. He had no desire or intention to use his magic to help Allansia – he wanted the kingdom to be brought to its knees. He travelled to a remote part of eastern Allansia and there he practised his arcane acts. He quickly progressed through the levels of dark magic

from lowly apprentice to wizard, and then sorcerer, so that at last his powers were so great that he became a necromancer, having spent the last forty years in solitude. Razaak then sent messages to all the nobles of Allansia, demanding that they acknowledge him as their ruler. At first they ignored him, for none had heard of him. Razaak took umbrage, and in retaliation brought plague and pestilence to the nobles' provinces, giving them until the next full moon to recognize his leadership.

Many warriors offered to try to slay Razaak, and many died in the attempt. But one brave man by the name of Kull succeeded, and saved Allansia. He owned a sword which he had found in the Moonstone Hills, gripped by a skeletal hand rising from a mist-covered lake, across which he was sailing a raft. Kull was mesmerized by the sword's magnificent beauty. He immediately wanted it for his own and reached out for it. The skeleton made no attempt to prevent him, and simply slipped down into the muddy depths of the lake as soon as it released the sword. Kull was so overwhelmed with the sword that nothing else mattered to him. He steered his raft to the shore and began testing his new weapon. He discovered that nothing could dull its edge, and that he could cut through plate-mail

armour with ease. He did not realize that the sword had once belonged to Razaak, and was the only weapon in the whole world with the power to slay him. Razaak, in order to become a necromancer, had had to relinquish all weapons, but there was no power strong enough to destroy his cursed sword. To try to rid himself of the sword, Razaak threw it into the lake, but it rose to the surface in the grip of the skeleton. For years the skeleton clutched the sword until Kull caught sight of it and took it for himself. And so a twist of fate took the invincible Kull to Razaak, and Razaak was slain at the hand of Kull by the sword that had once been his own. But the moment Razaak was slain, Kull's flesh fell from his bones and lay in a pile of dust around his skeletal feet. Razaak's magic had condemned him to an eternal nightmare as a skeleton, unable to release the sword.

He seized a hooded robe and fled into Moonstone Hills, and it is said that to this day he drifts constantly across the same lake on his raft, clutching the sword, unable to rest until someone takes it from him. Razaak's body was placed in a stone sarcophagus and entombed in the fissure in the southern hills. The crypt was sealed by a Lawful sorcerer who decreed that it must remain unopened for one hundred and ten years, otherwise the necromancer would rise with a host of undead to destroy all life.

'I can only assume,' concludes Yaztromo with a deep sigh, 'that treasure-hunters found the necromancer's crypt and opened it unknowingly. Razaak must be destroyed before it is too late. Oh, but it's going to be so difficult. We'll need to find Razaak's sword and a number of talismans and amulets that will protect you from the necromancer's magic . . . I trust you will volunteer for this mighty task?'

Slowly you nod your head, although your brain is still spinning with Yaztromo's tale of Razaak and poor Kull. 'Good,' continues Yaztromo. 'Now, don't worry about the sword: I won't let you become a skeleton. Just bring it back here and in the meantime I'll be calling on a few people who can help us. There is no time to waste; you must find the lake in Moonstone Hills. Rest well tonight and leave at first light – what little of it there is . . .'

NOW TURN OVER

1

You are woken, from a nightmare in which undead creatures attack you with swords, by Yaztromo tapping you on the shoulder. 'Time to get up, it's almost dawn,' he says in a sleepy voice. Within twenty minutes you are outside and mounted on your horse. Yaztromo smiles, ever optimistic in the face of danger, and hands you a small glass phial. 'Healing Potion,' he explains. 'Enough for five tots.' (Note this on your *Adventure Sheet*. The Healing Potion will restore 4 STAMINA points each time it is drunk. Make a note each time you drink a tot.) The old wizard then waves to you as you gallop off, heading east towards Moonstone Hills in search of the Lost Lake. By midday the hills rise up threateningly from the horizon, flanking you from north to south, and you wonder how you will ever find the lake. By nightfall you find yourself at the foot of the hills where Silver River flows out on to the Windward Plain towards Chalice. You decide to camp by the river and make a fire to keep you warm,

and also to ward off any hunters of the night. The night passes without incident, and in the morning you wake feeling hungry. After eating bread and cheese from your backpack, you climb on to your horse and decide which way to head. If you wish to wade across the river and ride east into the hills, turn to **255**. If you would rather follow the river north up into the hills, turn to **146**.

2

Three creatures soon come into view and you see that they have the bodies of humans, but the heads of rats. They are covered in short fur and have long, rat-like tails; they have already picked up your scent, and are ready to fight. The front Rat Man whirls a sling around his head and releases a stone down the tunnel. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **133**. If you roll 4–6, turn to **69**.

3

The rock strikes you on the back of the head and knocks you unconscious. One of the Rad-Hulks twists your head sharply and breaks your neck. The Rad-Hulks think less of your life than of your sword, which they can present as a gift to their master.

4

Your outstretched hands fail to grasp a branch and you fall to your death. Borri and Symm watch on in horror, but whether they complete the quest and save Allansia is something you will never know.

5

'It will not be long before Razaak raises all the dead of Allansia to fill his army's ranks with Zombies. It will be a great day. I am beginning to believe you, but I will ask you one more serious question,' says Ungoth, rising from his throne. 'How old was Razaak's father when he died?' If you know the answer, turn to the number that was Tamal's age. If you do not know the answer, turn to **303**.

6

The Goblins charge up to the top of the hill, screaming manic war-cries. You jump back on to your horse and ride into battle.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	6
Third GOBLIN	6	5
Fourth GOBLIN	6	6

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to **155**.

7

When you reach the brow of the hill, you are surprised at what you see. Three Wild Elf women are attacking an adventurer who is wounded and on his knees, defending himself desperately with his sword. The Elf women have filed teeth and long, sharp nails, and are adorned with body paint. They wield flint clubs and knives, and are attacking the man ferociously. If you wish to help the adventurer, turn to **44**. If you would rather leave him to his fate, turn to **162**.

8

You roll away from the lifeless Orc and spring to your feet, sword drawn, to face the two remaining Orcs who are bearing down upon you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	6
Second ORC	6	5

Fight them both at the same time. Both will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will attack as in normal combat. Against the other you will roll for your Attack Strength, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater. You must just count this as though you have defended against its blow. Of course, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will wound you. Thus, during an Attack Round, you can only possibly wound one Orc, but you could suffer two wounds. If you win, turn to **243**.

9

You land quietly on the floor. You are unable to see, so you tap on the ground in front of you with your sword. You discover that the lair is very small and is empty apart from a metal object you find on the floor. But you are unable to work out what it is by touch. If you wish to take the metal object with you when you climb out of the lair, turn to 130. If you would rather climb out of the lair without it, turn to 169.

10

After placing the ring on your finger, you rub it, hold it aloft, and even try to command it; but you are unable to discover any magical powers in it. You shrug your shoulders and consider what to do next. If you have not done so already, you may either try on the Dagger Ring (turn to 94) or try on the Skull Ring (turn to 265). If you would rather ride east out of the Valley of Bones, turn to 369.

11

As you plunge down towards the ground, a human materializes beside you, golden and glowing. The Suma simply smiles and says, 'I will save you now, but I cannot help you again.' It then disappears and, much to your surprise, the Red Dragon returns and flies underneath you, allowing you to drop on to its back. The three of you scramble up on to its neck and fly north-west – the Dragon-riders of Allansia. Some time later, after Moonstone Hills come into view, the Red Dragon glides down to land. As soon

as you have dismounted, the Dragon flies off, leaving you unharmed. You realize that it is only an hour before sunset, and so you look around for somewhere to sleep to be well rested to meet your ultimate adversary. If you wish to sleep among the nearby trees, turn to 257. If you wish to walk to the edge of the hills to sleep, turn to 28.

12

The stone that Symm selects holds the curative properties needed to combat the touch of an Ice Ghost. Your body warms up and you regain consciousness, only slightly the worse for the ordeal. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Symm tells you what happened, saying that the Ice Ghosts disappeared down the tunnel, having failed to touch either himself or Borri. All is quiet, and you set off once more. Turn to 245.

13

The strong poison acts quickly and you find yourself unable to move a limb. You fall out of the saddle head-first into the marsh and hear the hovering Harpoon Flies land on top of you to lay their eggs. You are stricken with terror at the prospect that it will be several days before you die a revolting death.

18

You catch sight of the figure again, running from behind one tree to another. It is a little humanoid, no taller than a metre. He looks round, stops running and begins to walk towards you. You notice that he has dark skin, pointed ears and cat-like eyes. He also has wings. Just as you begin to wonder why he did not fly away from you, a weighted net falls on top of you and the boy-like figure starts to laugh uproariously at you for falling into his trap. As you fall to the ground, it dawns on you that you have fallen prey to Black Fairies, the most evil of all the Little people. From the ground you look up through the mesh of the net and see three more Black Fairies hovering in the air. They land, and in less than a minute you are bound hand and foot. They empty your backpack and take all its contents, including Mazromo's Healing Potion. They also take your sword. They then begin to amuse themselves by putting insects inside your clothes and slugs in your mouth. Finally they get bored with their games and fly off with their spoils, leaving you at the mercy of all predators. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 22. If you are Unlucky, turn to 224.

19

You find a small wooden box tucked into the Troll's clothing. If you wish to open it, turn to 188. Alternatively, you can either tip up the cart (turn to 366) or walk on, leaving the box and the cart behind (turn to 40).

20

You manage to close the lid before the Rad-Hulk can stop you, and the cave is plunged into total darkness. But to your horror, you can still hear the shuffling feet of the mindless Rad-Hulks as they continue to move towards you. Once charged by light, they remain animated for at least an hour. Now you must fight them at a severe disadvantage in the dark.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAD-HULK	10	5
Second RAD-HULK	10	6

Fight them one at a time, but deduct 2 from your Attack Strength during each Attack Round. If you win, you may either walk back in the dark to your horse (turn to 235), or open the box again (turn to 82).

21

It is not long before you are riding along the margin of the wood again. If you wish to enter the wood, turn to 215. If you would rather ride on towards Stonebridge, turn to 363.

22

Symm and Borri are once again victorious, and your respect for them as swordsmen continues to grow. A search of the bodies reveals a bag of nuts, a sling and some stones for slingshot. Borri asks for the sling and stones, while Symm sniffs the nuts. 'They smell all right to me,' he says. If you wish to eat the nuts, turn to 342. If you would rather hurry out of the tunnel, turn to 279.

23

The door of the hut appears to have been smashed down, and you see two broken arrows lodged in the panelling. You examine the arrows and see that they are the type used by Goblins. A raiding party must have attacked the fur-trapper. You step warily into the hut and search its three rooms. You find a hunting-knife still gripped by the hand of the dead trapper, but the Goblins must have stolen everything else. You tuck the knife in your belt and bury the trapper before remounting your horse and riding off. Turn to 53.

24

Without your even having to think about it, the Chameleonite blood triggers a new defence mechanism in your body. Your skin turns dark green like the sludge in the pit, and the Gargantis suddenly loses sight of you altogether, and misses with its claws, although it can still sense your presence. But Symm and Borri distract its attention by loosing two arrows at the giant torso. The Gargantis howls in pain, although the arrows barely pierce its tough hide. The Gargantis, however, has its own defence mechanism, and in reaction to the pain, a gland emits waves of mental energy of intense power. If you are wearing a translucent crystal around your neck on a gold chain, turn to 193. If you are not wearing a crystal, turn to 307.

25

You lift the lid of the chest with the tip of your sword and stand back. Two large black rats immediately jump out of the chest and run towards you. One swipe of your sword cleaves the first in two, but the second claws its way quickly up your leg. If you are wearing armour, turn to 192. If your legs are not protected, turn to 312.

26

As soon as you sit in the chair, iron bars shoot out of the arms and across your lap, making it impossible to move. A hissing voice comes from the mouth above your head, saying, 'What is your number?' If you are wearing an identity tag, turn to the number stamped on it. If you do not have an identity tag, turn to 136.

27

The powerful arms of the Demon tighten around your midriff and squeeze the life from your body. The Demon then lumbers off, content that it has found another source of nutrients to feed the earth of its beloved wood.

28

You reach the hills in less than twenty minutes, and soon find a small cave in which to shelter. You fall asleep, and wake not long after sunrise (add 2 STAMINA points). The sky is as dull and grey as ever and as you step outside the cave, you notice that all the grass around is dead, and the trees looked charred and blackened. 'It can't be far to the fissure,'

says Borri as he steps outside to join you. 'Just follow your nose.' 'I can smell the stinking vapour from here,' agrees Symm as he emerges from the cave. 'Come on, follow me.' As Symm strides off uphill, Borri calls out that he can see a robed figure walking towards the cave. If you wish to wait to meet whoever is approaching, turn to **167**. If you would rather follow Symm, turn to **313**.

29

While riding down one of the last hills before the lake, you notice a rusted iron box lying at the base of a tree. If you wish to open the box, turn to **205**. If you would rather press on towards the lake, turn to **339**.

30

Some time later you see a hillock in the distance and decide to take a look at it, since it is the only feature in the flat landscape for miles around. When you get close, you see what appears to be an entrance to a tunnel, and can hardly believe your eyes. 'Whose idea was it to go south?' asks Borri in a teasing tone. You unload the balloon and hide it with the basket in the entrance of the tunnel. You release the ox,

although it seems reluctant to wander off, being more content to graze on the lush grass. As you enter the tunnel, the irrepressible Dwarf says, 'I can't hear anything. I thought these tunnels were supposed to howl.' 'Let's wait until we get inside, you short fat buffoon,' laughs Symm. 'Maybe when you see the Gargantis beast, you'll start to howl!' You draw your swords, light the torches that you have brought with you, and walk guardedly down the tunnel. Five minutes later you arrive at a junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to **222**. If you wish to turn right, turn to **90**.

31

You peer into the darkness of the Hellcat's lair, but cannot see anything. By lying on the floor and reaching down with your sword, you can just touch the bottom some two metres below. If you wish to jump down into the lair, turn to **9**. If you would rather walk down the narrow tunnel opposite, turn to **297**.

32

The cheese is dry and hard, but still nourishing. Add 2 STAMINA points. After you have finished eating, you decide which way to ride. If you wish to continue riding towards the wood, turn to **203**. If you would rather head east up the hill, turn to **280**.

33

As you ride over the crest of the hill, your question is quickly answered. The plume of smoke is rising from the dying embers of a wooden hut burnt to the ground. An old gold-miner with an arrow in his stomach is lying motionless, propped up against a barrel. An axe lies by his side. If you wish to see if he is still alive, turn to 52. If you would rather press on east, turn to 261.

34

Once past Darkwood Forest, you drift over the western edge of Moonstone Hills where you had trekked two days previously. You recall the dangers, not least Kull and his cursed sword, but the peaceful flight in the balloon fills you with hope. An hour or so later, Borri points and says, 'There's the Forest of Spiders on the horizon. It's going to be a bit risky landing, but if that's where you want to be, I'll do my best.' If you still wish to land in the forest, turn to 99. Alternatively, you can ask Borri to go on either to the Western Flatlands (turn to 135) or to the Plain of Bronze (turn to 210).

35

'Yes, Port Blacksand is a city of thieves,' continues Ungoth. You breathe a sigh of relief and prepare yourself for the next question. 'As you know, Razaak has already secured the support of all the Trolls of Allansia. Our friends the Trolls have some peculiar habits, the most ridiculous of which is their delight in eating Hobbits' ears, especially in a competition. What is the record for the most eaten at once?' The thought of the disgusting spectacle fills your mind and you have difficulty concentrating on the answer. However, if you know it, turn to the number equivalent to the current Allansian record. If you do not know the answer, turn to 303.

36

Unable to sleep properly again, you spend a restless night thinking about the task ahead. As soon as it is light enough to see, you mount your horse and set off east once again. You climb the highest hill in order to get a better view, and can hardly believe your eyes. A lake, no more than two hours' ride away, lies in a valley to the south-east. With new heart and determination, you spur your horse towards it. Turn to 178.

37

After crossing Catfish River, you soon leave Darkwood Forest behind. The Pagan Plain stretches out before you and you wonder whether the graveyard is nearer Mirewater or nearer Stonebridge. If you wish to ride towards Mirewater, turn to 95. If you wish to ride towards Stonebridge, turn to 142.

38

The rod can affect only one being at any time. If you hope to use the rod against the Gargantis, you must mentally release the creature you paralysed previously. Did you use it against:

A rabbit?	Turn to 311
A hawk?	Turn to 122
A boar?	Turn to 368

39

Keeping a firm grip on the reins, you are able to stay in the saddle. Suddenly three evil-looking creatures materialize as if by magic to ambush you. Turn to 239.

40

The tunnel soon ends at a junction. Looking right, you see that the tunnel continues straight on as far as you can see. Looking left, you see that it soon comes to a dead end. There is something or somebody lying on the floor at the dead end, and you can hear the unmistakable squeak of rats. If you wish to go left, turn to **202**. If you wish to go right, turn to **315**.

41

You uncork the phial, walk up to the Zombie and throw the water at it. It eats like acid into the undead being, causing smoke to rise from its flesh. Roll one die. If you roll 1–5, turn to **373**. If you roll 6, turn to **74**.

42

You struggle with your bonds for almost an hour, but mercifully no creature catches your scent. You strain until you pull a hand free at last and untie your feet. Your wrists are bruised and bleeding. Lose 1 STAMINA point, and also 2 SKILL points for the loss of your sword. Luckily, your horse has not wandered far and soon you are back in the saddle and riding out of the glade, galloping east. Turn to **150**

43

You land on the ground with a thump and attempt to fold up the balloon before the whirlwind hits. It is almost impossible to stand up in the gale, but you struggle as best as you can. You roll boulders on top of the flattened canvas and then lie down in the shelter of the boulders. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **132**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **201**.

44

Each taking on a Wild Elf, you charge into battle.

WILD ELF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **212**.

45

You stand to one side of the metal box, fearing a trap, and lift up the lid with your sword. The cave is immediately bathed in brilliant white light, which shines out from the box and is so intensely bright that it hurts your eyes. Squinting through half-closed eyes, you see that you are not alone. Animated by the light, two Rad-Hulks lumber towards you from the back of the cave. They are hairless and have sallow skin which bulges with pulsating red veins running up and down their bodies. Although blind, they can sense your body heat and move in to touch you. Will you:

Try to close the lid of the box?	Turn to 372
Turn and run?	Turn to 395
Fight the Rad-Hulks?	Turn to 143

46

The cheese is dry and hard, but still nourishing. Add 2 STAMINA points. After you have finished eating, you decide which way to ride. If you wish to continue east, turn to 280. If you would rather ride back down the hill and head north towards the small wood you can see in the valley, turn to 203.

47

There is nobody in all of Allansia who has survived the chilling touch of an Ice Ghost a second time, and you are no exception. Turn to 357.

48

Jella is true to her word and some of your wounds immediately start to heal before your eyes. Roll one die and add 2 to the number rolled. Add this number to your STAMINA score. After telling Jella briefly about your quest, she warns you that there are a lot of Boulder Beasts in the hills and that you should be careful. You thank her and bid her farewell before riding off west. Turn to 382.

49

You sleep lightly (add 1 STAMINA point), until you are woken by the shouting of Symm. 'Look! A speck in the sky over there, and it's moving towards us.' You stand up and peer towards where Symm is pointing, and suddenly your heart sinks. Turn to 152.

50

After screwing the two halves of the rod together you decide to find out if it has any magical properties. You tap it on the ground, but nothing happens. Finally, you point it at a rabbit running by and see, to your amazement, the rabbit stop dead in

its tracks. You walk up to the rabbit and discover that it is completely paralysed. You now have a Rod of Paralysis at your disposal. Add 1 LUCK point. With your spirits high, you ride out of the wood, north-east towards Stonebridge. Turn to 234.

51

Groping around in the dark, you find that the room is very small and completely empty. You turn to walk out into the chamber, when suddenly the door slams shut. You hear the bolts sliding home and somebody laughing. You hammer on the door with your fists, but to no avail. You are trapped in total darkness. You sit down on the cold floor and wait in the hope that Borri and Symm might rescue you. Indeed, they do come after you, but meet an untimely end in the tunnel. As the hours pass, you can only contemplate death by starvation and the doom that now awaits Allansia.

52

You press your ear against the old man's chest. He is alive, but only just. You try to give him water from the barrel, but he coughs and groans and is unable to drink because of his stomach wound. Slowly, his eyes open a little and he starts to speak in a laboured whisper: 'Orcs . . . four of them . . . took my gold and food . . . headed east from here . . . be careful of ambush . . . look inside barrel . . . take the . . .' But he never finishes the sentence, and his last words are lost in his dying breath. After burying the old man, you decide to tip up the water barrel, but not before drinking your fill. Add 1 STAMINA point. When you investigate the empty barrel, you notice that it has a false bottom. You prise it open with your sword and find a gold nugget worth 10 Gold Pieces, a knife, a phial of clear liquid labelled 'Holy Water' and a translucent crystal hanging from a gold chain. After putting the nugget and the phial in your pocket and placing the knife in your belt, you examine the strange crystal. If you wish to put the chain around your neck, turn to 352. If you would rather leave it and ride south-east to avoid the Orcs, turn to 237.

53

Two hours later you are deep in the hills. You gaze up at the sombre grey sky, scanning it for winged killers that might swoop down to attack. There are no flying creatures to be seen, but an unnerving silence sends a shiver down your spine. Suddenly, your horse whinnies and rears up on to its hind legs. Roll two dice. If the result is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 39. If the result is greater than your SKILL, turn to 298.

54

Fortunately you are not confronted by any creatures, and you are able to make your way out of the tunnels. Turn to 279.

55

Symm dispatches his adversary moments after your own is defeated. You walk into the hut, but find no trace of Yaztromo. Symm looks around outside and says, 'There was a struggle here and it looks as if the old wizard was dragged off into the forest. It will be easy to follow their tracks.' You wonder why Yaztromo did not use his magic against his kidnapper, but do not tell Symm your fears. Whoever or whatever forced Yaztromo into the forest must be very powerful indeed. Without any further delay, you untie your horses and ride off north, with Symm leading the way. Turn to 377.

56

No more Ice Ghosts appear when you pass between the statues, and you follow the tunnel as it bends to the right. In a few minutes you hear more noise up ahead, but this time it sounds like the deep grunt of a huge beast. You walk on until the tunnel opens out on to a ledge near the bottom of a deep pit. A foul smell of rotting slime fills your nostrils; the stench comes from the thick sludge which covers the bottom of the pit just below the ledge. Two legs, green and scaly, rise up out of the sludge, and your eyes follow them upwards to a huge torso, which ends in a gnarled head, with a gaping maw ringed by rows of long spiked teeth. In the centre of the forehead you see a white, spiral-shaped horn. Although the Gargantis has poor sight, it senses your presence and reaches down towards the ledge with its giant clawed hand. You jump back into the safety of the tunnel beyond the reach of the Gargantis. You tell Symm and Borri that you intend to step into the sludge-filled pit while they fire arrows to distract the Gargantis. With the plan decided, you draw your sword and walk once more to the ledge. The Gargantis lets out a fearful roar and swipes at you with its clawed hand. If you have daubed yourself with Chameleonite blood, turn to 24. If you have not, turn to 349.

57

The rock hurtles past your head, missing you by millimetres. You do not stop to look back, but run out of the cave to your horse. Turn to 235.

58

You are too weak to run. You stagger down the tunnels as fast as you can, but do not reach the steps in time. You have saved Allansia from eternal doom, but the cost has been your life.

59

You pass over a small hillock and see what appears to be the entrance to a tunnel. You call in excitement to Borm to land, and he immediately releases air from the balloon. You drop gently down until Borm tells you to hold on tight as you are about to land. The basket hits the ground with a thump and rolls over, but nobody is hurt. You are all in good spirits and begin to laugh as you try to disentangle yourselves from one another. You fold up the deflated balloon and hide it with the basket in the entrance to the tunnel. 'Let's hope the Gargantis beast is not just a legend,' says Symm, 'although I might regret having said that later!' You draw your swords, light torches that you brought with you, and walk guardedly down the sloping tunnel. Five minutes later you arrive at a junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to 222. If you wish to turn right, turn to 90.

60

You manage to manoeuvre your horse so that you can fight the Goblins one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	6
Third GOBLIN	6	5
Fourth GOBLIN	6	6

If you win, turn to 116.

61

At the other end of the fissure, you find a lever protruding from the rock wall. If you wish to pull down on the lever, turn to 321. Alternatively, you can do as Symm suggests and squeeze through the crack in the wall (turn to 347).

62

You see the Orc just in time and dodge his outstretched arms. He lands heavily on the ground, curses loudly in Orcish, and shouts at the other two to close in. You are surrounded, but have the advantage on horseback.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	6	6
Third ORC	6	5

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to 243.

63

You know that the village of Mirewater is inhabited by a race of evil Dwarfs who are in permanent conflict with the Dwarfs of Stonebridge. As you near the village, and still fail to find the graveyard, you wonder if it is wise to continue west. You draw your horse to a halt to confer with Symm. 'Surely the haunted graveyard is going to be near Mirewater,' argues Symm. 'Let's keep going.' If you wish to keep riding west, turn to **286**. If you would rather turn around and ride towards Stonebridge, turn to **21**.

64

You scoop up a handful of water and pour it on to the sludge. The rising vapour quickly thickens and fills the bottom of the fissure with a cloud of poisonous gas, caused by a chemical reaction. You start to cough uncontrollably and your eyes stream with tears. You find yourself unable to breathe and soon fall silent to the ground.

65

A search through the Goblins' canvas bags yields 2 Gold Pieces, some stale cheese and a cracked mirror with a silver frame. You pack away the gold and the mirror and examine the cheese. If you want to eat it, turn to **32**. If you would rather throw it away, you may either continue riding towards the wood (turn to **203**) or ride east up the hill (turn to **280**).

66

The Hamakeian spell is cast and an invisible barrier forms around you. Hundreds of stinging insects fly into the barrier, until a dark dome forms around you. But frustrated by your unexpected defence, Ravaak dispels the insects to use even more powerful sorcery against you. If you are carrying the Defender, turn to **271**. If you are not carrying this item, turn to **209**.

67

At the end of the valley you are forced to ride up into the hills again, but the rest of the day passes without further incident. As night falls, you wonder where to make camp. In the distance, you see the glow of what looks like a fire, but it is now too dark to make out who might be sitting by it. If you wish to ride over to the fire, turn to **183**. If you would rather camp down for the night between some nearby boulders, turn to **399**.

68

After galloping along the edge of the forest for another two kilometres, you catch sight of the wooden hut set back against the trees. You tie your horses to a nearby tree and then walk warily to the open door. But instead of being greeted by your old friend Yaztromo, two robed skeletons appear at the door. They have sparkling red eyes which glow eerily, and you realize that they are under the control of another force. They must be Demonic Servants, recruited by Razaak. The two mindless Servants step quickly forward, ready to meet the sharp edge of your swords with their bare hands. You move away from Symm to give yourself more room to wield your sword against one of the Servants.

DEMONIC SERVANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

Fight the Servant as normal, but if you win two consecutive Attack Rounds, the spell animating its body will be broken and it will collapse into a pile of bones. If you win, turn to 55.

69

The sharp stone flies harmlessly past your head. Before the Rat Man has time to reload its sling, you close in to fight it with your sword, while Borri and Symm take on the other two.

RAT MAN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 22.

70

As you approach the pile of bones, you are assailed by a salvo of bones, frantically thrown by the little man. If you wish to attack him, turn to 134. If you would rather call out and tell him that you mean him no harm, turn to 343.

71

As you spur your horses towards the Dwarfs, they both fire their crossbows. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 126. If you are Unlucky, turn to 378.

72

The vapour-like bodies of the Ice Ghosts close in fast, but you manage to evade them. Symm and Borri also manage to dodge the Ice Ghosts. You watch them disappear down the tunnel, and all becomes quiet again. Watchful for more Ice Ghosts, you press on down the tunnel. Turn to 245.

73

You are soon out of the glade, galloping east. Turn to 150.

74

The Zombie slumps to the floor and does not move. You search quickly through its rags and find nothing of interest apart from five black candles. But around its neck you find a copper identity tag with the number 283 stamped on to it. You remove the tag and hang it around your own neck on its rusted chain. If you still wish to keep walking down this branch of the tunnel, turn to 217. If you would rather turn back, and walk past the T-junction and along the other branch of the tunnel, turn to 199.

75

You do not feel any different with the talisman around your neck, nor do you discover any magical powers. You decide not to waste any more time, and you set off for Yaztromo's tower. Turn to 304.

76

The colour in the old man's cheeks suddenly drains away. He turns and runs away as fast as his legs will carry him. You shout at him to stop, but he ignores your cries. 'Never mind,' says Borri. 'He might just as easily have been one of Razaak's followers. Come on, we must keep going.' Following Symm up the hill, you can't help feeling that it was a mistake not to tell the truth. Turn to 313.

77

By the time your horse reaches the top of the hill, it is panting heavily and is obviously too exhausted to gallop any further. You look around and see many rocks and boulders strewn about. You jump down

quickly from the saddle and begin pushing the rocks and boulders down the hill towards the incoming Goblins. Roll one die and deduct 2 from the number rolled to determine how many Goblins you bowl over. If you knock down one or more Goblins, turn to 213. If you fail to knock any down, turn to 6.

78

Borri gets bored with trying to open the section of wall and decides to sit down on the floor. As he leans his back against the wall, a small square section presses in, and at the same time, the wall section opposite him swings out. Symm shakes his head in amazement and says, 'Trust the lazy Dwarf to sort out our problem. Still, we shouldn't complain about his luck when it's in our favour.' Holding his torch in front of him, Symm peers into the new passageway and says that he cannot see anything because the passage turns left, but he can hear an unnerving noise, like the sound of bones being chewed by some large creature. If you wish to investigate, turn to 269. If you would rather walk back to the junction to try the other passage, turn to 222.

79

Ahead, you hear a rumbling sound, like wheels rolling over the rock floor. A figure slowly comes into view from out of the shadows, pushing a cart loaded with bones. It is an ugly, muscular creature with long arms that end in sharpened claws. It has a drooling mouth, from which long teeth protrude like tusks. On seeing you, the Cave Troll grunts, releases the cart and lumbers towards you with a raised club.

CAVE TROLL SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

The Cave Troll attacks you, but Symm (SKILL 10) and Borri (SKILL 9) can also attack the Troll. Therefore, you have three attacks against the Troll against one in return. If you win, turn to 19.

80

As soon as you touch the lid of the chest, you hear the sound of scurrying feet coming from inside – a scratching sound like that made by a rodent. If you still wish to lift the lid, turn to 25. Alternatively, you can either break the globe, if you have not done so already (turn to 367), or leave the cave (turn to 386).

81

About an hour later, a hooded figure steps out of the fissure dressed in ragged black robes and carrying a black staff. The figure looks from side to side, and you see that its head is skeletal, but has glowing red eyes. 'A Demonic Servant,' you whisper. 'I'll take it with my sword.' Sensing no danger, the Demonic Servant drops to its knees and begins a ritual of bowing and chanting. You seize your chance and

run at it, sword in hand. Totally unafraid, it meets your blow with its bare hands, and you are surprised by its unearthly strength.

DEMONIC SERVANT SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

Fight the Lesser Demon as normal, but if you win two consecutive Attack Rounds, the spell animating its body will be broken and it will collapse into a pile of bones. If you win, turn to 93.

82

The cave is immediately bathed in white light again as soon as you lift the lid of the box. You explore the back of the cave and find a wooden crate. If you wish to break the crate open, turn to 295. If you would rather walk back to your horse, turn to 235.

83

You just manage to hold on to your sword as you fall, and are immediately locked in combat.

APE MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

After three Attack Rounds, turn to 254.

84

You know what you have to do to completely destroy the necromancer. You pull the white horn from your robes and plunge it into Razaak's chest. A soul-chilling scream breaks the silence of the crypt and within seconds nothing more than dust lies on the floor where Razaak had fallen. The mist falls away and you see the great stone sarcophagus in which Razaak lay for over one hundred years. If you wish to look inside the sarcophagus, turn to 390. If you would rather leave the crypt as quickly as possible, turn to 233.

85

You fall down an unseen pit, built by the fur-trapper who used to live in the hut. Roll one die and deduct the number from your STAMINA. Aching and bruised, you climb out of the pit. Turn to 23.

86

Unknown to you, the bone beetle is an Amulet of Ill Fortune. Lose 3 LUCK points. Its previous owner had found it only three days before his death. Finding nothing else of interest, you walk along the other branch of the tunnel. Turn to 315.

87

You explore the back of the cave and find a wooden crate. If you wish to break the crate open, turn to 295. If you would rather walk back to your horse, turn to 235.

88

You totter on the edge of the pit, but just manage to keep your balance. Before the Gargantis has time to attack you again, Symm and Borri distract its attention by loosing arrows at its giant torso. The Gargantis lets out a roar, although the arrows barely pierce its tough hide. But the Gargantis has an instinctive defence mechanism which is triggered by pain. A gland in its neck emits waves of mental energy of intense power. If you are wearing a translucent crystal around your neck on a gold chain, turn to 193. If you are not wearing a crystal, turn to 307.

89

If you wish to tie your horse up to a tree and trudge through the thick undergrowth to find the Demon's lair, turn to 319. If you would rather ride out of the wood as quickly as possible, turn to 168.

90

The tunnel twists and turns, and your torches cast eerie shadows on the rough walls. Suddenly you hear footsteps marching towards you, and you ready yourselves for combat. Six ugly creatures, very much like a blend of Orc and Troll, with large ears and tusk-like teeth, march into view. They have long wild hair, plaited with bones, and their armour is made of large metal plates with protruding spikes and studs. The Doragar are berserk warriors who revel at the opportunity to inflict wounds with their cruel weapons. Choosing two opponents each, you run into battle.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DORAGAR	9	9
Second DORAGAR	9	10

If you win, turn to 144.

91

You quickly light the candle, knowing that you have less than an hour to save yourself from a terrible fate. Frantically, you begin to search in the light of the candle for belladonna, the only plant known that can cure the disease. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 335. If you are Unlucky and fail to find the plant, turn to 317.

92

Although you are not disturbed during the night, an Elvin flies silently into the camp and steals three items from your backpack (deduct three items from your Equipment List). Without being detected, the mischievous little creature flies off with his loot, and you discover the inexplicable theft in the morning. Bemused, you set off towards Stonebridge. Within an hour, you reach a bridge which crosses a clear stream and leads you into Stonebridge. You recognize a couple of the Dwarfs walking along the street and ask them where you might find Borri. 'In the stable at the other end of the village,' comes the reply in unison. You dismount and walk your tired horses through the village, nodding to a few more Dwarfs whom you recognize. You knock on the stable door and are greeted by a smiling Dwarf with chubby red cheeks and a long beard. 'Hello!' he says cheerfully. 'My name is Borri and you must be Yaztromo's friends. I'll take care of your horses while you help yourselves to a hearty breakfast – there's plenty for everybody. Come in and sit down.' You enter the stable and eat until you feel as though you are bursting. Add 2 STAMINA points.

'When you have relaxed for a while, come out to the back and I'll show you something special. Just give me a few minutes to get it ready. Yaztromo told me all about your quest and at last I'll be able to put my invention to the test!' Borri says enthusiastically. Ten minutes later, your curiosity gets the better of you and you walk outside. Turn to 353.

93

You strip the Demon of its robe and put it on, pulling the hood well over your head. 'That's you sorted out, but what about us?' asks Borri. You reply that you think you should go alone, so as to attract less attention. Borri and Symm argue against your idea, but they see your point that, without disguises, they would hinder rather than help. They agree to wait three hours for you and then come after you, if you haven't returned. You shake their hands and walk down the steps into the dark depths of the fissure. The foul air makes you heave, but you carry on regardless. Your eyes gradually become

accustomed to the gloom, and your nose even gets used to the foul stench. When you reach the bottom you see that the vapour is rising from a large stone bowl, containing a thick red liquid, which glows as though it were molten metal. No heat is given off by the sludge, just the nauseating smell. You also see water in a nearby rock pool, and it occurs to you to pour the water on the sludge to stop the vapour rising. If you want to do this, turn to **64**. If you would rather press on to find Razaak's crypt, turn to **182**.

94

After placing the ring on your finger, the hooded cloak of the Bonekeeper rises up from the ground and hovers in front of you. A dagger appears from nowhere, clutched by an invisible hand protruding from the cloak. The cloak moves swiftly and silently towards you, releasing the dagger straight at you. The Spirit Avenger's aim is true and you are struck by the dagger. Roll one die. If you roll 1, turn to **227**. If you roll 2–4, turn to **246**. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to **374**.

95

You ride for several hours, but do not come across the graveyard. To the north you see a small wood on the banks of Red River and to the west you can just see the roof-tops of the village of Mirewater. Will you:

Ride north to the wood?	Turn to 273
Ride west towards Mirewater?	Turn to 63
Ride north-east towards Stonebridge?	Turn to 363

96

Not trusting anybody in this dangerous land, blind or not, you keep your distance from the old man and ask him where he is going. 'To see my old friend the Healer,' he replies in a soft voice. 'He lives in Moonstone Hills. But what brings you here?' If you wish to reply that you intend to slay Razaak, turn to **179**. If you wish to reply that you are a servant of Razaak, turn to **76**.

97

The river is wide, but not very deep, and you have no trouble in crossing it. You ride up the hill, and as you approach the cave you see that a well-worn path runs out from its mouth and down the hill. You climb down from the saddle, tie your horse to a rock and walk up to the entrance. The cave is dark and you cannot see far beyond the entrance. If you wish to enter the cave, turn to 310. If you would rather ride back down the hill and follow the river up the valley, turn to 284.

98

Some objects in Allansia are magical, others are not. It would be a strange world indeed if a tiny rat skull could be used to overcome the giant Gargantis. You throw the skull hopefully at the giant beast, but it merely bounces off its leg and drops with a plop into the slime. Lose 2 LUCK points. There is no time to use another item, as the Gargantis is almost on top of you: you must rely once again on your trusty sword. Turn to 147.

99

Borri releases air from the balloon, and gradually you begin your descent. The trees seem to grow bigger by the second as the balloon drops down. Borri yells a command for you to hold on tight as you are about to land. Roll one die. If you roll 1, turn to 247. If you roll 2 or 3, turn to 293. If you roll 4, 5 or 6, turn to 371.

100

After a long day's ride, your horse is far from fresh. If you stopped to rest and water your horse at the stream, turn to 129. If you did not stop at the stream, turn to 350.

101

If you have a phial of holy water, turn to 41. Otherwise, you must fight the Zombie with your sword (turn to 318).

102

There is a strange iridescence given off by the jewel, but you are unable to trigger off any magical power. You shrug your shoulders in disappointment and ride off towards the lake. Turn to 339.

103

Although you are reluctant to part with your sword, you are convinced that the unseen man is telling the truth. As soon as your sword is out of your hand, the man steps out from behind a tree into the light of the fire. He is tall and dressed in a dark green tunic. He pulls back his hood and extends his hand in welcome. You sit down by the fire and feast yourself on the delicious duck and wild mushrooms. Add 2 STAMINA points. The man tells you that his name is Symm and that he is a hunter and tracker. 'There is nothing I cannot follow and nothing I cannot shoot,' he says in a jovial voice, while wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. 'But what brings you to these barren hills?' You decide to tell Symm about Kazaak and the threat to Allansia. When you have finished, Symm looks at you seriously and says, 'And I nearly put an arrow through you! I must make it up to you somehow. I therefore offer you my services. I am sure you will find my skills of some use. What do you say?' You decide that Symm would be a valuable ally, and you accept his offer. After a good night's sleep you both mount your horses and ride off west. Symm takes the lead, choosing the easiest and most direct way out of the hills. By late afternoon you are almost at the edge of the hills, when Symm notices two figures crouching down behind large rocks up ahead. 'Wild Hill Men,' he calls out to you. 'They think I haven't seen them, and they will jump out at us when we ride by. Do you want to practise your swordplay or shall we ride around them?' If you wish to fight the Hill Men,

turn to **196**. If you would rather ride around them turn to **327**.

104

You carefully lift the lid of the box and find that it contains merely empty bottles of Warthog Stout, the favourite drink of Trolls. There is also a book which is published by the small brewery entitled *The Warthog Book of Troll Records*. Borri grimaces and says, 'Ugh, Warthog Stout. How can anybody drink that ditch water? Trolls are so disgusting, they'll drink anything. And they can't even read, so why this book gets published is a mystery to me. Still I wouldn't mind a quick read to see how stupid Trolls can be.' If you want to rest for a while and let Borri read the book, turn to **266**. If you want to tell him to leave the book and press on along the tunnel, turn to **40**.

105

The Rad-Hulk grabs hold of your arm and prevents you from shutting the box. You have no choice but to fight for your life. Turn to **143**.

106

You fall screaming to your death, and all in Allansia is now lost.

107

You are only winded by the fall. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Luckily, you still have hold of your horse's reins; but you do not have time to jump back into the saddle because three evil-looking creatures suddenly materialize as if by magic to ambush you. Turn to **239**.

108

'Yes, that is correct,' says Ungoth. 'I will now let you enter the crypt. Go through the granite door. You know the combination, of course.' Almost unable to walk due to nervous expectation, you walk over to the granite door. You see a row of nine metal rods, numbered 1 to 9, protruding from the wall. If you know which three to pull, turn to that number. If you do not know which ones to pull, turn to **291**.

109

The man is a skilled bowman. Despite the darkness, he is invariably lethal at such a short range. His arrow flies towards you, but lodges in a low branch that hangs down unseen in the dark. You ride off at full speed before he has time to fire another arrow. When you are satisfied that you are far enough away from the bowman, you camp for the night in the shelter of some boulders. Turn to **399**.

110

You are transfixed by fear, unable to move a muscle. Your eyes are locked wide open with horror as you watch the Hellcat maul your two statue-like friends to death. Then it leaps at you, its fangs dripping with blood, and bites deep into your throat. Razaak's pet has sealed the fate of Allansia.

111

The helmet fits tightly on your head and is quite uncomfortable. You decide to take it off, but find that it is impossible to remove it. Lose 1 LUCK point. You have the misfortune to be wearing a Helmet of Ageing, and you immediately age thirty years. Your body feels tired and more feeble than before: deduct 5 STAMINA points and 2 SKILL points. With this new problem to preoccupy you, you consider your options. If you have not done so already, you may either examine the rod (turn to 360) or open the backpack (turn to 175). If you would rather return to your horse, turn to 221.

112

Symm searches for five minutes without success. Suddenly, you hear the sound of the howling wind start up again, and look behind you to see the three Ice Ghosts flying back down the tunnel. Their mouths are open to let out their horrific screams. There is nowhere to hide, and you ready yourself to dodge them as they close in on you. Roll two dice three times. If any of the totals is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 383. If all the totals are the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 323.

113

Unable to sleep properly again, you spend the rest of the night thinking about the task ahead. As soon as it is light enough to see, you mount your horse and set off. You climb the highest hill in order to get a better view. Looking north-east, you can hardly believe your eyes. A lake, no more than a two-hour ride away, lies in a valley. With your spirits revived, you spur your horse towards it. Turn to 178.

114

You are only some twenty metres above the ground when the whirlwind hits. Its incredible power tosses the balloon up and over, ripping it apart as though it were a wet paper bag. You are carried some five hundred metres by the swirling spiral before being thrown out and falling to your death.

115

As soon as you unbolt the door, it is pushed open by three disgusting creatures. Resembling giant flying slugs with no eyes, but with large gaping mouths and spiked teeth, the Lava Demons circle around you. Suddenly they stop and hover above your head. They have no wings, and you wonder what keeps them in the air. Then you remember that Lava Demons metamorphose into Fire Imps just as caterpillars become butterflies. As the first Lava Imp swoops in to attack you, you suddenly laugh at yourself for thinking of butterflies at such an inappropriate moment.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LAVA DEMON	6	4
Second LAVA DEMON	5	4
Third LAVA DEMON	6	4

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to **309**.

116

A search through the canvas bags belonging to the Goblins yields 2 Gold Pieces, some stale cheese and a cracked mirror in a silver frame. You pack away the gold and the mirror and examine the cheese. If you want to eat it, turn to **140**. If you would rather throw it away and ride east, turn to **292**.

117

Holding your torch in one hand and the rope with the other, you are slowly lowered down the side of the pit by Borri and Symm. The noise of the bones being gnawed suddenly stops and is replaced by a squelching sound as though some huge beast is moving slowly through sticky sludge. But before you reach the bottom, a huge, green, clawed hand reaches up and grabs you, and lifts you towards a gaping maw ringed by rows of long, spiked teeth. You are easily bitten in two by the creature you had come to slay.

118

You draw your sword, urge your horse into a gallop and charge at the Hill Giant. Before you can reach him, he picks up a large rock and hurls it at you with all his might. Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 374. If you roll 3–6, turn to 173.

119

'Stupid Trolls. But we need them in the short term, although Razaak will no doubt dispense with them when he has conquered Allansia. They are merely servants to tend the Gargantis which Razaak has reared and will use to spearhead his army against the forces of Allansia.' You think of the white horn

hidden in your robes, and gulp and look away, hoping the Skeleton Lord does not detect your guilt. 'Anyway,' continues Ungoth, 'what I would like you to tell me is this: What number does Razaak tattoo on the arms of his Zombie tunnellers?' If you know the answer, turn to the relevant number. If you do not know the answer, turn to 291.

120

The Orc lands on top of you and knocks you out of the saddle. You roll over on the ground, grappling with the Orc, who is clawing and biting frantically to get himself into a position to stab you with his knife. The smell of its rancid clothing fills your nostrils and makes you heave. The other two Orcs watch on, urging their comrade to kill you, but are ready to help if needed.

ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

You are unable to use your sword, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 during each Attack Round. If you win, turn to 8.

121

The lightning hits a nearby tree, splitting the trunk in two. Smoke rises from the charred wood and you think yourself lucky to have escaped injury. Turn to 300.

122

If you cannot recollect what creature is still trapped by the rod, then you will be unable to activate it against the Gargantis. Once again, you must rely on your sword. Turn to 147.

123

You point the Moon Ring at the Werewolf and recite the words that the Bonekeeper told you. The Werewolf howls in terror, turns and disappears into the night to find another victim. Turn to 36.

124

You tentatively dab some blood on to yourself, and wait to see if you feel any ill effects. Roll one die. If you roll 1, turn to 163. If you roll 2, turn to 272. If you roll 3–6, turn to 361.

125

The figure steps slowly towards you, and you set eyes on the hideous face of Razaak. A twisted smile spreads up one side of his deformed face when he notices the Horned Demon hanging from your neck. 'I am pleased you are wearing a Talisman of Chaotic Evil. You are indeed a true servant,' he says in a sneering, guttural voice. 'Kneel!' You find yourself unable to disobey his command and you drop to your knees. You cannot raise your arms to take off the talisman. You can only watch as Razaak steps forward, places his skeletal hand on your face, and drains the life from your body. You are now a Zombie in his service and all is lost.

126

The crossbow bolt flies harmlessly by your head, and Symm too escapes injury. You choose your opponent and ride in to attack.

DWARF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 250.

127

When you get closer to the trees, you see who is calling for help. A young woman is hanging upside down, her right leg caught in a rope noose tied to a high branch of a tree. Her hands are tied behind her back, making it impossible for her to free herself. She pleads with you to cut her down and says that she can heal your wounds as a reward. If you wish to cut her down, turn to 258. If you prefer to leave her and resume your journey, turn to 382.

128

If you have both halves of the rod, you will know what type of rod it is and how to activate it. Do you believe it is:

A Rod of Thunder?	Turn to 387
A Rod of Transmutation?	Turn to 206
A Rod of Paralysis?	Turn to 38

129

You reach the wood well ahead of the Goblins and gallop between tall, gnarled trees into thick undergrowth. It is dark and eerie in the wood; what little light there is outside is virtually shut out by the crowded tree-tops. You pull on the reins and bring your horse to a halt, waiting to see if the Goblins follow you into the wood. You hear them shouting to one another at the edge of the wood, and you detect some fear in their voices. Suddenly you hear them gallop away and you wonder why they didn't enter the wood. Keeping a constant watch all around you, you urge your horse to walk on, feeling all the time that you are being watched. Turn to 365.

130

After hauling yourself out of the lair, you discover that you have found a bronze face-mask. If you wish to wear the mask, turn to 385. If you would rather leave it behind and walk through the narrow tunnel opposite, turn to 297.

131

You are in possession of a magical shield which dates back some two hundred years. It has the unusual ability to defend its carrier from magically cast lightning bolts. It does, of course, defend against sharpened blades too. Named the Defender by its maker, it is certainly one of the finest shields in all Allansia. Add 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point. You sling it over your shoulder and ride off towards the lake. Turn to 29.

132

The whirlwind passes by some hundred metres to your right, and you remain unharmed in your shelter. When the wind dies down, you sit up and breathe a sigh of relief. Borri immediately sets about inspecting the balloon for damage and says that it will take him about two hours to repair it. You decide to go off with Synim to try to find horses or a pack animal to carry the balloon. After half an hour, you see a caravan of horse-drawn wagons heading north-west across the plain. You wave to a nearby horseman and soon he rides up to you, accompanied by two others. They ask you what you want, and you reply that you need a pack animal. They tell you that they have no spare horses or mules, but you can ride on the wagons for 3 Gold Pieces per person. If you can and wish to spend 9 Gold Pieces to ride north-west with the caravan, turn to 277. If you would rather refuse their offer and continue your search for horses, turn to 325.

133

The dextrous Rat Man is skilled in the use of the sling, and the sharp stone strikes you painfully on the forehead. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Before the Rat Man has time to reload its sling, you close in to fight it with your sword, while Borri and Symm take on the other two.

RAT MAN SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **22**.

134

You jump down from your horse, sword in hand, and attack the nimble man, who is armed with two long thigh bones.

BONEKEEPER SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

The Valley of Bones curses those who would harm its keeper. If you win, turn to **287**, but lose 3 LUCK points.

135

After leaving Darkwood Forest behind, you pass over the western edge of Moonstone Hills where two days previously you had made your dangerous trek. The Forest of Spiders soon appears, looking much the same as Darkwood Forest, and you know that similar unseen dangers are lurking below.

Once past the forest, the balloon carries you steadily south-east, until you drift over the southern edge of Moonstone Hills to reach the Flatlands. 'Any idea where to land?' asks Borri, speaking through clenched teeth that grip his old pipe. You scan the ground below, looking for any sign of a cave or tunnel entrance. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **59**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **260**.

136

The chair houses more iron bars, but these are hidden in the back of the chair and are pointed at one end. The hissing voice utters the words 'Death to intruders', and the spiked bars are rammed into your back. Allansia is doomed.

137

As you ride along, you gaze up at the sombre sky, scanning it for winged killers that might swoop down to attack. There are no flying creatures to be seen, but an unnerving silence sends a shiver down your spine. You look around for signs of Orcs, but see nothing. Suddenly, your horse whinnies and rears up on to its hind legs. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **39**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **298**.

138

You are almost back at the entrance to the tunnels when you hear footsteps coming towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **274**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **359**.

139

As soon as you enter the clearing, something sinister starts to happen. The earth around the tombstones shifts and suddenly a skeletal arm thrusts up into the air. A skull appears and then another, until you see six Skeletons climb out of their graves. Each is armed with a rusted sword. Animated by your cursed ring, three Skeletons step jerkily towards you and the other three walk towards Symm.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	6	5
Second SKELETON	6	6
Third SKELETON	5	6

If you win, turn to **290**.

140

The cheese is dry and hard, but still nourishing. Add 2 STAMINA points. After you have finished eating, you slap your horse on the neck and ride east. Turn to **292**.

141

If you have any polished stones, turn to **172**. If you do not have any stones, turn to **357**.

142

The day passes and it is twilight when Stonebridge comes into view. If you wish to camp outside Stonebridge, turn to **92**. If you would rather give up your search for the graveyard and ride into Stonebridge, turn to **316**.

143

The mindless Rad-Hulks shuffle towards you and do not flinch from the blow of your sword. They are charged by the light and are powerful opponents.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAD-HULK	10	5
Second RAD-HULK	10	6

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to **87**.

144

Borri and Symm also manage to defeat their opponents, although both suffer flesh wounds. While they bandage their wounds, you search the bodies and find a leather bag on the belt of their leader. Inside you find a bronze key and some brown powder in a small round tin. You pocket the key and hand the powder to Symm to see if he knows what it is. 'Snuff,' he says scornfully. 'Horrible stuff.' He empties the tin on to the ground and you decide what to do next. If you wish to continue along the tunnel, turn to **398**. If you would rather walk back to the junction and try the other passage, turn to **222**.

145

Alas, you have chosen to put on an Agran death-mask. Made by the High Priests of Agra in southern Allansia, these terrible masks were given to unfortunate sacrificial victims at harvest time. Although the wearer appears perfectly normal, he will lie down and plunge a dagger into his own heart. The High Priests dominated their people and led them to believe that the sacrificial victims killed themselves willingly. While Borri and Symm are closing the trapdoor, you lie down on the floor and thrust Razaak's sword into your chest. In seconds, your flesh turns to dust, and Borri and Symm flee from the chamber, not knowing what to do. Allansia is lost.

146

You climb steadily up into the hills, following the winding river. After an hour or so, the ground becomes very marshy and your horse has to struggle to keep moving forward. It appears that this part of the river often breaks its banks and floods the valley. If you wish to keep heading north, turn to **249**. If you would rather cross the river and ride east into the hills, turn to **53**.

147

You slide over the edge of the pit and sink up to your knees in stinking slime. The fearsome Gargantis is massive, and you stand no taller than its hips. Its strength is formidable and its hide appears as tough as chainmail.

GARGANTIS SKILL 12 STAMINA 24

If you somehow manage to defeat this giant beast, turn to **220**.

148

At long last you reach the final ridge and gaze out across the Windward Plain. You ride on until nightfall and spend a peaceful night in an abandoned hut on the northern bank of Silver River. Not long after dawn, you are back in the saddle and riding towards Yaztromo's tower. You reach your destination by noon and call out excitedly to your old friend as the tower comes into view. But nobody returns your call and the smile drops quickly from your face. You tie your horse to a bush and walk along the path to Yaztromo's door. You notice that his herb garden is brown and withered and ugly bushes with long black thorns have quickly grown up, smothering the plants and herbs. Such a remarkable change in a few days puzzles you. You ring the brass bell but there is no reply. Suddenly, a large crow flies down from a window in the tower and drops a piece of paper to the ground. You pick it up and read a message from Yaztromo:

Dear Friend,

Sorry I am not here to meet you. Am still busy with preparations.

Please ride east where you will find me at a wooden hut at the edge of Darkwood Forest.

Yaztromo.

You tell Symm about the note and then you both hurry back to your horses. As you ride east, you wonder if Yaztromo is in danger. After riding along the edge of the forest for less than a mile, a voice calls out from the trees, saying, 'If you are looking for Yaztromo, I know where to find him.' If you wish to stop to investigate, turn to **237**. If you would rather ride on, turn to **68**.

149

You are mesmerized by the beauty of the sparkling diamonds, but picking one up is the last thing that you will ever do. Your body immediately crystallizes and you sparkle as if you were a diamond yourself. You have saved Allansia from eternal doom, but have paid for your greed with your life.

150

The rest of the day soon passes and you find a suitable place to camp for the night, making sure that your horse is securely tethered to a nearby tree. You settle down to sleep, but are woken in the middle of the night by the sound of buzzing wings.

You awaken to the sight of a full moon, but your attention is immediately drawn to two luminous objects hovering above your head. Up in these hills, there is only one thing they can be – Giant Fire Beetles. These strange beetles attack humans indiscriminately, inflicting serious wounds with their strong mandibles. Within seconds you are on your feet to defend yourself. Fight the beetles one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT FIRE BEETLE	5	4
Second GIANT FIRE BEETLE	5	4

If you win, turn to **113**.

151

You pass a battered iron helmet attached to the wall, with a candle burning on top of it. All the other candle holders are skulls, and you wonder why the helmet is the odd one out. If you wish to try on the helmet, turn to **197**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **281**.

152

The object in the sky is a gigantic winged creature with a long neck and tail. Its scales are red, and the creature measures nearly twenty-five metres in length. Some dragons are neutral, others are unfriendly, but an adult Red Dragon is always hostile and worse still, it can shoot fireballs from its mouth. 'Borri, get this contraption on the ground as quickly as you can, or we are all done for,' warns Symm. But it is too late – the Red Dragon swoops down and shoots a fireball straight at the balloon. The balloon ignites in a ball of flame and plunges towards the ground. If you know how to call on the Suma to help you, turn to his number. If you do not know what to do, turn to **206**.

153

As you urge your horse up the side of the hill, the Giant picks up a rock and tries a long shot at you. Roll one die. If you roll 1, turn to **374**. If you roll 2–6, turn to **330**.

154

Despite the extra weight, you manage to hold on to the rope and kick the Hobgoblin off your leg. It falls to the ground with a loud cry as you haul yourself up the rope and scramble into the basket. Turn to **226**.

155

A search through the Goblins' canvas bags yields 2 Gold Pieces, some stale cheese and a cracked mirror in a silver frame. You pack away the gold and the mirror and examine the cheese. If you want to eat it, turn to **46**. If you would rather throw it away, do so and then you may either continue riding east (turn to **280**), or ride back down the hill and head north towards the small wood you can see in the valley (turn to **203**).

156

The only light in the cold tunnel comes from black candles set ten metres apart. Some of them have burned out and others are burning very low. If you wish to wait to see if anybody comes along to replace the candles, turn to **191**. If you would rather keep walking, turn to **217**.

157

Yaztromo gives you some nourishing food (add 2 STAMINA points) and then refills your glass phial with his Healing Potion, enough for five tots. Holding on to the reins of your horse, Yaztromo says, 'If

you manage to find the haunted graveyard, so much the better, but don't waste too much time searching. After that, ride to the Dwarf village of Stonebridge and ask for Borri. He will be able to save you a great deal of time!' He lets go of the reins and you kick your horse into a gallop, riding west along the edge of Darkwood Forest. In less than an hour it is too dark to ride any further, and you find a suitable place to sleep. After building a large fire, you take it in turns to stand guard throughout the night. You take the first watch and not long before midnight you hear, coming from the trees, the groaning cry of somebody in considerable pain. You wake Symm and decide what to do. If you decide to investigate, turn to **244**. If you decide to ignore the cries, turn to **345**.

158

The stone that Symm selects holds the curative powers needed to combat the touch of an Ice Ghost. Your body warms up and you regain consciousness, only slightly the worse for your ordeal. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Symm tells you what happened, saying that the Ice Ghosts disappeared again, having failed to touch either himself or Borri. The tunnel is quiet once more and you decide to abandon the search for a secret passage and walk boldly between the stone statues. Turn to **56**.

159

The terrain between the hill and the river soon becomes very difficult for your horse to cross, with boulders, fallen trees and tangled undergrowth forcing a slow walk. On the other side of the river the ground is much better, so you steer your horse across the river to make faster progress. Turn to 284.

160

You drift slowly across the flat plain, but do not see any sign of a tunnel entrance. Becoming more and more despondent, you ask Borri to land before you drift too far south-east. He carries out your instruction and releases air from the balloon. You drop gently down until Borri tells you to hold on tight as you are about to land. The basket hits the ground with a thump, but nobody is injured. Nobody talks while the balloon is folded up. 'We are going to need the balloon later,' says Borri, 'but how are we going to carry it?' 'Don't worry,' replies Symm. 'I saw a herd of oxen about a mile back. I'll go and get one while you make a rough sled and pack the balloon on to it. I shouldn't be longer than an hour.' You cut down a small tree and make the sled, and are just

finishing when Symm returns with an ox. The docile animal pulls the sled with ease, but you must decide which way to walk. 'Well, these infernal tunnels must be either north or south of here,' Symm argues logically. If you wish to walk north, turn to 30. If you wish to walk south, turn to 229.

161

The rat was a plague carrier, and quite quickly you begin to feel weak and sickly. Lose 6 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If you still wish to look inside the chest, turn to 211. If you would rather leave the cave, turn to 386.

162

After an hour of trekking through the blackened hills, you reach your goal at last. Lying at the bottom of a valley like a giant open wound, the fissure throws out its putrid vapour into the air. You step warily to the jagged edge of the fissure and look down inside the gaping maw. Steps run down one side into a black void, but there is little else to see. You step back from the edge to work out a plan. If you wish to wait for a servant of Razaak to appear, turn to 81. If you would rather go down the steps straight away, turn to 381.

163

One of your arms slowly begins to become numb, until you are unable to feel it or move it at all. It hangs uselessly at your side. Lose 2 SKILL points. You will never again be able to use a shield or fire a bow and arrow, should you get the opportunity. You curse and consider that camouflage is a small consolation. You turn your horse towards the east and ride off. Turn to **180**.

164

You shake your head in amazement. Yaztromo then walks over to you and puts his arm around your shoulder, saying, 'Friend, you have done more for Allansia than can ever have been expected of you. But alas, it is not enough!' His hand suddenly grabs your face and as the life drains from your body, Razaak dispels the illusion to reveal his hideous true self. But you are now a Zombie in his service, and all is lost.

165

Consumed by dark thoughts, you do not notice that you are being followed, and only the sound of galloping hoofs brings you back to reality. You look behind you and see an armoured Centaur closing on you. Your horse is too tired to out-gallop the Centaur, so you turn to face your adversary, who is armed with a long spear.

CENTAUR	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

Part-man and part-horse, the Centaur revels in battle and is a tough opponent. If you win, turn to **189**.

166

Symm sees the creature just in time and pushes you out of the way. The Iron-Eater falls harmlessly to the floor and you are able to walk on along the tunnel. Turn to **151**.

167

You soon see that it is a little old man dressed in yellow robes. He is completely bald and appears to be blind, although he makes his way towards the cave quite nimbly, tapping the ground in front of him with a crooked stick. When he gets close, you see that his robes are covered with strange symbols. He suddenly stops walking and stands upright, but says nothing. If you wish to talk to him, turn to **96**. If you would rather walk on up the hill, turn to **313**.

168

Ever watchful for hidden attackers, you ride slowly through the wood. You soon come to the edge of a small clearing where the ground is covered with globe-like fungi which are deep purple in colour. If you wish to ride through the fungi, turn to **337**. If you would rather ride around the edge of the clearing, turn to **302**.

169

After hauling yourself out of the lair, you walk through the narrow tunnel. Turn to **297**.

170

The lightning hits you with incredible force and the pain of the electric shock is agony all over your body. Roll one die, add 3 to the number rolled and deduct it from your STAMINA. Also reduce your SKILL by 1 point. If you are still alive, turn to **300**.

171

After a long day's ride, your horse is far from fresh. If you stopped to rest and water your horse at the stream, turn to 77. If you did not stop at the stream, turn to **190**.

172

While you sink into unconsciousness, Symm remembers the stones that you found. He knows that certain stones in Allansia can draw the cold from a body and have been used when others have fallen to the touch of an Ice Ghost. He examines them and finds one that looks possible. He places it on your forehead, sits back and waits. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **158**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **285**.

173

The large rock flies past your head and lands with a dull thud behind you. The Hill Giant bellows in anger and reaches for his wooden club to swipe you off your horse.

HILL GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **282**.

174

Holding your nostrils, you jump into the water and sink below the surface. Your feet do not touch the bottom and you kick to reach the surface again. But something wraps itself around your leg and drags you under again. A hideous tentacled monster created by Razaak himself for his amusement, has you in its grip. Long, suckered tentacles wrap around your body, and you are unable to use your sword to cut yourself free. You struggle in vain before drowning in the dark pool.

175

The backpack contains 4 Gold Pieces, a candle and a rolled-up parchment scroll. You place the gold and the candle in your backpack and look down inside the tubular scroll. You see that there is writing on it. If you wish to open the scroll and read the writing, turn to **268**. If you would rather leave the scroll where it is, you may, if you have not done so already, either examine the rod (turn to **360**) or try on the helmet (turn to **111**). If you would rather return to your horse, turn to **221**.

176

You follow your own trail back north, and by mid-afternoon are back where you started. Borri makes a joke about it, but neither Symm nor yourself feel inclined to laugh. Without stopping for a rest, you press on north. Turn to **30**.

177

You are forced to walk in single file down the tunnel, and have gone about twenty metres when you unknowingly spring a trap. Only Razaak and his servants know that only one person at a time can walk down this section of tunnel. A hidden balance in the floor measures the weight on it and causes the middle section to fall away if the maximum weight is exceeded. The three of you plunge fifteen metres down a black pit, landing on iron spikes at the bottom. Allansia is doomed.

178

Despite the dark sky, you notice a shadow travel swiftly across your path. You look up and see a winged creature, with an eagle-like head and the body of a lion, swooping down to attack you. The creature has a bridle around its head which is held by the rider, a wild-looking girl wearing animal skins. The Barbarian girl has a Griffin as her steed, an aggressive but loyal creature.

GRIFFIN	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 230.

179

The old man smiles and nods his head with satisfaction. 'This is indeed a monumental task that you have set yourselves. And I would like to help you if I can. I used to have great skills as a reader of symbols and languages, but the cursed Lord Azzur had my eyes put out in his dungeons under Port Blacksand.

The wizard Nicodemus managed to secure my release, but now, of course, my skills are greatly diminished. But if you have anything written that you cannot understand but can read out to me, then I'll gladly help you.' If you have a piece of parchment with strange writing on it, turn to 336. If you do not possess a piece of parchment, turn to 195.

180

At the bottom of the next hill, you see that the ground is littered with the large bones of unknown creatures. Some are piled high, while others are scattered over a wide area. Suddenly, you notice a small black-cloaked and hooded figure scurry from behind one pile of bones to another. 'Go away! Go away!' he shouts in a voice full of fear. If you wish to approach him, turn to 70. If you would rather ride around the Valley of Bones, turn to 369.

181

You walk around the bottom of the fissure and find a crack in the wall just wide enough to squeeze through. You also find a lever protruding from the wall at the other end of the fissure. If you wish to squeeze through the crack, turn to 396. If you wish to pull down on the lever, turn to 321.

182

Although you do not feel the effect that the bracelet has on you, it actually magically distorts your perception of vision. Objects appear nearer than they really are. Your fighting ability is naturally impaired by wearing the bracelet. Lose 2 SKILL points and 1 LUCK point. Unaware of your disadvantage, you decide where to ride next. If you wish to search for the Giant's cave, turn to 241. If you would prefer to ride west along the valley, turn to 67.

183

As you approach the fire, you hear a man's voice say, 'Halt, or I shall loose an arrow at you.' It is so dark now that you cannot see anybody. You decide to err on the side of caution, and you pull your horse to a halt. The man then calls out again: 'Wise decision, stranger. Now, tell me, are you a Lawful character or a servant of Chaos?' Will you reply 'Lawful' (turn to 308) or 'Chaotic' (turn to 270)?

184

The huge granite door slowly slides open and you are hit by a gust of cold mist. You see the outline of a figure shrouded in the mist and walk forward to meet it. If you are wearing a bronze talisman around your neck in the shape of a Horned Demon, turn to **125**. If you are not wearing a talisman, turn to 276.

185

You wend your way slowly north and two hours later notice a cave halfway up the hill on the other side of the valley. If you wish to cross the river to look at the cave, turn to 97. If you would rather continue following the river, turn to **159**.

186

After filling his helmet with water, Borri walks over to the stone bowl and pours the water on to the sludge. The rising vapour quickly thickens and fills the bottom of the fissure with a cloud of poisonous gas, caused by a chemical reaction. You start to cough uncontrollably, and your eyes stream with tears. You find yourself unable to breathe and, one by one, the three of you fall dead to the floor.

187

You ride slowly up to the Giant, ready to draw your sword in case he should suddenly pick up a rock to throw at you. When you feel you are close enough, you drop the Gold Pieces on the ground and urge your horse into a gallop. The Giant ignores you as you gallop past him, being much more concerned with picking up the gold. When you consider yourself out of range of the Giant's missiles, you slow your horse down to a walk. Turn to 67.

188

The box is the home of the Troll's pet spider – a deadly tarantula. As you open the box, the spider escapes and runs up your arm. You try to knock it off your arm with the box. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 224. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 305.

189

You take the bronze key out of your pocket, place it in the lock and turn it. You try the handle and find that the door opens despite being locked. Still puzzled, you walk through the door and find yourself in a cold chamber which is adorned with statues of Demons and evil gods. At the far end of the chamber, a Skeleton is sitting motionless on an ornate throne. It is wrapped in a purple and gold gown, and wears a jewelled crown on its skull. Behind the throne is a huge granite door. Suddenly, the jaw of the Skeleton moves and in a deep voice it says, 'I am Ungoth, Skeleton Lord, master of knowledge, guardian of the crypt of the necromancer, Razaak. What business have you here, worm being?' You panic as you try to think of a reply. If you wish to answer that you have been in Port Blacksand to buy weapons and persuade Lord Azzur to join Razaak in conquering Allansia, turn to 364. If you would rather attack the Skeleton Lord with your sword, turn to 223.

190

Too exhausted to gallop more than halfway up the hill, your horse slows down to a canter. It is panting heavily and in danger of collapsing. Lose 1 LUCK point. You look behind and see that the Goblins are fast gaining on you. You have no option but to turn and fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	6
Third GOBLIN	6	5
Fourth GOBLIN	6	6

Fight them one at a time on the slope of the hill. If you win, turn to **155**.

191

After waiting ten minutes, you hear the dull clanking sound of chains being pulled along the stone floor. Soon you see the outline of a figure approaching from the T-junction; when it passes the light of a candle, you see that its clothes are hanging in rags and its pallid skin is scarred and peeling. Its feet are chained together and it seems to labour with the effort of walking. You realize that the figure is a Zombie, no doubt in the service of Razaak. It stops ten metres in front of you to put a new candle in an empty holder. If you wish to attack the Zombie, turn to **101**. If you wish to creep away and continue down the tunnel, turn to **217**.

192

Unable to grip the armour, the rat falls off your leg and you kill it quickly with your sword. You walk over to the chest and look inside. Turn to **211**.

193

Your Crystal of Sanity wards off the mental attack, and protects the three of you from a terrible fit of madness. Realizing that the Gargantis is an incredibly powerful beast, you decide to think again about how best to defeat it. If you still wish to step into the pit and attack it with your sword, turn to **147**. If you wish to use something else, turn to **375**.

194

You soon reach some tree-covered hills. You decide not to take the risk of being ambushed, and you turn your horse right to head east once again. Turn to **252**.

195

The old man shrugs his shoulders and says, 'Well, I'm afraid I can be of no help to you then. Goodbye and good luck.' You watch him for a moment as he continues his nimble walk up into the hills, and think it strange that he does not appear frightened of walking through the dangerous land alone. You turn, smile, and follow Symm. Turn to **313**.

196

Pretending not to have seen the Hill Men, you ride casually towards the large rocks. When you are less than twenty metres away, they suddenly leap up and fire two arrows from their crude bows. However, you were prepared for the ambush and duck down to let the arrows fly overhead. You draw your swords and charge at the Hill Men, who angrily run

at you with their stone clubs. You steer your horse towards the nearer of the two who is dressed in animal furs.

WILD HILL MAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **200**.

197

As soon as you place the helmet on your head, it seems to mould itself to your skull and grips it tightly. Try as you might, you are unable to take it off. You are unfortunate enough to be wearing a Helmet of Cowardice. From now on, each time you face a creature in combat, roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, you will summon up enough courage to fight. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you will offer no resistance to the creature, and death will quickly follow. Lose 2 LUCK points. Regretting your foolish decision, you walk on along the tunnel. Turn to **281**.

198

In a bored tone, you reply that you have no idea how much a war-hammer costs. 'Thirty-five Gold Pieces, I tell you!' Borri says excitedly. 'It's ridiculous. For that you can buy a good pair of leather boots, a sword and a shield, and still have change left for a hot meal and a flagon of ale in a tavern. When I get home, I'm going to become a blacksmith and specialize in weapons.' Borri rambles on for the next two hours, telling Dwarf legends and tales of his life. But suddenly, Symm points west and

shouts, 'Look! A speck in the sky and it's moving towards us!' When you focus your eyes on the object in the sky, your heart sinks. Turn to **152**.

199

The cold tunnel is illuminated by black candles set ten metres apart. You walk on until you come to a huge stone chair carved in the shape of a goat-headed Demon. If you wish to sit in the chair, turn to **26**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **248**.

200

You look round and see that Symm has also dispatched his assailant. He collects eight arrows from the Hill Men's quivers before you continue your ride west. Turn to **148**.

201

The whirlwind passes directly overhead, picking you up and carrying you along with a mass of swirling debris. You are carried some five hundred metres before being dropped, already dead from a severe blow to the side of the head from a rock in the core of the whirlwind.

202

The object lying against the wall is a corpse, and large rats are climbing all over it. The corpse is clad in leather armour, but two arrows stick ominously out of its back. A leather pouch and a cloth sack are empty, and there are no weapons to be found. However, Symm notices that the left hand of the body is clenched shut, and after prising it open, he finds a bone amulet in the shape of a beetle. He hands it to you, saying that he would rather trust in his sword than a trinket to protect him. If you wish to keep the amulet, turn to 86. If you would rather leave it with its former owner and walk along the other branch of the tunnel, turn to 315.

203

You trot between tall, gnarled trees into thick undergrowth. It is dark and eerie in the wood, with what little light there is outside virtually shut out by the crowded tree-tops. You pull your horse to a halt, and have a strong feeling that you are being watched. Keeping a constant watch all around you, you urge your horse to walk on. Turn to 365.

204

You flick the spider off your arms and crush it underfoot. 'Trolls,' says Borri shaking his head. 'Only Trolls are stupid enough to have poisonous spiders as pets. I suppose he keeps a rattlesnake in the cart!' If you wish to tip up the cart, turn to 366. If you would rather walk on, leaving the cart behind, turn to 40.

205

You force the box open by breaking the hinges with your sword. There is nothing inside except for a small clay doll. If you wish to take the doll, turn to 299. If you would rather ride on without it, turn to 339.

206

You are obviously unworthy of owning magic items, if you do not know what they are. Since you're unable to activate the magic rod, you must rely once again on your sword. Turn to 147.

207

As you approach the sack, you suddenly hear a wailing scream. Swinging down on a vine attached to a nearby tree is a huge hair-covered humanoid wearing little more than an animal-hide loincloth and carrying a large bone club. The Ape Man crashes into you and knocks you off your horse. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 83. If you are Unlucky, turn to 219.

208

You hand the Bonekeeper the knife. He examines it carefully, grunts in satisfaction and unties a leather pouch which is hanging around his neck. He hands you a ring made of highly polished bone which has a full moon carved into its surface. 'Protect you from Werewolves, that will,' he says very proudly. 'Just point it at the Werewolf and say "One, two, three; turn and flee." That's all.' You thank the Bonekeeper for the ring, bid him farewell and ride out of the Valley of Bones. Turn to 369.

209

An instant before your death, you see a blinding white light as a jagged bolt of lightning flies from Razaak's fingertips, through your magic barrier and into your chest. Nobody in the world could have survived such a blast of energy.

210

After Darkwood Forest is left behind, you pass over the western edge of Moonstone Hills where two days previously you had made your dangerous trek. The Forest of Spiders looms on the horizon and looks much the same as Darkwood Forest as you drift above the tree-tops. You soon leave the forest behind and, after crossing the southern edge of Moonstone Hills, begin your journey over the Flatlands. The hours pass by, and you are lulled into a false sense of security by the peaceful flight. As you look south-east towards the Plain of Bronze, however, the clouds seem darker than ever. The wind suddenly begins to gust and in minutes a gale is blowing. 'If it doesn't subside soon, we'll have to land,' yells Borri. Suddenly, you see a grey, swirling column on the horizon which is moving quickly towards you. 'It's a whirlwind!' shouts Borri. 'I'm going to land before it hits us. It can't be more than three minutes away.' Roll one die to determine how many minutes it takes you to land. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to **43**. If you roll 3–6, turn to **114**.

211

The chest contains two well-gnawed skulls and a small metal box. You take the lid off the box and find an old piece of faded parchment with something written on it in a language you do not understand. At the bottom of the parchment you see the number 66. You soon tire of trying to read the parchment

and decide what to do next. You may either break the globe, if you have not done so already (turn to **367**), or leave the cave (turn to **386**).

212

Symm and Borri are both unscathed, apart from a gash in Borri's arm. But the adventurer is close to death, with a flint dagger protruding from his stomach. 'Is one of you the wielder of Razaak's sword?' he asks weakly. You reply that you are carrying the sword. 'Then my mission will be completed. I have a message for you from Yaztromo. If you slay Razaak, escape from the crypt immediately, or else you will perish.' The brave adventurer does not say another word and dies before you can even thank him. The knowledge that Yaztromo is still helping you, even from afar, fills you with determination, and you set off boldly once again. Turn to **162**.

213

Your onslaught has the desired effect. The cowardly Goblins, no longer at an advantage, turn and flee after remounting their horses. Soon all is quiet again and you are able to continue your quest. If you wish to keep riding east, turn to **280**. If you would rather ride back down the hill and head north towards the small wood you can see in the valley, turn to **203**.

214

You follow the winding tunnel, with the hammering sound growing louder in your ears. Soon you see moving figures, although nobody seems to notice your presence. Two thin men with pallid skin are digging at the face of the tunnel with pickaxes, and another is loading rocks into a wheelbarrow. You walk forward and notice that the tunnellers have bulging eyes which are wide open and vacant. 'The Doragar must be the slave-masters who supervise these Zombies' work on the tunnels,' says Symm. 'But for whom? The Gargantis? Anyway, we have obviously reached the end of this tunnel, so we might as well turn round and walk back to the junction.' If you wish to do as Symm suggests, turn to 338. If you would rather walk up to the Zombies, turn to 256.

215

You have not ridden far into the wood when you come to a clearing. Much to your excitement, you see that it is a long-abandoned graveyard. Weeds and grasses grow tall, almost concealing the broken and moss-covered gravestones. You draw your swords and walk towards the nearest gravestone. If you are wearing a bone ring with a skull etched into it, turn to 139. If you are not wearing this ring, turn to 333.

216

You emerge from the trees and head further east into the never-ending hills. Turn to **252**.

217

The tunnel ends at the edge of a pit which is filled with foul-smelling black water. There does not appear to be any way of progressing further. If you wish to turn back and walk past the T-junction and along the other branch of the tunnel, turn to 199. If you wish to risk jumping into the water-filled pit, turn to 174.

218

The back of your head lands against a sharp rock and you are knocked unconscious. You are bound and robbed and left for the vultures by the unseen Chameleonites that your horse sensed were about to ambush you. Unknowingly, they have condemned Allansia to eternal doom.

219

Your sword is knocked out of your hand by the Ape Man and you must fight him barehanded.

APE MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

Reduce your SKILL by 2 for this combat. After three Attack Rounds, turn to 254.

220

You stagger back to the edge of the pit, panting heavily and drenched in sweat. Borri and Symm are cheering loudly, although you can hardly hear them due to exhaustion. They help you climb up on to the ledge and then Symm jumps into the pit to sever the Gargantis's horn. You have just about recovered from your ordeal when he hands you the fabled horn with a smile spread across his face. You marvel at its beauty before tucking it in your belt. 'Let's go!' you say, and lead your two friends back down the tunnel. Passing between the Skeleton statues does not produce a further appearance of the Ice Ghosts, and you hurry on. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 54. If you are Unlucky, turn to 138.

221

Much to your relief, your horse is still tied up to the tree and appears to be contentedly munching the grass. You waste no more time, mount your horse and set off once again. Turn to 168.

222

The tunnel slopes downwards. The light is dim, coming from candles burning on top of skulls mounted on the wall at thirty-metre intervals. Your own torches burn brightly around you, but you are unable to see far down the tunnel – nor do you see the strange, jelly-like creature which is clinging to the ceiling. As you pass underneath, it drops down. Roll one die. If you roll 1–5, turn to 296. If you roll 6, turn to 166.

223

As soon as you raise your sword-arm, your muscles tense up and you find yourself unable to move. Your limbs stiffen, becoming harder and harder until you have completely turned to stone to join the other statues in the chamber.

224

You have the misfortune of being abandoned at the base of a Giant Pitcher-Plant, an enormous carnivorous plant which resembles a three-metre-high vase covered in vines and creepers. A giant tendril coils out of its slimy insides and wraps itself around you. It picks you up with ease and pulls you deep inside the plant's digestive tract, where acidic juices immediately start to dissolve you.

225

Your outstretched hands grab hold of a branch, and you manage to stop yourself from falling to what would be certain death. Testing each branch to make sure that it will bear your weight, you climb slowly down the tree. Borri looks up at the tattered remains of his balloon hanging in the tree and says, 'I won't be flying that balloon again. Ah well, never mind. I'll just have to make another when I get home.' However, home seems a long way away when you have just dropped into the middle of the Forest of Spiders. You decide to take the initiative and tell Symm and Borri to follow you, although in truth you have no idea which way to head. Turn to 15.

226

The balloon seems to climb agonizingly slowly into the sky and as you look over the side of the basket, you see the six Hobgoblins, who have dismounted, hosing their arrows at you. Roll one die to determine the number of arrows that reach their target. Then for each one on target, roll the die again. If you roll 1–5, the arrow lodges itself into the basket. If you roll 6, the arrow will hit you. Lose 2 STAMINA points for each arrow that hits you. If you are still alive, turn to **294**.

227

The Spirit Avenger's throw is deadly accurate. The dagger pierces your heart and the Bonekeeper is avenged.

228

You lift the trapdoor and stand back ready with your sword. You hear a high-pitched growl and then, suddenly, a large beast leaps up through the trapdoor into the chamber. It has flame-red fur and is cat-like in appearance, with long, sharp claws and teeth. The Hellcat also has scarlet eyes which it uses to instil fear into its prey. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, turn to **251**. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to **340**.

229

You trudge slowly across the Flatlands for the rest of the day without finding the tunnels. Lose 1 LUCK point. That night the mood around the campfire is glum and hardly a word is spoken. In the morning you discuss the problem and decide to vote on which way to head. Roll one die for Borri. If the number is odd, he will vote to head north. If the number is even he will vote to head south. Repeat this for Symm. Now you have the casting vote, unless you are already out-voted by the other two both wanting to head either north or south. If the party votes to go north, turn to 176. If it votes to keep going south, turn to 17.

230

In its death-throes, the Griffin soars up into the sky, before plummeting to the ground like a stone some two hundred metres away. You do not see the Barbarian girl get up from the ground, and assume that she is either injured or dead. If you wish to ride over to investigate, turn to 358. If you would rather ride towards the lake, turn to 29.

231

After your short combat, Borri takes over the watch, but you fail to get a good night's sleep. In the morning, you still feel tired, and your spirits aren't lifted by the sight of yet another dull grey sky. You set off for the hills and reach them in less than twenty minutes. As you walk past the entrance to a small cave, you notice a robed figure following you. If you wish to wait and meet whoever is behind you, turn to 167. If you would rather walk on, turn to 313.

232

You fend off the arms with your sword and then lunge forward to attack the Demon of the woods.

WOOD DEMON SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 89.

233

As you make your way out of the crypt, you hear a rumbling sound, and small stones and dirt fall from the ceiling. You realize that the tunnels are about to cave in and you must run for your life. If your current STAMINA is 6 or higher, turn to 400. If your current STAMINA is less than 6, turn to 58.

234

The rest of the day passes without any problems and it is almost nightfall when Stonebridge comes into view. If you wish to camp outside Stonebridge, turn to 92. If you would rather ride into Stonebridge, turn to 316.

235

Relieved to be outside in the open air, you jump on to your horse and ride down the hill to follow the river further along the valley. Turn to 284.

236

You totter on the edge of the pit, but the force of the blow is such that you are unable to regain your balance. You fall off the ledge into the slime-filled pit, where you are crushed underfoot by the Gargantis.

237

You peer into the forest, but see nobody. Suddenly the voice speaks again, saying, 'No, you cannot see me, because I am invisible. I am a Suma, a spirit from another magical plane. The Forces of Chaos against you are great and I felt it my duty to help you. Yaztromo has been kidnapped by the servants of Razaak and taken from the hut into the forest to be sacrificed. Ride north from here into the forest and you will save him. A trap awaits you at the hut. That is all I can say to help you. I am allowed to help you once more, and should you need me, call out "Suma 11" – that's my number. Goodbye and good luck.' You call out to the Suma for more information, but get no reply. If you wish to ride north into the forest, turn to 377. If you would rather ride on to the wooden hut, turn to 68.

238

Although they cannot see you, the three creatures approaching have a keen sense of smell and pick up your scent on the breeze blowing down the tunnel. You see that they have the bodies of humans, but the heads of rats. They are covered in short fur and have long rat-like tails. They pretend to walk past the alcove, but suddenly turn to attack you, each choosing a separate opponent.

RAT MAN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

Reduce your SKILL by 2 for the first Attack Round, as the Rat Man has the initiative. If you win, turn to 22.

239

The stone-coloured Chameleonites bound forward on two legs with strange, jerky movements. Their bulbous eyes and long tongues protrude from their reptilian heads, and their bodies are covered with scales. But they are humanoid in shape and each carries a stone club with which to attack you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CHAMELEONITE	7	7
Second CHAMELEONITE	6	6
Third CHAMELEONITE	7	6

Fight them one at a time. If you are still on horseback, add 2 to your Attack Strength during each round of combat. If you win, turn to **356**.

240

It is pitch-black inside the lair, and you cannot tell how far it is to the bottom. Lying on the chamber floor, you reach down into the lair with your sword and touch the bottom two metres below. You lower yourself down while Borri offers advice from above: 'Be careful. Use your sword to tap the ground in front of you, if you can't see. Don't wander too far. Don't go out of earshot. And hurry up.' You discover that the lair is very small and is empty apart from a metal object which you find on the floor. You are unable to deduce what it is by touch. If you wish to take the metal object with you when you climb out of the lair, turn to **370**. If you would rather climb out of the lair without it, turn to **344**.

241

You ride up and down the valley, scouring the hillside for the Giant's cave. After half an hour, you find the entrance hidden behind a cluster of bushes. After tying your horse to one of the bushes, you step warily into the caves – the Hill Giant may not have lived alone. Two torches mounted on the rough stone walls light the cave and enable you to survey the Giant's lair. A pile of straw at the back seems to have been the Giant's bed, and there is also a rough wooden table; on the ground around the table lies an ominous pile of human bones. Behind the table you see a wooden chest and in an alcove you find a strange glass globe which contains swirling smoke. Will you:

Open the chest?	Turn to 8[illegible]
Break the globe?	Turn to 36[illegible]
Leave the cave without the globe?	Turn to 5[illegible]

242

In seconds you are completely covered with flying insects. You can hardly breathe or see as they fly into your mouth and sting your face. You cut your sword through the air in desperation, but there is little you can do. You are stung time and time again until you drop dead to the floor. The necromancer is victorious.

243

Between them, the Orcs have 6 Gold Pieces, a knife, a pouch of rats' skulls, an empty bottle and half a spit-roasted chicken wrapped up in an old shirt. You take what you want and look at the chicken. If you wish to eat it, turn to **322**. If you would rather leave it for the scavengers and continue riding east, turn to **216**.

244

Walking as quietly as possible, you creep into the shadow of the trees in the direction of the cries. Symm suddenly calls to you, saying that he has stumbled over the body of a man. You carry the man back to the firelight and see that his body is covered with deep gashes. He is an old man with a long beard and a weather-beaten face. You dress his wounds as best you can and give him a tot of your Healing Potion. Whether he is unconscious or asleep you cannot tell, but he does not stir again until morning. He wakes with a groan and says, in a shouted voice, 'Thank you for saving me, strangers. Yesterday afternoon I was on my way to my friend's tower, taking a short cut through the forest, when I was mauled by a bear. I should have known better than to walk through Darkwood Forest. My name is Budron.' 'Budron!' shouts Symm excitedly. 'We were waiting for you with Eztromo. What fortune that we have found you!' Add 1 LUCK point. Budron tells you that he is able to travel and volunteers to ride behind Symm on his horse. You ride on past Darkwood Forest and then

head north-west until Budron finally tells you to stop, sometime during the afternoon. 'This is as far as I go. The graveyard is situated in a clearing in the middle of that wood,' he says, pointing a finger northwards. 'I'm too superstitious to enter that wood, and so I'll say goodbye and wish you well.' You cannot persuade Budron to stay with you, and you watch him limp off back the way you came. With a slight hesitation, you urge your horses into the wood. You soon come to the clearing, where you see the graveyard which has long since been abandoned. The gravestones are broken and moss-covered, and weeds and grasses grow tall. You draw your swords and walk carefully towards the nearest gravestone. If you are wearing a bone ring with a skull etched into it, turn to 139. If you are not wearing this ring, turn to 333.

245

With the Ice Ghosts out of the tunnel, all is quiet again. 'I don't suppose many people know that the Howling Tunnels get their name because they are inhabited by Ice Ghosts,' says Borri in a more cheerful voice. 'But I hope they don't come back. Look, there are two more statues of Skeleton Warriors further down the tunnel!' If you wish to pass between the statues, turn to 56. If you wish to stay where you are and ask Symm to search for a possible secret passage, turn to 112.

246

The Spirit Avenger's throw is almost deadly: the dagger sinks into your shoulder only centimetres away from your heart. Lose 4 STAMINA points. But just as quickly as the cloak rose, it drops back to the ground and stays motionless. If you have not done so already, you may try on either the Moon Ring (turn to 10) or the Skull Ring (turn to 265). Otherwise you may ride east out of the cursed Valley of Bones (turn to 369).

247

A sudden gust of wind blows the balloon away from the gap in the trees where Borri is trying to land. The basket is dragged through the tree-tops, becomes entangled and tips up. You are thrown out and fall to your death some thirty metres below.

248

You walk down the tunnel for what seems like ages, until you walk through a transparent screen which appears to pop like a giant soap bubble. You turn to walk back, but are unable to do so, your way barred by an invisible barrier. You find yourself no longer in a tunnel but in a black void. Ghostly faces appear and then suddenly disappear. Imps, Demons and other hideous creatures gather around you, and you realize that you are trapped on a magical Plane of Evil which you have entered through a dimension gateway built by Razaak as an escape-route from Titan. You are doomed.

249

Ahead, you see movement in the tall, wet grass and become aware of a loud buzzing noise. Six large, mottled, black Harpoon Flies suddenly rise into the air, each the size of a pigeon. Although their heads appear to have an elongated proboscis, it is actually a poisoned, needle-like spike which Harpoon Flies can shoot at a target. They can only grow one needle at a time, and it takes a week for the needle to grow back after it has been fired. The poison paralyses the Harpoon Flies' victims, and female Harpoon Flies then lay their eggs under the skin so that the maggots will have plenty of meat to feed on when they hatch. Roll one die to determine how many needles hit you. If you are hit by one or two needles, turn to 146. If you are hit by three or four needles, turn to 98. If you are hit by five or six needles, turn to 13.

250

You search the outpost and find a hunting-horn and a lantern. You decide to take both items, together with a crossbow and four bolts. The village is no more than three hundred metres away, but there is no graveyard in sight. Not wishing to risk certain capture inside Mirewater, you ride in a circle around it all the way back to the outpost, but still do not come across the graveyard. Symm sighs and says, 'Let's head for Stonebridge.' You ride north until

you reach Red River, and after crossing it, ride east towards Stonebridge. Night is falling as Stonebridge finally comes into view. If you wish to camp outside Stonebridge, turn to 92. If you would rather give up your search for the graveyard and ride into Stonebridge, turn to 316.

251

You are transfixed by fear, unable to move a muscle. Your eyes are locked wide open in horror as the Hellcat starts to maul you. It stands up on its hind legs and sinks its long fangs deep into your throat. Razaak's pet has sealed the fate of Allansia.

252

The rest of the day passes without incident, and without sight of the Lost Lake either. In the fading light, you choose a suitable place to camp down for the night, making sure that your horse is securely tethered to a nearby tree. You settle down to sleep but are woken in the middle of the night by a howling cry. Your eyes open to see a full moon, and in an instant you are standing, sword in hand. You feel your heart beating fast as you strain your eyes and ears. Suddenly, you hear the sound of a twig snapping and then a low growl. You see a shadow move, and in the dim light recognize the thick brown hair, long fangs and bestial features of a Werewolf. If you are wearing a Moon Ring and know how to use it, turn to the number stated in the spell. If you are unable to do this, you must fight the Werewolf with your sword.

WEREWOLF SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, but suffer any wounds at all from the Werewolf, turn to 275. If you win without being bitten by the Werewolf, turn to 36.

253

The Hobgoblin just misses your foot and falls to the ground with a thump. To the cheers of Borri and Symm, you haul yourself up the rope and scramble into the basket. Turn to 226.

254

Symm at last manages to land a blow on the Ape Man without fear of injuring you. He plunges his dagger into the Ape Man's neck and you watch it slump to the ground, a coarse gurgling sound coming from its throat. Symm then cuts down the leather sack and inside finds some polished stones which you may take, if you wish, before riding on. Turn to 37.

255

You urge your horse into the river and are soon on the far bank. After a while you reach the top of the first hill and look east, towards what seems a never-ending range of hills. As you start your descent, you see a small wooden hut partly hidden by the trees. The roof has caved in and there are no visible signs of life. If you wish to enter the hut, turn to 332. If you would rather ride on by, turn to 53.

256

You walk up to the Zombie who is loading the wheelbarrow. It does not stop working and acts as though you do not exist. You walk past it to where the other two are working at the face and suddenly notice that all of them have the figure '5' tattooed on their arms. You make a mental note of the number before returning to your friends. You decide that there is nothing else to do except walk back to the junction. Turn to 338.

257

Not long after midnight, while you are standing watch, you hear the soft fluttering of wings. From out of the dark shadows, a Vampire Bat swoops down to drink your blood.

VAMPIRE BAT SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 231.

258

The woman is soon free and thanks you for rescuing her. But you keep your sword in your hand, as many an adventurer in Allansia has died in the past due to trickery. The woman notices your suspicion and says, 'My name is Jella and I am a Half-Elf. I am

an apprentice to the wizard Covax of Zengis. He is a specialist in long life and sent me into the hills in search of rare herbs. Unfortunately, I was ambushed by Goblins. They took nearly everything I had, but ignored my most valuable possession – a tin of healing powder.' You watch as Jella opens a small tin and offers you a pinch of brown powder. If you want to swallow some of the powder, turn to 48. If you would rather bid her farewell and resume your journey, turn to 382.

259

You are blasted by the ball of fire, which burns a black hole in your leg. You scream in pain as Razaak releases another fireball. Again you are hit, and this time the result is fatal. You have failed in your quest.

260

The powerful arms of the Demon tighten around your midriff as you struggle to reach your knife. At last you manage to pull it from your belt and begin stabbing furiously.

WOOD DEMON SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

Reduce your SKILL by 2 points for the duration of this combat because of the vice-like grip in which you are imprisoned. If you win, you sigh with relief and pick up your sword. Turn to 89.

261

You soon reach some wooded hills which, however unwillingly, you will have to ride through to continue going east. No more than one hundred metres into the trees, you suddenly hear a blood-curdling yell above you, and look up to see an Orc leap down from the branch of a tree to ambush you. Two others run out from behind other trees with their swords drawn. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **120**. If you roll 4–6, turn to **62**.

262

Symm finds a crack in the wall just wide enough to squeeze through. 'Come on,' he says, 'let's go through here. I can see light.' If you wish to follow Symm through the crack in the wall, turn to **347**. If you would rather keep looking around at the bottom of the fissure for an alternative passageway, turn to **61**.

263

The unseen man is a skilled bowman. Despite the darkness, he is invariably lethal at such a short range. This time is no exception and his arrow pierces your neck, killing you instantly.

264

The tunnel soon ends at a T-junction. If you want to go left, turn to 156. If you want to go right, turn to 199.

265

You place the ring on your finger and try to release a magical power from it. But nothing happens. If you have not done so already, you may try on either the Moon Ring (turn to 10) or the Dagger Ring (turn to 94). If you would rather ride east out of the Valley of Bones, turn to 369.

266

Borri spends the next five minutes muttering to himself, calling Trolls all the bad names he can think of. 'Why would anyone want to do that?' exclaims Borri suddenly. 'Did you know that the Allansian record for the number of Hobbits' ears eaten by a Troll in a competition is one hundred and nineteen. The lengths that Trolls will go to for fame! Come on, let's go.' Borri suddenly marches off, throwing the book over his shoulder. You and Symm hurry after him, with Symm asking Borri if he is the shortest Dwarf in Allansia. 'Mind your own business,' snaps Borri, still marching ahead. Turn to 40.

267

With the extra weight and the pain as the Hobgoblin bites and claws at your leg, you lose hold of the rope. You plunge to the ground, where you are set upon by the other Hobgoblins. You are quickly put to death and your possessions are divided up. Helpless in the rising balloon, there is nothing Borri and Symm can do to help, and they alone know that the future of Allansia is lost with your demise and the capture of Razaak's sword.

268

The scroll relates the tale of the fabled Gargantis beast and its miraculous horn. Although there is no absolute proof that the creature exists, rumours about it have been circulating for centuries. It is said to have a lumpy, green hide, and looks like a cross between a Pit Fiend and a Flesh Golem, but with the addition of a single horn in the centre of its forehead. The Gargantis's horn is said to possess many magical and mysterious powers, which it would retain even if severed from the Gargantis's head. Anyone in possession of the horn, upon wielding it, would release these powers. You have heard of this beast, but are amazed to read on the scroll that one such creature is purported to dwell in the Howling Tunnels of the Western Flatlands. Perhaps the poor

adventurer who owned the scroll was on his way to the Flatlands when he met an untimely death in the woods. You put the scroll in your backpack and consider what to do next. If you have not done so already, you may either examine the rod (turn to **360**) or try on the helmet (turn to **221**). If you would rather return to your horse, turn to **221**.

269

You follow the trail of blood around the bend of the tunnel until you reach the edge of a dark pit. Your torches fail to light up the bottom, but there is no doubt that something is down there, gnawing on bones. The unseen creature senses your presence and makes deep, loathsome, gurgling noises. 'Maybe it's the Gargantis beast,' whispers Borri. 'I've got a length of rope here if either of you want to climb down. I'm too fat to climb down there.' Symo stares coldly at the Dwarf and says, 'I ought to throw you down there to distract its attention while we climb down!' 'Only joking,' laughs Borri nervously. You decide to interject, and you argue that if it *is* the Gargantis beast at the bottom of the pit, then the pit must be accessible from the bottom – the Gargantis would not have jumped down. But who controls these tunnels? Is it the Gargantis itself, or does another being hold the Gargantis captive? Nobody has an answer. 'Well, what should we do?' asks Borri. If you wish to volunteer to be lowered down the pit by rope, turn to **217**. If you would rather walk back to the main tunnel, turn left and walk past the junction, turn to **222**.

270

The unseen man speaks to you in a cold voice: 'Any servant of Chaos is an enemy of Allansia.' You momentarily hear the flight of the arrow before it pierces your neck and kills you.

271

You see a flash of white light as a jagged bolt of lightning blasts from Razaak's fingertips. But instead of killing you instantly, the lightning is drawn to your shield and is harmlessly discharged. Even in Razaak's deformed face, you can see a hint of worry. He hesitates for a second, and seizing your opportunity, you rush at him with his own sword. Ignoring the blows of the sword, his only concern is to touch you with his fingers.

RAZAAK	SKILL 12	STAMINA 20

If Razaak wins two consecutive Attack Rounds at any time during combat, turn to **14**. If you win without losing two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to **84**.

272

You break out in a sudden sweat and are soon consumed by fever. You feel weak and are forced to lie down, shaking uncontrollably. The ordeal lasts an hour and weakens you considerably. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. But at least you have the consolation of being able to camouflage yourself. With your spirits still high, you turn your horse east. Turn to 180.

273

You are soon at the edge of the wood, but cannot see far into it. Will you:

Enter the wood?	Turn to 215
Ride west towards Mirewater?	Turn to 65
Ride north-east towards Stonebridge?	Turn to 363

274

You look around and find an alcove in the shadows. If you wish to hide in the alcove, turn to 238. If you wish to face whoever is walking towards you, turn to 2.

275

The wretched humans who are afflicted by lycanthropy are forced to turn into savage Werewolves when the full moon rises. Anyone bitten by a Werewolf is likely to turn into one himself or herself. If you are wearing a Crystal of Sanity, you will be immune to the disease (turn to 36). Otherwise, if you have a candle, turn to 91. If you have neither the crystal nor the candle, turn to 317.

276

The figure steps slowly towards you and then through the mist you see that it is your old friend, the great wizard Yaztromo. 'Hello,' he says in a jovial voice. 'You didn't expect to find me here, did you?' If you are wearing a gold ring set with an iridescent jewel, turn to 326. If you are not wearing this ring, turn to 164.

277

The horsemen halt the caravan and send a wagon to pick up Borri and the balloon. Soon the three of you are reunited and riding across the barren plain towards the Flatlands. Borri unfolds some cloth to reveal some juicy red berries and offers you some. Symm looks at them in horror and shouts, 'Don't eat those! They're mad-mad berries, guaranteed to send you completely insane!' He grabs them from Borri and throws them over the side of the wagon. 'I thought they were a local delicacy,' says Borri, looking suddenly shocked. 'Good job I didn't eat any before.' The hours pass by and you discuss your chances of finding the Howling Tunnels. A little boy

riding in the wagon with you suddenly speaks for the first time, and says, 'I know where there are some tunnels. Give me a present and I'll tell you when we pass them.' With nothing to lose (apart from one of your possessions) you agree and feel hopeful once again. Towards the end of the following afternoon, the caravan still rolling across the Western Flatlands, the boy sits up in the wagon, points at a hillock in the distance and yells, 'Over there! The tunnels are over there!' You tell the driver of the wagon to stop, and two minutes later the three of you are alone, watching the caravan disappear in a cloud of dust. You manage to drag the balloon and basket to the hillock and shout for joy when you see the entrance to a tunnel. 'I can't hear anything,' says Borri. 'I thought these tunnels were supposed to howl.' 'Let's wait until we are inside at least, you short fat impatient oaf,' laughs Symm. 'Maybe when you see the Gargantis beast, you'll start to howl!' After hiding the balloon in the entrance, you draw your swords, light torches that you have brought with you and walk guardedly down the tunnel. Five minutes later, you arrive at a junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to **222**. If you wish to turn right, turn to **90**.

278

As the Demonspawn drops to the ground, its body begins to shrivel, hissing and steaming, until it is nothing but a pool of foul-smelling slime. A shudder runs down your spine as you walk over to Yaztromo and untie him. 'Bravo,' the old wizard says with a smile, shaking your hand vigorously despite his ordeal. 'My magic would not work against this creature from Hell. Either I am losing my touch, or Razaak has greater powers than I thought. Never mind, we must not flinch from our task. Now, tell me, how did you find the Lost Lake, and who is your friend here?' You tell Yaztromo about your journey and how you came to meet Symm. Yaztromo looks pleased and says, 'Well, I did find out a few things about our friend Razaak. He will be a most formidable opponent for you – if you get past the minions who protect him. Not only will you have to slay him with his own sword, but his heart must be pierced by the horn of a Gargantis beast. According to fables, the Gargantis is a rare creature that lives underground – but I have not the faintest idea if any even exist. It is virtually invulnerable to weapons and you may have to use magic so that its horn can be cut off. Only then will it die. Now let's leave this infernal forest and return to my tower, where a friend of mine should be waiting for us.' It is not long before you are back at the tower, but there is nobody there to greet you. 'Strange,' mutters Yaztromo with a frown on his face. 'Budron should be here by now. I hope he hasn't come to any harm. He knows where the haunted graveyard

is and that's important. It might help to read the gravestone of Razaak's father Tamal. I think the graveyard is somewhere between Mirewater and Stonebridge, but I can't be sure.' He offers you a choice between staying here overnight to see if Budron turns up in the morning (turn to 341) or setting off now (turn to 157).

279

You find the balloon and basket where you left them, and drag them out of the tunnel entrance and down the hillock. 'We must build a huge fire so that we can inflate the balloon with hot air,' Borri says authoritatively. 'I'll lay out the balloon while you two gather some wood.' It takes you nearly three hours to scour the barren plain and find enough wood to build a decent fire, but at last you are ready. Borri takes a metal pipe out of the basket, connects it to the neck of the balloon, and suspends the other end over the fire. The balloon soon fills with hot air and is nearly inflated, when you suddenly see dust rising into the sky on the horizon. 'Horses approaching,' Symm says calmly. 'I hope you are nearly ready, Borri.' The horses quickly come into view and you see that there are six, each being

ridden hard by a Hobgoblin. Borri orders you to untie the rope which is holding the balloon fast to a tree-stump, and then climb up the rope as the balloon ascends. But the strain on the rope makes it difficult to untie, and you waste valuable seconds before deciding to cut through it with your sword. You are suddenly jolted upwards by the rope, while at the same time a Hobgoblin rides underneath you and leaps out of the saddle to try to grab your legs. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 253. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 331.

280

In the next valley you enter a small wood, which has an abundance of flowers and plants, although none of them is pleasing to the eye. Some are diseased, others are covered with thorns, and some emit a foul smell. All of them appear to be strangled by creepers. Although you cannot see anybody, you suddenly hear high-pitched twittering voices. You draw your sword and ride towards where you think the sounds are coming from. A bush moves and you catch a glimpse of a tiny dark figure before it disappears into the undergrowth. If you wish to follow the figure, turn to 18. If you would rather gallop through the glade as fast as possible, turn to 73.

281

As you walk along, you do not see a small rock on the floor in front of you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 392. If you are Unlucky, turn to 320.

282

The Hill Giant's possessions amount to 1 Gold Piece and a copper bracelet. It occurs to you that the Giant's cave cannot be too far away if he claimed to own the valley. Will you try on the copper bracelet (turn to **182**), search for the Giant's cave after placing the gold and bracelet in your backpack (turn to **241**), or ride west along the valley after placing the gold and bracelet in your backpack (turn to **67**)?

283

You hear a grinding sound, and slowly the giant chair starts to swing back through an opening section of the wall. The bars holding you into the chair slide back and you are able to stand up in the large room in which you find yourself. The chair slides back into the tunnel and now the only possible way out for you is through a door in the opposite wall. There is a sign on the door which reads 'Lock the door before opening.' You are puzzled by the sign, which appears to make no sense. You try the handle and find that the door is not locked. However, if you have a key and wish to do as the sign says, turn to **189**. If you do not have a key or do not wish to use it, turn to 334.

284

An hour later you decide that you are travelling too far north and must head east if you are ever to find the Lost Lake. At a suitable point, you turn east away from the river and ride up into the hills. Some time later you catch sight of a thin plume of smoke rising up from the other side of the nearest hill to your left. If you wish to go and see what is causing the smoke, turn to 33. If you would rather ride on, turn to **261**.

285

Alas, the stone does not hold any remedial properties. Turn to 357.

286

You cross an open field and see a round stone outpost in front of you. Two Dwarfs suddenly emerge from the building, each holding a crossbow. They order you to turn back or face the consequences. If you decide to turn around and ride towards Stonebridge, turn to 21. If you would rather fight the Dwarfs, turn to 71.

287

You find a leather pouch hanging around the Bonekeeper's neck. Its contents are three bone rings, each one highly polished. One has the symbol of a full moon carved into its surface, another bears the emblem of a dagger, and the third has a skull etched into it. Will you:

Try on the Moon Ring?	Turn to 10
Try on the Dagger Ring?	Turn to 94
Try on the Skull Ring?	Turn to 265

If you leave the rings and ride east out of the Valley of Bones, turn to 369.

288

Borri and Symm soon recover after the slaying of the Hellcat, and tell you how terrifying it was to watch the battle, unable to move a muscle. 'I'm really pleased you won, actually,' says Borri. 'I didn't fancy the idea of being used as a scratching-post for that big cat!' Symm for once laughs at Borri's remarks, although it is probably due more to his own relief than Borri's humour. 'Well, we went to the

trouble of opening that trapdoor, so we might as well have a look inside the Hellcat's lair,' continues Borri. 'What do you think?' If you wish to look inside the lair, turn to **240**. If you would rather walk down the narrow tunnel opposite, turn to **177**.

289

Around the neck of the Centaur hangs a bronze talisman in the shape of a Horned Demon. If you wish to wear the talisman yourself, turn to **75**. If you would rather ride off without the talisman, turn to **304**.

290

Symm is as skilled as you are with his sword, and defeats his three Skeletons without too much difficulty. You start to scrape the moss from the gravestones to read the inscriptions, and the third gravestone yields what you are looking for – Tamal's epitaph. In ancient script it reads:

> Although I lie here, I am not yet done,
> The dark power continues, my soul is my son.
> Tamal. Died in this world aged 108 years.

You memorize the epitaph, while Symm looks at the other open graves. Suddenly he calls out, saying that he can see the end of a silver rod protruding from the soil. You walk over to the grave to see for yourself. If you wish to pull the rod out of the grave, turn to **389**. If you would rather leave the graveyard immediately and ride north-east towards Stonebridge, turn to **234**.

291

'Outsiders pay for their intrusion with their lives,' hisses Ungoth. You throw back your robes and draw your sword, now that your true identity is known. Turn to **223**.

292

You ride over the top of the hill again and down the other side. At the bottom you can see a small wood at the end of the valley to the north. If you wish to ride towards the wood, turn to **203**. If you would rather ride up the next hill, turn to **280**.

293

A sudden gust of wind blows the balloon away from the gap in the trees where Borri is trying to land. The basket is dragged through the tree-tops, becomes entangled and is brought to sudden halt, hanging precariously from the branches some thirty metres off the ground. You climb out of the basket and climb slowly down the tree; suddenly a branch gives way underfoot. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **225**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **4**.

294

The balloon climbs up into the sky, beyond the range of the arrows. 'That was a close call,' mutters Borri. 'But at least we are safe up here. Let's hope this wind keeps up to push us north-west.' Feeling weary, you sit down in the basket and decide to snooze for a while. But Borri, back in his beloved balloon, is in a talkative mood and tries to keep you awake. 'I'm amazed at the price of things these days,' he says. 'Do you know how much a good war-hammer costs, even in a city of thieves like Port Blacksand?' If you wish to continue the conversation, turn to 198. If you would rather tell him to keep quiet so that you can sleep, turn to 49.

295

You prise the crate open with your sword and find two suits of armour inside, but no helmets. Will you:

Try on the suit of plate-armour?	Turn to 380
Try on the chainmail suit?	Turn to 328
Leave the armour and return to your horse?	Turn to 235

296

The creature lands on top of you and immediately starts to feed. However, it is not your flesh that it feeds on, but the metal of your armour. Lose 1 SKILL point. As if being enveloped by a giant amoeba, you try to throw off the Iron-Eater.

IRON-EATER	SKILL 4	STAMINA 5

For each Attack Round that you lose, you must deduct 1 SKILL point. As soon as you win an Attack Round, you will have thrown the Iron-Eater off on to the floor. Then you will be able to walk on along the tunnel (turn to 151).

297

After thirty metres, the tunnel opens out into another chamber. The floor is littered with skulls, each one looking as if it had been smashed by a blunt instrument. At one end of the chamber there is a heavy iron door, which is firmly bolted shut. As you approach, you hear a dull thumping on the door. At the other end of the chamber, you see an archway which has a surround sculpted with Demons and Serpents. If you wish to unbolt the door, turn to 115. If you would rather walk through the archway and into the tunnel beyond it, turn to 264.

298

You are thrown from the saddle and land heavily on the ground. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 107. If you are Unlucky, turn to 218.

299

By touching the clay doll, you trigger a magical reaction. The doll starts to grow and soon towers above you, the clay appearing soft and malleable as though just dug out of the ground. The hulking monster steps awkwardly towards you, its club-like fists raised to attack. The Clay Golem stands between you and your horse, and you have no option but to fight it.

CLAY GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

Your sword is a poor weapon with which to fight a Clay Golem. After each Attack Round, roll one die. If you roll 1 at any time, turn to 393. If you roll 2–6, continue the combat. If you win, turn to 362.

300

The woman's laughter drifts away on the wind and all is calm once again. You examine the rod, which is about half a metre in length, and see that there is a screw thread at one end and a solid ball at the other end with the number 13 stamped into it. You discover that the ball unscrews to reveal a piece of

paper rolled up tightly inside the rod. The paper bears the message: 'To know my use, add my halves together.' If you have the other half of the rod and can come up with a total, turn to that numbered reference. If you do not know the total, you have no option but to take the half-rod with you and ride north-east towards Stonebridge. Turn to 234.

301

While you sink into unconsciousness, Symm remembers the stones that you found. He knows that certain stones in Allansia can draw the cold from a body and have been used before when others have fallen to the touch of an Ice Ghost. He examines them and finds one that looks possible. He places it on your forehead, sits back and waits. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 12. If you are Unlucky, turn to 285.

302

After riding around the clearing, you notice with relief that at last the trees are beginning to thin, and soon you are out of the wood. Turn to 194.

303

'How foolish you are to think that you could trick me,' hisses Ungoth. 'Outsiders pay for their intrusion with their lives.' You throw back your robes and draw your sword, now that your true identity is known. Turn to 223.

304

For the next hour, your return journey through the hills remains uneventful, until you suddenly hear a girl's cry for help coming from the direction of a wooded knoll not far to the south. If you wish to ride to the knoll, turn to 127. If you would rather keep riding west, turn to 382.

305

As you try to flick the tarantula off your wrist, it sinks its fangs deep into your flesh to inject its deadly poison. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Symm immediately rushes to your aid, knowing exactly how to treat a snake bite. He makes a small incision with his knife to draw the poison out, and although you feel ill, your life has been saved. Borri offers to tip up the cart while he waits for you to recover. If you want him to tip up the cart, turn to 366. If you would rather walk on leaving the cart behind, turn to 40.

306

You scrape the moss away and read the words of a rhyme:

To go beyond
A granite door,
Press the numbers
One eight four.

You memorize the rhyme, remount your horse and ride on. Turn to 324.

307

Your eyes widen and a crazed expression comes over your face. You scream wildly, and then begin to foam at the mouth. Clutching your sword, you turn on Symm and Borri, who are likewise affected by the mental attack. Now totally insane, you are each filled with bloodlust, and stand on the ledge hacking one another to pieces. Borri falls first, then Symm. You ignore the blood which runs down your leg from two deep gashes in your side, and jump into the pit to attack the Gargantis. But one swipe of its clawed hand quickly ends your attempt, and your life.

308

The unseen man speaks to you in a friendly voice, saying, 'If you are Lawful, as you say you are, then dismount from your horse, stick your sword in the ground, and come and join me for some roasted duck.' If you trust this man and agree to do as he suggests, turn to 103. If you would rather kick your horse into a gallop, turn to 354.

309

You look into the darkened room from where the Lava Demons flew out, but are unable to see anything. If you wish to walk into the room, turn to 51. If you would rather walk through the archway and into the tunnel beyond, turn to 264.

310

It is pitch-dark inside the cave, and to safeguard yourself from falling down an unseen pit, you tap the ground in front of you with your sword. Suddenly, your sword hits something solid directly in your path, which sounds as if it is a metal object. You reach out and feel the object and deduce that it is a large metal box bolted to the ground. It has a hinged lid. If you wish to try lifting the lid, turn to 45. If you would rather walk back to your horse, turn to 235.

311

Holding the rod in your hand, you imagine the rabbit frozen in time. Somewhere hundreds of miles away, the rabbit springs once again into action and continues its run through the grass, unaware that it had ever stopped. You point the rod at the Gargantis, and hold your breath as a giant clawed hand reaches down to grab you. Much to your relief, the hand suddenly halts, centimetres from your face. The Gargantis is paralysed, and Borri and Symm let out a cheer. You let the nimble Symm shin up the frozen body of the beast, a knife gripped between his teeth. Sitting astride the Gargantis's shoulders, Symm cuts slowly through the white horn. Clutching it in his left hand, he brandishes it in the air in triumph. He then jumps down and hands you the fabled horn, a smile across his face. You marvel at the beauty of the horn before tucking it into your belt. 'Let's go!' you say, and lead your two friends back down the tunnel. Passing between the Skeleton statues does not produce a further appearance of the Ice Ghosts, and you hurry on. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 54. If you are Unlucky, turn to 138.

312

The rat sinks its sharp teeth into your leg. Lose 1 STAMINA point. But you are less worried about the wound than you are about the possibility that the rat might be the carrier of a fatal disease. You crush the rat underfoot, angry that such a small creature might be the downfall of Allansia. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 348. If you are Unlucky, turn to 161.

313

About half an hour later, you hear the battle-cry of a warrior and the clash of steel coming from over the brow of the hill. If you wish to investigate, turn to 7. If you would rather walk by, turn to 162.

314

Although you are hit by the dagger, the throw was not particularly accurate. You suffer only a flesh wound to your shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points. But just as quickly as the cloak rose, it drops back to the ground and stays there motionless. If you have not done so already, you may try on either the Moon Ring (turn to 10) or the Skull Ring (turn to 265). Otherwise you may ride east out of the cursed Valley of Bones (turn to 369).

315

You pass between two statues of Skeleton Warriors and immediately feel a gust of cold wind blow down the tunnel into your faces. The wind blows harder and begins to howl. 'We seem to be in the right place,' says Borri in a more serious tone than usual. Suddenly you see something glowing white at the end of the tunnel. It grows in size and flies towards you at speed. When it is near enough, you see that it is a being with an agonized look on its face, its diffuse body trailing behind it. Its mouth opens and lets out a soul-chilling scream. 'It's an Ice Ghost,' shouts Synnn above the wailing scream. 'Don't let it touch you as it flies by. And look out, here come two more!' You keep your eye on the Ice Ghosts as they spiral towards you. Roll two dice three times. If any of the totals are greater than your SKILL score, turn to 379. If the totals are all the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 72.

316

Within an hour you reach a bridge which crosses a stream and leads you into Stonebridge. Two Dwarf guards standing on the bridge challenge you, and you reply that you are a friend of Yaztromo and need to speak to Borri. The Dwarfs' mood suddenly changes and they become very friendly and talkative; they lead you through the village to some stables where Borri lives. You knock on the door and are greeted by a smiling Dwarf with chubby red cheeks and a long beard. 'Hello!' he says cheerfully. 'My name is Borri and you must be Yaztromo's

friends. Come in and help yourselves to some hot vegetable stew I've just prepared. I'll take care of your horses.' You accept Borri's kind hospitality and eat until you feel you cannot move. Add 1 STAMINA points. Borri rejoins you to hear about your quest, as all Dwarfs love to hear tales of adventure. At last when he seems content that he knows everything there is to know, he says, 'Well, I suppose it's time to rest. Make yourselves some beds in the hay, and in the morning I'll show you something special – my invention!' In the morning, after a quick breakfast, you stroll outside to see Borri and his new invention. Turn to 353.

317

Within an hour you become feverish and then to your horror hair starts to sprout from your upper body, head and arms. Your face distorts and changes dramatically until it is completely lupine in appearance. You are condemned to a double life: hunting, when the full moon rises, the very people who were once your friends.

318

Although slow and clumsy, the Zombie is a strong fighter, and slashes at you with its clawed hands.

ZOMBIE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 74.

319

You spend some minutes cutting your way through the bushes and brambles, but fail to find a lair. Perhaps the Demon had no resting-place. You have just decided to give up and return to your horse, when something catches your eye in a pile of leaves. You brush away the leaves with your sword and discover the skeletal remains of a human wearing chainmail armour, no doubt a victim of the Wood Demon. You see that the bony fingers of its right hand are clutching a silver rod which is about half a metre in length. A fine helmet lies next to the skull, and a perished leather backpack is close by. Will you:

Examine the silver rod?	Turn to 360
Try on the helmet?	Turn to 111
Open the backpack?	Turn to 175
Leave the body and return to your horse?	Turn to 221

320

You kick the rock and unknowingly spring a trap. The rock was keeping a stick pressed down in a hole in the floor which, when released, opens a

trapdoor. You step into thin air and fall down a pit five metres deep. Roll one die and deduct the number from your STAMINA score. If you are still alive, Borri and Symm are able to rescue you with the help of Borri's rope. 'You didn't see the Gargantis down there, did you?' Borri asks teasingly. Without giving him the satisfaction of a reply, you walk off, tight-lipped. Turn to 79.

321

You hear an ominous rumbling sound above you and see fragments of rock splinter off the walls and fall to the ground. Suddenly, a huge crack opens up in the wall by the lever, and then the whole face caves in on top of you. Your quest is abruptly ended, and Razaak can now bring on the Dark Age of Allansia without any further obstruction.

322

The chicken is fresh and only recently roasted. You devour it quickly and lick your lips in satisfaction. Add 2 STAMINA points. Leaving the Orcs behind, you ride off east. Turn to 216.

323

The Ice Ghosts close in, but you manage to evade them as they fly by. Symm and Borri also dodge them successfully. You watch the Ghosts disappear down the tunnel, before deciding to abandon the search for a secret passage, and walking boldly between the statues ahead. Turn to 56.

324

At the bottom of the hill you see a narrow stream running north to south across your path. When you arrive at the edge, your horse stops and puts its head down to drink. If you wish to release the reins to allow your horse to drink, turn to 376. If you would rather force it to cross the stream so that you can continue your quest, turn to 391.

325

You walk two kilometres further west, but fail to find any horses. There seems to be little point in walking any further, as it will take you an hour to return to Borri. You walk back, hardly speaking to each other, frustrated by your continued bad luck. When at last you see the balloon, there is no sign of Borri. You draw your swords and approach cautiously, when suddenly Borri pops up out of the basket and points a crossbow at you. You laugh and tell him to stop joking, but do not finish your sentence. A crossbow bolt pierces your neck, killing you instantly, and a fight to the death then breaks out between Symm and Borri, although you will never know who won. Nor will you know that Borri went insane after eating mad-mad berries found only on the Plain of Bronze.

326

Although you did not know it, the jewel in your ring is known as the Seeing Eye. Its wearer will see through all illusions, even if cast by the most powerful magic. Slowly the features of Yaztromo disappear to reveal the hideous figure of Razaak in his true form. His body is grotesque, with a large domed insect-like back which curves up to his oversized head. One arm trails on the floor, while the other is withered and stunted. One eye bulges from its socket and a twisted smile warps the left of his deformed face. Red veins pulsate on his bald skull, and you have never felt so repulsed in all your life. 'I knew you were an outsider,' he sneers. 'I can feel the presence of my sword hidden in your robes. But you are out of your depth, worm.' Suddenly he points his stunted arm at you and a fireball shoots out from his scrawny fingertip straight at you. If you have inhaled the smoke from inside a smashed globe, turn to 351. If you have not inhaled the magic smoke, turn to 259.

327

You turn your horses north and wave to the Hill Men, who shake their fists at you in frustration. When out of range of their bows, you turn west once again. Turn to 148.

328

The armour fits you well and does not restrict your agility. Add 1 SKILL point. You have no use for the plate-armour, so you walk back to your horse. Turn to 235.

329

You lift the trapdoor and stand back, your sword at the ready. You hear a high-pitched growl and then suddenly, a large beast leaps up through the trapdoor into the chamber. It has flame-red fur and is cat-like in appearance, with long sharp claws and teeth. The Hellcat also has scarlet eyes which it uses to instil fear into its prey. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, turn to 110. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to 355.

330

The large rock flies towards you, but lands two metres short. You hear the Hill Giant bellowing in anger, but you ride on up the hill, and soon leave the Giant behind. The rest of the day passes without

further incident and as it gets dark, you wonder where to make camp. In the distance, you see the glow of what looks like a fire, but it is now too dark to see whoever might be sitting by it. If you wish to ride over to the fire, turn to 183. If you would rather camp down for the night between some nearby boulders, turn to 399.

331

The Hobgoblin just manages to grab hold of your left leg and is hauled up into the sky with you. Borri and Symm lean over the basket shouting encouragement as you try to shake off the Hobgoblin. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 154. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 267.

332

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 384. If you are Unlucky, turn to 85.

333

You scrape the moss from the gravestone and read the epitaph of a woman who died aged 69. On the third tombstone, you find what you are looking for – Tamal's epitaph. In ancient script it reads:

> Although I lie here, I am not yet done,
> The dark power continues, my soul is my son.
> Tamal. Died in this world aged 108 years.

You memorize the epitaph, while Symm hurriedly scrapes the moss from the other gravestones, half expecting to see a ghost at any moment. But the graveyard yields no further secrets, and you ride north-east towards Stonebridge. Turn to 234.

334

You decide to throw caution to the winds and open the door and walk through it. You find yourself in a room exactly the same as the one you have just left. The only difference is that there is no sign on the back of the door. You walk up to the door, try the handle and find that it is unlocked. Again, you walk through the door – only to find yourself in another identical room. Having failed to use a timelock key, you are now trapped in a time-warp from which there is no escape. You are doomed to the eternal repetition of walking through the door.

335

After half an hour of rummaging through the undergrowth, you find the deadly-nightshade plant, and are hardly able to believe your good fortune. You quickly chew a sprig to extract the belladonna, and are immediately sick because of the poison in the plant. Lose 2 STAMINA points. However, to your relief, you are cured of the disease. Turn to 36.

336

You read out the words on the parchment, but the old man soon becomes irritated by your poor pronunciation. 'Read out the words letter by letter,' he says sharply. You do as instructed, but when you finish, the old man remains silent. Finally he grunts in satisfaction and says, 'Well, you have found yourselves quite a useful item. The language is Hamakeian. The Hamakei, in case you are interested, are the last remnants of a more sorcerous age. A few of them still live in desert wastelands. They are very strange creatures with withered bodies and vulture-like heads, and are kept alive well beyond their normal lifespan by arcane spells. They see themselves as scholars and are rarely drawn into conflict, so they concern themselves with protective magic. And what you have here is a magic screen against conjured animals or insects. Quite useful, really. To activate the spell, just say "Hamakei" and call out the number on the bottom of the parchment. Well, I must be going now, and so I'll say goodbye and wish you luck.' You watch the old man for a few minutes as he sets off again, walking nimbly. Then you turn and follow Symm who, as ever, is eager to press on. Turn to **313**.

337

As your horse steps unwittingly on one of the fungi, you hear a dull popping sound. Suddenly, the air is filled with fungal spores, poisonous only to humans. You immediately begin to retch and choke. Roll one die and deduct the number from your STAMINA score. If you are still alive, you hold your breath and make your horse gallop across the clearing. Soon the trees start to thin and at last you are out of the wood. Turn to **194**.

338

When you reach the spot where the slain Doragar fell, you are surprised to see that the bodies have vanished. A trail of blood leads to a solid rock wall, where you find the tell-tale crack of a doorway. You push the section of wall, but it does not move. Even Symm with all his skills cannot find a way to open the section of wall. You press your ear to the wall, but hear nothing. If you wish to carry on with your efforts to open the wall, turn to **78**. If you would rather walk to the junction and try the other passage, turn to **222**.

339

You nervously ride over the brow of the hill that leads down to the lake. There is a deathly silence in the valley and hardly a ripple breaks the surface of the dark, mist-covered water which stretches into the distance. You quickly scan the lake, but see no movement on it. You wait patiently for almost an hour and then you catch sight of an object drifting slowly towards the western shore. You strain your eyes and see that it is undoubtedly a raft and a robed figure is sitting on it. You spur your horse along the shore to the point where the raft is heading. As the raft drifts closer to the shore, you urge your horse into the cold lake and set eyes on the cursed skeleton of Kull. Still gripping Razaak's sword as it has done for a hundred years, the skeleton of Kull sits motionless on the raft as you approach. You overcome your anxiety and reach out and take the sword from Kull. You hear a whispered sigh of joy and watch the skeleton crumble into dust and disappear between the logs of the raft into the lake. After placing the dreaded sword in your belt, you ride off west towards Yaztromo's tower, unable to rid yourself of haunting thoughts of the terrible fate that may await you as keeper of Razaak's sword. Turn to 165.

340

You somehow manage to survive the mental attack, blotting out the fear in your mind. You scream at the top of your voice to aid your concentration, and step forward to attack the Hellcat.

HELLCAT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 32.

341

It is not long before nightfall, and you find yourselves relaxing in comfortable chairs listening to long tales of adventure told by Yaztromo. After eating a huge meal, you go to bed early, since you feel you are going to need all the sleep you can get. In the morning you feel quite refreshed (add 2 STAMINA points) and while you pack your belongings, Yaztromo refills your glass phial with his Healing Potion, enough for five tots. As you walk down the spiral staircase of the tower, Yaztromo says, 'I fear the worst for poor old Budron. Something terrible must have happened to him. He is usually so reliable. I hope you manage to find the haunted graveyard without him. After that, ride to the Dwarf village of Stonebridge and ask for Borri. He will be able to help you save a great deal of time.' Outside, you mount your horses and ride off west along the edge of Darkwood Forest. The ride is uneventful for half an hour, but then you see a leather sack hanging by a piece of rope from a tree. If you wish to stop and cut down the sack, turn to 207. If you would rather ride on, turn to 37.

342

The nuts are edible and ease your hunger a little. Add 1 STAMINA point. When you have finished the nuts, you make your way out of the tunnels. Turn to 279.

343

The little man stops throwing the bones and asks you why you are trespassing on his ground. You reply that you are on an important quest and that you must find the Lost Lake. 'I'm just a simple man, known as the Bonekeeper,' the little man says in a sad voice, 'and I do not know of any lost lake. I sort through these bones and carve some of them into magical rings. I would very much like a new knife for my work, and would gladly give you one of my rings in exchange.' If you possess a knife which you would like to exchange for a ring, turn to 208. If you decide to attack the Bonekeeper after all, turn to 134. Otherwise, you bid him farewell and ride out of the Valley of Bones (turn to 369).

344

Borri and Symm help you up and then the three of you walk through the narrow tunnel opposite. Turn to **177**.

345

By morning all is quiet. You mount your horses and ride off in search of the graveyard. Turn to **37**.

346

The strong poison acts quickly, but fortunately your constitution can cope with the small amount. Your limbs feel stiff, but do not become paralysed. Lose 4 STAMINA points. You urge your horse on, cutting your sword through the air to ward off the hovering flies which are waiting for their prey to fall. But you manage to escape from them and as soon as you feel safe, you swallow a tot of Yaztromo's Healing Potion to counter the effect of the poison. You immediately feel better, but you do not regain any STAMINA points. Relieved to be past the marsh, you continue your trek into the hills, following the river. Turn to **185**.

347

Borri has trouble squeezing his fat stomach through the crack in the wall, and Symm teases him about it. You have to push and haul yourselves along some twenty metres before the crack opens out into a large empty chamber. Two black candles give off a dim light and you notice that it is extremely cold. On the opposite wall, a narrow tunnel leads out of the chamber, and on the floor you see a trapdoor which is bolted down. You press your ear to the trapdoor and hear some snuffling sounds coming from underneath. If you wish to walk down the narrow tunnel, turn to **177**. If you wish to unbolt the trapdoor, turn to **329**.

348

The rat was not diseased and you are able to continue your quest without a painful and untimely death. You walk over to the chest and look inside. Turn to **211**.

349

The clawed hand catches you on the shoulder and neck, inflicting a terrible gash. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **88**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **236**.

350

By the time you are halfway down the valley, your horse is panting heavily and galloping very slowly. Lose 1 LUCK point. Not wishing to run your horse into the ground, you turn to face the screaming Goblins. Fight them one at a time as they close in.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	6
Third GOBLIN	6	5
Fourth GOBLIN	6	6

If you win, turn to **65**.

351

You detect surprise on Razaak's face as the ball of fire veers away from your body. He releases another fireball, but it too veers away. Realizing that you have protection from fire, he starts to mumble words which you do not comprehend. Immediately, his fingertips are crawling with giant, bloated insects which swarm towards you as if Razaak were holding the end of a massive pulsating cone. If you possess a Hamakeian parchment, you should use it now by calling on the Hamakei and turning to the number on the parchment. If you do not possess a parchment, turn to **242**.

352

You are now wearing a Crystal of Sanity. This talisman will protect you from any assaults on your sanity. Taking heed of the miner's warning, you turn your horse south-east to avoid the Orcs. Turn to **137**.

353

Outside in the yard, you see the strangest sight of your life. A huge balloon, as tall as Yaztromo's tower, is being filled by Borri with hot air from a fire. A group of Dwarfs is holding on to the ropes to keep the balloon from floating away into the sky. 'This is my invention,' shouts Borri excitedly over the crackling of the fire. 'It's called a hot-air balloon. It can carry people great distances through the skies in a basket hanging from the balloon. You can soar through the air across mountains and lakes, driven on by air currents and the wind. Now, I believe we must try to find the Gargantis beast. So, if you would like to climb aboard, we'll take to the skies. And if you have any idea which way we should go, you should tell me now. The wind is blowing in a south-easterly direction, so I hope you don't want to go west!'

You are full of wonder at this amazing balloon and you climb quickly into the basket. Borri gives the order for the Dwarfs to release the holding ropes, and the balloon rises smoothly and swiftly upwards. At first you feel nervous, but soon the beautiful view and the tranquillity make you relax, and you begin to enjoy the silent journey. You look down at the tiny tree-tops of Darkwood Forest and think about the dangers that lie hidden beneath them. 'Well?' asks Borri. 'Where do you want to go?' Will you reply:

The Forest of Spiders?	Turn to 34
The Western Flatlands?	Turn to 135
The Plain of Bronze?	Turn to 210

354

You hear the twang of a bowstring being released as your horse races off into the night. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **109**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **263**.

355

Although your two friends become transfixed by fear, you somehow manage to shut out the images gathering in your mind. You scream at the top of your voice to aid your concentration, and step forward to attack the Hellcat.

HELLCAT SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **288**.

356

You look down at the lifeless bodies of the Chameleonites and recall a legend you were once told. It is said that the blood of these rare creatures gives a human being the power of perfect camouflage just once in his or her life. But it is also said that sometimes there are terrible side-effects. If you wish to dab some Chameleonite blood on to your body, turn to **124**. If you would rather spur your horse on further east, turn to **180**.

357

Your temperature continues to fall, and death quickly follows due to hypothermia. Your body starts to vaporize and rises off the ground. You see two objects in front of you, glowing fiery red, and you fly towards them. The heat given off by the objects burns you, and you howl in pain, in the same way as any other Ice Ghost in the presence of living beings.

358

The girl lies in a contorted heap close to her Griffin. There is no sign of life, and you wonder why she attacked you. Perhaps the Griffin was hungry and intended to eat horse flesh. The girl was armed with a sword and a shield. If you do not have a sword, you may take the girl's. Add 2 SKILL points. The shield is circular and has strange writing etched around the circumference. If you wish to take the shield, turn to **131**. If you would rather ride off without it, turn to **29**.

359

You look around, but find nowhere to hide. There is no alternative but to draw your sword and advance. Three creatures soon come into view and you see that they have the bodies of humans, but the heads

of rats. They are covered in short fur and have long rat-like tails; they have already picked up your scent and are ready to fight. The front Rat Man whirls a sling around its head and releases a stone down the tunnel. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **133**. If you roll 4–6, turn to **69**.

360

The rod is hollow at one end and has a screw thread inside it. You deduce that there is another part to the rod which is either lost or destroyed. You notice the number 37 etched into the solid end of the rod, but do not understand its significance. You put the rod into your backpack before deciding what to do next. If you have not done so already, you may either try on the helmet (turn to **221**) or open the backpack (turn to **175**). If you would rather return to your horse, turn to **221**.

361

Ten minutes pass and nothing terrible happens to you. You realize that you are immune to the side-effects of the Chameleonite's blood. Add 1 LUCK point. In high spirits you turn your horse east. Turn to **180**.

362

The Golem rocks on its feet for a moment and then crashes to the ground like a falling tree. Its head splits open and inside you see a gold ring set with a large jewel plugged into the clay. If you wish to put the ring on your finger, turn to **102**. If you would rather leave it where it is and ride on towards the lake, turn to **339**.

363

You ride steadily north-east towards Stonebridge, but see no sign of a graveyard. Turn to **142**.

364

'If what you say is true, I am sure my master will want to hear of Lord Azzur's allegiance. But before I allow you entrance to my master, I must ensure that you are not a spy from the outside world. I will ask you some questions,' continues Ungoth. 'Should you answer them correctly, then I will be convinced you are a true servant of Razaak. You say you were in Port Blacksand, that venerable city of thieves, to buy arms. Now tell me, how many Gold Pieces would you pay for a war-hammer?' If you know the answer, turn to the number that it would cost. If you do not know the answer, turn to **291**.

365

As you ride slowly through the wood, you see the leaves of a bush move, and cannot convince yourself that it was ruffled by the wind. You draw your sword and turn your horse towards the bush. A hideous creature suddenly leaps out and stares at you through sunken eyes as dark as the earth itself. The creature is humanoid in shape but with dark, crusty skin like bark, covered in moss and fungus, and crawling with bloated insects. It has a lifeless expression on its crumpled face. Suddenly the Wood Demon's arms uncurl and extend like long vines and try to pull you from your horse. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **232**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **397**.

366

Underneath all the bones you find another wooden box, much bigger than the one hidden inside the Troll's clothing. If you wish to open the large box, turn to **104**. If you would rather walk on, leaving the bones behind, turn to **40**.

367

The noise of the shattering glass echoes loudly in the cave when the globe hits the wall and fragments. The smoke quickly fills the cave, but you do not have any difficulty in breathing. In fact, the smoke is magical and will now make you immune to any attack by fire. Add 1 LUCK point. You may now either open the chest, if you have not done so already (turn to **80**), or leave the cave (turn to **386**).

368

If you cannot recollect what creature is still trapped by the rod, then you will be unable to activate it against the Gargantis. Once again, you must rely on your sword. Turn to **147**.

369

Leaving the valley behind, you urge your horse up the next hill until you reach a pile of dark granite boulders. The largest boulder appears to have some words chiselled into it, most of which are hidden by moss. If you wish to dismount and examine the words, turn to **306**. If you would rather ride on, turn to **324**.

370

Borri and Symm help you up, and you discover that you have found a bronze face-mask. If you wish to wear the mask, turn to **145**. If you would rather leave it behind and walk through the narrow tunnel opposite, turn to **177**.

371

By pulling on ropes and adjusting the ballast, Borri skilfully lands the balloon between a gap in the trees. You climb out of the basket and take the initiative, as Borri suddenly seems downcast at the prospect of leaving his beloved invention. You tell the other two to follow you, although in truth you have no idea which way to head. Turn to **15**.

372

As you reach forward to close the lid, one of the Rad-Hulks tries to grab your arm. If your SKILL score is 9 or less, turn to **105**. If your SKILL score is 10 or higher, turn to **20**.

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373

The number you rolled was the number of points to be deducted from the Zombie's STAMINA. Reduce the Zombie's STAMINA accordingly before the fight.

ZOMBIE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 74.

374

The Hill Giant's aim is deadly accurate. The large rock thumps into you and knocks you off your horse. You are dead before you hit the ground.

375

You may try any one of the following items if you possess them. Which one will you use:

A silver mirror?	Turn to 394
A silver rod?	Turn to 128
A rat skull?	Turn to 98

If you do not possess any of these items, you will have to rely on your sword once again (turn to 147).

376

Your horse drinks long and hard at the cool stream. You decide to do likewise as you believe the water to be pure in the hills. Add 1 STAMINA point. When you think your horse has rested enough, you remount and cross the stream. Turn to 391.

377

You are soon deep inside the dense forest, which is notorious for its evil inhabitants. Keeping a watchful eye on all the trees around you, you walk steadily on. Soon you come to the edge of a glade and catch sight of poor Yaztromo staked out in the middle of a marked-out pentacle. A loathsome horned beast, its fat, lumpy body covered with green, slimy skin, is walking around the pentacle in a frenzy. You are unable to contain yourself and call out to Yaztromo. He raises his head and says, 'Never have I been so glad to see a friend in my life. Quick, use Razaak's sword against his servant from Hell.' Knowing that you could not injure the vile creature with your own sword, you draw Razaak's sword to fight it.

DEMONSPAWN SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **278**.

378

The crossbow bolt fired at Symm just misses him, but you are not as lucky. The bolt thuds painfully into your thigh, although it does not stop you from riding in to attack. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Symm charges at one Dwarf and you take on the other.

DWARF SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **250**.

379

The vapour-like body of the Ice Ghost passes through you, and you immediately feel chilled to the marrow. You start to shiver uncontrollably and turn deathly white. If you have any polished stones, turn to **301**. If you do not have any stones, turn to **357**.

380

The armour fits you well and is surprisingly light. Add 1 SKILL point. However, it used to belong to an evil lord who, as he lay dying from an assassin's knife, cursed whoever wore his armour in the future. Lose 3 LUCK points. You have no use for the chainmail armour, so you walk back to your horse. Turn to **235**.

381

You walk back to the fissure and lead the way down the steps. The foul air makes you retch, but you carry on down into the gloom regardless. Your eyes gradually become accustomed to the dark and your nose even gets used to the foul stench. When you reach the bottom, you see that the vapour is rising from a large stone bowl, containing a thick red liquid which glows as though it were molten metal. The sludge gives off no heat, just the nauseating smell. 'Perhaps this stuff is responsible for killing all the vegetation outside,' whispers Borri. 'Shall we pour water over it from that rock pool?' If you want to do as Borri suggests, turn to **186**. If you would rather try to find Razaak's crypt, turn to **262**.

382

The day passes quickly and soon you find yourself riding down a narrow valley between two rows of hills. This is a welcome change from continually riding up and down hills. However, in the wild lands of Allansia, danger is never far away. Standing ahead of you in the middle of the valley is a huge, ugly brute some six metres tall, dressed in grubby animal skins. A pile of rocks lies next to the Hill Giant, who calls out and threatens to hurl them at you unless you give him 5 Gold Pieces to allow you through his valley. Will you:

Give him the gold?	Turn to **187**
Attack him with your sword	Turn to **118**
Ride up the hill to bypass the Giant?	Turn to **153**

383

The vapour-like body of the Ice Ghost passes through you, and you immediately begin to feel chilled to the bone. You start to shiver uncontrollably and turn deathly white. If this is the first time you have been touched by an Ice Ghost, turn to **141**. If you have been touched by one before, turn to **47**.

384

You walk past an unseen pit, hidden by twigs and leaves. It was built by the fur-trapper who used to live in the hut. Turn to 23.

385

Alas, you have chosen to put on an Agran death-mask. Made by the High Priests of Agra in southern Allansia, these terrible masks were given to unfortunate sacrificial victims at harvest time. Although the wearer appears perfectly normal, he will lie down and plunge a dagger into his heart. The High Priests dominated their people and led them to believe that those sacrificed killed themselves willingly. A few minutes later, you lie down on the floor and thrust Razaak's sword into your chest. In seconds, your flesh turns to dust and all in Allansia is lost.

386

You quickly untie your horse and resume your journey. Turn to 67.

387

You are obviously unworthy of owning magic items, if you do not know what they are. Since you are unable to activate the magic rod, you must rely once again on your sword. Turn to 147.

388

The strong poison acts quickly and you feel your limbs begin to stiffen. Lose 6 STAMINA points and 2 SKILL points. With extreme effort you manage to keep your horse moving and escape the grotesque Harpoon Flies. As soon as they are left behind, you swallow a tot of Yaztromo's Healing Potion to counter the effect of the poison. You immediately feel better, but you do not regain any SKILL or STAMINA points. Feeling relieved to be over the marsh, you continue your trek into the hills, following the river. Turn to 185.

389

As soon as you touch the silver rod, the wind starts to howl, throwing leaves up into the air. You hear the sinister laugh of a woman above the noise of the wind, and suddenly a lightning bolt shoots down from the sky, followed by a roll of thunder overhead. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 121. If you are Unlucky, turn to 170.

390

The sarcophagus is filled with gold and jewels, including diamonds as big as your fist. If you wish to take some of the treasure, turn to 149. If you would rather leave it untouched and get out of the crypt as quickly as possible, turn to 233.

391

You reach the brow of the next hill and look eastwards into the distance. All you can see is the never-ending range of hills stretching out into the gloom of the dark sky. Suddenly you hear the sound of galloping hoofs and shrill war-cries piercing the silence. You turn to look behind you and see a group of Goblins charging up the hill on horses, riding bareback. One of them carries a banner with shrunken heads swinging from it. There are four Goblins in the raiding party, and you must quickly decide what to do. If you wish to charge down the hill to attack them, turn to **60**. If you wish to gallop away from them, turn to **16**.

392

You step over the rock, unknowingly avoiding a trap, and walk on. Turn to **79**.

393

Unless your blow has just killed the Golem (in which case turn to **362**), your sword will become wedged in the wet clay. As you struggle to retrieve it, the Golem grips your neck with its powerful hands and throttles you to death with ease.

394

Believing that the power of the Gargantis is somehow located in its tiny eyes, you try to reflect its own gaze with the mirror, in the hope that it might destroy itself. But the mirror has no effect. Lose 2 LUCK points. There is no time to use another item, as the Gargantis is almost on top of you, so you must rely once again on your trusty sword. Turn to **147**.

395

One of the Rad-Hulks picks up a rock and hurls it at you as you flee. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **57**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **3**.

396

Pushing and hauling yourself through the crack, you eventually step out into a large empty chamber. Two black candles give off a dim light and you notice that it is extremely cold. A narrow tunnel in the opposite wall leads out of the chamber, and on the floor you see a trapdoor, which is bolted down. You press your ear to the trapdoor and hear some snuffling sounds coming from underneath. If you want to unbolt the trapdoor, turn to **228**. If you would rather walk down the narrow tunnel, turn to **297**.

397

The Wood Demon's vine-like arms wrap around you and pull you down to the ground. As you fall, your sword is knocked from your hand. If you possess a hunting-knife, turn to **260**. If you do not have a knife, turn to **27**.

398

A few minutes later, you hear the dull sound of hammers hitting rocks and the rattle of chains. If you wish to investigate, turn to **214**. If you would rather walk back to the junction and try the other passage, turn to **338**.

399

Sometimes things are not always as they appear. As soon as you rest your head against a boulder, it moves. You have disturbed a Boulder Beast, an animated boulder inhabited by an evil Earth Spirit. The Boulder Beast rolls over, crushing the life from your body.

400

You reach the steps leading out of the fissure just as the tunnels start to cave in. You run up the steps and are greeted by Borri, Symm and Yaztromo. 'I thought you were . . .' you start, but collapse from exhaustion before you can finish the sentence. When you wake up, you find yourself in a comfortable bed, with your three friends sitting in chairs at the end of the bed. 'Well done,' says the wizard with a great smile. 'You did it! And as promised, you

have not turned into a skeleton. But it was close, mind you. I was terribly worried when you collapsed by the fissure. It was with some difficulty that I neutralized the power of Razaak's sword and took it from your grip. It is now buried under tons of rubble and rock at the bottom of the fissure. And that should be the end of that. Come on, get up – it's time to start celebrating!' And celebrate you do.

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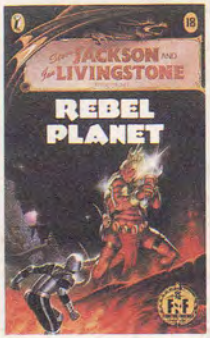

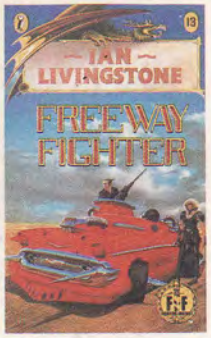

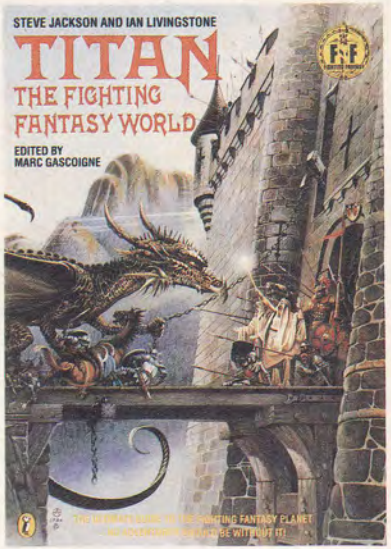

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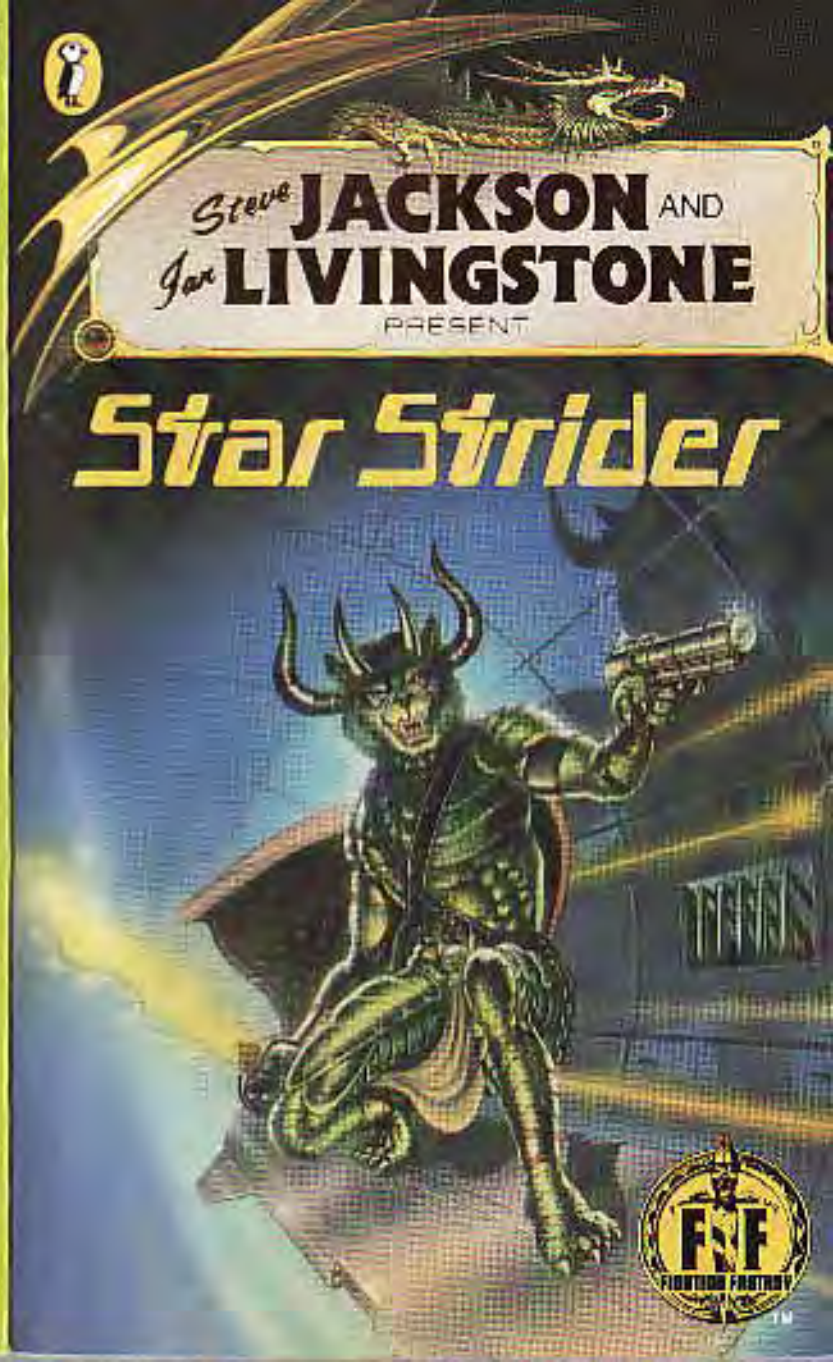

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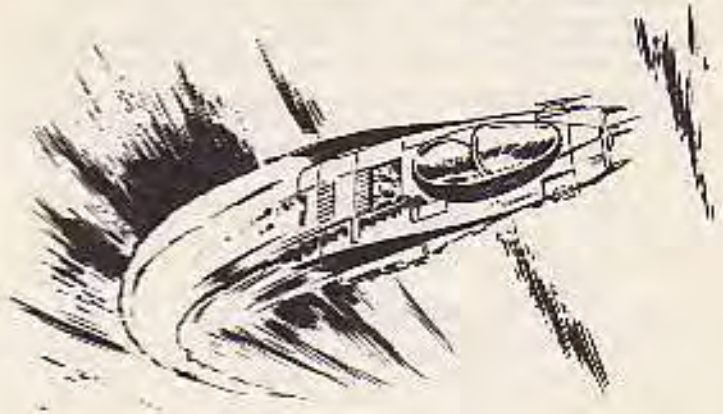

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1987
5 7 9 10 8 6 4

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Set in 11/13pt Linotron Palatino by
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To Isabelle
and the Felines from Wistas 4

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THE MISSION

> **Rogue Tracer**. A hunter of fugitives, criminals and wanted beings who have a price on their heads. Formerly known as bounty hunters. Licensed by the Tracebeam Organization. Elite Rogue Tracers are known as Star Striders.
>
> *Encyclopedia Galactica*

Special message follows . . .

The Gromulans have kidnapped President Xerin of Galaxy One Federation. He has been taken to a quadrant in the northern hemisphere of the planet Earth. It is feared that he is being brainscanned at this very moment and the Zand Corporation assures us that his cephaloprotector will hold out only for a further forty-eight gravity hours. After that time our computer defence codes will be in Gromulan hands and probably in the hands of our enemies, the Empire of the Purple Flag. You are the best Rogue Tracer in Sector 6. In the galactic top money-making table, you rank 97. You have been chosen very carefully and your mission, should you decide to accept it (Standard Contract, M.I., Special Rates), is as follows:

You will make your way to Earth under the pretext of your Rogue Tracer activities, locate the President and GET HIM OUT. Spacefleet 7 will be waiting in

Earth orbit for your signal. Please note that successful completion of your mission will make you very rich, but if you do not accept the assignment, Tracebeam assure us that they cannot guarantee the future flow of criminal records to your terminal for tracing.

Please indicate your acceptance of the mission (Y/N) . . .

Thank you. Further details now follow:

The Gromulans are a humanoid, hyper-intelligent people of unknown origin who have previously only dabbled in world-scale terrorism. They are experts in the construction of Androids and are masters of illusion. They are the originators of Illus-o-Vision 70 for Galaxy Ents Corporation, but were robbed of all copyright in the last century. Their latest invention is the Illus-o-Scope, a portable illusion generator. The Gromulans will be expecting a rescue attempt, so BEWARE! To assist you, we are activating our 'planted' spy Androids in that sector. Look out for these and the CodeMatch signal, but be extremely careful: the Groms are experts in 'turning' dedicated Androids.

The Gromulans have been using Earth as a base for the last century. It is a small, insignificant planet on the edge of the galaxy. Once heavily populated, but now in decline, most of its native inhabitants have emigrated to Alphacent. Its only source of credits is the servicing of freightcruisers and the mining of salt. Unfortunately, the phozon crystal does not

function in that solar system and we cannot pinpoint locations with sensormatics. You will have to signal the rescue fleet once you have found the President.

The remoteness of the Earth and the lack of sensor detection has meant that fugitives have flocked to the planet. You will find many 'targets' on Earth, so you may be kept busy in your normal profession; this makes the rescue more difficult, but also strengthens your cover.

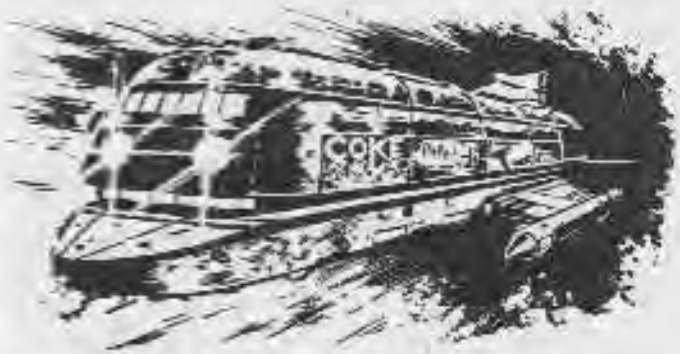

LIKELY ENEMIES

Gromulans

Gromulans are very intelligent humanoids, who would rather surrender than risk a fight in the physical sense. They specialize in deception and can talk the three hind legs off a Wooki. They were nomadic, but have settled on Earth for the last hundred gravity years, where they have developed their Androids and patent Illus-o-Scope. Some reports talk of an addiction to chess and small Earth snails.

Gromulan Androids

These can vary tremendously in design and type. They are the main power-base of the Groms and the Excel Class are VERY DANGEROUS. You are skilled in techniques of fighting Androids and will have a good chance against Guards, GromPuls, Admins, Sweepertrons, etc., but try to steer clear of Excels. If you do get close to one, probe for deactivation points: the Groms fear their creations turning on them and all models have built-in weak spots. As with all standard types, a badly damaged Android will self-destruct.

Fugitives and Criminals

You may meet anyone from a tax-dodging Ferian to a Pirate Prince. Many will leave you alone, but if they suspect you of being a Rogue Tracer, they may run or attack. Remember, you operate within the Galactic Law and are bound not to kill human beings. If you do, you will be a fugitive and be hunted down. If you do trace fugitives, 'cache and mark' them for future collection.

Houlgans

These are local feuding groups of native Earth origin, believed to number 80–90 tribes. They base their fanaticism on some long-forgotten religion, which revolves around colours of clothing, generally scarves. Each tribe has its own style and colour. Their individual combat potential is zero, but they can be irritating in large numbers. You might be able to use them to your advantage. Most important among the tribes are R'al, Juve, Stienn, L'pool and G'ners. Do not on any occasion wear a coloured scarf: Houlgans will only take offence.

Illusory Monsters and Demons

Groms have a liking for this sort of thing. Always remember that the Illus-o-Scope will not be very far away. You WILL be frightened. Gromulan illusions have been known to make a Brontian take fright; note that they can also be on a very large scale.

WEAPONS

Rogue Tracers do not carry many personal arms; the basic weapon is the Catchman, designed by Ulidor Zonie. It shoots out a fine liquid plastic, which takes the form of netting, wraps itself around the prey and thus totally incapacitates him, her or it. Unfortunately it has a high failure rate (33 per cent). Rogue Tracers are skilled in the use of all weapons – blasters, stun guns, even the old-fashioned neutron-swords – but in the last resort they rely on their quick thinking, fast reflexes and superb fitness.

ABILITIES

The mission you are about to undertake will involve your travelling on a strange planet and facing unknown dangers. You must therefore determine your strengths and weaknesses. You will need two dice, a pencil and an eraser. Scores, clues and time factors are to be recorded on the *Adventure Sheet* provided (pages 22–3).

Skill

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box. A high SKILL score shows good fighting ability.

Stamina

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the result and enter the total in the STAMINA box. This shows how fit you are, and how determined you are to succeed in your mission. The higher the score, the longer you will survive. STAMINA will be lost and restored throughout the mission. Always remember to look after yourself: if food is available, have some; if rest is opportune, take it. Remember, you cannot go on for ever like a phozon-powered Crinkletron! A high

STAMINA score will also help you out of difficult situations that require physical effort, such as running, jumping, leaping, swimming, etc.

Luck

Even a top Rogue Tracer needs lots of LUCK to survive. Roll one die. Add 6 to the result and enter the total in the LUCK box. When asked to *Test your Luck*, roll two dice. If the result is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, then you have been Lucky. If the result is *greater than* your LUCK score, then you have been Unlucky. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must reduce your LUCK score by 1 point. There will be times when LUCK points are restored, but if you find that you have no LUCK score, you will be Unlucky in any test.

Fear

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result and enter the total in the FEAR box. Since the Gromulans rely so heavily on illusions calculated to scare, you must at times *Test your Fear Factor*. A bad state of mind can affect your STAMINA and SKILL, and you may be asked to reduce these, if you fail the test. Determine if you are frightened in the same way as you determine LUCK (see above). The FEAR score stays the same throughout the mission.

Time

Time is crucial in this mission. You must complete your task before TIME runs out. You begin with 48 TIME units, which will reduce as you progress in your quest. Note the reductions carefully. Do not waste TIME, but spend TIME gathering clues that will save TIME later on. If your TIME score ever reaches zero, you have failed: the Gromulans have extracted the defence codes from the President's brain.

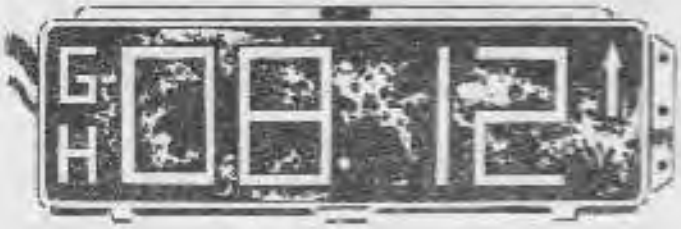

COMBAT

You are armed with a Catchman, which you can use to avoid combat, but you will have to fight your way out of certain situations. If you have to fight, it will usually be hand to hand against one opponent. However, there will be occasions when you have to fight with weapons. In both cases the rules of combat are as follows:

1. Record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in an Encounter Box on the *Adventure Sheet*.
2. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. The total is its Attack Strength.
3. Work out your own Attack Strength in the same way, by adding the roll of two dice to your SKILL score.
4. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, then you have struck a good blow. Subtract 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score.
5. If your opponent's Attack Strength is greater, then you have been hit. Subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score.
6. If both Attack Strengths are equal, then you have avoided each other's blows.
7. Adjust STAMINA scores and begin the next Attack Round.

8. Repeat the sequence until one STAMINA score reaches zero, when the fight is over.

If you lose, this usually means death, but there will be occasions when you can crawl away and try to build up your STAMINA again.

If you throw double 6 at any time while fighting an Android, then you have found the 'weak spot' and de-activated it.

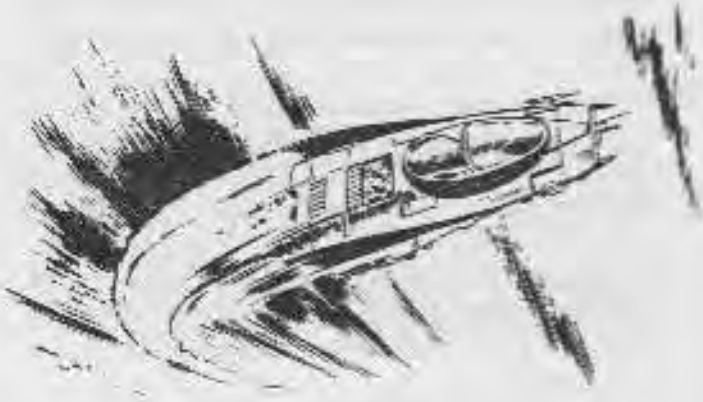

FEATS AND TASKS

In certain special cases you will be asked to use your STAMINA and SKILL scores for other purposes, such as aerial combat, shooting at craft, etc. In these cases you must enter details in the SPECIAL Encounter Boxes on the *Adventure Sheet*, but you must NOT reduce your real STAMINA score.

Throughout the mission you will be asked to determine distances to jump, leap, swim, etc., by the roll of the dice, and to determine your ability to achieve these feats by adding the roll of a die to your current STAMINA score; you must enter these details in the PHYSICAL TASKS boxes of the *Adventure Sheet*, but you must NOT increase your actual STAMINA score.

GOOD LUCK.

Message ends.

ADVENTURE SHEET

TIME

48

CLUES

SKILL

Initial Skill =

STAMINA

Initial Stamina =

LUCK

Initial Luck =

FEAR

CALCULATIONS

OXYGEN

Encounter boxes

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
PHYSICAL TASKS	PHYSICAL TASKS	PHYSICAL TASKS	PHYSICAL TASKS
SPECIAL	SPECIAL	SPECIAL	SPECIAL

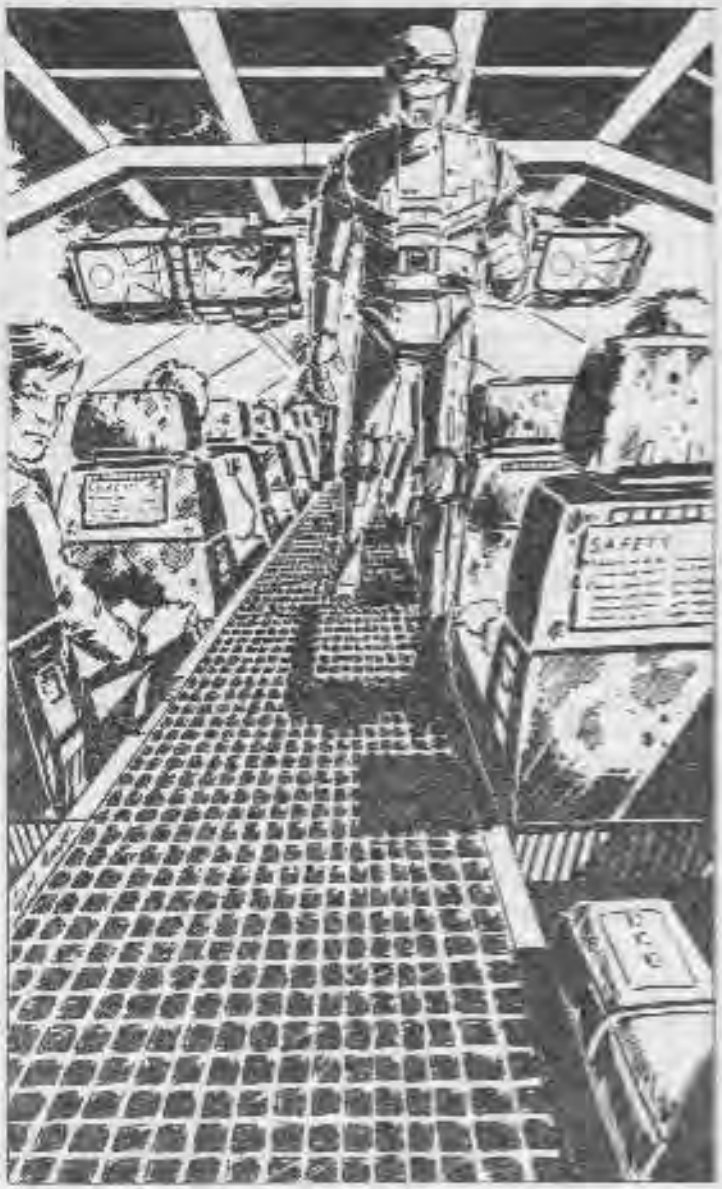

1

You have docked into Earth Shuttle Station 23. 'All lines to Ear— Sector 3,' a bright neon light announces. You park your Oberon craft in the short-term airlock and walk down to a dirty-looking ticket-office. There's no one around. You bang on the small plexi-glass window and eventually a MegaCorp Android appears and stutters at you. It should have been out of commission years ago. It has difficulty in understanding your request for a ticket on the next shuttle, but eventually takes your credit card and utters what you will soon recognize as a traditional Earth saying, 'That'll do nicely.' As you trudge away down the corridor, you hear the MegaCorp squeaking at you to 'have a nice day'.

There are about twenty seats in the shuttle, of which only five are occupied. You are directed to your seat and given a copy of the safety procedures by a service Android, and you sit down on something sticky. The Android asks you what you will have. Will you reply:

Nothing?	Turn to 199
A cocktail?	Turn to 69
Food cubes?	Turn to 203

2

You are in an empty chamber. There are exits north-east (turn to 7) and south-west (turn to 395). To the north-west is another tunnel (turn to 27).

3

As you walk along the trench you hear the rumble of machinery below you. You tap the walls on either side and find that they are not solid. You kick hard and the side wall collapses. Inside there is a tunnel with a long conveyor belt full of salt heading back to Roma. You jump on and take a ride. Add 2 STAMINA points and turn to **149**.

4

They sit you down and give you some 'home brew' that tastes like rocket fuel. They obviously think that you too are a fugitive, and they do not question you too closely. They seem to be planning raids on Grom houses in the area and you see that there might be an opportunity of getting to a ComTerm for information. Suddenly a large, bearded rogue with a fat belly comes up to you and punches you in the face. Do you fight back with all your might (turn to **216**) or let him beat you (turn to **141**)?

5

You stand at the left terminal. It is obvious that a chess move involving the knight is needed. There is one knight and there are two possible moves. Do you press knight to king's bishop three (turn to **160**), or knight to king's rook three (turn to **112**)?

6

Suddenly a Grom appears in front of you. This is obviously an Illus-o-Scope image, since he is tall and good-looking. He smiles and tells you that their galactic 'moles' have got information that you are here to rescue the President. All you have to do is confess and you will be richly rewarded. If not, you will never be released and your mission will fail anyway. Do you admit to your mission (turn to **57**) or keep silent (turn to **122**)?

7

You are in a chamber packed full of food cubes and drink tubes. A Forkliftron is busy stacking small boxes. Do you wish to rest, eat and drink? If you do, deduct 5 TIME units and add 4 STAMINA points. There are exits north-east (turn to 21) and south-west (turn to 2).

8

You are correct: A + B − 1 = C. The door slides open and you are faced with an exact replica of yourself, Catchman in hand. You ignore the illusion and it slowly fades away. You see the ComTerm in front of you. You can still hear blasters firing in the distance and you realize that Gus is buying you some precious time. The screen shows:

Pass-code 67 64 73 46 ?

Work out the next number in the series and then turn to that number. If you cannot work it out, turn to 169.

9

All your senses say no, but you step into the cockpit and the hands grab for your legs. You feel nothing. You sit down where the seat should be and a hand wraps itself around your throat from behind. You slip your hands into the bubbling mud and guess at the location of the rocket starter. The rocket screams and the mud becomes transparent and fades. You look behind you and on the back seat is a piece of Gromulan technology: part of an Illus-o-Scope is wired up to the Zip's shield and was obviously used by the Lurgan to protect his craft. Turn to 211.

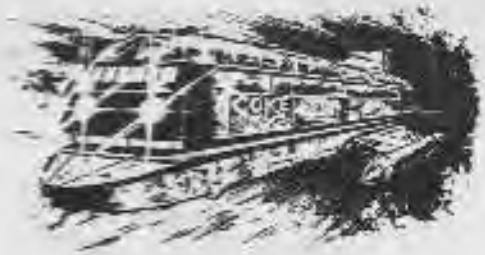

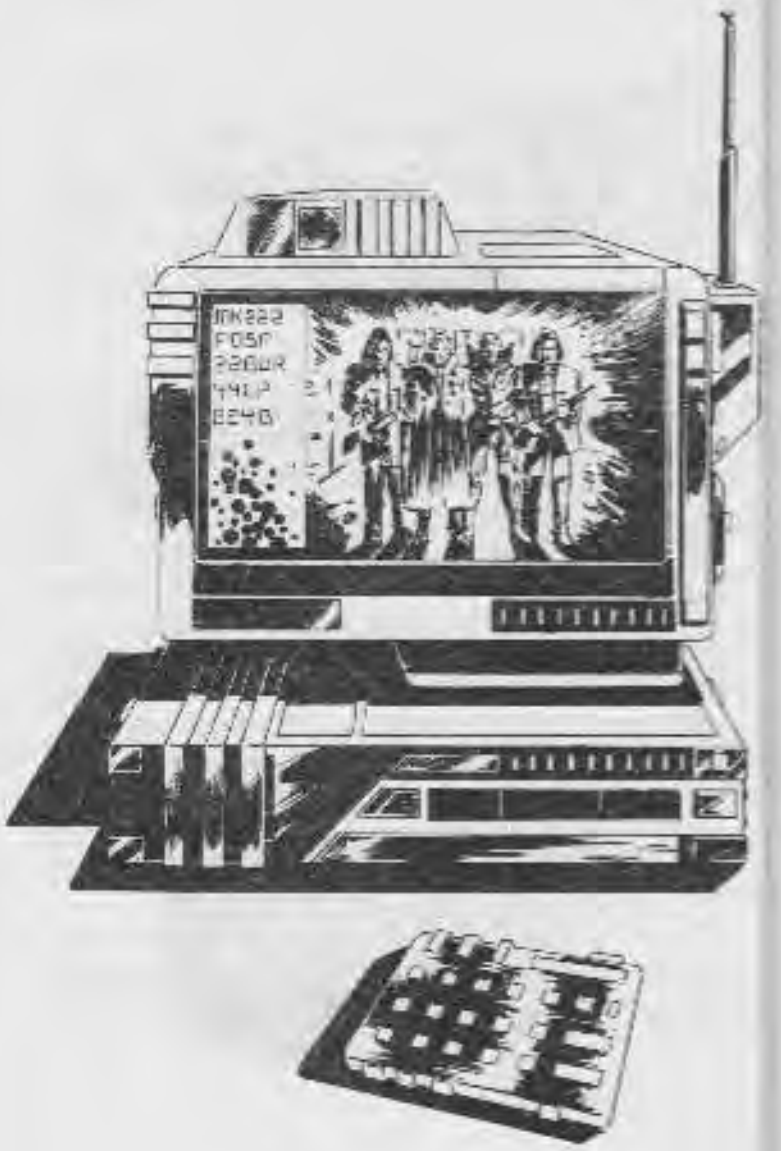

10

You check carefully that there are no Groms or Androids in sight and then stride into the room. The other criminals stare in amazement. The terminal is showing Vidnews as part of high-security Grom TV. Suddenly you see the President with a Grom and two Guards. You look carefully at the coordinates on the left of the screen. The first four groups are standard galactic space codes for Earth Sector North, but you do not recognize the last group. However you take care to memorize the code. You head for the door, but just then a Grom walks in. He emits a muted scream and you move to hit him, but he collapses in a fearful heap. You go through the door and are promptly grabbed by two Excels. Turn to **322**.

11

The Android is a domestic-servant type, but is equipped with a sensitive 'people-placer'. It senses you, goes over to a panel and is about to press a button. You rush at it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you have caught it before it has hit the button (turn to **236**). If you are Unlucky, two Excels appear. They grab you and stun you. You have no chance against them.

12

Deduct 2 TIME units. You are in a chamber with exits north (turn to 336) or west (turn to 180). A southern exit is blocked.

13

You punch Lam in the face and scramble off towards Willi. The manhole it is holding open is rusty. You jump in and Willi follows, dropping the lid and locking it from the inside. You are in a dark, airless hole. There is a passageway ahead and in the distance you can see a faint light. Willi beams up its eyes to give you some light to negotiate the mass of pipes and wires in the tunnel. As you both walk along, Willi trips up and sits in a puddle. You carry on heading for the light; it is coming from a grille up above. Just then you hear a low moan and turn around. Willi has disappeared. The moan is coming from an access shaft down below. Do you decide to climb up to the grille (turn to 192) or go down the shaft (turn to 255)?

14

Inside 'Le Spot' it is dark. There are sealed cubicles that take credits. You put one in and a door slides open; you walk in and sit down in the single chair provided. Four set menus appear on a screen. The descriptions are very appetizing. You opt for the most expensive menu, but all you get are the same old cubes in different wrappings. Add 2 STAMINA points and turn to 136.

15

It stops whining and heads for the street. You let it pass. It dawns on you that in VidEnts there is a certain code about 'showdowns', and it will not be expecting an attack from behind. You pull out the Catchman and fire three spurts. The Excel topples over, but begins to tear the plasti-net apart. You call the men to help and all three of you fall on top of the Android. Its strength is immense. Meanwhile the girl has got into the ZipCar and backed it down towards the fight. You all get out of the way and as the Excel gets up to rip you all to pieces, she blasts the rocket motor at its back. The Android goes down, with plenty of circuitry exposed in its back. Turn to 161.

16

The others drag the insensible Gigantian away and chain you up. You watch them go out and look for your equipment. Your Chronograph and Catchman are on a chair close by. From what you've heard, you know that you are in Paris and that if you could send out a CodeMatch signal, a 'planted' Android might pick it up. You stretch out your foot, trying to hook the chair and pull it towards you. Roll two dice and add up the total: this is the distance you will have to stretch. Roll one die and add the number to your STAMINA score: this is the limit of your stretch. If the distance is greater than the stretch, you are stuck and you have failed in your mission. If not, turn to 94.

17

You break open a cube and bite into the sticky brown mess. Just then you hear the roar of Rocket Bikes and, before you can look up, Lopsti bursts in with his gang. You are surrounded. They swing clubs and finger their stun guns. Lopsti wants you to go with them. Do you try to fight (turn to **248**), or will you go with them and try something later (turn to **175**)?

18

You are correct in your calculations: $A \div C \times 2$. The door slides open and you walk into a dark room. The only light comes from the glow of a ComTerm. The screen shows a list of options including one called 'Security'. You press this and a sub-menu appears with an option for 'The President'. You smile in admiration at the logical and highly efficient Groms. You press this option but all you get is a sequence of numbers:

1 8 27 ?

Calculate the next number in the sequence and turn to that number. You will be told immediately if you are correct. If you cannot work out the sequence, turn to **124**.

19

Kirta Lopsti has beaten you. While he rushes off to call the rest of his gang, you crawl under the stairs of the diner and through a broken air-shaft grille. You hear the gang arrive and Lopsti's tantrum at losing you. They eventually set off with their Rocket Bikes roaring. You crawl out and get back to the diner. It is deserted. You find a Silverhound bus schedule which shows a much-reduced service: the next one leaves in forty-eight gravity hours. The diner operates only when the bus passes through. You are tired and hungry. You find a food dispenser but it will not accept your credit. Will you break it open (turn to **101**) or go outside (turn to **230**)?

20

The door opens easily and you see a 3-D projection of the galactic rescue fleet. You look around and realize that you are in a Grom transmission studio, which is beaming out the latest news to the Grom ComTerm screens. As you wonder at the size of the rescue fleet, a Grom technician walks in, sees you, shrieks and runs out again. Before you can move, a Gigantian appears, who straightens up as he comes through the door and looks at you. You clutch the neutronsword, but the Gigantian opens its mouth and a Korwellian death bolt shoots out and into your forehead. You have no chance.

21

You are in a chamber with blocked exits to the north and south-east. Do you go:

North-east?	Turn to **62**
East?	Turn to **48**
South-west?	Turn to **85**
West?	Turn to **7**

There is also a modern smaller tunnel to the north-west (turn to **82**).

22

The Silverhound lurches off and you have to listen to the reps' dirty stories about the pleasure-planet of Luxurus. Eventually you reach Madrid and everybody gets off. Turn to **179**.

23

You step into empty space. You spin as though weightless and a beam blasts at you. All that remains of you is some dust in the corner, soon to be swept under the carpet by a faulty Sweepertron.

24

You carry the President through the tunnel and come to the bottom of a spiral staircase. Next to the stairs is a large, very old-fashioned elevator covered in ancient ads that mean nothing to you. You can hear your pursuers. Do you try the elevator (turn to **307**) or go up the stairs (turn to **371**)?

25

The ladder is strong but very greasy and slippery. There are no features on the smooth steel shafts and you rest for several gravity minutes every once in a while. The light from above gets nearer. Deduct 2 TIME units. Turn to **209**.

26

You walk through and the door slides shut. You are in a square glass tank, with water hanging above you! You see no sign of the door you have just used. Suddenly a heavy steel ball with spikes falls out of the water above you and crashes through the floor. Others follow in random positions. Deduct 2 TIME units. *Test your Luck* three times. If you are ever Unlucky, one of the balls has hit you (turn to **201**). If you are always Lucky, the balls have weakened the floor. It collapses and you fall through (turn to **333**).

27

You speed into the new tunnel and impale yourself on a mass of long steel spikes. The tunnel was merely an illusion, a Grom trick.

28

You lie down flat in the dirty muck. The Rat stops just in front of you. It begins to weld a section of pipe; you keep still. It moves off, but then stops and comes back. A probe emerges from its middle. It will detect your body-heat and blast you. Do you run for it (turn to **289**) or break the probe (turn to **81**)?

29

As you approach the Houlgans, they notice you and slowly surround you. They watch you carefully. Some of them are swinging chains in the air. One of them, who appears to be the leader, asks you if you have any credits. You look at him carefully and see that he has the figure 90 scrawled on his cheek. Do you give them any credits (turn to **147**) or refuse and stand your ground (turn to **287**)?

30

You stand still. The GromPol craft lands and two Excels appear on either side of you. The Android you were following also steps up. They search you thoroughly and find your ID, Catchman and Chronograph. The Android takes your Chronograph. It finds the secret CodeMatch, presses it, and a matching beep is emitted from the Android's arm. Immediately you are in a box: an obvious illusion, but the perspective keeps changing and the walls get larger, smaller, taller and shorter. You are disorientated and wake up in a Grom cell strapped to a Zand Corporation 'Tell Us All'. You embark on a long process of interrogation. You cannot complete your mission.

31

You look around. In the distance two Guard Androids are walking along a wide avenue. It appears as though they are looking for something. You stroll away and turn left down a smaller road, where you notice an old Vidprint shop with some antiquarian floppies in the window. You have not seen floppies since your visit to the Cavod and Xiberti museum when you were a kid. Do you go in (turn to 251) or carry on (turn to 83)?

32

You look around. You are in the grounds of a well-kept house. You walk through the gardens and then hear someone calling: it turns out to be a Grom, who has come out of the house. He tells you that he is glad you have come, since the acidity regulator is faulty, so the Illus-o-Scope will not work and the Androids are incapacitated. He takes you past several immobile Androids to his ComTerm and looks at you expectantly. You cannot resist the opportunity, so you grab him and threaten him into consulting Grom Security with details about the President. The blood drains from his thin face as he quickly fumbles with the keys; then he collapses in a dead faint. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to 237.

33

You have calculated correctly: A + B − 1 = C. The screen shows a menu and you pick security information. Another menu appears which includes, with typical Grom efficiency, an option for the President. You press this option and all you get is:

212	(59)	94
737	(?)	173

If you can supply the correct answer, turn to that section. You will be told that you are correct straight away. If you cannot supply the answer, turn to 194.

34

The Android rushes out and falls face down in front of you. It has two holes in its side, and in its hand is a piece of paper. You read what's on the paper and you recognize the first three groups of code as the galactic coordinates for London; the fourth group you note down (if you do not already have it). Deduct 2 TIME units. Suddenly a Grom craft appears, its cannons blasting at you. You run for it. Do you go left (turn to 104) or right (turn to 156)?

35

You stop in the tunnel when you meet yourself, with neutronsword in hand. You suspect an illusion, but dismiss that thought as the beam slices into the shoulder-pads of your coat. You realize that the Groms have been busy building a replica Android which you will now have to fight.

REPLICA ANDROID SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, a small flying leech from Stokex 9 shoots out of the Android's body and fastens itself to your leg. You have to cut it out. Reduce your STAMINA by 2 and turn to 21.

36

You head off south with Willi towards its master's house. Willi is very chatty: it has been given a Random Personality Chip. Some of its coordination functions have been corrupted, however, and it drops its boxes again. By the time you reach the house you are carrying most of them. There are three Guards at the house, plus an Illus-o-Scope and various other Grom devices. Willi calls you when the coast is clear and points to the door at the top of the stairs. It has not had a chance to get inside and investigate the ComTerm. You run up the stairs and find the door unlocked. Will you rush straight in (turn to 260), or do you prefer to check out a possible alarm circuit (turn to 301)?

37

You are in a chamber with blocked exits south, north-east and north-west. There is an unmarked door (turn to 20), and exits west (turn to 353) and east (turn to 116).

38

You press 'A' and on the screen you see:

Q867 R188 20KK

You recognize this as the open code for London base. Then the screen goes blank. Turn to 368.

39

The shuttle lands in the dark segment of the planet, in what appears to be a desolate area of Sector 3. There are no habitation lights and you assume that this base station was built in the days when shuttles needed huge landing-areas. All the passengers troop out into the station. You look up and see the familiar Rocket-a-Hire sign and go over to a shoddy counter. There is no Android on duty. You stand there reading ZipCar brochures while all the other passengers file towards the Silverhound which is waiting outside, smoke belching from its rocket outlets: its destination is Madrid. In the far corner a Sweepertron takes a break from its work and looks at you. Do you wait around for a ZipCar (turn to 145), talk to the Android (turn to 357), or join the others in the Silverhound (turn to 373)?

40

You wake up and find yourself lying by an anti-gravity swimming-pool. As you stare at the block of water, the Grom comes out and apologizes for the deceit, 'but it does make the game more interesting when the stakes seem to be life itself'. He gives you food and drink (add 4 STAMINA points), then talks to you for several gravity hours and lets slip that he is highly placed in Gromulan HQ. In the corner near the house is a ComTerm which occasionally beeps. When the Grom leaves for a moment, you catch a glimpse of the Galactic President on the screen. Do you approach the ComTerm (turn to 242), or stay where you are (turn to 190)?

41

The ZipCar performs well and logs in a flight path for Madrid. You set it for 'autoland' and key in the required landing-request data. You relax as the craft does all the work for you and sets you down with a gentle bump. Deduct 2 TIME units.

You get out and snap the plexi-glass top down. You notice that the Illus-o-Scope is beginning to work again; it is filling the cockpit with blood. As you walk away you look back and see a GromPol looking over the ZipCar; you suddenly realize that it is stolen. You will not be able to return to it. Turn to 179.

42

You run very fast, but two Androids appear behind you and give chase. Roll three dice and add up the total: this is the speed of the Androids. If it is greater than your STAMINA, they have made you change direction (turn to 262). If your STAMINA is equal to or greater than their speed, you have outrun them. You carry on for a while and then stop by a large building and look around (turn to 59).

43

The Android tells you it is from the GUS series (Genus Undercover and Subterfuge) and sets a fast pace to the east. It weaves through the side-streets and soon you are both standing outside a Grom mansion. Gus does not hesitate on seeing the two Guards at the door. It tells you to wait and then approaches the Guards, walking backwards and dragging one foot. The Guards walk towards Gus, curiosity circuits buzzing. As they draw level, Gus takes the first guard's head off with a hand blow and kicks a chunk out of the second's middle. You rush to help, while the Guards kick, gurgle and buzz. You sit on one until it self-destructs. Then you follow Gus into the house. 'ComTerm should be on the floor above,' it tells you as it adopts a position by the elevator, blaster in one hand, stun gun in the other. When you reach the top you can hear the swish of blaster fire. You realize that you haven't much time. There is a door ahead: turn to 92.

44

You are in a chamber which has obviously been refurbished in hi-tech Grom style. There is a vidscreen on the wall with an image of you and a warning that you are probably in the Inner London base. Deduct 2 TIME units. There is a door marked 'Strictly no unauthorized entry' (turn to 334), and exits west (turn to 71) or east (turn to 132).

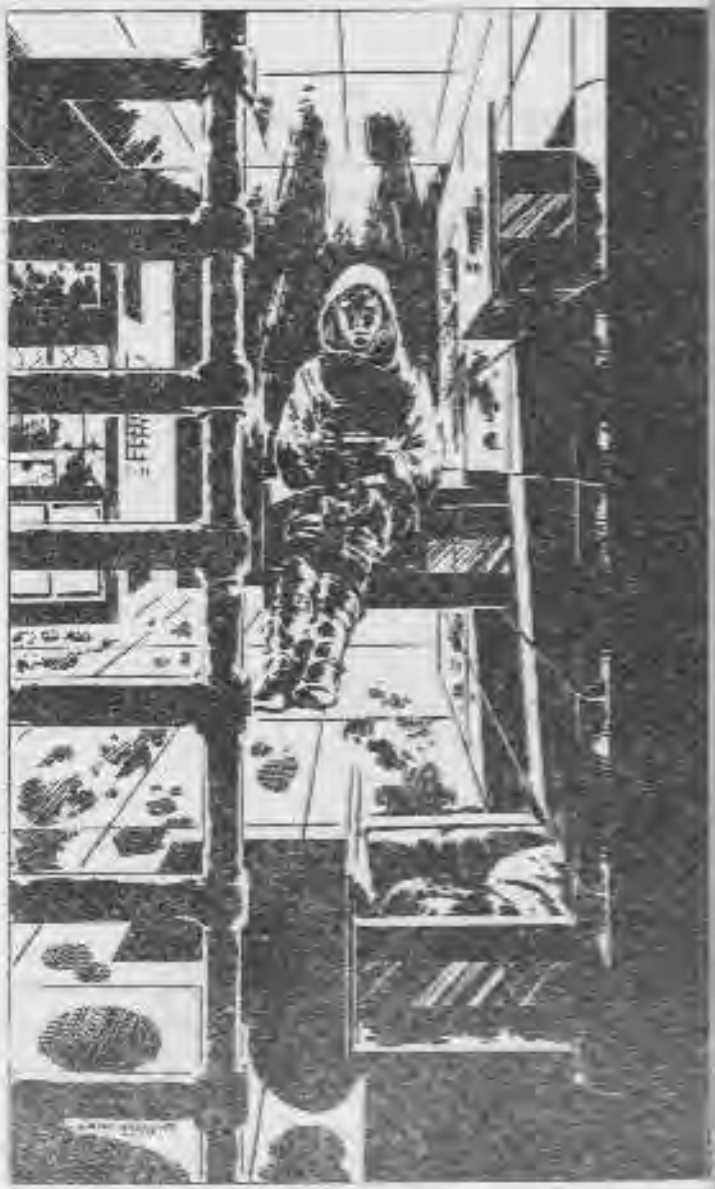

45

You are very tired by the time you land at Roma terminal. You check when the bus is due to leave and set an alarm on your Chronograph. You stagger out of the terminal and the first sign you see is that of a Fast Food and Sleep Unit. It looks very shabby and some dubious characters from the bus are heading for it.

'That'll do nicely,' squeals the gate mechanism when you slip your credit in. Inside you pick up some cubes advertised as Virwat-duck flavour and sit on a broken chair munching the tasteless mush. You look around you: rubbish litters the area and is being kicked about by all sorts of rogues; a couple you recognize are worth a few hundred credits, but you are far too tired. Sitting on one of the sleep units is a woman cleaning a stun gun. She looks familiar and stares at you. Then she lies down and closes up her unit. You do the same. Add 6 STAMINA points.

When you get up, she is just leaving. Do you follow her (turn to 153) or hurry on in your search (turn to 142)?

46

Deduct 2 TIME units. The one straight ahead gives you the best chance of using the Catchman. You fire: throw a die. If you throw 1–3, it has failed (turn to 207). If you throw 4–6, you have caught one of the gang (turn to 345).

47

Suddenly the scene changes. You are standing by a beautiful beach, the sun is setting and you know that you are rich and powerful, but you cannot remember any details. You are about to remember, when your Rogue Tracer mind-training reasserts itself and you know that this is just another Grom brain-game. The scene fades into darkness. Four doors appear. A voice tells you that three of them lead to death and one leads to freedom, and that the choice is yours. You are also forced into a decision by the wall behind you glowing red hot and pushing you towards the doors. The doors are marked with chess symbols. Do you choose:

The pawn?	Turn to **23**
The knight?	Turn to **166**
The rook?	Turn to **212**
The bishop?	Turn to **225**

48

You are in a chamber with a blocked exit south-east and exits east (turn to **331**), west (turn to **21**) and north-west (turn to **62**).

49

You head towards the right-hand shelter. The bull is ready to charge. You wait for it to get close enough to prod with the spear.

BULL SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If you reduce the bull's STAMINA to 6, you have struck its shoulder circuits. There are some sparks and smoke, and you run into the shelter. You look around, but there is no door: you must try the other shelter. Turn to **378**.

50

You keep your hands away from your coat and walk towards the Android. You hear one of the men say, 'He is mad, his circuits are all twisted.' The Android whips out its gun, but then stands stock-still making a whirring noise. Deduct 2 TIME units. Do you try to immobilize it (turn to **205**) or to get more information from the people in the bar (turn to **306**)?

51

You are in Red room, Level 1. There are two doors leading downwards. Reduce OXYGEN level by 1. Do you go left (turn to **97**) or right (turn to **181**)?

52

A shot blasts near you and you collapse. The Androids approach you, while the craft is blasted out of the sky by Grom defence missiles. They grab you just as you begin to black out. Turn to **322**.

53

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **395**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **67**.

54

You are right to refuse. Rogue Tracers never give any information on likely targets. The Grom accepts this fact and smiles. He stares at you without speaking. You look him up and down and realize how remarkably slight he is and how easy he would be to overpower. Just then his neck lengthens and his head stretches from where he is sitting to right in front of your face. His mouth widens and is full of fangs about to bite your head off! *Test your Fear Factor*. If you are frightened, reduce your STAMINA by 1 point. Then you are allowed back on the bus. Turn to 219.

55

You have broken a beam. Everything becomes fluid; images change. You find yourself on a large black square. You look around and see similar black and white squares and giant chess pieces all laid out on either side of you. To the left a giant white pawn rushes towards you and stops in the white square, then to your right a black knight leaps out and lands with a thump on the black square diagonally next to yours. You know it's an illusion, but it has a powerful effect on your brain. The black knight begins to chase you, and you run for the edge of the board. It lands just behind you with a loud crash. Ahead a black pawn blocks the way. You can either stand still (turn to 229) or go left (turn to 172).

56

You are in a chamber with exits east (turn to **395**) and north (turn to **288**).

57

The Grom smiles and looks you up and down. Then all your molecules are blasted apart.

58

You walk up to it. Do you demand a 'showdown' in the street (turn to **15**) or ask it where its horse is (turn to **214**)?

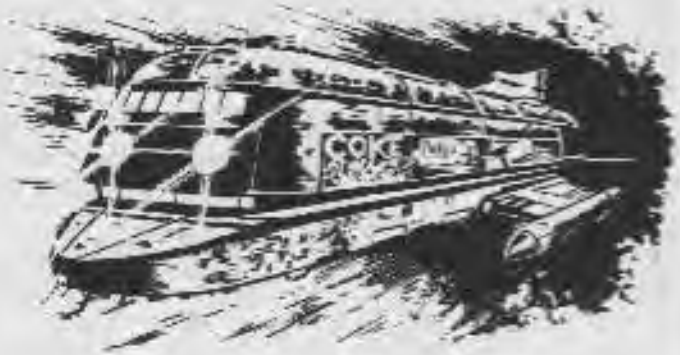

59

Across from the building you see a flashing sign: '-INOS C-UB'. You walk up to the front door, which is just a bead curtain. You walk through and see a juke projecting an old Galaxy Ents Promo. You walk up to the dispenser and press for a Mangola tube. You look around. There are many 'untraced' rogues about – rich pickings if you were in the mood. In the far corner a fight begins. Someone gets punched and falls into the projection. He is followed by Orvium, who stands over him and kicks him. Turn to **275**.

60

You sneak past the house. You are tempted by the launch, but if it is a Grom craft it will be well guarded. Just then you see an Excel Android two hundred metres ahead. It is right in your path and looking straight towards you. Do you jump into the bushes (turn to **164**) or stay exactly where you are (turn to **206**)?

61

The woman lies in the water. You get up and turn around as you hear a noise. You are faced with five men, all heavily armed. One of them calls out, 'Felina!' The woman mutters, 'Kill the intruder.' You wisely decide to run for it, and they chase you. Throw three dice and add up the result. If this is greater than your STAMINA score, they have caught you, and you have no chance against them. If it is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, you have outdistanced them. Turn to 376.

62

You are in a chamber full of crates. There are exits blocked by rubble to the north and west. Deduct 2 TIME units. Which way do you go:

East?	Turn to 139
North-east?	Turn to 318
South-west?	Turn to 21
South?	Turn to 48

There is also a smaller modern tunnel heading south-east (turn to 82).

63

The Android is disguised as an administrative support. It is a good idea to attack it, for you know its circuits very well. You throw your weight on its back and as it falls into the bushes, you gently press the back of its left ear. Automatic functions cease. You reach inside its mouth and rip out the Com board to stop it transmitting distress signals. You have thirty gravity seconds before self-destruct sets in. You can ask one question:

Where is the President kept?	Turn to 259
Where are Grom secret records kept?	Turn to 339
How can I get into the administrative building?	Turn to 281
What do the Groms know about my mission?	Turn to 102

64

You are correct: 1 cubed, 2 cubed, 3 cubed, etc. The terminal requests your question. You key in, 'Is the President in Madrid?' It answers in the negative. 'Where is the President?' It replies, 'He is kept at a high-security Base, reference 169A . . .' The message stops, the screen goes blank, and then you are asked for your family code letter. You press random keys, but it begins to flash 'ILLEGAL ACCESS'. You memorize the little information you got out of it. Turn to 124.

65

You take a risk! You press the starter and pump at the pedal. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, the bike does not start immediately and Lopsti has had time to hit you with a stun shot (turn to 95). If you are Lucky, the bike starts and you are in the air (turn to 184).

66

You walk along the street. Here the area is overgrown, trees poke out of windows, buildings are crumbling and grass grows on the roads. Suddenly you hear a growl and in front of you stands a huge white wolf. You pull out your Catchman and fire. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 303; if you are Unlucky, turn to 355.

67

A strange dark creature blocks the tunnel. Its arms end in sharp pointed teeth that move in and out. It has no head, but there is a large eye in the centre of its body. If you do not wish to fight, turn to 85.

LEECH SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 395.

68

You suggest a game to be played on her parents' ComTerm. She tells you that she is not allowed in there. You tell her it's a code-breaking game. She stands there debating it in her mind. Her image grows until she appears to be three metres tall. She then assumes her real height; small silver stars circle her head, and she agrees. She touches a panel in what seems to be a blank wall and a section of the floor moves and carries both of you through the ceiling. You notice a communicator on her wrist and you realize that she could summon Excel guards if she wanted. She takes you to a door and tells you that it's in there. You ask her to go and get a Vidcorder and laserpen for the game. You stress that you want the real thing, no illusions. She skips off, calling for Beany the Butler. Deduct 2 TIME units. By the side of the door you see a panel with the following sequence:

54	(12)	9
18	(?)	2

Work out the correct missing number and go to that section. You will be told at once that you are correct. If you cannot work out the missing number, turn to **124**.

69

A drink will only cloud your judgement and you will need a clear head for the task in front of you. Reduce your SKILL by 1 point. Turn to **39**.

70

You leave the grounds of the house with Willi just as a ring of fire appears all round the building. Willi tells you that the Illus-o-Scope has been re-activated and suggests a very rapid exit out of the area. As you walk along a deserted street you ask Willi about the central administrative building. It tells you that the Plaza de Toros is exclusively for Androids and is built underground below the bullring, a part of the Grom Ents Complex. Willi knows that there is a way into the building through the Ents Complex. As Willi talks, it disguises itself as a GromPol guard, but you have to keep stopping to pick up the bits that it continually drops. Turn to **200**.

71

You are in a chamber which, by its smell, seems to be the Grom rubbish dump. There are lots of snail shells around, many with decomposing snails inside. Now and again you catch sight of a large rat delving into the rubbish. There are exits east (turn to **44**) and south (turn to **332**).

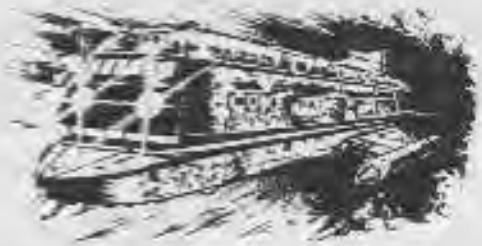

72

You board the bus. All the passengers are from the shuttle. You sit down and strap up; the Silverhound lurches and then speeds off. From their conversation, you detect that most of the passengers are sales reps; the main topic is the price of salt-mining equipment. One passenger, obviously a Grom, sits ahead in the small first-class section. He is being attended by his own Android. You begin to doze off, while the Vidscreen in front of you shows endless adverts from Galactic Ents Inc. Deduct 2 TIME units.

Suddenly you wake up with a start. You look out of the window to see lights flashing. The bus slows down and lands in a swirl of dust. Two GromPol Androids get in and announce that they want to check IDs. When they see your Rogue Tracer's licence, they grab you and throw you outside. Do you run for it (turn to **385**) or go along with them (turn to **119**)?

73

You race down the tunnel, splashing through the sludge and water. You see the occasional dark shape and then you see more and more. You stop when you realize that they are giant rats with huge fangs. You are quickly surrounded by about two dozen of them. You pull out your Catchman and fire at the nearest bunch. *Test your Luck* three times. Each time you are Unlucky, deduct 3 STAMINA points for the bites you receive.

You crawl out of the sewer on a rusty ladder and you see a commercial transport in front of you marked with the name 'Escargot' and a circle with a horizontal line through it. It seems to be about to take off. Do you stow away on the transport (turn to 239) or return to the Silverhound terminal (turn to 134)?

74

You cannot restrain yourself. Jose and the gang watch in wonder as you flip over and take on the rogue in unarmed combat.

ROGUE SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, you wrap up the rogue in plasti-net, 'mark' him and give the gang share discs in the 'kill', which should keep them from going hungry for many months. Add 1 LUCK point. You go through the manhole. Turn to 114.

75

You reach the Silverhound terminal and rush forward to slip in your credit. But there is no need to hurry: there are only two other passengers, both Androids. They stand still and buzz to each other. You get on the bus, find a comfortable place and watch a TravelVid about Roma. Apparently the Gromulans believe that there is some connection between the founding of Roma and their race. You eat several cubes and then go to sleep. Add 3 STAMINA points. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to 257.

76

When you approach Paris you are automatically logged into a Galactic Ents commentary on the city. It looks beautiful, with its heavily overgrown buildings. You fly over an old expressway which is solid with rusted vintage cars – apparently the scene of the greatest traffic jam the planet ever had in the previous century when Earth was still heavily populated. You land the Silverhound at Paris terminal. When you get out of the craft, you are promptly arrested by two GromPol Androids for unauthorized flying. Do you fight your way out (turn to 399), or do you go quietly (turn to 168)?

77

You take off for cover, weaving, twisting and flipping over, using all your Rogue Tracer agility, but even so a stun shot hits you in the back. It is a mild blast, but it stops you in your tracks. You go inside the hotel. Reduce your STAMINA by 1 point and turn to 197.

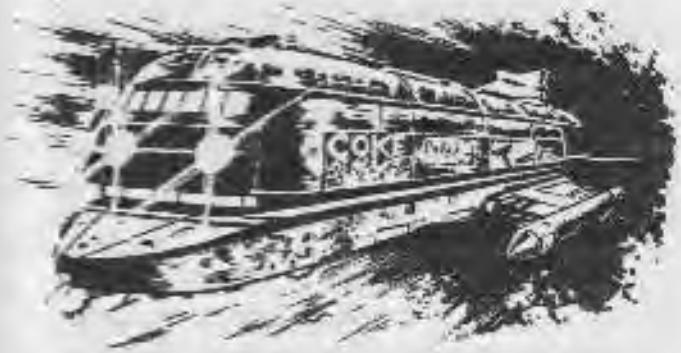

78

When you reach Paris you see a beautiful overgrown city. A Galactic Ents commentary automatically starts up on your ZipCar speakers and while the vehicle follows the pre-set landing coordinates, you look out and play the tourist. The commentary is interrupted by a Mangola advert and then the craft autolands. When you get out of the ZipCar, two GromPol Androids appear and arrest you for flying without paying the toll charges. Deduct 2 TIME units. Turn to 314.

79

You follow the main street aimlessly. You stop and look around you. Turn to 117.

80

You arrive at the Silverhound terminal with little time to spare. There are many people milling around. A sign flashes above the boarding-gate: 'BUS FULL'. You rush towards the Android standing by the door. You show it your Rogue Tracer's ID; there is a sharp intake of air into its system, it boards the bus and throws off a rather elderly woman. She is very cross and the other passengers stare at you while you take your seat. You sit next to an Excel and try to get some rest, but you find it difficult because there is a large group of natives at the front who keep chattering and screaming at one another while they pass around drink tubes and food cubes. They do not offer you any. Deduct 2 TIME units. Turn to 45.

81

You snap off the probe and it immediately begins to blast in all directions. Roll two dice. If you throw a double, it has hit you with a deadly blast. Otherwise it retires back to where it came from and you carry on towards the light. You come to a vertical shaft. Turn to 192.

82

You speed along the tunnel and eventually reach a chamber with cells leading off it. In the far cell you can see an Android lying on the floor in the early stages of self-destruct. You rush over and there in front of you is the President; his clothing is tattered, he has a space dagger in his hand and he is breathing very heavily. You try to calm him down. Just then you hear a noise and turn around. The President Android stabs you in the back.

83

You can see a large circular building in the distance, but as you head towards it you feel the throb of your Chronograph, which is now pre-set to CodeMatch with 'planted' Androids. You look around you. To your left is an Android with some boxes in its hands. It is being intimidated by a bunch of Houlgans. Do you help the Android (turn to 276), or do you prefer to keep a low profile (turn to 319)?

84

Three of the gang crumple up, entangled in the plasti-net. You run for the nearest Rocket Bike, jump on, start up and take off. You turn around and notice that no one is pursuing you. Just then the fuel tank explodes and as you plummet to your death you remember the remote-destruct anti-theft device, which is 'widely available in all good stores throughout the galaxy'.

85

Deduct 2 TIME units. You are in a chamber with a blocked exit south, and exits west (turn to 53) or north (turn to 267).

86

'So am I, in a manner of speaking,' he says as he continues to fly behind the bus and is joined by three other heavily armed ZipCars. It is obvious that they intend to attack the Silverhound over the mountains. You peer over his shoulder and notice a scan monitor showing up the Catchman in your coat. Your section of the cockpit is suddenly sealed and you hear the sound of gas. Turn to 386.

87

You walk along what seems to be an old sewage system, wading through water and sludge. You come to a fork in the tunnel. Do you take the left-hand branch (turn to 372) or the right (turn to 202)?

88

You open the small door and find yourself in a long, empty corridor. You tread gently and watch out for alarm beams. Eventually you see a door marked EXIT, and another door marked:

> GromPol and Excel series only. Strictly no admittance to any other Androids.

Which door do you take, the EXIT (turn to 194) or the other one (turn to 383)?

89

Bracing yourself against the force, you press the Thruster. The acceleration flattens you into the seat as you speed up to ten times the normal maximum. The Grom is left far behind. You cannot hope to steer, but have to rely on auto-pilot. As you climb to maximum height, the fuel runs out and the rockets shut off, but you have time to glide in one of three directions. Which one do you choose:

Left?	Turn to 178
Right?	Turn to 234
Straight on?	Turn to 398

90

As you walk along, you stumble over a block of stone. Noticing some writing carved on it, you brush away the grass to reveal the legend 'Madrid 180 km', with an arrow pointing in the direction you have just come from. You set off back along the road. Deduct 4 TIME units and turn to 327.

91

You settle back in your seat. The door slides open and the Grom comes in with two GromPols. He throws you a food cube and asks if you want a wash. When you have freshened up, you speed off to catch the Silverhound. Add 2 STAMINA points. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to 381.

92

You stand by the door and see the following on a panel:

6	9	14
8	13	20
4	5	?

There is a numeric keyboard for keying in the correct number in the sequence. Groms are logical people of great intellect. If you find the missing number, go to that section and you will be told straight away that you are correct. If you cannot work out the missing number, turn to **169**.

93

The door slides open. You jump left and fire your Catchman at the rogue on the left. The plasti-net envelops him. The second pulls out a blaster, but you are on him before he can fire.

ROGUE SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you lose, you are put into a sack and thrown into the River Tiber. If you win, turn to **138**.

94

You pull the chair towards you with your feet until you can reach the Chronograph. There are two possible settings: one sends a beam a short distance but in all directions (turn to **130**), the other sends a long thin beam in one direction (turn to **187**).

95

The gang tie you up and secure you to a Rocket Bike. They take off and drop you into some remote scrubland. Your mission is over.

96

You swim into the river, find a way out and climb up, soaking wet. Add 2 LUCK points. Looking around, you find that the Silverhound terminal is directly opposite. You check with your Chronograph and rush towards it just in time to see the bus take off. You have missed it! You look desperately around for a craft, but there is only one ZipCar in the craft-park, and it has someone sitting inside. Do you approach the ZipCar owner (turn to **154**), or go back into the city to look for transport (turn to **243**)?

97

You are in Yellow room, Level 2. Reduce OXYGEN by 1. There is one door up (turn to **51**), a left door down (turn to **196**) and a right door down (turn to **146**).

98

You pretend to go in, and the Android rushes off. You turn around and begin to follow it, and notice three GromPols coming out of the building behind you. This confirms that the Android has been 'turned' and now has a Vidgraph of you in its memory. You must destroy it! It heads for a rusty metal structure of no apparent purpose. Just then you hear explosions and see a ZipCar with Houlgan colours flash past. It fires its cannons at the Android and you. The first shot hits the Android, the second ... *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 195. If you are Unlucky, turn to 52.

99

You approach the two Androids and ask them where you can get transport to the nearest city. They inform you that only shuttle links are running now and that the next shuttle is due in seventy-two gravity hours. They leave you and speed off in their craft. Deduct 2 TIME units. Will you wait for the next Silverhound (turn to 188), or set off on foot (turn to 283)?

100

You can see no way of making the door slide open, and then you realize that it must be pushed. It is heavy and made of wood. You slip inside and find that you are in a hallway with three doors leading off it. While you debate which one to go through, the middle door opens and out comes an Android carrying a jar. Do you take cover (turn to 11) or attack the Android (turn to 236)?

101

It's a risk worth taking. You kick it open and chew some cubes. There is no alarm and you can eat your fill. Add 2 STAMINA points and deduct 2 TIME units. You then go outside. Turn to 291.

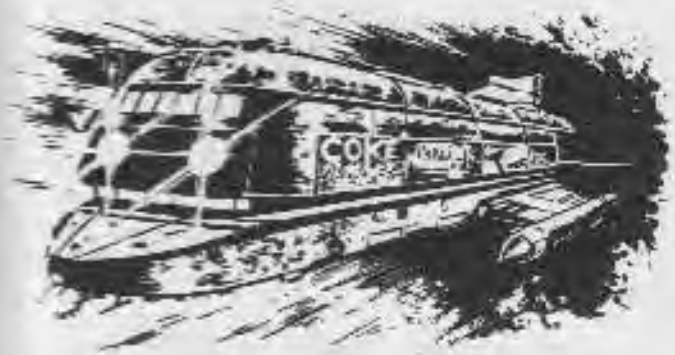

102

While the decay begins at its feet, the Android replies, 'Groms know of rescue attempt, they also know of "planted" Androids. They do not know who else is involved. They are monitoring the rescue fleet . . . You . . .' The decay eats into all its speech functions and as you get up the Android disappears, leaving a pungent odour. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to 31.

103

After walking for many gravity hours in the thick forest, you arrive at a fork in the road. Do you turn left (turn to 268) or right (turn to 90)?

104

You dodge to the left, straight into the path of a cannon shot. You take no more interest in this mission.

105

You stand there as the door opens. They come in and stand side by side fingering their stun guns. Willi suddenly leaps out with amazing speed and attacks the one on the right. You kick the stun gun out of the other's hand and engage it in unarmed combat.

GUARD ANDROID SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, Willi has disabled the other Guard. Turn to 70.

106

You try to move off to search the house. She puts you into a snake-pit: snakes are underfoot, on top of you and winding around your arms and legs. You try to remember that this is an illusion. *Test your Fear Factor*. If you are frightened, reduce your STAMINA by 1. You scream that you'll play with her. Turn to 68.

107

The three gang members are tough street-fighters and you are shattered. Lopsti realizes that the diner's craft-park is not a safe place to hang around. He kicks one of his gang and tells him to put you on to the back of a Rocket Bike. You get on and wait for another member of the gang to smash a food-cube dispenser and steal the contents, before you all roar off in a stink of rocket fuel. Turn to 354.

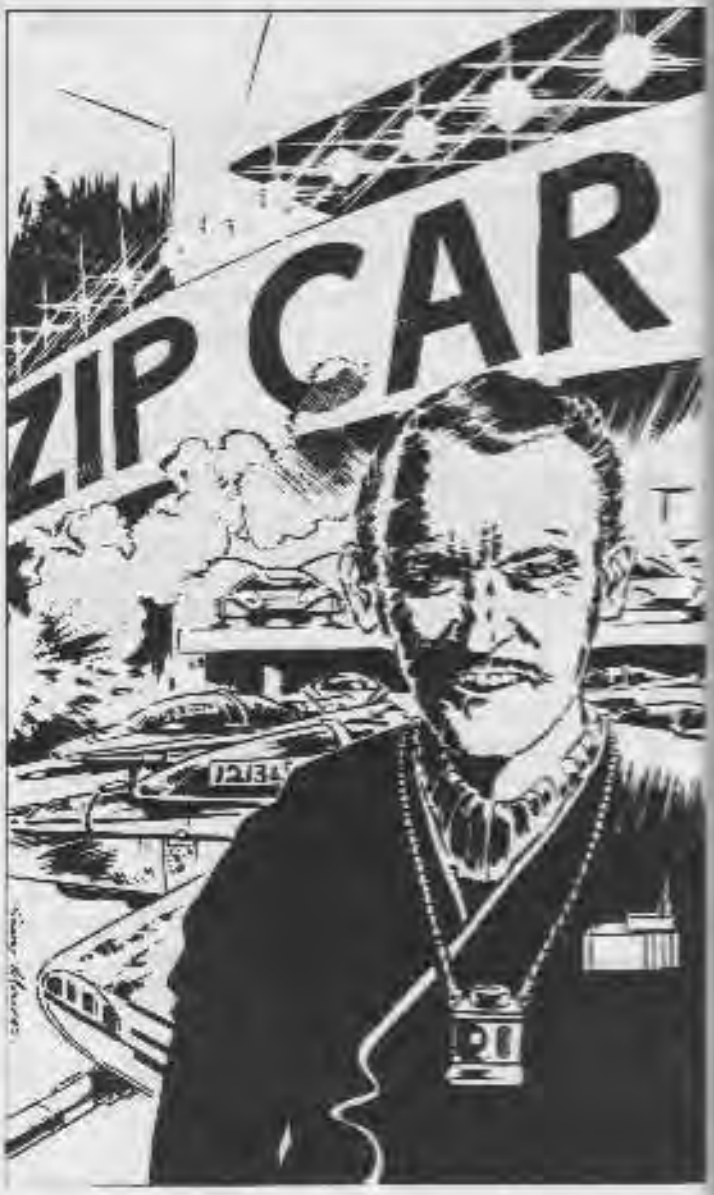

108

The Android tells you that you'll need transport. It takes you to a used ZipCar centre owned by 'Honest' Luig Six. Most of the cars are rusty heaps, but Luig Six is not prepared to part with any of them. He shows you a Grom Vidlaw forbidding the sale of any transports without a special Grom licence. The Android takes him to one side and threatens him. He comes back with a frightened smile on his face and is willing to accept a fair price for a serviceable ZipCar. You check the fuel levels and get directions from the Android. You speed above the city, heading north. Turn to 224.

109

You walk up to what seems to be the front door. You find it open and as you step into the house you call out. There is no answer. There are three doors. Which one do you go through:

Left?	Turn to 26
Right?	Turn to 120
Centre?	Turn to 361

110

After a while a small Gromulan with an Excel on either side of him appears and walks along the row. He stops in front of you and holds up a strange device. It projects a beam and tries to brainscan you. As a Rogue Tracer you are protected against this. 'So, we have a Tracer here,' he squeaks. The Excels grab you, take you to a room and leave you there. In the corner is a ComTerm showing pictures of the President. Do you want to approach the ComTerm (turn to 316) or stay where you are (turn to 296)?

111

You reach the shelter just as the bull slams its horns into the heavy plastic. You look around the shelter: there are two short spears there, which seem to be armed with impact neuronsplat. You guess that there must be a proper entrance behind one of the three shelters. You will have to cross to the others to find out. You pick up the spears and rush out. Which shelter do you pick, the left one (turn to 378) or the right one (turn to 49)?

112

The door slides open and you walk into a darkened room. The door slides shut behind you. You are in a Grom Moebius Time-Trap. Time will have no meaning for you; gravity seconds will seem to take years to pass. You are doomed and your mission is over.

113

You weave up and down and turn to fight off the Grom. The cannons do not respond: there is no phozon auto-shot as on your Oberon craft. Two final shots slam into you and the Mark III dives out of control. You are already dead.

114

You are in a tunnel. It is dark and damp. There are many pipes of various sizes stretching into the distance. Deduct 2 TIME units. As you walk towards a faint light, you hear a rattle behind you. You turn around and see two red eyes slowly coming towards you. They belong to a 'Service Rat', which is inspecting the sub-ducts and making repairs. You know that these machines are equipped with blasters to remove any debris or blockages. Do you decide to let it pass over you (turn to 28), or would you rather run towards the end of the tunnel (turn to 289)?

115

You get up and try to clear your head while you slip on the gloves.

GIGANTIAN SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **16**.

116

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **336**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **374**.

117

You notice two Guards approaching, so you turn a corner and head west. You walk along a wide avenue. At one crossroads there is a small market. Groups of people stand around, some natives and several Felines from Wistas 4. Tucked into a corner basement you see a flashing sign: 'SLEEP/EAT'. An arrow points down. You know that you will soon need some rest. Do you want to enter the basement (turn to **228**) or carry on with your quest (turn to **324**)?

118

On the way to London, you begin to cross a short stretch of sea. Suddenly a laser blast hits your craft and everything, including you, is burned to a cinder.

119

You are pushed into the GromPol craft and made to stand in front of the Grom commander, who is sitting down. He watches you very carefully, then asks who you are tracing. Do you give him a name (turn to **312**) or refuse to speak (turn to **54**)?

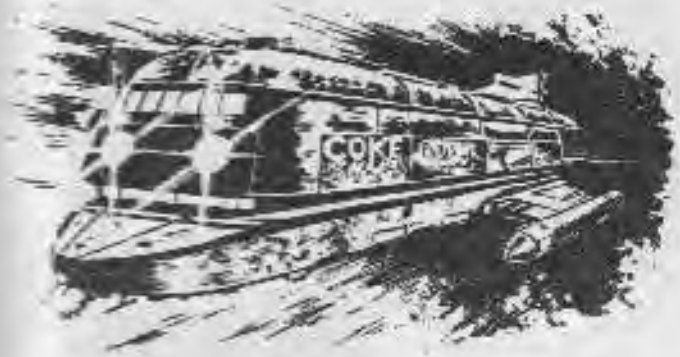

120

The door slides shut behind you. In the middle of the room is a suit of space armour from the early twenty-first century. Suddenly it moves, pulls out a neutronsword and swings at you. You roll to the left and it hits a metal table, which breaks in half. This is no illusion. You see an array of neutronswords on display; you seize one and begin to defend yourself.

WARRIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

Deduct 2 TIME units. If you lose, turn to 201; if you win, turn to 340.

121

You find a basement to hide him and you strap on a signal unit, so that Tracebeam can find him. He snores while you cover him up with sacks. Back in the diner all eyes, including plasti-pupils, are on you. They have all realized what your profession is. Someone asks you if you got him. You turn around and see a large man wearing a T-shirt with 'Julio' on the front of it. Do you respond and chat with the man (turn to 232), or ignore him and get on with your breakfast (turn to 335)?

122

The Grom begins to look cross. His cheeks puff up and redden, then he vanishes. The room is plunged into darkness and you sense yourself rotating head over heels. Then you lose consciousness. Turn to **249**.

123

The Excel walks leisurely towards the palace and through the gates. There are many Guards around. One of them notices you and comes towards you. Do you retire gracefully (turn to **179**) or speak to the Guard (turn to **304**)?

124

A low whine begins, followed by *beep, beep, beep*. You realize that the alarm has gone off. The girl appears, Vidcorder in hand, but you are already on the platform and heading down. The girl is being followed by a large red balloon with a face on it; she waves to you as you disappear. Downstairs you catch sight of an Excel heading for the front door, so you run in the opposite direction. You sprint through several rooms and an open window. You forget about the beams as you rush for the outside wall. Turn to **55**.

125

You leap up on the packing-cases, reach the window and kick at the plastic grille covering it. As you prepare to launch yourself through it, a stun shot slams into your back and you are paralysed. You have no hope of finishing your mission.

126

You sit at the computer. Groms are using the plain 'L' language-system, so you call up the file directory. You ask for a visual display. A message appears, asking for a pass-code and allowing you five gravity seconds to key in. Then the screen begins to flash. 'Unauthorized User. Beware Hacker.' A low whine accompanies the flashing. Through the window you can see the Grom coming back with the Androids. As a last resort you aim a kick at the guts of the IPX. The screen goes blank and another back-up screen lights up; the tell-tale message disappears. Turn to **91**.

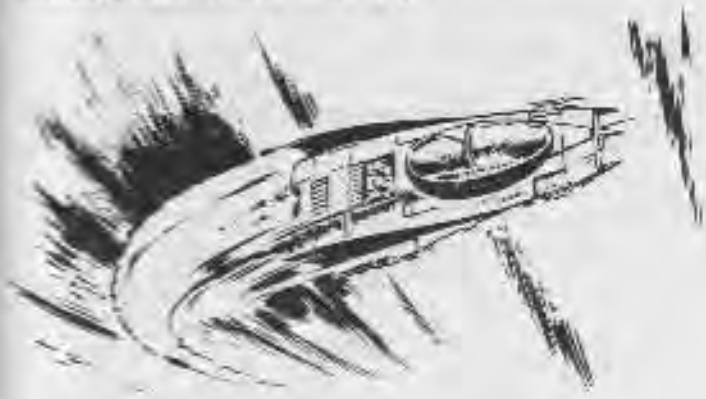

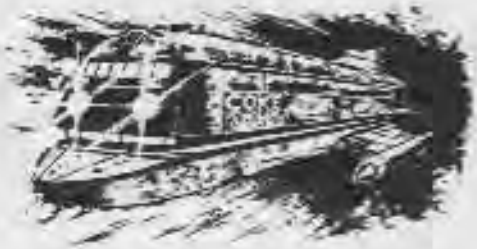

127

You are correct: add and subtract alternately 3, 9, 27, 81 – multiples of 3. The screen shows you a menu; you ask for current news and this gives you a sub-menu, including an item on the Galactic President. You choose this section and are asked what information you want. You key in, 'Where is the President kept?' The reply comes back, 'Not relevant to Madrid base.' You look carefully at the group supplying the information; one thing you cannot make sense of is a circle with a horizontal line through it. You know that he is not in Madrid and you must continue your search elsewhere. Turn to **169**.

128

By keeping still you have stopped its automatic hunt/kill functions. It comes up to you, knowing that its cover has been 'blown'. Under such circumstances, it is programmed to de-activate all witnesses. You manage to press the CodeMatch button and it responds immediately. It tells you that the Houlgans have damaged its disguise circuits and that it can no longer pretend that it is just a service Android. Suddenly it seizes up and falls over and you realize that it is very seriously damaged. You open up a side panel and look for damaged circuits. There are only two possible paths to follow, but you must act quickly before self-destruct sets in. Deduct 2 TIME units. Do you choose the left circuit (turn to **233**) or the right circuit (turn to **375**)?

129

The black knight leaps on to the left square in true chess-piece fashion; you were correct to stay still. You dodge away and jump off the board; as you run, the illusion fades and you are out on the street. You look around; there is no one to be seen. You dodge into a side-street at the sight of two GromPol craft that sweep overhead and land in the grounds of the hacienda. You check the time and realize that the Silverhound leaves soon. You rush off to catch it. Turn to **80**.

130

There is a crash to the left. You twist round and see the woman you came across in Roma. She clutches a Catchman and has already trussed up the rogue guard. She rushes towards you and releases you without a word. On the way out of the building you pass another rogue enveloped in plasti-net. You follow her past a big industrial transport marked 'Escargot' and she takes you to a small bar where she buys you a caffeine stimulant.

If you have not talked to her before, she introduces herself as Arana, another Rogue Tracer. She is working for the Groms, looking for some missing firmware. She tells you that she has followed some fugitives from Roma and that she intercepted your signal as she was passing the warehouse. She has to rush off, but directs you towards two Grom base stations: one to the north (turn to **356**) and one to the south (turn to **204**).

131

You are in a chamber that looks as though it was built four hundred gravity years ago. It is collapsing around you: large segments of concrete fall from the roof in random order. Roll one die: this is your position. Roll the second die: this is where a slab falls. If the two numbers are the same, you are crushed. Repeat this procedure four times. If you survive, there are blocked exits to the south and north-west, and exits east (turn to **353**) or west (turn to **44**).

132

Your companion explains everything to the rest of the gang outside the food bar. You let them know that you are a Rogue Tracer working against the Groms. They seem to despise Groms as much as rival Houlgan gangs. You all enter the bar, where they order strange-sounding food. When it arrives there are no cubes, but a mass of small sea-creatures immersed in yellow grains. You fear contamination and are at first reluctant to eat, but the smell is so wonderful that you cannot resist. The food turns out to be even better than your mother's home-made food cubes. Add 3 STAMINA points. Turn to 315.

133

The landing is bad. You have broken both of your legs and you cannot move. The Groms spot you and come down to pick you up. You will not recover in time to complete your mission.

134

You make your way to the Silverhound terminal. Before you go in, you see a squad of GromPols and a sign flashing above them announcing, 'All services are cancelled.' You back out and catch sight of a bank of Vidscreens; they have stopped showing ads and are transmitting pictures of you. As you head back to the transport craft you saw earlier, you come across another in the process of refuelling. It is also full of crates marked with a circle and horizontal line. Do you try getting on to this craft (turn to 245), or will you go back to the other one (turn to 239)?

135

The Android walks towards the building and you watch carefully as it approaches one of the Guards at the door. The Guard takes out its stun gun and looks towards you. Suddenly you remember that some Androids are equipped with sense-detect and know when anyone is following them. You dive into the bushes. A tree beside you explodes and you see a GromPol craft flying towards you, cannons firing. Above the clamour and rocket whine a steely voice orders you to stay where you are. Do you do as ordered (turn to 30), or take a chance and run for it (turn to 244)?

136

You carry on, but the road becomes very overgrown and you lose your direction. Just then you see a Grom standing with his back to you. He has picked up a small snail and is in the process of inserting it into his ear. You notice that his other ear already has a small shell protruding from it. You decide to take a risk and ask him for directions to the general area you are seeking. He cannot hear you (because he's got snail shells in his ears), so you tap him on the shoulder. Suddenly two Guards appear and grab you. The Grom turns around, greatly agitated, and tells you that you are under arrest for touching a Gromulan. He stumbles off, leaving you with the Androids. Do you put up a fight (turn to 399) or go quietly (turn to 168)?

137

You begin to realize the error you made in stealing the craft. You have blown your cover and your Rogue Tracer ID is logged in the central IPX computer. You look up and notice three craft taking off and disappearing into the distance. You assume that they believe you to have perished in the crash. You destroy your original ID and redraft a new one on your Chronograph, hoping that no Vidgraph has been secretly taken of your face. You walk down a slope and come to a track running north to south. Will you go north (turn to 363) or south (turn to 256)?

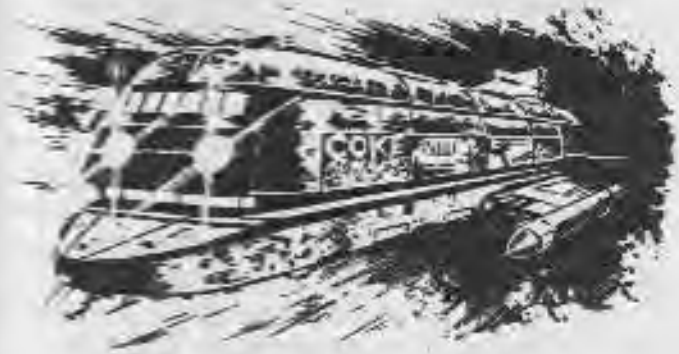

138

You want to ask the fugitives a few questions, but they speak a dialect that your Transinterpreter cannot understand. You stash them for later collection and go downstairs. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to 295.

139

You are in a chamber with a blocked exit east, but other exits south (turn to 331) or west (turn to 62). There is also an exit north, which slopes down and you can see that water has flooded it. Occasionally, strange-fanged fish break the surface and snap ferociously at one another. If you wish to go this way, turn to 384.

140

You will have to leap from building to building. Roll two dice and add up the total: this is the first distance to leap. Roll one die and add the result to your STAMINA score: this is your first jump. If your jump is equal to or greater than the distance, then you have successfully jumped to the next building. Repeat this three times. If at any time the distance is greater than the jump, you have fallen to your death. If you succeed, deduct 2 STAMINA points. You have got to the fourth building and found access down to the street. Turn to 79.

141

You let him win and take care not to give yourself away by your style of fighting. He accepts you into the group. He is proud of the fact that he has beaten everyone in the gang. He slaps you on the back and tells you that he will test you out on a plum job: 'The hacienda – lots of rich pickings there.' He tells you that it is the residence of a highly placed Grom. It appears that although Earth is a haven from Tracebeam, it is difficult to make ends meet without leaving the planet. You are given some food cubes. Add 1 STAMINA point. After several gravity hours, a guide and adviser takes you along the sewers to the hacienda. Turn to 273.

142

You walk through a maze of narrow streets until you come to a market. Most people are selling food cubes and among the customers are Felines from Wistas 4. You feel the CodeMatch on your Chronograph activate as an Android passes you, carrying a parcel. You follow carefully. You know that you are running out of time. Deduct 2 TIME units. Do you approach the Android (turn to 198), or do you prefer not to trust it and carry on alone (turn to 221)?

143

You are right to be suspicious. The craft is a disguised Bandit ZipCar out for plunder. Your car is no great speedster, but the cannons are loaded. Fight as in ordinary combat, but do not reduce your actual STAMINA, since it is the craft which takes damage. Use a SPECIAL Encounter Box on the Adventure Sheet.

BANDIT ZIPCAR SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you lose, you have crashed, but you survive and run off into a nearby trench which seems to head back to the city (turn to 3). If you win, turn to 302.

144

You are in White room, Level 3. Reduce OXYGEN by 1 unit. There is one door leading up (turn to 181), a door on the left leading down (turn to 352) and a door on the right leading down (turn to 284).

145

You stand around and watch the bus take off. The waiting bores you, and you find a door marked 'Private'. It is open and you go in to find an empty office with a notice lying on the floor, which tells you that all Rocket-a-Hire services have been cancelled due to lack of demand. You look through a small window at the Sweepertron, which is heading towards you. Just then two GromPol Androids appear and block its path. Suddenly steam rises from its face and it begins to melt in self-destruct mode. You realize that the Sweepertron was one of your contacts! Turn to **99**.

146

You are in Violet room, Level 3. Reduce OXYGEN by 1 unit. There is one door leading up (turn to **97**) and another leading down (turn to **377**).

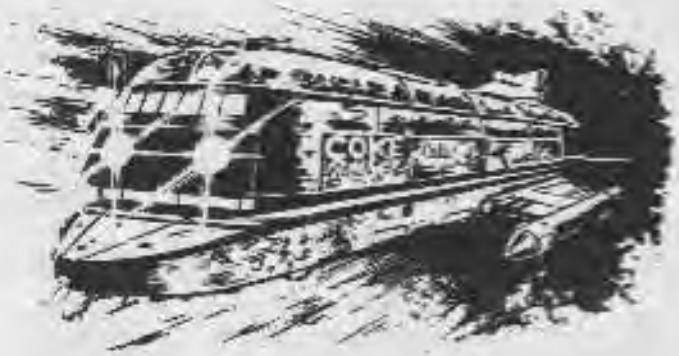

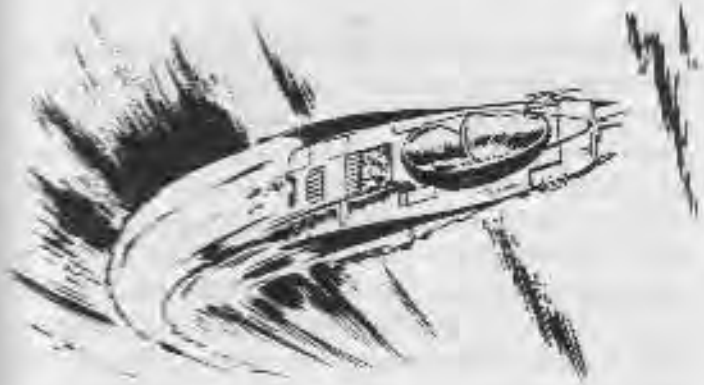

147

You realize that credits might be a good way to get their help. As you reach for your cards, one of the smallest of them rushes past you and grabs the whole pack out of your hands. You pull out your Catchman and the others scatter in all directions. You aim for the thief. Throw a die: if you throw 3 or under, your gun has jammed (turn to **231**); if you throw 4 or above, you have ensnared him (turn to **345**).

148

You have heard alarm sirens in the distance and now you arrive at a thick metal door. There is no way through. Fifty metres behind you, another door has shut. You feel the air being drained from the tunnel. Your mission has failed.

149

The conveyor moves at a good pace and you notice the rough-hewn tunnel change to a metal-clad one. You guess that you are close to the city centre when you see a light ahead. There is a huge machine attended by several Androids. You get off and walk carefully along the tunnel, but there are no Guards here. The Androids are 'dedicated' and blind to anything but their own function. Deduct 2 TIME units. There are two ladders heading straight up. Do you take the left one (turn to 344) or the right one (turn to 329)?

150

You check the motor and fuel levels, close the hood and open the plexi-glass cockpit cover. You see that the ZipCar is full of hot, bubbling mud. As you peer closer four hands reach out of the mud towards you: at the end of each finger is a bloody claw. *Test your Fear Factor*. If you are frightened, reduce your STAMINA by 1 point. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to 261.

151

Arana gives you good directions. The road is broad and clear and there seem to be more Groms walking around, although they are always accompanied by Guards, who walk particularly slowly, to let their short-legged masters keep up with them. The Roxyrama is an old Vid Palace set up in the days before Illus-o-Vision 70, when 3-D entertainment had to take place in special buildings. It looks shut when you get there. You pull at a metal grille and step inside. Deduct 2 TIME units. Do you go along the corridor (turn to 295) or up the staircase (turn to 362)?

152

The Android wanders off out of the terminal. You give it a few minutes and then go to the window. You look out carefully. It is speaking to two Grom-Pol Androids and it is obvious that it has been 'turned'. Luckily the planted Androids do not know what you look like. The 'turned' Android moves off and fingers its stun gun as it passes a group of Houlgans who are trying to break in to a food-cube dispenser. Do you follow the Android (turn to 238) or approach the Houlgans (turn to 29)?

153

She moves very fast and seems to know instinctively that you are following her. Roma is busier than Madrid, with a few more natives visible. You follow at speed, but are suddenly halted by a solid arm. A GromPol wants to check your ID, so you have to stop to show it. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you manage to catch up with her (turn to **298**). If you are Unlucky, you have lost her (turn to **221**).

154

The owner is a rough-looking type. You look in and see that the ZipCar has several extra cannons fitted. You ask him if he is heading north and if he is willing to give you a lift. He looks you up and down and agrees. You get into the back and he takes off. He stays at cruising speed and ahead you can see the Silverhound in the distance. He asks you your business. Do you tell the truth (turn to **247**) or tell him that you are a trader (turn to **86**)?

155

You are wise not to trust the Groms. Your missile hits the Dragon and causes a mega-explosion. The creature was a missile with an Illus-o-Scope on board. The rescue craft speeds off to the mother ship and the fleet. Turn to **400**.

156

A cannon shot explodes close to you. You weave and dodge into a half-demolished building across the street. The Gromulan craft fires its cannons again and you feel the floor give way, just before you black out. Turn to **313**.

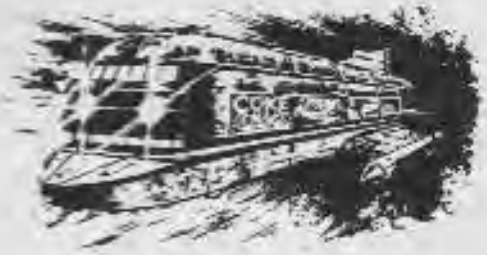

157

You wake up as you are thrown from your seat. An alarm sounds and, looking through the windows, you can see four Bandit craft attacking the bus. The pilot appeals for help and the two Androids rush to gun positions. You follow and grab a cannon that appears on a pivot. You aim carefully and fire. Fight as in normal combat, but use a SPECIAL Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*, and do not reduce your actual STAMINA score.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BANDIT	9	8
Second BANDIT	9	10

If you lose, turn to **269**. If you win, turn to **227**.

158

You are in the laser-welding room. There are six chambers, full of Androids, and lasers are firing at them in random order from across the room. You cannot go back, so you have to go past the six chambers to the exit. Throw one die for each chamber in sequence. If at any time the number on the die is the same as the number of the chamber you are passing, then you have been hit, and your mission is over. If you survive, turn to **348**.

159

A stop is announced for breakfast. The Silverhound sets down in a craft-park by a small diner. This is no galactic service-station; a sign proudly proclaims 'Julio's: under original Earthling management'. You follow the others inside. There is a wide selection of food cubes and drink tubes for sale. While you tug at a tube, you turn around and come face to face with Kinta Lopsti, an escaped prisoner whom you originally arrested. He recognizes you and rushes out of the door. Do you give chase (turn to 299) or keep a low profile and let him go (turn to 17)?

160

Deduct 2 TIME units. The door slides open. You see an Android sitting at a ComTerm. It turns around and raises a stun gun towards you. You strike immediately and kick the gun out of its clutch.

TECHNICAL OPERATOR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 317.

161

The people thank you for your help. You ask the girl behind the bar if you can borrow the Mark I ZipCar. She agrees and asks you to leave it in the bus terminal to be picked up by a relative. She gives you the settings and some food cubes. Add 1 STAMINA point. Turn to 280.

162

They follow you as you splash along. After a while you turn around and notice that they have stopped and are staring at something behind you. You look in the same direction and see the flashing lights and laser blasts of a Grom Rodent Killer. It moves along the tunnel blasting at any living thing. You run back and find that the others have disappeared. You take the right fork. Turn to 73.

163

You sit at the controls. The craft rises and you put your foot down. The speed of acceleration pushes you into the soft seat. As the ship gains height you notice a small flashing light and realize that it had needed to take on fuel! You have forgotten that phozon is not available on Earth and they still rely on things like fuel gauges. The craft suddenly loses power and drops. You push the ejectormatic, knowing that your luck must be in for one of these to work efficiently. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, turn to 191. If you are Lucky, turn to 222.

164

As you move towards the bushes, you feel the slap of a stun shot on your chest. You are only winded but you are dealing with a high-quality, state-of-the-art Excel Android. You reel backwards and it is upon you. It has moved two hundred metres in a few gravity seconds. Turn to 366.

165

Orvium orders the body to be thrown out. He tells you that you are brave, but that he suspects you are from the galactic centre. You tell him that you want the Grom firmware and Galaxy One is willing to pay a high price. He wants to know how high and stresses that it is up to date and unprotected. You ask to see it and he gives you thirty gravity seconds in front of it. They take you to an old IPX. You flip through the menus until you get to information about the President. With several seconds left, you have a choice of two buttons for his location. Do you press button A (turn to 38) or button B (turn to 297)?

166

You have opened the correct door. Add 2 LUCK points. It opens into daylight outside an old high wall. You cannot believe that the Groms have let you go – and then you look to either side of you. Two Excels in ritual duelling armour stand with neutronswords raised above their heads. The beams swish downwards. You drop flat on to the ground. When you look up, you see that one of the Excels has a deep gash through its chest-piece and, while you watch, it falls over in a cloud of acidic self-destruct. The other Excel has lost its right arm. They have missed you and hit each other! The remaining Android comes at you.

ONE-ARMED EXCEL	SKILL 4	STAMINA 4

If you lose, you have no excuses. If you win, turn to 328.

167

The building is spacious and luxurious. There is no one around and you carefully slip into the courtyard. Just then a gust of wind blows up some dust and reveals beams criss-crossing the open space in random order. You carefully make your way. Deduct 2 TIME units. Throw one die: this is where the beam is. Throw a second die: this is where you move to. If the two throws match, you have hit a beam (turn to 55). Repeat this procedure three more times. If you succeed without breaking a beam, you have reached the door (turn to 100).

168

You are marched off to a nearby Grom craft and thrown into a small dark cell. After several gravity hours you feel the craft take off. Soon you are taken into a building marked 'Bastille' and lined up in a corridor with a row of other criminals. Androids clatter up and down looking busy. In the far corner there is a door marked 'Communications – Private'. You watch carefully when a Grom comes out, and you see a ComTerm inside. Do you risk going in (turn to 20), or will you stay where you are (turn to 110)?

169

You make your way back downstairs. The sound of blasters and stun guns has stopped. The elevator door opens and there is Gus, practically torn apart. In front of Gus lie bits of four Guards, dripping fluid over the shiny floor. You help Gus out of the building, but the poor Android can hardly stand. It senses other Guards arriving and tells you to get off to the Silverhound terminal, since you have very little time to catch the bus for Roma. Gus prepares to hold the Guards off to give you a chance to escape. You run off towards the terminal. Deduct 2 TIME units. Turn to **80**.

170

You walk up to the ZipCar. It really is an antique: a Zip Fordos, single rocket, manual drive. It is easy for a trained Rogue Tracer to break into, but as you finger the handle a steely voice screams at you, 'You, you're a dead man!' The voice seems to come from inside the hotel. Do you run (turn to **77**) or turn around with your hands up and enter the hotel (turn to **197**)?

171

Lopsti notices that you are unattended and slaps your guard across the face. Turn to **95**.

172

The black knight leaps on top of you. You have moved into its path. You feel dizzy and fall down. The illusion fades and you are surrounded by three Excels. They do not mess around: this is the end of your mission.

173

The blaster, set at maximum, punches a hole through the Guard, which collapses and self-destructs. Before you can reset, the Excel is upon you.

EXCEL	SKILL 12	STAMINA 16

If you win, turn to **34**.

174

They put their heads together. When they come back, the leader tells you that they will take you to their hideout. They lead off at a fast pace and turn into a maze of small alleyways which even your trained mind cannot keep track of. Suddenly one of the gang whistles and they all take off in various directions. You catch sight of three of them, but which one do you chase:

The one ahead in the alley?	Turn to **46**
The one to the left in a doorway?	Turn to **271**
The one to the right in a doorway?	Turn to **393**

175

You go, with them leading the way out. Delicately you pull out your Catchman, turn and fire at the first three gang members. Roll one die: if you throw 3 or under, the gun has jammed (turn to **248**); if you throw 4 or over, the Catchman works (turn to **84**).

176

He leads you out of the Roxyrama. He takes giant strides and you try to keep up with him. The road is deserted, overgrown and full of ruins. At one crossroads he stops, pulls out a blaster and carefully edges round the corner. Just then a Grom task-force rockets in; they retro down from roofs and out of windows. Your companion starts firing and rushes at a group: he knocks down three with one blow. A Grom craft is directing operations from high above. Do you join in the fight (turn to **210**) or try to slip away (turn to **305**)?

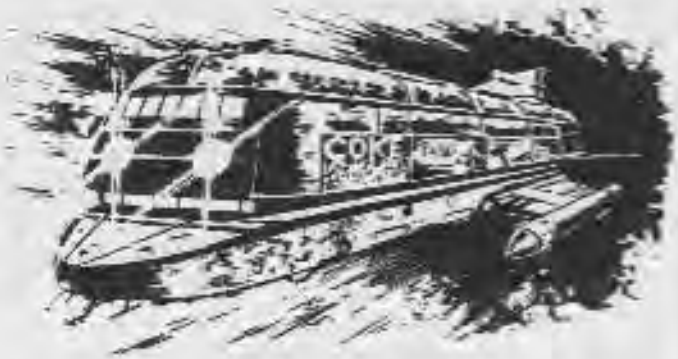

177

You cannot believe your eyes. You have come across an old Vidprint from the time of the Groms' first arrival on Earth, detailing all their civic works, and including various plans. You quickly glance through the document on the shop's viewer. The Grom main administrative base is built under the Ents Complex at the Plaza de Toros. Senior Groms live in large haciendas; the nearest is quite close to where you are. Add 2 LUCK points. Do you head for the Plaza de Toros (turn to **390**) or the hacienda (turn to **246**)?

178

The ZipCar comes down fast and plunges deep into a salt lake. The ejectormatic does not work. You've had it.

179

You make your way towards the Silverhound terminal. A few natives wander around, carrying heavy cases. In the craft-park there are two buses, one marked ROMA and the other being repaired by a team of Mechnoids. You see a sign marked 'Services' and head towards it. Turn to **235**.

180

You are enveloped in a prehistoric forest, full of strange creatures. The ground is a swamp with snake-like creatures slithering through it. All the eels are hidden from you. This is no mere illusion but a full-scale Grom reproduction. You make no headway on your speedboard, so you abandon it and start hacking through the undergrowth with the neutronsword. It is impossible to tell the best way to go. Will you choose:

Heading A?	Turn to 320
Heading B?	Turn to 220
Heading C?	Turn to 359

181

You are in Blue room, Level 2. Reduce OXYGEN by 1 unit. There is one door leading up (turn to 51), one door on the left leading down (turn to 215) and one door on the right leading down (turn to 144).

182

When you regain consciousness, you are facing the Grom. The craft is speeding along. The Grom smiles and expresses his apologies. He has checked your ID with base station and it matches information about known Rogue Tracers. He asks you if you play chess and you agree to a game. Immediately a beautiful set appears suspended in mid-air. He tells you that they will be making a stop first, but will get you back to the bus as soon as possible. You find him to be very intelligent and galaxy-wise. He wins the game easily.

The craft settles in a GromPol station. You stay in the craft and watch the Grom, who is talking to two Guards outside and pointing towards you. In front of you is a standard IPX computer. Do you trust the Grom, sit back and relax (turn to **270**), take the opportunity of getting information from the computer (turn to **126**), or steal the GromPol craft and fly away (turn to **163**)?

183

They lead you to the building by various backstreets. They are cautious, because this is not their territory. They place scouts along the route and signals are passed along the line. They lead you to the service entrance of the hacienda, shake hands and retreat in orderly fashion. You check your Chronograph and have a good look at the building. Turn to **167**.

184

Your Chronograph shows that you have twenty-five seconds before your pursuers begin the chase. You realize that you don't know the country and that Rocket Bikes have a very limited range. You look around you: to the left are smooth brown mountains and to the right is a forested valley. Deduct 2 TIME units. Do you head left (turn to **294**) or right (turn to **391**)?

185

You reach the door but cannot open it: there is no handle, grip or button. You turn around. The ground trembles and the bull is almost upon you. You decide to dodge left, but you leave it very late. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you get away with a grazed side. Reduce your STAMINA by 1 point and turn to **111**. If you are Unlucky, farewell, brave matador!

186

You tell Orvium that you'll be back in two gravity hours. As you leave, however, you come face to face with Brak 9 and two grubby Excel Androids. Brak, an old pirate now in semi-retirement, recognizes you and sets the Excels to hold you while he calls Orvium over and tells him of your Rogue Tracer status. Orvium punches you and you collapse. Turn to 313.

187

After half a gravity hour you begin to give up hope. But then there is a crash to the left. You twist round and see an Android, stun gun in hand, standing over your guard. It rushes over and releases you without a word, and you follow it into the street. Outside the building stands a large industrial transport craft marked 'Escargot'. When the Android thinks that you are safe, it stops, points to a doorway and tells you to go in. It will return soon with important information about the President. Do you go into the building (turn to 300) or not (turn to 98)?

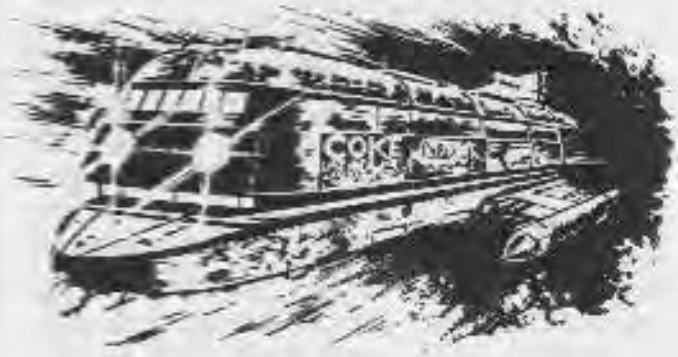

188

You are stuck, with no transport. You have missed the bus in all senses of the phrase. You have failed in your mission.

189

You are in Indigo room, Level 4. Reduce OXYGEN by 1 unit. There is one door leading up. Turn to 215.

190

You are right to take no notice of the screen. An Excel is watching you from a distant corner of the garden. The Grom returns and announces that his Android will give you a lift to Madrid in his launch. Turn to 382.

191

The ejectormatic does not function and you smash the craft into the ground.

192

There are bars that stick out, but each one is further than you can reach. You will have to leap and catch each bar. Roll three dice: the total is the first distance to leap. Roll one die and add the number to your STAMINA score: this is your first leap. If your leap is equal to or greater than the distance, then you have successfully jumped. If not, you have fallen down the shaft to your death. Repeat this procedure three more times. If you reach the top, reduce your STAMINA by 1 point and turn to **209**.

193

You decide to stay with Willi, since you reckon that its knowledge of the building is greater than yours. You both walk for a gravity hour; the passage remains dark, damp and rather smelly. Willi's limp gets worse and soon its light begins to fade. Then the light goes out and Willi collapses in a heap. You smell the pungent odour of self-destruct, but can see nothing. You turn back. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you have found your way back to the ladder (turn to **25**). If you are Unlucky, you are doomed to wander around until you also drop down dead.

194

You go through the door marked EXIT. Alarm lights are flashing and you hear the door lock itself behind you. A screen to the left prints a message:

LIFE FORM ACCESS. EXPEL OXYGEN FROM ALL AREAS IN 20 UNITS.

Mark the 20 units in the OXYGEN box on your *Adventure Sheet* and make deductions as instructed. If the units reach zero, you can no longer breathe and your mission is over. Turn to **51**.

195

The explosion shatters the ground and you fall into a chamber. You get up, slightly bruised, and look around. The only exit is a tunnel with water rushing through it. There is a faint light from small airshafts. As you wade upstream, the tunnel divides. Do you go left (turn to **372**) or right (turn to **202**)?

196

You are in Green room, Level 3. Deduct 1 OXYGEN unit. There is a door leading up (turn to **97**), a door to the left leading down (turn to **272**) and a door to the right leading down (turn to **392**).

197

Inside the Alcazar, you see a couple of men, a girl behind the bar and an Excel Android. Excels, with their supreme fighting ability and their strength, are the most dangerous of all the Grom Androids. This one is wearing a funny hat. It has placed its stun gun low on its 'hip' and is facing you with its arm slightly raised. You notice that the stun gun is set at maximum killing power. 'Draw,' its speech circuits rumble. Do you pull out your Catchman (turn to 277) or try to talk to it (turn to 50)?

198

You catch up and press CodeMatch. The Android does not respond, but walks on. You follow. It stops at a service bay and plugs in some lubricant. You stand near and it begins to talk without looking at you. It tells you that it is suspected and that you will have to act quickly to get any information. It tells you of two options. There is a Grom sub-station near by that is sure to have records; or you could travel to the salt-mines where the President was brought down, to see if you can discover any evidence there. Will you go to the sub-station (turn to 257) or the salt-mines (turn to 108)?

199

You must look after yourself. You do not know when you will next get the chance to eat. Reduce your STAMINA by 1 point. Turn to 39.

200

You get to the Plaza de Toros and stand by a high wall. Willi goes off to check a side door into the Ents Complex. Suddenly you feel a stabbing pain in your left shoulder (lose 1 STAMINA point). You twist round, pulling out your Catchman and dropping to the ground. In front of you stands Horit Lam, a former Rogue Tracer and now a fugitive from justice. You fire your Catchman, but your aim is not true and the plasti-net envelops his stun gun. He is upon you before you can fire again. As you struggle, you can see Willi in the distance holding up a manhole and waving. Do you fight (turn to 341) or run away (turn to 13)?

201

When your eyes can focus, you find yourself sitting at a table facing a small, middle-aged Grom. He greets you as 'one of the famous Rogue Tracers', and returns your ID to you. He admits that he was bored and that he conjured up the 'entertainment' on the spur of the moment. He then asks you what you want. You tell him that you are heading for Madrid. He smiles and tells you that he has a launch on the river, if you are willing to play for it. A chess set appears. 'Of course,' he adds, 'if you lose, you die.' Behind you stands an Excel and you have no real choice whether or not to play. Use your SKILL score and substitute CUNNING for your STAMINA score. Play the game as in normal combat, but use a SPECIAL Encounter Box of the *Adventure Sheet* and do not reduce your actual STAMINA score.

GROM	SKILL 10	CUNNING 10

If you win, you are taken to his launch (turn to 382). If you lose, the Excel hits you (turn to 40).

202

You stagger along for a while until you see a light ahead. You find another collapsed roof, but it is very high. There is a thick metal grille blocking the rest of the tunnel. Do you try to leap up to the hole (turn to 229), or will you go back and take the left-hand fork (turn to 372)?

203

A good idea. You will need all your energy when you are on the planet. Add 1 STAMINA point. Turn to 39.

204

You walk south along a wide avenue which leads to a bridge over a dusty expanse that must have once been a river. You are tired, hungry and thirsty. You notice some people entering a bar across the road, called 'Le Spot'. Do you go in and fortify yourself (turn to 14) or carry on (turn to 136)?

205

You approach the Excel cautiously. You know that Groms always build disabling points in all their Androids, since they fear their creations turning against them. You try to find the weak spot. Throw two dice: if you throw double 6, you have found it (turn to 161); otherwise, turn to 277.

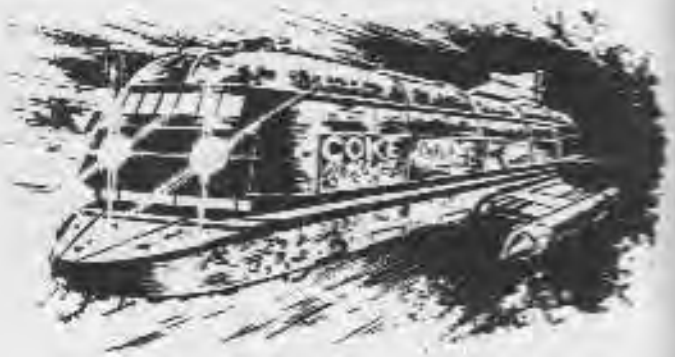

206

You know the power of the Excel Androids: they have high-quality vision, speed, power and intelligence. You are wise to put up no resistance. It covers the two hundred metres in a few seconds. Turn to 366.

207

You are in the alley. There are paths in all four directions but you do not know which way to head. You decide to climb to the top of the nearest building to have a look around. You climb a rickety wooden staircase to the top of the roof. The building is gutted on the inside. From up here you can see the way back to the open avenues, but when you get back to the staircase you find that it has collapsed. You suspect the Houlgans. The distance between buildings is not great and you think that you could jump to the next building. Turn to 140.

208

The Chronograph wakes you up just as the transport is landing. You get up and stroll through an open hatch. A robot ignores you as it unloads the crates. You look around, but see nothing except a bleak wasteland. The only feature is a tunnel entrance into which the crates are being conveyed. There is a sign above the entrance: a circle with a horizontal line through it. You walk into the tunnel and to your left you see an old poster stuck on a brick wall. Add 41 UCK points.

Study the poster carefully and use any clues you have acquired in your travels. You are at the southernmost point of the tunnel system. Keep this page marked, since you will have to refer back to work out your relative position.

You walk into the tunnel until you come to a small chamber stacked with crates. The tunnel continues in a north-westerly direction. Beside the crates you see a sophisticated speedboard with several attachments, including an old-fashioned neutronsword. Do you jump on and take it (turn to 274) or approach carefully to see if anyone is around (turn to 323)?

209

Eventually you reach the top. You stand on a small platform and glare at a heavy metal grille. There is no way of forcing it. You look around carefully and discover a crack in the wall opposite the grille. You follow the crack all the way round, until you come to a metal ring hidden by the dust. A door opens when you twist the ring, and you step out, exhausted, and look around. The door shuts behind you with a soft clunk. Turn to 342.

210

You leap forward and he hands you one of his blasters. You follow him through ranks of Androids, which seem to be no match for him, but just then the Grom craft drops a catch-all plasti-net, which envelops everybody in a sticky, smelly mess. You are caught and will be held for many days. You cannot succeed in your mission.

211

You set the craft on the route to Madrid. Do you proceed with caution, keeping visuals from horizon to horizon (turn to 321), or will you get some sleep while the craft is on auto-pilot (turn to 240)?

212

Turn to 23.

213

As you dash across the road, you feel a stun shot pass over your shoulder. Suddenly a manhole opens in the middle of the road and someone fires back at the Android. He calls you over and you dive into the tunnel. He shuts it and seals it with a shot from his stun gun. You follow him through a waste system. He eventually opens a large metal door which leads off to a series of rooms full of men and women who are very familiar to you from 'wanted' Vids. This is a real rogues' gallery. Turn to 4.

214

You hope to confuse it and slow it down. The beer is obviously having a strange effect on its workings. It stops whirring and tells you that its horse, a creature which you know is extinct, is outside. You look out and there is a horse! You realize that it also has a built-in Illus-o-Scope. Then the Android drops its gun and attacks you.

EXCEL COWBOY SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 161.

215

You are in Orange room, Level 3. Reduce OXYGEN by 1 unit. There is a door leading up (turn to 181), a door leading down to the left (turn to 189) and a door leading down to the right (turn to 397).

216

You beat him easily, but everyone recognizes the Rogue Tracer style of fighting and a mass of them jump on you. They take you away and get rid of you. Needless to say, your mission is over.

217

Deduct 2 TIME units. The alarm siren wakes you up and, startled, you see a message coming through on your screen:

NO UNAUTHORIZED CROSS-CHANNEL TRAFFIC.
DANGER: RADIOACTIVE AREA.

Do you take the risk (turn to 118) or turn back for Paris (turn to 78)?

218

You are taken to see the Grom in charge. He is small and fat, and sits with his back to you, playing chess with his IPX. As he turns around his image changes; he seems taller, stronger and better-looking. You know that it's just an illusion. He tells you that they are after Orvium and that if you can trace him, you will be well rewarded. You agree and are escorted to the other side of the roadblock. The road to Gino's takes you through a bleak urban landscape. Turn to 370.

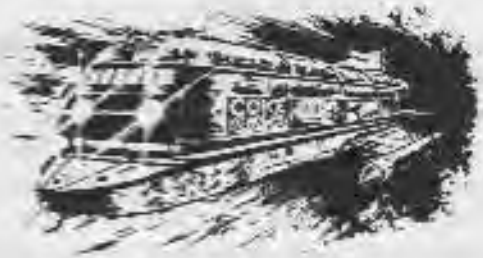

219

Back on the bus the others stare at you. The Silver-Sound takes off and hurtles along, a hundred metres above the old Earth highway. As the sun begins to rise you notice the landscape. The Grom ahead is watching an episode from the latest Galactic Ents 'soap' on his private Vidscreen. The hard-sell commercials continue on the screen in front of you. Deduct 2 TIME units. Turn to 159.

220

You cut your way through the undergrowth. Once, when you happen to look up, you see a metal ladder going straight up. You climb this and find yourself in a tunnel going north-west. As you walk along, random and irregular parts of the floor open up and shut. From the flames and heat below you realize that you'll have to watch your step. Throw one die: this is the section that has opened. Throw a second die: this is where you are standing. If the first number is the same as the second, you have fallen into the fiery furnace. Repeat this procedure three more times. If you survive, turn to 278.

221

You wander around the streets, but see nothing to help you in your task. Eventually, you see a Grom, who is accompanied by two Guards. You follow at a distance; they are conducting some kind of survey. Reckoning that the Grom must lead you to a ComTerm some time, you stay on their trail. They reach a huge steel-mesh gate, open it up, go through and disappear into the deserted side-streets. Deduct 2 TIME units. Do you want to go over the gate and follow them (turn to **66**), or will you return to the bus terminal (turn to **75**)?

222

The ejectormatic works and you get shot out of the craft and retro-ed down by the rockets on the back of your seat. You land with a bump. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **330**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **133**.

223

You obey Willi instinctively and hide behind the ComTerm. Willi greets the Guards in a friendly manner, but they are suspicious. When they go for their stun guns, Willi moves at tremendous speed, touches the left one on a spot on its side, and the other at the back of its neck. They both de-activate with a hiss. Willi tells you that de-activation will bring the Grom back very quickly and suggests a rapid exit. Turn to **70**.

224

You see the vast salt lakes ahead. Suddenly you pick up a message. You are ordered to land immediately. You check visuals and see a GromPol craft; it is not as sleek as usual, but looks like a Mark IV with bits stuck on to it. Do you decide to land (turn to **367**) or fight (turn to **143**)?

225

Turn to **23**.

226

You are tired, battered and now robbed of all your possessions. The Lurgan has flown off, leaving you trussed up. You cannot escape in time to salvage your mission. You have failed.

227

The remaining Bandits give up and speed off. You look around you: the bus is a mess, both the Androids are self-destructing. You move to the pilot's cabin and find the control on 'auto' and a strong whiff of acid on wires. The pilot Android has suffered the same fate. The bus lurches and you jump into the pilot's seat. Auto-control is intermittent. The screen flashes 'Unauthorized User' in bright red letters. You ignore this, while struggling to bring the bus under control. The auto-pilot will not stay on, so you resort to the old saying, 'If all else fails, kick it!' You aim a good kick at the panel, hoping your luck is in. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **308**; if you are Unlucky, turn to 252.

228

You feed your credit at the door and press two gravity hours. The door slides open and a flashing light directs you to 'EATS'. Another credit is used to order cube taste ZX 017, one of your favourites and quite a surprise to find on Earth. You climb into your unit, eat the cube and wash it down with some Mangola. You shut the unit and a gas hisses in to send you to sleep for the paid-up time. Deduct 2 TIME units. Add 6 STAMINA points. You wake up feeling refreshed, get out and carry on along the road. Turn to **83**.

229

Throw three dice and add up the total: this is the distance up. Throw one die and add the number to your STAMINA score: this is your jump. If your jump is equal to or greater than the distance, you have been successful (turn to **32**). If you fail, deduct 1 from your STAMINA score and try again. If you cannot get up there, you decide to take the other branch (turn to **372**).

230

You walk outside and stare into the distance. There is nothing to be seen. You realize that your only chance of getting food is the dispenser. As you turn around, a solid metal door slams shut and an electronic voice thanks you for your custom and tells you to have a nice day! Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to **291**.

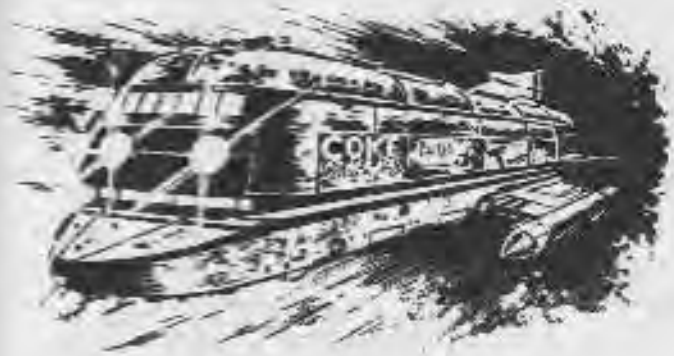

231

The kid is very fast, but no match for you. You grab hold of him just as he is about to disappear into a windowless building. You turn him around and he lets go of your credit cards. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and turn to 345.

232

'Criminals and Groms, that's all we have on Earth these days. Always glad to see a Rogue Tracer.' The man is the owner of the diner and proclaims himself 'the last of the native independents'. He loves to talk and eventually gets on to the subject of Groms: 'We are second-class citizens on our own planet, although most natives have left for Alphacent: no real jobs here, you see.' He tells you of the Houlgans, whom he describes as 'good boys really'. His son is a member of a gang in Madrid; he is called Jose go. Add 1 LUCK point. Eventually the bus signals take-off and you rush to board it. As you settle, you realize that you haven't eaten anything. The Grom in front of you is being served a Galterian omelette by his Android. Reduce your STAMINA by 1 point and turn to 22.

233

You pick the correct circuit. While you are replacing several leads, you find two wires leading to self-destruct, and you realize that this Android is a walking bomb. The Android recovers and tells you that it will be missed; speed is essential. It will take you to the nearest Grom house with a ComTerm and hold off any attack for as long as necessary. Turn to 43.

234

You see a road ahead and follow it until a large, flashing star symbol appears. You have no retro fuel so you set down and skid along the road. The Mark III spins to a halt a few metres from a fuel pump. Add 2 LUCK points. A stony-faced Android comes out and asks if you want to 'fill her up'. Turn to 279.

235

You find that there is only one route that links the northern sector. Most services have been cancelled due to lack of demand and there are considerable delays between stops. While you are working out the times, an Android stands next to you and you feel the CodeMatch pulse on your Chronograph. Deduct 2 TIME units. Do you signal back (turn to 350) or decide to follow it first (turn to 152)?

236

The Android drops the jar and it smashes. You're impressed by the use of real glass.

BUTLER ANDROID	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, the butler self-destructs, leaving a sticky patch on the floor. Turn to 364.

237

The Grom has top-level security-rating. You ask where the Galactic President is being kept. You get

Q867 RT88 20KK 169A 824B

The first three sets you know as standard Earth codes for the London area. The last two sets you note down, or note down again in confirmation, if you already have one of them. You rush outside straight into a GromPol Android escorting the real PowerTech. Before it can pull out a stun gun, you are on to it.

GROMPOL ESCORT SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **309**.

238

The Android walks at a standard pace in a westerly direction. Most of the tall buildings are crumbling and, as you walk along, you notice that some side streets are still inhabited by natives. The Android reaches an area full of bushes and trees from which rises a very old and grand building in an excellent state of repair. Do you attack the Android (turn to **63**) or carry on following it (turn to **135**)?

239

The transport is of standard Galactic General Rocket Motors design and you are skilled in stowing away on these. The robo-loader ignores you as you slip between the plasti-crates and raise the lid of the 'Emergency Humanoid Operators Cab'. You slip in, check the rations and find a good selection. You set your alarm and fall asleep. Add 6 STAMINA points and turn to **208**.

240

When you tip back the seat a pack falls open and you see that it is full of Lurgan speciality food cubes, some of them inside the 'best before' date – a rare treat! Add 2 STAMINA points and turn to **41**.

241

You catch on to the edge of a tallish building and hold on until the fuel in the retro runs out. You unstrap the rocket and let it drop. The Androids below begin to fire at you with their blasters, so you get on to the roof and decide to leap over to the next building. Roll two dice and add up the result: this is the distance to jump. Roll one die and add the number to your STAMINA score: this is your jump. If the jump is equal to or greater than the distance, then you have jumped successfully and can make your way down the stairs to the neighbouring street (turn to **59**). If you fail, you fall.

242

You approach the screen. It is showing a Grom security message about the kidnap of the President. While you stare at the coordinates, an Excel locks its arm round your throat. This is the end of your mission.

243

Your search in the city will be fruitless. The Groms have forbidden all private travel and the next bus out will also be cancelled. Deduct all remaining TIME units. Your mission is over.

244

Deduct 2 TIME units. You dash under cover and dive to the left, then roll away and begin to crawl silently and fast on all fours in approved Rogue Tracer style. The GromPol fires the fore-cannons of the craft. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, the shots miss (turn to 347). If you are Unlucky, you will have a simple burial in an unmarked grave.

245

The transport is a type you have not seen before, probably of local design. You slip easily between the plasti-crates, but you cannot find an 'Emergency Humanoid Operators Cab'. You sit down and wrap your coat around you and try to get some sleep. Turn to 208.

246

You leave the shop and head north. The plans are imprinted in your trained mind and you find the hacienda easily. You take your time and find a service entrance with no gates or Guards. You carefully look at the building. Turn to 167.

247

He says, 'I thought so,' and gas starts to seep into your section of the cockpit. Through a smoky haze, you realize that he is attacking the Silverhound with a group of other craft. Turn to 386.

248

Lopsti tells the gang to drag you out. They throw you on to the ground and begin to squabble over who should take you on. They eventually decide on some sort of order. You will have to fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THUG	6	8
Second THUG	7	10
Third THUG	8	8

If you manage to beat the first three gang members, turn to 107. If you lose, turn to 95.

249

You wake up in a dark, damp, dismal room. You are chained up. You look up and see a hideous sight. A Grom stands before you with snakes growing out of his head. All the time you hear a command inside your brain, 'You will tell us about your mission, you will tell us about your mission . . .' *Test your Fear Factor*. If you are frightened, reduce your STAMINA by 2 points. Repeat the test twice more: if you lose 6 STAMINA points, your control has broken and you have revealed your mission (turn to 57). If you have lost 4 STAMINA points or less, turn to 47.

250

The blaster, set at maximum power, takes the Excel's head off. It staggers, falls and self-destructs. But then the Guard is upon you.

GUARD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 34.

251

The shop is packed with old pieces of firmware and even has some documents in book format. A pre-Grom technology robot sits at the credit unit and in limited speech asks if it can help. You reply that you are just looking. You sift through various bits and pieces. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 177. If you are Unlucky, turn to 396.

252

The auto-pilot fails completely. The bus lurches towards the mountains. You take over control again, knowing that you'll have to fly manually all the way. You cannot relax. Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points. Turn to 76.

253

You notice alarm lights flashing as you travel along. In front of you two heavy metal doors are slowly sliding shut. You think that you might just make it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 85. If you are Unlucky, you are crushed between the doors.

254

You take cover; the police craft circles around. Eventually, they give up the search and fly off. You set off along a road. Turn to 327.

255

You look carefully at the shaft. There are bars going all the way down, but the spaces between them are greater than your height plus outstretched arms. To descend you must drop and catch each bar in turn. Roll three dice and add up the result: this is the first drop. Roll one die and add the number to your STAMINA score: this is your ability to catch the bar. If your ability is equal to or greater than the drop, then you have successfully caught the first bar. Repeat the procedure two more times. If you ever miss, you fall to your death. If you get down, reduce your STAMINA by 1 point and turn to 389.

256

While you walk along the road, no craft passes you and you notice that you are heading down towards a river. By the river is a house, very modern in style and by the house is a power launch. You suspect that this is a Grom residence. Do you approach the house (turn to 109) or give it a wide berth (turn to 60)?

257

The Android sets off at a fast pace and leads you to a small building, with two GromPols standing at the gate. It tells you that there is a ComTerm inside that can tap into security information, but that it is vacuum-protected and can be accessed only by Androids. The Android will go in, but you will have to keep guard. It unwraps its parcel and hands you a blaster; then it pulls out its own stun gun and rushes into the building. You follow and destroy the first guard with one shot, while the Android punches a hole in the second guard's middle. You take up a defensive position and wait. Turn to 369.

258

The Grom craft passes over you just as you reach the ZipCar. The rockets fire at once and you speed off with the Grom behind you in close pursuit. A blast from his cannon smashes into your exhaust. You look around the cockpit: you see a button with the word 'Thruster' scrawled above it. This is an illegal item on planet-level craft, but is often used by criminals for getting away. A Thruster will use up all your fuel and you don't even know that it will work. Another shot smashes into your craft. Deduct 2 TIME units. Do you risk pressing the button (turn to 89) or not (turn to 113)?

259

The Android announces, 'Information not available. Groms will be using one of four bases: Madrid, Roma, Paris, London. No other details.' Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to 31.

260

You push open the door and, just as you shut it, you hear the sound of footsteps go past. You look in front of you and there are two other doors with a small terminal to the side of each one. Each door asks for a pass-code and shows the symbol of a knight from a chess set. You must act quickly. Do you choose the left door (turn to 5) or the right door (turn to 112)?

261

The gory scene has made you feel ill. What do you do next? Do you walk away and continue on foot (turn to 379) or wade into the mess (turn to 9)?

262

You run fast, keeping close to the buildings and occasionally weaving to avoid stun shots. Suddenly an arm grabs you, and you are halted in your tracks by another group. When they rob you, they come across your ID. This stops them and they take you back to the others. When you find that they detest the Groms, their creators, you explain your mission. They return your possessions and one of them, a recent defector, tells you that it saw the presidential craft brought down near the salt-mines. You have a choice: the Androids will help you get to the salt-mines (turn to 108), or they will let you continue on your own (turn to 59).

263

You reach the top and stand at the highest point. The Chronograph is now emitting a visual signal. You see the rescue craft coming at Catchnet height and you brace yourself. You are both caught in the plasti-net. You are pulled in and greeted by a spacecruiser commander. The President is taken to his security quarters. You are left standing around. Suddenly the first-lieutenant whistles in amazement. 'What in the galaxy is that?' You look at the Vidscreen: a winged, fire-breathing creature with huge talons is chasing you. The lieutenant waits for your advice. You reply that it's just another Grom illusion. Will you advise him to ignore it (turn to 346) or to fire a missile at it straight away (turn to 155)?

264

You are unwise to run. Before you have taken your second step, it blasts you between the shoulders. It is an Android whose 'cover' has been blown and which is therefore very dangerous. You will recover, but not in time to complete your mission. Deduct all your remaining TIME units.

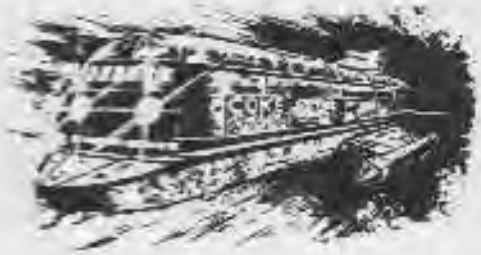

265

You dig down and cover yourself with the undergrowth. Breathing in the correct way to avoid sense-detect, you try to drop your body temperature in true Rogue Tracer fashion. But when you look ahead, you see a molten flow of lava moving towards you and destroying everything in its path. *Test your Fear Factor*. If you are frightened, your heartbeat speeds up and you are detected: the Excels blast you to smithereens. If you are not frightened, you let the lava flow over you, proving that it is just another illusion. When you think that the coast is clear, you rush across the road. Turn to 213.

266

You jump on the speedboard and coast along the tunnel in a north-westerly and then northerly direction. Turn to 253.

267

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 21. If you are Unlucky, turn to 35.

268

As you wander along, you find the woods getting thicker and darker. You lose all sense of direction. You will never get out of this maze in time to do any good. Deduct all your TIME units. Your mission is over.

269

The Silverhound is hit many times. One of the Androids has lost an arm. You rush around looking for retro-chutes, but you are too late. There is a crash and the bus buries its nose in the soft snow. You lose consciousness as the Androids self-destruct. Turn to 386.

270

You sit back and watch the flashing lights and controls. After a time you fall asleep. When you wake up, you look out of the window and see the Grom heading back to the craft. Add 1 STAMINA point and turn to **91**.

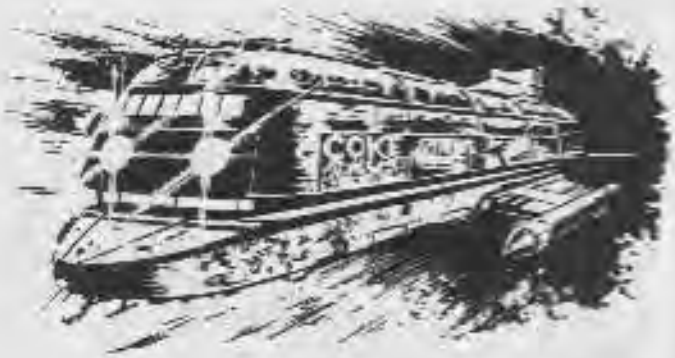

271

You follow him into the doorway. It is very dark. You hear something clang shut and come across a rusty metal trapdoor, obviously locked from the inside. There is no way to follow him. You go out and stand in the maze of alleyways and buildings. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to **207**.

272

You are in Black room, Level 4. Reduce OXYGEN by 1 unit. There is one door leading up. Turn to **196**.

273

You think that the hacienda will have a ComTerm which could provide information about the location of the President. What you don't need is a 'rogue' companion interfering in your search. He takes you to the hacienda and then you realize that he intends to leave you there: he is taking no risks. He tells you to take anything valuable, even food. You set off and look through an open gate. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to **167**.

274

You leap on to the board, touch a few pressure pads and glide off almost silently. As you speed away, a horned creature bursts out from behind the crates and shrieks at you. The board is light and easy to control but you are not sure about fuel levels. Do you travel flat out (turn to **253**) or at half speed to conserve fuel (turn to **148**)?

275

You stand up and walk over to Orvium, pushing his guards aside; you tell him that you want to talk. He is drunk and refuses to talk to anyone who hasn't played 'the game'. He sits you down opposite one of his gang and throws an old six-chamber stun gun down on to the table. He puts a charge in one chamber and then spins it. Your opponent picks up the gun and puts it to his head. Roll one die: that is the chamber. Roll the second die: that is his go. If the numbers match, he has blown his brains out. Now it is your turn: roll the second die again. Take alternate turns until one of you is dead. If you survive, deduct 2 TIME units and turn to 165.

276

You pull out your Catchman and fire at one of the Houlgans; you punch a second and the rest run away. The Android picks up its boxes and thanks you in what is quite an emotional voice. You signal CodeMatch and, when it realizes who you are, it drops its boxes again! When it has calmed down it introduces itself as a W1L-1 Android, so you decide to call it Willi. It tells you that the President is almost certainly not in Madrid, but in one of the other cities. There should be information about his location at the Plaza de Toros base station. The Groms are great organizers and everything is filed. The Plaza de Toros building is accessible only to Androids and is heavily guarded by many troops of Excels. Turn to 380.

277

Before you know anything, it has blasted you. You are paralysed and collapse in a heap. Your mission is over.

278

You come to a door which slides open as you approach . . . and there in front of you is the President! There are no guards, just a Grom scientist with his back to you. The President is still being brain-scanned, so you know that he has yet to reveal the codes. You wrench the scanner off his head and the Grom turns around. He nearly faints with fright, but then he disappears from your sight, using a personal Illus-o-Scope. You grab the President; he is unresponsive, so you have to carry him out. Reduce your STAMINA by 4 points. The Chronograph shows you that there is a tall structure fairly close; you'll need to get on top of it for the rescue. The door you came through is now sealed, so you check the panels around the room for another exit. You find one that sounds hollow and you kick it in. It collapses and leads into a very old, dark tunnel, full of 200-year-old rubbish. Turn to 24.

279

You pick up some food cubes and a Mangola tube. Add 4 STAMINA points. While you crunch your 'wheaty snaps' flavoured cube you set a course for Paris (turn to 78) or London (turn to 217).

280

The Mark 1 handles well and after a while you see the city: an overgrown mass of crumbling buildings. Madrid control gives you settings for the Silverhound terminal and you perform a good landing on manual drive. You park in the craft-park. Turn to **179**.

281

Self-destruct begins at its feet as it dutifully answers your question, 'The administrative building is for Androids only; even Groms cannot get physical access, but make contact through their ComTerms. You can get . . .' Before it can give you any further information, its speech functions disintegrate and the rest of the Android dissolves into the ground. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to **31**.

282

You are correct: (A − C) ÷ 2 = B. A sub-menu appears and asks for a question. You key in: 'Is the Galactic President in Madrid?' It answers in the negative. Then you ask it where the President is being kept. It replies, 'He is at a high-security Base station,' and a symbol appears of a circle with a horizontal line through it. The message continues, 'Reference 169A . . .', but it breaks off and another message asks for your Grom family code letter. Then 'ILLEGAL ACCESS' begins to flash across the screen. You rush back to the exit. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to **194**.

283

You stand outside the base station on a long straight road, which runs from east to west. You have no local map of the area, since you expected to find one at the station, but none were available. Will you go east (turn to 327) or west (turn to 103)?

284

You are in Turquoise room, Level 4. Reduce OXYGEN by 1 unit. There is a door leading up. Turn to **144**.

285

Arana has given you good directions. You see a Vidnews machine, and you insert a credit and scan the files: the news of the kidnap is still being suppressed. Next to the machine stands an old man selling a strange cold food, on a cone. You watch as a native buys one and walks away licking the substance. You have been warned of the hazards of open food, but you give in to the temptation. As you walk along licking in the approved manner, you come across a roadblock, manned by a GromPol task-force. You show one of the Androids your ID and it grabs you. Do you fight (turn to **358**) or go peacefully (turn to **218**)?

286

You head for the Plaza de Toros. Jose explains that it is built under a Grom Ents Complex. The Groms have revived bullfighting and have built their own bulls, since the real ones died out many years ago. The gang take you to a manhole they sometimes use to get in to see some of the Grom sports. As you turn a corner you bump into a wanted criminal, fairly high on the list. Do you attack as a Rogue Tracer (turn to **74**) or ignore him (turn to **114**)?

287

You know that Houlgans are famed for their skill in stealing, so you do not show them any credits but merely hint at the prospect of payment. They are suspicious and begin to back away muttering about Grom agents. How do you win them over? If you think you know the leader's name, count up the letters of his first name, multiply this number by his tattooed number, and go to that reference. Otherwise, turn to **174**.

288

Deduct 2 TIME units. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **332**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **325**.

289

You run towards the end of the tunnel, splashing through puddles and tripping in the loose wiring. Suddenly you feel empty space beneath you and you fall down a shaft. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you catch hold of a hot pipe and slide painfully to the bottom (turn to **351**). If you are Unlucky, you fall to the ground with a sickening thud.

290

You walk in and see a group of assembly Robots putting together a new range of Excels. The room is stacked full of Android parts. In the corner you see a flashing red light. Suddenly a headless Excel grabs you and locks its arms around your body; meanwhile, another headless Excel comes slowly towards you, its arms opening and closing like pincers. Throw two dice and add up the result: this is the Android's strength factor. Throw one die, add the result to your STAMINA score and enter it in the PHYSICAL TASKS box on the *Adventure Sheet*: this is your effort to get free. If your effort is equal to or greater than the Android's strength, then you have broken loose (turn to 348). If it is not, then deduct 1 point from your STAMINA score and try again. If you do not break free, you are finished.

291

You walk along a track from the diner until you reach a road. Will you head north (turn to 363) or south (turn to 256)?

292

The Catchman works. You aim at the legs, but the plasti-net is torn up by the bull straight away. You decide to dodge away, but you leave it very late, and the bull is almost upon you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the horns have missed you and you run left to a shelter (turn to 111). If you are Unlucky, farewell, brave matador!

293

You sit down with the gang and order a Mangola, but Orvium insists that you drink a Boolean Snapspine cocktail. When it arrives, you happen to notice, in the corner of the bar, Brak 9 and two grubby Excels, which have obviously been pirated from the Groms. He knows you very well, so you sit lower in your chair and order another Snapspine. By the time Brak has left you have had ten drinks and you are very drunk. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. You wave goodbye to the gang and weave your way through the back-streets. Suddenly you fall into something and everything goes blank. Turn to 313.

294

You bank left and start climbing over the mountains. As you gain height you realize that Rocket Bikes are meant only for low-level flying and are not equipped for altitude. You look for somewhere to land with some cover, but there is nowhere. You push the bike to its limit and try to make it over the nearest hill. The rocket stalls and you crash lethally into a rocky outcrop.

295

It's very dark in the corridor. There is a curtain at the end, and you can hear music. You pull it aside and you see a 3-D Vid of a very old film that you once saw on channel 44: 'Starblasters'. You hear a man's laugh in the circular auditorium. He asks you what you want. You reply, 'Orvium.' He gets up; he is huge and carries four blasters strapped to various parts of his body. He asks you your business and you mention the Grom firmware. He looks you up and down and says he'll take you to Orvium. Turn to 176.

296

You stay where you are and pretend to ignore the images. Then a Grom appears in front of you. He tells you that psychologically you should have shown some interest and that they suspect you of a rescue attempt. Their galactic 'moles' have told them that a Rogue Tracer is on such a mission. All they want is an admission that you are that Rogue Tracer. Deduct 2 TIME units. Do you admit to the accusation (turn to 57) or keep silent (turn to 122)?

297

You press 'B' and you briefly see '164A' . . . and then the screen goes blank. You make a mental note of this code (if you do not already have it). Turn to 368.

298

You call out and she stops and turns around. You remember where you saw her before: at a 'kill' on Bollitrin 444. She is Arana, a very good Rogue Tracer. There is an immediate bond between you and you share information. She tells you that the Groms have hired her for a 'special'. Orvium Egburg has stolen some unprotected firmware from Records Base in Roma and she suspects that there is some important information on those chips. The Groms got her in yesterday and dropped her at the terminal. Do you offer to help (turn to 349) or carry on operating on your own (turn to 142)?

299

You drop your cubes and chase after him. When you are outside you see him signalling towards a group of Rocket Bikers in the far corner of the craft-park. You immediately whip out your Catchman and pull the trigger. Throw one die. If you throw 4 or under, your weapon has jammed and you take him on unarmed. If you throw 5 or 6, then Lopsti is caught (turn to **121**).

LOPSTI SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **121**. If you lose, turn to **19**.

300

You follow its advice and go through the door. You are immediately grabbed by three GromPol Androids. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to **322**.

301

You look carefully at the edges of the door for light beams or wiring. Suddenly, an Android arm grabs you from behind in a strong grip. You give way and collapse out of its grip. You realize that you'll have to fight it quickly and silently.

GUARD SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, the Android self-destructs. Turn to **260**.

302

You land close to the site of some debris from a space lifeboat. You walk around and find parts of a shattered presidential Guard Android. Self-destruct circuits must have broken up before they could operate. You find two recall chips and plug them into your Chronograph. You can see the event of the landing through the Guard's vision. You replay the episode with high-intensity magnification and focus on the setting used by the Grom pilot. You can see: Q867 RT88 20KK 169A . . . You know that the first three groups are standard codes for the London area. Then you look up and see a real Grom craft heading towards you with cannons firing. The shots destroy the head of the Guard. You can run for the ZipCar (turn to 258) or for a nearby salt trench (turn to 3).

303

The wolf is snarled up in the plasti-net. You run back for the fence, but you are headed off by a pack of them that appear in front of you. They chase you into a building and up an old staircase that suddenly gives way and collapses under you. Turn to 313.

304

Before you can say anything, the Android shouts that you are under arrest. It pulls out its stun gun and you run off round the corner. When it follows you are waiting for it.

ANDROID	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 179.

305

To your left is an abandoned retro pack. You go over and pick it up. There just might be enough fuel left. In a hail of stun shots, you strap it on, ignite the rockets and shoot off in an uncontrollable arc. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 241. If you are Unlucky, you have crashed into a building and your mission ends here.

306

You walk over to the bar and talk to the girl. 'It has kept us here since yesterday when it came in and demanded a drink,' she says. 'I gave it some lubricant, but it wanted beer and told me to play this ridiculous instrument.' She holds up a thin box with some wires across it. You guess that the Excel has suffered memory corruption and has its 'data bus pins' crossed. It must believe that it is living in the past. You have a good knowledge of VidEnts and realize that it believes it is in what was known as a 'Western'. Turn to 58.

307

You notice that the elevators work on the balance principle, and so probably require no power. You get the President in, shut the metal grille and turn a large lever. There is a lot of creaking and shuddering, but it begins to work. Turn to 338.

308

The auto-pilot reasserts itself and sets up the flight path to Paris. You sit back, eat some food cubes and get some sleep. Deduct 2 TIME units. Add 6 STAMINA points and turn to 76.

309

As you make your way through the city you check your Chronograph and realize that you will need transport to London as soon as possible. You see a transport craft marked 'Escargot' and crates labelled with a circle and a horizontal line through it. Do you stow away on the transport (turn to 239) or go back to the Silverhound terminal (turn to 134)?

310

The door slides shut behind you. You are in the side-street behind the Plaza de Toros. Your Chronograph beeps at you and you realize that you have to catch the bus. You look over your shoulder as a Guard comes out of the same door, fires a blast in the other direction and runs off. You make your way to the terminal. Add 2 LUCK points and turn to 80.

311

You drag the GromPol behind a cupboard, but it begins to self-destruct in your hands. You walk towards a door marked 'NO ADMITTANCE – EXCEL CLASS ONLY.' The door slides open easily; there is no one around. In front of you is a ComTerm and on the screen you see:

11	19	29
6	11	16
17	17	?

Key in the missing number and go to that section. You will be told straight away if you are correct. If you cannot work out the missing number, turn to 194.

312

You give him a likely felon's name. The Grom is immediately suspicious: Rogue Tracers never reveal targets even under pain of brainscan. He lets the bus go. He stares at you and you stare back, noticing how slight he is and how useless he would be in a fight. Just then he disappears and the inside of the craft becomes a square white box. The walls, roof and ceiling begin to close in on you. Spikes appear all over the surfaces and begin to ooze blood. *Test your Fear Factor.* If you are frightened, deduct 2 STAMINA points. Everything blacks out. Turn to 182.

313

You wake up with a very sore head and look around. You are in a set of crumbling underground catacombs. There is a strong damp smell. You walk along a corridor which goes from one chamber to another. Each chamber has a dome-like ceiling. You then look down at your feet and notice water seeping in from the direction you are walking in. Soon it is up to your knees. You see a light in the distance: could it be a way out? Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to 394.

314

You plead that you did not know and are told that ignorance of the law is no excuse. Do you fight your way out (turn to 399) or go quietly (turn to 168)?

315

You pay and discuss the help you need. You let them know that you want access to a highly placed Grom ComTerm. They argue among themselves, but decide on two likely places: the Plaza de Toros or the hacienda. The former is accessible only to Androids, but they think that they can get you in. The hacienda is less heavily guarded. Do you choose the Plaza de Toros (turn to 286) or the hacienda (turn to 183)?

316

You go up to the screen and look at the information. You know that it is all false and that the screen is just an illusion. The Groms are using a double-bluff technique to see if you pretend to show no interest. You touch nothing and watch the screen. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to 6.

317

The Android slumps across the keyboard, but does not self-destruct. You scroll through various codes and come across the one for the Galactic President. You investigate this file and you get a screen of symbols (look at the illustration). The one on the top-left corner flashes; it seems to be some sort of clue. As you begin to delve into sub-menus, you feel the CodeMatch signal from Willi. You go out and find the Android very excited. It tells you that Guards are on their way: they have sensed the loss of the ComTerm Android. Willi suggests that you hide while it takes care of them. Do you agree (turn to 223) or stand and fight (turn to 105)?

318

You are in a chamber. In the corner stands a de-activated Excel. Behind it is a door marked with a chess knight symbol. Do you go through the door (turn to 387)? There is a blocked exit north-east and other exits north (turn to 353), south (turn to 139) and south-west (turn to 62).

319

You stand back in a doorway and watch carefully. The Houlgans are intent on robbing the Android. They poke at its arms and legs. By now it has dropped all of its boxes and one or two have been picked up by them. They know that a standard service Android has no real fighting prowess. One of them suddenly stabs it in the side. There is a spark and the Android moves with tremendous speed, whips out a stun gun and hits all of them in a few seconds. It knows that you have seen everything and it runs towards you. Do you run (turn to **264**) or raise your hands to show that you will not fight (turn to **128**)?

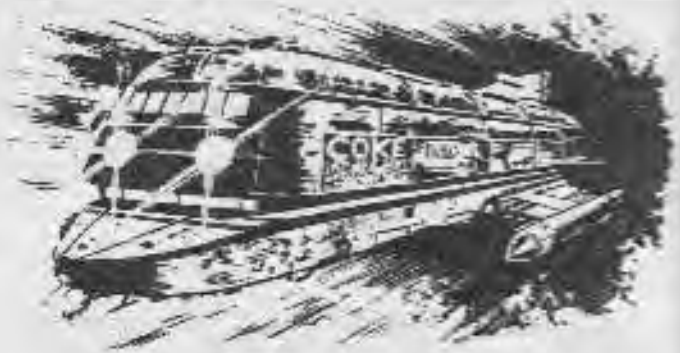

320

You hack your way through the forest until you are exhausted. You sit down and a Gromasaurus steps on you!

321

You are right to worry about safety, but you are exhausted and should have had a rest when you had the chance. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **41**.

322

You are thrown into a dark room. You are deprived of all your senses until a Gromulan face appears before you and, in a voice that seems to surround you, tells you that they know about your mission through their galactic 'moles'. All they need is for you to confess and you will not be harmed. Do you confess (turn to **57**) or say nothing (turn to **249**)?

323

You approach carefully, with your back to the crates. Suddenly a strange, horned, dog-faced creature leaps out at you. Its coarse hands grip your throat and fangs lodge in your shoulder.

HORNED DOG-FACED GUARD SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **266**.

324

Although you are tired, you force yourself on. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. As you pass a group of Houlgans, one of them brushes against you and takes your Catchman. The others stand around and cheer. You run after him, catch him and take back your property. Deduct another STAMINA point. You are shattered. Do you change your mind about the sleep unit (turn to **228**) or carry on (turn to **83**)?

325

You are being chased by a Horned Dog-Faced Guard. It fires a blaster at you and you weave from side to side. The shots smash into the tunnel walls. Throw one die for your position and throw the second die for the blast. If the blast is the same as your position, then you have been badly hit and take no more interest in the mission. Repeat this procedure three times. If you survive, you try to outrace the Guard.

Throw two dice: this is your speed. Throw two dice again for the Guard's speed. If its speed is greater than yours, it has caught you and you have to fight it with the neutronsword. If your speed is greater or equal, it crashes into the tunnel wall (turn to **332**).

HORNED DOG-FACED GUARD SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **332**.

326

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **180**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **343**.

327

You walk for a long time along the road, which is often overgrown. You are getting tired, hungry and thirsty: reduce your STAMINA by 1 point. Just then, you see a battered ZipCar at the side of the road with its hood up. There seems to be no one around, and you approach carefully. Suddenly someone leaps out of the bushes. You spin around just in time to see the Lurgan who is rushing at you hurl a large rock. *Test your* LUCK. If you are Lucky, he has missed (turn to 388). If you are Unlucky, you've been hit on the head (turn to 226).

328

While you dash off down the back-streets, you hear a craft taking off very close by and obviously looking for you. In your haste you find yourself in a blind alley. There is an open warehouse door on the right and a pile of rubble on a broken manhole on the ground in front of you. Do you go into the warehouse (turn to 365) or down the manhole (turn to 87)?

329

You climb up. As you get higher, the metal bars get dirtier and full of cobwebs. The shaft leads up into darkness. Suddenly the shaft gives way and you fall down and crash through the floor. You lose consciousness. Turn to 313.

330

Fortunately you land on some soft ground between two boulders. You take cover straight away, because you become aware of other craft up above which are obviously looking for you. Turn to 137.

331

Deduct 2 TIME units. You are in a chamber with a blocked tunnel south, and exits west (turn to 48), east (turn to 27) and north (turn to 139).

332

You are in a rubble-strewn chamber. There is a blocked exit to the east, and exits north (turn to 72) and south (turn to 56).

333

You wake up by an anti-gravity pool, facing a small Grom who is sipping a long, cool drink. A service Android offers you a glass. The Grom admits that he was bored and arranged the 'entertainments'. He talks for hours and lets slip that he is highly placed in Grom HQ Madrid. When he leaves you for a moment, you notice a ComTerm showing an image of the President. Do you approach the ComTerm (turn to 242) or stay where you are (turn to 190)?

334

The door easily slides open. You are in a small, narrow corridor. There are several smudges on the floor and another door at the end of the corridor. On one of the walls is a mirror which you suspect of being two-way. Suddenly the second door opens and you are crushed into a smudge on the floor. Two Grom scientists, who are conducting experiments on extreme high pressure, look through the glass and wonder what caused the extra stain.

335

You shrug your shoulders, turn around and eat your cubes. The man goes away and you sit in silence until the bus signals for take-off. Add 2 STAMINA points and turn to 22.

336

Deduct 2 TIME units. You are in a chamber with exits east (turn to 12), west (turn to 37) and south (turn to 326).

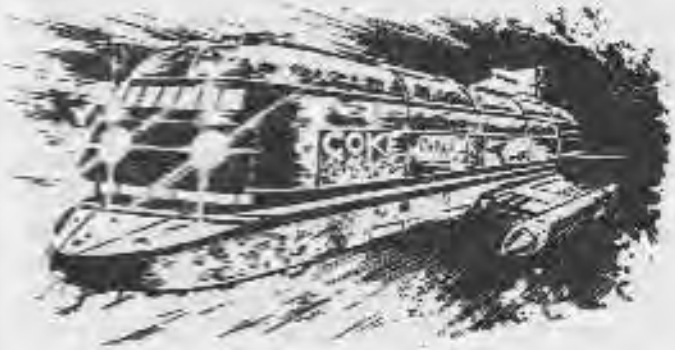

337

'Hello,' says the Android. 'I'm sorry, sir, I have lost all automotive functions and cannot complete my tasks. I will self-destruct now.' You order it to shut up and to tell you the way out of the tunnel. It insists that it must self-destruct, but it seems to have broken the circuits which enable it to do so. You bargain with it that you will help, if it tells you the way out. It thinks for a while; its eyes dim and then light up. 'Okay,' it announces. It tells you to take the tunnel and walk for four hundred metres, then take the left fork and on the third foundation shaft you will find a ladder leading up into the Ents Complex. You connect up its circuits and it begins to dissolve with what could be a smile on its face. You walk to the ladder. Turn to 25.

338

You come up into a devastated landscape with the faint green tinge of radioactivity. You see the tower a short distance away. The Chronograph emits the coded rescue signal when you reach the bottom of the structure. There is no one around and you suspect that the very high radioactivity is responsible. The tower is just a block of concrete with a ladder on the side. You will need all your strength to climb it with the President on your shoulders. Throw two dice: this is the strength factor needed to get to the top. If this is greater than your STAMINA score, then you collapse halfway up the ladder and both of you fall to your deaths. If you make it to the top, turn to 263.

339

The Android stutters as its feet begin to dissolve, 'Madrid records at Plaza de Toros . . . west of here . . . Androids only . . .' The decay reaches the speech circuits and the Android is silent. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to 117.

340

There are pieces of Android all over the room. The pieces dissolve through the floor and then the floor gives way and you fall through. Turn to 333.

341

Your fight with Lum causes a commotion. The Excels are upon you and they put you in a holding cell for eighty gravity hours. Deduct all your remaining TIME units. You have no time left to complete your mission.

342

You are in a stadium. There is a very high wall all around, and across on the far side is a strange creature of Gromulan make, like a huge bull with long, steely horns. It stands stock-still. You look around the bullring; there are three shelters, equidistant from one another. You walk carefully towards one of them and notice, too late, that you have broken a beam. The bull is activated. It turns towards you, gives an electronic snort, scrabbles at the ground and charges at you. Do you use the Catchman (turn to 292), run back to the door (turn to 185), or dodge left to the nearest shelter (turn to 111)?

343

You run into a squad of four Horned, Dog-Faced Guards, who are clutching neutronswords. You must fight all four in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARD	8	8
Second GUARD	7	8
Third GUARD	9	10
Fourth GUARD	8	10

If you survive, turn to 180.

344

You climb up a vertical shaft. There is a metal plate at the top which unlocks and swings open. You are in the middle of a Roman street. A ZipCar thunders overhead. You get out and slam the cover shut. The alarm on the Chronograph beeps at you and you realize that the Silverhound for Paris is due to leave soon. Do you go to the terminal (turn to 75) or stay and carry on your investigation (turn to 221)?

345

You are faced with a frightened boy who looks as though he hasn't had a good meal in days. You put him at ease and tell him that you want his gang's help. He takes you to a bar where the R'al Houlgans hang out. Turn to 132.

346

You are unwise to underestimate Grom ingenuity. The Dragon is a mega-missile with built-in Illus-o-Scope and anti-sensor devices. The missile ploughs into the rescue craft, destroying everyone.

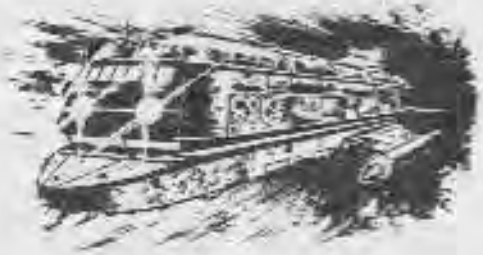

347

You run silently and fast through the undergrowth. The craft fires again, but is off target. Four Excels begin to comb the area. You reach the edge of the gardens and there is nothing but open space ahead of you. The Excels are watching the edges, stun guns ready and set on maximum power. Others are using heat-detector units. Do you sit tight (turn to 265) or run for it across the open ground (turn to 213)?

348

Alarms flash as you get out into the loading-bay. There you see a Grom commercial transport, which is about to take off. The plasti-crates are all marked with a circle with a horizontal line through it. Deduct 2 TIME units. Do you wish to stow away on the transport (turn to 245) or go to the Silverhound terminal (turn to 134)?

349

As you walk along she tells you all the details. She suspects Orvium is going to sell to the highest bidder. You tell her your mission, for Rogue Tracers have no secrets from each other, and she has no objection to you using the firmware to gain information before she returns it to the Groms. She knows of a few places where Orvium and his cronies hang out. You split up and you have two options: the Roxyrama (turn to 151) or Cino's Club (turn to 285).

350

You look at the Android and press your CodeMatch button. It walks away from you and sits on a bench. You follow and sit next to it, but it does not speak to you and you get suspicious. When you get up, two Excels grab you and you know that the 'planted' Android has been 'turned'. You are dragged away. Your mission has failed.

351

You land in a puddle, your hands burning. You are in a large chamber with an exit to the left. You look up at the shaft, trip over something and fall head-first into the puddle. You feel around and find the head of a service Android and some other bits. You quickly do some temporary repair work on the eye and brain region and you are greeted with a low rumble which sounds like 'Hallo.' Turn to 337.

352

You are in Magenta room, Level 4. Reduce OXYGEN by 1 unit. There is one door leading up. Turn to 144.

353

Deduct 2 TIME units. The tunnel divides. There are exits east (turn to 37), west (turn to 131) and south (turn to 318). To the north is an exit blocked by a heavy steel door.

354

The bikes have an extremely short range and after half a gravity hour they head off for a large flashing Star sign that indicates a fuel station. The attendant service Android beams a manufactured smile at the gang as they fight over the food cubes. Lopsti and your guard intervene. The Android fills the bike you are on first and you notice that the anti-theft device has not been set. Do you start the Rocket Bike and go (turn to 65) or wait for a better opportunity (turn to 171)?

355

The wolf attacks and is joined by a pack of about twenty others. You cannot fight them all off and your Catchman has run out. You collapse under their savage fangs.

356

You head north along several twisting roads. You begin to lose your sense of direction, when someone calls you; there is an open gate to your left. Deduct 2 TIME units. Do you go in (turn to 32) or carry on (turn to 136)?

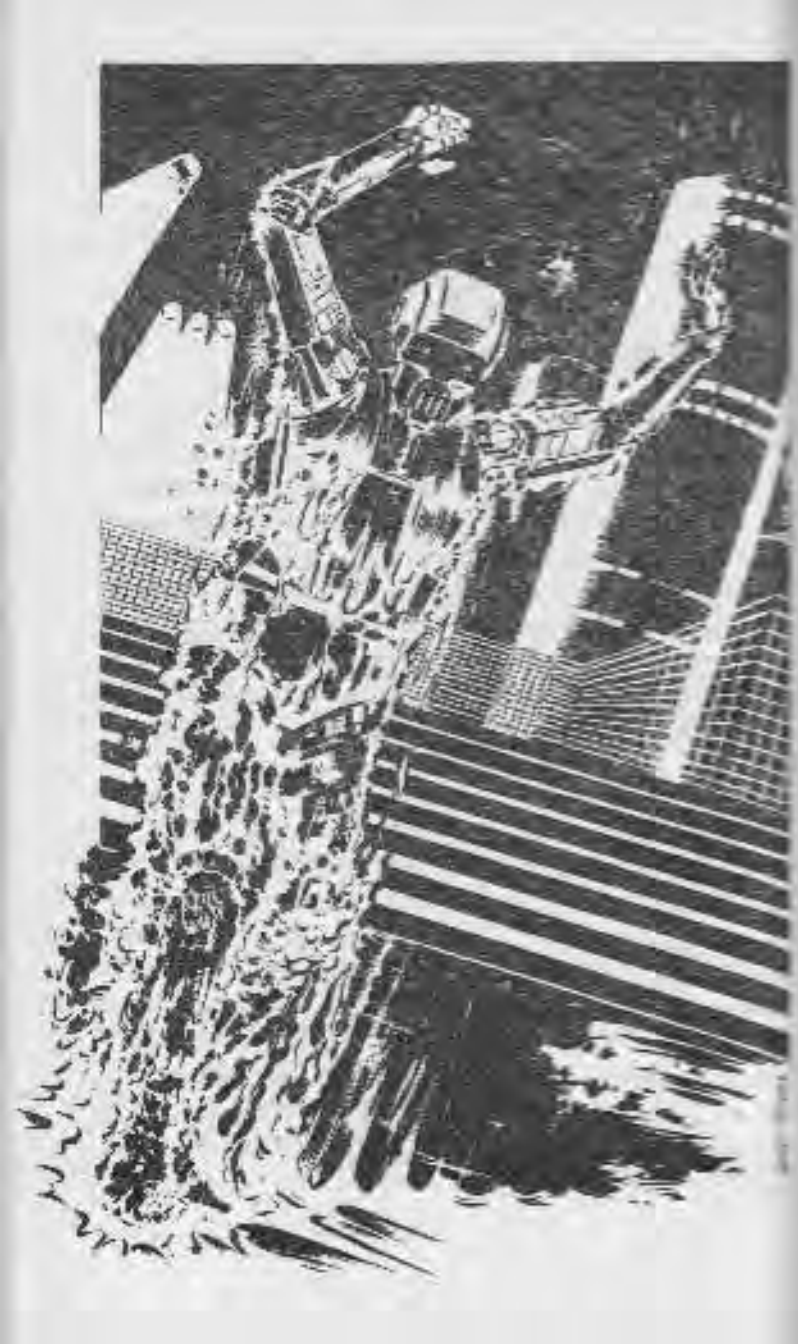

357

You walk towards the Android. It drops its vacuum attachment and goes out of a side door. You follow, turn a corner and find it waiting for you. It presses the CodeMatch signal and you respond. It is one of the 'planted' Androids. It gives you as much information as it has gleaned. It tells you that the Groms are based in four cities and that the Silverhound bus is the only mode of public travel to these cities. The Rocket-a-Hire company has withdrawn its services due to lack of demand and private ZipCars are few and far between. All high-level Groms are linked into the bases through their ComTerms. If you can get access to one of these terminals you could probably get a lot of important information. When its message has ended it begins to self-destruct. Turn to 72.

358

You twist away and then flip over, grabbing the Android by the arms.

GROMPOL ANDROID SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win, you de-activate the Android, but are surrounded by the task-force. Turn to 218.

359

As you cut your way through the undergrowth your feet start to feel very heavy and then you cannot move them at all. You are stuck and will never get out of this swamp.

360

Jose asks you how you know his name and you explain about his father's diner. He relaxes, the chains and spears are put away and Jose begins to accept you. He suggests going to get something to eat. Turn to 232.

361

Deduct 2 TIME units. You walk through the door and it closes behind you. Suddenly a shaft of fire shoots out of the wall, and part of your boot is burnt. Next time you move to avoid the flame, but a section of the floor drops open. Gradually, as the flames continue to shoot out, more and more parts of the floor open up. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you have fallen through one of the holes (turn to 201). If you are Lucky, you are forced into a corner and a sheet of flame envelops your head (turn to 333).

362

You can hear talking and swearing behind a door. There are two voices. You pull out your Catchman. Do you go in (turn to 93) or look around some more (turn to 295)?

363

You walk along the road for several gravity hours. Deduct 2 TIME units. Eventually, you reach a small settlement perched on top of a hill. You walk through the town: it is deserted. As you pass the empty buildings you see what must have been the original ZipCar Mark I, rusted and patched, parked outside a building with a flaking sign proclaiming 'Hotel Alcazar'. Do you go into the Alcazar (turn to 197) or approach the ZipCar (turn to 170)?

364

You are faced with three doors, but before you can decide which to take, the left door opens and out pops a small Gromulan kid about five gravity years old. She stops, looks you up and down, then asks you what's happened to Beany and her lemonade. You don't reply. She stamps her foot and a knife shoots out of her right eye straight for yours. You instinctively drop to the floor; when you look up a giant boulder falls on top of you. You are not hurt, but you see an image of yourself across the room breaking up, cartoon-style, into little pieces. The little girl laughs. She holds a small Illus-o-Scope in her hand. She asks you to play with her. Do you (turn to 68), or will you ignore her and search the house (turn to 106)?

365

You slip into the warehouse as the door slides shut. You look around. It appears to be a Grom Android assembly plant. You are in a room surrounded by immobile, headless Excels. A Forkliftron moves between them. There are two doors ahead. Do you take the left one (turn to **158**) or the right one (turn to **290**)?

366

The Excel demands to know your business. You show it your ID and it disappears. Deduct 2 TIME units. It leaves you standing in a small white box with your head feeling four times its normal size. You know that it's an illusion, but you collapse under its weight. Turn to **201**.

367

You land the ZipCar on a salt lake and get out. The Grom craft approaches, and suddenly fires its cannons at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you have been hit and you watch helplessly while a couple of Bandits get out of the Grom craft. They strip you of credits and equipment and leave you badly wounded. You cannot complete your mission. If you are Lucky, you escape into a nearby salt trench and the Bandits steal the ZipCar (turn to **3**).

368

Orvium and his cronies come back in and he asks you if that is not the real thing. You agree that it is and you tell him that you have to report back and arrange for credits, but Orvium insists that you stay for a drink. Do you stay (turn to **293**), or get out fast (turn to **186**)?

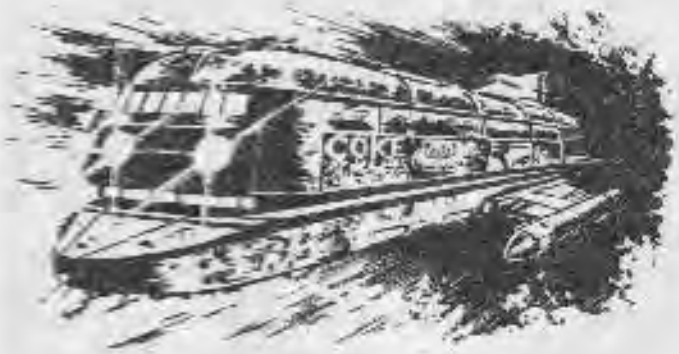

369

All is quiet. Then suddenly two Androids appear, an Excel and a Guard. You drop just as they fire at you, and they miss. They move fast and you can fire at only one. Do you fire at the Guard (turn to **173**) or the Excel (turn to **250**)?

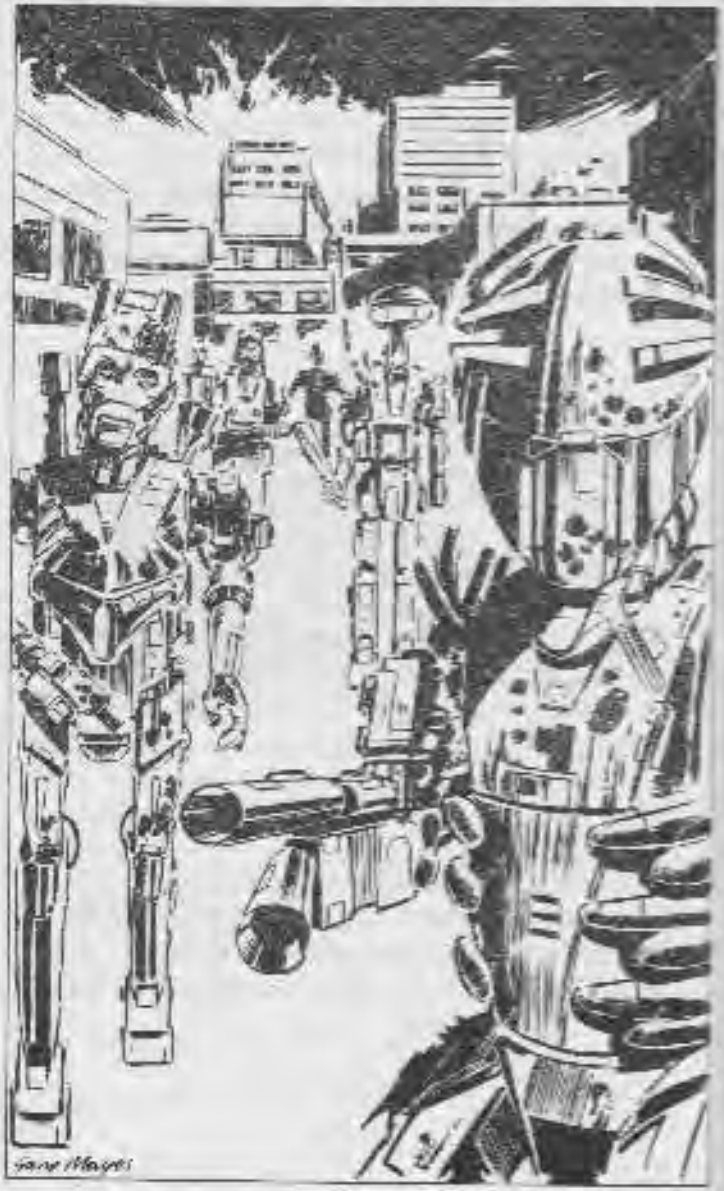

370

Ahead of you stands an Android gang. You've heard rumours of such things, but never knew that they really existed. They prey on individuals in order to carry out repairs to their bodies. They are the failures of the early Grom personality experiments. They head towards you and you notice Excel parts on some of them. You cannot fight them all. Do you run away to the left (turn to 262) or to the right (turn to 42)?

371

You climb what seems to be an endless spiral of metal steps, but you can hear footsteps following you. You are caught by two Guards in radiation suits, but because the stairs are so narrow you fight them one at a time. You can fight them with the neutronsword, since they do not use stun guns or blasters, but long spikes tipped with neuronsplat.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARD	8	8
Second GUARD	9	10

Remember that you are carrying the Galactic President and should have reduced your STAMINA as directed. If you win, turn to 338.

372

The tunnel begins to stink and you suspect that the old sewage system is still in use. You look around and suddenly a dark figure leaps on to your back: claws sink into your neck and shoulders. You fall over, forcing the creature to let go, and you see a woman dressed in black with long nails and sharp filed teeth. She snarls and attacks you.

FELINA SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 61.

373

You join the other shuttle passengers who are feeding their credits into the Visamatic of the Silverbound. After each operation the doors blurt out a distorted 'That'll do nicely.' Turn to 72.

374

You are surrounded by a mass of huge black rats. You pull out your Catchman as they scramble towards you and set it for wide shooting. Throw two dice: this is the number of rats in the first group. Throw two dice again: this is the number caught by the plasti-net. If any get through, they sink their fangs into your body. Reduce your STAMINA by 1 point for each rat that bites you. Turn to 336.

375

You find the circuit and it is undamaged. You realize that you cannot save the Android: self-destruct is beginning. Looking carefully at the other circuit, you do not see what you expect. You get up and run. This Android has been fitted with neutron blast in case a walking bomb was needed on the mission. There is a terrific explosion . . .

376

You are still being chased when the tunnel forks. Deduct 2 TIME units. Do you go left (turn to 162) or right (turn to 73)?

377

You are in Grey room, Level 4. Reduce OXYGEN by 1 unit. There is one door leading up (turn to 146) and one door leading out (turn to 310).

378

You head for the left-hand shelter. The bull charges you and you stand up in front of it with your spears held aloft.

BULL ANDROID SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you lose, you have been badly gored and are unable to continue your mission. If you win, you have damaged the bull, which has now fallen over and is leaking lubricant. You rush to the shelter and find a door. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to 88

379

You get back on the road, shuddering after your nasty experience. You trudge along, but see no sign of any craft. You are tired, hungry and running out of time. Deduct all remaining TIME units. You fail to reach the President.

380

Willi tells you that its master is a low-ranking Grom, whose ComTerm has probably not got full access to the Plaza de Toros base station. Deduct 2 TIME units. Willi leads you towards its master's house. Turn to **36**.

381

The GromPol craft accelerates and soon flags down the bus. The GromPol Android tells you to have a nice day. You get on board. The other passengers try to ignore you. Turn to **22**.

382

You sit back and watch the power launch skim over the water. An Android brings you a Mangola and you check your Chronograph. Deduct 2 TIME units and add 4 STAMINA points. The trip is fast. You land close to the centre of the city, and an Excel gets off the launch. You see an old flaking sign, 'Estacion del Norte', which you assume is the Silverhound terminal. You watch the Excel heading left towards an old palace in overgrown gardens. Do you go to the terminal (turn to **179**) or follow the Excel (turn to **123**)?

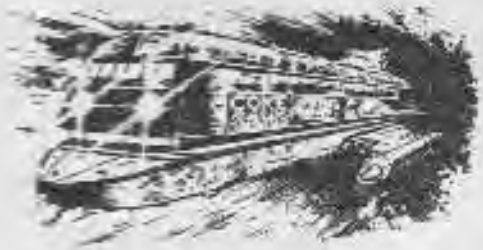

383

You walk towards the door and it slides open. You enter and find yourself looking at the back of an administration Android. It senses you and spins around.

ADMIN ANDROID SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **311**.

384

As you plough into the water the creatures swarm all around you with their mouths open. *Test your Fear Factor*. If you are frightened, reduce your STAMINA and SKILL by 1 point each. The illusion fades, and you carry on to the north. Turn to **318**.

385

You make a break for cover. The two GromPols give chase. You feel the distinct swish of a stun shot passing your left cheek. You flip over, take out your Catchman and fire, all in one swift movement. The Catchman does not let you down and the lead Android is covered in plasti-net. Before you can reset, the second GromPol is on to you. You kick the gun out of its hand and take it on in hand-to-hand combat.

GROMPOL ANDROID SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

As in all combat with Androids, if you throw double 6, you have found its weak spot. If you win, turn to 254.

386

Deduct 2 TIME units. You come to and find yourself chained up in a warehouse full of crates marked 'Escargot'. Suddenly someone kicks you from behind. It is a Bandit. He explains that he has sold tickets to all the rogues of Paris who want to see a Tracer fight. You look around and there is quite a crowd up on the crates, placing bets and shouting at one another. He frees you and throws you a pair of spiked steel gloves. You get up and see that your opponent is a typical native of Gigantis 8: he is one and a half times your height, muscle-bound and fearless – the nearest thing to a non-fabricated, ultimate warrior. The Gigantian is also wearing spiked gloves. As he rumbles towards you, you catch sight of a window by the crates. Do you try to break out (turn to 125) or stay and fight (turn to 115)?

387

You are in a large room. In the corner there are six Groms, all with snail shells poking out of their ears. They are trying to play a game of chess, but roll about in uncontrollable laughter as each in turn upsets the pieces. You sense something behind you, and you turn around to see a Horned Guard with an arm upraised, about to sink an axe into your head . . .

388

You have no time to set the Catchman, so you have to fight unarmed. Beware: Lurgans are famed for their dirty fighting.

LURGAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you lose, turn to 226. If you win, you head for the ZipCar (turn to 150).

389

At the bottom there is no light. You hear a creaking and smell burning plastic. Willi limps over to you. It has lost vocal functions and, frankly, you are grateful. Willi lights up its eyes and you look around. You are among what seem to be the foundations of a building. Large vertical metal shafts are sunk into the earth. On one there is a small inspection ladder and Willi motions for you to go up it. You ask why it doesn't come with you and it points at its leg. Will you walk down the tunnel with Willi (turn to 193) or climb the ladder alone (turn to 25)?

390

Your memory is perfect and you get to the Ents Complex from a side-street: there, just where it should be, is an inspection cover. You lift the rusty metal with great difficulty and close it behind you. Turn to 114.

391

You bank right and slow down as you approach a forest. The trees are tall and thin. You weave in between them until the fuel gauge flashes that your tank is almost empty. You stop at a road; there is no sound of pursuit. You hide the bike and stand on the road. Do you go left (turn to **103**) or right (turn to 327)?

392

You are in Brown room, Level 4. Reduce OXYGEN by 1 unit. There is one door leading up. Turn to **196**.

393

You follow him into the building. It is dark and you hear someone running up a staircase. You follow, but cannot find any trace of him. You go out and stand in the maze of alleyways and buildings. Deduct 2 TIME units and turn to **207**.

394

The water has completely filled the corridor. You must swim underwater from chamber to chamber. Throw two dice and add up the result: this is the distance you must swim to get to the next chamber. Throw one die and add the number to your STAMINA score: this is your ability to swim the distance. If your ability is equal to or greater than the distance, then you've made it. Repeat the procedure three times. If you ever fail, you have to wait till the water subsides, treading water and breathing the stale trapped air: this will take all your remaining TIME units. If you succeed, turn to 96.

395

Reduce TIME by 2 units. You are in a chamber with exits north-east (turn to **2**), east (turn to 85) and west (turn to 56).

396

You leave the shop, without having found anything interesting, and turn the corner into a wider road. You walk along for a time. Turn to 83.

397

You are in Ochre room, Level 4. Reduce OXYGEN by 1 unit. There is one door leading up. Turn to **215**.

398

The Mark III drops into a forest. The ejectormatic does not work. Your mission fails on impact.

399

You kick out at the first Android and manage to disable it with a blow to the automotive circuits. It falls in the way of a blaster shot from the second GromPol, who you take on in hand-to-hand combat:

GROMPOI ANDROID SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 328. If you lose, turn to **168**.

400

You have succeeded in your mission. The Galactic President grants you an Iridium AmEx Credit Card. You will not have to go through the dangers and loneliness of the Rogue Tracer lifestyle ever again. Well, at least until you are needed for another special mission, in the wake of the Gromulans' quest for *revenge!*

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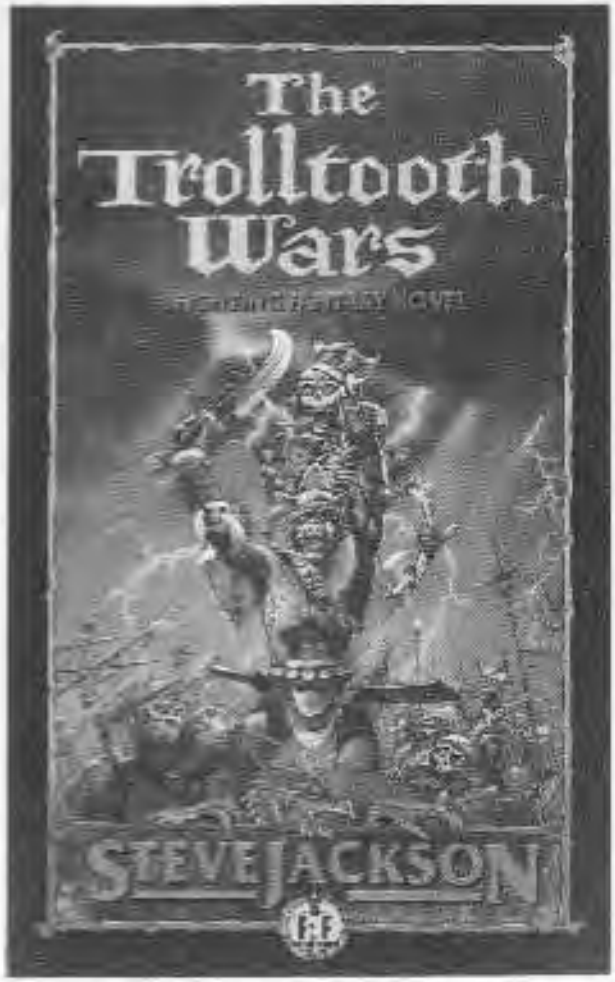

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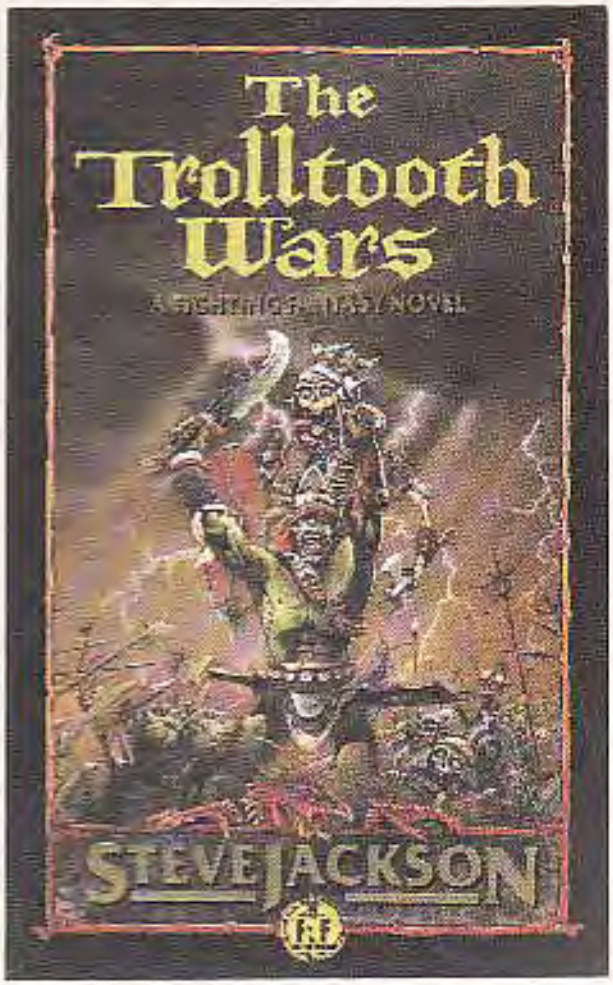

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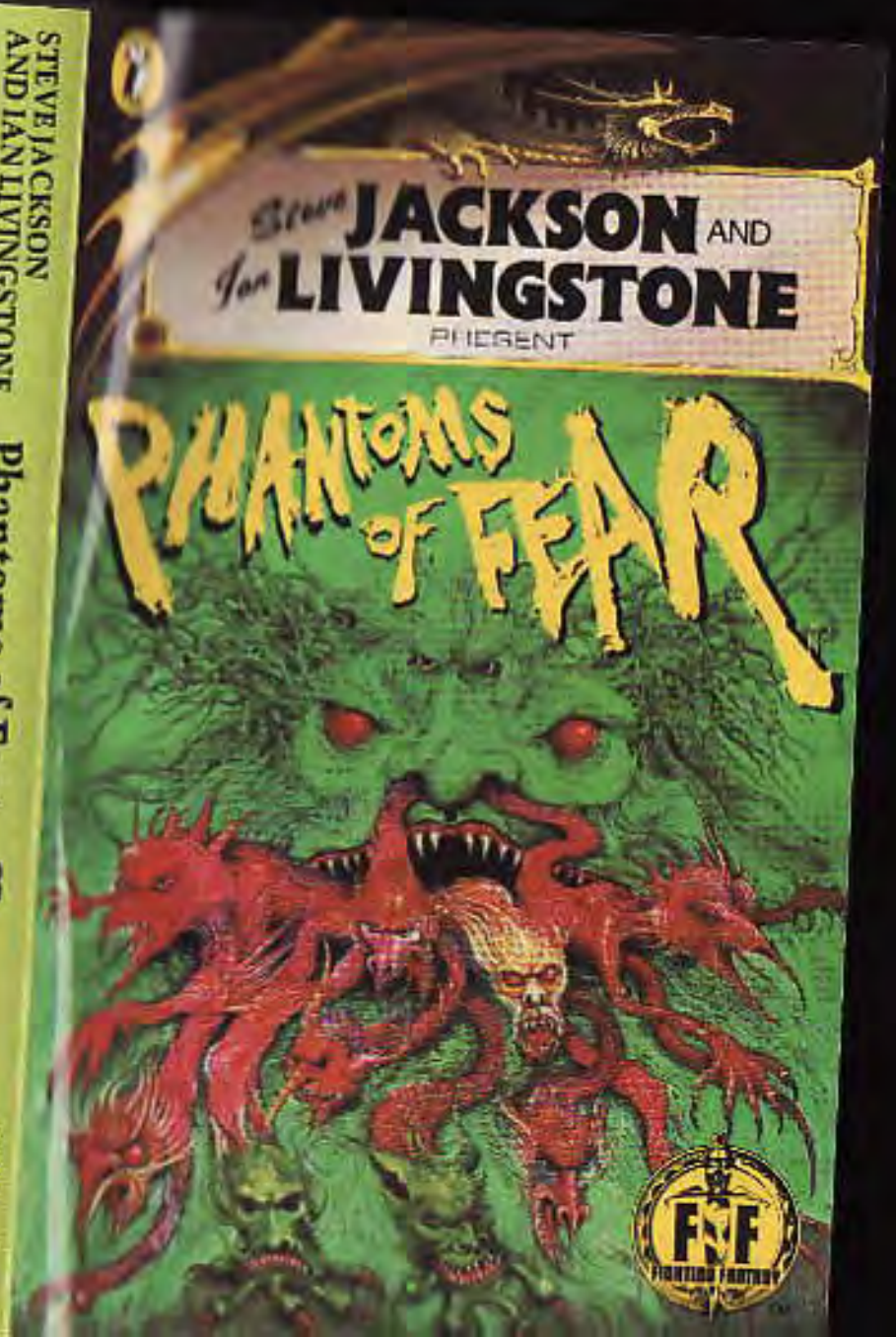

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Set in Linotron Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

You are a Wood Elf in north-east Khul; your home is deep within Affen Forest, a remnant of the One Forest of old. Your father was a warrior and your mother a shaman, and you have inherited both talents. You are neither as mighty a warrior as your father, nor as adept at magic as your mother; but you are good to have around in a fight, you can weave a few useful spells, and you can also enter into the dream world which is a shaman's special realm. Both your parents are dead, and you are now Eldenurin, 'Defender-Shaman of the Tribe'.

You are about to embark on a hazardous adventure. Before doing so, you must determine your strengths and weaknesses. On pages 20–21 there is an *Adventure Sheet* for recording the details of your adventure. You are advised either to write on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the pages to use in future adventures. Apart from a pencil and an eraser, you will need two ordinary six-sided dice to play this book as a game.

Skill, Stamina, Luck and Power

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die and add 6 to find your initial score in LUCK.

Roll both dice and add 6: this is the amount of POWER points with which you start your adventure.

For reasons that will be explained below, your SKILL, STAMINA, LUCK and POWER scores will change constantly during your adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. As in other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page. Note, however, that your POWER score *may* exceed its *Initial* value.

Your SKILL score reflects your expertise as an adventurer, with a weapon and in other situations; your STAMINA score reflects your physical fitness; your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are; your POWER score determines how good you are at casting spells, and how well you can cope with the dream world, which is the special domain of Wood Elf shamans like yourself. In the case of each of these scores, the higher the better.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. You may be able to use magic to resolve the combat, but if you cannot, or you choose not to, or for some reason the spell is not enough to defeat your opponent, you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each opponent are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of actual combat is then as follows:

1. Roll both dice once for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is your opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If its Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack

Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows: start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.

4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).
6. Begin the next Attack Round by repeating the procedure. This continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent has been reduced to zero, which is death.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

If you have more than one opponent ranged against you in a battle, the instructions on that page will tell you what to do. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will fight each one in turn; sometimes you will have to fight them all simultaneously!

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business, and if you are unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure, called *Testing your Luck*, is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on an opponent you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded your opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from its STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, the wound turns out to be a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to your opponent's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If your opponent has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full force of the blow: restore 1 STAMINA point (i.e. instead of losing 2 points, you lose only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious wound and must subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Power

When you are dreaming, and when you are casting spells, POWER is the relevant faculty.

Dreams

The deities of your people communicate through dreams: they tell you what to do – though sometimes the instructions are open to more than one interpretation! They refresh you and restore your powers; the same power allows you both to cast spells and to be an effective dreamer.

As you know, most beings dream, but they do not possess the art of dream-control: it is not up to them whether or not they dream, or what they dream, or whether their dreams are the mere ramblings of an unwinding mind or what Elves call 'dreams of potency'. Your race has long known the art of active dreaming. Your training allows you sometimes not to be taken over by dreams, and to exert your will to manipulate and be effective in that world, just as anyone is in this world. Thus, by dreaming, you encounter situations which parallel, often in a bizarre fashion, the familiar everyday world.

You will often find yourself asleep and dreaming in the course of your adventure! The types of situation you will get into in dreams will parallel those of 'reality'. There will be choices to make, but otherwise dream routes and dream encounters will be entirely governed by POWER (and occasionally by LUCK). There will even be dream combat against illusory opponents: the book will tell you how to handle such encounters. If you lose such a battle, you will usually not really be killed or overcome, but you may suffer loss of POWER; if you win, your POWER may be increased. POWER points will also be gained and lost by successfully or unsuccessfully coping with the dream world.

Spells

Spells can be cast only in the real world, not in a dream. In fact, you should be warned never to confuse the dream world with the real world.

You are not a master magician. You know only half a dozen spells, which are mostly of the sort which are useful to a peaceful Wood Elf going about his or her

daily business. Nevertheless, you may well find them useful in your adventure! Casting spells depletes your energy, however, and every time you cast a spell you must reduce your POWER score by 1 point.

All the spells at your command are only temporary, and last no more than quarter of an hour. You can use the spells in battle only if it is feasible to do so: the book will tell you when you can. The spells available to you are as follows:

Spell	*Effect*
Protect	Casts a pall of invisibility over the area surrounding you. Elves use this to protect their villages, for instance. Beware of including an opponent within the pall, because he would still be able to see you within it, though you would both be invisible from outside.
Illusion	Allows you to make anything, yourself included, appear to be anything else, within reason (for instance, you cannot make a molehill appear to be a mountain).
Weaken	Reduces an opponent's STAMINA by 4 points.
Levitation	Allows you to float freely in the air up to a ceiling of about four metres. Since

Spell	*Effect*
	you also float gently to the ground under the influence of this spell, it could also be used for descending a cliff, for instance.
Finding	Allows you to detect the presence of something – it may be treasure, a secret passage, or even a lurking enemy. The spell has only a short range.
Fire	Allows you to produce flames from your fingertips, which you can project either to a small area (such as an opponent's chest!), or to create a barrier of fire, or even just to keep yourself warm!

Restoring Skill, Stamina, Luck and Power

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see below) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battle will then be particularly risky, so be careful!

STAMINA can be restored by rest, food and drink. You will not start your adventure with any Provisions, but you will have the opportunity to gather some along the way. You must note how many meals' worth of Provisions you have in the Provisions Remaining box of the *Adventure Sheet*. Every time you eat one meal's worth, you may restore up to 4 STAMINA points and must cross off one point from your Provisions. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a battle. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically told that it can. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see below) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly lucky, or have created your own luck by some action. Details are given on the relevant pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless

you are specifically told that it can. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see below) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase this *Initial* value by 1 point.

Power

As already mentioned, your POWER score will usually (but not entirely) be increased or decreased as a result of actions within the dream world, or as a result of casting spells. Note once again that, unlike the other faculties, your POWER score may exceed its *Initial* level.

Equipment and Potions

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find other items during your travels. You are armed with your sword Telessa and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions, your waterflask and any items you come across which you want to keep.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may take *one* of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be drunk at any time during your adventure, except when you are engaged in a battle. Drinking the potion will restore your SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK score to its *Initial* level (and, in the case of the Potion of Fortune, increase the *Initial* level of LUCK by 1 point).

Each potion can be used only once. Note down on your *Adventure Sheet* which one you take with you, and cross it off when you have drunk it.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial	*Initial*	*Initial*
Skill =	*Stamina =*	*Luck =*

POWER	EQUIPMENT
	POTION OF

NOTES	PROVISIONS REMAINING

Skill *Stamina =*	*Skill* *Stamina =*	*Skill* *Stamina =*
Skill *Stamina =*	*Skill* *Stamina =*	*Skill* *Stamina =*
Skill *Stamina =*	*Skill* *Stamina =*	*Skill* *Stamina =*
Skill *Stamina =*	*Skill* *Stamina =*	*Skill* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

You wake up suddenly, shivering despite the warm mid-summer night air. You are grateful to see the familiar walls and trappings of your hut: you know that you are secure, surrounded by the rest of your tribe and deep in Affen Forest. The dream from which you awoke momentarily escapes you. What was it? Then memory floods in on you.

It was a dream of ordinary, everyday life in your village. Elves were out hunting, tilling the ground, collecting roots for medicine and food, cooking and repairing huts. You could not see yourself in the dream, but you were surveying the scene. Suddenly a voice spoke – a voice which simultaneously made everyone look up from their work and frightened you. It took you a moment to realize why it filled you with fear: *it was your own voice!* But what words are these you are speaking?

'I must leave you for a while,' you said to your fellow Elves. 'May the gods of the forest protect you all while I am gone. The Demon Prince Ishtra is just beginning to gather a vast force of damned, chaotic and evil creatures beneath our forest. He plans to overrun the entire world – starting with the Wood Elves. His rule over his army is so cruel that even his foul minions would rebel if they could, but Ishtra holds them in his sway by magical power. Thus he must be overcome. If his sway is broken, his army will have no organization and power: they will be reduced to civil war between themselves. His army is not yet large, so I must go now to face him, while there is still a chance of penetrating his defences. May I fare well, and fare you all well until I return – if I return. Otherwise, we will meet again in Tir nan Og, the island realm of the Son of the Sea, the Land of Youth where all must go when their time comes.'

At this point you woke up. You now take stock of the dream. You know full well that it is a message from your gods, yet never before have they chosen to communicate by having *you* speak their words. You realize that this must be their way of impressing upon you both the urgency of the task and the fact that you and only you have been chosen for the mission. But the idea terrifies you. As a Demon Prince, Ishtra cannot be killed by any weapon of any Earthly race: even the most magical sword of the High Elves would not strike him down, so what can your lesser powers do against him? Nevertheless, you have been commanded to go, and you put your faith in the gods. They would not so command you if there was no hope.

You decide to go back to sleep, to see if you can dream a dream which will give you more information about the noble and awesome task facing you. Turn to 1.

1

In your dream, you walk through Affen Forest, yet it is both familiar and unfamiliar. The trees seem more alive, even more than they normally appear to your trained Wood Elf senses; the tiny noises of twigs and shrubs seem magnified. A vivid force plays over the surface of the trunks, being sustained by the vibrant, slow earth below and spreading to the smallest shoot on the topmost branch. Even while you dream, you are aware that this is a vision of the life-force, which your people call Maëlla: it gives all things life, and a minute fragment of it is your power to dream and make magic.

You do not recognize the particular part of the forest you are in. Perhaps it exists only in your dream, but perhaps it has a real counterpart. Affen Forest is vast – but only a small remnant of the One Forest of old, when the three continents of Titan were unified. In your dream, branches bend down from the trees and usher you onwards along a trail which opens up in front of you.

You are content to be following the trail, but you also detect urgency in the prodding of the branches. Where are the trees leading you? As soon as the question is formed in your mind, it is answered: the trees stop pushing you onwards and you find yourself at the meeting of three ways. One way is the trail you have been following; the other two extend in different directions, forking like the angle of a serpent's tongue.

The trees have stopped urging you, so this is where they were guiding you. In your dream, you know that the crossroads is more than just the meeting of three ways: the path behind you symbolizes your past life and now – with your heart beating fast and with your mind strangely calm – you have a choice of two ways onward. But where do they lead? At the moment, they both look like greensward tracks through a still forest.

Then you notice for the first time – it has only just appeared – a statue standing on the exact spot where the three ways meet. She is a beautiful goddess, but in human form, and you know neither her name nor her function. She is completely impassive: her arms are folded across her chest and billowing robes shroud her body. Though made of stone, her eyes seem to bore into your mind and read your thoughts.

Your thoughts, of course, are of which way you should turn at this junction. The statue's arms unfold, and a small black dog, which she was cradling in her arms and had been hidden among her full sleeves, leaps down and runs yelping past you and away through the trees behind you. But you know that, whatever the meaning of this, the dog is not showing you your path, and you remain watching the statue.

Her arms continue to unfold, so slowly that it seems to take eternity, and meanwhile her robes take on the glow of a pale but brilliant blue, and her face

unlocks gently into an enigmatic smile. Finally, her arms are simply pointing down each of the routes between which you have to choose.

You look first down the one to your left. Instead of the plain forest path, lacking significant features, which you had seen before, there is now a highway that seems, contrary even to your dream expectations, to open up the more distant it gets. The end – if there is an end – is indefinite, but such a sense of health and well-being issues from it that your heart is warmed; and the trees, as they recede into the distance, lose many of their tree-like features, but take on the essence of vitality.

Down the other path, however, the trees and woodland shrubs become more and more grotesque, until they are empty shells, not truly alive, but sustained by some fell force which exudes such a malignant power that your nostrils are assailed by the rotten odour of it. And as soon as your mind registers the full horror of the putrescence, in your dream you see its source. A wide area of the forest has collapsed into a pit, whose bottom you cannot see; but whatever is there, deep underground, is causing the blight of the forest, your forest.

You now see that the statue bears in either hand duplicates of your trusty sword Telessa. The beautiful goddess fades into invisibility, leaving a last glimpse of her enigmatic smile, and letting the two swords fall to stick quivering in the turf. Will you take up the one to your left and proceed towards the hearth and health of the forest (turn to 306), or will you take the one to the right and investigate what is causing your precious forest to suffer (turn to 67)?

2

The Goblin asks what you want. You have been thinking fast, and you ask him whether he has heard the rumour that Ishtra is going to ban all Goblin ale until after the invasion. The Goblin looks horrified and dashes off to tell his comrades the bad news. Add 1 LUCK point for sowing seeds of discontent among Ishtra's troops. You wait a while and then continue east down the passage, until you come to a junction, where you could turn right (turn to 123) or left (turn to 310).

3

You find yourself on the bank of a subterranean river. A noxious mist rises from the river and prevents you from seeing how wide it is. There is a thick, taut rope which disappears into the mist, but looks as though it stretches across the river. Will you use the rope to cross the river (turn to 26) or wait a while (turn to 345)?

4

The noise of some small creature scuttling up a tree-trunk startles you for a moment, but you see that it is only a black squirrel. The squirrels of Affen Forest will not attack creatures larger than themselves, unless they feel that their territory has been infringed, when they have been known to group together and pounce on the invader in a flurry of little claws and teeth.

This one is by now bounding from branch to branch away to your right. 'Where there are squirrels,' you reason to yourself, 'there are probably nuts.' Will you follow the squirrel in the hope of finding some nuts (turn to 339), or will you carry on northwards (turn to 275)?

5

You think that whatever Ishtra's troops find so dangerous might be of interest to you. Of course, it might be equally dangerous to you! You walk slowly along the passage, to let your eyes get accustomed to the gloom. You have not gone far when, in the

dim light from the tunnels behind you, you see a barred entrance to a cave. You notice it because you have just triggered some secret catch in the ground, which has opened the door in the bars. Immediately, the Banshee which was imprisoned inside leaps out through the door. You are not misled by its resemblance to an ancient hag; its claws alone tell you that this undead creature can fight, and it is uttering one of its notorious screams. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 337; if it is greater than your SKILL, turn to 374.

6

You continue through the cursed forest. The leaves are brown and swollen beyond their normal size; there is a constant dripping of vile liquid from the leaves on to the soggy ground. Late in the afternoon – or so you guess it to be, but the sun is usually invisible beyond the seething brown mist – you come across a definite trail, tending to your left. You dread to think what manner of creatures may have made a trail in this doomed place. Will you follow the trail (turn to 69) or continue through the trackless trees (turn to 321)?

7

Unfortunately, a Bhorket, which was near by, has the same ideas as you. You and this shaggy ape meet head on in a frantic dash for cover. Bhorket are usually timid creatures, but this one is terrified and will fight for its life. It kicks and gouges and pummels with its powerful arms and legs. Its high SKILL score reflects its ability to leap out of your reach.

BHORKET	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

If the Bhorket ever wins two consecutive Attack Rounds against you, you lose your footing and tumble some way down the slope. You must deduct 1 extra STAMINA point before resuming the fight. If you win, you know that your destiny is waiting for you, and you must go to face it. Turn to 373.

8

You have chosen not only the name of a clan which has sent troops to aid Ishtra, but also the one whose insignia you are wearing. The Orc captain stands aside and lets you pass. Once the patrol has disappeared up the tunnel, you duck down behind the pile of bones to quieten your racing heart. Turn to 17.

9

The vision immediately changes and you are no longer walking beside a river, but seem to be pushing your way through a huge crowd. Elves like yourself jostle humans and Dwarfs; Giants brush aside Trolls and Ogres as if they were not there,

Many of the faces seem to be familiar, though another part of your mind tells you that you have never seen them before. Will you try to talk to somebody (turn to **254**) or not (turn to **235**)?

10

As you journey west, you keep meeting impassable thickets blocking your way. You have to zig-zag to keep heading in the right direction, and you reckon that you are walking about three kilometres for every kilometre of westward progress you make. Eventually, you get fed up with this delay, and you start to hack your way through the thickets with your sword. This is all right for the first couple of thickets, but you are less fortunate with the third. Your hacking disturbs the spores of an Itching Powder Plant. The tiny spores get everywhere inside your clothing, and the irritation they cause is extremely distracting. You must lose 1 SKILL point until you find a way to rid yourself of the spores. You decide to return to your former zig-zag route to avoid any further such dangers. Now your progress is slowed even more by your frequent need to stop and scratch! Turn to **311**.

11

The door is locked. If you have a key, you try it in the lock, but it does not fit. Lose 1 LUCK point. If you want to try another door, repeat the procedure you used to get here; otherwise, you walk on up the corridor (turn to **217**).

12

As you are thrusting through the very next tangle of prickly shrubs, you disturb a nest of Giant Scorpions. One or two of these creatures would pose no threat to you, but a dozen are dangerous. You fight them as if they were a single opponent. They are already crawling up your legs, so it is too late for magic.

GIANT SCORPIONS SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you lose any Attack Rounds, you have been infected by poison and will have to deal with it. You can either cut out the infected area with your blade, at a cost of 2 STAMINA points, or you can search for Alaba root, an antidote to the poison, at a cost of 1 LUCK point. You must do this, after the fight, for every Attack Round you have lost. The encounter makes you decide to avoid the thick undergrowth and you turn west after all. Turn to **376**.

13

You peek through the keyhole, but see nothing except the corner of a table in the room beyond. You look down the side of the door: it does not seem to be locked. Will you try to barge the door down (turn to **43**) or to creep quietly in (turn to **70**)?

14

You hear grumpy noises from inside and an Orcish voice yell, 'What's going on?' Before you can run away, the door opens and an Orc guard blocks the doorway. Another pokes his head under the first one's armpit, to see what caused the disturbance. You try to tell them that you are an ally, a Dark Elf, but they are too angry at being woken up to listen. Luckily, you can fight them one at a time as they come through the doorway.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	7	6
Second ORC	6	6

If you win, turn to 92.

15

Before long, you arrive at the bank of a creek, which is flowing east in the direction of Lake Nekros. The creek is not too wide, and you can see the stony bottom, so it seems fordable. The water would come up to your chest, at the most. Will you wade through the water to continue north (turn to 268) or follow the creek upstream to the west (turn to 111)?

16

You are unable to prevent the axe clanging against the side of the tunnel. The sound is magnified by the tunnel and carries clearly to either end. Patrols of Orcs at one end and Goblins at the other devise an amusing game, which involves shooting crossbow bolts along the tunnel for ten minutes: even if you

were invisible, you would have no chance. Not all the bolts hit you, of course; but by the time the guards come down the tunnel themselves, you are too weakened by wounds to resist. Your adventure is over.

17

You tumble through empty space. You will land in the Demonic Planes, where Ishtra's colleagues will show you no mercy. Your adventure is over.

18

As you travel north-west, you gradually become convinced that it was a good idea to change direction, because you begin to notice increasingly strange behaviour among the animals of the forest. Normally shy creatures snarl aggressively at you from the undergrowth; birds twitter in alarm from the tree-tops. It is also clear that the woodland creatures have been harvesting food. It is not the usual season for this, and you realize that all this strange behaviour is due to their instinctive awareness of Ishtra's imminent invasion.

You begin to regret not having brought any Provisions from home, especially since it is likely that the closer you get to Ishtra's pit, the more the forest animals will have gathered or eaten all the available food. You always knew that you would have to carry food when you were underground, but it now seems sensible to gather Provisions for your whole journey, both overground and underground.

The next stage of your journey will be found by turning to 399. Before you turn there, however, remember that paragraph number and turn to 50.

19

As the fight went on, you could sense Eric being hard pressed. You yelled encouragement to him when you could, but just as you finish off the last of your opponents, you feel him slip to the ground. You whirl round to find that he has killed one Dark Elf, but two remain, though one of them is wounded: this brutal creature has just plunged his spear through Eric's neck.

You fight these two Elves simultaneously. Each Attack Round, choose which one you are attacking, but roll dice for both of them. Conduct the Attack Round as normal against the one you have chosen; the other may wound you (if his Attack Strength is higher), but you cannot wound him (even if your Attack Strength is higher).

	SKILL	STAMINA
DARK ELF	8	7
Wounded DARK ELF	5	4

If you win, you bury Eric with all honour; there is the glimmer of a peaceful smile on his bloody face. You lay his notched axe to rest with him, and continue on your way alone and with a heavy heart. Turn to 392.

20

You know the virtue of staying with a dream, however strange or lethal it may appear; after all, it is happening in your mind, so you can come to little actual harm. But you are too frightened by the idea of losing your eyesight, and you wake up with a start. You see the moon high above you: there are several hours of night still to come, so you return to troubled sleep. Turn to 360.

21

You think that whatever Ishtra's troops find so dangerous might be of interest to you. Of course, it might also be equally dangerous to you! You walk slowly along the tunnel, to let your eyes get accustomed to the gloom. You have not gone far when, in the dim light from the tunnels behind you, you see a barred entrance to a cave. You notice it because you have just triggered some secret catch in the ground, which has opened the door in the bars. Immediately, the Banshee which was imprisoned inside

leaps through the door. You are not misled by its resemblance to an ancient hag; its claws alone tell you that this undead creature can fight, and it is uttering one of its notorious screams. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 102; if it is greater than your SKILL, turn to 140.

22

The door is locked. If you have a key, you could try it in the lock (turn to 359); otherwise, you could try another door by rolling another double on your dice, or you could walk on up the passage (turn to 217).

23

It is now morning, and you wake in the Wild Man's hut. Restore your POWER score to what it was before the dream fight, and add 1 for your victory. If the Wild Man is still alive, turn to 215; otherwise, you crawl back through the holly bushes and continue on your way (turn to 116).

24

You walk east up the gloomy tunnel, until it meets another, which is better lit by more torches in the walls. This new tunnel runs north and south, but you estimate that south would take you back to the cave of bones, near the entrance to Ishtra's underground kingdom, so you turn north. Some way further on, you pass a stout wooden door on your right. You listen, but can hear no noises from beyond the door. Will you carry on north (turn to **274**), or find out what is beyond the door (turn to **13**)?

25

You wake up. While you were dreaming, you had a feeling of certainty, invincibility and knowledge. But when you are fully awake, that feeling is gone; although you remember the details of the dream, you are uncertain what it means or what it could have to do with your quest. You judge from the night sky that dawn is still a couple of hours away. Will you go back to sleep (turn to **120**) or climb down the tree and resume your journey (turn to **169**)?

26

You tug on the rope and it seems firm. It is suspended only a metre or so above the water, so if you don't want to get wet, you will have to wrap your legs as well as your arms around the rope and inch your way across. You start to do this. It is hard work and before long you feel your grip starting to go. Roll one die: on 1–2, turn to **82**; on 3–4, turn to **312**; on 5–6, turn to **353**.

27

Once you are fairly well hidden behind the bones, you start to wonder what they are doing there. They are too old to be the refuse of the tunnels' present occupants. You see cloven skulls and other signs that these people did not die peacefully in their sleep; you also see that the skeletons are mainly human.

It dawns on you that these must be the remains of a force that fought against the legions of Evil in the Great War which ravaged Khul centuries ago. In the past these tunnels have seen bloody combat. It heartens you that these underground warrens were once home to such heroes: maybe there are traces of Good left in this nest of Evil. It could be worth your while to explore a bit. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **84**.

28

The stags do not speak in response, but a strange force sparks and crackles between their two sets of antlers. Your sight is temporarily blinded by the brightness of the flashes. When you can see again, there is a single antler suspended in mid-air between the stags. You step forward and grasp the antler; whatever force is holding it is released, for it comes easily into your hands. On inspection, it turns out to be hollow, like a horn; and you note particularly that it has *twelve* branches (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*). You blow a mighty blast, which echoes around the canyon, before tucking the antler-horn safely in your backpack, silently thanking the majestic creatures, and proceeding on your way up the valley. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to 383.

29

Even while you are steadying yourself to meet the Bloodhawk's diving attack, the thought passes through your mind that it is far from its usual open habitat. Could it be a spy sent by Ishtra? Then there is no more time for thinking, only doing.

GIANT BLOODHAWK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 12

If you win, you leave the clearing and continue north. Turn to 332.

30

The kitchen does not lie behind you, so your bluff does not work. The Goblins make short work of you and then return to their meal – with an extra item on the menu!

31

You harden your resolve and spurn the offer of the fairies; your destiny lies in more direct action. You awaken from the dream and find that the glade has vanished. You are right on the border of the blighted land; all that is left of the enchanted glade is a single elder tree. The tree is obviously magical: your attention is drawn to its branches in particular, because of their regular arrangement. You notice that there are exactly *twenty-two* branches (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*). All but one are normal, leafy boughs; but the other is silver and gleams with its own inner light. You pluck it, stow it in your backpack, and take your first step into Ishtra's cruel kingdom. Turn to **259**.

32

'Oh, very clever,' says the chief of the Pixies, as the net dissolves, and you wade to the bank of the pool. 'All right, we'll have to help you. The first thing you should know is that the entrance to Ishtra's pit is more or less due north of here – though why you should choose such a complicated way of killing yourself, I don't know. Secondly, the Riddling Reaver, the majestic jester, allows you to take any one of these items.'

The Pixie makes a gesture in the air, and several items appear on the ground in front of him: a pouch of medicinal herbs; a twelve-branched stag's antler, hollowed and carved into a horn; a net just like the one you were caught in; and a pair of boar's tusks. Choose one of these items and turn to **109**.

33

The door is open. Although it is cool throughout Ishtra's underground kingdom, you are met with a blast of cold as soon as you enter the room. This is the cook's freezer; the walls are solid ice, and carcasses are hanging from rows of hooks. You can identify some of the carcasses, but wish you couldn't. There is nothing here to interest you, unless you want to take some ice. A fair-sized lump of this would keep for quite a while, wrapped in a strip torn off your clothing. For some reason, the room number, 33, sticks in your mind. Next you can either try another door by rolling another double on your dice, or you could walk on up the corridor (turn to **217**).

34

When you become invisible, you do not become immaterial. The Lizard Man platoon still know where you are, and are still able to cut you to pieces. To their satisfaction, your dying, bleeding body becomes visible again as it drops to the ground.

35

Will you cast a Finding spell, to see if you can detect any danger up the tunnel (turn to 218), or preserve your POWER and risk exploring it without foreknowledge (turn to 279)?

36

The Goblin grunts, 'Huh! Carry on!', and lets you pass. Will you make for the door to your right (turn to 119) or the one to your left (turn to 330)?

37

Deduct 1 POWER point. When you rise into the air above the Weevil Man, he howls in surprise and runs away. Your ruse has worked and you may continue safely with your journey. Turn to 308.

38

Your fight with the first Pygmy Orc has you circling around each other, looking for an opening. The Orc makes a quick move to the right – and is struck in the neck by his comrade's dart! A look of surprise flits across his face; then he drops down dead. You turn to engage the second Pygmy Orc before he has time to reload his blowpipe. Turn to 369.

39

You can find nothing useful to take among the foul and barbarous instruments of torture which the Ogre dropped. Will you now take the passage north (turn to 351) or turn right and walk east (turn to 255)?

40

Tears well in your eyes as you raise your sword against this nightmare-spawned monster, which has taken over your village. As soon as you strike the first blow, the image changes and you see the peaceful village you left, where Elves go about their daily business as if they had no cares in the world. Again, you are viewing the scene from above, not as part of it, and the village recedes as if you were floating away. Gain 1 POWER point and turn to 231.

41

As soon as you attempt to cast the spell, you wake up from the dream in the utmost terror. You have fallen into the trap of confusing a dream with reality: you cannot cast spells in dreams. You must lose 2 POWER points – 1 for the failed spell and 1 extra. Turn to 380.

42

If, during this combat, the Ogre ever rolls a double 6 against you, he has succeeded in knocking you off the boat (turn to 161). Otherwise, resolve the combat as normal.

FERRYMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, you tip the body overboard and pull yourself across the river. Turn to 100.

43

If your STAMINA is 15 or more, you succeed in crashing through the door (turn to 189); otherwise, you succeed only in bruising your shoulder (deduct 1 STAMINA point) and in waking the Ores who were resting in the room (turn to 14).

44

The door is locked. If you have a key, you could try it in the lock (turn to 280). Otherwise, you can roll dice for another room, or continue up the passage (turn to 217).

45

As soon as you leave the eye of the storm, you are lashed and buffeted this way and that by the raging forces. Something seems to eject you violently from the storm and deposits you back in the centre. Lose 1 POWER point and turn to 164.

46

The Drake takes you swiftly to the top of a hill. A single tree crowns the hill; it stands stark and leafless against a grey sky. In the fork of the two main branches of the tree a large, untidy nest has been built by some bird. The Drake deposits you on the ground next to the tree and flies off, its duty done. You hear a loud squawk; a bird takes off from the nest and swoops down towards you to investigate. As soon as you see it, you know what to expect. It is a Hoatzin, a mythical bird with a two-metre wingspan, a vicious beak and claws projecting from its wing-tips. You may gain some POWER here, certainly, but only if you win the fight.

The Hoatzin dives in to the attack. It has a POWER score of 12. Roll two dice. If you roll 2–7, the Hoatzin reduces your POWER score by 2 points; if you roll 8–12, you reduce its POWER score by 2 points. Continue the fight until either its or your POWER score is zero. If you win, turn to **340**; if you lose, turn to **293**.

47

The cracking of a twig to your right warns you that someone or something is approaching. Before you can react, a heavy foot presses down on your neck and immobilizes you. A gruff voice commands you to reach slowly for your sword and throw it away from you. Will you do as he says (turn to **375**) or resist (turn to **125**)?

48

There is a path of sorts between ruined houses, some of which are still smoking. The smell of death hangs heavy in the air. In a crater in the ground you see two bloated corpses, which are being ripped at by scavenging Mordidas. You know that you are walking through a scene from the future of Titan, if Ishtra's plans of conquest succeed. You are determined that they shall not. The path forks to bypass a hill. Will you go left (turn to **208**) or right (turn to **186**)?

49

You know the virtue of staying with a dream, however strange or lethal it may appear: after all, it is happening in your mind, so you can come to little actual harm. Although the dream is frightening, you manage to stay asleep. When your eyes are pierced, it is true that you are blinded to that dream world, but instead your eyes are opened to another world, and the dream abruptly changes. Turn to 144.

50

As you search for Provisions, you may well have to fight some forest creature, either because you try to deprive it of some food or simply because it is aggressive. Roll one die to find out what creature, if any, you fight:

1 No encounter
2 Wolf (SKILL 7, STAMINA 6)
3 Moose (SKILL 6, STAMINA 12)
4 Bear (SKILL 7, STAMINA 14)
5 Forest Giant (SKILL 9, STAMINA 9)
6 No encounter

If you do not have to fight any opponent, or when you have won, roll two dice: this is the total of meals' worth of Provisions you are able to find. Enter this total in the Provisions Remaining box of your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to the paragraph whose number you were instructed to remember.

51

As you walk along, you notice signs that this part of the forest is occupied by some other humanoid creature. At first you see only the occasional broken twig, which could have been caused by something else, but a footprint in a muddy patch of ground makes you certain. Will you cast a Finding spell westward, to see if there is danger near by (turn to 148), press on regardless (turn to 349), or turn back to the north to keep out of the way of whatever it is (turn to 227)?

52

You run and run, but seem not to be moving at all. You hear the Angaroc behind you; you sense that it is about to pounce. It smothers you with its vast body and pins you down while it drains your life-force. There is no escaping this monster, since it is not just a figment of your imagination, but one of the guardians which Ishtra has set in the dream world. Your adventure is over.

53

As soon as you begin to feel your POWER draining, you flip to the dream world and find yourself confronted by Morpheus, Ishtra's lieutenant. He is a gross, bloated creature, the source of all nightmares for the races of Titan. His body has no definite form, but seethes with the stuff of nightmares – foul creatures, great and small. He will send several nightmare creatures against you, to soften you up, before attacking you himself. You will have to fight, one after the other, a Harpy (POWER 10), a Clawbeast (POWER 12) and a Wraith (POWER 14). The Harpy is a winged demon that slashes at you with its talons; the Clawbeast swings its four arms at you, trying to rip your dream body with huge hooked claws; the Wraith simply tries to drain your POWER by its terrible presence. Conduct each battle as normal for dream combat, by rolling two dice: if you roll 2–7, the monster has reduced your POWER score by 2 points; if you roll 8–12, you have reduced its POWER score by 2 points. At the end of each fight, restore your POWER to 1 less than what it was before the fight began. If you lose all three battles, you are unable to remain in the dream world, and you flip back to **73**, with no chance to return here. Otherwise, turn to **364**.

54*

The captain of the Lizard Man patrol that you meet out in the corridor is a little more intelligent than the Goblins. He finds it not just amusing, but suspicious, that you cannot stomach the good, wholesome food they get served up here. It makes him think that you are not the Dark Elf you seem to be. Rather than take any risks, he orders his platoon to cut you to pieces. They do so, with relish.

55

The door is not locked. You open it and find yourself in a larder. You can restore 4 STAMINA points by eating some of the food. Then you can either try another door by rolling another double on the dice, or you can carry on up the passage (turn to **217**).

56

Further on up the hill, you are set upon by three Wolves. At first, you see only their eyes, glowing like red-hot coals in the undergrowth. Then they spring out, snarling, and prowl around you in an ever tighter circle, waiting for an opportunity to pounce. You draw Telessa, and you hope you have time to cast a spell as well. They are too close for you to use Protect effectively. You think you had better try Levitation (turn to 103) or Fire (turn to 273). Alternatively, you may simply fight them without using a spell (turn to 79).

57

You continue your journey on all fours. It is some time before you dare to pick yourself up and proceed as normal through the trees. You wonder whether the blast of wind was directed by some intelligent mind towards you in person, or whether it was the instinctive response of Evil towards Good.

You realize that, however hazardous your journey up to now has been, the dangers have at least been reasonably familiar. Once you reach the blighted land, however, you suspect that you will enter an uncharted region of unknown terrors. Turn to 239.

58

Although your body becomes invisible when you flip into the dream world, it does not become immaterial. Your physical body is still obliterated, leaving you to wander for ever in vain through the dream realm. Perhaps you will be seen by sensitive people as a ghost; at any rate, your adventure is over.

59

You step out into the open. The sun glints off your sword Telessa and you seem to the six frightened travellers who are staring at you to have appeared from thin air. This is the stuff that legends are made of; add 1 POWER point.

The awestruck travellers invite you to share their meal, but since they are eating venison, you decline. Wood Elves do not eat meat. It turns out that the travellers have been on the road for many months, and have come from a city called Kalagar, far in the west. They are trying to get to Arion, and to catch a boat from there to some remote island, to escape the doom which the Kalagarian prophet Vanator has foretold for the world. You grimly acknowledge to yourself that the prophet may not be far wrong, if Ishtra has his demonic way. Will you in response tell the travellers something of your mission (turn to 209) or not (turn to 236)?

60

You should have obeyed your instincts. In the real world, your body, though invisible, bumps into a Troll and an Ogre, who have themselves collided at a junction in the tunnels. The Ogre thinks it was the Troll which caused it to drop the instruments of torture it was carrying; but it might have been you in your invisible state! This rude awakening jerks you back to the real world, where you again become visible. Turn to 193.

61

You cross the cavern, taking care not to touch any of the weird lichen. You have to get back on to your hands and knees to continue down the tunnel. But after another half hour of this awkward mode of travel, you start to detect fresh air, and soon you break out on to the western slopes of the hill. You stretch your cramped muscles and look ahead to the west, to see what terrain you must cross next.

The hill descends gently into a valley, where all seems to be peace and harmony. The trees there seem still to be clothed in spring green. But this sparkling copse ends with shocking abruptness in a landscape which is unlike anything you have seen before, awake or in your worst nightmares. You realize that you are looking out over the blighted part of the forest, which your dream revealed to you. It is considerably larger than you thought it would be: it stretches for kilometres in front of your eyes. Turn to 386.

62

In the dream world, you land in a river of molten lava; in the real world you land in a river of ordinary water. Turn to **161**.

63

You lock the door, with the Orcs' bodies inside the room, to prevent anyone easily seeing signs of your intrusion into *this* room, at any rate. Add 1 LUCK point. However, the key jams in the lock and you cannot take it with you. You then carry on north. Turn to **274**.

64

The view before you twists and heaves. Is it the entrails of some immense monster or the coils of a serpent? And then, while you watch, it changes again into a sinister landscape of wild country with waterways running through it. It strikes you that what you see here parallels the real world of tunnels, but on a much larger scale: a narrow tunnel becomes a wide river; the solid rock between tunnels becomes bizarre and bloated countryside. While the dream world retains this much similarity to the real world, you had better choose which way to go. Will you follow a river which runs west (turn to **313**), east (turn to **226**), north (turn to **365**) or north-east (turn to **9**)?

65

You strike the final blow against the Vampire. It immediately vanishes, the illusion is dispelled and you wake up. Restore your POWER score to what it was before the combat and add 1 point for your victory. It is now morning, so you decide to continue your journey. Turn to **172**.

66

The door is not locked, for the simple reason that the room is empty. You poke around for a while, but find nothing. When you come out, you are confronted by a squad of guards. You try to persuade them that you are a Dark Elf with legitimate reasons for searching rooms, but they are not convinced. You are frogmarched off to Ishtra's dungeons, where you will spend the remainder of your short life.

67

As you walk up the path, the trees change from the peaceful, slow creatures which you know and love. Roots bulge out of the ground even as you pass and snake towards your ankles, branches brush your cheeks, but not in gentle recognition of a kindred spirit. There are no leaves on these trees, except for a few rotten remnants, which ooze thick resin and flick it at you; it burns whenever it lands on some exposed part of your skin. But worse than all this, and worse than the hideous forms of these warped trees, is the smell which the pit exudes. The closer

you get to it, the more your senses scream that this is wrong, *wrong*, WRONG!

The part of you which remains conscious even while you sleep is aware that you are tossing and turning on your pallet, and are close to waking up in order to avoid the foul nightmare. Will you try to continue with the dream (turn to 395) or choose to wake up (turn to 380)?

68*

After a while, the tunnel veers to the left, and you find yourself outside what is unmistakably the kitchen of Ishtra's stronghold. You feel that you have been lucky in not meeting any patrols recently, and you do not want to push your luck too far by returning along the passage you have just walked down, so you push open the door into the kitchen. Turn to 320.

69

You walk warily along the trail. To your relief, nothing pounces out at you from the woodland on either side, and there appear to be no traps. The trail leads straight to a fenced-off area. Inside the fence the trees have been cleared, but great holly bushes have been allowed to spring up. The hollies are so dense that you cannot see whether or not there is anything else apart from them here. The spot has obviously been created by an intelligent mind – but for what purpose? For all you know it could be a nursery for poisonous holly bushes. Will you go into the fenced-off area (turn to 122) or avoid it (turn to 321)?

70

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the hinges do not squeak and you are able to get in without disturbing the room's occupants (turn to 189). If you are Unlucky, the hinges make the most abominable noise (turn to 14).

71

Deduct 1 POWER point. You create the illusion that you are covered in black, spiked armour from head to foot – not just a formidable foe, but an impenetrable target as well. The Weevil Man shrieks in terror, hurls his hatchet at you and runs away. You have time to wish that you were really wearing armour; a hatchet cannot be deluded. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 185; if you are Unlucky, turn to 157.

72

The door is actually a disguised Quartz Golem, which Ishtra has set to guard the armoury. You do not know the secret for entering the armoury, so as soon as you touch the 'door', it transforms and attacks you. You are taken so much by surprise that it inflicts 2 STAMINA points of injury on you before you can react. Then you are ready for it – but it is a massive and terrifying prospect.

QUARTZ GOLEM SKILL 10 STAMINA 18

After two Attack Rounds, you can try to escape (turn to **180**). If you remain and win the battle, turn to **121**.

73*

The further you go along this passage, the more you can sense great Evil ahead, so you think you must be nearing your goal. You come to a cave where, though there is nothing to be seen, the aura is so oppressive that you cannot move. It is like an impenetrable, suffocating blanket, but it writhes with an evil force, and nightmarish images form in your mind. You feel your POWER draining away as you struggle to break through, and then your lifeless body drops to the ground.

74

'That is not permitted; that is not the boon we may grant,' is the stern reply. Do you detect a note of sadness in the voice? However much you plead, you cannot move the impassive stags to respond any further. Will you carry on up the valley (turn to 383) or investigate the pile of bones (turn to 135)?

75

The water closes over your head and you find yourself swimming freely in a new and miraculous realm. You have temporarily broken through into a part of the dream world which the Evil of Ishtra's sway cannot touch. You explore this underwater realm at your leisure, marvelling at the colours of the fish and the plants. Add 2 POWER points. But this cannot last for ever. Just as you are beginning to think of remaining here, a waterspout forms and picks you up. It travels at unimaginable speed back in the direction you came from. It dies down gradually and deposits you gently on a river-bank. Turn to 105.

76

While you watch in amazement from the clear spot, the chaos of the storm subsides a bit and you begin to be able to make out certain distinct features. Arranged from right to left in front of you are three types of storm: lightning flashes on your half-right, rain lashes down directly in front of you, and an immense hurricane is boiling up to your half-left. You spin round to find exactly the same arrangement behind you. While you look on in awe, a feeling of great calm descends on you, but it is the calm of power waiting to be unleashed, not the calm of sloth. At the same time you know, as if a voice had spoken inside your head, that the eye of the storm is formed by wind, water and fire in this way. Gain 2 POWER points and turn to 25.

77

The Goblin senses your hostile intent. He draws a curved and stained blade and silently engages you in combat.

GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If you win, you carry on east down the passage until you come to a junction, where you could turn right (turn to 123) or left (turn to 310).

78*

The portcullis on the path to your left rises and you walk under it. The only trick in the Sphinx's words is that, since it was facing you, then what is left from its point of view is right from yours, and vice versa. The portcullis smashes down on you as you walk under it, killing you instantly.

79

You plant your feet firmly on the ground, and face the three-pronged onslaught. By summoning up your innate nimbleness as a Wood Elf, you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF	7	6
Second WOLF	6	6
Third WOLF	6	8

If you win, turn to 314.

80#

You would definitely rather not be here at all. Your surroundings seem normal enough, but that only increases the terror you feel. It is as if you are walking along a forest track, knowing that you are entering the jaws of death – or, worse, about to commit some horrendous crime yourself – but are unable to stop yourself. Whatever lies waiting for you up ahead, you are sure that it will take great POWER to overcome it. Turn to 338.

81

You fail to notice an ingenious, but primitive, trap, which is hidden in the undergrowth. Several short, sharpened stakes have been tied on to a stick. When you step on the trigger – a length of supple wood lying on the ground and covered with leaf mould – the stakes spring towards you at chest height. You cannot avoid the stakes altogether, but you manage to turn so that you are sideways on to them, and not such an open target. Roll one die: the number rolled is the number of STAMINA points of injury you sustain.

You then continue your journey, wondering what type of creature set the trap . . . and for whom. Soon, however, the deepening dusk persuades you to make camp for the night. You could sleep in a hollow under the roots of a fallen tree (turn to 335), or you could climb up another vast tree and camp in the branches (turn to 133).

82

Your hands slip off the rope and you dangle head down in the water by your ankles. The polluted water of the river burns your skin and seeps into your nostrils. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 353; if it is greater than your SKILL, turn to 161.

83

By the time you have walked south-west for most of the morning, you are convinced that you have taken the wrong direction. There is no increase in the trepidation of the forest animals; if anything, you notice a slight decrease. You decide to turn north, to link with where you would have gone had you travelled north-west since morning. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to 171.

84*

You cannot stay here for ever. You can easily find a time when the cavern is empty of patrols to enter one of the other tunnels, but which one? There are four to choose between, not counting the one you have recently come from, and by now you have seen patrols either emerging from or entering all four tunnels.

While you are pondering the matter, two patrols emerge from two of the tunnels and go down the other two. You reckon that the tunnels they have just come from are now likely to be more clear. Will you take the northern tunnel (turn to 281) or the western one (turn to 333)?

85

Suddenly, the tunnel starts to move; the earth itself is heaving. The river seeps through cracks in the ground and disappears. Great rocks come crashing down, but none touch you – they are not meant to. The way ahead and behind is now blocked, but there is open air overhead. But an Angaroc is slithering through this vent.

Angarocs are hell-spawned creatures which exist only in the dream world – until some sorcerer discovers how to bring them through to the real world! They are servants of the Snake Demon Sith, who values them highly among her pets. They are like huge snakes, but at intervals along their bodies four legs sprout from either side. The legs are thick and hairy, like a spider's, and enable the Angaroc to leap surprising distances. Angarocs have no weaponry – no armour, claws or teeth. They need none, for their very being is venomous. Anyone who comes near an Angaroc will lose POWER: their life-force will be gradually drained off. Roll two dice. If you roll 2–7, the Angaroc reduces your POWER by 2 points; if you roll 8–12, however, you do not affect the Angaroc at all. But if you roll 8–12 three times in succession, you may be able to escape from the monster. If you manage to do this, turn to 168.

86

You feel perfectly safe in the hut now. You lie down on the floor, cover yourself with some sack-cloth, and fall asleep. But even though you are in an oasis within the blighted forest, your dreams are troubled. You seem to see a vast serpent, coiled around the forest and squeezing. As the forest contracts, it turns into a mocking face, whose mouth is Ishtra's pit and whose laughter becomes the chilling shriek you heard from the hillside.

You wake up to find that the scream was your own, but you soon return to your dreams. You are walking through the forest and a tree blocks your path. You step aside, but it is still in front of you, though you did not see it move. Wherever you go, the same thing happens, until you realize that you will have to fight it. Immediately, its branches try to throttle you and you can feel yourself suffocating. The tree has a POWER score of 16. Roll two dice. On a roll of 2–7, it has reduced your POWER score by 2; on a roll of 8–12, you have reduced its POWER score by 2. Continue until either its or your POWER score reaches zero. If you defeat the tree, turn to 23; if it defeats you, turn to 287.

87

Will you cast a spell to fight the Weevil Man (turn to 352) or to avoid a fight (turn to 271)?

88

Without a backward glance, you set off north. There are few true paths this deep in the forest, but even when the sun is not visible, there are plenty of signs to show a Wood Elf which way is which. Although you often have to digress to avoid some obstacle or other, you keep to a generally northerly direction.

After half a day's journeying, it is time to rest and eat. You look for berries while you continue walking, but there are not many. The presence of more light off to your left tells you that there is a glade there, and you think that it may have shrubs such as bilberry growing in it. Will you turn left towards the glade (turn to 141) or carry on northwards (turn to 4)?

89

You pass another of the clearings which afflict the forest like open sores. To your astonishment, there is a perfectly ordinary, peaceful deer grazing in the middle of the clearing. The sight is like a breath of fresh air in a sewer. Will you investigate this remarkable phenomenon (turn to 240) or not (turn to 146)?

90

The tunnel takes you to a junction. There is a solid door straight ahead of you; it has no keyhole and looks too tough to barge down. There is another passage leading east. You could go along this (turn to 179) or return to the previous junction and take the more northerly eastward passage (turn to 132).

91

Since there are no features to make one direction more attractive than another, it takes a surprising amount of will to start walking. But no sooner have you made that effort of will than things change drastically. You are standing in a clear spot – the eye of the storm – while all around you rages the most terrible storm, as if the gods themselves were at war, or the sky were trying to separate from the earth. The storm seems to be pressing in towards you. Will you run for your life (turn to 45) or stay where you are (turn to 164)?

92

You look around the room; there is not much of interest. Weapons are stacked in one corner and hanging on the walls, but there are none which look any better than your own. Apart from the weapons, the room is almost bare. The Orcs were sleeping on chairs against the table; the table has only a wooden bowl on it. The racks of weapons are numbered in good military fashion, and even the bowl has the number 9 burned into it. You can take the bowl, if you want. As you are leaving, you see a key hanging behind the door. You can take this too, if you want. Will you lock the door behind you (turn to 63) or quickly make your way north (turn to 274)?

93

You happened to be drawing a breath when the wind struck, so some of the evil blast enters your lungs. You feel a chill sap your strength and your sense of purpose. Lose 1 POWER, 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 57.

94

You struggle to change your dream, to get away from the Angaroc. Roll one die. On 1–3, turn to 52; on 4–6, turn to 242.

95

Deduct 1 POWER point. The spell does not indicate that the valley contains danger as such, but warns you of a powerful animal aura, which is neutral rather than hostile. Will you carry on through the valley (turn to 282) or retreat out of it and find another route north-west (turn to 383)?

96

The dart strikes your arm and sticks fast in your muscle. The fast-acting poison kills you within seconds. Your adventure is over.

97

Deduct 1 POWER point. You cast a pall of invisibility around yourself and start to move stealthily around the Weevil Man. He grunts with surprise and hurls his hatchet towards the blank area, which is all he can see of you and the few metres surrounding you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 185; if you are Unlucky, turn to 157.

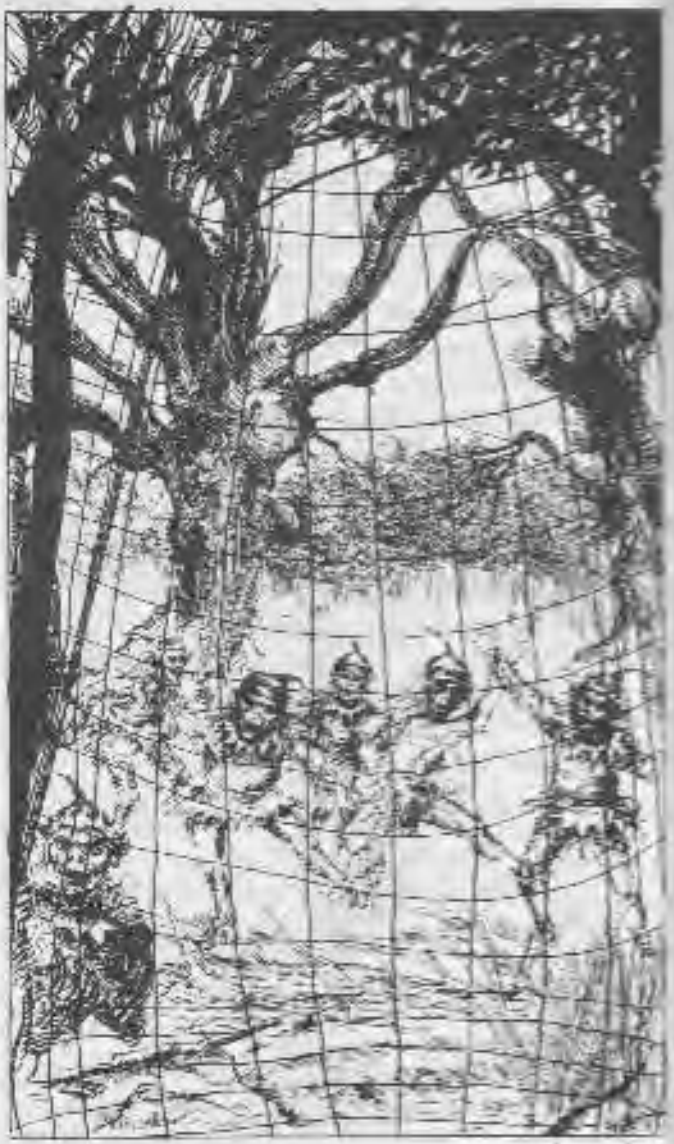

98

You come to, spluttering and gasping for air. You are soaking wet, and you soon realize why. You are still in the net, but suspended from a stout branch over a pool. It is morning; you have been unconscious for a whole night. A dozen Pixies prance around you and occasionally let the net – and you – drop into the pool!

You protest, of course, and one of the Pixies approaches. 'Our master,' he explains, 'is the Riddling Reaver. Now, he doesn't particularly want to see Ishtra take over the world – that would upset the balance between Good and Evil – but he doesn't want to make it too easy for you. He's not particularly bothered either way! So this is the situation: if you solve our riddle, we will help you. The answer to the riddle is a number, and I'll give you a clue: *the number is in the words.*'

At that, all the Pixies start to dance around the pool, chanting an inane poem:

There was a young Wood Elf from Khul,
Trussed up in a net like a fool.
  The wee Pixies' rhyme
  Can save precious time . . .
Or else you'll be dunked in the pool!

Each time they come to the last line they suit action to words and drop you in the water. If you find the number in the words, turn to the paragraph with that number. Otherwise, you'll just have to stay here!

99

You slip down, endlessly down, into darkness. Then you seem to be flying through tunnels, at such a speed that anything you pass is just a blur, until you reach a grotesque figure. He is huge and flabby; he squats like some vast pile of slime in the middle of a cavern. You can see inside his mind, and it squirms with all the nightmares of the world; for he is Morpheus, Ishtra's lieutenant, and source of all bad dreams. Will you attack him (turn to **343**) or not (turn to **285**)?

100*

On the other side of the river, the tunnel continues west for a while, and is then joined by another which heads north. Dank moisture from the nearby river drips from the roof and down the walls, and the ground is pitted and puddled. Will you go north (turn to **317**) or west (turn to **130**)?

101

A heron flaps lazily from the pile of bones as you approach. Now that you are close, you see that the stags are not alive, but are amazingly lifelike statues. But your surprise at this discovery is nothing compared with your astonishment when one of them speaks inside your mind! The voice is slow, as if unused for a long time, and the words are

rather old-fashioned: 'Advance, friend! Be not surprised. Our maker gave us the power of speech – yes, and of movement too, should the occasion require it. We know somewhat of your mission, and applaud it. We may grant you one boon.' What will you ask for:

Their company and protection?	Turn to 74
A gift?	Turn to 28
Information about how to defeat Ishtra?	Turn to 248
Information about the best route to Ishtra's pit?	Turn to 225

102

You manage to resist the petrifying wail of the Banshee, and before it reaches you, you have your weapon ready to fight it. You are fortunate that its long imprisonment has made it a less formidable foe than others of its kind: it is weak, and although it continues to shriek, the screams have no effect on you.

BANSHEE SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, you could see if the Banshee's cavern leads anywhere (turn to 195), or you could return to the junction and head east (turn to 388).

103

Deduct 1 POWER point. You rise gently into the air above the Wolves. They are astonished and a bit fearful, but they soon recover and follow you wherever you fly. They jump up at you, but you are just out of reach of their snapping fangs. You have only delayed the battle, because you will soon have to return to earth, and your mid-air position is too unstable for you to do more than prod at the Wolves with your sword. Turn to 79, but deduct 2 STAMINA points from two of the Wolves for the slight wounds you manage to inflict on them.

104

Although it grieves you to do so, you must defend yourself against these creatures, if you are to have some of their food. You fight the many squirrels as a single opponent. They are difficult to defeat, because there are so many and they are so fast: they dart in at you, bite and then scurry away, like miniature guerrilla fighters.

SQUIRRELS SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you defeat them, the ground is littered with small corpses, and the rest of them take to high branches and hurl squirrel insults at you. But you find just enough nuts to satisfy your hunger and keep your energy up. Turn to 332.

105

You walk along, with the river on your left. The river goes underground after a while, but there is still room to walk beside it. Will you follow the river underground (turn to 196) or remain overground (turn to 368)?

106

The water is clear and refreshingly cool. You may add 2 STAMINA points. After drinking, you sit on the bank and gaze in wonder around you. Somewhat to your surprise, you find that your head is resting on the soft turf. You drift off to sleep. Turn to 160.

107

The Orc captain halts his soldiers and accosts you. The Orcs stand in an unruly mass and hurl insults at you: they take you for a Dark Elf and there is no love lost between the various evil races. The captain asks you to which clan you belong. You rack your brains for the names of Dark Elf clans. Will you answer:

Mirisgroth?	Turn to 155
Tesarath?	Turn to 223
Camcarneyar?	Turn to 8

108

The other Pygmy Orc has recovered enough to put a blowpipe to his mouth and shoot a poisoned dart at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 38; if you are Unlucky, turn to 96.

109

If you chose the herbs, these will restore up to 6 STAMINA points; you can use them all at once, or in two doses. If you chose the net, you can use this to resolve any *one* battle; you will ensnare your opponent and be able to avoid the fight, or dispatch him with ease, but then the magical properties of the net will disappear and it cannot be re-used. If you chose the antler-horn, you note particularly that it has twelve branches.

The Pixies chuckle at your choice. You make your way quickly out of their domain and head north. You will later find that your dunking in the pool has damaged your Provisions. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, one meal's worth of Provisions have been ruined; if you roll 4–6, two meals' worth have been ruined. Turn to 171.

110

The only item you can find is a pendant around the skeleton's neck. The chain is made of white gold, and supports a green stone, whose nature you do not know. The stone is hanging inside the skeleton's rib-cage. You can remove the pendant, if you like, and put it on yourself. Then you can change your mind and roll away the boulder after all (turn to 370), or carry on across the small cavern and down the continuation of the tunnel (turn to 61).

111

The further west you travel along the creek, the less of a creek it becomes, and the more of a bog. Although Wood Elves can tread more lightly than any other race, even your feet are beginning to sink into the brown mud, which is covered with an oily film. To make matters worse, night is beginning to draw in. Will you plough on through the mire (turn to 246) or turn south for a while to avoid it (turn to 284)?

112

The passage takes you, after a while, to a door. You can see nothing through it, and can only hear, from beyond it, occasional snuffles and snorts. You are wondering whether to retrace your steps, when you hear the tramp of marching feet behind you. This puts you off the idea of going back and, with your heart in your mouth, you open the door and enter the room beyond. Turn to 258.

113

You find the cook in a foul mood. Everything has gone wrong for her today: a Dark Elf raiding party failed to return from the outside world with fresh meat; the food from the ice store is taking ages to thaw; her assistant put too much bat's blood in the stew (a crime for which the assistant quickly *became* the stew!); and so on. When you walk into the kitchen, she thinks of a neat solution to her problems. Her day has been ruined by Dark Elves: why should a Dark Elf not make things better, by joining her former assistant in the pot? The cook is a large half-human, specially brought from Corda by Ishtra's spies. She attacks you with a cleaver.

COOK SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If you win, you find another door in the south wall of the kitchen, but you can hear feet coming up the tunnel towards it. You bar the door. It will not take them long to break through it, but in an evil place like this, the death of the cook is probably not too remarkable, and you don't expect to be pursued. You return to the dining-hall. Turn to 379.

114

The last stretches of the hill are hard going. The trees are thinner; scree covers the slope and provides little or no soil for roots, and little or no safe footing for a traveller. The trees which line the ridge are bent into weird shapes as if by a constant westerly wind. Eventually, you arrive, panting, at the crest itself, and you lie down on the ground to survey the scene below you. The western slope of the range of hills descends fairly gently into a valley, where all seems to be peace and harmony. The trees there seem still to be clothed in spring green. But this fresh copse ends with shocking abruptness in terrain which is unlike anything you have seen before, awake or in your worst nightmares. You realize that you are looking out over the blighted part of the forest, which your dream revealed to you. It is considerably larger than you thought it would be: it stretches for kilometres. Turn to 386.

115

You are now in the monster's throat. You can see snapping jaws ahead, lined with wicked teeth. You will have to make a dash for freedom, but the teeth do not snap together regularly. It will be a matter of luck. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 210; if you are Unlucky, turn to 177.

116

The closer you get to Ishtra's pit – or Ishtra's mouth, as you are beginning to call it – the worse the pestilence becomes which has ravaged the forest. Even the brown and swollen leaves, which had given the trees some sort of covering, die out, and you walk silently among the dead shells of once magnificent oaks and beeches. Turn to 89.

117

You do not have enough POWER to change yourself from being a salamander in your dream. You could remain in the dream world and continue down the mountain (turn to 219) or return and enter the mouth of the volcano (turn to 174); or you could force yourself to wake up and re-enter the real world (turn to 3).

118

Despite its camouflage in the undergrowth, you spot an ingenious, but primitive, trap. Several short, sharpened stakes have been tied on to a stick; if you were to tread on the trigger – a length of supple wood lying on the ground and covered with leaf mould – the stakes would spring towards you at about the height of your chest. You go around the trap, wondering what type of creature set it . . . and for whom. Soon, however, the deepening dusk persuades you to make camp for the night. You could sleep in a hollow under the roots of a fallen tree (turn to 335), or you could climb up another vast tree and camp in the branches (turn to 133).

119

You walk through the doors and find yourself in a passage which very obviously, because of the steamy smells, leads to the kitchen. You could wait a while in the passage, to convince the Goblins that you have visited the kitchen, and then return to the dining-hall (turn to 221), or you could enter the kitchen through a door straight ahead of you (turn to 233).

120

For a while, nothing happens. Then you see the most bizarre and unrealistic series of images. You are standing in the middle of a sort of ravine, whose sides are made out of . . . well, you suppose they are buildings of some sort, since many weirdly dressed humans are coming and going through the

doors. But you cannot even begin to guess what stone the buildings are made of; they are filled with unnatural lights as well, but the worst thing is that they tower to the sky and threaten to fall on everyone's heads. You shout to the strange people to run, but it soon becomes clear that they can neither see nor hear you. You can see, but cannot hear; you are surrounded by rush, but it all takes place in eerie silence.

Then a new horror becomes apparent. The smooth path you are standing on is suddenly filled by dozens of monsters. They are made of metal and glass, it seems, and move at a terrifying speed. Each of them has at least one of the humans in it, who are obviously prisoners, and often have grim, tortured expressions on their faces.

You wake up from this nightmare; you can bear no more of it. Is this some other world altogether, or is this to be the future of Titan? Is the earth to be controlled by metal monsters, with humans for slaves? And where were Elves, Dwarfs and other races? You find tears springing to your eyes in fear for your race, for you know that no Elf could live in such a place. But now you are awake, you must get on with your mission. Turn to 169.

121

This is a notable victory – but no use at all! As soon as the Golem felt itself being overcome, it changed back into an inanimate and immovable quartz door. Moreover, if you were fighting with your sword (rather than a two-handed axe), you have notched and blunted the blade and must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 for future combats. This only increases your frustration at being unable to get into the armoury. You stamp off east down the tunnel. Turn to **68**.

122

The holly bushes are very prickly and may well be poisonous, but you find that there is enough space between the lowest branches and the ground for you to hope to crawl through. You would have to be lucky to make it unscathed, however. If you want to make the attempt, turn to **277**; if you change your mind and avoid this fenced-off area, turn to **321**.

123

You come to a set of imposing double doors. Beyond them you can hear nothing except occasional grunts and snorts. Will you open the doors and step into the room (turn to **176**), or turn around and walk back past the junction (turn to **310**)?

124

The tunnel continues fairly straight, westward into the hillside. After another few minutes, the source of the glow becomes clear, when you find yourself gazing down into a natural cavern, which is lit by the eerie, phosphorescent glow emitted by lichen clinging to the walls and roof. Some rocks and stones are scattered on the ground; they too are covered in the lichen, but the dull stone floor is completely free of it. The mouth of your tunnel is about a metre up one wall of the cavern. The cavern is not large; you could stand up in it, but it would not take you many paces to cross it. The tunnel continues on the other side.

You boldly let yourself down into the cavern – and immediately trip over an obstacle you had not noticed before, since it was tucked right underneath your entrance. It is the skeleton of an earlier traveller. The tattered remnants of clothing cling to the bones, and to judge by the contorted position of the body, this person died in some pain. One bony arm is flung out on the ground, and the hand is trapped beneath a fair-sized boulder. Will you examine the corpse (turn to **295**) or not (turn to **61**)?

125

You struggle to throw the foot off your neck and get to your feet. You never even see the two-handed axe descending on your skull. Your mission is over and your soul wings its way to join your ancestors in Tir nan Og.

126

You have six relevant objects and you know from your dreams that it takes six objects in a circle, with yourself in the centre as the seventh, to create a space within which Evil cannot exist. You have also known from the start of your adventure that Ishtra cannot be defeated by normal means. He is approaching; you have one chance to make an arrangement of the objects which will overcome him. The antler-horn and the crystal ball represent wind; the elder branch and the amber represent fire or light; the ice and the bowl represent water. Will you arrange the objects so that fire is next to fire, water to water, wind to wind (turn to 367), or so that fire is opposite fire, water opposite water, wind opposite wind (turn to 173)?

127

Since the Bloodhawk is attacking from above, a wall of fire may not frighten it off. You decide to hurl a fireball at it, but you will have to be very accurate. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or greater than your SKILL, you miss: turn to 29 to fight the huge predator. If the number rolled is less than your SKILL, you succeed in hitting the creature, and it crashes to the ground, feathers aflame. For a moment it resembles nothing so much as a Phoenix; but the Bloodhawk is dying, not being born from the flames. You can safely continue on your way. Turn to 332.

128

Ishtra bursts into your field of vision with the sound of a thunderbolt. He is delighted to see you wearing the green pendant. He crosses over to you, in appearance a goat-headed crocodile, and raises one scaly claw to your head. You find you cannot resist, as he sucks your POWER from you, and refills you with his own corruption. The Undead Elf will serve him well in his army of conquest.

129

The only thing you can do now is step out into the open, still proclaiming your friendly intentions. But by now these frightened travellers, lost in a strange forest, where every shadow seems to threaten, have had time to imagine all sorts of traps you might be setting for them. Even though, when they see that you are alone, they realize that you mean them no harm, nevertheless they remain sullen and uncommunicative. All you can find out is that they have travelled for many months, from a city in the west called Kalagar, and are trying to get to Arion. It appears that a prophet in Kalagar, called Vanator, foretold doom for the world, and these people are trying to escape it. You keep to yourself the news that their prophet might not be far wrong, if Ishtra has his demonic way. You are able to teach them a few pointers of woodcraft, which should help them to tell west from east, even when the sun is not shining; but it is not clear that they are grateful, or even listening. You leave them and continue your westward journey. Turn to 298.

130

Ishtra and his commanders delight in genetic experiments. Some time ago, they created a new monster, which they called the Prowler. The species is now self-sufficient – and you have stumbled upon their breeding-pens, in a dead-end cavern. It is difficult to tell what creatures Prowlers were cross-bred from: there might be some Wolf in them, since they are covered in fur and slink like Wolves; but they go on two legs like humanoids, their bodies have a narrow waist like a wasp's, and you can see that Prowler young are larvae. You see a great writhing mass of these larvae and dread the day when they will be let loose on the surface of Titan. But luckily for you, there are only two which have emerged from their pods and are fairly full grown. The breeding-pens are not enclosed, because the instinct of any Prowler is to stay close to the larvae and protect them until they have hatched; moreover, this corner of the tunnels is cut off by the river which flows near by. The Prowlers attack you with ferocity, slashing you with their claws, to keep you from the grubs. In the narrow tunnel, you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PROWLER	8	7
Second PROWLER	7	6

If you win, will you carry out the vile duty of destroying as many of the grubs as you can (turn to 276), or walk back up the tunnel and turn north (turn to 317)?

131

The rustling of the bracken, as small night-time creatures negotiate its stems, influences your dream. In your dream the rustling sound becomes the wind, as it rushes over a vast plain, with its endless acres of dry grass. You see yourself walking through the grass, which comes up to your thighs; you do not know where you are going, but a growing feeling of doom convinces you that it is not towards good!

All at once, you find yourself falling forwards. This happens in agonizingly slow motion, and you know that two sturdy stalks of grass will pierce your eyes and blind you to the light of this world. If your POWER score is 14 or more, turn to **49**; otherwise, turn to **20**.

132

You walk boldly along the well-lit passage, trying to look as though you belonged here. You pass the narrow tunnel to your right which you came along before. The patrol of Goblins that you saw then is long gone. You meet a couple of Troglodytes, but have no difficulty in bluffing your way past these pea-brains. The passage ends at a junction where you could turn right (turn to **123**) or left (turn to **310**).

133

On your way up the tree, a branch breaks when you step on it and you fall to the ground. Roll one die. On 1–3, you were not high up and your fall only winds you: reduce your STAMINA by 1 point. On 4–6, you were high enough up for the fall to be nasty: reduce your STAMINA by 4 for a couple of cracked ribs. You take this to be an omen and decide to sleep among the roots of the old fallen tree. Turn to **335**.

134#

The creature speeds off. You cannot tell what direction it takes, since there is no sun in this dream world. After some time (an hour? a year?), you sense that the beast is about to dive under the sand. Will you remain on its back (turn to 391) or jump off before it dives (turn to 147)?

135

You take only one step towards the ancient pile of deer bones. Your intention alone is enough to galvanize the two stags into action. With a silent cry of 'Desecration!', they drive you effortlessly from the place. You lose 4 STAMINA points for the injuries they inflict, and 1 LUCK point for your foolish action. You pass through the rest of the valley and continue on your way. Turn to 383.

136

Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, turn to 220; if you roll 5–6, turn to 316.

137

Howling horribly, the Snow Ghost pummels you to the ground with frozen fists. You wake up with a start, sit up and crack your head on a thick root of the tree which is sheltering you: lose 1 STAMINA point. Restore your POWER score to what it was before the illusory combat took place. Turn to 372.

138

You gingerly push away the boulder with your feet, so that no lichen touches any bare skin. No sooner has the rock cleared the hand than all the light of the lichen around the cavern seems to converge on a ring the skeleton is wearing on that hand. The light then flashes from the ring to the pendant around your neck. The green stone burns icy-cold through your body and finds its way unerringly to your heart. Once your flesh has rotted, there will be two skeletons on the floor of the cavern.

139#

A stately woman, dressed in robes which constantly change colour, greets you in the garden. She smiles upon you, introduces herself as Galana, goddess of plants and fertility, and gives you a message: 'This garden may be the last haven you find, but you must persevere, even when all seems hopeless. There are two ways you may defeat Ishtra; both require considerable POWER, but one also requires physical artefacts to channel your POWER. You decide.' You try to ask her what she means, but she is

gone. Add 1 LUCK and 1 POWER point, and turn to 303.

140

As soon as you saw the Banshee, you got your weapon ready to fight. But you are unable to resist its petrifying wail: you are temporarily frozen with fear, and the monster gouges you with its claws. Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points. The shock of the pain jolts you out of the trance and you are now ready to fight it. You are fortunate that its long imprisonment has made it a less formidable foe than others of its kind: it is weak, and although it continues to shriek, the screams have no effect on you.

BANSHEE SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, you could see if the Banshee's cavern leads anywhere (turn to 195), or you could return to the junction and head east (turn to 388).

141

Sure enough, there are bilberries in the glade. You also find edible toadstools, wild parsnips and the herb called Skunkbear's Tongue, which Elves value as both nutritious and refreshing. There is only just enough food to make a single meal for you, however. It seems that animals have already removed much of it – more than they could eat, you think. It looks as though they have been storing food, which is unusual for this time of year. It occurs to you that they probably know instinctively that some peril is near by, and are preparing for it. After your meal, you decide to rest against a log. Will you stay awake (turn to 363) or let yourself drift into the dream world (turn to 203)?

142

The Drake circles the blasted landscape below for ages. You see cities burning, people of all races being slaughtered; fabulous, evil creatures battle for dominion over some parcel of land. In short, there is no place of safety in this dream world, since it coexists with the evil of Ishtra's stronghold. But the Drake has to obey your command. It flies up into the sky, unimaginably high, and then plummets down to the ground. You scream at it to stop, but the wind whips the sound of your voice away almost before you've spoken. The Drake has summoned all its power to do you this service. You reach the ground – but there is no sickening thud, no oblivion. The Drake has taken you out of the dream world, since it cannot find safety for you within it. However, you know what it does not, that there is little safety in the real world either. You find yourself in a tunnel in Ishtra's domain; by the light of the torches blazing on the walls, you see a tiny lizard scurry into a crack in the ground. You trudge along the tunnel, heading north, as far as you can tell. Turn to 188.

143

The tunnel narrows considerably the further along it you go, and it is hard to keep your balance in the dark on the rough, unfinished floor. If you are carrying a two-handed axe, turn to 16; otherwise, turn to 381.

144

You are standing alone on the plain; you know, in your dream, that it has taken you years to get here. The plain stretches without features to the horizon in all directions. Will you wait to see what happens (turn to 341), or start walking (turn to 91)?

145

When you have recovered, you head north up the passage. You pass a well-lit corridor on your left, but your senses tell you that north is the way to Ishtra. Turn to 310.

146

Late in the afternoon, you are resting against the trunk of a rotten tree. You are convinced that you are close to your goal. The feeling of oppression weighs down on you like a physical force, but you have more direct evidence than that. Chaos is beginning to taint the forest. You have seen a two-headed weasel scurrying through the putrid leaf mould; you have seen ivy with a trunk as thick as an ancient oak; and at one point the ground itself heaved underneath you – you didn't wait to see what caused it!

Suddenly the tree you are leaning against gapes and tries to engulf you; but you leap away from it in time. That puts paid to your plan of resting before the final push towards your goal; you are not going to stop for anything now. You pick up your backpack . . . and freeze! A guttural call disturbed a raven from its branch, and the call was answered by another behind you – and another, and another! You are surrounded, and you don't yet know by what or whom. If you have a companion, turn to 323; otherwise, turn to 229.

147

You leap on to the hard, hot sand. To your surprise, the creature stops. It takes it a fair distance to do this, but then it turns round and comes back towards you. It lifts its huge head out of the desert sand and bears down on you. Even from a distance, you see its sharp teeth and pig-like eyes, surrounded by folds of leathery skin. You cannot tear your gaze away from the eyes. The creature opens its massive maw to swallow you whole; you are rooted to the spot and know that you are about to die. They say that scenes from your life flash before your eyes when you die, but the images which follow are alien. Turn to 371.

148

Deduct 1 POWER point. You detect some danger ahead, but your impression is that it is not alive – not even in the sense that plants are alive. It is the sort of impersonal danger of an avalanche, for instance. Will you continue your westward journey, but cautiously (turn to 187), or will you turn back to the north to avoid whatever the danger is (turn to 227)?

149

A vast tidal wave surges out of the sea and sweeps you mercilessly back in the direction you came from. You are terrified by the might of this new thing, the sea. Lose 1 POWER point. The tidal wave deposits you, none too gently, on a river-bank. Turn to 105.

150

In the mid-morning of this further day of travel through Affen Forest, you enter a valley, formed by sheer crags towering on either side. The tops of the crags are wooded, but there are fewer trees on the floor of the valley. As soon as you enter it, you feel that this is a special spot – but special to whom, and for what reason, you do not know. Will you cast a Finding spell, to see what that tells you (turn to 95), or will you preserve your POWER and either continue through the valley (turn to 282) or retreat out of it and find another route north-west (turn to 383)?

151

You think that the trick in the Sphinx's words is that, since it is facing you, what is left from its point of view is right from yours, so you approach the tunnel to your right. The portcullis rises, you step under it with bated breath . . . and proceed down the tunnel. You are safe, for the moment. There is the tramp of marching feet up ahead, but the sound is getting fainter. You will not have to test your disguise immediately.

The tunnel ends at a large well-lit cavern; there are several other tunnels leading off the cavern. While you wait and watch, a company of Orcs emerges from one tunnel, crosses the cavern and goes down another tunnel. You watch for ten more minutes, and two more patrols pass through the cavern. There is a large pile of ancient bones close to one wall of the cavern. Will you go over to them (turn to 27) or carry on watching (turn to 304)?

152

You realize that the man is a dangerous lunatic, driven to insanity by the Evil surrounding him in the forest. But something in the power of your voice and your presence pierces the veil of madness in his mind and fans the spark of humanity deep inside him. You see a shift in his eyes, as if he were now looking at reality, not at some crazy image of it. He wordlessly returns your sword to you, then goes and fumbles in a corner of the hut.

When he comes back, he offers you his most prized possession – a small piece of amber. Trapped inside the amber is a female glow-worm, whose phosphorescent light is still shining, despite the millennia it must have spent in the fossil resin. You gravely accept the gift. Before putting it in your backpack, you inspect the amber cube and see that it has the number 20 engraved in fine, spidery runes on one of its faces.

The Wild Man next invites you to spend the night in his humble abode. Will you accept or not? If you accept, turn to **86**; if you do not, you bid him a cautious farewell and make your way safely back through the hollies (turn to **321**).

153

You hesitate to strike a blow against your family and friends. But these are not really your family and friends, and the serpentine, dream-spawned cat sinks its fangs into you. Lose 1 POWER point and turn to **231**.

154

You cast a pall of invisibility around yourself and dash out of the clearing before the Bloodhawk's momentum carries it within the field of invisibility. Once you are safely among the trees, you continue northwards. Turn to **332**.

155

You are right that this is the name of a Dark Elf clan, but unfortunately for you this clan has not sent troops to aid Ishtra. Moreover, you are not wearing the insignia of this clan. You are surrounded by Orcs, so there is no point in becoming invisible: they would still know where your body is. Your disguise is penetrated, and you are executed on the spot as a spy. Your adventure is over.

156

The tunnel takes you straight to Ishtra's dungeons. The vile gaoler, whose job it is to guard the cells, resents your intrusion. Nobody comes here alone, not even an ally, unless they are asking for trouble. Shikara will try to pummel you unconscious, and then lock you up with her other unfortunate wards, until she has decided which one to have for breakfast. Shikara is a mutant Ogre; her mutation is her thick, scaly skin, which takes only 1 STAMINA point of injury. This is why she does not especially fear weapons, and uses her fists against all opponents, however they are armed. You had better teach her to respect cold steel!

SHIKARA	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, a peek through the grilles in the floor convinces you that none of the prisoners are worth freeing; they would stab you in the back rather than assist you. You return to the last junction and turn right. Turn to 73.

157

The hatchet strikes your arm: deduct 2 STAMINA points. You quickly make your way out of the Weevil Man's domain. Turn to 308.

158

The ground in the clearing is surprisingly firm underfoot, but you soon discover the reason why. Much of the slime of the rotting trees has been gathered by a Slime Monster to itself. This monster now rises from the ground, and you will have to fight it to cross the clearing. It resembles a massive, loathsome earth-worm, but one equipped with vicious teeth.

SLIME MONSTER SKILL 7 STAMINA 13

If you win, turn to 6.

159

You find yourself perched precariously on the back of a huge winged serpent, a Drake, which is flying through the air. If your POWER score is 18 or more, turn to 260; otherwise, turn to 283.

160

In your dream, the fairy folk who tend this enchanted garden appear to you. They tell you that they are the secret children of Galana, goddess of plants and fertility. They dance and teach you many things about plants that even the Wood Elves do not know. Finally, they invite you to stay with them, to combat Evil by tending their Garden of Good. It is a sweet temptation, especially to a Wood Elf. Roll one die. If you roll 1–5, turn to 31; if you roll 6, turn to 296.

161

You tumble into the water and are swept downstream. Whether you drown before or after being eaten by the carnivorous fish of the river is irrelevant to the future of Titan.

162

You look in the Weevil Man's pack to see if you can add to your store of Provisions, but the crawling, maggoty contents make your stomach heave. You may take the hatchet, however, if you want to. You then resume your westward journey.

The morning passes without much incident, but you notice how the further west you travel, the more cautious the forest wildlife becomes of any intrusion – even that of a Wood Elf, who is normally considered to be just another denizen of the forest. This gives you confidence that you are heading in the right direction. Turn to 383.

163

In real life, the windpipe is matched by a narrow tunnel. Your sleep-walking body is unable to fend for itself in the rough tunnel. It falls; you wake up and become visible again. Turn to 143.

164

While you watch in amazement from the clear spot, the chaos of the storm subsides a bit and you begin to be able to make out certain distinct features. Arrayed from right to left in front of you are three types of storm: lightning flashes on your half-right, rain lashes down directly in front of you, and an immense hurricane is boiling up to your half-left. You spin around to find exactly the same arrangement. While you look on in awe, a feeling of great calm descends on you, but it is the calm of power waiting to be unleashed, not the calm of sloth. At the same time you know, as if a voice had spoken inside you, that the eye of the storm is formed by wind, water and fire in this way. Gain 2 POWER points and turn to 253.

165

You still have the POWER to decide that you have had enough of being a salamander. You change back into a Wood Elf and continue through the dream world, down the mountainside. At the bottom of the mountain, however, you meet a river of molten lava. You wish you were a salamander again, but you cannot change back. The river is wide, but in the dream world many strange things are possible, and you may be able to leap across. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 190; if you are Unlucky, turn to 62.

166

You realize too late that, for all his ludicrous antics, the man is a dangerous lunatic, driven to insanity by the Evil surrounding him in the forest. He picks himself up off the floor, wipes the tears of merriment from his eyes – and lops off your arm at the shoulder with his axe. You collapse unconscious and will never recover.

167

If your POWER score is 22 or more, turn to **201**; otherwise, turn to **292**.

168

If your POWER score is 18 or more, turn to **242**; otherwise, turn to **94**.

169

You take stock of your situation. When you think back over the last part of yesterday, it occurs to you that you noticed no increase in the strange behaviour of the forest animals while you travelled north. This makes you think that, while you may be no further away from Ishtra's pit, which is causing their disturbance, you are probably no closer either. Lake Nekros still lies to the east, so you must choose between heading west (turn to **10**) or south-west (turn to **366**).

170

The Goblin in the rear of the squad turns round and sees you. He thinks you are a Dark Elf, of course, so he doesn't raise the alarm; but it looks as though he is about to call out some typical Goblin insult, which would still attract unwelcome attention. You make mysterious signs to him to be quiet and stay where he is, until his curiosity is aroused. The rest of the platoon go on ahead and turn right at a junction. When you catch up with the lone Goblin, will you fight him (turn to **77**) or not (turn to **2**)?

171

Not long after you have turned north, you are set upon by a ferocious Arctolyce. These dangerous creatures, which are native to the more remote parts of Titan, resemble a cross between a wolf and a bear. They have long snouts like a wolf, and are equally mobile on two legs or four. Their teeth are so vicious, and jaws so strong, that a Khulian term for a gin-trap is 'Arctolyce's mouth'. Their fur is highly prized by those who can afford the considerable price hunters charge, in view of the risks they take to acquire such pelts. In short, this beast bounding towards you through the undergrowth is not to be taken lightly.

ARCTOLYCE SKILL 9 STAMINA 16

The impetus of the charging monster is such that, even if you cast a Protect spell, it will end up within the circle of invisibility. However, you may reduce its STAMINA by 4 points if you care to spend 1 point of POWER on either a Fire or a Weaken spell. If you win, turn to 383.

172

You have to decide about what direction to take. You know from your experiences yesterday that west is roughly the right direction, so you must choose between north-west (turn to 150) or south-west (turn to 83).

173

If your POWER score is now more than it was at the start of your adventure, turn to 234; otherwise, turn to 367.

174

You scramble down the inside of the volcano. Sulphurous smoke either trickles from cracks in the rock or is expelled in jets. Your salamander self revels in the situation. You go down and further down, until you are clinging, in true lizard fashion, face down on a sheer rock, only a few metres above a bubbling pool of lava. Your skin spontaneously ignites (gain 1 POWER point). You let yourself go into the lava, and in your dream it seems that you fall for an eternity.

Instead of landing in a deep pool, however, it is as if you break through a thin veil of fire and end up on cool, solid rock. When you look up, you can see the lava hanging mysteriously above you; it seethes turbulently, like storm clouds moving in the wind and lit by the glow of an evening sun. This recollection of normal life jerks you back to being an Elf again. You explore the rocky cavern, with its mysterious and disturbing ceiling, and find a tunnel. It leads you straight into a different dream world. Turn to 80.

175

At the moment the wind struck, you were fortunately breathing out, so none of the evil blast entered your lungs. Turn to 57.

176

You find yourself in a dining-hall. Most of the tables are unoccupied, but it is the turn of a platoon of Goblins to eat, and they are gobbling some vile mess at one of the tables. There is another set of doors opposite you, and a smaller door in the wall to your right. One of the Goblins – the leader of the squad, to judge by his size – gets up, wipes a hand across his greasy mouth, and demands to know your business. Since you are dressed as a Dark Elf, you decide to try a bluff; you could not hope to defeat a dozen Goblins in battle. Will you say that you are on your way to the kitchen (turn to 299) or coming from the kitchen (turn to 30)?

177

In your dream, the jaw clenches tightly on your body; jagged teeth seem to rip your flesh. You wake up with a jerk. Lose 2 POWER points. You find yourself in a tunnel in Ishtra's underground fortress. There is nothing behind you – no monster, real or imagined. You trudge west down the tunnel. Turn to 288.

178

The day remains fine and your spirits begin to lighten as you continue south. You almost begin to think that you can succeed in your mission. Nighttime finds you resting securely in the hollow of a huge oak tree, which was blasted long ago by lightning.

That night you are visited in a dream by an unfamiliar figure. He is an old human, whose lined face speaks of wisdom and humour. He emerges from a tall, white tower on the edge of a forest not unlike Affen Forest. You know, however, that he comes from a land far away. He tells you that he is a friend of your distant cousins in . . . the name is strange to you. It sounds like 'Allansia'.

He goes on: 'Your mission is vital; you must not fail. But you must use your senses. Have you noticed any change in life in the forest so far during your journey? Yet do you not think that the threat of Ishtra' – the old man spits out the name with venom – 'would make some changes in the forest?' The old man is starting to fade. It is clear that he has exhausted himself to bring you this message. His final words trail off into silence: 'Think on my words . . .'

In the morning you do just that, and you decide that the old man – what did he say his name was? Yaz– . . . something – was telling you to change direction. Will you go west (turn to 300) or north-west (turn to 18)?

179*

The passage takes you to a crossroads which you recognize. To your left is the narrow, unlit tunnel you took before, after coming out of the tunnel which is now to your right. Lose 1 LUCK point for walking around in circles. You can now either head directly east (turn to 112) or go back through the narrow, unlit tunnel and turn east along the more northerly passage (turn to 315).

180

You suddenly break off from the fight and sprint down the tunnel to the east. As you suspected, the Golem does not pursue you: its job is to guard the armoury, and it is not conditioned to leave its post. You continue unmolested down the tunnel. Turn to 68.

181

You soon find a suitable cave. You can see far enough in to tell that it is not occupied (at least, not by anything visible), but there are also signs that it has been recently used by some animal. Gnawed bones litter the ground, and there is a lingering, but unfamiliar, animal smell. Will you spend the night in this cave (turn to 357) or look elsewhere (turn to 261)?

182

You gingerly push away the boulder with your feet so that no lichen touches any bare skin. As soon as the rock clears the hand, all the light from the lichen around the cavern seems to converge on a ring the skeleton is wearing on that hand. The light then flashes from the ring to a green stone, which is hanging on a pendant around the skeleton's neck. You had not noticed this before, since it is hanging inside the skeleton's rib-cage and you were intent on the rock. To your horror, the skeleton jumps to its feet. It immediately starts to wield the light from its ring as a weapon: every time you lose an Attack Round, you have been burned by the ring's icy-cold flame.

SKELETON SPIRIT SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win, the skeleton collapses back to the ground, but you have only temporarily doused its evil light. You dare not touch the pendant or the ring, so you roll the rock back over the skeleton's hand and carry on down the tunnel. Turn to 61.

183

As you walk together through groves of oaks and beeches, whose former glory has given way to the abomination of brown, swollen leaves or to death, you ask Eric if he knows anything about Ishtra's underground stronghold. His conversation is still irrational at times, and is punctuated by rambling lies or irrelevant laughter, but you do glean one important piece of information.

An Orc told him – when tortured – that Ishtra had appointed a lieutenant. This monster is Morpheus, a vast mass of slime who is the source of all nightmares. He can affect the real world only indirectly, by means of nightmares; and he is visible only in the dream world. He surrounds Ishtra with a cloak of impenetrable darkness, unless he can be defeated. But he cannot be approached except in a dream, and must be weakened, not killed, to gain access to Ishtra, since if a dreamer were to kill the source of his dream, he would greatly endanger himself. Gain 2 LUCK points for this vital information. Turn to 89.

184

There are few N'yadach remaining on Titan, but Ianna has recruited some of these cave-dwelling, humanoid creatures, weaned them from their reclusive ways and revived their former aggression. You find yourself suddenly face to face with two of them; they are taken by surprise and instinctively attack. Their cat-like eyes are just as good as yours in the dark.

They attack you simultaneously. Each Attack Round, choose which one you are fighting, and conduct the combat against him as normal. You must also roll for the Attack Strength of the other; if it is higher than yours, he has wounded you; if it is equal or lower, however, you have not wounded him, since you are fighting his comrade.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First N'YADACH	6	8
Second N'YADACH	6	7

If you win, turn to 24.

185

The hatchet misses you and you may carry on with your journey. Turn to 308.

186

There is an ominous quiet in the air, which the warning croak of a bird does nothing to relieve. All of a sudden, the ground fragments, and a chasm yawns in front of you. You teeter on the edge, but pull back. You leap the chasm, but another opens up just where you land. Roll a die six times: if you roll 1 on the first throw, you have fallen down a chasm; if you roll 2 on the second throw, or 3 on the third, and so on, you have fallen down a chasm. If you ever fall, turn to 17; if you make it safely past all the chasms, turn to 397.

187

Test your Luck, but subtract 2 from the dice roll, because you are being extra cautious. If you are Lucky, turn to 118; if you are Unlucky, turn to 81.

188

Before long the tunnel is met by another to the right, which is well lit and extends in a straight line as far as you can see. The passage straight ahead, however, is narrow and dark, and has a sign hanging from the roof, which reads simply "DANGER". It is a new sign, and has obviously been put up by some of Ishtra's troops. Will you go straight ahead, if you have not done so once before (turn to 21), or right (turn to 388)?

189

Your sudden appearance surprises the two Orcs who were carelessly using their guardroom to catch up on lost sleep. You strike one dead before he has fully woken up, and turn to face the other.

ORC GUARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

For the first Attack Round only, the Orc has SKILL 6, because he is still groggy from his nap. If you win, turn to 92.

190

Not only do you clear the river of lava, but you transport yourself to a completely different phase of the dream world. Add 1 POWER point and turn to 80.

191

The rot which has created the clearing has also started to affect the trees on the edge of the clearing. You step on something squelchy, and a foul smell rises; when you look down, you see that it was a root, rotted from the inside by the Evil in the soil. And then . . . was it a trick of the shifting half-light of this place, or did that root move slightly? No, it was not your imagination, for now several roots are squirming towards you, dripping noxious slime.

And now they are joined by a dozen more, and now more. You must hack your way through these roots. If you have a hatchet, you can add 1 to your Attack Strength for each round, as you wield your sword in one hand and the hatchet in the other.

ROOTS	SKILL 6	STAMINA 12

If you win, you leave a foul mess behind you and break away, further from the clearing, where the rot has not yet warped the trees so much. Turn to 6.

192

But you are no longer on a river-bank. You were about to enter a copse of weeping willows, where strange fairy lights flickered and beckoned, but before you got there the scene changed. You see the village of your home, but all is far from peaceful. Your family and friends have gone berserk and are rushing around slashing at trees, animals and one another. At first you are just watching this scene, with mounting horror, but then you find yourself among your folk, trying to restrain them. They turn on you, and somehow all their bodies merge and form the head of a fearsome tiger; the arc of its sabre teeth has the same shape as its sluggish, serpentine body. Will you fight the monster (turn to 40) or not (turn to 153)?

193

The Troll spots you, tells the Ogre, and they unite to face the common enemy. Both races hate all Elves, who are as light and graceful as they are ugly and awkward. You think you could escape, but you dare not leave them to tell any tales. This is a fight to the death!

	SKILL	STAMINA
TROLL	9	9
OGRE	8	10

They both attack you at the same time. Choose which one you are fighting and conduct a normal Attack Round against him. Each Attack Round, however, you must also roll for the other's Attack Strength: if it is higher than yours, he has wounded you; if it is lower or equal, you have not wounded him, but merely avoided his blow. If by some miracle you win, turn to 39.

194

Some of the glutinous poison splashes on to your hand. As soon as you realize where this drop came from, you know that you have only a few seconds to live – unless you hack off your arm with your sword. At any rate, your adventure is over.

195

You grope around the cavern: it is too dark for even a Wood Elf to see much. You find no exits from the cavern, but you do come across foul evidence that its captors were feeding it – perhaps with their own troops. You also find the shattered remnants of furniture, as if in some past time this cavern had been used for a more civilized purpose. Among the broken and rotten wood, your hands make contact with something hard and spherical, which you take, then you leave the cavern.

You return to the junction. There is no one around for the moment, so you risk an inspection of what you found. It is a crystal ball, mounted on a black metal base. On the base are engraved runes which read, 'Ride the winds of time.' There is also the number 30 engraved next to the runes. Will you risk

looking in the ball now (turn to 318), or will you put it in your pack and walk along the eastward passage (turn to 388)?

196

The atmosphere underground is horribly oppressive. A stale smell rises from the river and gets gradually worse as you follow it along. The further you go, the more you become convinced that there is something horrible ahead. The dark oppressiveness starts to squeeze your lungs. You feel as helpless as a baby lying alone before a hunting Sabre-toothed Tiger. Will you run back out of this tunnel (turn to 272) or persevere (turn to 85)?

197

You step straight into a cunningly disguised pit. The fall is not far, but there are sharpened stakes on the bottom of the pit. Roll one die: the number you roll is the number of STAMINA points you must deduct. Then you scramble out and continue on your way. Turn to 265.

198

During the night, the branches of the tree creak and groan, and these noises influence your dream. You imagine yourself bound securely to a stake, in the middle of a vast plain, while a Tree Devil advances inexorably towards you, its stiff joints creaking. Its knobbly hands end in fingernails of sharpened twigs, which it stretches out towards your face. You know that it will pierce your eyes and blind you to the light of this world. Will you struggle to get free of your bonds (turn to 389) or not (turn to 289)?

199

The water is clear and refreshingly cool. It is nice to wash off the dust of your journey. You may add 2 LUCK and 2 STAMINA points. If you were infected by the spores of the Itching Powder Plant, you may also restore the lost SKILL point. Then you rest on the bank in the warm sun and drift off to sleep. Turn to 160.

200

You touch the pustular bark of what might, in this nightmare, be a warped reflection of a proud redwood tree. Immediately, the pustules burst and spray you with thick liquid, which you know is acid and poisonous. Your screams echo the agony of the trees, whose hearts are slowly being eaten out by the acid. You can stand this nightmare world no longer and you jerk yourself into wakefulness in the real world. Lose 1 POWER point and turn to 310.

201

Ishtra breaks into your field of vision with a clap like a thunderbolt; the air around him surges like a wave. Demon Princes take many forms; you see him as a goat-headed crocodile which stands on two legs and has livid green fire playing over the surface of his body. Despite his fearsome appearance, you sense that he is afraid of you, and you soon realize why. Demons are fixed: they cannot grow or change. Mortals are not fixed, and you have managed to gain more POWER than your opponent. Nevertheless, his SKILL is high, because he is at home in this dream world. He does not pause to taunt you, but hurls his first fireball at you to start this battle. With a prayer to your gods in the back of your mind, you boldly engage him.

ISHTRA SKILL 10 POWER 21

If you win, you have banished Ishtra back to the Demonic Plane by dint of your POWER. It will take him a long time, in mortal years, to lick his wounds. You cross back over to the real world. Turn to **400**.

202

You fail to get to your feet, and the parasite does its deadly work. It is one of the more unpleasant guardians Ishtra has projected into the dream world. It lodges in your stomach, where it rapidly drains your POWER. In the real world, your body becomes visible just before it drops lifeless to the floor of a tunnel.

203

In your dream you visit an unfamiliar place. There is a sandy arena, spotted with blood, in which two heroes are battling to the death. A crowd roars its appreciation, and the whole show is overseen by a cruel-looking man, dressed in rich clothes. The appearance of these humans and humanoids is strange to you. You hear the richly garbed man speak to his neighbour: 'Whoever survives the Arena of Death will be my champion. I'll have the last laugh at that brother of mine!' You wonder what this means: is it an illusion or a vision of a distant land?

The harsh sun which bakes the dream arena is suddenly blotted out by a vast Dragon. But this is merely the reflection in your dream of the shadow cast by the Giant Bloodhawk which is swooping down on your sleeping body. The pain of its talons ripping your thigh jerks you back to wakefulness. Deduct 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points. By the time you have drawn your sword, it is swooping down on you again, and you have no time to cast a spell. Turn to **29** to fight the monster.

204

Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **388**; if you roll 4–6, turn to **170**.

205#

You have survived, against the odds. Add 2 POWER points and 2 LUCK points. The three crones make some gestures in the air, and you feel the force which held you in the dream world being released. At the same time, the crowd, the crones and the deadly square of the Trial all vanish. Turn to 48.

206

The holly bushes, you find, form a protective perimeter and come to an end before long. To your astonishment, you see within the circle of bushes a ramshackle hut. There is no sign of life. Will you go up to the hut (turn to 378) or lie for a while where you are, under the hollies, and watch (turn to 47)?

207

Reduce your POWER score by 1 point. The Weevil Man howls in pain when your fireball strikes him. Turn to 394 to fight him, but reduce his STAMINA by 6 points.

208#

It is extremely strange to come across, in a glade, a table set with good things to eat. All the fruits of the earth are displayed, it seems, and are being enjoyed by two men. One of them invites you to join them, but the other frowns. The first one says, 'Come, eat. It will do you good: it will give you POWER for your task.' But the second says, 'Don't you know that if you eat in this world, you are bound to it for ever?' Will you believe the first man, and eat (turn to 270), or the second, and refuse to eat (turn to 247)?

209

You say that your journey too is not unrelated to their prophet's visions, but that you must travel west, not east. They tell you to watch out during your travels for traps which they have set during theirs, to keep them supplied with meat. They did not make all their traps safe before leaving an area because there were some that they could not find again in the dense forest. They tell you that they marked their traps by bending a sapling over and tying it to the ground: the trap is always to the north of the sapling. You thank them, wish them luck and continue on your way. Turn to 298.

210

You dash safely through the monster's jaws; it seems to help you on your way by spitting you out! Add 1 POWER point. You tumble head over heels, not knowing what to expect next in this crazy dream world with which Ishtra guards himself. In fact, you land straight on the back of a large winged serpent, a Drake, which immediately takes off. If your POWER score is 18 or more, turn to 260; otherwise, turn to 283.

211

You gingerly push away the boulder with your feet, so that no lichen touches any bare skin. As soon as the rock clears the hand, all the light from the lichen around the cavern seems to converge on a ring the skeleton is wearing on that hand. The light then flashes from the ring to the green stone on the pendant, and to your horror the skeleton jumps to its feet. It immediately starts to wield the light from its ring as a weapon: every time you lose an Attack Round, you have been burned by the ring's icy-cold flame.

SKELETON SPIRIT SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win, the skeleton collapses back to the ground, but you have only temporarily doused its evil light. You dare not touch the pendant or the ring, so you roll the rock back over the skeleton's hand and carry on down the tunnel. Turn to 61.

212

You have no choice but to face Ishtra with your weapon. He bursts into your field of vision with the sound of a thunderbolt and the smell of corruption. Demon Princes take many forms; you see him as a goat-headed crocodile, which stands on two legs and has livid green fire playing over the surface of its body. But whatever form a Demon Prince takes, he cannot be defeated by mortal weapons, as you have known since the start of your adventure. Ishtra delights in fire; he blasts you into oblivion with a single fireball.

213

You start down the outside of the mountain; the lava is warm under your scaly feet. An eagle high in the sky sees the salamander and thinks of its hungry young. Since this is a dream, you see the scene briefly from the eagle's eyes, and for one weird moment, you are simultaneously an eagle swooping down to attack and a lizard crawling on the ground.

A lizard is almost helpless before an eagle; a large lizard like a salamander is even more helpless, since it cannot scurry away into the rock. The recent lava is cracked, but there are no boulders to hide under. Roll one die. If you roll 1–2, the eagle reduces your POWER by 2 points; if you roll 3–4, you have managed to dodge it; if you roll 5–6, you have used the salamander's ultimate weapon, and sprouted flames to scare the eagle away. Continue the combat until you roll 5–6 twice in succession: the eagle will then give up and go in search of easier prey. If you survive, turn to 278.

214

Night is drawing in, and after your recent horrific experience you feel like resting anyway. You make camp in the boughs of an ancient tree, since you feel safer off the ground, away from marauding creatures of the night. With your mind firmly set on your quest, and praying to your gods for guidance, you allow yourself to settle into a deep dreaming state.

All at once you find yourself on a vast open plain and you know, in your dream, that it has taken you measureless years to reach this spot. The terrain is desert and stretches without features to the horizon in all directions. Will you wait to see what happens (turn to 120) or start walking (turn to 329)?

215

The Wild Man looks older than he did last night, as though with the departure of his madness he has lost some of the will to live. He introduces himself as Eric Rune-axe. In a cracked voice, he recalls more pleasant days in the forest, before the coming of the terror. It turns out that he was once an adventurer like yourself, in a land far away over the seas; but he got lost in something called the Maze of Zagor and gave up his adventuring ways. He travelled here to retire, as he thought, but now you have rekindled some of his old spirit, and he wants to come with you. Will you accept his company (turn to **183**), or gently but firmly refuse, and continue on your way alone (turn to **116**)?

216

You fly for an eternity over pocked earth, with steam and foul vapours rising from vents and polluting the air. The ride is exhilarating, despite the grim landscape below. Add 1 POWER point. The Drake sets you down in the shattered remnants of what was once a village, and then flies off. Turn to **48**.

217

Soon you reach a point where you could either turn left or carry straight on. You can hear the harsh laughter of some cruel being up ahead, but to the left you sense a feeling of terrible doom. This is not an easy decision to make. Will you turn left (turn to **73**) or carry straight on (turn to **156**)?

218

Deduct 1 POWER point. The spell does not indicate the presence of any danger up the tunnel; perhaps there is none, or perhaps it is too far away for the spell to detect. At any rate, you enter the narrow mouth of the tunnel. Turn to **279**.

219

At the foot of the mountain you meet a river of molten lava. As a salamander, you have no difficulty in crossing it, but on the other side you change back into an Elf and enter an entirely different aspect of the dream world. Add 1 POWER point and turn to **80**.

220

You find nothing worth keeping among the dust and debris of the Wild Man's hut. Since it is now evening, you decide to use the hut as a refuge for the night. Turn to **86**.

221

Although the Goblins give you curious looks, they do not suspect you or try to halt you. You do not want to retrace your steps, so you leave the dining-hall through the other double doors, in the north wall. Add 1 LUCK point. The doors lead into a corridor which soon brings you to a junction, with passages heading north and west. You are convinced that north is the way to go. Turn to **310**.

222

You are looking for trees with holes in their trunks, or for dry, enclosed areas among roots: these are typical places for squirrels' stores. You are groping in the base of an old elm tree when the squirrels attack. They are unusually vicious: their desperation at the coming of Ishtra has whipped them up into a frenzy of protectiveness towards their hoard. Several leap down from branches on to your back and neck, while others scamper along the ground to nip at your legs. If you run away, they will not follow you, but will remain to guard their stores. Will you run (turn to **275**) or fight (turn to **104**)?

223

You are right that this is the name of a Dark Elf clan, but unfortunately for you this clan has not sent troops to aid Ishtra. Moreover, you are not wearing the insignia of this clan. You are surrounded by Orcs, so there is no point in becoming invisible: they would still know where your body is. Your disguise is penetrated, and you are executed on the spot as a spy. Your adventure is over.

224#

You leave the parasites behind and soon arrive at a fork: the gullet bears slightly to the left, and a narrow windpipe lies straight ahead. The fresh air coming down the windpipe is a great relief. Will you continue along the gullet (turn to **115**) or try the windpipe (turn to **163**)?

225

'You are already on it,' is the reply. Add 1 LUCK point, but however much you plead, you cannot move the impassive stags to respond any further. Will you carry on up the valley (turn to **383**) or investigate the pile of bones (turn to **135**)?

226

Unfortunately, a couple of Pygmy Orcs are strolling along the tunnel which corresponds in the real world to this river. Although your physical body is invisible, it is not immaterial. They are just as astonished as you when they bump into something they cannot see. The shock jolts you out of the dream world and you stand facing these new enemies. You appear to have broken the nose of one of them, when you collided; he is clutching his face and moaning. The other, however, is ready for action, and brandishes a mace. Since you have appeared out of nowhere, there is no way that you could convince them that you are a friendly Dark Elf; you will have to fight.

PYGMY ORC	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you do not defeat the Pygmy Orc within three Attack Rounds, turn to **108**. If you do, turn to **369**.

227

You see no further signs of humanoid life, but after a while the ground begins to get boggy. You turn west, but the going is still very unsound. Although Wood Elves can tread more lightly than any other race, even your feet are beginning to sink into the brown mud, which is covered with an oily film. To make matters worse, night is drawing in. Will you plough on through the mire (turn to **246**) or turn back south for a while to avoid it (turn to **284**)?

228*

You find yourself in the dining-hall. Most of the tables are empty, but it is the turn of a platoon of Goblins to eat, and they are gobbling some vile meat at one of the tables. There is another set of double doors opposite you, and a smaller door in the wall to your left. One of the Goblins – the leader of the squad, to judge by his size – gets up, wipes a hand across his greasy mouth, and demands to know your business. Since you are dressed as a Dark Elf, you decide to try a bluff; you could not hope to defeat a dozen Goblins in battle. Will you say that you have come to eat, sit at a table and tuck into the food you have brought (turn to 263), or say that you are taking food to Ishtra (turn to 325)?

229

It soon becomes clear what you are up against. A raiding party of six Dark Elves is closing in on you, flitting from tree to tree. As soon as you see them, your Wood Elf blood boils. These warped Elves mock the goodness of the other Elven races; the scum deserve to die. Will you stand and fight (turn to 257), or run to try to break through their ever decreasing circle (turn to 336)?

230

Reduce your POWER score by 1 point. Turn to 394 to fight the Weevil Man, but reduce his STAMINA by 4 points.

231#

You find yourself back on the river-bank, among the willow trees; the fairy lights still flicker on and off. You walk through the copse, but it becomes more than a copse; you lose sight of the river and are lost among dense undergrowth. A clinging, claustrophobic feeling clamps down on your chest. The fairy lights have become baneful, yellow eyes glinting in the undergrowth. Your gaze is drawn to one pair of eyes in particular, and your eyes lock into these yellow ones. An unspoken voice seems to suggest, quite calmly, that you remain where you are. You feel inclined to obey. Will you give in to this inclination (turn to 371) or press on (turn to 60)?

232

The poison fails to make contact with your skin, but some may have entered your backpack. *Test your Luck* again. If you are Unlucky, 2 lots of Provisions have been ruined; if you are Lucky, you suffer no loss. Whatever the outcome, you must now decide whether to continue north (turn to 15) or veer somewhat to the west (turn to 51).

233

You find the cook in a foul mood: everything has gone wrong for her today. A Dark Elf raiding party failed to return from the outside world with fresh meat; the food from the ice store is taking ages to thaw; her assistant put too much bat's blood in the stew (a crime for which the assistant quickly *became* the stew!); and so on. When you walk into the kitchen, she thinks of a neat solution to her problems. Her day has been ruined by Dark Elves: why should a Dark Elf not make things better, by joining her former assistant in the pot? The cook is a large

half-human, specially brought from Corda by Ishtra's spies. She attacks you with a cleaver.

COOK	SKILL 6	STAMINA 10

If you win, you find another door in the south wall of the kitchen, but you can hear feet coming up the tunnel towards it. You bar the door. It will not take them long to break through it, but in an evil place like this, the death of the cook is probably not too remarkable and you do not expect to be pursued. You return to the dining-hall. Turn to 221.

234

You quickly arrange the objects, stand in the centre and wait. Ishtra bursts into your field of vision with a noise like a thunderbolt and the smell of corruption. Demon Princes take many forms; you see him as a goat-headed crocodile, which stands on two legs and has livid green fire playing over the surface of his body. He shrieks with evil glee when he sees a puny Elf standing before him, and rushes towards you in a frenzy of blood-lust. His arm is raised to blast you with a fireball and he is taunting you for even thinking to hinder his progress towards tyranny over Titan.

But as soon as he enters the enchanted circle, his shrieks of glee change to screams of agony. Before your very eyes, he starts to wither and fade. His body crumbles into dust, and his loathsome spirit is banished to the Demonic Plane from where it came. You seem to hear howls of frustrated rage receding into the distance. The six objects explode as if with the effort they have used to defeat the Demon Prince. It will take Ishtra a long time, in mortal years, to lick his wounds. Turn to **400**.

235

The crowd parts before you, but the path you take is not of your own choosing. They will let you go only in one direction, and a solid wall of different beings blocks off all other routes. You are guided inexorably to a square area within the crowd. In the centre of the square stands a gallows, and three stern judges sit beneath it. There is an empty bench in front of them, and you are obviously meant to sit on it. You do so. All three judges are ancient crones and the central one speaks: 'Let the Trial of Ghosts begin!' Turn to **309**.

236

You share with the friendly humans something of your Elven wood-lore, to help them on their way. Then, after mutual farewells and wishes of good luck, you continue on your way. Turn to **298**.

237

You grope around the cavern: it is too dark for even a Wood Elf to see very much. You find no exits, but you do come across foul evidence that its captors were feeding it – perhaps with their own troops. You also find the shattered remnants of furniture, as if in some time past this cavern had been used for a more civilized purpose. Among the broken and rotten wood, your hands make contact with something hard and spherical, which you take. Then you leave the cavern.

You return to the junction. There is no one around just at the moment, so you risk an inspection of what you found. It is a crystal ball, mounted on a black metal base. On the base are engraved runes which read, 'Ride the winds of time.' There is also the number 30 engraved next to the runes. Will you risk looking in the ball now (turn to 318), or will you put it in your pack and take the new south tunnel (turn to 90) or go back along the well-lit tunnel which you came down (turn to 132)?

238#

The river continues straight; it is sometimes deep and sometimes shallow. The journey is monotonous and, as often in the dream world, you do not know how long you have been here. Have you been walking for a minute or a decade? Then all at once the river is gone and you are standing on a plateau. The plateau changes to a smooth expanse of yellow sand, with the sea glistening to the horizon. Since you have never seen the sea before – though Eir legends about Tir nan Og speak of it – you are troubled. Will you walk into the sea (turn to 75) or explore the beach (turn to 149)?

239

Before long, you are at the foot of the hills, and you enter the glade whose spring greenery you admired from above. There is no doubt in your mind that this is an enchanted place, containing the power of Good. The air is fresh and sweet, small flowers dapple the sward, and the trees – mainly silver birches – are filled with trilling birds. You have no idea whose enchantment the place is under, but you can guess why it is there – as a bastion against the Evil of the blasted lands beyond. You revel in the pleasant atmosphere as you stroll among the trees. Soon you come to a fair-sized pool, which is fed by a bubbling brook. Will you drink from the pool (turn to 106), bathe in it (turn to 199), or avoid any contact with it (turn to 355)?

240

What is even more surprising is that when you approach the deer, it does not run away. It merely looks up at you and continues munching. But all too soon you realize that this is not surprising at all: the deer is actually a Shapechanger! As is the way with its kind, when you are within range its greed gets the better of it and it is revealed in its true, hideous form. What you thought was the placid munching of the deer turns out to be the monster's forked tongue licking its lips in anticipation! The Shapechanger hurls itself at you; its wicked claws are poised to rake your flesh. If you have a companion, turn to 396; otherwise, turn to 307.

241

You manage to block off your senses and persevere. The trees become less threatening and more lifeless – though that in itself wounds your Wood Elf heart. But the closer you get to the pit which is the source of the blight on the forest, the more you seem to be wading through a quagmire. It is not just that the ground is sticky and hard to cross; the air itself seems to squeeze your chest, until your breathing is laboured and harsh.

Eventually, you come close to the pit. The light has entirely faded now, and you know you are close only because of the tangible aura of Evil surrounding it. A mocking laugh splits the murky atmosphere, and a cold, cruel voice speaks to you: 'Puny Elf, do you seek to test yourself against me? I look forward to our meeting – if you get that far!'

Then all at once a thicket of impenetrable bushes springs up all around you. Wherever you turn there is no escape, and the thicket is closing in on you. Will you use a Fire spell to force a way through (turn to 41) or not (turn to 290)?

242

You are able deliberately to alter your dream to get out of the Angaroc's sphere of influence. Turn to 377.

243

The Wild Man sees you take your sword. His mood immediately changes from hysterics to cold fury, and he launches himself at you. His gleaming axe catches a ray of the dying sun, which has somehow made it through a filthy window.

WILD MAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

If you win, you may decide to take his magnificent axe, but if you do, you will have to leave Telessa behind, since both weapons would weigh you down. The man evidently has nothing concealed about his person; his tattered clothes hardly cover his body. You decide to search the hut. Turn to 136.

244

Test your *Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to get a grip on the monster just as it rears from the sand (turn to 134); if you are Unlucky, you are thrown off (turn to 297).

245

The patrol passes you by, with no more than the usual insults and jeers: there is no love lost between the various evil races. Once they have disappeared up the tunnel, you duck down behind the pile of bones to quieten your racing heart. Turn to 27.

246

As the dusk gets deeper, you can no longer see where it is safe to step. You are just considering whether or not to cast a Levitation spell, when you trip and fall forward into the mud. You put out your hands to cushion your fall, and you sink up to your elbows into slimy mud. Something wraps a tentacle around your hands and pulls you deeper, until your face is pressed into the thick ooze. You suffocate. Slime Suckers prefer cold meat.

247

You walk on, not knowing whether either man, or both of them, were liars. As time passes, you feel more and more sure that you are nearing your goal. You are walking now among low shrubs, which glow with unnatural light and ooze blood. Without warning, the ground beneath you gives way and you land in an underground tunnel through which a steaming river flows sluggishly. Turn to 85.

248

'We can add nothing to what you already know, from your dreams,' is the reply. However much you plead, you cannot move the impassive stags to respond any further. Will you carry on up the valley (turn to 383) or investigate the pile of bones (turn to 135)?

249

You cannot block out the sound; it seems to come up from the ground through the soles of your feet, or to stem from somewhere inside your own mind. You try to sing a cheerful ditty to drown out the screams, but the words come out all wrong. You know that you are nearing your goal and that the terror of your nightmares is one of Ishtra's last defences. You deliberately cross back into the real world, hoping to find brief respite there. Turn to 310.

250

In your dream, you have been wielding a sword like Telessa, but one which burns with bright fire. You refrain from the final scything blow, which would scatter Morpheus to the winds: since you are dreaming, you dare not kill the source of your dream. With a howl of frustration, Morpheus's conglomerate body falls apart. You have temporarily broken the bonds that hold his nightmare parts together. He will be rejoined some day: the world will not be rid of nightmares, but many will sleep more peacefully tonight.

Victory is yours, and you feel a tremendous surge of energy. Restore your POWER points to the level they were at before you entered Morpheus's cavern. You now have to decide whether to face Ishtra himself in the dream world or the real world. You can feel his presence drawing near, and you know that as a Demon Prince, who has taken on some form in the Earthly Plane, he will simultaneously occupy both worlds. If you choose to meet him in the dream world, turn to **167**; if you choose to meet him in the real world, turn to **346**; if your real-world body is wearing a green pendant, turn to **128**.

251

You manage to get to your feet, and the parasite drops to the ground. With mounting disgust, you make your way further along the gullet. Turn to **224**.

252

The struggle is useless and merely drains you: deduct 1 POWER point and turn to **99**.

253

You wake up. While you were dreaming, you had a feeling of certainty, invincibility and knowledge. But when you are fully awake, that feeling is gone; although you remember the details of the dream, you are uncertain what it means or what it could have to do with your quest. You judge from the night sky that dawn is still a couple of hours away. Will you go back to sleep (turn to **341**) or resume your journey (turn to **172**)?

254

You accost a Dwarf with a good-humoured face and ask her what is going on. She opens her mouth to speak; her lips move, but there is no sound that you can hear. You bend closer to listen – and a long, forked tongue shoots out of the Dwarf's mouth and wraps itself around your neck! You struggle to escape, but it is useless. A dark mist blurs your sight, and you black out. Lose 1 POWER point. When you come to, you are propped up on a bench in front of three stern judges. The crowd forms a solid square all around you. All three judges are ancient crones, and the central one speaks: 'Let the Trial of Ghosts commence!' Turn to 309.

255

You arrive outside a room which has a transparent door, made of some quartz. Although the quartz distorts your view, you can see that the room is an armoury. It could be worth exploring. Will you try the door (turn to 72), or walk on east down the tunnel (turn to 68)?

256

The Bloodhawk momentarily falters as your spell takes effect, but then it continues its dive towards you, talons outstretched. Turn to 29, but reduce its STAMINA by 4 points.

257

You do not stand a chance. Your last battle is bloody and heroic, but you are overwhelmed. There are no friendly witnesses to tell your kin of the death of Eldenurin.

258

You find yourself in a dining-hall. Most of the tables are unoccupied, but it is the turn of a platoon of Goblins to eat, and they are gobbling some vile mess at one of the tables. There is a door behind you, and there are also two sets of double doors, one in the wall to your left and the other in the wall to your

right. One of the Goblins – the leader of the squad, to judge by his size – looks up and notices you. He gets up, wipes a hand across his greasy mouth and demands to know your business. Since you are dressed as a Dark Elf, you decide to try a bluff; you could not hope to defeat a dozen Goblins in battle. Will you say that you are on your way to the kitchen (turn to 36) or coming from the kitchen (turn to 30)?

259

After only a few steps in the corrupt forest, you know that something is wrong. It is not just the sense of Evil, which you will get used to as you would to a bad smell which is not noticed after a while. There is something more . . . something within yourself.

You will find that from here on, in your adventure, you are unable to cast any spells. One of Ishtra's defences is to prevent any magic except his own being effective in his domain. You retain your POWER score, however: there may yet be some use for it!

As you walk forward, the evil mist which you saw from the hillside seethes around you, as if urging you to return. Lightning plays over to your right; a tall pine, throttled by ivy which is wriggling even now, looms in your path. From your survey from the hillside, you know that this blighted part of the forest is almost circular in shape, spreading out from a centre which must be where the entrance lies to Ishtra's underground stronghold. All you have to do is follow the steady worsening of the blight and you will reach your goal.

One obstacle at a time, however. You have reached one of the patches of bare ground, where the trees have rotted away to nothingness. Will you cross the clearing (turn to **158**) or walk around it, keeping to the trees (turn to **191**)?

260

You find that the Drake will obey your commands. You are not sure that you are ready to face Ishtra yet, so you do not ask it to take you there. But will you ask it to take you somewhere where you may gain more POWER (turn to **46**) or to a place of safety (turn to **142**)?

261

In the gathering gloom of a cloudy night, you cannot find anywhere else to rest. Deduct 1 LUCK point. You can either return to the cave (turn to **357**) or journey all night, with occasional fitful naps (turn to **390**).

262

You wake up to find that the battle was just an illusion. Restore your POWER score to what it was before the dream combat, and add 1 point for your victory. Turn to **372**.

263

After a few mouthfuls, you come across the finger of the cook's assistant in your stew. You retch and rush out of the dining-hall, trying not to vomit. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You are followed out of the room by the harsh laughter of the Goblins, who find your distress highly amusing. Did you leave by the small door in the west wall (turn to 54) or by the double doors in the north wall (turn to 145)?

264

This will do you no good at all. The Drake bucks and squirms, and you lose your seat. You fall down through the air; you see the ground rushing up to meet you. But this is only a dream, so you make yourself land safely in a tree – or almost safely, because you disturb a Hoatzin from its nest. A Hoatzin is a mythical bird with a two-metre wing-span, a vicious beak and claws projecting from its wing-tips. You cannot change this aspect of the dream world, because this is one of the creatures Ishtra has set to guard himself.

The Hoatzin swoops in to the attack. It has a POWER score of 12. Roll two dice. If you roll 2–7, the Hoatzin reduces your POWER score by 2; if you roll 8–12, you reduce its POWER score by 2. Continue the fight until either its or your POWER score is zero. If you win, turn to 340; if you lose, turn to 293.

265

You find two possible places to spend the night. You could make a bed under some bracken in a little dell (turn to 131), or you could climb up a mighty oak and make yourself comfortable in the crook of one of its vast lower branches (turn to 198).

266

When you get close enough to the tower, you can see what is on top of it, even though the pinnacle seems to be kilometres above you. It is a dark sickle moon. While you are looking up, something crashes into you with extreme force. You have been hit by a corpse, which is hanging from the moon by a long, long rope and is whirling around the circular tower like some demented puppet. Before your eyes, the tower shrinks and changes into a gallows; the corpse stops swinging and jumps lightly to the ground: its agility seems the most frightening thing of all. Its face is now a skull, with its teeth chattering in anticipation, as it tries to embrace you in kinship. You struggle to get free, and your struggles propel you back to the river-bank. Lose 1 POWER point and turn to 192.

267

It seems that the route you have chosen is beset with dangers. Later in the morning, you meet a Weevil Man, returning home from hunting. Weevil Men are mutants which are so misshapen as to resemble a cross between a beetle and a human. They have tough natural armour on their backs and tend to drop on to all fours to protect themselves. They were driven long ago from civilized society and the few remaining members of their species dwell in the hidden places of the world – such as deep in Affen Forest! As survivors in the hard world of Titan, they are far from cowardly fighters. This one drops the pack he is carrying and comes warily towards you, swinging a hatchet in a menacing way. You have time to cast a spell. Will you use a point of POWER in this way (turn to 87) or not (turn to 394)?

268

When you are about halfway across the creek, you have one of the most ghastly experiences of your life. You feel something cold slithering inside your clothing and fastening itself to your stomach. You involuntarily scream in horror, and your fear is increased by not having the faintest idea what manner of creature has attached itself to you. The time it takes you to wade to the north side of the creek – since there is little you can do when impeded by the water and you want to get out – seems to take for ever.

As soon as you reach the bank, you rip open your shirt and see not one but several Khulian Lampreys clinging with their suckers on to your flesh. These carnivorous creatures live both in water and on land. Now that the initial shock is over, you can feel the pain as the concerted effort of all their powerful suckers begins to tear your flesh. You must act quickly: you have already lost 2 STAMINA points. Your only chance is to cast a Weaken spell, and you will then be able to pluck them from your body. Once you have done this (remember to deduct 1 POWER point), turn to 214.

269

You walk through the doors and find yourself in a passage which very obviously, because of the steamy smells, leads to the kitchen. You could wait a while, in order to convince the Goblins that you have visited the kitchen, and then return to the dining-hall (turn to 379), or you could enter the kitchen through a door straight ahead of you (turn to 113).

270

As soon as you take the first mouthful, you find that both men are liars. A kaleidoscope of images whirls through your mind; you see your body tumbling in slow motion through a vortex. When things settle down, you find that it was the background, not your body, which was moving. You have simply crossed over, in a particularly dizzy fashion, to the real world. Turn to 258.

271

You feel somewhat sorry for this mutant outcast, whose ancestors were exiled by the barbarous race of humans. Will you avoid a confrontation by using a Protect spell (turn to 97), an Illusion spell (turn to 71) or a Levitation spell (turn to 37)?

272

You reach the outside air and draw great breaths deep into your lungs. Lose 1 POWER point for your fright. You continue on your way overground. Turn to 368.

273

You realize that a wall of fire may only delay the battle: the Wolves could just wait until the fire dies down, and you cannot afford to go on and on making fire. So you decide to reduce the odds. You shoot a fireball at the strongest Wolf (deduct 1 POWER point). It runs away, badly burned, yelping, and with the charred remains of its tail between its legs. When the other two Wolves have recovered from their surprise, they leap at you. By summoning up your innate nimbleness as a Wood Elf, you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF	7	6
Second WOLF	6	6

If you win, turn to 314.

274

You arrive at a crossroads. The stone of the tunnels glistens damply in the torchlight. A main passage runs to right and left, and there is also a tunnel straight ahead, though it is narrow and unlit. Will you go left (turn to **288**), right (turn to **112**) or straight ahead (turn to **143**)?

275

You carry on northwards, but find not quite enough food to sustain you. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and turn to **332**.

276

You slash and hack with your weapon, until you can take no more; your arms are tired and the ground underfoot is slippery and slimy. Add 1 LUCK point. You then return to the junction and head north. Turn to **317**.

277

You start to wriggle through, pressing yourself into the ground. Your backpack tends to snag on the branches, but you leave it on your back as protection. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you receive no scratches; if you are Unlucky, the slight poison of the holly reduces your STAMINA by 2 points. Turn to **206**.

278

If your POWER score is still 17 or over, turn to **165**; otherwise, turn to **117**.

279

You wriggle along the tunnel, hoping that nothing dangerous will pursue you or come to greet you in these cramped conditions, where fighting would be next to impossible. In fact, however, before long the tunnel widens and allows you to proceed on hands and knees. At the same time, you can begin to make out a dim glow from ahead. Will you carry on (turn to **124**) or return to the cave and walk up the outside of the hill (turn to **114**)?

280

Whatever Ishtra hides in this room, he wants it kept secret. He has protected the room with intricate spells. As soon as you insert your key in the lock, you receive a shock, which jolts your whole body. The effect, however, is not physical: you lose 1 POWER point. You can try another door by rolling another double, or you can carry on up the corridor (turn to **217**).

281

The tunnel you are in winds quite a lot, but its general direction is northerly. Gradually, from up ahead, you begin to hear the sound of gruff voices raised in argument. You peer round a corner, when you judge that you are close enough to the source of the sound, and see a Troll and an Ogre. They have literally bumped into each other at the junction of two passages, one of which continues north, while the other goes east. It seems that the Ogre was carrying various instruments of torture, but dropped them when the Troll crashed into him. You hear the Ogre tell the Troll that he's a clumsy oaf and to pick up the torture devices. The Troll stubbornly refuses. 'Harsh words lead to cold steel,' as the saying goes in Titan, and before long the pair of misshapen monsters are fighting. Will you try to sneak past while they are occupied (turn to 193) or wait to see what happens (turn to 385)?

282

You pass, on the left side of the valley, a rock formation which juts out of the cliff like some vast buttress. As soon as you are past it, you can see that it is matched by another about two hundred metres further down. In the backwater, as it were, of the valley, which lies between these twin buttresses, you find the answer to your questions about the nature of this place.

Two majestic stags, whose many-branched antlers indicate great age and authority, are standing,

apparently on guard, in front of a vast pile of bones. You now realize that this is the legendary death-ground of the deer of Affen Forest. It is said that no mortal may gaze upon it and live, but perhaps this is just an old wives' tale, for you certainly do not feel threatened. Will you, nevertheless, cross to the other side of the valley, to give the stags a wide berth (turn to **383**), or will you approach the death-ground (turn to **101**)?

283

You try to command the Drake, but it takes no notice. It may even be unaware that it has anything on its back. Will you prod it with your sword, to make it aware of you (turn to **264**), or sit tight and see where it takes you (turn to **216**)?

284

To your great relief, the bog soon gives way to firmer ground. You turn west again, but travel for only another half-hour before the deepening dusk persuades you to make camp for the night. There is a huge fallen tree, in the hollow of whose roots you could sleep (turn to **335**), or you could climb up another vast tree and camp in the branches (turn to **133**).

285

You think that, since Morpheus is the source of nightmares and you are currently having a nightmare, you would endanger yourself by attacking him. Gain 1 POWER point for this wise decision. You wake up in the cold light of dawn; the sun is barely visible through the noxious, murky air. It is with some reluctance that you continue your journey. Turn to **116**.

286

Because of the nature of this extraordinary and spooky battle, you may restore only *half* of your lost POWER points. As you strike the final blow, not only does your double disappear, but the forest around you shimmers and then vanishes. You feel lonely and lost; the feeling affects the dream world and you find yourself in the middle of a vast desert. A tell-tale ripple in the sand shows that a Giant Sandworm is passing by. Will you try to leap on to its back for a ride (turn to **244**) or not (turn to **297**)?

287

It is now morning, and you wake from your nightmare in the Wild Man's hut. Your body is aching and sore, as if the fight had been real, and your neck is bruised where the tree throttled you. Restore your POWER score to 1 point less than it was before the dream fight, and deduct 2 STAMINA points. If the Wild Man is still alive, turn to **215**; otherwise, you crawl back through the hollies and continue on your way (turn to **116**).

288

You are in a tunnel, heading west. After a while you come to a junction, where there is an extremely solid-looking door to your left. It has no keyhole and looks too tough to barge down, so you turn right. There is a smell of fear in the air. Turn to **188**.

289

If your POWER score is 14 or more, turn to **49**; otherwise, turn to **20**.

290

You boldly march up to the thicket – which parts and then vanishes to let you through! You know that in dreams the images that you see are formed by your own mind, and can therefore be changed or dispelled by your own mind, if you have enough POWER and make the right decisions. But by dispelling this illusion, you also dissolve the dream as a whole, and you wake up. Turn to **380**.

291

As soon as you defeated the Fog Devil, the mist mysteriously cleared. You continue south, shaken by your ordeal. By the late morning, there is no sign that you are getting any nearer Ishtra's pit – but then there is no sign that you are getting further away either. Still, you contemplate a change of direction. Will you continue south (turn to **178**), or turn west (turn to **300**) or north-west (turn to **18**)?

292

You decide that, however high your POWER score, this is one fight you cannot hope to win in the dream world. You cross over to the real world instead. Turn to **346**.

293

Restore your POWER score to 1 point less than what it was before the fight. Turn to **361**.

294

You call out, in the common tongue: 'Hello, there! I come in peace. Will you let me approach your camp?' As soon as you began to speak, the voices went silent, and they remain silent now: there is no reply to your question. You call a similar message again, but with equally little response. You go up to the edge of the clearing and peer around a tree-trunk. You see half a dozen humans huddled fearfully under a cart, white faces looking in your direction. There are three men, one woman and two children. Will you persevere with your attempt to be friendly (turn to **129**), or leave them be (turn to **298**)?

295

The most puzzling feature of the corpse is the boulder on its hand. The boulder does not look heavy enough to have trapped this long-dead traveller, so there are two possibilities. Either the lichen which covers the boulder is somehow deadly, and caused this adventurer's death when it came into contact with his hand; or someone or something rolled the boulder on to his hand when he was already dead or dying. If you think the first possibility is correct, then you will take care to avoid any contact with the boulder when you examine the skeleton (turn to **110**); if you think the second possibility is correct, then the reasons for covering the adventurer's hand with the rock are very odd indeed, and might be worth discovering by rolling the boulder off the hand (turn to **182**).

296

You give in to the temptation. You will live out your days in a pleasant but fruitless half-dream, tending the enchanted fairy glade. Whether, or for how long, you stem the tide of Ishtra's army, is not recorded. Your quest is over.

297

You trudge off through a dream world of desert sand. At first you slip and slide on the shifting surface, but gradually you get better at it. You haven't the faintest idea where you are going. There is no sun in this dream world, and even if there were, who knows if it rises in the east here? You

have never seen so much sand before except in other dreams, and you recall legends of the island of Tír nan Og, where there is also said to be sand, bordering a vast expanse of undrinkable, uncrossable water.

These thoughts lead to the certainty that such an expanse of water lies to your left. You hope that you have not died and gone to Tír nan Og, but you can no more resist the impulse to journey in that direction than a feather can resist the wind. And, since this is the dream world, you have no sooner turned left to go towards the sea, than there it is, spread out before you. Will you walk into the sea (turn to 75) or explore the sandy beach (turn to 149)?

298

The further west you travel, the more you are struck by the peculiar behaviour of the animals. Normally timid creatures snarl at you from the bushes; birds twitter in fright from the topmost branches. It is also clear that the woodland creatures have been harvesting food. It is not the usual season for this, and you realize that all this strange behaviour is due to their instinctive awareness of Ishtra's imminent invasion.

There are two consequences of this. In the first place, it makes you confident that you are heading in the right direction. Secondly, however, you begin to regret not bringing any Provisions from home, since it is likely that the closer you get to Ishtra's pit, the more the forest animals will have gathered or eaten the available food. You always knew that you would need to carry food when you were underground, but it now seems sensible to gather Provisions for your whole journey, both overground and underground.

The next stage of your westward journey will be found by turning to 376. Before you turn there, however, remember that paragraph number and turn to 50.

299

The Goblin grunts, 'Huh! Carry on!', and lets you pass. Will you head for the door on your right (turn to 330) or the one straight ahead (turn to 269)?

300

As you travel west, you gradually become convinced that it was a good idea to change direction because you begin to notice increasingly strange behaviour among the animals of the forest. Normally shy creatures snarl aggressively at you from the undergrowth; birds twitter in alarm from the tree-tops. It is also clear that the woodland creatures have been harvesting food. It is not the usual season for this, and you realize that all this strange behaviour is due to their instinctive awareness of Ishtra's imminent invasion.

You begin to regret not bringing any Provisions with you from home, especially since it is likely that the closer you get to Ishtra's pit, the more the forest animals will have gathered or eaten all the available food. You always knew that you would have to carry food when you were underground, but it now seems sensible to gather Provisions for your whole journey, both overground and underground.

The next stage of your journey will be found by turning to 382. Before you turn there, however, remember that paragraph number and turn to 50.

301

The Wild Man makes a mocking bow, extends an arm towards his dilapidated hut and invites you in. On the way, he scoops up your sword. Once you are inside, he sweeps a bench clear of utensils and mouldy bread, and tells you to sit there; he draws up a chair opposite you. Once you have stopped sneezing from the dust you raise by sitting on the bench, you introduce yourself: 'I am Eldenurin, of the Galoren tribe of Wood Elves of Affen Forest.' If your POWER score is 17 or over, turn to 152; otherwise, turn to 324.

302

As soon as you leave the eye of the storm, you are lashed and buffeted this way and that by the raging forces. Something seems to eject you violently from the storm and deposits you back in the centre. Lose 1 POWER point and turn to 76.

303

You look around for an exit, and immediately the garden vanishes. Instead, you find yourself among new and horrifying surroundings. You are in the gullet of some monster. Whether you have become tiny or it is vast is irrelevant; at any rate, its gullet is like a living, pulsating tunnel to you. Presumably, behind you lies its stomach; but ahead lies its throat and mouth – and the possibility of freedom. That is the direction you take.

But the gullet is infested with eel-like parasites, which wriggle and nip and attempt to trip you up in the treacherous slime. Roll two dice for the parasites, and then two dice for yourself. If the total is equal, continue until you get a result. If their total is more than yours, turn to 356; if your total is more than theirs, turn to 224.

304

Inevitably, one of the frequent patrols has to come up your tunnel. As soon as you see them coming, you straighten up from your crouched position and prepare to bluff your way out of the situation, since you realize that this is your only chance. You walk boldly out of the tunnel mouth as the patrolling Orcs approach it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 245; if you are Unlucky, turn to 107.

305

The door opens smoothly and you step through. You are immediately faced by another junction, but you can hear marching feet up the eastern tunnel. Meanwhile, the door behind you has shut again, so you go north. Turn to 188.

306

Even though you are already dreaming, your journey along this path seems dream-like. But it is the smooth, gliding motion of your body which gives this impression, not any dullness of your senses. On the contrary, the further you go along this path, the more alert you become and the more aware of every colour, smell and noise, of the springy feel of the turf beneath your light Elf feet, and even of a gradually increasing richness of atmosphere. Telessa gleams in your hand and seems to reflect an unknown source of light.

The end of this journey comes unexpectedly. You are passing through a clearing when your feet simply refuse to go any further. You look around. Evergreen trees surround the clearing and tower to the sky; as you watch, their tops bend over and form a dark canopy over your head. Then you notice six white elder trees in the middle of the clearing, and you know that you must stand in the centre of the ring they form.

As soon as you do so, a voice speaks. Is it from the trees, the air or merely inside your mind? It is impossible to tell. But the voice, though quiet, is

crystal clear, because there is utter calm, as if you and everything around you were holding its breath. 'Eldenurin, save the forest. You have seen and smelled the suffering it is enduring, yet this is only the smallest fraction of what it and the whole world will suffer, if the Evil underground is released. Prepare yourself, if you will undertake this burden. For now I tell you this: remember this sacred spot.'

Gain 1 POWER point. You now awaken from the dream. Turn to 380.

307

The Shapechanger's insatiable greed lends fury to its onslaught. This fight will test your skill.

SHAPECHANGER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 146.

308

By noon, you are starting to climb into a range of hills. In your weakened state, you find the climb very tiring: deduct 2 further STAMINA points. But you make it to the top, and sit down to survey the scene below. The hill descends gently into a valley, where all seems to be peace and harmony. The trees there seem still to be clothed in spring green. But this fresh copse ends with shocking abruptness in terrain which is unlike anything you have seen before, awake or in your worst nightmares. You realize that you are looking out over the blighted part of the forest, which your dream revealed to you. It is considerably larger than you thought it would be: it stretches for kilometres. Turn to 386.

309

You try to cross back to the real world, but it is no good. Some force holds you here. It will be released only if you are successful in the Trial of Ghosts. You have heard that in some parts of Titan, humans practise barbaric forms of trial. For instance, a sorcerer might be thrashed with stout branches of thorn. If the wounds on his body form, in the judges' opinion, shapes born of Hell, then he is burned as a necromancer; if not, he is released, though he may be near death or scarred for life.

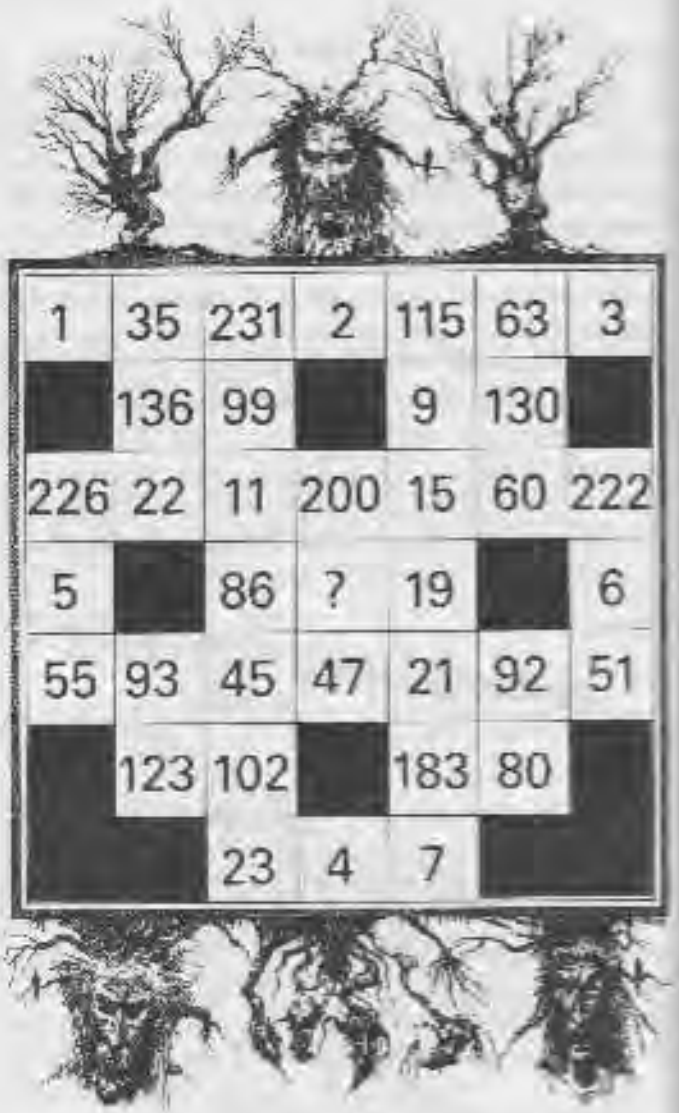

In the same way, the Trial of Ghosts is arbitrary – a matter mainly of luck. On the opposite page is what you see on the ground in front of you. Roll one die: this is the number of the square you start on. You now have to pick a route through to the centre, which is where the judges sit, and is indicated in the diagram by a question mark. The route you take must consist of only five squares, including the one you start with. The route can go vertically, horizontally or diagonally from square to square. Thus, if you start from 4, your route could be 4, 7, 183, 21, 19. When you have chosen your route, turn to the paragraph whose number is its total (234 in the example above). If the paragraph makes no sense, you have failed the test and will be hanged on the gallows, with the crowd's laughter ringing in your ears. Because you are currently bound to this world, your POWER will be drained and your physical body will die too. Good luck!

310

You find yourself in a corridor with numbered doors on either side of it. To your left are doors numbered 11, 33 and 55; to your right are doors numbered 22, 44 and 66. Roll two dice until you roll a double, and then try the appropriate door (so, if you roll double 1, try the door marked 11, and so on). To try a door, turn to the paragraph with the same number as that marked on the door. If you choose to ignore all the doors and walk on up the corridor, turn to 217.

311

The only compensation – if it can be called that – for your slow progress during the day is that you are unable to sleep all night, because of the itching, so you can press on with your journey. Lose 2 STAMINA points for weakness, however. The further west you travel, the more you notice that the wildlife of the forest is wary of intrusion – even that of a Wood Elf, who is normally considered to be just another denizen of the forest. This gives you confidence that you are heading in the right direction.

The cautiousness of the animals, however, brings its own dangers, since they are more likely to attack any intruders. Sure enough, round about dawn, you are set upon by a couple of Sciacalls, whose lair you stumble into. These creatures resemble jackals, but have a ridge of bony projections down their spine. As is usual with their kind, the female attacks first, to try to supply her mate with meat; but if you defeat the female, you will find that the male is perfectly capable of hunting for himself!

	SKILL	STAMINA
Female SCIACALL	6	6
Male SCIACALL	6	8

If you win, turn to 267.

312

Your ankles slip off the rope and your legs splash into the river; but you keep your grip with your hands. You draw your legs up away from the tug of the fast-flowing river, and try to pull yourself up until you can wrap your legs around the rope again. Roll three dice. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to 353; if it is more than your STAMINA score, turn to 161.

313

You are walking through a field of flame, but you are not burned. You wonder why and, as soon as you do so, you feel a change come over you. You are now a salamander, a lizard-like creature which can endure great heat. You tell yourself that this is just as well, since you seem to be living in the mouth of a volcano. Will you explore over the lip of the volcano (turn to 213) or will you go deeper into the volcano's mouth (turn to 174)?

314

You are weary after your fight. You must find a place to rest very soon, and the only option is to select a cave. Turn to 181.

315

You scramble once again through the darkness of the tunnel. When you reach the end, this time you turn right. The patrol of Goblins that you saw before is long gone. You meet a couple of Troglodytes, but have no difficulty in bluffing your way past these pea-brains. The passage ends at a junction where you could turn right (turn to 123) or left (turn to 320).

316

Among all the dust and debris of the Wild Man's cluttered hut, you find only one item which is outstanding. This is a piece of amber, small enough to fit easily into your closed hand. What is remarkable about this amber is that trapped within it is a female glow-worm, whose phosphorescent light is still shining, despite the millennia it must have spent in the fossil resin. You also notice that in some past time, the number 20 has been engraved in fine, spidery runes on one face of the amber cube. You put the amber in your pack. Since it is now evening, you decide to use the hut as a refuge for the night. Turn to 86.

317*

You plod north up the tunnel. The ground rises gradually until it crosses the river as a natural span of rock. At the far end of the span are a couple of Orc guards; they let you past since they mistake you for a Dark Elf and their job, they say, is to prevent Prowlers from getting out into the tunnels. Some time afterwards, you come to a junction where you could either continue north (turn to 393) or turn east down a darker tunnel (turn to 184).

318

At first you see nothing except swirling mist. Then the mist abruptly clears and you see a vision of your own future – death at the hands of an Orc. The crystal ball does not lie. While you have been engrossed in looking into it, the Orc has crept up behind you. He raises a jagged scimitar . . . and your adventure is over.

319

In the morning, when you wake up, you tear away the screen from the mouth of the cave. Dawn light floods in from the sun, which has risen just over the tops of the trees in the forest plain below. You can now see more of the cave than you could last night, and you realize that it goes deeper into the mountain than you had thought. At the back of the cave, screened by a boulder, a narrow tunnel winds away into darkness. It is so narrow that you would have to wriggle through, pushing your backpack and sword in front of you. You can feel no draught issuing from

the tunnel, nor is there any other indication that it might lead anywhere. Will you explore the tunnel (turn to 35), or continue up the hillside (turn to 114)?

320

You find the cook in a foul mood. Everything has gone wrong for her today: a Dark Elf raiding party failed to return from the outside world with fresh meat; the food from the ice store is taking ages to thaw; her assistant put too much bat's blood in the stew (a crime for which her assistant quickly *became* the stew!); and so on. When you walk into the kitchen, she thinks of a neat solution to her problems. Her day has been ruined by Dark Elves: why should a Dark Elf not make things better, by joining her former assistant in the pot? The cook is a large half-human, specially brought from Corda by Ishtra's spies. She attacks you with a cleaver.

COOK SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If you win, you find another door in the north wall of the kitchen. You pick up a tray of food to make your exit from the kitchen more convincing, go through the door and soon find yourself outside another set of doors, through which you can hear snuffles and snorts. Having got so far, you reckon that you might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, as humans say, so you open the doors. Turn to 228.

321

You leave the thicket of holly bushes behind and press on through the gloomy dusk. After a kilometre or so, you come across a jumble of boulders, scattered among the trees as if they were gigantic hailstones. Once you have checked that none of them is a disguised Boulder Beast, you decide that this is as good a spot as any to spend the night. As you settle yourself down, a Komodo Lizard arrives, with the same idea as you. The winner will have a bed for the night!

KOMODO LIZARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 384.

322

You could cross the marsh safely by using several Levitation spells, but you do not want to drain too much of your POWER, so you travel as much as you can by foot. In fact, it takes a Finding spell and a Levitation spell to cross the marsh safely: deduct 2 POWER points. It also takes the best part of a day, since you often have to back-track to find the best route.

Once you are out of the boggy area, you decide to turn west; but you travel for only another half-hour before the deepening dusk persuades you to make camp for the night. You could sleep in the hollow under the roots of a fallen tree (turn to 335), or you could climb up another vast tree and camp in the branches (turn to 133).

323

It soon becomes clear what you are up against. A raiding party of six Dark Elves is closing in on you, flitting from tree to tree. As soon as you see them, your Wood Elf blood boils and you are ready for the fray. These warped Elves mock the goodness of the other Elven races; the scum deserve to die. Eric takes on three of them, while you engage the other three.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DARK ELF	8	6
Second DARK ELF	7	6
Third DARK ELF	7	8

You stand between two close trees, and back to back with Eric, so that you can fight your opponents one at a time. If you win, turn to 19.

324

Something in what you say obviously strikes the Wild Man as incredibly amusing. He howls with laughter, until tears roll from his eyes down his cheeks, leaving trails in the dirt of his face. He doubles up with laughter and starts to roll around the floor, kicking his legs in the air. Will you seize the opportunity to grab your sword and fight (turn to 243), or just sit and watch his antics (turn to 166)?

325

'What do you mean?' rasps the Goblin, drawing his crooked sword. 'Ishtra does not eat food such as this – he sucks the energy of living things.' Your bluff is exposed. You are quickly overcome and taken to be Ishtra's next meal.

326

During the afternoon, there is no noticeable increase or decrease in the strange behaviour of the forest animals, which you observed before. You reckon that you may have to change direction, but you postpone that decision until morning and decide to look first for a place to spend the night. While you are pondering these matters, you almost trip over a sapling which someone has bent down and fixed to the ground. As you walk past, will you leave the sapling to your right (turn to **265**) or to your left (turn to **197**)?

327

The ruse works. He relaxes his guard; you dive for Telessa, roll over and regain your feet, sword in hand, all in one swift and expert motion. The crazy man hurls himself at you, furious at being tricked.

WILD MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you win, you may decide to take his magnificent axe, but to do so, you would have to leave Telessa behind, since the two weapons would weigh you down. The man evidently has nothing concealed about his person: his tattered clothes were hardly covering his body. You decide to search the hut. Turn to **136**.

328

You flip over to the dream world to avoid the chaotic Orc, but his lurching motion makes him collide with your invisible body. He instinctively lashes out with his mace and catches you a glancing blow. You must flip back to the real world to fight him, but deduct 2 STAMINA points for the wound he has already inflicted on you. Return to 348.

329

Since there are no features to make one direction more attractive than another, it takes a surprising amount of will to start walking. But no sooner have you made that effort of will than things change drastically. You are standing in a clear spot – the eye of the storm – while all around you rages the most terrible storm, as if the gods themselves were at war, or the sky were trying to separate from the earth. The storm seems to be pressing in towards where you stand. Will you run for your life (turn to 302) or stay where you are (turn to 76)?

330

This is not the way to the kitchen, so your bluff is exposed. The Goblins make short work of you, and then return to their meal – with an extra item on the menu!

331

You find yourself walking in a garden, where all is peace and tranquillity. After your recent experiences, you are at first suspicious of such surroundings. Will you explore the garden (turn to 139) or leave it (turn to 303)?

332

As you proceed northwards, you see more and more evidence that the woodland creatures are preparing for Ishtra's imminent invasion. It is not just that they have been gathering much of the available food; you also notice that their behaviour patterns are different. There are fewer animals than usual, as if many have already fled; normally timid creatures snarl at you from bushes; birds twitter in fright from the topmost branches.

You begin to regret not bringing any Provisions from home, especially since it is likely that the closer you get to Ishtra's pit, the more the forest animals will have eaten or gathered the available food. You always knew that you would need to carry food when you were underground, but it now seems sensible to take time to gather Provisions for your whole journey, both overground and underground.

The next stage of your northward journey will be found by turning to 347. Before you turn there, however, remember that paragraph number and turn to 50.

333*

The tunnel slopes downwards, and after a while you begin to hear the sound of flowing water ahead. Sure enough, you soon find yourself on the bank of a subterranean river. A noxious mist rises from the river and prevents you seeing how wide it is. There is a thick, taut rope which disappears into the mist, but looks as though it might cross the river. Will you use the rope to cross the river (turn to **26**) or wait a while (turn to **345**)?

334

The Vampire's wings enfold you, until all is darkness and you can see only the red glow of its eyes as its head draws ever closer to your neck. You wake up in horror . . . and find, of course, that it was all an illusion. Restore your POWER score to 1 point less than what it was before the dream combat. It is now morning, so you decide to continue on your way. Turn to **172**.

335

For a while you sleep dreamlessly, but towards dawn you start to dream. In your dream you are crossing a vast, ice-bound plain. A bitter, merciless wind howls down from a mountain range ahead of you and cuts through your clothing as if you were naked. Then your sight of the mountains is cut off by a blizzard; the snow, driven before the wind, stings your eyes and blurs your vision. The howling of the wind changes its tone and becomes both more definite and more sinister. A bulky form seems to be solidifying out of the falling snow. You will have to fight this Snow Ghost: it has a POWER score of 14.

Roll two dice. If you roll 2–7, the Snow Ghost reduces your POWER score by 2 points; if you roll 8–12, you reduce its POWER score by 2 points. Continue this form of dream combat until either its or your POWER score is zero. The Snow Ghost tries to thump you with its fists, while in your dream you wield a club. If you defeat the Snow Ghost, turn to 262; if the Snow Ghost defeats you, turn to 137.

336

This is your best course of action: it will enable you to have a running battle with your opponents, rather than face them all at once. The rules for this running battle are as follows. Fight each Dark Elf in turn. If the combat with the first Dark Elf lasts longer than four Attack Rounds, the second Dark Elf will have reached you, and will have free strikes against you for however many rounds it takes to finish off the first one. When you have finished off the first Dark Elf, turn to fight the second; the third will then have free strikes against you, if you fail to defeat the second within four rounds. Any free strikes against you will reduce your STAMINA by the usual 2 points. Continue this procedure until you have defeated all six Dark Elves – or until they have defeated you!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DARK ELF	8	6
Second DARK ELF	7	6
Third DARK ELF	7	8
Fourth DARK ELF	8	7
Fifth DARK ELF	6	6
Sixth DARK ELF	6	8

If you win, turn to **392**.

337

You manage to resist the petrifying wail of the Banshee, and before it reaches you, you have your weapon ready to fight it. You are fortunate that its long imprisonment has made it a less formidable foe

than others of its kind; it is weak, and although it continues to shriek, the screams have no effect on you.

BANSHEE SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, you could see if the Banshee's cave leads anywhere (turn to **237**), or you could go back to the junction and either take the new tunnel south (turn to **90**) or return east along the tunnel that brought you to this part of Ishtra's domain (turn to **132**).

338

You still seem to be walking along a peaceful forest track; and you see another Wood Elf walking towards you. At first you think that this Wood Elf is just like yourself, but then you realize that it *is* yourself. You move to the left, and your double moves to its right; you step backwards and so does your double. You will have to fight your double! It has the same POWER score as you. Roll two dice. If you roll 2–7, your double has reduced your POWER by 2; if you roll 8–12, you have reduced its POWER by 2. If you lose, you have killed yourself; if you win, turn to **286**.

339

You soon pass several nut trees and bushes – but they have all been stripped of nuts. This is strange: it must be the work of squirrels, yet squirrels usually store nuts only in autumn, to prepare for winter. Why should they do so in summer? Then it occurs to you that the little creatures may be preparing for something worse than winter – the coming of Ishbra and his fell troops. If the squirrels' instincts tell them to gather their stores now, time is short indeed. Will you look for the store of nuts, to fill the hole in your stomach (turn to **222**), or return to a northerly route (turn to **275**)?

340

Restore your POWER score to what it was before the fight, then increase it by 1 point for your victory. Turn to **361**.

341

For a while nothing happens. Then you see the most bizarre and unrealistic series of images. You are standing in the middle of a sort of ravine, whose sides are made out of . . . well, you suppose they are buildings of some sort, since many weirdly dressed humans are coming and going through the doors. But you cannot even begin to guess what stone the buildings are made of; they are filled with unnatural light as well, but the worst thing is that they tower to the sky and threaten to fall on everyone's heads. You shout to the strange people to run, but it soon becomes clear that they can neither see

nor hear you. You can see, but cannot hear; you are surrounded by rush, but it all takes place in eerie silence.

Then a new horror becomes apparent. The smooth path you are standing on is suddenly filled by dozens of monsters. They are made out of metal and glass, it seems, and move at a terrifying speed. Each of them has at least one of the humans in it, who are obviously prisoners, and often have grim, tortured expressions on their faces.

You wake up from this nightmare; you can bear no more of it. Is this some other world altogether, or is this to be the future of Titan? Is the earth to be controlled by metal monsters, with humans for slaves? And where were Elves, Dwarfs and other races? You find tears springing to your eyes in fear for your race, for you know that no Elf could live in such a place. But now you are awake, you must get on with your mission. Turn to **172**.

342

What are portcullises in the real world are magical barriers in the dream world; you still cannot get past. Lose 1 LUCK point and return to **362**.

343

He puts up no resistance, and in your dream you cut him to pieces, slashing ferociously as if to avenge all the races of Titan. But since he is the source of nightmares, and since you are in a nightmare, in killing him you kill your dream body, and it is no longer connected to your sleeping self. Your POWER is drained. Your physical body jerks once and is still for ever. Anyone who finds your corpse will wonder at its unmarked state.

344

You set off west through the familiar forest. The sun strikes shafts of light through the trees, birds sing in the branches and small animals rustle the undergrowth. But the burden of your quest lies heavy on you, and you cannot take your usual pleasure in such things. There are few true paths this deep in the forest, but there are plenty of signs to show a Wood Elf which way is which, and you maintain a generally westward direction.

After half a day's travel, you smell wood-smoke and hear the rumble of indistinct voices – humans, most probably, to judge by the timbre of the voices. They are a little way off to your left. Will you seek their company (turn to **387**) or press on with your journey (turn to **298**)?

345

You reckon that it would be highly inefficient for Ishtra's troops to rely merely on the rope to get across the river; the rope must be attached to a ferry, which can be pulled from bank to bank along it. You wait for a long enough time for doubts to creep into your mind, but then you can see the rope trembling, and shortly afterwards you hear the distinctive creaking of a boat. You hope that there is a single ferryman, not a squadron of Ishtra's troops on board.

You are lucky: there is only the ferryman – an Ogre. When he has drawn the boat up to the bank, he waits for you to get on. You notice that he has an axe lying conveniently close to hand; and you notice a small pile of boars' tusks in a box. If you have a boar's tusk, he will take you across, since this is the token with which all of Ishtra's troops are issued (turn to **100**); otherwise, you will have to fight him (turn to **42**).

346

In the course of your adventure you may have acquired some artefacts which were numbered, and some which were linked with special numbers. Add together the numbers of all the artefacts you have, and turn to the paragraphs whose number is the same as the total. If you cannot do this, or if the paragraph you turn to does not make sense at this point of your adventure, turn to **212**.

347

The route you are following takes you past a Death Dripper. The sensitive roots of this tall, tree-like plant detect the vibrations caused by any creature's footsteps, and the plant immediately drips a fast-acting poison from its sickly yellow flowers. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **232**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **194**.

348*

You are unlucky enough to run into a chaotic Orc. You can tell that he has been tainted by Chaos because of the extra arm which has sprouted from one of his shoulders. He also reels from side to side, and occasionally even steps backwards, as if his sense of balance were impaired as well. He blames most of the world for his deficiencies, but especially hates Elves; he attacks you without reason. Fortunately, the Orc's awkwardness partially compensates for his extra fighting arm.

CHAOTIC ORC SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, you continue west down the passage, until you come to a junction. To the right is a narrow, dark tunnel, which has a sign hanging from the roof, which reads simply 'DANGER'. It is a new sign, and has obviously been put up by some of Ishtra's troops. To the left is a tunnel with no outstanding features that you can see. Will you go right (turn to 5) or left (turn to 90)?

349

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 118; if you are Unlucky, turn to 81.

350

As soon as you step between the pillars, your trained sixth sense picks up an important feature of Ishtra's underground domain: this is a place where the dream world and the real world overlap. You can travel through these tunnels in either world. Thus throughout this final lap of your adventure, you could try to get to Ishtra entirely in the dream world, or entirely in the real world, or you could flip from one world to the other. Most remarkably, when you travel in the dream world in Ishtra's domain, your physical body moves too. It is not like being asleep, when your body remains in the same place; it is rather that, even though you are actually walking along, your awareness is only of the dream world – you are like a sleep-walker.

Apart from the different adventures the two worlds offer, it should be noted that there are advantages and disadvantages to them both. For instance, you cannot expect to acquire physical artefacts in the dream world; on the other hand, while you are in the dream world, your physical body is invisible (but not immaterial) in the real world. It should also be noted that when you cross from the dream world to the real world, you may be disorientated and not know exactly where you are in the tunnels.

Whenever a 'real-world' paragraph is marked by *, you can choose to flip to the dream world by subtracting 20 from the paragraph number and turning to that new reference. Whenever a 'dream-world' paragraph is marked by #, you can choose to flip to

the real world by adding 50 to the paragraph number and turning to that new reference. You can flip from one world to the other in this way whatever other choices the paragraph offers. You will be offered the opportunity to flip only when it is feasible to do so. For now, you step cautiously down the tunnel ahead of you. Turn to 362.

351*

You come to a passage on your left, but you can hear voices in it, so you carry straight on. Some way further on, you see a stout wooden door to your right. You listen, but can hear no noises from beyond the door. Will you carry on north (turn to 274) or find out what is behind the door (turn to 13)?

352

If you use a Fire spell, turn to 207; if you use a Weaken spell, turn to 230.

353

You manage to regain your grip, and you continue to inch your way along the rope. But soon you feel the rope start to tremble. At first you don't know what is going on, and hanging upside down on the rope makes it even more difficult to look ahead through the mist. Then you begin to hear the distinctive creaking of a boat, and you realize what the rope is for. There is a ferry across the river, and it is pulled to and fro along the rope, which passes through an attachment on the ferry. The ferry is now heading towards you from the other bank of the river. You have no choice but to wait . . . and hope that there is a single ferryman, not a squadron of Ishtra's troops on board.

You are lucky: there is only the ferryman. He calls out to you as soon as he sees you, but continues to pull on the rope and guide the ferry along it. When the prow of the boat is beneath you, you drop down on to it. There is no way that the ferryman – an Ogre – is going to believe any excuses you could make up for being on the rope: a regular denizen of these tunnels would know about the ferry and would have waited on the bank for it. So you immediately engage the Ogre in combat; when he sees your aggressive intentions, he stops tugging on the rope and picks up his axe. Turn to **42**.

354

You are unable to continue with the dream. It is too ghastly for you to bear. You wake up, with the silent scream of the tortured trees resounding in your mind. It will be a while before you are free from the lingering traces of the vile odour. Turn to **380**.

355

You walk as if in a dream through the enchanted glade. There are bushes laden with luscious fruit, and edible roots galore, but every time you reach out your hand to pluck something, it recedes from your grasp. You cannot replenish your Provisions here. Eventually, you come to the end of the glade, and the harshness of the blighted lands which face you strikes you like a physical blow. You summon up your sense of purpose and step over the border into Ishtra's cruel kingdom. Turn to **259**.

356

You trip and fall over, face down in the vile fluid on the floor of the gullet. You gasp with shock, and to your utmost horror one of the eel-like parasites immediately tries to wriggle into your mouth. If your POWER score is 18 or more, turn to **251**; otherwise, turn to **202**.

357

You gather some logs and uproot several bushes to make a screen across the mouth of the cave. This won't fool the cave's occupant, if it returns, but it will give you advance warning of its return, since it would make a noise while removing the screen. You do not sleep well, since you are constantly half expecting to hear the animal coming back – but it doesn't. Only one brief vision deepens your otherwise shallow sleep, but it is a dream of great and awesome beauty.

You see yourself standing in the centre of a ring formed by six pools, which you know instinctively are bottomless. Two of the pools are filled with liquid fire, which continually changes shape and colour, and seems to form recognizable images – but

they are gone before you can identify them, and a new image has taken the place of the other, for ever lost. Two of the pools are filled with water; in your dream you look into one of these pools and know that the water is burning cold, though it does not freeze over. You see reflected in the pool a dark, star-studded night sky, but these are not the familiar constellations which circle Titan. The last two pools, arranged opposite each other as the other pairs are too, are funnels for mighty winds. One pool is exhaling and the other inhaling, as if they were the breath of the world, and the strength of their blasts would either suck you into the fathomless depths or blow you into the heavens. Gain 2 POWER points and turn to **319**.

358

Nothing happens, to your surprise, since you were expecting a trap. You had braced your feet on either side of the tunnel in case a pit opened up beneath you, and were looking up at the roof in case it started to come down on top of you. Not only does none of this happen, but the door does not open either. You give it a push to see if you have released some kind of lock – and a spike shoots into your hand! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, it is not your fighting arm, and you only deduct 2 STAMINA points. If you are Unlucky, you must deduct 1 SKILL point as well as the 2 STAMINA points. Then you push the lever up. Turn to 305.

359

Ishtra's dungeons are overflowing: he has problems with unruly troops. Your key fits in the lock and you enter a small room, which is being used as an extra prison. The inmate mistakes you for a careless gaoler, and attacks.

PRISONER SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you win, you can either try another door by rolling another double, or you can walk on up the corridor (turn to 217).

360

In your dream, you are assailed by a huge Vampire Bat, which you know to be a servant of Ishtra. It has a POWER score of 16; you have to fight a dream battle with it. Roll two dice. If you roll 2–7, the Vampire reduces your POWER score by 2 points; if you roll 8–12, you reduce its POWER score by 2 points. Continue this procedure until either its or your POWER score is zero. The Vampire is constantly trying to sink its fangs into your neck, and beats you with its leathery wings. If you defeat the Vampire, turn to 65; if it defeats you, turn to 334.

361

You survey a bleak and dreary landscape. A river meanders past the foot of the hill on which you are standing. You go down to the river, but the water smokes like acid: you decide not to cross it. Will you walk left along the river (turn to 238) or right (turn to 105)?

362*

You come to a fork in the tunnel. At the point where two passages meet yours, a large stone statue faces you, which you recognize as a Crio-Sphinx, a ram-headed sphinx. As soon as you draw near, portcullises slam down to block off the ways onward, and the Crio-Sphinx speaks in a stone-cold voice: 'The left route leads further, the right to sudden death.' You know that Sphinxes' words are never quite what they seem. Will you take the path to your left (turn to 78) or to your right (turn to 151)?

363

You let your thoughts roam far and wide. You conjure up images of the loved ones you have left behind, and of the perils on the path ahead. Danger seems remote in this sunny clearing. Nevertheless, you are convinced that time is short, so with a sigh you get up and prepare to continue on your way. You look up to assess how much daylight is left to you – and see a giant Bloodhawk just beginning its dive out of the sky towards you! You have time to cast a spell, if you want to, and feel you can afford to spend a point of POWER. The only spells which will be of use to you are Fire (turn to 127), Protect (turn to 154) or Weaken (turn to 256). If you fight the creature normally, turn to 29.

364

Now, instead of facing separate monsters, you must fight Morpheus himself, the conglomerate of nightmare monsters, who is trying to absorb you. Since Morpheus is no mere illusion, but a creature of the dream world, then you can be killed in this dream battle. Conduct the battle as if it were normal combat, but substitute POWER for STAMINA.

MORPHEUS SKILL 8 POWER 20

Will you stop fighting Morpheus when his POWER reaches 2 or 1, if you get that far (turn to 250), or will you finish him off (turn to 343)?

365

The river winds quite a lot, but at least it remains a river in your dream. You walk along the left bank. You have no idea of time: you could have been walking here for a minute or a year. The surface of the water is occasionally broken by some monster; nothing attacks you, but the general atmosphere is one of fear – of expecting something unpleasant to happen at any moment.

Over to your left you see a silver tower. Its architecture is weird and unfamiliar: it looks as though many rings have been placed one on top of another, with the largest at the base. Although the sky is overcast, the tower glints as if it were reflecting sunlight. There is something at the top of the tower, but you cannot see what it is. A weather-

vane, perhaps. Will you go over towards the tower (turn to 266) or carry on along the river (turn to 192)?

366

When you head south-west, you expect that you will soon come across the creek again. In fact, however, you do not come across the creek, but rather its source – a vast boggy area where many springs well up from underground. If you are to continue south-west, you will have to pass through the marsh; you reckon you could do so, at any rate with the help of a spell or two. Alternatively, you could avoid the boggy area and simply head west. If you go south-west, turn to 322; if you go west, turn to 10.

367

You quickly arrange the objects, stand in the centre and wait. Ishtra bursts into your field of vision with a noise like a thunderbolt and the smell of corruption. Demon Princes take many forms; you see him as a goat-headed crocodile, which stands on two feet and has livid green fire playing over the surface of his body. He shrieks with what in a mortal would be insane laughter when he sees what you have done. 'Foolish Elf!' he screams. 'Did you hope to defeat me with your paltry objects – me, Ishtra the Almighty? Soon I will be greater than my brothers. Nothing can stop me now!' He blasts you into oblivion with a single thunderbolt.

368

You walk for a while through low shrubs, which glow with unnatural light and ooze blood. Without warning, the ground beneath you gives way and you land in an underground tunnel, through which a steaming river flows sluggishly. Turn to **85**.

369

You rush at the second Pygmy Orc. He only has time to draw his sword to defend himself.

PYGMY ORC SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you win, you hear the sound of a patrol returning along the tunnel. Perhaps the commotion of your fight reached their ears. You expect that the death of a couple of Pygmy Orcs will not attract too much attention; this sort of thing must be an everyday occurrence in a hell-hole like this. You dash out of the tunnel and back into the bone cave. You still reckon that the north-eastern tunnel is not safe, so you must quickly choose between the northern tunnel (turn to **281**) or the western one (turn to **333**).

370

If you are wearing the pendant, turn to **138**; otherwise, turn to **211**.

371

As you gaze into the eyes, you become hypnotized, and seem to fall into them, or rather through them. For a while you seem to float under a hot, yellow sun. Then, as if you were an eagle in the sky, you look down on an awful scene. A strange people are camped in a fork between two shallow rivers; their skin is coppery-red in colour and out of the tops of their tents stick the ends of the poles which form the frames of the tents. Some people with lighter skin are bearing down on them on horseback; sabres flash in the sun, and magic sticks deal death from a distance. The image is brief, but startlingly clear; you know that the red people will be massacred, and you know that scenes like this one have occurred and will occur again all over the surface of whatever world you are seeing. But that is all you have time to see and know, before you are sucked back through a vortex. Turn to **331**.

372

You rest awhile, and then prepare to set off again, when the half-light of dawn has yielded to full daylight. But just as you are getting to your feet, the Weevil Man, in whose tree-root home you spent the night, returns from his night-time foraging. Weevil Men are mutants which are so misshapen as to resemble a cross between a beetle and a human. They have tough natural armour on their backs and tend to drop on to all fours to protect themselves. They were driven long ago from civilized society and banished to the hidden places of the world – such as deep in Affen Forest! As survivors in the hard world of Titan, they are far from cowardly fighters. This one drops his pack and hurls himself at you, wielding a hatchet.

WEEVIL MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

Every time you win an Attack Round, roll one extra die. If you roll 1–3, the Weevil Man has managed to take your blow on his armour, and sustains only 1 point of STAMINA loss (or 2 if you use LUCK successfully). If you win, turn to 162.

373

There is no sign of any living creature that might have uttered the unearthly cry you heard. While you watch from the hill, however, the swirling haze which covers the blighted forest suddenly leaps into greater motion and, even though you are far away, you are simultaneously struck by a furious blast of sorcerous wind, which knocks you off your feet. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 175; if you are Unlucky, turn to 93.

374

As soon as you saw the Banshee, you drew your sword. But you are unable to resist its petrifying wail: you are temporarily frozen with fear, and the monster gouges you with its claws. Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points. The shock of the pain jolts you out of the trance, and you are now ready to fight it. You are fortunate that its long imprisonment has made it a less formidable foe than others of its kind: it is weak, and although it continues to shriek, the screams have no effect on you.

BANSHEE SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, you could see if the Banshee's cavern leads anywhere (turn to 237), or you could go back to the junction and either take the new tunnel south (turn to 90) or return east along the tunnel that brought you to this part of Ishtra's domain (turn to 132).

372

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Every time you win an Attack Round, roll one extra die. If you roll 1–3, the Weevil Man has managed to take your blow on his armour, and sustains only 1 point of STAMINA loss (or 2 if you use LUCK successfully). If you win, turn to 262.

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If you win, you could see if the Banshee's cavern leads anywhere (turn to 237), or you could go back to the junction and either take the new tunnel south (turn to 90) or return east along the tunnel that brought you to this part of Ishtra's domain (turn to 232).

375

With a pang of regret, you slide Telessa out of its sheath and toss it on to the damp grass in front of you. You wonder what will happen next, but remind yourself that 'where there's life, there's hope'. The foot is lifted off your neck, and the voice tells you to get up. When you do so, you see a strange sight. Before you stands a stocky human, leaning on the haft of a brilliantly polished two-handed axe. What is strange is the contrast between the care with which the axe has been maintained and the man's wild and unkempt appearance. His clothes are little more than rags, his long hair and beard are matted, and his bare arms are ingrained with years of dirt. Suddenly he bursts into a cracked cackle of glee, and you realize that he is completely insane. You will have to tread carefully. You tell him that you mean him no harm. Do you do this to put him off his guard, so that you can try to seize Telessa and fight (turn to 327), or will you bide your time (turn to 301)?

376

Later in the afternoon, you hear the distinctive sound of a Wild Boar trampling the undergrowth. The noise dies away and you think you are safe, but half a kilometre further on, the creature bursts out at you from some shrubs.

WILD BOAR SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

Since the Elves of Affen Forest do not eat meat, this encounter cannot replenish your stock of Provisions, but you may decide to take its tusks. If you win, turn to **326**.

377

You change your vision to what you feel most at home with – a forest. But this is like no forest you have seen before; even the ruined forest around the entrance to Ishtra's lair seems, in comparison, a haven of health and peace. The trees here are not really trees at all; they are malignant growths, extensions of the cancer which is the earth here. They scream in agony and beg you to put them out of their misery. Will you try to help (turn to **200**) or block your ears and press on (turn to **249**)?

378

You are wiping the grime off a window when the cracking of a twig behind you alerts you to danger. You whirl round to see a strange sight. Before you stands a stocky human, hefting a brilliantly polished two-handed axe. What is strange is the contrast between the care with which the axe has been maintained and the man's wild and unkempt appearance. His clothes are little more than rags; his long hair and beard are matted; his bare arms are ingrained with years of dirt. Suddenly, he bursts into a cracked cackle of glee, and you realize that he is completely insane. At the same time, he launches himself towards you.

WILD MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you win, you may take his magnificent axe, but if you do, you will have to leave your sword behind, since the two weapons would weigh you down. The man evidently has nothing concealed about his person: his tattered clothes hardly cover his body. You decide to search the hut. Turn to **136**.

379

Although the Goblins give you curious looks, they do not suspect you or try to halt you. In order to appear convincing, you leave the dining-hall through the north door, by which you entered. Add 1 LUCK point. You return to the junction, and this time you carry on north. Turn to **310**.

380

When you are fully awake, you know what you must do. Somewhere in the forest is an area of foul blight, which marks the entrance to Ishtra's underground stronghold; you must find it, enter the pit, seek out Ishtra and do battle with him. This will be an immense task – a quest which, whether you succeed or fail, the Wood Elves will sing about as long as they have voices to sing. It is a particularly daring undertaking for a Wood Elf, for your kind do not normally stray more than half a day's journey from home.

You call a council of the tribal elders and explain your task. They protest that the mission is impossible, but you do not allow such doubts to enter your mind. You tell them that you must go, and you make arrangements for the protection of the tribe during your absence. After embracing your closest friends – and many seem to be such friends under these circumstances – you prepare to leave. All you need is your sword Telessa and a backpack. You do not take any Provisions, because as a Wood Elf you are confident of finding enough to eat as long as you are in the forest.

Which way should you go? Lake Nekros lies not far to the east, so you must choose between heading roughly north (turn to 88), south (turn to 398) or west (turn to 344).

381*

The tunnel ends at a T-junction, where a broad, well-lit passage runs east and west. This is all you have time to notice for the moment, however, since you have to duck back into your dark tunnel to avoid a patrol of Goblins. When they have gone past, will you follow them east (turn to 204) or turn west (turn to 348)?

382

You make good time west for the rest of the day. The peculiarity of the animals' behaviour does not increase very much. Towards evening, you are attacked by a swarm of hornets, but since the hornets of Affen Forest are notoriously aggressive anyway, you do not count this as peculiar behaviour. You manage to deal successfully with their attack at a cost of 1 POWER point, for a Fire spell.

You strike a narrow trail. It heads in the right direction, so you take it: it enables you to keep travelling even though dusk is drawing in. In the twilight, you do not see the trap until it is too late. A net drops on you from above; it is incredibly light but it is as strong and sticky as a huge spider's web. You are caught fast and completely enveloped; you cannot even move an arm to reach for Telessa. You see a Pixie dart out in front of you from the bushes. With a big grin on her cheeky face, she sprinkles some magic dust on you, and you slip into unconsciousness. Turn to **98**.

383

In the late afternoon, you start to climb a range of hills, which are just as thickly wooded as any other part of Affen Forest. Add 1 LUCK point for getting this far through the forest. The rock of the hills is exposed in places; boulders litter the ground and you pass quite a few small caves. You realize that it would not take much searching to find one large enough to spend the night in. Will you do this (turn to **181**) or not (turn to **56**)?

384

Surrounded as you are by the evil of this baneful place, your dreams are inevitably troubled. You seem to see a giant serpent coiled around the forest, and squeezing. As the forest contracts, it turns into a mocking face, whose mouth is Ishtra's pit, and whose laughter becomes the chilling shriek you heard from the hillside. You are being drawn into the mouth, and you are dimly aware that Ishtra's shriek is being echoed by your own screams. Now you are scrabbling at the ground to stop yourself being sucked into the gaping maw. Will you give up the struggle and let yourself go (turn to **99**) or not (turn to **252**)?

385

The Troll kills the Ogre – but then stomps off down the passage towards you! You will have to fight your way out of this situation: the Troll's blood is up and he's spoiling for another fight, whether it is against an ally or not. Fortunately, the Troll has been wounded by the Ogre and is a less formidable opponent than he would have been.

TROLL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **39**.

386

Empathy knows no distances, and as a Wood Elf you can feel the pain of the suffering forest, even though you are still some way from it. What lies before your eyes is like a mockery of the forest you know and love. There are trees all right – although many areas have been devastated, as if by fire or by a horde of careless axe-wielding Dwarfs. In contrast to the clarity of the air where you are and in the pleasant valley below, the cursed region in the distance is shrouded by a murky haze, which rolls and seethes with a chaotic life of its own. But your observations of the scene are cut short by a sudden harsh cry, which rips the still air, silences the birds twittering in the trees above you, and sends a spurt of chill fear into your heart. You jump to your feet in alarm. Will you run and hide from whatever vast being may be the source of this sound (turn to 7) or stay where you are (turn to 373)?

387

You soon see that you are approaching a clearing, and you notice a thin trickle of grey smoke rising straight up into the windless sky. You can hear the voices more clearly now. They are definitely human, and they sound worried. Will you step through the trees into the clearing (turn to 59) or call out first (turn to 294)?

388*

You walk boldly down the well-lit passage, trying to look as if you belonged here. You pass a narrow, dark tunnel on your right, but you think that this main passage must be leading somewhere important, so you carry on down it. You meet a couple of Troglodytes, but have no difficulty in bluffing your way past these pea-brains. After some time, the passage ends at a junction, where you could turn right (turn to 123) or left (turn to 310).

389

While you struggle in your dream, you are tossing and turning in real life. You eventually plummet off the branch which is your bed and land heavily on the ground below. Deduct 4 STAMINA points. There are still several hours of darkness left, so you climb back up the tree and return to troubled sleep. Turn to 360.

390

Reduce your STAMINA by 2 points for lack of rest. Dawn finds you close to the crest of the range of hills. Turn to 224.

391

You hoped that the apparently suicidal decision of letting the sandworm take you underground would dispel this dream and change it to another. Sand fills your mouth and clogs your nostrils, but your hope is not disappointed. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to 331.

392

Add 2 LUCK points for surviving this extremely dangerous encounter with the Dark Elves. You also gain a disguise: since you reckon that there will be many of Ishtra's troops underground, you don the clothing of a Dark Elf. Not long afterwards, but after night-fall, you come to the entrance to Ishtra's pit. It is not what you expected. Two grand pillars of ivory flank the mouth of a tunnel, which slopes underground and is lit by guttering torches on the walls. Your dream was being symbolic, not literal, when it showed you a collapsed pit. These are probably natural tunnels which Ishtra has taken over and restored. You draw a deep breath, let it out slowly and step through the Gate of Ivory. A flock of bats, disturbed by your presence, flap noisily out into the night. Turn to 350.

393

Time passes. If you have not eaten so far during your underground journey, you must deduct 2 STAMINA points. The tunnel you are in ends abruptly at a stout wooden door – too solid to barge down, you think. There is no handle or keyhole, but there is a lever protruding from the wall near by. You have heard about this sort of door. Will you push the lever up (turn to 305) or down (turn to 358)?

394

The Weevil Man shuffles warily towards you.

WEEVIL MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

Every time you win an Attack Round, roll one extra die. If you roll 1–3, the Weevil Man has managed to take your blow on his armour, and sustains only 1 point of STAMINA loss (or 2 if you use LUCK successfully). If you win, you may take the Weevil Man's hatchet, if you so wish. You also look through his pack, to see if you can replenish your Provisions, but the crawling, maggoty contents make your stomach heave. Turn to 308.

395

If your POWER score is 14 or more, turn to 241; otherwise, turn to 354.

396

Eric Rune-axe has SKILL 8, STAMINA 12. The two of you can fight the Shapechanger together. The savagery of its attack will prevent you both approaching it each Attack Round, but you can fight it in alternate rounds.

SHAPECHANGER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, but Eric dies, you take the time to bury his body, laying his axe reverently on the corpse. If you win and Eric survives, you both continue together. In either event, turn to 146.

397

Add 1 LUCK point. You walk on through an increasingly weird dream-scape; you become sure that you are nearing your goal. You are walking now through low shrubs, which glow with unnatural light and ooze blood. Without warning this time, the ground beneath your feet gives way, and you land in an underground tunnel, through which a steaming river flows sluggishly. Turn to 85.

398

You set off south, with the sun sending beams of light to dapple the springy turf, with the birds singing gaily in the trees – and with dread in your heart. But the going is easy, there is an abundance of nuts and berries, and you can sense no immediate danger.

Towards midday, however, a sudden fog rolls in from the east, where Lake Nekros lies not too far away. The dark depths of the lake are a denial of summer gladness, and this fog from the lake chills your limbs. All at once, out of the mist, a Fog Devil swirls by. You duck and avoid the first attack of its slashing claws, but it immediately comes back at you. The monster is so fast and insubstantial that you must reduce your SKILL by 2 while you fight it. It is like a ghost made out of vapour, but the claws which tip its cruel hands are real enough.

FOG DEVIL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 291.

399

As the afternoon progresses, you find that almost impenetrable thickets are forcing you to veer more to the west. Are you happy with this change of direction (turn to 376), or will you push through the undergrowth north-west (turn to 12)?

400

Now that you have rid Titan of Ishtra, his army will soon fall apart. If you were to linger in his underground stronghold, you would soon hear the sounds of fighting, as each faction among his troops seeks to annihilate all others. You do not linger, however! The cavern you are in – the cavern where you faced Morpheus and overcame Ishtra – is close to an exit from the tunnels. You leave through a gate of horn and find yourself back in the forest. There has been no miracle cure: it is still as blighted and cursed as before; but you know that it will soon be covered in fresh green, as new growth begins. For the time being, your forest and Titan are safe!

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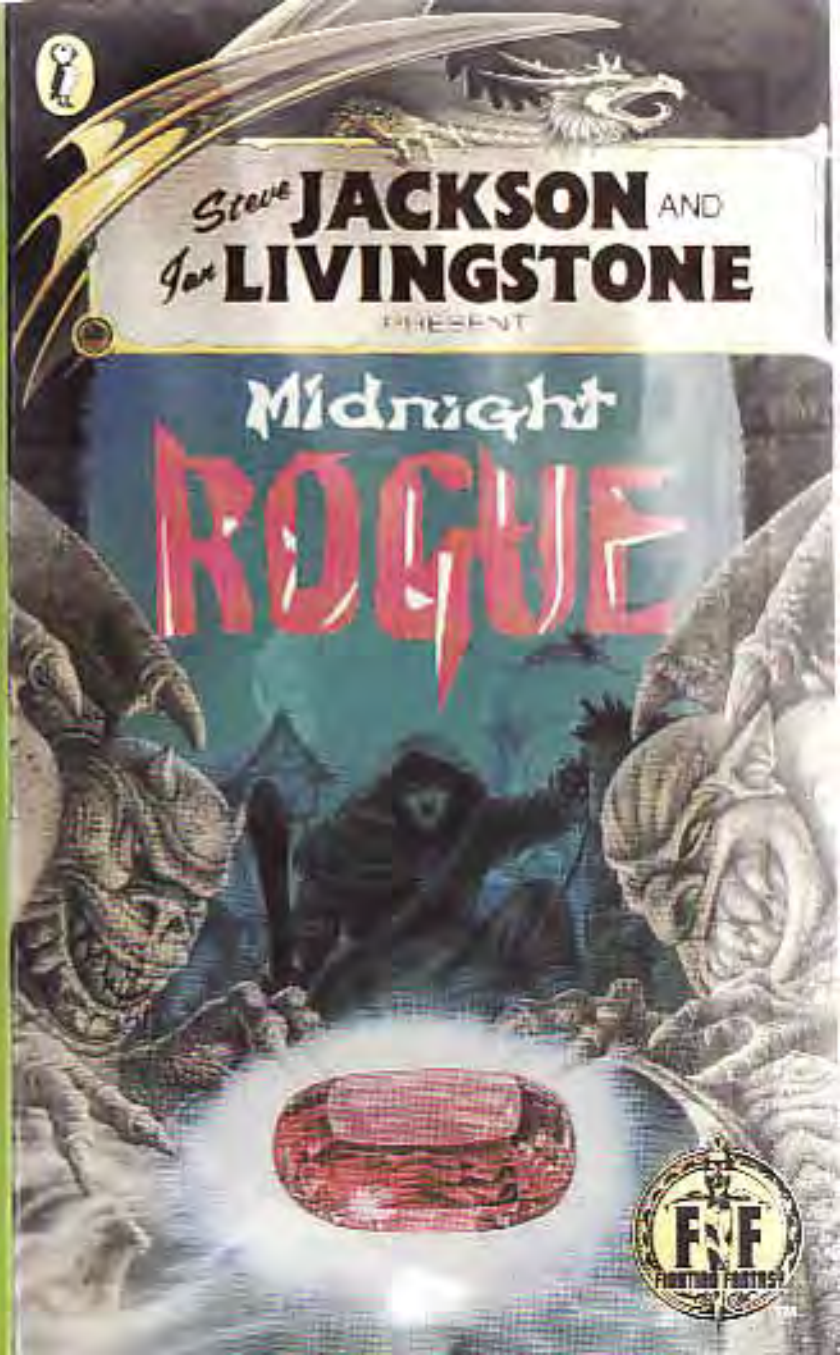

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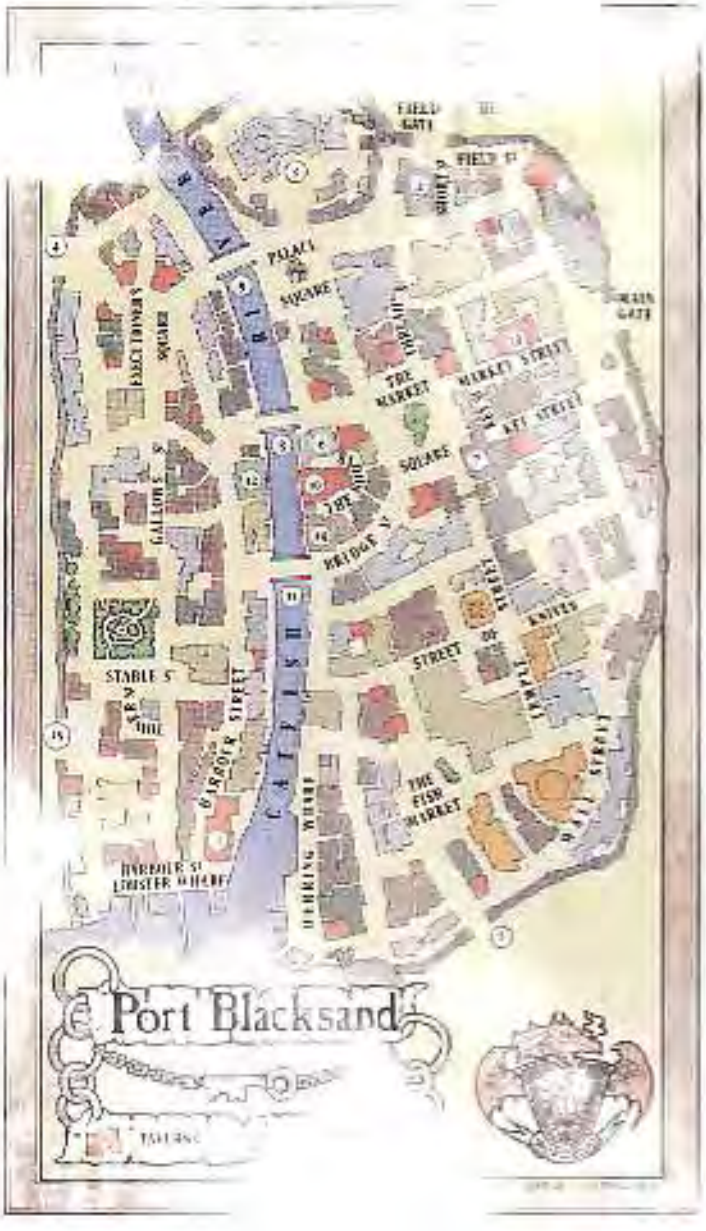

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
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Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1987
5 7 9 10 8 6 4

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Cox & Wyman Ltd., Reading
Filmset in 12/13pt Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd.
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. While you have been taught during your apprenticeship that violence is not always the best way out of a situation, your training has included swordplay, and you can handle yourself reasonably well in a fight.

To see how effective your training has been, you must use dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 16–17 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or to make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during the course of an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better.

Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive.

Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight an opponent of some sort. Battles are conducted as follows.

First, record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each opponent are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is your opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strengths are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either your

opponent's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).

7 Begin the next Attack Round by repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until either you or your opponent has been reduced to zero STAMINA (death).

Fighting More Than One Opponent

Sometimes you will find yourself under attack from more than one person or creature. When this happens, each will make a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which one you will fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against the other, you must throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but even if your Attack Strength is greater you will not inflict a wound. Just count this as though you have parried an incoming blow. However, if your Attack Strength is lower, you will have been wounded in the normal way.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could either be Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows:

Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more severe wound or to minimize the effects of a wound your opponent has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded your opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to your opponent's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If your opponent has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in battle. The text will not tell you when you can do this: it is up to you. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value, unless specially instructed by the text.

Equipment and Potions

You start your adventure with the following equipment:

A shortsword
A leather jerkin and leggings
A backpack

A hand-lamp, made of a small pot of fat with a string wick – this gives you enough light to see by in most circumstances, without giving yourself away
A torch
A tinder-box, for lighting your lamp and torch
5 gold pieces
Enough Provisions for ten meals – how and when you use Provisions is explained above

In addition to this equipment, the Thieves' Guild supplies you with a magic potion. You may choose one potion from the following list:

Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to your *Initial* LUCK score.

These potions may be taken at any time during an adventure (except when engaged in a battle). Taking a measure of potion will restore the relevant score to its *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before you drink it).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for one measure, i.e. a characteristic may be restored once during an adventure. Remember to cross the potion off your *Adventure Sheet* once you have drunk it.

Remember also that you may only choose one of these potions to take on your adventure, so choose wisely!

Extra Equipment

During the course of your adventure, you will have the opportunity to pick up a wide range of things, some of which may be useful to you later on in your adventure. As a thief, you have to be able to move quickly and quietly at all times, so you must be careful not to encumber yourself with too many items. You may never carry more than six items in your backpack at any time. Your Provisions count as one item, and your potion counts as another – enter them in the first two spaces of the Backpack box on your *Adventure Sheet* before you start. Note that your sword, any clothing, and any money that you are carrying do not count as backpack items.

Special Skills

As well as your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK, you have three Special Skills in which you have been trained during your apprenticeship with the Thieves' Guild. Choose three skills from the following list, and enter them in the Special Skills box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The skills are: PICK POCKET, PICK LOCK, CLIMB, SNEAK, HIDE, SPOT HIDDEN and SECRET SIGNS.

At various points in your adventure, you will be asked whether or not you have a particular skill. This can be important, so keep a note of those you have – and don't pretend to have those you don't!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial:	*Initial:*	*Initial:*

SPECIAL SKILLS		PROVISIONS REMAINING	NOTES
CLIMB			
HIDE			
PICK LOCK			
PICK POCKET			
SECRET SIGNS			
SNEAK			
SPOT HIDDEN			

BACKPACK ITEMS	OTHER ITEMS
1.	
2.	
3.	
4.	
5.	
6.	

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

You stand in the meeting-room of the Thieves' Guild of Port Blacksand. The room is crowded with pickpockets, beggars, burglars, cutpurses and thieves of all descriptions, all come to witness the Test of Apprentices.

Rannik, the Master of the Guild, stands in the middle of the room.

'Does any member here present know of any reason why this apprentice should not be tested, according to the traditions of the Guild?' he says. Even though you know this is just a formality, your stomach knots as you wait for a challenge.

When no challenge comes, Rannik turns to you.

'A week ago,' he says, 'a merchant named Brass acquired a gem known as the Eye of the Basilisk. He will doubtless have it hidden somewhere in or around the city. His symbol is a coin – that is all the information you will be given. For your test, you must find and steal the Eye of the Basilisk. Dusk has just fallen outside, and you have until dawn to complete your test. Do you understand?'

You nod.

'Then,' says Rannik, 'it just remains for me to say be careful, remember your training – and good luck.'

The assembled Guild members murmur their agreement as you leave the meeting-room to collect your equipment. Although you have checked it a dozen times already, you go over it all one last time as you make ready to leave the Guild. There are a sword, a few coins, a hand-lamp, a torch, a tinder-box, some food, a magic potion supplied by the Guild, and a backpack. Having satisfied yourself that everything is in order, you leave the Thieves' Guild by one of over a dozen concealed entrances, and head into the darkened streets of Port Blacksand.

1

As you leave the Guild, your mind works quickly, listing the places where you might find some information as to the gem's whereabouts. Most of the rich merchants in the town have houses near the Field Gate; if you can find Brass's house, you may be able to find some useful information there. Then again, the Merchants' Guild is just across the Market Square, and if Brass is an important merchant, he's bound to have a suite of offices there. Finally, there's the Noose, the area of town around the Thieves' Guild. You hardly ever see a merchant there, but it's the best place in Allansia for picking up all kinds of gossip and rumours. Where will you try first?

The Merchants' Guild?	Turn to 129
Brass's house?	Turn to 156
The Noose?	Turn to 203

2

The water is icy cold. You start to wade across the pond, and instantly your legs are attacked by a pack of small but vicious cold-water Piranha. You try to fight them off, but it isn't easy – you can hardly see them through the weed-choked water, and you end up splashing a lot but hitting very little. Fight the Piranha as a single enemy, subtracting 1 point from your Attack Strength for this combat.

PIRANHA	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 8.

3

You try the door, but it is locked. If you have PICK LOCK skill, turn to **259**. If not, will you try the door with the fish symbol (turn to **163**), or will you give up on the Merchants' Guild and look for clues in Brass's house (if you haven't been there before) by turning to **156**, or set out in search of the Eye of the Basilisk armed only with the information you already have (turn to **144**)?

4

You find a suitable place for climbing, and start to scale the wall. If you are using a rope and grapnel, turn to **15**. If you are not, turn to **257**.

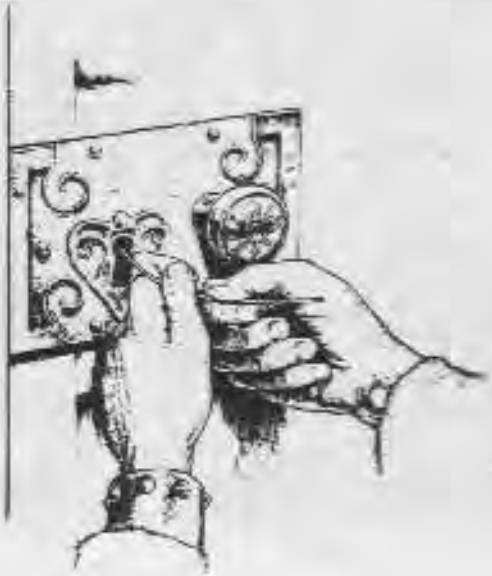

5

Your weapon flies with deadly accuracy, and knocks the torch out of its holder. It falls to the floor, sputters for a few seconds, and goes out. You decide to douse your own torch as well, just in case the light from that casts another unfriendly shadow. It is now pitch-dark, and you feel your way along the walls of the cavern, trying to find the passage which will take you out of it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **94**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **220**.

6

You open the cage, and the Dwarf springs out, reaching for your throat. He seems to grow larger as he attacks you; his skin becomes scaly, and spines erupt from his head and back. You have been tricked by a Shapechanger. Now you must fight for your life.

SHAPECHANGER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the Shapechanger, leave the room and carry on to **155**.

7

You run out of the house and lose yourself in the night, twisting and turning through winding alleys to throw off any possible pursuit. You know that the crash will have roused the whole household, and you decide to wait for an hour or so before returning to the house, to let them all get back to sleep. You can use this time to visit the Merchants' Guild – if you haven't already – by turning to **129**, or you can simply wait. In either case, you will have no trouble getting into the house when you return, because you have been there before. So make a note of entry **276**, and start there when you return to the house.

8

You reach the plinth safely, and stand clutching the statue for a moment, catching your breath before you look at the inscription. Brushing the dead leaves and other rubbish away, you reveal the following words:

> My enemy's a heart of stone,
> My arrow never flies,
> Yet when my arrow heads for home,
> The gate of death yawns wide.

You puzzle for a while, wondering what to do. As you lean against the statue, it shifts slightly, making you jump. You push it, and it shifts again – the whole thing is made to swivel back and forth. The arrow must be the key to getting into the barrow. What will you do?

Point it at the barrow?	Turn to **294**
Point it at the site of the house?	Turn to **346**
Point it at the standing stone by the barrow?	Turn to **383**

9

You push past the men and run out into the night, leaving the Rat and Ferret behind you. As you wander through the shadowy alleys of the Noose, you decide on your next move. What will it be?

Try to find a beggar (if you haven't already)?	Turn to 26
Visit Madame Star (if you haven't already)?	Turn to 117
Or will you leave the Noose and go elsewhere?	Turn to 387

10

You put your ear to the door, and are taken completely by surprise when a plank whips round and hits you! Lose 2 STAMINA points. The 'door' suddenly unfolds into a great humanoid shape: it is a Wood Golem, and you must fight it.

WOOD GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

When you win a round of combat, turn to 123.

11

You try to tell yourself that this isn't happening. Whoever heard of fighting your own shadow? You dodge to one side as the shadowy figure attacks, and its weapon strikes the cavern wall with a very solid-sounding clang. Your shadow has the same SKILL and STAMINA scores as you do; fight it normally. If you win, turn to 237.

12

You hurl yourself to the floor, and the thing, whatever it is, misses you by a whisker. It hovers above the dead thief's body for a fraction of a second, then sinks down into it, soaking into the dead flesh like water soaks into a sponge. The body twitches once, and then drags itself to its feet. Your scalp tingles as the dead eyes stare sightlessly into yours, and the dead thief shambles to attack you. Will you fight the Animated Corpse (turn to 82), or try to run away (turn to 192)?

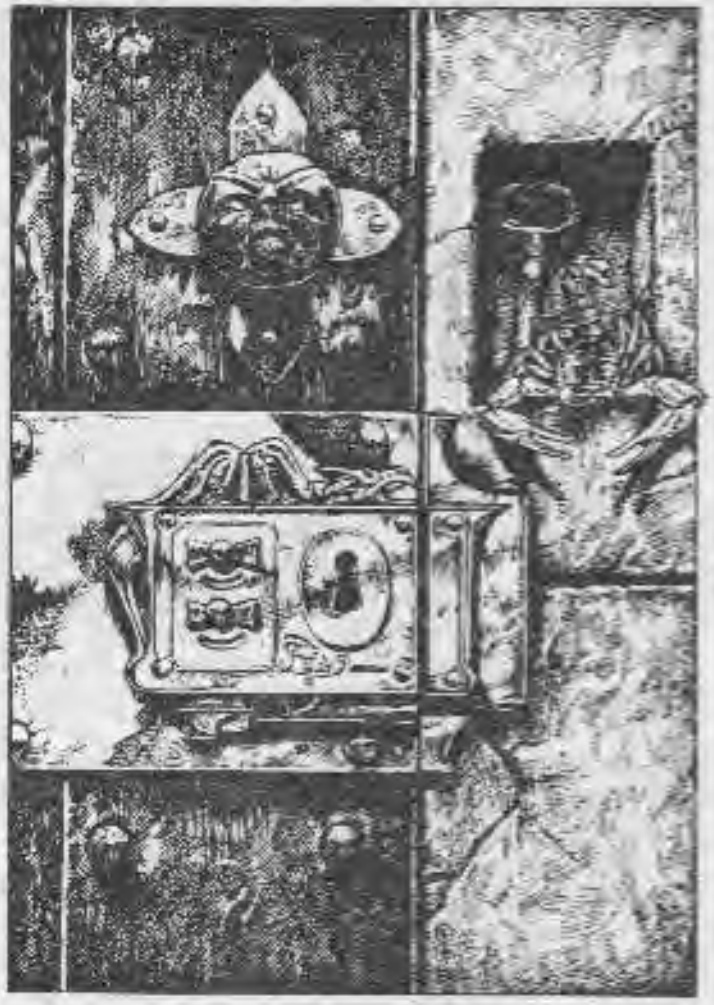

13

Very slowly, you reach for the key. The scorpion doesn't move as you take it. Breathing a sigh of relief, you turn the key in the lock and the great iron door swings open. You step through the doorway (turn to 79).

14

The men stare in amazement as you flick the knife expertly between your fingers. It moves faster and faster, tapping the table between your fingers, but never touching them. At the end of a minute, you hand back the knife, smiling. The men hand over 10 gold pieces. You try to engage them in conversation, but it quickly becomes clear that they know nothing of interest to you. You will have to look elsewhere for information. What will you do now? You can ask Bald Morri what he knows about Brass (turn to 195), or leave the Rat and Ferret and try your luck elsewhere in the Noose (turn back to 203 and choose again)

15

You haul yourself level with the top of the wall. To your horror, you see that it is studded with glass, which has gradually been cutting your rope as you climbed. The instant you reach the top, the last strand of your rope gives way. The rope and grapnel is now useless: cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 257. If not, turn to 209.

16

Skirting carefully round the palace, you find a stretch of wall where you think you will have a good chance of climbing undetected. You look around quickly, see no one, and start to climb. You have nearly reached the top of the wall when you hear a shout from below. The Palace Guard has spotted you. What will you do now?

Keep on climbing?	Turn to 146
Jump down and try to get away?	Turn to 391

17

Hardly daring to breathe, you set about disarming the trap. After a few seconds of careful work, there is a click, and a handful of small darts – no thicker than needles – falls out on to the ground. In the moonlight you can see something sticky glistening on their points: poison intended to kill thieves. You are about to start work on the door when you hear booted feet in the distance, and the unconscious guard begins to groan. Rather than stay and explain, you dodge into an alley which runs down one side of the building, looking for some way in that isn't quite so exposed. Turn to 210.

18

You drop on the other side of the palace wall, but the guards are waiting for you, and you are cut down before you can get to your feet. You should have known better than to try to break into the palace. Your adventure ends here.

19

You reach out and touch the hunched figure. It turns round with an inhuman snarl and you find yourself staring into the burning, hate-filled eyes of a Ghoul. You have disturbed its nocturnal feast, and now you must fight to keep yourself off the menu.

GHOUL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If the Ghoul hits you four times, turn to 171. If you kill the Ghoul, turn to 57.

20

You reach in and touch the disc. Too late, you notice the silver wire which connects it to the second Crystal Warrior. Before you realize what has happened, you feel the crystal sword resting lightly on the back of your neck. Your only hope is to try to take the disc without activating the trap any further. If you have PICK POCKET skill, turn to 208. If you do not, turn to 49.

21

Some instinct tells you that there is something very odd about one of the chests in the strongroom, and you leave hurriedly, closing the iron door behind you. You've heard that some people build fake strongrooms full of traps just to make mincemeat of thieves, and hide their valuables somewhere else. What will you do next? You can examine the desk (turn to 90), or leave the Merchants' Guild stealthily and search for clues in Brass's house (if you haven't been there before) by turning to 156, or set out in search of the Eye of the Basilisk without looking for any more information (turn to 144).

22

You head for the Singing Bridge. You remember hearing something about a place underneath it – perhaps that's where the Eye of the Basilisk is hidden. Going down some steps at the side of the bridge, you come to a small wooden hut, with the words KEEP OUT painted on the door. Will you knock on the door (turn to 307), or – if you have PICK LOCK skill or a set of lock-picks – try to pick the lock (turn to 141)?

23

The corpse drops to the ground, but as you watch, the spectral blue face oozes back out of the dead flesh, and hangs in the air before you, chuckling evilly. It is a Possessor Spirit, and you must fight it. If you have a magic weapon, turn to 142; if not, turn to 111.

24

You hurry silently across the darkened room, feeling your way along one wall. You feel another wall in front of you, and quickly find a doorway and a wooden door. You push and pull, but it doesn't open, it must be locked. If you have PICK LOCK skill, turn to 324. If you do not, turn to 245.

25

Hardly daring to breathe, you pick your way through the bones and other debris. It seems like hours before you are past the holes, but finally you make it. You let out a sigh of relief, and as you do so the Grubs shoot from their burrows again – you shudder to think how sensitive their hearing is. Turn to 84.

26

You walk quietly along the Noose, looking for a beggar. All beggars in Port Blacksand are members of the Thieves' Guild, and they can be a very valuable source of information. After a little way, you see Bargo the Wheeler trundling towards you along the darkened street. He was a soldier once, but lost both his legs in a war many years ago. Since then, he has been reduced to begging, pushing himself about the city in a little cart. Bargo recognizes you as you approach, and greets you with a nod.

'Hello, young 'un,' he says. 'Out on your test, eh?' You nod, and ask him if he knows anything about Brass. He shrugs.

'Just what everybody knows,' he says. 'He's a big merchant, with a house by the Field Gate and an office in the Merchants' Guild. Can't be much help, I'm afraid.' What will you do next?

Thank him and give him a gold piece?	Turn to 234
Go to the Rat and Ferret?	Turn to 309
Visit Madame Star?	Turn to 117
Or will you leave the Noose and try elsewhere?	Turn to 387

27

In your hurry to get out of the cavern, you fail to notice a series of holes in the passage wall. Six small darts shoot across the passage at chest height. Roll one die to see how many of them hit you. Each dart that hits causes 1 STAMINA point of damage; you may halve the total damage (rounding fractions up) if you successfully *Test your Luck*. If you are still alive, carry on down the passage to **191**.

28

You draw your sword as the men approach, and back against the wall. The other customers scramble out of the way – they don't want to get involved in a fight. Fight the men one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THUG	7	6
Second THUG	6	6
Third THUG	5	7

Fight three rounds of combat, then turn to **332**.

29

You try to prise the lid off the chest – you are certain that the key to getting the Eye of the Basilisk lies inside. As you attack the chest, you hear a faint snapping sound from inside it, followed by a stony creak from the second Crystal Warrior. You look up sharply, but are too slow to do anything about the crystal sword which is descending on your neck. Your adventure and your life both end here.

30

Your hair bristles as you approach the barrow – you can almost feel the ancient power flowing around you. The trees silhouetted against the dark sky suddenly seem threatening, their branches reaching out to seize you . . . you shake your head to clear out these wild ideas, and concentrate on what you have to do. You walk right round the barrow, looking for a way in, but as far as you can see it is just a plain grassy mound. There is a standing stone on one side of the barrow, but you can't find any kind of entrance. If you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, turn to **132**. If you don't, turn to **206**.

31

The two Skeletons crumble back into dust, hopefully for good this time. You have little time to enjoy your victory, however, for the Skeleton on the plinth begins to rise as soon as its two guards are destroyed. Hefting the huge longsword which lay beside it, the Skeleton Lord advances slowly towards you.

SKELETON LORD SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

Every time the Skeleton Lord wounds you, you lose 2 STAMINA points, and the Skeleton Lord adds 1 to its Attack Strength for the following round only. If you win, turn to **288**.

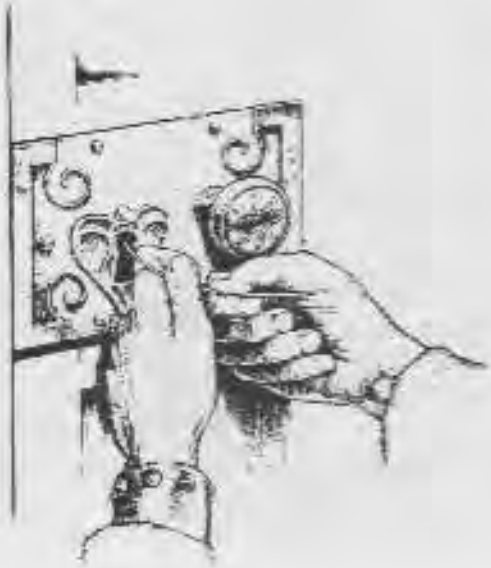

32

You look all the way around the smaller house. The only way in seems to be a door on one side. You try the handle, but the door is locked. If you have PICK LOCK skill and you want to try to pick the lock, turn to **211**. If not, or if you don't want to pick the lock, you must decide what to do next. You can try the house across the street (with the coin symbol) by turning to **384**, or you can give up on the houses altogether and go to the Merchants' Guild (if you haven't already been there) by retracing your steps to the Market Square and turning to **129**.

33

In an instant, the Shapechanger has bent the bars of the cage back, and leaps out to attack you. Fight it normally.

SHAPECHANGER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, leave the room and carry on to **155**.

34

The room is about twenty feet square, and entirely hewn out of rock, an indication of how deep underground you are. The only thing you can see in the room is a large, golden-brown lizard, which lies bleeding and apparently dead in one corner. Will you go over and examine the lizard (turn to **228**), or leave the room immediately and carry on up the passage (turn to **252**)?

35

You just manage to raise your sword in time to fend off the attack. You have disturbed a Ghoul from its nocturnal feast, and now you must fight to keep yourself off the menu.

GHOUL SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If the Ghoul hits you four times, turn to 171. If you kill the Ghoul, turn to 57.

36

There are just too many guards. You fight for as long as you can, but eventually something crashes into the back of your head and everything goes black. When you wake up, you are in a dungeon cell. Your test is over, and your life may not have much longer to run. Your adventure ends here.

37

You leap forward, and your first attack strikes home before the Ogre has a chance to collect its wits. It howls in pain, and clambers to its feet to defend itself. Fight the Ogre normally.

OGRE SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 342.

38

You aim a blow at the back of the guard's unprotected head. Roll two dice. If the result is less than your SKILL score, turn to 205. If not, turn to 310.

39

You look at the symbol carefully. It is one of the secret signs of the Thieves' Guild, but part of it is missing: the thief must have died before he could finish it. You think it is the symbol for illusion, but you can't be sure. You pause for a few seconds to offer a silent prayer to the God of Thieves, asking him to look after the dead thief in the next world as well as looking after you in this world, and then you prepare to move on. Turn to 302.

40

Your first thought is to hold your breath, so that the deadly spores can't get into your system – but you are too late. Your eyes start to water and you begin to choke, slumping to the ground in a fit of helpless coughing, knowing that each breath brings more of the spores into your body. Your adventure and your life both end here.

41

As soon as the wire is cut, the Crystal Warrior attacks you.

CRYSTAL WARRIOR SKILL 10 STAMINA 13

If you are using a stone axe, fight the Crystal Warrior normally. Otherwise, you have to use the pommel of your sword, as the only available blunt weapon – deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength during this fight. If you win, you take the obsidian disc (it counts as a backpack item). Then turn to **316**.

42

It's no good, you just can't see any way out. You have no option but to return to the Thieves' Guild and report your failure. Your adventure ends here.

43

You reach the great stone slab at the end of the passage. It is immense, filling the height and width of the passage, and it appears to be at least a couple of feet thick. Will you try to force it open (turn to **348**), look for some hidden mechanism (turn to **303** – only if you have SPOT HIDDEN skill), or look for a way around the slab (turn to **198**)?

44

One of the guardsmen takes your money with a chuckle. 'All right,' he says. 'We didn't see you this time. Just make sure we don't see you again.' The patrol marches on. Turn to **177**.

45

You start along the balcony towards the landing at the far end, but you haven't gone more than a step or two when one of the doors – the first on the right – opens. You stop dead. A white-clad figure comes silently out of the room and begins to cross the balcony towards you. It appears to be a young man in a white robe. What will you do?

Try to hide?	Turn to 215
Run out of the house?	Turn to 110
Attack?	Turn to 281

46

You go into the room. There's more treasure here than you could ever carry, but a pocketful of gems will be enough to make you rich when you get out of here. Although the object of your test is the Eye of the Basilisk, the Guild didn't say that you couldn't keep anything else you found along the way. You reach forward to pick up some gems – and suddenly the pile of treasure rears up, and you find yourself wrapped in the coils of a brightly coloured snake. Lose 2 STAMINA points as it squeezes you. You have heard of the Scitalis or Treasure Snake, which traps its prey with illusions of treasure – you have fallen for its illusion, and now you must fight for your life!

SCITALIS SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win the first round of combat, the snake is not wounded, but you have escaped from its coils. If

you lose, you are still trapped and the snake squeezes you for another 2 STAMINA points of damage. You cannot wound the snake until you are free of its coils. If you win, turn to **168**.

47

You approach the door quietly, and listen at it for a few moments. You hear nothing, all is quiet in the servants' quarters. What will you do now?

Open the door?	Turn to **255**
Go up the stairs?	Turn to **368**
Examine the suit of armour beside the stairs?	Turn to **62**

48

You crawl dazedly into the shadows, and close your eyes, waiting for the Gargoyle to strike. The sound of its wings comes closer and closer, and then it suddenly recedes. You look cautiously upwards to see the Gargoyle's shadowy form back on its rooftop perch. Obviously it didn't see where you fell; you thank the gods of luck that it is too stupid to keep looking for very long. Add 1 LUCK point for this fortunate escape. What will you do now?

Try the back door?	Turn to **159**
Climb to the roof?	Turn to **4**

49

Sweat breaks out on your forehead as, painfully slowly, you lift the disc off the silver wire. Then, just at the wrong moment, an involuntary twitch makes you drop it, and it lands with a thump on the silver wire. The Crystal Warrior's sword bites into your neck. Your test and your life both end here.

50

The door is not locked, so you open it and creep stealthily into the room. It is furnished with a single bed, a wardrobe and a dressing table. Someone – a child, judging by the size – is asleep in the bed. You can see nothing of value in the room, just a few dolls on the dressing table and floor. Suddenly, a floorboard creaks loudly under your feet. The sleeping form in the bed murmurs and stirs slightly. Will you go further into the room (turn to **60**), or leave the room (turn to **201**)?

51

You hit the door a second time, but still it doesn't budge. The spores are thick in the air now, and although the cloth over your face gives you some protection, it doesn't last for ever. Your eyes begin to water, and you start to choke on the spores. You sink to the ground in a fit of uncontrollable coughing, knowing that each breath takes the deadly spores deeper into your body. Your adventure and your life both end here.

52

The symbol is familiar, but you can't make it out. You wish you'd worked harder at learning the secret signs – this might be an important clue, and you have no idea what it means. If you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, turn to **314**. If you do not, turn to **212**.

53

Wood Golems are highly resistant to all forms of magic. Your magical weapon will behave like a normal weapon for this combat. Continue fighting the Wood Golem.

WOOD GOLEM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to **136**.

54

Your heart rises as you recognize the sign for a hidden mechanism. There is a way out of here – but where? You look at the walls again, and suddenly realize that the brick on which the symbol is scratched is loose. Pulling the brick out of the wall, you find a small lever. The door swings open with a click as you push the lever down, and closes behind you as you go back into the study. What will you do now? You can examine the desk (turn to **90**), or leave the Merchants' Guild stealthily and search for clues in Brass's house (if you haven't been there before) by turning to **156**, or set out in search of the Eye of the Basilisk without looking for any more information (turn to **144**).

55

You put the key marked 'L' in the left-hand lock and the key marked 'R' in the right-hand lock, and turn them together. Turn to 335.

56

You reach into the gap. The tips of your fingers brush something – a catch of some kind. This must be the mechanism that opens the door. You pull it, and with a sickening *thunk* a row of spikes shoots into your hand. The spikes are poisoned. Roll four dice – if the result is equal to your current STAMINA or less, you lose 2 STAMINA points. If the result is more than your current STAMINA, you lose 4 STAMINA points. Also, you lose 1 SKILL point. Go back to 43 and reconsider your options.

57

The Ghoul falls to the ground at your feet, twitches once and is still. After pausing to catch your breath, you investigate what it was eating, and find to your disgust that it is a human corpse. Searching the chewed body quickly, you turn up 2 gold pieces and a dagger. Make a note of them on your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to 246.

58

If you have PICK LOCK skill, roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 139. If not, or if you do not have PICK LOCK skill, turn to 221.

59

As you lunge through the hail of missiles towards the far side of the room, you spot a door set into an alcove. If you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, turn to 126. If you do not, turn to 317.

60

You move cautiously forward, and the person in the bed – a young girl – sits bolt upright with a shattering scream. You have no choice but to run before the whole household is woken. You hurry back to the Market Square, planning your next move. It's too dangerous to go back to Brass's house, so you will have to do without any information that you could have gained from there. That leaves you two options – either you can go to the Merchants' Guild, if you haven't already done so (turn to **129**), or you can hope that you have enough information to find the Eye of the Basilisk and set out in search of it (turn to **144**).

61

You shrink back into the shadows, but your luck is out: you knock something over as you do so, and it falls to the floor with a crash. The breathing stops abruptly, and you hear a faint groan. Whatever is there, you've woken it up. What will you do now?

Dash out and climb up the drainpipe (if you haven't already done so)?	Turn to 225
Dash out and climb to the roof by some other means?	Turn to 4
Stand still and hope for the best?	Turn to 119

62

The armour is about a hundred years old, and in very good condition. It has been inlaid with gold and silver, and it is probably quite valuable. You can't carry it out with you, though, so there's no real point in standing looking at it. You start to turn away, and then you notice something behind the armour, glinting yellow in the light from your hand-lamp. You can't see what it is, and you're not sure that you'll be able to reach it. If you want to try, turn to **147** if you have PICK POCKET skill, **109** if you do not.

If you don't want to try to retrieve the object, you can either go up the stairs (turn to **368**) or try the door under the landing (turn to **47**).

63

You cover your mouth and nose, hoping that this will protect you from the worst of the spores, and charge the door. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **190**. If not, turn to **390**.

64

Madame Star shrugs. 'Well,' she says, 'I do have a living to make, you know. I can't go round doing things for free.' It's obvious that you'll get nowhere without money. If you agree to her price of 2 gold pieces, take the money off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **289**. If you don't have 2 gold pieces, or if you don't want to pay, you will have to leave her house, and decide what to do next. Will you:

Go to the Rat and Ferret (if you haven't already)?	Turn to **309**
Try to find a beggar (if you haven't already)?	Turn to **26**
Or will you leave the Noose and try elsewhere?	Turn to **387**

65

You cannot avert your eyes in time, and find yourself staring into those big, glowing yellow eyes. They are the last thing you see, as the Basilisk's gaze turns you to stone. Your adventure ends here.

66

Bald Morri takes your money with a scowl, clears his throat and spits. 'Brass,' he says, 'is a yellow metal, an alloy of copper and zinc.' You start to explain that you meant Brass the merchant, but he interrupts you. 'That's all you're getting for that kind of money,' he growls. 'Now drink up and be off.' You have no option but to finish your drink and leave the tavern. What will you do next?

Try to find a beggar (if you haven't already)?	Turn to **26**
Visit Madame Star (if you haven't already)?	Turn to **117**
Or will you leave the Noose and try elsewhere?	Turn to **387**

67

Holding your torch before you, you edge closer to your shadow. It fades as the light strikes it, becoming less substantial as you move closer. It seems to sense the danger of the light, since it makes no move to attack you as you head for the passage that leads out of the cavern. If you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, turn to **381**. If you do not, turn to **27**.

68

You can't see whatever is throwing the furniture about, but as a small table rises into the air and flies towards you, you realize that there is a Poltergeist in the room. Will you back out of the room (turn to **121**), or try to make it to the other side (turn to **339**)?

69

You find a passage leading out of the chamber and hurry down it, eager to escape the spores. The passage forks, and you can see a number of turnings leading off from each side of either passage, like a maze. Do you have a map? If you have, turn to **362**; if not, turn to **81**.

70

You put your ear against the door and listen, but hear nothing. What will you do now?

Go into the room?	Turn to 50
Listen at the door on the left?	Turn to 277
Listen at the second door on the right?	Turn to 76

71

Your finger is cut, but not seriously. You have lost the game, and the men insist that you pay up. Do you have 5 gold pieces? If you have, cross them off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 227. If you do not have 5 gold pieces, turn to 112.

72

You climb rapidly, and are halfway up the wall before the Footpads even realize what you are doing. Turn to 226.

73

You realize that you can't harm the Gargoyle without a magical weapon, but there may be another way of dealing with it. Do you have:

A rope and grapnel?	Turn to 125
A black hooded cloak?	Turn to 263
A length of heavy chain?	Turn to 340

74

The guard does not seem to be particularly alert. He leans against the wall a few feet from the door, and from the way his head keeps nodding, he appears to be on the verge of dropping off to sleep. You can try sneaking past him (if you have SNEAK skill, turn to **326**, if you do not, turn to **372**) or bribing him (turn to **345**), or you can look around the building for an unguarded entrance (turn to **210**).

75

You approach the trees carefully, your eyes fixed on the place where you last saw movement. As you draw closer, you can see movement again – there is definitely something in there, but it's too dark to see quite what it is. Turn to **358** if you have SNEAK skill, **127** if you don't; or you can decide not to investigate further, and head straight for the Merchants' Guild, avoiding the trees – turn to **246**.

76

You listen at the door, but hear nothing. Pushing it gently open, you see a young man in a large four-poster bed, sound asleep and snoring softly. A glance round the room reveals nothing of interest, so you leave, closing the door softly behind you. What will you do now?

Listen at the next door?	Turn to **70**
Listen at the door across the passage?	Turn to **277**
Try the door at the other end of the landing?	Turn to **321**

Or you can leave the house, and do one of two things. You can try to find the Eye of the Basilisk, if you think you have enough information (turn to 144), or you can look for more information in the Merchants' Guild, if you haven't been there before (turn to 129).

77

The garden is old and overgrown, more like a jungle these days, but in places you can still see traces of a flower-bed, proving that it used to be a garden. Heading towards the blackened clearing where the house once stood, you see what looks like a statue a few yards to your left. Will you inspect the statue (turn to 301) or go straight across what was once the lawn to the site of the house (turn to 287)?

78

You draw your sword and back against a wall as the Footpads close round you. One massively built villain steps forward, armed with a length of heavy chain. 'Well, well,' he chuckles unpleasantly. 'It's got a sword. Come on, then – let's see how good you are!' You must fight the Footpad.

FOOTPAD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you roll double 1 on your attack dice at any time, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, carry on fighting. If you are Unlucky, turn to 166. If you win, turn to 218.

79

Going through the door, you find yourself in a passage, which leads off left and right. Will you go left (turn to 241) or right (turn to 351)?

80

You walk stealthily down the side-alley, which appears to be deserted. Will you open the door (turn to 159), climb the drainpipe (turn to 225), or leave and continue walking round the building (turn to 271)?

81

On instinct, you set off down the left-hand passage, but you are not sure which is the right way, and soon you realize that you are lost in a maze of tunnels. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 178. If you are Unlucky, turn to 370.

82

You stand firm, with your weapon ready, as the Animated Corpse shambles towards you. Fight it normally.

ANIMATED CORPSE SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

Because it moves so slowly, you can run away (turn to 192) after winning a round of combat if you wish. If you destroy the Animated Corpse, turn to 23.

83

You head for the door, but before you reach it you step on something under the carpet. There is a loud click. Turn to 106.

84

A few yards further on, the passage widens again, and is faced with dressed stone as before. You come to a door in the right-hand side of the passage. Will you listen at the door (turn to 20), try to open it (turn to 140), or ignore it and carry on down the passage (turn to 374)?

85

Your mind works quickly, and you decide that the easiest way to defeat your own shadow is to stop casting it. But how? If you have HIDE skill – you must have the skill itself; a black hooded cloak isn't good enough here – roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 184. If the result is more than your SKILL score, or if you don't have HIDE skill, turn to 312.

86

Something makes you suspicious, and you decide to make sure that the Dwarf is telling the truth. After all, the dead thief you passed was severely wounded in this room, yet there's nothing here but a caged Dwarf without a scratch on him. 'Who is the Master of the Thieves' Guild?' you ask. If the Dwarf is really a thief, he will know the answer.

The Dwarf does not answer your question. He reaches through the bars of the cage, trying to catch hold of you. He seems to grow bigger; his skin becomes green and scaly, and spines erupt all along his back. With a ferocious snarl, the Shapechanger bends the bars of the cage, preparing to attack you. If you want to stand and fight the Shapechanger, turn to 33. If you prefer to leave the room before it frees itself, roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 229; if not, turn to 367.

87

Carefully, you move the obsidian disc into the light. As the light strikes the disc, it is absorbed, and the disc is unharmed. You reach carefully beneath the disc to take the gem. The disc is very heavy to hold steady in the light one-handed, and it begins to waver – roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 214; if not, turn to 380.

88

You notice something glinting in the blanket of mould that covers the end of the passage. Looking closer, you see that it is metal – part of a doorknob, by the look of it. You reach to turn the doorknob, and then you see something else. To one side of the door that must be underneath all the mould, there is a lump which you thought was just an irregularity in the rock. But as you look more closely, you can see that it is a body. The mould has grown over it and obscured its shape, but it is definitely a body. You stop and think. You remember hearing somewhere that there are types of mould which fire clouds of spores into the air the moment that anything disturbs them. The spores are poisonous, and cause death almost instantly, giving the mould a fresh supply of organic matter to grow on. The problem is, you have to open the door without disturbing the mould.

If you have PICK POCKET skill, turn to 197. If not, what will you do? Will you try to burn the mould away with your torch (turn to 160), or cover your nose and mouth, charge the door and hope for the best (turn to 115)?

89

At last the Chest Creature is destroyed. A rapid search of the strongroom reveals nothing of interest except a small silver whistle (make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet* if you take it – it is not a backpack item), and you turn your attention to how you are going to get out. The door is closed fast, and no amount of pushing or pulling will shift it. There is no keyhole on the inside, so you can't pick the lock. You are about to give up in despair when you see a symbol scratched on the wall. Turn to 54 if you have SECRET SIGNS skill, 349 if you don't.

90

You search the desk thoroughly. There are three drawers on one side: two are locked, but you find some keys in a third drawer, and unlock them. In the desk you find the following:

a key, marked with the letter 'L';
coins totalling 10 gold pieces;
a deed of purchase, showing that Brass recently bought a piece of land called Barrow Hill;
a letter from the Wizard Brabantius, telling Brass that *'The Barrow Hill property has been refitted according to your instructions.'*

Make a note of anything you take on your *Adventure Sheet*. The two documents are an important clue: make a note of the number of this paragraph on your *Adventure Sheet*. What will you do next? You can examine the iron door (turn to 377), or leave the Merchants' Guild stealthily and search for clues in Brass's house (if you haven't been there before) by turning to **156**, or set out in search of the Eye of the Basilisk without looking for any more information (turn to **144**).

91

You hold your breath and throw yourself at the door. There's no time to think – you must try to break down the door and get out of the deadly cloud. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **190**; if not, turn to **107**.

92

You open the door, and throw the bottle into the darkened room. It breaks against the floor, and its contents spill out, dispelling the magical darkness and lighting the room brightly. If you have killed the monster in the room, turn to **34**; if not, turn to **200**.

93

The sign tells you that the door is trapped. If you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, turn to **153**. If not, you decide to leave the door alone and look for some other way in – turn to **210**.

94

You feel your way along the cavern walls, and finally find the entrance to the passage. You daren't light a torch until you are well clear of the cavern, so you grope your way forward in darkness for a few paces. Suddenly you stumble, and as you do so you hear a click followed by a shower of darts flying above your head. Gain 1 LUCK point for your lucky fall. If you hadn't stumbled, the darts would surely have hit you. Lighting a torch, you follow the passage to **191**.

95

You retreat from the room as quietly as you can. That dog looked awfully big, and the last thing you want to do at the moment is to have it wake the whole house with its barking. You decide to try the upper floor – turn to **368**.

96

You lash out at the nearest Footpad, but he parries the blow with a chair-leg and the gang closes round you. You shrink back into a deep doorway, clutching your sword in both hands. The doorway gives you a limited amount of cover, so that the Footpads can only come at you one at a time. Fight the first three Footpads normally.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FOOTPAD	7	5
Second FOOTPAD	6	6
Third FOOTPAD	5	6

If you defeat them, turn to **196**.

97

You try to dodge between the guardsmen who surround you. Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **188**. If the result is more than your SKILL, turn to **162**.

98

Your torch quickly ignites the Wood Golem, and it stumbles about, burning fiercely. You keep out of its way until it is destroyed. Turn to **136**.

99

The first Crystal Warrior lies shattered on the floor. You watch the second closely, but it does not move. You take a look at the chest; it is securely locked. Turn to **360** if you have PICK LOCK skill. If not, you cannot open the chest. Leave the room and turn to **316**.

100

You look at the stone carefully, trying to make out the design. It looks something like the Thieves' sign meaning 'mark' – a victim or target. Very strange. Whatever it means, you still can't find any way into the barrow, so you start to look around the garden. Turn to **77**.

101

The guard looks at your money, his eyes narrowed. 'Is that *all*?' he laughs. 'The Thieves' Guild must have fallen on hard times indeed!' Then he levels his spear and attacks you. Your money falls to the ground with a jingle as you dodge his first blow and draw your sword. Turn to **131**.

102

You recognize the symbol as one of the secret signs of the Thieves' Guild. Another thief has managed to get this far before you. You try not to think about what lies ahead that prevented him or her from reaching the Eye of the Basilisk. The secret sign tells you that there is a hidden door, and as you lean on the plinth it glides back smoothly, revealing a flight of steps going down. You follow the steps (turn to **300**).

103

You move quietly to the table. The piece of paper seems to be a letter. It has already been opened, so you pick it up and read it. It addressed to a Captain Marlin, and concerns a trading voyage that he is about to undertake on behalf of a merchant called Silas Whitebait. There is no mention of Brass at all – very strange. If you decide that you're in the wrong house, you can leave and turn to **384** to look at the house across the street, the one with the coin symbol. If you want to investigate this house further, turn to **318** to examine the door at the end of the hall.

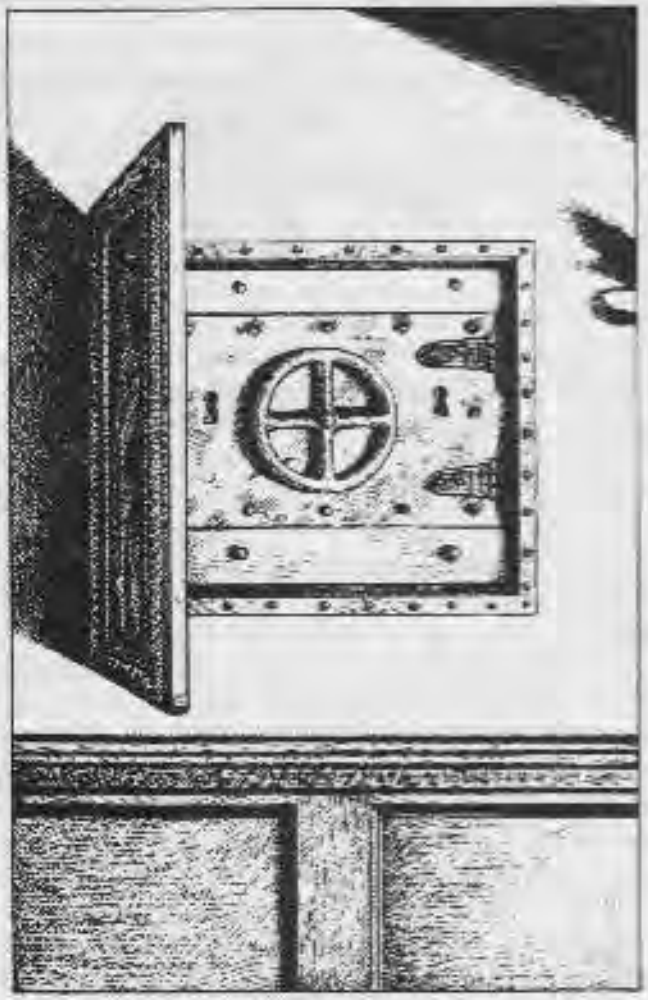

104

The safe is firmly set into the wall behind the picture; you estimate that the door is about four inches thick, and realize that you wouldn't be able to force it open even if you knocked the wall down around it. It has two locks, one either side of the wheel-shaped handle. If you have a key marked 'L', turn to 273. If you have a key marked 'R', turn to 124. If you have both keys, turn to 55. If you have neither key, you can try to open the safe if you have PICK LOCK skill (turn to 165), you can search the desk if you haven't done so already (turn to 143), or you can leave the study, either going back on to the landing (turn to 325) or out of the window (turn to 306).

105

Breathing hard, you limp away from the dead guardsmen. You don't stop to rifle their bodies, someone is bound to have heard the noise of the fight, and reinforcements could arrive at any moment. You go on your way, staying in the shadows and avoiding the main streets as you look for Brass's house. Turn to 177.

106

Suddenly a small panel in the wall at floor level flies open, and a Jib-Jib – a small, strange-looking creature, little more than a furball on legs – flies out. You have to kill it in a single blow – you know that its howling is loud enough to be heard in Zengis, and will bring guards running to the scene. Attack the Jib-Jib normally.

JIB-JIB	SKILL 1	STAMINA 2

If you win the first round, turn to 398. If not, turn to 388.

107

You hurl yourself at the door, and the air is suddenly filled with a dense mustard-coloured cloud of spores as the wood quivers at the impact. The door doesn't open, and your pent-up breath escapes before you can try again. You begin to choke on the spores, and your eyes begin to water. You slump to the ground, coughing helplessly and knowing that each breath takes the deadly spores deeper into your system. Your adventure and your life both end here.

108

After first checking to make sure that the coast is clear, you begin to climb the drainpipe. It's an easy climb, so it doesn't matter if you don't have CLIMB skill. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 238. If you are Unlucky, turn to 375.

109

You reach carefully behind the suit of armour, and your fingertips just graze something. You stretch a little further, and accidentally brush against the armour. You hardly touch it, but it is enough to upset the precariously balanced armour, which topples over with a crash. Immediately, a dog starts barking behind the door under the landing, and you hear people stirring upstairs. What will you do?

Run out of the house?	Turn to 7
Stay and fight anyone who comes?	Turn to 336

Or will you hide and hope no one finds you? If you have HIDE skill, turn to 170. If you do not, turn to 254.

110

You leave the house quickly and quietly, and return through the night to the Market Square. What will you do next? You can go to the Merchants' Guild if you haven't been there before (turn to 129), or you can try to find the Eye of the Basilisk using only the information that you have found so far (turn to 144).

111

You lash out with your weapon, but it passes through the insubstantial Spirit as if it weren't there. The Spirit chuckles again as you turn to run, and you feel it sucking your very soul from you. Your adventure and your life both end here.

112

The men stand up angrily when you tell them that you can't pay off the bet, and one of them pushes you roughly against the wall. Will you:

Fight them?	Turn to 28
Try to run away?	Turn to 333
Offer them something else?	Turn to 283

113

Your mind works quickly. There is some kind of sorcery at work here, and you don't like the idea of fighting your own shadow at all. Then you have an idea. Shadows are caused when something blocks out light – they are patches of darkness. Now if the shadow that's preparing to attack you is made of darkness, then you can probably use another source of light – such as the torch you are carrying – to dispel it. You hold the torch high, trying to keep it in a position where it will dispel the shadow cast by the torch on the wall. Turn to 67.

114

You douse your torch quickly and shrink back into the shadows as the Ogre awakens. Although you've never seen an Ogre before, you can tell at a glance that you'd rather not fight it unless you have to. The Ogre comes straight for you, sniffing frequently, and with a sinking feeling you realize that the darkness doesn't hide you from its sense of smell. Turn to 328 and fight the Ogre, subtracting 2 from your Attack Strength because of the darkness.

115

You decide that the only thing to do is to cover your nose and mouth to protect you against the worst of the spores, charge the door, and hope to break through to the other side before there are too many spores in the air. What do you have to cover your face with? If you have a black hooded cloak or some rags tied round your feet, turn to 63; if you have neither, you will have to make do with just holding your breath – turn to 172.

116

The sound of the crash brings people to their windows all along the street. Some lean out of their windows with lanterns and candles, trying to see what the noise was. You huddle in the shadow of a doorway, praying that they won't spot you. After a few minutes, everyone goes back to bed. You stay where you are for a few minutes more, though, to give them time to get back to sleep. Then you decide what to do next. There is no way in via the drainpipe now, but if you have CLIMB skill you may try to reach the windows by turning to **238**. If you don't have CLIMB skill, or any climbing equipment, you have a choice. If you have PICKLOCK skill, you may try to open the front door by turning to **276**. Alternatively, you may go back via the Market Square to the Merchants' Guild, if you haven't already been there, by turning to **129**. If you can't do any of these things, or don't wish to, turn to **144**: you might be able to find the hiding-place of the Eye of the Basilisk without any further information, who knows?

117

You walk along the Noose towards Madame Star's cottage. Your trained eyes pick out a number of beggars, pickpockets and cutpurses skulking in the shadows, but no one bothers you. Everyone in the Noose knows that you are an apprentice on your test. Finally, you reach the little tumbledown cottage where Madame Star lives. She is a little surprised when she answers the door, but offers to read your future for 2 gold pieces. If you have 2 gold pieces, turn to **289**; if not, or if you do not wish to pay, turn to **64**.

118

You manage to prise open the lid of the chest. Inside is a disc of black obsidian, almost a foot across and so highly polished it reflects the light of your torch like a mirror. You reach in to take it. If you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, turn to **182**. If you do not, turn to **20**.

119

You stand very still, your heart in your mouth. 'Don't hurt me,' whines a plaintive voice. 'I've done no harm. All I wanted was somewhere to sleep out of the weather.' You have caught a beggar, who sneaked in here to sleep. Will you pretend to be a guard and order him out (turn to **330**), or tell him that you are a friend (turn to **291**)?

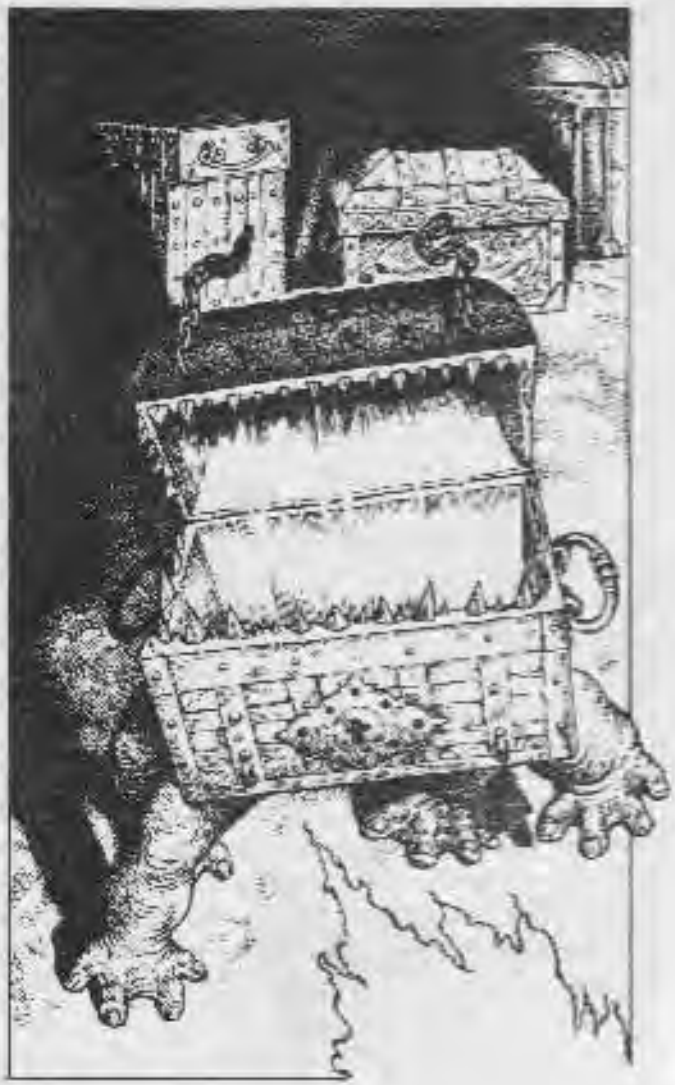

120

As you are examining the strongroom, you hear a soft grating sound, and see a movement from the corner of your eye. Turning round, you are amazed to find yourself being charged by a chest – at least, it looks like a chest, but it has a stumpy leg at each corner and it gnashes its lid viciously. You turn to flee, but the iron door clangs shut! You are trapped and must fight the Chest Creature.

CHEST CREATURE SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **89**.

121

The Poltergeist attacks once more as you run across the room. You plunge towards the door, wishing that it was something you could at least fight.

POLTERGEIST SKILL 6 STAMINA 0

Roll for Attack Strengths as normal, but if you win, you have not wounded the Poltergeist, merely dodged its missile. If the Poltergeist wins, you lose 1 STAMINA point. Fight one round of combat, then leave the room and go back along the passage to try the other way – turn to **351**.

122

You dodge into a shadowy doorway and stay very still. As you watch and wait, a two-man patrol from the City Guard marches past. You hold your breath, but they don't notice you, and continue on their way. You breathe a sigh of relief once they have passed, and slip out of the shadows to look for Brass's house. Turn to **177**.

123

What kind of weapon are you using? If you are using a magic weapon, turn to **53**. If you are using a torch, turn to **98**. If you are using any other kind of weapon, turn to **183**.

124

You put the key in the right-hand keyhole and turn it slowly. If you have PICK LOCK skill, you can pick the left-hand lock with your other hand (turn to **335**). If you do not have this skill turn to **202**.

125

Hanging on to the drainpipe with one hand, you struggle to unpack the rope and grapnel, and you hurl it as the Gargoyle prepares to swoop down on you again. Remember to cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, you hit the Gargoyle – turn to **232**. If not, you miss – turn to **389**.

126

As you plunge towards the door, you spot a slot in the ceiling above it, the sort of slot which might house a portcullis or some other trap. Will you keep on towards the door (turn to **317**), or turn round and try to leave the room, by the passage (turn to **152**)?

127

You approach the trees, moving as quietly as you can. You have lost sight of the movement, and as you draw closer you step on a twig, which snaps loudly in the still night air. Barely an instant later, a snarling figure hurls itself out of the darkness at you. Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **35**. If the result is more than your SKILL score, turn to **313**.

128

You pick your way cautiously through the debris, but after a few paces your foot knocks something with a faint tap. Instantly, the Grubs shoot from their burrows, with their mandibles clicking all around you. You flail at them with your torch and try to fight your way clear, but not without some injury. Roll one die to see how many STAMINA points you lose. You may halve this amount (rounding fractions up) if you successfully *Test your Luck*. Turn to **84**.

129

The Merchants' Guild is on the south side of the Market Square, opposite the Noose. The square is quiet now, all the market stalls have been packed away, and you see no one as you make your way across. You keep to the edge of the square, hugging the shadows – the last thing you want is to be stopped and questioned by the City Guard, tonight of all nights. When you are about halfway across, you suddenly notice a movement among a clump of trees in the middle of the square. If you decide to investigate the movement, turn to 75. If you prefer to ignore it and carry on towards the Merchants' Guild, turn to 246.

130

You pick up a stone from the floor of the chamber, and throw it at the gem. As the stone passes through the column of light, there is a brilliant flash, and it is destroyed. You try another stone, and it too is destroyed. You search the room thoroughly, but can find no means of turning the light off. What will you do now?

Take the gem?	Turn to 269
Try to block the light with something?	Turn to 292

Or will you give up, and return to the Guild to report your failure?

131

Fight the guard normally.

GUARD	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If the fight lasts more than three rounds, turn to 299. If you win within that time, turn to 337.

132

You hunt all round the barrow, but can't find any way in, it seems to be no more than a featureless grassy mound. You are about to give up when you notice something scratched faintly into the standing stone which stands to one side of the barrow. Turn to 100 if you have SECRET SIGNS skill, 344 if you don't.

133

Are you using a magical weapon? If you are, turn to 158. If not, turn to 180.

134

The door opens with a soft click, and you find yourself in a large study. A huge wooden desk stands against one wall, and also in the room are a bookcase and a few plush-looking chairs. Above the desk hangs a life-size portrait of a middle-aged man, very well dressed and obviously wealthy: Brass the merchant. The windows to the room are barred, but the bars can be opened from the inside. You close the door softly behind you, and advance into the room. What will you do next?

Search the desk?	Turn to 143
Search the rest of the room?	Turn to 242
Leave through the window?	Turn to 306

135

The door opens and you stagger back into the darkness, throwing the door shut and bolting it behind you. You lean against the door, trying to catch your breath, but the pounding on the door reminds you that the bolt won't hold for ever – you need to find some way out. The guardsmen hammering on the door must have woken the house's owner, for you can hear someone stirring upstairs. You hurry to a window on the other side of the room, and climb out. By the time the guardsmen get into the house, you will be long gone. Turn to 177.

136

With the Wood Golem destroyed, you are able to look through the doorway into the room beyond. It is a small room, barely ten feet square, and it is filled with a huge pile of gold and gems. None of the gems looks particularly big, but the Eye of the Basilisk might be in here somewhere. If you search through the treasure, turn to 46. If you ignore it and carry on up the passage, turn to 374.

137

Before you can do anything, you are struck by a vivid blue spark. The world suddenly gets bigger, and a vast hand picks you up by the long green tail you seem to have acquired.

'You'll get used to it after a while,' says Nicodemus the Wizard. 'It's not a bad life, being a newt – just watch out for big fish!' With that, he throws you in the river. How will you survive? Well, one thing's for certain – you've failed your test. Your adventure ends here.

138

You creep into the darkened room, but after a couple of paces a floorboard creaks loudly under your feet. In the darkness, the snoring stops. What will you do?

Back quietly out of the room?	Turn to 315
Stay still?	Turn to 193
Carry on into the room?	Turn to 261

139

The lock is the most complex you have ever seen, and it seems to take forever to pick it, but eventually the last of the tumblers clicks back and the door swings open with a barely audible creak. Turn to 79.

140

You try the handle of the door, and give it a shove. You are taken completely by surprise when a plank whips round and hits you! Lose 2 STAMINA points. The 'door' unfolds itself into a great humanoid shape. It is a Wood Golem, and you must fight it.

WOOD GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

When you win a round of combat, turn to 123.

141

You start to pick the lock, but almost as soon as you do so, the door flies open and you are confronted by an old man with a long white beard. He looks angry. What will you do? Whatever you decide to do, turn to 137.

142

Fight the Possessor Spirit normally.

POSSESSOR SPIRIT SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

Every time you lose a round of combat, you lose 1 LUCK point in addition to the usual 2 STAMINA points. If you win, turn to 323.

143

You search the desk carefully. There are some papers relating to business deals in which Brass has been involved recently, but you can't find anything about the Eye of the Basilisk. You may help yourself to a silver paper-knife worth 5 gold pieces, but you find nothing else of interest or value. What will you do next? You can search the rest of the room (turn to **242**), leave the room via the window (turn to **306**), or leave via the door and investigate the doors at the other end of the landing (turn to **325**).

144

You think about the information you've collected and the obstacles you've overcome. You must be close to the Eye of the Basilisk by now – at least, you now know where it is hidden. You *do* know, don't you? Where will you look for it?

Clock Street?	Turn to **369**
Singing Bridge?	Turn to **22**
Lord Azzur's Palace?	Turn to **167**
Barrow Hill?	Turn to **284**

145

As you pick the lock, a jolt of electricity lashes up your arm, throwing you across the room, lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you open the chest. Inside is a disc of black obsidian, almost a foot across and so highly polished it reflects the light of your torch like a mirror. You reach in to take it. Turn to **182** if you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, **20** if you don't.

146

Climbing rapidly, you reach the top of the wall, with arrows whistling past you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **18**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **329**.

147

You reach carefully behind the suit of armour, and graze something with your fingertips. You realize that the suit of armour is probably fairly unstable without someone inside to hold it all together, and that it would make a horrible noise if you did happen to knock it over, so you don't try to stretch any further behind it. After what seems like hours, you manage to shift the object so that you can pick it up, and you withdraw your hand carefully from behind the armour. You open your hand to see what you have found, and discover that it is a gold piece. It must have been dropped in the hallway, and rolled behind the armour without anyone noticing. Make a note of it on your *Adventure Sheet*, even though it was hardly worth the effort. What will you do now? You have the choice of going up the stairs (turn to 368), or investigating the door beneath the landing (turn to 47).

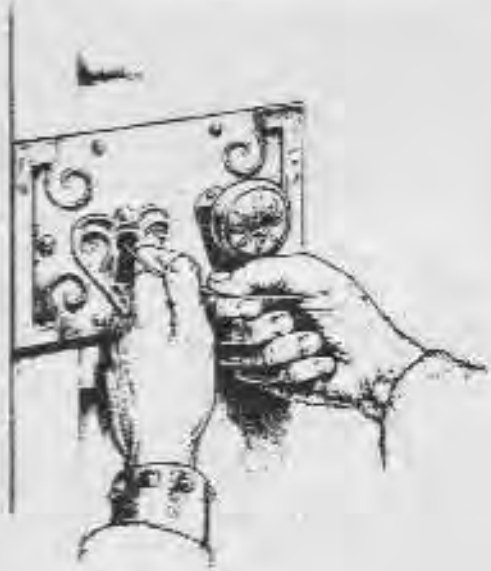

148

Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 8. If not, you fail to make the jump and fall in – turn to 2.

149

Trying not to let the guardsmen see what you're doing, you reach behind you and feel along the door until you find the doorknob. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 135. If you are Unlucky, turn to 347.

150

You find yourself in an alcove looking into a small burial chamber. The chamber is crudely built, and soil filters in through the slabs of the walls and ceiling. An ancient body lies mouldering on a plinth in the centre, with a longsword by its side, and two piles of bones show where other bodies once lay. Suddenly, the bones are stirred by an unseen force, and gather themselves into Skeletons, each armed with a spear. They raise their spears and advance towards you. If you stay in the alcove, turn to 366. If you advance to meet them, turn to 233.

151

You shout – you hope you sound ferocious – and charge the nearest of the Footpads. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 244. If not, turn to 96.

152

You throw yourself across the room, with bric-a-brac flying all round you. The Poltergeist attacks you three times as you run across the room.

POLTERGEIST SKILL 6 STAMINA 0

Roll for Attack Strength as normal, but if you win you have not wounded the Poltergeist, merely dodged its missile. If the Poltergeist wins, you lose 1 STAMINA point. Fight three rounds of combat, then leave the room and run back down the passage (turn to 351).

153

Straining your eyes in the darkness, you see a series of long, straight cracks near the lock. It looks suspiciously as though there is a flip-open panel which throws something nasty out when anyone tampers with the lock. Will you try to disarm the trap (turn to 173) or leave it alone and look for another way in (turn to 210)?

154

You run across the cavern as fast as you can – if you can get out of the light, your shadow should disappear. While you are running, your shadow attacks you three times. Fight three rounds of combat; your shadow has the same SKILL score as you do. If you win a round, you have not wounded your shadow, merely evaded its attack – you are too busy running to fight back. If your shadow wins a round, you are wounded as normal. After three rounds, you reach the far side of the cavern. If you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, turn to 381. If you do not, turn to 27.

155

You carry on down the passage. It narrows abruptly, and the dressed stone walls give way to rough-hewn rock again. Soon you see why. Both walls are dotted with small holes, about three inches across; between the holes, the floor is littered with bones and other rubbish. A rat, disturbed by the light of your torch, skitters down the passage in front of you. As it goes, it disturbs some of the rubbish, and instantly a sharp-jawed, caterpillar-like creature – something like a Rock Grub, but smaller and faster – shoots from each of the holes, attracted by the noise. The rat doesn't stand a chance, and is quickly torn to pieces.

You wait for the Grubs to return to their holes, and then move forward cautiously. You must move absolutely silently in order to get past without disturbing them. Turn to 25 if you have SNEAK skill, 128 if you don't.

156

You set out towards the Field Gate. The area between Palace Street and Field Street, near Lord Azzur's palace, is the richest part of town, and you know that you will have to be especially careful there. The City Guard is doubly watchful in that part of town, always keen that the people with the money should see them doing their duty. After you have gone a few yards down Thread Street, you see a bobbing light approaching, and hear the sound of booted feet. If you have HIDE skill, turn to **122**. If you do not, turn to **293**.

157

The monster, whatever it is, slithers off into the darkness. You hear it thrashing about for a few seconds, then silence. Carrying on across the room, you feel your way to the far wall, and after a few seconds' groping you find a door. You try the handle, but it won't open – it must be locked. If you have PICK LOCK skill, turn to **324**. If you do not have PICK LOCK skill, you will have to try to break down the door. Roll two dice – if the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, you have succeeded – turn to **324**. If not, lose 1 STAMINA point for a bruised shoulder and try again. Keep trying until you break down the door or die in the attempt.

158

There is no way that you could have picked up a magical weapon by this stage in the adventure – you've been cheating! Go back to 1 and start again – but do it honestly this time.

159

You try the handle of the door. It is not locked, and opens with a faint creak. You step cautiously into a darkened room. By the light of your hand-lamp, you see that the room is furnished with a long table and several chairs – possibly it is some kind of meeting-room. At the same time, you become aware of heavy breathing coming from somewhere in the room. Will you creep out and climb the drainpipe, if you haven't already done so (turn to 225), creep out and climb to the roof by some other route (turn to 4), or stay where you are? If you have HIDE skill, turn to 179. If you do not, turn to 61.

160

You thrust your torch into the mould, trying to burn it away from the door. Instantly, the air is filled with a dense mustard-coloured cloud of spores. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 91. If not, turn to 40.

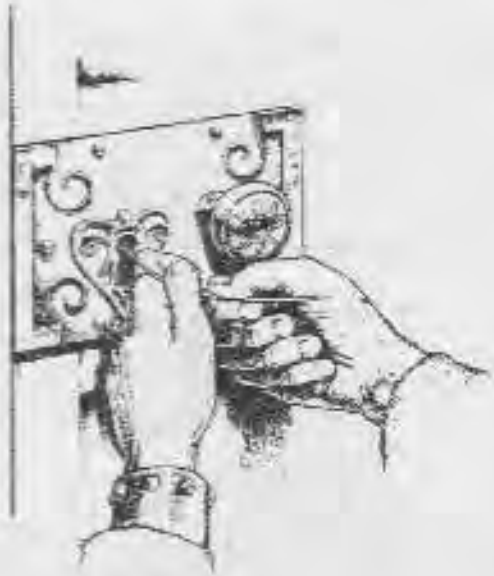

161

You stop to think. You are certain that the Eye of the Basilisk lies ahead. If you go back, you will have failed your test and you will spend the rest of your life wondering whether or not you could have succeeded. On the other hand, if you go on you will have to face whatever is in there. It may be able to see in the magical darkness and if it can, you will be at a terrible disadvantage. You think hard about what to do. If you decide to go on after all, turn to 352. If not, you have failed your test, and your adventure ends here.

162

You try to push past the guardsmen and make a break for it, but one of them catches you by the shoulder and pushes you roughly back into the doorway. You think fast as the guardsmen close in round you. What will you do now?

Try to bribe the guardsmen (if you haven't already)?	Turn to 327
Try to escape through the door behind you?	Turn to 149
Attack the patrol?	Turn to 224

163

You try the door, but it is locked. If you have PICK LOCK skill, turn to 187. If not, will you try the door with the coin symbol (turn to 3), or will you give up on the Merchants' Guild and look for clues in Brass's house (if you haven't been there before) by turning to 156, or set out in search of the Eye of the Basilisk armed only with the information you already have (turn to 144)?

164

You can't reach with your dagger – the blade is too rigid. Will you put your hand in the gap (turn to 56), or try something else (turn back to 43 and choose again)?

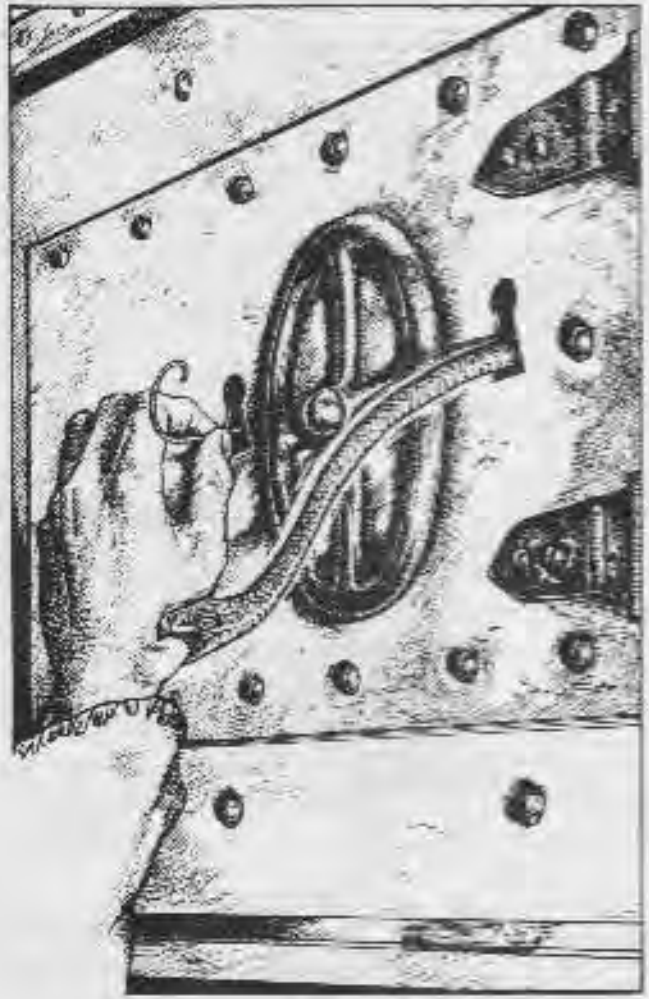

165

You choose a lock, and start working on it. Suddenly, a tiny snake shoots out of the other lock and buries its fangs in your hand. Lose 4 STAMINA points to its poisonous bite. If you are still alive, you may search the desk, if you haven't already done so (turn to 143), leave the room via the window (turn to 306) or leave via the door and investigate the doors at the other end of the landing (turn to 325).

166

The Footpad's heavy chain wraps around your sword, breaking the blade. Subtract 3 points from your Attack Strength until you can find another weapon. Turn back to 78 and carry on fighting.

167

You make your way cautiously towards the palace. As you approach, you can see that the main gate is locked and securely guarded. This won't be easy. How will you get into the palace?

Through the main gate?	Turn to 223
Over the wall (if you have CLIMB skill or a rope and grapnel)?	Turn to 16

168

Finally the Snake dies, and you find that there is no treasure in the room, just the bones of its victims. You do find some provisions in a backpack, though, a little stale, but enough for 2 meals. You also turn up a scroll of parchment; it appears to be a map of some kind of maze. Make a note of these items on your *Adventure Sheet* if you take them. Finding nothing else of interest in the room, you leave and carry on along the passage to 374.

169

If you are using a stone axe, the Crystal Warrior is wounded. Conduct the rest of the combat normally.

CRYSTAL WARRIOR SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you are using any other kind of weapon, the Crystal Warrior is unharmed. You realize that you need a blunt weapon to wound it. Conduct the rest of the combat using the pommel of your sword, deducting 2 points from your Attack Strength. If you win, turn to 99.

170

You scramble behind a high-backed chair in the hallway, dousing your hand-lamp as you do so. You are barely under cover when a bleary-eyed servant opens the door beneath the landing, holding a huge black dog which strains against its chain. The dog is growling unpleasantly, and you hope it doesn't notice you.

'That armour again,' you hear the servant mutter. 'Well, I'm not putting it back together tonight – it'll have to wait till the morning. Come on, you stupid dog, stop your growling, there's nothing here.' With that, he drags the dog back through the door, and all is quiet again. You decide not to try the servants' quarters tonight – for one thing, you don't want to meet that dog! – so you slip quietly up the stairs. Turn to 368.

171

The Ghoul prepares to strike again, and you instinctively raise your sword to parry the blow. Or rather, you don't. You find yourself paralysed, and unable to move. You try to run away, to scream for help, but your body simply doesn't respond. The creature now has two bodies to feast upon, and there's nothing you can do to prevent it. Your adventure ends here, along with your life.

172

You hold your breath and charge the door. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 190; if not, turn to 207.

173

Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 17. If not, turn to 356.

174

You avert your eyes just in time, and leave hurriedly, following the passage to 252.

175

Taloned feet slam into your back, and you are lifted into the air. The Gargoyle carries you to its rooftop lair, and your heart sinks as you see bones glinting in the moonlight. You struggle in vain – the talons hold you fast. Your test ends here, as a meal for a Gargoyle.

176

As soon as you appear in the room, the dog is awake, snarling and growling as it launches itself at your throat. You must fight the dog.

DOG	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

The sleeping servant wakes up abruptly, and calls out for help. Soon more servants appear, armed with pokers and other improvised weapons. Fight three rounds of combat, then turn to 194. If you kill the dog inside three rounds, you must fight the servants. Fight them as a single enemy:

SERVANTS	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

Fight one round of combat against the servants, then turn to 194.

177

You make your way along Thread Street to the Field Gate, keeping to the shadows – you never know when you might meet another patrol. After a while, you come to the corner of Short Street and Field Street, where you see two houses. The one on the right is an impressive two-storey stone building, and you see the symbol of a coin cut into a doorpost. The house on the left is smaller, half-timbered, and has the symbol of an oar on a painted sign over the door. One of these is the house of Brass the merchant. Do you know which one? If you try the house on the right, turn to 384. If you try the house on the left, turn to 32.

178

You finally come to a small chamber, carved out of the bedrock and devoid of ornament except for the occasional patch of bluish-green mould growing on the walls and ceiling. In the middle of the chamber there is a chest on the floor, flanked by two statues of armed warriors, apparently carved from some kind of translucent crystal. On the other side of the room is a door. As you approach the chest, one of the crystal statues starts to move. It draws a slim, needle-like sword of crystal, and steps between you and the chest. You must fight the Crystal Warrior.

CRYSTAL WARRIOR SKILL 10 STAMINA 13

When you win a round of combat, turn to **169**.

179

You shrink into the shadows, hardly daring to breathe. As your eyes become accustomed to the light, you see a dark shape in a chair – the source of the breathing. Also in the room is a long table, and there is a door at the far end. Will you investigate the dark form (turn to **298**) or leave through the far door (turn to **350**)?

180

Your weapon glances off the Gargoyle's magical hide with a stony clink – there is no way you can harm it without a magical weapon. You lunge for the skylight, trying to avoid the Gargoyle's claws.

Roll Attack Strengths for yourself and the Gargoyle. If the Gargoyle wins, you lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **243**. If you win, neither side loses STAMINA, and you escape through the skylight to **354**.

181

You look carefully around the walls, and suddenly realize that the brick on which the symbol is scratched is loose. Pulling the brick out of the wall, you find a small lever. The door swings open with a click as you push the lever down, and closes behind you as you go back into the study. What will you do now? You can examine the desk (turn to **90**), or leave the Merchants' Guild stealthily and search for clues in Brass's house (if you haven't been there before) by turning to **156**, or set out in search of the Eye of the Basilisk without looking for any more information (turn to **144**).

182

You see that the disc is resting on a fine silver wire, which runs out of the chest and connects to the ankle of the second Crystal Warrior. What will you do? Will you cut the wire (turn to **41**), try to lift the disc without setting off the trap (if you have PICK POCKET skill, turn to **208**; if you do not, turn to **49**), or will you leave it alone and go to the door (turn to **316**)?

183

Your weapon strikes the Wood Golem with a *thunk*, and appears to wound it – you were afraid that it might be vulnerable only to magic. Continue to fight the Wood Golem.

WOOD GOLEM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to **136**.

184

Using all your training, you spot a slight depression in one wall where you can get out of the torchlight, and dive for it. You flatten yourself against the rock as if you are part of it, and as soon as you are out of the torchlight, the shadow disappears. You have solved the problem temporarily, but what will you do now? As soon as you step back into the light, your shadow will reappear. You think carefully. If you can somehow douse the torch on the wall, there will be no light to cast a shadow. You daren't risk casting a shadow, so you can't simply walk up to it and put it out. Your only option is to throw your weapon at it, in the hope of knocking it out of its bracket. On the other hand, you might be able to use the torch you are carrying in order to disrupt the shadow cast by the torch on the wall. What will you do?

If you try to douse the torch on the wall, roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 5. If not, turn to 249. Don't forget to cross the weapon off your *Adventure Sheet*. If you try to disrupt the shadow with the torch you are carrying, turn to 67.

185

Slowly, painfully slowly, you lift the chain off Brass's chest, break it, and take the key. Brass does not stir. Make a note of the key on your *Adventure Sheet* – it does not count as a backpack item – and leave the room quietly. What will you do now?

Try the first door across the passage?	Turn to 70
Try the second door across the passage?	Turn to 76
Go to the door at the other end of the landing?	Turn to 321

Or you can leave the house quietly and go to the Merchants' Guild, if you haven't already done so (turn to 129), or set out in search of the Eye of the Basilisk without looking for any further information (turn to 144).

186

You burst through the door into a torch-lit passage, with the monster hot on your heels. Will you stand and fight it, now that you can see what you're doing (turn to 334), or will you try to outrun it up the passage (turn to 252)?

187

Slipping through the door, you find yourself in an office of some kind. It is richly furnished, and across the deep carpet there is a large desk placed against one wall. A rapid search of the desk turns up some papers, which tell you that the office belongs to one Silas Whitebait. It's not the office you are looking for. What will you do? You can try the office across the passage, the one with the coin symbol (turn to 3), or leave the Merchants' Guild stealthily and search for clues in Brass's house, if you haven't been there before (turn to 156), or set out in search of the Eye of the Basilisk without looking for any more information (turn to 144).

188

You dodge past the guardsmen, and run off into the night. You can hear the sound of their booted feet close behind you, but you twist and turn through a succession of alleys and back-streets until you are sure that you have lost them. When you are sure that they are no longer following you, you carry on to 177.

189

You head for the door, but before you reach it you step on something under the carpet. There is a loud click. Turn to 106.

190

You hurl yourself against the door, and instantly the air is filled with a dense mustard-coloured cloud of

spores. The door swings open, though, and you half-fall through the doorway into a small chamber, not stopping to breathe until you are well clear of the spore-cloud. Turn to 69.

191

You follow the passage onwards. After a little way, it broadens out and becomes more regular. The walls are made of stone slabs rather than being hewn out of the rock. You turn a corner, and find a dead body in the passage – another thief, by the look of things. A trail of blood indicates that he crawled back along the passage after being seriously wounded. You notice a symbol sketched on the floor in the thief's blood; he must have put it there as he lay dying, to warn anyone who came after him. If you have SECRET SIGNS skill, turn to 39. If you do not, turn to 231.

192

You run off up the passage, leaving the shambling Corpse behind you. You have hardly gone five paces before you hear the Corpse drop to the ground and a streak of blue light slams into your back, knocking you to the ground – lose 2 STAMINA points, 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point. The spectral glowing head hangs in the air before you, chuckling evilly. It is a Possessor Spirit, and you have no option but to fight it. If you have a magic weapon, turn to 142; if not, turn to 111.

193

Hardly daring to breathe, you freeze, willing yourself to melt into the shadows. If you *don't* have HIDE

skill, turn to 261. If you *do* have HIDE skill, after a few seconds – they seem like hours – the snoring starts again. You carry on carefully into the room. Turn to 396.

194

You keep fighting for as long as you can, but eventually the weight of numbers gets the better of you. Everything goes black as something – it feels like a cannonball – crashes into the back of your head.

When you wake up, it is daylight. You have a lump the size of a Gryphon's egg on your head, and the daylight hurts your eyes. You are in a cell, chained to the wall, and all your equipment is gone. Your adventure ends here, and your life probably doesn't have too much longer to run. Captured thieves get very short shrift from the authorities of Port Blacksand.

195

You ask Bald Morri if he knows anything about Brass. 'Certainly,' he says with a wink. 'What's it worth?' Are you prepared to pay for information? If not, turn to 278 to play pin-finger, or leave the tavern and try your luck elsewhere – turn to 203 and choose another option.

If you pay for information, decide how many gold pieces you will offer, then roll one die. If the die roll is equal to or less than the number of gold pieces you offer, turn to 364. If not, turn to 66. Don't forget to cross the gold you spend off your *Adventure Sheet*.

196

The rest of the Footpads turn and run – they're used to easier prey. A rapid search turns up a shortsword (you can use this to replace your weapon if it was broken earlier), a chair-leg, two lengths of heavy chain, and a total of 5 gold pieces, plus the rags which footpads tie round their feet. If you take the rags and tie them round your own feet, your footsteps are muffled just as if you had SNEAK skill – make a note of the skill on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you already have SNEAK skill, they have no effect. Make a note of what you take – everything except the rags and the money counts as a backpack item – then turn to **386**.

197

You reach cautiously for the doorknob, and manage to get a three-fingered grip on it without disturbing the mould. Slowly, painfully slowly, you begin to turn it, praying that the door isn't locked. There is a slight click, and the door shifts a fraction. Holding

your breath, you throw the door open and run through the dense mustard-coloured cloud of spores that suddenly fills the air, and into a small chamber. You don't stop to breathe until you are well clear of the spore-cloud. Turn to **69**.

198

The slab is big. It's the sort of thing you're meant to notice. And while you're looking at it, you're not looking at the real way in, which is hidden somewhere else. It's an old trick, but you wonder if it's being used here. You search the end of the passage, and finally you find a loose stone in the right-hand wall. You pull it out. Then another, and another. In no time, you have made a hole big enough to crawl through. Turn to **150**.

199

Your finger is painfully cut: lose 1 SKILL point and 1 STAMINA point. You have lost the game, and the men insist that you pay up. Do you have 5 gold pieces? If you have, pay the men and turn to **227**. Don't forget to cross the gold pieces off your *Adventure Sheet*. If you do not have the money, turn to **112**.

200

As the light floods the room, you see the monster clearly for the first time: a large, golden-brown lizard. Its huge yellow eyes focus on you, and you realize that it is a Basilisk, whose gaze is deadly. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **174**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **65**.

201

Rather than risk raising the alarm, you back quietly out of the room. What will you do now?

Listen at the next door?	Turn to 76
Listen at the door across the passage?	Turn to 277
Try the door at the other end of the landing?	Turn to 321

Or you can leave the house, and do one of two things. You can try to find the Eye of the Basilisk, if you think you have enough information (turn to **144**), or you can look for more information in the Merchants' Guild, if you haven't been there before (turn to **129**).

202

You put the key in one lock, and begin to turn it. Suddenly, a tiny snake shoots out of the other lock and buries its fangs in your hand. Lose 4 STAMINA points to its poisonous bite. If you are still alive, you may search the desk, if you haven't already done so (turn to **143**), leave the room via the window (turn to **306**) or leave via the door and investigate the doors at the other end of the landing (turn to **325**).

203

As you make your way along the Noose, you think about likely places for picking up information. At the edge of the Noose is a tavern called the Rat and Ferret, where thieves, beggars and all sorts of people come to drink. The Noose is always filled

with beggars, at any time of the day or night, and they see and hear all sorts of things. And on one side of the Noose lives Madame Star, the clairvoyant. She spends her days in the Market Square telling fortunes, but at this time of night she would be at home. What will you do?

Go to the Rat and Ferret?	Turn to 309
Try to find a beggar?	Turn to 26
Visit Madame Star?	Turn to 117
Leave the Noose?	Turn to 387

204

You scoop up a handful of the black ashes and cinders. To your amazement, they are still hot even though the house burnt down decades ago! Before you can drop them, the ashes have burnt through your glove and seared the palm of your hand – lose 1 SKILL point and 1 STAMINA point. You leave the site of the house hurriedly and go to look at the statue – turn to **301**.

205

Your blow hits the guard just behind one ear, and he crumples to the ground unconscious. You pick him up and prop him in the doorway, so it looks as if he's still awake. As you do so, you notice a symbol scratched into the door-frame. Turn to **93** if you have SECRET SIGNS skill, **262** if you don't.

206

You can't find any way into the barrow; perhaps the Eye of the Basilisk is hidden somewhere else. Turn to **77** and look around the rest of the garden.

207

You throw yourself to one side as the Giant Spider crashes to the cavern floor, and barely have time to roll back to your feet before it is upon you. Fight the Giant Spider normally.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you lose a round of combat, lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **285**. If you kill the Giant Spider without losing a single round of combat, turn to **353**.

208

Painfully slowly, you lift the disc off the silver wire. Nothing happens, and you breathe a sigh of relief. Note the obsidian disc on your *Adventure Sheet* – it counts as a backpack item – and turn back to **316**.

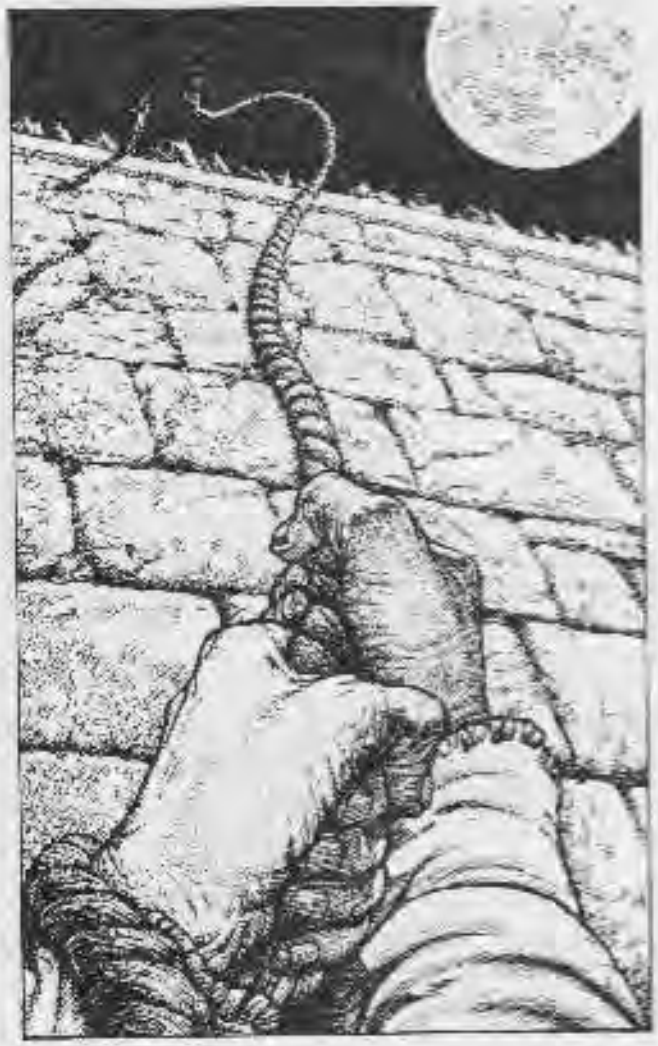

209

Clutching at empty air, you fall headlong to the alley below. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, go back to 386 and choose another option.

210

You follow the alley along one side of the Merchants' Guild. After a few yards it turns right sharply, and a few feet after that you see an even narrower alley running off to your left, coming to a dead end after a few yards, with a door on the left and a drainpipe leading up past a window to the roof. If you go down the alley to your left, turn to 80. If you carry on round the building, turn to 271.

211

You pick the lock quickly and quietly, and swing the door open. It creaks softly on its hinges, but not loudly enough to wake anyone. By the light of your hand-lamp, you can see that you are in a hallway. There is a small table against one wall, with a piece of paper resting on a tray, and at the far end of the hall is a door. Near the door is a coat-stand, and a black hooded cloak hangs on it. If you take the cloak, you may hide as if you had HIDE skill, even if you don't have the skill. Remember to make a note of the cloak on your *Adventure Sheet* if you take it. It does not count as a backpack item. If you examine the tray, turn to 103. If you ignore it and head straight for the door, turn to 318.

212

You search the chamber thoroughly, but you can't find any hiding-place where the gem might be, or any way out except the way you came in. Defeated, you trudge back to the Thieves' Guild to report that you have failed the test. Your adventure ends here.

213

You notice a strand of web – if that's the right word for a sticky rope the thickness of a ship's cable – which the Giant Spider must have dragged down from the ceiling when it attacked you. You give it a tug, and it seems to be firm, so you begin to climb it. As you climb, you realize that the cavern is really a

huge vertical shaft, and soon you reach the main part of the Spider's web, which is strung right across the shaft. You shudder as you notice several silk-wrapped packages hanging in the web – about the right size and shape to be human bodies. Others before you were not so lucky. If you investigate the bodies, turn to **290**; if you carry on climbing, turn to **341**.

214

You keep the disc steady as you reach in beneath it to take the gem. Withdrawing the disc from the light, you hold the gem in both hands – you can hardly believe that you have passed the test. Then you look at the gem more closely, and your heart sinks. There is a crack in one side, and a small bubble in the middle. The gem is a fake – a worthless piece of glass! Turn to **400**.

215

You flatten yourself against the wooden railing of the balcony and stay very still. The figure gives no sign of having seen you, and walks past, the hem of his robe brushing your face. He goes to the end of the landing, turns round, and goes back into the room he came out of – the first on the right. Add 1 LUCK point for not panicking. If you had done anything to waken the sleepwalker, his screams could have woken the whole house. You wait for a couple of minutes, to give him time to get back into bed and settle into deep sleep, and then you creep across the balcony. Turn to **325**.

216

Bracing your hands and feet against one side of the shaft and your back against the other, you work your way carefully downwards. After about forty feet, the shaft opens out into the ceiling of a passage, and you drop cautiously to the floor. Turn to **236**.

217

Morri sees that you don't understand the symbol, and hurriedly wipes it out with his hand. He turns his back on you, and begins to clean some mugs very busily. You try to attract his attention again, but he doesn't seem to notice you. What will you do now? You can join in the game of pin-finger (turn to **278**), or leave the tavern and try elsewhere (turn to **203** and choose again).

218

The huge Footpad slumps to the ground. For a moment, the others hesitate. You take advantage of their indecision and charge forward, trying to break through them. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **244**. If not, turn to **96**.

219

You try to hack a way through the clutching Tangleweed. Attack it like any normal opponent.

TANGLEWEED SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, you fight your way clear to **248**.

220

You grope your way along the cavern walls, and finally find the entrance to the passage. You set off along the passage, not daring to light another torch until you are well clear of the cavern. After a few paces, you hear a sudden click. A shower of darts strikes you; roll one die to see how many STAMINA points you lose. You may halve this amount (rounding fractions up) if you successfully *Test your Luck*. If you are still alive, you light a torch and follow the passage inward to **191**.

221

You have never seen a lock as complex as this – it must prove that you're on the right track, but unfortunately you can't pick the lock. You must try to take the key without getting stung by the scorpion. If you have PICK POCKET skill, turn to **13**. If you do not, turn to **264**.

222

You make your way carefully across the web, but don't notice the sticky gum glistening on one strand until it is too late. One foot is stuck fast to the web – you pull and pull, but can't free it. What will you do now? Will you try to cut it free (turn to 359), or burn the web away with your torch (turn to 274)?

223

You watch the palace gate, trying to think of some way to get in. The gate is heavily guarded, with guards both on the ground and atop the battlemented parapets. It's not going to be easy to get into the palace. What will you do? Will you attack the guards and hope that the element of surprise will work in your favour (turn to 36), or will you give up on the palace and look for the Eye of the Basilisk somewhere else (turn back to 144 and choose again)?

224

The guardsmen look surprised as you draw your sword. You are alone, dressed in leather and armed only with a shortsword, while they are both armed with spears, helmeted and dressed in chainmail from neck to foot.

You must fight both guardsmen together. Each round, choose one guardsman to attack, and fight him normally. The other will also attack you, so you must roll an Attack Strength against him. If your Attack Strength is higher, you have not wounded

the other guardsman, merely avoided his blow. If his Attack Strength is higher, you lose 2 STAMINA points, as normal.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARDSMAN	8	6
Second GUARDSMAN	7	5

If you win, turn to 105. You may escape during any round in which you lose no STAMINA points, by turning to 188.

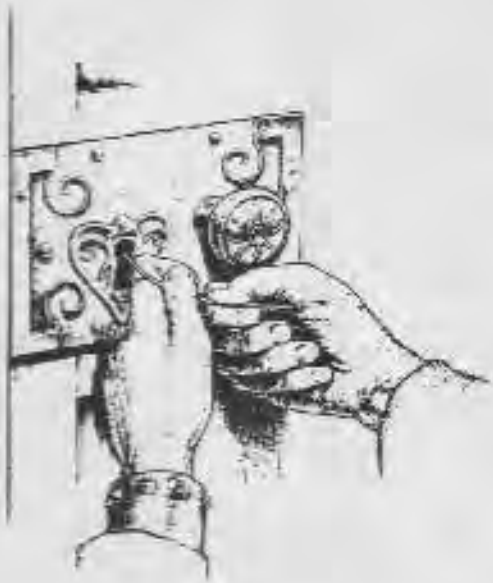

225

You start to climb the drainpipe. You do not need CLIMB skill or a rope and grapnel, because the drainpipe is an easy climb. You climb to the window, but find it securely barred, so you decide to carry on to the roof. Suddenly you hear a slight grating sound above you. You look up to see that one of the decorative Gargoyles on the roof of the Merchants' Guild has come to life! It launches itself off its perch and flies down to attack you, and you prepare to defend yourself as best you can. Deduct 3 from your Attack Strength because you are clinging to the drainpipe.

GARGOYLE SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win the first round of combat, turn to 319. If the Gargoyle wins, lose 2 STAMINA points and roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 365; if not, turn to 389.

226

You haul yourself carefully over the glass-studded top of the wall and on to the roof of the Merchants' Guild. Exploring the roof cautiously, you find a skylight leading down into the building. As you crouch over it, you see movement on the other side of the roof; one of the Gargoyles, which decorate the building, has come to life, and is bounding across the roof towards you. You have a fraction of a second in which to make a decision. Will you stand and fight the Gargoyle (turn to 395) or will you slip through the skylight, hoping that it isn't trapped (turn to 354)?

227

Nursing your cut finger, you try to ask the men if they know anything about Brass the merchant, but they resume their game among themselves, and don't seem to be interested in anything you have to say. What will you do now? You can ask Bald Morn about Brass (turn to 195), or you can leave the tavern and try elsewhere (turn back to 203 and choose again).

228

You cross the room towards the body of the lizard. It twitches slightly at the sound of your footsteps, and you realize that it is not quite dead. One eye flickers open – a large, yellow eye – and you suddenly realize that you are looking at a Basilisk, whose gaze is deadly. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 174. If you are Unlucky, turn to 65.

229

Before the Shapechanger can free itself from the cage, you leave the room, slamming the door behind you. Turn to 155.

230

Your attack takes the thing entirely by surprise, and it gives vent to an inhuman howl of pain as your sword bites into its shoulder. As the figure turns on you, you find that you have disturbed a Ghoul from its nocturnal feast – and now it seems to have every intention of adding you to its grisly menu. You must fight the Ghoul.

GHOUL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

If the Ghoul hits you four times, turn to 171. If you win, turn to 57.

231

You look at the symbol carefully. You think it's one of the secret signs of the Thieves' Guild, but you have no idea what it means. Still, you're fairly sure that there is something nasty ahead, and this dead thief was trying to warn you about it. You offer a silent prayer to the God of Thieves, asking him to look after the dead thief in the next world and to look after you in this world, and then you prepare to move on. Turn to 302.

232

The Gargoyle hangs in the air for an instant, struggling with its tangled wing, then it plummets to the alley below, hitting the ground with a splintering crash. You look down, and see it lying in the alley, shattered into pieces like a stone statue. You carry on to the roof, and slip through a skylight. Turn to 354.

233

The two Skeletons come forward to meet you. You must fight them both together. Choose one Skeleton, and fight it normally, but generate an Attack Strength against the other as well. If your Attack Strength is higher, you have not wounded the second Skeleton, merely avoided its blow. If the Skeleton's Attack Strength is higher, of course, you lose 2 STAMINA points as normal. Once the first Skeleton is destroyed, fight the second normally.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	6	5
Second SKELETON	5	4

If you win, turn to 31.

234

Bargo takes the money, and shoves it inside his jerkin. 'Hang on, young 'un,' he says, rummaging in a sack which sits behind him in his little cart. 'Maybe I can do you some good in return.' After a few moments, he pulls out a rope and grapnel. 'There you go,' he grins. 'I found this a while ago – no good to me, of course, but I'm sure you can put it to some use.'

You thank Bargo, and he wishes you luck on your test. Add 1 LUCK point. While you have the rope and grapnel, you can climb as if you had CLIMB skill, unless a paragraph specifically states otherwise. If you already have CLIMB skill, the rope and grapnel has no effect on your climbing ability. Make a note of the rope and grapnel on your *Adventure Sheet* if you take it – it counts as a backpack item.

You leave Bargo pushing his cart through the dark alleys, and decide on your next move. Will you:

Go to the Rat and Ferret (if you haven't already)?	Turn to 309
Go to see Madame Star (if you haven't already)?	Turn to 227

Or you can leave the Noose and try elsewhere – turn to 387.

235

The Giant Spider's bite is poisonous, but you resist the worst of its effects. Lose 1 SKILL point, then turn back to 304 and carry on fighting.

236

The passage is roughly carved out of the bedrock, and leads away to the north. You follow it for a few yards, and find that it ends in a large and strong-looking door. You try the door, and find that it is not locked. You open the door quietly, and advance into a darkened room. Your torch does nothing to dispel the darkness, only the heat on your face tells you that it is still burning. The darkness must be magical. You hear a shuffling, slithering sound from the darkness. Will you advance into the room (turn to 352), or go back (turn to 161)?

237

The shadowy figure becomes insubstantial, and finally disappears. You feel strange, casting no shadow, but don't pause to think about it as you hurry out of the cavern. Turn to 381 if you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, 27 if you don't.

238

You climb rapidly, and reach the level of the first-floor windows in less than a minute. The first thing you notice is that all the windows are covered by stout iron grilles, to prevent thieves like you breaking in. Even though there's no way in, you can still get some idea of the layout of the upper floor of the house.

In front of you there is a window looking on to a landing; you can see two doors on your left and one on your right, and one more at the far end of the landing. A window on your left looks into a small bedroom, belonging to a young girl if the dolls on the door are anything to go by. Finally, a window on your right looks into a larger bedroom dominated by a huge four-poster bed where a middle-aged couple lie sleeping. You climb carefully back down to the alley below, and head for the front door, which is the only way into the building. If you have PICK LOCK skill, you can open the door and turn to **276**; if you don't have the skill, you can't get into the house. In that case, you have two options: you can look for information at the Merchants' Guild, if you haven't been there before (turn to **129**) or you can try to find the Eye of the Basilisk using only the information that you have gained so far (turn to **144**).

239

You hurl yourself towards the wall of the shaft, and climb rapidly, trying to escape the flames. You are barely clear of the web when it comes away from the walls and plummets blazing to the cavern floor below. Turn to 341.

240

A low passage leads away from the foot of the steps, ending in a huge stone slab. You have to stoop to move along the passage. You have only gone a little way when you hear scuffling and chittering noises ahead of you. You raise your torch to see what's there, and suddenly the air is full of small, sharp-toothed bats. If you have a silver whistle, turn to 363. If not, turn to 280.

241

You follow the passage for a little way before it opens out into a small chamber, apparently once a storeroom of some kind, as it is littered with all kinds of debris. As you move cautiously across the chamber, you are struck down from behind by a flying chair – lose 1 STAMINA point. The chair flies at you again as you pick yourself up. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 355. If you are Unlucky, turn to 282.

242

You search the study rapidly, and turn up the following items of interest: a bottle of excellent brandy, worth 1 gold piece, or you can take up

to three drinks from it, each drink restoring 2 STAMINA points; and a miniature painting in a silver frame, worth 2 gold pieces.

If you pick up either of these, remember to note them on your *Adventure Sheet*. You have also discovered that a safe is hidden in the wall behind the portrait of Brass. What will you do now?

Search the desk?	Turn to 143
Investigate the safe?	Turn to 204
Leave the room and try the other end of the landing?	Turn to 325
Leave the house through the study window?	Turn to 306

243

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you escape through the skylight to 354. If you are Unlucky, turn to 175.

244

You lash out as you charge, and one of the Footpads gives ground. You dive through the gap in their line, and run off before they can do anything to stop you. You twist and turn through back-streets and alleys to make sure that they aren't following you, then double back to the Merchants' Guild. Turn to 386.

245

You fumble with the lock, but to no avail. The slithering sound comes closer: the thing has heard you. Your only hope is to break the door down before the monster, whatever it is, reaches you. You hurl yourself against the door. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, you manage to break down the door – turn to **186**. If not, lose 1 STAMINA point for a bruised shoulder. The monster is upon you now, and you must fight it. Subtract 2 from your Attack Strength during this combat, as you are fighting in the dark.

UNSEEN MONSTER SKILL 5 STAMINA 8

If you win, you may continue trying to break down the door, using the same procedure as before. Turn to **324** if you succeed; if not, lose 1 STAMINA point and try again. Keep trying until you break down the door or die in the attempt.

246

You cross the square to the Merchants' Guild. It is an imposing building, built in stone and several storeys high. Facing on to the square is the great main door, set into a deep doorway and made, so you have heard, of hardwood imported from the far south, even beyond the Desert of Skulls. From the shadows, you can see that the door is closed. It is manned by a single armed guard, who does not appear to have noticed you. What will you do?

Hide and watch the guard?	Turn to **74**
Try to bribe the guard?	Turn to **345**
Look for another way in?	Turn to **210**

247

The potion restores your SKILL score to its *Initial* level. Change your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly, then go back to **323**.

248

You reach the site of the house. They say that the house that once stood here was huge – almost a palace – and solidly built. No sign of it remains now. No ruins are left, just a blackened patch of melted, distorted earth and ash. You can't see any places here where a gem might be hidden. What will you do?

Search among the ashes?	Turn to **204**
Go and look at the statue?	Turn to **301**

249

You hurl your weapon at the torch, but it glances off the bracket without dislodging it. What will you do now? Will you fight your own shadow (turn to **11** and subtract 3 SKILL points if you have no other weapon to fight with), or will you run out of the cavern as fast as you can (turn to **154**)?

250

You lift your foot from the burning web, and hurriedly smother the flames: if the whole web were to go up in flames, you would be in deep trouble. Being careful to avoid any more sticky strands, you make your way cautiously to the nearest of the bodies. Turn to **382**.

251

The guard looks at your money, his eyes narrowed. Then he takes it with a soft chuckle. 'Fool,' he says as he moves to attack you. Lose 1 LUCK point for meeting a guard who is too corrupt even to stay bribed. Now you must fight the guard – turn to **131**.

252

You follow the passage for what seems like miles as it winds onward. Finally, you see a light in the distance and, approaching cautiously, you can see that the passage opens out into a cavern, which is empty except for a lighted torch which hangs in an iron bracket on one wall. On the far side of the cavern, another passage leads off into the darkness. You cast a long shadow in the torchlight as you cross the cavern – it seems to move with a life of its own, but you tell yourself that it's only your imagination. But you are wrong. Before you can reach the other side of the cavern, your shadow dances along the wall in front of you, and suddenly climbs down off the wall, becoming a solid, shadowy being as it moves to attack you. Will you fight your own shadow (turn to 11) or will you try some other course of action, such as:

Trying to run away before it can attack you?	Turn to 154
Trying to douse the torch?	Turn to 373
Trying to avoid casting a shadow?	Turn to 85
Trying to disrupt your shadow?	Turn to 113

253

You recognize the symbol as one of the secret signs of the Thieves' Guild. Bald Morri is trying to find out whether you are a member of the Guild. You dip your finger in your ale, and sketch another secret sign on the bar. Morri looks at it for an instant, then

rubs both signs out with his hand. He leans over the bar towards you.

'Difficult, that house,' he whispers. 'The lock on the safe has never been picked. It needs two keys, and Brass always keeps one with him, even in bed!' With that, he ducks back behind the bar and begins to clean some mugs very busily. You try to ask if he knows any more, but he doesn't seem to hear you. What will you do now? You can join in the game of pin-finger (turn to 278), or you can leave the Rat and Ferret and try elsewhere (turn to 203 and choose again).

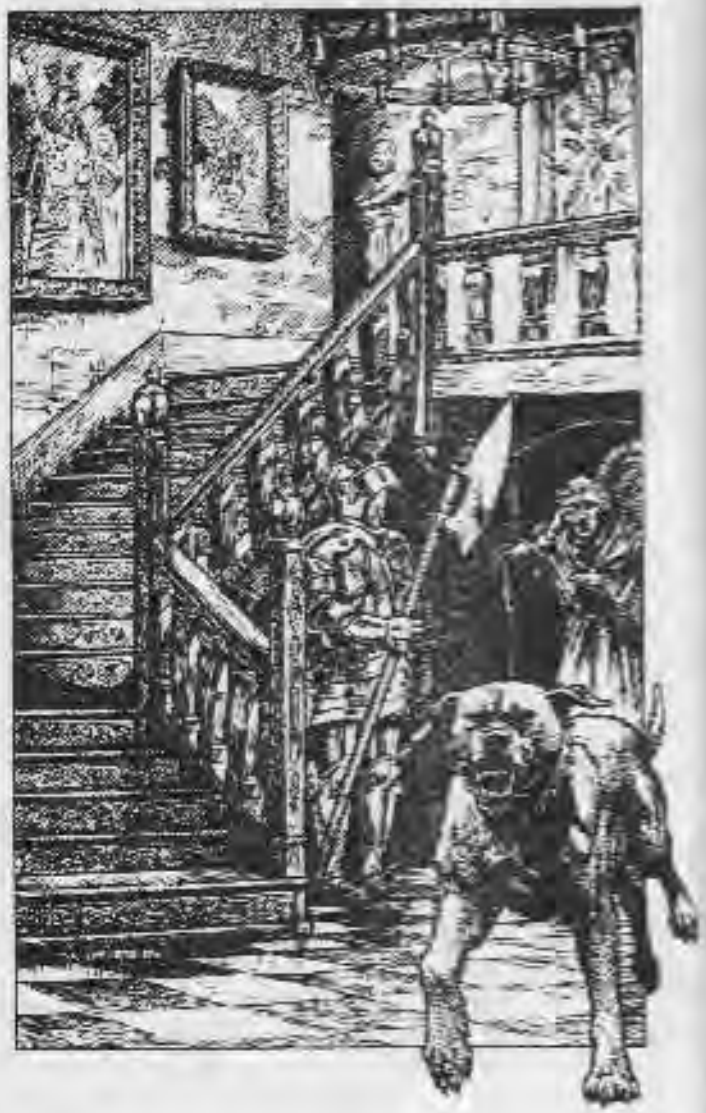

254

You throw yourself behind a high-backed chair, just as the door beneath the landing opens and a bleary-eyed servant comes out with a huge dog on a chain. He sees the ruins of the suit of armour, and then looks around the hallway. The dog growls savagely, pulling him over towards you.

'Found something, have you?' he says to the dog. 'Go on, then.' With that, he lets the dog off its chain, and it flies across the hallway towards you. You must fight the dog.

DOG	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

While you are fighting the dog, more servants come out of the door. Fight three rounds of combat, then turn to **194**. If you kill the dog inside three rounds, you must fight the servants. Fight them as a single enemy:

SERVANTS	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

Fight one round of combat against the servants, then turn to **194**.

255

You open the door quietly, and slip through the doorway. You find yourself in a small room with a fire burning in a stone hearth at the far end. There is a man asleep in a chair by the fire, and a large black dog sleeping on the hearthrug. If you have SNEAK skill, turn to **95**. If not, turn to **176**.

256

As you creep up to the sleeping Ogre, you accidentally kick a pebble, which rattles down the passage and hits the Ogre. It twitches and begins to stir. What will you do now?

Attack?	Turn to 37
Hide (only if you have HIDE skill)	Turn to 114

257

Your hand clutches at the top of the wall, and is painfully cut by the fragments of glass which are set there to deter burglars. Lose 1 SKILL point and 1 STAMINA point. Turn to 226.

258

You try to push past the men, but they catch hold of you and push you back against the wall, demanding that you pay what you owe them. You are in a desperate situation. Will you fight them (turn to 28) or offer them something else (turn to 283)?

259

The lock opens with a faint click, and you slip through the doorway into a large, well-appointed office. Moonlight filters in through a barred window, and a huge and richly carved wooden desk stands against one wall, with a padded leather chair set in front of it. Across a deep, luxurious carpet, a large and strong-looking iron door is set into another wall. If you search the desk, turn to 90; if you examine the iron door, turn to 377.

260

You have come to the end of your adventure. You reach out a trembling hand to take the Eye of the Basilisk. Turn to 275.

261

Brass wakes up abruptly, sits bolt upright and yells, 'Help! Thief!' at the top of his voice. You have no choice but to run out of the bedroom and get out of the house before he wakes everybody – you don't fancy having to explain this to the City Guard. You hurry back to the Market Square, planning your next move. It's too dangerous to go back to Brass's house, so you will have to do without any information that you could have gained from there. That leaves you two options: either you can go to the Merchants' Guild, if you haven't already done so (turn to 129) or you can hope that you have enough information to find the Eye of the Basilisk and set out in search of it (turn to 144).

262

You can't make out the sign, but you realize that it's probably a warning about the door. You decide to leave the door alone, and look for another way in. Turn to 210

263

You fumble to undo the clasp on your cloak, and throw it as the Gargoyle swoops towards you. Remember to cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, you hit the Gargoyle – turn to 232. If not, you miss – turn to 389.

264

You put your hand carefully into the hole. Just as your fingertips brush the key, the scorpion comes to life suddenly, and its great sting sinks into your hand, just below your knuckles. Lose 2 STAMINA points, and *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **305**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **379**.

265

As you climb, you realize that the cavern is really a wide vertical shaft, and soon you reach the Giant Spider's web, strung right across the shaft from one side to the other. You shudder as you notice several silk-wrapped packages hanging in the web – each is about the right size and shape to be a human body. If you investigate the bodies, turn to **290**; if not, keep on climbing to **341**.

266

You move quietly to the door, and begin working on the lock. There is a click from the lock, and the guard snaps awake, attacking you before you have time to react. Roll two dice. If the result is less than your SKILL score, you dodge his first blow – turn to **131** to continue the combat. If not, the guard's attack takes you by surprise – lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **131**.

267

You go cautiously downwards into the darkness, but fail to spot a loose flagstone a few steps down. As you put your weight on it, the stairs suddenly snap into a glassy-smooth slope, and you are thrown headlong down them and dumped painfully into a deep pit which opens up at the bottom. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you have CLIMB skill or a rope and grapnel, you can climb out (turn to 240). If not, roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, you manage to climb out (turn to 240). If not, you climb part of the way out, but fall back in again, losing 1 STAMINA point in the process; try again, and keep on trying until either you get out of the pit or die in the attempt.

268

'Is that all?' laughs one of the guardsmen. 'You'll have to do better than that! Besides, attempting to bribe the City Guard is a serious offence, so you'll have to come along with us!' Obviously your attempt at bribery has failed. What will you do now?

Make a break for it?	Turn to 97
Try to escape through the door behind you (if you haven't already tried)?	Turn to 149
Attack the patrol?	Turn to 224

269

You reach into the light to take the gem. As the light strikes your hand, a searing pain rips through your whole body. It is the last thing you ever feel. Your adventure ends here.

270

You dodge into the shadows and run away. The guard does not pursue you – obviously he doesn't want to leave his post. You double back to the square, being careful to stay out of the guard's sight, and weigh up the situation. After a little thought, you decide to avoid the main door and look around the building for an unguarded entrance. Turn to 210.

271

You follow the alley to the corner, turn left, and continue walking round the building. As you pass a narrow alley on your right, you see four shapes appear in front of you. They advance threateningly. You turn round, but three more have appeared behind you, blocking your retreat. Chuckling unpleasantly, the Footpads advance on you from both sides. You can try to force your way through them (turn to 251) or stand and fight (turn to 78). If you have CLIMB skill (there's not time to use a rope and grapnel, even if you have one), you can try to climb to safety – turn to 72.

272

You drag yourself into the shadow of a doorway, hoping that no one will notice you. The crash of the falling drainpipe has brought people to their windows all along the street, and some lean out with lanterns and candles, trying to see what has happened.

'Look, down there!' cries a voice. 'In the doorway!' You realize that you have been spotted, and you limp off down the street as fast as you can, with cries of, 'Stop, thief!' ringing in the air behind you. Doubling back through a succession of dark and winding alleys to throw off any pursuit, you eventually find your way back to the Market Square, and pause to consider your position. It's too dangerous to go back to Brass's house, so you will have to do without any information that you could have gained from there. That leaves you two options: either you can go to the Merchants' Guild, if you haven't already done so (turn to **129**), or you can hope that you have enough information to find the Eye of the Basilisk and set out in search of it (turn to **144**).

273

You put the key in the left-hand keyhole, and turn it slowly. If you have PICK LOCK skill, you can pick the right-hand lock with your free hand (turn to **335**). If you do not have PICK LOCK skill, turn to **202**.

274

You hold the end of your torch carefully against the strand of web. It catches light immediately, burning brightly with a loud crackling sound. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **250**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **394**.

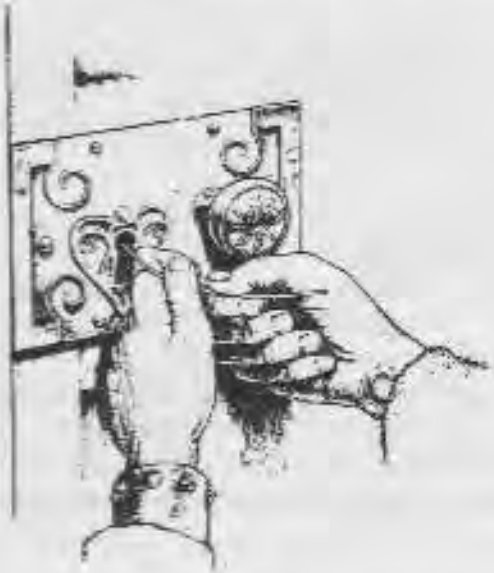

275

You cheat! There is no way here except from **260**, and there is no way to **260** from anywhere else in the adventure. Go back to **1** and start again – this time without cheating.

276

You work quickly on the lock, and after a few seconds there is a satisfying click and the door swings open. You step inside, closing the door softly behind you, and find yourself in an impressive marble-floored hallway. A stairway on your left leads up to a balustraded landing, and a suit of armour stands against the stairs. Beneath the landing is another door: if your experience and training are anything to go by, this door will lead to the servants' quarters. What will you do?

Go to the door beneath the landing?	Turn to **47**
Examine the suit of armour?	Turn to **62**
Go up the stairs?	Turn to **368**

277

You listen carefully at the door, and hear loud snoring coming from within. You try the door and, finding that it is unlocked, slip inside. If you have SNEAK skill, turn to **396**. If you do not, turn to **138**.

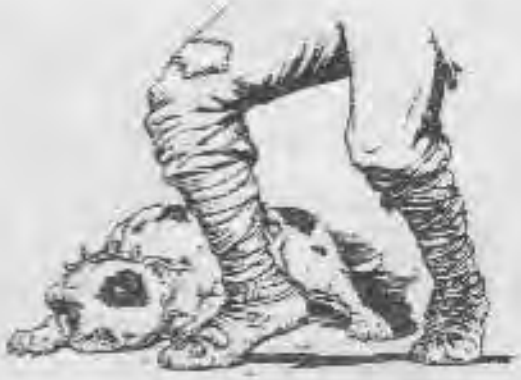

278

You go over to the men who are playing pin-finger, and ask if you can join in their game. They agree readily, explaining that you must flick the point of the dagger between your fingertips as fast as you can for a full minute. If you can do this without stabbing yourself, they will pay you 10 gold pieces; if you fail, you must pay them 5 gold pieces.

If you change your mind about the game, turn to **195** to talk to Bald Morri, or to **203** to choose another option altogether. If you still want to play, roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **14**. If the result is more than your SKILL score, turn to **376**.

279

You step lightly over the sleeping Ogre. It doesn't so much as twitch, and you carry on down the passage. Turn to **342**.

280

Your torch has panicked the Bats, and some attack you as they mill about. Fight them as one creature, subtracting 2 points from your Attack Strength because of the cramped conditions.

BATS SKILL 5 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 43.

281

You leap forward and attack the white-clad figure with your sword. As your first blow strikes home, it gives a very human cry of pain. The young man's eyes clear suddenly, and he screams as he sees you confronting him. You curse your luck and run downstairs. He must have been sleepwalking but he's awake now, and his cries will soon rouse the whole household. You have no option but to run for it. You hurry back to the Market Square, planning your next move. It's too dangerous to go back to Brass's house, so you will have to do without any information that you could have gained from there. That leaves you two options: either you can go to the Merchants' Guild, if you haven't already done so (turn to 129), or you can hope that you have enough information to find the Eye of the Basilisk and set out in search of it (turn to 144).

282

You try to dodge, but the chair hits you squarely between the shoulders – lose 1 STAMINA point and turn to 68.

283

You offer to give the men something else to settle your debt, and they ask what you have to offer. They will take a magic potion or enough Provisions for five meals. If you give them one of these items, cross it off your *Adventure Sheet* and leave the tavern – turn to **203** and choose another option. If you do not have either item, or do not want to give them up, you can choose to fight the men (turn to **28**) or try to run away (turn to 333).

284

You know that the Eye of the Basilisk is hidden somewhere around Barrow Hill, but do you know how to get there? You should have three numbers written on your *Adventure Sheet*, representing three clues: one from the Noose, one from the Merchants' Guild and one from Brass's house. If you have all three numbers, take the first number of the clue from the house, then the first number of the clue from the Guild, and then the first number of the clue from the Noose, and put them together in that order to give you a fourth number.

For example, if the clue from the house is 123, the clue from the Guild is 234 and the clue from the Noose is 45, you get the number 124 by putting together the first number of each clue.

When you have found the number, turn to that paragraph to continue the adventure. If you do not have all three clues, or if you have the wrong ones and end up at a paragraph which doesn't make sense, you have failed your test, and must start again from paragraph **1**.

285

The Giant Spider's great fangs strike home. Lose 2 STAMINA points and roll two dice. If the result is equal to your *current* STAMINA score or less, turn to 235; if not, turn to 312.

286

Pausing to examine the steps, you notice a loose flagstone. You prise it up, and find a small lever underneath, obviously the trigger for a trap. You avoid the trap, and carry on down the steps to **240**.

287

Ignoring the statue, you head straight for the site of the house, crossing what was once a lawn. You are about halfway across when you feel something tugging at your feet. Looking down, you see that the rank grass is winding itself round your boots and legs. As you pull one leg free, you see tiny flecks of blood – your blood – glistening on the blades of grass. You have just lost 3 STAMINA points. What will you do now?

Attack the grass?	Turn to **219**
Try to force your way free?	Turn to **371**

288

At last the Skeleton Lord is destroyed. You pick up his sword cautiously – normally you would have trouble just lifting a weapon that size, but because of its enchantments you can handle it as easily as if it were a fencing foil. Make a note of its special ability on your *Adventure Sheet*: when you hit an opponent, as well as the usual STAMINA loss it incurs, you add 1 point to your Attack Strength for the next round only. Strapping the sword-belt on, you search the chamber. You find an old bronze helmet (add 1 point to your SKILL if you put it on – it is not a backpack item), and a polished stone axe set in an antler haft. There is no trace of the Eye of the Basilisk, and no sign of a way out. Inspecting the plinth, you find a symbol scratched into one side. Turn to **102** if you have SECRET SIGNS skill, **52** if you don't.

289

Madame Star takes your money, and leads you into her front parlour. Showing you to a chair, she sits on the other side of a small table and gazes deeply into her crystal ball. She tells you that you are looking for something valuable, and that it is hidden in a dark place, a place of death. She says that before you find what you're looking for, you must look in a place of sleep and a place of work. This is an important clue: make a note of the number of this paragraph on your *Adventure Sheet*. You thank Madame Star for her help, and leave her cottage. What will you do next?

Go to the Rat and Ferret (if you haven't already)?	Turn to 309
Look for a beggar (if you haven't already)?	Turn to 26
Leave the Noose and look elsewhere?	Turn to 387

290

As you make your way across the web, you notice that some strands are sticky and some are not – the Spider obviously uses the non-sticky strands to retrieve prey that has been caught on the sticky ones. You must try to avoid the sticky strands as you investigate the bodies. Roll two dice – you may subtract 2 from the amount rolled if you have SPOT HIDDEN skill. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 382; if not, turn to 222.

291

The beggar almost collapses with relief. 'I thought I'd had it there,' he gasps. You are just wondering why the door was left unlocked, when he produces a set of lock-picks with a grin. 'Here,' he says, 'that's how I got in. You can put 'em to good use, I'm sure.' Add 1 LUCK point for this fortunate meeting. If you take the lock-picks, make a note of them on your *Adventure Sheet* – they do not count as a backpack item. The lock-picks give you PICK LOCK skill if you don't already have it; if you already have the skill, they have no effect. The only exit is a door at the far end of the room. You thank the beggar for the lock-picks, wish him pleasant dreams, and leave. Turn to 350.

292

What have you got that can be used to block the light?

An obsidian disc?	Turn to 87
A black cloak?	Turn to 308
Something else?	Turn to 397

293

You dodge into a shadowy doorway and stay very still. The light and the footsteps come closer; and you hardly dare to breathe as a two-man patrol from the City Guard approaches. You close your eyes and hope that they will go past without noticing you, but suddenly the light is shining straight into your face.

'Well, now, what have we here?' says a gruff voice. 'Come out of there, and state your business.' What will you do now?

Try to escape through the door behind you?	Turn to 149
Try to bribe the patrol?	Turn to 327
Make a break for it?	Turn to 97
Attack the patrol?	Turn to 224

294

You pull the statue round so that the archer's arrow points at the barrow. You wait for a few moments, but nothing happens, so far as you can tell. Perhaps the arrow should be pointed somewhere else – but where? At the site of the house (turn to 346), or at the standing stone by the barrow (turn to 383)?

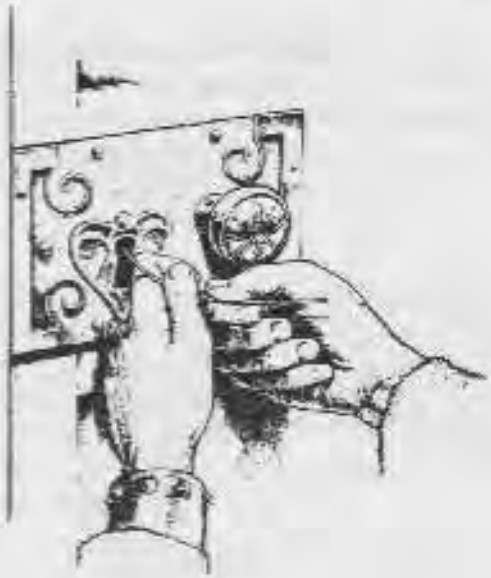

295

There is a loud click, and the great iron door swings open easily despite its obvious weight. Inside is a strongroom, packed with chests and boxes. You step inside to take a look. If you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, turn to 21. If you do not, turn to 120.

296

You look desperately for some means of escape, but flames hem you in on all sides. After a few seconds the blazing web comes away from the walls of the shaft, and you plummet to the cavern floor below in a welter of flame. Your adventure and your life both end here.

297

You begin to climb down the shaft, but after a few feet a foothold crumbles and you plunge headlong downwards – lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you find yourself in another passage. Turn to 236.

298

You creep closer to the dark shape, and see that it is a man in tattered clothes – probably a beggar – fast asleep. You smile to yourself. A beggar in the Merchants' Guild, eh? Not a bad place to spend the night, at that. If you wake him, turn to 385. If you leave him alone and leave by the far door, turn to 350.

299

A patrol from the City Guard quickly arrives on the scene. You are heavily outnumbered, and have no chance to escape before you are knocked out by a blow to the head. When you wake up, you find yourself in a cell, in chains and minus all your equipment. You have failed your test, and your adventure ends here.

300

You go cautiously down the steps. There are no traps this time, but as you reach the bottom you hear regular heavy breathing coming from down the crudely cut rocky passage which leads off in front of you. Advancing cautiously, you see an Ogre, obviously supposed to be on guard, slumped asleep in the passage. If you have SNEAK skill, turn to 279. If you do not, turn to 256.

301

As you push through the undergrowth that surrounds the statue, you realize that it is set on a plinth in the middle of a small walled pond. The statue, of an archer about to loose an arrow, is made of bronze, and is green with age. On the base of the statue is an inscription of some kind, obscured by dead leaves. Will you wade across the pond to read the inscription (turn to 2), or jump across (turn to 148)?

302

As you turn to move on, a glowing, almost transparent, bright blue *something* comes flying down the corridor at you. It looks a little like a severed human head, but you have no time to examine it closely as you throw yourself to one side. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 12. If not, turn to 393.

303

You look all around the slab, trying to find some means of shifting it. After a few seconds' searching, you find a hand-size gap between the slab and the wall on one side, just the right size for a hidden catch. Will you feel for the catch with your hand (turn to 56) or use a dagger instead, if you have one (turn to 164)?

304

You hurl yourself to one side, but too late. One of the Giant Spider's great legs hits you, and you are hurled to the ground – lose 1 STAMINA point. The Spider is upon you before you can regain your feet, and you fend off its first attack clumsily.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win the first round of combat, you have not wounded the Giant Spider, merely fended off its attack. After the first round, fight it normally. If you lose the first round of combat – or any other – turn to 285. If you kill the Giant Spider without losing a single round of combat, turn to 353.

305

Cursing, you brush the scorpion away, crush it underfoot and take the key. It opens the lock, and the great iron door swings open. Turn to 79.

306

Quickly and quietly, you open first the bars and then the window itself, and let yourself down to the ground. You hurry through the darkened streets, leaving Brass's house behind you. As you go, you consider what to do next. You can try to find the Eye of the Basilisk, if you think you have enough information (turn to 144), or you can look for more information in the Merchants' Guild, if you haven't been there before (turn to 129).

307

You draw your hand back to knock, but before you can do so the door flies open and an old man with a long white beard stands before you. 'What do you want?' he demands. What will you do?

Run away?	Turn to 144 and choose again
Push him out of the way and look for the gem?	Turn to 137

308

You take off your cloak and throw it over the gem. As soon as it enters the light, the cloak disintegrates with a flash. Cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. What will you do now?

Reach into the light and take the gem?	Turn to 269
Throw something to knock the gem out of the light?	Turn to 130
Try to block the light?	Turn to 292

If you want a clue, spend 2 LUCK points – don't forget to adjust the score on your *Adventure Sheet* – and turn to 338.

309

You go into the Rat and Ferret. The bar is lit by smoky oil-lamps, and the pipes and cheroots of the inn's customers add to the peculiarly rich atmosphere. The landlord, Bald Morri, looms behind the bar like an unfriendly mountain. At a table to one side, three disreputable-looking men are playing pin-finger, stabbing a knife into the table between their fingers faster and faster. You go to the bar and order a mug of ale. Cross 1 gold piece off your *Adventure Sheet* to pay for it. What will you do now?

Ask Bald Morri if he knows anything about Brass?	Turn to 195
Ask to join in the game of pin-finger?	Turn to 278

310

Your blow hits the guard, who stumbles but recovers quickly. Now you must fight him.

GUARD	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If the fight lasts more than three rounds, turn to 299. If you win within that time, turn to 337.

311

You flatten yourself against the cavern wall, desperately trying to get out of the torchlight. As you do so, however, your shadow flits across the wall behind you, and you lose 2 STAMINA points as it attacks you from behind. What will you do now? Will you fight your own shadow (turn to 11) or run away from it (turn to 154)?

312

The Giant Spider prepares to attack again. You try to dodge its attack, but find yourself paralysed by its venom, you can only wait helplessly for it to finish you off. Your adventure and your life both end here.

313

You raise one arm in an attempt to fend off the blow, but you are too slow. The creature's blow thuds sickeningly into your shoulder – lose 2 STAMINA points. You find yourself staring into the snarling, hate-filled face of a Ghoul: you have disturbed it from its nocturnal feast, and now you must fight to keep yourself off the menu.

GHOUL SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If the Ghoul hits you three more times, turn to 171. If you win, turn to 57.

314

You look carefully around the plinth, and find a crack between the plinth and the floor on one side. It rolls back suddenly when you give it a shove, revealing a set of steps leading down into the darkness. You follow them down (turn to 300).

315

Hardly daring to breathe, you back out of the room and close the door. You decide to give the sleepers a little time to get back into a deep sleep. What will you do in the meantime?

Try the first door across the passage?	Turn to 70
Try the second door across the passage?	Turn to 76
Try the door at the other end of the landing?	Turn to 321

If you have already visited all the rooms, you can wait and then re-enter the room you have just left (turn to 277).

316

You go through the door into another rock-cut chamber – and find that you have reached the hiding-place of the Eye of the Basilisk! The huge yellow gem stands on a black stone pillar in the centre of the chamber, and a column of light shines from an unseen source, engulfing the gem and the pillar in light from floor to ceiling. You are elated to have come to the end of your quest, but your elation is tempered by caution: there is bound to be a final trap of some kind. What will you do now?

Take the gem?	Turn to **269**
Throw something to knock it out of the light?	Turn to **130**
Try to block the light?	Turn to **292**

317

You throw yourself at the door, trying to burst through before another of the Poltergeist's missiles hits you. The door doesn't budge, but a portcullis comes crashing down behind you, trapping you in the alcove. You try the door again, but you realize that it is a dummy, nailed to the wall as part of the trap. You try frantically to lift the portcullis. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, you lift the portcullis and escape (turn to **152**). If not, you fail to shift the portcullis – you are still trapped and the Poltergeist attacks once again.

POLTERGEIST SKILL 6 STAMINA 0

Roll for Attack Strengths as normal, but if you win, the Poltergeist is not wounded, you have merely dodged its missile. If the Poltergeist wins, its missile hits you and you lose 1 STAMINA point.

After the Poltergeist has attacked, you may attempt to escape again. Repeat this procedure until you escape from the trap or die in the attempt.

318

The door has a large keyhole, and you look through it before deciding what to do. The room beyond seems to be a kitchen, and is illuminated by the dying embers in a large fireplace set into the far wall. In front of the fire, on the floor, is a large dark shape. It twitches as you watch, and when it raises its head and yawns you can see that it is a dog – a very big dog. You stand up, wondering what to do about it. As you think, your eye lights on a painting on the wall of the hallway. It is a portrait of a strong-looking, bearded man, with a telescope under one arm. On the bottom of the frame is a small brass plaque, bearing the inscription:

To Captain Marlin, from the crew of the Far Trader

Now what would Brass be doing with a picture which obviously belongs to a Captain Marlin? You must be in the wrong house. You leave very quietly, hoping that the huge dog in the kitchen won't hear you, and investigate the house across the street, with the coin symbol cut into the door-post. Turn to **384**.

319

With a stony clink, your weapon bounces harmlessly off the Gargoyle's magical hide. What will you do now?

Use a magical weapon?	Turn to 158
Try some other means?	Turn to 73
Keep fending it off and hope for the best?	Turn to 389

320

You can find no way forward; the Eye of the Basilisk is beyond your reach. You have failed your test, and your adventure ends here.

321

You put your ear to the door, but hear nothing. Trying the handle, you find that the door is locked. If you have PICK LOCK skill turn to **234**; if you don't, you can investigate the doors off the landing (turn to **45**), you can leave the house and visit the Merchants' Guild, if you haven't been there before (turn to **129**), or you can try to find the Eye of the Basilisk using only the information that you have gained so far (turn to **144**).

322

The three Dwarfs lie dead at your feet. Before you can inspect the bodies, someone leans out of a window and calls loudly for the guard. You hurry away before a patrol arrives on the scene – turn back to **144** and choose again.

323

The Possessor Spirit disappears in a shower of bright blue sparks. A rapid search of the body turns up 5 gold pieces, a throwing knife, a long piece of heavy wire with a hook at the end and a flask. The flask has been cracked in the fight, and a potion is leaking out of it – there is enough potion left for one drink, but only if you drink it now. Turn to 247 if you drink the potion. Record anything you take on your *Adventure Sheet*; only the wire counts as a backpack item.

You move onward along the passage, following the trail of blood left by the dying thief. The trail leads to a door in the left-hand wall of the passage. The door stands ajar, and you peer through the doorway into a room furnished only with a great iron cage. Locked in the cage is a Dwarf. 'Let me out!' he pleads. 'I'm a thief like you! If you let me out we can look for the Eye of the Basilisk together!' If you let the Dwarf out of the cage, turn to 6. If you make sure he's a thief first, turn to 86. If you ignore him and carry on down the passage, turn to 155.

324

You step through the doorway into a torch-lit passage. You shut the door quickly as you hear a scrabbling, slithering sound from the darkened room behind you. Just outside the door stands a small bottle, containing a liquid which glows very brightly – so brightly that it hurts your eyes. You

wonder if it will penetrate the darkness of the room. Will you find out (turn to 92), or will you ignore the bottle and carry on up the passage (turn to 252)?

325

You cross the balcony to the landing. Three doors lead off the landing: one on the left and two on the right. At the end of the landing is a barred window. The bars are set into the brick of the windowsill, and cannot be moved. You decide to listen at one of the doors. Which one? The door on the left (turn to 277), the first door on the right (turn to 70), or the second door on the right (turn to 76)?

326

Hugging the shadows, you work your way around to the side of the building, then glide soundlessly up to the guard. He gives no sign of having noticed your approach. What will you do next? You can try to knock out the guard (turn to 38) or try to open the door (turn to 266).

327

You mumble some excuse about being a carpenter's apprentice on an errand, and reach into your purse. How much will you offer them? Decide how many gold pieces to offer, then roll one die. If the number rolled is equal to or less than the number of gold pieces you offered, turn to 44. If not, turn to 268. Don't forget to cross the money off your *Adventure Sheet*.

328

With a bestial grunt, the Ogre attacks you. Fight it normally.

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 342.

329

As you reach for the top of the wall, an arrow slams into your arm. You lose your grip, and fall headlong from the top of the wall. Your adventure ends here.

330

The beggar is sufficiently startled to believe you, and leaves hurriedly. As he leaves, he mutters that he hopes you end up as a beggar with nowhere to go. Lose 1 LUCK point for being so hard-hearted. The only exit is a door at the far end of the room; you step cautiously out. Turn to 350.

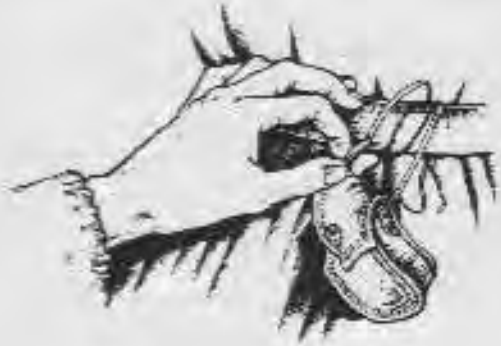

331

Feeling your way along a wall, you try to creep across the room without making a sound, hoping that whatever is in the room won't notice you. After a few steps, your foot scuffs against a slight bump in the floor. Instantly, you hear the slithering sound getting closer, and you draw your weapon as the unseen monster attacks. Subtract 2 from your Attack Strength during this combat, because of the darkness.

UNSEEN MONSTER SKILL 5 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 157.

332

'ENOUGH!' Bald Morri's voice rings out above the sound of fighting. Together with some of the inn's customers, he separates you from the men, and throws you out. You pick yourself up out of the gutter, dust yourself down, and decide what to do next. Will you:

Look for a beggar (if you haven't already)?	Turn to 26
Visit Madame Star (if you haven't already)?	Turn to 117
Or leave the Noose and look elsewhere?	Turn to 387

333

You try to push past the men, and head for the door of the tavern. Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 9. If the result is more than your SKILL score, turn to 258.

334

You turn to face the monster, feeling a great deal more confident now that you can see what you're fighting. As you turn, you see that it is a large, golden-brown lizard. Then you see its large, glowing yellow eyes and realize that it is a Basilisk, whose gaze is deadly. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 174. If you are Unlucky, turn to 65.

335

There is a click, and the safe door swings open. Inside, you find 20 gold pieces, a ledger with Brass's accounts for the last two months, and a letter. The letter talks about 'fitting out your property on Barrow Hill', and is signed with a strange symbol, the type that wizards use. The ledger shows that Brass bought some land on Barrow Hill not long ago, and beside the relevant entry there is a pencilled note reading 'E.O.B.' This is an important clue – make a note of this paragraph on your *Adventure Sheet*. What will you do next? You may search the desk if you haven't already done so (turn to 143), leave the room via the window (turn to 306), or leave via the door and investigate the doors at the other end of the landing (turn to 325).

336

You draw your sword and wait in the hallway for someone to arrive, trying to look as fearsome as you can. The door beneath the landing opens, and out comes a bleary-eyed servant holding a huge black dog on a chain. He lets the dog go when he sees you, and it flies at your throat, snarling horribly.

DOG SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

While you are fighting the dog, more servants come out of the door. Fight three rounds of combat, then turn to 194. If you kill the dog inside three rounds, you must fight the servants. Fight them as a single enemy:

SERVANTS SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

Fight one round of combat against the servants, then turn to 194.

337

The guard falls to the ground, and you turn to the door. Before you have a chance to do anything, though, you hear footsteps approaching, and see a bobbing light in the distance, approaching rapidly – almost certainly a patrol, attracted by the noise of the fight. You dodge into a darkened alley, and search for another entrance: there will be far too much activity for comfort around the main door after this. Turn to 210.

338

Something tells you that the chest in the last room is important, so you go back there. The remaining Crystal Warrior does not move as you approach the chest. The chest is securely locked. If you have PICK LOCK skill turn to 145; if you don't, you will have to try to break open the chest. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 118; if not, turn to 29.

339

The Poltergeist attacks you three times as you cross the room.

POLTERGEIST SKILL 6 STAMINA 0

Roll for Attack Strengths as normal, but if your Attack Strength is higher you have not wounded the Poltergeist, merely evaded its missile. If the Poltergeist has a higher Attack Strength, you lose 1 STAMINA point. Fight three rounds of combat, then turn to 59.

340

As the Gargoyle swoops towards you, you hurl the chain at it, hanging on to the drainpipe with one hand. Remember to cross the chain off your *Adventure Sheet*. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, you hit the Gargoyle – turn to 232. If not, you miss – turn to 389.

341

At the top of the shaft, another passage leads away. As you follow the passage, it gets damper and damper, until moisture is running down the walls and the walls and ceiling are coated with occasional patches of mould. Finally, the passage comes to an end. The wall at the end is covered with a thick coating of bright yellow mould, which looks almost like the fur of some strange animal. There seems to be no way onward, but you are sure there must be a hidden exit - you've seen more than one apparent dead end already. If you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, turn to 88. If you do not, turn to 378.

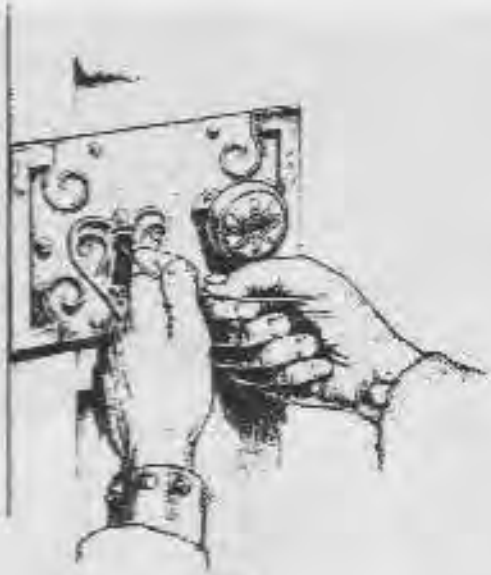

342

At the end of the short passage is a great iron door. It is as high and wide as the passage itself, and one look tells you that you would never be able to break it down. There is a keyhole in the door, but you realize that the lock on a high-security door like this will be very difficult to pick. Beside the door is a hole in the wall, containing an iron key on a hook and a small, brightly coloured scorpion. The scorpion does not move, but you know that if you try to take the key, there is a good chance that it will strike at your hand. Will you try to take the key (if you have PICK POCKET skill, turn to 23, if you do not, turn to 264), or will you leave it alone and try to pick the lock (turn to 58)?

343

You go down a short passage, and come to a set of steps leading downwards into the darkness. This seems to be the only way onward, so you start cautiously down the steps. If you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, turn to **286**. If you do not, turn to **267**.

344

You can't make out the symbol. Since there seems to be no way into the barrow itself, you conclude that the Eye of the Basilisk is hidden somewhere else. Turn to **77** and look around the rest of the garden.

345

You smile at the guard, and approach him cautiously, rummaging in your purse. How much money will you offer him? Decide how many gold pieces to offer (not forgetting to cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*), then roll one die. If the result is equal to the amount you offered or less, turn to **251**. If not, turn to **101**.

346

You pull the statue round so that the archer's arrow points at the site of the house. Nothing happens, as far as you can see. Perhaps the arrow should be pointed somewhere else – but where? At the barrow (turn to 294) or at the standing stone by the barrow (turn to 383)?

347

You turn the doorknob and lean hard against the door, but nothing happens. The door doesn't move – it must be locked, or bolted from the other side. There's no escape that way. What will you do now?

Make a break for it?	Turn to 97
Attack the patrol?	Turn to 224
Try to bribe the patrol (if you haven't already)?	Turn to 327

348

You put your shoulder to the slab, and heave with all your might. The slab stays firm, and something gives in your back – lose 1 STAMINA point for tearing a muscle. Go back to 43 and choose again.

349

The symbol means nothing to you. Turn to 181 if you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, otherwise there is nothing for it but to wait until someone finds you and face the music. You have failed your test, and your adventure ends here.

350

The door leads to a passage. Off the passage is a kitchen, containing nothing of interest, and a lobby, from which stairs lead up to the first floor. You creep up the stairs, and find yourself in a carpeted passage with a door on either side. The door on the left has the symbol of a coin painted on to a wooden plaque which is attached to it, and the door on the right bears the symbol of a fish. Will you:

Check the passage for traps (if you have SPOT HIDDEN skill)?	Turn to 357
Open the door on the left?	Turn to 189
Open the door on the right?	Turn to 83

351

After a few yards, the passage comes to an abrupt end. The only way onward is a hole in the floor, leading down into the darkness. Will you go down the hole (if you have CLIMB skill, turn to **216**, if you do not, turn to **297**), or will you go back and try the other end of the passage (turn to **241**)?

352

You advance cautiously into the darkness, wondering what is in there. Turn to **24** if you have SNEAK skill, **331** if you don't.

353

Once the Giant Spider is dead, you are able to look around you. There are no passages leading out of the cavern apart from the one you came in by, so you decide to investigate the ceiling, which is lost in darkness. If you have CLIMB skill, turn to **265**. If you do not, turn to **399**.

354

You drop through the skylight into a short passage. Pausing to get your bearings in the half-light, you see that there are two doors, each bearing a badge or symbol of some kind. The door on the right is marked with a coin symbol, and the one on the left is marked with a fish symbol. If you open the door with the fish symbol, turn to **83**. If you open the door with the coin symbol, turn to **189**. If you have SPOT HIDDEN skill, you can check the passage for traps first by turning to **357**.

355

The chair misses you by a whisker as you throw yourself to one side. Turn to **68**.

356

You start to disarm the trap, but succeed only in setting it off. The panel near the lock flies open, and six small darts shoot out. Roll one die to see how many hit you. You may halve the number (rounding fractions down) if you successfully *Test your Luck*. Each dart that hits you does 1 STAMINA point of damage. To make matters worse, you can hear the sound of a patrol approaching, and the guard you knocked out begins to groan, as if he is about to wake up. You decide to give up on the main door, and dodge into an alley which runs down one side of the building. Perhaps you will find some easier and less exposed way in. Turn to 210.

357

You search carefully along the panelled walls, and find a slight bump in the floor. Rolling back the rug, you find a lever connected to a hidden panel on one side. You're not sure precisely what it is, but it must be the trigger for a trap of some kind, so you give it a wide berth. What will you do next?

Try the left-hand door (with the coin symbol)?	Turn to 3
Try the right-hand door (with the fish symbol)?	Turn to 163

358

You approach the trees almost silently. As you draw closer, you can see a hunched form bent over something in the darkness. There is a sickly sweet smell of rotting flesh coming from somewhere. What will you do?

Hurry on across the square?	Turn to 246
Attack the hunched figure?	Turn to 230
Touch the hunched figure?	Turn to 19

359

You hack at the strand of web holding your foot, and eventually pull it free. Being careful to avoid any more sticky strands, you make your way cautiously to the nearest body. Turn to 382.

360

As you pick the lock, a jolt of electricity lashes up your arm and throws you across the room – lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you open the chest. Inside is a disc of black obsidian, almost a foot across and so highly polished it reflects the light of your torch like a mirror. You reach in to take it. Turn to 182 if you have SPOT HIDDEN skill. If you do not, turn to 20.

361

This isn't going to be easy: you have to take the key from around Brass's neck without waking him. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to or less than your SKILL, turn to 185. If the result is more than your SKILL score, turn to 261.

362

You pull the map out of your backpack, study it for a little while, and mark out the quickest route through the maze. Following the map, you come through the maze in a matter of minutes. It's a good job you picked it up, you could get lost in that maze for ever. Turn to 178.

363

You put the whistle to your mouth and blow. You hear nothing, but the milling bats suddenly part round you like a curtain, and fly out of the passage into the night. Turn to 43.

364

Bald Morri takes your money, and leans over the bar. 'He's a big merchant,' he says in a low voice. 'His symbol is a coin, and it's on everything that's his. That goes for his house, too – it's on the corner of Short Street and Field Street, just by the Field Gate.' He dips a finger into your ale and sketches a symbol on the bar-top. If you have SECRET SIGNS skill, turn to **253**; if not, turn to **217**.

365

The force of the Gargoyle's blow nearly knocks you off the drainpipe, but you hold on for dear life. Will you keep fighting (turn back to **225** and fight another round), or will you try some other approach (turn to **73**)?

366

Because you stay in the alcove, the Skeletons can only attack you one at a time. Add 1 LUCK point for thinking of this, then fight the Skeletons one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	6	5
Second SKELETON	5	4

If you win, turn to **31**.

367

You run for the door, but before you can reach it the Shapechanger leaps from the cage and throws itself

on you from behind – lose 2 STAMINA points. You must fight it now.

SHAPECHANGER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, leave the room and turn to **155**.

368

You slip quietly up the stairs and on to the balcony. There is a door immediately on your left, and a short landing leads off the balcony on your right. Three doors open on to the landing. If you try the door on your left, turn to **321**. If you investigate the doors on the landing, turn to **45**.

369

You make your way down Clock Street. Suddenly, as you pass a narrow side-alley, three small shapes launch themselves out of the darkness at you – a trio of Dwarven footpads. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DWARF	7	7
Second DWARF	6	7
Third DWARF	6	6

If you win, turn to **322**.

370

You set off down another passage, but after what seems like an hour's walking you are still lost. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you finally find your way out of the maze – turn to **178**. If you are Unlucky, you are still lost: return to the top of this paragraph and try again until you are successful. If you run out of LUCK altogether, you never find your way out of the maze. You have failed your test, and have nothing to look forward to but a slow death by starvation.

371

You wade through the grasping, clinging Tangleweed, not stopping until you are well clear of it, but losing another 3 STAMINA points in the process. Turn to **248**.

372

Hugging the shadows, you work your way round to the side of the building, and creep towards the guard. Your foot brushes a pebble, which clatters along the cobbles, and the guard suddenly snaps awake. He barks a challenge and levels his spear at you. Will you attack the guard (turn to **131**), try to bribe him (turn to **345**), or retreat (turn to **270**)?

373

Your mind works quickly. There is some kind of sorcery at work here, and you don't like the idea of fighting your own shadow at all. If you stop casting a shadow, you won't have a shadow to fight – but how can you do this? You drop the torch you are carrying, and hurl your weapon at the torch on the wall. Don't forget to cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have nothing else to fight with, you must deduct 3 from your Attack Strength until you find another weapon. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **5**. If not, turn to **249**.

374

At last, the passage comes to an end. You had begun to think that it would go on for ever, but you find yourself peering into a huge cavern with no visible exits. Is this the hiding-place of the Eye of the Basilisk? The cavern is featureless, and its roof is lost in darkness, beyond the range of torchlight. You move cautiously into the cavern, and start to check the walls for concealed doorways or hiding-places.

Suddenly, your attention is caught by a rattling noise from above you. You raise your torch and look up, trying to see where the noise is coming from – and see an immense spider, fully five feet across the body, dropping like a stone towards you. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **207**; if not, turn to **304**.

375

You climb the drainpipe rapidly, but when you are about ten feet off the ground, it shudders slightly, and comes away from the wall with a groan of twisting metal. You fall to the alley below – lose 2 STAMINA points – and the drainpipe falls on top of you with a crash. You drag yourself into the shadows: if you have HIDE skill, turn to **116**; if you do not, turn to **272**.

376

You put your hand down on the table, with your fingers spread wide, and stab the knife into the table between each pair of fingers in turn. Faster and faster the knife moves, until you accidentally stab one of your fingers. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **71**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **199**.

377

The door is very solid – it appears almost impossible to open by force – and the lock on it is one of the largest and most complicated that you have ever seen. If you have PICK LOCK skill, you can try to open it, but it won't be easy. Roll two dice, and add 2 to the score. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, you have opened the door – turn to 295. If not, or if you don't have PICK LOCK skill, you can't open the door, and you will have to confine your attention to the desk (turn to 90) or leave the Merchants' Guild stealthily and either look for clues in Brass's house (if you haven't been there before) by turning to 156, or set out in search of the Eye of the Basilisk without looking for any more clues (turn to 144).

378

You search both sides of the passage, but can find no way out at all. Perhaps you missed something earlier on, and this really is a dead end. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 88. If you are Unlucky, turn to 42.

379

Cursing, you brush the scorpion away, crush it underfoot and take the key. As you turn to put it in the lock on the great iron door, your vision blurs. Shaking your head, you try to take a step, but fall to the ground as the venom takes effect. Your adventure and your life both end here.

380

You cannot stop your hand wavering, and your fingertips brush the edge of the light. A searing pain lashes through your arm. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, go back to 87 and try again to take the gem. If you are Unlucky, the shock of the pain makes you stumble further into the light and the searing pain is the last thing you ever feel. Your adventure ends here.

381

As you hurry out of the cavern, you notice a series of holes in the walls of the passage, three on each side, at chest height. You crawl underneath them, and as you do so a small dart shoots out of each hole. If you had been standing, they couldn't have missed you. Gain 1 LUCK point for evading the trap, and follow the passage to 191.

382

Carefully cutting the spider-silk from around the body, you find that it is indeed human. You avoid the face – you don't want to find out whether it's anyone you know – and concentrate on looking for usable equipment. You find a backpack with enough Provisions for two meals, but that is all. You decide that you can't face investigating the other bodies, and resume your climb to 341.

383

You pull the statue round so that the archer's arrow points at the standing stone beside the barrow. There is a grating noise, and part of the featureless grassy mound falls inward, revealing a small stone doorway. You go cautiously inside, pausing only to light a torch, your hand-lantern isn't bright enough for these conditions. Turn to 343.

384

You look all round the two-storey house for possible entrances. There is no back door, but you find two possible ways in: a front door, which is locked, and a drainpipe, which leads up to three windows on the upper floor.

If you have PICK LOCK skill, you may try to open the front door (turn to 276). If you decide to climb the drainpipe, turn to 108. If you don't wish to do either, you can make your way back to the Market Square and visit the Merchants' Guild, provided that you haven't done so already, by turning to 129.

385

The beggar wakes with a start. 'Don't hurt me,' he whines. 'I've done no harm. All I wanted was somewhere to sleep out of the weather.' He's clearly frightened of you – he probably thinks that you are a Guild official or a nightwatchman. Will you pretend to be a watchman and order him out (turn to 330), or will you tell him you're a friend (turn to 291)?

386

You resume your circuit of the building, and notice a doorway in the wall, but when you investigate it, you discover that it's been bricked up – there's no way in here! Carrying on around the building, you turn left and find yourself in Key Street. Looking south, you see someone dodging a hail of arrows. You smile to yourself as you head north. The Guild has done well with that trick, even though there were some who said it would never work.

You come back to the Market Square, having walked right round the Merchants' Guild, and pause to think. You have found three ways in: the front door, where there is a guard to get rid of; the back door; and the drainpipe beside the back door, which leads to a window. You decide that the front door is too risky: fighting with an armed guard in the Market Square is bound to attract attention, even at night. This leaves you with the back door (turn to 159) or the drainpipe (turn to 225). If you have CLIMB skill or a rope and grapnel, you can ignore both options if you wish, and try climbing to the roof – turn to 4.

387

You leave the darkened alleyways of the Noose, and head out into the rest of the town. Where will you go first?

To Brass's house?	Turn to **156**
To the Merchants' Guild?	Turn to **129**

388

You miss the Jib-Jib, which runs screaming down the passage. You've heard that their voices are loud, but you still find it hard to believe that such a small beast can make so much noise! You can't hear the armed guards running to investigate – the Jib-Jib's howling drowns out everything else – but you can imagine them running up the stairs at this very moment. You make your way out of the Merchants' Guild as quickly as you can, and take cover in a shadowy alley. After your nerves have settled, you begin to weigh up the situation. It's too dangerous to return to the Guild now, so you'll have to do without any information that you might have gained there. That leaves you two options. You can look for clues in Brass's house (if you haven't been there before) by turning to **156**, or you can set out in search of the Eye of the Basilisk now, and hope that you have enough information to find it (turn to **144**).

389

A stony claw rips your shoulder open; you are torn from the drainpipe and plummet to the alley below. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **48** if you have HIDE skill, **175** if you do not.

390

The door shudders as you hit it, but does not open. Lose 1 STAMINA point for a bruised shoulder. Instantly, the air is filled with a dense, mustard-coloured cloud of spores, but the cloth over your mouth and nose protects you a little. Try again – roll

two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to 190; if not, turn to 51.

391

You drop to the foot of the wall, hitting the ground hard – lose 1 STAMINA point. You stagger to your feet and try to run, but guards are converging on you from all sides. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, you manage to evade the guards and escape – turn back to 144 and try somewhere else. If not, turn to 36.

392

You leave the city by the Field Gate, slipping past the guards like a shadow. Soon, you see Barrow Hill rising out of the night ahead of you. As you climb the hill, you see the ancient barrow from which it got its name. Not far away is an overgrown garden, all that remains of a great house built here a century or more ago. They say that the family who lived there were dogged by ill-luck until they abandoned the house, and soon after they left it burnt to the ground. You wonder what Brass has done to the site, where the Eye of the Basilisk is, and how it's protected. Where will you start looking?

By the barrow? Turn to 30
By the house? Turn to 77

393

You hurl yourself to one side, but the thing, whatever it is, grazes your shoulder. A tremendous jolt

of pain lashes through your body, and for a fraction of a second you feel as if your very soul is being burnt up by the thing's hellish energy. Lose 2 STAMINA points, 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point. The thing hovers above the dead thief's body for a fraction of a second, then sinks down into it, soaking into the dead flesh like water soaks into a sponge. The body twitches once, and then drags itself to its feet. Your scalp tingles as the dead eyes stare sightlessly into yours, and the dead thief shambles to attack you. Will you fight the Animated Corpse (turn to 82), or try to run away (turn to 192)?

394

You manage to free your foot, but the fire spreads rapidly and soon the whole of the web is blazing. If you have CLIMB skill (a rope and grapnel won't do here), turn to 239. If you do not, turn to 296.

395

You attack the Gargoyle.

GARGOYLE SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

When you win a round of combat, turn to 233.

396

By the faint moonlight coming into the room, you see a large four-poster bed. Two people are asleep – Brass and his wife. At the foot of the bed stands a chair with clothes heaped on it, and a rapid search of the clothes turns up 10 gold pieces. As you are about to leave, you see that around Brass's neck is a key on a silver chain. The key has the letter 'R' on it. If you try to take the key, turn to **361** if you have PICK POCKET skill, **261** if you do not. If you decide not to take the key, you turn and leave the room quietly. Once back on the landing, will you:

Try the first door across the passage?	Turn to 70
Try the second door across the passage?	Turn to 76
Investigate the door at the other end of the landing?	Turn to 321

Or you can leave the house quietly and either go to the Merchants' Guild, if you haven't already done so (turn to **129**), or set out in search of the Eye of the Basilisk without looking for any further information (turn to **144**).

397

You hold the object in the light, and it disintegrates with a flash. It is totally destroyed, and not even a trace of ash is left behind. Cross the object off your *Adventure Sheet*, and lose 4 STAMINA points as your hand brushes the edge of the light. What will you do now?

Reach into the light and take the gem?	Turn to 269
Throw something to knock the gem out of the light?	Turn to 130
Try to block the light?	Turn to 292

If you want a clue, spend 2 LUCK points – don't forget to adjust the score on your *Adventure Sheet* – and turn to **338**.

398

You manage to kill the Jib-Jib before it can make a sound. Just as well – you've heard that their screams can be heard miles away, and the last thing you want to do is to let the whole town know that someone's broken into the Merchants' Guild. Wiping your sword, you turn your attention to the doors. Which one will you try first:

The door with the coin symbol?	Turn to 3
The door with the fish symbol?	Turn to 163

399

You try to climb the cavern walls, but they are too sheer and you can find no handholds. You look again around the cavern, searching for a hidden door or some other way out, but find nothing. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **213**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **320**.

400

As you stand looking at the fake gem, a secret door opens in the back of the chamber, and out steps Rannik, followed by several other prominent Guild members. They are all smiling.

'Yes, I know it's a fake,' grins Rannik, 'the whole job was. But the dangers were real enough, and you used your skills and equipment well to overcome them. You've passed your test, and the Guild Council, whom you see here, has no hesitation in admitting you to full membership of the Thieves' Guild of Port Blacksand.' Your disappointment turns to a choking mixture of elation and relief as the other thieves crowd round to congratulate you.

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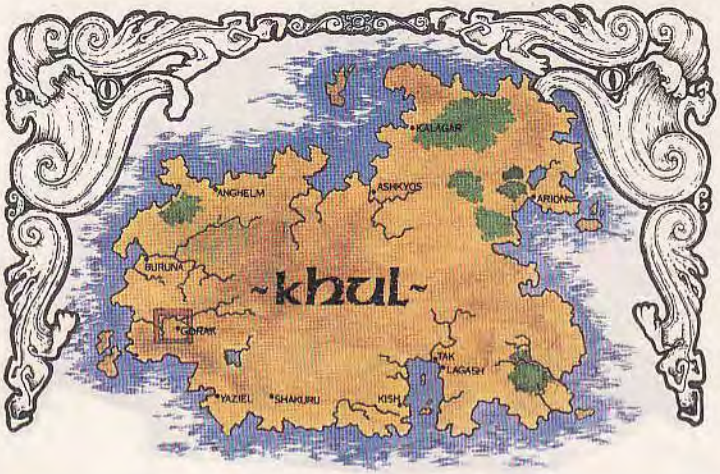

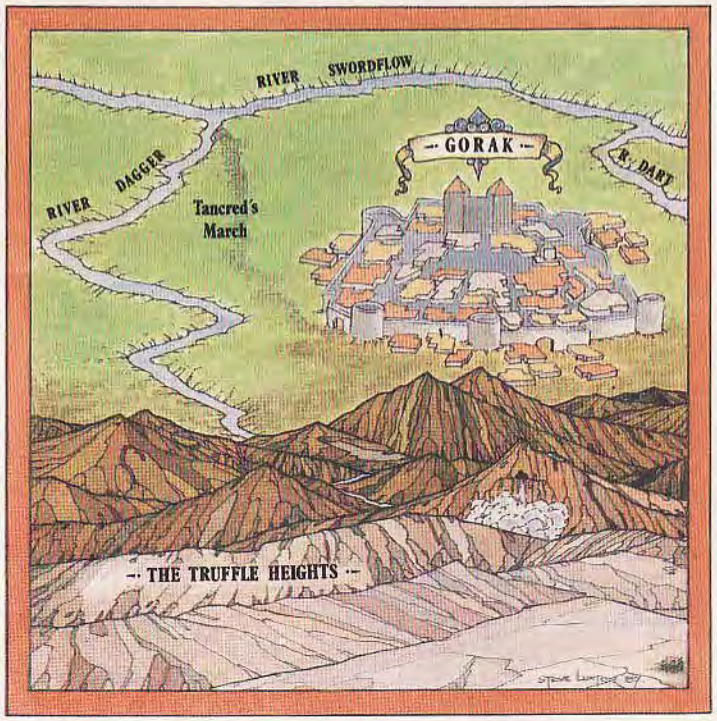

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27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
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Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1988
3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4

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To those who boldly go and especially:
Colin, Joanna, Stacy, Isou, Andrew,
Sophie, Themi and Sam

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HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES IN THE CHASMS

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You must work out your initial LUCK, SKILL and STAMINA scores. You may use the *Adventure Sheet* on pages 18–19 to record all the details of an adventure. Here you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. If it is possible to make a photocopy of this page, do so. Otherwise record all details in pencil.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this number in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better.

Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add this to its SKILL score. The total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.

3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows: start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by repeating steps 1 to 6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death). If you are dead, you must start the adventure again from the beginning.

One-Strike Combat

You may find yourself in a situation where there is not enough room for full combat (a high ledge, a

rope bridge, etc.). Here one good strike will win or lose a fight. You will be instructed to fight One-Strike on each of these occasions. The procedure is as follows:

1. Throw two dice for your opponent.
2. Throw two dice for yourself.

If your throw is greater than your opponent's, then he, she or it has been knocked off by your blow and has plummeted to doom. If your throw is less than your opponent, then you meet a similar fate. If both throws are equal, then neither has gained an advantage and you must throw again.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Usually you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to, or less than, your current LUCK score, then you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck*, which will result in you being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the *option* of using your LUCK, either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze, and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of it doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have received a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done 3).

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally a page may give you instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Calling on Tabasha the Bazouk (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina, Provisions and Fuel

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low, and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for five meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. You may call on Tabasha the Bazouk (see later) to bring you extra Provisions at any time. She may occasionally bring you extra Provisions without being asked.

You are also given the option to cook some of your food. On the *Adventure Sheet* you will find a Fuel box. Collect any Fuel that you can find and mark it in the Fuel box. In certain cases you may be instructed to add a further 2 STAMINA points for cooking a meal.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value, unless specifically instructed on a page. Calling on Tabasha the Bazouk (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

Equipment and Tabasha the Bazouk

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find, or buy, other items during your travels. You are armed with a Sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold any Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition you will have Tabasha the Bazouk, a noble cat, from the race of cat goddesses. She will aid you on your quest. You may call on her at any time (except when engaged in a battle) to restore your *Initial* SKILL or LUCK. You can only call on her once for this facility, and you must decide which *Initial* score you want her to restore *before* you set off on your quest; so make your choice wisely. Throughout your adventure she may also help you by adding to your Provisions, and in various other ways (instructions are given on those particular pages). But beware! You can only call on the Bazouk *nine* times, and you will have to mark each request in the Tabasha box on the *Adventure Sheet*. After you have used up your nine options you cannot call on the Bazouk again.

Khuddam

The Seven Khuddam of Orghuz are named on your *Adventure Sheet*. You must mark off any names that you have beaten in combat.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK	ABILITIES
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*	

KUDDAM	TABASHA	SPELLS
GESHRAK GURSKUT FRIANKARA BARKEK GRIFFKEK CHURKA KAHHRAC	THF BAZOUK LUCK OR SKILL 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9.	

PROVISIONS

FUEL

CYPHERS

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

Gorak. A minor kingdom, situated between the rivers Dart and Dagger – tributaries of the river Swordflow. Gorak was founded by Tancred the Magnificent after his adventures with his brother Orghuz in the Dark Chasms. The kingdom was to be the gateway between the area of Khul and the caverns, chasms and tunnels of the **Gaddon** people. Gorak has been without a monarch for many years and has been governed by the Lords Ridermark.

Gaddon (or Feelbrethren). The Gaddon people are originally from south-west Khul. They migrated to the deep chasms (for no known reason, although some authorities claim religious persecution) and created their own culture. They began to give birth to blind babies soon after constructing their complex system of tunnels. Their other senses were greatly enhanced and they became masters of the dark. The Gaddon Knights – the Sensewarriors – are supreme fighters in the dark. They are rarely to be seen in the Toplands (as they call Khul) since the time of Tancred the Magnificent.

From *Treatise on the Kingdoms of South-west Khul* by Ignatius Pommfritte

. . . in that year did We halt the Malice that was afflicting our Kingdom. But at great cost! We lost our beloved brother Orghuz to the Evil, and in a mighty struggle We cast him into the Dark Chasms, and did entrust the noble Gaddon Warriors to guard Him and His Khuddam spawn, for all eternity. The Great Seals were bound to the True Shield, and placed in the darkest vaults of Gorak Keep. Pray God that none will have to . . .

Fragment from *The Annals and Histories of Tancred the Magnificent, King of Gorak*

While flying in the guise of a hawk over south-west Khul, on his way to the gathering of the Mage Order the Wizard Astragal is summoned by the Lord Ridermark, Regent of Gorak, to investigate the sudden change in the fortunes of the small kingdom. Lord Ridermark explains that strange, dark creatures are abroad; people are attacked and killed for no reason but sheer Malice. The vital truffle trade-route along Tancred's March is no longer safe, and the popular Azleff, leader of the stalwart knights of the Grey Order, has disappeared. Nobody can understand what is happening in what was, until recently, a peaceful land.

Astragal assumes a worried expression and rushes off to consult the *Annals and Histories of Gorak*. The great dusty tome confirms his memory of the story of the True Shield. He slams the book shut and makes his way to the deepest vault of Gorak Keep. By the light of a blazing torch he finds the Great Seals broken and the Shield GONE! Across the floor is a wide crack leading to the Dark Chasms.

Astragal explains to Lord Ridermark his fears that someone has unleashed the Malice of Orghuz and the Khuddam, by breaking the Great Seals. If Orghuz has the Shield he will be trying to break the spell of its age-old power. If he succeeds, the Seven Khuddam will then have the power to multiply: first there will be 49, then 2,401, then 5,764,801, until they become uncountable hordes, and Orghuz becomes invulnerable. Astragal emphasizes that to kill Orghuz it is necessary first to destroy all the Khuddam, and only a direct descendant of Tancred the Magnificent can then hope to stand up to the evil power of Orghuz himself.

Lord Ridermark tells Astragal that Tancred's line of descendants ended many ages ago. Astragal ignores the remark and pulls out the Crystal of Bahriyya, which shows him the way to the blood heir of Tancred the Magnificent. Astragal finds YOU, working in the under-kitchens as third-assistant-rabbit-skinner. He grabs you and, before

you have had the chance to wipe your hands, whisks you away to the vaults. He stands you in the middle of a dusty room and whispers some strange incantations. You stare in wonder as a Sword rises from the dirt and lodges itself firmly in your hand. Astragal stands back and proclaims you 'Tancred's Heir'.

Astragal explains the quest for the Shield that no other may undertake. No other can strike fear into the heart of Orghuz or wield the Shining Sword. He also warns you about the traitor in Gorak: 'You must be on your guard at all times, especially if . . . er, when you return.'

You strap on plain leather armour and a simple cloak; Astragal announces that he has no potions with him to help you in your quest. Instead he picks up a small cat and passes it to you. 'This is Tabasha the Bazouk, from the line of the cat goddesses. She will stay close to you and help in your quest. Use her cautiously and wisely; *nine times*, no more. Now, there is no time to lose.' He urges you on to the deep chasm in the great vault. Turn to 1.

1

You leap into the darkness and land on a rocky slope. It is VERY dark. Looking up at the hole, you see the Wizard Astragal waving to you and saying: 'Remember that you are Tancred's Heir and . . . well, good luck.' You turn back to face the darkness; Tabasha nestles in your hood and begins to purr. At the same time the Sword starts to vibrate and shine. You see the path ahead: several small furry creatures rush for cover. You walk along the rocky tunnel for a long time, until it opens out into a larger cavern. You find three exits. Which one will you take: the one on the left (turn to 50), a narrow crack in the middle (turn to 253), or a wider crack on the right, which drops down almost vertically (turn to 302)?

2

You feel around the cave and find two metal doors: one marked with the familiar north-west rune, the other marked north-east. You search around but find nothing else in the cave. Do you go through the north-west door (turn to 277), or go north-east (turn to 359)?

3

Aspra Smoothcheek sets a fast pace through a small tunnel. After a while the group stops and begins to climb up the rocky face of a cliff; they are sure-footed and show you all the footholds. When you reach the top you look into the murky darkness and see a wide tunnel with deep wheel ruts. Soon you can see torches in the distance, and eventually you can

make out the group coming towards you: two Dark Elves on Koyunlu, pulling a cart, with six Orcs shuffling behind on foot. Suddenly Aspra fires an arrow at one of the Elves. It is deflected by his armour and impales itself in his arm. He screams as Aspra and the group leap out. Do you choose to leap on to the other Dark Elf (turn to 86), on to the cart (turn to 192), or among the Orcs (turn to 332)?

4

The Sword comes to your hand, and you manage to cut your bonds as the Orcs turn around and pull out their scimitars and daggers. You prepare to fight them, but suddenly an arrow hits you in the arm. It seems to be tipped with a strange narcotic. You fall over. One of the Orcs kicks you and ties you up again. Deduct 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. Turn to 280.

5

The tunnel opens out into a huge cavern; you cannot see the top or the sides. There is a dull red glow and you can see several fires dotted near and far. As you walk further into the cavern, you see signs that a great battle has recently taken place. Orcs, Trolls, Dwarfs and Gaddon knights are lying all around, among bits of armour, spears, swords and machines of warfare. Occasionally, furtive creatures appear and drag one of the dead, or dying, into a dark hole. To your left you see what appears to be a 'last stand': a group of warriors are being attacked by a horde of Orcs. Do you help (turn to 96), or do you keep under cover (turn to 380)?

6

The slug is tasteless and you feel awful putting the revolting thing into your mouth! You look at Tabasha and notice that she has keeled over. Checking that she is still breathing, you put her in your pocket. You feel dizzy but stay awake. Deduct 1 SKILL point and turn to 149.

7

You throw it into the well. There is a sudden flash! As the smoke clears you see in front of you a huge red creature with horns, fangs and cloven feet. It struts about and laughs. The laugh echoes louder and louder: 'You summoned me!' It looks scornfully at you with bright red eyes. 'Your wish is my command.' You ask for a way out. It laughs again and then attacks you.

EVIL SPIRIT SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you decide to use the rope. Turn to 215.

8

You utter the Secret Cypher '8' and the door opens. You find yourself in yet another dark tunnel. Turn to 77.

9

You rush to hide behind some rocks. You see the riders stopping by the cart. Suddenly you hear a flapping of wings and look up to see two large fanged bats, sweeping down. You swing your Sword in the air. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you have hit one of them and the other takes a bite out of your neck. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. If you are Unlucky, they both bite you before you kill them. Deduct 4 STAMINA points.

The riders head down to where you are hiding. You run away, straight into a thick mist. Turn to 92.

10

You carry on walking along the tunnel until you stumble on what looks like a large claw, stuck in the earth. Fascinated, you pull at it and are startled to see it move! The claw rises out of the ground, followed by another; then a black, bird-like creature springs out of its hiding-place. It has four arms and two wings; you cannot pass it without fighting.

GRIPHAWK SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 74.

11

You look at Tabasha as if to say 'Do what you can.' (Mark 1 use on the *Adventure Sheet*.) The cat purrs and turns around on her shoulders as the woman raises her crossbow to shoot you. Suddenly, the Bazouk pierces her good eye with a sharp claw. The woman screams and the crossbow fires, but the arrow misses you. She flails about in a blind rage and falls into the lava stream. The horrible screams are soon just echoes in the cavern. Turn to 203.

12

The tangle of roots gets thicker and seems to squeeze down as you pass. Eventually there is no way forward or back; you are stuck, and will never complete your quest.

13

Turn to 206.

14

The floor of the hall bursts open and peels back to the walls. The Ghouls stop and try to run away, but two huge, clawed, furry hands grab them and pull them into the pit. You hear their terrified screams as they plummet into the abyss. Turn to 288.

15

You open the door to find an aged crossbow, loaded and aiming right at your heart. You look carefully and see that the twine has frayed, so that it will not fire. As you step forward, a dagger drops from the ceiling. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, it plunges fatally into your skull. If you are Lucky, it misses by a whisker, and you step back into the corridor. Turn to 289.

16

You stumble around the cave and trip over a pile of skulls. Something crawls up your leg but you shake it off. There are exits leading south-east (turn to 205), north-west (turn to 89) or north-east (turn to 355).

17

Tabasha sits by your side and sees that you are getting weaker. She goes off and brings you some tasty slugs, but you are too weak to raise your hands. In a short while you lose all interest in the quest.

18

If you have not yet seen it, you come across a huge wall, protected by watchtowers at intervals of 200 paces. On a plaque ahead you can see a Sword symbol; to your left you can make out a Dagger symbol. As you get nearer to the wall you see a rope hanging down from the battlements, and a Dwarf, lying face down with several arrows in his back. Do you want to climb the rope (turn to 362), or walk to the Dagger sector (turn to 154)?

19

You walk over to the Orc. He is reaching for his knife and you prepare to fight. Suddenly a large chunk of rock drops out of the roof. Throw a die for your position, and then throw a second die for where the rock lands. If the two numbers match, you are crushed to death. If not, then the rock kills the Orc. Add 1 LUCK point. You take the exit north (turn to 337).

20

The door slams behind you and you are, once again, in the dark. You feel the walls but find no other doors. As you walk around you step on a little squishy creature that squeaks, and explodes with a

blue flash. You slip on several others and then realize that the chamber is full of these creatures. Just then you slip on one of them and your hand feels this:

.oo
o.o
.oo

If you recognize the Secret Cypher, you speak the number and a trapdoor opens, revealing a tunnel. Turn to that number. If not, then the little beasts crawl all over your body until they slowly smother you.

21

You are in a cave full of leather boots. As you touch them they crumble in your hands. There is a small door halfway up the wall. If you choose to go through it, turn to 39. There are also four other exits. Which way will you go:

South-east?	Turn to **200**
West?	Turn to 222
East?	Turn to 188
South-west?	Turn to 107

22

You find yourself in an old tunnel that gets smaller and smaller, until you have to walk hunched over. Suddenly it ends in a chasm. You look carefully, but even by the light of the Shining Sword you can see no end to the abyss below. You kick a large rock over, but you don't hear it hit the ground. You cannot see the other side of the chasm. Do you take a chance and leap across (turn to 363), or go back (turn to 216)?

23

The Troll is huge and swings a double-daggered scimitar at you.

TROLL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 236.

24

Another door slams behind you, but this time the Shadow does not follow. The path is still surrounded by swirling smoke. Suddenly, the teeth of a metal trap snap shut. Throw a die for your position, and a second die for where the trap shuts. If the two throws match, you are caught and severely wounded (deduct 3 STAMINA points). Repeat twice and, if you survive, the path divides. It leads both to a door east (turn to 118), and to an exit north (turn to 339). Which way do you go?

25

As you walk along the track, you have the distinct feeling that someone, or something, is following

you. You send Tabasha to scout around, but she rushes back with her fur standing on end, and jumps into the safety of your pocket. After a while, you can hear shuffling steps; you begin to run and the steps speed up. Out of the corner of your eye you see a shadowy glimmer chasing you. Throw two dice: this is the speed of your pursuer. If this is greater than your STAMINA, turn to 76. If your STAMINA is greater than, or equal to, the speed of your pursuer, then turn to 298.

26

You give up your Sword to the leading Marsh Goblin, realizing that they have mistaken you for another 'Toplander', and you think that you could use this to your advantage. Then the first Marsh Goblin pulls out a metal collar and asks if you would like to wear it: 'You will be more comfortable while we get you back.' Do you agree to wear the collar (turn to 389) or refuse (turn to 295)?

27

In the middle of the cave, three Witches sit around a fire. They ignore you, but you can see some doors clearly marked. Which do you choose:

North-east?	Turn to 307
North-west?	Turn to 188
South-west?	Turn to 246

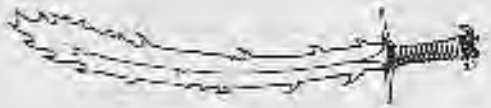

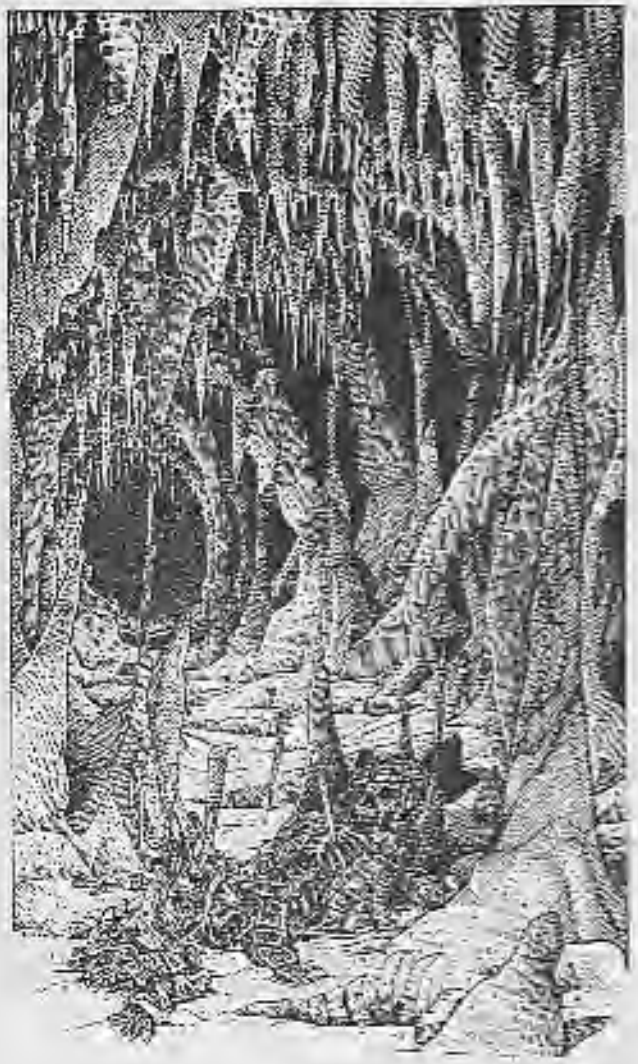

28

'Now for you Toplanders. It's time you had a little run through the Teeth of Stoma.' A group of you, all wearing Xokusai armour, are taken to a large cave. Torches are lit and you can see a tunnel, with myriad fang-like rocks on the roof. The Orcs haul out large drums and begin to bash them. The long, thin, dagger-like rocks break off and drop on to the ground. In the distance, you can see a skeleton with a spike through its ribcage. An Orc then shouts the order to run and everybody rushes through. Throw one die for your position and a second die for where the rocky spike lands. If the two throws match, you are killed. Repeat four times. If you survive, turn to 338.

29

You bring up the rear of the group and occasionally stop to check who is following you. You see a horde massing at the end of the tunnel and know that you have little time. When you get to the others, they are standing by a fast-flowing river of lava. The heat is intense. You approach to see a row of tall stepping-stones spaced wide apart across the red-hot flow. Aspra grabs one of the Dwarfs and leaps from stone to stone, but when she reaches the other side she collapses. You look closely and notice an arrow in her thigh. The Dwarf begins to attend to her as you pick up the other two – one on either side – and leap across. Throw two dice: this is the distance between stones. Throw a die and add the number to your STAMINA: this is your series of leaps. If your jumps are equal to, or greater than, the distance, then you

have made it: turn to 101. If not, then you have fallen in the lava and your quest ends here.

30

You stand on a wide wall and can hear iron-shod footsteps close by. The mist has closed in and you cannot see how high you are. Do you leap off the wall (turn to 364), or prepare for combat (turn to 244)?

31

You have uttered the correct Cypher. At first nothing happens, but then you hear an aged voice that tells you of the ring. 'It was fashioned to make Sensewarriors invisible in any one combat. Use it wisely.' The voice fades. Add 2 LUCK points and mark the ring under Abilities on your *Adventure Sheet*. You may fight any one foe without any loss of STAMINA. Turn to 369.

32

You cautiously tell the Gaddon female of your quest for Tancred's Shield. She smiles and you notice long fangs showing in her mouth. Her eyes open and shine bright red as she laughs an evil laugh. She stands up to her full height, and swipes at you with a clawed hand; you realize that she is a Khuddam! Even unarmed she will be a formidable opponent.

KHUDDAM CHURKA SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, you rush outside. Do you go left (turn to 167), right (turn to 268), or straight ahead (turn to 312)?

33

You find yourself in a small, narrow tunnel that eventually ends in two doors; the one on the left is open, and the one on the right is shut. Through the thick layer of dust you make out the following pattern on the left door:

```
□□□  ○○.
□□□  ...
□□□  ..○
```

And on the other door is carved out:

```
...  ...
...  ..○
...  ...
```

If you know the Secret Cypher to utter for the closed door, go to that number. Otherwise, go through the open door (turn to 70).

34

You swing your Sword at the figure but it passes right through it, and then the figure passes through you! You stand there, amazed, as several others take the same path. Looking around by the light of the Sword, you find a strange, spiky plant, covered with small furry animals, and what looks like the remains of an Orc, impaled on its long, lethal prongs. You assume that the illusion was created by the plant to catch its prey. Suddenly you see a group of riders following your trail. Ahead is a tall volcano, with hewn steps leading to the top. Do you run up the steps (turn to 56), or skirt around the base of the volcano (turn to 116)?

35

The image shatters and the other two laugh at you. A fragment of glass strikes you on the arm. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. The grisly voice screams at you: 'Try again, O blood heir to Tancred the Magnificent!'

If you have not already done so, choose whether to strike the figure in the centre (turn to 62) or the figure on the right (turn to 386).

36

A huge Troll sees you through a sleepy haze. He picks his nose, removes some gristle from between his fangs and then begins a wail of alarm. You are suddenly surrounded by three evil, sniggering and very large Trolls. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TROLL	8	10
Second TROLL	8	10
Third TROLL	7	8

If you survive, you are amazed that no one else has awakened as you go through the door heading east. Turn to 370.

37

You grab the wriggling worm, close your eyes, and bite! You are surprised at the wonderful taste. Add 1 STAMINA point. Tabasha looks satisfied, rubs herself on your leg, then jumps back on to your shoulder. Turn to 247.

38

You strike, but the Sword does not penetrate. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. If all the Khuddam are dead on the *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 385 and strike again. If there are any Khuddam remaining on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 309.

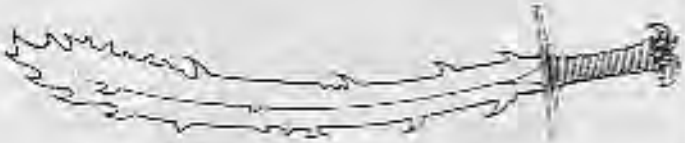

39

You are in a cave, which gives off an intense, bright light from an unknown source. The intensity increases until it is unbearable and you cannot move; all thoughts and remembrances of the previous caves fly from your mind. Deduct 1 SKILL point. You feel that you have just entered Minosaddum. Turn to 2.

40

You step into an empty room and hear the voice of Orghuz: 'You cannot escape from me, blood heir, but I will not kill you; you will kill yourself. In this room your worst nightmares will come to life and grow in intensity, until death.'

41

The Dwarf rushes over to a stone pillar and grips it tight. He does not answer you or budge from his position. You leave him there. Turn to 22.

42

You utter the Cypher and the door opens. You step in and it shuts behind you. In the distance is a dim light and you follow a straight tunnel towards it. Suddenly you feel sharp bites on your neck and shoulders (deduct 1 STAMINA point). Looking up, you see a mass of fanged mice leaping off the roof of the tunnel on to you. Tabasha attacks with the style of a true huntress, but even she cannot fight them all. Throw a die. If you throw 3 or less, you have warded off most of the mice: deduct 1 STAMINA point. If you throw 4 or 5, deduct 3 STAMINA points: you have been well bitten! If you throw a 6, deduct 1 SKILL point.

You reach the end of the tunnel. Tabasha the Bazouk follows with several mice in her mouth, and catches up with you as you stare at a well-constructed wall. You are in a corridor of what seems to be an old fortress. Do you wish to go left (turn to 179) or right (turn to 198)?

43

You run out of the door, straight into a squad of Orcs. They grab you and one of them hits you over the head with a large club. Deduct 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. Turn to 123.

44

You drop down the cliff. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you slide all the way down to the bottom and break every bone in your body. If you are Lucky, you catch the ledge directly below (deduct 1 STAMINA point). The ledge leads to the left (turn to **321**) and to the right (turn to **250**). Which way do you choose?

45

You are in a boiling-hot cave; a narrow channel in the middle of the cave carries a white-hot stream of lava. The rock floor begins to burn through your boots. Sparks fly around and hit you. Throw a die. If you throw 1 to 3, throw a second die, and deduct the result from your STAMINA score. You find four doors; which do you choose:

South-west?	Turn to **89**
West?	Turn to **168**
East?	Turn to **222**
South-east?	Turn to **355**

46

Turn to **38**.

47

As the Feelbrethren feed you, they listen to the details of your quest. The Gaddon curse at the very mention of Orghuz: 'The Evil that has made us outlaws in our own lands.' They tell you that the Fellcohorts, led by a Khuddam, are besieging Caverndown – one of the last great fortresses of the Gaddon. It is decided to help you in your journey.

After a good rest (add 4 STAMINA points), the Battlemaster Gorodin comes to teach you the secrets of Sensefight. You are given a Dark Helm and he whispers the Spell of Darksight. He tells you not to rely on the shine of the Sword, for this can be dimmed by any competent Spellcaster. You are a good pupil. Mark the ability of Sensefight on the *Adventure Sheet*. In any blind combat you will have good fighting ability. Turn to **322**.

48

You have identified the traitor. He runs away down the corridor, but is cut down by a particularly vicious spell from Astragal. Turn to **400**.

49

As you approach, the woman draws her bowstring further back and the Dwarfs rush out to grab your Sword. They look carefully at Tabasha, who begins to sharpen her claws on your cloak, and decide to leave her alone. One of the Dwarfs then pulls out a small wand and twirls it in the air while muttering a strange spell. You see stars swirling around your head and then you collapse. Turn to 352.

50

You enter the tunnel and notice shapes carved in the rock, but can make no sense of them. You understand the vulgar runes (i.e. letters of a mysterious ancient alphabet), but these patterns are merely raised circles and squares, set in blocks. You travel down the sloping path, which eventually ends in a larger tunnel that has two deep ruts worn along its visible length. You guess that many carts used this route in years gone by. Do you choose to turn left along the tunnel (turn to 211), or will you go right (turn to 135)?

51

The door snaps shut after you enter. You realize that the doors allow easy access, but will not let you return the way you came. You find yourself in a kind of trophy room: there are swords, spears, suits of armour and stuffed heads of strange, horned beasts. In the corner you see a set of crossbows and then suddenly hear the twang of the arrows being shot. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, then you are hit by an arrow whose fatal poison acts very quickly. If you are Lucky, all the arrows miss and you find three exits. Which do you choose:

North?	Turn to 40
West?	Turn to 224
East?	Turn to 292

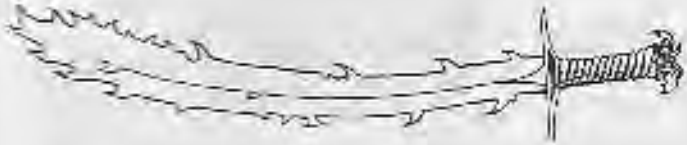

52

The force has steadied itself in a defensive position and is harassing what appears to be the kitchen contingent of the Orc forces. Suddenly there is a roar, and screaming begins as the main Gaddon attack charges into the enemy's flank. The Orcs are cut down; many lose heart and flee. The day is won for the Sensewarriors of Caverndown. Khazara appears, covered in scratches and cuts, and thanks you for your help. She knows that you cannot waste any time away from your quest. You are taken to the end of the cavern and shown a tunnel. You walk inside it for a long time. You pass a smaller tunnel on your left, but decide to carry on. Tabasha jumps out of your pocket and walks ahead, stretching and sniffing, until she stops in front of a pile of rubble: the tunnel has collapsed! Turn to 178.

53

When everything is packed and ready, the Trogs set off. You sit at the back of the cart and listen to the one called Cliptongue sing a song about cutting limbs off various creatures. Suddenly the cart stops and the Trogs stare into the distance. You follow their gaze and see a group of riders heading towards you. Do you leap off the cart (turn to 9), or stay (turn to 95)?

54

You are safe. Now do you choose:

Left?	Turn to 108
Right?	Turn to 166
Forward?	Turn to 396

55

When you get back, one of the Marsh Goblins pads into the room with two knights, and points to you. They rush over to grab you, and you pull out your Sword. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KNIGHT	8	8
Second KNIGHT	7	8

If you win, you rush out of the hut. Turn to 388.

56

You rush up the steps and look up to see lava dribbling down from the lip of the volcano. As you climb, a large vampire bat occasionally swoops down and attacks you. Throw two dice. If you throw any double, you have been bitten: reduce your STAMINA by the value of one die.

Behind you, the chasing riders halt. They do not follow but watch you carefully to see if you turn back. Suddenly there is a spray of lava. Throw a die: this is your position. Throw a second die: this is where the lava lands. If the two numbers match, you have been hit by the lava: reduce your STAMINA by 2 points.

You reach the top of the steps and come to a large entrance above which you see:

□□□	□. .		. . .	. . □
□□□	□□□	and	. . .	□□□
□□□	□. .		. . .	. . □

You enter the volcano. Turn to 356.

57

The gates creak open and you are greeted by a group of heavily armed Gaddon Sensewarriors. They hurry you along towards a shelter, but you all run into a shower of long black arrows. Two warriors are hit; everyone scatters. Do you run:

Forward?	Turn to 109
Left?	Turn to 234
Right?	Turn to 335

58

You climb down the rope and reach the base of Fellscar Crags! You wait to see if there is anyone following, but no one appears. Add 1 LUCK point. You walk on into the vast darkness and find somewhere safe to rest. Tabasha jumps out and goes off hunting. On her return she is dragging a large, red fish. You eat the fish (add 4 STAMINA points, if eaten raw; add 2 extra points if you have Fuel to cook with, and deduct 1 unit of Fuel from your *Adventure Sheet*). Tabasha the Bazouk does not eat anything until you finish and then she eats all the bones.

As your eyes get used to the strange red glow of the vast cavern, you set off in no particular direction. After a while you come across a well-made road, with deep cartwheel ruts in the stone. It heads dead straight into the distance. Do you follow the road (turn to 304), head off to the left (turn to 259), or go to the right (turn to 136)?

59

The noise has alerted a troop of Orcs and they surround you. Swinging your Sword at them, you realize that you can break out, but you will have to fight two of them. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	7	6

If you win, you have nowhere else to go, so you rush towards the Sensewarriors. **Turn to 96.**

60

A large boulder just misses you. The rumbling continues, and then the gravel begins to tremble under your feet. You stand back as a gruesome Earthshaker rattles out of the rocks; as it trembles it shatters any loose rocks that touch it. It is blind, but huge, and blocks the tunnel. Do you decide to fight it (turn to 395), or do you prefer to run (turn to 191)?

61

The trapdoor shuts behind you and in the pitch-darkness you can feel steps leading down. As you climb down you can feel a strange warmth, as though you were getting nearer to an invisible flame. Just then, the Sword begins to glow and you see a large stone cauldron. Around it are four seated figures with swords in hand; they wear ornate armour and do not move. You know that this is the Heartflame; here you must temper your Sword. You walk forward and plunge your Sword into the cauldron. Suddenly there is a great cry; you see a Dark Shadow writhing, and smell a filthy stench. The figure clutches at its *left knee*! When you lift the blade out, it is at first invisible. Then it takes on its old shape and shines as never before. Add 2 LUCK points and 1 SKILL point. Mark on your *Adventure Sheet* Abilities box that your Sword has been tempered by the Heartflame, and remember any other secrets you may have gleaned. You then hear the Guards of the Heartflame chanting and everything disappears. Turn to **100**.

62

The image shatters and sharp slivers of glass impale themselves all over your body. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Orghuz laughs at you and asks you to try again. If you have not already done so, choose whether you strike to the left (turn to 35) or to the right (turn to 386).

63

He sniffs at you. 'You smell of the Toplands. Well met!' He slaps you on the back and your Sword begins to glow. 'I am Gregory, son of Baldwin, son of Edwin, son of Eleanor, daughter of Dermott the Freeman, whose cousin Kevin Knucklesnap fought with Tancred at the Chasms of Gloom. My mother's kin . . .' Gregory proceeds to relate a complete family tree as you follow him. Turn to 313.

64

You wake up to find yourself chained to a rack on a great cliff top, overlooking a vast cavern. Your Sword and belongings are still on you and you can feel Tabasha in your pocket. Standing all around are Orcs wearing the fighting armour of the Mailed Fist: the symbol of the élite Xokusai Orcs. The captain stands next to you and is obviously waiting for someone: 'Damn Khuddam; kill my soldiers for sport and then don't turn up for the Chase.' A nearby lieutenant reminds him that the ceremony must begin at the appointed time laid down by the Prophecy of Mukinahdun. At the mention of this word all the Xokusai Orcs kneel down and stab their daggers into the ground. Then the captain calls out:

'The Chase has begun. Release the prey and summon the Gryphons!' Your bonds are cut and a drum pounds out a regular rhythm, until a flapping of wings and snarling and snapping announce the arrival of the Gryphons: flying, fire-breathing creatures, each with the body of a lion and the wings of a dragon.

The drum beats and you are pushed forward to the edge of the cliff as the Orcs recite an incantation in a strange dialect. Finally you are pushed down on to a narrow ledge and told to 'Run for your life.' Turn to 138.

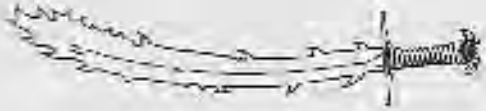

65

'I would never try to fish like them,' says Aspra as she looks at the fish on the ground: they have huge fangs and half their bodies are mouth. However, when cooked, they taste delicious. Soon the others arrive and they all sit in a circle and sing of old times beneath the Mountain. Add 4 STAMINA points. Tabasha finishes off the bones, licks herself all over and settles down to sleep.

After a while Aspra begins to prepare for a raid, and asks if you wish to stay at the camp or go with her to attack one of Orghuz's provision carts. Do you choose to stay (turn to 265), or do you go (turn to 3)?

66

You shut the door and you can hear scrabbling and howling. The door stays shut as you turn around to look at the room, which is long and thin, with exits north and west. Many swords and daggers are suspended from the ceiling by thin twine. Suddenly, a deep, evil laughter booms out, and one of the swords drops. It crashes into the floor close to you. Choose an exit. If you go west, throw a die for your position and a die for where the sword drops. If the two match, you have been struck and killed. Repeat three times and, if you survive, turn to **40**. If you go north, repeat, as above, five times. If you survive, turn to **297**.

67

The ledge gets wide enough to allow you room to swing the Sword. You take a rest and await the Orcs. Suddenly they appear: six of them – one bent

over, sniffing the ground. They attack, and you kill one of them with a single blow. The others mass, but cannot surround you; you can try to parry their thrusts. Throw two dice to show the number of thrusts the Orcs attempt, and throw two dice, again, for the number you manage to parry. If the thrusts are greater than the parries, then reduce your STAMINA by 1 point for each.

Suddenly a Gryphon appears and interrupts the combat; it flies down and swipes at the Orcs, forcing them away. They leave you to the beast.

GRYPHON SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you find a gently sloping ledge on the left (turn to **220**), or a steeper route right (turn to **117**).

68

You are in a chamber with two doors heading west. Do you choose the left-hand door (turn to **219**) or the right (turn to **120**)?

69

You leave the Dragon's Breath Inn by a side door. The directions you were given are precise paces and touchstones. You see the expected rough-hewn stone stairway and you begin a long, winding climb. After a while, you find yourself walking on spiky rocks and notice that the roof of the tunnel is covered with them. They look very dangerous. Suddenly you hear a crack. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **347**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **197**.

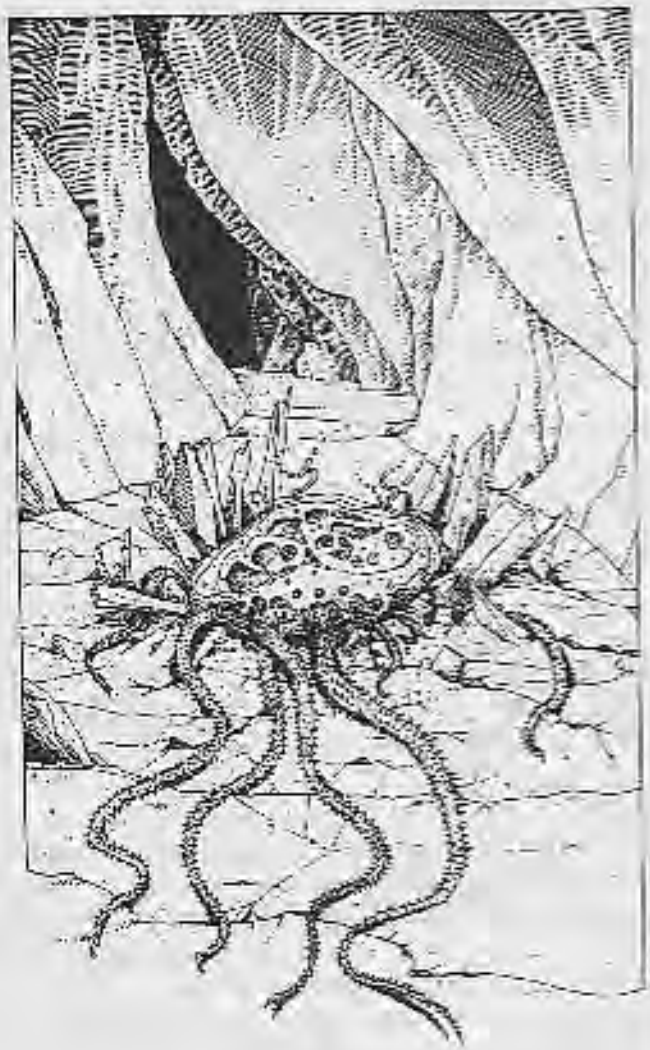

70

The tunnel leads downwards and you begin to feel very cold. Suddenly your feet slip from under you and you sit down on what seems to be a frozen underground river. Your Sword has left your grasp and has slithered away. As you get up, there is a cracking sound and three eyes poke up out of the ice, followed by several spiked tentacles. You run towards your Sword, but a tentacle wraps itself around your ankle. Have you the strength to reach your Sword? Throw two dice: this is the strength needed. If this is greater than your STAMINA, then you are dragged down to your death in the icy deep. If your STAMINA is equal to, or greater than, the strength, then you reach the Sword and chop at the tentacles. You scramble away across the river into another tunnel. Turn to 103.

71

You are in another chamber. The volcano rumbles and the ground shakes. Ahead are two other holes. Do you wish to go left (turn to 177) or right (turn to 327)?

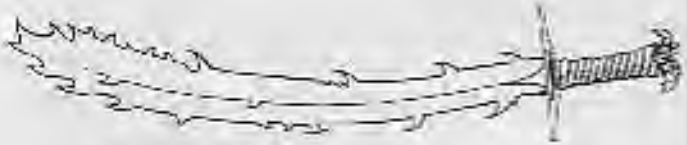

72

When you wake up, you open and shut your eyes but it makes no difference: it is still completely dark. 'Ah, good, you have slept well, I trust?' You can tell that it is the voice of Alkis Fearslicer. He tells you how he evaded the Khuddam and spent the rest of the time laying false trails. 'The evil ones are not yet strong enough to attack Govanthian, but soon . . . Your quest must succeed.' In the darkness you are taught to Sensefight (mark this on the Abilities box of your *Adventure Sheet*) and are taught the secrets of the Feelbrethren Cyphers. Turn to 399, examine the illustration and remember to come back to this point.

You are then taken to the Govanthian Tunnels. You say your goodbyes to the people of the dark and enter a tunnel. After a while the path divides; one leads up (turn to 393), the other goes down (turn to 33). Which do you take?

73

You race past and kick a trip line, which disturbs a mass of Dwarf skulls. As they rattle they alert half a dozen Orcs from the élite 'fighting Xokusai', who rush out and chase you. Unlike most of the Orc warrior clans, they do not squabble among themselves but follow with speed, efficiency and cunning. Do you run up some stairs on the left (turn to 182), or go straight ahead (turn to 240)?

74

You walk down the tunnel. In the distance you can make out some blazing torches and, as you get nearer, the tunnel opens out into a cavern. On the right is a stone building with small round windows and six torches blazing above the entrance. Standing outside are two large-horned Koyunlu, harnessed to a cart. Just below the torches is the famous Dragon's Breath Inn and Alehouse. As you stand there, a large figure in a black cloak comes out of the building and falls flat on its face. Do you help (turn to 157), or do you prefer to keep a low profile (turn to 353)?

75

When you step to the left, a trapdoor opens, and you fall into a pit full of sharp metal spikes. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you are impaled and die instantly. If you are Lucky, you land more or less safely (deduct 1 STAMINA point) and find a cobwebbed door that opens easily. Turn to **143**.

76

There is a slicing sound and you look at a cut in your cloak. Turning around, you see an indistinct figure that shimmers in a dark haze. You cannot see the weapon but can only hear it cutting through the air. You will have to Sensefight (check your *Adventure Sheet* to see if you have that ability). If you are able to Sensefight, then fight as normal. If not, reduce your SKILL by 2 for this combat only.

SHIMMERA	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **298**.

77

As you walk along the tunnel, you begin to despair about the quest. You sit down, drop your Sword and hold your head in your hands. The task seems too difficult. Tabasha tries to cheer you up by chasing her tail and behaving like a kitten, but it does no good – you are miserable. Suddenly the Sword shines very brightly and rises up in front of you. An ancient voice speaks out: 'Do not despair. You are close to the Caves of Minosaddurr. Seek out the Heartflame, the weakness of Orghuz. Temper your Sword there. But first, beware the Three Stone

Wraiths: one that always tells the truth, one that always lies, and one that always changes from truth to lies to truth.' You are filled with a new-found determination (add 1 SKILL point) as you set off along the tunnel. Turn to **252**.

78

As you step into the room you hear the flap of wings and the scream of a Gargoyle from the tower. It rushes into the room and you swipe at it with your Sword (One-Strike Combat). If you hit, then you have wounded it. It screams, and you have time to rush into the next room. If it hits you, then reduce your STAMINA by 2 points before rushing into the other room.

You shut the door but know that you cannot stop the beast from breaking in. You make a dash across the room to the next door. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **110**. If you are Unlucky, the Gargoyle bursts in and you will have to fight it.

GARGOYLE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **110**.

79

The woman helps you to get better and, as she prepares a broth, gives you good advice: 'Seek the Caves of Minosaddurr; there you will find the means to destroy the evil of Orghuz. Seek the Three Stone Wraiths spoken of in legends.' Then she begins to recite:

'One that always tells the truth,
One that always tells a lie,
And one that always tells a truth
Followed by a lie, followed by a truth.

'These are the Guardians of the Caves where the Heartflame burns. Temper your Sword there; you cannot hope to strike at the Evil One without killing all his Seven Servants . . . aaah.' She stands stock still, her eyes glaze over and she says no more. You leave her there and go outside to a tunnel. Do you turn left (turn to 144), or choose to go right (turn to 252)?

80

You get up and run into the Orcs, who have caught up with you. They are very brave when there are lots of them. You stand no chance.

81

As you rest from your labours, you notice the other figures turning to flesh. You start to run, but crash into someone standing behind you. He looks at the figures and speaks in a muted tone; they slowly change back to wood. You look at him: he is huge, with a large beard, very strong and carries a massive two-headed axe. Turn to 63.

82

The track is well made. You confidently step on to a flat rock. It gives way and a dart shoots into your foot. Deduct 3 STAMINA points. Turn to 304.

83

The door slams behind you. It is dark and misty, but you can see enough to know that you are on a small balcony outside the tower. You cannot jump down because of the moat of poisonous slime. Just then, you see two fiery eyes and hear a flapping of wings as a Gargoyle spots you and sinks its thick claws into your ribcage. Your adventure is over.

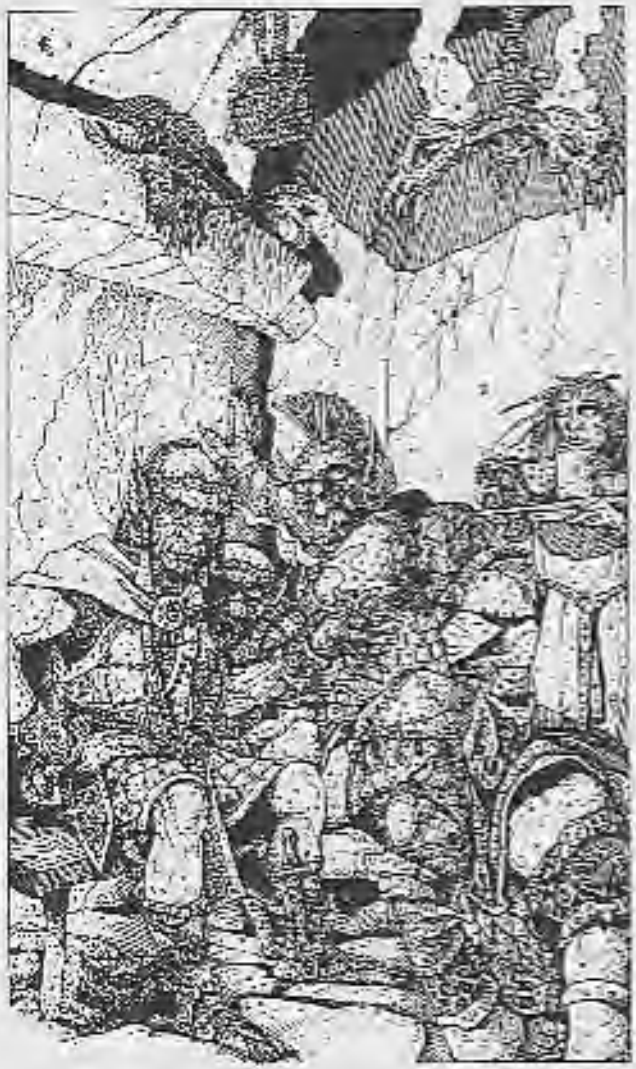

84

The room is large, with a great fire burning at one end. There are dark cubicles all around, and several people stare at you as you enter. To one side you hear the screams of Orcs enjoying themselves, and in the corner sits a miserable-looking Dwarf, wearing a metal collar. 'Gaddon, where's my food?' screams a Troll, while he punches bits out of the wall. The Gaddon walks in: she is blind, but seems to sense her way around without any trouble. She deposits a flagon and plate on the Troll's table, comes over to you and sniffs. 'You smell of Toplander. Why have you come here? There is great danger.' Do you choose to confide in her (turn to 225), or decide to leave at once (turn to 43)?

85

Turn to 206.

86

The Dark Elf pulls out a short-sword and stabs you in the side. Deduct 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. You struggle with him: he drops his sword and you fight unarmed.

DARK ELF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If double 1 is thrown, the one whose Attack Round it is has fallen off the cart and is crushed to death under its wheels. If you win, you drive the cart back to the others, who take all the food and weapons they can carry. You make your way back to camp. Turn to 124.

87

You are wise to head directly for the creature; it has already released other traps. There is a foul stench of decaying flesh as you climb on to its ribcage. The next door is close enough to leap across, if you have enough STAMINA. Throw two dice: this is the distance. If the distance is greater than your STAMINA, you fall on to the floor, are transfixed by several spears and eventually die. If your STAMINA is equal to, or greater than, the distance, then you have jumped well. Turn to 257.

88

As the cart passes, you slip in. It is driven by a Dwarf who is wearing a metal collar. The gates open, then shut behind the cart. When it stops, you hear orders being shouted: 'Search the cart, you filth. HE wants no strangers getting in.' Another voice growls and mutters an obscenity. Then a spear is shoved into the skins. Throw a die: this is your position. Throw a second die: this is where the spear is thrust. If the two numbers match, you are speared (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Repeat three times. If you survive, you slip away in the darkness. Turn to 159.

89

You are in a cave of ice and, as you walk around, huge icicles drop from the top of the cave and shatter on the floor. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you are hit by one and killed. If you are Lucky, your numb fingers detect three doors. Which do you enter:

North-west?	Turn to 168
North-east?	Turn to 45
South-east?	Turn to 16

90

The ground rises until you suddenly come to a sharp drop. You can hear sniffing and snarling getting closer, so you decide to leap into the mist. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, you land badly and break both legs. You lie there until a clumsy Troll falls over you. He sees you, licks his lips, and you are never heard of again. If you are Lucky, turn to 364.

91

You follow the footprints into the southern exit. The corridor is very dusty and the occasional furry creature scuttles across your path, leaving faint tracks. Tabasha chases a few of the creatures but soon gives up the sport. Up ahead, where the footprints end, you see a bundle on the ground. As you get nearer you see that it is a dead Trog. On its finger you notice a bright ring with a gemstone that gleams and sparkles in the dim light. Do you take the ring and put it on (turn to 153), or leave it alone and carry on (turn to 22)?

92

You stumble about in the thick mist. You can hear shrieks and calls far away – Koynnlu hoofs on the rocks and the clatter of iron-shod Orc feet. You can work out the general direction that you were heading for, but for a specific bearing, you will have to guess. Which will you choose:

Bearing A?	Turn to 320
Bearing B?	Turn to 243
Bearing C?	Turn to 134
Bearing D?	Turn to 18

93

You climb down the rope into the darkness. It feels hot and sticky; suddenly you realize that it is alive! You try to scramble up again, but it wraps itself around you. You are dragged into a cave, never to be seen again.

94

You jump over and rush off. One of the hunters detects your scent and give chase. You stop, Sword at the ready, and prepare for battle.

BLACK RIDER SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, you rush off into the stream before the other riders appear. Turn to 263.

95

You are quickly surrounded by the riders. There are about a dozen of them, including a black-cloaked Khuddam. As you crouch behind the blocks, they begin to ask the Trogs rapid questions. The Trogs, being slow-witted, cannot understand them. The riders get cross and gallop off. Add 2 LUCK points.

You slip off the cart as a thick mist descends. Turn to 320.

96

You burst through a line of Orc crossbowmen and rush for cover. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, throw a die: it shows the number of bolts that have hit you. They are not poisonous and easy to remove – deduct 1 STAMINA point for each. If you are Lucky, you have made it to the defended line and are greeted by the Gaddon knights; thirty of them, all wounded, and all blind. Their leader Alkis Fearslicer approaches, and you explain your quest; occasionally an arrow lands close by. Alkis recounts how the Gaddon raised the standard of the Feelbrethren, with the objective of ridding their land of the Khuddam and their followers. But the Gaddon never realized that there would also be so many Fell creatures to fight. Alkis then calls out: 'Saliac, we must use the Crystal.' A tall warrior with a large black beard warns of the dangers, but a fresh hail of arrows seems to change his mind. Turn to 190.

97

The trapdoor bursts open and in a swirl of blue smoke Goblin guards rush in, waving evil wands. Have you the strength to ward off their necromancy? Throw two dice. If the result is greater than your STAMINA, then you are struck down and your quest ends here. If your STAMINA is equal to, or greater than, the throw, then you survive (deduct 1 STAMINA point). You rush out with the others. Turn to 375.

98

You push yourself into the niche. The group stops and you hear a woman's voice: 'Come out of there!' You look out and see a hooded woman aiming a longbow at you. Around her stands a group of Dwarfs. One at the front holds a torch and you notice that they are all wearing metal collars. Do you come out (turn to 49) or run for it (turn to 175)?

99

You wander around the cave. The Sword will not shine and you can hear Tabasha miaowing from across the cavernous gloom. You go to her and she leaps on to your head. You reach out and feel the sides of the cave. You make out these shapes:

. o .	□□□
o.o	□□□
. . .	□□□

If you recognize these symbols, utter the Secret Cypher and go to that section. You will be told straight away if a door opens. If you do not want to go through the door, or do not know the Cyphers, there is another tunnel in the dark recesses. Turn to 317.

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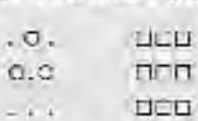

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100

You find yourself in a dark chamber. As you stumble around in the gloom, you find a well. Looking down, you see nothing but darkness, and when you throw a rock into it you hear nothing. You walk around the well and find a rope attached to the inside. There seems to be no other way out of the chamber. Just then you see a small leather purse. Opening it you find that it contains a silver coin. Do you choose to throw the coin into the well (turn to 7), or will you leave the purse and climb down the rope (turn to 215)?

101

When you get to the other side, Aspra is pouring a potion on to her wound. She recovers while sporadic arrows land close by, and you all rush away. The Orcs leap up and down and start fighting among themselves. As you explain your quest to Aspra, she tells you that the road you are travelling will get much more difficult when you enter the lands under Orghuz's direct control.

When you stop for a short rest, Aspra Smoothcheek tells you her history: she was of Toplander stock but was brought up by the Feelbrethren and has since joined the band of rogue Dwarfs, living off whatever is available. She looks at the Dwarfs who are fishing in a small rushing stream: they plunge their hands in and pull out large, white, blind fish. It looks easy. While Aspra is distracted with distant thoughts, do you have a go (turn to 184), or let them get on with it (turn to 65)?

102

You have learnt your lesson well. The Gaddon have taught you a valuable skill. When you come out of the library you see a great muster of knights. Khazara and the other Sensewarriors are discussing plans for breaking the Great Siege that is slowly taking its toll. The consensus is a scheme involving a large diversionary attack, followed by a swift blow to the Fell Army's flank. The warriors are allocated to the two groups – the diversion (turn to 308), and the main thrust (turn to 158). Which do you join?

103

The roof of the tunnel gets very low and you have to crouch over. As you do so you see black seams of coal on the floor. If you wish to hack some out and put it into your Fuel pouch, do so now (mark 2 units in the Fuel box of your *Adventure Sheet* and deduct 1 STAMINA point). Whether or not you take the Fuel, turn to 230.

104

You pick up the gold. The old man sighs and turns his face away from you. 'You will find it hard to succeed in your quest; your heart is tempted by greed and thus you have failed the test.' You are taken to a rocky tunnel by a silent Gregory. He says no farewell. You trudge along for a long time. After a while it begins to get unbearably hot. Turn to **112**.

105

You stand your ground and the Sword shines brightly. The Orcs see you. One of them drops his torch and pulls out a sword. 'Go away, the Dwarf is ours,' he hisses at you. You say nothing and the Orc realizes that he'll have to fight you.

SCAVENGER ORC SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

As you fight, the second Orc grabs the metal collar and runs away, chuckling at his cleverness. If you win, turn to **281**.

106

When you reach the top of the stairs, you find yourself in a dark chamber; the only light comes from a firing-slit in the wall. Suddenly there are the sounds of scuttling and a chain rattling. Something snarls and rushes towards you from the direction of the stairs. You see two doors; do you go through the exit south (turn to **132**) or the exit west (turn to **180**)?

107

You are in a cave, which occasionally flashes a bright blue. There is a wonderful smell of food cooking, and in the intermittent light you find some that proves to be delicious. Just then you notice a Dwarf in the corner; he is sitting there with a tankard of ale in one hand and a happy smile on his face. You feel good, and begin to think that you ought to stay here. Throw two dice: this is the strength of the attraction to stay. If the throw is greater than your STAMINA, then you will stay and never complete your task. If you resist, you find four exits. Which do you choose:

South-west?	Turn to **264**
South-east?	Turn to **334**
North-west?	Turn to **222**
North-east?	Turn to **21**

108

You choose correctly. You step forward and find yourself safely across the lava river. Looking back, you see a horde of Orcs in the red glow. You begin to run, weaving from side to side, as black arrows drop all around you. You run fast until you are exhausted and stop for a moment behind a large boulder (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Just then you see a small hole, big enough for you to crawl in and hide. Do you go to ground (turn to 141), or carry on running (turn to 80)?

109

You rush into the shelter and all the arrows miss. Add 1 LUCK point. From there, you watch the injured warriors stagger around, chanting spells. An arrow in one of them begins to burn and then disappears; she collapses and dies. Another manages to pull the arrow out of his arm and gets to the shelter. Turn to 47.

110

This time, the door slams behind you. You are in a room with torches blazing, and you can see two small Orcs, who seem to be repairing a crack in the wall. They are not armed, and stand amazed as you pass them on your way to the only other door heading north. You enter a room to find nothing but two exits. Do you go north (turn to 132), or west (turn to 20)?

111

As you head for the Arrow sector, a sure-sighted Orc sees you and fires with his longbow. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, you are wounded (deduct 2 STAMINA points). If you are Lucky, he misses. You quickly turn back towards the Dagger sector. Turn to 154.

112

The heat increases and the dim, red light in the distance becomes very bright. The ground trembles as you eventually come to a fast-flowing river of lava. The path leads to a row of stepping-stones and you have no other way to go but across. Halfway to the other side, with your boots scorching, you look up and ahead see a figure holding a crossbow aimed at your heart. She orders you to drop your Sword into the river. You are three steps from her. Do you drop your Sword in the lava (turn to 365), or risk rushing across (turn to 202)?

113

You rush through the door and slam it behind you. You are dismayed when it begins to fade and then disappear. You then run down some steps but, by the time you reach the bottom, the wolves are all around you. You prepare to fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLFHAG	6	8
Second WOLFHAG	7	10
Third WOLFHAG	6	8

If you survive, you return to the previous room and go through the door heading north. Turn to 66.

114

The chest is easy to prise open. Inside you find parchments written in the vulgar runes, telling the history of the castle. It was originally built by the Gaddon, but they left after a great siege by the forces of Evil. The Gaddon turned the castle into a giant trap and spent their last days casting Spells of Doom and Despair. On another parchment are fragments of spells; only one of them is legible:

The Casting of Creatures to the Bottomless Pit

Thrice round weave, twice up and twice down,
And make the sign of the Seven Senses of Dismay.

You decide to learn this Spell; you may have a use for it. Turn to 397.

115

You squelch around the back of the rock and hide from the strangers, Sword at the ready. As you stand there, two clawed hands rise from the marsh and pull you down into the mire. You were unwise to move off the path. Your mission is over.

116

You run straight into a patrol of six mounted Xokusai Orcs. They all throw spears at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you are wounded; they capture you and fit a metal collar on you. Orghuz now has you in his power and you can do nothing. Your quest is over. If you are Lucky, they all miss, and you turn back up the steps of the volcano. Turn to 56.

117

You cannot see any Orcs, but can hear muttering and squealing. Suddenly a shower of rocks and boulders drops on you. Throw a die. If you throw 3 or less, most of the rocks miss you. Deduct the throw from your STAMINA points. You turn back (turn to 220). If you throw 4 to 6, you are crushed, and your quest ends here.

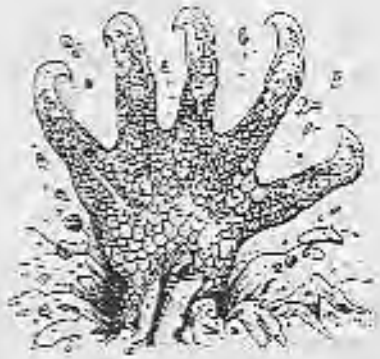

118

You are on a ledge on the outside of the tower. Down below, you notice an Orc archer looking up at you. There is nowhere to run to. The Orc seems to be waving at something on the roof of the tower. Suddenly you are in the middle of a shower of lava, poured by two Orcs above you. Your adventure is over.

119

The Dark Elf stares at you with glowing red eyes and fingers his staff, which radiates a bluish light. 'Who dares cross Midnight Chasm?' he shouts, and walks on to the perilous bridge. He looks you up and down. 'Aye, you'll be fine for my lord's slave battalion, when you wear the collar.' He begins to cross the bridge, but stops when he sees you pull out your Sword. He realizes that he has got a fight on his hands.

DARK ELF SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If at any time double 1 is thrown, then that combatant has fallen off the bridge. If you win, you cross the bridge and carry on along the path. Turn to 249.

120

As you step on to a ledge, the door slams behind you. Above you is a Spike-Tailed Lizard, which drops and sinks its claws into you. It forces you off the ledge and into the moat of poisonous slime . . .

121

You jump into one of the trenches, but the ground collapses and you fall down, deep into a mine shaft. Your quest is over.

122

You are in the army commander's sleeping-quarters; there are bundles and blankets everywhere. You creep carefully towards the only door leading east. You must be silent. Throw a die to show the level of silence required to awaken the lightest sleeper; throw a second die to show the level of noise you make. If it is equal to, or greater than, the first throw, then one of the bundles stirs (turn to 36). If not, then you go through the door east (turn to 370).

123

You wake up in the back of a creaking cart, trussed up and with a Dwarf's foot sticking in your face. You look around and see four other bundles in the cart. Two Orcs sit at the front, arguing and occasionally scratching at each other. Behind the cart you can just see a group of exhausted Trolls trying to keep up. You also see your Sword stuck in a barrel near the Orcs. As you stare, the Sword begins to vibrate and moves out of the barrel towards you. Do you want to attempt an escape now (turn to 4), or wait and prepare yourself (turn to 280)?

124

On your return to camp, all the plundered provisions are laid out and marked by Aspra Smoothcheek. All wounds are attended to, and non-perishable goods taken away and hidden. She tells you that the tunnels ahead are very dangerous; you will find no friends there. All the Gaddon who once owned these lands have been enslaved or killed. She stops talking and stares into the distance. You are given food (mark 2 meals on the *Adventure Sheet*). You say your farewells and are given a choice of entry into the Lands of Malice – the Crying Spring (turn to 283), or Downdrop Cavern (turn to 357).

125

The door snaps shut behind you and, as you stand there in complete darkness, a very heavy block of stone drops down on top of you. Throw three dice and add up the result. If the number is greater than your STAMINA score, then you are badly hurt (deduct 3 STAMINA points). If the number is less than, or equal to, your STAMINA score, then you have the strength to catch the stone and squeeze yourself back out of the door before letting go. Turn to 207.

126

You say nothing. The woman gets up, her eyes open wider and you can see that they are bright red. She raises her hands and claws slowly appear, pushing apart the old flesh. She hisses and spits out an order. Suddenly Orcs appear and grovel in front of her. 'Put a collar on this one. Then I will know if this is the Toplander HE wants.' You realize that she is one of the Seven Khuddam of Orghuz. As you are pulled out she kicks at a rock and it shatters!

Three Orcs take you to a stone hut. Inside is a blacksmith: a Toplander wearing a metal collar. He is beating out a similar collar, and by his side stands a Goblin with a wand. The Orcs tell the smith to prepare a collar. He turns around and you recognize him as the long-lost Azleff: the greatest knight of the Grey Order! You remember serving him at the Great Table many times. As you stare, Tabasha crawls out of your pocket and up to your shoulder; the Orcs are mildly amused by her as she stands there, staring at Azleff's eyes. Suddenly Azleff hits the Goblin with the hammer and in one swift movement cuts your bonds; then he sinks to the ground clutching his collar. You take advantage of the Orcs' surprise and rush out of the hut. Do you go left (turn to **167**), right (turn to **268**), or straight ahead (turn to **312**)?

127

You try to hide, but the Khuddam steps out and smells you straight away. It hisses and spits as it pulls out a scimitar and attacks. If you have a Feelbrethren Ring you may use it now; you will not

be hurt because the Khuddam will not sense you and you may strike at will.

KHUDDAM GRIFFKEK SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, cross the dead Khuddam off the *Adventure Sheet*. You escape into the dark. Turn to **298**.

128

You have a good sleep that is marred only by a nightmare of a Long-fanged Ghoul holding a dagger over your face. You wake, open your eyes, and see a dagger pointing at your nose, held by a hideous Long-fanged Ghoul. You instantly will Tabasha the Bazouk to help (mark 1 use on the *Adventure Sheet*. If you have used up your nine, you are stabbed and your mission is over.) She sinks her claws into the Ghoul's hands, giving you time to pull out your Sword.

LONG-FANGED GHOUL SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, you carry on along the corridor. Turn to **179**.

129

You reach out and pull him up. The Dark Elf does not notice you, but stops and shuts his eyes. All the Dwarfs and Orcs stand stock-still. Suddenly you are stabbed in the back: the Dwarf you helped has stolen your dagger, and as you turn around you see him standing there with a glazed look in his eyes. Deduct 4 STAMINA points. He then strides back to the others and they all march off. After a while, you take the same tunnel. Turn to **203**.

130

You can see nothing. You hold your Sword in readiness as you hear the sound of what you guess is an axe cutting through the air. If you know how to Sensefight, fight as normal; if not, then reduce your SKILL (for this combat only) by 2.

DARK AXEMAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

When either your or your opponent's STAMINA reaches 4, the combat stops. You are both exhausted and your opponent has had time to pick up your scent. Turn to **63**.

131

You stand by the trapdoor as it bursts open; in comes a Stone Warrior, followed by Orcs, who fire the occasional arrow.

STONE WARRIOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, Aspra Smoothcheek calls you over to the door, and you all charge out. Turn to **375**.

132

You walk into the room to see a jewel-encrusted shield. You walk around the room. There are no signs of traps or other creatures, so you grab the shield with both hands. The jewels explode, smashing slithers of poisoned crystal into your body. Your adventure is over.

133

You climb up the spiral shafts until you come to a chamber, hacked out of wood. Along the walls stand figures made of wood; each one holds a sword. As you watch, one of the figures slowly turns into flesh and moves in front of you, sword at the ready. You hear a creaking, rumbling voice: 'Intruder, you will die!'

WOODMAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you win, the figure collapses and before your eyes the wounds begin to heal up as the body turns to wood again. Turn to **81**.

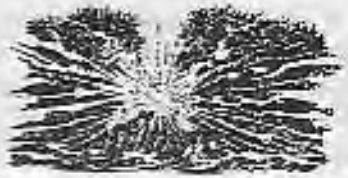

134

If you have not yet seen it, there is a huge wall ahead of you. It is very high, and protected by watch-towers at intervals of 200 paces. You feel safe in the mist but wonder how you are going to get over the wall. Suddenly you come across a flat, polished, inscribed stone, marking out the Xokusai Orc defensive segments of the wall: ARROW, AXE, DAGGER, SWORD. It seems you are in the Axe sector. Do you wish to climb the wall here (turn to **315**), at the Dagger sector (turn to **154**), the Sword sector (turn to **18**), or the Arrow sector (turn to **111**)?

135

You walk along the tunnel for a long time. Suddenly you kick something that makes a metallic noise. The Shining Sword helps you find the object: a metal collar with strange runes inscribed on it. It is hinged and open. Do you try it on (turn to **221**), or inspect it further (turn to **193**)?

136

You set off on the right-hand track. As you walk along you see a lot of evidence of digging and mining. Suddenly you see a Goblin get out of a hole and stand with his back to you, waving a wand. Do you choose to attack (turn to 226), jump left (turn to 384), or jump to the right (turn to 121)?

137

You fear leaving the path, and so stand still, Sword at the ready. The two figures suddenly stop and sniff at you. They are Marsh Goblins with huge, flat, webbed feet. They pull out small, curved daggers and look at you suspiciously; one of them hisses 'Toplander'. The other shouts: 'What are you doing here? You should be with the others. Give me that Sword!' Do you hand it over (turn to 26) or attack (turn to 183)?

138

You can hear the drum and the chanting as you edge along the small ledge. Suddenly you notice that the ledge divides into two. Which one do you take: the one sloping down to the left (turn to 287), or the one going down to the right (turn to 346)?

139

You run out of the hut and down into the dark alley. You find some steps and climb up. As you turn around you see two Orcs following you. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First XOKUSAI ORC	7	8
Second XOKUSAI ORC	8	6

If you win, you stand on the wall and look out over the moat; you think that you can leap safely across. Throw two dice: this is the distance. If the distance is greater than your STAMINA, then you fail and are dragged down into the murky depths by flesh-eating fish. If your STAMINA is equal to, or greater than, the distance, turn to 301.

140

Turn to 38.

141

You crawl into the hole and edge along in the dark until you come to a small tunnel, heading down. Suddenly you begin to slip and fall head first into a flooded tunnel. It is too narrow to turn around, so you must work your way through as fast as possible to find some air. You notice that Tabasha is not struggling but seems to have found a small air pocket in your cloak. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you haven't enough air in your lungs to make it. Your quest ends here. If you are Lucky, then the tunnel opens out and you rise up to take a breath of damp air. However, you have lost all your Provisions. Turn to **296**.

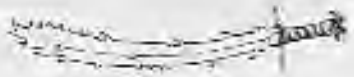

142

You haul yourself on to a wide ledge and, without your Sword, you are confronted by two spear-carrying Orcs. You must fight each in turn, unarmed. Reduce your SKILL (for this combat only) by 2 points.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	7	6

If you survive, you have time to recover your Sword and you head back along the ledge. Suddenly you hear a noise. Turn to **379**.

143

You are in a room full of dust and cobwebs. In each corner of the room are unlit torches and some rotting leather armour is piled in a heap. On the dusty floor you see small footprints leading from an exit north to an exit south. There are four exits in the room; which do you choose:

North?	Turn to **239**
South?	Turn to **91**
East?	Turn to **391**
West?	Turn to **273**

144

The tunnel is long and straight, sloping gently downwards. Suddenly you hear screams and shouts echoing in the distance.

As you get nearer to the screaming the tunnel divides. Above each new tunnel there are some symbols. The tunnel on the left is engraved:

```
□ . .      . . .
□□□        . . .
□ . .      . . .
```

The tunnel on the right is engraved:

```
. . □      □□□
□□□        □□□
. . □      □□□
```

Which do you choose to enter: left (turn to **317**) or right (turn to **201**)? You also see a small, dark entrance to a cave (turn to **99**).

145

As you walk by the river, the path gets narrower and you have to wade in the water. Your feet begin to get numb. Across the river, by the light of the Sword, you can see a crack in the wall and you know that you must wade across. You plunge into the freezing water and Tabasha jumps up on to your head. The water reaches your waist, but when you get to the other side you can hardly move your legs. If you have any Fuel you can use it now, to warm up: deduct 1 point from the Fuel box. Otherwise deduct 4 STAMINA points. Turn to **253**.

146

Cautiously, you make your way along the ledge. You can hear a scrabbling behind you and suddenly you see an Orc, sword in hand, edging towards you. There is no room for full combat; fight One-Strike.

If you win, you find a ledge leading down to the left (turn to **361**), a ledge leading down to the right (turn to **44**), and the possibility of dropping down to a slightly wider ledge below (turn to **217**).

147

Before he can unload his goods, you send him packing. He shouts that you'll regret it, grabs your

Sword and disappears from sight. Instinctively, you can feel the pull of the Sword and, as you try to find him again, he stabs you in the back with a dagger. The wound is not fatal. Deduct 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. Your Sword rises up to your hand. You find no trace of Pierskat the Trader. Suddenly you feel in your backpack and discover that he has stolen all your Fuel and Provisions. Deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to **369**.

148

Turn to **206**.

149

You walk for a long time in a dusty tunnel, until you come to a stairway leading up. As you are about to tread on the first step, a small furry creature runs across your path. Suddenly a trap springs shut and crushes the poor animal. You look carefully at the steps; they all seem likely to contain traps. As you look around, you see a dirty receptacle with four stone balls in it. You pick one up and prepare to throw it to spring the trap on a particular step.

There are twenty-four steps. Throw a die to show where the first ball lands; throw two dice to show where the second ball lands; throw three dice to show where the third ball lands; then four dice. The furthest you can leap is six steps. Work out if you can make it to the top without touching an unsafe step. If you have to spring a trap, deduct 2 STAMINA points for each. You reach the top and a door slams shut behind you, then disappears. Turn to **100**.

150

You call out to the Trogs and tell them that all you want is to know the way out, and that you are not interested in their chest. Eventually they sidle out – Wart followed by Jowl – both clutching short, stabbing swords. They sniff at you and are startled to see Tabasha poking her head out of your pocket. You haul the heavy chest into the tunnel, and then Wart goes in and cuts at something. You climb in, followed by Jowl. The tunnel is low and wide; you have to bend over while the Trogs walk in front of you, holding the chest. You turn round to check how far you've come; then you hear a laugh, and turn back to find no trace of the Trogs. You examine the dark recesses ahead and find four other tunnels. Which do you follow:

First?	Turn to 33
Second?	Turn to 393
Third?	Turn to 77
Fourth?	Turn to 230

151

You carry on by the side of the river. Tabasha jumps off your shoulder and disappears in the dark. She returns with two strange white crabs and eats one in front of you. You eat the other: it tastes delicious. Add 1 STAMINA point. Suddenly the path ends and leads into a small tunnel. You notice a large bell. It is covered in strange, incomprehensible symbols. You know that it must serve a purpose. Do you choose to ring the bell (turn to 350) or go into the tunnel (turn to 249)?

152

You lose the others and rush around the back of some stone huts; there is a high wall that surrounds the whole camp and it is heavily guarded. Just then, you see a figure approaching out of the darkness ahead. Do you run into a doorway on the left (turn to 274) or carry on (turn to 366)?

153

You put on the ring and begin to feel dizzy, as though your mind is detached from your body. There is a pounding chant in your brain: 'Dhaktili, Dhaktili . . .' In your mind's eye you see indescribable horrors. You must try to take the ring off. Throw two dice for the strength needed to tug the ring off your finger. If this throw is greater than your STAMINA, you have lost your mind and will be found by some other unfortunate, reduced to a heap, in a dusty corridor. If, however, your STAMINA is greater than, or equal to, the power of the ring, then you pull it off, drop it straight away, and carry on quickly down the corridor. Turn to 22.

154

You find a breach in the wall, but are cautious when you see two Stone Guardians placed on either side of it. Looking carefully, you see that one of them is cracked down the middle and falling apart. The other creaks to life and attacks you with its strong beak.

STONE GUARDIAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win, you pass through the breach. Turn to 90.

155

You walk on, gripping the Sword tight. You come to the Iron Cave but, unexpectedly, there are two new doors. Do you go through the left one (turn to 199) or choose the one on the right (turn to 214)?

156

You come to a break in the ledge. You will have to jump across. Throw three dice to determine the distance. If your STAMINA is equal to, or greater than, the distance, you have managed to jump across. If not, then you have fallen to your death.

Once on the other side, you have the choice of taking a gentle sloping ledge to the right (turn to 379) or dropping down on to a slightly wider ledge below (turn to 291).

157

You help him get to his feet. He looks at you and you realize that he is a Troll, rather the worse for drink. He shouts at you: 'How dare you touch me, you scum. Kneel down and have your head chopped off.' He pulls out a scimitar and takes a swing at you.

DRUNKEN TROLL	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, you hide the body and go into the Dragon's Breath Inn (turn to 381).

158

The diversionary force rides out and the gates are swiftly shut. You can hear many screams and shouts. Occasionally a torrent of arrows lands in the compound and everybody scatters for shelter. Eventually Khazara orders the gates to open and you all charge out – right into the enemy flank. You hack your way through the Orcs. Fight four in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	4
Second ORC	6	6
Third ORC	7	6
Fourth ORC	4	5

If you survive, the Orcs are cut down and many lose heart and flee. The day is won for the Feelbrethren. Khazara thanks you for your help, but knows that you cannot waste any time away from your quest. You are taken to the end of the cavern and shown a tunnel. You walk along it for a long time, ignoring a smaller tunnel on the left. Eventually, you stop in front of a pile of rubble: the tunnel has collapsed! Turn to 178.

159

You slip into a doorway. Immediately you can smell the stench of Orc-cooking, coming from close by. Peeking through the door, you see a bubbling cauldron of green slime and, stirring it, a small aproned Orc. Occasionally he picks up some rotting meat from the filthy floor and throws it in the cauldron. The cook leaves by another door. As you look around the doorway you find a small window. Do you choose to go into the kitchen (turn to 324) or crawl through the window (turn to 143)?

160

You have chosen the wrong knight. Before anyone has a chance to stop him, the real traitor has moved behind you and plunged a dagger into your back. You have thwarted an ambitious and desperate person who wants his revenge at any cost. And he gets it . . .

161

You leap over the ditch and land among the rocks. Arrows slam into the ground all around you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, one of the arrows wounds you (deduct 2 STAMINA points). If you are Lucky, they all miss.

You are pursued by the renegades; they run fast – silent and disciplined – waiting for you to tire. Suddenly Tabasha jumps out of your pocket and crawls into a hole by a slab of rock. At first you begin to curse her for deserting you, but then you realize that you can lift the slab. You quickly do so and find a large hole. Crawling in and pulling the slab over you, you watch your pursuers pass. After a long time, you get out, with Tabasha back in your pocket. In front of you is a path. Turn to 369.

162

As you walk into the room, two Dark Elves grab you from either side and a knight slips a metal collar on your neck. You hear the booming laughter of Orghuz and see his bright red eyes as he orders you to kneel in front of his lieutenants. One of the Dark Elves gets ready to swing a sword . . .

163

You have made it through the Devil's Teeth. But soon you realize that the boat's rudder is broken. You come out into a huge cavern lake, and the boat has to be left to wander. The two Dwarfs have finally stopped fighting and begin to tell you their tale. They were captured and sent to work as slaves in the mines for the Khuddam. The iron is needed for the metal collars that Orghuz uses to enslave the people in the Chasms, and Dwarfs are useful to him for their skill and knowledge of mining and iron-working. Suddenly the boat comes to a halt and you stand up and look around. The shore is pitch-black; you all stumble out of the boat. When your Sword begins to shine it reveals a tall warrior, standing in front of you. The helm covers all of the face, with no slits for the eyes. Do you attack (turn to 305), or wait to see who the warrior is (turn to 285)?

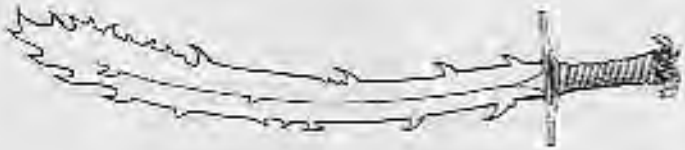

164

Mark the use of Tabasha on your *Adventure Sheet*. She leaps down from your shoulders and rubs herself up against the Pirate as he sets his craft into the middle of the river. He notices the cat, picks it up, strokes it and looks into its eyes. Tabasha's eyes widen and suddenly the Pirate stands stock-still. He then walks back and, after releasing you all, collapses. The Dwarfs are happy to be released, but then begin to argue about whose fault it was that they got captured. You go to the front of the boat and see two levers, which you think must control movement – left and right. As you stand there you notice that up ahead the river splits into two. You will have to decide which direction to take. Do you pull the left lever (turn to 261), or the one on the right (turn to 345)?

165

You close the metal collar around your neck and, immediately, you can see nothing but two red eyes, and you hear a drumming in your brain that slowly becomes distinct words: 'There you are, blood heir to Tancred. I've been waiting for you. Come to me and meet your master.' You cannot escape the strength of the collar. Your quest is over.

166

Turn to 206.

167

You run into a squad of Orc crossbowmen. They aim and fire. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you are killed by a bolt in the throat. If you are Lucky, they all miss and you run back the way you came. Do you go straight on (turn to 268), or prefer to go left (turn to 312)?

168

You walk into a dimly lit cave. You can see a mist lying knee-deep and, as you wade through it, strange, translucent hands with claws appear. They scratch at your legs. Two Spectres then appear and hang in the air, stabbing skeletal claws at you. You cannot pull out your Sword. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You find exits south-east (turn to 89) and east (turn to 45).

169

Tabasha eats the squirmy thing herself. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for your hunger. She licks her whiskers and jumps back on to your shoulder. Turn to 247.

170

You walk into the room and the door snaps shut behind you. There is no handle on the inside. In the middle of the room is a fire in a large iron grate, from which sparks shoot out. Suddenly the blaze flares up and destroys everything in the room, including you.

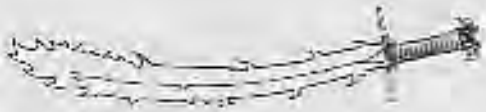

171

You climb into the smelly hole and the entrance snaps shut behind you. By the glow of your Sword you see large fangs all around. You realize that you are in the mouth of a huge beast. You are crushed and swallowed by the Hydra in the Volcano.

172

Test your Luck. If you are Unlucky, you are spotted and wounded by an Orc with a crossbow (deduct 2 STAMINA points). If you are Lucky, you pass through like a shadow. Turn to 159.

173

You step inside and the door shuts firmly behind you. Add 2 LUCK points. Suddenly you hear a voice in the dark: 'You seek the Heartflame, brave adventurer. BEWARE! Many have entered but few have left Minosadduir.' A wisp of green smoke leads you on and you follow. 'Seek the Flame that cannot be seen, enter and experience the many caves again and again.' The smoke dissipates and you are in complete darkness. The Sword will not shine and Tabasha is cowering in your pocket. You stretch your hands out and walk into the darkness. Turn to 2.

174

You fall down into a larger hole. It is completely dark and the Sword will not shine. Just then you hear a hiss, a sniff, a slithering movement, and something like the licking of lips. There is a movement towards you and you prepare to fight. If you can Sensefight, then combat it as normal. If you do not have the ability of the Feelbrethren, then reduce your SKILL (for this combat only) by 2, and restore it if you win.

DARK MONSTER SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you survive, turn to 378.

175

You run fast, weaving from left to right, but you are hit in the thigh by an arrow. Your leg stops moving and you tumble over. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 352.

176

You throw a large rock at the Goblin above you. It hits him on the head and he collapses. The second Goblin sees you, but one of the Gaddon grabs his arm before he can wave the wand. The Goblin pulls out a sword and stabs at him but, as you get nearer, has no time to use the wand.

MINE GOBLIN SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you survive, you set all the Gaddon free and one of them tells you that she has seen a break in Orghuz's defensive wall but cannot give you exact directions. You carry on along the track and after a while it divides. Do you wish to go to the right (turn to 82) or forward (turn to 25)?

177

Turn to 171.

178

The rubble leads to a hole above the tunnel. Do you go into the hole (turn to 331) or back to the small tunnel you saw earlier (turn to 232)?

179

You walk along the corridor and enter what must be the main hall of the castle. It is spotless and well lit. In the middle of the floor is a diamond that sparkles and shines. On the other side of the room is a long table, seemingly full of food. You walk up to the diamond and pick it up. Suddenly it turns to dust in your hands; the hall becomes dirty, grubby and dusty. Looking at the table you see a crowd of Ghouls, varying in looks from the hideous to the horrible. They scramble towards you. There are too many of them to fight. If you know the Spell for Casting into the Bottomless Pit, use it now. Add up all the numbers mentioned in the spell and go to that section. You will be told immediately that the spell works. If you do not know the spell, you must run to the safety of the next corridor, without being touched by a single Ghoul. You will need a great deal of LUCK. *Test your Luck* twice. If you are Lucky both times, you reach the corridor and the Ghouls disappear (turn to 207). If you are Unlucky either time, you are killed. Your quest is over.

180

You are in another room. In the corner stands a figure wearing a black cloak. You grasp your Sword firmly and approach the figure, fearing the worst. But the figure does not move. When you get close enough you find that it is made of some powdery substance. It changes as you watch it and begins to resemble a Khuddam. You guess that the power of the Shield is waning and that the Seven Fell Servants of Orghuz are beginning to multiply. You know that you must hurry. You find a door heading south (turn to 314) and a door west (turn to 325). Which do you choose?

181

You hand over the gauntlets and he eagerly gives you the ring. He then packs up and trundles off, singing a familiar ballad. You look at the ring. In a small panel on the inner surface you see:

○○○
.○○
. . .

If you know the Cypher, speak it now and go to that section. If you do not, nothing happens, and you put the ring away. Mark it under Abilities on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 369.

182

You run up the steps, go through a metal door, and close it behind you. Just then you hear deep breathing and hissing: 'Tancred'ssss blood heir . . . ssssss.' You are face to face with a Khuddam. 'I am Barkek Khuddam. My master waits for you . . . sssssss.' He approaches; you can see the blood dripping from his long thin fangs. He moves his black cloak aside and pulls out a jagged-edged sword, full of treacherous rip-hooks.

KHUDDAM BARKEK SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, the Khuddam disappears, leaving only his black cloak. Cross the Khuddam from the list on the *Adventure Sheet*.

As you stand and stare at the empty cloak, a group of Ores rush in and hit you over the head. Turn to **64**.

183

They see that you do not intend to give up your Sword, so they pull out their long scimitars and rush at you, licking their warty lips. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MARSH GOBLIN	6	7
Second MARSH GOBLIN	6	6

If you win, turn to **298**.

184

Not having the skill of Dwarfish fishing, and before Aspra can warn you about the fish, you plunge your

hands into the water. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, you get a thumb bitten off by the fish. Deduct 2 SKILL points and 2 STAMINA points. If you are Lucky, you get a little finger bitten off. Deduct 1 SKILL point. After screaming for a while, you settle down and let Aspra tend to your wound. Turn to 65.

185

The taste is revolting. It makes you feel very ill and you sit in a corner trying to recover (deduct 1 SKILL point). Turn to 354.

186

You quickly put on the armour and rush out of the hut. The Orc commander begins to curse you for laziness and then goes on to abuse whoever had the idea of having Toplander squads in Xokusai regiments. You are told to get in line and you join a group behind the cart. The pace is fast; everybody trots along and occasionally the commander turns round to swear at somebody. Eventually you reach an Orc army camp and you are told to line up in a row at the top of a high wall. Below is a moat full of creatures that snap, swirl and thrash about in the murky water. Choose a position in the line by throwing either one die or two dice (1 to 12).

'Discipline makes Xokusai soldiers the élite! Be proud to die, you filth,' screams the commander as he walks along and pushes the third, sixth, ninth, and twelfth into the moat. If one of these is your position, your quest is over. If you survive, turn to 28.

187

You find yourself walking along a tunnel that has iron bars on either side, and unrecognizable shapes inside the cages. Suddenly one of the shapes crashes against the bars, and you see a hideously deformed face beneath a torn cloak. The creature could once have been a Dwarf but is now very thin and wears a metal collar. Just then more Dwarfs appear and stretch out to grab you. They have no weapons, but all seem to have long, sharp fingernails. You rush through the clutching, scratching hands. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, you have been badly cut. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. If you are Lucky, you make it past the cages with a few small scratches. You carry on as the poor creatures scream and wail behind you, and eventually come to a steep slope. Turn to 302.

188

You are in a cave that oozes a smelly, sticky substance. It gets all over your hands. You look around and find a rough-hewn stone stairway up to a trapdoor (turn to 39), and four other exits. Which do you choose:

West?	Turn to 21
South-west?	Turn to 200
South-east?	Turn to 27
East?	Turn to 307

189

The cave is small and narrow. When you run in, you are greeted by an angry growl, and look around to see a small, scaly creature attaching itself to your leg. It feels as though it is sucking your blood. You try to prise it off with your Sword, but its scales are too hard to cut. You can do nothing (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Eventually it drops off, curls up into a ball and rolls away into a small hole. You look outside and find that a thick mist has descended. Turn to 92.

190

'The Crystal is very powerful. It will bring complete darkness to this land and confuse our enemies, who still need sight and light. We are masters of the dark and will escape. But the spell is dangerous; one or two may die in its casting.' The group forms a circle. A small Crystal is put into the middle, and a strange chanting begins among the warriors. Suddenly there is a flash from the Crystal and one of the group is struck. She collapses and disappears, but the chanting continues. Throw a die: this is your position in the group. Throw a second die: this is where the next strike hits. If the two numbers match, you have been fatally wounded and you take no more interest in the quest.

Suddenly there is darkness – darker than any darkness you have ever experienced. A hand grabs you and you are led away at a fast trot in complete silence. Just then you hear a hissing and sniffing sound and the warrior leading you stops. You both hear a third person: 'You think you can escape me by your puny spells. I can see you.' The warrior who had been leading you speaks, and you realize that it is Alkis Fearslicer: 'Khuddam! I will hold him off . . . RUN!' Do you run (turn to 377), or try to help fight a Khuddam in the dark (turn to 208)?

191

You are very wise to run. Earthshakers cannot be killed. You run very fast and eventually stop for a rest. Tabasha goes out foraging and comes back with some hideous-looking purple slugs that slither around in a green slime. She eats one, then looks at you. Do you eat the other (turn to 6), or refuse the offer (turn to 272)?

192

You jump on to the cart as Aspra leaps at the wounded Dark Elf. The others attack the Orcs. The Koyunlu gallop off and the other Elf swings at you with a two-headed axe. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, he hits you and you die. If you are Lucky, he misses, and falls off the cart on top of his own axe. You drive the cart back to the others, who take all the food and weapons they can carry, and quickly climb back out of the road. You make your way back to camp. Turn to 124.

193

As you are inspecting the collar, you hear shouting and cursing. Soon you see torches in the distance. You stand in a defensive niche, so that you can be attacked by only one opponent at a time. Three Orcs see you, pull out their evil curved swords and attack without hesitation.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	7	6

If you win, the third Orc grabs the collar and

runs away. You carry on in the direction you were travelling. Turn to 249.

194

You feel around the cave, and discover a large stone statue, holding a sword. It is cold to the touch. You now have a choice of three exits:

South-west	Turn to 359
North-west	Turn to 334
North-east	Turn to 246

195

You are on a wider ledge but see no way to get further down. An Orc finds you and you take him on in One-Strike Combat. If you win, you discover three ropes hanging down the smooth precipice into the darkness. Another Orc appears. If you win this One-Strike Combat, do you choose to go down the rope on the left (turn to 231), the rope on the right (turn to 58), or do you think the rope in the middle would be the correct choice (turn to 93)?

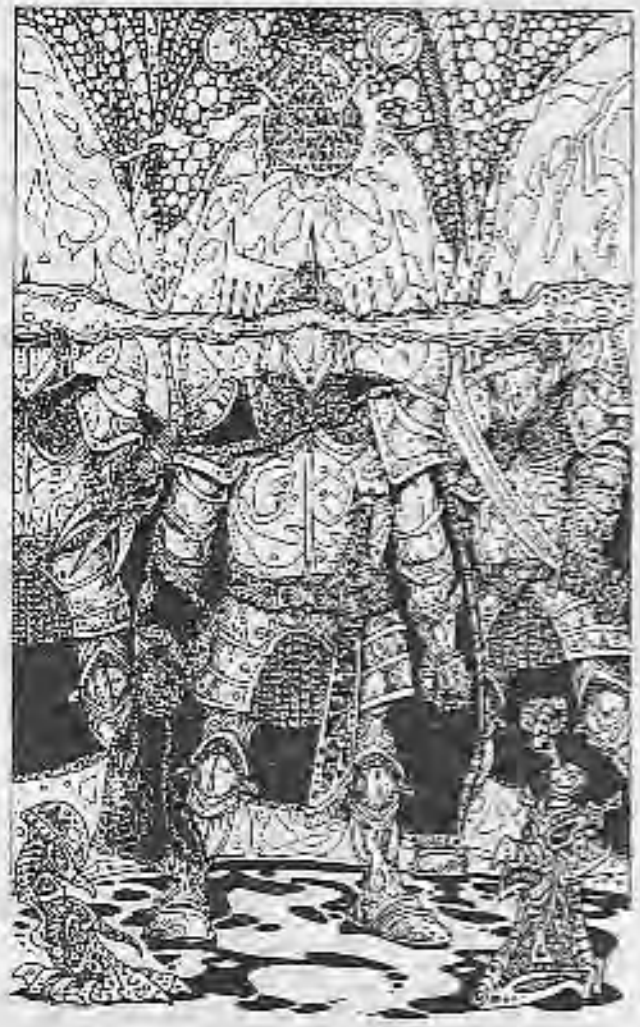

196

The room is pitch-black. Slowly, you begin to discern the sparkle of glass. It gets brighter and brighter until the room is full of mirrors. One of the mirrors shivers and there stands the Dark Lord Orghuz, in his diamond and glass armour. Strange beams come out of his eyes. Then you see two other figures of Orghuz. They all laugh at you, and arrogantly dare you to strike out with the Sword. Where do you strike? On the left-hand figure (turn to 35), the figure on the right (turn to 386), or the figure in the centre (turn to 62)?

197

The rocky spike drops into your back and you collapse on the stairs. You cannot move and your quest is over.

198

You walk along the well-lit corridor until you come to a metal door marked:

□□□
□□□
□□□

Do you open it (turn to 15), or carry on along the corridor (turn to 289)?

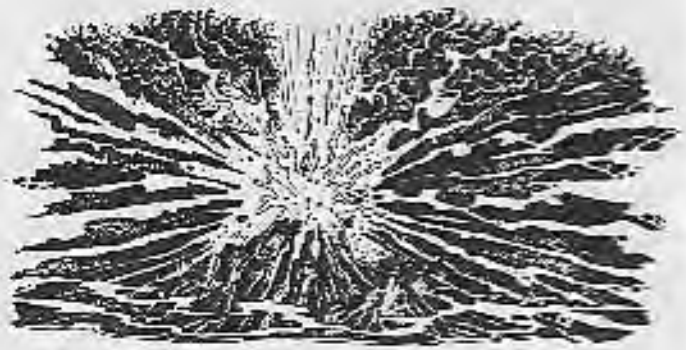

199

You push the door open and find yourself in a large iron-lined cave. Large books are stacked all around, and in the corner, sitting by a coal fire, is an old Gaddon man. A book is open on his knees and he is looking straight ahead feeling the pages with fat, sensitive fingertips. He knows you are there: 'Come in, Toplander. Ah, you carry the smell of the cool breeze. I have been expecting you for a long time.' The old man does not explain his remark. Tabasha jumps down on to his lap and begins to purr. In the silence you are sure that the old man is also purring. Suddenly, you see a dagger flying towards you and before you know it the Sword in your hand has leapt up and diverted the point away from you. Turn to 294.

200

You are in an empty cave. Beneath your feet you find a metal trapdoor. Do you go through this (turn to 61)? Or do you choose one of four other exits:

North-west?	Turn to 21
North-east?	Turn to 188
South-east?	Turn to 246
South-west?	Turn to 334

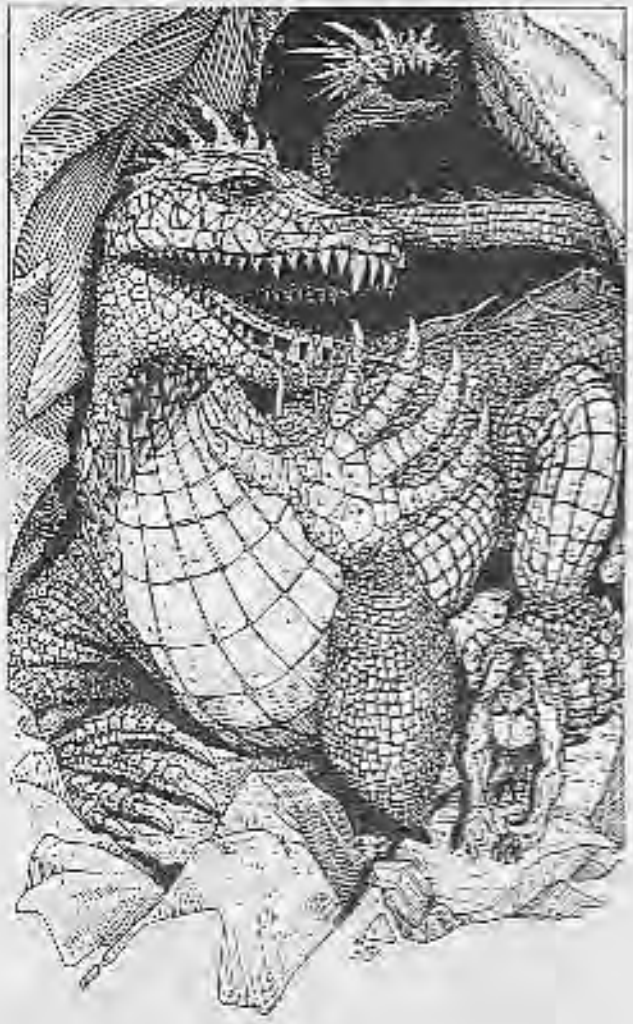

201

Inside the tunnel you hear a dragging, hissing, sniffling sound. You stop, crouch down, and see a scaly lizard-like creature dragging a dead Orc along the ground. It sees you, drops its burden and rushes at you with its long spiky tail swishing from side to side.

TAILSPIKER SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 5.

202

You leap the three steps and she fires. The arrow grazes your shoulder. You collapse under the influence of a mild poison. Deduct 3 STAMINA points. She walks over and searches you. She takes your Provisions (deduct all Provisions from your *Adventure Sheet*) and any rings or gold that you may be carrying. She then kicks you and disappears. Tabasha sits by your shoulder and licks your wound. You lose consciousness, but, at one point, you see a group of Orcs and feel yourself being lifted up. Turn to 64.

203

After a long walk you stop for a rest at a comfortable-looking rock.

You are now embarking on the most dangerous phase of your quest. Check your *Adventure Sheet* for LUCK, SKILL, STAMINA and Provisions. Check your Abilities and any special knowledge gleaned so far.

You stab the Sword into the ground, and you see a wisp of blue smoke swirl out of the hilt until it becomes the face of a Warrior Knight. The face looks at you and begins to speak: 'You are my heir and have proved yourself fit to carry my Sword. BEWARE, now that you are close to the evil of Orghuz. I will grant you the Spell of Life; use it once, when you are in the greatest need.' The image fades and a small parchment flutters to your feet. You pick it up. It is covered in antique runes that have no meaning for you. Mark the spell on your *Adventure Sheet*. Use it once only, if your STAMINA has been reduced to zero in any combat. In such a case you may carry on as though you have won the fight, with a STAMINA score of 4. Do not use it unwisely, for it is a strong spell and you will have to reduce your SKILL by 1 after using it. Turn to 310.

204

You land on the ledge with great ease but, it does not hold your weight. It collapses and drops you on to a lower ledge. You are hurt, but not badly. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 217.

205

The door closes behind you. In the middle of the room are a series of Crystals, emitting a purple glow. Above them is a legend in vulgar runewrite: 'Count the Crystals for life.' There are thirty-three of them. Add 2 LUCK points. You find three possible exits. Which do you take:

South-east?	Turn to 277
North-west?	Turn to 16
North-east?	Turn to 264

206

You step on the rock. It flips over and throws you into the deadly moat. You have no chance of survival.

207

You walk down the corridor and, as you turn a corner, you see two small Trogs trying to lift a heavy chest into a newly dug hole in the wall. They cannot reach high enough and are getting very cross with each other. 'Wart, you scum, push it higher!' The other replies: 'If you did your fair share, Jowl, we would have finished this long ago.' Suddenly they see you, drop the chest, and run for cover behind some pillars. Do you choose to open the chest (turn to 333), help the Trogs (turn to 150), or go into the tunnel with the chest (turn to 275)?

208

'I see you, miserable intruder . . .' You feel a stabbing pain in your arm (deduct 2 STAMINA points). You are then pushed aside by friendly hands and you change your mind about staying to fight. Turn to 377.

209

You rush along the path, past an entrance to a hut. Someone is about to step out, so you stop and hide behind a pillar. You hear a voice: 'If it's who I think it is, I've been spotted; I want the intruder killed at once.' There is a hiss in reply. Then: 'We will catch the blood heir . . . ssssss. Do not worry; Toplanders, like yourself, have a very distinct smell . . .' Then you hear sniffing. Do you stay where you are (turn to 127), or choose to run past the hut entrance (turn to 269)?

210

You walk up the steps to a door in what looks like a castle wall. Suddenly the door swings open and a coarse voice calls out: 'There, there is the wanted one!' It is a Khuddam. She wears a black cloak and carries a two-headed axe. You are suddenly attacked by Orcs, Trolls, Goblins and other unspeakable cronies. Your quest is over.

211

As you stride between the ruts, Tabasha jumps off your shoulder and darts into a crack in the wall. You stop, and hear a squeak and a scrabbling, until she emerges with a fat, furry worm between her teeth. She deposits it at your feet and obviously wants you to eat it. You do feel hungry. Do you eat it (turn to 37), or do you think that you will be better off without it (turn to 169)?

212

You walk through the open door. Turn to 326.

213

He lays out all his exotic wares; he has everything, even truffles from Gorak. You see a small tarnished ring and ask him what it is. He tells you it is a Gaddon ring, with one of their strange inscriptions on it. 'Yours for . . . your gauntlets,' he says. Do you accept the trade (turn to **181**), or refuse (turn to 358)?

214

The door opens easily and shuts behind you. You are in a square space in front of another door. As you grip the handle of the second door, a large iron slab falls down and crushes you.

215

You grab the rope and climb down, hand over hand. There are few footholds and your arms get very tired. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Suddenly you feel a draught and see a hole on the left, and a similar hole on the right. You think that you can swing to either side. Which do you choose: the hole on the left (turn to **174**), or the one on the right (turn to **373**)?

216

You can hear dog-like noises in the echoing tunnel, accompanied by gruff commands from coarse-voiced Trolls. Just then you find a thin crack in the tunnel wall. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you just manage to squeeze through into another tunnel. If you are Unlucky, you get stuck in the crack and are bitten by a Hell Hound before squeezing through (deduct 4 STAMINA points). Turn to **393**.

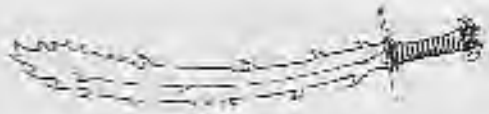

217

You work your way along the ledge, trying not to look down into the dark abyss, when suddenly you hear a snarling and flapping of wings as a Gryphon appears above you. It attacks you with its deadly claws.

GRYPHON	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you survive, an Orc appears along the ledge and you both swing at each other in One-Strike Combat. If you lose, you fall to your death. If you win, you have a choice of three ledges to follow. Will you choose the left (turn to **340**), the right (turn to **156**), or the middle path (turn to **242**)?

218

You are in another chamber. There is a hideous smell of rotting flesh. Ahead are two more holes. Will you go in the hole on the left (turn to **343**), or the one on the right (turn to **71**)?

219

You find yourself on a ledge. Suddenly you hear a sound and look up to see a Tailspiker on the wall above you. It swings its evil tail and you have to fight it with your Sword.

TAILSPIKER SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you survive, you make your way along the ledge and enter another room through an air shaft. Turn to 78.

220

You are on a ledge leading to the left. You can hear the clamour of pursuit as the Orcs chase you with great fanaticism. Suddenly you slip off the ledge. The Sword falls out of your hand as you catch on to the ledge with your fingertips. An Orc appears below you and stabs you in the foot. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you haul yourself back on to the ledge above (turn to 142), or drop down on to the lower ledge (turn to 293)?

221

As you snap the clip shut on the collar you see two red eyes in your mind. You drop the Sword and Tabasha jumps off your shoulder. In your mind you hear an evil voice: 'Who are you? You are not Gaddon or Dwarf . . . ah, Toplander! You want the Shield? Well, come and get it, blood heir of Tancred. I want to see you . . . Stay there; my servants are coming to guide you.' You cannot move but know that you must; the power of Orghuz is not as strong here and you have a chance to resist his mind. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you win the struggle

and manage to rip the collar off. Turn to 193. If you are Unlucky, you are found by four Orcs, who immediately hit you over the head. They then proceed to squabble over who should have the collar and the reward that goes with it. Turn to 123.

222

You are in a cave of noise: hideous, unbearable screams. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Quickly you search around in the dark, and find four exits. Which do you choose:

South-west?	Turn to 355
West?	Turn to 45
South-east?	Turn to 107
East?	Turn to 21

223

You walk along the side of the river. As you peer into the water, you see some strange, blind fish snapping at each other. The noise of the rushing water is tremendous and you grip the Sword tight. Suddenly, a scaly, green, webbed hand grabs your foot. You swing your Sword and chop the hand off. Then another hand appears and grabs the other foot, so you chop that off too. But then two more hands appear, followed by the creature, who springs out of the water in front of you. It has four other arms, is covered in scales, and has a single long horn on its temple. It attacks you.

KUTRIGUR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 151.

224

You are in a large kitchen. Two Orcs are shoving disgusting pieces of meat into a large, black cauldron. A third Orc holds a dagger and is tasting the stew. They do not notice you at first, but when they do, they rush towards you with long carving knives in their hands. One of the Orcs slips on some meat and knocks himself out on the stone floor. Fight the other two in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
CHEF ORC	6	6
APPRENTICE CHEF ORC	5	4

If you win, do you go over to the Orc who slipped on the floor (turn to 19), or leave the kitchen by an exit to the north (turn to 337)?

225

When you whisper the name of Orghuz to her, she shivers, and tells you to follow her upstairs. She enters a dimly lit room where sits another Gaddon. She introduces him as Bosak, her father, and explains your quest for the Shield. He sits in silence for a while, blind eyes turned towards the floor. 'You are in great danger; the Dark Lord's strength increases every day. His Khuddam now roam at will through our old tunnels, chasms and crags. The iron mines are being worked again by his slaves. You will need Gaddon help: look to the Old Man in the Iron Cave.' Bosak gives you directions, and his daughter brings you real food, 'Not the muck we feed *them* downstairs.' Add 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 69.

226

You run towards the Goblin. He hears you and spins around. You are powerless as he weaves a spell with his wand. A blue ring encircles your mouth and then begins to tighten its grip. Instinctively you will Tabasha to help (mark 1 use on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have used up your nine, then your quest is over). She darts out and grabs the wand in her mouth. The spell is broken and you have time to pull out your Sword for combat.

GOBLIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, you look around and find some emaciated Gaddon bodies near a mine shaft, but nothing else. Turn to 259.

227

Turn to 39.

228

'Now you must try some exercises.' Menzik gives you some other examples:

```
.oo                .o.
...  is 3          ...  is 257
...                o..
```

He stands you in front of the dark door and you feel the following pattern with your fingers:

```
oo.
o..
..o
```

You speak the Cypher '102', and the door opens. Turn to 102.

229

You rush up the stairs. You run straight into a room where there are two Trolls and an Orc. The Trolls are breaking the Orc's fingers. They notice you, let go of the Orc, and attack. They think that you will be better 'entertainment'. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SNAPSPINE TROLL	7	10
Second SNAPSPINE TROLL	7	8

If you survive, add 1 LUCK point: you then head back down the corridor. Turn to 22.

230

The tunnel gets bigger and bigger until you can straighten up. Suddenly there is a deep rumbling and the whole tunnel shakes. Bits of rocks break off from the walls. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 60. If you are Unlucky, turn to 241.

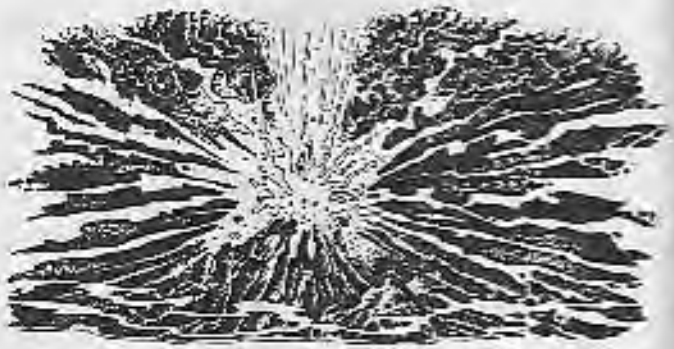

231

You sheathe your Sword and begin to climb down. You cannot see anything below. Occasionally, small, furtive creatures rush around the cliff face and disappear into small cracks. As you descend, the rope begins to shake. You look up and you can just see an Orc chopping at it with an axe. You plummet down the cliff. You land badly (deduct 5 STAMINA points). If you are still alive, add 3 LUCK points. You find yourself by an old road with deep wheel ruts. Turn to 304.

232

You find the tunnel and go in. You come to a stone door with no handle and, as you run your fingers over the dust, you feel this pattern:

If you know the Secret Cypher, go to that number and you will be told if the door opens. If you do not know the Cypher, you must go back and up into the hole. Turn to 331.

233

You get nearer and notice that they are small Trogs. They have a cart harnessed to two Koyunlu, and loaded with square blocks. They are busy cutting out the blocks from a quarry. You hide your Sword and offer to help them. At first they run away, but soon come back when you start to haul the stone blocks into the cart. You tell them that you are lost and have got a message for Orghuz from his servants in the Toplands. They are very simple folk and accept your story without hesitation. They tell you that they are in the process of repairing a breach in the outer wall of the tower and that they will take you most of the way. While they pack up their tools, you notice a roll of parchment in the cart. Do you look at it (turn to 270), or prefer not to (turn to 53)?

234

An arrow hits you in the back and then disappears in a puff of smoke. The poison seeps through your body. Deduct 2 SKILL points and 4 STAMINA points. You stagger to a stone hut. Turn to 47.

235

You crawl along the tunnel and open another trapdoor. You are in a room with a staircase leading up. You go up the stairs and find another room with doors heading east (turn to 162) and south (turn to 344).

236

You stay in the shadows. You are amazed at the lack of guards, and have no problem in slipping over the perimeter wall. The lava river is glowing ahead but, as you try to walk along it, you find that in reality it is a moat. The only way out is the way you were brought in. You find the stepping-stones and are faced with a row of three immediately ahead of you. You remember how careful your captors were in choosing the right step. Can you recall the correct path? Do you jump on the left stone (turn to 206), the right (turn to 319), or the centre (turn to 85)?

237

You force your way through the roots. They seem to tighten as you pass and you realize that there is no going back. Tabasha squeezes out in front of you and tries to guide you. Suddenly there is a shriek and there, in front of her, is a grim, furry creature with small eyes and large claws. The Bazouk extends her own claws, bares her fangs and attacks. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, Tabasha loses the fight and you are left defenceless as the vile creature attacks your face. Your quest is over. If you are Lucky, Tabasha wins and drags the creature into a break in the tangled roots. You continue until the roots open out into a space beneath a vast, hollow, wooden shaft. There are spiral cuts in the shaft. Do you climb up (turn to 133), or squeeze into another hole (turn to 306)?

238

As though in a dream, you are dragged through all the places you visited in your quest. You hang on to the Shield until you find yourself back in the Keep at Gorak. You are standing in front of the crack you entered a long time ago, clutching the Shield. Tabasha jumps out of your pocket and runs across to Astragal, who is loitering in the corner. In front of you are five knights who have been waiting for your return.

Study the knights carefully. Can you spot the traitor? You have only one attempt. If you fail, the real traitor will exact revenge for his or her thwarted ambitions. From the left, do you choose:

The first?	Turn to 160
The second?	Turn to 341
The third?	Turn to 48
The fourth?	Turn to 367
The fifth?	Turn to 349

239

You walk along a smelly tunnel and hear raucous laughter in the distance. You come to some stairs and can see a room of half a dozen Orcs. One of them wears a black hood and holds a red-hot poker. Lying on the ground in front of him is a Dwarf. Do you wish to help the Dwarf (turn to 328), or continue along the corridor (turn to 22)?

240

You twist and turn in the dim light, but the Xokusai archers are excellent. An arrow slams into your thigh and you collapse. Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Turn to 64.

241

A very large boulder drops down on your leg (deduct 2 STAMINA points). You are trapped. Throw three dice for the weight of the rock, and compare the result with your STAMINA. If the weight is greater than your STAMINA, then you are stuck and your quest is over. If it is equal to, or less than, your STAMINA, then you shift the rock and manage to limp away as you hear more rumbling. Turn to 60.

242

You hear the sound of the chase as you teeter along the ledge. Just then an arrow is shot at you from above. Throw a die to indicate your position. Throw a second die to show where the arrow hits. If the two throws match, you are wounded (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Repeat twice. If you survive, you see a dark cave ahead of you. Taking shelter in the cave, you sense a beast in the pitch-black depths. Suddenly there is a flash of fangs and claws.

LONG-TOOTH BEAR SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, you rush back. Turn to 156.

243

In the thick mist you hear a troop of Orcs on Koyunlu ride past, led by a snarling, sniffing Khuddam. Occasionally, strange ball-like creatures bounce towards you, but you are content to boot them away. Eventually you come to a high wall. You can just see watchtowers placed about 200 paces apart. Do you try to climb the wall here (turn to 315), or walk along it (turn to 134)?

244

You hear the hiss and snarl of a black-cloaked Khuddam. He stares down at you and could possibly be smiling. He pulls out a massive scimitar and swings at you.

KHUDDAM KAHHRAC	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, mark the Khuddam on the *Adventure Sheet*. The mist clears and you see that the ground is not much of a drop. You jump down. Turn to 364.

245

As you ignore the plea for help, the Dwarf stiffens, turns around and joins the others. They proceed into the darkness. You let them go and then take the same tunnel. Turn to 203.

246

The cave is full of ancient Dwarf armour, in huge mounds. You have to push a lot of the suits over to find all the exits. Which door do you choose:

North-west?	Turn to 200
South-west?	Turn to 194
North-east?	Turn to 27

247

The tunnel begins to slope gently downwards. You notice platforms and steps cut out of the rock. It looks as though some great civilization had once constructed the route. Suddenly you hear a noise; the Sword loses its brightness, and you listen carefully in the dark. You sense a shape collapse on the ground by your feet. In the distance you see two torches and hear the shrieks and screams of what can only be Orcs. The Sword shines momentarily and you see a wounded Dwarf at your feet, holding a metal collar. The Orcs are getting closer. Do you help the Dwarf (turn to 105), or hide and see what happens (turn to 303)?

248

You swing your Sword just below the red dots, but you fail to make contact. One red dot moves to the right, the other to the left. Tabasha the Bazouk is as curious as you about them. She jumps down and catches one of the dots. It is some kind of fly. The Bazouk eats it and then proceeds to catch the other fly; she does not offer it to you. You scout around and find two possible exits: a large tunnel leading up (turn to 203), or a narrower tunnel on the level (turn to 393).

249

The path is very rocky and sometimes the tunnel nearly closes up. After a long time, you begin to get tired and hungry. You sit down and look at your Provisions. If you have enough for a meal, have it now and add 4 STAMINA points. If you have the means to cook the food, add an extra 2 STAMINA points. If you cannot eat, deduct 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **10**.

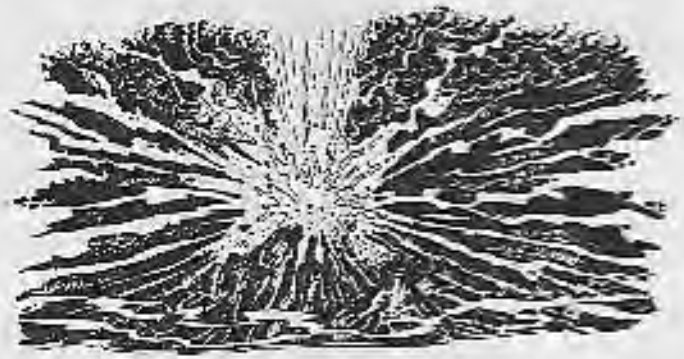

250

After a while the path begins to slope upwards. As you walk up you run into a squad of six Xokusai Orcs. Fight each in turn (One-Strike Combat). If you win, turn to **297**.

251

You stand there staring at the black cloak. Just then a Gaddon woman comes in and sniffs the air. She is startled, and appears to be able to smell the evil on the cloak. 'Who are you? What are you doing here?' Do you confide in her (turn to **225**), or leave the room at once (turn to **43**)?

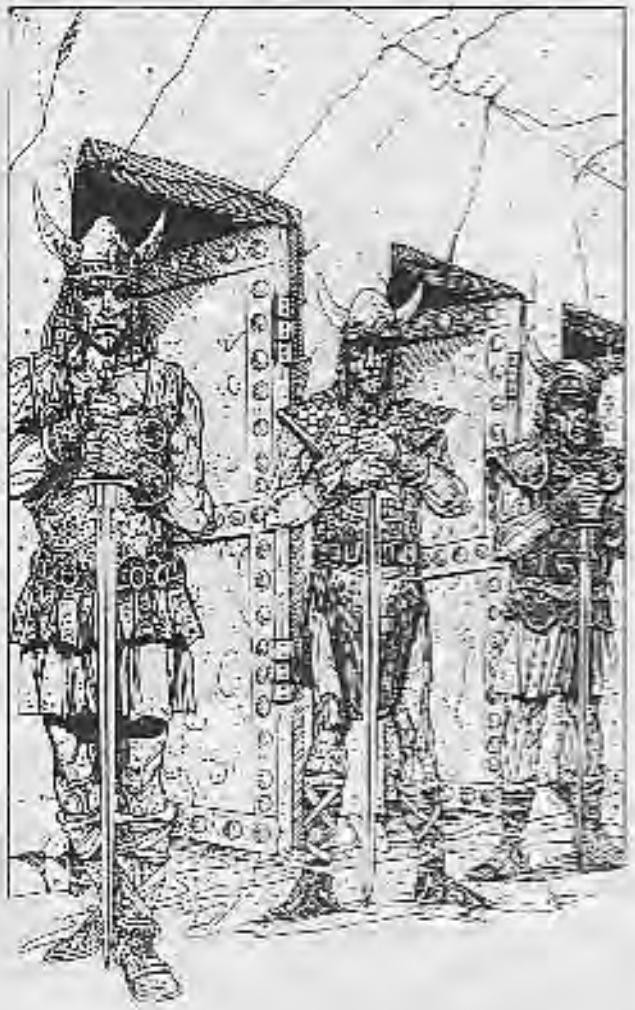

252

You walk along the tunnel for a long time. Suddenly Tabasha jumps off your shoulder and begins to scratch at the side of the tunnel. You look carefully and find a narrow crack into which you jam the tip of the Sword. The crack widens until, suddenly, a door swings open. In front of you stand three stone figures, each by the side of an open door. You can think of nothing else but to ask each in turn if their door leads to the Caves of Minosaddurr. The first figure proclaims that the third figure shows the true way; the second figure proclaims that the first figure shows the true way. The third figure is silent.

If you have any guidance to the nature of the Three Stone Wraiths, apply it now. Which door do you wish to enter:

First?	Turn to 212
Second?	Turn to 326
Third?	Turn to 173

253

You squeeze through the narrow crack and find yourself in a cavern full of old, dry, woody roots, stacked neatly in the corner. As you examine the cavern, you find a small metal trap with a recently killed rabbit inside. You take the rabbit (add 2 meals to your Provisions box) and some of the wood (add 2 points to the Fuel box of your *Adventure Sheet*).

There are sharp tools and old skins scattered around the cavern and you decide to leave by the only other tunnel. When you have been walking for a few

hundred paces you hear a shriek behind you, and then the sound of pursuit. You begin to run, but you stop at a deep chasm, which is crossed by a narrow, stone bridge. Across the chasm stands an evil-looking Dark Elf holding a large staff. Do you attempt to cross the chasm (turn to 119), or stay where you are to await your pursuer (turn to 398)?

254

You edge along slowly. Ahead you see a furry, black feeler, heading for your leg. Turning around, you see another behind you. Two other feelers appear and quickly wrap themselves around your ankles. You chop at them with the Sword, but more and more appear. You have come close to the lair of the fabled Beast of Fellscar Crags. Throw two dice for the number of feelers that appear. Then throw two dice again for the number you manage to chop off. If the second number is equal to, or greater than, the first, then you have succeeded in warding it off (deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 195). If not, then it pulls you off balance, straight into its gaping mouth . . .

255

You weave through the roots. The going gets easier until you find yourself in a wooden tunnel and manage to stand up. You look around and see a figure, swathed in dark robes, holding a two-headed axe. The Sword's gleam fades and leaves you in darkness. 'Put away your Sword,' commands the stranger. Do you do as asked (turn to 63), or do you prepare to fight (turn to 130)?

256

The troop begins to wheel right; spears are brought to bear and swords are drawn. Your Sword seems to lift into your hand. The Koyunlu charge at full gallop. You see a phalanx of Troll guards ahead and plough straight through them. Some of the Trolls are mounted. One of them gallops towards you.

MOUNTED TROLL SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you notice that the Caddon force has regrouped into two, and these are taking the brunt of the Orc army attack. Which group do you ride for – the one on the left (turn to 374), or the group on the right (turn to 52)?

257

In the next room there are several shafts in the walls and a large staircase leading down. You cautiously inspect the stairway when, suddenly, you hear a slithering sound and a green creature jumps out at you. It holds two scimitars and wears bits of Orc armour that are far too small for it. 'Ah, good. More food,' it babbles as it runs at you.

SLIME BELLY SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, you run down the stairs. Turn to 376.

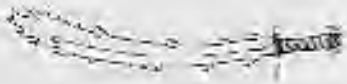

258

The door opens easily. You walk into a well-lit room. There are several torches on each wall. Suddenly they flare up and you hear a booming, rasping voice: 'So, you are here, blood heir. You have come for the Shield. You are very welcome. But first you must find ME!' The torches go out and you are left in complete darkness. Something crawls across the back of your neck. The Sword does not shine and feels very heavy. You remember from when you walked in that there are two exits. Do you go through the door leading north (turn to 51), or the door west (turn to 170)? On the west door you feel the following pattern:

259

You walk along a rough track for many miles. The cavern is huge and you cannot see an end to it, but in the distance you can see thick smoke. You stop for a rest when, suddenly, you hear someone cough behind you. You spin around to find a strange, long-bearded man, laden with trinkets. He smiles and introduces himself as Pierskat the Trader. His eyes light on Tabasha and the Sword, and he asks you if you would like to look at his goods. Do you agree (turn to 213) or refuse (turn to 147)?

260

Inside the small hut there is a suit of very large Orc-like leather armour, including a full face-mask. You examine it carefully and find blood smeared on the inside. The cart gets nearer and you can see an Orc detachment in front of it, and a rather taller group behind. You have heard stories of renegade men and women working for Orghuz. The Orc commander calls out for the guard. Do you don the armour and go out (turn to 186), or make a run for it (turn to 161)?

261

The boat rushes over a waterfall and crashes into the water below. It speeds up in the rushing flow and you can see no way to slow it down. The Dwarfs have now begun to punch each other, and take no notice as the river breaks up in a series of rapids. You grab the two levers and try to steer through. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you fail and fatally smash into the Devil's Teeth rocks. If you are Lucky, turn to 263.

262

You hide the Sword in your cloak and walk into a smoky chamber. In the middle of the room is a fire. You sit down at one of the surrounding tables and look around. As you get used to the dim light, you realize that the other occupants are all Orcs wearing distinctive jerkins with the symbol of the Mailed Fist. You watch them swilling their ale and forcing food down their throats. A man walks past with a tray and is shouted at by one of the Orcs. 'Come here, Gaddon. More Scorchspark, and be quick or we'll have your bowels for breakfast.' The man is blind but moves with great confidence. Do you get up and go to the other room (turn to 84), or stay (turn to 284)?

263

The water is warm and you splash upstream. Eventually you stop and hide behind some rocks. You watch the riders pull up by the stream. The Koyunlu are made to kneel down and sniff the area to find your scent. After a while the riders turn back. Turn to 25.

264

Two hooded figures stand before you in the cave. One is Astragal; the other he introduces as Tancred. Tancred tells you that Orghuz is no more and that the quest is over. 'You will be well rewarded.' Just then you hear laughing behind you. You turn round to find no one. Turning back, you find no trace of the figures. You are in a cave of illusion. Another illusion is beginning to form, but you ignore it. There are four exits – which do you choose:

North-west?	Turn to 355
South-west?	Turn to 205
South-east?	Turn to 382
North-east?	Turn to 107

265

You settle down and get some rest. You talk to one of the Dwarfs called Mithlir, who tells you that they escaped from Orghuz's influence by destroying the spell on the collars, but they still wear them for disguise. He stops for a moment and listens carefully. Suddenly he calls out: 'Batishk, batishk.' He lies down and covers his face. Before you can move, a large vampire bat swoops down and bites you. Throw a die and deduct the number from your STAMINA score. Mithlir grabs a small whistle and plays a piercing tune. The batishk leaves you and flies away.

Then Aspra Smoothcheek and the others return. They are laden with loot and Toplander food for Orghuz's own table. Turn to 124.

266

Turn to 38.

267

You stand by the door. It is being battered by Orcs, urged on by the cries of their captain: 'Smash it down, you filth. Push hard or I'll chop your hands off.' The door gives way and a battering ram crashes in. You stand in the doorway, ready for combat, as the Orcs come through the door. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	6
Second ORC	6	5
ORC CAPTAIN	7	8

If, at any time, you throw double 1, the person who is attacking has been hit by a stray poisoned arrow. If you survive, Aspra and the Dwarfs follow you out. Turn to 375.

268

You are in another stone hut, much larger and grander than the others. You open a metal door on your right to find a room full of weapons. An Orc is cleaning a spear in front of you. Suddenly you see your Sword rise out of a pile in the corner and fly to your hand. The Orc throws the spear. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, it hits you and you are wounded (deduct 2 STAMINA points). If you are Lucky, it misses. You then rush out of the room right into a Guard Troll. Do you fight (turn to 23), or run outside (turn to 312)?

269

You run away fast but turn around to see a familiar black cloak. The Khuddam screams hideously. You run along the alleyways, up some steps and leap over the camp wall. Throw two dice. If you throw double 1, you break an ankle on landing and are soon caught and killed. If not, you make off in the dark, with the sound of riders in pursuit. You see shadowy figures swarming round the area where you landed. They pick up your trail and give chase. Ahead of you is a tall volcano, and you notice steps heading up to the top. Do you go up (turn to 56), or skirt around the base of the volcano (turn to 116)?

270

It is a map of the outer wall fortifications to Orghuz's tower. The quarry is marked and you work out a direction. On a section of the wall, distinguished by a dagger symbol, there is a scrawled cross, and you suspect that this is where the breach is. You carefully roll up the parchment. Turn to 53.

271

The marsh gets deeper. You have to wade up to your knees. Just then, you hear flapping sounds and see two shapes moving towards you. Do you move off the path to hide behind a large rock (turn to 115), or stay where you are (turn to 137)?

272

You watch Tabasha lick herself all over. She then begins to wobble and falls over. She is in a deep sleep. You put her in your pocket and trudge off into the dark. Turn to 149.

273

You walk into the corridor and it begins to slope downwards. The walls get damp and you find that you slip on the wet flagstones. You hear an occasional cry, which eventually becomes a distinct call for help. The scream comes from a heavy metal door that is bolted from the outside. Do you go in (turn to 387), or carry on along the corridor (turn to 22)?

274

You are in a room full of rotting rubbish. Above you there is a large shaft, through which the occasional bone drops. You hear laughter, and then: 'Do you think this has enough meat on it to toughen up the

Yokusai Elite?' A bone with a bit of gristle on it drops down and hits you on the shoulder. 'Any sign of that cursed intruder sent by that meddling Wizard?' You realize that the traitor Astragal warned you about must be the one talking. You want to leap up into the shaft to see who it is. Throw two dice: this is the distance. Throw two dice again: this is your attempt. If the attempt is equal to, or greater than, the distance, you have made it. Turn to 390. If you fail, deduct 1 STAMINA point and try again. If you cannot make it up the shaft, you rush out of the room. Turn to 139.

275

The Trogs scream and shout abuse at you from behind the pillars. You haul the chest into the hole and follow it in. You are in a tunnel. You pick up the chest and walk along, unknowingly kicking a tense rope. A poisoned Trog arrow hits you in the stomach. As you collapse and die, you see the Trogs at the entrance of the tunnel, leaping up and down excitedly.

276

You make a grab for the Sword. She fires. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you are dead before you hit the ground. If you are Lucky, she misses and pulls out her own sword. The handle of your Sword is red-hot; it scorches your skin. Deduct 2 STAMINA points.

HIRKHANA SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 203.

277

You are in a cave with three metal doors marked in runewrite. There is also an old unmarked wooden door. Which do you enter:

The wooden door?	Turn to 39
North-west?	Turn to 205
North-east?	Turn to 382
South-east?	Turn to 2

278

'You choose wisely. All the gold of the Chasms will not help if the Evil seeps up and saps the Tree of Life.' (Mark the Everlasting Wood on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you get a chance to cook your food, use it again and again.) The old man begins to stiffen up and you can detect wood grain appearing on his skin. Gregory takes you to the end of the wooden tunnels and into the rocky ones. He shakes your hand and leaves you. Add 2 LUCK points. You walk along, trying to get a splinter out of your hand. After a while the tunnel begins to get unbearably hot. Turn to 112.

279

You run into the small cave. In the middle is a young Gaddon, bound up in a strange webbing. You check the cave; there are no other exits or tunnels. You begin to cut the sticky bindings when, suddenly, a giant Fang Spider drops on top of you from the roof of the cave. You squirm out from under it and draw your Sword.

FANG SPIDER SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If you win, you cut the Gaddon free and he takes you to the Iron Cave. There are two doors and he tells you to take the left door. Add 2 LUCK points. Turn to 199.

280

Soon the chill darkness turns to glowing red and there is a hot smell in the air. The cart stops and you can hear a cracking and hissing. You are pulled out of the cart and see a stream of lava in front of you. There are two rows of three square blocks of stone raised above the lava. The Trolls begin to measure up their position and to chant like Gorak schoolchildren:

Block on the right,
One across left,
One diagonal left.

They take you across and you memorize the chant, in case you come back this way. Turn to 371.

281

The second Orc has disappeared. You look at the Dwarf; an arrow sticks out of his side but then turns to smoke. 'It's too late: the poison is in my blood,' he says. You explain your mission and he shivers at the mention of the Khuddam. 'Look to the Gaddon . . . go to the Dragon's Breath Inn . . . they might help . . .' These are his last words. You set off in the direction taken by the Orcs. Turn to 383.

282

You follow the others into a large hut with stone tables. In the middle is an Orc with a cauldron full of bones and gristle. It looks disgusting, but when you are given some on a plate you make an attempt to eat it. You slip some into your pocket, but Tabasha throws it out again. After the meal an Orc appears with some metal collars, hands them around and orders everyone to put them on. Do you slip the collar on (turn to 165), or run out of the hut (turn to 139)?

283

You are taken to a tunnel that slopes downwards. In the middle is a shallow stream, which you follow for many hours. The water begins to get hot and you can smell a foul stench rising from it. Suddenly the stream disappears into the ground and there, ahead of you, stands a gate that blocks the whole tunnel. On the gate is a skeleton hanging by a metal spike. You begin to feel around the gate in the dim light of the Sword. Do you start to the left (turn to 75), or to the right (turn to 323)?

284

The Gaddon brings the Orcs their tankards of Scorchspark Brew and then comes over to you. You wonder at his ability to sense you. He asks what you will have and you order some food. When he leaves, the Orcs are suddenly very quiet; the candles flicker and you feel a chill running up your spine. Just then a black-cloaked figure glides into the room and hisses at the Orcs. They quickly scuttle out of the room. As it is about to go, it starts to sniff and turns round to face you. 'Sssssss . . . Toplander,' it hisses at you and pulls out a scimitar. Do you choose to run (turn to 43), or do you fight (turn to 299)?

285

By the light of the Sword you see the helm being lifted off the warrior's head. Long, dark hair falls out and you see a Gaddon woman with eyes that will never see. She is a Feelbrethren warrior called Khazara. She knows where you come from by your smell and you tell her the details of your quest. She leads you back to her village, Caverndown. She explains that it is a village under siege: one of the last bastions of Gaddon power. Suddenly one of the Dwarfs screams, as an arrow buries itself in his leg. You are ambushed by a squad of four Orcs. Khazara takes on two of them and you face the others. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	7	8
Second ORC	6	5

If you win, turn to 360.

286

You scramble down. It is deep and dark in the ditch. The cart approaches and you hear shouting: 'Guard! Where's that lazy scum, filth of a Toplander. If I catch him, I'll throw him in the ditch and let the Gremlins get him.' You stare around to see a horde of fanged creatures clutching short stabbing swords. Your quest ends here.

287

The drum stops beating. You then hear wild screams as you edge your way down the steep slope. You can carry your Sword in one hand but have little room to swing it. The ledge divides again: there is a steep track to the left (turn to 361), and a gently sloping ledge heading right (turn to 146). Which way do you go?

288

The spell stops. There is no trace of the destruction that has taken place. You walk into another corridor and find a door on the left marked:

Do you open the door (turn to 125), or carry on along the corridor (turn to 207)?

289

The corridor leads to a staircase. You walk down the stairs; at the bottom you enter a large hall with scattered bits of furniture, bones (that could be human), and a fireplace that looks as though it was recently used. Two broken skulls are lying in the corner. There is also a chest in the hall. You walk over to it. Do you decide to open it (turn to 114), or do you carry on to the next room (turn to 397)?

290

You shut yourself in the hole as the sound of running gets nearer. Suddenly your left leg is pulled from below. You fall into a swampy pool. A hand is pulling you down. You swiftly pull out your Sword and stab into the swamp close to your leg. Throw two dice. If you throw a double, then you have chopped off the creature's arm. If not, then reduce your STAMINA by 2 points and try again until your STAMINA reaches zero, in which case you are

dragged under and your quest is over. If you succeed, you clamber out, find no one around and rush off down the nearest tunnel. Add 1 LUCK point. Turn to 201.

291

You are attacked by a Gryphon. It already holds a singed Orc in one claw, but still swoops down on you, breathing fire. You thrust at it with your Sword.

GRYPHON	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, you have a choice of a ledge to the left (turn to 311), or another to the right (turn to 195).

292

You are in a small room full of old bottles, jars, dried bats and spiders. It reminds you of the Apothecary in Gorak. Three old hags sit by a roaring fire in the corner. They whisper to each other and laugh. They see you and slowly they begin to change into large wolves. You try to lift your Sword but it feels very heavy. The hags have now completely changed, and you are standing in front of three wolves, who begin to stalk you. You look for exits and find a door heading north (turn to 66), and a door heading south (turn to 113).

293

You land on top of the Orc and he falls off the ledge. Add 1 LUCK point. You find your Sword stuck in a crack on the rocks below, and pick it up. You can hear shouts and screams getting closer. Turn to 379.

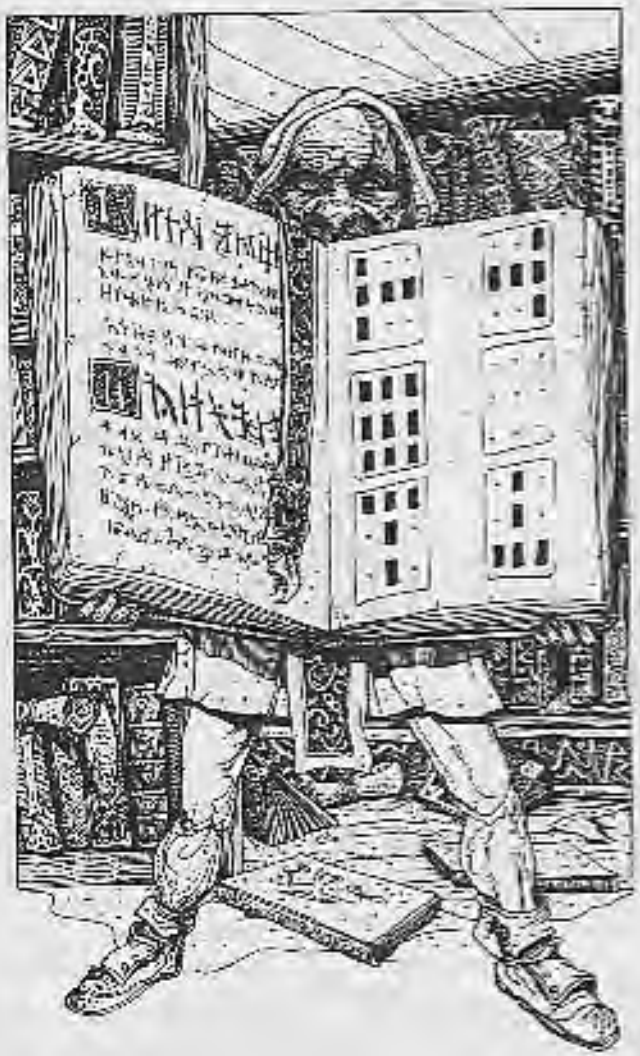

294

The old man catches his breath: 'Yes, that is the Sword. I helped spellbind the blade many years ago.' He picks up a large book from one of the shelves. 'Now, heir to Tancred, we must be quick. You are in great danger. The Khuddam are becoming very strong and enslaving all the other beings in the Chasms. As the Shield cracks, the Dark Lord becomes more powerful. I cannot teach you much of the Sensefight. This I leave to others. But study these symbols carefully; they are from the golden age of the Feelbrethren when most of these tunnels were built. They mean Left, Right, Danger, Safe, Up, Down.' The old man then brings you another book of Secret Cyphers, which he explains (turn to 399, but you must remember to come back to this section).

The old man brings you food (add 2 STAMINA points) and tells you to seek the Caves of Minosaddurr, where burns the Heartflame. He warns: 'Temper the Sword that it may strike the lethal blow.' When you eventually take your leave, you have to decide whether to head to the left (turn to 144) or to the right (turn to 252).

295

You politely refuse. The other Marsh Goblin, who calls himself Hoodwink, looks at you as though you do not know what you will be missing. They grab you and sling you over their shoulders and begin to run over the marsh, humming a strange tune. They have great stamina and do not stop. After a time, you enter an encampment. Words and curses are exchanged and you are deposited in a room and given hideous black slime to eat. Do you eat it (turn to 185), or do you throw it out of the window (turn to 354)?

296

You come out of the water. When you look down at your hands, you see that they are covered in black, wriggling leeches. They are also all over your face. You pick them off, but they make you feel weaker and weaker. Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You realize that the leeches are poisoned. Tabasha has stopped licking herself and stands in front of you. You know that you are about to lose consciousness. Deduct 1 SKILL point. Do you will Tabasha to help you (mark 1 use on the *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 336), or do you prefer to lie down and get some more rest (turn to 17)?

297

Ahead of you is an intricately carved, stone staircase, depicting various exotic creatures. Some of them appear to move. There is also another door that does not open. You step over a brightly coloured snake and make your way upstairs. Turn to 106.

298

You are very tired. You decide to have a rest and eventually find a small hill crowned with large boulders – a good defensive position.

You are awakened by Tabasha trying to crawl back into your pocket. It is pitch-black. You pull out your Sword and it shines brightly as you listen to shrieks, snarls and murmurings all around. Suddenly you see a dark figure with long dagger-like nails rushing towards you. Do you strike at it with your Sword (turn to 34), or run out of the way (turn to 316)?

299

You draw out your Sword. You are facing a Khuddam, one of Orghuz's lieutenants.

KHUDDAM GESHRAK SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, the body disappears, leaving only the black cloak of fine mesh mail. Mark the dead Khuddam on the *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 251.

300

You rush down the alleyway. In front of you stands a Marsh Goblin, blocking the way. You vaguely recognize him: it is Gruff. He swings a scimitar at you.

GRUFF SKILL 6 STAMINA 12

If you win, the fight has caused a disturbance. Turn to 269.

301

You walk along the track. There are the remains of recent camp-fires all around. Suddenly you stop in front of a wide chasm. You stare down but can only see darkness. Across the yawning gap is an old rope bridge, protected on either side of the chasm by two stone guard-huts. You can hear the noise of riders behind you, and can see a hideous Gryphon in the distance. You have no choice but to run on to the bridge. When you are in the middle of the swaying structure, two Orc guards emerge from each hut. They run on to the bridge, and you find yourself with two Orcs in front of you and two behind. Fight four One-Strike Combat rounds. If you win, you run across and cut the ropes. Do you then head for some nearby caves (turn to 189), or carry on along the track (turn to 372)?

302

You slither and slide down the rocky slope and then land with a splash in a puddle, close to a rushing river. The water is very cold. To your left there is a narrow path. Do you travel in the direction of the flow (turn to **223**), or do you go upstream (turn to **145**)?

303

You climb up on to a low ledge. The Orcs sniff their way to the Dwarf: 'Ah, he's here, and with the collar. Rich pickings.' The other Orc grabs the collar and throws it into a sack. He then stabs the Dwarf to make sure that he is dead. 'How much for this one?' he asks, as they lope off the way they came. Do you take the same tunnel (turn to **383**), or prefer to go back the other way (turn to **135**)?

304

You walk along the road. The cavern is enormous and in the dim red glow you can see no end to it. Just then you hear the sound of a cart approaching. A hundred paces ahead is a stone hut by the side of the road. Do you decide to run inside (turn to **260**), or prefer to leap into a ditch at the side of the road (turn to **286**)?

305

You raise your Sword. It does not shine, so you cannot see the warrior, who laughs and prods you in the stomach. You swing the Sword, but each time the warrior counters with ease. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. 'Yield! You cannot beat a Sensefighter in the Dark.' The voice is muffled and distorted. You decide to lower your Sword; it then begins to shine. Turn to **285**.

306

Turn to **12**.

307

There is a blue light in the centre of the cave. You see a row of Crystals and next to them a legend in runewrite. 'Whisper the total number of Crystals in the Caves of Minosaddurr if you wish to leave.' There are sixty-seven Crystals in this particular cave. You whisper this number but nothing happens. If you know the total number of Crystals contained in the Caves of Minosaddurr, and wish to leave, go to that number now. If not, there are exits south-west (turn to **27**) and west (turn to **188**).

308

Koyunlu are brought out of dark stables and saddled. You wonder at the strange hairy beasts with their mass of horns. They have no reins and seem to be controlled by foot movements, leaving both hands free for battle. You mount one and trot around; it has no trouble jumping on to rocks and is very sure-footed. A horn announces the muster; a great number of warriors assemble by the gates. Suddenly the gates are opened and the Feel-brethren charge out with a great cry. There are fires and torches all around. The riders swerve to the left as the besieging host begin to fire arrows at you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, you are hit by an arrow and wounded (deduct 2 STAMINA points). If you survive, turn to 256.

309

You must fight Orghuz by the number of Khuddam left alive on your *Adventure Sheet*.

ORGHUZ SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, mark off one Khuddam on the *Adventure Sheet*.

If you win and you have tempered your Sword in the Heartflame of Minosaddurr, turn to 385. But if not, you must fight Orghuz again until you have marked off all the Khuddam lives on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Once all the Khuddam are accounted for, turn to 385.

310

You are now refreshed and feel able to set off on your quest for the Shield. After a long time you come to what looks like a stone sentry-post. On either side of the tunnel there are two small slits in the rock. Do you rush past quickly (turn to 73), or do you crouch down and crawl under the slits (turn to 351)?

311

At first the slope is very gentle. Then it gets steeper and occasionally you slip on some icy slime. Soon, as the surface becomes very smooth, you find you are having difficulty getting any grip. Suddenly you see one of your pursuers slip past you, screaming. The screams stop with a sickening thud. Then you slip . . .

312

You run straight into the Chief Khuddam, probably the greatest fighter out of the Seven Fell Servants of Orghuz. She has no other weapons but her poisonous long claws. If you have not got your Sword, use the SKILL and STAMINA shown in the brackets. If you have your Sword, use the first set of figures.

KHUDDAM FRIANKARA	SKILL 10 (12)	STAMINA 12 (16)

If you win, mark off the name on the *Adventure Sheet*. If you have your Sword, turn to **236**. If you do not have your Sword, you feel the pull of its power and make your way to an empty weaponry. You find it propped up in the corner. You take it and rush out. Turn to **236**.

313

He takes you through a maze of roots and then up a wooden staircase. Everything is made of wood. You follow him along a hacked-out wooden corridor, to a large intricately carved door. Inside, an old man lies on a bed of fine roots; his own limbs seem to merge into the surrounding wood. 'Here is a Toplander. Is he the answer to the prophecy?' asks Gregory. The old man stirs; there is a loud cracking sound. 'The Tree of Life is being poisoned by evil,' he says. 'Soon all will be bleak and barren. The prophecy calls on me to offer you one of two items . . .' Which do you choose: a bag of gold (turn to 104), or a sliver of Everlasting Wood (turn to 278)?

314

You are in a room with one other door to the east. In the corner, to the right, is a heap of what looks like sludge. It is foul-smelling and steaming. As you walk around, the sludge shimmers and moves towards you. It reveals a trapdoor in the floor. Then three feelers spring out of the pile. They are covered in spiky thorns. Do you choose to go through the door east (turn to 132)? If not, you'll have to pass the sludge to get to the trapdoor.

SLUDGE SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you survive, you open the trapdoor to reveal a tunnel heading south-west. Turn to 235.

315

You notice gaps between the stones. It is possible to climb, if you are *very careful*. Throw a die twelve times. You need eight throws of 4 or under to succeed. If you fail, you have been spotted by an archer in the watchtower and shot. If you succeed, turn to 30.

316

You run out into the darkness straight into a Spiked Flesh-Eating Kakti. You cannot free yourself from the spikes and your flesh will probably feed the Kakti for many months. Your quest is over.

317

After a long walk, you stop to sleep. When you awake, you see Tabasha with a blind fish lying in front of her. If you wish to eat now, add 4 STAMINA points. Otherwise mark 1 meal on the *Adventure Sheet*. If you have the means to cook the meal add 2 extra STAMINA points.

When you get up, you hear the shuffling of many feet ahead of you. Looking around, you find two possible places to hide: a little niche to the left (turn to 98), or a hole in the ground to the right (turn to 290).

318

Suddenly you hear the thunder of animal hoofs on the rocky ground. You look carefully and make out six riders wearing long, black capes. There is a loud wail when they spot you and spears are brought to bear as they give chase. They get closer and one of the riders throws a spear. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you are wounded (deduct 2 STAMINA points). If you are Lucky, the spear misses. Just then, you move out of the riders' sight and find yourself by a river of murky water. Do you jump over it (turn to 94), or wade into it (turn to 263)?

319

You are safe. Your choice now is:

Left	Turn to 13
Forward	Turn to 148
Diagonally left	Turn to 54

320

You walk over the rocky ground, Sword at the ready. Suddenly you sense something close behind you. You spin around, just in time to see a Wraith about to slice you in half with a huge sword. You duck and weave into a good fighting position.

MIST WRAITH SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you survive, you find some steps leading up. Do you want to go up the steps (turn to 210), or head off to the right (turn to 243)?

321

You reach a dead end. As you turn around, a chasing Orc appears and hacks at the ledge; a large chunk drops off. Another Orc prepares to fire an arrow at you. You can either jump to your death or wait for the poisoned arrow. The choice is yours.

322

After a rest, you are taken to the great librarian Menzik. You can hear the sound of battle outside and you are told that Khazara has been foraging for food and is fighting her way back through the siege. Menzik turns out to be a Gnome: a rare breed on Khul – a long-lived race which is slowly dying out.

You find him in a huge library, full of tomes that he can hardly carry. He sits you down and explains the old Gaddon counting system of Cyphers. Turn to 399, but keep this page marked and come back to it after reading that section.

Menzik gives you a test. He sits you in the dark and you have to feel this shape:

```
oo.
o. .
 . o
```

If you know what to whisper, turn to that number. If not turn to 228.

323

You start smoothing away the dust and cobwebs. You feel the following shape:

```
ooo
. . o
 . o.
```

If you know the Cypher, whisper it now and go to that section. If not, then turn back and take the tunnel for Downdrop Cavern. Turn to 357.

324

You go into the kitchen. You are hungry but do not dare taste the revolting gruel. If you have your own Provisions have one meal now and mark it off in the Provisions box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Add 4 STAMINA points. Otherwise deduct 2 STAMINA points.

Just then, two Goblins walk in with the intention of stealing some extra food. They see you, scowl and pull out their swords. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	6	6
Second GOBLIN	5	6

If you win, you hear others coming, and slip through a small hatch in the wall. You squirm along as Tabasha squeaks in complaint and then, suddenly, drop down. Turn to 143.

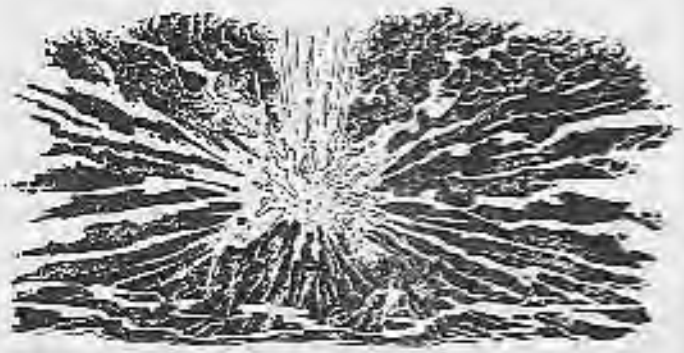

325

You go into another room. This time there are torches on the walls giving off black fumes. The fumes get thicker and suddenly you cannot breathe. There is one door leading south. You rush towards it, but your limbs seem to respond very slowly. Throw two dice for the amount of STAMINA needed to get to the door. If this is *less than* your STAMINA score, you have made it. Turn to 68. If not, you choke to death.

326

The door slams behind you. You are in a small room. You hear a distant voice in the dark. 'Your fate is now in the hands of the Beast of Minosaddurr, the Shadrac.' You see two red eyes in the dark and then see a hideous black, hairy creature with six arms and two heads. Each head has one eye and each arm holds a blood-stained scimitar. It is very dangerous.

SHADRAC	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, you discover another open door in front of you. Turn to 173.

327

You have made it through the volcano of the Hydra. No one will follow you through it. You come out back into the vast cavern, but have lost all sense of direction. You stop to rest. Tabasha jumps down and goes hunting, but brings back nothing. She looks a little distressed and has bits of her fur pulled out in places. You get up and see two small figures ahead of you, carrying a block of stone. Do you decide to head for them (turn to **233**) or avoid them (turn to 301)?

328

You leap down the stairs, swinging your Sword around your head. At first the Orcs are terrified and run off. But as you try to free the Dwarf, they return. Even their small brains can work out that there are six of them and one of you. They surround you and strike at random with their swords. Throw a die. This is the Orc that strikes. Throw a second die. This is where you parry. If the two throws match, you have struck and wounded one of the Orcs. If not, then you have been hit. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Repeat until you have lost all STAMINA points, in which case you are dead, or until you strike two Orcs, in which case the others all run away. If you survive, you free the Dwarf. Turn to 41.

329

The crack is narrower than you expected. The Dwarfs disappear into the dark, but you get stuck. Check your *Adventure Sheet*: if you have more than 2 Fuel units in your backpack, then the extra bulk wedges you tight. A group of Goblins catch you and clip a metal collar on to your neck. Your quest is over. If you have 2 or less Fuel units, you pull yourself out of the crack (add 3 LUCK points), and rush off after Aspra. Turn to 29.

330

Turn to 38.

331

You clamber up the loose rocks. As you get to the top, the hole closes in behind you. Tabasha rushes back into the pocket of your cloak. In the dim glow of the Sword, you can see a tall, dark shape propped up against a wall. It hisses, snarls and swears: 'Wounded by those blasted Orcs . . . that poison . . .' You have encountered a Khuddam wounded accidentally by his own archers. He is VERY dangerous. He sees you and immediately dims the glow of the Sword. You will have to fight blind. If you know how to Sensefight, fight as normal. If not then deduct 2 SKILL points (for this combat only).

KHUDDAM GURSKUT SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 99.

332

You leap into the cluster of Orcs. They shriek and run back, calling out somebody's name. Suddenly a Stone Warrior emerges out of the darkness. The cart rumbles away and the others chase after it. You find yourself alone against the rocky fighter. It does not have a weapon but tries to crush you between its arms.

STONE WARRIOR SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, the battle has been long and hard. You look for the others but cannot find them. You continue along the tunnel. Turn to 393.

333

The chest is unlocked. As you open it, the Trogs shout and shriek at you from behind the pillars. Inside there are many jewels, golden trinkets, and a spring-loaded dagger that shoots at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, it implants itself in your forehead and you die. If you are Lucky, it misses. Turn to 150.

334

You are in a cave full of swords. They are stacked on the floor, and you have to walk on them to get across to the exits. Which do you choose:

North-west?	Turn to 107
North-east?	Turn to 200
South-east?	Turn to 194
South-west?	Turn to 382

335

A poisoned arrow grazes your cheek. You feel dizzy. Deduct 1 SKILL point. You reach the nearest stone hut. Turn to 47.

336

You wake up on a hard bed in what seems to be an Apothecary. In the corner sits an old woman at a spinning wheel. She looks at you slyly. Tabasha sits on your chest and purrs. The woman is talking to herself as she spins. 'Ah, yes, my sweet. We know the Cutter is His . . . Tancred. Now another Toplander comes to kill Him.' She looks at you. 'Yes, I helped you when called by this worthy feline. I also want the evil to go. I want Orghuz to die, and I want to be free of the Malice.' She gives you some potion to counteract the poison. Turn to 79.

337

You walk into a room with a large table in the middle. Around, under and below the table are Trolls, Orcs, Dark Elves and Goblins. They seem to be asleep or drunk. You creep into the room and discover three other exits. Which do you choose:

North?	Turn to 122
West?	Turn to 83
East?	Turn to 40

338

The survivors are greeted by the commander and told to go to the kitchens. Do you follow the others there (turn to **282**), or slip off into a dark alleyway (turn to **152**)?

339

You are in a room with two exits. Do you wish to go north (turn to **196**) or west (turn to **162**)?

340

You come to a dead end. The ledge stops and there is no way to leap on to another. Suddenly three Orcs appear. Fight each in turn (One-Strike Combat). If you win, go back and choose another route. Do you wish to go right (turn to **156**), or take the centre path (turn to **242**)?

341

Turn to **160**.

342

Turn to **38**.

343

Turn to **171**.

344

You walk in and the door closes behind you. You stand on a narrow stone path that heads south, then east. On either side of the path there is swirling blue smoke. It lies on the ground and seems to create strange and hideous shapes. Suddenly, the smoke takes the shape of a warrior. It stands behind you and swings its sword. The blade crashes on the path, just missing you. You thrust your Sword through its body, but to no effect. You run into the next room east and shut the door. The Shadow passes through the door. You rush on, but the path divides. Which path do you take: the one leading to a door north (turn to **162**), or through a door east (turn to **24**)?

345

The boat goes through the right channel and crashes into the rocks known as the Devil's Teeth. Throw a die: this is your position. Throw a second die: this is the position of the rocks. If the two throws match, then you have crashed into them and your quest is over. Repeat twice, and if you survive, add 1 LUCK point. Turn to **261**.

346

The beat of the drum stops, and you hear a cheer as you edge your way down the steep slope. You see three routes ahead of you. Which do you choose:

The ledge to the left?	Turn to **361**
A drop down to a lower ledge?	Turn to **220**
A slope to the right?	Turn to **67**

347

A stone dart misses you. You prepare to ward off other darts with your Sword. The stairs end and, as directed, you continue along a level tunnel. Suddenly, you hear a scream for help coming from a large crack on the left. Do you go through the crack to help (turn to 279), or ignore the screams (turn to 155)?

348

You circle around it carefully. You hear a swish and a mass of arrows shoot out at you. Throw a die for your position and then throw a second die for where an arrow hits. If the two match, you are wounded (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Repeat twice. If you survive, you head back towards the body. Add 1 LUCK point, if you were not wounded. Turn to 87.

349

Turn to 160.

350

You ring the bell. The sound echoes through the tunnel but nothing happens. Just when you are about to take the path, a boat appears. It is steered downstream by a strange looking figure – a cross between a man and an Orc. The boat stops at the bell. The man asks you if you want the ferry, then looks you up and down and tells you that it is free. In the boat there is a large bundle at the back and some levers at the front. The ferryman tells you to sit down. As you do so, your wrists and neck are

Spellbound. He laughs as you struggle, and then kicks at the bundle to reveal two Dwarfs, also bound up. You realize that he is a Pirate Slaver. Tabasha looks up at you as you feel an overpowering urge to sleep. Do you want to will her to help you get free (turn to 164), or do you prefer to wait and see (turn to 123)?

351

You crouch down and edge past the slits. Suddenly the ground gives way and you fall into a slimy pit. Six Xokusai Orcs appear. They are jubilant. You hear one of them ask if it is time for Fellscar Crags. He then throws a small round creature into the pit. The animal exudes a disgusting smell that sends you to sleep. Turn to 64.

352

You wake up inside a cave. The entrance has a wooden door and on the walls are two trapdoors. The Dwarfs bustle around looking busy. They are no longer wearing collars. The woman brings you some food saying: 'I'm sorry about that. Sometimes the Orcs use Toplander squads in their armies.' Her name is Aspra Smoothcheek and she realizes that you must be important: 'The Khuddam have been searching for you.' Just then, a Dwarf rushes in and whistles. All the doors are shut and Aspra throws you your Sword. She asks you to take up a defensive position. Do you choose the door (turn to 267), the first trapdoor (turn to 131), or the second trapdoor (turn to 97)?

353

You loiter behind a rock. Just then a Troll comes out of the inn and tries to pick up the other figure, who is also a Troll and obviously drunk. The drunken Troll objects to being touched, pulls out a scimitar and slashes wildly. His friend sidesteps and punches him in the face. When he has dragged him away, you enter the alehouse. Turn to 381.

354

Soon a group of Toplanders arrive and stretch out on the hard beds. Some are wearing metal collars. They do not talk but just stare blankly. You realize that there must be Toplander recruits in Orghuz's hordes – some pressed into service, others volunteers. They treat you like a new recruit, and when a drum beats you strap on your sword and they take you out to line up with the others. In the courtyard you see a knight in full armour, inspecting the troops. You cannot see the face but notice a crossed-daggers motif on the armour. You suspect that this might be the traitor at Gorak who broke the Great Seals. When the inspection is over, do you slip away in the dark (turn to 388), or go back to the barracks with the others (turn to 55)?

355

There is a large pool in the cave. You cannot cross from door to door and it seems to be deep. You will have to leap. Throw two dice: this is the distance. If it is *greater than* your STAMINA, you fail, and fall into the Deep Red Pool of Elkiem, from which you will never return. If you succeed, which way do you go:

North-east?	Turn to 222
South-east?	Turn to 264
South-west?	Turn to 16
North-west?	Turn to 45

356

The entrance is steep. It is very hot and the chamber is illuminated by a light-red glow. You look back to see the bats flocking, but not coming in. Ahead you see two large holes. Do you go through the one on the left (turn to 171) or the one on the right (turn to 218)?

357

You stride along the tunnel. It eventually opens out to a large cavern. Across the cavern there is a wall, and in the middle is a tall gate, full of intricate carvings. There are torches burning and by that light you can see a watchtower, manned by Orcs. The gate opens occasionally, to let in riders and laden carts. Ahead of you there is a cart packed with smelly skins, the origins of which you would rather not know. Do you hide among the skins and try to get through that way (turn to 88), or try to slip through in the little darkness that there is (turn to 172)?

358

You are very polite, but firmly refuse any trade. He tells you that you don't know what you are missing, packs up and goes. Turn to 369.

359

You enter the cave and touch some patterns on a wall; they have no meaning for you. You look for the exits. In the floor is a trapdoor (turn to 227) or else there is a choice of three directions. Which do you choose:

North-east?	Turn to 194
North-west?	Turn to 382
South-west?	Turn to 2

360

You are amazed at Khazara's ability. She leads you and your companions through a boggy marsh to a set of gates in the defensive walls of Cavemdown. She touches some carved stone symbols and whispers what sounds like '57' (turn to 57).

361

You edge along and look up to see lava dribbling down the cliff face. An Orc appears behind you and gets showered. He falls off. Eventually you reach another ledge sloping to the right. Do you take this route (turn to 156), or do you prefer to drop down on to another ledge just below you (turn to 204)?

362

You climb the rope. It is very hard work (deduct 1 STAMINA point). Suddenly an Orc spots you from the left-hand watchtower. He starts firing arrows. Throw two dice. If you throw any double, you are hit and wounded (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Repeat three times. If you survive, you leap on to the wall on top of a wounded Goblin. Suddenly three Xokusai Elite Orcs rush towards you. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First XOKUSAI	7	8
Second XOKUSAI	6	8
Third XOKUSAI	8	8

If you win, you leap out into the mists on the other side. Turn to 90.

363

Throw three dice. This is the distance to jump. Throw one die. If this, plus your STAMINA score, is greater than, or equal to, the distance, you are successful. Turn to 203. If not, then you fall to your death into the chasm.

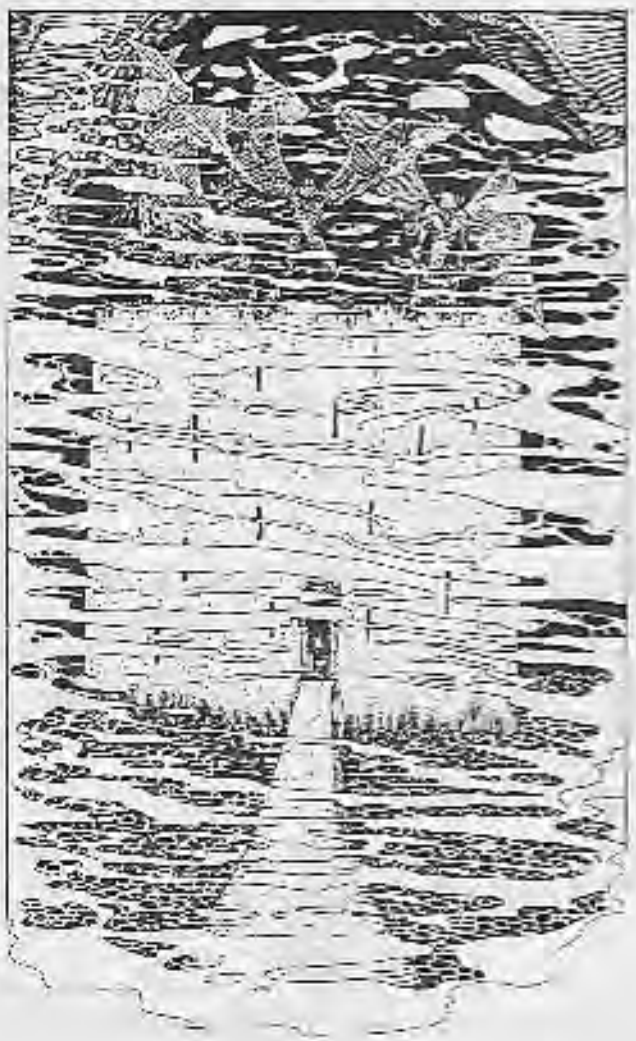

364

You land safely. Add 2 luck points. Slowly, menacingly, the mist clears, and you see Orghuz's Tower: a huge block of stone with one entrance, surrounded by a wide moat of green slime. On each of the four corners stand Gargoyles that snap, snarl and flap their black wings. The mist begins to close in again and you walk towards the tower. Occasionally you pass an Orc, but disappear into the mist before he decides to challenge you. In the thick mist you get to the bridge across the moat, past two Trolls, and stop at a metal door. You may *not* use the Bazouk beyond this point. In the grime you feel this shape:

.o.
...
o..

If you know the secret Cyphers, go to that number. If not, you look up to see a small, grubby chute. You must climb up to the hole, holding on to the cracks between the stone blocks. Throw a die twelve times. To succeed you will need eight throws of 1 to 4. If you fail, you fall into the deadly slime. If you succeed, you climb through the chute and into a smelly room. Turn to 224.

365

You drop the Sword and watch it sink slowly into the scorching stream. She motions you to walk across. As you do so, Tabasha leaps down and rubs herself on the woman's leg. The woman searches you and is obviously disappointed at finding

nothing of value. Tabasha the Bazouk leaps on to the woman's shoulder and looks at you. You can see that the Sword has risen out of the stream and is lying close to the bank. Do you:

Grab the Sword?	Turn to 276
Do nothing?	Turn to 394
Get Tabasha to help (Only if possible on the *Adventure Sheet*)?	Turn to 11

366

It is the Orc commander. He asks you what you are doing in an out-of-bounds area, but does not wait for an answer and then asks you to kneel down for decapitation. You pull out your Sword.

ORC COMMANDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, you hear more people coming and you run into the doorway. Turn to 274.

367

Turn to 160.

368

Turn to 38.

369

You set off along the rocky track. Soon the ground gets soft and then becomes marshy. You have difficulty walking on the path. Strange, eerie noises come from the marsh, which occasionally bubbles, releasing a pungent odour. The path divides. Do you go to the left (turn to 271), or do you choose the path on the right (turn to 318)?

370

The door closes behind you. Once again you are in complete darkness. The Sword does not shine and you can hear someone moving around in the room. Just then, you hear a sword being drawn out of a scabbard and heavy steps walking towards you. You prepare to defend yourself.

If you know how to Sensefight, then fight as normal. Otherwise reduce your SKILL by 2 for this combat only.

SILENT WARRIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, you find two doors. Do you go through the door on the left (turn to 40), or the door on the right (turn to 297)?

371

You are carried across by a Troll. Then you are unbound and made to trot with the other prisoners towards a camp of black stone huts within a large

cavern. Smoke rises from most of the buildings and you pass the remains of a great gate. You are dumped into a smelly, smoky room. There are about a dozen Dwarfs and several Gaddon. After a time an Orc comes in with a bucket, throws some slops on the floor and tells you to eat. Eventually several Orcs arrive with small metal collars. They put them on the Dwarfs and march them away. The male Gaddon are also taken and you are left with the remaining Gaddon: a woman of dark looks, wrapped up in a black cloak. She comes over to you and asks who you are. Do you tell her (turn to 32), or keep silent (turn to 126)?

372

The Gryphon strikes. You fight it off with your Sword. Fight as in normal combat, but if you throw double 1 in the Gryphon's Attack Round, then the Gryphon has burnt you with its fiery breath and you are dead.

GRYPHON SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you head back to the caves. Turn to 189.

373

You swing to the right. The rope breaks as you land and you scramble up into the darkness. When you look around, you see two red dots in the distance. They are getting nearer and are accompanied by a strange buzzing sound. Do you attack (turn to 248), or do you wish to leap back to the other shaft (turn to 174)?

374

The group comes under attack from well-disciplined troops. There are heavy losses. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you survive the first attack and cut your way through to the second group (turn to 52). If you are Unlucky, you are killed by a crazed Troll swinging an enormous battle-axe.

375

Aspra Smoothcheek and the Dwarfs all get away with minor wounds. They run fast and split into two groups. Aspra goes up a steep path. Do you follow her (turn to 29), or go with the group that are slipping through a crack in the tunnel (turn to 329)?

376

You come to a corridor that contains nothing except a soft bench. You are tired and hungry. If you have any Provisions, eat some now (add 4 STAMINA points). You feel very sleepy. Do you rest (turn to 128), or do you get up and carry on along the corridor (turn to 179)?

377

You hear the clash of swords as you run away. You have no idea of the correct direction and stumble along making a lot of noise. Suddenly you hear a voice in the dark: 'Come with me.' A hand leads you across the terrain until you are told that you are safe. The voice belongs to Chorista, Alkis's second-in-command, and you are in Govanthian, a Gaddon settlement. In the pitch-black you recite your story and Chorista tells you that she is worried: Alkis has yet to return. You are left to sleep. Turn to 72.

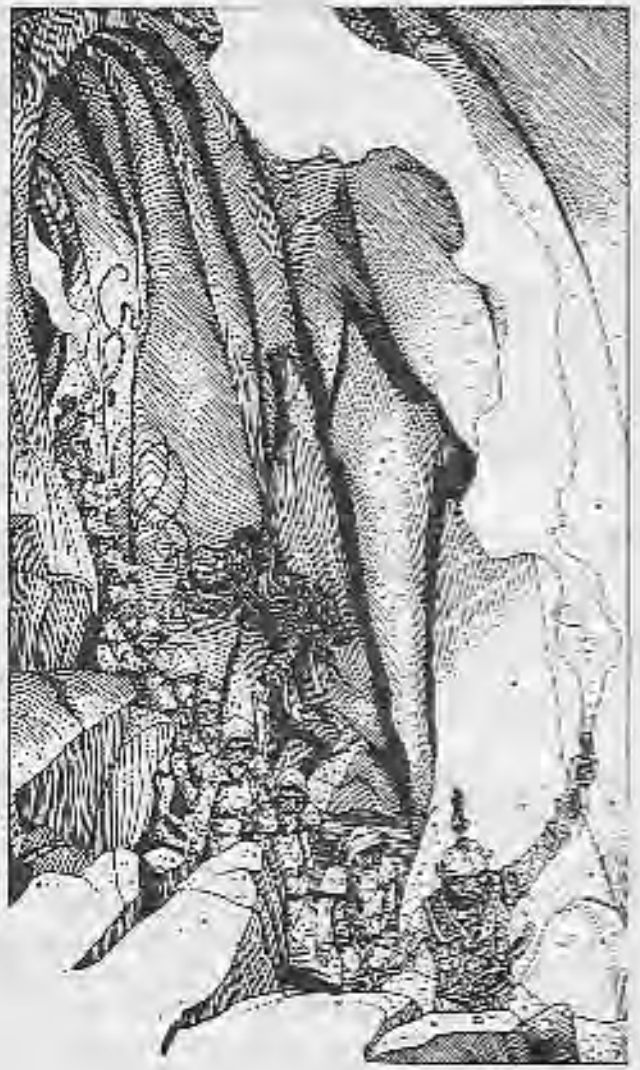

378

You feel your way to an exit and find yourself on a ledge above another tunnel. You rest. If you have Provisions you may choose to have them now. If not, then add only 1 STAMINA point.

You wake up to see two torches in the distance, coming towards you. You creep to the end of the ledge and see two Orcs and a Dark Elf marching a dozen Dwarfs along the tunnel. All the Dwarfs wear metal collars. Suddenly two of the Dwarfs break free and rush towards you; one immediately seizes his throat and collapses, the other sees you and raises his hand for help. The others have still not seen you. Do you help the Dwarf (turn to 129), or stay hidden (turn to 245)?

379

Three fanatical Orcs rush at you; one slips and falls off the ledge. Fight the other two in One-Strike Combat. If you win, you can choose to drop down to a lower ledge (turn to 195), or to take a slope on the right (turn to 254)?

380

You make your way carefully, Sword at the ready, and run into a troop of Goblins. Although at first surprised to see you, they rally and charge. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	6	6
Second GOBLIN	6	7
Third GOBLIN	5	6

You may escape at any time and rush back to the Feelbrethren warriors. Deduct 4 STAMINA points and turn to 96. If you win, turn to 59.

381

It is very smoky inside the Dragon's Breath Inn. As you stand in the dark corridor, a Goblin comes out of a door on the right. He is chewing a large bone. He looks you up and down, spits, and then enters a door in front of you. You catch a glimpse of a roaring fire as he shuts the door behind him. Do you wish to go through the door in front of you (turn to 84), or prefer to go into the room on your right (turn to 262)?

382

You are in a dark, empty cave. There are four exits, each marked with the familiar runes. Which do you choose:

South-west?	Turn to 277
South-east?	Turn to 359
North-east?	Turn to 334
North-west?	Turn to 264

383

You stumble along the tunnel for a long time until you find that it splits in two. The left-hand tunnel has a dragon's head carved above it. Do you wish to take this tunnel (turn to 74), or prefer to enter the tunnel on the right (turn to 187)?

384

You jump to the left and land on firm ground. The trench leads away to the side of where the Goblin stands. Peeking round the corner, you see a large number of Gaddon standing in line, as another Goblin walks up and down. By their clothes and condition you guess that they are enslaved. It appears that the weaker ones are being pulled out of the line. You notice a stir among the Gaddon ranks and realize that they must have sensed you. Do you help them (turn to 176), or ignore them and crawl away (turn to 259)?

385

If there are any Khuddam still alive on your *Adventure Sheet*, Orghuz regenerates slowly into the

guise of another Khuddam. You have a fleeting chance to strike unopposed at a part of his body.

If all the Khuddam are dead on your *Adventure Sheet*, Orghuz stands like a statue in front of you. The Malice still inhabits his body. You must strike the lethal blow to rid it of the evil. Where do you strike:

Left shoulder and upper arm?	Turn to 38
Right shoulder and upper arm?	Turn to 140
Left elbow and lower arm?	Turn to 46
Right elbow and lower arm?	Turn to 330
Left thigh and upper leg?	Turn to 266
Right thigh and upper leg?	Turn to 342
Left knee and lower leg?	Turn to 392
Right knee and lower leg?	Turn to 368

386

You strike at Orghuz and he quickly backs away. You have chosen the correct image. Suddenly he holds a sword that looks just like yours. 'No other dares to hold a sword in my presence. You have the blood of Tancred the Magnificent coursing in your veins, and you hold the Twin Sword of Light; but I am still your master. Prepare to die!' Turn to 309.

387

The door opens easily. In the murky darkness, you discern an Elf – thin, emaciated, chained to the wall, and whimpering for help. Suddenly the door closes behind you and the bolt is pushed home. Now, *two* plaintive wails will be heard crying for help down the echoing corridor. Your quest is over.

388

You turn down a narrow alleyway between two rock-built huts. You hear a disturbance behind you, then the sound of a drum beating, followed by the clatter of iron-shod Orc feet. You look along the alley – you can go either to the left (turn to 300) or to the right (turn to 209).

389

You put the collar on. You see two evil eyes in front of you and hear a pounding voice in your mind. 'There you are! I've got you now, blood heir. Stay where you are until my Khuddam find you . . .'

390

You peek out of a grubby, fatty gap into a dark room with two figures seated at a table. One of the people is wearing armour that looks Gorak-made; the other wears the dark mail cloak of a Khuddam. You look carefully at the figure in the armour and can just make out a symbol of two crossed daggers. Suddenly the Khuddam begins to sniff around the room. It shrieks in your direction. You let go and fall into the pile of rubbish. Turn to 139.

391

You walk down a dusty, echoing corridor. Ahead, in the light of a few lit torches, you see the dust on the ground disturbed by many footprints. They lead up a set of stairs to your right. Occasionally, you hear a low wail. Do you wish to go up the stairs (turn to 229), or carry on along the corridor (turn to 22)?

392

You have struck a lethal blow. There is a bitter scream and all the mirrors in the room shatter as Orghuz begins to decay and age. The Malice, which has kept him alive for so long, leaves his now frail frame. His flesh crumbles to dust and everything is swept away by a strong wind. The wind blows stronger until a screen is blown down to reveal two Ores and a Goblin frozen in the act of Spellbreaking the True Shield. You stride forward and grab the Shield. As you touch it, you see the face of the wizard Astragal beckoning you. Your vision begins to darken. Turn to 238.

393

The tunnel begins to break up. First there are small rocks to climb over, then large boulders, until it becomes very difficult to make any headway. As you climb up and down, you come to a mass of tree roots interweaved throughout the rest of the tunnel. You try to cut your way past, but each blow causes the roots to ooze sap, which then congeals and quickly forms another root. You examine the roots carefully and see three distinct areas through which you might crawl. Do you choose to head upwards (turn to **237**) or downwards (turn to **255**), or do you prefer to go to the left (turn to **12**)?

394

You do nothing and bide your time. But you are dealing with a warrior of evil; she aims her crossbow and shoots. Throw a die for your position, and a second die for where the bolt hits. If the two numbers match, her aim is true and you are killed. If not, then she has missed, but she resets her crossbow very quickly. Turn to 276.

395

It is useless to try to fight an Earthshaker. They cannot be killed. It is also very dangerous to stay close to one because they move in groups. Suddenly you see three others blocking your way. You must try to run past them without being touched. Throw three dice and list the numbers in sequence – this is their position. Then throw three more dice and list them again in sequence. This is your run past them. If two numbers in the sequence match, you have touched one of the Earthshakers and are killed. If you have a clear run, turn to 149.

396

Turn to 206.

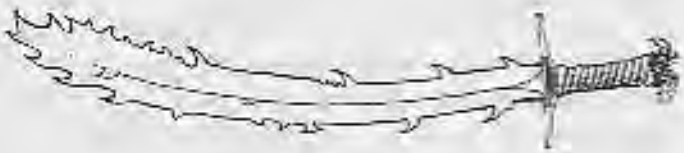

397

The next room is even more untidy. You notice square patterns all over the floor. You recall a childish superstition about stepping on cracks and so walk carefully. In the distance you see a large decaying creature, covered in arrows. Do you head towards it (turn to 87), or do you give it a wide berth (turn to 348)?

398

You stand and wait. The running noise gets louder and is accompanied by deep growling. You clasp your Sword in anticipation when, suddenly, a little creature with very large feet rushes into your knees. It looks up at you, its tiny eyes widen, and it curls up into an armoured ball and rolls into the darkness. You turn around to face the Dark Elf, who hits you across the head. Turn to 123.

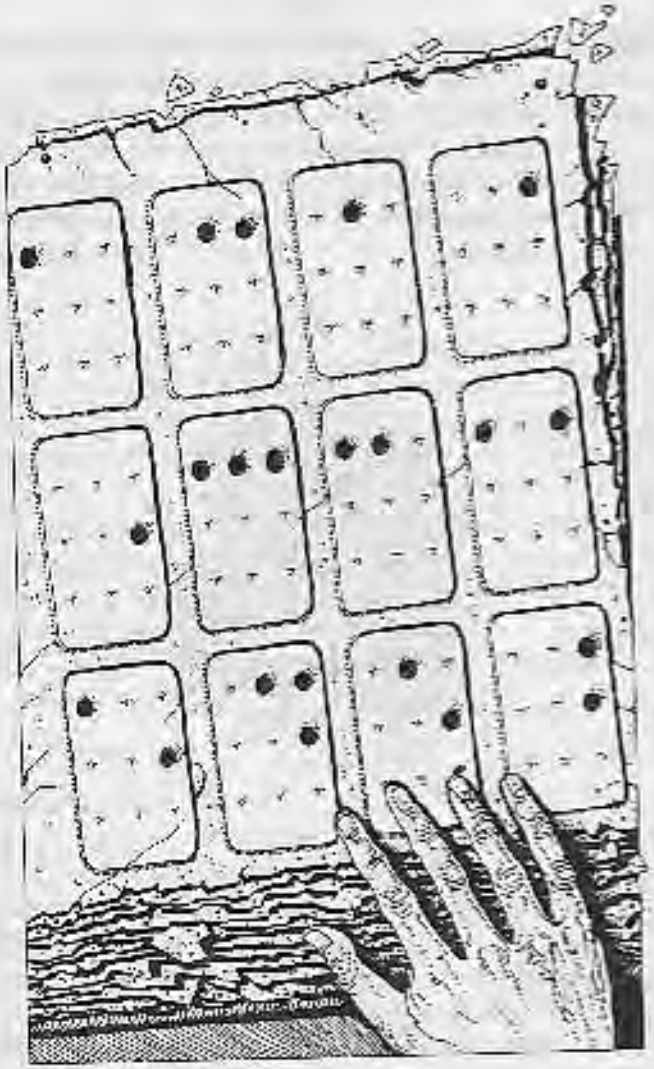

399

Cyphers (the old Gaddon counting system) are a way for the blind Gaddon to feel certain Spellbound numbers, which, when whispered, will open ancient doors – doors that were built in the heyday of Feelbrethren culture. The secret has never been discovered by Orghuz. Look at the sequence of Cyphers; three rows of three; each raised circle (o) has a specific value:

o = 4	o = 2	o = 1
o = 32	o = 16	o = 8
o = 256	o = 128	o = 64

A blank is indicated by a dot. Add the values of the circles to give you the Secret Cypher.

Thus o.o

. .o = 13 The illustrated page gives the

. . . Cyphers from 1 to 12

Return to your section now.

400

You have succeeded in the quest. The Dark Lord Orghuz is no more, and the Shield is once again protecting Gorak from the Malice of the Chasms. You are hailed as Tancred's heir and all the Knights of the Grey Horse swear allegiance to their new monarch.

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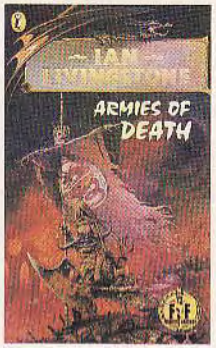
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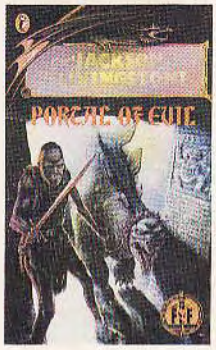
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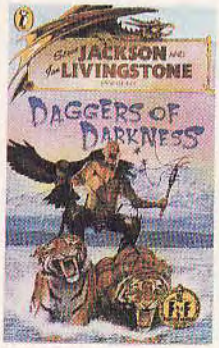
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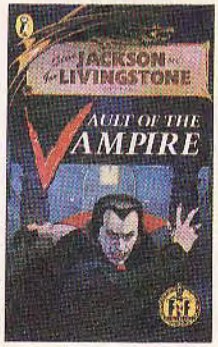
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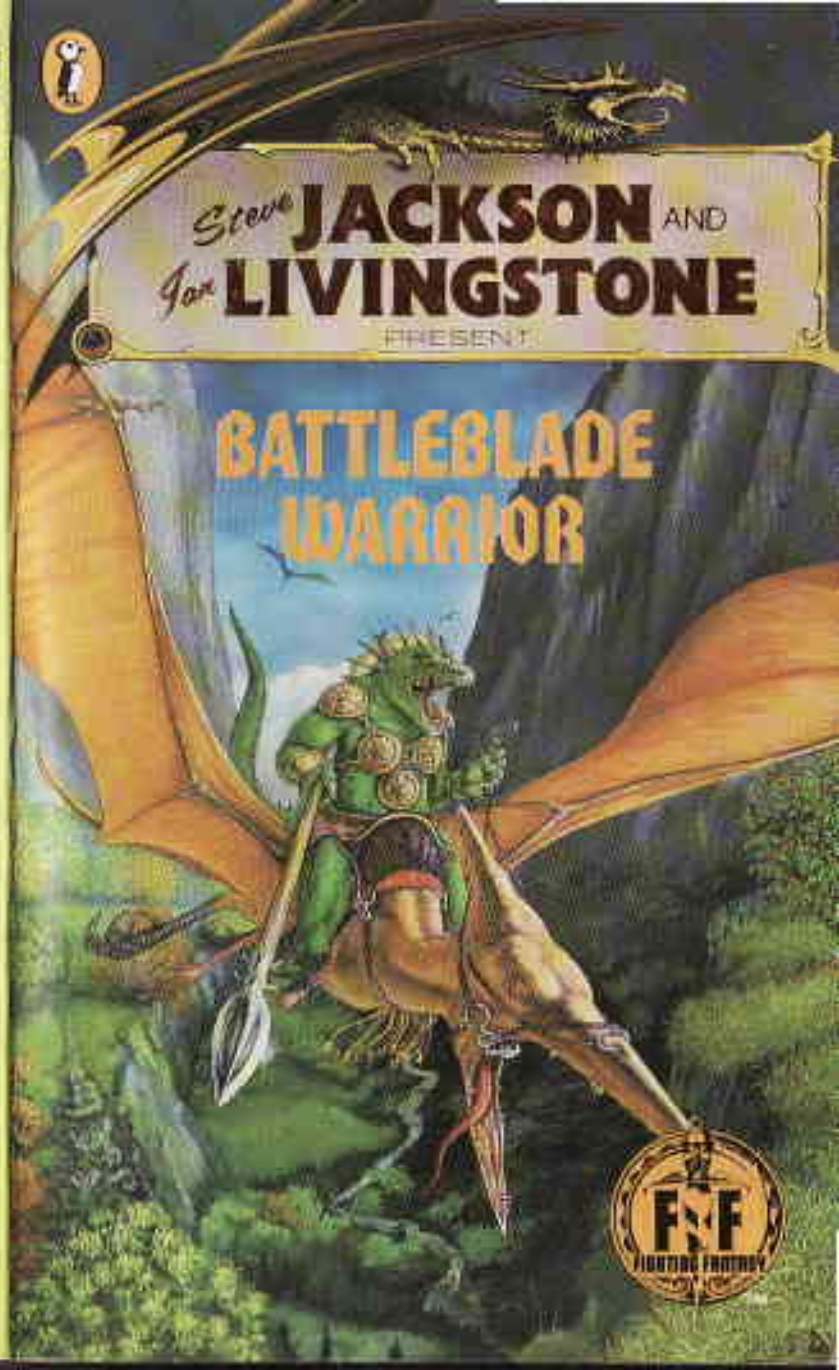

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Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1988
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For Bob N., Maggie S., Kevin W. and Stephen K.,
and all the staff at Greylight Industries plc,
for all the fun they're giving me.

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YOUR CHARACTER

You are about to embark on a momentous quest that will decide the fate of not just yourself but a whole city, and possibly an entire country. Before embarking on your great adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. Use dice to discover your *Initial* scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly

during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes, or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores.

Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and your overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are; it may only be through good luck that you survive! Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the war-torn lands of Southern Allansia through which you will soon be travelling.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight an opponent of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the opponent anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each opponent are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is your opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.

4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either your opponent's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Opponent

If you are involved in a fight with more than one opponent, at the start of each Attack Round you must decide which single opponent to attack. After choosing one, roll both dice to determine the Attack

Strength of all the combatants individually. Resolve your own attack against your chosen opponent as usual. Next, compare your current Attack Strength with those of *all* your other opponents except the one you've just fought. Any opponent with a *higher* Attack Strength than yours will score a hit against you, with the usual loss of 2 STAMINA points. Remember: you can score hits *only* against the opponent you chose at the start of the round.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *Un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on an opponent you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound your opponent has just inflicted on you!

If you have just wounded the opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the opponent's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to your opponent's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage you have now scored only 1).

If your opponent has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky you have managed to avoid the full

damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

HINTS ON PLAY

Skill

As you are already a battle-hardened warrior with many fights behind you in defence of your besieged city, your SKILL score is above average. It will not change much during your adventure, and you may only change it if specifically instructed. As SKILL is a measure of combat prowess, it can be reduced, for instance by losing your weapon or by the effects of something like poison. Acquiring an enchanted weapon could increase your SKILL – but remember that you can only use one weapon at a time.

Stamina

Your STAMINA will change more frequently as your journey continues, as you suffer wounds and exhaustion and then, hopefully, recover. At various times you will be given opportunities to eat some of the supplies you carry with you. Eating 1 Provision restores up to 4 STAMINA points; you may eat only 1 Provision at a time, even though you may have more (you can carry up to 4 Provisions at any one time). Your STAMINA may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Luck

The eyes of the gods are upon you in your quest. Your patrons will attempt to help you, but their rivals will set deadly enemies and traps in your path to thwart their plans. You will need to use your LUCK wisely and sparingly if you are to survive and vanquish the forces of Evil. There may be occasions when your LUCK will improve and you can recover some points, but the score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Getting Started

Read the introductory tale, which begins on page 21, then turn to paragraph 1. It is recommended that you make notes and draw a map as you travel. There *is* a way of successfully completing the quest that involves only minimal risk of failure or death, but you will need all your SKILL – and LUCK – to find it. Be warned: the object of your quest is never fully revealed to you, so to be successful you must make use of the clues presented to you to deduce just what it is you need to find.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL *Initial* *Skill =*	STAMINA *Initial* *Stamina =*	LUCK *Initial* *Luck =*

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED	SPECIAL ITEMS
	PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

VYMORNA BESIEGED!

As the might of the Lizard Man Empire smashed like an ocean breaker against its walls once more, the besieged city of Vymorna shuddered – but held. Along the ragged lines of its shattered walls desperate men and women fought, though they were dying on their feet. Their energy sapped by six years of starvation and malnutrition, the battered troops held firm through sheer will-power. For every pace the reptilian troops gained, the defenders vowed a hundred lizard corpses would lie. But the Lizard Men could bear such losses, and more, for the might of the Lizard King's armies was colossal. Soon, very soon, the evil humanoids would break Vymorna's last ring of defences, even if they had to dismantle the city stone by stone, brick by brick. The Empire of the Lizard Kings would not rest until all the lands of Southern Allansia were ensnared under its cruel dominion.

Inside the City

All this you know, for your mother is Queen Perriel, the lion-hearted woman who now commands Vymorna's defences. Your father, Alexandros the Second, was struck down by a poisoned javelin in a counter-attack to keep the reptilian hordes from the outer wall of the castle at the centre of the city. His

death made a warrior of your mother, but this, and years of constant bombardment, has changed her beyond belief. Where once she was beauty and grace, she is now thin-lipped sternness, her eyes red-ringed through lack of sleep and the side-effects of her sorcerous searches for supernatural aid. Night after night the Queen pleads with the gods and their servants for divine help against the overwhelming odds, and each night she receives no answer. It is as if there is a war in the heavens as well as on Titan, and the forces of Evil and Chaos are winning there, too.

Your father's death also made a warrior of you, and now you ride into battle alongside your mother. Between raids and wall duties you help tend the sick, arrayed in rows in the Great Hall of the castle. There are wounded warriors by the score, but also a great many women and children, injured by flying missiles or simply suffering from malnutrition. Food is now very scarce and strictly rationed, and it is only owing to good planning that it has lasted so long.

Troubled Dreams

What is perhaps worse than the lack of food is the constant lack of sleep. It would be hard enough to sleep, anyway, with the bombardment of rocks and exploding balls of sulphur, but each night the enemy conjure up spirits and demons, which howl around the towers of the castle until dawn. Their

screaming, often joined by sorcerous thunder and lightning, would keep all but the most desperately tired awake.

However on this night even you sleep. You spent most of the evening helping to put out a massive fire blazing in the south tower of the castle, started by a flaming brand, which had hurtled into the city from one of the many giant catapults stationed just out of reach of the city's archers. When the fire was out you didn't bother returning to your quarters in the main keep, but just found an empty corner, pulled your stained cloak over yourself and slept.

Dawn breaks and you awake, savouring the warmth of your corner and the light on your eyes before opening them. But the castle is somehow different. You lie still for a moment, before sitting up with a start. There's nothing but silence! Everywhere is quiet, so quiet you can hear your breath coming in short gulps as you rub the sleep from your eyes with your dirty fists to find yourself alone in a corner of the Inner Hall. All you can see are the bare, rubble-strewn flagstones, the first traces of weeds poking up between them as if stretching for the sunlight, which beams through the gaps in the shattered roof. 'By Telak's golden sword!' you exclaim aloud, using the oath your mother always forbade you to utter in those far-off days before the siege. The siege! you remember. The siege . . . and Mother! What in the name of all the heavens is going on?

'Indeed you may ask,' comes a voice from behind you. You spin round and look up in wonder. Atop the ruined wall above you stands a glowing figure, a hefty warrior armed for battle and clad in brilliant golden armour. About his feet stalks a lion, which must be fully grown though it is dwarfed by the radiant figure. 'Know you not who I am, my child? You called on me just a moment ago, though in truth I was here awaiting you,' the warrior intones in a voice that rumbles like thunder round a distant mountain. His gleaming emerald eyes stare deep into yours, flashing with supernatural power.

The Task of Telak

You drop to your knees, more out of amazement than respect, for you know now that the figure before you is Telak, the Swordbearer, Lord of Courage and patron of all who bear arms against Evil. 'My lord,' you stammer, 'what would you have of me?'

'Do not be afraid,' rumbles the heavenly voice, 'for you must listen carefully to what I tell you. The dark forces that oppose both of us are gathering for a final assault. Even as I speak, demonic legions begin to batter at the gates of my ethereal palace, just as they batter at the very doors of yours. What is needed is an Earthly victory against Evil, and soon, to divert the Lizard King's deathless masters away from my door so I can properly come to Vymorna's aid.

'Know you of a place called the Durtelakin, Telak's Mount? It is one of twin peaks in the Lion Heights, far to the north-east of Vymorna. You must go there and find a weapon which will aid you and your city against Evil. Seek out the man they call Laskar.' The golden warrior's voice fades, as if his attention were elsewhere, and the lion at his legs growls. 'I must depart to secure my own gates. Go, and serve me well. Wheresoever I can I will aid you, for you are a warrior now, and under my protection.'

The golden warrior and his lion fade away . . . and a rough hand is shaking you awake. Through the musty gloom of the Inner Hall you can see others rising and shaking themselves. From all around you comes the sound of coughing, stamping, chattering, mingled with the distant sounds of battle.

The Mission

'It is decided, then. All the omens are with you. You must depart as soon as you are able.' Your mother looks stern, but you know from her eyes that she is dreading your leaving on such a dangerous mission. Around the room, everyone shares Queen Perriel's mingled look of trepidation and resolve, but all nod their heads at the decision. 'You will leave a few hours before dawn, to give you the best chance of crossing through the enemy's encampment. In the darkness you may be able to pass through their lines, though I still fear for you.'

'I was chosen, Mother,' you state simply, and leave to prepare for your journey. Turn to 1.

1

Dawn is not far away. All night the bombardment of the city has continued, but somehow you managed to rest and relax a little in preparation for your journey. Now, with the moon set and the first few glimmers of light on the horizon, you are in the secluded room of your mother, Queen Perriel, making your final preparations for your journey. You are dressed in sturdy clothes, but with minimal armour so you can move quickly. You have a strong cloak to protect you from the elements and to keep you warm at night. There is a large rucksack filled with supplies (4 Provisions), and your trusty sword and hunting-knife.

While you are getting ready, the Queen goes to a chest and pulls three items from it. 'These belonged to your father,' she says, 'and I know he would want them to be put to good use.' You may take two of the objects by going to the appropriate paragraphs; make a note of those you choose on your *Adventure Sheet*. There are a bow and three silvered arrows (turn to 13), a bottle containing a pale liquid (turn to 388), and a small glass globe filled with a swirling cloud of dust specks (turn to 31).

2

At the bottom of the steps, you have arrived in another old and very dusty room, littered again with small pieces of rubble from its cracked ceiling and walls. In a far corner what may be a statue or perhaps a fountain casts grotesque shadows in the lantern-light. Do you take one of the dark passages that lead off to the left (turn to 255) and to the right (turn to 271), or do you examine the statue or fountain (turn to 35)?

3

Your hunting-knife slashes out and cuts away part of the web. Pulling yourself upright, you are faced by the Wasp Spider. You have no time to find your sword, and must defend yourself with your knife.

WASP SPIDER SKILL 6 STAMINA 2

If the Wasp Spider scores a hit against you, do not deduct the normal 2 STAMINA points. Instead, roll one die and lose as many STAMINA points as the result of your roll. The bite of the Wasp Spider is highly poisonous! If you succeed in beating the venomous Spider, turn to 356.

4

You walk to the top of the stairs and peer down. They seem very steep, and it is very dark down there. Then you draw back hurriedly, for you are sure you heard voices down there. Yes, there they are again: Lizard Men! You run for the other steps and leap up them quickly, hearing the clatter of the enemy's boots on the flagstones in the distance behind you. You come to a door, and once you have gone through, it slams shut behind you. In alarm you notice there is no lock, and gazing around you realize there is nothing to bar it with either. In blind terror you race down the corridor, pausing only long enough to notice that it is lined on either side by barred cells, until you reach another door at the far end. You kick at it – and it holds firm. It's locked! Your heart sinks. Will you continue trying to force it (turn to 321) or look for a key (turn to 264)?

5

You trip on a statue's arm and knock over your lantern. It goes out, plunging the room into pitch-darkness. You are surely doomed! You hear the strange shadow-creatures howl near by, but then they seem to be moving away from you. Their cries grow quieter until you are left in total silence again. Of course! If they are creatures of shadow, they won't be very strong without a light to give them substance! You paw about and find the lantern, and the two jets from the statue's eyes. Without lighting the lantern, you creep across the room, hoping that the Shadow Ghouls have definitely gone. You reach the far passage and head up it. When you feel you have put enough distance between yourself and the room you pause to calm your ragged nerves, and to light your lantern. You are alone; add 1 LUCK point. Walking on, you come to a new set of stairs, twisted and crumbling, which lead down. Turn to 152.

6

A horrendous grinding, crashing sound rends the air as your boat is torn in two. A split second before it is engulfed you dive into the water. Holding your breath, you try to swim away to surface safely, but the water is very turbulent as the galley sails above you. A great oar sweeps towards you, knocking the air from your lungs. Immediately you're gulping water and choking . . . drowning . . . dead.

7

Your tortured imagination can bear it no longer. Your nerve snaps and you turn and flee into the mist, but the voices and faces are all around you. You clutch your head and scream but no sound comes out. Dead faces loom out of the mist; swords and axes wielded by skeletal hands scythe the air around you. You fall to your knees in sheer terror. The roar of battle is all around. Metal clashes on metal and bone; screams and curses howl in your ears. The grinning death's-head faces of warriors long dead close in around you. Soon you will join their legion. Your quest is at an end.

8

You barge into the nearest tent, and are stopped in your tracks by a very rupulsive sight! A Lizard Woman is reclining in her tent amid the myriad smells emanating from the burning incense pots, the luxurious slime bath and her own foul body. You are quite overpowered, but you know you must do something before she can react. Will you turn and run from the tent (turn to 319), say something (turn to 254) or attack her (turn to 149)?

9

The following morning you rise with the dawn, feeling more refreshed and relaxed than you have in a very long while. Thoughts of the journey still ahead linger, though, and so it is with a sad smile that you bid farewell to White-eye and plunge into the thick jungle, hacking a path with your knife. The sun is soon high and it becomes desperately hot. The sweat drips from you as you slowly carve a path through the tangled undergrowth. By noon you have made good headway. As you travel you pick up more Provisions (up to the maximum of 4). After another hour or so you stop in the shade of a large tree and eat (deduct 1 Provision and recover STAMINA as usual). Suitably refreshed, you press on. Turn to 94.

10

An enormous green-skinned Hobgoblin leaps at you from the mêlée. Rabid and foaming at the mouth with blood-lust brought on by the battle, the foul creature yells a war-cry and swings his huge nail-studded mace at you!

HOBGOBLIN FANATIC SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If it scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to **306**. If you score two consecutive hits, or kill the Hobgoblin, roll a die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **322**; 3–4, turn to **187**; 5–6, turn to **192**.

11

You tell White-eye the whole story, leaving out nothing. He frowns with anxiety as he hears of the siege, looks deeply interested in the account of your dream, and seems at times thrilled and horrified by the tale of your quest so far. You feel comfortable here, and talk far into the night. Your narrative is disturbed by animal howls from outside the caravan, but the old man calms you. 'Don't fret: friends protect us. We cannot be harmed here.' You resume your tale. When it is finally at an end, White-eye leans forward in his chair and says, 'I have some news regarding this Laskar whom you seek. I do not

give freely, but I will gladly trade with you.' You cannot trade your father's things, but you may have something else to exchange. What can you trade?

Black lotus essence	Turn to **249**
Cloth o' gold	Turn to **49**
A mace	Turn to **129**
An Orc charm	Turn to **256**
A phial of purple liquid	Turn to **344**
A small panther idol	Turn to **389**

If you have nothing, or if you do not wish to trade, turn to **111**.

12

You steer your small boat for mid-stream. The sun is already making the air humid, and a thin haze of steamy mist sits on the cooler water. You could avoid the mist by steering for the north shore (turn to **295**) or continue in mid-stream (turn to **60**).

13

The bow is made from finely worked bone, and has a great many charms and sigils carved into it. Its three silvered arrows are turned to perfection, and you know that whenever you fire one you will be almost guaranteed of hitting and destroying your target. (Note down the bow and three arrows on your *Adventure Sheet;* every time you use an arrow you must cross it off.) If you have another item to choose, turn to **31** for the swirling globe or turn to **388** for the phial of liquid. If you now have your two items, turn to **361**.

14

You carefully push the dust-hardened curtain out of the way with your sword, revealing a circular chamber with an exit on its far wall. Cut into the walls on either side are dozens of narrow shelves, each one occupied by a body. These catacombs are very ancient, and many of the bodies have decomposed to skeletons, which look quite grisly in the flickering lantern-light. Gingerly you poke one of the cadavers, but nothing untoward happens. Do you move on (turn to **297**) or investigate further (turn to **351**)?

15

Did you think that creatures such as these would bow down in servitude to a priest of Telak? These are the servants of Chaos! Turn to **70**.

16

An incredibly hot sheet of flame explodes upwards into the sky, carrying with it the screams of dying Lizard Men. You turn away disgusted: surely it isn't right to fight in such a way? Lecarte, it seems, has no qualms – he's leaping up and down, cheering and yelling, with Snag capering round him. Leading Lecarte's horse by the reins, you set off on foot for Capra. Turn to **89**.

17

Covered by your cloak, you lie in the soft undergrowth and wait for sleep to come. The moon rises between the trees as you lie listening to the croaks, whistles and chirps of the jungle's nocturnal inhabitants until you fall asleep. Turn to **219**.

18

You scurry along the trench, keeping your head down to avoid being spotted. Suddenly you hear a loud, brash laugh from above you. You peer up, to see a huge Two-headed Lizard Man looking down at you from the side of the trench, brandishing a long, curving sword. There's no chance to use your bow, if you have it. You can leap out and attack him (turn to **30**), or grab his foot and try to pull him down into the trench (turn to **62**).

19

You land with a bump a moment later and your lantern goes out. You reach out for it and recoil! You touched something scaly that wriggled under your hand! Leaping back flat against the wall, you find your lantern again, and hastily light it. Oh, Telak! Snakes – black, viper-like snakes. Your mind races in panic as your horrified eyes scan the room. There is a large pile of rags and rubbish in the corner nearest you, and a passage leading off from the wall opposite you. Will you try to reach the exit (turn to **179**) or the rags (turn to **110**)?

20

The Krell you are chasing drops your sword and scampers off, swinging up into the branches with dextrous ease. It swings there, chattering and screaming, mocking you in a playful fashion. You retrieve your sword, gather up your things and move on. Turn to **221**.

21

'Come on!' shouts the man, pulling you with him as if you had no choice in the matter. You glance back over your shoulder. The Lizard Men have stopped at the edge of the copse, as if afraid to venture into it. A little further in, you come to a clearing. Tethered here are a horse and a small pony, both apparently grazing. As you approach them the pony lifts its head and you halt. It is not a pony at all but a Sabre-toothed Tiger! 'Easy, Snag,' says the stranger. 'Look, fresh lizard!' If you have your father's bow, turn to **284**; otherwise, turn to **98**.

22

You hail the travellers, greeting them cordially. There is no reply: they sit motionless on their mounts, who regard you with cold, lizard eyes. A chill breeze springs up, and you give a quick shudder. 'What's the matter? Have you lost your tongues?' you cry. Turn to **247**.

23

Through sheer momentum you have bludgeoned a way through the enemy lines, and many of your fellow warriors are with you. Pausing only to slash stray Swamp Goblins and panicked Lizard Men out of your way, you race on. A frightened riding lizard skitters across your path and you manage to grab its bridle and stop it. The enemy are regrouping behind you. If you are to escape you must go now. Do you want to try to ride the lizard (turn to 59) or escape on foot (turn to 144)?

24

They seem to be waiting, too, sitting motionless on their steeds. The peculiar lizards look at you both with cold, emotionless eyes. You shudder, and Katya does, too, as a chill of foreboding grips your body. And then, without a word or sign from their riders, the lizards start to move slowly towards you. Turn to 247.

25

Gathering all your strength, you give a sudden surge and burst from the web. In its anger the Wasp Spider stings you as you jump up, knocking it flying into the undergrowth. Roll one die: deduct as many STAMINA points as the result of the roll – the bite of the Wasp Spider is highly poisonous and often deadly. If you survive the sting you rest awhile, before staggering in the direction of the river to wash and refresh yourself. Turn to 356.

26

The massive Lizard Man Champion looks down at you from his bloodied perch, sneers an ugly sneer, and leaps to join battle with you. He is using his giant axe as his main weapon, but also attacks with a huge pointed dagger (treat it as a second opponent with the same SKILL value as the axe – if you lose to it, you take damage; otherwise you hold it off).

LIZARD MAN CHAMPION	SKILL 12	STAMINA 18

If he scores three hits against you, turn to 96. If by some good fortune you defeat, or kill, the Champion, turn to 166.

27

Keeping the dark, forbidding tangle of the jungle always on your right hand, you decide to head northwards. Away to the west is the southern extent of the Axehead Plain; as you gaze out over it you notice that something is burning on the horizon. Could it be Vymorna? No, it's too far north, you decide; it must be somewhere else under attack. You peer further south but cannot pick out the city from the haze. Will you keep heading north (turn to 331), or change your mind and head directly east (turn to 175)?

28

Howling for vengeance for his treachery you leap at Laskar. The old man looks momentarily frightened, but parries your blow easily, knocking you aside. The Lizard Men surround you, their swords raised for the final blows, which you know must come. Your adventure is over.

29

You run down the rough-walled passage before emerging in a much wider, very dusty tunnel that leads off both to the left and to the right. After some consideration you choose to go right and follow the passage as it leads down a shallow slope and into a large room. The room is empty of life, but features a row of large stone slabs that look (from the red patches splattered on them) as if they were used for dissecting bodies or some similarly gruesome activity. Around the walls lie the shards of smashed pots and vases, but most seem to be filled with ashes – you dare not think of what! Passages lead off straight ahead (turn to 357) and to the left (turn to 385).

30

The Lizard Man swings his sword at you as you clamber out of the trench, scoring an instant hit (deduct 2 STAMINA points).

TWO-HEADED LIZARD MAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, you may sneak away among the tents of the Lizard Man camp (turn to 294).

31

The globe contains fragments of crystal from petrified glow-worms. All you need do is shake the globe, which will light up, slowly fading after about five minutes. If you have another item to choose, turn to 388 for the phial of liquid, or turn to 13 for the bow and arrows. If you already have two items, turn to 361.

32

The ruins turn into those of the ancient docks of Vymorna. All around you are warehouses and boatyards, once bustling with trade, now shattered and empty. You move on. Will you keep to the alleyways (turn to 203), or sneak through the warehouse ruins (turn to 261)?

33

There is no sign of anyone who might have built the platform, nor any indication of why it should be here at all. A rickety rope-bridge overgrown with vines and creepers leads off between the trees to another platform a fair distance away. You are steeling yourself to cross it when you notice a knotted creeper hanging down from higher up one of the immense trees. Will you take the bridge (turn to 199) or climb the rope (turn to 243)?

34

The Tyrannosaurus Rex sees the Triceratops and bellows its rage. Leaping down the slope it grabs its huge opponent and attacks.

		SKILL	STAMINA
TYRANNOSAURUS REX	3 attacks	14	19
TRICERATOPS	2 attacks	12	18

You may fight the battle out if you wish, but by the time it is over you are well away from it. Turn to **76**.

35

It is a fountain, with a small statue of Telak pouring water into a shallow bowl. The water that trickles out, though, seems very dark. You catch some in your hand and examine it in the light of your lantern. Oh, Telak! It isn't water at all – it's *blood*! What evil has poisoned this place? You hurry from the room – you may go left (turn to **255**) or right (turn to **271**).

36

With howls of war-cries and the clash of metal on metal, battle is joined. You should fight it out. The Lizard Men attack in twos, and their opponents are Snag, Lecarte and yourself. The combatants each have the following profile:

		SKILL	STAMINA
LIZARD MEN	each	8	7
LECARTE		11	14
SNAG		12	8

Snag can make two attacks, but only on the same opponent. Any Lizard Men not involved in a fight will attempt to fire arrows into one of the battles. First, determine which battle they are aiming at, then roll one die. If you roll a 1, the arrow hits a Lizard Man; if you roll a 6, the arrow hits you or one of your allies. For each hit, deduct 1 STAMINA point. Eventually the skirmish will be over. If you win you may head for the relative safety of Capra. Turn to **89**.

37

You sneak up to the dozing aviator – and hit him across the head with the flat of your sword! He falls to the floor and lies still. Your troubles aren't over yet, though, as the Pterodactyl saw what happened and has taken fright. It's squawking and screeching fit to bust. Shouts come from the tents behind you. You must escape quickly. Will you leap on to the Pterodactyl and fly out of the camp (turn to **387**)? Or would you rather put your trust in a riding lizard (turn to **146**)?

38

You rest awhile, letting your panic subside and getting your breath back, before moving on. You prise open the door to reveal a short corridor, which leads to yet another door – does this place never end? You creep the length of the corridor and listen at the door, but hear nothing except the sound of gently running water. You force the door and almost slip sideways, for this room is at a very bizarre angle. More importantly, the door opposite you is behind a large gout of dark water, which is flowing through wide cracks in the wall and ceiling. Carefully, trying to avoid the flow, you move to the door. Turn to **82**.

39

Voices and faces surround you, swirling in the mist. You grit your teeth and try to stand firm. The battle rages on. With wide eyes and an ever-increasing sense of terror you stare at the ghostly warriors, all bedecked in ancient armour, their fleshless skulls grinning like death's heads as they fight on. You must do something about this. Will you command these visions to depart in the name of Telak (turn to **299**), in the name of your illustrious ancestors (turn to **232**), or stay where you are and watch (turn to **7**)?

40

Roll two dice. If you roll equal to or below your SKILL score, turn to **339**. If you roll above your SKILL score, turn to **109**.

41

The passageway, strewn with dust and rubble like so much of this underground maze, continues for a while, and then turns to the right. At the corner, though, you stop, for the tunnel ends in a wall of rubble – a dead end. Will you attempt to dig through the wall (turn to **128**), or would you rather retrace your steps and take the exit on the left (turn to **125**), or try the tunnel (turn to **67**)?

42

This healing draught will cure some of your wounds. Each time you take it (you may do so twice), roll one die, add 2 to the number you roll and recover as many STAMINA points. Bear in mind that your STAMINA score may not exceed its *Initial* level. You may take the draught at any time, providing you are not doing something strenuous like fighting or running, and that you are not restrained, tied up or in any way kept from making a normal action. Now return to the paragraph you came from.

43

The huddled shapes stand upright, revealing themselves to be three Rat Man engineers. They squeak a challenge and draw their shortswords. Luckily the trench is so narrow you need fight only one at a time. The first one leaps for you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAT MAN	5	6
Second RAT MAN	6	6
Third RAT MAN	6	5

If you defeat the Rat Men, you may move on to the right (turn to **206**), or to the left (turn to **277**).

44

After your 'visitor', you spend a restless night. You are determined to stay awake until dawn, but you find you keep dropping off to sleep. When you wake again the sun is already climbing in the morning sky. You scramble down from the tree and head off towards the river to wash and refresh yourself. Turn to **356**.

45

Oh, crikey! You clutch your stomach and turn blue, trying to stop the feeling that a rat is gnawing you from the inside! Guursh is deadly! Roll one die and lose as many STAMINA points as the result of your roll. If there is a chance that you're still alive after making such a drastic mistake, turn to **161**.

46

Your kick catches Laskar in the jaw, knocking him flying. You grab for the sword and one of the jewels. Note down which one you choose on your *Adventure Sheet* (you may only choose from those you threw on the floor):

Diamond	Turn to **371**
Emeralds	Turn to **228**
Jets	Turn to **173**
Ruby	Turn to **293**

47

The press of battle buffets you this way and that. And then, from out of the sky, a large leathery shape swoops across the battlefield. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **184**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **147**.

48

Laskar finds all kinds of equipment for you. Choose what you do not already have from the following list and write it on your *Adventure Sheet*: a sword, a lantern plus supply of oil and some flints to light it with, a length of rope, 4 Provisions. Fully equipped, you allow Laskar to lead you back to the ravine. Rather than climbing to the edge, though, he takes you by a wide sloping path down the side of the huge cut. The going is hard, and before long the track is so steep and rocky that you must rope yourselves together. Eventually you reach the base of the ravine and stand looking out across the ruined city with its once-beautiful buildings now lying at strange angles, twisted and cracked by their fall. Laskar leads you through the city, bringing you to where a huge depression leads down into the earth. The roof of a covered courtyard has fallen in, and several dark and forbidding passages lead off it. Laskar points one out. 'That one leads down to another courtyard from where you will find passages leading to the crypts, the royal palace and chief temple. I have not been further than the courtyard.' You embrace the old man and he departs to climb up to the temple on the north side of the

ravine and await your successful emergence from the underground complex. Will you descend into the darkness (turn to **289**), or pause awhile (turn to **367**)?

49

White-eye peers at the cloth, picks at it with a long fingernail, rubs it between his palms – then blows his nose on it! You object most strongly, but he calms you, saying that it is just a worthless piece of ordinary cloth dyed a golden colour and shows you the dye that has come off on his hands. Turn to **11** and choose again.

50

It is a fountain, with a small statue of Telak pouring water into a shallow bowl. The water which trickles out now, though, seems very dark. You catch some in your hand and examine it in the light of your lantern. Oh, Telak! It isn't water at all – it's *blood*! What evil has poisoned this place? You hurry from the room. Turn to **271**.

51

All day you wait, swapping nervous stories with Lecarte. Finally, as the sun is setting, the sound of hoofs comes from the west. In addition to those whom you fought earlier, there are six more Lizard Men – quite a force to be taken on by two adventurers and a tiger! The warriors ride up and head straight for the copse. This is it – there is no escape now. Turn to **36**.

52

Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **180**. If you roll more than your SKILL score, turn to **115**.

53

But you will need more than luck now that you are being chased by half a dozen Lizard Men, all mounted on riding lizards very much like yours. You spur your steed, and race away from the enemy lines. The chase is on! Turn to **177**.

54

You creep between the trees, starting at every rustle. After only a few steps you come to a small grassy clearing, dotted with bushes holding brightly coloured flowers and fruit. Surely this is too good to be true? you think. It simply *must* be a trap! You may wish to enter the clearing (turn to **279**), or perhaps you would rather return to your original path (turn to **257**).

55

Aaaarrghh! Over the edge you go. You land on a large pile of broken floorboards and other trash. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, you must deduct as many STAMINA points as the result of your roll. If you roll 5–6, you were lucky and avoided injury. After resting down there for a moment, you pull yourself out of the collapsed cellar, and move on. Turn to **32**.

56

You wake up with a jolt and go rigid as all the hairs on the back of your neck stand up. Something large is crawling along the branch towards you, dragging something behind it! You freeze, wishing you could sink back into the tree-trunk against which you are pressed. The thing gets larger, and you can hear the faint rasping of its breath. Will you attack it (turn to **225**), make a light (turn to **143**), or just stay still and hope that somehow it fails to notice you (turn to **352**)?

57

Suddenly there are Lizard Men everywhere, all slashing and cutting with their weapons. You don't stand a chance. Falling to the ground, the precious blood draining from your body, the last thing you hear is Laskar's laughter, an embodiment of pure Evil.

58

Steeling yourself for a trap, you thrust in your hand and grab a small, hard object. Slowly, nervously, you withdraw it, expecting every second something nasty to happen. It's a small idol, carved from some strange metal, depicting a panther-headed god like the larger figures dotted around the overgrown temple. You tuck it away in your rucksack, and press on. Turn to **245**.

59

The riding lizard is jittery, but you are an expert on horseback and the technique seems much the same. You grab the reins and swing yourself up into the small saddle. You kick your legs and with a screech it hares away. Maybe you are not such an expert after all – the Lizard is *very* difficult to control as it gallops about on only two legs! Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **260**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **91**.

60

A strange, soft lapping sound comes from within the mist. And then, without warning, a galley is upon you! Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **6**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **136**.

61

The rickety caravan is packed to the rafters with an incredible assortment of items. Bats hang from hooks, glass jars full of amazing things line the shelves, strange tapestries are piled thick on the floor. Candles in the corners flicker and dance as if animated, throwing wondrous shadows. The old man speaks: 'Welcome, young one, to the home of White-eye. I am a trader. I deal in anything and everything: advice, rare items from near and far, healing, heart's-ease, food and rest. I give and I receive, a fair exchange. Now, tell me your story and you can stay here for the night . . .' Do you want to tell him (turn to **11**), or would you rather not (turn to **108**)?

62

With a growl the Lizard Man slips over the edge of the trench. A sickening sound follows and his broken body lies still. Luckily for you, he fell on his sword; add 1 LUCK point. You continue along the trench, following it for some way before it ends in a set of rough wooden steps. You clamber up them and peer over the top. Turn to **294**.

63

All at once you are at the clearing. Dark shapes mounted on larger ones mill about in confusion, trapped by your simple barriers. You toss your taper high over their heads and turn and run. As you fly through the trees a vast sheet of flame springs up behind you, mingled with the screams of the dying Lizard Men. At a safe distance you stop and look back, feeling disgusted at what you have done. Always taught to fight fair, you feel you have somehow cheated. Lecarte rides up, all smiles. 'Come, my friend, let's go.' Offering you his big hand he helps you up into the saddle behind him and you set off for Capra, with Snag capering around your mount's legs. Turn to **89**.

64

You freeze instantly. That last cry was too artificial! Silently drawing your sword, you stand in the shadows and wait. With a whooping cry, a band of dark-skinned warriors clad in panther skins swings down at you from the trees, long knives slashing the air. You are ready for them, though, and leap to the attack. There are five warriors, and they attack two at a time. Each time a warrior falls another takes his place.

PANTHER WARRIORS	each	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you take two consecutive hits or your STAMINA score is reduced to 4 or less, turn to **381**. If you defeat the warriors, turn to **155**.

65

With a screaming bellow, a huge Stegosaurus lumbers through the ranks towards you, the Lizard Man on its back howling a blood-curdling war-cry.

STEGOSAURUS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

Roll one die every round. If you roll 6, you are hit by a sling-stone flung by the Lizard Man rider. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. If you score two consecutive hits against the Stegosaurus, or defeat or kill it, you can flee from it. Roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to 187; 3–4, turn to 144; 5–6, turn to 47.

66

'Oho!' comes a deep rumbling voice. You feel yourself hoisted aloft by the collar and slowly turned round until you are staring into the decidedly ugly features of a large Orc. 'A yooman! A yooman!' he yells. The funeral collapses in uproar.

The Shaman yells, 'A sacrifice! A gift to Lord Hashak! Yeah!' Will you try to fight (turn to 265) or surrender peacefully (turn to 343)?

67

The narrow tunnel seems to have been formed when part of the roof collapsed into a passage. Before you venture in you poke it with your sword to check that it is safe; it seems so, though a few particles of dust are dislodged. You wriggle in; it doesn't lead very far. At the other end it opens out into a room. You wriggle a little further, the floor beneath you crumbles, and you fall into the room. Turn to 19.

68

This small alcove was obviously used to store water, wine or something similar, for there are several smashed pots in it. They are of an interestingly ancient design, but don't appear to hold anything of interest. You poke around for a bit but nothing comes to light. Now you may investigate the other alcove (by going to 168), or leave the room (turn to 274).

69

The Commander and one of the Swamp Goblins leap to the attack, while the others hastily attempt to put out the flaming pitch and join the battle. They will engage you only if you defeat the first two.

	SKILL	STAMINA
COMMANDER	7	9
First SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Second SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Third SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5

If you defeat them, turn to **193**.

70

Wiping the sweat from your clammy hands, you grip the pommel of your sword and prepare for battle. You may fight the nightmarish creatures in twos. However, if you should score a hit, their revolting bony frames are so strong that your sword will only cause them to lose 1 STAMINA point.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ISHKARIM	9	8
Second ISHKARIM	8	9
Third ISHKARIM	7	8
Fourth ISHKARIM	8	10

If you defeat them all, you may take the jewel and leave by the small door to the stairs (turn to **87**).

71

You hear a tremendous thumping sound from the trench, and try to stay as low as you can. A huge riding lizard, along with its Lizard Man rider, leaps the trench and travels on. After dusting yourself down you creep on (turn to **104**).

72

The hours go by. The days go by. No help comes. Soon the vultures will be picking meat from your bones. Your adventure is over.

73

You creep nearer, crouching close to some low bushes a little way from the figures. At the top of the low hill you see the group of Orcs all lining up to pay their last respects to what seems to have been a very eminent (but now very dead) old Orc. You slip surreptitiously on to the end of the line. No one pays you much attention; everyone seems very upset and solemn. The dear departed was obviously well loved by these Orcs, as many are weeping openly. The line shuffles on and you get closer and closer to the funeral bier. It is at this moment that you remember sitting with your tutor back in Vymorna, sharing a laugh over the fact that Orc tradition declares that mourners must leave their teeth-marks in the body of the dead! How are you going to get out of this one? Will you attack the nearest Orc (turn to **265**), pretend to bite (turn to **250**), or actually bite the corpse (turn to **392**)?

74

What a magnificent place! Columns stretch out on both sides, disappearing into the shadows, but ahead of you – well, what a sight! The walls are lined with weapons and shields, and carved with murals depicting many great deeds. At their centre, though, stands a magnificent altar to Telak, and upon it stands a small plinth holding a magnificent ruby! Could this be the Eye of Telak? You glance warily around you, peering into the shadows. To one side of the altar there is a small door, obviously leading to the stairs up to the temple where you are to meet Laskar. Will you approach the altar (turn to **229**) or leave by the small door (turn to **87**)?

75

Your equipment and weapons are tossed out to the warriors, and then you are trussed up and carried off to a distant platform high in the trees. There you lie until sunset, immobile and desperately thirsty. As the moon rises you try to relax and sleep but you are very afraid. From beneath you comes the padding of many feet through the undergrowth. You roll to the edge of the platform and peer over. There are a myriad shapes moving about in the moonlight – panthers, dozens of them. Footsteps sound on the platform behind you, something gives you a small push and you fall. The panthers look at you, delicious hunger in their eyes. Claws lash out. Your quest is over.

76

Congratulating yourself, you stride on across the rocky landscape. By the time the sun is starting to set you have descended again to a flat, dusty plain dotted with occasional trees, with the ever-present tangle of jungle away to your right. By now you should really be looking for somewhere safe to spend the night, but nowhere presents itself. And then . . . surely not? A light up ahead, between the trees. You creep closer. Of all the things to find in this forsaken wilderness: a caravan, a gypsy caravan! It stands in the shade of a clump of scrubby trees, an old horse sleepily grazing the rough grass near by. Will you approach the caravan (turn to **268**) or would you rather wait and watch (turn to **366**)?

77

You duck back into the anteroom and cower in the shadows to plan your next move. Suddenly you hear footsteps on the stairs from Telak's temple. The door is flung open and a party of Lizard Men emerge. You have no chance against them – you struggle as they grab you and drag you into the temple before Laskar, but it's no use. The old man turns with a grin of pure malice on his face. One of

the Lizard Men hands Laskar a bundle wrapped in cloth. He greedily unwraps it to reveal a gorgeous longsword, obviously the Arm of Telak. 'Now, fool! Do you have the Eyes?' demands the old man in a crazed voice. You reach into your pack and retrieve whatever gemstones you found on your travels. (If you have no gems, turn to 57.) With a disdainful gesture you scatter them across the floor. Laskar dives for them with a mad shout and you lash out at him. Roll two dice. If you roll your SKILL score or less, turn to 46. If you roll more than your SKILL score, turn to 57.

78

A brass-bound door opens to reveal a small passage, which in turn leads to a large room. The chamber is empty of life, but features a row of large stone slabs that look (from the deep red patches splattered on them) as if they were used for dissecting bodies or some similarly gruesome activity. Around the walls lie the shards of smashed pots and vases, but most seem to be filled with ashes – of what, you dare not contemplate! Passages lead off straight ahead and to the right. After peering down both you decide to go right. Turn to 385.

79

'We've got several options,' Lecarte tells you. 'We could make a run for Capra, but the Lizard Men might catch us, especially since we have only one horse. Alternatively, we could wait for them to return and fight them off. Or we could try something else; I have a fire-making substance that I acquired from an old trader of Kallamehr. If we could lure the Lizard Men into a trap and set it off we could wipe 'em off the face of Titan! Now, I'm not sure whether that plan would work at all, so the decision is up to you.' Will you run for it (turn to 120), stay and fight (turn to 51) or set a trap (turn to 349)?

80

You march on, now keeping your eyes peeled for any threat. After an hour passes without incident, you stop and eat some Provisions (if you have any). Your supplies may be getting low. If you want to hunt out some more Provisions, turn to 54; if you would rather trek on, turn to 257.

81

Being careful not to trip over the loose rocks, you lead the raging Tyrannosaurus Rex back to the edge of the ridge. If you can get him there before he attacks you, he should distract the Triceratops! As you reach the edge he makes one final lunge for you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 34. If you are Unlucky, turn to 132.

82

You kick open the door, step through the dark water and trudge up a sloping passageway, leaving wet squelchy footprints behind you. The passage curves round to the right and then the path forks. You may take the right fork (turn to 244) or the left (turn to 395).

83

Keeping your head bowed so that your hood covers your features, you lift the chariot for the mutant Lizard Man to refit the wheel. The impatient priest jumps in without thanking you, and cracks his whip for the mutant to pull along again. As the mutant passes you and catches sight of your face, his eyes widen in alarm. You wink at him as he scurries off, his cruel master's whip cracking across his shoulders. Add 1 LUCK point. You move on. Turn to 319.

84

They seem to be waiting too, sitting motionless on their steeds. The peculiar lizards look at you with cold, emotionless eyes. You shudder, as a chill of foreboding grips your body. And then, without a word or movement from their riders, the lizard mounts start slowly to move towards you. Turn to 309.

85

'Well, at least take something, even if it's only a good-luck charm.' You pore over the big man's wares, which include a pot of black lotus incense; a dazzling square, which Lecarte claims is cloth o' gold; a small idol in the shape of a squat man with a panther's head; a finely worked mace; a jagged copper Orc charm; and a phial of purple liquid. Choose one, then turn to 223.

86

You peer over the top of a barrel. A curious sight greets your eyes. A small chariot being pulled by a stunted, mutant Lizard Man has shed a wheel and its passenger, a haughty-looking old Lizard Man priest, is beating the unfortunate creature. You can't understand the words he's saying, but he's obviously furious, alternately shading his eyes from the sunlight and lashing out with a crop. The priest gives an exasperated sigh and gazes around him, obviously looking for someone to assist him. You duck down again, but were you fast enough? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **134**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **105**.

87

The door opens easily enough, leading to a narrow, rough-hewn passageway which slopes up for some distance. Eventually it ends in a small, smooth-walled chamber. Another leads off to your left, but you're more interested in the stairs, which spiral up to Laskar and freedom! Turn to **301**.

88

You grab for your sword and lash out with it, striking at the foul bird as the wind whistles around you!

PTERODACTYL SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you score three hits against the overgrown bird it will drop you – turn to **131**.

89

You reach Capra's welcoming walls and are soon safe behind its thick wooden stockade. It was once a small trading settlement, but now it is crammed to bursting with nomads and farmers afraid of constant attacks by the Lizard Man raiding bands. The townsfolk are stunned by the news of Vymorna, and do all they can to make you feel welcome. All you really want to do is get some rest, but you end up sitting in the Council House for much of the night telling of the siege. Eventually, though, even the anxious relatives clamouring for news of people in the city can see you need some sleep, and leave you alone. Turn to **202**.

90

The door holds. You hear the sound of feet ringing on the stairs behind you. You throw your whole weight against the door again, but to no avail: it won't budge. The other door flies open, and all of a sudden you are being faced by four callously grinning Lizard Men. You must fight them two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LIZARD MAN	8	7
Second LIZARD MAN	7	7
Third LIZARD MAN	9	7
Fourth LIZARD MAN	7	8

If you defeat all four opponents, turn to **38**.

91

More by luck than judgement you manage to steer the lizard in the right direction, away from the battle. You leap through the straggling ranks of Lizard Men. In front of you, beyond the last series of barricades and a few amazed soldiers, there is only open country, and freedom. You urge your mount forward, pleading with it to jump the barricades. Roll one die. If you roll 1–5, turn to **263**. If you roll 6, turn to **260**.

92

The sudden light is blinding – but the enormous Black Panther recovers first. Wicked claws slash at you; deduct 2 STAMINA points.

BLACK PANTHER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the savage creature, turn to 44.

93

You creep from the castle as the first rays of light are touching the tallest towers. Away to the west you can hear battle being joined as a group of defenders make a suicidal attack on the Lizard Man lines in the hope that they will divert attention away from you. You sneak through the ruined houses down to a conduit, which leads through the lower walls. Soon you'll have to decide whether you are going to head for the plains or the river, but first you must get clear of the city walls! You scuttle through the trenches, hunched in your cloak, until the path divides into two. Will you take the right (turn to 206) or the left path (turn to 296)?

94

Throughout the day Ariella, the sun goddess, blazes down on you. Every step you take is accompanied by a startling screech or growl. You continue to head east, through the ferociously tangled undergrowth. Around noon you have a run-in with a small panther, though the creature scampers away – you don't know who was more terrified, you or it! [**] As the sun starts to sink behind you, you are pleased to hear the sound of the river alongside you, although you can't see it. As you walk on, the ground becomes damp and marshy, and soon you have trouble finding a dry path; you weave this way and that around large, swampy pools and find your feet sinking into the saturated ground. You can try to make camp where you are (turn to 278), or go on a little way in the hope of finding more solid ground (turn to 378).

95

You make it, but only just! As you walk down the dark corridor you can still hear the rubble you dislodged bouncing off the wall of the well as it falls into the depths. The passageway ends in five shallow steps, which lead up to another rotting door. From behind it, as you listen, you can hear creaking, like a door blowing in the wind, perhaps. You listen again, but the noise seems to have stopped. You push the door and it gives, but opens with a very loud groan that will guarantee you're not going to surprise the occupants of this room! Turn to 153.

96

Battered and bruised, blinded by blood pouring from a slash across your forehead, you stagger about in a daze. Someone – or something – batters into you and sends you flying into the midst of the battle. Turn to **144**.

97

You continue on your way, hacking at the tangled undergrowth. The sun rises; the night's animals creep back to their dens to sit out the scorching day in cool shadows. Different creatures screech and chatter in the branches above you. Soon you are bathed in sweat, wishing you could stop, but always pressing on. Turn to **204**.

98

You accompany the strange man as he lays an ambush for the Lizard Men. You can only watch as he picks off two Lizard Men with his arrows. Then, from the low branch of a nearby tree, the Sabre-toothed Tiger leaps down at the inhuman enemy. The mounts of the remaining Lizard Men shy away, turn and run. Snag chases them for a short while, then gives up and returns to the scene of the battle. It sniffs the Lizard Man corpses for a moment before turning up its nose and trotting back to its master. Turn to **240**.

99

A wide-winged Pterodactyl bearing a Lizard Man pilot swoops down to attack, screeching with delight at having found a new prey! Each time it dives at you, the Lizard Man attempts to poke you with his javelin. Treat them as separate opponents. If the creature and its rider have not killed you after six rounds, they will fly away. If you manage to kill it, the beast will flop down to the ground, allowing the Lizard Man to leap off and attack you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
PTERODACTYL	7	9
LIZARD MAN	6	7

If you survive this attack, you may continue on your journey (turn to **164**).

100

From behind your hiding-place another large Orc strides up. You breathe a gentle sigh of relief, but keep your head down. The Orc is greeted by another: ''Ello, cuzzin Skaldak. Dat's a bad sniffle yoo got dere.'

'Eh?' replies Skaldak. 'It weren't me oo sneezed. It cum from dat bush dere!' You hear their footsteps getting closer to you. So much for LUCK! Turn to **66**.

101

The key fits easily, but requires a lot of forcing to spring the ancient lock. Finally it gives way with a satisfying click, and the box opens to reveal a massive gleaming diamond lying on a base of rotting purple cloth. You gasp in amazement at its size – it must be worth a fortune! Recovering yourself, you secrete the gem in your rucksack, and move on to explore the other room. Turn to 312.

102

You stagger on. The mist is thicker, if anything, than it was before. The ground becomes littered with small white stones and pebbles, which make it increasingly difficult to walk. There's another howl, this time from behind you. Whatever it is, either it circles you – or you are walking round in circles! The rocks crunch beneath your feet and you look down in horror. They are not pebbles: you are walking on bones, a field of small white bones! Shapes loom in the mist around you, accompanied by more heart-chilling howling. Your every instinct is to run, but where to? Will you run (turn to 195) or stay where you are (turn to 39)?

103

You resume your journey, heading due east now. This terrain is very empty, with little sign of life. The land begins to rise. You make camp among a few trees half-way up a rocky hillside, listening to the howls of nocturnal creatures hunting way off in the dark night. In the morning you continue travelling, seeing for the first time the broad band of jungle ahead of you on the horizon. Turn to 377.

104

This part of the trench has obviously seen some fairly recent fighting, as bloodied bodies lie sprawled in the mud. It seems that a unit of men from the city were holding an important junction against a large force of Orcs and Hobgoblins, but eventually succumbed to superior numbers. There is no sign of anyone around now, though, and you may choose which path to take. You may go left (turn to 18), right – almost certainly down to the river (turn to 380) – or take the central trench (turn to 277).

105

'Grgll'garr! Kffthkr'll!' The old priest has seen you, and is plainly ordering you to help, as his useless servant is now fully occupied in cowering at his scaly feet. You realize that your hood and cloak, together with all the mud plastered over you, must make the short-sighted priest think you are another mutant Lizard Man! There is no time to flee. Will you aid the priest (turn to **283**) or attack him (turn to **157**)?

106

You race down the passage, the fire's heat warming the back of your neck as clouds of smoke billow from the room. The passageway joins a wider tunnel and you run down it, coughing and choking. You run out into a large room and stop to catch your breath – and examine your find. There are several table-like slabs of stone here, obviously used for some grisly purpose, for they all bear the dark brown splatters of ancient blood-stains. You pause by one and carefully unwrap the bundle, shaking it to make sure that no snakes are still hiding in its folds. Inside the bundle, wrapped up in oil-cloth to keep it free from tarnish, is a magnificently decorated sword, engraved and bejewelled, but with something

missing from the end of its hilt. What could this be but the Arm of Telak? (Add 2 LUCK points and note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*.) You gaze at the wondrous weapon for a while, before wrapping it up again and strapping it to your back for safety. Now you may leave this chamber by heading left (turn to **385**) or going straight on (turn to **357**).

107

You scull your small craft along the southern side of the river, just out of reach of the branches of the trees overhanging the bank. As you think about them, you realize that you are sailing along the northern edge of the infamous mangrove swamps of Silur Cha, home to the Lizard Man invaders currently pulling down your beloved Vymorna stone by precious stone. The trees begin to look dark and forbidding, holding hidden dangers for you. Will you sail on your present course (turn to **359**) or push out for mid-stream (turn to **12**)?

108

'Why keep silent, young one? You need not fear me, for I serve no one but myself, and mean no harm to anyone because of it. And no one could ever harm me because of it, either. I have made sure of that.' The old man gazes deep into your eyes, and you feel your angry spirit diminishing. You tell White-eye the story of your journey and the siege, and of your hopes and dreams, and more. You talk and talk, feeling somehow compelled to continue. And finally there is nothing more to tell, and you slump in the chair, feeling tricked by this wizened old gypsy. You are not sure what to do; half of you wants to attack him (turn to **285**), while the other half wants to relax and indulge the old man (turn to **391**).

109

The boats draw near. Each holds two grinning Swamp Goblins – they obviously expect an easy victory! You may fight a boatload at a time; each of the three boats holds two Goblins.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Second SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5
Third SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Fourth SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5
Fifth SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Sixth SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5

If you defeat all six Swamp Goblins, turn to **275**.

110

Waving your sword wildly, you attempt to clear a path to the rags. Fight the snakes as one opponent.

TOMB VIPERS	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat them, you manage to get to the pile of rags and clear them of their slithering inhabitants. You grab a large handful of rags, set fire to them and throw them towards the doorway to create a pathway. You grab a second handful, and feel something long and hard wrapped up in the cloth. Hastily tucking it under your arm, you cast more burning rags towards the door, and then make a run for it. You leap the flames, reach the doorway, and fling yourself down the corridor, your heart going fit to burst! Turn to **106**.

111

'Ah, well,' says White-eye, 'so we can't do business. Never mind. Rest now, for it will be light soon enough and you have a long journey still ahead of you.' You take his advice and lie down and close your eyes, but sleep evades you for some time. Just what does the old man know? Eventually, though, you sleep. Turn to **9**.

112

A towering Lizard Man warrior crashes into you, swinging a large flint-edged sword and parrying your blows with a crudely made shield

LIZARD MAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If the Lizard Man scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to **162**. If you score two consecutive hits against him, or kill your opponent, roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **192**, 3–4, turn to **322**, 5–6, turn to **187**.

113

The messenger, who tells you her name is Katya, agrees to accompany you, but says that her horse is in no shape to be ridden. You set off on foot, leading the ailing beast behind you. That night, you make camp with the dark canopy of the jungle only half a day's walk away on the horizon. The two of you, glad of the company, sit around the fire talking late into the night before sleeping. In the morning you wake to find that Katya's horse has died during the night. You continue your journey on foot. Turn to **272**.

114

You lie stunned in the long grass, temporarily winded by your fall. Looking around you notice a copse only a short way away. Will you attempt to make a run for the trees (turn to **341**), or stand and face the enemy (turn to **189**)?

115

Aiieee! Your hand slips and you slide down the vine, burning several layers of skin off your hand (deduct 1 SKILL point). You land in a heap, disturbing a cloud of flies and butterflies, which buzz around your head before flitting away. You pick yourself up, dust yourself down as best you can and walk on, promising you won't try anything so foolish in the future! Turn to **170**.

116

You creep nearer to the immense siege engine. There seem to be three engineers, Swamp Goblins, commanded by a very officious-looking Lizard Man. They are preparing to fire, lighting huge bales of straw and wood dipped in a cauldron of steaming green pitch. What will you do now? You could sneak away again (turn to **363**), wait for the soldiers to be fully occupied and then leap to the attack (turn to **69**), or if you have your father's bow you could fire one of the special arrows at the pitch (turn to **222**).

117

The ground is very spongy and damp. You sink into it up to your ankles, but luckily no further. After only a few dozen careful paces the ground hardens again and you can go on as before. Turn to **194**.

118

You creep closer, sticking to the bushes. Orcs are lining up to pay their last respects to the body lying on the large funeral bier at the top of the hillock. As you are watching the line shuffle along, a very large Orc comes and stands in silent contemplation right by the bush in which you are hiding! The bush is very prickly, scratching your face and tickling your nose. Suddenly you just know it: you're going to sneeze! Here it comes. Oh, no! Atishoo! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **100**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **66**.

119

You pull back the remains of the curtain – and come face to face with another Giant Slug! If you are ever going to get out of this room you will have to attack it.

GIANT SLUG SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you defeat it you may enter this alcove (turn to **68**), or leave the room and continue your exploration (turn to **274**).

120

Lecarte looks doubtful, but you set off anyway. The horse is laden with large panniers and bundles of goods, and as a result you make little headway. The shadows lengthen as the sun nears the horizon, but there is still no sign of Capra. Then, from behind you, comes the unmistakable rumbling of hoofs. Looking back, you can count the dark shapes heading straight for you: as well as all the Lizard Men who escaped you earlier, there are another six, quite a force to be taken on by two adventurers and a tiger. Will you continue to run from them (turn to 135), or turn and fight (turn to 36)?

121

With a snort the startled Lizard Man wakes up, sees you, and draws a cruelly curving dagger.

LIZARD MAN PILOT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to 368.

122

The ground rises to a small hillock dotted with sparse patches of bushes and trees. At the crest of the hill a motley group stands gathered around a large funeral bier. Looking closely you can see that, despite the veils and dark clothes, the mourners are all Orcs! To one side a bizarrely dressed shaman leaps and capers, throwing bones and entrails to the winds in honour of the dead. In your disguise you could creep closer still and take a better look. While you are deciding, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 73. If you are Unlucky, turn to 198.

123

You come face to face with a dead end as the trench stops in a blank wall. This part must be still under construction. Overhead a huge Pterodactyl wheels above the battlefield, shrieking a ghostly cry. You scurry back to the junction and this time take the left branch. Turn to 18.

124

You creep round, flat against the wall for the most part, avoiding the rubble and broken fittings. Luckily the Slug seems to be intent on eating the remains of a large tapestry. You reach the rotten curtain covering the first alcove. Will you dart inside (turn to 211) or attack the repellent creature (turn to 375)?

125

The archway leads through to another, very large chamber. You raise your lantern and peer in – and stop in amazement. As far as the eye can see stretch row upon row of petrified stone warriors. Their armour and weapons are detailed and lifelike, though very ancient and foreign in design. So lifelike are they, in fact, that you could almost swear that they were looking back at you! Will you enter and explore (turn to **160**), or retrace your steps and take either the narrow tunnel (turn to **67**) or the right-hand archway (turn to **41**)?

126

You have no chance of fleeing from such teeming numbers! Fight them as one opponent.

WHARF RAT PACK SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

After five rounds of combat you may escape, if you wish, and turn to **203**.

127

You strike the chest with your sword, try to prise it open with your knife, throw it against the wall, even kick it about a bit but nothing seems even to dent it! You root about in the debris for a key, but find nothing. In disgust you toss the chest into a corner and continue on to the other room. Turn to **312**.

128

You dig for some time, but make no progress. You have moved a fair-sized pile of rocks and debris from the wall, but you seem no nearer to breaking through it. In disgust you give up, collect your things and return to the crypt. You must now choose between going left (turn to **125**) or wriggling down the tunnel (turn to **67**).

129

'What need have I of weapons? I am a man of peace and my friends protect me. Furthermore, I will not trade in weapons of war. I will not trade for this.' White-eye gives you a look that says, 'You should have known better!' Turn to **11** and choose again.

130

It is about half an hour before dawn when you ride out through the shattered main gate of Vymorna with the troop of soldiers who are going to provide an armed escort as far into the enemy lines as they can. The ruins of the outer walls are quiet, save for the feasting of the ever-present vultures and crows. Slowly, picking your way around ruined houses and streets where you used to play, you ride towards the flat, blood-stained plain where the main engagement is to take place. As you leave the ruins behind you peer out across to the sprawling enemy lines. From every side rise soldiers of Evil. They cheer a heart-stopping war-cry, and battle is joined! Turn to **220**.

131

Down, down you fall, the wind whistling through your cape. With an almighty splash you hit the river. For a moment you struggle, before breaking the surface again and gulping in air. You are only a few paces from the shore, and soon you are hauling yourself out. You rest awhile, taking in your surroundings. A little over fifty paces away, a guard stands with his back to you, watching over a host of small boats. If you could steal one you could row up-river with little danger. You might rush the guard (turn to **313**), distract him by throwing something like a pebble (turn to **174**), or sneak around him through the remains of the old dockside buildings (turn to **158**).

132

The Tyrannosaurus Rex is upon you! In vain you try to fend off the cruel snapping jaws, but no matter how hard you fence you cannot win. Soon you will know what few others have known – the inside of a Tyrannosaurus Rex! Your adventure is over.

133

Laskar is still gloating over having you right where he wants you, when a heavily armed band of Lizard Men enter from the back of the temple, presumably having come along the same route as you. Their commander crosses to the old man, carrying a long object wrapped in rags. He speaks with Laskar, who exclaims in your tongue, 'Ha! The Arm of Telak. Now we shall see whether the legends are as true as some believe! You!' – directing his attention to you – 'Give me the gemstones you found on your little, er, excursion!' You have no option but to hand over whatever gems you found on your travels. (If you found none, turn to **57**.) You toss the gem or gems on to the floor. Laskar dives for them, a mad gleam in his eye. In a last desperate attempt to be free, you lash out at him with your foot. Roll two dice. If you rolled equal to or less than your SKILL score, turn to **46**. If you rolled higher than your SKILL score, turn to **57**.

134

Keeping your head down very low, you wait for the noise to die away, before peering out again. The coast is clear and you may move on. Turn to **319**.

135

You kick the horse into action but already the Lizard Men are gaining on you. The lights of Capra appear ahead at last, and Lecarte sounds his horn. You are gratified to hear one answer him from the walls of the settlement. Arrows start to whistle around you and you begin to weave about. It will take you twenty rounds to reach the safety of Capra. For each round roll one die. If you roll 6, you are hit by an arrow and must deduct 2 STAMINA points. If you get to Capra alive, turn to **89**.

136

The galley scrapes by, its huge wake soaking you and threatening to capsize your puny craft. As it sails off into the distance – to deliver more supplies and troops for the siege, no doubt – you begin bailing out the water. All your Provisions are ruined (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*), but otherwise things are all shipshape, and you can sail on. Turn to **376**.

137

You slip round, flat against the wall to avoid being seen by the repulsive creature. In the corner of the room you come across a small metal-bound door. You may go through the door (turn to **355**), or continue round the edge of the room (turn to **329**).

138

You clamber over, around and among the statues, which creak and rock beneath you. Looking down, you see that the one on which you are standing is of your patron, Telak – and that its eyes are made of solid jet. The Eyes of Telak? Of course! You bend down in the flickering light of your lantern and prise out the gems. In the corner of your eye, though, you see the shadows waver and coalesce. Something's watching you! You look up, and can't believe what you can see. Silhouetted against the far wall are evilly shaped shadows, slanting eyes and toothy mouths cut out of them as if the shadows were the creatures. You glance around – the shadows *are* the creatures! You leap up, grabbing your sword. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **200**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **5**.

139

You leap behind some large rocks as four riders thunder by, swathed in hoods and cloaks despite the heat. You are going to call to them, but then see they are mounted on four-legged riding lizards. No humans would ever be riding such beasts, you think with a smile. The riders head away south, while you continue to head east, more wary of danger now. Turn to **257**.

140

You hesitate a moment, and your eyes widen as you see a large Lizard Man march briskly across to Laskar, talk for a moment, salute and then march back out of your sight. It is a trap! Do you have the Arm of Telak (turn to 373) or not (turn to 77)?

141

Lecarte rubs disgusting greeny-brown muddy stuff into your face and hands from a small pot he finds among one of his bundles, and gives you a rough jerkin and leggings to wear under your cloak. 'From a distance,' he assures you, 'you'll pass for a non-human, as long as you don't talk to anyone and don't get too close.' It is now time for you to depart. Turn to 223.

142

The priest gazes deep into your eyes, and you gaze back. Surely you have seen such eyes before, gazing at you from a Black Panther's face! Could it be that these people are shapechangers, were-men? The priest solemnly picks up your pack and hands it to you, and orders that you be lowered to the ground. Your arms are untied and you are escorted back to where you were first captured. As he turns to go, the priest looks at you, nods, and turns away. Within seconds there is no trace of the Panther Warriors. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to 155.

143

Do you have anything with which to make a light, something of your father's, perhaps? If you do, turn to 92. If you do not, you can stay absolutely still (turn to 352) or you can attack the creature (turn to 225).

144

Somehow you find yourself cut off from your own side, surrounded by the enemy. All around you mill Trolls, Ogres, Lizard Men, Mutant Orcs and more. For a moment you stagger about in a daze, then a heavy blow smashes across the back of your head. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 162.

145

A horse trots up. Its rider is wearing the uniform of a messenger or scout, and is carrying a bow and a longsword. Both horse and rider seem very tired and dusty from the trail. Will you attack them (turn to 384), or greet them peacefully (turn to 396)?

146

The riding lizard is very sure-footed and is soon striding off through open country on its strong hind legs. With your heart still pounding in your chest with excitement, you realize you are free of the city! Add 1 LUCK point, and turn to 53.

147

Two huge claws grasp your shoulders and wrench you from the ground, high up into the sky. For a moment your mind revolves in sheer panic, but you soon calm yourself, and work out what to do. Will you attack the creature with your sword (turn to 88) or wait and see what happens to you (turn to 270)?

148

You creep round the animal pens, noticing with delight that apparently they are not guarded. It should be an easy task to steal one of the riding lizards (turn to 350). Or would you rather continue on your way out of the Lizard Men's camp (turn to 237)?

149

The disgusting creature leaps at you, bellowing like a wild boar. She has no weapon, but her fingernails are sharpened into talons. In the confusing fumes of the incense you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this fight.

LIZARD WOMAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you defeat her, turn to 280.

150

You hang on to your perch for a while longer, enjoying the breeze. Eventually, though, you must climb down. As you lower yourself through the branches, you notice that there is a clump of long vines hanging from the tree. You are suddenly tempted to swing on one, but would it be safe? Do you want to try (turn to 52) or would you rather climb down to the ground (turn to 170)?

151

Slashing away at the vines, you give yourself a nasty shock as you reveal a large panther-head carved out of some kind of dark rock. These people obviously worshipped a huge panther-god. Between the snarling jaws of the statue, there is a deep, dark hollow. You peer into it, but can see nothing. Will you take a chance and reach into it (turn to **58**), or leave this place (turn to **245**)?

152

This chamber is smaller and more upright than the last. Its walls are lined with shelves, each piled high with musty, rotting ceremonial robes. It seems to be some sort of a dressing-room – the temple to Telak must be very near here. As you search through them, you find some robes in good enough condition to wear. Decide whether you want to wear the robes, and then leave the room by the small door opposite, following the narrow winding passage which leads down to another similar door. You pause and press your ear to the door, but you hear nothing. With your sword at the ready, you push open the door. Turn to **74**.

153

The door opens to reveal a vast hall, its far end shadowy in your flickering lantern-light. You can just make out a large pair of double doors set in the far wall, and a pair of tattered curtains covering two small alcoves on the right wall. More importantly, though, you can also make out the huge grey slug-like creature, which is chomping at one of the curtains! What will you do:

Attack the creature	Turn to 375
Slip round the room's left wall	Turn to 124
Slip round the room's right wall	Turn to 137

154

You pick your way up the stairs, which lie at a terrible, twisted angle, causing you several anxious moments as you drag yourself along. By the top you are walking half on the floor and half on the wall! A small door is set in the wall at the top of the steps, its frame shattered and smashed. You listen at the door but hear nothing except your own heartbeat. Will you enter the room (turn to 311), or would you rather return down the stairs and take the other passage (turn to 353)?

155

You trek onwards, expecting to feel the sting of blow-pipe darts with every step, as the ground rises into the foothills of the Lion Heights. By mid-afternoon the ground is rising steadily and the climb is getting steeper. You stop to eat some Provisions in the shade of a large thorn-bush. As you are sitting munching a large, sweet fruit, you hear a heavy flapping of wings. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 186. If you are Unlucky, turn to 99.

156

In your delusions, you dream of water bathing your face, of standing beneath an ice-cool waterfall . . . You wake in a darkened room, the wizened face of a man staring down at you. You start and try to sit up, but he quietens you, replacing the damp cloth on your forehead. You sleep again. When you wake again, it is still dark, and the old man is still sitting beside you. 'Ah, my young friend,' he purrs. 'Awake at last. Good. I think you should be able to get up now.' He waves a hand towards a pile of your clothes and equipment. 'I found your things scattered in the sand, near where, ummm . . .' His voice trails off in sadness. You try to sit up, and find, to your surprise, that you can. You look at yourself: you are very thin and your skin is peeled and burnt, but otherwise you seem to have made a good recovery (you may replace all but 2 of your lost STAMINA points). Looking around, you discover that you are inside a cluttered caravan. Turn to 61.

157

Your luck has run out, it seems. The priest peers closely at you, despite the savage sun making him squint. He sees immediately that you are a human, shrieks a curse, and leaps to the attack with his crop!

LIZARD MAN
PRIEST SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you defeat the priest, turn to **319**.

158

You sneak along through the rubble, nearer and nearer to the boats. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **181**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **313**.

159

You dive through the door. There is no floor! Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **386**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **55**.

160

You tiptoe through the room of stone warriors, hardly daring to breathe. You feel a thousand pairs of dead eyes on you, but every time you wheel and stare at the figures you see nothing but stone. What you could do with such a force of soldiers! you muse. You leave through the archway at the far end of the chamber, following a wide, dusty passage which leads down and away to the right. Eventually the corridor ends in a largish room. At its centre stand three large stone slabs that appear to have been used for some gruesome practice, for they all bear the dark brown splatters of ancient blood-stains. Beyond speculating as to what went on here there is nothing of interest, and you press on. Will you take the left exit (turn to **385**) or the right (turn to **357**)?

161

You feel very, very ill. The Orcs are all laughing and singing, and showing no ill effects from the repellent stuff, but you feel absolutely dreadful. You wander off and lie down for a bit, your head reeling . . . You wake in a heap on a grassy hillside. Your mouth feels as though a rat has nested in it and you can't focus your eyes! You stand up somehow, and stagger wildly off down the hill to bathe your face in a stream. You feel very groggy, and have a splitting headache. You must temporarily reduce your SKILL score by 2 points. You will recover when you meet this symbol [**] in the text, but not before. You arrange your equipment as best you can and stagger on, now heading east; your path is wooded, with trees all around. At the far end of the woods you pause for breath, but then hear the unmistakable sound of horse's hoofs, getting closer. Turn to 185.

162

You wake up face down in blood-stained mud, lying sprawled with a number of decaying corpses in the bottom of a trench. Your chest hurts from a deep gash, and there is blood in your hair and a huge bump on your head, but otherwise you seem to be all right. Turn to 333.

163

'Oh, yeh! Kuzbag's kid! My, 'aven't yoo grown, eh? 'Ow's yer dad?' Before you can answer, luckily, the shaman bellows for everyone to raise a toast to their dear departed chieftain. It strikes you that everyone here has already drunk several dozen toasts, but mugs are passed round, and one is thrust into your hand. You peer in and recoil. It's Guursh, the dreaded Orc ale! Will you refuse to drink (turn to 66), pretend to drink (turn to 210), or drink it all (turn to 45)?

164

There must be a force of Lizard Men near by, you decide – but surely they can't know that you are in the area? You hurry onwards, climbing higher up into the hills. The day begins to wane and you are still climbing. The trees are getting sparser, and the climb is getting harder. Evening comes but you press on, certain that you are close to your goal. You come to a rocky escarpment and start to ascend it. All at once a tremendous howling roar comes from above you. You look up in panic, and see an immense golden tiger dancing in the air above you. Something in the back of your mind tells you that it is an illusion, but your imagination tells you that it is real, and very, very terrifying! Do you remember the stories of the panther-gods of the jungle tribes? Roll two dice; if you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, you defeat your fear (turn to 239). If you roll more than your SKILL score, deduct 1 STAMINA point and test again, and again, until you succeed or are literally scared to death!

165

The narrow, rough-hewn passage slopes down for some considerable distance and ends at a narrow doorway. You listen but hear nothing. Carefully, sword at the ready, you push open the door and peer into the room. What a magnificent place! Columns stretch out on both sides, disappearing into the shadows, but ahead of you . . . well, what a sight! The walls are lined with weapons and shields, and carved with murals depicting many great deeds. At their centre, though, stands a magnificent altar to Telak, and upon it stands a small plinth holding a magnificent ruby! Could this be the Eye of Telak? Will you approach the altar (turn to 229) or return to the stairs (turn to 253)?

166

Staggered and shocked by your victory, the ranks of Lizard Men fall back in disarray. Turn to 213.

167

Suddenly you are surrounded by Lizard Men! So much for your brilliant plan! You drop the taper and draw your sword. The reptilian warriors grin and close in on you. Suddenly they shrink back as a horn sounds from the trees, answered by an animal howl. With a yell Lecarte and Snag leap into the clearing. 'Would I let you handle this on your own? And miss all the fun?' Lecarte grins. Turn to 36.

168

This alcove is disappointing, holding nothing but piles of wooden trash – broken and rotten chairs, maybe. You turn to leave and something catches your eye, a glint of lantern-light on metal. Peering back into the room you notice a small crack in the wall. Is there something in there? You squint into the crack: yes, definitely. Something metallic. Will you reach in and grab it (turn to 188), investigate the other alcove, if you have not done so already (turn to 68), or leave the room and continue your exploration (turn to 274)?

169

The sun is setting, and suddenly the jungle is a very cold and unfriendly place. You must find somewhere to sleep before it becomes too dark to see. You could climb up into the branches of a low tree (turn to **218**), or settle down in some soft bushes in the undergrowth (turn to **17**).

170

The day warms as you journey onward and the jungle comes alive. Birds call, monkeys scamper in the trees, everywhere is strangely beautiful. A new call, one you have never heard before, sounds way up ahead, and is answered by a roar: some overzealous parrot eaten by a crafty jaguar, no doubt. But on the other hand . . . Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **64**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **320**.

171

The path curves gently down between rows of ancient statues before opening out into a large antechamber littered with debris. Opposite are a pair of solid double doors. You cross to them and listen carefully, but hear nothing. Gingerly, you

push them open and peer into the darkness. The next chamber is similar to the last, but larger and in better condition. In each corner stands the life-sized statue of a warrior, with two more flanking the doors at the far end of the room. You pick your way across the room, and almost jump out of your skin in fright as the two door Guardians cross spears to bar your way! The one to the right is missing most of its head and the other has lost its left arm, but both are animated by Evil and are quite capable of taking you on. The head on the floor by the right warrior's feet booms out: 'None shall enter here! None shall enter here!' It's just like an old heroic saga, you think to yourself, hefting your sword. The Guardians attack together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARDIAN	6	4
Second GUARDIAN	5	5

If you defeat both of them, turn to **269**.

172

A grotesque, subhuman Ogre shambles across towards you, swinging an immense jawbone as a club.

OGRE SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If it scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to **306**. If you score two consecutive hits, or kill the Ogre, roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **65**; 3–4, turn to **208**; 5–6, turn to **382**.

173

The two coal-black gems fit into the hilt of the sword where they rattle loosely. You leap for Laskar, swinging wildly with Telak's sword. He looks terrified, but somehow parries your blow with his staff. Where is the immense power this sword is meant to have? you wonder. An arrow thuds into your arm, and another into your leg. You fall to the ground and a Lizard Man's sword swings towards your neck. Your adventure is over.

174

You toss a rock towards the far side of the quay. Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **181**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **313**.

175

You plunge into the green leafy darkness of the jungle. Little light penetrates here, but eventually you grow accustomed to it. Your eyes start picking out hanging vines, birds high up in the lofty trees, monkeys swinging and chattering with one another. It is the cries of the creatures that are most surprising. From up ahead a peculiar roaring echoes through the trees. Will you go on (turn to **330**), or retrace your steps and head north (turn to **27**)?

176

The band consists of four mounted riders, cloaked and hooded despite the scorching heat, riding four-legged lizard mounts. There's no chance for either of you to hide now, even if you wanted to. The mysterious riders slow and trot to a halt at a wary distance from you. You cannot see their faces and there is no indication of who or what they are. Will you greet them (turn to **22**), attack them (turn to **247**), or wait for them to make a move (turn to **24**)?

177

The grassy plain across which you are riding stretches on for an eternity, with no help in sight. You race on, wondering how long your panting mount can keep up this furious pace. You crane your head around and look behind you: the Lizard Men are gaining on you! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **347**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **399**.

178

You creep along, flattened against the wall. As the Orc sneaks round the other side of the building, you let out a sigh of relief and turn to hurry away. Slam! Straight into the chest of the other Orc! He looks down at you with his little piggy eyes and growls. You must fight him.

MARSH ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you defeat him, turn to **32**.

179

You dive for the door but fall short. The snakes are all around you, hissing at the prospect of fresh meat! Fight them as if they were one opponent.

TOMB VIPERS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

If you win, you beat a way to the door and escape from this room of nightmares. Turn to **29**.

180

You swing across the glade and land on what appears to be a wooden platform, woven from branches and perched high up in the trees. A narrow walkway leads off it. Will you follow it (turn to 33), or swing down to the ground on the rope and continue your journey on foot (turn to 170)?

181

You reach the boat with ease. Hastily throwing your equipment into a corner, you push the small craft out into the river. You're free of Vymorna! Add 2 LUCK points. The Vymorn River is broad and slow-moving. Its name means 'Dark Waters', for it carries black silt washed down from the Lion Heights far to the east – which is where you are headed. Which course will you follow as you row up-river? Will you hug the north bank (turn to 314), the south bank (turn to 107), or travel mid-stream (turn to 12)?

182

You creep carefully up the steps, which are twisted and buckled. They curve slightly to the right as you climb. When you are nearly at the top you hear a noise from behind you, back in the room, which makes you pause. You listen carefully, and hear strange, guttural voices. Lizard Men! You run up the last few steps, through the door at the top and slam it behind you. To your alarm you notice that there is no lock, and gazing around, you can see nothing to bar it with either. In blind terror you race down the corridor, pausing only to notice that on both sides it is lined with barred cells. There is another door at the far end. You kick it – and it holds firm. It's locked! Your heart sinks. Will you try to force it again (turn to 321), or look for a key (turn to 264)?

183

You pull back the remains of the curtain – and come face to face with another Giant Slug! If you are ever going to get out of this room you will have to attack it.

GIANT SLUG SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you defeat it you may enter the other alcove, if you have not done so already (turn to 68), or leave the room and continue your exploration (turn to 274).

184

You are buffeted by giant gusts of wind, and then hear the man next to you scream in terror as he is dragged aloft by a Pterodactyl. You stare after the unfortunate man for a moment, and then return your attention to the battle just as an immense blood-spattered Troll barges his way towards you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
TROLL WARRIOR	9	9

If your opponent scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to **162**. If you score two consecutive hits against him or kill him, turn to **333**.

185

The sound of hoofs comes closer and closer, but they slow to a gentle trot as they approach the trees. Will you leap out and challenge the rider (turn to **302**), or wait and see what happens (turn to **145**)?

186

You leap into the cover of the trees as a huge Pterodactyl bearing a Lizard Man pilot swoops low overhead. If you have your father's bow and arrows you may attempt a shot (turn to **318**). Otherwise you can only watch the beast fly off into the distance, before moving on (turn to **164**).

187

Two gibbering Swamp Goblins, both dressed in the livery of the Lizard King's army, leap for you brandishing tiny jagged knives. You must fight both at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5
Second SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5

If they score two consecutive hits against you (either singly or between them), turn to **162**. If you score two consecutive hits against either of them, or kill both outright, roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **208**; 3–4, turn to **172**; 5–6, turn to **65**.

188

Gritting your teeth to steady your jangling nerves, you reach into the crack. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **215**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **346**.

189

The Lizard Men ride up – all eight of them! They grin arrogantly at you as you stand, sword drawn to face them. They kick their mounts and advance towards you, curved blades at the ready. There is no escape. Your adventure is at an end.

190

In the morning Laskar asks you to follow him from the cavern, making no mention of last night's activities. You climb high up into the hills until suddenly the old man stops and points down over the edge of a vast ravine. You look to where his arm indicates, and find yourself staring at an entire city, which lies across the floor of the ravine. 'Kharnek, city of warrior-kings, now accursed,' he says. 'I've spent all my life in studying its secrets, but there have always been places that have defeated me. Down there, in the depths of the royal palace, are the deathless ones, the warriors who will sleep no more. I am too old for combat, but you, well, I think you will be safe. Down there somewhere, the legends have always said, are the Arm and the Eyes of Telak, the great hope from your dreams. I am certain that the Arm is a huge bejewelled sword, but I do not know what form the Eyes take. When you are ready, we will descend to the upper levels. You will enter there and do what you have to do. I will climb up and meet you at the temple high on the far wall.' He indicates it with a bony finger. 'There is a stair which leads up to it from behind the main chapel to Telak, I believe. Now,' says Laskar, turning to go, 'let us see what you will need.' Turn to 48.

191

White-eye leans over and whispers, as if being overheard. 'I have heard that Laskar is a changed man, that he gives allegiance to another master from yours. Go along with him only as far as you must,

and be prepared for treachery! Now, man-child, sleep.' You lie back, puzzling over what you have heard and dreading what you still have to do. Eventually, sleep comes to you. Turn to 9.

192

A hail of arrows lands all around you. Men fall, the cruel barbed shafts pinning them to the blood-caked earth. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, none of the arrows hit you. If you roll 5–6, though, deduct 2 STAMINA points as one wings your shoulder. The press of battle returns and another opponent leaps towards you. Roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to 208; 3–4, turn to 47; 5–6, turn to 333.

193

You pour the pitch and bales of straw and wood all over the siege engine, and toss a blazing torch on to it. It burns satisfyingly rapidly. At least that's one catapult that won't be bombarding your beloved Vymorna any more. Add 1 LUCK point. Turn to 363.

194

Noon passes into afternoon, and you continue to hack your way through the tightly packed vegetation. As the sun starts to cool you can stop and eat some Provisions. If you have none, you may search for more (turn to 374), unless you would rather continue walking (turn to 169).

195

You turn and flee but the voices and faces are all around you. You clutch your head and scream but no sound emerges. Dead faces loom out of the mist; swords and axes wielded by skeletal hands scythe the air. You fall to your knees in sheer terror. The roar of battle is all around. Metal clashes on metal and bone; screams and curses howl in your ear. The grinning death's-head faces of warriors long dead close in around your whimpering frame. Soon you will join their legion. Your quest is at an end.

196

The passage leads only a few paces before opening out into another badly damaged room. Religious relics, pots, robes and boxes lie smashed across the floor. As you gaze around, though, your eye lights on a chest sitting in a corner, almost completely unscarred. Do you investigate further (turn to 335), or would you rather leave this room and move to the other (turn to 312)?

197

The emeralds flip out of the crown. Rather strangely, both have flat backs, but when you hold them up together you see why – they are two halves of the same huge stone. Congratulating yourself on the discovery, you secrete them in your rucksack (note them down on your *Adventure Sheet*) and move on. Turn to 310.

198

'Aha!' comes a rumbling voice in your ear. ''Ello, bit shy are yer? Cum to pay yor larst respeks, too? Cum on then, Cuzzin!' A very large and ugly Orc reeking of alcohol slaps you on the back and ushers you forward up to the top of the hill. 'We're all family 'ere, y'know. No standin' on ce-ree-mon-ee or shyness.' Will you go along with this for the moment (turn to **287**), or try to escape by kicking the Orc somewhere you hope he still has some feeling left and run away (turn to **230**)?

199

You creep over the bridge and find yourself on a larger platform, from which lead a great number of covered hollows. You peer into one, and find it laid out like the inside of a hut, with straw bedding and furs placed on the floor. Then you stiffen – a sliver of cold metal has just been placed against your neck! You duck and kick out, sending a warrior flying off the edge of the platform to fall to his doom. However, there are five other warriors and they are ready for you. Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **292**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **324**.

200

You trip and knock over your lantern, but luckily it stays lit. The sinister Shadow Ghouls creep across towards you, flickering in the light. You must fight all three at once!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SHADOW GHOUL	8	4
Second SHADOW GHOUL	8	5
Third SHADOW GHOUL	7	5

If you defeat the creatures, turn to **337**.

201

You spur your mount on, but it is worn out from the chase and gives way under you. As you fall, your leg gets trapped under its body and you cry out in pain. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. By the time you have extricated yourself from the tangles of the saddle and stirrups it is too late to run. Turn to **189**.

202

Before the first silver fingers of dawn are in the sky you are up and about, preparing to continue your journey. Despite the dewy mist that clings to everything, you must be off quickly. From what the townsfolk have told you, the best route seems to be to head north and then slowly veer due east. Lecarte helps you get ready. While he helps you pack your things (including 2 Provisions the townsfolk found somewhere), he tells you he has another plan. 'Howsabout you adopt a disguise? Make yourself less human-looking, eh?' Will you decide to go on in disguise (turn to **141**), or reject the idea (turn to **85**)?

203

You come to the wide wharf. Most of the old dockland was destroyed by the bombardment, and the Lizard Men have now erected a makeshift quayside. There is a single guard every fifty paces or so, each watching over a cluster of small boats, which are used to ferry men and materials out to the large galleys moored in the centre of the river. If you could distract one, you should be able to grab a boat and head up-river. Will you attack in a headlong rush (turn to **313**), throw something to distract the guard (turn to **174**), or try to sneak up on him (turn to **158**)?

204

It's no good – you simply must rest after your rough night. You collect more Provisions and sit down in the shadows at the edge of a small sunlit clearing to eat. Turn to **307**.

205

You make it – but only just! Obviously you are not much good at jumping, you decide! The passage is narrow, sloping slightly upwards to end in a small door much like the one through which you recently passed. After much creaking resistance, you pull it open, to reveal a largish chamber lined with murals depicting legendary events. An altar is situated to one side, but seems to have lain unused for centuries, if the build-up of ancient spiders' webs is anything to go by. At the far end is an archway covered by an archaic rotting curtain. Turn to **14**.

206

Picking your way over grisly bodies, you sneak off along the trench. The floor of the trench seems to rise, for you are soon having to crouch further and further down to stay below the edge. A screeching, stomping noise makes you halt in your tracks as it gets nearer and nearer. Will you peer over the edge of the trench to see what it is (turn to 231), or keep your head down (turn to 71)?

207

You slip carefully down the steep slope, but your feet dislodge small stones, which bounce noisily down ahead of you. The Triceratops stops eating and lumbers towards you with a bellow.

TRICERATOPS SKILL 12 STAMINA 18

The Triceratops has two attacks; treat the second attack as if you were being attacked by a second opponent with the same SKILL score. If you defeat the creature, turn to 76.

208

'Ha! Yes indeed, ha!' There before you is a creature much like a stunted Two-headed Lizard Man – a Calacorm! Muttering to itself about what it's going to do to you, it leaps towards you. The Calacorm has two attacks; treat the second attack as if you were being attacked by a second opponent with the same SKILL score.

CALACORM SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If it scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to 306. If you score two consecutive hits against it, or kill it, roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to 47; 3–4, turn to 333; 5–6, turn to 213.

209

You reach the trees, shouting appalling curses at the man, who reveals himself to be wild-eyed and tough-looking, dressed in furs and leathers. 'You stupid son of a bristle-beast, you shot my mount! Now what am I going to do?' you scream, quite livid with anger. The man calmly peers out at your pursuers, then turns towards you. Turn to 21.

210

You lift the earthenware mug to your lips and make the ritual slurping sounds. You think you've got away with it, but your Orc companion, having finished his mug in one go, helpfully lifts the base of your cup for the gruesome liquid to flow into your mouth. You have no option now but to drink! Turn to 45.

211

You lift the curtain and creep towards the other alcove, but the Giant Slug has seen you and slithers forward, its huge maw drooling saliva and slime. Ready your sword and turn to 375.

212

Your shot rings true and one of the Swamp Goblins falls lifeless into the water. The other boats draw near, though, and you must fight them, a boatful at a time. This is not going to be an easy battle.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Second SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5
Third SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5
Fourth SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Fifth SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5

If somehow you defeat all the raiders, turn to 275.

213

You see a chance, a weakness in the enemy lines. Screaming for everyone to follow you, you make a mad dash straight at the ranks of heavily armed warriors ahead of you. Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 23. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to 288.

214

Shouting wildly to Lecarte to 'Get the heck out of here!', you race for the trees with your taper. Rushing through the darkness you head for the clearing – and the Lizard Men. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 63. If you are Unlucky, turn to 167.

215

Your hand closes on the object and you pull it out. It is a gleaming key that would fit a Z-shaped lock. You slip it into your pocket, praising your good luck and hoping it will come in useful. Now you may explore the other alcove, if you have not done so already (turn to 119), or leave the room and continue your explorations (turn to 183).

216

The door flies open and you dart through, along another short corridor and to another door. As you reach it you kick it open, leap into the room beyond and slam the door. You pause for a moment to collect yourself, close your eyes and take a deep breath. Then you open them! Your feet are getting wet. You gaze around in panic – the room is leaking! Blood-red water is pouring into the room through cracks in the walls and ceiling. Blood-red water? Oh, Telak! It *is* blood – the room is *bleeding*! What sort of corrupt evil has infested this place to cause this? As your mind reels you are distinctly aware of thumps against the door. It flies open, and four Lizard Men stride in. Momentarily confused by the strange angle of the room, and its disturbing contents, they quickly recover and leap to the attack. You must fight them two at a time; because of the conditions, you must all fight with 2 deducted from your Attack Strength.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LIZARD MAN	8	10
Second LIZARD MAN	9	9
Third LIZARD MAN	8	8
Fourth LIZARD MAN	9	9

If you defeat the Lizard Men, turn to **82**.

217

Immediately there are dozens of swords and notched arrows pointing at your neck, and each weapon is held by a coolly grinning Lizard Man. It was a trap! Laskar turns, a look of delighted malice on his twisted face. 'Ha! So you are here, you young dupe! Do you have with you the Arm of Telak?' Well, do you have the sword (turn to 248) or not (turn to 133)?

218

You pull yourself up into the spread branches of a tree, brush off a few spiders and bugs, and settle down to sleep, wrapped in your cloak and listening to the chirping of the nocturnal insects. Turn to 56.

219

You awake with a start and try unsuccessfully to sit up. You struggle, but find you cannot move anything except your eyelids, as you are trapped inside a huge, matted spider's web. You curse and wriggle, but to no avail. Then you see the Spider! It is easily the same size as your head, covered in black and orange stripes like those of a wasp. It wriggles down until it is perched on your chest, and stares at you. Will you struggle to pull yourself free (turn to 235), strain to reach the dagger at your belt (turn to 370), or lie still (turn to 291)?

220

Screaming with one voice, the hordes of Evil race across the battle-plain. Carrion-crows and vultures rise into the air above them, screeching in anticipation. The first shock waves ripple through the lines as the sides meet, and for a moment everything is utter confusion. You were warned to stay near the rear of the force, but now you must face an opponent – though in the confusion you won't know who it is until you are confronting them! Turn to one of the following: 10, 112, 172, 187, 322 or 382.

221

Reminding yourself to be more vigilant in future, you march on, hacking your way through the jungle's tangled undergrowth. The going becomes easier as you find the rhythm again, but you will never be used to having to slash a path for yourself. Turn to 94.

222

Varooomm! Your arrow strikes the virulent pitch, which explodes in an immense cloud of flame and decimates the area. You hurry away from the smouldering ruins of the siege engine, congratulating yourself on a job well done. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to 363.

223

As you depart, Lecarte leans over and embraces you, and whispers in your ear: 'Search out Whiteeye. He'll help you, I'm sure of it. But don't mention I told you so, all right?'

'What about you, Lecarte?' you ask. He tells you he's going to head further west, searching for news of his father. You bid him farewell and set off again. Are you going to head north (turn to **300**) or east (turn to **251**)?

224

You have time to fire one arrow. It flies true and hits its target in the amorphous head region. The creature screams, and lunges for you.

GIANT SLUG SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the Giant Slug, turn to **362**.

225

Your mind racing, you realize there's no room to swing a sword up here, and carefully unsheathe your knife. You are just about to strike when the moon comes out from behind a cloud, affording you a glimpse of the creature. It's an enormous Panther, black as night, and it is dragging the body of a small deer up into the tree to eat. As you gaze at it, you realize the creature is staring at you! The moonlight

glints on your knife, and then on the claws of the Panther.

BLACK PANTHER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win the battle, turn to **44**.

226

The emeralds flip out of the crown. Rather strangely, both have flat backs, but when you hold them together you see why: they are two halves of the same huge stone. Congratulating yourself on your acquisition you secrete them in your rucksack and move on. Make a note of your find on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **78**.

227

Katya leaps behind the rocks and scrambles out of sight, and you are not far behind. The riders thunder up to where you are hiding. Both of you freeze, but then Katya glimpses something and screams: 'Caarth!' Surely not! The dreaded Snakemen of the Desert of Skulls *can't* be raiding this far east! Katya springs up, her sword already in her hand, as the riders turn and gallop towards you. You stand too, ready for battle. Turn to **247**.

228

The two gems slot into the hilt perfectly, and power courses through your veins! The emerald Eyes of Telak gleam with holy energy. Waving the sword above your head, you cry, 'Telak be with me!' and leap for Laskar. Turn to **400**.

229

You pause before the magnificent altar, offering a prayer of thanks to Telak. The jewel is a huge ruby suspended from a glittering chain, and resting on a carved plinth. The piece is exquisite; how it could have remained untouched here in this place of Evil is a miracle. You gaze deep into the ruby, marvelling at the fire that flickers at its heart. And then the clicking starts, like the tapping of a huddle of blind beggars, like the creaking of a windmill in a gale. From both sides it comes – and something, no some *things* – are moving in the shadows. Then the – the *things* step out from the shadows, in all their insane glory. Skeletal, spider-like bodies are topped by bizarre travesties of human features, long dead and long enslaved by Chaos. These are the Ishkarim, demonic guardians created by the Demon Lords to watch over their most important treasures. As the ice-cold gaze of their dead eyes takes in your features you shudder, your heart sinking in your chest. But still, if you have come this far . . . Are you wearing a priest's robe (turn to 15) or not (turn to 70)?

230

You hurry away before the Orcs can react, slipping through the trees and bushes. You run and run, putting a great distance between yourself and the grotesque funeral. When you reach the far end of the woods you pause for a moment and stand there, panting. Suddenly your ears prick up, as they pick up the sound of horse's hoofs, coming closer. Turn to **185**.

231

A giant Running Lizard snarls down at you, a heavily armoured Lizard Man perched in a saddle on its back is poking at you with a javelin.

RUNNING LIZARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

For every round of combat you fight, roll one die. If you roll 1, the rider manages to hit you with his javelin. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. If you kill the Lizard, turn to **104**.

232

'In the name of Alexandros the Second, my father, and in the name of Alexandros the First, my sacred forefather, I command you to be gone!' you shout into the wind. Nothing happens for a long moment, and then the noise of battle begins to fade. A ghostly warrior materializes before you.

'Forgive us. For many long years we have awaited the command of a captain from Vymorna so that we may turn to our rest. We hear now and obey at last. Our battles are over.' The spirit salutes you and fades slowly away into the mist. You shudder, waiting for your nerves to calm, before moving on and marching east. The sun finally breaks through the mist and soon the sky is clear. You pause at noon to eat some Provisions (deduct 1 meal from your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to **257**.

233

You are pushed out of White-eye's caravan into the darkness, and spend an uncomfortable night huddled under a bush. Next morning the caravan is gone, though you didn't hear it leaving. You move on, hacking your way east into the jungle. It's very hot and humid, and by noon you are sweating like a pig on a spit-roast. Turn to **204**.

234

You come to the front of a large ruined warehouse. Quickly, will you run around the building to the right (turn to **266**), to the left (turn to **178**), or will you enter the building (turn to **159**)?

235

Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **25**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **291**.

236

During the night you wake, and for a moment wonder where you are. In the dull glow of the dying fire you can see Laskar crouched cross-legged, muttering and swaying. You can't hear any words, but it looks as though he is praying. You lie back and slip once more into sleep. Turn to **190**.

237

Sneaking around the pen between the fence and some ramshackle tents, you come across a small Lizard Man sitting near a tethered Pterodactyl, snoozing in the hot sun. Obviously the pilot of the beast, he is dressed in supple leathers and wears a peculiar hat like a skull-cap on his head. You must creep past him if you are to continue. Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **121**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **37**.

238

Each of the three boats – narrow, sleek and low in the water – carries two Swamp Goblins. Small darts from their blow-pipes start to fall in the water around you. You can take evasive action (turn to **40**); shoot at them from a distance with your bow, if you have one (turn to **212**), or sail right at them and prepare to attack (turn to **109**).

239

You pull yourself over the edge of the escarpment, to find yourself staring into the lively eyes of a wizened old man. You flinch back as he pushes his staff towards you, then grin and use it to pull yourself up. 'Laskar?' you ask.

'The same. Welcome, I have been expecting you.' The man is very old and looks shabby, but sprightly and quick-witted. He leads you up the rocky hillside to a large and very cosy cavern. Over a tasty rock-rabbit stew he tells you how he knows of you. 'My – or should I say our – master came to me in a vision three nights ago, though he is hard-pressed, and bade me aid you in your quest. This I willingly do. In the morning we have much to do, so for now you should take as much rest as you can.' He refuses to answer any questions tonight, and commands you to sleep. Eventually you give in and do so. Turn to 236.

240

Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* of how many of the eight Lizard Men escaped you. 'They'll be back with reinforcements,' says the man, as you watch them ride away.

'That's all very well,' you reply, 'but who on Titan *are* you?' He introduces himself as 'the one and only' Julius Lecarte, adventurer and trader, roaming Southern Allansia with Snag, his pet Sabre-toothed Tiger, in search of his explorer father, Tadeus, who disappeared several years ago. You haven't heard of his father, you tell him, but go on to relate the tale of your adventures so far. 'We should really head for Capra, about half a dozen leagues from here,' he tells you. 'They're holding out against the raiders for now and they're still able to provide a safe haven for a fugitive. When Vymorna falls, though, it'll take all of the Axehead Plains with it, worse luck. Now, about these Lizard Men of yours . . .' Turn to 79.

241

The Goblins are well behind you but the river is now rough with white-water rapids, which are making headway difficult. Will you keep going (turn to 364), or pull over to the bank (turn to 317)?

242

You creep carefully between the trees to where the birds were wheeling. Ugh! Up ahead is a most grisly sight. The body of a lightly armoured warrior, obviously an explorer or adventurer, is pinned to the trunk of a tree by arrows and spears. Worse, his chest has been slashed by a huge set of claws that could only belong to something like a very large tiger! The explorer's pack holds some dried rations, which count as 2 Provisions and which you may take with you if you wish (make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* if you decide to do so). After all, you morbidly reflect, he won't be needing them where he's gone. Turn to **80**.

243

You pull yourself up into the tree. There's a small hollow in the branches, and lying in it is a large man-sized bundle wrapped up in leaves and vines. Will you investigate this strange object (turn to **394**), or climb back down and take the bridge (turn to **199**)?

244

The passageway narrows until it is just wide enough for you to squeeze down. The smooth walls turn rough and you seem to be heading deep into the mountainside! Suddenly the tunnel stops in a small, dusty chamber. There is nothing in the chamber, and no exits lead from it. Thank Telak you weren't trapped in here by the Lizard Men. You shudder, and squeeze your way back to the junction to take the other way. Turn to **395**.

245

The sun scorches your neck and arms again as you cut your path away from the temple, glad that you brought your trusty hunting-knife with you. Turn to **204**.

246

The door creaks open after a lot of pushing to reveal a small, rubble-strewn corridor, which leads off into the darkness. Will you go on (turn to **276**), or retrace your steps and explore behind the curtain (turn to **14**)?

247

The riders throw back their hoods and you gasp in amazement. They are Snakemen, cruel raiders from the western desert lands! Katya faints clean away, her fears confirmed. You prepare to fight them but there's no contest against four such warriors. They stake you and the prone body of Katya out in the sun and ride away, never having said a word. The hot sun rises higher and higher in the sky. After only a few minutes, you are desperate for shade and water. For a while you manage to croak some feeble cries for help, but soon your throat is so dry no sound comes. The hours go by. Night comes and goes. Around noon on the fourth day Katya dies. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **156**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **72**.

248

Laskar grabs the bundle from you and unwraps it, his eyes lighting up greedily. 'Now, you innocent fool! Do you have the Eyes too?' demands the old hermit in a crazed voice. You reach into your pack and retrieve whatever gemstones you found on your travels. (If you have no gems, turn to **57**.) With a disdainful gesture you scatter them across the floor. Laskar dives for them with a mad shout and you lash out at him. Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **57**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **46**.

249

'Some very rare black lotus,' you declare solemnly. He looks at you, then at the lotus, then back at you, then erupts in a fit of giggling. He reaches behind him and opens a large sack to reveal it absolutely brimming with black lotus flowers!

'I'm sorry. It may be worth a king's ransom in the frozen north, but here it's more plentiful than grass, and I have enough to beautify the ugly girls of half a continent!' Turn to 11 and choose again.

250

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 325. If you are Unlucky, turn to 66.

251

The sun rises, but the mist remains, hanging languidly in the damp air. It is very, very quiet, and rather spooky. Will you keep heading east (turn to 354), or go north instead (turn to 300)?

252

The Black Panther flops down on to the branch like a city cat wanting to be stroked, only an arm's length from you, and proceeds to rip apart and eat the deer. You shiver in the darkness, hardly daring to breathe, as it crunches and hacks at the carcass with worrying dexterity. After two hours or so, the great

beast stands and tidily pushes the bones of its meal off the branch. It stretches, arching its back, and strides off into the darkness. As it reaches the edge of the moonlight, though, it turns and sniffs the air, and stares right at where you are hiding. It fixes your eyes with its own, blinks once, nods its head slightly, and then leaps away into the night. You have had a lucky escape. Should you ever encounter a creature with such eyes again you may turn, if you wish, to paragraph 142 instead of to those to which you are directed. Make a note of that number on your *Adventure Sheet*, and then turn to 44.

253

You hurry back up the narrow passageway to the chamber with the stairs. Pausing just a moment to get your breath back, you head on up the stairs. Turn to 301.

254

You jabber something along the lines of, 'Oh, my lady, your most humble servant apologizes for his rude intrusion!' Bowing low before the astonished creature, you step backwards, making to leave the tent. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you leave the tent safely (turn to 319). If you are Unlucky, she reacts angrily and attacks you (turn to 149).

255

A set of crumbling steps leads up to a large door marked with strange, arcane symbols. You listen carefully at the door and hear a sound like metal coins being rubbed together. You ready your sword, take a deep breath, and kick the door. There is a massive thump, but the door remains closed. From inside the room comes a crashing sound. You kick the door again and again, but nothing will budge it. Then, to your horror, the door is flung open with a resounding crash. There, in front of you, is a terrifying sight. Framed in the doorway stands a Warrior-king from lost ages past. He has been dead a long time, but something has resurrected him and set him to guard this ancient room. He carries a long javelin, poised ready to thrust at you, and on his head sits a jagged crown studded with emeralds. You must fight him.

WARRIOR-KING SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you defeat this ancient hero, turn to **326**.

256

'Aha!' White-eye declares. 'Now this *is* interesting! Who would ever have thought that such a pretty thing could be made of lead? Yes, I'll take this, with many thanks.' Turn to **191**.

257

You trudge on. Every few seconds, it seems, you wipe the perspiration from your forehead, but a few moments later it is back. The ground slowly rises, becoming rougher and more broken. After a while you are having to scramble around large boulders and clamber up steep inclines. From ahead of you there sounds the bellowing roar of some large beast. You have no choice but to journey on. Unexpectedly you find yourself at the top of a rise; the ground slants sharply down into a depression. And down there, grazing, is a Triceratops, a truly enormous three-horned armoured dinosaur. You can't really hope to sneak past it, surely, but perhaps you would like to try (turn to **207**)? Or maybe you would rather walk along the ridge in search of a detour (turn to **327**)?

258

The rubble gives way and you are falling. In a panic you grab out and manage to connect with a slat of wood hanging over the edge. And then that gives way and you fall to your doom.

259

As it loses the evil spark that animated it, the ancient body crumples to the floor, shattering into fragments of brown dust. All that is left is a rusting suit of antique armour and a tarnished crown holding two emeralds. Do you prise out the gemstones (turn to **197**), or would you rather leave and continue your exploration (turn to **310**)?

260

At the last minute, the beast shies nervously away, rearing up in fright. Unused to such an action, you fall backwards from the saddle and land heavily, the wind knocked out of you. You look up into a forest of spear- and sword-points, and you know the Lizard Men will not accept your surrender. Your quest is at an end before it ever really started.

261

You push through the ruined doors of a huge warehouse – and immediately regret it! The floor of the building is swarming with rats: huge, black, shabby Wharf Rats, which are making short work of a stray dog. Will you fight your way through them (turn to **315**), or try to escape (turn to **126**)?

262

Your heart sinks as you watch the arrow fall short and land harmlessly in some bushes. There is no time to prepare and fire another one. Desperate action is called for. Will you run forward to light the trap with a taper (turn to **214**), or try to flee the copse on foot (turn to **340**)?

263

With a victorious shout you burst free of the enemy lines and run off towards the open plains. A few Lizard Men and Trolls give chase, but they are swiftly caught and dealt with by your fellows. As you sprint away, you hear their war-cries spurring you on. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **53**.

264

You glance about frantically, the footsteps making you panicky and confused. There is nowhere to hide in here . . . and then you see it, a large metal ring with a key attached to it, lying half-hidden amid some dusty trash a few paces away. You grab it, fumble with the lock, and then it's open! You escape. Turn to **216**.

265

This Orc is huge, brown-skinned and brawny. What's more, the shaman is so angry at having a 'yooman' at his ceremony that he joins in too! The other Orcs are too drunk to join in, but you must fight these two.

	SKILL	STAMINA
ANGRY ORC	6	9
SEETHING SHAMAN	6	5

If you somehow defeat the two livid humanoids, turn to **230**.

266

You flatten against the wall, but from behind you there comes a clattering sound. The two Orcs are upon you! You must fight both of them at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MARSH ORC	6	7
Second MARSH ORC	6	6

If you defeat them both, turn to **379**.

267

The slope turns into steep steps. With your sword in one hand and your lantern in the other, arms outstretched for balance, you carefully clamber down the twisting steps until you reach a fair-sized chamber. Its walls are carved with intricate patterns, which seem to detail legendary events from ancient history. There is also a small altar, decorated with sunbeams and other symbols of the sun goddess The room is littered with debris and dust, but apart from the odd spider weaving yet another cobweb there is nothing of interest to you here. There are two exits from this room: a wide archway covered by a large rotting curtain (turn to **14**), and a small metal-bound door, which hangs half off its hinges, to your right (turn to **246**).

268

You creep up to the gaudy caravan and rap on the frame beside the curtained door. From inside you hear sounds of something bustling about, and then the curtain is pulled back. A very brown, wizened old face with milky-white eyes peers out at you, bearing a welcoming grin. The old man snorts in a peculiar fashion, and beckons you to enter, saying, 'Ah, there you are! Come in! Come in! Don't stand out there all day!' Surprised, you climb the small steps and enter. Turn to 61.

269

The statues are finally shattered and smashed – but at quite a high cost to your sword, which is notched and blunted. Reduce your Attack Strength by 1. You listen at the door, and hear creaking, like a door blowing in the wind. You listen again, but the noise has stopped. Gripping your sword, you push open the door. Turn to 153.

270

The wind whistles about you, but all you can think of is the pair of gigantic claws digging into your shoulders. The smell is pretty foul, too, like the inside of a hen-house. And then the claws open, and you are falling. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 231. If you are Unlucky, you fall, fall, fall. Your adventure is over before it ever really began.

271

The passage is buckled and twisted, leading away for a short distance before it forks to the left. Straight ahead, the passage narrows and a thin set of steps twists up. The left-hand passage is littered with fallen rocks, but levels off after only a few paces. Will you continue ahead (turn to 154) or fork left (turn to 353)?

272

The land is rough and hilly, and the weather very warm, but Katya, your travelling companion, is cheering you up with her talk of life in Coppertown and the northern parts of the Axehead Plains. As you ride, you gaze out over the baking land. Away to the north a small dust cloud is getting larger by the minute. Someone – or something – is riding towards you at high speed. Katya hasn't met anyone on the road for two days, and doesn't know who it could be. Will you keep to your path (turn to 176) or find somewhere to hide before the riders arrive (turn to 227)?

273

The Black Panther sees you, snarls, and the moonlight glints on its claws as it leaps at you.

BLACK PANTHER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the great beast, turn to 44.

274

You carefully pull open one of the towering double doors and slip through. A wide corridor leads away into the darkness, twisted at such an angle that you have great trouble walking along it. It is also littered with rubble, and the left-hand wall looks very unsafe. The passage turns right after twenty paces or so, and down some well-worn steps. You creep down carefully, managing to avoid the worst rubble. Now you come to a T-junction. Will you take the left passage (turn to 312) or the right (turn to 196)?

275

You have been so busy fighting off the Swamp Goblins that you have failed to notice the white waves, which you are now fighting to row against. You have come to an area of white-water rapids, where many keel-splitting rocks lurk just beneath the surface. Will you push harder against the flow and continue up-stream (turn to 364), or steer a tack for the side (turn to 317)?

276

And then . . . *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 281. If you are Unlucky, turn to 304.

277

The trenches divide again. To the right there are signs that it is a new construction, for the earth is fresh and dark. The noise of battle is getting closer. Will you take the right (turn to 123) or the left trench (turn to 18)?

278

You hack down a large bundle of branches and wide leaves, and lay them out like a mat on the damp ground. As you work, the sun sets and the cool jungle dusk is suddenly upon you. As darkness falls, the only sound you can hear is the lapping of the water just an arm's length away. And then, from the water . . . Turn to 372.

279

You find some fleshy orange and yellow fruits that prove edible (you may replenish up to 2 Provisions). While you are picking them, you also happen across a very beautiful flower – a black lotus, long fabled for its scent and rarity. If you wish, you may pick it and take it with you before returning to the path. Turn to 257.

280

The repulsive body of the Lizard Woman crashes into her fragrant mud-bath. You gaze around the tent. It is decorated in appalling taste, but sitting on an occasional table constructed from an enormous crocodile skull is a small pot bearing the legend 'Black Lotus from Kaynlesh-Ma'. You may take it, if you wish (note it on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 319.

281

Just in time, you stop yourself from falling as the floor gives way to reveal a deep hole, an old well, perhaps. Rubble bounces down into the measureless depths. You could retrace your steps and leave the larger room by the other exit (turn to 14). Otherwise you must jump the well. Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to 334. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 95.

282

Cutting away the plants, you find a pile of smooth, worked stones. No, not a pile – a wall. It seems that people actually lived and built in the midst of this dense jungle. Will you investigate further (turn to 342), or set off again on your journey (turn to 97)?

283

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 83. If you are Unlucky, turn to 157.

284

You and the strange man set an ambush for the eight Lizard Men pursuing you. You may use as many arrows as you have left and kill one Lizard Man with each arrow. Your companion picks off two more with his arrows. Then, from the low branch of a nearby tree, the Sabre-toothed Tiger leaps down at the inhuman enemy. The mounts of the remaining Lizard Men shy away, turn and flee. Snag chases after them for a while without catching any, then gives up and returns to the scene of the battle. It sniffs the Lizard Man corpses for a moment before turning up its nose and trotting back to its master. Turn to **240**.

285

White-eye simply steps back from you and makes a weird clicking noise with his tongue. From the flickering candles in every corner of the room flames shoot towards the ceiling and coalesce into a glowing light, which flows around your head. A screaming whistle grows in your head as the Guardian Spirit engages you in mind combat.

GUARDIAN SPIRIT STAMINA 16

Fight as normal, but instead of comparing SKILL with one die roll, the opponents in a mental fight roll two dice and add the result to their STAMINA score to find their Mental Attack Strength. The opponent with the lower score loses two STAMINA points as in a normal fight. If you defeat the Guardian Spirit it will fade away into nothingness. Turn to **328**.

286

The rubble gives way beneath your feet and suddenly you are falling into a hole. You flail about in panic, and manage to catch hold of a plank of wood hanging from the side – which gives way, and you plummet down the ancient well to your doom.

287

The foul, alcohol-sodden Orcs greet you as one of their own, giving you plenty of smelly hugs and prods. None of them seems to be in any state to realize that you are in disguise. One very deaf old Orc leans over to you and bellows in your ear. ''Oose sprogling are yoo, then? I naint seen yoo before!' The party goes deathly quiet. Who will you say you are:

Your real name?	Turn to **66**
Shagbad, child of Skurfric?	Turn to **360**
Ugrat, child of Kuzbag?	Turn to **163**

288

With a shock of impact that sets your arm ringing, a massive Cave Troll in Lizard Man livery careers into you, stopping you in your tracks. Battle is joined.

CAVE TROLL SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you defeat this powerful enemy, turn to 23.

289

Immediately it is very cool – and very dark. You light your lantern and peer about you. The passage is decorated with rows of statues, now toppled and smashed. The floor beneath your feet may once have been a flight of steps, worn smooth to a shallow slope, which climbs down into another covered courtyard. From here lead off two passages, both dark and uninviting. Will you take the one to the right (turn to 171) or to the left (turn to 267)?

290

The ground becomes more rolling and grassy. You leap a small rocky stream and bound off towards a copse. Would you rather avoid the trees (turn to 201) or head straight for them (turn to 303)?

291

The web twists tighter and tighter around you until you are completely immobile. The only parts you can move are your eyes, which slowly widen in sheer terror as the Wasp Spider begins to feed. Your adventure ends here.

292

You grab your rucksack, dive for the liana, swing down and hit the ground at a run, expecting every moment to feel the dull thud of arrows into your back. There are howls of anger but nothing follows you. By mid-afternoon, when you stop to pick more fruit for your Provisions, you are well away from the area. You are annoyed that your rucksack is empty, but at least you have something to carry your supplies in (cross off everything except your sword, knife and rucksack from your *Adventure Sheet*). While you are eating, you hear a loud flapping coming from through the trees. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 186. If you are Unlucky, turn to 99.

293

The ruby slips into the hilt of your sword, glowing dully in the semi-darkness. With a howl for vengeance you leap for Laskar. The old man looks momentarily horrified, but parries your blow easily with his staff! Where is the fabled power of the weapon? An arrow thumps into your shoulder, another into your leg. You drop to the ground and the Lizard Men close in, swords raised for their final blows. Your quest is at an end.

294

You are now deep inside the enemy camp, and you must be even more vigilant. Looking back, you can see a tremendous battle raging away on the western side of Vymorna. Close by, though, a large catapult is bombarding the city with blazing bales. Will you sneak on (turn to **363**), or try to find some way to put this siege engine out of action (turn to **116**)?

295

Suddenly an angry shout comes from the direction of the north bank and instinctively you dive for the bottom of the boat. Arrows thud into the wood. Roll one die. If you roll 1–2 you are hit by an arrow: deduct 2 STAMINA points. By the time you peer out again your boat has floated past the danger. In the centre of the river a huge galley sculls by, and disappears into the haze again. Thanking your stars that you chose to hug the bank, you row on. Turn to **376**.

296

Stepping over fresh bodies, you sneak along the trenches. The route divides, but you keep on heading in what you hope is the same direction. You meet another junction; as you stand deciding which way to go, a noise comes from the right-hand trench. Will you stay back in the shadows and listen to find out who it is (turn to **338**), or leap out and challenge them (turn to **43**)?

297

You step into the next chamber – and find more of the same: rows and rows of bodies, all neatly arranged in racks. Your nerves begin to ache with the effort of remaining calm as you carefully tiptoe through into the third chamber. Here some upheaval has thrown rotting corpses and bare skeletons across the floor, where they lie in a grotesque tangle. Shuddering, you pick your way across the room. Turn to 323.

298

Your arms are strong and manage to pull your boat clear of the current. You beach the small craft against the north shore and remove all your equipment. You may stop here and eat some Provisions while you take in your surroundings. You are on the edge of the jungle: you may either plunge straight into the jungle and head east (turn to 175), or you could head north along the fringes of the jungle before turning east further on (turn to 27).

299

'Telaakk! Teellaaaaaghkk!' echoes back at you, but in voices tinged with sardonic laughter. 'Courage! Swords! Pride! All bring DEAAATHHHHH!' Turn to 7.

300

The country north of Capra is gently rolling downs, but a deep, morning mist hides most of it. It is cool, and just a tinge spooky, too! Still, in the quiet you should be able to hear anyone approaching you. You trudge north. By mid-morning the mist still shows no sign of lifting. And then, from up ahead, a bell starts to toll. You pause, thinking you imagined it. No, there it goes again! That's funny, you think, no one in Capra mentioned any settlements along this route. You decide to investigate. Are you in disguise (turn to 122) or not (turn to 369)?

301

The staircase spirals on up, though thankfully its condition is not too bad. Eventually, after a taxing climb, you reach the top, where your way is barred by another small metal-bound door. You sneak through, into a dingy anteroom. Through an archway you can see into the temple. Laskar is standing, his back towards you, as if contemplating the small altar before him. Will you enter and join him (turn to 217) or wait a moment so as not to disturb him (turn to 140)?

302

As the horse reaches your tree, you leap out with a cry. It is a woman, obviously human, and dressed in a dusty messenger's uniform. She is startled, and goes to draw her sword. Will you attack her (turn to 384) or lower your weapon and greet her (turn to 396)?

303

You are nearly at the copse, and you seem to be escaping from your pursuers. And then, against all the odds, there's the rush of an arrow from the trees and your mount falls from under you! You tumble to the ground, cursing your luck. A man appears from behind a tree, a bow in his hand, and peers at you as if working out whether or not you survived. You pick yourself up and dust yourself down, unable to believe what has happened! Will you stand to face the Lizard Men (turn to **189**) or run for the trees (turn to **209**)?

304

The rubble gives way and suddenly you fall into a hole that has opened up beneath your feet. You flail wildly and manage to catch hold of a plank of wood hanging from the side. Then that gives way and you fall down the ancient well . . . to your doom.

305

You turn round and head back in what you are certain is the direction of Capra. The mist is very confusing, though, and you are not at all sure that you are going in the right direction. The howling starts again, this time to the south of you, though you cannot decide how far away. Every part of you is saying 'RUN!' and you are barely controlling your fear. Hold it! Haven't you passed those bushes before? Are you walking in circles now? You could continue walking (turn to **102**), or stop here and hope the mist eventually lifts (turn to **398**).

306

Your sword shatters, smashed into several pieces by a vicious blow from your opponent. You reach for the dagger at your belt, but another blow connects with your head. An arrow thuds into your wrist and you drop your dagger. The third blow comes and you fall face down in the blood-red mud.

307

The afternoon sun is very warm, but it's quite pleasant in the shade. Just a brief pause, you promise yourself, unbuckling your sword and laying it beside you. You close your eyes. The trees rustle in the breeze, though you don't feel it on your face. You open one eye, to see your sword, still in its scabbard, apparently moving across the grass under its own steam! You spring to your feet. All around you, swinging in the branches, are hordes of small six-limbed monkeys – Krells! As you move they start chattering excitedly, and the noise is deafening! The one dragging away your sword is just about to swing off into the trees. Will you leap and attack it with your knife (turn to 332), shoot it with an arrow from your father's bow, if you have it (turn to 390), or simply chase after the creature making a threatening noise (turn to 20)?

308

The panther-god figurine clunks on to the platform, and all the warriors gasp the same word: 'Sku-Rachi!' They kneel, their heads pressed to the floor in a gesture of total subservience. All, that is, save the priest, who picks up the figurine, examines it closely, and draws his knife. You must fight him, and with your Attack Strength reduced by 2 because you are unarmed.

WARRIOR PRIEST SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the priest, turn to 336.

309

As one, the riders throw back their hoods. Snakemen! The legendary rulers of the Desert of Skulls. What are they doing so far east? Four Caarth against one human is no contest, and soon you are feeling their rough scaly hands staking you out under the hot sun. The Snakemen ride away, never having uttered a single word, and leave you to the circling vultures. You lie out under the burning rays of the sun, at first calling weakly for help but soon becoming so parched you cannot utter a word. You feel yourself becoming delirious, but manage a prayer to Telak. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **156**. If you are Unlucky, you will not survive, and your adventure must end here.

310

You push open the door at the far end of the room, and find yourself looking down a flight of crumbling stairs. You carefully pick your way down, and follow the passage that leads from them to an old and dusty room, again littered with small pieces of rubble from its cracked ceiling and walls. In a far corner, what appears to be a statue or may be a fountain casts grotesque shadows in the lanternlight. You may examine this (turn to **50**), or leave by the dark passage which leads off opposite (turn to **271**).

311

You push away the remains of the door and peer into the room, which is angled so steeply that it is almost completely on its side and is full of statues and idols. They lie piled high, scattered across the floor like bodies in the aftermath of a battle. There is an exit on the far left wall. You may enter the room to which it leads (turn to **138**), or retrace your steps (turn to **353**).

312

After you have gone ten paces or so, the corridor opens out into an almost level-floored chamber only a few paces across. A stone bench is set into the wall on either side of you, and opposite you steps lead down into the darkness. You may rest here and eat some Provisions (check your *Adventure Sheet*), if you wish. Turn to **2**.

313

A guard looks up and sees you. You look back at him, and then you both grab for your weapons and rush to attack!

LIZARD MAN GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to **181**.

314

Keeping close to the northern shore, you paddle against the gentle current of the slow-moving river. The river-bank is sparsely vegetated at first, but the trees become thicker as you come closer to the jungle. There is no sign of any more Lizard Men, but you keep a wary eye open anyway. Turn to **295**.

315

The Wharf Rats squeak in terror, and scuttle back into the rubble. You are amazed, but you will not stick around for too long in case they come back. Turn to **203**.

316

You hastily dive down behind a convenient pile of barrels. There is a clamour of voices very near by: a high-pitched squeaking and a deep growling, both speaking the guttural Lizard Man language. Will you keep your head down (turn to **134**), or give in to your curiosity and have a peep (turn to **86**)?

317

The current becomes very strong alongside the river-bank, whipping the water into a small whirlpool that threatens to wreck your flimsy craft. Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **364**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **298**.

318

The Pterodactyl plummets to the ground, but unfortunately the Lizard Man leaps clear, and races towards you in anger.

LIZARD MAN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8

If you defeat the Lizard Man, turn to **164**.

319

Shuddering at your close shave, you pick your way through the maze of tents, baggage carts and piles of stores, which make up the Lizard Men's camp. You're nearing its edge and, with luck, will soon be free of the siege. Now if only you had a mount, you could put a great distance between yourself and the enemy in a very short time. Just as you are thinking this, you notice a set of pens up ahead holding a variety of animal mounts! Do you want to investigate further (turn to **148**), or would you rather creep round it (turn to **237**)?

320

With a howl, a band of warriors clad in panther skins swing down at you from the trees, brandishing long knives fashioned like tiger claws Before you have time to react your arm is nicked by one of the knives. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You recover, draw your sword, and leap to the attack. There are five warriors in all, and you must fight them two at a time. Each time a warrior falls another takes his place; they all have the same SKILL and STAMINA scores.

PANTHER WARRIORS	each	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you take two consecutive hits or your STAMINA score drops to 4 or less, turn to **381**. If you defeat the warriors, turn to **155**.

321

Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **90**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **216**.

322

Disgustingly deformed, a mutant Lizard Man pulls its stunted, misshapen body from the mud and leaps to the attack!

MUTANT
LIZARD MAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If it scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to **162**. If you score two consecutive hits against it or kill it, roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **208**; 3–4, turn to **192**; 5–6, turn to **172**.

323

You reach the other side of the room, although every moment you expect a ghastly skeletal hand to clutch at you, an animated skull to bite at you! The next chamber is in even worse condition than the last one, with bones and rubble scattered everywhere. There are three exits: an arch to the left (turn to **125**), another arch to the right (turn to **41**), and a small tunnel that leads away directly ahead of where you came in (turn to **67**).

324

The warriors smother you, pushing you to the ground so that they can bind you with tough vines. You are marched through the jungle until you come to a very large tree, whereupon a vine is attached to your waist and you are dragged up into the branches. Despite your initial shock at being so high above the ground, and the obvious danger of your predicament, you are intrigued by the platforms and rope-bridges which the warriors have built up in the tree-tops. A tall, white-haired elder, obviously, from his dress, the high priest or shaman, approaches you and stares deep into your eyes. If you have stared into another creature's eyes recently you will know of a section to turn to He then takes your rucksack and shakes it out on to the floor and paws through it Do you have a panther idol? If you do, turn to **308**; if you do not, turn to **75**.

325

No one seems to notice. You make what you think are convincingly disgusting lip-licking noises, and keep your head down as if in deep thought. But now is the time when everyone meets the assembled relatives. Would you rather try to make a break for freedom (turn to **66**), or not (turn to **287**)?

326

As it loses the evil spark that animated it, the ancient body crumples to the floor, shattering into fragments of brown dust. All that is left is a rusting suit of antique armour and a tarnished crown holding two emeralds. You may prise out the gemstones (turn to 226), or perhaps you would rather leave and continue your exploration (turn to 78).

327

The ridge circles around the depression, heading for a thick clump of trees. The first trees are young saplings, but soon you come to larger, thick-trunked trees. You brush against one of them, and almost leap out of your skin as it moves and an enormous Tyrannosaurus Rex rises from among the trees! Your heart sinks into your boots. What can you do? Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, you must attack the creature (turn to 132). If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, you may be able to try something else (turn to 81).

328

'You hot-headed young fool!' thunders White-eye. 'There was no need for such violence. You have taken something that was mine, and destroyed it, too! Now I claim something of yours in fair exchange. What will you trade me for the life of a living being?' The old man looks so angry you feel desperately ashamed for what you have done, but all you can do is reach into your pack and give him two items, if you have any, or if you have nothing he will accept all your Provisions. 'Now leave immediately!' he rages at you. Deduct 1 LUCK point and turn to 233.

329

The far corner of the room is crumbled and battered, and a trail of loose dirt shows where the Slug probably entered. You tiptoe round the edge of the rubble, keeping an eye open for a second monster, until you come to the double doors. The Slug has finished the first set of curtains, and is now slithering towards those hanging over the second alcove. Will you attack the creature (turn to 375) or leave the room to continue your exploration (turn to 274)?

330

After several hours of hacking your way through the jungle you seem to be making very little progress, and your morale is falling rapidly. Eventually, though, you come to where the land dips. Ahead of you is more thick jungle, but running alongside it is a shallow depression, several leagues long, which is marshy and damp. Will you continue through the jungle (turn to **397**) or follow the depression (turn to **117**)?

331

The sun is higher in the sky, and you are becoming very weary. You were not cut out for such long treks by your courtly upbringing! You would very much like to stop and rest awhile, but up ahead a scraggy bunch of vultures seems to be circling above something hidden from sight by the trees. Will you see what has attracted their attention (turn to **242**) or continue your march (turn to **80**)?

332

The Krell swings down into the lower branches, screeching and swiping at you. Two more of the creatures spring down to aid it, and suddenly you have a battle on your hands. You must fight all three at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KRELL	5	4
Second KRELL	6	5
Third KRELL	5	6

If you defeat these three, the rest will run off and you can retrieve your precious sword before moving on. Turn to **221**.

333

And suddenly the roar of battle ceases, and the ranks of warriors part. Atop a mound of human bodies, right at the centre of the fighting, is the Lizard Man Champion. Nearly three metres tall, four-armed and splattered with gore, the immense creature is swinging a barbaric war-axe and a huge knife larger than your own sword. The Champion howls insanely, drunk with blood-lust, calling on any brave warrior to challenge him to a fight. Will you step forward to take him on (turn to **26**), or take advantage of the distraction to break through the lines (turn to **213**)?

334

The rubble gives way and suddenly you fall into the hole. You flail wildly and manage to catch hold of a plank of wood hanging from the side. Then that gives way and you plummet down the ancient well . . . to your doom.

335

The chest rattles – there's something inside it! Examining it closely, you notice it has a Z-shaped lock. If you have a key of that shape, turn to **101**. If you would rather try to smash it open, turn to **127**.

336

You dive for your sword and rucksack, grab a vine and swing down from the platform. You hit the ground running, expecting a hail of darts to thump into your back with every step. However, nothing follows you but a few angry howls and shrieks, and as the ground begins to rise into the foothills of the Lion Heights you feel safe enough to slow your pace to a trot. By mid-afternoon the ground is rising steadily and the trail is becoming steeper. You stop to eat some Provisions in the shade of a large thorn-bush. As you are munching a large, sweet fruit you hear the sound of heavy flapping wings. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **186**. If you are Unlucky turn to **99**.

337

As the creatures die they fade away into nothing, leaving you alone in the room of statues. You retrieve the jet eyes and your lantern, and leave the room. The passage leads off at a very acute angle, and you find yourself walking more on what used to be the wall than on the floor. Turn to **152**.

338

You hang back in the shadows and watch excitedly as three stooped, hooded figures creep by. Will you attack them (turn to **43**) or wait for them to disappear before taking the right trench (turn to **206**) or the left (turn to **277**)?

339

You manage to evade the boats, but they give chase. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, you are hit by as many blow-pipe darts. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each, before you leave the Goblins behind. Turn to **241**.

340

You leap on to the horse and urge it with your spurs to gallop away, but too late: the Lizard Men are upon you! Turn to **36**.

341

As you reach the copse, a hand shoots out and grabs you, whirling you around. A dagger is held to your throat and wild eyes stare into yours. 'Eh? You're human!' The man, dressed in furs and with straggling hair and beard, seems very surprised. 'What you doin' ridin' a lizard? I could've killed you!' You quickly gabble out the story of your escape from the city, and that the Lizard Men are chasing you. The man peers out from behind the tree, taking in the sight of your pursuers, before returning his attention to you. Turn to **21**.

342

You continue to cut a path along the river-bank, finding more traces of what must have been quite a substantial settlement many years ago. You follow the curve of the river for some distance, and then find yourself in a wide grassy clearing. Gazing around, you suddenly realize that you are in the open courtyard of a stone temple, most of which is covered in vines and undergrowth. Large columns lie buried under rampant vegetation, and crumbling stone walls support bushes and small trees. The place is very quiet and feels almost sacred as though it had never lost its spiritual atmosphere. Will you investigate further (turn to **151**) or move on (turn to **245**)?

343

You are summarily searched and trussed up. You still have your trusty hunting-knife tucked into your belt, but you decide to wait for a more opportune time to escape. The funeral continues, and the Orcs start to pass around the Guursh, the skull-splitting Orcish ale, one of the most intoxicating and revolting substances on Titan. Carefully twisting your wrists this way and that, you manage to cut the rope that binds you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **230**. If you are Unlucky, you are noticed and must fight the Orcs (turn to **265**).

344

White-eye opens the phial and sniffs the purple liquid. His eyes widen and glaze over; a strange smile crosses his lips as a look of sheer happiness transforms his face. He becomes calm again, shaking his head as if to clear his mind. 'Yes, I will take this. Thank you,' he says. You wonder whether *you* should have tried the stuff before now, but it is too late. Turn to **191**.

345

You stop yourself just in time as the floor gives way to reveal a deep hole, an old well perhaps. Rubble bounces away down into the measureless depths. You could retrace your steps into the room (turn to **153**). Alternatively, you could try to jump. Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **258**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **205**.

346

Roll one die – as many hairy spiders bit you as the result of your roll when you grabbed for the shiny object. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each bite. Luckily, though, you had the presence of mind to keep hold of the object as you felt the tiny teeth pricking you. It is a small key, shaped like a Z. You secrete it in your pack; it may come in useful later. Now you may explore the other alcove (turn to **119**) or leave the room (turn to **183**).

347

An arrow whistles past your left ear! Oh, Telak, you think, they're getting close enough to hit me! The ground beneath your mount's sure feet becomes more rolling. As the lizard leaps a small stream you notice a copse just up ahead of you. Will you ride for the copse (turn to **303**), or continue on past it (turn to **201**)?

348

The body of the repulsive creature sinks back into the swamp with a sucking sound, and you spend an uncomfortable night perched too close for comfort to the water's edge. The morning dawns bright and glorious, and you wake face down in the soft mud having succumbed finally to your tiredness, regardless of any danger. For a few moments you wonder why you were afraid to sleep – then the red stain on the surface of the water near by reminds you. You wash, and move on. At least there is no trouble eating in the jungle; you can collect up to your total of 4 Provisions as you walk along. It should just be possible now to see the Lion Heights and Telak's Mount from the top of a tree; you may care to climb up (turn to 393), or perhaps you would rather continue on your way (turn to 170).

349

You spend the rest of the afternoon hastily binding branches together to build crude barricades to confuse the riders and direct them into the centre of the copse. Here Lecarte builds a huge bonfire of wood soaked in oil mixed with something he tells you is called, 'Flashpowder: Sulis Vitae from Sardath. Trust me!' As the sun sets you hear galloping hoofs, and a band of warriors on riding lizards thunder out of the dusk. There are all the Lizard Men who escaped, plus a further six – a very large band to be taken on by two adventurers and a Sabre-toothed Tiger! They plunge into the copse towards your light. As the Lizard Men enter one

side of the copse, Lecarte and yourself are waiting on the other. Lecarte blows his horn to distract the enemy while you let loose a flaming arrow into the darkness. Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to 262. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 16.

350

But the mounts *are* guarded after all, for as you unhitch one a bell clangs and you hear a shouted challenge! You leap on to the back of the lizard and hare away to the north. Turn to 146.

351

You nervously peer into an alcove, but find only rotten bones. It is the same story in the next alcove, and the next. If these corpses were buried with any jewels or fabulous treasures they were taken a long time ago, you decide. You will not find Telak's missing parts here. You tiptoe on. Turn to 297.

352

Heart pounding and lungs bursting through trying not to breathe, you stay as still as you possibly can. The moon slips from behind a cloud and suddenly you can see two eyes, two large cat's eyes. As you get used to the gloom you realize that the beast is an immense Black Panther, dragging a small deer up into the tree to eat! Will you attack it (turn to **273**) or stay as still as you can in the hope that it will go away (turn to **252**)?

353

The high-vaulted corridor leads past murals depicting the many glorious deeds of Telak Swordbearer to a set of wide steps, at the top of which are great double doors, marked with many of Telak's symbols. Carefully, you listen at the doors, but hear nothing. With your sword ready in your hand, you push open one of the doors and step in . . . What a magnificent place! Columns stretch out into the shadows on both sides. The walls are lined with weapons and shields, and carved with murals depicting many great deeds. At their centre stands a

magnificent altar to Telak, which bears a small plinth holding the largest ruby you've ever seen! Could *this* be the Eye of Telak? You glance warily around you, peering into the shadows. To one side of the altar there's a small door, obviously leading to the stairs up to where you must meet Laskar. Will you approach the altar (turn to **229**), or leave by the small door (turn to **87**)?

354

You march on, rather enjoying being out in the open countryside despite the sinister mist, which is allowing your imagination to work overtime. The ground is now rolling and grassy, but broken in places by patches of sand and the occasional stream, and dotted with many clumps of thorn-bushes. Suddenly, though, you stop dead as a peculiar howling drifts down to you on the wind. It seems to have come from somewhere up ahead . . . or to your right . . . or to your left. Will you continue on your way (turn to **102**) or retrace your steps (turn to **305**)?

355

You push the door and it gives, but creaks very loudly. In a panic you dive through before the Slug can react, and find yourself slipping down a flight of stone steps just beyond the door. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 345. If you are Unlucky, turn to 286.

356

You cut a track to the river-bank, and wash the sleep and sweat from your face. You check your equipment, and eat some more Provisions. None of the plants around here seems to be edible, but you are guaranteed to find more on your journey. As you are glancing around at the bushes, though, you notice something potentially more interesting: a strange pile of overgrown rocks. Do you investigate (turn to 282), or set off again on your journey (turn to 97)?

357

The corridor goes only a short way, leading to a huge brass-bound door. You listen at the door and hear a sound like metal coins being rubbed together. You ready your sword, take a deep breath, and kick the door. There is a massive thump, but the door remains closed. From inside the room comes a crashing sound. You kick the door again, and again, but nothing will budge it. Then to your horror the door is flung open with a resounding crash. There, in front of you, is a terrifying sight. Framed in the doorway stands a Warrior-king from lost ages past. He has been dead a long time, but something has resurrected him and set him to guard this ancient room. He carries a long javelin, poised ready to thrust at you, and on his head sits a jagged crown studded with emeralds. You must fight him.

WARRIOR-KING	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you defeat this ancient hero, turn to 259.

358

Then you see them – four riders, cloaked and hooded despite the heat, and mounted on four-legged lizards. They slow down to a canter as they approach, and stop at a wary distance from you. Their faces are hidden by their hoods. Will you greet them (turn to **383**), attack them (turn to **309**) or wait for them to make the first move (turn to **84**)?

359

You hear the regular splash of many oars as a large Lizard Man galley sculls towards you in mid-stream. As it approaches your position you duck under the overhanging trees lining the southern bank, and it sails past without anyone noticing you. You let a sigh of relief whistle out through your teeth. Then, out of the corner of your eye, you see the snake. It must have dropped from one of the trees, and now it's slowly slithering its way towards you across the bottom of the boat. You try to lift it out with the flat of your oar before it gets too close. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, you remove it successfully. If you roll 5–6, it bites your hand. Deduct 1 STAMINA point before it is flipped out on to the bank. Then you paddle on. Turn to **376**.

360

'Never 'eard of yer!' the Orc snarls, peering closer. ''Ere! Youse nain't an Orc, youse a yooman!'

'A *yooman*?' goes the cry. A much younger Orc spins you round, looks at you closely, and draws his club! You have a fight on your hands. Turn to **265**.

361

You have several options as far as routes and your method of travelling are concerned. After long discussions with Vymorna's most learned experts (those who are still alive, at any rate), it was agreed that you could leave the city with a band of warriors who would try to force their way through the enemy lines and enable you to flee from the besieged city on foot, heading north and then east to your goal. Alternatively, you could take the same route but attempt to leave the city in secret, sneaking through the enemy lines just before dawn. Finally, you could sneak down to the docks and attempt to steal a boat, which would take you a fair distance up the River Vymorn before you head east to your goal. Will you try to break out by force (turn to 130), sneak away before dawn (turn to 93), or try to steal a boat (turn to 158)?

362

The revolting corpse flops down, oozing colourless ichor on to the dusty floor. You may now check the first alcove (turn to 68), the second alcove (turn to 168), or leave the room (turn to 274).

363

You hurry along between the tents, keeping your head down. As you come to a well-worn path through the camp, you hear the sound of marching feet coming along it. You must not be caught out here in the open. Will you duck into a tent (turn to 8) or look for somewhere else to hide (turn to 316)?

364

The water becomes rougher, and a wave swamps the boat, throwing you overboard. The last thing you remember is the almighty crash of your boat hitting some submerged rocks . . . You wake face down in sand, on the northern bank of the river, with fragments of your ill-fated craft scattered around you. Near by the rapids continue to rage. You get up and check your equipment. Your cloak is in a sorry state and, if you had any Provisions left, they are ruined (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*), but everything else seems to be intact. You rest while you decide which direction to take. You could head directly east, hacking your way through the jungle until you reach the Lion Heights (turn to 175), or you could head north along the edge of the jungle before turning east, which would be a longer journey but would mean you spend less time in the jungle (turn to 27).

365

You must fight the two Marsh Orcs together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MARSH ORC	6	7
Second MARSH ORC	6	6

If you defeat them, turn to 379.

366

You settle behind a tree from where you can see the caravan. Nothing happens, though, and eventually you fall asleep. You awake suddenly to find a wizened old being smiling down at you. You start in fright, but he calms you, saying, 'Come, man-child. Let us go indoors out of the night and find you a better place to sleep!' Intrigued and amazed, you follow him. Turn to **61**.

367

As you wait, plucking up the courage to enter the darkness, you are horrified to see Laskar reach the far side of the ruins – and be surrounded by Lizard Men! The creatures march away with the hermit, and another band has been dispatched in your direction. This is all the incentive you need to duck down into the hole and begin your journey through the darkness. Turn to **289**.

368

The Pterodactyl screeches in panic as it sees its beloved pilot fall to the ground. From away behind you, among the tents, you hear shouts and footsteps. You must get out of here right away. Will you leap on to the back of the Pterodactyl (turn to **387**) or will you try for a riding lizard (turn to **146**)?

369

The ground rises to a small hillock dotted with sparse patches of thorn-bushes and trees. At the crest of the hill a motley group stands gathered around a large funeral bier. Looking closely you can see that, despite the veils and other dark clothes, the mourners are all Orcs! To one side a bizarrely dressed shaman leaps and capers, throwing bones and entrails to the winds in honour of the dead. You could creep closer still and take a better look, or just trek on. While you are deciding, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **118**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **66**.

370

Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **291**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **3**.

371

The diamond slips into the hilt of your sword, glowing dully in the semi-darkness, With a howl of vengeance you leap for Laskar. The old man looks momentarily horrified, but parries your blow easily with his staff. Where is the fabled power of the sword? An arrow thumps into your shoulder, another into your leg. You drop to the ground and the Lizard Men close in, swords raised for their final blows. Your quest is at an end.

372

And then, from the water, bursts the most repulsive creature you have ever seen. It's a sickly white all over, like the soft underbelly of a crocodile, and indeed the Swamp Mutant shares many of the crocodile's characteristics. It rears up on strong hind legs and snaps at you with a mutated alligator head. All you can do is to bring your sword up to meet its first attack.

SWAMP MUTANT SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

If you defeat the monstrous creature, turn to **348**.

373

You duck back into the shadows, fumbling for the sword. You are certain that a gemstone should fit into the hilt of the weapon. If you haven't found any gems on your travels, turn to **28**. If you have found some, which will you try to fit into the hilt of the sword, hoping they will be the Eyes of Telak:

The diamond?	Turn to **371**
The emeralds?	Turn to **228**
The jets?	Turn to **173**
The ruby?	Turn to **293**

374

You find some fleshy orange and yellow fruits, which prove edible (these count as 2 Provisions). While you are searching about in the undergrowth you also come across a beautiful flower – a black lotus, long fabled for its scent and rarity. You may take it with you, if you wish, before returning to the path and continuing your journey. Turn to **169**.

375

The Giant Slug sees you, and starts to lumber across the rubble towards you. It is a truly repulsive creature, dripping slime and spittle from its mouth as it ripples along. As it is a very slow-moving creature, you may have time to loose an arrow at it. If you have a bow, turn to **224**. Otherwise you will have to fight it using your sword, although, because of its thick skin, your blows will only do it 1 STAMINA point of damage.

GIANT SLUG SKILL 6 STAMINA 12

If you defeat it, turn to **362**.

376

Giving thanks to Telak for ensuring your safety (though it was a very close shave), you paddle on up-river. The Vymorn sweeps north in a wide, slow-moving curve, and you have no trouble guiding your small craft along. The river curves again, heading east. You paddle along keeping an eye open both sides for any sign of trouble. After an hour or so the river is joined by a tributary flowing from the south; the Lizard River flows from the depths of Silur Cha. As you pass the place where it joins the Vymorn you give thanks that you are not having to go up *that* waterway. It is at this moment that you notice three boats heading towards you from the southern shore. Turn to **238**.

377

The land is rough and hilly, and the weather very warm. You have lost track of the days since you left Vymorna, but pray that your family and friends are holding on. Away to the north a small dust cloud is getting larger by the minute. Someone – or something – is riding towards you at high speed. Will you keep to your path (turn to **358**) or find somewhere to hide before the riders arrive (turn to **139**)?

378

You trudge on, but find little dry ground. It is getting dark. The sun set in a blaze of fire a good fifteen minutes ago, and the swampy jungle is now cool and eerily quiet. You push aside great clumps of reeds, following the twisting path of dry ground, which seems to be leading you deeper and deeper into a maze. And then, although you were half expecting it . . . Turn to 372.

379

You duck down hurriedly as a heavily armoured Lizard Man strides by. He stops suddenly, and sniffs the air for an almost unbearably long moment. Has he seen you – or smelt you? Then he moves on, and you breathe again. Turn to 32.

380

Scurrying down conduits cut through the walls and then along trenches between the walls, you come to the built-up dockland area of the ruined outer city. This part of Vymorna has suffered less destruction than much of the besieged city, and seems not to be as heavily occupied by enemy troops. You creep up what used to be a gaily decorated alleyway between two roofless buildings, remembering with sadness the families who once lived here. The alley widens into a winding cobbled lane, which leads, via slopes and steps, down in the direction of the quayside. At that moment a shout comes from behind you. Two ragged Orcs, obviously scavenging among the ruins, race towards you. You have two simple options: will you stand and fight (turn to 365) or run for it (turn to 234)?

381

The warriors overcome you, pushing you to the ground so that they can bind you with tough vines. You are marched through the jungle until you come to a very large tree, whereupon a vine is attached to your waist and you are dragged up into the branches. Despite your initial shock at being so high above the ground, and the obvious danger of your predicament, you are intrigued by the platforms and rope-bridges that the warriors have built up in the tree-tops. A tall, white-haired elder, from his dress obviously the high priest or shaman, approaches you and stares deep into your eyes. If you have stared into another creature's eyes recently you will know of a paragraph to turn to. He takes your rucksack and shakes it out on to the floor and paws through the contents. Do you have a panther idol (turn to **308**) or not (turn to **75**)?

382

You slip in something red and unthinkable, and fall to your knees. A tall, heavily armoured Lizard Man, covered in gore, leaps at you, swinging a cruelly spiked war-flail at your head. You duck but the strands catch your arm. Deduct 1 STAMINA point, before you can return the blows.

LIZARD MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If he scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to **162**. If you score two consecutive hits against him, or kill him, roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **208**; 3–4, turn to **65**; 5–6, turn to **10**.

383

You hail the travellers, greeting them cordially. There is no reply; they sit motionless on their peculiar mounts, who regard you with their cold reptilian eyes. A chill breeze springs up and you give an involuntary shudder. 'What's the matter, friends? Have you lost your tongues?' you smile. Turn to **309**.

384

The messenger screams in panic, and then draws her sword and joins battle.

MESSENGER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat her, turn to 103.

385

The corridor slopes down, but, more peculiarly, twists in such a way that it angles sideways as well. It is very cool and dry down here, but also very musty, as though something once fresh has started to go off. You come to another room and peer in through the archway. This chamber is quite bizarre, for carved into all the available wall space are small niches. And standing in each niche is a skull and an ornate glass jar. Beneath each skull a metal plate is affixed to the wall. The skulls of ten thousand beings must be in here, you think, as you gaze in wonder. You peer closer at a niche, only to find that the skulls are not human at all. They are fluted, more as you imagine an Elf's skull to look, except that they also bear very exaggerated canine teeth! The jars next to each skull contain a nasty surprise for you, too, for each holds a small, wrinkled grey

lump of flesh that might just be a brain! You can't make out what's written on the small metal plates – though there is definitely something there – for the symbols have become faded and illegible over the ages. This room is unsettling, especially for somewhere supposed to be a haven of Goodness. Two passages lead out of it: one flight of steps leads up to the left (turn to 182) and another flight down to the right (turn to 4).

386

Somehow you manage to stop yourself from falling. Most of the floor has gone, leaving a deep drop into the cellar beneath. You hide to one side of the doorway as an armoured Lizard Man strides past. Peering out after him, you are just in time to see him disappear among the ruins. There is no sign of the Marsh Orcs, thank Telak. Turn to 32.

387

The Pterodactyl leaps skyward in a tremendous rush of wings, with you hanging on to its back. It soars high over the camp, and starts to head off towards the battlefield! The stupid reptile thinks it is going to fight! You grab its neck and try to steer it away from the battle, but all it does is go into a very steep dive, and you slip from its neck. As you fall through the air you have a moment to reflect on what a stupid move you have just made! Turn to **131**.

388

The pale liquid is a healing balm, which you may take when you need it most. When you wish to use its soothing powers make a note of the paragraph you are currently at, then turn to **42**. If you have another item to choose, turn to **31** (for the swirling globe) or turn to **13** (for the bow and arrows). If you now have your two items, turn to **361**.

389

'So you have met Lecarte, have you?' White-eye asks. 'Well, no, I traded this because it brought me bad luck, and I will not take it back.' Turn to **11** and choose again.

390

The enchanted arrow flies true and the Krell is pinned to the branch, dead. Seeing their friend's fate, the rest of the creatures leap screaming and chattering into the trees. You manage to retrieve your sword and belt, and buckle it back round your waist before moving on. Turn to **221**.

391

'I have news of this Laskar whom you seek,' says White-eye. 'I do not give freely, but I will gladly trade with you.' You cannot bring yourself to trade any of your father's things, but you may have something else to exchange. What can you trade?

Black lotus	Turn to **249**
Cloth o'gold	Turn to **49**
A mace	Turn to **129**
An Orc charm	Turn to **256**
A phial of purple liquid	Turn to **344**
Small panther idol	Turn to **389**

If you have nothing, or do not wish to trade, turn to **111**

392

You bite into the body and almost choke. Dead Orc tastes absolutely terrible! You feel your stomach heave, but somehow you manage to keep from vomiting. Deduct 2 STAMINA points! 'And now, yoo young 'uns, 'tis time to meet yore elder relatives.' The younger Orcs line up to greet the more aged guests, and you seem expected to join them. Will you go along with them (turn to 287), or try to make a break for it (turn to 66)?

393

You haul yourself up a tree into the topmost branches, and from there you peer cautiously out over the jungle. It is a fabulous sight, like a green sea with the wind blowing it in waves. The forest rises up into the hills, less than a day's journey away. A pair of huge birds are flapping their way over the hills – eagles, perhaps. The south is covered in an evil yellow mist and your view is obscured, while the west is lost in a heat haze. To the north the jungle continues as far as the eye can see. Will you clamber down and continue your journey now (turn to 170), or stay up here in the swaying branches a little longer (turn to 150)?

394

You pull off the leaves near one end of the bundle, and give an involuntary shriek as a grinning skull leers out at you. It is a body, probably wrapped up in the leaves to preserve it, and crawling with maggots and spiders. Ugh, you shudder! Deduct 1 LUCK point, before climbing down and scrambling along the bridge. Turn to 199.

395

The corridor curves gently upwards and leads to a small chamber, from which stone stairs spiral upwards; a narrow passage leads off to the right. That must be the way to the chapel of Telak. Will you go along the passage (turn to 165) or take the stairs (turn to 301)?

396

The messenger looks very relieved to have found another human on the road, and you notice she is very tired and dusty. She tells you her story – how she has been sent by the people of Coppertown far to the north to ask for aid against roving war-bands of Lizard Men and Mountain Trolls. Her face falls when you tell her of Vymorna's fate, and she appears devastated. You stand in silence for some minutes, before you dare make a move. Will you take her along with you (turn to 113), or bid her farewell and set off again alone (turn to 103)?

397

You know immediately that you have made a mistake as a huge fleshy jaw clamps tight around you. It belongs to a giant Venus Fly-Trap, and it has just caught you. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You are now trapped inside the carnivorous plant, and all you can do is hack away at it with your knife. The plant will digest you in six rounds unless you can cut your way out. Roll one die for each of the six rounds and add the results of the die rolls together. If you score 20 or more points in six rounds the creature will die. If you score less than 20 points, it will digest you and your adventure will end here! If you cut yourself free from the plant, turn to **194**.

398

The hairs on your neck bristle and a chill shudder racks your body. Shapes loom and dance in the mist – big, bulky shapes. Will you turn and run back the way you came (turn to **195**) or stand your ground (turn to **39**)?

399

A black-feathered arrow thuds into your shoulder and you cry out in pain. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. If your STAMINA score is 6 or less, you lose your grip on the reins and fall from your riding lizard (turn to **114**). Otherwise you ride on (turn to **290**).

400

The blade cuts deep into the old man, slicing cleanly as the power guides your arm. The traitor dies, gurgling and choking. You step astride his body, the look in your eyes daring anyone to challenge you. The evil Lizard Men hesitate, unsure of just how much power you now have. You raise your sword aloft and in confirmation of your powers the air begins to shimmer. Coalescing from nothing, a thousand warriors materialize around you, golden weapons at the ready. The Lizard Men murmur in terror as the ancient soldiers begin to slice through their ranks. You turn away in disgust, but the sickening slaughter is soon over. With you at their head, the warriors step back into rank. You march away into the west, towards Vymorna, the power of your master, Telak Swordbearer, blazing through every atom of your body. With a force like this, charging into battle with the sun behind you, you will free Vymorna from the clutches of Evil and Chaos!

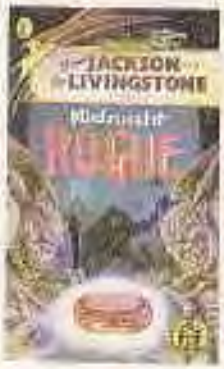
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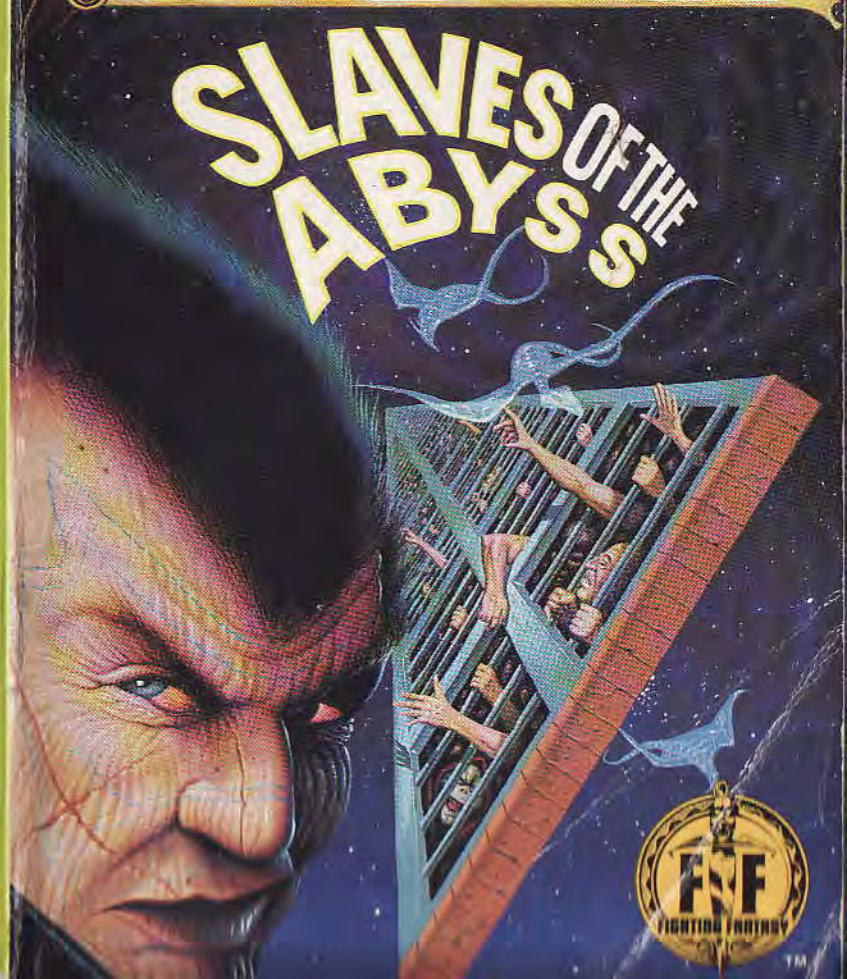

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1988

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Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd,
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk
Printed in Great Britain by
Cox and Wyman Ltd, Reading, Berks

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INTRODUCTION

Your Character

In this book you are a famous adventurer in the lands of Allansia, the veteran of many battles and the doer of many fine deeds. You have in your possession a finely wrought sword of Fangthane steel and your sturdy backpack. Before embarking on this, your latest adventure, you must first determine your strengths and weaknesses.

You use dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 16–17 there is an *Adventure Sheet* on which you may record the details of your adventure. There you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are unlikely to complete this adventure successfully at the first attempt, so you are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the page for use in future attempts.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter the total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions when you will be instructed in a particular paragraph.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. If your STAMINA score drops to zero, stop reading, close the book and then start again from the beginning. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Combat

You will often come across paragraphs in the book where you are instructed to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first empty Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for every potential adversary are given each time you have an encounter. The sequence for combat is then:

1. Roll two dice for the opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is the opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the opponent, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1, above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. (You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage – see below.)
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. (Again you may use LUCK at this stage – see below.)
6. Make the appropriate adjustments either to the opponent's or to your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).

7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your adversary has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

In some paragraphs you will be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, your opponent automatically gets in one wound on you (deduct 2 STAMINA points) as you flee – such is the price of cowardice. (Note that you may use LUCK to minimize this wound in the normal way – see below.) You may *Escape* only if that option is specifically given to you in the paragraph.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

If you come across more than one possible adversary in an encounter, the instructions in that paragraph will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will have to fight each in turn.

Instant Death

You are a mighty warrior, with a blade of finest Fangthane steel. Whenever you roll a double 6 in battle you have scored a *killing blow* on your opponent. The battle ends straight away, and you are the victor!

You may inflict *killing blows* on your opponents only if you are using your sword. If you ever lose the sword, you will forfeit this special ability.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battle or when you find yourself in a situation in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (on each occasion you are invited to *Test your Luck* in the relevant paragraph), you have to call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business, and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for *Testing your Luck* is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher than* your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. You will soon come to realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will then discover the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, you always have the option of using your LUCK in battle, either to inflict a more serious wound on an opponent you have just wounded, or to reduce the effects of a wound the opponent has just inflicted on you.

If you have just won an Attack Round, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound on your opponent and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to its STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If you have just lost an Attack Round and been wounded, you may *Test your Luck* to try to lessen the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full impact of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (so that, instead of doing 2 points of damage, it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have had to take a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score every time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a paragraph may give the instruction to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A special weapon may also increase your SKILL; but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim two SKILL bonuses for carrying two magic swords.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may become dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for five meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a battle. Eating a meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add up to 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct one of your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining Box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for this purpose. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded during the adventure when you have been particularly lucky; details of when this occurs are given in the relevant paragraphs. Remember: as with STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *initial* value.

Equipment

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you will probably acquire other items during your travels. You are armed with a fine steel sword which has carried you through countless fights, and you are dressed in your battered leather armour. You have 5 Gold Pieces left from your last adventure, and a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

Keeping Track of Time

The adventure which lies ahead of you is a race against time. A grave threat hangs over Kallamehr, and only by quick and resourceful action will you be able to defeat it.

As you make your choices, from time to time you will find instructions to 'tick off a time box'. Whenever you come upon one of these, you should make a pencil mark in the first available empty box on the *Time Sheet* provided on the inside front cover. Start with the box at the top left, and move from left to right and from the top row to the bottom row. The

boxes represent time running out for Kallamehr; they do not correspond to an exact length of time. Two of the time boxes have numbers in them. Wherever you are when you reach these (i.e. when you tick them off), you should make a note of your current paragraph number, then turn at once to the paragraph number given in the box.

You will find it easy to be diverted from the true path throughout this adventure. On your first attempt you will probably run out of time – or even meet with an untimely end. To succeed, you will have to think hard about each choice you make. You will succeed in the adventure only if you do the *right* things at the *right* times. No matter how weak your *initial* die-rolls, it should be fairly easy to complete the adventure – if you can find the true path!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial
Skill =

STAMINA
Initial
Stamina =

LUCK
Initial
Luck =

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill =
Stamina =

Skill =
Stamina =

Skill =
Stamina =

Skill =
Stamina =

Skill =
Stamina =

Skill =
Stamina =

Skill =
Stamina =

Skill =
Stamina =

Skill =
Stamina =

Skill =
Stamina =

Skill =
Stamina =

BACKGROUND

These are troubled times in Kallamehr. No sooner had its ruler, Lady Carolina, got over the death of her husband than she was flung into a war with the rival trading state Alkemis. After a sea-battle in which many lives were lost, it seemed that Kallamehr had prevailed. Yet there was more to come. Rumours spread of armies massing on the northern borders. Bei-Han, never a friendly neighbour, was said to be preparing for an invasion. Acting decisively, Lady Carolina ordered all her armies to the northern borders. The mountain passes on the borders could be defended with ease. If the armies of Bei-Han were allowed to reach the wide plains of Kallamehr, however, they would wreak untold damage.

You arrive in Kallamehr just as the last troop of soldiers are departing. You find yourself in a city strangely deserted. Life goes on, but without the many brightly costumed warriors who used to parade so proudly down Kallamehr's winding streets. With the soldiers gone, the criminals thrive. You bar the door of your room at night, and sleep with your sword beside your bed.

A few weeks pass. Then, one morning, a wild-eyed messenger rides into the city, yelling incoherent warnings of an invasion from the east. Less than an hour after he disappears into the palace, a servant brings you a note on stationery bearing the seal of the House of Rangor. It is a summons to appear before Lady Carolina herself! It seems your fame as an adventurer has reached her, and in these dark days the Lady has need of fearless warriors.

When you arrive at the palace, you find yourself in the company of ten other adventurers. Several are known to you by sight, and one, Sophia of Blacksand, by name, as you have shared dangers with her on more than one occasion. Before you have a chance to exchange names and greetings with the others, you are led inside by a servant. You are ushered into an audience-chamber to face five nobles behind a huge black wooden table. In the centre sits Lady Carolina, resplendent in ceremonial jewellery, the Sword of Office on the table before her. To her left is her cousin Madhaenos, a fat fellow with a nervous twitch in his nose. Beyond him sits Dunyazad of Ikhtiyan, a small woman who is reputed to be the wealthiest person in Kallamehr province. To Carolina's right are Sige the Silent, an imposing woman of ancient lineage, and Asiah Albudur, the stern-faced Judge. Truly you face the five most important people in Kallamehr!

You bow, and Carolina swiftly explains the situation. With the army many leagues to the north, Kallamehr lies unguarded. Now a messenger has arrived from the easternmost regions, telling of villages found deserted. It seems that an army is advancing on the city from the east – it must be barbarian raiders from Kulak Isle. A rider must be dispatched at once to fetch back half of Kallamehr's army. Meanwhile the city must be defended in some way. Carolina explains that her loyal champion Ramedes the Invincible, most feared warrior in all the southern lands, is away on a quest for a fabled relic. She praises you all for your past gallantry and asks that you help her – and gain the gratitude of the whole province – by undertaking the defence of the city. You may be few in number, but surely the glory will be all the greater?

NOW TURN TO PARAGRAPH 1

1

How can you refuse such an appeal? The other ten are quick to volunteer for the task, and your voice joins theirs in pledging allegiance to Lady Carolina. This is your chance to become more than a wandering adventurer – you'll be a true hero of legend! You listen as the five nobles begin to lay plans. One of you must ride to the northern passes and summon the army, another must ride east to scout out the invaders. The rest must remain in Kallamehr and use all their wits and ingenuity to prepare a defence. What do you intend to do:

Volunteer to ride north for the army? Turn to 92

Volunteer to scout to the east? Turn to 104

Remain behind to defend the city? Turn to 288

2

Holding Mema's sticky hand, you make your way back to your horse. You will have to deliver her safely back to her parents, and she tells you that she knows the way to their village. It is back the way you have already come, but to leave her unprotected would not be the action of a hero. Meanwhile she is still covered in the green slime. If you decide to wash it off her, turn to 170. Otherwise, turn to 396.

3

Beneath your feet the crystal surface begins to roughen and slope upwards. More Ectovults pass screeching by, and you scramble up on to the rim of a crater. Looking down, you see a bowl-shaped depression, made of smooth veined rock, with regular grooves. A warm glow radiates from golden sand strewn in its middle. If you wish to go down into the bowl, turn to 103. If you wish to wait and see if anything happens, turn to 330.

4

Fourga is the god of pride, and his priests here in Hasrah certainly have their fair share! The old man who admits you to the Temple looks you up and down coldly, saying not a word. You are led in to see the High Priest, a wrinkled, venerable old fellow who eyes you with distaste. 'So, the lone dog dares to darken our portals once more with its presence!' he snarls in a voice surprisingly firm for one of his age. 'Perhaps you would care to empty your backpack for us?' If you agree to empty your backpack, turn to 25. If you refuse, turn to 390.

5

You ride northward into the mountains, making your way carefully through wiry, bleached grass. There are no paths in these parts, and the grass conceals pot-holes and ruts. Without guide or marker you have no way of knowing whether you are travelling in the right direction, so you trust to your instincts and keep the sun to your left all the time. Finally you top a peak and gaze down at a cheerless plateau. The grass thins out and your heart sinks at the sight of the barren plain which stretches almost to the horizon. Then you spot something, far out in the middle of the plain. Screwing up your eyes, you stare intently at a small dot – perhaps a hut or other dwelling. You spur your steed down the slope and, after a few hours' ride, are at the fringes of the plain. You realize with alarm that the wind is rising. Without vegetation, the soil on this plain is dry and sandy, and it whips up around you, obscuring your

vision and stinging your face. Your horse rears, terrified, and you tumble from the saddle, your right foot tangling in its stirrup. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, turn to 54. If you are Lucky, turn to 77.

6

As you charge him, the Troll pulls the sapling from the hole and uses it as a club.

TROLL SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to **207**.

7

You are beginning to feel that you are going to spend the rest of your life in the saddle. The weather is strangely humid for the time of year, and the occasional gusts of wind from the east bring little comfort; they are tainted by a fetid, sickly-sweet stench. The road passes through a jumble of massive boulders and a jagged scarp rises on your left. Ahead of you, another settlement huddles beneath a huge overhang of rock. Strangely, no smoke rises from it. As you approach, you notice several objects littering the road: shoes, bowls and tools. You dismount and enter the village cautiously, finding a desolate street, empty of people and littered with debris. From one of the buildings to your right you can hear a faint knocking sound. Will you:

Follow the knocking? Turn to 349
Search the buildings to your left? Turn to 128

Hurry out of the village and press on? Turn to **22**

8

You open up Sige's pomander and take the herbs out. You stuff them in your mouth and wince at the acrid taste, but are rewarded by a spreading warmth. Make a note that you have eaten the herbs. If you now examine the items strewn about, turn to 87. If you make your way through the mist, turn to 116.

9

You fall immediately into a deep sleep and dream of a black-clad figure hovering above your bed. Its face moves down towards you, and it draws back its hood to reveal the chubby, beaming features of the innkeeper. Then it reaches up with clawed hands and peels away its fleshy façade. Beneath the mask, Sophia of Blacksand leers down at you. Then her features too are peeled away, revealing the stern glare of your father! The hands claw again and again, revealing Madhaerios, Carolina, Dunyazad and countless other faces drawn from your memory. Finally they pause. Then the last mask is ripped away. Your own features stare back at you. Tick off a time box and turn to **28**.

10

As you lie panting, Ramedes grunts and flexes his broad shoulders. 'I just can't understand it,' he says, shaking his head. 'Three months ago I was

sent by my Lady on a journey – a mission to retrieve a mighty relic. I braved perils beyond description to find the artefact . . . and my reward? Drugged, beaten and abandoned to that creature by some cowardly pretender. By the Grace of Castis, I had already hidden my prize safely. Now I must deliver it to the Lady Carolina.' With a shock you realize that Ramedes has not learnt of the death of the Lady. You gently explain the truth to him. He clenches his fists and stifles a cry. 'I will have my revenge!' he hisses, 'and I will take it now!' He jumps to his feet and makes his way out of the chamber, grabbing a torch from the wall to light his way along the dark passage. You follow him out of the building and into the courtyard, where he strides over to the water-trough by the stables. He reaches into the scummy water and retrieves a leather pouch. 'I believe I can trust you,' he says, tossing the pouch over to you. 'I go now to root out the traitor who has slain my Lady. Keep this well and, if I should die, give it to Kallamehr's new ruler.' He whirls the flaming brand about his head and charges towards the gate of the keep. If you follow Ramedes, turn to 224. If you hide in the stables and wait to see what happens, turn to 359.

11

You tear a strip of cloth from your breeches and tip the leaves on to it. Chopping a small branch from a nearby tree, you wrap the leaf-filled cloth round one end and bind it tight. If you then decide to light

the Jheera torch, turn to 34. If you ride down to meet the army with it unlit, turn to 368.

12

You forge ahead further into the heart of the forest. The trees seem to close in on you, crowding out the sunlight. The forest floor is now carpeted with rotting leaves, and you find yourself making moderate progress on this springy turf. The atmosphere is close and humid, and you begin to wheeze with the effort. Walking in this weather is exhausting. Lose 1 point of STAMINA as the hours of trudging pass. Finally, you come upon a fork. If you take the right-hand path, turn to 366. If you take the left-hand path, turn to 273.

13

The ox lying before you is horribly mutilated; a grey slime seems to have eaten into its flesh. Involuntarily you gag, and turn your eyes away from the foul sight. As you do so, you notice something lying in the grass near by – something pink, resembling an uneven shallow bowl. Curious, you pick it up and discover that it is a mask. When you turn it over you stare at it in disbelief. Your own face, modelled in soft wax, stares back at you! You crumble the

imposter's mask in your hand and fling it angrily away. Turn to 139.

14

You feel a sharp pain in your stomach. The thick, viscous broth was heavy when it slipped down your throat, but now it is solidifying. You retch, and begin to shake violently. Then you fall to the ground. Your adventure ends here.

15

You tip all your possessions out on to the floor before the High Priest, wondering what the old fool is trying to prove. Priests of Fourga aren't usually quite so arrogant. If you have the Golden Fist, turn to 73. If you don't have the Fist, turn to 379.

16

Mema shrieks as the black cloud rises and swims through the air towards you like a black velvet shroud. Panic overwhelms you and you wrench violently at your reins. Mema is nearly swept off the horse's back as you whirl around and race off. Just as you think you are safely away, a steady metallic buzzing reaches your ears. You risk a glance behind you, and see that the black cloud is gaining on you. Seconds later it is above you, and then darkness descends. Turn to 336.

17

The path begins to slope down, and you hear the sound of running water from up ahead. Soon you

reach the banks of a fast-flowing stream. After a while, you hear a crashing sound from the far bank. A large and ugly Troll is battering his way through the undergrowth which lines the river bank, towing behind him a green, leafy sapling. If you swim across the river to attack the Troll, turn to 233. If you have a crossbow, and wish to try to shoot the Troll, turn to 147. If you remain quietly where you are, turn to 180.

18

You claw and scrape your way up the wall of the pit with the Quagrant sucking and gurgling behind you. Soon you, like Ramedes, are dangling from the grille. He is tired and probably drugged, however, so you must open the trapdoor yourself. You swing your way over to the trapdoor, but just as you reach it there is a cackle from above. A heavy booted foot stamps on your fingertips. You shriek in pain and drop . . . straight into the gullet of the creature below. Your adventure ends here.

19

Kallamehr is less than a day's ride away, so you put aside your aches for the good of its people and send for your horse. The ostler charges you 1 Gold Piece for stabling (deduct this from your *Adventure Sheet*), but your mare looks well-fed and eager to be off. Before you leave, Barolo hands you a bundle wrapped in an oily rag. 'A little something to match up with your sword,' he says. Unwrapping it, you find it is a small shield – a buckler. It is perfectly balanced

for use with your sword, and adds 1 point to your SKILL in combat. If you wish to give Barolo something in return, turn to 134. Otherwise you wave goodbye to your old teacher and set off. Tick off a time box and turn to **290**.

20

You can hold your breath no longer. The oily black water floods into your lungs, and the tentacles claim their victim.

21

Pressing straight on, you find the undergrowth creeping on to the path ahead of you. Soon it becomes difficult to push your way through it. You laboriously hack your way through (lose 1 point of STAMINA), finally reaching a clearing from which two other paths lead. If you take the path on the left, turn to **366**. If you take the path on the right, turn to **221**.

22

Leaving the village and its mighty rock outcrop behind, you follow the road. A few miles further on, you come upon another village, as deserted as the last. Search though you may, you can find no explanation for the sudden disappearance of its inhabitants. There are signs of fighting – broken furniture, footprints milling about in the dust of the main street – but no signs of bloodshed, and no corpses. Your mission was to discover the nature and the weaknesses of the enemy, yet so far it has

just meant more and more mystery. Tick off a time box. If you carry on riding eastwards, turn to **91**. If you turn round and go back the way you came, turn to **223**.

23

Pocketing the scrap, you listen attentively as Dunyazad suggests that you stick to the roads. Though they will carry you a roundabout way, they will be far quicker than chancing a ride across country. When you have left the table and are alone, you examine the scrap of paper. It reads: 'Beware – you are watched by a thousand eyes.' Turn to 140.

24

It is not easy swimming against the current, but you finally struggle back to the bank and drag yourself out of the water like a drowned rat. You shake some of the water off you, then brave the tunnel. Turn to 362.

25

You are just about to unhook the rope from the spike it was wrapped round when you notice a guardsman coming along the walkway. He hasn't spotted you yet, but he will be passing very close to you. If you flatten yourself against the roof, in the hope that he won't spot you, turn to 272. If you have a crossbow and wish to shoot the guard, turn to 39. If you slide down the rope to the shadows of the courtyard below, turn to **99**.

26

You have been riding for several hours when you are forced to rein in by a battered fellow who staggers on to the road ahead of you and collapses in a heap. You dismount to see what the trouble is. Between gasps, he tells you his misfortune: 'I, the legendary Tasbadh, doer of mighty deeds, slayer of Evil, and seeker of truths, find myself staring Death full in the face. I should never have incurred the wrath of the Dark Jester by seeking to foil his evil plottings. 'Tis true, I levelled his palace and banished his warped minions from this plane. Yet a fool I was to believe this would truly vanquish one so steeped in Evil. Even as I was making my way from the ruins, his tentacles of malice were reaching out to envelop me. Through the greatest love of my life, whom I trusted implicitly, he wrought his foul revenge. A Death Spell is pulsing through my sinews, and even *my* iron constitution cannot resist it much longer. My only hope is the Healer of Gebaan, but I cannot go on without food – and even then the Healer has his price and I have no money. That I, Keeper of the Fabled Fortune of Foraznak, should die for want of four Gold Pieces!' His head sinks wearily upon his shoulders, and he sobs. Tick off a time box. Will you:

Give him the money and Provisions he craves?	Turn to 177
Leave him to his fate and ride on?	Turn to 308
Question him further?	Turn to 88

27

The chariot seems to be the only way out of this wasteland, but how do you get on to it? If you wrap yourself in the Gatherer's robe, take his silken bag and approach it, turn to 212. If you wish to overpower the Crystal Sprite, turn to 179.

28

You awake with a start. You are gagging violently on a mouthful of acrid smoke. The whole room is full of it, lit by a red glow from beyond the door. Holding the bedsheet over your face, you stumble from the bed over to the shuttered windows. You fling them open and recoil in horror. Outside the window hovers a black-clad figure. Beneath its dark hood, the fiery red glow from the door is reflected back at you, split into a hundred glinting jewels. Your ears are assailed by a loud buzzing and you lash out at the figure with your fist. It is too quick for you, and shoots vertically upwards. Will you:

Run for the door?	Turn to 61
Climb out of the window?	Turn to 304
Look for another way out?	Turn to 167

29

As you sit and wait, drowsiness overcomes you. When you wake, the sun has crossed the sky. Tick off a time box. If anyone has entered or left the hut, you have missed them. You decide to waste no more time. If you walk under the hut, turn to 254. If you climb up one of the legs, turn to 202.

30

When you suggest that the guards might let you into the palace, you are met by blank stares. They tell you once more to come back the next day, and deny all knowledge of the money you have given them. If you give them some more Gold Pieces, note down the number, then turn to 327. If you threaten them, turn to 210. If you abandon your attempt to enter the palace, turn to 130.

31

Check the names of the herbs in the pomander, as marked on your *Adventure Sheet*. Replace each letter with the corresponding number from the key below. Then add up the numbers that go to make each name. Taking the words in the order you have them written down will give you a three-figure number. Turn to the paragraph corresponding to this number.

P = 0	A = 1	T = 2	E = 1
U = 2	H = 0	M = 3	Q = 4

Alternatively, you may flee by turning to 335.

32

The trail ploughs straight through the trees, and you traipse along it for an hour before the monotony is relieved by a branching of the ways. If you go right, turn to 123. If you go left, turn to 312.

33

You struggle to clear your mind of the fearful visions which beset it. You feel as if molten metal is running through your veins. You get no rest this night. Lose 2 points of STAMINA and 1 point of SKILL. Next morning you bid Barolo an abrupt farewell, retrieve your horse from the stables (pay the ostler 1 Gold Piece), and depart, slumped in the saddle. Tick off a time box and turn to **290**.

34

You strike a spark from your tinder-box on to the torch, so that the cloth begins to smoulder. Soon the acrid fumes of the Jheera are wafting from it. With your weapon prepared, you ride forth. Turn to 368.

35

Mema clings on for dear life as you spur your horse towards the village. As you approach the palisade, the large gates swing open, and you are beckoned in by a worried villager. Mema slips down from the horse and rushes into the arms of her parents. You waste no time in telling the people of the danger they are in. They grab what they can of their possessions and livestock before fleeing. Finally, you find yourself alone outside the deserted village. The huge black army is in sight now, steadily oozing down the valley towards you. It is time to make your own escape. Turn to 53.

36

You land in a bowl-shaped crater in the ground. As you lie there, stunned, six Crystal Warriors carrying huge crystal hammers climb over the rim of the crater and advance towards you. If you have your sword, turn to **201**. Otherwise, turn to 168.

37

You step back in revulsion at the sight of a slimy green form crouched within the cupboard. It holds a slender tube to its mouth, which it points at your face. Looking closer, you see frightened eyes fixed on you. This is no creature of evil, but a young girl, coated from head to foot in a sticky, foul-smelling mire. You smile at her encouragingly, and she lowers her makeshift blow-pipe as she realizes you mean her no harm. Gently, you hold out your hand and take the blow-pipe from her, pocketing it to keep it out of harm's way. 'Who are you?' you ask her. Turn to 315.

38

You burst from the trees and find yourself teetering on the brink of a gorge. Staring with horror down into its depths, you feel the earth crumbling beneath your feet. As you feel yourself toppling towards your death, you flail desperately about you. Your hands make contact with a straggly tree-root and you grasp it for dear life. You are dashed painfully against the wall of the chasm (lose 2 points of STAMINA), but manage to keep your grip. With some effort, you pull yourself back up to safety and rest. There is no sign of your quarry – he has vanished into thin air. Turn to 139.

39

Quickly you wind the string back and load a bolt. You wait until the guard is silhouetted against the moon before shooting. Roll two dice. If the result is

less than your SKILL, turn to 118. If the result is *greater than or equal to* your SKILL, turn to 84.

40

You make your way stealthily round the edge of the crater. A short distance away to one side, you can see a crystal chariot with two Ectovults tethered to it and a Crystal Sprite standing patiently by. You hide behind a crystal outcrop until the cowled Gatherer approaches. If you leap out and strike at him with your sword, turn to 85. If you challenge him, turn to 154.

41

Gripping your sword in both hands, you twirl it about you like a scythe. Two priests fall, and the others shrink back. You make for the door, but the priests raise their staves and close in. You flail desperately, but there are too many of them. Their blows rain down upon your head. Your adventure ends here.

42

With the cloud close behind you, you spur your horse down the valley and into the river with a splash. Unfortunately, the frothing water unseats you, and the Jheera torch is doused. As you struggle to keep yourself afloat, the hornets descend on you. You dive beneath the water to avoid them, but your breath cannot last for ever. When you break the surface, gasping, they are there, stings poised to strike . . . Turn to 336.

43

You vault on to the platform and confront the four nobles. You begin by demanding justice, and tell them how they have been misled by a traitor – but a shout cuts you off. "Ware, assassin!" shouts Luthaur, drawing his sword and leaping for you. The nobles cower back in their ornate seats. You must defend yourself against Luthaur's furious attack.

LUTHAUR SKILL 8 STAMINA 17

As soon as you take a wound in the fight, turn to 143. If you defeat Luthaur without taking a wound, turn to 169.

44

Tired though you are, you cannot sleep. You remember Sige's promise that the pomander would prevent you sleeping, but surely this has become more a hindrance than a help? Your body cries out for true rest, squirming in tortured agony at lack of sleep. If you decide to remove the pomander in the hope that this will help you sleep, turn to 382. If not, turn to 278.

45

The broth tastes foul as it slides sluggishly down your throat, then settles unpleasantly in your stomach. You brace yourself against the goblet and take a few deep breaths. If you have drunk the potion labelled 'Arahl', or added it to the broth, turn to **14**. If you added the potion marked 'Zazzaz' to the broth, turn to **90**. Otherwise, turn to **68**.

46

The sword swishes past your back as you roll to the right, grabbing your sword as you go. You leap to your feet and parry the next blow. Your opponent is a Black Elf, and behind him you see two more of his kind.

First BLACK ELF SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **120**.

47

Dunyazad sits up in her seat and stares at you. Then she makes her way stiffly over to the coffin. She pauses for a moment. 'I know what you are trying to prove,' she says icily, 'but what would I have to gain from murdering one who has protected my interests well?' She bends forward and gently kisses Carolina's pale lips. There is silence in the courtyard. All eyes are on Carolina. But there is no change in the colour of her lips. Dunyazad turns to the guards and says quietly, 'Arrest the presumptuous dog.' Before you can defend yourself they are upon you. Turn to **355**.

48

You join the Murkurons at the door and brace yourself against it. Then the fourth Murkuron squawks, 'Ishech Pinzha!' His comrades dive away from the door, with you close behind. The door bursts open and squat reptilian shapes pile into the room. There is a flash, an intense burst of heat, and when you open your eyes the floor is littered with charred Kokomokoa. The Murkurons spring to their feet and dash through the door, the magician bowing to you politely before joining the others. They charge down the tunnel ahead of you, only to return seconds later, shrieking. You dodge them as they pass and, nervously, follow the tunnel until it opens into a large chamber. Turn to **82**.

49

When you tell them that you were sent out by Lady Carolina personally, they raise their eyebrows and look you up and down. One of them disappears inside the palace while the other still bars your way.

After some while the first one reappears. 'They're too busy with the Lady Carolina's funeral arrangements to see you today – you'll have to come back tomorrow. I suggest you have a bath, too, if you want to be allowed in.' If you wish to bribe the guards, note down how much you propose giving them, then turn to 387. If you wish to threaten them with your sword, turn to 210. Otherwise you must take their advice and go back to the town. Turn to 130.

50

The woman cackles, and the vision disappears. 'No, I am not he, though I know him. He was my last visitor, and his vision was the same as yours. My name is Aletheia.' As she speaks, you feel a soft weight drop upon your shoulder. You turn your head to find yourself staring into the eyes of a serpent. You shudder and automatically grab for it. But it is too fast for you. In an instant its thick coils are wrapped around your neck. 'Meet Caduceus,' says the woman. Turn to 307.

51

You unsling your crossbow and load a bolt. You cannot make out the beast clearly in the pit below. You let fly the bolt into the darkness, and are rewarded by the sound of a throaty squawk; it has been injured, but it is still alive. The dangling man moans hoarsely and his grip loosens. If you take another shot at the beast, turn to 303. If you abandon the crossbow and try to open the trapdoor, turn to 162.

52

Most of the occupants of the frozen cocoon are long since dead, their mummified faces contorted with agony. But as you approach the source of the whispering, your left hand tingles. Within one of the crystal statues you make out the features of Sige, and you can now hear her whisper: 'Free me! I can help you defeat Bythos. He has cheated me of my destiny and left me here to rot with his other failed agents.' If you wish to smash the crystal and free Sige, turn to 286. If you would prefer to leave her, turn to 75.

53

The black horde is behind you. It is still many miles from Kallamehr, yet it is engulfing everything in its path. Although you know of no weakness in the enemy, surely Kallamehr should be forewarned: evacuation may be the only means of survival. Tick off a time box. Will you:

Ride to warn Kallamehr?	Turn to 129
Try to find out more about the enemy?	Turn to 325
Search for Enthymesis the Enchanter (if you recognize the name)?	Turn to 5

54

Your horse bolts, dragging you helplessly some distance before you are finally battered unconscious. Lose 2 points of STAMINA and tick off a time box. When you come round, the sandstorm is subsiding. Turn to 98.

55

As you take the fish-shaped bottle out of your pack, your opponent shrinks back. He stretches his hand out towards you and moans, 'No! No! Not that!' You ignore his pleas and uncork the bottle. There is a sound like a faint chuckle from within, and the once-proud commander of the army dissolves into helpless crazed laughter. If you know the Spitting Fly and wish to use it, turn to 255. If you wish to draw your sword and attack him, turn to 324.

56

'You are wise to change your mind,' says the High Priest. 'Though we are old now, we still have power. Let us see what lies in your backpack.' If you have the Golden Fist, turn to 73. If you do not have the Fist, turn to 379.

57

Suddenly you are taken by surprise by a black hooded shape, which leaps on your back, digging its bony hands into your shoulders. As you twist to hurl the shape off, something lances into your leg and agony shoots through you. Lose 3 points of STAMINA. You hurl the shape from you and prepare to do battle. Your opponent flings back his hood and you find yourself face to face with a huge hornet, its faceted eyes glittering back at you. It jerks and twitches sickeningly as you close in.

HORNET ASSASSIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 10

If you do not have your sword you fight at −2 and may not score *killing blows*. If you defeat the Hornet, turn back to the paragraph you came from.

58

Two paths lead out of the glade, one to your left and one to your right. You are just deciding which way to go when you are startled by an ant-eater which waddles out of a clump of orchids and foxgloves to your left, making straight for the mound in the middle of the glade. Wishing him a hearty meal, you continue on your way. If you have three numbers

written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to the paragraph they indicate. Otherwise, if you go along the right-hand path, write the number '1' after any other numbers on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 17. If you go along the left-hand path, write the number '2' after any other numbers on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 388. If you already have one of these numbers written down, you should choose the other option.

59

You dislodge the cask and grasp the iron ring of the trapdoor. No sooner have you jerked the trapdoor open than a pair of arms shoot out, your legs are tugged sharply and you tumble down a short flight of stone steps, landing with a splash. You black out. You are brought round by a stinging blow to your head. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Your mouth is full of warm vinegared wine. You are sitting in a lake of the stuff a foot deep and facing you is a bedraggled wretch who swings at you once more with surprising vigour. Choking on the wine, you dodge his blow and stagger to your feet. You must defend yourself!

WRETCH SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to 222.

60

You have solved the Troll's indigestion problem quite effectively – he lies dead at your feet. Giving him no further thought, you make your way back to

the trail which runs along the river bank. Turn to 133.

61

You hastily snatch up your possessions and wrap your hand in the bedsheet. You curse when you find the door is locked. You kick hard at the middle panel of the door, and are rewarded as it collapses in a pile of charred matchwood. Then a greedy tongue of flame licks through the opening and engulfs you. Your clothes catch alight instantly. Your adventure ends here.

62

Your weapon enables you to damage the warrior, but it is a formidable opponent. You may not strike *killing blows* against it.

CRYSTAL WARRIOR SKILL 11 STAMINA 13

You may *Escape* after one round (turn to 346). If you defeat the Crystal Warrior, turn to 398.

63

You tether your horse and see to her feed. Lighting a small fire for protection, you settle yourself down for the night. Hours pass as you gaze up at the constellations above you. You remember Sige explaining her pomander's power to arrest sleep. You are grateful for its properties when you observe several stealthy forms approaching. You lie still, feigning sleep, your hand inches from your sword-hilt. If you wait until they are nearly upon you

before attacking, turn to **214**. If you leap up before they advance further, turn to **348**.

64

On the grille above you stands the spindly jailer, cackling and dangling the keys from his fingers. You must find a way of killing him quickly if you are to get out of this accursed pit. If you know the Spitting Fly and wish to use it, turn to **259**. If you have a crossbow and wish to use it, turn to **186**. If you have a blow-pipe which has not been used before and wish to use it, turn to **197**. Otherwise, turn to **352**.

65

You charge him, yelling your battle-cry. He blocks your first slash effortlessly, and then launches one of his own. You only half parry it, flinching under the impact. You are completely outclassed – he counters every blow instantly, while the steely eyes which are locked on yours betray no sign of his own moves. Finally you sink to your knees, unable to resist the onslaught. 'I will be Master of this land as I am Master of the Abyss,' he says, 'and none are left to stop me.' His sword scythes down.

66

Outside in the twilight you see the villagers gathered around someone who is talking in a scratchy, high-pitched voice. This must be a wise woman or perhaps a witch, for the villagers are listening respectfully to her witterings. Then she whirls and points a scabby finger at you. 'It is that one!' she screeches. 'The prophecy of the winged messenger is fulfilled! Our Protector has come to save us from the creeping horde! Tell us that you will stay with us and deliver us from evil.' If you agree to the old woman's demands, turn to **208**. If you tell her she is mistaken, turn to **160**.

67

You spur your horse once more to a gallop, race through the city gates and along the Way of Flint to the palace. There you confront two of the palace guard, the only soldiers left in the city. 'State your business, peasant,' one of them grunts, 'we have no need of kitchen hands.' You step back in astonishment at their impudence. Surely they must know of you? If you insist that you are on a vital mission, turn to **49**. If you decide to draw your sword and threaten the guardsmen, turn to **210**.

68

The door at the far end of the chamber slams open deafeningly, and in strides Bythos. This is not the Bythos you killed earlier, but a towering giant, fully fifty feet tall. His gaunt, leering features are all the more threatening for their size, and his elegant robes billow about his huge frame. If you smashed the goblet, turn to 149. Otherwise, turn to 225.

69

Mema shrieks as the black cloud rises and moves towards you, swimming through the air like a black velvet shroud. You are overcome by panic and you wrench violently at your steed's reins. Mema is nearly swept off the horse's back as you whirl around and race off. You risk a glance behind you, and see the black cloud swarming after you. A metallic buzzing fills your ears. As it approaches, you realize that it is a swarm of black hornets, each the size of a locust. As they swirl above your head, you brace yourself for the impact, but it never comes. You gallop on, hoping against hope that you will have time to get all the villagers clear before the hornets arrive. Turn to 35.

70

Taking care to keep out of sight, you trail the army as it sweeps across the countryside. Before it enters the next village, the black cloud rises from the palanquin and descends upon the settlement. Soon after, the villagers emerge and join the growing horde. The same fate befalls other villages in the

army's path, until eventually Kallamehr itself is in sight. You have failed the city – your cowardice has condemned it to destruction.

71

You creep along the walkway until you reach the point where it meets the keep. From here it is only a short drop on to the slightly sloping roof of the keep of the palace. Above you rises the keep's tower; but you devote your attention to the keep below. The winged creature came from one of the windows below, but you're not certain which one. The keep has four walls looking into the courtyard, and each has a small casement window. Around the edge of the keep runs a row of ornamental spikes, round which you will be able to loop the rope. You will be able to lower yourself down the wall to peer in at each of the windows. Which wall do you lower yourself down first:

The far left wall?	Turn to 397
The left centre wall?	Turn to 94
The right centre wall?	Turn to 218
The far right wall?	Turn to 340

72

Suddenly you hear a croak from near by. You turn towards the noise and see a human face, embedded in a greenish slime. 'You must flee,' it says feebly. 'I, Enthymesis, have failed to slay Maijem-Nosoth. I have little time left to live, but you must escape. Do not go near the sands; they lead to the Abyss! Hurry, the beast returns!' If you hurry back down the passage which brought you here, turn to 230. If you make for the centre of the chamber, turn to 263.

73

As the golden statuette tumbles out of your backpack, a sigh goes up from the priests. 'Caught red-handed!' snaps the High Priest. A priest lifts the Golden Fist reverently from the ground and places it carefully on a plinth in the centre of the Temple. His fellows then join him in a circle around it, and they begin to chant. As the priests seem to have temporarily forgotten you, you would like to make a stealthy exit from the Temple, but your feet are rooted to the spot. The priests' chanting swells, and a warm green glow begins to seep through the fingers of the Fist. As you watch, the fingers uncurl, revealing a green gem. It floats lazily above the now open palm of the golden hand. Its glow is too bright for you to bear. Then it subsides, and you find yourself free to move. The priests have been transformed; no longer heavy with years, now they are young, fit fighting-priests. Two of them break from the circle and gesture for you to accompany them. They lead you down a corridor to a cell. Cross the Golden Fist off your possessions. Turn to 353.

74

Madhaerios flushes bright crimson, then bursts into tears. Rising from his seat, he totters over to the coffin and plants his puffy lips on those of his dead cousin. Then, quivering all over, he returns to his

seat and collapses into it. Carolina's lips retain their pallor, and the crowd begins to mutter. 'How dare you be so tactless,' says Dunyazad. She turns to the guards and says quietly, 'Arrest the presumptuous dog.' Before you can defend yourself they are upon you. Turn to 355.

75

Leaving the crystal statues to their frozen contemplation, you press on into the mist. Soon you can hear an ominous creaking from up ahead. Turn to 237.

76

You just have enough time to glimpse a small, slimy green form, cramped within the cupboard, before you are engulfed in a choking cloud of gritty powder. You drop your sword and clutch at your face. Your eyes burn, your nose starts to run and you retch violently (lose 1 point of STAMINA). Then whatever was in the cupboard comes tumbling out and worms its way between your legs. If you wish to make a grab at it, roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to 172. If the result is *greater than or equal to* your SKILL, or if you don't want to grab the creature, turn to 194.

77

Though you land painfully, you manage to grasp the stirrup in your hands, and tug at it to calm your panicking mare. Grabbing her reins and bridle, you force her to the ground and hide behind her while

the sandstorm rages around you. You wait for the wind to subside. Turn to 98.

78

Your sword flashes from its scabbard and you advance on the vast figure. 'Impertinent fool!' he bellows, and lets loose a freezing blast. Crystals form on your skin, but quickly melt away, leaving Bythos momentarily at a loss. However, he soon rallies and rapidly fashions a sword from crystal. Against such a huge and skilful opponent you cannot possibly prevail, and you die heroically here, battling to the very end.

79

The Winged Assassin lets out a choked hiss and reels backwards and up. You have no time to follow its erratic flight, as the heat in the room is now overpowering. Will you:

Run for the door?	Turn to 61
Climb out of the window?	Turn to 262
Look for another way out?	Turn to 323

80

The vision disappears. The woman claps her hands and smiles. 'You are bright, for all your ragged looks. It seems destiny has guided you this far, so I must play my part in its design. Many trials lie before you, and your enemy is not easily vanquished. But Bythos has fears, and you may be his nemesis. Enthymesis has gone on ahead of you, and

his aid will be invaluable.' If you have Sige's pomander, turn to 295. If you do not, turn to 114.

81

As your mount crashes to the ground, you leap from her back. Although you land heavily, you are unharmed. Sadly, the same cannot be said for the mare. One of her front legs is twisted. She limps towards you and nuzzles your face, as if to apologize. She cannot be ridden, so you'll have to lead her to the nearest village and get another horse. Turn to 155.

82

The cavern has a high ceiling, and a fine mist of sand falls from it. The middle of the floor is covered with sand, and quivers slightly. Strewn carelessly across the sand are an assortment of incredible relics and treasures – a magical hoard the like of which you have never seen. With each tremor of the sand they sink deeper. A faint whistling, as of wind in a ravine, reaches your ears. Check the time boxes on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph given below for the number of boxes you have crossed off:

Fewer than 13 boxes	Turn to 72
13–17 boxes	Turn to 309
More than 17 boxes	Turn to 343

83

As you parry the first guard's blow, you almost fall over. Your reactions are dulled from lack of sleep. Reduce your SKILL by 2 points.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARD	7	8
Second GUARD	6	7

You must fight both the guards together. At the beginning of each Attack Round, you must decide which of the two you are going to fight; resolve the battle against him as normal. You should also roll two dice to determine your Attack Strength against the other guard, then two dice again for his Attack Strength against you for that Attack Round. You will not injure him if your Attack Strength is greater: you will simply parry his blow. If his Attack Strength is greater than yours, then he will damage you in the normal way. If you defeat both the guardsmen, turn to 102.

84

Your shot goes wide, striking the wall with a spark some distance behind the guard. He turns, readies his crossbow and edges back along the walkway. You realize that this is your chance to slip away unseen. Turn to 151.

85

You take the Gatherer by surprise, your sword smashing him to the ground. Beneath the cowl is an emaciated, almost skeletal form. Turn to 27.

86

You prepare to battle this terrifying foe. Then you notice a pair of fancy boots poking down through the smoke-hole. They are followed by a gaudily dressed figure who spirals effortlessly down a coiling rope. His billowing, brightly coloured clothing is completely out of place in this grubby hut. The figure bows to you expansively, and hails you. 'Greetings, traveller! I am called the Riddling Reaver, and, as luck would have it, I'm here to rescue you. I've been keeping an eye on you, and since you've made a complete pig's ear of things so far, I've decided to save your bacon. If you waste your time on every peasant who begs you to wipe his nose, then Kallamehr has no chance.' He twitches and giggles to himself. Pointing to the snake-like rope, he says, 'This is the end of the line. So hurry up and get hold of it!' He spirals effortlessly up the rope, just as you hear the bar scrape back from the door behind you. If you grab the rope, turn to **96**. If not, turn to **236**.

87

You cannot begin to count the number of magical items strewn about you. Several catch your eye: a gem-encrusted breastplate (far too small for you), a huge pair of shiny boots (apparently made of feathers), a golden fist, a pearl-inlaid skull, an onyx sceptre and a crystal globe mounted on a velvet plinth. If you wish to take any of these, note down which ones you take on your *Adventure Sheet*. Then you head into the mist. Turn to **116**.

88

Tasbadh continues at length with tales of his own heroic exploits, which grow ever more outrageous. You soon realize that he is beginning to contradict himself, and you wonder if the man is truly suffering from a deadly curse. Tick off a time box. If you agree to give him food and money, turn to 177. If you doubt his tale and ride off without him, turn to 308.

89

The river leads into a tunnel in the side of a mountain, and you are swept into darkness. After a short while, the river sweeps round a bend and you are washed up on a rocky shelf, which is worn smooth by the pounding water. As you lie there, sodden and panting, you take a look at your surroundings. A guttering torch has been driven into a crevice near by, and by its light you see that, once round the bend, the river runs beneath an arch. Iron bars are set into the arch, blocking entry. Behind you, leading from the rocky shelf, is a dark tunnel, with light flickering along its walls. If you re-enter the water and examine the bars, turn to 277. If you investigate the tunnel, turn to 362.

90

As thunderous steps approach the chamber from the other door, you begin to feel strangely sleepy. Your eyes blur and their lids feel heavy. You slump against the goblet and start to snore. You never wake up.

91

You pass through a string of deserted villages. You are overwhelmed by a sense of isolation, of terrible loneliness, as you travel through this wasteland. How can you save a country all of whose people have vanished with hardly a trace? You lose all sense of time, as there is nothing to mark one day from the next. Your purpose gone, you wander aimlessly. Finally casting your sword away, you meander through the countryside. Your adventure ends here.

92

Before you leave, Lady Carolina gives you a sealed scroll to deliver to Yunan, commander of her army. She wishes you the Luck of Castis on your mission, and directs you to choose the best steed from her

stables. Soon you are galloping away from Kallamehr. Tick off a time box. You have travelled several leagues and are just thinking of stopping for a swig of ale from your bottle when your horse suddenly stumbles. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 81. If you are Unlucky, turn to 192.

93

The chunk of crystal you are standing on starts to turn over, and you slide from it into the murky black liquid. As you flounder towards the crystal floor, the black shape falls from the clouds and on to the surface. You have no time to take in its features, for your leg is grabbed by stinging tentacles and you slip beneath the water. You will have to fight your way free. If you do not have your sword, turn to 184.

TENTACLES SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you are still fighting after four Attack Rounds, turn to 20. If you defeat the Tentacles within four Attack Rounds, turn to 146.

94

You lower yourself slowly down the wall until you are level with the window. Then you crane your head round to peer in. The room is quite sparingly furnished, containing nothing more than a bed, a couple of chairs and a dressing-table with mirror. On the bed, Asiah Albudur sits bolt upright, fully dressed. She stares at one of the empty chairs and seems to be conducting a conversation. You catch brief snatches: '. . . I remember when you first came to Kallamehr and I introduced you to Baron Bluestone. Who would have known then that you were to marry him? . . . Such a sweet innocent young thing, you were . . . What's that? . . . You must stop worrying about Kallamehr, Carolina, I'm sure Madhaerios has everything under control . . .' There's no more you can learn here. You pull yourself back up the wall of the keep. If this is the third window you have looked in, turn to 25. Otherwise, you may return to your quarters (turn to 151), or investigate any of the following, if you have not done so already:

The far left wall	Turn to 397
The right centre wall	Turn to 218
The far right wall	Turn to 340

95

Your attention is drawn to the far end of the valley, way off to your right. You shiver involuntarily, and the hairs on the nape of your neck rise. Your horse shies and whinnies in terror. A thick stench fills your lungs. The sparse slopes are being slowly enveloped by an advancing wave of black lava . . . or so it seems. Your eyes adjust to the distance and you see that the oozing black mass is not liquid, but a seething ocean of people. Even as you watch, it seeps closer, spreading like a dark stain. You have found the invading army, but will you survive to make use of your knowledge? There are many more people in the horde below than in Kallamehr's entire army. If you ride down into the valley to take a closer look, turn to 153. If you gallop off to your left to try to reach the village, turn to 358.

96

No sooner have you grasped the end of the rope than you are jerked violently off your feet. You are swept upwards and out through the smoke-hole. Below you, the torches of the angry villagers

dwindle, and their wails can just be heard through the din. The angry buzzing comes from above, but all you can see is a huge black shadow. You are carried through the air for some way, before being set down with a bump on solid ground. The Reaver spins down the rope and alights near you, and this time he is cradling a peculiarly shaped bottle in his arms. He holds it out to you, and you see that it is shaped like a particularly ugly fish. 'You'll be needing this,' says the Reaver, passing you the bottle. 'In it is a sense of humour which I stole several years ago, in my impetuous youth. You'll be meeting its former owner soon, so you'd better give it back to him: there's nothing so soft as a villain with a sense of humour!' He winks knowingly at you and, without another word, shoots up the rope. The buzzing rises in pitch, and the black shadow drifts off. You are alone, lost, without your horse. Wearily, you settle down to wait out the rest of the night. Turn to 331.

97

You land deftly, rolling forward to absorb the shock. As you straighten up, you feel your back spattered with some viscous liquid, which begins to bubble and hiss. You tear off your jerkin and fling it into a nearby water-trough. As it hits the water, a plume of steam rises into the air, and the water bubbles furiously. Stepping backwards, you look up cautiously. With an intense whine a black-winged creature rolls high into the air and disappears into the night. Turn to 111.

98

When the dust finally settles, you find yourself staring at an expanse of forest. Its presence is inexplicable – you saw no sign of it before the sandstorm. Intrigued, you approach and lead your horse along a faintly marked path between the trees, into the silent forest. Soon the narrow path forks at a massive, creeper-strewn tree with drooping foxgloves covering its roots. Looking around, you see the undergrowth is thick and impenetrable, and you resolve to tether your horse here before investigating further. If you take the left-hand path, write down the number '3' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 268. If you take the right-hand path, write down the number '2' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 388. If you examine the tree and the plants which cover it, turn to 356.

99

Slipping back over the spikes, you slide down the rough rope. You land lightly in the courtyard and hurry into the shadows near by, keeping your eye on the guard above you. You look across to the door of the servants' quarters, wondering if you'll be able to make it over there unobserved. Turn to 204.

100

The bushes give way to nothingness. For a moment you hang on the edge of a precipice, before the earth beneath your feet crumbles away. Then you are hurtling down, down, down. The chasm is very deep. The ground rushes up to meet you . . .

101

'Who?' the woman screeches, the vision disintegrating before you. 'I have no time for tricksters, but you may be more to the taste of my companion.' You feel a soft weight upon your shoulders, and turn to find yourself staring into the eyes of a huge serpent. 'Caduceus! A new plaything for you!' the woman cackles. The snake slithers round your neck before you can grab it and fling it from you. Then, very slowly, the coils tighten. Your adventure ends here.

102

You realize that wearing Sige's pomander has sapped your strength. You remember her words when she gave it to you: 'It is a valuable magical item blessed with the luck of the gods.' 'Which gods?' you wonder, for surely it has brought you more bad fortune than good. If you remove the pomander from around your neck, turn to 355. If you keep the pomander on, turn to 150.

103

You edge down the side of the bowl, treading carefully to keep your footing on the slippery rock. As you reach the bottom, six Crystal Warriors carrying huge crystal hammers climb over the rim of the crater and advance on you. Turn to 201.

104

You are sitting at a table with the five nobles, eating a fine meal to fortify you as they give you your final briefing. They are being waited on by their own servants, while Carolina has assigned one of her pages to take care of you. Madhaerios warns you against taking any incautious action yourself. 'It is most important that you return to tell us of the nature of this menace so that we may know how best to defend against it,' he explains. While Dunyazad is in the middle of advising you to rest at the Temple of Fourga, you feel a light touch on your leg. You look around and see the page who was waiting upon you walking away. Looking down into your lap you see a folded fragment of paper. The page must have dropped this as he refilled your goblet. If you pick it up to read it straight away, turn to 264. If you slip it into your pocket to read later, turn to 23.

105

Your sword flashes up to parry. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to **241**. If it is *greater than or equal to* your SKILL, turn to 274.

106

Luckily the cave mouth is large enough to take both you and your horse, but a rude shock awaits you within. A pathetic Caveman, clutching a large bone, leaps up to strike you as you enter, knocking the Jheera torch from your hand. You draw your sword and attack.

CAVEMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat him within five Attack Rounds, turn to 144. If you are still fighting at the end of five Attack Rounds, turn to 181.

107

Your lungs ache for want of air, and your heart pounds madly as you try to break the hold the creature has on you. But it is to no avail; your arms grow steadily weaker. You gulp in your last mouthful of wine.

108

Bythos topples to the ground, shattering into a myriad tiny fragments. You reel in the chain until the wall of cells breaks through the clouds; you then rip the bars off, freeing its miniature occupants. Thousands upon thousands of them totter feebly out of the cells and mill around, gazing about them

in wonderment. When they have all emerged, you lead them back across the crystal wastes to the palace. There you are greeted by the cowled Servants; they bow low and proclaim you the new Ruler of the Abyss. Now you must find a way of returning to Kallamehr, so you ask them how it is done. They tell you that Bythos used a rare blue crystal, powdered and dissolved in water, to travel to the earthly plane. Some remains, stored in the palace, and the Servants set about preparing the potion. Time passes as they complete their task. Finally they present to you a huge vessel full of clear blue liquid. The newly appointed Gatherer steps forward and speaks. 'Majesty, a great quantity of this potion is required to transfer your mighty being. We have prepared as much as we could, but unfortunately there is not enough both for you and for all these spirits to be returned. You must make a choice.' If you drink the blue liquid yourself, turn to **205**. If you divide it among the citizens of Kallamehr, turn to **250**.

109

You follow Tasbadh into the tavern. As you enter, the mighty hero is being threatened by the tavern-keeper who grips him by his jerkin and shouts at him: 'No more drinks for you, you old faker! This'll just about pay off your slate! If you want more booze, then I'll see your money first!' You curse yourself for being fooled by the drunkard, and step back into the street, seething. There's nothing to be done but mount your horse and continue on your journey. Turn to 7.

110

You draw the locket from its leather pouch and hold it up above your head for all to see. The citizens near you back away in awe. You are about to tell how Ramedes was slain, when there is a screech from the platform in front of you. 'Sacrilege! Seize the thief!' Sige is pointing at you, her body trembling with rage. Madhaerios is staring open-mouthed at the locket. Dunyazad cries: 'It is the relic of which Carolina spoke on her death-bed – the Fate of Rangor.' Sige cuts her short with an imperious gesture. 'Guards! Luthaur! Kill this treacherous dog.' If you try to open the locket, turn to 376. If you draw your sword and try to fight off the guards, turn to 399.

111

By now a small crowd of townsfolk has gathered to watch the spectacle. From behind you comes a creaking noise, followed by a yawning crash. You turn in time to see the roof of the inn collapse, sending up a cascade of swirling sparks. You are just wondering where you are going to spend the night when you feel the light touch of metal against your neck, and a gruff voice whispers, 'One move and you're a cut of beef, stranger.' Out of the frying pan and into the fire! If you stay still as the voice advises, turn to **341**. If you wish to act, you may shout for help (turn to **200**) or try to disarm him (turn to **292**).

112

You follow him stealthily as he makes his way out of the bowl, to a crystal chariot waiting near by. It is drawn by two Ectowults and driven by a small Crystal Sprite, who bows humbly as his master climbs into the chariot. Then they are off. You try to keep up with them, but the chariot is too fast for you. Soon you are left alone and lost in the desolate crystal wastes. Your adventure ends here.

113

It is time to flee, but your horse beats you to it. She rears violently, throwing you to the ground, and then bolts. You fall awkwardly and feel your left leg crumple beneath you. You try to stand up, and the pain hits home. You black out for a moment. When you open your eyes once more, black sparks are dancing before them. A deafening drone surrounds you. Then the pain comes once more. Turn to 336.

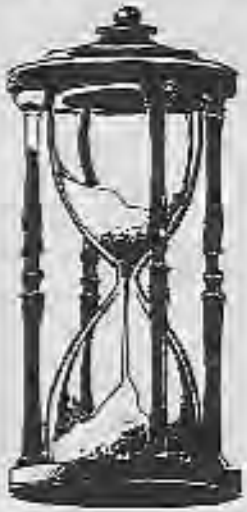

114

You feel a soft weight drop upon your shoulder. You turn your head to find yourself staring into the eyes of a serpent. You shudder and automatically grab for it. But it is too fast for you. In an instant its thick coils are wrapped around your neck. 'Meet Caduceus,' says the woman. Turn to 307.

115

The creature appears in a shimmering haze, but rapidly scuttles towards you. Your eyes ache simply from looking at its foul, ulcerous body. Its single claw clacks repeatedly against its slimy carapace and, with each movement it makes, a new tide of nausea sweeps over you. Remembering Enthymesis's words, you blow a shrill blast on the whistle. The creature flinches, but continues to advance slowly. You will have to battle it while blowing as hard as you can on the whistle!

MAIJEM-NOSOTH SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you do not have your sword, you fight at −2, and may not strike *killing blows*. If you defeat the creature, turn to 316.

116

You make your way through the shifting mists, treading carefully on the slippery ground beneath your feet. As you walk, you notice shapes moving beneath the translucent surface. The mist muffles sound, but a screeching whistle penetrates. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 193. If you are Unlucky, turn to 209.

117

As you charge up the stairs towards him, he looses off a crossbow bolt at you. At this range he can hardly miss, but you throw yourself against the wall in an attempt to dodge. The bolt catches you in the side and you wheel backwards, gripping it. The pain doubles you up and you lose your balance, slipping from the steps. You land on the packed dirt of the courtyard, the impact driving the bolt deep into you. Your adventure ends here.

118

The crossbow bolt thuds into the palace guard, and with a shriek he tumbles from the walkway down into the courtyard. You are just congratulating yourself on your accuracy when you hear shouting from the guard tower opposite the keep. A troop of guards pile out and begin to search the area. You are quickly spotted and overwhelmed by them. Turn to 355.

119

While searching through the palace you have inherited, you come upon a scrying mirror, set into a wall of crystal. A Servant shuffles forward and shows you how to use it; you train it on Kallamehr, hoping to see the fruits of your sacrifice. Sure enough, the fields are full of villagers once more. Yet a shadow still hangs over the land. As you focus it on Kallamehr's palace, you see Sige the Silent being invested as the new Lord of Kallamehr. She is aware of your gaze, for she stares back at you and sneers. 'The Abyss may be yours,' she whispers, 'but Kallamehr is mine, now and for ever!' It seems you have saved Kallamehr's people, only to abandon them to a dark tyrant.

120

You must now fight the other two Elves.

	SKILL	STAMINA
Second BLACK ELF	7	6
Third BLACK ELF	7	6

Fight both the Elves at the same time. Each will make a separate attack on you during each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Fight your nominated target as in a normal battle. Against the other, throw the dice for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater; you will just have parried its blow. Of course, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If you defeat the Elves, turn to 311.

121

Looking down the street you see a pair of rough-looking peasants who seem to be gazing at you rather intently. As you approach them, you notice that their awed gaze is not directed *at you*, but at something *behind you*. You twist round in your saddle, to find yourself staring at a silent line of men and women in the robes of priests. You turn to spur your horse on, but another line of priests has appeared ahead of you, and one snatches the reins from your hand. There is nothing you can do. The priests close in and raise their clubs. Turn to 239.

122

The Troll looks round cautiously as you approach, waiting for you to act. He doesn't seem hostile; he is more concerned with rooting out whatever he has trapped in the hole. He hasn't had much success yet, probably because his tiny brain hasn't thought of stripping the branches from the sapling, so it keeps catching on the edges of the hole. If you attack him, turn to 6. If you suggest he strips the leaves off his tree, turn to 345.

123

The way forward begins to slope downwards, and the forest floor beneath your feet starts to soften. Soon you are squelching through boggy ground, with mud sucking at your shins. Flies begin to home in on you, and the heat saps your strength. Lose 1 point of STAMINA. After an hour's painful progress, the ground rises and the track you are on meets another. There is nothing to distinguish this part of the forest from the others you have been through, but you must choose whether to go along the new track to the left or the right. If you go right, turn to 132. If you go left, turn to 231.

124

You are some way up the immense chain when you lose your grip, slithering and sliding down it, then falling to the hard crystal below. The number you rolled is the number of STAMINA points you lose. If you wish to try again, roll one die. If the result is a 6, turn to 219. If the result is 1–5, lose that number of

STAMINA points and choose again. If you would prefer to investigate the creaking sound, turn to 237.

125

When you reach the village's stockade the army is no longer visible, but you know that it is only a matter of time before it will sweep over this settlement. Strangely, the gates are shut when you arrive, so you leap from your horse and hammer on them, bellowing to be let in. You look up in time to see a face staring down at you, but it pulls back when you catch its eye. A quavering voice from behind the palisade tells you to leave. You try to explain to the frightened villagers that they must flee, but in vain. Even as you speak, the black horde is darkening the hilltop in the distance. You abandon the villagers to their fate and ride on. Turn to 53.

126

You abandon the wretch to his fate and turn back to climb the dark flight of steps. As you set foot on the first stair, you hear a faint pattering behind you. You turn to see what it is, but you are too late to avoid the blow. Turn to 355.

127

Gulping in a lungful of air, you reach down and grasp the bars, then pull yourself under, until you can kick with your feet. There is a small gap between the bars and the bed of the river, through which you will be able to swim. The water is faintly illuminated by the torchlight up above, and as you edge through the gap you notice that the river-bed is littered with countless treasures. Your attention is caught by a jewel-encrusted sword, its pommel an enormous blue gem which pulses with an inner light. If you swim down to grab the sword, turn to 247. If you carry on under the bars, turn to 377.

128

You slip into one of the buildings near by and try to find some clue to explain the mystery of the abandoned village. You quickly realize that you have entered the house of a wizard or herbalist. Fragrant drying herbs, arcane books and scrolls, and vials of coloured liquids litter a desk in the corner to your right. To your left sits a rune-carved table, on which lies a half-eaten knuckle of cured ham. Across the far wall you see a row of puppets, dangling on their strings from a high shelf above a cupboard. If you go to look at them, turn to 244. If you examine the wizard's paraphernalia, turn to 333.

129

You spur your tired horse through the familiar countryside of Kallamehr province, pausing only briefly at watering-holes and resisting the temptation to stop and warn everyone you pass. On and on you ride, until your mare begins to stumble and you know she can go on no further. You must have rest if you are to reach Kallamehr. You are almost falling out of your saddle as you ride into Kamadan, an affluent market-town. An ostler helps you from

your horse and you lurch into the inn. With barely a grunt at the innkeeper, you stagger up the stairs and into the nearest room. You collapse, exhausted, on the rickety bed. If you have Sige's pomander, turn to 44. If not, turn to 9.

130

You trudge wearily down to the rooming-house you were staying at before you left Kallamehr. What happened to Lady Carolina? One minute you were on a life-and-death mission to save the city, the next you were virtually ignored. You spend a frustrating night in the seedy rooming-house, turning these matters over in your mind. Tick off a time box. Next morning you return to the palace, to find that you are not the only one who wishes to enter – a column of citizens is filing sombrely through the gates. You join them, listening to their speculation as to the cause of Carolina's sudden demise. Some say it was grief at the horrific death of her husband, while others claim that dark powers were responsible. You enter the courtyard and see the body lying in state, flanked by guards. On a platform behind the catafalque sit Madhaerios, Dunyazad of Ikhtiyan, Asiah Albudur and Sige the Silent. Turn to 344.

131

If you have any remaining potions labelled 'Arahl', 'Zazzaz' and 'Ghulsh', you may add any or all of them to the brew. Make a note of which potions you add. If you wait to see what happens now, turn to 68. If you wish to drink the brew, turn to 45.

132

The track you are on winds slowly upwards, and you begin to tire of the endless foot-slogging. Lose 1 point of STAMINA. Finally you emerge from the trees on to a grassy knoll which peeps out above the forest. Sitting down for a brief rest, you survey the featureless forest canopy below which stretches as far as you can see in every direction. Two other paths lead back into the forest from the knoll. You may take the one which leads towards the sun (turn to 231), or the other, darker route (turn to 312).

133

The path follows the river downstream for some way before turning into the trees. Very soon you are back at the glade with the mighty oak, and pleased to see your horse still safely tethered, munching contentedly at the grass. You mount up and spur her along the path and out of the forest, glad to be away from the trees and their treacherous pathways. After several minutes, you look back and are astonished to see a sparkling blue lake where the forest should be. Far off, in its midst, a tiny hut rises above the waters, supported by its familiar spindly legs. Aletheia has many ways of discouraging unwelcome visitors to her realm, it seems. Now you have a weapon, it is time to confront the vast horde . . . alone. Turn to 325.

134

Whatever you give Barolo, cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. Barolo thanks you for your gift, and

wishes you good luck in your mission. You wave him goodbye and ride off. Tick off a time box and turn to **290**.

135

The Anemorus is black and obscenely blubbery. Though limbless, it has a powerful tail which it uses to push itself towards you. A writhing mass of pinkish tentacles sits where its head should be. If you do not have your sword, turn to 184. Otherwise you must fight the Anemorus.

ANEMORUS SKILL 5 STAMINA 10

If you kill the Anemorus, turn to 357.

136

Your journey continues once more, as you attempt to make up some of the time you have lost. If you decide to cut across country, turn to **287**. If you stick to the roads, turn to **256**.

137

You slip into the stables. The horses stir uneasily, but you whisper gently to them and they soon quieten. Making yourself comfortable in a pile of straw, you await the dawn. Tick off a time box and turn to 276.

138

Have you lit your Jheera torch yet? If so, turn to **199**. If not, turn to 171.

139

Shaken by your experience, you return to your horse. Soon you are riding once more through the woodland. Tick off a time box. The road begins to slope downwards, and you wend your way along its many curves until you are following the banks of a fast-flowing stream. The sun is lowering in the sky behind you, and the air is alive with the noises of insects. Ahead of you is a crude stockade. You ride in and are quickly surrounded by a dozen curious villagers. They seem much friendlier than most others you have encountered so far, and you begin to hope that you will be treated hospitably here. Sure enough, you are invited inside for a meal and a drink (restore up to 4 STAMINA points). Soon you are relaxing in the pleasant company of these simple folk. After a while you hear a commotion from outside your hut, and several villagers slip out. If you follow them outside, turn to **66**. If you stay with your hosts in the hut, turn to **385**.

140

You are led straight down to the stables to choose your horse. While you are preparing to leave, tall Sige approaches. Her voice is low, almost inaudible, and you understand how she came to be called 'the Silent'. She tells you that she has a valuable magical item which will aid you on your journey and bring

you the luck of the gods. It is a pomander of rare herbs – if worn around your neck it will also remove your need for sleep. It is passed up to you by Sige's servant, a poor deformed creature who shuffles slowly and wears a hood, no doubt to hide his piteously ugly face. Sige quietly wishes you a safe and fruitful journey. Bundling together your possessions, you hurry into the bustling courtyard. With no time for ceremony, you mount your steed and pick your way through the crowd to the gate. A swift ride along the Way of Flint brings you to Kallamehr's Grand Gate. Turn to 329.

141

'Most kind!' says Bythos, reaching out to take the Golden Fist. He tosses it over his shoulder, then draws in a deep breath. Before you can act, a freezing blast strikes you, and crystals form on your skin. They quickly melt, however, and Bythos advances on you. If you flee, turn to 335. If you would rather attack, turn to 149.

142

You wade through the wine towards the spot where the body fell. As you peer down into the murky depths an arm shoots up from the wine and grabs your leg. Caught off balance, you tumble head first into the dark liquid. A moment later the creature is on top of you, its hands grabbing your shoulders and forcing you down. The wine closes over your head. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your STAMINA, turn to 391. If the result is *greater than or equal to* your STAMINA, turn to 107.

143

Luthaur is fighting with a wickedly barbed scimitar, its blade darkened. As it slices into your flesh, you feel a stinging sensation which begins rapidly to spread. Luthaur's sword is envenomed – hardly the action of a hero. As the poison takes hold and you topple off the platform, you spit a last, defiant curse at the treacherous rat who has killed you. Your adventure ends here.

144

You snatch up the extinguished Jheera torch and set about relighting it. It is smouldering once more as the first hornets gather in the entrance to the cave. You rush to the back of the cave and watch as the cloud swarms towards you. For a moment you fear that the smoke is not harming the hornets; then they begin to fall. Soon the cave floor is littered with dead and dying bodies. When you are certain that it is safe once more, you ride out and down towards the horde. Turn to **235**.

145

You sit and stare at the hut, looking for signs of life. There is a heat-haze around you, and you realize how much your trek through the forest has tired you. If you have Sige's pomander, turn to **152**. Otherwise turn to **29**.

146

You drag yourself away from the tentacles and clamber up on to the crystal . . . only to find yourself facing the creature you saw land earlier. Turn to **135**.

147

You wind back the crossbow's string and fit a bolt. Taking careful aim, you shoot. You are rewarded by a howl of pain from the Troll, and he glares at you from across the river. Before you have an opportunity to shoot again, though, he has crashed off into the undergrowth. Turn to **381**.

148

A black shadow hovers above you – but before you can focus on it you hear a high-pitched scream which changes to a gurgle, and sticky grey slime spatters your face. Pain grips you by the head, and you lose your grip on the window-sill. There is a ghastly snap as you land, but the acid on your face has already done its foul work. Your adventure ends here.

149

Bythos takes a step back in amazement. 'Gatherer! What treason is this?' he bellows. The door behind you opens and cowled figures pour into the room. You draw your sword but have no opportunity to use it. Skeletal Servants of Bythos overwhelm you and hold you before their master. Turn to **313**.

150

You drag the bodies of the guardsmen into the nearby ditch and stride into the palace courtyard. The first person you meet is a footman; he is laden down by the weight of a heavy chest he is carrying and is hurrying towards the stables. When he sees you, he hails you and demands to know your business. You tell him you have an urgent message for Lady Dunyazad. He directs you to an antechamber

and promises to fetch the noblewoman. As the footman scurries off, you make your way into the antechamber and wait. Turn to 310.

151

You slip down the rope to the courtyard and, keeping in the shadows around its edge, begin to make your way back to the servants' quarters. You notice a guardsman marching along the walkway on the walls. If you had remained on the roof of the keep he would probably have spotted you. Turn to 204.

152

Soon you become too impatient to wait any longer. You can hear faint movements from within the hut, but nothing more happens. You call out, but if there is anyone within the hut they are ignoring you. You will have to take the initiative. If you walk under the hut, turn to 254. If you climb up one of the legs, turn to 202.

153

You dig your feet into the flanks of your unwilling mare, and she trots down the slope. The nearer you get to the mass below, the more you are struck by its sheer size. The rank smell hangs heavy, almost physically repelling you. If Mema is with you, turn to 283. If not, turn to 306.

154

The Gatherer stops his chanting when he sees you and stoops to pick up a small shard of crystal with a

skeletal hand. He takes each end and pulls it out until he holds a ragged crystal javelin, which he then hurls at you. Turn to 105.

155

Your walk to the nearest village takes you the better part of an afternoon. By now, you think to yourself, whoever was sent to scout to the east will be leagues ahead of you – even though you left Kallamehr before them. When you finally reach the settlement, you are treated with respect. The village elder recognizes the seal on the scroll you bear and is quick to furnish you with the fastest horse in the village. Soon you are thundering along the road, trying to make up some of the time you lost. The sun is half way below the rim of the world, and shadows streak the greying lands around you, when you see a dark bundle lying on the road ahead. If you ignore it and continue at a gallop, turn to 301. If you stop to examine it, turn to 249.

156

'But I might wake her!' Asiah replies to your suggestion. Everyone stares at her, incredulous. 'Very well. I'm not one to spoil a ceremony.' She goes across to Carolina, gives her an affectionate peck, then smooths the dead ruler's hair from her brow. 'It's time to wake up, dear,' she says. But for the nervous shuffling of feet, the courtyard is silent. Dunyazad turns to the guards and says quietly, 'Arrest the presumptuous dog.' Before you can defend yourself they are upon you. Turn to 355.

157

You steel yourself and leap through. You feel no heat, and realize that the wall was merely an illusion. You land in a cramped chamber, surprising four silver-skinned humanoids. They are Murkurons, well armed and equipped for adventuring. As you burst into the room, three of them are struggling with a small iron-bound door, while the fourth is standing near by. If you attack immediately, turn to **195**. If you wait for them to react, turn to **253**.

158

You glance through the books and scrolls, but the rambling text means nothing to you. The vials look more promising. Though many are cracked and their contents spilt, a few remain intact. Of these you salvage the three which seem the least noxious, each containing an unexciting, cloudy, brown liquid. Each is labelled in the same crabbed handwriting. You may risk drinking one or more of the liquids now, or you may take any or all of them with you. If you decide to take them with you, note down the name of each potion you take on your *Adventure Sheet*, together with the paragraph number which you should go to if you decide to drink it. You may drink one of these potions at any time that you would normally be able to drink a potion (that is, as long as you are not in battle). Remember: note down the number of the paragraph you are at *before* turning to the relevant paragraph for the potion you are about to drink; you should also make a note of the fact when you have drunk that potion. Each vial

contains only *one* mouthful – so, once you have drunk a potion, it has all gone.

If you drink the potion marked 'Ghulsh'	Turn to 258
If you drink the potion marked 'Arahl'	Turn to 285
If you drink the potion marked 'Zazzaz'	Turn to 369

Once you have finished checking the potions, turn to 270.

159

You kiss Carolina's hand respectfully and join the growing crowd lining the walls of the courtyard. You wait for several hours as the well-wishers pay their last respects. Finally servants come forward and place the lid on the coffin. Madhaerios steps forward nervously and addresses the crowd. Solemnly, he reads the service for the burial of the dead. After a few minutes' silence, he speaks again, reassuring the crowd of the safety of Kallamehr; he talks of the execution of traitors, and the successes of the army against Bei-Han. Finally he announces that since Carolina left no legitimate heir, he will be assuming the title of Baron himself. The ceremony over, the nobles return once more to their quarters, and the courtyard empties. Downcast by the funeral, you contemplate your next course of action. If you wish to leave Kallamehr, turn to 183. If you decide to stay and continue your investigations, turn to 252.

160

The old crone lets out a grating screech and drops to her knees. 'We are lost! We shall all die! Abandoned by our saviour!' As you turn to leave, the villagers close in around you, pleading desperately. When you brush them aside, their pleas turn to threats. Several are carrying rusty farm tools and begin to menace you with them. If you wish to attack the villagers, turn to 191. If you surrender to their wishes, turn to 208.

161

As you draw your sword, Bythos roars, 'Treachery!' and draws in a deep breath. You leap to strike him, hoping that his huge size will give you a chance to strike first. But luck is not with you. He breathes a freezing blast at you, and crystals form with startling speed on your skin. As Bythos continues to breathe at you the crystals spread, and soon you are encased, a living statue, doomed to live out the rest of your life as a morbid ornament for the Master of the Abyss.

162

You cross to the barred trapdoor. It has a lock on it but, when you grasp the bars, you find it has been left unlocked. You lift it easily with both hands and reach through to see whether you can grasp the man's hand. Unfortunately he is too far away, so you call to him to edge closer. From his muscular build, you guess that this is Ramedes the Invincible, Lady Carolina's champion. He starts to make

painful progress towards you, one hand at a time. Then you are aware of somebody behind you – just as they kick you violently in the back, sending you headlong into the gurgling darkness. Turn to 175.

163

The rest of the night passes uneventfully, and with the morning you resume your journey. The leagues stretch on, and you see a range of mountains in the distance ahead of you. You pass through several villages, and are surprised at the surly reactions of the villagers. As you pass them you hear them muttering under their breath, and when you stop to refill your water-bottle, they do their best to ignore you. The sun is low in the sky when you enter the small town of Hasrah, in which lies the Temple of Fourga. You could travel a few more hours if you wished, but you would have to spend another night in the open. Tick off a time box. If you ride on, turn to **26**. If you seek hospitality at the Temple of Fourga, turn to 4.

164

You walk across the crystal wastes until you come upon a huge metal ring embedded in the ground. From it, a chain with links as thick as your body rises into the air, up into the clouds from which a desolate moaning is coming. It would be difficult, but you could climb the chain (turn to 294). Alternatively, you could investigate the creaking sound, which is still faintly audible (turn to 237).

165

You return to your quarters and spend the rest of the night on your uncomfortable straw pallet. Next morning, a palace guardsman bursts into your quarters and demands that you follow him. He leads you to the antechamber and ushers you in. No sooner have you walked past him than the pommel of his sword descends on the back of your head, and you crumple to the ground. Turn to 355.

166

You search the bodies of the Ogre and the Goblin, but they possess nothing but a few revolting morsels of meat. You carry on down the path some distance, noticing the huge clumps of foxgloves which grow on your right. After a while you come across a path which turns off to the right. If you have three numbers written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to the paragraph they indicate. Otherwise, if you go down the path to the right, write the number '3' after any other numbers on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 268. If you carry straight on, write the number '1' after any other numbers on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 17. If you already have one of these numbers written down, you should choose the other option.

167

You cast about the smoke-filled room for an alternative escape route. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 392. If you are Unlucky, turn to 323.

168

As one, the Crystal Warriors close in and raise their hammers . . . weaponless, you resign yourself to your fate. Your adventure ends here.

169

As Luthaur's body topples off the platform, you sheathe your sword and turn to the four nobles, now flanked by guards. 'I act not as a traitor,' you say, 'but as a loyal servant of the House of Rangor.' You explain that someone has deliberately tried to prevent you from passing on the news of the impending invasion – someone who must be in league with the invaders! If you wish to accuse one of the nobles of treachery, turn to 334. If you have the Sealed Locket and wish to explain how you came by it, turn to 320.

170

You draw some water from the village well and use it to clean the sticky mire off Mema. Make a note of this. Tick off a time box, then turn to 396.

171

The black cloud is advancing on you with terrifying speed. You fumble with your tinder-box, cursing your clumsy fingers. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 217. If you are Unlucky, turn to 284.

172

The creature tries to slither away between your legs, but you grasp it and force it down by sitting on its back. Although it is slippery, and you are blinded, you manage to get a firm grip around its neck. You are about to bang its head on the floor when it begins to sob. You pause a moment while your vision clears, revealing the pathetic figure of a young girl, coated from head to foot in foul-smelling green slime. Cautiously you release your grasp and pick up the slender blow-pipe she used to puff the blinding dust at you. Pocketing it, you ask the girl her name. Turn to 315.

173

You take a step towards the silver creature, and he shakes his head sadly. Flame gouts from his outstretched arms, and you are engulfed in fire. These flames, however, are real . . .

174

You are blinded by the sunlight which streams in through the window. The bustle of the market below filters into the room. You are bathed in sweat and trembling uncontrollably, the ghastly image still lingering in your mind. Was it a premonition, or just your fear ruling your imagination? Your thoughts are interrupted by a call from Bedrah, one of your fellow adventurers. Buckling on your sword, you follow her to Lady Carolina's audience-chamber to decide which of you will be the volunteers. Although you had intended to stay and defend the city, you may still volunteer if you wish to change your mind. Will you:

Ride north for the army?	Turn to 92
Scout to the east?	Turn to 104
Stay behind after all?	Turn to 182

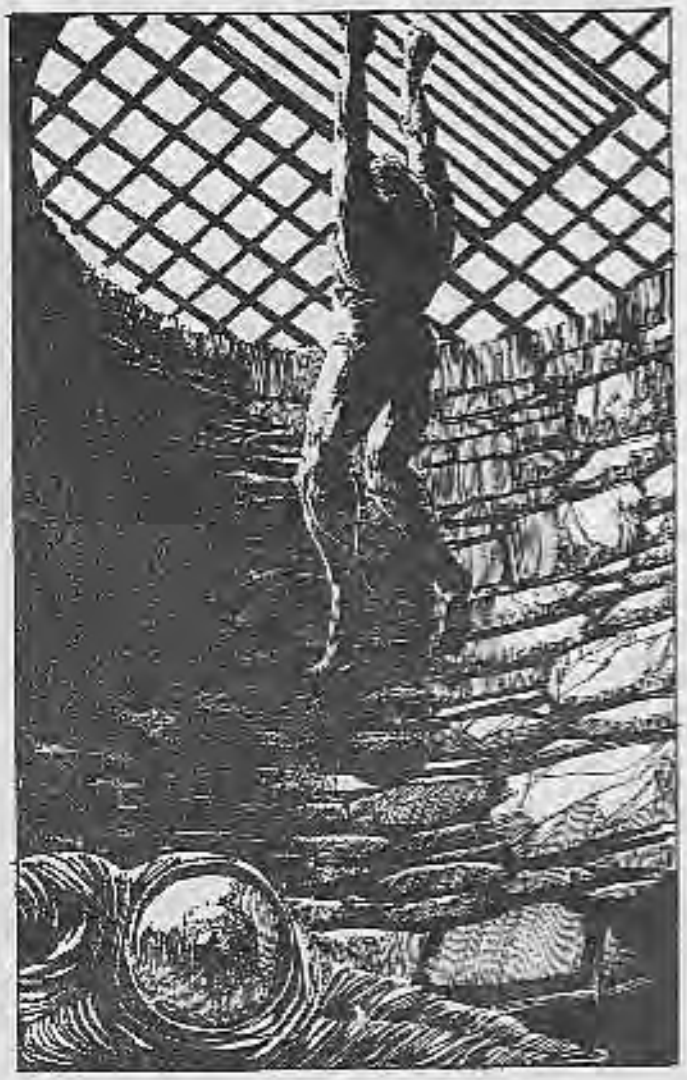

175

You land painfully on the soft floor of the pit. To one side you can make out a single luminous eye regarding you from amid a bulky, shifting mass of mottled grey flesh. Beneath the eye is a gaping black maw, from which come ghastly sucking noises. It is a Quagrant, a horror bred by only the most loathsome and warped sorcerers. You have only a moment in which to act. Will you:

Use a blow-pipe, if you have one which has not been used?	Turn to 378
Use the Spitting Fly, if you know it?	Turn to 328
Fight the horror with your sword?	Turn to 314
Flee up the rough walls of the pit?	Turn to 18

176

You eventually find a small furry creature hiding beneath a rotting log. While it is still startled, you whisk it into your backpack and hurry back to the hut, which you find with surprising ease. Back inside, the woman greets you quite pleasantly, introduces her serpent Caduceus to you, and tells

you that her name is Aletheia. Caduceus swallows your gift whole and wraps himself affectionately round your shoulders, while Aletheia tells you a little about him. Turn to 307.

177

Cross 1 set of Provisions and 4 Gold Pieces off your *Adventure Sheet*. Tasbadh greedily gulps down the food you give him and pockets the coins. With a loud belch, he says, 'Right, let's get our heads down for the night,' and commandeers your blanket which you had draped over the horse behind you. 'Better make a fire to keep the beasts away!' he says, settling himself down in your warm blanket. You spend a cold night, tending the fire and listening to Tasbadh's mighty snoring. The next morning, Tasbadh seems a little better, but urgently he reminds you of the Death Spell which is squeezing the life from him. Soon you are on your way to Gebaan. No sooner have you ridden into the village than Tasbadh springs off your steed and hurries away into a large building. You notice a lurid sign outside: 'The Purple Poignard'. Surely the Healer doesn't live in a tavern? Tick off a time box. If you have the Golden Fist, turn to 121. If not, turn to 109.

178

Your opponent seems to anticipate your move, and dodges back behind you. The blade of his knife pricks your jugular. Across the way a group of townsfolk are staring at you expectantly. Turn to 200.

179

You race down to the chariot, brandishing your sword wildly. The Crystal Sprite spots you and flees. Leaping on to the chariot, you grab the reins and yell at the Ectovults to move. They ignore you. All your efforts to get the chariot moving are in vain. You are stranded, alone in the crystal wastes. Your adventure ends here.

180

The Troll soon disappears off into the undergrowth, still dragging the sapling behind it. You splash your face with the river water and prepare to carry on, refreshed by your rest. Turn to 381.

181

You are still locked in battle with the Caveman as the first hornets swarm into the cave. You launch a kick at the primitive creature, then dive for the Jheera torch. You are too late. The torch has gone out, and the Caveman is too stupid to recognize the threat of the hornets. His bone crashes on your head.

182

'How much for that one?' says the greasy-haired peasant, pointing at a rust-coated sword on a market stall. 'Wot, this?' replies the stallholder, pulling it from a jumbled pile. 'More 'n you can afford, matey. This 'un's not for sticking your pigs with. Fangthane steel, this. Pulled it from the ruins of Kallamehr meself, I did, a few years back. Last a

Turn of Turns, it will, which is more 'n could be said for its last owner. Wot a mess they was!' Many years have passed since the fall of Kallamehr. You shared the fate which overwhelmed it. Your remains lie unmourned among the rubble and debris.

183

You waste no time in retrieving your horse and setting out from the city. You ride east along the same route you used those few fateful days earlier. Tick off a time box. If you have heard of Enthymesis and wish to search for him, turn to 5. Otherwise, turn to 325.

184

Your blows are useless against the blubbery, tentacled thing. It closes its grip on you, and you are engulfed by the writhing mass – to be slowly digested by the creature.

185

The guards chuckle with glee and pocket the money. One of them leads you through the gates and into a small antechamber. 'I'll fetch someone who can help,' he says and slips out of the room. You wait for a while. Turn to 310.

186

You hurriedly wind back the string of the bow and snap in a bolt. You must shoot the jailer before he sees what you are up to. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to 227. If the result is *greater than or equal to* your SKILL, turn to 240.

187

You step over the slimy green corpses and take the opportunity to examine the objects you have picked up: a set of priceless gems, shaped like eyes, and a jewelled tiara. To your experienced gaze they look magical, so you stow them in your pack and make your way along the passage. Soon it leads into a round chamber. Turn to 82.

188

You take the black-clad figure by surprise, and it splutters as you catch it full on the chest. You must fight the Winged Assassin for three rounds. Remember, you may not score a *killing blow* on it; you are weak from lack of rest, so reduce your SKILL by 2 points.

WINGED ASSASSIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 10

If you are still alive at the end of three rounds, turn to 79.

189

The missile speeds straight at you, but too low, and passes harmlessly between your legs. There is a strangled yelp from behind you, and you turn to see a Goblin with sword raised, staring in surprise at the bolt, which is protruding from his belly. 'Nice shooting, Gok. Next time *I* use the crossbow,' he croaks, and topples backwards. The Goblin who fired the crossbow flings it guiltily aside and draws a small knife from his belt. He charges towards you with a curse, and you prepare for battle. But after three steps he is whipped off his feet and yanked violently upwards by a noose-trap. 'Got 'im!' says a voice near by, and yet another Goblin comes into view, holding the other end of the rope. When he sees you, his jaw drops and he lets go of the rope, dropping his accomplice in a heap and fleeing. You chuckle to yourself and advance up the path, marvelling at the Goblins' incompetence. A little further on, you hear more Goblin voices ahead. 'Don't worry Gublb, *I'll* pulp 'im,' says a squeaky voice. You saunter confidently round a bend in the path, only to find yourself facing an *enormous* Ogre, his tiny Goblin-sized head glaring furiously at you. Behind him cowers the Goblin you encountered earlier.

	SKILL	STAMINA
OGRE	10	12
GOBLIN	5	4

Fight them one at a time, the Ogre first. If you defeat them both, turn to 166.

190

Your sword flashes towards the Gatherer and impales him through the chest. He leans forward and grasps its pommel, then pulls it from him with a grating noise, as of metal on bone. Then he raises it and charges at you. The last thing you see are the skeletal features beneath his cowl.

191

The villagers are not trained warriors, and two fall straight away to your assault. Behind them, three more block your path with their sickles.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VILLAGER	4	3
Second VILLAGER	3	3

Fight the first two villagers simultaneously. Each will have a separate attack on you during each Attack Round, but you must choose at the beginning of each Attack Round which of the two you will

fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against the other, throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound him if your Attack Strength is greater; you will have merely parried his blow. If his Attack Strength is greater, he will have wounded you in the normal way. If you defeat the first two villagers, a third still bars your way to your horse.

	SKILL	STAMINA
Third VILLAGER	3	3

If you win, turn to 347.

192

As your horse falls forward, you leap from the saddle, but your foot tangles in the stirrup and you are dashed to the ground. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You stagger to your feet and are dismayed to find that the proud mare you chose is now lamed. You cannot continue your journey on her, but must search for a village to get a new horse. Turn to 155.

193

A silvery shape shoots past your head and crashes into the ground, shattering into a million milky droplets. These re-form into a grotesque winged reptile, its limbless translucent body pulsing with unnatural energy. A vicious beak protrudes from its bulbous head, and milky eyes full of malice peer balefully around. The Ectovult flounders about until it bumps into a silver chalice, which it greedily consumes. The winged horror then flies off with the chalice still visible, quivering inside its body. If you

have a crossbow and wish to shoot the Ectovult, turn to 271. Otherwise, turn to 322.

194

While you are writhing from the effects of the dust, you hear the door of the house slam, and running footsteps fading away. When your vision finally returns, you see the empty cupboard in front of you, sticky green footmarks leading out of it. If you have not yet searched the desk in the corner and wish to do so, turn to 158. Otherwise you may follow the footsteps, (turn to 206).

195

You cut down the first Murkuron on the spot, and prepare to battle the remaining three. They look round fearfully, but remain braced against the door. Too late, you realize they were trying to hold the door shut rather than open it. Seconds later, the door gives way and squat, scaly creatures flood in. The Kokomokoa swarm all over the Murkurons, and four charge at you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KOKOMOKOA	6	5
Second KOKOMOKOA	5	5
Third KOKOMOKOA	5	6
Fourth KOKOMOKOA	5	5

You must fight the Kokomokoa one at a time. Remember: if you do not have your sword, your Attack is at −2, and you may not score *killing blows*. If you defeat them, turn to 370.

196

Your sword is too small to use against Bythos, so you may not strike *killing blows*. If you have Barolo's buckler it too is useless, so you will lose its SKILL bonus.

BYTHOS	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you defeat Bythos, turn to 291.

197

You point Mema's slender tube up at the jailer and blow hard. A cloud of black powder shoots into the air, and then descends on you. Soon you are coughing and choking, and the laughter of the jailer from up above does little to ease your discomfort. Turn to 352.

198

You explain to the guard that you couldn't sleep, and that you fancied some fresh air and the view from the battlements. He eyes you suspiciously and tells you that only palace guardsmen are allowed on to the battlements. You apologize profusely and return to the courtyard, knowing that he is watching you all the way. Turn to 165.

199

The cloud of black hornets swirls round you, and you curse as the breeze picks up, dissipating the Jheera smoke. The hornets are closing in on you. If you flee back up the hillside, turn to 386. If you make for the river which runs along the valley to your right, turn to 42. If you make for the cave entrance you passed, turn to 106.

200

You cry out in alarm, but the townsfolk just point at you and laugh. 'So that's the way a hero gets to be famous nowadays, is it?' asks the gruff voice, and you suddenly recognize it as that of Barolo, your old blade-master. He spins you round and pockets his knife. You notice that he now has a wooden left leg, but he makes no mention of it. 'You'd best come and stay with me,' he suggests. Turn to 375.

201

One of the Crystal Warriors strides in your direction and swings its hammer. You try to defend yourself with your sword, but it glances harmlessly off the warrior. If you have an onyx sceptre or a golden fist, and wish to use it as a makeshift club, turn to 62. If you wish to grapple the warrior, turn to 305.

202

You shin up the nearest leg until you find yourself clinging close to the bottom of the hut. Looking along the base, you can make out an opening set in the middle. The only way to reach it is to grab the

supporting beams and swing your way into it, legs first. You look down at the ground, which seems even further away than you had imagined. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to 337. If the result is *greater than or equal to* your SKILL, turn to 229.

203

Before long, you chance upon a host of crystal statues, their serried ranks stretching away into the mist. Looking closer, you see that each is a human entombed within a crystal shell. If you bear the wound which changes colour, turn to 52. Otherwise, turn to 75.

204

Suddenly you hear the sound of grating metal near by. Behind you is a small metal door which leads into one of the outbuildings of the palace. A key is turning in the lock. You flatten yourself against the wall by the side of the door. It is flung outward, nearly crushing you. From your hiding-place behind the door you hear several voices. You recognize one as that of Luthaur, the traitorous adventurer who embarrassed you in front of Dunyazad. 'Put up quite a struggle, eh, lads?' he says. 'Yes, Luthaur, they don't call him Ramedes the Invincible for nothing – even with enough brew inside him to drop a dragon, he fought like a dozen men.' 'Don't worry, the other one'll be a lot easier.'

Do they mean you? The voices reach the other end of the courtyard and you hear a door slam. For some reason, they've left this door open. If you creep cautiously down the passage the men came out of, turn to 363. If you slip back to your pallet in the servants' quarters, turn to 165. If you wish to spend the rest of the night hidden in the stables, turn to 137.

205

You feel a tremendous pressure as your body crumples. The palace fades from view and you lose consciousness. You awaken in a rice paddy. There is nobody about, so you wade to the nearest path and make your way along it. It leads to a village, but this village, like the others you came across earlier in your wanderings, is deserted. You hurry on through Kallamehr, passing through more deserted settlements. When you arrive at Kallamehr, you realize the extent of your failure. You have defeated Bythos, but Kallamehr has lost almost all of its people. You may have saved your own skin, but at the cost of thousands of innocent people. You are no hero.

206

Outside the building, the sticky patches lead along the main street towards the far gate. You fetch your horse and mount up. Unfortunately the trail gets fainter and fainter as it goes on and, by the time you reach the gate, the footsteps are barely visible in the dust. You realize that your quarry has eluded you.

Disappointed, you continue your journey. Turn to **22**.

207

You wrest the sapling from the Troll's dead fingers, and start tearing off the leaves and stuffing them in your backpack. Once you have stripped the tree, you head back to the river, finding yourself on a trail which runs along the bank. Turn to 133.

208

A ragged cheer goes up from the villagers as you give your assent. You are led back to the hut, and more food is brought. The old woman advises you to prepare for the test which awaits you, but she seems unable to explain its nature. The more she speaks to you, the madder she seems, and you begin to doubt her prophecy. But who are you to complain? You settle back to rest, staring up through the smoke-hole at the bright moon. Turn to 319.

209

How many of the following items do you possess: eye-shaped gems, jewelled tiara, gem-encrusted breastplate, feather boots, golden fist, pearl-inlaid skull, onyx sceptre, crystal globe? If you have *fewer than* four, turn to 351. If you have four or more, turn to 393.

210

The guards are taken aback when they find themselves staring at the blade of your sword. They look at each other briefly, then one shouts, 'Get 'im!' If you have Sige's pomander and are still wearing it, turn to 83. Otherwise, turn to 242.

211

As you watch, the ant-covered hand grabs a stick which was lying near by. It then withdraws back into the hole, and you hear scraping noises coming from within. You are not entirely sure what is going on within the mound, but you are glad that you didn't get involved. Turn to 58.

212

You walk slowly up to the chariot and climb in, while the Crystal Sprite bows reverently. Then he lets out a high-pitched yell, and the Ectovults lurch off. Soon you are skimming across the plain at breathtaking speed. A few minutes later, the spires of a fantastic crystal palace rise up before you, circled by hundreds of screeching Ectovults. You can fully grasp the size of the palace only when you near its enormous entrance. The building is many hundreds of yards high and is, formed, it seems, from the same crystal you have been travelling on. You enter a mighty chamber, and the chariot stops. You climb out just as another robed figure rushes up. 'You're late!' he hisses. 'Our Master returns and his broth is not yet prepared! If you fail, you will suffer his crystal breath. Hurry!' You follow him

across the chamber into another of similar size, in which a weird cauldron sits. Approaching, you realize that it is a goblet over three feet high, fashioned for some mighty hand. Another cowled figure sits stirring the brew within, waiting for you to empty your sack. You pour the contents into the cauldron and watch it darken to a murky green. The two cowled figures depart silently, leaving you alone with the goblet. If you drink some of the broth, turn to 45. If you add something to it, turn to 131. If you knock it over, turn to 365.

213

Pressing straight on, you find the undergrowth creeping on to the path ahead of you. Soon it becomes difficult to push your way through it. You laboriously hack your way through (lose 1 point of STAMINA), finally reaching a clearing from which three other paths lead. If you take the path on the left, turn to 123. If you take the centre path, turn to 132. If you take the path on the right, turn to 32.

214

There are three dark shapes. As they creep into the firelight you see that they are Black Elves. Two of them begin to go through your baggage, while the third approaches you warily. Choosing your moment with care, you wait until the Elf is bending over you before acting. Your sword sweeps in a wide arc, coming to a juddering halt in his side. He crumples and you leap to your feet, jerking your sword from the lifeless body. The other two Elves

turn with a yelp, dropping your possessions. Turn to 120.

215

The roaring gets louder, and you can see nothing in the blackness ahead. Then you are dashed against something hard and metallic. The river plunges down through a grating, but you are safe. Casting around, you find that the grating is littered with objects. You grab a few, then feel your way across the grating, showered by spray as you go. The grating leads to a tunnel set in the rock, a tunnel dimly lit by luminescent algae. Down the slimy tunnel are creeping two reptilian Kokomokoa, squat green creatures with abnormally large heads and malicious yellow eyes. They drop the baskets they were carrying and attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KOKOMOKOA	5	6
Second KOKOMOKOA	5	5

If you do not have your sword, you fight at −2, and may not strike *killing blows*. If you defeat them, turn to 187.

216

Many years ago, Barolo was your tutor in the treacherous north lands. He gave you your fine sword when he felt that you had learned enough from him to deserve it. He welcomes you warmly to his house and apologizes for its dilapidated condition. While you sit recounting some of your past adventures, he takes your sword and cradles it lovingly in his hand, testing its weight and balance. Your story is interrupted by a faint scrabbling from the corner of the room. You are about to get up to investigate, but Barolo acts faster. Before you can turn your head, he twists in his chair and the sword flies from his hands. You go to retrieve it and find it has impaled the still-twitching body of a rat. Barolo chuckles. 'The one technique I never taught you,' he says. 'It is not wise for a master to teach his pupil everything until he knows he can truly trust him or her.' Barola tells you that he is now prepared to hand his last secret on to you if you wish, but you will need to sacrifice the rest of the night's sleep to learn it. If you wish to learn how to throw your sword, turn to 226. If you would rather get some rest, turn to 375.

217

A spark leaps from your tinder and lodges in the dry cloth. You cup your hand round it and blow frantically. The spark takes, and the Jheera starts to smoulder. Looking up, you see the pulsing blackness nearly upon you. Turn to **199**.

218

You lower yourself slowly down the wall until you are level with the window. Then you crane your head round to peer through it. Inside, Dunyazad of Ikhtiyan sits on the floor, carefully packing clothing and jewellery into a small iron-bound trunk. Obviously she is preparing for an urgent journey . . . or escape. You heave yourself back up on to the roof. If this was the third window you looked in, turn to **25**. Otherwise, you may return to your quarters (turn to **151**), or investigate any of the following if you have not done so already:

The far left wall	Turn to 397
The left centre wall	Turn to 94
The far right wall	Turn to 340

219

You pass through a band of cloud into the starry void you fell through earlier. Above you, a wall of cells hangs impossibly. The moans of the prisoners spur you on but, when you reach the top of the chain, you realize just how hopeless their plight is. There are no doors into their cells, only thick iron bars. You have found the stolen spirits of Kallamehr's countryfolk, victims of Bythos's hornets. Their earthly bodies exist only as zombie-like shells. Frustrated, you climb back down the chain and set out in search of a means of freeing them. If you follow the creaking sound, turn to **237**. Otherwise, turn to **203**.

220

You pretend to surrender, then make a running jump at the weakest-looking priest. As you near him you launch yourself into the air. Unfortunately he raises his staff, catching you a stinging blow on your side. Deduct 2 points of STAMINA. You crash to the ground and are quickly subdued. The priests begin to search you. If you have the Golden Fist, turn to **73**. If you do not have the Golden Fist, turn to **379**.

221

The way ahead begins to slope downwards, and the forest floor beneath your feet starts to soften. Soon you are squelching through boggy ground, with mud sucking at your shins. Flies begin to home in on you, and the heat saps your strength. Lose 1

point of STAMINA. After an hour's painful progress, the ground begins to rise and the track you are on turns sharply to the left. There is nothing to distinguish this part of the forest from any of the others you have been through, so you push on. Tick off a time box and turn to 366.

222

The corpse tumbles backwards into the wine, which laps over it. You pause a moment, but there is no motion. If you examine the body, turn to 142. If you wish to leave the cellar straight away, turn to 297.

223

You gallop back the way you came, pausing from time to time to refill your water-bottle. As you spur your mare over a grassy rise, you suddenly find yourself struggling with the reins when she rears up. Something has disturbed her, something which lies ahead. You can see nothing, but you catch the faintest trace of a sour, musty smell. After some coaxing, your horse continues reluctantly down into the valley and along the narrow track which winds its way up the hillside opposite. You have to pick your way carefully up the steep path, but finally you top the ridge and look down into the valley. Off to your left you can see a column of smoke rising. Check the time boxes on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have already marked ten or more time boxes, turn to 251. Otherwise, tick off a time box and turn to 95.

224

As he approaches the keep, Ramedes lets out a blood-curdling roar. He flings the door open and smashes a guard aside with the flaming brand. Then he is inside the keep. You run across the courtyard as screams and yells begin to fill the air. When you reach the gate, you are nearly floored by the body of a guard which comes tumbling out. Inside, in a small entry-hall, Ramedes is battling six guards, though more lie bloodied and motionless around the chamber. He is swinging a halberd as if it were a sickle, but these guards are wiser, waiting for the hero to fire before they strike. One is winding a crossbow and, as you enter the hall, sword at the ready, he lets fly the bolt. Ramedes takes it full in the chest and staggers backwards. He crashes to the ground and looks up at you accusingly. He has no time to speak, for the guards are upon him with their swords. Then they turn on you. Your adventure ends here.

225

Bythos strides impatiently towards the goblet. 'You were nearly late, Gatherer. You know the penalty for failure!' he says. If you have been told the 'secret of Bythos's power', turn to 374. Otherwise, if you have eaten the herbs from Sige's pomander, turn to 31. If you wish to flee, turn to 335. You may hold up the Golden Fist, if you have it (turn to 389). Or you may attack him with your sword (turn to 261).

226

The technique that Barolo calls the Spitting Fly is to be used against an opponent only in direst need. By using it, you disarm yourself, so you must be certain that your blow will be a fatal one. It may not be used in the midst of battle, for you must relax your body completely. You spend the rest of the night practising and, although you can never hope to match the speed and accuracy of Barolo, you become quite adept at hitting the targets Barolo sets up for you. Next morning you greet the dawn bleary-eyed and stiff of limb. Turn to 19.

227

You loose your bolt at the jeering jailer, praying that it will pass between the bars of the grille. Sure enough, it finds its mark, impaling the evil man in mid-cackle. He slumps on to the grille, the trapdoor keys dangling from his twitching hands. You scramble up the rough walls of the pit, observing as you do that Ramedes has swung over to below the jailer's body, reached through the grille and grasped the keys. Soon you are both out of the pit, recovering from your ordeal. Turn to 10.

228

You are standing amid the glowing golden powder when a tall, cowled figure steps over the rim of the bowl. He stops his chanting when he sees you and stoops to pick up a small shard of crystal with a skeletal hand. He takes each end and pulls it out until he holds a ragged crystal javelin, which he then hurls at you. Instinctively, you raise your sword to parry. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to 360. If it is *greater than or equal to* your SKILL, turn to 274.

229

You are no threat to the legendary acrobats of Granat. Your grab for the opening falls pitifully short, and you plunge headlong to the ground, landing painfully on your shoulder. Lose 1 point of STAMINA. As you lie panting, you notice the hut is descending towards you. The spindly legs are bending! Soon you are through the opening. Turn to 372.

230

You hurry down the tunnel, back towards the river, constantly looking over your shoulder. Then you stumble over something. Looking down, you see a tentacle. Turn to 343.

231

As you push onward, you notice clusters of foul-smelling fungus growing on either side of the path. You have to pick your way carefully along the path to avoid disturbing them – in case they carry poisonous spores. You begin to remember tales told of southern forests in which you can lose yourself in a maze of shifting trackways, wandering in circles until death from hunger and exhaustion catches up with you. Ahead of you, the trail divides into two. You may take the trail which slopes downwards slightly and to the left (turn to 213), or try the other, which leads off to the right (turn to 32).

232

You twist to the left, avoiding the blow, but roll into your fire. Although it was beginning to die out, you are still badly burned. Lose 2 points of STAMINA. You beat the burning embers off your singed tunic and face your opponent, weaponless. He is a Black Elf, and behind him are two more of his kin. As you

have no weapon, you must fight at −2 to your SKILL, and you cannot score *killing blows*.

First BLACK ELF SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, you may retrieve your sword before the other two Elves are upon you. Turn to 120.

233

You dive into the river but, weighed down as you are by your equipment, it is all you can do to resist the strong current which threatens to sweep you down-river. Soon the Troll spots you and begins to throw rocks at you. Struggling helplessly amid the wild water, you are a sitting target. A large rock strikes you on the head and you are carried away by the current. Your sword is swept from your scabbard and is lost to the wild water as you sink into unconsciousness. Lose 1 point of STAMINA. Tick off a time box and turn to 89.

234

As you make your way down to the courtyard you hear a blood-curdling scream. Diving through the door near by, you find yourself in the kitchen. A figure, wreathed in flames, staggers about the room as various servants vainly fling water at it. After a few seconds the fiery figure collapses. The cook turns to you. 'It's Janas the page. He just ran in here clutching his chest and flung himself on the fire,' she says. The boy is dead. Though shocked and mystified by the tragedy, you prepare to leave. You can do nothing here. Turn to 140.

235

You dismount and face the multitude of blank-eyed peasants as bravely as you can. Several of them set down the palanquin they bear, and from it steps a richly dressed man, his face deeply scored, his eyes burning with malevolence. His silent horde makes no move towards you, but the man gestures them to advance, his movements calm and deliberate. He speaks: 'You'll pay for the slaughter of my winged servants. You'll pay with your life.' Before you stands the unsmiling general of this warped army. Kallamehr's fate lies in your hands. If you have the Reaver's bottle and wish to show it, turn to 55. Otherwise, if you know the Spitting Fly and wish to use it, turn to 260. Or you may attack him (turn to 65).

236

The rope slips rapidly out through the smoke-hole in the ceiling, just as the first villager bursts into the hut. They seem relieved to find you still alive. As the buzzing sound fades away, you race out of the hut. Silhouetted against the moon is a huge marrow-shaped object which hangs impossibly in the starry sky. You watch as it dwindles into the distance. Then you turn to the villagers you have elected to protect. They huddle pathetically around you. You have abandoned your true mission in favour of this lowly settlement. Kallamehr is doomed. Your adventure ends here.

237

Cautiously you advance, observing more of the darting shadows beneath the crystal floor. The creaking gets louder, and suddenly a crack appears almost beneath your feet. Then the crystal shatters and a black shape erupts through it, spraying you with oily black water. The black shape shoots up into the clouds, and you scrabble for a footing on the shifting crystal. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to 339. If the result is *greater than or equal to* your SKILL, turn to 93.

238

You turn dejectedly back to your horse, but stagger as you feel something coiling round your leg. It is a large snake; angrily, you raise your sword to cut it down. Before you can strike, the snake speaks softly. 'Don't you recognize me? I am Caduceus,

Bythos has fled to the Abyss. You must follow him there if you wish to save these people, for Enthymesis has failed. The river in this valley flows underground and passes through a cavern in which there is a gateway to that region. Go now, lose no time.' He slithers away and you hurry over to the river. Using a rotting log as a makeshift raft, you are soon racing with the current. Turn to 89.

239

You wake up in a dank cell. Your whole body aches from the beating the priests have given you (lose 2 points of STAMINA). You still have all your possessions with you, except the Golden Fist (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). After making you wait for several hours, a priest arrives at your cell. He tells you reluctantly that you are to be freed, on the orders of Lady Dunyazad. Soon you have your horse back, and you are off once more. Tick off two time boxes and turn to 7.

240

Your bolt rebounds from the metal grille and, before you can reload, the jailer has backed away from the grille, abandoning you to your fate. Turn to 352.

241

You smash the javelin aside. The Gatherer reaches down for another piece of crystal, but you are too quick for him. You leap at him as he lifts his crystal weapon.

GATHERER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you defeat him, turn to 318.

242

You must fight the guards.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARD	7	8
Second GUARD	6	7

You have to fight both the guards together. At the beginning of each Attack Round, you must decide which of the two you are going to fight; resolve the battle against him as normal. You should also roll two dice to determine your Attack Strength against the other guard, then two dice again for his Attack Strength against you for that Attack Round. You will not injure him if your Attack Strength is greater, you will simply parry his blow. If his Attack Strength is greater than yours, then he will wound you in the normal way. If you defeat both the guardsmen, turn to 150.

243

Many hours go by while you scour the forest for snake food. Tick off a time box, then return to 395 and try again. If you run out of time or LUCK, your adventure is over.

244

As you approach the row of puppets, your left foot squelches in something and skids. You have trodden in a sticky green footprint, one of a line which leads from the cupboard to the table and back again. The cupboard before you is crudely daubed with a rune: the sign of a single arrow. If you open the cupboard with your sword, ready to strike, turn to 76. If you open it normally, turn to 37.

245

A tall cowled figure walks into the bowl, chanting all the time, and reverently collects up the golden powder into a silken sack. He is chanting 'Broth for my Master! Broth for Bythos! Magical broth makes the Master of the Abyss!' If you spring to attack him, turn to 154. If you creep round the rim of the bowl to surprise him as he leaves, turn to 40. If you follow him as he leaves, turn to 112.

246

Your manoeuvre is successful. You grip his weapon hand firmly and drive your free hand into his jaw, throwing him off balance. With a neat flick of the wrist, you force the knife from his grip, and send him tumbling to the floor. As he does so, you recognize the grizzled features of your old blademaster, Barolo. He has changed greatly in the past years, and now sports a wooden leg; but he looks pleased to see you. 'Good as ever, eh, young 'un? Lucky I was going easy on you or I'd have had you on a dinner plate by now.' Turn to 216.

247

With a mighty kick of your legs you push yourself down. Your lungs are bursting as your hand alights on the hilt of the fabulous sword, and blood pounds in your head. The effort of freeing the sword proves too much and your breath escapes in an explosion of bubbles. Desperately you thrash your way upwards, only to be caught between two of the lower bars. As water enters your lungs you curse your greed.

248

You evade the Troll, leaving him to try to digest his troublesome meal, and make your way back to the river. There you hurry along the path which leads along the bank. Turn to 133.

249

You dismount and approach the bundle cautiously. As you draw closer, you realize that this is no bundle, but a body! You turn over the corpse, to reveal the familiar features of Sophia of Blacksand. You draw back your hand rapidly when it begins to sting painfully. A greyish slime seems to have eaten into Sophia's lower body and legs. She must have been the hero sent to scout out the invading army, but you cannot begin to guess at the fate which has overcome her. You contemplate your choices of action. If you continue with your mission to the northern army, turn to 301. If you choose to take on Sophia's mission and scout to the east, tick off a time box and turn to 329. If you return to Kallamehr to report, tick off a time box and turn to 394.

250

You watch as the former prisoners each take a sip of the blue liquid. One by one they dissolve away in a blue glow, until you are left with only the Servants for company. You look down sadly at the empty bowl, wondering how long it will be before the Servants can fill it once more. You can only guess. The Servants explain that, as Ruler of the Abyss, you gain the power of all the lost magical items of Allansia which are drawn to this realm, but it is small consolation for your exile here. If you have the wound which changes colour, turn to 400. If not, turn to 119.

251

After a brisk ride you reach the village and pull up before the open gates. A line of villagers is silently marching out through them and off down the road. You hail them, but they do not even turn their heads. Mystified, you edge closer. A well-dressed figure detaches itself from the villagers and saunters towards you. The man is munching distractedly at a rib of pork. He tosses the bone over his shoulder, and turns his attention to you, fixing you with a penetrating gaze. 'Ah, it is you,' he says, apparently satisfied. With a casual wave of his arm he gestures at you. 'Take this wretch,' he says as he turns back to the village. Turn to 113.

252

As you leave the courtyard, you remember that you have seen no sign of the other heroes who were left

to defend the city, apart from Luthaur who was at the funeral. Where have they gone? Making discreet inquiries at the Parrot-in-a-Cage Inn, you discover that they all met with unfortunate accidents. One mysteriously vanished while walking the ramparts at night; another accidentally shot himself with a crossbow. Still another was found impaled on one of the swords carried by the Statue of Justice. There are many ways to meet an untimely end in Kallamehr. Yours is particularly bizarre. You are walking down an empty street when –

253

None of the Murkurons has seen you enter the room. You realize that three of them are holding the door shut, while the fourth is intoning a spell: a fiery glow is spreading from his fingers. Then he notices you and pauses, his face struck by panic. 'Ylech'nya Pipphen!' says a voice in your head. If you attack the Murkuron, turn to 173. If you run to the door, turn to 48.

254

As you step between the narrow legs, you notice an opening in the floor of the hut above you. You are just wondering how on earth you are going to make it up there when the hut begins to lower, the spindly legs bending. You position yourself directly under the opening as the hut descends towards you. Turn to 372.

255

He is a sitting target. Convulsed with laughter, he can do nothing to dodge the blade which flies from your hands. It catches him in the belly, and he is still laughing as he starts to topple . . . turn to 302.

256

The road is deeply rutted, as if it is often used, but you meet no other travellers. On the slopes around you the vegetation grows thicker, and soon you are riding through woodland. Then, ahead of you on the road, you see a charging ox. It thunders past, bellowing madly. A little further on, you see the cart that it had been shackled to, ditched by the roadside. Near by lies the still body of another ox; you sense movement behind it, and hear revolting sucking noises. You canter up cautiously. Suddenly your horse whinnies, and a black-swathed figure looks up. You cannot penetrate the darkness beneath its hood, but you feel a malevolent gaze trained upon you. With an inhuman shriek, the figure races off into the undergrowth with a loping gait. If you give chase, turn to 296. If you examine the ox and cart, turn to 13.

257

You race towards the Gatherer, but he hastily prepares another javelin. Turn to 105.

258

The liquid tastes sour, but it is in fact a Luck Potion. You may restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level, and increase that *Initial* level by 1 point. Now turn back to the paragraph you just left.

259

You hurl your sword at the jeering jailer, praying that it will pass between the bars of the grille. Sure

enough, it finds its mark, impaling the evil man in mid-cackle. He slumps on to the grille, the trapdoor keys dangling from his twitching hands. You scramble up the rough walls of the pit, observing as you do that Ramedes has swung over to below the jailer's body, reached through the grille and grasped the keys. Soon you are both out of the pit, recovering from your ordeal. Turn to 10.

260

Your sword streaks towards your enemy, but he is too fast for you. His own sword flashes from its scabbard and deflects yours harmlessly into the ground. 'You are not the only one who knows that trick,' he says, hurling his blade at you. You have no time to dodge; his sword impales you through the chest.

261

You approach the well, but your way is barred by several burly peasants, shouting: 'You're not welcome here, horse-thief!' They don't look the sort to listen to reason, so you spur your horse out of the village. Turn to 7.

262

You grab your possessions and clamber out of the window. Just as you are lowering yourself down, the door collapses and a blast of flame guts the bedroom. It is not a great drop to the ground, and you land clumsily but unscathed. Turn to 111.

263

As you step into the sand you feel a tugging at your feet. You wade further into it, and sink up to your knees. A few seconds later, you cannot move your legs, and the sand is up to your waist. As your head sinks lower you take a deep breath, hoping it is not going to be your last. Turn to 383.

264

You unfold the scrap of paper. On it is written: 'Beware – you are watched by a thousand eyes.' You ponder what this strange message can mean, but are brought out of your reverie when you realize that you are being addressed by Dunyazad of Ikhtiyan. She seems insulted that you have failed to hear her question, and scowls at you. At the same time, the hairs on the nape of your neck prickle. You feel certain that someone in the room is watching you carefully – a little too carefully. The meal over, you prepare to depart. Turn to 234.

265

Ants are still crawling over your body, biting you viciously. Lose 1 point of STAMINA. You roll around in the dirt and beat them off desperately. You tear off your clothes and brush yourself with leaves, then beat your clothes against a tree to rid them of the pests. Turn to 58.

266

Bythos curses as you grab the chain, and launches a punch. He catches you in the stomach, and you gasp in pain as a chill blast is forced out of you. If you now let go of the chain and attack Bythos, turn to 196. If you blow on him, turn to 380.

267

As darkness falls, you lie awake on your pallet, trying to make some sense of the day's events. As you ponder, you feel the hairs on the back of your neck rise. Straining your senses, you make out a faint, familiar buzzing. Your enemy is within the palace! You snatch up your sword and rush into the courtyard. Looking across at the keep, you see a black shadow rise from it and disappear into the night sky. The keep is the dwelling-place of Kallamehr's nobility: its central tower contains Lady Carolina's private suite and audience-chamber. The winged creature flew not from the tower itself but from one of the windows of the keep from which the tower springs. Tick off a time box. If you go and investigate the keep, turn to 342. If you return to your pallet, turn to 165.

268

A little way down the path you enter a small glade. In the centre you can see a slightly raised mound of loose earth with a neat circular opening just above ground level. From it protrudes a black human hand, scrabbling in the loose soil as if trying to get a grip. As you approach, you realize that the hand's colour is caused by a crawling layer of ants. If you rush to the man's aid and try to save him, turn to 300. If you would rather not take the risk, turn to 211.

269

The Troll glances round as you approach, and you see him look down at a crossbow bolt protruding from his shoulder, then stare at the crossbow you have slung from your belt. Trolls may be stupid, but they never forget someone who has hurt them. He leaps to his feet and charges at you, brandishing the sapling like a club.

TROLL	SKILL 9	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the Troll, turn to 207.

270

If you have a blow-pipe, turn to 2. Otherwise, if you have not yet examined the puppets and cupboard closely, you may do so (turn to 244). Alternatively, you may leave the building and make your way out of the settlement (turn to 22).

271

You quickly nock a bolt and let it fly. It curves in a lazy arc, seeming to lose all its power. It floats gently to the ground, far short of its target. Turn to 322.

272

You lie flat and hold your breath as the footsteps of the guard come closer. Then they pause. A voice rings out: 'All right, you. On your feet. Now.' Reluctantly you clamber to your feet and turn to face the guardsman who is covering you with a crossbow. He calls out, and soon you are circled by guards who escort you along the walkway to the guardhouse, where you are warned to stay in your quarters. A guardsman is given instructions to make sure you don't try any more midnight wandering. Turn to 165.

273

The trail ploughs straight through the trees, and you traipse along it for an hour or so, with nothing relieving the monotony. Tick off a time box and turn to 366.

274

You time your sword-sweep badly, and the javelin thuds into your shoulder. Grabbing its shaft, you watch in terror as your body starts to crystallize. Your adventure ends here.

275

If you have drunk Bythos's broth, turn to 280. If you have the Golden Fist and wish to hold it up, turn to 141. If you would rather attack Bythos with your sword, turn to 78.

276

Next morning, you peer out at the servants scurrying about the courtyard. They erect a kind of low stage, with a platform behind it. Soon a coffin is brought out and laid with great care on the low stage by a number of priests. You guess that the coffin is Lady Carolina's, and that her body is being brought out so that her subjects may pay their last respects. Madhaerios, Dunyazad of Ikhtiyan, Asiah Albudur and Sige the Silent all file out and take their places on the platform overlooking the catafalque. Then the guards open the gates and allow the citizens to file reverently in. When the courtyard is full of people, you leave your hiding-place and mingle with them. Turn to 344.

277

You wade into the river and are quickly caught by the current. When you reach the iron bars, you find them sturdy and unmovable. Feeling down with your feet, you find that they extend a good distance beneath the surface of the river. If you swim back to the bank and investigate the tunnel, turn to 24. If you try to swim under the grille, turn to 127.

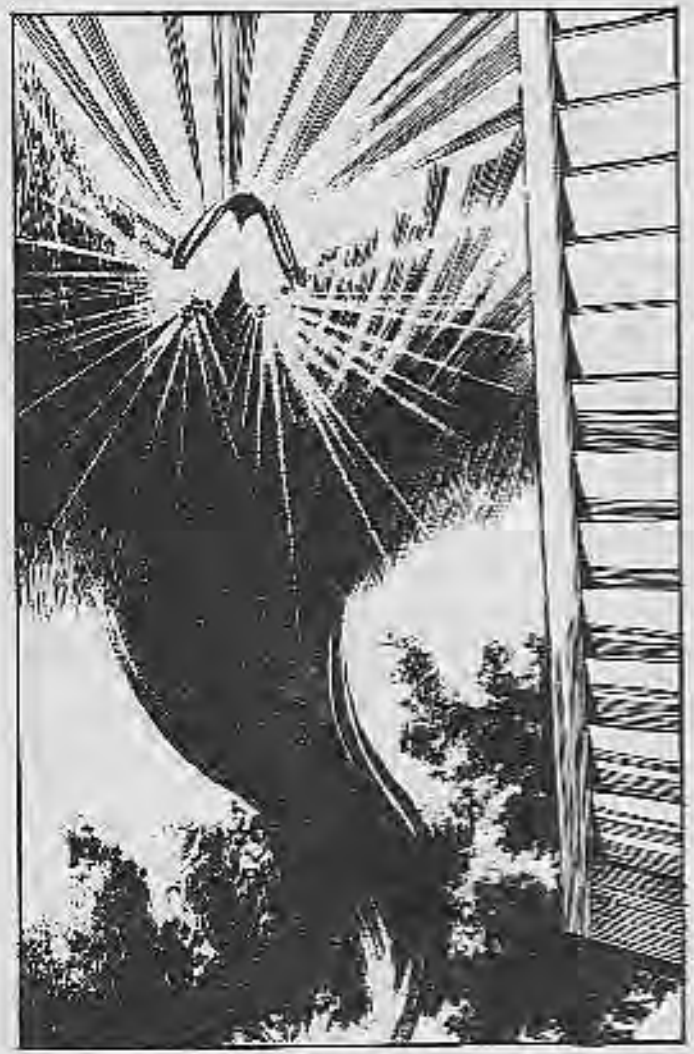

278

You continue to toss and turn uncomfortably. Deduct 2 points of STAMINA and tick off a time box. While staring at the skylight in the ceiling you suddenly become aware of a rich, acrid smell. You wrinkle your nose, trying to trace its source, then realize that the room is filling up with swirling smoke. The door is outlined with a red glow, and you can feel the heat coming from it. A loud buzzing noise from the window distracts you; looking over to it, you see a black-cloaked figure which hovers just *outside*. If you rush straight over to attack the figure with your fists, turn to 188. If you go to grab your sword, turn to 361.

279

With consummate grace, Sige rises to her feet and looks around her. She walks slowly over to the coffin and stands before it. She lowers her head towards Carolina, then stops and straightens up again. She speaks, and though her voice sounds as quiet as the breath of a breeze upon grass, you know that it can be heard in every part of the courtyard. 'Why must I bow before the orders of this lying upstart? This is intolerable, an obscenity!' She is trembling with rage, but her features remain as placid as ever.

Then a brave soul from the crowd shouts out, 'Pay your respects!' and the crowd back him up with shouts and calls. '*Quiet!*' Sige silences the crowd with one word. Then she bends over Carolina once

more. An instant later, she has grasped the jewelled Sword of Office from the dead fingers which held it, and swings it violently at you. You twist to deflect the blow, but the flat of the blade catches you painfully on the shoulder. Lose 2 points of STAMINA. Now you must battle Sige, the traitor of Kallamehr.

SIGE THE SILENT SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If you defeat her, turn to 384.

280

The nauseous feeling you had when you drank Bythos's brew returns even more strongly. You gag involuntarily, then whine in pain as your body twists and buckles. Your robe is split as you burst out of it, growing all the time. Bythos stands aghast, watching your transformation. 'No! Not you! There can be only one Master!' he howls. He draws in his breath sharply, then lets out a freezing blast at you. The crystals which form on your skin quickly melt and drip from you, and you advance on him. He dodges to one side, then leaps for the wall. With a blow from his fist, he smashes a jagged hole in it and leaps through. If you leap through the hole after him, turn to **299**. If you leave the chamber through the door you came in by, turn to 354.

281

The buzzing sound soon fades away, but you are glad you chose to be careful. Pushing through a wall of undergrowth you find yourself staring down into a deep gorge. You search all round the edge of the precipice, and scan the bottom of the gorge for signs of your quarry, but you see nothing. Somehow he has vanished into thin air. Turn to 139.

282

Alethia is despondent, but you remember the Troll you saw carrying a sapling by the banks of the river. Quickly, you describe the tree to her, and she confirms that it is indeed the Jheera. 'You must go at once and rescue the leaves,' she says. 'I control the paths of the shifting forest – follow the trail and you will reach the river. When you have the leaves, the path will lead you safely back to the glade where you left your horse. Be sure you never return to this place – I will not be so welcoming a second time!' You hurry from the hut and along the only path

leading out of the clearing. Minutes later, you reach the river at the spot where you saw the Troll. You find his clumsy footprints in the soft mud and follow them into the forest. A little way in, you come upon him crouching by a large hole in the ground, vainly trying to poke the sapling into it. If you shot a crossbow bolt at the Troll when you saw him earlier, turn to **269**. If not, turn to **122**.

283

Mema grips your mare's mane firmly with both hands. She lets out a whimper of terror, then points into the black army. At first you cannot see what she is pointing at, then you notice a pulsing black mist hanging in the air. If you have washed the green slime off Mema, turn to **16**. If not, turn to **69**.

284

A spark leaps from your tinder and lodges in the dry cloth. You cup your hand round it and blow frantically, but succeed only in extinguishing it. In your haste you have dropped your tinder-box, and you look up to see the cloud of black hornets almost upon you. Turn to **113**.

285

The brownish liquid tastes sweet and not at all unpleasant. Your stomach warms to it, and after a short while you notice a tingling sensation in your feet. However, nothing else seems to happen, and soon even the tingling fades away. Turn back to the paragraph you just left.

286

A single blow is enough to unbalance the statue. It totters, then tips over and shatters. Sige picks herself up from the ruined crystal and bows. 'You have my eternal gratitude,' she says, 'and in return I must give you something: the secret of Bythos's power. On this plane, magical items and charms are useless, but Fangthane steel bites true. Bythos has no defence against such a blade, so don't let him trick you. I bid you farewell.' She hurries off into the mist; you make to follow, but soon lose sight of her. As you continue, you hear an ominous creaking sound. Turn to **237**.

287

You find the going is hard across country, and you waste precious time trying to find the best way round a wood before getting back on to a road. Tick off two time boxes and turn to **7**.

288

The mighty walls that seemed so secure when you passed through the city gates somehow look less sturdy from the inside. A frightened city is huddled behind them, and looking out of the window you sense the people's fear. You turn and find yourself gazing at your reflection in the ornate mirror opposite. What have you let yourself in for? You may be a hero, but that doesn't mean you don't get scared. You focus on your image in the mirror, catching a fuzzy reflection of the darkening window. Suddenly you are in darkness, save for a dim reddish glow. There is a scrabbling at the window, but you are unable to tear your eyes from the mirror. A hideously scarred and discoloured figure drags himself through the opening. More twisted fingers and hands claw the sill behind him as he lurches towards you. You scream, and jerk your body round to face the horror (turn to 174).

289

The jailer lies dead at your feet, but you know that you are too late to save his captive from a horrible fate. You will have to find somewhere to spend the rest of the night in safety. If you wish to hide in the stables, turn to 137. If you go back to your pallet in the servants' quarters, turn to 165.

290

You pass through rich cultivated lands, the estates of the wealthy nobles of Kallamehr, until you see the welcoming sight of the Rangor Tower up ahead. Tick off a time box and turn to **67**.

291

As he topples to the ground, Bythos sneers: 'You may have defeated me, but the people of Kallamehr will float in the void for ever!' You return to the palace, where the Servants proclaim you the new Ruler of the Abyss, but your victory is an empty one. You have failed Kallamehr.

292

You drop on your knees and spin round, reaching to grab his weapon arm with your left hand, and pushing with your right. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to **246**. If the result is *greater than or equal to* your SKILL, turn to **178**.

293

In the leather pouch is a large round locket, intricately crafted from platinum and other rare metals. It is set with blue stones, arranged in what is unmistakably the Seal of the House of Rangor. The clasp is carved in the shape of two interlocked silver dolphins; try as you may, you cannot prise them apart, though you feel that it is only magical power which is keeping them together. Stowing the locket away carefully, you settle down for the night. The commotion in the courtyard has subsided. Tick off a time box. Turn to **276**.

294

You pull yourself up and on to the metal ring, then begin your slow progress up the smooth metallic chain. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, turn to **124**. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to **219**.

295

'That heady mash of herbs you carry does more than you may think,' says the woman. 'You will know of its sleep-stealing properties, I warrant. But its powers on this plane are as nothing compared to those it holds in the Abyss. Eaten in that mystic region it will protect you from the Master's crystal breath. Eaten here, it will turn your stomach – that is all! You are very lucky to have such a gift; the Paa, Maet and Teth herbs are extremely rare.' As she speaks, you feel a soft weight upon your shoulders. You turn your head to find yourself staring into the eyes of a serpent. You shudder and automatically grab for it. But it is too fast for you. In an instant its thick coils are wrapped around your neck. 'Meet Caduceus,' says the woman. Make a note of the names of the herbs in order on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 307.

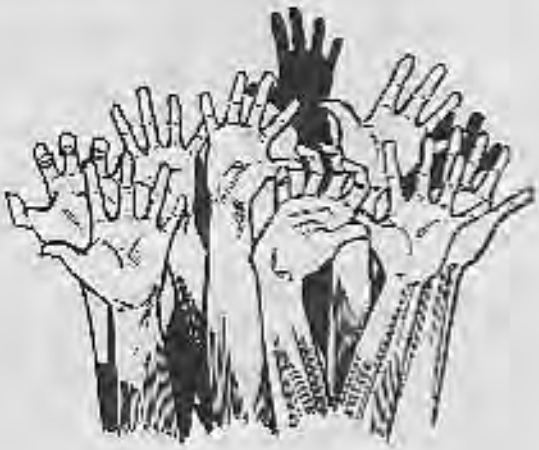

296

Dismounting with a single bound, you crash off into the greenery after the black-clad fiend. After a few minutes you are forced to stop for a second to clamber over a fallen log. As you do so, you hear the crack of breaking undergrowth, followed by a loud buzzing sound coming from ahead of you. If you sprint towards the noise, hoping to catch up with its source, turn to 373. If you move forward cautiously, turn to 281.

297

You wade frantically towards the steps, gripped by an irrational compulsion to leave this place. Your fear is proved well founded when you glance back to see the man you thought you killed rising from the wine and staggering towards you. You race up the steps and slam the trapdoor, then roll the cask back on top of it. As you leave the shop the pounding starts up again. Turn to 128.

298

You bow your head and raise your hands in mock surrender. Then, in one fluid motion, you reach back with your right hand to grasp the hilt of your sword from its scabbard on your back. Before the guard can even register surprise and loose off a bolt from his crossbow, the sword flies from its scabbard and straight into his midriff. He topples back soundlessly on to the walkway. You hurry up and retrieve the sword. You may also take the guard's crossbow if you wish, though it is rather cumbersome. Then you push his body off the wall, down into the courtyard. Turn to 71.

299

You are right behind Bythos as he flees across the crystal wastes. He finally slides to a halt at a place where a chain leads up into the clouds from a hoop in the ground. He grabs it and starts to tug, but before he can break the chain you are upon him.

BYTHOS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

You may not use your sword, so you may not strike *killing blows*. If you have it, you may not use Barolo's buckler either, so you lose the SKILL bonus it normally gives you. If you defeat Bythos, turn to 108.

300

As you grasp the poor fellow's hand and start to pull, the ants begin crawling from his hand on to yours. By the time you have him pulled free of the ant-hill, your arm is a mass of biting ants. But they

are driven from your mind by the sight of the man you have rescued: he is covered from head to foot with ants, and seems none the worse for it. He is a Symbiote, a foul mutant who lives with the ants that cover him in mutual co-operation. The ants which are biting your arms are beginning to draw blood (lose 1 point of STAMINA), and you realize that they are softening you up so that their host can overcome you. You must kill him before you are eaten alive!

ANT SYMBIOTE SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

Every time the Symbiote wins an Attack Round against you, more ants will crawl on to you and begin biting. Make a note of how many Attack Rounds the Symbiote wins. When he has won three, there will be so many ants on you that you will lose an additional 1 point of STAMINA per round. If you defeat the Symbiote, turn to 265.

301

The remainder of your journey passes uneventfully. You arrive on the borders of Kallamehr and deliver your sealed scroll to Commander Yunan. He seems unwilling to divide his forces, but must obey the Lady Carolina's commands. Soon you are riding south once more, this time at the head of a column of soldiers. Several days later, you breast a hill and see the city of Kallamehr below. With the army behind you, you ride down towards it. Turn to 182.

302

The Slave Master crashes to the ground, his body shattering as if made of china. From the shards emerges a wisp of black smoke, which grows and twists . . . into the shape of the man you just slew. He smiles confidently and drifts towards you. His arms encircle you and lift you off the ground. His blurred, smoky features are close to your face, and only his eyes retain their sharpness. 'I am Bythos, Master of the Abyss,' he says defiantly. 'Though you have destroyed my earthly shell, yet I live on.

Kallamehr is still mine, taken from within. You will not rob me of victory! I have the spirits of these people in thrall. They will remain trapped in the Abyss for eternity!' His smoky form dissipates and you fall to the ground. Around you stand the people of Kallamehr, empty and unmoving. You can do nothing for them. Turn to 238.

303

You fire once more at the beast. Again you are rewarded by a cry of pain from below, but at the same time the dangling man lets out a despairing gasp as he loses his grip and plummets downwards. There is a sickening sucking noise, followed by a muffled shriek, and then the gurgling begins once more. You have no time to contemplate the poor man's fate, however. The light in the room flickers, and you whirl round to see a spindly figure racing out of the chamber, a flaming torch in his hand. You pursue him. The twisted jailer flees up the stairs, but you catch him at the top. He turns to fight, swinging the torch wildly.

JAILER SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

Every time the jailer wins an Attack Round, roll one die. If the result is 1–3, you simply lose the usual 2 points of STAMINA. If the result is 4–6, however, then your clothing catches alight. Because of this, you will lose 1 additional point of STAMINA during each following Attack Round (whether the jailer hits you or not), until you kill the jailer and can put out the flames. If you defeat the jailer, turn to 289.

304

You brave the smoke to grab your possessions, toss them out of the window, and then follow yourself, edging over the sill until you are dangling by your fingertips and looking down in readiness for the fall. Suddenly you sense a presence above you. If you look up, turn to 148. If you let go immediately, turn to 97.

305

You launch a flying kick at the Crystal Warrior, hoping to unbalance it. Sure enough, it wobbles unsteadily, and you seize the chance to grab its hammer. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to 62. If it is *greater than or equal to* your SKILL, turn to 398.

306

There are thousands upon thousands of people in the army you face, yet no sound comes from them

save the tramp of boots in the dirt. You are now close enough to observe the advancing front rank. You expected to see barbarians from Kulak Isle, mercenaries, Orcs, or other dire creatures of Evil. The truth is far more shocking. Peasants – men, women and children – march listlessly towards you. They carry no weapons, but you have no doubt of their destructive powers. Turn to 113.

307

'The best companion of all is he. Loyal, yet independent!' she says. You smile uncomfortably, praying that Caduceus will soon find something else to wrap himself around. Aletheia continues: 'The plague which is upon this land is spread not by rats.' She raises her arms above her head once more and conjures another vision. It is a swirling cloud of huge black hornets. The vision disappears, and she speaks again. 'These parasites can steal a man's spirit with their stings, banishing it to the Abyss and leaving his body a slave to evil. And what warrior can fight off foes so tiny?' She pauses, as if deep in thought, then begins to create another vision. 'There is one way they can be defeated. The untainted leaf of the Jheera tree may be burnt to produce a fragrant smoke that is fatal to these soul-stealers. A young Jheera grows in the forest.' But as the vision forms, her face drops and she lets out a gasp of surprise. A pile of loose soil marks the spot where a tree has been uprooted . . . . Turn to 282.

308

As you ride off he calls after you: 'I curse you, scoundrel! I will catch up with you one day and take my revenge!' You ride for another hour, certain that you've left Tasbadh far behind, then settle down for the rest of the night. Next morning, you are up bright and early, and continue your journey. Soon you enter a small village, in which you hope to refill your water bottle from the communal well. Tick off a time box. If you have the Golden Fist, turn to 121. If not, turn to 261.

309

Suddenly you hear a croak. You look about you and see a human face, embedded in a greenish slime. 'Beware!' it says. 'Maijern-Nosoth will return. I, Enthymesis, have failed in my task, and will pay with my life, but you may yet live. Take the whistle that lies at your feet; it will aid you in your fight. Stay away from the sands – they lead to the Realm of Bythos! Now beware – the beast returns!' You pick up a small silver whistle from the floor. If you flee down the passage you came along, turn to 230. If you wait to face the horror, turn to 115.

310

After several minutes, the slight form of Dunyazad breezes into the chamber, accompanied by a hulking bodyguard and a shifty, travel-stained individual whom you recognize as Luthair, one of the other heroes who stayed behind to protect Kallamehr. 'What is it you want?' she snaps abruptly at you. You explain to her what you have discovered during your journey, and noticing as you do so a smirk appear on the face of the hero. When you finish, Dunyazad turns to him. 'Is this true?' she asks. 'No, my Lady,' he replies. 'As you know, I myself have just returned from scouting those very lands, and I saw no invading horde. It was just a wild story spread by some irresponsible rumour-monger – the superstitious villagers had merely abandoned their villages and hidden in the forests. Does this wastrel think to impress you with these ridiculous claims?' Dunyazad turns back to you and frowns. 'I am too busy with the arrangements for Lady Carolina's funeral to listen to you two bicker. I will use my own methods to ascertain the truth. Meanwhile you will spend the night in the palace.' You are led off to the servants' quarters and given a hard pallet to sleep on. Turn to 267.

311

You search the bodies of the Elves, discovering 17 Gold Pieces and a golden statuette in the shape of a fist. The fingers are clenched around something that rattles as you pick up the golden trophy. Try as you might, you cannot unclench the fingers to reveal what lies within. Turn to 163.

312

You forge ahead further into the heart of the forest. The trees begin to close in on you, crowding out the sunlight. The forest floor is now carpeted with bright green moss, and you find yourself making moderate progress on this springy turf. The atmosphere is close and humid, and you start to wheeze with the effort. Walking in this weather is exhausting. Lose 1 point of STAMINA as the hours of trudging pass. Finally you come upon a fork. If you take the right-hand path, turn to 231. If you take the left-hand path, turn to 213.

313

You pull off your cowl and face him defiantly. He leans down towards you and laughs. 'So you are Allansia's finest?' he says, and laughs again. Your adventure ends here.

314

The Quagrant fights by sucking its victims into its mouth and then stripping their flesh off.

QUAGRANT SKILL 8 STAMINA 14

If you lose an attack to the Quagrant, it sucks you into its mouth. From then on, you will lose 2 points of STAMINA per Attack Round as it begins to suck the flesh off your bones *even if* you win the attack against it. If you defeat the Quagrant, turn to 64.

315

She tells you her name is Mema, and that she is the apprentice of the enchanter Enthymesis. She knows little more than you of the reason why the village is deserted. She has stayed hidden in the cupboard for the last couple of days, since her master left. Before going, he told her to remain hidden, and he coated her in the green paste, which he said would protect her. She tells you that, the evening before his departure, Enthymesis had been very worried by a divination he had performed. He had told her that he

had to undertake a dangerous journey to seek guidance from Aletheia the Sage who dwells in a shifting forest in the mountains to the north. Then he had insisted that she should stay hidden. Sure enough, she had remained cowering in the cupboard while a terrible din came down upon the settlement. Terrified, she listened to the hideous shrieks of the townsfolk. 'Finally silence descended on the village, then you came.' If you have not already searched the wizard's desk, you may do so now (turn to 333). If you have already searched the desk, or if you don't wish to, you may leave the house with Mema (turn to 2).

316

The creature collapses in a heap and twitches. Slowly it dissolves into a greenish sticky mess which steams and hisses. You step back from its revolting remains, into the sand. Turn to 263.

317

You sleep well and awake refreshed in the morning. You recover 2 points of STAMINA. Turn to 29.

318

As the Gatherer collapses, his robes fall open, revealing his shrivelled body. He has no possessions apart from a silken sack, so you peer over the rim of the bowl to find out where he has come from. You see a crystal chariot with two Ectovults tethered to it and a Crystal Sprite standing patiently near by. Turn to 27.

319

Around you the muted noises of the village begin to subside, and the whirrs and chirrups of the river insects take over. As time wears on, you notice that a faint buzzing is growing louder. Soon the nearby insects' sounds are drowned out by this unnatural rasping. You hear the screams of frightened villagers, and the moon is blotted out by the source of the terrible buzzing – directly above your hut! You run to the door, but it will not budge. You turn back to the hut in time to see a serpentine shape sliding down through the smoke-hole. Turn to 86.

320

You take out the locket and tell how it was entrusted to you by Ramedes before he was slain by traitorous guards. You explain that the dead Luthaur had imprisoned Ramedes immediately after the champion's return with the relic last night. Asiah Albudur comes forward and takes the locket from you. 'This is the Fate of Rangor,' she says. 'It will tell us

who is the true heir to the Barony.' Inside is a faded picture of Ramedes, painted with uncanny accuracy. Even though the picture is old and cracked, as if painted centuries ago, it depicts him exactly as he appeared when you saw him last night. Asiah's face falls. 'The heir is dead. All is lost.' You try to reassure her. 'You may have lost an heir, but you have not lost the city yet. I was entrusted with a mission, and I will see it through.' With a last bow, you turn and make your way from the palace, through the crowd which parts before you. Turn to 183.

321

As you press on, you notice clusters of purple fungus growing on either side of the path. You have to pick your way carefully along the path to avoid disturbing them – in case they carry poisonous spores. You begin to remember tales told of southern forests in which a hapless adventurer can lose himself in a maze of shifting trackways, wandering in circles until death from hunger and exhaustion catches up with him. Ahead of you, the trail divides into two. You may take the trail which slopes downwards slightly and to the left (turn to 12), or try the other, which leads off to the right (turn to 21).

322

You are surrounded by a shroud of mist, on a featureless plain of crystal. Your only guides are the muffled noises which penetrate the dense white

vapour. There are several distinct noises, each coming from a different direction. Do you head for the:

Moaning?	Turn to 164
Creaking?	Turn to 237
Whispering?	Turn to 203

323

You race around the room like a trapped rat, before remembering the skylight above your bed. Slinging your backpack across your shoulders, you heave the linen chest at the foot of your bed on to the top of it. Coughing and spluttering, you clamber up and try to batter the small window open. Just as it comes loose, there is a roar, and the door splinters amid a huge ball of flame. The bedclothes ignite immediately around you. Your adventure ends here.

324

Even though he is almost disabled by the laughing fit which grips him, your opponent manages to draw his sword and put up a spirited defence.

SLAVE MASTER SKILL 10 STAMINA 15

If you defeat him, turn to 302.

325

You turn your horse back towards the huge black army. Tick off a time box. A brief ride brings you within sight of it, and you watch helplessly as it engulfs a small town in the valley below. Amid the multitude, a palanquin is borne aloft by willing hands, and above it hangs a pulsing black cloud. If you follow the army at a distance, turn to 70. If you ride down to the palanquin, turn to 368. If you have Jheera leaves and wish to prepare them now, turn to 11.

326

You have run out of time. While you have been dithering about in the wilderness, Kallamehr has fallen. You have failed in your mission. You flee Allansia in shame. Your name will never be considered among those of its heroes. Your adventure ends here.

327

The guards are still very happy to relieve you of your wealth. Cross off the number of Gold Pieces you give them from your *Adventure Sheet*. Unfortunately, they still have no intention of letting you into the palace. Their smirking faces begin to irritate you immensely, so you depart, seething. Turn to 230.

328

You hurl your sword straight at the creature. It screeches as the blade slides into it right up to the hilt, but seems little affected by the wound. A

moment later, it is upon you. You are almost dragged off your feet as it sucks hard at you, but you steady yourself and prepare to battle it.

QUAGRANT SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

You fight at −2 to your Attack Strength because you are fighting without your sword. If you lose an attack to the Quagrant, it sucks you into its mouth. From then on, you will lose 2 points of STAMINA per Attack Round as it begins to suck the flesh off your bones *even if* you win the attack against it. However, you may reach out and retrieve your embedded sword, allowing you to fight without further penalty. If you defeat the Quagrant, turn to 64.

329

You ride until nightfall. Although you are eager to press on, your horse is tired, and it would be too dangerous to continue in the darkness. You dismount and prepare for a night to be spent in the open. Tick off a time box. If you have Sige's pomander, turn to 63. If not, turn to 367.

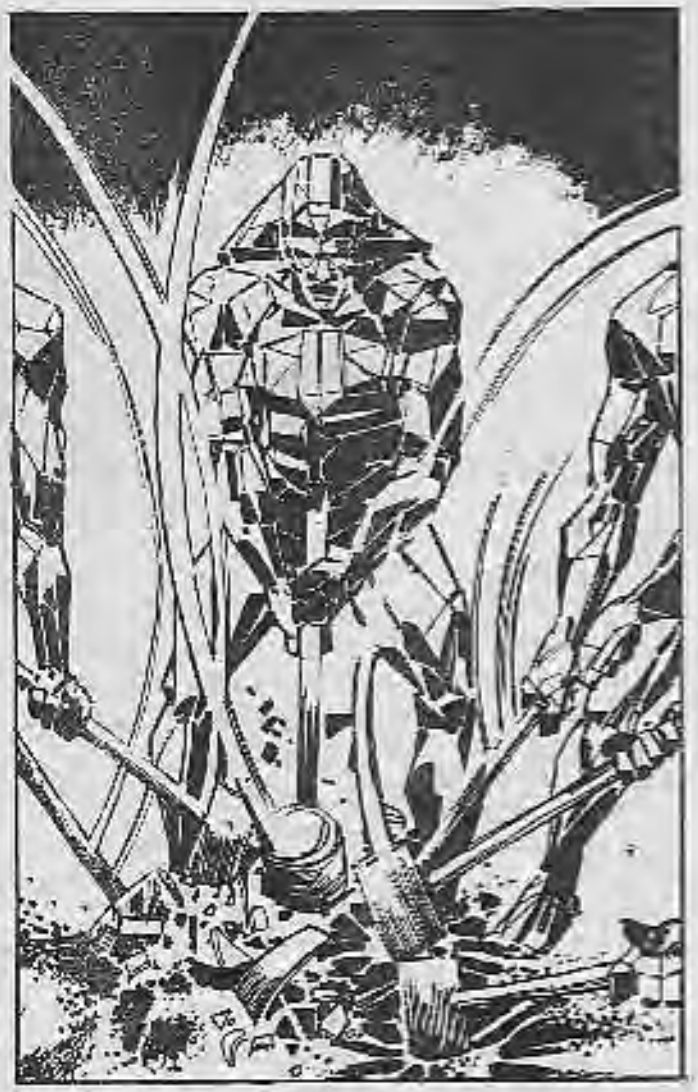

330

With a shriek, one of the circling Ectovults dives into the bowl and shatters. As it re-forms and flies off, you see that it has left behind a brilliantly polished gold shield. You watch as more Ectovults crash into the bowl, depositing other glittering treasures there. Then there is a lull. Six Crystal Warriors march over the far rim of the crater, each wielding a massive hammer. They form a circle and raise their hammers together. After five minutes they have pounded the magical relics into glowing powder; they then leave with the same clockwork precision. Soon you hear the sound of a feeble chanting approaching. If you hurry down to the middle of the bowl, turn to 228. If you would rather stay hidden, turn to 245.

331

In the cold light of morning you discover that you have spent the night by the side of the road. What's more, your horse is quietly grazing a short distance away. As you remount and prepare to continue, you notice a small roll of parchment tied to the pommel of your saddle. It reads:

Before you I stand, fair and square,
Yet once you spot me I won't be there,
Vanquished by a word yet kings I beat
And rounded off with a rhyme so sweet.
Who am I?

Add 2 LUCK points. Tick off a time box, then turn to 7.

332

By the time you reach the bars you are nearly exhausted (lose 1 point of STAMINA). Pausing for a brief rest, you duck down and swim back under them. Turn to 24.

333

Rummaging among the vials and pieces of scrap paper on the desk, you come across a parchment, stained green by a sticky syrup which has spilled from a cracked bottle. You hold up the soggy sheet, straining to read the scrawl which covers it. You can't make out all the words, just occasional snippets.

> *'and do not leave the house until you are certain the danger is past . . . Under no circumstances allow . . . safe then you should make your way to your parents' village by . . . find yourself in the shifting forest you must follow the brush-bearer's gloves or be lost for ever . . .'*

If you haven't already done so, you may go to examine the puppets and cupboard (turn to 244). Or you may continue rummaging on the desk (turn to 158).

334

It would be too dangerous to accuse one of these powerful people outright, but there is a way by which you can *prove* the guilt of the murderer. You must insist that one of the nobles shall kiss Carolina, according to the old woman's tale. It is a strange request, but one that they will find hard to refuse – a final mark of respect for the departed ruler. The crowd are hushed, expectant. Which noble do you ask to kiss Carolina:

Dunyazad of Ikhtiyan?	Turn to 47
Madhaerios, Carolina's cousin?	Turn to 74
Sige the Silent?	Turn to 279
Asiah Albudur, the judge?	Turn to 156

335

You hurry back through the door you had entered by and find the entry-chamber full of cowled Servants of Bythos. As you enter they look up, their cavernous eyes boring into yours. You raise your sword to defend yourself, but crystal pillars erupt from the floor beneath you, trapping you like a rat in a cage. Into the chamber strides Bythos, a towering figure over fifty feet high. Turn to 313.

336

You are cold. You can't see. You thrash around with your limbs, but don't hit anything. The only sound is your own laboured breathing. Have you escaped death, or is this death's clammy chamber? You stop flailing about and rub the darkness from your eyes. As you pull your hands away, the wind is knocked out of you as bodies slam into you from all directions. Suddenly your sight returns. You are smothered in a press of desperate, hollow-eyed people. They stare at you with a mixture of pity and resignation. You struggle through them, but are brought up against thick iron bars. Beyond is a vast empty expanse of shifting colour, glimmering particles and terrifying sound. From this impossible void flashes a streak of silver. It crashes straight into the bars and shatters into a million droplets. These re-form themselves in a grotesque, leering thing which shoots off again into the distance, weaving a vaporous trail. You turn to the others, but their cold stares offer you no hope.

337

With a twist of your hips you jack-knife through the opening. Bracing your legs against the opening, you pull yourself through. Turn to 372.

338

You catch the aged priests by surprise. Feinting to one side, you take a couple of steps and then leap, sailing high over their heads. You land nimbly, pick yourself up and race out of the Temple building. Grabbing your horse from the stables, you mount up and are soon away. Turn to 26.

339

The chunk of crystal you are standing on starts to turn over, and you leap from it just in time. You land on the slippery crystal, unable to keep your balance. Flattened against its oily surface, you watch in horror as the black shape slams down on to the crystal a few yards away, and advances on you. Turn to 135.

340

You lower yourself slowly down the wall until you are level with the window. Then you crane your head round to peer in. The room is dimly lit, and you strain to see the stark features of the Lady Sige, which seem to be staring back at you. You wait breathlessly for her to challenge you, and then realize that she is deep in meditation. She sits at a small table, upon which lie a board and counters. With her fingertips she gently moves the tokens across its surface. Pressing your face to the glass, you see that the board is a map of Kallamehr. You wait a while to see if Sige stirs, but finally you give up and return to the keep's roof. If this is the third window you have looked in, turn to 25. Otherwise, you may return to your quarters (turn to 151), or investigate any of the following if you have not done so already:

The far left wall	Turn to 397
The left centre wall	Turn to 94
The right centre wall	Turn to 218

341

Suddenly it dawns on you that you recognize the voice; it is that of your old blade-master, Barolo. 'I knew who it was from the start, you old scoundrel,' you reply, 'but a knife from behind is hardly your style.' He relaxes his grip and allows you to turn round. 'We all have to change our style to suit our circumstances,' he grins, and you see that there is a wooden stump in place of his left leg. He sees your pitying expression and scoffs: 'Traded the old one in with a dragon.' Barolo invites you to spend the rest of the night at his house. Turn to 375.

342

The main door into the keep will undoubtedly be well guarded. However, by climbing a flight of stairs in the palace walls and slipping along the walkway that runs along their top, you will be able to reach its roof. Glancing round the courtyard, you notice a coil of rope hanging from a hook outside the stables, so you wrap this round you and make your way up the stairs. You keep an eye open for any sign of the guards who occasionally patrol the walkway. Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to 71. If the result is *greater than or equal to* your SKILL, turn to 371.

343

You have no time to register your foe before it is upon you. You feel fetid breath, and hear a sound as of a stone rattling against a shell. The beast's shape is hazy, and it shifts as you try to focus on it. You swing your sword, but it clacks harmlessly against a carapace. Then, from nowhere, jaws spring forth at you, and you are lost.

344

You take your place in the long line of citizens waiting to kiss the hand of their departed ruler. In front of you, two citizens are having a whispered argument, and you cannot help but overhear. 'I'm not having you kissin' her hand, not after you poached her finest swans!' says the wife of the pair. 'I've heard what they say! Your guilt would turn her skin black as night!' 'Hush, woman!' her husband replies. 'Always grabbing the wrong end of the spurtle. The tale goes that if a murderer kisses its victim on the lips, they'll turn black as burnt parchment. I've nothing to fear – she won't be missing her swans now, will she?' As they approach the body, they fall silent and bow their heads in reverence. Carolina lies in full regalia, the Sword of Office gripped in her right hand, while her left rests upon a cushion so that her citizens may kiss it. Your turn comes, and you find yourself looking down at the corpse of the woman who sent you on your mission. As you bend to kiss her hand you lock eyes with Luthaur, one of the heroes who remained behind to defend Kallamehr. He stands just to one side of the nobles' platform, fidgeting nervously with the pommel of his sword. Strangely, he betrays no sign of recognition. What will you do:

Mount the platform and demand that the nobles hear your case? Turn to 43

Hold up the Sealed Locket, if you have it? Turn to 110

Slip away into the crowd and watch the rest of the ceremony? Turn to 159

345

The Troll looks first at you, then at the sapling, then at you again. His brow creases with effort as he ponders your suggestion suspiciously. Finally he grunts, and begins to rip the branches from the sapling, flinging them all around. You race round after them, plucking the leaves and stuffing them in your backpack. The Troll, meanwhile, uses his much-improved tool to lever a small, spiny creature out of the hole. He snatches his prey up greedily and rams it whole into his drooling mouth. A moment later, he lets out a gurgling howl of pain. Tearing at his throat maniacally, he leaps up and down. Then he catches sight of you again. 'You trick me!' he croaks, and leaps to the attack.

TROLL SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you wish, you may *Escape* after one Attack Round – turn to 248. If you defeat the Troll, turn to 60.

346

You race up to the rim of the bowl, then chance a look back. The Crystal Warriors are no longer interested in you. They are pounding at the magical treasures, sending up plumes of golden powder. Then, abruptly, they stop and march off. Soon you hear the sound of feeble chanting approaching. If you hurry down into the bowl once more, turn to 228. If you wait to see what happens, turn to 245.

347

The remaining villagers flee before you, and you ride off into the night. When you are a safe distance away, you stop and dismount. As you light your fire for the night, you wonder whether you were right to slaughter the superstitious peasants. Perhaps the prophecy was right after all, and you should have stayed to save them? Next morning, you set off once more. The land through which you are travelling starts to climb once more. Tick off a time box and turn to 7.

348

In an instant you are on your feet, brandishing your sword. You leap at the fire and launch a mighty kick at it. Fiery embers cascade on to the stunned figures of three Black Elves, and they yelp in pain. You prepare to do battle with them, but it seems they have had enough. They lope off into the darkness. Turn to 163.

349

The knocking sound is coming from a large stone building which has a sign outside: 'Strangecan's Wine Emporium'. Cautiously, you open the door and enter, stepping carefully over broken bottles. The shop is wrecked from top to bottom, and the floor is puddled with spilled wine. A slow, regular thumping is coming from behind the counter. Peering over it, you see a trapdoor set into the floor. A cask is wedged between the counter and the wall, preventing the trapdoor from being opened. If you try to open the trapdoor, turn to 59. If you leave the shop and look in the other buildings, turn to 128.

350

The vision vanishes from between the woman's hands. 'At least you're honest. Still, secrets must be earned. My companion is hungry. You must go out into the shifting forest and fetch him a tasty morsel.' She points behind you, and you turn to find yourself staring at a huge serpent. Shivering involuntarily, you edge back towards the opening in the floor. The hut lowers, and you step on to the ground. 'A rat will do nicely,' the woman calls down to you, as the thin legs straighten and the hut rises once more. If you try to escape from the forest, turn to 123. If you obey the woman and hunt for food, turn to 395.

351

You are thrown forward on to the ground as *something* slams into your back. You catch a vague glimpse of a silvery shape as you fall, but it rapidly screeches off into the misty wastes. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Turn to 322.

352

The jailer cackles at your misfortune. Ramedes drops from the grille above and lands heavily. You have failed him. You have failed Kallamehr.

353

You spend an unpleasant hour pacing up and down the cell, wondering what can have gone wrong. Dunyazad told you to stay at this Temple. Why should the priests be so hostile? Eventually you are released. The High Priest explains that he has spoken with Dunyazad, and you are now to go free to continue your mission. He seems loath to release you. Nevertheless you soon find yourself back in the streets of Hasrah with your possessions returned. Turn to 136.

354

The entry-chamber is full of cowled Servants of Bythos, but with your new-found power you scatter them effortlessly. You charge out of the palace in time to see Bythos disappearing into the mist. You head in his direction as fast as you can run, following his cracked footprints in the crystal surface. Finally you catch up with him. He has just tugged a chain free from a hoop in the ground. As you watch, it drifts away upwards. Bythos turns to you with a sneer. If you attack him, turn to **196**. If you grab the chain before it floats away, turn to **266**.

355

You wake up in a cell. You cannot tell what time of day it is. The hours drag by and nobody appears at the grille. The dull ache of hunger grows, and your spirits desert you. Kallamehr is doomed.

356

The tree is gnarled with age, and is being slowly strangled by the creepers which hug it. Foxgloves grow in profusion, all drooping elegantly to the left, towards the sunlight which filters through the leafy canopy overhead. You may collect some foxgloves and store them in your pack if you wish. If you now proceed along the right-hand path, write down the number '2' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **388**. If you take the left-hand path, write down the number '3' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **268**.

357

No sooner have you slashed the Anemorus into a blubbery mess than two more erupt from the water. You prepare to do battle with them, but are beaten to it. Three silver flying Ectovults smash into them and you flee, to the sounds of screeching. Turn to 3.

358

You spur your mare along the back of the ridge, desperate to reach the village in time to warn them of their peril. If Merna is with you, turn to 35. If not, turn to 125.

359

You hide yourself in a pile of straw as the courtyard fills with noise. Ramedes lets out a blood-curdling roar, quickly followed by screams from the guards in the keep and the harsh clash of metal on metal. Another roar goes up from Ramedes, this time fainter. His final cry is one of pain, and a shout of triumph arises from the guardsmen. Saddened by the defeat of Kallamehr's brave champion, you examine the trophy which he entrusted to you, and for which he lost his life. Turn to 293.

360

You smash the javelin aside, and the cowled figure gasps. He reaches down for another piece of crystal. You must act quickly. If you know the Spitting Fly and wish to use it, turn to 190. If you try to charge him before he looses another missile, turn to 257.

361

By the time you have found your weapon and groped your way back to the window, the flying apparition has disappeared. The smoke is thick now, and you can feel the heat of the floor through the soles of your boots. Will you:

Run for the door?	Turn to 61
Climb out of the window?	Turn to 304
Look for another way out?	Turn to 323

362

You set out, treading carefully, down the passage until finally you arrive at a fierce wall of fire which fully blocks it. If you go back to the river and investigate the bars, turn to 277. If you dive through the flames, turn to 157.

363

The passage is very dark, and after a few yards you nearly tumble down a steep flight of stairs. After a tortuous descent the passage widens out, and you see the warm glow of torchlight ahead. You make your way past a row of empty cells into a rough-hewn cavern, full of shadowed niches and alcoves. Your attention is drawn to the large metal grille set into the floor. At its centre is a trapdoor of thinner bars. A few feet from them, you make out a pair of hands gripping the grille tightly. Stepping closer, you see that a man is hanging from the grille, while below him a huge shape moves in the darkness, making foul sucking and gurgling noises. If you

have a crossbow and wish to shoot the creature which lurks below, turn to 51. If you leave the chamber, turn to 126. If you rush to open the trapdoor, turn to 162.

364

Roll two dice. If the result is *less than* your SKILL, turn to 338. If the result is *greater than or equal to* your SKILL, turn to 220.

365

With a mighty heave, you push over the goblet. It shatters, and its sticky contents ooze over the floor. You take the opportunity to examine the chamber. It is bare crystal, with only two exits – the door you entered by and another within a huge crystal arch. As you stare at this, you hear thunderous footsteps approaching. It must be the Master! If you wait for him to arrive, turn to 68. If you flee through the door you entered by, turn to 335.

366

You are beginning to lose all hope of ever finding your way out of this shifting maze of pathways when the trees ahead thin out and the trail leads into a large clearing. Add 1 LUCK point and tick off a time box. Before you is one of the strangest dwelling-places you have seen: a crude mud hut sitting proudly on four spindly legs, twenty feet off the ground. There are windows in its walls, but they are too high up for you to see inside. There is no sign of a door, even though you walk all the way round the

hut. If you walk under the hut, turn to **254**. If you try to climb its legs, turn to **202**. If you wait to see what happens, turn to **145**.

367

You light a small fire, then sink into a troubled sleep. You dream of a leering face, floating gracefully in the air amid swirling clouds and cackling laughter. A huge shape looms up above you, and you wake up with a start. A curved sword is poised high above your head. You have a split second to react before it falls! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **46**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **232**.

368

You spur your horse down towards the horde, trying to quell your rising fears. It is vast, and a foul stench wafts from it. As you near the bottom of the slope, you pass a dark cave entrance. Then you approach the horde. They take no notice of you, but the dark cloud above the palanquin begins to move in your direction, picking up speed. If you have a Jheera torch prepared, turn to **138**. Otherwise, turn to **113**.

369

The murky potion slides reluctantly down your throat. It doesn't taste of anything but rust and it doesn't have any noticeable effect on your body. Disappointed, you turn arou–

. . . You are lying in a heap on the ground, still clutching the empty vial. You climb groggily to your

feet, and sway as a wave of dizziness sweeps over you. Angrily you hurl the vial to the ground. Tick off two time boxes and return to the paragraph you left.

370

The remaining Kokomokoa are stripping the corpses of the dead Murkurons, so you seize the chance to charge through the door, slamming and bolting it behind you. You find yourself in a small tunnel; you have to stoop to make your way along it. On either side are alcoves, muddy and rank. Ignoring these, you continue down the tunnel until it opens into a large round chamber. Turn to **82**.

371

As you sneak up the flight of stairs, you see a guardsman coming along the walkway in your direction. You flatten yourself against the wall, but it is too late. The guard peers down at you and levels his crossbow at you. 'What's your game, then?' he demands. He stands, feet astride, at the top of the flight of stairs, fifteen feet from you. If you wish to rush him, turn to **117**. If you try to talk your way out of this, turn to **198**. If you know the Spitting Fly and wish to use it, turn to **298**.

372

Inside the hut there is none of the clutter you have come to expect from the dwelling-places of magical folk. There is no furniture of any kind, no books or scrolls, not even a single vial of potion! Through the windows set in the smooth walls you can look out into the forest. Squatting in the middle of the floor is an old woman dressed in a rough shift. Her hands are raised above her head, and between them you see a shimmering vision, floating in the air. In a swirling void hangs a wall of cells, full of dishevelled prisoners. She looks you in the eyes and speaks: 'A vision from your future, perhaps? Look closely. Look hard at the slaves of the abyss! Their souls are in thrall to its Master, and you must rescue them before it is too late. This much I will tell you. If you wish for more you must pay for it. Can you speak my name?' Do you say:

'Enthymesis'?	Turn to 50
'Aletheia'?	Turn to 80
'Albudur'?	Turn to 101
'I cannot'?	Turn to 350

373

Brushing the flailing branches aside, you race in pursuit of the black figure. With a mighty effort, you smash through a wall of undergrowth. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **38**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **100**.

374

Bythos snatches up the goblet and greedily drains its contents. Then he turns to you. 'Don't leave yet, *Gatherer!*' he says, smiling. 'Someone has unfinished business with you.' You try to draw your sword, but as your hand alights on the hilt an arm snakes round your neck and holds a crystal dagger to your throat. 'You may have killed me once,' Sige whispers in your ear, 'but I will have the last laugh.' Your adventure ends here.

375

Barolo directs you to a flea-ridden bunk. You collapse into it gratefully. If you have Sige's pomander and wish to wear it, turn to 33. Otherwise, turn to 317.

376

The locket snaps open very easily this time, and the guards shrink away from you. The nobles stare at the interior of the treasure with a mixture of bewilderment and shock. You turn the locket round in your hand and take a look within: inside is a faded picture of Ramedes, painted with uncanny accuracy. Even though the picture is old and cracked, as if painted centuries ago, it depicts him exactly as he appeared when you saw him last night. Asiah Albudur leaps to her feet and gestures for silence. 'The Fate of Rangor has decreed the truth. Ramedes is the new Baron of Kallamehr!' You clear your throat to attract her attention, then tell her of Ramedes's death. You point at Luthaur and accuse him of being a traitor. Guards surround him and he is dragged away, protesting his innocence all the while, you turn to the four nobles. Turn to 334.

377

Leaving the glittering treasures where they lie, you drag yourself past the bars and make for the surface, lungs bursting. Just in time, you break the surface

and take a deep breath. Then you strike out once more. You swim into the darkness, becoming aware of a roaring sound coming from ahead. If you swim back to the barred arch, turn to 332. If you carry on, turn to 215.

378

As the Quagrant lumbers in your direction, you draw Mema's blow-pipe from your pocket and point the slender tube at the creature. It begins to suck at you, and you struggle to keep your footing. At the last possible moment, you blow hard down the tube. A cloud of fine powder billows forth and is instantly sucked into the creature's gaping mouth. With a convulsive shudder it collapses backwards, choking and wheezing asthmatically. Seizing your opportunity, you draw your sword and leap in to attack.

QUAGRANT SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you lose an attack to the Quagrant, it sucks you into its mouth. From then on, you will lose 2 points of STAMINA per Attack Round as it begins to suck the flesh off your bones *even if* you win the attack against it. If you defeat the Quagrant, turn to 64.

379

Your possessions are thoroughly gone through, but the priests are not satisfied. 'What have you done with it?' demands the High Priest. You protest your innocence and explain that you are on an important mission. When you mention that it was Dunyazad of Ikhtiyan who told you to stay at the Temple, the High Priest sits up. 'We will test the truth of your story,' he says. You are led away to a cell by two of the priests. Turn to 353.

380

Your blast catches Bythos unawares. He stumbles back in surprise, as crystals form all over him. They penetrate into him and spread throughout his body rapidly as he turns to a statue of solid crystal. Still holding the chain, you kick your opponent contemptuously. Turn to 108.

381

There is a faint path which follows the river-bank, and you make your way along it. After a short while it plunges back into the forest. If you have three numbers written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to the paragraph whose number is given by the three digits. Otherwise, if you have the number '2' on your *Adventure Sheet*, add the number '3' and turn to **268**. If you have the number '3', then add '2' and turn to **388**.

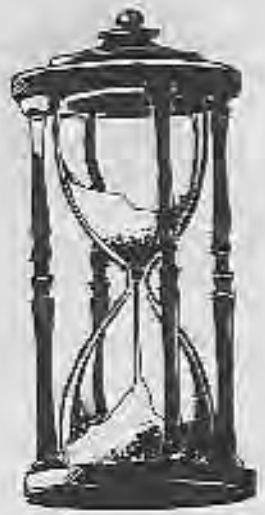

382

With a great effort you lower your head and slip off the pomander. You see it fall to the ground, then a wave of exhaustion sweeps over you and you sprawl unconscious on the bed. Tick off a time box and turn to **28**.

383

The pressure of the sand as you are dragged down is almost unbearable. Unable to move, you await the inevitable. Just as you have given up hope, you burst into space and plummet down through air full of glittering sand and treasures. Below you are swirling mists, and around you thunder booms from the starry wastes. Have you escaped death by crushing, only to be dashed against the ground below? Your speed increases, and you lose consciousness. You wake in a heap on a smooth, cold surface. Around you, magical treasures of various shapes and sizes float gently to the ground. A thick mist swirls, obscuring all but your immediate surroundings, and strange shapes shift among it. If you have Sige's pomander and know what to do with it, turn to **8**. If you examine the items, turn to **87**. If you try to find your way through the mist, turn to **116**.

384

As Sige falls dead at your feet, a deep rumbling noise reaches your ears. It grows louder and louder until your whole body is shaking. The terrified citizens cower away. Then there is the sound of a thunderclap which almost knocks you off your feet; a smoky black tentacle curls from Sige's mouth and forms into a gaseous parody of her earthly form. It shoots straight at your face and you try desperately to ward it off with your arms. Something brittle shatters against your left hand, and the gaseous form disperses. Then pain shoots up your arm. Prepared for the worst, you look down at your left hand which is writhing within a blue vapour. You thrust it under your arm to quench the fell flame. The pain eases slightly, and you withdraw your hand. It is now shrouded in green light; as you watch, the colour changes through yellow and orange to red. The pain settles to a dull ache. The crisis over, the remaining nobles look to you for leadership. You arrange for all of Sige's servants in the city to be put under guard, and you see to the preparation of defences for the city. The other heroes, you discover, were all mysteriously slain –

presumably through Sige's villainy – so you are forced to leave the job in the hands of the remaining loyal guards. Then you prepare to journey forth once more. The hostile army still threatens, and you have a duty to Lady Carolina to fulfil. Turn to 183.

385

Presently a villager returns and whispers briefly to one of your hosts. Without a word being spoken in your direction, he rises and gestures to the others. They all bow politely to you, then file out of the hut, closing the door behind them. You make to follow them, but find the door barred. You are imprisoned! A scratchy voice filters through to you from outside: 'Welcome, Protector. As foretold, you have come to save us from the creeping plague! Eat and rest; prepare yourself for the trial which awaits you.' Tricked by peasants! You wonder what 'creeping plague' awaits you; judging by the pitiful state of the village, it's probably lice in their sheep . . . Through the smoke-hole in the ceiling the moonlight streams into the hut. Turn to 319.

386

You spur your panic-stricken horse back up the narrow hill path as the cloud of black hornets swirls towards you. You have pushed your mare too hard, though. She stumbles and then, as the first hornet stings her, she rears, dashing you against a jagged rock. The useless Jheera torch slips from your grasp. You hardly feel the stings of the hornets as they swarm over you . . .

387

The guards are very happy to accept your Gold Pieces. Cross off the number you give from your *Adventure Sheet*. If you gave the guards fewer than 6 Gold Pieces, turn to 30. If you gave them 6 or more Gold Pieces, turn to 185.

388

You push your way carefully along the narrow path. After a short while you begin to hear sounds coming from ahead. Treading carefully, you press on, expecting the worst. Suddenly you hear a loud crashing noise followed by a shrill 'By Ugbar's fingers!' This cursing is stifled by a loud 'Shush!' but other voices cry out: 'Shall I shoot 'im now?' 'Not until I give the signal!' 'What's the signal again?'

Suddenly a voice shouts 'Now!' There is a twanging sound from the trees near by and a small bow shoots from them, landing at your feet. At the same time a short, stocky figure leaps on to the path ahead of you, pointing a crossbow at you. 'Aha!' he yells, and lets fly a bolt. Turn to 189.

389

'Most kind!' says Bythos, reaching out to take the Golden Fist. He tosses it over his shoulder, then draws in a deep breath. Before you can act, a freezing blast strikes you, and crystals form with startling speed on your skin. As Bythos continues to breathe at you, the crystals spread; soon you are encased, a living statue, doomed to live out the rest of your life as a morbid ornament for the Master of the Abyss.

390

You are rapidly surrounded by priests carrying short staves. There is something very odd about their movements – they are well trained in the fighting arts, yet move jerkily, as if under some restriction. You are encircled by a ring of staves. Will you:

Draw your sword and attempt to fight your way out? Turn to 41

Try to leap over the priests'

391

By letting your right shoulder drop, you manage to twist your body out of the creature's grip and punch with your left fist. You scramble to your feet and stumble towards the steps, knowing that flight is your only hope. Fear lends you strength, and you race up the steps and through the trapdoor before your pursuer can lay a hand on you. Hastily, you wedge the cask back over the trapdoor to prevent the creature escaping. As you lurch out of the shop, the slow, relentless pounding begins once more. Turn to 128.

392

The skylight! You sling your backpack across your shoulder and heave the linen chest up on to the bed, then climb on top to reach the small window. It is hard to move, and the heat is almost unbearable as you finally push it open. You pull yourself through with a grunt just as the door collapses in a welter of sparks and the room is enveloped in fire. No sooner

389

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Draw your sword and attempt to fight your way out?	Turn to 41
Try to leap over the priests' arms and escape?	Turn to 364
Surrender to them?	Turn to 56

391

By letting your right shoulder drop, you manage to twist your body out of the creature's grip and punch with your left fist. You scramble to your feet and stumble towards the steps, knowing that flight is your only hope. Fear lends you strength, and you race up the steps and through the trapdoor before your pursuer can lay a hand on you. Hastily, you wedge the cask back over the trapdoor to prevent the creature escaping. As you lurch out of the shop, the slow, relentless pounding begins once more. Turn to 128.

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– in time to ward off a blow from the large black creature that swoops down on you, but you stumble and lose your footing. You slide down the roof, then dangle for a moment from the guttering before dropping all the way to the ground. Roll one die and lose this number of STAMINA points. Turn to 111.

393

One moment you are reeling from the impact of something slamming into your back; the next you are floating up into the air, rapidly gathering speed. The air around you is a whirl of dancing silver shapes, and you realize that you are encased in the quivering body of a strange flying creature – an Ectovult. The ground is obscured by a carpet of shifting mist, but to your left you can see a floating wall of cells, stretching off towards the horizon. Then you plummet back down through the clouds. Turn to 36.

394

It's a good thing you changed your horse, for it means you can travel at a gallop back to Kallamehr.

You ride through the night towards the familiar beacon of the Rangor Tower. Just before you reach the city, you are overtaken by another rider. Mounted on a powerful black stallion, he is obscured by a billowing black cloak. He thunders through the city gates well ahead of you. Dawn is breaking as you enter the city and hurry to deliver your tidings to a bleary Dunyazad. Composing herself, she tries to salvage something from her shattered plans. 'Khasseeb has just come from the army. He knows the land's many ways. It would be better if he were to fetch aid. You must take on the task of your fallen comrade: scout out the invaders. Learn their ways and plans. Go now and choose a new horse; then scout east. Too much time has been lost already.' Tick off a time box and turn to 140.

395

You wander the forest dejectedly, hunting for rodents. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 176. If you are Unlucky, turn to 243.

396

You leap up on to your horse's back, then hoist Mema up in front of you. Soon you are galloping back along the road which brought you here. You turn off the road leading back to Kallamehr and race along a narrow track which winds up the hillside. You can see the lands far about, and off to your left a lazy plume of smoke drifts into the sky from Mema's village. Tick off a time box, then turn to 95.

397

You lower yourself slowly down the wall until you are level with the window. Then you crane your head round to peer in. A lantern illuminates an opulently furnished room. You see nothing suspicious, however, and are about to pull yourself back up, when there is a knock at the door. From under the huge bed crawls the quaking, blubbery form of Madhaerios, dressed in a night-gown. He opens the door a crack and peers out. A tray piled high with food is passed to him, then he quickly slams and bars the door again. He turns to the tray and greedily rips a leg off a chicken. As he raises it to his mouth he pauses, then stares suspiciously at it. His eyes dart about the room anxiously, then he flings the food from him and sits back on the bed, shooting glances around the room, his nose twitching constantly. You haul yourself back up to the roof. If this is the third window you have looked in, turn to **25**. Otherwise, you may return to your quarters (turn to **151**), or investigate any of the following if you have not done so already:

The left centre wall	Turn to **94**
The right centre wall	Turn to **218**
The far right wall	Turn to **340**

398

The Crystal Warrior shatters, but you are now surrounded by the remaining five. As one, they close in and raise their hammers . . . to them you are just another trinket to be crushed.

399

You face half a dozen guards. For all your skills as a warrior, you cannot defeat six trained men at one time. You shrink back before the combined assault of the guards, only to be shoved back at them by the hostile, jeering crowd behind you. Death comes quickly.

400

While searching through the palace you have inherited, you come upon a scrying mirror, set into a wall of crystal. A Servant shuffles forward and shows you how to use it; you train it on Kallamehr, hoping to see the fruits of your sacrifice. Sure enough, the fields are full of villagers once more and the land is rejoicing under its new Baron Madhaerios. You look with pride upon a land which is freed from Bythos's clammy grip and Sige's nefarious scheming. Feeling that your sacrifice is bearable, you leave the mirror and make your way to one of the towers of the palace. As you gaze out at the vast swirling plains of the Abyss, you hear the sound of a thousand leathery wings. Soon the air is thick with circling Ectovults. For a moment you are gripped by fear; is this some last trick of Bythos? But they have only come to salute their new Ruler. Then something coils round your legs, pulling you off balance. You crash to the ground and find yourself face-to-grinning-face with Caduceus the Serpent. 'Much wisdom is mine,' he says, 'and I have much time to share it with you. I hope you will find me an entertaining companion.' Given a choice, you

might have preferred lighter company; but you soon find that the serpent is as wise as he claims. With his great knowledge to guide you, you uncover secrets beyond your imagination. Your power grows ever greater, until the memory of your former life in Allansia becomes a distant dream. Finally, you unravel the mystery of travel between the planes, and embark upon an adventure which spans the cosmos and concerns the gods themselves. But that is another tale, to be found in the books of myth and legend . . .

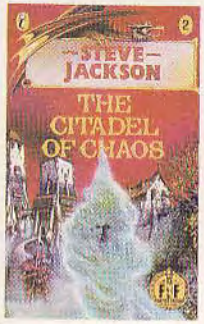
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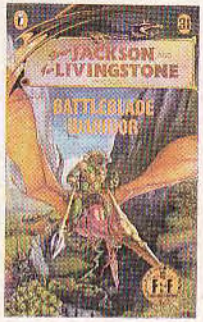
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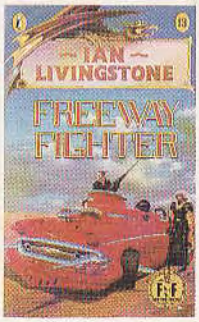
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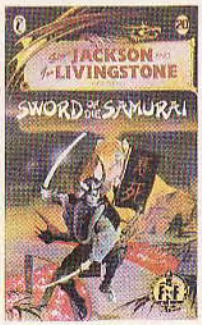
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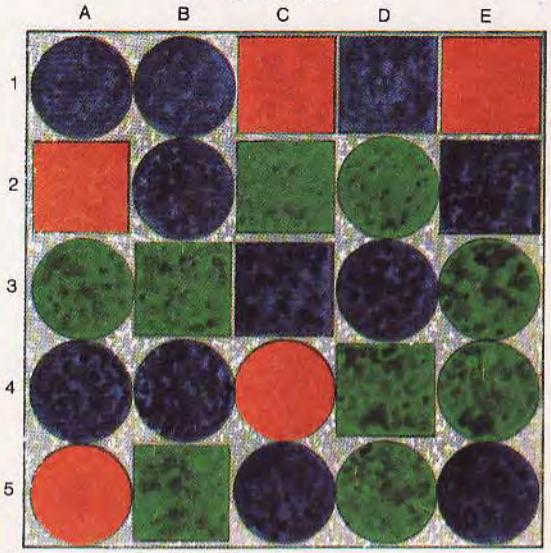

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Armed with a laser sword and pistol, electro-javelin and spiked buckler, you must journey into the vaults and defeat the evil mastermind. But beware! L'Bastin has set many traps. Monsters, mutants and space brigands lie in wait for the unwary, and success is by no means certain. If you fail, millions will die; if you succeed, you will win a prize almost beyond your wildest dreams!

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Many dangers lie ahead and your success is by no means certain. YOU decide which routes to follow, which dangers to risk and which monsters to fight.

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3. [illegible] CITADEL OF CHAOS
5. THE FOREST OF DOOM
7. STARSHIP TRAVELER
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11. DEATHTRAP DUNGEON
13. ISLAND OF THE LIZARD KING
15. SCORPION SWAMP
17. CAVERNS OF THE SNOW WITCH
19. HOUSE OF HELL
21. TALISMAN OF DEATH
23. SPACE ASSASSIN
25. FREEWAY FIGHTER
27. TEMPLE OF TERROR
29. THE RINGS OF KETHER
31. SEAS OF BLOOD
33. APPOINTMENT WITH F.E.A.R.
35. REBEL PLANET
37. DEMONS OF THE DEEP
39. SWORD OF THE SAMURAI
41. TRIAL OF CHAMPIONS
43. ROBOT COMMANDO
45. MASKS OF MAYHEM
47. [illegible]
49. CREATURE OF HAVOC
51. BENEATH NIGHTMARE CASTLE
53. CRYPT OF THE SORCERER
55. STAR STRIDER
57. PHANTOMS OF FEAR
59. MIDNIGHT ROBBER
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67. SKY LORD
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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking, Penguin, a division of Penguin Books USA Inc.
375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books NZ Ltd, 182–190 Ponsonby Road, Auckland 11, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1987
5 7 9 10 8 6

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Illustrations by Gerry Grayson Partners

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ABOUT YOUR STAR SYSTEM

You are Sky Lord Jang Mistral, élite solar trooper, special agent – and four-armed humanoid warrior – from the sixteenth aeon.

Your home planet, Ensulina, is just one of countless thousands of worlds inhabiting the famous Holo Faluksh star chain – a dazzling spray of more than one hundred thousand live stars and innumerable planetoids, bordering the Berenices Supergalaxy. Some of these worlds, whether baking in the wild solar flares of near-by suns or wandering the bitterly cold galactic wastes, are only lifeless husks. These are of little value to anyone except the ruthless galactic pirates and space desperadoes who use them for their evil purposes. Yet there exist many other worlds less daunting: with kinder climates and hospitable environments; on many of these a wondrously diverse array of life-forms have established themselves.

Your own race, the Ensulvars, is a blood-mix of two ancient nations: the dawn-time Enzuls, the planet's original inhabitants, and the Ivars, a war clan from Iajax-Green. The Ivars invaded Ensulina during the second aeon, at first defeating and later mixing into the more populous Enzul race. The resulting nation of grey-eyed, four-armed humanoids retained the best traits of their ancestors: the culture and wisdom

of the Enzuls, and the courage of the Ivars. As a result, they have been respected and admired by the inhabitants of many other planets in the star system (particularly the two-armed humanoids!) and enjoyed a peaceful existence for many years.

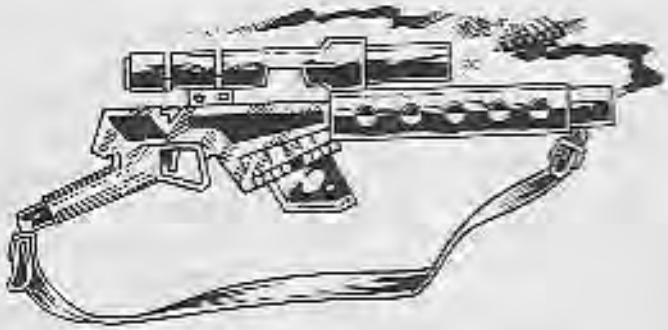

During the twelfth aeon, however, a vast galactic war suddenly broke out: two powerful races, the Fethps (greedy, two-headed reptiloids) and the Deik (large purple molluscoids of unknown origins), always deadly rivals, had secretly amassed mighty armies and space fleets. Simultaneously their armadas stormed across the galaxy at each other, destroying or conquering the planets in their path. The war raged for thousands of years, during which time Ensulina was conquered by the merciless Deik. The Ensulvars were enslaved and forced to produce war machinery for their captors.

Only gradually, following wave upon wave of murderous assaults on each other, did the strength of the Deik and Fethps begin to wane. In the thirteenth aeon the enslaved races of thousands of worlds were sparked to revolution. Led by Ari Skyfarer, a human from Arbitrakt, they rapidly ousted their cruel masters and, employing the weaponry they had previously been forced to build, finally drove both the Deik and Fethps from the star system.

The end of the war signalled the beginning of the Long Peace which has lasted to this day. Ari Skyfarer, the greatest galactic hero, was crowned first Grand Emperor and, in order to maintain a lasting peace, the Council of Star Kings was formed. The council, whose members include the kings of many worlds (including your own King Vaax), usually meets every five hundred days at the Grand Emperor's palace on Arbitrakt. There, the council tries to resolve peacefully any disputes between its member planets and reaffirms its intention to defend its planets from alien threats, galactic pirates and intergalactic invaders. The latter functions are performed by the Emperor's Imperial Guard, or by the heroic solar troopers – of whom you are a member.

On Ensulina, the title of 'lord' is not a birthright, but must be earned in some way. It was your exceptional skill and courage shown when fighting in the ranks of the solar troopers which earned you your first lordship title – that of a Knight of Ensulina – when you were only twenty years old. Since that

time your fellow peers, the lords of Ensulina, have often employed you as a special agent, performing hazardous and extremely secret missions to ensure the security of Ensulina and the Friendly Worlds. Because of your accomplishments, you have been honoured with further titles - the latest, that of Sky Baron, being awarded after capturing the murderous Olaf Tharkin and his band of solar cutthroats.

But now you have been summoned to appear before King Vaax and your fellow lords, to be briefed on a new mission: the most perilous, most challenging – and most unusual – adventure of your career. Failure will bring disaster for Ensulina; success will bring you a treasure beyond your wildest dreams . . .

However, before you can receive details of your mission, you must learn how to use your special skills and weapons and your starship, which will assist you during the course of your adventure. You will also require two dice, a pencil and an eraser, to record your scores and equipment gained along the way.

YOUR ABILITIES

Your abilities to fight, withstand damage and escape from tricky situations are determined by your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points. On the *Adventure Sheet* on pages **18–19** you will see sections where these attributes are to be recorded. They are obtained as follows:

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total as your SKILL.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the result. Enter this total as your STAMINA score. If your STAMINA ever reaches zero, then you have been killed.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the result. Enter this total as your LUCK.

Using Luck

From time to time you will be called upon to *Test your Luck*. When this occurs, roll two dice. If the result is *less than or equal to* your current LUCK score, then you have been Lucky. If the result *exceeds* your current LUCK score, then you have been Unlucky.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must deduct 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus the more you use your LUCK, the riskier it becomes. LUCK points may sometimes be restored (you will be told in the relevant paragraph when this is so), but may never exceed your *Initial* score.

Restoring Stamina

During the course of your adventure, you are almost certain to lose STAMINA points. Generally, you may recover these by consuming Provision Tablets at any time other than when engaged in combat or other hostilities. You begin your adventure with 10 Provision Tablets – list these on your *Adventure Sheet*. For each tablet you consume, you will recover 4 points of STAMINA. Note, however, that your STAMINA may never exceed its *Initial* score.

Restoring Skill

There will be occasions during the adventure when you may lose SKILL points, and other occasions when you may gain SKILL points. However, your SKILL may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Money

You also begin your adventure with 10 credits, the most common galactic currency. Add these to your *Adventure Sheet*.

COMBAT

During the course of your adventure you will probably be required to fight in two distinctly different sorts of battles, known as Personal Combat and Combat-Weapon Clashes.

Personal Combat

The rules for Personal Combat are much the same as in other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, but with a few minor differences to keep in mind. The basic rules of combat are:

1. Combat is simultaneous. Individual combat is conducted as a series of rounds, in which one combatant will inflict damage on the other.
2. Roll two dice and add your opponent's SKILL score to the roll. This total is your opponent's Attack Strength.
3. Roll two dice again and add your SKILL score to the roll. This total is your Attack Strength.
4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is greater than yours, the opponent has inflicted damage upon you: deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.
5. If your Attack Strength is greater than your opponent's, you have inflicted damage upon your opponent: deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA.

6. If both Attack Strengths are equal, both attacks have missed. Start the next combat round from step 2 above.
7. Continue this combat until either your opponent's or your own STAMINA is reduced to zero (death).

In cases where you are instructed to fight more than one opponent, fight only the first listed. If you defeat this opponent, go on to fight the second listed, and so on.

Using Luck in Combat

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in personal combat (but *not* in combat-weapon clashes), you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on an opponent you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

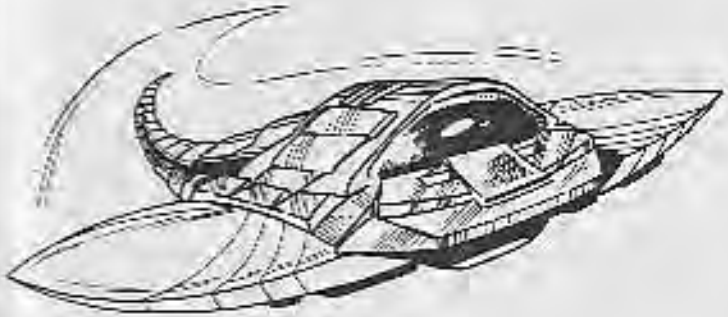

If you have just wounded your opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from its STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, the wound turns out to be a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to your opponent's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If your opponent has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full force of the blow: restore 1 STAMINA point (i.e. instead of losing 2 points, you lose only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious wound and must subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Combat-Weapon Clashes

When you fight an opponent who has a RATING and numbers for LASERS and SHIELDS listed in the text, then you are involved in a Combat-Weapon Clash. Unlike Personal Combat, these encounters usually involve fighting between sophisticated combat vehicles, one of which is always piloted by yourself.

You have already attained a good proficiency, or RATING, in piloting many combat vehicles. Roll one die to determine your RATING; if you roll 1, 2 or 3 your RATING equals 3; if you roll 4, 5 or 6 your RATING equals 4. Then enter the result in the RATING box on your *Adventure Sheet*.

The basic rules for Combat-Weapon Clashes are:

1. Combat-Weapon Clashes, unlike Personal Combat, are *not* simultaneous. To determine which craft (yours or your opponent's) will fire first, compare your RATING to your opponent's RATING. (Your RATING will not be given in the text, of course; refer each time to your *Adventure Sheet*.) If your RATING number is greater than your opponent's, you will shoot first; otherwise, your opponent will shoot first. The one who fires first in combat is the *Attacker*, the other is the *Defender*.
2. Roll one die. If the result is *less than or equal to* the number of LASERS on the Attacker's combat weapon, he has scored a hit: deduct 2 SHIELDS from the Defender's combat weapon.
3. Now the Defender retaliates. Roll one die again. If the result is *less than* the number of LASERS on the Defender's craft, he has scored a hit: deduct 2 SHIELDS from the Attacker's combat weapon.
4. Continue the combat from step 2 above, until either your or your opponent's SHIELDS are reduced to zero (death).
5. If you win the combat, then you may reinstate the SHIELDS of your combat weapon to their value before the combat began, since the energy banks quickly regenerate after a combat. In addition, if your opponent's RATING number was *greater* than your own RATING, you may increase your RATING by 1 point.

At the beginning of your adventure, you are equipped with a starship, the *Starspray*. A plan of the *Starspray* is shown on your *Space Combat Sheet* on pages 20–21. Whenever you are involved in a Combat-Weapon Clash using the *Starspray*, you may use the starship plan to record hits against your ship (simply cross off the SHIELD boxes to record hits). Then, if you win the combat, you may return your SHIELDS to their strength before the combat began by simply erasing the crosses.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL *Initial* *Skill =*	STAMINA *Initial* *Stamina =*	LUCK *Initial* *Luck =*
RATING	CREDITS *Initial = 10*	OXYGEN SUPPLY POINTS *Initial = 10*

NOTES AND ITEMS

ALIEN ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

SPACE COMBAT SHEET

STARSHIP: *STARSPRAY*

DATA: 4 HIGH POWER LASERS L

12 FORCE SHIELD PODS S

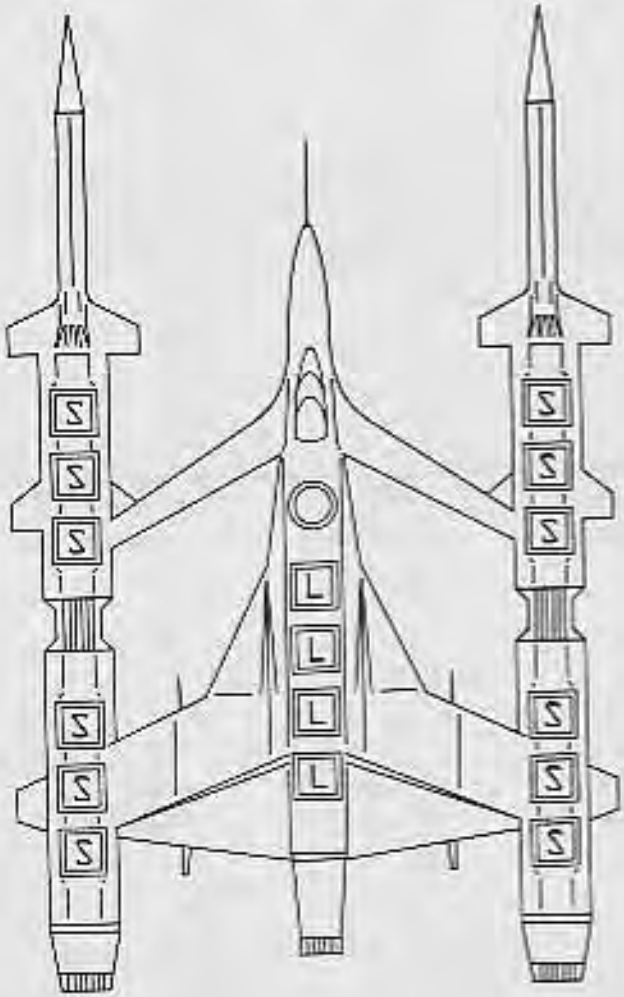

COMBAT WEAPON ENCOUNTERS

YOUR VEHICLES:

Rating = *Lasers =* *Shields =*	*Rating =* *Lasers =* *Shields =*	*Rating =* *Lasers =* *Shields =*

ALIENS:

Rating = *Lasers =* *Shields =*	*Rating =* *Lasers =* *Shields =*	*Rating =* *Lasers =* *Shields =*
Rating = *Lasers =* *Shields =*	*Rating =* *Lasers =* *Shields =*	*Rating =* *Lasers =* *Shields =*
Rating = *Lasers =* *Shields =*	*Rating =* *Lasers =* *Shields =*	*Rating =* *Lasers =* *Shields =*

MISSION BACKGROUND

The name 'L'Bastin', even if only whispered, would certainly cause the faces of the Ensulvar palace staff to flush with anger. From poor King Vaax, however, it would bring an uncontrollable outburst of such ferocity that the employment of a large hypodermic tranquillizer might well be advisable, for his own well-being!

Of course, it has not always been like this. In fact there was a time when L'Bastin, the now infamous galactic renegade and scourge of Ensulina, had enjoyed a much more friendly relationship with your king. In those days, he had occupied a position of authority and prestige. As Vaax' major-domo, his responsibilities had included the employment and supervision of the king's entire household staff – a job which he handled with due skill and diligence for a number of years.

But then he took up a new hobby – cybernetics and genetic engineering – and his attitude changed drastically. In order to pursue his leisure-time activity, L'Bastin had to build a laboratory and equip it with many varieties of cloning, fusing and transforming hardware, and then buy important scientific publications. Of course, all of this required a large amount of money. After running up sizeable debts, L'Bastin approached King Vaax and begged for an increase in his modest wage; following years of faithful service, he considered that he had earned it. The artful Vaax, however, steadfastly refused, claiming that, in the interests of the national economy, virtually no one in Ensulina had been allowed a pay rise for over two hundred years. To grant one to L'Bastin, he argued, 'could set a dangerous precedent, which would undermine the entire economy, to the mutual disbenefit of all'.

L'Bastin, who believed that these were merely the words of a stingy ruler, was infuriated. The economy, as everyone well knew, had never been in better shape! In retaliation, the crafty courtier devised a scheme whereby he could obtain the money he needed for his creditors while simultaneously causing his tight-fisted monarch some inconvenience. The scheme went thus: on the pretext of maintaining exceptionally high standards of behaviour among the palace catering staff, L'Bastin began dismissing the stewards for trivial misdemeanours. Upon receiving their marching orders, these unfortunates were immediately escorted from the premises and informed that, if they were ever to return, they would face a speedy execution! In their place, the wily L'Bastin substituted creations from his own laboratory; these obliged their master faithfully by investing their weekly wages with him!

After his initial successes with the stewards, L'Bastin set about dealing with the other palace staff with equal fervour. The fact that many of his creations resembled dismissed staff was no mere

coincidence, and within a surprisingly short space of time he was receiving pay packets from chefs, chauffeurs, guards, groundsmen, and even the king's personal advisers and henchmen, all without arousing the least suspicion.

With his supplementary income thus assured, L'Bastin got himself released from debt. For a while he contented himself with engineering whimsical creatures for his own amusement: the spider-fly and the gigantic fanged armadillo-bodied rhinoceros in particular were sources of great satisfaction to him! Indeed, at that time the chambers beneath his manor-house fairly teemed with bizarre livestock. Eventually, however, L'Bastin grew dissatisfied. The *ultimate*, the most rewarding experience, he concluded, could be derived only from the creation of the perfect life-form – whatever *that* was. He grew determined to find out, although accomplishing the task would consume a considerable amount of money, and require the acquisition of some extremely sophisticated equipment indeed . . .

Purchasing a brand-new metamorphosal hydrolizer 'special' required an enormous financial outlay – even more than his dishonest tactics had afforded him thus far. Another money-making scheme was required: L'Bastin ordered one of his henchmen to pilfer and then pawn a number of palace artworks. Several antique porcelain vases were first to go, followed by a crystal statuette (the personal property of the king), and a cosmoscope entitled 'Birth of a Star'. Since by now there were few 'reals' left among the palace staff, L'Bastin believed that the thefts would go unnoticed. And they would have, too, if he had chosen someone other than his creation, Ben Frumpet, to carry out the crime.

One day, when Ben was in a local pawnbroker's establishment, haggling over a suitable price for the stolen cosmoscope, in walked the *real* Ben Frumpet, his identical namesake. (The real Frumpet, one-time head chef, had been unemployed since his dismissal from the palace, and had gone to the broker to hock his gold watch.) The real Frumpet suddenly twigged the situation and, after a brief protest, he stunned his facsimile and dragged it off to the local constabulary.

Thus, L'Bastin's conniving schemes were finally exposed; his henchmen were weeded out and the original staff reinstated. For his crimes, the king punished L'Bastin severely. After a not-too-lengthy trial, Vaax sacked L'Bastin from his post, ordering his laboratory to be demolished and his manor-house confiscated. The former major-domo was to be thrown into the streets!

But L'Bastin, seething with anger, had other ideas. Clearly, he would soon be forced to leave Ensulina to continue his work – but first he planned a final mordant joke upon the king, now his sworn enemy! Disguising himself as a famous cosmetic surgeon, L'Bastin visited the king's wife, Broomhilda, offering her 'beautifying treatment' free of charge; naturally, Broomhilda accepted. Contrary to his

promised beautification, however, the despicable mastermind played an awful prank upon her: while she was upon the operating table, he carried out certain 'modifications' to her, extending her nose by ten inches, enlarging her eyes to the size of small saucers and discolouring them (one red, one green) and, worst of all, grafting a large pineapple to her scalp (sadly, a process not entirely reversible!). This cruel act was discovered only when the bandages were removed a week later – and by then L'Bastin had fled the planet.

Despite the generous reward offered for his capture, L'Bastin has remained hidden for years. During the past week, however, a bounty hunter has landed, bringing startling news to Ensulina. He claims to have tracked L'Bastin to Aarok, a man-built fortress-world orbiting the galactic rim. Aarok was abandoned by its makers centuries ago, following a massive radiation spill. Since then it has become the abode of dreadful galactic cut-throats and varieties of abhorrent creatures, as well as many eccentric recluses. The bounty hunter captured and interrogated a mutant, obtaining from it the following information: deep within the vaults of Aarok, L'Bastin has long been experimenting on the local livestock, breeding and refining their better traits, until recently he developed the 'perfect' life-form he sought. Rumours say that they are terrifying dog-headed superwarriors with brutal strength and electrifying speed, calling themselves 'Proiectas'. L'Bastin is busily cloning an army of them, which he

will unleash upon the galaxy. Particularly harsh treatment is planned for King Vaax and the Ensulvars!

Fortress Aarok bristles with automatic missiles, lasers and pulsers, and is surrounded by energy shields and vacuum mines: at present it is impregnable to invasion by a large force. But, as the bounty hunter has proved, a solitary craft may be able to pass through the screens, and land, undetected. Once down, this lone invader would need to destroy the planet's defence centre, located beneath the Dome of Marvels, deep within the planet's interior. Only by this means would an invasion fleet be able to land safely. The task ahead is fraught with danger, and only Ensulina's most skilful agent – you – will have any chance of succeeding. Knowing that failure may cost billions of lives, still you have accepted the mission. If you succeed, however, the fabulous man-built world will at last be decontaminated and repopulated – and *you* will be crowned its sovereign ruler!

Now the time has come for you to leave your home planet, Ensulina, and travel to distant Aarok in your starship.

Turn to paragraph 1

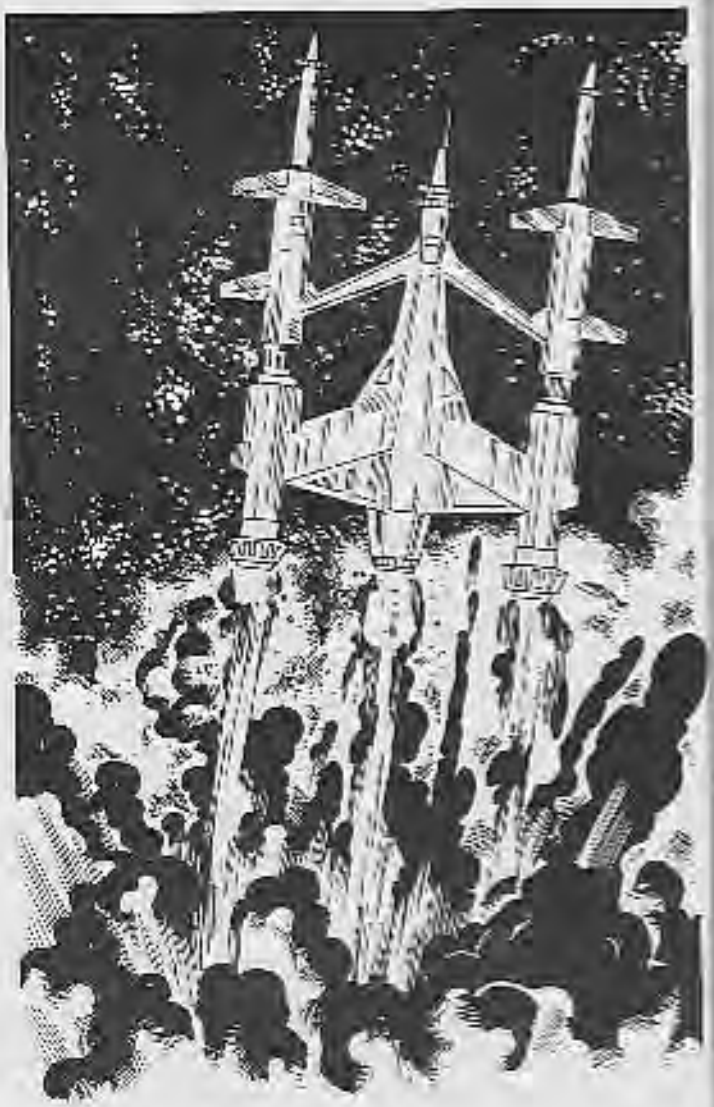

1

After a short rest, you gather your equipment and board your spaceship, the *Starspray*, where you begin a quick, pre-programmed countdown sequence. Ten, nine . . . the energy banks hum; eight, seven, six . . . thrusters ignite, your seat judders; five, four, three . . . pulsers roar, a loudspeaker announces: 'Dimension hop imminent!', two, one . . . Bang! Your home planet disappears from the vidi-screen; the sky is black and starless. You have entered a warp-lane. From this lane, you must steer the *Starspray* into another dimension: one more suitable for rapid galactic travel to Aarok. Your best opportunities are probably time–space travel in the 4th dimension, or light-space travel in the 6th dimension. Each has advantages over the other; each also has its dangers. Will you time-travel (turn to 164), or light-travel (turn to 15)?

2

You feel giddy and close your eyes. When you open them, you find yourself standing alone in a cylindrical tube, ten feet high and four feet wide. As you study it, touching its walls, the transmat cylinder gently revolves, revealing a thin, rectangular opening. Stepping through, you alight upon a long-spanned causeway located several miles above the floor of an immense, ovoid chamber. Around you, in mid-air, elegant diamond, snowflake and cuboid lanterns drift lazily past, mingling rich tinctures of ochre, magenta and puce. Slender canals and rainbow rivers with fine bridges of shining metal leap

through spaces, straining between horizons. Deserted manors, museums, libraries and temples of fanciful design adjoin causeways, or hover amidst spectacular floating gardens, wondrous sculptures and sparkling holograms. You have entered Vault 5, the principal domicile of Old Aarok. Radiation levels here are still quite high. Miles away to the north-west, you discern the colourful Dome of Marvels, its base veiled in mist. The planet's defence centre is installed in Vault 6, directly beneath the dome. Unfortunately, your causeway runs south-west to north-east, passing high to the right of your target. You deliberate for some time before setting off. Will you march along the causeway north-east (turn to 318), or south-west (turn to 202)?

3

All circle-shaped tiles change colour: orange to green, green to blue, blue to orange. Now you may step on tile E2 (turn to 350), or tile D3 (turn to 156), or tile C2 (turn to 278).

4

Rather than making for the entrance, you foolishly decide to drill your way into the dome. After breaking open the globe, you strap the drill-helmet to your head and ram it into the dome's metal crust. Unluckily, the shell is harder than you had anticipated; eventually the drill becomes jammed. Now, instead of the drill-head revolving, *your* head begins to spin, twisting the rest of you with it! In a moment your body becomes detached from the helmet and you skittle away, over the rooftop and down towards the dome's entrance. Your adventure is over.

5

The old man leads you on. He is Marsatu. 'An Ensulvarian *by assemblage*,' he says, 'and a trader by repute.' Pondering the meaning of his words, you climb a ramp and, skirting a terrace, arrive at the entrance to his hovering mansion. Marsatu rings a chime and, after a pause, the door is opened by an absurd, trout-headed footman, dressed in a scarlet tunic. Marsatu introduces him to you: 'This is Bok, my servant. Bok, we will be having a distinguished visitor for supper. Fetch our best porcelain tankards, and warm the mead!' Bok scuttles off while Marsatu leads you via a maze of oak-panelled passages to a roomy, octagonal parlour. Here, you make polite conversation until Bok returns, carrying two large bowls. One of these is filled with a green liquid, the other with a blue liquid. Marsatu gestures vaguely to you. Will you drink the green liquid (turn to 155), or the blue liquid (turn to 61)?

6

Brac's laser blasts a hole through your buckler and body armour, into your shoulder. Luckily the armour absorbed much of the energy. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL. Brac prepares to fire again. Turn to 158.

7

Unsure as to which way you should go, you finally turn down a small passage and follow it towards a bend. At the corner ahead is a high, triangular door while, just past the door, a large perspex plaque is set on the passage floor. You will have to tread on the plaque if you wish to continue your journey along the passage. Will you open the door (turn to 74), or make your way along the passage (turn to 161)?

8

Your craft darts and weaves into range, and a burst of laser fire splashes the Valioog ship. As you might have expected, the craft has powerful shields, and the attack fails. As you veer away, your cabin is

scorched by a heat-gun. Reduce your SHIELDS by 2 points *permanently*, and deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Now you may operate anti-detector systems (turn to 70), an image intensifier scanscope (turn to 215), or computer-scan the enemy (turn to 163).

9

You enter the space station's sports complex: a wide concrete area containing dumb-bells, parallel bars, tennis courts, a space-ball arena and much, much more. Momentarily distracted by the equipment here, you decide to test your prowess at one of the games. Will you try your skill at snooker (turn to 77), or space-ball (turn to 113)?

10

The Deik's shell opens a crack and releases a long, rubbery stalk. At the end of this appendage, the Deik first forms a small eyeball, which swivels menacingly towards you. After a moment the eye collapses and remoulds itself into a trumpet-like mouth. 'Oi, four-arms!' it says to you. 'I haven't seen you here before. What do ya' think ya'r up to? Come 'ere!' Will you:

Pretend to be a cretin, and answer the Deik stupidly?	Turn to 139
Act like a rogue, and answer him arrogantly?	Turn to 36
Obey the Deik's command, and walk across to him?	Turn to 51

11

Soon you are detected by the massive *Grand Archipelago*, which roars forward to accept your challenge. At this moment, your computers flash with the following tactical data:

Starspray: Pitch −16 . . . Roll −22 . . . Yaw −31 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Relative Distance 7000 . . . Speed 1000 . . .

Based on this information, will you:

Maintain speed and course?	Turn to 205
Accelerate to 2000, maintain course?	Turn to 360
Maintain speed, yaw −10?	Turn to 107

12

The new Glip turns the red ring one segment clockwise, and charges across the rings to attack you on your mechanical grasshopper.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
GLIP	4	3	8
GRASSHOPPER	–	4	10

If you win, a third Glip appears on the recently vacated spot on the red ring. Scuttlebug then decides not to rotate the blue ring, so he is blocked. Mutant rotates the yellow ring one segment anticlockwise, and his phase ends. The fourth and final move begins, and you still need to defeat a Scuttlebug to win. Will you rotate the red ring one segment clockwise (turn to 303), or two segments anticlockwise (turn to 361)?

13

Inside the cabinet is a live Prefecta, lying on a mattress of tough, green hair. Obviously it had not anticipated your sudden appearance: it offers no defence. You beat it insensible and throw it into the mechanical hopper, where it slides from view. Then, just in time, you enter the cabinet and pull the doors shut. Outside there is considerable commotion as the Prefectas search the laboratory without success. Eventually they depart towards the air-tube and Vault 6; you decide to stay put and rest for a while. Now the only voices you can hear are those of the three Yappies. 'The mixture's ready!' you hear Zap say after a while. 'Now, pump it into the vats.' For several hours all is silence; in fact, you are just relaxing into a peaceful slumber when the unusual green mattress suddenly turns upon you: many of its hairs expand to enormous thickness, damping your arms and legs. Other hairs remain thin, but grow longer, wriggling up your nostrils and down your throat. You are almost smothered by them when, strangely, the hairs retract to normal

size. Immediately there is a wild shriek from outside: 'Something's gone wrong! Zap, Brag; eyeball this!' Several screams later, the cabinet doors are flung wide open by Zap. 'You!' he cries accusingly. 'Why, oh, why did yar enter the mouldin' cabinet? See what you've done? We're as good as dead, man!' Looking out, you see what is troubling them: the bench-tops have all been removed to reveal the wooden incubation vats in which the Prefectas are grown. However, instead of gazing upon hundreds of quickly maturing Prefectas, you see hundreds of fast-growing facsimiles of yourself! Of course, when they are ready they will still behave like Prefectas (albeit over-salted ones), because of the unique chemical mix used in their preparation. Brag waves his arms in despair. 'Yeah, the first batch won't feel good about this! Can't think for the rest o' yar, but I'm vaccin' me way out o' here, before they find out.' Brag rushes from the laboratory, closely followed by his two comrades. You muse for a while; deciding that the cabinet is still the safest place to be, you swing its doors shut again. After a few more minutes, you hear the new Prefectas struggling from their tubs. They are even arguing among one another as they wander in a group out of the laboratory, towards the air-tube. The fun is about to begin! Turn to 187.

14

The enemy ship explodes in a spectacular ball of heat and light. You manoeuvre the *Starspray* through the debris, probing for survivors and spoils. One item which immediately attracts your attention is a droid: a spindly chrome robot of dwarfish proportions. Its three faces have frozen in terror and it clutches frantically to a buckled wing-slat. A droid may be a useful acquisition for your mission; you pick it up in a mechanical grabber and pop it into your ship's hold. You also spot a curious device of iron tubes, glass rods and slate cubes. Although you are unaware of its function, it looks very high-tech, so you scoop it up also. Turn to 311.

15

You manipulate the controls and enter the 6th dimension in a blaze of colour and sound. In light-warp, the universe you know is folded upon itself in a complex colour pattern, so that any planet or star can be reached merely by entering the appropriate portion of the colour spectrum. It will take only a millionth of a second 'real time' to reach Aarok but in less than half this time your spaceship's electrostatic shields blaze with the impact of incoming missiles. From a higher dimension, a huge red rocket scooter appears. Its rider, a scruffy, black-tendrilled creature, wears a scarlet choker: the tell-tale mark of a Fahbad Redneck, a gang of galactic thrill-seekers from the 33rd plane. The Redneck throttles towards you, making rude gestures and laughing manically. You must defend yourself against his lasers and explosive ram.

FAHBAD
REDNECK RATING 4 LASERS 5 SHIELDS 8

If you win, turn to 41.

16

You follow Zud and his machine through a maze of corridors, rooms and tunnels before, eventually, you arrive at his chamber: a small laboratory with racks laden with bottles, flasks, mirrors and many indescribable gizmos. Without a word, Zud manoeuvres his craft to an old oak desk, where he uses a long-armed grabber to extract a curious metal tube

from the top drawer. The tube is sealed; at one end there is a keyhole. 'Here, take a closer look!' cries Zud, and the grabber thrusts the cylinder straight at your chest. Horrifyingly, it merges painlessly into your flesh; only the keyhole is visible! (Add Zud's cylinder to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Zud is bleating with delight. 'Tell right into my little trap!' he snaps. 'Oh, don't worry, the tube's quite harmless, really it is – though what's inside it may not be! Ha, ha!' After a long-winded cackle, Zud continues. 'I will explain: the tube is made of titanium, it's specially coated and is virtually indestructible. Have no fears about losing it – it will not easily come loose, I assure you! Within it resides my stout little friend, Gnasha. Unfortunately, I've spoilt Gnasha by feeding him too much good food; now he will eat only the choicest metals and, occasionally, flesh. He has quite an appetite; if you listen carefully, no doubt you will hear him gnawing at the end of the tube – the end closest to your heart.' Zud pauses long enough for you to verify his statement, before he continues. 'How long it will take him to chew his way out, I am not sure; it could be hours, or . . .' This is too much for you to handle! Furious, do you tug at the cylinder's exposed end with all your might (turn to 79), or hurl a flask of acid at the despicable Zud (turn to 102)?

17

As you reach the terminal building, you are spotted by two guards: bony-faced creatures with powerful meta-blasters.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BUG-EYED CORPORAL	7	8
SNOUT-NOSED TROOPER	6	10

If you win, will you hide the bodies in a nearby ventilator shaft (turn to 309), or immediately enter the tubeway station and take an air-carriage into the city (turn to 397)?

18

There is a squeal as the Brutes are splashed with the acid and hop away in pain. Unluckily, you too are splashed – roll one die and deduct that number of points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, then, if you have any ointbush leaves, turn to 97; otherwise, turn to 221.

19

There is a loud blast from the reeds, and you are hit by molten steel, glass and plastic. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. With no other choice, you surrender. Turn to 252.

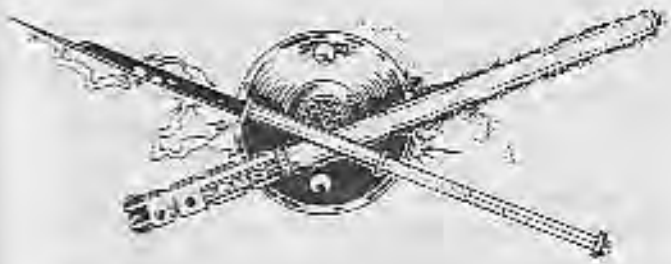

20

'Righty-ho then, matey!' he sneers. 'But I'll not have you joining Captain Big-ears' ship.' With that, two burly Rogues climb overboard and attack with laser-knives and crude matchlocks.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BALD-HEADED ROGUE	7	10
FEATHER-FACED ROGUE	6	10

If you win, turn to 370.

21

Matters are finally sorted out. Marsatu, as payment for his fare, must eventually hand over to Jym all his credits. However, since you cannot pay, Jym makes a diabolical suggestion. 'I will take you wherever you wish, if you will entertain me for a while. Can you juggle?' he quips. 'No. Dance or sing? No. Well, never mind. I have invented a special kind of entertainment for non-payers. Just follow me.' Jym leads both of you with your machines into his tower. In a circular hall on level X, you find the Roundabout. The giant snaps his fingers and, apparently from nowhere, three armoured ruffians appear: a Glip, a one-eyed Scuttlebug, and an exotic yellow Aarok Mutant. The Glip, dressed head-to-toe in red battle-armour, is mounted on a six-legged red animal; he is holding a stout electro-lance. His companions wield an assortment of javelins, lasers, and inertia-less chains. Jym faces you. 'You must play a game of Galactic Joust on my Roundabout. These three warriors, and perhaps a few others, will be your adversaries. In order to win, you must defeat each of them. Now, you must enter the Roundabout upon your mechanical beast, and I will explain the rules.' With no alternative, you obey. Turn to 48.

22

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 231; if you are Unlucky, turn to 366.

23

Dodging the enemy fire, you attack the gigantic Valioog mothership's single weak spot. Luckily, you are so close to the ship that it has trouble bringing many of its lasers to bear upon you.

STARFIRE
VALIOOG RATING 5 LASERS 4 SHIELDS 10

If you win, turn to 226.

24

Your victory is short-lived, as the treacherous Marsatu knocks you down with a short club. 'Ha, ha!' he scoffs. 'You fight well for a "real", but you're so stupid!' He blows into an enormous whistle-ring encircling one of his fingers, and three more Prefectas appear. 'I have brought the spy along myself,' he informs them. 'Now, let's go and see L'Bastin!' The Prefectas seize you and take your weapons. Deduct 1 point from your SKILL. 'Yes,' they laugh. 'Let's visit L'Bastin.' They touch the obelisk, which wobbles aside, and you are dragged below, through

a maze of corridors and halls. In one room Marsatu waves his arms. 'This was, until recently, the defence centre, crammed with complex computer systems. But my creator, L'Bastin the genius, decided that it would be safer to move the computers to another location. So you see, your mission was futile from the first!' Turn to 75.

25

After some time spent wandering about, you come upon a large, arched tunnel on your left and decide to follow it. Some distance along, you notice a black metal ring embedded in the ceiling. Will you step beneath the ring (turn to 2), or will you pass it to one side, and continue on your way (turn to 7)?

26

Smoke belches from a pipe in your craft. Several violent manoeuvres take place, and when the air finally clears, the Deik appears behind you. Your stinger slashes at his ship, but is blocked by a shield. Retaliating, the Deik extends a 'spiker'. You may:

Pull on a wire	Turn to 372
Touch a sensor disc	Turn to 176
Close your eyes and push, pull or kick any control you touch	Turn to 264

27

With a loud snap, the quill breaks off. Unluckily you have woken your guard, who scuttles over in a rage. 'So!' it cries, six claws on hips. 'Thought you'd

escape, hey? Well, this'll keep you down!' Seizing a big stone, it knocks you unconscious. Your adventure is over.

28

During your furious foray with the robot, you smashed several large acid bottles whose contents dripped on to the floor. The acid has now eaten a hole in the metal plates, exposing two rooms and part of a passage below. These seem to provide the only ways to escape a hungry-blob which has suddenly appeared at the doorway. But before you leave, you have time to look over and grab two of the following items.

tibia bone
robot's metal arm
acid bottle
jar with pickled brain
grease-gun
hypodermic syringe

When you have chosen two items, add them to your *Adventure Sheet*. Now, will you jump through the hole into the first room (turn to 274), or the second room (turn to 124), or into the passage (turn to 173)?

29

As you prepare to board the strange bell-ship, the spider-craft closes in. Using a flame-cannon, its rider engages you in a fearsome fire-fight.

PREFECTA SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, you must climb into the bell, as the swamp-yacht is now speeding towards you. Turn to 80.

30

You search the body and find a small titanium cube in his pouch; you take it. The creature stuck to the pillar now calls again to attract your attention. Will you use the red liquid (turn to 324), or the blue (turn to 189), to wash the sticky stuff off him, or would you prefer to blast away the pillar to which he is attached (turn to 373)?

36

The Deik is unimpressed by your arrogant ripostes, and orders several heavies to teach you a lesson in good manners! Two gigantic Hulks jump over the bar and lumber towards you, broken bottles in hand.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BIG HULK	7	10
EVEN BIGGER HULK	5	14

Even if you win, you have been momentarily stunned. Turn to **72**.

37

Your tactics prove disastrous, as the bell-craft fills with mud and sludge through the open hatches. Within a short time, you are smothered.

38

You lean over to examine the plate, but stumble on to it. You seem to be falling for an eternity. Your adventure is over.

39

Thick green smoke swirls across the room, through which the monster leaps towards you.

GREEN GIANT SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **50**.

40

You re-enter the *Starspray* – to find an enormous, very angry, very hungry-looking blob awaiting you. Since you know that your own weapons are not effective against blobs, you may make use of any items you possess to defend yourself; using the table below, add up the points for any of the following items you have in your possession. Then remove those items from your *Adventure Sheet*, as they are devoured by the blob!

	POINTS
flare pistol	1
chain	1
compressed-air canister	2
wrist-watch	1
club	1
chewing gum	2
tibia bone	3
robot's metal arm	1
acid bottle	1
jar with pickled brain	1
grease-gun	1
hypodermic syringe	2
electrostatic inducer	2
flame torch	1
oxygen cylinder	2
laminex sheet	2
3-D pictoscope	1
viscous negator	1
chair	1
blancmange	1

carving knife	1
leg of mutton	2
teapot	1
cinnamon stick	3
snooker cue	1
dumb-bell	1
cricket bat	1
medicine ball	2
skipping rope	1
darts	1
pot plant	1
strawberries	2
shovel	1
weed-killer	1
broom	1
plastic hose	2
wrench	1
hammer	1
sonic screwdriver	1
fire extinguisher	2
multifacetous aciduator	1
ball-bearings	2
revolver	1
peak cap	1
poison	2
can of beer	2
axe	1
box of cigars	2

If, before using any items to attack the blob, you have *less than* 13 points in total, turn to **297**; otherwise, turn to **232**.

41

The Redneck slams into your starship's tail which, luckily, is still protected by shields. Prudently you decide to exit light-warp prematurely, to examine the damage, before continuing. Back in 'real space', the damage appears to be slight: a few smouldering pods are quickly extinguished, and a blood-streak on the port retro easily removed. This time, you decide to continue in the less dangerous 4th-dimensional time-warp. However, before you can adjust your controls, you notice ahead of you a monstrous black hulk moving silently across the stars. Do you wish to enter the time-warp (turn to **164**), or examine the mysterious shape ahead (turn to **137**)?

42

'Correct! You have passed the first trial. Now prepare for the second.' The strange man fades away as a massive arm appears in the sky above, carrying a mighty glass fortress. It is the same fortress the Deik was pawing earlier – although it did appear somewhat smaller then! The castle is placed in the field, and the arm departs the sphere. Then, with a loud rattle, the drawbridge is lowered and a fearsome multi-armed beast, many times your size, steps forth. Was this the flea-sized creature you had seen before? Haughtily it steps towards you, twirling an assortment of battleaxes, swords, maces and flails.

	SKILL	STAMINA
AXE ARM	10	2
SWORD ARM	8	4
MACE ARM	8	6
FLAIL ARM	6	8

If you win, turn to **201**.

43

Unluckily, you are spotted by a Valioog light-fighter captain, who commences an attack run.

LIGHT-FIGHTER	RATING 6	LASERS 2	SHIELDS 8

If you win, turn to **23**.

44

You brace yourself as the *Starspray* skips across the water, somersaults and, with a heavy splash, sinks

to the bottom of the lake. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. With precious little time, you abandon the cabin and, exiting through an escape hatch, swim to the surface. A trail of foam and a few bubbles are all that remain to mark the grave-site of your spacecraft; by the time you have swum to shore, even these paltry signs have vanished. It seems that your adventure has already ended in disaster. Turn to 117.

45

Reduce your oxygen supply by 3 points, and deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Farkin, anticipating your blow, springs forward and head-butts you. Bursting for air, will you:

Try a strangle-hold?	Turn to 180
Elbow his stomach?	Turn to 120
Try a waist-clinch?	Turn to 95

46

You break open the sphere and push two of your hands into the heavy steel power-gauntlets. Then, intending to grip the sides of the dome and clamber down to the entrance, you activate them. One of the gloves is faulty, however; it immediately curls itself into a useless, clenched fist, from which you cannot withdraw your hand. Furthermore, the switch is broken, so that the glove's power cannot be turned off! You will require a laser-saw to cut the gauntlet away – but meanwhile you have the use of three hands only. Deduct 1 point from your SKILL.

However, using the other glove, you still manage to wriggle down the dome's side towards the entrance. Marsatu is waiting for you. Turn to 363.

47

There is a small explosion beneath your sphere, and your stinger slashes wildly through the water. As you sink towards the lake-bottom, the Deik's grabber rips the key from your hull, and he releases himself. A moment later, your lungs fill with water. That's your lot!

48

For this game, refer to *diagram* 2 on the inside front cover. You enter the central (white) platform of the Roundabout. On the outermost (red) circle stand your three adversaries (in the positions shown in the diagram). 'Now,' announces the giant, 'the rules are simple. You are on a white circular platform from which you must *not* move. Before you are three rings: red, blue and yellow, each divided into twelve segments. Built upon some of these segments are screens (shown in black). The screens are high and you cannot see over them. It is possible at times for either yourself or your opponents to rotate the coloured rings, with their screens, in a manner which I will now describe . . .'

1. The game is conducted in *moves*, each of which consists of four *phases*.
2. During phase 1, you control the red ring; you must rotate it (and your opponents on it) either

one segment clockwise or two segments anti-clockwise. Your phase then ends.

3. During phase 2, Glip controls the red ring; he must rotate it one segment clockwise or one segment anti-clockwise. After doing so, he will check his position: if he has an unobstructed (screen-free) line of sight to you, he will charge across the rings and attack. If, however, his path is blocked by a screen, his phase ends.

4. During phase 3, Scuttlebug controls the blue ring; he must rotate it either one segment clockwise or not at all. Again, if after doing so he has an unobstructed view, he will attack. Otherwise his phase ends.

5. During phase 4, Mutant controls the yellow ring; he must rotate it one segment anti-clockwise. If after doing so he has an unobstructed view, he will attack; otherwise, his phase ends.

6. If you destroy an enemy, another warrior will appear on the red ring, in the same position as that just vacated.

7. The game ends victoriously for you only if you destroy at least one of each *type* of enemy. If you have not destroyed at least one of each type at the end of a move, you must begin the next move from step 2, above. However, you have a *maximum of four moves* to complete the game; otherwise, you will automatically be obliterated.

Giant Jym Ego drops a spotted handkerchief. 'Let

the game begin!' It is your phase first. If you have the Ionic sphere, turn to 199; otherwise, turn to 345.

49

'Ha!' says Bric to Brac. 'What did I tell you?' Turn to 59.

50

The gas finally clears. You take the titanium cube (the only item of interest you can readily pocket), and press a stud on the chair to raise the gate, as there are no other exits from the room. Next, you listen for any sounds before climbing out. But unluckily you are jumped on by the two Brutes, who had been waiting silently. The man in the white suit and his cat are standing near by, watching the fun! Turn to 287.

51

The Deik's shell now springs wide open, revealing the clammy creature: a large, purple blotch. Contorting itself like dough, the Deik extends an ugly face with many eyes and nostrils, one large pointed ear, and several beaky mouths. A rubbery arm also appears and twines itself around a nearby curio: a small glass fortress imprisoning a flea-sized beast. The Deik eyes you suspiciously before squawking at you. 'Look, lads, seems like tonight's contestant is a volunteer! Ha, ha! Tell me: if you win, what will you claim as your prize? Come now, don't be bashful! You may choose anything from my collection!' Somewhat benumbed, you reply in a weak voice

that what you would like is the Bulb-headed Bicephalon's brain. 'Ha!' cries the Deik. 'I should have guessed old Zud would send another one for it. Thought you'd steal it from right under my noses, eh? Well, I'll give it to ya' – if you're victorious. Take him to the Sphere of Three Trials!' A heavy-pawed Ogre-oid drags you to the floating orange sphere. 'Every night for over an 'undred years contestants 'ave gone into this 'ere ball,' it sneers, 'and ev'ry one of 'em's been done over. Not returned, like. Not only that, but none of 'em's ever got past the second trial neither! Ha! Don't fancy bein' in your shoes!' With a shove, the brute pushes you through the sphere's thin membrane, which re-seals around you. You are trapped! Turn to 351.

52

You pilot the *Starspray* northwards towards Aarok's main spaceport at Central City. The city soon appears: a large blue-walled fortress shimmering in the dawn light. But suddenly a red beam streams out from one of the city towers, scoring a direct hit on your craft. Your port thruster is pierced. Although it does not explode, you will have to crash-land somewhere short of the spaceport. Will you veer towards a black swamp in the north-west (turn to **154**), or towards a purple desert in the north-east (turn to 84)?

53

You take the Ixian's laser-rifle. Add 1 point to your SKILL. Now you may try to open the hatch by

turning the handles in any combination you have not yet tried – either:

Turn the red handle clockwise, blue anti-clockwise	Turn to **386**
Turn red and blue anti-clockwise	Turn to **118**
Turn red anti-clockwise, blue clockwise	Turn to **192**

54

You awaken with blurred eyes and a terrible headache. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. You are alone and so, after a short wait, you go in search of your hosts. Leaving the parlour, will you follow the passage left (turn to 326), or right (turn to **284**)?

55

You are confronted by a gruesome, twisted monster with a long green head and clawed arms extending from its cheeks. Smashing the window-shutters, it seizes you and flings you, head first, into its gaping mouth. Your adventure is over.

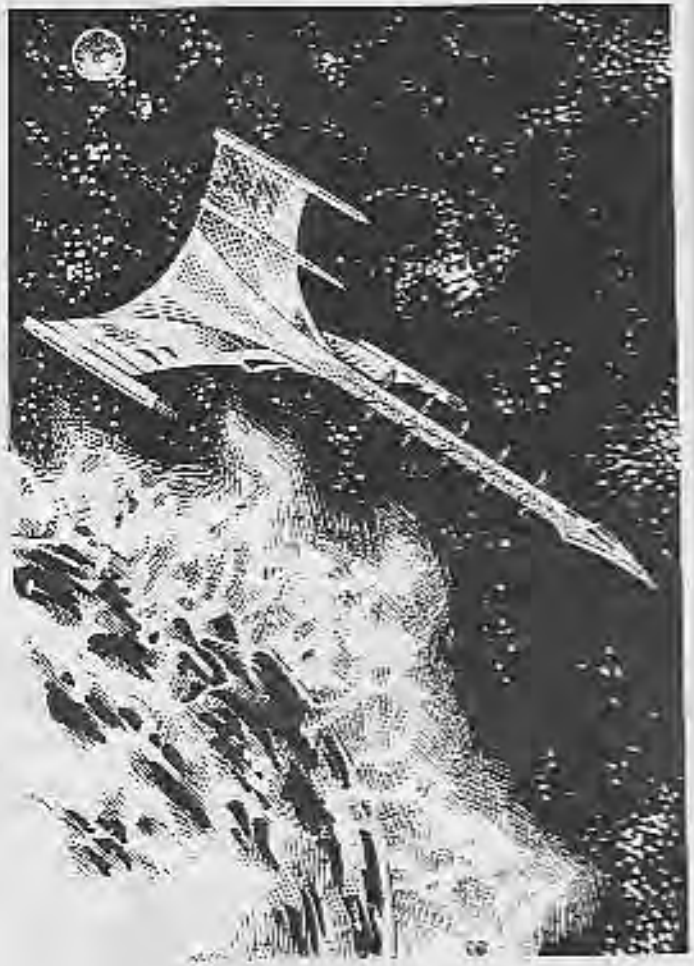

56

With a judder, you re-enter 'real space' in the Calibrowi solar system: a sub-system of fifteen planets inhabited by millions of life-forms. Not far away resides the heart of the system: the ruby-red dwarf-star, Calibrow. But now the sun appears pale and faltering: the Valioog ship is already plundering its energy . . . Within a few moments, you locate the ship: a long, thin vessel, just to the right of the sun. Will you switch your craft into a computer-controlled attack run (turn to 8); activate additional anti-detector shields (turn to 70); switch off thrusters and glide into attack range (turn to 121); or attempt a computer-scan of your enemy (turn to 163)?

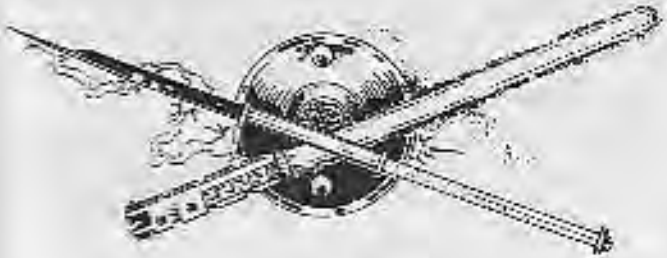

57

The tetrahedron is made of glass and is about six feet high: it is floating, a foot above a triangular black base-plate upon the floor. There is a glass door in the prism's side. You may enter the prism by the door (turn to 224), examine the base plate (turn to 38) or, if you haven't done so already, approach the distant manor-house (turn to 142).

58

Glip now turns the red ring one segment clockwise, creating a free path to you. Brandishing his electro-lance, he charges on his armoured steed into your flanks. You are unable to bring all your laser-cannon to bear on him in time.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
GLIP	4	3	8
GRASSHOPPER	–	3	10

If you win, another Glip appears on the vacated spot on the red ring. Scuttlebug this time decides not to rotate the blue ring, but still he cannot attack. Finally, Mutant rotates the yellow ring one segment anti-clockwise to end his phase. The fourth and final move begins. You still need to destroy a Scuttlebug to win. Will you rotate the red ring one segment clockwise (turn to 310), or two segments anti-clockwise (turn to 361)?

59

'Wrong!' replies Bric, and blasts you to atoms.

60

At the end of a passage, you enter a small, cuboid room which obviously serves as the space station's laboratory. Upon wire racks in the centre of the room lie a pile of bones, while to one side stands a spindly, silver robot. 'Gotcha!' it grates as it grabs you with three multi-purpose arms. 'I'm this star-station's automated pathologist. Let's see what

makes you tick!' With unnerving strength, the robot hurls you on to a wire rack and swivels one of its tinsnip claws towards your throat. You must defend yourself!

ROBOT PATHOLOGIST	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 28.

61

You take a sip. Ugh! It is putrid. Your hosts burst into fits of laughter. 'No, no,' Marsatu says at last, 'that is *foot* ointment!' Now understanding, you remove your boots and place your feet in the soothing liquid. Marsatu does likewise with the green liquid, while Bok serves you both a tankard of hot, spicy mead which tastes delightful. After refilling and draining your mug several more times, you roll to the floor, beaming a foolish grin. With paralysis creeping on, you close your eyes and drift into a jolly dream, while the night outside passes slowly and quietly. Turn to 54.

62

You re-enter 'real space' and examine your spaceship. The fungus has grown to enormous size, covering most of the starboard thruster and part of the fuselage. It has also changed to a light blue colour. You may decide to leave the ship and cut it off (turn to 244), or search for a planet and, passing through its atmosphere, burn it off (turn to 213).

63

You hear the Prefectas enter the laboratory. After a casual search, they depart in the direction of the air-tube, and Vault 6. You decide to stay put and rest for a while. Fifteen minutes later, you notice a chemical sludge entering the bench through a side-port, forming a pool around you. It is slightly acidic and burns your skin. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You now realize that you are in one of the tubs used to manufacture Prefectas. But the mixture in your vat will never form properly . . . A while later, you hear the newly congealed, over-salted Prefectas struggling from the other tubs. They are arguing among themselves even as they leave the laboratory, going in the direction of the air-tube. It seems that the fun is about to begin! Turn to 187.

64

A heavy, grinning robot appears, then exits through a large hatch. But at this moment, the bell-craft is struck by an electrical charge. Circuits fizzle and spark, and the hatch is jammed wide open, allowing two Prefectas, in combat uniforms, to storm the ship. You must fight!

	SKILL	STAMINA
PREFECTA SERGEANT	8	10
PREFECTA TROOPER	8	8

If you win, will you steer eastwards, while deploying starmines (turn to 198), submerge into the swamp (turn to 37), or order the computer to implement action plan number 358 (turn to 358)?

65

The old man squeals angrily. Turn to 384.

66

From the cube issues a puff of smoke. Its odour is making you queasy. During the following combat, deduct 1 point from your SKILL temporarily for the duration of this battle. Turn to 39.

67

You reach for your laser-pistol, but giant Jym Ego is too quick. He punches you with his mallet-like fist and sends you sprawling. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you pocket your dislodged front teeth and stagger to your feet. Turn to 21.

68

Quickly you cut a spindly root from the tree and form it into a crude lasso. When the spider-craft is within range, you snare it; it topples forward into the mud. Unfortunately it also falls on *you*! You are squashed in an instant.

69

With heels smoking, the Mogs bounds across the deck, into the lake. Its ship, now defunct and glowing a curious shade of rose, bursts into tiny embers. Triumph! Steering back to shore, you are greeted by the jovial Sam. 'Superb! Wonderful!' he cries. 'Words cannot express my relief. I did not really believe you would . . . er, I mean, I hadn't expected your return quite so soon. And now, as a token of my appreciation, I give you a great treasure: a fabulous power-jewel!' From a leather pouch he produces a milky crystal, wrapped in silk. 'Take care! Examine it at arm's length and squint, or its rays may damage your eyes.' Bidding you farewell, Sam hastily disappears into the reeds. What a strange creature! And what a strange jewel, you think. It looks just like a piece of common rock-salt. Curiosity getting the better of you, you draw it closer and closer. Now you taste it. It is rock-salt! (Add this to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Leaving the gardens, you storm angrily away, back towards the north-east. Turn to 318.

70

Unluckily, your attempts to conceal your craft fail. From the Starfire Valioog, several smaller spike-like ships are launched. The first of these buzzes in to attack you.

VALIOOG STARFIGHTER

RATING 5 LASERS 4 SHIELDS 10

If you win, will you scan the starfighter debris for

valuables, (turn to 260); dart towards the Valioog mothership at Mach 6 (turn to 369); operate a computer-scan, if you have not done so already (turn to 163); or perform an 'Eigenvector roll', to attack another starfighter from the rear (turn to 320)?

71

With a whoosh of escaping gas, you attach the *Starspray* to a circular, concertina air-corridor and, donning a space helmet, prepare to enter the space station. Ahead of you, at the extreme end of the air-tube, is a translucent, semi-ovoid air-lock which begins to rotate slowly as you approach. Will you enter the air-lock when it is in a horizontal position (turn to 382), or a vertical position (turn to 209)?

72

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 251; if you are Unlucky, turn to 139.

73

All square-shaped tiles change colour again: orange to green, green to blue, blue to orange. Will you step on tile E1 (turn to 68), or tile D2 (turn to 3)?

74

The door opens, and a long, wispy-grey thread shoots out at you. Your limbs tingle and you collapse to the floor. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Just in time, you close the door on the thread, which wriggles and retracts. You decide to follow the passage. Turn to 161.

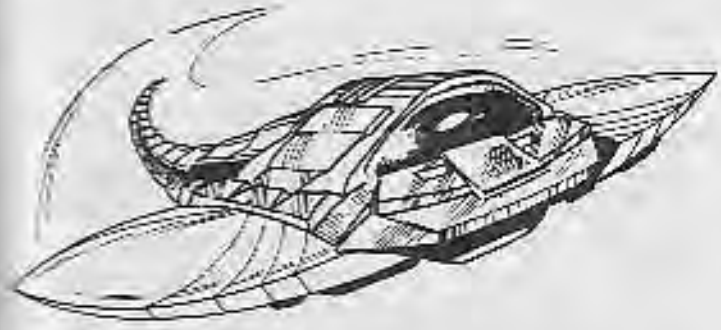

75

Eventually you enter a long, crystal chamber, at the end of which is a cylindrical tank, eight feet high and three feet wide, mounted on three rubber wheels. Curling from the tank's base is an enormous ivory horn; pricking into its sides are half a dozen shiny metal quills. With creeping dread, you recognize the bizarre contraption: it is a Crump's Posidon Tank, a diabolically efficient torture chamber manufactured by the Questions-and-Answers Division of the notorious family enterprise, Elmer Crump & Sons. Many varieties of posidon tank are in use throughout the multiverses, but the Mark IVF model, before you now, operates in the following fashion. The intended victim is bound and immersed upside down in the cylinder's oily liquid. He is able to breathe, speak or scream only through a rubber mouthpiece and hose, leading into the ivory horn. Within the oil exist six tiny mechanical creatures: Crump's patented tinselfish. Each tin-

selfish is controlled by one of the metal quills inserted into the tank's side. When the quills are almost out, the fish are inactive, and swim lazily around their victim, only occasionally pausing for a nibble; but when the quills are pushed further in, they become furious, tearing mercilessly at their victim with sharp metal teeth. Will your mission end here? Will you be the tank's next victim? These thoughts enter your mind as you are dragged down the hall towards it. You may wish to lash out at your captors and attempt a daring escape (turn to 159), or will you desist struggling and, hopefully, find the means to escape later on (turn to 322)?

76

The droid is grateful for your protection. 'But I know that you also are in need of aid,' it buzzes. 'Follow me, then, for I return to my master in the Jedburg Caves. He may be able to assist you.' Having no better plan, you follow the droid for many hours. Just before dawn, you espy before you a huge wall of rounded boulders; beneath the wall are hundreds of cave openings. The droid selects one of these and leads you inside. Turn to 319.

77

Picking up a cue, you roll the white ball into the reds, splitting them and knocking a red into the top left-hand pocket. Next, you aim at an orange ball, intending to put it into the centre pocket. Orange ball? You realize that snooker does not use an orange ball. Cautiously, you touch the ball with the

end of your cue, only to see it wobble about and wriggle up the stick: it is a baby orange blob! Now, from a corner pocket oozes its mother – a much larger blob. Breaking away from the table, you prepare a hasty departure from the hall, as the mother blob re-forms on the floor and comes rolling towards you. During your flight, however, you do have time to pick up any two of the following items, which may prove useful later on.

snooker cue
dumb-bell
cricket bat
medicine ball
skipping rope
darts

When you have chosen two items, add them to your *Adventure Sheet*. Now, will you flee on an exercise scooter (turn to 266), or slide down a transit pole (turn to 103)?

78

After remaining hidden for several hours, you leave the shaft and take an unoccupied tube-car to the city. You pass by many stations before disembarking. Turn to 323.

79

Try as you may, the cylinder will not budge. After a pause, Zud continues, 'Or, as I was saying, it might take Gnasha several days to break out. But I know that I wouldn't want that tube buried inside me

when he escapes, no sir! No doubt you wouldn't like it either. Well, this is your lucky day! My generosity knows no bounds; I also have a key to remove the cylinder. I will offer you both keys you require in return for, er, a small task I would like you to perform for me.' Will you help Zud (turn to 270), or do you prefer to throw the nearest flask of acid at him instead (turn to 102)?

80

You climb into the strange bell and close the hatch. Its pilot now appears: a very old humanoid with green and grey striped skin, and leaning on a cane. Silently, he ushers you into a control cabin where, on a vidi-screen, you watch him fire a laser-cannon at the swamp-yacht. After a short mêlée, the yacht retreats, trailing a cloud of smoke, and the pilot returns to you. 'Heh, heh! Haven't had so much excitement in years! But allow me an introduction: I am Rhio, the caretaker.' Rhio is an Aarokian, one of the original inhabitants of the planet. He had been left behind, more than three hundred years ago, to look after the world until the radiation levels had reduced and the Aarokians could return. Unluckily the race was decimated by a space plague, and now only Rhio is left. 'But I'm not long for this world,' he continues. 'Soon I will die and our race will end . . .' Turn to 179.

81

Epicurien the Torturer pounds his fist into your chest again. This time he notices the tube. 'What's

this – valuable, I'll bet! Well, I'll relieve you of it this instant.' He pinches the cylinder's end with a pair of pliers and begins extracting it from your chest. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Eventually, with a forceful tug, the cylinder comes loose, flies up into the air, and drops down again – plop! – straight into Epicurien's back. Of course, it immediately embeds itself in him. 'What devilish trick is this,' he screams at you. 'Aaargh! Aargh!' He turns a somersault in anger. You can hear Gnasha finally break his way out of the tube; Epicurien's end is mercifully swift. When Gnasha has finished its meal, it hops to the ground. 'Ah, titanium, my *favourite* meal!' it says. Wishing to take advantage of the situation, you say enticingly, 'Come over here, then. I've got some nice titanium chains I will allow you to partake of!' *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 330; if you are Unlucky, turn to 181.

82

Your lasers scorch the *Grand Archipelago*, but cause it only superficial damage.

Starspray: Pitch +54 . . . Roll +32 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 2000 . . .

Will you:

Maintain speed, pitch +62.5, roll −20, yaw 37.5? Turn to 98
Maintain speed, pitch +50, roll −50? Turn to 177
Halve speed, maintain course? Turn to 366

83

The inn is large, dingy and dirty, and so are its occupants, a wide variety of rogues and scoundrels from all over the galaxy. At a drinking-pit, a scar-faced, one-eyed Oc is fingering a silver knife and evilly viewing a gang of five-eyed Tuffits; by the wall a solitary Grey-hulker drains a keg-sized tankard, then devours the tankard and orders another; a couple of Jellimen wobble towards the bar – everyone steps out of *their* way; the room is filled with hyperactive pickpockets, and you must continually check your gear. This is no place for the squeamish! Upon the bar is a large, clam-shaped shell: it is the Deik himself. The shell is closed and appears to be asleep. Amidst the throng, the Deik's wondrous and wide-ranging display of antiques and curios is scattered – many of them having been bolted to the floor or set with alarms. A number of the objects are quite bizarre and they attract your attention: several good-sized tapestries; a large orange sphere hovering in mid-air; a heavy brass gong; a man-sized

candle; and, of course, the crystal decanter containing the Bicephalon's preserved brain. You dare not approach too close to the decanter yet for fear of arousing suspicion – so will you move over to the brass gong (turn to 214), or the candle (turn to 365), or turn towards the drinking-pits instead (turn to 301)?

84

You brace yourself as the *Starspray* skims over a dune crest and plummets into a valley of sand and ash. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. After a brief reconnaissance, you gather your equipment and depart on foot towards the distant city. Turn to 376.

85

You grapple with the demented man, but he dies in your arms. Now, locking the drone to your own ship, you prepare to leave. First, however, you may go through the belongings of the deceased. You may choose any two items from the following list:

revolver
peak cap
poison
can of beer
axe
box of cigars

When you have chosen two items, add them to your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to 40.

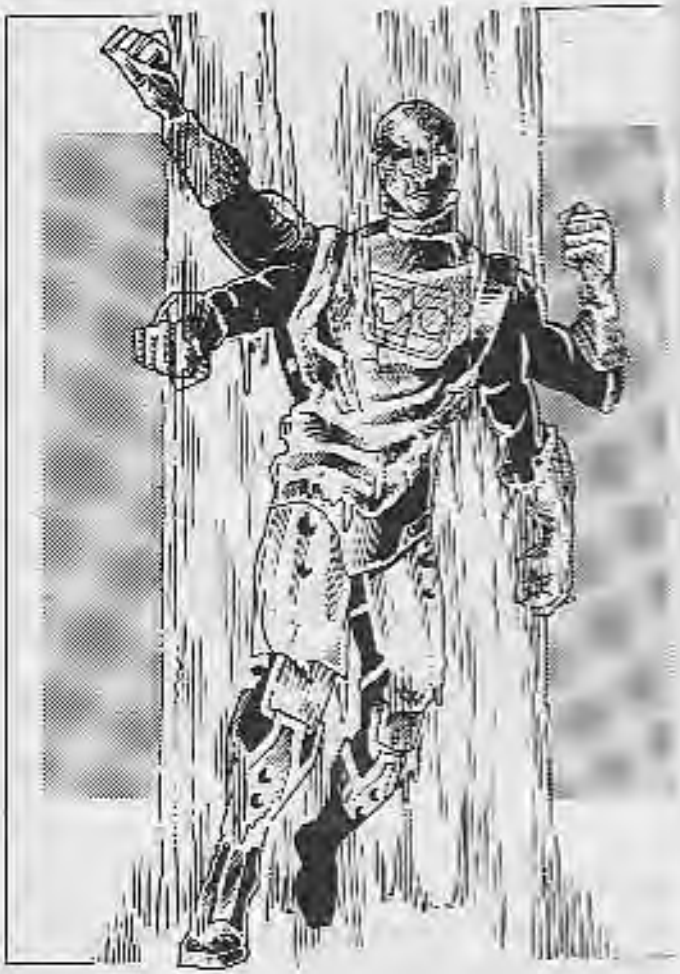

86

You follow the pillar down into the next level. To your dismay, you realize you have entered a hot chamber, crowded with many more cobalt rods – a reactor core! The radiation here is extreme; it strips your armour of its pan-dimensional abilities. Thus, with your head and arms protruding from a metal rod and bombarded by neutrons, your adventure abruptly ends.

87

Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 335; if you roll 3 or 4, turn to 352; if you roll 5 or 6, turn to **64**.

88

Although you must part with the spectron projector, you do find a flask of strong acid (in fact, this is the bandit's homemade drink!). Add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. The toady creature is grateful and leads you to a secret passage running beneath the outer walls of the city. With a wave goodbye, you dive into the well-lit tunnel and continue on. Turn to **323**.

89

The passage leads into a large, rough cavern littered with stalactites and stalagmites. The entire area is the same green colour as the horrible vapour you noted earlier. Many of the pillars are twisted and have grotesque figures around their bases: arms, legs, tentacles, claws and wings all protrude. Obviously they were once real creatures which have

been covered with a sticky green substance that drips from the roof. Near one pillar, you hear a moan. Investigating, you find a hairy, bulb-eyed thing chained against the pillar. The sticky stuff covers most of his face. 'Help me, before it's too late,' he pleads. 'There are pits in the floor filled with liquid. Use it to wash this off me, please!' There are indeed pits in the floor: some filled with red liquid, and some with blue liquid. Just as you are on the point of asking the creature which you should use, a white-haired old man creeps up behind you, and gives you a push with his staff. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 308; if you are Unlucky, turn to 256.

90

The polarizer malfunctions; an ominous burst of red light streams from the device and runs through your entire craft. Your adventure is over, as you receive an instantaneous, lethal radiation dose.

91

Krill returns. 'Follow me, your spacecraft is at the cave's entrance.' The sight of your ship, looking as good as new, delights you. Krill chuckles. 'I put it through a time-loop, so that it never crashed; in fact, it was never even struck by a lightning bolt! Now,

perhaps you will do me one courtesy before you leave.' He explains that his people plan to attack the Delphon craft in the evening, and that you could help them greatly. 'The interferometer will immobilize their ship for only a short time. If we do not destroy them quickly, then they will try to take off, in order to bring all their guns to bear on us. If this happens, we would need you or someone like you to make an attack on them in your spacecraft and force them down again.' You agree, and Krill gives you an ear-twinge: a small, conical device which clips on to your earlobe. 'Wait here in your spacecraft, and attack when I give you the appropriate signal.' Turn to 323.

92

The toady creature points out to you the heavily barred entrance to the strange dwelling. In a short time, you cut the bars and enter a dim passage. Suddenly, you hear a high-pitched whine from the darkness ahead. Will you kneel down and draw your laser-pistol (turn to 183), or brace yourself, ready to throw your electro-javelin (turn to 220)?

93

As you turn the handles, a metal panel in the passage slides open, and a heavily armed creature springs from the niche. It is short, stubby and roughly humanoid, except that it has no head or neck: an Ixian! Three colourful bulbous eyes, mounted on its chest, glare at you as it mocks, 'Can't read signs, eh? Well, danger is what you've found.

Time to die, four-arms!' A light-bolt sizzles past your head as you dive to the floor, drawing your pistol.

IXIAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 53.

94

You exit the room and run down the passage, with Zud in close pursuit. Peculiarly, his machine is jumping and jerking crazily, not entirely obeying his commands. Obviously, you must have injured the Bicephalon's brain when you stepped on it. But the machine still manages to catch up with you. Too late, you turn to fight it, as a heavy pan-headed weapon swats you against a wall. Your adventure is over.

95

Suddenly Farkin whirls around and flips you over his shoulder. Crashing to the ground, you are helpless as the gangster rips your chest open with his powerful clawed legs. Your adventure is over.

96

With a wrenching screech and a splitting of stones, the *Starspray* falls heavily on the shingles. Its nose-cone digs deep into the bank, the ship cartwheels and, with a smack, comes to rest beside a large tree. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. Even worse is to come: you stagger from the escape hatch only just in time, as the tree, angered by the appearance of

your craft, seizes it with an enormous gnarled root, and hurls it far out into the lake. It seems that your adventure has already ended in disaster. Turn to 117.

97

Hastily, you wrap your wounds within the soothing leaves. The 'oint' performs properly, and you recover all the STAMINA points you just lost due to the burns. Dr Strangething, still up on the clock tower, now calls to attract your attention. Turn to 221.

98

Your craft is burned by an acid spray. Reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*.

Starspray: Pitch +9 . . . Roll +82 . . . Yaw −18 . . .
Enemy: Pitch 35 . . . Roll −60 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 2000 . . .

Will you:

Maintain speed, pitch −5, yaw −13? Turn to 269
Maintain speed, pitch −10, roll +60, yaw −18? Turn to 336
Halve speed, pitch −15, yaw −13? Turn to 366

99

Now, all circle-shaped tiles change colour: orange to green, green to blue, blue to orange. No square tiles change colour. Next, will you step on tile A1 (turn to 273), or tile B2 (turn to 309)?

100

The new Glip turns the red ring one segment clockwise and charges across the rings into your flank. You are unable to bring your laser-cannon to bear on him in time.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
GLIP	4	3	8
GRASSHOPPER	–	3	10

If you win, then, once again, another Glip appears on the vacated position on the red ring. Scuttlebug rotates the blue ring one segment clockwise, then Mutant rotates the yellow ring one segment anti-clockwise. The third move ends. Next, will you rotate the red ring one segment clockwise (turn to 106), or two segments anti-clockwise (turn to 299)?

101

As you head away from the wharf, your engines are badly damaged by a heat-gun, firing from the tube-way building. Wobbling precariously, you steer the craft over the high blue wall of Central City and crash-land in an overgrown park. Enemy scout-ships appear in the sky above, and you leap towards a flight of steps leading to a subway station. Here you take an old underground monorail carriage into the heart of the city. Eventually you abandon the car and head off along a broad, triangular passage. Turn to 323.

102

A direct hit results, and Zud melts in an instant. Unfortunately, try as you may, the cylinder will not budge. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA through exhaustion. Recklessly, you search the room for a key. You find hundreds of them – although none seems to fit the cylinder's lock. Dejectedly, you depart, to continue your mission, believing that nothing can save you from an evil fate. Turn to 7.

103

You proceed via several passages and air-elevators, until you reach a drone launch-away tube. Within it is a spherical, iron-clad drone, suitable for carrying out minor repairs on the station. You enter the drone and lock its hatch; then, placing the craft on manual control, you launch yourself into space, gradually manoeuvring towards the *Starspray*. Suddenly, you are distracted by a moan coming from behind the drone's console. Then a bony-faced man appears, only half conscious. 'Heh, heh!' he coughs at you. 'You, I bet you're a blob, aren't you? You nasty great jellybean! Well, I may be the last of the crew, but you can eat me, too – if you care to die! I've poisoned m'self!' He swings an old revolver in your direction. You must defend yourself.

LUDO KLUDWIG SKILL 7 STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to 85.

104

Pulling out this book activates an electronic trigger, which sets one of the knick-knacks into motion. It is a multi-eyed security robot. It whirls towards you, blurting out a message, 'Intruder alert! Intruder alert! Shoot first, question later!'

SECURITY ROBOT SKILL 9 STAMINA 4

If you win, you may remove a book which you had not previously examined:

Poets of the 57th Century	Turn to 355
Baba's Book of Homemade Wines	Turn to 305

105

Reduce your oxygen supply by 2 points. Your chop stuns Farkin, but he maintains his smothering hold. Will you:

Neck-chop again?	Turn to 45
Try a bear-hug?	Turn to 207
Knee-kick Fog Farkin?	Turn to 120

106

The Glip turns the red ring one segment anti-clockwise, and charges along a clear path into your flank.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
GLIP	4	3	8
GRASSHOPPER	–	3	10

If you win, a new Glip appears on the vacated spot

on the red ring. Next, it is Scuttlebug's phase. He decides not to rotate the blue ring. Turn to 212.

107

Your ship is gunned by a frost-ray. Reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*. Your screen now suggests:

Starspray: Pitch +19 . . . Roll +82 . . . Yaw −8 . . .
Enemy: Pitch −35 . . . Roll +60 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 1000 . . .

Will you:

Accelerate to 2000, yaw 3-5?	Turn to 148
Maintain speed, roll 105, yaw 5?	Turn to 203
Maintain speed, pitch 20, yaw 5?	Turn to 399

108

Outside is a beautiful blonde Delphon sprite, wearing a dress of gold, crystals and glass. Her eyes flash towards you, paralysing you in the doorway. Her hands grasp a chain, restraining two horrible beasts with long green heads, mouths in their foreheads, and clawed arms extending from their cheeks and thighs. The monsters are drooling and snarling at you, but the sprite quietens them. 'Hush, my beauties!' she whispers. 'Your bellies are full of manflesh already. I've a better use for this one.' With that, she approaches and touches you lightly on the temples with her forefinger, then on your cheeks and thighs. 'I am Schaine the sprite,' she says. 'I see you are a sceptic, you do not trust to the

power of magic. Well, soon now, you will.' Laughing, Schaine turns and leads her beasts away into the gloom. Your paralysis begins to wear off, and you return, stiff-legged, to the confines of the hut. In the morning you feel a little uneasy, as lumpy nodules have appeared on your cheeks and thighs, and your forehead is cracked and bleeding. Do you wish to leave the village via Spitflak's Street (turn to 160), or further investigate the buildings during daylight (turn to 380)?

109

Your shield lowers and you are struck by a great mattock: your sphere cracks and flounders. Sinking below the Deik's craft, you can clearly see the key attached beneath. In a final attempt to retrieve it, will you:

Kick a foot lever?	Turn to 47
Punch your ship's control panel?	Turn to 338

110

You made it! You step off the tiles, which revert to their original colour pattern, and Dr Strangething follows your path across. Then you both enter the glass prism and are whisked away to the surface and find yourselves close to the manor-house. Dr Strangething now points a tentacle at the clock tower's face. 'There is the cursor,' he says, 'disguised as one of the clock hands. Ingenious, yes?' The tower is smooth, black granite, but the doctor, employing the suckers on his three tentacle-legs,

begins to climb, while you stand guard at its base. After perhaps a quarter of an hour, the doctor reaches the clock-face, and begins to prise one of the hands loose. At this moment, two Brutes suddenly appear around a corner. You may dive to the ground and laser them (turn to **35**), leap at them with your laser-sword on maximum power (turn to **127**), or, if you have any, hurl a flask of acid at them (turn to **18**).

111

Brac chortles, as Bric shakes his face ruefully. Turn to **59**.

112

Your cabin flashes with the sparks of a delta-ray. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.

Starspray: Pitch +21.5 . . . Roll +112 . . .
Yaw +19.5 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . .
Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 1000 . . .

You may:

Maintain speed and course	Turn to **22**
Maintain speed, pitch +2.5, roll +90, yaw −37.5	Turn to **135**
Halve speed, pitch +30, roll +5	Turn to **347**

113

Standing in the space-ball rink, you hurl the egg-shaped ball hard against a wall, from which it rebounds with increased velocity. The ball bounces at obscure angles; at times you must dodge and flip clear of its path. You survive for one minute and twenty seconds in the rink, before the fast ball becomes too dangerous; so you decide to step outside. During the time you were in play you were hit only twice: deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The result of your game is a score of sixty points (eighty seconds equals eighty points, less two glancing blows of ten points each). Sixty points would put you just outside the 'professional' category: a good result indeed. Now, will you turn your hand to snooker (turn to **77**), or exit the gymnasium via a sloping glide-away passage (turn to **103**)?

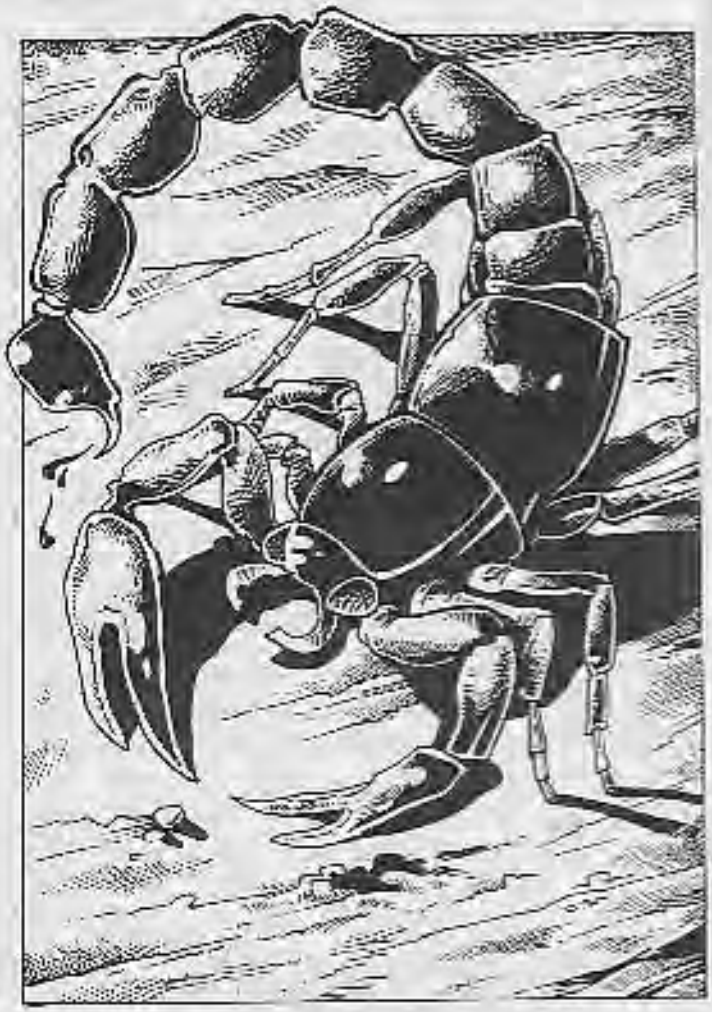

114

Quickly you gather your weapons and flee across the desert in the direction of the towering Central City. Fortunately the spiders do not follow (in fact, your tracks are soon covered by a desert sandstorm). After a few hours, you stop to rest beneath a large sun-cactus, not noticing in time the large Scorbeetle you are sharing the shade with.

SCORBEETLE SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 377.

115

Before you can stop them, the Yappies rush from the laboratory and raise the alarm. You can hear a heavy thud as a squad of Prefectas approaches. With little chance of defending yourself, you decide to hide. There are two alternatives: you may hide inside one of the wooden benches, the tops of which will slide back to allow easy access (turn to 63), or you may prefer to hide in a metal cabinet (turn to 13).

116

You are severely beaten, but you recover all but 2 STAMINA points lost in the fight. You also have a broken wrist – deduct 1 point from your SKILL. The man in the white suit, Woderwick, now approaches in his bubble-car, chains you to it, and drags you away. You lapse into unconsciousness. Turn to 237.

117

For a while you sit disconsolately upon the bank, pondering your fate. Then, unexpectedly, you

observe, wading from the lake, the three-faced droid you had scooped up earlier. It is carrying the high-tech device you could not make sense of. The droid passes into some trees, the rim of a broad forest, and is lost to view. You may wish to follow the droid (turn to **261**), or swim out to your ship to salvage some of its contents (turn to **302**); or you may decide to set off up the vale, hoping to find a village and obtain help (turn to **344**).

118

Disconcertingly, a small hatch in the ceiling clicks open, revealing two lamps: one red and one blue. These focus a purple heat-beam on you, shrivelling your skin as you beat a hasty retreat back along the tunnel. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You decide to look for an easier entrance to Vault 2. Turn to **238**.

119

At the door, you trip over and accidentally put your foot right through the Bicephalon's brain, before departing with it. Although several critters chase you, you easily outdistance them, and return to Zud's chambers. Turn to **129**.

120

Reduce your oxygen supply by 2 points. Farkin topples to the ground, with you falling on top. Now, at some advantage, will you:

Try a head-lock? Turn to **268**

Try to punch him in the eye? Turn to **95**

Hit him with the pommel of your laser-sword? Turn to **357**

121

From the Valloog's portals, a cluster of vacuum-bomb torpedoes are launched. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **342**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **389**.

122

Quickly you cut a spindly root from the tree and make a crude lasso from it. When the scooter is within range, you snare it, sending it spinning into the mud. But its riders, two quick-witted Prefectas, leap from the saddle and engage you in an action-packed fire-fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SCOOTER PILOT	7	8
SCOOTER TROOPER	8	8

If you win, turn to **280**.

123

After a while, the ivory horn blows no more. Marsatu, believe it or not, now appears a little reticent, perhaps ashamed for having murdered his creator. But he notices you glancing at him. 'What are *you* staring at?' he snaps, peeved. He shoves you off balance; you stumble against the cell bars and are vaporized.

124

You pass into a storage room which is filled with electronic gadgetry, gas cylinders, flame torches and many other useful pieces of equipment. A noise makes you spin around and to your horror you discover a blob slithering through the hole behind you – the remains of a spacesuit still clinging to its tacky surface. You must vacate this room – but first you just have time to grab two of the following items, which you may find useful later on.

electrostatic inducer
flame torch
oxygen cylinder
laminex sheet
3-D pictoscope
viscous negator

When you have settled on two objects, add them to your *Adventure Sheet*, then you may exit through a round aperture in the opposite wall (turn to 379), or climb a ladder to the level above (turn to 9).

125

You have come perilously close to the huge spaceship. At the last moment, you swing your own craft into a desperate manoeuvre to avoid collision. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 206; if you are Unlucky, turn to 383.

126

Unluckily for you, the blob's superb driving skills enable it to dodge your abandoned vehicle. Just as it

is about to pounce on you, you notice an open side-hatch through which you fling yourself into a long chamber. It is filled with shelves containing food, eating and drinking utensils, and hundreds of tables and chairs: the space station's main refectory. The blob is close upon your tail as you run towards a revolving doorway at the other end of the room (blobs can't get through revolving doors – you hope!). You barely have time to grab a couple of the following items as you run.

chair
blancmange
carving knife
leg of mutton
teapot
cinnamon stick

Choose two items and add them to your *Adventure Sheet*. When you reach the revolving door, will you swing it clockwise (turn to 9), or anti-clockwise (turn to 103)?

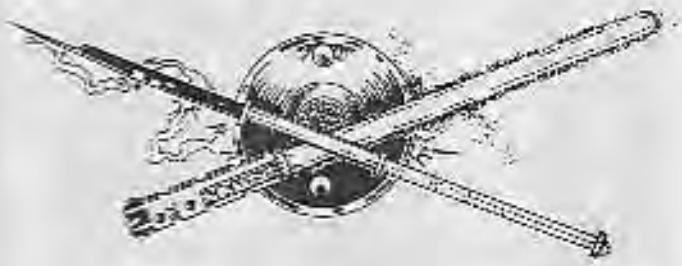

127

Both Brutes scream and charge at you with meat cleavers and scimitars.

	SKILL	STAMINA
RED-NOSED BRUTE	5	14
WARTY BRUTE	6	8

If you win, turn to 221.

128

There is a huge blast overhead as a nuclear mini-charge explodes. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Hastily, you abandon the crippled ship, and jump into the swamp. Luckily, Central City is now only a few miles away. Even closer is a concrete launch wharf, with a hover-ship moored alongside, and a tubeway building. A group of octopoidal dignitaries have recently disembarked from the ship, and are making their way towards the building. Will you approach the building (turn to 17), or the hover-ship (turn to 211)?

129

Zud is delighted. At a command from him, his machine's grabbing arm retrieves a key from a secret compartment, unlocks Gnasha's cylinder, and extracts it from your chest. (Remove Zud's cylinder from your *Adventure Sheet*.) Next, the arm snatches the Bicephalon's brain and inserts it into a small black box beneath Zud's leather seat. Another Bicephalon brain, old and withered, is taken out and thrown to the floor. Zud now sneers contemptuously at you. 'I need the brain to control this machine, for it to understand my commands and obey them. My own withered body is naturally quite useless, and the machine carries out all my functions, even helping me to speak and breathe. As the old brain was tiring, I needed another one quickly, and now I've got it! Ha! I'll show you just how strong I am now, by crushing you like a fly!' The machine rolls forward, raising a metal arm. Will you dive towards the open doorway (turn to 94), or jump on to a desk and draw your laser-sword (turn to 151)?

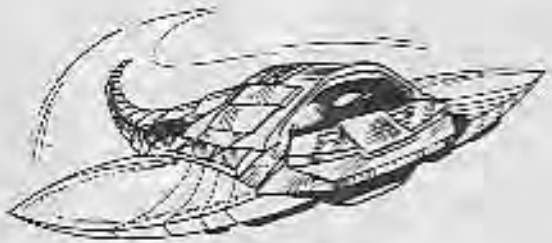

130

Epicurien the Torturer works on you all day, extracting information piece by agonizing piece, until you lapse into unconsciousness, never to awaken again.

131

Reduce your oxygen supply by 3 points, and deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Although your idea is sound, Farkin had anticipated this. He kicks the pistol from your hand, just as you are about to fire. Will you:

Try a neck-chop?	Turn to 105
Try an upper-cut?	Turn to 45
Head-butt Fog Farkin?	Turn to 207

132

'Wait!' you cry, breaking open the sphere and offering them the headset. 'If you don't blab, I'll give you this!' Luckily for you, the Yappies have never seen a headset before, so they stay to examine it. First, you place it on Zap's head and tune it in to the funkiest radio-station in the galaxy. The other two soon take their turns in listening. 'Wow!' cries Zap. 'Cool, man-thing!' shouts Brag. 'Rock my cosmic marbles!' says the third, slapping his companion's paws. 'This is terrifico! OK, we'll keep the beat box, and you can space out o' here.' You vacate the laboratory as quickly as you can, and return to Vault 6, where you hide in a ventilator shaft. The fun is about to begin! Turn to 187.

133

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **157**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **27**.

134

Heat is 'solid' in the 17th dimension, so, rather than killing the warrior, you have merely tied it up in a mass of long, silvery laser-cords! Now you have leisure to examine the basement in some detail. You walk around the walls, now and then sticking your head through to see what is beyond. There also appears to be another level below the basement. If you wish to examine this, turn to **86**; if you prefer to pass through a wall into another room, turn to **174**.

135

You are caught in a pulser beam. Reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*. Now, your situation is:

Starspray: Pitch +54 . . . Roll +82 . . . Yaw −5 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 1000 . . .

Will you:

Maintain speed, pitch +20?	Turn to **366**
Halve speed, pitch +80?	Turn to **312**
Accelerate to 2000, pitch +50?	Turn to **269**

136

The crew manage to repulse the attackers after a fierce struggle. But your ship is crippled and must soon put you down to lighten its load. Turn to **52**.

137

Ahead of you rears the dark hull of a gigantic revolving space station. Peculiarly, it is emitting a series of radio signals which, apart from a distress code, you are unable to interpret. You decide to dock there, but as you approach you are confronted by a lightweight auto-drone. The drone's function is to protect the station from intruders such as yourself!

AUTO-DRONE RATING 6 LASERS 4 SHIELDS 7

If you win, turn to **71**.

138

One of the most useful tricks you have learnt is how to feign death. Now, you hold your breath, slow your heartbeat and lower your body temperature so much that you do indeed appear stone dead! The spider-guard is almost as mortified as you are. 'No, this can't be!' it squeaks. 'I didn't hit him *that* hard!' The spider performs a wild dance of frustration, before scuttling off to summon its companions. These arrive shortly and slit open your cocoon to check your heartbeat. 'Fool!' one of them says to your guard. 'You *have* killed him! Now we'll have to eat him before he's been properly stewed; that delightful, subtle flavour will be lacking! Bah, when the Queen finds out, you'll suffer for it!' After a struggle, the guard is overpowered and dragged underground to a horrible fate. Mercifully, you have been left alone – and free! Turn to 114.

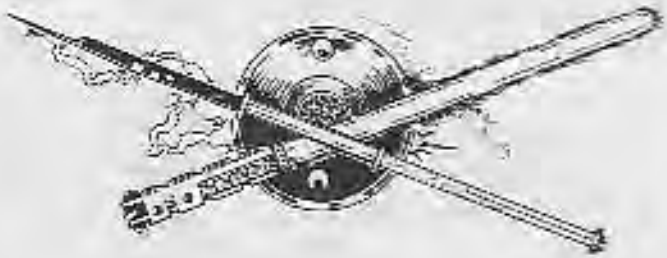

139

'Durning, huh?' you reply in a daze, as the Deik calls you over again. Now he is furious. 'So, we've got a moron to contend with, eh? OK boys, show him the door!' Two brutish Hulks appear from behind the bar, seize you and beat you insensible, before throwing you out. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. 'And you'll stay out, if you know what's good for yer!' With Gnasha gnawing away inside you and no hope of recovering the Bicephalon's brain, your fate seems sealed. Dejectedly, you decide to forget about Zud and his task, and continue with your own mission – while you have time. Turn to 17.

140

You continue for some distance past arched passages and iron-bound doors. Then suddenly you hear a noise behind you: two bubble-cars are approaching. The first contains a purple-skinned man in a white suit, stroking a three-eyed black cat. The second car holds two green-skinned Brutes with long noses and thick, pudgy hands holding clubbers: long poles with mechanically operated wood-and-leather cudgels on their ends. Each Brute is protected by a suit of banded iron. When they see you, the man in the first car yells: 'You there, halt! Master and Woderwick command!' The two Brutes leap from their vehicle. Will you try to outrun them (turn to 339), or kneel in the passage and shoot at them (turn to 287)?

141

This manoeuvre showed real flare! Turn to 206.

142

You hear music coming from a room in the manor, so you creep to a window and peer inside. You see a strange, purple-skinned man dressed in a white suit; he is sitting on a stool and daintily plucking the strings of an electric balalaika. Beside him, on a cushion, is a three-eyed black cat. Your view is partly obscured by a window shutter, and so you hear, but do not see, a door open to one side of the room. From this a gruff voice speaks: 'We've looked everywhere, boss, but cannot find it.' The purple-skinned man glances at the cat and then back to the

door. 'Send for Epicurien, then, and we'll soon know,' he replies. The door slams shut. Now, will you approach the front entrance (turn to **239**), or, if you haven't already done so, approach the nearest tetrahedron (turn to **57**)?

143

After a moment, there is a bright flash to your left. Several Valioog starfighters are incinerated in a massive fireball, and even your own craft is damaged; reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*. Will you now commence a strafing run on the Valioog mothership (turn to **369**), remain at distance and scan the enemy craft (turn to **215**), or risk switching on the nuclear accelerators (turn to **292**)?

144

'Wonderful!' Sam exclaims. 'You see, L' Bastin sent a diabolical creature, a Kanberran Mogs monster, to kill me. It would have got me soon, too, but for your generous offer of help.' Sam now leads you to an old iron barge hidden among the reeds. 'The Mogs monster dwells on a barge, somewhat similar to this, in the middle of the lake. If you take this boat

out now, you may catch it unawares. Of course, I would do this myself except, well, I lack the heart for fighting. It was not built within me, so to speak!' Somewhat flustered, you heave your craft into the lake, preparing for your assault. Turn to **353**.

145

You board an unoccupied tube-car and leave for the city. Unluckily, you meet another carriage coming down the tube from the opposite direction. There is a terrific blast as the two vehicles collide, and you are thrown forward. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. In a daze, you scramble from the wreckage, along the tube and into the city. Turn to **323**.

146

The lasers crackle, and the water beneath Mogs' ship sizzles and steams: you fired too low. Mogs prepares to retaliate as you adjust your aim.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
MOGS' CUTTER	9	3	10
YOUR OLD BARGE	–	3	7

If you win, turn to **69**.

147

'You lazy, fat thing!' you yell back. 'I hope you're eaten by your queen; I bet your father was!' Unluckily for you, the last comment is indeed true. The spider is most infuriated, and beats you to death with a rock.

148

Your ship is scarred by a scintillating, multi-coloured ray. Reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*.

Starspray: Pitch +36.5 . . . Roll −112 . . .
Yaw −5 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . .
Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 2000 . . .

You may:

Maintain speed, pitch 17.5, roll 112, yaw −5	Turn to 336
Halve speed, pitch 2.5, roll 30	Turn to 366
Accelerate to 4000, pitch 5	Turn to 248

149

As you touch the hemisphere, a coloured streak of light shoots from it towards the floor. The light-ray gradually forms into a little holographic creature who, strangely, begins to recite the ship's battle procedure plans. The hemisphere is obviously an information storage bank. You listen for some time, '. . . and finally,' recites the little creature, 'action plan number 368: suicide strategy, employing a ten-megaton bomb.' The holograph disappears. As the hemisphere may provide you with useful information later on, you wrap it up and put it in your pocket. (Add the ionic sphere to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Now if you have not done so already, you may examine the multi-armed robot against the wall (turn to **304**), or the unmarked wooden crate (turn to **255**).

150

Gip now turns the red ring one segment anti-clockwise, but his path is blocked by a screen. Scuttlebug rotates the blue ring one segment clockwise, and he too is foiled. Finally Mutant turns the yellow ring one segment anti-clockwise, but his phase ends. The third move begins. Will you rotate the red ring one segment clockwise (turn to **58**), or two segments anti-clockwise (turn to **153**)?

151

'Rise!' commands Zud to his machine, intending to climb on to the desk and seize you. Surprisingly, however, the craft responds by jerking around crazily, spinning like a top, and trying to climb the walls – obviously you must have injured the Bicephalon's brain when you trod on it. Before Zud can gain control, you try a command of your own: 'Fold!' The machine immediately responds, by collapsing to the floor and folding its peculiar metal arms and legs. Then it sparks and seizes up entirely, trapping Zud. He is in a rage as you search his chambers, looking for a plan or key which will help you to gain access to Vault 2. Unluckily, you find neither, so you steal a bottle of acid in payment for all your troubles (add this to your *Adventure Sheet*), and depart the chamber. Turn to 25.

152

The bowl you are standing in fills with fire. You dance a not-too-merry jig, as does Dr Strangething. Deduct 5 points from your STAMINA. Eventually the fire dies down. If you are still alive, you may continue through the passages. Turn to 200.

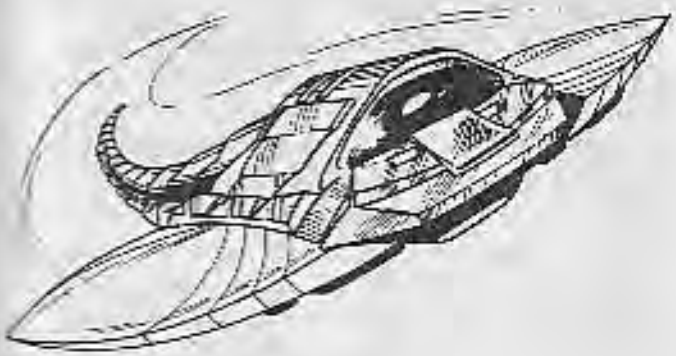

153

Glip now turns the red ring one segment clockwise, and has an unobstructed path. Aiming an electro-lance, he charges on his armoured steed into your rear. You are unable to bring all your weapons to bear on him in time.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
GLIP	4	3	8
GRASSHOPPER	–	2	10

If you win, another Glip appears on the vacated segment on the red ring. Next, Scuttlebug rotates the blue ring one segment clockwise. Finally Mutant rotates the yellow ring one segment anti-clockwise, and the third move ends. Now, will you rotate the red ring one segment clockwise (turn to 106), or two segments anti-clockwise (turn to 299)?

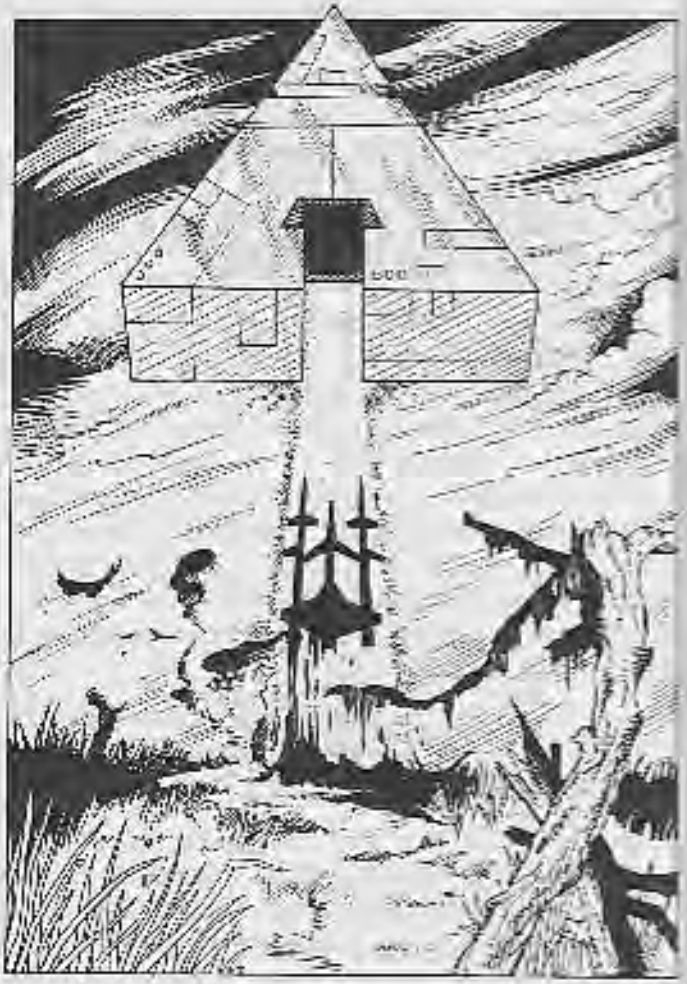

154

The *Starspray* jerks to a halt in the swamp, smoke streaming from the damaged port engine. Abandoning your craft, you wade through the thick ooze towards a gnarled tree, half a mile distant. Just as you reach it, you spot an enormous triangular ship approaching from the city. It hovers over your own craft, picking it up on a tractor-beam, and releasing three small scoutcraft before departing. The scoutships, a rocket scooter, a long-legged spider-craft and a swamp-yacht, are ridden by broad-shouldered, dog-headed warriors: obviously Trefectas. They are searching the swamp for you; the scooter and the spider-craft are heading towards your tree. Will you attempt to fight the spider-craft (turn to 68), capture the scooter (turn to **122**), or climb the tree (turn to 165)?

155

You take a sip. It seems pleasant enough, quite refreshing in fact. You begin gulping greedily until Marsatu, overcoming his astonishment, knocks the bowl from your hands. 'No, no!' he exclaims, 'that is not ointment. You have just poisoned yourself!' Suddenly, your stomach cramps, your mind swirls, and you pass out. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 54.

156

Breaking open the globe, you recover the jet boots and try them on. Then, lighting their fuses, you wait for the spurt of flame to rocket you skywards.

Unfortunately the boots are faulty. One is sluggish and drifts left; the other, though leaking badly, is much faster and pulls right. For a minute you leap and flip dizzily through the air, out of control. Then, when you manage to steer yourself downwards and land beside Marsatu at the dome's entrance, one of your boots explodes. Your legs are badly burned. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. Marsatu, whose cloak has been singed by the accident, is furious. 'Look at my robe. It cost me four credits, and now it's useless!' Screaming insults, he beats you repeatedly with a short staff until, finally, he calms down. Turn to 363.

157

As you had hoped, the quill belonged to a brown-tailed Raccoot, a creature found in huge herds on Aarok. The quills contain powerful acid; now you put it to good use by dripping it on to your bonds. Although you singe your fingers (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA), you successfully break free and rush at the dozy spider-guard.

SPIDER-GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 114.

158

Brac's laser fires and misses you, but you jump left and roll into Bric's line of fire. 'Now just you wait, Brac,' says Bric. 'How do you know he's a . . . vstirx . . . tsanngyx . . .' After a moment's buzzing, Brac moans. 'All right, ask him your question, Bric, but I bet he doesn't know.' Now Bric pipes up, 'Stranger, if friend you be, answer us: who is Head?' Will you answer:

Brac?	Turn to 111
Rhio?	Turn to 59
Jabob Neror Chintifox the Third, (the buggy's maker, whose name is stamped on a metal plate on the front fender)?	Turn to 49
The bell-craft's spherical computer?	Turn to 194

159

You punch a Prefecta in the face and twist yourself free. But another Prefecta, quick to react, produces a

stun-stick, which he whirls at you, knocking you down with its powerful electrical charge. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Marsatu cackles: 'You see, it is futile to attempt to escape from my wise master's creations.' The Prefectas pick you up again, and you proceed along the hall. Turn to 322.

160

The street soon becomes a dirt track which, by the middle of the afternoon, peters out altogether. For the past few hours you have been heading through rugged ashlands towards a ridge of red moonstone, bordering the valley. You are beginning to doubt that you will ever get out of the valley, let alone off this miserable planet . . . Eventually, however, you do reach the ridge and, rounding a rocky jut, discover a forking path. One trail leads left towards a spiny ridge (turn to 354), the other twists right (turn to 307); or you may wish to work your way along the base of the hill (turn to 375).

161

As you step on to the plaque set in the floor, mysterious fiery letters arise from it:

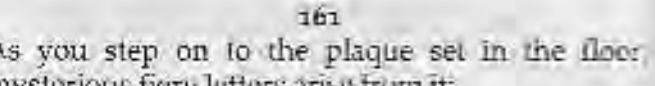

A voice translates: 'Central Vaults Ahead.' You may wish to copy the letters on a piece of paper, and remember the words, as they may be useful later on. Then you continue along the passage. Turn to 241.

162

At a single command from its owner, Zud's machine knocks the pistol from your hand, picks you up by the heels, and metes out a sound thrashing. 'Sheer insolence!' Zud rebukes. 'You cannot defeat me, as you now plainly see. So, will you help me?' Mournfully, you agree. Turn to 315.

163

After a moment, your visual display console flashes with the message: 'Weak spot located on enemy port retro vent 5'. Do you wish to examine the Valiog's port vents using the image intensifier scanscope (turn to 215); switch on an anti-detection device, if you haven't done so already (turn to 70); switch off thrusters and glide towards the enemy (turn to 121); or dart towards the Valiog at Mach 6 (turn to 369)?

164

You manipulate your ship's controls and enter the 4th dimension. Outside, colours swirl and clash as you time-warp towards Aarok: it will take about six minutes 'real time' to reach the planet. After two minutes, however, you notice a fuzzy purple blotch spreading over your starboard thruster. It is some kind of space-weed which is growing rapidly in the fertile time-warp energy field. If it is allowed to spread further, it may choke the thruster and destroy your spacecraft; on the other hand, a premature jump into 'real space', which would enable you to cut the fungus off, could also prove perilous. So will you ignore the fungus and continue towards Aarok (turn to 346); or exit the time–space warp, in order to leave the ship and cut the growth away (turn to 62)?

165

Most surprisingly, as you attempt to climb the tree, a siren sounds and a huge bell-shaped vessel thrusts itself up from the murky swamp. On its top, an iron lid slides open and a voice calls beckoningly to you: 'Hoi, yoi hoi! This way!' Peculiarly, the Prefecta in the spider-craft remains at a distance, cackling profusely. Do you wish to escape into the bell-ship (turn to 29), or try to capture the spider-craft (turn to 68)?

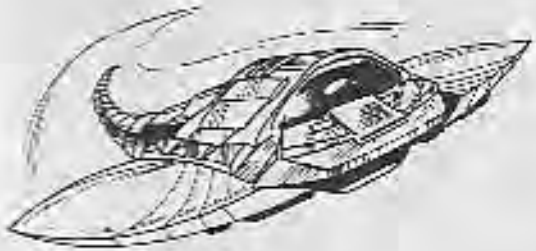

166

The man in the white suit, Woderwick, and the three-eyed black cat have been watching the fight from the safety of their bubble-car. Now Woderwick screams, 'Those widiculous cweatures! Well, I'll show him.' Woderwick aims a cone-shaped device at you. Many scintillating, rainbow-coloured strings branch out from it, hitting you and knocking you unconscious. Turn to 237.

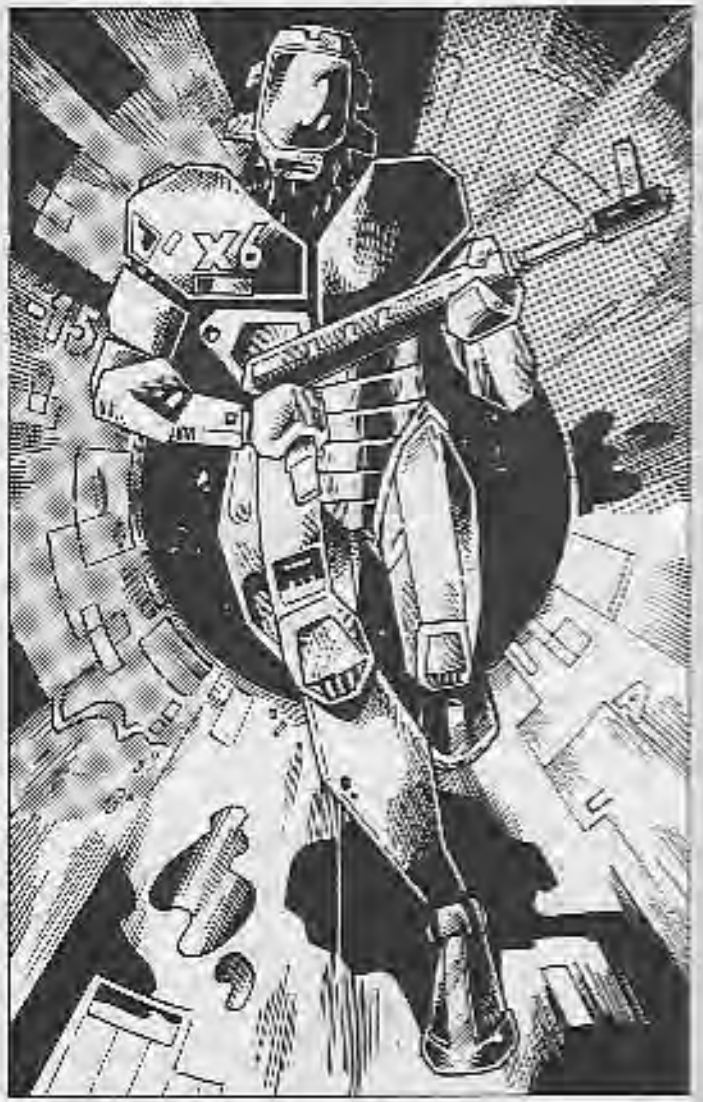

167

You dash along a sloping passage, but are pursued by a faceless defence Cyborg – which catches up with you in no time at all. Now you must defend yourself.

CYBORG SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 173.

168

'Alas!' replies Marsatu. 'Though I would dearly wish it otherwise, I am a businessman by nature. As such, I cannot return your money in whole, or even in part.' Jym is growing irritated. 'Come on, then! Time is money, and my time is valuable. Shell out or clear off!' You will have to attempt to sweet-talk Jym into helping you for free (turn to 195), or light him and try to operate the Roundabout yourself (turn to 67).

169

When you arrive at the launch wharf, you abandon your craft. You notice that a group of octopoidal dignitaries have disembarked from the hover-ship and are moving slowly towards the tubeway building, flanked by lion-masked guards. Will you approach the tube station (turn to 17), or the hover-ship (turn to 211)?

170

Passing before her bow, you fire the lasers at the wheelhouse. A direct hit results, smoke billows, and molten metal flies in all directions. Mogs, screaming with rage, appears on deck, to leap behind a twin-barrelled laser.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
MOGS' CUTTER	9	2	10
YOUR OLD BARGE	–	3	7

If you win, turn to 69.

171

For hours now, the lumps on your cheeks and thighs have been growing. Suddenly you pass out, as spasms of pain rack your body. When you awaken you find you have mutated into one of Schaine's hideous creatures. And she is leading you by a chain into the vast, crystal spaceship! Your adventure is over.

172

Your ship is hit by a salvo of air-torpedoes. Several crew are killed, and you are pierced by shrapnel. Deduct 6 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 329.

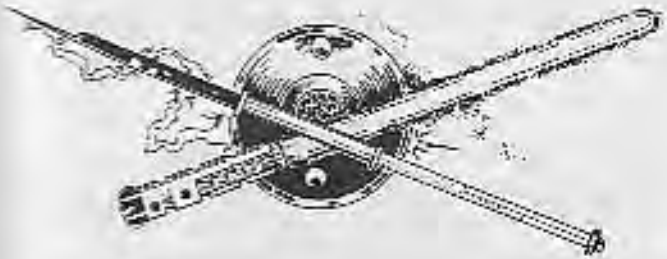

173

The passage tapers down until it is less than four feet in diameter, then ends abruptly at a circular door secured by a security lock. Luckily for you, lock-picking was one of the skills you acquired at the space academy, so in very little time you open the door and enter an octagonal, rubber-floored room. Within, you find a number of motorized trolleys and outlandish three-wheeled scooters: obviously they are designed to carry the space station's heavy equipment from one place to another. Intrigued, you climb aboard a scooter and examine its controls. But you are distracted by a slobbering noise from behind. Turning, you are astonished to see a very hungry-looking orange blob rolling towards you. Since blobs are difficult to kill, you decide to vacate the room at once, using the high-powered scooter. You switch it on and throttle forward. Will you pass through the open double-doors ahead of you (turn to **219**), or through the swinging doors on your right (turn to **266**)?

174

Finding nothing of note in the room, you climb a flight of steps and, passing through a trap-door, enter the levels above. Turn to **385**.

175

You withdraw the quills just in time, and save L'Bastin. However, Marsatu is more than a little peeved. 'He deserves death, and so do you!' he screams. With fists flailing, he lunges at you: but you manage to dodge sideways. Marsatu careers into the bars behind and disappears in a loud 'fupff'. L'Bastin moans his gratitude. 'You have saved me from that oaf, and in happier circumstances I would have rewarded you.' You help L'Bastin out of the tank and explain your mission to him. 'Alas, the defence computers are now beyond your reach,' he replies, 'even if you were free. But the Prefectas can be stopped in another way, which is this . . .' L'Bastin explains that, at present, he has produced only one batch of several hundred Prefectas, although another batch is under preparation in his vats in Vault 7. 'The first lot are impure: I accidentally spilt too much of one particular ingredient into their mixture. Although they do not realize it, it has made them haughty, overbearing and disloyal. If even more of the same chemical was added to the new batch, I am sure they would squabble among themselves, probably to our advantage. Unfortunately I have no more of the chemical left: I sprinkled the last of it on my dinner several days ago!' 'What *is* the ingredient, then?' you ask. 'Impure sodium chloride,' L'Bastin answers. Common salt! If you have any rock-salt, turn to **306**; otherwise, turn to **259**.

176

Your vessel rapidly sways from the path of a Deik lunge, then counter-attacks with a power-saw, which bites savagely through his hull. With a squeal, he cuts your saw blade pole with a steel snipper. Then his spiker punctures your ship, injuring you. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Do you wish to:

Pull a scarlet nodule?	Turn to 264
Ring a chime?	Turn to 372
Squeeze a red jelly?	Turn to 314

177

You close in on the flank of your prey.

Starspray: Pitch −21.5 . . . Roll +112 . . .
Yaw −19.5 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . .
Yaw −13 . . .
Relative speed 2000 . . .

You may:

Halve speed, pitch +30	Turn to 231
Halve speed, roll +30, yaw −10	Turn to 22
Halve speed, roll +5, yaw −5	Turn to 203

178

You must fight the spiders from a precarious position, so deduct 1 point from your SKILL temporarily during the following combat.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BROWN SPIDER	8	4
FAT SPIDER	7	4
SPINDLY SPIDER	6	6

If you win, turn to 273.

179

You explain your mission to Rhio. He is most sympathetic and offers to lead you towards Central City; you readily accept. Manipulating the craft's controls, he submerges the huge bell and directs it northwards through the swamp, switching it to auto-control before reclining into a plush, feather-cushioned chair. 'I'm a little fatigued,' says the ageing Rhio. 'I'm afraid the excitement's been a little too much for me, and I must rest. However, if you wish to explore the lower levels of my ship, you're welcome to do so; you may even find some items of use to you. But be careful: some of the equipment may prove dangerous if handled improperly.' His

head nods and soon he is fast asleep. Will you wait for him to wake up (turn to 296), or will you explore the ship (turn to 392)?

180

Reduce your oxygen supply by 4 points. Farkin is too powerful. You are unable to break his smothering grip. Will you:

Grope for your laser-pistol?	Turn to 131
Try a neck-chop?	Turn to 105
Trip Fog Farkin?	Turn to 207

181

'No, thank you!' says Gnasha. 'My mother told me never to accept cold metal from a stranger! Besides, I am no longer hungry.' It leaves Epicurien and, bounding across to the door, slips through the iron grille and departs, leaving you to an unpleasant fate. Your adventure is over.

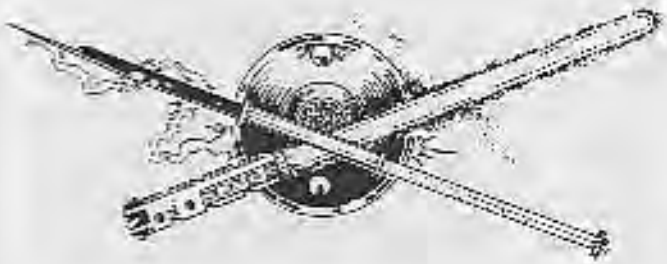

182

Unfortunately, before you reach Aarok, your communicator crackles with the voice of your leader, King Vaax. 'A slight detour, I'm afraid,' he says. 'Another urgent matter is before us. Within your vicinity is a Starfire Valioog; you must destroy it before it sun-homes. That is all!' Starfire Valioogs, you recall, are elusive fighting ships from the 57th dimension. They are enormous, immensely powerful, almost invincible: a fearsome armada in one ship. Their purpose is to wage destructive war in the higher planes. They rarely enter the lower dimensions, but when they do, their sole purpose is to sun-home. In order to drive their massive engines, refurbish draining force-shields, and restock with plasma-bolts, Valioogs plunder enormous quantities of energy from stars, often sucking them dry and leaving barren husks or empty space behind. Turn to 56.

183

The whining ceases, and there is an explosion as an invisible spectron-pellet explodes over your head. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to 243.

184

Lying face downwards, you slip through the floor into the manor's basement: a high open area with a heavy stone floor and jutting pillars of cobalt and carbon. You are on the point of examining a pillar when a fuzzy black orb attracts your attention. It is an armoured being of the 17th dimension, and you have invaded its domain! Luckily, your laser's heat is effective against it.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
17th-D BEING	9	2	6
YOUR POLYARMOUR	–	2	9

If you win, turn to 134.

185

Turn to 348.

186

The barge, wobbling slowly, manoeuvres towards you. Twenty feet above, it hovers, and an enormous nose, perhaps two feet long, appears over its side, followed by a small, beady-eyed face. 'Ahoy there, stranger!' yells this creature, the captain. 'You seem an able-bodied soul! I'm short on crew; if you come aboard, I'm sure we could come to some arrangement: your labour in return for a passage to the distant city, perhaps?' A rope ladder is cast over the side. Will you climb aboard (turn to 364), or decline the offer (turn to 20)?

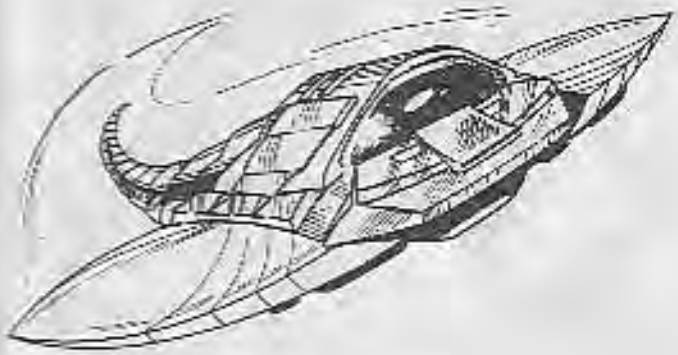

187

As you had hoped, the two batches of Prefectas, the old and the new, begin squabbling among themselves; soon fighting breaks out. You listen from the relative comfort of your hiding-place as the two warring factions charge up and down the corridors, down the air-tube, through the chambers and vaults. It is a great while before the sounds of fury subside. Venturing out, you discover a scene of dreadful carnage; bodies of hundreds of Prefectas, blasted by lasers or hacked to pieces by wicked implements, are strewn throughout the confines of vaults 6 and 7. In one room only do you meet a live Prefecta; it is badly wounded and will soon die. 'I am the last of my race,' it croaks. 'What an empire we could have built for ourselves! My strength ebbs, but if I am to die, I will go down fighting, as a warrior!' It attacks you with a sharp cutlass.

LAST PREFECTA SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 400.

188

More Brutes appear, and one of them takes a pot-shot at you. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you are soon overwhelmed and captured. Turn to 367.

189

The solvent is acidic, and burns your hands. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Now, will you use the red solvent (turn to 324), or blast the rocky pillar with your laser (turn to 373)?

190

Suddenly a ship appears below. In every respect it resembles your own craft: it is your 'shadow', produced by the wondrous miracle of technology. The 'shadow' veers away, hotly pursued by small Valioog starfighters and a stick of homing torpedoes. Unfortunately, however, the fire in your rear laser turret has caused a great deal of damage. Remove the aft LASER from your spacecraft plan *permanently*. Turn to 43.

191

'Ya' *lie*, scint!' the old man barks, ''tis not ya' time, ha!' He punches you in the face and pushes you into your bowl. Several of the inn's other patrons, believing this to be jolly good fun, join in and try to

drown you in the liquor, before you manage to overwhelm them and knock them cold. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Unfortunately, the fracas has awoken the Deik, who now calls you over. Will you pretend to be a cretin and answer him stupidly (turn to 139), or act like a rogue and answer him arrogantly (turn to 36)?

192

The hatch explodes, blowing apart not only a large portion of the passage but yourself as well.

193

Tungsten-Klaw's grand ship is now very close. Your situation is:

Starspray: Pitch 0 . . . Roll +60 . . . Yaw 0 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 1000 . . .

You may:

Maintain speed, pitch +35, roll +120, yaw +13	Turn to 141
Maintain speed, pitch −35, roll −120, yaw −13	Turn to 383
Maintain speed, roll −120	Turn to 125

194

'Correct!' Bric replies. 'What do you . . .?' Bric's question is cut short by a suddenly blaring siren, and you must return hastily to the level above. Turn to 296.

195

'Great giant, O most noble Jym,' you begin, 'indeed you are worthy of a generous fare. No doubt the Roundabout can only be operated by yourself, a character of great skills and cleverness of mind.' 'Duh, yep!' replies Jym, quite flattered. You go on grovelling for some time and have almost charmed Jym into providing a free fare when Marsatu chips in: '*Balderdash!* Jym, you are an oaf, and I am tired of having to pay your toll. You are a scoundrel and a knave to boot, and I have brought this gentleman along to do just that!' Jym erupts. Turn to **21**.

196

You push yourself and slide with increasing speed over the dome's steepening side. You hit the ground with a heavy 'thunk'. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. In a daze you look about you. Not far away, snickering at your misfortune, is Marsatu. Turn to 363.

197

You pluck a piece of fruit and nibble daintily at it. Unfortunately, the plant to which it was attached is most angry at this, and wraps you in its thorny brambles. You must fight your way free.

BRAMBLES SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, you may decide to eat some strawberries (turn to 362), or follow a corridor leading from the hall (turn to **103**).

198

On a radarscope, you notice an enemy blip to the west disappear from view. Another blip which was approaching at speed from the north-west also vanishes after a huge explosion near by. But you are injured by flying glass and metal. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Five more enemy ships appear on the screen: three in the south and two in the west. The computer suggests that you try one of the following manoeuvres:

Turn to port and fire an electrical charge on the ships to the south — Turn to 185
Dive deep into the swamp — Turn to 290

199

You activate the hemisphere, and ask it to compute your moves. It hums and buzzes, 'The most effective strategy for you will be to turn the red ring one segment clockwise on your first move, and two segments anti-clockwise in all your moves thereafter.' Turn to 345.

200

'Quick and careful, this way!' yells Dr Strangething as you follow him through the corridors into another room. The doctor points ahead. 'There is the way out,' he says gleefully. You see a glass tetrahedron on the other side of the room. 'But observe the tiles on the floor in front of us. Orange, green and blue circles and squares.' (Refer to *diagram 1* on the inside front cover.) 'You must be careful. There is only one way across. The tiles change colour as you step on them. Step on the wrong colour and you will be obliterated. However, the tattered vellum parchment you have recently picked up may provide you with a clue.' You step on the orange square tile C1, and all the square-shaped tiles change colour: orange to blue, blue to green, green to orange. The circles, however, do not change colour. *Note that in the following ordeal, if you turn to a paragraph which does not make sense in context, then you have stepped on the wrong tile and have been killed.* Will you now step on tile B1 (turn to 99), tile C2 (turn to 365), or tile D1 (turn to 73)?

201

The fortress fades and the scenery changes dramatically. Now you are standing inside a small, transparent sphere, bobbing up and down in the middle of a deep lake. Near by, in a similar craft, is the Deik, flushed red and extremely angry. 'So, you passed the second trial and killed my beloved pet Jaj! Well, this is the last part of the contest; you will not find it so easy! You will note that each sphere has a small locked hatch. Also, as you see, each has numerous open vents, allowing water to enter – we are, in fact, slowly sinking.' The only way to escape from your sphere is to obtain the hatch's key, which is strapped to your opponent's sphere, and unlock it. Likewise, the Deik can escape only by taking a key from beneath your craft. To achieve this, both

spheres are fitted with a grabbing arm, as well as a few weapons: power saws, atom lances, electrodes and shields, among others. These are operated by many weird controls within your craft. The Deik grins. 'As we're sinking, I'm afraid there isn't time to explain the controls, so you'll just have to do your best!' The cheat! Pulling a lever, the Deik lurches forward to attack, raising shields and probes. At no small disadvantage, will you:

Ring a silver bell?	Turn to 291
Twist a spongy nodule?	Turn to 26
Break a mauve crystal?	Turn to 234

202

For several hours you follow the causeway: beyond esplanades overlooking oceans of space, past apartments with crystal walls and ivory colonnades, over streams of liquid gold. During all this time, colourful lanterns ascend towards the roof, changing hue and casting smaller, dark shadows across your way: mid-day approaches. Pausing for refreshment, you review your position. The dome is now about ten miles to your north: somewhat closer than before but, with your own path continuing south-west beyond sight, no more accessible. You sigh and,

deciding to return north-east, turn your back on the dome. Near by, upon a huge glass pontoon, golden chrysanthemums, white star-dews and crimson thunderheads bloom upon the banks of a sweetly smelling lake. How odd! Only now do you perceive the significance of the immaculate gardens and terraces you have been passing all morning. They have all been tended by someone – or something! Sense-sharpened by this thought, you suddenly detect a movement among the willow-reeds. A bright yellow eye unexpectedly appears. Almost simultaneously, a voice screams, 'Drop your weapons, four-arms, or you're charcoal!' Will you relinquish your weapons (turn to 252), or dive for cover, firing your laser (turn to 19)?

203

You are attacked by a small pirate launch which has been ejected from the *Grand Archipelago*'s hold.

PIRATE LAUNCH RATING 5 LASERS 2 SHIELDS 6

If you win, you find that your rapid combat manoeuvres have placed you on a different attack angle to your target. Turn to 112.

204

In Winsome's Way, you are cornered by a gruesome Armatilda, which is guarding its nest of fledglings. It attacks you with its enormous beak, talons, tusks and tendrils.

GRUESOME ARMATILDA SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, you decide to spend the night in a deserted manor on the edge of the village. In the morning, you return to the junction with Spitflak's Street. Will you search the houses near by (turn to 380), or leave the village via Spitflak's Street (turn to 160)?

205

Your ship is jolted by a powerful electrical surge, and for a moment your lasers and computers malfunction. Reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*. When your computers flicker on, the following data is before you:

Starspray: Pitch +19 . . . Roll +82 . . . Yaw −18 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 1000 . . .

Now, will you:

Maintain speed and course?	Turn to 34
Maintain speed, roll −60?	Turn to 135
Accelerate to 2000, roll +60, yaw −18?	Turn to 336

206

Your position, relative to the *Grand Archipelago*, is: pitch 0, roll 0, yaw 0: you are directly behind it! You fire your lasers at its most vunerable spot, and then roar away. Several seconds later the pirate's ship explodes in a massive fireball of heat and light. After a moment's jubilation, you switch back into time-warp, and continue on to Aarok, and your main mission. Turn to 279.

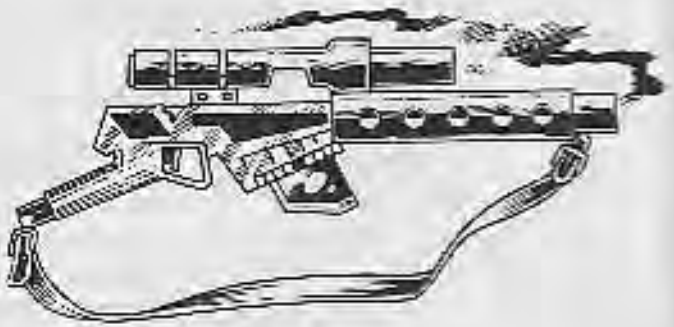

207

Reduce your oxygen supply by 3 points. At the last moment, Farkin raises a leg and pushes you off-balance. Your move is ineffective. Will you:

Try a 'rabbit punch'?	Turn to 45
Hit him with your buckler?	Turn to 357
Trip Fog Farkin?	Turn to 120

208

'Very well,' the speaker rings out, 'you have requested semi-automatic control of this ship. The recommendations I put to you are':

Spin south, laser-fire south	Turn to 348
Spin east and fire-bomb west	Turn to 198
Send out an auto-attack robot with a flame projector	Turn to 87

209

You pass through the ovoid lock and remove your helmet. The air, although breathable, contains the faintest whiff of rocket fuel; it would seem that there is a leak somewhere, so you must be careful not to use your laser pistol or sword, for fear of sparking an explosion. Ahead of you, swaggering around a bend in the tubular passage, there now appears a human, dressed in a floppy blue corduroy cap and overalls; apparently a maintenance man. Beaming a broad smile, he leans forward to shake your hand. 'Welcome aboard the United Star-station *Diabolic*-ese. Barty Baxter at yer service!' There is something distinctly odd about him . . . In particular, his eyes

are orange! Will you shake Barty by the hand (turn to 227), or, distrusting him, hit him with the pommel of your laser-sword (turn to 300)?

210

You plant your foot firmly on the face of the first spider; with a scream it loses its grip and falls to the ground with a thud. But its companions scuttle up quickly, tying you up in sticky webs. Soon you are lowered to the ground and dragged for miles across the desert, towards the spiders' camp. You arrive there at first light. Turn to 327.

211

Surprisingly, the ship has been left unguarded. Relaxing behind the control panel, you steer it away from the wharf. Unluckily, an enemy skimmer-craft is approaching at speed.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
SKIMMER	3	5	8
YOUR HOVER-SHIP		4	10

If you win, turn to 101.

212

With a clear path to you, the Scuttlebug attacks.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
SCUTTLEBUG	5	2	12
GRASS-HOPPER	–	2	10

If you win, turn to 258.

213

There is an uncharted planet on your scanscope, at a distance of twenty-six million miles. Setting your controls for cruise speed, it will take you about five hours to reach it. On the way, you find yourself suddenly confronted by a broad, silver, sting-ray-shaped ship which has apparently just materialized from another dimension. It is the kind of ship often used by Pelhon Rangers, a band of misguided galactic vigilantes. You must defend yourself against this attack.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
PELHON RANGERS	5	5	8

If you win, turn to 14.

214

As you step up to the gong, you accidentally nudge a Red Manchurian, who spills his drink. For his woes, the long-limbed insect snaps at you with his mandibles, and hurls you into the gong. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The commotion has awoken the Deik. Turn to **51**.

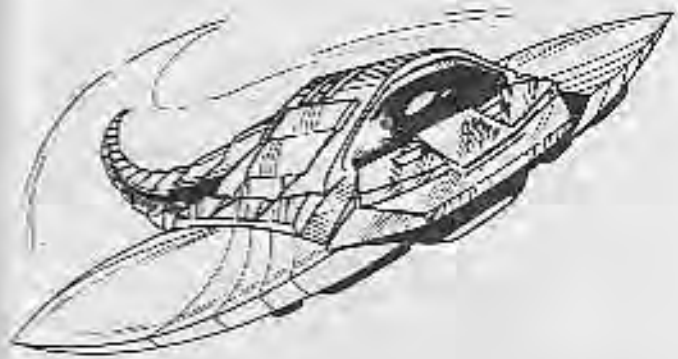

215

Using the scanscope, you visually locate the Valioog mothership's single weak spot, on the port retro vent. At this moment, your spaceship is struck by a plasma pellet: reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*, and deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. A fire has broken out in the aft laser turret. Will you activate the extinguishing spray (turn to **240**), operate 'shadow' electronic countermeasures (turn to **190**), or perform a complex roll manoeuvre (turn to **292**)?

216

The doctor continues: 'Anyway, what of yourself? My guess is that you're to be ransomed back to your family, though you'll probably arrive dead – or in pieces anyway!' At this instant, a squeaky voice can be heard from the other side of the door: 'Pieces enough, it's certain!' The door is opened, and in steps a hideous, corpulent figure with a squared-off blue beard and its head shaved except for a tiny dyed green tuft on top. Two large tusks protrude from its mouth. In one hand it holds the cell keys, in the other a wooden box filled to capacity with screws, metal knucklers, clubs, prods, probes and other devices of torture. 'I am Epicurien the Inquisitive, but *you* may call me sir!' He struts over to you, puts down his box, and grabs your hair. 'Right! I am curious. I have many questions. First, we'll have your name, your origin, and your intended destination. Then,' he says, fingering a curved knife, 'we'll send your family some material proof of your detention!' He pulls a chair up next to you and gropes for an implement in his box, while thumping your chest with his mallet-like fist. If Zud's cylinder is embedded in your chest, turn to 81; otherwise, if you have a sensory capsule, turn to **229**; if you have neither of these, turn to 130.

217

Your vessel is blasted by an atomic torpedo. Reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*.

Starspray: Pitch −54 . . . Roll −82 . . . Yaw −3 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 2000 . . .

You may:

Halve speed, pitch +67.5, roll +30, yaw −3.5	Turn to **112**
Maintain speed, pitch −30, yaw −10	Turn to **177**
Maintain speed, pitch −52.5, roll +30, yaw +27.5	Turn to **285**

218

Sam's eyes flash with red. 'Very well, then. Clear off, or I'll turn *you* in!' Startled by his sudden change in mood, you step away, returning north-east along the causeway. At perhaps fifty paces Sam, now shrieking hysterically, fires his weapon at you. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you turn your back and flee. Turn to 318.

219

You drive through the doors and up a long causeway. Unfortunately, the blob, which seems intent on having you for dinner, is still following, now on a motorized trolley. The creature is a skilful driver and is catching up quickly. You may wish to abandon your scooter and allow it to roll back down on the blob (turn to 126), or decide to continue along the ramp (turn to 297).

220

The whining ceases as an invisible spectron-pellet explodes in the middle of the passage. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 243.

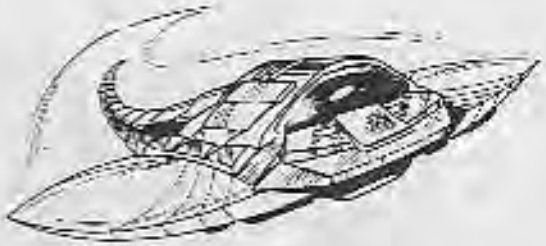

221

Dr Strangething throws down the arrow-shaped hour-hand. 'Quick, run!' Before you have time to move a muscle, Woderwick and Kogo have arrived in a bubble-car, attracted by the commotion. 'Ah! Ah!' says Woderwick delightedly. 'We never thought to examine the clock. Now the cursor is ours!' Woderwick aims a conical device at you. From it fly many rainbow-coloured strings which envelop you and knock you to the ground. The doctor looks on helplessly from the clock tower as Woderwick and Kogo saunter up to you and pick up the hour-hand. 'We'll dispose of you soon enough,' says Woderwick, 'but first for a spot of burglary!' Woderwick takes a crystal from around his neck. It expands and forms a lightly glowing ball around both man and cat. 'Now, go!' commands Woderwick, pointing the arrow slightly up and left. The pair vanish. Suddenly there is a loud scream from where they were standing, trailing off slowly to silence. The crystal reappears on the ground, but neither Woderwick, Kogo, nor the arrow return. Turn to 283.

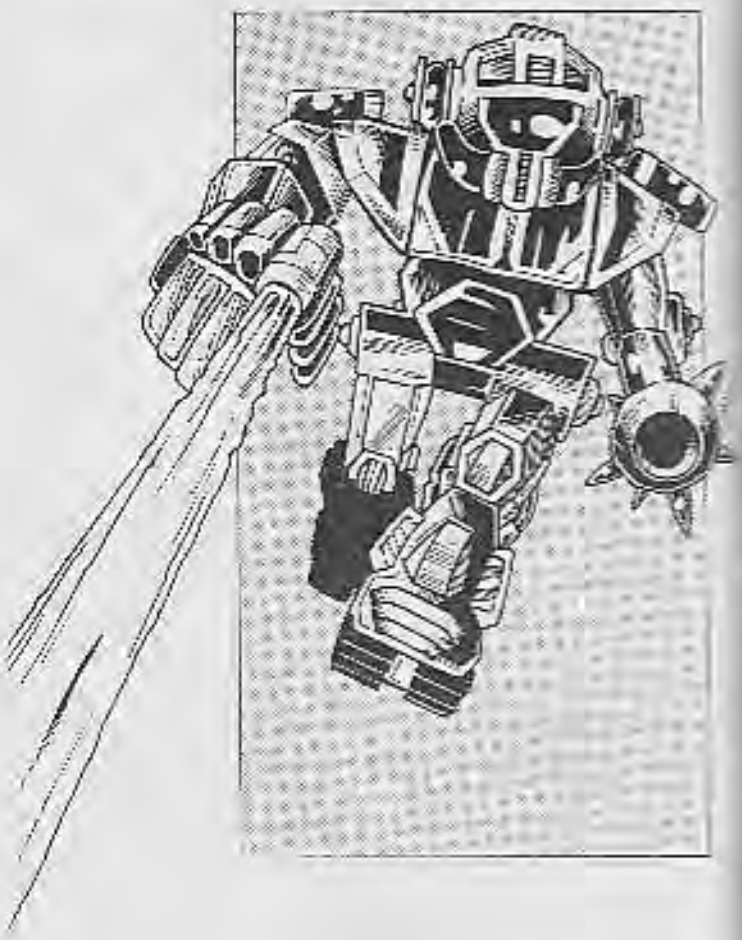

222

To the dismay of the inn's patrons, you step triumphantly from the orange sphere, returning rapidly to normal size. Some of the crowd are hissing at you, a few cheer – but most didn't even care who won. Picking up your trophy, the Bicephalon's brain, you prepare to exit the inn. At this moment, however, the water-drenched Deik steps from the hovering sphere. Of course, the Deik is a molluscoid and could not drown anyway! Shivering with cold and anger, he calls for his guards to slay you; one steps in your way before you can depart.

OGRE-OID SKILL 6 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **119**.

223

Roll one die. If you roll 1, 2, 3 or 4, turn to **158**; if you roll 5 or 6, turn to **6**.

224

The door closes and the prism begins to fall through the base-plate in the floor, and down for many miles. Eventually it comes to rest and you step out, dazed, into a long tunnel. Just as suddenly the prism departs through a triangular plate in the ceiling, leaving you stranded. The passage is dank, dark and dingy. An obnoxious green vapour covers the floor, which slopes gently away. Will you go up the passage (turn to **140**), or down the passage (turn to **89**)?

225

Ignoring Marsatu's incessant blubbering, you examine your gaol. You are imprisoned in a cubic cage, the sides of which are precisely ten feet long. The bars, although thin and malleable, contain 'spike-hair', a scintillating electro-plastic charged to a million volts. Touch one and you will be vaporized. (The dust of a previous victim has not yet settled.) Upon the floor you find a tiny button, half melted and not easily identifiable—you recall similar buttons being worn by Bok, Marsatu's fish-faced servant . . . A quarter of an hour later, the warder returns with L'Bastin, still entombed within the posidon tank. The warder, a broad-faced Prelecta grinning like a cheshire cat, turns the power down to a mere hundred thousand volts and, with a pair of rubber-coated pliers, bends several bars apart. L'Bastin is wheeled in; when the bars have been bent back into shape, the warder turns the power up again. You had entered the cell in a similar fashion: the cage has no door. When the warder departs, Marsatu and L'Bastin begin to argue. 'I'm in a mess now, L'Bastin,' says Marsatu, 'and it's all *your* fault. You spent all your time designing those stupid Prefectas, when you could have been cloning hundreds of *me*! I told you so, but you wouldn't listen. Well, now we're all in this cell, and there's no hope. Really!' L'Bastin's voice reverberates from the ivory horn: 'Yes,' it drones, 'we're *really* in it. But what would I want with hundreds of copies of *you*? You were a disaster from the beginning; I put too much sawdust into your mixture, and it's all gone to your

head! I should have melted you down, along with the other rejects!' In a fury, Marsatu pushes in every quill; the tinselfish go berserk and the oil turns red. Will you help L'Bastin (turn to 175), or will you stuff your fingers in your ears and wait for the screams to subside (turn to 123)?

226

You squeeze the laser trigger and roar away from the huge Valioog ship which, several seconds later, explodes in a ball of green flame, then crashes down into the nearby star, Cabrilow. You have saved the Cabrilowi solar system! Unfortunately, you have no time to celebrate, for you must immediately press on to Aarok, on your main mission. Will you time-warp (turn to 254), or light-warp (turn to 279)?

227

Removing a glove, you shake Barty's hand. At once, Barty transforms into his true self: a bright orange blob. Having an unrelenting grip on your hand, it wastes no time in rolling up your arm and devouring you piece by piece.

228

After you have zapped several spiders, the others beat a hasty retreat, to plan a new attack. You reach the top of the pillar, but you do not have to wait long before their next assault. This time there are many more, armed with hardy shields of interwoven webs, impervious to laser fire. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 298; if you are Unlucky, turn to 210.

229

An idea springs to mind. You break the capsule, releasing the bitter chemicals. These greatly aid your telepathic powers, and you visualize an image of Woderwick entering the chamber. Epicurien, fooled by the image, looks up at him. 'Epicurien,' says 'Woderwick', 'there's been a terrible mistake. Release this humanoid immediately and give him his weapons back.' The torturer obeys without question. You are released, and are about to pick up your weapons when the vision fades. 'What is this,' says Epicurien, startled. 'A *trick*! I'll have yer!' He pulls a meat hook and prodder from his toolbox, leaps over a rack and attacks you.

EPICURIEN SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 253.

230

Luckily, there is a loose thread in your cocoon which you gradually begin to unravel whenever the guard turns his back on you. Eventually you wriggle out and charge the surprised spider. In the following combat, deduct 2 points from your SKILL temporarily, as you have no weapons.

SPIDER-GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 114.

231

After further drastic manoeuvres, your situation is:

Starspray: Pitch +20 . . . Roll +30 . . . Yaw 0 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 1000 . . .

Will you:

Maintain speed, pitch +55, yaw +13? Turn to **248**
Maintain speed, pitch +55, roll +90, yaw +13? Turn to **206**
Maintain speed, pitch +55, roll +30, yaw +13? Turn to **193**

232

After a mighty tussle, you defeat the blob and jettison it into space. Then you destroy the space station. Will you continue towards Aarok in light-warp (turn to 182), or in time-warp (turn to 254)?

233

'A wise choice!' comments Marsatu. 'The spheres are skew-dimensional containers, warping volume as we know it. Break them at the appropriate time to receive your chosen items in full size. Now, we are good friends, yes!' You are not sure whether this is a statement or a question. In any case, before you can reply, Marsatu snatches your laser-sword and electro-javelin. 'An exchange of presents is a good feeling!' he cries. Deduct 1 point from your SKILL. Marsatu now leads you to his stables, where two bizarre mechanical contraptions have been saddled. One of these, an emerald-green machine resembling an enormous grasshopper, is for your use. The

other, no less spectacular, is a gigantic metal turtle with a plush leather seat set high upon its shell. Marsatu sinks into it, declaring: 'Now we are almost ready to seek the Dome of Marvels and end your mission. The way is tricky, and I will guide you for a while – for a modest fee.' (Remove all your remaining credits from your *Adventure Sheet*.) 'Now, mount your grasshopper, and turn the controls thus and so, and we will be on our way!' Obeying Marsatu's commands, you steer your beast to the causeway, while Marsatu follows close behind. Turn to 333.

234

Your ship lurches forward and raises a plastic shield. The Deik, mastering his controls, moves just aft and starboard, then bears down on you, grabber raised and electrode buzzing. Examining your controls, will you:

Squeeze a green jelly?	Turn to 26
Break a yellow bulb?	Turn to 176
Do nothing?	Turn to 372

235

Before you manage to reach the wharf, you are set upon by a swift swamp-yacht.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
SWAMP-YACHT	4	3	6
YOUR COMBAT VEHICLE	–	2	10

If you win, you must abandon your vehicle. Will you turn towards a ventilator shaft in the nearby tubeway building (turn to 309), or towards the building's main gate (turn to 397), or will you head for the hover-ship, moored against the wharf (turn to 211)?

236

'But I see that you have already met Schaine,' barks Krill, pointing at the widening gap on your forehead and the growing lumps on your face and legs. 'Come with me. It is not too late to reverse the transmutation process.' Krill leads you into a tiny chamber, far back in his cave, where he prepares a very special tonic. 'Take note,' he says, 'dew from an unripe cloudberry, picked at dawn . . . spleen of a devil-lizard albino of two seasons' standing . . . the first five leaves of a young ointbush, and water collected from the seven mystic rivers at Chochog: all blended in the prescribed manner and boiled in a gold-crystal vase for six minutes and twenty-seven seconds exactly!' You drink the bitter concoction, while Krill begins a low chant. When he has done, he continues, 'There, you will soon be cured. Of course, some would say that I have just performed magic, wizardry, or even witchcraft: Schaine herself calls it magic; but that is nonsense. I have merely utilized the laws of chemistry for preparing the correct medication; my chanting applied the rules of mathematics and physics to set up a resonance which would activate the compound in your body. These processes are no more magical than the ones

you use to fly through space and time!' Turn to 341.

237

Hours later, you awaken in a squalid brick cell. Your arms and legs are bound by steel cables and clamps to a low metal table. To one side, resting against the wall, are your weapons. On the other side are spiked seats, iron cages and other unimaginable devices with cogs, screws and pincers. You are in a torture chamber! A sniffle and a clanking of chains makes you raise your head. Looking past your feet, you notice, chained against the wall, a weird creature with a huge onion-shaped head and three tentacles. It is wearing, believe it or not, a white coat and spectacles. Its sparkly eyes are examining you. Its beaky mouth smiles faintly as it speaks: 'Good morning, stranger. This will be some day to remember, I can see that!' You strike up a light-hearted conversation with the creature. He is Dr Strangething, the owner of the manor-house you entered

earlier. He was captured and imprisoned by Woderwick and his master Kogo, the three-eyed cat, a notoriously bad-tempered freebooter. 'Of course,' says the doctor, 'Woderwick is only Kogo's mindless familiar, through which the cat may communicate more readily with the humanoids. Woderwick's words are therefore those telepathically implanted by his master. Still,' muses the doctor, 'I believe there to be an imperfection in the transferral process, and that "Woderwick" should really be "Roderick"!' Dr Strangething tells you that he has been imprisoned for some days, beaten and tortured. 'I have invented a crystal, you see, that will enable a person to be transported almost anywhere instantaneously – if not sooner! Now *they* have it – Woderwick wears it on a chain around his neck; but they cannot use it. There is a cursor, you see – an arrow-shaped device which is needed to guide the crystal through space and time. Without it, the crystal is useless. I have hidden the cursor in my manor, but as yet neither Woderwick, Kogo nor their underlings have been able to locate it.' Turn to 216.

238

You are undecided as to which side-passage you should take when suddenly a spindly metallic contraption with springs, cogs, wheels and iron claws comes bounding along the tunnel. Atop it, sitting on a high wooden seat, is perched a decrepit little creature with a large blue head. 'Whoa, there!' he croaks, and his machine halts before you. 'I am Zud the lockmaster. Perhaps you wish to reach the second vault? Come now, they *all* do! Well, fortune has smiled on you. I have a key in my chambers which will help. Follow me, if you will.' Do you wish to follow Zud (turn to 16), or, mistrusting him, go your own way (turn to 7)?

239

You approach the door, wondering whether to knock or try to sneak in. You examine the door: solid oak, bound with iron. It has an iron knocker, fashioned like a lion. Suddenly it lunges forward, snaps, and bites off one of your fingers! Deduct 1 point from your SKILL. Now the door springs open, and two Brutes leap out, armed with revolvers, whips and spiked knuckledusters. 'Looks like a burglar to me!' says one. 'A sneak he is,' sneers the other. 'Let's teach him some respect!'

	SKILL	STAMINA
LONG-ARMED BRUTE	7	10
TOOTHLESS BRUTE	6	8

If you win, roll one die. If you roll 1, 2 or 3, turn to 272. If you roll 4, 5, or 6, turn to 188.

240

The fire is extinguished in a whoosh of gas. Unfortunately, while you were preoccupied with this task, a small Valioog sky-wasp has been released from the mothership, and has locked you into its sights.

SKY-WASP RATING 6 LASERS 2 SHIELDS 8

If you win, turn to 23.

241

The passage begins to descend gradually, and you find yourself at the entrance to a vast dark space, many miles wide and high. This is Vault 2. Within are scattered luminous, opaque tetrahedral prisms but, as you are not very close to any of them, it is difficult to tell their size. The only other source of light comes from a grand manor-house, with a steepled clock-tower, some distance away. Will you approach the nearest prism (turn to 57), or seek the comforts of the manor instead (turn to 142)?

242

You enter a triangular room with a sloping floor of green crystal. In the furthest corner there appears to be a small exit. Mounted on two of the walls are pegs, burdened by heavy spacesuits, helmets and face masks. One of the suits is oozing a luminous orange substance; from it the head of a man juts out. Slowly he swivels his head towards you, coughs several times, and grins wearily. 'I suppose you've come in answer to our distress signal. Well, you're too late! Most of the crew, perhaps all of them, have already been devoured by orange blobs. I'm being slowly eaten by one now! It's quite painless! I just wish you'd come along earlier and saved us. Never mind, I strongly recommend that you leave the station now – while you've still got a chance . . .' He coughs again, this time spitting orange bile. 'But here's a tip for you: don't use your lasers against them – there's a gas leak, and you'll be blown sky-high. If you're confronted by one, run away if you can, otherwise throw something at them. It'll take 'em a while to devour it and – if you're lucky – it may even kill 'em.' He closes his eyes and gets on with the business of dying. Will you return to the tubular passage and continue along it (turn to 173), or will you leave via the small exit in the corner of the room (turn to 124)?

243

Now you can hear the bandit laughing, further along the passage. There is also a loud click: he is loading another spectron-pellet into a projector.

Quickly you rush round the bend towards him. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 343; if you are Unlucky, turn to 331.

244

You don a space suit and, harnessing a jet pack to your back, pass through the air-lock. Then, sidling across the fuselage, you push yourself across to the starboard retro thruster. The fungus is coarse and matted, and when you try to cut it with a laser-knife it turns quite hostile!

SPACE-WEED SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win, you decide to return to the ship, before the space-weed strikes again. Obviously the only way to dispose of it is to burn it off, while passing through a planet's atmosphere. Turn to 213.

245

You peer warily at the spigot. Within it there appears to be a curled wire – possibly electrified. You decide to leave the spigot alone and continue down the corridor towards the exit. Turn to 257.

246

You throw the sphere on the floor, expecting it to break open and reveal a magnificent suit of battle-armour. Instead, the sphere bounces away: it is made of rubber! Marsatu shrugs. 'An oversight on my part; not the genuine article, it seems.' Turn to 275.

247

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 158; if you are Unlucky, turn to 6.

248

You are blown to pieces by a huge nuclear mine.

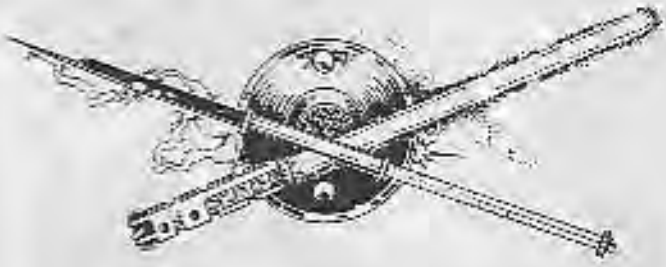

249

The enemy, now at close range, casts a volley of grappling irons into your barge, drawing the two vessels together. The enemy captain, a rodent-faced creature with enormous ears, leads his cut-throats across a gangplank. You must fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
CAPTAIN BIG-EARS	8	8
POT-BELLIED CUT-THROAT	7	6

If you win, turn to 136.

250

Glip now turns the red ring one segment anti-clockwise. His path is no longer blocked, so, brandishing an electro-lance, he spurs his armoured beast towards you. In response, you manoeuvre your grasshopper and its laser-cannon to face him.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
GLIP	4	3	8
GRASSHOPPER		4	10

If you win, another Glip appears on the vacated spot on the red ring. Scuttlebug, gnashing its fangs, turns the blue ring one segment clockwise, but is foiled. Mutant turns the yellow ring one segment anti-clockwise, and his phase ends. Now the third move begins. Will you rotate the red ring one segment clockwise (turn to 200), or two segments anti-clockwise (turn to 22)?

251

Despite your efforts, you are seized by a large Ogre-oid and brought before the Deik. Turn to 51.

252

Wriggling through the reeds is an exotic, striped thing with a slug's head and torso, two stumpy forearms, leathery flukes and fins. It examines you in a somewhat pernickety manner while menacing you with a multi-barrelled blunderbuss. Eventually it grins toothily. 'So you're a *real*, then! Sorry, but one must be careful nowadays. Oh, for the good old days!' The beast returns your weapons and strikes up a conversation. Apparently it was manufactured by L'Bastin when he first arrived on Aarok. 'Many weird things came out of his tubs in the early days,' the creature reminisces. 'I had good friends among them. We were just part of his grand experiment, of course: small steps towards the discovery of his "perfect" life-form. But I was a failure. He said I was too sensitive, and cared too much for the trees and shrubs. Sambuch the Snail he called me.' It snickers. 'Please, call me Sam!' One day, Sam accidentally overheard a conversation between

L'Bastin and a servant. 'When I heard that I was to be returned to the pot, I decided to escape. So here I am, though not out of trouble yet, I may add.' Sam pauses abruptly, rubs his stalked eyes, then chooses his words carefully. 'You seem a generous soul to me. Perhaps you would be kind enough to help me out of, er, a minor predicament?' Something in his remarks disturbs you. Has he been telling you the truth? If you decide to help him, turn to 144; otherwise, turn to 218.

253

You gather up your weapons and free Dr Strangething. You are about to leave the cell when the doctor calls. 'One moment. I know the passage to the surface, but there are traps on the way. No one has ever escaped from these dungeons.' Thinking for a moment, you search Epicurien's body. In a concealed pouch you find a tattered vellum parchment:

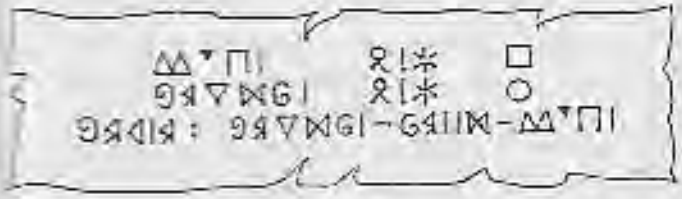

(If you wrote down the 'perspex' message earlier, you may now try to translate these runes.) Now, you follow Dr Strangething through the passages. Turn to 316.

254

However, before you reach Aarok, your communicator crackles with the voice of your leader, King Vaax. 'Another minor change in plans,' he says. 'Within your vicinity is the infamous space pirate, Tungsten Klaw. He is about to raid a friendly world, and we want you to stop him! That is all!' With a mighty rattle, you re-enter 'real space' in the Adelpha solar system. Your sensors immediately detect Tungsten-Klaw's ship, the *Grand Archipelago*, making its way towards one of the richest planets in the system. Throttling forward, you prepare for battle. Turn to 11.

255

You touch the correct mechanism, and the sides of the crate disintegrate, revealing its contents: a three-wheeled buggy. It is equipped with two lasers, one on each side, and you observe a large hemispherical hollow on top, probably to sit in. Peculiarly, the laser muzzles each have a small metallic face machined into them; these now eye you suspiciously, and begin chatting to each other! 'What do *you* make of it, Bric?' says the laser on the right. 'Dunno, Brac,' answers the other. 'Wish Head was here. Still, he looks kind o' nervous.' 'Heh, he's got every right to be, I reckon,' replies the right-hand laser. They talk in machine language for a while, then suddenly the buggy rolls forward and swivels to the left; Brac looks menacing. Will you jump to your left (turn to 223), or to your right (turn to 6), or dive to the ground (turn to 325)?

256

You are pushed up against the pillar, and stick fast. The old man cackles, 'By the will of the globe-headed green giant, it must be so!' He turns to move away, but your fourth arm, which is still free, pulls him on to the pillar also. 'We will suffer this fate together then,' you muse ruefully, as both yourself and the screaming old man are slowly covered by dripping goblets of the strange liquid.

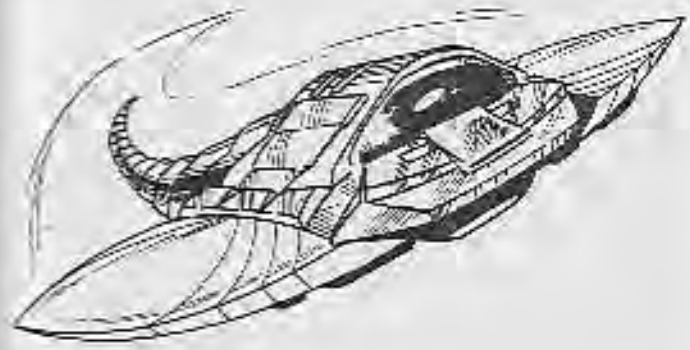

257

Unluckily, as you move along the corridor, your boot connects with a glass spigot that hitherto you had failed to notice, since it was at ankle height. Now the upper end of the spigot cracks and breaks off. From a cavity within it, a long wiry cord unfurls and begins to whip you mercilessly. It is part of the ship's defence network. You may defend yourself

only with buckler and electro-javelin, so deduct 1 point from your SKILL temporarily during the combat which follows.

ATTACK WHIP SKILL 9 STAMINA 4

If you win, the spigot and part of the hoop to which it was attached dissolve, forming an exit on your right. Also, you discover that the left-hand exit further along has become blocked by a newly formed hoop. You may now continue along the long passage (turn to 173), or pass through the opening on your right (turn to 242).

258

The game is over and you have been victorious. Giant Jym Ego snorts. 'Bah! You deceived me. You must be a professional player. Still, I am generous to a fault. To the Dome of Marvels you may go.' Jym instructs Marsatu to join you on the Roundabout's central platform. 'Now, close your eyes and don't peek, or I'll send you to the Dome of Horrors instead!' You both obey the giant's instructions, and you sense the rings spinning. Then you feel a waft of air and a heavy jolt. You risk taking a look around. You have indeed reached the Dome of Marvels. In fact, you are sitting on top of it! Turn to 337.

259

'Do you have any salt?' I.'Bastin inquires. 'No? Then we are doomed.' His words ring true, and you die in detention, several weeks later.

260

Operating a scoop, you prepare to pick up an escape module. As you approach, however, an explosive pellet is launched from another starfighter. Its force sends you somersaulting into the module, slicing it in half. Reduce your SHIELDS by 2 points *permanently*, and deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Recovering, will you proceed towards the Valioog mothership at speed (turn to 369), perform an 'Eigenvector Roll' to attack another starfighter from the rear (turn to 320), launch an atomic flare (turn to 143), or perform a complex turn (turn to 389)?

261

For most of the day you track the droid through the woodlands, across tiny brooks and along rocky gulleys. Quite obviously he is familiar with the region. Curiously, although he is aware of your presence (his three faces give him all-round vision), he makes no attempt to conceal himself. But when dusk approaches, the droid leaves the forest and vanishes behind a bluff of blue moonstone. When you follow, you cannot see him. Your only clue is a faint trail which forks left towards a spiny ridge; and right, towards a steep incline. Will you follow the left path (turn to 354), or the right path (turn to 307), or continue trailing the base of the bluff (turn to 375)?

262

You leap into a tube-car filled with dignitaries. Menacing them with your laser, you steer the craft

along the tube and enter the city. At the first station you reach, you leap from the vehicle and, sealing its doors with your laser, follow along a broad triangular passage. Turn to 323.

263

Before you make your getaway, a dozen more spiders show up. After a fierce struggle, in the course of which you knock several spiders unconscious and plant your boot squarely in the face of another, you are overwhelmed, tied up and beaten. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You are dragged for miles across the desert towards the spiders' camp, arriving there at first light. Turn to 327.

264

You spin half starboard and move away, then spin full to port to face the Deik's flank. But his electrode whips your craft. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you have a dart-gun, turn to 398; otherwise, will you press a red button (turn to 109) or pull on a wire (turn to 314)?

265

The bowl you are standing in starts to fill with fire. Roll as many dice as you have titanium cubes. If the total of your roll equals

1, 2, 3, 4 or 5	Deduct 5 points from your STAMINA
6, 7	Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA
8, 9	Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA
10, 11	Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA
12	Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA

The bowl then empties of fire. If you are still alive, you may pass through the bowl and follow the tunnel on the other side. Turn to 200.

266

With a squelch, you run the jellified creature over, then reverse the scooter through the swinging doors, into a vast chamber. Within, tall trees grow on large pontoons: whole groves of oranges, lemons, peaches and other fruits. You have entered the space station's hydroponic gardens where all the fresh food is produced. Luckily, the bruised blob has not followed you; you dismount and examine the gardens at leisure. Will you turn your nose towards a run of strawberries (turn to 362), or try an unrecognizable, sweet-smelling fruit (turn to 197)?

267

Passing a large tablet printed with incomprehensible letters of red and yellow, you enter what you believe to be a small shrine. Within, on a low brass pedestal, is an obsidian sculpture, six feet high, fashioned like a raindrop. The front of the 'shrine' is open to view from the causeway and so, as the lantern-bearing figure approaches, you leap behind the sculpture, pressing yourself against it. This action is disastrous! As you touch the stone, it liquefies and splashes to the floor like cold water. In its place, standing upon the pedestal, is a hideous ruby-coloured creature with a horse-like head, two legs and no arms. It is wrapped in light-grey pyjamas embellished with darker-grey arrows. Upon its head is a floppy peaked cap of similar material. Leering at you it rants: 'Free! Free after four hundred years. Such harsh treatment for a few petty killings and some harmless debauchery! They'll rue the day they locked fearless Fog Farkin away!' You recall the name: a tyrannical galactic gangster of yesteryear, sentenced to a thousand years' imprisonment for countless robberies and brutal slayings. And you have released him! Turn to 359.

268

Farkin's sticky tongue releases you. Gasping for breath, you turn on your laser-sword and attack the evil gangster.

FOG FARKIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **294**.

269

Your ship is pierced by a huge tungsten bolt, which destroys a laser pod. Reduce both your SHIELDS and your LASERS by 1 point *permanently*.

Starspray: Pitch +21.5 . . . Roll +112 . . .
Yaw+1.5 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . .
Yaw+13 . . .
Relative speed 2000 . . .

Now you may:

Halve speed, roll +90	Turn to 34
Halve speed, pitch +60, roll +30	Turn to 22
Maintain speed, pitch −15, roll +60, yaw +5	Turn to 217

270

'Splendid!' Zud exclaims. 'This is what I have in mind: not far from here is a drinking tavern, frequented by many of the brigands, wayliffs and unscrupulous profiteers who infest this planet. Within the tavern, adorning its walls and spaces, you will see many wondrous curios which belong to the tavern's owner: an old purple Deik. I am particularly interested in one of the objects he possesses. It is an enormous brain of a Bulb-Headed Bicephalon of Atranda-Red, the most intelligent creatures in the known multiverses. The brain has been perfectly preserved in a crystal decanter. I need the brain, in good condition, to power my craft, and since the miserable old Deik refuses to part with it, you will steal it for me!' Surely Zud must be mad! Will you draw your laser pistol and threaten Zud (turn to **162**) or obey his request (turn to **315**)?

271

You follow a coloured stream for several hours, until its course slows at the entrance of a broad lake. Upon the lake, resting on massive piers, is a huge crystalline spaceship, bristling with weapons. A high causeway curls away from it to the lake's edge. If you have previously met Schaine the Delphon sprite, turn to **171**. Otherwise, you may wish to enter the ship via the causeway (turn to **317**), or vacate the area, following a trail away from the causeway (turn to **354**).

272

Just as you dispatch the second Brute, more outlandish creatures appear at the doorway. One six-armed critter, with a baton in one hand and a net in another, snares you and beats you senseless. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You are dragged, bleeding, into the house, and left in a room alone for a while. Eventually, the six-armed thing returns: 'Boss and Woderwick will see you now,' it grunts. 'Better be on your best behaviour, if you know what's good for you!' Turn to **367**.

273

The remaining spiders, scuttling to the tops of nearby columns, shriek at you and begin spinning long webs. The nearest spider streams a cord across the gap. It glues fast, allowing three other spiders to rush across at you. Will you kick the spiders (turn to **210**), or turn your pistol on them (turn to **228**)?

274

You enter a long thin gallery. Violet windows, sweeping the entire length of the hall, give you a grand view of your spaceship, still moored against the air-tube. Suddenly, you become aware of a hungry orange blob which is rolling towards you. As blobs are notoriously difficult to kill, you decide to flee to the opposite end of the hall. On the way, your shoulder brushes against an object; it is a human skeleton, one of the blob's former victims. The twisted finger-bones still clutch a couple of items, and a plastic pouch lying on the floor contains a few more. You just have time to scoop up two of the following items:

flare pistol
chain
compressed-air canister
wrist-watch
club
chewing gum

When you have decided which two objects you collect, add them to your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **332**.

275

Marsatu leaps behind you as the Prefecta attacks.

PREFECTA	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **24**.

276

You take the air-tube to Vault 7 and pass through a triangular opening to enter L'Bastin's laboratory. It is a large rectangular chamber with a gaudy tangerine ceiling and sickly brown walls. Lining many of the walls are aluminium racks crammed with colourful bottles, smoking flasks, corked cylinders and tubes. A pungent odour rises from thick dust and spilt liquids carpeting the floor – certainly L'Bastin had been a most untidy scientist! In the main, however, your attention is drawn to the opposite end of the room, beyond dozens of rows of high wooden benches, to a point where three dog-like beings are shovelling powdered chemicals

into a mechanical hopper. Stealing closer, you examine them in detail. By their outlandish dress and their queer manner of speech, you recognize them as Yappies, a race of intelligent canines from Quadranx-Mauve. Apparently they are laboratory assistants, preparing the chemical mix for the second batch of Prefectas. 'Zap, my man, Brag,' says the one wearing the bowler hat, blue reflectors and satin pantaloons, 'it's freezo time. Clear yar pads, it's time for a gulp of rocket cola.' Zap and Brag down tools and follow the other into a side room where, after a noisy gurgle, they can be heard giggling and quietly humming weird tunes. When all seems safe, you sneak up to the gyrating hopper and crumble your rock-salt into the mix. But as you turn aside, the now tipsy Yappies return. 'Hey, hey!' says one. 'What's this – a snoop? I'm jabbin' m' blabber to those Prefecta dudes, or m' bonnet'll roll!' They all turn to leave the laboratory. If you have the sphere containing the audio-amplifying headset, turn to 132; otherwise, turn to 115.

277

'Ya' flim-flam, scint not!' snaps the old man angrily. 'You're for orange pot, ha!' He staggers over to the gong, sounds it twice, and points towards you. He has awakened the Deik! Turn to 51.

278

All the square-shaped tiles change colour: orange to green, green to blue, blue to orange. Will you step on tile B2 (turn to 327), or tile C3 (turn to 129)?

279

Eventually, you reach Aarok and exit from the warp. However, as you manoeuvre the *Starspray* through the atmosphere's defences of mines, projectiles and atomic blimps, you are detected and attacked by an automated defence module.

DEFENCE MODULE RATING 6 LASERS 2 SHIELDS 6

If you win, turn to 52.

280

Unluckily for you, the Prefecta's scooter is clogged with thick mud and will not start. With the other spider-craft approaching, you decide to climb on to the tree branch, and take aim at it. Turn to **165**.

281

Before you can climb to the top, a dozen hairy spider-critters leap over a dune, shrieking wildly. Three of them begin to climb your pillar; the others scuttle up nearby columns. Will you plant your heel in the face of the first spider below you (turn to 210), shoot several off a nearby pillar (turn to 228), or use your laser-sword and buckler to dislodge those below (turn to 178)?

282

The enemy ship, passing close overhead, drops a metal sphere to the desert floor before continuing to pursue Long-nose's barge. The sphere bursts open to reveal a savage, apricot-coloured mutantoid. It attacks you with whip and thunder-gun.

MUTANTOID SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 32.

283

Dr Strangething cackles from above, and slides down the tower with the minute-hand wrapped firmly in his tentacles. '*This* is the real cursor,' he explains. 'Woderwick and Kogo are now lost, who knows where and when. It is unlikely that they will ever return.' He says this with knowing finality. He picks up the crystal and you both enter the manor. After a rest and a delightful cup of tea, Dr Strangething offers to take you to the defence centre, via his ingenious crystal. 'Not too close, you understand – there are sensors and defences down there which will detect the crystal and its users – and then we would be in trouble! Perhaps I'll take you to Vault 5, near the Dome of Marvels. You can find your own way from there.' He laughs; the crystal expands, the cursor is directed and you are transported. Turn to 2.

284

You eventually find your way to the main entrance of the mansion and out on to the terraces surrounding it. Not far away stand Marsatu and Bok. Marsatu appears to be giving the servant some instructions – what a pity you cannot lip-read! After a minute Marsatu turns to you, while Bok, having received a pat from his master, trots away north-eastwards along the causeway. 'Hm,' begins Marsatu, 'last night you began to tell me about your mission.' (This you do not recall.) 'Well, I'll help you right enough; just follow me.' You are led back through the manor's passages to a room with a huge old-fashioned fireplace. Above this, on a broad mantelpiece, is a pewter figurine to which Marsatu now draws your attention. 'Behold!' he cries, twisting a curiously wrought golden key into the figurine's single eye-socket. The entire fireplace swivels aside to reveal, upon a recessed shelf behind, seven small crystalline globes. Each sphere is transparent, and contains a tiny object. 'Choose two,' says Marsatu. You may choose any two from the following list and add them to your *Adventure Sheet*. The spheres contain:

a drill-helmet
some battle-armour
an infra-red sensor helmet
an audio-amplifying headset
jet boots
a metal hound
power-gauntlets

When you have chosen, turn to **233**.

285

You take some minor damage from bubble-bomb splinters. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA.

Starspray: Pitch +19 . . . Roll +82 . . . Yaw −18 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 2000 . . .

You may:

Maintain speed, yaw −6.5	Turn to **148**
Maintain speed, pitch −15, yaw −31	Turn to **177**
Halve speed, roll +105, yaw −5	Turn to **203**

286

The enemy barge fires a small missile, which impacts near you on the iron-clad deck. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to **249**.

287

Shooting is ineffective, as the bolts bounce off the Brutes' armour. One Brute says to the other: 'Hey, Marigold, looks like our lucky day. What a bunny we have here!' 'Yeah, Nob,' says Marigold gruffly. 'Let's hit him with the clubbers.' You scramble to your feet to escape the flailing clubs, and draw your laser-sword.

	SKILL	STAMINA
NOB	8	12
MARIGOLD	6	12

If you win, turn to **166**; if you lose, turn to **116**.

288

Alas, the hound is defective, and turns on you, gnashing its fangs. Marsatu and the Prefecta almost split their sides with laughter. 'Heel!' you scream. 'Heel!'

METAL HOUND	SKILL 9	STAMINA 3

If you win, turn to 275.

289

An enormous nose appears over the side of the barge, accompanied by a small, bug-eyed face. 'Ahoy there, stranger!' yells this creature, the captain. 'I'm short on crew; if you'll climb aboard, I'm sure we could come to some arrangement.' Wishing to put some distance between yourself and the desert spiders, you climb the rope ladder and enter the barge. Turn to 364.

290

Before you submerge, there is a loud explosion and the bell's top hatch is ripped off. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Three ferocious Prefectas scramble through the hole and attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SNAPPY SERGEANT PREFECTA	8	8
CRAFTY CORPORAL PREFECTA	8	6
PUGNACIOUS PRIVATE PREFECTA	8	7

If you win, will you prefer to divert the craft towards the north-west (turn to 128), or order the computer to change to action plan number 358 (turn to 358), or number 368 (turn to 368)?

291

Your ship begins to spin backwards; your electrode-probe whirls violently and comes into contact with your own sphere. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The Deik appears to starboard. Soon he will be within range. Will you:

Blow in a red tube?	Turn to 234
Twist a triangular knob?	Turn to 26
Pull an iron ring on the floor?	Turn to 47

292

In an attempt to avoid enemy flak, you accelerate the *Starspray*'s engines way beyond their safe operating range, and force the craft through a tight turn. The energy banks overload dangerously and you burn out a magno-seal. Turn to 389.

293

Now the toad-faced creature appears behind you. 'Right, that's mine. My heirloom!' he says, greedily eyeing the spectron projector and its bag of explosive pellets. But a spectron projector may be very useful to you on your mission. Will you hand it to him (turn to 88), or do you prefer to keep it yourself (turn to 381)?

294

You search Fog's body and find a steel file. (Add this to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Turning, you notice the lantern-figure observing you from the causeway. He had been watching your life-and-death tussle without once offering assistance! Turn to 349.

295

Eventually the noise fades to a faint tinkle in the distance, then there is silence. After you spend the night in a fitful doze, morning arrives. You may wish to leave the village via Spitflak's Street (turn to 160), or further investigate the buildings during daylight (turn to 380).

296

A speaker bellows: 'Danger! Three enemy battle-cruisers approaching. Situation grim!' Rhio is still reclining in his chair and, when you prod him, you find that he is dead; obviously the excitement *had* been too much for him! The speaker continues: 'Situation desperate! Suggest you pursue action plan number 218, 358 or 368 . . . input required . . .'

The auto-control is awaiting your response. Without knowing what the action plan numbers entail, will you pursue plan number 208 (turn to 208), 358 (turn to 358), or 368 (turn to 368)?

297

The blob soon catches and devours you.

298

Only after a fierce struggle do you manage to repulse the spiders. Those still alive retreat a short distance away and spend the entire night nursing their wounds in a hollow near by. At dawn, as you are squatting miserably on top of the pillar wondering how to escape, you detect a faint humming. In the distance you perceive a large, flat air-barge skimming towards you, its distinctive red-and-white pennant fluttering in the breeze. Soon the barge is hovering only twenty feet overhead, dropping a rope ladder to you as it sends the spiders scuttling from the path of a heat-ray. You have been saved! Turn to 289.

299

The Glip turns the red ring one segment anti-clockwise, but cannot attack. However, when Scuttlebug rotates the blue ring one segment clockwise, he has a clear path and attacks your flank.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
SCUTTLEBUG	5	2	12
GRASSHOPPER	–	3	10

If you win, turn to 258.

300

With a most peculiar sensation, your laser-sword's pommel enters his head with a squelch. 'Barty' flops to the ground and transforms into his true self: a bright orange jelly! Before your astonished eyes it melts through the overalls and re-forms into an angry blob. It is a Valcretian Surprise, a monster capable of flexing itself into almost any shape. You were to be this one's next dinner! The blob now rolls towards you, blocking your exit to the escape hatch and melting the air-seal shut. Will you run down a bend in the corridor (turn to 60), or will you dive through a narrow metal chute on your right (turn to 242)?

301

You pay for the use of a pit – which is actually a hollow in the floor, several feet in diameter. (Deduct 2 credits from your *Adventure Sheet*.) As you sit there, a tall green steward fills the pit to the brim with a dark liquid, then offers you a straw, before departing. Now, sipping at the vile concoction, you wonder how you will accomplish Zud's task; you are also mindful of Gnasha, chewing away merrily inside you. Your thoughts are soon interrupted by a drunken old man from the next pit. His bowl is empty, and he punches you in the arm and declares: 'I'm short on lack-knee – ya' not!' Unsure of the correct reply, will you answer:

'Tush, move ya' lack-knee on all!'?	Turn to **334**
'Aye, short o' lack-knee ya' not!'?	Turn to **191**
'Tush ya' lack-knee jarg', try ni'er bowl!'?	Turn to **277**

302

You do not swim very far before a large, toothy Gooblepotomus pokes its snout out of the water. 'Ah, mmm . . .' it burbles, 'it must be time for a little snack!' As you find it difficult to defend yourself in water, deduct 2 points from your SKILL temporarily during the following combat.

GOOBLEPOTOMUS SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If you win, you had better swim back to shore before you find yourself being attacked by another unwholesome creature. You may either set out after the droid (turn to **262**), or travel up the vale to locate a village and help (turn to **344**).

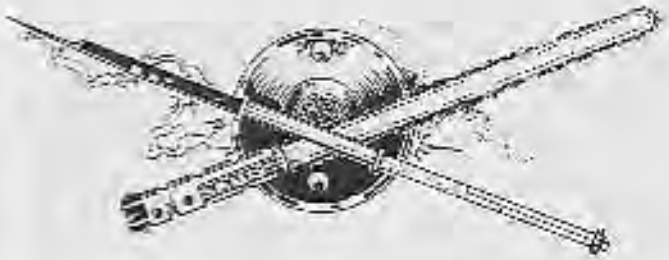

303

The Glip turns the red ring one segment anti-clockwise, and charges on his beast towards you.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
GLIP	4	3	8
GRASSHOPPER	–	4	10

If you win, then it is Scuttlebug's phase. He decides not to rotate the blue ring. Turn to **212**.

304

Suddenly the robot's arms are activated. One of these grips your hand and shakes it so vigorously that your arm is torn off! Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL. 'Oops, sorry!' says the robot. 'Thought you were a machine, too. Here, let me help.' It produces a flesh-mastic spray; this, coating your injured joint, stops the bleeding in seconds (if you are still alive). Then, just as amazingly, the robot hurls your limp arm away. 'That's useless now,' it declares, 'but try this one: it's *much* better, really.' This time, it pulls out a horrible, rubbery tentacle, which it forces on to your joint and glues in place! The robot, quite satisfied with the result, deactivates itself. You soon discover that, in fact, the tentacle is easy to manage and in many instances would prove more useful than a humanoid arm. Still . . . Eventually you recover from the shock. Will you examine the small hemisphere, if you have not already done so (turn to 149), or the unmarked crate (turn to 255); or do you prefer to return to the sleeping Rhio, in the level above (turn to 296)?

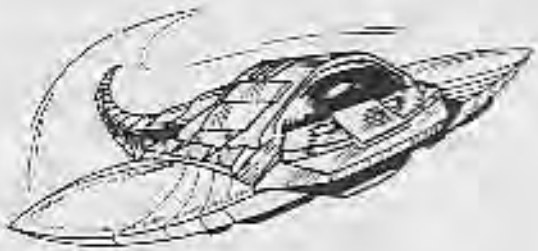

305

The entire bookshelf revolves, carrying you with it into a dimly lit storeroom which is cluttered with gadgetry. Unable to find a way back to the study, and unable to find another exit from the room, you decide to spend some time prying around. The significance of your find now becomes apparent. The store contains a huge cache of weapons: laser-rifles, rays, vacuum grenades, battle armour and much, much more – enough to equip a small, élite army. You even find a dozen suits of fully charged Newbury's pan-dimensional polyarmour, an extremely sophisticated item which enables its wearer to exist in both the 3rd and the 17th dimension simultaneously. The practical result of this miracle technology is that, for a time, the user may pass through walls and other obstacles without damaging either himself, the suit or the obstacle. You have never worn pan-dimensional armour before, but decide to try on a suit now. First you don the moulded face-mask, then the front plate, with its lasers mounted in a small chest cavity, then the thigh pads, greaves and, finally, gloves. These items are attached to you by leather thongs tied at the back. Pan-dimensional suits are manufactured as front-pieces only; the back is left uncovered and exposed. Thus the wearer can only walk forward through an obstacle, never backwards or sideways. For this reason, pan-dimensional soldiers must always attack, since they cannot retreat without exposing their backs to the enemy. Now fully equipped, do you wish to pass through the wall and

back into the study (turn to 385), or slip through the floor to investigate the basement (turn to 184)?

306

You respond jubilantly, 'I have some salt, but how can I administer it? We are still caged in, after all.' 'Not for long,' says L'Bastin, plunging one arm into the posidon tank. With a yank, he pulls loose the rubber mouth-piece and hose. 'Here, wrap this round one of your hands,' he tells you. When you have done so, he points to the bars where Marsatu was killed. 'Observe: those bars are quite dull, and covered with soot: a good insulator. Their power has been much reduced. Now, clench those bars with the rubber hose, and bend them outwards.' Apprehensively, you touch the bars and bend them out of shape, receiving only minor shocks as you do so. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Stepping gingerly through the gap, you turn to help L'Bastin out; at this moment, the warder returns. 'Caught you in the act!' he shouts, levelling his needle-gun. In a flash you leap on him, wrestling for the weapon.

WARDER SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 356.

307

You follow the path along the edge of a deep chasm, then down a narrow gulch towards a purple-and-orange river. Foolishly, you decide to wade across the stream before testing it: it is caustic and burns your skin. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. When you have crossed, you rest on the bank for a while, wrapping your wounds in broad leaves picked from a nearby ointbush, a plant with extraordinary healing properties. You also stow away several more leaves for future use. (Add them to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Turn to 271.

308

You just avoid falling against one of the sticky pillars. The old man raises his staff, declaring, 'By the will of the globe-headed green giant, you must suffer the great ignominy!' He attacks again, prodding with his staff.

OLD MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to 30.

309

You decide to hide in the ventilator shaft but, within it, you are suddenly confronted by a red-hooded humanoid who attacks you with a long, curved knife.

RED-HOODED TERRORIST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 78.

310

The Glip turns the red circle one segment anti-clockwise before charging his steed into your flank.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
GLIP	4	3	8
GRASSHOPPER	–	3	10

If you win, then it is Scuttlebug's phase. He elects not to turn the blue ring at all. Turn to 212.

311

Presently, you close upon the planet: a majestic world of reds and greens, patched with swirling white clouds. Grazing the atmosphere, your craft begins to heat up; it is not long before the space-weed, burnt to fine ash, produces a trailing, fiery wake behind the *Starspray*. But when you turn away from the planet towards space, your hull is suddenly pierced by a lightning bolt, surging from a cloud below. The cabin pressure drops rapidly; as you fight to maintain control, a fire breaks out in an aft storage pod. Booster power fails, and your ship plummets towards a ridge of scarlet hills; a crash-landing is imminent. Switching to manual glide, you steer yourself between two rocky pinnacles into a long, narrow valley. Looming ahead is a dark lake, surrounded by trees and a bank of grey shingles. Will you try to land on the lake (turn to 44), or on the bank of shingles (turn to 96)?

312

You are stunned by a gravity-bomb which detonates near by. Reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*.

Starspray: Pitch +44 . . . Roll +202 . . . Yaw +21 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 500 . . .

Will you:

Accelerate to 1000, maintain course?	Turn to **22**
Accelerate to 2000, pitch +40, roll +120, yaw −26?	Turn to **269**
Maintain speed, pitch +30, yaw +30?	Turn to **347**

313

You rest in your spaceship until evening, while Krill amasses his force: several hundred strong and equipped with a variety of weapons, including lasers, pulsers, blasters, blazers, flame-lances and vacuum grenades. Under colourful banners they march across the plains and over a roll of hills, towards the enemy ship on Lake Droog. Several hours later, the sky in that direction flashes with orange and red; the attack has begun! Eventually, your ear-twinge throbs to the sound of Krill's voice. 'They're taking off. Now – attack!' Simultaneously you see, rising above the hills, a monstrous crystalline spaceship, bristling with laser-cannon. You take off and swoop into range.

DELPHON BATTLESHIP

RATING 5 LASERS 5 SHIELDS 8

If you win, turn to 328.

314

The spheres turn and bear towards each other. Both spheres manipulate their grabbers: both are blocked by shields. With a thud, the ships ram. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. A large crack appears in your sphere and it begins to sink rapidly. Time is running out. Will you:

Do nothing?	Turn to 291
Whistle through a mouthpiece?	Turn to 109
Bite a blue chew-bulb?	Turn to 338
Scream loudly?	Turn to 47

315

Zud leads you towards the tavern: a slime-green apartment with a large sign on the wall outside reading: 'DEAD FETHP INN – LIZARDOIDS AND MUTANTS KEEP OUT!' When Zud departs to his chambers, you enter the inn. Turn to 83.

316

You enter a bowl-shaped chamber with an exit at the far side. As you enter, a voice speaks, 'Roll the titanium cubes to pass.' If you have any titanium cubes, turn to 265; otherwise, turn to 152.

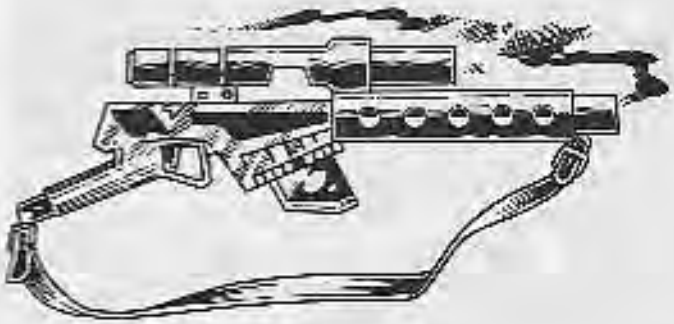

317

Your path is blocked by two Mutants, with clawed arms extending from their faces and legs. 'Too much muscle, not enough fat on that one,' growls one to the other. 'Yeah,' comes the reply, 'but he'll taste just fine after a good roastin'.' They attack you with flame-lances and iron prongs.

	SKILL	STAMINA
DROOLING MUTANT	8	8
CLUMSY MUTANT	5	10

If you win, you decide to retreat from the causeway, preferring to follow the path towards a series of low hills. Turn to 354.

318

You press on for miles, passing beneath arches of streaked marble and swirling agate, beyond houses, shrines and conservatories, silent for over three hundred years. The Dome of Marvels is still several leagues to your west when the lanterns' hues change to maroon, cobalt and tired grey. High above, the first of many tiny lamp-lights flicker and sparkle into life – specks of brilliant white and gold, shining like stars. It is evening. At this time you see, a mile or so ahead, the glow of a small, hand-held lantern swaying gently back and forth. Its owner, a tall, lean, sinister figure, appears to be swaggering slowly towards you. Will you await his arrival (turn to 349), or, hiding in a nearby shrine, allow him to pass (turn to 267)?

319

The droid's master is Krill Babbit, a humanoid with tanned grey skin and a large round nose supporting a drooping moustache – he looks like a walrus! Still, he is a pleasant enough sort. 'Yes, I am the master of this droid, these caves,' he snorts, 'and, once, this entire planet. That was until Schaine, a war-sprite from Delphon, arrived in her huge sky-ship, several years ago.' If you have already encountered Schaine the Delphon sprite, turn to 236; otherwise, turn to 341.

320

Luckily, you perform the roll just in time, as a spike-fighter was about to ram you. Now, wheeling around your new enemy's fuselage, you release a searing laser-bolt.

VALIOOG SPIKE-FIGHTER RATING 4 LASERS 3 SHIELDS 4

If you win, will you launch a lightning ball (turn to 143), approach the Valioog mothership (turn to 369), perform a victory roll (turn to 389), or scan the enemy ship electrically (turn to 215)?

321

All the circles now change colour: orange to green, green to blue, blue to orange. Will you step on tile C3 (turn to 177), or tile D4 (turn to 396)?

322

As you near the posidon tank, you realize that it is already occupied by a lanky, four-armed humanoid. The Prefectas begin to snicker quietly among themselves as Marsatu recognizes the luckless figure. After a moment's hesitation, Marsatu taps the glass cylinder. 'L'Bastin,' he inquires, 'what are you doing in there? I thought to find you as usual, seated upon your throne.' From the ivory horn, a dreary voice replies: 'Marsatu, you *idiot*! Do you think I'm in here for my pleasure? Of course not! Those hideous monstrosities beside you – yes, the three Prefectas – they have imprisoned me in here. Yes, they do know I created them! Bah, they're so ungrateful! If I ever get out of here I'll . . . Aagh!' Leaning forward, one of the Prefectas has pushed a quill further into the tank. 'Now, now, L.B.,' it chortles, as an excited tinselfish busies itself with L'Bastin's left earlobe, 'you demean yourself by bickering, and your threats don't suit. You know, and soon everyone will find out, that we Prefectas will tolerate nothing less than being treated as lords and masters. And it is only proper that we should be, for we are perfect, are we not? Perfect life-forms! I feel wonderful, because I *am* wonderful! We alone are destined to rule the galaxy.' With that, the Prefecta launches into a lengthy speech that would have made even giant Iym Ego feel subservient. When it finishes, both Marsatu and yourself are dragged away to a prison cage, where you await a gruelling interrogation. Turn to 225.

323

After a while, you locate a signboard.

'LOCATION: RED DOG CENTRAL . . . VAULT 1 . . . BUILDING 13'

it reads, and below this:

'RESTRICTED AREA AHEAD. DANGER!'

Boldly, you follow a wide corridor into this area, passing numerous side-passages before arriving at a large, closed air-hatch. Projecting from the hatch are two handles, one with a round, red pommel, the other with a square, blue pommel. You recall that you must reach the defence centre in Vault 6 in the Dome of Marvels, and that the hatch before you probably leads to Vault 2. Will you:

Turn the red and blue handles clockwise?	Turn to 93
Turn red clockwise, blue anti-clockwise?	Turn to 386
Turn red and blue anti-clockwise?	Turn to 118
Turn red anti-clockwise, blue clockwise?	Turn to 192

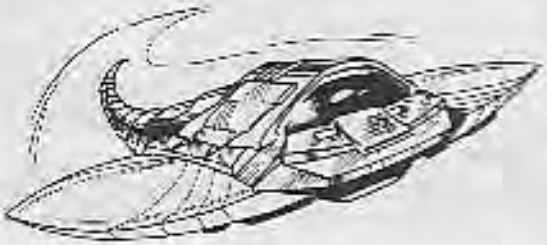

324

You slowly wash the green slime from the creature. Unluckily, you also uncover two other beasts, which had been stuck for some time, and are now quite hungry.

	SKILL	STAMINA
DUCK-BILL CATERPILLAR	8	6
ANGRY YELLOW BLOB	6	6

If you win, turn to 387.

325

Brac's laser burns a hole in the floor behind you, showering you with molten metal. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. The deadly laser again takes aim. Will you roll left (turn to 158), or right (turn to 247)?

326

You soon get lost in the manor's complex labyrinth of corridors, stairways and twisting tunnels. Exasperated, you open one of the few doors you come to and enter a spacious chamber. All the walls are lined with shelves, and all the shelves are filled with books, three-dimensional photographs, and mysterious knick-knacks. You are in a private study. Curiously for some reason, three books on one shelf have been placed upside down. Will you take down:

Relative Non-Relativity?	Turn to 104
Poets of the 57th Century?	Turn to 355
Balue's Book of Homemade Wines?	Turn to 305

327

Bound and beaten, you are brought before the chief spider, Queen Slin. 'Well, well,' she babbles, 'this one's so juicy and tender, and plenty of meat on them bones. Not at all like most I receive. We'll hang you up for several days, mind, just to let you stew a bit. Then it's yum yummy!' On her orders you are taken away and strung up in a thick cocoon, dangling between two desert trees. To either side of you are many other cocoons containing a variety of creatures, big and small, but all quite lifeless. Not far away, a solitary spider-guard is curiously examining the weapons recently taken from you. The other spiders have crawled into their underground nests to escape from the desert heat. Roll one die. If you roll 1, 2 or 3, turn to 374; if you roll 4 or 5, turn to 391; if you roll a 6, turn to 230.

328

The Delphon ship wobbles and jerks, then explodes above the lake. Through the ear-twinge, you hear Krill exclaim delightedly, 'Well done! You have destroyed the evil Schaine in her ship. We wish you good fortune in your journey ahead. Farewell!' You perform an elaborate victory-roll before rocketing back into space. But immediately, you pick up a weak distress signal on your radio, from some distance ahead. Will you go to help (turn to 137), or enter a light-warp to continue to Aarok (turn to 182)?

329

In order to increase speed, Captain Long-nose orders you overboard, to lighten his barge. Climbing down a long rope, you reach the desert dunes and watch the barge float away towards the city. Turn to 282.

330

'Very well, I'll have them. Yes, they look quite juicy.' Gnasha chews through all your bonds, then looks at you. 'I'm still hungry, and metal isn't all I eat!' It licks its chops. 'Oh, no you don't,' you reply, and kick it across the floor. It rebounds from the wall and lies, bruised and unconscious, on the ground. Turn to 253.

331

Another pellet explodes. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. The bandit leaps forward, scimitar in hand. Turn to 343.

332

You outdistance the blob and reach a transit cylinder at the other end of the hall. However, when you enter it you are confronted by an axe-wielding humanoid who has been driven insane and now believes you to be one of the blobs! You must defend yourself against his attack.

INSANE CREWMAN SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 390.

333

Several hours later, you approach a high tower overshadowing the causeway. Marsatu explains: 'Within the tower is a large, circular platform, called the Roundabout. It consists of a central disc and three rotating rings. If the rings are turned in the proper sequence and thus activated, we can be transported to anywhere on Aarok – even to the Dome of Marvels. It is the only way we can reach the dome, but I fear we will encounter some trouble. You see, only one person knows how to operate the rings, and that is . . .' 'Giant Jym Ego!' booms a mighty voice. From the tower a mighty man storms out, fifteen feet tall with plaited hair and a curly red beard. 'And *I* am he. I've been expecting you both. How fare you, Marsatu? I haven't seen you for some time. I'm afraid the toll's risen again, so I hope you both have large purses and generous dispositions. I've got expensive tastes. Ha, ha!' Legend has it that the Roundabout was built long ago, to ensure that

Aarok's enemies could never reach the defence centre. At that time, the Roundabout could be controlled only by its maker, a giant who collected a small toll for his work. Before he died, he passed its secrets on to his eldest son, who then became its operator. The tradition has been retained, with control passed from father to son, for thousands of years. Three hundred years ago, when Aarok was abandoned, the Roundabout's operator decided to remain behind. Now his great-great-grandson, giant Jym Ego, is in control. But Jym is boisterous and greedy, a thoroughly despicable character . . . 'Well, how much do you have?' yells Jym. Of course, Marsatu took all your credits when he offered to act as your guide. Now what will you do: ask Marsatu for some money to pay your toll (turn to 168), attempt to sweet-talk Jym into providing you with a free trip (turn to 195), or fight him and try to operate the Roundabout yourself (turn to 67)?

334

The old man winks and mumbles, 'Good for ya'! Bet ya' one for it t'night, an' bet the answer's forty-two, ya' not. Have a dart at th' Deik when it's time, ha!' He slips you a tiny dart-gun. (Add this to your *Adventure Sheet*.) While you are pondering his words, he pushes you from your pit and takes it over. Not wishing to argue, will you move towards the brass gong (turn to 214), or examine the candle (turn to 365)?

335

A large, grinning robot appears and prepares to exit through two large doors which swivel open for him. Unfortunately, at this moment the bell-craft is struck by a laser bolt. The doors are melted and the robot disintegrates. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Now, will you order an area pulser attack on the enemy ships (turn to 198), or prepare for a deep dive into the swamp (turn to 37)?

336

Your port retro is torn by a low-power tractor beam. Reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*.

Starspray: Pitch +36.5 . . . Roll +52 . . .
Yaw +6.5 . . .
Enemy: Pitch +35 . . . Roll +60 . . .
Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 2000 . . .

You may:

Maintain speed, yaw +10	Turn to 217
Maintain speed, roll −50	Turn to 82
Halve speed, pitch −50	Turn to 112

337

Marsatu, squatting beside you, is peering beyond the dome's steeply curving rooftop to the ground, half a mile below. But your two mechanical beasts have not appeared, and you strongly suspect Jym of thievery. Marsatu is certain of Jym's guilt. 'Swindled by that gigantic gas-bag!' he wheezes. 'He'll

pay for his insolence. I'll have him flayed skinless by a ten-tailed prickle-puss! But first, to our business. Down there,' Marsatu points, 'is the entrance. I'll meet you down there.' Pulling on a pair of magnetic boots, Marsatu runs down the sloping sides of the dome. He has left you stranded. How will you get down? You examine the two spheres Marsatu gave you earlier. If you have brought them with you, you may now wish to use the sphere containing the drill-helmet (turn to 4), the jet boots (turn to 156), or power-gauntlets (turn to 46). If you have none of these items, or do not wish to use them, turn to 196.

338

Just in time, your grabber leaps out and snatches the key from the Deik's hull. Opening your hatch, you swim to the safety of the shore, while both spheres sink rapidly to the bottom of the lake. You have won! Turn to 222.

339

As you turn and run, laser bolts flash by. The bubble-cars are beginning to catch up when you notice a small opening in the wall ahead. Diving through, you find yourself in a small room. Green steam and gas cover the floor. Sitting on a throne before you is a huge, bulb-headed green monster, chewing a tentacle. Looking up, it presses a stud on its chair, and a gate falls down, blocking your escape. 'I seldom have the opportunity of eating a victim alive in my own home!' it says. It holds aloft a small titanium cube, which it rolls. Roll one die. If

you roll 1, 2, 3 or 4, turn to 39; if you roll 5 or 6, turn to 66.

340

Several devices now attract your attention. You may examine a multi-armed robot, hanging on a wall (turn to 304); a small, transparent hemisphere, no larger than your hand (turn to 149); or an unmarked wooden box (turn to 255).

341

Krill continues: 'Schaine landed her ship on Lake Droog, where it still resides. She brought an army of mutants with her, which have killed or enslaved many of my people. Still more have been transmuted into evil creatures by a complex biochemical process. Those of us remaining fled to these secret caves. We have been powerless to stop her – until now, that is!' Krill reaches for the high-tech curio of rods, tubes and cubes which the droid had brought back to the cave. 'Schaine's main power, of course, is her mighty spaceship-fortress, from which she launches her assaults. But this device, an interferometer, will temporarily immobilize it, and allow us to attack. My droid was bringing it to this planet when he was attacked by Pelhon Rangers. He tells me that you rescued him, and I am indeed grateful. So what do you desire? I may be able to help.' You tell Krill about your mission, and that you require a spacecraft to reach Aarok. 'That is easy! A backwards time-loop, with half a twist, should do the trick! You shall get your own spaceship back!'

He disappears into a nearby apartment for a few minutes. Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 33; otherwise, turn to 91.

342

A mighty roar just behind *Starspray* buffets you towards the Valioog mothership. Reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*, and deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Now, will you try your anti-detector defences (turn to 70); select the image intensifier scanscope (turn to 215); or risk activating the atomic polarizer (turn to 90)?

343

You attack the bandit with your javelin.

BANDIT SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 293.

344

At dusk you stumble into a tiny hamlet of clay and stone buildings. The ramshackle bungalows and two-storey villas are in a bad state: the village has been deserted for some time. But at least you can guess, by the style of building, that the inhabitants must have been humanoid. Marching through the village, you come to a sign-post. Will you continue along Spitflak's Street (turn to 394), or turn left into Winsome's Way (turn to 204)?

345

You decide to turn the red ring one segment clockwise, then your phase ends. Glip turns the red ring one segment anti-clockwise, but his path to you is blocked by a screen, so his phase ends. Scuttlebug rotates the blue ring one segment clockwise, and his phase ends. Finally Mutant rotates the yellow ring one segment anti-clockwise. He can see you at the end of his phase, so he charges across the rings to attack. You begin swivelling the laser-cannon attached to your mechanical beast towards him, but you are too late. He is upon you and you must fight hand-to-claw.

YELLOW MUTANT SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, another Mutant appears on the vacated spot on the red ring. The second move begins. Will you turn the red ring one segment clockwise (turn to 250), or two segments anti-clockwise (turn to 150)?

346

You have just made a terrible mistake! The weed spreads rapidly and fouls your huge starboard thruster. Both the *Starspray* and yourself are blown to pieces.

347

Unluckily, you are baked by a powerful gamma-beam.

348

On a radarscope, you watch an enemy blip to the south disappear from the screen. But simultaneously the speaker blares out, 'Danger! Incoming missile . . .' There is a mighty blast, blowing the bell and yourself to pieces.

349

As the figure approaches, he appears to shrink considerably and grow wider in the girth. What you mistook for a tall, dark, sinister figure was only this man's shadow, cast by his lantern's light. Now looking up at you is a dumpy old man with thick, pursed lips, drooping eyelids and a balding pate. Like yourself, he has four arms, which are wrapped snugly into the folds of a voluminous green habit. His footsteps are cushioned by his fluffy orange moccasins. 'Hail, stranger, and welcome!' he exalts, raising a pudgy hand. 'All is fine! A most enchanting evening is before us, is it not? But I see that you are weary. You have had many struggles, yes?' He peers a little closer: 'I have a special remedy to cure *all* your troubles. Yes, indeed! Perhaps you will join me for refreshment – my home is not far away.' If you wish to avail yourself of his generosity, turn to 57; if you wish to travel on alone, turn to 395.

350

All the square-shaped tiles change colour: orange to green, green to blue, blue to orange. You now have no option but to step on tile E3; the circles now change colour: orange to green, green to blue, blue to orange. Now will you step on tile E4 (turn to 372), or tile D3 (turn to 321)?

351

The sphere is a skew-dimensional container, warping volume. Within it, you appear minute, standing in a broad green field with the sphere's orange-walled membrane stretching away, miles above your head. Huge dim faces appear in the sky above; these are the inn's patrons crowding round the outside of the sphere, awaiting the contest. Across the field towards you strides a sprightly man, with a sweeping black cape and a broad-brimmed hat. 'I am your first trial,' he states. 'Tell me, how many greater stars orbit the plane of destiny? Answer true, or I'll obliterate you!' He offers you three choices to this obscure question. Will you answer:

42?	Turn to 42
65?	Turn to 65
384?	Turn to 384

352

A heavily armed, grinning robot appears, then exits through a large hatch. Shortly afterwards there is a series of loud explosions, and two enemy blips vanish from the radarscope. Now you order a missile attack on two more enemy ships. Turn to 198.

353

Your ship is a ridiculous contraption: all popped rivets and buckled plates, and leaking like a sieve. Crouching uncomfortably behind the tiny wheelhouse, you manoeuvre the vessel, and yourself, into deep water. Slowly, and in jerks, you approach

the enemy craft: a sleek white cutter bristling with lasers – not at all what you had expected. Your chances appear slim. Will you fire a salvo into her starboard side (turn to 146), or steam at full speed across her bow (turn to 170)?

354

You follow a trail over a ridge and on for perhaps a quarter of a mile. Now, ahead, you can see the droid again: he has been waylaid by a green mutant with arms extending from its cheeks and thighs. You decide to attack it and rescue the droid.

GREEN MUTANT SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 76.

355

The book contains a booby-trap. When you open it, you detonate a small explosive device – just enough to give you a nasty shock. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You may now remove a book you had not previously taken down:

Relative Non-Relativity	Turn to 204
Baba's Book of Homemade Wines	Turn to 305

356

You take the warder's needle-gun. Increase your SKILL by 1 point. When you turn towards L'Bastin, you see that he is dying, shot by a stray needle during your struggle. 'Take the passage left, and down the air-tube to Vault 7,' he directs. 'There you will find my laboratory and the vats. Add the salt to the mixture.' He coughs and whispers faintly, 'One more thing I would like you to know. The Prefectas, even properly constructed, are not the perfect life-form. They are excellent warriors – nothing more. You see, I did find out, through my experiments, what the perfect organism is. They already exist – in the natural environment. But they weren't suitable for my plans of conquest. You see, they are . . .' He forces out a final word. *No!* They can't be *that!* Surely not! Well, what does it matter anyway. L'Bastin closes his eyes and departs from the 3rd dimension. It is time for you to leave also. Following L'Bastin's instructions, you creep along the passage towards the air-tube. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 276; if you are Unlucky, turn to 388.

357

Reduce your oxygen supply by 2 points. Farkin croaks as you thump him with your weapon. His grip is loosening. Will you:

Try a bear-hug?	Turn to 95
Head-butt Fog Farkin?	Turn to 268

358

'Very well,' the speaker whines, 'you have requested manual control of auxiliary combat vehicle B A B-1.' In front of your feet, a metal door suddenly slides open and a tracked vehicle, sporting two lasers and a grabbing crane, rises from the level below. The metal crane seizes you and inserts you into a tiny compartment high up on the machine. Simultaneously two huge iron doors in front swivel open, allowing you to drive the vehicle out of the hell. Revving your combat vehicle, you enter the murky swamp. Turn to 393.

359

Fog Farkin comes from a rare breed of monsters called Chogs. Though lacking arms, Chogs are very agile and, you recall, have a deadly, natural weapon . . . Like lightning, a flabby, leaf-like tongue powers from Farkin's larynx and glues itself to your face. It is smothering you! You begin the following combat with the ten oxygen supply points shown on your *Adventure Sheet*; you will use up some of these during your fight. *If you use them all up, then you have been suffocated and your adventure is over.* Will you:

Use your strength to break free?	Turn to 180
Grope for your laser-pistol?	Turn to 131
Neck-chop Fog Farkin?	Turn to 105

360

You receive a glancing blow from a magnetic pulverizer. Reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*. Now your screens flash:

Starspray: Pitch −1.5 . . . Roll +52 . . .
Yaw −24.5 . . .
Enemy: Pitch −35 . . . Roll +60 . . .
Yaw −13 . . .
Relative speed 2000 . . .

Will you:

Maintain speed and course?	Turn to 285
Maintain speed, pitch +10?	Turn to 98
Increase speed to 4000?	Turn to 248

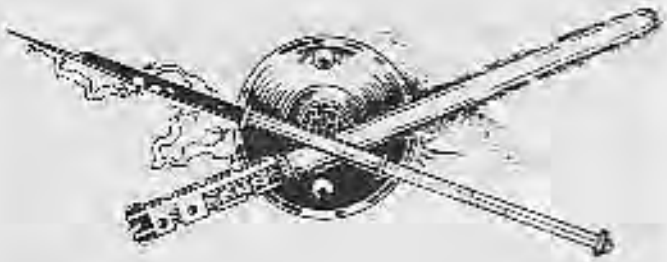

361

During this move, Glip turns the red circle one segment anti-clockwise and attacks. After a tough encounter you defeat him. Next, Scuttlebug turns the blue ring one segment clockwise, but his path is blocked by a screen. Finally Mutant turns the yellow ring one segment anti-clockwise, attacks, and is defeated. But giant Jym Ego shakes his head. 'That was the fourth and last move of the game. I'm afraid you didn't defeat a Scuttlebug in time. Never mind! So long, and thanks for the entertainment!' Jym pulls a lever, and you are obliterated.

362

You strip a whole row of its delicious contents and eat them greedily. Unfortunately, they had been sprayed with a pesticide, so you have just poisoned yourself! Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you scout around and observe several items lying about which may prove useful later on. Choose two from the following list and add them to your *Adventure Sheet*.

pot plant
strawberries
shovel
weed-killer
broom
plastic hose

When you have chosen, you decide to follow a corridor heading from the hall. Turn to 103.

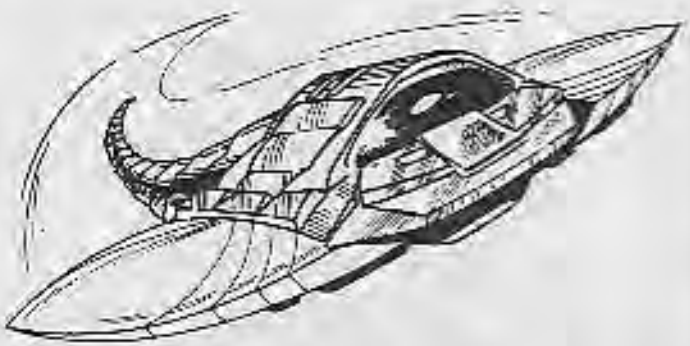

363

Marsatu guides you through the yawning gateway, into the Dome of Marvels. You are most disappointed. Apart from a solitary egg-shaped obelisk cemented into the floor, the interior is bare. 'Of course,' explains Marsatu, 'this was once a fabulous place, filled with the wonders of the galaxy. Some of the most famous artists in the universe performed here. It was here that Madame Du Braggit, the renowned comedian and political satirist, recited her 'Greatest Joke of the Universe' before Aarok's king and high nobility. Unfortunately the king construed Madame Du Braggit's joke as being a slur against himself – and of course you know the rest of the story. It is said that her headless ghost sometimes wanders into the dome, laughing hysterically, though why she should do so, or even *how* for that matter, is beyond me!' Marsatu now points towards the obelisk. 'That is the way to Vault 6, and the defence centre. Your mission is almost at its end!' You both approach the obelisk, but just as you reach

it, a large Prefecta leaps out from behind it. 'Peek-a-boo!' it muses. 'We've been expecting you both!' It moves towards you brandishing an electrified whip and scythe. If you have either of them, you may wish to use the sphere containing the metal hound (turn to 288) or battle-armour (turn to 246). If you have neither of these, or do not wish to use them, turn to 275.

364

You agree with Captain Long-nose to act as lookout and air sailor, in return for a voyage to Central City, where he intends to make repairs to his ship. The barge takes off and, at a height of fifty feet, cruises towards the city walls. After a few hours, you notice another ship approaching at speed from the south. It is the barge of Captain Big-ears, your captain's rival. Roll one die. If you roll a 1, turn to 329; if you roll 2 or 3, turn to 286; if you roll 4 or 5, turn to 249; if you roll a 6, turn to 172.

365

As you touch it, the candle-figure screams out in annoyance. 'You oaf! You've interrupted my meditation!' Again it shrieks, then spits hot wax at you. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. All of this unexpected commotion has awoken the Deik. Turn to **10**.

366

Your enemy launches a smart missile, complete with lasers and shields.

SMART MISSILE RATING 8 LASERS 2 SHIELDS 4

If you win, turn to **231**.

367

You are dragged into the room you had first seen through the window, where the man in the white suit introduces himself as Woderwick. 'Perhaps you've heard of me – er, us,' he says, glancing at the three-eyed cat who has been silently examining you. Woderwick tells you that he and his cohorts are a band of 'liberal-minded entrepreneurs' (meaning pirates); that you will be returned to your family shortly, intact (mostly), after they have paid a 'modest transportation and accommodation fee', meaning a ransom. 'Where are you from?' asks Woderwick. You do not tell him. 'Guards, take him below!' They beat and bind you and, through a dim haze, you are aware that you are being dragged into one of the tetrahedrons near the mansion. Then you black out. Turn to **237**.

368

The computer asks you to verify that you have selected plan 368, which you do. 'Very well,' it drones, 'you have requested the "take 'em all with you" plan: annihilation of all craft within a fifty-mile radius, using a ten-megaton bomb. Goodbye, cruel world!' You are obliterated.

369

The *Starspray* is punctured by many thousands of needle-like shards of a scintillating metal, released from the Valiooq ship. Reduce your SHIELDS by 1 point *permanently*, and deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Roaring away, will you now prefer to operate an electro-magnetic scanscope (turn to 215); switch off your Gauss Pandimonializer (turn to 389); or push the flashing orange button on your console (turn to 342)?

370

The captain yells a spate of abuse at you, before steering his craft away. Turn to 32.

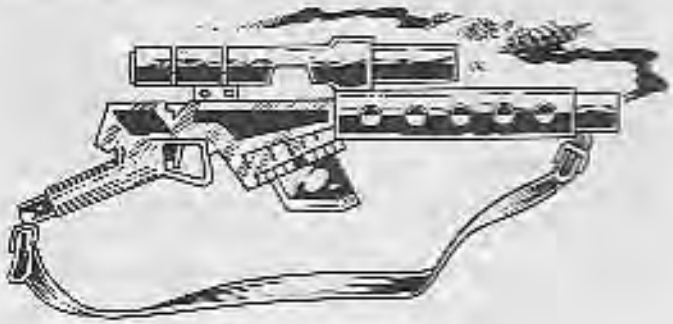

371

When you touch a plastic spigot, both it and the brass hoop to which it was attached dissolve, enabling you to exit the passage either to right (turn to 242), or to left (turn to 274), or you may continue along the passage towards the farther exit left (turn to 257).

372

The electrodes of both ships become entwined. By the time they have unravelled, you are both badly hurt. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you may:

Pull out a crystal knob	Turn to 291
Stamp your foot on a floor-plate	Turn to 314

373

You blast the pillar to pieces; unfortunately, you kill the creature you were trying to help, in the process. You shrug and turn back up the passage, as there is no other exit from the cavern. Turn to 140.

374

After a while, the rather paunchy guard crawls over to you and prods your cocoon. Many of his bright clustered eyes have been blackened; strangely, these resemble the imprint of a boot heel! 'Garn! I'll make you suffer, you ugly, four-armed thing!' it hisses, shaking you and banging your head with a rock. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Will you answer him rudely (turn to 147), or pretend you have been killed by his blow (turn to 138)?

375

The bluff gradually melts into a broad plain of black earth, crazed with streams of whites, yellows, greens and blues. You wander on for a little, but soon you become lost in the falling darkness. At the same time, you notice three small luminous globes approaching from the eastern skies. These hover above you for a few minutes before descending to the ground. Now you recognize them – they are cosmic jellyfish; you are in serious trouble! 'Hey, gringo!' the fluorescent golden one calls out. 'Haven't we met before, on another planet, perhaps?' 'Si, si!' pipes up a second one, sporting a leather bandolier and a six-shot mega-blaster. 'You're Jang Mistral! You busted us for Turdleburder rustlin' on Wayliff's Asteroid three years ago! We spent eighteen months in a tiny, nettle-tick-infested gaol for that, so now you're gonna pay!' These dudes mean business! You must defend yourself as best you can.

	SKILL	STAMINA
KILLER KRUN	9	6
NOADO THE BANDIT	8	4
RUTHLESS ROD	6	6

If you win, turn to 271.

376

For a long time you struggle over the purple dunes, baking under the blazing star of Sev. When evening arrives, you are still a long march away from the city walls. Near by, a cluster of flat-topped pillars,

arranged in a rough circle, jut from the desert floor; you are determined to camp there for the night. But when you arrive, you hear a peculiar, low-pitched gabbling: a pack of desert creatures, or mutants, must have smelt you from the surrounding dunes. You may wish to climb one of the pillars for safety (turn to 281), or you could try to sneak quietly away (turn to 31).

377

In the afternoon you trek onwards, over massive tumbling dunes, through troughs of sand and ash, along rocky desert valleys. Standing on a dune, you notice two large air-barges, skimming frantically across the desert, engaged in combat. Eventually one barge breaks away, trailing smoke and flames. The other barge is quite close. Will you wave at it to attract attention (turn to 186), or do you prefer to hide and wait until it passes (turn to 32)?

378

From a distance, you see the bell-craft being torn to pieces, and then sink into the swamp. Several small enemy craft are approaching your combat vehicle, which has been badly damaged. But luckily, the city is not very far away, perhaps two miles. Even closer than this, however, is a concrete launch wharf with a hover-ship moored alongside, and a tubeway terminal building. You steer your vehicle towards them. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 169; if you are Unlucky, turn to 235.

379

You enter a long, low compartment filled with heavy throbbing equipment; it is the station's pulser-drive engine-room. Behind you trundles the blob, which now forms itself into a sub-human shape and continues to chase after you. You flee along the hall towards a transit cylinder. During this headlong pursuit, you observe a number of artefacts lying around. You may snatch up two items, which you hope will come in useful later on, from the following list.

wrench
hammer
sonic screwdriver
fire extinguisher
multifacetous aciduator
ball-bearings

When you have decided which two you require, add them to your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to 332.

380

In one villa you are investigating you are assaulted by a jump-pole: a peculiar creature resembling a wooden stick, common to many planets. The mischievous jump-pole, catching you unawares, gives you a sound clout behind the ears. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Unfortunately for the creature, you are quicker than it had anticipated. As it bounds towards the door, you leap after it and seize it in all four hands. Its expression changes from one of mischievous glee to absolute terror. 'Gahgo!

Aagi!' it creaks as you clumsily apply too much pressure and break it in half. A pity! Jump-poles are very knowledgeable, and this one could have provided you with a great deal of valuable information. With little else of interest in the village, you now leave via Spitflak's Street, using half of the jump-pole as a short staff! Turn to 160.

381

'What!' exclaims the toad, grabbing at the bag of pellets. During your tussle, you drop the pouch. The pellets detonate, there is a terrific roar, and you are both consumed in a huge ball of fire.

382

You pass through the ovoid air-lock and remove your helmet. The air contains the faintest whiff of rocket fuel. There is a leak, so you must be careful not to use your laser sword or pistol here, for fear of sparking an explosion. Ahead of you is a long passage of gently tapering hoops. Attached to many hoops are strange spigots of glass or plastic. Further along the passage is an exit to the left. You may walk along the passage towards the exit (turn to 257), or examine a glass spigot (turn to 245), or a plastic spigot (turn to 371).

383

You have badly misjudged, and slam into a massive revolving pylon of the *Grand Archipelago*.

384

'A false reply, heretic!' The old man raises a finger and blasts you into oblivion.

385

You re-enter the study, then, walking through several walls, find yourself in the mansion's old-fashioned kitchen. Here, you disturb a grumpy, boil-nosed chef, who drops a newly baked soufflé in his surprise. The ill-tempered creature grabs a laser-carver and, using a large pot as a shield, rounds on you.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
CHEF	5	2	8
YOUR POLYARMOUR	–	2	10

If you win, you must discard the polyarmour, as its power is draining and you are finding it difficult to move. Turn to 284.

386

A stale yellow gas hisses from the air-seal, but the hatch will not budge. You may twist the handles in any combination you have not yet tried – either:

Turn red and blue handles clockwise	Turn to 93
Turn red and blue anti-clockwise	Turn to 118
Turn red anti-clockwise, blue clockwise	Turn to 192

387

'Thank you!' cries the creature you have just saved. It is extremely grateful, and gives you one of its possessions – a sensory capsule, which it tells you to insert into your back teeth. 'It may help you escape from a tricky situation,' the beast tells you before departing. (Add the sensory capsule to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Now you return along the passage, as there is no other exit from the cavern. Turn to 140.

388

Near the air-tube, you are attacked by one of L'Bastin's roaming pets: a gigantic fanged armadillo-bodied rhinoceros.

MUTATED RHINO SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 276.

389

In an instant, you are blasted to atoms by a mighty nuclear explosion.

390

You leave the transit cylinder and enter a bubble-shaped dome. About you are computer terminals, consoles, scanscopes and the like, all clicking noisily and flashing in some deranged manner. Clumsily you rest your elbow on a green button, causing a speaker to announce: 'Alert, alert! Unauthorized intruder! Cyborg anti-intruder defences activated!' Steam whistles from several holes in the console, badly scalding you. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. You hear the metallic pounding of a cyborg's feet, approaching the dome. You decide hastily to exit through a hatch on the opposite side of the dome. Will you pass through a round hatch (turn to 9), or a square hatch (turn to 167)?

391

In the heat of the afternoon, the spider curls up to sleep. Fortuitously you have noticed, projecting from the nearest cocoon, a number of long, sharp quills, belonging to the luckless creature within. You also have a few fingers poking from a small hole in your cocoon so, swinging yourself across, you manage to grab a quill. Will you break its tip off (turn to 157) or snap it off at its base (turn to 133)?

392

Climbing down a ladder, you enter the next level of the ship. Within it are many machines and craft, some still boxed up in large wooden crates. But behind one crate, you encounter a grim little robotoid who stares blandly at you, declaring: 'Sorry mate, you have no authorization!' He whirls forward to attack.

LITTLE ROBOTOID SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 340.

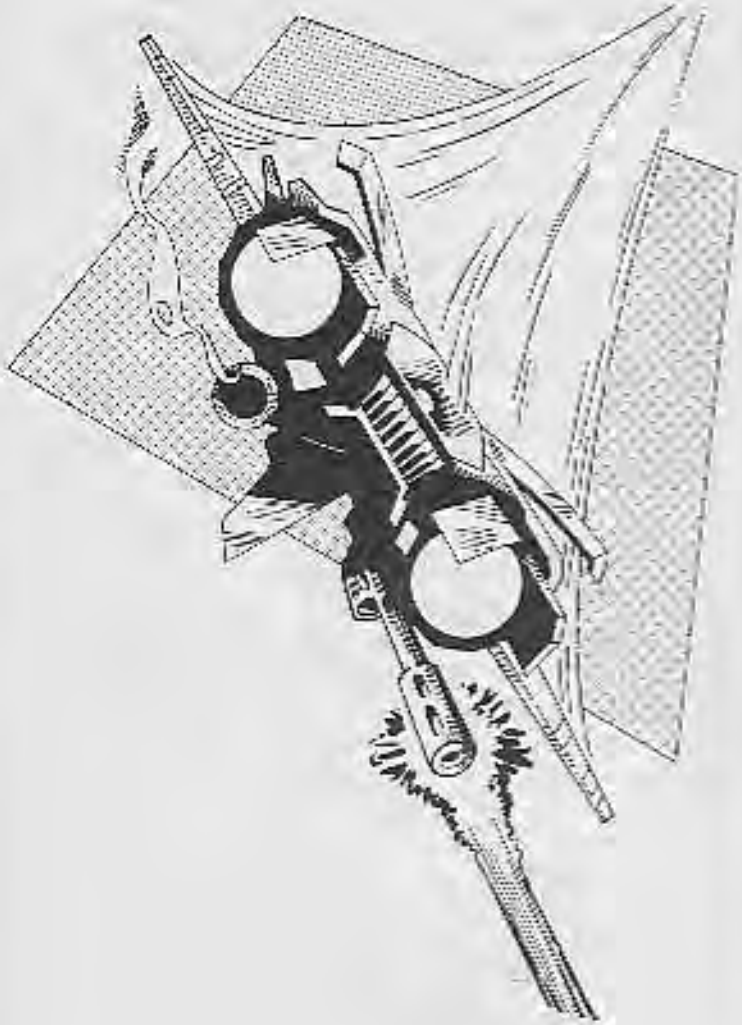

393

Several miles from the bell, you are attacked by an enemy mosquito-craft. You must defend yourself with your combat vehicle's lasers.

	RATING	LASERS	SHIELDS
MOSQUITO-CRAFT	4	4	8
YOUR COMBAT VEHICLE	–	2	10

If you win, turn to 378.

394

At the end of Spitflak's Street you enter a hut, intending to spend the night in comfort. After fastening the door, you curl up in a corner to sleep. During the early hours of the morning, you are awoken by the sounds of tinkling glass and metal coming from the pavement outside. Will you ignore the noise and go back to sleep (turn to 295), approach the window and peer outside (turn to 55), or unbar the door and poke your head out (turn to 108)?

395

The old man asks you again. 'No, thank you all the same,' you reply stiffly. You step on your way, but the old man, angry at your refusal, whirls around and slashes you with a powerful laser cutlass. Mortally wounded, you fall to the ground, your adventure over.

396

All the squares now change colour: orange to green, green to blue, blue to orange. Will you step on tile C4 (turn to **294**), tile E4 then E5, (turn to **193**), or tile D5 (turn to **110**)?

397

You are attacked by a tubeway guard and a number of ill-tempered dignitaries who have congregated near the gates.

	SKILL	STAMINA
LION-MASKED GUARD	8	6
HOOK-NOSED DIGNITARY	6	4
FOPPISH DIGNITARY	6	6

If you win, roll one die. If you roll 1, 2, 3 or 4, turn to **262**; if you roll 5 or 6, turn to **145**.

398

Through a small hole in the side of the sphere, you fire a dart. Well aimed, it pierces both your opponent's ship and his shell. The Deik shrieks and drops, stunned. Manipulating your controls, you manage to grab your key from the enemy sphere, then open your hatch and swim to the safety of the shore. You are just in time to see both spheres sink beneath the waves. You have won! Turn to **222**.

399

Your laser fire cuts through the enemy's shields and burns a hole in his huge ship which, spurting smoke, lumbers angrily towards you.

Starspray: Pitch −34 . . . Roll −142 . . . Yaw 0 . . .
Enemy: Pitch −35 . . . Roll +60 . . . Yaw +13 . . .
Relative speed 1000 . . .

You may:

Accelerate to 2000, pitch +30, roll −60, yaw +5	Turn to **269**
Maintain speed, pitch +47.5, roll −90, yaw −6.5	Turn to **112**
Halve speed, pitch −60, roll +60, yaw +5	Turn to **312**

400

And so your mission ends successfully; single-handed, you have saved the galaxy! After several minor adventures, you reach the surface of Aarok and, piloting a disused spaceship, return to Ensulina. Several months later, when Aarok has been decontaminated and set in order, you return there at the head of a large colonizing fleet. In the Dome of Marvels, the Grand Emperor himself will crown you – galactic superhero, and first ruler of New Aarok. Soon, you will begin a long and just reign over a billion people . . .

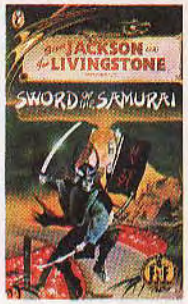
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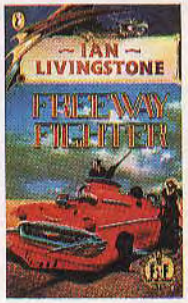
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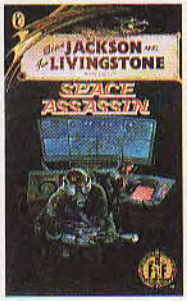
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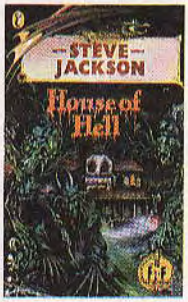
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Stealer of Souls

34

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1988
3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first find out your own strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages 16–17 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of the adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet*, using a pencil, or to make photocopies of the page for use in this adventure.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number, then enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet* (your score will be between 7 and 12 inclusive).

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled, then enter this total in the STAMINA box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so your score will lie between 14 and 24).

Roll one die, add 6 to this number, then enter this total in the LUCK box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so this score will be between 7 and 12 inclusive).

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate

record of these scores and the changes to them; for this reason, you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these additions cannot raise any score above its *Initial* value, except on very rare occasions, and you will be instructed accordingly when this is to happen.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness, and your ability to take blows in combats; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the exciting fantasy world you are about to explore!

Magic

During your adventure, you will probably find many magic items – although you may not realize at first that they are magical and you will not be certain what they do. You may also be taught to use various spells; but, to begin with, you are a warrior, and you must succeed in your great adventure by using your wits and, when necessary, your sword!

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First, record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add your own SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows: start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK score here to do additional damage (see below, *Using Luck in Battles*). Proceed to step 6.
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2

points from your own STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK, this time to reduce the damage the creature does to you (see below, *Using Luck in Battles*). Proceed to step 6.

6. Make the appropriate changes to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1 to 6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will have to fight them all together; sometimes you will fight each in turn, one after the other.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given on the relevant pages), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck* and

works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score, whether the outcome was successful or unsuccessful! Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

If things go so badly that your LUCK is reduced to 1 or zero, you will automatically be Unlucky whenever you are forced to *Test your Luck*. So, don't be too hasty or prodigal in resorting to *Testing your Luck*.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and you will then be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you *always* have the *option* of using your LUCK, either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of a wound that the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature you are fighting, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's

STAMINA score (so that you subtract a total of 4 points, rather than the usual 2). However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA score (i.e., instead of your blow causing the usual 2 points of damage, the creature's STAMINA is reduced by only 1 point).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full force of the blow and may restore 1 point of your own STAMINA (i.e., instead of the creature's blow causing 2 points of damage against your STAMINA, it is reduced by only 1 point). But if you are Unlucky, then you have taken a more serious blow and must subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point (you have to deduct a total of 3 points from your STAMINA rather than the usual 2).

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL; but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time – you cannot claim two SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords! Your SKILL score cannot exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight creatures and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA score may drop dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when fighting, but you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your current STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*. A separate Provisions Remaining Box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed.

Luck

Your LUCK score will also change during the adventure as you *Test your Luck;* additions to your LUCK score may also be awarded after you have been especially fortunate. Details are given on the relevant pages of this book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA scores, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically noted on a page.

Equipment

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you will find other items during your travels: there may be quite a few items, but they will fit into your backpack. You are armed with a Sword and are dressed in leather armour. You also carry a Shield. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures or other items you may find. You also carry a lantern which you can use to light your way when necessary.

Hints on Play

Your journey will be perilous, and you may well fail on your first attempt. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will prove invaluable later on, enabling you to progress more rapidly to unexplored sections in future adventures.

Not all areas contain treasure: many will contain merely traps and creatures which you will no doubt

fall foul of. You will doubtless make wrong turnings during your quest; while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will there find what you are searching for.

Be very cautious about taking the option to *Test your Luck* unless the page tells you that you must do this! Generally, when it comes to fights you should *Test your Luck* only to keep yourself alive if a creature's blow might otherwise kill you. Don't *Test your Luck* for trying to obtain extra damage upon your enemy unless this is really necessary! LUCK points are precious!

You will quickly realize that the paragraphs make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only those paragraphs that you are instructed to read. Reading other pages will only cause confusion and may well lessen the excitement during play.

The one true way to success in this adventure involves minimizing risk; any player, no matter how weak his or her initial dice-rolls, should be able to come through successfully to the final glory.

May the luck of the Gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial	*Initial*	*Initial*
Skill =	*Stamina* =	*Luck* =

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

TREASURE

PROVISIONS

NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =
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BACKGROUND

Vanestin of Pollua . . . a mage. You don't know him, but he has requested your presence, and his messengers were gracious. They had even made all the arrangements: coach fares paid, money for meals and indulgences along the way . . . whatever it is that he wants, he knows how to treat a valiant warrior. And now that you are with him, you can see from his beautiful home that he is a man of means and, surely, of power and influence. After greeting you, he has breathed simply one word to begin his proposition to you: a name . . .

. . . His origins may be unknown, but his is a name whispered in secret places, and it has come to your ears before: *Mordraneth*. Dark mage, a man of guile and cunning, one who has mastery of arcane secrets shunned by good magicians, a dealer in death and destruction who smiles as he slays. The Elves have spoken of him with fear, and you have drunk Skullbuster – that fearsome brew – with a grizzled Dwarf veteran who slapped you on the back with the only arm he had left after an encounter with Mordraneth. You weren't certain what to expect from the man who uttered his name simply to test your reaction, but you weren't expecting *this*.

You keep your reactions to yourself as he gazes at you; you take the time to study him. Vanestin is a

powerful man, tall and strong, lean and still young. Not what you might have expected in a wizard! You sit in his sumptuous chamber, overlooking the harbour in Pollua, sipping his fine wine. You raise your eyebrows at the name but say nothing Vanestin looks hard at you, and then proceeds with his story.

'You've heard of him, of course. A servant of Evil and Chaos, a mage of no mean skill, and possessed of a fiendish cunning. To defeat his purpose, we need your skill and courage. If you will accept the task I offer . . .' Now he stops pacing the room, sits down, and his voice has a keener edge to it.

'Two weeks ago, agents of Mordraneth kidnapped a wizard here, Alsander, who was occupied in magical research into Mordraneth's schemings. I last saw Alsander a few days before he disappeared, and he was excited and worried then. He warned me that Mordraneth was using magical energies to draw power in some way from the realms of the dead, and he urged me to consult with him again when he had had a little more time to study the problem. Alas, when I called upon him he was gone, with all his notes.

'But by magical scrying, we have found where Alsander is, and he is still alive. Your task is not as desperate as you may have thought when I spoke Mordraneth's name. We do not require you to slay him; we need you to bring Alsander back to us.' He pauses to offer you more wine, and he sees that you are a little disappointed – what a scalp Mordraneth's would be to boast about! Vanestin is quick to counter that.

'If you can rescue Alsander, you may gain the knowledge and power to overcome Mordraneth himself. I can't think of anyone more capable to undertake it.' You smile at his flattery. 'Interested?' He hardly needs your nod.

'Mordraneth has tried to fool us, but for once his ruse has failed. From our spies we know that the evil one is in Allansia . . . but we have also discovered that Alsander is imprisoned elsewhere. Mordraneth expects us to come for him, in the belief that he has Alsander with him. Well, we won't disappoint him. A ship has already sailed for Allansia with warriors and mages aboard. Just a diversion, of course, although we've made sure that his spies have heard of it as a serious mission. But you, my friend, will be making for the real quarry.

'Mordraneth has hidden Alsander on the Isle of Despair, a small island just off the eastern coast of the Island of Scars. Deep within the Iron Crypts he has hidden him. Why he has not slain him, I do not know – but this I do know: we need desperately to find out what Alsander had discovered, and we *must* get him back alive. And you are the warrior to do it. One brave hero can penetrate defences secretly and silently, where a group would raise too many alarms and thereby fail. And a wizard would be useless there; no magic works within the Iron Crypts save that which Mordraneth himself uses. No; it is a brave and fearless warrior we need. A small ship, the *Petrel*, is waiting.

'Will you accept this quest? If you don't, then my magic will ensure that you will remember nothing of what I have said when you leave. I cannot afford any idle gossip . . .' but he is smiling, for he has seen your hand move to your scabbard at the prospect of the adventure. 'Gold and glory, my friend, I can promise you both in abundance! Let us drink to it – but not too much. The tide will be favourable in but a few hours!'

NOW TURN OVER!

1

Fair weather and a good easterly breeze have sped you along your way. You should reach the Isle of Despair in but a day or two. Garaeth, the ship's captain, has been well paid, and you had no problems arranging for him to pick you up after you have completed your quest. But now dark clouds are gathering and a gale is picking up. The captain gives orders for battening down the hatches, and prepares to run before the wind. The first heavy drops of rain splatter down on the wooden deck. As you prepare to go below, a cry goes up from a crewman and your gaze follows his pointing finger; a huge black bird with a wing-span of yards – and outstretched talons – is plummeting down from the leaden sky, straight towards you! If you want to flee, turn to **55**. If you wish to stay and fight the menace, turn to **127**.

2

Mordraneth's magical creations can sometimes create *fear* in you; when this happens, your skill in combat will be undermined. You may use the 'Dispel Fear' spell at any time to negate all the effects fear has on you (but this will not protect you against a later attack of fear, should you be subjected to one). If you are in combat and wish to cast this spell, you can do so; however, you cannot do anything else in that Attack Round, and your opponent will score a free hit against you, doing the usual 2 points of damage. Return to **188**.

3

You are now fighting the young guard, who does not look very strong but who is very nimble and agile, so his speed makes him a dangerous enemy!

GUARD SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **282**.

4

Beyond the east door is a dank, unlit passageway. The air is stale, and an unpleasant smell lingers in it; this gets stronger as you make your way towards the thick wooden door with iron bands which stands at the end of the passage. You listen at the door, but hear nothing. As you prepare to move in, the door opens from the other side, and before you stands the biggest Troll you've ever seen! He is HUGE, and he carries a massive club. You cannot run away, for he can easily outrun you and will strike you down from behind. You must fight him.

TROLL SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **226**.

5

Your 'Speed' spell allows you to run amazingly quickly and you just escape the enclosing walls. As they crunch together, you just make it to the black passageway at the end of the chamber. Turn to **296**.

6

The door opens into a cluttered, filthy and reeking chamber, the lair of two Rat Men. Gleefully they grab their swords, which are stained with filth, and attack you. The smell here is so repulsive that, for the duration of this combat *only*, your SKILL score is 2 points less than normal, due to your nausea. (Do *not* change the SKILL score on your *Adventure Sheet*; this is only a temporary alteration.) Fight the Rat Men one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAT MAN	5	5
Second RAT MAN	5	6

If you win, turn to 57.

7

The passageway turns north and then widens before opening out into a rock-strewn chamber, into which daylight streams; you can see the clouds and sky beyond. There is a clutter of straw and twigs in the far corner of the chamber. Do you want to enter the chamber (turn to 354) or go back south and west, retracing your steps (turn to 314)?

8

The statue crushes the gem and sprinkles gem dust on you. You gain 1 LUCK point. The statue gestures towards the stairs, ushering you upwards and onwards. You ascend to a passageway beyond. Turn to 287.

9

You sleep comfortably and soundly, and you regain 2 STAMINA points. In the morning, you may either return to the trail and set off north-west (turn to 339) or open the trapdoor and investigate what is below (turn to 157).

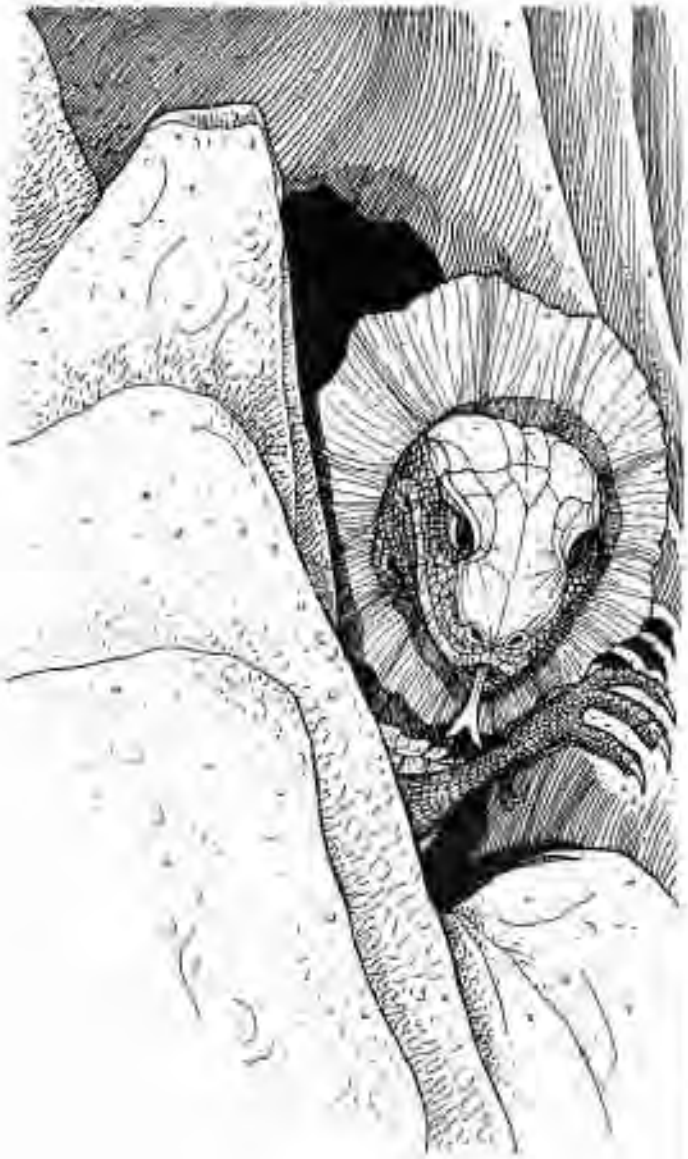

10

Just before mid-day you notice that the trail ahead is petering out and the hills are getting very steep indeed. This can't be the right way! Suddenly, a weird croaking voice sounds from your left: 'Greetingsssss! Have you lost your way?' You spin round to see a very large grey lizard with a yellow ruff of skin-folds around its neck, poking out its head from behind a rocky outcrop at you. Do you want to:

Attack the lizard?	Turn to **360**
Stay where you are and say 'hello' or something similar?	Turn to **86**
Run away back south?	Turn to **54**

11

You take a swing at your enemy with your sword, galvanized by fear of what the effect of his spell might be. You don't hit him, but you do force him to duck, ruining his concentration so that his spell-casting is spoiled. Cursing you, he draws from his belt a vicious double-thonged flail with wicked strips of jagged metal studded into the thick leather! You will have to overcome him in physical combat now; turn to **321**.

12

Obviously, whatever is in the chest must be of value, given the nature of its guardian; so you move closer to examine the chest. You try to open it; now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **399**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **164**.

13

. . . You regain consciousness. Your vision slowly clears, and you realize you are lying on your stomach with someone smacking you on the back as you cough up . . . nothing! You slowly turn your head to see a thin-faced young man with piercing green eyes and wearing grey robes. 'An illusion,' he says, 'but effective. Since you believed you were drowning, getting what you thought was water out of your lungs seems to have helped.' He notices your look of surprise at meeting anyone helpful here! 'I'm Parazan, Mordraneth's apprentice. The man's mad; if you can overcome him, good luck to you. I'm escaping now! I hope this helps,' and as he disappears into thin air you notice the golden flask he has left behind. If you want to open the flask and sip its contents now, turn to **165**. If you want to keep the flask for later, add the Golden Flask to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*, and turn to **387**.

14

You duck behind the vegetation, and the Hobgoblins don't see you. They exchange some heavy blows, and then one runs the other through with its sword. It gloats in celebration of the kill, then moves to the cottage door. The wounded Hobgoblin manages to draw a dagger and groan, its last act being to fling the weapon and pierce the other in the back. They're both dead. Turn to **135**.

15

Now, will you take the light, airy passage (turn to **319**) or open some iron gates and walk down the frosty passage beyond (turn to **331**)?

16

At the *start* of a combat, you may cast the 'Fire Globe' spell at your opponent instead of using your sword. When you cast the spell, a small ball of orange fire will shoot from the palm of your hand and fly at your enemy, automatically hitting him and inflicting 6 points of damage. You may use this spell only in the first Attack Round of a combat. Return to **188**.

17

Beyond the door is a torch-lit passage which leads westwards and then bends round to the south. You notice that it is not dusty but clean, so you deduce that many people may pass along it regularly. There may be many foes here, but perhaps also someone who might be helpful if you are lucky and careful . . . Soon you come to a T-junction, and here you can either take the eastern passage (turn to **228**) or the western passage (turn to **97**).

18

Do you have a bunch of keys? If you do, turn to **211**. If you don't, you cannot open the securely locked door, so you decide to head off south instead; turn to **227**.

19

You try the Ebony Key in the lock . . . but when you turn it, it simply disappears – and the door *still* won't open! (Cross the key off your Equipment list – it is lost to you now.) Turn to **243**.

20

The Ogre's chamber is clean and well furnished – by ogrish standards. You take the 3 Gold Pieces from the large table (add these to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*) and look around. On a smaller table by his rough straw bed the Ogre has some hard bread and cheese – a little mouldy, but edible if you pare away the hard rind. There are sufficient Provisions for two meals here, and you may take this food (add 2 to your Provisions list). There is also a pewter ale tankard on the floor which you may pick up and put in your backpack if you wish (if you do, add this to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*).

The Ogre stirs and you spin around. You didn't quite finish him off! With a dying grunt he lunges forward and presses with all his might on a panel in the stone wall before expiring. You watch, horror-struck and immobile, as a grille of VERY thick iron bars crashes down from the ceiling in the southern passage, blocking your way back. You cannot hope to bend these massive bars or squeeze between them, and pressing the panel again has no effect. Now there can be no retreat . . . cursing, you head for the other door and set off to the west. Turn to **280**.

21

No sooner have you won your tough fight than you hear loud voices coming from the south – more Natives, and *lots* of them! Even you cannot hope to fight a score or more of these men. You run at full speed back towards the north. This leaves you almost exhausted; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. You have no time to stop and eat a meal so, if this loss reduces your STAMINA points to zero, then you collapse with exhaustion on the trail; the Natives catch up with you and slay you to avenge their friends. Your adventure ends here.

If you get away alive, you are back at the crossroads. Looking north, you see that the skull marking the way north is covered with blood and, as you look at it, its jaws open and blood spurts out on to the ground! Horrified, you make up your mind to head west. Turn to **181**.

22

You row like one possessed and get to the shore, outpacing the crab. But this takes a lot of effort, so you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to **102**.

23

You cast the spell and race away. You easily outrun the squeaking horde, and very soon make it to the end of the sewer. Turn to **152**.

24

Searching through the skulls you find nothing, but as you handle them a faint sound begins to arise: a soft moaning, like a creature in pain. Then blood starts to well up in the eye-sockets of the skulls! You step back in horror and get out of the room, slamming the door behind you to shut out the keening wails. Deduct 1 LUCK point. Now you must open one of the other doors, either the one in the north wall (turn to 377) or the one in the west wall (turn to **205**).

25

You charge into the room, to discover three Orcs sitting round a table, drinking ale and gambling with dice. The Orcs curse and draw their weapons. However, you have gained surprise over them, so you can lash out at one of them before they can strike at you. Turn to 185 to fight them – and you may subtract 2 STAMINA points from the score of the first Orc you fight because of your initial blow.

26

Looking around, you see that there is just one passageway from this chamber – leading south – but surely there is something useful to be found in all this debris? You sift through all the bloodied bones and feathers and find nothing of any note, then you look up at the ledge. It's a good 18 feet up, and the rock surface is very sheer. You'd have no chance of climbing this normally. Do you have a grappling iron *and* a 15-foot length of rope? If you do, turn to 162. If you don't, you must take the south passage, so turn to 42.

27

Roll one die; if the result is a 1, turn to 370. Otherwise, turn to 344.

28

A grim sight unfolds before your eyes as you look round the door. Fierce heat radiates from a huge metal brazier filled with white-hot coals, from which a number of branding-iron handles are projecting. Tables carry brass vessels, clawed pincers and pliers; even more horrid items are scattered all round the room. You have also been seen by the room's occupant, a misshapen creature with green-brown skin and huge muscular limbs covered in wiry tufts of black hair. But he just grins at you, showing the yellowed stumps of rotten teeth, and gestures you in. You can either attack him (turn to 92) or go in and talk with him (turn to 220).

29

As you show the snakes the Snake Glove, they rise up and sway, and then collect together in a huge writhing spiral in the centre of the room. Slowly they wind together and form a wriggling column of scaly forms, which is transformed into a staff like the one shown on the glove! You take the staff in your hands, and as you hold it you regain 4 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. You know that this will drain the staff of its power, so you leave it here. Now, you may take either the azure (turn to 272) or the ochre (turn to 77) passageway at the end of this chamber.

30

Mordraneth's Fire Globe fizzes through the air and envelops you in burning flame before you can finish casting your own 'Fire Globe' spell! Your spellcasting is ruined, and you cannot use your 'Fire Globe' spell again. Deduct 6 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you run pell-mell up the right-hand set of steps as Mordraneth prepares another spell. You can almost reach him with your sword, but not quite yet! Turn to 351.

31

You cannot make it in time, and the Skeletal Illusion strikes you in the back. Lose 2 points from your STAMINA. Then your enemy appears in front of you! Turn to 397.

32

You cross the long chamber, but the heat is so powerful that in places the rocks are glowing, and it drains you of strength. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. But at last you get to the orange passage, where it is cooler. Turn to 362.

33

Since the Orc is obviously friendly, you start to talk, and ask him what he knows about torturers and any prisoners about the place. 'Yer,' he says, 'there's ole wossisface, the 'arf-ogre. Good enturrtainer, 'e is. Lessus watch sometimes. Last week we 'ad an advenchoorer in and 'e impaled 'im on barbed 'ooks.' The Orc rubs his hands with pleasure at the memory. It has already occurred to you that, if you're not careful, it could be *you* next. You decide you don't want to hear any more of this, so you

set off along the passageway, westwards; turn to **97**.

34

Do you have an Ebony Key? If you do, turn to **386**. If you don't, turn to **171**.

35

Beyond the door is a narrow passage leading north, which comes to a dead end. You can either retrace your steps back through the storeroom to the main north passage (turn to **284**) or investigate the dead end (turn to **365**).

36

You enter the huge chamber in which stand tombs and mausoleums made of grey stone, with exquisite embellishments. You feel yourself becoming hypnotized by the singing, and you want to stay and listen to it for ever, it seems so timelessly beautiful. You could stay here for ever . . . and, hardly aware of the life-draining embraces of the wraiths that arise from the shadows to surround you, this is precisely what happens. The songs turn to screams and you hear the terrible cries of torment from tortured souls. Your mind will become part of Mordraneth's pitiless magic, and you have failed in your quest.

37

You don't move – but he does. The illusion melts away, so that you can see the black-robed Dark

Priest for what he is . . . but not before a spell of magical cold has wrapped you in numbing blackness. Deduct 6 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, he moves in to finish you off with his mace. Turn to **367**.

38

The trail splits; you can either head north, where you can see hilly terrain and bracken in the distance (turn to **238**), or you can continue west along what appears to be a fairly well-used mud track (turn to **349**).

39

The Sprite thanks you for your mercy; in return for sparing his life he gives you a small pouch with three tiny bags of 'Luck Powder'. Add these to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. Each of these bags contains a sprinkling of magical dust which, if shaken on your hands, will restore 1 LUCK point. You may use this magic to restore lost LUCK points at any time except during a combat. Shame-facedly, the Sprite promises not to disturb you again.

You wake next morning fairly refreshed by your sleep and regain 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **103**.

40

Trying to bend the iron railings is a very hard test of your abilities. Roll two dice and add 3 to the number you roll. If the total is less than or equal to your

current SKILL score, then you have succeeded in bending the bars apart and you can squeeze through them (turn to **326**). If the total is greater than your current SKILL score, turn to **312**.

41

The Orcs admire the bone dice. 'Luvverly bit uv work,' one of them says as he gulps down another pint of Brain Damage. 'Fancy a little gamble then?' If you have some Treasure and are willing to gamble on a dice game, turn to **291**. If you have no Treasure, or are unwilling to gamble, turn to **180**.

42

You head south, back to an east-west passageway. To the east, a pall of black smoke blocks your path. The choking fumes make that way impassable, so you must head west and then follow that passageway as it bends southwards. Turn to **218**.

43

The sleeper is now fully awake. Irrespective of what you say, he looks at you with deep suspicion, and says, 'You're not one of us! I know all the Master's men!' He draws his sword; you're going to have to fight him.

GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **357**.

44

Having overcome your formidable enemy, you take some keys from his belt and release the prisoner from the cell in which he is being kept; from the darkened cell, full of filthy straw and lice, you lead a weak old man, his white hair and beard streaked with dirt. If you have any Provisions or a magical 'potion of healing', you *must* give him one or the other now, for you have a feeling that his magic will increase your chances of escape from here, and he will need all his strength to use it. He thanks you for your kindness. Turn to **140**.

45

Do you have a crowbar? If you do, turn to **141**. If you don't, turn to **396**.

46

At last you are fighting with your sword against the evil Arch-mage! But he is swift and deadly as a warrior too, and uses his sword well. His green eyes glitter in the flaring light of the smouldering braziers

as he attempts to slay you. Will you triumph or be slain at the last?

MORDRANETH SKILL 10 STAMINA 17

If you win, turn to 400.

47

Your magical Ring of Fire Resistance minimizes the damage you take, so you have to deduct only 1 STAMINA point. You're nearly half-way up, but you can see your enemy preparing another attack! Turn to 351.

48

What will you use against the rats? Will you get out:

A white gem?	Turn to 317
A block of incense?	Turn to 64
A silver feather?	Turn to 232
An ivory statuette?	Turn to 93

49

You reckon that you can pry open the lid of the chest with a crowbar – but, as you jam the hook of the crowbar under the lid and make your first attempt, the resistance of the chest is terrific. You can be sure that it will take a great deal of strength, and some STAMINA loss, to get this chest open – and you cannot even be certain of success. You can try again to open it (turn to 316) or give up the attempt, return to the main passage, and open the door at the southern end of it (turn to 124).

50

In the room beyond the small door you quickly spot a trapdoor in the floor which is half covered by a tatty rug, and heavily barred from your side. The room is sparsely furnished: a bed with clean bedding, a chair and a table on which stands a small portable incense-burner. Do you have any blocks of incense? If you do, turn to 234. If you don't, turn to 305.

51

The passageway winds on to the west and seems to come to a dead end – but you can make out faint rays of daylight through the wall at the end of it! Clearly, someone slipped up when installing this illusion here! Cautiously you poke at the wall, and find that you can step through it safely. As you do, you see that there is a passageway going south which you could take (if you do, turn to 42); alternatively, you could follow a narrow passageway that goes north into a daylight-filled chamber, from which you can hear a low cawing noise and the sound of something being horribly ripped apart (turn to 385).

52

As you enter, an unexpected event makes you jump in alarm. On the west wall of the chamber is an etched stone face, a hideous and gnarled visage with cruel fangs. Your medallion flares briefly with white light; the closed eyes of the stone face open, and smooth jet-black eyes turn to look at you! This experience makes you feel like getting out fast; fortunately, you can try a door in the east wall of this chamber (turn to 313) or another in the south wall (turn to 121).

53

You make good progress, but eventually it grows dark, and you know there will be no moonlight to guide you, so you must stop and rest. The best shelter you can find is a rock overhang; so you bivouac there, after collecting a few dry twigs and the like to spread around your resting place in order to give you warning of any approaching marauder in the night. Nothing disturbs you, but you manage no more than a fitful doze. Still feeling rather weary, you arise at dawn as the first rays of sunshine stretch across the pale blue, cloudless sky to greet you, and you set off along the trail once more. Turn to 339.

54

Running quickly back towards the south, you reach the turning to your right and head west along it; but you are very tired from running so fast and must deduct 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 349.

55

You are too slow to evade the diving bird; you will have to fight it after all. What's more, the sharp yellow-tipped black talons of the bird tear at your back as you turn and try to run; you lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 127.

56

'I do not know of such a place,' he says sadly, 'but I believe there is some kind of evil shrine to the south-west. Perhaps this is what you seek.' Now you may either ask him about the scroll, if you have it (turn to 302), or take your leave and head off southwards (turn to 250).

57

The Rat Men's room is quite disgustingly dirty and littered with debris; you can see nothing of obvious value or interest lying around here. Nor are there any doors or passages leading from the room, save for the one you entered by. If you wish to make a thorough search of the room, turn to 259. If you prefer to get out now and head back southwards, turn to 303.

58

The stairs continue upwards for some distance, and time passes as you slog on, so you must eat a meal here. You are growing weary from your exertions, and you know that soon you should find somewhere safe to rest and sleep. But you can hardly do this on the stairs! Your footfalls echo gently on the stone steps, and strange whisperings and chitterings flit among the ghostly cobwebs on the mould-streaked walls. You must have a light source to move safely up the stairs (your lantern, or a Magic Sword if you have one).

At last you reach a landing at the top of the stairs. There is a rotten-looking wooden stepladder standing here, covered in mould, and in the ceiling you see a wooden trapdoor. You look around, but there is no other way out, and going back down the stairs is pointless. Gingerly you ascend the ladder. You're going to have to open the trapdoor, so you summon up all your strength and push hard. Roll one die. If the score is 1 or 2, turn to **265**. If the score is 3 or higher, turn to **375**.

59

You enter a gloomy, dirty and rather small room in which two bored Orcs are sitting at a table gnawing at a roast Dwarf joint. They look cruel and mean, and have their swords ready to hand. They attack at once; in the doorway, you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	4
Second ORC	5	6

If you win, turn to **264**.

60

The young man laughs with incredulity. 'Oh yeah? And I'm a goblin's granny!' Before you can react, he nicks your arm with his dagger. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Now you must fight him, so turn to **3**.

61

Alsander looks weary and pale after teaching you his spells. 'I have just enough strength to teleport home,' he whispers. 'Oh, I nearly forgot . . . how to get to the Empire of Illusions. There's a secret door over there,' and he points to the centre of the south wall. 'Go through it and follow the passageway. I must warn you: there are two evil Dark Elves down there, and beyond their lair is a teleport device which will take you to Mordraneth's deepest lair. If you can slay him, the illusions will disappear, and you'll be able to find a way out. Use the magic I have taught you wisely, for you can use each spell but once!' Then he murmurs a few words, and his body shimmers and is gone, teleported back to Pollua.

You make your preparations and set off to confront the Dark Elves. Turn to **281**.

62

You drag yourself up on to the plateau. Crawling across the rock to stay out of the howling wind, you finally reach a brown passage, and at last you can stand up, dust yourself off, and press onwards. Turn to **247**.

63

You race up the stone steps, but Mordraneth is able to attack you with a spell before you can get to him. You see a ball of fire shooting towards you, leaving a thin plume of black smoke hanging in the air. Are you wearing a bronze ring? If you are, turn to **126**. If you aren't, turn to **190**.

64

The incense makes no difference to the swarming rats. Deduct 1 STAMINA point through wasting time retrieving the item while the rat-pack was biting; now you realize your mistake and run away. Turn to 251.

65

Now, you can either search the scattered piles of debris in this room (turn to 343) or leave this place and set off west along the passageway (turn to 97).

66

The cowled figure sprays a volley of blue whirling icy darts from his fingers and they fly through the air at you. Roll one die and add 1 to the total; this number is the number of STAMINA points you lose as these icy, numbing missiles strike you. Now the evil figure whirls a vicious metal-studded black flail to finish you off with. Turn to 321.

67

Do you have a silver feather? If you do, and you want to offer it to him, turn to 83. If you want to offer some other item, turn to 235.

68

You dodge past the statue and race up the stairs. Behind you, you hear no sounds of the statue following you. You breathe a sigh of relief and ascend to the passageway beyond. Turn to 287

69

As you attack, the illusion vanishes! The man, no longer in chains, is clad in dark flowing robes and he wields a heavy ebony mace. You are in combat with a fearsome enemy, a Dark Priest! Turn to 367.

70

You beach your boat – but hardly are you out of the water on to the pebbled shore when an angry giant comes rushing at you from the north. His massive muscles are knotted with rage, and his fists – the size of hams – clutch a massive oaken club. 'You killed Edwina!' he roars, and you realize he must be referring to his pet crab. There is a trail to the west, but the giant is already upon you: you're going to have to fight him. Turn to **240**.

71

The old man is barely conscious and is clearly very weak; his lips are cracked and dry and his skin is ashen. You give him some food and water to revive him; subtract 1 from your Provisions list. Slowly he gains strength and at last is able to speak. He tells you that he is a herbalist who has come to the island seeking rare medicinal herbs. The two Hobgoblins had captured him and were arguing over which of them was to kill him! He thanks you for your help, but says that there is little he can do in return, since

the Hobgoblins ate his food and burned all his herbs. But he would like to help if he can. Will you:

Ask him the way to the Iron Crypts?	Turn to **56**
Ask him about the scroll (if you have it)?	Turn to **302**
Take your leave and retrace your steps towards the south?	Turn to **250**

72

Following the passage east, you ignore a turning to the south which you know only leads back to the goblin room, and you press on eastwards. Turn to **160**

73

You slay the Orcs, then look around their room; save for them and their inferior weapons and the dice and coins on the table, there does not seem to be much here. Will you:

Open the north door?	Turn to **346**
Open the east door?	Turn to **4**
Search the room?	Turn to **137**

74

None of the many keys on the bunch you took from the Troll will fit the door and you just can't open it! Will you now:

Try using the phial of White Oil, if you have it?	Turn to **138**
Give up and try the west door?	Turn to **358**
Give up and go south?	Turn to **283**

75

You enter a well-furnished room with carpets, paintings and fine ornaments, lit by ornate oil-lamps. On a fur-covered bed lies a man who is wearing chain-mail and has a scabbarded sword at his belt; he was obviously sleeping, but your entry has awakened him. Turn to 43.

76

You are now fighting a wily, strong half-Ogre! He advances on you brandishing a heated iron from the brazier, and you will need all your skill to beat him!

HALF-OGRE TORTURER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to 273.

77

The ochre passage has a rocky floor, and the air is dry and warm. You walk along carefully, in order to avoid stubbing your toes on the rocks which are scattered over the ground. You enter a long, narrow ochre chamber. At the far end of it you see a dark tunnel in which flares and gouts of red light flicker from time to time. You head towards this, but you are only half-way across the chamber when you hear a loud crunching sound, as if of moving stone. The walls are moving in to crush you! You see that even if you run flat out, you will be desperately fortunate to make the dark passageway in the distance before you are crushed to death. Will you:

Cast a spell?	Turn to 372
Use an item from your backpack?	Turn to 45
Run as fast as you can and hope?	Turn to 396

78

Before you can complete the casting of your spell, Mordraneth's own spell hits you; a ball of lightning, blue and sparking, fizzes through the air and hammers into your chest. Deduct 4 STAMINA points; also your own spellcasting is ruined; and you cannot use your spell again. Now, assuming you are still alive, you can take either the left-hand set of steps to the balcony (turn to **332**) or the right-hand set of steps up (turn to **63**).

79

As the whirling magical bolus whistles through the air towards you, your silver ring seems to absorb it into itself. The ring, which felt so dead and lifeless, must be able to absorb at least some kinds of magic – and may have just saved your life! Now you race to the top of the steps and you can fight the wizard. Turn to **46**.

80

You cannot fight the rat-pack; there are simply far too many of them. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA, and then you must flee down the sewer. Turn to **251**.

81

Do you have a crowbar? If you do, turn to **49**. If you don't, turn to **233**.

82

Beyond the door is a dark room, with satins and silks draped over a long table. Crossed knives with sharp, serrated blades decorate the walls, together with pinioned skulls. A powerful emanation of evil radiates from here, and you feel the hairs standing up on the nape of your neck; lose 1 LUCK point. You want to get away, so you open the door to the east in the Orc's room; turn to **123**.

83

The Birdman takes the silver feather with a strange, cawing cry of joy and puts it on a silver chain round his neck (cross the silver feather off the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). The Birdman has trouble speaking your language, but eventually you learn much from his stumbling words.

He tells you that an intense magical evil in the Iron Crypts is driving his people out of the mountain; but this feather – a magic which the Birdmen know how to use – will protect them. He says that the 'evil ones' have a prisoner deep within the Iron Crypts, and that there is a half-ogre torturer there also. Lastly, he warns you that there is a vicious predator to the west which has

just taken up residence: a Razorbeak Bird. The Birdman knows that this bird has stolen a magical item from a wizard recently, and that this might be helpful to you, but you'll have to kill the bird to get it – and that won't be easy! Thanking you for your gift, he flies off to join his fellows. Turn to **292**.

84

You are fighting a Stone Golem. It strikes at you with its hard stone fists, and it is not easy to parry or strike successfully with an ordinary sword. When you succeed in hitting your adversary, you must roll one die; on a roll of 1 or 2, your blow is ineffective and does no damage to the Golem.

STONE GOLEM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

If you win, you take the stairs up past the shattered Golem; turn to **287**.

85

You become confused as you travel along. You are lost, increasingly tired, and you must sit down and eat another meal or lose all but 1 STAMINA point. As you lean back against the rough wall for support, a pair of stone claws encircle your arms! You have fallen into the clutches of the Stone Shapeshifter, an ancient and evil rock-being which preys on those who wander in these subterranean realms. Your scream of horror is smothered as a wet stone protuberance wraps around your face, and you are slowly absorbed into the stone wall. Your quest

ends here, for the Stone Shapeshifter's evil patience has been rewarded once again.

86

The strange talking lizard seems friendly, and it wants your help. It tells you that a foul pair of predators, Giant Stormbirds, are in the habit of stealing its eggs. The lizard can't climb up to the birds' nest to drive them away. It wants you to kill the birds for it, and it promises you a reward – a fine rosy-pink pearl! Will you:

Say you've already killed one Stormbird?	Turn to **378**
Agree to help the lizard?	Turn to **256**
Refuse to help?	Turn to **119**

87

As you rush to the attack, the Hobgoblins forget their differences and turn to attack you! You must fight both of them *together*. Roll two dice and add your SKILL score; then roll two dice for each of the Hobgoblins every Attack Round and add their SKILL scores. The combatant with the highest Attack Strength is the one who will get in a successful strike during that Attack Round.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HOBGOBLIN	5	6
Second HOBGOBLIN	6	7

If you win, turn to **135**.

88

After a cursory look around, the Goblin departs. You wait for an hour, then another, then a third . . . but nothing happens. You really should have tried to lure the Goblin out! Now you will have to make your way out of the catacombs and back overland to the main trail leading north, and during this time you must eat *two* meals (make the necessary deduction from your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 53.

89

You win at the gambling game; roll one die: this is the number of Gold Pieces you win from the Orcs. Add your winnings to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*. The Orcs drown their sorrows in more of their foul beer; you take care to drink only a very little! Turn to 254.

90

The lock and hinges on this door are very rusty, and the door looks very solid. Will you:

Try smashing down the door?	Turn to 210
Try using an Ebony Key to open the door?	Turn to 275
Try using the bunch of keys to open the door?	Turn to 74
Try using the phial of White Oil to lubricate the lock and/or hinges of the door?	Turn to 138
Give up and try the west door?	Turn to 358
Give up and head south down the passage?	Turn to 283

91

Although there are valuables here – the carpets and furs – you can hardly carry them around with you. However, there are two other items of value. First, while the warrior's sword is inferior to your own, his chain-mail armour is certainly better than your leather armour! You can put this on (add it to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*), and it will add 1 point of SKILL to your total. This addition *will* grant you a higher SKILL score than your *Initial* level – *unless that Initial level was* 11 *or* 12 (you're so good it won't make any difference!). You also find a crowbar, and you may take this if you wish (if you do, add it to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). You leave this room and try the southern door in the next room; turn to 245.

92

You are now fighting a wily and strong half-Ogre! He advances on you wielding a barbed metal rod mounted on a short wooden pole-arm, and he is no mean opponent!

HALF-OGRE TORTURER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to 44.

93

As you produce the ivory cat statuette, it seems to glow and grow in size. The rats shrink back. It gets bigger and bigger, and the rats begin to flee, squeaking in terror, as a huge spectral cat chases them back down the sewer! You continue your journey without being troubled; turn to **152**.

94

You are in a spell combat with Mordraneth, for you are both casting 'Fire Globe' spells at each other! You must first roll two dice for each of you, then add your respective SKILL scores (Mordraneth's SKILL is 10), to determine who has the higher Attack Strength for this Attack Round. If you have the higher Attack Strength, turn to **222**. If Mordraneth has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **174**.

95

As the skeletal figure approaches, your medallion shines brightly; you take a swing at the figure with your sword – and it disappears into wisps of smoke, struck by your sword and the glittering white light cast by the medallion! But now the medallion grows dim and dull, and you suspect its powers are exhausted. Now, you can either follow the blue passageway (turn to **261**) or the violet passageway (turn to **150**).

96

You look around and pick up the 8 Gold Pieces the Dark Elves had (add this to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*), but beside this you see a better treasure still. Wrapped in large moist broadleaf wrappings are six small flat loaves of sweet wheybread – each one equivalent to a full meal! You may add 6 to your Provisions list on your *Adventure Sheet* for these. The rich smell of spices, the glitter of silks and other treasures do not tempt you, for you cannot carry these items. To the east of the room, you see an archway leading to a small circular

chamber and you approach to look at it. In the centre is a raised podium on which a swirl of rainbow colours eddies and flows . . . the teleport device Alsander told you of! Breathing in deeply, you step into the waves of light, and the room fades from your sight. Where will you arrive? To find out, turn to **229**.

97

The passageway goes on westwards, and then turns south again; once more it is clear that you are treading a well-frequented path. At the end of the passage you observe a wooden door with a handle bearing an ornate door-plaque of bronze and a silvered door-handle. Just before this, there is a side-passage to the east, at the end of which is a small door which has a sign affixed to it: 'DANGER! KEEP OUT!' Do you want to open the southern door at the end of the corridor (turn to **124**) or investigate the east door at the end of the side-passage (turn to **172**)?

98

You can see an obvious and definitely *not* concealed door at the end of the corridor – but you now also find a concealed door in the west wall of the passage, about ten yards away from it. Cautiously you open the secret door and pass along the narrow tunnel beyond. This tunnel is very dark, and you will need a light source to see by. It is dusty and damp, and the air is very stale. The tunnel winds to the west, then southwards, and then turns east again to an apparent dead end; you guess that there must be another secret door at the end of it. You burst through that door, which opens into the west wall of a room beyond. There are two Orcs in this room, sitting at a table and eating a joint of roast Dwarf; with the benefit of surprise, however, you slay one before he can even get up! Turn to **59**, and fight the second Orc there *only*.

99

You search the Orc's room, but find only empty crates and some packing, a bed and a table and a pair of rickety chairs. However, in one crate you do find a 15-foot length of rope, and you may take this if you wish (if you do, add it to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). Looking around, you see that there is only one exit, a door in the north wall, so you open it and move along the passage beyond. After a few yards you find that you can either continue on north (turn to **284**) or investigate a door at the end of a small side-passage to the east (turn to **304**).

100

Before you, in the south passage, stands a skeletal figure armed with a thonged flail! The Skeleton Man advances on you, so you will have to fight him.

SKELETON MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **241**.

101

In the morning, before departing you can ask Alkandi about the Message Scroll, if you have it. If you wish to do this, turn to the paragraph with the same number as that written on the scroll. As you are about to leave, the shaman tells you not to turn north when you get back to the crossroads, for his people have seen dangerous Hobgoblins in that direction. You thank him for his advice (add 1 LUCK point). You take your leave and head north to the crossroads (turn to **181**).

102

You beach your boat and look around. To the west is a trail leading towards the hilly interior of the island, and to the south there is a tall white cliff which bars your way. Appearing out of the wispy mist to the north looms a huge figure – a giant, almost sixteen feet tall, clad in green and his hair a tangle of kelp and shells that he wears for decoration. He is muscular and carries a massive club. 'Hello, human,' he booms. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **240**
Greet him in return?	Turn to **328**
Run away to the west?	Turn to **257**

103

You set off on a fine day, with the cries of seabirds in your ears, and before long you arrive at a crossroads. By the side of the path to the north, there stands a wooden pole with a skull atop it By the southern path, there is a bloodied fistful of bird's feathers on a pointed stick. There is nothing to mark the path which continues westwards. Will you:

Go north?	Turn to **327**
Go west?	Turn to **181**
Go south?	Turn to **128**

104

After a few minutes, you hear the sound of footsteps coming down the passage from beyond the railinged gates. Taking a careful peek, you observe a Goblin who is standing idly by them on the other side! You can either keep still and do nothing (turn to **88**); otherwise you may try making some slight noise while staying out of sight to see what happens (if you do this, turn to **348**).

105

Will you take out a pewter ale tankard (turn to **276**), a pair of bone dice (turn to **41**), or both items if you have both (turn to **276**)?

106

Now the passageway branches. You can continue on eastwards or you can take a side-turning to the north. Daylight gleams faintly from the northern passage, but you can also hear faint rending sounds that are not at all pleasant coming from that direction. If you wish to go east, turn to **253**. If you wish to go north, turn to **155**.

107

You open the door quietly and discover a comfortably appointed room lit with ornate wall-lamps. There are fine carpets, a large cushion, and wall-paintings decorating the room; lying on a fur-covered bed a man wearing a chain-mail vest is sleeping. A sword is scabbarded at his belt. Will you:

Leave him and open the southern door?	Turn to **245**
Kill him?	Turn to **290**
Wake him and try to talk with him?	Turn to **43**

108

The old man looks pitiful and defeated as he sees a fresh tormentor advancing on him – or so he thinks. Gently, you help him up. Do you have a bunch of keys? If you do, turn to 289. If you don't, turn to 369.

109

The snakes lunge forward to attack, and one bites through your leather leggings; the venomous fangs sink into your flesh. Other bites follow, and you fall, dying from the effects of the deadly poison. You have failed in your quest.

110

You have made it to the balcony much faster than the wizard expected, for your 'Speed' spell countered the Spell of 'Slowing' he placed on the steps.

Mordraneth reaches for his sword, but you are very fast and you strike him, causing 2 points of damage. Turn to 46 to finish the fight, and deduct 2 points from Mordraneth's STAMINA score as given in that paragraph!

111

The huge Dragon disappears – another of Mordraneth's illusions! By now, you're hardly aware what is real and what is not – but such a spectacular illusion must surely be close to the lair of the evil wizard himself . . . you cross the chamber and press on, down the violet passage beyond. Turn to 150.

112

You move along the grey passageway, and the air strikes chilly and dank. Horribly, behind you the passageway starts to shrink away to nothing, closing up behind you, and you have to run to avoid being swallowed up by it. You run into a chamber which is the colour of yellowed, leprous bone, and you see tombs and great sepulchres stretching out before you. Steps lead down to crypts with barred doors of bronze and brass The place is bone-numbingly cold, and a low moaning starts to fill the air. Suddenly, before your horrified eyes, a spectral shrouded figure rises up from the cold stone and lunges at you with icy taloned claw-like hands. You will have to fight for your life! This is not an illusion!

SPECTRE SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

Each time the Spectre hits you, you must deduct 1 SKILL point; this loss is *permanent* until you find some magical way of remedying the loss If you win, turn to 189.

113

You feel that you could perhaps knock down the door, but this would require some hefty kicking and you might lose some of your STAMINA. You could also alert guards or monsters around the place. Do you want to try battering down the door (turn to 294), or do you want to return to the main passage and open the door at the end of it (turn to 124)?

114

You stand before a door marked with a black and amber cross. You decide to open it, to see what lies on the other side. Turn to 393.

115

The illusion just disappears at the very moment when you 'kill' it, and you realize what it was. But it was no mere illusion, for it had enough reality about it to harm you! The magic in this place is growing more dangerous . . . You step through the gap at the end of the passage. Turn to 203.

116

You run a good distance westwards to get away from the skeletal figure, but it does not seem to be pursuing you. You breathe a sigh of relief. Turn to 356.

117

Breathing heavily, you push away the body of the evil cleric with your foot; as you do so, a pouch he had at his belt spills out 5 Gold Pieces (add these to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*). As you look around, it dawns upon you how evil this place is; you sense an emanation of evil from the altar, and there are dread wall-paintings showing scenes of unspeakable horror. One in particular captures your attention: a black skull with livid red eyes, floating in the air above a rocky crevasse, gloating over the terrified ghostly forms of spirits of the dead. But there's no shelter to be found outside, so you will have to sleep here. You look around and discover a trapdoor beneath a carpet in front of the altar; you pull the Dark Priest's body over it to stop anything getting in, then settle down to sleep. Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 237. If you are Unlucky, turn to 279.

118

You set off north together and soon reach the giant's cave, which is set into a hillside sloping down to the shoreline. You enter and look around. There's some fine fish stew simmering, and he offers you a HUGE bowl of it! You eat with relish. The giant looks thoughtful and says, 'This is becoming an increasingly evil place. I'm not afraid, for I can look after myself, but you . . . you must be on some kind of quest here.' You nod, but say nothing, determined to give nothing away. 'I don't know if this will help you, but it might mean something,' he says, and he retrieves an old scroll which he had carefully hidden under a large pile of shells and conches. You read it:

> Singing in the wind is the harbinger of death,
> and the Stealer of Souls shall tear terrors from
> the minds of the damned to make his home.

It seems to make little sense to you, nor can you make out all of the date inscribed in one corner. The numbers are smudged, and only three are legible: 3 . . . 5 . . . 0 in that order. But you thank the giant; he tells you you can keep the scroll (add the Message Scroll to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet* and make a note of the date numbers – 350 – too). Soon it begins to rain heavily and you stay in the giant's cave for the night.

The next morning is sunny and clear; the giant wishes you well and gives you some salted fish, enough for three meals (add 3 to your Provisions).

You set off to the west, to seek the trail leading inland; turn to **257**.

119

'You wretched coward, how do you expect to gain glory and respect?', hisses the lizard contemptuously. It pronounces a curse upon you and then disappears. You must lose 1 LUCK point, and flee south in fear! Turn to **54**.

120

A dirty, cluttered room, crudely furnished and with doors leading in several directions, greets your eyes, but you have no time to take in all the details! There are two Goblins here, and they leap up to attack you. In the doorway, you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	6

If you win, turn to **300**.

121

Beyond the door, a torch-lit corridor extends southwards. You move softly along it, until you come to a door at the end. Even from a few yards away, you can hear guttural talk and raucous laughter from within, but you don't recognize the language. Will you:

Head back north?	Turn to 376
Open the door, sword in hand, to fight?	Turn to 25
Open the door, without your sword readied, to try and talk with whatever is inside?	Turn to 209

122

You take the dark tunnel to the west, using your light source to illuminate your way. You step into a high cavern with a vaulted roof; from a ceiling encrusted with stalactites water drips, nourishing thick growths of grey and white fungi which cluster on the floor. You can just make out a passage exiting to the west of where you stand. Do you want to continue on westwards (turn to 51) or try eating one or two of the fungi (turn to 345)?

123

The small room beyond is plainly furnished with chairs and a small table on which you see a decanter of white wine, some cheeses, and a fruit pie. You suddenly feel hungry! If you wish, you may eat a meal from what is on the table (regaining 2 STAMINA points), and you can take the cheese for another meal later (add 1 to your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*). There is a small door in the south wall of this room, and you decide to open this after checking for noise and hearing nothing. Turn to 50.

124

You open the door and walk into a large chamber constructed of bare stone with high walls, lit by torches which burn and spit, giving off blue light and faintly greenish smoke. This smoke is unpleasant, irritating your throat and nostrils. There is a half-open door in the east wall, from behind which a red glow spills into this room. There is another door in the west wall, and this is made of very stout black wood with massively thick iron banding and fittings. In the north-east corner of the room is a fountain with a thin jet of liquid spraying several feet into the air. Will you:

Drink some water from the fountain? Turn to 306
Toss a Gold Piece into the fountain and make a wish? Turn to 177
Open the west door? Turn to 375
Cross to the east door and look round it? Turn to 28

125

Passing along the rainbow passage, you feel an unfamiliar sense of goodness. Another illusion, perhaps? The passage leads into a high-ceilinged chamber filled with rainbow-coloured lights. Inside, there are three semi-transparent human figures, and also three passages which exit on the far side of the chamber: one yellow-green, one azure, and one a deep ochre colour. One of the shimmering figures drifts soundlessly towards you. 'Brave friend, not everything here has been corrupted by the wicked one. He has not overcome all of us. Let me give you a blessing to aid you,' and he stretches out his hands to touch your head. Will you:

Let the figure touch you? Turn to 398
Run to the yellow-green passage? Turn to 307
Run to the azure passage? Turn to 272
Run to the ochre passage? Turn to 77

126

Your magical Ring of Fire Resistance minimizes the damage you take; lose only 1 STAMINA point. But now you are close to the balcony, and you will be able to fight the wizard on equal terms as you move in. Turn to 46.

127

You are in combat with a Giant Stormbird; you must fight it alone, since the sailors are too far away and can't get to aid you through the rain and gale and lashing waves which spill on to the deck.

GIANT STORMBIRD SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you are slain by the Stormbird's slashing talons and cruel beak, your first adventure has ended here! If you win, turn to 167.

128

The trail grows more overgrown as it descends into thick, verdant vegetation: masses of bushes, ferns, vines and trailing roots . . . gaudy insects buzz lazily around in the air. It is very warm and humid, and you use up a lot of energy hacking your way through the undergrowth in overgrown parts of the trail. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.

Suddenly two men just seem to melt out of the bushes beside the trail and stand before you! They are dark-skinned and wear loincloths, and they carry spears. These they point towards you and gesture wildly – you have no idea what it is they're trying to tell you, but their spears are sharp! Will you:

Attack them?	Turn to **310**
Try to greet them in some way?	Turn to **168**
Offer them a Gold Piece?	Turn to **224**

129

You press on south, ignoring a turning to the east which only leads to the Goblins' room. Turn to **268**.

130

The Troll has 2 Gold Pieces in a pouch, and under the pillow of his bed you find another 2 Gold Pieces (add these to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*). On the table, among a jumble of cutlery and earthenware plates, jugs and bottles of brown liquid (which you wisely ignore), you find a bunch of keys. If you wish to take these, add them to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*.

By the time you have finished your search, acrid smoke is beginning to drift under the door in the west wall and a small cloud is beginning to coalesce. Escape to the west is obviously impossible, and you have to get out before you are suffocated by the thick smoke, so you must try the eastern door; turn to **260**.

131

Peering through the grille, you can just make out two slumped human bodies lying on a pile of filthy straw inside a dank, unlit cell. Will you try to open the door and help these people (turn to **18**) or turn back and go south (turn to **227**)?

132

You search through a litter of papers and bric-à-brac which fills the guard's room. There seems to be nothing valuable, but you do find a sheet of vellum covered with ornate, bold handwriting. It reads:

> I need to know by the end of today how the meddling wizard learnt to use magic I did not teach him, here in the Crypts. If he will not talk before the end of day, have the torturer put him to death by fire. Mehrabian will assist, and of course those dark, pointy-eared little fellows will want to watch. I have better things to do with my time.

It is signed, simply, 'M'.

Puzzling over this, you leave through the west door of the dining room. Turn to **17**.

133

The 'Restore Skill' spell allows you to recover lost SKILL points. You may cast this spell at any time except during combats, and you will be able to recover up to 3 lost SKILL points. Return to **188**.

134

Your goodly thought is reflected back upon you; as you utter words of blessing, the air seems almost to thaw slightly, and you hear what sounds like a collective sigh from the souls of the dead which hover here. Regain 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point. Now, you can either take the airy, light exit-passage

(turn to **319**) or the dark-brown, earthy way out (turn to **247**).

135

You head for the cottage, approach the open doorway and peer in. The windows are shuttered and little light penetrates inside – but in the room you can see someone tied to a chair; he tries to raise a hand but cannot sustain the effort, and groans heavily. He is clearly weak and in pain. Will you:

Look more closely round the room?	Turn to **215**
Go in and untie the man?	Turn to **183**
Ignore him and head back south?	Turn to **250**

136

You head north along the passage until you come to an eastward passage. Opposite this is a faintly carved wall-carving of some kind. Will you:

Look closely at the wall-carving?	Turn to **216**
Follow the passage north?	Turn to **184**
Take the passage east?	Turn to **72**
Retrace your steps back south?	Turn to **129**

137

You collect 6 Gold Pieces from the Orcs (add this to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*); if you gambled with them and lost, you can take back the money you lost (and the bone dice as well if you lost those too!). The dice the Orcs had are shoddy, and

their ale and rat-pasties are revolting. You can now either go back to the north (turn to **346**) or open the east door (turn to **4**)

138

You apply the oil to the lock and hinges, so long rusted. Cross the oil off the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. By a little tinkering with the lock you get something to click, and you can now open the door and look inside. The room is very small and dark, and is lined with shelves, almost all of which are empty. However, in a small wooden box on one shelf, you find three blocks of incense which smell sweet and fragrant even though they must have been here for years. You take these, so add them to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. You go back to the main passageway, and now you can try opening the western door (turn to **358**) or you can press on southwards (turn to **283**).

139

It occurs to you that the man's chain-mail armour was surely superior to your own leather armour; sadly, however, your final blow ripped away one side of it so that it is now useless. Cursing your misfortune, you leave the room and open the southern door in the next room; turn to 245.

140

You look for the man's clothes and find a set of ornately decorated wizard's robes on a peg in this room. You hand them to the old man, who gratefully exchanges them for the rags he was kept in.

'Thank you,' says the wizard. 'My name is Alsander.' As you had hoped, the wizard you were sent to rescue! Excitedly, you tell him who sent you, and your purpose here. Alsander listens intently, but then shakes his head sadly. 'Ah, cunning Mordraneth. Of course; he fooled Vanestin into a wild goose chase in Allansia. Now Vanestin and the other wizards won't be able to resist him when he lands in Pollua.' You look at Alsander, puzzled;

what can he mean? The wizard soon enlightens you.

'Mordraneth isn't in Allansia at all. He's here. He is scheming a monstrous evil, deep within the foundation of the Iron Crypts, in his Empire of Illusions, as he calls it. There he is harnessing a dreadful power, one to drive men to madness and death, in order to unleash it on Pollua to bring him still greater power. If he can achieve his goal, none could challenge him.'

This is dire news indeed . . . but an idea is beginning to form at the back of your mind. When first you were asked to rescue Alsander, you regretted losing the opportunity for glory which ridding the world of Mordraneth would bring. You ask Alsander to continue. Turn to 325.

141

You wedge the crowbar between the walls and run. The stout metal holds the walls apart for only a few seconds before it buckles and snaps, but it's just long enough. You make it to the dark tunnel as the walls clash together a few feet behind you. Turn to 296.

142

You leap and bound up the stairs at twice normal speed, totally confounding the wizard who was trying to prepare another spell. Now he reaches for his sword; while he does, you can strike at him, causing him the loss of 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **46** to continue the fight, and don't forget to subtract 2 points from Mordraneth's STAMINA score given there!

143

One of the sailors gives you a small jar of ointment (add this to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). He explains that on the Isle of Despair there may be insects which bite and spread disease, and this will help repel them. He commends you on your bravery and says he hopes his

gift will help you. You thank him, and collect your gear for the adventure to come. Turn to **249**.

144

The shaman looks disappointed, and soon after you are taken to a small, dirty hut where you will sleep. However, you are disturbed by a lizard which scuttles about on the earth floor all night and keeps waking you up; moreover, you can't find it to kill it! Lack of sleep means that you must lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **101**.

145

You can just make out the shape of a slim body which is limed over and encrusted with stalagmites. It will take you a couple of hours to chip away the chalky deposit and find out what lies beneath. If you wish to do this, turn to **266**. If you decide not to bother, but to press onwards, turn to **156**.

146

You search desperately for a way out and at last, behind the wall-hanging, you find a concealed door! You tug it open, and gulp down the cleaner air outside. As you are about to step through, you hear a small voice calling in the air to your left, 'Hey! Don't leave me here! I can be of help.' The smoke swirls around your feet . . . will you go on through the door and up the stairs beyond, shutting the door behind you (turn to **58**), or will you check carefully in that part of the room where you heard the voice (turn to **334**)?

147

Suddenly a brief vision passes before your eyes! In it, you see a door before you, marked with a black and amber cross, and beyond the door is an Orc holding a brass flask. You move forward and slay him – but then into the room steps a fearsome black-robed figure who unleashes a spell at you! Then the vision is gone. Was it a premonition? Or just an illusion? You make a note to be well prepared for combat should you come across such a door! You leave the Orcs' bedroom, enter the guardroom, and open the south door. Turn to 333.

148

You wade in, fighting on the side of one Orc against the other, who is soon killed. You take no damage in the battle. 'Fanks,' says the Orc you helped. 'I allus 'ated 'im – nah I can git me money back worrie stole offa me.' The Orc bends down to take a leather pouch from the body. Will you:

Leave this room and head west along the passage?	Turn to **97**
Attack the single Orc remaining?	Turn to **380**
Talk to the Orc?	Turn to **33**

149

The passageway is very dark, and you must use your light source to see by. Then, suddenly, the light source winks out and you can do nothing to restore it! You are enveloped in darkness, and a numbing chill creeps over you. You hear whispers

around you, and scuttlings and squeaks; then you hear a ghastly sound: the scraping of iron-hard claws on stone – or is it the sound of a meat cleaver being sharpened? It is getting closer, and a guttural chuckling accompanies it. You can feel the fear creeping into your bones, and you shiver. Darkness deeper than any night is sinking into your very marrow. Will you:

Cast a 'Dispel Illusion' spell, if you can?	Turn to 391
Cast a 'Dispel Fear' spell, if you can?	Turn to 200
Flee into the darkness, although you do not know where you are going?	Turn to 382

150

The violet passage soon opens into a large, cratered cavern, littered with rocks and cobwebs; you think you see a single exit in the distance, but it is obscured by a huge rock, several yards across. Then the rock moves – it is no rock at all! Yellow-black, hairy legs seem to spring out in all directions, and a bony black head rears up, showing razor-sharp mandibles. The wings on this mammoth Spider's back buzz and flutter, but it moves towards you on its great, springing legs. You sense that this is an illusion, but one of exceptional strength. Waves of fear radiate from the thing; you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL *temporarily* (during this combat) and lose 2 points of STAMINA due to this fear. If you

can, you have time to cast a 'Dispel Fear' spell, which negates these effects. As the Spider closes in, will you use a 'Dispel Illusion' spell (turn to 371) or fight the monster with your sword (turn to 175)?

151

You drag the entangling strands away from your throat and struggle on, but you have to lose 3 STAMINA points because of the effects of strangulation. Now, at last, you're on the balcony and you can fight the wizard with your sword. Turn to 46.

152

The passageway at the end of the sewer forks. You may follow either the yellow-green one (turn to 307) or one which is filled with rainbow-coloured light (turn to 125).

153

Inside the chest you find a small casket of fragrant sandalwood, inlaid with fine mother-of-pearl. This contains two items, wrapped in silk. One is a bronze ring; you do not know what this does. The other is a tiny platinum amulet with ornate marks etched very finely on it, on a silver filigree chain. You know intuitively that this has some magical power, but

you can't tell what this might be. You can carry, or wear, either or both of these items; if you do, add the Bronze Ring and/or the Platinum Amulet to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. Leaving this room, you go back to the passage, and open the door at the south end of it. Turn to **124**.

154

Before long, the passageway divides; to the north is a low tunnel which clearly opens into a dark chamber, from which a high-pitched squeaking sound, interspersed with a deeper noise almost like a growl, resounds down the tunnel. If you want to investigate the chamber at the end of that tunnel, turn to **385**. Or you can continue westwards; turn to **274**.

155

The daylight grows clearer as you make your way up the passageway towards the tunnel. Now you hear the noise more clearly, it sounds as if something or someone is being ripped limb from limb by some snarling monster. Undeterred, you decide to move in and find out just what's in there! Turn to **385**.

156

You trudge south along the passageway which seems to wind on interminably. Finally, you come to a T-junction, and from here you can head either east (turn to **285**) or west (turn to **356**).

157

Using your lantern, you descend the steeply cut stone steps to the winding limestone passages below. These twist and turn, and you seem to spend hours travelling with only faint sounds of dripping water for company. You must stop to eat a meal during your travels or deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Next, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **388**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **85**.

158

You must now *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **239**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **338**.

159

All you find for your trouble is a large centipede that scuttles out from under a rock and nips you with its poisonous bite. You crush it angrily under your heel, but you suffer the loss of 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 337.

160

The light in the passageway seems to grow a little brighter as you make your way along, and you observe that ahead it turns north. Peering round the bend, you see that the passage opens into a lit chamber. Inside the chamber is a table bearing gold which gleams in the light of an oil lamp fixed to the wall above, and there is a door in the west wall of the chamber. However, you can also hear someone – or something – lumbering about in there, out of sight. If you want to enter the chamber, turn to 225. If you would rather turn back down the passage and then set off towards the west, turn to 255.

161

Unfortunately, although the Orcs seem friendly at first, one of them is a bit less drunk than the others and it eyes you over as you sit sipping the foul ale they have given you. 'I ain't seen 'im befur,' it growls as it gobbles down a rat-pasty. 'I don't fink 'e's wiv our lot.' The other Orcs suddenly look nasty, and reach for their weapons. You must fight them, so turn to 185.

162

You swing the grappling iron up to the ledge and shin up the rope. The wind clutches at your clothes as you crouch, exposed to the elements outside. You try not to look at what the Razorbeak Bird was eating, and you check through the nest. You find a headband of black cotton, with a motif executed in silver thread on it; this depicts a spider with a staff superimposed diagonally across it. You may take this and wear it if you wish; if you do, add the Spider Headband to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. You clamber back down and set off southwards; turn to 42.

163

While the warrior's sword is inferior to your own, his chain-mail armour is definitely superior. (Add this to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*.) When you wear it, it will increase your SKILL score permanently by 1 point; this *does* allow you to exceed your *Initial* SKILL score, *unless* that was originally 11 or 12.

Pleased with your superior armour, and flushed with the success of the combat, you leave this room and open the south door in the adjoining room; turn to 245.

164

As you attempt to open the chest, a scything blade swings up from a crack in the stone floor and cuts deeply into your flesh. So severe is the wound that you must lose 1 point from your SKILL and 6 points from your STAMINA. If the injury is not enough to kill you, you give a scream of agony and pass out from pain and shock. When you come round, you can try again to open the chest (turn to **246**) or go back to the main passage and open the door at the southern end of it (turn to **124**).

165

You take just a sip of the liquid – and spit out rancid vinegar. A loud laugh echoes down the corridor. 'Oh, you poor fool! Don't you recognize an Archmage when you meet one? I'm going to have fun watching your slow death. I couldn't let you die that easily!' and the voice subsides into mocking laughter. You can see no-one but you know this is Mordraneth. You are filled with hatred for your tormentor, and you get up and struggle onwards; turn to **387**.

166

The Fire Globe surrounds you in burning flame and suffocating smoke! Suffer the loss of 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you race onwards, and make it to the balcony where Mordraneth stands. Turn to **110**.

167

Did you turn your back and try to flee before fighting the Stormbird? If you did, turn to **347**. If you made no attempt to run away, turn to **223**.

168

You advance with palms outstretched. The men realize you aren't hostile, so they lower their spears – a little! They guide you along the path and after an hour or so they usher you into their village. Turn to **208**.

169

You are fighting a Skeletal Warrior, who swings at you with great strength; his massive two-handed sword glints as it sweeps through the air in an arc towards you. May the gods grant you good luck in this dangerous combat!

SKELETAL WARRIOR SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **236**.

170

As the beetle-thing lunges at you, your medallion shines with pure white light, a beam of which hits the illusion, dispersing it into nothingness. You see the gap in the wall at the end of the passage, and decide to make for it. You are unnerved, and the shock of seeing the gruesomely convincing illusion has cost you 1 point of STAMINA, but you'll be less shockable in future . . . turn to **203**.

171

You cannot open this door by any means available to you. Frustrated, you set off in an easterly direction. Turn to **114**.

172

You try to open the eastern door, but it is locked. Do you have an Ebony Key? If you do, turn to **201**. If you don't, turn to **113**.

173

The snakes lunge forward to attack, and you feel a pair of fangs sink through your leather leggings into your flesh, then another bite . . . you hack at the reptiles with your sword, but it is useless, there are so many of them. You collapse from the venom, and death is near. You have failed in your quest.

174

Are you wearing a bronze ring? If you are, turn to **297**. If you are not, turn to **30**.

175

Are you wearing a headband? If you are, turn to **198**. If you aren't, turn to **394**.

176

The 'Luck' spell allows you to recover lost LUCK points. You can cast this spell at any time except during a combat, and you will be able to recover up to 3 lost LUCK points. Return to **188**.

177

As you think about making your wish, you notice that bubbles are forming on the surface of the Gold Piece. The liquid isn't water, it is acid! You move away from the fountain, and now you can either open the west door (turn to **373**) or look round the east door (turn to **28**).

178

As you prise the brick away, you reveal a small cavity behind it within which is a small, black, wooden box with clasps of brass. Will you:

Open the box? Turn to 374
Go back to the southern passage and open the door at the end of it? Turn to 227
Go back to the southern passage and look for the secret door the man mentioned? Turn to 98

179

You leap aside just as a spear hurtles past you, triggered by a trap linked to the door. The spear impales itself in the door opposite you; moments later, you hear sounds to the north, so you decide to set off southwards! Turn to 283.

180

'Vat's not very friendly,' growls a half-drunk Orc. His companions agree, but they are enjoying their beer and seem unsure whether to be aggressive or to get on with their drinking. Roll one die; on a roll of 1–3, the Orcs do get nasty and you will have to fight them, so turn to 185. On a roll of 4–6, the Orcs carry on drinking and accept your company after all; turn to 254.

181

Having reached the crossroads on the trail, you set off west along the unmarked path. You are heading into undulating low foothills, and your legs grow tired as you march. There are craggy peaks to the north, and the trail turns north-west towards them. It is late afternoon when you begin to grow hungry, and you must stop and eat a meal. The rays of the setting sun bathe the countryside in a warm glow and reflect back from some kind of small building, made of grey rock, to the west. You could reach it in an hour. You can either make for the building (turn to 379) or continue on the trail (turn to 53).

182

You soon find the giant's cave which is set into a hillside. A quick but careful check reveals that no other creature is here, but you can smell fish stew! You enter. There is enough fish stew for two meals (you can eat one or both of them here, but you cannot carry stew with you). After you have eaten, rested and recovered STAMINA points, do you want to return westwards to the trail (turn to 257) or search the cave (turn to 301)?

183

You stride in – triggering a tripwire trap: a weight strung from the ceiling falls and hits you hard across the shoulders; deduct 4 STAMINA points. 'Tried . . . to warn . . .' gasps the man, and slumps back in the chair. Groaning from the pain of bruised muscles, you untie him; turn to 71.

184

The passageway ends at a door facing you. Even from outside, you can detect a rather unpleasant, foetid smell. You hear a faint scratching and scrabbling coming from behind the door. You can either open the door and see what lies beyond it (turn to 6) or retrace your steps back south (turn to 303).

185

In this room, you must fight the Orcs two at a time until you have killed two and only one remains for you to finish off. Roll two dice for yourself and for *both* your opponents; add relevant SKILL scores; the combatant with the highest Attack Strength is the one who will land an effective blow during that Attack Round. Fortunately, the Orcs are somewhat drunk, so their SKILL scores are lower than usual.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	4	5
Second ORC	4	4
Third ORC	4	5

If you win, turn to 73.

186

The Birdman flies away before you can reach him. Outside, however, you see him glide down and make cawing calls and whoops; and other Birdmen are gathering, joining him . . . you'd better not hang around! Turn to 292.

187

Such a hard fight, and an adversary who used magic against you! Could it be . . . ? Surely not. Although you were told that only Mordraneth's own spells would work in the Iron Crypts, this must have been a minion instructed by Mordraneth. And your job is to find Alsander in any event . . . Will you:

Search the bodies?	Turn to 353
Try the east door in the Orc's room?	Turn to 123
Look through the south door the Dark Priest entered by?	Turn to 82

188

You may choose *three* spells only from the list below. To help you make a wise choice, you may wish to read all the spell descriptions. After being told about a spell, you will be sent back to this paragraph. When you have decided which three spells to learn, make a note of them, and the effects they have and when they can be used. Unless otherwise stated, each spell may be used only once. Then, turn to 61.

The spells you may choose from are:

'Dispel Fear'	Turn to 2
'Dispel Illusion'	Turn to 295
'Fire Globe'	Turn to 16
'Healing'	Turn to 336
'Luck' spell	Turn to 176
'Restore Skill'	Turn to 133
'Speed'	Turn to 213

189

Fearing further horrors like the Spectre, you look around in desperation. At the end of the huge hall of cold stone tombs you can make out three passageways and you must follow one. Will you take:

The green passage?	Turn to 395
The rainbow-coloured passage?	Turn to 125
The yellow-green passage?	Turn to 307

190

Mordraneth laughs as the Fire Globe smashes into you, causing you the loss of 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you keep on up the stairs to challenge his foul sorcery with your trusty sword, and you reach the balcony on which he stands! Turn to 46.

191

Ahead, you catch a glimpse of a wooden cottage nestling among some trees – but you are also sure you can hear the sound of clashing metal! As you stand and watch, two Hobgoblins appear from behind the cottage. They're fighting each other! Will you:

Leave them to it and retrace your steps back south?	Turn to **250**
Move in and attack them?	Turn to **87**
Stay where you are and try to keep out of sight?	Turn to **311**

192

In your sleep you have a peculiar dream, which you recall vividly when you wake up. In the dream you are standing before a stone statue of a man; as you look at it, wisps of smoke pour from its mouth and form a skeletal shape which strikes at you with yellowed claws. But a pure white light shines from the medallion around your neck, and you realize the thing is merely an illusion. One blow from your sword destroys it and it is but a harmless small cloud of smoke. You know this is a good omen; regain 1

LUCK point. When you set off again the next morning, you can either head east to the trail and then set off north-west again (turn to **339**) or open the trapdoor and see what is below (turn to **157**).

193

You retrace your steps towards the east, ignoring the way back – there's no escape in that direction, so you press on further east. Turn to **285**.

194

As you make your way back down the corridor, thick black smoke swirls towards you, and you smell the choking, reeking fumes. You rush back into the Troll's room and slam the door shut to keep the smoke out. Now, you can either search the room (turn to **130**) or open the eastern door (turn to **260**).

195

A spear hurtles out from the trap within, and you suffer a grazing cut. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. The noise of the spring firing the spear, and the sound it makes as it strikes the door opposite, are loud, and you think you can hear noises coming from the north, so you head off south smartly! Turn to **283**.

196

'Oh, right, Urzak sent you. Well, your instructions are simple. The prisoner is being troublesome and the Master wants the information out of him – how he's learnt to use magic down here without being taught by the Master himself. Get him to talk today and, if he won't, kill him off, very nastily indeed if at all possible. You know the way.' You realize he has taken you for a torturer come to deal with a prisoner! Will you:

Attack the young man?	Turn to **3**
Open the west door of the dining room and leave?	Turn to **17**
Say you don't know the way, and ask for directions?	Turn to **320**

197

You follow the red passage, and the air soon begins to grow hot. You are sweating, and even if you try to turn back, you remain in this wretched place; there seems to be no way of escape. You enter a long red chamber, and in the distance you see an orange passage. It is becoming very hot indeed, and you are beginning to feel faint. Do you have a Bronze Ring? If you do, turn to **263**. If you don't, turn to **32**.

198

As the Spider approaches you, a Staff of Light appears in the air before it, connected by a thin luminous thread to your headband. The Spider shrinks back; the Staff whirls into a vortex of light and surrounds the Spider, dissolving it into a pall of reeking black smoke. Turn to **269**.

199

You successfully cast your 'Speed' spell; but just as you finish doing this, Mordraneth's spell hits you; a ball of lightning crackles and spins through the air and strikes you. Deduct 4 STAMINA points. But at least you're running very fast now and Mordraneth won't be able to hit you so easily when you get into a swordfight! Will you take the left-hand set of steps up to the balcony (turn to **384**) or the right-hand set (turn to **142**)?

200

Your nerves are steadied after you have cast the 'Dispel Fear' spell, and the whisperings and faint cries do not affect you. You step forward, taking care to test your steps, and soon you see faint patches of coloured light which are passageway entrances. You can follow either the brown passage (turn to **362**) or the grey passage (turn to **112**).

201

The Ebony Key slips silently into the keyhole, and the door opens slightly. Beyond, there is nothing but pitch-darkness, and you must have a light source to see by. You can either enter the room (turn to **392**) or return to the main passage and open the door at the end of it (turn to **124**).

202

The southernmost door in this room flies open, and a cowled figure stands framed in the doorway. A livid blue scar bisects the left side of his expressionless face, and he waves his thin, almost skeletal, long-nailed fingers as he chants a spell.

You rush him with your sword. Roll two dice and add 1 to the number rolled; if the total is less than or equal to your current SKILL score, turn to **11**. If the dice-roll total is greater than your current SKILL score, turn to **66**.

203

As you step through, the 'wall' behind you reforms! You do not like the idea of trying to return that way; looking around you, you see you are in a passageway along which you can travel west (turn to **314**) or east and then north (turn to **7**).

204

You open the flask – which is tightly sealed – and a sweet, wholesome herbal aroma fills the air. This is a concentrated Potion of Healing and the flask contains two doses, each of which will restore 4 lost STAMINA points when drunk. You may drink from this flask at any time, except during combats. Add this to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*, but don't forget to make a note of the fact when you drink a dose from it!

Now, you must roll one die. If the roll is 1–2, turn to **100**. If the result is 3–6, turn to **156**.

205

Beyond the door, a passageway stretches out before you, ending at a T-junction. From here you can go either south (turn to **268**) or north (turn to **136**).

206

You reach the rock face and begin to climb up. It's a tricky, slippery surface, and you curse at the mosses which make it so hard to get good hand- and footholds. Roll two dice and check the total against your SKILL. If the total of the two dice is less than or equal to your SKILL, you make it to the nest; turn to **368**. If the dice-roll is greater than your SKILL, you fail in your attempt to climb and fall back. Deduct 2 STAMINA points caused by the fall. If you fall, you can attempt to climb again but each time you try you have to roll two dice and compare the total rolled against your SKILL, as before. If you want to abandon your mountaineering attempt and return south, turn to **119**.

207

You are fighting a Skull Crab, and you find it isn't easy trying to swing a sword while standing upright in a rowing-boat! You must subtract 2 *temporarily* from your SKILL score. (You do not have to change the SKILL score on your *Adventure Sheet*; this instruction applies only to this combat.)

SKULL CRAB	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you manage to kill the Skull Crab, you pick up the oars again and row safely to shore. Turn to **70**.

208

There are some thirty or so warriors in the village, with womenfolk and shy children who point and stare at you. You begin to feel uncomfortable – but then a richly dressed Native, bearing a ceremonial staff decorated with silver filigree and magnificent plumes, appears from the grandest of the mud-and-wattle huts and approaches you. Haltingly, he speaks in a language you can understand. 'I am Alkandi, High Shaman of the Kiaraboos, and we see you come in peace. You are not one of the Evil Ones. We welcome you with hospitality.' He takes you into his hut, and soon a fine meal is laid before you (restoring 3 points of lost STAMINA).

After you have eaten, the shaman looks at you a little craftily. 'Perhaps some trade between us would bond our friendship,' he says. If you have any Treasure and are willing to trade at least a little, turn to **329**. If you have no Treasure or are unwilling even to consider trade, turn to **258**.

209

You enter a room to find three Orcs sitting round a table, drinking and gambling. There is a door in the east wall of this room. As you enter, one Orc projects a well-aimed gob into a spittoon not far from

your feet, looks up, and says blearily to you, 'Wozzis? Wanna drink?' Obviously they are not openly hostile, but they do have swords at their sides and there are three of them. You can either attack them (turn to **185**) or sit down at their table for a drink (turn to **359**).

210

You try kicking the door down, but it is stuck fast. You also make a lot of noise doing this, and you hear footfalls to the north, coming fast towards you . . . so you set off south. Turn to **283**.

211

Inside the foul and filthy-smelling cell, you find that one of the prisoners is already dead. The other, a human, groans, barely conscious; he is clearly very sick. You can try offering him food and water to help revive his strength (turn to **242**), or you can leave him in this wretched place and head back into the main passage and go to the south (turn to **227**).

212

He looks at you meaningfully, twirling his dagger handle in the palm of his hand. Leaving without saying *something* is impossible, because the young man is looking very distrustful and ready to attack, and that dagger could fly at your back. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **3**
Say the people upstairs sent you?	Turn to **196**
Say you're a tradesman?	Turn to **60**

213

The 'Speed' spell allows you to run very fast, and also to dodge and weave, avoiding the blows of opponents in swordfights. If you are in a combat, you may cast this spell only at the *start* of it, not once it is in progress. The spell will last only long enough to affect *one* combat. However, during this combat you may deduct 2 from your opponent's SKILL score, because you are so hard to hit! Return to **188**.

214

As soon as you attack the Dragon, it disappears! Loud laughter resounds through the huge cavern. 'Well, you're brave, I'll give you that – although you are a fool. I think it's nearly time we met in person, don't you? Enough of these illusions and tricks; *your* soul will give me excellent material to work with. Come along, my puny young fool, along the passage now!'

Mordraneth! Your heart leaps to your throat as you realize the final great combat cannot be far away – or is this yet another lie, another illusion? You can but press on – along the violet passageway at the end of the cavern. Turn to **150**.

215

You look carefully around and make out a tripwire, a couple of inches above the floor, in the doorway. Gingerly, you step over it, and as you look up you see the heavy weight that would have fallen on you had you triggered the trap. Now you can untie the old man. Turn to **71**.

216

The carved and scratched marks on the smooth wall depict a horrible scene: a man in black robes stands over the body of an Elf, and his outstretched hands seem to be conjuring something from the head and heart of the body. At first this looks vague, almost a smoky cloud; but as you look more closely you begin to see the outline of a venomous spider with wings taking shape in the cloud. Fully formed, the spider strikes fear into your heart; somehow you know that this is a dreadful enemy! Deduct 1 point from your LUCK. Now, will you:

Take the north passage?	Turn to **184**
Take the east passage?	Turn to **72**
Take the south passage?	Turn to **129**

217

You lose money to the Orcs – roll one die: this is the number of Gold Pieces you lose. If you lose more than you had to start with, the Orcs take your bone dice as well! They drink heartily to celebrate their good fortune; you can either stay with them as they drink (if you do this, turn to **254**) or you can slip out through the door in the east wall (turn to **4**).

218

Just a little way past the southern twist in the passageway, you can see two doors next to each other, one on each side of the wall, to the east and the west. Will you:

Open the east door?	Turn to **90**
Open the west door?	Turn to **358**
Ignore the doors and carry on south?	Turn to **283**

219

Roll one die. If the roll is 1–3, turn to **107**. If the roll is 4–6, turn to **75**.

220

You sit down at a table with Mehrabian, the half-Ogre; and he pours out a bowlful of rancid, greasy, grey-green liquid in which blobs of a yellow fatty substance float. You wisely decline his offer of a bowl for yourself. He rubs his hands and greets you. 'So, you're the expert torturer, eh? Well, the ole buzzard 'asn't said nuffin', but I 'aven't 'urt 'im too much yet; just a few burns an' such, nuffin' broken. 'Course, I obeyed the Master's command to keep 'is 'ands chained up all the time, to stop 'im usin' 'is magic and suchlike.'

Mehrabian adds a few comments concerning the torture techniques he hopes you'll demonstrate; then he gets up and jingles a bunch of keys he carries on a leather thong at his belt. 'Less go gerrim,' he says, and moves over to a small barred door, hidden in shadow in the north-east corner of the room. You can either attack the half-Ogre (turn to **92**) or wait for him to come back with his prisoner (turn to **383**).

221

The snakes vanish! You can cross the chamber safely and take either the azure passage (turn to **272**) or the ochre passage (turn to **77**).

222

Your Fire Globe smashes into Mordraneth, for an instant engulfing him in red and yellow flame and a pall of smoke, before he finishes casting his own spell. (Make a note that, when you fight him hand to hand, you should deduct 6 STAMINA points from Mordraneth's total, because of the damage this spell has done to him.) You run flat out up the right-hand set of steps as Mordraneth prepares another spell, and you can almost get to him, but not quite yet . . . turn to **351**.

223

Captain Garaeth and his men congratulate you on your bravery. You may take Provisions from the ship's galley in order to recover any STAMINA points you may have lost in your combat with the Stormbird 'Well done,' Garaeth says, 'but this encounter troubles me. It is very rare to see such a bird in these latitudes Perhaps someone already knows of your coming and has attracted such a creature by magic.' This is not a good thought on which to settle down to sleep; but you get a good night's rest, and in the early morning you feel refreshed and ready to set out for the Isle of Despair. Turn to 143.

224

You give the Natives 1 Gold Piece (subtract this from your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*). They smile, pat you on the shoulder, and offer you water from a flask that one of them is carrying. This refreshes you; you regain 2 STAMINA points. Smiling and gesturing, they lead you to their village. Turn to 208.

225

You enter the lamp-lit chamber. Unfortunately, you bump right into the occupant, who was about to set off to bully a few Goblins! You gaze in open-mouthed surprise at each other for a moment, and then you take a swing with your sword as the quick-witted, ugly dark brute of an Ogre sets about you with his club.

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 20.

226

As the Troll falls under the weight of your killing blow, he snarls wordlessly at you then croaks, 'You can't get through . . . won't know pass . . .' then he shudders convulsively and lies still.

You look into the room beyond. The Troll's bed, with a table and chair, stands by the south wall, and a massive door of thick black wood banded with iron can be seen in the middle of the east wall. On the north wall there is a plain black cotton wall-hanging which is discoloured by a small growth of green mould at the top. On a second table in the middle of the room are some cluttered items which you'll have to approach if you want to investigate them. Will you:

Head back west?	Turn to 194
Search the room?	Turn to 130
Open the east door?	Turn to 260

227

You soon arrive at a door barring your way at the end of this southern passage. You hear no sound beyond, and the door opens easily, revealing light beyond. With sword drawn, you move cautiously through; turn to 59.

228

At the end of the passage is a closed door, the wood of which has many deep marks and cuts from which frayed wooden splinters hang. From outside, you can hear angry cries and the sound of clashing metal on the other side of the door. Do you want to push the door open and investigate the fight inside (turn to 262) or turn back and head west along the passage (turn to 97)?

229

You find yourself in a circular chamber, from which three passages lead off into the distance. The walls seem to shimmer and shift, as if they were only half-real or as if a heat haze were wavering in the air. The floor feels solid to your feet, but it looks just as half-real as everything else. You must surely now be

in the Empire of Illusions, for even the passages seem to shift location, and you have no idea where north and south, east and west lie. Each passage is also of a different colour, unlike this simple, bare, grey chamber. Will you take:

The red passage?	Turn to 197
The yellow passage?	Turn to 362
The black passage?	Turn to 149

230

The Skeletal Illusion advances to strike you down You must fight it!

SKELETAL ILLUSION SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 381

231

Your Ring of Fire Resistance ensures that you suffer little damage from the spell; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Now you race up to the balcony! Turn to 110.

232

The feather is of no use against the swarming biting rats. Lose 1 STAMINA point because you have been bitten while wasting time retrieving the feather. You realize your blunder and run away; turn to 251.

233

There is nothing you can do to open this chest. Frustrated, you stride out of the room and make your way to the door at the south end of the main passage, and open it. Turn to 124.

234

The blocks of incense will fit into this burner which you may carry with you; except during a combat, you can burn a block at any time (remembering to subtract a block from the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet* when you do this). Each block of incense is a magical block of Incense of Blessing and, when you burn it and inhale the fumes, you will regain 3 STAMINA points. Turn to 305.

235

The Birdman shakes his head sadly; your gift is no use to him. Turn to 322.

236

After your triumph over the Skeletal Warrior, you take a quick look around. The chamber is very bare, lacking anything of interest, so you take the steps down. These steps twist and turn as they descend, but there are burning wall-bracketed torches to light your way. At last, you emerge at an archway cut into the wall of a chamber; you think that this is the north wall, but you cannot be certain. Pausing, you hear no sound, so you step into the room. Turn to 52.

237

Do you have a silver medallion? If you do, turn to 192. If you don't, turn to 9.

238

You trudge on; the light begins to fail. Not far away, you make out a small cave in the hills to the west of the path. It's too dangerous to sleep out in the open, so you approach the cave carefully and move in. It looks empty, so you light your lantern and peer into the gloom. The floor is littered with rocks, but not too wet. Do you want to settle down to sleep immediately (turn to 337) or check under the rocks on the floor first (turn to 159)?

239

You are awakened by the Sprite rummaging through your backpack! Angrily you grab him and put a stop to his thievery. He whimpers and begs you to spare his life; he even offers you magic if you will let him go. Do you want to break the little pest's neck (turn to 278) or tell him that you might spare his life after all (turn to 39)?

240

You are now fighting a huge, angry Sea Giant, and you're in big trouble!

SEA GIANT SKILL 10 STAMINA 17

If you win, you can go west along the trail (turn to 257) or north, in the direction the giant came from (turn to 182).

241

As your final lunge destroys the Skeleton Man, its bones fall in a heap to the ground. From the skull a plume of black smoke arises, taking the shape of a grinning vaporous rat! Red glowing eyes form and glare balefully at you. Then the smoke-wraith floats down to the floor and passes right through it! Unnerved by this, you pause to compose yourself then continue south. Turn to **156**.

242

You give the man some food and water (deduct **1** from your Provisions total) and he seems to revive briefly. He is still very ill, but at least your kind act makes him more comfortable, and he whispers a few words: 'Orcs . . . guards . . . south. You could surprise them . . . secret door in west before their door . . . but later, beyond, evil . . .' and then he is too weak to say more. He coughs horribly, and his last act is to point at a part of the wall behind him before, with a final gasp, he expires. You remain a few seconds in deep thought over the corpse.

Looking at the wall where he pointed, you observe one slightly loosened brick which is out of reach of the chained prisoners. Will you:

Investigate the loose brick?	Turn to **178**
Go back to the southern passage and investigate the door at the end of it?	Turn to **227**
Go back to the southern passage and look for the secret door the man mentioned?	Turn to **98**

243

Too late, you realize that the Troll must have meant a pass*word* when he spoke his last few words . . . the way through the eastern door must be blocked by magic – and you can't get through it! Worse, smoke is now billowing into the room, and as you look into the cloud of smoke you can see that the acid fumes are already eating away the body of the Troll! If that is what the smoke can do to a Troll, imagine what it will do to you! Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **146**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **271**.

244

Since you and Mordraneth are both spellcasting, you must first roll two dice for each of you, then add your respective SKILL scores (Mordraneth's SKILL score is 10), to determine the Attack Strength for both of you. Re-roll any tied scores. If you have the higher Attack Strength during this Attack Round, turn to **199**. If Mordraneth has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **78**.

245

You follow the passageway beyond the door until you come to another door. This is slightly ajar, and you peer round it into the room beyond. An oaken table stands in the middle of the room, with a large tablecloth covering it; on the table you see silver cutlery, fine porcelain and cut crystal, and bread, meats and fruit laid out ready to eat! There is no sign of anyone in the room, so you enter. You see that there are two other doors in the room, one in the east and one in the west wall. Will you:

Sit down and eat some food?	Turn to **324**
Open the east door?	Turn to **248**
Open the west door?	Turn to **17**

246

You cannot easily open the locked chest without a special item to help you. Do you have an Ebony Key? If you do, turn to **355**. If you don't, turn to **81**.

247

You follow the twisting, turning passageway until it ends at a door. You force the door open and enter a square plain stone chamber, which has the statue of a man on one wall and two passages opposite; one is blue, one violet. As you step in, wisps of smoke pour from the mouth of the stone statue and form a yellow skeletal figure which glides across the floor and extends its hooked, clawed talons to rip at your throat! Will you:

Fight the Skeletal Illusion?	Turn to **397**
Run for the blue passage?	Turn to **361**
Run for the violet passage?	Turn to **31**

248

You open the door into an untidy room with plain furnishings, where you see a young red-haired man sitting at a desk. As you enter, he leans back and twirls a dagger in the palm of his hand. 'You might have knocked,' he says reproachfully, fiddling with a cuff-button on his maroon jerkin. He's not making any hostile moves, but clearly he expects a reply! Will you:

Attack the young man?	Turn to 3
Say the people upstairs sent you?	Turn to 196
Say you're a tradesman?	Turn to 60

249

On this foggy morning, you make out the Isle of Despair, a short distance away to starboard. Captain Garaeth explains that there is no natural harbour here, and you must make your own way from now on. The crew lower a rowing-boat into the water and, taking all your equipment and Provisions, you lower yourself into the boat and row for the shore, as the *Petrel* glides slowly away into the gloom.

You are nearly ashore when a huge pair of grey pincers, trailing green and purple strands of seaweed, rise from the shallow water and snap at your oar! The streaked grey shell, beady eyes and hooked jaws of a giant Skull Crab emerge after them! Will you:

Fight the creature?	Turn to **207**
Throw some food at it?	Turn to **270**
Try to row to shore quickly and get away?	Turn to **22**

250

You make your way back to the crossroads. Now you can either turn west along an unmarked trail or go south past the bloodied feathers on a pointed stick, set into the ground. If you go west, turn to **181**. If you go south, turn to **128**.

251

You run frantically, with the rats chasing after you and nipping at your heels. Lose 2 points from your STAMINA through their bites. Turn to **152**.

252

The magical bolus wraps itself around your neck, strangling you! Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **151**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **308**.

253

You head on towards the east, and eventually you come to a turning to the south; but only a few yards

down it there is a wall of thick, acidic smoke which is too choking for you to pass through. You continue on to the east, then the passageway turns northwards. Beyond is daylight, and you can see a chamber at the end of the tunnel, strewn with rocks and branches. You cannot see anything hostile from where you stand, so you enter. Turn to **354**.

254

After a short while, all the Orcs fall into a drunken stupor; they are clearly going to be unconscious for some time. Do you want to:

Search the room?	Turn to **137**
Open the north door?	Turn to **346**
Open the east door?	Turn to **4**

255

The passageway winds along, and eventually you come to a T-junction; on the wall facing you is a wall-carving which is rather indistinct. Do you want to:

Stop and look carefully at the carving?	Turn to **216**
Take the north passage?	Turn to **184**
Take the south passage?	Turn to **129**

256

'The nest is just up there, to the north-east,' says the lizard; and indeed you can just make it out, on top of a rocky outcrop. There doesn't seem to be anyone at home, either! Perhaps you can climb up and ambush the birds as they return . . . so you set off for the nest. Turn to **206**.

257

You set off west along the trail. Misty drizzle begins to fall, and you feel wet, uncomfortable and miserable. At mid-day you must stop and eat a meal; as you take out some food, you find that the damp has seeped through your backpack and some of your food is spoiled. Reduce your Provisions by 2. Turn to **38**.

258

Did you offer a Gold Piece to the Natives you met first? If you did not, turn to **144**. If you did, the shaman regretfully accepts that you have no Treasure left, and says, 'It was generous of you to give my men what you did. In token of this, *I* will give *you* a gift in return.' He has a servant bring him a small silver box which he opens; from inside, he takes out and flourishes an Ebony Key which he gives you (add this to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). 'This was taken from a place below the mountains; it may unlock the way to treasures for you,' he says.

You thank him for his gift, and you sleep well in the small hut he provides for you. Turn to **101**.

259

It takes you some time to search through the muck and clutter, and you are weakened by the foul atmosphere. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. However, your search is rewarded. You find 2 Gold Pieces the Rat Men had hidden (add these to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*) and also a backpack – taken, no doubt, from some adventurer fallen victim to the Rat Men. Inside it, you find a grappling iron attached to a rotten, useless length of rope which you discard, and a blue silk glove in perfect condition! On the palm you notice an embroidered motif of two intertwined snakes coiled round a staff bearing runes. The glove fits your left hand perfectly, so you slip it on. Recover 1 LUCK point! Add both these items to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. You set off back south; turn to **303**.

260

The door won't open! You try forcing it and using the bunch of keys the Troll had, but all efforts are useless. Do you have an Ebony Key, *and* will you use it to try and open this door? If you have the key and want to use it here, turn to **19**. If you don't have it, or would rather not use it, turn to **243**.

261

The blue passage leads down, becoming a steeper and steeper decline. It opens into a huge trapezoidal chamber with a passageway exit in the far distance – and in this chamber sits a vast Blue Dragon! It lifts its head towards you, and lightning crackles in its throat. This is a truly terrifying enemy, and one you hardly expected to see here. It *must* be an illusion, surely . . . ? Will you:

Attack the Dragon with your sword?	Turn to **214**
Cast a 'Dispel Illusion' spell (if you can)?	Turn to **111**
Run back down the passage?	Turn to **341**

262

You open the door and look into a chaotic shambles of a room; crude wooden furniture has been tipped over and smashed jugs and torn papers lie about the place. Two Orcs are fighting each other with swords; each calls out to you for help against the other. Will you:

Leave them to it and head west along the passage?	Turn to **97**
Help one Orc against the other?	Turn to **148**
Fight both Orcs?	Turn to **363**

263

You slip on the Bronze Ring, if you're not already wearing it; while it still seems fairly hot, you're not damaged by the heat. You realize the ring is a magical Ring of Fire Resistance, and you get safely to the orange passage where the heat is less intense. Turn to **362**.

264

The Orcs have nothing but 1 Gold Piece which one carries in a pouch (take this and add it to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*). Their dirty, lice-ridden chamber smells awful, and you leave in haste; you can either open the easterly door here (turn to **315**) or the door to the south (turn to **333**)

265

You push open the trapdoor and haul yourself up into a room above. But as you do so, you miss a handhold and, while you get up safely, you make rather a lot of noise doing it.

A light flares in the room as a lamp is lit, and you hear the scrape of metal on stone; an Orc comes snarling towards you, picking up his sword from the floor beside his bed. You get to your feet just in time to fight him on equal terms.

ORC	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **99**.

266

After much determined and careful chipping, a skeletal shape begins to reveal itself. You see the glint of metal . . . you must now stop and eat a meal during a break from your work – or deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Eventually, you uncover most of a slim skeleton – an Elf, perhaps. You can make out the rotted remains of a backpack and a useless, rusted sword, and also a slender flask of white metal. If you decide to investigate the flask, turn to **204**. If you want to leave it unopened, turn to **156**.

267

Opening the door, you see a storeroom, full of clutter: half-rotted ropes, a pile of sacking, old wooden staves, and the like. There is also a pile of human-sized skulls on a wooden table in the centre of the room; there might be something hidden in that pile. Will you:

Search through the pile of skulls?	Turn to 24
Return to the goblin room and open the north door there?	Turn to 377
Return to the goblin room and open the west door there?	Turn to 205

268

You head south along the passageway, which then turns west and opens into a chamber lit with flaming braziers. Standing in the doorway, you can just make out steps that lead upwards at the far end of this chamber, and a large stone statue standing before them. The statue, sculpted in stone, is nearly ten feet tall, and has the head of a horned bull atop a man's body. It is not moving and, as you creep into the chamber, it does not react to you. Your heart beats strongly as you enter – will the statue attack? To find out, turn to 366.

269

You stumble across the rocky chamber and into the passageway beyond. Stone steps lead up to a well-lit chamber – the lair of Mordraneth himself, you guess. You stride into this huge, palatial chamber, resplendent with stone pillars, statues and wall-hangings, and lit by flaming braziers; you stand in a hallway with a balcony at the far end and stone steps on either side of you leading up to that raised

area. On the balcony stands Arch-mage Mordraneth himself, tall and dark, dressed in flowing black robes. A trace of crystalline dust glitters as it falls from his hands to the floor, and he mutters an incantation – he is going to attack you with a spell! Will you:

Cast a 'Speed' spell (if you can)?	Turn to **244**
Cast a 'Fire Globe' spell (if you can)?	Turn to **94**
Race up the left-hand set of stone steps?	Turn to **332**
Race up the right-hand set of stone steps?	Turn to **63**

270

You throw some food towards the crab, which grabs at it and misses. You now have time to row away while the dim-witted crab finds and gobbles down the food. Reduce your Provisions by 1. You row to the shoreline without further incident; turn to **102**.

271

You panic, looking desperately for a way out, but you can find none. You hammer at the eastern door, but your attempts grow more feeble as the acid smoke thickens and envelops you. You slump to the ground . . . and in a few hours your body will be nothing more than a pile of gleaming white bones. Your quest ends here.

272

You stride along the azure passage, and you come to a bridge over a deep, blue-tinged rock-chasm. You carefully test the solidity of the bridge before walking across it. On the other side is a black tunnel lit with gouts of red light which emanate from some distant fiery source. Filled with foreboding, you head for the dark tunnel, for this is the only exit. Turn to **296**.

273

You help the wizard to a chair and unlock his chains, if you haven't already done so. You must give him either something to eat (subtract 1 from your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*) or a magical 'potion of healing', for he is very weak. Turn to **140**.

274

Soon you encounter a small turning south off the main passage; looking along it, you see steps descending to a chamber lit by burning braziers. Within it stands a massive stone statue of a bull-headed man, motionless above the body of an Elf it has ripped almost in two! Avoiding this horror, you press on along the passage, which heads west and then turns south; turn to **218**.

275

The Ebony Key doesn't fit the lock, worse luck. Will you:

Try using the bunch of keys, if you have them?	Turn to **74**
Try using the phial of white oil, if you have it?	Turn to **138**
Give up and try the west door?	Turn to **358**
Give up and go to the south?	Turn to **283**

276

At the sight of the pewter ale tankard the Orcs freeze. ''Struth! That's ole Thunderguts's tankard! 'E'd never part wiv that! 'E must uv killed 'im!' The Orcs draw their weapons, and you'll have to fight them. Turn to 185.

277

You may have found the entrance to the crypt, but the iron bars are a definite physical obstacle to further progress! You can try to bend them by sheer strength if you wish (if you try this, turn to 40); alternatively, you can just wait, keeping out of sight, to see if anything comes along (turn to 104).

278

You grip the Sprite's neck in your powerful hands. As you do, a tiny silver charm about his throat breaks and tiny shards of metal fly out and lacerate your hands. Deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to 103.

279

Your sleep is disturbed by an awful nightmare in which you are standing on a path above a sheer rock crevasse, fighting for your life. Flying around you, striking with its bloodied jaws, is a black skull, its eyes afire with an evil crimson glow. You feel with horror its hunger for your soul, as it seems to draw terrors and fears from within you as if to give them substance and make them real . . . You wake up sweating. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Although it's early morning, you cannot get back to sleep after this, and so you may either get back to the trail leading north-west (turn to 339) or open the trap-door in the floor and explore what lies below (turn to 157).

280

You open the west-side door and stride along the passageway beyond. It is darker here, and you must use your lantern to light your way. The air grows very damp and ahead you see that the passage leads into a long, fairly narrow cavern. To get across, you have to wade through a pool in the middle of it;

testing the water depth, you step cautiously across. However, when you're barely half-way across, an albino aquatic Cave Snake rears its head out of the water and strikes at you! You have to fight it at once, up to your waist in water and while trying to hang on to your lantern – which isn't easy. For this combat, you must *temporarily* lose 2 SKILL points. (*Don't* make any changes to your SKILL score on your *Adventure Sheet*; this is only a temporary change.)

CAVE SNAKE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **330**.

281

You find the secret door Alsander told you about without difficulty, and quietly push it open. The smooth passageway beyond is dark, but you can see light streaming from a gap under a door at the end of it. You move slowly up into position and kick the door open, hoping to surprise your enemies. You glimpse a richly furnished room, and the glint of gold and silk and fur catches your eye, but you have no time to take in details. The Dark Elves inside are too agile and swift to be surprised, and now you must fight them. Fight the Dark Elves one at a time as you stand in the doorway.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DARK ELF	8	6
Second DARK ELF	7	5

If you win, turn to **96**.

282

You can either search the room the guard was occupying (turn to **132**) or leave through the west door of the dining room (turn to **17**).

283

It is dark to the south, and you must have a light source to see by (your lantern or a Magical Sword if you have one!). Your footsteps crunch on chips of stone, and as you look down you see other footprints leading this way! Vigilantly, you walk quietly on. Soon you see a small side-passage to the east which ends at a wooden door with a small iron grille in it. You can investigate this door (turn to **131**) or continue south (turn to **227**).

284

You come to a T-junction in the dark passages, and you see gleams of light to both east and west. Will you go westwards (turn to **154**) or eastwards (turn to **7**)?

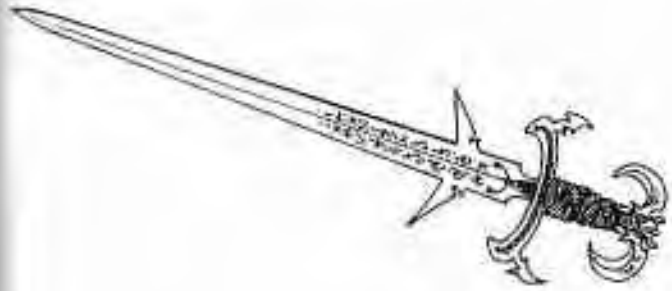

285

There is a smell in the damp air which grows stronger, the further you walk along: the smell of the crypt, the dread stench of death. The passageway opens into a darkened chamber; even with a lantern, you can see nothing inside it unless you enter. You may retrace your steps west if you wish (turn to 356) or you can enter the chamber (turn to 335).

286

You cannot get past the statue and up the stairs, so you must fight it after all. Turn to 84.

287

You ascend to an east-west passageway. It is dark, and you must use your lantern. You see that the western passage soon turns south; if you want to take this path, turn to 218. If you prefer to head west, turn to 106.

288

You search through the nest and find 3 Gold Pieces (add these to your *Adventure Sheet*). You clamber safely down from the nest, to see what reward the lizard has for you.

The lizard looks very pleased when you return. 'A thousand thanks! Here are rewards for you.' It opens a scaly paw and gives you a splendid rose pearl worth 12 Gold Pieces (add this to your Treasure) and a small Silver Medallion on a neck-chain, which has the palm of a hand etched upon it. 'I'm not sure exactly what this is for,' says the lizard, 'but it's some sort of magical protection against evil. I hope it will be of use to you.' You take this and wear it around your neck (add the Silver Medallion to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). To help you on your way, the lizard also gives you a small dose of a potion which will enable you to run quickly without getting fatigued. Thanking the lizard for his gifts, you quaff the potion and speed away south and then turn west to get back on the right trail. Turn to 349.

289

You slip one of the keys into the lock of the handcuffs and free the prisoner's hands. His eyes gleam with hope as he recognizes you for a friend. 'Step back,' he says grimly, 'I've been longing to do this.' He whispers a few words and conjures a small ball of fire in his hands, then sends this flying through the air; it grows in size and smashes into the back of the torturer, engulfing the half-Ogre in fire and making him scream in pain. The wizard totters back; it's up to you to finish the job he has begun. Turn to 76. You may deduct 6 points of STAMINA from the half-Ogre's total shown there because of the damage inflicted by this spell.

290

You creep over and dispatch the sleeping guard with a single blow, slitting his throat. However, this is a cowardly thing to do; to slay a fellow human being so cold-bloodedly – even if he was evil (and can you be certain that he *was*?) – is almost an evil act itself. Lose 1 point from your LUCK. Now, you can either search the room (turn to 91) or leave and take the southern door in the next room (turn to 245).

291

First, decide how many Gold Pieces you are willing to gamble, up to a maximum of 6 – the Orcs aren't rich and they will probably attack you if they see you have lots of Treasure! After you have decided this, roll two dice. If the total of the dice-roll is less than or equal to your current SKILL score, turn to 89. If the dice-roll total is higher than your current SKILL score, turn to 217.

292

After the Birdman has flown away, do you want to travel south and west, back the way you came (if you do, turn to 314), or go westwards along the other passage which leads from this roost (turn to 122)?

293

Inside the chest is a simple Silver Ring which bears strange runes and glyphs that you cannot decipher. You have no way of knowing what this ring's powers might be. If you want to carry it, or wear it, add the Silver Ring to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to 114.

294

You apply all your strength, and the door splinters in its frame. The effort costs you 2 STAMINA points, but now the door is open. Beyond, you can make out only inky blackness; you must have a light source to see by. You can either enter this dark, forbidding room (turn to 392) or return to the main passage and open the door at the end of it (turn to 124).

295

Among Mordraneth's illusions, some are of fearsome creatures which may appear real to your mind and which you must fight. You will be told whether a 'creature' is in fact an illusion; if this is the case, you can cast the 'Dispel Illusion' spell and destroy the creature automatically. However, you must do this as soon as you attack a creature; you cannot cast this spell once a hand-to-hand fight is in progress! Also, the spell is only completely effective against a *single* illusory creature; if you are being attacked by several at once, then you cannot be sure how effective the spell will be. Under these conditions, you will be asked whether you wish to use the spell and, if you do, you will be told what effects it has. Lastly, if you have the Platinum Amulet, you may use this spell (and *only* this spell) *twice*, rather than only once. Return to 188.

296

The black tunnel leads into a chamber crossed by two deep chasms. Gouts of flame spurt into the air from both, and clouds of burning gases hang in the air. On the other side of this infernal place you can make out two passages. You step carefully across the ground, in order to avoid the chasms and reach the passages, but then into the air rises a ghastly thing, malevolent and hideously evil: a jet-black flying skull with glowing red eyes from which blood wells and drips, hissing, into the fiery chasms below. You feel the elemental evil of this thing and its hunger for your soul! You are struck with fear; deduct 1 SKILL point for the duration of this combat, and lose 2 STAMINA points as well. Now you must fight this thing, which is no illusion!

DEATH SKULL SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **15**.

297

Mordraneth's Fire Globe crackles through the air and strikes you before you can finish casting your own spell; your spell is ruined and cannot be used again. Fortunately, with your magical Ring of Fire

Resistance you lose only 1 STAMINA point. You sprint up the left-hand set of steps and nearly get to the evil wizard before he can cast another spell at you – but not quite! Turn to **351**.

298

Your spell was useless; the walls are closing in fast! You can use an item from your backpack (turn to **45**) or run flat out and pray (turn to **396**).

299

Your greed has overcome your caution and good sense. The bracelet is an evil, magical thing, and it hates anyone less evil than its previous owner. It constricts and crushes the bones of your wrist. Shrieking with pain, you manage to wrench the thing off, but you lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points from the injury it has caused you. You throw the cursed thing down, and open the door to the east, to get away from the carnage in here; turn to **123**.

300

A quick search through the room and the goblin bodies reveals nothing of interest or value save for a pair of bone dice they were playing with. If you wish to take these, add them to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. There are three other doors in this worked stone chamber, and all appear to be easy to open. Will you take:

The north door?	Turn to **377**
The west door?	Turn to **205**
The south door?	Turn to **267**

301

Amongst a lot of clutter – shells and conches and driftwood – you find 5 Gold Pieces in a bag (add these to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*) and enough preserved food (salted fish) for 4 meals. Add this to your Provisions. You head south to get back to the trail; turn to **257**.

302

He looks over the scroll intently, but then sighs and hands it back to you. 'It is too abstruse for me to scry. Perhaps Alkandi could help you. He is the shaman of the tribesmen to the south. Approach them in peace and they will not harm you; they are good people.' You thank him and, since he looks better now and says he will take very great care in future, you bid him farewell. Add 1 LUCK point. As you are about to set off, you notice the glint of gold beneath the fallen body of one of the Hobgoblins.

You stoop down and pick up the 2 Gold Pieces you missed before! The extra Treasure (which you may add to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*) puts you in good spirits as you set off southwards again. Turn to **250**.

303

You set off back towards the south, and return to the junction where the wall-carving faces an eastward passage. Will you take the passage leading east (turn to **72**) or the passage leading south (turn to **129**)?

304

Hearing no sound behind the door, you open it and enter a small unlit room, which is cool and has shelves on which stand jars, bottles, and some earthenware pots. Checking these, you find that they contain foodstuffs. Most are too disgusting for you to eat (like toasted foot-corn flakeys and smoked dwarfburgers), but you do find a sealed jar of sweet fruit preserve – which would certainly give you energy! If you take this and store it in your backpack, you may add 1 to your Provisions. Now, you may either go back westwards and take the northern passage (turn to **284**), or open a door in the north wall of this small food store and see what lies beyond (turn to **35**).

305

You are tired now, and beginning to feel sleepy. Seeing how heavily the trapdoor is barred, and how comfortable the bed looks, you jam the chair under the handle of the door in the north wall of this room (where it wedges it shut splendidly) and settle down for some rest. You sleep well and wake refreshed; recover 2 STAMINA points.

After sleeping, you unbar the trapdoor and look down. Deciding you will have to investigate, you descend the unlit steep stone steps, using your light source to guide your way. Eventually you arrive at a landing; a flambeau blazes and spits green flame on the west wall and illuminates doors in the middle of the east and south walls. Will you:

Stay still and listen for noise?	Turn to **27**
Open the east door?	Turn to **219**
Open the southern door?	Turn to **245**

306

As you sip the liquid, your mouth fills with pain and you spit it out again. This is not water, this is weak acid, the smell of which was masked by the smoky atmosphere! Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Now, you can either open the west door (turn to **373**) or look round the half-open east door (turn to **28**)

307

The yellow-green passage soon opens into a chamber of the same colour with a sunken, earthen floor. Behind you the passage is constricting and there is no way back . . . but this chamber is full of hissing snakes which rear up and sway! On the other side of the chamber you see two exit passages, one of deep ochre and one of bright azure. You must get across somehow! Will you:

Cast a 'Dispel Illusion' spell (if you can)?	Turn to **221**
Hold out a hand wearing a glove, if you have one?	Turn to **29**
Run across the room to the ochre passage?	Turn to **173**
Run across the room to the azure passage?	Turn to **109**

308

The entangling bolus wraps tightly around your throat and strangles the life out of you. You feel the Arch-mage's mind probing yours for fears and terrors which he can put to use; as he does so, these terrors and phobias intensify in your own mind, and you are driven into madness . . . you have met a terrible end in your quest for glory!

309

You cannot hope to climb the rock surface laden as you are. You may retain your sword, leather armour (but not chain-mail armour!), and any rings you

may have, plus a headband, if you are wearing one; but you must throw away everything else you are carrying. Then you can haul yourself up to the top of the rock. Remove *all* other items from the list of Equipment and Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*! Turn to **62**.

310

You will have to fight the two Natives *together*. Each Attack Round, roll two dice for yourself and for *each* of the Natives; add the total of the dice-roll to the relevant SKILL score (either yours or theirs); the combatant with the highest Attack Strength of the three will be the one who lands an effective blow during that Attack Round. Further, if you are hit by one of the native spears, you must roll a die; on a roll of 4–6, you will suffer 1 extra point of damage to your STAMINA from the organic poison which coats the spears.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First NATIVE	6	7
Second NATIVE	7	6

If you win, turn to **21**.

311

You must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **14**. If you are Unlucky, you have been spotted and must fight the Hobgoblins; turn to **87**.

312

You fail to bend the bars, and the strain causes you the loss of 2 STAMINA points before you finally give up. Cursing the creature who fashioned the sturdy iron, you decide to stay put for a while and take a rest. Turn to **104**.

313

As you put your hand upon the door, an electrical shock jolts through your arm; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA, and also lose 1 SKILL point *temporarily* (until *after* your next combat). Worse, the door disappears – it was just an illusion! As you turn away, you become aware that the stone face opposite is now generating black smoke from its nostrils and that its mouth is grinning! You decide to get away from the foul-smelling, acrid smoke and open the south door; turn to **121**.

314

You follow the tunnel west and pass a southerly turning which is filling with black, acrid smoke; you cannot enter it, so you continue on westwards. You come to another turning, this time leading north; although light is shining from it, you can hear a truly ghastly sound as some fiendish thing rips away at flesh and snarls as it does so. You hurry past, and

soon you come to a passageway leading south to some steps; peering down, you see a chamber lit by garish burning braziers. Inside the chamber there is a pile of stone rubble and a shattered statue; beside the rubble stands an intact statue, a bull-headed stone man, with a dead Elf lying at its feet, the torso almost torn in half! Is there nowhere safe in this terrible place? Avoiding these perils, you continue west to a point where the passage turns south and the dreadful rending and snarling noises fade into the distance. Turn to **218**.

315

You open the door to a small, cramped bedchamber which contains two lice-infested beds and a pile of stinking, greasy and dirty clothes. Straw litters the floor and a rickety table bears only a pair of evil-smelling dirty socks and a chamber pot. Roll one die; if the result is a 1, turn to **147**. If you roll 2–6, you decide to go back to the guard room and open the south door; turn to **333**.

316

With a massive heave, you manage to rip the lid off the chest, with wood-splinters flying and metal bands buckling and snapping. Lose 3 STAMINA points as a result of your terrific exertions; now you must stop and eat a meal after all this work – or deduct 2 more points from your STAMINA. But at least you have opened the chest, so you can look inside to discover your prize Turn to **153**.

317

The gem is of no use here. Lose 1 STAMINA point from bites sustained while you were wasting time retrieving it. Now you see sense and run away fast! Turn to **251**.

318

Mordraneth laughs as the Fire Globe smashes into you, causing you 6 points of STAMINA loss. If you are still alive, you keep on up the stairs to challenge his foul sorcery with the cold metal of your sword! Turn to **351**.

319

You move cautiously along the passage, but behind you a strong gust of wind almost blows you over, and then the wind grows stronger still! You cannot keep your feet and you are being swept forward by a maelstrom of swirling air . . . your body will be smashed to pieces on the rocks below! Your head swims with vertigo. In desperation, you clutch at an outcrop of rock and hang on, but the wrench to your arm costs you 2 STAMINA points. As you cling on

for dear life, a terror of the bottomless drop fills your heart until you manage to control it. Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **62**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **309**.

320

The man looks at you a little suspiciously, but then – to your relief – he shrugs his shoulders and says, 'Urzak's getting forgetful, it must be all those daft incantations he chants day and night. Just go by the west door and follow the passage to the junction, turn right, keep on to the door with the silvered door-handle, go in, and Mehrabian's room is on your left. He'll give you all the help you need.'

You thank him for his help and leave by the west door of the dining-room; turn to **17**.

321

You are now in hand-to-hand combat with the evil Dark Priest, overseer of this part of the dungeon, and you will not find him easy to overcome!

DARK PRIEST	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **187**.

322

The Birdman speaks haltingly; clearly, he is not able to speak the human tongue very well. In his low croaking voice he tells you this is an evil place and that his people are being driven away by creatures and evil magic, which are taking over the mountain,

creeping up from the Iron Crypts below. He thinks they have a prisoner of some importance, but knows no details. He becomes uncomfortable and will say nothing more; and he flies off. Turn to **292**.

323

'I repeat the request but once. Give me a gem!' the statue roars. You must either give it a gem, if you have one (if you do this, turn to **8**), or prepare yourself to fight the statue (turn to **84**).

324

You sit down at the table and enjoy the delicious food – this replenishes your strength, and you may restore 3 points of STAMINA. However, just as you are finishing your meal, the door to the east opens and a tall, slim, red-haired young man strolls out, picking at his fingernails with a very sharp-looking dagger. He looks at you with some surprise, although he makes no move to attack. He is clearly waiting for you to say something. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **3**
Ignore him and continue eating?	Turn to **212**
Ignore him and get up and leave through the west door?	Turn to **17**
Say the people upstairs sent you?	Turn to **196**
Say you're a tradesman?	Turn to **60**

325

'Mordraneth has found a magical way of stealing souls – more precisely, he has found a magical way

of stealing the images and emotions of terrifying things from the minds and spirits of the dead. Fear of darkness, fear of death, terror of the dark night when spectres and wraiths roam the world, fear of falling, phobias of many kinds. From these emotional energies and images he creates illusions which have enough power to drive those who witness them to madness or death. He has also found that he gets his best results with the souls of those freshly dead, preferably killed by himself. Hence, he will soon unleash his Illusionary Army on Pollua to wreak havoc, so that he will thus have more souls to steal. I will have to teleport to Pollua to give what warning I can. But it is only here he can be stopped. You are our only hope of stopping him now!' Alsander clutches your arm and gazes deep into your eyes. 'Thousands of innocents will be slain if you refuse to help. The Empire of Illusions is a dreadful place – but I can teach you a few spells to help you there!'

How can you refuse? Your praises will be sung for scores of years, should you succeed!

Alsander smiles, relieved. 'It's fortunate that I learnt a little of how Mordraneth has changed magical forces here, enough to modify some spells so I can use them myself. But time is short, and the Dark Elves may be here soon. I have only the time, and the strength, to teach you three spells before I go, and you will be able to use each one only once.' The wizard walks over to a small chest and puts on his robes. To choose your spells, turn to 188.

326

You head north along a limestone passageway, your eyes slowly adapting to the dim light provided by stubby growths of luminous mosses and lichens on the walls. There's just enough light to see by, and you're less likely to be spotted if you don't use your lantern. The passageway eventually bends round to the west and stops at a dead end. But the dead end is suspiciously smooth; as you carefully touch it, you realize that the 'rock' is just an illusion – there is a door here! Keeping your sword ready, you turn the door handle; it gives, so you walk through. Turn to 120.

327

You pass by the skull. As you walk away, a horrid wheezing laugh, as dry as gravedust, follows you. You look around, and see the skull is facing you now, its jaws open in a mocking grin! You move hurriedly away, and soon you are striding through overgrown scrubland and the ground is sloping downwards. You are heading into woodlands;

there are many pools of stagnant water, and clouds of buzzing insects swarm around. If you have a jar of ointment, you must apply this now (and cross off this item from the list of Equipment on your *Adventure Sheet*) and you will be protected; if you do not have the jar, you must deduct 3 points of STAMINA because of the effects of insect bites. Turn to **191**

328

'Sorry about Edwina,' the Sea Giant says, 'she's frisky today. I hope she hasn't hurt you? Good.' He looks around at the mist. 'It's going to rain. Would you care for food and shelter?' If you want to accept his offer, turn to **118**; if you decline and set off west along the trail, turn to **257**.

329

The shaman has a box brought to him by a servant, then he lays out its contents before you. He tells you the price of each item. You may buy whichever ones you want (if you have the price!); add the items to the list of Equipment on your *Adventure Sheet*, reducing your Treasure accordingly. You can't haggle

with him, he's too crafty for that. If you do not have enough Gold Pieces for everything you'd like to take, but you *do* have a rose pearl, Alkandi will give you items up to the value of 8 Gold Pieces in return for the pearl (and no haggling!). The items the shaman offers you are:

A silver feather	2 Gold Pieces
An ebony key	4 Gold Pieces
A small ivory statuette of a cat	3 Gold Pieces
A 15-foot length of rope	2 Gold Pieces
A small white gem	3 Gold Pieces
A phial of white oil	2 Gold Pieces

You may also buy Provisions here; 1 Gold Piece will buy you enough for two meals – but you cannot buy more than this because the food is perishable and will not stay fresh for long. When you have completed your purchases, the shaman has you shown to a comfortable hut, where you can sleep peacefully, so turn to **101**; but if you buy nothing, turn to **144**.

330

You complete your crossing of the pool and set off along the passageway beyond; it is still dark, so you must use your lantern. Water drips from the ceiling and thick hanging stalactites make progress slow and difficult. As the passageway bends to the south, a stalagmite formation on the floor catches your eye; it is clearly unusual in shape. If you want to stop and examine it more closely, turn to **145**. If you want to press on south, turn to **156**.

331

The icy-cold passage leads down to a veritable charnel-house. In the gloomy chamber, ice crystals seem to hang in the air above a forest of unburied skeletons which litter the cold stone floor. There are two exit-passages not far away, close to where you entered. Will you:

Take the light, airy way out?	Turn to **319**
Take the dark-brown, earthy exit-passage?	Turn to **247**
Stay and say a prayer for the souls of the dead here?	Turn to **134**

332

As you run up the steps, you realize that some magical force is retarding your progress; it feels like running through water! You grit your teeth and struggle on, and you'll get there in the end – but just now a smoking ball of fire is streaking from Mordraneth's hand to strike you down. Are you wearing a bronze ring? If you are, turn to **47**. If you aren't, turn to **318**.

333

A passageway leads south beyond the door, and this is dimly lit by torches in wall sconces. Following the short passage to the end, you see that it soon turns east; however, there is a plain darkwood door on the west side of the passage at the end, facing the east-turning main passageway. You cannot see to the end of that eastern passage yet. Will you try to

open the door to the west (turn to 34) or press on eastwards (turn to 364)?

334

Making a quick check, you discover a sliding panel in the wall beside the door, and you realize this is where the voice must have come from. You open it and draw out a glowing sword! You take the sword and hurry through the concealed doorway, closing it behind you, and move on up the stairs. However, you have inhaled some of the corrosive smoke into your lungs; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.

You make your way up a few stairs to breathe the cleaner air, then pause to take a good look at the glowing sword. It is beautifully crafted, of finest steel, with amethysts and tourmalines in the pommel. It does not speak to you again, but it will glow brightly – whenever you will it to do so! Further, this is a Magical Sword; you may add 1 point to your SKILL score when using it, and this *will* allow you to exceed your *Initial* SKILL score (but this bonus applies *only* in combats). What's more, the sword uses power to heal you – after each combat, you may restore 1 point to your STAMINA score if you have been wounded *during that combat*. You cannot take this healing until after a combat is ended. You found a powerful ally in your struggle against the brooding evil of the Iron Crypts! Add the Magical Sword to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 58.

335

Now that you are very close to the entrance, you can see a round chamber littered with bones. Stone steps leading down into the floor are cut in the far end of the chamber. Turning towards you as you gaze in is a skeletal figure carrying a huge, ice-blue, two-handed sword. You can either flee to the west (turn to 116) or move in to attack it (turn to 169).

336

The 'Healing' spell is a powerful one which will allow you to recover lost STAMINA. You can cast this spell at any time, except during a combat, and you will be able to recover STAMINA points equal to one-half your *Initial* STAMINA score (rounding fractions down). Return to 188.

337

You must eat another meal before sleeping, or lose 2 STAMINA points. After you've eaten, you unroll your blanket and try to get some sleep. The wind howls outside and during the night a storm thunders overhead, but you snatch a few hours of sleep, enough for you to get reasonable rest. Turn to 10.

338

The Sprite has stolen something from your backpack! If you had up to 5 Gold Pieces, he has stolen all of them; if you had more than 5, he has generously left you the rest! If you had no Gold Pieces, he has stolen your rose pearl. Turn to 103.

339

You head along the trail towards the higher peaks You soon see that the trail leads to an entrance into the hillside rather than continuing into the mountains themselves. Moving closer, you can distinguish the motif of a skull set into the hillside above the entrance, crafted from iron plaques and spikes! This is obviously the way in to the dreaded Iron Crypts. Excitement runs through your body as you move as silently as you can towards the entrance, sword readied. Edging forward, you observe a passage leading down; there is a faint light from some luminous plants growing on the wet limestone walls, and your eyes soon get used to this, so you don't need to use your lantern. Cautiously, you move along the winding tunnel, and soon you come to a crude wooden door blocking your way. You try the handle carefully, and find you can open it with ease. Sword in hand, you enter the room beyond. Turn to **120**.

340

You try to dash past the statue. As you attempt this, it strikes out at you and hits you; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Now roll two dice. If the dice-roll total is less than or equal to your current SKILL score, turn to **68**. If the total is greater than your current SKILL score, turn to **286**.

341

A massive lightning bolt shoots down the tunnel after you and crashes into you. You scream in mortal agony as pain convulses your body and you smell burning flesh in your nostrils. As you collapse, dying, you feel Mordraneth's magic plucking at your mind to extract the terrors and fears you have experienced in this wretched place. Your torments have just begun, and you have failed.

342

As soon as you slay the eagle, the illusion simply disappears, and you find yourself lying on the ground, flailing at the empty air! A low-pitched chuckle fills your ears. 'Welcome to my Empire!' the voice gloats, 'although I don't think you will be here for long.' You see no one, and you find yourself in the middle of a brown passage. At one end, the passageway grows blacker; if you wish to go this way, turn to **149**. At the other, it grows green; if you wish to go this way, turn to **395**.

343

You find a leather pouch with 2 Gold Pieces on the body of one of the Orcs (add this to your Treasure). However, as you are checking around, Horace, the pet rat of one of the Orcs, nips out from behind some upturned furniture. Horace is a large and very mean rat, and he has a tooth abscess which is making him especially vicious today; he sinks his yellowed fangs into your leg. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. To add insult to injury, the sleek rodent scuttles off and hides behind a pile of furniture, and it isn't worth your time or energy to pursue him. You leave the room and head off westwards; turn to 97.

344

You hear nothing. Now open either the eastern door (turn to 219) or the southern door (turn to 245).

345

Eating strange fungi is not exactly an intelligent thing to do. Within a few moments you're as sick as a dog; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. You have to sit and rest for a while before you can continue west; turn to 51.

346

As you open the door, clouds of heavy, thick black smoke roll down the corridor towards you. You shut the door and turn away, opening the east door in the Orcs' room. Turn to 4.

347

The ship's crew are glad to see you win – but they also saw you try to run away, and mutterings are heard about cowardice. If you need to eat one or more meals to restore lost STAMINA, you'll have to use your own Provisions to do so, so alter your Provisions accordingly. Turn to 249.

348

You hear a shout and the patter of nasty little goblin feet, then the sound of creaking railings. The goblin has called a friend along, and they opened the gates and now stand before you, their swords at the ready. It is futile to try talking to them, so you must fight them. Fight the goblins one at a time, as you are backed up in a side-tunnel.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	6
Second GOBLIN	6	5

If you win, the gates are open and you can now head along the passageway, keeping your sword unsheathed – there may be more goblins about! Turn to 326.

349

You make good progress along the trail, but as the sun begins to set you see no sign of a safe place to sleep; there are hills to the north, and only the continuing trail in the west . . . to the south there's a small copse of trees nestling against the rock face. You move up to take a look around. As you warily check the trees, a tiny, thin face with drooping, pointed ears and sharp little black eyes peers round a clump of bushes. 'Are you looking for somewhere to sleep?' the Tree Sprite asks shyly. You nod your head, and he races up a tree trunk and fumbles at something out of sight. Then he throws down a rope hammock! 'Get up in the trees,' he urges, 'there might be a wolf about – or worse.'

He dances away through the high branches and is gone. You take his advice, clamber up a tree, rig up the hammock, and settle into a sound sleep. Do you have any Treasure? If you do, turn to 158. If you don't, turn to 103.

350

Alkandi reads the scroll, and a worried frown crosses his brow 'I have sensed some magical evil in the night-time breezes lately; whisperings of tormented souls imprisoned by an evil creature. This may be the singing which the writer speaks of. I feel also that the spirits of the dead lie uneasy here, that old terrors are awakened by one who has come here. Perhaps this one is the Stealer of Souls mentioned. I can tell you no more, but take heed of the writer's words and beware of singing voices that lure you!' Pondering his words, you set off north towards the crossroads and, once there, you turn west along the unmarked trail. Turn to **181**

351

You still can't reach Mordraneth; as he chants, a whirling bolus of black threads materializes above his head and whirls through the air towards you. Are you wearing a silver ring? If you are, turn to **79**. If you aren't, turn to **252**.

352

All the rats vanish! You run towards the distant light. Turn to **152**.

353

The Orc has 1 Gold Piece which you may take (add this to your Treasure) but his flask has shattered on the ground and his oil is spilled The Priest's armour is ruined by a sword thrust, and you'd rather have your sword than his flail. But he does wear a gold bracelet. Will you:

Take the Dark Priest's bracelet?	Turn to **299**
Look through the south door in the Orc's room?	Turn to **82**
Try the door to the east in the Orc's room?	Turn to **123**

354

As you enter the chamber, a figure opposite you stirs: a strange creature with the body shape of a man, but one who has feathers, great wings for arms, talons for feet, and a beaked face. He looks at you suspiciously from his perch on a ledge which is open to the skies. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to 186
Talk with him?	Turn to 322
Offer him a gift of some kind?	Turn to 67

355

The Ebony Key shrinks a little in size to fit the small keyhole of the chest, which springs open. However, the Ebony Key immediately vanishes! Cross it off the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 153.

356

As you travel in a westerly direction, a faint singing can be heard on the air, as if a subterranean choir was at its devotions in the far distance. You see that the passage turns north and opens into a vaulted chamber from which the sound seems to be coming. You can either enter the chamber (turn to 36) or retrace your steps back east (turn to 193).

357

The carpets and furs in this room are valuable, but far too heavy to carry. However, looking around, you find a crowbar in one corner of the room, and

you may take this (add it to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now you must *Test your Luck*; if you are Lucky, turn to **163**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **139**.

358

You open the door effortlessly, but now you must *Test your Luck*! If you are Lucky, turn to **179**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **195**.

359

Do you have *either* or *both* a pewter ale tankard or a pair of bone dice? If you do, turn to **105**; if you have neither, turn to **161**.

360

You rush the lizard – which simply vanishes before you can get to it! Then a whispering voice pronounces a curse on you for attacking one who meant you no harm; deduct 1 point from your LUCK. You run off southwards in fear; turn to **54**.

361

You do not make it before the Skeletal Illusion strikes you in the back. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Then your adversary appears in front of you! Turn to **397**.

362

You are about half-way along the passage when you are suddenly snatched up into the air as the ceiling dissolves! The area is filled with airy, yellowish

light, and as you float in the air you become aware of a great eagle flying in to attack you. Surely it's an illusion . . . but your senses say it is real, and you can see blood on its talons and beak. You must fight it, and you have to subtract 2 points from your SKILL while doing so (this is a *temporary* loss, for the length of this combat only, as it isn't easy to fight floating in mid-air when you're not used to it!).

EAGLE-ILLUSION SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **342**.

363

You must fight both Orcs *together* in this chamber. Roll two dice for yourself then for *both* the Orcs each Attack Round. The combatant with the highest Attack Strength (dice-roll total plus current SKILL) is the one who will get in a successful strike during that Attack Round. Fortunately, the Orcs are both slightly wounded already.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	3
Second ORC	5	4

If you win, turn to **65**.

364

At the end of the passageway leading east, you stand before a door marked with a black and amber cross. You can either open the door (turn to **393**) or go back to the west and investigate the door you noticed before, opposite the turning east (turn to **34**).

365

As you approach the dead end, the 'wall' at the end seems to evaporate away, forming into a large eight-legged yellow beetle with black wings and barbed jaws from which acid drips and hisses on the stone floor. The insect springs soundlessly forward at you before you can run. Do you have a silver medallion? If you do, turn to **170**. If you don't, turn to **389**.

366

As you set foot in the chamber, the statue raises its right hand and grates out, 'Give me a gem.' Will you:

Attack the statue?	Turn to **84**
Give the statue a gem, if you have one?	Turn to **8**
Do nothing for the moment?	Turn to **323**
Try to run past the statue to the stairs?	Turn to **340**

367

You are confronted by a Dark Priest. You must fight for your life against this pitiless enemy, in this dark and terrible place!

DARK PRIEST SKILL 9 STAMINA 13

If you win, turn to **117**.

368

You clamber into the nest. There are two eggs here, and you espy gold glinting in the nest as well – but mother Stormbird is swooping down from the sky! You must fight her.

GIANT STORMBIRD SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **288**.

369

You cannot free the wizard, but at least you let him know you're a friend. You must fight the half-Ogre torturer; turn to **76**.

370

You hear the sound of snoring from behind the door to the east. You can either open it (turn to **107**) or open the south door instead (turn to **245**).

371

You cast your spell, and the spider shrinks back with a high-pitched, shrieking whine – but then it advances again; this illusion is so powerful that your spell has weakened it, but not destroyed it. You must now deal with it; turn to **175** and, if you must fight it, you may subtract 4 points of STAMINA from the spider's score thanks to the effects of your spell.

372

Choose the spell you're going to cast. Count up the number of letters in the name of the spell, and turn to the paragraph of that number. If a spell is described there, you will be safe; if not, ignore the paragraph you had turned to, and turn to **298** instead.

373

It is absolutely impossible to open this door! It is barred and clearly is magically locked, so you give up and look round the east door. Turn to **28**.

374

You open the box carefully, and inside you find a stoppered glass vial. The contents have long dried out, but there is some green residue left; after adding a little water, you have reconstituted a magical Potion of Healing! This will restore 4 STAMINA points when you drink it, which you can do at any time, except during combats. If you want to keep this for later, add it to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*, but cross it off when you do use it!

Pleased with your find, you decide to go back into the main corridor leading south and check the west

wall for the secret door the man in the cell told you about; turn to **98**.

375

You push open the trapdoor and haul yourself up. You are in a dark room, and you can hear snoring close to you. Quietly, you tiptoe across the room, avoiding obstacles, towards a peacefully slumbering Orc. Taking no chances, you dispatch him with one swift blow as he sleeps. Turn to **99**.

376

You head back to the north, but when you enter the chamber you find it is filling with thick black smoke that is pouring from the stone face on the wall! The smoke is choking and deadly. Hastily shutting the door behind you, you go back south; you must enter the room at the end of the passageway You can rush in with your sword in hand, ready to fight (turn to **25**), or you can enter without your weapon readied, trying a more peaceable approach (turn to **209**).

377

The door opens, revealing a passageway beyond; this ends at a T-junction. From here you can either go west (turn to **255**) or east (turn to **160**).

378

'Good,' says the lizard, 'so you won't have any trouble with the one that's left, will you?' There is no answer to this. Turn to **256**.

379

Struggling across rocky terrain, you arrive at the building just as twilight descends This is a small, simple structure, without windows, but with an open door facing west. It is too gloomy to see what is inside. You will have to enter, for you need safe shelter, so you light a lantern and move in.

A groan greets you as you enter. In the gloom you make out a man chained to a wall, on one side of what could be an altar. He reaches out a hand to you as you enter and begs your help, mumbling in an unknown tongue. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **69**
Approach and help him?	Turn to **390**
Stay where you are and look around you?	Turn to **37**

380

You are now fighting the single Orc remaining, who curses your treachery!

ORC SKILL 5 STAMINA 3

If you win, turn to **65**.

381

Now you may take the blue passageway (turn to **261**) or the violet one (turn to **150**).

382

You run blindly and blunder into a grey passage You are running in fear, and you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL (this is *temporary*, and lasts until you have finished your next combat) and lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **112**.

383

Mehrabian opens the door and drags out an old man, chained hand and foot. He is dirty, haggard and in pain, and below his eyes are dark circles of suffering. 'I won't talk,' he says weakly.

'Oh yes yer will, you ole bagger wind,' replies the half-Ogre, kicking the man to the ground. 'Gerrim up on the rack,' he tells you as he goes off to get a branding iron or two. You can either attack the half-Ogre (turn to **76**) or help the old man (turn to **108**).

384

This set of steps is protected by some kind of magical force which slows your progress; it might have taken ages to reach the balcony but for your own 'Speed' spell! But Mordraneth will clearly have time to loose off one more spell before you can get to him. He scatters more dust into the air as he chants, and a Fire Globe comes streaking through the air at you! Are you wearing a Bronze Ring? If you are, turn to **231**. If you aren't, turn to **166**.

385

You enter a chamber which has a high, rocky ledge at the north end on which a bird sits, ripping at some bloodied mess (you can make out a human-like rib cage). The bird isn't very big, but its beak looks razor-sharp and is long, cruelly pointed, and stained with blood. It squawks and flies to attack you!

RAZORBEAK BIRD SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **26**.

386

The Ebony Key slips into the lock and the door opens soundlessly, revealing a small room, featureless save for a sealed chest which stands on a central plinth. Do you want to enter this room and open the chest (turn to **293**) or leave it and head back east (turn to **114**)?

387

You move wearily along the corridor which terminates abruptly at a brown archway; beyond this you hear the sound of dripping water, and there is a foul stench here. Beyond the archway is a sewer – but there's nowhere else to go, so you wade into the scum and muck, and fight down your nausea. As you progress, you see glowing rainbow-coloured lights in the distance, and stride out to the welcome light; but you hear scrabbling sounds and squeaks that grow louder. Then the water seems to boil as a swarm of plague rats bursts forth and nips your legs and body! Will you:

Cast a 'Speed' spell, if you can?	Turn to **23**
Cast a 'Dispel Illusion' spell, if you can?	Turn to **352**
Fight the rats?	Turn to **80**
Search in your backpack for something to use against the rats?	Turn to **48**
Run towards the light as fast as you can?	Turn to **251**

388

At last your patient travels are rewarded. You turn a corner and, some fifty yards away, you see a pair of iron-railinged gates, set into limestone walls. You have reached your first goal – the entrance to the Iron Crypt! Turn to **277**.

389

Something in you senses that this creature is magical and unreal, but you'll still have to fight it!

BEETLE-ILLUSION SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

Each time the Beetle-Illusion bites you, you must roll one die; on a roll of 1–3, take one *extra* point of damage to your STAMINA, from the acid on its jaws. If you win, turn to **115**.

390

As you move towards him, a sphere of deepest blackness flies from the fingers of his outstretched hand and engulfs you in a chilling circle of marrow-freezing cold as the illusion of his appearance vanishes. Deduct 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, the Dark Priest, armour-clad and mace-wielding, moves in for the kill. Turn to **367**.

391

This was a foolish waste of a spell; the 'Dispel Illusion' spell works against only illusory *creatures*, and has no effect here. Turn to **382**.

392

By your light source, you see that just beyond the doorway is a small alcove which opens into an almost circular room with a high domed ceiling. The walls are streaked with slime and mould, and the air is damp and stale. In the centre of the room, on a stone pedestal, is a chest made of rosewood, heavily banded and bound with black iron. The chest also has a guardian!

You glimpse an extraordinary creature flying towards you. Its body is a sphere of slimy grey-green scales, and two glowing, slitted red eyes glare at you. There is a small central fanged mouth on the sphere-body, but this is clearly not what the monster attacks with: it has two sharply clawed pincers that trail at the ends of two black-flecked green tentacles hanging below the body. The Diadrone is a strong guardian, and you will have to fight it; it flies too fast for you to escape.

DIADRONE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **12**.

393

You enter a well-lit room where an Orc is standing at a table, pouring oil into an intricate brass vessel of some kind. Around the table stand a few chairs, but there is no other decoration, save for a crude bunk bed. Two other doors lead south and east from this room.

The Orc snarls and draws his sword, and you must

fight him; but what *really* worries you is that as you enter he shouts, 'Master! Master!' . . .

ORC SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn *immediately* to **202**, without taking any further actions *of any sort*! The Orc's master is about to arrive!

394

You are now fighting a Spider-Illusion, and if your sword is not a match for this dread creation, your adventure will end here!

SPIDER-ILLUSION SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **269**.

395

You follow the green passage, and it takes on an increasingly blue tint, gradually shading to royal blue. The passage seems to go on for ever . . . 'You'll die of fatigue,' gloats the ghostly voice, 'or will your end be swifter?' Suddenly you hear the rush of water ahead of you, and a huge wave comes roaring down the passageway towards you! You turn to run, but the water smashes over you and knocks you, winded, to the ground. Water fills your lungs and your frantic efforts grow weak as you drown. Turn to **13**.

396

The walls compress and you stumble and fall; they close in on you, and you are being crushed to death. You feel ribs crack, and then you see the face of a dark-haired man radiating evil. He gloats: 'So

powerful, the fear of enclosed spaces . . . an illusion which kills by trauma and shock . . . Farewell, foolish warrior. There will be none to stop me now.' Mordraneth's laughter is the last sound you will ever hear. Your quest ends here.

397

Do you have a silver medallion? If you do, turn to **95**. If you don't, turn to **230**.

398

The figure holds your head in its hands, and you feel energy pour into you. Regain 1 point of SKILL, 1 point of LUCK and 4 points of STAMINA; the LUCK point (and *only* the LUCK point) can take you above your *initial* LUCK score, if this applies here. But this effort drains the figure; slowly he fades away to nothingness. One of the other figures says softly, 'Now he is at peace. He has sacrificed his soul to give you strength to overcome the evil wizard. Do not fail his memory.' Filled with new hope, you press on. Will you:

Take the yellow-green passage?	Turn to **307**
Take the azure passage?	Turn to **272**
Take the ochre passage?	Turn to **77**

399

As you prod at the lid of the chest, a scything blade swings up from a crack in the stone floor – mercifully, on the side of chest opposite you! That was a close call! Now you may try to open the chest; turn to **246**.

400

As Mordraneth falls at your feet, a great sigh is audible all round you, as if from hundreds of thousands of souls freed from a dreadful imprisonment of endless torment. Around you colours shimmer and grow pale, leaving only bare grey stone as the evil one's illusions decay and fade. Beyond the balcony, you now make out a passage, leading upwards to the fresh, clean air of the open world under the heavens, and you believe you can almost smell the sea. Perhaps Captain Garaeth will already be waiting to take you back to Pollua, to the glory and rewards you have so richly earned. Sheathing your sword for the last time, you stride upwards to find out.

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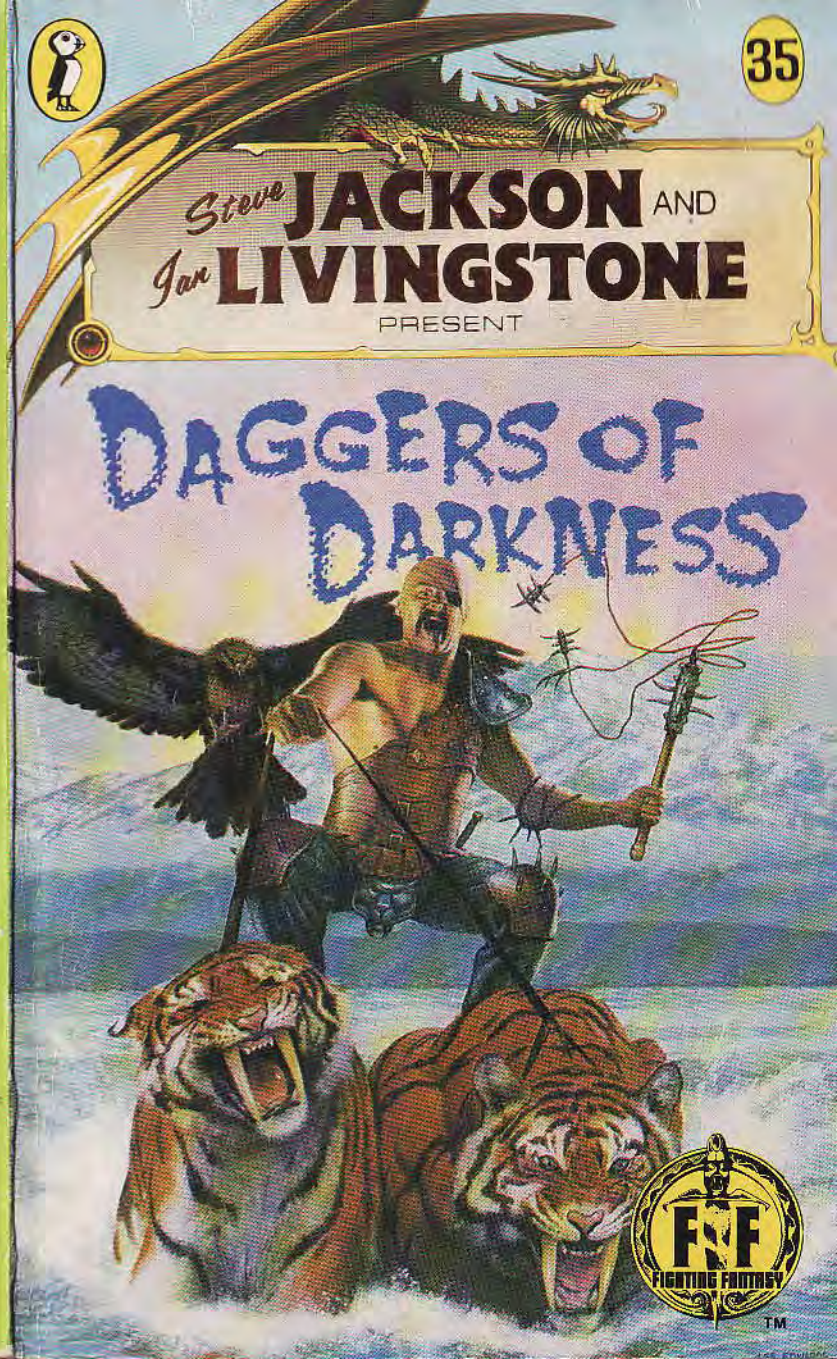

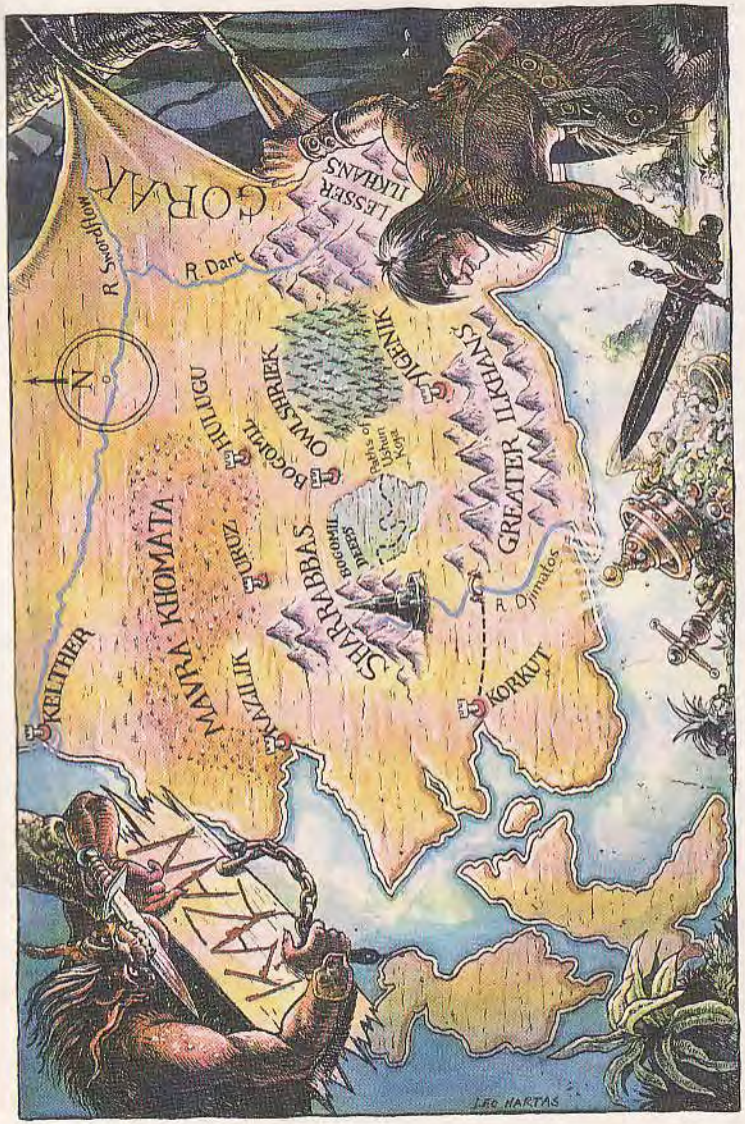

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

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To the Return of the Hero
with help from
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Michael Bishop
Karl Johan Durr Sorenson
and A.I.B.

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HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF KAZAN

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You must work out your initial LUCK, SKILL and STAMINA scores. You may use the *Adventure Sheet* on pages 18–19 to record all the details of an adventure. Here you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. If it is possible to make a photocopy of this page, do so. Otherwise record all details in pencil.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this number in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and

general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across paragraphs in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by repeating steps 1 to 6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Usually you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you find yourself in a situation in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details are given on the relevant pages), you may call on

your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the *option* of using your LUCK, either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the

creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give you instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see below) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may become dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see below) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded during the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given in the appropriate paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value, unless specifically instructed in a paragraph. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see below) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at

any time, and will increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

Equipment and Potions

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take a bottle of magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take one bottle from the following:

Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and increases *Initial* LUCK by 1

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a battle). Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains *one* measure, i.e. the characteristic may be restored only once during an adventure. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have consumed the potion.

Remember also that you may choose only *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

Poison

Unfortunately, you will find that poison is spreading through your body. At various times, especially after you have exerted yourself, you will be asked to mark off Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*. If this occurs, you must shade in one area of the outline figure provided on the *Adventure Sheet*. The poison will spread as you progress through the adventure, so you must always shade in an area next to one that has already been infected. If you find that the figure is completely covered by the poison (all the areas in the outline are shaded in), then your adventure is over. The poison has completed its fell task.

Medallions and Mazes

There are six regions in Kazan and each region contains a Medallion. (The clans that rule the regions are listed on the *Adventure Sheet*.) Traditionally, the Medallions are kept in huge mazes full of untold dangers. If you succeed in obtaining a Medallion, make a note of the fact in the box provided. The Medallions possess great power; each one enables the holder to walk away from three lost combats: even if you lose a fight, you may restore your STAMINA to 4 and act as though you have defeated your opponent. If you choose to use this power, however, you must at the same time reduce your SKILL by 1 point, your LUCK by 1 point and mark off 3 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Gold

You will discover that Kazan is a very mercenary land. The currency is Gold Coin. You will possess 6 gold coins when you begin your adventure. One of these will be sewn into your boot; this is your lucky piece, and you must not use it unless specifically instructed. You will also carry a small purse of iron coins of very little value. Mark any additions or deductions carefully in the Gold box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK	GOLD
INITIAL SKILL = 11	INITIAL STAMINA = [illegible]	INITIAL LUCK = 7/14	[illegible]

POISON UNITS

MEDALLIONS

YIGENTA

URUZ

BOGOMIL

PULUCH

KORKUT

KAZZAK

PROVISIONS

[illegible]

ABILITIES

CLUES, SPELLS, OBJECTS FOUND & NOTES

POTION OF [illegible]

6 [illegible] OF [illegible]

YELLOW GEM

ENCOUNTER BOXES

SKILL = 7 STAMINA = [illegible]	SKILL = 7 STAMINA = [illegible]	SKILL = 5 STAMINA = [illegible]	SKILL = 6 STAMINA = [illegible]
SKILL = 6 STAMINA = [illegible]	SKILL = 6 STAMINA = [illegible]	SKILL = 7 STAMINA = [illegible]	SKILL = 8 STAMINA = [illegible]
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BACKGROUND

You open your eyes. Above you stands a creature swathed in a dark cloak. He is holding a long dagger which he is about to plunge into your body. You try to move but cannot; you are transfixed by his staring, unblinking assassin's eyes. The blade gleams in the moonlight as it flashes down towards your throat.

'Begone, creature of the night!' a familiar voice cries. 'Homrath Deis Blichneth Vaqua!' The dagger falls with no power and grazes your shoulder. Just before you swoon at the fiery torment, you catch a glimpse of the departing figure of the would-be assassin, then you turn your head and see Gally's gentle eyes, before you black out.

When you awake, the pain in your shoulder is a dull throb. Gally is bathing the wound and chanting in a strange tongue. He sees that you are watching him, and says: 'Welcome back. I feared the dagger held a greater evil, beyond even my powers. But you are quickly recovered. Well met, brave Kazanid, one of Segrek's Select.'

'But how do you . . .?' you begin to ask.

'This inn is dangerous now,' he says. 'I will take you to a safer place and then all will be explained.'

The drinking companion you knew as Gally leads you into the Keep at Gorak, up a spiral staircase and into a large room full of dusty books, jars and bottles, small furry creatures and birds. Suddenly you realize that 'Gally' is none other than Astragal the Wizard. He explains that there is little time. Only recently has he learnt that Segrek, ruler of Kazan, died the previous year and that the vizier, Chingiz, suppressed the news and sent out the Mamlik Assassins to kill all the Select before they could undertake their journey to the Throne at Sharrabbas. He tells you to sit and rest, for there is much to be done. As he leaves the room, you hear him ordering the guards to let no one in. You sit back, rubbing your shoulder, and watch the birds flutter in and out of the window. By your side, a small book lies open; you pick it up, to read a very familiar story.

Kazan – Very little is known of this strange, wild land. It is situated to the west of **Gorak** (see above) and south of the Swordflow, in the extreme south-west corner of Khul. The capital city is Sharrabbas, where sits the Throne of Kazan. The remainder of the land is divided into six tribal regions, each fiercely independent and warlike. The Kazanids are renowned for their bravery and

their acceptance of any creature or being that can stand up to their hard and, some would say, savage tests. There have always been rumours of the presence of gold in the Greater Ilkhans, the range of mountains to the south of Sharrabbas, but no prospector has ever returned with firm evidence. Kazan has a very strange ritual of succession to the throne. But the system has meant that every ruler of Kazan has been very brave, strong and quick-witted. Those parents who choose to nominate their children as Heirs to Ushun Koja (or the Select) bring their babies to Sharrabbas, where they have to undergo a series of tests. The parents of those children who pass the tests are given money to bring up the infant in the approved manner. At the age of nine the child is exiled from Kazan and must roam the lands of **Khul**, making his or her own way and surviving the rigours of loneliness and fear. When a ruler dies, the Select are summoned by messengers who travel the countryside, leaving secret symbols in traditional locations. They must make their way to Kazan, enter the great Mazes and obtain as many of the Clan Medallions as possible. They then have to reach Sharrabbas, where they must be the first to sit upon the Throne. The Kazanids are a very secretive people and the mystery of what happens in Sharrabbas has never been revealed.

Suddenly your reading is interrupted by Astragal rushing back into the room, clutching the evil dagger of the Mamlik Assassin. 'This dagger was forged by Chingiz with a very strong Death Spell. There is no way to recovery but to hand it back to its maker, Chingiz. You must hurry!' You secure the dagger in the lining of your boots.

So begins your journey to the Throne of Kazan. You must make your way through the wild lands, take the test of the Clans, enter the Mazes and carry as many of their Medallions as you can to Sharrabbas. Once there, you must find the Great Throne. All the while you will be sought out by the Mamlik Assassins who serve the evil Vizier Chingiz. Caution must be your watchword! You may encounter Necromancers, undead beings of no physical substance but possessing great powers of evil magic. Avoid them if you can.

Unfortunately, as Astragal explained, you have been scratched by a Death Spell Dagger: your body has been infected by the evil of Chingiz. The poison will spread slowly through your body, but it will have no real effect until it has travelled through every part – and then death will be sudden and violent.

Now, turn to 1.

1

Astragal leads you to the boundary of the lands of Gorak, shakes you by the hand and wishes you good luck. By order of the Mage Council he cannot enter Kazan – but he hints that he will make attempts to contact you from time to time. He waves farewell as you begin the climb up into the mountains that divide the two lands. Your shoulder starts to ache and you know that the poison is beginning to work its way through your body (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*).

You climb for many hours, passing from green fields to the cold land up above the snowline. The snow underfoot gets thicker and the going gets harder. You are exhausted but know that you cannot stop (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Eventually you come to the mountain pass known as Drago's Gate; an ancient stone obelisk marks the Kazanid frontier. On the rock a body sprawls, a dagger planted in its chest. You notice an open backpack lying on the snow by the obelisk. Do you wish to take any of the objects that you see scattered around by the backpack (turn to 233), or do you want to inspect the body first (turn to 89)?

2

The Eagle holds an iron rod in its talons and Geronicus invites you to grasp it. The huge bird flaps its wings and lifts you effortlessly. It flies fast and high. Suddenly, you see three large Grypfalcons bearing down on you. The Eagle cannot manoeuvre because of your weight. It tries to climb up into the mountains but the Grypfalcons follow, harassing it. The bird eventually swoops down close to the ground and drops you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you land badly: deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are Lucky, you land in a soft patch of snow. Turn to **275**.

3

You find yourself in a chamber that is pitch-black. Something slithers underfoot and wraps itself around your ankle. Before you, you see two red eyes and you hear the sound of a sword being drawn from its scabbard. If you have the Ability of Darkfight, fight as normal; if not, then deduct 2 points from your SKILL for this combat only.

DARK MONSTER SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), return to **160**, throw the magic die and mark your new position.

4

The track you are following becomes a well-constructed, cobbled road. At frequent intervals along the side of the road, you see small obelisks. An occasional cart passes by. You have just stopped to take a stone out of your boot when a man on horseback, swathed in a large brown cloak, trots past, leading a spare horse; he stops and offers you a ride into Sharrabbas at the price of 2 gold coins. While you are considering his offer, you notice the name 'Wolfsbane' etched on his saddle. Do you accept the offer (turn to 352) or refuse and walk on (turn to 23)? If you do not have enough gold to pay him the amount he demands, you must refuse.

5

Mandrake is very difficult to follow; he seems to melt into the crowd. He leads you through small, winding lanes, made dark by tall buildings. Eventually you lose him at the meeting of the three lanes. Which do you approach:

Street of the Forty Guilds?	Turn to **98**
Street of the Stonemasons?	Turn to **164**
Street of the Swordsmiths?	Turn to **328**

6

You chase after the Orc and catch up with him when he has the Dwarf trapped in a blind alley, his sword raised to cleave the unfortunate's head in two. You draw your own sword.

EXECUTIONER ORC SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win (add 1 point to your LUCK), the Dwarf thanks you and takes you under his wing. He sets off at a fast pace through the twisting streets until you reach the Dwarf quarter of the city, where he enters a house and disguises himself by exchanging his green cloak for a red one. He explains that his master, one of Segrek's Select, was killed by the Mamliks when they entered the city. He suddenly stops and stares at you, as though he can sense something about you. 'You are in great danger,' he then says urgently, 'you must contact Mandrake Wolfsbane.' He tells you to go to the sign of the Cross Keys in the Street of the Forty Guilds. You cannot travel through the main streets, he tells you, but you should be safe if you follow one of these two routes: via the perimeter walls (turn to 129), or through the thieves' quarter (turn to 306). Which way do you choose?

7

You stumble down the path for many hours. Then you find yourself overtaking a figure ahead of you. This person is hardly moving – just shuffling along – but is well wrapped up against the weather. Just as you are approaching the figure it topples over. Do you rush over to help (turn to 267) or would you prefer to pass by in safety and carry on down the valley (turn to 81)?

8

You charge into the bushes and encounter two more Trolls who are waiting with swords drawn. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TROLL	8	9
Second TROLL	9	9

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you climb into one of the tall trees, where you hide as best you can. Turn to 391.

9

You hand over some iron coins and his eyes light up. He unshoulders the instrument and turns the handle, and a sweetly melodious tune flows out. It begins to captivate you, until it is all that you can hear. The hurdy-gurdy man laughs; you begin to feel numb and realize that the tune is Spellbinding. You struggle against the spell as the would-be Assassin pulls out a dagger and raises it, aiming for your chest. Have you the strength to break the spell before the dagger strikes? Throw 2 dice for the power of the spell, then compare this with your STAMINA. If your STAMINA is equal to or greater than the power of the spell, you break free (turn to 108). If not, then the Assassin plunges the dagger into you; its poison works very quickly and you die in great agony.

10

The Treffilli vibrates. You take two sprigs and whisper the Spell: 'By Ash and Bird and Crust.' At once you disappear. Remove the sprigs from your *Adventure Sheet* and deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. The Necromancer cannot detect you as you take to the rough country. Turn to 88.

11

You trot your mount towards the sound on the left. The noises you can hear are indistinct and come from behind a bushy ridge. Suddenly your horse rears up and throws you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you fall badly: deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you are Lucky, you land on soft turf, unscathed. Whatever the outcome, your horse gallops off into the dark. You stand up and look around you but can see nothing. You are aware of something moving very close to you. You hear the sound of a sword being unsheathed and then footsteps approaching you. Do you decide to stand and fight in utter darkness (turn to 317) or do you prefer to run away (turn to 214)?

12

You push open the door. Inside, there is a room full of goods for sale. Two Trolls are arguing with the Kazarid owner. 'There's nothing wrong with these skins,' scowls one of the Trolls. 'That's as may be, but there's no market nowadays for wart-covered Goblin skins. Anyhow, I won't ask you how you came by them.' One of the two Trolls thumps the counter and mutters. Then they go over to a corner, sit down and start drinking from a bottle inscribed with a scimitar. There are other traders in the room whose eyes never leave you as you place the gem on the counter. Gimcrak weighs the stone and offers you 10 gold coins for it. If you accept, add the gold to your *Adventure Sheet* and remove the gem. As soon as you set foot outside the trading post you are attacked by three Kazarid Ruffians. You must fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RUFFIAN	5	8
Second RUFFIAN	6	7
Third RUFFIAN	6	6

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), the fight has attracted a crowd from inside, but no one lifts a finger to help you. You stride off. Turn to 391.

13

The driver is an old man, but he looks very strong. He carries a fine blade close to hand, and he looks as if he knows how to use it. When you ask him for a ride, at first he is silent; he looks you up and down and then agrees to take you for the price of your company. He warns you that you will be crossing wild bandit lands – and you may even meet some Kalamites; however, he does not explain who these creatures are. When the cart passes through one of the town gates, you are stopped by a one-legged hurdy-gurdy man who also asks for a ride. The driver, Drukkah, looks steadfastly at the beggar and shakes his head. 'Don't like the look or the smell of that one – he's no more a hurdy-gurdy man than I'm the Vizier of Kazan.' Turn to 286.

14

You hear a sudden creak and then a crash as the bench collapses and you are tipped into an underground stream. You stand up in the waist-deep water and your hand, stretched out in front of you, finds a dead body floating past. Just then a Mamlik appears from behind a small waterfall, dagger in hand. You grab his wrist and drag him down.

MAMLIK SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you survive (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), you cannot get out of the water and have to swim along with the stream. You emerge in the deep water of the harbour just as a ship is bearing down on you. You have no option but to grab a loose rope. You climb up and collapse on the deck (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). When you recover, you find the captain standing over you; he tells you that you are on your way to Kazilik. The price of passage on his vessel is 25 gold coins. If you have this much, deduct it from your *Adventure Sheet*; otherwise, you will have to work your passage. Deduct all the gold coins you do have left, and then deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for every 5 gold coins you have to make up to the total of 25. Turn to 189.

15

You feel sure that a short rest will do you a lot of good, so you sit down in the snow. The gentle figure you saw in front of you begins to laugh and its face transforms into one of extreme evil. It screams at you, 'Segrek's Select, you will die here in the snow.' You cannot rise, and the effort to do so makes you feel weaker, while the poison throbs in your shoulder (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*).

Just then, you seem to see the face of Astragal the wizard; it spurs you on to combat the evil. Throw 2 dice for the Evil Power of the storm and compare the total with your STAMINA. If your STAMINA is equal to or greater than the power of the storm, then gradually you manage to get up and walk on. Turn to **169**. If it is less than the Evil Power of the storm, then you cannot resist. You are covered by the snow and will soon die.

16

The first Dragon falls into the sea with a steamy splash. However, fire has broken out amidships, due to the attack of the second Dragon. Flames and sparks leap up and suddenly there is a great explosion. The ship shudders and begins to sink fast. Leaping overboard, you grab some driftwood and float gently to the shore. Turn to **348**.

17

You are in a well-lit chamber. Torches blaze on the walls and in the middle of the room is a forge with several small Medallion moulds. Sparks shoot out and some hit you. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Return to **160** and throw the magic die for your next position.

18

You carry on along the sloping path. The mountain pass is very bleak and the chill wind cuts through you. Ahead you observe a perfect spot for an ambush. Pulling out your sword and tightening the straps of your armour, you steal from boulder to boulder. Suddenly an arrow strikes you in the chest, glances off the leather and plants itself in the ground. As its force sends you tumbling over, you hear a scream heralding the attack of two Bandits. They leap out, wearing face-masks and clutching scimitars. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BANDIT	7	8
Second BANDIT	6	6

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you are just recovering your breath when a large band of rogues emerges from among the rocks. Do you decide to run (turn to **326**) or do you choose to surrender (turn to **127**)?

19

You land badly on your sword-arm. Deduct 1 point from your SKILL. Furthermore, you lose consciousness and have a nightmare about Black Bulls, Daggers of Darkness and Mamlik Assassins. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA and mark off 1 Poison unit. Turn to 176.

20

The gates of the Bogomil Maze open. Inside, you are confronted by two huge stone statues of rearing horses. You see the image of a woman with long white hair. She speaks in formal tones. 'You have been granted the honour of entering the Maze. Seek the Medallion and prove your worth as one of Segrek's Select. There is one true path through the maze and many dangers.' To the blast of trumpets, you stride forward. You find yourself in a series of torchlit tunnels. You can choose to go west (turn to 165), east (turn to 281), or north (turn to 236). Which way do you decide to go?

21

You creep along past the guardian Orc, up a hillside and into some broken scrubland. When at last you feel that you are safe, you stop to check behind you. Dismayed, you see three shapes, each holding a blazing torch. From time to time one of them bends down as though to sniff the ground. These are the legendary Sniffer Orcs which, if rumour is to be believed, can follow any track or trail, across rocks, through water, over any terrain. At that moment you look up into the dawn's light and see a large flying creature that is part human, part eagle . . . a Boulyanthrop. If you possess the Grey Talon of Sakar, turn to 345. Otherwise, you will have to turn and face your pursuers, for they will never relent (turn to 171).

22

When you agree to her request, she rubs her hands with glee and leads you up a small hill to a blasted oak. She explains that some Fiends have robbed her and have concealed her precious treasure-chest in the depths of the hollow tree. 'Can you get it for me, my lovely?' she begs. You climb the oak and find at the top a large dark hole; climbing in, you drop down and find yourself in a large cavern encircled by tree-roots. In the gloom you can make out a metal chest, surrounded by whitened bones and odd bits of armour. Suddenly two Hellhounds appear from out of the dark, barking, howling and frothing at the mouth. You must fight each Hellhound in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HELLHOUND	7	6
Second HELLHOUND	7	6

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you manage to drag the chest up out of the tree, and you climb down with it. Before the old woman can reach it, you force open the lid – it is full of gold coins. Do you help yourself (turn to **105**) or let the old hag get her hands on the chest and pay you your due (turn to **241**)?

23

You walk on for a while. Eventually, you find yourself catching up with a cart that is creaking and rumbling over the cobbled road in front of you. The land is too flat for you to get off the road and still avoid suspicion. Up ahead in the distance, you can see two Trolls wearing the panther livery of Chingiz and collecting some sort of toll. They stop the cart in front of you and charge the driver an exorbitant 3 gold coins before allowing him to pass. You guess that the Trolls are pocketing most of the money for themselves. There is no way of circling around the Trollish toll-gatherers without being noticed, so you try to pass. 'Not so fast, friend, we've been told to pick up any lone strangers passing through . . . unless you make it worth our while.' If you do not wish to encourage their venality, turn to **274**. It's up to you how much to give them. If you decide to offer them a bribe, first deduct the amount you think will be adequate from your *Adventure Sheet*, then throw 2 dice for the amount *they* would regard as sufficient. If the amount you have chosen is equal to or greater than the amount they demand, turn to **106**. If it is less, turn to **274**.

24

You put on the smile of a simpleton and stand there while the Orcs try to spit a pip on to your hat. Suddenly they both leap to attention; you turn round, to see a black-cloaked figure holding a staff on which is carved a panther. She doesn't speak to the Orcs but they scuttle off. She then steps close to you and your gaze is held by the bright-red eyes of a Necromancer. She raises her staff. Do you have the ability to fight a Necromancer? If you do, you pull out your sword (turn to 99); if not, then you are Spellbound and cannot move (turn to 334).

25

You encounter a figure gazing at one of the walls. She looks strong and confident, and she smiles as she speaks to you. 'So you are one of the Select also. You know that by ancient lore we must fight; only one may claim the Medallion of Uruz.' She pulls out a scimitar, salutes you and attacks.

BOLLEMA SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, two mysterious shrouded figures emerge from the walls and take the body away. You look at the wall and see upon it an inscription of three Medallions. You pass through the next door, which seals shut behind you. Turn to 207.

26

You are in an eating-house patronized by several Dwarfs, Elves and Kazanids, who look at you suspiciously. You walk out into the street again. Turn to 98.

27

Cautiously you step out on to the perilous bridge. Throw 2 dice for the strength of the bridge and then throw 2 dice for your weight. If your weight is greater than the strength of the bridge, it collapses when you are in the middle, and you fall to your death in the chasm. If your weight is equal to or less than the strength of the bridge, you cross safely. Turn to 310.

28

You are taken to the Maze entrance. As you stand in front of it Aggellatha proclaims formally, 'Seek the Medallion of the ancient and noble tribes of Uruz. The dangers are many but the True Path exists for the heart not tainted by evil.' You are looking at the entrance and the Minotaurs guarding it, when suddenly a Gryphawk lands at one side of the door, cocks its head and gazes levelly at you. If you possess the Grey Talon of Sakar, whisper its Spell, note the numbers in sequence and turn to that paragraph; otherwise, turn to 366.

29

A Giant Spider drops down from the recesses of the roof. You push Saxifragus behind you and pull out your sword. You chop at the beast's hairy legs while the wizard stands in the background, giving you helpful advice.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you survive, you now have time to cut laboriously through the web. Mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 76.

30

You are dubious about the chances of finding a good hiding-place in the snow – especially when the riders could easily pick up your tracks. You stand your ground as they approach. They notice you and one of them releases a large Gryphawk. It comes fluttering towards you but, when you pull out your sword, it veers away, back to its owner. The riders approach close to you and draw up. Turn to 250.

31

As if from nowhere, a rider appears in the circle and most of the Kazarids bow their heads in deference. He looks at you very carefully, examining your Gorak armour closely. He announces that his name is Zaranj and that he is the leader of this group. He dismounts and takes you to one side. Next, he asks you if you are one of Segrek's Select and you decide that you have to trust him. 'Tell no one else here,' he replies. 'Chingiz has bought many souls with his stolen gold. In Korkut, traditions bind me to put you to the test so that you may enter the Maze to seek the Medallion – but there are many in this land who do not wish to see a True Monarch on the throne. Come.' He leads you to where a horse stands tethered. Turn to 287.

32

You just manage to keep your head above water without having to swim. The weight of your pack, cloak and sword stops you from moving quickly. As you set out for the opposite bank, you feel something tug at your ankle. Then it encircles your boot and stops you moving. You chop down into the water with your sword, and blood rises to the surface and your foot is released. Then something grabs you again and stings you (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). You plunge your sword into the water once more. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, then something pulls you under and you drown, thus ending your quest. If you are Lucky, you sever the vital tentacle and, freed, stumble across to the other bank. Turn to 294.

33

You run across the ground with your boots in your hand (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Just then, a branch from the old gnarled oak reaches out towards you. You look up, to see the heads and bodies of warriors attached to the tree. Keeping well away from the oak, you put your boots back on. Add 1 point to your LUCK. You realize that you are now hopelessly lost but you are sure you can hear impish laughter in the dark gloom. You look around and decide you have to make a choice between two possible routes. Do you head left (turn to 311) or do you choose to try the right-hand path (turn to 257)?

34

You emerge from the cave. The Orcs' commander has disappeared. You feel slightly sick and realize that the poison of the Mamlik Death Spell Dagger spreads quickly if you exert yourself (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*). You retrace your way to the track and find that the horses have all bolted. You continue in what you hope is the right direction.

After several hours the snow eases and you can discern a dark figure outlined against the gleaming white. Do you approach this figure (turn to 387) or does discretion prompt you to pass it carefully by (turn to 18)?

35

You are in a room with a large curved snake in the middle. Suddenly a stairway appears and you feel compelled to climb it. Turn to 157 and mark your new position on the chart.

36

You follow the west corridor. The screams get louder, but you can see nothing. Suddenly a bone drops on to your shoulder! You look up and see a skeleton, spreadeagled on the roof, with long metal stakes impaling it there. You shudder as you see a metal spike shoot out of the ground ahead of you and slam into the roof. Throw 1 die for your position, then throw 1 die again for the place where another stake shoots out. If the two die-rolls match, you are speared to the ceiling and killed. Repeat this procedure twice more. If you survive, you rush through another door which shuts behind you. Turn to 153.

37

The path climbs and climbs until you begin to encounter patches of ice and snow. You feel very tired (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA and mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*). Just then you hear what can only be the sound of a Dwarf singing. It is coming from a newly worked tunnel that leads into the mountainside. Do you wish to enter the tunnel and investigate (turn to 112) or would you rather press on up the path (turn to 245)?

38

You creep out carefully, shutting the doors behind you. Suddenly a dagger is plunged into your neck and a Mamlik laughs as you stagger away. 'I knew I could smell you close by,' he murmurs. The poison has got into all of your body. Mark off all remaining Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*. Your quest is over.

39

Instinctively, you flatten yourself against the wall. The horse gallops past – but large wooden stakes suddenly spring out of the wall behind you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, two spikes have pierced your armour (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and mark off 2 Poison units). If you are Lucky, the spikes miss. If you survive, you go through another door. Turn to 349.

40

The chamber is very gloomy. You walk about, stepping into soft, squishy muck. Looking up, you see horizontal ridges carved into the scummy walls. You think you may be able to clamber up from ridge to ridge. If you do not want to do this, then return to the other chamber (turn to 265).

Throw 2 dice for the distance you will have to leap to the top. Compare this with your STAMINA score. If your STAMINA is equal to or greater than the distance, then you have made it. If not, you fall: deduct 1 point from your STAMINA and try again. If you try and fail three times, return to the other chamber (turn to 265).

When you reach the top, you find a tunnel running north and south. Which way do you choose to go: north (turn to 390) or south (turn to 360)?

41

The mare you have chosen is a placid animal that will give you a good restful ride. The Yigeniks are supreme horsemen; they always ride at great speed, leaping over or across anything that might otherwise divert them. The mare is sure-footed and needs no real effort to control, so by the time the Yigeniks stop you are quite rested. Add 2 points to your STAMINA. Turn to 372.

42

The Yigenik knights clap you on the back and make it clear that you will benefit if you do well at the tournament. The jousting field is packed with people, you see as you look around while donning the unlucky knight's armour and mounting his horse. You are handed a lance and then are made to wait for several hours. Eventually your turn comes, however, and you take your place on the field.

You charge at your opponent. Throw 1 die for your opponent then 1 die for yourself. If your throw is the greater, you have unhorsed your opponent; you win a prize purse of 5 gold coins. If your opponent's throw is the greater, you are knocked from your horse (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL), and you may not enter another contest. If you have been successful, you may choose to joust with another opponent (the prize in every case is a purse of 5 gold coins). You may continue until you are defeated or choose to stop. Turn to 4.

43

You clutch the talon in your fingers as you are thrown over the wall of the tower, desperately willing some sort of help. Almost immediately, a large bird appears and sinks its huge talons into your shoulder armour. Not strong enough to hold you up, nevertheless it slows your rapid descent and carries you close enough to the tower wall for you to be able to grasp an overhanging stone block. Turn to 381.

44

You stumble deeper into the cave, which begins to slope upwards; you can feel a cool breeze and see a brightness through the gloom. You look up, to see a hole in the roof of the cave, covered with a thin broken layer of snow. You disturb the snow with your sword and find that a bush is covering the hole. Gradually you heave yourself up and force your way out.

Suddenly a scream assails your ears and a Mamlik Assassin leaps at you wielding a dagger. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, the dagger grazes your leg (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*. Henceforth whenever you are instructed to mark the progress of the poison, you must double the number of Poison units sustained.) If you are Lucky, the Mamlik misses and his blade snaps. He rushes away and then you hear his snorting steed galloping off. You walk in the direction that you believe will take you down to the plain. Turn to 18.

45

The voice echoes in your mind: 'You are in the Chamber of Ancient Magical Spells. Here is where the power of the kings and queens of Kazan is determined.' You see a table with a row of three bottles and another row of three jars on it. The ghostly voice speaks again. 'True monarchs of Kazan are able to face the dangers of Gnossis. You must now choose the contents of one bottle and one jar; mix the materials from the two and drink the resultant brew. Beware, for three of the mixtures are deadly. You must perform this feat *twice*. Choose now.'

	Volcano Dust	1000-Fathom Seawater	Mist from the Mithrir Forest
Eye of Newt	63	93	142
Viper's Tongue	166	284	330
Ground Dragon's Claw	356	376	384

Make your choice and go to the paragraph indicated to discover the result of dabbling in alchemy.

46

You rush after the Orc. The stone stairs wind up towards a tower. Suddenly three Goblins appear on the stairs; they are all heavily armed and attack you immediately. The stairs are narrow, so you will have to fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	5
Third GOBLIN	6	6

If you survive, you feel the poison throbbing in your body (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*). You rush up the stairs and are faced by two wooden doors. Which do you enter, the one on the left (turn to **212**) or the one on the right (turn to **187**)?

47

You summon a great storm of thunder and forked lightning which crashes through the window and makes the Dungeon Beasts scuttle off into the distance. You pass unhindered into a richly furnished part of the Fortress; you must be nearing the inner sanctum. The passage ends in two doors, one marked with the sign of Segrek (turn to **158**) and the other with the sign of a panther (turn to **325**). Which do you choose to enter?

48

'I, Omorphina, announce the Run of the Arrow!' A group of huntresses, all dressed in black leather, quickly form a line. Your bonds are removed as one of them shoots an arrow into the forest. They motion for you to start running and you set off, slowly at first, then picking up speed. You see the arrow stuck into a tree trunk, and when you pass it you hear a whoop as the huntresses set off in pursuit of you. Throw 3 dice and add up their total. If this is greater than your current STAMINA, then the huntresses have caught you. You are immediately beheaded. Your quest is over.

If your STAMINA is equal to or greater than the throw, then you outdistance the huntresses. Turn to **368**.

49

Her name, she tells you, is Adana-Broussah, a member of the nomadic clan of mercenaries known as Beshbalik's Marauders; they are also known in southern Khul as the Scavengers of Slaughter. Her voice lowers and becomes conspiratorial: 'Greetings from Astragal. I am a link in one of his chains of information. I am bidden to look out for you and to pass on this message: all the Medallions are taken. Now, by fair means or foul, you must enter the Fortress at Sharrabbas and get to the throne. If you have a Medallion, the task will be easier, for Chingiz and his Necromancers have yet to break into the Heart of the Throne.' Now you must decide: do you wish to accompany Adana-Broussah to Beshbalik's camp (turn to 200) or do you prefer a lonely path (turn to 116)?

50

You dash into the tunnel leading to the south as the herd of bulls crashes on eastwards. At the end of this southerly passage is a metal door but on this side of it you can see a bubbling fountain made of stone. Carved on it is a bull drinking from the water, with an arrow sticking out of its back. Do you drink some of the water (turn to 238) or make straight for the door and go through it (turn to 292)?

51

You lower yourself into the boat. The painter unties itself and the craft floats across to the other side of the river. Turn to 294.

52

You look around the trading-post. Tacked up on the walls are signs proclaiming that 'We buy anything'. You will probably need gold in a city like Sharrabbas. Do you have anything to trade? You read one of the signs:

Yellow Gem	2 gold coins
Red Gem	5 gold coins
Green Gem	10 gold coins
Blue Gem	15 gold coins
Any ring	5 gold coins

If you decide to do any deals at these prices, mark the changes on your *Adventure Sheet*. You come out of the trading-post and bump into a small bedraggled boy. He offers his services as a guide for 2 gold coins. Do you accept (turn to 182)? If you refuse his offer (or if you have no gold), then turn to 318.

53

You reckon that the road is the easiest and quickest way to travel. You walk along for a long time until you are overtaken by a horse and cart being driven by a Dwarf. You stop him and ask him for a ride. He agrees and doesn't charge you anything. It's good to ride for a change (add 2 points to your STAMINA). You are beginning to doze when, suddenly, the cart stops. 'Now, what's this?' the Dwarf grumbles. Ahead, there is a road-block. 'Chingiz's creatures – he thinks he owns this land.' You leap off the cart. Do you run to the left-hand side of the road and hide (turn to **261**) or do you prefer to go to the right (turn to **300**)?

54

You have to expend a lot of effort to smash open the door (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). When finally you do enter the room, you come face to face with a woman holding a dagger. On seeing you, she rushes away through another door. You are just dashing after her when you spot a small statue of Segrek, lying in a corner of the room. You stoop to pick it up . . . and you hear the voice from the Heart of the Throne: 'Brave adventurer, you have fought hard – but remember that it is not just the power of the sword that holds a kingdom together. Remember this when you mount the throne.' You hurry on through the gleaming gold door in front of you. Turn to **363**.

55

You draw your sword as the girl comes running, screaming, up to you – but then she runs off and the Gryphawk flies off after her. You look at your hands; they are covered in red dye. You quickly pat your pockets. She has taken half your gold coins (if you have any), plus any phials, potions, rings or gems you may have had. If you are carrying a Medallion, that is untouched. (Make the appropriate adjustments to your *Adventure Sheet*.) You are wary of any more thievish tricks and quickly make your way to the Street of the Forty Guilds. Turn to **98**.

56

The figure disappears – and you find yourself in a dungeon cell, looking at the Medallion of Yigenik which is guarded by two panthers. Inside your head you hear the hoarse voice of the Necromancer: 'Although an illusion, these creatures are real in your mind. If their claws rip your flesh, you will suffer all the agonies.' The panthers snarl and attack; you must fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PANTHER	5	6
Second PANTHER	6	7

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), the scene fades and you are back in the room below the stairs. In front of you are two dead rats, and there is no sign of the Necromancer. You realize that you have wasted time and that the Medallion has been taken. You go back out into the street and head out of town. Do you make for the forested valley (turn to 257) or for the mountains (turn to 275)?

57

You climb up a long way until you arrive at a greasy ledge from where you look over into a banqueting room, its tables covered with dirty plates and bottles. You drop down into the room and head for a door – when it is suddenly pushed open and before you stand four Mamliks. One slinks away immediately while the others prepare to attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MAMLIK	7	10
Second MAMLIK	6	8
Third MAMLIK	7	9

If you survive, mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*. The other Mamlik has raised the alarm while you were fighting, and you now hear footsteps outside. You jump back into the chute, down the ladder, and through the giant rat-hole. A rat is waiting there for you. Turn to 378.

58

You poke with your sword at the bundle which, you discover, is made of leathery skin. You pull it aside, to reveal a crouching Goblin, holding a vicious-looking Gryphawk. He screams, the bird squawks and they both attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GRYPHAWK	5	4
GOBLIN	5	5

If you win, you feel a little dizzy and realize that the poison is working its way through your body (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*). However, you stagger on and, after some time, you can make out a dark figure outlined in the snowscape. Do you approach this figure (turn to 387) or do you prefer to hide and let it pass before carrying on (turn to 18)?

59

You decide that it's safer to stay there; after all, you do not know what lurks below. You hide behind one of the snowbanks. Just then a Kazanid appears and looks at the planks. 'Huh, one's missing,' he grunts. 'He's been here for sure; I'll call the others.' As he disappears you get up to run. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you slip on a sheet of ice but recover your balance and run off (turn to 252). If you are Unlucky, you slip, fall on to one of the planks and go tearing off, head first, down the ice-track. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and turn to 234.

60

You ride off hard and fast, to get a good start. Soon you can hear the rumble of pursuit, and after a short time you turn round to see if anyone is catching up. You can see only Beshbalik astride his Fangtigers, his Grypfalcon standing on his mailed shoulder and flapping its great wings. You know you cannot outdistance the Fangtigers so, after crossing a wide, shallow river, you dismount and prepare to fight. Beshbalik sends first the Grypfalcon, then the Fangtigers, to attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GRYPFALCON	6	6
First FANGTIGER	7	6
Second FANGTIGER	6	8

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), Beshbalik does not approach. He nods to you, calls your horse to him, mounts it and rides off. You know that he will not pursue you any further. Add 1 point to your LUCK. Turn to 88.

61

You hear a deep booming voice. 'Your path will be hard, you must be brave and have faith in your true purpose.' Torches suddenly flare up, to reveal a large circular room with two doors on the far side. Between you and them, however, stands a very large black bull. It snorts and stamps, then lowers its head and charges. You pull off your cloak and hold your sword ready.

BLACK BULL SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you survive, do you leave by the left-hand door (turn to 223) or would you prefer to go out through the right-hand door (turn to 152)?

62

You trust the Sensewarrior, so you tell him all about your quest. His blank eyes betray no emotion at your words. 'So the Assassins are roaming the land . . . What next, the mad Necr- . . . no, Chingiz would not dare. Come.' He leads you across the bridge. When you are safely across, you see the ropes supporting it break, one by one, and the structure collapses. He mutters, 'Goblin Spellcasting,' and betrays a wry smile. For the remainder of the descent into the valley, he is silent, until he chooses to stop by a large oak. 'Here,' he announces, 'I will teach you the Darkfight.' Mark this ability on your *Adventure Sheet*. In any combat held in darkness you will retain your normal SKILL.

You continue down the valley until you reach a lone tavern, the Snorting Stallion. You enter and Alkis bids you order something to quench both your thirsts while he sniffs around. The Kazanid behind the bar has two barrels set up. Which do you decide to ask for: the one marked with a Scimitar (turn to 357) or the Dragon brand (turn to 149)?

63

You have drunk the mixture that will bring madness and death. Chance has intervened in your quest for the throne of Kazan. Your mission is over.

64

You are faced with two sealed doors to the south and east, a tunnel leading north and one leading west. To the north there is a gleam of daylight through a partly open door, and you can also see two statues of rearing stallions. Which way do you choose: the tunnel to the north (turn to 133) or the tunnel leading west (turn to 196)?

65

You find yourself in an open space with a clear view of the Fortress. Suddenly, your eye is caught by a spy-glass lens glinting in the sunshine; someone is watching *you*. Just then you spot two Grypvultures carrying Khomatads, flapping out of the tower then dropping down towards you. You run but cannot escape them. They trap you in a narrow street and attack from either side. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KHOMATAD	7	8
Second KHOMATAD	8	9

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you know that time is not on your side. You duck into another street. Turn to 276.

66

The crashing noise gets nearer and nearer as you make your way down the tunnel. By the light of a blazing torch you can see a carving of three Medallions. Suddenly there is a very loud crash, one of the floor-slabs is lifted and up pops the head of a Goblin. You slide into the shadows as the Goblin shouts, 'We're in! Now, where's the gold?' He gets out, followed by a Mamlik. The Mamlik dusts himself down, points to the carvings, and then stabs the Goblin in the back. The Mamlik walks over to the door and goes through it. Do you wish to follow him through the door (turn to **324**) or do you prefer to drop down into the tunnel (turn to **141**)?

67

You think that you'll be better off mingling with the crowd. In the middle of the group you see Beshbalik dispensing gold coins to the Marauders – then suddenly, close to him, you spot a Mamlik who is standing staring at you. He pushes his way through the mob towards you and the poison in your blood throbs (mark off 1 Poison unit). Do you turn and rush into a nearby hut (turn to **135**) or just stay where you are in the crowd (turn to **251**)?

68

Vetch is easy to follow; he seems to command great respect from the native Kazanids. At one point he makes a swaggering Orc step aside and into a puddle; this pleases the crowd in the streets no end. You catch up with him and confide to him the nature of your quest. 'You've come to the right person,' he replies. 'Tell no one else, for there are many spies here. Follow me!' He leads you to a ramshackle building, takes you inside and tells you to wait in a room. Do you sit and wait patiently (turn to **216**) or do you follow him to see where he has gone (turn to **259**)?

69

A door opens in your mind. You blink as you find yourself standing outside the fortress of Korkut. In front of you is a cobbled lane that leads down to the harbour. You stand there, dazed. Do you walk down to the port (turn to **239**) or would you prefer to enter a tavern that you see across the street (turn to **117**)?

70

The track opens out on to a bleak, flat plain with occasional rocky outcrops. Out of the corner of your eye you see a large bird, flying high overhead. It circles closer, and you can see that it is supporting an armed creature. Suddenly, the bird swoops down and the rider lunges at you.

KHOMATAD SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you survive (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), turn to 4.

71

'Yes, I was happy under Segrek's benevolent rule, I was important then,' the Elf sighs. He is lost in thought for a moment, then he remembers the gold. 'I believe that most of the Select are dead or captured, and Chingiz is feeling confident – but until he kills all the Select, he cannot claim the Heart of the Throne of Kazan that bequeaths true kingship. You must seek help from Bithymian Vetch or Mandrake Wolfsbane. Sharrabbas is now a city of intrigue and deception; Mamliks, Necromancers and creatures of the dark abound. Good luck and, if you succeed, remember me, "Lightfinger" Greel, if you need a chancellor.' Turn to 23.

72

You have the choice of following a corridor to the north, where you can see a small obelisk, or one to the west, which also has an obelisk. The door you have come through will not open again. Do you go north (turn to **235**) or west (turn to **389**)?

73

You are in a room containing three stone statues of Trolls. They begin to come to life. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, they all come to life and attack you one by one. Fight each in turn. If you are Lucky, good fortune slows down their metamorphosis and only one comes to life, so you have to fight the first Troll only.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First STONE TROLL	8	9
Second STONE TROLL	7	10
Third STONE TROLL	7	10

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), return to **160** and throw a die for your next position.

74

You stand in front of a wall of green shimmering smoke and a voice announces, 'You have passed through the Heart of the Throne and have no rival. You have proved your bravery; walk forth and complete the ascent to the throne, for you will be greeted, paraded and adulated.' The mist clears and a metal door opens.

You step out and are met by two Mamliks holding longswords. One of them stabs you before you can move. If you have the Power of Invulnerability to Sword-Strike, you are not harmed; otherwise deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*. The Mamliks rush off in opposite directions, sounding the alarm. Do you now go to the left (turn to **269**) or to the right (turn to **369**)?

75

You continue westwards, then turn a corner and head north. There you see a black horse standing stock still, blocking the whole tunnel. Cautiously you walk closer – but it suddenly comes to life, paws the ground and charges at you. Do you stand in front of it, sword at the ready (turn to **194**) or flatten yourself against the wall (turn to **39**)?

76

You trudge along the dusty tunnel. The wizard begins to recite incantations, then, in a commanding voice, tells you to stop. You put him down and he tells you to throw the claws on to the ground. 'By the evil of the panther master, be broken, allow the Select of Segrek entry to your Heart that no other may enter.' The claws sink into the ground and the stone floor is shattered. 'Inxus Askath Loth Begammus Krac. . . quick, now jump!' The hole shimmers as though it is about to close again. You leap down. Turn to 332.

77

You are placed in a chamber the floor of which consists of 49 separate raised blocks. You must get from point A to point B, using the throw of 1 die. You may throw the die as many times as it takes. Several blocks (marked with an S) have vicious snakes resting on them, which will bite you if you land on their block (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA if this occurs). Three bites and you are dead.

A throw of 5-6: you may move one block up or down

A throw of 3-4: you may move one block to the left or right

A throw of 1-2: no move; stay on your block and deduct 1 point from your STAMINA.

There is only one rule: you cannot return to any block you have already stepped on. If you are

unable to move, deduct 1 point from your STAMINA and throw the die again. Mark your path lightly in pencil.

If you get to B, turn to 160.

78

You squeeze out through the small hole. Outside, you can hear the clamour of battle. You duck down out of sight when you see a Necromancer standing with his back to you and directing operations. A troop of mounted Orcs ride past through the thick smoke – but they do not see you (add 1 point to your LUCK). You set off carefully, slowly and painfully over the rocky terrain. In the distance you spot an Orc guarding some horses, but he looks too strong for you to tackle in your present condition. Turn to 21.

79

Circling around, you put your weight on something that gives under you. You fall and land in a pit full of sharp stakes. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you are speared in the thigh (deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 4 points from your STAMINA and mark off 1 Poison unit). If you are Lucky, you manage to fall between the stakes and are merely winded.

You stand up and see the Troll peering at you from above. 'Yes, I was wondering how to get past that trap,' he murmurs. He obligingly throws down a length of creeper and hauls you out. Somewhat shamefacedly, you thank him. Turn to 263.

80

'No, he's not one of Chingiz's spies,' says the Mamlik. 'Take him by the secret way into the Fortress.' This renegade Mamlik is obviously the leader of the rascals and thieves who haunt this dive. They take your gold coins. (Deduct 25 gold coins from your *Adventure Sheet*.)

You are led through small back-streets to the south-western side of the Fortress at the base of which, under the cover of some bushes, caves, all blocked by iron bars, are revealed to you. Your companions push open one of the grilles and one of them is about to explain something to you, when there is a yell and a stone gargoyle comes crashing down from one of the towers. They all run away and you throw yourself into the cave. In the darkness you feel your way ahead and find two chamber entrances: one to

the left (turn to 265) and one to the right (turn to 40). Which do you take?

81

The path drops down steeply and then flattens out. After passing a large rock quarry, the land begins to open out. The path then forks; both directions seem feasible. Do you choose the left fork (turn to 379) or the right fork (turn to 122)?

82

There are steps going up the side of the chimney. You climb a long way, only to find yourself eventually up against a metal grille. Then smoke begins to waft up from the fireplace below and you start to choke. Suddenly, you notice faint chinks of light coming from between some of the stone blocks. You have got to kick those blocks out. Throw 2 dice for the strength of the wall, then compare this number to your STAMINA. If your STAMINA is equal to or greater than the strength of the wall, you have broken through. Turn to 140. If not, then you choke to death in the smoke and your quest is over.

83

You plummet down from the tower. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you land on some bushes growing from an overhang (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA, 1 point from your SKILL and mark off 1 Poison unit): turn to 381. If you are Unlucky, you fall all the way to the ground and are killed instantly on impact. Your quest is over.

84

You settle down to rest and fall asleep quite quickly (add 2 points to your STAMINA). You are awakened abruptly by the noise of someone screaming, and the first thing you see is the dagger of a Mamlik Assassin about to plunge into your chest. What is your first reaction: to roll away (turn to 131), or to raise your hand and try to hold off the dagger by main force (turn to 301)?

85

You wrap your cloak around you in an attempt to look more like a beggar than an adventurer. Just then someone calls out to you. You look across a small hollow, to see four knights trying to replace a wheel on a cart. Do you go over to help them (turn to 180) or ignore their call and carry on (turn to 122)?

86

You stop to rest and eat some of your Provisions (add 4 points to your STAMINA). After some time your suspicion that you can hear something moving in the undergrowth becomes a certainty. You are just pulling out your sword when suddenly an arrow is fired from behind a tree to your left. You move quickly. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, it hits you and passes through your shoulder (deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 4 points from your STAMINA. Mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*). If you are Lucky, the arrow misses.

A black-robed figure drops down to the ground. A second glance reveals that this is a woman with long black hair and evil-looking eyes. Before you can do anything to defend yourself, you are surrounded by six similar figures. You are helpless. Turn to 395.

87

You take a tight grip on your sword and follow the tracks. They seem to be made by a two-legged creature with large goat-like hoofs. The tracks suddenly disappear into a wall where there is no door visible. You carry on, turn a corner and head west – to stop in astonishment when you see two hoofed feet and a scimitar appearing out of the solid wall! When the body follows, you realize that you are facing a Horned Devil, which is blocking the corridor. If you wish to run back and go the other way, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and turn to 36. If you prefer to fight the creature, you approach it carefully.

HORNED DEVIL SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you survive, you rush through another door. Turn to 221.

88

After a long descent, your path leads into a dense forest. You are not at all sure which is the correct direction for Sharrabbas, but cart-tracks are visible on the path, so you guess this must lead to some town or other. Occasionally your route passes large black pools which seem to be throbbing with fish. One pool has a fishing rod held up by a forked stick and a line hanging down into the water, and almost at once you see that the line is being tugged from below. Do you grab the rod (turn to 270) or do you leave it alone and continue your journey (turn to 167)?

89

You go over to the body: the dagger protruding from it is exactly the same as the one that wounded you and infected you with its poison. Suddenly you realize that the man is not quite dead: his eyes open, he looks at you and speaks. 'The Mamliks . . . no . . . they left me here . . . yes, for dead, got on their evil black steeds and rode off on the path to the left . . . ha . . .' The Death Spell Dagger begins to hiss, the body wastes away to a skeleton, and the possessions surrounding it dissolve in smoke. You decide not to hang around, so you take the right-hand path. After a short time, you come to another fork in the track. Do you choose the left path (turn to 314) or the right (turn to 120)?

90

Luckily, you land well, with only minor cuts and bruises (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA and add 1 point to your LUCK). However, when you get up you find yourself surrounded by large black bulls. You make a dash for a nearby tree as one of them charges. Throw 2 dice for its speed and compare this with your STAMINA. If your STAMINA is equal to or greater than the speed of the bull, then you outdistance it. If not, then it overtakes you and gores you (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and mark off 2 Poison units).

You manage to climb up into the tree – but you are stuck there as the bulls gather and start to butt the trunk with their huge horns. All at once a rider appears; she shouts at the bulls and makes them back off. She stares at you for a moment, then suddenly throws a small dagger which hits a branch close to you. A cloud of blue smoke is emitted that knocks you out. Turn to 176.

91

You tell the horsemen that you are one of Segrek's Select. This makes the riders sit up and look at you with greater interest. Bhoriss walks his horse around you and then speaks. 'You follow a difficult path, for now traditions are being flouted.' He looks pointedly at the Orc, who scowls and spits. 'We are to test you. Do you agree to the test of the Bogomil?' You cannot refuse.

They lay you on the ground and tie your arms and legs to wooden stakes. A wild stallion is then brought in. It stamps, snorts and kicks, then rushes to where you are trapped. Throw 1 die for the position of your right arm, then throw 1 die for where the horse's hoofs hit. If the two numbers thrown match, then you have been hit (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and mark off 2 Poison units). Repeat this procedure for your left arm and for both your legs. If you are hit twice, you die and your quest is over. If you survive, you are released and pronounced worthy to take the second test of the Bogomil. You are given a mount and you all gallop off in a group. Turn to 123.

92

Luckily, there is no Mamlik around. You know the Orcs can have no idea of your mission or status and, being particularly slow-witted, they are at a loss as to what to do with you. 'Wait till the Mamlik returns,' growls one of them. If you possess a Mamlik ring, you may show it to them and bluff your way out of trouble (turn to 255). If you have no ring, then you know that you must make good your escape before the Mamlik Assassin returns. You dive for your sword. Fight each opponent in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	7	6
Second ORC	6	5
Third ORC	6	5

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you run off into the undergrowth just as you hear approaching hoofbeats. For many hours you have to move fast and silently, until at last you find yourself on the edge of a mountain slope. Turn to 397.

93

INVULNERABLE TO SWORD-STRIKE

You have drunk the mixture that gives you this Power. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet*. If this is your second Spell potion, turn to 74; otherwise, return to 45 and choose your second mixture.

94

The Orc is within grabbing distance on the top of the tower. You leap across and make a snatch for his feet, but as he falls he reaches up and puts the Medallion into the beak of a Grypfalcon. You let go of the Orc and jump up to catch the talons of the bird. It lifts you up and out of the tower; then it swoops down over a tree and tries to shake and brush you off. You hold on as it flies up into the mountains and finally slams you into a cliff-face. Half-conscious, you let go of the talons and slide down into the bleak, rocky land (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). Turn to 275.

95

Suddenly a Minotaur leaps out. He swings his club at you and misses, crashing it into the wall. Next, he tries to gore you with his horns.

MINOTAUR SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win, you see two tunnels before you: one to the west (turn to 355) and one to the south (turn to 380). Which do you choose?

96

You run as fast as you can in the snow. Soon you hear the sound of approaching riders. The ground trembles with their hoofbeats as you rush to a nearby cave and hide. Eventually four riders appear; they stop and examine your tracks in the snow. One of them, swathed in a large black cloak, directs the search; the others are all Orcs. They dismount and follow your footprints. You know that you will be able to defend the narrow entrance. Do you decide to fight (turn to 201) or do you turn and go further into the cave (turn to 44)?

97

You are in a room that contains a glass box standing on an obelisk. Inside the box there is a flower the scent of which, strangely, you can smell (add 2 points to your STAMINA), but the box is unbreakable. Return to 160 and throw a die for your next position.

98

You enter the Street of Forty Guilds. You walk up and down and find that only four guild shops are not barred or padlocked. Choose the one you wish to enter; afterwards you may come back to this paragraph and choose another shop. Once visited, do not re-enter a guild. Do you choose:

Cross Keys?	Turn to 341
Frying Pan?	Turn to 26
Hammer and Anvil?	Turn to 246
Prancing Pony?	Turn to 185

99

You manage to take the evil enchantress by surprise with your ability. She takes a step back and holds out her staff; it sprouts a series of jagged-edged daggers. Use your Necromancer fighting level as your SKILL score for this fight.

NECROMANCER SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, the evil creature's body disappears and the staff burrows, worm-like, into the ground. You run off and stumble down the mountain for many hours (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*). The path you are following divides. Which route do you choose to take: the one to the left (turn to 379) or to the right (turn to 122)?

100

There is only one accessible corridor, to the north; all the other exits are blocked by sealed metal doors. Ahead, in the gleam of distant daylight, you see a grey stone horse. As you approach, it comes to life in a creaking, crumbling manner. Suddenly metal poles with spikes sticking out in all directions shoot out of the walls and block the tunnel ahead. You cannot climb over this barrier for you would be torn to pieces on the spikes. Your only hope is to jump the stone horse over the obstacle. You mount the horse, dig your heels into its sides, and it charges at the poles. Throw 2 dice for the height of the poles, then throw 2 dice again for the jump of the horse. If the jump is greater than or equal to the height of the poles, you have cleared them successfully. If not, then the horse hits the metal poles and begins to fall to pieces. You crash into the spikes and are killed instantly. Your quest is over.

If you clear the poles, the horse solidifies again; you dismount and stagger out. Turn to 295.

101

You don't trust anyone on this road – but walking is fatiguing (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). At one point you pass two large stone bulls set on either side of the road and you notice large herds of long-horned bulls grazing. Suddenly a storm begins to blow up; sand, stones and dust are whipped up all around you. As you stagger on you hear evil laughter and you lose all sense of direction. When finally the storm dies down, you can no longer see the road and you find yourself facing a mountain slope. You are completely lost. Turn to 397.

102

You are just able to move your left hand to touch the Talon, but the effort exhausts you (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You scan the horizon as another undead being slices at a piece of your cloak. Suddenly, you are lifted up high into the sky by something. The Necromancer screams in frustration and unleashes a bolt of lightning at you. She misses, however.

Nighthawk Swoop, the Boulyanthrop who is holding you, tells you that, following the orders of Eleonora, he has been finding out what is happening in Sharrabbas. 'The city has been tainted by a poisonous evil, and the pure-hearted are being killed and driven out.' He must travel back with the news, so he sets you down in a thickly forested region and soon disappears into the low clouds. Turn to 167.

103

You go through a door that closes behind you. You find yourself in a tunnel with a row of stone bulls on either side. They may be made of stone – but you are sure that they are moving slightly as you pass. Suddenly they all come to life and charge at you. You run flat out until you come to the junction of a tunnel heading south (turn to 50) and the tunnel you are already in heading east (turn to 337). Which do you choose?

104

You draw your sword. The Kazanid warrior screams a warning to you, but it is too late. The Kalamite instinctively squeezes your body and you are crushed to death. Your quest is over.

105

To screams of 'No, no' from the old woman you reach in and scoop up some gold coins in your hands. Suddenly, something stirs among the glistening treasure. Before you can withdraw your hand, a golden snake rears up and, hissing, bites your finger. The hag shakes her head and looks at you pityingly. 'You have forfeited my trust . . . but I will not let you die.' She pulls some crushed leaves out of her apron and rubs them on your bitten finger. 'You will feel weaker for some time' – deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 2 points from your STAMINA. Mark off 2 Poison units – 'but nevertheless I will not let you go empty-handed. Here . . .' She hands you 5 gold coins, then hobbles off with the chest on her back. Add the gold coins to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 115.

106

The Trolls pocket your bribe and let you pass. The cart-driver has seen everything. He asks if you want to ride with him. You climb aboard and, as he flicks the reins and you set off, he starts complaining. 'Chingiz again! Imposing tolls on a road that used to be free when Segrek was alive. Pray the gods send us a true monarch who will rid us of this scum.' Turn to 155.

107

You join a small crowd surrounding a man who is leaning over a box. It is a dice game; he pits his throw against any challenger and pays back double the stake if he loses, plus your stake-money, of course. Do you wish to risk your one remaining gold coin on the throw of the dice (turn to **125**), or do you turn your back on the dice game and continue wandering around (turn to **213**)?

108

The hurdy-gurdy man straightens up and pulls out a shortsword. His fake peg-leg is kicked away and he rushes at you in his real identity: that of a Mamlik Assassin.

MAMLIK ASSASSIN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, you see a cart coming towards you. You rush over and ask the driver the price for carrying you away from Korkut. He smiles and tells you that he will accept you for the pleasure of your company and the security of an extra sword. 'The lands ahead are full of thieves, brigands and villainous creatures,' he comments. Turn to **286**.

109

You cut his bonds with your sword. He gets up, pulls a battered wizard's cap out of a pocket and begins chattering. 'Yes, yes, you're the one I've been waiting for. Let's go!' He takes you to the far corner of the room and lifts a trap-door. Following him into it, you find another tunnel. In the gloom you can hear a breathy rumbling sound; the wizard suddenly stops, then runs round to a position behind you. In front of you appear two vicious black panthers. 'Ah yes, the beasts,' the wizard murmurs behind you. 'Er, would you mind?' You pull out your sword. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PANTHER	6	5
Second PANTHER	6	6

If you survive (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), the wizard cuts one claw off each beast, just before they disappear in a cloud of pungent smoke. 'Could come in useful,' he comments cheerfully, 'come on!' Just then his legs collapse under him and he asks you to carry him. Do you comply (turn to **144**) or do you give up on him as a waste of energy and carry on alone (turn to **222**)?

110

You seek out Chogum, explain the situation to him and set up the deal. He agrees to give you 20 gold coins for negotiating the transaction (add 20 gold coins to your *Adventure Sheet*). Well satisfied, you wander out of town and back on to the road. Turn to **280**.

111

You can hear crashing and the splintering of wood behind you. You dart and weave your way through the undergrowth – but suddenly you come face to face with Skrutch. He looks embarrassed, then turns away. You run off and find a tall tree to hide in. You decide to get down only when you are sure your pursuers have lost the scent. Turn to **391**.

112

The singing is accompanied by the sound of hammering on an anvil. Suddenly, the Dwarf notices you; he stands squarely in front of you, hammer raised above his shoulder. He is naturally suspicious and asks you what is your business here. Politely, you ask him to direct you to the correct path for Sharrabbas. He muses on the question. 'So, you avoid the main roads, do you? You must have something to hide – and therefore you're an enemy of Chingiz. Good.' He seems to be pleased with the result of his reasoning; he brightens up and begins hammering at a small metal object. 'Yes, I know the least frequented route,' he goes on. 'But you will need this.' He gives you a small but heavy metal ball, attached to a coil of thin wire rope. He wants no payment for it, and directs you back up the path. Turn to **245**.

113

When you bend down to stroke it, other similar little creatures appear and rush towards you. However, they stop as the one you are stroking begins to trill with pleasure. They all begin to purr, and then retire into their holes. Add 1 point to your LUCK. Walking on, you go through a metal door that shuts behind you with a soft clunking sound. Turn to **342**.

114

You sit down and put your boots on. Then you stand up and take a look at the tree in front of you. It has what look like the heads and bodies of warriors attached to it, and you notice that two separate branches are moving towards you. You chop at one of the branches as it tries to grab you, but fail to observe that the other is encircling your ankle. Other branches move out menacingly towards you.

GNARLED OAK SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you survive (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), you find yourself completely lost in the forest gloom. You are sure you can hear impish laughter in the distance. You pick out two possible paths at random. Which one do you take: the route leading straight ahead (turn to 311) or the one to the right (turn to 257)?

115

The path slopes gently down for some way. Eventually you walk round a huge boulder and come upon a strange sight: a large, hideous, fanged worm with something bird-like struggling in its mouth. Around it flutter and squawk strange beings with golden wings. They are trying to help one of their number release himself from the worm before it can drag its prey into the ground. Do you decide to help (turn to 374) or do you prefer to keep a low profile and not get involved (turn to 18)?

116

You walk for many hours and the ground begins to get steeper. The track eventually peters out; gazing around in the clear light, you see, far below, a line of riders. You cannot know who they are, but decide to press on. You reach the snowline and, turning, see the riders release a message hawk. You come to an area of very thick snow; your legs sink in up to your knees and progress becomes very slow and tiring (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA and mark off 1 Poison unit). Suddenly, rounding a bend, you come up against a deep chasm. There are two snow-bridges across it. Which do you risk using for your crossing: the one on the left (turn to 27) or the one on the right (turn to 226)?

117

You enter the Dead Man's Chest Tavern. It is full of old salts, Kazarids, seafaring Dwarfs, and Goblin deck-hands. You sit and rest (eat some Provisions if you have any left; otherwise your only option is to pay 1 gold coin for a meal. Add 4 points to your STAMINA). In a corner of the inn you see a group of sailors crowding round a one-eyed individual. They are playing Snakes' Eyes. Do you wish to gamble (turn to 354) or do you just leave (turn to 168)?

118

You elect to stay close to your new companions. As you mount your horse you hear the swish of arrows. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the arrows miss and you ride into the fray. If you are Unlucky, one arrow wounds you in the thigh. You pull it out (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA) and join the others.

You face two Orcs holding long spiked spears. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	7	6

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you become separated from the others in the dark. You listen carefully for sounds of your companions. You can hear a noise to your left (turn to 11) and something going on straight ahead (turn to 272). In which direction do you choose to ride?

119

You find yourself in a room on the edge of a precipice. A frail wooden bridge spans the chasm. At your feet lie two heavy stone blocks. A compelling voice tells you to carry the blocks across to the other side. You may not refuse. Throw 2 dice to determine the weight of the blocks; next throw 2 dice to determine the strength of the bridge. If the weight of the blocks is greater than the strength of the bridge, it will collapse and you will fall into the bottomless pit. Your quest ends here. If the bridge holds, add 1 point to your LUCK, return to **160** and throw the magic die to continue through the Maze.

120

You trudge through the snow for a long time. The wind is cold and cuts chillingly into your skin. Eventually it stops snowing, the wind dies down and you hear the sound of hoofbeats on the soft snow . . . they are getting nearer. Do you decide to hide behind some rocks (turn to 353) or stand your ground (turn to 30)?

121

You pull out your sword and attack. Fight each Goblin in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	6

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you hear a strange, distant voice. 'Brave adventurer, you have defended the tomb of Segrek,' it says. 'You are the last of the Select. Take the horn, it will help you find the True Path to the Throne.' The voice fades and a small curved horn appears on the tomb. You pick it up. Add the horn to your *Adventure Sheet*.

You leave the room and enter another that has a large fireplace in the middle of one wall. Light is coming down the chimney, and you notice a series of steps cut into the sooty blocks of stone, leading upwards. In the far corner of the room is a spiral staircase, also going upwards. Which route do you choose: the chimney (turn to 82) or the staircase (turn to 260)?

122

You press on. The ground becomes broken and large crevices appear, so that you have to jump across the wider gaps. The occasional black bird flies over, and eventually a thick mist clears momentarily to reveal the distant towers of Sharrabbas across a desolate-looking plain. The mist closes in again and at last you reach a rushing river. There is a small boat tied to a stake on the bank – but there are no oars. Do you get into the boat (turn to 51) or do you prefer to walk along the riverbank (turn to 229)?

123

The Bogomils ride hard and fast. Eventually you reach a settlement of stone buildings in the shape of a rough circle. Horns are sounded, and many other riders appear. You are told to dismount and are made to stand in a clearing in the middle. Then the crowd parts to let in a large white stallion which has obviously not been tamed: it bucks, kicks, jumps and twists. One of the riders announces: 'Bucephax.' You must ride this creature for as long as you can. Two horsemen lean down and catch you by the upper arms; they lift you up between them and drop you on to the horse's saddle. Throw 1 die. If you throw a 1 or a 2, you are unseated and crash to the ground (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You are then remounted in the same way. Repeat this procedure *four* more times. If you are unseated a total of three times, the third time you are winded by the fall and cannot move; the horse kills you with a blow from its hoof. Your quest is over. If you survive (mark off 1 Poison unit), you are dusted off and led to a large gate. Turn to 20.

124

Turn to 361.

125

You push your way to the front and challenge the dice gambler. Throw 2 dice for your turn and 2 dice for his. If your total is the greater, you double the stake and throw again. If the throws are equal, throw again. If you lose, you lose all. Continue until you lose your stake or win a maximum of 9 gold coins (mark the changes on the *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 213.

126

As the holder of two Medallions, you have the right to choose two Powers that will aid you when you sit on the throne of Kazan. Choose *two* from the following list, then go to the relevant paragraphs: 93; 166; 330; 356; 376; 384. Note down which Powers you now have (they are listed in capitals at the start of the appropriate paragraphs) – but do not read any further into those paragraphs. When you have chosen two Powers, turn to 74.

127

The leader of the bandits stands in front of you and questions you. You see no reason to deny the real nature of your quest. Upon hearing your story, he raises his visor and smiles. 'You see, I was formerly one of the Select, but I gave up the quest: Chingiz is too strong. However, you are brave to carry on. Do you wish to purchase information? Ten gold coins to a fellow adventurer.' If you would like to buy information, turn to 279. If you have no gold, or do not wish to spend it, turn to 383.

128

You approach a rough-looking sailor lounging on the gangplank and ask him how much passage to Kazilik would cost. He rubs his stubble with his fingers and looks you up and down. 'Twenty gold coins, all found – and as many ship's biscuits you can eat.' Some of the sailors nearby look up and laugh. If you can afford it, do you accept (deduct 20 gold coins on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 299) or give up the idea of travelling by boat and walk on along the harbour (turn to 339)?

129

The route described by the Dwarf is long, but there is less likelihood of meeting Mamliks or Orcs on it. You follow the city walls for a long time. They are not well guarded and there are occasional breaches; as you pass one of the larger holes, you hear a yapping, growling sound and see a pack of white wolfhounds racing towards you. Three choose to attack you. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLFHOUND	7	6
Second WOLFHOUND	6	6
Third WOLFHOUND	6	7

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you press on. The directions given are perfect, and eventually you stand at the entrance to the Street of the Forty Guilds. Turn to 98.

130

You support the old crone through the forest. She tells you that her name is Mayaka and that you are taking her to Brassino-Dendro, in the north of the forest. Eventually you arrive at a clearing where you find three figures, just like Mayaka, grouped around a boiling cauldron. Mayaka tells them how you helped her escape from the huntresses and of your quest, and they agree to help you. They give you six sprigs of prime Treffilli, and Mayaka explains the spells that go with them.

'You may use the herb only when you feel it vibrate. Crush one sprig and whisper *"By Ash and Bird"*, and your adversary will fall asleep. Crush two sprigs and whisper *"By Ash and Bird and Crust"*, and you will become invisible to all senses for several minutes.' She warns you to be frugal in the use of these spells since they are harmful: you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA for every sprig you use. Mark the Treffilli on the *Adventure Sheet*. Mayaka shows you the path out of the forest on to the Kazanid plain.

After many hours' walking, you reach a fork in the road. A carved-stone obelisk points in two possible directions. Which way do you choose: the way of the Bull (turn to 278) or the way of the Horse (turn to 225)?

131

You elect to roll away, but the dagger is at the point of striking you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the blade cuts through your cloak and breaks on the hard wooden board. The Assassin makes a swift exit through the half-open door. If you are Unlucky, the dagger grazes your ribs. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and henceforth mark off *double* the Poison units on your *Adventure Sheet*.

You find no trace of the beggar and, if you had them, 5 gold coins are missing from your purse (deduct these from the *Adventure Sheet*). You go outside, wondering whether to trust the beggar's advice. Turn to **150**.

132

You are in a gloomy chamber. You cannot move and your hands are Spellbound. Suddenly, a Mamlik Assassin appears, raises a Dagger of Darkness and plunges it into your chest. The illusion fades (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Return to **160** and throw the magic die for your next position.

133

When you get close to the statues, they begin to creak, then start crashing their hoofs down. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you are struck (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA) and you lose all potions, rings or gems you may have in your possession (make the appropriate adjustments on the *Adventure Sheet*). If you are Lucky, the hoofs miss you. In either case, mark off 1 Poison unit. You rush out of the maze (turn to **295**).

134

The Yigenik then accompany you to a large wooden gate. The walls of the Maze beyond it are composed of thick poisonous bushes. The old woman orders three Fangtigers to be released into the maze; however, as she is wishing you good luck, a disturbance is heard from within and a large Grypvulture is seen flying off, carrying a small Orc in its talons. The Yigenik elders notice with horror that the Orc is holding their Medallion. 'It is taken by one not of the Select. Recover it at once or we are doomed,' they cry. The warriors shoot volleys of arrows at the Orc. One arrow pierces his thick hide and he falls into a nearby street. You give chase on foot through the narrow lanes. You observe a trail of blood and see on your left a door to a house being shut. You enter the building and glimpse the Orc running upstairs. Do you rush after the Orc (turn to **46**) or do you proceed carefully and cautiously (turn to **218**)?

135

The hut is gloomy and you melt into its darkest recesses. The Mamlik appears at the door, pulls out a dagger and slowly enters; he seems to sense your presence, so you attack him. If you have the ability of Darkfight, fight as normal; otherwise deduct 2 points from your SKILL for this combat only.

MAMLIK SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If you win (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), you hide the body and quietly slip back out. Turn to 319.

136

You come to a door which you push open and enter another tunnel. The door closes silently behind you, and you follow the tunnel which turns a corner and then heads east. In the torchlight you see a small figure. It is a Dwarf who, when he sees you, rushes over and begs: 'Please help me, for I lack the strength to open these doors.' He looks at you with pleading eyes which you cannot resist, so you agree to help him. He claps his hands with joy, then walks to the door with you. You push at the door then, suddenly looking around, see the Dwarf transformed into a hideous monster that fills the width of the whole tunnel. Long-clawed hands reach out to grab you.

DUNGEON DELVER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, you push the door open. Turn to 292.

137

The screen prevents your hearing most of the words spoken and although the chanting goes on, you can't tell what is happening. Occasionally, the room is lit by multi-coloured flashes, and odd pieces of broken glass fly past you. The commotion slowly dies down, until you deem it safe to escape. As you creep out on all fours, you come across a Red Gem on the floor. If you wish to take it, mark it on your *Adventure Sheet*. Thankfully, you leave this lair of magic-making and find yourself in the open air once more. Turn to 70.

138

Adana-Broussah is pleased. She tells you that Beshbalik has been away, making final preparations to carry out a small job: an attack upon a large group of bandit Trolls who are preying on a local village. A horn-blast greets the arrival of Beshbalik who comes charging across the shallow river, riding two Fangtigers and with a Gryptalcon perched on his shoulder. He enters the camp at an incredible speed.

The attack is prepared; there is no spare mount for you, so you must join the rabble who run behind the

horses (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). By the time you reach the others, the Marauders have already engaged the Trolls in battle. Arriving at the scene of battle, you walk straight into a huge, wounded Troll who swings a giant scimitar at you.

BANDIT TROLL SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), do you join a large group who seem to be dividing the spoils among themselves (turn to 67) or will you stay in the shadows of the Troll huts (turn to 319)?

139

You search the body. You find a Blue Gem and a box marked 'Treffilli', with two sprigs of a green plant inside it. If you wish to keep either of these, mark them on your *Adventure Sheet*.

On getting up, you find yourself facing two Bonecrusher Beasts. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BONECRUSHER	7	8
Second BONECRUSHER	8	6

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you rush out through the door. Turn to 295.

140

You crawl through the hole in the wall, to find yourself on top of a smelly mound of rubbish. Something falls on to your shoulder and joins the rotting mess; it looks like an animal's carcass. Just then, you hear a scrabbling sound and see three huge rats. They are blind and have no tails; one of them begins to sniff at your boots, then pulls at one of the straps; then it vanishes into a very large hole. Looking around, you spot a ladder. Do you wish to climb up the ladder (turn to 57) or follow the rat into the hole (turn to 378)?

141

You crawl along the narrow tunnel. It is old and parts of it are collapsing. Something scuttles along the ground and bites you (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). The roof of the tunnel begins to shake – and then collapses on top of you. You are covered in dirt and rubble; holding your breath, you try to dig your way out. Throw 2 dice for the amount of air in your lungs, then throw 2 dice for the amount of air you will need to escape from the cave-in. If the air in your lungs is equal to or greater than the air needed, then you have made it to another tunnel (turn to 377). Otherwise, you suffocate; your quest is over.

142

You have drunk the fatal mixture of the Luckless. Fortune has not favoured you in your quest for the throne. You suffer an agonizing death.

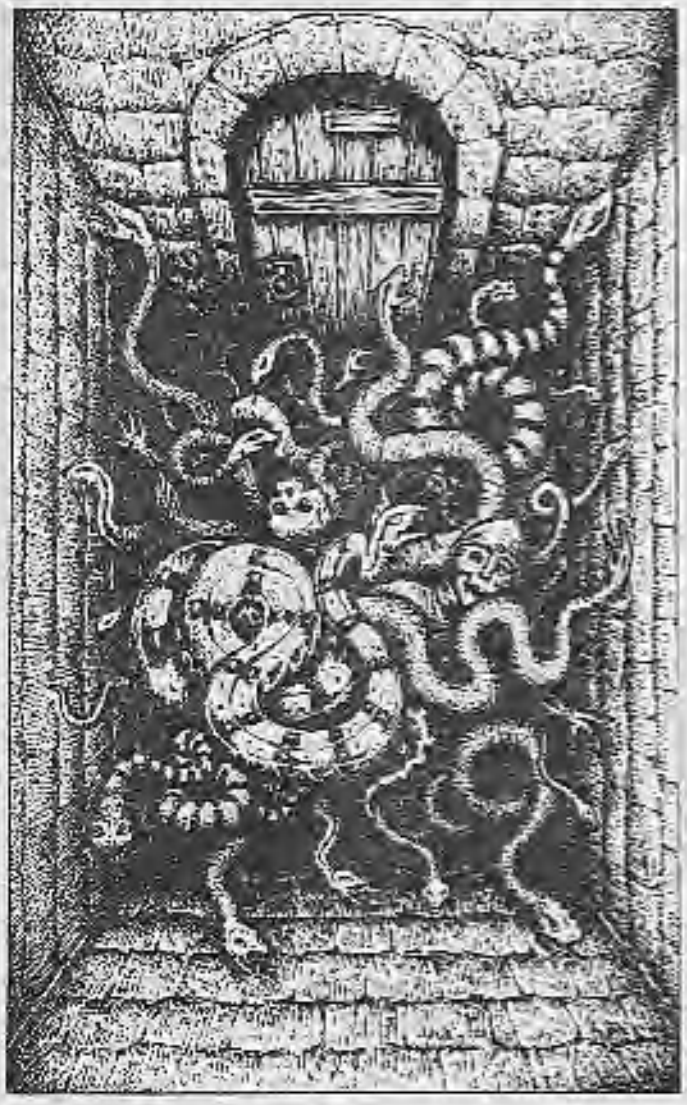

143

You are in a room with a large trapdoor set in the floor. The walls of the room begin to close in and the trapdoor swings open to reveal a snakepit. You drop down into the pit. Throw 1 die for the number of snakes that bite you as you rush towards the door leading to safety. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for each bite. You open the door – and everything blacks out. Return to **160** and throw the magic die to continue.

144

You pick him up and carry him on your back. Fortunately, he is very light. While you trudge on, he continues to mutter. 'Look out for that flagstone, make sure you jump over it – Orc trick, every thirty-third pace . . .' You do as he bids. He tells you his name is Saxifragus, then he mumbles the name of Astragal. 'Oh yes, you're lucky you ran into me,' he goes on (add 1 point to your LUCK), 'I believe you are the last of the Select.'

You pass rooms and tunnels with the dust and cobwebs of centuries on them. Finally, you come up against a giant sticky web. The wizard tells you to cut through it with your sword and adds that you'd better hurry up about it. You must cut 24 thick strands. Throw 2 dice four times for the number of strands you manage to cut. If you throw 24 or over, turn to 277. If you throw less than 24, turn to **29**.

145

You stagger along the rocky path as it drops down into a valley. Ahead, you make out a small wisp of black cloud that takes on the shape of a face and you hear a female voice: 'Forget your quest. Kazan will have its ruler from the line of Chingiz.' The mountain begins to rumble and shake, and rocks start to roll and slide down towards you. You rush for cover. Throw 1 die six times and mark the sequence of numbers you throw on the *Adventure Sheet*: this represents the random fall of rocks. Now throw 1 die six times to mark your run for cover. If a number in the second sequence matches its counterpart in the first, a rock has hit you and you are severely injured (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL. Mark off 1 Poison unit). If you make it unscathed, add 1 point to your LUCK.

You carry on down a dry river valley, and eventually your route divides into two paths. Which do you follow: the left-hand path (turn to 7) or the right-hand path (turn to 81)?

146

The sprigs of Treffilli vibrate in your pocket. You can just move your hand with great pain and effort. You reach two sprigs of Treffilli, crush them and recite the formula: 'By Ash and Bird and Crust'. Deduct the two sprigs from your *Adventure Sheet* and 6 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, the Necromancer is startled as you disappear. Spell-binding control is released, and you are free to walk away from the hideous scene.

You follow a winding, twisting path for many hours, then stop to eat some Provisions (add 4 points to your STAMINA). Turn to 122.

147

You walk along the corridor and go through another metal door. You are beginning to feel tired, and the air is stifling (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). You are faced with tunnels running west (turn to 232) and north (turn to 305). Which do you choose?

148

The horse is very fast over the rough ground. There are shouts behind you and you hear the swish as an arrow passes over your left shoulder. You ride at full gallop for many miles until at last you find yourself faced with a huge felled tree-trunk lying across your path. You press your horse on, it jumps high, clears the obstacle and lands on the other side with a jolt that snaps the saddle-girth. The saddle slides off and you are thrown to the ground. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you fall badly (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). If you are Lucky, you land on soft turf. The horse canters off into the distance. You get up, shake yourself down and walk on until you come to a good place for a rest. Turn to **399**.

149

The Dragon brew slips down your throat very easily. You feel good and your body begins to warm up from the inside (add 4 points to your STAMINA). Alkis returns, sniffs the tankard and is agreeably surprised that you have chosen his favourite brew. 'Don't on any account try the Scimitar dregs unless you're a Khomatad from the northern wastes,' he advises. Turn to **210**.

150

You trudge on through the snow until the path you are on begins to feel firmer underfoot and you realize that you must be on some sort of highway. You walk on cautiously until you reach a place where the road forks. A small obelisk marks the left-hand way with the carving of a horse. Do you choose this route (turn to **391**) or do you prefer to take the right-hand fork (turn to **275**)?

151

You approach the evil Mage and pull out your sword. He smiles and stands, stock still, with staff upraised. Your sword strikes his staff, and the smile is wiped from his hideous face. Use your Necromancer fighting ability level as your SKILL score for this fight.

NECROMANCER SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), the body disappears in a cloud of pungent smoke and the staff burrows, worm-like, into the ground. A great cheer goes up from the Marauders, and Beshbalik brings you two Fangtigers to ride, as the horde prepare for another rampage. Turn to **197**.

152

You enter a chamber containing sculptures of Fangtigers. Before your very eyes, two of the carvings come to life; they prowl around, sniffing, then they spot you and attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FANGTIGER	6	8
Second FANGTIGER	7	10

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), the bodies turn to stone again. You find yourself in front of two doors. Which do you choose: a door to the left (turn to 254) or a door to the right (turn to 392)?

153

You are at a crossroads: tunnels lead north and west, but there are shut and sealed doors to the south and east. The northern passage is short and at the end of it you can see an open door leading to some more tunnels. If you choose to go north, you pass through the door, which shuts softly behind you (turn to 221). If you choose to go west, turn to 240.

154

You will not draw a weapon in the shadow of the Throne of Kazan. You walk past the Ogres, who suddenly stop in their tracks and turn to stone. You sit on the Throne and watch, horrified, as Meghan-na-Durr, daughter of Chingiz, collapses and turns to dust. A slight breeze blows her ashes out through an open window. Turn to 400.

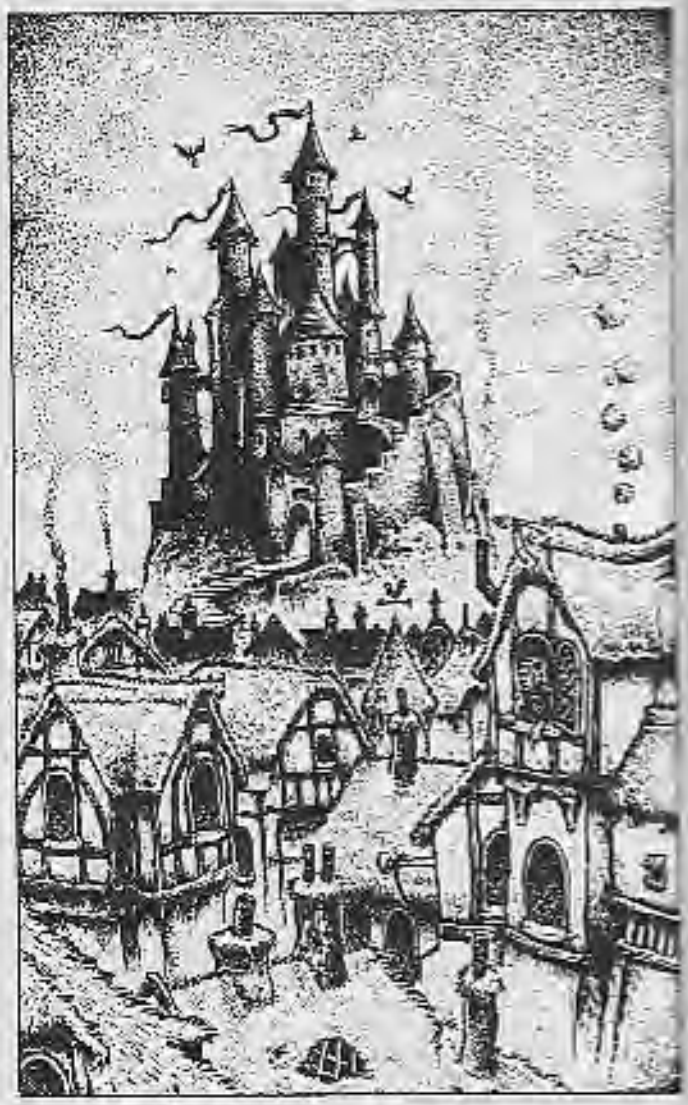

155

The cart climbs over a rise and you get your first clear view of Sharrabbas: a city dominated by its fortress. Flaxwort, the driver, has guessed that you are one of the Select, and decides to help you get into the city. To that end, he disguises you as his assistant. 'They're looking for lone adventurers, so if you put this apron and cap on and cover up that blade, there . . .' It being market-day, the city is crowded with carts. The Orcs at the gate only give you a brief glance before putting a small chalk-mark on the side of the cart. The road forks and Flaxwort asks you which way you wish to go: to the left (turn to 343) or the right (turn to 249).

156

You walk down the tunnel and are amazed to see a number of sparks shooting out of a small pebble that is lying on the floor. A black, foul-smelling smoke rises from the pebble; it takes the shape of a man wearing a hooded cloak and carrying a staff inscribed with a black panther. With an ironic bow he declaims gratingly, 'I am Sigismuh, from my Lord Clingiz's cohort of Necromancers. I am here to destroy YOU.' At once you pull out your sword and strike at him. The blade passes clean through his body, with no effect. He laughs and strikes the ground with his staff. Immediately, the roof begins to cave in and you are forced to run for the next door. Throw 1 die three times for a series of falling blocks and then throw 1 die three times for your run to the door. If any numbers match in the first and

second sequences, you are hit (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). If you survive, you go through the door and it shuts behind you. Turn to **264**.

157

You are in a room with a long table in the middle. Scrawled on the table is the legend, 'The Fiend Loves Flowers'. Return to **160** and throw the magic die for your next position.

158

You open the door to a room containing three Gremlins; they comprise Chingiz's personal bodyguard. Suddenly, a fourth, which had been hiding behind the door, strikes you in the side with a shortsword, then runs off as the others attack. If you have the Power of Invulnerability to Sword-Strike, fight as normal. If not, then deduct 1 point from your SKILL. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREMLIN	4	4
Second GREMLIN	4	6
Third GREMLIN	4	6

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), the fourth Gremlin has busied himself, locking a great door with a massive key and then, with difficulty, managing to swallow it. He now stands with his back to the door. If you have the Power of Persuasion, turn to **347**. If not, then turn to **54**.

159

You slip behind a tree and work your way towards cover behind some rocks. Suddenly you become aware of a large Grypvulture that is sweeping down above you. It screeches and attacks you with iron-lined spike-talons. You pull out your sword just in time.

GRYPVULTURE SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you survive, *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you find yourself surrounded by Orcs, one of whom throws a large net over you (turn to **92**). If you are Lucky, you manage to slip back into the milling crowd on the roadway just before the Orcs arrive. Turn to **308**.

160

You are escorted to the next chamber. 'The Maze has 24 chambers,' you are told, 'and you move around it by throwing the magic die and moving the number of squares indicated by the throw. Mark your position on the chart below. There are many dangers and you will probably experience them again and again.'

Make a note of the number of this paragraph. You are at Start. Throw the die and move in the direction indicated by the arrows. (For example, if you first throw a 4, count 4 squares and move on to 73. Turn to that paragraph and, when instructed, return here, throw the magic die again, and continue your progress through the Maze.)

If you encounter a Serpent's head or a Stairway, you will be told to move straight away into another chamber. Mark your new position on the chart before throwing the next die. If you throw a die that would take you beyond 398, go to 398.

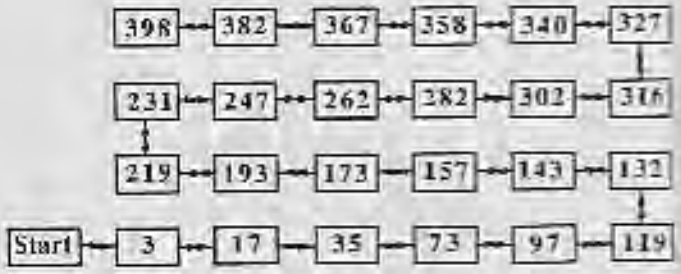

161

You walk along the path for many hours. The mountains behind you recede, the path grows less steep and the countryside becomes much greener. You cross several small streams and you notice more and more trees, until at last you find yourself at the edge of a huge forest. Within, you can hear strange creatures screaming and calling to one another. All this walking has made you tired; do you stop now to rest (turn to 86), or do you wish to carry on quickly into the dark forest (turn to 368)?

162

You walk over to the obelisk. The woman is young and strong, and you notice a sheathed dagger under her cloak. She asks you if you wish to enter the Fortress, adding that she doesn't want to know why, but she knows people who could help, 'for a price'. You ask how much and she replies, 'Twenty-five gold coins.' Have you got this much, and do you think you can trust her anyway (turn to 375) or do you prefer to carry on alone (turn to 276)?

163

The Eagle grasps an iron rod between its talons, and Geronicus invites you to take a firm hold on the rod. The huge bird flaps its wings and lifts you up with a judder. It has great strength but your arms tire (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA), and you are glad when it puts you down on a path and then flies away. Turn to 391.

164

You are in the Street of the Stonemasons. In front of you a group of Kazanids are hauling blocks of stone up into a cart. One of them calls you over and asks if you want to earn 2 gold coins. You can see the shadowy figure of a Mamlik standing at the street corner. Do you help the stonemasons (turn to 296) or refuse the offer of work and carry on walking (turn to 350)?

165

You stride along the tunnel. The torches burn brightly and you examine the wall-carvings. At one point you make out the word 'THE' engraved on a wall, but this makes no sense to you. You come to a door that opens easily but shuts firmly behind you. You have a choice of continuing west (turn to 75) or following a tunnel north (turn to 273). Which do you choose?

166

GREAT WISDOM

You have drunk the mixture that gives you this Power. Mark this ability on your *Adventure Sheet*. If this is your first choice, return to 45 and choose again; otherwise, turn to 74.

167

You walk on through the forest, and after many hours you stop to rest (add 4 points to your STAMINA). Just as you are getting up to go, you suddenly notice a foot poking out from behind a boulder. Creeping round with sword drawn, you come upon a scene of carnage: two Orcs and two Trolls lie dead, sprawled around a lone adventurer. You count yourself lucky that you didn't arrive here earlier (add 1 point to your LUCK). You search through the hapless adventurer's pockets and find a crumpled-up parchment. You flatten it out to read: 'The Wolfsbane at the Street of the Forty Guilds . . .' The rest is torn away. You salute the body and walk quickly away.

Eventually the path splits into two; either could be the correct way to Sharrabbas, so which do you choose: the left-hand path (turn to 23) or the one to the right (turn to 4)?

168

You stand in the road and watch a cart passing, pulled by four large horses. You know that you must make all speed upon your mission; the poison in your body will not let you dawdle. Do you choose to approach the cart-driver (turn to 13) or would you rather head down to the harbour to seek other forms of transport (turn to 239)?

169

You force yourself to crawl on, knowing that if you stop for just a moment to lie down, you will find it impossible to get up again (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). As your will strengthens, the storm loses its intensity. You wander from the track you were following, and stumble on as best you can. Just then, you see a strange rippling effect moving under the snow ahead of you; something is moving fast and it is heading towards you. Suddenly you experience a sharp pain in your left ankle (mark off 2 Poison units). You lunge with your sword at the spot where you think the creature is lurking under the snow; something shrieks and nips you on the right ankle. You will have to fight it.

SNOW LEECH SKILL 5 STAMINA 7

If you survive, you can find no trace of the creature. Turn to 370.

170

You make for the door as fast as possible, but you can hear a strange beast just behind you. It grabs you and squeezes, trying to crush the life out of you. You shake yourself free and pull out your sword.

BONECRUSHER BEAST SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you survive, you rush out through the door. Turn to 295.

171

You wait to ambush them. When they arrive, you notice that one is a Goblin. You leap out, and he orders the Sniffer Orcs to attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SNIFFER ORC	7	6
Second SNIFFER ORC	7	6

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), the Goblin has disappeared during the fight, and you make good your escape. After many hours' walking, you find a place to rest. Turn to 399.

172

When you confide in him, the Boulyanthrop, whose name is Greyfeather, decides that you must go with them back to the eyrie. They flap their great wings and lift you up. You fly over a great forest until you eventually reach a strange cliff from where you can see other Boulyanthrops flying out to greet you. You are carried in through one of the rectangular holes in the cliff and are greeted there by a bird-woman called Eleonora. She listens patiently to your tale, then speaks. 'You are in great danger. Chingiz has allied all the forces of evil against the Select. We ourselves do not possess either a Maze or a Medallion – but I will present you with the Grey Talon of Sakar' – mark this on your *Adventure Sheet*. 'If ever you need help from a winged creature, hold this in your hand and call for assistance.' Eleonora also tells you that the Grey Talon will help if you get to the Maze at Uruz: 'Two Wings, Three Talons and Seven Lives: the magic Spell will help you.' This is all the help the birdpeople can offer you. She bids you farewell and you are flown out of the eyrie. Greyfeather, your carrier, asks you which land you wish to head for first: the land of the Bogomil (turn to 225) or the land of the Uruz (turn to 278). You tell him which you have chosen, and he sets you down on the correct path, then flies off.

173

You are in a room full of flowers which give off no smell and are protected by cruel thorns. You may choose whether to pick a flower and place it in your backpack (mark a flower on your *Adventure Sheet*). If you do so, then the thorns prick you badly (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Return to **160** and throw another die to carry on.

174

Inside the room, torches are blazing and a cauldron is bubbling over a green flame. You plunge your hands into the chest to take one of the rings. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, a snake lying coiled beneath the treasures rears up and bites you, injecting a vile poison into your body. Henceforth, whenever you are instructed to mark off Poison units, you must *double* the number given in the text. If you are Lucky, the snake strikes at you but misses. Suddenly you become aware of an eerie chanting sound: you must hide. Do you rush behind a large screen in the far corner of the room (turn to **137**) or dive behind a padded chair to your left (turn to **394**)?

175

You enter the enclosure, spit on your hands for luck and pick up a large hammer. Many of the people in the crowd are making bets on the outcome. Throw 2 dice – this is the strength needed to ring the bell. If the total is equal to or less than your current STAMINA, then you have succeeded in hitting the bell.

You are immediately showered with daggers. *Test your Luck* again. If you are Unlucky, some of the daggers wound you (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and mark off 2 Poison units). If you are Lucky, you escape without a scratch. Add 10 gold coins to the total on your *Adventure Sheet*.

You leave the fair and manage to find the main road to Uruz. Turn to **280**.

176

You wake up to find yourself lying on a bed of stretched hides; before you stands a woman holding a lamp made from a large crystal. 'Well met! Uruz magic is not strong but we are able to recognize one of Segrek's Select.' She points to the glowing crystal: 'We have revived you, but the rest is up to you. Do you wish to undergo the Test of Uruz for the honour of entering the Maze and seeking the Medallion?' If you agree, turn to **258**. If you refuse, you lose consciousness and awaken to find yourself lying by the side of a path. You shake yourself and get up. Turn to **225**.

177

You trudge through the snow, stumbling over the rocks. The path is level and seems to weave through the mountain pass. Ahead, you see a snow-covered mound from one side of which steam seems to be rising. You must pass it; as you do so, you sense something within the mound. Do you walk on and leave it alone (turn to 329) or do you decide to investigate (turn to 58)?

178

You lie quietly, thinking that if the storm persists you will find a better opportunity later. Suddenly in walks a Mamlik Assassin. He scowls and sniffs at you, before stabbing his lethal dagger into your chest. Your quest is over.

179

You crush one sprig of Treffilli (remove one sprig from your *Adventure Sheet* and deduct 1 point from your STAMINA) and mutter the spell: 'By Ash and Bird.' The Assassin immediately falls asleep. You leave him lying there and go through a metal door that closes tight behind you. Turn to 95.

180

You walk over and help with their running repairs. Afterwards, the knights offer you a ride in to watch the joust. They are Yigenik warriors and are heading for the tournament which is to be held in a small town just outside the city of Sharrabbas. You join them and they head back on to the road. When a group of Orcs try to stop them at a road-block, they laugh and simply ride through them. On the road, one of the knights' horses stumbles and falls on his master's leg. It is obvious that he cannot now enter the joust, but the others need a fourth entrant. Do you decide to enter the tournament (turn to 42) or do you thank them for the ride and carry on, on your own, when they leave the main road (turn to 4)?

181

You stand proudly before them and announce that you are one of Segrek's Select. They circle round you and the leader orders one of them to approach you. This man dismounts, comes close and throws some bones to the ground while the others make the sign of a triangle with their fingertips. He gazes at the bones then mutters something to the leader, who urges his horse towards you. 'I am Cromarshk. You will accompany us to the Test that awaits you. Choose your horse.' He has two horses brought forward. Which do you choose to ride: the white stallion (turn to 290) or the grey mare (turn to 41)?

182

You agree to take him on, and he stands there, determined to have his money in advance. You get out your bag of gold coins, when suddenly another small boy runs past you and grabs it; they both disappear into the crowd. Deduct all the gold coins you have, except your lucky piece. Turn to 318.

183

You tell your tale, then you can only watch as a wizened old man on a pony trots up to you, staring into a crystal. 'Huh, he lies!' he snorts. Bhoriss takes a club and hits you on the shoulder so that you fall down (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). 'Now, tell the truth. No one lies to the Bogomils.' Turn to 91.

184

You have chosen the wrong Medallion! *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, the fiery power of the magic frizzles you up . . . your quest is over. If you are Lucky, you manage to divert the full blast – but you are blown across the Spell-plane to another part of the Maze (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA, 1 point from your SKILL and mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 293.

185

You are in a horse-trader's premises. There is no one about, so you take a good look around. You find a document, closing a deal with Chingiz to mount an army of Orcs to subdue the native Kazanids. Just then a fat rat waddles towards you. As you step back its shape changes to a black mist and then to that of a Necromancer. Before you can move, his staff emits snake-like coils that encircle you and form a net that begins to squeeze. You black out. Turn to 321.

186

You enter a room full of stone blocks and snake carvings. Three snakes on three of the stone blocks suddenly come to life. At the same time, the room is filled with boiling-hot water, and you are forced to jump up on to one of the blocks. You must make your way, stepping from block to block, across the room to the door. Throw 1 die three times for the locations of the snakes, then throw 1 die three times for your leaps across from stone to stone. If any of the numbers in the two sequences match, you land on a block containing one or more snakes and are bitten; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and mark off 1 Poison unit for every snake-bite you incur. If you survive, turn to 359.

187

You are just in time to see the Orc disappearing into the tower opposite. In front of you, however, is a narrow bridge to which a Goblin is clinging, ready to stab you. Below, Kazanids from Chingiz's slave-guard are firing arrows at you. You rush over the bridge. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, the Goblin stabs you in the foot. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA and mark off 2 Poison units. If you are Lucky, he misses. Throw 2 dice for the speed of the Orc you are chasing, then throw 2 dice for your own speed. If your speed is greater than or equal to the speed of the Orc, turn to 94. If you are not fast enough, you watch, frustrated, as a Grypvulture takes off with the Medallion in its beak. You are too late.

You return to the street and leave the town. Do you wish to head down into the forested valley (turn to 257) or up on to a mountain track (turn to 275)?

188

The Eagle holds an iron rod which Geronicus invites you to hold on to. The huge bird flaps its wings and lifts you up. It flies fast and high until your arms tire (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA) and you ask to be put down on a path below. Turn to 278.

189

If you have paid for your passage, you have a good rest (add 4 points to your STAMINA). If you have not paid for your passage, you are made to work hard scrubbing decks. You pass a group of sailors who are pointing at something flying out from the coast. You look closely: two fire-breathing Kazilik Dragons are flying towards the ship. There is a large crossbow mounted at either end of the ship and you decide to help fight them off. Do you decide to man one of the crossbows (turn to **204**) or do you climb up to the crow's nest with your sword at the ready (turn to 313)?

190

The tunnel is very long. By the side of a blazing torch you see a row of three carved medallions with a cross inscribed under the third one from the left. You trudge on wearily until you come across a bush with sprigs made up of triangular leaves set in a circular pattern. Above it is carved the legend 'Treffilli'. Do you pick any of the sprigs (turn to **248**) or do you leave the bush alone and pass through the next door (turn to 393)?

191

You throw down your gauntlet and everyone stares at you in disbelief. The riders wager among themselves on how long you will last. Urgenj appears; he towers above you and carries a sword that you could never hope to lift. Fight until the STAMINA of one of you drops to 4 points.

URGENJ	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you lose, you are on your last legs, but no death-blow is struck. If you win, you spare the warrior from death. Turn to **31**.

192

Nonchalantly you carry on walking as the rider gets nearer. Eventually a cloaked figure on a steaming horse passes you and then stops. 'Who are you, stranger?' asks a woman's voice. You are debating in your mind whether or not to trust her when you spot a Dagger of Darkness revealed by a sudden gust of wind that blows aside her cloak. She realizes that you've seen the weapon, scowls and gallops off. Now you will have to decide whether to stay on the road (turn to **53**) or travel on the plain (turn to 333)?

193

You are in a smoke-filled room. Through the haze, you dimly make out a fully armed warrior. You step forward and he springs to life.

MAZE WARRIOR SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you win, return to **160** and throw the magic die to continue.

194

The galloping horse does not stop, but continues to charge. Fear overwhelms you (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Then it passes straight through you! You realize that it is only an illusion, and you continue north through another door. Turn to **349**.

195

You play dead. The wooden hand of the Kalamite closes around you and lifts you up a little way. The temptation to move is great but the female warrior's eyes implore you to keep completely still. Suddenly she leaps up and strikes out at the hand of the creature, cutting the hand off in one blow. From high above comes a distant scream, as a thick sappy liquid oozes from the severed limb. You are free. You run after the sure-footed warrior as she weaves in and out among the tall reeds. Eventually she stops; you are exhausted (mark off 1 Poison unit), but she is not even out of breath. All at once she announces that she knows you are one of Segrek's Select and that she has something to tell you – but it is up to you to trust her. Do you decide to stay and hear her out (turn to **49**) or would you rather bid her a hasty farewell and carry on alone, until you find somewhere to rest (turn to **399**)?

196

Walking along the corridor, you notice the words 'GOLD COINS' carved on the wall. On the floor below the legend is a small bag that contains 5 gold coins. You pick these up (add them to your *Adventure Sheet*). You go through another door. Turn to **72**.

197

You ride the Fangtigers at the head of the yelling horde, Beshbalik at your side. During your progress, you come upon an Orc road-block: a large group of them are subjecting several individuals to the test of the Crystal. Beshbalik and his Marauders take no notice of shouted orders to stop; they plough through the Orcs, divesting them of various pieces of armour and their weapons. You get your first view of Sharrabbas when the horde finally stops. Adana-Broussah takes you to one side. 'Beshbalik will not enter Sharrabbas,' she confides. 'He knows that Chingiz is too powerful there. You have breached the first blockade, now you must travel on your own. Astragal entreats you to seek out the Wolfsbane, I know not what he means.' When the horde sets off again, they take a different route, away from the city; you drop back and jump off the Fangtigers. When all is quiet once more, you have to decide whether to stay on the road (turn to **85**) or take to the rough, wooded ground and follow the less obvious paths (turn to **167**).

198

You leave the Dead Man's Chest Tavern and walk straight into another Goblin who is leading two Orcs down the small back alleyway. He stops, points at you and screams in guttural Goblin style – and the Orcs leap to attack you. Fight each Orc in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	7	6
Second ORC	7	6

If you survive, you can see no trace of the Goblin. You leave the alleyway and round a corner into the main street. You feel a distinct throb from the poison in your blood (mark off 2 Poison units). Turn to **168**.

199

Taking the Medallion, you replace it with a bag containing 10 gold coins (deduct the gold from your *Adventure Sheet*). You hold your breath, but nothing untoward happens. You have chosen the correct weight! Add 1 point to your LUCK. You look carefully at the back of the Medallion and see that it is marked with the number '1000'. You stumble out of the Maze and into the daylight. Turn to **295**.

200

Adana-Broussah leads the way to the camp of Beshbalik's Marauders. 'The path to Sharrabbas is full of dangers,' she says. 'One way will be to go as one of the horde. They are always picking up lone adventurers who can prove themselves.' You reach the camp, where you find the Marauders huddled round a camp fire. They are suspicious of you at first, but Adana-Broussah calms them and proposes that you be tested. They discuss the idea for a while and finally agree. You are thrown a large club and then, without warning, two of them attack you. Fight each in turn until the STAMINA of either combatant drops to 4.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MARAUDER	7	8
Second MARAUDER	8	8

If you win (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), you are accepted (turn to 138). If you lose, you are taken away and left at a lonely roadside (turn to 116).

201

You stand, your sword raised, ready to hold your ground. At first the Orcs are chary of attacking until a peremptory scream, emitted by the remaining mounted figure, makes them shudder and impels their attack. Fight each Orc in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	6	5
Third ORC	7	6

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you suddenly become aware of a distinct draught, and you catch a gleam of daylight at the back of the cave. Do you decide to try and find a rear exit (turn to 44) or would you prefer to go out by the way you entered (turn to 34)?

202

Deciding to take no chances, you lie flat out in the grass with your cloak over you. You hear the rider pass by, then stop. After a short time you hear the horse trotting away. You get up, with no idea whether or not the rider saw you. Do you wish to carry on along the road (turn to 53) or do you prefer to keep off the road and travel on the plain (turn to 333)?

203

You know that this fight is not yours and that you must conserve your energies for greater things. You steal away and pass a shadowy figure that is looking in another direction.

You walk for many hours; the ground begins to slope down and now you can see more trees and bushes. Eventually, with daylight, you find yourself walking on a track. After a few hours, this track forks, becoming two well-made paths. Beside one path stands an obelisk with a stallion carved on its side; an obelisk with a Fangtiger stands beside the other. Which way do you choose to follow: the way of the Stallion (turn to 391) or the way of the Tiger (turn to 209)?

204

Both the Kazilik Dragons are small, but they are breathing fire in the direction of the ship. You take up position and swing the crossbow, aiming at the leading beast which is heading straight for you.

Throw 1 die for the position of the Dragon, then throw 1 die for your shot. If the two numbers match, you have hit the creature. Turn to 16. If you miss, then it's too late for a second shot. You are enveloped in white-hot fire and fall into the sea (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). Near exhaustion, you swim towards the coast (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 348.

205

You walk on slowly. Suddenly a door in front of you swings open and out charges a long-horned bull. It lunges and heaves its huge head at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, one of its horns smashes through your armour and breaks several ribs (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and mark off 2 Poison units). If you are Lucky, the bull lifts you between its horns. It then rushes off, with you lying across its neck. You manage to pull out your sword as it runs straight through the next wall and emerges in another part of the Maze. At last you are able to plunge your sword between its shoulder-blades. The bull collapses to its knees, then disappears with a foul stench into the ground. You look around and find a solitary door which you must push open. Turn to 95.

206

The huntresses all line up as their leader, Omorphina by name, explains the task. You must cut three logs and a taut piece of leather below them, before a candle has burnt through a piece of twine and released a spray of poisonous darts. She seems to relish giving the explanation and the agonizing death you can expect.

Throw 2 dice; this is the time it will take the candle to burn through the twine. Throw 2 dice; this is the time it will take you to cut through the three logs. If your axe-wielding time is equal to or less than the time it takes the twine to break, then you are successful. You are bound once again and taken to a hut which is already occupied by another prisoner, an old woman dressed in rags. Turn to 303. If you fail, there is a great cheer as you are peppered with darts. You die an agonizing death.

207

You can see an exit to the south and one to the east. To the south you can hear a crashing sound. To the east you see flashes of colour. Which way will you go: south (turn to 66) or east (turn to 283)?

208

Walking down a dark lane, you step on something shiny. You stop to look and pick up a Dagger of Darkness, just like the one you hope to return to Chingiz's hand. Suddenly, the dagger bends and wraps itself around your wrists, and a Necromancer rises out of the dust in front of you. 'One of the virtuous Select, I see. My Lord Chingiz wants to meet you before you die. You have survived longer than we expected.' He stretches out a long bony finger and touches your forehead. You lose consciousness as you feel the poison throb in your body (mark off 2 Poison units). Turn to 321.

209

The track leads down into a forested valley. Soon the trees blot out the sun and you have to stumble through a murky gloom. Feeling tired, you stop for a rest and some sleep (add 4 points to your STAMINA).

When you awaken, you are covered in leaves. Looking up, you see a little Imp running off with your boots. You get up and give chase across the forest floor of fallen pine-needles (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Eventually the Imp drops the boots and disappears up a tree. Do you put your boots on straight away (turn to 114) or do you decide to run across the prickly ground with them in your hand (turn to 33)?

210

You relax as Alkis recounts tales from the deep, dark chasms. All at once, he stands up and pulls out his sword, as a horde of warriors bursts into the inn. Heavy, weighted nets are thrown in which you manage to entangle yourself. Suddenly you are hit over the head (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA) and lose consciousness.

You come to in a cart, tied up with many others. Feeling about, you realize that all your possessions are still with you. There is no sign of Fearslicer. The cart is followed by riders and at one point you hear them talking: 'Aye, they'll be fine for the Korkut Slave Battalions. That one even has his own sword.'

The journey is long. Eventually you reach the land of Korkut and are forced to climb down from the cart. Dismounting, one of the riders stands before you and shouts: 'You are all battle-slaves now – but if you wish to fight for your freedom, choose now and you may fight Urgenj.' Do you elect to fight for your freedom (turn to 191), or do you reveal to your captors that you are one of Segrek's Select (turn to 385)?

211

You draw your sword. The riders are pleased that you have chosen this course of action; they form a circle and prepare to enjoy some good sport. The Yigenik scimitar-wielder spits, makes the sign of a triangle, then bears down on you.

YIGENIK RIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), you are told by the other riders that you are free to go, in spite of having killed one of their number. They ride off, screaming and bellowing their enjoyment of the recent fight. Turn to 18.

212

You throw open the left-hand door. Behind it is a Dark Elf holding a dagger. He stabs you (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). Nevertheless, you attack.

DARK ELF SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you race through the right-hand door. Turn to 187.

213

You come upon a stall that boasts a 'Test of Strength and Bravery'. It involves hitting a lever that shoots a wooden block up a pole. If you get it to the top, the block rings a bell and also releases a shower of daggers. You have to ring the bell and then jump clear of the area before the weapons land. The prize is 10 gold coins. Do you want to risk entering this test (turn to 175) or do you prefer wandering about the market (turn to 344)?

214

You know that running is the most sensible option; your quest is too important for distractions. You run fast; the poison in your blood makes your legs throb (mark off 2 Poison units). You continue climbing through the long night, until after sunrise, when you find a pathway (turn to 275).

215

You walk northwards, suspicious of the woman. She is surrounded by a pile of rubble on the ground, as if she has fallen through the roof. Suddenly she stirs. You get nearer and she begs you to help. Then you notice that half her face has peeled off, to reveal the demonic visage of a Mamlik Assassin. The Assassin realizes that his disguise has been torn away and leaps to the attack.

MAMLIK ASSASSIN SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you walk on past an elaborately carved wall with the word 'TEN' inscribed on its centre. You go through a door that shuts behind you. Turn to 64.

216

You continue to wait until the door crashes open and two killer Ogres rush in, swinging double-headed axes. Fight each Ogre in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First OGRE	8	10
Second OGRE	8	10

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you dash out, but by this time there is no sign of Vetch. You are not sure where you are. Do you venture down a dark lane straight away (turn to 271) or enter a larger, busier street to your left (turn to 328)?

217

You worm your way out through the large hole. You are now in the open, away from the town. Beyond a low hillock, you can see smoke rising and hear the sound of battering-rams smashing the Maze. You can also make out screams and orders shouted in guttural Orc accents, and you guess that the Uruz are defending their Maze stoutly. You creep away and in a small hollow you come across a bored-looking Orc guarding the raiding party's horses. Do you attack the Orc in order to take one of the horses (turn to 331) or creep past (turn to 21)?

218

You listen for the footsteps to stop, but, as soon as you are ready to follow, without warning a shadow appears in front of you. You are astounded as it takes the form of a dark, shrouded figure holding a staff. It speaks in a hoarse whisper: 'You are too late. The Medallion is taken by my Lord Chingiz's servants.' You strike at the figure, but your sword passes clean through it. The Necromancer laughs. 'So, you want to play games . . .' Turn to 56.

219

You are in an empty room. Before you stands a Fiend who at once begins to rush towards you. If you have any flowers in your backpack, you can present one of them to the Fiend (make the appropriate adjustment on your *Adventure Sheet*). If you have no flowers, you will have to fight.

MAZE FIEND SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, or if you have bribed the Fiend with flowers, return to 160 and throw the magic die for your next position.

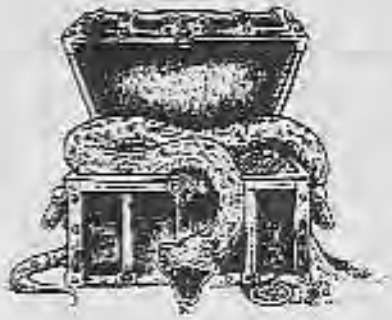

220

The horse-trader invites you into the shack. You ask him the cost of hiring a sturdy steed. He fusses around and cannot seem to make up his mind. He tells you to wait while he consults his partner. Do you sit down on a bench and wait (turn to 14) or do you get suspicious and leave (turn to 388)?

221

Tunnels open up to the north and west. To the north, in a glimmer of daylight you see what appears to be a body lying in the middle of the path. To the west is a figure standing stock-still. Which tunnel do you choose: north (turn to 351) or west (turn to 268)?

222

You leave the poor demented wretch and walk on carefully alone. Suddenly the floor beneath you gives way and you drop on to a bed of spiked stakes where you die instantly. Your quest is over.

223

You enter another chamber, this one full of carvings of birds. You look on, astounded, as two Greyeagles of Kazan come to life and attack you. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREYEAGLE	6	11
Second GREYEAGLE	6	11

If you survive, you have a choice of two more doors. Do you choose the door on the right (turn to 254) or the door on the left (turn to 186)?

224

You have rightly been wary of anyone you may have met in this land; but it is obvious that he knows that what you told him was a pack of lies. He thanks you politely and crosses the bridge. When he is safely across, it collapses. You suspect Goblin Spell-casting. You cast around until you find another path, one that leads down the Ilkhan mountains. Turn to 278.

225

The path is long and the way arduous. Stopping for a moment to get a stone out of your boot, you shake the stone out, only to discover it is a Yellow Gem (mark the Gem on your *Adventure Sheet*). By sheer chance (add 1 point to your LUCK), your path leads to a stone hut with a dirty sign tacked above it: 'Honest Gimerak's Trading Post'. Do you choose to go inside in order to trade something (turn to 12) or do you prefer to carry on along the road (turn to 591)?

226

You step on to the perilous bridge of snow and walk hesitantly across. Throw 2 dice for your weight, and add 2 if you are carrying more than 10 gold coins. Throw 2 dice for the strength of the bridge. If your weight is greater than the strength of the bridge, it collapses and you fall to your doom in the snowy chasm. If your weight is less than or equal to the strength of the bridge, you cross safely. Turn to 310.

227

The pain in your shoulder is agonizing. Suddenly an arrow flies past the bird, followed by another. Drukkah must be firing at the bird! A third arrow slams into the Grypvulture's wing and it plummets out of control, releasing its hold on you. Luckily, you land on your back in stagnant water (add 1 point to your LUCK). You pick yourself up but can see nothing but reeds surrounding the pond. Turn to 322.

228

You dislodge the true Medallion of the Uruz from the wall. You examine it carefully and see the number '1000' inscribed on the reverse of the Medallion. Suddenly the figure of Agellatha appears and speaks. 'Your efforts have been crowned with success. Now you must find the true path out of the Maze.' The vision fades. At that moment, something drops from the ceiling on to your back: it is a Mamlik Assassin, his dagger raised, ready to strike. Luckily, the dagger fails to penetrate your armour; it glances off and breaks; meanwhile you roll over and throw the Assassin off. If you have some Treffilli and know how to use it, you can now feel it vibrating. If you wish to use it in order to escape, turn to 179. Otherwise, you will have to fight.

MAMLIK ASSASSIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you rush through a metal door that slams shut behind you. Turn to 95.

229

The mist seems to cover everything. Ahead, you can just make out three shadowy figures. They get closer and you see a Necromancer with two Mamliks. Do you dive into the water (turn to 32) or rush back to the boat (turn to 51)?

230

You lose yourself in the crowd but keep a wary eye on the Necromancer. A Mamlik appears, throws off the guise of a beggar, and shakes his head. The Necromancer goes into a towering rage. 'I *know* there is one of them here. I can smell the purity. I will kill them all!' She strikes the ground with her staff: you feel the earth tremble and then you hear the noise of rushing water. A great tidal wave crashes through the crowd and sweeps up everybody. You find it difficult to swim as you are swept away through the river valley. Throw 2 dice for the strength you need to swim to safety, then compare this with your STAMINA. If your STAMINA is greater than or equal to the strength needed, you make it to safety, get out of the torrent and dry yourself off (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You set off again and soon find a road. Turn to 23.

If your STAMINA is less than the strength you need to swim ashore, you are dragged under by the weight of your sopping-wet clothing and you drown. Your quest ends here.

231

You stand in a room with water trickling down its walls. In front of you is a large staircase, and you feel compelled to climb it. Turn to 382 and mark your new position on the chart.

232

You walk along the corridor to the sound of echoing footsteps. Ahead, you can see a large number of metal spikes on the roof of the tunnel. If you wish to retrace your steps back to the tunnel going north, then turn to **305**. If you decide to continue, the tunnel turns a corner and you head north. Suddenly, the spikes begin to break off and drive into the ground. *Test your Luck* twice. If you are Unlucky, you are hit by a spike (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA, 1 point from your SKILL and mark off 1 Poison unit). If you are Lucky, you make it safely to the next door. You go through the door and it shuts behind you. Turn to **100**.

233

You stoop down to pick up a scroll. It falls apart in your hand. At the same time, you hear a sigh coming from the body as it also begins to disintegrate. All the objects lying around disappear in clouds of pungent, yellow smoke. The snow begins to fall heavily, and you know that you cannot stay there much longer. There are two distinct paths that lead away from Drago's Gate. Will you take the one on the left (turn to **177**) or the one on the right (turn to **314**)?

234

You have no way of stopping or controlling the plank-sled as it hurtles ever downwards. Eventually, however, you crash into a grassy bank at the bottom. A Kazanid is standing in front of you, holding a spear. He picks up the plank, puts it on a cart with a pile of others and then starts moaning to you. 'Somebody just kicked one of the tobaks down the chute. I'm not saying you did it – but it's dangerous standing here collecting tobaks all day long . . . Hey, who are you?' You draw your sword and step towards him. At this threatening gesture, he faints, so you make good your escape into the grassland. The land here is flatter and more open. The path you are following divides. Which way do you take: the left fork (turn to **379**) or the right fork (turn to **122**)?

235

You walk carefully towards the obelisk. It is intricately carved with galloping horses – and there, on the top, you see the Medallion! You examine the area carefully, fearing one last test. There are holes in the ground and in the walls; peering into the holes, you can see arrowheads poking out. You suspect that it is the weight of the Medallion that is keeping the arrows from firing, and you will have to replace it with exactly the equivalent weight. If you have sufficient gold coins, how much do you think the Medallion weighs: 5 gold coins (turn to **307**) or 10 gold coins (turn to **199**)? If you have no gold coins, or you just wish to grab the Medallion, turn to **291**.

236

You walk along the tunnel and notice some odd-looking holes in the walls. Suddenly a small furry creature rolls out of one of the holes. You watch it carefully as it stretches itself and begins to purr; it looks very sweet. Do you decide to stroke it (turn to 113) or, opting for discretion rather than valour, do you avoid it (turn to 362)?

237

You hold the Grey Talon tight. A ghost figure of the hawk flutters on to your shoulder. All else is still and time has no meaning. The bird speaks in your ear in a chirruping squawk: 'See the pattern I stand on, there, is the secret for the true path through the Maze. The top is the entrance to the north, and the bottom is the exit to the south. Follow the true path and you shall have the Medallion.' The spirit of the hawk returns to its body, and you walk towards the entrance. Turn to 366.

238

You drink deeply from the cool, sweet water. You feel refreshed and in good heart for the tasks and perils to come (add 4 points to your STAMINA and do *not* mark off the next Poison unit you come to). You push the door open and enter; it closes behind you with a strong thud. Turn to 292.

239

You walk down to the harbour. You see a ship that seems to be ready to set sail. Kazanid sailors, thieves, beggars, Dwarfs, and all manner of folk are milling round it. You ask a passer-by where the ship is bound and he replies: 'The Dragon coast of Kazilik.' You know that the Kazilik possess a Maze and that they have a Medallion. Do you wish to ask about getting passage on the ship (turn to 128) or do you carry on along the harbour (turn to 339)?

240

You walk purposefully along the corridor and then notice two blocks of stone with dice-markings, suspended from the ceiling. As you pass, they fall to the ground. Throw 2 dice. If you throw 9–12, add 1 point to your LUCK. In front of a door before you, you observe the word 'WEIGHTS' carved on the wall. You push open the door and it shuts behind you. Turn to 349.

241

You allow the old woman to gloat over her treasure-chest. Finally, she whispers a spell and a golden snake rises out of the chest. Crooning to it, she strokes its head and slips it into her pocket. Then she hands you 15 gold coins (mark the coins on your *Adventure Sheet*), and makes the following speech: 'You have helped me, brave adventurer; now I may be of help to you. I am the repository of many secrets, what do you wish to know?' You decide to reveal to her some details of your quest for the

throne. "Ah, Segrek's Select, you are in great danger. Chingiz is overturning the great traditions. To achieve ultimate success, you must seek the Medallions. Follow this path to Uruz. When you stand before the entrance to the great Maze, look to the top left for the pattern that is the key to the Maze. Remember, you must enter from the top or the north. I know the Maze well, for I helped fashion it when I was young, and my powers then were keen." Without another word she picks up the chest and disappears down the path.

You set off in the opposite direction. The path you are taking is difficult and rough; to your left lies an easier, flatter route that leads in the direction of some birds circling in the sky. Do you take the left-hand path (turn to **115**) or keep on the path indicated by the old woman (turn to **161**)?

242

You do not think it wise to enter without first checking where you are, so you edge along the wall. Suddenly you feel a coldness in your bones and the mist swirls apart to reveal a Necromancer. If you have not achieved Necromancer fighting ability, you are immediately put under a spell. You cannot see, hear, or touch and your quest ends here.

If you have the ability to fight Necromancers, use the level you reached as your SKILL score for this combat.

NECROMANCER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you decide after all to go back and jump in through the window. Turn to **174**.

243

Adana-Broussah throws a startled glance in your direction as the Necromancer announces that there is one in the horde whom he wants and is willing to pay dearly for. Beshbalik is tempted by the bag of gold held up by the evil creature. Adana-Broussah tells you to make yourself scarce. Do you ride off (turn to **60**) or do you have, and know how to use, two sprigs of Treffilli to make yourself invisible (turn to **10**)?

244

You drop like a lead weight from the tower. Suddenly, a strange force surges out of the stone; it has the likeness of a great hand that catches you and draws you safely to an overhanging stone block. You cannot understand how or why this has happened (add 1 point to your LUCK). Turn to **381**.

245

You continue on the upward path for a long time. It is difficult and partially blocked here and there with landslides and minor avalanches. Eventually you come to a great icy chasm. On the far side is a raised drawbridge, guarded by what looks like an ice warrior. Further scrutiny reveals an obelisk with a hole in the top of it: obviously you have to throw something into the hole to get the bridge to lower. If you have a metal ball, turn to 315. Otherwise, there is no way across the chasm. You will have to turn back and waste time going down the mountain and into the forest: mark off 2 Poison units, deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and turn to 88.

246

You enter a smithy. The first thing you see is a small Dwarf crouched, shivering, in the corner. Then you notice a Mamlik and two Orcs who are trying to listen to something through one of the house-walls. They do not sense you, and the Dwarf motions for you to get out quick. You go back into the street. Turn to 98.

247

You stand in a room that has stone walls full of small niches. The floor is covered with little darts and the skeletons of three human beings are lying on the ground. Suddenly little poisoned darts shoot out through the holes in the walls. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you are hit only once (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). If you are Unlucky, throw 2

dice and deduct the resulting total from your STAMINA. Mark off 1 Poison unit. If you are still alive, return to **160** and throw the magic die to determine where you go next.

248

You carefully pick three sprigs – and the plant then begins to wither and die. Add the sprigs to your *Adventure Sheet*. You enter another door which seals tight behind you. Turn to 393.

249

Flaxwort turns to the right and, after a short distance, drops you off and wishes you good luck. You find yourself in a small square that is teeming with people. Just then you see two Dwarfs being force-marched to the centre of the square and chained up by four Orcs. From what you overhear in the crowd, this is one of their regular executions held for disloyalty. Next a horn is sounded, and three Gargoyles swoop down from the tower above. They tear the first Dwarf to pieces but, in so doing, they accidentally break the bonds of the second. He bares off into the crowd and passes close to you, with one of the Orcs in hot pursuit. Do you want to help the Dwarf (turn to 6) or do you keep a low profile and walk away (turn to 208)?

250

The riders line up in front of you. 'Who are you, stranger? Why do you not bow to your Yigenik masters? You forfeit your life if you do not speak.' One of them dismounts and, drawing a scimitar, makes several cuts in the air with it. 'Bow down, slave. Your life is mine.' Do you speak up and tell them that you are one of Segrek's Select (turn to 181), bow down and mutely take the consequences (turn to 304), or prepare to fight the warrior (turn to 111)?

251

You stay in the middle of the group of Marauders, knowing that there will be a confusion of smells. The Mamlik passes by you, and returns to Beshbalik. They start an argument, but eventually the Mamlik, fuming, rides off on his black steed. Turn to 319.

252

You have to pass close by two Orcs who are sitting on a rock. The falling snow has built up into two pointed cones on their heads. They are eating strange yellow fruit and spitting out the pips, betting on which of them can spit the pips the furthest. They ignore you, so you decide to stroll quietly past them. Just then one of them spots you and calls out: 'Hey you, come over here.' You go over to them and they explain that they want you to stand ten paces away so that they can have a competition to find out which will be the first to land a pip on your hat. Do you agree to do this (turn to 24) or do you draw your sword and attack them (turn to 320)?

253

He rubs his hands gleefully as you count out the money (deduct 5 coins from your *Adventure Sheet*). Then he leads you to a stone hut that is well protected against the elements, with windows that are all heavily barred. Inside, it is warm and cosy. 'I think that you are one of the Select,' he tells you, hugely pleased at his own cleverness. 'Chingiz wants to kill you, but I know the secret of the Maze at Bogomil . . . yes, you must have a medallion.' He stops talking and then looks at you, as though for the first time. 'I *will* tell you . . . when first you enter, turn west, then north, then west, and so on until you get out. It's simple.' He seems vastly satisfied with himself and asks you if you wish to rest. You may rest in the hut (turn to 84) or, if you prefer, go out straight away (turn to 150).

254

You are in a room filled with the statues of stallions. Suddenly three of them come to life; they stamp their feet and snort, crashing their hoofs down on the stone floor. Throw 1 die six times to show the path you take between the stallions. List the result on your *Adventure Sheet*. Then throw 1 die to show where the stallions stamp. If this number matches the first number in the sequence you have written down, you are hit (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). Repeat the process five more times and compare throws. If you survive, you succeed in reaching another door. Turn to 359.

255

The crowd on the road spills out into the marketplace of the small town of Torrez. Here are gamesters, jugglers and acrobats, as well as market stalls. If you are carrying any gold, you feel for your purse. It has gone! Someone has stolen *all* your gold except the coin that you sensibly keep in your boot. Deduct all gold coins but 1 from your *Adventure Sheet*.

You take out your one coin, knowing that you will need gold in order to succeed in your quest. You wander round the market in a daze. Do you go to the left (turn to 107) or do you go right (turn to 213)?

256

Geronicus hands you the phial, which you drink while they lead you through various back-streets to the Fortress. You feel a stabbing pain in your shoulder as you are pulled against your will towards a sheer rock-face. You pass through the rock, but when you reach the other side you fall to your knees in agony (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, 1 point from your SKILL and mark off 2 Poison units). You realize that something is dreadfully wrong. Suddenly a Necromancer stands before you, staff in hand. He speaks to you in a hoarse, rough voice: 'Yes, we have found this entrance and tainted it with the Black Poison of Lisz. Now, proud adventurer, you DIE!' If you do not have Necromancer fighting ability, your quest ends here in dreadful agony and death. If you have the skill to fight the shadowy beings, turn to 365.

257

Making progress through the forest is very arduous. You have to cut your way through a mass of undergrowth (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Turn to 86.

258

You are taken out of the hut. You hear a horn being blown, and a crowd gathers, forming a circle. The woman, who is called Agellatha, stands in the middle and raises her hands for silence. Two fierce black bulls are led in; however, they move as though they were in a trance. A cord is tied to the neck of

each of the bulls; the other ends are looped around your forearms tightly and the last foot or so of loose cord hangs from your hands. 'You must use all your strength to pull the two bulls together and tie a knot in the two cords,' Agellatha explains. 'If you fail, you will be torn asunder.' Throw 3 dice to discover the strength of the bulls. Throw 2 dice and add the result to your current STAMINA to find out the power of your attempt. Your strength must be greater than that of the bulls for you to succeed. If you fail, your quest ends here. If you succeed, turn to 28.

259

You sneak out and walk along a corridor. Ahead is another door that is partly open. You peek in, to see Vetch with an Orc; they are unchaining a hideous Gargoyle. The Gargoyle senses your presence, screams then rushes out after you. You run into a dead-end, turn and pull out your sword.

GARGOYLE SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), the others by now have fled, so cautiously you leave the building. You now have a choice: a dark lane which lies in front of you (turn to 271) or a busier, well-lit street to the left (turn to 328).

260

You rush up the staircase, past a small open window. Just then, you hear the sound of someone coming down the stairs, so you decide to climb out on to the window-ledge. Outside, you find a narrow walkway and, as you edge along, three Gargoyles appear and start screaming at you. You try to ward them off with your sword, but they make such a noise, fluttering and squawking, that you are not surprised to see one of Chingiz's Kazanid guards follow you out on to the ledge. He tells you that being found in this part of the Fortress means you have forfeited your life and he pulls out a scimitar.

KAZANID GUARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you survive (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), you watch the Gargoyles flutter down after the body of your opponent, as it falls to the cliffs below. You climb back in through the window and, on hearing some more footsteps, run into another room and clamber up the wide chimney of an empty fireplace. Turn to 82.

261

You find a good place to hide beneath a pile of loose turfs, and stay there until you think any potential danger will be past. You feel better after the rest (add 2 points to your STAMINA). When you get up, you find yourself surrounded by a group of silent horsemen. A miserable-looking Orc is chained to one of the horses and there are Gryphawks circling above the group. One of the riders moves forward and introduces himself formally as Bhoriss Carterstrike; he demands to know your business 'in these lands of the Bogomils'. Do you reveal that you are one of Segrek's Select (turn to 91) or do you tell them you are a travelling merchant (turn to 183)?

262

You stand in a room which contains the corpse of a Mamlik Assassin. His neck is encircled by a large snake. Even in death he clutches his deadly dagger in a grip of iron. Add 1 point to your LUCK. Return to 160 and throw the magic die for your next position.

263

You approach the Troll warily; his strength is formidable. He bows and introduces himself as Skrutch, of the Vizier's Own Trollfighter Cohorts. He stands to attention, salutes and then ruefully has to admit that he's lost. 'I'm due on guard at the Bogomil road and I'm already late.' You agree to accompany him. You are surprised – and pleased – that he possesses a map. However, he holds it upside down, and it's obvious that he cannot read. The map is very accurate and you are able to lead him out of the forest and on to the start of the Bogomil road. Suddenly, you are confronted by two Trolls who, on seeing you, pull out their short-swords. At the same time they hurl abuse at Skrutch and call out to him to kill you. Do you make a dash to the right (turn to 8) or do you attempt to escape to the left (turn to 111)?

264

Smoke and dust are swirling around you, and through the haze you can see that large stone blocks have collapsed from the walls and roof of the Maze. You hear footsteps approaching and dive behind some fallen blocks.

'Captain Snapskull, have you the Medallion?' The voice is that of an Orc. 'No, sir,' comes the reply, 'but we have found two of them dead. And there is another one close by.' He sniffs. 'Lord Chingiz wants them all dead,' says the first voice. 'None must appear at the Fortress with a Medallion: the power of the Throne is still too strong.'

You see two possible ways out of the crumbling Maze. Which do you choose: to prise loose a block on the left (turn to 78) or to scramble through a large hole straight ahead (turn to 217)?

265

You stumble around the chamber in the dark and find another door. It opens easily, then seals tight behind you. You feel an intense heat and see a white-hot glow ahead. You are passing the Cauldron, the force that powers the Heart of the Throne. You run quickly past the Cauldron. Throw 1 die and deduct the result from your STAMINA score. You cannot avoid being affected by the intense heat. Mark off 2 Poison units on your *Adventure Sheet*. You enter another tunnel. Turn to 360.

266

The old man does not seem to touch the branches of the bushes; they merely part as he passes. You, however, have to fight your way through. Suddenly he stops and turns; he has remembered something. 'Chingiz has summoned the demonic Necromancers, beware of them. Geronicus, er, that's me, will help you attain a level of fighting ability against them. If you can achieve level six, seven or eight, you will be able to fight them in the flesh.' Geronicus proceeds to summon up a magical pattern:

You have to stand at A and throw a die as many times as it takes to reach numbers that denote the different SKILL levels. On a throw of 5–6, you move up one block; on a throw of 2–4, you move one block to the right; on a throw of 1, you must deduct 1 point from your STAMINA, and you do not move. You may make two attempts overall, but must deduct 1 point from your LUCK if you decide to make the second attempt. If you reach level six, seven or eight, mark Necromancer Fighting Skill in the Abilities Box of your *Adventure Sheet*.

Geronicus summons three eagles. He tells you that they will help you find the correct paths in order to seek the six Medallions Of Kazan. Which bird do you pick: the Black Eagle (turn to 163), the White Eagle (turn to 188) or the Golden Eagle (turn to 2)?

267

You run to help. The figure – a woman – sees you and tries to draw her sword, but she hardly has the strength pull it out of its scabbard. She lies back and you offer her a mouthful of water. As she sips it, you see that an arrowhead is lodged in her neck and that her leather armour is scuffed and torn. She raises her head and speaks in a whisper: 'I am Barabba of the West Moor . . . I must get to Sharrabbas, I am one of the Select of Segrek.' You see the pallor of death rising in her face. You try to quieten her, but she begins to rave: 'The Medallion . . . no . . . you shall not . . .' Then she recovers slightly and you tell her of your own status. She smiles. 'I am done for, I know. Take the Hulugu Medallion. I bequeath it to you.' From a pocket she takes out the Medallion and hands it to you. 'At Sharrabbas, seek the Wolfsbane at the Cross Keys . . . he will . . .' She shudders, then gasps and dies in your arms. You gaze at the Eagle etched on the Medallion; on the reverse is the number '1000'. Add 2 points to your LUCK and list the Medallion on your *Adventure Sheet*. You salute your brave comrade and set off again. Turn to 81.

268

You head westwards. You get close to the figure, but still it does not move; you even poke it with your sword, but it seems to be made of rock. Shrugging, you pass by – then your ears are assaulted by a strange wailing noise which gets louder and louder until it begins to numb your mind. You pound at the figure with the flat of your sword, and that seems to have some effect in lessening the racket. Fight the Screecher as in normal combat.

SCREECHER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, the noise stops and you pass through a door that shuts behind you. Turn to 64.

269

The corridor comes to a corner and you peek round, to see a room filled with a gaggle of Dungeon Beasts. They scuttle up to you and block your progress. You cannot fight them all. There is a large open window to one side of the room. If you have the Power of Storm-bringing, turn to 47. Otherwise, you must turn back and go the other way: turn to 369.

270

You take hold of the rod. Suddenly, leather thongs spring out from it and encircle your wrists. You are unable to let go as the line pulls you down into the pool. You hold your breath as you are dragged to the bottom and a strange creature, half-man half-fish, dives into the water after you. It is an Elkiem! Quickly you loosen the thongs but, before you can reach the surface, the monster grabs you. Deduct 1 point from your SKILL for the duration of this combat only. If you throw double-1 in your Attack Round, you have drowned.

ELKIEM	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you survive (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), you haul yourself out of the pool and take a deep breath; then you walk on, shuddering and shivering. Turn to **167**.

271

You walk towards the Fortress. The only visible way in seems to entail climbing a long staircase of stone steps that are guarded by a dozen bored-looking Orcs with a Mamlik captain. You know immediately that you cannot attempt *this* route. You look around and notice a woman standing by a tall obelisk and carrying a large basket of flowers. She waves to you. Do you approach her (turn to 162) or carry on looking for another way into the stronghold (turn to 276)?

272

You find yourself back among the Yigenik. They have taken care of all the opposition and are now in the process of stripping their enemies' bodies of weapons and valuables. Eventually, the whole party sets off and rides for a long time until below you you see a large settlement in a mountain valley. Here you are brought before an old woman who asks you if you feel strong enough to undertake the Test of the Yigenik. Do you reply that you wish to undergo the Test (turn to **346**) or do you decide to leave now in order to build up your powers and abilities (turn to **209**)?

273

You continue to the north. In the torchlight, you see a word carved on the stone wall: 'MEDALLION'. You pass a metal grille and breathe in a waft of fresh air; you feel strangely energetic (add 3 points to your STAMINA). You go through a door that seals behind you. Turn to **153**.

274

Thwarted, the Trolls decide to arrest you. You pull out your sword with one swift move. Fight each Troll in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TROLL	8	9
Second TROLL	9	10

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), the cart-driver spits in the direction of the dead bodies, takes back the gold he had been forced to hand over and offers you a ride on the cart. 'Scum! Chingiz's lackeys making us pay illegal tolls. Pray the gods send us a true ruler soon.' He looks at you sideways, and you believe you can detect a twinkle in his eye. Turn to **155**.

275

The land is very mountainous. The snow has begun to whip up, and you find the going difficult. The wind seems to shriek in your ears. You feel very tired (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA); before you, you see a figure whispering to you to sit and rest. Do you choose to obey the soothing voice (turn to **15**) or do you force yourself to go on through the storm (turn to **169**)?

276

You set off behind a cart, trying to look as much as possible like one of the locals. There are numerous Orc patrols and you pass the occasional Mamlik. Suddenly, a small bird lands on your shoulder, then hops to the ground and into a quiet alley. You follow it and stare as it scrawls the 'A' rune, the sign for Astragal, in the dirt. You watch in amazement as the bird proceeds to write a complete message from the wizard.

'I hope this winged messenger reaches you in time. If you have not already done so, contact one Mandrake Wolfsbane and no other. He is usually to be found smoking a large smelly pipe at the Dragon's Wings Tavern – where my absent-minded brother wizard, Geronicus, will be signalling unceasingly from its chimney with puffs of smoke.' The bird then hops over to the message, erases it with its wings and flies away.

You stay and rest in the shadows for a few hours, before setting out to follow the trail of smoky puffs and find the tavern. Turn to 298.

277

You pass through the remains of the web which begins to reseal itself almost immediately, just as a Giant Spider drops down from the roof behind you. You rush away from the hideous beast. Turn to 76.

278

You follow a track that leads towards an open plain. Occasionally you pass clumps of trees and bushes, and you can hear rushing water. The track begins to get busy with other people: travellers on foot, on horseback and in carts. Everyone is heading in the same direction; from what you overhear, it is market-day in the local town of Torrez. You merge into the crowd and feel safe – until you see a road-block ahead. A large group of Orcs is inspecting everyone who passes. Do you decide to get off the road (turn to 159) or do you stay and take your chances with the crowd (turn to 308)?

279

You hand over the 10 gold coins (deduct 10 gold coins from your *Adventure Sheet*). The bandit leader smiles and pockets the money. 'Head for the lands of the Bogomil. This road is the quickest and the guards upon it are not crack troops. If you pass the Test, the Maze is not complex: turn west when you first enter, then north and west alternately, until you reach the Medallion.' He makes it sound so simple, but warns that others may be there already: 'The Medallion may already have been taken.' Add 1 LUCK point and turn to 383.

280

You walk along the road to Uruz among a crowd of Kazanids who are also leaving the fair. Carts pass the walkers and some offer rides 'for a price'. You ask one that stops, 'How much?' and he replies, 'Two gold coins.' If you can afford it, do you agree to ride on the cart (turn to 364)? If you have no money or you prefer to walk anyway, turn to 101.

281

Cautiously you make your way along the dusty corridor. Just as you are turning a corner to the north, you trip over a skeleton slumped in the shadows; it is wearing the remains of ancient leather armour and you stare as a large worm pops out of the skull's eye-socket. Suddenly there is a screech from above you and a tall, gangly creature lands on your back, knocking you down. You roll away and pull out your sword in one swift move. The creature has sword-like arms and long pointed fangs.

LIFESUCKER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you continue north until the passage turns to the west. You reach an open metal door and pass through; it clangs shut behind you. Turn to 342.

282

You find yourself in a room that has a Medallion, etched with a snake motif, strung up in front of you on a length of fine cord. Suddenly, the ground beneath you opens up and you fall into the mouth of a huge Serpent (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Turn to 97 and mark your new position on the chart.

283

You make your way cautiously, but the lights that are coming from panels in the walls seem to have little effect on you (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). You turn a corner and head south (deduct 2 more points from your STAMINA). You begin to feel weak and realize that the lights are sapping your strength. You run towards the far door. Throw 2 dice for your speed, then 2 dice for the speed with which the magic takes effect on you. If your speed is equal to or greater than the effect of the magic, you get safely through the door. Turn to 393. Otherwise, all your STAMINA is sapped, and you collapse and die. Your quest is over.

284

You have drunk the potion of the exploding death. Your insides make a conscious decision to leave your body and you die an agonizing death. Your quest ends here.

285

You open the next door, to find a woman sitting on the Throne of Shartabbas, surrounded by four chained Ogres. The woman smiles. 'Welcome, brave adventurer. My father and his Mamliks found you a difficult foe, but you shall not take possession of the Throne – it is *mine*! He wouldn't let me have it, so I had to kill him. Now, I must kill YOU.' She rushes towards you, dagger raised. You stop her arm and squeeze her wrist; the dagger drops to the floor and begins to burn. She collapses in a heap and calls out, 'Go on then, sit on the Throne – and let my Ogres tear you limb from limb.' The Ogres are suddenly released from their chains and leap forward to attack. Do you fight them (turn to 335) or put your sword away and walk straight to the Throne (turn to 154)?

286

The cart creaks along and Drukkah, the driver, doesn't ask you any questions. The trail is long and he explains that he is heading for a large trading-post in central Kazan. In the long hours he tells you tales of when Segrek was strong and the badlands were well policed. At one point he stops the cart, stands up and, head cocked to one side, looks around the reedy landscape. You follow his example and draw your sword in readiness. Suddenly, two Grypvultures come skimming across the reeds and attack. Drukkah drops the first with a swipe; however, you miss, and the huge bird sinks its claw into your shoulder, lifts you off the cart and carries you high over the reeds. Do you risk stabbing it (turn to 309) or do you choose to wait for it to put you down (turn to 227)?

287

As you ride, Zaranj explains that the Korkut are strong believers in luck, chance and good and bad fortune. 'The Test and the Maze are like no other, but a strong and brave adventurer attracts good fortune,' he declaims. Eventually, after a long ride, you reach the heights above Korkut. You see that the region is a port, with several ships in the harbour. Zaranj leads you through the twisting streets to the fortress; here he informs the Elders and Mages that you aspire to the Throne. There is much fuss and preparation. You are rested and fed (add 4 points to your STAMINA) and finally you are called to the Chamber of Chance. Turn to 77.

288

The Goblin has pulled out a large scimitar and stands his ground. He sneers at you: 'I know your smell, you have the scent of the Select. You will die.'

GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If you survive, you begin to worry about the bird he has released; you realize that it must be a signal. You decide to make a run for it. Turn to 96.

289

When you wake up, your first thoughts are for your belongings. Although you are tied up and cannot move, you believe that nothing has been taken from you. A young Kazanid girl enters and feeds you some nourishing broth (add 1 point to your STAMINA). Reluctantly, she answers some of your questions: 'Yes, you are wanted by the Lowlanders. They did say "All who pass towards Sharrabbas, all lone travellers." They asked that nothing should be removed and they are coming for you when the storm dies down. The message hawks have been dispatched.' Then she leaves. For a precious moment before the other guards return, you are alone. Do you roll over towards the fire and burn off your bonds (turn to 371) or do you prefer not to risk an escape attempt yet (turn to 178)?

290

The stallion has a fiery temperament and is difficult to ride over the rough ground. You suffer from the fast pace and, by the time you stop to camp, you are shattered (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Turn to 372.

291

You grab the Medallion and are instantly sprayed by a volley of arrows. You stagger along the passage. Throw 1 die for the number of hits you suffer and deduct 3 points from your STAMINA for each hit. If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units), you look at the Medallion: on the reverse is the number '1100'. You crawl out of the Maze into the bright sunlight. Turn to 295.

292

You are faced with a choice: a tunnel to the east (turn to 25) or one to the south (turn to 205). Which route do you take?

293

You are in a smoky tunnel. Slowly the smoke clears and you see a black-cloaked figure holding a staff. He lifts it and strikes the ground. Huge fanged worms shoot out of the earth and block your way. You run back up the tunnel as the walls begin to collapse all round you. You are sure that you can hear chanting over the rumble of collapsing structures. Turn to 264.

294

You scramble ashore and look around. It is very misty and you cannot see where you are treading, so you step carefully until you come upon a high stone wall. You walk along the side of it until you find an open window. Inside are a lot of phials, bottles and jars; there are magical paintings on the walls, and in the middle of the room is a large open chest, full of jewels, rings and coins. Do you climb in through the window (turn to 174) or carry on along the side of the wall (turn to 242)?

295

You are standing in a stone trench; bemused, you watch a wisp of smoke transform itself into a figure that greets you. 'Brave adventurer, you have traversed the Maze of the Bogomil, a great feat. If you do not have the Medallion, good luck to you in your search. If you do have the Medallion, good luck in your quest for the Throne. Fare thee well.' The figure disappears and you climb out of the trench. You are in open country. You walk on for many hours and eventually find a good place to rest. Turn to 399.

296

You join the other labourers. It is very hard work; it appears that they are busy rebuilding the outer defences of the city. It's obvious that Chingiz expects war from the clans if he becomes the ruler of Kazan. When the work is done, you are exhausted (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, mark off 1 Poison unit and add 2 gold coins on your *Adventure Sheet*). The workers disperse and you carry on walking. Turn to 350.

297

The path you take leads in the direction of a range of very high mountains. At one point you see a possible track leading down into a heavily forested valley. Which path do you wish to follow: up into the mountains (turn to 37) or down into the forest (turn to 88)?

298

The Dragon's Wings Tavern is packed. Several fires are blazing, but the smokiest corner is that part of the room where an old man is sitting with a box on his lap. By his side is another, puffing at a smelly pipe. You head for the pair of them. If you have not met them before, the man with the pipe looks at you carefully, then holds out a small crystal that glows red. He introduces himself as Mandrake Wolfsbane and his companion as Geronicus. (If you have met the absent-minded Mage before, he does not recognize you now.)

You sit down and Mandrake begins to brief you. 'Chingiz has tried to spellbreak the ancient secret entrances to the Fortress. Geronicus alone possesses a set of the phials that point the way and open the hidden gates for the Select. All the others have been taken by the devilish Necromancers who are trying to discover the secrets of the Throne. You are the last hope of the Kazanids; you must enter the Fortress, with Medallion or without, and sit on the Throne, in order to rid us of the evil of Chingiz and his deadly daughter, Meghan-na-Durr. Now, look into your heart and choose a phial.'

Which phial do you choose:

The Dagger?	Turn to **361**
The Half-Moon?	Turn to **338**
The Cross?	Turn to **256**
The Holy Triangle?	Turn to **124**

299

Captain Sneerblood shows you to a cabin with a hammock already slung, then gives you four large, foul-smelling, unbreakable ship's biscuits. You get into the hammock just as the ship begins to heave and pitch. You decide you are fairly comfortable (add 1 point to your SKILL and 4 points to your STAMINA). Turn to **189**.

300

You run, looking for good cover, but then see a Grypvulture swooping down from above. You turn round, pull out your sword and swipe at the bird.

GRYPVULTURE SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, you find that while you have been busy slaying the Grypvulture, three Orc guards have caught up with you. Fight each one in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	7	6
Second ORC	7	6
Third ORC	7	6

If you survive (mark off 3 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you decide to stay off the road and hide for a while. Turn to **261**.

301

There is no time to roll away. You manage to stay the assassin's hand and a ring falls from his gloved finger. He gives up the struggle and leaps out through the door. You peer out through the barred window and see him release a small Gryphawk, then ride off. You pick up the ring (mark it on your *Adventure Sheet*). You cannot find the beggar, so you go outside. Turn to **150**.

302

You enter a room that has a huge beam suspended in the middle of it. Above the beam is a glass bowl containing 10 gold coins. You walk under it. Check your STAMINA. If it is an *odd* number, you upset the balance and get the coins (add them to your *Adventure Sheet*). If it is an *even* number, nothing happens. Return to **160** and throw the magic die.

303

The ragged bundle stirs. She is not bound but appears quite weak. She looks at you and tells you that you will be lucky if they decide to kill you straight away. 'The huntresses of Owlshriek believe that they gain power from inflicting pain and torture.' Suddenly the old woman stares at your shoulder where some bits of greenery are lodged in the joints of your armour. 'Treffilli! You've brought me Treffilli.' At first jubilant, she becomes suspicious. 'Who are you that bring me Treffilli?' You explain your quest to her. She smiles and tells you that she will help you now. She picks up the sprigs and crushes them while muttering some words in a foreign tongue . . . both of you at once become invisible. She unties you and together you walk past the guards. You collect your sword from another hut, and she chuckles as that also disappears. Just as you become visible again you enter the forest, and the old woman invites you to accompany her. Do you accept her offer (turn to 130) or leave her and carry on alone (turn to 368)?

304

You know that you cannot fight them all and that it might prejudice your chances of eventual success to reveal your status. You drop down on your knees. They all laugh. 'You are lucky, fellow, we have had good hunting today, so get up.' The riders think this a terrific joke – but the smile is quickly wiped off their faces when they spot a large bird hovering in the distance. They ride off in pursuit. Turn to 18.

305

You set off northwards. Some way behind you, a portcullis suddenly slams down, then another a little nearer. You realize that the gates behind you are getting closer and dropping quicker each time. You manage to run past one before it crashes to the ground, then sprint off for the next one by the final door. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you are trapped by the portcullis; your quest is over – you have no means of stopping the poison from spreading through your body (mark off all the remaining Poison units). If you are Lucky, you make it, racing through a doorway just before the portcullis slams down behind you. Turn to 72.

306

You brave the thieves' quarter. The Dwarf has given you excellent directions and you negotiate the busy streets easily with your possessions and pack strapped down, and one hand on your sword. As you are passing a small girl, a Gryphawk swoops down and attacks her; she screams and blood drips from her neck. Do you stop to help her (turn to 55) or take no notice (turn to 373)?

307

You take the Medallion and place the bag holding 5 gold coins down at the same time (deduct the gold from your *Adventure Sheet*). The bag sinks and, as you rush away, arrows fire at you. Throw 1 die. This is the number of arrows that hit you. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA for each arrow that strikes. If you survive, you stagger out of the Maze. Looking at the Medallion, you see on its reverse the number '1000'. Turn to 295.

308

The Orcs are standing in the middle of the road, letting the crowd filter through. At your side, a merchant carrying several large bags starts complaining to you: 'Searches, searches, always searches. This is what we'll have to look forward to if Chingiz becomes king. Me, I've got truffles here, from Gorak. You'd think ten gold coins a kazanweight was a reasonable price to ask, I paid six. But no one seems to like them in this land. My name's Chogum, by the way, and I've got 110 kazanweights of the stuff.' You help the merchant carry his bags, thinking that the smell of the truffles will disguise any scent the Orcs may be trying to pick up from you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the Orcs let you pass. Turn to 255. If you are Unlucky, they look and sniff at you suspiciously, then grab you. Turn to 92.

309

You stab at the Grypvulture. It screams and drops you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you fall badly (deduct 2 points from your SKILL and 4 points from your STAMINA. Mark off 2 Poison units). If you are Lucky, your fall is cushioned by reeds. Turn to 322.

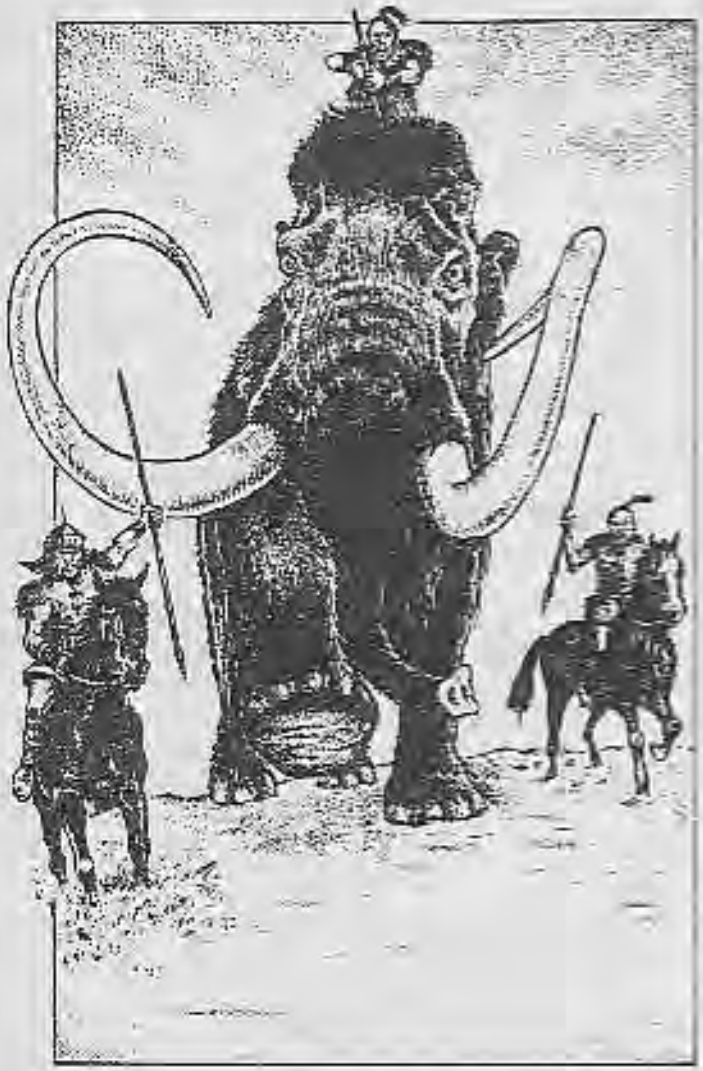

310

You take just a few steps on the other side of the chasm when you feel the ground begin to vibrate. Both snow-bridges collapse behind you. You stagger forward – but are stunned to see two Kazanid horsemen and one of the legendary Tusker Mammoths. The beast lurches heavily forward and stamps on the ice. Its rider draws an arrow aimed at your heart. You stand stock-still. The Tusker trumpets and suddenly encircles your waist with its trunk. Everything blacks out. Turn to **289**.

311

You cut your way through the forest until you come to a clearing. Sitting under an oak tree is an old man wearing wizard's robes; he is watching acorns fall, burrow into the ground, then appear as saplings. This seems to amuse him; he is chuckling and sniggering. Then he notices you standing there watching. 'Ah, I've been waiting for you,' he mumbles. 'Now . . . what was it I was to tell you? Astragal said not to forget.' He fingers a knot in his long beard fretfully, mutters to himself and wanders off among the thick bushes. Do you follow him (turn to **266**) or do you prefer to carry on alone (turn to **257**)?

312

Turn to **184**.

313

You climb the rigging and draw your sword. The first Dragon has been furiously breathing fire; however, when it sees you, its forces are spent and it can only snort. It flaps about as you strike at it.

KAZILIK DRAGON SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you survive, the other Dragon has meanwhile set fire to the ship, seized several sailors in its talons and swooped away. The burning ship begins to sink. Striking out in the oily water, you grab a piece of driftwood and float to the coast. Turn to 348.

314

You walk along the path, keeping one eye on some large birds circling overhead. The snow has stopped and the track begins to slope downwards. Soon you find yourself walking by a fast-flowing stream. As you bend over to drink some water, you see a shadow looming over you: it is a wizened old crone, dressed in tatters that might once have been finery. She introduces herself as Gehlehna and asks if you would like to earn some gold. She wants you to do a little job for her. Do you agree to help her (turn to 22) or decide to ignore her request and carry on alone (turn to 115)?

315

You take out the metal ball and swing it up over your head, aiming for the top of the obelisk. Throw 1 die, then throw 1 die again; if the numbers on the two dice match, you have succeeded first time. If they don't match, then deduct 1 point from your STAMINA and try again . . . as many times as it takes until you succeed. If you give up, you have to take a much longer route (turn to 88). If you succeed, the drawbridge is lowered over the chasm and the Frozen Warrior speaks: 'Pass, stranger.' You cross over and follow a path that slopes downwards until, eventually, it forks. Which way do you go now: to the right (turn to 81) or to the left (turn to 145)?

316

You are in a room of ice. The ice is increasing all the time and you have to hack at it to keep yourself from being enveloped. Throw 2 dice for the speed at which the ice grows and 2 dice for your speed at hacking it down. If the speed of ice build-up is greater than the speed of hacking, you are suffocated and frozen. Your quest is over. Otherwise, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, return to 160 and throw the magic die.

317

You swing your sword and strike at a metal object. There is a gruff laugh and you feel a sword touch your back. 'So you think you can fight me in the dark? Well, good luck.'

If you have the ability of Darkfight, fight as normal; otherwise, deduct 2 points from your SKILL for this combat only.

DARK WARRIOR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8

If you win, you stumble off in the dark. Turn to 214.

318

There is a large crowd of people in front of you watching a procession, but you cannot see anything where you are standing. Do you push through the crowd (turn to 396) or ignore it and head for the Fortress (turn to 271)?

319

Adana-Broussah joins you. While she wipes the blood from her sword, she chatters animatedly to you. 'There has been some dispute with Chingiz about the cost of a proposed operation. Beshbalik is determined to continue rampaging around as a free agent; I'm afraid it won't be as easy as I had thought to approach Sharrabbas.' Do you now wish to slip away and travel on your own (turn to 88) or stay with the Marauders (turn to 386)?

320

You know that you dare not hang around while they play their stupid games; their commander will be along soon. You pull out your sword, and they are not slow in drawing theirs. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	7	6
Second ORC	7	6

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you manage to dash out of sight just as you hear someone approaching. You make your way down the mountain. Turn to 122.

321

You awaken to find the hideous face of a Necromancer staring into yours. She is licking her lips, displaying her long pointed fangs. You are Spellbound and cannot move. Looking around, you can see other figures nearby, and you realize that you are at the top of one of the towers of the Fortress. Just then, trumpets sound and in marches Chingiz, surrounded by his bodyguard and with a woman in tow. 'So, this is the last of the Select,' he sneers. 'Well, how do you propose to kill this brave being?' The Necromancer points to a cauldron of boiling oil and some heavy boulders. 'Boiled and crushed,' she replies with a snigger. 'Too elaborate – throw the last of the Select over the edge of the tower.' With these damning words, he marches out. You are dragged over to the parapet, the spell upon you is broken and you are thrown into space. If you possess the Grey Talon of Sakar, you may turn to 43; if you possess at least one Medallion, you may turn to 244. However, if you have neither of these, turn to 83.

322

You wade through the reeds for a long time. Eventually, you become aware of a peculiar cracking sound. A strange wooden creature suddenly rises up out of the reeds; it expands its limbs at a fantastic rate, towering over the land, and it seems to be looking for something. As quick as a flash, you drop down into the reeds – where you come face to face with a Kazarid woman. She motions for you to keep still and silent. The creature, a Kalamite, rattles about until it finds you; then it encircles your body with its giant hand, prior to lifting you up. Do you go for your sword now (turn to 104) or do you play dead (turn to 195)?

323

You turn to face the Elf. He looks a little the worse for wear. He leads you to a bench and you both sit down. 'Look, I know they're after you. I have the Sight, I can help you. I used to be in the court of Segrek, a High Elf no less!' You agree to let him help you and he hands you a small black bottle. 'Drink this. It's the only way to get past the senses of the mad Necromancer. The brew blots out all his mind-delving, we just pretend we're drunk.' You drink the mixture, which tastes awful (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). You pass easily through the road-block and the Elf, who calls himself Lightfinger, tells you he has important information to sell you for 10 gold coins. If you have this much gold on your *Adventure Sheet* and wish to pay, turn to 71. If you don't have the money, or you don't want to buy the information, you thank the Elf politely for his help and carry on along the road. Turn to **23**.

324

You stand facing a Minotaur who is holding a huge club and straddling the corpse of a Mamlik. The Minotaur attacks.

URUZ MINOTAUR SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win, the body of the Minotaur sinks into the ground. You look around and see two tunnels. Which do you choose: the one leading south (turn to **156**) or the other heading east (turn to **190**)?

325

You walk through the door and find yourself staring at a scene of carnage. Mamliks, Knights, Trolls and Goblins all lie dead in front of a Necromancer who is laughing wildly. He spins round, sees you and hurls a mass of small knives at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, throw 2 dice for the number of knives that hit you, then reduce your STAMINA by that amount. If you are Lucky, all the knives miss.

This is Zizzadek, the mad master of the undead beings. He turns himself into a Dragon of substance and lumbers forward to attack.

ZIZZADEK SKILL 11 STAMINA 14

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), the body decays to the accompaniment of an unworldly scream. You step over the other bodies to find two doors facing you. Which do you opt to go through: the left-hand one (turn to **158**) or the right-hand one (turn to **54**)?

326

There are too many of them for you to fight and hope to win, so you rush off up the mountainside. Suddenly, you are tripped and fall as a weighted thong, thrown by one of your pursuers, wraps itself around your ankles (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). You are surrounded by evil, grinning faces. Jeering, they release you from the thong. Turn to **127**.

327

You stand in a room full of mirrors. Suddenly, the head of a serpent appears through the mirror on the floor and you fall down through its mouth into the darkness (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Turn to 157 and mark your new position on the chart.

328

You are in the Street of the Swordsmiths. One of the doors suddenly flies open and a group of Elves are marched out by a squad of armed Orcs. One of the Orcs hammers a notice on the wooden door. You walk over and read: 'Anyone caught helping or harbouring strangers: the penalty will be death. A reward of 30 gold coins will be paid for any stranger turned over to the authorities.' You turn round to find two Orcs looking thoughtfully at you. You run to the door. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, the door is locked and you are surrounded by a squad of Orcs. One of them hits you over the head. Turn to 321.

If you are Lucky, the door is open. You enter, lock and bolt it, run through the workshop, replacing your blade with a Kazan Surefighter (add 1 point to your SKILL) and go out through a back door. Turn to 65.

329

You hurry on by, but when you look back the nature of the bundle reveals itself. A large leather covering has been thrown off, and you see a Goblin in the act of releasing a Gryphawk. The bird flies off and disappears over the mountain. Do you return to attack the Goblin (turn to 288) or continue your journey (turn to 96)?

330

POWER TO CHANGE METAL OBJECTS

You have drunk the mixture that gives you this Power. Note the fact on your *Adventure Sheet*. If this is your first choice, return to 45 and choose again. If this is your second choice, turn to 74.

331

You descend upon the Orc, but he moves with surprising swiftness.

GUARDIAN ORC SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), tether one horse, cause the others to scatter, then ride off on your chosen mount. Turn to 148.

332

You stand in front of a torchlit panel showing six circles with, on each, the drawing of an animal: the Bull of Uruz; the Eagle of Hulugu; the Fangtiger of Yigenik; the Snake of Korkut; the Horse of Bogomil and the Dragon of Kazilik. If you do not possess a Medallion, turn to 61. If you have one or more Medallions, choose one and place it in the appropriate niche. Then deduct the number 641 from the number on the back of the Medallion you have chosen, and go to the paragraph with that number.

333

You think the plain will be safer. Unfortunately, the land grows boggy and you are forced to weave your way around the marshy patches until you find it difficult to stay travelling in the right direction. A large bird flies overhead, sees you, and flies off. In the distance you hear the sound of digging and, as you breast a slight rise, you come upon a Marsh Goblin burying something; nearby lies a dead body. The creature senses you, screams that you shall not have his gold, and attacks.

MARSH GOBLIN SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you drag out the half-buried chest and find 25 gold coins in it (mark these on your *Adventure Sheet*). Suddenly, from the direction of the deep marshes, you hear riders. Do you hide until they have passed (turn to 261) or run back to the road (turn to 53)?

334

You are powerless. Two Orcs are ordered to grab you . . . and you remember nothing more until you come to in a graveyard. The Necromancer speaks: 'You are mine to do with as I please, and I please to see you suffer . . . slowly.' She strikes the ground with her staff and the tombs begin to open. Decayed bodies and skeletons emerge clutching new daggers, and some begin slashing at you. You are in great danger, your quest will be at an end unless you have the Grey Talon of Sakar (turn to 102) or at least two sprigs of Treffilli and you know how to use them (turn to 146). If you have neither of these, you die the death of One Thousand Cuts. You have failed.

335

You pull your sword out. However, it falls from your grasp, and you are left defenceless. The Ogres attack you, and you hear a voice from the Throne announce that no weapon may be drawn or used near the Throne of Kazan, on pain of instant death. Turning, you see Meghan-na-Durr; she is still clutching the dagger, but her face collapses to reveal the skeleton underneath. She falls over and dies. You, alas, will suffer a similar fate. You needed greater wisdom, and your quest has ended, in sight of the great Throne.

336

You sit down on the wooden plank and shove yourself off. The speed is tremendous as you bank, turn and sweep down the ice chute. Turn to 234.

337

You run at full speed, then stop and press yourself against a wall. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you have survived with a little bruising from the passing bulls (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). If you are Unlucky, throw 2 dice for the number of times you are struck by the bulls and deduct *double* that number from your STAMINA. The bulls charge on through a wall and disappear. The tunnel you are in turns south and then leads to a door which you push open. Turn to **207**.

338

Turn to **361**.

339

You walk along the quay. No other ships seem to be leaving at this time. Just then, you spot a horse-trader; he is sitting on a fence holding the reins of a selection of horses. Do you wish to try and hire a horse (turn to **220**) or do you decide to leave Korkut on foot (turn to 388)?

340

You are in a room with a giant Grypvulture. It flutters about, crashing into the walls. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, it does you no damage. If you are Unlucky, throw 1 die and reduce your STAMINA by that number. Return to **160** and throw the magic die to continue through the Maze.

341

You enter the guild. Inside there is a sign: 'Mandrake Wolfsbane – Locksmith (and Saddlemaker)'. You walk through another doorway and find a large man, puffing at a pipe, humming and filing at a key. He asks you what you want. You reply in a whisper that you are one of Segrek's Select and a friend of Astragal. He stares at you and then admits that he doesn't know what you are talking about. He puffs a smoke ring at you; it encircles you and turns red, then makes the 'A' rune shape. 'But if you're looking for somewhere to stay, why not try the Dragon's Wings Tavern?' He picks up some chalk and writes, 'Welcome, but beware! There are eyes and ears everywhere. Keep to the shadows. I will see you at the inn in a few hours.'

You leave by a back door and enter a narrow alley. Do you choose to turn left (turn to 65) or right (turn to 276)?

342

You are faced with two corridors, running north and west, and two doors that will not open in the south and the east. You notice footprints heading north and you can hear shrieks coming from the western tunnel. Which do you choose: north (turn to **87**) or west (turn to **36**)?

343

Flaxwort drops you off in a busy lane, close to a small trading-post. He wishes you success and drives off. You look around, conscious of the fact that Chingiz must have many paid informers. You set off, trying to look purposeful, but the lane you are following soon divides. Do you head for the trading-post (turn to **52**), carry straight on down the lane (turn to **208**) or turn left into another road (turn to **318**)?

344

You are walking past a group of wealthy merchants when you suddenly hear the familiar Gorak accent, 'What I'd give for some truffles right now. No one seems to like them here, so no one bothers to import them.' Do you know anyone who has truffles to trade? Go to the paragraph which is the same as the number of kazanweights he possesses. If you don't know any truffle importers, you make your way out of the town of Torrez. Turn to **280**.

345

The Boulyanthrop swoops down, lands and stands before you. She cannot carry you far because she is wounded: an arrow-shaft protrudes from her side. At first you refuse her offer of help, but she insists; she lifts you off the scrubby hill, flies with you for several miles and finally deposits you upon another hillside. You thank her deeply and she flies off. This would be a good place for a rest, you decide. Turn to **399**.

346

The preparations are swiftly made. You are placed at the end of a row of warriors who stand on either side of a trench of burning coals. The old woman announces this to be the Test of the Yigenik, the key to the Maze. 'You must race over the hot coals as fast as you can and at the same time try to ward off the blows of the warriors.' Throw 1 die for your speed and another die for a blow. If the two totals match, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Repeat the Test ten times. If you survive, turn to 134.

347

You speak to the Gremlin with a silken tongue that worms itself into his mind. Slowly his face lights up, as he realizes that he *should* open the door for you. He turns his back and, after a few convulsions, produces the key and opens the door for you, a broad smile on his face. Turn to 363.

348

You haul yourself out of the water and stagger inland. Expecting more Dragons, you clutch your sword tightly to you. Nothing appears. You have to walk for many hours until you find a place that can be easily defended while you rest. Turn to 399.

349

There are two sealed doors, to the south and east, and corridors north and west. You hear a strange sniffing in the stillness to the north and see a woman sitting on the floor. Do you head for her (turn to 215) or choose to go west (turn to 147)?

350

You are walking along a narrow lane when you are stopped by a warty Troll, holding a small cage; he demands to see your identity scroll. You search about in your pack, then pull out your sword. The Troll opens the cage and a small bird flies out.

TROLL SKILL 6 STAMINA 9

If you win (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), you cannot see the messenger bird anywhere. You know there is little time left before it brings reinforcements. In front of you there are two lanes; which do you take: the one to the left (turn to 65) or the one on the right (turn to 276)?

351

You approach the body; it is that of a woman, dressed like a fellow adventurer and probably one of Segrek's Select. You can see no wounds on her, but she seems to have no bones left in her body. There is a brighter gleam of daylight here. Do you start to search the body to see if she has a Medallion (turn to 139), run to the door outside (turn to 170) or head back to the tunnel leading west (turn to 268)?

352

You accept the stranger's offer, pay the money (deduct 2 gold coins from your *Adventure Sheet*), and climb up on to the spare horse. The rider leads and you follow. Suddenly you are set upon by six Orcs and a Mamlik who rush out from the bushes. Your horse will not move and you seem to be glued, spellbound, to the stirrups and saddle. The Mamlik smiles a terrible smile, walks round and stabs you in the back. Your quest is over.

353

You are well hidden behind a large boulder by the time the riders approach. They pass by and you breathe a sigh of relief. Suddenly, however, they return and gaze at the footprints in the snow. They know where you are! They release a large Gryphawk that flutters up into the air, then dives at you and attacks your back and neck (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You rush out and stand in a defensive attitude before the riders. Turn to 250.

354

Snakes' Eyes is a dice game. You place a stake in gold coins on the table and make three attempts to throw a double. If you do throw a double, you get back double your original stake and that particular game ends. If you throw double-1 (snakes' eyes) you get back three times your stake. There is a maximum stake of 5 gold coins and you may play only three times. Play the game and make the appropriate adjustments on your *Adventure Sheet*.

You finish playing, gather up your winnings (if any) and then you notice a Goblin who is scrutinizing you carefully. Do you go outside through the front door (turn to **168**) or do you prefer to leave through a small back door (turn to **198**)?

355

As you walk along, you hear rumbling, shaking and screaming noises close by. You stop to read an inscription: 'This is the True Path out of the Maze; here, brave adventurer, you will be safe.' Suddenly, two Orcs rush at you, yelling and brandishing their shortswords. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	7	6
Second ORC	7	6

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), you push open a door which then shuts behind you. Turn to **264**.

356

THE POWER OF PERSUASION

You have drunk the mixture that gives you this Power. Mark this on your *Adventure Sheet*. If this is your first choice, return to **45** and choose again. If it is your second choice, turn to **74**.

357

The Scimitar brew slips down your throat very easily. You feel a warm glow – but suddenly you start to see black circles and your insides want to change places with your outside. Alkis comes back, smells the brew and knocks the mug from your hand. You feel terrible (deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 2 points from your STAMINA). Turn to **210**.

358

You are standing in a dungeon, facing a Fiend. You can see the Medallion lying on an obelisk in front of you. Suddenly, the Fiend splits in two. If you have flowers to placate the Fiends, take two and hand them over. If you have only one flower, you will have to fight the first Fiend. If you have no flowers at all, you will have to fight both Fiends in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MAZE FIEND	6	8
Second MAZE FIEND	7	7

Mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*. If you win, you are able to pick up the Medallion. You look at the snake motif on it, then turn it over and see the number '1000'. Turn to 69.

359

A door in front of you slides open. You walk into an antique chamber, full of tombs bearing carvings of skeletons. The voice of the Heart of the Throne speaks: 'You have passed the first barrier to the Throne of Kazan. Now, do you possess a second Medallion? If you do, place it here.' An obelisk rises out of the stone floor. If you have a second Medallion, deduct the number 874 from the number inscribed on the Medallion's reverse side and go to that paragraph. If you do not, then a door opens in the wall in front of you and you have to enter a strange room, full of jars and bottles. Turn to 45.

360

You walk on through the echoing corridor. You enter a large doorway and see Segrek's tomb in the room in front of you. Two Goblins are trying to Spellbreak the sarcophagus. Do you attack them (turn to **121**) or sneak out again (turn to **38**)?

361

All three of you leave the Dragon's Wings by a back door. Through various back-streets you approach ever closer to the Fortress. Geronicus hands over the phial you have chosen and you drink it, feeling it do you good. Standing in front of a rock-face, you are drawn through the stone. Unseen forces then lead you down an ancient corridor until eventually you come to a halt. Turn to **332**.

362

Cautiously you try to pass the small creature. Angered at being ignored, it begins to shriek and several others roll out of the holes in the walls. One of them gets close to you and bites your ankle (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Throw 2 dice for the number of small furry creatures that attack you, then throw 2 dice again: this is the number you manage to ward off by waving your sword at them. If more creatures attack you than you can ward off, then you are bitten: deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for each bite. You dash to a metal door, push it open and go through. It shuts behind you. Turn to **342**.

363

You open the door to a plush bedchamber. Sitting in the middle of a large fourposter bed is Chingiz. There is no one else in the room. With rather a strange look on his face, he murmurs in a weak voice: 'So, you have made it, Select of Segrek . . . I suppose you want to know where the Throne is?' He starts to keel over and puts out a hand to steady himself. Quick as a flash, you draw the Dagger of Darkness from your boot, where it has been safely hidden throughout your journey, and put it in his hand! He looks at you and smiles. 'You are clever . . . If you can defeat my deadly daughter, then . . .' He tips over and you see a large dagger sticking out of his back. He is dead. You suddenly feel much better (add 4 points to your STAMINA and do not mark off any more Poison units). Turn to **285**.

364

You hand over the 2 gold coins. The old man looks you over carefully and sniggers. You climb on the cart and he urges the horses on. You are relieved that you won't have to wait for a while. The driver asks you if you would like some fruit and, as you turn round to get an apple, you see the shadow of a raised dagger in his hand. Twisting round, you knock the dagger from his hand and, locked together, you struggle as the horses bolt and the cart careers, out of control, down the road.

MAMLIK ASSASSIN SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

The loser in this unarmed combat falls off the cart and is crushed under its wheels. If you are the survivor (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), you have to get off the cart somehow. Do you leap to the left (turn to 19) or to the right (turn to 90)?

365

You draw your sword and strike at the evil being, tearing his cloak. He is surprised at your ability and runs back into the darkness. Two Mamliks, holding scimitars, appear in front of you and the Necromancer orders them to attack you while he is changing shape to that of a panther. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MAMLIK	8	10
Second MAMLIK	9	10
PANTHER	8	9

If you survive (mark off 2 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*), the dead Necromancer's staff weaves around your ankles like a snake, and then bites you. You lose consciousness. Turn to 321.

366

You enter the great Maze and walk south into the darkness as the doors slam shut behind you. Faintly, you hear Agellatha's voice: 'Now we are releasing the two Minotaurs of the Maze who will pursue you throughout your quest for the Medallion.' You come to a tunnel that heads east. Do you take this (turn to 103) or do you continue south (turn to 136)?

367

You are in a room with jewel-encrusted walls. Before you can move to examine them, a giant Serpent's head appears and you are sucked down into its mouth (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Turn to 17 and mark your new position on the chart.

368

You move fast through the undergrowth, but the path is difficult to follow and soon you become lost. Trying to find a way out, you stagger on in the dark forest. Suddenly you emerge into a clearing. In front of you stands a large, heavily armed Troll, who is gazing at a tree. Do you circle round past the Troll (turn to 79) or do you approach him (turn to 263)?

369

You walk along until you come to a halt in front of four Orcs guarding a door. If you have the Power to change metal objects, you change their spears to look like gold; the Orcs forget about you and begin to fight among themselves. If you have the Power of Persuasion, you whisper softly to them that their whole aim in life is to let you pass, and they do.

If you have neither of these Powers, fight each Orc in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	7	6
Second ORC	7	6
Third ORC	7	6
Fourth ORC	7	6

Whatever your Power, if you have survived (mark off 3 Poison units on the *Adventure Sheet*) you pass into another room. Turn to 325.

370

The storm continues and you struggle on for many hours. Suddenly you see ahead a warrior being attacked by six hideous Goblins which are preventing him from crossing a bridge across a chasm. Although the warrior shows supreme fighting skill, one of the Goblins has crept behind him and is about to stab him in the back. You come instantly to the aid of the warrior.

GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If you survive, add 1 point to your LUCK; the Goblins' attack is beaten off. The warrior turns to face you and you realize that he is blind. Formally, he introduces himself as Alkis Fearslicer, from the ranks of the legendary blind Sensewarriors who live in the deep Chasms below Gorak. He tells you that he is in pursuit of an escaped criminal who has come to Kazan to ally himself with Chingiz. He then asks you your business. Do you trust him and tell all (turn to **62**) or do you mumble a few lies (turn to **224**)?

371

You roll in the dark towards the fire and thrust your bound wrists close to the flames (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and mark off 1 Poison unit). Your bonds burn through and you just have time to pull out your sword before the guard returns.

KAZANID GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win, you hurry out into the snowstorm and run round to the back of the hut. Here, you find a pile of arrow-shaped planks and an icy track that leads down the mountain. You kick one of the planks and it shoots off down the track. This looks like a quick means of escape. Do you want to try it (turn to 336) or do you think it too risky (turn to 59)?

372

The Yigeniks make camp and water their horses, then they feed themselves. The horses stay, grazing, very close to the warriors. You manage to get some sleep (add 1 point to your STAMINA). You are awakened by the whinnying and stamping horses – they seem very nervous. In seconds the Yigeniks are mounted as a large phalanx of Orcs charges out of the trees. Do you stay and fight (turn to 118) or do you escape into the darkness (turn to 203)?

373

You ignore the incident and keep well away from the girl. The Gryphawk stops pretending to attack her and settles on her shoulder. The girl pokes her tongue out at you and wipes the red dye from her neck. You take care to avoid any other tricks. At last you find the Street of the Forty Guilds. Turn to 98.

374

You approach the worm with care, but it does not see you because it is preoccupied with the others flying around above it. You pull out your sword and slash at it. It turns to face you, dropping its birdman prey.

SKULUGGI SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you survive (mark off 1 Poison unit and add 2 points to your LUCK), you are carried by the birdmen to the top of a mountain, where they thank you profusely for saving the young birdman. They call themselves Boulyanthrops and, by way of reward, they ask if there is any way they can be of aid to you. Do you tell them that you are one of Segrek's Select (turn to 172) or do you ask them to carry you back down to the road, and then watch them fly away (turn to 161)?

375

She orders you to follow her. She makes a tour of the numerous guilds, giving each of them a small bunch of flowers in return for a large purse of gold coins. When one guild-master refuses to accept her flowers, two large Kazanids suddenly appear and proceed to smash up most of the shop. Eventually, you are led down into a cellar full of beggars, thieves and criminal types. You peer around and see a Mamlik standing in the crowd, watching you. Do you run away, up the stairs and out (turn to 65) or will you face up to the Mamlik (turn to 80)?

376

THE POWER OF STORMBRINGING

You have drunk the mixture that gives you this Power. Note this on your *Adventure Sheet*. If this is your first choice, return to 45 and choose again. If it is your second choice, turn to 74.

377

You walk along the tunnel. Suddenly, you stumble over the burnt-up body of someone or something. You look at the wall above the body and see two bulls' heads with gleaming green eyes. You step closer, and fire belches from their nostrils, lighting up three Medallions set in a row between the bulls' heads. Which Medallion do you choose to take:

The first?	Turn to 184
The second?	Turn to 312
The third?	Turn to 228

378

The giant, tail-less rat scampers off in front of you. You hear a booming voice: 'Yes, follow the rat, it will conduct you to the entrance.' It leads you through ancient dusty tunnels for a long time, then stops and scrabbles on the floor. Looking carefully, you can make out the inscription of a horn. If you possess Segrek's horn, blow it now. The ground shimmers and opens up for a moment under your feet. You fall in: turn to 332.

If you do not possess the horn, you must dig with your sword (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA and mark off 1 Poison unit) until you succeed in breaking through; then you jump into the hole. Turn to 332.

379

The path you are following drops down into a dry river valley and then opens out on to a flat plain. You are overtaken by several carts, and can see and hear yelping dogs and a crowd in the distance; all the people seem to be making for a market. Just ahead there is a road-block, commanded by six Orcs who are searching everyone who passes. To one side stands an evil-looking, black-cloaked figure: a Necromancer. All you can do is stand there, wondering what to do. Just then you notice an Elf staring at you. You move away, but he follows and calls out to you. Do you stop and turn round to talk to him (turn to 323), or would you rather hide yourself among the milling throng (turn to 230)?

380

The ground shakes and chunks of stone drop down out of the ceiling, to reveal sunlight streaming in from above. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, you are hit by a stone block (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). If you are Lucky, they all miss.

There is much noise and smoke. An armoured Orc rushes past but fails to see you. You walk over to an open doorway; the door that was there has been knocked off its hinges. You go through – and bump into another Orc.

ORC	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you win (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), the only clear exit is to the north. Turn to 264.

381

You look up to see some Orcs and a knight looking down at you. They balance the cauldron of boiling oil on the tower wall as one of the Orcs throws a boulder at you. Throw 1 die for your position, then throw 1 die for the place where the boulder hits. If the two numbers match, you are hit, fall off and die. Your quest ends here.

If the rock misses you, the boiling oil is then poured down at you. Throw 1 die for the number of places on your body that are splashed with oil and deduct this number from your STAMINA.

You press close to the wall as another boulder smashes against the side of the tower, loosening a few stones. You launch a kick at the stone blocks and a section of the wall caves in. You dive in, head first, as another shower of oil comes hurtling down. Inside, you land on a pile of smelly rubbish that breaks your fall. In the dim light you can see an entrance to a chamber on the left (turn to 265) and one on the right (turn to 40). Which room do you enter?

382

You are in a room containing jars full of herbs. All are impossible to open except the one marked 'Treffilli'. You have time to take only two sprigs before the jar seals itself again. If you want them, take the sprigs and mark them on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 398.

383

'You are fortunate that I have a strong regard for the Select. Farewell, brave adventurer, and good luck.'

The bandits fade into the mountainside and you carry on down the sloping track until the land becomes less bleak. Eventually the path before you divides. One way is marked by an obelisk bearing a carving of a stallion (turn to **391**) and the other by a similar obelisk with the carving of a Fangtiger (turn to **209**). Which do you choose?

384

THE POWER OF FORTUNE

You have drunk the mixture that gives you this Power (in any situation that depends on LUCK, you will be Lucky). Mark this on your *Adventure Sheet*. If this is your first choice, return to 45 and choose again. If it is your second choice, turn to 74.

385

You select the guard standing next to you to explain your situation to. He looks you up and down, smiles confidentially and tells you to speak to no one else. He cuts through your bonds and tells you to walk behind the cart. You do as he orders. Suddenly he sets upon you from behind, screaming that you have tried to escape. You spin round and attack him.

KAZANID GUARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you survive (mark off 1 Poison unit on the *Adventure Sheet*), the other Kazanids have had time to group around you and one prepares to fire an arrow into your heart. Turn to 31.

386

The Marauders ride off. This time you ride with them as you have been given a horse in payment for your part in the battle with the Trolls. The horde moves at a fast gallop. At a crossroads the leading group is stopped by a black-cloaked man holding up a staff. Two of them try to hack him to pieces but their swords pass clean through him. From this, you recognize that the figure is that of a Necromancer. If you have achieved Necromancer fighting skill level, do you urge your horse forward (turn to **151**)? If you do not have the ability or choose to remain where you are, turn to **243**.

387

You approach the figure and it holds out a thin bony hand, pleading for money. You slip the beggar a few iron coins of little value. He gazes at the head of Tancred on the coins and then looks you up and down. He tells you that, if you have five gold coins, he will help you. If you have the money, do you accept the offer (turn to 253) or do you refuse his help (turn to **150**)? If you have no gold, you must refuse.

388

You wander through a maze of alleyways until finally you leave Korkut. There is only one road out of the town, and you trudge along it, feeling hot and tired (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Just then, you become aware of someone following you: he has a patch over one eye, he stumps along on a wooden peg-leg and he carries on his back a hurdy-gurdy music-box. He catches up with you and asks if you would like to hear a tune for the price of a crust of bread or a few iron coins. He looks desperate. Do you agree to let him play for you (turn to 9) or do you refuse (turn to 108)?

389

You rush over to the obelisk. There is a Medallion on the top! You grab it and it crumbles to dust in your hands. There is the sound of muffled laughter as a clawed hand bursts out of the obelisk and grabs your wrist. The hand belongs to a Dungeon Delver; it breaks out of the obelisk and attacks you.

DUNGEON DELVER SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you survive, you rush through another door. Turn to 100.

390

The tunnel leads to a small iron-barred window. Outside, you can see the hideous features of a Gargoyle. Suddenly, a door you have passed without noticing it opens outwards. A Goblin emerges, carrying a bucket, and limps off down the corridor. Cautiously, you look inside; all manner of folk are chained up, or strapped to instruments of torture. You hear a weak call coming from a corner by the rack: 'Come here and release me.' You walk over, to find a thin wretch smiling at you. A demented Dwarf screams, 'No, don't do it, don't do it!' Do you decide to release the prisoner (turn to 109) or do you leave the room and go south (turn to 360)?

391

You set off along the track which soon becomes a good solid road. After many hours of walking, the land has flattened out to a grassy plain. You meet no one during all this time. Eventually, you hear the sound of a rider on the road behind you. There is little cover on this grassy plain. Do you decide to lie down in the grass and hope that no one will see you (turn to 202) or do you carry on like a normal traveller (turn to 192)?

392

You step into a room that is full of statues and carvings of dragons. Horrified, you watch three of them begin to move and thrash about. They are small Kazilik Dragons which, you know, can be placated with gems. If you have three gems in your possession, you may pass without a fight (make the necessary adjustments on the *Adventure Sheet*). If you have two gems, you will have to fight the first Dragon. Similarly, if you have just one, you will have to fight the first and second Dragons.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KAZILIK DRAGON	10	12
Second KAZILIK DRAGON	10	14
Third KAZILIK DRAGON	11	16

If you pass through or survive the fight, turn to 359.

393

You are faced with two tunnels. Which do you take: the one heading east (turn to 205) or the other heading south (turn to 377)?

394

You hear shuffling footsteps. You peep out and see four Necromancers entering the room. One is carrying a box that contains four phials, each with a distinctive marking. One of them says to the others: 'We have been charged by Chingiz to discover the secret entrances to the Heart of the Throne that the Select will take if they reach the Fortress. In one month we have Spellbroken only the entrance of the

Cross – we must work harder.' They begin to chant a demonic spell and you hear the sound of breaking glass and the roll of thunder. In the turmoil you sneak out through the window.

Outside, you can discern through the mist two main paths away from the building. Do you follow the left-hand path (turn to 23) or the path to the right (turn to 70)?

395

You are bound with leather thongs that seem to get tighter the more you struggle. Nothing is taken from you, however, and you are led through the dark forest until you reach a small settlement in a clearing. The silent figures now reveal themselves, by removing their hoods. There are no men in the group. One of them speaks to you. 'Intruder, you have trespassed into Owlshriek, the penalty for which is death – unless you can prove yourself both strong and fit to live. The choice is yours. Do you wish to Run the Arrow, or undertake the Test of the Three Cuts?' Which do you reluctantly agree to try: the Run (turn to 48) or the Test (turn to 206)?

396

You force your way through to get a better view of the procession. A Kazanid beside you is describing what is going on to a blind companion. 'There he is now, that Chingiz filth, I'm not surprised he doesn't trust anyone. If I was Vetch, I'd kill him now. Vetch is standing over there, a little to our right, with Mandrake Wolfsbane who's smoking his infernal pipe.' You look across: Vetch is well clad in fighting armour, while Wolfsbane is dressed like a blacksmith. The procession ends and the two men separate. Do you wish to follow either of them? If so, do you choose Vetch (turn to 68) or Wolfsbane (turn to 5)? Or would you prefer to carry on to the Fortress (turn to 271)?

397

You stagger up the mountain slope. Suddenly, a small Gryphawk swoops down and lands in front of you. It begins to squawk . . . and then changes its shape to that of an old wizard. 'I am Icaricus, well met. I have sought you for many hours. I bring a message from Astragal . . .' He stops and puts his finger in his mouth; he cannot remember it. He kicks a rock, which explodes. 'Ah, yes: "Beware the Necromancers, they have been unleashed by Chingiz who is now delving in the evil arts. To help you in your struggle, I have empowered . . ." Er, I can't remember the rest. Well, never mind, which way are you heading? I suggest the lands of the Bogomil. Come.' He changes into a large eagle, gets you to grip his talons and takes you a long way; then he absent-mindedly drops you on to a path and flies off. Turn to 391.

398

Zaranj stands before you. 'You are brave and have passed successfully through the Maze, but fortune has not favoured you with the Medallion. You must try elsewhere.' Your mind goes blank. Turn to 69.

399

You build a sheltered camp, eat some Provisions and settle down to sleep (add 4 points to your STAMINA). You are awakened by a small green-and-red bird that flutters about and lands in front of you. It picks up some charcoal from the fire in its claw and scratches the 'A' rune on a rock. You know now that it is a messenger from Astragal. Speaking in a high-pitched whistling tone, it says: 'Greetings, friend. Speed is now of the essence. The Medallions are all taken; make for Sharrabbas as fast as you can. You *must* enter the Fortress, by fair means or foul. If you already have a Medallion, the task will be easier. For help, you must go to . . . Mmm . . . Vetch . . . on no account . . .' The bird stops, drops the charcoal and flies away.

You set off immediately; after many hours, you come to a fork in the road. Both paths look likely, but which will you take: the one on the left (turn to 297) or the one on the right (turn to 116)?

400

You have defeated the evil Vizier Chingiz and his deadly daughter, Meghan-na-Durr, in their attempt to seize the throne of Kazan. Through your bravery, wisdom and skill, you yourself have sat upon the legendary throne at Sharrabbas. The Six Clans will now support you, both by dint of tradition and because you have proved to them that you are the greatest warrior in the land. The Necromancers, Mamliks and all the other fell creatures summoned by Chingiz slink away into the shadows and crawl back into their holes. You set up a strong force to police the land and protect the weak. Trade between Kazan and the rest of Khul flourishes and the land experiences an era of peace and prosperity. You are hailed by many as a worthy successor to the great Segrek.

After one year and one day of your reign, you must declare your own Select. Once you have died, they will strive to sit upon the throne of Kazan; thus the traditions continue.

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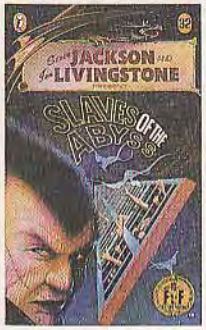

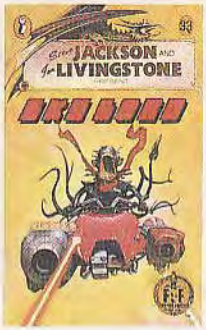

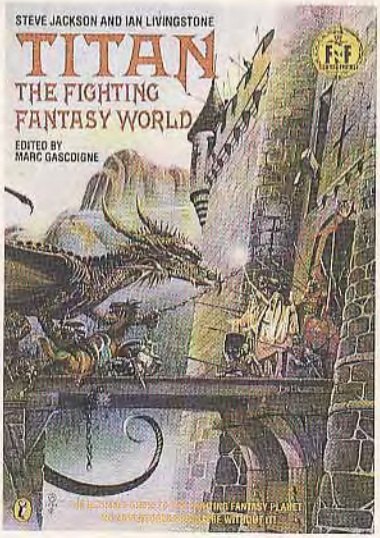

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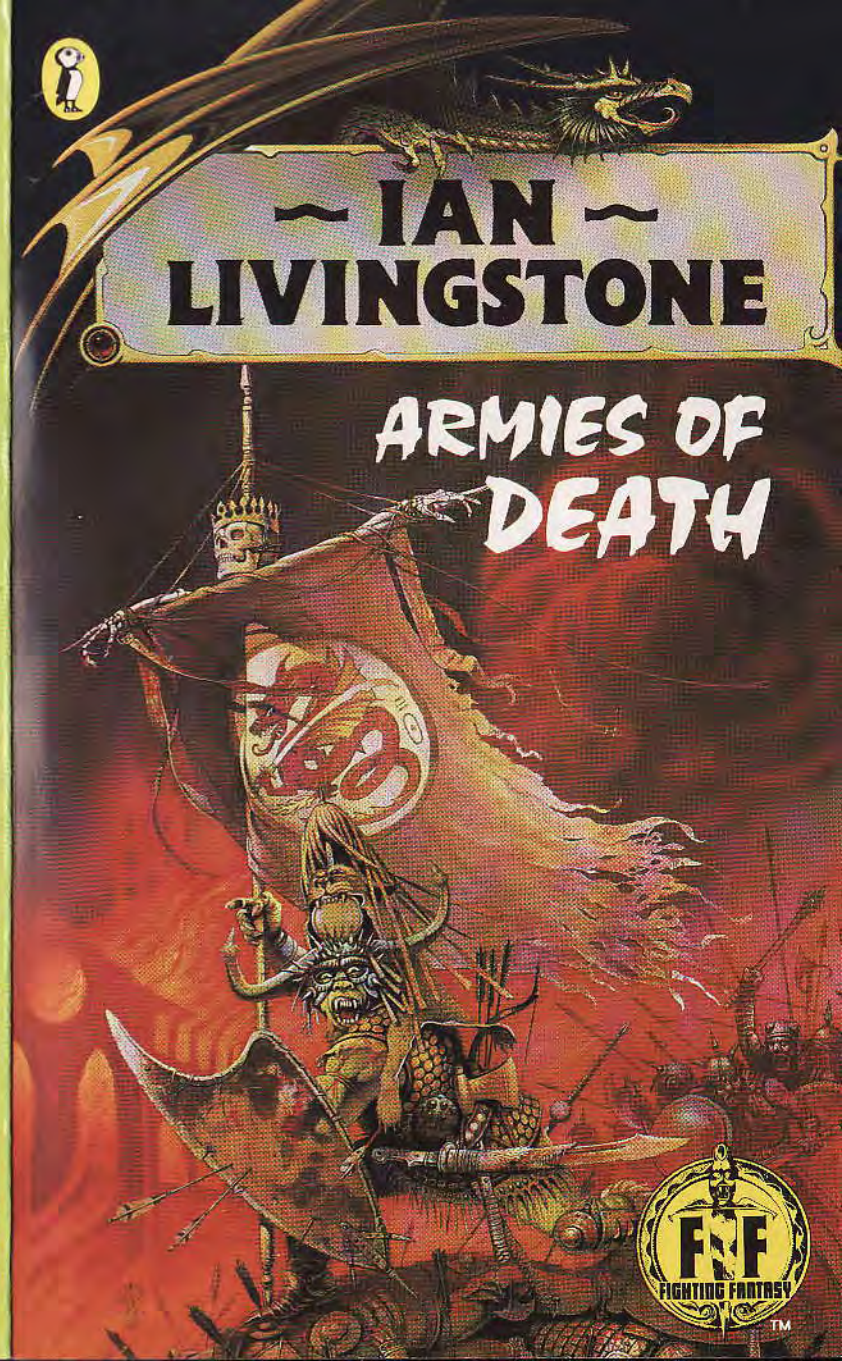

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1988
7 9 10 8

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in 11/13pt Linotron Palatino

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To
Helen, Andrew and Sarah

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. Use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or to make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores.

Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, and you will be instructed when this is to happen.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Single Combat

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. You must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Enemy Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.

2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Battles

Unlike other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, you are not alone all the time on this adventure. You command an army of soldiers made up of units of various races. You start your expedition with

Dwarfs, Elves, Warriors and Knights, and others will join your army during the course of the adventure. Soldiers killed in battles are always lost in blocks of five, and if more than one race is engaged in a battle, you may choose which ones are lost; for example, if you have employed Dwarfs and Knights against Goblins and receive 15 casualties, you may lose 15 Dwarfs; or 15 Knights; or 10 Dwarfs and 5 Knights; or 5 Dwarfs and 10 Knights. Remember always to make the necessary adjustments on your *Adventure Sheet*. Soldiers lost in ways other than in battle are deducted in the same way.

Fighting *Skirmish Battles*

SKIRMISH BATTLE RESULTS

		SITUATION		
		Superior	*Even*	*Inferior*
DIE ROLL	1	5A	10A	15A
	2	5E	5A	10A
	3	5E	5A	5A
	4	5E	5E	5A
	5	10E	5E	5E
	6	15E	10E	5E

A = *Allied troops* E = *Enemy troops*

From time to time on your adventure, you will fight *Skirmish Battles*. To fight a *Skirmish Battle*, follow the combat sequence below.

1. Make a note of the number of your troops, not including yourself.
2. Make a note of the number of enemy troops.
3. Compare the size of the two armies and assess the situation. For example, if 10 of your Dwarfs were fighting 10 Hobgoblins, the situation would be *Even*. If 10 Dwarfs were up against 15 enemy Hobgoblins, your situation would be *Inferior*, whereas 15 of your Dwarfs against 10 Hobgoblins would be *Superior*.
4. Roll one die on the *Skirmish Battle Results* Table above against the appropriate *Situation* column.
5. Deduct the number of troops lost from either the enemy army or your own.
6. If troops remain alive on both sides, return to step 1 or 2, adjusting the number of troops for the side that has just incurred losses.
7. If your own troops are wiped out, you too will have perished in battle.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in combat, you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the enemy has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim two SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Unlike some Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, you do not start your adventure with Provisions. However, during the course of the adventure, there will be opportunities for you to regain STAMINA points in various ways.

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the relevant pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

SOLDIERS
WARRIORS: 100
DWARFS: 50
ELVES: 50
KNIGHTS: 20

GOLD PIECES
700

TREASURE

ENEMY ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

Fame and fortune are two things which most adventurers crave and, having survived Baron Sukumvit's infamous Deathtrap Dungeon, you now have both. It was thought impossible for anybody to battle their way successfully through the deadly dungeon in Fang, which was protected by the baron's cunning Trialmasters. Yet somehow you survived and claimed the purse of 20,000 Gold Pieces in the Trial of Champions.

Now, wherever you walk in Fang, you are cheered, and in the taverns where you drink, people ask you about your perilous journey through the dungeon. 'Was there a Bone Devil in the dungeon?' . . . 'Did you see the beautiful Siren?' . . . 'How did you overcome the Liche Queen?' . . . 'What does a Coldclaw look like?' . . . 'What is the colour of Mutant Orc's blood?' Everybody is in awe of you and wants to know all about the evil dungeon. But the constant attention soon becomes tiring and you resolve to set off on another quest as soon as possible. Besides, there is a new threat to Allansia which is gathering strength in the east. Before you set off, you decide to spend some of your hard-earned prize money. You commission a small castle to be built for you on the south bank of the River Kok while you are away; with the remaining 6,000 Gold Pieces, you

decide to hire soldiers to make an army! Recently there have been sightings of a large number of Orcs and Goblins in the Forest of Fiends. There is a rumour that their leader is Agglax the Shadow Demon.

A Shadow Demon, as everybody knows, is a servant of the Demon Princes and a commander of the Legions of the Damned. Since their banishment to the Void after the First Battle of Titan, however, the Demon Princes were thought to have been defeated for ever. And yet one of their servants is now reported to have been seen. This tale comes from an old scavenger calling himself Drek who discovered a ruined temple near Zengis. Scratching around in the dirt in search of anything he might be able to sell, Drek found a black clay pot, corked and sealed with black wax. His curiosity proved too much for him and he broke the pot on a stone, hoping that it might contain gold or jewels. But his excitement soon turned to terror at the sight of what happened next. As soon as the black pot broke apart, Drek was deafened by the most hideous and evil cry that he had ever heard in his life. Slowly a mist started to form, growing ever larger and darker, until it coalesced in the shape of a black robe wrapped around a body that was invisible save only for two pulsating, blood-red eyes. Drek screamed in total fear, but the Shadow Demon he had released simply turned and disappeared. The chaos-spawn was to grow again on Titan.

On the strength of Drek's story, you post recruitment notices all over Fang. The honour of fighting alongside someone of your renown – with the added bonus of payment in gold – draws a long line of hopeful warriors outside the tavern where you intend to hire your soldiers. Many are alone, others come in groups, but all are eager to sign up. Some tell of old adventures, others of monsters slain. But you recognize the qualities you seek and before nightfall your troops are chosen. Not knowing what dangers you will face, you decide not to hire all the warriors who have come, so as to have some gold left for the journey. You count the commission sheets and find that you have hired 100 Warriors, 50 Dwarfs, 50 Elven Archers and 20 Knights. In the morning you buy food, provisions and baggage mules. When everything is paid for, you are left with 700 Gold Pieces which you put in a wooden chest and strap to one of the mules. You make your way to the town square where your small army is assembled. Each unit leader is handed a yellow banner with the symbol of a burning sword emblazoned across it. To the cheers of the citizens of Fang, you lead your army out through the east gate towards an unknown and deadly foe.

NOW TURN TO 1.

1

You have marched no more than two hundred yards when a fat, bearded man, huffing and puffing, runs up alongside you. He is dressed as a sea captain, although his uniform is dirty and crumpled, and his grubby hat is dented. 'Begging your pardon,' gasps the captain, 'but would you listen to my offer? I have just docked my ship in Fang and found everybody full of excitement. It seems that you are the cause of it. They tell me that you are travelling east to fight some demon or something. Well, I don't know about any demons, but I'm willing to take you and your men on my ship as far as Zengis – for a small consideration, of course. Just think of all those miles you won't have to walk. Sail up the River Kok in Captain Barnock's good ship *Flying Toucan*. And only 50 Gold Pieces am I asking for this luxury passage. Now, that's a bargain, is it not?' says the old sea-dog. If you wish to sail on the *Flying Toucan*, turn to 37. If you would rather continue marching, turn to 225.

2

With your shield held above your head, you start to climb. The Blog shuffles between the upper branches, trying to get a clear shot at you. With only one hand free with which to climb, you suddenly lose your grip on a branch. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 396. If you are Unlucky, turn to 140.

3

'I'm not interested in talking,' the rogue says sternly. 'Now shut up and go away.' If you decide to do as he says and move to another table where the three vagabonds are sitting, turn to 18. If you would rather continue talking, turn to 152.

4

Each Elf fires two arrows at the fifty Fire Imps. To determine how many Fire Imps are shot out of the sky, multiply the number of Elves in your army by two, then deduct the total of two dice, rolled for the

number of misses. Against the remaining Fire Imps, you must fight a *Skirmish Battle* with thirty Warriors. If you win, turn to 316.

5

The backpack hits its target, sending the sword crashing to the floor with a loud clatter. The Elf starts to cry with relief as you cut the ropes that are binding her. 'Thank you,' she sobs, 'thank you for saving my life.' She then pulls a ring off her finger and says, 'Please take this ring as a token of my gratitude. It will bring you luck.' If you wish to take the ring, turn to 270. If you prefer to refuse her gift, retrieve your backpack and rejoin your men outside, turn to 211.

6

Your army marches two abreast along the path and makes good progress. The path ends at another clearing. Here you see many spears stuck in the ground, their tips pointing upwards, on which human skulls are skewered. If you wish to walk through the clearing, turn to **48**. If you would rather walk around it under cover of the trees, turn to **389**.

7

Your losses are greater than you had expected. Ten Warriors and ten Elves died on board the *Flying Toucan*, and five Dwarfs and fifteen Knights were drowned in the river, dragged under the water by the weight of their armour. Lose 1 point from your LUCK. The survivors seem reassured to have firm ground underfoot once more and are keen to start marching. You decide to set off straight away, hoping to reach Zengis the following day. Turn to **366**.

8

'Well answered, my friend,' says the Oracle. 'Now, the final test. I want you to perform some magic for me. You can hear me, but you cannot see me. I think we should be equals. Make yourself invisible!' If you own a pet Hopper, turn to **224**. If you do not own this creature, turn to **108**.

9

The arrows all miss the fast-climbing target, and soon the Wyvern and its rider are no more than a speck in the sky heading towards the eastern horizon. Aware that Agglax might send more would-be assassins, you give the order to march on to Claw, but with your troops in much closer formation. Turn to 220.

10

You reach into your backpack and pull out the brass owl. 'Put it down on the floor,' continues the Oracle. 'Good. But, alas, I am very greedy and want something else. Do you have a green vase you could give me?' If you have a green vase and can remember how many Gold Pieces it cost, turn to that number. If you do not possess a green vase, turn to 297.

11

You feel no different for having drunk the water, apart from feeling more refreshed. Neither poisoned nor filled with sudden energy, you walk rather disappointedly through the cave and down the passage in the wall opposite. Turn to 221.

12

Not long after midnight, something disturbs your sleep and you wake to see a bright moonlit sky. Barely moving your head, you look left and right and see a shadow moving near some barrels tied amidships. On the bridge there is no sign of the lookout and you immediately sense danger. Grabbing your sword, you tip-toe towards the barrels, crouched down. Something that glints in the moonlight is suddenly hurled at you without warning. Instinctively you duck. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 246. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, turn to 267.

13

There is a loud sound of clashing steel as the two armies meet. The fighting is fierce and bloody and, although heavily outnumbered, you gain a little ground. In the centre of the fighting, you find yourself battling it out with one of the largest Trolls of all, the fearsome Hill Troll.

HILL TROLL SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 142.

14

You find yourself the only challenger, everybody else being unwilling to take on the great Big Belly Man. The Dwarf tells you that there is a purse of 100 Gold Pieces for the person who can defeat Big Belly Man and that the entry fee is 10 Gold Pieces. You pay him the money and sit down at the table to await the return of the champion. Yet another cheer goes up as the crowd parts to let the big man back to the table. Two more Dwarfs follow him, each wearing cook's clothes and carrying a tray with an enormous steaming pie on top. Big Belly Man sits at the table and shuffles his chair forward to squeeze his stomach into the recess. A pie is then put in front of you and your nostrils twitch at the mingled aroma of fish and custard. You are handed a wooden spoon and the Dwarf then shouts, 'Ready! Steady! Go!' You plunge your spoon into the pie and begin to eat.

To determine who wins, dice must be rolled. Roll one die and add this number to your SKILL score. After making a note of the total, roll the die again and add the new number to Big Belly Man's pie-eating ability, which is 13. Note this total too. Roll the die again and add the number to your current score, and then again for Big Belly Man. Continue until Big Belly Man's score reaches 40 first (turn to 388) or your own score reaches 40 first (turn to 60).

15

Through a gap in the bushes, you notice the entrance to a small cave not far from the path. If you wish to look inside the cave, turn to 87. If you would rather march on, turn to 181.

16

The guard also manages to dispose of his attacker and thanks you for raising the alarm. You tell him in future to keep his eyes open on both the land and the river. The other guards report nothing strange, so you return to your blanket and sleep. You set off on your march again in the early morning, hoping to reach Zengis by nightfall. After an hour or so, you meet an old man walking in the opposite direction. 'You're the one who's going to fight Agglax, aren't you?' he says boldly. You nod in agreement. 'Good!' he continues. 'Then I suggest that when you come to the fork in the river, you follow the north branch until you reach the village of Claw. There are plenty of Hill Men up there who would be ready to join your army.' You thank the old man for the information and press on eastwards. After an hour you come to the fork in the river that the old man was talking about. If you wish to follow the north branch, turn to 350. If you would rather cross over the new branch and follow the main river eastwards, turn to 49.

17

You round a corner of the passageway and see the silhouette of something blocking your way. It appears to be a human shape and a robe covers its head. As you move closer to see better, the figure suddenly turns back the robe to reveal a woman's hideous face with a mass of wriggling snakes on her head in place of hair. Looking into her sickly red eyes, you are caught by the Medusa's stare. Your limbs immediately stiffen and moments later you are nothing but solid stone.

18

You sit down at the table with the three vagabonds and they immediately introduce themselves as Enk, Laz and Jip. They ask you what you are doing in Zengis. If you wish to tell them about your mission, turn to 395. If you would rather tell them that you are in Zengis to visit your cousin, turn to 35.

19

The girl smiles as she hands you your winnings and says, 'What about a tip for a hard-working girl?' If you wish to toss her a Gold Piece, turn to 347. If you would rather leave the gambling-hall at once, turn to 212.

20

'Excellent!' booms the Oracle's voice as you pull out the vase from your backpack. 'Now I'm going to ask you a question, but I'll let fate decide on its difficulty. Let me roll my dice.' *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 341. If you are Unlucky, turn to 263.

21

Before the River Raiders close with your ship, another fireball is flung from the catapult. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 159. If you are Unlucky, turn to 74.

22

As you enter the stable, the Shapechanger throws the half-strangled Dwarf to the floor and turns its bloodied claws towards you.

SHAPECHANGER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 361.

23

At such a short range, the hurled rock is deadly. It crashes into the side of your head and you fall down among the other brave soldiers who died to save Allansia. Demoralized by your death, your army turns and flees. Agglax is victorious.

24

The Goblin topples out of its saddle and crashes to the ground, dying with the impact. A search of the Goblin's pockets reveals a bowstring and five arrowheads, which are of no use to you, but you also discover a bone pendant with the number '8' scratched on the base. Keep the pendant if you wish, before giving the order to march on to Claw. Turn to 220.

25

You hold on to the rope and let an Elf lower himself down into the dark hole, holding a burning torch between his teeth. You watch him drop on to the floor of a large chamber. 'Nothing in here,' comes a cry from below, 'except for a terrible stink of animal droppings. There's a tunnel leading away from the cavern, but I can't see where it leads to. Do you want me to go down it?' If you wish the Elf to go down the tunnel, turn to 198. If you tell him to climb back up the rope so that you can leave the clearing, turn to 315.

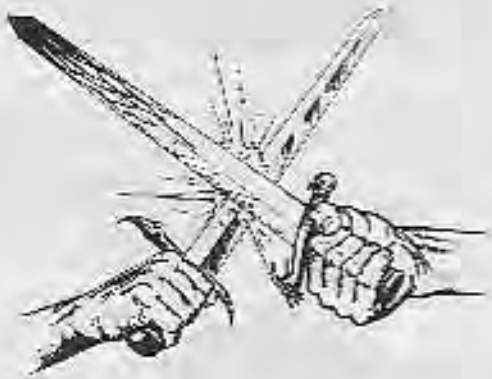

26

You decide to spare the life of the barman and let him stagger across to his friends to have his wounds attended to. Then you turn to the crowd and say, 'I am here in search of brave warriors to join my army to fight the Shadow Demon that brings death to

Allansia. My payment is 10 Gold Pieces, but I want only the best fighters.' Within half an hour you have fifteen Warriors signed up; you tell them where to go to join your waiting army; they are to meet Lexon, who will pay them (deduct 150 Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*). Seeing no other characters of interest, you leave 'The Black Dragon' to see what else you can find in Zengis. Turn to 382.

27

'Well, if you don't want to visit the Oracle, there's not much point in going to the Starstone Caves. Is there anywhere else you would like to get to?' You reply that you would like to go through the Forest of Fiends. Turn to 319.

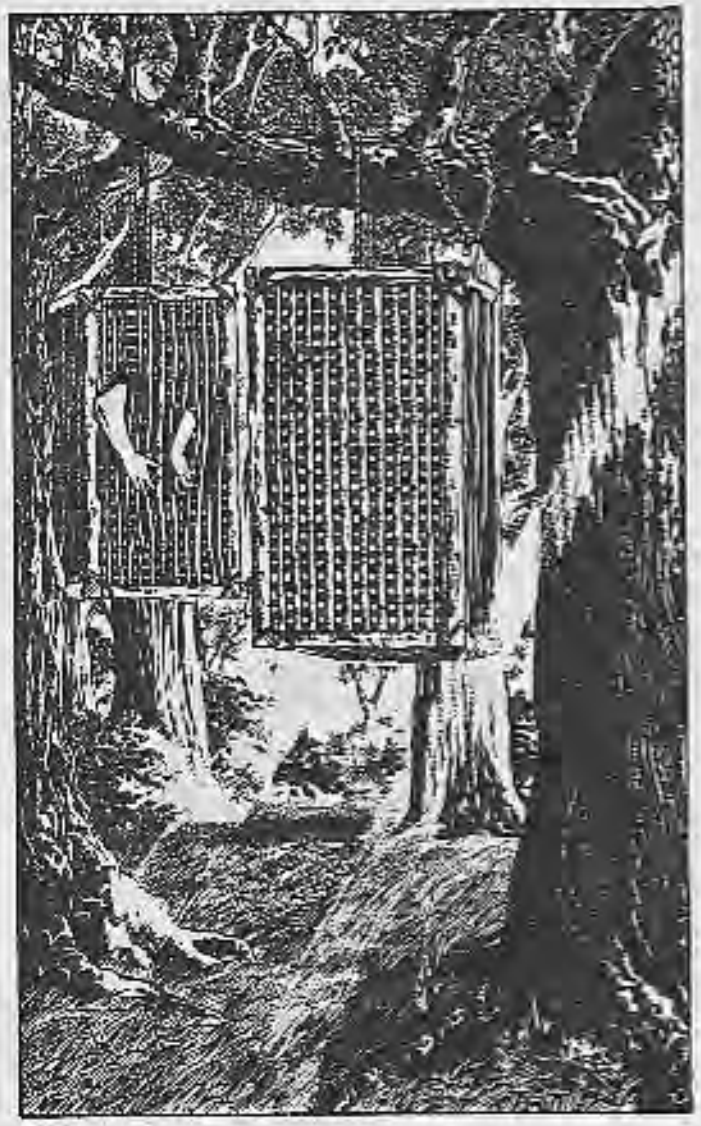

28

Ten of the Elves accompany you as you walk stealthily into the wood, sword in hand. You can hear the cries for help quite clearly yourself now, as you slip quickly from behind one tree to the next. Suddenly, in front of you you see a wooden cage suspended by a rope from the branch of a tree. You see another close by with two arms sticking out between the wooden boards. You count eleven cages in total, each one probably holding a man. If you wish to make yourself known to the men in the cages, turn to 282. If you would rather retreat quietly out of the wood and rejoin your troops, turn to 143.

29

You avenge the death of your troops with one quick thrust of your sword. You call out to your Warriors to return to the path and march on. Turn to 130.

30

You pay the leader of the Northmen 100 Gold Pieces and give the order for him and his men to climb on board ship. As you set sail once more, the leader walks over to you; despite his stare from piercing ice-blue eyes, you feel you can trust him. 'My name is Laas,' he says with a warm smile. 'Would you allow me to bestow a gift upon you?' If you want to take the gift, turn to 358. If you would rather refuse politely, turn to 390.

31

You climb down a metal-runged ladder that is secured to the side of the wall, until you reach the sewer below. The foul stench rising from the sludge that is flowing slowly by makes you heave. Looking down the sewer you see what appears to be the flickering flame of a candle and you can just hear the sound of a whispering voice. You are convinced that there must be more Sewer Goblins ahead. If you wish to walk down the sewer, turn to 232. If you would rather climb back up the ladder, turn to 300.

32

'You are very unobservant, my friend,' the Oracle informs you solemnly. 'I am unable to assist anybody who is not worthy of my powers. Goodbye.' The eyes of the stone face close again and you are left to ponder what to do next. You hear a grating sound behind you; looking round, you see a section of wall sliding back. You have no alternative but to step into the tunnel that has appeared. Turn to 280.

33

Many men struggle through the marsh to help you, attacking the Mudgrinder from all sides. But its tough hide is hard to pierce and it is all you can do to defend yourself. You realize that you will have to attack its soft underbelly so you lunge forward with your sword as the Mudgrinder rears up to attack some Dwarfs to its left. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL, turn to 392. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 256.

34

Twenty warriors cross safely before you step on to the bridge yourself. You are about halfway across when suddenly a rope snaps, sending everybody on the bridge plummeting to their deaths at the bottom of the chasm.

35

'That's strange,' says Enk. 'A lot of people seem to come to Zengis to visit relatives. Nobody ever seems to be here on business – not that we don't believe you, or anything like that. Where does your cousin live? Perhaps we can give you directions?' Will you reply:

Rubble Street?	Turn to 92
That it is none of their business?	Turn to 223
That you must be on your way?	Turn to 311

36

'Come on, follow me,' Thog says jovially to hearten the nervous troops. 'There's nothing more than a few trees and a couple of monkeys.' As you venture into the forest, the daylight quickly fades under a thick canopy of leaves overhead, and the whole place is deathly quiet. 'The creatures are watching us,' whispers Thog, 'but the little ones around the edge won't do us any harm. It's later on that we should start to get worried. We'll go right here to avoid the Tree Men.' Your army threads its way through the forest, and on into its darkest depths. Turn to 180.

37

Following Captain Barnock, you lead your men down to the docks where the *Flying Toucan* is moored. It is an old ship and, like the captain, is in very poor condition. But this hardly comes as a surprise to you, as nothing of much worth ever comes out of Port Blacksand. You tell your men to go aboard and pay Captain Barnock his 50 Gold Pieces (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*). The captain shouts the order to set sail, and you watch the motley crew from the bridge as they haul on the

ropes, climb the rigging and unfurl the sails. Within twenty minutes, Fang has faded from view as your river journey gets under way. Everybody is in high spirits and even the Dwarfs and Elves forget their differences and chat together, united in their desire to rid Allansia of the Shadow Demon. At the bow you see a group of Warriors leaning over the side of the ship, staring at the river. Suddenly one of them points upriver and shouts, 'Look! A barrel, floating towards us.' You look over the side and see the large, sealed barrel bobbing in the water. If you want to order one of your men to dive into the water in order to haul in the barrel, turn to 145. If you would rather sail on without stopping, turn to 346.

38

You come across a worn track which runs north and south. You decide to follow it to the south and soon you arrive at a signpost which also points south and reads, 'Karn – 5 miles'. If you wish to keep heading south towards Karn, turn to 266. If you would rather head south-east, turn to 331.

39

Agglax shrinks back in his chair when he sees the Crystal of Light in your hands. Covering his face with his hands, he suddenly jumps down from the chair and runs away, hissing orders at a group of his black-robed Elite Fanatics standing close by. One blocks your way to Agglax; his curved sword held in both hands above his head, the grim assassin is more than willing to die to save his master. 'Tanaka San say you die!' he shrieks as he darts forward to cut you down where you stand.

ELITE FANATIC SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 254.

40

You tell the barman that you have no time or inclination to make a fool of yourself by performing drunken tricks for his seedy customers, and that you are here to hire brave warriors to fight Agglax, the Shadow Demon. A frown pushes down his dark, bushy eyebrows as he suddenly looks intensely interested in what you are saying. 'Well, why didn't you tell me that in the first place?' he says with a smile which suddenly lights up his face. 'I know all the best fighters in town and most of them are in here now!' Within half an hour you have another fifteen Warriors signed up; you tell them where to go to join your waiting army; they are to meet Lexon, who will pay them 10 Gold Pieces each (deduct 150 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*). You finally shake hands with the big barman and

leave 'The Black Dragon' to find other things or people of interest in Zengis. Turn to 382.

41

You stand in the centre of the floor, sword in hand, to face the warrior woman. Without warning she suddenly leaps forward, cutting her sword down through the air. Instinctively you raise your sword to ward off the blow.

MAX SKILL 11 STAMINA 7

If you are the first to strike, turn to 195. If Max strikes the first blow, turn to 385.

42

Drinking the Water of the Gods has saved you from a horrible death. The radiating glow gradually dies down and soon you are back to normal. You look round the cave and find no exits leading from it. A man's face is carved in the rock wall, its eyes closed and its mouth open. As you walk over to examine it closer, the eyes open and a deep voice booms out of the mouth, saying, 'I am the Oracle. Although you are not welcome here, I admire your determination and effort. No matter how noble your cause, you must pay for the answers to your questions. I too will ask you questions in return. Answer any incorrectly and you will pay with your life. I will start the proceedings, as I know everything. First, you may start by bestowing gifts upon me. You were in Zengis recently. I hope you took the trouble to buy me a brass owl, and I must know how much you

paid for it.' If you have a brass owl and can remember how many Gold Pieces you paid for it, turn to that number. If you do not have a brass owl, turn to 206.

43

By now many of your men are awake; none of them appears to have come to any harm, apart from the lookout who is nursing a sore head, having been attacked from behind by the midnight raider. An extra man is put on watch while everybody else settles down to sleep once again. Not long after dawn, Captain Barnock gives the order to set sail upriver. Turn to 188.

44

'Your luck is in, my friend,' continues the Oracle. 'But I am greedy and desire something else. Now, do you have a green vase?' If you have a green vase and can remember how many Gold Pieces it cost, turn to that number. If you do not possess a green vase, turn to 297.

45

The ring fits perfectly on the finger and you watch with amazement as the clenched fist slowly opens. Sparkling in the middle of the stone palm lies a beautiful crystal. The king's lips suddenly open and a voice booms out, 'I give you the Crystal of Light!' You take the crystal and run back to your waiting troops, full of excitement. After showing them your treasure, you march on along the path. Turn to 130.

46

The key turns in the slot and you hear a faint click. You then hear a hissing sound and inhale some of the gas that is escaping from the slot before you have a chance to realize what is happening. It is a deadly poison and you slump to the ground, clutching your throat and gasping for air. Your quest is over.

47

'I'm sure you'll find this crow very good company. His name is Billy and he even understands the odd word in Orcish. Ten Gold Pieces is an absolute bargain for such a fine crow, if I say so myself.' If you wish to buy the crow, turn to **245**. If you would rather leave the shop without buying the crow, turn to **218**.

48

A shiver runs down your spine as you walk between the spears. In the middle of the clearing you find a mound of freshly turned-over earth and a shovel lying near by. If you wish to dig into the mound, turn to **98**. If you would rather keep walking, turn to **315**.

49

The rest of the day passes without incident and, as the light begins to fade, you give the order to set up camp at a defensible spot no more than ten miles distant from Zengis. As you settle down to sleep, having feasted on stewed rabbit, your mind drifts

over the events of the day, but within seconds you are asleep. If you are wearing a beetle amulet round your neck, turn to **128**. If you are not wearing this amulet, turn to **279**.

50

Early next morning you rouse your men and are soon marching south-east. At noon you stop for food but are soon on the march again. By late afternoon you can see a row of hills in the distance. 'Starstone Caves,' says a man from Zengis. You arrive at the caves before dusk and decide to enter them alone. With a candle in one hand and your sword in the other, you clamber down into the mouth of a large, dark cave. Turn to **219**.

51

Nobody has any belladonna. An hour later you are shaking uncontrollably in the grip of a raging fever. Hair begins to sprout from your cheeks and arms and your face begins to change shape until it resembles the Werewolf that bit you. Watching in horror, your troops make the anguished decision to put you out of your misery. Their leader dead and morale gone, your army abandons the crusade against Agglax.

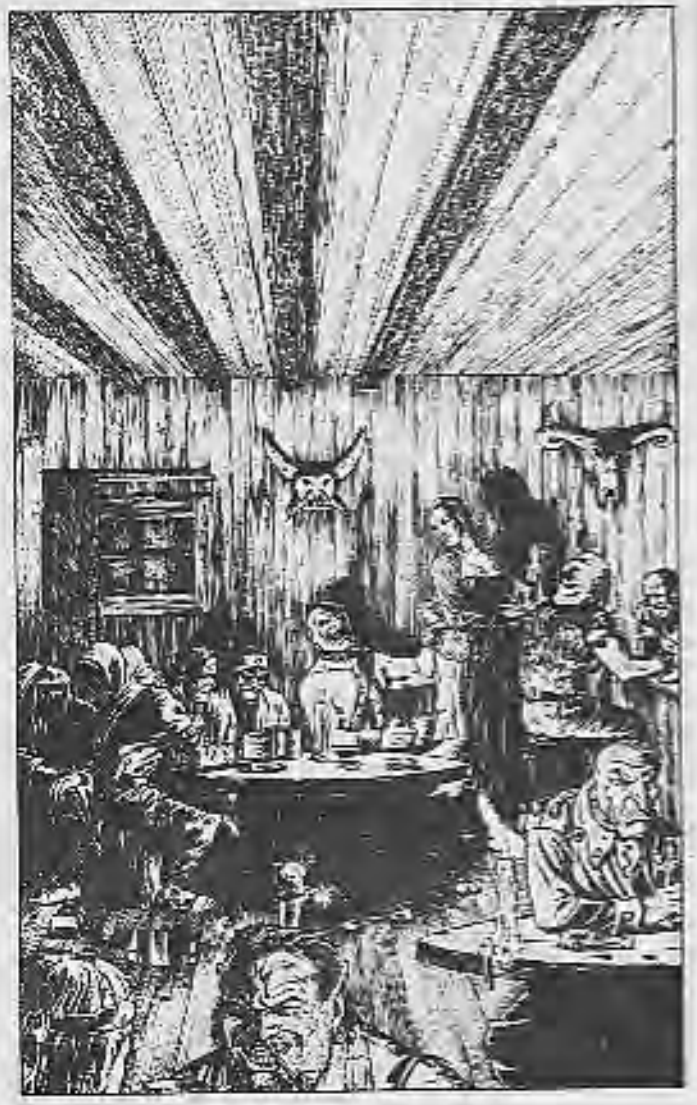

52

Two minutes later, you see a crooked wooden sign hanging over the door of an old wooden building. A crude drawing of a dragon is painted on it, above the words 'The Black Dragon'. There is much shouting and laughter coming from inside the tavern and you decide to enter at once. You climb a few well-worn stone steps and push open the heavy oak door. Even though it is daytime, the tavern is dark inside and candles are burning as the small grubby windows let in virtually no daylight. From the doorway you see that the tavern is bustling with life, although none of it looks too savoury. Groups of cloaked vagabonds are huddled together in dark corners, while boisterous rogues, much the worse for the ale they have already drunk, sit in the middle of the tavern insulting all who pass by them, including the harassed barmaids who have to squeeze between the tables carrying their loaded trays. You look from table to table and decide where to sit. Will you:

Sit at the bar?	Turn to 197
Sit with a drunken rogue?	Turn to 378
Sit with three vagabonds?	Turn to 18

53

You soon come to a dead end and, sensing danger, turn and run. But before you can reach the mouth entrance, the upper stone teeth slide down to block your exit. Trapped inside the tunnel, death by starvation awaits you.

54

Half an hour after eating the apples, some of the soldiers become ill, yourself included. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL. Their health quickly deteriorates, and two die quite quickly. Before the day is over, five in all have died. Make the deduction on your *Adventure Sheet* and also deduct 1 point from your LUCK. You regret your decision to give the apples to your men and resolve not to be distracted from your main objective in future. Turn to **209**.

55

The servant of Agglax lies still on the ground, your sword having penetrated the only soft spot on its body, a small section of its otherwise rock-like stomach. Satisfied that the Rock Man will not fight on the side of Evil again, you give the order to march on. Turn to **114**.

56

Not knowing whether you have made the right decision to trust the vagabond, you nevertheless hand over 100 Gold Pieces to them. Laz takes out a map from under his robes and lays it out open on the table. Zengis is shown in the middle, and to the south is marked the village of Kam. Further south-east are the Starstone Caves. To the east of Zengis there is the Forest of Fiends, which starts where the River Kok splits and runs east, almost to the edge of the map. Laz takes out a black crayon and marks a large cross on the eastern edge of the

map, just where the Forest of Fiends ends. 'That's where you'll find him,' says Laz. You fold up the map and put it in your tunic pocket. 'And your only hope of defeating Agglax rests on your visiting the Oracle,' whispers Jip. 'But whether or not the Oracle will talk to you is another matter. It depends on what mood the Oracle is in and what gifts you bring him. The Starstone Caves is where you'll find him.' You thank the vagabonds for the information and leave the tavern to explore Zengis further, wondering who the Oracle is. Turn to **382**.

57

'So, you are another foolish person who wishes to see the Oracle, are you?' If you decide to reply 'Yes', turn to **144**. If you prefer to reply 'No', turn to **27**.

58

You suddenly catch sight of a grubby sackcloth bag lying hidden in the grass. You cut it open with your sword and, much to your surprise and pleasure, find 10 Gold Pieces. You call cheerfully to your men, telling them it is time to move on, and in minutes you are on the march again. Turn to **274**.

59

Their numbers dwindling by the minute, your troops are completely demoralized. Only yards away from the enemy line, they turn and flee in disarray. You scream at them to stand and fight, but you cannot prevent them running away. Then many hands grab you and you are led in chains to Agglax for execution.

60

The crowd is stunned into silence when you drop your spoon into the empty bowl to signal victory. Big Belly Man, his mouth still crammed full of pie, shows his anger by brushing the pie bowl off the table so that it smashes on the floor. Shaking his head in disbelief, the Dwarf hands you the purse containing 100 Gold Pieces. If you would like to stand on the table and make a speech about Agglax and your wish to hire ten stout fighters in exchange for the gold you have just won, turn to 165. If you would rather leave with the gold, turn to 95.

61

You shake your head and just manage to keep your balance as you hear the bellowing laugh of the barman behind you. You slump down in a chair at the table nearest to you, somewhat the worse for drink. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, you find yourself sitting with a drunken rogue (turn to 378). If you roll 4–6, you find yourself sitting with three vagabonds (turn to 18).

62

Another Goblin sees you move towards the embattled Warrior. Recognizing you as the leader, the Goblin points its crossbow at you, takes careful aim and fires. If you hired Max's Marauders in Zengis, turn to 153. If you did not hire the warrior woman's fighters, turn to 339.

63

The street door opens into a single room in the centre of which two men are engaged in a practice sword-fight with wooden swords. They are being watched by seven other men. At the far end of the room, a striking blonde woman wearing leather armour is shouting out instructions to the two fighters. 'Stop!' she shouts suddenly. 'Take a rest while I see what this intruder wants.' She walks over to you and says, 'I'm Max and these are my boys. Do you want to join them or hire them?' You reply that you may be interested in hiring them. 'My boys are the best. 200 Gold Pieces and all ten of us are yours.' Will you:

Pay Max the price she wants?	Turn to 124
Haggle over the price?	Turn to 255
Refuse the offer and leave?	Turn to 314

64

The guards call out for you to stop, but you run on as fast as you can, keeping an eye out for a tavern into which to dash. Turn to 52.

65

The street turns sharply right and you soon find yourself back at the main entrance-gates to Zengis. Remembering your promise to Lexon, you decide to return to your waiting army. Turn to 113.

66

You manage to free a hand and stab the brutal beast in its foot with your sword. It roars in pain and, a split second later, you are free and up on your feet. Now you have a better chance against the flesh-eater.

NANDIBEAR SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 362.

67

The agile Hill Man suddenly makes his move and, before you have time to react, you are knocked to the ground by a flying two-footed kick. You land with your face in the dirt and feel a sharp pain in your arms as they are twisted up behind your back in a vice-like grip. You try to break free, but struggling only increases the pain and you are forced to submit to Vine. Turn to 213.

68

You come to a wide clearing in the forest in which there is a large boulder. The clearing is strewn with bones and the boulder is spattered with dried blood. If you wish to wait on the edge of the clearing

with your army to see if anyone or anything will come back to it, turn to 252. If you would rather walk through the clearing, turn to 312.

69

Ten of your Warriors fall prey to the Harpoon Flies, their bodies to provide food in the coming weeks for the maggots that hatch out inside them. Eventually the Harpoon Flies zoom off and you lead your men dejectedly back to the ship. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK. Captain Barnock realizes you are in no mood for early morning chatter and gives the order to set sail upriver. Turn to 188.

70

The Werewolf catches sight of your charm and becomes frozen to the spot, rigid with fear. Without any struggle, you are able to dispose of the Werewolf with one thrust of your sword. But you find that the guard is dead. The rest of the night passes without further incident and in the morning you lead your army out of the forest, across the new plain. Turn to 323.

71

The barman looks at you in astonishment, then picks up a wooden club from behind the bar. He storms out from behind the bar, shouting, 'I'm going to teach this upstart a lesson.' You slide off your stool and draw your sword to face the huge brute as the drinkers crowd around to get a good view of the fight. 'Mince him, Fats!' shouts a voice from the crowd. 'Hurry up, Fats, I want another drink,' roars another. Then the fight begins.

BARMAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you are first to win three Attack Rounds, turn to 26. If the barman is first to win three Attack Rounds, turn to 227.

72

Another half-hour passes and the paralysis starts to wear off. Feeling returns to your limbs and soon you are able to move freely. Turn to 284.

73

You quickly raise your shield-arm to block the flying dart. The Blog turns to run away, and disappears into the bushes. If you wish to give chase, turn to 171. If you would rather call your troops back to the path and march on, turn to 130.

74

The fireball crashes into the mainmast and drops on to the deck, killing five of your men. Two Dwarfs quickly smother the fireball with wet blankets, averting a fire on board. Turn to 192.

75

While your warriors are recovering, you wonder what plans Agglax is hatching; somewhere beyond the Forest of Fiends he awaits you and your army. When your warriors are finally well enough to march again, you decide to go straight for Agglax, so you turn your army east towards the Forest of Fiends. After crossing one of the tributaries that feed the River Kok, you come to the edge of the sombre forest. Dark, twisted trees reach high to form a threatening wall; a whisper of uncertainty runs through the ranks of the army. You break the eerie silence by shouting the order to march into the forest; the daylight quickly dwindles under a thick canopy of leaves overhead. Only the high shrilling of frightened monkeys occasionally wakes the silent forest. After half an hour, a scout reports back to tell you that he has spotted a group of wooden huts, almost hidden by overgrowing vegetation. If you wish to go with ten men to this village, turn to 238. If you would rather march on with your army, turn to 180.

76

The passageway opens up into another cave, although this one is completely empty. However, you have a choice of exits. In the far wall you see the mouths of three tunnels, each one carved to resemble the open mouth of a strange creature, the likes of which you have never seen before. You notice that three of the teeth in the upper jaws of the carved heads have numbers chiselled into them. Choose whichever tunnel you wish to go down and turn to the appropriate number.

77

The old wooden door is stiff and you have to put your shoulder to it to open it. As the door flies open, you hear the piercing scream of a female voice and are startled by what you see. A young Elf is tied to the top of a table, which is bolted to the floor in the middle of the rubbish-strewn hut. Two yards above her stomach hangs a sword, suspended by a single thread of cotton which is looped over the end of an iron spike; this protrudes horizontally from a wooden beam leading down into a hole in the rickety floorboards. 'Don't move!' shouts the Elf. 'One of the floorboards will trigger the release of the sword if you step on it.' You have to decide whether or not to save the Elf. Will you:

Run in to grab the sword?	Turn to 154
Throw your backpack at the sword?	Turn to 205
Leave the Elf and march on?	Turn to 320

78

You set off quickly down the street before attracting the attention of anybody else. You feel a lump inside your clothing and suddenly remember the leather pouch. You take it out and untie the cord that is keeping it closed. Turning it upside down, you shake the contents out on to your hand, and are alarmed to discover a scorpion on your palm. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 253. If you are Unlucky, turn to 240.

79

Sensing that you are in trouble, Agglax prepares for his moment of triumph. Turn to 301.

80

The bluebottle hesitates for a second before scurrying on to the jam that you chose. Add 1 point to your LUCK. The man unclips his brooch and hands it to you without saying a word, his face remaining expressionless. You examine the beautiful brooch, which has on it a fire-breathing dragon shown in relief. You turn it over and notice the number '89' scratched on the back. You make a mental note of the number and pin the brooch on to your tunic. If you wish to ask the rogue his name, turn to 3. If you would rather leave him and move to another table to sit with the three vagabonds, turn to 18.

81

'I'm sorry,' he says, 'I do go on a bit, don't I?' He hands you your key and you climb the stairs to your room. Turn to 376.

82

You avenge the death of your troops with one swift thrust of your sword. You climb down from the tree and call out to your warriors to return to the path and march on. Turn to 130.

83

Five of your Warriors fall prey to the Harpoon Flies, their bodies to provide food in the coming weeks for the maggots that will hatch out inside them. Eventually the Harpoon Flies zoom off and you lead your men dejectedly back to the ship. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK. Captain Barnock wastes no time and sets sail upriver straight away, sensing your desire to get away from this place of ill-fortune. Turn to 188.

84

The army marches east along the bank of the River Kok until you reach a major fork. Before you rises a dark wall of trees twisting skywards: the sinister-looking Forest of Fiends. You march north for a while until you come to a safe section of the tributary to cross. There is much whispering among your troops as you march into the forest where the daylight quickly fades under the thick canopy of leaves overhead. Only the high shrilling of frightened monkeys occasionally disturbs the strange silence of the forest. As you penetrate deeper, the trees become very dense and it is slow work threading the army between them. If you wish to press on, turn to **155**. If you would like to send out a scout to find an easier way through the forest, turn to **120**.

85

The floor of the tunnel becomes steeper, and walking up it is quite an effort. But your legs suddenly feel full of running when you see a patch of white light ahead. The air smells fresher; soon you are out of the cave and standing in broad daylight at the mouth of a cave only a hundred yards away from your men. They are sitting in a circle, patiently waiting for you to appear from the cave that you entered not long ago. You call out to them and run to where they are sitting to tell them of your underground adventure. You decide to return to your waiting army without further delay.

But the journey back starts with an unwelcome encounter. You see a dust-cloud approaching and soon hear the sounds of galloping hoofs. Ten hostile Centaurs charge down upon you. You must fight a *Skirmish Battle*. If you win, turn to **299**.

86

The moment your swords are drawn, fifteen Hill Men appear as if from nowhere. Dressed in animal skins and armed with stone clubs and axes, the long-haired men run towards you on their wiry legs, screaming at the top of their voices. You must fight a *Skirmish Battle*. If you win, turn to **340**.

87

As you step into the half-light of the cave, your leg brushes against some sticky threads. As if an alarm had been sounded, a huge hairy spider crawls out from the depths of the cave to ensnare the prey that has stumbled into its lair. You must fight for your life.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 275.

88

You hear a rustling sound coming from behind some thick bushes and suddenly ten huge Goblin-like creatures jump out wielding axes and cleavers. Well over eight feet tall, the brown-skinned Garks rush forward to attack. You must fight a *Skirmish Battle*. If you win, turn to 259.

89

'Thank you so much,' says the Oracle. 'And now, how can I help you?' You explain that you believe the Oracle can help you to defeat Agglax; you ask if this is true. 'So, you wish to destroy the Shadow Demon? It is good that you have your army with you, as you would never reach Agglax alone. His forces are too great in number for you to slip through them. You must battle your way through to him. You will find a trail of destruction east of the Forest of Fiends. Follow that trail and you will soon catch up with the Shadow Demon's army of death. Even if you destroy his army, however, Agglax will

fight on alone. Your weapons will not harm him. Only a void spell will obliterate the Demon. You must find the Crystal of Light. When you are within six feet of Agglax, hold the crystal in both hands and say 'Three, two, one – begone.'' That is how you will rid this land of the Shadow Demon. Goodbye and good luck.' The eyes of the stone face close again and you hear a grating sound behind you. Looking round, you see a section of wall sliding back. Filled with new confidence, you step into the tunnel that is revealed. Turn to 280.

90

You do not trigger the release of the sword and are able to grab it and throw it aside. The Elf starts to cry with relief as you cut the ropes that are binding her. 'Thank you,' she sobs. 'Thank you for saving my life.' She then pulls a ring off her finger and holds it out to you, saying, 'Please take this ring as a token of my gratitude. It will bring you luck.' If you wish to take the ring, turn to 270. If you prefer to refuse her gift politely and rejoin your men outside, turn to 211.

91

Your Dwarfs battle valiantly against the Chaos Warriors but are vastly outnumbered. Refusing to give ground, they stand and fight until the last two of them are standing back-to-back against the fanatical adversaries. Then one of them falls beneath the blow of a spiked mace and the other is speared in the back. Your ears ring with the tormenting cries of the victorious Chaos Warriors. You shout out new battle orders, expecting the Chaos Warriors to attack, but they turn and trot back to their own lines. You decide that attack is the best form of defence and give the order for your army to march on the front line of Trolls. Turn to 178.

92

'Rubble Street?' Enk continues. 'That's just off the street where we live. We'll take you there.' Unable to think of a good excuse, you agree to their suggestion. You follow them out of the tavern, walk along the street for five minutes, and then turn right into a narrow alley. The three men suddenly stop and turn round, their hands gripping their daggers. 'Rubble Street! There is no Rubble Street in Zengis,' says Enk gleefully. 'Let's get the stranger, lads; those pockets look to be bulging with gold!' You draw your sword quickly as the three vagabonds bear down on you. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
ENK	8	7
LAZ	7	7
JIP	7	8

If you win, turn to 133.

93

The key turns in the slot and you hear a faint click. With a coarse grating sound, the stone slab slides back into the wall and you are able to proceed along the passageway. However, it soon ends at another junction. If you wish to go left, turn to 235. If you wish to go right, turn to 381.

94

The Warrior leaves the man to drift downriver to the sea and a watery grave. He swims back to the ship and you are soon underway again. Turn to 234.

95

On your left you see an alleyway, at the bottom of which is a pile of barrels. If you wish to go down the alley to investigate, turn to 352. If you would rather walk on up the street, turn to 177.

96

You come to a narrow part of the chasm where a huge slab of stone has been placed to form a bridge. If you wish to send your army across the stone bridge, turn to 138. If you would rather march on, turn to 310.

97

You are consumed by the fireball and are dead even before your troops can reach you.

98

The hole you dig is a yard deep when your shovel strikes something metal. You scrape away the earth to reveal a section of flat iron. If you wish to dig on, turn to 184. If you would rather fill up the hole again and leave the clearing, turn to 315.

99

'The Starstone Caves, you say? Yes, I've been there. Dangerous place, full of traps. They were put there by the Oracle, who hates visitors. But the Oracle will speak to most people who can survive his traps and make it to his inner sanctum. It's a challenge, you see. He hates time-wasters. He'll only spend time with people who *really* need to see him, but even then he'll want a few gifts, depending on what information you seek. I suggest you get yourself a guide. Go to Karn. That's about the only place where you'll find one.' You thank the bounty-hunter for the information and walk back with him along the tunnel. Leaving him to collect his evidence from the dead Sewer Goblins, you decide what to do next. If you have not done so already, you may inspect the barrels (turn to 137) or walk back down the alley and turn left into the street (turn to 177).

100

You enter a crowded hall which is full of gaming-tables and eager punters. The whole place is buzzing with excitement. You watch a girl spin a huge wheel of fortune and listen to the groans and cheers of the people surrounding her as the number 33 finally stops against the peg. You watch a few hands of cards at various tables, but finally decide to play a game of 'High-Low'. The girl holding the dice tells you how to play. You must roll two dice, but before doing so you must predict whether the number rolled will be 'high' (8–12) or 'low' (2–6). The number 7 is a loser either way. She tells you that you may bet up to 50 Gold Pieces and she will give you the amount you bet if you guess correctly. You may bet only once. If you win, turn to **19**. If you lose, turn to **173**.

101

While taking his axe, you spot a leather pouch on the Axeman's belt; before you have time to open it, however, you see two town guards running up the street towards you. If you want to open the pouch and risk being caught, turn to **281**. If you would rather run off with only the gold ring, turn to **64**.

102

The street turns sharply left and then left again and you soon find yourself back at the main entrance-gates to Zengis. Remembering your promise to Lexon, you decide to return to your waiting army. Turn to **113**.

103

You struggle as hard as you can, but you are unable to escape from the vice-like grip of the Nandibear. The brutal beast tears at your throat until you are dead and then begins its long-awaited feast. Your quest is over.

104

Within ten minutes of returning to your waiting army, you give the order to march. After crossing the river at a narrow point, you turn south-east towards Zengis. Turn to **49**.

105

The dagger pierces your heart and you sink to your knees, clutching your chest. Your last thoughts are of your own stupidity for springing the trap.

106

Forty of your valiant troops lie dead or dying on the battlefield. (Reduce the size of your army by this amount on the *Adventure Sheet*.) Trolls are trying to push the brave survivors back, while Goblins and Orcs attack the flanks remorselessly. Berserk with battle-lust, some of the Goblins and Orcs at the back are fighting among themselves, so eager are they to feel the clash of steel. To your right you see a Warrior being attacked from both sides by two Goblins. To your left, another Warrior is being clubbed to the ground by a Hill Troll. If you wish to help the Warrior on your left, turn to **269**. If you wish to help the Warrior on your right, turn to **62**.

107

The barrel lands in the water with a splash and soon floats away and out of sight. Turn to **209**.

108

'Leave no stone unturned when next you come to visit me. Today, your knowledge is lacking and I am thus unable to assist you. Goodbye,' the Oracle intones solemnly. The eyes of the stone head close again and you are left to ponder what to do next. You hear a grating sound behind you; looking round, you see a section of wall sliding back. You have no alternative but to step into the tunnel that has appeared. Turn to **280**.

109

Two arrows find their mark, one sinking into the soft underbelly of the Wyvern, the other hitting the Goblin in the back. It slumps down in its saddle, as the Wyvern continues to climb into the sky despite its wound. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **24**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **135**.

110

The Rat Men possess no treasure and, after disposing of their bodies, you settle down to sleep, although somewhat uneasily. Turn to **50**.

111

The Hopper makes several peculiar signs with its funny little hands while uttering a strange noise in the back of its throat. Suddenly you are invisible. You clap your hands but cannot see them. A few minutes later, you return to your visible state.

'There's just one more thing,' the Oracle says frustratingly. 'I need a gold brooch. My daughter says she needs one – although I don't know what for, because she is ninety-eight years old. So, if you would be so kind as to give me a gold brooch, I will be in a position to help you.' If you possess a gold brooch, turn to the number that is inscribed on it. If you do not possess a brooch, turn to **297**.

112

As you open the door, a small brass bell tinkles above your head. A thin, bearded old man is sitting on a stool behind a wooden counter talking to a large crow, perched on his hand. 'Who's an ugly boy, then?' squawks the crow in reply, much to your surprise. The old man appears unconcerned at your entrance; you look round the shop and see many small animals – cats, birds and small rodents – and also other, strange creatures. There is one that sits up on its two hind legs like a kangaroo, but it is less than two feet tall and is green and lacks fur. Another is a small winged creature with leathery amber skin; it seems quite content to fly from one side of the shop to the other. Other creatures are equally odd and you are standing looking at them in amazement when the old man suddenly says, 'You are fascinated by my pets, are you not? Are you interested in buying one of them? I have both household pets and familiars that can talk. Some are very special indeed and can even create a little magic. You look like an adventurer to me, so I presume it may be a familiar that you require. Would you like to buy a talking familiar such as my crow here (turn to 47) or would you like a special creature (turn to 369)?'

113

You arrive at the camp before noon and are greeted enthusiastically. You give the order to march. If you wish to cross the River Kok and and march south, turn to 262. If you would rather march east towards the Forest of Fiends, turn to 84.

114

You come to a long, deep chasm which is too steep to climb down and too wide to jump across. If you wish to follow it north, turn to 241. If you would rather follow it south, turn to 327.

115

Two hours later, you see a small wood one hundred yards to the north. The Elven Archers suddenly halt and tilt their heads towards the wood, their keen senses obviously aware of something happening. One of the Elves approaches you and says, 'We can hear the cries of several men calling for help from inside the wood.' If you wish to see who is calling out, turn to 28. If you would rather continue marching east, turn to 295.

116

The crossbow bolt whistles past your left ear, hitting the wall of the tunnel somewhere in the darkness behind you. Walking on, you soon come to a dead end and find the crossbow from which the bolt was triggered. There appears to be no way of going on, and you have no alternative but to walk back down the tunnel and along the other section. Turn to 85.

117

You find yourself clutching at air as the agile Hill Man leaps over you. You land heavily on the ground and, before you realize what is happening, your arms are twisted behind your back in a painful hold. You try with all your might to break free but,

the more you struggle, the more it hurts. Finally you have no choice but to submit. Turn to 213.

118

Wielding their flaming swords through the air, the White Knights cut down the Chaos Warriors, despite being heavily outnumbered. When half their number have fallen, the Chaos Warriors turn and flee. Seizing the initiative, you call the rest of your army to join the Knights and march on the front line of Trolls. Turn to 178.

119

A Warrior dives into the water and swims over to the log. 'He's dead,' shouts the Warrior. 'And there's an Orc's knife sticking out of his stomach. There's also a gold key hanging from his neck on a piece of string. Shall I take it?' If you want the key, turn to 318. If you would rather leave the man and the key alone, turn to 94.

120

An hour later the scout returns to tell you that to the south he has spotted a village of wooden huts almost hidden by overgrowing vegetation. He also tells you that the trees are less dense that way. You immediately turn the army south until it is possible to head east without too much difficulty, when the scout tells you that the village is further to the south. If you wish to go with ten men to the village, turn to 238. If you would rather march on eastwards with your army, turn to 180.

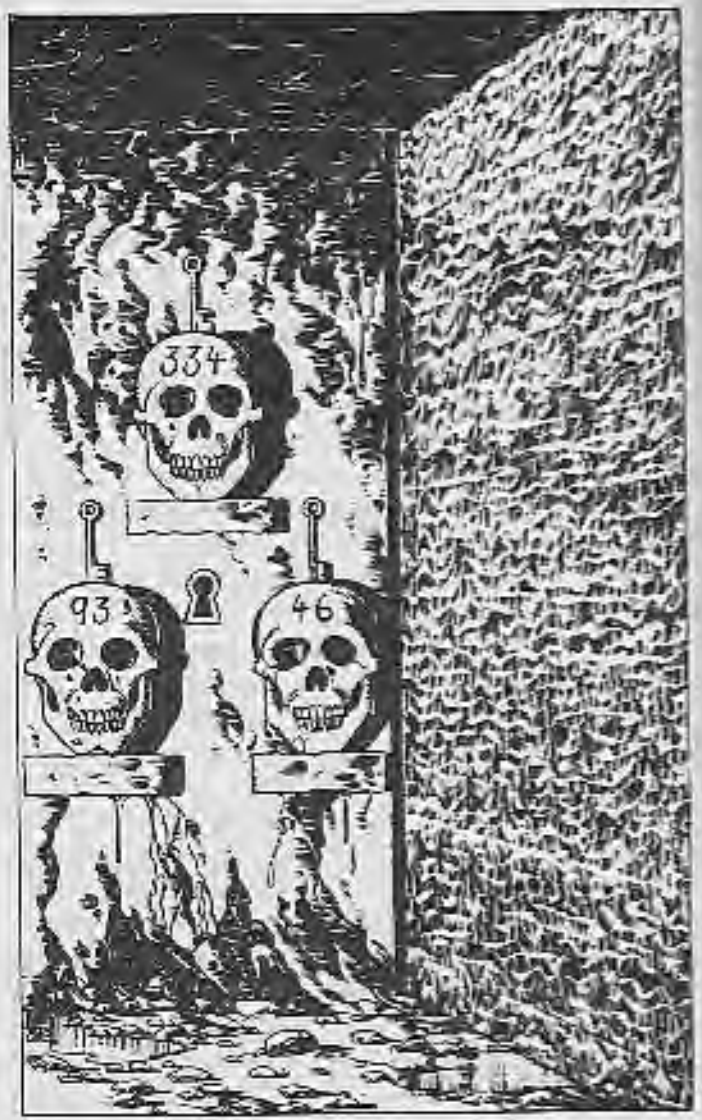

121

A large stone slab blocks your progress down the passageway. However, a slot for a key and a crack between the slab and the side wall lead you to suppose that it could slide into the wall. Three skulls are mounted on stone plinths round the slot, each with a key placed on top and a number stamped on the forehead. If you wish to try a key in the slot, choose a number and turn to it. If you would rather walk back to the junction and try the other passageway, turn to 17.

122

With a full stomach, your reaction is slow. You feel a sudden pain in your side as the dagger finds its mark. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 190. If you are Unlucky, turn to 272.

123

The Goblin's fall is broken by landing on top of the Wyvern. Although it is bruised and in pain from what you suppose are broken ribs, it is at least alive and may be able to provide you with some valuable information. You walk over to your would-be assassin and ask quite sternly what it knows about Agglax. But the Goblin merely spits at you before pushing a dagger into its own chest. You decide to search through its pockets, and you find a bowstring, five arrowheads and a gold pendant with the number '10' scratched on the base. Keep the pendant if you wish, before giving the order to march on towards Claw. Turn to 220.

124

You tell Max to go and meet Lexon at your camp outside Zengis where she will receive her payment of 200 Gold Pieces (deduct this from your *Adventure Sheet*). 'You will not regret hiring us,' she says as she leads her men away. You watch her for a few moments, before turning the corner and walking on up the street. Turn to 314.

125

The Hopper jumps up and down on your shoulder, yapping frantically like an excited puppy. 'No right turns on the way out the caves,' squeaks the Hopper. 'What would you do without me?' You make a couple of facetious suggestions and walk on. Turn to 166.

126

As you race away, you do not see the Axeman behind you take aim and hurl a throwing-axe at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 371. If you are Unlucky, turn to 302.

127

A sprig of belladonna is brought to you and you swallow it as quickly as possible. The belladonna is a poison itself (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA) but, strangely, fights off lycanthropy. The fever soon dies down and you are able to rest and sleep. You feel much better in the morning and lead the army across the new plain. Turn to 323.

128

For you it will be a long night, a night that lasts for ever. As soon as the moon rises, the amulet becomes animated by the warmth of your skin and the beetle burrows into your neck and severs your windpipe.

129

Fifteen minutes pass by, and still you find yourself unable to move a muscle. Then, much to your horror, you see a head rise slowly out of the sewer access tunnel. It is another Sewer Goblin. It looks first at the bodies of its two comrades then over at you. It climbs slowly out of the tunnel and walks up to you. With one swift movement, its dagger exacts revenge.

130

The path finally peters out at a point where the forest begins to thin. Walking is made easier on the flat, pine-needle-covered ground and you turn east once again. Turn to **114**.

131

The fireball crashes on to the deck, killing five of your men. Others rush to put out the fire before it can gain a hold, and soon it is under control. Turn to **21**.

132

'No exit permit, no exit,' shouts the Calacorm as it reaches for its spear. Now you must defend yourself.

CALACORM SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **377**.

133

You rummage hastily through the pockets of the vagabonds and find 10 Gold Pieces and a glass phial containing a green, odourless liquid. If you wish to drink the green liquid, turn to **264**. If you would rather leave it, take the gold and go back into the street to explore Zengis further, turn to **382**.

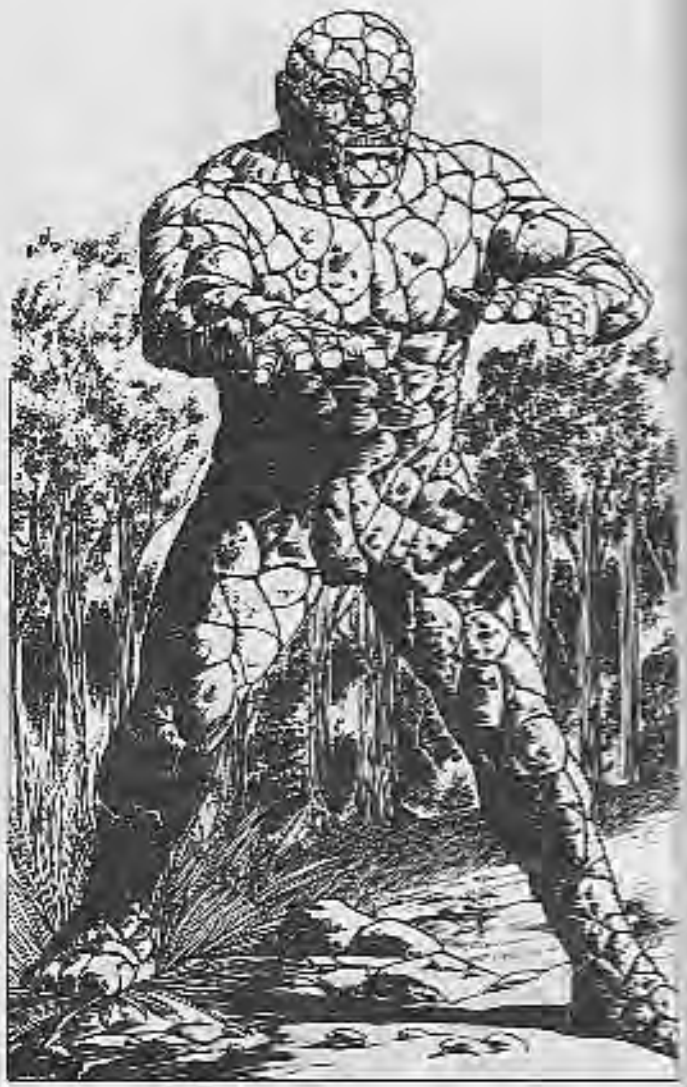

134

A large rock in front of you suddenly moves. Then you realize that it is not a rock, but the back of a Rock Man. It stands awkwardly on its rocky feet and turns to face you. Like a tall man with rough, rock-like skin, the waiting servant of Agglax stretches out to grab you and squeeze the life out of your body.

ROCK MAN SKILL 10 STAMINA 6

If you lose any Attack Rounds, turn to 202. If you win without losing any Attack Rounds, turn to 55.

135

The Goblin manages to stay in its saddle, and soon the fast-climbing Wyvern is nothing more than a speck in the sky heading for the eastern horizon. Aware that Agglax may send more would-be assassins, you give the order to march on to Claw, but with your troops in much closer formation. Turn to 220.

136

Your temperature increases and the fever becomes worse as the hours roll by. You slip in and out of consciousness, until your body finally gives in to the deadly virus. Your adventure is over.

137

The first two barrels you examine are empty. The third has a piece of old sacking covering it; before you can even touch it, however, a squeaky man's

voice shouts out from inside, 'Go away! Leave me alone! Can't a body get a decent afternoon nap these days?' If you wish to pull back the sacking to see who is inside the barrel, turn to 328. Otherwise, you can either walk back down the alley and turn left into the street (turn to 177) or, if you have not done so already, descend into the tunnel to the sewers below the alley (turn to 31).

138

Ten Warriors cross the bridge before you step on to it. You are halfway across when it suddenly moves under your feet. The slab rolls over and you are thrown into the depths of the chasm. Landing on the rocky floor fifty yards below, you are killed instantly. The slab of stone was a Boulder Beast that had been put there to trap you by the servants of Agglax.

139

By the time the *Flying Toucan* has turned and got under way, the pirate ship is less than 200 yards astern. The gap quickly closes until you are thrown on to your back by the force of the pirate ship ramming the stern of the *Flying Toucan*. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 384. If you are Unlucky, turn to 215.

140

You fall backwards, clutching at thin air, and land heavily on the ground, some fifteen feet below. You are dazed and winded, and a pain in your back

prevents you getting up. Through blurred vision you see the Blog above take aim with its blowpipe. The poisoned dart finds its mark and you are dragged off to fill the Blog's cooking pot.

141

You arrive at an old building which looks like a barn, with large wooden doors at the front. A man is standing in front of the doors and there is much shouting and cheering coming from inside the building. You step towards the entrance, but the man bars your way. 'Pie-eating competition,' he says gruffly. 'Five Gold Pieces to go in, and then you can join in the competition against Big Belly Man if you think you can out-eat him. Mind you, nobody ever has, I think I should tell you.' If you want to pay the entrance fee and go in, turn to 217. If you would rather walk on, turn to 95.

142

The raging battle continues, but still there is no sign of Agglax himself. No sooner have you drawn your bloody sword from the chest of the Hill Troll, than a heavily armoured Mountain Orc jumps over the corpse to fight you.

MOUNTAIN ORC	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 208.

143

You are almost out of the wood when you hear savage war-cries. Fifteen heavily armoured Orcs are running through the trees towards you, brandishing swords, axes and warhammers. You must fight a *Skirmish Battle*. If you win, turn to 242.

144

'I don't know if you know it already,' continues Thog, 'but the Starstone Caves is a very dangerous, trap-ridden system of passageways and caves, one of which is the hideaway of the Oracle. Even though he has many powers to offer this land, he really loathes all the lying, cheating, thieving, hypocrisy, deceit and all the other bad ways of the beings in Allansia. He will tolerate those who show initiative, however. And if you survive his traps, that will show initiative enough: he'll speak with you. And I'll take you there for 30 Gold Pieces.' You pay Thog his fee and go back with him to the inn.

Early next morning you rouse your men and are soon marching south-eastwards. Thog starts to tell you all about his adventures which, after two hours, become extremely boring. Before noon, you give the order to rest for food, just to stop Thog from talking. Even so, he rambles on, spitting crumbs from his mouth while describing the more exciting moments from his tales. Thankfully, you reach the Starstone Caves before dusk and ask Thog to tell you all he knows. 'Two things I should tell you,' he replies. 'Always turn right at every junction. And if you

have to choose a number you can see, don't choose one with a four in it. What questions the Oracle will ask you I'm afraid you will have to answer for yourself. You must go on your own and find out.' You wave goodbye to your men before disappearing into the mouth of the dark cave, a lit candle in one hand and your sword in the other. Turn to 219.

145

A bare-chested warrior dives into the river and swims to the barrel. A rope is thrown to him, and he ties this round the barrel before being hauled up by the deckhands. With a buzz of excitement, the lid is prised off the barrel. But the contents are disappointing – the barrel is half filled with apples. If you want to hand them round to your men, turn to 329. If you would rather toss them overboard, turn to 107.

146

As you walk past an alleyway, three dark-cloaked figures leap out of the shadows, wielding wooden clubs. Fight the robbers one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ROBBER	7	6
Second ROBBER	7	7
Third ROBBER	8	6

If you win, you decide against going any further in the dark, and you walk back to 'Helen's House'. Turn to 368.

147

You reel backwards and the arrow thuds into the ground, missing you by inches. The Wyvern is steered skywards again by the Goblin, as your troops rush to you to make certain you are not wounded. You shout at them to fire their bows at the Wyvern, but it is already out of range. As you give the order to march on, you wonder whether the attack had been an assassination attempt on behalf of Agglax. Turn to 220.

148

The Knights draw their swords, which you see are burning with white flames. Seemingly undaunted by the numbers standing against them, they charge at your troops on their five white stallions. You see them slice through your ranks as the weapons of your soldiers appear to do them no harm. One of the Knights turns his horse in your direction. You raise your sword to defend yourself, but the clash of the Knight's burning blade shatters it into tiny pieces. The Knight strikes again, slicing through your body armour as though it were butter. There you die at the Twisted Bridge.

149

The street continues straight on until you find yourself back at the main entrance-gates to Zengis. Remembering your promise to Lexon, you decide to return to your waiting army. Turn to 113.

150

The Axeman stands back, cutting a figure-of-eight through the air with the battle-axe which he wields in both hands.

AXEMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 101.

151

'I'm afraid you are short of luck, my friend,' continues the Oracle. 'Fate has decided that I cannot help you. Goodbye.' The eyes on the carving close again and you are left to ponder what to do next. You hear a grating sound behind you; looking round, you see a section of wall sliding back. There is no alternative but to step into the tunnel that has appeared. Turn to 280.

152

'I said, go away,' growls the rogue as he pushes the table back and stands up. 'You must be either deaf or stupid. Maybe you can understand this,' he says angrily as he draws his sword. You respond in similar fashion.

ROGUE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 276.

153

Standing close by, the warrior woman sees the Goblin just as it is about to fire its crossbow. She dives headlong at you to push you out of the path of the flying bolt. You are knocked to the ground and, when you get up, you see that Max is dead, the Goblin's bolt protruding from her chest. Swearing revenge, you leap to attack the Goblins who are still fighting the surrounded Warrior.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	6

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to 379.

154

You bound across the floorboards and leap for the sword. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 90. If you are Unlucky, turn to 387.

155

The trees become so densely packed that it feels as if they are pressing in on you. You are forced to call a halt and decide to go on alone with a scout to find out whether the forest thins out ahead. Rather than thinning out, however, the trees become packed more closely together until it reaches a point where you almost have to squeeze yourself between them. The scout is walking ahead of you when he suddenly calls out, 'Tree Men!' Just as you reach him, a huge trunk moves slowly forward on its splayed roots and lashes the poor man with its two main branches. All but indistinguishable from the trees around it, you can just make out a mouth hidden in the thick, cracked bark and, above it, a pair of small, ancient eyes which are ringed like the stumps of a branch. The scout is battered to the ground and the Tree Man lumbers forward to crush him under its roots. Ignoring the danger, you draw your sword and attack the Tree Man.

TREE MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

Both branches (with 8 STAMINA points each) will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your nominated branch as in a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is greater – you must just count this as a successful defence. Of course if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If you win, turn to 290.

156

The old woman thanks you profusely and reaches out for your right hand with both of hers. 'Let me read your palm,' she says. She opens your hand pulls it towards her crinkled face and lets out a series of 'oohs' and 'aahs'. Finally she looks up and says, 'You are an adventurer on a very important mission. To fulfil that mission, make sure you drink the Water of the Gods. Death awaits you if you don't.' Without saying another word, she hobbles off and you march south again. Turn to 38.

157

Your vision blurs even more and you suddenly feel quite sick. You stagger towards the table nearest to you, but before you reach it you collapse on to the stone floor. When you come round, you find yourself lying on a pile of rubbish in a dark alley. Your head throbs with pain and your feeling of nausea is not helped by the foul stench rising up from the rubbish. Thankfully, your sword is still in its scabbard, but if you possessed a pendant or a ring, they will have been stolen from you by the thieves of 'The Black Dragon'. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK. Cursing your decision to come to Zengis, you rise slowly to your feet and stagger out of the alley. Turn to 382.

158

Your troops become suddenly quiet, then a nervous whisper runs through the ranks. You call them to order and march into the forest where the light quickly fades under a thick canopy of leaves overhead. After half an hour, a scout reports back to tell you that he has spotted a village of wooden huts that were almost hidden by overgrowing vegetation. If you wish to go with ten men to the village, turn to 238. If you would rather march on with your army, turn to 180.

159

The fireball lands with a splash in the river, well short of the *Flying Toucan*. Turn to 192.

160

The glow intensifies as your skin becomes uncomfortably hot. It then begins to burn and you scream out in pain before falling unconscious to the floor. Death by radiation soon follows.

161

You shake hands with the man, sit back in your chair and wait for a fly to descend. Less than a minute later, a large bluebottle lands on the table and moves towards the blobs of jam. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **231**. If you roll 4–6, turn to **80**.

162

At last you manage to get round the clearing and head south along the path. Turn to **315**.

163

One of the guards nods his head and says, 'Yes, I saw the army myself, setting up camp outside Zengis. The adventurer must be telling the truth. We'll let you go this time, but don't get into any more trouble.' You breathe a sigh of relief and assure the guards that your only wish is to recruit more warriors. Turn to **78**.

164

Although the ropes creak under the strain, the bridge holds out and your army crosses safely. Heading east, you reach the eastern edge of the forest just as it is getting dark, so you decide to set up camp under the cover of the trees. Looking up at the night sky which is, at last, visible again, you see that the moon is full. You decide to post extra soldiers on watch duty, ever wary of the presence of were-creatures. Turn to **278**.

165

The crowd listens intently as you tell them of your quest; however, unknown to you, one of Agglax's spies lurks among them. A dagger flies out from the sea of faces; you just glimpse it out of the corner of your eye. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **293**. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **122**.

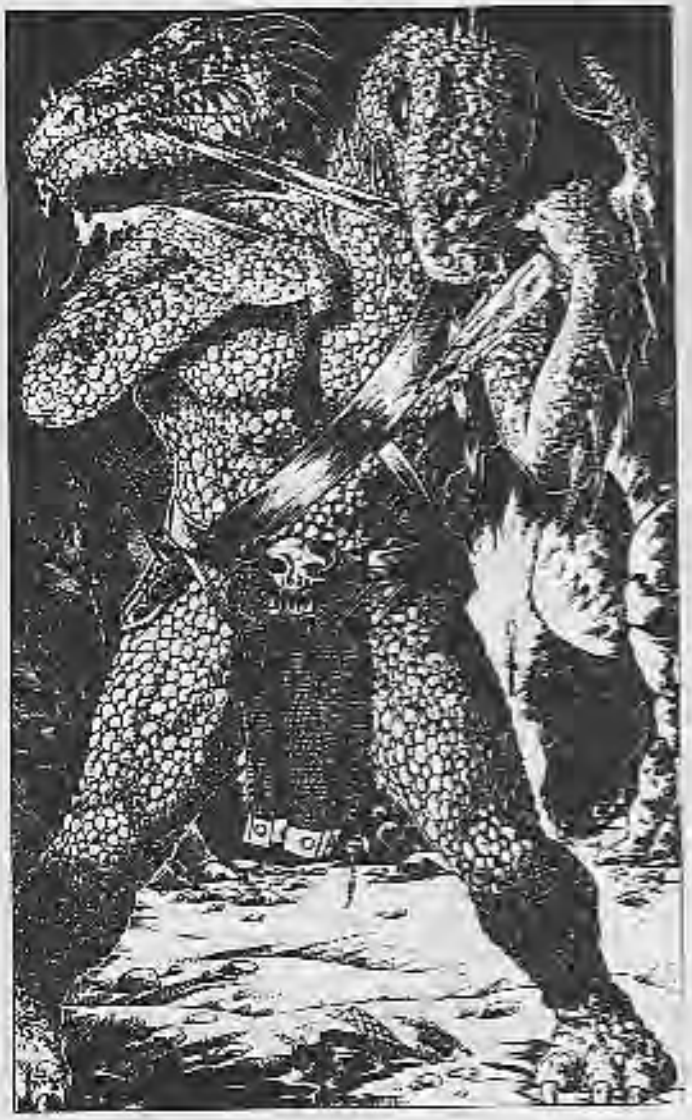

166

The tunnel opens out into a large cave and continues in the far wall. Between you and that tunnel, however, stands a tall, reptilian creature with two heads. It skins a dead snake with its dagger and then takes one bite out of the snake with each head. Armoured reptilians with two heads and an appetite for snakes can mean only one thing – Calacorms! You step slowly into the cave, your hand on your sword-hilt. The Calacorm's heads both start talking at once and you have difficulty understanding what it is saying. Thankfully it takes another bite of snake with one head and continues talking with the other. 'Exit permit must be signed and sealed,' it says to you irritably. Thrusting a piece of parchment into your hands, it shouts, 'Your seal! Give me your seal!' If you have a gold seal, turn to the number that is inscribed on it. If you do not have a seal, turn to 132.

167

The door is locked and you have to prise it open with your sword. Finally, with a loud noise of splintering wood, the door flies open to reveal a large, rusty iron box. Crudely printed words on the lid give the warning: 'DO NOT OPEN. PROPERTY OF UNMOU.' If you nevertheless wish to open the box, turn to 229. If you would rather respect the owner's wishes, leave the box and march on, turn to 399.

168

As you pick the statue up, you hear a click. A dagger with a needle-sharp point is released from a coiled spring inside the plinth and flies towards your chest. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 365. If you are Unlucky, turn to **105**.

169

Leaving its hands tied behind its back, you give the Blog a shove with your boot and watch it scamper off into the thick undergrowth. You call out to your Warriors to return to the path and march on. Turn to **130**.

170

A sharp pain runs down your arm from the place in your shoulder where the trident's spikes are lodged. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Gritting your teeth, you pull the trident out of your shoulder. A nimble figure runs out from behind the barrels and dives over the side of the ship into the water, making the quietest of splashes. You look over the side but see no head rise to the surface.

Whoever or whatever attacked you must be an excellent underwater swimmer. You walk over to the barrels and see watery webbed prints on the deck, perhaps those made by a Fish Man. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **43**. If you are Unlucky, turn to 375.

171

The nimble creature twists and turns through the undergrowth before scampering quickly up a tree. Will you:

Climb the tree?	Turn to **2**
Chop the tree down (if you have an axe)?	Turn to **257**
Call the troops back to the path and march on?	Turn to **130**

172

You put the mug to your lips and down the foul-tasting drink in one go. 'Ditch water!' you exclaim contemptuously, slamming the mug back down on the bar. The barman sneers, 'The drinks are on me if you can do that a second time.' If you would like to accept the challenge, turn to 249. If you would rather get on with your business, turn to **40**.

173

'Never mind,' says the girl. 'Come back another time and have another go.' You grunt in acknowledgement and decide to leave the gambling-hall and go back to the inn. Turn to **50**.

174

'Correct,' the Knight says cheerfully. 'Now tell us why you are marching through this infernal forest.' You tell the Knights about your mission to destroy Agglax. They reply that they would be honoured to join your army, and you readily accept their offer. They also tell you that they know a quick and safe route out of the forest. With the mounted Knights leading the way, you cross over the bridge. By the time you reach the eastern edge of the forest it is getting dark, so you decide to set up camp under the cover of the trees. Looking up at the night sky which is, at last, visible again, you see that the moon is full. You decide to post extra soldiers on watch, ever wary of the presence of were-creatures. Turn to 278.

175

It is late in the afternoon when the towers and rooftops of Zengis come into view. Captain Barnock appears to relax a little, knowing that he will soon be moored up in the safety of the town jetty. Before going ashore, you appoint a Warrior named Lexon as your second-in-command, and tell him to lead your men to a field outside the town walls and to pitch camp there; you don't want them getting into trouble, and you want them well fed and rested for the next day's march. You tell Lexon that you will spend the night in Zengis in order to recruit more troops and perhaps find out some rumours about Agglax, the Shadow Demon. As your troops march down the gangplank of the *Flying Toucan*, you bid farewell to Captain Barnock. You walk through the

main gates of the town and decide to head for the nearest tavern, a place where you might expect to find both warriors and rumours. As you walk down the narrow street between the old wooden houses, you suddenly catch sight of a gold ring lying in the gutter. If you want to pick it up, turn to 292. If you want to carry on looking for a tavern, turn to 52.

176

You part the bushes and immediately come face to face with a Giant Lizard. Over twenty feet long, the gape-jawed monster lunges at you.

GIANT LIZARD SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you are still alive after three Attack Rounds, turn to 196.

177

At the corner of the street, you arrive at a stone building; it has a sign painted on the window in crude whitewash letters which reads 'Max's Marauders – Swords for Hire'. If you wish to enter the building, turn to 63. If you would rather keep walking round the corner to the left, turn to 314.

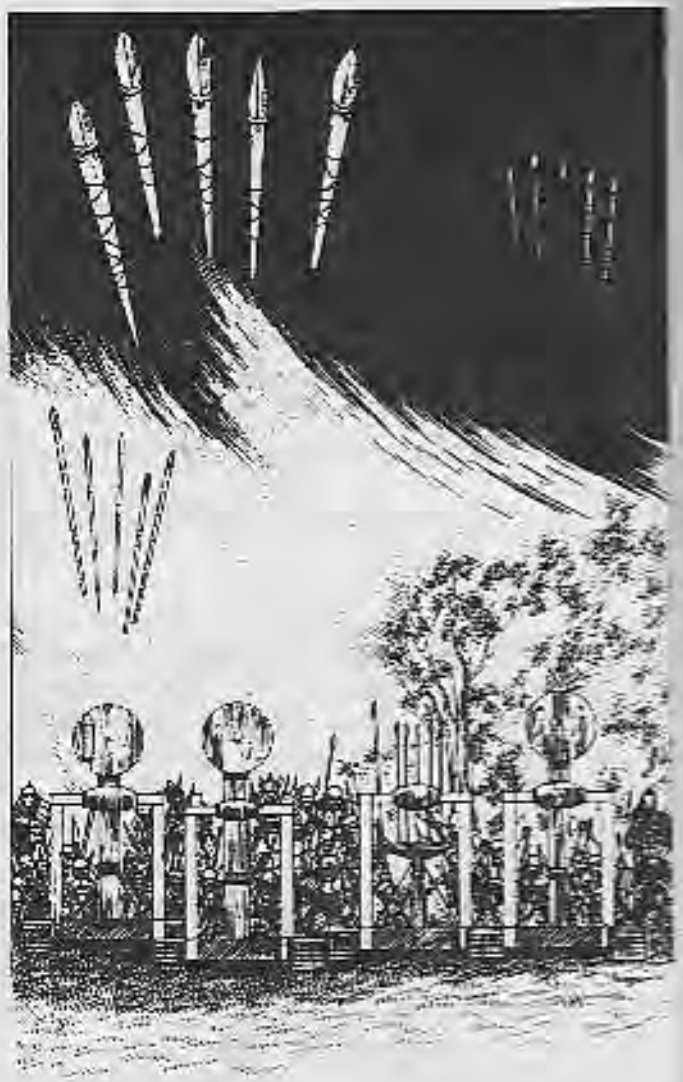

178

As you close in on the front line of Trolls, they suddenly part to allow four wooden wagons to roll forward, each one pushed by crews of shouting Goblins. Your heart sinks when you see the Goblins load large pointed poles into their firing positions, ready to be catapulted at your advancing troops. But there is no going back and you urge your troops on into the mouths of the Goblin war-machines. When you are well within range, you hear their order to fire, and watch the missiles fly towards you. Roll four dice for the number of your troops who are cut down by the war-machines' deadly missiles. Still fifty yards away from the enemy line, your own troops falter in the face of another salvo. In need of urgent rallying, you run ahead of your army to lead them into battle. When you are just twenty yards away from their line, the war-machines are fired again. Roll four dice again and deduct this total from your army. If you now have fewer than one hundred troops in total, turn to 59. If you have one hundred or more troops, turn to 13.

179

Half an hour after eating the apples, some of the soldiers start being sick, yourself included. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL. Their health rapidly deteriorates, and two die quite quickly. Before the day is over, fifteen in all have died. Make the deduction on your *Adventure Sheet* and also deduct 2 points from your LUCK. You regret your decision to give the apples to your men and resolve in future not to be distracted from your main objective. Turn to 209.

180

You pass by a stagnant pool above which the air is thick with hovering insects. In the middle of the pool you can see the corner of a wooden box sticking out of the weed-covered water. If you wish to wade into the pool to retrieve the box, turn to 325. If you would rather march on, turn to 68.

181

The path finally ends at a clearing. The trees are less dense beyond the clearing, making it possible to go east again. Turn to 114.

182

You step out from behind a tree so that the men in the cages can see you. 'Free us! Free us quickly before the Orcs return!' one of them shouts desperately. 'Two days ago their archers cut us down, killing twelve of us and injuring another. We were travelling east to join the army we have heard about that is marching to meet the Shadow Demon's forces.' You sense that the man is telling the truth and instruct the Elves to let the cages down. Ten tired-looking Warriors are freed from their cages, but the eleventh has died of his wounds. The ten are seen to join you when they learn, much to their surprise, that *you* command the army they are looking for. After giving them food and water, you lead them out of the wood. Turn to 143.

183

The man, whose name you learn is Obigee, goes on at length about a whole series of races, walking round the room and mimicking the antics of the crew. 'Would you like to see a drawing of the crew?' he finally asks (turn to 230 if you would). 'Or would you rather have your room key?' (turn to 81).

184

You enlarge the hole, to reveal a small iron door which is locked. There is a small keyhole but no key. If you wish to open the door and have a gold key, turn to the number that is inscribed on the key. If you do not wish to open the door or do not have a key, there is nothing else you can do except leave the clearing. Turn to 315.

185

A scream suddenly fills the air; it is made by one of your Warriors and is quickly followed by several more uttered by other men. 'Giant Fire Ants!' comes a cry from an area where there is suddenly much activity: men leaping to their feet and stamping on the ground, and others brushing frantically at their clothing and armour. You order everybody to move out of the long grass as quickly as possible, but when they have reformed by the river bank, five Warriors are missing. You walk back through the grass and find them lying motionless, their bodies covered by the poisonous red ants. There is nothing you can do for them and so you return to your men with the bad news. You begin the march again, although not in such high spirits. Turn to **274**.

186

You reach the eastern edge of the forest just as it is getting dark and decide to set up camp under the cover of the trees. Looking up at the night sky which is, at last, visible again, you see that the moon is full. You decide to post extra soldiers on guard duty, ever wary of the presence of were-creatures. Turn to 276.

187

Only a foolish adventurer would attack a Leprechaun. Before you can even raise your arm to strike a blow, the Leprechaun tosses some magic dust in your face. You are instantly paralysed – the only part of your body that you can move is your eyes; but you still have your senses. For the next half-hour you are stuck rigid to the spot and forced to listen to a long lecture from the Leprechaun on how absolutely wrong it is to attack defenceless people. When the lecture is finally over, the Leprechaun starts to rummage through your backpack and pockets. He takes all your gold items (not Gold Pieces) and says, 'Now let that be a lesson to you.' Then he wanders off. Deduct 2 points from your LUCK and then *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 72. If you are Unlucky, turn to **129**.

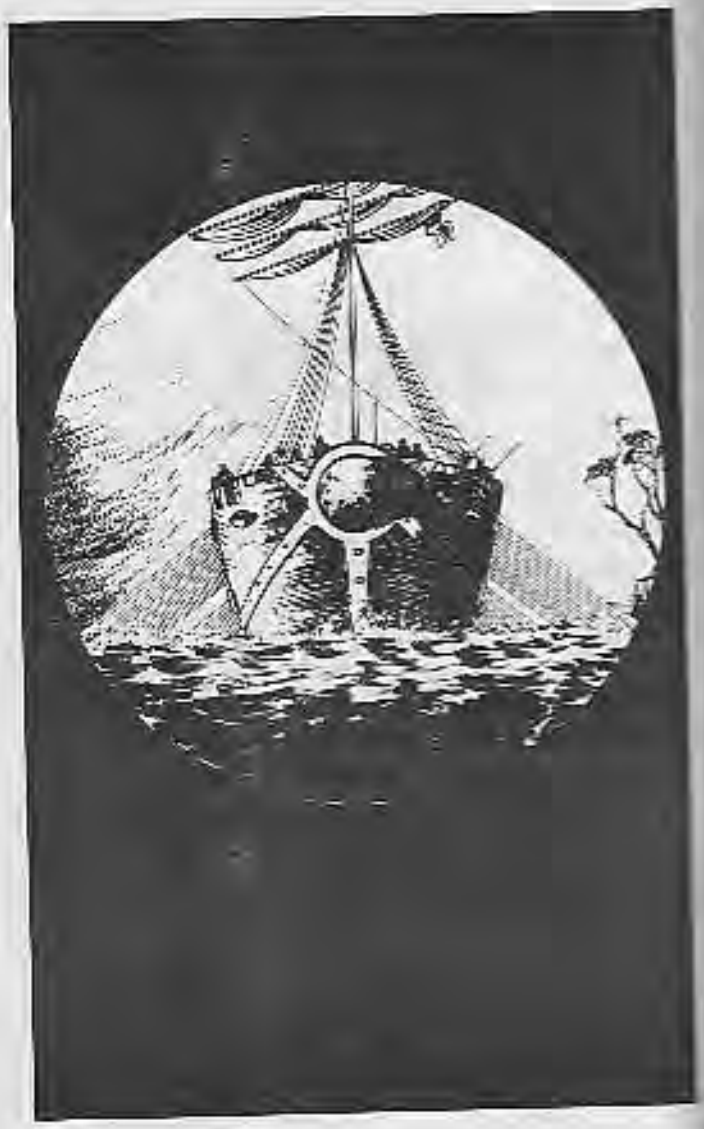

188

Two hours later, the tranquillity of the river trip is suddenly disturbed by a shout from the crow's nest: 'River Pirates! River Pirates!' Captain Barnock reaches for his telescope and fumes and curses as he focuses on the ship coming downriver at full speed. He hands you the telescope and you see the reason for his concern. The pirate ship is of the type built by Northmen, exceptionally sturdy and with a huge iron ramming-spike protruding from the bow. Double rows of oars extend from each side of the ship, giving added speed; the *Flying Toucan* is obviously no match for the pirate ship, which steers a ramming course. Captain Barnock starts to fluster, not knowing what to do. Will you:

Order him to raise a flag of surrender?	Turn to 277
Turn the *Flying Toucan* towards the north bank?	Turn to 353
Order the *Flying Toucan* to turn about and out-run the pirate ship?	Turn to 139

189

You shrug your shoulders in exasperation and trudge back to your troops to give the order to march on. Turn to 130.

190

The dagger lodges in the fleshy part of your left side and the wound is not very serious. Deduct 2 points

from your STAMINA. As you clutch your wound, a dark, hooded figure slips out of the crowd, through a side door and away before anyone can catch him. You tell them not to give chase as there will be other assassins put in your path before you get the chance to meet Agglax. After bandaging your wound, you hire ten Warriors for 100 Gold Pieces and tell them to meet Lexon at your camp outside the town. When you feel you are sufficiently recovered, you go outside again. Turn to **95**.

191

You free the captured Dwarfs and hear how they had been ambushed in the forest while looking for caves to explore for gems. For saving their lives they offer to enlist in your army and arm themselves with weapons from the Hobgoblins. A search of the Hobgoblins' bodies yields a gold necklace and a war-banner that was tied to a spear. Its emblem is a red dragon holding a curved sword, against a white background inside a gold circle. You pack away the necklace and banner and give the order to march on through the clearing. Turn to **312**.

192

The River Raiders are obviously unaware of the number of soldiers on board your ship, otherwise they would not have attacked with only twenty men. As they draw closer, no more fireballs are released by the catapult and you must decide what to do. If you want to order the Elves to loose their arrows at the Raiders, turn to **380**. If you would rather let the Raiders climb aboard, turn to **258**.

193

You slay two more of Agglax's creatures and then a spear is thrust in your side. The sheer weight of enemy numbers is too much, even for you and your brave soldiers. You do not die alone this day – but, alas, the enemy has won.

194

The nimble-footed Hill Man's reflexes are sharp, and he jumps up in the air as you dive towards his feet. Roll two dice. If the number is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **373**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **117**.

195

Max congratulates you on your swordsmanship and accepts defeat gracefully. You tell her to meet Lexon at your camp outside Zengis where she will receive her payment of 100 Gold Pieces (deduct this from your *Adventure Sheet*). 'You will not regret hiring us,' she says as she leads her men away. You watch her for a moment, before turning the corner of the street. Turn to 314.

196

Nearby Dwarfs run to help you and quickly slay the reptilian monster. Wondering what other dangers await you in the forest, you march along the path. Turn to 15.

197

You squeeze between the tables and sit down on a high stool at the far end of the bar. The barman is a huge, ugly brute – if he said his father was an Ogre, you would believe him. 'What's yer poison?' he grunts, to which you reply, 'A mug of apple juice.' 'Apple juice!' roars the barman out loud. 'Apple juice! Ha, the young squib wants apple juice! And I suppose you'll want milk if we don't have apple juice?' laughs the barman as his customers look round to see who he is mocking. 'Well you've come to the wrong place,' he continues. 'We only serve Devil's Brew here. Do you think you can take a pint of that?' If you wish to drink a pint of Devil's Brew, turn to 172. If you still insist on apple juice and at the

same time would like to tell the barman to mind his manners, turn to 71.

198

Less than a minute later, you hear the Elf scream and a bellowing roar from a huge creature. There is a brief scuffle and then silence. The next sound you hear is that of teeth crunching and gnawing through bone. Some terrible subterranean beast is devouring the poor Elf. His fellow Elves look at you accusingly and you have to feel responsible for the Elf's death. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK. However, there is nothing that can be done for the Elf except, perhaps, to avenge his death. If you wish to be lowered down the rope yourself, turn to 239. If you would rather leave the clearing, turn to 315.

199

It is tiring work, crossing the stinking marsh. The dark brown water rises up to your knees and your feet are sucked down into the black sludge below. You are about halfway across when you see the reeds and weeds ahead of you slowly start to rise out of the water, pushed upwards by some grotesque black hulk. It is a massive creature which breaks the surface of the water, slime and vegetation dripping down the sides of its thick hide, which is lined with deep grooves. A head appears, eyeless and bearing a gaping, blood-red maw lined with rows of dagger-like teeth. It slithers towards you, crushing and drowning five Warriors under its huge bulk (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*). The hideous Mudgrinder is almost on top of you and you must defend yourself with your sword.

MUDGRINDER SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

After five Attack Rounds, turn to 33.

200

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 164. If you are Unlucky, turn to 34.

201

'Gladly!' replies the bounty-hunter. He hands you his helmet and you pay him 5 Gold Pieces. The helmet is very solid and will protect you from solid blows that might otherwise have caused serious injury. Add 1 point to your SKILL. You follow the bounty-hunter back along the tunnel and leave him to collect his evidence from the dead Sewer Goblins

in the alley. If you have not done so already, you may inspect the barrels (turn to 137), or you could walk back down the alley and turn left into the street (turn to 177).

202

The Rock Man manages to get its arms locked round you. Two of your ribs crack under the enormous pressure that the Rock Man applies with its powerful arms. Deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 2 points from your STAMINA. The Rock Man squeezes harder as your troops attack it from behind, but its back is almost as tough as stone and the swords bounce off it. You call for a Dwarf to try to splinter the Rock Man with a warhammer. If there are any Dwarfs in your army, turn to 336. If all your Dwarfs are already dead, turn to 244.

203

Some time later, Captain Barnock walks over to you and says, 'We'll soon be dropping anchor for the night. Would you and your men like to sleep here on the deck of my ship or would you prefer to find somewhere more comfortable on land?' If you decide to sleep on deck, turn to 12. If you wish to go ashore and find some long grass on which to sleep, turn to 337.

204

You step warily into the mouth, expecting a jet of flame to frizzle you or the floor to fall away suddenly. But nothing happens and you are able to walk on. Turn to 53.

205

Taking careful aim, you hurl your backpack at the sword, hoping to knock it safely on to the floor. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 5. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 306.

206

'That indeed is a pity. Perhaps I'll give you one last chance to make amends, or maybe I won't. Let fate decide it. Now where are my dice?' booms the voice of the Oracle. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 44. If you are Unlucky, turn to 151.

207

With quick reflexes, you dive to one side and only your left leg is burnt by the fireball. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You roll over and try to stand, just as the Goblin rider looses its arrow at you. Roll one die. If you roll 1, turn to 304. If you roll between 2 and 4, turn to 344. If you roll 5, turn to 147. If you roll 6, turn to 283.

208

The noise of battle rings in your ears as you look round to see how your army is coping against the odds. Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 106. If you roll 3 or 4, turn to 216. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to 356.

209

As she rounds a bend in the river, the *Flying Toucan* suddenly comes under attack. A large fireball flies through the air towards you, hurled from a wooden catapult that is stationed on the south bank. Under the covering fire, twenty River Raiders jump into their log canoes and paddle quickly over to the *Flying Toucan*. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 286. If you are Unlucky, turn to 131.

210

Time passes by as you slip in and out of consciousness. But at last your temperature falls and you slowly recover. When you finally feel strong enough, you set off once again. Turn to 68.

211

You continue to march round the edge of the marsh and in less than an hour it is behind you. Turn to 115.

212

You leave the gambling-hall and make your way back to the inn, but you have the uneasy feeling that you are being followed. You turn to look back but cannot see anybody in the dark. Then suddenly you hear the sound of heavy footsteps approaching quickly and a large figure looms into view. Only when it is nearly on top of you do you see its savage face, lumpy and bestial, drooling spittle down its

chin. The Ogre has been sent to repossess the gold you have won.

OGRE SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

You must fight the axe-wielding Ogre in the dark street. If you win, you search the Ogre, but cannot find anything on it in the dark. You decide to return to the inn. Turn to 50.

213

Being an honourable person, you stand by your word and leave your ten men to work for the Hill Men. As you leave the village on your own, you turn to wave goodbye to your men, thinking that perhaps they have been saved from a worse fate: a gruesome end in battle against the forces of Agglax. But deep down you know they would have preferred to die in battle and you can't help feeling that you have let them down. Deduct 2 points from your LUCK. Putting the thought to the back of your mind, you quicken your step and return to your waiting army. Within half an hour the army is on the move, heading south-east after crossing the river towards Zengis. Turn to 49.

214

The tunnel is quite dark and the dim light from your candle does not illuminate the floor. Your foot catches a hidden tripwire which releases a bolt from a crossbow, mounted on the wall at the end of the tunnel. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 116. If you are Unlucky, turn to 383.

215

A rope securing a block and tackle in the rigging above you parts as the pirate ship rams the *Flying Toucan*. The block and tackle crash to the deck, knocking you unconscious in the process. When you awake, you find yourself chained to an oar belowdecks on the pirate ship, the *Flying Toucan* having been sunk. As a galley-slave, you will spend the rest of your days straining over an oar. Your adventure is over.

216

Thirty of your valiant troops lie dead or dying on the battlefield. (Reduce the size of your army by this amount on the *Adventure Sheet*.) Trolls try to push the brave survivors back, while Goblins and Orcs attack the flanks remorselessly. Berserk with battle-lust, some of the Goblins and Orcs at the back are fighting among themselves, so eager are they to experience the clash of steel. To your right you see a Warrior being attacked from both sides by two Goblins. To your left, another Warrior is being clubbed to the ground by a Hill Troll. If you wish to help the Warrior on your left, turn to 269. If you wish to help the Warrior on your right, turn to 62.

217

You pass through the entrance and find yourself in the middle of a packed crowd of cheering people. Some are standing on the floor, craning their necks in order to get a better view of what's happening in the centre of the barn. Others are sitting on the benches of a makeshift grandstand which rises up the other three walls. You squeeze your way through the crowd to find out what is going on, until you come to a circular wooden barrier, inside which two men are sitting at a table, one at each end, gorging themselves on two huge pies. The man to your left is so absolutely enormous that a half-moon shape has been cut out of the table where he is sitting so that he can reach his pie. He is quite old and completely bald, and he has a monocle jammed in his left eye. His gross body looks all the more obese because of the tight black leotard that he is wearing with his name, 'Big Belly', embroidered in yellow letters across it. His opponent, himself a huge Man-Orc, looks small in comparison. A Dwarf, who you are told is the referee, is standing on the table between them, making sure that all the pie is being eaten and none is dropped on the floor. Suddenly, Big Belly Man half-rises and punches the air with both hands, and a loud cheer goes up to celebrate another victory. The Dwarf calls for order and then announces the result. 'Ladies and gen'le-men, the winner of the rat-and-turnip-pie-eating competition is Big Belly Man!' Another cheer echoes through the room before the Dwarf can continue. When the noise has died down he proclaims, 'After

a five-minute interval, Big Belly Man will challenge anybody to a fish-and-custard-pie-eating competition. All challengers, sign up here, please.' If you want to enter the competition, turn to **14**. If you would rather leave, turn to **95**.

218

Further along the street, you come to another shop. The window is full of old things, all piled one on top of another: boxes, tins, clothes, tools, pottery, carvings and curios are all heaped up like a pile of jumble. A pawnbroker's sign, somewhat the worse for wear, hangs above the door. If you wish to enter the shop, turn to **287**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **141**.

219

The cave funnels down into a passageway which is dark and cold. Droplets of water fall from the ceiling with a loud 'plop' into shallow pools on the floor and occasionally you think you can hear a woman's laugh coming from a long way away. The passage soon ends at a junction. If you wish to go left, turn to **17**. If you wish to go right, turn to **121**.

220

It is mid-afternoon when you see wisps of smoke rising into the air against the distant stark backdrop of Icefinger Mountains, stretching as far east and west as you can see. The Elves' keen eyesight reveals that the smoke is rising from the chimneys of huts in a small village which, you presume, must be

Claw. You decide to enter the village with only ten men to show the Hill Men that you mean them no harm. Twenty minutes later, you enter the village, but it appears completely deserted: not a soul is in sight. Only the smoke which continues to rise from the chimneys convinces you that somebody must be near by. The village consists of thirty wooden huts forming a circle round one large hut, which you assume is either a meeting-place or a hall of worship. You call out but get no reply, and a shiver runs down your back as you wonder if this is a trap. If you wish to call out again, turn to **261**. If you would rather order your Warriors to draw their swords, turn to **86**.

221

You walk safely along the passageway for fifty yards until you arrive at a crude sign on the wall which reads 'GIVE GENEROUSLY'. Beneath the sign is a large wooden box with a wide slit in the lid. Put whatever you wish into the box before proceeding along the passageway. Turn to **76**.

222

The key turns in the lock and you pull the heavy door open. It is pitch-black inside and you are unable to see anything beyond the door. You drop a stone into the darkness and hear it clatter on to a stone floor below. Will you:

Lower yourself down on a rope?	Turn to 285
Lower a volunteer down?	Turn to 25
Close the door and leave the clearing?	Turn to 315

223

'Sorry for asking,' says Enk, looking all indignant. His hurt expression makes you wonder whether the vagabonds are in fact as tough as they look. Perhaps they may have useful information; it crosses your mind to tell them of your mission rather than fending them off with more lies. But can you trust a vagabond? If you wish to tell them about your true mission after all, turn to 395. If you would rather tell them that you must be on your way, turn to 311.

224

The docile creature sitting on your shoulder awakes from its slumber as you tap it gently on the head. Hoping the Hopper will have the powers its vendor claimed for it, you try to recall the numbers that will trigger its invisibility. If you know the number, turn to it. If you do not know the number, turn to 303.

225

You think about Captain Barnock's offer, but decide you would rather march east as you are more likely to recruit more troops on land. You set off and march through the open countryside without incident, following the River Kok eastwards. In the late afternoon you give the order for your troops to rest, and let them sit down in the knee-high grass. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 58. If you are Unlucky, turn to 185.

226

When you pick the doll up, red gas seeps out of its mouth and forms the word 'Agglax' in the air. Instinctively you drop the doll and it shatters on a rock. Red gas pours from the broken doll and fills the air. It has an immediate asphyxiating effect and you find it almost impossible to breathe. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You order everybody to lie on the ground to escape the gas which is hovering in the air. When it has finally blown away, you find that five Warriors do not get up again (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*). In low spirits you march on. Turn to 134.

227

The third strike of the barman's club hits you on the side of the head, knocking you unconscious. When you come round, you find yourself lying on a pile of rubbish in a dark alley. Your head throbs in pain and the nausea you feel in your aching stomach is not helped by the foul stench rising up from the rubbish. Thankfully, your sword is still gripped in your hand, but if you possessed a pendant or a ring, they will have been stolen from you by the thieves of 'The Black Dragon'. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK. Cursing your decision to come to Zengis, you slowly rise to your feet and stagger out of the alley. Turn to 382.

228

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 364. If you are Unlucky, turn to 260.

229

You lift the lid and find that the box is crammed full with the possessions of a Goblin called Unmou. A year-old diary written in Goblin language tells of Unmou's adventures and battles, and this is read out to you by one of your Dwarfs who learnt Goblin during the two years he spent in a slave mine. The Dwarf reads out the last entry with concern in his voice: 'Fiddlesticks barmy, I'm off to join the army! Agglax is yearning for us to do some burning. We're all willing, itching for some killing.' However, you find no map or clue as to where Unmou has gone to join Agglax. His other possessions amount to a blanket, a leather pouch full of teeth, two clay pots, a pair of leather sandals, a brass nose-ring, a pewter mug, a bag of shells, two rats' skulls, a wooden idol and a copper amulet in the shape of a beetle on a copper chain. The amulet is the only thing which interests you. Decide whether or not to place it round your neck before leading your troops north again. Turn to 399.

230

Obigee opens a cupboard drawer and pulls out a leather-bound book. He opens the book at a marked page and hands it to you. There are eight people in the picture, each dressed in heavy oilskins. 'That's me,' he says proudly, pointing to the drawing of himself, 'and that's our skipper Preece with the funny hat on. Spike's the one with his hair sticking up, and Euan is the young one going bald before his time. Werewolf's the bearded one, Kwil's son is the one with long hair and the couple there are Klaak and his lass, Welz. Perhaps one day we'll take on Conner himself. He's the best in all of Allansia. Sails in the *Old World* across the Western Ocean, but his reputation is known to all. But that's enough about me, what about you?'

You decide to tell Obigee about your quest and his eyes widen in amazement. 'I'm afraid I'm too old to join your campaign, but I would like to help your cause,' he says before disappearing into a back room. He reappears in a moment, holding a magnificent sword. 'If this cannot slay a Demon, nothing can,' he says with a smile. 'Leave me yours and you can have it.' You examine the sword and see that it is of remarkable craftsmanship; you do not hesitate to make the swap. Add 1 point to your SKILL. Obigee then hands you the key to your room and wishes you goodnight as you climb the stairs. Turn to 376.

231

The bluebottle hesitates for a second, then moves swiftly on to the jam that the rogue chose. You have lost the bet. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK and remove 50 Gold Pieces on the *Adventure Sheet*. The man drops the gold into his leather pouch, his face still expressionless despite his sudden gain. If you wish to ask him his name, turn to 3. If you would rather leave him and move to another table to sit with the three vagabonds, turn to 18.

232

With your sword gripped in your hand, you walk cautiously down the tunnel. The light from the flickering candle grows brighter as you approach it. A figure comes into view and you see at once that it is much taller than a Sewer Goblin: it is a man, carrying a pole-axe and a shield, and muttering to himself. When he sees you emerge out of the shadows into the light of his candle, he stops and says, 'Have you seen any Sewer Goblins come this way?' You tell him about the two that tried to rob you. 'Good. I'll go and cut their ears off so that I can collect my bounty. That's my job, see, Zengis has a lot of trouble with its Sewer Goblins, but not many people like to work down here clearing them out. You did me a favour, now can I do one for you in return?' Will you ask him if he knows anything about Starstone Caves (turn to 99) or ask him to sell you his helmet for 5 Gold Pieces (turn to 201).

233

You hear a loud thrashing sound in the bushes off the path to your left. If you wish to investigate, turn to 176. If you would rather march on, turn to 15.

234

A few miles further upriver, you come across a bearded man with ragged hair, standing on the north bank. He is dressed in animal furs and is waving his arms at you, gesturing for you to stop. If you wish to sail over to the man to investigate, turn to 298. If you would rather sail on, turn to 203.

235

You have walked no more than ten yards along the passage when the floor suddenly gives way under your feet. You have activated a trapdoor and fall head over heels into a sixty-foot-deep pit, where you land on a bed of ugly iron spikes. Pierced like a pincushion, you are killed instantly.

236

Agglax's mouth opens wide as if he is about to laugh, but you hear no sound of laughter. Instead, a jet of freezing gas shoots out of his mouth, enveloping you completely. Within seconds you are frozen to the spot, a trophy for the victorious Agglax.

237

Before he can recover, you lock Vine's arms behind his back in a vice-like grip. You increase the leverage until he sudden cries out, 'I yield!' You let go of his arms and help him to his feet. He rubs his shoulders and says, 'Stranger, you are worthy champion. You now have fifteen Hill Men at your disposal.' Twenty minutes later, after the Hill Men have gathered their belongings and weapons, you set off to rejoin your army, pleased with the knowledge that the diversion had been worth while. Turn to 104.

238

The group of you walk into the village with swords drawn and come upon the gruesome remains of a number of Wood Elves who have been brutally massacred, no doubt by the servants of Agglax. Looking around, you notice a small bronze statue standing on a wooden plinth in front of the largest hut in the village. If you wish to take the statue, turn to 168. If you would rather go back to your army, turn to 88.

239

With a burning torch gripped between your teeth, you lower yourself into the dark chamber. The unseen beast continues to tear at its victim. You run straight down the tunnel and see the sickening sight of a huge, hairy beast gorging on the Elf. Blood drips down its jaw as it looks up in your direction. Swinging your sword, you charge the brutal Nandibear.

NANDIBEAR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 362.

240

The scorpion's tail swings up over its head and stabs you with its venomous sting. The poison is quick-acting and you begin to feel extremely ill and feverish. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL. You stagger over to an alley and find a hiding-place behind some barrels, where you can lie down.

Some time later, you wake up and find yourself now able to walk, so you set off in search of a tavern. Turn to 52.

241

Up ahead a wooden bridge spans the chasm but you see that it is guarded by five Knights on horseback. When the Knights see you, two of them dismount and walk to the bridge, each carrying an axe. Poised to cut the securing ropes, they stand with their axes raised above their heads. The other three Knights, still mounted, raise their visors and say in turn from left to right, 'I am Sir Pierce'; 'I am Sir Dean'; 'I am Sir Trevor.' The one who introduced himself as Sir Dean then continues: 'We are the guardians of the Twisted Bridge. If you wish to cross it, you must answer a question.' If you wish to hear the question, turn to 248. If you would rather attack the Knights, turn to 148.

242

A search of the Orcs' possessions yields 10 Gold Pieces and some extra weapons for your men. After they have been distributed, you walk out of the wood to rejoin the rest of your troops. Turn to 295.

243

As you cut the ropes that are tying her, the Elf starts to sob. 'Thank you. Thank you for saving me. I am trained in mental powers and hoped that I could create a barrier that would deflect the sword, but I didn't really know if I could. I would like to have practised first with something less pointed than a sword, but my captors did not give me the chance.' She regains her composure, pulls a ring off her finger and says, 'Please take this ring as a token of

my gratitude. It will bring you luck.' If you wish to take the ring turn to 270. If you would rather refuse her gift politely, retrieve your backpack if you have dropped it and rejoin your men outside, turn to 211.

244

Warriors drop their swords and pull at the arms of the Rock Man. But its strength is unnatural and the Rock Man increases the pressure on your chest, which is eventually crushed as if it were a tin mug. Your quest is over.

245

After pocketing your gold, the old man hands the crow to you and says, 'Now, Billy, I want you to be a good friend to your new owner.' With the crow perched on your shoulder, you leave the shop. As soon as you are outside, the old man locks the door and hangs a 'CLOSED' sign up in the window. You walk off down the street and decide to talk to your new pet. You ask the crow to suggest somewhere interesting to go. The crow suddenly flies off your shoulder, circles above you and squawks, 'Darkwood Forest! See you there!' Then it squawks again loudly, as though laughing, and flies up into the sky, disappearing beyond the rooftops of Zengis. Suddenly angry, you run back to the shop and hammer on the door, but there is no reply. Annoyed at your own stupidity for buying the crow, you set off alone down the street. Turn to 218.

246

A silver trident flies over your head and thuds into a mast behind you. A nimble figure then runs out from behind the barrels and dives over the side of the ship into the water, making the quietest of splashes. You look over the side, but see no head rise to the surface. Whoever or whatever attacked you must be an excellent underwater swimmer. You walk over to the barrels and see watery webbed prints on the deck, perhaps those made by a Fish Man. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 43. If you are Unlucky, turn to 375.

247

On a long leash of vine, the Blog walks slowly ahead of you, threading its way between the bushes and the trees. You call out to the other members of your hunting party to go back to the main army and await your return. The Blog quickens its step and leads you to a huge, moss-covered statue standing mysteriously among the trees. It is a statue of an unknown king, standing in a strange pose: one arm is outstretched with a clenched fist, the other is outstretched with a pointing finger. As you step forward to examine the statue, the Blog reaches down for a knife hidden behind the statue and cuts itself

free. You hear a noise in the bushes – but it is too late, the Blog has disappeared. You are intrigued by the statue, however, and notice a clean band of stone on the outstretched finger; you assume a ring had been placed here. If you have a gold ring and wish to put it on the finger, turn to the number inscribed on the ring. If you do not have a ring or do not wish to put it on the finger, turn to **189**.

248

'We are the White Knights and we fight on the side of order,' Sir Dean says in a loud voice. 'If you are to prove to us that you also are aligned to order and are worthy of our help, you must answer this question. Which of the three star pupils who trained at the school of the Grand Wizard of Yore was was the son of a priest from Salamonis?' Will you reply:

Yaztromo?	Turn to 274
Nicodemus?	Turn to 291
Fen Ty Kora?	Turn to 391

249

You watch confidently as the barman refills your mug. You put it to your lips and once again gulp down the Devil's Brew without stopping. As you stand up and turn to walk over to one of the tables, the room suddenly starts to spin before your eyes and you see a double outline of everything in your vision. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **61**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **157**.

250

'You are very observant, my friend,' says the Oracle. 'Now for the final test. I want you to perform some magic for me. You can hear me, but you cannot see me. I think we should be equals. Make yourself invisible!' If you own a Hopper, turn to **224**. If you do not own a Hopper, turn to **108**.

251

You find nothing of interest on the bodies of the Sewer Goblins. If you wish to descend via the tunnel into the sewers below the alley, turn to **31**. If you wish to inspect the barrels, turn to **137**.

252

Half an hour later, you see some figures walk into the clearing opposite you. Two Dwarfs, their hands bound behind their backs and their necks held by a pole forked at both ends, are being pushed towards the boulder by a group of Hobgoblins. You count fifteen of them in total. One of the Dwarfs is cut free of his neck pole and is then forced to his knees; his head is pushed down on to the boulder as another Hobgoblin approaches with a two-headed axe. To halt the execution, you run into the clearing with twenty-five of your Warriors. Fight a *Skirmish Battle*. If you win, turn to 191.

253

The scorpion does not sting you, and you quickly shake it off your hand. You think about all the trouble you have already had in Zengis, and you resolve not to be diverted any longer from your plan to find a tavern. Turn to 52.

254

You run after Agglax and soon catch him up as he scrambles awkwardly across the body-strewn ground in his long robes. You call to him and he suddenly stops and looks at you piercingly in the eyes. You must chant the rhyme to activate the crystal. Turn to the number spoken in the rhyme. If you do not know it or have forgotten it, turn to 79.

255

'I'm quite willing to haggle,' says Max, 'but let's decide the price by fighting with these wooden

swords. If I land a blow to your chest first, the price will be raised to 300 Gold Pieces. If you strike mine first, the price will be 100 Gold Pieces. If you wish to fight Max, turn to 41. If you would rather change your mind and pay the original asking price, turn to 124.

256

Before you can strike home with your sword, the Mudgrinder suddenly slithers forward. You are flattened by the massive underbelly of the beast and forced underwater. You struggle for a few moments, but then run out of air. Your adventure is over.

257

With your shield held above your head in one hand and your axe in the other, you begin to hack at the tree. Realizing what is happening, the Blog tries to jump across to the branches of another tree. But the branch it catches breaks under its weight and the Blog falls to the ground with a dull thump. Before it can recover, you tie its hands behind its back with a length of vine. You question it about its village and about Agglax; but the Blog understands only a few words of the human tongue and is unable to reply. Will you:

Kill the Blog?	Turn to 29
Gesture that you want treasure?	Turn to 247
Set the Blog free?	Turn to 169

258

You order your men to stand back from the sides of the boat so as not to scare off the River Raiders. Grappling hooks are thrown up from the canoes, and the Raiders begin to climb up the ropes, yelling and screaming. As they climb on deck, they are greeted by twenty Elvish archers with their arrows trained on them. Ten are captured without a fight before the others realize what is happening and dive into the water to scramble back aboard their canoes. You offer the ten cut-throats the chance to serve in your army or face slavery under Captain Barnock. They have little choice and accept your offer immediately. You relieve their leader of a particularly fine shield and place it on your arm (add 1 point to your SKILL). So, with some unexpected additions to your army (add 1 LUCK point), you instruct Captain Barnock to sail on. Turn to 309.

259

The Garks' sacks that were tied to their belts are full of worthless trinkets. You soon rejoin your army and press on deeper into the forest. Turn to 180.

260

Within half an hour of being bitten by the Werewolf, you begin to develop a fever. To your horror you realize it is the first symptom of lycanthropy, the terrible affliction that turns humans into were-creatures. In desperation, you wake all your troops in the hope that one may have some belladonna. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 127. If you are Unlucky, turn to 51.

261

Once again you call out, saying that you have come in peace and wish to hire men for your army to fight Agglax. Suddenly a sinewy-looking man with long hair and dressed in animal skins jumps down from the roof of one of the huts, landing about ten yards in front of you. 'I am Vine, leader of the Hill Men. We wish to join your army, but we do not require gold in payment. You must prove to us that you are a true leader. You must wrestle with me. If you win, I and fourteen of my finest men will serve you. If you lose, you will have none, and although *you* will be free to leave, the ten men who are with you must work for us for a month.' If you wish to wrestle Vine, turn to 307. If you would rather give the order for swords to be drawn in order to show Vine that you have no time for his suggestion, turn to 86.

262

The army marches east along the riverbank until you come to a wooden bridge. The crossing takes place without any problem, and the river is soon left behind as you march southwards across the Pagan Plain. By late afternoon you have put many miles behind you; you give the order to halt, to enable

your Warriors to drink at a watering-hole. Unknown to you, however, the water has been poisoned by one of Agglax's spies and many of your Warriors begin to fall sick. Within an hour, half of them are too ill to march. If you wish to wait for them to recover, turn to 75. If you would rather head south with fifteen hand-picked Warriors who are still well, turn to 296.

263

'You are very unlucky, so I am forced to ask you a question that you may find a little obscure,' continues the Oracle. 'I have also been fascinated by the sea and seafaring, and once I met a man called Obigee. He lives in Zengis and works at an inn. Perhaps you stayed there? He loves racing and sails on the *Harem*. Now, here's the question. How many crew sail on board *Harem*?' If you know the answer, turn to that number. If you do not know the answer, turn to 108.

264

You gulp down the liquid and wait for something to happen. First, your hands and feet start to tingle, then all your limbs seem to go limp. Your sword feels heavy in your hand and sudden tiredness makes you want to sit down. You have drunk a Potion of Weakness. Deduct 2 points from your SKILL, 3 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your LUCK. Unable to shake off your malaise, you pocket the gold and stagger back into the streets to explore Zengis further. Turn to 382.

265

You dive into the undergrowth and see movement in the bushes in front of you. Ordering your Warriors to spread out in order to make yourself less of an easy target, you run towards the bush ahead. A small brown-skinned creature suddenly jumps out from behind it, pointing a long blowgun straight at you. You recognize it as a Blog because of its dog-like head and the shrunken heads that are tied to its belt. Infamous for cooking human flesh in large cauldrons, Blogs are hated and hunted down by all human races. A split second later, a poisoned dart is flying towards you. If you possess a shield, turn to 73. If you are not carrying a shield, turn to 330.

266

The light is quickly fading as the village of Karn comes into view. The village is a well-known stop-over for travellers and is the last human village for many a mile. It comprises some fifty buildings, many of which are taverns, general stores and gambling-halls. You take your men into an inn and tell them to eat well and get to bed early as you intend to leave at first light in the morning. You decide to walk round the village after your own

meal. If you wish to enter the 'Blue Pig' tavern to find a guide, turn to 357. If you would rather go to the gambling-house, turn to 100.

267

You react too slowly and are struck by a silver trident. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to 397. If you roll 4–6, turn to 170.

268

You soon come to another junction in the street. If you wish to turn left, turn to 338. If you wish to walk straight on, turn to 102.

269

Another Hill Troll in the front line of battle picks up a huge rock and hurls it at you as you leap to the aid of the stricken Warrior. If you have Laas of the Northmen with you, turn to 288. If you do not have him in your army, turn to 23.

270

You take the ring and place it on your little finger because of its small size. Suddenly the Elf starts to laugh, but it is a sinister laugh. She begins to tug at her ears and you watch her peel the skin forward off her face, to reveal a hideous skull with green, blood-veined eyes. She drops the mask on the floor and steps towards you, mouth wide open. You try to draw your sword, but find yourself unable to move. With terrible ferocity, she starts to bite at your throat, as is the way of a Trickster Hag. Your adventure is over.

271

When you arrive at the jail, the jailer looks you over carefully as the guards explain why you have been arrested. 'Let the adventurer go,' says the jailer, much to your surprise. 'I have heard rumours about Agglax, and I have seen the army camped outside Zengis with my own eyes.' The guards shuffle to one side to make way for you to leave. You hurry out of the jail and across the street towards a tavern that you noticed on your way to jail. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to 78.

272

You slump down on to the table, suddenly gasping for air. You become unconscious and death quickly follows. As the crowd moves forward to see what is happening, a dark, hooded figure slips quietly out through a side door. Agglax will be pleased with his assassin.

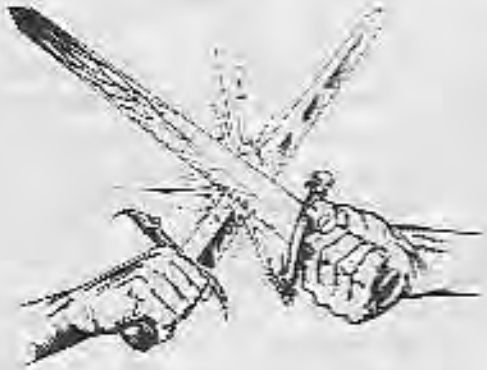

273

You step warily into the mouth, expecting a trap to be sprung at any moment. But nothing happens and you are able to walk on until the passage ends at yet another junction. If you wish to go left, turn to 372. If you wish to go right, turn to 393.

274

Less than an hour later, the ground becomes soggy underfoot and you see that you are marching straight towards a marsh. If you wish to walk on into the marsh, turn to 199. If you would rather walk the long way round the marsh, turn to 342.

275

After wiping the spider's sticky slime from your blade, you take a look around the cave. Hidden among a pile of debris, you find a silver box with a shooting star etched into its lid. The box rattles when you shake it. If you wish to open the box, turn to 398. If you would rather leave it where it is, go back to the path and march on, turn to 181.

276

The crowd of people who watched the fight inside the tavern do not look pleased at the outcome. You decide to make a dash for the door before they turn nasty. You run into the street, slamming the tavern door behind you, and carry on without stopping. Turn to 382.

277

Pirates pay no heed to flags of surrender and certainly have no reputation for mercy. Their ship bears down upon the *Flying Toucan* at full speed, ramming it amidships. You are thrown off your feet by the jolt. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 384. If you are Unlucky, turn to 215.

278

Not long after midnight, you are woken by the eerie sound of howling wolves. Unable to sleep, you decide to go and find out if the guards have observed any wolves. You can see some way ahead of you in the moonlit forest and suddenly catch sight of a dark figure moving through the bushes. Creeping up on a guard from behind, the Werewolf raises its head and howls at the dark sky before leaping at the surprised guard. Drawing your sword, you run to his aid. If you are wearing the tooth of the Yeti, turn to 70. If you are not wearing this charm, turn to 374.

279

You wake in the morning to a bright, blue sky which completely contradicts the threat hanging over Allansia. Your army is soon on the move again and an hour or so later the towers and rooftops of Zengis come into view. You appoint a stout Warrior by the name of Lexon as your second-in-command; you instruct him to lead your men into a field outside the town walls and to pitch camp there; you want them out of trouble and well rested for the next day's long march. You tell Lexon that you will spend the night in Zengis in order to recruit more troops and perhaps hear rumours about Agglax the Shadow Demon. Promising to be back by noon of the following day, you walk to Zengis and enter the town through the main gates. You decide to head for the nearest tavern, since it is as good a place as any to find both warriors and rumours. Walking down a

narrow street between old houses, you suddenly catch sight of a gold ring lying in the gutter. If you want to pick it up, turn to 292. If you would rather ignore it and head for a tavern, turn to 52.

280

The wall slides back into place behind you and you feel suddenly trapped as you walk on. Further along the tunnel you notice a piece of paper on the floor. If you wish to pick it up and read it, turn to 343. If you would rather just walk on, turn to 166.

281

You cut the pouch from the Axeman's belt and tuck it inside your clothing as the town guards approach you, their spears pointing at your chest. They challenge you; you tell them of your quest and describe how the Axeman tried to rob you. They look at each other, not sure whether to believe you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 163. If you are Unlucky, turn to 324.

282

You hear terrible screams behind you and discover that five of your Warriors have fallen to their deaths down a pit trap, no doubt dug by the servants of Agglax. Cursing his name, you march on and reach the eastern edge of the forest just as it is getting dark. You decide to set up camp under the cover of the trees. Looking up at the night sky which is, at last, visible again, you see that the moon is full. You

decide to post extra soldiers on watch duty, ever wary of the presence of were-creatures. Turn to 278.

283

You reel backwards and the arrow thuds into the ground, missing you by inches. Six quick-thinking Archers load their bows and loose their arrows at the Wyvern as the Goblin steers it skywards. Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 109. If you roll between 3 and 5, turn to 9. If you roll 6, turn to 326.

284

If you have not done so already, you may climb down into the sewer (turn to 31), or you could walk back down the alley and turn left into the street (turn to 177).

285

With a burning torch gripped between your teeth, you lower yourself into the dark hole. You land on the floor of a large chamber in which there is a terrible smell of animal droppings. The chamber is empty but you can make out a tunnel leading off it. If you wish to go down the tunnel, turn to 345. If you would rather climb back up the rope and leave the clearing, turn to 315.

286

The fireball whistles by between the masts, and lands harmlessly in the river. Turn to 21.

287

Inside the shop you are greeted by a friendly old woman who calls herself Bonny. 'Have a look around, there's a price on everything you can see,' she says in a jolly voice. Two of the walls are lined with shelves from floor to ceiling; they are crammed with more junk collected over the years, most of it covered with a thick layer of dust. You cast your eye along the shelves and pull out several things which may be of interest, each with its own price-tag:

a brass owl	10 Gold Pieces
a copper lantern	5 Gold Pieces
a helmet	10 Gold Pieces
an ivory box	5 Gold Pieces
a green vase	20 Gold Pieces

Buy some, none, or all of these items and pay Bonny for your purchases, before leaving the shop and continuing along the street. Turn to 141.

288

Standing close by, the Northman sees the Hill Troll just as it is about to hurl the rock. He dives headlong at you to push you out of the way of the flying rock. You are knocked to the ground; looking behind you, you see Laas grinning, his arms still locked round

your legs. Quickly thanking him, you leap to attack the Hill Troll, who is still clubbing the stricken Warrior.

HILL TROLL SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 379.

289

You soon reach the Wyvern and Goblin, but find that they are both dead. A search of the Goblin's pockets reveals a bowstring and five arrowheads, which are of no use to you. Aware that Agglax might send more creatures to kill you, you give the order to march on towards Claw, but with your troops in much closer formation. Turn to 220.

290

The Tree Man is far too strong to kill, but with its two main branches severed it retreats into the depths of the forest. The scout is not too severely injured; you help him on to his feet and half carry him back to your army. You give the order to head south and, in less than half an hour, you are able to head east again without too much difficulty. Turn to 180.

291

'You are wrong,' the Knight says sharply. 'Go back whence you came.' If you wish to turn your army round and march south along the edge of the chasm, turn to 327. If you would rather attack the Knights, turn to 148.

292

You examine the ring and see that it is inscribed with the number '45'. Suddenly you feel a tap on your shoulder; whirling round, you are confronted by a huge bald man, looking angrily at you. An ugly scar runs across his face from above his left ear to the bottom of his right cheek. His bulging muscles stretch his black leather tunic, and you are quick to notice that he is brandishing a battle-axe. A throwing-axe is strapped to his leg. He points an accusing finger into your face and growls, 'That's my ring, stranger. Give it to me or die.' You notice that his fat fingers are far too big for the ring and decide that obviously he is lying. Will you:

Give him the ring?	Turn to 333
Run away down the street?	Turn to 126
Fight the Axeman?	Turn to 150

293

Your reflexes are lightning-sharp and you manage to dodge the flying dagger. A dark, hooded figure slips out of the crowd, through a side door and away before anyone can catch him. You realize that it would be a waste of time to give chase, as no doubt you will have plenty of other servants of Agglax to meet before your quest is over. So you set about hiring ten Warriors for 100 Gold Pieces; you tell them to meet Lexon at your camp outside the town. With your hiring finished, you go outside again. Turn to 95.

294

You make no sense of the note and, after folding it up and putting it in your pocket, walk on along the tunnel. Turn to 166.

295

The rest of the day passes without incident; as the light starts to fade, you look for a place to make camp for the night. You soon find a suitable spot by the river and before long a fire is built and the designated cooks get to work spit-roasting wild pigs. Everybody eats well, satisfying their large appetites after the long day's march. After posting six guards for the night watch, you settle down to sleep. Not long after midnight, an owl's hoot wakes you up. The moon is almost full and, feeling wide awake, you decide to go and check the guards. You walk east along the riverbank until you see the silhouette of the first guard, his spear pointing up to the sky. Before you reach him, however, you suddenly notice two shadowy figures climbing silently out of the river. They slip quickly up the bank towards the guard and you see that they are carrying tridents, the favourite weapon of Fish Men! You call out to the guard as you run to help him. As you charge in, you see that the attackers definitely are Fish Men, their scales and bulbous heads unmistakable. You run at the one nearest to you, the guard raising his spear at the other.

FISH MAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 16.

296

Two hours later, you make out a lone figure walking slowly towards you. You can soon see that this is an old woman hobbling along, clutching a wooden stick for support. As you walk past her, she holds out her hand and says in a creaky voice, 'Spare me a Gold Piece.' If you wish to give her a Gold Piece, turn to 156. If you would rather march on without stopping, turn to 38.

297

'I'm terribly sorry, but I'm unable to answer your questions as you have failed to please me. Goodbye.' The eyes of the carved face close again and you are left to ponder what to do next. You hear a grating sound behind you; looking round, you see a section of wall sliding back. There seems to be no alternative but to step into the tunnel that has appeared. Turn to 280.

298

You sail to the north bank to find out what the ragged man wants. As you draw close, nine other men emerge from the bushes but do not raise their weapons. The one who waved to you drops his arms and shouts, 'Greetings, stranger. I and my fellow Northmen have heard of your noble quest and wish to join your army. For 10 Gold Pieces a man we will fight by your side to the death if duty calls.' If you wish to hire the Northmen, turn to 30. If you would rather refuse their offer and sail on without them, turn to 203.

299

Two hours later you are back at the watering-hole where you find your troops fully fit and ready to march. You head east and, after crossing one of the tributaries that feed the River Kok, you come to the edge of the Forest of Fiends. Dark, twisted trees reach up to form a threatening wall. If you have Thog with you, turn to 36. If you do not have Thog with you, turn to 158.

300

Once back in the alley, you have to decide what to do next. If you have not done so already, you may inspect the barrels (turn to 137), or you may walk back to the street and turn left (turn to 177).

301

Agglax's mouth opens wide as if he is about to laugh, but you hear no sound of laughter. Instead, a jet of freezing gas shoots out of his mouth, enveloping you completely. Within seconds you are frozen to the spot, a trophy for the victorious Agglax.

302

The axe hits you in the back of your calf and sends a searing pain up your leg. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Unable to run on, you pull the axe painfully from your leg just as the Axeman catches up with you. He sneers at you, whirling his battle-axe through the air in a figure-of-eight. You have no option but to fight him.

AXEMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

During this combat, reduce your SKILL by 1 because of your injury. If you win, turn to 101.

303

Plainly visible, you stand before the stone face shouting numbers. 'You are only allowed one attempt,' the Oracle says solemnly. Turn to 168.

304

The Goblin's arrow pierces your chest with deadly accuracy at such short range. Your adventure is over.

305

You are fortunate not to have been bitten by the Werewolf, as you could have caught lycanthropy, that terrible disease which turns humans into were-creatures. The rest of the night passes without incident and in the morning you lead your army out of the forest, across the new plain. Turn to 323.

306

The backpack just misses the sword, crashes into the far wall and lands on the floor. The impact tilts one of the floorboards forward and releases the cotton holding the sword. It drops straight down on to the Elf, but, to your surprise, merely bounces off her stomach. 'Untie me,' she begs, 'and I will explain!' If you wish to untie her, turn to 243. If you would rather leave this strange Elf, retrieve your backpack and rejoin your men outside, turn to 320.

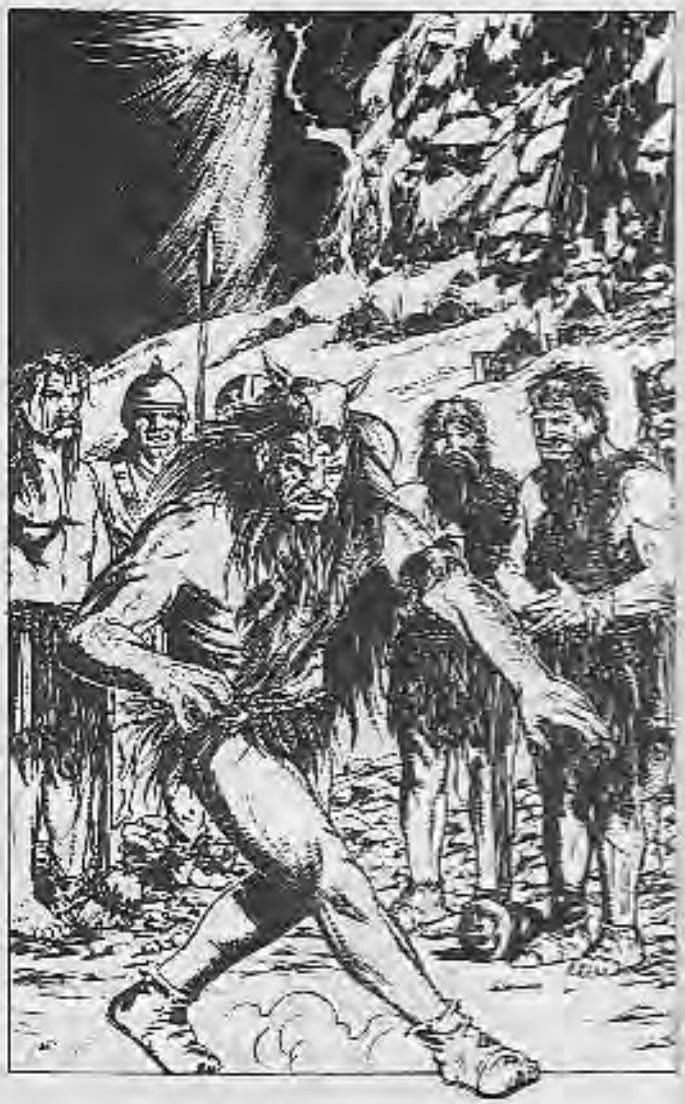

307

As you unbuckle your sword, Vine's men appear as if from nowhere and form a circle round the two of you. Your own men barge into the circle to cheer you on. Vine crouches down with arms outstretched, while his keen eyes watch you intently. He steps to one side, feints a leap and carries on pacing round the edge of the human ring. You follow him with your eyes, trying to stay relaxed, wondering if he will make a move. If you wish to make the first move by diving at Vine's legs, turn to 194. If you would rather wait and let Vine make the first move, turn to 67.

308

Your left foot treads on an unseen snake and, not surprisingly, it defends itself by sinking its fangs into your calf. Most snakes in the Forest of Fiends are poisonous, and this one is no exception to the rule. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 162.

309

You sail on without incident for another hour when somebody spots a log floating downriver with a man lying across it, face down and motionless, his limbs trailing in the water. If you wish to rescue the man, turn to 119. If you would rather sail on without stopping, turn to 234.

310

Twenty minutes later you reach the end of the chasm and are able to head east again. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 186. If you are Unlucky, turn to 282.

311

Not wishing to be drawn into a futile conversation, you stand up and tell the vagabonds that you know exactly where your cousin lives and that you really must be going. Without waiting for their reply, you leave the tavern to explore Zengis further. Turn to 382.

312

You come across a path that has been cut through the undergrowth. It runs north and south. Will you:

Continue east?	Turn to 349
Go north along the path?	Turn to 233
Go south along the path?	Turn to 6

313

Your losses are bad, but they could have been worse. Five Warriors and five Elves died on board the *Flying Toucan*, and five Dwarfs and ten Knights were drowned in the river, dragged under the water by the weight of their armour. The survivors seem reassured to have firm ground underfoot once more and are keen to start marching. You set off straight away, hoping to reach Zengis the following day. Turn to 366.

314

The street soon turns to the left again and, as the shadows of darkness start to creep out from the sides of buildings, you decide that it is time to find an inn. One called 'Helen's House' is the first that you come to and it offers rooms for 1 Gold Piece a night. If you wish to spend the night at 'Helen's House', turn to 368. If you would rather find somewhere else, turn to 146.

315

As you walk along the path, an uneasy feeling grows that you are being watched. Suddenly you hear a cry from behind; looking round, you see one of your Warriors drop to the ground clutching at a dart lodged in his neck. Another Warrior falls, and you realize that your troops are the target of hidden blowpipes. Roll three dice and add 2 to the total: this is the number of troops who die as a result of the poisoned darts. If you wish to chase your attackers through the undergrowth with ten Warriors, turn to 265. If you would rather march on quickly before losing any more troops, turn to 130.

316

The forces of Agglax have had time to regroup while you were engaged in the battle against the Fire Imps. Marching towards you is a long line of Chaos Warriors, their black spiked armour adorned with gruesome treasures from previous battles. Banners flutter above them in the breeze, their red dragon symbol signifying allegiance to Evil. Huge Trolls march behind the Chaos Warriors, with Orcs and Goblins on both flanks, although there is no sign of Agglax himself. The advancing army suddenly stops and the plain falls deathly quiet. Then a small hunchbacked Gremlin steps in front of the waiting forces of Evil and begins to dance and chant. Ending with a piercing scream, he drops to the ground. The Chaos Warriors move forward, treading the Gremlin underfoot. They quicken their pace to a rhythmic trot; the stamp of their feet is an unnerving sound for your troops to hear. Brandishing all manner of axes, spears, spiked clubs and maces, they advance towards you, screaming their war-chants. Arrows will not stop them and you must decide how to fight them. If you wish to lead your Knights into battle, turn to 359. If you would rather send in your Dwarfs to fight the Chaos Warriors while you wait to see how the battle progresses, turn to 91.

317

The fanatical Chaos Warriors cut down your Knights until there are only five left standing. You suffer a deep gash in your thigh and a bad cut on your left arm in slaying one of the attackers. Lose 4 points from your STAMINA. With your sword red with blood, you turn to face another screaming warrior.

CHAOS WARRIOR SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 351.

318

The Warrior takes the key from around the dead man's neck before letting him drift on downriver to the sea and a watery grave. The Warrior then swims back to the ship and hands you the key. Inscribed on the barrel you see the number '222'. Making a mental note of the number, you slip the key inside your pocket and order Captain Barnock to sail on. Turn to 234.

319

'That is a perilous journey,' he says slowly, 'and I'm not as young as I was. But I'd rather have danger than sit around here all day. I'll do it for 20 Gold Pieces. I'll take you through the dreaded forest.' You pay Thog his fee and go back with him to the inn.

Early next morning you rouse your men and are soon marching back to your waiting army. Thog

starts telling you all about his old adventures which, after two hours, become extremely boring. Thankfully, you arrive back at the watering-hole where your army is once again fully fit and ready to march. Thog leads you directly east and, after crossing one of the tributaries that feed the River Kok, you come to the edge of the sombre forest. Dark, twisted trees reach up to form a threatening wall. There is much muttering in low voices, but then Thog shouts cheerfully, 'Come on, follow me. It's just a few trees and a couple of monkeys.' As you step into the forest, the daylight quickly fades under a thick canopy of leaves overhead, and the whole place is deathly quiet. 'The creatures are watching us,' whispers Thog, 'but the little ones round the edge won't do us any harm. It's later on when we should get worried. We'll swing right here, to avoid the Tree Men.' Your army threads its way through the dark forest until it penetrates deep into its heart. Turn to 180.

320

As you close the door behind you, you hear the Elf cursing you loudly for abandoning her. Deduct 2 points from your LUCK; but you convince yourself that your mission must succeed at all costs and nothing must distract you from it. Turn to 211.

321

A howling scream erupts from the wide-open mouth of the Shadow Demon. White smoke starts to billow from his robes as Agglax stoops in tortured pain. Still screaming, he shrinks to the floor until there is nothing left of him but a smoking robe. Banished to the Outer Planes, never to threaten Allansia again, Agglax is defeated. Turn to 400.

322

You hand over 10 Gold Pieces to Laz and watch him take out a map from under his robes. He lays the map on the table and you see Zengis in the middle. To the south is marked the village of Karn, and further south-east are the Starstone Caves. To the east of Zengis there is the Forest of Fiends, which starts where the River Kok splits and runs east, almost to the edge of the map. Laz takes out a black crayon and marks a large cross on the eastern edge of the map, just where the Forest of Fiends ends. 'That's where you'll find him,' says Laz. You fold up the map and put it in your tunic pocket. You thank the vagabonds for their help and leave the tavern to explore Zengis further. Turn to 382.

323

The morning passes uneventfully, except for the sighting of a young Dragon with a Goblin on its back. Flying above the range of your arrows, the Dragon circles above your army for a few minutes and then flies back east, no doubt to report your presence to Agglax. You march on, and it is late afternoon when you see smoke rising up into the sky from a burning temple which is under attack from hordes of Chaos Warriors. But as you turn your army towards the temple, you realize that somebody or something doesn't want you to stop the carnage. A small black cloud of flying creatures moves quickly towards you and, as they swoop down to attack your army, you see that they are Fire Imps. No more than three feet in length, they are red in colour and have a pair of horns protruding from their heads and a small tail trailing behind them as they fly. Spitting fire from their wide-open mouths, they are ferocious creatures. They number fifty in total. If you have any Elven Archers left alive, turn to 4. If you do not have any Archers, turn to 386.

324

The guards decide that you are lying and tell you that you are under arrest. If you agree to go peacefully with the guards to jail, turn to 271. If you would rather resist arrest and fight the guards, turn to 363.

325

You are bitten by dozens of insects as you wade out to the box. You pull the box out of the thick, clinging

mud and then climb back out of the pool. You prise the box open – and find that it is full of bones which are of no use to you at all. You hurl the box back into the pool and then suddenly you feel quite dizzy. You are forced to sit down, and you break out into a sweat. Your temperature rises and you are trembling with fever. A mosquito has infected you with a virulent form of malaria. Lose 8 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, roll three dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 210. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 136.

326

All six arrows find their mark in the soft underbody of the Wyvern. It crashes to the ground, accompanied by the screams of the Goblin. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 123. If you are Unlucky, turn to 289.

327

A rope bridge spans the chasm up ahead. You order a man across the bridge to make sure that it will bear his weight. He clambers across to the other side and turns to await your instructions. If you wish to send your army across the bridge, turn to 200. If you would rather call the man back and walk on, turn to 96.

328

You pull back the sacking and are confronted by a small man, no more than three feet tall; he is dressed

in bright green clothes and is curled up inside the barrel. He glares up at you with an angry expression on his angular face. He has an odd-shaped hat on his head that appears to be held in place by his long pointed ears. 'Put the cover back!' he shouts in his squeaky voice. 'I'm warning you.' Then, as if from nowhere, a rotten tomato hits you in the face. As you stand there with bits of tomato dripping off your chin, the small man begins to laugh. Will you leave him alone (turn to 284) or attack him (turn to 187)?

329

As anybody in Fang could tell you, a barrel floating down the River Kok is a not unfamiliar sight; it happens at least once a month, and the citizens of Fang have learnt through bitter experience to let it float by and out to sea. The barrels are put into the river by a mad Hag who always poisons the apples first, and this is no exception. Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 179. If you roll 3 or 4, turn to 367. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to 54.

330

The deadly dart finds its mark and lodges in your shoulder. The fatal poison rushes quickly through your veins and its effect is almost instantaneous. You fall to the ground and are dragged off, to end up later in a cooking-pot.

331

You march on until late afternoon, stopping only once for food; but as the light fades you are forced to

find somewhere to sleep for the night. You come across a ruined stone building, perhaps a trading-post of old. A fire is built and you and your fifteen men huddle round it to warm yourselves against the sudden coldness of the dark plain. Above the sound of the crackling fire you suddenly hear the sound of one rock hitting another outside. Quickly, you order your men to draw their swords, just as ten Rat Men burst through the broken doorway. You must fight a *Skirmish Battle*. If you win, turn to 120.

332

You reach for your seal and stamp it down on the hot wax which the Calacorm drips on to the parchment. After signing your name above it, the Calacorm grunts and says, 'Go.' Without waiting for it to change its mind, you cross the cave to the tunnel. Turn to 377.

333

The Axeman snatches the ring from your outstretched hand, snorts once in satisfaction, then turns and walks away. You set off in the opposite direction in search of a tavern. Turn to 52.

334

The key turns in the slot and you hear a faint click. The next thing you hear is the hissing sound of gas escaping from the slot; before you realize what is happening, you have inhaled some. It is a deadly poison and you slump to the ground, clutching your throat and gasping for air. Your adventure is over.

335

You hand over the gold to the old man, who quickly locks it away in a drawer. He picks up the little creature and places it on your shoulder, saying, 'Now, Roob, be a good friend to your new owner. Remember everything I taught you.' With the Hopper sitting happily on your shoulder, you walk out of the shop and on up the street. Turn to 218.

336

A Dwarf runs behind the Rock Man and swings his warhammer against its back. The Rock Man groans in pain as the Dwarf lands another blow with his weapon. The third strike of the hammer has the desired effect and the Rock Man loosens its grip on you. Fragments of rock splinter off it as it slumps to the ground under a rain of hammer-blows. Satisfied that the Rock Man will not serve Evil again, you give the order to march on. Turn to 114.

337

The night ashore passes without incident, but at first light you hear a loud buzzing noise. A swarm of large, black Harpoon Flies swoops down to attack your waking troops. Under the rain of poisoned, needle-like spikes, your men raise their shields to the sky. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to 69. If you roll 4–6, turn to 83.

338

As you pass by an open stable door, you hear the sound of a scuffle coming from inside. You peer round the door and see a Dwarf on his knees trying to pull the clawed hands of his reptilian attacker away from his throat. His adversary is green and scaly and its spines have burst through its brown clothing. A long tail swishes from side to side and a forked tongue flicks in and out of its long-toothed jaw. 'Help!' cries the Dwarf. 'A Shapechanger has got me.' If you wish to help the Dwarf, turn to 22. If you would rather walk on, turn to 149.

339

At such short range the crossbow bolt is deadly. Its sharp tip pierces your neck and you fall down among the other brave soldiers who died to save Allansia. Demoralized by your death, your army turns and flees. Agglax is victorious.

340

Dead men don't make good warriors, and you curse your decision to waste your time and energy on a fruitless journey to Claw. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK. Wasting no more time, you leave Claw and return to your waiting army. You then march south until you find a narrow fording place on the river. Once safely across, you turn your army south-east in the direction of Zengis. Turn to 49.

341

'Fortune smiles on you,' the voice says slowly. 'So tell me, who is the goddess whose statue forms part of my fountain?' Will you reply:

Liriel?	Turn to 32
Libra?	Turn to 250

342

Your march round the marsh takes you past a wooden hut. If you want to stop to take a look inside the hut, turn to 77. If you would rather keep on marching, turn to 211.

343

There is some writing on the paper, but it is in a language that you do not understand. If you are carrying the Hopper, turn to 125. If you are not carrying the Hopper, turn to 294.

344

You try to jump backwards but are struck in the shoulder by the arrow. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The Wyvern is steered skywards again by the Goblin as your troops rush to your aid. As soon as your wound is bandaged, you give the order to march on; privately, you wonder if the attack from the air had been an assassination attempt on behalf of Agglax. Turn to 220.

345

You have walked twenty yards down the tunnel when you are suddenly bowled over by a huge, hairy beast that leaps at you from out of the shadows. Pain burns down your back from gashes made by its powerful claws. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Your torch is knocked to the floor but, miraculously, stays alight. Trapped in its underground cell, the Nandibear is berserk with rage and craves the taste of human flesh. You struggle to escape from its giant claws. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 66. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 103.

346

The barrel floats by; idly you wonder what it may have contained as it disappears from view. Turn to 209.

347

The girl slips the Gold Piece into her shirt pocket and leans over to whisper in your ear. 'The owner doesn't like winners at the best of times, but strangers winning is more than he can tolerate. I'd leave by the back door if I were you.' She seems to be speaking the truth, so you slip quietly out of the

hall by the back door and, keeping in the shadows whenever possible, make your way back to the inn. Turn to **50**.

348

The man's head slowly turns towards you and in a slow, deep voice he asks, 'What kind of bet?' You point to two spilt blobs of jam on the table and tell him that he can choose one of them and you will have the other. Then you simply wait for one of the many flies in the tavern to land on either his jam or your jam. Whichever blob is landed on first gives victory. The man grunts and asks, 'What's the bet?' 'My 10 Gold Pieces against that gold brooch on your tunic,' you reply. 'Make it 50 Gold Pieces,' the man snaps back. If you wish to bet 50 Gold Pieces, turn to **161**. If you would rather abandon the idea of a bet and ask the man his name instead, turn to **3**.

349

You walk through a section of the forest where there are several mounds of earth into which clay dolls have been half buried. If you wish to take one of the dolls, turn to **226**. If you would rather leave them where they are and press on, turn to **134**.

350

Walking upriver along the bank, you pass six old oak trees. One of the trees has long since died but has a door set in its trunk. If you are curious enough to open the door, turn to **167**. If you would rather keep going towards Claw, turn to **399**.

351

Desperately outnumbered, you call the retreat and run back with your five Knights to your reserve troops. Your ears ring with the tormenting cries of the victorious Chaos Warriors. Expecting them to attack again, you scream out your battle orders. But the warriors turn and trot back to rejoin the rest of the evil army. You decide that attack is the best form of defence and give the order for your army to march towards the front line of Trolls. Turn to **178**.

352

Walking down the alley, you tread on an iron grate. As you pass over it, the grate suddenly flies into the air and two ugly brown creatures scramble out of the tunnel beneath the grate. Covered in warts and dripping in sewage, two foul-smelling Sewer Goblins, armed with spiked clubs, run forward to ambush you. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SEWER GOBLIN	6	5
Second SEWER GOBLIN	6	5

If you win, turn to **251**.

353

Captain Barnock has the *Flying Toucan* moored to the riverbank long before the pirate ship is upon it, and you order your men to jump ashore. Quickly you line up the Elven Archers along the bank and order them to be ready to fire on the command. When the pirate ship is close enough, you shout across to its captain, telling him not to ram the *Flying Toucan* as there is no treasure on board. If he wants treasure, he will have to come ashore and fight for it. You see the pirate captain examining your troops through his telescope and you smile, satisfied that he will be surprised to encounter such a strong force. Your plan works; the pirate captain shouts out new orders to his men, and you watch the pirate ship sail past the *Flying Toucan*, downriver and out of sight. Add 1 point to your LUCK. Captain Barnock begins to cheer loudly, until a coughing fit overtakes

him and he has to sit down to recover. But in less than half an hour, all your troops and baggage are aboard the *Flying Toucan* once more, and you set sail upriver for Zengis. Turn to 175.

354

You step warily into the mouth, expecting a stone slab to fall on top of you or a row of iron spikes to shoot out from the wall. But nothing happens and you are able to walk on. Turn to 53.

355

Vinc is a skilful wrestler and somehow manages to wriggle free from your grip. Before you realize what is happening, the roles are reversed and your arms are twisted behind your back in a painful hold. You try with all your might to break free but, the more you struggle, the more it hurts. In the end you have no choice but to submit. Turn to 213.

356

Twenty of your valiant troops lie dead or dying on the battlefield. (Reduce the size of your army by this amount on the *Adventure Sheet*.) Trolls are trying to push the brave survivors back, while Goblins and Orcs are attacking the flanks remorselessly. Berserk with battle-lust, some of the Goblins and Orcs at the back fight among themselves, so eager are they to feel the clash of steel. To your right you see a Warrior being attacked from both sides by two Goblins. To your left, another Warrior is being clubbed to the ground by a Hill Troll. If you wish to

help the Warrior on your left, turn to 269. If you wish to help the Warrior on your right, turn to 62.

357

The tavern is quite small inside and there are not many customers. The atmosphere seems friendly, so you make your way over to the bar to ask if the barman knows of any guides. He points to a table in the far corner and says, 'Ask old Thog over there. He used to be the best.' You walk over to the table and sit down next to an old battle-scarred warrior. You explain that you want to hire a guide. 'Where do you want to go?' he asks in a deep voice. Will you reply:

Through the Forest of Fiends?	Turn to 319
To the Starstone Caves?	Turn to 57

358

Laas reaches inside his furs and pulls out a long, curved tooth, attached to a leather thong. 'This is the tooth of a Yeti,' Laas says with pride. 'If you wear it, you will never be attacked by Werewolves or any other Lycanthropes. It is my wish that you should have it, as you are prepared to die to save Allansia.' You let Laas place the tooth round your

neck and then tell him as much as you know about the Shadow Demon as you sail on upriver. Turn to 203.

359

The Chaos Warriors are vicious fighters and they also outnumber your Knights by two to one. If your Knights include five White Knights, turn to 118. If there are no White Knights in your army, turn to 317.

360

With lightning speed, you dive to one side as the fireball crashes on to the ground where you were standing. You scramble to your feet just as the Goblin rider looses its arrow at you. Roll one die. If you roll 1, turn to 304. If you roll between 2 and 4, turn to 344. If you roll 5, turn to 147. If you roll 6, turn to 283.

361

You rush to the Dwarf's side and find that he is still breathing. 'Pills!' he gasps. 'Pills in my pouch . . . give me one . . . Hurry.' You do as he asks and give him one of the three green pills from his pouch. In less than a minute he has revived completely – even the wounds on his neck are beginning to heal. 'A wizard gave me the pills as reward for saving his life. Now I'm going to give you one of them for saving mine,' says the happy Dwarf. (You may use this pill at any time except during combat. It will restore 8 points of STAMINA.)

The Dwarf goes on to tell you how the Shape-changer had created an illusion to make itself appear as an old man; in this guise it entered the Dwarf's stable on the pretext of wishing to buy a donkey. 'As soon as we went inside, it attacked me and began to change back to its original form. Thanks to you I'm still alive. Look through its clothing and help yourself to any booty you find.' You reach down and rummage through the torn clothing. In an inside pocket you discover a gold seal with the number '332' stamped on it. 'Not bad,' exclaims the Dwarf as you spin the seal up in the air and catch it with your other hand. You say farewell to the Dwarf and go back into the street. Turn to 149.

362

You walk further along the tunnel of the Nandi-bear's lair, wondering who locked the beast under the ground in the first place. And why? At the end of the tunnel you find nothing but a pile of old bone-covered straw. Unable to solve the mystery, you leave the lair and walk out of the clearing. Turn to 315.

363

The guards are wearing chainmail and helmets and are each armed with a spear and a shield. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TOWN GUARD	8	7
Second TOWN GUARD	8	8

If you win, turn to 78.

364

You wait anxiously for an hour, but thankfully do not develop a fever. You have escaped catching the terrible affliction of lycanthropy. The rest of the night passes without incident and in the morning you lead your army out of the forest, across the new plain. Turn to 323.

365

The dagger strikes the hilt of your sword which is tucked in your belt and falls harmlessly to the ground. You suddenly realize that it would have been foolish to have taken the statue if the Wood Elves' attackers had left it alone. But you are alive and the statue is yours. Finding nothing else of interest, you decide to return to your army. Turn to **88**.

366

The rest of the day passes without incident and, as the light begins to fade, you give the order to set up camp. The mood of your men is very sombre and

hardly a word is spoken round the campfire. After the guards are posted, nobody wastes any time in lying down to sleep. Turn to 279.

367

Half an hour after eating the apples, some of the soldiers become ill, yourself included. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL. Their health quickly deteriorates, and two die quite quickly. Before the day is over, ten have died in total: make the deduction on your *Adventure Sheet* and also deduct 1 point from your LUCK. You regret your decision to give the apples to your men, and resolve not to be distracted from your main objective in future. Turn to **209**.

368

The door opens into a small reception room which has low oak beams and white walls. In the wall opposite, a fire is burning in the hearth, and above it is a painting of a small sailing boat. A man is sitting in a high-backed leather chair in front of the fire, vigorously polishing a silver cup. You clear your throat to get his attention and he turns towards you and says, 'I beg your pardon, but I didn't hear you come in. As you can see, I'm busy polishing up this cup we won at sailing. But I don't want to bore you with my sailing stories. A room will cost you 2 Gold Pieces, including breakfast.' You pay for the room and wait for the man to give you the key. He stands up, but instead leans against the hearth and looks admiringly at the painting. 'Ah, *Harem* was a great boat with a great crew. We left all the other boats clean behind and won all our races except for one, and that was lost only because of Spike's navigation.' If you want to butt in and ask the man for the key, turn to 81. If you are prepared to be patient and listen to the man's story, turn to 183.

369

'Might I suggest that you buy this wonderful little Hopper,' the old man says with a smile, pointing to the kangaroo-like creature that you were watching a few moments ago. 'His name is Roob and he'll perch on your shoulder quite happily all day long – although he can hop along at walking pace if you tire of him sitting on you. Not only does Roob speak, he can also cast an invisibility spell on him-

self, and on you too, if he happens to be sitting on your shoulder. Just say "One, one, one," and *puff*, you're invisible. He also understands the Troll tongue. All I'm asking for Roob is 50 Gold Pieces.' If you wish to buy the Hopper, turn to 335. If you would rather leave the shop without buying the familiar, turn to 218.

370

You drag the Blog out of the tree and bind its arms behind its back with a length of vine. You begin to ask it questions about its village and about Agglax, but the Blog understands only a few words of the human tongue and is unable to reply. Will you:

Kill the Blog?	Turn to 29
Gesture that you want treasure?	Turn to 247
Set the Blog free?	Turn to 169

371

The axe whistles past your head and clatters on the street in front of you. You stop for a moment to pick it up and then run off again, leaving the lumbering Axeman behind. Turn to 52.

372

You walk along the tunnel for a few yards – but in the gloom you do not see a tripwire which is stretched across the floor. You catch your foot in it, causing a massive slab of ceiling rock to crash down on top of you. You are killed instantly.

373

You just manage to grab hold of Vine's left ankle as he tries to leap over you, and you pull him to the ground. You scramble on top of him and try to pin him down with an arm-lock. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to 237. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 355.

374

The Werewolf's long jaw bites down on the neck of the guard. It then turns to face you, its fangs dripping with blood. You must fight the Werewolf.

WEREWOLF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win the fight without losing one Attack Round, turn to 305. If you lost one or more Attack Rounds and yet still killed the Werewolf, turn to 228.

375

By now many of your men are awake, although five Warriors are found who will never wake again. Their throats have been cut by the midnight raider and the gold rings cut from their fingers. If only you had awoken earlier, this might never have happened. The lookout is found nursing a sore head, having been attacked from behind; an extra man is put on watch for the rest of the night. Not long after dawn, Captain Barnock gives the order to set sail upriver. Turn to 188.

376

You lock the door behind you and slump gratefully into the soft bed. You are asleep in seconds and do not wake until the morning, when there is a loud knocking at the door. 'Breakfast is ready!' shouts Obigee. After a large plate of ham and eggs you feel ready to take on Agglax himself. The peaceful sleep and plentiful food have done you a lot of good. Add 2 points to your STAMINA. You finally say farewell to Obigee and walk out into the street. After walking less than a hundred yards, the street ends at a junction. If you wish to go left, turn to **65**. If you wish to turn right, turn to **268**.

377

You walk into the tunnel and soon arrive at a junction. If you wish to go left, turn to **85**. If you wish to go right, turn to **214**.

378

You sit down at the table and greet the man sitting there; he is dressed in dark-brown leather armour over black robes. But the man remains silent, the vacant expression on his face unchanged. His staring eyes remain fixed on the door as he raises his mug to his lips and gulps down his ale. Will you:

Ask him his name?	Turn to 3
Move to the table with the vagabonds?	Turn to 18
Challenge him to a bet?	Turn to 348

379

No sooner have you drawn your sword from your adversary's body than another moves forward to take its place. If you wish to continue fighting, turn to **193**. If you would rather try to distract the enemy by throwing all your gold into the air, turn to **394**.

380

The Elves line up along the side of the ship and fire their arrows at the surprised Raiders. Their aim is deadly: eight Raiders are killed with the first volley. The remaining Raiders realize it would be suicidal to press home their attack, and turn their canoes around to paddle back to shore as quickly as possible. A great cheer goes up from the deck of the ship as you sail upriver, away from the routed Raiders. Turn to **309**.

381

The passageway opens out into a high-ceilinged cave, brightly lit by hundreds of burning candles. In the middle is a marble fountain carved in the shape of a young goddess, dressed in long robes. Water trickles from an urn which she is holding under her left arm and in her right hand she holds a pair of scales; a metal cup rests on top of a plaque in which the word 'Libra' is etched. If you wish to drink some water from the fountain, turn to **11**. If you would rather walk through the cave and down the passage in the wall opposite, turn to **221**.

382

After passing a row of old wooden houses you come across a curious shop. There is nothing displayed in the window except straw and an empty birdcage. Brown paint is flaking off the window-frame and also the door, above which is a sign which reads: 'Pets – normal and unnatural'. If you want to enter the pet shop, turn to **112**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **218**.

383

The crossbow bolt lodges in your throat with a sickening thud. You fall to the floor, clutching your throat, and are dead within minutes.

384

A rope securing a block and tackle in the rigging above you parts as the pirate ship rams the *Flying Toucan*. The block and tackle crash to the deck,

narrowly missing you. You run to look over the side of the ship and see a gaping hole through which water is pouring in. There is no time to lose as the *Flying Toucan* starts to sink; you order your men to abandon ship and swim to the north bank. There is much shouting and panic coming from Captain Barnock's crew as you dive into the cold river. The water is not very deep; looking back you see the pirates boarding the half-submerged old ship. A few minutes later, you haul yourself out of the water and count the cost of the sinking of the *Flying Toucan*. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to 7. If you roll 4–6, turn to 313.

385

You congratulate Max on her excellent swordsmanship as she shakes your hand. You tell her to meet Lexon at your camp outside Zengis where she will receive her payment of 300 Gold Pieces (deduct this from your *Adventure Sheet*). 'You will not regret hiring us,' she says as she leads her men away. You watch her for a few moments, before turning the corner of the street. Turn to 314.

386

Your army fights a *Skirmish Battle* against the fifty Fire Imps. If you win, turn to 316.

387

As you step on one of the floorboards, it tilts forward and the cotton holding the sword slips off the spike. The sword drops straight down on to the Elf

but, to your surprise, merely bounces off her stomach. 'Untie me,' she begs, 'and I will explain!' If you wish to untie her, turn to 243. If you would rather leave this strange Elf and return to your men outside, turn to 320.

388

The crowd goes wild as Big Belly Man celebrates victory once again. In his now familiar way, he punches the air with his hands and roars in satisfaction. You waste no time in making your way to the exit, feeling more than a little sick after gorging yourself on the foul pie. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Feeling rather like an inflated Bloodbeast, you walk off along the street. Turn to 95.

389

You keep a watchful eye on the clearing as you walk round it to rejoin the narrow path through the undergrowth. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 162. If you are Unlucky, turn to 308.

390

Laas looks aggrieved and walks off to join his men. A few minutes later he returns and says, 'Here are your 100 Gold Pieces. We shall not be coming with you, since we are deeply insulted.' You cannot change the Northmen's minds and have to let them disembark. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK. Feeling slightly dispirited, you give the order to sail on upriver. Turn to 203.

391

'You are wrong,' the Knight says sharply. 'Go back whence you came.' If you wish to turn your army round and march south along the edge of the chasm, turn to 327. If you would rather attack the Knights, turn to 148.

392

The point of your sword finds its mark, sinking into the soft yellow flesh. Thick green fluid pours from the wound as the Mudgrinder thrashes around in blind pain. You fall backwards, trying to avoid being crushed. In a few moments the thrashing stops and the Mudgrinder sinks silently into the black mire. You walk on through the marsh and thankfully reach firm ground again, but you are still angry for having lost the five men in the swamp. Turn to 115.

393

The tunnel grows noticeably warmer and is now also bathed in a soft, purple light. As you walk on, it gets even hotter and the light becomes brighter. You begin to sweat and have to squint to reduce the glare of the strong purple light. Suddenly the floor gives way beneath you, and you find yourself sliding, feet first, down a steep, coiling chute. You see the end of the chute coming but are sliding too quickly to be able to stop yourself from falling out. You land with a splash in a pool of hot purple liquid, which is situated in the centre of another cave. You climb out of the pool and realize that purple light envelops you, radiating out from your body. If you drank the water from the fountain earlier, turn to 42. If you did not drink there, turn to 160.

394

The Gold Pieces fall through the air like huge golden droplets of rain. Confusion immediately takes hold of the enemy, as the Trolls and Goblins scramble to pick up the gold they so love. Oblivious to the main battle, they fight one another ferociously to claim the fallen treasure. You seize your opportunity and break through the disorganized ranks. Suddenly you see the Demon you have been hunting. Sitting calmly in a sedan chair supported by four hideous Zombies, Agglax watches you approach through blood-red eyes. He makes no move as you get nearer. Only his vile head and taloned hands show from his black robes, a sight which sends a terrible shiver down your back. Sensing danger at Agglax's calmness, you wonder how you should attack him. Will you:

Use a pendant (if you have one)?	Turn to 236
Use a crystal (if you have one)?	Turn to 39
Use your sword?	Turn to 301

395

The vagabonds' interest increases when you mention that you are willing to pay for information about Agglax. 'We know where this Agglax is building his army and we can mark the place on a map,' says Laz, sensing the smell of gold. 'But,' he continues with a smug grin on his face, 'more importantly, we know how to help you defeat the Shadow Demon. For 10 Gold Pieces, we'll show you where Agglax is. For another 90 Gold Pieces, we'll

tell you how to weaken him.' If you want to pay the vagabonds 10 Gold Pieces, turn to 322. If you are willing to pay 100 Gold Pieces, turn to 56.

396

You fall back against the trunk and quickly regain your balance. The Blog blows another dart down at you, but it bounces harmlessly off your shield. You seize the opportunity, climb quickly upwards and grab hold of the Blog's ankle before it can reload its blowpipe. You tug on it hard and the Blog drops its blowpipe trying to hang on to the branch. But after a brief struggle it gives up and slumps back against the trunk, its head bowed, to await the punishment of your sword. If you wish to kill the Blog, turn to 82. If you would rather interrogate it, turn to 370.

397

You let out an agonized cry and clutch at your throat where the trident's spike is lodged. You fall forward and crash to the deck, slain by a lone Fish Man. Your adventure is over.

398

You lift the lid of the box and see nothing but brilliant white light inside. Pain fills your eyes and they feel as if they are burning. You blink several times but still can see nothing but white light. You have lost your vision to the Blinding Stone. Deduct 6 points from your SKILL and 2 points from your LUCK. You stumble back to your troops and call on Lexon to act as your eyes and guide. Despite this tragedy, you are determined to go on and shout out the order to march. Turn to 181.

399

About an hour later, a voice behind you suddenly shouts, 'Look! Look up to the skies in the east. A flying creature with a rider.' You look up to see a lizard-like creature with great green leathery wings swooping down towards you – it's a Wyvern, and its Goblin rider is aiming its bow straight at you. The Wyvern's mouth roars open to send a bursting ball of flame down at you. Roll one die. If you roll a 1, turn to 97. If you roll between 2 and 5, turn to 207. If you roll a 6, turn to 360.

400

On witnessing Agglax's destruction, the creatures of the Army of Death go berserk. The various tribes attack one another, each blaming the others for the loss of their leader. You try to get them to surrender, but they are hell-bent on self-destruction. In the end you leave the Goblins, Orcs, Hill Trolls, Zombies and Elite Fanatics to encompass their own annihilation, while you march your army back to Fang in triumph. But how long will it be before a new peril threatens your beloved Allansia?

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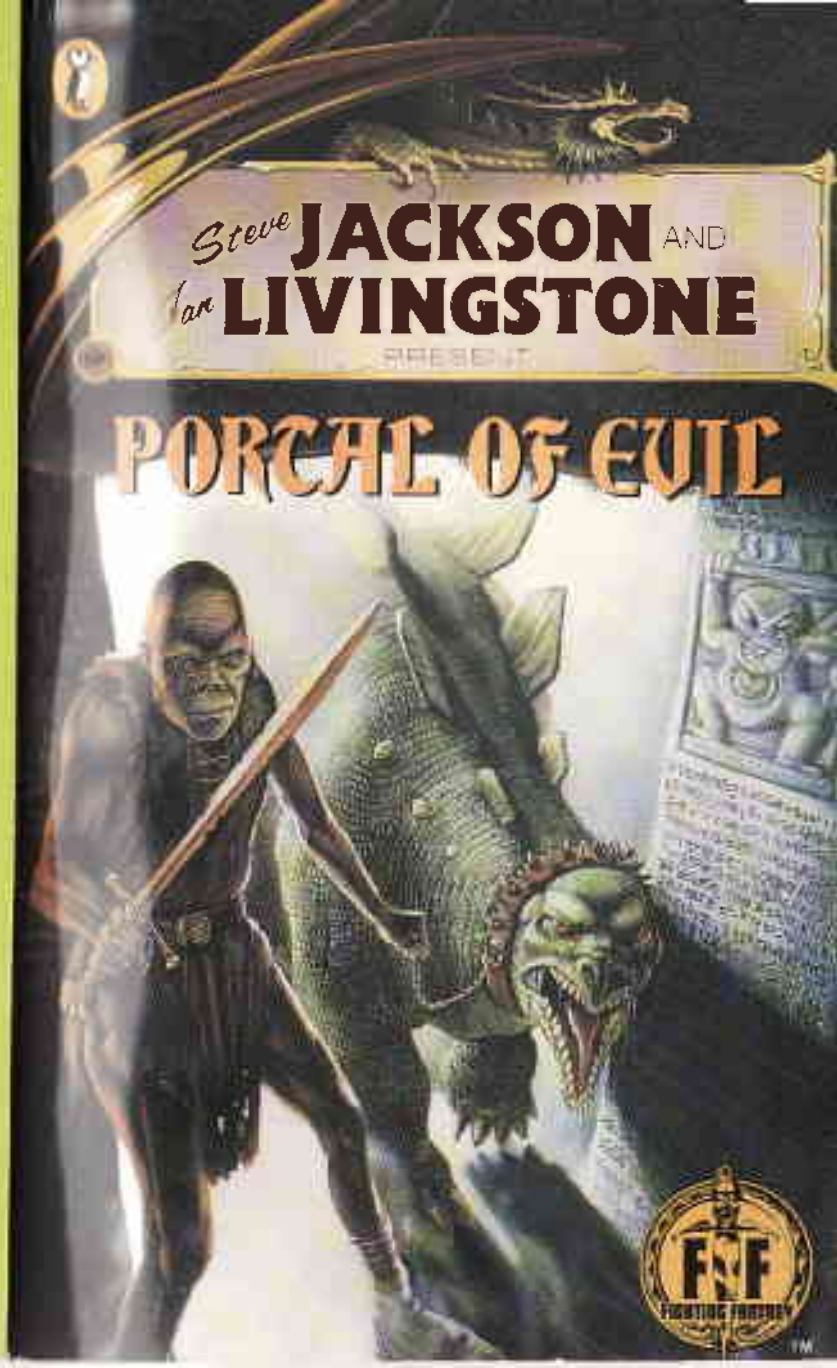

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1989

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Illustrations copyright © Alan Langford, 1989
Map copyright © Leo Hartas, 1989

Filmset in 11/13pt Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd,
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

Made and printed in Great Britain by
Cox and Wyman Ltd,
Reading, Berks

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HOW TO VANQUISH THE PORTAL OF EVIL

Your Character

You are a warrior, a skilled and hardy adventurer. At the moment you are down on your luck: you have no money, and your backpack contains Provisions for only two meals. Your abilities, however, are more noteworthy and remarkable than ever. You will use dice to determine your exact attributes; on pages 14–15 there is an *Adventure Sheet* on which you will record your scores and the incidents of your adventure. Use a pencil, or make photocopies of the *Adventure Sheet*, as you will almost certainly need to make more than one attempt to defeat the threat of the Portal of Evil.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to this number and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the score and enter the total in the LUCK box.

These are your *Initial* scores and you must keep a permanent record of them. Any of your scores may change during your adventure, but they will exceed their *Initial* amounts only very rarely. You must keep a record of all changes to your scores – so write small or use an eraser.

Your SKILL score reflects your expertise in combat, your ability with weapons, and your dexterity. Your STAMINA is your health and fitness, and your ability to survive wounds and physical hardship. Your LUCK score shows how lucky you are.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL will not change much during your adventure, and you should change it only if given specific instructions to do so in the text. As SKILL is a measure of combat prowess, it can be reduced by losing your weapon or by the effects of poison, for instance; acquiring a magical weapon could increase your SKILL – but remember that you can use only one weapon at a time!

Stamina

Your STAMINA will change frequently during your adventure as you suffer wounds and then recover. At various times you will be given opportunities to eat meals and to acquire Provisions. Eating a meal normally restores up to 4 points of STAMINA, although there will be times, when you get very hungry, when you will need to eat a meal simply to avoid losing STAMINA; you may eat only one meal at a time, even though you may have more in your

backpack. Unless specifically stated, your STAMINA may never exceed its *Initial* score.

Luck

There will be times when the success or failure of your exploits will depend entirely on your LUCK. You will be instructed to *Test your Luck*; the procedure for this is as follows: roll two dice. If the total rolled is equal to or less than your LUCK score, you are Lucky. If the total is higher than your LUCK score, you are Unlucky. Whatever the outcome, you must deduct 1 point from your LUCK score every time you *Test your Luck*. As you will see, the more you use your LUCK, the less likely you are to be Lucky. There will be occasions when you will be able to recover some points of LUCK; however, unless specifically stated to the contrary, your score cannot exceed its *Initial* value.

Combat

During your adventure you will meet other people and creatures. Some of them will attack you; others you will decide to fight. The procedure for resolving battles is described below.

SKILL and STAMINA scores are given in the text for each adversary that you face. Write these numbers in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on the *Adventure Sheet*. Make a note also of any special abilities or instructions that are unique to this particular opponent. The combat sequence is then:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add the total rolled to its SKILL score. This is the Attack Strength of your enemy.
2. Roll two dice and add the total to your own current SKILL score. This is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is the higher, you have wounded your opponent: go to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher, it has wounded you: go to step 5. If the Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start a new Combat Round from step 1.
4. Deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA. You may be able to deduct extra points if you use your LUCK (see below) or if you have a special weapon.
5. Deduct 2 points from your own STAMINA. You may use your LUCK to reduce the seriousness of this loss (see below).
6. Make sure you have recorded on the *Adventure Sheet* all adjustments to the STAMINA and LUCK scores of either yourself or your opponent.
7. Begin the next Combat Round, starting again at step 1. This procedure continues until either you or your opponent has a STAMINA score of zero. If your opponent's STAMINA score reaches zero,

you have killed it and can continue with your adventure. If your own STAMINA score reaches zero, you are dead; you must start the adventure again from the beginning, first rolling the dice to create a new character.

You may from time to time be given the opportunity to escape from your opponent. If you decide to do this, the battle ends – but the enemy automatically wounds you once as you turn your back and flee. You must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You can use your LUCK to minimize this wound, as for any other (see below).

Often you will have to fight more than one opponent at a time. Sometimes you will be told to treat them as a single opponent; at others, you will be able to fight them one at a time; and sometimes all of them will be able to attack you, while you defend yourself and may attack only one of them. Specific instructions will be given whenever you meet more than one opponent.

Using Luck in Combat

You can use your LUCK in combat to inflict a particularly serious wound, or to minimize a wound that has been inflicted on you.

Whenever you wound an opponent, you may *Test your Luck*: roll two dice. If the total rolled is equal to or less than your LUCK score, you have been Lucky. If the total is higher than your LUCK score, you are Unlucky. (Whatever the result, you must remember to deduct 1 point from your current LUCK score.) If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound: deduct 2 extra points from your opponent's STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, you have merely grazed it, and you deduct 1 point less than normal from its STAMINA.

If you have been wounded, you can *Test your Luck* in exactly the same way. (Remember to deduct 1 point from your LUCK, whatever the result.) If you are Lucky, the wound upon you was only a glancing blow, and you can deduct 1 point less than usual of STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, the wound is serious: deduct 1 extra point from your STAMINA.

Getting Started

The forests that cover the hills between Kleinkastel and the Cloudhigh Mountains are extensive and are populated by dangerous denizens. You are very unlikely to succeed in your mission at the first attempt. It is recommended that you make notes and draw a map as you explore. There is a way to succeed that involves little risk, even if you start with low *Initial* scores. There are many more routes that lead to failure and unpleasant fates.

Start by reading the Background section; then go on to the paragraph headed with the number 1. After that, go to whichever numbered paragraph you are instructed to turn to. Do not read paragraphs you have not been led to: this amounts to cheating – and will lessen your enjoyment.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

EQUIPMENT LIST

GOLD

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

Far to the east of the great port of Kelther, a line of snow-capped peaks divides the fertile lands from the deserts and wastes that make up the interior of the continent of Khul. To the humans who have settled along the streams that run from the northern half of the range, the peaks are known as the Cloudhigh Mountains. Half-way down the range a spur extending to the west marks the southward limit of human habitation – or, rather, it did until recently. From the southern half of the range, streams rush through narrow valleys between hills that are covered with impenetrable woodlands, and drain into an inland sea. The forest is home to wild beasts and to Goblins, whose name for the huge lake is Mlubz.

No humans had set foot in the forest within recorded history. Southern tribesmen and, in later centuries, armoured Neuburgers had shunned the inhospitable hills. A few years ago, however, a small band of trail-blazers set out from the frontier town of Kleinkastel and disappeared into the forest. Months later, two survivors returned – with gold nuggets. Gold – that soft, malleable metal, useless for making weapons or tools or even lodestones and yet, in a way, a magnet. Its matchless lustre attracts, not other metals, but human greed.

Within days, as if drawn by an invisible force, humanity began to invade the forest from north and south. Some came alone, with just a pickaxe and shovel; others came as families, or in entire tribes; some groups were as big as small armies. There were miners; and there were those who provisioned the miners, and others who swindled them; there were robbers of all sorts, from desperate outlaws to clerks and lawyers; finally, there were the Margrave's men, come to tax everyone else.

Bridges were slung across raging cataracts; giant trees were felled; battalions of man-eating Goblins were defeated and dispersed. Bands of outlaws roamed the hills, more deadly even than the forest creatures. In an effort to restore law and order, and to generate income, the Margrave of Kleinkastel declared the whole forest to be part of his demesne. Now his foot soldiers march across the hills, chasing bandits, selling mining licences, and dealing summarily with unlicensed miners. To the miners, the Margrave's soldiers are just one more irritation. Like the Goblins and the southern bandits, they interfere with the serious business of digging for gold. The most successful miners are already wealthy enough to defy the Margrave. They employ teams of less fortunate migrants to work the richest seams, located deep under the higher mountains, and they organize caravans to transport ore from the highland diggings through the forest to Kleinkastel, now a bustling boom town, where equally wealthy merchants wait to weigh, assay and buy

their loads. One of the most successful mine-owners is Gloten. Recently he sent out invitations to selected warriors, including yourself, to come to Kleinkastel and work for him as caravan guards. At the time you had better things to do than trudge back and forth through a hilly forest at the beck and call of a wealthy mine-owner, and you declined the offer.

Now, however, something is very wrong in the forest. Gloten has sent out messengers with another story: miners, and sometimes entire families, have gone missing from their villages; strange beasts, the like of which have never been seen before, are terrorizing the woodlands; and Gloten pleads for one of Khul's renowned warriors to come to Kleinkastel and investigate these mysterious occurrences. He declares that he will pay the warrior's own weight in gold in return for restoring normality to the forest. You could refuse neither the appeal for help nor the lure of such a reward.

With the last two coins you possessed, you have bought a map of the area (it is reproduced on the inside front cover of this book) and you have it safely stowed in your backpack, along with what remains of your Provisions – after your long journey from Kelther, you now have enough for only two more meals. You are wearing leather armour; your trusty sword hangs in its sheath at your belt. You reached the forest without incident; however, thanks to a rainstorm and the flooding of a ford, you

managed to miss the road that links Neuburg and Festham to Kleinkastel and found yourself in the depths of the woodlands. Last night you slept rough in the undergrowth; this morning, you came across a well-worn track, leading south-west, which you hope will lead you out of the forest and towards Kleinkastel, where you expect to find Gloten and offer your services to him for the promised fee. With luck, you will reach the little town before dusk.

Now turn to paragraph 1.

1

A line of blood-spots crosses the path. The blood is still warm and unclotted. Your hand goes to your sword-hilt as you scan the surrounding forest. You can hear nothing, but it is clear that a wounded animal has crossed the path – a very large animal, to judge by the extent of broken branches and trampled undergrowth that show where the creature crashed into the forest. You follow the trail between the trees and into a clearing, where you stop in amazement. The wounded animal is there – but it is not a bear or a wolf or any other woodland beast you have ever seen. It is like an enormous lizard, as big as an ox, with a sail-like frill running the length of its back and supported by spines. Its scaly hide shows several severe gashes. Stroking the monster's snout is an Elf woman. As you enter the glade, the monster snarls and the Elf woman raises her sword; but then, instead of attacking, they speak. *Both* of them say: 'Help us! Please help us!' Even as they speak, two soldiers come running into the clearing, swords drawn, and advance towards the wounded beast. Will you help to defend the monster (turn to **229**), or will you stand aside and await the outcome of the confrontation (turn to **375**)?

2

You find a broad-limbed tree that looks easy to climb, and you clamber up to the highest boughs in order to establish your whereabouts in the forest. If you want to eat a meal and regain lost STAMINA,

you can do so here, perched on a branch. Remember to note the changes on your *Adventure Sheet*.

From your vantage point, you survey the landscape; now you have to decide in which direction to travel. To the west the forest thins, and you can see a wide track leading towards Kleinkastel. If you want to go to the town next, turn to **143**. To the south the forest stretches into the distance like an endless green carpet. If you want to head south, turn to **155**. To the east the vegetation rises up the foothills of the Cloudhigh Mountains, and in the distance the peaks form a jagged, bleak horizon. Beneath the mountains are the mine-workings. If you want to take this direction, turn to **22**.

3

The more you twist and turn, the more you adhere to the glutinous slime. By the time the tongue curls round you and draws you into the Stegocephalian's fetid maw, you are completely helpless. At least you are asphyxiated before the monster's digestive juices begin to dissolve your body.

4

The stream bubbles down a series of small rapids as the ravine becomes deeper, cooler and darker. Jumping from rock to rock, you are becoming rather footsore, and you are pleased when you find that the ravine levels off and widens, and the stream runs into a sun-dappled pool. You stop at the edge of the pool; you cannot see a way to continue; unless you wade through the water, or cross it by jumping between the rounded boulders that are half-submerged in the pool. Will you turn back, trudge up the slippery stream-bed to the place where it veered sharply, and then climb the hillside path (turn to **358**); or will you rest in the shade of the overhanging cliff while you consider your next move (turn to **179**)?

5

You continue along the path, which takes you higher into the hills; there is a cool breeze, and very few trees rise out of the scrubby hillside vegetation. You look down to your right where the forest stretches away into the distance. Closer, at the foot of the slopes, you can see clearings in the woodland, some of them containing hamlets, or single huts. The path divides into two: one branch continues uphill, and you think that you can hear the sounds of fighting in that direction; if you take this path, turn to **319**. The other runs downhill, back into the forest; if you take this path, turn to **144**.

6

When all seven contestants have given their answers, Gloten opens his fist to reveal 2 Silver Pieces. You are one of four contestants who gave the wrong answer. The three winners step forward to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd. Gloten approaches the losers. Turn to **339**.

7

You try to shoo away the baby Pteranodon, but it refuses to move. Instead, it increases the frequency and volume of its screeching. You yell at it and stamp your feet, and eventually it hops away, still shrieking. You peep over the rock, to find that the two Slave Warrior guards are approaching, attracted by the noise you have been making. You must fight them. Turn to **262**.

8

You up-end your backpack and shake out your purse. All your belongings are lying on the grass. Do they include any Gold Pieces? If so, turn to **92**. If not, turn to **218**.

9

You prowl through the jungle towards the centre of the valley. You see no guards, but you do come across several long, low sheds that are deserted, but which you imagine have been used as barracks. The Warlord has kept very few of his soldiers in this lost world; but enough are left to guard his palace, as you find out when you reach the edge of the jungle. Staying out of sight, you circle the clearing in which the huge stone building stands. Every doorway has sentries posted at it; the closest you can approach without being seen is to sneak up among the empty outhouses. And finally you find an unguarded entrance: a wooden lattice covers a hole in the floor of an outbuilding. You lift this cover, and your feet encounter a steep staircase. You descend into a dark tunnel illuminated by occasional torches. It leads towards the main stone building; after you have followed it for some distance, it stops at a staircase. Will you go up, presumably towards the upper levels of the palace (turn to **378**), or downwards (turn to **201**)?

10

The Margrave is outraged at your suggestion, and orders his men to seize you. Gloten, however, insists that you are brought on to the platform rather than thrown at once into a dungeon. The crowd surges forward to look at you, and Gloten speaks out: 'This warrior knows how a miner likes to fight! Bring two pickaxe handles! We'll settle this here and now!' He shrugs off his rich cloak. His body is short

and stout, but his arms bulge with muscles. He throws you one of two wooden staves. You circle each other, and then close in. The crowd roars its approval.

GLOTEN SKILL 9 STAMINA 16

When the STAMINA of either you or Gloten is reduced to 4 points, you realize that the duel cannot last much longer. You have to decide how you want the fight to end. If you think it would be diplomatic to let Gloten win, you can do so without losing any more STAMINA. You simply pretend that Gloten's next few blows strike you hard, and then collapse and submit. Turn to 389. You can, instead, carry on fighting until the STAMINA of one of you is reduced to only 2 points, and that person submits to the other. When that happens, turn to 314.

11

There are fewer paths criss-crossing the forest as you continue eastwards, although the path you are on is still well defined. The woodland round you is dark and silent. You are beginning to wonder whether you have penetrated too far into the forest – and then you see two bodies lying on the path ahead. You approach cautiously. The dead creatures are Scurrellors, long-tailed, fur-covered humanoids who live in trees and are very rarely seen by ground-dwellers. These two had been on a hunting trip: each has a bow and an empty quiver, and a bag of game birds. They have been shot down with a crossbow: the metal bolts are still embedded in their green-leather clothing and soft brown fur. Will you search the bodies (turn to 151) or pass them by and continue along the path (turn to 230)?

12

Clouds of darkness close round you from all sides. You turn around and around under the grim gateway, desperately pushing your torch this way and that to fend off the enclosing shadow. But your torch cannot be everywhere at once, and the darkness deepens round you. Your torch is snuffed out; the black shadows wrap themselves round you and snuff out your life.

13

The little punt is trapped in the whirlpool caused by the monster's convulsions. It fills with bloody water and sinks. You cling to it with numbed fingers until the creature's writhing body crashes into it and breaks it apart. Dazed and helpless, you are barely able to keep afloat as you are carried downstream. You collide with submerged rocks and with the timbers of a jetty; roll two dice and deduct the total from your STAMINA. If you manage to survive this watery ordeal, you find yourself washed up on the eastern bank of the river. You pull yourself ashore and collapse in the undergrowth.

When you wake, you feel stiff but able to walk. Without a boat you cannot continue downriver; you begin the long walk upstream. Turn to 278.

14

The dark shadows recede, absorbed into the black stones of the Portal. Your vision clears: you pick up your possessions and peer into the cavern, which is still deserted. Then you turn to look through the other side of the Portal – and gaze open-mouthed at an impossible scene. Before you stretches a sunlit wilderness – a vast panorama of marsh and jungle, plains and forest, with snow-capped mountains lining a distant horizon. Your mind cannot comprehend how all this can exist in the depths of a gold mine; and then you realize that the Portal is a gateway to another world. This is not Khul: the sky is a different blue, the sun a different yellow. Some of the monstrous animals you have seen before, roaming the forest between the mines and Kleinkastel; this other world teems with them. Like mobile hills, armoured monsters lumber across the grasslands; flocks of sharp-beaked creatures soar in the skies. Somewhere in this landscape lurks the Warlord of the Slave Warriors.

You step forward and look back: from this side, the Portal is just a black cave-mouth in a hillside. Hoping to return, you conceal your burning torch in a nearby rocky cleft. Three paths lead away from the Portal; you ignore the middle way, which is the widest and most used. Will you choose to go to the left, through hilly country (turn to 239); or to the right, into the jungle (turn to 322)?

15

The stream has now become a wide river, curving through flat forestland of ancient green trunks that rise majestically, as far as the eye can see, out of dense brambly undergrowth. Your path clings to the western bank of the river, and eventually you find some evidence of habitation. An old wooden jetty juts out across the shallows. Moored to it are two boats: a flat-bottomed punt with a long pole, and a skiff with oars. A track leads from the jetty into the woods, where you see a hut. It occurs to you that boating downstream would be quicker and easier than walking. Will you take a boat (turn to **166**)? Or will you go to the hut and knock on the door (turn to **275**)?

16

Lignia has no weapon and no experience of combat. She offers no resistance to your blows. However, she has surprisingly hard skin, like the bark of a tree; despite all your advantages, you can inflict only 2 points of STAMINA loss on her each Attack Round. You cannot use LUCK in this situation; therefore, as Lignia has 12 points of STAMINA, it will take six combat rounds to kill her. As you attack her motionless body, you are uncomfortably aware that the leaves of the tree are rustling louder and louder, and the branches seem to be bending towards you. At the end of each Attack Round you must roll one die; if you roll a 6, turn to **279**. If you reach the end of six Attack Rounds without once rolling a 6, turn to **76**.

17

Even muzzled, and with all four paws enclosed in leather mittens, the huge bear is a formidable opponent. Standing on its hind legs, it is an arm's length taller than you, and its thick coat of hair is as protective as leather armour.

GIANT BROWN BEAR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 13

If you defeat it, you find nothing of interest in the cell. You leave, closing the door behind you, and continue along the corridor. Turn to **295**.

18

The rocky pinnacle is yours. You look inside the stone shelter: it is empty, clean and dry, and you decide to stay in it during the coming night. It will act as a hiding-place and as protection against the cold wind. In the light of the setting sun, you sit by the shelter to rest and reflect on your progress. You may eat a meal from your Provisions, if you want to, and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. You take a stroll round the summit to survey your surroundings. Turn to **123**.

19

The guard tosses and turns in his sleep as you creep past, but he does not wake. You pace down the stairs, circling downwards in the dark interior of the trunk, and finally you see a glimmer of grey light ahead. The stairs end, and a short tunnel winds between the tree's massive roots to the leaf-strewn forest floor. At the end of the tunnel stands an Elven Slave Warrior; he has heard you coming down the stairs and has drawn his sword in readiness. You must fight him.

ELVEN SLAVE WARRIOR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

If you win, you emerge from the bottom of the Elves' tree-home and decide to get away from it as quickly as possible. Turn to **150**.

20

By the flickering firelight you inspect the bodies of the Goblins. They are a battle-scarred pair: one has an eye-patch over an empty socket, the other has a hook in place of a left hand. They were professional thieves, to judge by the collection of trinkets and assorted coins that each has in his purse. You find a total of 6 Gold Pieces, which you can keep. You pull the bodies out of the hollow and return to sit by the fire until dawn. In the grey morning, before the sun has risen, you scatter the remaining embers, make your way back to the path and continue southwards. Turn to **36**.

21

You surrender to the Half-Goblin guard and wait with him as a group of warriors runs from the centre of the town to find you. They take you back to the little stone hut and push you inside – and this time they remember to lock the door. You can do nothing but wait. If you want to, you can eat a meal from your Provisions and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. Turn to **110**.

22

In spite of the jagged terrain and thick undergrowth, this part of the forest is a maze of small paths. Most of them run east–west, between the mineworkings in the mountains and Kleinkastel. Branches lead northwards into the hills and southwards into the heart of the forest. The highest peaks of the Cloudhigh Mountains can be seen above the treetops to the east, and you decide that this is the direction in which you will travel.

You have been walking for some time when you hear heavy footsteps behind you. You push on to a clearing, where you turn and see your pursuers emerging from the trees. There is a man in the background, but you have eyes only for the bizarre beast that is trotting towards you, uttering high-pitched squawks. It is the size of an ostrich but with no feathers and with claws instead of wings. The eyes in its beaked head glare down at you as it approaches. It is a Struthiomimus, and it became extinct millions of years ago – but here it is apparently very much alive, and intent on attacking you.

STRUTHIOMIMUS SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

After three rounds of combat, turn to 189.

23

The black shape moves towards you. 'Not good enough!' echoes its weird voice. 'Not a good enough answer. However – you have paid for your boat-

trip, and you deserve another chance to succeed. Come; step into the coracle.'

You feel weak and weary. As if sleepwalking, you paddle through the shallows and step into the little round craft. You curl up in the bottom, and as the coracle drifts away from the shore you hear the voice saying: 'You will do better next time . . .'

You wake up on a path in a forest. You feel refreshed. All your scores are at their *Initial* level. Your sword is at your side. In your backpack you have nothing but a map and enough Provisions for 2 meals. You look around; the scene is very familiar. You are sure that you have been here before. Turn to **1**.

24

Your jump takes you clear of the Giant Centipede's long body, but your feet collide with its erect tail. Your head strikes the wall of the gully, and you tumble to the ground in a senseless heap. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you regain consciousness just as the stinging tail and clicking mandibles are converging on your body. You lash out in desperation.

GIANT CENTIPEDE SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win, you step over the still wriggling legs and hurry into the jungle. Turn to **9**.

25

The river is now broad and slow-moving, and it is taking you in a southerly direction. As you drift along you have time to eat a meal from your Provisions if you want to (restore up to 4 points of STAMINA) and to gaze at the scenery. Both banks are still thickly forested, but the undergrowth appears to be less dense and to consist mainly of vines and creepers. If anything, the trees are even more massive than those in the forest further north, with wide, glossy leaves. You think that open glades in the forest are becoming more frequent as you travel further south. Eventually you notice that the flow of the river has become faster; at the same time, you see the first signs of humanoid life since you took the boat: there are wooden jetties ahead, one on each bank. You can now manoeuvre your boat to one side or other of the river, to reach one of the jetties; or you can stay in midstream. Will you:

Steer to the right, towards the west bank?	Turn to **382**
Continue in the centre of the river?	Turn to **104**
Steer to the left, towards the east bank?	Turn to **152**

26

The Noasaurus roars, revealing rows of jagged teeth, as you launch your attack.

NOASAURUS SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you manage to defeat it, you are not surprised to find that your struggle has attracted the attention of one of the Slave Warriors. You hardly have time to recover your breath before he advances towards you with mechanical movements. Turn to **135**.

27

The thunder of hoof-beats dies away behind you, and the forest is silent except for the lapping of the river. And then you see it: through the gaps between the widely spaced trees, you can make out sparkling water – a vast lake, or an inland sea, rippling southwards as far as the eye can see. To the north-east its coast is thick forest; to the south-west it is bordered by wide grasslands. You walk on and approach the tree-shaded shore. Bobbing on the water, tied to a post, is a coracle. You head towards it; and a shape appears in your path. Ten paces in front of you, between you and the coracle, stands a black figure – a silhouette – a completely dark shape,

squat but humanoid, its outline suggesting a compressed Dwarf, in tattered robes and a floppy hat. And all as black as a bottomless pit.

Suddenly the shape moves; and a voice seems to emanate from the air: 'Gold! Throw gold to me or I will not let you pass!' Will you:

Throw yourself at the shape in attack?	Turn to 306
Toss a Gold Piece towards the shape?	Turn to 77
Ignore the shape, and walk past it?	Turn to 345

28

As you continue to fight the Oviraptor, you step back to dodge its beak – and collide with the emaciated body of a Slave Warrior. Four of the expressionless soldiers have entered the cage, attracted by the noise of your fight, and are silently watching your struggle with the small dinosaur. Now they intervene: they fend off the Oviraptor, take you out of the cage, and knock you unconscious again. They carry you back to the Tyrannosaurus's pit, and throw you in. You are to be a meal for the monster, and this time there is no escape.

29

The Goblins snatch the scroll from you and run off into the forest. You sit on the edge of the jetty, watching the sunlight sparkle on the river's surface. Behind you, the rustling trees are full of birdsong, and across the wide river you catch glimpses of forest creatures flitting between the trees. You wait for the Goblins to return.

Several hours later, you have become very bored. You begin to wonder whether you have been tricked . . . perhaps the Goblins have no intention of coming back. If you decide that you have waited long enough, you can jump back into your boat, cast off from the jetty, and let the current take you downstream – turn to **104**. Or you can set off in much the same direction along the riverside path – turn to **50**. In either case, you have lost the letter – delete it from your *Adventure Sheet*. If you want to carry on waiting, turn to **198**.

30

Reluctantly, you unbuckle your swordbelt and drop it on the wooden platform. Then you look over the edge, to find that the rope-ladder now extends to the ground, so you go down it. You wander into the dell and unenthusiastically begin to inspect the damaged plants. With your bare hands you dig holes in which you replant uprooted saplings; you clear the lawns of branches that have been hacked off shrubs by passing soldiers; you replace turf in boot-marks; you pull rubbish out of the stream. After a while, you find yourself enjoying your work. You stand up to survey the results and see Lignia walking towards you, followed by a dozen Dryads. She is holding your sword at arm's length, and she returns it to you with a shudder. 'Take this thing!'

she says. 'I no longer fear that you will use it against me or my forest. Forgive my mistrust, but we have few friends now – even the Wood Elves have turned against us. And please accept these gifts: I sense that they will be important to you.' Two Dryads approach, each bearing a tiny bird in a small wooden cage. One bird has red plumage, the other blue. You put them in your backpack, and when you look up you are alone again. You leave the clearing and continue along the narrow forest path. Turn to **144**.

31

You pull the talisman from your backpack and let it hang by its thong. The wizard stares at it in disbelief, then stumbles backwards, his face white with horror and fear. 'I think I know where I have seen these markings before,' he whispers, 'and, if I am right, this thing is more fearsome than my worst imaginings. Come! Up this stairway to my library!'

In a bright, book-lined gallery, the wizard pores over dusty tomes. You cannot read the ancient script that he is studying. 'It is an old Goblin tongue,' he explains, 'and the Forest Goblins no longer speak it, still less write it. This book, old as it is, is merely a collection of fragments of songs and stories that are thousands of years older. And yes! As I thought – here is a description of a small stone tablet inscribed in the same manner as this talisman. It is apparently a replica, or representation, of something larger . . . I suspect that it will require several hours of study to decipher this old story – and it may be no more than a fable. If you do not want to waste your time, I can carry out this research later, after my return. We can leave now.'

If you urge the wizard to leave now, turn to **102**. If you want to wait while he studies his books, turn to **81**.

32

At the summit of the ridge, the track passes between two rocks. You take cover there to survey the landscape on the other side of the ridge. You are looking down into a circular, bowl-shaped valley. Jungle vegetation covers most of its area, but clearings and paths have recently been cut through the verdure, and in the very centre of the valley a huge clearing surrounds a palace. This massive building is so new that its stone blocks are painfully white in the glaring sun. Wooden outbuildings cluster against its

high walls. This must be the headquarters of the Warlord who controls the Slave Warriors through the power of the Portal. Looking along the rim of the valley, you see patrols of tireless Slave Warriors. Within the valley, however, there are no signs of movement. A gully, into which you can just squeeze, runs down into the valley from your hiding-place. There is no other way to enter the valley without walking into the open – and a Slave Warrior patrol is approaching along the ridge. Will you wriggle into the gully (turn to **156**); or will you step out of hiding, adopt a stiff stance and an unblinking gaze, and hope that the Slave Warriors take you for one of their own kind (turn to **247**)?

33

The man holds his knife to your throat while a dozen or so roughly dressed men and women, armed with an assortment of knives, axes and staves, emerge from the undergrowth round the clearing and congregate round you. Turn to **216**.

34

You retreat from the woman's enraged onslaught, trying to explain that you mean her no harm, and colliding with silk-upholstered chairs and tripping backwards over velvet floor-cushions. The woman wields her length of chain with the skill of a seasoned gladiator, and you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA as you back away from her. If you survive this attack, the woman suddenly stops. She is staring at the doorway. You turn to see a Dwarven Slave Warrior with a bunch of keys at his belt; he is the gaoler. The woman snarls at him, but his gaze remains fixed on you. He turns, presumably to go and seek assistance to deal with you. You must stop him, so you throw yourself across the room to fight him.

DWARVEN SLAVE WARRIOR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you defeat the gaoler, the woman smiles at you and pats her hands together in polite applause. Turn to **276**.

35

The enthusiastic mood of the hunters turns to anger as they argue with you, insisting that you must face the Triceratops alone. Your failure to do so mystifies them, and brands you as a coward. Perhaps, after all, you are not fit to be a warrior of the People. The hunters take away your spear and thrust a shortsword into your grasp before forcing you, at spearpoint, towards the dinosaur. You will have to fight it; and with only a shortsword, your SKILL is reduced by 1 point for the duration of this fight. The Triceratops scuffs the grass and prepares to charge. As the beast lowers its head and thunders towards you, you despair of ever defeating it.

TRICERATOPS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 18

Your sword makes little impact on the leathery, knobbly hide – deduct only 1 point from the Tricera-

tops's STAMINA each time you wound it. Its horns and its thick, muscular tail are formidable weapons – deduct 3 points from your STAMINA each time it wounds you. If you are still alive after five rounds of combat, you are relieved to hear the war-cries of the other hunters as they join in the attack. Surrounded, the Triceratops is soon overwhelmed and slaughtered. Turn to **390**.

36

The trees of the forest are now so thinly spread that you feel conspicuous as you stride southwards through the grass that grows everywhere between the trees and on which herds of animals imperturbably graze. You hear the river to your left, and on your right you glimpse distant sun-baked plains beyond the trees.

You hear hoof-beats. There is little cover, and you are spotted by the riders – five Southerners in flowing robes, galloping towards you on horned, cloven-footed ponies. Will you stand and wait for them to reach you (turn to **294**)? Or will you run, hoping either to outdistance them or to find a refuge (turn to **134**)?

37

Consciousness returns. You are in the forest. Your body aches all over. Your eyesight seems weak; you think you must be lying on the ground, looking up at the trunks of trees that appear discoloured and distorted. You move your legs to stand up; you hear a scuttling noise from under your body and find yourself being propelled across a clearing and under a bush. You move your arms . . . and two huge pincers swim into view in front of your eyes. The Portal has transformed you into a Giant Scorpion. You will end your life scurrying across the forest floor, preying on small woodland creatures; meanwhile the Warlord's armies will continue their conquest of Khul.

38

The soldier looks at the barrels, peering inside some and kicking the ends of others. The one next to yours disintegrates under the impact of an armoured boot. But the soldier fails to look in your barrel and, as he stamps out of the tavern, you climb out of the barrel. You find a back door; next to it is a stack of unlit torches, bound reeds soaked in pitch. You can take one, putting it in your backpack as you slip through the door.

You find yourself on a narrow track, overshadowed by forest trees; you head eastward and, out of sight of the village, you rejoin the main path you had been on before you entered the village. Turn to **11**.

39

You pull yourself through the narrow slit, and slide in darkness down a short slope, landing in a foul-smelling pile of rotting meat and other rubbish. The slit was obviously the drain through which waste from the beast's enclosure is sluiced. You stagger across the fetid heap, and your outstretched hands touch a wall. You feel your way along it and discover a narrow aperture. Forcing your way through this, you find yourself wedged between two high walls; a little grey light reaches you from a long way above. You shuffle along sideways, until eventually you emerge at a torch-lit landing; stairs lead up and down; as you fear meeting your captors if you go up, you decide to step warily down the stairs. Turn to 78.

40

You are within range of the Dwarf's boat-hook, and you have to defend yourself against it. If the Koallit is still alive, it will wrap its tail round your legs and peck at your knees with its pointed beak; this will reduce your SKILL by 2 points while you are fighting the Dwarf, and cause you to lose 1 point of STAMINA each combat round.

DWARF BOATMAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If you win, you can untie the boats, step into one of them, and let it carry you on your way downstream. If you choose to do this, make a note of which boat you use – the punt or the skiff – and turn to 227. If you would rather leave the boats and continue on foot down the riverside path, turn to 79.

41

As you stand at the side of the path you notice that the ancient oak tree whose branches are sheltering you from the sun has a hole in its trunk. Peering into the dark centre of the tree, you can just make out an irregular heap of twigs and dry leaves – and something shiny. If you want to reach into the tree to pull out the heap, turn to 194. If you decide not to do this, you continue to await the arrival of the marching men. Turn to 363.

42

Standing in the middle of a circle of taut bows, you ask the Wood Elves what they want of you – but they remain silent. You are not afraid: Wood Elves are not usually unfriendly to humans. Another band of Elves enters the clearing; and you realize, from her bearing and her costume, that the leader is the Queen of the tribe. You bow as she approaches. She is stern and unsmiling, and asks you your business. You explain that you are searching for the source of the evil that has arisen in the forest. 'Then we can help you,' she says. 'You should travel east, and up into the mountains; but tomorrow we will escort you there. Tonight you must rest with us.' You thank her for her kind offer, and accept it – in fact you have little choice, as a dozen arrows are still aimed at you. 'Forgive our suspicions,' adds the Queen. 'These days it is hard to know whom to trust.' The Elves form a marching column, with you at its centre, and move off into the forest. You are walking along woodland paths, but the trees seem misty and your footsteps are muffled. If you have a Potion of True Seeing, turn to 335; if not, turn to 217.

43

You are hurled against a jagged boulder. Bones smash in every part of your body. Your corpse is carried away by the torrent.

44

The Slave Warriors see you, and stop. They turn and march away along the ridge. Your acting skills deserve applause. You are now free to enter the valley, and you slide down a dusty slope and into the shelter of the jungle. Turn to 9.

45

You step through the door and hurry away from the building. A strange noise – a series of soft pops overlaid with a sizzling hum – makes you look back. You witness the effect of Igneolite: when lit, it bursts forth in a cloud of dust that covers stone – and transforms it. You see the individual blocks of the building's stone walls and slate roof melting, flowing together and re-hardening into one seamless, featureless shape. The building has turned into a gigantic smooth boulder, with the alchemist and his gold sealed into the hollow interior. Igneolite is clearly a powerful substance; you are sure that you will find a use for the small sack of it that you have in your pack. You decide to investigate the mine entrance near by; turn to 106.

46

You guess that this ragged specimen is one of the Slave Warriors whom the Spinosaurus mentioned. You hope he will not see you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 162. If you are Unlucky, turn to 193.

47

Horfak stops talking and steps back as you advance. 'You dare to interrupt me?' he hisses. 'And you dare to threaten violence to your Warlord, to the Emperor of all Khul? Your attack is futile. Feel the power of the Portal!' He gestures with his arms, and the black lightning crackles and seems to descend from the ceiling, enclosing you. Pain stabs into your head; your limbs feel heavy. Reduce your SKILL by 2 points for the duration of this fight. Horfak draws a two-handed sword, and a laugh bubbles from his twisted lips as he swings the blade in murderous arcs, black lightning coursing along his arms. Strengthened by the evil power of the Portal, Horfak is a fearsome foe.

HORFAK	SKILL 10	STAMINA 20

If you defeat him, turn to 170.

48

'Well done, brave warrior. The wizard will be happy to welcome you. Please step into the coracle – it will take you to the wizard's home.' The dark shadow vanishes.

You paddle through the shallows and sit down inside the little round craft, which begins to drift away from the shore. A mist creeps across the surface of the water, obscuring the sun. Soon you are no longer able to see the shoreline. After some time, a shape looms out of the mist ahead of you. It

is a tiny island, no more than fifty paces across. The coracle draws towards it, and you see that its surface is piled high with rusty weapons: swords, spears, shields, bows. The coracle bumps against a post that stands in the water; the post once supported a notice-board, but the inscription is so old that you cannot read it. You wonder what you are supposed to do.

If you decide to throw your sword on to the rusty heap on the island, turn to **357**. If you decide to keep your weapon, turn to **205**. If you have no weapon, turn to **97**.

49

You understand only a little of the language of this mixed tribe of warriors, but it is clear that you are their prisoner. They take you up the hill and into the walled village. Here you are locked inside a small stone hut. Soon the door is thrown open, and a human woman enters. She speaks to you in an archaic dialect of your own tongue. 'Greetings, Otherworlder. My name is Witta. I will explain your situation. The gateway in the Sacred Cave used to be kind to us: once every century or two, someone from Otherworld would find it and come to us. My grandfather was the most recent arrival; a Neuburger by birth and a forester by trade, he found the gateway while exploring the caverns beneath the Cloudhigh Mountains. We call ourselves the People; here, all races are one tribe, and live in peace, unlike the tribes of Otherworld. But since Horfak arrived, the gateway glows with evil; none but hordes of Slave Warriors enter our land through it, and Horfak orders the Slave Warriors to destroy our dwellings and make captives of us. I have more to tell – but first, you must eat. I will fetch food.' She leaves – and forgets to lock the door! Will you wait for her to return (turn to **360**); or will you make a dash through the door (turn to **72**)?

50

As you stride southwards alongside the rushing waterway, you find the forest thinning as the ground becomes rocky; soon you are clambering up and down crags and ravines. The path climbs higher and higher until you lose sight of the river below. Now above the tops of the forest trees, you zigzag through massive boulders on your way up a steep hill. Finally you reach the summit. It is a bare, windswept crag, cold in the red light of the setting sun. Ahead of you there is a shelter made of piled rocks and stones; next to it, motionless, a cloaked figure sits facing south. Its back is to you. Will you call out, or cough politely, to announce your presence (turn to **373**)? Or will you attempt to sneak up quietly and attack the figure (turn to **171**)?

51

Horfak steps back as you advance. 'You dare to threaten violence to your Warlord, to the Emperor of all Khul? Your attack is futile. Feel what the Portal can do!' Black lightning streams from the tip of his sword and surrounds you in a web of flickering

53

The heap of broken furniture *is* a nest. Inside it is a large egg – and, scattered about, a total of 10 Gold Pieces. You can take the egg, or the coins, or both, and put them in your backpack – but not without a fight. The tower shudders as two huge talons grasp the parapet of the belvedere, and a nightmarish creature emits a scream of rage as it sees you. It is a Pteranodon, a long-extinct flying saurian. It stalks towards you, its scaly wings outstretched almost across the full width of the room, its toothless beak wide enough to swallow you whole. You will have to fight it.

PTERANODON SKILL 5 STAMINA 8

If you kill it, you climb over its body and return to the empty first-floor room of the tower. Turn to **109**.

54

The Ankylosaurus is quick-footed despite its massive bulk. As you attack, it turns and swings its tail towards you. The end of its tail consists of a knobbly ball of bone, as big as a barrel and with long spines. If the Ankylosaurus succeeds in striking you, you must deduct 6 points of STAMINA; not many creatures could survive such a blow.

ANKYLOSAURUS SKILL 4 STAMINA 22

As you fight, you leap and run about the dinosaur, trying to stay clear of its murderous tail. If you survive long enough to inflict three wounds on the

animal, it tires of the conflict, and ambles away downhill. You are able to continue your uphill trek. Turn to **32**.

55

You clamber on to the seat and sink into the pile of cushions. This is a very comfortable throne. You rest your head against the high, carved back and place your hands on the upholstered arms. The arms feel a little loose; you inspect them and find that they are hinged – you could lift them. Will you:

Leave the chair and wait for Gloten?	Turn to **211**
Try to lift both of the arms together?	Turn to **173**
Try to lift the right arm, then the left?	Turn to **126**
Try to lift the left arm, then the right?	Turn to **296**

56

You have spoken the correct number. 'Very good! Well done!' says the enchanted door as you open it and step on to a thick branch. Clinging to twigs as you realize that you are in the topmost branches of the Elves' tree-home, you make your way to a narrow, rickety stairway that slopes downwards, criss-crossing from branch to branch. As you climb down it, you pass openings in the massive trunk and wooden buildings set among the branches, and you can see that all the Elves have been turned into Slave Warriors, and are silent and motionless. They do not hear you pass, and your staircase ends on one of the tree's broad lower limbs. You hear a groan, and you decide to investigate. Turn to **249**.

57

The stream runs along the bottom of a valley, and as you follow its course the sides of the valley grow steeper and higher until you find yourself in a deep gorge. The cliffs that rise vertically from both banks of the swiftly flowing brook block out most of the daylight. You are on the west bank, where a narrow path runs alongside the watercourse. At the next bend in the river your path is squeezed between the cliff and the water – and at that point there is a large cave in the cliff face. You cannot cross the stream here, so you must either continue along the path, past the cave-mouth (turn to **246**), or attempt to climb out of the ravine (turn to **365**).

58

You turn away from the Noasaurus's questing snout and start to creep towards the nearest tree. This seems to infuriate the huge animal; it roars and lunges at you, raking your back with its claws and knocking you to the ground. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you pick yourself up and see the Noasaurus strutting away as a Slave Warrior, attracted by the noise, advances towards you with his sword at the ready. Turn to **135**.

59

The wizard's metal horse skims the canopy of the forest, sparks from its hoofs scorching the topmost leaves. You travel north in this manner until the green carpet below you is pierced by the stony outcrops of the foothills of the Cloudhigh Mountains.

The wizard brings his machine to earth in a clearing. 'If you walk east from here,' he says, 'I think you will soon find yourself in the thick of the trouble, if that is what you're seeking. But if I can persuade the Margrave and the mine-owners and the townspeople to forge an alliance to fight the evil, we will need warriors such as you. Can I not convince you to come with me to Kleinkastel?' If you insist on setting off into the forest, you bid farewell to the wizard, watching his machine rise into the air once more and fly into the distance, before you plunge into the green undergrowth. Turn to **22**. If you agree to accompany the wizard, you stay seated on the metal horse as it lifts into the air. Turn to **398**.

60

Your torch stays alight. The echoing footsteps are now almost at the open door of the ice room, but you have melted two holes in the frozen sheet that covers the closed door. With your free hand you hammer on the ice; cracks zigzag across it; and then the whole curtain of ice shatters and falls like a pane of glass. Three Slave Warriors are crossing the room towards you; with desperate strength you push against the door. It opens and you fall through the doorway; a descending blade catches your arm, and you cry out in pain, but you turn, slam the door, brace your shoulder against it and secure it by sliding home the iron bolts. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for your wound. The Slave Warriors hurl their thin bodies against the door, heedless of self-injury; you sit with your back against the other side of the door, safe for the moment. You have time to eat a meal from your Provisions and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. In front of you stretches a corridor lined with torches. You pick yourself up and walk towards the far end of it. Turn to **372**.

61

You join the excited crowds heading for the Market Square. You overhear gossip: the town aldermen, the Margrave and his lieutenants, and the chief priests from the temples have been in conclave for days . . . a mysterious wizard has arrived to join their deliberations . . . there will be an announcement at the public meeting today.

Kleinkastel's dignitaries are gathered together on a platform in the Square. Spectators point out for your benefit the most important ones: the Margrave, tall and young; the elderly priests; the merchants and the mine-owners, among them Gloten, who addresses the crowd. 'You all know,' shouts the short, stout mine-owner, 'that I have long been worried about events in the forest. I hope that among you are some brave warriors who have responded to my

previous appeals. The Margrave now shares my fears; and we have recent news that the situation is even worse than we had thought. An ancient evil, a gateway between our world and another, has come to life. With its help, a Warlord has arisen and commands an ever-growing army of Slave Warriors. We must unite to form an army of our own; and, to buy time, we must find a Champion who will try to find and defeat the Warlord. The Champion will be chosen by tournament. Contestants for this position, to the platform, please!'

Will you enter the tournament (turn to **190**), or will you set out for the forest immediately (turn to **268**)?

62

As you stroll across the clearing, enjoying the feel of soft grass beneath your feet, you become aware of movements in the midst of the grove of trees. You approach cautiously; one by one a dozen delicate, graceful forms step from among the trees. They look like tall young women or young female Elves, but their skin is dark brown, their hair is green and their bodies are covered with leaves. They are Dryads, tree-spirits that until now you thought existed only in legends. They form a line to block your way, and wordlessly point to the edge of the dell. It seems they want you to leave. Will you:

Leave the dell, skirt round it, and continue along the forest path? Turn to **144**

Go to the edge of the dell and climb the tree with the platform in it? Turn to 366

Run at the Dryads, to force a way through their line? Turn to 297

63

A flame flickers back to life on the smoking tip of your torch. A tendril of darkness curls round it, trying to quench it; but it stays alight, and the shadows begin to retreat. Your two lights flame up more strongly. The cold releases its icy grip on your body. You have survived the Portal's final attack. Turn to 14.

64

You stamp on the embers of the fire and scatter the ashes. You lie on the warm earth, your head resting on your backpack and your sword unsheathed at your side. You fall asleep; and during the night you dream. You have a feeling of being suffocated beneath a warm, black blanket; you want to struggle but you cannot move. You wake up, shaking, and look skywards – but the stars are concealed by a vast pair of gently moving wings. Only two lights are to be seen: the glittering red eyes of the monstrous Vampire Bat that is gliding down to feast on your blood. You grasp your sword and thrust upwards as the leathery wings enclose your body and the bat's fangs seek your throat.

VAMPIRE BAT SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you survive, you stay awake for the rest of the night. At dawn, you return to the path and continue southwards. Turn to 36.

65

The woman raises her right hand, makes a sign in the air and addresses you in a language you do not understand. You reply in your own tongue; she understands, and smiles at you. 'You must be a recent addition to the ranks of my subjects,' she says in an archaic dialect of your own tongue. 'I am your Queen, Anxis the Hunter; obey me, and help me take my revenge on the verminous Horfak. I must escape from these chains; I must have a weapon. Both can be achieved if together we prepare an ambush for my gaoler. I will shout until he comes; you stay by the door and take him as he enters the room.' You take up your position; Anxis starts to scream.

Very soon, a Dwarven Slave Warrior with a bunch of keys at his belt appears in the doorway. As he enters, you grab him from behind – and Anxis, with a ghastly grin on her face, strangles him with her chains. 'Horfak's chamber is above,' says Anxis as she unlocks her manacles and picks up the Dwarf's shortsword. 'He wants me for his consort. Pah! I would rather wed a jellyfish. All he will get from me is naked steel. Come! Let us finish the loathsome scum!' If you have met Dirlin, turn to 138; if not, turn to 334.

66

By the time your fight is over, there is a lull in the battle for the hill. Your intervention has prevented the Troglodytes from overwhelming the Goblins, and they have scattered into the mountains, leaving the hillside littered with the bodies of their fallen comrades and an even greater number of slain Goblins. Only two Goblin warriors remain in sight, standing at the base of the glittering hilltop statue. If you want to investigate this idol, you can try to sneak to the top of the Goblins' warren in order to spring a surprise attack on the two near the statue – turn to 172; or you can advance towards them openly, dragging the bodies of the Troglodytes you have defeated in order to show that you have helped the Goblins – turn to 343. If you are not interested in the statue, you retrace your steps along the hillside path and descend into the forest – turn to 144.

67

You run between the Spider and the Goblin, who falls to the ground, gasping for breath. The Spider stops and swivels to face you. It jerks its claw-tipped front legs in the air. Its mandibles open and close, making sounds that are distressingly like human speech. Its body is as big as an ox, and its crooked legs tower above you. It attacks.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 220.

68

You are inside a semi-circular palisade enclosing a flat area of dirt before the cliff that rises ahead of you. Scattered across the enclosure are derelict wooden sheds. A well-trodden track leads from the gate in the palisade to a hole in the face of the cliff. The hole is the entrance to the Horfak and Dirlin mine workings – and also to the source of the Slave Warriors and the other weird creatures that have been terrorizing the forest inhabitants. As you watch from behind a hut, another group of scarecrow-like Slave Warriors shuffles out of the mine entrance and heads for the gates. With them is a glowering, armoured beast with a low belly and a mountainous back crested with bony plates. When they have gone, you approach the dark hole. A torch flames in a bracket. You take it and, if you have a miner's helmet and a candle-stub, you put on the helmet and light the built-in lamp. Then you enter the tunnels. The mine is disused and deserted; some passages are blocked by fallen rocks. Only one trail looks well worn; you follow it deeper and deeper into the mountainside. It leads you, finally, to a rough hole at the end of a narrow tunnel. You step through, into a natural cavern. In the centre of this cavern stand three huge blocks of black stone, one laid as a lintel across the other two to form a massive gateway. Turn to 397.

69

You pick up a small stone and throw it at the figure – and are amazed to see the stone veer to one side, as if caught by a strong gust of wind. It circles the stationary old man and seems to pick up speed as it hurtles straight back towards you. You dodge out of its path, but the stone follows you and strikes you in the stomach with tremendous force. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you are writhing on the sand, trying to recover your breath, when you again hear the disembodied voice of the black shadow. 'Such bad manners! And such foolishness, too. It is inadvisable to throw stones at a wizard.' You look up at the old man, who still has not moved a muscle. 'Are you a wizard?' you manage to gasp. Turn to 175

70

You fight your way towards the Warlord, who is trying to steer his chariot through the mêlée to the Sacred Cave. You leap up alongside him, push him out of the chariot, then jump down to the ground beside him. He turns to face you – and you recoil in horror. His head, swaying on his shoulders like a huge balloon, is a bulbous misshapen lump of flesh. His face is stretched and distorted, the features lost among rolls of blotched and flaking skin. You are separated from the main battle by the bulk of the chariot, and in the comparative calm the Warlord taunts you. 'You dare to face me? Fool! I am Horfak! My strength alone could defeat you; with the Portal, I am invincible. Feel my power!' He waves a hand, and the air vibrates; bolts of black lightning crackle along his arms as he unsheathes his two-handed sword. If you are wearing the mad god's mirrored helmet, or have another mirror, you can interrupt Horfak's gloating and place the mirror in front of his face – turn to 330. Otherwise, you waste no more time, but attack – turn to 51.

71

Your little craft manages to stay afloat. The monster's convulsions lessen and finally cease as the huge body sinks to the bottom of the river. You are battered, dazed and drenched. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you find yourself lying in the keel, with fetid water sloshing over you. The boat is wallowing, and you force yourself to concentrate on bailing out as much water as you can. When you look around, you realize that you have drifted back to the centre of the river, and you continue to float downstream. Turn to 25.

72

You run through the doorway and out into a narrow street. There are folk all around you, going about their daily business; as you hurry through the lanes between the stone huts, you realize that the People are such a mixture of types that you can easily blend into the crowd. You head for one of the gates in the town's wall, where you find that escape will not be quite as easy as you had thought. The gate is guarded: a Goblin-faced being as tall as a man bars your way with a mace. 'Everyone's to stay in town

for the ceremony tonight,' he says, as far as you can understand. 'Here! You're a stranger! Who are you?' Behind him, the wooden gates are open, and the open countryside beckons; the streets round the gate are deserted, but you can hear a hue and cry beginning in the centre of the town – your escape from the hut has been discovered. The Half-Goblin hears the noise too, and eyes you with increasing suspicion. To get through the gate, you must fight him; if you decide to do this, turn to 367. If you give yourself up without a fight, turn to 21.

73

'What's this piece of old parchment?' sneers the officer, snatching the scroll from your hand. As he reads it, his expression remains unchanged – but his face gradually turns white. He gulps, rolls up the warrant, hands it back to you, salutes, and says through gritted teeth: 'Please accept my apologies. My men and I are at your disposal.' You reply that all you require is a rest and a meal, and to be allowed to remain in the village while the troopers search it. The officer orders a couple of soldiers to bring you a table, a chair and some rations, and you eat a pleasant meal in the village square, restoring up to 4 points of STAMINA if you need to. Then you go to find out what, if anything, the soldiers have discovered in the village. Turn to 327.

74

You have many questions that you would like to ask: What are the Slave Warriors? Where is this evil Portal? – but it is clear that the Elf, imprisoned in the body of the badly wounded Spinosaurus, is almost exhausted. Gasping for breath, it manages to continue: 'The Margrave in Kleinkastel, the mine-owners, the King of the Goblins, even the Wood Elves – none of them know how bad things are here. Gartax was a miner; he had the sense to get people out of his village before the Slave Warriors arrived. Now he and his followers live in the forest, trying to organize some kind of resistance. He's camped not far from here – half a league to the south-east. He can explain what's going on. Now I must rest. Thanks for your help, warrior.'

You return to the path. Will you now continue along it, south-westwards, towards Kleinkastel (turn to 143)? Or will you strike out eastwards, straight into the wild and wooded foothills of the Cloudhigh Mountains (turn to 22)? Or will you enter the forest in a south-easterly direction, hoping to find Gartax (turn to 263)?

75

You take a few steps backwards, and then run at the Giant Centipede. You leap upwards just before the creature's clicking mandibles touch your legs. Roll one die twice. If the total is less than your current SKILL, turn to 337; if the total is the same as, or greater than, your SKILL, turn to 24.

76

At last, Lignia lies motionless at your feet, and the branches of all the nearby trees are suddenly still. Lignia shed no blood; even as you watch, the wounds that you have inflicted begin to heal, and a slight rustling of leaves begins again. You decide to leave as quickly as possible; the rope-ladder has unrolled to the ground, and you use it to descend from the treetop platform. By the time you reach the bottom of the tree, its branches are writhing towards you with renewed enthusiasm; you assume Lignia is recovering her strength. You are now once again on the ridge that circles the idyllic garden dell. Will you continue your journey by walking straight through the middle of the dell (turn to **318**); or will you walk round the edge of it to reach the far side (turn to **144**)?

77

The Gold Piece sparkles as it turns in the air. The strange black being makes no move either to catch the coin or to dodge it. The coin meets no resistance; it does not strike the dark figure; it simply disappears into the blackness as if it had been thrown down a deep well. Turn to **225**.

78

The staircase is lit by torches. You reach the bottom, which seems to be a dead end: a short corridor leads from the foot of the stairs to a blank stone wall. You wonder if a secret door is hidden here. On the wall hangs a handwritten sign, part of which appears to be in code:

TIDSIV FUUS!
KEY IS UNDER MAT!

You search the floor of the corridor, back towards the stairs; you cannot see a mat of any sort. But the corridor is wider than the stairs, and there is a pool of shadow next to, and underneath, the staircase; and you can make out the edge of something that might be a piece of cloth – or even a mat. Will you look under the staircase (turn to **341**); or will you say the words 'under mat', in the hope that they are magic passwords (turn to **386**)? If you want to try a different password of your own choice, write down the words you will say before turning to **184**.

79

The path continues beside the river for many miles and then branches off from it and takes you deep into the forest. You stumble and trip through the bushes and creepers that stretch across the path almost as if they had been placed there to obstruct you. A voice with an unfamiliar accent cries out for help somewhere ahead. You run forward – and tumble into a pit lined with sharpened stakes. Goblins crowd round the lip of the pit, pulling on the ropes, and your broken body is hoist upwards in a net. Human stew for supper tonight!

82

The Korven overhead shriek in frustration as you escape into the forest. You find a path and follow it, without meeting anyone or anything, until the forest begins to thin, and you hear running water. Through the trees you glimpse a stream. A pathside sign reads 'Deadpan Wharf', and as you turn the next corner you see warehouses, jetties and barges huddled between the forest and fast-flowing water. This once-sleepy supply point is now alive with macabre activity: silently, tirelessly, mechanically, Dwarf Slave Warriors are loading boxes into barges. You sneak through the trees to the doors of one of the warehouses, and peer in. It is empty, except for rows of long oblong boxes. You hear footsteps approaching, so you decide to hide in one of the boxes. You lift up the lid – and a Slave Warrior slowly sits upright in the box. You draw your sword – but, as you do so, other boxes begin to open, with pale bony fingers clawing out of the darkness, blank-eyed faces turning towards you from all sides. Dwarven Slave Warriors meet you as you run for the doors. Your adventure ends here.

83

You conclude that Kleinkastel is a town of skinflints and cowards. Some of the wealthy citizens that you accost look down their noses at you as they brush past, while others back away as if afraid that you are a thief. You are becoming almost delirious with hunger, and the increasing desperation of your pleas only serves to alarm the people you address.

No one will help you. It looks as if you will have to suffer the loss of 4 points of STAMINA, and then continue your day in a weakened state – turn to **61**. Or you can try to steal enough money to buy a meal – turn to **304**.

84

As you trudge up the slope you realize that this mine is not as deserted as it had first appeared. The mine entrance is a simple opening in the hillside, buttressed with timbers; from within it you hear a continuous high-pitched twittering noise. The one-storey building, made of large blocks of stone, is big and rambling. It has only one door that you can see, and a number of slit-like windows through which you can see a flickering light. Before you reach the building, the door is thrown open and a bizarre figure runs out. He is a human, you think, tall and thin but stooped with age. His tufts of white hair and thick round eye-glasses give him a comical appearance, but his strangest feature is his right arm, which from shoulder to fingertips is made entirely of metal rods and wires. It clatters as he waves and shouts at you. 'At last! A fellow human! Greetings – I've seen none but those accursed Slave Warriors for weeks now, and my work is nearing completion. Please help me – I'm an old man, and this metal arm is more decorative than useful, I'm afraid.'

Will you agree to help the old man? If so, turn to **385**. If you refuse, you can go on to the mine entrance (turn to **106**), or return to the main path (turn to **5**).

85

One by one, knives, hatchets, spears and axes hurtle through the air towards you and bury their blades in the wooden board you are standing against. The warriors of the People are displaying all their skill tonight: their weapons shave your skin and impale your clothing, but not a single one wounds you. Turn to **174**.

86

For untold hours you lie senseless, half-covered by ice-cold river water and exposed to the burning sun. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you eventually regain consciousness.

You are lying, face down, in mud. Every muscle in your body aches as if you are being tortured on the rack. Your head pounds. You drag yourself out of the water, on to firmer ground. Amazingly, you still have your sword and your backpack, although the contents of the pack have been lost: delete all Provisions, equipment and Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*. You are on the west bank of the river. It is daylight, but you cannot guess how long you have been here – hours? days? You rest until you feel able to move, then you head south through the forest – turn to **36**.

87

You are unable to withstand the shape-changing power of the Portal. Through a red mist of pain, you watch in horror as your limbs distort and your body bulges and contracts. As you sink into merciful unconsciousness, your last sight is of the caged birds: as their tiny bodies crumple and then expand again, the one with red feathers suddenly becomes blue; the blue one acquires red plumage. Turn to 37.

88

You cannot escape from this fight; if you try to retreat, the Struthiomimus will run you down within minutes.

SLAVE WARRIOR SKILL 6 STAMINA 9

If you win, you can stay in the clearing to search the body (turn to **160**) or leave immediately, following the eastward path (turn to **264**).

89

You step through the Portal, and you are once again in the cavern, deep below the Cloudhigh Mountains. With one last glance at the sunlit jungles of the lost world, you set off into the mine-workings, hoping to make your way back to Kleinkastel. Your future plan is to lead a team of volunteers back to the mine to try and destroy the Portal by looping ropes round it and pulling the stones apart. You have to admit to yourself that it seems a hopeless mission. You turn a corner and come upon a tunnel full of Goblin Slave Warriors. They are milling about purposelessly – until they see you. Then they attack. You are outnumbered, overwhelmed and killed.

You have failed in your quest: Horfak the Warlord is dead, but the Portal has the power to maintain the Slave Warriors in their grim parody of life. Many people will give their lives as the Margrave's army fights its way inch by inch into the forest and eventually into the mines. The Slave Warriors will fight to the very end; and the last few will block the entrance to the cavern of the Portal – its evil will live on, waiting to be discovered by the next greedy being who digs too deep under the mountains.

90

'So the bigwigs in Kleinkastel have decided to do something at last! Or at least Gloten has. He's the sharpest of the mine-owners – he started out himself as a miner, just like us. I believe your story. I'm Gartax. These are some of my people. The rest are in camp, to the south. We have to go back there now. Come with us – a trained sword will be useful.' You accompany Gartax at the head of his short column of rough and ready troops. Bit by bit he tells you his story.

Gartax and his people lived in villages in the foothills of the Cloudhigh Mountains. Alarmed by a sudden influx of ferocious and abnormal beasts and by the disappearance of villagers, Gartax and his followers took to the forest. Now, Gartax tells you, entire settlements are being found deserted. Silent, pale-skinned soldiers, the Slave Warriors, infest the

area – and some of them are recognizable as mining folk who disappeared weeks ago. Others are tribesmen from the south, and some are Goblins. Gartax had intended to create a woodland army to resist these invaders, but their numbers increase daily and Gartax's only aim now is to lead his followers safely out of the forest. Finally, Gartax falls silent.

Will you ask for information about Gloten (turn to **362**)? Or ask if there is anyone else who can help (turn to **185**)?

91

You tie one end of your rope round one of the uprooted floorboards, which you then place across the gap in the floor. You drop the coil of rope through the gap and, hand over hand, you begin to descend, grasping the rope between knees and ankles as you go. You see that these upper branches of the Elves' tree-home are a maze of ramps and stairs that link the wooden dwellings. As you abseil past open windows and doorways, you glimpse some of the Elves: each is stationary and silent and, now that the Queen's illusion spell has dissipated, it is clear that all the Wood Elves are Slave Warriors, having been enthralled by the evil power that you hope to find and defeat.

You reach the end of the rope, but you have not yet reached the ground. You scramble on to one of the tree's broad lower limbs, and as you stand there indecisively, you hear a groan. It seemed to come from inside the tree's trunk. Will you investigate (turn to **249**), or attempt the jump to the ground (turn to **293**)?

92

'What a paltry sum!' guffaws the bandits' leader. 'Just our luck to come across the most destitute warrior in the whole of Khul. I'll tell you what, my friend: this gold of yours isn't enough to make you rich, and it matters to us still less. Let's have a little game. Let's wager these Gold Pieces on one throw of our swords – I'm sure you've seen the way we gamble in camp. Or, if you won't do that, let's have a decent fight. Kran here is our best swordsman – you can fight him for your money, and your other possessions, and your life. What do you say?'

If you want to gamble for your money in a game of chance, turn to **331**. If you choose to duel to the death with the bandit Kran, turn to **164**.

93

You remain motionless as the Noasaurus's snout sways towards you, nostrils snuffling; you manage to keep still even when the beast's fetid mouth nuzzles your face. But one of the Slave Warriors notices that the Noasaurus has discovered something interesting at the edge of the grove, and the huge creature turns and struts away as the Slave Warrior, sword at the ready, advances with mechanical steps. Turn to **135**.

94

The Stegocephalian is vast and its skin is as tough as boiled leather, but its only weapon is its tongue.

STEGOCEPHALIAN SKILL 3 STAMINA 19

If you survive until you have inflicted enough wounds to reduce the creature's STAMINA to 12 or less, the Stegocephalian realizes that it is not worth getting its tongue perforated just for one meal of human being. It flicks its tongue and you fly out of the cave, landing with a painful bump (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA) on the path next to the stream. If you are still alive, the restrictions on your SKILL no longer apply, and you can charge back into the cave to finish your battle with the Stegocephalian. If you do this, and win, turn to **377**. If you have had enough fighting and decide to continue along the path, turn to **15**.

95

You thrust your hand into the cold liquid and your fingers grab a glittering chunk of gold-bearing ore. It does not move. No matter how hard you pull, the nugget will not budge; it is as if it is set in cement. You withdraw your arm. If you reach in again to try and pick up a smaller nugget, turn to **186**. If you give up fishing for nuggets, and return to the other room to help Azudraz, turn to **316**.

96

The silvery light from the ring on your finger is dim and flickering, but it is a thing of brightness and beauty that your mind clings to as you are engulfed in wave after wave of intimidating vileness. Roll one die three times. If the total is higher than your current STAMINA score, turn to **340**; if the total is the same or lower, turn to **105**.

97

Your coracle begins to drift away from the island of rusty weapons and it is soon swallowed by the mist. After a while, you see another, larger island appearing out of the haze. The sun breaks through and shines on wooded slopes. The coracle glides into a bay, where you see a figure waiting for you on the beach. It is a tiny old man – perhaps an old Dwarf or Goblin – wearing a tattered cloak and a floppy hat. The coracle runs aground on the sand. The figure does not make the slightest movement; you peer at it and decide that it is human, an old man – unless it is a very life-like statue. As you step ashore, he stares at you, or at the sea beyond you, without moving. Will you ask him if he's a wizard (turn to **175**), or throw a pebble at him to see if he's real (turn to **69**)?

98

Only the Slave Warriors hear your cries. The one that was carrying you kicks you in the torso and, while you are winded, knocks you on the head again. You lose consciousness immediately, and are unaware of being thrown into the pit and eaten by the Tyrannosaurus.

99

The tower looks abandoned and derelict. It stands in a clearing which the forest has begun to re-possess. Solidly built of blocks of stone, it has four storeys, of which only the topmost has started to crumble. Ivy clings to its pitted walls. There are no openings – not even an arrow-slit – in the ground floor. A flight of stone steps leads up to the only doorway, in the first floor. Higher up, there are narrow windows, indicating the position of the second storey; and you can see that the top storey was a belvedere with wide arches supporting a domed roof that has started to collapse.

You climb the steps and look through the doorless entrance. Arrow-slits provide a little light. There is one large room, dry, dusty and empty. It looks like a good place to spend the night. A trapdoor is set into the centre of the floor. If you decide to lift it and inspect the cellar, turn to **129**. If not, turn to **359**.

100

The narrow path takes you up a ridge, and as you reach the top you stop in amazement. You are looking down into the most beautiful garden you have ever seen. It is a large bowl-shaped dell, clear of trees except for a fringe of woodland round its circumference and a graceful spinney at its centre. A stream flows from a waterfall at the edge of the dell to a small lake near the central group of trees. Dense patches of shrubs and flowers decorate the lush grass which carpets the ground. You cannot believe that such a place could occur naturally in the middle of a wild forest. You notice also that the garden has been damaged. Booted feet have trodden down the grass, and plants have been cut with swords. And then you see the rope-ladder, only half unrolled, hanging against the trunk of a nearby tree; looking up into the branches, you notice a wooden platform. Will you cross the clearing (turn to **62**), or will you climb the tree to reach the platform (turn to **366**)?

101

Before you can reach the edge of the clearing, you hear a ferocious shriek and the rattle of claws. You turn, to see the huge bird hurtling towards you, flapping its tiny wings in anger. Not a moment too soon, you draw your sword.

PHORORHACOS SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

After three rounds of combat, you notice out of the corner of your eye that the man with the knife is

standing near by, hands on hips. He speaks. 'Enough! Enough, Agrid! Hold still that beak of yours for a moment. And you, stranger, put up your sword. You are a well-matched pair for a duel, and you will only wound each other badly if you carry on.' The bird hesitates; you have a chance to deliver a fatal blow. Will you strike (turn to 351)? Or will you, too, pause in your attack (turn to 393)?

102

The wizard leads the way up a staircase to the roof. Stumbling between slate-covered slopes, you finally catch up with the wizard on a flat expanse of tiles. The little old man is standing next to a misshapen statue of a horse. It is made of bronze and gleams brilliantly. 'Not as elegant as a Pegasus, I admit,' says the wizard, 'but rather more reliable – and it is all my own work. Now jump on behind me, and don't forget to hold on to the handles!'

The wizard settles in the front saddle, and moves some of the glass rods that bristle from the horse's mane. Sparks sizzle from under the metal hoofs – and the machine is airborne. It rises through the thick mist that surrounds the wizard's residence, and then you are out in the sunlight, with the blue expanse of the lake beneath you (and, you notice, no sign either of any mist or of any islands in the lake!).

The wizard turns to you. 'I'm going to Kleinkastel to try to organize some co-ordinated action against

this rising evil. You should come too, we'll need doughty warriors. But I'll put you down in the forest if you'd prefer it.'

Will you go with the wizard to Kleinkastel (turn to **398**) or ask to be left in the forest (turn to **59**)?

103

The statue of the Goblin god towers above you, and you are now able to see that the brilliant scintillation has nothing to do with jewels – there are thousands of pieces of reflective glass embedded all over the surface of the statue. Pieces of mirror litter the ground at your feet; if you want to, you can pick one up and put it in your backpack. You hear a noise and turn to see two Goblin warriors tiptoeing from behind the statue. They see you at the same time, but before you or they can act, a wild howling fills the air as the Troglodytes emerge from within the mound and begin to climb towards the statue. Like the Goblins, you move back to the base of the statue to await the Troglodytes' assault. Turn to **203**.

104

Your little boat is swept along by the current and buffeted by sudden eddies. You cling to your seat; to your right, the forested bank continues as usual, but as you career past the left bank you see that it rises steeply, with sheer cliffs topped with a treeless crag. Abruptly, you are past the boulder-strewn base of the cliff and you find that your river is joining with another, even wider and faster, that floods in from an easterly direction Together, the waters of the two rivers continue southwards in a torrent. Your boat is tossed about like a cork. And then you reach the rapids: the river cascades over half-submerged rocks. You can do nothing but hope that you will reach calmer waters quickly, before the boat smashes against one of the granite boulders. If your boat is a skiff, turn to **178**. If it is a punt, turn to **214**.

105

Like a rock standing in the midst of gale-swept waves, your mind survives the Portal's onslaught. The pulses of power finally ebb away. You are still free; but you have not yet felt the full force of the ancient evil. The Portal has failed to turn you into a Slave Warrior; you are a reject, unfit for use in the Warlord's army. Your mind is too strong to be overruled; instead, the Portal will transform your body. You find that you cannot move from the shadow under the Portal. You are a prisoner, trapped by invisible walls. You do not know what to expect next. You lay out whatever possessions and equipment you may have in front of you; as you do so, you feel your flesh being touched. Invisible hands pluck at your body, squeeze and twist your limbs, as if gauging the amount of force required to alter your shape. You cry out in pain as the pressure increases. If you have two cage-birds with you, turn to **302**. If not, turn to **167**.

106

Peering into the blackness of the hillside tunnel, you see that a rockfall has blocked the passage, only a few paces from the timber-framed entrance. Between the entrance and the tumbled rocks there is a narrow doorway, and it is from here that the continuous twittering emanates. If you decide to go through the doorway, turn to **371**. There is nothing else of interest on this bleak hillside, so the only alternative is to rejoin the main path – turn to **5**.

107

Gloten is astonished. 'You are not only a diplomat and a warrior,' he says. 'It is clear that you are also either remarkably perceptive or very clever – or both. Before we meet the Margrave to discuss your mission, come with me to my house.'

You accompany the mine-owner to his mansion on the outskirts of the town. His servants show you into an audience-chamber, where you are left alone. Apart from tapestries and a few couches, the only item of furniture in the room is an enormous armchair. It is as big as a throne, and you assume that it is Gloten's chair. While you are waiting for Gloten to return, will you:

Sit patiently on a couch?	Turn to **211**
Sit in Gloten's armchair?	Turn to **55**
Search the armchair?	Turn to **347**

108

The bear looks at you with suspicion as you stand in the doorway. You step forward, and the animal begins to growl and rub its covered paws against the leather muzzle that surrounds its snout. You fear that the noise it is making will be heard by a guard. Will you step back, close and bolt the door, and continue along the corridor (turn to **295**); or will you approach the bear and make signs asking for silence (turn to **208**); or will you attack the bear (turn to **17**)?

109

It is now dark, and you decide to make camp in a corner of the first floor of the tower. You are very hungry, and in need of some sustenance. You must eat one meal from your Provisions or lose 4 points of STAMINA.

Your sleep is undisturbed and you wake at dawn. You leave the tower and return to the path, following it southwards. Turn to **36**.

110

Eventually the door of your prison opens and Witta escorts you out of the hut. It is evening and the streets are illuminated by flaring torches. You are taken to a large open space at the edge of the town; a tiled canopy, supported on timber pillars, extends from the battlements of the town wall and covers the entire area. All the townspeople are gathered under this roof, and they greet your appearance with a buzz of conversation. The People are a mixture of every type of humanoid you have encountered on Khul, as well as some that you have never seen before. Witta explains: 'The man with the scaly skin, looking a bit like a lizard, is the Shaman of this town. The others, dressed like him in coloured robes and feathered head-dresses, are shamans from the outlying towns and domains. They are waiting for you to begin the Ordeal. You must stand against that wooden board; the warriors will throw weapons, testing their skill; with luck, they will all miss you. If you flinch, you fail the Ordeal – the heads of previous failures can be seen hanging from the rafters. If you keep still, you will have proved your bravery and will be accepted into the People.'

All eyes are on you as you lean back against the scarred surface of the board and await the thud of the first weapon. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **85**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **233**.

111

You begin to think that Kleinkastel is a town of skinflints and cowards. Some of the wealthy citizens that you accost look down their noses at you as they brush past, while others back away as if fearing that you are a thief. But in the end a very important-looking merchant, short and stout and dressed in rich furs, stops to scrutinize you. Without a word, he hands you a small purse. You open it to find 3 Gold Pieces within; when you look up to thank your benefactor, you find that he has gone. You immediately spend 1 Gold Piece on a hearty breakfast, thus avoiding any loss of STAMINA, and return to the bustling streets in good spirits. Turn to **61**.

112

You sit with your back against the rock and watch the baby Pteranodon as it gulps down one of your precious meals. It flaps its wings, then settles on your knee to bask in the sunshine. You can tell by the tightening grip of its talons that it is growing stronger by the minute. You push it away and stand up to peer over the rock; but the Pteranodon has become quite attached to you, and it flutters up to perch on your shoulder. The two Slave Warrior guards are, or were, aged Gnomes. They see the Pteranodon and begin to advance towards your hiding-place. You prepare yourself for a fight – but the Pteranodon saves you the trouble. With a terrifying scream it launches itself into the air and swoops towards the Slave Warriors, snapping at

them with its beak and raking them with its talons. Two old Gnomes, even when armed with knives and controlled by the iron will of the Warlord of the Portal, are no match for a playful young Pteranodon. They retreat down the rocky hillside, pursued by the screeching pterosaur. The gate is left unguarded and you walk through it. Restore 1 point of LUCK if you need to. Turn to 68.

113

'You may have no money,' says the bandit leader, 'but you've got some spirit. Maybe we can have some fun after all. You want to keep your sword? Well, let's see if you can use it. Our best swordsman is Kran here. You can fight him – for your sword, and the rest of your stuff, and your life. After all, you won't need any sword or belongings once you're dead, will you?' If you are willing to go through with this duel to the death, turn to 164.

If you aren't, you must surrender your sword: reduce your SKILL by 4 points until you acquire another weapon. The bandits take everything you own, then ride away. Turn to 27.

114

You land on your feet and roll forward on to your hands. You feel shaken, but you are not hurt. You check that all the equipment in your backpack is intact, and then you decide to get away from the Elves' tree as quickly as possible. Turn to 150.

115

There is no sound or movement within the cave. If you want to take a look inside, turn to 329. If you prefer to hurry away from the cave and continue following the path beside the stream, turn to 15.

116

You wave the food in the air, hoping that the Ankylosaurus will detect its scent, and then you throw it down the slope. The huge animal blinks, looks at the food strewn across the hillside, looks back at you, and then finally lifts its great body and turns. With surprising speed it runs down the rocky slope, causing a minor avalanche, and finally skids to a halt to gobble up the food. You are able to continue your uphill trek. Turn to 32.

117

The black shape shimmers like heat haze. After a moment of silence, its ethereal voice comes again: 'And why, searcher for wizards, should the wizard be interested in talking to you? A wizard's time is valuable, you know.'

If you have a scroll containing a letter from the King of the Forest Goblins to the wizard, you can produce it and explain how you came to obtain it. If you do this, turn to 48.

If you describe the strange things you have seen and heard of in the forest, and say that you would like to help combat the spreading evil, turn to 252.

118

Having climbed down the rope-ladder, you walk along the ridge that encircles Lignia's dell. When you reach the far side, you turn back to look across the beautiful garden towards the platform in the treetop. Lignia is standing there, tracing a pattern in the air with her thin brown fingers. You turn again to continue your journey, and see an upright wooden stake in your path. You step forward and pluck it out of the ground. It is a stout staff, a little longer than a sword, and made of the hardest timber you have ever seen. One end has been carved to form a handle, with a weighty pommel, so that it balances in your grasp just like a well-made rapier; the 'blade' is lined with rows of razor-sharp thorns, and terminates in a large spike. It is a truly deadly weapon, although it contains no metal at all. It seems to be a gift from Lignia. You may now restore the SKILL points that you lost while you had no weapon. You walk away from the dell. Turn to 144.

119

As you stumble through the forest, you concentrate on expanding your muscles, hoping to loosen the ropes that bind your hands and arms. The effort is very tiring, and you begin to trip over tree-roots and blunder into bushes. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Success depends on your determination and the strength in your arms. Add together your SKILL and STAMINA. Roll one die seven times and add together the scores. Compare the two totals. If the die rolls are equal to or less than your combined SKILL and STAMINA, you succeed in shrugging off your bonds. You choose a moment when your captors are distracted by a noise in the woods to slip away unnoticed. You still have your sword and your backpack. You wander aimlessly through the forest until you are sure that there is no pursuit. Turn to 2. If the total of the die rolls is higher than your combined SKILL and STAMINA score, you are unable to free yourself. Despite all your efforts, you are still a prisoner when your captors arrive at their camp Turn to 333.

You pull the hunting-horn from your backpack, fill your lungs with air, and put the horn to your lips. The Troglodytes recoil as a strident blare fills the skies, echoing back from the mountains and rolling across the roof of the forest. As it fades, the Troglodytes recover their courage and move in for the kill; but you can see dots circling in the blue distance above you, like specks of dust in a ray of sunlight. And as you parry the clubs of the first attackers to reach you, the Eagles arrive, plummeting like stones from unimaginable heights, spreading their vast wings at the last second with discordant shrieks, as their talons sink into the Troglodytes' flesh. Feathers and flashing eyes and cruel beaks surround the Troglodytes, who try to fight back, and then flee. Meanwhile the biggest of the Eagles hovers above you and you throw your arms round its claws. It carries you up, past the appalling face of the Goblin god; as you fly past, you see the stone eyes move! A voice in your head is offering you thanks, and as you feel extra strength surge through your sword-arm you know that the statue has rewarded you for your help in protecting it. Add 1 point to your *Initial* SKILL.

The eagle swoops down to the hillside path, and you jump to the ground, shouting your gratitude. You retrace your steps downhill and enter the forest. Turn to 144.

121

The bandit leader hurls the swords into the air. They land with a clash of steel, and you and the bandits crowd round them to see how they have landed. 'Equal!' shouts the leader. 'We play again! I will add another 5 Gold Pieces to the sack. What will you put in, friend?'

You have no more money to wager, so you must contribute one of your other possessions, or your sword. Make a note of what has been put in the sack, and roll one die six times. If you roll more odd numbers than even, turn to **157**; if more even than odd, turn to **248**. If the numbers are equal again, don't turn at all! – go back to the top of this paragraph and increase the stakes yet again. If you have no more possessions to put in the sack, the bandit leader will not add his 5 Gold Pieces either, but the game will continue until you roll an unequal number of odd and even die-rolls.

122

You tear yourself free from the Slave Warrior's grip and run. The Tyrannosaurus snarls deafeningly as you race round the rim of its pit, then you set off down a narrow corridor. With a steady rhythm of footsteps, the Slave Warriors run in pursuit. One side of the corridor is a blank wall; the other, you glimpse as you run past, consists of a series of barred cages. The corridor ends at a descending staircase; next to it, the last cage has a closed door, secured with a bolt. Will you go down the stairs (turn to **78**), or will you draw the bolt and try to hide in the cage (turn to **265**)?

123

To the south the hill drops precipitously; far below you at the base of the cliff you can see rushing waters. Two rivers – the one you boated down and another, from the east – merge at this point and tumble in a white froth over rock-strewn rapids. Further on, the waters slow and the wide river disappears into the forest. In the distance, beyond the forest, you think you can just make out a sheet of still water. To the west, across the mouth of the tributary that you floated down, the forest appears less dense. Above the trees that line the opposite bank, the crumbling parapet of a tower is silhouetted against the red-streaked sky. As you watch, a bizarre creature, huge and bat-winged, lands on the broken stonework. There is no way across this river, nor, when you look east, is there any hope of crossing the other tributary that flows into the rapids. Beyond it, the forest lies like a carpet across the flatland and the rising foothills beyond. In the distance, the peaks of the Cloudhigh Mountains are touched with the fire of the dying sun. You shiver, then crawl into the shelter to sleep. Turn to **312**.

126

The arm-rest is heavy, and the hinge is stiff, but as you pull upwards you can feel movement beneath you, which encourages you to continue. As you yank the arm to an upright position, the chair tilts backwards at terrifying speed, and spear-heads thrust through the cushions to propel you down the chair-back, as if down a child's slide, into the pit that has opened behind the chair. As you tumble down the abyss, you see the chair begin to right itself as the trapdoor begins to close, shutting out all light. Your adventure ends here.

127

The torch falls from Azudraz's metal hand and drops on to the pile of crumpled paper at the place where the various fuses meet. Within seconds, the centre of the room is ablaze; thick smoke fills the air, and all you can see are the eager lines of fire running towards the sacks of Igneolite. You drop to the floor and cover your head, expecting an explosion; but each sack, as the flame reaches it, bursts with a gentle pop, sending up a cloud of glowing dust which coats the stonework. When the flames have died and all the sacks have burst, you inspect the walls. You have been imprisoned: Igneolite melts and remoulds stone in an instant. The entire building has been turned into a seamless curtain of smooth rock. Doors and windows have disappeared. Eventually, you may be able to dig a tunnel and escape; but this adventure ends here.

128

You fall through whip-like sprays of leaves and hit the ground awkwardly, on your back. If you have a large egg in your pack, you find that it has broken – and the baby Pteranodon inside it is dead. If you have two tiny cage-birds in your pack, you find that the cages are crushed and the birds have been killed. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, for the severe bruises you received as you landed.

If you have survived these misfortunes, you decide to get away from the Elves' tree as quickly as possible. Turn to 150.

129

The trapdoor has an iron ring which you tug upwards, to reveal a wooden ladder leading down into the darkness of the basement. You climb down and stand in the musty silence while your eyes become accustomed to the meagre light from above. This cellar has been used for storage, but it appears to have been ransacked and looted. Boxes, barrels and sacks lie, broken open, all over the earth floor – which, you notice, has been recently disturbed. As you explore the dark corners, you hear a snuffling noise behind you. You turn to see the floor moving! Soil is being pushed up from underground, and a strange star-shaped snout protrudes to sniff the air. The whole creature emerges: it is an Armoured Mole, a blind subterranean carnivore with scaly plates like those of an armadillo protecting its body.

This one is a giant – as big as a large dog – and its pointed teeth and powerful claws make it a dangerous opponent. Its star-shaped nose has scented you. It moves towards the corner in which you stand. If you decide to try to confuse the creature's senses by knocking over boxes and spilling foodstuffs out of barrels, turn to **209**. If you would rather fight it, turn to **273**.

130

You tear the blindfold from your eyes and cry out in horror as you see the monstrosity that is clinging to your chest. It is a Saltsucker from the southern deserts, and it will graze harmlessly on the salt on your skin – as long as you keep still. Your violent movement has alarmed it, and it will attempt to wrap its tentacles tightly about your limbs while gnawing your body with its beak-like mouth.

SALTSUCKER SKILL 4 STAMINA 5

Because your feet are bound and you are encumbered by the Saltsucker's tentacles, you must reduce your SKILL by 2 for the duration of this fight. The Saltsucker's beak is pressed against your body: it will inflict 2 points of STAMINA damage on you each Attack Round, regardless of who wins the round. In each Attack Round that you win, you inflict 2 points of STAMINA damage on the creature; each round that the Saltsucker wins, it winds another tentacle round your limbs, reducing your SKILL by a further point. If you win, you look about you and see that half the contestants are still standing motionless,

with Saltsucker tentacles all over their faces. You have not proved to be among the more courageous. Turn to 339.

131

Nothing you can say convinces the officer that you have any good reason to be in the forest. 'As I am sure you are well aware,' he says, 'this forest and the surrounding hills form part of the Margrave's demesne, and a person such as you has no right to be here – unless, of course, you have the Margrave's authority, or unless you are a miner. But let me warn you: if you want to claim to be a miner, you will have to be able to produce a Mining Licence. I doubt if you have such a thing. Of course, I can issue one to you; the fee is 5 Gold Pieces.' Will you agree to pay 5 Gold Pieces for a Mining Licence? If so, turn to 222. If not, turn to 394.

132

Gartax is overjoyed. He calls a meeting of all the camp's inhabitants and, as you meet them one by one, it is clear that their spirits are lifted by your presence. As an experienced fighter, you are able to suggest several defensive techniques that Gartax had not thought of – placing trip-wires in the forest round the camp and concealing archers in the trees – as well as organizing some last-minute tuition in swordsmanship.

The camp's cook brings you a hearty meal, and you have just finished it (restore up to 4 points of STAMINA if necessary) when the attack begins, heralded by the tinkling of bells attached to the trip-wires. All in the camp rush to the defensive positions you have arranged for them. You take your position on the perimeter; you can hear movement in the forest.

Will you advance into the trees to try to spy on the enemy (turn to 280)? Or will you hold your position in the defensive line and wait for the attack (turn to 370)?

133

Racked with pain, you stand rigid, every muscle clenched. The two tiny birds are unable to withstand the shape-changing power of the Portal, and you see their bodies crumple into shapeless bundles and then expand again – and the one which had red feathers now has blue plumage, while the blue one is now red. This transformation exhausts the efforts of the invisible hands that grip your body, the pressure eases and then disappears. You have survived; but the Portal will not let you go. It has failed to twist your mind or your body; now it will try to obliterate you. Pulsating clouds of inky blackness, darker than the deepest unlighted abyss, collect round the lintel of the Portal and begin to roll down towards you. Shadows creep towards you from both sides. You need light to keep the darkness at bay; how many lights do you have to burn? If you have only the *one* torch that you picked up at the mine entrance, turn to 12. If you can hold up *two*

lights – by adding an extra torch from your own equipment, or by wearing a miner's helmet with a lit candle-stub in its lamp as well as holding one torch – turn to 283. If you have enough torches to hold one in each hand as well as wearing a lit miner's helmet – *three* sources of light – turn to 307.

134

You sprint through the trees, hoping to find a patch of denser woodland through which you will be able to travel faster than the ponies. But the hoof-beats sound louder and louder, and then they are right behind you, and you are struck a tremendous blow which knocks you senseless to the grass. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you recover and pull yourself upright. Turn to 294.

135

In the centre of the grove, the man and the Dwarf, although wounded, are managing to hold off the remorseless attacks of two of the Slave Warriors. The third, silent and expressionless, faces you, but does not attack immediately. His sword is pointed at your chest, and he seems to be giving you an opportunity to surrender. If you decide to sheathe your weapon and put up your hands, turn to 328; if you choose to attack the Slave Warrior, turn to 260.

136

The old Goblin knows quite a few words of your language, and when he has rested for a while he thanks you endlessly for saving his life. To keep him quiet, you give him a meal from your Provisions (deduct this from your *Adventure Sheet*) which he devours ravenously. As he finishes you ask him why he is out alone and unarmed in the forest.

'Important diplomatic mission,' he says. 'Can't do it now. Too weak. You know of the Wizard? The Wizard of the Lake? That's why no weapon. Wizard won't have weapons on his island. Got to take a letter to him. From my master, the King of the Forest Goblins. Need the Wizard's help to fight the Slave Warriors. All our people disappearing, coming back like zombies, attacking everyone. Need help. Humans, too. But I can't finish this journey. Will you deliver the letter?' The Goblin pulls an inscribed sheet of hide from inside his jerkin. It doesn't smell very pleasant, but it appears to be an official document. If you agree to take it, note down the fact on your *Adventure Sheet*. You then continue your journey downstream along the clifftop path. Turn to 399.

137

You dip a corner of your cloak into the tank. Nothing happens. You pull it out again. It is wet. The liquid has no particular smell. You put your tongue to the wet patch of your cloak – the liquid tastes like water. Will you put your arm into the tank to retrieve a nugget (turn to 95), or will you return to Azudraz in the other room and continue to help him move nuggets (turn to 316)?

138

You manage to persuade Anxis that Dirlin would be a valuable ally. You lead her back to Dirlin's cell, where you use the gaoler's keys to unchain the great bear's legs. Both Anxis and Dirlin are afire with lust for revenge on Horfak, but you find time to gobble down a plateful of food that had been left for Dirlin (restore up to 4 points of STAMINA) before the two of them lead the way along the corridor and up a flight of stairs. You emerge into a wide corridor: you are in front of a big wooden door guarded by two of the largest Slave Warriors you have yet seen. One is half Orc, half Cave Giant; the other was in the Margrave's elite infantry regiment. 'This is the entrance to Horfak's chamber,' says Anxis. 'Let us dispose of these two buffoons. Attack!' Anxis launches herself at one of the guards, while Dirlin tackles the other; they draw their opponents away along the corridor, leaving you facing the big wooden door. You take a deep breath, and prepare to face Horfak. You push open the door, and walk through. Turn to 395.

139

As you approach the river's eastern bank, you make out a maelstrom of swirling waters beneath the overshadowing trees. The boat begins to rock alarmingly, but you cannot prevent it being dragged towards the centre of the disturbance, where the water is bubbling and splashing as if in a cauldron. From the prow of your little craft you can see something moving below the seething surface – and suddenly from the boiling waters erupts a massive reptilian head. It is almost as big as the boat, and it sways towards you on a serpentine neck. The creature is an Elasmosaurus; you are to be its next meal, unless you act quickly. Many yards away, its muscular tail thrashes the water into a froth, and you realize that the monster will capsize the boat at any moment. You draw your sword and manage to stand up as the huge head swings towards you. The Elasmosaurus is covered with thick scaly skin; your only chance is to try to drive your sword into its mouth or eye as it comes close. Roll one die twice, and add 2 to the sum of the scores. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **266**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **396**.

140

You are standing on the edge of the jungle, about to start up the bare hillside towards the township of stone huts, when you are ambushed From right and left, a motley collection of warriors emerges from the vegetation. Some of them are Goblins, others are Dwarfs, Elves, Orcs, and remarkable

hybrids of several races; most are human, or near-human, but from very diverse peoples – one is tall and dark-skinned, another short and fair, a third is covered in hair, like an ape. All of them have weapons, and they are closing in. You have only a moment in which to decide: will you surrender (turn to 49) or run (turn to 383)?

141

Standing close to you, the dark figure seems thin and flimsy enough to be blown away by the breeze. Even as near as this, you can make out no features of the thing's face, body or clothing – just deep blackness. Its hand touches your forehead, but you feel nothing at all – and then you fall, unconscious. Lose 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you wake up a few seconds later. You are lying on the beach. Your head aches. The scene has not changed: the black shape stands between you and the coracle that bobs on the water. Turn to 225.

142

You crawl out of sight of the Slave Warrior guards, and approach the fence. It is made of thick timbers, each of which is twice your height and whittled to a point at the top. There are no gaps between the timbers, which are held together with huge iron nails. The structure is far too strong for you to be able to break through it – but at least you can be sure it is strong enough to bear your weight as you begin to climb it. You manage to find enough toe-holds, and are soon within reach of the top of the fence. Your hands grasp two of the pointed stakes, and you pull yourself up till you are astride the top – and then you grimace in agony as the acidic slime with which the points have been coated begins to eat into the flesh of your hands. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You lose your grip, and fall sideways. Roll one die to determine which side of the fence you fall to: if you roll an odd number, turn to 228; if you roll an even number, turn to 80.

143

The track leads you out of the forest, and you can make out the town of Kleinkastel nestling in a hollow between gentle grassy slopes. The old town, no more than two crossed streets and a jumble of tall, thin houses protected by an ancient fortified wall, has been surrounded by new suburbs. Spacious mansions belonging to the merchants and mine-owners alternate with patches of wretched shanty town. The gold rush has caused a frenzy of new building, but the most impressive edifice is still the Margrave's castle, its turrets out-topping even the grandest of the new villas. As you enter the town, you are amazed at the throng of people.

You realize that, with evening approaching, you will have to find a bed for the night. If you have some money, turn to 271. If you have no money, turn to 181.

144

Coming down from the hillside, you plunge into the dark shadows of the trees, and you struggle southwards through the undergrowth, deeper into the forest. Somewhere in this wilderness lurks the evil power that you seek: the power that transforms ordinary beings into shrivelled, faceless, mindless slaves; the power that summons obsolete monsters from ages past. You suspect that the evil has been awakened by the delving of the gold-hungry miners; and you worry that you have missed the correct mine, that you have already travelled too far. However, the paths that you are now crossing still run from east to west, and you assume that there are still mines to be found to the east. You resolve to continue that way in the morning – but now it is dusk, and you have found a clearing in which to sleep. Your eye is caught by a nearby tree that towers above the rest of the forest; as you watch, you see lights appear among the branches. When you look down again, you find yourself surrounded by slender, green-clothed bowmen. They are Wood Elves, and they are notching arrows to their bows. Will you run (turn to 300), or will you talk to them (turn to 42)?

145

You are still exchanging blows with the Half-Goblin guard when a group of warriors runs towards the gate from the centre of the town. They rush to help their comrade defend himself against the escaped prisoner, and you are overcome by a rain of cuts, hacks and slashes. Your adventure ends here.

146

Illuminated by orange rays from the setting sun, the forest comes alive with evening birdsong and the bellows, roars and shrieks of strange wild animals. You cut a way through the creepers and find a dry hollow in which to camp. You light a fire and relax. You are very hungry, and need sustenance. You must eat one meal from your Provisions, or lose 4 points of STAMINA. It is now almost dark: time for sleep. Will you extinguish your fire, to conceal your whereabouts (turn to 64)? Or will you stoke it up with branches to burn all night in order to deter the forest animals (turn to 257)?

147

When all seven contestants have given their answers, Gloten opens his fist to reveal 2 Silver Pieces. You are one of four contestants who gave the correct answer. You step forward to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd.

'The last part of the tournament,' announces Gloten, 'will be a test of skill and swordsmanship. We have four brave warriors here, so let us organize

two bouts, the winners to go on to a final duel to find our Champion.'

You are not sure that this is a good plan, and it is clear that your fellow-contestants are also displeased. By the end of the tournament all the contestants will probably be too badly wounded to venture into the forest! You notice that Gloten's servants are armed with wooden pickaxe handles. Will you suggest to Gloten that these would be less damaging than swords, and therefore should be used in the tournament (turn to 52)? Or will you decide that the quickest way to prove yourself as Champion is to challenge Gloten (turn to 10) or the Margrave (turn to 235) to a pickaxe-handle duel?

148

You hold the flaming tip of the torch against the wall of ice; drips of water threaten to extinguish the spluttering flame, and all the time the footsteps are approaching. You must melt the ice and escape through the door before the Slave Warriors arrive! Grimly, you take the risk of pushing the precious flame even closer to the dripping ice. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 60; if you are Unlucky, turn to 192.

149

'Me and poor old Hirnic worked for Horfak,' says the Dwarf. 'He wasn't a bad boss, but he drove us hard: he was never satisfied; he always wanted to dig deeper, he never could get enough gold. When some of the lads dug their way into that cavern and found the Portal, Horfak took me and Hirnic down to take a look. Hirnic went in first, and then me – we both found ourselves here, in this world full of giant lizards! Then, after a while, Horfak came through – but he'd changed. The Portal had done something to him. He seemed bigger, stronger; and his face was horrible. It's got worse since then, too; he's a monstrosity. He's banned all mirrors from his citadel; I reckon he'd get a real shock if he looked in one now. Anyway, since then the Portal's been somehow *alive*; throbbing with evil power. Anyone who comes through it now goes through the trial you had; most of them turn into Slave Warriors. I reckon that Portal's been there a long time, waiting for someone as greedy as Horfak, but in the meantime letting through the few others .who find it. There's a tribe of all sorts of folk here – humans, Dwarfs, Elves, Goblins – who reckon their ancestors came through the Portal. Like I say: I was the last to get through in one piece – until you!'

You ponder the Dwarf's words as you head for the end of the valley – turn to 348.

150

You run across the clear ground that surrounds the Elves' towering tree-home and plunge into dense undergrowth. You turn to look back and are appalled to see that the entire Wood Elf tribe is on the move. An endless line of ragged, mindless slaves, some leading bizarre reptilian creatures, emerges from between the roots of the great tree. The Queen, at the head of the column, turns and gestures with her fingers; suddenly surrounded by a misty illumination, the Wood Elves are restored to a more normal appearance. Then the Queen leads the column north-westwards, towards Kleinkastel. By the time they have all gone, the forest birds are announcing the approach of dawn. You are ravenous: eat a meal from your Provisions or lose 4 points from your STAMINA. You set off eastwards, determined to find the source of the evil that has transformed so many of the forest's inhabitants. Turn to **221**.

151

One of the Scurrellors has a purse containing a Gold Piece, which you can take. You glance around at the forest, and realize with a start that there are two more Scurrellors perched in the branches, almost invisible against the green and brown of the trees. Knives drawn, they jump to the ground and move to attack you from two sides. They chatter and squeak at you in a language you do not understand. You will have to fight them, or escape into the forest. If you decide to run through the trees, turn to **338**. If you stand and fight, turn to **215**.

The boat bumps against the timbers of the jetty, and you cast a loop of rope over a bollard as you clamber on to the planking. Two paths lead from the jetty: one follows the riverbank downstream, and the other leads to a small house made of timber and stone. There is a lingering smell of smoke; some of the window-frames of the house are blackened, as if by fire. Then you notice the bodies: some are ragged, skeletal humanoids, others are gaudily dressed Goblins. A battle has been fought here; as you watch, the surviving victors come rampaging through the door of the house. They are three Goblins, shouting and cheering and waving their shortswords. They have draped themselves with loot from the house: brocades and furs, jewellery and ornaments. With them, bridled, muzzled and on a leash, is a ferocious-looking creature. Standing on its hind legs, it is taller than the Goblins, and its flailing tail, horned snout and clawed limbs combine to make the Oviraptor a vision of menace. The Goblins see you and start to free the beast's muzzle. Will you:

Advance towards the house?	Turn to **387**
Wait on the jetty?	Turn to **308**
Jump back into the boat, cast off, and allow the current to take you downstream?	Turn to **104**

153

You prise a lump of stone from the floor and begin to use it to pound the chains that link the iron bands round Dirlin's ankles. Dirlin protests that the noise will bring the gaoler; you point out that, if the gaoler comes, you will be able to fight him for the keys. Sure enough, the gaoler, a Dwarven Slave Warrior, appears in the doorway, sees you, and turns to seek assistance. You launch yourself at him.

DWARVEN SLAVE WARRIOR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you defeat him, you find his keys hanging at his belt. You free Dirlin, and the giant bear-man leads the way to Horfak's chamber. When you reach it, you find the door guarded by two Slave Warriors. Dirlin tackles the one that is a cross between an Orc and a Cave Giant, while you advance on the one who was once in the Margrave's elite infantry regiment.

SLAVE WARRIOR GUARD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

If you win your fight, you turn to see that Dirlin has drawn his opponent away, along the corridor, and is still involved in a furious battle. You turn back to the door, take a deep breath, and prepare to face Horfak. You push open the door, and walk through. Turn to 395.

154

The soldier looks at the barrels, peering inside some and kicking the ends of others. He kicks the one in which you are hiding, and it disintegrates under the impact of his armoured boot to reveal you, crouching in the midst of the wreckage. 'Sergeant!' bellows the soldier. 'Captured a prisoner!' Three more soldiers run into the tavern, and you are escorted at sword-point out into the street. Turn to 255.

155

You set off southwards, trying not to deviate from your chosen course. The forest seems empty of living things, and your progress is impeded only by the woodland itself. You have to cut your way through brambles, scramble up and down ridges, and wade across rushing streams.

Finally you come to a stream that you cannot cross on foot. You will have to follow its course until you come to a fording-place. Will you walk upstream, in a north-easterly direction (turn to 326)? Or do you prefer to go downstream, towards the south-west (turn to 57)?

156

Out of sight of the Slave Warrior guards, the gully widens as it twists and turns downhill. Soon you are able to walk upright between its overhanging banks, and you are congratulating yourself on finding such an easy entrance to the Warlord's domain when you meet the gully's inhabitant – a Giant Centipede. It is as long as you are tall, with savagely sharp mandibles at its front end and a scorpion-like sting rising above its back. It waits, twitching its feelers. You are reluctant to attack it, because you fear that the patrolling Slave Warriors might hear the noise. Just beyond the Giant Centipede, the gully opens out and the jungle begins. You seem to have only two choices: to return up the gully to the top of the ridge and try to impersonate a Slave Warrior (turn to **247**); or to attempt to jump over the Giant Centipede and run into the jungle (turn to **75**)?

157

The bandit leader hurls the swords into the air. They land with a clash of steel, and you and the bandits crowd round them to see how they have landed. 'The unmarked blades are showing,' announces the bandit leader. 'This sack, and everything in it, is yours. My thanks for an entertaining encounter. Now that we've lost this wager, it seems to me that it would have been more profitable and just as much fun to have killed you and taken everything you own. But that would not be honourable now. Farewell!'

He mounts his pony, drops the sack at your feet and leads his men away. You empty the contents of the sack into your backpack (make any necessary alterations on your *Adventure Sheet*) and continue on your way. Turn to **27**.

158

You take the small sack of powder from your backpack and approach the Portal. You struggle against the evil emanation that pulses from the ancient stones, but you succeed in placing the Igneolite at the base of one of the two upright megaliths. You are torn between a desire to destroy the Portal as quickly as possible and a curiosity to know what lies beyond it. Will you thrust a flame into the top of the sack now (turn to **332**), or will you step into the shadow of the Portal (turn to **289**)?

159

Everything goes wrong. The merchant is so large that he is scarcely shaken by your shoulder-charge. When you make a grab for his purse, he grasps your wrist – and then starts yelling for help. Within seconds you are surrounded by indignant townsfolk, and within an hour you are chained to the wall of a damp, dark cell in the dungeons beneath the Margrave's castle. If anyone bothers to remember that you're there, you will eventually be dragged out, tried in the Margrave's court, and executed.

160

With some reluctance, you tug at the filthy rags covering the Slave Warrior's corpse. Then you hear a ferocious squawk and a stampede of footsteps, and before you can move the Struthiomimus crashes into you. As you attempt to pick yourself up, the creature kicks you and snaps at you with its beak to force you away from the body of its master. You retreat from the clearing, rubbing your bruises. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. You continue eastward along the path. Turn to **264**.

161

You crouch behind a boulder and watch as the tide of battle ebbs and flows. The Goblins make a heroic stand round the circumference of their hilltop settlement, but finally they are all slain, and the surviving Troglodytes disappear through the small doorways into the interior of the warren. Silence returns. On top of the mound, inside which the Troglodytes are presumably rampaging and looting, the grotesque statue sparkles. Attracted by the thought of glittering gemstones, you continue along the path and up the hillside towards the Goblins' mound. You are approaching one of the rough doorways that lead into the darkness of the Goblins' warren. Will you enter it (turn to **298**), or will you pass it by and climb across the top of the mound towards the base of the statue (turn to **103**)?

162

The Slave Warrior fails to notice you, and leaves the tent. The sounds of battle fade, and soon the only noises you can hear are the groans of wounded camp-dwellers and the unnervingly regular footsteps of the victors. Eventually even these sounds cease. By this time you have managed to extricate one hand from the ropes that bind you, and you unsheathe your sword and cut yourself free.

The camp is a scene of devastation and butchery. The Slave Warriors have not left any survivors, but the camp-dwellers fought to the last man, woman and child, and many of the attackers are lying dead alongside their victims.

If you want to, you can undertake the unpleasant task of searching the ruined camp and the corpses – turn to **254**. Alternatively, you can leave the camp and wander into the green depths of the forest – turn to **2**.

163

You pull your sword from its scabbard and advance. The giant ape roars and charges towards you. Drawn up to its full height, with its arms extended the same distance again above its head, and the black cloak flying behind it as it lopes towards you, the creature looks like a demon from the lowest depths.

CARNIVOROUS APE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 13

If you manage to survive this encounter, turn to **18**.

164

Kran looks strong and fit. After a few feints and parries it is clear that he is also a skilled swordsman. This will be a difficult engagement.

KRAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 14

If you manage to stay alive, you will eventually reduce Kran's STAMINA to 2 points or less. When this happens, Kran staggers and falls to his knees on the grass. His wounds are severe, and he is barely able to lift his sword. Will you show mercy? If you hold your sword-point to Kran's throat, and ask the bandit leader to acknowledge his champion's defeat, turn to **261**. If you finish Kran off with one final sword-thrust, turn to **368**.

165

As you approach the grove of trees, you hear sounds of fighting. You advance under the fronds of leaves, and witness a mêlée in progress. Near the smoking embers of their camp-fire, a man and a Dwarf are standing with their backs against the largest tree in the grove, defending themselves against the attacks of three Slave Warriors. None of the combatants notices you, but you are seen by a creature that, to judge by its studded collar and leash, belongs to the Slave Warriors. It steps from behind a tree and moves towards you – it is a Noasaurus, a man-high carnivore standing on two powerful legs, with claws on its two front limbs. If you decide to retreat from the copse and walk towards the end of the valley, turn to **348**; if you decide to stay where you are, turn to **224**.

166

As you start to untie the mooring-ropes, you hear footsteps approaching. You look up to see a Dwarf marching down the track from the hut. He is hefting a vicious-looking boat-hook. In front of him flutters a strange bird; you recognize it as a Koailit, a small white parrot-like bird with a sharp beak and extraordinarily long tail-feathers which it can use to cling to branches. The Dwarf is very angry. 'I don't care if you're a bandit, or one of the Margrave's bunch, or even one of them shrivel-faced horrors,' he shouts, 'you're not taking my boats without a fight! Polly – go for his legs!' The Koailit squawks and dives at you as you pull your sword out to defend yourself.

KOAILIT	SKILL 6	STAMINA 3

After two rounds of combat, turn to **40**.

167

Every part of your body burns with agonizing pain. As you feel the very bones shifting under your writhing skin, you scream, and scream, and scream – and drop into merciful unconsciousness. Turn to **37**.

168

You run between two wooden huts. The safety of the forest is only a few paces away when two soldiers step round a corner ahead of you. You crash into them and, before you can pick yourself off the ground, your pursuers catch up with you and entangle you in ropes and chains. You will be taken to the Margrave's dungeons in Kleinkastel and, although eventually you will convince your captors that you are innocent of any crime, this adventure ends here.

169

Gartax cannot find words to express his gratitude to you, and he is ashamed that he has no treasure with which to reward you. You assure him that his thanks are reward enough – but you also suggest that he might give you some Provisions to sustain you on your travels. He readily agrees, and soon your backpack is bulging with bread, cheeses and salted meats – enough for five meals. Note these on your *Adventure Sheet*.

All the camp-dwellers gather to wave goodbye as you stride off into the depths of the forest. Turn to 2.

170

You stand over the corpse of the Warlord. The palace is silent. You wander through a door and find yourself facing two Slave Warriors. Their movements seem disjointed and even slower than usual – but they are still controlled by the Portal, and they lurch into the attack when they see you. You retreat, and find another exit from Horfak's chamber, and eventually you leave the palace. The People of this strange prehistoric land, led by their Queen, Anxis, are fighting back against the enfeebled Slave Warriors. As you hurry towards the Portal, you pass several bands of warriors, and you tell each the news of Horfak's death. They all hail you as a hero; but you know that Horfak's great Slave Warrior armies are in Khul, and that by killing Horfak you have defeated only the lesser part of the evil partnership. You make for the cave that contains the Portal. Turn to 369.

171

Making no sound upon the bare rock, you step towards the silhouetted figure. Its black cloak flaps in the wind, but the figure itself sits quite still. You begin to wonder if it is dead, or senseless. Deciding to take no chances, however, you plunge your sword into its back. Roaring, the figure erupts into life, spinning around to face its attacker. You stare into the strangely intelligent face of a massive Carnivorous Ape. It is wounded but, maddened with pain, it will fight to the death.

CARNIVOROUS APE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 18.

172

Leaving the path, you circle the hill until you are facing the back of the huge hilltop idol. Every inch of its surface sparkles, and you are sure that it must be encrusted with gems; but when you reach the Goblins' mound you are at last able to see that the statue's scintillation is caused by nothing more valuable than reflective glass – thousands of small mirrors have been embedded in its surface. In your disappointment your attention wanders, and you fail to notice that a wounded Troglodyte has been inching towards you. Its spiked club rakes the back of your legs, causing you to lose 2 points from your STAMINA, then it lurches upright. You must fight it.

TROGLODYTE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 3

If you win, you turn from your fight to find that the noise has attracted the two Goblins who were at the foot of the statue. They march you at sword-point back to their vantage point; before they can question you, however, a wild howling fills the air: the surviving Troglodytes have regrouped and are attacking again. Turn to **203**.

173

No matter how hard you pull, you cannot lift both of the arm-rests at the same time. You decide to try them one at a time – but before you can do so, you hear footsteps approaching. You jump down from the chair and practise your innocent look. Turn to **211**.

174

The last weapon parts your hair as it thuds into the wood above your head. The Ordeal is over, and you have not moved a muscle throughout it. The Shaman gives a signal and the crowd erupts into cheering. The warriors come to retrieve their weapons and shake your hand. You are carried on their shoulders to the seat of honour next to the Shaman, and the townsfolk bring out plates and pots; everyone joins in the feast to celebrate your success. Restore 1 point of LUCK if you need to, as well as up to 4 points of STAMINA. Witta translates the Shaman's after-dinner speech: tomorrow, as is usual when the People accept a new warrior, there will be a ceremonial dinosaur-hunt in which you are to strike the death-blow. After that, the warriors of the People will march against the hated Warlord Horak, who is vulnerable at last, having sent most of his Slave Warriors back to Khul through the Sacred Cave. At midnight the Shaman administers the ceremonial – and rather painful – tattoo: the Sign of the Spear on your forehead shows that you are now a warrior of the People. At last Witta shows you to your new home, which is a stone hut like your earlier prison – but now you have the door-key! Will you sleep, and wait for the dinosaur-hunt (turn to **350**); or will you try to slip away from the town under cover of night (turn to **291**)?

175

The figure remains motionless, and then disappears! Equally suddenly, it reappears – and this time it is definitely not a statue. The little old man smiles, walks towards you and speaks. 'A wizard? I have some knowledge of ancient things and unusual practices. Some people call it wizardry. What of you? You are clearly a warrior. Not a Goblin, but a human – and not from the south, either. Few of any other kind ever come here. You people from the north have your own gods, your own wise men – what do you want with me? What could bring you here?'

If you have a message from Gartax for the wizard, you may give it now, and tell Gartax's story; or, if you have a letter for the wizard from the King of the Forest Goblins, you may give the wizard the scroll. If you do either of these things, turn to **353**. Other-

wise, all you are able to do is tell the wizard about a plague of unusual creatures roaming the forest, and depopulated settlements, and rumours of strange warrior bands terrorizing the whole area from the Cloudhigh Mountains to the western edge of the forest. Turn to **234**.

176

Drawing your sword, you run across the glade and step between the giant bird and the exhausted man. You stare into the beast's cold eyes and raise your sword to strike – and then you feel a knife-point against your spine. Behind you, the man chuckles: 'Our little ruse worked, Agrid. This warrior shows true nobility in intervening to protect the weak and helpless – I think I acted the victim's part very convincingly. Now, warrior – put up your sword. Surrender!'

Will you sheathe your sword and surrender (turn to **292**); or will you swing round and attack the man (turn to **204**)?

177

You approach the door, and a voice says: 'Don't touch!' You step back as the voice continues: 'Don't be alarmed. I'm not actually a talking door; I'm an Elven enchantment and I just sort of hover round the door and keep it locked from the inside. I'll open it if you say the right number.' You ask what the right number is. 'I can't tell you that!' says the voice. 'I'm not allowed to say any numbers at all, just in case. But life's been very dull since all the Elves were turned into Slave Warriors, so I'll give you a clue. If numbers were letters, my number would be in "Left", but not in "Little Soft Felt Elf". Is that any help? I'm afraid you only get one chance to say the right number.'

If you want to try to unlock the door this way, make a note of this paragraph number so that you can return here if your guess is wrong. Then turn to the number that you think will unlock the door. If you guess wrong, return to this paragraph.

You have to find another way out of this prison. With some difficulty, you pull up a couple of floorboards. You peer down into the darkness, then recoil as you realize that you can see branches waving in the breeze far below you. This hut is in the highest limbs of the Elves' tree-home. You must try to climb down. A length of rope would be very useful – if you have one, turn to **91**. If you do not have any rope turn to **309**.

178

The little skiff crashes down the rock-strewn stairway of the rapids, its keel striking boulders with timber-shattering, bone-juddering force. A skiff is not constructed to take this kind of treatment: the keel shatters into fragments against a huge rock. You are thrown into the air, along with the wreckage of the boat. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **244**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **43**.

179

You sit by the pool, debating whether you can use the mottled, sun-baked boulders as stepping-stones to the far bank. Making your mind up, you put your boots in your backpack and dip your toes into the cool water. It is very refreshing; you shuffle closer to the edge and submerge your feet and shins. And then, as the boulder nearest to you rises out of the water, your ankles are encircled by a tightening loop of rubbery muscle. The 'boulder' is the tip of the shell of a Giant Watersnail, a foul creature that resembles its land-living counterpart on Khul but is more dangerous because of the powerful tentacles that surround its mouth. It is trying to pull you into the depths of the pool, towards its beak-like mouth, and you cannot extricate your feet from its grasp. You must fight it. Reduce your SKILL by 2 points, because your legs are trapped; reduce your SKILL by a further point at the end of each Attack Round as you are dragged further into the water.

GIANT WATERSNAIL SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If you defeat it, turn to **281**.

180

Flat-bottomed boats are not designed to cope with rough conditions, and the death-throes of an Elasmosaurus are the equivalent of a storm at sea. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **71**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **13**.

181

It is impossible to find a bed for the night. The town's inns barely have room for all the paying guests! As darkness falls, you are reduced to searching for sheltered doorways in which to huddle. You find a clean, dry corner next to a buttress of the town wall; you lie down; despite the discomfort, you doze.

You wake with a jolt. It's still dark. Someone is prodding you with a stick. You make out two strange shapes: a small humanoid and a two-legged animal that resembles a giant featherless bird. The humanoid – he is a Dwarf – speaks. 'Give me everything! Everything you've got! Give me that backpack! Hurry it up! Or else Gluda here will rip you to shreds!'

If you decide to surrender your backpack to this Dwarf thief, turn to **299**. If you want to make a fight of it, turn to **342**.

182

'I should have guessed it!' sighs Lignia. 'Another human brings an accursed metal blade to ravage the trees of my woodland. Approach no closer!' She begins to whisper and trace a pattern in the air. You are sure she is casting a spell against you. Will you:

Interrupt her, protesting that you mean no harm to the forest?	Turn to **236**
Attack her?	Turn to **16**
Wait to see the result of her incantation?	Turn to **381**

183

In increasing darkness you wander round the room, feeling for secret doors or hanging ropes. You find absolutely nothing. A ray of moonlight creeps in through a window but provides no help in your search. Then, as you are about to give up, you notice a glimmering shape where the moon's glow crosses the centre of the room. And, as you watch, a ladder takes shape, glittering and insubstantial, stretching from floor to ceiling. You touch it with your sword – and your sword passes through it as if through empty air. This ghostly ladder is clearly the handiwork of a wizard – or an illusionist. If you try to climb it, turn to **290**. If you think it would be wiser to go back downstairs and get some sleep, turn to **109**.

184

You stand before the stone wall and intone your password. If you say 'Apfis nev!' turn to **256**; if you say anything else, turn to **386**.

185

Gartax shakes his head, and his shoulders slump. 'Our only hope is to get out of the forest before the Slave Warriors corner us. I don't expect any help. The Margrave's soldiers are too busy extorting taxes out of honest folk; the big mine-owners are safe in Kleinkastel and haven't a clue what's going on here. If you want to do something useful, find the Wizard of Lake Mlubz – that's the Goblins' name for the inland sea that's at the far southern end of the forest. It's said this Wizard has been there for centuries, longer even than the Goblins themselves. If anyone knows what's behind these evil events, it's the Wizard. I've met him, just the once; if you tell him what I've told you, and ask for help in my name, I'm sure he'll do everything he can. The lake's not hard to find: just go south until you come to a stream that's too wide and deep to jump or wade across, and then follow it down to the place where it flows into the lake.

'And now there's no more time for talk! We've arrived!' Turn to **310**.

186

You plunge your arm into the tank once more and your hand closes round a small gold-specked rock. You tug it, but it will not move. You try to twist it, to move it from side to side – all to no avail. And when you finally give up, you discover that you cannot open your fist. Your fingers will not move; in fact your entire arm is set solidly in the liquid. No matter how hard you strain your muscles, you cannot remove your arm from the tank. Azudraz has certainly invented an effective method for storing gold; no one will ever be able to steal it from this tank! If you have the Sword of Gravalan, turn to **210**. If not, turn to **352**.

187

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the Goblins watch in silence as you set off down the southward path alongside the river. Turn to **50**.

If you are Unlucky, the Goblins chase after you when you turn away from them to walk towards the path. One of them slashes your arm with his blade: deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You whirl round to face your attackers. Turn to **282**.

188

Roll one die five times. If the total is higher than your current STAMINA score, turn to **340**; if the total is the same or lower, turn to **105**.

189

In the midst of the deadly interplay of sword, claws and beak, you become aware of a remarkable noise – a low, booming, repetitive bellow that distracts you from your fight. The Struthiomimus hears it too; with a squawk, it turns away from you and trots back to the man standing at the edge of the clearing. You see from the man's grey pallor, with his bony limbs poking through tattered clothes and his expressionless, pinched face, that he is one of the enslaved humanoids that have been terrorizing this area. It is he who is producing the weird noise, attracting the creature to him. He places a rope round its long neck and then draws a notched scimitar. He advances towards you.

If you have a Ring of Zombie Warding, turn to **349**. If not, turn to **88**.

190

You are one of a dozen warriors who push through the crowd and climb on to the platform to volunteer for the tournament. Gloten shoos away all the dignitaries except the Margrave. 'Attendants!' he calls. 'Bring ropes and blindfolds and the animal boxes. Bind each contestant's ankles, and blindfold each face – but leave the sword-arm free. Place a box in front of each contestant.' Turning to you and the other volunteers, he goes on: 'This first test is of courage, my brave warriors. Have you the courage to remain quite still once the animal is released from its box? And at what point does courage become sheer foolhardiness? Let us see who can remain motionless the longest. Release the animals!'

You cannot see. You cannot move your feet. You can hear a slithering, rasping noise, and then something touches your leg. You control the urge to strike out. Something long and muscular winds itself round your waist. You hear shrieks of loathing and the sounds of fighting as other contestants leap to defend themselves. Feelers with rubbery suckers probe your clothing and adhere to your skin. A heavy body bumps against your legs as the creature climbs higher. A tentacle reaches your throat, and winds round your neck. You remember Gloten's words about foolhardiness. The creature is climbing up the front of your body. Is it time to act? If you force yourself to remain still, turn to **285**. If you tear off the blindfold and grab your sword, turn to **130**.

191

If the answer that you gave was: 'You are the wizard's shadow,' turn to **48**. If you gave any other answer, turn to **23**.

192

With a hiss, your flame dies. You cry out in despair. Frantically, you hold the glowing tip of the torch between your cupped hands, and blow on the red glow, again and again, trying to breathe life into the fire. A little smoke rises; or is it just steam? No – it *is* smoke: you have rekindled a tiny flame which

grows stronger as you watch. Now you can continue to melt the wall of ice – but you realize that no longer is there any noise or sound of footsteps. The Slave Warriors – three of them – have already entered the room. One of them is standing behind you. Turn to 328.

193

The scarecrow-like warrior notices you, and fixes you with his blank, unblinking eyes. You struggle helplessly. He leans over you and appears to ponder for a moment before skewering his sword into your chest. Silently, he watches you die.

194

You insert your hand into the hole, grab as much of the pile as you can, then, just as you are pulling your hand out of the tree, something inside the trunk grasps your forearm between sharp teeth. You shake your hand free and yank it out of the hole. The creature's teeth have drawn blood, but the wound is not serious. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. To your chagrin, you find that the shiny article in the heap of leaves is a small hand-mirror, which you can put in your backpack if you want to. You are about to throw the twigs and leaves into the undergrowth when you notice that among them is a sprig of Swords-ease, a very rare medicinal herb that, if swallowed immediately before a battle, enables the body to repair wounds almost as soon as they are inflicted. You may chew this sprig once, before any one fight, and you will find that your opponent reduces your STAMINA by only 1 point each time he wounds you. Add 1 point to your LUCK for this fortunate find. The sound of marching men is closer. Turn to 363.

195

As the guard slumps to the paving-stones and the shouts of other warriors echo more loudly through the streets, you sprint through the gate and down the hillside. Plunging into the darkness of the jungle, you know you are safe from pursuit, but you keep running.

You emerge on to a broad plain. In the distance ahead of you, there is a ridge of low hills, which you make for. After some time, you come to a wide, well-used track which you think is the main road leading to the Portal. You cross it hurriedly, not wishing to meet a squad of Slave Warriors, and climb the ridge. You look down into a grassy valley, dotted with clumps of trees, that widens towards your left and is narrower between high ridges on your right. You walk down into the valley, and find a path that runs along it. You assume that travelling leftwards will take you back towards the Portal, so you turn right, towards the narrow end of the valley. Turn to 348.

196

Just as you feel that your aching muscles cannot bear your weight any longer, your fingers touch grass instead of rock. You have reached the top of the cliff. You lever your body upwards and collapse on a patch of greensward, a natural clearing in the forest that elsewhere grows to the cliff's edge. A path crosses the clearing. You hear movement in the undergrowth, but you cannot conceal yourself. You keep very still. A Goblin, frail and limping, lurches out of the forest and along the path. Only a few paces behind him is the biggest Giant Spider you have ever seen, clicking its mandibles and rattling its eight furry legs. On this clear terrain, the Spider will catch up with the Goblin within seconds. If you keep still, the Spider will pounce on the Goblin, bite him, enfold him in sticky strands of web, and drag him into the forest. You can then continue your journey downstream along the clifftop path. If you want to do this, turn to 399. If you would rather draw your sword and attack the Spider, turn to 67.

197

On the other side of the bridge, the other two contestants are trying to cut each other's rope. Roll two dice for each of them, and add the results to their SKILL scores (given below) to determine which one falls into the moat.

OSTBAR: SKILL 9 TRELLA: SKILL 8

Now only two of you remain dangling beneath the bridge. Roll dice again to determine an Attack

Strength for yourself and the winner of the above combat. If your Attack Strength is the lower, your rope is cut and you splash into the moat. Gloten spares a word for you before going to congratulate the winner – turn to 339. If you cut your opponent's rope, you are the winner; you are hauled up on to the bridge and cheered by all the townsfolk – turn to 259.

198

By the time the Goblins return, the warm sun and the murmur of the river have lulled you to sleep. This is unfortunate, as the Goblins have brought with them most of the rest of their tribe. They plan to tell their King that they fought a desperate battle with you in order to rescue his letter. And, to make their story convincing, they intend to take your dead body to the King's court. Finding you dozing on the jetty makes their task very easy.

199

'The Goblin war-chief made his base on the other side of the Portal, in the forgotten land. He thought he was safe there, believing that anyone from this world who passed beneath the Portal would be enslaved or, if his will was too strong for slavery, would be transformed into an animal or, in the last resort, simply exterminated by the power of the Portal. But the Goblins found a hero: one of their own race who was brave and strong and who, by chance, found the means to pass safely through the Portal. He took with him two animals – and many flaming torches, for the Portal was deep underground. And it seems that, after the Portal failed to enslave him, it could not change him into an animal either, because he had two other creatures with him, and this dissipated the Portal's power; nor could it destroy him, because he was surrounded by light. Once through the Portal, the hero found the war-chief and slew him; returning through the Portal, he ordered that it be sealed below ground for ever. I would guess that the recent mine-workings have undone the concealment that the Goblins undertook all those thousands of years ago. Another great evil-doer has found the Portal; another warlord has arisen. But at least we have some clues about how to find and destroy him. Now we must depart!'

Turn to 102.

200

You examine the bodies of the Slave Warriors. They wear no armour or uniform, and their clothes are filthy and tattered. Their skin is pale, and their faces are almost blank. Some of them have actually lost their facial features, having a short lipless slit instead of a mouth, two small holes instead of a nose, and deeply set eyes without brows or lids or lashes. Each of them wears a stone talisman on a leather thong round the neck; the stone is carved with unintelligible hieroglyphics. You find one of these strange soldiers still alive, although dying. You notice that his talisman is shrouded in black shadow. You remove it from round his neck; it seems almost a living thing. You can place it in your backpack (remember to note it on your *Adventure Sheet*) and then either set off on your travels immediately, striding into the depths of the forest (turn to 2), or return to Gartax's camp (turn to 169). If you want to hang the talisman round your own neck, turn to 384.

201

Taking a torch from the wall of the tunnel, you descend into darkness. The short flight of stairs leads you down into a wide passage. You pass dark openings which, on investigation, you find are mainly disused storerooms. You seem to be in the cellars of the palace. You are sure you are nearing the area beneath the centre of the building – but the passage ends at a small wooden door. Cautiously, you draw the bolts; you depress the latch, and pull open the door – and the flickering light of your torch reveals a room of icicles. Your breath steams as you enter a polar scene: layers of ice cloak all surfaces, columns and sheets of ice connect floor and ceiling. You begin to shiver uncontrollably – reduce your SKILL by 2 points until you leave this room. Creeping from behind a wall of ice comes the cause of the cold: a Glaciator, a creature which maintains its own body's temperature by extracting warmth from the air. If it stays in one place, its surroundings soon freeze. This one needs a new source of warmth – your body will suffice. It rears up on four back limbs and advances, its other limbs outstretched to smother you against its wide, flat underside.

GLACIATOR SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 242.

202

With your help, the Dwarf overcomes his opponent with ease. Meanwhile, the man and the other Slave Warrior both collapse and die from their wounds. You help the Dwarf to bury the body of his comrade, and the two of you sit together by the smoking fire and share in silence the meal that the Dwarf had been preparing when the Slave Warriors attacked. Restore up to 4 points of STAMINA if you need to. Finally, the Dwarf asks you who you are. You explain that you have come from Khul to find and finish off the Warlord who, through the power of the Portal, controls the armies of Slave Warriors. You describe how you survived the journey through the Portal.

'I have to admit,' grunts the Dwarf, 'that I'm impressed. Apart from Slave Warriors and animals, you're the first person to come through that accursed gateway since Horfak – and he's the Warlord you're looking for. Go to the end of the valley and take the right-hand path; that'll lead you to his citadel. He's sent most of his foul troops back through the Portal to ravage Khul; but you'd still best look out for guards.'

You thank the Dwarf for his information. Will you now go towards the end of the valley (turn to **348**); or will you ask how the mine-owner Horfak came to be the Warlord of the Portal, and how the Dwarf came to this lost world (turn to **149**)?

203

Ten Troglodytes have survived the earlier battle and are now converging on the hilltop statue to finish off the two remaining Goblins – and you. You stand alongside the Goblins in the shadow of their god's idol. Its staring eyes and its eight outstretched arms do not deter the Troglodytes, although they are troubled by the flashes of light reflected from the mirrors all over its body. You are certain, however, that this alone will not be enough to even the odds. It looks as though this could be your last fight – unless you have Gloten's Dwarven hunting-horn. If you have it, turn to **120**. If not, turn to **392**.

204

The man backs away from you and yells for help. From between the trees all round the clearing a mob of men and women converges on you. There are about a dozen of them, armed with knives, axes and staves, and you cannot defend yourself against all of them. Your adventure ends here.

The coracle might as well be anchored to the shore; it will not move. You become very exasperated – and then you glimpse a movement. Appearing from the other side of the island of rusty weapons is another coracle. As it drifts towards you, you see that it contains a wounded warrior – an Elf. Although barely able to stand, he flourishes a long slim blade and, as his boat bumps into yours, he attacks. He is an experienced swordsman, but as his STAMINA is very low you expect an easy victory. It is not to be. When he strikes you, you are wounded as normal; but when you land a blow on him, you are horrified to find that the wound appears on *your* body. What is more, the longer you fight, the less wounded your opponent seems to become. You cannot win; and eventually you are lying, wounded in a dozen places, waiting for the death-blow to fall. Instead, the Elf, now completely recovered, speaks. 'I apologize, human. I, too, failed to surrender my sword, and I fought the wounded warrior who attacked me then. He left me as you found me, but now I can escape at last.' His coracle drifts away; yours stays by the island.

Your fate is to remain, weak and wounded, until the wizard has another visitor who refuses to disarm. You will escape eventually, but this adventure ends here.

206

You scramble up the boulder-strewn hillside, hearing the beat of wings as the Korven take to the air behind you. You find a crack between two enormous rocks and turn to fight the Korven one at a time.

KORVEN SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

If you win, you find that the other Korven are reluctant to continue to attack you in such a confined space. You have time to look around, and you discover that the gap between the boulders is the end of a dry stream-bed. You can crawl through the gap into a narrow gully – almost a tunnel – that leads uphill. As you do this, two of the surviving Korven strike. They land on your back, lacerating your flesh and sawing through the straps of your backpack. You force your way into the gully and safety; however, you have lost 3 points from your STAMINA – and your backpack, along with everything in it, has gone. If you are still alive, you have no choice but to follow the course of the gully. When it becomes too narrow, you emerge to find that the Korven have flown away. Turn to 68.

207

Your other limbs are all engulfed in glutinous slime, but your sword-arm is free. You extract your sword from its scabbard and begin to jab clumsily at the black tongue. Because it is almost impossible to move, you must deduct from your SKILL score the number that you rolled on the die, to take account of the difficulty of your position. As you strike with your sword, the Stegocephalian responds by trying to roll up its tongue – with you inside. Turn to 94.

208

You step warily towards the bear, and put your finger to your lips. The bear understands, and quietens. It pushes a covered paw against the muzzle, repeatedly: it wants you to take the muzzle off. With some reluctance, you undo the buckles that secure it; and the bear does not bite you – it speaks! 'A thousand thanks, friend, whoever you are. I am Dirlin, and I was once a man, and the partner of another, named Horfak, who is now the ruler of this place. He discovered that foul gateway into this strange world. When he entered the Portal, it came alive with awful power. Horfak insisted that all our miners must go through it; those who objected were dragged through, screaming, by others who had already been changed into Slave Warriors. I was pushed under, but my will was too strong; so the Portal changed my body instead, and Horfak imprisoned me here. From time to time he visits me and gloats. Now I want my revenge; but these chains on my ankles are locked, and only the gaoler has the key. Find him, take the keys, and free me, I implore you!'

You explain briefly that your mission is also against Horfak and the Portal. Will you leave Dirlin and look for the gaoler (turn to 295); or will you stay with him and try to break the chains with chunks of stone (turn to 153)?

209

You run about as best you can in the darkness, scrambling over piles of boxes, kicking over barrels, and upending sacks of rotting vegetables. The Armoured Mole is confused: it can neither hear you nor smell you because of all the other noises and odours that are filling the cellar. You reach the ladder and climb up it, slamming the trapdoor behind you. You are back in the empty first-floor room of the tower. Turn to **359**.

210

With your one free hand you manage to pull the Sword of Gravalan from its scabbard and twist the hilt. You plunge the rapidly heating blade into the tank. It soon seems that this desperate act has made things worse: the sword becomes as fixed as your arm, and it is heating the liquid to an unbearable temperature. You watch helplessly as steam rises from the bubbling surface. Your arm is being boiled – but at last you can move it a little; inch by inch, you pull it and the sword out of the liquid. You sit against the wall and inspect your red, blistered arm – deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you have survived this ordeal, you force yourself to carry on; you return to the other room to help Azudraz. Turn to **316**.

211

Gloten enters the room. 'I'm sorry I've kept you waiting, my perspicacious friend. How did you detect my dwarfish origins, eh? I've been looking for a special item that I'd like you to have, but I can't find it anywhere. Only one place to look now: the strongbox. Watch this!' He clambers on to the seat of the chair, and proceeds to pull at the arm-rests, lifting first one and then the other with some difficulty. The front of the chair's plinth, which had looked like a solid block of wood, swings open to reveal a cavity. In it is a wooden box.

Soon Gloten has the box open and is rummaging through a dazzling heap of coins and gems. He pulls out – a battered old hunting-horn. 'Don't look so disappointed,' Gloten says. 'This will be of more use to you than a sackful of jewels. It's a family heirloom, obviously of dwarfish workmanship. Take it; sound it when you are in dire peril. The eagles swore an oath to my forefathers that they would aid anyone who sounds this horn. They will come only once. Now – let us prepare for your mission.'

Turn to **259**.

212

You manage to hide only just in time. As you crouch inside the barrel, you hear footsteps crossing the tavern floor. A voice shouts: 'Nothing much left in here, sergeant! Not even a drop of ale.' The reply from the street is: 'Have a good look round, trooper,

all the same You never know what or who you might find.' It is clear that a troop of the Margrave's soldiers are searching the village. The trooper approaches the barrels behind the bar. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 38. If you are Unlucky, turn to 154.

213

The warriors of the People carry you and the body of the Triceratops in triumph to their hilltop town. Dinosaur steak tastes surprisingly good. You spend the rest of the day feasting, resting and basking in the adulation of the townspeople. You may restore up to 6 points of STAMINA.

The following morning you and the Shaman lead all the fighters of the People to the Sacred Cave; you settle down to lie in wait on a hillside overlooking the road that leads to the Warlord's headquarters. Your scouts run back with the news that the enemy is approaching; soon you can hear the marching feet and see the cloud of dust that they are raising. A long column of Slave Warriors comes into sight; among the skeletal forms is a chariot, drawn by Elven Slave Warriors, whose occupant must be the Warlord – a giant of a man with a bulbous head. A second team of Slave Warriors pulls a wheeled cage containing the proud figure of a tall human woman. The People cannot contain their anger. 'Anxis!' they cry. 'Our Queen! We will release you!' – and they hurl themselves into battle. Anxis is heavily guarded; your comrades are attacking the strongest part of the Slave Warrior army. Will you help them (turn to 344); or will you ignore everything that distracts you from confronting the Warlord himself (turn to 70)?

214

Again and again the punt jars as its flat bottom scrapes across the rocks, but somehow its timbers hold together as the foaming river bumps you down the stony stairway. You are thrown from side to side, and drenched in ice-cold water. However, you manage to hang on. As the punt enters deeper water it begins to leak and break up, but before it sinks it comes to ground on a bank of the river. You stagger out of the wreckage and collapse, battered and exhausted. Turn to 86.

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215

You stand with your back against the trunk of an enormous oak and await the attack. There is room for both Scurrellors to fight you at once, but only one advances; as it approaches, its knife weaving patterns in the air, you realize why: the tip of its tail has begun to crackle with energy and is burning everything it touches. The second Scurrellor stays well out of range. You therefore fight the Scurrellors one at a time. You fight as normal, but in addition at the end of each round of combat you must roll one die; if the result is a 6, the Scurrellor's tail has struck you, and you must deduct 4 points from your STAMINA.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SCURRELLOR	5	9
Second SCURRELLOR	5	8

If you defeat them both, you continue along the path. Turn to **230**.

216

The man turns his back on you with a shrug, and addresses his followers. 'You men, there! Bring some ropes! Bind this prisoner! It's time we returned to camp. We'll take the prisoner with us. Then we'll find out what this warrior's really doing here.'

And so, a little while later, you start a southward march. Your hands are tied together, and your arms

are pressed against your body by coils of heavy rope. A sack over your head makes it hard to see where you are going. A rope connects you to the belt of one of your captors, and you are pulled along at the end of the line of marchers. You are dragged deeper and deeper into the forest.

You think you may be able to loosen your bonds by continually flexing and relaxing your muscles. If you decide to try this, turn to **119**. If you'd rather not, turn to **333**.

217

The narrow path passes a wooden hut. The marching column halts, and the Elf Queen opens the hut's door and invites you to enter. 'Rest here tonight,' she says, 'and tomorrow some of my Elves will take you to your destination.' You enter the hut, and the door closes behind you. There is just one windowless room, containing only a straw mattress, on which you sit. You can eat a meal from your Provisions at this point, and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. There seems nothing to do in the darkness but go to sleep and await the morning – if you do this, turn to **376**. If you want to leave the hut and explore your surroundings, turn to **177**.

218

'No money?' yells the bandit leader. 'No gold? What kind of incompetent adventurer do you call yourself? We'll take everything – the whole lot. Well, you can keep the backpack – empty, of course. And hand over that sword, too!'

You cannot stop the bandits taking all your possessions – erase all equipment and Provisions from your *Adventure Sheet*. If you refuse to part with your sword, turn to **113**.

If you give them your sword as well, you must reduce your SKILL by 4 points until you acquire another weapon; the bandits will ride off with their booty. Turn to **27**.

219

You jump to your feet – and a Slave Warrior's bony arms encircle your waist as you try to run. You have only one chance to shake loose his grip before you are surrounded by the other Slave Warriors. Roll one die twice. If the total rolled is equal to, or less than, your SKILL, turn to **122**; if the total exceeds your SKILL, turn to **305**.

220

You pull your sword-blade out of the bulbous carcass of the Giant Spider and move out of reach of its still-twitching limbs. You turn to look at the Goblin. He is in a pitiable state. He is old and lame, and his once fine clothes are in tatters. Blood from a multi-

tude of slight wounds trickles down his face, arms and legs. You are surprised to see that he carries no weapon. He seems too exhausted to move. Will you stay with the Goblin until he recovers a little, and offer him some Provisions? If so, turn to **136**. If you have no Provisions to offer, or if you decide that you should continue your journey without delay, you leave the Goblin and continue heading downstream along the clifftop path. Turn to **399**.

221

The forest is full of noises: the tramp of marching feet, the roars of animals. Armies are on the move; you keep under the cover of the undergrowth, as the paths that cross the forest are full of Slave Warriors. You see squads of humans, Goblins, Elves and Dwarfs, as well as other nameless creatures that the forest has hidden until now – all are blank-eyed, expressionless, mindless thralls, silent except for the sound of their footsteps and the weird cries of the scaly creatures that accompany them. They are marching to the west – towards Kleinkastel and the rich settlements beyond.

Your eastward path branches. You come out of the forest to read the signpost. One wooden arm points north, and is inscribed 'Horfak and Dirlin Mines'; the other points east, saying 'Cleever Mine and Throke Mine'. Which path will you take: north – turn to **356**; or east – turn to **258**?

222

You hand over 5 Gold Pieces, but protest that you don't know anything about mining. 'I really couldn't care less about that,' says the officer. 'My concern is raising revenue for the Margrave's treasury. Wait here while I draw up the documents.' While the officer signs and seals your Mining Licence, his soldiers are searching the huts of the village. He returns and hands you the paper, and you ask whether you are permitted to stay and find out what, if anything, the soldiers find. 'Do as you please!' says the officer. 'You're a miner now; you've every right to be here.' Turn to **327**.

223

Within an hour of dawn the streets are crowded. All the inhabitants of Kleinkastel seem to be congregating in the Market Square. Swallowing your pride, you walk up to the more prosperous-looking passers-by and ask each of them for a Gold Piece with which to buy a meal. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **111**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **83**.

224

You keep still. The Noasaurus continues to step towards you, although it does not yet show any sign of aggression. It worries you, however, because you fear that it will draw the attention of at least one of the Slave Warriors to you. The creature is now only a sword's length away: will you attack it (turn to **26**); move away from it (turn to **58**); or remain motionless (turn to **93**)?

225

The disembodied voice whispers again: 'Thank you! That will suffice as payment for your boat-trip. And now please be kind enough to tell me – what is your business here?'

You decide that it would be best to make some kind of reply. Will you say:

'I am searching for a wizard who it is said can be found at this end of the forest.' Turn to 117

'I am a wandering warrior and my adventures have brought me here by chance.' Turn to 23

226

The Oviraptor may be small but it has a sharp beak and powerful claws. It shrieks as it hurls itself at you.

OVIRAPTOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you defeat it in four or fewer rounds of combat, you can leave the cage by squeezing through the slit at the base of the back wall – turn to 39. If it is still alive after four Attack Rounds, it continues to attack you – turn to 28.

227

You push off from the bank and sit down in the swaying boat. When you reach the centre of the stream, you find that the cross-currents cease, and the flowing waters take you gently in a south-westerly direction. You relax and enjoy the trip as the river gradually veers to the south and you drift peacefully past the vast slumbering forests that crowd the banks.

You hear splashing and, looking ahead, you see a commotion in the water near the left bank, where the surface is otherwise calm. Will you manoeuvre the boat eastwards, towards the left-hand bank, to get closer to the disturbance (turn to 139)? Or will you let the boat continue to drift with the current in the middle of the river (turn to 25)?

228

You fall forward and crash to the ground on the compound side of the fence. Roll one die: if you roll a 4, 5 or 6, you twist your leg as you land – deduct 2 more points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you pick yourself up and look around. Turn to 68.

229

One of the soldiers runs to attack the monster and the Elf woman, while you intercept the other. He seems to be in no mood to talk, and attempts to barge past you. You fight.

SOLDIER SKILL 5 STAMINA 8

If you survive long enough to reduce his STAMINA to 3 points or less, he turns and runs away into the forest. Turn to 320.

230

A little further on, the path forks. If you take the wider of the two branches, which leads north-east and uphill towards the mountains, turn to **277**. If you take the smaller branch, south-eastwards into the forest, skirting the hills, turn to **100**.

231

You stumble backwards, fending off the spiked tips of half a dozen clubs, and find time to glance at the Goblins. Both have been felled before they could finish their incantation, and you are alone against ten Troglodytes. Surrounded, you are soon clubbed to the ground. Your adventure ends here.

232

As you walk forward, sword swinging, your leather armour spattered with the blood of the vanquished Oviraptor, you present an awesome sight. The Goblins huddle together, fingering their swords uncertainly. You have to decide how you will deal with them. If you have a letter from the King of the Forest Goblins, you could show it to them in the hope that it will impress them and persuade them to leave you in peace. If you do this, turn to **336**. If you charge, yelling and brandishing your sword, straight at the Goblins, turn to **282**. If you pretend to ignore the Goblins and saunter towards the riverside path, turn to **187**.

233

Knives, hatchets, spears and axes hurtle through the air towards you in succession and bury their blades in the wooden board against which you stand. The warriors of the People are not on their best form tonight: among the shower of weapons that shave your skin and impale your clothing are some that strike too close, wounding you. Roll one die: the result of the die-roll is the number of points of STAMINA you lose. If you are still alive, turn to **174** – unless you rolled a 6, in which case turn to **311**.

234

The wizard's frown deepens. He stamps his foot in irritation. 'I have been so anxious about my privacy that I have ignored these events taking place only a few miles away. I did not take heed of the rumours I heard. Now I must act, and I hope I am not too late. Grasp my hand!'

You grip the wizard's wrist; everything goes black, and then you find yourself standing alone in a torch-lit cellar. The wizard walks in bearing a tray of food, and as you eat (restore up to 4 points of STAMINA) he searches among the racks of swords and shields that line the walls. 'None of them is made of iron,' he says, 'and so they don't interfere with the use of my . . . unusual gifts. And this is the weapon for you! The Sword of Gravalan! It is bronze, but as strong as steel. It will serve you as an ordinary blade; but, in addition, if you twist this part of the hilt the tip of the sword will instantly

become white-hot. You may do this three times. Each time the heat will last long enough to finish off one opponent. The heat will double the effect of wounds that you inflict, and you may find it also has other uses. The blade stays dark even when hot. Take it! And now, before we leave, do you have any more news for me?'

Restore your SKILL to its *Initial* value. If you have a stone talisman on a leather thong, turn to **31**. If not, turn to **102**.

235

The Margrave is outraged at your suggestion, and orders his men to seize you. Gloten protests, but the Margrave is incensed that a mere adventurer should challenge him to a duel, and insulted by the suggestion that he should use such a plebeian weapon as a pickaxe handle. He instructs the soldiers of his bodyguard to escort you out of the town. You are banished, on pain of death.

Fuming at the injustice of this sentence, you are determined to prove your worth. You set off into the forest. Turn to **22**.

236

Lignia breaks off her chanting, and her thin fingers cease their complex figures. 'It is very easy for you to claim friendship with the forest,' she says, 'but the contrary evidence is there, hanging from your belt. Prove your harmlessness, warrior: surrender your weapon! And then go down into my garden and expend some of your war-like energies in fruitful labour; repair the wounds inflicted on my charges by your fellow soldiers.' Will you agree to these instructions (turn to **30**); or will you refuse and insist on leaving (turn to **325**)?

237

You open the door to reveal a room much larger than a prison cell. The stone floor is strewn with soft rugs; glowing tapestries cover the walls; cushions and rugs lie in profusion across intricately carved pieces of furniture; streamers of velvet and silk hang from silver chandeliers. In the midst of all this luxury stands a woman; tall, dark-skinned and haughty, she glares at you as you enter her room. She is beautiful and richly dressed; yet her slim limbs have hints of muscle that belie the softness of her surroundings, and her flashing eyes make you rather glad that she is restrained – her ankles and wrists are manacled in heavy iron chains. If you bear the Sign of the Spear on your forehead, turn to **65**; if not, turn to **324**.

238

With your hands raised to show that you are holding no weapon, you move closer to the ape. You point down the hill and say: 'Go away from here. Leave this place. Return to the forest. Do you understand? Go down the hill. Go!'

The ape rubs its muzzle with the palm of a huge hand. Its face clears, and it looks at you shrewdly. 'It is a powerful restorative for the mind,' it says, 'to hear a few simple sentences of human speech. I will relinquish this hilltop to you, my friend, with pleasure. It is a sorrowful location. The views, by the way, are quite magnificent. I will take my leave. I trust my appearance has caused you only a little

distress; I can assure you that any anxiety this bestial form has engendered in you must be as nothing compared to the anguish it brings me. Good evening to you.' The giant ape lopes away down the hill. Turn to 18.

239

The sound of marching feet on the main path behind you makes you hurry along the narrow track into the sun-baked hills. You find a rocky ravine that takes you out of sight of the Portal's entrance, and you follow it downhill. It widens into a broad, flat, grassy valley, dotted with clumps of woodland. Some of the trees are very unusual, like giant ferns; all the animals are strange to you, although not all resemble giant lizards – some are furry, some hairy, looking a bit like the wild animals of Khul. In the distance, the valley narrows again; you are now in the widest part of it; to your right, you see a thin column of smoke rising out of a copse of trees. Will you investigate the source of the smoke (turn to 165), or will you continue towards the far end of the valley (turn to 348)?

240

It takes you hours to carry all the cages from the narrow chamber to the path outside the mine entrance, where you arrange them in lines with their doors facing the down-sloping forest. Then you open the doors, and one by one the birds soar into the sky, their colours flashing in the sunlight. The last one flies away, but remains near by, circling over the treetops and, as you watch, all the other birds return, swooping out of the sky. You gaze upwards, entranced, as the blue sky becomes a kaleidoscope of twittering colours; their separate songs merge at last into a harmonious crescendo, and you understand that the birds, or perhaps the deity that watches over them, are offering you their thanks. They fly away into the forest. Restore 1 point of LUCK if you need to. Turn to 5.

241

Gartax is reluctant to talk about Gloten's treasure. However, you make it clear that you expect such information as the price for your help against Gartax's enemies. He tells you that the treasure is in Gloten's house, in the very room in which Gloten receives visitors. The mine-owner's vast armchair – more like a throne – sits on a solid plinth in which there is a concealed compartment. In order to open the secret door, it is necessary to sit on the seat, and then lift the arm-rests in the correct order: first the left and then the right. Inside the compartment is a chest full of gems and gold coins. 'And now there's no time for more talk!' says Gartax. 'We have arrived!'

Turn to 310.

242

Drips of ice-cold water drop on your head: now that the Glaciator is dead, the underground room is beginning to warm again. Through the ice that coats the walls you can make out a second door; you assume that the Glaciator was brought here from Khul to guard this entrance to the heart of the palace. You hammer at the sheet of ice but you cannot break it; it is as thick as your fist, and must be melted. However, you cannot wait for a natural thaw: echoing along the passage is the steady tread of a squad of Slave Warriors, attracted by the noise of your fight with the Glaciator. You will have to try to use the flame of your torch to melt the curtain of ice (turn to **148**) – unless you have the Sword of Gravalan with at least one heat-charge remaining in it; in this case, turn to **315**.

243

'So! A human!' says Lignia. 'And a warrior, too, unless I am mistaken. But a warrior without a sharp blade of metal – a very rare species indeed. Why are you wandering through this forest?'

You tell Lignia that you are investigating the cause of the recent disturbances in the area, and you relate some of your recent adventures. 'Your cause is worthy,' says Lignia, 'but it is not my immediate concern. You may leave in peace, but do not cross my garden. Go!' Will you attack Lignia (turn to **16**); or will you follow her instructions by descending from the tree and skirting the dell (turn to **118**)?

244

You are hurled into the raging torrent and swept downstream. Swimming is impossible; the most you can do is to gulp air whenever a swirl of current lifts you out of the icy water. Numb and helpless, you plunge headlong through the endless cataracts.

Roll one die. The number that you roll is the number of rocks that you smash into as you are swept through the rapids. For each rock that you strike, roll one die: a 1 or 2 causes 1 point of STAMINA loss; a 3 or 4 means you lose 2 points; a 5 or 6 and you lose 3 points. Even if you are still alive, you are unconscious before you reach the calmer waters at the bottom of the rapids. Turn to **86**.

245

The jumble of stone blocks was once a village. The jungle creepers have not yet begun to cover the ruins, so you assume that the destruction occurred recently. There is no sign of fighting, but the stone huts have been torn down deliberately; ashes and patches of scorched earth show where fires were built to burn the huts' furnishings. One building, set apart from the village at the end of a narrow path into the jungle, has escaped the destruction. As you approach it, you see that it is a big building – a temple. The doors are hanging open on broken hinges; you look inside.

The interior has been devastated: torn wall-hangings and broken statues litter the floor. The idol on the altar has not been damaged; the seated

statue stares down at you with a hundred eyes, each one a coloured gemstone. With a click, its wide mouth opens and, from inside it, a long wooden scoop extends towards you. Although you have never seen this particular deity before, you have been in enough temples to know that the scoop is a mechanism for receiving offerings. If you place a Gold Piece on the scoop, turn to **124**; if you climb on to the altar to prise out the statue's jewelled eyes, turn to **274**; if you leave the temple and head for the hilltop settlement, turn to **140**.

246

A trail of mud runs across the path from the stream to the dark cave-mouth. It looks as if the cave has an inhabitant, and you decide that you would rather not find out what it is. You tiptoe past the gaping hole. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **115**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **329**.

247

You step out from the shelter of the rocks. The squad of Slave Warriors is only a stone's throw away, approaching steadily. You try to mimic their regular, mechanical movements and expressionless stare. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **44**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **270**.

248

The bandit leader hurls the swords into the air. They and with a clash of steel, and you and the bandits crowd round them to see how they have landed. 'We win!' yells the bandit leader. 'The marked blades are showing!' He grabs the sack and stuffs it into a saddlebag. He and his men mount their ponies, and are about to ride off when the leader turns to you again. 'Thank you for the game. This has been an entertaining and profitable encounter. I would hate to see you going hungry – here, take this!'

He takes a Gold Piece from his purse and throws it to you. You catch it; the bandits ride away. With a sigh, you shoulder your pack and continue on your way. Remember to deduct your losses from your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to **27**.

249

You walk along the broad limb until you reach the centre of the tree. The trunk is as wide as a house, and there is a cleft in the bark that is big enough to squeeze through. You look inside: it is a sentry-post, and the groan came from a young Elf, apparently in the throes of a nightmare while asleep on duty. His facial features look like those of a normal Elf, and his clothes are still quite clean and tidy. You assume that he has only recently been impressed into the ranks of the Slave Warriors. As you expect, he wears a stone talisman round his neck; he seems to be struggling to pull it off as he

dreams. Behind him, a staircase carved out of the interior of the trunk winds downwards. Will you tiptoe past the sleeping guard and go down the stairs (turn to 19); or will you try to remove the talisman from round the guard's neck (turn to 313)?

250

Your plan succeeds. You shoulder-charge the merchant and, as he staggers, you grab his purse and wrench it from his belt. You run to the end of the alley and merge with the crowd before the merchant can recover his wits or his breath. The purse contains 10 Gold Pieces. You immediately use one of them to buy a hearty breakfast, and thus you avoid losing any STAMINA.

As you leave the tavern, you almost fall over a group of tiny children. They are thin and dirty and dressed in rags. They ask you for money. If you give them the remaining 9 Gold Pieces from the stolen purse before setting off through the town, remember to deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*, and turn to 61. If you ignore their pleas, turn to 355.

251

The hunters present you with a long spear, and with it you advance towards the Triceratops, which lifts its three-horned, crested head and begins to bellow, warning you to stay away; as you stalk closer still to its nest of eggs, it scuffs the grass and prepares to charge. As the beast lowers its head and thunders towards you, you despair of ever defeating it.

TRICERATOPS SKILL 8 STAMINA 18

Your spear is useful in fending off the animal's charges – during this fight, increase your SKILL by 2 points; but it has little impact on the leathery, knobbly hide – deduct only 1 point from the Triceratops's STAMINA each time you wound it. Its horns and its thick, muscular tail are formidable weapons – deduct 3 points from your STAMINA each time it wounds you. If you are still alive after five rounds of combat, you are relieved to hear the war-cries of the other hunters as they join in the attack. Surrounded, the Triceratops is soon overwhelmed and slaughtered. Turn to 390.

252

'The wizard certainly shares your concern; he has of late heard disquieting reports about perils threatening humans, and Goblins, and beasts, in the forests to the north.' The thin voice pauses; the black shape moves restlessly. 'Your desire to render assistance is noble – but have you sufficient wit to be of any use in these testing matters? Let us try a simple test. Study the dark shape of me, and answer this: I am stunted now, but will be fully grown by sunset. I am always here on fine days. Whose am I, and what am I?'

Write down the answer that you give, and turn to 191.

253

You step through the Portal, and you are once again in the cavern, deep below the Cloudhigh Mountains. You look for the sack of Igneolite – it is still there, resting innocuously against the Portal's black stone. With one last glance at the sunlit jungles of the lost world, you thrust your flaming torch into the fine powder, then retreat to the edge of the cavern. The sack bursts open, and a cloud of dust settles all over the black blocks of carved stone. For a few seconds a loud sizzling fills the cavern – and the surface of the Portal bubbles and writhes as the stone is melted, re-congealing instantly into a smooth, featureless lump of fused rock. There is a moment of silence; then an indescribable, brain-curdling noise as of the rending of the substance of the universe, a scream fading into infinite distance. You know that the Portal is destroyed. As you make your way out of the mine, you come across groups of Slave Warriors: most of them are dead, but a few – those most recently converted – are recovering their wits. You try to comfort them, but you are anxious to return to Kleinkastel. Turn to 400.

254

The attackers have looted the camp and taken away everything of value – not just coins and gems, but also weapons, armour, food, and even the pack-animals. As you search the bodies, you observe that, to a greater or lesser extent, all the Slave Warriors exhibit strange and unhuman features. They wear no armour or uniform, and their clothes are filthy and tattered. Their skin is pale, and their faces are almost blank. Some of them have actually lost their facial features, having a short lipless slit instead of a mouth, two small holes instead of a nose, and deeply set eyes without brows, lids or lashes. Each of them wears a stone talisman on a leather thong round the neck; the stone is carved with unintelligible hieroglyphics. You find one of these strange soldiers still alive, although dying. You notice that his talisman is shrouded in black shadow. You remove it from round his neck; it seems almost a living thing. You can put it in your backpack and then wander into the forest – turn to 2. Or you can hang it round your own neck – turn to 384.

255

You are held under guard in the village square and, before long, an officer arrives on horseback. Jumping from his saddle, he brushes dust from his blue cloak and gleaming armour as the troopers salute and the sergeant explains about your capture. The officer strolls over to you. 'A vagrant, eh?' he drawls. 'Explain your business in this area – and make it a good explanation, for your own sake.'

Do you have a warrant from the Margrave? If so, you show it to the officer – turn to 73. Otherwise, turn to 131.

256

You wait. A crack appears between two of the huge stone blocks; it widens and, as you squeeze through the gap, you hear the regular tread of Slave Warriors' feet on the stairs. On the other side of the stone wall you find yourself in the middle of a deserted corridor; you hastily push the block back into place. Now you can no longer hear the sounds of pursuit. To your right, the corridor ends at a wooden door; it has strong iron bolts, but they are not drawn across the door. When you try to pull the door open, however, you find that it will not open, no matter how hard you tug. The latch feels strangely cold. In the other direction, the corridor, lined with torches, stretches into the distance. You walk towards this other end. Turn to 372.

257

You collect armfuls of dry twigs and several dead branches and trunks of trees, and pile them on to the embers of your camp fire. Within minutes the hollow is full of light and heat from the bonfire you have built. The logs will stay alight all night. You go to sleep with your head resting on your backpack and your sword unsheathed at your side.

You wake suddenly, and open one eye. By the dancing light of the flames you see a stealthy hand reaching for your sword. You grab your weapon and jump to your feet. Two Goblins face you, their shortswords at the ready.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	4
Second GOBLIN	6	4

You must fight both at once. In each round of combat, both Goblins attack you but you can attack only one of them – choose which one at the start of each round. Any Goblin with an Attack Strength higher than yours wounds you; you can wound only the one you have chosen to attack. If you kill them both, turn to 20.

258

The path takes you out of the forest and into lightly wooded hills. You pass beneath the branches of a tree and hear a raucous shriek; you look up to see a colony of four Korven perched above you. They spread their wings and glide to the ground in front of you, blocking your way. Korven are reclusive forest-dwellers; you have heard of them, but have never seen them before. They are small humanoids, resembling evil-faced Goblins, with claws instead of feet and feathered wings instead of arms. You observe that even they have been captured and enslaved – each wears a stone talisman on a leather thong round its long neck. You cannot defeat four of them together. Will you turn off the path and head for the thick woodlands to your right (turn to **82**); or will you turn off the path to your left, up into the rocky hills, hoping to find a defensible position (turn to **206**)?

259

During the evening, apothecaries examine your body for wounds and prepare remedies which you swallow before retiring to the Margrave's guest chamber. You awake next morning invigorated: if any of your scores are below their *Initial* levels, restore them to their full amount.

The townspeople gather again, and again you are at the centre of a public ceremony. The Margrave presents you with a warrant ordering his subjects to allow you free passage and to furnish you with any help you may require; Gloten gives you a purse containing 10 Gold Pieces and, 'from the Wizard', a phial containing a Potion of True Seeing. And the townspeople bring you Provisions – you manage to cram enough for five meals into your backpack. (Note these changes on your *Adventure Sheet*.)

'All we know,' says Gloten, 'is that, somewhere underground, someone has discovered an ancient portal to another world and is using its evil power to create an army of Slave Warriors out of enslaved forest-dwellers. This Warlord is probably to be found beyond the Portal, in the strange world from which unnatural beasts have issued to plague our countryside. If you can defeat the Warlord, your reward will be as generous as your deeds are glorious. Remember: not only the weak are at risk – Horfak and Dirlin, two of the wealthiest mine-owners, are among those missing.'

You thank Gloten; if you have no sword, you borrow one from a soldier; and you set off into the forest. Turn to **22**.

260

A Slave Warrior is an unnerving opponent. His movements appear slow, but he wastes no effort and never tires. No expression ever crosses his face: not even the cruellest wound causes a flicker of emotion in the blank depths of his eyes.

SLAVE WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, you look towards the centre of the grove, where the mêlée is coming to an end. The man and one of the Slave Warriors seem to be badly hurt; the Dwarf is prevailing against his opponent. If you decide to leave now and travel to the end of the valley, turn to **348**; if you stay to help defeat the remaining Slave Warriors, turn to **202**.

261

For several seconds the bandit leader stares at you grimly. Then he grins widely and begins to clap his hands together. The other bandits join in the applause as Kran pulls himself to his feet and offers you his scimitar.

'Well fought! Both of you, well fought!' says the bandit leader. 'Stranger, you have proved your courage and have entertained us well. You may keep your sword. You may keep everything. Pick it all up – it's all yours!'

Kran's comrades help him into his saddle, and the bandits ride away. You collect your possessions, then continue on your way southwards. Turn to **27**.

262

Looking closely at the sentries, you can see that only the dregs of the Slave Warrior army are being left behind on guard duty. The two guards are, or were, aged Gnomes, and they look far too old to fight. However, they are controlled by the will of the Warlord of the Portal, and they attack with knives in their shaking hands. You can easily fight them one at a time. If you have a Ring of Zombie Warding, it affects the Slave Warriors – the SKILL of each of them is reduced by 1 point.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GNOME SLAVE WARRIOR	5	4
Second GNOME SLAVE WARRIOR	4	4

If you defeat the Gnome Slave Warriors, you walk through the gate in the high fence. Turn to **68**.

263

You hack a way up overgrown slopes, slide down treacherous banks, and splash across tree-shadowed streams. You join a narrow path which soon leads you to a clearing, in the centre of which a solitary tree spreads its shade. You step into the clearing, uncomfortably aware that the surrounding forest is unnaturally quiet. As you reach the central tree, you hear the rustle of branches from the far side of the glade, and you see a man run into the open, closely pursued by a creature from a nightmare. It is a Phororhacos, a vicious flightless bird, much taller than a human, with a huge curved beak and glittering eyes surmounted by a crest of feathers. The man looks frail and tired; he is limping and is armed with only a small knife. With an ululating cry the cruel bird chases him relentlessly as he tries to back away.

If you want to come to the man's rescue, turn to **176**. If you would rather avoid getting involved, and return to the cover of the forest, turn to **101**.

264

On your left, rising above the trees, the bare brown hillsides are pockmarked with mine entrances. You reach a village, an unplanned cluster of cabins, home for the miners and their families. But the village seems to have been abandoned; there is no sound, and doors and shutters hang loose on their hinges, revealing dark silent interiors. You pause at

the edge of the village, and you can hear a noise from the path behind you. It is the tramp of marching feet, and the guttural sound of men's voices, speaking in the local dialect. Will you wait on the path for the men to arrive (turn to 41); or will you quickly find a hiding-place in the village (turn to 125)?

265

You can hear the Slave Warriors approaching, but they are not yet in sight. You pull back the bolt, open the door and enter the cage, pulling the door shut behind you. A wooden partition divides the cage; if you stay in front of the partition, you can be seen from the corridor, so you hurry behind it. You find that the back of the cage is not empty. You are sharing it with an Oviraptor, a small beaked dinosaur rearing up on its hind legs, no taller than a Dwarf. You look for another exit from the cage; apart from the door at the front, the only way out is to squeeze through a horizontal slit that runs along the bottom of the back wall. The Oviraptor does not allow you much time for thought; it attacks. Will you escape through the narrow slit, suffering the loss of 2 points of STAMINA as the Oviraptor lacerates your departing body (turn to 39); or will you stand and fight the creature (turn to 226)?

266

Your sword slides into the creature's eye-socket, and the momentum of its attack forces the blade deep into its cranium. The Elasmosaurus is mortally wounded, but it will not die quietly. It writhes in frenzy, lashing its tail and neck from side to side, tossing your little boat into the air and filling it with blood-reddened water. All you can do is hang on to the side while trying to sheathe your sword once more.

If you are using a skiff, turn to 71. If your craft is a punt, turn to 180.

267

You follow the path towards the Goblins' statue-topped hill. You dodge between bushes and boulders, trying to remain concealed even though there is not much cover on the hillsides at this altitude. You move out from behind a clump of gorse, and come face to face with two Troglodytes. They lift their snouts, squinting and snuffling and shielding their eyes with their paws. They exchange a few gruff syllables, then attack, one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TROGLODYTE	5	9
Second TROGLODYTE	6	7

You can escape, with the loss of 2 points from your STAMINA as a spiked club catches your shoulder, by running back along the hillside path and down into the forest – turn to 144. If you stay to fight, and win, turn to 66.

268

As you make your way through the outskirts of Kleinkastel, you pass stalls and craftsmen's workshops. You may buy Provisions, at a cost of 1 Gold Piece per meal, up to a maximum of five meals. If you do not have a sword, you may buy one at a cost of 5 Gold Pieces. (Remember to make a note of any changes on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Once you have completed your purchases, you leave the town and head eastwards into the forest. Turn to **22**.

269

Cautiously you push up the trapdoor and look around. This level also consists of one large room; it seems to have been the living-quarters of whoever inhabited the tower. All that remains of the furniture is a bed and a chest; the chest contains robes embroidered with arcane symbols. Smaller items have been removed – you find hooks on the walls where pictures once hung. Under the bed you find the stub of a thick candle, which you put in your backpack. There is a window in each of the four walls. Looking west, you see that the forest thins, and beyond there is scrubby steppe, ending in the far distance at mountains silhouetted against the sunset. Northwards, the river down which you boated disappears into the forest. To the east, the foreground is dominated by a rocky eminence on the far bank of the river; stained pink by the setting sun, it is surmounted by a stone hut. At the foot of the crag the river joins another waterway, and their combined flow foams down ferocious rapids as they speed south. In that direction, beyond the forest, you can see a vast expanse of still water, lit by the sun's last rays. You can see no way to reach the top storey of the tower. If you decide to stay in the dark and look for one, turn to **183**. If you decide to return to the first-floor room, turn to **109**.

270

The Slave Warriors continue to march along the ridge towards you. You dare not try to enter the valley – they would know that you were not one of them and could capture you as you attempted to push into the jungle. You continue with your pretence, marching slowly in front of the Slave Warrior patrol. They are gaining on you, but you dare not run. You see another squad marching towards you from the other direction. As you are caught between the two groups, you realize that none of them has been fooled by your play-acting. You are surrounded. Turn to **328**.

271

The third inn that you visit, a small establishment within the old walls and in the shadow of the castle, has room for you. It costs 1 Gold Piece, which you pay gladly, to spend the night on a straw mattress in an attic.

You sleep well and wake in the morning feeling very hungry. If you do not eat, you will lose 4 points from your STAMINA! You can avoid this by eating one meal from your Provisions, if you have any. Alternatively, if you have money, you can obtain an

excellent breakfast from the innkeeper at the cost of another 1 Gold Piece. If you have neither Provisions nor money, you must either deduct 4 STAMINA points or go out and beg for food in the streets. Make all necessary adjustments to your *Adventure Sheet*, and then turn to **61** – unless you are going to beg for food, in which case turn to **223**.

272

Your backpack is moving! You look inside: the Pteranodon's egg is vibrating violently. You lift it and place it on the ground. Cracks appear on the shell; a beak appears; then the egg bursts apart and a tiny Pteranodon stares up at you. It spreads its wings, hops up and down, and then opens its beak and lets out an ear-splitting screech. It is hungry. If you give it a meal from your Provisions, turn to **112**. If you have no Provisions, or do not wish to waste any on a baby pterosaur, turn to **7**.

273

Snuffling as it scurries along, the Armoured Mole heads unerringly towards you.

ARMOURED MOLE SKILL 4 STAMINA 10

Because of the darkness and the confined space, your SKILL is reduced by 2 points for the duration of this fight. If you defeat the mole, you may continue your search of the cellar. You find nothing of value, but there is enough unspoilt food to provide you with Provisions for two meals. You can take these if you wish – note them on your *Adventure Sheet*. You

climb out of the cellar into the relatively light and airy first-floor room. Turn to 359.

274

The wooden tongue withdraws into the statue's mouth, which clicks shut. You are standing on the altar, trying to pull out one of the gems on the idol's face, when you see a movement in the darkness at the back of the temple. 'Desecration!' a voice echoes round the roof. 'Can the Mad God never rest?'

You run, but a vast multi-fingered hand blocks your way; you see a huge foot on each side of the altar. You look up and cry out in terror as a hundred eyes glare down at you from a head that touches the roof. You feel yourself pulled upwards towards the great face with its glittering array of eyes. Closer . . . you are embedded in the god's cold skin. You struggle to turn, to look down at the temple floor.

You have been transformed: the Mad God now has another eye, and you will see for him until the end of time.

275

The door opens before you have time to knock on it twice. From the darkness inside the hut, four eyes gleam at you. Two of them belong to a grim-looking Dwarf; the other two, even more belligerent, are those of a white parrot-like bird sitting on the Dwarf's shoulder, its long tail-feathers curled round his neck. The Dwarf is holding a long-poled boat-hook which he pushes up to your throat. 'I'm the boatman,' he says. 'What are you after?' You ask for passage downriver. You say that you will pay in coin or in hard work. The Dwarf is not interested. 'What's the use of money? There's nothing to buy any more. And I don't want to take off down that river. Now if you've got some grub – why, I'd sell you one of me boats for a decent meal. We haven't eaten in days, have we, Pol?'

If you want to give him some of your Provisions in return for a boat, turn to 323. If not, the Dwarf stands guard over his boats as you continue your journey along the riverside path. Turn to 79.

276

In this moment of calm, you tell the woman again that you mean her no harm. She replies in an archaic dialect of your own tongue. 'You kill my enemies; you are therefore my friend. I have seen only enemies since I was brought to this foul place. I am Anxis the Hunter, Queen of the People. Quickly, unlock these manacles; give me that creature's sword. That's it; hurry! You must help me to finish Horfak the Tyrant. The People had lived at peace in this land for thousands of years – and then Horfak arrived through the Sacred Cave, bringing death and destruction to our world. The gateway from your world has become an evil thing; all beings coming here through it since Horfak have been half-dead things under his command, like this Dwarf here. Horfak built this palace in the middle of

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SLAVE WARRIOR	5	7
Second SLAVE WARRIOR	4	7

As you desperately parry their blows, you hear the hopeless cries of the camp-dwellers as the Slave Warrior army launches its attack. If you win this fight, you see more of your skeletal opponents stalking through the forest towards you. You make a run for it; eventually, although you have lost your bearings, you are sure you have shaken off your pursuers. Turn to **2**.

281

The body of the Giant Watersnail sinks slowly to the bottom of the pool. With shaking hands, you put your boots back on – and look up sharply as you hear noises above you. Slave Warriors – dozens of them – are staring down at you from the ridges that enclose the pool. You turn to scramble back up the course of the stream, but other Slave Warriors, careless of their unfeeling bodies, are throwing themselves down the steep slopes to cut off your escape. Others tumble down behind you. You are soon surrounded and, although you fight, you are outnumbered. Turn to **328**.

282

The Goblins have no stomach for this fight, and are slow and disorganized. You find that you can fight them one at a time: you fight the first Goblin until you wound him, whereupon he drops back to nurse his injury and you face the second Goblin; when he is wounded, you face the third, and so on.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	4
Second GOBLIN	6	4
Third GOBLIN	6	3

If you survive until you have inflicted wounds on the Goblins amounting to a total of 8 points of STAMINA, the Goblins surrender at this point. They throw their loot to the ground and run off into the forest. You can pick up 6 Gold Pieces.

You can now either return to your boat, cast off from the jetty, and let the current take you downstream (turn to **104**), or walk in the same general direction along the riverside path (turn to **50**).

283

Clouds of darkness close round you from all sides. Your lights seem as dim as distant stars seen through fog; and as the torch that you are holding aloft in your right hand is snuffed out, the cloak of blackness begins to wrap itself round your body. Shuddering in the grip of the unearthly cold, you attempt to relight the torch. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **63**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **374**.

284

The torch falls from Azudraz's metal hand and drops on to one of the paper fuses. Tongues of flame run in one direction towards one of the sacks of Igneolite and, in the other, towards the mass of crumpled paper where all the fuses meet. You cannot put out the fire; you must leave the building. Turn to **45**.

285

Dozens of pairs of dry, leathery lips nuzzle your face. You manage to remain motionless. After what seems like an eternity, the suckered tentacles relax and the heavy weight of the creature's body slithers down your legs. You remove the blindfold and stare at the hideous monstrosity that has been crawling all over you.

'Well done!' says Gloten. 'Seven of you have passed that test. The animal is a Saltsucker, and perfectly harmless as long as you keep still. The second part of the tournament will test your wits. One of you at a time, please; and, Margrave, your assistance would be appreciated. Thank you. Now then; as you probably know, in Kleinkastel's coinage, 2 Brass Pieces are worth 1 Silver Piece, and 2 Silver Pieces are worth 1 Gold Piece. I have six coins, worth a total of 3 Gold Pieces. I will give two coins to one of you; two coins to the Margrave; and I will keep two coins myself. The Margrave's coins are of two different types; my coins are both of the same type. What type of coins have I got?'

The coins you have been given are both Brass Pieces. Will you answer 'Silver Pieces' (turn to **147**) or 'Gold Pieces' (turn to **6**)?

Under the stars you search the grasslands until you find the pile of round boulders. You sense the presence of animals grazing on the plains, but you wriggle down out of sight and into a comfortable position. You sleep; and you wake to find the sun high in the sky. As you stretch your limbs, you realize with some amusement that you are not in a pile of boulders at all: the hard round shapes are large eggs. You have spent the night in a nest. Your smile fades as a shadow falls across you, and you look up into the angry eyes of the nest's guardian – an adult Triceratops. Its three-horned head is as long as you are; each of its four legs is as tall as you. It is the size of a small house. You must fight it.

TRICERATOPS SKILL 8 STAMINA 18

Your weapon has little impact on the leathery hide – deduct only 1 point of STAMINA each time you wound it. Its horns and tail are formidable weapons – deduct 3 points from your STAMINA each time it wounds you. If you are still alive after six rounds of combat, you are relieved to hear shouts: the town's ceremonial hunt has arrived, and the warriors salute your bravery as they join in the attack. Surrounded, the Triceratops is soon overwhelmed and slaughtered. Turn to **390**.

287

You run between two wooden huts and on into the safety of the forest. The sounds of pursuit soon die away behind you, and you rest in the forest for some time. Then, keeping out of sight of the village, you cut a trail eastwards, and eventually rejoin the main path that you had been on before you entered the village. Turn to **11**.

288

As you cling to the rock with the tips of your fingers and toes, you feel your strength failing. You reach for the next hand-hold, but slither down the cliff and land on the riverside path. The number you have just made a note of is the number of STAMINA points you must lose. If you are still alive, you have no choice but to drag yourself along the path, in front of the mouth of the cave. Turn to **246**.

289

You take a deep breath and step into the blackness between the towering uprights. Your previous mental torment was nothing compared to this: you are assailed by a malignant will that invades your mind, sweeping aside your flimsy objections and denials as it pursues your frantic spirit deeper and deeper into the recesses of your brain. Only the strongest of wills can survive the onslaught of the Portal's coercive power. A Ring of Zombie Warding will help. If you have one, turn to **96**; if not, turn to **188**.

290

You reach out to feel the silvery filaments that outline the sides of the spectral ladder. Your fingers touch – nothing; but a searing pain rips through your body and you cannot move your hands from the moonlit object. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The pain passes; you shake your head, look again at the ladder – and it is now clearly made of real, solid wood. You test a rung – it takes your weight. You mount to the ceiling, where you find a concealed trapdoor. You push it open and climb through to the tower's top storey.

You are in a belvedere, a once-beautiful viewing platform with graceful open arches supporting a high-domed roof. The stonework is deteriorating: chunks of the roof and the parapet are missing. The shattered remains of the furniture have been gathered together in a corner. The heap looks almost like an enormous bird's nest – and just as you start to approach it you hear the flapping of huge wings. If you decide to leave at this point, you can descend to the first-floor room – turn to **109**. If you prefer to wait for the nest's owner, turn to **53**.

291

As a warrior of the tribe, you are free to do as you please. Several of the townsfolk see you leave your hut, but they merely call out greetings to you. The gate in the town wall is guarded, but the sentry unbolts the doors for you and claps you on the back as you go through. You stumble down the hill and into the jungle. Dawn is still hours away, and you make slow progress in the darkness. You emerge at last on to a broad plain. In the distance ahead of you, there is a ridge of low hills, which you head for. You pass a pile of boulders that you think you could shelter in, and perhaps get some sleep, until daybreak; but you press on. After some time you come to a wide, well-used track which you reckon is the main road leading to the Portal. You cross it quickly, not wishing to meet a squad of Slave Warriors, and climb the ridge beyond it. You look down into a grassy valley, dotted with clumps of trees, that narrows towards your right – the direction that leads away from the Portal. A cluster of rocks forms a shelter in which you could rest until dawn; will you stay here, and walk up the valley in the morning (turn to **348**); or will you return to the pile of boulders (turn to **286**)?

292

'You have made a wise choice, my friend,' says the man, as about a dozen roughly dressed men and women, armed with axes and staves, converge on you from all sides of the clearing. 'Now then: why are you here in the forest?'

You describe your incredible meeting with the talking Spinosaurus, and explain that you are looking for Gartax. The man is not impressed. 'Gartax? He's no more than a brigand, from what I've heard, and the rabble that follow him are worse. You haven't answered my question: you're a trained fighter – what are you doing in this part of the world?'

If you reply that you are on your way to Kleinkastel in response to Gloten's appeal for help in investigating the mysterious occurrences in the forest, turn to **90**. If you say that you're a free-booting adventurer who just happened to be in the area, turn to **216**.

293

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **114**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **128**.

294

The dark-skinned horsemen surround you. The saddles and bridles of their ponies are decorated with coloured ribbons, and the Southerners' robes are covered with silk sashes and ornate bandoliers of throwing knives. They are bandits; each holds a curved scimitar. From your previous adven-

tures you have learnt to understand a little of the Southerners' tongue and so are able to follow him when their leader speaks: 'Look at this! A real person for a change. These are hard times for a gang of honest thieves, my friend. The pickings have been poor of late – there's no one in the forest but frightened Goblins and those grey-faced shrivelled-up Zombies. But maybe our luck's changed! Let's have a look at what you've got in that backpack. Come on, empty it out – and empty your purse too!'

Will you obey his instructions (turn to **8**), or will you draw your sword and fight (turn to **391**)?

295

As you continue along the corridor, you pass more open doors and empty cells. Then you reach another bolted door. This one has no spy-hole. Will you unbolt the door and enter (turn to **237**); or continue along the corridor (turn to **364**)?

296

The arm-rest is heavy and the hinge is stiff, but you manage to pull the left arm of the chair to an upright position. Nothing happens. You pull on the right arm; as you do so, you feel movement in the base of the chair. Looking down, you see that the front of the plinth on which the chair stands has opened outwards; as you jump down from the seat, you see that the plinth is hollow. It contains a wooden box. You are about to pull the box out of its hiding-place towards you when you hear footsteps approaching. You must not be discovered as a thief. Frantically, you wrench at the arm-rests, trying to pull them back down. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you succeed in restoring the chair to its original appearance. Turn to **211**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **317**.

297

With surprising speed, some of the Dryads run to head you off while others move to cut off your retreat. You find yourself at the centre of a circle of unsmiling elfin brown faces. You try to fight your way out, but you find that Dryads have very tough skin, and your attack serves only to anger them. They close in, their thin fingers tearing at your body and gouging your face and throat. You have no chance to escape.

298

You squeeze through the doorway into a narrow tunnel that twists and turns sharply before widening into a large chamber. It is completely dark, but you can hear something moving in the chamber. It is a Troglodyte, and it can see very well in the dark. It attacks. You cannot see your opponent or the way out of the underground chamber – reduce your SKILL by 3 points for the duration of this fight.

TROGLODYTE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 8

If you win, you locate the dim glimmer that indicates the way out of the chamber, and you emerge, blinking, into daylight. You can either climb to the

top of the mound – turn to **103**; or return to the hillside path and descend into the forest – turn to **144**

299

While the Dwarf examines the contents of your backpack, you stare in amazement at the strange creature called Gluda. It looks a bit like a lizard – but it walks on its hind legs and stands as tall as its Dwarf keeper. Its front legs are like short arms, with claw-tipped fingers, while its powerful back legs have even larger claws. It opens its mouth, revealing yellow fangs, and speaks! 'What are you staring at, mud-brain?'

'Don't mind him, Gluda,' says the Dwarf. 'You've got to expect people to look at you a bit now that you've . . . changed. What about this backpack? Not worth the leather it's made of. Let's have that sword instead – or I'll set Gluda on you.' He throws your backpack towards you, and you catch it. If you refuse to surrender your sword, turn to **342**. If you give the Dwarf your sword, he will leave you and you can go back to sleep, but you must reduce your SKILL by 4 points when in combat until you acquire another weapon – turn to **380**.

300

Wood Elves are renowned archers. Before you can reach the edge of the clearing, an arrow embeds itself in your calf. You collapse, clutching your leg. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The Wood Elves seem determined that you should not escape. You struggle to your feet to ask them their purpose. Turn to **42**.

301

However much you twist and turn, you cannot reach your scabbard. Your limbs are covered in glutinous slime, and it is all you can do to prevent the creature's tongue rolling you up into a helpless bundle. You struggle and kick, and you hope that as you are drawn near the Stegocephalian's face you will be able to land a blow on one of its huge luminous eyes. This will be a desperate fight. Deduct from your SKILL score the number that you rolled on the die, to take account of your helpless position; then deduct a further 4 points from your SKILL because you are fighting without a sword. If this reduces your SKILL to less than 1 point, turn to **3** Otherwise, turn to **94**.

302

In the midst of your agony you hear a frantic twittering. In their cages on the floor by your feet, the two tiny birds are fluttering in panic. You realize that the shape-changing power of the Portal is being dissipated, spread across three living beings. But the

pressure on your body is increasing, and the pain is almost more than you can bear. You grit your teeth and knot your muscles, determined to hold your body's shape.

Roll one die twice. If the total is higher than your current SKILL score, turn to **87**; if the total is the same as, or lower than, your SKILL, turn to **133**.

303

All the huts are similar in both construction and their contents. They are simple wooden buildings with only one or two rooms each. Each contains only a few rugs, straw mattresses, and pots and pans. Food, clothing and valuables have been taken away – if not by the villagers themselves when they left, then by gangs of Goblins, bandits or soldiers. Among the items that remain are a length of stout rope, a bundle of torches (dried rushes bound together and soaked in wax and pitch) and a miner's helmet. This last object looks very like a warrior's helm, but with the addition of a lantern fixed at the front; the lantern has a little door that opens to reveal that the inside surface of the lamp is brilliantly reflective metal which magnifies the light cast by the lantern's flame. The source of the flame would normally be a short candle – but this is missing. If you have a candle-stub with you, you will find that it fits perfectly, and that the miner's helmet will provide you with light in dark places, while leaving both your hands free. You may keep any or all of the items that you find in the village (make any additions to your *Adventure Sheet*); you then leave, continuing along your eastward path. Turn to **11**.

304

Lacking the pickpocketing skills of a sneak thief, you will have to attempt a straightforward purse snatch. You select your victim: a portly merchant, puffing along a quiet alley. You must barge into him, tear his purse from his belt, and run from the scene of the crime as fast as your legs can carry you. Roll two dice. If the total is less than your SKILL score, turn to **250**. If the total is equal to or higher than your SKILL, turn to **159**.

305

Trapped in a Slave Warrior's bony embrace, you can only wriggle your limbs helplessly as you are carried to the edge of the pit. Then the Slave Warrior lets go. You drop to the stone floor of the pit. Roll one die – the result is the number of points of STAMINA that you lose in your fall. If you are still alive, you are lying alongside one of the Tyrannosaurus's feet – it is almost as long as you are tall. You pull yourself upright: your head reaches to the top of the monster's thigh. You look up and see that the walls of the pit are twice your height; the Tyrannosaurus's great head is higher still, and the beast is looking down at you with keen interest. It decides to kill you and eat you. You must try to defend yourself, but this will not be a normal fight. Any weapon that you use has almost no effect; the dinosaur's hide is as tough as a coat of mail. All you can do is scurry about the floor, dodging the monster's stamping feet and snapping jaws, and trying to reach a narrow slit at the bottom of part of the wall that is the only exit from the pit. Roll one die. The result is the number of times that you must roll two dice and compare the result with your SKILL; each time the result of the dice-roll exceeds your SKILL, deduct 4 points from your STAMINA as you are crushed against the wall by the Tyrannosaurus's leg or raked by its teeth and claws. If you survive, turn to **39**.

306

You run towards the black humanoid shape and, as it stands motionless, you hurl yourself at it. Your outstretched hands meet no resistance and darkness surrounds you as you fall headlong *into* the blackness of the being's body. It consists of nothing; it is a void, a bottomless pit, into which you fall for ever more.

307

Clouds of darkness close round you from all sides. Your lights seem as dim as distant stars seen through fog; but the darkness cannot quite quench them, cannot quite surround you with the absolute blackness of death. A coldness sits in the centre of your body and benumbs every sense; visions of destruction and decay float before your eyes. But your lights remain aflame, and at last they begin to flicker a little more strongly. The shadows begin to retreat. You have survived the Portal's final attack. Turn to **14**.

308

Like a monstrous flightless bird, the horned Oviraptor charges towards you as you stand with drawn sword at the end of the jetty. The Goblins stay by the house to watch the fight.

OVIRAPTOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you can jump into your boat, cast off from the jetty, and allow the current to take you downstream – turn to **104**. Alternatively, you can advance towards the three Goblins – turn to **232**.

309

You are in the topmost part of the Elves' tree-home, and during the first part of your descent there are enough branches to provide plenty of hand-holds. You also make use of some of the ramps and steps that the Elves have built to link their dwellings. The illusion that the Elf Queen cast on you has now dissipated, and every Elf that you glimpse as you tiptoe past open doorways and windows has clearly been enslaved and turned into a Slave Warrior. It seems that all the Wood Elves are now in thrall to the evil power that you hope to find and defeat.

Lower down the tree, there are fewer branches, and no helpful Elvish constructions. You are forced to jump from limb to limb, and eventually you fall. Roll three dice; if the total exceeds your SKILL, the difference between them is the number of points of STAMINA that you must deduct as you crash through the tree's branches on your way to the forest floor. If you are still alive when you hit the ground, turn to **293**.

310

The camp, which occupies a large clearing, is a collection of old tents and rickety wooden shelters huddling around a central enclosure where pack-animals are tethered. Sentries stand guard outside the circle of shelters, while others sit in the branches of the surrounding trees. They look tense and tired, but Gartax's return cheers everyone in the camp. You can see at once that very few of the people are

trained fighters, although each of them, down to the youngest child, carries some sort of weapon: a flail, a pitchfork or a broom-handle.

Gartax invites you to his tent, where he tells you that he believes an attack to be imminent and confesses that he is doubtful whether he has enough armed warriors to defend the camp. He begs you to stay until his people are ready for the final stage of their trek out of the forest. Will you stay with Gartax and help to defend the camp? If so, turn to **132**. Or will you insist on continuing your journey, and walk away into the depths of the forest (turn to **2**)?

311

Too many sharp blades have nicked your limbs; too many minor wounds are pulsing with pain all over your body. You cannot bear the thought of standing still, helplessly rigid, as the laughing warriors take turns to hurl badly aimed death at you. An axe hurtles towards your head – and you duck. The crowd is suddenly silent; the warriors turn to the Shaman, who gives a signal. You have failed the Ordeal. With grim faces, the warriors resume throwing their weapons – but now you are a target to be hit, not missed. There is no escape. Soon your head is decorating the eaves of the town's meeting-place.

312

At dawn, you stand on top of the stone shelter and look again in all directions. You confirm your fears: you can continue your southward journey only by reboarding your boat and braving the rapids. You are very hungry, and you must eat to maintain your strength. Consume one meal from your Provisions, or deduct 4 points from your STAMINA.

Now you must decide. Will you retrace your steps and return to your boat, untie it from the jetty, and allow yourself to be carried downstream by the current? If so, turn to **104**. Or will you abandon the boat and head north on foot, trekking upstream on the eastern bank of the river that you boated down yesterday? If so, turn to **278**.

313

As gently as you can, you take hold of the talisman's leather cord and pull it over the head of the sleeping Elf. He cries out once, and then his body slumps. You fear that he is dead; after you shake him, however, he wakes suddenly and starts back as he catches sight of the talisman hanging on its cord. He snatches it from your hand and dashes it to the floor. He takes a deep breath then says: 'A thousand thanks, my friend. Just in time you have saved me from perpetual slavery, an existence worse than any death. All my tribe are lost, subject to the tyrant Warlord and that dread Portal below the earth. I must warn the humans in Kleinkastel: our Queen

plans to continue the illusion spell that conceals the true nature of the Wood Elves. She will march the entire tribe to meet the free humans, as if in friendship, and then at the Warlord's bidding the Wood Elves will strike. Follow me; there is another sentry at the foot of these stairs. He will suspect me less than you.'

You follow the Elf down through the darkness; when you emerge from the bottom of the tree into the open forest, you find an Elven Slave Warrior lying senseless on the leaf-strewn ground. The Elf you saved has disappeared towards Kleinkastel, and you decide to do likewise, but in the opposite direction. Turn to 150.

314

If you have defeated Gloten, you find that he is not a good loser. He refuses to shake your hand and claims that he was not on his best form today, on account of a slight fever. He insists that despite your performance you must still prove yourself in the tournament. Turn to 52.

If you are the loser, turn to 389.

315

You twist the hilt of your sword, and the room fills with steam as you apply the blade to the wall of ice. Puddles grow on the flagstones as your sword slices through the ice, and the door is soon revealed. You push it open, step through, and close it behind you. As you secure it by sliding iron bolts into place, you hear the Slave Warriors enter the ice room; they cannot follow you now. You have time to eat a meal from your Provisions and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. In front of you stretches a corridor lined with torches. You walk towards the far end of it. Turn to 372.

316

You find the old alchemist struggling with a pile of small sacks. 'There you are!' he says. 'I was beginning to think you'd got stuck somewhere!' His laughter has a manic ring which disquiets you. 'When you've shifted all those nuggets, you can give me a hand with these little sacks. Give me a hand! That's a good one! Hee-hee-hee!' It takes you only a few more minutes to load all the nuggets into

the tank. 'This is the second stage of the storage process,' Azudraz explains. 'The powder in these sacks is an invention of mine which I call Igneolite. It will stop anyone getting into this building. If you'll carry on placing sacks all round the walls of both rooms, I'll organize the central fuse. Igneolite goes to work when touched by fire. But when we and the gold are safely tucked away in here, who will look after the birds?' Azudraz begins to weep.

You are becoming convinced that he is insane. As he starts to connect the sacks together with paper fuses, you take one of the small packages of Igneolite and put it in your backpack. Then you have to decide: will you leave now (turn to **45**) or will you continue to assist the old alchemist with his scheme (turn to **361**)?

317

Gloten enters the room, to find his secret treasure cache opened and you struggling with the levers that control the mechanism. He calls for his servants, and you are soon surrounded. 'Brave and clever as you are,' he declares, 'you are clearly an unprincipled and ungrateful wretch. You have abused my hospitality. I should turn you over to the Margrave and his brutal form of justice; but you are a strong warrior, and you deserve better than to rot in a dungeon. Get out of my house; get out of Kleinkastel. Go into the forest, where you may be able to redeem yourself by combating this rising evil. No doubt you will die, but at least it will be an honourable death.'

There is nothing for you to do but obey. Turn to **268**.

318

You stroll across the clearing, enjoying the feel of soft grass beneath your feet. You reach the grove of slender trees, and you stop in surprise as one by one a dozen delicate, graceful forms run from between the trees and form a circle round you. They are tall, with dark brown skin, green hair, and green clothes made of leaves. They look like Lignia, younger; they are Dryads, tree-spirits, and they seek revenge for your attack on their guardian. Their unsmiling elfin faces close in on you. You try to fight your way out, but Dryads, like Lignia, are tough creatures. Your attacks have little effect, and soon their thin fingers are tearing at your body and gouging your face and throat. There is no escape.

The uphill path rounds a bend, and you are looking at the scene of a battle. The next hill, a little higher than its neighbours, has been raised higher still by the addition of an artificial mound on its summit. The mound itself is crowned with an enormous statue of a ferociously ugly being which you recognize as a Goblin deity. The eight-armed statue, seated but in a warlike pose, glitters in the sunlight as if its surfaces were covered with gems. The mound has doorways near its base, and is evidently the home of a tribe of Goblins; they are on the hillside, defending their home against a band of Troglodytes. These attackers are like no creatures you have seen before, and you suspect that they may come from the same source as the long-extinct reptilian animals you have been encountering; clearly, they live underground, as their skin and hair are colourless, and their huge blank eyes are not accustomed to sunlight. They walk upright and use spiked clubs, but they are not truly humanoid: their legs are scaly, and terminate in claws like a bird's, while their heads have bony crests. They are bigger than the Goblins, and they are winning the battle. Will you wait where you are until the fighting is over (turn to **161**), or will you advance towards the fray (turn to **267**)?

320

The monster and the Elf woman have fought off the other soldier, whom you see limping away between the trees. The monster is very badly wounded, and seems to be near death. It is not surprising that you have never seen anything like it before: it is a Spinosaurus, an animal that became extinct millions of years ago. You ask the Elf woman where it came from, but it is the Spinosaurus itself that replies. 'I can speak for myself, warrior,' it says. 'I was once an Elf, although I myself find it hard to believe. My entire hunting party was captured by a horde of cursed Slave Warriors. They took us underground, and put us one by one through the dread Portal. All my comrades were overcome, their willpower broken, and they became mindless slaves of the Portal, or of whoever controls it. I resisted; I would not let my mind be wiped clean. I lost consciousness and, when I awoke, I was – as you see me. There are others like me. Many have gone mad This foul body I inhabit is, I believe, of a sort that is common on the other side of the Portal; but only the Portal's slaves may go there. No one knows the extent of this evil – except perhaps Gartax. But you must be gone; the forest is a deadly place now.'

Will you hurriedly rejoin the path and continue towards Kleinkastel (turn to **143**); or will you try to find out more about Gartax (turn to **74**)?

321

Intent on dodging the acidic grubs that leap from the Metamaggot's body as you attempt to slice it into fragments, you fail to notice that the noise of your struggle has attracted spectators. You glance up from your fight to see that a troop of the Margrave's soldiers have entered the tavern. They move in to dispose of the Metamaggot, and then take you prisoner. You are escorted outside at sword-point. Turn to **255**.

322

You enter the tangled vegetation of the jungle just in time; you can hear the sound of marching feet on the main path behind you. Surrounded by vast trees, many of them strange, fern-headed cylinders of mossy wood, you marvel at the bizarre creatures that dart across your path: giant insects, spiked and horned reptiles, and some furry and hairy animals that resemble those of Khul. The path forks: the right branch leads to a collection of tumble-down stone buildings; the left branch leads up a hill from which the jungle plants have been cleared, and on top of which you can see a settlement of stone huts, surrounded by a stone wall. Will you take the right-hand path (turn to **245**) or the left-hand path (turn to **140**)?

323

You open your backpack and give the Dwarf enough food for a good meal. (Deduct 1 Provision from your *Adventure Sheet*.) The Dwarf begins to push chunks of dry bread into his mouth with machine-like speed and regularity. When he slows down he remembers to crumble some of the food for his pet bird. Between mouthfuls he manages spurts of conversation. 'Been here since the early days of the gold-diggings. Never known it so quiet. Time was, we had nothing to worry about but the Goblins and a few raiders from down south. Now there's beasts in the woods bigger than I've ever seen, and things that come up to the door of a night and talk with human voices – but they're not human. And them mad fighters with the shrivelled-up faces and staring eyes! I keep myself locked in here. But if you want to go off down the river, that's your look-out. Take whichever boat you like, and watch out for the rapids – the skiff'll break up for sure on the rocks, and you'll be lucky to get over in one piece even in the punt.'

You thank him for the advice and go to untie a boat. Make a note of which one you take. Turn to **227**.

324

With the grace of a dancer, the woman steps towards you, her ankle-chains clinking and a half-smile on her lips. She stands in front of you and raises her arms; suddenly with a clash of metal she strikes her manacles together and, with a low, cat-like roar, she attacks, using the loop of chain as a flail aimed at your head. You jump back, perplexed. The noise of her attack could attract unwanted attention. Will you leave this room, bolt the door once more, and continue along the corridor (turn to **364**); or will you stay in the room, retreating from the woman's attacks while trying to calm her (turn to **34**)?

325

At the edge of the platform, you look down to see the rope-ladder rolling itself upwards towards you. You cannot descend from the platform. Behind you, Lignia has recommenced her incantation. Will you wait until she finishes it (turn to **381**); or will you silence her by attacking her (turn to **16**)?

326

As you follow it towards its source, the stream becomes a trickle and eventually disappears in an overgrown dell. Ahead of you the terrain is hilly, and the forest undulates towards the mountains, which now seem close. You stand under the canopy of a tree, uncertain whether to go on or turn back. Raindrops drip through the leaves on to your hair and clothing. And then you remember: no rain is falling. You look up; the liquid is issuing from large purple blooms at the top of the tree. A drop falls on to your outstretched hand: it is sticky, and it stings. You are beneath the branches of a carnivorous Graptor Tree; the liquid is poisonous and slows

your reactions. The earth moves beneath your feet, and woody fingers of root reach through the soil to encircle your legs and draw nutrients from your flesh. You must fight these moving roots; because of the poison, you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL each Attack Round until the fight is over.

GRAPTOR TREE SKILL 5 STAMINA 9

If you win, you can crawl away from the overhanging branches and recover from the effects of the poison. Your SKILL returns to normal. Will you now retrace your steps along the bank of the rivulet and follow it downstream (turn to 57) or advance through the forest towards the wooded hills (turn to 22)?

327

As you wander about the village and chat with the soldiers, it becomes clear that they do not know exactly what they are searching for. Some say Goblins, others bandits and renegade miners, while the sergeant seems intent on finding what he calls 'unnatural and abominable beasties'. A small reptilian creature is found and slaughtered; an argument breaks out over a sty full of pigs, with some soldiers wanting to take them home for bacon, while others insist on killing them at once in case they are possessed by demons. All the soldiers are very disgruntled because they can find no gold or other valuables.

Eventually they march off into the forest. Do you continue your eastward journey (turn to 11); or do you decide to stay in the village a little longer and search it quickly yourself (turn to 303)?

328

Something heavy strikes your skull. A pain explodes inside your head; and then you feel nothing at all as you fall into unconsciousness. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, eventually you wake up. Your head throbs; you feel sick. You are moving, lurching from side to side. You are being carried – you must be over someone's shoulder, as your head seems to be swinging very close to marching feet. You make no sign that you have come to your senses, and you try surreptitiously to look from side to side. You are being carried along a gloomy corridor by one of a squad of Slave Warriors. They reach a wide, light area, where you are thrown on to the stone floor. You wince with pain, but manage to stifle a cry. You look sideways, across the floor, and see massive reptilian eyes staring at you from a nightmare head as big as a cart and only a few yards away. It is the head of a Tyrannosaurus, the most feared of all dinosaurs; its mouth gapes to reveal rows of long thin fangs, each the size of a sword – and as sharp. You are close to the rim of the pit, a pikestaff's depth, in which it is kept; the Slave Warriors are about to throw you in as a snack for the monster. Will you try to jump up and run away (turn to 219); or shout for help (turn to 98); or continue pretending to be unconscious (turn to 305)?

329

There is a liquid noise in the depths of the cave, and a wide black membrane flaps towards you, unrolling like a glistening carpet. It slaps against you with such speed that for a moment you are sure you will be knocked into the water; but the black surface is covered with thick gum, and you stick to it. You are pulled into the darkness of the cave, where you see two huge round eyes and, beneath them, a gaping mouth. The black membrane is the creature's tongue; you are its breakfast. This huge toad-like monster is a Stegocephalian; you have never seen anything like it before. You struggle to free your sword-arm before you can be folded between the loose-skinned jaws. Roll one die. Make a note of the number that you roll. If you roll a 6, turn to **3**. If you roll 4 or 5, turn to **301**. If you roll 1, 2 or 3, turn to **207**.

330

'What's this?' Horfak hisses as you push the mirror in front of his eyes. 'You have the audacity to bring this thing . . .' His voice fades as he stares at his own reflection. He moves a hand up to his face and touches the distended flesh. A low moan issues from his swollen lips, and his body seems to shrink as he stumbles backwards. The black lightning falters and then disappears from his arms. Horfak clutches his great head between his hands, and shouts into the air: 'What have you done to me? You

didn't tell me it would get worse! I won't be part of you any more. Leave me! Get out of my brain! No! No – not that! No –' Horfak's voice is cut off and his body stiffens. His eyes stare ahead and his limbs begin to move in the mechanical manner of the Slave Warriors. Horfak has been taken over by the Portal. You hear the People cheer as the Slave Warriors, no longer helped by Horfak's will, become slower and easier to fight; you face what remains of Horfak.

HORFAK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win this fight, the victorious People hail you as their hero. But you know that the Portal still exists. To save Khul you must try to destroy it. You make for the Sacred Cave. Turn to **369**.

331

The game is very simple: the bandits take your sword, and scratch a mark on the flat of one side of the blade. The bandits' own swords are already marked in the same way. Their leader will hold all six swords in his two hands and hurl them into the air. Before doing so, he drops your Gold Pieces into a large sack.

'We count the number of marked sides that land uppermost,' he says, 'and the number of unmarked sides. If there are more marked sides, we keep the sack – and what's in it. If there are more unmarked, you keep it and the money inside it.' You ask what happens if there are the same number of marked and unmarked sides. 'Why, we play again!' shouts the bandit leader. 'We increase the stakes, we put more in the sack, and we play again!'

Roll one die six times. If you roll more odd numbers than even, turn to **157**; if more even than odd, turn to **248**; if you roll three odd and three even, turn to **121**.

332

You put your torch to the top of the sack, then step back as a cloud of Igneolite powder surrounds the huge stone blocks. You hear a hissing, bubbling noise as the dust begins to turn the Portal into molten rock – but then flashes of black lightning crackle round the stones, and the Igneolite powder drifts to the ground. A figure appears on the other side of the stone gateway – humanoid, but with a huge, bulbous blob of a head. Its voice echoes round the cave. 'A foolish attempt. I am Horfak, Warlord, and soon to be Emperor of all Khul. I am the Portal's chosen vessel of power: while I live, the Portal cannot be destroyed. Come! Come through the Portal; come and join my invincible army. Put down your weapon; put down your flame; put down your possessions. Enter; and surrender to my will.'

You try to resist, but cannot. You end your life as a Slave Warrior.

333

The camp, which occupies a large clearing, is a collection of old tents and rickety wooden shelters huddling round a central enclosure where pack-animals are tethered. Sentries stand guard outside the circle of shelters, while others sit in the branches of the surrounding trees. They look tense and tired.

You are taken to the animal fodder tent and, still bound, are thrown on to a heap of straw. You try to make yourself comfortable. You doze.

You are woken by the sounds of conflict. The camp has been attacked. You can make out nothing except that the battle is fierce – and going against the defenders. Suddenly a sword slices through the canvas of your prison. A warrior strides in and surveys the interior of the tent. He is thin and grey-complexioned, and is dressed in rags. He says nothing, and you notice that his face is blank – almost literally featureless, as if his nose and mouth had shrunk. If you want to try to attract his attention, turn to **193**. If you decide to keep still, turn to **46**.

334

You follow Anxis into the corridor and up a flight of stairs. You emerge into a wide corridor: you are in front of a big wooden door guarded by two of the largest Slave Warriors you have yet seen. 'This is the entrance to Horfak's chamber,' says Anxis. 'All we have to do is dispose of these two buffoons, and then he is ours! I'll take this one that looks like a cross between an Orc and a Cave Giant; you deal with the musclebound military type.' With a ferocity that would unnerve any opponent other than a Slave Warrior, Anxis launches herself at the huge guard. You advance on the other, who was once in the Margrave's elite infantry regiment.

SLAVE WARRIOR GUARD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

If you win the fight, you turn to see that Anxis has drawn her opponent away and is still involved in a furious battle. You turn back to the door, take a deep breath, and prepare to face Horfak. You push open the door, and walk through. Turn to **395**.

335

The Elves make no move to stop you as you reach into your backpack and find the phial of potion. You drink the bitter liquid, look around – and almost fall to your death as you stagger with shock. The narrow path along which the Elves' column marches is indeed winding between the forest trees – but the path is a magical, silvery ribbon that snakes upwards, through the treetops, towards the upper branches of the tall tree with lights in its branches. For a few moments you are lost in the wonder and beauty of the scene; then you turn to the Elf behind you and stifle a gasp of horror and fear. The appearance of the Elves is an illusion; the potion allows you to see them as they really are: thin, pallid, ragged

travesties of Elves, with blank eyes and mechanical movements, each wearing a shadow-shrouded stone talisman round his neck. They are all Slave Warriors. But you cannot escape now – the jump to the forest floor would mean your death. You must pretend that you are still deceived by their illusion, and escape at the first opportunity. Turn to **217**.

336

Waving your sword in the Goblins' general direction, you use your other hand to fumble in your pack, eventually extricating the letter from the Goblin King. Displaying the unfurled scroll at arm's length, you approach the Goblins.

At first they are suspicious. It seems that only one of them knows how to read. They talk among themselves and become very excited – but you know only a few words of their language and you cannot understand what they are saying. Using signs and hand-movements, they tell you that they want you to wait here while they take the letter to show to their leader. If you let them borrow the letter, turn to **29**. If you refuse to part with the letter, the Goblins become very angry. You can attack them (turn to **282**) or simply turn on your heel and walk away towards the riverside path (turn to **187**).

337

Your jump takes you clear of the Giant Centipede's long body and erect tail. Before the creature can turn, you run out of the gully and into the jungle. Turn to **9**.

338

The Scurrellors chase you, and you feel a knife-blade slice across your back. Lose 2 points from your STAMINA. In the forest you can outdistance your pursuers on the ground, but they take to the trees, jumping and swinging from branch to branch, and are able to keep up with you as well as pelt you with a steady rain of nuts and twigs. Eventually they tire of this activity, and you stop running. You try to orientate yourself: you think you have been running in a south-easterly direction. You are on a narrow trail that will take you further in the same direction, so you continue along it. Turn to **100**.

339

Gloten shakes your hand. 'Not bad, my friend,' he says, 'but not good enough. You are not to be the chosen Champion. But I implore you to stay with us; there is much to be done, and an army to be recruited. We need brave adventurers such as you.'

You are bitterly disappointed that you have failed in the tournament, and you are determined to prove your worth. You reply that you always travel and fight alone, and that you would not be of any help as

part of an army. As you stride towards the town gate, you make up your mind that, Champion or not, you will enter the forest to hunt for the Warlord of the Slave Warriors. Turn to 268.

340

Your will snaps. You scream in anguish and despair as you feel your memories being stripped away . . . and then you feel nothing at all. You cease to exist. You are a Slave Warrior, a mindless minion of the Warlord of the Portal.

341

You approach the darkness under the stairs. The edge of cloth that you saw looks less and less like a piece of carpet. Loose threads hanging from it are moving, as if in a draught of air – but you cannot detect a draught. And then the whole thing begins to slide towards you, and you see that it is a Dourma, a rare subterranean creature that you have heard described on Khul. It is nothing more than a flat expanse of flesh, with hundreds of tendrils on both sides; those on the underside serve as legs and feelers, while those on the upper surface have evolved into borers, cutters and suckers with which the Dourma kills, dissects and ingests its prey. It scuttles towards you, attracted by the heat of your body, and you prepare to defend yourself. You do not fight it for long, however; a squad of Slave Warriors has followed you down the stairs. Taking advantage of your distraction, they capture you, knock you senseless again, and carry you back to be a meal for the Tyrannosaurus. This time there is no escape.

342

Whatever Gluda was before she was . . . changed, she is now a Dromaeosaurus, one of the smallest of the long-extinct carnivorous dinosaurs. As you draw your sword the Dwarf steps back, and you face your terrible opponent's grasping talons, rending claws and fang-filled mouth.

DROMAEOSAURUS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you succeed in reducing Gluda's STAMINA to 2 points, she and the Dwarf will run away, leaving you in possession of both sword and backpack. There is nothing for you to do now but settle down again on the hard ground, and drift back into sleep. Turn to 380.

343

The two Goblin warriors eye you with suspicion as you approach; by the time you have dragged the dead Troglodytes to the hilltop mound, however, they understand that you have helped them by killing their enemies. They hold up their short-swords in salute, and you wave to them in reply. On the top of the mound, the grotesque statue towers above the Goblins, and you can now see that its scintillation is caused not by precious jewels but by mirrors – thousands of fragments of reflective glass have been embedded in the statue's surface. You are disappointed, but you climb the mound and join the Goblins at the base of the idol. Shards of mirror are scattered on the ground; if you want to, you can

pick one up and place it in your backpack. The Goblins are grateful to you and indicate that they will reward you for your help; but before they can do so, a wild howling fills the air as the surviving Troglodytes return to the attack. Turn to **203**.

344

Nothing can stand between the People and their Queen. With you at their head, they hack a path to the cage. While your comrades repel waves of Slave Warriors, you cut through the wooden bars and release Queen Anxis. One of her subjects throws her a sword and, with a howl of glee, she hurls herself into the fray. Soon all the remaining Slave Warriors are slain, and the People are celebrating, singing and dancing – but the Warlord has escaped.

In the Sacred Cave, the Portal still pulses with evil life; through it you can see into the cavern, deep underground in Khul, where Slave Warriors stand on guard. The torch that you left has been removed, as has any Igneolite that you might have hidden next to the Portal. The Warlord is in Khul, leading his slave armies on a campaign of destruction. Kleinkastel will be only the first of many towns to fall. You are a hero among the People of the forgotten world, but you have failed in your mission.

345

You start to walk past the black figure but, as you do so, it moves, like a ripple passing across still water, and it extends towards you an arm that is paper-thin but as dark as night. You hear a voice like a whisper in your brain: 'If you will not pay in gold, I will take my fee by other means.' The arm reaches for you. Will you attack the strange figure (turn to **306**), or stand still and let it touch you (turn to **141**)?

346

You defend yourself furiously, but begin to suffer some serious blows. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you survive this attack, you stumble backwards, fending off the spiked tips of half a dozen clubs, and you glance at the Goblins. One is already lying motionless at the feet of a Troglodyte, while the other has been bludgeoned to his knees and is surrounded by three more of the brutal creatures. A club strikes the death-blow; but even as he collapses, the Goblin mouths the last syllable of his incantation – and the ground trembles beneath your feet. The vast statue is moving; you look upwards, and see the eight stone arms begin to swing towards the ground. Chunks of masonry fall round you as the idol's head leans forward, its great staring eyes now moving, searching for prey. The statue has come to life. The Troglodytes are frozen with fear and, as the monstrous hands descend, four of them are plucked from the ground and squeezed to death while being swept aloft. You start

to run; looking back, you see that none of the Troglodytes had the wits to escape as you did. On unsteady feet you retrace your steps along the hillside path and return to the forest. Turn to 144.

347

There seems to be nothing unusual about Gloten's huge chair. The intricate carvings contain no hidden meanings, and the plinth on which it stands appears to be solid. Beneath the cushions on the seat you find a small mirror, which you can put in your backpack.

You are tempted to sit down in the chair. If you wish to do so, turn to 55. Otherwise you have nothing to do but await Gloten's return – turn to 211.

348

The path in the valley follows the course of a stream. Where the valley ends, with stony ridges converging to tower above you, the stream runs down into a narrow ravine. Following the stream, you splash along the cool dell, hidden from the sun by the overarching cliffs and the branches of enormous ferns. At a point where the stream and the ravine turn sharply to the left, a track branches from it and zigzags up the face of the right-hand slope. Will you follow the stream (turn to 4) or the uphill path (turn to 358)?

349

You extend your hand, revealing the inscribed surface of the silver ring. A cone of white light spreads from your hand and envelops the Slave Warrior who stops, frozen. Then he moves, as if pushing against a wall, and the cone of light begins to fade. The Slave Warrior looks like a Zombie, but he is not of the undead; the ring's effect on him is limited, but it has slowed him, allowing you an opportunity to act. Will you use this breathing-space to attack the warrior (turn to 379) or will you run out of the clearing along the eastward path (turn to 264)?

350

You awake at dawn, roused by the shouts of your fellow-warriors as they prepare for the dinosaur-hunt. Out on the streets, you find young townsfolk – men, women, and all the other races that make up the mixed tribe of the People – sharpening their weapons, daubing their faces with war-paint, and adorning their hair and clothes with multi-coloured ribbons and feathers. Soon you are part of the exuberant procession that leaves the town, descending the hill and skirting the jungle, and that then marches out across the open grasslands in search of a dinosaur.

Dinosaurs are not hard to find. The scouts are soon scurrying back to the main hunting party to report that they have spotted a suitably challenging target. You are brought to the front of the column to look it over. It is a Triceratops: each of its four legs is as tall

as a man, and its head is equally long. Standing guard over a clutch of its eggs, the huge horned herbivore is the size of a small house. The warriors indicate that you must advance to fight it alone. Will you do so (turn to **251**); or will you challenge the customs of the People by refusing to attack the dinosaur (turn to **35**)?

351

You swing your sword and sever the bird's neck. As the great body crashes to the ground in a flurry of feathers, the man draws his knife from his belt. 'You verminous wretch!' he screams at you. 'You've murdered Agrid! He used to be the best miner down Dirlin's pit! I don't know what you're doing here but I intend to find out. Now – surrender or die!'

Will you sheathe your sword and surrender (turn to **33**); or will you attack the man with the knife (turn to **204**)?

352

You wait for a few minutes, then try once again to extract your arm. It is no use; your arm is as fixed as the nuggets on the floor of the tank. You realize now why Azudraz has only one arm – he must have lost the other conducting experiments with this strange liquid. There is a hatchet resting against the wall. It is just within your reach. Whatever you do, your adventure ends here.

353

'From these reports,' muses the wizard, 'it seems that the gravest threat to all living things in the forest is the appearance of these eldritch warriors: humans, Goblins, Elves, Dwarfs, all transformed into mindless, murderous reavers. They are clearly not exactly like Zombies; nevertheless, for a warrior such as yourself, this might prove useful.' He extends his hand, and on his upturned palm appears a silver ring. It has no jewel, but instead a flattened face on which is engraved a series of delicate letters. 'Take it!' says the wizard. 'Wear it on a finger. The letters are an abbreviation of a spell to ward off Zombies. It may help you when you face one of these mind-enslaved warriors. Now, then: tell what you have seen for yourself in your wanderings.'

You tell the wizard about the unusual creatures you have come across, and the stories you have heard about talking animals and depopulated settlements. Turn to **234**.

354

'What's this?' Horfak hisses as you push the mirror in front of his eyes. 'You dare to bring this thing . . .' His voice fades as he stares at his own reflection. He moves a hand up to his face and touches the distended flesh. A low moan issues from his twisted lips, and his whole body seems to shrink as he stumbles backwards. The lines of black

lightning falter, then disappear. Horfak drops the mirror and clutches his great head between his hands. He shouts into the air: 'What have you done to me? You didn't say it would get worse! I won't be part of this any more! I won't be a part of you! Leave me! Get out of my brain! No! No – not that! No –' Horfak's voice is cut off, and his body goes rigid. His eyes stare straight ahead, and then his limbs begin to move in the mechanical manner of the Slave Warriors. Horfak himself has been taken over by the Portal. It forces him to draw his two-handed sword, and advance towards you.

HORFAK SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you defeat him, turn to **170**.

355

You are a scoundrel as well as a thief. Evil-doers have little to fear from you – you're joining their side! You may keep your ill-gotten Gold Pieces, but the gods frown on you: reduce *all* your *Initial* scores by 1 point. Now turn to **61**.

356

You are approaching the centre of the evil. Scurrying uphill between bushes and boulders, you hide from the bands of Slave Warriors who march past you, down into the forest. Some of the mind-enslaved humans are in an appalling condition: as thin as skeletons, their skin grey and flaking, their faces featureless except for dark, staring eyes. Many of these war-parties include captured animals, huge reptilian creatures armed not only with teeth and claws but also with spikes, horns, armoured plates of bone, and clubbed tails. You reach another large rock, and peer over it. The path enters a compound which is surrounded by a high fence of pointed stakes. Above the gate are the names 'Horfak and Dirlin'. Outside the fence and next to the gate stand two guards. You sit behind the rock to consider your next move. Do you have an egg in your backpack? If you do, turn to **272**. If you do not, turn to **388**.

357

With a dull clang your sword lands on a pile of old blades, sending up a cloud of reddish-brown dust. Reduce your SKILL by 4 points until you acquire another weapon and turn to **97**.

358

As you climb out of the shadowed ravine and up the steep, barren, rocky hillside, the heat of the sun is like a weight laid across your neck and shoulders. The uphill path seems to go on for ever, zigzagging across the slope. You drag yourself round another bend, past a huge boulder, and then stop. Basking in the sun's rays, and completely blocking the path, is one of the gigantic reptiles that inhabit this strange land. This one is an Ankylosaurus, an armoured monster as big as a barn. It glares at you; it has no intention of moving. You consider its horned head, the iron-hard scales of its back, the spikes that run along its flanks, and the idly swinging club of bone at the end of its powerful tail. You cannot continue unless you can make it move. Will you attack it (turn to 54); or, if you have Provisions, will you toss some food down the slope to entice the beast to move (turn to 116)?

359

Hugging one wall of the empty first-floor room is a stone staircase that leads to a trapdoor in the ceiling. You assume that this provides access to the second storey of the tower. If you decide to climb the staircase and push up the trapdoor, turn to 269. If not, turn to 109.

360

Witta returns with a plate of food. If you want to eat it, you can restore up to 4 points of STAMINA if you need to. She continues her story. 'Horfak is unlike other men. The gateway in the Sacred Cave has changed him horribly. He is bigger and stronger than ordinary men, and his will controls the Slave Warriors. And ever since he arrived here, his face has been changing into ever more loathsome shapes. He has become mad: he has ordered all mirrors to be destroyed, as he cannot bear to see his own features, even accidentally; and he claims kingship of this world and over all the People. Our Queen, Anxis, defied him; he has taken her captive. Now, at last, he has sent his armies out of our land, through the Sacred Cave; we are thankful, but I fear for the tribes of Otherworld. We are suspicious of you because, since Horfak, nothing good has come through the gateway in the Sacred Cave. Tonight, however, you will be tested in the Ordeal, and we will discover your worth.' She picks up the plate, and leaves. This time she remembers to lock the door. You have no choice but to wait in your prison. Turn to **110**.

361

The work is soon completed: the small sacks of Igneolite are placed at regular intervals, resting against the walls of the two rooms in the stone building; from each sack runs a strip of paper to act as a fuse. You realize that Azudraz has arranged the fuses so that they meet in the centre of his workroom. You are about to suggest that he should run the fuse-paper through the door and light it from outside the building, when you see him advancing, with a flaming torch, towards the central fuse. 'And now, my loyal friend,' he exults, 'we will keep all our gold, for ourselves, for ever!' You try to stop him, and he attacks you, using the torch as a weapon. It inflicts 2 points of STAMINA loss whenever he wounds you with it. Each time he does so, roll one die; if you roll a 6, your clothing catches alight; once it has done so, you must deduct an additional 1 point from your STAMINA each combat round until the fight ends.

AZUDRAZ	SKILL 5	STAMINA 8

If you survive and defeat the mad alchemist, he drops the torch. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **284**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **127**.

362

'Gloten? It cheers me up just to think of the fellow. He's a wealthy man now, of course – they say he could match the Margrave himself, coin for coin and gem for gem. But he's laboured for his riches, not like some of those thieving merchants down from Neuburg. Through the trees, do you see the mountains in the east? Gloten's done his share of grubbing under them – and now he owns some of the best gold-bearing soil in the whole of Khul. I know a few secrets about old Gloten – like where he keeps

his personal hoard of gems. And I know something else he doesn't like spread about: the fact that he's a Dwarf. It's true. Every other mine-owner and gold-merchant in Kleinkastel is as human as I am, and Gloten knew they wouldn't accept a Dwarf into their circle. So he shaved off his beard and bought himself some built-up boots – and the only people who know are we miners who've dug alongside him. A word of advice: if you ever want anything from Gloten, challenge him to a pickaxe-handle fight. He can't resist it. Let him win, mind! And then tell him he's got the strength of a Dwarf! Then he'll do anything for you.'

You thank Gartax for the advice. Do you ask him about the secret of Gloten's treasure (turn to 241)? Or ask Gartax if there is anyone else who can help him and his followers (turn to 185)?

363

A troop of the Margrave's infantry marches towards you along the path. They are led by a sergeant who halts his men next to you and asks you your business. Without waiting to hear your reply, he barks: 'Never mind about that. I've got no time to listen to your excuses. I've got to search this here village. You come with us.' You are escorted into the village at sword-point. Turn to 255.

364

A flight of stairs ascends from the left-hand side of the corridor, but you pass it in order to peer round the next corner. You see another length of corridor; there are no cells, and the walls are blank, but at the end there is an open door, and beyond it, a well-lit room. You start to walk towards the door. A low, slow voice calls out, 'Who's there?' and through the doorway plods a Dwarven Slave Warrior with a bunch of keys at his belt. You assume he is the gaoler. He stares at you, then turns and marches swiftly back into the room. You give chase. You reach the doorway in time to see the Dwarf running up a set of stairs. You follow him and emerge into a wide corridor. The Dwarf has disappeared; you are in front of a big wooden door guarded by two of the largest Slave Warriors you have yet seen. You have found the Warlord's chamber – and now you must fight his bodyguards. One is half Orc, half Cave Giant; the other was in the Margrave's elite infantry regiment. They advance on you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SLAVE WARRIOR	6	14
Second SLAVE WARRIOR	9	12

If you defeat them, you must now push open the door and face the Warlord himself. Turn to 395.

365

There are fissures in the face of the cliff that serve as hand- and foot-holds; but the cliff is both high and steep, and the climb will tax your strength and staying power. Add together your SKILL and STAMINA; roll one die six times. If the total of the die-rolls is equal to or less than your SKILL and STAMINA combined, turn to **196**. Otherwise, deduct your SKILL and STAMINA total from the die-roll total, make a note of the result, and turn to **288**.

366

You clamber upwards from branch to branch until you reach the rope-ladder; you use this to complete your ascent to the wooden structure that you could see from the ground. It is a platform constructed out of whole branches lashed together with creepers. You reach the platform and peer over the edge. At first sight it looks empty; then a strange being steps forward from next to the tree's trunk. She is very tall and thin, with wrinkled brown skin and brown hair. Her clothes are made of brown leaves and, when you look closely, you are sure that at least some of the leaves are attached to her – as if they had grown from her arms and fingers and head. She looks old and stern, but her voice is gentle and sorrowful. 'Come up, stand with me on my guard-post. I am Lignia; my duty is to protect the forest. What of you?'

You pull yourself on to the platform. If you have a weapon, turn to **182**. If not, turn to **243**.

367

You launch yourself at the Half-Goblin guard.

HALF-GOBLIN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

You fight four rounds of combat. If you defeat the guard within this time, turn to **195**. If not, turn to **145**.

368

Bandits from the south have a strict code of honour, part of which is to fulfil a promise. On the other hand, another part of it is to avenge the death of a slaughtered comrade. As you tug your sword from Kran's crumpled corpse, the other bandits attack you, screaming curses. It is four against one; you cannot win this fight.

369

The torch that you hid in a cleft near the cave entrance is still there. It has burnt away almost to nothing, but a glowing fragment remains. You blow on it and manage to coax a flame into life. You enter the cave. Before you stands the Portal, its black stones glowing with malignant force. You have passed through it once, and it cannot harm you directly now; but you know that if you return to Khul, vast armies of Slave Warriors stand between

you and Kleinkastel. If you have left a sack of Igneolite resting against the foot of one of the megaliths, turn to **253**; if not, turn to **89**.

370

For a few minutes the forest is silent. Then an army of scarecrows lurches into the clearing. Once they were miners, and southern tribesmen, and Goblins; now they are mindless Slave Warriors, thin and pallid, wearing filthy rags, with no sounds coming from their lipless shrunken mouths and no expression in their staring eyes.

The camp-dwellers are petrified with fear. You scream at them to start fighting, and as the bowstrings twang the battle for Gartax's camp begins.

It is a long and bloody business. The attackers are as untrained as most of the defenders, and you find that by running from one mêlée to another you can use your expertise to push back the zombie-like horde whenever it threatens to break into the camp. The defensive line holds, but the Slave Warriors do not retreat. The swordplay continues until all the attackers are dead: a wall of corpses round the camp. Many of Gartax's people are wounded, and some are dead; you personally have come through without a scratch.

If you decide to search the bodies of some of the attackers, turn to **200**. If not, turn to **169**.

371

You enter a narrow chamber carved out of the rock. By the light from the doorway behind you, you see that one side of the room is lined with long shelves, and that the shelves are occupied by hundreds of caged birds. There are more cages than you can count, and each has one, two or three little birds fluttering and trilling inside. Next to you is a sack of seeds and a tub of water, but the little metal cups for food and water inside the cages are all empty. You notice two particularly small cages: each contains a tiny bird, one with red plumage, the other blue. Both cages would fit inside your backpack, and you can feed these two birds and then pack them in with your other possessions if you want to. You then either leave the mine (turn to **5**), or you decide that you will undertake the laborious task of releasing all the birds from their cages (turn to **240**).

As you walk along the corridor, it becomes clear that you are entering a section of the cellars that has been built as a prison. You pass several open doors and, when you look inside the small rooms, you see that they are designed to hold captives. Each has only a narrow bed and a single chair for furniture; chains hang from iron rings set into the walls. You come to a closed door; you uncover the spy-hole and peer through. The prisoner in this cell is an enormous Brown Bear – the biggest you have ever seen. It is muzzled, and its paws are enclosed in leather covers, presumably to prevent it scratching anything; but the strangest thing about it is that it is wearing the costume of a circus clown: a pointed hat, a satin tunic, and ballooning pantaloons, all decorated with coloured frills and pompoms. You look up: on the plaster of the cell's ceiling you can make out the words: *I always said you were a bit of a clown! Ha ha!* Will you unbolt the cell door and walk in (turn to **108**); or will you continue along the corridor (turn to **295**)?

373

For some seconds after your shout has been carried away by the wind, the seated figure remains motionless. Then, slowly, it stands and turns. Facing you across the barren hilltop is a massive Carnivorous Ape. You notice first its pointed teeth and its long arms corded with muscle; then you start to wonder why the beast is wearing a black cloak. In its eyes you detect a strange intelligence and deep melancholy. You are hardly surprised when it begins to speak. 'A human! Was a human. What's a human? Hairy, hairy, beastly. Eat 'em raw! Trickle of blood, down the chin, hairy. Where's the chin? Was a human, human.' The huge ape continues in this manner for some time.

You can make no sense of it, but you decide that with dusk approaching you do not want to share this hilltop with a demented Carnivorous Ape. Will you attack it (turn to **163**) or speak to it and ask it to go away (turn to **238**)?

374

The extinguished torch drops from your numbed fingers. You twist and turn in a frenzy, trying to fend off the chill tendrils of shadow with your one remaining flame. But you cannot face in every direction at once, and the darkness deepens round you, smothering you in the cold blackness of death and decay. Like your torch, your life is snuffed out.

375

One of the soldiers attacks the wounded monster while the other defends himself against a desperate onslaught from the Elf woman. Within a few minutes the battle is over, the only survivor one of the soldiers. He notices you and raises his sword again, but you hold up your hands to show that you do not intend to fight.

'Pity about Sig,' says the soldier. 'Still, we managed to deal with this horrible beast. Can't imagine why that Elf was so bothered about it. Stranger in these parts, are you? I should clear off sharpish if I was you. There's weird monsters of all sorts wandering about the forest these days. Some of them can talk, they do say, and come out with some cock-and-bull story, trying to make out they're ordinary folk that have been changed into unnatural monsters by some stone gateway underground. I ask you, who'd believe a tale like that? They're all obviously possessed by demons. We do our best to hunt them down, but there seems to be more of them about than ever. Anyway, I can't hang around here, got to rejoin my unit.'

The soldier tramps off, and you return to the path. Will you continue south-westwards towards Kleinkastel (turn to 143), or will you turn left off the path and explore the forest towards the east (turn to 22)?

376

During the night, you hear the door open. You keep still, pretending to be asleep, as two Elves, moving with the mechanical stiffness that reveals them to be Slave Warriors, enter the room. They are carrying a blanket that shines with a luminous glow in the darkness, and they drape it over you and then leave. The blanket is very welcome: it is warm and comfortable. But you cannot stop worrying about the fact that the Elves looked like Slave Warriors; and the blanket is almost too relaxing. You find it hard to move your limbs. With a huge effort, you throw the luminous thing off the bed. You realize that it was magical; you are helplessly weak, but gradually, as you sit shivering on the bed, you recover your strength. Your limbs will feel shaky for several days, however: deduct 1 point from your *Initial* SKILL for the rest of this adventure. You must try to get out of this hut. Turn to 177.

377

Although your eyes are accustomed by now to the gloom inside the cave, it is difficult to make out whether it contains anything other than the massive carcass of the beast you have just slain. You pick up a few sticks, and drop them quickly when you realize that they are the bleached bones of the monster's past meals. You notice something gleaming, and discover a Gold Piece; after a while you find another. The search is taking too long. You emerge from the cave and resume following the path beside the stream. Turn to **15**.

378

The short flight of stairs ends at a closed door. You push this open, to reveal a long, wide, empty corridor. You are in the Warlord's palace. You can hear no sounds at all. You tiptoe along the corridor in the direction that you hope leads to the centre of the building. You cross other corridors, equally silent and empty. You pass open doors that show large, bare rooms. You turn a corner – and come face to face with two Slave Warriors, on guard in front of a closed door. These Slave Warriors are big; they are the Warlord's bodyguards. Before succumbing to the power of the Portal, one was from the Margrave's elite infantry, and the other was half Orc, half Cave Giant. You know it will be a difficult fight, and you are debating whether or not to retreat when the door opens to reveal the Warlord – and you are rooted to the spot by the hideous appearance of his distorted, bloated head, swaying like a vast balloon on his wide shoulders. In that instant the Slave Warriors strike, and the Warlord assails you with mental attacks as his guards drive home their advantage. You cannot escape. Your adventure ends here.

379

Your blow crashes into the Slave Warrior's unprotected torso. He merely staggers backwards, uttering no sound. Then he is free of the ring's influence and raises his scimitar. You see the Struthiomimus pacing around in the clearing, and you realize that if you try to run away now the warrior can instruct the creature to catch you. You must fight.

SLAVE WARRIOR SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you win, you can stay in the clearing to search the body (turn to **160**), or leave immediately along the eastward path (turn to **264**).

380

At the base of the town wall darkness still reigns, but the pointed rooftops of Kleinkastel are gilded with the first rays of the morning sun. You wake up groaning, your body cold and stiff. You are also very hungry. If you do not eat, you will lose 4 points from your STAMINA. You can avoid this by eating one meal from your Provisions, if you have any. Deduct either one meal or 4 STAMINA points from the scores on your *Adventure Sheet*, and turn to **61**.

If you cannot or will not do this, there is only one alternative: you must try to beg for food in the streets. Turn to **223**.

381

Lignia's chant ceases; her hands freeze in mid-air. You wait for something to happen. You become aware of slight movements on your clothing and equipment. Your hand flies to your sword, but as you grasp the hilt it turns to red dust. There is nothing left of the blade except a scabbard full of rust. Reduce your SKILL by 4 points while you are without a weapon. You open your backpack; everything made of metal has been destroyed, including the miner's helmet, if you had one, and any coins you may have had. The Ring of Zombie Warding, if you had it, has crumbled into fragments. To make matters worse, your metal buttons and buckles have disappeared; you have to hold your clothes round you with your hands. 'Use vine-stems to secure your clothing,' Lignia advises. 'You will be better off without metal – it has always been a source of great misery for all the humanoid races. My ladder has unrolled itself, and now you must leave. Do not venture into my garden dell, but go round it, and continue your journey.' Will you obey this order (turn to **144**), or are you so angry that you feel you must attack Lignia (turn to **16**)?

382

The boat bumps against the timbers of the jetty. You throw a loop of rope over a bollard as you climb on to the planking. An overgrown path leads away from the jetty, into the forest. You force a way along the path, and soon you can see, between the trees, a stone tower. The path turns to the left and continues southwards through the forest; a side-track leads towards the tower.

Dusk is approaching; soon you will need to make camp for the night. Will you go to the tower to see if it can provide shelter (turn to **99**)? Or will you continue along the path and look for a suitable bivouac in the forest (turn to **146**)?

383

You spin to your left, where a narrow trail leads back into the depths of the jungle, and you run. A thrown spear grazes your thigh – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you survive this wound, you succeed in making your escape.

You run until all sounds of pursuit have disappeared, and you find that you have crossed the strip of jungle and emerged on to a broad plain. In the distance, ahead of you, there is a ridge of low hills, which you head for. After some time you come to a wide, well-used track which you suppose is the main road leading to the Portal. You cross it hurriedly, not wishing to meet a squad of Slave Warriors, and climb the ridge. You look down into a grassy valley, dotted with clumps of trees, that narrows at both ends. To your right, a path leads away from the direction of the Portal, along the valley bottom; to your left, you see a thin column of smoke rising from a copse. Will you investigate the source of the smoke (turn to 165); or will you turn right, towards the end of the valley (turn to 348)?

384

You pull the leather thong over your head and, as you feel the weight of the dark-shadowed talisman rest against your chest, you realize that you have made a terrible mistake. The talisman is a conduit for a power that was old before mankind learnt to use wooden clubs – an infinitely evil power that you cannot hope to resist alone and unprepared. Your personality is snuffed out; you will join the Slave Warriors in mindless thrall to the Portal.

'My name is Azudraz,' says the old man as you follow him into the stone building. 'You've probably heard of me: the greatest alchemist this side of Buruna. Six months ago I allowed myself to be dragged up into this wilderness to work for one of these mine-owners – Horfak, his name was, though I haven't seen him since he first employed me. He wanted me to invent a perfectly secure method for storing gold; and now, at last, I've done it! It's a two-stage process. The first step is to take all these gold nuggets and drop them into the tank that I've built in the next room. I've managed to carry some of them; but you'll do the whole lot in no time with two arms and this wheelbarrow.'

You pile gold-speckled rocks into the barrow and wheel it through an archway into a room which is dominated by a vast metal tank. Pipes of glass and metal snake into and round the tank and each other, and a wooden ramp takes you up to the rim. The tank is full of clear, colourless liquid; its floor is littered with nuggets. You tip the barrow, and watch the load sink through the liquid to form a glittering heap. The tank is wide, but not very deep, and you are tempted to reach into it to retrieve a nugget for yourself. Will you do so (turn to **95**)? Or will you first test the liquid by dipping a piece of your clothing into it (turn to **137**)?

386

Nothing happens. You wait in front of the stone wall, but no secret door appears. And then you hear footsteps on the stairs: it is the regular tread of Slave Warriors' feet. There is only one place to hide – in the dark shadow under the staircase. Turn to **341**.

387

As you charge off the jetty towards the house, you realize that you have made a terrible mistake. The ferocious Oviraptor has been freed and is obviously keen to sink its talons into your flesh and rend your body into bite-sized chunks with its rows of teeth. This dinosaur alone would be a formidable opponent, but in this open space in front of the house there is ample room for the three Goblins to encircle you. They do so. You cannot retreat. You cannot hope to defeat them all. The Oviraptor will not understand if you try to surrender. Your adventure ends here.

388

You have only two choices: to march up to the gates and fight the Slave Warrior guards (turn to **262**), or to attempt to climb over the spike-topped paling (turn to **142**).

389

Only one thing puts Gloten in a better mood than fighting, and that's winning. You have impressed him. He announces to the assembled townspeople that only a superlative warrior could last so long against Gloten and his favourite weapon. He cancels the remainder of the tournament and tells the crowd that you are to be their Champion. You are deafened by cheers and applause. You shake Gloten's hand and wonder whether you should murmur some complimentary phrase. You could tell him, for instance, that he fights with the strength and courage of a Dwarf. If you do this, turn to **107**. If you think it would be better to keep silent, you go with Gloten to prepare for your solo mission. Turn to **259**.

390

Your fellow-warriors perform a war-dance round the carcass of the Triceratops. The tribal bard improvises verses to commemorate your bravery. When the celebrations have quietened, you hold a council of war. At the moment you are very close to the road that runs between the Portal, known to the People as the Sacred Cave, and the tyrant Warlord's headquarters. The Shaman is sure that the Warlord intends to leave his headquarters tomorrow, taking his remaining Slave Warriors with him back to Khul; the Shaman's plan is to set an ambush at the Sacred Cave, with the aim of killing the Warlord and rescuing Anxis, Queen of the People.

You can see no fault in this strategy, but you are impatient of any delay; you suggest that you could attempt a solo mission to infiltrate the Warlord's headquarters today; the warriors tell you that beyond the ridge at the far side of the grassy plain there is another path that leads along a valley towards the Warlord's base. Will you return in triumph with your fellow-warriors and prepare with them for tomorrow's ambush (turn to **213**)? Or will you set out alone to cross the ridge and follow the path to the Warlord's headquarters (turn to **348**)?

391

Before your sword is out of its scabbard you are in a whirlwind of flying knives, slashing swords, and kicking hoofs. You don't stand a chance.

392

As the Troglodytes move in for the kill, you glance at the two Goblins; they too seem to know that they cannot hope to survive a battle against so many enemies. You watch in despair as they calmly put down their swords, turn towards the looming statue, and raise their arms in supplication to their god. They begin to murmur an incantation. And then the Troglodytes are upon you, and you can do nothing but parry their clubs. Roll one die twice. If the total of the two rolls is 6 or less, turn to **346**. If the total is 7 or more, turn to **231**.

393

'Listen, stranger,' says the man. 'You are obviously a mighty warrior – which, I must confess, I certainly am not; nor are any of my fellows who are concealed about this glade. But between us we can defeat you, and therefore I urge you to surrender now If you are in this forest with good reason, you have nothing to fear from us. Now sheathe your sword, or it will go badly for you.'

The man pulls the knife from his belt. Do you believe his story about there being men concealed in the forest? If you decide to surrender, turn to **292**. If you decide to attack the man, turn to **204**.

394

'If you are not prepared to make a contribution to the Margrave's treasury,' the officer pronounces, 'then you are clearly no better than a vagrant, and I shall class you as such in my official report. I will take you back to Kleinkastel for interrogation. Sergeant! Take this vagrant away!'

The sergeant and several soldiers approach, carrying ropes. If you are going to escape, you must do it now. There are troopers at both ends of the village, guarding the path, so you will have to run into the forest by dodging between the village cabins. You cannot tell which of the huts have soldiers lurking near by. So you just run. Throw one die. If you throw an even number, turn to **168**. If you throw an odd number, turn to **287**.

395

You step into a vast, empty hall. In the centre of the room is a table, and leaning over it is a large figure. Drawing closer, you see that the table is covered with a map of Khul; but you recoil in horror as the figure ceases its study of the map, looks up and stares at you. This is the tyrant Warlord of the Portal: a giant of a man, and normal enough up to his neck; but his head seems to have grown out of all proportion to the rest of him: it is swollen, distorted and discoloured, like a huge rotting vegetable, the eyes, nose, mouth and ears small and misplaced among the mounds and rolls of decaying flesh. 'I am

Horfak,' whispers the abomination. 'I see through the eyes of all my Warriors. I have observed you before. No doubt you think you have come to kill me. Fool! My strength alone could defeat you; with the Portal, I am invincible. See!' He waves a hand, and you feel the air vibrate. A living lattice of black lightning-bolts criss-crosses the walls and ceiling. 'No one can enter or leave now,' Horfak announces and goes on to describe his victorious campaigns on Khul.

You are bored with his gloating. If you have the mad god's mirrored helmet, or another mirror, you can place it in front of Horfak's face – turn to 354; if not, you waste no more time, but attack – turn to 47.

396

Your sword skids across the saurian's snout and snaps as it jars against a protruding plate of bone. The tail, as thick as a barrel and as long as a tree-trunk, sweeps out of the water and descends on your boat, smashing it into fragments. Stunned, you fall into the foaming whirlpool, where you are easily snapped up by the monster.

397

You have found the Portal. You stare up at it, rooted to the spot by an overwhelming sense of alien evil. Every inch of the surface of all three black stone slabs is covered with intricate hieroglyphics that seem to writhe in the flickering light. You try to decipher them; although you recognize none of the symbols, your mind is filled with appalling images. A darkness that is darker than the darkness of underground tunnels seems to hover round the edges of the megalithic slabs. You shudder as you feel the Portal probing into your mind. Somehow you know that this monstrous gateway is old; as old as the rock walls that have hidden it for aeons, older by far than the humanoid races of Khul. You shake your head. You know you must try to destroy it. If you have a sack of Igneolite, turn to 158. Otherwise, turn to 289.

398

The wizard's flying machine swoops over the treetops, until suddenly the forest ends and you are soaring above fields and orchards beyond which rise the rooftops of Kleinkastel. The wizard adjusts the crystals of the horse's mane, and the machine turns in a long descending curve, coming to earth in a clearing just inside the thick forest. Both you and the wizard jump from your saddles, whereupon the metal horse rises into the air in a shower of sparks and disappears from view. 'We part here,' says the wizard, 'and although we will not meet in the town, we will continue to work towards the same purpose. I will go there now, alone; my business is with my fellow-mages, and the town elders, and the Margrave. Stay here one hour, then come to the town. By then, I hope, I will be in conclave, and you will have to kick your heels waiting for the results of my deliberations. Put yourself forward at the first opportunity if you desire the glory of leading the fight against the evil menace. And – I almost forgot – here are 2 Gold Pieces; you may need to find food and shelter overnight.' The old wizard hobbles away along the path that crosses the clearing.

An hour later, you follow him. Turn to 143.

399

The pathway continues with a slight downhill slope, taking you through stretches of dense forest and grassy clearings. You are able to catch glimpses of the stream below; you notice that, as you progress, the cliffs become less steep and the ravine less deep. Finally the cliffs peter out, and your path joins the one that runs along the bank of the stream. Turn to 15.

400

You blink in the daylight at the mine entrance, and descend into the forest, where you find the same thing: all the Slave Warriors are either dead or they are no longer slaves. You keep going until you reach the edge of the forest, and Kleinkastel is in sight across the meadows. The landscape before you has been transformed: farmland has been dug up and turned into fortified earthworks and networks of trenches; siege-engines litter the fields.

As you approach Kleinkastel, the town's bells begin to ring; the Forest Gate swings open, and the Margrave rides out at the head of a small column of wounded knights. You tell him that the Slave Warriors are all gone. 'Praise the gods!' he breathes. 'These are the only soldiers left who are fit to fight. You have saved the town.'

Later, at a private meeting, Gloten and the Margrave invite you to attend a public ceremony at which you will receive your own weight in gold, as well as other riches. But, strangely, you decline their offer; gold seems to have lost its attraction – at least for now. You accept a chest of gems, and a good pack-horse, and you slip quietly away from Kleinkastel. Many others leave the area, too. The Cloudhigh Mountains lie undisturbed again.

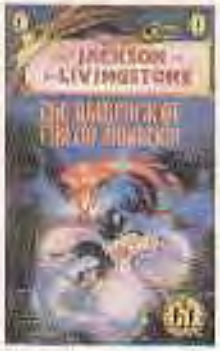
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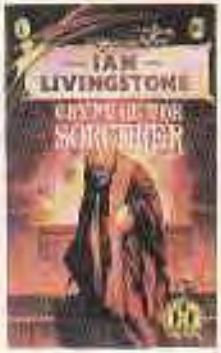
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lines. Pain stabs into your head; your limbs feel heavy. Reduce your SKILL by 2 points for the duration of this fight. A laugh bubbles from Horfak's twisted lips as he moves forward, swinging his blade in murderous arcs. Strengthened by the power of the Portal, Horfak is a fearsome foe.

HORFAK SKILL 10 STAMINA 20

If you defeat him, you hear a victorious shout from the People. As Horfak fell, the Slave Warriors faltered; now they are fighting on, but they are slow and ineffective, as if deprived of energy. Soon they are all slain. The People celebrate and hail you as their hero; but you know that the Portal still exists, and that to save Khul you must try to destroy it. You make for the Sacred Cave. Turn to 369.

52

Gloten shakes his head. 'In the right hands, these lengths of wood are no gentler than swords,' he says. 'However, I agree we must not produce a winner who is too wounded to be our Champion. We will cancel the combat.' The crowd hisses its disapproval. 'Silence!' roars Gloten. 'I have an alternative. To the moat!'

The other contestants are: Ostbar, of the Margrave's bodyguard; Einbol, a Dwarf miner; and Trella, a Wood Elf. The crowd follows you, Gloten and the other contestants to the moat, overshadowed by the castle and the town wall. A narrow footbridge arcs from the street to the ramparts. 'Tie their ankles again!' orders Gloten. 'And dangle them on ropes, upside down, two on each side of the bridge, all within sword's reach of each other. Now, when I give the word, draw your swords – and each try to cut the others down. This will be a real test of swordsmanship! The one who stays dry will be our Champion! Draw swords!'

You find yourself hanging upside down above the green water of the moat. On the same side of the bridge is Einbol, and you decide to try to cut his rope first. Einbol has 7 points of SKILL. Roll dice as for combat; the contestant with the higher Attack Strength succeeds in cutting the rope of the other, who falls into the slimy water below and is pulled out by jeering townsfolk. If you are the unfortunate loser, you find Gloten waiting at the side of the moat – turn to 339. If you win, turn to 197.

80

You fall backwards and crash to the ground on the outside of the fence. Roll one die; if you roll a 4, 5 or 6, you twist your leg as you land – deduct 2 more points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you pick yourself up and find that the noise of your fall has attracted the two Slave Warrior guards. You must fight them. Turn to **262**.

81

While the wizard consults crumbling scrolls and worm-eaten volumes, you gaze out of the windows at green slopes descending to a rocky shore. Bored, you browse along the shelves, but find few books written in languages you are familiar with. You find an illustrated book of Goblin recipes: revolted, you return to staring at the countryside.

Finally, the wizard stops taking notes and explains what he has found. 'The danger we face is greater than anyone can imagine. This evil has arisen before – many thousands of years ago, when only the Goblins lived for hundreds of miles around. Underground, a source of evil was discovered: a gateway to another place, a forgotten, ancient world of giant and unnatural beasts. This Portal had, perhaps, existed since time began, allowing a few wandering animals and humanoids to pass through. The evil in the Portal was quiescent, waiting – and one day a Goblin war-chief, proud and powerful, found the Portal, entered it, and was held fast by the evil force. The war-chief and the Portal took strength from each other, and together they enslaved the population, creating an army of merciless thralls. Each wore a stone like the talisman you have shown me. But the Goblin war-chief was defeated! There are clues to help us.'

Turn to **199**.

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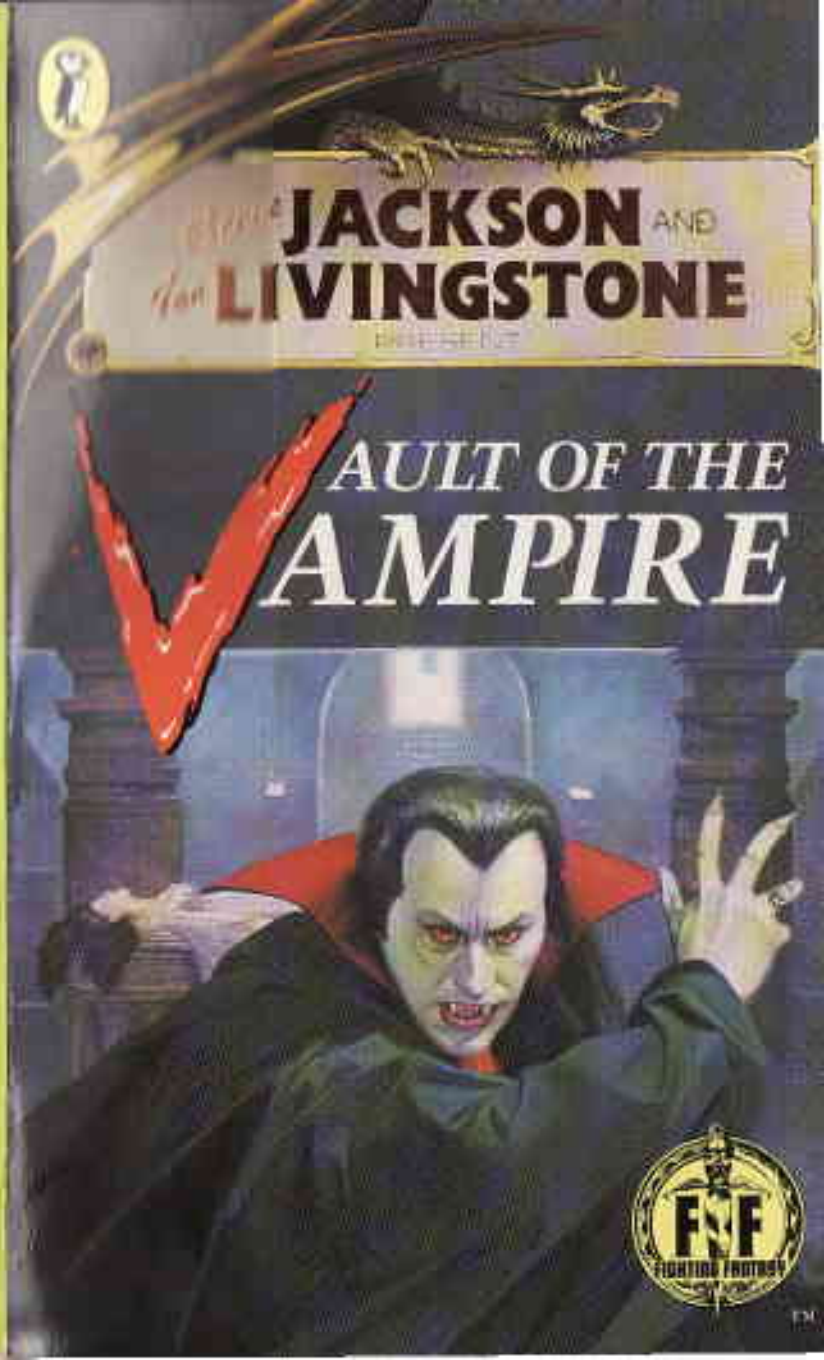

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1989
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on this adventure, you must first determine your strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial SKILL, STAMINA, LUCK and FAITH scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA, LUCK and FAITH scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the page for use in future attempts to complete this adventure.

Skill, Stamina, Luck and Faith

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so this score will be between 7 and 12).

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so this score will lie between 14 and 24).

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box on the *Adventure Sheet* (this score will be between 7 and 12).

Roll one die. Add 3 to this number and enter the

total in the FAITH box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so that this score will be between 4 and 9).

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during the adventure, and FAITH may change too. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and of the changes to them: for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these additions cannot raise any score above its *Initial* figure, except on rare occasions when you will be instructed accordingly in a particular paragraph. FAITH *can* be raised above its *Initial* score if you encounter events or magic items which increase FAITH. These situations are explained in the relevant paragraphs.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness, and your ability to take blows in battle; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the exciting fantasy world you are about to explore! Your FAITH score indicates your purity of heart and the strength of your belief in the forces of good. A high FAITH score enables you to force certain evil creatures to flee from you when they sense and fear your valour; but

it also means that they are more likely to notice you and be hostile towards you! You will learn more about the importance of your FAITH as you undertake the adventure in store for you.

Magic

During your adventure you may find some magic items, although at first you may not realize that they are magic nor even be sure what they do! Such items may – rarely – give you the ability to cast a magic spell; if you find such an item, you will be instructed in its use in a particular paragraph. To begin with, however, you are not a mage but a brave warrior, and you must overcome your enemies by your wits and courage and the use of your sword!

Battles

You will often come across paragraphs in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given every time you have an encounter. The sequence for combat is then:

1. Roll two dice for the opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.

2. Roll two dice for yourself. Add your own SKILL score to the number rolled. This total is your Attack Strength.

3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows: start the next Attack Round from step 1, above.

4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. (You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage – see below.) Proceed to step 6.

5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. (Again, you may use your LUCK to reduce the damage the creature does to you – see below.)

6. Make the appropriate changes to either your opponent's or your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).

7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one potential enemy in a particular encounter, the instructions in that paragraph will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will have to fight them together; sometimes you will be able to fight them one after the other.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher than* your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you test your luck, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score, whether the outcome was successful or unsuccessful! Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

If things go so badly that your LUCK is reduced to 1 or zero, you will automatically be Unlucky whenever you are forced to *Test your Luck*. So, be cautious out there!

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck*; you will then be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded or to reduce the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature you are fighting, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may deduct 2 extra points from the creature's STAMINA score (so that your blow reduces its STAMINA by 4 points, rather than the usual 2). However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA score (instead of your blow causing 2 points of damage to its STAMINA, it is reduced by only 1 point).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize this wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full impact of the blow and may restore 1 point to your own STAMINA (instead of the creature's blow causing 2 points of damage to your STAMINA, it is reduced by only 1 point). But if you are Unlucky, then you have taken a more serious blow, and you must deduct 1 *extra* STAMINA point (so that the creature's blow causes damage worth 3 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2).

Remember that you must deduct 1 point from your current LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina, Luck and Faith

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the adventure. Occasionally, a paragraph may give an instruction to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL – but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim two SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score cannot exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will go up and down a lot during your adventure as you fight creatures and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA score may be dangerously low and battles may become particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when fighting, but you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your current STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed otherwise on a page.

Luck

Your LUCK score will also change during the adventure as you *Test your Luck*; additions to your LUCK score may also be awarded when you have been especially fortunate; details of this are given in the

appropriate paragraphs of this book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA scores, your LUCK may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically told this.

Faith

Your FAITH may be shaken by certain perils during your adventure, but it may also be increased when you are victorious in very dangerous battles and when you find certain objects or relics of Good. Your FAITH score *can* be increased above its *Initial* value You will find out exactly how FAITH works when you encounter certain creatures during your adventure, and you will also be instructed about this on the relevant pages.

Afflictions

The adventure you will embark on is very hazardous: monsters and traps are not the only dangers you will face! You may find yourself beset by certain Afflictions at some stage – curses or other disadvantages of an even more sinister nature. We won't spoil your fun by telling you exactly what these are; suffice it to say that if you suffer one or more Afflictions, you will be instructed about their effects in the relevant paragraphs. Fortunately, it is possible to rid yourself of them – if you are brave, wise and lucky! Afflictions must be recorded in the Afflictions box on your *Adventure Sheet* when you incur them – you can use an eraser to rub them out later if you are fortunate enough to rid yourself of them!

Equipment

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you will find other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and dressed in leather armour; you also carry a shield. You have a backpack (like a rucksack or haversack) on your back to hold your Provisions and any treasures or other items you may find. You also carry a lantern which you can use to light your way when necessary.

Hints on Play

Your journey will be perilous, and you may well fail on your first attempt. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will prove invaluable in later forays in this adventure, and it will enable you to progress more rapidly to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure: many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. You may take wrong turnings during your quest and, while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

Be very wary about *Testing your Luck* unless a paragraph tells you that you must do this! Generally, when it comes to fights you should *Test your Luck* only to keep yourself alive if a creature's blow might otherwise kill you (so far as reducing your STAMINA loss from other creatures' blows is concerned). Don't *Test your Luck* in order to try and do extra damage to your enemy unless this is really necessary! LUCK points are precious!

It will be realized that paragraphs make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the paragraphs you are instructed to go to. Reading other paragraphs may only cause confusion and will certainly lessen the excitement and surprise during play.

The one true way to success in the adventure involves minimizing risk; any player, no matter how weak his or her initial dice rolls, should be able to struggle through to the final achievement and glory.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
INITIAL SKILL =	*INITIAL STAMINA =*	*INITIAL LUCK =*

FAITH	SPELLS	AFFLICTIONS

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED	TREASURE

PROVISIONS	NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
INITIAL SKILL =	*INITIAL STAMINA =*	*INITIAL LUCK =*
SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
INITIAL SKILL =	*INITIAL STAMINA =*	*INITIAL LUCK =*
SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
INITIAL SKILL =	*INITIAL STAMINA =*	*INITIAL LUCK =*
SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
INITIAL SKILL =	*INITIAL STAMINA =*	*INITIAL LUCK =*

BACKGROUND

Rumours of great wealth and treasure have lured you west of Femphrey in the Old World, to the forbidding land of Mauristatia, home of unscalable peaks clad in ice and snow, obscured by great swathes of freezing mist. The air is cold and damp, and you are dressed in furs to keep out the chill. Hunched in a swaying coach heading north towards Mortvania, you wonder whether any of the rumours you have heard have any truth in them; people hereabouts are poorly fed and clothed, and this hardly seems a place of great riches! Still, perhaps that means that the treasures are still hidden and that the local folk haven't found them . . .

You are aroused from your reverie as the coach creaks to a halt. The coachmen open the doors and begin lowering trunks and bags from the roof. You step out into a murky twilight; a thick winter fog is drawing in round the little coaching village of Leverhelven where you will rest tonight. The tavern is small and hardly luxurious, but the food is hot and the mulled wine is spiced and refreshing. But the local people, wary of strangers, talk little; after you enter, the tavern door is barred and the windows are already shuttered. The place has a strange name: the Hart's Blood – but this doesn't look like hunting country, except for those seeking bears or

wolves for their pelts. You ask the tavern-keeper how the inn got its name, and a deathly hush descends in the room. He turns away, refusing to speak to you; you wonder how a polite and innocent question can have made him react in such a way. What's more, a man sitting by the fire turns round – and spits at your feet!

An old woman swathed in shawls and a peasant smock looks over at you and says, 'Furriners don't know no better.' You take her over a drink and ask her to tell you more – at least she's talking to you, which is more friendly than anyone else in here is. She gulps greedily at the warm wine. ''Tain't no ''Hart's Blood'', stranger. Were never called that 'til they changed the sign outside. 'Tis the *Heart's* Blood, see, *h-e-a-r-t*. That's what too many folk round 'ere has given up, their 'eart's blood!'

The low murmur of voices that had begun once more is completely silenced. Many people are casting fierce looks at you and the old woman and the barman bellows at her to be silent. But her face is flushed with the warmth and the wine, and she says she will not be unheard. ''Tis the Count, damn his

black heart; folk vanish from the village, they do, and are never seen again. The Count takes them up to the castle, to be sure, and there they die a terrible death. Terrible! There's folk as have heard the screams from the place, screams as from the souls in hell itself.' Now tears run down her old, weathered face. 'Didn't he take my grand-daughter only yesterday? Didn't we see the coach and the headless horseman in the village? My poor little Nastassia, such a beautiful, gentle girl, taken by the fiend 'imself, and not a man in this godforsaken place brave enough to go to the castle and save her!'

Embarrassed voices murmur round the room as sparks fly from the fire; the crackling of the burning wood seems to emphasize the old woman's desperate plea: 'I beg you, sir, to rescue her. She is only seventeen and she 'as done no harm to anyone . . .'; she bursts into tears again.

A tall, red-haired man gets up from a table opposite and approaches you; you see he has only one arm, the right sleeve of his tunic being pinned up to his chest. 'Stranger, I take you for a wanderer, a seeker after adventure. What old Svetlana says is true: the Count is a terrible and evil soul, and Castle Heydrich is a place of horror. I would have tried to slay him myself, but for one obvious reason –' You nod as he glances down at his empty sleeve. 'Will you help us? From my own days as a warrior I have some gold put by, and it's yours gladly if you will help.' The eyes of all present turn to you, imploring your assistance.

You are about to nod your agreement to this proposal when the door of the tavern bursts open. The people inside cry out in fear as an icy blast whips through the room. Outside in the mist you can make out a black coach with four jet-black steeds prancing and whinnying, and in the doorway stands a spectral figure. Bony fingers extend from black sleeves, and he beckons – you! But he says nothing – how could he? *He has no head* . . .

Now turn to paragraph **1**.

1

You follow the beckoning figure outside into the swirling mists. It leaps up to the driver's seat of the black coach and the carriage door swings open. The steeds prance expectantly, their breath steaming in the cold air. Will you:

Attack the Headless Horseman?	Turn to **201**
Get in the coach?	Turn to **174**
Ignore the coach, and ask a local person how to get to the Castle?	Turn to **148**

2

You push open the brass doors and walk into a well-lit entrance hall which is deserted. Floor mosaics and wall-hangings of plain black and red give the chamber a sombre appearance, and for a moment you think you heard a faint moaning sound . . . There are three exits from the hall. Will you leave through:

A door to the north?	Turn to **101**
A corridor to the east?	Turn to **256**
A door to the west?	Turn to **60**

3

Do you have a Magic Sword? If you do, turn to **173**. If you don't, turn to **208**.

4

You bite into the sugared, crunchy biscuits with their thin, dark chocolate surface – and reach the soft centre of clotted blood. The Count's favourite

snack, but it fills you with disgust and nausea. You are shaken by this horror; lose 1 FAITH point. Now you must try the west door; turn to 45

5

As you cross the portal, you observe a pentagram on the floor – too late! A smoky shape materializes within it, and a spectral steed with fierce glowing eyes, its breath fire and choking smoke, bounds forth to attack you. You have no time to run – you must fight the Count's terrible Demon Steed. You must subtract 2 points from your SKILL for the duration of this combat only, due to the choking effects of the Steed's fiery breath.

DEMON STEED	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, you find nothing of interest here. So, will you:

Head for the Crypt?	Turn to **90**
Open the north, brass doors?	Turn to **2**
Open the south-facing door?	Turn to **18**

6

During each Attack Round until you kill the Vampire Mist, you will lose 1 STAMINA point from the blood drain. Turn to 42 and continue the fight!

7

A shaft of moonlight strikes you and you see with horror that your hands are becoming covered with fur! You feel your teeth growing, and you almost start baying at the moon! This transformation is very painful – lose 3 STAMINA points. Change your Lycanthropy to the Major Lycanthropy Affliction on your Adventure Sheet. You search the tower for anything which might help you; turn to 51.

8

You insert the key into the lock and push the door open. Inside, there is a row of simple tombs with no markings or decorations, all identical. You have a strange sensation; your nerves are tingling, and a bead of sweat drips from your brow into one eye, making it sting. You rub your eyes to clear your vision, and when you look again you can see a pale, ghostly figure drifting towards you, gesturing to you to come forward. The apparition – seemingly a woman – is young, gaunt of face, and looking very determined! You can either flee (turn to 59) or walk towards her (turn to 102).

9

The little creature asks you if you have come to see his master. You nod in mute agreement. 'Well, don't just stand there, go on in! He's not too busy – I'm sure the potions will soon be ready!' You realize that this is an alchemist's laboratory, and that the small winged creature is a magical creature – a

homunculus. It gestures you to a door to the south, which you open; turn to 118.

10

Trembling after the fight, you gaze at the coffin. Mastering your fear, you open it. It is bare, save for a fine dusting of black, dry earth on the bottom. You tip the coffin over, flinging earth over the floor, and smash the wood with the pommel of your sword. In the Notes box on your *Adventure Sheet* record that you have destroyed one of Reiner Heydrich's coffins! Gain 1 FAITH point. You leave this chamber; you can try opening the door at the west end of the corridor (turn to 34) or follow the corridor round to the south, past this door (turn to 31).

11

Having overcome these Undead servants, will you:

Head into the main kitchen to the east?	Turn to 282
Leave and go to the north door in the corridor?	Turn to 332
Leave and open the west door in the corridor?	Turn to 221
Leave and follow the eastern side-passage off the corridor?	Turn to 353

12

You feel a surge of well-being from the blessed item, and your STAMINA is returned to its full *Initial* level! Turn to 35.

13

As you approach, a small wizened Gnome scuttles out of his hut into the grey light of dawn and sidles up to you, grinning rather maliciously. He demands 2 Gold Pieces for ferrying you across in his boat, but he adds that you can stay and sleep in his hut if you wish – and you are very tired! If Valderesse the Ranger is with you, turn to **64**. If she isn't, will you:

Attack the Gnome?	Turn to **113**
Accept his offer of a place to sleep and rest?	Turn to **211**
Pay him and cross the river?	Turn to **162**

14

Do you already have a Magic Sword? If you do, turn to **82**. If you don't, turn to **61**.

15

Gunthar gives you some food and wine (recover 4 lost STAMINA points) and tells you of his work as a healer. He is well aware of his brother's evil and denounces Reiner as a cruel, vile creature. But Gunthar claims to be no fighter, and in any event he could not bring himself to kill his own brother! Gunthar seems weighed down by the evil of the Castle, almost in a state of despair. You take a chance and announce that you are here to do away with Reiner Heydrich. Gunthar's eyes light up with hope, and he says he will give you the one thing he has which could help. From a carefully concealed pocket inside his robes he pulls out a silver crucifix on a chain, adding that, to destroy Reiner, this will be needed. Add the Crucifix to your Possessions. You will also need a stake to drive through Reiner's heart as he sleeps in his coffin, but Gunthar does not have one; you'll have to find this elsewhere. 'Unless, of course, you find Siegfried's sword Nightstar, for that also would destroy him, but it has been lost for many years,' he sighs. Now, will you.

Leave and open the west door on the landing?	Turn to **294**
Ask Gunthar for help with an Affliction, if you have one?	Turn to **48**
Show Gunthar a book, if you have one?	Turn to **317**

16

The girl kisses you back. Unfortunately, this involves sinking her teeth firmly into your throat! Lose 2 STAMINA points. You now have to fight the girl; roll one die. This is the number of Attack Rounds your throat will go on bleeding, and you will lose 1 STAMINA point on *each* Round while the bleeding lasts. Turn to **150** to fight.

17

The only item of use in the present situation is a Silver Mirror. If you do not possess a Silver Mirror, turn to **26**. If you do have a Silver Mirror, Reiner recoils from it. This gives you time to throw Holy Water if you can and if you wish to do this (turn to **216**), or to cast a spell (turn to **158**); after you have done this, you still have a little extra time, as the Vampire hesitates before the Silver Mirror. You will be able to get a free sword strike at him, causing 2 points of damage to his STAMINA, when you begin a swordfight, so make a note of this! If you are going to attack him with a sword immediately, turn to **26** now.

18

You open the door. It is very dark within, and you need your lantern to see by. Peering in, you can make out sacks of grain and some scurrying rats. There is a door in the west wall of this storeroom. Will you:

Move to the west door in the storeroom?	Turn to **67**
Leave and approach the Crypt, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to **90**
Leave and approach the north doors in the courtyard?	Turn to **2**

19

The gas-cloud seeps slowly behind a wall-hanging, and you reveal a secret door there. Opening it, you uncover the last of Reiner Heydrich's coffins; throwing back its lid, you find the slowly re-forming body of the Vampire. Do you have either a Crucifix or the Shield of Faith, and *also* either a Stake or the magical sword, Nightstar? If you have at least *one* of *each pair* of items, you know what to do, so turn to **32**. If you don't have at least one of each pair, turn to **69**.

20

You already know Katarina's wiles; she tried to control you before, but you resisted her the first time – and you are immune to any further tricks! You strike out with your sword, inflicting 2 points of damage upon her STAMINA. Turn to **106** to finish the fight.

21

After overcoming Wilhelm, you look at the incredible clutter all round these rooms Will you:

Search these rooms carefully?	Turn to **78**
Leave, and open the east door opposite in the corridor, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to **118**
Leave and open the door at the south end of the corridor?	Turn to **252**
Return to the entrance hall and open the north door there?	Turn to **101**

22

The Major Thassaloss is the most powerful of all the Count's guardians. When you fight it, in each Attack Round you must roll one die in addition to normal combat dice-rolls. If the roll is 1–5, a green ray of intense cold from the eye-sockets of the monster freezes you and you lose 1 STAMINA point. Only if you roll 6 will you be able to evade this ray. This happens, no matter who has the higher Attack Strength in the Attack Round, so the Thassaloss is a formidable enemy!

MAJOR THASSALOSS SKILL 10 STAMINA 15

If at any time you wish to cast a Shatter spell (and can do so), turn to **109**. If, at any time, you wish to cast a Jandor's Bolt spell (and can do so), turn to **125**. If you win, turn to **224**.

23

Holy Water does no damage to Katarina, since she is not in fact a Vampire! She ducks under the thrown vial and has no time to strike back. Fight with your sword; if you are using Nightstar, you can claim a bonus of only 1 to your SKILL for this sword. Return to **106**.

24

Your hands manage to grab on to a bush at the edge of the rocky precipice, and this saves you from certain death on the jagged rocks below. You haul yourself up and, somewhat shaken, follow the road towards the Castle. You have a long walk ahead of you, so roll one die. If the number rolled is 1 or 2, turn to **362**. If you roll any other number, turn to **73**.

25

You search Lothar's rooms, and after some time you find a hidden wall-alcove from which you retrieve a Silvered Stake and the Castellan's Keys; add these to your Possessions. Now, if you have met Katarina Heydrich and you want to take the Book of Swords to her, turn to **41**. Otherwise, you leave and make for the door at the south end of the corridor; turn to **319**

26

Do you have a Magic Sword? If you have, turn to **372**. If you haven't, turn to **284**.

27

As you step carefully across the threshold, you trip over a very thin, cunningly concealed tripwire, and the alarm this sets off alerts the man. He wakes and, not unreasonably, slashes at you with his wickedly sharp knife; lose 2 STAMINA points. Now you can either attack him (turn to **77**) or try to talk with him – after all, you haven't actually attacked him yet, so he just might listen (turn to **126**).

28

Before you can finish it off, the hateful undead thing transforms itself into a gas cloud and floats away! If you have a Forcewall spell and wish to cast it, turn to **111**. If you cannot – or do not wish to – cast the spell, turn to **63**.

29

Which spell do you want to use? Will it be:

Forcewall?	Turn to **155**
Greatstrike?	Turn to **112**
Jandor's Bolt?	Turn to **395**

If you have none of these spells, turn to **164**.

30

The monstrously large Ghoul backs away from you, spittle drooling over its blackened stumps of teeth. You can ascend the stone stairs opposite the door (turn to **159**) or attack the retreating Ghoul (turn to **107**).

31

The corridor turns south, and there are four doors before you: two to the east, one to the west and one at the end of the corridor, facing you. Will you:

Open the first door to the east, nearest you?	Turn to **58**
Open the second easterly door?	Turn to **227**
Open the door at the south end of the corridor?	Turn to **319**
Open the door to the west?	Turn to **114**

32

With the symbol of the cross on the Crucifix or the Shield of Faith held over the body, you drive the point of the Stake or Nightstar through the evil heart of Count Reiner Heydrich. Spots of black blood splash on the white silk lining of the coffin and on your hands, but you don't relax your grip. An unholy shriek comes from his mouth and the clawed hands of the expiring Vampire grip the coffin rim, then slowly go limp. The body gradually crumbles to dust. At last the Count has been sent to join his vampiric ancestors in the hells. Gain 2 FAITH points and 2 LUCK points! Turn to **132**.

33

As you enter the bell tower, a flock of bats rises up and starts swarming in the air in front of your face. You must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **86**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **133**.

34

You enter a lavishly decorated suite of rooms, with plush-covered furniture, exotic carpets and rugs, tapestries and paintings, and sackfuls of gold plates, gem-studded goblets, decanters, ornaments . . this place is dripping with wealth! There is also a person here Lazily reclining in a throne-like teak armchair among leather cushions is a stunningly beautiful young woman; her flowing black curls tumble over her shoulders and frame her slender, very pale face. An emerald bracelet circles her wrist as she lifts an arm from the folds of her black dress and gestures to you to come forward. 'It is polite to knock first, but you may come in,' murmurs Katarina Heydrich in a husky, seductive voice. Will you attack her (turn to 71) or talk with her (turn to 363)?

35

'You possess all that is needed to destroy Reiner in his coffin,' says the ghost softly, 'but can you fight him?' Do you have the Book of Swords? If you do, turn to that paragraph which is half the number of the magical page in that book (for example, if the magical page were 320, you would turn to paragraph **160**). If you don't have this book, turn to **14**.

36

You can try haggling with Karl-Heinz if you wish; but you will have to *Test your Luck* to do this. If you are Lucky, turn to **134**. If you are Unlucky, or if you don't want to risk offending Karl-Heinz by haggling, but simply plead poverty and offer a lower fee, turn to **183**.

37

Trying to stop the noise by fiddling with the keyboard gets you nowhere, and you lose 1 STAMINA point from some rat-bites while you try! Now, will you try to:

Find the bellows which power the organ?	Turn to **65**
Silence the organ with some nearby object?	Turn to **149**
Make a dash for the north door?	Turn to **335**

38

The index finger of the hand is raised, painfully slowly, and it gestures towards the south. Out of the corner of your eye you see a bottled human head opening and closing its eyes, apparently trying to speak, but it can say nothing. Again the finger gestures to the south, and for an instant you think you can hear a whispering voice say, 'Help.' Then the arm falls back lifelessly from you, and the head does not move. This is unnerving; you must lose 1 FAITH point, and you abandon your search straight away. Will you now open the south door at the T-junction (turn to **8**) or the east door (turn to **371**)?

39

The wolves stop to eat the food; deduct 2 meals from your Provisions. You close the door behind you. Now, will you:

Head for the Crypt?	Turn to **90**
Open the northerly brass doors?	Turn to **2**
Open the door to the south?	Turn to **18**

40

The dog is a savage mastiff, with wiry grey fur and large yellow teeth, which barks ferociously and slavers at the prospect of having you for a meal! If you chose to attack the dog rather than trying to sneak past it, you get a free strike at it, and you can subtract 2 points from the STAMINA score for the dog before you fight it.

MASTIFF SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, you take 4 Gold Pieces from the table (add these to your Treasure) and some food from the well-stocked larder (add 4 to your Provisions). Now, you can either get into the boat (turn to **138**) or wade across the river (turn to **187**).

41

You return to Katarina. She purrs happily at the news of the Castellan's death. She takes the Book of Swords and casts a spell over it. Azure magical flames lick at the tome, but it does not burn. Instead, a strange humming sound rises from it. Then the book is gone, and in its place – nothing! Katarina looks horrified. 'Damn Reiner! He has foiled my countermagic!' she curses, and her face is convulsed with rage. Suddenly, you are very fearful of what she might do to you in her anger, so you run out and head for the door at the south end of the corridor; turn to **319**.

42

Because the mist is all round you, it is easy to hit; you may add 1 to your SKILL when fighting the Vampire Mist.

VAMPIRE MIST SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you are hit twice, turn at once to **165**. If you win, turn to **10**.

43

You insert the great iron key into the massive lock and the heavily barred gate swings open. It is pitch-black below and you must have a light source: your lantern or a Magic Sword, if you have one. You descend stone steps, covered in dust, cut between walls which are cobwebbed and moss-covered. The walls have pale decorations and, at intervals, leering gargoyle faces which seem to be looking at you – or is that just your imagination? Rats scurry about in the distance; as you step down into a tunnel at the end of the steps, you notice a small pile of bones at which they have been gnawing. They look not unlike human bones. With a shudder, you walk on until you reach a door, and you open this with your keys. Before you is a corridor in which you can see doors and alcoves in the distance. Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **147**; but if you are Unlucky, turn to **91**.

44

The Wraith shrinks back from you, its wispy clawed arms scrabbling at the air close by your face, but your FAITH protects you! Now you see a wooden spiral staircase leading upwards in this bare and dusty chamber. You could easily escape the Wraith that way; however, since it is an evil thing, you would prefer to destroy it. You have heard, though, that only a magical weapon can harm a Wraith, so if you don't have one it could be dangerous to attack it! Will you:

Attack the evil Wraith?	Turn to **83**
Ascend the staircase up the Tower?	Turn to **316**
Return to the entrance hall and open the north door there?	Turn to **101**

45

You push open the door into Count Reiner Heydrich's living-room. Rich walnut wall-panelling and oak furniture tell you that he is a creature of taste, at least. But you have no time to dwell on details, for two of his pets are racing to attack – a vicious Vampire Weasel and an evil-looking, leathery-winged Horned Vampire Bat!

Fight the bat normally. Every Attack Round when you are fighting the bat, you must also roll one die in addition to normal combat dice. If the result of this die-roll is 5 or 6, the hateful little weasel has sunk its fangs into your leg; lose 2 STAMINA points because of this bite. Worse still, the weasel sucks your blood; for every subsequent Attack Round, the blood-drain causes you to lose 1 STAMINA point. Once you kill the bat, the weasel runs away; but if it has bitten you, you lose a further 3 STAMINA points before the bleeding stops.

HORNED VAMPIRE BAT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If the bat bites you twice, turn at once to **85**. If you win, turn to **135**.

46

You are almost taken by surprise by a ghostly human form which glides silently into the room and across it to attack you! The malicious, life-hating Spectre is the most powerful of the Count's undead servants, and you have to fight it! Do you have a Magic Sword? If you have, turn to **298**. If you haven't, turn to **208**.

47

After careful searching, you find a secret door in the passage on the north wall, some ten feet from the door at the end of the passage. You open it and enter a bare chamber with a half-open door in the east wall. Standing guard here are two Zombies bearing pole-arms - your FAITH will not protect you against these mindless but thoroughly trained guards! Fight the Zombies one at a time in the doorway.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE	6	6
Second ZOMBIE	7	6

If you win, turn to **348**.

48

Gunthar looks nervous. He says that any magic he might use to help you would alert Katarina, which could be very dangerous . . . he is clearly reluctant. Do you have the Book of Healers? If you do, turn to **375**. If you don't, you can either leave here and open the west door on the landing (turn to **294**) or you can show Gunthar any other book you have found in the Castle by turning to the paragraph with the same number as the magical page in that book.

49

Unfortunately your gaze dwells too long on the portrait of the Count, and its eyes burn into you, holding you fascinated. Do you have the Lycanthropy Affliction? If you do, turn to **95**. If you don't, turn to **144**.

50

You skirt carefully round the building. You have approached from the south, and can make out some features of what seems to be a two-storey building. In the south-west and south-east corners are the towers, whose spires loom above the slate roofs over the stone walls. Bats flit into and out of the south-west tower belfry. The arrow-slits in the towers are too high and too narrow to climb in through. You can see lights on the ground floor from windows in the west and east sides, but heavy drapes prevent you from seeing anything within the Castle itself. Roll one die and add 3. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH turn to **99**; if it is greater than your FAITH, you continue walking around and arrive back at the main gates without finding any other likely means of getting into the place, so turn to **326**.

51

Checking carefully, you find a small secret door in one wall; it conceals a wall alcove, from which you draw out a white shield with a red cross. This is the Shield of Faith; gain 1 FAITH point and 1 LUCK point for finding it, and add it to your Possessions. Now you must leave the tower, go to the entrance hall, and open the north door there, so turn to **101**.

52

You are in desperate trouble, fighting against one of the Count's more powerful magic creations, a Minor Thassaloss. You must subtract 2 points from your SKILL when fighting this battle, since you are still partially blinded by the effects of the magical flash of light.

In each Attack Round, roll one die in addition to the normal two combat dice. If the result of the roll is 1–3, the Minor Thassaloss will strike you with a numbing green ray of cold from its glowing eye-sockets, and you will lose 1 STAMINA point. If the die-roll is 4–6, you will have time to dodge this ray. The Thassaloss can freeze you even when it has the lower Attack Strength in an Attack Round, so it is a dangerous enemy!

MINOR THASSALOSS SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you win, you can search this chamber (turn to **352**) or leave, hoping for less formidable opposition elsewhere (turn to **320**).

53

The white wine is magnificent Mauristatian Chardonnay: crisp, cool and with the slightest hint of *pétillance*! You are quite refreshed, and regain 4 lost STAMINA points. Unfortunately, you drank a little too much, and you must subtract 1 from your SKILL when you fight your next battle (this affects only *one* combat, your very next one). Now you can try munching the appetizing-looking biscuits (turn to **4**) or make for the west door (turn to **45**).

54

You open the doors into a wolf pen, and two large wolves glower at you and lick their lips! Will you:

Attack the wolves?	Turn to **103**
Shut the door and get away?	Turn to **152**
Search for something to use against the wolves (other than your sword)?	Turn to **299**

55

In this room there is only a large oaken chest on top of a table. It is securely locked and bound, but with the Castellan's Keys you manage to unlock it. However, the lid *still* won't open! You see a silvered plaque on the chest with some kind of code etched on it, so you investigate this to see if you can find a way of raising the lid of the chest. Turn to **123**.

56

You feel a warm glow from the globe as you hold it; regain 3 lost STAMINA points. But, oddly, Siegfried seems disappointed in you. Turn to **35**.

57

As you kill the little homunculus, there is an explosion from one of the large glass vessels and you get splashed by boiling acid: lose 5 STAMINA points. There is a loud rumbling in the laboratory, and some equipment begins to rattle ominously. If you are still alive, you have to get out by the way you came in, and you run to the very end of the corridor to get away. There is a door on your left-hand side there, which you open: turn to **252**.

58

You open the door into a small linen store and see a large and possibly poisonous spider lurking among the starched cloth! You shut the door quickly. Back in the corridor, will you:

Open the second door to the east?	Turn to **227**
Open the door at the south end of the corridor?	Turn to **319**
Open the door to the west?	Turn to **114**

59

You slam the door behind you. As you look northwards, you see a slimy trail of greenish yellow muck seething from under the door to the north! You open the eastern door quickly and slip through; turn to **371**.

60

You open the door into a dusty, cobwebbed storage chamber that is full of lumber. If you search here, you could possibly be surprised by someone entering the main hall, so will you:

Search this storage room?	Turn to **110**
Leave here and open the north door?	Turn to **101**
Leave here and follow the east passage?	Turn to **256**

61

Siegfried says that while a stake can kill Reiner if it is driven through his heart, your present weapon cannot affect him in combat; you *must* have a Magic Sword. There is such a weapon, admittedly nowhere near as powerful as Siegfried's own, in the tomb of Adolf, a Castellan of the Castle in the distant past. This tomb is to the east of the T-junction, so you leave here and head for it: turn to **108**.

62

Suddenly the girl stands upright, arms outstretched, with her head thrown back. She screams! Roll one die and added 4. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **150**. If it is greater than your FAITH, turn to **195**.

63

The Count floats away behind some wall-hangings – you search but can find no doorway behind them! You know that vampires can regenerate, and you know too that you didn't kill him off. You guess that he may be back before long! You have time to perform four – and *only* four – actions. Decide what these will be. You could eat a meal (this takes two actions, and you can wolf down only one meal in time), drink a Potion of Healing or restorative brandy (one action per drink), release the girl with your keys (two actions), cast a spell such as Trueheal or Luckspell (one action per spell cast), or get some object from your backpack (one action per item you want to retrieve). When you have decided what to do, turn to **178**.

64

Valderesse lifts up the Gnome by his jerkin and holds him up to speak to him face to face. 'Get my friend across the river, Snivel, free of charge. You owe me a favour for keeping those wolves away from you last week!' Turning to you, she murmurs that Snivel is not the kind of Gnome whose offer of hospitality you should accept. There is a forester's hut further along the trail and you will be able to find rest there in safety. She puts the Gnome down, and he fawns and toadies to you. You clamber into his boat and he mutters some words which you don't make out. The boat moves straight out, against the current, into the middle of the river! Valderesse waves goodbye to you as you step out safely on the opposite bank. Turn to **383**.

65

Spending time searching for the air bellows in a large and unfamiliar pipe organ while being harassed by malicious, biting rats is not exactly an easy business. Lose 3 STAMINA points from the bites before you have the sense to give up and make a dash for the north door; turn to **335**.

66

The woman who stands before you is tall and slim, with flowing black hair and mysterious, emerald-green eyes. She is stunningly lovely, but very pale; the ivory pigment of her skin is emphasized by the jet-black dress she wears. Cold silver and glinting emerald jewellery adorn her. This is Katarina Heydrich, the Count's sister, who is gazing deep into your eyes! Turn to **264**.

67

You are just getting close to the door when the rats start to squeak, then they rush forward to attack you! There are too many for you to fight. You can either open the west door and go through (turn to **115**) or retreat back into the courtyard (turn to **163**).

68

Katarina smiles seductively at you; you are charmed, and you know that you *must* do exactly what she wants. You agree to slay the Castellan, and you follow her directions: leave, go south, and take the second door to the east. Turn to **227**.

69

You have overcome the Vampire, but you have no power to destroy him in the end. As you watch, you think you can see a grin slowly forming across his face, and a tiny trickle of blood runs slowly towards his chin as his fangs are revealed by the slowly parting, deathly pale lips. You free Nastassia, if you haven't already done so, and together run for your lives. Although there are stumbles and falls, finally you get back to Leverhelven. The folk are glad to see Nastassia once again; when they hear that the Count still lives, however, they fall silent and shake their heads in despair. Your adventure may be over but your quest was not completed; you have failed.

70

The Ghoul springs at you with filth-encrusted and bloodied talons, its rank breath hot on your face. Its eyes are miniature infernos of fiery hatred and hunger for living flesh!

HUGE GHOUL SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If the Ghoul hits you three times, turn at once to **127**. If you win, turn to **159**.

71

Do you have a Magic Sword? If you do, turn to **199**. If you don't, turn to **143**.

72

Count Heydrich sinks his fangs into your throat and sucks greedily at your warm, strong blood. You lose consciousness for now, but you will soon rise from the dead as his mindless servant!

73

As you walk through the night, using your lantern to light your way, you can hear wolves howling on this dank and foggy night. Bright moonlight occasionally breaks through the swirling mist and thick cloud to show you some detail of what is away from the path and outside the little circle of warm light your lantern casts. As the howling gets closer, one such shaft of moonlight reveals two wolves straight ahead. They are large specimens, with silvered grey fur and yellow eyes and slavering muzzles – and they are bounding towards you! Will you:

Attack the wolves?	Turn to **121**
Throw some food to them?	Turn to **218**
Try to run away and escape?	Turn to **170**

74

'To destroy Reiner, you need a Crucifix as well as a Stake,' Siegfried says. 'Pick up that globe and fix in your mind's eye the image of a silver cross.' You do this, closing your eyes to help you concentrate; when you open them, the ball has gone, but in your hands is lying a small silver crucifix! Add the Crucifix to your Possessions. Turn to **104**.

75

You are wondering what to say, but the Sage talks freely of his own accord. Mostly he goes on about how mean the Count is, and how he – the Sage – needs more money for books. You realize that you're going to have to pay for information, and it isn't going to come cheap. While you're wondering how much to offer, and how to do this politely, the Sage suddenly announces, 'Of course, for a goodly sum in gold I could get you into the library. Who knows what you might not find in there?'

You can ask the Sage about various matters, but you'll have to pay him for each answer you get. He will accept Gold Pieces, or any Treasure items of equal value. You can choose what you want to ask about from the list below, but you *must* pay for each answer you get. The Sage demands payment in

advance, and he doesn't haggle! For each question, you will be referred to the paragraph with his answer, then referred back to this paragraph. You could ask about:

Getting into the library (6 Gold Pieces)	Turn to **146**
Where the Count can be found (3 Gold Pieces)	Turn to **254**
Relatives of the Count in the Castle (3 Gold Pieces)	Turn to **209**
Nastassia, the missing village girl (2 Gold Pieces)	Turn to **185**
What's in the Crypt (2 Gold Pieces)	Turn to **303**
Any Afflictions you have (2 Gold Pieces)	Turn to **394**

After you have finished paying for information (and reduced the amount of your Treasure accordingly), you leave the Sage to his musty old books and manuscripts. If the Sage has given you an item, you follow his directions: turn to **332**. Otherwise, you leave and return to the passage outside: turn to **47**.

76

The Count is unusually resistant to this magic. Roll one die. On a roll of 5 or 6, he manages to evade the full forces of the Bolt and takes only 3 points of damage. If you roll any other number, he suffers the full 6 points of damage. Now you must fight with him. You can use the Greatstrike spell if you have it and wish to use it (turn to **346**); otherwise, turn to **26**. Remember to note how many points of STAMINA the Count has already lost.

77

You very quickly realize that the man is strong, agile and wily. You face a very dangerous opponent!

FORESTER SKILL 10 STAMINA 7

If you survive, and if you didn't sleep at the Gnome's hut, you *must* sleep here; you will not be disturbed, and you regain 4 lost STAMINA points for this rest. You may search the cottage if you wish: turn to **177**. When it is time to continue your journey, turn to **228**.

78

During your search you find a total of 4 Gold Pieces (add these to your Treasure), but you also find the young man's pet, a huge, brooding Raven, which perches on a mantel in Wilhelm's bedchamber and swoops to attack you!

GIANT RAVEN SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If the Raven wounds you, turn to **360**. If you win, you decide to leave and try the door at the end of the corridor leading south: turn to **252**.

79

Karl-Heinz the Alchemist leaves you and enters his laboratory through the north door of this room; half an hour later, he comes back with a bubbling green liquid in a conical glass vessel On his shoulder a small, winged, green homunculus perches; it grins nastily at you as you hand over your 8 Gold Pieces (deduct these from your Treasure) and drink the filthy stuff It tastes absolutely vile, and you feel very weak and sick after drinking it. Lose 4 STAMINA points. But it *does* work, and you are cured of your (Major) Lycanthropy Affliction (adjust your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly). With a sense of relief you thank the Alchemist and leave by the door in the west wall of his room. Turn to **373**.

80

You sense that Katarina has made some attempt to control you by magic, but she has failed. Snarling with frustration and rage, she commands you to leave. She begins to weave a spell, but you are fast enough to get away! Turn to **31**.

81

Fight the Zombies one at a time, in order. You are outnumbered, but a brave warrior should have no fear of these slow, mindless creatures!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE	6	5
Second ZOMBIE	7	5
Third ZOMBIE	6	6

If you win, turn to **11**.

82

You ascend back into the coffin and leave the Undertomb; the ghost fades as you depart. You climb the stairs back to the T-junction, and from here you can go down the east stairs (turn to **108**) or the southern stairs (turn to **161**).

83

Do you have a Magic Sword? If you do, turn to **129**. If you do not, turn to **231**.

84

Lothar was a good and decent man, and you have slain him needlessly. Lose 2 points from your FAITH and 1 point from your LUCK. Turn to **25**.

85

If you have the Curse of the Healer, turn to **186**. If you don't have this Affliction, turn to **206**.

86

You swing your lantern around and drive the bats off. They fly squeaking out into the enveloping blackness of the night. You see before you in the dirty bell tower some old bronze bells and one silver bell, which seems to glow with a very faint blue light. Roll one die and add 3. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **179**. If the total is greater than your FAITH, turn to **233**.

87

You push past the unlocked door, and find yourself standing on a stone balcony overlooking the courtyard. This balcony stretches to east and west of you, and also continues round towards the south at its eastern edge. There are three other doors leading away from the balcony. One door is to your right and clearly leads into a chamber next to the south-western tower; if you want to open this door, turn to **128**. A second door is halfway along the southern spur, on the east side; if you want to open this door, turn to **302**. The final door is at the extreme south of the balcony, furthest away from you; if you want to open this door, turn to **244**.

88

This is a foolish decision! The monster was already close by the door, and you have no time to flee in this way. The Stench Ghoul hits you: lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **122**.

89

Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you tiptoe past the dog and scoop up the food and the gold. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you wake the dog and you will have to fight it. Turn to **40**, but if you did not waken the dog you do not have to fight it, and you can simply take the food and treasure listed in paragraph **40**.

90

The Crypt has a stone entrance with steps leading down. Hideous gargoyle heads with fiendish grins stare balefully down at you, and the heavy, iron-railing gates are firmly locked. Behind you, you hear snarls somewhere behind the doors to the west, and decide not to investigate these. But will you:

Try to force the gates to the Crypt?	Turn to **141**
Open the southern door in the courtyard, if you have not already done so?	Turn to **18**
Head for the brass doors to the north?	Turn to **2**

91

Stepping forward, your weight triggers a concealed pit trap. You fall heavily to a stone floor, ten feet below. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Also, if you are carrying any brandy or Holy Water, their containers have smashed and you must cross these off your Possessions. You manage to clamber out of the pit: a simple trap, but effective, in your case at least. Turn to **157**.

92

Gunthar carries no weapon and you can slay him easily; however, as you do, he lays a hand on your neck and whispers a curse on you. You feel a stabbing pain – lose 3 STAMINA points – and, when you check, you can feel a blood-wet and painfully sore patch of skin there. You now have the Curse of the Healer, so record this in your Afflictions box. Searching the rooms, you turn up 3 Gold Pieces (add this to your Treasure), but nothing else of value. You return to the landing, opening the west door there: turn to 294.

93

Which spell will you cast? Will it be:

Forcewall?	Turn to 194
Jandor's Bolt?	Turn to 125
Shatter?	Turn to 109

94

'You have the Book,' the apparition says approvingly. 'My sword is imprisoned within it. Reiner's magic used blood to put it there, and blood is

needed to free it again.' Siegfried points to an ornate silver chalice on the table. 'You must give up blood to release Nightstar. It will cost you stamina, but the weapon is a peerless one.' If you are ready to do this, turn to 328. If you don't want to take the reduction to your STAMINA, or if you're simply unwilling to agree, you can ask Siegfried if there is any other way of getting a weapon that will destroy the Vampire: turn to 374 – unless you already have a Stake, in which case turn to 14.

95

Hair begins to sprout on the backs of your hands and your canine teeth seem to grow and force themselves over your bottom lip! Lose 1 point from your FAITH and 1 point from your LUCK, you know now that if you don't get help soon you are in very serious trouble! Change Lycanthropy to Major Lycanthropy in the Afflictions box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You flee, and you can open the door at the east end of the corridor (turn to 351) or run south along the corridor (turn to 166).

96

You sever the arm at the elbow and the hand releases its grip; what looks like fresh blood splatters over the floor. You are shocked to hear the sound of weeping coming from one of the human heads, sealed in a bell jar; lose 1 FAITH point and 1 LUCK point. You flee this place; back at the junction, you can open the east door (turn to 371) or the south door (turn to 8).

97

Mocking laughter rings down the passage from the west. You see a tall, dark-haired man in a crimson-black cloak, unmistakable by his widow's peak hairline and his glowing red eyes. The Count! 'You are no threat to me, you snivelling weakling,' he mocks. He wraps his cloak round him and is transformed into a giant bat. He flies off at great speed, and you cannot keep up with him. Turn to **47**.

98

The hairs on the nape of your neck rise as you sense that something intensely evil is in the room! Spinning around, you see a green, ghostly, human shape beginning to take form in the doorway. You cannot run, combat is inevitable – but you do have time to perform *one* action of some kind before you are forced to fight. You have time to wolf down some food, or a potion, to regain lost STAMINA, if you are able; or you could take a swing at the Spectre with your sword. If you wish to strike at the Undead thing, turn to **3**. If you want to perform some other action, decide what that will be, then turn to **117**.

99

Although there is a quality of indescribable evil about the Castle, you can also sense some powerful good in the place. From the centre of the north wall there is *something* – is it magic, perhaps? Since you can't get into this part of the Castle directly, you'll have to enter the main gates to find out. Turn to **326**.

100

You feel horribly weak as the tentacles of the Vampire Mist unerringly pierce the bloodied patch of skin on your neck. Lose 2 STAMINA points from the pain, and you will lose 2 more STAMINA points in every Attack Round because of bleeding, irrespective of whether you or the Mist has the higher Attack Strength, until you destroy the Mist! Turn to **42** and finish the fight.

101

You push open the north door in the entrance hall and see a brightly lit corridor stretching out before you. The floor is tiled, and there are small water-colour paintings hung on the walls. Before you, there is a door on the east wall, and further along one on the west wall; between the two, there is a side-passage to the east. There is also a door facing you at the (north) end of the corridor. Will you:

Open the north door?	Turn to **332**
Open the east door?	Turn to **172**
Open the west door?	Turn to **221**
Go down the eastern side-passage?	Turn to **353**

102

The ghostly girl communicates with you by telepathy. *I am Jandor, one of Katarina's victims,* she tells you. *I was caught off guard and my magic could not help me before I was bled to death.* You shiver, contemplating such a terrible end. *There's no time for that. My tomb* – she gestures – *my magical ring of spell-storing is in it. It will help you in your quest All those buried here have been consumed by the Heydrichs over the years. Bring us our revenge* You nod grimly to her; you seek nothing more!

The youthful wizard's ghost watches as you open her tomb and take the plain gold ring from her skeletal hand. The ring originally had six spells stored in it, but now only three remain. Each spell is usable only once. Roll one die three times to get three different numbers between 1 and 6, then consult the list below to see which spells the ring has within it for you. (Re-roll any duplicated numbers.) For each spell, turn to the paragraph which describes that spell; you will then be referred back to this paragraph.

Die roll of 1, spell is FORCEWALL	Turn to **232**
Die roll of 2, spell is GREATSTRIKE	Turn to **160**
Die roll of 3, spell is JANDOR'S BOLT	Turn to **273**
Die roll of 4, spell is LUCKSPELL	Turn to **323**

Die roll of 5, spell is
SHATTER — Turn to **222**
Die roll of 6, spell is
TRUEHEAL — Turn to **120**

When you have determined the three spells in the ring, record them in the Spells box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You leave with the ghost's blessing; turn to **59**.

103

Fight the two wolves one at a time in the doorway.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF	6	5
Second WOLF	7	6

If you win, you search around but find nothing valuable. Now will you:

Head for the Crypt? — Turn to **90**
Open the southern doors in the courtyard? — Turn to **18**
Open the brass doors to the north? — Turn to **2**

104

'You already possess what is needed to destroy Reiner in his coffin,' Siegfried whispers softly. 'He rests to the south of here; you know where to find him. But we have more work here. Pick up that globe and concentrate upon it. If you are of sufficient faith, it will serve you well.' Roll one die and add 4. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **12**. If the total is greater than your FAITH, turn to **56**.

105

You gain a free attack on the first, cowering Zombie – and, by a stroke of good fortune, you kill it instantly! Gain 1 LUCK point. Turn to **81**, and fight the second and third Zombies only.

106

Katarina holds a needle-sharp dagger in her left hand – and she is exceptionally skilled in its use! If you have had the chance to strike at her already, you may subtract 2 from her STAMINA score given below.

KATARINA HEYDRICH	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

You can fight her in one of many different ways. Will you make a first attack:

Using your sword?	Turn to **164**
Using a spell?	Turn to **29**
By throwing Holy Water at her?	Turn to **23**
Using a Silver Mirror, hoping to make her recoil?	Turn to **145**

After making your choice, you will be referred back to this paragraph. If eventually your STAMINA is reduced to 5 or less, turn at once to **237**. If you win, turn to **400**.

107

You get a free hit at the Ghoul as it cowers away from you, but after you hit, it fights back! Turn to **70** to fight, and you may subtract 2 from the STAMINA total given there for this monster.

108

You descend the stairs eastwards until you are standing before a black door with a silver plaque which reads, simply: 'Adolf'. Opening the portal, you step into a small chamber; in it is a stone sarcophagus on top of which is a sculpted stone warrior holding a longsword. Around the walls of this chamber are a number of weapons – swords and bows – and a pair of shields with faded heraldic designs; but these are rusted and of no use in a combat. Now, will you:

Try to open the sarcophagus?	Turn to **213**
Leave, climb the stairs and go south?	Turn to **161**
Leave, climb the stairs and go north (if you haven't already done so)?	Turn to **257**

109

The spell snaps the spine of the monster, destroying it instantly. The last of the malevolent green glow fades from the eye-sockets and the great black scythe falls to the floor with a crash. Turn to **224**.

110

Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **156**. If it is greater than your SKILL, turn to **214**.

111

The Count's escape-route is blocked by the Force-wall hemming him in! He returns to human form, snarling with fury, and races to return to the attack. Finish your fight with him: turn to **212**.

112

This spell works as normally, but to gain the extra damage you *must* have the higher Attack Strength in this Attack Round – otherwise the spell fails. Turn to **164**.

113

Snivel the Gnome pulls out a dagger, and you can see that the blade is discoloured – poison! If Snivel manages to hit you, you must lose 4 points of STAMINA rather than the usual 2, due to the effects of the venom. What's more, the Gnome is athletic, and he dodges and weaves, so he is not easy to hit!

GNOME	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you win, will you:

Search the Gnome's house?	Turn to **358**
Take the boat and cross the river?	Turn to **138**
Wade across the shallow river?	Turn to **187**

114

You enter a large chamber, lit by a magical globe of light hanging in the air. The room is crammed full of *objets d'art*. Paintings, crystal ornaments, vases, antiques and other valuables stand on plinths and shelves or are affixed to the walls here. A fortune – but you cannot carry it! You begin to look around for anything small which you could carry and take as treasure. As you are doing this, one of the wooden sculptures shakes itself and advances to attack you; it is between you and the door, so you must fight!

WOOD GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **168**.

115

You fling open the door, then slam it shut behind you to keep the squeaking horde at bay. You find yourself in a dusty chamber with a wooden spiral staircase leading upwards; it is dark and cobwebbed, so you need your lantern to see by. As you head towards the filth-encrusted wooden steps, two man-like figures loom out of the shadows. The stench of death is strong about them, and their half-rotting hands clutch rusted swords! Roll one die and add 2. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **217**. If the total is greater than your FAITH, turn to **265**.

116

Lothar asks you to turn round while he gets something from a wall-alcove with a secret door. He comes back with a bunch of keys and a wooden stake with a silver-tipped point. 'These will get you into the Count's rooms,' he says, handing over the Castellan's Keys (add these to your Possessions). 'The Count sleeps in the Crypt, but the Crypt Key is in his rooms to the south. You'll need to go south and open the door at the end of the corridor outside.' The Silvered Stake, he explains, can destroy the Count as he sleeps in his coffin (add this also to your Possessions).

Lothar puzzles for a moment then says to you, 'I've overheard the Count mutter to himself about something he's hidden not far away with a magical lock on it. "Forward and back," he said, "forward and back." He repeated that several times, and then laughed to himself. I don't know what he could have meant, but he surely meant something by it – he may be evil, but he isn't mad!' This story makes no sense to you now, but who knows what you may find later?

You thank Lothar for his invaluable help, wish him well, and follow his directions to the door at the south end of the corridor outside: turn to **319**.

117

Do you have a Magic Sword? If you have, turn to **298**. If you haven't, turn to **208**.

118

You enter a large room filled with all sorts of strange equipment: tables and charts showing the planets in the heavens, varieties of herbs, rock formations, and lots else besides. All this is strewn over benches and desks, pinned to the walls, and even scattered over the floor! Sitting at one desk is a white-haired, tall, thin man with pince-nez glasses perched precariously on his beaked nose; he is poring over some intricate diagrams and muttering to himself. He looks up at you. 'Er, pleased to meet you, I suppose. I am Karl-Heinz Matthaus, Alchemist-in-Residence. Something I can do for you?' He appears unarmed and looks like a kindly old man. He looks back at his work, clearly not interested in you. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **251**
Engage him in conversation?	Turn to **205**
Leave through the door in the west wall of this room?	Turn to **373**

119

Katarina begins to plot and scheme. 'There is something which could kill Reiner: a silver-tipped Stake which has been blessed by a holy man. Alas, there is only one such in the Castle, and it is kept by my deadliest enemy, Lothar the Castellan. He has been plotting against my life for months now. I beg you to kill him for me, and then you can obtain the Stake and kill Reiner. Lothar will never give you the Stake freely!' Will you agree to go and kill Lothar (turn to **198**) or refuse to kill the man (turn to **248**)?

120

TRUEHEAL is a powerful spell which will regain lost STAMINA points for you, up to one half of your *Initial* STAMINA (rounding odd numbers up). So, for example, if your *Initial* STAMINA was 17, the spell will heal 9 lost STAMINA points. You can cast it at any time, except during a combat. Return to **102**.

121

You must fight the two wolves together here On each Attack Round, roll two dice to determine the Attack Strength of yourself and of each wolf The combatant with the highest Attack Strength of the three will get in a damaging sword-blow or bite during that Attack Round. If you manage to strike one of the wolves, roll one die to see which wolf you hit. On a roll of 1–3, you strike and wound the first wolf; on a die-roll of 4–6, you strike and wound the second wolf. The wolves run around and dart in and out at you, so it's a matter of luck which one you strike!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF	6	5
Second WOLF	7	8

If you win, but not before the *second* wolf has bitten you at least once, turn to **266**. If you win without being bitten by the second wolf, turn to **314**.

122

Your FAITH is useless against this Stench Ghoul, a creature fired by a malice that has grown insatiable over years of imprisonment, so you must fight! Because of the nauseous stench, you must subtract 2 from your SKILL for the duration of this combat only.

STENCH GHOUL SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If the Stench Ghoul hits you three times, turn at once to **127**. If you win, turn to **180**.

123

There is a group of obscure runes on the plaque: you manage to decode them into letters, but they don't make sense. You guess that they have to spell out some phrase, hidden within these letters, to release a magical lock on the chest and so release the treasure within. Whatever is in there must be of great value to be protected like this! The letters read:

Gfgfho sid bqnnvq pe Thffgqjde
sid dgbho lbhm ng sid wzmhbmu nod
ugsdf gvmeqfc bme ejeux tdqzszud mhojt
ng ejmfru zslptsdsr dqbeu

Simple, isn't it? When you have decoded the transcription, you will know the number referred to there; turn to the paragraph with the same number to claim the treasure inside the chest, which you can do by whispering the name of the person referred to. If you decide to give up and leave this fine treasure behind, heading for the Crypt, turn to **191**.

124

The Wraith strikes at you with its chilling talons. Do you have a Magic Sword? If you do, turn to **200**. If you don't, turn to **231**.

125

This spell is useless. Although skeletal, this is a specially enchanted monster, not an undead creature. You will have to fight it. Turn to **22**.

126

You cough and the man, having woken, looks up nervously at you. He offers you bread and some hot soup from a pan by the fire (this will restore 4 lost STAMINA points), and tells you who he is and what he is doing here.

The forester, Barandrun, says that he was once a warrior, but that he tired of battle and bloodshed. Now he prefers to live alone, at peace with the creatures of the forest. Now, however, they have mostly disappeared, and this saddens and worries him. He is sure that it is the evil from Castle Heydrich that is frightening them away. You feel confident that you can tell him about your quest. He commends you on your bravery and says that he may be able to help you a little. He knows that there is at least one good man in the Castle who might be helpful. Lothar, the Castellan of the Castle, used to be friendly with Barandrun. 'But I have not seen him in some months; I do not even know if he still lives. Perhaps he too has fallen under the Count's sway, or been done away with. But if you meet him, he may be able to help you.'

Barandrun also gives you a gift: a string of cloves of garlic which he gets from a small herb-garden at the back of his cottage. At his urging you place this

round your neck; add Garlic to your Possessions. Barandrun offers you a safe place to stay. If you didn't sleep at the Gnome's hut, you must sleep here (recover 4 lost STAMINA points). Whether or not you sleep here, you resume your journey in the afternoon: turn to **228**.

127

The third and final hit by the Ghoul paralyses you, and the repulsive thing settles down to eat your immobile body. You are still conscious as you are eaten alive, a horrible end to your adventure!

128

You unlock the rusty door and encounter darkness beyond; you need a light-source here. Stepping in, you make out a number of suits of armour and military trophies round the wall – a stag's head with spreading antlers, the bristly head of a huge wild boar, and others. The room is dank and dusty and cobwebs hang everywhere. Suddenly there is a rusty clank and one suit of plate mail, armed with a bardiche, trundles towards you! You can stand and fight it (turn to **153**) or try to slam the door and lock it behind you, evading this magical creation (turn to **215**).

129

You are able to strike at the cowering Wraith before it can attack you. Turn to **200** and deduct 2 points of STAMINA from the total given there for the Wraith to allow for the damage inflicted by your first strike.

130

You step back quickly to avoid a small cloud of green gas that has been released from a crushed vial; this soon disperses, so you advance cautiously to investigate what the Count has hidden here. You find a bundle of letters from various of the Count's Mauristatian servants; the authorities there will be interested in these! You also find, wrapped in a white silk cloth, an ornate crystal vial containing a colourless, odourless liquid. From markings on the vial you suspect this might be Holy Water which the Count has hidden in order to keep it away from anyone trying to use it against him. You take this, so add Holy Water to your Possessions. Lastly, you pick up an exquisite gold brooch set with rhodochrosites and a topaz; this is worth 7 Gold Pieces, so add it to your Treasure. Now you open the safe: turn to 271.

131

You enter a lounge where nondescript carpets and plain wooden furniture litter the scene. You notice wall-hangings displaying a bewildering variety of herbs and other plants, and an open door to the west. From that doorway a man enters; he looks absent-mindedly at you. He is middle-aged and has a mane of greying black hair tapering to a widow's peak above his face, which is dominated by his pale green eyes. He is dressed simply in white and grey robes, and he carries a tray with a decanter and goblets, which he puts down as he greets you. 'I am Gunthar Heydrich. What is your business here?' he asks you. He seems kindly enough. Will you talk to him (turn to 15), or attack him, being distrustful of any member of the Heydrich family (turn to 92)?

132

Slumped over the remains of the Count, you are awakened from your exhausted reverie by the voice of Nastassia calling to you. You unchain her (if you haven't done so already). Her deep blue eyes look into yours, and then she throws her arms round you, calling down blessings on you for saving her from a terrible fate. By a stroke of good fortune she is a healer, and she attends to your wounds expertly; recover 4 lost STAMINA points. You tell her how glad you are that you have freed her from the evil Vampire Count; but Nastassia's eyes grow wide and she cries out, 'Oh no, it wasn't he who was going to kill me. It was his sister!' You have a sinking sensation in the pit of your stomach . . . and then she is *here*, standing in the room before you, gazing straight into your eyes! If you have met Katarina Heydrich before, turn to **176**. If you haven't met her before, turn to **66**.

133

The bats surround you, and you can't see anything as you try to fight them off. Their wicked little teeth are bloodied by feeding on something – or perhaps *someone*. There are too many to fight; you have to retreat back down the stairs. You can try to climb up to the bell tower again, hoping the bats will have flown off (return to 33) or go back to the main courtyard (turn to **380**).

134

Karl-Heinz agrees to brew the potion for a reduced fee, but he will take all the Treasure you've got! Turn to **79**.

135

You search this room and pick up some small trinkets worth 4 Gold Pieces; add these to your Treasure. There is only one other door in this room, in the west wall, so you decide to open it. *Test your Luck*: if you are Lucky, turn to **315**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **253**.

136

A great shadow suddenly darkens the passage. A massive snarling rat, as big as a large dog, is galloping down the passageway towards you. Its red eyes glow with malice and, although one of its chisel-like yellow incisor teeth is partly chipped off, it still looks as if a bite could be most unpleasant! It is so quick that you have no time to run; you must fight.

GREAT RAT SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **97**.

137

Drinking red wine in a Vampire's castle? This is not red wine, this is blood, and it seems to be still warm! You spit it out in horror. Lose 1 FAITH point. Taking no more risks, you head for the west door. Turn to **45**.

138

You clamber aboard the small boat, but it has no oars – and no sail or rudder either – and it simply won't budge. You climb out again to look for something to use as an oar – but when you do, the little vessel drifts out into the river and remains, stationary, in mid-stream. You wade in again and try to get to it, but every time you approach, it moves away from you of its own accord! It is obviously a magical craft – and you can't control it. You'll have to wade across after all. Turn to **187**.

139

Roll two dice and add 3 to the total. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, you just manage to shut the door and get out: turn to **320**. If the result is greater than your SKILL, you can't escape in time and you must fight, so turn to **52**.

140

The Vampire recoils in disgust from the garlic round your neck and lashes out at you in frustration! Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, but the charm is broken. Count Reiner Heydrich is looming very close to you, so you have to fight him with your sword. You can use the Greatstrike spell if you wish to and if you possess this spell (turn to **346**), or just set about you with your weapon immediately (turn to **26**).

141

The gates are made of solid, inch-thick iron bars; you cannot open them. Roll one die and add 2: if the total is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **192**; if it is greater than your FAITH, turn to **243**.

142

As you rummage around, one of the arms on the shelves suddenly grabs your arm and holds it quite firmly. It is not hurting you, but it won't let go. You can try to hack at the limb with your sword, since it isn't grasping your sword-arm (turn to **96**), or just stay put and see what happens (turn to **38**).

143

You strike at Katarina with your sword, but it doesn't harm her! Laughing, she draws an ice-blue dagger to strike at you. Unable to hit her, you run for the door, but at her command a large rug wraps itself round your legs and brings you down heavily. As it enmeshes and begins to choke you, Katarina brings over a heavy copper bowl, places it under your throat, and fingers her dagger, laughing! Your adventure is over!

144

The eyes of the portrait turn red and blood begins to seep from the canvas! This is certainly unnerving, but you overcome your fear. Now will you:

Search this room?	Turn to 193
Leave, and open the door at the east end of the corridor?	Turn to 351
Leave, and follow the corridor round to the south?	Turn to 166

145

Katarina laughs, brushing aside the useless object, and slashes at you with her dagger. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 164.

146

The Sage whips out a Silver Key from a waistcoat pocket after taking your fee. You notice that the key has the number 378 engraved on it. 'That'll get you in,' he says. 'Back down the corridor to the west, turn right, and open the north door with this.' Return to 75.

147

As you advance, you sense there is something wrong with your footing – and you just manage to step back in time from a covered pit trap! Skirting round it, you continue safely along the corridor. Turn to 157.

148

People are eager to tell you how to get to the Castle! They warn you that the road the carriage travels on is very unsafe; only that ghostly vehicle can traverse it safely. They point out that there is a trail heading north-east through the forest and that this leads to the Castle. If you are lucky you may avoid the forest's wild animals; there is a forester's cottage along the way where you could rest and sleep. You'll have to cross the river, though; the one-armed man in the tavern gives you 2 Gold Pieces for the fee the ferryman will ask of you.

You set off along the trail and soon you find yourself enveloped in the forest. The branches of the trees seem to be twisted and contorted into grotesque shapes, and in the distance owls hoot and wolves howl. The forest floor is bare of plant cover, and your boots crunch on the gravelly earth. It grows lighter, perhaps dawn is approaching – and then an arrow whistles past your ear and embeds itself in a tree trunk! In the gloom to your left you see a large bear lumbering towards you, and to one side a slim figure is nocking another arrow to a longbow, ready to fire at you! Will you:

Attack the archer?	Turn to **246**
Attack the bear?	Turn to **295**
Try to parley with the figure, whoever it is?	Turn to **344**
Make a run for it and try to get away?	Turn to **197**

149

What will you try to use? Will you strike the organ with:

Your sword?	Turn to **175**
The heavy bunch of candlesticks?	Turn to **203**
Some other object?	Turn to **261**

150

You are now fighting a direly evil undead creature, and the Baobhan Sith casts a spell at you! Determine whether you or the Baobhan Sith has the higher Attack Strength for this Attack Round (the Baobhan Sith has a SKILL of 9). If you have the higher Attack Strength, you strike her and spoil her spell; turn to **263** to finish the fight, subtracting 2 from the STAMINA total given there for the Baobhan Sith because of this hit. But if the Baobhan Sith has the higher Attack Strength, then she will cast her spell and evade your blow, so turn to **207**.

151

You are in luck. Wilhelm Heydrich, the poor idiot cousin of the Count, is fairly lucid today. He is happy to have a guest and soon you are drinking Analandian sherry as Wilhelm talks about his cousin. 'He won't have a mirror in the place, will he? He's terrified of a silver mirror! I've no idea why. There's one in the relaxation room just beyond the dining-room, and you'll never find Reiner lurking in there, oh no!' He gulps greedily at the fortified wine. 'And, then, old Siegfried's stuff frightens the living daylights out of him – well, it's not quite the *living* daylights, is it? The sword, you know, he's especially frightened of that. Hid it himself after he did away with Siegfried, in a book, believe it or not. Don't know about the armour. But he took the shield up into the tower, down there –' he points to the corridor. Wilhelm is drinking heavily now and beginning to ramble, so you say goodbye to him and leave. Back in the corridor, you decide to check the tower and the shield Wilhelm mentioned, so you go to the south end of it and open the door on the east side there. Turn to **252**.

152

Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **250**. If it is greater than your SKILL, you are too slow and must fight: turn to **103**.

153

The Animated Armour advances upon you and, while the cleaver-like bardiche blade is rusted, it still looks sharp enough to cause an unpleasant wound!

ANIMATED ARMOUR SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, there is nothing of value or interest here – all is rusted and useless. You can try the door on the east side across the balcony (turn to **302**) or the one at the far southern end of the balcony (turn to **244**).

154

There are two doors in this bare chamber, so you decide to open one of them. Will it be the door in the south corner of the west wall (turn to **294**) or the silver-handled door in the middle of the south wall (turn to **131**)?

155

There is little point in casting this spell, since Katarina is very near you and in any event she isn't going to run away! She lashes out at you; lose 2 STAMINA points. Now you must fight with your sword, so turn to **164**.

156

You make a lucky find in the middle of all the junk – a crystal vial with silver filigree banding worth 4 Gold Pieces (add this to your Treasure). You return to the entrance hall, and here you can open the north door (turn to **101**) or take the east passage (turn to **256**).

157

Some ten feet along the corridor you stand before two doors, one on either side of you. The door to the north has a dusty plaque which you read after clearing away the cobwebs; it says simply: 'Boris the Drunkard'. This does not sound too promising. The southern door has a plaque which reads: 'Chancellor Conrad Schmidt, the meanest man in Mortvania'. Ahead of you, you can see a T-junction with north and south turnings, and also a door at the end. Will you:

Enter the tomb of Boris the Drunkard?	Turn to **210**
Enter the tomb of Chancellor Schmidt?	Turn to **359**
Move on to the T-junction, ignoring these doors?	Turn to **230**

158

The only spells of use here are Greatstrike (to cast this, turn to **346**) or Jandor's Bolt (to cast this, turn to **76**). If you have neither spell available, turn back to **274** to select another method of attack.

159

You climb the stone steps, cobwebbed and filthy, past growths of mould and fungus on the walls, and ascend to the top of the tower. Moonlight streams into the circular chamber through tinted glass, and it seems almost as if the shadows in this place are skulking and watching. Opposite you, bathed in moonlight, is a young girl sprawled across a chair, bound by her wrists and ankles with a mesh of fine cobwebs – but they could be a lot stronger than they look, perhaps even magical. She is very pretty indeed, with long curly auburn hair and a fine, smooth complexion. Roll one die and add 4. If the result is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **225**. If the result is greater than your FAITH, turn to **269**.

160

GREATSTRIKE is a spell that is usable in combat when you wield a sword You cast the spell before you strike and, if you have the higher Attack Strength and land a blow on your enemy in that Attack Round, your blow does 4 *extra* points of damage. If you do not land a blow in the Attack Round when you use the spell, though, the spell is useless. And you must decide if you want to use this spell *before* you throw the dice to find out who has the higher Attack Strength! Return to **102**.

161

You open the door with your keys and enter a bare stone antechamber, decorated with wall-carvings of rats, bats and wolves. Opposite you is a door and, from a narrow slit along its base, baleful red light spills out from a chamber beyond. Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to **279**. If you roll 3 or 4, turn to **325**. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to **356**.

162

You pay the Gnome – deduct 2 Gold Pieces from your Treasure – and he takes you across. He doesn't need to row, he just whispers to his magical boat and it drifts straight across! You get out on the opposite bank. Turn to **383**.

163

The rats nip you with their sharp, yellowed teeth – lose 2 STAMINA points; but you get out safely and shut them in behind you. Now you can head for the Crypt, if you haven't been there already (turn to **90**), or head for the brass doors to the north (turn to **2**).

164

Conduct the combat normally by turning back to **106**. Your opponent is not actually a Vampire, so if you have the magical sword, Nightstar, you can claim a bonus of only 1 to your SKILL in this combat.

165

The tentacles of the mist creature wrap round your throat and you can feel the sensation of small but sharp needles digging into your flesh! If you have the Curse of the Healer, turn to **100**. Otherwise, turn to **6**.

166

Looking down the corridor, you see that there are doors opposite each other on the west and east sides halfway down, and then another door on the east side right at the end. Will you:

Open the first east door?	Turn to **118**
Open the east door at the end of the corridor?	Turn to **252**
Open the west door?	Turn to **240**

167

The Vampire has charmed you; you cannot attack him! He steps down, triumphantly, and his fangs are bared as he reaches for your throat. Are you wearing garlic? If you are, turn to **140**. If you aren't, turn to **72**.

168

Having overcome the guardian here, you snatch up a couple of silvered crystal birds which are small enough to carry. These are worth 3 Gold Pieces for the pair (add them to your Treasure). Now *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **385**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **270**.

169

You find the jar and rush back with it to Karl-Heinz the Alchemist. 'Wonderful,' he says, grabbing it with glee. 'The final ingredient for my potion of longevity! I'll soon be young again. And I have your potion ready too.' You gulp down the evil-smelling, thick green sludge he gives you. It is utterly disgusting and gives you severe stomach cramps; lose 4 STAMINA points. But after resting for a while, you find that it has worked – no more (Major) Lycanthropy Affliction! You thank the Alchemist for his help and return to the corridor, north of the entrance hall. From here, will you:

Open the north door?	Turn to **332**
Open the west door?	Turn to **221**
Go down the eastern side-passage?	Turn to **353**

170

Attempting to escape is hopeless; the wolves are much faster than you and can track your scent. As you run, you stumble and fall (lose 1 STAMINA point) and the first wolf bites you as you are getting up (lose 2 more STAMINA points). You must fight, so turn to **121**.

171

You run for the south door, fumbling with the keys. Lose 3 STAMINA points caused by rat-bites; if you are still alive, your trembling hands manage to slip the key into the lock; turn to **244**.

172

You push open the door and come upon a scene of domestic homeliness – a cook and two servants at worktables preparing food. However, there is an unpleasant smell mixed in with that of the food: a vile, rotting smell which catches at the back of your throat. The workers look up at you with mindless eyes – and you see at once that they are Zombies! Roll one die and add 2. If the result is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **238**. If the result is greater than your FAITH, turn to **275**.

173

You wound the Spectre before it can fully materialize. Turn to **298** to finish the fight, and you may subtract 2 from the STAMINA total given there for the Spectre as a result of this initial blow.

174

You clamber into the coach, and the horses set off at a gallop – making no sound as they move! You settle back into a comfortable seat draped in black. Looking through the heavy purple-curtained windows, you see nothing outside but thick swirling fog, but the wolf-howls you hear send shivers down your spine. Roll one die and add 2 to the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **223**. If the total is greater than your FAITH, you continue your journey until the coach stops, close by the Castle, and allows you to dismount before vanishing into the fog; turn to **362**.

175

Your sword is quite useless against something of this size; you don't know where to strike to cause any effective damage. Lose 2 STAMINA points from rat-bites before you give up and flee north; turn to **335**.

176

If Katarina has tried to charm you before and failed, turn to **20**. If she has tried to charm you before and succeeded, turn to **276**. If she has not tried to charm you previously, turn to **293**

177

You find enough hot soup for a meal. This must be eaten here; you cannot carry it with you (restore 4 points of STAMINA). You find a drawer in a table and take out a bag containing 5 Gold Pieces – but you also prick your finger on a discoloured needle inside the drawer. You must record Slow-acting Poison in the Afflictions Box on your *Adventure Sheet*; this will affect you until you can find a cure for it It works as follows: every time you have to fight, at the beginning of the combat you must subtract 1 point from your current STAMINA, and also 1 point from your *Initial* STAMINA! Thus you will gradually become severely weakened. Only if you can find a treatment to cure you of this Affliction will you be able to restore your *Initial* STAMINA to the level you started with.

If you didn't sleep at the Gnome's house, you must sleep here now, since you are very tired. When you are ready to continue, you travel on through the afternoon; turn to **228**.

178

The Vampire reappears in the room in human form! Add 8 points to the STAMINA score he had when he escaped. Fight him again, and if you manage to reduce his STAMINA score to 4 or below once more, turn at once to **212**.

179

The silver bell radiates a sense of goodness to you. You look it over carefully, and inside the bell you find a name etched: SIEGFRIED HEYDRICH. Although it could raise an alarm, on impulse you ring the bell; turn to **280**.

180

Wiping the last of the slime from the Stench Ghoul off your sword, you take a quick look around and find a leather bag in the sarcophagus. This contains 5 Gold Pieces, which you add to your Treasure. Now you can try to open the tomb of Boris the Drunkard, if you haven't already investigated it (turn to **210**), or head down the corridor to the T-junction (turn to **230**).

181

Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to **136**. If you roll any other number, turn to **47**.

182

You open the door . . . and trigger a magical trap. There is a searing flash of light and heat; lose 4 STAMINA points. You are partially blinded and can barely see into the darkened room beyond. However, you can just make out the shape of a four-armed skeletal figure with glowing green eye-sockets, armed with a scythe, bearing down upon you. You can either fight it, weakened as you are (turn to **52**) or try to shut the door and flee (turn to **139**).

183

Karl-Heinz refuses your offer. 'You don't get basilisk livers and squid ink for nothing, you know. I've got costs to cover,' he laments. He looks thoughtful, then continues: 'I'll tell you what. In the kitchens there are some herbs I want, but they're protected by the Count's guards. Go and get them for me and I'll make up the potion for you in return. There are lots of jars there, but there's only one I need. They're all numbered, and I want jar number 169. Go and get it for me.' He tells you how to get to the kitchens; leave by the west door in his room, go back to the entrance hall, through the north door, and take the first door to the east in the corridor beyond. Make a note of the jar number he needs in the Notes box on your *Adventure Sheet*.

You take your leave and go back to the north-south corridor outside the Alchemist's room. You could open a door opposite you in the west wall if you haven't already done so (turn to **240**), go to the south end of the corridor and open the door in the east wall there (turn to **252**) or return to the entrance hall and open the north door there (turn to **101**).

184

Having destroyed the loathsome remains of Doktor Faustus, do you want to:

Finish searching this room?	Turn to **142**
Leave here and open the eastern door?	Turn to **371**
Leave and open the southern door?	Turn to **8**

185

The Sage ponders. 'Ah yes, a young woman was dragged in recently, and the Count had her taken down to the Crypt. He keeps people prisoner down there, and then either drinks their blood or hands them over to Katarina. Funny creature, Katarina, can be very charming at times!' He looks almost fond at the thought of Katarina. Return to 75.

186

The bat's vicious bite strikes home on your already injured neck, and the hateful flapping menace rips your jugular open. You collapse in agony as your life's blood pours away on to the floor. Your quest ends here.

187

You step carefully on the stony bed of the shallow river, wary of pitfalls. You have nearly crossed to the other side when suddenly you see a slithering shape come snaking across the water towards you, and a yellowish green serpentine back is visible just under the surface of the water. You can stay where you are and fight the River Snake (turn to 236) or try to outrun the reptile and get to the bank (turn to 285).

188

Gunthar stares intently at the book with the magical page. 'But this is Siegfried's sword!' he says in amazement, looking at the page. 'Some great sorcery has imprisoned it within this book!' Then he becomes unhappy and tells you that the only way he can think of to free it would be to enlist the aid of Katarina's magic. 'She will ask some service of you in return – I shudder to think what it might be,' he says, adding that Reiner's sister is every bit as evil as the Count himself. Gunthar sits down with his head in his hands, despairingly. *He* may be too depressed to do anything, but you are a warrior and you are here with a purpose! You return to the landing and open the west door there. Turn to **294**.

189

Do you have a Crucifix and/or the Shield of Faith? If you have at least one of these items, turn to **220**. If you have neither, turn to **259**.

190

You are too slow! The Zombies are upon you before you can close the door and get away. Turn to **81**.

191

You reach the landing, hurry down the stairs and make your way back to the courtyard. You take out the Crypt Key and head towards the forbidding Crypt with its heavy, iron-railing gates and leering gargoyle heads. A huge shadow looms over you and you spin around in panic – but it is just a low-flying bat, silhouetted against the moon. The moonlight is a sickly, diseased yellow tonight, and there are other flittering *things* in the pale light and the shadows round you. Do you have the Major Lycanthropy Affliction? If you do, turn to **204**. If you don't, turn to **43**.

192

Your efforts to penetrate the Crypt don't go unnoticed. Drifting up the steps comes a tiny, dwarf-like, spectral figure, black and almost featureless. You can sense the chilling evil in the atmosphere which cloaks it; its tiny black claws reach out for you! Will you:

Fight the Shadow?	Turn to **292**
Run to the south doors (if you have not done so already)?	Turn to **18**
Run to the northerly brass doors?	Turn to **2**

193

Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **249**. If it is greater than your SKILL, turn to **300**.

194

The Forcewall keeps the Major Thassaloss at bay, but not for long. Ahead of you, you can see that the corridor leads to steps which descend to the north, east and south, and you make for one set of steps, compelling the Thassaloss to keep its distance from you with your magical aid. Turn to **224** to decide which set of steps to take; but you must make a note that, if you have to return back up a set of steps, the Thassaloss will still be lurking here and you will *have to* fight it, turning to **22** to do so, unless you destroy Count Reiner Heydrich the Vampire before you return!

195

The scream of the Baobhan Sith is horrifying and blood-curdling. You are dreadfully weakened by it, half paralysed, you cannot resist as she walks over to you and draws a razor-sharp dagger from her dress to slay you!

196

Lothar tells you to keep away from Katarina; she is dangerous, and taking on both her and her brother would be extremely difficult. He says that if you could destroy Reiner, then he and Gunthar, the healer who is Reiner's brother, could probably deal with Katarina. He says he also has some items of value to you; turn to **116**.

197

You run away into the forest. In your haste you drop some supplies, so deduct 2 from your Provisions. Roll two dice and add 3 to the total. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, you manage to evade your pursuers and eventually you arrive at a hut by the riverside (turn to **13**). If the result is greater than your SKILL, the bear and the archer catch up with you, and you can either attack them (turn to **295**) or parley with the figure with the bear – a young woman, as you now see (turn to **344**).

198

Katarina smiles happily. She tells you to go into the corridor, head south, and open the second door to the east. Turn to **227**.

199

The woman laughs and produces an ice-blue dagger from the folds of her dress. Fight her normally; she has a SKILL of 10. If you manage to hit her four times, turn to **226**.

200

The Wraith is a highly dangerous enemy, and your sword-arm must serve you well in this combat!

WRAITH	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, but the Wraith has wounded you, turn to **290**. If you win without being hit at all, turn to **316**.

201

You try to strike at the Horseman with your sword, but he just laughs as your blade passes through thin air! You cannot harm him. He whips the horses into a gallop, leaving you standing, looking foolish. Your belief in your own abilities is shaken by such an early failure; deduct 1 FAITH point. You need to find another way to the Castle, so turn to **148**.

202

Poor young Wilhelm, cousin of the Count, is quite mad, and you can get only scraps of information, of doubtful value, out of him. He mutters about a glowing sword hidden in a book, and other seeming nonsense. You leave him to his ramblings and try the door at the south end of the corridor. Turn to **252**.

203

You manage to lift the very heavy candlesticks with a grunt and bring the massive weight down on the organ keyboard, which collapses under the load and splits the bellows in two. The music comes to a screeching halt. Lose 1 STAMINA point from rat-bites, but now the infernal din has stopped the rats start milling around in confusion and they ignore you. You can go through the north door here (turn to **361**) or leave and open the door at the southern end of the balcony (turn to **244**).

204

Your transformation is now complete Your lupine form struggles to free itself of your leather armour; but you shake it off and run around in the yards and corridors of the Castle, howling. Soon a great bat flies overhead and swoops down; the Count has come to take control of his new pet! Yours is a fate worse than death

205

The Alchemist says little, although he does tell you that he is employed by Katarina – the Count's sister – to prepare potions and powders which enable her to keep her youthful appearance, together with another treatment which Karl-Heinz seems deliberately to avoide mentioning. 'Katarina looks very young for a woman of 76,' he mutters laconically. You can't really ask about the Count and how to kill him (Karl-Heinz might tell someone what you're up to!) and there's little else you can get out of him. But he could be helpful to you if you have the (Major) Lycanthropy Affliction. If you do, turn to **318**. If you don't, you leave through the west door in this room, so turn to **373**.

206

You feel a horrid stinging sensation as the bat bites you a second time. Add the Curse of the Bat to your Afflictions box on your *Adventure Sheet*. As yet you can feel no ill-effects from the bites, but who knows what may happen to you later? Turn back to **45** to finish the combat.

207

The evil magic-working woman points a single forefinger at you, and green shards of light shoot from her hand and surround your body. They sink into you and you feel chilled, faint and weak. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA, and you must also subtract 2 points from your SKILL – but the SKILL loss (alone!) is temporary; it will last until you have fought *three* battles (including this one), so you should record this in the Notes box on your *Adventure Sheet* now. Now you close to fight with her, so turn to **263**.

208

Your weapon is useless against the Spectre, which strikes you; you lose 2 STAMINA points. You run from the room, trying to get back to the balcony, and the swiftly moving Spectre easily keeps pace with you, striking at your back. Roll one die. If the number rolled is a 6, turn to **310**. If you roll any other number, turn to **365**.

209

'Well, there's poor young Wilhelm the cousin – mad as a hatter, you know. Quite harmless. Siegfried's dead of course – Reiner's elder brother, he was Count until he, ah, disappeared and Reiner took over. Then there's Gunthar who lives upstairs; just go right up and knock on the silver-handled door. He's a healer, so he says. Not a bad sort. Katarina, the Count's sister, she's a beautiful and peculiar woman. Very capricious, with a temper like a wildcat, but quite captivating, too. She's got a lovely suite of rooms upstairs at the end of the corridor, past the landing where you go up.' Return to **75**.

210

You unlock the door with your keys. It opens into a small, bare, stone chamber, with a plain stone sarcophagus in the centre. If you want to investigate the sarcophagus, turn to **262**. If you would rather leave, you can either open the door to the Chancellor's tomb, if you haven't already done so (turn to **359**), or head down the corridor to the T-junction (turn to **230**).

211

The Gnome shows you to a bunk bed, where you settle down to sleep – after wedging the door and window shut to keep intruders out! You sleep well (recover 4 lost STAMINA points), but at about noon you are suddenly awakened by a growling noise and open your eyes in time to see a huge wolf materializing in the room, formed out of a gas cloud which has seeped under the door! You can grab your pack and weapon and try to get to the door and make a run for it (turn to **309**) or stay and fight this creature (turn to **260**).

212

In desperation, the Count will try to bite your throat rather than batter you with his fists. You may subtract 2 from his SKILL when he tries this biting attack. His bite causes normal damage (2 points) on the first hit – unless you have the Curse of the Healer (if you do, his bite causes double damage – 4 points!). If the Count bites you twice, turn at once to **268**. If you win, turn to **339**.

213

You prise open the heavy stone lid just far enough to be aware of a glimmer of soft light inside. The skeleton within, clad in rusted chainmail, has a glowing longsword in his hands. Gently, you remove this and take it. It is a straightforward Magic Sword: you may not add anything to your SKILL when you use it, but at least with this weapon you can harm Reiner Heydrich the Vampire! Add the Magic Sword to your Possessions – unless you already possess a Magic Sword, in which case you leave this one behind. There is no extra value in having a second one!

You leave and climb the stairs; from here, you can descend the northerly stairs if you haven't already done so (turn to **257**) or descend the southerly stairs (turn to **161**).

214

You find nothing of interest or value, so you return to the entrance hall. Here, you can open the north door (turn to **101**) or follow the east passage (turn to **256**).

215

Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **283**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **153**.

216

You throw your Holy Water at the Vampire. Roll one die and add 1, to get a number between 2 and 7; this is the number of points of damage the blessed liquid does to the maddened undead creature, whose skin now seems to be on fire! If you have another one available, you have time to throw a second vial, with the same results; or you can attack by sword (turn to **26**) or spell (turn to **158**). Keep a note of how many points of STAMINA loss you have already inflicted on the Count!

217

These Zombies – as you can see these pathetic things must be – hesitate and allow you time to dash up the stairs without having to fight. Turn to **311**.

218

One of the wolves stops to gobble down the food; subtract 2 meals from your Provisions. The larger wolf, however, ignores the food and attacks you, snarling and drooling. Turn to **121**, and fight the *second* wolf only.

219

You unlock the drawer, but you hear the sound of splintering glass as you do so. You must *Test your Luck*; if you are Lucky, turn to **130**, but if you are Unlucky, turn to **387**.

220

'You have the cross, but you lack the weapon to destroy Reiner,' says Siegfried grimly. Do you have the Book of Swords? If you have it, turn to that paragraph which is one half the number of the magical page in that book (so, if the magic page were numbered 240, you would turn to paragraph **120**). If you don't have it, turn to **259**.

221

You open the door into a large and plushly decorated dining-room. A huge, centrally placed mahogany table is flanked by chairs; it groans under a weight of silver cutlery, utensils and crystalware, laid out on lace cloths. Heavy drapes are drawn across the windows to the west, and there is a large tigerskin rug stretched out by the north wall; just past this is a half-open door. Deciding to investigate the room beyond, you walk past the rug, but you hear a growl and a snarl, then the thing rises to its feet and its eyes gaze at you with hostility! Snarling fangs and claws and fur are about to fly at you, so you must fight this unusual enemy!

TIGERSKIN RUG SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, you can take some treasure from this room: some silver items small enough to carry, worth a total of 4 Gold Pieces (add these to your Treasure). You look round the door to peer into the next room; turn to **364**.

222

SHATTER is a spell which will destroy any *one* creature that is made almost entirely of bones, such as a Skeleton. You may cast it at any time during a combat with such a creature. Return to **102**.

223

Suddenly you feel a chill inside the carriage and there, slowly appearing before you, is a ghost! The spectral shape of a tall man with wavy black hair and green eyes, his figure almost covered by a voluminous black and purple cloak, sits smiling opposite you. 'The Count is expecting you,' he smirks, 'although your stay will be a very short one, I fear.' He sits back and continues to smile in a leering, mocking way. Then the carriage lurches abruptly, and the ghostly apparition springs forward at you! Roll one die and add 4 to the result. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **321**. If the result is greater than your FAITH, turn to **272**.

224

Three sets of stairs lead downwards from the end of the corridor: northwards, eastwards and to the south. Each set of steps is dusty, the walls are mildewed and the air is dank. A powerful sense of evil seems to pervade even the nooks and crannies here! Which set of steps will you follow? Will it be:

The northern steps?	Turn to **257**
The eastern steps?	Turn to **108**
The southern steps?	Turn to **161**

225

You sense both a strong good *and* a strong evil in this chamber, but you aren't certain which impression comes from which area. Turn to **269**.

226

Katarina laughs at you again but this time her cat-like eyes flare with anger. Roll one die and add 4. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **286**. If the total is greater than your FAITH, turn to **331**.

227

You open the door and stride into a spartan room with just a couple of tables and plain chairs, a bunk bed, and similar humble furnishings – a small chest of drawers, a plain wardrobe, and the like. Looking up from his writing-desk is a tall, well-built man in his early thirties with light brown hair and brown eyes. His crooked smile greets you as you enter. 'Greetings, stranger, are you lost that you have come to this wretched place?' he asks. If you are charmed, you *must* attack him, so turn to **369**; otherwise, you can choose to attack him (turn to **369**) or talk with him (turn to **397**).

228

You head on through the afternoon into the darkening evening, until finally you see a castle on top of a steep hill. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **362**. If it is greater than your SKILL, turn to **277**.

229

From the body, a ghostly double of the man rises and sits up, then moves out of the coffin to stand before you. Towering over you, the shade of Siegfried Heydrich stares grimly down and gestures for you to follow him – pointing to the coffin! You lift the lid and gently move the body aside. Your shaking hands find a secret door in the base of the coffin; the gap is large enough for you to squeeze through, following the impatient ghost. You drop a few feet down to a stone floor and, half crouching, using your light-source you follow Siegfried's ghost along a short, narrow passage which opens into a kind of small shrine. Siegfried points first to a small, rosy quartz vial of colourless liquid. 'Holy water,' he explains, 'you'll find that useful.' (Add Holy Water to your Possessions.) Then Siegfried looks at a very strange gilded bronze globe, lying on the white-clothed table before you next to a silver chalice. Do you have a Stake? If you do, turn to **304**. If you don't, turn to **189**.

230

At the eastern end of the corridor is a black door with heavy iron bands; at the sides, to north and south, are small side-passages which also end in a black wooden door. Checking them swiftly, you find that the northern door has a plaque which reads: 'Doktor Pieter Faustus, Physician to Count Wilhelm Heydrich'. The other doors have no decoration. Will you open:

The north door?	Turn to **255**
The east door?	Turn to **371**
The south door?	Turn to **8**

231

Without a Magic Sword you cannot harm the Wraith. You are forced to flee all the way back to the entrance hall; the Wraith pursues you part of the way, but avoids going too far into the light. Roll one die; this is the number of times the Wraith strikes you in the back as you run, and you lose 2 STAMINA points for each hit! If you are still alive, you must roll a second die. If this die-roll is 1–4, the Wraith has drained you of part of your life energy: lose 1 SKILL point. If the die roll is 5 or 6, you have escaped this fate by sheer chance. You open the north door in the entrance hall; turn to **101**.

232

FORCEWALL conjures up an invisible sphere of force around you which cannot be passed through, and which moves as you do. It can prevent enemies from escaping; or it can keep enemies away from you for a time, if you wish to use it as protection. You will be asked if you want to use this spell in paragraphs when it is appropriate. Return to **102**.

233

You could try striking the silver bell. However, this could be dangerous, since you might rouse guards by the sound. If you want to ring the bell, turn to **280**. If you would rather go back down to the courtyard, turn to **380**.

234

Have you been charmed by Katarina? If you have, turn to **25**. If you have not, turn to **84**.

235

Gunthar thanks you profusely for returning his book and rewards you with a magical potion of healing which he has cunningly concealed in a secret drawer in a cupboard. Add this to your Possessions. You can drink this at any time, except during a combat, and it will restore 4 lost STAMINA points. Thanking Gunthar for this valuable gift, you leave and open the west door on the landing; turn to **294**.

236

Your mobility is reduced as you are up to your knees in water, so you must subtract 2 from your SKILL for the duration of this combat.

RIVER SNAKE SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If the Snake wounds you twice, turn at once to **334**. If you win, turn to **383**.

237

Seeing that you are growing weak, little Nastassia pluckily picks up a dagger from a nearby table and comes to your aid. She will fight on your side with a SKILL of 6.

You are now in a three-way fight. In each Attack Round, roll dice for all three fighters (yourself, Katarina, Nastassia) to see who has the highest Attack Strength; this will be the combatant to get in the effective, damaging blow in that Attack Round. Katarina will ignore Nastassia; she will continue to strike at you in order to finish you off first!

If you win, turn to 400.

238

The Zombies pick up knives and cleavers, but they are keeping well away from you. You might be able to get past them and through the entrance into the main kitchen and stores to the east if you try (if you do, turn to 282) or will you:

Attack the Zombies?	Turn to 105
Leave and go to the north door in the corridor?	Turn to 332
Leave and open the west door in the corridor?	Turn to 221
Leave and take the eastern passage off the corridor?	Turn to 353

239

The Jelly is a foul, diseased thing and it infects you with the early stage of a weakening, wasting disease. Lose 1 SKILL point . . . and things could get worse later. Turn to 313 to finish the combat.

240

You open the door into a suite of rooms that are cluttered with cushions, papers, toys, pictures and all sorts of debris strewn all over the place! Marching up and down, clad in an ill-fitting blue military uniform and with a ridiculous tricorn hat is a dishevelled young man with long, flowing black hair and green eyes. He mutters nonsensically to himself and does not seem to have noticed you enter. He certainly seems rather lacking in his wits. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **322**
Enter and talk with him?	Turn to **288**
Leave and open the east door opposite, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to **118**
Leave and open the door at the south end of the corridor?	Turn to **252**

241

You open the door, and a brilliant searing flash of light and heat injures you. Lose 4 STAMINA points, and you are also partially blinded. Advancing on you is a four-armed skeletal figure with a scythe, its green eye-sockets glowing eerily in the darkness. You have no time to run, and you must subtract 2 from your SKILL when fighting this monster because of your half-blinded state.

In each Attack Round, you must roll one die in addition to the usual two combat dice. If this die-roll results in 1–3, the Minor Thassaloss will strike you with a chilling green ray from its eye-sockets, causing 1 point of damage to your STAMINA. If the die-roll is 4–6, you manage to dodge the ray. The Minor Thassaloss can cause this freezing damage even when it has the lower Attack Strength in an Attack Round, making it a dangerous enemy!

MINOR THASSALOSS SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **55**.

242

You draw your sword, but he laughs out loud at you! He places one hand on the crystal ball, mutters a word, and a dragon's head appears on top of it! The spiny red head breathes a narrow red jet of smoking, superheated flame at you. You scream in pain and pass out immediately, and Karl Adenauer prepares to supply a Ghoul he knows with a barbecued meal . . .

243

You abandon your attempt to get into the Crypt. You see a flare of light from under the brass doors to the north; you could either investigate these doors (turn to **2**) or run to the south door and open that, if you haven't already done so (turn to **18**).

244

You use the Castellan's Keys to open the door, and enter a reception room. Lavishly decorated with comfortable armchairs, a chaise-longue and scattered cushions, this is a very comfortable place. There are some decanters of wine, which could be refreshing, and some sweet round sponge biscuits topped with thin, dark chocolate, which look appetizing; or you could just head straight for the door in the west wall of this room. Will you:

Try the red wine?	Turn to **137**
Try the white wine?	Turn to **53**
Try the biscuits?	Turn to **4**
Head for the west door?	Turn to **45**

245

Your weapon is useless against the enveloping, choking mist. The tentacles wrap round you and smother the life out of you. Before you could even deal with the first of the Count's coffins, you have met your doom!

246

You get close enough to make out the figure of a young woman; she is dressed in green and brown leather and is armed with a longbow and with a long-sword scabbarded close by her side. But the bear is stopping you from getting at her, so you will either have to fight it (turn to **295**) or try to talk your way out of trouble (turn to **344**).

247

You tell Lothar of your quest: to kill Reiner and rescue Nastassia. Lothar seems a trustworthy man. 'It is not only the Count you must beware; keep away from Katarina. His sister is every bit as evil as he is. If Reiner were slain, I think that Gunthar – that's Reiner's brother, the healer, if you haven't met him – and I could deal with her. But you shouldn't make a hard task impossible by tangling with her as well!' He tells you that her rooms are beyond the west door at the north end of the corridor outside, and you make a note not to go in there! Lothar also says that he has some items which will improve greatly your chances of success. Turn to **116**.

248

The beautiful woman turns the full force of her glittering green eyes on you. Roll one die and add 4 to the result. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **80**. If the total is greater than your FAITH, turn to **68**.

249

You find a silver bracelet behind a cushion. This is worth 3 Gold Pieces, so add it to your Treasure. You leave the room and return to the corridor outside. Here, you can either open the door at the east end of it (turn to **351**) or follow it round to the south, past that door (turn to **166**).

250

You manage to slam the door in the faces of the salivating wolves; they scrabble at it hungrily and begin to howl. You decide this may raise some alarms, so it's time to get out of the open space of the courtyard. You can head for the northerly doors (turn to **2**) or the door to the south, if you haven't opened that door earlier (turn to **18**).

251

You kill the poor old man easily; he doesn't have a weapon and can't put up a fight. It was a very evil act to slay another human being like this, for the Alchemist wasn't an evil man. Lose 2 points from your FAITH and 2 points from your LUCK. You search the room but find nothing which is recognizably usable, so you leave through a door in the west wall; turn to 373.

252

You open the door and a dark, musty odour of stale air greets you. You must use your lantern to see (unless you have a Magic Sword), and now you realize that you are at the foot of the south-east tower. Roll one die and add 3. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to 330. If it is greater than your FAITH, turn to 316.

253

As you insert a key into the door, a small but very sharp serrated blade flicks out from the door-frame and gashes your hand. Lose 1 point from your SKILL and 2 points from your STAMINA. You kick open the door; turn to 382.

254

The Sage explains that the Count comes and goes. Sometimes he is out and about in the countryside, sometimes he sleeps in his rooms to the south on the first floor – but most of the time he dwells down in the Crypt! Return to 75.

255

You enter a mausoleum containing a sarcophagus and some wall-shelves and tables, covered with a bizarre array of items You notice surgical equipment, blades, bottled specimens and freaks of nature, jars of fluids, and a number of severed limbs and heads which appear to be in a perfectly preserved condition. This is rather disturbing, so will you:

Search this chamber?	Turn to **313**
Leave and open the east door?	Turn to **371**
Leave and open the south door?	Turn to **8**

256

Along the eastern passageway there is a door to the north, and the passageway turns south just beyond it; there is another door facing you at the junction of the east and south corridors. Will you:

Open the north door?	Turn to **305**
Open the door facing you?	Turn to **351**
Follow the corridor round to the south?	Turn to **166**

257

You take the steps down until you come to a door which bears no plaque or sign, although you can see that there are some scratch marks on the door, as if something has been removed or some creature has been trying to get in or perhaps has just defaced the door. Will you:

Open this door?	Turn to **338**
Retrace your steps and head east?	Turn to **108**
Retrace your steps and go south?	Turn to **161**

258

You see that there is a plaque on the door, with the inscription 'Doktor Karl Adenauer'. You knock politely, and a wavering but sharp voice answers, 'Come!' You step in, and see a grey-haired, middle-aged man in robes sitting at a desk covered with papers neatly stacked up in piles. The room is chock full of books and papers, and the man peers at you over a crystal ball mounted on a dragon's foot which stands on his desk. 'Doktor Adenauer, young man,' he says, rather needlessly. 'Sage in the employ of Count Reiner Heydrich; wretched man, never gives me enough money for my research. These important books cost a fortune!' and he indicates a wall full of bookcases with a sweep of his hand. He looks grumpy, but he isn't hostile. At least, he doesn't seem to be! Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **242**
Talk to him?	Turn to **75**
Leave and return to the corridor?	Turn to **181**

259

'You lack the means to destroy my undead brother,' says Siegfried, a cold edge of reproach in his voice. 'You have failed here. Flee for your life!' You need no second invitation; Siegfried knows better than anyone what your chances of success are.

But when you reach the steps at the top of the Crypt, there is a smiling figure waiting, a creature whom you cannot destroy, and your quest ends here as he flies at you to feed his insatiable appetite for blood!

260

You strike out at the wolf, but your weapon does not harm it! In return, it bites you; lose 2 STAMINA points. This is no ordinary wolf – your trusty sword cannot harm it, so you run as fast as you can out through the door and towards the river. Turn to **309**.

261

No object you have is of any use in this situation; the organ drones dismally on and you lose 2 STAMINA points from rat-bites before you make a dash for the north door. Turn to **335**.

262

You prise the lid off the sarcophagus. Inside is an ordinary skeleton, but there is also an ornate brass bottle, and the seal round its stopper looks intact. You can inspect the contents of this bottle by opening it (if you do this, turn to **306**). If you wish to leave, you can enter the Chancellor's tomb opposite if you haven't already done so (turn to **359**) or head east down the corridor, towards the T-junction (turn to **230**).

263

The evil magic-wielder smiles as she draws a razor-sharp dagger, its blue crystalline blade set into a silver handle. She is very nimble and swift and dodges your blows; she will not be easy to overcome.

BAOBHAN SITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, you can search the place; turn to **324**.

264

Roll one die and add 4. If the result is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **343**. If the result is greater than your FAITH, turn to **381**.

265

You must fight the two Zombies one at a time; fight the first Zombie and then, if you are still alive, the second one.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE	6	5
Second ZOMBIE	7	7

If you win, you move up on the staircase: turn to **311**.

266

You feel a strange venom from the bite of the larger wolf affecting you. With horror you look down at the furry body and see that it is changing, in death, into a half-human shape! This was no wolf, this was a Werewolf, and you have been bitten by it! Record Lycanthropy in the Afflictions box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You don't know exactly how long it will take for this to start affecting you seriously, but you had better make haste on your quest and seek help or a remedy! Turn to **314**.

267

You open the door and peer into a large, dark room; you take a torch from the corridor to light a lamp in here and then look around. On a block of black marble, draped with black and crimson silk sheets, is a darkwood coffin. Your heart beats rapidly as you advance upon it, but the menace is not within it – it is around you! Thickening and swirling in the air is a rosy, smoky mist, which advances upon you with semi-solid tentacles, trying to strangle you! You cannot see to escape, so you must fight this weird entity. Do you have a Magic Sword? If you do, turn to **42**. If you don't, turn to **245**.

268

The Count's first bite was a glancing one which left a superficial flesh-wound, but this time his sharp fangs penetrate deeply. The pain seems to sear right through you down to your spine, and you scream out as you crumple to the floor. Wrapping his cloak about him, the Count settles to feed. You were so very close to success, but your quest has failed!

269

Looking at the sleeping girl, will you try:

Waking her up?	Turn to 301
Searching the room?	Turn to 368
Leaving here and returning to the north door in the entrance hall?	Turn to 101

270

You find nothing else of note, so you leave. Now you can try the east door down the corridor (turn to 227) or the south door at the end of the same corridor (turn to 319).

271

You unlock the Count's safe. Inside you find a pile of credit notes, all bearing Reiner Heydrich's signature; but these have no value to you, worse luck! Rummaging around among the papers, you lay your hands on a large black iron key – the key to the crypt where the evil vampire dwells! Add the Crypt Key to your Possessions. Now roll one die and add 3 to the number rolled. If the result is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to 98. If the result is greater than your FAITH, turn to 46.

272

The fiend lunges at your throat and you hurl yourself sideways away from it; but the carriage door bursts open and you are flung out. Lose 2 STAMINA points caused by the bruising fall as you roll over and over, the laughter of the ghostly figure in the distance ringing in your ears. Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 24. If you are Unlucky, turn to 370.

273

JANDOR'S BOLT is a powerful spell which creates a glowing bolt of white energy that will deliver 6 points of damage to the STAMINA of any one undead creature. You can use it at any time during combat. Return to 102.

274

The Count has tried to cast his vampiric charm upon you, but he has failed to control your mind and now you can fight freely! Will you:

Run at him and strike with your sword?	Turn to 26
Throw Holy Water at him, if you have any?	Turn to 216
Cast a spell, if you can?	Turn to 158
Get an item out of your backpack?	Turn to 17

275

The Zombies set off towards you, armed with knives and cleavers! But they are slow-moving and you will probably be able to get away if you want to. Will you try to avoid them by retreating and slamming the door (turn to 347) or will you stand in the doorway and fight (turn to 81)?

276

Katarina smiles beautifully at you and her feline eyes glitter. You realize that she is trying to control you, as she did before; since she has succeeded once, it will be harder for you to resist her this time! Roll one die and add 6 to the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to 343. If the total is greater than your FAITH, turn to 381.

277

Clambering along the treacherous trail, you turn your ankle over on a protruding gnarled tree-root; deduct 1 STAMINA point. You get to the hilltop without further mishap, so turn to 362.

278

Unerringly, the Jelly strikes at your vulnerable neck, reopening the wound, and blood begins to drip from it. You must lose 1 point of STAMINA through bleeding *every* Attack Round until this combat is finished! Turn to 239.

279

As you cross the room, one of the carved stone rats comes to life and nips your heel! Lose 1 STAMINA point; as you turn to strike, it is gone! You cross the room and open the door; turn to 341.

280

The clapper strikes the silver bell soundlessly and a sudden shock runs through your body. You feel light-headed and half swooning; a majestic figure stands radiant in the air before you. Clad in shining chainmail, bearing a shield of the purest white with a great red cross and holding a magnificent long-sword stands the shade of Siegfried Heydrich, former Count of the Castle in happier times. He stands just under seven feet tall, and his flowing blond locks frame his noble, smooth-complexioned and flawless face.

The apparition speaks. 'Cleanse this place of shame and horror, brave warrior My brother slew me by treachery, and I call on you to restore our good name and free the people from Reiner's thrall. In this place he has hidden my armour, my shield, and my great sword, Nightstar. I know not where they are; but I do know that a lesser magical blade, that of my faithful vassal Mikhail, is hidden below this tower; it is to be found in a secret chamber below a hidden trapdoor at the base. Go now, my friend, and destroy the dread evil of this Castle!' Then the ghost is gone. Turn to 337.

281

Katarina looks at you aghast. 'She is mine! I need her blood and that of the other girls to stay young!' For a split second, you almost see through the illusion of her youth and gaze upon her true features, wizened and corruptly aged; then she is attacking you! You must fight, so turn to 71.

282

The kitchen contains some good food – bread, biscuits, cheese, sweet dried fruits and so on. You can gather plentiful supplies here (add 6 to your Provisions). Now, are you searching for herbs for an Alchemist? If you are, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the jar he asked you to bring him. If not, you leave here and return to the main corridor. Now will you:

Open the north door?	Turn to 332
Open the west door?	Turn to 221
Follow the eastern side-passage?	Turn to 353

283

You slam and lock the door as the armour-guard rains blows down on it with its mailed gauntlets. Now you can try the door on the east side of the balcony nearest you (turn to 302) or the one at the extreme southern end of the balcony (turn to 244).

284

Without a magical weapon you cannot hope to defeat the Count; other things like spells and Holy Water may cause some damage, but they cannot overcome him. The Count wears you down with his blows until finally he sinks his fangs into your hot, pulsing throat, ripping through skin and muscle and sending blood spurting into the air. Your quest has failed.

285

Roll two dice and add 2 to the total. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, you can get away; turn to 383. If the total is higher than your SKILL, you will have to fight after all, so turn to 236.

286

You strike one final blow at your enemy, but she has disappeared! Before your eyes she vanishes, leaving only the ghost of a laugh behind. Obviously she has achieved some magical escape.

You make only the briefest of searches here, aware that she could return as surprisingly as she left. You take gold ornaments and jewellery worth 7 Gold Pieces (add this to your Treasure) and you also find in a desk a magical potion of healing which you take (add this to your Possessions). This potion can be drunk at any time, except during combats, and will restore 4 lost STAMINA points. Now you leave and return to the corridor, following it south; turn to 31.

287

As you open the crystal lid of the coffin, a tingling electric shock passes through your arm and knocks you down; lose 3 STAMINA points. Turn to **229**.

288

Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1, turn to **151**. If the number rolled is 6, turn to **322**. If you roll any other number, turn to **202**.

289

After a while, the rats retreat to their lair – wherever that may be. You re-emerge on to the balcony and head for the door at the south end of it. Turn to **244**.

290

Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, the Wraith's blows have drained 1 SKILL point from you; only if you roll 5 or 6 have you been lucky enough to avoid this. What's more, your intuition tells you that there are probably worse undead creatures you haven't met yet! Turn to **316**.

291

You tell Lothar about Katarina and her evil nature, and he seems totally unsurprised. Looking very serious, he says he will tell you of the Heydrichs and how you may be able to overcome them; turn to **196**.

292

Do you have a Magic Sword? If you do, turn to **388**. If you don't, turn to **340**.

293

Katarina's brilliant, dazzling green eyes gaze into yours; she is trying the same trick that Reiner used! Turn to **264**.

294

Opening the west door, you see a corridor stretching out towards the west before you. It is well lit, and a thick-piled crimson carpet runs along the centre of the tiled floor. There is a door close by you on the north wall, and another a little further along; you can also see that there is a door facing you at the end of the corridor, and that the corridor also turns south at that point. Will you:

Close this door and open the south one on the landing, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to **131**
Open the north door closest to you?	Turn to **182**
Open the second north door?	Turn to **267**
Open the west door facing you?	Turn to **34**
Follow the corridor round to the south?	Turn to **31**

295

You now find yourself fighting a large and aggressive brown bear. You have one Attack Round of fighting this animal before its owner, a young woman busily drawing her longsword, joins in the fray. You will then have to fight them together. For each Attack Round, roll two dice for all three of you; the combatant with the highest Attack Strength will be the one who lands the effective, damaging blow. The bear protects his mistress, and you must kill the animal before you can do any damage to her.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BROWN BEAR	7	8
FOREST RANGER	10	9

If you win, turn to **393**.

296

Just before you get to the landing, you reach a closed door on the north side of the passage. From behind it you hear a brief noise, some kind of crunching sound. Will you open the door here and investigate (turn to **241** if you do) or ignore it and make straight for the landing (turn to **191**)?

297

Hair sprouts on your face, hands and body, and you feel canine teeth growing in your jawbone, causing you great pain. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Now you have the Major Lycanthropy Affliction; you need help fast! Turn to **154**.

298

The ancient undead creature has an elemental malice and brooding hatred of living creatures which will not be affected by your FAITH, and it will fight to the last!

SPECTRE	SKILL 10	STAMINA 14

If you win, you will leave and make for the Crypt, but first you must roll one die. If you roll a 6, turn to **389**. If you roll any other number, turn to **354**.

299

What will you use? If you have one of them, will you try garlic (turn to **349**) or the Count's amulet (turn to **398**) to keep the wolves away; or will you try throwing food to them (turn to **39**)?

300

You find nothing of note, so you return to the corridor. You can either open the door at the east end of it (turn to **351**) or follow it round to the south (turn to **166**).

301

You try saying something, even shaking the girl, but she does not awaken. You could try the time-honoured method of kissing her to make her wake up (turn to **327**), ignore her and get on with searching the room (turn to **368**), or leave the whole area, return to the entrance hall, and open the north door there (turn to **101**).

302

You find the lock; the key slides smoothly in and the door opens readily. The room beyond is well lit: there are carpets on the floor, pew-like benches and, on the eastern side opposite you, a great pipe-organ, its sides obscured by heavy purple and black wall-hangings. A set of massive silvered candle-sticks – dozens of them – stands to one side of the organ. You can also see a door in the north wall of this music-room; as you enter to investigate this, a dismal droning arises from the organ, although it has no player! As you wonder what is happening, a scurrying and scratching noise begins, and you see that the balcony outside is swarming with black rats, vile things with fierce, sharp, yellow teeth which are said to carry the plague – and they're heading towards you! Will you:

Close this door and stay inside the organ room?	Turn to 391
Run for the north door in this room?	Turn to 335
Try to silence the organ somehow?	Turn to 37
Leave this room and make a run for the door at the south end of the balcony?	Turn to 171

303

The Sage looks very serious and says that you don't want to go down there. The Count keeps prisoners in the Crypt, and it is protected by traps and by a particularly horrible enchanted monster made out of bones. 'Anyway it's locked, and the Count has the key in his rooms; the lock is magical, and only that key will get you in. It's a great iron key, I've seen the Count carrying it – but, as I say, you really don't want to go down there. Oh no!' Return to 75.

304

Do you also have a Crucifix or the Shield of Faith? If you have at least one of these items, turn to 104. If you have neither item, turn to 74.

305

You walk through into a lounge, with rich imported carpets of intricate design, sumptuously comfortable armchairs, and tables bearing silverware and lace. There are three gilt-framed paintings on the east wall, and you decide to go over and look at them. One shows a tall, handsome man with black hair tapering to a peak over his forehead and deep green eyes; the plaque below reads, 'Count Reiner Heydrich'. The second shows a strikingly attractive young woman with flowing curly black hair and the same striking green eyes; she is wearing a black flowing dress and emerald jewellery. The plaque below this picture reads, 'Katarina Heydrich'. The third painting has no plaque and has been defaced, although you can see that it once showed an exceptionally tall, smooth-faced blond man. Do you have a Magic Sword? If you do, turn to **355**. If you don't, turn to **49**.

306

Inside the bottle is a well-aged brandy which has magnificent restorative powers. When it is drunk, 4 points of lost STAMINA can be regained. You may drink it now or keep it for later (if you keep it, add it to your Possessions; you can drink it at any time, except during combat). Boris may have been a drunkard, but he knew a good pick-me-up when he found one, and you should be happy to drink to his memory! Now you may open the Chancellor's tomb, if you haven't done so already (turn to **359**) or head for the T-junction along the corridor (turn to **230**).

307

You open the door and enter a shrine of some kind; the room is unlit, and you need a light-source to see by. There are white and yellow cloths on tables, wall-hangings decorating the room, small stools and a writing-table. There is also a book lying on a chair which attracts your attention, so you pick it up. It is a history of the lives of some famous holy men and healers, and it has a signature on the flyleaf, that of Gunthar Heydrich. You can take this book with you if you wish (if you do, add the Book of Healers to your Possessions).

There is a spy-hole on the east wall, and you stand on a stool to look through it. Beyond, you can see a bare chamber with a pair of Zombies standing motionless on guard, holding fearsome halberds. Behind them is a half-open door leading into a bare chamber with stone steps going up. There doesn't seem to be any way of getting into the Zombie Chamber from here, so you leave and head for the door at the end of the eastern side-passage outside; turn to **258**.

308

As the Jelly hits you, a blob of the viscous mess splashes on to your body. As the slime drips over you, your body begins to change shape and sprout fine black fur. Your armour and backpack fall away as your arms turn into leathery wings. Squeaking, you fly to the door and await the arrival of your new master!

309

Roll one die, then add 1 to the number rolled. This is the number of times the wolf bites you before you manage to force the door open and make it as far as the water's edge, and you lose 2 STAMINA points for each bite. If these bites reduce your STAMINA to zero or lower, you are dead and your adventure is over.

If you are still alive, you run into the river in panic. The wolf stops by the water's edge, howling in frustration; as you look back, the wolf turns first into a cloud of yellow-tinged gas and then into a giant bat; then it flies away towards Castle Heydrich! There is no sign of the Gnome. Now you can get in the boat and cross the river (turn to **138**) or continue wading across the river (turn to **187**).

310

The Spectre rains blows upon your back which wound and slow you; you fall to the unyielding stone floor under the weight of the blows, and the undead monster drains the last of your life-force away. Your quest ends here.

311

The stairs end at a landing, where you come to a door of black wood embellished with runes inlaid in silver. As you try to open it, the handle turns into a claw and grasps your wrist. 'Leave this place,' the door intones sonorously, 'you're not allowed in here.' The claw releases your hand. A talking door! You can try to get past it (turn to **342**) or give up and go back to the courtyard (turn to **380**).

312

Something nags at your mind about the size of the room you are in. You guess that it is next to Gunthar's, and you know where Lothar's rooms are, and – there is a missing room in the area, if your hunch is right. Checking the west wall very carefully, you find your hunch *is* right; there is a secret door here. You open it, and use your lantern to peer into the darkened room beyond. This bare room contains only a pinewood coffin. You walk in and tip it over, breaking the wood with the hilt of your sword and scattering the black earth within it over the floor. Record in the Notes box of your *Adventure Sheet* that you have destroyed one of Reiner Heydrich's coffins, and gain 1 FAITH point! Turn to **289**.

313

You look around for anything that may be of value, but as you search the shelves you hear a strange bubbling, gulping sound behind you. Spinning around, you see a disgusting, greenish yellow, seething monstrosity, slithering from the sarcophagus and blocking your way to the door. Most horrible of all, in the depths of the foul, slimy mess you can see what could just be the remains of a human face! It slides along the floor towards you, stretching out with limb-like pseudopods to reach you. You must fight this horror!

NECROTIC JELLY SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If the Necrotic Jelly wounds you, turn at once to **367**. If you overcome the horror, turn to **184**.

314

Before moving on, you notice that the larger wolf has a glint of gold round its neck: a golden chain and a small pendant. The latter has a design etched on it; it looks like the one you remember seeing briefly on the coach. It must be the Heydrich coat of arms, or something similar You may take the Count's Amulet with you if you wish (if you do, add this to your Treasure); it is valuable, and is worth 3 Gold Pieces. You continue your journey to the Castle without further incident, so turn to **362**.

315

As you unlock the door, a small, sharp blade whips out from the doorframe and narrowly misses inflicting a very unpleasant wound on your hand. Gain 1 LUCK point for this good fortune You push the door open; turn to 382.

316

You ascend the narrow, steeply sloping wooden stairs until you come to a landing before a wooden door which is barred and decorated with warding glyphs of amber and silver. Something is scratching on the other side of the door. There is a distinctly unpleasant charnel smell here. You can summon your courage and open the door (turn to 390) or retreat downstairs, go back and open the north door in the entrance hall (turn to 101).

317

If you have the Book of Healers, you decide to show this to Gunthar. If you have an Affliction, Gunthar will help you with this in return for getting the book back, so turn to 375. If you don't have an Affliction, Gunthar will still reward you for the return of this book, so turn to 235. If you don't have this book, but you have the Book of Swords, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the magical page in that book.

318

The Alchemist says he will prepare a potion for you which will be of help, but he wants 8 Gold Pieces for the cost of the ingredients (coins, or other Treasure worth 8 Gold Pieces). If you have 8 Gold Pieces (or their equivalent) and agree to pay, turn to 79. If you don't have 8 Gold Pieces, but you do have some Treasure and want the potion, turn to 36. If you have no Treasure, or you are unwilling to pay, you leave through the west door; turn to 373.

319

The large door here is locked. Do you have the Castellan's Keys? If you do, turn to 87. If you don't, you can't open the door, so you give up and try the east door near by: turn to 227.

320

Back in the corridor, will you:

Open the north door along the corridor?	Turn to 267
Open the west door along the corridor?	Turn to 34
Follow the corridor round to the south?	Turn to 31

321

The spectral creature lunges at you, but his hands stop short of your neck and he hisses in frustration. Your FAITH has protected you from his attack! He wraps his cape about him and simply vanishes! Increase your FAITH by 1 point.

You continue your journey safely until the coach stops at the foot of a hill and you descend; the coach races off into the heavy mists and is soon out of sight. Turn to **362**.

322

The young man grabs a scimitar from the wall and fights; he is a better swordsman than you had expected!

WILHELM HEYDRICH SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, did you choose to attack Wilhelm? If you did, turn to **379**. If he attacked you first, turn to **21**.

323

LUCKSPELL will restore 3 lost LUCK points whenever you cast it, which you can do at any time except during a combat. Return to **102**.

324

If you have the Lycanthropy Affliction, turn to **7**. If you have the Major Lycanthropy Affliction, turn to **386**. If you have neither, turn to **51**.

325

As you stride across the room, one of the stone bats flutters from the wall and gashes your face. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You try to hit back, but the magical creature has disappeared! You get to the door and open it; turn to **341**.

326

You put your shoulder to the heavy wooden gates, and they open with a creak which sets your nerves on edge. You walk through a small entrance area into a large courtyard. Facing you, you observe great brass decorated doors across the courtyard and past the entrance to what looks like a family Crypt. There are also two doors to the west of you, and a door just round the corner which opens into a southern part of the main building. Will you:

Head for the brass doors to the north?	Turn to **2**
Open the door in the south?	Turn to **18**
Open the upper west door?	Turn to **377**
Open the lower west door?	Turn to **54**
Head for the Crypt?	Turn to **90**

327

Roll one die and add 5. If the result is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **62**. If the result is greater than your FAITH, turn to **16**.

328

Trembling, you open a vein and allow blood to run into the chalice. As the scarlet liquid drips into the bowl, red runes glow before your eyes and seem to dance round its rim.

You snap into alertness as a cold hand touches your shoulder. 'You nearly fainted,' Siegfried says, 'but the magic is woven. Behold!' He points to a matchless longsword, glowing with bluish white light lying on the table before you. Although you lost STAMINA when you gave your blood, on picking up Nightstar energy pours into you and you recover not only this lost STAMINA but a further 4 STAMINA points as well! Nightstar is a magical sword of considerable power. When using it, you may add 1 point to your SKILL when fighting any creature; however, when fighting a Vampire you may add 2 to your SKILL. These SKILL bonuses *do* allow you to exceed your *Initial* SKILL and can even raise your total SKILL above 12, if your *Initial* SKILL was high enough for this to be the case with the bonus. You may also gain 1 FAITH point and 2 LUCK points for finding this excellent prize. Turn to **82**.

329

Katarina's feline eyes spark with annoyance. 'You puny little wretch,' she flares, 'I took you for a warrior!' You can either attack her (turn to **71**) or change your tune and agree that you *would* like to kill her brother after all (turn to **399**).

330

Drifting into the chamber from a grille set into the floor is a smoky, apparitional figure radiating a hideous, chilly malice – a Wraith! Roll one die and add 3. If the result is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **44**. If the result is greater than your FAITH, turn to **124**.

331

Katarina's eyes bore into your soul and her gaze renders you helpless, unable to act. 'You are impetuous, but you are no bad fighter and I have a use for you,' she whispers softly. You are charmed, powerless to resist her suggestions. 'There is a man here I want slain. He was once my servant, but now I distrust him, and it will be amusing for me to have you do this work for me.' She smiles at you, and you feel that you would do anything she asked of you. 'Leave here, go south, and open the second door to the east. Kill the man there.' You leave as commanded and open the door she has specified; turn to **227**.

332

This door has a small silvered lock. Do you have a Silver Key? If you have, turn to the paragraph whose number is the same as the number on the key. If you haven't, you can't open this door. You can either go back and open the west door in the corridor, if you haven't already done so (turn to **221**), or go down the eastern side-passage (turn to **353**).

333

At the end of the eastern corridor, just before you get to the landing, is the room where you fought the monster; peering in, you see a chest. It is heavily locked, and with the Castellan's Keys you can unlock it. But the wretched lid *still* won't open! Puzzled, you look at it more closely, and you notice a small silvered plaque with what could be an obscure code of some kind etched on it. Turn to **123**.

334

The snake is now coiled round your legs. You must suffer 1 point of automatic damage *every* Attack Round, irrespective of who has the higher Attack Strength (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA each Attack Round until this combat ends). You must also suffer the extra penalty of having 2 SKILL points deducted, due to this constriction, until you kill the River Snake. Return to **236** to finish the battle.

335

Roll one die; if you roll 1–2, you are bitten once; 3–4, and you are wounded twice; 5–6 means you sustain three rat-bites. For each bite, you must deduct 1 STAMINA point before you get to the north door and slam it shut behind you to keep the rats out, if you are still alive! Turn to **361**.

336

This desk drawer is locked, although you will probably be able to find a key among the Castellan's Keys which will open it. However, as you tug on the drawer handle you hear a slight crunching sound, as if there might be some kind of trap on the drawer. Will you:

Use a key to unlock this drawer?	Turn to **219**
Open the first drawer, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to **392**
Open the coffer?	Turn to **271**

337

You make your way down the stairs with renewed vigour and faith; gain 1 FAITH point and 1 LUCK point. At the base of the bell tower you find the concealed trapdoor and retrieve the sword Siegfried described. Add the Magic Sword to your Possessions. This Magic Sword is not a powerful one. It does not add anything to your SKILL when you use it. However, creatures are lurking about which can be hurt only by magical weapons, so the sword *is* very valuable! Also, when you tell it to do so, it will shine brightly in the dark, so you will not need to use your lantern again. Now you return to the courtyard, so turn to **380**.

338

You open the door into a chamber that is lit by a pearly globe of magical light, shining softly over a quartz-crystal coffin which stands on a magnificently decorated catafalque. Inside the coffin you see a man. Of extraordinary height, almost seven feet tall, and with flowing blond hair, he is smooth of face, fine of feature, and thickly muscled; the body must surely be embalmed. On the catafalque is a

small ornamental shield with lettering which reads, simply, 'Siegfried Heydrich'.

Although you can see no belongings of the blond giant inside his tomb, there might well be something concealed within it. Will you:

Try to open the coffin?	Turn to **384**
Wait a while to see if anything happens?	Turn to **229**
Leave and take the steps back up?	Turn to **224**

339

You drive home what you know is a killing blow. With an inhuman shriek the Count's body crumples and is slowly transformed into a cloud of gas. Check the Notes box on your *Adventure Sheet* Have you destroyed at least two of Reiner Heydrich's coffins? If you have, turn to **19**. If you have destroyed only one, or none at all, turn to **357**.

340

You can't fight the Shadow without a magical weapon. You run for the brass doors to the north; the Shadow strikes you once in the back (lose 2 STAMINA points), but it doesn't follow. Turn to **2**.

341

You step into a palatial chamber, lit by glowing oil-lanterns with red crystal lenses. Black, crimson and silver wall-hangings obscure the walls, and you can see no other exits. The room is magnificently furnished with teak and walnut, and silverware and marble gleam in the soft light. Some twenty feet away is a raised balcony at the top of marbled stairs with gilded banisters, and there stands a dark-haired man with blazing eyes, wrapped in a cloak of the deepest black and crimson. The Count! Behind him you can see a chained girl, her long auburn tresses tumbling over her bare shoulders, struggling without hope to free herself. Her lovely fair face turns to you and she cries out for help. But your eyes are fixed on the terrible, dark, charismatic Count; his green eyes are afire as he gazes at you and parts his lips in anticipation. Roll one die and add 6 to the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **274**. If the total is greater than your FAITH, turn to **167**.

342

You hammer on the door with the hilt of your sword, to avoid damaging its blade. The door retaliates by jabbing you firmly in the midriff with the metal doorknob! Eventually you break the door down, but you have to take some damage in the process. Roll one die; the number rolled is the number of STAMINA points you lose before you manage to smash the door down. Beyond, the stairs continue upwards and you see the dim outline of a bell tower. You can also hear a high-pitched squeaking and fluttering. You can either press on upwards (turn to 33) or go back down to the courtyard (turn to 380).

343

You resist the hateful woman's attempt to control you and strike out with your sword, inflicting 2 points of damage on her STAMINA. Turn to 106 to continue the combat.

344

You cry out that you mean them no harm, but the woman has already loosed off an arrow which strikes you; lose 2 STAMINA points. Lowering her bow, she gestures to the bear, which growls but doesn't attack you. She walks over, apologizing, and explains that she is a Forest Ranger whose job it is to protect the woods – and she did not expect anyone going about alone at night to be up to any good! She binds the flesh wound the arrow made.

Valderesse the Ranger is a friendly and helpful person; you tell her of your quest to rescue Nastassia from the clutches of Count Heydrich. At this she looks very serious. 'The Count is a very evil man. Fierce wolves and flocks of bats infest the land around his castle, and the local folk say he steals away young women to be his slaves – or worse. But it wasn't always like that. His brother, Siegfried, who was Count before him – now he was a decent and good man –' but she breaks off at the sound of a peal of thunder as heavy rain begins to splatter down through the bare tree branches overhead. 'Come on, let's get you to the ferry!' You set off with her towards the river, and on the way she gives you some food to help you on your journey; add 2 meals to your Provisions. Turn to 13.

345

As you sit down to talk with Lothar, stabbing pains rack your body and you are convulsed in breath-taking spasms of agony. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Lothar snatches a flask from his desk and manages to pour some golden liquid down your throat. Gasping and spluttering, you slowly recover your senses. 'You agreed to help her, didn't you?' Lothar says unhappily as you sit with your head between your knees. You look up, shame-faced, nodding agreement. 'Well, you may not have meant to go along with it, but if you give your word freely to that witch, you cannot break it without suffering the consequences.' He is obviously wondering how much he can trust you. You plead that you are here to do away with evil, and he seems to take you at your word; turn to **196**.

346

You advance upon the Count, hoping for a powerful initial sword-thrust, at the same time casting the spell as you strike. However, you will do the extra damage only if you have the higher Attack Strength and land a blow in this Attack Round. Turn to **26**.

347

Roll two dice and add the scores. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **396**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **190**.

348

You search the Zombies, but they have nothing of value. You pass through the half-open door in the east wall and enter another bare chamber. Here there is a flight of stone steps leading up, and the walls are lit with torches in sconces. You climb the steps, and when you get to the top you are standing under a shaft of moonlight from a tiny circular window high on the north wall. If you have the Lycanthropy Affliction, turn to **297**. If you have the Major Lycanthropy Affliction, turn to **204**. If you have neither, turn to **154**.

349

Garlic won't keep wolves at bay! You get bitten for your pains while waving the stuff at them; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Now you have to fight, so turn to **103**.

350

You whisper Siegfried's name and the chest springs open. Inside is a suit of magnificent, gleaming, silvered chainmail! Eagerly, you strip off your own leather armour and don this superior protection; its seeming weightlessness tells you it is magical! Gain 1 FAITH point and 1 LUCK point for this excellent find. The chainmail increases your SKILL by 1 point, but only during combats. It *can* increase your SKILL above its *Initial* level – and if your current LUCK was 12, your SKILL is now a full 13 with this superb magical armour! Delighted with your prize, you set off for the Crypt. Turn to **191**.

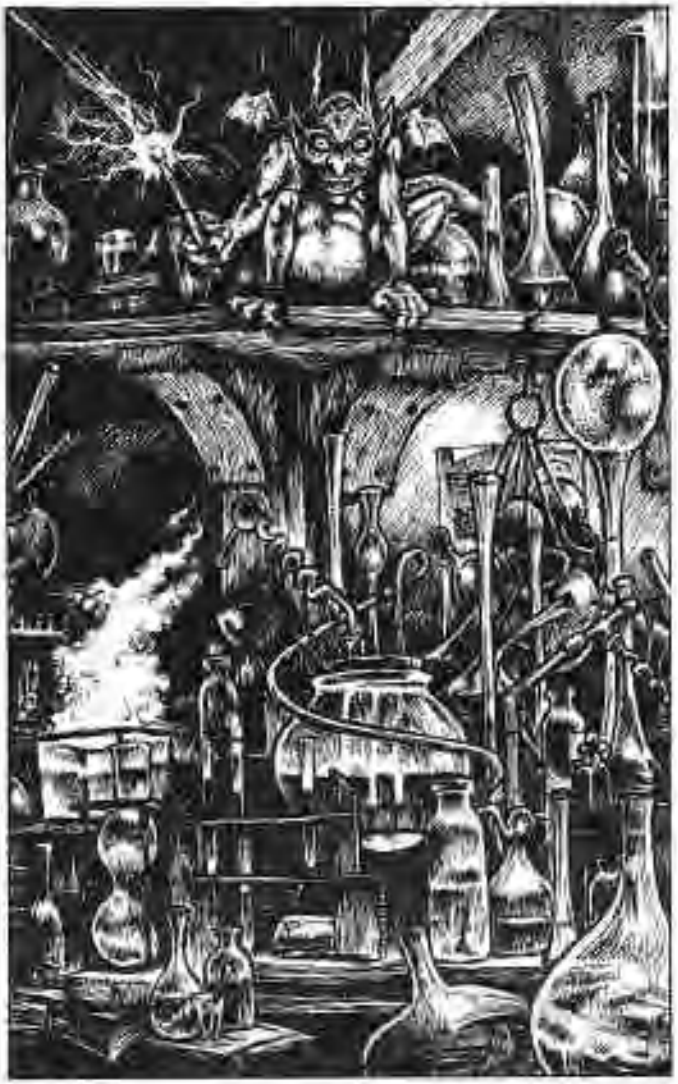

351

Opening the door, you hear sizzling and spitting noises. Peering carefully round the half-open door, you see an extraordinary assembly of vessels, jars, containers and instruments of brass, iron and glass standing on tables and shelves. Oil burners keep vessels of cloudy bubbling liquids on the boil, and there is a strange, metallic, acid smell. Watching you closely is a small, green, winged humanoid creature sitting on a shelf on the wall; it is playing with a small bronze wand which sparkles and crackles. You could try attacking it – whatever it is (turn to **366**) – or try talking to it (turn to **9**).

352

Gradually normal vision returns to you and, from the light of the torches in the corridor, you can see into the gloom. The Thassaloss was clearly guarding an oaken chest which stands on top of a pinewood table in this otherwise bare chamber. Unfortunately, the chest is securely locked and bound, and you cannot open it. You feel frustrated and cheated, and make a note to come back here if you find any keys which might fit the chest! Turn to **320**.

353

After progressing some ten feet, you come level with a door on the north side of the passage, and then the dimly lit, tiled corridor continues to a door at the end. Will you open the north door (turn to **307**) or the door further along (turn to **258**)?

354

The undead malice of the Spectre has drained away much of your life energy; deduct 1 point from your SKILL. Now turn to **389**.

355

You recognize the defaced portrait as that of Siegfried Heydrich, and you storm out of the room in anger at this desecration. You can open the door at the junction of the east and south corridors (turn to **351**) or follow the corridor south (turn to **166**).

356

As you cross the room, one of the stone wolf-heads snarls at you and seems about to rear from the wall to strike at you, but you evade the magical guardian and get to the opposite door safely. Turn to **341**.

357

The gas-cloud moves with inhuman speed up the stairs and out of the Crypt; it has gone out of your sight very quickly, even though you run as fast as you can in pursuit. The Count has fled to re-form his body by resting in a secret coffin you haven't discovered, and you won't be able to find him now. If you haven't done so already, you now unchain the sobbing Nastassia and, wrapping some warm clothing round her, you take her to the Castle gate and then on the long walk back to Leverhelven. You have rescued the girl, and the local people are grateful. But the Count still conducts his reign of terror, and yours is a hollow victory.

358

You enter the hut and search around. In the Gnome's bedroom you find a portrait of a dark and cadaverous, but undoubtedly handsome man, his black hair brushed back from a widow's peak over his forehead and piercing emerald-green eyes which almost seem to look at you. He has a mocking smile on his face, and on his crimson-lined black cloak is a coat of arms which is the same as the one you noticed on the Count's coach. Below it is a brass plaque which has etched on it, in crude lettering, 'Master'. It was wise to do away with that evil little Gnome!

Passing by the kitchen, you see the glint of gold on the table and a generous supply of food you might need on your adventure. There is also a very large dog snoozing before a wood stove. Will you:

Attack the dog?	Turn to 40
Try to sneak quietly past the dog?	Turn to 89
Leave and wade across the river?	Turn to 187
Leave and get into the boat?	Turn to 138

359

You open the door, to gaze on a horrid scene: the stone sarcophagus in this bare room has been smashed open, and a half-rotting green *thing* which may once have been human is crouched close by the door, gnawing on a bone. Immediately it leaps, snarling, to attack you. An overwhelming stench of rotting flesh nauseates and weakens you. Will you fight this creature (turn to **122**) or try to get out and shut the door, locking the thing inside (turn to **88**)?

360

The Raven is a dangerous and wily enemy. He always strikes at your face and you shriek with agony as he pecks out an eye! You lose 2 points from your SKILL; record the Curse of the Raven in the Afflictions box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Unless you can get this Affliction cured, you will not be able to restore these lost SKILL points! Staggering out, clutching at your bleeding face, you head for the door at the end of the south passage. Turn to **252**.

361

You stand in a workroom of some kind. There are unfamiliar tools on tables and work-benches, prisms and lenses mounted in iron rings, and small caskets made of sandalwood and other exotic and aromatic woods. Searching around, you deduce this may have been a jeweller's workroom; certainly, you find a tiny silver-and-amethyst pin worth 2 Gold Pieces (add this to your Treasure) and some bars of silver which, alas, are too heavy to carry. The rats are still scurrying around outside, so you have time to make a really thorough search. You are in luck! In a secret drawer in a desk you find a magical Ring of Regeneration (add this to your Possessions) which you can slip on your finger. The ring surges with power whenever you land the killing blow in a battle, and you may regain 2 STAMINA points. However, this ring does *not* work *during* a combat, only at the end of one which you have just won!

Have you met Gunthar Heydrich? If you have not, turn to **289**. If you have, roll two dice and add 2 to the total. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **312**. If the result is greater than your SKILL, turn to **289**.

362

You walk along as far as the base of a narrow trail which leads up a steep incline, and suddenly you walk out of the fog into a completely clear area. Starkly illuminated by the three-quarter moon stands the brooding Castle Heydrich! You can walk up and enter the half-open front gates (turn to 326) or walk round the outside to see what you can make of the place (turn to 50).

363

You sit down warily beside Katarina. She offers you some fine wine, and notes your hesitation; laughing, she drinks some herself to show that it is not poisoned. Nevertheless, you are careful to sip only a little of it! Then she asks you a rather startling question: 'Are you here to kill Reiner?'

What will you say to her? Will you:

Agree that you are here to kill Reiner Heydrich, her brother?	Turn to 399
Deny that you intend to kill the Count?	Turn to 329
Say you are here to rescue Nastassia, the village girl?	Turn to 281

364

You look into a very snug room that is evidently used by diners who have had too much to eat and drink. Among the armchairs, footstools and cushions you spy two objects of note. First, there is a decanter of what smells like brandy. Although there are only two large measures left in the decanter, each one will restore 4 lost STAMINA points. You can drink one or both now, or save the brandy for later. (If you do this, add it to your Possessions, subtracting a measure when you consume one. If you keep the brandy, you can drink it at any time, except during a combat.) There is also a small drape across one corner of the room, and when you draw this back you find a small silver mirror on a table. If you wish to take this, add the Silver Mirror to your Possessions.

You leave and go back to the corridor. From the east door opposite, you hear a loud slamming sound and a shout. Perhaps something has been discovered, or someone has been alerted! You must now decide either to open the northern door (turn to 332) or to head down the eastern side-passage (turn to 353).

365

The monster strikes you as many times as the number you rolled on the die, and for each hit you lose 2 STAMINA points. If you survive this onslaught, you run out to the balcony with the Crypt Key and back to the northern part of the Castle. Fortunately, the Spectre won't enter this well-lit area to the north – but less fortunately, even though you're still alive, you have lost 1 point from your SKILL through the life-draining power of the undead horror. You run down the corridor towards the landing; turn to **389**.

366

The little winged creature strikes at you with its miniature magical wand. Whenever it hits you, it causes 3 points of damage, rather than the usual 2!

HOMUNCULUS SKILL 8 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **57**.

367

If you have the Curse of the Bat, turn to **308**. If you don't have that Affliction, but you have the Curse of the Healer, turn to **278**. If you have neither, turn to **239**.

368

You start to look around for secret alcoves, trapdoors and the like – and you turn your back on the girl. She rises from her resting place and you are about to get a very nasty surprise. Turn to **62**.

369

Lothar the Castellan looks up in horror as you advance to fight him. He grabs his broadsword and will give his best!

LOTHAR SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **234**.

370

You roll over the edge of a precipice, and your body is smashed to pieces on the rocks in the chasm below. You have failed most miserably in your quest!

371

You open the great black door to the east and step into a dank corridor in which there is an almost palpable sense of evil. Your light-source shows gleams reflecting ahead, and you see the yellowed bones of the guardian which is moving swiftly towards you. The huge, four-armed skeletal creature – a Major Thassaloss – carries a massive black scythe; great, green, glowing eye-sockets glower above the mindlessly grinning, slack jawbone of the skull. You may either fight the thing (turn to **22**) or, if you can, cast a spell at it (turn to **93**).

372

You can strike the Vampire with your magical weapon and wound him. He uses no weapon but deploys his inhuman strength to smash and bludgeon you with his powerful fists, and claw at your face and arms. With a SKILL higher than the limitations of a mere mortal, Count Reiner Heydrich is a very powerful enemy indeed!

COUNT REINER HEYDRICH	SKILL 13	STAMINA 21

If the Count's STAMINA is reduced to 4 points or below in this fight, turn at once to **28**. Keep a record of not only the Count's current STAMINA score, but his SKILL score too, since you may come across him again later!

373

Back in the corridor, you can open a door on the west side, opposite the Alchemist's room, if you haven't done so before (turn to **240**) or go to the far, southern end of the passage and open the door there (turn to **252**).

374

Siegfried seems displeased, and he tells you that you *must* obtain the sword. If you agree, turn to **328**, but you must ignore any references to your STAMINA, FAITH or LUCK made in that paragraph. If you still refuse, turn to **259**.

375

You give the Book of Healers to Gunthar, who is delighted to have it back. Reiner stole it some months ago, and Gunthar has not been able to find it without the Count's spies – his rats and bats – following him. 'This will help me in my work,' says the grateful man, 'and I will help you even if Katarina does try to punish me for it!' He casts a healing spell, and this will cure any one Affliction you have (if you have more than one Affliction you may choose which one this spell cures; erase this Affliction from the Afflictions box on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now, you can either leave and open the west door on the landing (turn to **294**) or you can show Gunthar any other book you have found in the Castle by turning to the paragraph with the same number as the magical page in that book.

376

Katarina looks at the book you are carrying. 'Perhaps I can help after all,' she says as she takes it from you and opens it. She gives a sharp intake of breath when she reaches the magical page. 'This is Siegfried's sword, you know,' she whispers. 'Reiner imprisoned it here. He is very afraid of it, for it is one of the very few things that can actually kill him. I could release it and give it to you, but you must do me a favour in return.' You nod your head; at least you can hear her out. 'The Castellan, Lothar, is plotting against me. I want you to kill him for me. Then I will dispel the magic guarding it and give you the sword.' Will you agree to go and kill Lothar for her (turn to **198**) or will you refuse to do this (turn to **248**)?

377

You open the doors into a stabling room. It looks bare, but there is an odd smell in here – that of wolves – and you can hear growling through the thin wall to the south, so you decide not to go in that direction! Now will you:

Enter and search this room carefully?	Turn to **5**
Head for the Crypt?	Turn to **90**
Head for the brass, northern doors in the courtyard?	Turn to **2**
Open the southern door in the courtyard?	Turn to **18**

378

You enter a library lit by a golden globe of soft magical light, hanging in the air. There are hundreds of books on the bookshelves, but one particular shelf is full of works concerned with the history of Mortvania and the Heydrich family, and you look quickly through some of them. You read of the time when Siegfried was Count and the land flourished, until Siegfried disappeared mysteriously and Reiner became Count. Since that time, misery and fear have been the people's lot. It seems that many Heydrichs have been cruel and despotic tyrants; of Reiner's great-great-grandfather Eckhart you read a small text which states that 'the folke saye he is Vampyre'. On the frontispiece is written in elegant, sloping writing, 'and now I have attained that blessed state'. Since Reiner Heydrich's signature is on the flyleaf, you know what *this* means!

Just as you feel that you have spent too much time here, you come across a small, untitled book with many illustrations of weapons. One page, page 188, has a slight magical glow which draws you to it. This leaf of the book is a beautiful illuminated etching of a sword, covered in runes and held to the sky by a powerful, muscular bronzed arm. You take this book; add the Book of Swords to your Possessions, and make a note of the number of the magical page. Now you leave, and you search in the eastern side-passage for the stairs which will lead you to the floor above. Turn to 47.

379

Poor Wilhelm was a feckless idiot who wished you no harm. For such a cruel and evil act, lose 2 points from your FAITH and 2 points from your LUCK. Turn to 21.

380

Back in the main courtyard, you can investigate the Crypt, if you haven't already done so (turn to 90) or head for the main north doors (turn to 2).

381

Katarina's sweet smile utterly captivates you. 'You have done splendidly,' she purrs. 'Now I am the Countess here.' You will be her willing servant always – or at least until a luckier or more valiant warrior kills you, freeing you from your bondage!

382

You enter the Count's bedroom, a nightmare of garish horror. A large mahogany coffin with silver hinges and handles stands in the centre on a high wooden table, surrounded by black and crimson coverings. On the walls, tapestries and paintings show the Count's ancestors, all with the black hair and widow's peak which betrays their vampiric nature. Some are shown gloatingly draining their victims of blood, and one even stands next to a Fire Demon! They seem to glower with menace at you as you look in. Walking round the room, you also find a locked safe underneath a second table, and a writing-desk with two drawers and a pile of neatly stacked vellum and quills on top. Fearfully, you move to the coffin, and throw it over. The wood splinters, the top falls off, and rich black earth cascades over the floor. You smash the coffin lid with the hilt of your sword. Record in the Notes box on your *Adventure Sheet* that you have destroyed one of Reiner Heydrich's coffins, and gain 1 FAITH point! Now, will you:

Open the safe?	Turn to **271**
Open the first desk drawer?	Turn to **392**
Open the second desk drawer?	Turn to **336**

383

You set off along the trail on the far bank of the river, and walk on through the slight mist. There is no birdsong and little sign of life; this silence is almost unnerving. After some hours you come upon a small stone cottage nestling in a clearing; a thin stream of blue woodsmoke drifts lazily upwards from the chimney. Looking cautiously through the half-open door, you see a man inside, sitting dozing before a stove. He is dressed in brown and grey leathers, and there is a long curved knife in his hands. You see little else from where you are, although you can smell something good cooking in there!

If you did not sleep at the Gnome's hut, you are getting very tired now, and you *must* sleep here. You could attack the man, hoping to achieve surprise (turn to 27), or go in and talk with him (turn to 126). If you did sleep at the Gnome's hut, you have the extra option of ignoring the man and just continuing on your way (turn to 228).

384

Roll one die and add 5 to the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH, turn to 229. If it is greater than your FAITH, turn to 287.

385

You make a lucky find: a tiny silver elven amulet on a chain of prayer-beads. Gain 1 LUCK point for finding this lucky charm. Now you leave, and you can try the east door along the corridor to the south (turn to 227) or the south door at the end of the same corridor (turn to 319).

386

You look around, and suddenly a shaft of moonlight falls through a window in the tower and strikes you. You change shape, swiftly but painfully, and howl at the moon through your muzzle! Now you are a werewolf servant of the Count, and your adventure ends here!

387

A cloud of billowing poisonous green vapours floats up from a small crushed vial inside the drawer. You jerk your head back quickly, but you still inhale some of it, and soon you are convulsing uncontrollably. Just as you see the Count walk into his bedroom, smiling evilly at you, you pass out. Your quest ends here!

388

The Shadow is not easy to hit, but with your Magic Sword you can at least damage it.

SHADOW SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win, you can either investigate the door to the south, if you haven't done so before (turn to **18**) or check the brass doors to the north (turn to **2**).

389

You follow the corridor north and then east, towards the stairs leading down. Have you fought a Minor Thassaloss in the Castle? If you have, turn to **333**. If you haven't, turn to **296**.

390

You open the door and gaze into a low-ceilinged room with some narrow stone steps visible on the other side. Bones and horrifying, bloodied lumps of flesh and gristle lie around the room, and the occupant – a huge Ghoul – intends that you should be his next feast! Roll one die and add 4. If the total is lower than or equal to your FAITH, turn to **30**. If the total is greater than your FAITH, turn to **70**.

391

Unfortunately, rats are beginning to swarm in through holes behind one of the wall-hangings and they attack you. Lose 1 STAMINA point from a nip from a particularly vicious specimen. You have to make a run for the north door here, so turn to **335**.

392

The first desk drawer is unlocked and you find a small leather bag with 4 Gold Pieces in it (add these to your Treasure). Now you can either try opening the second drawer (turn to **336**) or opening the safe (turn to **271**).

393

You have just killed a guardian of the forest who was justifiably suspicious of travellers by night – lose 1 FAITH point and 1 LUCK point! Searching the body, you find sufficient food for 4 meals (add 4 to your Provisions) and 3 Gold Pieces (add these to your Treasure).

As you continue your journey, rain begins to fall and you become damp and cold; lose 2 STAMINA points. But you finally reach the river, and soon you find the hut of the ferryman, with a small boat moored beside it. Turn to **13**.

394

'I can't do anything about them,' the Sage sighs, 'but you could try Gunthar. He claims to be a healer, so he might be able to help. Up the stairs and through the door with the silver handle.' Return to **75**.

395

The spell is useless against Katarina. She can charm people, but she doesn't actually *drink* blood: she isn't a Vampire! Katarina strikes out at you as you finish spellcasting; lose 2 STAMINA points. Return to **106** to finish the combat; if you are using the magical sword Nightstar, you can claim a bonus of only 1 to your SKILL for using it.

396

You slam the door and decide to get away quickly. You could open the door opposite you in the west wall (turn to **221**), go to the north door at the end of the passage (turn to **332**) or go down the eastern side-passage (turn to **353**).

397

Have you met Katarina Heydrich yet? If you have, and you agreed to kill Lothar for her, turn to **345**. If you have, and you refused to do this (or attacked her), turn to **291**. If you haven't met her, turn to **247**.

398

At the sight of the amulet, the wolves cower back and keep away from you, whimpering. You can see there is nothing of interest in their pen, and you guess that this also applies to whatever is behind the other western doors off the courtyard. So will you:

Open the brass northerly doors?	Turn to **2**
Approach the Crypt?	Turn to **90**
Open the south door?	Turn to **18**

399

'Excellent,' purrs the saturnine lady. 'When he is dead, I shall rule here as Countess!' Do you have the Book of Swords? If you do, and you wish to show this to Katarina, turn to the paragraph which is *twice* the number of the magic page in that book (so, if the magical page is page 70, turn to paragraph **140**). If you don't have this book or if you have it and you don't want to let her know about it, turn to **119**.

400

The lifeless body of the would-be ruler of Castle Heydrich falls to the floor. There is no hideous shriek, like the soul-rending cry of the Count dispatched to hell, but simply the choking sigh of an evil woman meeting her just end. As she falls, her appearance changes. The illusion of her youth disappears, and a wizened old crone lies at your feet. Nastassia gasps in horror and looks away, burying her face in your chest. You put an arm round her and lead her slowly up the stairs, away from this evil place. Turning as you leave the Crypt, you see the shade of Siegfried standing behind you, waving a last farewell. *At last I can rest in peace*, you sense him feeling, and you wave back as he makes a last gesture of blessing upon a warrior as brave as, but more successful than, he was. Castle Heydrich has been cleansed of its timeless, elemental evil by your hand. You sheathe your sword and lead the girl back home, to the hero's welcome that rightly awaits your return.

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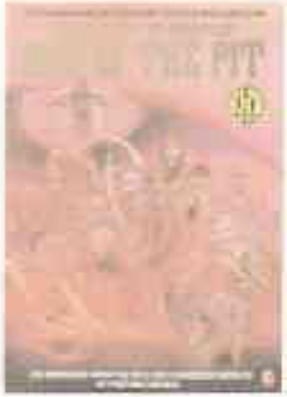

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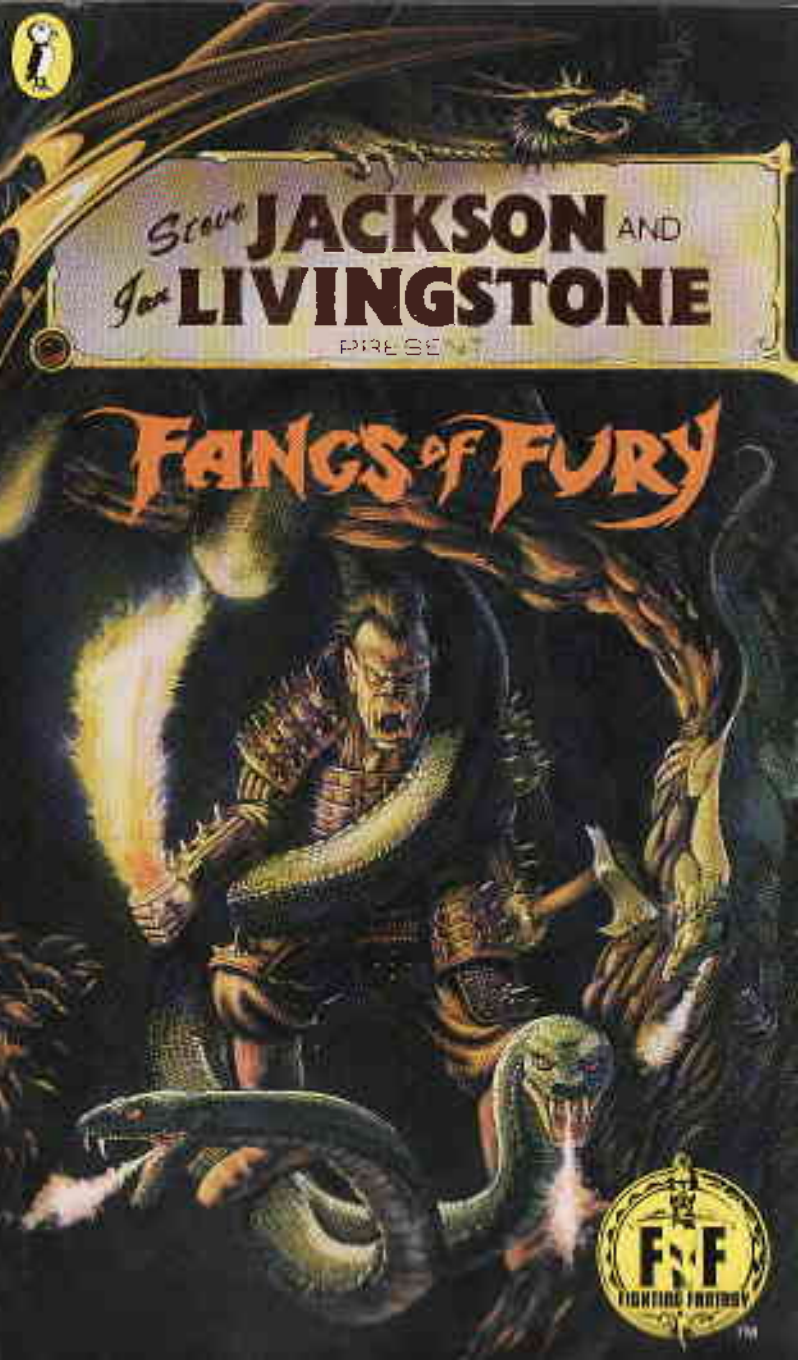

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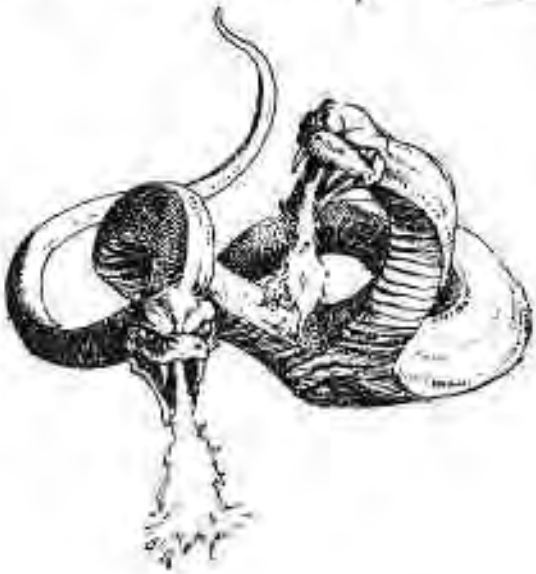

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published Puffin Books 1989

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Typeset in 11/13pt Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd,
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk
Made and printed in Great Britain by
Cox and Wyman Ltd, Reading, Berks

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Shino and the Motley Crew.
Real heroes every one.

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HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF ZAMARRA

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You must work out your initial LUCK, SKILL and STAMINA scores. You may use the *Adventure Sheet* on pages 18–19 to record all the details of your adventure. Here you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. If it is possible to make a photocopy of this page, do so. Otherwise record all details in pencil.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this number in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than the creature's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by repeating steps 1 to 6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting reaches zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Usually you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could either be Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given on the relevant pages), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and you will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try and minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give you instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. Your SKILL can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see below) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see below) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given in the appropriate paragraph of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value, unless specifically instructed in a paragraph. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see below) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

Equipment and Potions

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold any Provisions and any treasures you may come across. Zamarran Gold Coins are small, so you can easily carry as many as you can find.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and increases *Initial* LUCK by 1

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a battle). Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e. the characteristic may be restored only once during an adventure. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have consumed the potion.

Remember also that you may choose only *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

Gold, Gems and Cubes

You begin the adventure with 10 Gold Coins: mark these on your *Adventure Sheet* in the Gold box. You are also given 4 Black Cubes: add these to the upper section of the Cube box. The *Adventure Sheet* also contains a Gem box. Mark any jewels you pick up on your travels and make sure you indicate what type they are – Star Crystals, Blue Gems, Yellow Gems, etc.

The Citadel Walls

You are in a race against time. The besieging armies of Ostragoth the Grim will be attempting to breach the fourteen Zamarran Walls of Defence to kill the twelve Wizards. You have a Bracelet attached to your wrist that will glow each time one of the walls of the defence has been breached. When the last wall has been penetrated, the Wizards will be killed and the Bracelet you wear will kill you. Each time the Bracelet glows you must replace the white flag of King Elidor of Zamarra with the black flag of the Ostragoth-Jaxartes Alliance (pencil in the white flag on the *Adventure Sheet*). When all fourteen walls are flying the black standard then you have run out of time. The Bracelet will perform its grisly task and you will die instantly!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK	PROVISIONS
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*	

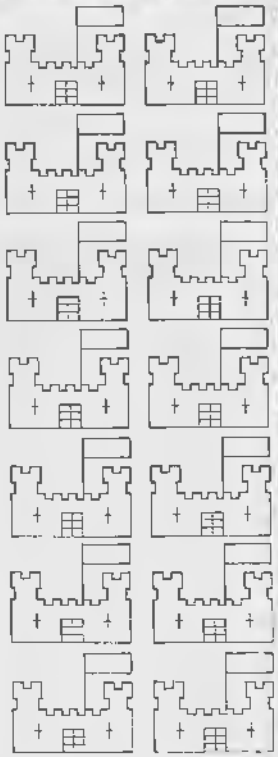

CITADEL WALLS

NOTES	GOLD	CUBES
	GEMS	CUBES

CLUES, OBJECTS FOUND

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
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Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

Just after you took that one step forward, you knew that it was a mistake. You remembered the training camp: the old lags, men and women who had been through all the wars, used to say, 'Never volunteer. That's Rule One.' And here you are, in a besieged citadel, one step forward, with the rest of the troop chuckling behind you.

Captain Laski smiles and marches you to the inner chambers. Occasionally you hear a crash and the ground shakes as another large rock is catapulted against the citadel's massive walls. You are angry at yourself for your lapse and hope that you're just wanted for something like an extra watch or a sortie for prisoners, or perhaps a water detail.

You are marched straight to the King's Chamber. It is warm and comfortable inside. King Elidor is standing by a huge round table and around him are the twelve Wizards. There are other attendants and bodyguards in the shadows.

The King is studying a large map. Now and again, a fine dust settles on the table and Snuffserk, the King's Chancellor, wipes it away with a red cloth. 'Your Majesty, I have the volunteer,' Captain Laski proudly announces.

The King looks you up and down, 'Step closer, brave warrior.' Your heart sinks as the others stare at you. From what the King just said you know that you've volunteered for something dangerous.

'You have explained the situation to the volunteer?' one of the Wizards asks Captain Laski.

'My troops were all informed that it was an extremely hazardous mission.' You look at Laski, but know that you can't contradict an officer; even less change your mind.

'Well, I think it's time the volunteer knew all the details.' The Wizard bids you follow him to the table, sits you down and begins to explain.

'My name is Astragal. I am one of the Mage Order, and these,' he points to the others, 'are my fellow Wizards from the surrounding lands. As you are well aware, the Citadel of Zamarra is under siege by a massive force led by Ostragoth the Grim, but what you may not understand is the reason for this attack on a small city kingdom. Ostragoth wants to kill us.' He points again to all the Wizards; they all look a little uncomfortable. 'He wishes to conquer all the southern lands of Khul and knows that the Wizards of the Mage Order will only work for Good, never Evil. Under the influence of the Evil Enchanter Jaxartes, Ostragoth decided to strike at us once and for all when we met here. He has waited seven years for this opportunity and has mustered a massive force. If we are all killed, the land will be prey to the Evil magic of Jaxartes, once the most powerful of

our Order but cast out for delving into the Dark Arts. You have seen the size of the fleet and army numbered against this tiny kingdom of Zamarra. If he succeeds here, Gorak, Kazan, Transoxalia, all of south-west Khul will fall to his power.

'You may well ask why we did not foresee such a danger. For your answer, look out of that window at one of the six Stone Sentinels of Zamarra. They are not just massive statues of Dragons, they are our defence. They breathe the Fire from the Fangs of Fury. They were charged to destroy any Evil force with a speed and viciousness undreamt of by any mortal.'

You stare at the vast stone creature and can only utter, 'But why . . .?'

'Yes, why do they not attack now? Because their Fire, their living Flame has been extinguished. Some traitor has craftily Spell-broken their Eternal Breath. Which brings me to YOU.' Your heart sinks as Astragal points to an object on the table.

He picks it up and hands it to you: intricately carved with all manner of symbols, it is made from a white horn-like substance in the shape of a small torch.

'All twelve Wizards here have combined their power to produce this apparently insignificant item. The Stone Sentinels' Fire must be rekindled. If this Torch is lit at the Fangs of Fury, the Dragons' Breath will flow again and the creatures may perform their hideous task of destruction. Jaxartes will have knowledge of the Torch, the traitor will see to that. And Jaxartes will want it in his possession. He has invested too much of himself in attempting our destruction, so he fears this Torch and its bearer. There have been rumours of black-cloaked figures appearing on the battlefields outside the Citadel. If these prove to be his Mage Warriors, you must be ever-cautious, for they are extremely powerful and dangerous.

'I am certain that Jaxartes will try to extinguish the great Flame at the core of Fury, therefore speed is of the essence. There is no time for careful penetration of the siege lines. We have, however, one ray of hope. The volcano is the centre of a strange religious sect. The name of the religion is not known but its adherents are called Wazarri. They it was who supplied the original flame for the Sentinels. They may help you, but beware, no other may carry the Torch to the Furnace!

'Your task is this: you must break through the siege, and head north towards the high mountains and find the volcano known as the Fangs of Fury.' He points to the map which shows a drawing of five fangs clustered together. 'You must go into the depths, to the very core. There, you must thrust the Torch into the white-hot inferno. At that moment the Sentinels will awaken. But you must beware! Jaxartes knows the secrets of the Fangs of Fury; it will be guarded by all manner of Fell Beasts.'

Astragal walks away from the table and takes a sip from a flagon handed to him by an attendant. King Elidor then speaks to you. 'It is my belief that one determined person can pierce the siege lines better than a host of knights. It was my decision to use none of the Knights of the Order: their faces are too well known in Zamarra. If you wish to refuse the mission, do so now.' You know that this is your only chance to go back and not get involved in this risky venture, but somehow you find you cannot say anything.

Astragal comes back. 'The heat of the core will be intense. You must protect yourself with these.' He hands you four small Black Cubes. 'Each one will absorb the power of a white-hot sheet of fire on one occasion and then disintegrate. Unfortunately, we have no others here. If you find any more, take all you can for you will surely need them.'

You notice that there is some plain leather armour on one of the chairs. Captain Laski motions for you to go over and to put it on. Just as you slip off your liveried jerkin, another Wizard appears in front of you. He has dark, distrustful eyes and holds a bracelet. 'I have convinced the Mage Order to fit this on your wrist. It will glow when Ostragoth's force has broken through each of the fourteen Citadel Walls. If the final wall is breached and we are killed, you will also die, so do not think of escaping once you have got through the siege lines. You cannot remove the Bracelet. However, if you succeed it will fall off and you may keep it. It will make you very wealthy.'

'Thank you, Morgrek,' Astragal says with a slight air of distaste. 'I can hear the battering-rams pounding at the main gate. Ostragoth's creatures must have crossed the moat. There is no time to lose!'

Now, turn to 1.

1

You are taken to the deepest part of the Citadel. Captain Laski and two soldiers march in front of you and the twelve Wizards shuffle along behind you Astragal looks at you, shakes your hand warmly and wishes you good luck. He then stands back with the others.

Captain Laski orders the soldiers to lift one of the slabs in the chamber. They prise it up to reveal a set of stone steps leading into a tunnel. The Captain then gives you some advice: 'Keep to the left-hand wall. Don't light a torch, you might be seen. And . . . well . . . good luck.' You are amazed to hear a good word from your hard-bitten Captain You check your pack, equipment and the all-important Torch hidden in the secret panel of your leather armour, and step down into the dark hole.

Just then, the ground shakes as another boulder slams into the Citadel walls. You look up. Captain Laski pokes his head into the hole and screams at you, 'And make sure you succeed. I won't have you besmirching the honour of the Seventh Footsloggers.' His head disappears and the slab is dropped back down. You are in complete darkness.

You feel your way along the left side of the wall for about 400 paces and then you fall over a pile of rubble. You get up to find the tunnel ahead is blocked. You listen carefully and can hear shouting and screaming. You also smell faint whiffs of fresh air. You feel around in the dark and find another

smaller tunnel to the right. Your first instinct is to go back but you realize that from here on there is no going back. What do you decide? Do you take the tunnel to the right (turn to **260**) or do you climb the pile of rubble (turn to **118**)?

2

You run fast and drop down before anyone can see you. You weave in and out making sure that you are not followed. You make your way out of the town. Turn to **398**.

3

You walk into a village and notice a lot of activity. The villagers are bringing in their sacks of grain and rice and stacking them in a central store. They eye you with suspicion but let you pass. You head for an inn and sit down on a bench outside the building and rest (add 4 points to your STAMINA). A little girl skips past you with a bag of rice. Suddenly, the bag breaks and all the rice spills on to the ground. She begins to cry that she's already late for school and gets down on her knees to pick up the grains. Do you help her (turn to **182**) or do you sit back and relax (turn to **60**)?

4

Nobody takes much notice of you on board. You keep your head down and follow a group who are heading below deck. Turn to **132**.

5

Occasionally, you hear screams coming from a metal door at the side of the wagon. After a few hours, the door is opened and a haggard-looking man is thrown into the prison cell. He crawls about trying to hide his face in the filthy straw and shouting, 'No! No!' The guard, an Ogre wearing a black hood, comes in and orders you out. As you leave, you look at the monk. He is still smiling. The door is bolted behind you. You are in complete darkness, then someone lights a candle and you see the face of a woman. She smiles a wicked smile and begins to pace up and down. She wears a uniform of black leather with the personal insignia of Ostragoth the Grim. 'Eventually, you will tell me everything and more. I will not touch a hair on your head but you will be hurt by . . . yourself.' Suddenly, you see an image of yourself covered in wounds and blood. It attacks you and you find a sword in your hand. You must fight yourself, with your own SKILL and STAMINA scores.

YOURSELF	SKILL	STAMINA

If you lose, you will tell all to the Inquisitor (turn to **321**). If you win, you are thrown back into the wagon (turn to **83**).

6

The Elves congregate in a huge stone stadium encircling a smooth green field. Cloris the Elf-maiden explains the rules. 'The team is made up of five men and women. Two teams compete to carry a circular rock across the opposing team's territory. Each player plays individually against his or her opponent. The player must move twelve paces four times (forty-eight paces) while the opponent tries to stop him or her with body blows.'

Throw three dice and total. If you get 12 or over, repeat three more times. If you fail to make 12 or over, then you must deduct the shortfall from your STAMINA and add it to the next group of 12 paces. (For example: 5+3+3 = 11. This is 1 under: deduct 1 point from your STAMINA and you must make 13 on your second attempt.) If you succeed in getting through, turn to 145. If you fail, turn to 37.

7

You mount the horse. You guess that it belonged to Orc cavalry by the row of heads hanging from the saddle. Shuddering, you detach these quickly and then gallop away. You see a small purse inside the saddle-bag and reach in to find 10 Gold Coins. (Add these to your *Adventure Sheet* and increase your LUCK by 1 point.) Turn to 335.

8

You poke your sword into the stream and find a very good ford; it's quite shallow and easy to cross without getting too wet. You cross the stream. The camp-fire is very close to the edge of the forest. You hear a distant noise to the left and see a flame rising into the sky. It has the distinct shape of a fist. Do you head towards it to investigate (turn to 104) or do you approach the camp-fire (turn to 276)?

9

The monk speaks. 'Your path is perilous. Jaxartes awaits you with his Evil at every turn. He knows your aim, the nearer you get to the Fangs of Fury the more intense his watchfulness. You must enter the Homrath Caves and seek the Key. The Key may then be . . .' Suddenly, the three monks keel over and begin to blaze. The Dragon becomes a thin wisp of smoke and then disappears. A trapdoor falls open in the floor in front of you. Do you go down through the trapdoor (turn to **281**) or go back out of the door (turn to **138**)?

10

You walk into a packed room. Some of the people are wearing Ostragoth's insignia but most are sailors swilling their grog. They all stop and stare for a moment. You know that you are in the wrong place. You turn to check your exit when someone clubs you over the head (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). You black out. Turn to **230**.

11

The chamber contains three very small Dragonmen. They are playing with some Multi-Coloured Gems. They look at you, drop the Gems and approach. They bite your legs but they do not hurt. Do you wish to pick up the 10 Gems (turn to **354**) or do you leave them and carry on (turn to **226**)?

12

You continue in a direction that you hope will get you away from Ostragoth's siege armies. You head for the coast and eventually come to the cliffs. Below you is a sandy cove. Just then, you see a figure swept in to the shore by the waves. The figure lies on the beach, motionless. Do you climb down to investigate (turn to **312**) or do you decide to walk further along the clifftop (turn to **207**)?

13

You run into the darkness. The Giant calls out to you, 'No, you play game. Come back!' He stomps after you, picks up a handful of stones and throws them at you. Throw a die. This is the number of stones that hit you. Deduct the number from your STAMINA on the *Adventure Sheet*.

You race along until you reach the end of the cave You feel around for a bolt-hole as the Giant lumbers towards you. You find a wooden trapdoor in the floor. You pull on it and it opens easily. You jump in and shut it behind you. The Giant is too big to follow but you can hear him shouting, 'The littl'uns will get you.' As you wonder about his threat, you turn around and then you see exactly what he means. A large group of Gremlins, all looking murderous, are emerging from the walls, ceiling and floor into a corridor leading to a large wooden door. You have no choice but to run through them. They stab at you with their daggers.

Throw three dice. This is the number of stabs aimed at you. Throw three dice again for the number you manage to ward off. If the stabbings are greater, then reduce your STAMINA by the difference multiplied by 2.

If you manage to reach the door, it opens easily and you rush through and bolt it behind you. Turn to **279**.

14

The water is refreshing and tastes very sweet. It quenches your thirst. Increase your STAMINA by 3 points. You carry on along the road. Turn to **352**.

15

You clamber down the steep rocky path and when you reach the bottom you spy an old man dressed in seafaring clothes. He wears large sea-boots and carries a rusty cutlass. He also has a patch over one eye. He is sitting by a charcoal fire and is cooking a large white bird, complete with feathers. You approach carefully but he looks too ancient to cause you any trouble. To his left is a sea-rod, some nets and a couple of lightweight reed boats. He sees you and points his good eye at you. 'Aye, there be another brave deserter. I suppose you'll be wanting a boat to the island to get a merchantman out of here, like the others? Well, the price has gone up, lots of demand now, y'see. Three Gold Coins! I'll take no less.' Do you accept the offer (turn to **240**) or, if you refuse or have not the gold, do you climb back up the path and walk along the clifftop (turn to **207**)?

16

You follow the narrow track. The bushes get thicker and thicker. Eventually the path forks again but on a tree in front of you you see the carved shape of a

figure holding a shield and a dagger. The shield hand points south-west and the dagger hand points north-east. Do you follow the left path (turn to **217**) or do you choose the right-hand track (turn to **74**)?

17

Test your Luck. If you are Unlucky, a stake pierces your thigh: deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are Lucky, the stake glances off your leather armour. You get up and look around. In the gloomy light you see a small wooden trapdoor that must have once been used by the trap's constructors. You push it open and find a narrow crawl-way that eventually leads to another trap. Just then, the Bracelet glows (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). You continue through a whole series of traps until you come to another trap that has been sprung. Here you find the seated figure of an old monk. In his hands he holds a small box. His eyes are open but he does not breathe. Do you try to open the box (turn to **291**) or do you leave it alone and continue through the tunnels (turn to **192**)?

18

The Flame rekindles and begins to blaze with an intense fury that you cannot bear. Jaxartes' laughter now turns to a hideous scream. You remember the purpose of your mission and detach the Torch from the secret panel of your armour. You stagger towards the heat and plunge the Torch into the Flame. It splutters, then lights and burns with a multi-coloured blaze. The Torch leaves your hand and settles into a hole next to the inferno. You stagger away. Turn to 273.

19

You pull out your gold and hand it over (deduct all the Gold Coins from your *Adventure Sheet*). The captain takes it all, bites a few coins with his disgusting teeth and throws some to his two companions. 'Don't worry, you'll get lots of booty when we get in there,' he points to the Citadel 'Stick with us and you'll be rich at the end of this campaign.' He tries to get his foot into his boot but the leather rips down the side. He curses and waddles off. Turn to 218.

20

You walk for a while across the long grass. The river is further away than it had first appeared. Eventually you reach the bank. The water is not swift flowing but it is clear and clean You take a drink (add 2 points to your STAMINA). When you raise your head, you see two sets of small red boots. You lift your head up further and see that the owners of

the boots are Dwarfs. They both smile. One of them bows slightly and formally introduces himself as Skiff and his colleague as Sprig. They both point to a rowing-boat. Skiff explains that customers wishing to travel up-river are few and far between now that the siege is on He asks if you want to hire a boat to go up-river (at a very reasonable cost of 1 Gold Coin). If you agree, deduct 1 Gold Coin from your *Adventure Sheet*, and turn to 208. If you refuse (or cannot afford it) and wish to carry on alone, turn to 109.

21

You take out the Torch and hand it over to Snuffserk. He smiles, pulls out a curved dagger and stabs you. You collapse as you see the illusion of the Wizard fade away. The Mage Warrior comes over and takes the Torch. 'Well done, Snuffserk, you will be well rewarded. Now, I will finish the job.' You are helpless as he raises a sword over your head. Your mission is over.

22

You slip into the tent to get out of the way of the patrol. Just then, someone shouts at you. 'Hey, come here! I've been waiting for you. Help me get this breast-plate on. I'm due out on the northern patrol soon.' You realize that you have a golden opportunity. You stand behind the knight and prepare to hit him over the head. But he is too fast for you, spins around and pulls out a sword 'Do you

think you can pull that trick with one of the Elite Knights,' he screams.

ELITE KNIGHT SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you survive, you put on the armour and helmet. Turn to **154**.

23

'So, nobody wants to play with me. Well you know what happens now.' He raises his hands into the air and the room is plunged into darkness. Hideous screams and horrible fire-breathing monsters fill the room. You are terrified (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Everybody screams and most of them look at you because you are the only one dressed for combat. You decide to face the danger. You leave the inn. Turn to **171**.

24

You remember Captain Laski's words: 'Run in straight lines through an arrow shower. Never change direction, that will only slow you down and make you an easier target.' You count yourself lucky that you remembered that advice. Add 1 LUCK point.

You look back and see that the Goblin has been hit by an arrow through the neck. You know that you will be safer in a crowd. Ahead, you see a group of mounted Orcs waiting for an attack. They each have an attendant. Do you head for this group hoping to lose yourself (turn to **280**), or do you follow a group

trotting towards the beach to rescue a siege catapult that's stuck in the sand (turn to **70**)?

25

You wake up sopping wet in a wooden cage. Two Garks are looking at you. One of them speaks. 'Kill the scum now, I'm sure that's the same face. We'll say the scum tried to escape. It'll save us a lot of bother.' The other creature stares at you then speaks. 'But He ordered "Alive if possible". He wants something or some information. He even ordered "intact and unsearched". If He finds out we took the valuables . . .'

You feel in your pouch for the gold and Gems. Whatever you had has gone. Deduct all Gold Coins and Gems from your *Adventure Sheet*.

The Garks argue over your fate and do not notice a two-headed Serpent weaving its way towards them and you. Suddenly the Serpent breathes two sheets of flame at your captors and the cage. The Garks scream in terror as the flames engulf them. The wooden cage is completely destroyed. If you have any Black Cubes in your possession, turn to **372**. If not, then turn to **71**.

26

The Dwarf seems to know exactly where he is going. You dodge past two Orcs and then stand stock-still by a large oak-tree. The guards and soldiers begin to run away from you. You are amazed and are wondering why when, suddenly, a group of riders bursts into the camp. They are an irregular mass that seem to fight with a terrifying ferocity. They are all female and the one shouting orders rides on the back of two Fangtigers. They crash through the Goblins and Orcs heading for the oak-tree. You are picked up and find yourself on the back of a horse riding away from the camp. They eventually stop by the roadside and the leader comes over and looks at you carefully. She curses, finds the Dwarf and then hits him over the head. 'Fool, we've rescued the wrong one . . . I gave you a good drawing and you . . ' The Dwarf is struck again and starts to run off. She kicks him and then comes over to you. 'Apologies, you are not the one we expected. But a rescue is a rescue. It'll cost you 40 Gold Coins, or, say, 3 Blue Gems, or 4 Yellow Gems. I'm afraid it's pay up or give my mercenaries some entertainment.' If you can afford to pay up and wish to, make the appropriate adjustments on the *Adventure Sheet*. You are left alone on the road. Turn to 59. If you cannot afford the price or do not wish to pay, turn to 84.

27

You dodge away as a sword grazes the leather of your armour. You see an armed Goblin who's holding three black bottles in one hand. His mouth is open as if to scream but no sound comes out. You attack.

GOBLIN SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, you notice that the two Orcs have collapsed, insensible, on the floor. You look around but find no one else about. You set off up the stairs. Turn to **193**.

28

You can sense the axe being raised and hear the swing as it cuts the air above your head but you do not move a muscle. Nothing happens. The monk then asks you to open your eyes. You see the axe-head a hair's breadth from your temple. 'Without trust there is nothing. A fine spirit dwells within you. Now sit here.' He points to a grassy bank. He sits cross-legged, shuts his eyes and makes a box-like sign with his hands. He murmurs something in a strange tongue. Turn to **256**.

29

You prefer to stay outside. You watch the small Dragonmen begin to squawk at the adult creature. The Dragonman roars at the youngsters; they scuttle under its wings. The Dragonman then breathes a fearful fire that engulfs you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you step backwards and fall into a very deep pit. You die instantly. Your mission ends here. If you are Lucky, you avoid the pit and run through the flames into the cave (deduct 1 Black Cube *or* 4 points from your STAMINA). Turn to **115**.

30

You run fast as the schizoid Genie sends fireballs crashing all round you.

Throw a die six times to mark your random positions on the run. Mark the series on the *Adventure Sheet*. Now throw a second series of six dice and mark the result under the previous one. This is where the fireballs strike. If any in the series match, you are badly hit; deduct 1 from your SKILL and 4 from your STAMINA. If you are hit twice, you die. Your quest ends here.

If you survive, you manage to escape. A plaintive voice calls after you, 'I'm sorry, come back!' You do not stop running. Turn to **176**.

31

You run into the darkness but you can still hear the Giant lumbering after you, shouting 'Djakk' and 'Fee-fi-fo-fum'. You can see nothing in the dark but, just then, you feel something at your feet. It seems to be a thick creeper growing downwards into another chamber. Do you climb down the creeper (turn to **134**) or do you wish to continue along the cave (turn to **13**)?

32

Out in the fresh air again, you hurry back to the village. Peg-Leg is still sitting where you last saw him. He holds a mug of beer up in mock salute. You go into the trading-post. The owner is impressed with your haul and is quite happy to hand over the Gold Coins in return for your Gems and Crystals. (Convert your Gems and Crystals into Gold Coins and then deduct 500 Gold Coins from your *Adventure Sheet*.) You leave the shop and hand the heavy bag over to Peg-Leg. He takes the gold. 'I won't count it. I trust you. Now you'll be wanting your property.' He whistles and a small monkey drops down from the tallest tree on to your shoulder and hands you the Torch. 'He stole it in the first place; I suppose the money is his,' Peg-Leg tells you, unable to restrain his laughter. He takes the monkey back and limps away. You are angry at the delay. You set off again. You notice the Bracelet glows TWICE. (Mark the penetration of TWO Citadel Walls on the *Adventure Sheet*.) Turn to **131**.

33

Cautiously, you move towards the chest. It has now sunk much further into the morass but you can see the glimmer of Gold Coins and Gems. You can just prise it open enough to get a hand in. Throw a die to see what you manage to get out before the chest sinks into the marsh. If you throw 1–2, you pull out 10 Blue Gems; 3–4, you grab 10 Multi-Coloured Gems; and if you throw 5–6, you get 100 Gold Coins. You pull out your last handful and watch the chest sink into the mire. Mark the addition on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Carefully you make your way out of the marsh. Turn to **292**.

34

You walk along the tunnel and have the feeling that someone is watching you. You turn round to find Jaxartes standing in front of three Mage Warriors. But just then, the Mage Warriors begin to wilt, slowly collapsing until they are small black bundles

on the ground. Jaxartes is angry, 'Now, I must do it myself.' He waves his arm and the tunnel collapses on top of you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you survive but are badly injured. Deduct 2 SKILL points and 6 STAMINA points. You get out of the rubble and crawl along the tunnel after Jaxartes. Turn to **381**. If you are Unlucky, you are crushed. You fail to complete your mission.

35

You stab at the ring of flesh. It cuts easily but you are spattered by the green slime. You rip through. Throw a die for the number of drops that land on you. Deduct the result from your STAMINA. You run off along the beach. Turn to **97**.

36

Looking out over the mountain top, you see thick smoke emanating from what you guess must be the Fangs of Fury. Just then, you hear the sound of large wings flapping and see three Dragonmen flying towards you, each holding a curved blazing sabre. If you possess Elf-wings, put them on now, turn to **373**. If not, turn to **304**.

37

You fail and unfortunately your whole team fails also. The Elves cheer you none the less (some have staked money that you *would* lose). You are given 1 Blue Gem for taking part (mark it on your *Adventure Sheet*), and you are given a guide out of the Battleground of the Giants. Turn to **294**.

38

You get into the boat. The prisoners are given the oars and chained up. The two Goblins begin to whip them as you set off into the crashing surf. You keep up with the second boat until you get about halfway across to the island, then the waves get bigger and the boat begins to take on water. The prisoners are told to bail out the water but the waves keep filling the boat up again. It begins to look as though the boat will sink and the Goblins and other guards abandon it, swimming towards the second boat. The prisoners are still chained up and you try to help them but can do nothing as the boat slowly sinks and then turns over. You too have to swim to the other boat.

Throw two dice for the strength needed to get there. If this is greater than your STAMINA, then deduct 3 STAMINA points and throw again. Repeat until you make it or perish, exhausted in the crashing waves. If you succeed, you climb on to the other boat. Turn to **305**.

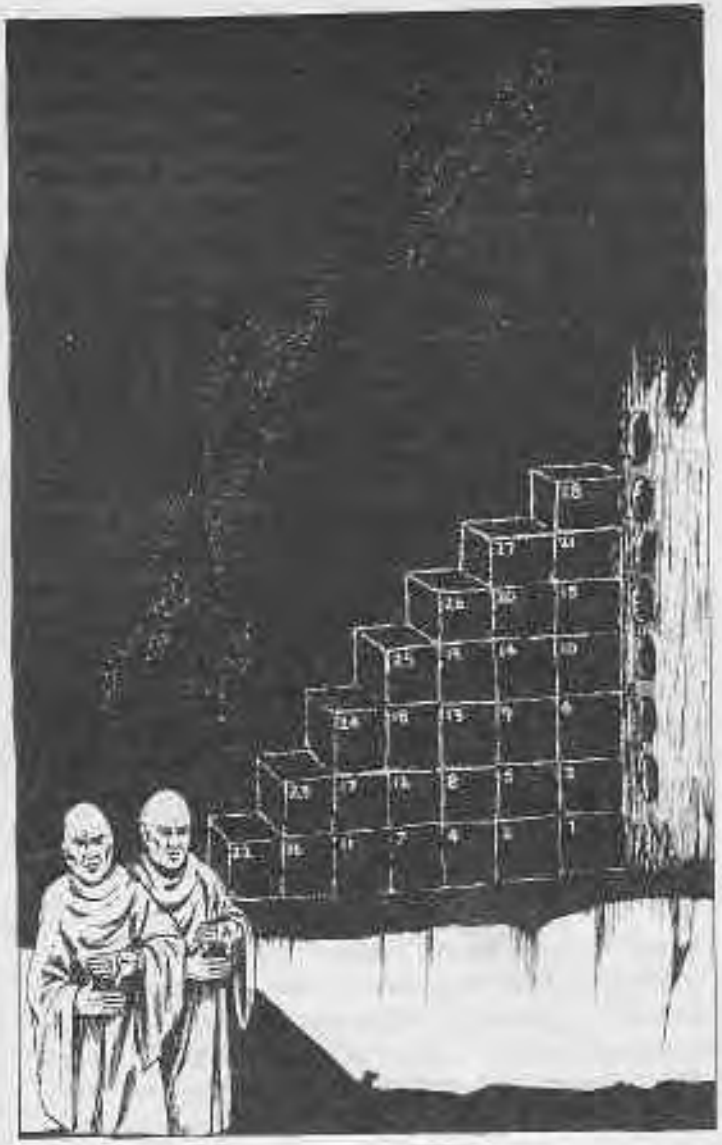

39

The cavern is huge. A bridge across a chasm leads to a vertical row of seven entrances on the right. Suddenly, out of a smoky mist in front of you, there appear two monks making the sign of the cube with their hands. At first they are mere phantoms but gradually they become more solid. You hear two sing-song voices chanting in harmony, 'Welcome stranger to the Fangs of Fury, the centre of the Wazarri and the Religion-whose-name-cannot-be-uttered, and at whose core lives the Flame. If you have been shown the Way and have accumulated White Cubes in your mind's eye, then place the number you have in the indicated position.' A shimmering pattern appears, tracing stairways up to all Seven Levels. 'Now climb to your own Level. We deem you worthy to enter the core of Fury: you will not be harmed by the holy Flame.' The monks fade away.

Add up the numbers you have entered in the White Cube box of the *Adventure Sheet* to find your True

Level. If you have no knowledge of White Cubes, then you must enter at Level 1. If you have more than 28, then you must enter at Level 7. Which Level is your True Way?

White Cubes

1–2 = Level 1	Turn to **299**
3–5 = Level 2	Turn to **57**
6–9 = Level 3	Turn to **79**
10–14 = Level 4	Turn to **165**
15–20 = Level 5	Turn to **191**
21–27 = Level 6	Turn to **357**
28+ = Level 7	Turn to **396**

40

You are in a completely empty chamber. There are three exits. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to **342**
Exit 2?	Turn to **135**
Exit 3?	Turn to **349**

41

You lie under a foul-smelling clump of bushes for a while, and see the Bracelet glowing (mark a Citadel Wall captured by Ostragoth's forces on the *Adventure Sheet*).

You watch several squads of cavalry and infantry go past you in battle formation. Just then you see a little vagabond standing in front of you. He's about 7 or 8 years old. 'I've been watching you. You're hiding from them soldiers. You give me something or I'll

tell them.' You decide to give him 1 Gold Coin (deduct it from your *Adventure Sheet*). He seems satisfied but then speaks again. 'You want to get away from here? I know a way. It'll cost you 4 more Gold Coins.' Do you agree (turn to **127**) or are you content just to buy his silence and sneak away (turn to **150**)?

42

You pick up 1 Black Cube (add it to the Cube box of your *Adventure Sheet*).

Suddenly, the cavern is filled with dust and a huge stone block falls from the ceiling above you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, it crushes you. Your quest ends here. If you are Lucky, it misses but you are badly shaken (deduct 1 point from your SKILL). Turn to **246**.

43

You think that the four Orcs are far more dangerous, but before you can join the woman you see an amazing display of swordfighting. Four clean blows are enough. Then, as she turns towards you, you feel a stabbing pain in your back. The Goblin has struck at you (deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 4 points from your STAMINA). The woman deals with the creature and then drags you to a tent. In the corner lies another dead body and next to it an open chest with all your possessions including the Torch. She does not say anything but motions for you to pick up your things. Turn to **203**.

44

You stop and sit inside the dark cave. Add 2 STAMINA points. Suddenly, a black hairy feeler wraps itself around your neck. You prise it off and pull out your sword. You are facing a large round black creature with seemingly innumerable feelers that shiver and shake at you

BLACK FEELER BEAST SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, you notice the Bracelet glowing (mark another captured Citadel Wall on your *Adventure Sheet*). You scamper out and carry on climbing. Turn to **261**.

45

You are led to the ship through a maze of alleyways. You are met on the corner opposite the quay There are two ships in harbour. The one on the left is the *Gargu-Ran*. The organization is very efficient: you are handed a bale with three others and you carry it aboard. A sailor asks you for 5 Gold Coins (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*) and you are told to get below. The ship is soon under way and you depart from Karakum Island Turn to **132**.

46

Stealthily, you work your way to a point that has good cover and slip into the cold water. As you start to swim, the Bracelet glows (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). The water is fast-flowing but you are grateful that there is no surge, a well-known phenomenon on the Potamos river. Half-way across, however, you feel a slight tremor and before you know it a wall of water lifts you up and pushes you along down-river. Throw two dice to indicate the power of the surge. If this is greater than your STAMINA then you are carried along for a great distance. Deduct 2 STAMINA points, turn to **313**. If your STAMINA is greater than or equal to the power of the surge, then you manage to get across the river. You find cover, dry yourself, and then set off again along the road. Turn to **172**.

47

The Flame burns with an intense heat that takes you by surprise. You are weakened by the fire but you begin to suffocate as the blaze uses up all the air. You collapse and die. Your quest ends here.

48

You know that there is Evil magic here and guess that the Wand might be useful. You pull it out and stare at it. By some unknown power it produces a shaft of light that makes it look like a sword. You slice through the branches and stumble out of the magic woods. Turn to **392**.

49

They grab you and one of them holds a strange round mirror up to your face. The Goblin looks at you. 'No, not of noble birth. Let's see . . . Bring the Book.' A large book is brought and he flicks through it very deliberately. You notice that it is full of drawings of King Elidor's knights, squires and nobles. You also see representations of the twelve Wizards. 'No, there's no such face and I cannot detect Magic Illusions. Release the prisoner! You will be taken to Captain Stinger and you will be allowed to take your chances with the Irregulars.' Just then, the Bracelet glows (mark a captured Citadel Wall on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to **101**.

50

The Giant drops you into a large sack. He walks off humming something like 'Fee-fi-fo-fum'. Inside the sack there are various bits of animals, vegetables and lumps of coal. After a long time all the contents of the sack are upended. You fall on to a rocky floor and find yourself in a cave with a large blazing fire at the entrance. The rest of the cave is strewn with all manner of rubbish. You look at the Giant. He has sat down and is staring at you as he munches at a piece of cow. He then speaks in a booming voice, 'Where is Djakk?' He looks at you expectantly and then puts on a high voice, 'I don't know.' He repeats the question, 'Where is Djakk?' You think that he is demented. Do you humour him and give him a location for Djakk, whoever he might be (turn to **186**), or do you tell him you don't know (turn to **323**)?

51

The body of a monk falls into your arms. He is wounded in the throat but is still alive. You lay him down on the floor. He looks at you and smiles. 'Yes, you are the . . . spoken of . . . you must . . . go upstairs . . . the door . . . be careful . . . do not . . . the door . . . No.' The monk's smile fades and he dies. You look around the room, see nothing else, then go outside. Turn to **251**.

52

You pull out your sword and run up the stone stairs. The small boy is screaming. You reach the top and the Dragonmen fly away in surprise You chop at the chains and the boy breaks free, then looks up at you and begins to laugh. Suddenly, his whole body bursts open and magically another Dragonman appears. All three then gather together and attack Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DRAGONMAN	8	10
Second DRAGONMAN	8	10
Third DRAGONMAN	9	8

If you survive, you notice the Bracelet glowing as you climb down the tower (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*) You look around Do you decide to head for a flat-topped mountain to your left (turn to **194**) or the track to your right (turn to **99**)?

53

The Elves take you back to the point where you met them. Then they glide off a cliff and disappear from sight. There is no distinct path to follow and the going is very tough. After a few hours you get very tired (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA) and notice the Bracelet glowing (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). Eventually, you notice smoke coming from somewhere deep down in a canyon. Do you decide to climb down (turn to **212**) or do you ignore it and keep on climbing up (turn to **264**)?

54

You follow the left-hand tunnel. But after several hundred paces it begins to break up. The walls become soft sand and you sink into a sandy mire up to your knees. Walking becomes very difficult (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Suddenly, something slithers around your foot. You hear a swishing sound as tentacles appear out of the sand. One of them stings you (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You strike at the wet sand hoping to hit the creature.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you cut the creature's tentacles. If you are Unlucky, throw a die for the number of stings you suffer and then deduct 2 STAMINA points for each sting. If you throw a 6, you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL as well.

You carry on in the dark. As you reach out, your hand comes into contact with a Star Crystal and you

take it (add it to the Gem box of your *Adventure Sheet*). Finally you are brought to a halt by what feels like a mound of sand and you have no other option but to dig your way out. Turn to **199**.

55

You are in a cave with a large metal door. In front of the door are six square holes marked: Triangle, Crescent Moon, Cross, Circle, Box, and Mushroom If you have any blocks, place them in the correct holes. If you have all six, add up the numbers on the reverse sides and turn to that paragraph.

If you don't have all the blocks you must return into the caves. Leave the blocks you have here. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. The Bracelet on your wrist glows. Mark another Citadel Wall captured on your *Adventure Sheet*. There is one open exit (turn to **349**).

56

You reach the clump of rocks just as three Wolves jump out of the bushes. You pull out your sword but not before one of them has sunk its fangs into

your leg (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You kill the first Wolf with one blow, then wait for the other two to attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF	7	6
Second WOLF	7	6

If you survive, you cannot hear your pursuers. You must now decide on a direction to take. Do you choose the sandy coast just ahead (turn to **197**) or do you prefer to take a track heading west (turn to **267**)?

57

You enter on Level 2. You stand in an intricately carved cave. A voice echoes from a distance. 'The Way is hard for a stranger to the Religion-whose-name-cannot-be-uttered.' Suddenly, three fire-breathing Serpents fall out of the ceiling and come to life in front of you. They attack. Fight each in turn

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FLAME SERPENT	6	7
Second FLAME SERPENT	7	7
Third FLAME SERPENT	8	6

If you survive, turn to **387**.

58

You make your way along the track When you hear hoofbeats, you quickly take cover. Suddenly, a horse gallops towards you dragging an Orc with his foot caught in the stirrup. The horse stops in front of you. The Orc is dead and you release his foot Do you take the horse (turn to **181**) or leave it where it is (turn to **194**)?

59

You make good progress on the road but you are still cautious of troops. You pass a watering trough. Do you choose to take a drink (turn to **14**) or ignore it and carry on (turn to **352**)?

60

You sit back and take a rest (add 2 STAMINA points). You watch the people heading off to the left to the sound of trumpets and snorting horses Do you get up to investigate (turn to **158**) or do you wish to stay where you are (turn to **269**)?

61

You walk into a dark tunnel. A figure moves in front of you then speaks in a cultivated voice. It is the rich, melodic voice of the Evil Wizard. 'You want to fight with swords, I will fight you with a sword.' He pulls out a gleaming scimitar and attacks. Fight as normal, but you cannnot kill a Wizard with sword-play. He, on the other hand, can kill you!

JAXARTES	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you survive, the Wizard laughs, gets up and disappears. The tunnel slopes downwards and then forks. Which branch do you take: the left (turn to **229**) or the right (turn to **393**)?

62

You walk down the stream. It just covers your ankles and keeps your feet nicely cool (add 1 STAMINA point). You keep your eye on several large birds that are soaring at a great height but then you can see nothing as the stream enters a forest. At that moment, the Bracelet glows (mark a captured Citadel Wall on your *Adventure Sheet*). You stay in the water until you come to a waterfall. The stream pours into a deep craggy pool below. Ahead, the forest is spread out like a green tapestry but you must climb down the cliff before you can continue. If you have Elf-wings, turn to **344**. If not, then turn to **196**.

63

You raise your sword. The Giant sniggers and swings his club over his head then attacks.

GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you survive, you wait for the flames to die down before venturing out of the cave. You stumble out and notice the Bracelet glowing on your wrist (mark a Citadel Wall captured on the *Adventure Sheet*). You look around and see a forest by the side of a grassy plain. Both are vaguely in the direction you wish to travel. Which do you choose: the forest (turn to **210**) or the plain (turn to **282**)?

64

Occasionally, the child begins to cry but then suddenly remembers herself and is once again rather outspoken. 'You're a bit dirty. You should have a jolly good wash.'

She leads you on a meandering path into the plain that lies below the low mountains. It is completely encircled by a wall of fire. Outside the wall you see a contingent of Goblins and Dark Elves. They have several catapults firing stones at the fort. The girl leads you to the edge of the flame wall.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **119**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **239**.

65

You walk among the reeds. The ground gets softer and soon you are having to step on clumps of reeds and grasses to stop yourself falling into a marsh-like ground. Eventually, you find a set of irregular stepping stones and begin to follow them. After a short time, several scaly, clawed hands begin to appear out of the swamp. They stretch and claw at you. Then two Fiend-like heads appear, blinking as though they have woken from a deep sleep. They clutch at you but without any real strength. Something screams in the far distance just as the path of stones divides in two. Both paths head in the general direction of the Citadel. Which do you take: the left (turn to **146**) or the right (turn to **178**)?

66

You chop at the tentacle. It falls in your lap exuding a nasty-smelling green slime that begins to choke you. Then three more tentacles appear and wrap themselves round your neck and body. You are dragged into the deep. You cannot escape the clutches of the Giant Octopod. Your quest is over.

67

You follow the right-hand river valley. It gets very overgrown and you have to start chopping your way through it. Suddenly, you hear an agonized yowl. You plunge your sword into the bush in front of you again and there is a similar scream, then long trailing creepers shoot out and begin to wrap themselves around your body. Spiky thorns begin to cut

you. You realize that the bush is a creature and begin to fight it.

UNDERGROWTH SKILL 4 STAMINA 9

If you survive, you notice more quivering bushes ahead. You think that it might be better to retrace your steps and head for one of the other two valleys. Which do you choose: the left valley (turn to **126**) or the central one (turn to **200**)?

68

You struggle through the gap and drop into a dank, damp corridor. A murky light appears in the distance. You trudge onwards, occasionally tripping over small, furry creatures. You walk for many hours until you reach a stone-built corridor. Just then, the Bracelet glows (mark another captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). At the end of the corridor is a wooden door. You find that it opens easily. Turn to **279**

69

The door opens easily to reveal what you guess to be a Wizard's den. Someone lies in the corner clutching an empty bottle and muttering. You look around quickly. There are all sorts of magical substances but you don't want to dabble in things you don't understand. You notice an object lying on the table that you know *must* be a Wand. If you wish to, you may take the Wand and mark it on the *Adventure Sheet*.

There is no other exit so you leave by the same door. Outside, do you choose to enter the other door (turn to **202**) or go up the staircase (turn to **351**)?

70

You run smartly over to the group and lend your weight to the struggle to push the huge wooden wheels out of the sand. With a great deal of effort and a lot of shouting from the sergeant you succeed (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). You push the catapult beside some others and leave it there.

Before you have a chance to slip away, an Orc mounted on a black charger gallops up and hisses at the group of men and women you are with. He

points to you and several others, 'Come with me, scum. You're lucky to be away from the battlefield. I've seen you shiver and shake as we Orcs do the real fighting.' He rides round the group, hurling abuse and then points to a tower in the distance and tells you to get there sharpish, 'or I'll have your guts for gauntlets'. You trot off with the others. You pass several bushes and gnarled trees. Do you choose to slink off and hide in one of the bushes (turn to **41**) or do you continue with the group (turn to **386**)?

71

The fact that you are sopping wet helps but the flames from the Serpent heads are intense. The cage breaks up and the two Garks begin to scream. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, the flames are just too much for you. You perish and so do your hopes of the quest. If you are Lucky (deduct 1 SKILL point and 4 points from your STAMINA), you manage to break out of the conflagration and hurl yourself into the stream. You turn back to see the Garks' final agonies. You set off as fast as possible. Turn to **133**.

72

You leap up on to the knight's horse and ride through the mêlée. Arrows are fired at you. Some pass over your shoulder. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, one arrow hits you in the shoulder but you pull it out easily (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA).

You try to ride away from the fighting but two mounted Orcs begin to give chase. You set off at a gallop across the battlefield.

Throw two dice for your speed on the horse and then throw two dice again for the speed of the Orcs. If their speed is greater than yours, they catch up with you (turn to **123**); otherwise, you escape (turn to **335**).

73

The rock slips under you and hurtles down into the pass, crashing into the echoing chasm. You have no choice but to scramble up to the top and face the Mage Warriors. They see you and immediately pull out Wands which transform into fine blue-tinged swords. If you have a Wand, you may fight as normal. If not, then deduct 3 points from your SKILL for this combat only.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MAGE WARRIOR	8	10
Second MAGE WARRIOR	9	10

If you survive, you continue along the clifftop. Turn to **36**.

74

You hear some very strange noises as you trudge along. You come to a sudden drop into a small river valley. In front of you is a tall tree that has an inscription carved on it. You look at it carefully:

Do you scramble down towards the river (turn to **270**) or climb the tree and look around (turn to **322**)?

75

He explains that above you lies the village of Teriyakit. He also explains that his job is that of muck-shoveller. 'No one else will do it,' he says. He shows you the way out by a rope ladder hanging against the side of a wall. You thank him and climb the ladder. You find yourself in the fresh air and also in the central square of the village. Looking around, you see two inns and feel an almost instant need for refreshment. Which inn do you choose: the Ferret's Claws (turn to **169**) or the Gannet's Nest (turn to **122**)?

76

You are in a cave with an inscription carved into a wooden plaque:

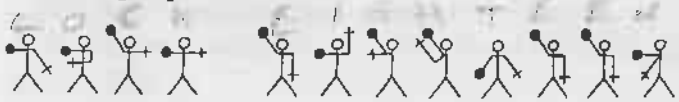

There are four exits to the cave. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to **107**
Exit 2?	Turn to **241**
Exit 3?	Turn to **366**
Exit 4?	Turn to **395**

77

The cart pulls up just below you. You cannot see who is inside but just then a horseman rides towards the cart. The rider is wearing a long black cape with a large hood. The mounted figure stops by the cart and the driver hands over a small chest. The rider passes a rolled-up parchment to him. Nothing is said. They then part. Do you decide to follow the rider who is walking his horse carefully along the rocks (turn to **371**), do you follow the cart (turn to **136**) or do you choose to steer clear of both of them and get on with your mission (turn to **12**)?

78

You hack at the chains. Your sword is well-tempered but cannot cut through the hard metal. Suddenly, a war-chariot appears in the distance and hurtles down towards you. You strike at the chains even harder.

Throw five dice and total the result, this is the strength of the chains. Throw two dice and the result is the strength of the sword. Add this to your STAMINA. If the chain strength is greater than that of the blade and your STAMINA, turn to **190**. If it is equal or less, then turn to **324**.

79

You enter on Level 3 and stand inside an intricately carved corridor. A voice echoes from a great distance, 'This Way is hard but there is hope. Mark the name-that-cannot-be-uttered ' Just then two metal grilles drop down and isolate you. A pedestal appears in front of you with an inscription and numbers under each letter You look at it carefully, trying to make sense of it:

THERE IS NO ESCAPE
32547 76 34 989761
BUT A NON EXIT IN
234 4 661 1399 22
REVERSE
5223034

Suddenly, small sharp metal spikes begin to drop

into the cage area. You press at the numbers. If you know which numbers to press, go to that section. You will be told at once if you are correct. If you fail, you are hit on the head (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). You feel dizzy, then find yourself entering another Level. Turn to **299**.

80

You are very suspicious of him so you decide not to talk to him. Just then a troop of five Goblins led by a Dark Elf arrive. They stop, approach one of the other guards and show him a parchment. He nods, pulls out his sword and they all walk towards you. You are bewildered. How could they know? Then you remember Astragal's warning about the traitor and realize that it must be someone very high up. You scamper off into cover. Turn to **111**.

81

There is no way out of the chasm but to climb out. You look for handholds or footholds. Throw a series of four dice and note the result on the *Adventure Sheet*. These are the footholds. Then throw a dice to match each of those numbers and deduct 1 STAMINA point for each failure to match. This is your struggle to reach the footholds. If you succeed, turn to **195**.

82

You make the deal and pull out your sword. You approach the Orcs as they are loading a large sack on to the cart. They see you, drop the sack and attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	7	6
Second ORC	7	6

If you survive, the Elder hands you 20 Gold Coins (add these to your *Adventure Sheet* total). You ask how they intend fending off the other Orcs. He replies that they will hide everything at once and tell the others that these Orcs have made off with the goods; a typical Orc trick apparently. He shakes your hand and you walk briskly out of the village. Turn to **316**.

83

You find yourself next to the smiling monk. He looks at you and whispers without moving his lips. 'Trust, that is the Way. Tell me, do you have the Torch?' Do you tell him the truth (turn to **263**) or do you think it might be a trick and so refuse to speak (turn to **391**)?

84

In a large clearing surrounded by rocks, the mercenaries light a ring of fire. You stand in the middle and watch them as they rub their hands with glee and make bets on how long they think you will survive. Suddenly, two Fangtigers are released into the circle of fire. They prowl round you then attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FANGTIGER	5	9
Second FANGTIGER	6	8

If you survive, the group, somewhat subdued and disappointed, mount their horses and ride off without another word. But the circle of fire has meanwhile grown in intensity. You cannot wait for it to

die down for fear of Orcs, so are forced to jump through the wall of fire. If you have a Black Cube, turn to **348**. If not, then turn to **296**.

85

You ride away. Throw two dice to indicate your speed and then throw two dice for the speed of your pursuer. If your speed is greater than or equal to hers, then you leave her behind (turn to **206**). If her speed is the greater, then you are forced to fight (turn to **255**).

86

You look into the water but can see no sign of the sea creature. Suddenly you realize that you are moving off the ground. The sand shifts and you look down to see the body of a Giant Crab beneath your feet. It begins to fold its great claws back in order to get at you. You leap off its back and land well. It gives chase and you are forced to fight it.

GIANT CRAB	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you survive, you run off after the woman. Turn to **144**.

87

At the end of the corridor there are two doors. Which do you choose to enter? The one on the left (turn to **266**) or the one on the right (turn to **152**)?

88

You discover that you can use your legs. You run fast but can hear no sound of pursuit, only laughter. Suddenly, you pull up short when you feel a stabbing pain (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You turn to see a wispy trail of smoke. It pulls you back to the Orcs, 'Aye, none can doubt it, His magic is strong,' says one of them. 'And so are our boots,' says the other as he kicks you (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Turn to **205**.

89

In the deep shadows you trip on a rock. There is a general stirring among the Dragonmen and one of them flaps over to where you lie. It breathes a shaft of fire at you when it sees you. If you do not have 1 Black Cube, you are badly burnt (deduct 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points); if you do, just deduct 1 Black Cube.

You run and grab the key, but it attacks you just as you get it into the lock of the door.

DRAGONMAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you survive, you get into the room and lock the door behind you. Turn to **259**

90

You sit and wait patiently. The tentacle slithers into the boat and on to your body. The small suckers scratch your arm slightly. You shiver but do not move, even when you see the Bracelet glowing (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). Eventually, the tentacle drops back into the sea with a quiet plop and you begin to paddle swiftly towards the island. You are being carried away from the north-west of the island; do you put all your effort into landing where you were advised (turn to **188**) or do you let the current dump you where it will (turn to **346**)?

91

You see one of the Sentinels break free from the Zamarra Citadel Walls. Then you see all six come alive. They all set about the besieging army with the most hideous ferocity until all is waste. The girl takes the crystal from you. 'You have saved the Wizards and our sacred religion. Your deeds will be celebrated in ballads for many ages to come among the faithful. Our people are all but destroyed but now we must look to the future.' Turn to **400**.

92

You enter the volcano and find yourself in a torchlit chamber. There are two tunnels that lead off from here; they are both marked with an inscription.

The left one is marked:

The right one is marked:

Which direction do you choose: the left (turn to **142**) or the right (turn to **360**)?

93

'Good! That scum. That's the way to treat 'em.' Behind you stands a huge Goblin. You move quickly and try to shield your face from the other prisoners. When the group get to the shore you see

two large boats. The prisoners are ordered into the boats. The waves crash all around you and you see bits of other boats littering the rocks. Two Goblins get into each boat, but which craft do you choose: the left one (turn to **38**) or the right (turn to **160**)?

94

You pull at the key. The ground gives way below you and you drop into a stake-filled trench. A sharp stake kills you instantly. Your quest is over.

95

'Hungry, eh? Here's some of my favourite.' He produces a runny, yellow, sticky gunge out of his hat and hands it to you on a small wooden plate. It's not what you were expecting but nevertheless you taste it. It makes you feel great (add 1 point to your SKILL and 6 points to your STAMINA). The boy then disappears around a street corner. The villagers are taking a lively interest in you. Some Rogue Catchers are looking at a parchment and then at you. You decide to leave the village and do so quickly. Turn to **398**.

96

You put your head down to protect your face and run as fast as you can through the flames. If you have a Black Cube, turn to **350**. If not, then turn to **105**.

97

Eventually, you stop to rest (add 4 points to your STAMINA). Sitting there, your eye is caught by the glow of the Bracelet (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). Then, feeling refreshed, you get up and carry on walking along a sandy track. Turn to **267**.

98

The road is dead straight. It leads to a small village. You stop to rest outside the village (add 4 STAMINA points). Seeing some riders in the distance you hide behind some rocks to let them pass. Just then, your mind is plagued with worry about the Torch. You have no idea why, but you decide to check that it is safe. You reach to open the leather flap and find it already loose and the Torch GONE! The most important thing in your quest! Quickly, you begin to retrace your steps but then you hear someone cough behind you. You turn round to see a strange man of nautical appearance. He has a wooden leg, a patch over one eye, wears a three-cornered hat and a bright green coat. 'Beggin' your pardon, but have you lost something?' You reply that you have. 'Aah, that is good. I believe it is an object similar to a torch. I have it. Come!' He stomps off towards the village.

Do you attack and search him (turn to **147**) or follow him as requested (turn to **370**)?

99

You follow the track for several hundred paces. It leads to a gap between a vast outcrop of rock that forms a massive wall in front of you. You know that if Ostragoth and Jaxartes wish to stop you getting to the Fangs of Fury, this would be a good place to guard. Do you continue through the pass (turn to **116**) or begin to climb the rock (turn to **368**)?

100

You keep your eyes to the ground and spot 5 Multi-Coloured Gems which you take (add them to your *Adventure Sheet*). You carry on but can hear furtive movements and some heavy breathing. The tunnel forks again. Do you go left (turn to **268**) or right (turn to **157**)?

101

You are marched to a large field full of men, women, children, Orcs, Ogres, every type of creature. There is no apparent military order. Everyone wears an assortment of armour and you see an amazing range of weapons, some that you recognize as Zamarran. The Goblin speaks to one of the roughest-looking men there. He sits on a rock massaging his feet. The Goblin then leaves. The man, who's also very fat, gets up and waddles over to you. He calls two others to join you. He faces you, 'So you want to join our illustrious regiment. In normal times we would accept none but the most high-born but, seeing as there's a war on,' the other two are sniggering and laughing, 'just give me all your money and you're in.' Do you refuse to give them your gold, which is your only option if you have no gold (turn to **148**), give them half your Gold Coins (turn to **328**) or agree to give them all your gold (turn to **19**)?

102

They take you to their house. The old man asks the girl to prepare for her trip and when she skips away he introduces himself as Ono-maki, a monk of the Wazarri. The girl, he explains, is his ward. She is due to travel to the great monastery for initiation. 'But these times are dangerous, the old religion is deemed heretical by those that conquer. I hope that you are the One that legends speak of but nevertheless I must put you to the Test.' You agree to be tested. He takes you to a room full of circles painted on the floor and hands you a cube with dice markings.

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  9
  o 8
  o o 7
  o o o 6
  o o o o 5
  o o o o o 4
  o o o o o o 3
  o o o o o o o 2
  o o o o o o o o 1
A o o o o o o o o o
```

You stand on circle A. Ono-maki explains that you must throw the cube to find your True Path and to indicate the Awareness of your Being. Throw a die. If you throw 1–3, move up by one circle. If you throw 4 or 5, move right by one circle. If you throw a 6, do not move and deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Repeat as many times as it is necessary to get to Levels 1–9.

If you achieve Levels 1 or 2, turn to 314. If you achieve Levels 3 or 4, turn to 343. If you achieve Levels 5–9, turn to 247.

103

You do not understand what he means but taking just enough Gold Coins for your immediate needs you hurry on through the trapdoor and keep your eyes shut. The tunnel is very long and twisting and eventually leads you into a wide space. You still have your eyes closed when something breathes down your neck, drags a huge claw across your chest and then around your throat. You do not dare open your eyes but you are left to stumble out unhindered. Turn to 32.

104

You reach a slight rise and look towards the flame. You see a female knight standing on top of a hill surrounded by creatures from Ostragoth's armies. The flame burns bright in the shape of a fist. You do not hesitate to help her. You run up the hill and plough into the back of three Garks Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GARK	7	11
Second GARK	7	11
Third GARK	7	11

If you survive, you look up and see that she has made short work of the others. She is a supreme fighter and you wonder idly what Captain Laski would make of her. She greets you with a handshake but does not speak, then she indicates that you must follow her. Turn to **288**.

105

You leap through the flames that burn your flesh. You collapse on the other side of the wall of fire (deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 5 points from your STAMINA). You feel very weak so you rest for

a while, keeping watch for any more of those creatures. The glow of the Bracelet (mark another Citadel Wall breached on the *Adventure Sheet*) makes you get up and hurry on along the path. Turn to **176**.

106

You are assigned to work in the rigging. It appears that you have to live and eat up there, taking orders from below about which sail to unfurl and which to hitch up. After several hours' hard work, you hear the crow's-nest calling out, 'Sail-a-starboard'. You look in that direction and see a large ship that flies no recognizable flag. It moves very fast and catches you up in no time. One of your companions calls out, 'Pirates!' They board the ship and the captain gives up without a fight. They loot the ship and then proceed to set light to it. Everybody is left to fend for themselves. You leap into the ocean and begin to swim towards an empty raft. Just then you see the fin of a Slaughterer Shark cutting through the still water. You make it in time and get on to the raft as a thick mist settles (add 1 point to your LUCK score). You sit there listening to the cries of the other sailors. Turn to **297**.

107

You are in a cave with blocks of stone marked with a triangle pattern. Each has the number 15 on its reverse.

Each block weighs 10 Zamarra Weights The most you can carry is 60 If you wish to take a block, mark

the weight on the *Adventure Sheet*. Do not exceed your maximum capability.

There are four exits from the cave. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to **162**
Exit 2?	Turn to **76**
Exit 3?	Turn to **395**
Exit 4?	Turn to **262**

108

You look around you. The alley is empty so you walk downhill to the harbour. There are many soldiers and sailors milling about. Just then, you see three Orcs riding towards the quayside. They are wearing unusual black cloaks with large hoods and constantly sniff the air. Then they begin to stop each individual they see. You don't know if your mission is known to the enemy but you recall that Astragal did mention something about a traitor. A Goblin starts ordering groups of soldiers into two lines. They are irregularly dressed like yourself, and you think that it will be safer to be among them than on your own. Which line do you choose: the left (turn to **227**) or the right (turn to **394**)?

109

You walk for many hours following a goat-track. There is nobody about. You stop to rest in a good defensive position on top of a grassy hillock (add 3 STAMINA points). You set off again and the goat-track eventually meets a more defined cart-track. You look at the track then see smoke rising from a small village to the left. Do you carry on along the track (turn to 365) or prefer to head into the village (turn to 3)?

110

You swing your sword to no effect. It merely passes through it like a shadow. The Fire Demon strikes its scimitar at a table and slices it into two burnt chunks. It advances to the sound of manic laughter. Do you possess a Wand? If you do, then turn to 340. If you do not, then you run to the back of the counter and cower with the others. Turn to 242.

111

You run fast, keeping silent, in a way that would please Captain Laski. You hear no sound of pursuit, but you notice the Bracelet glow (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). The forest gets thicker and darker as you cross a small path that leads to a stone hut. You stop to look at it carefully. While you are watching, the door opens and an emaciated man, dressed in rags with a broken chain around his wrist, comes out. He calls out to you, 'Come over here, quick!' Do you go into the hut

(turn to 331) or do you carry on running through the forest (turn to 177)?

112

You carry on along the road. The lack of any traffic makes you suspicious that someone is stopping it at the Potamos bridge up ahead. Sure enough, when you get to within sight of the bridge, you see a patrol. They have detained all passing individuals in a small enclosure. You approach the road-block carefully, moving from cover to cover. You know that you cannot go back and that you must cross the river. There are two simple options: run across the bridge (turn to 221) or swim across the river (turn to 46).

113

You run into the bulk of the arrows. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, throw a die for the number of arrows that hit you and deduct 3 STAMINA points for each. If you are Lucky, only one arrow hits you. You manage to pull it out (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA).

You look back and see that the Goblin has been hit by an arrow through the neck.

You know that you are conspicuous on your own so you look around. You see a group of mounted Orcs waiting for an attack. Some have attendants helping them. Do you head towards this group and try to lose yourself amongst them (turn to 280) or do you follow a troop who are trotting towards a siege catapult that is stuck on the beach (turn to 70)?

114

The tunnel opens out into a chamber that's dimly lit by small flames burning above you in a high ceiling. It's very hot and as you walk along you see rows and rows of huge eggs. Each has a small Multi-Coloured Gem sitting on its top. In the gloom ahead you see the outline of a very large figure. Do you carry on along the chamber and pick up the Gems (turn to **170**) or do you decide to return to the other tunnel (turn to **362**)?

115

You run into the dark cave. By the murky light, you can see a hoard of jewels and Gems but you do not tarry to pick anything up. Sure enough the mouth of the cave is immediately engulfed in flames. You run deeper into the cave, fast and silent, until the roof gets so low that you are forced to stoop. It is pitch black and you walk on for many hours. At one point you see the Bracelet on your wrist glowing (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*).

Eventually, you get to a chamber that is lit by the glow of a strange green stone. You see a pool and two boats. Two Marsh Goblins are swearing and struggling with a large treasure chest. They finally get it into one of the boats and row away. The pool seems to be part of an underground river. You look up and are startled to see daylight a long way above you. There seems to be a possibility of climbing up. Do you climb up the side of the cavern (turn to **264**) or do you get into the second boat and follow the Marsh Goblins (turn to **234**)?

116

You walk through the pass, moving cautiously from cover to cover. When you have passed the most exposed part you begin to relax but suddenly you tread on a trap that springs a shower of crossbow bolts from either side of you.

Throw a die six times and mark the series on the *Adventure Sheet*. This is the random spray of bolts. Now throw a die six more times to indicate your random path to avoid the bolts. If two numbers match in the series, you have been hit. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for each hit. If you deduct 8 or more STAMINA points, then reduce your SKILL by 1. If you have been hit, you pull out the bolts.

The noise awakens a group of Orcs; they begin to blow horns and charge out at you. Looking around, you see a vast set of rock-hewn steps. Do you choose to run up the steps (turn to **326**) or do you stand and fight (turn to **258**)?

117

The tower looms up in front of you. You walk up to it and find that it is derelict. Suddenly, a Dragonman bursts out of the tower walls and attacks you with its great claws. If you have not seen one before, it looks like a cross between a human and a Dragon. It stands upright and has large flapping wings, a spiky tail and strong claws at the end of its scaly arms. It moves very fast. You hope your sword can pierce the thick skin when suddenly the Dragonman breathes out a shaft of fire. If you have at least 1 Black Cube, you are unhurt (deduct 1 Black Cube from the *Adventure Sheet*). If not, then deduct 4 points from your STAMINA score.

DRAGONMAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you survive, the fumes from the lifeless body make you stagger and fall against some rocks. You soon recover and find an old road that heads north. Turn to 98.

118

You scramble up the pile of rubble. It moves under you and, suddenly, you see bright sunlight. You scamper up and at once hear gruff voices shouting commands. Just then you slip, and a large warty hand stretches down and helps you up. You stand there blinking in the bright light and see a Goblin smiling at you. Behind him a group of soldiers are pushing a giant battering-ram against the huge outer defences of the Citadel. There is dust and

smoke everywhere. You look down to see the rubble move again and the hole you emerged from seal itself. The Goblin shouts at you, 'Watch your step. Next time I'll let you get buried. Now, who are you and what regiment are you marked for? I don't see any insignia.' Do you admit that you don't have a regiment (turn to **289**) or do you give him a name (turn to **378**)?

119

The girl picks up a flat stone and makes a sign with her hands. An opening appears in the flame wall and looking through it you see a path heading to the fort. You both run into the opening. Two Goblins spot you and give chase but they get caught when the flame wall closes again. You can still hear their screams when you enter the fort through a recently opened metal door. Inside the fort a scene of devastation confronts you. There are no more than a dozen knights, a few squires and several children. They stop and stare at you, more in wonder than surprise. Then one of the squires comes over and speaks to the girl. She nods and points to you. The squire bows and addresses you, 'You have fulfilled the Prophecy. The Wazarri know you as the Torchbearer, the One chosen to rekindle the Flame at the Fangs of Fury. Follow me.' You thank the girl and do as you are requested. Turn to **315**.

120

You pick up a bale and walk up the gangplank with a group of others. You drop the bale and begin to

help with the stacking, when suddenly a squad of Orcs march on to the ship. They bring aboard a number of reluctant-looking sailors and fire orders at them. You realize that you are on a ship that has been commandeered by Ostragoth's fleet. Three Orcs stand by the gangplank as you try to get off. 'Where's your badge, scum?' The others all have small leather badges sewn on the inside of their jerkins. You try to rush off but a strong scaly arm stops you. 'This one'll do to make up the numbers,' is the last thing you hear before you are hit over the head (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA) and lose consciousness. Turn to **230**.

121

You follow the road and notice the Bracelet glow (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). The road gets wider and better made but you see no one on it until you spot someone sitting at its side. He looks like a tinker and has a box open in front of him. On seeing you he gets up. 'Look at my wares. You must buy!' You think he might be a little mad and on looking at his box, you are sure of it.

The box is full of curly bits of wire. You ask him what they are. 'The finest lock-picking devices in Khul, yours for . . . 10 Gold Coins.' If you can afford it, do you wish to buy one (turn to **155**) or do you shrug him off and continue walking (turn to **257**)?

122

The Gannet's Nest is not a popular tavern. There are a couple of Dwarfs and a few locals at the tables. In the corner are three rough-looking men. They carry an array of weapons and look like they've seen a few battles. They laugh, swear and curse at a bald man who's trying to sell them some sort of trinkets. The bald man is unperturbed. He passes you and asks if you want to buy a crystal ball for good luck, 'Only 1 Gold Coin.' Do you agree (turn to **363**) or refuse the offer (turn to **213**)?

123

You turn to fight. The Orcs seem a little surprised that you should do so. The leading Orc growls at you, 'I don't care about you damn Irregulars, but give us that horse, there's good money there.' Do you let the Orcs have your horse (turn to **355**) or refuse and prepare to fight (turn to **184**)?

124

You dig up the bag from the sand and open it carefully. Inside, you find three bones, a rotting apple core, some claw clippings and a very hard piece of bread. Just then, two other Great Orcs appear. One of them shouts, 'Gripper! Where is that

idiot?' Then he sees you and the body. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREAT ORC	7	6
Second GREAT ORC	7	6

If you survive, this time you do not hang around. You get away as fast as possible. Turn to **333**.

125

You come to a river that runs parallel with the path for a time and then weaves away. Your sense of direction tells you to cross the river. Do you do so (turn to **270**) or do you wish to stay on the path (turn to **217**)?

126

You trudge down the dry river for a long time. It's very hot and you are plagued by particularly nasty river-flies. Suddenly you hear the sound of rushing water and, before you can move, a roaring torrent crashes into you and carries you along. Large rocks are also picked up by the water and they smash into your body.

Throw a die for the number of rocks that hit you and then a die for their size. Add the two numbers and deduct this from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you are eventually dumped and the water drains away. You crawl out of the river valley and look around. The forest has thinned out to reveal a road (turn to **121**), and a small path leading to a reedy plain (turn to **137**). Which way do you choose?

127

You know that he may have knowledge of a way through the siege lines so you hand over the 4 Gold Coins (deduct 4 Gold Coins from the Gold box on your *Adventure Sheet*). He is pleased and tells you to follow him. He takes you to a rocky cove and digs a small boat out of the sand. The boy hands you an oar and points to Karakum, the small island off the coast. 'Take the boat to the island. Land on the north-west coast and then head for the port. There, look out for the ship, the *Gargu-Ran*. Get on board and work your passage. It'll take you away from here and land you somewhere on the southern coast.' You suspect that the boy thinks you a deserter and it is obvious that you have stumbled on

an escape route away from Ostragoth's conscription. You get into the reed boat and paddle. Halfway across, you hear a sucking sound and a large tentacle appears over the side of the flimsy boat. Do you chop at it (turn to **302**) or sit patiently (turn to **90**)?

128

'Aye, that is your decision. We Elves of Aetos are not malicious folk. We will release you where we found you and if you are lucky you may escape from the Battleground of the Giants. No one has ever done so before . . .' Are you sure you still wish to be released now (turn to **53**)? If you change your mind, turn to **6**.

129

You run fast but not before Snuffserk has pulled out a dagger and stabbed you in the side (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Looking back, you see the image of the Wizard fade. The Mage Warrior screams at Snuffserk, 'Fool, fool, you should have made sure! You have been paid enough.' He strikes his Wandsword at the traitor. You run away, fearing pursuit or more trickery.

After a while, you catch your first glimpse of the Fangs of Fury. Before you have had a chance to marvel at the volcano, you hear heavy feet marching on the rocks ahead. Do you dive to the left and fall into a hole that seals above you (turn to **262**) or do you get into a small trench on the right (turn to **325**)?

130

You take pity on the old woman. She carries a small tabby cat and strokes it as tears roll down her cheeks. You get into the large bucket and she lowers you into the well. It is very gloomy but you can see no sign of the fiddle. You are sure you hear cackling laughter and then she shouts down into the echoing deep. 'There you are, my beauty, more food for you.' Suddenly, a Horned Devil lunges out of the water, grabs you and pulls you under. You already have your sword out. Reduce your SKILL by 2 for this combat only.

HORNED DEVIL SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you survive, you look up from the water and see the rope still hanging down. Then you see a gap in the stone blocks to the side of the well. What do you choose to do: go through the gap (turn to 68) or climb the rope (turn to 284)?

131

You reach the edge of the lower northern moun tains. You follow the path for several hours and get

very lost. Eventually, you come to a tavern all on its own in the rocky lowlands. 'The Dwarf's Hammer' proclaims the sign. There seems to be no one about and the door is locked. Do you bang on the door to ask for directions (turn to **214**) or carry on without advertising your presence (turn to **290**)?

132

You are made to stand in two lines by the bosun. Throw a die. If you throw 1–3, you join the left line. If you throw 4–6, the right line. You are then addressed by the Captain, a small imposing man with a patch over his good eye. He occasionally lifts the patch to look at you. 'Now I don't want to know who you are or why you are here and I'm sure you've paid various people handsomely to get on this ship. All I ask of you is good honest work and I'll put you down on some safe beach far away from all this slaughter.' He decides on the work you are to do. If you are on the left, turn to **306**. If you are on the right, turn to **106**.

133

You come to a slight rise above a great road. You jump down on to the cobbled route knowing that you must make a decision: either follow the road and take the consequences of being seen but get there faster (turn to **376**), or cross the road into the plain that slopes up towards the northern mountains and take a slower, less obvious, path (turn to **290**). Which do you choose?

134

You climb down the creeper. It is a long way and seems to lead into a vast cavern. You finally reach the bottom and then peer up into the gloom. The Giant is climbing down after you. Do you choose to hack the creeper down with your sword (turn to **327**) or run off as fast as possible into the dark (turn to **13**)?

135

You are in a cave containing blocks of stone with a cube shape on them and the number 22 inscribed on the reverse.

Each block weighs 10 Zamarra Weights. The most you can carry is 60. If you wish to take a block, mark the weight on the *Adventure Sheet*. Do not exceed your maximum capability.

There are six exits from the cave. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to **395**
Exit 2?	Turn to **366**
Exit 3?	Turn to **342**
Exit 4?	Turn to **40**
Exit 5?	Turn to **233**
Exit 6?	Turn to **187**

136

You run alongside the cart as it heads away from the Citadel. You suspect that the rider was the traitor and you want to see what information has changed hands. You leap on to the back of the cart. The driver feels the jolt as you land, turns round, drops the reins and pulls out a sword.

CART DRIVER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 9

If you win, you stop the horses and search around for the parchment. You find two sheets, one has a likeness of King Elidor's new Knight Gathonian of Korr. The second has a hastily written message: 'J. Beware: the Torchbearer has departed for the North. A drawing and more details will follow. S.' You roll up the parchment and are about to destroy the paper when a Grypvulture suddenly sweeps down, seizes them out of your hands and flies off. You run away. Turn to **12**.

137

You trudge along the reedy plain. You walk for many hours on a rough northerly heading with only the rather vicious marsh-flies to relieve the boredom (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA) and the glow of the Bracelet stressing the urgency of your mission (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to **356**.

138

You go out of the other room, open the door, and see four Orcs standing there. One of them screams, 'I told you someone was in there!' They attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	6
Second ORC	7	7
Third ORC	6	6
Fourth ORC	7	6

If you survive, you re-enter the secret room, seal the door and rush down through the trapdoor. Turn to **281**.

139

You pull out your sword and strike at the Goblin. The blow glances off his thick skin. He draws his sword. 'Scum, you are never to be trusted. You will now die.' He spits and charges at you.

GOBLIN GUARD SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

If you survive, turn to 283.

140

The tunnel is empty but for 5 Star Crystals. You pick them up and put them into your pack (mark them on your *Adventure Sheet*). As you are picking up the last one, a small, hairy creature pokes its head out of the ground and bites your hand (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You feel giddy but carry on along the tunnel. You come to another fork. Do you go left (turn to 157) or right (turn to 248)?

141

'Advice, eh?' You ask him the safest and quickest way to get to the Fangs of Fury. He scratches his head, 'Never heard of it. But I'll give you some really good advice: get out of here fast. The Rogue Catchers have got your face on a "wanted" parchment and there's a price on your head.' The boy disappears around a corner. The villagers are now taking an interest in you. You decide to leave the village quickly. Turn to 398.

142

You follow a trail of bones and the smell of putrid flesh. The torchlight fades as you get further into the cave. You trip over several bodies and then, suddenly, something large and hairy grabs your arms and legs and tries to separate them from your body. Once more you thank the Captain for his rigorous training. 'Collapse in on yourself,' he used to advise. 'Nil resistance will lead to a lessening of an enemy's grip.' You try it and it works. You break free, somersault away and pull out your sword.

BEAST OF FURY SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, another Beast appears but you manage to run through a small hole and drop down into another tunnel. Turn to 274.

143

You are correct! You have spoken the number of the name-that-cannot-be-uttered. A door opens in the wall. You walk into a room and see three monks sitting in front of you. Above them is a swirling Dragon that seems to move towards you. Your eyes meet those of the monk in the middle and he speaks. 'Torchbearer, apologies for the deceptions. We are the last of our Age. He, curse him, has killed all save us because we guard the Flame, the Flame that will be his undoing when the Sentinels re-awaken and wreak the havoc that is his due. Now choose your Fate. Do you wish one of three bottles (turn to 374) or the Black Cubes (turn to 209)?'

144

The woman leaps up the cliff-track. She says nothing but when she reaches a certain point, she stops, sits cross-legged and shuts her eyes. You stand next to her, not knowing what to do. Eventually she opens her eyes, points to you and indicates a path that goes back up and along the clifftop. She then smoothes out a patch in the dusty ground and draws a tent with an insignia of Vulture's Wings. You try to talk to her but she goes back into a trance. You leave her there and take the route she advised, trudging along the cliff.

The track leads you back into the siege lines but down below, amid the mess of a campaign army, you see a series of tents like the one drawn by the woman. Do you go down at once (turn to 338) or stay where you are to observe (turn to 175)?

145

You succeed. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, your team has also won. The Elves cheer you and some collect on bets made with each other. You are presented with a set of six Blue Gems, Elf-Flyer wings and an Elf-guide out of the land known as the Battleground of the Giants. If you are Unlucky, your team has lost but you get 2 Blue Gems, a set of Elf-wings and a guide.

Make the appropriate adjustments on the *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to **294**.

146

You make your way along the steps when suddenly, a Marsh Fiend, a creature covered in thick mud with a row of curved horns down its back and sharp thin claws on its fingers, leaps straight out of the swamp and stands in front of you, reaching out for your throat.

MARSH FIEND	SKILL 7	STAMINA 10

If you survive, you suspect that other similar creatures are waiting on this path, so you decide to retrace your steps and take the other path. Turn to **178**.

147

You attack but he spins round with amazing speed and throws some dust into the air. Your blows do not touch him. Deduct 1 LUCK point. 'You underestimate me, my friend,' he says, 'When young, I was apprenticed to Mandrekk the Wizard. Anyway, I do not have the object on my person.' Turn to **370**.

148

You stand there not saying anything. The Captain sits down on an upturned stump and tries to put his boot back on. 'All right, you two. A third share each.' The two soldiers draw swords and attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KNUCLER	5	8
Second KNUCLER	6	7

If you win, the Captain finally gets his boot on and looks up. 'Good,' he pronounces. 'You're in. Do something about these bodies.' Turn to **218**.

149

You run into a troop of Goblins camped in the bushes. In the distance, you can hear other horns sounding accompanied by screams and shouts. Three Goblins in front of you pull out their swords and attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	6	6
Third GOBLIN	6	6

If you survive, you see no way out so you are forced to run back towards the Dwarf. You find that he too has dispatched three soldiers. He smiles at you and leads you into the middle of the camp. Turn to **26**.

150

You move from cover to cover, hoping to meet no one. Just then, you see a troop of mounted Orcs charging across your path. The next moment, a

phalanx of Zamarran Knights charges in the same direction. Everything seems to be confusion. And then you notice a monk, right in front of you. He is sitting on top of a large rock with an enigmatic smile on his face. His hands are frozen in the sign of the Cube and balanced on his knee is a black box. You walk around the rock and see four arrows sticking out of his back. Do you open the box (turn to **249**) or continue on your way (turn to **12**)?

151

You want to make your story sound plausible. 'From the Citadel, eh? And you're deserting . . . you'd better come with me.' He keeps his sword against your back and marches you through an intricate series of trenches some of which are still being completed. You are taken to a great wooden wagon that has metal bars at one end. The Goblin places your sword in a barrel and you are thrust into the wagon. The door is locked behind you. 'Wait there,' shouts the Goblin. 'You will see the Inquisitor. She never fails to unearth the truth.'

As he marches off, you notice the Bracelet glowing (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). You look at your fellow prisoners. There are two other soldiers, a woman in rags and a bald-headed man in monk's garb. He is sitting cross-legged, staring at you with a smile on his face. He is apart from the others and proceeds to call you over with a beckoning hand. Do you go to him (turn to **308**) or keep to yourself (turn to **5**)?

152

You stretch your hand out to open the door but it swings open before you touch it. In front of you stands a tall, black-cloaked woman holding a fiery Wand. She scowls at you. 'Is it the One? Perhaps my time has not been wasted, if *he* is the One.' She swings the Wand in the air and it turns into a long fiery sword which she then turns on you.

If you possess a Wand or 1 Black Cube, fight as normal. If you have neither, you have no chance: she kills you in one fell blow. Your quest ends here.

JINXANA SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you watch the now-transparent body waft away on the breeze accompanied by a hideous scream. You enter the room. Turn to **330**.

153

You pull out your sword and strike at the axe. The Goblin turns around and attacks.

GOBLIN IRREGULAR SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you survive, Peric thinks that you were fighting over who was going to kill him. 'You'll never have the honour of besting a Zamarran Knight,' he shouts. He then proceeds to swallow something, collapses and dies. You try to get away but strong fat arms grab you. You are hauled up in front of the Captain. He tells you that you now have an appointment with the executioner. They begin to search you, then one of them hits you and you black out. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to **286**.

154

You get outside with your helmet on, visor firmly down. You clank off towards a waiting horse that has the same insignia as your armour. Two Dwarfs rush up to help you get on to the horse. They make a mounting block out of their bodies; they are chained up and seem to be around solely for that purpose. You canter off but you are suddenly joined by six other riders.

You ride in silence, far out beyond the siege lines to the north. You know that you must get rid of the patrol so you send five of them on a sortie east. The one remaining rider will not leave you when asked to. She, it appears, is your bodyguard. Do you try to out-ride her (turn to **85**) or just turn round and attack (turn to **255**)?

155

You hand over the money. (Deduct the amount from your *Adventure Sheet*.) You pick up the device. Looking at it end-on, it resembles the number 18. This strikes you as odd and you make a mental note of it. The Tinker is very pleased with his sale; he calls out as you leave him that you won't regret it. Turn to **257**.

156

The black-cloaked figure takes you to a tall stone tower. You are dragged along to a metal gate. It opens and then shuts behind you. You are left entirely on your own. Then, you are propelled forwards into the presence of the Wizard Jaxartes. He sits on a large throne between two wolves. At his feet lie two prostrate Dwarfs. 'So you are the Torchbearer. The drawing is accurate.' He looks at a parchment and then at you. 'Now, hand me the Torch. That is all I need.' His hands stir the two wolves that sit on either side of his throne. They begin to snarl at you. You step back and look around. Apart from the two Dwarfs there is no one else in the room. Jaxartes seems to know what you are thinking. 'You feeble scum, you cannot escape my Power. I can . . . what?' Just then he grips his temple, 'An attack . . . but I must, no . . . I will come.' He stands up and addresses the wolves. 'Torture our guest, my sweets. My Power must be directed towards battle.' He disappears and the wolves attack. Behind you is a spiral staircase. Do you run up it (turn to **351**) or down it (turn to **380**)?

157

The tunnel continues across a deep chasm. There is no other way over but to leap. If you do not wish to jump, then you must take another tunnel on the left (turn to **268**).

If you wish to leap, throw three dice to indicate the distance, then throw one die and add it to your

STAMINA to indicate the jump. If the jump is equal to or greater than the distance, then you succeed. If not, then you fall and die at the bottom of the deep chasm. Your quest ends here.

If you make it across, you stumble upon 5 Triangular Crystals and 5 Star Crystals. If you have enough for the ransom, you may return to the entrance (you will encounter no difficulties), turn to **32**. If you still need to find the ransom, you continue walking and come to another fork in the tunnel. Do you go to the left (turn to **114**) or do you go right (turn to **362**)?

158

You get to the grain and rice store in the central square of the village. Two drunken Orcs have smashed down the main door and are helping themselves, loading sacks into a cart. They keep shouting that the goods have been requisitioned and that compensation will be paid. They laugh among themselves that there are no fighting men left in the village to stop them. One of the locals, an elderly man sees you and pleads for your help. He offers 20 Gold Coins. Do you listen to the plea (turn to **82**) or do you stay away from trouble and leave the village (turn to **316**)?

159

You run, but your feet stick in the marsh. The Goblins catch you when you have sunk in up to your knees. You cannot manoeuvre to fight properly. Reduce your SKILL by 2 for this combat only. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MARSH GOBLIN	6	6
Second MARSH GOBLIN	6	6

If you survive, you extricate yourself from the muddy mess. Do you go back for the chest (turn to **33**) or do you quickly try to find a way out of the marshes (turn to **292**)?

160

You get into the boat and the Goblin begins to whip the prisoners, getting them to row faster. Half-way across to Karakum Island, the waves get very big and begin to wash over the boat. You look across at the other boat and see that it is sinking. The chained-up prisoners are all screaming. The Goblins and the other guards abandon the boat and swim over to your vessel. Your boat makes it safely across and you land in a small harbour. The prisoners are marched off and you are told to join one of two lines of soldiers. Which line do you join: the left (turn to **227**) or the right (turn to **394**)?

161

She points at the three figures then points to herself. You memorize the figures: they are all alike except that dagger hands and shield hands are in different compass positions.

	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD
Dagger Hand:	North-West	South	South-West
Shield Hand:	South-West	North-West	West

She then makes the sign of the Cube with her open palms. Turn to **277**.

162

You are in a cave with a key hanging on the wall by a thin cord. Beside it hangs an inscription:

Do you decide to cut the key down (turn to **183**) or pull at it (turn to **94**)? There are three exits if you do not want a key or already have one. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to **201**
Exit 2?	Turn to **107**
Exit 3?	Turn to **342**

163

You rush down to help the girl. You pluck her up and carry her into a clump of bushes. The Orcs return to the scene of the attack and begin ranting and screaming at each other (add 2 points to your LUCK score). When they eventually go, you sit the girl down. She sounds remarkably calm now. 'You are the Torchbearer, the One sent to rekindle the Flame that will destroy our oppressors. I am Kim-Ona, a Seer and Wazarri-to-be. You must accompany me to the Bastion. There you will receive important knowledge. We are the Hope of the Future, of the Religion-whose-name-cannot-be-uttered.' You are amazed by her knowledge and promptly agree to go with her. Turn to **64**.

164

You do as you are directed and drop into a field. You look back at the road leading to the main village gate. Six black-cloaked riders are patrolling up and down. You keep in low profile, cross streams back and forth, double-double-back, jump a few trees: in fact you do all the things that Captain Laski taught you in 'losing the scent' exercises. When you are sufficiently clear of the environs of the village, you climb a tree and look around. Ahead you see a great forest (turn to **367**) and to the right is a road that may or may not be Salik's Way (turn to **172**). Which route do you take?

165

You have entered on Level 4. You are in an intricately carved corridor. A voice booms out from a distance, 'Yours is the Way of Balance. Look forward. Fear not and cross the chasm.' A narrow rope appears in front of you across a chasm. Throw two dice until you throw a double. Count the number of times it takes you to do so. Deduct the number from your STAMINA. Turn to **231**.

166

You leap through the white-hot flames and coals. If you have a Black Cube in your possession the flames feel strangely cool. You get outside the cave unharmed (deduct 1 Black Cube from your *Adventure Sheet*). If you have no Black Cube, then throw a die and deduct the result from your STAMINA, then reduce your SKILL by 1 point. You have been badly injured but have escaped the Giant, who does not follow you.

You look around at the countryside. You see a wood to your left and a flat plain in front of you. Both lead north. Which way do you choose: towards the woods (turn to **210**) or the plain (turn to **282**)?

167

You walk out of the inn as though unconcerned. The man following you eventually puts his hand on your shoulder and stops you. He turns you around, peers carefully at your face and then pulls out his sword, saying, 'You're mine! Prepare to die.'

ROGUE CATCHER SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, you run off and leave the village quickly. Turn to **398**.

168

The tunnel heads ever downwards. Suddenly, four sheets of fire appear at various distances in front of you. You must cross them. If you have 4 Black Cubes (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*), you cross safely. If you lack any cubes, you must brave the inferno. Deduct 3 from your STAMINA for any fire wall you must pass without a Black Cube.

If you survive, the tunnel divides left (turn to **229**) and right (turn to **393**). Which turning do you take?

169

You enter a bustling inn, full of men, women, Dwarfs, Elves and Goblins. There is so much noise you have to shout your order to the man at the bar and you pay with a few iron coins. You relax in a friendly atmosphere for several hours (add 4 points to your STAMINA). You are reawakened to the urgency of your quest by the glow of your Bracelet (mark another breached Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*).

You get up to leave when, suddenly, the door bursts open. There stands a blazing Fire Demon holding a burning scimitar and wearing strange fiery armour around its large wings. The inn is in turmoil, chairs are upset in the rush to get away from the creature. Do you stand and fight (turn to 110) or run behind the bar, like most of the others (turn to 242)?

170

You walk along a row of giant eggs and take 1 Multi-Coloured Gem from the top of each one. The eggs crack and spew forth a foul-smelling liquid as the Gem is taken. You get more than enough for the ransom but, suddenly, a giant claw grabs you by the chest and lifts you up. You see a huge King-Dragonman. The creature closes its grip on you and your body is crushed. Your quest ends here.

171

Out in the street, the boy sits on a fence. At his side is a vast, horrible creature. It is covered in hair and

towers over you, grunting and clutching an axe. The boy is obviously excited. 'I will bet you can't beat the Thing here. Come on, I want to see a fight.' You feel yourself being pushed towards the creature. You have no choice but to pull out your sword and attack.

THE THING SKILL 5 STAMINA 9

If you survive, the boy seems a little disappointed. He begins to amble away but you remind him of the bet. He remembers, 'Oh, yes. A Sorcerer must keep his word. What's it to be: money, food, or advice? That's what you people are always asking for.' What is it to be:

Money?	Turn to **237**
Food?	Turn to **95**
Advice?	Turn to **141**

172

The well-made road enables you to travel at a good pace. You can also get warning of riders approaching from a great distance by listening carefully. You feel safer now, away from the siege lines. Suddenly, one of the cobbles in the road flips over and a metal trap springs out, catching your ankle. You are trapped! Then you see two rogues coming out of the bushes. They are dirty and ragged but have a wild look in their eyes. You pull out your sword as they approach. 'Peace, traveller. We do not want to fight

. . . if you give us all your valuables. Now what say you?' Do you agree to let them have all your Gold, Gems and Crystals (turn to **253**) or do you sternly refuse (if you have no valuables, you must refuse; turn to **78**)?

173

The man stands by a tree-trunk with his axe over his shoulder. He speaks to you in gentle, harmonious tones. 'You are the Torchbearer. The quest has been prophesied. To begin . . . we must have complete Trust. Shut your eyes.' You do so and feel the swish of the axe-blade over your head. Do you move to parry the blow (turn to **369**) or stand stock-still (turn to **28**)?

174

The Wazarri Knight looks to the squire who speaks. 'You have fulfilled the Prophecy of Kei-Okano. You must go to the Homrath Caves and find the Key.' He pulls out a bag. 'These will help you pass walls of fire.' He hands you 6 Black Cubes (add them to your *Adventure Sheet*). You are then fed and rested (add 1 point to your SKILL and 6 points to your STAMINA).

The squire takes you to the gate and points out a flat-topped mountain. 'There lie the Homrath Caves that lead to the Fangs of Fury. They hold the Key.' Nothing else is said. You pass through another opening in the wall of fire, but this time you see no sign of the besiegers.

You find the path very easy to follow and continue along it for several hours. Eventually, you come to a very strange spectacle: on top of a tall pillar is chained a young boy. He is being attacked by two Dragonmen. The boy screams for help. Do you help (turn to **52**) or carry on towards the mountain (turn to **194**)?

175

You observe the activity below you in the camp. Suddenly, you hear a twig break behind you (add 1 point to your LUCK score). You turn round to see two rogues creeping up on you. They carry bundles of swag, swords and pieces of armour. You guess that they are making a living by waylaying solitary soldiers. They attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ROGUE	4	6
Second ROGUE	5	7

If you win, you make your way down to the tents. Turn to **338**.

176

The forest path becomes quite dark. The tall trees tower over you, large dark birds flap overhead and small furry creatures scuttle about the lower branches. Occasionally, you see twin shafts of flame that burn for a moment then go out. Just then, the path skirts around a smooth mound. Do you climb up the mound (turn to **232**) or carry on along the path (turn to **317**)?

177

You can hear vague sounds of pursuit but you are grateful for the forest that keeps you hidden. Suddenly, an arrow crashes through the leaves and implants itself in a tree-trunk. You look at it as a smoky mist is released and then hear a scream, 'I have detected the One you seek. Fire in that direction!' You are immediately showered by a mass of arrows.

Test your Luck. If you are Unlucky, one of them hits you in the arm. Throw a die for the amount of STAMINA you lose.

You weave in and out of the bushes, making yourself a more difficult target. Do you decide to climb a tree (turn to **358**) or head for an outcrop of rocks just ahead (turn to **56**)?

178

The stepping-stones get bigger, the nearer you get to the fortress. From a soldier's point of view the building does not look very easy to defend: too many windows, not enough firing angles and

vulnerable to catapult attack. You find a set of stone steps that lead to an open gateway. There is nobody about. Once inside, you realize that you are in a monastery; religious symbols, bells, prayer cubes abound but there are no people to be seen. In the middle of the central courtyard stands a giant cauldron that is belching out a heavy black smoke. You decide to look around. Which way do you choose: left to some doors leading off the courtyard (turn to 300) or up the stairs on the right (turn to 193)?

179

You run into the doorway. The handle turns and the door opens easily. It is dark and you stumble around until you fall over a large box. Someone calls out to you to be quiet; you do not move. Eventually, a Dwarf comes in, 'It's all right, they've gone.' The shutters are opened and you find yourself among a group of a dozen men and women. One man, who smells of tar, asks you what you want. You reply in all honesty, 'To leave the island and get away from the siege.' Another old salt with tarred pig-tails stumbles up. 'Aye, they all want that,' he points to the rest of the group. 'It'll cost yer 5 Gold Coins.' Do you accept the offer (turn to 45) or, if you cannot or do not want to pay, refuse and leave the room (turn to 108)?

180

Turning round quickly, you feel a sword stab you in the side (deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 4 points from your STAMINA). You face a terrified Goblin who is holding three bottles in one hand. You reach for your sword as he calls out to the others, 'It's the one Jax wants. Come on, you two.' They both turn round. One of them is incapable and collapses on the stone floor. The other Orc is fiercer under the influence of the drink. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GOBLIN	6	6
ORC	7	7

If you survive, you know that you'll have to be very careful. You suspect that all this devastation is connected with your mission. You decide to investigate upstairs. Turn to 193.

181

You mount the horse, grab the reins and slip your feet into the stirrups. The horse begins to walk back in the direction it had come from. Suddenly, the reins ensnare your hands and your feet stick in the stirrups. You are powerless to do anything as the horse gallops off and eventually stops in the middle of a group of black-cloaked mounted figures who then begin to squawk with delight. Your quest is over. You have been caught by Jaxartes' own Mage Warriors. You are powerless to escape.

182

The girl is in tears. She thanks you, hands the sack to a waiting cart-driver and then runs off to the door of a building on the left. You guess that it is the village school. A minute or two later you hear screaming and a coarse, threatening voice, 'I'll teach you to get here on time.' You hear the sound of a cane swishing through the air and then a tearful scream. You go to the window and look in. The teacher is hitting the little girl. You cannot hold back, so you enter the classroom to explain but the teacher does not listen. He attacks you with the cane and hits you over the shoulder. You get angry, pull out your sword, and slice the cane in two. You grab him by the shirt front and lift him off the ground until he has understood the reason for the girl's lateness. Reluctantly, he accepts the story and you leave the classroom. Just then, a trumpet sounds and all the people in the road run towards the west side of the village. Do you follow them (turn to **158**) or do you stay to see that the girl is all right (turn to **287**)?

183

You cut the cord and take the key. Another key magically appears in its place (mark the key on the *Adventure Sheet*).

There are three exits. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to **201**
Exit 2?	Turn to **107**
Exit 3?	Turn to **342**

184

They stop when they realize that they've got a fight on their hands. One of them places something in his mouth and you hear a high-pitched whistle. Your horse begins to rear violently and throws you to the ground. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, one of the hoofs hits your head (deduct 1 point from your SKILL).

The Orcs laugh, take the horse and ride off. You get up and dust yourself down. Then you stand on a tall rock and look over the smoky battlefield. Turn to 243.

185

You get to the clearing. It opens out into a reedy plain, featureless but for the spiky reeds. You are bitten mercilessly by particularly nasty marsh-flies (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Turn to 356.

186

He looks at you expectantly, as though he knows the answer he wants. You look around the cave and point to the dark end of the cave. He grabs you in one hand and a burning log in the other and takes you deep into the cave. It is littered with skeletons. 'Yes, here is Djakk!' he screams, pointing to one of the skeletons laid out on a pedestal. He begins to laugh and thinks this a great joke. He drops you and you land on a vast hoard of Gold Coins. 'Take gold and run!' he shouts at you. You grab a handful (throw four dice for the number you take and mark

them on the *Adventure Sheet*). You realize that he is re-enacting some kind of ritual. Do you run towards the dark end of the cave (turn to 31) or do you race towards the front (turn to 272)?

187

You are in an empty cave. There are some chalk marks on the wall:

There are three exits. Do you take:

Exit 1?	Turn to 245
Exit 2?	Turn to 135
Exit 3?	Turn to 233

188

The small craft is difficult to control in the strong surf but you persevere (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Eventually, you land safely on the north-west side of the island. The coast is deserted. You leave the sandy bay and follow a goat-track up to a rise where you catch sight of the little, smoky harbour. The track leads you into the back alleys of the port. Sloping cobbled stone alleyways lead down towards the quayside. Suddenly, you hear screams and several people run past you into doorways. Someone shouts, 'Run! It's Ostragoth's Press-Gang!' Do you run into a door to the left (turn to 179), one on the right (turn to 10) or do you choose to run back the way you came (turn to 236)?

189

You know that you must try to stay with a crowd. You look purposeful and head towards the group when, suddenly, a Goblin sergeant grabs you by the shoulder.

'Where do you think you're going, scum!' You point to the field of soldiers. 'Those are ELITE troops, while YOU are SCUM and obviously NEW to this army. (Curse these conscripts.) YOU will come with ME. It's the Irregulars for YOU. Left . . . Left.' Turn to 101.

190

You cannot do it. The war-chariot thunders down at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the chariot wheels break the chains but you are hit by one of the horse's hoofs and knocked out. Turn to 303. If you are Unlucky, you stare in horror as the chariot heads straight for you. The driver does not bother to stop. Your quest is over.

191

You enter on Level 5. You are in an intricately carved corridor. A voice booms out. 'You have found Elements of the True Way. Proceed.' A red light floods the corridor and you feel strong and confident. Restore either SKILL or LUCK to your original score. Turn to 231.

192

Crawling through the traps, you are amazed at the work involved in building them in just a few weeks. You stop at a pile of rubble, look up and then you see a glimmer of light. Turn to 118.

193

You walk upstairs. There are cubes of various sizes all over the place, some are hanging like bells from the ceiling and ring gently in the light breeze. Just then, the Bracelet glows (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). At the top of the stairs, you find a long gallery with a number of doors leading off it. Scattered and burnt parchments flutter about in the dense black smoke that rises from the cauldron. Which side of the gallery do you walk along first: the left (turn to 319) or the right (turn to 87)?

194

You begin to climb towards the flat-topped mountain. It is a long and arduous climb that involves dropping down into canyons and then climbing up out again. (If you possess no Elf-Flyer wings, deduct 4 points from your STAMINA.) Eventually you get to the top of the mountain. It is strangely flat and smooth with three holes, each 100 paces from each other, forming the points of a triangle. If you wish to jump down into one of these holes, turn to 339. If you want to carry on over the mountain and pick up a track on the other side, turn to 99.

195

You continue to climb until you reach the top of a rocky crag. You see some high chalk cliffs ahead that are far too steep to climb when, suddenly, something leaps over the top and swoops down at you. A metal claw gleams in the sunlight. You pull out your sword but recognize an Elf. He sees the sword and veers to one side. He has a wing-like structure attached and stretched between his hands and feet that gives him great aerial prowess. You attack but miss just as others appear over the top of the cliff. You begin to run.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you drop into a smoky valley that shields you from the eyes of the Flyers. Turn to **212**. If you are Unlucky, a heavy object hits you on the head and you lose consciousness. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to **244**.

196

You begin to look for footholds on the sheer cliff. Throw a die six times and mark the series of numbers on the *Adventure Sheet*. This is the random position of usable holds. Throw a die six times again, this is the line of descent. If any numbers match in the series, you find good footholds, otherwise you will have to spend time and energy hacking out new ones. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each of the six footholds you have to chisel out with your sword. Eventually, you reach the bottom. Turn to **219**.

197

You walk along the sand for several hundred paces until you come across a skeleton. It doesn't look all that old and has traces of blood still on it. You continue and are yet again puzzled when you reach another stripped skeleton. You draw out your sword and carry on. This time you come to an old sea-chest, half-buried in the sand. Through a small gap you can see many Gems inside. Do you open the chest and grab a handful of Gems (turn to 397) or do you leave it alone (turn to 97)?

198

You pull out the cork. There is a foul smell and a slight hissing noise. You peer into the bottle and then drop it. You turn around to see a fat man dressed in golden bangles and exotic robes. He breathes in the air. 'Aah, free at last! Thank you, kind traveller. It has been an Age since I last breathed the air.' He draws out a Star Crystal from his pocket and hands it to you. You take it (add the Crystal to the Gem box of your *Adventure Sheet*). He walks away, then after a few paces stops and turns around with a very ugly look on his face. He picks up a piece of driftwood and slams it against a rock. The rock explodes. 'Kill, kill, kill,' he screams at you. Do you run (turn to 30) or choose to fight (turn to 329)?

199

You begin to dig. Although at first easy, you soon realize that the more you dig along the wall, the more the sand falls in from above. (Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.) Eventually, with a great heave you push the last of the sand away and you are blinded by the sunlight. You ease your way out of the sandy hole. You find yourself close to the sea, by a sand dune to the east of the Citadel. Ahead of you, in the Bay of Sharks, Ostragoth's War Fleet lies at anchor. Just then, a gruff voice shouts at you, 'That scum, come here!' You turn round to see a man in a sergeant's uniform and a group of soldiers straining against a siege catapult that has got stuck in the sand. Do you run over to help (turn to 70) or rush off in the opposite direction and hide in the sand dunes (turn to 278)?

200

The shallow river-path seems endless but eventually the trees are not so tall and begin to be more spaced out, and the sunlight begins to filter through to the ground. You hear the sound of rushing water and stop at a deeper river that meets your tributary. Across the river is a sturdy wooden bridge and just

discernible on the other side is a camp-fire with three figures sitting around it cooking something that smells very good. Do you cross the bridge (turn to **309**) or cautiously avoid it and cross the rushing stream (turn to **8**)?

201

You are in a cave full of blocks of stone marked with the symbol of a mushroom. Each block has the number 50 engraved on the reverse.

Each block weighs 10 Zamarra Weights. The maximum you can carry is 60 Zamarra Weights. If you wish to take one of the blocks, mark the weight on the *Adventure Sheet*. Do *not* exceed the maximum.

There are four exits. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to **241**
Exit 2?	Turn to **162**
Exit 3?	Turn to **342**
Exit 4?	Turn to **366**

202

The door opens easily. You are in a library, full of old books, half-open, piled up on top of each other. You flick through the papers and find a stack of parchments with drawings of all the Zamarran Knights. Each has a scrawled description and is signed 'S'. You realize that these must have been supplied by the traitor. Just then, you come across your own likeness in the pile, with the legend 'Torchbearer' inscribed underneath. Suddenly, you

hear a yowling sound and decide to leave but you knock over a ledger that appears to account for Spy Expenses. Do you take time to flick through it (turn to **254**) or rush out and up the stairs (turn to **351**)?

203

You follow the woman out of the tent. She moves quickly and stealthily from cover to cover, then drops down into a trench. You try to keep up with her as she takes you through a repair yard, past some chained-up Elves and into a clump of woods. Here, she sits down and you rest (add 6 STAMINA points). She does not say a word. You ask her who she is and why she helped you, but all she does is draw something in the dirt. All of a sudden you hear something crashing through the undergrowth. Do you wish to look at the drawing more closely (turn to **161**) or not (turn to **277**)?

204

Satisfied that you are *not* whoever they are looking for, the riders set off. You stare at Peg-Leg and then remember the 500 Gold Coins. 'But I don't have it,' you tell him. 'I know you don't, but I also know where you can get it. Out there in the Dragonlands! Dragonmen love hoarding jewels, Gems and the like. Take this path out to the Caves. Return with enough Gems to trade for 500 Gold Coins over there.' He points to a trading-post. 'I'll be waiting here.' You get up and walk into the trading-post to check the market value of various Gems. Turn to **399**.

205

The Orcs lead you towards the west. One of them holds a small open chest and is in the process of dividing up what you guess to be the old man's Gems. The Orc hands his companion one Gem. 'One for you . . . one for me.' He gives him another Gem, 'Two for you . . .' and takes two for himself, 'two for me.' The second Orc cannot work out what's wrong but is getting suspicious. The smart Orc hands him another Gem, 'That makes three for you,' and then takes three for himself, 'and three for me!' The gullible Orc eventually stops him. 'Hang on a minute!' he shouts. They stop to argue. You stand there by a small pool of water, remembering the old man's last words. Do you leap in the pool (turn to **293**) or do you try to get the Orcs to fight between themselves (turn to **224**)?

206

You get off the horse when all is clear and take off the hot heavy armour. When the armour crashes to the ground, the horse breaks away from the branch you tied it to and gallops off. Inside the armour you find a small purse containing 5 Gold Coins (add these to your *Adventure Sheet*). You rest and look around (add 2 points to your STAMINA). Then you notice the Bracelet on your wrist glowing (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*) and, recalling the urgency of your mission, you get moving again. You find a track leading to what looks like the river (turn to **20**) and another leading to a wider road (turn to **365**). Which way do you go?

207

You walk along the clifftop until you find yourself at the main siege camp. You are amazed at the difficulty you are having getting away from the siege lines. Below, you notice rows of tents each with commanders' ornamental armour standing outside. The path heads down. Do you go down the path at once (turn to **338**) or do you stay to observe for a while (turn to **175**)?

208

You get into a brightly coloured rowboat and the Dwarfs begin to pull at the oars. They are very pleased at getting a customer. The boat is old and leaks. Now and then, one of the Dwarfs bails out the water with a green cup. You are grateful for the rest. You ask them of any dangers ahead to the north. Skiff tells you of troops of Orcs, soldiers and Goblins on raids of plunder but nothing else. Suddenly, Sprig shouts 'Giant' and both of them disappear over the side of the boat. You turn around just as a giant hammer crashes into the boat. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you are showered with wooden splinters (throw a die and deduct the result from your STAMINA points).

The boat sinks with you in it. Then a large arm reaches into the water and plucks you out. Do you draw your sword and stab at the Giant (turn to 388) or go quietly without a struggle (turn to 50)?

209

You stretch out a hand and grab at the pile of Black Cubes (throw two dice for the amount you seize). If any remain, they disappear. Turn to 9.

210

As soon as you enter the woods you feel an eerie foreboding. The trees are twisted and gnarled, warped and hideous. You feel that someone is watching you and glimpse furtive movements out of the corner of your eye. What strikes you as odd is

the lack of any bird life or noise of any kind. What strikes you as even stranger is the way the path you were following is now completely blocked both in front and behind. Everything gets darker and the trees appear to grow visibly in front of you. You decide to get out, so you strike at the branches with your sword but to no effect. If you have a Wand, turn to 48. If not, then turn to 295.

211

You reach for the key and remove it slowly from the hook. Suddenly a sheet of flame envelops you. If you do not have 1 Black Cube, deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 4 points from your STAMINA: you are badly hurt. If you do, just deduct 1 Black Cube. You put the key in the lock and open the heavy door. You enter and lock it behind you. Turn to 259.

212

When you get to the bottom, you can see nothing. Suddenly, you see the source of the smoke and hear the playful squeal of two very young Dragonmen. They scurry around, flapping their wings and breathing fire at each other. You see broken eggshells nearby and guess that they are only recently hatched. Seeing you, they scuttle to you and run in circles around your feet. You realize that where there are young there will be adult creatures not very far away and sure enough you hear the flapping of very large wings. You try to get to cover. Do you run into a nearby cave (turn to 115) or stay outside behind a rock (turn to 29)?

213

The old man stands near you, still insistent, but is pushed out of the way by one of the three from the corner table. He looks at you carefully, then consults a parchment. You suddenly realize that he and his friends are Rogue Catchers, mercenaries who live off the rewards offered for criminals. He pulls out his sword as he shouts to his two companions. They gather and attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ROGUE CATCHER	6	6
Second ROGUE CATCHER	5	8
Third ROGUE CATCHER	6	7

If you survive, you make a rapid exit out of the village. Turn to 398.

214

You bang on the door. Eventually, a sleepy Dwarf appears and shouts through the thick barred door. 'Go away, we're closed.' You ask for help in getting your bearings north. Suddenly, he looks at you as though for the first time and perks up. The door flies open. He comes out of the inn holding a short-sword, looks at you carefully and then turns round

to look at a parchment stuck on the inn wall with your face drawn on it. 'And why might you be wanting to go there?' You say nothing. The Dwarf smiles, 'Come in, I am a friend. The sign of your coming has been passed by the Wazarri. You have no time to lose. Ostragoth and Jaxartes have sealed the area to the north. They are expecting you. They have shut all meeting-places, and imposed a curfew. Anyone seen outside will be killed and bodies are to be searched by Mage Warriors only. Now, keep to the higher land, follow this path, and look for a flat-topped mountain. Find the three holes at the top, they are all entrances to the Homrath Caves. The True Path to the Fangs of Fury.' He makes the sign of the Cube with his index finger and bows. 'Now go quickly, and good luck.' Add 1 to your LUCK score. He shakes your hand. You set off. Turn to 58.

215

The Goblin pokes his sword at the Dwarf's neck, relishing the sport. Then he sees you and gets another idea. 'Come here, scum. You let this Dwarf

escape, so *you* will also die. That's the law in this army.' He whistles and a second Goblin arrives. You have no option but to pull out your sword and attack first. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	5

If you survive, you notice the Bracelet glowing (mark a captured Citadel Wall on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 283.

216

The path gets very bushy and you suffer several bad scratches on your face from thorns (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Eventually, the path splits. You look to the left and see a small clearing with what looks like a pile of bones on the ground. Do you go towards the clearing (turn to 307) or do you keep to the right-hand track (turn to 74)?

217

You walk along the forest path for many hours. There seems to be no end to it, so you stop to rest for a moment (add 2 points to your STAMINA). When the Bracelet on your wrist glows (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*), you force yourself up again, but just then you notice an old black bottle lying by a tree root. You pick it up but can see nothing inside. Do you pull out the stopper and open it (turn to 198) or leave it and carry on walking (turn to 341)?

218

After several hours of sitting around, watching the well-disciplined regiments march past, you realize why they're called the Irregulars. There is no order at all. Disputes flare up, fights break out, people stab each other. Suddenly, however, with no word of command being issued, everybody gets up, picks up their own particular weapons and moves as a mass towards the siege lines. You walk with the rabble and see a company of mounted Orcs waiting to engage a force of Zamarran Knights who have just charged out of the Citadel. The tactics are very simple. The Irregulars charge at the Knights, slow them down and any that get through are dealt with by the Orcs.

A squad of Zamarran Knights charges straight at your group. One Zamarran, who you recognize as Peric of Innac, is unseated close to you. The weight of his armour holds him down. A Goblin runs over and prepares to cut his head off with an axe. Do you decide to help Peric (turn to 153) or do you choose to mount his horse and break out (turn to 72)?

219

You walk alongside the deep pool then pick up a small track. At various places you find burnt-out camp-fires. At one of them you kick something round and white. It turns out to be a skull. To one side you see 2 Black Cubes and you pick them up. Add them to your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 74.

220

You trudge through the mountain valley breathing in the pungent smoke from the volcano. Just before you climb up a small rise you unexpectedly come across the richly dressed figure of Snuffserk, King Elidor's Chancellor. He has a very worried look on his face as he approaches. 'Thank Heavens you've come. They've captured the Wizard Astragal and myself. They will kill him if you don't hand over the Torch. They've sent me to negotiate.' He leads you to a small cave. Astragal is chained up and a black-cloaked Mage Warrior is about to plunge a Death-Spell Dagger into him. 'Don't do it. Never mind our lives. Go! Get away!' screams the Wizard. Snuffserk stands there waiting for you to hand over the Torch. You touch him on the shoulder, fearing an illusion, but one touch confirms that it is really he. Do you hand over the Torch (turn to 21) or run away as fast as you can (turn to 129)?

221

You know that you are fast on your feet and that you hold the element of surprise. As you secure your pack, ready to run, the Bracelet glows (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). You take a deep breath and race across the bridge. Six Orcs see you and are soon giving chase, some running much faster than others. Throw a die for the number that keep up with you. This number does not relent and after a long race you are forced to turn and fight. Fight the number of Orcs shown by the die.

BRIDGE GUARD ORC(S) SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you survive, you race on. Turn to **172**.

222

You stagger on when, suddenly, a fireball comes hurtling towards you. You duck down and scrabble in the dirt as it passes over you. If you possess 1 Black Cube, you are unhurt. Deduct the cube from your *Adventure Sheet* total. If you have no Black Cube, deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. Turn to **274**.

223

You enter the tent and find a cloaked figure in the dark recesses. He speaks to you. 'I have been waiting for you. Come, put on this armour.' You look astonished and distrustful. He sees this on your face. 'Fear not,' he whispers, 'the Word has been written and passed among the Wazarri warriors. They and their allies will help you whenever they can. You are the Prophecy come true of the New Age. The Winter will be over; you will fire the Spring. I am what you may term a spy. I gather information for the Silent Knights. Now, quickly, put on this armour, helmet and visor. You must ride a patrol north. The rest is up to you. Good Luck.' Add 1 point to your LUCK score. Turn to 154.

224

You point out the mistake to the one who's losing out. He looks very cross, pulls out a sword and the two begin to fight. Then the unbelievable happens: they manage to stab and wound each other fatally. You can only just hobble away to a nearby bush before a large war-chariot arrives and a black-cloaked figure walks about sniffing at your trail. The figure sees the dead Orcs, spits and curses them.

Just then, you hear a sweet melodious voice, 'Come back here. You must come back.' It has a magical attraction that you find hard to resist. Throw two dice. If the result is greater than your STAMINA you cannot stop yourself from hobbling back to the figure. He throws you on to the chariot and races off at great speed. Turn to 156.

If your STAMINA is equal to or greater than the attraction, you resist by concentrating on an image of Astragal the Wizard. The figure sits down, exhausted, and the magic call fades away. The figure finally leaves, and at last the magic bonds release you. You find a track and proceed cautiously along it. Turn to 267.

225

Everybody in the inn keeps very still and seems to be waiting for something to happen. The Fire Demon suddenly disappears. Then the deep booming voice gets louder and heavy steps sound until a small boy appears, wearing cut-down magician's robes and a hat that's far too big for him. He looks

around at the mess and speaks in a high-pitched voice: 'I want someone to play with.' The other people all cower and try not to catch his eye. 'Who's it to be?' Do you volunteer (turn to **301**) or keep quiet like the rest (turn to **23**)?

226

You light another torch as a group of bats flutter around the top of the tunnel. Looking up you see Blue Gems embedded in the roof of the tunnel. You stretch up and hack at them with your sword. Throw a die for the number you chop out, but deduct 1 point from your STAMINA for each one. If you continue, the tunnel leads down to a large cavern. You put your torch out as you see an amazing sight ahead of you: two dozen Dragonmen are sitting around gorging themselves on bloody carcasses. A large fire blazes in the centre of the cave. Just then, one of them opens a large chest and you see that it is full of Gems. It pulls out a Gem and places it between two of its scales. Then it shuts the chest and takes it to a room on the left. It locks a metal door and places the key on a hook by the wall. Do you attempt to get the key (turn to **390**) or do you pass by and carry on along the tunnel (turn to **157**)?

227

You are marched off to a long field surrounded by a high wooden fence. The Goblin in charge marches up and down in front of you, shouting, 'You are the dregs, you need stiffening up. I've noticed you wavering in several recent attacks. This group will be made an example of. Now line up.' You are made to line up. Throw one or two dice (your choice) to determine a position in the line. The Goblin points to an archer at the other end of the field and a trench half-way along. 'Walk to the trench and you will be safe. Anyone running or going in a different direction will be killed immediately by other means.' He toys with a Wand in his hand. The group begins to walk towards the trench as the archer begins to fire at them. Throw one die twice, then two dice twice for where the arrows hit. If any of the four numbers generated coincides with your position, then you are hit by an arrow through the chest. You do not survive. Your quest is over. If you get to the trench, the group is rounded up. Turn to **394**.

228

You place the last block in position and the door opens to reveal your first view of the Fangs of Fury. It is larger than you imagined but very distinctive, like five upraised dragon fangs around a smoking

centre. A path sweeps down towards it. The door clangs shut behind you and then disappears into the rock. A black shadow crosses in front of the sun. You look up to see a Grypvulture circling high above you. You know that Jaxartes will have anticipated your arrival here so you hurry on. There are three distinct paths to follow into the volcano. Which do you take: the left (turn to **383**), the right (turn to **92**) or the centre path (turn to **285**)?

229

You enter a chamber full of dead bodies laid out on tombs. Each body is that of a monk of great age. Scattered about the floor are several skeletons of Mage Warriors. They are charred and fleshless but their clothing remains untouched. Suddenly an ape-like creature holding a long tube steps out of a recess and speaks in a grunting, guttural voice. 'I am Grokkar, defender of the Tombs of the Dead.

You have trespassed into the most sacred of places. Prepare to die.' Fireballs suddenly shoot out from the end of the tube straight at you. *Test your Luck* three times. If you are Unlucky on any one occasion, deduct 4 points from your STAMINA; if you are Unlucky twice, deduct 2 points from your SKILL as well. If you are Unlucky on all three occasions, you are killed, your quest is over.

If you survive, you run towards two tunnels. Which do you take: the left (turn to **375**) or the right (turn to **34**)?

230

You wake up when someone throws a bucket of water over you. You find yourself among a group of thirty sitting in the forward hold. Your eyes begin to focus and you see the glow of the Bracelet on your wrist (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). A Sea Orc stomps past and orders you all to assemble by the mizzen-mast. The others trot off and you follow. You wait for the arrival of the Captain. He arrives and you recognize him: Cory-Ander, a criminal who escaped the gibbet in Zamarra a few years ago. He paces up and down striking out with a whip at anyone within reach. 'You,' he points his whip at the group, 'have the honour of fighting in Ostragoth's Fleet of Conquest. You are pressed for life or 25 years (whichever is the shortest). Now, form two lines.' Do you join the line on the left (turn to **306**) or the one on the right (turn to **106**)?

231

You walk into a large square room. There are two dead charred figures slumped on the floor and one standing with his back to you. The figure spins round. It is the Evil Wizard Jaxartes. 'So, you have come here to rekindle the Flame? You think that you can defeat me, the mightiest of wizards? Come to the core of the furnace; I will be waiting for you around every corner.' The figure disappears. In front of you are two tunnels. Which do you decide to follow: the one on the left (turn to **168**) or the tunnel on the right (turn to **61**)?

232

You climb the mound and look round. At the top is a large block of stone. You brush away some leaves to reveal this message carved on the rock:

> He that hath the Axe now speak the
> 13 2343 5471 549 827 533 29687 333
> numbers
> 1909345
>
> Of the name that cannot be uttered
> 12 553 4541 6670 344777 39 1192856

Search for the religion whose name 'cannot be uttered', and go to the paragraph indicated by the numbers below it. You will be told at once if you are correct. If you do not know it, then you leave the mound and carry on walking along the path. Turn to **317**.

233

You are in an empty cave. You stand in the middle and watch as the ground drops away in front of each of the three exits. The distance is twelve Zamarran paces long. Your jump is your STAMINA less the number of stone blocks you are carrying. If the distance is greater than your jump then you fall and die. Your quest is over.

If you succeed, there are three exits. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to **187**
Exit 2?	Turn to **135**
Exit 3?	Turn to **349**

As you leave, the holes magically fill up again.

234

You soon discover why the boat was left behind, when it begins to leak. You have to bale out water and paddle at the same time. Eventually, you see light at the end of the tunnel. The underground river runs into a pool. You proceed cautiously as you hear raised voices and then the sound of a struggle. You notice that the river has merged with a thick marsh and that the Goblins are struggling with the chest that seems to be stuck in the mud. In the foreground is a dead body. When they see you, the Goblins pull out small daggers and attack. Do you run away (turn to **159**) or stand and fight (turn to **320**)?

235

You grab the parchment. If you have 1 Black Cube (deduct it from the *Adventure Sheet*), you are unhurt; if not, then deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You hold the parchment and read the strange cyphers:

You drop the paper and continue into the other tunnel. Turn to **381**.

236

You begin to run but the Press-Gang see you. They give chase. Can you out-distance them? Throw two dice for their speed and compare this to your

STAMINA. If their speed is the greater, they catch you and hit you over the head. You black out. Turn to 230. If you out-run them, you duck down a narrow alleyway. Turn to 108.

237

'Yes, it's usually money. How much? Thirty Gold Coins enough? Tell you what,' he then produces some dice, 'highest roll; double or nothing.' You do not have a choice in the matter with this weird, powerful boy sorcerer. Throw two dice for the boy and then two dice for yourself. Highest wins; if throws are equal, throw again. If you win, he produces a purse with exactly 60 Gold Coins and hands it to you. Add them to your *Adventure Sheet*.

The boy is satisfied with the game of chance and wanders off. The villagers all breathe a sigh of relief but many of them are taking a lively interest in you. Some Rogue Catchers are looking at a parchment and pointing to you. You decide to leave the village quickly. Turn to 398.

238

You act like a true soldier of the elite corps: sword out, move fast, and dive to the ground. You point your sword at a strange, filthy-looking being dressed in leather cap and apron. He holds a shovel and seems to be a cross between a Dwarf and a man-Orc. You get up and notice that you have dived into a pile of green muck. The smell lingers and makes you feel quite sick for the remainder of your mission

(deduct 1 point from your SKILL). 'Ahem, are you lost?' he squeaks at you. Turn to 75.

239

Three Goblins have spotted you. They rush out of their hiding-place and attack. The girl is scrabbling around in the rocks looking for something. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	6	6
Third GOBLIN	6	6

If you win, turn to 119.

240

You hand over the 3 Gold Coins (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*). He also tells you that there is a likely merchantman in the harbour about to sail, 'The *Gargu-Ran* by name.' He tells you to head for the north-west coast of the island and then take the track to the port You launch the small boat and paddle furiously to get through the waves.

When you are about half-way across, a large tentacle slithers up the side of the boat and over your knees. You stop paddling. Do you pull out your sword and chop at it (turn to 66) or sit there and wait patiently (turn to 90)?

241

You are in a cave with an illegible inscription on a

wooden plaque. There are two exits. Which do you choose: Exit 1 (turn to **201**) or Exit 2 (turn to **76**)?

242

When you get there it's obvious that the Fire Demon is only bent on destruction. It rampages around punching great fiery holes in the walls, floor and ceiling. It then speaks in a rushing, crackling voice, 'My master comes . . . my master comes.' You turn to look at the landlord; his face has turned ashen. Turn to **225**.

243

All is still now, except for the moans of the wounded. A thick mist descends upon the grim landscape and you hear the creaking of a cart coming towards you. Do you move quickly away from here (turn to **12**) or take a risk and lie on the rock to see who is in the cart (turn to **77**)?

244

You wake up and find yourself lying on a rocky shelf overlooking a large green field. Just then, the Bracelet glows (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). There are many Elves milling around wearing brightly coloured clothing. There is a buzz of excitement and a lot of high-pitched chatter. There are stalls and games of skill and pipe-playing competitions taking place across the field. You try to get up but find yourself held down by a thin cord. It should be easy to break, but when you pull out your sword you find that you cannot cut it.

An Elven maid floats out of the shadows towards you. 'Well met, stranger. You are fortunate indeed. The Flyers kill on sight in these troubled times but as it is the Feast of Bradyliam and we are one short for the Game . . . I assume you will agree to play?' Do you agree to play (turn to **6**) or refuse (turn to **128**)?

245

You are in a cave full of blocks of stone marked with the motif of a crescent moon. Each block has the number 75 on the reverse.

Each block weighs 10 Zamarra Weights. The maximum you can carry is 60 Zamarra Weights. If you wish to take one of the blocks, mark the weight on the *Adventure Sheet*. Do *not* exceed the maximum.

There are three exits. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to **262**
Exit 2?	Turn to **395**
Exit 3?	Turn to **187**

246

You follow the tunnel and come to a staircase leading down. On a landing you see a black-cloaked Mage Warrior waiting for you, holding a fiery Wand-sword. If you carry a Wand, fight as normal. If not, then reduce your SKILL by 2 points for this combat only.

MAGE WARRIOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, the stairs lead to a very large cavern. Turn to **39**.

247

The monk smiles and leads you into another room. It has no windows and has been carved out of the solid rock. Two torches light up the room. He stands in front of a series of symbols that represent warriors holding daggers and shields in various positions of the compass. 'Look carefully and learn the Alphabet of Talin. A warrior language that has long ago fallen into disuse among the others of this country, it is still taught to the young in this village, especially those destined to be Wazarri. It may be of great help when you need it most.' He points at the symbols from top left to right, 'These are the letters a to h in the vulgar tongue. The symbols from middle left to right represent the letters i to p, the third row left to right are those from q to x, and the last two symbols are y and z ' He sits in silence for a while as you concentrate on the characters.

He then asks you if you know the name-that-cannot-be-uttered. If you *do*, do not read the next paragraph.

He sighs, then begins to speak again. 'I will now utter the name. It means that I will die in a year and a day, but, no matter, my time is soon. XEN is the secret name of the religion. Look for it and you may pass into secret places.'

The monk then pulls out a bag and hands you six Black Cubes (add them to your Cube box). You thank him for all his help, and he shows you the path to take out of the village: over a wall and into

the nearby fields. You thank him again. 'But it is we that must thank you,' he replies, 'for you have the great task. You are the Torchbearer who may save us from our oppressors.' Turn to **164**.

248

You hear chirping and squawking in the tunnel and see a small chamber to the left. Do you go into the chamber (turn to **11**) or carry on along the tunnel (turn to **226**)?

249

The small box opens easily. Inside, there is a small Black Cube, nothing else. If you want to take it, mark it on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to **12**.

250

You pretend to be simple and stutter that you want to join the elite regiment. You think that the Goblin is convinced. 'I'll tell you where you're going, you're being conscripted into Knuclers Irregulars. You'll enjoy it there if you live long enough. Sprikk! Another recruit for the Irregulars.' Another Goblin appears and marches you out into the trench. Turn to **101**.

251

There are other doors further along the corridor. You are sure that you can hear murmuring behind one of them. Do you go to investigate (turn to **337**) or go up the stairs (turn to **193**)?

252

The Dark Elf notices the exchange between you and the prisoner. He rides over to you and peers into your eyes, then looks at the now-silent prisoner. He snarls his orders at you. 'The prisoner spoke to you in an impertinent manner. For that he must be punished. Kill him!' He watches you carefully as you make a movement with your sword. You know that you cannot kill anyone in cold blood even for the sake of the mission. The Dark Elf sees this in your eyes and drops a small object in the sand. It exudes a foul stench. You cannot move. He calls a Goblin over and orders him to take you for interrogation and then rides away. The paralysis wears off but you are now well guarded. The Goblin asks you where you come from and you reply, 'The Citadel.' Turn to **151**.

253

They are rogues but not killers. They ask you to throw your valuables across to them. You can hear the sound of hoofbeats on the cobbled road. You cannot free yourself, so you decide to comply with their wishes but only throw them half of your Gold

Coins, Gems and Crystals (make the appropriate adjustments to your *Adventure Sheet*).

They seem satisfied with the result and release a small monkey who clutches a small key. The monkey leaps over to the trap and unlocks it then bounds off into the undergrowth. You scramble off the road just before a war-chariot hurtles past, followed by a troop of mounted Orcs. They are obviously heading north, perhaps after you. Do you stay on the road (turn to **59**) or slip away on a thin trail heading into the woods on your left (turn to **216**).

254

You flick over the pages of the ledger and, to your surprise, come to a page headed, 'Snuffserk, King Elidor's Chancellor'. It looks as though he has received thousands of Gold Coins over the last few months from Ostragoth and Jaxartes. You are astounded. Suddenly you hear the voice of the Evil Wizard. 'I have not forgotten you. I will be back soon, but in the meanwhile here is a little friend of mine to keep you amused.' A hideous double-headed Devil with long spiked tail and horns on both heads appears and attacks you with bright red, clawed hands.

DOUBLE-HEADED DEVIL SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you survive, you get out of the room and leap up the spiral staircase three steps at a time. Turn to **351**.

255

You attack your bodyguard. Although she is not a full knight, she is very well trained.

BODYGUARD KNIGHT SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you survive, turn to **206**.

256

The monk then opens his eyes, looks at you and speaks. 'There is no need for explanations, the Prophecy has told me all. The Way you follow is very hard and I am here to be of some little help.' He opens his palm to reveal a large white die, he hands it to you and as you reach out to take it, it disappears, but you have a vision of it spinning in your mind. 'This is the Die of the Seven Levels of the Wazarri. In your travels to the Fangs of Fury you must look clearly and carefully even at times of the greatest danger. If you see a vision of a piece of thread linking six white cubes, you may spin the die in your mind and aim for your True Level. Be true to yourself. You will not physically handle anything but the number of White Cubes you have will be known to others when you reach our sacred centre.'

Throughout your mission you must look carefully at the page illustrations you encounter for the thread and the six white cubes. If you see them, throw a die and mark the number rolled in the lower Cube box of the *Adventure Sheet*. If you see less than six white cubes, then you may only have up to the maximum you see; if your die roll exceeds the number of cubes

you can see, you must round the roll *down* to the number of cubes you can see.

The monk then stands up. 'I see the need for explanation in your eyes. I have no time to go into details, others may do that. It is enough to know that Jaxartes is killing our people, the Guardians of the Furnace, and is trying to extinguish our noble Flame at the Fangs of Fury. Look to the Novices, the fighting arm of our Order, those that are forbidden to speak, the Wazarri Silent Knights. They will help whenever they can but even they cannot hold out against the massive Evil sweeping the land.'

The monk picks up the axe and places it on his shoulder. 'I will now entrust you with the greatest secret. I will utter the name of our religion – that will consign me to death in one year and one day. Look to XEN, it will help you pass gates that cannot be passed. Now the True Way is yours to find.' The monk swings at a tree and cuts it with a single blow. 'Go! They know you are here.' You look across to see a Dark Elf and several Goblins conferring. You drop down into the bushes. Do you run off to the right (turn to **177**) or to the left (turn to **111**)?

257

You continue along the road and eventually cross a small bridge. Now you must decide whether to continue on the fast road (turn to **376**) or go towards a plain just ahead of you (turn to **290**).

258

You stand firm, sword in hand, ready for the Orcs. But suddenly they stop and look over your shoulder. You glance back to see a black-cloaked figure in the process of throwing something at you. You are immediately surrounded by white-hot flames. You begin to suffocate as the air is quickly used up. You are forced to charge out of the ring of fire. If you have 1 Black Cube (mark it off on the *Adventure Sheet*) you plough through it unharmed, but a waiting Orc stabs you (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). You rush up the steps. Turn to **326**.

If you have no Black Cubes, the heat is intense and you collapse just outside the circle. Your quest is over.

259

You stare at undreamt-of riches: the Dragonmen's Hoard. The room is full of Gold Coins, Gems and Crystals. However, when you get to the centre of the room you see a Dragon's skeleton and sitting inside its rib-cage is a Dwarf. He holds a handful of Gems and speaks: 'Take only what you require. Greed will not benefit you; many have tried but few have succeeded.'

You work out exactly how much you require to pay the ransom for the Torch and take just that amount (add this to your *Adventure Sheet*). You look towards the metal door at the end of the cave: it is bright red and beginning to melt. You do not understand what the Dwarf is doing there but before you can say anything, he begins to speak. 'This is my Fate. Worry not about me. I am a Seer from the Iron Hills that were melted down to produce the essence of the Fangs of Fury I see your quest in my mind and bid you seek the Homrath Caves. The path to Fury lies there. We Dwarfs built it for the Wazarri in a greater age. Now, the Dragonmen are close to breaking through. Under the chest is a trapdoor, follow it and, whatever happens, keep your eyes shut until you feel fresh air on your face.' Turn to 103.

260

You feel your way along the tunnel. Occasionally, you walk into thick cobwebs and hear scurrying sounds on the ground. Something bites your ankle and pierces the thick leather of your boot (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). The tunnel begins to slope upwards and then feels very damp underfoot. Now and then you can hear the sound of waves crashing against rocks. Suddenly, you walk into a wall. Stumbling around, you find two tunnels both sloping downwards. Do you choose to take the left-hand tunnel (turn to 54) or the right (turn to 353)?

261

You reach the top of the cliff and are about to scramble up a large overhanging rock when you hear talking. You stop to listen: 'Jax wants this Torchbearer badly now. It would appear that the very essence of his power is at stake, if the Flame is re-lit and the Sentinels awakened. He must be . . .' The shadow of a black cloak falls across your face. Just then the rock you are crouching on moves. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 385. If you are Unlucky, turn to 73.

262

You are in an empty cave with nothing more to be seen than a drawing of a broken phial and a skull and cross-bones on the wall. There are two exits. Do you choose Exit 1 (turn to 107) or Exit 2 (turn to 245)?

263

You whisper that you have the Torch hidden, but he does not seem interested. He is satisfied with your trust. He says nothing for several minutes then speaks. 'You must leave this place. I will help you. My name is Kendoki, a monk from the Order of Wazarri. There is no need for explanations, the Prophecy has told us all. The Way you follow is very hard and I am here to be of some little help.' He opens his palm to reveal a large white die. He hands it to you and, as you reach out to take it, it disappears but you have a vision of it spinning in your mind. 'This is the Die of the Seven Levels of the Wazarri. In your travels to the Fangs of Fury you must look clearly and carefully even at times of the greatest danger. If you see a vision of a piece of

thread linking six white cubes, you may spin the die in your mind and aim for your True Level. Be true to yourself. You will not physically handle anything but the number of White Cubes you have will be known to others when you reach our sacred centre.'

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fighting arm of our Order, those that are forbidden to speak, the Wazarri Silent Knights. They will help whenever they can but even they cannot hold out against the massive evil sweeping the land.

'I will now entrust you with the greatest secret. I will utter the name of our religion – that will consign me to death in one year and one day. Look to XEN, it will help you pass gates that cannot be passed. Now the True Way is yours to find, and you must leave.'

He stands up and gets hold of the metal bars and pushes them apart with seeming ease. 'XEN is powerful but I cannot profit by it. I must stay here.' He bids you farewell and sits down again. The other prisoners charge out of the prison and you follow. You step down and find your sword in the barrel and duck down under the wagon. In a few minutes the alarm is raised by coarse-sounding bugles. You know that you would be better concealed in a group. Do you head for a group of infantry resting in a nearby field (turn to **189**) or for a company of Orc cavalry with attendants waiting to the right of the camp (turn to **280**)?

264

You keep climbing until you reach the top of a large rocky outcrop. Suddenly, a huge hand lifts you up by the scruff of your neck. You see a Giant in front of you, three times your height. He smiles a smelly, fang-toothed smile and shakes you to see if you are alive. Turn to 50.

265

You drop on to the sand and cover as much of yourself as you can, leaving a small gap to breathe through. You wait, not daring to move a muscle. Eventually, the creature sinks back into the sand and you get up. You run off along the beach. Add 1 point to your LUCK. Turn to 97.

266

You open the door and step in. There are a few more burnt remains of parchments and books in this room. There is also a small window looking into the next room. You hear shouting and peek carefully into the other room. You see a black-cloaked figure, muttering to herself. 'I know they're here somewhere. They can't hide from me, the right hand of Jaxartes. By the Spells of Unuk Kochaar, Open! I command it, by all that's foul.' She kicks at a plaque in the wall and then storms out. You can hear her stomping down the gallery calling for Klinker. You wait for a few minutes then go out and enter the other room. Turn to 330.

267

You continue along the track and after a while you catch sight of the small port. There are a couple of ships in the harbour. You are careful to stay within sight of cover and eventually reach the outlying buildings of the port. You keep to the smaller alleyways and make your way to the quayside. You look at the two ships. They look very similar, the one on the left is called the *Gargu-Ran* but you can see no name on the other ship. There are no guards about and the main activity seems to be loading. It seems very simple to sneak on board by picking up a bale and following the ship-hands. Which ship do you choose: the *Gargu-Ran* (turn to 4) or the one on the right (turn to 120)?

268

You carry on and see a light ahead. It flashes on, then off, and before you realize what's happening a Dragonman flutters past and drops behind you. He screams a word that sounds like 'thief' and attacks.

DRAGONMAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you survive, you discover that the Dragonman's wings are studded with Gems (10 Multi-Coloured, 5 Yellow, 2 Blue). If you have enough to pay the ransom, turn to 32. If you have to continue, the tunnel forks. Do you go left (turn to 114) or right (turn to 362)?

269

Suddenly, three Orcs come from the direction of the commotion. They are carrying all manner of plunder. You recognize the insignia as Ostragoth's. One of them stops, with a shout, 'Hey, lads, I forgot this.' He pulls out a parchment from his jerkin pocket and pins it to a tree with a couple of nails. Then they stagger away. One or two locals walk over to read the notice. Do you also go to the tree (turn to **347**) or cautiously walk away and see what's happening in the village (turn to **158**)?

270

You scamper down to the side of the river and look across. The water does not seem too deep and there are no visible dangers; only a few small fish. You wade in up to your thighs. Just then there is a disturbance in the water, one of the small fish flies out of the water and bites your elbow (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You hurry across, but more flying Flesh Fish flip out at you. Throw two dice for the number that jump out and then two dice for the number you manage to ward off with your sword. If any get through, they bite you. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for each bite received. Across the river, you have the choice of heading for a rough clearing (turn to **185**) or along a defined path (turn to **176**). Which way do you go?

271

At the top of the tower, you see a Gargoyle. It is striding about flapping its long wings. It notices you and prepares to attack but then it stoops over and a voice from its beak tells you to get on its back. The voice sounds like the Wizard Astragal's. You get on and hold tight as the Gargoyle takes off and sweeps you away from Jaxartes' lair. 'This is the last help we can give you,' squawks the creature. 'Even this has cost us dearly. Jaxartes is very powerful now, he has staked everything on extinguishing the Flame at the Fangs of Fury. You must hurry and . . . monks of Wazarri . . .' The message is indistinct, then stops. The creature dumps you in a grassy field and then limps off exhausted. You look around. There are no signs of the siege here. You see a river ahead: do you head there (turn to **20**)? Or do you continue along the field (turn to **109**)?

272

The fire at the entrance is intense. The Giant is chasing you, intent on murder. Do you run through the fire (turn to **166**) or stand and fight (turn to **63**)?

273

Jaxartes screams a scream like the combined torments of Hell. He is consumed by the fire until you can only see his face in the white-hot conflagration. The fury of the volcano is unleashed. You collapse in the intense heat. You dream that you are floating through the tunnels out into the fresh air.

When you awake you feel a cool hand on your brow. You are in a large airy room overlooking a lush green valley. A girl is wiping your forehead. You suddenly remember your mission. 'How are the Wizards? And the siege? What has happened? Where am I?' The girl smiles. 'You are in the Wazarri monastery of Hei-okji. You are safe, do not worry.' She then produces a small crystal ball and places it in your hand. 'Look deep into the glass,' she tells you. Turn to **91**.

274

You carry on and enter a whole series of tunnels and chambers that take many hours to pass. The Bracelet glows twice in the time you are there (mark two Citadel Walls breached by Ostragoth's forces on the *Adventure Sheet*). The path eventually passes a sheer drop. Do you climb down (turn to **364**) or do you carry on along the tunnel (turn to **246**)?

275

You are correct. You have spoken the numbers of XEN, the name-that-cannot-be-uttered. A thin blue mist rises from the block and then there appears the small figure of a monk. 'Greetings. If you are the Torchbearer spoken of in Prophecies, speed is now of the essence. The Evil of Jaxartes has penetrated even these monastery walls. If by previous advice you were asked to seek the three Wazarri guides, do not do so for they have been killed. Follow the forest path, ever forwards, until you reach the bridge. Do not cross the bridge, but look for the warrior with the fist of fire. She will take . . .' Suddenly, there is a scream and you see two manic eyes looking at you. 'Torchbearer . . .' You shudder at the madness in them and step off the mound. Turn to **317**.

276

The warriors get up and smile as they greet you. They seem to know your face. They say nothing but slap you on the back and offer you some of their roast meat. As you get a good grip of a huge lump of tender meat, one of the warriors stabs you in the back! You turn to see the face of a Gark. Deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 4 points from your STAMINA. You run off into the river but collapse in the water as poison courses through your blood. You black out. Turn to **25**.

277

The crashing gets nearer and you can hear sniffing and shouting. You realize that they are probably looking for you. The woman pulls out a sword. It is clear that she intends to make a stand to give you a chance to get away. She points out a direction for you to follow. You leave her, knowing that she is very capable. You scramble away and after a few minutes you can hear screams and the sound of crashing steel. Just then you see the Bracelet glow (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). You reach the cliffs opposite the island of Karakum and are faced with two courses of action: down to the sandy cove below (turn to **15**) or carrying on along the clifftop path (turn to **207**). Which do you choose?

278

You run over the sand dunes, drop down the other side and nearly land on a Great Orc who is burying something in the sand. He turns round and swipes at you with his hand. 'Spy! I bet he sent you to spy on me, but you won't get it.' He charges at you as he pulls out a short, stabbing sword. You try to say you're not interested in what he's doing, but he does not listen. You are forced to defend yourself.

GREAT ORC SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, do you get away from that place at once (turn to **333**) or do you dig up the object he was burying (turn to **124**)?

279

You are in a torchlit tunnel. There are various things lying around: buckets, shoes, hats, bones, rotting fruit and a pile of sludge that smells awful. You walk along and the smell gets worse. Eventually you get to a shaft or well. You look down to see a pit full of the sludge and look up to see daylight. Just then, somebody coughs behind you. Do you pull out your sword and attack (turn to **238**) or calmly turn around and see who it is first (turn to **334**)?

280

You march towards the Orc cavalry. Each Orc has a miserable-looking attendant and as you move between the horses, one of the Orcs calls to you: 'You, hold this horse and give my boots a clean.' You look up and ask what with. 'Your clothes,' replies the furious Orc. 'D'you think we keep you here to look smart?' You do as you are bid; then he hands you a lance and tells you to keep up. The cavalry walk their mounts forward in readiness for an attack. All the attendants trot behind with various bundles. You get to the scene of the battle exhausted (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). They are attacking the forward southern tower of the Citadel. You hear the whistling of a shower of arrows and then the Orcs charge. All you can see is smoke and you can hear shouting. Suddenly, a riderless horse trots up to you and stops. Do you choose to get on it and ride away (turn to **7**) or do you prefer to sneak away on foot (turn to **150**)?

281

You land way below the fortress on some soft turf, a little shaken but nothing serious. You can hear orders being shouted from above. You suspect that you have been spotted. You set off as fast as possible. Ahead, on the horizon, you see the beginnings of the northern mountains. Turn to **131**.

282

You walk across the grassy plain for many hours. You notice the Bracelet on your wrist glowing (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). There is no one around but occasionally you catch sight of groups of wild horses. Eventually, you come into a small valley. At its head stands a statue of a monk making the sign of a cube with his palms. The statue has been daubed in blood and the head half chopped off. The track continues towards a small village just visible on the horizon. Turn to 3.

283

You hide the grim remains of the fight, wipe your blade and look around for the Dwarf but see no sign of him. You return and tell a Goblin guard that the Dwarf has escaped and that others are giving chase. A Dark Elf, sitting in the shade of a great oak, yawns and speaks up. 'It's always the same, no one's ever escaped from here. They'll get him.' You stand on guard, wondering how to get away when you spy a strange, bald man who could be a monk. He wields an axe with unnatural power: three strikes and a tree crashes to the ground. You move over to get a better view and he speaks to you. 'Stranger, I know your secret. Come into that clump of bushes. I wish to talk.' Do you decide to follow him (turn to 173) or do you ignore him (turn to 80)?

284

It's a long way up. You climb hand over hand and have the odd rest but it is very tiring (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Just when you are close to the top, you see the flash of a knife and the rope is cut. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you find a handhold on the side of the well and climb out. You can see no trace of the old woman but the kitten is standing on the roof of the well. Turn to 112.

If you are Unlucky, you cannot cling on to anything and crash down (deduct 6 points from your STAMINA). If you survive, you scamper into the hole you found (turn to 68).

285

You reach the entrance to the Fangs of Fury without any sign of pursuit. You enter a torchlit cave and walk along a wide corridor that splits into two smaller corridors. Do you go to the left (turn to 246) or to the right (turn to 379)?

286

You open your eyes, blink and shut them again when you feel a thudding pain at the back of your head. When you manage to focus your eyes, you begin to wish you were still asleep. You see an Orc executioner standing above you with two Goblins by his side. Your head is resting on a bloody block and you are being watched by a group of disinterested spectators. The Orc raises the axe over his head when suddenly a small dart plants itself in the side of his thick neck. He freezes for a moment then topples over. Your bonds are suddenly cut by a female warrior. She throws you a sword before turning to face four Orcs who are running at her. Do you help the warrior (turn to 43) or engage a Goblin who is heading your way with dagger raised (turn to 382)?

287

The disturbance seems to get worse and a lot of the parents come to the school to take their children away. You notice that the little girl is met by an elderly monk. They pass you and the girl points you out. The old man smiles and thanks you; he then stops for a moment and comes to look you in the eyes. 'Come with me,' he commands. Do you follow (turn to 102) or walk away and head for the disturbance (turn to 158)?

288

The girl leads you through a series of difficult paths and secret tracks that lead into the lower northern

mountains. Eventually, you look down at a large fort encircled by a massive ring of fire. Milling around outside it is a squadron of Goblins, led by a Dark Elf. You climb down and get close to the flame wall. Turn to **119**.

289

You don't want to risk an outright lie so you admit to having just arrived that day from the north and wanting to join up. 'So you've heard in the Citadel about the booty to be had, eh? Well you look strong enough for Knuclers Irregulars. Come with me.' He leads you through the lines. Everything is in great confusion. Occasionally a stray arrow slams into the mud. The Goblin leads you into a trench and then into a room dug out of the earth. He calls to some others, 'Grab this one!' Two large rough types run towards you. Do you pull out your sword and fight (turn to **318**) or let yourself be taken (turn to **49**)?

290

You trudge on for several hundred paces and trip over a Compass Stone in the thick grass. It clearly

points the correct direction to take (add 1 point to your LUCK score) and you pick up a path that seems to head that way. You walk for many hours and notice the Bracelet on your wrist glow once (mark another Citadel Wall captured by Ostragoth's army on the *Adventure Sheet*). Suddenly, two fireballs crash on the ground to your right. They unroll to reveal two Fire Demons, winged creatures breathing a belching white-hot flame and holding flaming swords. If you have a Wand or 1 Black Cube (deduct 1 Black Cube from your *Adventure Sheet*), fight as normal and fight each in turn. If you have neither of these, reduce your SKILL by 2 points for this combat only.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FIRE DEMON	7	9
Second FIRE DEMON	8	8

If you survive, you realize that there is an evil magic aura here and you sense the hand of Jaxartes. You walk on along the twisting path, until you come to a tall pillar of rock. A boy, chained to the top, is being attacked by two Dragonmen. Do you help (turn to **52**) or concentrate on your urgent mission (turn to **99**)?

291

The figure remains perfectly still. You take the box and open the lid. It contains 6 Black Cubes. If you wish to take them, add them to the Cube box of your *Adventure Sheet*. You continue your progress through the trapdoors. Turn to **192**.

292

The ground gets firmer and rises until you get out of the steamy marsh and up on to a small grassy hill. You look to the north: just ahead, there is a grassy plain (turn to **282**) flanked by a great wood (turn to **210**). Which way do you go?

293

You drop into the pool. Your bonds are freed immediately and you manage to swim away from the Orcs. Suddenly, the chasing Orcs stop still as a war-chariot crashes through the bushes driven by a

black-cloaked figure. You get out of the water. Somehow, the strange newcomer detects you. He shouts at the Orcs, 'You fools, he's there!' The Orcs give chase and catch you up for you cannot move fast with sopping wet clothes and pack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	6	6

If you survive, you turn to run but find yourself surrounded by a black mist. You feel huge hands grabbing you and hauling you into the chariot. In a matter of seconds you are lying on its floor, hurtling along at a terrific speed. Turn to **156**.

294

The Elf-guide introduces himself as Orgelas. He is nimble across the craggy rocks and does not favour conversation. He takes you to the end of the rocky land and points to the north. You see a grassy plain and a great wood. As a parting gesture he takes from his pocket a small pancake. 'Eat this when you are in the greatest need. It will provide good sustenance.' (Add the pancake to your *Adventure Sheet*; it will have the same effect as a Potion of Strength.) He bids you farewell and you have to choose between entering the wood (turn to **210**) or walking on to the plain (turn to **282**).

295

You unpack your flint, strike a few sparks and get a fire started. The bushes stop moving as you create a raging inferno. You hear a hideous wail and the trees begin to move away from you. But, by now, you are surrounded by a great wall of fire. There is no other option but to jump through the flames to get away. If you have a Black Cube (deduct 1 Black Cube from your *Adventure Sheet* total), you are unharmed. If you have no Black Cube, throw a die and deduct the result from your STAMINA for the harmful effects of the fire. You stumble out of the magic woods. Turn to **392**.

296

The flames scorch your clothes and burn at your skin (deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 4 points from your STAMINA). You catch your breath and then, painfully, carry on with your mission. Turn to **121**.

297

The Bracelet glows (mark another Citadel Wall breached on the *Adventure Sheet*). Just then, another sailor swims alongside and you help him up on to the raft. He is very muscular and heavy, and almost sinks it. He looks at you and tells you that there's

only room for one person on the raft. 'I think I'll kill you,' he declares as he reaches for his sword. You fight in the restricted space.

ROGUE SAILOR SKILL 4 STAMINA 6

If you survive, the raft finally beaches itself on a wide sandy coast. Ahead, you can see a small settlement (turn to **3**) and to the left a mass of giant rocks (turn to **361**). Which way do you go?

298

The smoke rises up and you begin to choke as you breathe it in. The path ahead becomes a wall of scorching heat. You try to swing your sword but cannot get near the double-headed Serpent. Then another Serpent drops down from a branch above you. On its massive trunk it carries a warrior of terrifying appearance. He is well armoured and carries an axe in one hand and a flaming scimitar in the other. He drops to the ground, grunts and swings the scimitar at you.

KRAGAAR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you survive, the Serpents become very agitated and begin to encircle you with a wall of fire. Do you run through the flames (turn to **96**) or wait for the flames to die down (turn to **47**)?

299

You enter the cave at the First Level. You stand by a fiery chasm and a strange hooded figure stands in front of you. The figure has a dark face, blazing eyes and clasps a flaming spear. Across the chasm is a bridge and on the bridge are carved spaces for six cubes. The figure speaks in a booming voice. 'Your way is the hardest but if you are strong and resolute you will win through ' It moves backwards and slides away into the tunnel. You look at the bridge and try to walk across. As you approach the first square hole, a wall of fire flares up from the chasm. If you have 6 Black Cubes, use them now and place them in the holes (deduct the number from your *Adventure Sheet*). For each Black Cube you lack, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA as the flames leap out at you. If you survive, you cross the chasm and enter another tunnel. Turn to 310.

300

The first door you open leads into a room which contains a few chairs and tables. Everything is overturned and there is a pile of ashes in the centre of the room. You pick up a partly burnt parchment but all you can make out are a few meaningless words. You open a second door and this leads to another room. You go in and find blood stains on the walls and floor. You then hear a knocking sound from a small cupboard on the left. Do you open the cupboard door (turn to 51) or go outside back into the courtyard (turn to 251)?

301

You walk forward and present yourself. He leaps up and down, pleased with himself. 'Come outside!' he calls, and you go outside. Turn to 171.

302

The tentacle wraps itself around the end of the small craft and gently slithers towards you. You pull out your sword and chop it off in one blow. There is a scream and a rush of air from the water below and several, much larger tentacles appear. They pull at the boat and it snaps in half. You fall into the water and begin to swim. The current sweeps you back towards the mainland.

Throw two dice: this is the strength needed to swim to avoid the creature. If this is greater than your STAMINA then you fail and you are dragged under by the creature. Your quest ends here.

If you succeed, you collapse on the beach (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). You do not know where you are, so you climb up a cliff-path and look around. Below you is another cove. Lying on the beach, half in, half out of the water, is a figure dressed in warrior's clothes. Do you go down to investigate (turn to 312) or carry on along the cliff (turn to 207)?

303

You wake up and find yourself in a small wooden compound. You sit up and see a Dwarf in front of you and two small Orcs in the corner. The Orcs seem to be constantly moaning, 'I told you we'd never get away with it, now they'll put us in a front-line regiment. I told you there was nothing wrong with the blacksmiths' squadron but no . . .' The Dwarf just stares blankly as though waiting for something. Several other soldiers are brought in but what strikes you as strange is that no one is relieved of weapons or possessions. Yours are all intact. You then hear one of the guards talking: '. . . and he's searching them all himself. Never seen the likes of it. Stops our perks, then comes here to take what little we can steal. Flaming liberty, I call it . . .' Just then, the Dwarf pulls out a small horn and blows it three times. Then he chops at the fence with an axe and, in seconds, makes a hole big enough to get through. He calls you over and you both charge through it. Instead of going the way you expected, away from the camp, he heads for its centre. Do you follow him there (turn to 26) or do you head off towards good cover (turn to 149)?

304

You have no other option but to scramble down the other side of the mountain while you are being attacked by the Dragonmen. Reduce your SKILL by 1 point for this combat only. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DRAGONMAN	7	7
Second DRAGONMAN	7	8
Third DRAGONMAN	8	9

If you win, you reach the bottom of the cliff and scramble for cover. Turn to **220**.

305

You get to the island, and land the boat in a small harbour. You look around: the island is also being used for mast repairs, food preparation, and the construction of siege weapons. Most of the work is being carried out by chain-gangs. The prisoners are unchained and marched off and your group of guards is told to form two lines. Which do you choose: the left line (turn to **227**) or the right (turn to **394**)?

306

You are assigned work below deck, deep in the bowels of the ship. You have to shift huge boxes into various holds (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Two hours out, you hear a commotion above. Orders are shouted and you can hear strange screams. Suddenly, the side of the hold you are working in is burst open by a massive ship's battering-ram. Water spurts in and the hold fills up. You cannot get out of the door for it has already been shut and bolted. You hold your breath as you feel the ship shudder and begin to sink. Throw two dice: if you throw a double, you find a large-enough hole in the side of the hold to get out into the ocean. If you do not throw a double, try again but deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. Repeat until you get out or die.

If you get out, you float to the surface just in time to see the mast of the ship go down. Then a thick mist descends and you cannot see anything else. Shortly after, a piece of wood from the deck floats by (add 1 point to your LUCK score), and you clamber on. Turn to **297**.

307

You pass over the pile of bones. There are other objects scattered around: bits of old leather armour, broken swords and two leather purses. You pick up the purses and open them. One contains 10 Gold Coins and the other 15 Gold Coins. You pocket these (add 25 Gold Coins to your *Adventure Sheet* and 1 LUCK point) and continue walking. The forest path forks. Do you go to the right (turn to **217**) or the left (turn to **125**)?

308

You go over to him and sit down. He looks at you with intense, fiery eyes. 'Yes, Trust is the Way. I know your mission will be hard. You must trust me, there is no other choice. Do you have the Torch?' You are shocked by this question. What do you reply? Do you say that you have it (turn to **263**) or say nothing and move away from the old man (turn to **5**)?

309

You pull out your sword and stride across the bridge. When you are exactly in the middle, it collapses under you, then folds up magically into a wooden cage. You hear the sound of laughter as you plunge into the cold water. You black out. Turn to **25**.

310

The tunnel is covered by intricate carvings and drawings. You feel like an intruder at the centre of a sacred monument but you have no time to stop. At that moment you notice two Flame Warriors. At first they stand stock-still, then come to life in a blazing fury. Your own sword begins to blaze magically. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FLAME WARRIOR	7	9
Second FLAME WARRIOR	8	10

If you survive, turn to **387**.

311

You have pressed the correct sequence. The spikes stop falling and the cage opens. You walk on. Turn to **231**.

312

You approach, looking carefully at the scene. The figure is a female warrior and she is about to be dragged into the water by an Octopod creature Its tentacles already have a hold on one of her legs. You pull out your sword and chop at the tentacle. It takes you three hefty strikes before you cut it off. The woman gets up and runs away from the beach with surprising agility. Do you follow her (turn to **144**) or carefully look around for any other creature (turn to **86**)?

313

The surge loses its power a long way up-river. You swim towards the shore and notice the glow of the Bracelet (mark a captured Citadel Wall on your *Adventure Sheet*). Just then, something grabs your collar and you are lifted up by a Giant who is straddling the river Do your draw your sword and stab at the Giant (turn to **388**) or go quietly without a struggle (turn to **50**)?

314

The monk looks disappointed. 'You have endeavoured to find the True Way, but fortune has not

smiled upon you. Fear not, you may still succeed in your mission. Good luck. Our ways must part here.' He lets you out of the room by a door that leads to the street. You follow the road towards the central square. Turn to **158**.

315

The Wazarri Bastion is woefully undermanned. The warriors look like they haven't slept for weeks. You are led to a very grand chamber that contains a great throne. A bearded knight sits on the throne and you notice that he is badly wounded in several places. He does not speak but stares at you. On either side of the throne there are two stone chairs and you suddenly realize that he is waiting for you to sit on one of them. You realize that it must be some sort of test. Which chair do you sit on: the left (turn to **174**) or the right (turn to **389**)?

316

You leave the village and follow a track that heads north towards the mountains. You are at first suspicious of every clump of trees and bushes but after several hours you are somewhat lax in your precautions against ambushers or rogues. You stop for a rest (add 4 points to your STAMINA) and then climb a tall tree to spy out the land ahead. You see that the most direct path goes into a forest (turn to **367**) but other paths lead off to a flat plain (turn to **137**) and towards a wide well-made road that could be Salik's Way, the great trade route north (turn to **172**). Which way do you choose?

317

You continue to follow the forest path It gets narrower and narrower until it descends into a dry river channel that branches off into three tributaries, also devoid of water. Which do you follow:

The left one?	Turn to **126**
The right one?	Turn to **67**
The centre one?	Turn to **200**

318

You run along the trench away from the Goblin towards the two Irregulars. There is no room to pass them, so you are forced to fight them in turn to get past. One clutches a spiky mace, the other swings a menacing ball and chain

	SKILL	STAMINA
First IRREGULAR	6	8
Second IRREGULAR	7	8

If you survive, you leap up out of the trench as the Goblin shouts commands for others to chase you. Suddenly there is a shower of long-bow arrows from the Citadel. There is no cover. Do you dodge to the left (turn to **113**) or run straight on (turn to **24**)?

319

You walk along the gallery and enter the first door you find. Inside, there are scattered papers and bloodstains but there is no evidence of bodies. You are about to leave when suddenly a trapdoor opens in the floor. Out pops a grubby-looking Goblin, saying, 'No, master. No sign of it there.' He gets out, turns and sees you. He screams and pulls out a sword.

GOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, you wonder who the 'master' is. You find nothing but the same mess further along the gallery so you return to check the other side. Turn to **87**.

320

You realize that any rapid movement would make you sink into the marsh so you stand still. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MARSH GOBLIN	6	6
Second MARSH GOBLIN	6	6

If you survive, do you go to the chest (turn to **33**) or quickly try to find a way out of the marsh (turn to **292**)?

321

The Inquisitor is pleased with herself. She holds the Torch in her hand and drops some doughy balls on the floor. 'You will make me very rich once I get Jaxartes to cough up for this little item. Eat these. You will recover enough to attend your execution.' You eat the food; your will has been sapped but you feel better (add 4 points to your STAMINA). You are placed in a small, dark, wooden box. You cannot lie down but soon you lose consciousness. Turn to **286**.

322

You climb the tree. At the top you find a platform and 4 Black Cubes. If you wish to take them, mark them on your *Adventure Sheet*. You then notice a tree-creeper tied to this side of the river and work out that it should be possible to swing across the river on it. You get across and land on another platform. Climbing down, you find a path that goes deeper into the thick forest. You stumble along in the darkness for several hours until you suddenly fall over something. You get up and come face to face with a huge two-headed Serpent. The creature opens and shuts its mouth to reveal long curved fangs and then breathes out a tremendous shaft of fire. The surrounding trees and bushes begin to burn and a thick black smoke encircles you. Do you run away from it (turn to **96**) or stand and fight it (turn to **298**)?

323

You tell him, in all truth, that you don't know. He gets very angry at this and repeats, 'I don't know,' in a high-pitched voice. He picks up a large wooden club and strikes the ground close to you. You decide that you must run or get crushed, but in which direction? Towards the entrance to the cave (turn to **272**) or into the dark depths (turn to **31**)?

324

Just in time, you break clear and roll off the road into some bushes. The chariot stops and you hear the deep voice of the driver, 'Where's the body? I thought I hit it.' One of his companions replies, 'I cannot see it, your Majesty, but the Sniffer Orcs are among the mounted battalion following us.'

The figure mounts the chariot again. 'Never mind, time presses.' He whips the horses and they gallop off.

The idea of staying on the road does not seem to be such a good one any more. You look to either side and see a shallow stream on the left (turn to **62**) and a small path leading to a reedy plain on the right (turn to **137**). Which way do you go?

325

Only one figure passes but it makes a terrific noise on the rock The noise then stops and you look up and see a single warrior on guard. A path divides into three and all three appear to lead into the volcano. The guard is heavily armed but stands very still He eventually creaks into action. You strike the first blow before he manages to parry, but your sword clangs as though striking granite. The warrior seems to have a stone skin. He advances slowly and deliberately. You know that swordplay is useless against this enemy, and that your only hope is to topple him over. Throw two dice for the weight of the Stone-Skin Warrior and compare this to your STAMINA If your STAMINA is equal to or greater than the weight, you crash your body against his and he tips over and smashes into little pieces If it is not, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and try again. If you fail again, he strikes you a deadly blow and you collapse. Your mission ends here.

If you survive, you walk over the stone rubble and decide which path to take: the left (turn to 383), the right (turn to 92) or the centre (turn to 285)?

326

You climb up the crumbling steps, three at a time, but you are still pursued by four Orcs They shout and scream as they clatter up. One of them releases a message eagle. You decide to stand and fight them in turn as they reach you on the narrow stairs.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	6	5
Third ORC	7	6
Fourth ORC	7	6

If you survive, you get to the top of the cliff. Turn to 36.

327

The creeper suddenly snaps. The Giant comes hurtling down and crashes on to the rock floor. You walk over to the massive inert body but just as you are about to step over his arm, he grabs your foot and begins to chortle, 'Good game, Djakk. Play again, good joke.' He takes you back to the cave and chains you up. He makes you play 'games' again and again, until the Bracelet has stopped glowing. You know then that the mission has failed. You die very soon after.

328

You hand over half your gold (deduct half your Gold Coins from the Gold box on your *Adventure Sheet*). The Captain whistles and calls someone from behind you. 'We always say, "Gold has a tendency to stick in strange places"; this creature will help you find the rest of it.' A wolf-like beast appears, it has a long snout and sharp fangs and begins to rip at your side where you keep the rest of your gold. You pull out your sword and fight back.

SNOUT-WOLF SKILL 4 STAMINA 7

If you survive, the Captain stands up and, still unable to get his boot on, limps off. He speaks to you from over his shoulder. 'You're in. Go and get some food from the kitchen. Oh, and take the creature for skinning. Tell them I want it roasted tonight.' Turn to 218.

329

You turn to fight, pull out your sword, and swing at the Genie. The sword passes through it but the Genie throws a fireball that explodes in front of you (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). If you have no Wand, turn to 30.

If you have a Wand, you pull it out. It produces a long shaft of blue light that shimmers and buzzes. Fight the Genie as in normal combat.

SCHIZOID GENIE SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If you survive, you run off. Turn to 176

330

You walk into the room and shut the door behind you. It is large and may once have been a well-stocked library. All the books and parchments that

remain are in a large pile in the middle of the floor, half-burnt. Your eye is caught by a plaque on the wall. You read the message and, as you touch it, a set of numbers appears below each letter:

THE OXEN LIE DOWN WITH
3 2 3 8 1 4 3 4 6 6 7 9 9 4 6 6 6 1

THE WOLVES
5 2 4 2 4 6 7 7 7

You hear a voice above you. 'Speak the numbers of the name-that-cannot-be-uttered.' You look carefully. If you know the name and see it, read out the numbers below the name and go to that paragraph. You will be told at once if you are correct.

If you do not know the name, you may guess SIX times but when you utter the sixth wrong guess a trapdoor opens under your feet and you crash into a chute: deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and turn to **281**.

331

You pull out your sword and enter cautiously. The man welcomes you and shuts the door. He speaks in a mad, disjointed way, but seems very knowledgeable on the subject of your mission. 'Yes, they seek you, the Wizards' hope, the Torchbearer. They say HE knows, HE knows everything. Now you must be strong, eat, eat.' He produces a large bowl and places it in front of you. There is nothing inside but three black beans. To humour the man you pick one up but it explodes in your face (deduct 2 points

from your STAMINA). A trail of smoke is produced that winds itself around your body and binds you firmly. The man begins to leap up and down. 'I did it, see, I did it. Now give me my Gems. Oh where are my treasures?' He is looking up at the roof of the hut. Just then, two Orcs jump down and look at you. 'D'you think it's him?' one of them asks.

'HE wants you back alive, come on.' You can just about hobble out of the hut. But the old man follows screaming, 'My Gems, where are my Gems?' The Orcs laugh and one of them pulls out a sword and stabs the old man. He stares at you and with his dying breath says one word, 'Water', then falls down. Do you try to run for it (turn to **88**) or bide your time to find a better opportunity (turn to **205**)?

332

You walk along the corridor and a large jar suddenly appears in front of you. It is full of Black Cubes. There is just enough room for one hand in the opening. You choose to grab a handful. Throw two dice for the number you pull out before the jar seals itself again (add the Black Cubes to your Cube box on the *Adventure Sheet* and add 1 point to your SKILL). Turn to **231**.

333

You reach a stretch of beach that has obviously been tampered with by the besieging army. Ahead, you find some sprung traps. You peer into one and see

the remains of several Zamarran foot-soldiers. They are all impaled on sharp metal spikes. You suddenly realize that there must be other traps here. You try to retrace your steps but there are so many footprints that you do not know which are yours. Throw a die four times and mark the numbers in a series on the *Adventure Sheet*. This is the random position of the traps. Now throw a die four times to indicate your progress across the sand. If any two numbers in the sequence match up, you fall into a trap (turn to 17). If you survive, you get away from the danger area and eventually stop at a clump of bushes (turn to 41).

334

You come face to face with a strange little creature, seemingly a cross between a Dwarf and a man-Orc, wearing a spattered leather apron and cap. He is holding a dirty shovel He coughs and speaks, 'Ahem, careful not to fall into this muck, the smell lingers ' You sniff him and agree with his statement. 'Are you lost?' he squeaks at you. Turn to 75.

335

The horse has a very fast and smooth gallop. You were never a great rider (that's why you joined the infantry) and you begin to feel that you will not be able to stop it. Ahead, a fallen tree looms up, but the horse jumps over it very easily. Then you see a row of tall stakes pointing towards you, part of the besieger's anti-cavalry devices. The horse puts in a

tremendous jump and clears it easily but also manages to unseat you.

Test your Luck. If you are Unlucky, throw a die. If you throw 1–3, you are transfixed upon a stake. You die instantly. If you throw 4–6, you are wounded (deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 4 points from your STAMINA). If you are Lucky, you land well (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA).

If you survive, you get up and stand on a rock looking out over the battlefield. Turn to 243.

336

You carry on and pass the dead monks. When you have passed the last of the six, a small pedestal rises out of the floor. It has a tray of 6 Black Cubes on the top. A distant voice bids you take them, so you comply (add them to your Cube box on the *Adventure Sheet*). You carry on. Turn to 246.

337

You get close to the door and can hear coarse voices singing. Carefully you open the door and peer into the room. In the monastery kitchen you see two Orcs. They are sitting on a large table swaying from side to side singing a ballad about what they do to little furry creatures. Beside them, there is a large pile of empty bottles. Just then, your soldier's instinct tells you that someone is standing behind you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 27. If you are Unlucky, turn to 180.

338

Your eye is distracted by the glow from the Bracelet on your wrist (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). Then, surveying the scene, you can see lots of activity: weapons, siege engines and towers are being moved hither and thither No one takes much notice of you. All of a sudden a squad of long-nosed Orcs appears You guess that they are the legendary Sniffer Orcs. They are marching towards you You know that you must hide. There are three tents in front of you with their own peculiar insignia. Which do you choose to hide in:

The Skull with Horns?	Turn to 22
The Clawed Hand?	Turn to 384
The Vulture's Wings?	Turn to 223

339

You peer into all three before making a decision, but they are all equally dark and uninviting. Which do you choose? Whichever you do choose, you will jump in and land in a torchlit chamber. There will be no sign of the hole from which you entered

Hole 1	Turn to 76
Hole 2	Turn to 245
Hole 3	Turn to 135

340

The Wand begins to vibrate in your belt. You realize the power that it must have. You pull it out and it forms a blue blade of buzzing fire. The Fire Demon attacks and you swing the Wand at it.

FIRE DEMON	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you survive, you hear the sound of manic laughter. The landlord tries to clear up the mess and hands out a general warning, 'Oh, he'll be here soon, and cross with it, I don't doubt.' Turn to 225.

341

You decide to drop it and carry on. You then hear grunting sounds from some bushes behind you and decide to walk faster. The noise gets nearer so you begin to run. Suddenly, you are brought to a halt by a Wild Boar with huge tusks straddling your path. You turn round to see another one behind you. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WILD BOAR	5	12
Second WILD BOAR	4	14

If you survive, you hear more grunting behind you, so you run off. Turn to 176.

342

You are in a cave full of blocks of stone marked with the symbol of a mushroom. Each block has the number 50 engraved on the reverse. Just then the Bracelet glows (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*).

Each block weighs 10 Zamarra Weights. The maximum you can carry is 60 Zamarra Weights. If you wish to take one of the blocks, mark the weight on the *Adventure Sheet*. Do *not* exceed the maximum.

There are five exits. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to 366
Exit 2?	Turn to 201
Exit 3?	Turn to 162
Exit 4?	Turn to 40
Exit 5?	Turn to 135

343

'You have endeavoured to find the True Path but have narrowly failed. Fortune has not smiled upon you today. Despair not. I will give you this.' He hands you a bag containing 6 Black Cubes (add them to your Cube box).

'Now go, and good luck.' He bids you farewell and opens a door on to the street. You head back towards the centre of the village. Turn to 158.

344

You fit the Elf-wings. You leap off the clifftop and glide down in a gentle sweeping flight. When you land you see a bright Star Crystal lodged in the ground by the pool. You pack the wings away, marvelling at the Elven ingenuity in making them fold away so small, and you pick up the Crystal Add the Crystal to the Gem box of your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **219**.

345

You hide when you hear the Orcs returning on their horses. They are weighed down with all manner of plunder. One of them rides at the little girl and sweeps her up with one arm, then sits her on the saddle behind him. The four horses begin to snort and stamp as though they can smell something. Just then another rider appears. This one is wearing a black cloak and is riding a black steed. He rises from the saddle and sniffs the air. 'There is someone close. Go find!' he orders the others. The four Orcs charge off in various directions. Unfortunately, one of them finds you and attacks.

MOUNTED ORC SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you survive, you run from cover to cover until you think you are no longer pursued. Turn to **290**.

346

The boat takes you to the north side of the island and is then swept about by the crashing waves. You have no hope of steering and realize that there are sharp rocks just below the surface of the water. Suddenly a wave lifts you up and hurls you into a group of fang-like rocks *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, the boat crashes against the rocks and you are thrown into them (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). If you are Lucky, the boat just scrapes over them in the swell but you are thrown into the water.

Sopping wet, you swim to the shallows and land in a sandy cove. Turn to **197**.

347

You walk over to the tree. There, you see a reward parchment with your face accurately drawn on it: 'Preferably Alive by order of His Supreme Majesty, Ostragoth the Grim.' One of the other people studying the poster glances at you, then looks at you more closely and compares your face with the drawing. Suddenly, he calls to the Orcs that he's claiming the reward. The Orcs turn towards you, pulling out their blades Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	6	5
Third ORC	7	6

If you survive, you run off to the right and leave the betrayer still screaming for the reward. You have lost your sense of direction in all the commotion so, as you pass a small boy playing with a kitten, you ask for the quickest way out of the village. The boy points to a wall and tells you to jump over it. Turn to **164**.

348

You leap through the scorching flames unharmed. Deduct 1 Black Cube from your *Adventure Sheet*. After a good rest (add 2 points to your STAMINA), you set off again. Turn to **121**

349

You are in a room full of phials set in the rock. They are all the same. If you wish to open a phial, turn to **377**.

Otherwise, there are three exits. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to **233**
Exit 2?	Turn to **40**
Exit 3?	Turn to **55**

350

You get through the flames without feeling any pain (deduct 1 Black Cube from your Cube box on the *Adventure Sheet*). Nothing is burnt or blackened by the fierce blaze. You run away from the fire, staying on the same path. Turn to **176**.

351

You race up the spiral stairway. You hear snarling as two wolves race after you. There seems to be no place to hide. You turn to face them. They stop still and look at you; then before your eyes they grow to twice their size. You plunge your sword into the leading wolf, but to no effect. Just as they are about to pounce, they begin to whimper and cower away. They then run off down the stairs and are replaced by the image of the Wizard Astragal. 'I have little time to explain, but we have done all we can to protect you. Our knights have mounted a foolhardy attack to divert Jaxartes' power, but I fear we have lost a line of defence.' The Bracelet glows as he speaks (mark the loss of one Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*). 'Go to the top of the tower, and wait for the signal. We will use our concerted power to get you away.' You run up the steps to the top of the tower. Turn to **271**.

352

You continue along the road. To your right, the woods open out into a reedy plain. A smaller path branches off towards the plain (turn to **137**). Do you choose to go this way? Or do you stay on the road (turn to **121**)?

353

The tunnel continues to slope, but the air, although still musty and stale, has a salty smell. You feel the crunch of sand and shells underfoot until, suddenly, you discover a wall of sand ahead of you and nowhere else to go. You stab your sword into the sand and it seems fairly easy to dig. Do you wish to dig yourself out (turn to **199**) or return and take the left-hand tunnel (turn to **54**)?

354

The young Dragonmen stare at you as you pick up the 10 Multi-Coloured Gems (add them to your Gem box on the *Adventure Sheet*). But then they begin to make a hideous wailing noise and, before you have a chance to leave the cave, two fully-grown Dragonmen appear and attack with their thick claws. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DRAGONMAN	9	10
Second DRAGONMAN	8	10

If you survive, you rush out of the cave. If you have the value to pay the ransom, turn to **32**. If not, then you must continue (turn to **226**).

355

You get off your horse and let the first Orc take the reins. He trots off with it. The second Orc then swears at you. 'Knucler scum, stealing our booty. I'll teach you . . .' He hits you with a whip across the face then rides away. Your face is cut and stings terribly. You suspect that the Orc has soaked the whip in poison. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA.

You are left standing on a huge rock, overlooking the smoky emptiness of the battlefield. Turn to **243**.

356

You come to a slight rise in the monotonous landscape and take the opportunity to survey the land ahead. You see two distinct features in the shimmering heat-haze: ahead is a rocky outcrop with a citadel-like building perched on the top. Black smoke is belching out from the building's centre. To the left, the land becomes desert-like; there are no reeds or trees or bushes, just one thing is visible: a tower on the horizon. Which way do you choose to follow: towards the citadel (turn to **65**) or towards the tower (turn to **117**)?

357

You enter on the Sixth Level. You are in an intricately carved corridor and a deep voice booms out at you. 'Your Way is one of success. Your heart is True. Take your fill of more goodness.' Suddenly, you feel invigorated (restore your STAMINA to your original score plus 2 points). You walk on, turn to **332**.

358

You scamper up the tree, then leap across three other trees. You have heard tales of the legendary Sniffer Orcs, so you do your best to hide your scent. Just then, six wolves appear and make for the tree you originally climbed. They are silent and sit in a circle around the thick trunk, until a squad of Orcs arrives. The Orcs search the tree and when they find no trace they scream at the dumb animals, 'Stupid beasts, you'll be tonight's hot-pot if you don't do better than this.' They do not see you, hugging a thick branch just four trees away. When they leave, you climb to the very top of the tree and spy out the land. The sandy coast is very close. Do you make your way to the beach (turn to **197**) or carefully head back to the small port (turn to **267**)?

359

The riders are dressed in black, military capes. They are from a regular cavalry regiment in Ostragoth's army. They trot in circles around you. You cannot run off without raising suspicion. They look at you; then at the man, then they consult a rolled-up parchment. One of them dismounts and walks over to you, 'You, you're under arrest!' You pull out your sword.

BLACK RIDER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, the other two leap down and charge towards you. Suddenly Peg-Leg speaks to them, 'I don't think it's the one we are looking for. Let's go.' Both riders repeat the statement, pick up their stricken comrade and mount their horses. Turn to **204**.

360

You follow the tunnel and come to a pile of dead bodies: Goblins, Orcs lie scattered all around. It looks like the aftermath of a great battle. Under the thickest pile of bodies are just two Wazarri Knights. To one side is a row of broken weapons. You notice something inside an empty scabbard and, when you lift it out, discover a Wand. If you already have one, you take it anyway. Mark the Wand on the *Adventure Sheet*.

The tunnel ends at a newly dug hole that seems to drop into a lower tunnel. Do you jump down into this tunnel (turn to **246**) or do you choose to return and take the left-hand tunnel encountered earlier (turn to **142**)?

361

You decide to head for the difficult ground. It's very hard going and you have to climb steep rock-faces but you think it might be safer. Suddenly, on the edge of a deep chasm, a flat rock flips over. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you fall into the chasm (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). Turn to **81**.

If you are Lucky, you jump clear across the chasm to safety. Turn to **195**.

362

You have exhausted your supply of torches. In the dark, you kick something and pick it up. It feels like a Star Crystal (add it to your *Adventure Sheet*). Just then, flames begin to blaze high above you and then sweep down as fire-breathing Bats begin to attack.

Throw three dice for the number that attack. Then throw one die and add it to your STAMINA for the number that can be warded off. If the first number is the greater, then you deduct the difference from your STAMINA.

You run away quickly and trip over the headless bodies of two Goblins. They lie half in, half out of a small, newly dug tunnel. The Bats are flocking in great numbers. You have no option but to get into the tunnel. You crawl along for a while, then suddenly drop into a torchlit room. Turn to **259**.

363

The man places the crystal ball on the table. You move to hand over the coin. 'Put your money away,' he whispers, 'and look closely.' The crystal shows an image of three knights on a grassy hillock holding broadsword and shield in various positions. You look back to the old man. 'Seek the three Wazarri Novices. They will guide you to your goal, for there are, e'en now, many dangers.' He looks at the group in the corner. 'Your face has been posted. Rogue Catchers are interested in you. Beware! Head for the Forest, pass the domain of the Kragaar (the snake people) to Sikla's Barrow where the Wazarri await. Now leave quickly!' You get up to go but one of the three in the corner also gets up and follows you. Do you run away and duck down the nearest alley (turn to 2) or walk away casually (turn to 167)?

364

You climb down. (If you have Elf-wings, you have found that they have now disintegrated and are therefore useless.) Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You come to a strange cavern. In front of you sit six dead monks, each smiling, each with 1 Black Cube on a pedestal in front of him. Do you take any of the cubes (turn to 42) or carry on without touching anything (turn to 336)?

365

You know that speed is of the essence, so you choose to risk the road. The road is deserted. After several hour's march, you see a roofed watering-

well ahead. Leaning against the rock structure is a withered figure dressed in rags. You get closer and discover that it is a very old woman. She is crying She turns towards you, not surprised that you are there, and tells you that she has dropped her master's valuable fiddle into the well. She pleads with you to help her recover it, for she will be beaten if the loss is not made good. Do you agree to help and climb down the well (turn to **130**) or refuse any assistance and carry on walking (turn to **112**)?

366

You are in a cave full of blocks of stone marked with a circle. On the reverse of each is carved the number 27.

Each block weighs 10 Zamarra Weights. The maximum you can carry is 60 Zamarra Weights. If you wish to take one of the blocks, mark the weight on the *Adventure Sheet*. Do *not* exceed the maximum.

There are four exits. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to **76**
Exit 2?	Turn to **201**
Exit 3?	Turn to **342**
Exit 4?	Turn to **135**

367

The track takes you into the forest. You proceed carefully. Eventually, you find that the path forks and on a tree stump is carved a figure holding a shield pointing west and a dagger pointing south-east. Do you have any clue to the correct path to take? Left (turn to **16**) or right (turn to **216**)?

368

You slowly examine the rock for footholds and handholds to help you up. The climbing is very difficult.

Throw two dice three times. If you do not throw a double, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and repeat until you do.

Half-way up, you come to a cave Do you stop to rest in the cave (turn to **44**) or press on (turn to **261**)?

369

You raise your sword and the axe strikes the blade. You feel a strange pain deep inside your chest (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). The monk speaks again. 'Ah, there is no Trust, and with no Trust there is no Truth, for that is the Way. Will you refuse a second time?' This time you feel you must trust the strange monk. Turn to **28**.

370

The man hobbles to a stone bench by a fountain. You stand in the middle of a small village square. He

smiles a gap-toothed smile, wipes the back of his head with a grubby handkerchief and speaks in a coarse voice. 'Aye, it is not Power I seek, merely Gold Coins. I hold your "object" for ransom and the price to pay for its return is . . . 500 Gold Coins!' You are staggered by the amount and remain speechless when three riders trot past and then stop and stare at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **204**. If you are Unlucky turn to **359**.

371

You are intrigued by the horseman, for the horse looks familiar. You know you've seen it somewhere in the Zamarran stable-blocks. You suspect that this is the traitor Astragal warned you about. You stride along a rocky ridge tracking the rider. In the thick mist you can just see that the siege barriers have been opened up to let the riders pass. No one challenges him. You decide to unmask the traitor. You leap off the rock and manage to knock him to the ground but he gets up and holds his hand out. A thin wisp of smoke wraps itself around your neck, restraining you. He does not pay you very much attention and gets back on his horse and rides off. You collapse on the ground, but after a while you suddenly find you are free of the magic. Looking up, you see the siege barriers now replaced and well guarded. Turn to **12**.

372

You are unharmed by the intense heat as you run through the blaze. Pausing to look behind you, you

see the Serpent makes short work of the Garks. It is not long before they are devoured whole. Deduct 1 Black Cube from the *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to **133**.

373

You attach the Elf-wings and glide down the cliff-face with consummate ease. The Dragonmen lose you among the rocks (add 1 point to your LUCK). Turn to **220**.

374

You pick up the middle bottle and open it. A wispy, sweet-smelling gas seeps out and you breathe it in. You feel very good. The monks smile. Add 2 points to your SKILL, 6 points to your STAMINA, and 2 points to your LUCK score. Turn to **9**.

375

The tunnel leads to a chamber full of books. Many have been ripped apart and burnt. On the floor lie two bodies of Mage Warriors. Just then, a scrap of burning parchment wafts towards you. Do you grab at it (turn to **235**) or let it flutter past you and continue into another tunnel (turn to **381**)?

376

You move at a good pace along the road. After an hour or so you hear screaming and Orcs shouting. You stop to peer over a slight rise towards a small river. You see the aftermath of an Orc attack on a cart. The cart is broken and three bodies lie dead on the road. To one side is a small girl. She is sitting on a rock, crying. You can hear the Orcs riding back towards her, intent on more devilry. Do you rush down to the cart to save the girl (turn to 163) or do you stay out of sight and out of trouble (turn to 345)?

377

You open the phial very carefully. A dense black smoke bursts forth and wraps itself around your throat. There is the sound of maniacal laughter, then a voice screams, 'Thank you, so kind of you to unleash the Evil doomed to an eternity of imprisonment. Now, you will be my very first victim . . .' You cannot move as you are slowly strangled by the mist. Your mission ends here.

378

In Zamarra, you've heard stories about the Bonecrusher Battalions so you decide to use that name. The Goblin immediately pulls out a sword and holds it to your throat. 'The Bonecrushers have not landed yet, Coney!' He calls out to one of the soldiers, 'Get the list. I think we have another spy.' The Goblin marches you to a deep earth dug-out as another Goblin arrives clutching a large battered book. He looks at you, then flicks through the

pages. The book seems to contain information about King Elidor's knights, squires and nobles. The Goblin shuts the book, disappointed. 'Nobody important, no ransom, kill him.' Do you shout out that what you meant to say was that you want to join the Bonecrushers (turn to 250) or 'admit' that you've deserted from the Citadel garrison (turn to 151)?

379

The tunnel leads to a small chamber. On the floor lies a black shape. You look carefully and notice that it wears the insignia of Jaxartes' Mage Warriors. Suddenly, you look up to see a splinter of rock break from the roof and drop down. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, it misses you. You see other splinters hanging from the roof so you run back and take the other tunnel (turn to 246). If you are Unlucky, you are struck and killed. Your mission ends here.

380

You run down the stairs and through an open metal door. You slam it shut behind you, but as you turn round the Wolves are in front of you, ready to attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF	7	6
Second WOLF	8	8

If you survive, the bodies disappear and you hear Jaxartes' evil voice: 'You cannot kill my friends so easily. They will soon return. Your Knights and Wizards are keeping me busy, but soon I will be free to . . .' You turn around and look at the torchlit corridor. There are two metal doors. Do you enter the left-hand one (turn to 69), the one on the right (turn to 202) or head back up the stairway (turn to 351)?

381

The tunnel leads you through a vast ornate entrance to the core of the Fangs of Fury: the Furnace. But the Flame does not burn. It has been extinguished! Jaxartes stands between two giant statues of

warriors and screams out to you. 'You see, O mighty warrior, I have put out your precious Flame. You cannot rescue the Wizards and *I* will rule the world. Now the game-playing is over, I will kill you.' Just then, he changes size and stands almost as tall as the huge statues. He begins to hurl sheets of flame at you. Suddenly, a large cube rises in front of you and an ancient voice calls out, 'The Key, the Key.' This is what you see on the cube:

	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

There are 50 locks on the cube (00–49). If you have a key, or a lock-pick, you may know which is the correct lock to try. If not, you must either try the key in all the locks or smash them with your sword at random. (Shade in the ones you try in pencil.) If you know the correct lock to try, go to that paragraph where you will be told at once if you are right. If not, then try again. Meanwhile, Jaxartes is hurling sheets of flame at you. For each incorrect lock you must either deduct 1 Black Cube or 4 points from your STAMINA.

382

You attack the Goblin.

GOBLIN EXECUTIONER SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

If you survive, you turn around to find the four Orcs dead. The warrior has dealt with them with amazing speed and skill She then waves you on into a tent. Here you find another dead body and an open chest containing all your possessions including the Torch. You take back everything and conceal the Torch again. Turn to **203**.

383

The entrance is very smoky. You stumble in but cannot even see your sword in front of your face. You try to feel your way along and a black figure mysteriously passes you going in the other direction. Then you see an inscription on a piece of wood on the wall:

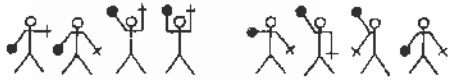

Ahead the smoke begins to dissipate and you see that the tunnel divides. Which way do you go: left (turn to **274**) or right (turn to **222**)?

384

You sidle into the tent as the patrol marches past. Suddenly, someone slaps you on the shoulder. 'Hey, come on! He wants it now.' You turn to see two squires cleaning battle armour. 'He wants to get out to Salik's Way by tomorrow . . . Hey, what cohort and phalanx are you?' You mutter something about the Irregulars. The two squires pull out their

shortswords. 'There are no Irregs this side of the camp. You're a spy.' They both attack. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SQUIRE	5	6
Second SQUIRE	5	8

If you win, you quickly put on the armour. Turn to **154**.

385

The rock does not fall until the figures have moved away. You jump up just before it crashes down the slope. When all seems safe you survey the mountain landscape. Turn to **36**.

386

You stumble off with the others. Your companions are a motley bunch: men and women wearing all types of armour with no particular insignia. They appear to be rather reluctant conscripts. They do not speak but shuffle up to the base of an old tower and form a line. Eventually, a Dark Elf appears on horseback, ahead of a platoon of Goblins. They are taking a group of prisoners to the camp on Karakum Island just off the coast. You look at the prisoners. You recognize one or two and then it occurs to you that they might recognize you. Just then, one of the prisoners calls out your name as he passes you. Do you whisper for him to shut up (turn to **252**) or hit him in the face with your fist (turn to **93**)?

387

You carry on along the tunnel. You come to a series of long gaps. Peering into one of them, you see a blazing fury below with Goblin remains mixed in. You must leap across three such gaps.

Throw two dice for the distance and then compare this with your STAMINA. If your STAMINA is greater than or equal to the distance then you have jumped well. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and repeat twice more. If you fail on any one jump, you fall into the fire and your mission ends here. If you succeed, turn to **231**.

388

You stab the Giant in the arm. He screams and drops you in the water, then you hear his voice, 'Little Stinger, eh?' You try to swim away, but he grabs you then holds you under the water until you half drown. Deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 2 points from your STAMINA. He then lifts you out and checks that you are still alive. Turn to **50**.

389

The Wazarri Knight smiles and is obviously pleased with you. He motions to the squire who brings over a map and places it on the table in front of you, weighing it down with a bottle. Then he nods to the squire who speaks. 'These are the Homrath Caves. You have fulfilled the Prophecy of Tei-Okin and have earned the right to view the sacred parchment. Study it well, for there lies the True Path to the Fangs of Fury.' He then stands up and after another nod from the Wazarri recites:

Find the Key and
Heed the Warnings
Carry the Blocks and
Place them correctly.
The door to Fury will then open.

The audience ends there and you are taken to another room where you are fed and rested (add 1 point to your SKILL and 6 points to your STAMINA). The squire eventually comes to escort you away from the bastion but issues a dire warning. 'Beware, there are few friends now in the lands ahead. Jaxartes has been busy.' The same girl who led you in through the flames then leads you out. She points to a distant flat-topped mountain. You thank her and make off quickly (turn to **194**).

390

You know that this must be the Dragonmen's treasure room. You think that you can crawl along the dimly lit edges of the cavern. The creatures now

seem to be grunting some sort of song. You crawl on your hands and knees towards the key on the hook. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, turn to **89**. If you are Lucky, turn to **211**.

391

Soon you are dragged into the Inquisition Chamber and have to face the Inquisitor again. She waves a smoking taper at you. 'This will cost me dear if it does not produce results. Jaxartes does not dispense magical substances willingly.' The smoke fills the room and you have visions of hideous acts of torture done to your body: your arms and legs ripped apart, your heart snatched from your chest. You scream that you will tell all. Reduce your SKILL by 2 points and your STAMINA by 6 points. Turn to **321**.

392

You decide to head for the plain. You eventually pick up a track and follow it for several hours. At one point you notice the Bracelet glowing (mark a captured Citadel Wall on your *Adventure Sheet*). The track leads you to the outskirts of a village. You walk into the central market square and find yourself in a busy, bustling place. Looking around, you see two taverns on opposite corners of the square. Which do you choose for a rest and a drink: the Ferret's Claws (turn to **169**) or the Gannet's Nest (turn to **122**)?

393

You walk along the empty tunnel. Suddenly, someone drops on to your back and knocks you over. Quickly you jump to your feet and come face to face with the Evil Wizard. He has a bright gleam in his black eyes. 'Cannot you see that I am toying with you? I have extinguished the Flame. Your Torch is now useless. There is nothing to light it with.' You begin to have doubts in your mind and your sense of purpose begins to waver. But, just in time, you hear a weak but distinct voice in your mind. 'Brave questor, do not give up. There is always a True Path to follow.' You are spurred on by this and decide to attack the Wizard.

JAXARTES SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you survive, the Wizard gets up and disappears, laughing at you all the while. You look around and see another fork in the tunnel. Which path do you choose to follow: the left (turn to 375) or the right (turn to 34)?

394

You stand in a ramshackle line until an Orc and two Goblins appear and scream an order that you can't understand. The others turn left and march up a small hill towards a compound. You stop outside and wait until twenty prisoners are brought out. They are issued with axes and then you escort them into a partly cleared forest. The prisoners are made up of all manner of folk: Elves, men, women, children, Dwarfs. Just as you reach the tree-line, one of the Dwarfs closest to you dashes off into the woods. The nearest Goblin gives chase and calls you to follow. You dash after him and find that he has easily caught the emaciated Dwarf. He is about to chop his head off. Do you stay his hand (turn to 139) or let him perform this grisly act to preserve your cover (turn to 215)?

395

You are in a chamber containing blocks of stone inscribed with a Cross. On the reverse of each is the number 39. Just then, the Bracelet glows (mark a captured Citadel Wall on the *Adventure Sheet*).

Each block weighs 10 Zamarra Weights. The maximum you can carry is 60 Zamarra Weights. If you wish to take one of the blocks, mark the weight on the *Adventure Sheet*. Do *not* exceed the maximum.

There are four exits. Do you choose:

Exit 1?	Turn to 107
Exit 2?	Turn to 76
Exit 3?	Turn to 135
Exit 4?	Turn to 245

396

You enter on the Seventh Level. You are in an intricately carved corridor. A voice booms out, 'You

have found the True Way. All the power of the Wazarri and the name-that-cannot-be-uttered shall be yours.' The corridor is then flooded with Green, Red and Blue lights and you feel great (restore SKILL and STAMINA to original values, and LUCK to original value plus 1 point). A jar of Black Cubes appears in front of you and you have time to take a handful. Throw two dice for the number you manage to grab and mark the amount in the Cube box of the *Adventure Sheet*

Suddenly, three Mage Warriors spring out at you. The one in front calls out, 'Aye, Jaxartes was right!' They attack with buzzing Wand-swords. If you have a Wand, fight as normal. If not, then reduce your SKILL by 2 for this combat only. Fight each in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MAGE WARRIOR	9	10
Second MAGE WARRIOR	8	10
Third MAGE WARRIOR	8	11

If you survive, turn to 231.

397

You reach your hand inside the chest as you feel something stirring beneath you. There is a creaking, rumbling sound. Nevertheless, you are determined to get the Gems. Throw a die for the number of Gems you manage to grab and then throw for the type of Gems they are: 1–2 for Brown; 3–4 for Yellow; 5–6 for Blue.

Suddenly a large tubular creature bursts out of the ground. You find yourself surrounded by it. It is yellow, covered with thick blue veins and, from the rim, it exudes a thick green slime that drops down on to you. A tiny drop touches your little finger and you watch in agony as it strips the flesh away in seconds (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Do you try to hack your way through the thin body (turn to 35) or try to bury as much of yourself as you can in the sand (turn to 265)?

398

You leave the village in some haste. You decide to stay off the normal tracks and, looking around, see a vast expanse of forest just ahead of you. You reach the woods and follow what you guess to be a goat-track. The track eventually meets another track that is marked with hoofprints. It looks as though three horses have passed. You follow the track until it forks. You stand there undecided, then notice, carved on a tree between the two paths, a crudely inscribed figure of a warrior holding a shield pointing west and a dagger pointing south-east. The hoofprints go to the right. Which way do you go: left (turn to 16) or right (turn to 216)?

399

You enter the trading-post. It is full of strange, exotic goods. A Dwarf is keeping busy but is all the while being reproached by a hunchback who seems to be the owner. You look at a large counter with labels explaining the Gem and Crystal to Gold Coin exchange rate.

Work out the value of what you possess and get an idea of how much of what item you may need to make up the shortfall.

You leave the village and set off in the direction Peg-Leg points out to you for the Dragonlands. You see nothing in the bleak waste but occasional tall pillars of rock with steps winding around them to the top. Eventually, the path leads you into a great opening in the ground. It is very dark inside, so you get some brushwood together and make several torches. You light one torch and walk into the cave. At once, you spy 2 Brown Gems. You pick these up (add them to your list) and then carry on until you come to two caves. Which cave do you enter: the one on the left (turn to **100**) or the one on the right (turn to **140**)?

400

You have succeded in your mission. You look at the Bracelet around your wrist. It takes on a golden hue and then drops off. You wonder at it as it suddenly becomes studded with extremely valuable jewels and stones.

Eventually, after you are well rested, you make the return journey to Zamarra on a white charger, a gift from the Wazarri. You are shocked at the devastation caused by the Sentinels. You look up to see the Six perched on their habitual walls with wisps of smoke wafting from their nostrils and blood spattered all over their huge bodies.

You are greeted by the Wizards and congratulated by King Elidor. He takes you to the throne room and bids you kneel. He promotes you to Commander-in-Chief of all the Zamarran forces. Your mind is in a whirl and when you eventually leave the King's Chamber you bump into Captain Laski. Your instinctive reaction is to flinch and prepare for a tirade of abuse, but he apologizes, salutes and stands to attention. You return the salute and walk down the corridor with a broad smile on your face.

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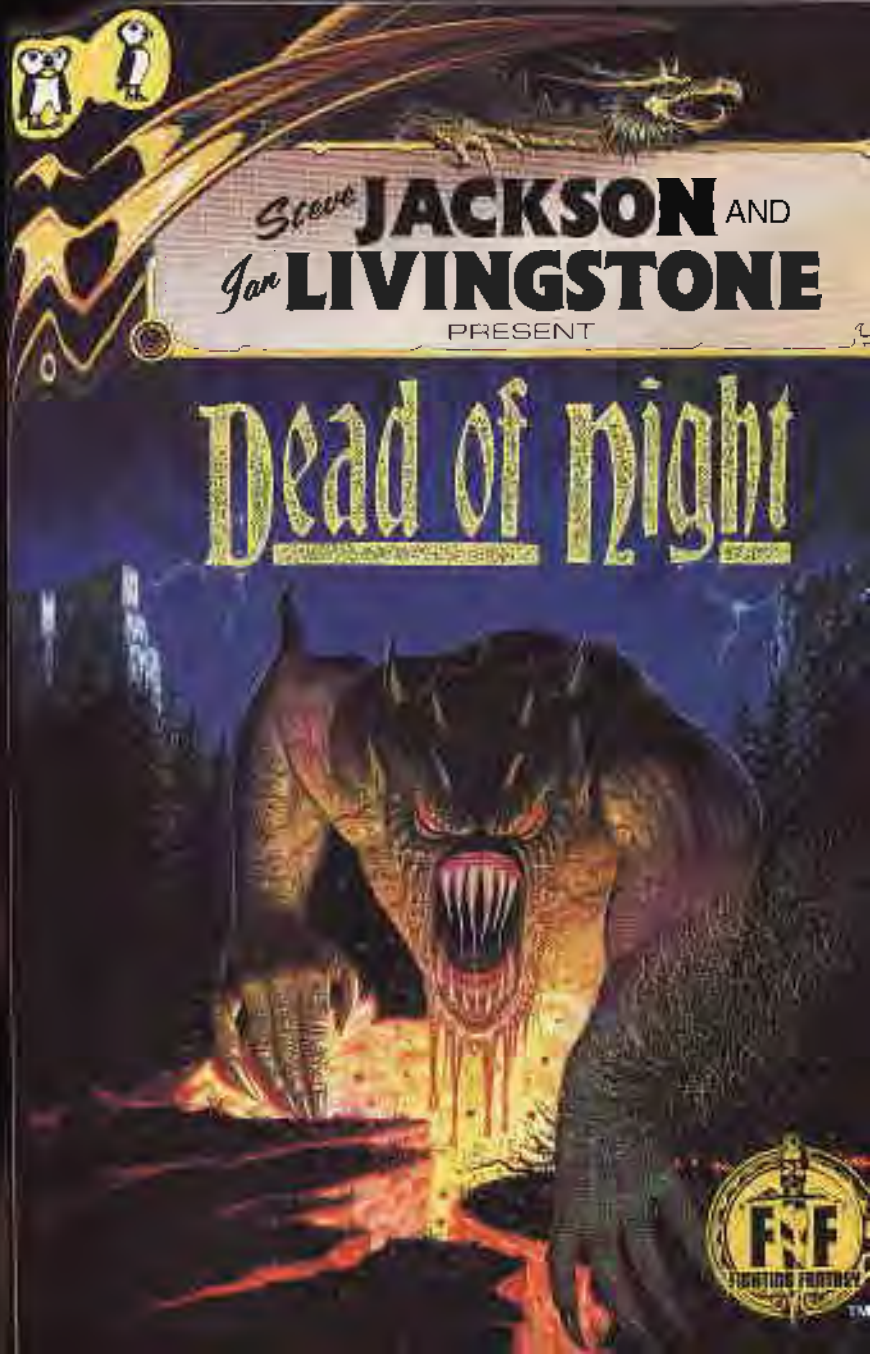

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Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1989
7 9 10 8 6

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in 11/13pt Linotron Palatino

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To Mandy and Pat

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INTRODUCTION

For most of your life you have lived in the Sacred Citadel of the Templars, an order of Warrior-Priests and Priestesses, in Royal Lendle You have devoted more time than most to the scholarly and mystical aspects of your order – though you are equally well trained in the use of the sword and in other fighting skills. Because of your all-round ability and dedication, you have risen swiftly through the ranks until now you are highly respected. Furthermore, you are renowned throughout almost the entire continent as a Demon-Stalker!

Using mysterious means, you have seen the danger that the creatures of Chaos pose for the future of the free world; you have made it your personal quest to stop them wherever they might be found. Over the years you have made a number of terrifyingly powerful enemies and now, angered by your many successes against them, they seek revenge . . .

Before embarking on your most perilous adventure to date (and possibly your last!), you must establish your own strengths and weaknesses; use the *Adventure Sheet* on pages 22–23 to record your attribute scores, as well as any other details of your adventure. It would be sensible to make copies of the *Adventure Sheet* for further sorties into this adventure. As well as a photocopy of the *Adventure Sheet*, you will need two dice, a pencil and an eraser.

Skill, Stamina, Luck and Evil

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die, add 6 and enter the total in the LUCK box.

Don't roll any dice for EVIL: you always start the game with zero EVIL points. (This is already shown on the *Adventure Sheet*.)

All your scores will change during your adventure – for reasons that will be explained below. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. As in other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, the totals of these may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on those very rare occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

In this adventure, EVIL differs from your other scores in that it only increases and so will inevitably exceed its *Initial* level of 0.

Your SKILL score reflects your expertise in combat and other challenging situations. Your STAMINA score reflects how healthy or physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky you are. In

all these cases, the higher the score, the better! However, you should try to keep your EVIL score as low as possible. This score shows how evil you are and how likely you are to succumb to the powers of darkness.

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you, and you yourself may choose to draw your sword against an enemy you chance across. In some such situations you may be given special options allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll both dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled, to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are

the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows: start a new Attack Round from step 1 above.

4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA. You may use LUCK to reduce the loss of STAMINA (see below).
6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die, your adventure ends and you must start all over again by creating a new character.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one enemy. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will fight each in turn; and sometimes you will have to fight them all at the same time! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. When you are instructed to fight your opponents one at a time, the combat is again resolved normally – except that, once you defeat a creature, the next steps in to fight you! When you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on

you in each Attack Round, but you choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against additional opponents you throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way; if your Attack Strength is greater, you will not inflict a wound, however. Just regard this as if you have parried an incoming blow. However, if your Attack Strength is lower, you will have been wounded in the normal way.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could either be Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure, called *Testing your Luck*, is as follows: Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

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Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict a more serious wound on an opponent you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound; deduct an *extra* 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow only scratches your opponent, and you deduct 1 point *less* from your opponent's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

Whenever you are wounded in combat, you may *Test your Luck* to try and minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; you should deduct 1 point *less* from your STAMINA than normal. If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 *extra* point from your STAMINA.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure. It will drop as a result of wounds gained through combat, or by falling foul of certain traps, and it will also drop after you have performed any particularly arduous task.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating meals or Provisions. You start the game with 5 meals' worth of Provisions, and you will be given the opportunity to obtain more during your adventure. You must make a note of how many meals' worth of Provisions you have, in the Provisions box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Each time you eat a meal, you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, and you must cross one meal off from your Provisions box. You may stop and eat Provisions at any time except when engaged in a battle.

Remember, your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value, so there's no point in eating meals if your STAMINA is already at its peak.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly lucky or have created your own luck by some action. Details are given in the relevant paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically told that it can.

Evil

You start the game with no EVIL points. As a Templar, you are bound to uphold the values of honour, benevolence and forgiveness. However, unlike the good deities of Titan, as a Templar you are not obliged to show these virtues when dealing with your enemies, which would only exploit them as weaknesses. But if ever you act in a manner more befitting a servant of Chaos (by ruthlessly killing an undeserving opponent, for example), then you will attract the taint of EVIL. You have managed to avoid falling from grace so far, but your enemies are now concentrating their efforts against you, and so you stand a greater chance of being corrupted.

If you perform certain actions which ill befit your beliefs, you will be instructed to increase your current EVIL score by 1 or more points. Your EVIL score rarely decreases during the adventure. At times, adherence to the path of honour will seem like a restraint, but life is full of such dilemmas for a follower of Light.

The question of Evil is made even more complicated by another fact. During your previous escapades you came to learn that sometimes you must fight fire with fire: some demonic forms are virtually immune to holy devices while they are extremely vulnerable to dark magicks and certain foul artefacts. However, to use these forbidden things is an act of Evil, and so your score will increase accordingly if you are forced to use them.

Sometimes you will be told to *Test your Evil*. Instructions on how to do this will be given in the relevant paragraph, as will the results of success or failure.

Talents

During your years of intensive training, you have acquired a number of special Talents, which have served you time and again on your many Demon-hunting ventures. Choose three from the following list and mark them in the Talents box of your *Adventure Sheet*. The Talents are:

BANISH UNDEAD – you have the power to repel or even destroy certain Undead creatures, using special arcane words and gestures.

DARK VEIL – you may cast a magical aura over yourself which, for a very short while, renders you invisible to most evil beings. However, this is a trick you have learnt from

your study of Demons and so, whenever you use it, your EVIL score will increase. As you know, 'veil' is an anagram of 'evil', so be careful how you use this Talent. Be warned, too, that more powerful creatures will be able to sense the veil, though they may not see you – and may even know a way to use the veil against you!

HEAL – through the application of special herbs you are able to heal various wounds and illnesses, though some will be too difficult for you. However, this Talent can be used only on others. Your beliefs prevent you ministering to yourself, except in times of greatest peril.

HOLY CIRCLE – with the aid of simple chalk, charcoal or any other pigment, you can draw a protective magic circle around you which most Demons will be unable to enter. You may also trace a circle in dirt or sand, etc., with your finger.

MEDITATION – this takes time and may be carried out only in a place of absolute calm. You can commune with your deities, drawing

strength from the experience. If you are able to meditate properly, you receive divine guidance in the form of a vision or a message, and you may also gain strength from the experience in the form of restored STAMINA or LUCK. If your meditation is interrupted, the result could be disastrous for you.

SENSE DEMON – you *may* – depending on the precise circumstances – experience a weird tingling sensation when certain types of Demon (including those which are disguised!) come within twenty feet of you from any direction.

SPEAK DEMON – you can read and understand words spoken in the foul tongue of the Demons.

At various points in your adventure, you will be asked whether or not you possess a certain Talent. If you do, you will be given the option to use it, and you should follow the appropriate instructions. Don't cheat by using Talents which you don't have!

Equipment

You will embark on your quest with a minimum of equipment, though you will probably find other

useful items during your travels. You carry your sword of finest steel, Nightbane, but you do not wear any armour. Instead you are garbed in the hooded, flowing robes and skull-cap of your order. You carry 10 Gold Pieces, and you also have a backpack in which are your Provisions (you start with enough for 5 meals), a silver Cross and three vials of Holy Water. You should make a note of these items on your *Adventure Sheet* (there are special columns for Holy Water and Provisions, but your Cross and Gold Pieces should be entered in the Gold Pieces and Equipment box). You may also use the backpack to carry any items you come across which you may want to keep (entering them in the Gold and Equipment box of your *Adventure Sheet*). You travel the Old World on Godsfire, your fine white stallion and oldest companion.

Words of Warning

If you have learnt anything during your years as a Demon-Stalker, it is never to take anything for granted where Demons are concerned: they are clever and treacherous beyond belief. They will try to weave you into their complex schemes; they will fool you into acting in accordance with their plans; and they are masters in the art of turning your own strengths against you. Where there are Demons to be found, you must be on constant guard, trusting only yourself.

You must even be careful about using your special

Talents: some of your opponents already know all about you and your abilities; they will have devised ways of turning them against you – of such cruelly twisted ideas is a Demon's amusement made. Be warned!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK	EVIL
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*	*Initial Evil =*

TALENTS	
BANISH UNDEAD	
DARK VEIL	
HEAL	
HOLY CIRCLE	
MEDITATION	
SENSE DEMON	
SPEAK DEMON	

HOLY WATER

PROVISIONS

GOLD PIECES & EQUIPMENT

NOTES

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

It is late at night and you lie in your room, unable to sleep. You are idly watching the shadows thrown on to the wall by a flickering candle, when suddenly they take on an ominous appearance. The silhouette of a squat, toad-like creature forms, and two humanoid shapes writhe in torment at its feet. A cold flush sweeps over you as you recognize the people: they are your parents! And the vile shape above them can only be Myurr, your arch-foe and one of the three Demon Lords.

Ever since that fateful day when your brother was slain, you have sought out and killed Demons wherever they might be found. You will never forget that terrible scene: the two of you were working in the fields near your home when a Fanged Demon swept down from the sky and ripped your brother to shreds. Hearing your screams, Branner, the village priest, came running to your aid. He was able to destroy the Demon before it could turn on you; at that moment you realized that you had been spared in order to wage war against Demonkind. There and then you vowed to become a Demon-hunter. Later, at your brother's funeral, a strange ghost appeared and spoke briefly to Branner, before disappearing; it was soon after this event that Branner, seeing in you a hardy spirit, arranged for you to study at the Sacred Citadel of the Templars at Royal Lendle.

That seems like a long time ago now. Since then you have slain many of the Demons inhabiting the mountains of the Witchtooth Line. Indeed, on more than one occasion you have even thwarted the plans of Myurr. But you have always feared that the Demon Lord, unable to strike directly against you, might one day attack you through your parents.

Now your worst fears may be coming true. The shadows on the wall twist and grow larger; Crowford, your home village, comes into view swathed in a thick mist. An apparition of Myurr and your parents hangs over the village. The Demon grins maliciously as your parents silently plead for help. A cold gust of wind throws open the shutters of your window and extinguishes the candle, plunging the room into darkness. Shakily you relight the candle and prepare to head for your home at daybreak.

Taking leave of the head of your order, you ride north through Gallantaria. After a few days, you cross the Whitewater River and enter your homeland. During the journey, you try to convince yourself that the shadows on your wall were only projections of a rambling and tired mind. But, no matter how hard you try, you cannot shake the fear that grips your heart. You must put your mind at rest by finding out whether your parents are safe. And if they are not, then Myurr will feel your righteous wrath!

You prepare yourself for the worst by recollecting all you know concerning your arch-enemy and his Demonic ways. This evil, corrupt, depraved and chaotic being is renowned for his subtle and devious schemes. In his earthly form, Myurr can appear as a huge, grotesque toad or as an innocent young boy. More than once you have thwarted his agents as they attempted to pervert people to their will. Your most dangerous challenge was when you confronted Myurr himself. He had possessed the body of the king's adviser and was fomenting unrest and rebellion throughout the kingdom of Gallantaria by implementing repressive measures against the peasantry. Fortunately, you were able to see through his disguise, and you forced him to abandon his evil schemes.

You can be in no doubt that Myurr hates you deeply; if he has harmed your parents, you will need all the aid you can find. Branner, the old priest, is dead, but the new spiritual leader of Crowford should be able to offer you assistance. You also know Sharleena, a Seer who lives near Crowford; she has the power to summon and speak to spirits and has helped you many times in the past. If there are Demons involved, her aid will be invaluable.

You are almost home. Soon you'll know for sure whether it was only shadows you saw on your wall, or a glimpse of reality. Turn to 1.

1

You can see the village of Crowford, nestling in the vale before you Writhing tendrils of mist coil along the streets and wind eerily round the houses. Suppressing a shiver, you pull your cloak closer round you and urge Godsfire onwards. To add to your uneasiness, you can make out a grim figure swinging from a wooden scaffold that stands a few yards down the road ahead of you It is the ragged skeleton of a criminal, left to rot inside gibbet irons – a lesson to all would-be highwaymen. As a child you used to take a short cut, away from the winding road, through the fields on your left. Indeed, at this time of day you might even find your parents working there. On the other hand, in this thick mist they could well be in the village tavern. Will you take the short cut through the fields in the hope of meeting your parents (turn to **327**) or follow the road, which means you will have to ride under the hanging skeleton (turn to **107**)?

2

You rush downstairs and come face to face with Kremper. He scowls menacingly and tries to hit you with his cosh. You must deal with him swiftly.

KREMPER SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

After one round of fighting, the Orc outside gets wind of the struggle and departs at speed, whipping his horses cruelly. You carry on fighting. When Kremper's STAMINA score is reduced to 2 or 1, turn to **388**.

3

With one mighty sweep of the spade, you hack off both their heads. Turn to **277**.

4

Hearing your horse's hoofbeats approaching, the men turn to face you, their weapons raised – but, once they see you, they relax. Their leader, a stout, amiable man, steps forward to greet you. 'We have travelled from Oakhill to bury Calbert, a young scholar who has taken his own life. As you know, unless a suicide is laid to rest in a special manner beneath crossed roads, he may rise as a creature of the night! This we cannot allow. Will you help us?' You can choose to stay and perform your priestly functions over this tragic ceremony (turn to **134**), or politely decline and press on with your quest. If you leave the mourners, you may follow either the road to Weddonbridge (turn to **249**), the one to Colton-on-the-Marsh (turn to **72**), or to Astonbury (turn to **136**).

5

A pained cry escapes from your lips as the searing beams scorch your body. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. Will you now flee and head back to the road leading north (turn to **58**) or stay and try to destroy this evil device (turn to **208**)?

6

Your power knocks the Skeleton back a few steps but fails to damage it. Demonic magic is protecting the Skeleton. Will you now use the *DARK VEIL* Talent, if you have it (turn to **188**), or attack the Skeleton (turn to **329**)?

7

The Sorcerer looks at you closely to determine whether you are telling the truth. Roll two dice; if the total rolled equals or is less than your EVIL score, turn to **137**; otherwise, turn to **386**.

8

Dismounting, you sneak up to the caravan as quietly as possible. Suddenly the double doors swing open, revealing a bearded old man, clad in voluminous robes. Smiling, he beckons you inside and says, 'Put away your sword and come in out of the rain. Maybe you would like some tea?' If you want to use the *SENSE DEMON* Talent, turn to **217**. If you cannot or do not want to use it, you may accept his offer (turn to **42**); alternatively, you can attack him with your sword before he can get up to any trickery (turn to **174**).

9

You wake up – to find yourself lying on top of a pile of unconscious bodies, heaped on the back of a horse-drawn cart. They are all from the Hanged Man Inn. Judging by the throbbing of your head, you reckon that the ale must have been drugged. The cart is being driven by a cloaked, hunchbacked Orc. He mutters to himself: 'Good set, this month. Nice 'n' fresh for Magrand's experiments. Soon be there.' This snaps you out of your daze, just as the cart is passing a sign saying 'Colton-on-the-Marsh'. Godsfire is nowhere to be seen, leaving you to fear the worst, and your sword and all your gold are gone (reduce your SKILL score by 1 until you find another weapon, and cross off any Gold Pieces remaining on your *Adventure Sheet*). Because it takes you all your strength just to lift your head, you decide that it would be a more sensible plan to try to escape, rather than attack the Orc. You brace yourself and then roll off the back of the cart. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **19**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **162**.

10

The ceiling crashes down on top of you. Roll two dice and deduct the result from your STAMINA score. If you are still alive, you crawl from the wreckage and make your way outside. Fire consumes the building within minutes, and you pause to survey the ruin. Sharleena shall not be forgotten, nor shall her death go unavenged. After uttering a prayer for her soul, you painfully mount your horse and return to the main road. Turn to **142**.

11

Some miles on, you come to a fork in the road. A signpost stands beside an old, broken shrine. If you possess it and wish to avail yourself of it, you may stop and use the *MEDITATION* Talent (turn to **32**). Otherwise, do you take the road to Axmoor (turn to **21**), or the road to Stanford (turn to **391**)?

12

Without stopping to think, you jump aside, as a huge, deadly-sharp pendulum blade swings down from the ceiling. A second slower and you would undoubtedly have been killed on the spot. Witnessing your narrow escape, the Demons howl in anger and surge towards you. This is a fight you cannot hope to win. You hurl yourself from the building and dash out into the night. As you turn your back, the Moon Demons slash at you. Roll one die and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA score. If you are still alive, turn to **312**.

13

This attempt was doomed from the start. A torrent of heavy blows rains down upon your body; you are only half-conscious when the angry, frightened people, in their painful ignorance, execute you.

14

Your vision wavers and you find yourself looking down on the Crowford of your youth. The Demonic music can still be heard; it draws you towards the church where a funeral is taking place. You drift over the graveyard, through trees and gravestones – your body has no substance, you have been transformed into a ghostly spectator! Leading the procession is Branner, the old village priest and your mentor. Behind the coffin walk your parents and other relatives, their heads hung in sorrow. Suddenly you see yourself as you were all those years ago when your brother was buried.

As you watch, one of the mourners throws a stone at a raven perched on the wall of the graveyard. It is an old tradition that if a raven stands watch over a funeral, it will steal the soul of the person being buried. The evil bird caws loudly and flies away. You feel compelled to do something, otherwise you will be trapped here. Will you speak to your parents (turn to 135), speak to Branner the priest (turn to 218), or to yourself (turn to 343)?

15

Though the room is drab, the warm bed feels luxurious, and you are sheltered from the storm which rages outside. Soon you fall into a deep, refreshing sleep . . . until you are rudely awakened by a loud banging noise. Shaking off your tiredness, you sit up. It is still dark, but the rain has stopped. All is quiet for a moment, then you hear more banging coming from somewhere downstairs. Then you hear the sound of hushed voices beneath your window. If you want to get up and investigate these odd noises, turn to **180**; but if you would rather go back to sleep, turn to **9**.

16

A sharp pain slashes into your right arm. In disbelief, you see that Black Jack has come alive and has bitten you with its needle-like fangs. You are wasting your time in drawing your sword, though – no sooner have you done so than the thing falls to the floor, a lifeless scarecrow once again. Now you are tainted by odious, life-corrupting Wraith-Blood coursing through your veins. You must add 1 EVIL point – be sure to mark this on your *Adventure Sheet*. Shaken by this unlucky experience, you ride on towards the village (turn to **51**).

17

Grumont runs up and watches in horror as Palinn is sucked down into the rushing waters. The boatman beats his breast in his sorrow at not being there in time to save his son. Your cowardly reluctance to imperil yourself by not diving in earns you 2 EVIL points. A depression falls over your travelling companions for the rest of the journey, and your night is plagued with guilt-racked dreams of this same tragic scene, repeated over and over again. Turn to **381**.

18

A strong wind clutches at you as you open the door. You are pulled through and on to a barren plain. Suddenly the same strange building appears in front of you from out of nowhere. Will you depart this place and follow the forest track (turn to **245**), or enter the building once again (turn to **288**)?

19

You land well, and then walk over to a nearby brook to splash some cold water over your face. The Orc, oblivious, carries on driving. Revived, you follow the cart into the village. Turn to **153**.

20

You rush across the room and stand behind the door, just before it swings open and Kremper walks in, cosh in hand. Before he even knows you're there, you bring the pommel of your sword down hard on his head, and he falls to the floor with a cry. Hearing this, the Orc flees, flogging his horses mercilessly. Turn to **388**.

21

Following the road to Axmoor, you are shocked to see what has happened to the landscape, for, the further you travel, the more blasted and desolate it becomes. Trees, plants, everything has been trampled, burnt, torn, broken or chopped down. Using

your tracking skills, you can tell that a massive Demon army has passed this way, heading south. It seems that you are about to enter Evil-controlled territory. The sun sets and you grow cold as you survey the dying earth. If you have the *SENSE DEMON* Talent, and wish to use it, turn to **206**. If you do not have it or do not wish to use it, turn to **221**.

22

It is far too late to consider taking such an action. The dagger crunches through your skull, piercing your brain. Your adventure is over.

23

You pass through the window and find yourself falling through space. The tower is just out of reach, and the ground rushes up quickly towards you. As you fall, Myurr's repulsive laughter echoes round you.

24

Ringed by low, wooded hills, Stanford is little more than a small market area that stands in the middle of a number of fields and outlying farms. Today the market is closed, but a few farmers stand on the site, deep in conversation. One of them sees you and calls you over. No one else is about and the place is deathly still. Will you go over to the man (turn to **143**), or are you going to ignore him and make your way round the market area and out of the village along the road leading north (turn to **362**)?

25

Despite the distracting cold and the harsh, stinging rain on your face, you feel that familiar, yet weird, feeling of warmth which tells you that you are in unison with your gods. Without thinking about it, you raise your hand to an ornamental disc, carved in the monument's base, and turn it. There is a grinding of stone as a small panel slides open to reveal a secret compartment. You reach in and find an artefact bearing a sigil of your gods. You were destined to find this Holy Amulet. You put it in your pack (add it to your *Adventure Sheet*), give thanks to the gods and continue on your journey. Turn to **105**.

26

Before more guards have time to appear, you must decide which way you want to go. Do you want to escape into the open, if polluted, air and leave Axmoor altogether (turn to **374**)? Or are you willing to remain in the building and open the closed door you saw prior to the fight (turn to **323**)?

27

Shouting a phrase of exorcism, you hurl the Cross into the worm's fiery depths. There is a small explosion and, when the acrid fumes of the blast clear, you see that you have sealed the mouth for ever. Gain 1 LUCK point, make a note of your success and erase the Cross from your *Adventure Sheet*. Now you must face the Death-Stone. Turn to **191**.

28

Though the climb is difficult, you finally reach the large hole in the side of the old mill and take a look inside. You see a shadowy, loathsome chamber, packed with all manner of strange and terrible devices. In the centre of the large room stands Magrand the Necromancer, performing a horrible ritual of summoning. Moreover, the denizen of the dark dimensions he is conjuring up is none other than Myurr, the Demon Prince: your hated arch-enemy! They are speaking in the foul tongue of your nemesis. If you have the *SPEAK DEMON* Talent, and wish to use it, turn to **235**. But if you do not have this Talent or do not wish to use it, turn to **48**.

29

The pool glows with a cool, blue light and you feel yourself drawn into it. The light surrounds you and bathes you in its glow; it fills your body with new energy. Restore your LUCK to its *Initial* score. The light then fades. Turn to **184**.

30

Curiosity has proved to be your downfall; the thing's bulk in no way hampers its lightning speed. You do not stand a chance against this timeless horror.

31

You recognize them – they are Blight Demons, whose very bodies emanate death and decay. Fortunately, they feel your righteous power and recoil from you. Turn to **277**.

32

You sit crosslegged before the roadside monument and empty your mind of all thoughts. A warm sensation fills your body (restore 2 STAMINA points), and then you see that something is happening to the sign indicating Stanford. The letters drip with blood, spelling out 'Death-on-the-marsh'. Could this cryptic warning have something to do with Colton? Whatever the answer, will you now go to Axmoor (turn to **21**), or to Stanford (turn to **391**)?

33

You climb on to the back of the wagon, where you are shown an old peasant woman. She has been bitten on the arm and the wound has turned septic. As you heal her injury, one of the peasants says, 'Moon Demons, it was. They attacked our village, Weddonbridge. They butchered most of the villagers, but we got away. There's others still trapped up there. They'll be all together in the hall in the main square. It's the only safe place.' You finish healing the old woman and take out your map of Northern Gallantaria (see the map on the inside of the front cover). Weddonbridge lies along the westerly road. If there are Demons attacking Weddonbridge, your parents may be there too. Deciding

that you have no time to visit Sharleena, you bid the peasants farewell, and turn Godsfire's head towards the north. Turn to **142**.

34

'The tower and the Eye are your greatest threats. For you to be safe, they must be destroyed. Say "*Shagrat*" and your way into the tower is assured. But the true path to your destiny lies in the balance, the *left* balance. Seek the pool '

As you try to make sense of her words, you suddenly realize that she is no longer there You are standing alone, on the outskirts of Dunningham. From among a group of buildings on your right comes the sound of loud, uncouth laughter. The street before you seems to be empty, and the way to your left is blocked by a stone wall. Will you walk down the street (turn to **302**) or in the direction of the laughter (turn to **183**)?

35

From your window you see Kremper and a hooded, hunchbacked Orc loading bodies on to the back of a horse-drawn cart. You recognize some of them – they are people you saw in the bar, earlier this evening. The Orc cackles, 'Magrand will pay you handsomely for this month's catch.'

'Good,' Kremper replies. 'The Demon-Stalker alone should fetch me double rate. I'll see to it now.' The landlord steps back into the tavern, presumably to come and 'see to' you, while the Orc continues piling the bodies on to his cart. You can either draw your sword and go and face the landlord (turn to **2**) or prepare to ambush him in your room (turn to **20**).

36

In this bleak room an icy wind draws the vital energy from your body. Deduct 6 points from your STAMINA and, if you are still alive, decide whether to go through the south door (turn to **300**) or the west door (turn to **177**).

37

Your vision grows hazy as you step through the door. When it clears, you discover that you are standing outside the strange building once more. Will you leave this place and follow the track through the forest (turn to **245**), or do you wish to re-enter the building (turn to **288**)?

38

The villagers hack the Demon to death – but not before it has sunk its fangs into your back and whipped its long, rough tongue across your eyes. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and, if you are still alive, turn to **338**.

39

The climb proves harder than you had thought and you take a nasty fall. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA and, if you are still alive, you will have to go back round to the wooden door after all, since the pile of bricks came crashing down with you. Turn to **173**.

40

You are relieved to see the barge moving at full speed back down the river, away from this evil place. Further along the wharf, more tentacles are sprouting up from the bubbling riverbed. You walk hurriedly away, determined to find the cause of all this corruption. Turn to **130**.

41

The writing is a trap, which you have activated by reading it. 'Welcome to the tower of Myurr. Here death and decay await you.' You feel yourself growing old; your skin wrinkles, and your teeth drop out. You collapse on to the floor and die.

42

The caravan is packed to overflowing with all sorts of curios. You sit down on a cushion while the old man pours out two cups of herbal tea. 'Drink,' he says with a smile. The fragrant herbal preparation is just the overture to an exotic meal which he serves you. Though the man is clearly no monster, you find him infuriating because he refuses to answer any of your questions, even though you sense that he knows a great many things. Soon, the cosiness and warmth of the place send you into a deep sleep – gain 2 STAMINA points. In the middle of the night, you have a strange dream in which your host, holding a set of scales in perfect balance, smiles at you and asks that you remember his name, Samatz . . . before he bids you farewell and fades from sight.

You awaken to find yourself sleeping on the hard road where the caravan stood. It is sunrise, and all is dry; Godsfire looks equally refreshed – but of Samatz or the caravan there is no trace. You have no explanation for these strange events but, as you take the road north to Astonbury, you sense that you have passed some kind of test. Turn to **265**.

43

Rushing recklessly into a force-wall is like hurling yourself against the side of a blazing mountain. Both you and Godsfire perish instantly.

44

You are amazed when you realize that the ghost is your friend, Sharleena the Seer, of the Horned Hills. She speaks in a mournful yet matter-of-fact manner that fills you with dread: 'I have been murdered . . . a Spirit Demon. I have struggled to come here. We are puppets in the master plan. I offer you a link in the chain. The pool of Dunningham.' Then she is blown away in the wind.

What did she mean? Your mind strives for a solution, and you feel a tear running down your cheek. Damn Myurr for all the sorrow he has beset you with! You go to sleep . . . Soon into the next day, you reach Axmoor. Turn to **339**.

45

For turning your back on the evil curse that is afflicting Crowford, you gain 1 EVIL point – be sure to note this on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to **148**.

46

Leaving all your belongings behind, you turn and run before the monster has fully emerged from the ground. You dash along the track, running as fast as you can and giving thanks that it doesn't seem to be following you. Rounding a bend, you run smack into something hard and bony. An agonizing pain rips across your chest as the monster, which has teleported itself ahead of you, lashes out at you. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. There can be no escape in flight. If you are still alive, will you now fight it (turn to **331**), use the *SENSE DEMON* Talent, if you have it (turn to **222**), or protect yourself with the *HOLY CIRCLE* Talent, if you have it (turn to **96**)?

47

You are in an orange room with three doors. Will you open the north door (turn to **379**), the east door (turn to **68**), or the west door (turn to **300**)?

48

Although Myurr's booming voice is all too easy to hear, you cannot understand a word of what is being said. Abruptly, the dialogue ends and Myurr's image vanishes in a cloud of revolting-smelling smoke. As you are not much higher than the floor of the chamber, you drop down easily and surprise the sneering Necromancer before he has a chance to cast any magical protections.

MAGRAND SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **293**.

49

Add 1 point to your EVIL total for using the Talent. The Veil works, and you run away from this hellish clearing as fast as you possibly can without looking behind you once. Allowing the Abomination to live earns you another EVIL point. Much further along the road, you make camp for the night, and the next day you come to the village of Stanford. Turn to **24**.

50

Your aim was awry and you have missed the vital area; you must test your SKILL again. If you succeed, turn to **359**. (Don't forget to deduct any vials you throw from your *Adventure Sheet*.) If you miss with all three vials of Holy Water, turn to **70**.

51

It is not long before you are moving slowly between the mist-shrouded houses of Crowford. Godsfire snorts and throws back his head in an effort to avoid the enveloping fog, but you gently urge him forward. Through the haze you are just able to make out people fleeing from you. The sound of slamming doors echoes hollowly in the mist as the villagers lock themselves into their homes In front of you, a woman snatches up her child and runs into a nearby cottage.

Realizing that your premonition is coming true, you spur Godsfire towards your parents' home. Once there, you dismount and rush in through the open door You call out to your parents, but no answer

comes. A quick look around reveals that there is no one to be found. Will you go to the tavern to look for them (turn to **166**), or would you rather visit the priest, in the hope that he can shed some light on your parents' whereabouts (turn to **353**)?

52

You are beginning to pronounce the sixth word when, with a cold lurch of your heart, you realize that your protections are inadequate. Your attempts to continue are too late. You stumble over crucial syllables, and it is done. Time and space distort beyond all reckoning and, whatever the outcome is, you are not on earth to see it.

53

You wade into the deep pool which comes up to your chest. The heavy footsteps draw closer and an armoured Ogre appears at the foot of the stairs. It rushes towards you, swinging an iron-shod club at your head. You scramble quickly out of the pool and are greatly relieved when the Ogre's club swings harmlessly past you. You try to rush over to the statue, but the Ogre is in your way. You must fight it. Its armour is very thick, so, each time you hit it, you inflict only 1 point of damage (2 points if you use LUCK in this battle and are Lucky, but 0 points if you are Unlucky).

ARMOURED OGRE SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, will you tip the scales to the left (turn to **29**) or to the right (turn to **397**)?

54

Though you fight to the very best of your ability, you find yourself being dragged closer and closer by the Abomination's strong tentacles towards its gaping maw. Then the creature's mouth snaps over your head and closes, the top jaw acting like a guillotine. Your adventure is most horribly over.

55

You are flung forward to the far side of the bridge, where you land badly (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). If you are still alive, you watch in silence while the tentacles tear down what is left of the bridge. Before the tentacles can rise again, you flee towards the centre of the village, where you hope to find the cause of all this evil. Turn to **130**.

56

You climb the staircase for what seems like hours; you reckon that you must have climbed for hundreds of feet. You are starting to think that you are trapped on a never-ending spiral staircase when you are confronted by a large Horned Skeleton. It swings a gigantic axe which swishes harmlessly over your head. You step back instinctively and, although the Skeleton makes no move towards you, it blocks the stairway completely. Will you use the *DARK VEIL* Talent, if you have it, to sneak past the Skeleton (turn to **188**), or destroy it with the *BANISH UNDEAD* Talent, if you have it (turn to **6**), or attack it (turn to **329**)?

57

Miraculously, you crash through a weak barn roof and come to rest in thick bales of cushioning hay. You rise with only slight bruising to show for your mishap. Seeing no one is about, you hurriedly sneak out of the farmyard and make your way along a dusty trail towards the nearby village. Turn to **153**.

58

Further north, you come to a small roadside cross, a holy monument where travellers such as yourself may stop for a moment's divine contemplation. Here you may dismount and offer prayers to your gods (turn to **306**) or continue in your search for shelter from the pouring rain (turn to **105**).

59

Certain conditions, coupled with the power of Good over Evil, will determine the success of your desperate magic. Ignoring the milling chaos around you, you concentrate and begin to utter the seven fatal words.

Read through the list of conditions that follows and total the number of points you are entitled to:

For having a Cross	1 point
For each vial of Holy Water you use (deduct any Holy Water you use, but not the Cross, from your *Adventure Sheet*)	1 point
For having the *SPEAK DEMON* Talent	1 point
For having the *HOLY CIRCLE* Talent	2 points
For sealing the worm-like mouth in this chamber	2 points
For turning a Red Dial in a previous paragraph	4 points
For turning a Blue Dial in a previous paragraph	2 points
For turning a Green Dial in a previous paragraph	1 point

All these conditions are cumulative, so, for example, you score a total of 6 points if you have the *HOLY CIRCLE* (2 points) and *SPEAK DEMON* (1 point) Talents, a Cross (1 point), and have turned a Blue Dial (2 points).

Now roll two dice. If the total rolled is equal to or less than the number of points you have scored, turn to **287**. If the number rolled is higher, turn to **52**.

60

You raise your hands to show you mean no harm, but find yourself overwhelmed in a wave of mob-hatred. It seems that Magrand is despised by the whole village and is held responsible for all its misfortunes. Because you asked the way to his abode, they think you must be one of his servants. Amid cries of 'Hang 'im' and 'String 'im up', the enraged folk seize you and drag you into the village square. There they throw a rope over a tree and drag you towards it. Will you try and break free by force (turn to **13**) or attempt to persuade the mob of your Goodness? If you prefer the latter course, you may do so either by talking to the villagers (turn to **361**), or, if you have the *HEAL* Talent and wish to use it, by offering to cure any who are sick (turn to **97**).

61

Soon you reach the isolated cottage that Sharleena calls home. As you dismount, the door opens and Sharleena, dressed in flowing robes, walks out to greet you. 'Bad times are upon us, Demon-Stalker. Your parents are not the only ones to suffer in Myurr's plans.' She beckons you to enter. 'Come, warm yourself by the fire.' Inside, you sip a cup of hot wine while she explains why now is the best time to contact the spirits. You know, from past dealings with Sharleena, that your presence is not necessary during the summoning, but nor is it forbidden. Will you ask to be present at the summoning (turn to **214**), or will you wait here (turn to **345**)?

62

You shout, 'Grumont, get away while you still have time!' then start to lash out at the coiling grey tentacles.

TENTACLES SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **40**.

63

Though you travel for miles, you can find no shelter. Exhaustion finally forces you to dismount and sleep on the waterlogged earth. You are woken in the middle of the night by the howls of hungry wolves. Swiftly you snatch up your sword just as three of the beasts pounce on you. You must fight them all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF	8	6
Second WOLF	7	5
Third WOLF	6	9

If you manage to defeat them, you return to a more restful sleep until sunrise. Turn to **265**.

64

You utter the name 'Samatz' and the Sorcerer looks at you with renewed interest. After a few moments he nods and bids you to follow him. Turn to **348**.

65

Imbued with Demonic essence, the Abomination is incredibly powerful. You raise your sword and charge – with a sense of resignation.

ABOMINATION SKILL 6 STAMINA 13

After two rounds of combat, turn to **248**.

66

The Courthouse is nothing more than a shell. You are just about to leave when you notice a flight of dusty steps, hidden by cobwebs, leading down. If you wish to brush away the cobwebs and descend the steps, turn to 358. Otherwise, you can go to the pond (turn to 344) or to the Temple (turn to 380).

67

Harak seems absorbed in cleaning the glass, and he ignores your request for a drink. When you ask again for service, he mutters, 'We only serve decent folk here.' Abandoning this option, will you go over and talk to Darrow (turn to 244) or leave the inn and pay a visit to the priest (turn to 353)?

68

You enter a room that is decorated entirely in red paint, and realize that you have just walked through a Door of Teleportation. Accordingly, you cannot be sure just where the other exits from this chamber will lead. Four such doors can be seen; will you go through the north door (turn to 300), the south door (turn to 199), the east door (turn to 316) or the west door (turn to 47)?

69

Sweat pours off your brow as you struggle to resist the Death-Stone's warping powers. You are about to lose consciousness when suddenly the opposition ends: your inherent Goodness has triumphed. But now you sober up as you remember the only thing that can shatter a Death-Stone: the Seven Words of Akkarra. Using this most dangerous black art could kill you. Dare you undertake it? If you do, turn to 59. Otherwise, you will have to flee the building before the Demonic guards snap out of their hysteria (turn to 374).

70

The Moon Demons pour through the hole in the roof. Desperately you try to fight them off, but they knock you down through the trapdoor. You land with a sickening crunch on the floor below and, before you can even stand up again, the Moon Demons swarm all over you. You will never know what became of your parents.

71

You ride north-west for some time along a winding road, before camping for the night in a grassy clearing. You are awakened by a foul stench in your nose and, when you open your eyes, are shocked to find your horse dead and three fetid Zombies feeding on its torn flesh! If you have the *BANISH UNDEAD* Talent and wish to use it, turn to 204; if not, you must draw your sword and deal with them the hard way (turn to 328).

72

You ride north for a couple of hours along the road to Colton. Just as the thunder gives way to heavy rain, you chance to come across a tavern. It's an eerie-looking place with an old, battered sign, depicting a hanged man, creaking in the wind. But any fears about the place are cast aside as you are met by the welcoming warmth of the bar. Kremper, the rough-looking half-Orc landlord, calls an ostler to take care of Godsfire, while he sees to your needs. A room for the night costs you 3 Gold Pieces (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*). While serving you a bowl of steaming broth and a flagon of ale, Kremper says, 'Pay your way, and there'll be no questions asked – but make any trouble, and Black Bess'll see to you ' He gestures towards a wooden cosh hanging from his belt. Folk need to be tough in these parts, so you let the threat pass; instead, you ask Kremper if he's noticed anyone like your parents passing through the area. He tells you that he hasn't and then goes to serve another customer. You eat your food at the bar (restore 4 points of STAMINA); you decide to find yourself a more comfortable seat for your drink. There aren't many tables in the small room, and most of them are

occupied. Still, there are plenty of spare seats by each. Will you sit:

Alone?	Turn to **94**
With a ragged old man who gibbers incessantly?	Turn to **115**
With a quiet, hooded, young man?	Turn to **314**
With a scar-faced woman in leather armour?	Turn to **145**

73

Standing on the edge of the hole, you can now see that it is some sort of semi-organic tube and, as such, it must be connected to the awful building. The bottom of the five-foot-wide tube is obscured by clouds of rising gas which, though it makes your eyes water, is not the same as the black smog billowing out of the chimneys. Vein-like growths that line the sides of the tube afford you handholds, should you decide to climb down. Will you descend this tube (turn to **186**) or go back to the iron door (turn to **141**)?

74

'The tower and the Eye are your greatest threats. For you to be safe, they must be destroyed. Say *"Crakanat"* and your way into the tower is assured. But the true path to your destiny lies in the balance, the *right* balance. Seek the pool.'

As you try to make sense of her words, you suddenly realize that she is no longer there. You are standing, alone, on the outskirts of Dunningham. From among a group of buildings on your right you can hear loud, uncouth laughter. The street before you seems to be empty, and the way to your left is blocked by a stone wall. Will you walk down the street (turn to **302**) or in the direction of the laughter (turn to **183**)?

75

Though sincere in your oaths and utterances, you cannot be sure that the mysterious deities have heard your prayers. You shiver from the cold as you remount your trusty steed and continue on to Weddonbridge. Turn to **105**.

76

You spur Godsfire along the road to Colton-on-the-Marsh just as dawn is breaking. You are confident that you can catch up with the Orc – until you come to a narrow rocky pass that is blocked by a ten-foot-high wall of shimmering black-light. Somehow the Orc has erected a magical barrier. You can avoid it by climbing over the rocks on either side of the gully; but this would mean leaving Godsfire behind and so the Orc would escape, as you could then only pursue him on foot. Will you race through the barrier on horseback (turn to **112**) or dismount and climb past it, in the hope of catching up with the Orc later on in Colton (turn to **215**)?

77

The crystal ball flies across the table and smashes on the floor. Shards of crystal are flung into the air, but the ritual goes on. Myurr's taloned hand slashes across your arm as you leap back from his attack. Lose 2 points from your STAMINA and, if you are still alive, return to **398** to chose your next action

78

The coachmen and passengers have all died at the hands of the Shape-shifter Disappointed at not finding any survivors, you search the bodies for clues On a large fat man is a letter which identifies him as the Burgmeister of Dunningham. On another body you find a small glass phial which contains a Potion of Heroism. You may drink this at the start of any one battle: it restores 2 points of STAMINA and, for the duration of that battle, it will increase your SKILL score by 2 points. Will you now search the coach (turn to **257**), or press on towards Dunningham (turn to **240**)?

79

You have passed through the correct door and stand within a glowing sphere of light Before you floats the Key to Space. As you reach out and take it, an octagonal door appears before you. The Key slides easily into the door's lock and you pass through it. You have escaped the prison of the Netherworld Sorcerer, and you now find yourself standing on a track in the middle of a forest. Turn to **245**.

80

You manage to get your fingers on the Cross through a tear in your backpack, and you place it against the evil organic substance behind you. The effect is instantaneous. The tendrils thrash about in pain and let you go. Seeing this, the guards race towards you. Turn to **263**.

81

You leap out of the way of the falling ceiling and dash outside. As you leave the cottage, it collapses in a roar of flames. Beating some sparks off your robes, you stop to watch the place burn. Sharleena's death saddens you, but you promise to make Myurr pay for it. After saying a prayer for Sharleena, you mount your horse and return to the main road. Turn to **142**.

82

You pour oil over the Baleful Eye, causing it to burst into flames. The Eye lets out a terrible shriek and starts to shudder, splashing the burning oil all over the floor. As the wooden tower rages with fire, you make your escape down the rope. Turn to **224**.

83

You race off into the night until the mournful Ghost is left far behind . . . yet, for some reason, you feel a nagging doubt. A few miles on, you camp for the night, and it is not long after sunrise of the next day when you reach Axmoor. Turn to **339**.

84

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is equal to or less than the number of Gold Pieces you offered, turn to **209**; otherwise, turn to **106**.

85

Anson unbars the church door, hands you a spade and wishes you luck. When you re-enter the graveyard, the screams have grown louder, and when you are mere feet away from the grave, they rise to a shriek and the soil covering the grave suddenly erupts. You are horrified to see two rotting, skeletal creatures scrambling out of the ground. Flesh dangles from the cadaverous and bony fingers which are reaching for your throat. If you want to invoke the *BANISH UNDEAD* Talent, turn to **31**. But if you cannot or do not want to use it, turn to **232**.

86

Tom sighs and tries to conceal his disappointment. He shrugs and walks listlessly back towards his farm, to await whatever fate lies in store for him and his family. With a pang of remorse you realize that you have condemned him to certain death. You gain 1 EVIL point. Now turn to **362**.

87

These twisted creations of Magrand the Necromancer dissolve on contact with the Goodness of your special attack; their corpses gurgle and merge with the murky sludge of the marsh. Now turn to **196**.

88

You present your Cross boldly, but she just laughs at you. You feel more than a little foolish when she tells you to put your toy away. Will you now attack her (turn to 189), talk to her (turn to 347), or ignore her and walk into the village (turn to 283)?

89

Myurr has chosen his moment well. You have succumbed to his Demonic power. 'Your knowledge of human landsss shall ssserve me well. You shall have the honour of leading my Demonsss againssst Royal Lendle.' You are completely in the power of Myurr.

90

An overpowering Demonic presence lurks within the building. Rather than face it, you rush towards the illuminated stone building. Turn to 312.

91

You have ridden a matter of yards only when your body is pierced by a volley of arrows. Disbelief is etched upon your features as you fall to the ground, dead.

92

Quickly you take hold of the stout rope and throw it towards the boy whose arms are flailing feebly against the pull of the river. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 261; if it is greater than your SKILL, turn to 17.

93

The runes mean nothing to you. Will you turn the Red Dial (turn to 213), the Blue Dial (turn to 239) or the Green Dial (turn to 315)? If you'd rather not touch any of them, you will have to leave by the same way you came in, as there are no other exits (turn to 272).

94

You make your way over to an empty, beer-stained table, where you relax with your drink. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 373; if you are Unlucky, turn to 251.

95

A horse-drawn wagon driven by a huge Orc rounds the corner. Seeing you, the Orc makes the wagon swerve in an attempt to run you down. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **324**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **155**.

96

You quickly create your circle of holy protection as the fiend leaps towards you. It hits the edge of your circle and is flung backwards in a shower of blue sparks. The Demon howls and you see that the skin on its arms has been seared by your power. Only slightly deterred, the Demon circles round you and takes a tentative swipe at your back. Again the blue sparks burn the Demon's arms. Screaming in pain and rage, it tears off through the trees, snapping trunks and branches in its fury. After a few minutes all goes quiet, and you continue on your way. Turn to **98**.

97

Just as two burly men are fashioning the rope into a noose and looping it round your neck, you call out for mercy and shout that the gods of Good protect you. This makes the villagers pause. An old woman asks you for proof, a demand which is taken up by all of them, until you are deafened by the din. When the noise subsides, you ask that someone be brought forward for healing After some time, a sad couple are led before you and present you with their baby daughter, who is dying of incurable swamp fever. You ask for a moment's silence, and then use all your skills to cure the child. The symptoms of its infection vanish almost immediately, and the people cheer and release you. Turn to **321**.

98

A tall, black tower lies before you. Lightning crackles round it and forks down to scorch the surrounding ground. Horrid gargoyles leer at you from the walls but make no attempt to stop you from reaching the tower. You pick your way through the blasts of lightning and arrive at the closed door upon which a mystic sigil has been drawn. It might have been placed there to protect the tower . . . or it could be a trap, designed to lure the unwary into touching it. Will you open the door and enter the tower (turn to 336), or rub out the sigil with your hand and then enter the tower (turn to 266)?

99

The water feels oily and unpleasant . . . but that is the least of your worries, as a sickly green-coloured mound of sludge rears up over you and crashes down on top of you. Everything goes black. Your body is dissolved by the repulsive creature. No one will ever know what happened to you.

100

The creature spirals down towards the large village: a collection of farms and unusually well-kept houses, ringed by a vast and very smelly bog, which extends for miles around. An abandoned mill stands, half a mile from the village, on an island in the fen; it is joined to the mainland by a long, narrow causeway of compacted earth. You can also see a network of treacherous paths spreading in all directions over the marsh. Bracing yourself for whatever is to come, the one thing you do not expect is an assassination attempt! But the beast drops you into a pool of quicksand! Despite the sucking grip of the bog, you manage to free yourself and take stock of your surroundings. Before your very eyes, the paths leading back to the village are sinking into the mire. The way ahead seems equally perilous. You must find this Magrand who seems to have such a personal interest in your affairs. Will you go deeper into the marsh (turn to **395**) or head for the safer-looking causeway leading to the old mill (turn to **335**)?

101

The broad corridor continues for quite some distance, twisting and turning, and, the further you go along it, the hotter it gets. Eventually you come to a straight stretch which ends at a large, open doorway. From within come the loud, grating sounds of bone on bone, and a tremendous wave of heat. Do you wish to enter this chamber (turn to **254**), or do you prefer to retrace your steps back down the narrow passageway (turn to **272**)?

102

The long night gives way to dawn without further untoward incident. You have successfully defended the family and its home. Add 1 point to your LUCK. As you make ready to leave, Gertrude brings you a basket of food containing enough Provisions for 3 meals. You may eat some now or add them to your *Adventure Sheet*. You make your farewells and leave the farmhouse. Now turn to **187**.

103

Even as the Vampire's claws are lunging through the air towards you, you reach into your pack and deftly pull out your Cross. Calbert snarls in pain as the pure silver burns its image into his hands and forces him back down into the ravaged coffin. He curses and cringes like a beaten cur, wailing terrible threats of revenge – but you stand firm, holding him at bay, while one of the peasants drives a wooden stake deep into his heart. Add 1 point to your LUCK for quick thinking and turn to **303**.

104

You know of no way to stop the Rite other than by killing the Moon Demon. Shouting the battle-cry of the Templars, you leap out of cover and move to smite down your Demonic foe.

MOON DEMON MAGE SKILL 6 STAMINA 9

After two rounds of combat, turn to **268**.

105

The rain continues to cascade from the sky, turning the road into a quagmire. Unable to ride any further, you dismount and lead Godsfire by the bridle through the long night. Dawn is but a few hours away when you reach the outskirts of Weddonbridge. A winged creature flits across the road in front of you, and dark shapes move about in the trees. A heavy, oppressive atmosphere oozes out of the village, assailing your nostrils with the stench of evil. Sensing this, Godsfire bolts off into the woods.

Knowing full well you will not be able to find him in the dark, you stand and survey the village. A light is shining from a large stone building in the village square. Next to you, an open doorway leads into a wooden house. Will you move towards the stone building (turn to **312**) or enter the wooden house (turn to **394**)?

106

The Orc cries out and you hear running footsteps converging on you. Twenty Orcs and three Ogres quickly surround you. Knowing that it is useless to resist, you throw down your sword, only to be hit across the face by one of the Ogres. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, the jeering Orcs tie you up and throw you into a room at the bottom of the tower. As they leave, one of the Orcs says, 'This one'll make a tasty snack for Old Beady.' This must be some kind of joke, as the other Orcs find it extremely funny. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **290**; if you are Unlucky, *Test your Luck* again. If you are Unlucky again, turn to **138**; otherwise, turn to **290**.

107

Drawing near the gibbet irons, you see that they are old and on the point of collapse. The rope linking the cage with the wooden scaffold is frayed and rotten; the cage itself is more rust than metal, and the splintered scaffold is plagued with mould. Worse still, the festering skeleton held by the iron bars is laughing! Its bony body judders and thrashes within the restricting confines of the cage, and its skull rocks with malevolent glee. Somehow it knows your name and, in a gruff voice, it mocks you: 'You're too late, fool. Your pathetic powers cannot aid you now.' Will you strike at the skeleton, hanging up in the cage, with your sword (turn to **219**), or ignore it and race onwards (turn to **126**)?

108

Under the cover of invisibility, you easily slay the Demonic Servants. Gain 1 EVIL point for having used this Talent. Turn to **280**.

109

You reach the armour and are just about to take it when dozens of knives slide into you. You fall to the floor, cursing yourself with your last breath for being a fool. Myurr has played his final trick upon you.

110

Quickly you call the villagers over so that they can all cram into your *HOLY CIRCLE*. The Moon Demons attempt to storm the mystical barrier, but the first ones to reach it are engulfed in bright blue flames. Seeing this, the other Demons hastily back off and wait for your power to wane. Turn to **230**.

111

You smash the candles aside, extinguishing them as they roll across the floor. Myurr leaps upon you and wounds you in the side; you must deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. Return to **398** to choose your next action, if you are still alive.

112

Bravely, you charge headlong into the force-wall. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **275**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **43**.

113

Hidden by tangled foliage, you see a cloudy, elemental-like form in the shape of a huge, winged beast appear over the rise. It stops and sniffs the air, then it departs, flying eastwards at a terrific speed. You are convinced that it must have been the product of a powerful magical spell. When it is out of sight once more, you are on the point of getting up when you discover a leather package lying on the ground near by. The watertight wrapping contains enough Provisions for one meal, and you may keep them. Then you set off, following the north road once more.

You are only part of the way to Axmoor when night falls and you take shelter in a small, ruined tower. Senses alert, you are starting to build a fire when you feel an unnatural coldness. Obeying your instincts, you look out into the surrounding woods and see a glowing shape drift slowly towards you. It is a Ghost. If you have the *BANISH UNDEAD* Talent, you may use it (turn to **165**). Otherwise, you may flee (turn to **282**), or wait, crouched on the stone floor, to see what the Ghost will do (turn to **44**).

114

Will you respond by saying, 'Shut your face and get out of my way!' (turn to **170**) or 'I've been sent to check on what is happening here, so you had better do as I say' (turn to **367**)?

115

You sit down by the peculiar old man. His table is a swamp of stale beer, and he himself gibbers, sings to himself and makes other strange noises. But when he notices you, he tugs at your sleeve: 'Hey, friend, buy an old man a drink, and I'll tell you stories about this place that'll have you running back home.' If you want to buy him a drink, turn to **202**; if you don't, turn to **234**.

116

Slow to react, the guards fight one at a time. If you ever score two blows against the same opponent in two successive Attack Rounds, it is destroyed, irrespective of its current STAMINA score.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEMONIC SERVANT	6	6
Second DEMONIC SERVANT	7	8
Third DEMONIC SERVANT	8	10

If you win, turn to **26**.

117

Roll one die to find out how many Skeletons you destroy. If any remain, you must fight them all at the same time. Each has SKILL 7, STAMINA 6. If you win, turn to **129**.

118

A large crack zig-zags its way across the ceiling. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **81**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **10**.

119

You follow Gerard's directions, moving carefully across the wrecked village to avoid the many Orc patrols. However, the Baleful Eye has sensed your presence and its gaze sweeps towards you. Choose a number between 1 and 6, then roll one die a maximum of six times. If you roll the number you chose, turn to **369**; otherwise, turn to **344**.

120

You feel an overwhelming desire to play the instrument. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to tear yourself away and hurriedly leave the room (turn to 199). If you are Unlucky, you can do nothing but play the Pandemonium . . . Your adventure is over; you are trapped in Myurr's tower until you die.

121

Acting on your well-honed instincts, you dive for the floor. As you roll forward and then flip up on to your feet, the beams shoot harmlessly overhead. Do you want to take flight and return to the road leading north (turn to 58), or are you prepared to hold your ground against this dark device (turn to 208)?

122

You sprint after the racing vehicle for all you are worth and make a jump for the open back. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you have landed on the cart; turn to 311. But if you are Unlucky, you miss the cart altogether and merely fall flat on your face (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). If you are still alive, you have to let the villain go (turn to 357).

123

Valiantly you rush over to one of the windows, hoping to stem the onslaught of evil – but you only succeed in making yourself a target. You are instantly surrounded by countless slavering Moon Demons which you must try to fight all at once.

MOON DEMONS SKILL 11 STAMINA 24

After three rounds of combat, turn to 230.

124

You step into a green room with four doors. Will you go through the north door (turn to 363), the south door (turn to 152), the east door (turn to 47), or the west door (turn to 379)?

125

You are flung forward, landing on the far side of the bridge. Instinctively, you curl into a ball and roll forward, protecting yourself from the impact of the fall. Behind you, the tentacles drag the mighty bridge down into the river. Without pause, you turn and run into the village, where you hope to confront the source of all this evil. Turn to 130.

126

Though the mocking laughter continues with increased volume and renewed vigour, you ignore the skeleton and carry on towards your village, nervously urging Godsfire to step out beneath the hanging cage. For a moment, you sense the icy fingers of evil caress your spine, but nothing hinders your progress, and soon the skeleton's taunting passes out of earshot. Turn to **51**.

127

Agreeing to the leader's desperate request, you turn your horse's head around and set off back to the south. However, once you are out of sight of the men, you urge Godsfire off the road into the thickets and then make your way cautiously back towards the barrier. Progress is slow and difficult, but you manage to get past the barricade. Unfortunately, in the pitch-black wood, you also manage to get hopelessly lost. Worse still, as the hours go by, you see blotches forming on your skin. The peasants were not exaggerating: the plague is about – and you have caught it! If you have the *HEAL* Talent and wish to use it, turn to **228**; otherwise, turn to **366**.

128

The Orcish clothing smells disgusting and is covered in a thick layer of grease. Even so, it could make a useful disguise. You pick up a cloak and find a helmet with a skull-like visor; if you wear these, it would be hard to distinguish you from an Orc. If you put them on, make a note that you have done so on your *Adventure Sheet*. You may now search the barrels (turn to **203**) or climb the ladder (turn to **157**).

129

You have won, but at what cost? If you have the *HEAL* Talent and wish to use it, turn to **318**. Otherwise, turn to **102**.

130

Most of the buildings in the centre of the village have been levelled, leaving a wide circular clearing. In the middle of this space stands the cause of Axmoor's devastation: a huge and repulsive edifice constructed out of organic matter, a mixture of bone and oozing sinew which, on closer inspection, resembles slime-covered, worm-like joints and fibrous links. Numerous protruding vents and chimneys spew out thick, heavy gases which fill the air, blotting out the sunlight and slowly killing all life. Quivering roots spread from the factory, twisting and writhing before sinking into the dying earth, and it is these roots that attacked you on your arrival. You must find a way to bring this place down or die in the attempt; it bears all the hallmarks of Myurr. You can take one of two possible entrances: a massive iron doorway (turn to 141) or a circular hole in the ground from which thin vapours rise (turn to 73).

131

It isn't long before you regret going out on to the marsh; you get stuck twice, fall over once and have to retrace your steps time and again. Looking back, you see that the village is still quite close, even though you are now tired and up to your knees in mud. You are on the point of returning . . . when the path behind you sinks into the fen. Do you press on deeper into the marsh (turn to 395) or change direction and head for the causeway leading to the old mill (turn to 335)?

132

A hiss escapes from the Skeleton's mouth as it points triumphantly in your direction. The others spur their unholy steeds towards you. You consider running into the forest – when the first Skeleton rider smashes into you, knocking you to the ground. As you struggle back to your feet, the Skeletons hack at your body and their horses' hoofs pound you into the ground. The last thing you see is eight grinning skulls staring down at you.

133

Forgetting the horror of your dire predicament, you enter into a deep trance. Restore 1 point of STAMINA and 1 point to your LUCK for the experience. You also see two separate visions: one is of a glowing cross and the other is of a black heart beating madly, a heart which you must find and destroy. Now, will you use the *DARK VEIL* Talent – if you have it and wish to use it – (turn to **149**); or bite one of the tendrils on your face (turn to **332**); or press your Cross against the living wall behind you (turn to **80**)?

134

The downcast villagers stand round as you chant the solemn burial rites – but you are only halfway through when you hear scratching sounds coming from under the coffin lid. The villagers begin to shuffle nervously and you try to rush through the remainder of the ceremony. Suddenly the coffin

disintegrates in a shower of splinters as Calbert the Vampire claws his way out of the grave. Will you:

Stand and fight this nightmarish creature?	Turn to **337**
Fall back and flee?	Turn to **200**
Try to think of another way to defeat it?	Turn to **103**

135

Your parents scream and flee in terror from your ghostly form. Branner spins around and begins to chant. Too late you recognize that he is using his *BANISH UNDEAD* Talent against you. Roll two dice and subtract the total rolled from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you find yourself back in the Pandemonium chamber. Not wishing to listen to the funeral march any longer, you leave the room. Turn to **199**.

136

Following the easterly road to Astonbury for a couple of hours, you are eventually caught in a heavy downpour of rain. You will need to find shelter – and soon. In the dark you make out a comforting light, shining through the shuttered windows of a four-wheeled caravan, parked by the roadside. You note the absence of draft animals – and, even stranger, there isn't a single hoofprint to be seen on the muddy road. How, then, does the caravan move? If you want to investigate further, turn to **8**. But if you would rather ride on, turn to **63**.

137

You trick the Netherworld Sorcerer into believing that you are Evil. However, your deception weighs heavily upon you and you must gain 1 EVIL point. The Sorcerer says that he will teleport you to Myurr's tower. He waves his arms, then points towards you. Turn to **98**.

138

You try to escape, but your bonds are too tight; all you succeed in doing is chafing your wrists. After an hour, an Ogre comes in, picks you up and carries you to the top of the watchtower, where he drops you in front of the Baleful Eye. Thick tendrils spring out from the Eye and wrap round your helpless form. Each time you breathe in, they constrict ever tighter round your body until you can no longer draw breath. You will never know what happens next. Your quest is over.

139

You draw your sword and creep cautiously into the dark interior of the building. As your eyes grow accustomed to the gloom, you make out hordes of small, winged Demons closing in on you. Their eyes glint evilly and dark liquid drips from their fanged jaws. Suddenly, you become aware of a faint swishing sound above your head. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **12**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **192**.

140

You see a creature that can only be the product of a powerful magician's spell: a cloudy, elemental-like form in the shape of a huge, winged beast. It flies over the ridge towards you and plucks you up off the ground with its talons. You're carried high up into the sky, and the creature flies eastwards at a tremendous speed, covering miles in mere seconds. As it does so, the word 'Magrand' enters your head; you have sensed the name of the magician by coming into contact with the aura of his magic. Soon you reach a large village encircled by marshland; though the creature is starting to descend, you are still at least a hundred feet up in the air. Do you want to attack the winged shape (turn to **175**) or hang on for dear life, risking whatever awaits you on *terra firma* (turn to **100**)?

141

Nothing stirs as you edge carefully round the iron door. Inside, you find yourself in a large porch-like room whose walls are lined with innumerable twitching tendrils like insect traps. There is only one other exit: an open archway giving on to a small, dark corridor. However, four figures are standing guard; they resemble animated skeletons clad in black, hooded robes, and their red eyes blaze with malevolence. It may just be possible to sneak past these Demonic Servants in the darkness and make your way across to the archway. If you want to try this, turn to **158**; but if you would rather slip back outside and try to gain access via the hole in the ground, turn to **73**.

142

Menacing clouds blot out the moon, but you are still able to follow the road as it winds northwards. Thunder rumbles ominously overhead, but you ignore the growing storm and press on, until you come to a crossroads. Barely visible beneath their lanterns, a group of peasants are standing in a tight circle round a signpost. They carry pitch-forks, scythes and other unfriendly-looking farm tools. As you draw near, a sudden flash of lightning enables you to see that four of them are lowering something into a freshly dug hole at the foot of the post. If you wish, you may stop and see what they are up to (turn to 4). Otherwise, you ignore the strange scene and gallop swiftly along one of the other three roads. If you do this, you can go to either Weddonbridge (turn to 249), Colton-on-the-Marsh (turn to 72), or Astonbury (turn to 136).

143

The farmer introduces himself as Tom Hickson. He looks nervous, and it is obvious from the dark rings under his eyes that he has not slept for some days. Tom tells you that a force of Skeleton riders has been attacking the farms near Stanford. Five farms so far have been destroyed, and Tom fears that his farm will be next. He implores you to help defend his farm. Will you go with him (turn to 156), or continue on your way (turn to 86)?

144

Against all the odds, you have defeated Magrand the Abomination and have thwarted one of Myurr's darkest designs. Using the flaming, ritual braziers, you destroy the Moon Demon's body and the horrible stone altar before moving on. Further along the road, you make camp for the night, and the next day you come to the village of Stanford. Restore 1 LUCK point and turn to **24**

145

Just as you sit down, you see the woman unsheathe a long dagger. She rises slowly, her mouth turning to an ugly grin, and you realize that she is about to attack you. In a foul, gargling voice she sneers, 'I'm surprised you've got this far, Demon-Stalker, but it looks as if your luck has just run out.' She lunges forward and, as you dodge the knife-blade, you notice a tattoo on her wrist: it is the mark of Myurr the Demon-Lord – she is a tainted servant of Chaos and must be destroyed! You draw your sword and fight.

CHAOS MERCENARY SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you kill her, you sit, panting, while many thoughts race through your head. One thing you have learnt time and again on your adventures is never to draw attention to yourself. Having just done that very thing, you decide to leave the bar and go up to your room. Turn to **15**.

146

The writing contains a Demonic curse which you are able to negate. Unfortunately, the inside of the Temple has been ransacked and nothing remains to be found. Will you now go to the pond (turn to **344**), or to the Courthouse (turn to **66**)?

147

Although shaken momentarily, you manage to stay on your feet, and it is a matter of moments before you have opened the door to the cage. The prisoners swarm out and kill the Orc driver. They then give you their heartfelt thanks; they are from Dunningham, which, they tell you, is occupied by the Orcs, Goblins and Ogres of Myurr's army. These foul monsters burned down most of the village and killed or imprisoned everyone they found. Afraid to return home, the villagers leave to carry news of the Demon Prince's army to the settlements in the south. Turn to **240**.

148

You have discovered that your parents are not in Crowford, so you decide to visit your friend Sharleena the Seer who may be able to advise you. After a few hours spent trudging along the main road to the Northlands, you enter the Glaydon Forest. The sound of birdsong lightens your spirits and you make good progress. An hour or so later the sun begins to set and night slowly falls. You are on the point of leaving the main road and following the winding track that leads into the Horned Hills and Sharleena's cottage, when you hear the sound of a wagon approaching from the north. Of course, it may simply be merchants or travellers . . . but you can never be sure. Will you ride forward to meet the wagon (turn to **368**), or will you leave the main road and head into the Horned Hills (turn to **61**)?

149

For using this Talent, add 1 EVIL point. Though you become invisible, the tendrils do not relax their grip in the slightest. The guards see your outline in the clinging strands and wheeze with laughter. Will you now use the *MEDITATION* Talent (if you can and you want to) (turn to **133**), bite one of the tendrils (turn to **332**), or press your Cross against the living wall behind you (turn to **80**)?

150

Though the narrow dirt trail is hidden by thick undergrowth, you are able to find it by using the Parchment found near the Blight Demons. You dismount and lead Godsfire up the difficult hillside track. Your feet are constantly slipping in the deep mud, but eventually you come to a cave mouth. A strange red light glows from within. Leaving your horse, you creep forward. If you have the *DARK VEIL* Talent, you may use it if you wish (turn to **271**). If you don't have it or choose not to use it, turn to **281**.

151

There are plenty of handholds on the side of the building and you make good progress up to the nearest window. Just as you are about to peer in, the structure to which you are clinging shifts. You reach out to obtain a firmer grip . . . but the wall moves just out of reach. Mocking laughter echoes round the building as you fall to the ground. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, will you leave this place and follow the track through the forest (turn to **245**), or do you wish to enter through the open door (turn to **288**)?

152

You enter a pink room with two doors leading from it. Will you go through the north door (turn to **68**), or the west door (turn to **316**)?

153

Colton-on-the-Marsh is aptly named, as the collection of farms and unusually well-preserved houses is ringed by a vast, mist-shrouded bog which extends for miles around. A single tower stands, about a quarter of a mile from the village, on an island in the fen. It is an abandoned mill, connected to the mainland by a long, narrow causeway of compacted earth. As you walk into the village, you can also discern a network of treacherous paths criss-crossing one another over the swamp.

The colourful village square is a pleasant change from some of the grim sights you have witnessed during your adventure. There are a few people about; one, a young farmhand, smiles and says, 'Good day.' Will you ask him where you can find

Magrand (turn to **382**)? Or would you rather not involve him, and explore alone either the eerie mill (turn to **335**) or the winding marsh paths (turn to **131**)?

154

If you have the *SPEAK DEMON* Talent, turn to **41**. If you do not have this Talent, turn to **292**.

155

You try to dodge, but your foot snags in a rut. The wagon hits you, bowling you across the road and into the trees at the side. Roll two dice and deduct as many points from your STAMINA score as the total rolled. The Orc leaves you for dead, but if you are still alive, turn to **240**.

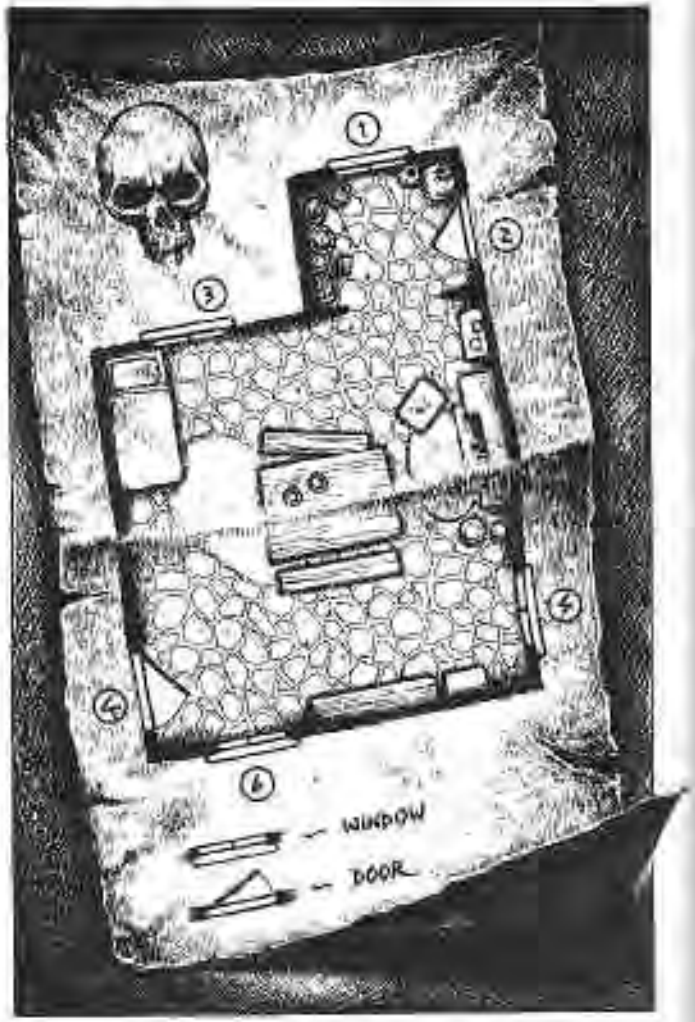

156

You accompany Tom to his farm, where you meet his wife, Gertrude, and their teenage daughter, Kate. They all look scared, but they seem relieved that you have arrived to aid them. Gertrude, a large, matronly woman, brings you a steaming bowl of stew which quickly restores your flagging spirits. Regain 4 points of STAMINA. You quickly formulate a plan and explain it to the family. There are six entrances to the farmhouse; the family members can each defend one, you can guard another, and you will hang your Cross over a fifth. That leaves one entrance unguarded – but you are sure you are more than a match for any Skeletons that may succeed in entering the farmhouse. Tom, Gertrude and Kate all nod in agreement. Tom snatches up an old axe, Gertrude a large rolling-pin, and Kate a stout log from beside the fire. The map on the opposite page shows the layout of the farmhouse. Deploy Tom, Gertrude, Kate, your Cross and yourself by marking who (or what) guards each entrance.

As night falls all is quiet, except for a slight rustling of the trees in the breeze. Just as the clock strikes midnight, the window-shutters fly open and eight cloaked Skeletons storm the building, wielding glowing, barbed swords. Roll one die for each Skeleton to determine which of the numbered entrances it attempts to pass through. Your Cross destroys all Skeletons which pass beneath it; Tom kills one before being knocked unconscious; Gertrude kills

two, and Kate one. (So, if, say, three Skeletons attack Kate, two of them will succeed in entering the farmhouse and will have to be dealt with later.) Any Skeletons you must face, you fight one at a time. As you are defending a narrow opening, add 1 point to your SKILL score for the duration of this part of the combat.

SKELETONS SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, you must now face any Skeletons that have entered the farmhouse (turn to **193**). If none have entered, turn to **129**.

157

You climb the ladder and listen at the trapdoor. Through it you hear rough, Orcish voices and a dull, clattering sound. Cautiously you push the trapdoor open and peer in. Three Orcs are hunched round a table, playing a game of dice. Across the room is another ladder leading up to the next floor. You step warily into the room and are halfway across when you tread on a creaking floorboard. If you are disguised as an Orc, turn to **170**; if you are dressed in your normal clothes, turn to **334**.

158

You wait until none of the guards is looking and then run across to the open archway on tiptoe. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **168**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **220**.

159

The villagers swiftly slay the Demon and drag its scaly carcass from your back. Turn to **338**.

160

Not pausing to consider your own safety, you jump into the river and swim towards the drowning child. Soon you have a good grip on him and manage to struggle back to the barge, where Grumont heaves you both out of the water to safety. The boatman cannot thank you enough, and he gives you back the 2 Gold Pieces you had tendered as your fare for the journey. Turn to **317**.

161

Before you can do or say anything, the Demon lurches forward and slashes its taloned hand across Sharleena's throat. She falls dead on the floor and the Demon turns towards you. If you have the *HOLY CIRCLE* Talent, you may draw a protective circle round yourself (turn to **190**). If you decide not to form a *HOLY CIRCLE*, or are unable to do so, you must fight the Demon.

SPIRIT DEMON SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **310**.

162

Though the Orc does not hear you fall, you land badly and bruise your shoulder (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). If you are still alive, you pause at a nearby brook, where you splash some refreshingly cold water over your face and head, before following the cart at a safe distance into the village. Turn to 153.

163

Although you may be tainted by Evil, your inherent Goodness overcomes Myurr's power. You grab the bone pyramid and smash it against the far wall. It explodes outwards, sending scorching blasts of magical power across the chamber. If you have the Demon-Slaying sword or Branner's Ring, turn to 400. If you do not have either item, roll two dice and deduct the total rolled from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 400; if you are dead, turn to 384.

164

Swiftly, you hurl a vial into the heart of the furnace; cross the vial off your *Adventure Sheet*. Now roll one die. If you roll an odd number, the Holy Water has no effect. If you roll an even number, the mouth explodes and is sealed for ever; make a note of this, and go to face the Death-Stone (turn to 191). If the Holy Water fails in its effect, you may either throw in another vial, if you have one, following the same procedure; or you may attack the mouth with your sword (turn to 305), throw your Cross into it (turn to 27), or leave it alone and face the Death-Stone (turn to 191).

165

The glowing, Undead form is almost upon you when you dispel it with some carefully chosen arcane gestures and phrases . . . but what's this? As it fades, it raises an imploring hand, and wails in despair. You curse yourself for a novice when you realize that you have just banished the ghost of Sharleena the Seer, your friend and fellow Demon-hunter. To appear thus, she must have had something of crucial importance to tell you. You curse your rashness again, before settling down for the night. In the morning you resume your journey, and it is not long before you reach Axmoor. Turn to 339.

166

You head towards the tavern; when you reach it, you can hear loud voices arguing inside. Will you enter the alehouse at once (turn to 378), or stand and listen to the argument from outside (turn to 289)?

167

You have passed through the correct door. Now choose which door to go through next. Will you open the Circle (turn to 389), the Heptagon (turn to 333), the Hexagon (turn to 26), the Pentagon (turn to 330), the Square (turn to 201) or the Triangle (turn to 158)?

168

The guards fail to hear you slip across into the far corridor. This passage does not go very far before ending at a closed door. However, there is also a closed wooden hatch on the floor, a few yards ahead of you. Suddenly this lid is thrown open. You duck into a shadowy alcove and watch as six Demonic Servants climb up through the hatchway, followed by a chain of morose human captives. The Servants herd these prisoners through the door, before closing both the hatch and the door behind them. Will you follow the grim procession behind the door (turn to 323) or climb down through the hatch (turn to 385)?

169

You back out of the room as more knives fly towards you. Roll one die to see how many knives attack you. To deflect each knife, you must roll your SKILL score or less on two dice. Each time you fail, you lose 2 points from your STAMINA. If you survive, you slam the door shut just as more knives *thunk* into it. Turn to 199.

170

The Orcs snap to attention and salute you. One of them hurriedly sweeps the dice up from the table and stuffs them into his pocket. When he realizes that you are watching him, he shuffles his feet and stares at the floor. Another picks up a lantern and walks towards you. 'Er. Everyfing's fine. Nah worries, boss. 'Ere, ya'll need this when ya check on Old Beady.' The Orc hands you a lantern, and then glances nervously at the other two. Obviously, they must think that you are an officer; they are afraid something unpleasant is going to happen to them for gambling on duty. You look around in what you hope is a stern and Orcish manner, and then climb up the ladder. Turn to 253.

171

You must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA through this surprise attack. Turning around, you see that one of the bodies has apparently come to life: it wields a razor-sharp dagger and its snake-like face is split by a hideous grin. It is a cold-blooded Demonic Shape-shifter, which has been lying in wait for you. You must fight it.

DEMONIC SHAPE-SHIFTER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, will you search the bodies (turn to **78**) or look inside the coach (turn to **257**)?

172

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **276**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **296**.

173

Carefully you turn the handle of the damp wooden door and . . . shriek with pain. A mouth with hard, jagged teeth has formed in the wood and bitten you (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). If you are still alive, you free your bleeding hand just as the door swings open of its own accord. Within a dark chamber, packed with all manner of evil devices, stands a cadaverous-looking man clad in dark robes and wearing a crown of bone. It is Magrand the Necromancer. He sneers and prepares to cast a spell at you. If you have the *DARK VEIL* Talent and you wish to use it, turn to **243**. Otherwise, *Test your Luck*.

If you are Lucky, turn to **372**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **304**.

174

With sword upraised, you rush forward and cut the old man down. He offers no resistance – and you are astonished to see that, as your sword cuts into him, his robes simply fall to the ground in a heap. There is no body! Furthermore, the caravan disappears before your very eyes, and you experience a peculiar draining sensation. You must cross one Talent of your choice off your *Adventure Sheet* – you may no longer use it. Also you must add 2 EVIL points for your vicious attack. Confused and weary, you continue on the road north, and you have the strange and worrying feeling that you have failed some sort of test. Turn to **63**.

175

The conjured creature offers no resistance as you plunge your sword into its evil form. Your blow shatters the force binding it together, and it dissipates. You find yourself falling to earth. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **57**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **264**.

176

You wait for a short while, counting the seconds so that you can time the opening and closing of the valve to perfection. But all is in vain for, when you drop into this foul gas-outlet – you die instantly.

177

You are in a blue room with three doors. Will you go through the south door (turn to **316**), the east door (turn to **36**), or the west door (turn to **247**)?

178

The Skeletons peer among the trees but fail to see you. The one searching along the road remounts its undead steed, and the riders race towards Stanford. Wasting no time, you return to the road leading north. After a few minutes you hear screams. Turning around, you see that the sky over Stanford is now glowing with a fierce red light. The Skeletons have set fire to the village. You continue on your way and vow to be less selfish in future.

After a short while, you make camp for the night. However, your sleep is disturbed by troubled dreams, and you awaken in the morning, still feeling tired. Turn to **187**.

179

You must fight all three Orcs at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	6
Second ORC	5	5
Third ORC	4	7

If you win, you notice a lantern next to the Orcs' table. If you take it, note this fact on your *Adventure Sheet*. As there is nothing else of interest in the room, you climb up to the next floor. Turn to **253**.

180

Standing still and listening, you hear a voice say, 'I don't understand it. The drug usually kills 'em, not sends 'em to sleep.' Then the voices are lowered beyond your hearing. You can either go over to your window and listen more closely (turn to **35**) or sneak downstairs and try to surprise whoever is there (turn to **399**).

181

A strong Demonic presence emanates from the grave of your parents. It cannot possibly be your mother and father who are in there. Will you return to the church, so that you can get a spade and open up the grave (turn to **85**), or leave Crowford to seek your parents elsewhere (turn to **45**)?

182

You turn from the ghastly scene of the fallen Undead to see the cart that brought them here speeding away on the nearby road. Its driver is a hunchbacked Orc. Will you let him escape (turn to **357**) or give chase (turn to **122**)?

183

Peering over a wall, you see a group of ten Orcs passing a wineskin around. Just as this one is drained, an Orc emerges from a derelict building carrying five more. The Orcs snatch these from their companion and quickly guzzle them down. Will you try to sneak past (turn to **172**), distract them by throwing a handful of coins among them (turn to **194**), or fight them (turn to **231**)?

184

You are standing on a path in a barren plain. To the north is a dense forest into which the track leads. Suddenly a strange shimmering occurs, and a large building appears in front of you. A disembodied voice says, 'Enter at your peril, Demon-Stalker.' The door swings open, revealing a wood-panelled hallway beyond. Will you enter the hall (turn to 288), climb up the outside of the building (turn to 151), or follow the track into the forest (turn to 245)?

185

The road to the north winds through a desolate landscape which is strangely devoid of animal or insect life: it is as if every living thing has fled the area. Disturbed by this, you press on, knowing that these lands are suffering under an evil blight. Just after noon you come upon an overturned coach; human bodies and luggage lie strewn across the road. If you have the *SENSE DEMON* Talent and want to use it, turn to 270; otherwise, turn to 342 to continue your investigation.

186

You have to stifle a shudder of revulsion as you grasp the veiny strands which run down the length of the tube – they are warm and throbbing. All the same, they support your weight, and you make swift progress downwards. As you descend, it grows darker and the vapours get thicker. Suddenly a blast of hot, greenish mist rushes upwards over your face. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **197**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **246**.

187

As you make preparations for continuing on your journey, a burly man calls out to you. 'Good morning. Want to go to Axmoor? I'll take you there in my barge for two Gold Pieces. All being well, we'll be there by tomorrow morning.' He explains that he has stopped off in Stanford to pick up some supplies; on finding the market closed, he has visited a few farms, but has found them to be in ruins. Will you accept his offer and follow him south to the river (deduct 2 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to **389**); or do you prefer to take the northerly road towards Dunningham (turn to **185**)?

188

Using your *DARK VEIL* Talent, you gain 1 EVIL point. You tread carefully round the Skeleton, which continues to look down the stairs. Just as you are passing it, the Skeleton turns and hacks at your legs. The blow knocks you off balance and you

tumble down the stairs. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you regain your feet and manage to block a blow aimed at your head. Obviously, the Skeleton saw you. Will you now use the *BANISH UNDEAD* Talent, if you have it (turn to **6**), or attack the Horned Skeleton (turn to **329**)?

189

Taking no chances, you attack. However, your sword passes straight through her and her cloak drops to the ground! She is gone, but, as you stare in amazement at the empty cloak, you can hear faint mocking laughter in the air. If you want to take the cloak, make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*. Now turn to **283**.

190

The Demon flings itself against the barrier of your *HOLY CIRCLE*, only to be repulsed in a shower of dazzling blue sparks. 'Your power is strong, Demon-Stalker, but it will do you no good. My master will consume your parents' very being and they shall exist in torment for all eternity.' Unable to harm you directly, the tall and powerful Demon reaches up and tears a beam down from the ceiling; then it disappears in a puff of vile black smoke. The ceiling bulges and creaks as more beams come crashing down, knocking the burning braziers over. Will you stay inside the *HOLY CIRCLE* (turn to **118**), or flee the burning cottage (turn to **81**)?

191

The Demonic Servants break into a mass panic and rush about, wailing, 'The Demon-Stalker is among us!' For some reason, the telepathic orders that you know these creatures should be receiving are absent. Their master, Myurr, must be preoccupied with other things. Grateful for this piece of good fortune, you walk up to the quivering mass of tangible corruption and find yourself bathed in its black aura. Roll one die, and add 1 to the result. If the total is equal to or lower than your current EVIL score, turn to **252**. If the total is higher than your EVIL score, turn to **69**.

192

The lair of the Demons is guarded by a terrible device: a large swinging pendulum blade, which even now plunges deep into your forehead. Your adventure is over.

193

The remaining Skeletons rush to attack you. If you have the *BANISH UNDEAD* Talent, and want to use it, turn to **117**; otherwise, turn to **211**.

194

How many Gold Pieces will you throw? Make a note of the number, then turn to **340**.

195

Summoning up all your courage and resolve, you walk down the corridor as far as a circular chamber with a purple floor and red walls. You are on the point of entering the chamber when glowing red lettering begins to form on the floor in front of you, and three doors appear in the walls within. Will you read the writing on the floor (turn to **154**), or carefully step over it into the chamber (turn to **292**)?

196

The other Zombies are too slow and, once you reach the island, they actually sink back into the marsh. Could it be that they anticipate your meeting a worse fate yet? You shiver nervously and turn to face the mill. It's a bleak tower which, built as a windmill, was once used as a marsh warning-beacon. It is a miracle that the crumbling, derelict edifice still stands . . . No, not a miracle. You sense the presence of magic. A small wooden door seems to be the only way in. Do you want to go through it (turn to **173**), or do you prefer to look for another entrance (turn to **349**)?

197

You manage to hold your breath just in time. A moment later, the rush of gas stops and you are able to continue your descent. At a depth of about

twenty feet, you come to the end of the tube, a valve that opens and closes at regular intervals, spewing out clouds of foul vapour. In the side of the tube you notice a small, dark, circular opening which seems to lead into some kind of tunnel. Will you wait for the valve to open and then drop down through it (turn to **176**), or crawl into the small opening (turn to **227**)?

198

Guided by the light, you sneak over to the clearing and peer through a gap in the bushes . . . to see something that will haunt you as long as you live. A scaly, glowing-eyed creature, adorned in peculiar trappings, is raising its taloned hands in supplication, and its large bat-like wings flap slowly in the cold night air. You recognize it as a Moon Demon Mage. It stands over a stone altar sculpted with unspeakably horrible characters. Worse still, lying on the ornamental slab is the dead body of Magrand the Necromancer. From the Mage's words and gestures, and from the unholy fires dripping from its claws, you know that what is being performed is the forbidden Rite of Reanimation. This must not take place, for, if it does, Magrand will become that most rare and feared of creatures: an Abomination – no unthinking Zombie, but a fully sentient, restored being, fused with energies from the Demonic Planes. Magrand would be totally indestructible – and this you cannot allow. If you have the *SPEAK DEMON* Talent and wish to use it, turn to **387**; otherwise turn to **104**.

199

You return to the circular room. Will you now enter the room with the weird clattering (turn to **392**), the room with the swishing sounds (turn to **308**) or the silent room (turn to **68**)?

200

Dodging Calbert's claws, you hurriedly leap on to your horse. While the hissing Vampire rushes into the terrified peasants, you spur Godsfire away. You hear the ghastly screams of those unlucky souls who are providing Calbert with his first unholy feast. Gain 1 EVIL point for allowing this terrible thing to happen. Will you now make your way to Weddonbridge (turn to **249**), to Colton-on-the-Marsh (turn to **72**), or to Astonbury (turn to **136**)?

201

You have passed through the correct door. Now choose which door to go through next. Will you open the Circle (turn to **116**), the Heptagon (turn to **385**), the Hexagon (turn to **223**), the Pentagon (turn to **396**), the Square (turn to **179**), or the Triangle (turn to **187**)?

202

You fish out a gold coin and flip it across the room to the landlord, who obliges by bringing a tankard across to the old beggar (deduct 1 Gold Piece from your *Adventure Sheet*). For the next half-hour the ragged-looking miscreant tells you all sorts of wild tales about the hanged man's ghost appearing once a month to spirit travellers away to their doom. Tonight is the very night when it is due to come again. You don't believe any of his drunken babblings, but they do provide some light entertainment until the rascal falls asleep where he sits. You may now go up to your room, if you wish (turn to **15**). Otherwise, you may go and talk with either the quiet youth (turn to **314**) or the woman fighter (turn to **145**).

203

The first two barrels you look in are empty. As you peer into the third, you see a Goblin sitting in the bottom of it. Rubbing his eyes, the Goblin looks back at you. You could attack him – but the noise of the fight would soon alert the other occupants of the tower. Suddenly the Goblin reaches out and scrapes some mould from the rim of the barrel. He stuffs it into his greedy mouth and then settles back in the bottom of the barrel. 'Hmm! Dinner. Very nice. Me finish guard duty now.' The Goblin shuts his eyes and is soon fast asleep. You decide to leave him alone. Will you now search the clothing (turn to **128**), or climb the ladder (turn to **157**)?

204

Roll one die to determine how many Zombies succumb. If you have destroyed fewer than three, you must fight the remainder; turn to 328 and face the remaining Zombies, starting with the third Zombie and then, if necessary, the second Zombie. However, if your Talent banishes all three of them, turn to 182.

205

Unbelievably, Black Jack comes to life; it leaps up at you with an evil hiss, dark fire gleaming behind its slitted eye sockets. Though you are knocked off your horse by the impact, you manage to dodge the sharp, needle-like fangs that come snapping at your arm. However, no sooner are you on your feet, with sword drawn, than the thing falls, lifeless. You prod it with your blade, but it is just a scarecrow again. Alarmed, you remount and continue on your way towards the village. Turn to 51.

206

Your instincts serve you well – a gargoyle-like creature is about to swoop down on you from the lofty trees above! You wait until this snarling Moon Demon is close, before lashing out with your sword and slicing its verminous body in two.

After another night in the wilds, you come to the outskirts of Axmoor. Turn to 339.

207

In time you start to fear that the corridor will narrow to a dead end, but eventually it opens out into a dull area which can only be a dungeon. It is a slimy room with pulsating, membranous walls. Dozens of miserable human prisoners are held in cages here, watched over by two Demonic Servants. You must free the captives. If you have the *DARK VEIL* Talent, and wish to use it in the hope of catching the Demons unawares, turn to 108. But if you do not have this Talent or prefer not to use it, you must fight them. Turn to 263.

208

You raise your sword and charge. However, the skull uses its power of levitation to avoid your sword strokes while it manoeuvres itself into a good position to blast you repeatedly with its eye beams. This is going to be no ordinary duel. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 371. If you are Unlucky, deduct 3 points from your STAMINA and either *Test your Luck* again or run away from the cave and take the northerly road once more (turn to 58). As long as you remain in the cave, keep *Testing your Luck* until you are either dead or Lucky.

209

The Orc nods and opens the door for you. Inside is a filthy storeroom containing three wooden barrels and a pile of Orcish clothing. A rough, wooden ladder leads up to a trapdoor in the ceiling. Will you look in the barrels (turn to 203), search the clothing (turn to 128) or climb the ladder (turn to 157)?

210

You grab the book and shake it frantically, hoping for a gem to fall out. While you are thus distracted, Myurr is able to leap upon you and rake your back with his talons. You struggle with him and manage to shove the book between his jaws. Myurr jumps back and spits the book out. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and, if you are still alive, return to 398 to choose your next action.

211

You must fight all these Undead horrors at the same time. Each has SKILL 7, STAMINA 6. If you win, turn to 129.

212

Confident that the trapdoor is now secure, you climb back down the ladder. The villagers are tense but alert. All is quiet, except for the sound of pouring rain. A crash of thunder echoes round the hall and, as it dies away, all the doors and windows suddenly burst in. Endless hordes of frenzied Demons pour through the openings, their dripping fangs eager for blood. Though the villagers fight for all they are worth, they are soon forced to fall back in disarray. Will you use the *HOLY CIRCLE* Talent (turn to **110**) or *MEDITATION* Talent (turn to **325**)? If you cannot use either of these, or would rather fight the Moon Demons anyway, turn to **123**.

213

Having cut off the heart's feed-supply, you have made the best possible choice. (Make a note that you have turned the Red Dial on your *Adventure Sheet*.) The heart judders and lurches, and the steam-blasts grow more violent. An alarm sounds and you are shocked to see a mouth-like split appear in the middle of the wall, giving vent to something horrible. Your impression is of a pitch-black, glistening skin, myriad eyes and multiple appendages. Will you wait to see what it is (turn to **30**) or escape, running back the way you came (turn to **272**)?

214

Sharleena is willing for you to be present; she leads you into a room decorated with colourful hangings depicting forest animals. A golden circle is set into the floor and a small wooden drum hangs on a hook near by. She lights two charcoal braziers and bids you stand by the door. Then, taking the drum, she sits down outside the circle, and starts to tap out a beat on it, rhythmically chanting at the same time. After a few minutes, the smoke from the braziers flows up to the ceiling and then drifts down into the centre of the circle. There, it assumes the shape of a nebulous human being with antlers sprouting from its head. Sharleena raises her hands and asks the spirit for news of your parents' fate. Looking from her to you, it replies in a deep, resonating voice: 'They have been taken to Myurr's tower in the Northlands. The Demon Lord intends to use them to further his evil plans. He needs their mortal energies.' It is as bad as you had feared: you must find Myurr's tower and free your parents before it is too late. You ask Sharleena to find out the whereabouts of the tower; as she asks the question, however, the spirit solidifies and dense fumes fill the room. When they clear, a large, red, fanged Demon is standing in the circle. Sharleena steels herself. 'Tell us, I command you,' she cries. Racked by the power of Sharleena's command, the Demon answers. If you have the *SPEAK DEMON* Talent and wish to use it, turn to **241**. But if you cannot, or will not, turn to **383**.

215

You whisper in Godsfire's ear, instructing him to return to the Sacred Citadel of the Templars where, one day, you will hope to meet him once more. Then he departs. Knowing that his road is safer than yours, you turn your attention to the problem confronting you. The climb is an easy one, and you are soon back on the road, on the far side of the force-wall. Now you begin the lengthy trek to Colton-on-the-Marsh. Turn to **153**.

216

You step into the Temple and feel an Evil curse descend upon you. Gain 1 EVIL point and deduct 1 point from your SKILL score. The Temple has been ransacked and, although you search it thoroughly, you find nothing to help you. Will you go now to the Pond (turn to **344**) or to the Courthouse (turn to **66**)?

217

You are able to sense that the man is not a Demon. Indeed, you can tell that he is not evil in nature, yet nor is he wholly good. Puzzled, you decide to stay your hand. Turn to **42**.

218

Branner looks at you, then glances behind to your younger self. He nods and hands you the ring from his finger (make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*). 'The gods protect you, Templar,' he says. Then he touches you lightly with his staff . . . and you find yourself back in the room with the Pandemonium. Turn to **199**.

219

You lash out at the skeleton with your sword, but you only manage to rock the cage, causing the weak rope holding it to snap. Before you know it, you are on the ground, with the reeking cage lying on top of you. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The skull laughs all the more at your misfortune, its mad grin mere inches away from your face. And the laughing only grows louder when you scramble out from under the horrid thing and hack away at the clattering bones through the bars. You realize then that this has all been a waste of valuable time. You

remount your horse and consider the implications of this encounter. Does more Evil lie in wait on the road ahead, or is this just a sign that Evil haunts the entire area? Do you want to carry on along the road (turn to **51**), or double back and take the short cut over the fields (turn to **327**)?

220

Almost immediately the Demonic Servants catch sight of you and raise the alarm. Tendrils shoot out from the walls on all sides, and wrap themselves round your body. You struggle against these tough, veiny strands as a coiling tube oozes out of an aperture in the wall, twists towards you and clamps its dripping sucker-like end over your face. A blast of gas rises from its fetid depths, knocking you unconscious. Turn to **346**.

221

Without warning, a winged, leathery Moon Demon dives down on you from the branches high above. You must stave off its slashing claws with your bare hands as you have no time to draw your sword (deduct 1 point from your SKILL for the duration of this fight only).

MOON DEMON SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win, you bed down for the night; in the morning, you arrive at the outskirts of Axmoor. Turn to **339**.

222

Your fears are confirmed: this is a Demon. In the time it takes you to find this out, the Demon's taloned hands have stuffed you into its fang-filled maw. The Demon has claimed your life.

223

Progress is swift as your craft rides with the current. You enter more pleasant lands and, after a day-long uneventful voyage, arrive at the village of Stanford. Abandoning the raft once more, you walk into the village. Turn to **24**.

224

You climb down to the bottom of the tower and run into the shelter of some nearby ruins. If the tower is on fire, you can go to the Pond (turn to **344**), the Temple (turn to **380**) or the Courthouse (turn to **66**). If the tower is not on fire, you are set upon by hundreds of Orcs. Although you sell your life dearly, you are bound to succumb to the attacking hordes. The forces of Evil have triumphed.

225

In abandoning the village, you have doomed its inhabitants to a life of torment and misery – gain 2 EVIL points. After a while, you come to a fork in the road; you feel strangely compelled to take the road to Axmoor. You sense that your gods are giving you a chance to compensate for your hasty desertion of Colton-on-the-Marsh by pitting you against something, the like of which you have never seen before! Turn to **21**.

226

The Skeleton totters, then falls headlong down the staircase. As you continue to ascend, you can hear it clattering all the way down to the bottom. After a short while the stairs end in a room lit by rows and rows of candles. There is no exit from the room other than the way by which you entered. You hear whispering voices slowly growing in volume; they all seem to be offering you advice: go through the window . . . pass through the mirror . . . snuff out the candles. You know that you must make a decision soon, as the voices are gnawing away at your sanity; if you stay here, you will go mad. Then the ghostly form of your brother floats up out of the floor. His insubstantial arm points at the window, as he mouths the words, 'The window is the way to Myurr.' Will you go through the window (turn to 23) or through the mirror (turn to 398); or would you rather snuff out the candles (turn to 238)?

227

Ignoring the small size of the tunnel, you climb in and realize that you have made the right choice when you hear the valve behind you open to release a cloud of deadly gas. You crawl along in complete darkness; the throbbing of the soft, organic tunnel makes you feel decidedly queasy. After minutes which seem like hours, you emerge into a corridor which must be inside the building. When you extricate yourself from the tunnel, you are surprised to see it seal up so well that you cannot tell it was ever there.

Now you study the passage you are in. To the right it is warm and wide, and to the left it is narrow and damp. Will you go left (turn to **207**) or right (turn to **101**)?

228

Godsfire collapses and dies in swift torment but, by focusing all your efforts on yourself, you are just able to save yourself before you too collapse. When you wake up after a deep, recuperative sleep, you stumble through the woods in a daze until coming upon a small village. You stagger out on to a dirt-track and see a sign saying 'Stanford'. Turn to **24**.

229

After following the pitted and worn road for a few hours, you hear the sound of an approaching wagon. The crack of a whip can clearly be heard as the vehicle rumbles towards you. This may be honest travellers – but you cannot be too careful. Will you climb a tree and hide while the wagon passes (turn to **274**), or stay where you are (**95**)?

230

One moment you are surrounded by a multitude of howling, blood-thirsty Demons – and the next, they are gone. Bright sunlight shines into the hall as dawn breaks and the rain stops. Cheers fill the air as the villagers celebrate the end of the longest night they have ever known. For this good fortune you may restore 1 LUCK point.

The villagers gather up their belongings and prepare to head south. Romond asks you to accompany them, but you refuse; you must travel north in search of your parents. Now turn to **351**.

231

Some of the Orcs are so drunk that they take a few uncertain steps and then fall flat on their faces. The others stagger forward and loudly threaten to chop you into little pieces. Taking advantage of the Orcs' slowness, you back into the remains of a doorway where you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	5	5
Third ORC	3	7
Fourth ORC	7	6
Fifth ORC	6	6
Sixth ORC	4	5

If you win, turn to **313**.

232

Those long hours spent in the libraries of the Citadel of the Templars have not been in vain. You immediately recognize these two creatures as Blight Demons: vile servants of Myurr and carriers of death and decay. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **3**. If you are Unlucky, you must fight them, one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BLIGHT DEMON	9	4
Second BLIGHT DEMON	8	6

If you win, turn to **277**.

233

The remaining guards merely look on in shock. From what you know of them, you realize that they are awaiting telepathic orders from their master. Quickly now, will you try to destroy the worm-furnace (turn to **356**), or face the Death-Stone (turn to **191**)?

234

When you refuse, the old wretch showers you with insults, curses and dribble. You hastily decide that it would be better if you sat somewhere else. You can sit down and talk with either the quiet youth (turn to **314**) or the woman fighter (turn to **145**). Or, if you would rather, you can go up to your room (turn to **15**).

235

Listening intently, you hear Myurr rasp: 'I have the Demon-Ssstalker'sss parentsss in my grasssp. What better way to fashion my revenge againssst that hated Templar than to use the old foolsss in the Corrupt Ritual of Undoing! I shall drain their very sssoulsss. They lurk beyond the pane, where I mussst now return.'

Then it is over. The image of Myurr disappears in a mist of repulsive vapours. You drop from your vantage point into the chamber and surprise Magrand, striking at him before he has a chance to conjure up any magical protections.

MAGRAND SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **293**.

236

Twelve cards are placed in a special pattern on the table top between you and the old woman, and there is a tense silence as she interprets their meaning. At last she says: 'All around you is horror and danger. You may die, even lose your soul. I can offer little advice, as my vision is barred by a stronger power; yet, despite this interference, one thing is clear: you must look for the Pyramid of Bone. You will know what this means when the time is right.' Grumont hands you a bowl of broth (restore 2 STAMINA points). After your meal, you all retire for the night. Turn to **381**.

237

If the name 'Samatz' means anything to you, turn to **64**. Otherwise, you may argue with him (turn to **386**), or use the *MEDITATION* Talent, if you have it (turn to **297**).

238

You quickly extinguish all the candles, plunging the room into darkness. Not at all sure which way to go, you stumble about in the stygian gloom. You trip over a candelabra and feel yourself falling through an opening. Roll one die: if the result is 1–3, turn to **398**; if it is 4–6, turn to **23**.

239

You have closed the heart's waste-outlet. Over a long period of time, this may poison the heart; already the organ is reacting by beating harder. (Make a note that you have turned the Blue Dial on your *Adventure Sheet*.) An alarm sounds and a section of the wall parts, freeing something with black, wet skin, many eyes and numerous appendages. Will you wait to see what it is (turn to **30**) or escape, running back the way you came (turn to **272**)?

240

Dark storm clouds boil and writhe over the Cragrock Peaks as you make your way to Dunningham. Though you are filled with a sense of foreboding, when you reach it the village looks in surprisingly good order: the villagers go about their business wishing you a good day as they pass by. At the base of a stone cross sits a hooded figure; it beckons you over. As you walk towards it, the figure draws back its hood, revealing a strange-looking face. This is a woman whose face is pitch-black on one side and deathly white on the other. Her arms reach out towards you and you can see glowing symbols of power on her upturned palms. Will you:

Attack her?	Turn to **189**
Talk to her?	Turn to **347**
Hold out your Cross in an attempt to drive her away?	Turn to **88**
Ignore her?	Turn to **283**

241

Although compelled to answer, the Demon tries to trick you by answering in its own language. Fortunately, you are conversant with the Demon tongue. 'Lord Myurr's tower is in the Cragrock Peaks,' it says. Turn to **161**.

242

Will you say:

Crakanat?	Turn to **209**
Kragaz?	Turn to **326**
Shagrat?	Turn to **260**

243

Add 1 point to your EVIL category for using this Talent. Magrand raises his hands to cast a mystic bolt but then stops, uncertain, and curses: 'Dark Veil. Damn you, Demon-Stalker!' He cannot bring his magical powers to bear against you, so you move in to attack him.

MAGRAND SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **293**.

244

You walk across to Darrow. He looks from you to the other villagers and then makes quickly for the door. As he passes you, he whispers: 'I can't talk here. Meet me at the blasted oak in ten minutes.' Judging from the angry looks some of the villagers give Darrow, it's obvious that they have overheard his message.

As Darrow leaves, one of the villagers smashes a bottle against a table and strides towards you. Waving the bottle under your nose, he says, 'No one's going to help you. Your kind's not wanted here. Get out before we throw you out.' Rather than risk a fight, you leave the tavern – only to find that a group

of villagers are following you. Anticipating an attack, you prepare to defend yourself . . . but no attack comes. Instead, one of the villagers spits at you and then they all hurry off into the mist. What will you do now: visit the village priest (turn to **353**), or go to meet Darrow at the blasted oak (turn to **262**)?

245

As you follow the track through the forest, you catch a glimpse of a tower on a high mountain-range and you realize that the track is leading you towards it. Before you reach the tower, night falls with unnatural swiftness and a chilling breeze springs up. Tired from your journey, you collect some firewood and build a small fire. The fire warms you and you fall into a light sleep.

You are suddenly awakened by a deep rumbling noise. Leaping up, you see a huge, scaled hand breaking through a fissure in the earth. It is followed by another hand, and then a monstrous head rises from the widening abyss. The stench of sulphur is strong in the air as the monster's eyes fix upon you. Will you:

Flee for your life?	Turn to **46**
Attack it?	Turn to **331**
Use the *SENSE DEMON* Talent, if you have it?	Turn to **222**
Use the *HOLY CIRCLE* Talent to protect yourself, if you have it?	Turn to **96**

246

Although you try to hold your breath, you inhale too much of the choking, stinging gas, and you pass out. Just before total unconsciousness overcomes you, your grip relaxes and you feel your body start to fall. Turn to 346.

247

Stepping through the door, you enter an indigo room with two doors. Will you go through the south door (turn to 300), or the east door (turn to 316)?

248

Before your very eyes the Abomination mutates: its skin splits open to reveal dozens of twitching tentacles which shoot out towards you, each moving as if with a mind of its own. Even worse, the jaw of Magrand's dead head opens and stretches as if unjointed or made of elastic. It howls horribly as tentacles from its wrists wrap round your arms and start to pull you towards the rows of jagged teeth lining its repulsive mouth. Now it is even stronger.

ABOMINATION SKILL 10 STAMINA 13

Its current STAMINA score has not changed. If in the course of any Attack Round the Abomination's Attack Strength is 5 or more points higher than yours, turn to 54. However, if you defeat it, turn to 285.

249

The road to Weddonbridge heads westwards for quite some time before eventually bending to the north. As you travel further northwards, the thunderstorm gives way to a torrent of heavy rain. Soon you are soaked through to the skin, thoroughly miserable and in need of shelter.

Hills rise to your right and, if you have a parchment, you will know of a cave near by which you may wish to look for (turn to the appropriate paragraph). Otherwise, you will have to continue along the road in the hope of finding a refuge. Turn to 58.

250

As you make your way forward, the wagon is suddenly jolted and you lose your balance. In the time it takes you to recover your footing, the Orc snatches up a wicked-looking spiked mace and attacks you. You must fight him. During any Attack Round in which your Attack Strength is 5 or more points higher than the Orc's, you have succeeded in knocking him from the cart into the road.

ORC DRIVER SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win the fight, or knock the Orc from the wagon, turn to 294.

251

Once you finish your drink, you may either go to your room for a good night's sleep (turn to **15**) or stay in the bar and talk to some of the other guests. If you remain in the bar, will you go over to the ragged old man (turn to **115**), the quiet youth (turn to **314**), or the woman fighter (turn to **145**)?

252

Though you struggle for all your life is worth, you succumb to the power of the Death-Stone; within three months you are serving your Snake Demon master as a Lieutenant of an Orcish raiding party

253

You reach the top floor and slide the bolt across the trapdoor, barring it to pursuers. It won't hold for long against a concerted effort to break it open, but you are grateful for any time it may gain for you. You are at the top of the tower. A coiled rope lies near the trapdoor; it is tied to a ring set into the floor. You drop the rope over the side and are pleased to see that it reaches the ground. Looking over the edge, you can see the devastated village of Dunningham. A few hundred yards from the tower, there is a pond with a Temple close by it. Further on is another building which looks like a ruined Courthouse.

Suddenly you hear a whirring sound: something is moving in the middle of the tower. It is the Baleful Eye; it has sensed your presence, and its vile gaze is sweeping around towards you. You know that, if its gaze meets yours, you will be doomed. Will you attack it with your sword (turn to **307**), use the oil from a lantern, if you have one, to set it on fire (turn to **82**), or escape down the outside of the tower using the rope (turn to **224**)?

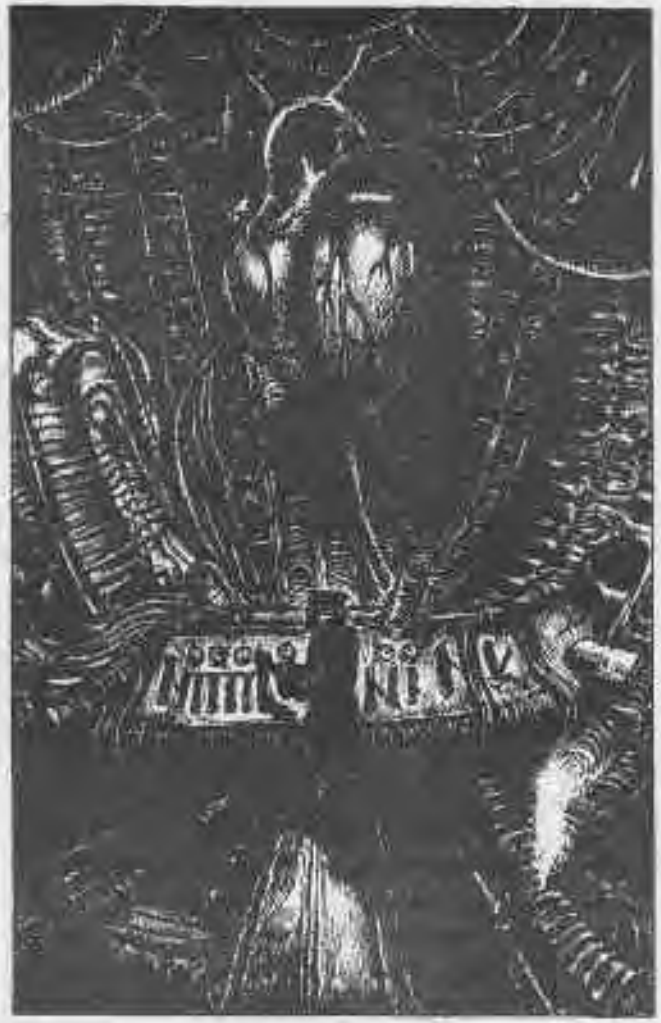

254

You step into a huge cave . . . and are almost deafened by the noise of loud beating. Along the length of one wall is a bank of levers and dials connected by two vein-like pipes to a revolting, giant heart! The pipes, thick with gurgling evil fluids, are only part of a sprawling mass of pumps and valves performing unknown functions. The roof of the cavern is similarly coated with a twisted collection of organic, bone-bracketed tubes and hanging tentacles. Fumes rush out of vents in steam-like gusts, and the entire ramshackle structure looks as if pressure could make it explode at any moment. A Demonic Servant, working at the controls, sees you, rises and attacks. If you score two blows against it in two successive Attack Rounds, it is destroyed at once, irrespective of its current STAMINA score.

DEMONIC SERVANT SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 309.

255

If you show him the woman's cloak from Dunningham, turn to 137. Otherwise, turn to 7.

256

As you step into the room, all the knives fly towards you. Roll one die to determine how many knives attack you. In order to deflect each knife, you must roll your SKILL score or less with two dice. Each time you fail, you are hit by a knife and lose 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you may rush over to the armour (turn to 109), or leave the room (turn to 169).

257

Judging by the bloodstains on the seats, the Shapeshifter must have disguised itself as one of the passengers – they never stood a chance. On one of the seats is a leather purse containing 12 Gold Pieces. If you take them, add the Gold Pieces to your *Adventure Sheet*. Shreds of paper are lying on the floor. Picking them up, you see that they are pages from a diary. Piecing them together is difficult, but you are able to make out the following: 'Evil stalks our once proud village of Dunningham, and an army approaches from the north. I fear the worst. Many refuse to flee, but I must go. The north is no place for peaceful folk.'

This news is depressing, yet you refuse to give up hope. Your parents – or at least some clue as to their whereabouts – may be found in Dunningham. Will you search the bodies by the coach (turn to 78), or head towards Dunningham (turn to 240)?

258

You explain to Romond that the search for your parents must take precedence over the fate of the villagers. Understanding your plight, he opens the back door for you, and you dart out into the rain. The mud is slick under your feet, but you are able to keep your balance — until a swarm of Moon Demons descends upon you. As they rip at your flesh, you flounder in the sludge, and your world fills with pain and agony. Myurr has claimed your life.

259

Before the mob can lay its eager hands on you, you turn tail and race away and eventually bolt out on to the marsh. At first the villagers give chase but, once you set foot on the bog, they come to a standstill and merely look on with knowing grins. It does not take you long to realize why they did not come after you: the trek across the swamp is extremely hazardous.

You stumble you have to double back repeatedly . . . you get sucked into mud pits . . . and worse. You are just considering whether to go back, when the path behind you sinks into the mire! Will you push on, deeper into the marsh (turn to **395**) or head for the causeway that leads to the abandoned mill (turn to **335**)?

260

The Orc stares at you for a few seconds and then shakes his head. He looks confused, but you are sure from the look on his face that you have given him the wrong password. Will you attempt to bribe him (turn to **320**), or attack him (turn to **106**)?

261

Your aim is good. Palinn clutches the rope while you reel it in. Grumont rushes over to help you, and the boy is soon reunited with his father. The man cannot thank you enough, and he gives you back the 2 Gold Pieces you paid. You may also restore 1 LUCK point. Turn to **317**.

262

You used to climb the old, blackened oak tree when you were younger, so finding it in the mist is no problem. There, you see Darrow; he is being held by two of the villagers you saw in the tavern. The sound of shuffling feet in the mist warns you that there are more of them closing in round you. The local blacksmith, a huge figure of a man, hands you the reins of your horse. 'For Galana's sake, Demon-Stalker, leave us in peace. The priest has opened your parents' graves; their bodies are not there. Your parents have been spirited away by Demons. Go and look for them elsewhere. The villagers here are scared, and they want blood. Leave while you can.' Clutching their pitchforks and scythes, the villagers step hesitantly towards you. Will you leave (turn to **148**), or will you stand and fight them (turn to **390**)?

263

The guards use only their amazingly strong hands for weapons; you must fight them both at the same time. If you ever score two blows against the same opponent in two successive Attack Rounds, it is destroyed, irrespective of its current STAMINA score.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEMONIC SERVANT	8	7
Second DEMONIC SERVANT	7	7

If you win, turn to **280**.

264

Your fall is broken by the branches of a tall tree, and the earth you land on is soft and muddy. Deduct 6 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you make your way towards the nearby village. Turn to **153**.

265

Enjoying the brisk morning air, you continue on your journey. After a while, the dark wood gives way to flat, grassy fields, and you reach a fork in the road. One road branches off to the left, and the other carries on over a log bridge spanning a wide river. A colourfully painted barge is moored against the near riverbank. From the boat, a burly man calls to you: 'Ho there! For two Gold Pieces you can board my boat and I'll have you in Axmoor by sunrise tomorrow. Take my advice and come with

me; there's plague at Astonbury and dark evil in Colton. You'll travel much faster and more safely by boat. But you'll have to leave your horse behind. There's no room for it on board.' You can accept his offer, telling Godsfire to return to Royal Lendle (turn to **389** and deduct 2 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*); or you can refuse and ride over the bridge (turn to **295**) or along the left-hand road (turn to **71**).

266

You erase the markings on the door, and it swings open. You enter a black corridor with paintings of leering Demons on the walls. Turn to **195**.

267

The door opens and you walk through into a mist-shrouded room. You feel yourself floating and soon you rise above the mist into a very peculiar chamber: food is laid out for a banquet but, instead of it being set on tables, it floats in the air. Across the room a cheerful man sits on an invisible chair. 'Greetings, Demon-Stalker Please make yourself comfortable. Enjoy the food.' Not sure what to do, you accept his offer, but you remain wary lest he try any tricks on you. The food tastes good and is very nourishing. Restore 4 points to your STAMINA.

You ask him why you are here. He grins and stares into your eyes 'Many reasons. The Balance is uncertain and must be restored. Good is on the rise and so it is time for desperate measures. The powers of Evil cannot be allowed to wane, or the world will stagnate and die. It is necessary that Evil be given a helping hand by my Order, that of the Netherworld Sorcerers. To that end, Prince Myurr of the Demons has requested our aid to open a gate between his plane and this one. This will restore the Balance and allow life to continue.'

You stare at him in amazement. Everything you have seen on your journey points the other way: Evil is growing. The Netherworld Sorcerers must have been tricked by Myurr!

Your host's face grows stern and his eyes grow hard. 'Your role is uncertain,' he says. 'That you are involved is clear, since Myurr seeks the life-essence

of your parents. Where do you stand in all of this, Demon-Stalker?' Will you tell him that you aid the forces of Evil (turn to **255**) or that you are seeking to destroy Myurr (turn to **386**); or will you attempt to persuade him that he is wrong (turn to **237**)?

268

With an unearthly groan, the body of Magrand lurches upright and slides off the altar. Though the Rite was not completed, the powers of darkness have seen fit to intervene, converting the body of the Necromancer into a terrible Abomination. It strikes you from behind (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). If you still live, you are stunned, allowing the Moon Demon to break off from combat. The Mage stands aside, cackling at your plight as you turn to face the full horror of the Abomination. Will you repel it with your Cross, if you have one (turn to **375**); or do you prefer to attack it with your sword (turn to **65**); or, if you have the *DARK VEIL* Talent and wish to use it, try to flee while invisible (turn to **49**)?

269

You kick the table and it hurtles into two of the Orcs. As the third Orc looks around, you dash up the ladder to the next floor. By the time they have recovered, you have closed the trapdoor on them. Turn to **253**.

270

Your skin prickles as your Talent identifies one of the dead passengers as a Demonic Shape-shifter. The Demon leaps up, changing in a flash into its true reptilian form, its forked tongue darting between its jagged teeth. Without pausing to think, you bring your sword down hard on its head and it sprawls, lifeless, on the road. You have avenged the passengers, but they may not all be dead. Will you search the other bodies (turn to **78**) or look into the coach (turn to **257**)?

271

For using this unholy Talent, gain 1 EVIL point. You step quietly into the cave, where you are amazed to see a weirdly carved stone skull floating in the air. A strong red light shining from the skull's empty eye sockets darts this way and that as if searching. As it sweeps across you, for a moment you think that it has seen you or somehow sensed your presence, but then it turns away. The thing is clearly some evil automaton and, as there are no other exits from the cave, you can only think that the whole set-up is an elaborate trap – the Parchment a trick! Your parents are not here. All the same, do you want to take

advantage of your invisibility and destroy the magical skull? If so, turn to 371; but if you would rather slip away and return to the road leading north, turn to 58.

272

Walking down the corridor, you come to some steps cut in the side of the wall. They lead upwards to a closed wooden hatch. Looking further along the corridor, you can see that the walls grow increasingly narrow. Will you climb up the ladder (turn to 364) or continue down the narrow corridor, if you have not been this way already (turn to 207)?

273

You rush towards the bone pyramid, only to find Myurr standing between you and it. His slitted eyes stare deeply into yours, summoning up all the evil acts you have committed in your life. You feel pulled towards Myurr as he attempts to corrupt and consume you with hate. To determine whether or not you fall under his power, roll two dice and compare the total rolled with your EVIL score. If the result is equal to or less than your EVIL score, turn to 89. If it is higher than your EVIL score, turn to 163.

274

You climb the tree and watch in horror as a horse-drawn wagon rounds the corner. On it is perched a huge Orc, whipping the lathered horses with sadistic glee. A wooden cage is carried on the back of the wagon and through the bars you can see a dozen humans, huddled together for warmth. These must be unfortunate souls bound for Axmoor. Will you jump down from the tree and attack the Orc driver (turn to 250), jump down on to the back of the wagon and try to free the captives (turn to 354), or stay hidden until the cart has passed and then continue your journey to Dunningham (turn to 240)?

275

The impact with the force-wall is terrific. Godsfire slams to a halt and falls to the ground, dead, while you are stunned and burned. However, the momentum of your charge catapults you over the top of the barrier. You land on the other side in an untidy heap. Roll one die and lose as many STAMINA points as the number you have rolled. If you are still alive, you may now begin the long trek to Colton. Turn to 153.

276

Your ploy works, and you soon leave the Orcs behind. Turn to **313**.

277

The Blight Demons fall back into the grave, where they dissolve into a puddle of green slime. As what is left of the Demons bubbles and hisses, the mist clears and, with it, the oppressive atmosphere that has plagued Crowford. You are about to leave the graveyard when you notice an iron tube, lying in the revolting sludge. Carefully you pick it up and wipe it clean, then you notice a parchment rolled up inside it. The parchment is a map, on which is marked a cave. Furthermore, by the cave is written the words: 'Captives held here'. The cave itself is situated in the hilly area, east of the road to Weddonbridge. (If you travel along this road at some time in the future, you will be given the option to look for the cave. You may do this by turning to paragraph **150**. Make a note of this number on your *Adventure Sheet*.) For now, you have saved the village, but your parents are still missing. You must look for them elsewhere. Turn to **148**.

278

Though you succeed in becoming invisible, you also contrive to give yourself over to the powers of Evil for the last time. Myurr has no trouble in seeing you; when he beckons you forward with a mere twitch of his finger, you find yourself compelled to obey. Your adventure is over.

279

You have passed through the correct door. Now choose which door to go through next. Will you open the Circle (turn to **242**), the Heptagon (turn to **79**), the Hexagon (turn to **18**), the Pentagon (turn to **37**), the Square (turn to **56**) or the Triangle (turn to **327**)?

280

The creatures collapse into a pile of mouldering bones. Searching their robes, you find a set of keys which you use to open all the cages. However, the captives make no move to escape. You urge them to hurry, but they don't stir. One of them says: 'You do not understand. This monstrosity we inhabit is alive. We're here to be fed into its furnaces to increase its power. Its influence holds us here. We cannot leave until it has been destroyed.' Despite all your pleas they will not move, so you leave alone by the sole exit, determined to put an end to this evil.

You enter a dark and narrow corridor which grows wider and brighter, the further you go along it. Shortly, you find steps cut into the side of a wall leading up to a closed wooden hatch. Will you go up these steps (turn to **364**) or continue along the wide corridor, if you have not investigated this area already (turn to **101**)?

281

You step quietly forwards – only to stand before a flying skull. Strangely sculpted from stone, the bizarre automaton sees you and darts towards you; the red glow you saw earlier comes from its eyes and other gaps in its facial structure. In the brief instant before it attacks you, you notice that there is nothing else to be seen in the cave, nor are there any other exits leading from it. The whole thing has been a trap – you were meant to follow the Parchment to your doom! You draw your sword just as two crimson beams blaze at you from out of the skull's eye sockets. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 121. If you are Unlucky, turn to 5.

282

You grab your belongings and are just preparing to bolt when the Ghost calls your name. Will you stop and wait to see what it wants (turn to 44) or ignore its unearthly voice and run away (turn to 83)?

283

Not wishing to get involved, you walk on into Dunningham. As you turn a corner it is as though a veil has been lifted from your eyes. Dunningham has been devastated. Smoke rises from ruined buildings and patrols of Orcs wander the streets. As you jump back into a doorway, you feel someone grab your shoulder. You draw your sword and prepare to fight. 'Peace, Demon-Stalker, it is I, Gerard. At last you have arrived.' Once a Templar like yourself, Gerard retired to take over the priestly

duties of this remote northern village. Now he looks haggard and worn, and bloodstained bandages testify that he is far from well. Sighing, he continues. 'Dark times are upon us. I cannot stay long, I have done all that I can; now it is up to you. There is more to this than at first appears. Powerful forces are at work. You must find the pool. There many answers lie, if only you know where to look. But beware the Baleful Eye.'

You realize that Gerard must have been deeply affected by his experiences, yet his words cannot be mere ramblings. You ask him for more information. He points to a watchtower in the centre of Dunningham, and then recoils in fear as a baleful Red Eye sweeps round the top of it and pauses, to stare in your direction. 'The Eye is your greatest danger; to ignore it is to risk death.' Then he points westwards and says, 'The pool lies that way. I must leave.' Gerard turns and hastens across the ruined village. Will you follow Gerard's directions and seek the pool (turn to **119**) or attempt to deal with the Eye first? If the latter, you must decide whether to head down the street (turn to **302**), or clamber over the ruins (turn to **183**).

284

The chalice spills its foul contents and falls, clattering, to the floor. Myurr kicks you, sending you flying into a wall. Deduct 5 points from your STAMINA and, if you are still alive, return to **398** to choose your next action.

285

You put up the fight of your life and – unbelievably – manage to cheat Myurr once more. Either the gods must be looking kindly on you, or they have realized the threat the Abomination would have posed to the world. You are victorious and now the Moon Demon Mage kneels, howling its rage at having been a witness to the impossible. You seize the opportunity and hastily dispatch the foul creature. Then, using the flaming, ritual braziers, you destroy the Moon Demon's body and the horrible stone altar before taking to the road once more. Restore 2 points to your LUCK and 1 point to your SKILL for this act of great heroism. Some miles on, you camp for the night, and the next day come to the village of Stanford. Turn to **24**.

286

The villagers look to you for leadership. Quickly you position them to defend the barred doors and windows of the building. Then you settle down to wait for the dawn to bring an end to this nightmare. After a short while the sound of scratching can be heard coming from overhead. Fearing that the Demons will break in through the roof, you ask Romond whether there is a way up to it. He points to a dark corner, where a ladder leads up to a trapdoor in the ceiling. You climb the ladder and push open the flimsy trapdoor. To your horror, you see that the ferocious Moon Demons have already clawed away some roofing slates; they will soon be able to smash their way through the trapdoor. You must seal it with a magical barrier! If you have the Holy Amulet, you may place it here (turn to **359**); otherwise you must throw a vial of Holy Water in front of the trapdoor (deduct the vial from your *Adventure Sheet*). Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **359**. If it is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **50**.

287

Your voice is unnaturally loud as it pronounces the final esoteric word. What happens next is beyond description, as epic forces ripple time and space.

You wake up, flat on your back, in a circular clearing. This is the middle of Axmoor village. The demonic building, its tentacle roots and all the gases have simply disappeared as if they never existed. In the

distance you can hear confused voices and you see the human prisoners trying to comprehend their newfound freedom. Myurr must, even now, be raging at this setback to his plans. Because your magic touched on the power of the most ancient dark gods, you may add 2 points to your LUCK and 1 point to your SKILL – not just to your current scores, but also to their *Initial* values. However, unless you have the *HOLY CIRCLE* Talent, you must also add 1 EVIL point.

You take the road leading north and, two miles on, come across a small stream on which floats an abandoned raft. It looks capable of bearing you, and the stream should bring you out to the River Merton, east of Axmoor. Will you take the raft and journey downriver towards Stanford (turn to **223**), or follow the road north (turn to **229**)?

288

Behind you, doors slam shut as a strong wind buffets you along the hall and through a door. You find yourself standing in your room at the Citadel of the Templars, but somehow things are not quite right. No matter what objects you try to pick up or touch, your hand passes straight through them all. Three doors lead from the room: the door to your left has a sword marked upon it; the door to your right has a clock face upon it; and the door in front of you has a tower drawn upon it. Will you go through the door with the sword (turn to **267**), the door with the clock (turn to **18**) or the door with the tower (turn to **37**)?

289

You stand outside the door and are shocked to hear what the people inside are saying: 'I tell you, this curse is all the fault of that Demon-Stalker. We didn't have any trouble before that meddling busybody's parents were buried. Now our crops are withered and our animals are dead. If you leave Demons alone, they leave you alone – that's what I say. But that Templar has brought them upon us.'

Before you can hear any more, you feel a tap on your shoulder. It's Hannan, an old friend of your parents. 'Welcome back to Crowford – although it's not much of a welcome in general you'll be getting,' he says. 'I daren't be seen talking to you. I'm sorry . . . sorry about everything that's happened here. Go and visit the priest. He'll be glad to see you.' Then the old man hobbles off into the mist. 'I must be going, take good care, Demon-Stalker.'

Will you visit the priest straight away (turn to 353) or wait until later, after you have been inside the tavern (turn to 378)?

290

The gods of Luck smile on you as you work your hands free and wriggle out of your bonds. Looking around you, you can see three wooden barrels and a pile of Orcish clothing; you are in a storeroom. The only exits are the doorway you were thrown through and a rickety wooden ladder leading up to a trapdoor in the ceiling. Not wishing to run into your captors again, you stay well away from the door. Will you look in the barrels (turn to 203), search the clothing (turn to 128), or climb the ladder (turn to 157)?

291

Without pausing for breath, you dash away from the mass of writhing tentacles, and hasten towards the centre of this damned village. Glancing behind you, you see the tentacles wrap round the width of the barge, break it in two and pull it under the murky waters. Though the screams of the boat people tear at your heart, you know that there was nothing you could do to save them. Turn to 130.

292

The writing makes no sense, so you step gingerly over it and are relieved to find that nothing untoward happens. Standing in the circular chamber, you face the three closed doors in turn. From one of the rooms beyond you hear a weird clattering sound. Metallic swishing noises come from the second room, and you can hear nothing at all from the third. Will you open the door with the clattering behind it (turn to 392), the door with swishing sounds (turn to 308), or the door from which you can hear nothing (turn to 68)?

293

Magrand the Necromancer, Lord of the Undead, Wielder of Agonies and Servant of Myurr, is dead. And with him has perished the magic animating all the Zombies in the swamp; they shall rise no more. Likewise, the power holding the crumbling old mill together has gone. The building is falling apart, leaving you no time to search through all the strange apparatus. However, you do grab a Potion of Destiny as you run out through the door. You can drink this at any time (except during combat) and it

will allow you to restore 4 points of LUCK. Just as you reach solid ground, Magrand's tower, the island on which it stands and the causeway all sink down into the swamp with a loud rumble and an awful sucking sound. Hearing the noise, the villagers rush out and cheer you, their liberator from the grip of the tyrant. They ask you to remain for a celebration, but you politely decline. All the same, they insist upon giving you a new sword (if you do not have one already) and 5 Gold Pieces, before putting you upon the north road out of the village. Turn to 11.

294

You tug on the reins and bring the horses to a stop; next you set about freeing the prisoners. After they have scrambled out of the cage, the grateful villagers thank you profusely. They tell you that they are from Dunningham, where the army of the Demon Prince is camped at present. The town has been burned down and Orcs, Goblins and worse roam the streets, killing or capturing all the villagers they find. With their homes destroyed, the former prisoners decide to head for safety in the south. Thanking you once again, they smash the hated cage and drive off in the wagon. Turn to 240.

295

You thank the man for his offer, which you decline, before continuing over the wide bridge. You ride on, through the hours of darkness, into a hilly region. The lights of a village are barely discernible on distant high ground, and you thank the gods that the broad road is easy to follow; were it not so, you would soon become lost in the deep, dark forest. Further on, you encounter a barricade of upturned wagons and crates, built right across the road. A dozen or so scared-looking men are hiding behind it; they are armed with clubs and bows, and wear scarves over their faces. At first you suspect an ambush but, when you see the red-painted crosses, the truth of the matter dawns upon you. The leader steps forward and calls out: 'Go back, stranger. There's plague in Astonbury. We can't let anybody in or out of the village. Leave, for your own sake.' Mindful of the bows trained on you, will you do as he asks and head back south (turn to 333), politely refuse and ride through the barrier (turn to 91), or make a show of leaving, before doubling back through the surrounding woods in an attempt to sneak past the blockade (turn to 127)?

296

Despite your efforts, the drunken Orcs catch sight of you and stumble to the attack. Turn to 231.

297

You feel the strength of your gods flowing into you and an aura of power springs up to surround you. The Sorcerer takes a step back as he appraises the situation. Unbidden words flow from your lips. 'This one speaks the truth. The forces of Evil have tricked you and your fellow sorcerers. Evil is on the rise; the Northlands already lie under its influence Unless you aid the Demon-Stalker, the whole world will fall before the might of Myurr. The Demon Prince has shrouded your scrying devices and tricked you into believing that his thirst for power is merely the righting of the Balance.' The Sorcerer slowly shakes his head in wonderment, then beckons you to follow him. Turn to **348**.

298

An evil Spirit Demon stands towering over Sharleena, who is trying desperately to stem the flow of blood gushing from her throat. She tries to speak but only gurgles and gasps come from her blood-stained lips. The red Demon laughs, showing its fangs, and kicks her in the ribs. Falling, she scrawls a crude 'N' in her own blood on the floor; your parents must be to the north. Then her body slumps, dead, and the Demon comes for you, its blood-stained talons lunging for your throat. You must fight it.

SPIRIT DEMON	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **310**.

299

It is fortunate for you that you actually jump into the side of one of the larger tentacles and rebound back on to the wharf – if you had gone further, you would have been caught by the weird strands and killed. Scrambling back to your feet, will you now attack the tentacles (turn to **62**), or run away (turn to **291**)?

300

Two doors lead from this white room. Will you go through the north door (turn to **247**) or the east door (turn to **47**)?

301

Kremper grovels and whines his gratitude as you sheathe your sword and rush to the stables for Godsfire. You superintend the landlord packing his few belongings, before you take the road to Colton-on-the-Marsh to deal with this Magrand, and perhaps even catch up with the Orc's foul cart. Add 1 LUCK point for your generous deed. Turn to **76**.

302

The street is strewn with rubble, allowing you to move along it surreptitiously with little trouble. Unfortunately, you soon reach an open square, which you will have to cross. After watching the Baleful Eye sweep past, you decide to make a dash for it. You run across the square and see the Eye turn in your direction. Choose a number between 1 and 6 and then roll one die a maximum of three times. If you roll the number you chose, turn to **369**; otherwise, turn to **313**.

303

Calbert writhes in vampiric torment as the flesh melts from his bones, leaving only a dry skeleton. Relieved, the peasants thank you for your help and effusively wish you well, before they begin filling in the grave and then turning homewards. You, too, must continue on your quest. Where will you go now: to Weddonbridge (turn to **249**), to Colton-on-the-Marsh (turn to **72**), or to Astonbury (turn to **136**)?

304

Before you even have time to raise your sword, a spherical bolt of black sludge forms round Magrand's hands, and then shoots towards you. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point, and *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, lose 2 more STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point, and *Test your Luck* again and so on, until you are either Lucky or dead. If you are Lucky, turn to **372**.

305

You hack and chop at the pallid mouth with your sword, but to no avail. Meanwhile, the worm's sharp teeth bite at you. Roll one die and lose as many STAMINA points as the number rolled. If you are still alive, you may either throw your Cross into the mouth (turn to **27**), throw a vial of Holy Water into it (turn to **164**), or leave it and face the Death-Stone (turn to **191**).

306

If you possess the *MEDITATION* Talent and you want to use it here, turn to **25**. But if you do not have the Talent or do not wish to use it, turn to **75**.

307

You stab at the Baleful Eye with your sword and it lets out a howl of rage. Slimy, coiled tentacles whip out from its base and attack you. You must fight for your life.

TENTACLES SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

At the end of each Attack Round, roll one die. If you roll a 6, the tentacles wrap themselves round you and pull you into the Eye's gaze. If this happens, your life force is sucked out of you, killing you instantly. If you manage to kill the Eye, it immediately bursts into flames which rapidly spread across the top of the wooden tower, consuming it in an instant. Wasting no time, you escape down the rope. Turn to **224**.

308

Dozens of sharp knives float in the room before you. In the centre of the room is a suit of glowing magical armour which, you are sure, will protect you from Demonic enchantments. Will you enter the room (turn to **256**), or explore further (turn to **199**)?

309

The heart is clearly part of the larger organism that comprises the entire building. Perhaps you can effect some harm to it from here? You go over to study the controls. All the various levers and switches centre round three main dials, each of which is connected to a different and major tube. One of the tubes throbs wildly and contains a red fluid; another pulsates more gently and holds a blue fluid; and the last tube, which doesn't move at all, holds a sickly green paste. All three go up to the heart and are lettered in Demonic script. If you have the *SPEAK DEMON* Talent, and wish to use it, turn to **377**. If you do not have, or do not wish to use, this Talent, turn to **93**.

310

As you slay the awesome Spirit Demon, it tears a beam loose from the ceiling. The beam knocks over the smoking braziers, scattering their contents across the floor. The cottage begins to burn as you rush outside. No sooner are you out of the place than it collapses in a flurry of sparks Sharleena's death fills you with remorse, and you vow to avenge her After saying a prayer for Sharleena's departed soul, you mount your horse and return to the main road. Turn to **142**.

311

Angrily seizing the rogue by the scruff of his neck, you demand to know who he is, where he and his Undead servants have come from, and why they attacked you. In reply he gibbers on about his powerful master, someone called Magrand – before suddenly whipping out a long knife from under his robes. The savage blade whistles towards your forehead. Will you roll backwards off the cart (turn to **357**) or hurriedly draw your sword to try and deflect the blow (turn to **22**)?

312

You are racing through the driving rain towards the lit building when you glance up – and see winged creatures sweeping down towards you. From their leathery, gargoyle-like forms they can only be Moon Demons, fierce beasts that stalk the night in large bands. As you knock desperately on the stout wooden door, one of them lands on your back, and

the others splash down into the mud around you. You swing your sword, but cannot reach the creature clinging to your back. You pound on the door and yell to be let in. The door suddenly swings open and you fall forward. Before hitting the floor, you see a dozen or more enraged villagers rushing towards you with knives and scythes upraised. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **159**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **38**.

313

You pick your way through the ruins and soon reach the watchtower. The Baleful Eye cannot see you now, as you are too close to the tower, but a more immediate threat bars your way. An Orc stands guard at the only entrance to the watchtower. He sees you and shouts a challenge. 'Hey, Yooman. What's the password?' Will you give him a password (turn to **242**), try to bribe him (turn to **320**), or fight him (turn to **106**)?

314

The sullen young man does not even raise his head as you take a seat beside him. From his rough garments, you would say that he is a farmhand. You ask him if he would like a drink. 'No, thank you,' he replies. 'I'm not here to drink. I'm searching for me brother. He came up this road three months ago an' never came back. For all I know, he may even be dead, but I've got to find out.' He says that a pedlar told him that his brother had stayed in this very tavern; however, Kremper denies any knowledge of such a customer. Depressed, the youth does not know what to do now. He has no more ideas and, though you try to offer him comfort, it is clear that he would rather be left alone. Do you now go up to your room (turn to **15**), go and talk with the old beggar (turn to **115**), or go and sit down at the table with the woman fighter (turn to **145**)?

315

You have choked the heart's supply of liquid malevolence: a foul concoction brewed by Demonic alchemists. The heart seems to flutter for a moment, before continuing as normal. (Note the fact that you have turned the Green Dial on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Suddenly there is the wail of an alarm, and you are horrified to see a crack appear in the wall of veins and tubes, allowing a nightmarish thing to ooze out. It has black, slime-covered skin, numerous eyes and dozens of tentacles. Will you wait to see what it does (turn to **30**) or run out, going back the way you came (turn to **272**)?

316

You are in a violet room with three doors. Will you go through the north door (turn to **177**), the east door (turn to **152**), or the west door (turn to **68**)?

317

Night falls, and you all retire to the lantern-lit cabin. Grunton reheats the stew that you were about to eat before the accident occurred, and Venghul tells you some tales of their many adventures on the continent's waterways. She then takes out a peculiar pack of cards, adorned with a variety of impressive pictures. They are Cards of Divination, and she offers to peer into your future by way of thanks for saving the boy – though, she warns you, you may not like what she sees. Do you accept her offer (turn to **236**), or decline and go to bed for the night (turn to **381**)?

318

You use your healing skills on your companions; they are not badly injured and soon recover under your care. You also regain 4 points of STAMINA. Turn to **102**.

319

You wait for a few moments. Then, without warning, the door explodes outwards. Flying splinters of wood cut into you; lose 3 points from your STAMINA and turn to **298**.

320

How many Gold Pieces will you offer him? Make a note of the number, then turn to **84**.

321

The villagers recognize the almost tragic error of their ways and do all they can to make amends. You are given a sumptuous meal (restore 4 points to your STAMINA). While you are eating, the village crier tells you about Magrand: 'He's a damned necromancer, and one too powerful for us to deal with. He performs endless experiments in the evil arts and even speaks with Demons. He lives in the old mill on the causeway, guarded by things in the marsh: Undead creatures he sends out to wander our streets in the hours of darkness. If only we could be rid of him!' Will you volunteer to help the people of Colton? If so, you will be given a sword (if you need one) and taken to the causeway (turn to **335**). Otherwise, you must follow the northerly road out of the village, much to the sorrow of the people of Colton (turn to **225**).

322

You move among the bodies, searching for any signs of life. A sound behind you alerts you to the fact you are not alone. You dive forward in an attempt to dodge, but you fail to move quickly enough. A searing pain tears across your leg. Turn to **171**.

323

You have entered the core of the building: a circular chamber lined with veins, pipes and grasping tentacles. A few Demonic Servants are attending strange devices, while others are pushing a train of human captives into a living furnace, shaped like a worm's mouth lined with sharp teeth! There must be some mind-dulling magic at work here, as no one would walk quietly, the way these prisoners do, towards their doom Mounted on a pedestal in the centre of the room is a Death-Stone . . . now you understand. The building, having literally grown from this rare and sentient artefact, is a Land-Blight Powered by the consumption of living beings, its sole purpose is to produce and emit foul gases which corrupt wholesome land, in readiness for Demonic occupation. You have already seen the signs of a Demon army sweeping south from the Cragrocks, clearing the way for this obscenity to be built. Myurr must be planning an invasion – but you know of no way by which he can import the thousands of Demons, needed to make the occupation permanent on to the Earthly Plane Now, will you destroy the worm-furnace (turn to **352**), or ignore the plight of the prisoners and try to deal with the Death-Stone (turn to **191**)?

324

You throw yourself to the side of the road just in time. The wagon rumbles over the spot where you had been standing a moment before; as it passes, you see that it carries a cage containing at least eight

people. Their blank faces betray their resignation to whatever fate awaits them. Although you would like to help them, the wagon is travelling too fast for you to catch up with it; all you can do is head for Dunningham. Turn to **240**.

325

You relax your mind and begin to slip into a trance. However, before you can enter it fully, sharp teeth tear into your body as the Moon Demons take advantage of your defenceless state. You try to shake off the trance, but it's too late. You die a calm – if futile – death.

326

The Orc looks confused, and you can almost hear the mental anguish he's going through, trying to remember whether it is the right password. Before the Orc comes to a decision, you may attempt to bribe him (turn to **320**), or attack him (turn to **106**).

327

Taking a tight grip on the reins, you swing off the road and make your way across the fields. As you draw closer to the village, the snaking, curling mist gets thicker and thicker. A gust of wind briefly scatters the vapours to reveal a withered landscape: the crops lie rotting and the ground is littered with the dead and twisted bodies of fieldmice and birds. As the fog closes in again, you cast worriedly about, searching for your parents – but it's obvious that nothing is left alive in this blighted land.

You ride on and shortly come across an old acquaintance, the village scarecrow that you and your friends used to call Black Jack. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **205**. But if you are Unlucky, turn to **16**.

328

Before fighting the Zombies, you may throw vials of Holy Water at them. Because they are so preoccupied in devouring Godsfire, this will be an easy task to accomplish. Just decide how many vials you wish to use and cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*. Roll one die for each vial and total the numbers rolled to find the number of STAMINA points that the creatures must lose. You may divide the STAMINA loss among the three in any way you like. Once you have done this, you must fight the remainder one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE	6	6
Second ZOMBIE	7	5
Third ZOMBIE	5	7

If you defeat them all, turn to **182**.

329

The Skeleton grins at you and aims a blow at your chest. You block it and then rush in to attack.

HORNED SKELETON SKILL 8 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **226**.

330

You make a sprint for cover on the side of the road opposite the muddy ridge and leap into a ditch, obscured by brambles. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **113**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **140**

331

You stand your ground and prepare to do battle. You raise your sword in defiance as the Demon slashes at you with its taloned claws. It's going to be a tough fight.

GREAT DEMON SKILL 11 STAMINA 18

If you win, you continue on your way. Turn to **98**.

332

Fighting back your nausea, you grasp one of the veiny tendrils between your teeth and bite. A steaming liquid pours out of the wound and into your mouth, and though you spit most of the stuff out, you must lose 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you are relieved to see that the shock of your sudden attack has caused all the tendrils to relax their grip. You grasp your sword and attack the guards. Turn to **263**

333

It takes you some hours to reach the junction by the large bridge and, as expected, by the time you get there the barge has gone, leaving only one unexplored avenue. You turn off the road you are on and take the other route, the one heading north-west. Turn to **71**.

334

The Orcs look up in surprise. One steps round the table and walks menacingly towards you. 'Who is you?' he asks. Will you:

Talk to him?	Turn to **114**
Attack him?	Turn to **179**
Kick over the table?	Turn to **269**

335

You have not travelled far along the causeway when the surface of the swamp is broken by the emerging heads and hands of flesh-dripping Zombies. They rise in their dozens and make their way towards you; some clamber on to the causeway behind you, blocking off the village, so the only way to go is forward. You race towards the mill, but two Zombies stumble into your path. They lurch clumsily forward as if blind, their rotted hands raking the air before them. If you have the *BANISH UNDEAD* Talent and wish to use it, turn to **87**. If you do not have this Talent or do not wish to use it, you must fight both Zombies at the same time. However, before fighting, you may throw a vial of Holy Water over one of them. To do this simply cross a vial off your *Adventure Sheet* and fight only the Second Zombie; the First is destroyed by the Holy Water.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE	7	8
Second ZOMBIE	6	7

If you win, turn to **196**.

336

You push open the door and step through into a black corridor with paintings of leering Demons on the walls. Invisible hands clutch at your body and tear your Cross, Holy Water and the Demon-Slaying sword (if you have it) from your grasp. All your Provisions are also snatched from you. Turn to **195**.

337

Fortunately, being newly undead, Calbert does not possess the power of hypnotism. All the same, his vicious fangs and sharp claws make him a terrifying opponent.

CALBERT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you defeat him, turn to **303**.

338

Two villagers hastily bar the door and a small, weasely-looking man helps you to your feet. For the moment you are safe, but you cannot tell how long the door will withstand a concerted Demon attack.

The man introduces himself as Romond, the headman of the village. 'For three nights we've been attacked by these foul Moon Demons and they have slain many of us. Some families managed to flee, but we do not know whether they have reached safety or not. At first, we hoped to drive the Demons off, but more keep arriving all the time. Now we have no choice other than to head south when the morning comes. Until then, we have to survive what remains of this night.' You know from your researches that normally Moon Demons cannot enter the real world. A great rift between the dimensions must have occurred to let so many through to this place. You remember that Moon Demons cannot stand daylight; in the morning they will return to their own plane. Will you stay and help the villagers (turn to **286**) or continue the search for your parents by leaving via the back door (turn to **258**)?

339

What you see at Axmoor defies belief: the River Merton is clogged with all manner of odious pollutants oozing out of the village sewers; the surrounding woodland has been blasted beyond recognition, leaving a barren, smoking landscape; and most of the village's buildings are ruined. You start to cross a high stone bridge spanning the mighty Merton, when suddenly a number of enormous segmented tentacles, coated in glistening slime, rise up from the riverbed. They wrap themselves round the stonework and pull. You stumble as the bridge starts to collapse. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **125**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **55**.

340

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is equal to or less than the number of Gold Pieces you threw, turn to **276**. If it is greater than the number of Gold Pieces, turn to **296**.

341

The villagers soon realize that they are no match for your fighting skills, and they all run away, scared for their very lives. As they flee, it dawns on you that the two men who attacked you looked familiar and you realize with horror that you have just fought two of your childhood friends. Add **2** points to your EVIL rating (be sure to make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*). Overcome with remorse at your hasty action, you decide to leave Crowford in order to avoid any more unnecessary bloodshed. Turn to **148**.

342

Will you look inside the coach (turn to **376**) or inspect the bodies (turn to **322**)?

343

Your youthful face looks up at you with fear in your eyes. You have caused a rift in the continuum of time by meeting yourself in the past. You become caught up in an endless replay of your brother's death and burial.

344

The pond is brown in colour, and lumps of unwholesome sludge float on its surface. Near by is a ruined Temple, and beyond that an abandoned Courthouse. Will you wade into the pond (turn to **99**), go to the Temple (turn to **380**), or go to the Courthouse (turn to **66**)?

345

Sharleena tells you to make yourself comfortable and goes into the next room. Through the closed door, you hear chanting and the beat of a drum. After a few minutes, this stops and you can hear the sound of muffled voices. Suddenly a high-pitched scream rends the air. Will you wait for Sharleena to return (turn to **319**), or rush in to see what is happening (turn to **298**)?

346

When you wake up, you discover that you are in a slimy dungeon, again made of living, heaving matter. You are standing upright against a soft warm wall, pinned there by a multitude of tiny throbbing tendrils which cling to your limbs, wrap themselves across your chest, and sprawl over your face. More conventional cages hold dozens of dejected, ragged human prisoners. Only two creatures are standing guard; they are Demonic Servants, animated skeletons in black robes. Rather stupidly, they have left all your equipment on you. Despite the constant tugging of the tendrils, you can just free one of your hands. Do you use the *DARK VEIL* Talent, if you possess it and wish to use it (turn to **149**); or use the *MEDITATION* Talent, if you have and wish to use it (turn to **133**); would you rather bite one of the tendrils that snakes across your face (turn to **332**); or pull out your Cross and press it against the living wall behind you (turn to **80**)?

347

She looks at you closely. 'Welcome to Dunningham, Demon-Stalker. You see before you a village that is not all it seems. However, I sense that you already know that.' She waves her hand and your vision grows cloudy; when it clears, you see smoking ruins and scenes of devastation. A wooden tower dominates what remains of the village, and from it stares a baleful Red Eye. As you watch, the gaze of the Eye passes over the ruins like a searchlight, penetrating even the deepest shadows. 'Behold the true form of Dunningham, and beware lest you fail again to pierce the veil of illusion. Before you is the fate which awaits the world. The forces of Evil are in the ascendancy – although many would have us believe that we live in a golden age of Goodness. As a servant of the Trickster, my aid is never as straight as you would wish. Listen to my advice, and ponder it well, for it contains both truth and lies. Which is truth and which is lie, is for you to decide.' Roll one die to see what she tells you. On a roll of 1–3, turn to **74**; on 4–6, turn to **34**.

348

The Sorcerer leads you down a long, twisting corridor until you reach an iron door that is covered in glowing runes. He touches the door and it swings open. Inside is a glowing sword set into a stone representation of Myurr in his toad form. The Sorcerer motions for you to draw the sword. 'For centuries I have guarded this weapon, awaiting the time when it will be needed to defeat Myurr. My fellow sorcerers and I have been tricked by Myurr into aiding his foul schemes. To make amends, I offer you the sword of Demon-Slaying. Take it and use it to rescue your parents and defeat the Demon Prince.' You draw the sword and feel its power flow through you. In any fight against Demons, the sword will increase your SKILL score by 4 points, even if that takes your SKILL to over 12. The Sorcerer now offers to try and teleport you to Myurr's tower in the Cragrock Peaks. If you accept, turn to 98. If you tell him that you prefer to find your own way to the tower, the Sorcerer grins, then gestures at you.

You find yourself standing on a track that winds through a forest. Turn to 245.

349

Taking all possible care, you circle the tower until you come across the only other feasible way in, a large hole in the rear wall. The hole is about twenty feet above ground level, but it may be reached by clambering up a pile of bricks that is resting against the wall beneath it. If you would rather go back and enter by the wooden door, turn to 173; however, if you prefer to climb up this dangerous heap of broken stones, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 28; if you are Unlucky, turn to 39.

350

You quickly dispatch Kremper – but then feel a pang of remorse No matter what evil the landlord has committed in the past, it is up to you to set examples. Slaying Kremper is not the way to do it. Gain 1 EVIL point. Then you hurry to the stables, find Godsfire and speed northwards in pursuit of the Orc. Turn to 76.

351

Walking north from Weddonbridge, you observe signs of the Moon Demon army's passage: carnage, decay and destruction on a massive scale. There has to be something behind them, driving them on – and that something must be destroyed! After a couple of hours you feel the previous night's action begin to take its toll, and you realize that you haven't slept since before you arrived in Crowford. You stop and huddle beneath a cluster of charred fir trees. Unsurprisingly, you are also very hungry: unless you eat at least one meal's worth of Provisions now, you will have to lose 2 points from your STAMINA.

It is late in the afternoon when you reawaken. Feeling much better for your slumber, you set out on the northerly road once more. Two miles on, you hear a sound like the flapping of giant wings. It comes from somewhere off the road, obscured by a ridge to your right. Will you stand and wait for it, sword drawn (turn to 140) or quickly get off the road and hide in the undergrowth (turn to 330)?

352

You race over to the captives and set about cutting them free, but a Demonic Servant intervenes to stop you. If you score two blows against it in two successive Attack Rounds, it is destroyed, irrespective of its current STAMINA score.

DEMONIC SERVANT SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 233.

353

As you approach the church, soul-rending screams come tearing out of the mist-carpeted graveyard. You knock at the church door and can hear the sound of a bar being removed from the inside. The door opens, to reveal a scared-looking man dressed in priest's robes. Hurriedly he beckons for you to enter the church. 'Thank the heavens you've arrived. Quick, come inside.' He quickly bars the door and, with a great effort, recovers his composure. 'I'm Anson, the new priest. I have sad news for you: your parents were found, dead, in their home three days ago. At least, at the time we *thought* they were your parents – now, I'm not so sure. There was something very strange about their appearance; the flesh was stretched tight on their bones, and their eyes shone with an unholy light. Because of the suspicions I had, just this morning I opened their grave, only to find that they had been spirited away and their places taken by foul Demons. Ever since I buried those creatures, an evil miasma has hung over this village, destroying the crops and killing the wildlife. Now, every night, at sunset, those screams begin. You have the power to put an end to this nightmare. You must help. I implore you.' Will you:

Open your parents' grave?	Turn to **85**
Use *SENSE DEMON*, if you can and want to?	Turn to **181**
Leave the village to search elsewhere for your parents?	Turn to **45**

354

You leap on to the wagon just as one of its wheels hits a large rock. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **147**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **250**.

355

You pull the dagger out of the table – and scream with pain as it burns you. You drop it and kick it across the floor. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL because of the pain. If you are still alive, return to **398** to choose your next action.

356

Will you attack the fleshy, slobbering orifice with your sword (turn to **305**), throw your Cross into its blazing maw (turn to **27**), or throw a vial of Holy Water into it (turn to **164**)?

357

Cursing, you watch the cart vanish in the distance. Then you go back and bury poor Godsfire, before returning to the road. The Orc went in the same direction that you were heading, so perhaps you'll meet again. You set off, running, north-west along the road; after a short while, you come to some marshy flatlands and a sign reading 'Colton-on-the-Marsh'. Turn to **153**.

358

Cobwebs cling to your hands and face as you descend the steps. The sticky strands peter out after a few feet, and you soon reach an underground chamber containing a placid pool. A marble statue of a woman stands at the pool's edge. One side of her face is black and the other white. In her hands she holds a set of balanced brass scales which move slightly in the faint breeze blowing down the steps. Gruff voices and heavy footsteps echo hollowly in the chamber – someone must have seen you enter. You have little time. Will you wade into the pool (turn to 53), tip the scales to the left (turn to 29), or tip them to the right (turn to 397)?

359

Just as you manage to seal the trapdoor, a large Moon Demon spreads its leathery wings and dives towards you. You must fight it.

MOON DEMON SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 212

360

The writhing grey strands catch you in mid-air, wrap themselves round and round your body, and drag you, screaming, under the water, where an indescribable fate awaits.

361

Two strong men fashion the rope into a noose and slip it over your head. Despairingly, you beg for an audience with the village elders. An old woman steps forward and says: 'There are no elders in Colton, but I am called the wise woman. What do you have to say for yourself?' In an attempt to prove that you are not a follower of Evil, you engage her in a spiritual debate. Roll one die. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current EVIL score, turn to 13; if the roll is higher, turn to 321.

362

A few miles from Stanford, you hear the sound of approaching riders. Not wishing to be caught in the open, you conceal yourself behind a tall oak tree. Eight ghostly Skeleton riders on undead horses draw up at the point where you left the highway. One dismounts and examines the road closely. You hold your breath and hope they will not pick up your trail. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **178**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **132**.

363

The room before you has a spiral staircase leading upwards. Will you climb the stairs (turn to **56**) or go back through the door (turn to **68**)?

364

You climb up through the hatch, to find yourself in a short corridor. There is a closed, unguarded door to your right, and an open archway to your left. Beyond the arch is another open door, through which shines sunlight. However, a trio of Demonic Servants stand between you and this exit, their sparkling red eyes betraying a telepathic link with their master, Myurr. Will you turn right and open the closed door (turn to **323**), or attack the guards by the exit (turn to **116**)?

365

You have passed through the correct door. Now choose which door to go through next. Will you open the Circle (turn to **50**), the Heptagon (turn to **15**), the Hexagon (turn to **196**), the Pentagon (turn to **39**), the Square (turn to **11**) or the Triangle (turn to **167**)?

366

Death by Demon-Plague offers the most agonizing pains known to mankind, but it is also mercifully swift.

367

The Orcs look puzzled. Unfortunately for you, it doesn't take them long to figure out that you are bluffing. They pick up their weapons and rush to the attack. Turn to **179**.

368

Sword drawn, you urge Godsfire forward and see an old wagon, pulled by a shabby horse, creak into view. Two terrified-looking peasants sit at the front, and you can hear the groans of someone in pain coming from the back. The wagon stops and one of the peasants calls out to you, 'Let us pass. We have nothing – Demons have taken all our possessions. We beg you.' Sheathing your sword, you ride slowly over to them. As you get closer, a look of relief passes over their faces. 'Our village was attacked by Demons. The north's full of 'em. One of us is wounded, can you help?' If you have the

HEAL Talent, turn to **33**. Otherwise, the peasants warn you to be careful, and then they head off along the road due south. Realizing that your parents must be somewhere to the north, you decide not to lose precious time visiting Sharleena, and spur Godsfire onwards. Turn to **142**.

369

The Red Eye's gaze sweeps over you and you feel the strength being sucked from your body. You fall to the ground, unable to move. It is not long before rough, hairy hands pick you up and drag you towards the watchtower. You are pulled upright and an ugly Orc punches you in the stomach and leers into your face. 'Ha. We got ya now. Yuz'll be feeding Old Beady soon.' Then he throws you into a room at the bottom of the tower and takes all your equipment, leaving only your clothes behind. In any battle, deduct 1 from your SKILL score until you find a new weapon. Before he goes, the Orc hits you again (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). If you are still alive, you must try to escape. You attempt to loosen your bonds. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **290**; if you are Unlucky, *Test your Luck* again. If you are Unlucky again, turn to **138**. Otherwise, turn to **290**.

370

Grumont looks on as you take a running jump back towards the barge. The intervening tentacles grope upwards all the more frantically. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **299**, but if you are Unlucky, turn to **360**.

371

With a loud crash your keen blade cleaves the stone skull in two. Fragments fly in all directions as the magic energies trapped within it escape. For a few moments you are bathed in a peculiar glow. When it disappears, you find yourself in possession of new knowledge. You gain one extra Talent of your choice. (Pick a new Talent and tick the appropriate box on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Unfortunately, the same release of power causes the cave to quake so violently that it starts to collapse. You cannot shelter here, so you leave and join the road to Weddon-bridge once more. Turn to **58**.

372

A sphere of black sludge forms round Magrand's hands and then shoots towards you; however, you dodge it at the last second and it splashes into the wall behind you, *splat!* You don't give him time to cast another such spell!

MAGRAND SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **293**.

373

Just as you are sitting down, you glance up and observe a black-robed figure sneaking through the tavern door. As Kremper leads the creature into a back room, you can see that this is a hunchbacked Orc. If you want to follow them into the back room, turn to **393**. But if you would rather stay and finish your drink, turn to **251**.

374

You run away from the building as fast as you can, trying to ignore the wailing, tormented souls you have left behind. You take the road leading north, not even looking back once. Add 2 EVIL points for this major defeat which has resulted from your less-than-noble instinct for self-preservation.

Two miles from the village, you find an abandoned raft floating on a small stream. The boat looks fit to sail and this stream should bring you to the River Merton east of Axmoor. Will you take the raft and sail downriver to Stanford (turn to **223**), or keep on the north road (turn to **229**)?

375

Valiantly you hold the sacred artefact aloft – but you can only watch in horror as the Abomination reaches out, snatches the Cross from you and crushes it to dust (erase it from your *Adventure Sheet*). If you have the *DARK VEIL* Talent and now wish to use it to try and flee, turn to **49**. Alternatively, if you would rather stand and fight, turn to **65**.

376

You are just pulling open the door to the coach when you glimpse a sudden movement behind you. In desperation you spin around, but it's too late. A steel blade slices into your arm. Turn to **171**.

377

You have no trouble understanding the runes. Over the Red Dial is written **FEED**, over the Blue Dial is **DRAIN** and over the Green Dial is **ADDITIVE**. Do you wish to turn the Red Dial (turn to **213**), the Blue Dial (turn to **239**), or the Green Dial (turn to **315**)? If you'd rather not touch any of them, you must leave the room by the way you came in, as there are no other exits (turn to **272**).

378

You push open the door and stride into the crowded tavern. There are about thirty angry villagers in here – but, when you enter, suddenly they all go quiet, shift uneasily in their seats and stare into their drinks. Harak, the landlord, snatches up a cloth and begins frantically polishing a glass. You are normally more than welcome here, but today you are made to feel like an unwanted stranger. Across the room you notice Darrow, an old friend. While he appears to be as uncomfortable as the others, at least he is looking at you. Will you go over and talk to Darrow (turn to **244**) or buy yourself a drink and try to get some information from Harak (turn to **67**)? Or would you rather leave at once and visit the village priest (turn to **353**)?

379

You have just entered a bright yellow room which has three doors. Will you go through the south door (turn to **47**), the east door (turn to **124**), or the west door (turn to **152**)?

380

The Temple once served the gods of Good and Law, but now it is defiled by Demonic script over the doorway. If you have the *SPEAK DEMON* Talent and wish to use it, turn to **146**. Otherwise, will you enter the Temple (turn to **216**), go to the pond (turn to **344**), or go to the Courthouse (turn to **66**)?

381

In the morning, you find that the barge has reached the outskirts of Axmoor . . . but what has happened here? The river is caked with a green foaming crust, the woodland has been turned into a barren, fuming landscape, and many of the buildings are charred ruins. 'Gods!' exclaims Grumont. 'I had heard rumours of a Demon army marching south from the Cragrocks, but this . . .' Venghul advises him not to land, but you must enter the heart of this evil and destroy it, so you tell Grumont who you are and something of your mission. He agrees to take you to the wharf before returning eastwards. Thanking him, you steel yourself as the boat enters the smouldering ruin that was Axmoor. All is deathly silent as you step on to the buckled planks of the riverside jetty. The once-thriving dock is dead.

Suddenly, the planks fly up into the air and a number of thick worm-like tentacles writhe up out of the water between you and the barge. Will you race away towards the centre of the village (turn to **291**), stand and fight the flailing tentacles (turn to **62**), or try to jump between them, back on to the barge (turn to **370**)?

382

When you mention the word 'Magrand', the cheerful youth recoils in horror. 'You seek . . . Magrand?' he gasps. Before you can think what to do next, he runs away.

Confused, you wander aimlessly around, then suddenly find yourself surrounded by a band of armed and very angry villagers, led by the youth. He points at you and shouts: 'There he is!' Will you wait for them to catch up with you, in the hope of clearing up an apparent misunderstanding (turn to **60**) or (as the roads out of the village are blocked) beat a hasty retreat across one of the dangerous-looking marsh trails (turn to **259**)?

383

The Demon is forced to comply with Sharleena's command, but it tricks you and replies in its own tongue. Unfortunately, you cannot understand what it says. Turn to **161**.

384

You fall to the floor, mortally wounded. Before you die, you hear Myurr scream and witness him being sucked from this plane. At the same time the robes of the Netherworld Sorcerers drop to the floor; they too are gone. You may have given your life, but your sacrifice was not in vain; your actions have saved the world. Your parents rush to your side and make your last moments as comfortable as possible. You tell them not to blame themselves for what has happened, and then your spirit slips away.

385

Wary of any guards that may be around, you lift the round hatch-cover and climb swiftly down, using the carved hand-holds and closing the lid behind you. You descend a short distance before dropping to the floor of a corridor. The way to the left is wide and fairly well-lit, but to the right the way is dark and cramped. Will you go left (turn to **101**), or right (turn to **207**)?

386

The Sorcerer smiles mockingly and then passes his hand before your eyes. The room vanishes and you find yourself suspended in an other-worldly dimension. Before you are six strange portals, floating at weird angles and linked to bizarre pathways. As you watch, the portals change their position but retain their shape. As you become more accustomed to this strange dimension, you realize that the portals are geometric shapes: you can see a circle, a heptagon, a hexagon, a pentagon, a square and a triangle In the centre hangs a glowing key, surrounded by a sphere of energy.

You are in the prison of the Netherworld Sorcerer. To escape, you must gain the Key to Space and open the final portal with it. No matter how you try to approach the glowing key, it always moves away from you. The way to the key must therefore lie through one of the doorways. First, make a note of this paragraph's number on your *Adventure Sheet*, then choose a geometric door and turn to the appropriate paragraph number (see below). If you choose the wrong door, you will find yourself reading a paragraph from elsewhere in the adventure. Instead of following the directions given there, return to this paragraph and choose another door. On choosing the correct door you will turn to a paragraph that allows you to choose the next door in the sequence. If you choose wrongly at any time, you must return to this paragraph and start again. You are allowed two attempts to escape, so if you return

to this paragraph for a third time, you will have failed, and will be trapped here for all eternity. Good luck!

Will you choose the Circle (turn to **365**), the Heptagon (turn to **166**), the Hexagon (turn to **341**), the Pentagon (turn to **118**), the Square (turn to **58**) or the Triangle (turn to **312**)?

387

Though the effort makes you feel physically sick, you force your lips to pronounce the Demonic words that will shatter the ritual once and for all (gain 1 EVIL point). The counter-magic takes effect instantaneously; the Abomination's corpse is sucked up into a magic vortex and vanishes for all eternity. For a moment, both you and the Mage are stunned; you pull yourself together, however, just as the Moon Demon, screaming pure hatred at you, attacks with its vicious claws.

MOON DEMON MAGE SKILL 6 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **144**.

388

Beaten and desperate, Kremper pleads: 'Don't kill me. I'll tell you everything. There's this butcher, this sorcerer in Colton by the name of Magrand. Every month he pays me to drug my guests, and his evil Orc servant takes them to be used by him in horrible rites. He said he'd kill me if I didn't co-operate. He speaks with Demons . . . I promise I'll never help him again. I'll move south. Please spare me.' You may spare him (turn to **301**) or put an end to his ignoble existence (turn to **350**).

389

You board the colourful barge, and Grumont, the skipper, tells you to treat it as your home. He travels with two others: his ten-year-old son, Palinn, and Venghul, a strange old woman who watches over you with a keen, unnerving eye.

The remainder of the day is spent sailing along the River Merton towards Axmoor. Not long after noon, you pass a vast expanse of marshland to the south-east and, at sundown, Grumont sets about making a stew. Suddenly there is a cry. Palinn has fallen over the side of the barge into the deep and powerfully flowing river. There's no time for plans.

Will you stand and watch from the barge, hoping that the boy can swim (turn to **17**), grab the mooring rope and throw it towards him (turn to **92**), or dive into the river and haul him out yourself (turn to **160**)?

390

Seeing your reluctance to leave, two of the villagers make a charge at you. You must fight both of them at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ANGRY VILLAGER	5	5
Second ANGRY VILLAGER	6	5

After one round of combat, turn to **341**

391

The road to Stanford continues for some miles before passing over an enormous wooden bridge spanning the River Merton. You cross this and continue north. Night falls, but you are still many miles from Stanford when you see flickering torchlight in a clearing not far from the road. Guttural chanting comes from the same place. Do you want to stop and investigate (turn to **198**), or ignore it and look elsewhere for a campsite, before continuing on to Stanford in the morning (turn to **24**)?

392

Across the room is a Demonic Pandemonium: a clattering musical instrument made out of dragons' bones. It plays a funeral march, and you can also hear the distant tolling of a church bell. Strange lights illuminate the peculiar device as the bones pound out a relentless beat. Will you stay and listen to the music in the hope that it will provide you with a clue (turn to **14**), go over and inspect the Pandemonium (turn to **120**), or leave the room (turn to **199**)?

393

You make your way stealthily across the tavern and are just about to enter the back room when the curtain opens and Kremper emerges. Behind him you can see a small square chamber with neither doors nor windows. Though you can see kegs of ale and racks of bottles quite clearly in it, there is no sign of the Orc. It has vanished into thin air! The landlord quickly draws the curtain to behind him and asks you what you want, his finger lightly tapping the cosh. Thinking quickly, you tell him that you *were* looking for some service, but that, as he's acted so rudely, you won't bother asking for anything He apologizes with a swarthy grin. You may now either go up to your room (turn to **15**) or stay in the bar and try to start up a conversation with some of the other guests. If you remain in the bar, will you go over to the ragged old man (turn to **115**), the quiet youth (turn to **314**), or the woman fighter (turn to **145**)?

394

A rustling noise from inside the house warns you that something is lurking within. If you wish to use the *SENSE DEMON* Talent, turn to **90**. If you cannot or do not want to use it, turn to **139**.

395

A little way further on, your foot catches in a sink hole which, despite your best efforts, just will not relax its murky grip. A gas pocket bursts near by and its noxious fumes wash over you, making you gag and choke. When your head clears, you find to your horror that you are being sucked down into the bog. The marsh has claimed another foolish victim.

396

You have passed through the correct door. Now choose which door to go through next. Will you open the Circle (turn to **193**), the Heptagon (turn to **211**), the Hexagon (turn to **279**), the Pentagon (turn to **342**), the Square (turn to **229**) or the Triangle (turn to **302**)?

397

The pool glows with a warm, yellow light and you feel yourself drawn into it. Your wounds heal magically and you feel refreshed. Restore your STAMINA to its *initial* score. The light then fades . . . and you are standing on a track in a forest. Turn to **245**.

398

You pass through the mirror. Before you is a scene which sets your heart pounding. Your parents stand, bound together, in a magical circle with burning candles at their feet. Behind them is an oak table with three Netherworld Sorcerers sitting at it. They seem to be concentrating on three items before them: a crystal ball, a leather-bound book and a pyramid of bones; and an ornate dagger is thrust into the table-top. Your parents see you, but their voices do not sound through the magical circle.

Worse still, you can make out the Demonic form of Myurr, resting on a massive throne. Drinking from a blood-filled chalice, Myurr laughs harshly and his snake-like tongue slithers between his razor-sharp teeth: 'Greetingsss, Demon-Ssstalker. Welcome to the culmination of all my plansss. You have come to ressscue your parentsss, and ssso have entered my tower of your own free will. I could not make you do ssso by force, yet your presssence isss esssential, ssso I have baited you here. Any sssuccesssesss you have had on your journey have been due to my machinationsss. Using the power of the Sssorcerersss, the life energiesss of your parentsss and the power of your sssoul, I shall open a permanent gateway between the Demonic and Earthly Planesss. My armiesss have cleared the way for thisss to occur. I shall dominate you and all your worthlesss kind.'

You thought that to open such a gate was impossible. Myurr must be stopped. To defeat him, you

must either slay his earthly form or discover where he has hidden the magical gem that allows him to remain on this plane. If you can find the gem and destroy it, it will explode and banish Myurr, but the explosion may also kill you.

Now you must fight. In the course of each Attack Round you may do one – and only one – of three things: *either* fight as normal, *or* throw one vial of Holy Water at Myurr, *or* dodge him and attempt to destroy one of the objects in the room in the hope that it conceals Myurr's gem. See below for further explanation. Alternatively, you may use the *DARK VEIL* Talent, if you have it, to attack Myurr under a cloak of invisibility (turn to **278**).

When fighting Myurr, only a magical weapon will cause him to lose any STAMINA points. If you win an Attack Round with a normal weapon, you neither give nor receive any damage. Moreover, Myurr's four arms allow him to attack twice per round. This is like facing two opponents with the same SKILL score, and only your first attack can cause any damage.

MYURR	SKILL 14	STAMINA 25

If you defeat Myurr, turn to **400**.

If you throw Holy Water at Myurr, you must roll two dice; if the total rolled is equal to or less than your SKILL, you score a direct hit. Roll one die and deduct that number of points from Myurr's STAMINA. If you miss, the vial is wasted. Either

way, Myurr is held at bay for a round and cannot make an attack on you.

Finally, if you choose to destroy an item, you risk being hit by Myurr. Will you attempt to destroy:

The candles?	Turn to **111**
The chalice?	Turn to **284**
The crystal ball?	Turn to **77**
The dagger?	Turn to **355**
The book?	Turn to **210**
The pyramid of bones?	Turn to **273**

399

Quietly you unlatch your door and tiptoe down the staircase. You enter the unlit bar, and you are looking for a way to the back of the building when suddenly you feel a sharp pain on the back of your head. As you slip into unconsciousness you hear a wheezy laugh. 'Good girl, Bessie, good girl.' Turn to **9**.

400

Myurr screams with rage as he is ripped from this world. 'It'sss not over, Demon-Ssstalker, I shall return and take my revenge.' The Demon Prince is gone, his hold on this world broken; he has been forced back to the Demon Plane. But you know that this is only a temporary victory: the Demon Prince has the power to return, and one day he will. All you can do is remain vigilant and prepare. However, it is not a hollow victory, for your parents are free and you have stopped Myurr from opening his gate to the Demon Plane. You notice that the Netherworld Sorcerers have also disappeared. All that remains are their three robes.

Your parents rush over to you. Overjoyed to see you once more, they join you in giving thanks to the gods. You have saved the world of Titan and freed your parents. The road has been hard, but you have done well. You have lived up to your name, Demon-Stalker.

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Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1990
5 7 9 10 8 6 4

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in Linotron Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your character's strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to work out your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages 22–23 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of this adventure; on it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or to make photocopies of the page for use in this adventure.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so your SKILL will be between 7 and 12).

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so your STAMINA will lie between 14 and 24 points).

Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter the total in the LUCK box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so your LUCK score will be between 7 and 12).

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate

record of these scores and of the changes to them, and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK points, these additions cannot raise any score above its *Initial* value – except on rare occasions, and then you will be instructed accordingly.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness, and your ability to withstand blows in combats; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the exciting fantasy world you are about to explore!

Magic

During your adventure, you will probably find several magic items, although you may not realize that they are magical – and at first you may not even be certain exactly what they do! You may be able to purchase magic, if you have enough money to do so. But you will not use your own spells: you are not a wizard but a warrior, and memorizing arcane magic is not one of your abilities!

Battles

You will often come across paragraphs in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First, record the opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll two dice once for the enemy. Add its SKILL score. This total is the enemy's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add your own SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the enemy, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If the enemy's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.

4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see below). Proceed to step 6.
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK, this time to reduce the damage your opponent does to you (see below).
6. Make the appropriate changes either to the enemy's or to your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one adversary in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will have to fight them all together; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you are in a situation when you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given on the relevant pages), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable.

But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score, whether the outcome is successful or unsuccessful! You will soon come to realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will be.

If things go so badly that your LUCK is reduced to 1 or 0, you will automatically be Unlucky whenever you are forced to *Test your Luck*. So, be careful how you use it!

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be instructed to *Test your Luck*, and you will then be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the *option* of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature you are fighting, you may *Test your Luck* as described above.

If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and you may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score (so that your blow deducts a total of 4, rather than the usual 2, points). However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA score (i.e. instead of the blow reducing your enemy's STAMINA by 2 points, it reduces it by only 1 point).

If your adversary has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try and minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full force of the blow and may restore 1 point to your own STAMINA (i.e. instead of the creature's blow causing 2 points of damage to your STAMINA it is reduced by only 1 point). If you are Unlucky, then you have taken a more serious blow and you must subtract 1 *extra* point from your STAMINA.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the adventure. Occasionally a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL – but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim two SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score cannot exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight enemies and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA score may get dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

A backpack can hold enough Provisions for up to twelve meals – you cannot carry more than this. When you begin your adventure, you will not own a backpack, and you will have to find the money to buy one, otherwise you will not be able to carry food for more than four meals with you! You may rest and eat at any time except when fighting, but you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal

restores 4 points to your STAMINA. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your current STAMINA score and deduct 1 from your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*. A separate Provisions Remaining Box is provided on your *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember too that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically told so on a page.

In the course of this adventure you will often be told that you *must* eat a meal, either during a long journey or because you have performed some very strenuous activity. When you get such an instruction, you *must* deduct 1 from your Provisions if you have any. If you have no Provisions left, you will have to deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for going without food! Eating a meal when you are told that you *must* do so does *not* restore any lost STAMINA – it merely prevents further STAMINA loss through hunger and starvation!

Luck

Your LUCK score will go down during the adventure as you *Test your Luck*, but additions to your LUCK score will be awarded when you have been especially fortunate. (Details are given, when they occur, in the pages of this book.) Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

Equipment

This adventure is an unusual one, for you will start with absolutely nothing beyond the clothing you stand up in! You have no food, no equipment, no weapon – only your native wit and Skills (see below) to help you. You will have to get hold of the equipment you need by cunning and ingenuity during the adventure! Finding the money to get properly equipped is an essential part of this adventure, and you *must* keep careful track on your *Adventure Sheet* of Treasure spent to buy the items you need so badly – and record these in your Possessions Box.

If you enter into combat without armour and a weapon, you will be penalized. If you lack armour and a shield, you must deduct 2 points from your SKILL when fighting, for you are an easy target to hit! Of course, as soon as you obtain a suit of leather armour and a shield, this penalty no longer applies. Likewise, without a sword you can only use your fists to fight with; if you land a punch on an opponent, you will do only 1 point of damage, as opposed to the 2 points you can inflict with a sword; if you use LUCK to increase the effectiveness of a punch and you are Lucky, the damage is doubled to 2 points (not to 4, as it would be if you were using a sword). If you are Unlucky when you *Test your Luck* fighting without a weapon, your blow will glance off and do no damage at all!

Skills

You are a seasoned and accomplished adventurer and you possess advantages over most warriors – one of the reasons why you have been asked to undertake the desperately perilous adventure ahead of you! Therefore you have certain Skills which reflect this experience and ability. Do not confuse Skills with SKILL. SKILL is a measure of your fighting prowess, as explained earlier. Skills are the more limited – but still very useful! – abilities and talents which you have learnt over the years. You may choose the three Skills you would like your character to have, out of the six listed below. This is a totally free choice; pick any three you want – but no more than that! The Skills are explained briefly below. (In certain situations you will be asked whether you have a particular Skill, and you will soon learn how different Skills affect your chances of success. However, each description below is adequate for you to choose which Skills you wish to select.) Each time you play the adventure, you are, of course, free to choose any Skills you like, so you can play heroes with different Skills if you want to! Now read through the descriptions of the Skills available and make your choice: when you have decided on the three you want for your character, record them in the Skills Box on your *Adventure Sheet*.

ACUTE HEARING: If you have this Skill, you are able to pick up faint sounds much more easily than most people can. You may be able to overhear fragments of whispered conversation and hear those sounds behind doors which can give you valuable clues about what may be lurking behind them!

ANIMAL WISDOM: This Skill gives you a natural feeling for, and understanding of, animals. If you possess it, you will be able to ride common beasts like horses and camels better than most, and you may be able to understand why the animals you see on your travels are behaving in the way they do – which at times may give you important clues!

BLINDSIGHT: This Skill allows you to fight effectively in darkness (at night, for example), and you have superior night vision. Usually, if you cannot see, you will have to fight at a major disadvantage; but with this Skill you are able to sense your enemy moving around and can strike at him more effectively than most warriors could!

CLIMBING: With this Skill, you are adept at climbing rock faces and scaling walls and heights. You have a greater chance of completing such climbs successfully – and you may be grateful for having this Skill, should a fast escape across the rooftops become necessary!

MOVE SILENTLY: If you have this Skill, you are a veteran at sneaking past people or monsters that you might prefer to avoid! This Skill gives you a

better chance of getting past guards, of avoiding alerting distracted or sleeping creatures, and so on. Of course, it doesn't *always* work; for example, moving silently across sand is not at all tricky, but moving silently across a glade strewn with thin dry twigs would be extremely hazardous!

TRACKING: This Skill endows you with the ability to track creatures and people by following their footprints (or hoofprints, or whatever), a spoor, subtle clues, and gives you a dash of some 'sixth sense' which just lets you know where someone or something has gone. Again, it will not always be possible for you to track even with this Skill – tracking a large creature across sand is easy, but tracking someone in a bustling city is almost impossible. With this Skill, however, you will almost always have a better chance of pursuing a quarry!

Notoriety

In order to lay your hands on the equipment you so badly need for the later stages of your adventure, you will find yourself getting involved in certain activities that may alert the militia of the unpleasant city you will soon be visiting. Since this city, Ashkyos, is a vile place where the militia don't bother themselves much about minor infringements, you may get away with this – up to a point. Your NOTORIETY starts at zero; you are anonymous in the town you are visiting. However, if you are caught infringing the law of the land, you will soon gain NOTORIETY points (you will be instructed about this in the relevant paragraphs). The authorities in Ashkyos take an unpleasant interest in foreigners who make themselves conspicuous, so actions which draw the attention of the public to you will also increase your NOTORIETY and may get you into trouble sooner or later.

When your NOTORIETY score totals 8 points or more, you *must* leave town and set out on the dangerous trek ahead of you in pursuit of your quest; you *may not* stay in Ashkyos any longer. This will be a pity: the longer you can stay in the town,

the more money you may be able to make, and the more valuable the equipment you can amass! So think twice before doing illegal things – but, above all, *don't get caught!* You will be kept fully informed about NOTORIETY as the story develops, so don't worry about the details for now; just bear in mind that you will need to be careful about the ways you try to make money in the disreputable place you will shortly be visiting!

Hints On Play

Your journey will be perilous and you may well fail in your mission at your first attempt. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future sorties and will enable you to progress more rapidly to unexplored regions. You will find it particularly helpful to keep notes of places visited and people (and perhaps creatures) you have met on your travels.

Not all areas contain treasure: some merely contain traps and inhabitants which you will no doubt fall foul of. You may make wrong turnings during your quest and, while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

Be very cautious about *Testing your Luck* unless the page tells you that you must do this! Generally, when it comes to fights you should *Test your Luck* only to keep yourself alive. Don't *Test your Luck* for causing extra damage to your enemy unless this is really necessary! LUCK points are precious!

The paragraphs of this book make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the numbered paragraphs you are instructed to read; reading other paragraphs will only cause confusion and lessen the surprise and excitement during play.

The one true way to success in this adventure involves minimizing risk – any player, no matter how weak his or her *Initial* dice rolls, should be able to battle through to final success and glory.

May the luck of the gods go with you on your adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial
Skill =

STAMINA
Initial
Stamina =

LUCK
Initial
Luck =

POSSESSIONS

TREASURE

PROVISIONS

NOTORIETY

SKILLS

NOTES

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

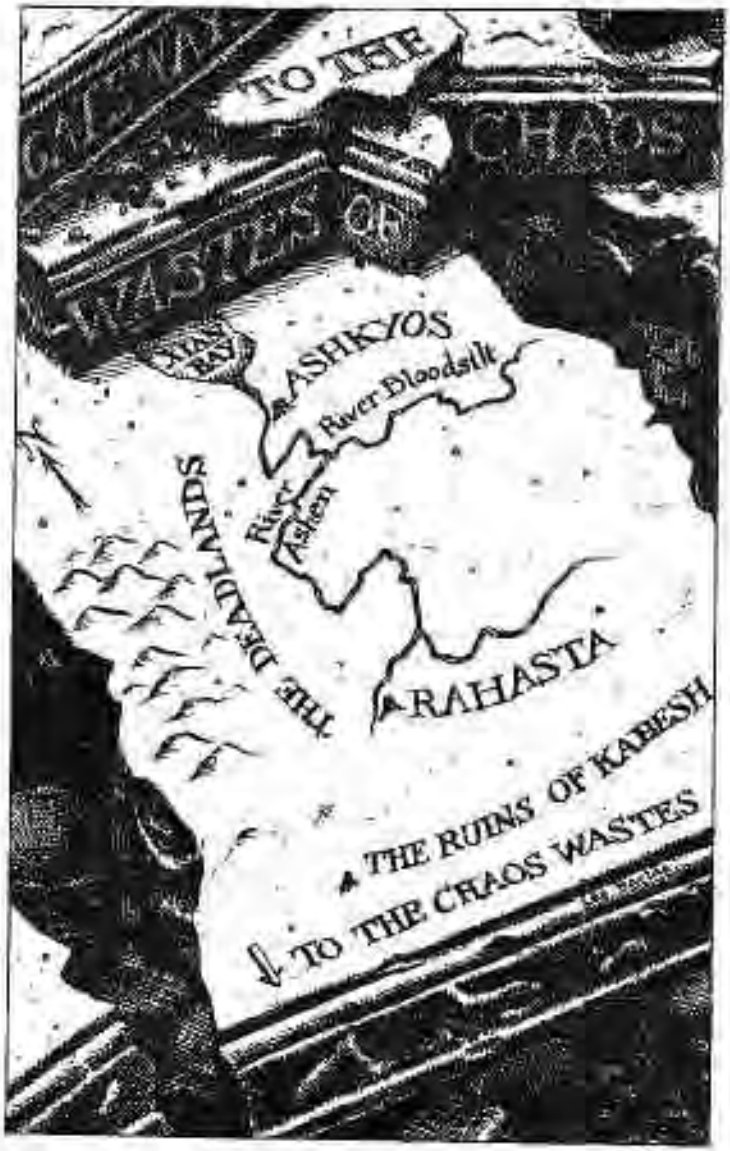

BACKGROUND

A conclave of wizards is a rare event for a warrior – even one of your talents – to be invited to; but here you are, intrigued by their summons. Finding them gathered round the deathbed of a venerable Great Wizard suggests that matters of great moment must be afoot!

'It was an Astral Slayer. The spell to ward it away takes so long to cast, and we had not expected it . . .' The old wizard's chest convulses with a racking cough, and he weakly spits blood into the bowl held out to him by the healers. 'We have failed . . .' and his voice fades away into another spasm of coughing.

The younger wizard puts his hand on the fevered brow, lined with age, and murmurs words of consolation. 'It could not have been foreseen. Such a thing has not been known for scores of years.'

'Yet the Staff has been taken! If only we had possessed the power to destroy the infernal thing. Now it is surely in the hands of someone of great power and evil – who else could want such a thing?'

The grey-robed healer holds the old man's hand and bids him rest. The effort of talking seems to have drained the sorcerer for, with a few inaudible words, his head slumps back on to the pillow and his eyes slowly close.

You leave the sickroom with the younger wizard, both silent for a few moments. 'That man was the foremost of our fellowship, my greatest teacher,' he confides, 'and his power was as a candle in a strong wind, pitted against the evil that opposes us. That Staff *has* to be regained. It is a Staff of Rulership, one of the old Staffs of Power; in the wrong hands, it can be used to unify the forces of evil and chaos that are usually divided against each other. Any power strong enough to send an Astral Slayer is also strong enough to use the Staff to that end. The havoc such a mage could wreak is unimaginable.' The wizard's manner, and the urgency with which you have been summoned to the inner council of the wizards, tells you that he is not exaggerating.

'But if this is an affair of great magic, why have you sent for me? I'm only a warrior.'

'*Only?* Are there not giants who speak of you with fear?'

'Well . . possibly,' you agree, taken aback by this outburst.

'And then, there was also the matter of that fire-breathing Great Wyrm a few years back, was there not?' Amberon the wizard adds tartly. You plead that you had enjoyed some good fortune in that triumph, but Amberon has made his point. 'We cannot send a wizard to recover the Staff. The man who now has it would sense the approach of a magician long before he could ever get near it. It has to be a warrior.'

You don't have a reply ready for that comment, but at least you do have a query for this wizard who seems to have everything arranged for you. 'So you must know who has it?'

Amberon nods. 'We know where it is, too.'

'Well, that's something,' you agree.

'That depends on how you look at it. It's in Khul.' The land of Chaos; the Dark Continent, home to grim-faced men of evil nature, sorcerous horrors, monstrosities of warped Chaos. This is hardly re-assuring. 'In Kabesh, to be exact. A ruined city swarming with monsters and the Undead.'

'Oh, wonderful,' you reply drily, 'I think I've heard enough.'

But Amberon grabs you by the arm and won't let you make for the archway which leads to the outside. 'Two scryers nearly died to find out that much. They aren't going to have taken that risk for nothing. And anyway, while the Staff is in Khul, don't think for a moment that you or anyone else will be safe from its power anywhere on Titan.'

His look tells you with complete certainty that he is not deceiving you You will not be able to ignore this problem.

'Your passage has been arranged. You'll travel on the *Diablo*, a nasty little vessel under the command of Captain Shagrot. He is a criminal, a liar, and a sadistic bully . . . about the only sort of man who would set sail for Khul nowadays. Of course, you won't be able to travel as a warrior; that would arouse suspicions at once. You are going to be press-ganged tonight and shipped out as a galley-slave on the night tide. We have arranged this.'

You cannot believe your ears. 'I absolutely refuse,' you blurt out.

'I don't think so,' Amberon says coolly. 'Take it as a tribute to your resourcefulness and reputation that we consider that only you will have a fighting chance under these circumstances. Surely I have already made the importance of this task obvious.' Amberon grips your arm with a greater strength than you would have believed this slim young man possessed. 'The Staff *has* to be retrieved. If you refuse, a weaker man will have to go in your place; and, before long, Shanzikuul will overrun this land. Then you will be dead in any event.'

The wizard's remorseless logic and powerful persuasion win you over; grimly you agree to accept this quest. It is going to be the most challenging one of your eventful life!

'When you get to Ashkyos, you'll have to slip away

from the ship. That shouldn't be too difficult – by then the crew will be as drunk as lords. But you'll have to find a way to equip yourself with armour, enough food and a weapon, and either have some gold for a passage by riverboat up the Ashen River, or make your way to Kabesh some other way. How you get that money is up to you – but we can give you a headstart.' One of the other wizards hands you over a pair of dilapidated boots. *These* are going to help? you think. But Amberon takes them and deftly twists the bootheels. Inside each is a small depression containing a single gold piece. He shows you how to twist the heel to reveal the secret cavity, and how to seal the bootheel again. 'These will buy you enough food to keep you alive, for a few days at any rate,' he says. 'One more thing I can tell you: about the man – if he *is* a man – who has the Staff. We have found out that he is a wizard, as we feared; his name is Shanzikuul. Oddly enough, at one time long ago there was a very powerful and evil wizard of the very same name who allied himself with the Dark Elves. He and his warped Elven followers were captured and slain by a huge band of wildmen who flayed and quartered the wizard and then watched as the vultures picked his bones clean. All that happened some three hundred years ago . . . and our magical scrying leaves us in no doubt that *this is the same man who now has the Staff of Rulership*. A wizard of such powers, and with this terrible relic to wield! You must overcome him and return the Staff to us. This will give you some idea of the gravity of the problem.'

After further feeble protestations, you are forced to fall in with their plans. Hoping desperately that the meagre amount of money you have in your bootheels will be enough to keep you alive when you land in Khul – if you manage to get that far – you walk out into the night, down to the docks where, feigning drunkenness, you await the blackjack blow on the back of your head, and waking up, a galley-slave, aboard the *Diablo* . . .

Turn to paragraph 1.

1

You have spent untold days as a galley-slave on the infernal *Diablo* You are given only watery slops to eat, not enough to maintain your strength; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA score. You are kept chained to the benches of the galleys, and you cannot move far. The smell of bad food and sweat is overpowering on the cramped slaver.

This morning, the Second Mate – a repulsively ugly, warty Orc – is in a filthy temper and is taking it out on the slave sitting next to you. The Orc is lashing out with his whip at poor defenceless Ramon, with whom you have formed a friendship. Will you stay quiet and ignore this (turn to **375**) or try to stop the Orc's brutal flogging (turn to **62**)?

2

If you have the Acute Hearing Skill, turn to **96**. If you haven't, turn to **208**.

3

The man disappears before your very eyes!

Now you must think carefully and act quickly You have up to thirty seconds' respite to perform a certain number of actions You could eat a hasty meal (if you have no Provisions, there is food on the table) – this will take the full thirty seconds. Alternatively, you could drink a Potion if you have one (each Potion you drink will take ten seconds to swallow); you could employ a magical LUCK ring if you have one (this too will use up ten seconds);

or you could draw a charge from a magic item if you have one (ten seconds consumed per charge drawn). If you prefer, you could rush across to the table and gulp down a goblet of wine; this will take ten seconds to do, but it will also give you back 4 points of STAMINA. A final option is to leaf through a magical book if you have one, in the hope of finding something useful to read; if you do this (and it will occupy the full thirty seconds), divide the number in the title of the book by 3, then go to the paragraph which also has this number. After you have decided on your course of action and have spent your free time wisely, turn to **68**.

4

The ruins of Kabesh contain several noteworthy landmarks; you may care to make a sketchmap of the area. You may visit each area only *once* – unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary in a later paragraph – so make a note of each of the areas as you visit them. You will not learn or find anything on a second visit which you haven't already discovered first time around, so return visits are pointless. After selecting one location, you will be

referred back to this paragraph to select another place to visit. If after visiting all the locations you still have not found the entrance to the Chaos Pits of the Master of Chaos, your mission has failed and your adventure ends in disappointment and frustration!

The areas within the ruins, with compass notations for position, are:

Ruined Senate House (NW)	Turn to **42**
Ruined houses (W)	Turn to **155**
Old Temple (SSW)	Turn to **321**
Mausoleum (S)	Turn to **109**
Warehouses (SE)	Turn to **146**
Ruined Coliseum (ESE)	Turn to **356**
Nomad camp (E and NE)	Turn to **398**

5

If you've been to the docks before, turn to **262**. If this is your first visit here, turn to **104**.

6

Carrying on until nightfall, you finally stumble upon a hollow where a small pool of fresh water is fed by an underground spring. You gulp down all you can; regain 2 STAMINA points. However, during this day you *must* eat two meals.

Your next day is uneventful, but the vultures circling above you in the skies are looking increasingly hopeful. If you have the Ring of Endurance, the heat will not harm you; but if you do not, you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA because

of the harsh and oppressive heat. During the day, you *must* again eat two meals. You settle down to a weary sleep. Turn to **341**.

7

You make your purchase, and Jesper immediately commandeers the eggs and snuggles down, covering them. 'Let's just sit in the sun for a while, shall we,' he says, as if nothing unusual was going on! What sort of creature is this?

Jesper tells you all about his past, and his many masters, most of whom were hunters or sages or nomad chiefs, and you don't learn anything concerning your present quest from him. But you do learn that Jesper likes biting the heads off snakes, and you become quite engrossed in your conversation with him. People stop and stare at such a weird sight; add 1 point to your NOTORIETY.

You only realize that time has been passing when Jesper shifts uncomfortably and then gets up. 'Not really my sort of habit, but I think we could make

some gold here,' says the mongoose airily, and you see that his body-warmth has hatched the eggs. Out of the broken shells emerge two small chicks, already covered in brilliant multi-coloured plumage and chirping in glorious, melodic voices! People are stopping to admire them – and suddenly you are getting offers for them, as men and women produce purses and start offering you gold! You sell the chicks for 10 Gold Pieces the pair. Jesper looks pleased as you pocket this (add it to your Treasure). Turn to **193**.

8

The grateful merchant rewards you with 4 Gold Pieces for your efforts. Turn to **394**.

9

If you have fought a Gladiator, turn to **314**. If you haven't, turn to **208**.

10

You must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **359**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **112**.

11

An invisible ally is helping you! This is now a three-way fight. Each Attack Round, roll dice for all three of you; the combatant with the highest Attack Strength is the one who will cause damage that Attack Round (your unseen helper has a SKILL of 10). The Necromancer continues to strike only at you! If the Necromancer is slain, turn to **177**.

12

You can't get away – you are trapped in a back-alley by two militiamen armed with broadswords and wearing evil, smiling faces! Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARD	7	7
Second GUARD	8	6

If you win, turn to **271**.

13

You lose 4 STAMINA points on account of the baking heat of the pitiless sun. If this reduces your STAMINA to zero or below, the vultures won't go hungry tonight! If you are still alive, turn to **329**.

14

You feel very out of place here and, just as you are thinking of getting up to leave, a steward comes up to you and says politely that one of the guests in the place has had far too much to drink and needs a bodyguard to escort him home. You will be paid for carrying out this little task, of course! 'You, ah, look the sort of fellow who might be used to doing this sort of thing,' the liveried lackey says with a slightly contemptuous expression. Will you accept the job (turn to **184**) or decline it (turn to **242**)?

15

At the approach of the snake, your camel starts to rear, but you master it and force it to gallop away,

leaving the snake to lie in wait for other prey. With a sigh of relief, you continue your journey. Turn to **183**.

16

You find a pouch containing 5 Gold Pieces on the body, so you take this. You are very wary of taking anything else from such a creature, but you never know, he might have something else of value . . . turn to **179**.

17

Looking around, your attention is caught by an ill-tempered, ugly man kicking a mongoose which he has on a leash; the little animal is trying to evade his blows. You move up, hoping to shame the brute into stopping his abuse of the little creature, which he does.

He turns to you and spits on the ground. 'Little swine!' he says, aiming a half-hearted kick at the mongoose. 'Supposed to be trained, innit? Does tricks, I were told. Won't do no tricks fer me.' Suddenly his eyes are full of that 'could this stranger be gullible?' look 'Want to buy the little fleabag fer three Gold Pieces? You could make a big tasty pie out of 'im, and 'is skin could make you a fair pair of gloves.' If you have the Animal Wisdom Skill, turn to **144** If you don't, turn to **249**.

18

You return to the house, but there is no one inside it. However, in the sand outside there do appear to be footprints which are definitely not your own Roll two dice; if you have the Tracking Skill, you must subtract 2 from the number rolled, but if you do not have this Skill, you must add 2 to the number rolled If the new total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you may follow the trail to another house: turn to **30**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you cannot follow the trail and must search elsewhere: turn to **4**.

19

You are well into the deserted lands south of Ashkyos now, travelling through scrubland. The wretchedly poor soil supports only the hardiest of plants, and a few garishly coloured insects buzz round them. You feel sleepy under the hot sun – and perhaps this explains why you are nearly taken unawares by the small, yellow-banded green snake which darts out from a cluster of rocks! Its pearly, venom-dripping fangs are a deadly menace, belying its small size. Do you have Jesper with you? If you do, turn to 283. If you do not, turn to 223.

20

Searching the tunnel is as futile as searching the arena. There seems to be nothing here – and even if there was, you'd never find it below all this sand. The effort of struggling through the deep sand drains your strength – you *must* eat a meal now. After this you leave; turn to 4.

21

You mutter a few embarrassed words about not slaying helpless creatures in cold blood, and the Dark Elf nods in agreement. Your surprise that an undoubtedly evil creature should share your opinion is interrupted as he says, 'I myself am not without honour in such matters. We follow different paths, Man; I serve Evil, and you do not. But, by strange circumstance, I find myself in your debt. Although I may have to kill you in days to come, it will be by a fair fight. As for now, I owe you this –' and he takes from a leather pouch a small golden flask. This is a single Potion of Healing. When you drink it (which you can do at any time except during combats), you will regain 5 STAMINA points. The Dark Elf also points to an intricately decorated Bronze Bracelet left by one of the men. You may take both Potion and Bronze Bracelet; add them to your Possessions. The Dark Elf heads for the door. 'One last piece of advice. We have an enemy in common: Vardrath the Necromancer. I shall be dealing with a couple of his thugs tonight. For your part, seek out the Gambling Hall. The Gnomes there are servants of his; they will probably invite

you to help them in a little expedition if you show yourself to be friendly towards them. Go with them, and you will meet Vardrath. Kill him. That way, when we meet again, we shall not have that despicable carrion-raiser to deal with afterwards.'

Then the Dark Elf is gone, silent and dark as the night itself. You can either head for the Gambling Hall (turn to **311**) or decide that it is time to call it a day and find somewhere to sleep (turn to **27**).

22

You back away from the giant Kraken, but the venomous Captain is more than a match for the monster! With a few swift strokes from his scimitar he severs the tentacle, then helps his men chop off the others that are attacking the ship. Soon the Kraken is dead – but the Captain isn't finished yet. Evilly, he eyes you with his one good eye, his black eyepatch concealing the scarred pit where the other once lay. His malicious parrot squawks gleefully, 'Keel-haul the landlubber! Keel-haul the scurvy scum!' and the Captain agrees that this would be suitable punishment for a seaman who wouldn't help his Captain. With your wrists and ankles bound, you are soon gasping for air as you are dragged under the *Diablo*'s barnacled keel, every inch of movement an agony as your exposed flesh scrapes across the rough surface. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. You are hauled up from the sea and thrown back in the galleys, in chains. Turn to **191**.

23

Strolling into the Warehouse district, you see coming towards you a young lad carrying a small sack; he is running, flat out, away from a red-faced merchant and two heavily-built labourers who are pursuing him. 'Stop, thief!' screams the perspiring merchant. The boy certainly looks nimble and quick enough to elude his pursuers, but you could stop him. Will you apprehend the thief (turn to **218**) or ignore what is going on as the boy runs right in front of you (turn to **57**)?

24

You search carefully until finally you find what you have been seeking. There is a trapdoor in the floor below some packing cases – unfortunately, one of them falls on you and you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Opening the trap cautiously, you can just make out a set of stone steps leading down; an unmistakable stench of corruption and Chaos rises up, to catch in your throat and nostrils. Turn to **290**.

25

After a fitful night's sleep, you wake to a grey, wet day, so you stay, resting, in your cabin. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **221**. If you roll 4–6, turn to **254**.

26

If you haven't been to the Old Quarter before, turn to **337**. If you have been here before, and you have met a Necromancer, turn to **101**. Otherwise, turn to **351**.

27

If you are willing to pay 1 Gold Piece for bed and breakfast, turn to **220**. If you are too mean (or are unable) to pay this, turn to **175**

28

You sleep peacefully in the nomad camp, safe from any night horrors which may be prowling the Chaos Wastes. Regain 3 STAMINA points. Turn to **399**

29

The Zoalinth stops in its tracks as it sees the amulet. 'Servant, servant,' its twin heads gurgle It gestures you towards a door which it was guarding. It seems to believe that the amulet proves that you are a friend! You can decide to attack it anyway, if you want to (turn to **296**), or you can head for the door (turn to **382**).

30

You enter the house as quietly as you can. A shadow seems to be moving down the wall beside a set of steps that lead down to a cellar. Cautiously you follow the steps down. The cellar is cool and dark, but a small oil-lamp throws a tiny patch of yellow light in one corner; half-in and half-out of the circle of light crouches a tall, dark-haired man in a brown robe. He holds a warhammer in his clenched hands and hisses at you to be gone if you know what is good for you Will you:

Attack the man?	Turn to **324**
Try to talk with him?	Turn to **383**
Leave and search elsewhere?	Turn to **4**

31

You have to leave the city immediately. You *cannot* purchase any more items or visit any more locations, but you *can* buy Provisions (1 Gold Piece buys enough for 2 meals) on the way out of Ashkyos Turn to **388**.

32

The Necromancer is not swift, nor is he talented in the use of weapons, but his clawed hands can rake your flesh and cause as much damage as any edged weapon would! What is more, he gains extra vitality from being among the tombs here and can fight for longer than usual!

NECROMANCER SKILL 10 STAMINA 15

If your STAMINA is reduced to 4 or below, turn to **372** If you win, turn to **156**.

33

There are many food shops selling small sweet cakes, good bread, hot slices of peppered beef in poppy-seed buns, and other delicious foods. They also sell preserved food for adventurers. 1 Gold Piece will buy you enough food for 2 meals – but don't forget: you cannot carry more than 12 Provisions in a backpack (and only 4 if you don't have a backpack!) After buying here – if you do – you can continue your shopping elsewhere (turn to **384**) or find some other part of town to visit (turn to **229**).

34

If you have at least 4 Gold Pieces with you, you can try your luck at buying and selling small items in the markets, hoping to pick up a bargain and sell it later at a better price If you do not have this much money, or if you do not want to risk this undertaking, turn to **229** and try somewhere else.

If you are willing to trade, roll one die and subtract the number rolled from 4. This is the number of Gold Pieces you gain by buying and selling in the market If you roll 5, you *lose* 1 Gold Piece; if you roll 6, you lose 2 Gold Pieces; well, you're not an expert trader, after all!

After your foray into trading, a small group of merchants form a circle round you and tell you in no uncertain terms to push off: *they* are the merchants round here and they don't like small-timers – especially foreigners – butting in! Add 1 point to your NOTORIETY, and you *may not* return to this part of town again! Turn to **229** to find somewhere else to visit.

35

A new day brings more heat and discomfort as you march wearily along. You are past the half-distance on your journey, but it is a desperately hard grind. Again, you *must* eat 2 meals today.

A rare rock outcrop offers blessed relief as you rest in its shade; but unfortunately it also allows a cunning enemy to sneak up behind you – which is exactly what happens. You glimpse a looming shadow in the brilliant sunshine and stumble to your feet, in time to see a huge green Troll advancing on you with raking claws outstretched! Worse still, this is a Mutant – it has two heads, a scaly tail, and horrid, hard protuberances all over its body; and its legs and shoulders are abnormally strongly muscled, with thick-corded veins and sinews bulging underneath the livid green skin of the snarling monster!

Fighting this brute – which you must do – is not easy. Each time the Troll hits you, roll one die. On a roll of 1 or 2, the Troll has caused double normal damage – 4 points – because of the sheer weight of its claws and fangs bearing down on you!

TWO-HEADED TROLL SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 124.

36

You are woken by a faint sound, just in time to see a River Python slithering across the floor towards you! You must fight the huge, banded constrictor, so turn to **162**.

37

Just as you are getting into the boat, you tread on a sleeping crewman whose body you couldn't see in the darkness! He leaps up, shouting loudly, 'Murderers! Murderers! The watch!' You hit him hard and push his body into the water; then you lower the boat after him and start rowing like the blazes away from the ship. Fortunately most of the crew are too drunk to respond, but a few of them throw daggers and even a harpoon at your boat! Before you can slip into darkness and safety, roll one die and add 1 to the total. This is the number of points you must deduct from your STAMINA because of randomly flung weapons. If you are still alive, turn to **199**.

38

The swarthy man goes to the bar to buy some more drinks while the young man whispers conspiratorially to you about a robbery they have planned. He says that hundreds of gold pieces could be in the place . . . You gulp the tasty rich wine his friend brings back to your table. Soon you are finding it hard to concentrate on what the two men are saying to you . . . but they are smiling, so it must be all right . . . Turn to **303**.

39

You refuse point blank to carry on and run up the steps, out of the crypt. But there is a figure waiting for you here! Turn to **135**.

40

You blow the Silver Whistle, and soon your small friend comes scampering towards you. Do you have a mark on your forehead? If you do, turn to **226**. If you do not, turn to **366**.

41

'Fine,' says Vesper the thief, and he gives you a handful of small coins to buy food and some of the local hot herbal tea, to keep you refreshed during the day. You wolf down the food (regain 2 STAMINA points), sip the tea under the warm sun, and rest, waiting for the night to come around . . .

. . . And when it does, the little thief arrives with it. He has a bag containing picklocks, crowbars, jemmies, some rope . . . and heaven knows what else in it. You set off down the dark streets to the warehouse, and Vesper tells you to keep watch in the shadows while he slips inside and begins work. You settle down to keep watch. If you have the Blindsight Skill, turn to **291**. If you haven't, turn to **362**.

42

The Senate House is a tall and beautiful structure – what remains of it. Above the arched entrance you can see lettering etched into the stone and some odd

sculpted design, but you can't make out any detail. You might be able to read it if you could get up to have a closer look. Do you want to try climbing (turn to **224**) or go straight into the building (turn to **106**)?

43

You edge one way round the room; the man, dragging his burden, edges along the opposite wall, towards the door. Eventually he reaches it – only to trip over the body of his colleague! He panics, drops the Dark Elf's body and rushes down the stairs. He is very swift and can elude you if you try to follow.

Have you seen a Dark Elf before during this adventure? If you have, turn to **100**. If you have not, turn to **325**.

44

'Well, I suppose I'd better do a few tricks,' says Jesper miserably. Clearly, your smart and helpful little companion considers this to be beneath his dignity. If you want to tell him he doesn't have to do this, turn to **282**. But if you really need the money and want him to go ahead, turn to **232**.

45

You knock the drunken wretch down, and the other galley-slaves are only too glad to help you strangle the life out of your hateful oppressor. But the First Mate of the ship has seen what happened, and now you are dragged out in chains to walk the plank as an example for the other slaves! Dumped into the sea at scimitar-point, you gasp for air as you see the

triangular fin heading towards you through the blue waves, and then you scream in agony as your legs are ripped away by the savage shark. You have met a tragic and early end in your quest, and your adventure ends here!

46

You must fight to destroy the poisonous snake. Even though you will have to take only the usual 2 points of damage from any bite it delivers during combat, and although it will not strike you easily, its venom may have delayed effects.

VENOMOUS SNAKE SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **211**.

47

'Move aside, my good fellow,' you say with all the natural authority you can muster, and you claim that you are meeting someone of importance inside. Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **98**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **196**.

48

You settle down somewhat reluctantly on the bedbug-infested bed, but you are so tired that you drift off to sleep anyway. Do you have the Acute Hearing Skill? If you do, turn to **233**. If you do not, turn to **152**.

49

Clad in your armour and grasping your sword, you step into the ring. The crowd roars with bloodlust as you move around, seeking an advantage of position and momentum for a first sword-thrust. Among the crowd, Marshal Lakatos – the corrupt military dictator of this city – watches with sadistic amusement. Your life is in your own hands now, for this is a fight to the death!

GLADIATOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **389**.

50

This ring adds 2 to your SKILL! It *does* allow you to exceed your *Initial* SKILL, and this bonus *can* be added to any you may have for possessing a Magic Sword (if you have one). If your *Initial* SKILL was high, with this bonus it can even exceed 12! Return to **267** to decide upon another action to perform.

51

Do you have the Acute Hearing Skill? If you have, turn to **36**. If you haven't, turn to **132**.

52

Out of thin air, a gleaming black-bladed longsword strikes at the Necromancer, causing him to lose 2 STAMINA points! If this kills him, turn to **177**. If he is still alive, turn to **11**.

53

Entertainer's Square is a great open space with benches and trestles, and with drinking-dens and stalls selling refreshments. Around you, minstrels, bards, street poets and animal trainers are entertaining the populace and, looming above all, the Gladiatorial Park dominates the square.

If you have Jesper with you, turn to 44. If you have been in this district before, turn to 9. If this is your first visit, and Jesper is not with you, turn to 2.

54

You can buy food in Rahasta from a sullen, disfigured old man whose taloned hands grab eagerly for your money. However, he asks 1 Gold Piece for each set of Provisions you buy. Double the usual rate, but you must pay or go without. If you buy, adjust your Treasure and Provisions accordingly. Now, will you:

Find somewhere to sleep, if you haven't slept here yet?	Turn to 166
Go to a tavern, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to 272
Try to buy a mount for the journey ahead?	Turn to 186
Leave for Kabesh?	Turn to 114

55

The noise of loud shouting comes from the street below, and you can both see the militia arriving in force, making for the stairs. The Dark Elf, amazingly, grins at you. 'Not the time to finish this, I think,' he says, and despite his threat to kill you in Kabesh you have to agree with this. Whoever won would only be overpowered by the militia. The Dark Elf runs to the door, unwinds a rope from round his middle, whispers a few words in the language of his people, and – is gone! He simply holds on to one end of the rope, is jerked upwards – and disappears into thin air! His final words hang in the air: 'We may meet again.'

But what of your own escape? If you have the Climbing Skill, turn to 281. If you don't, turn to 365.

56

You take the Sacred Sphere of Hazdur to Baalberith the Savant. His face reflects his delight when he takes the ball; as he does so, it hums slightly and radiates a faint blue glow in the hands of the priest. His devout attendants fall to their knees and mumble prayers. He puts the Sphere aside on a velvet cushion, and tells you that you have brought his people the source of divine wisdom they sought here.

Baalberith blesses you; gain 1 LUCK point. He will also reward you; he will gladly give you any or all of the following which you might need: a lantern with oil, some rope, a sword, and enough Provisions for 6 meals. He also offers you a magical item: you can take *either* a Potion of Stamina (if drunk, it restores STAMINA equal to one-half your *Initial* level, rounding fractions up; you can drink it at any time except during combats); *or* you can have a fine scimitar which is a Magic Sword. This will add 1 to your SKILL, in combats only. Think carefully before deciding which item you want!

You may stay with the nomads tonight and rest; regain 4 STAMINA points. In the morning the nomads will leave, so you cannot return to their camp; turn to 4 to find another area in the ruins to visit.

57

The juvenile thief escapes easily, and one of his pursuers stops and points angrily at you. 'You could have stopped him! You're probably a thief, like he is!' People stop and stare at you; add 1 point to your NOTORIETY. It's best to leave this district and try another part of town; turn to **229**.

58

A tall, pale, black-cloaked figure appears in an entranceway. His flesh is shiny, almost scaly, and there is a charnel smell about him. The Necromancer will want to replenish his undead retinue if he can! Do you have a forehead mark? If you have, turn to **133**. If you haven't, turn to **322**.

59

The fiery missile lands on the deck close to you and showers you with red-hot debris; deduct 8 points from your STAMINA for this massive strike. If you are still alive, turn to **358**.

60

The only hostelry you can find to sleep in is the Plague House, a former asylum for the victims of a festering, dementia-inducing plague, which has now been converted into a lodging house. The creature who runs it has a disgusting mutation: drops of thick yellow mucus drip from his insect-like, purple compound eyes on to his cheeks; he brushes the mucus away with a rubbery paw covered in thick black bristles. He seems almost to relish your disgust as he tells you that it will cost you 2 Gold Pieces to rent a room for the night, and offers you a key. If you have the money, you do need rest and you should therefore pay and go to sleep in your dank, foul room: turn to **48**. If you have no money at all, or you refuse to pay, you will have to sleep out in the open: turn to **152**.

61

You sit down with the Gnomes and begin to play dice; you are fortunate, winning 2 Gold Pieces. Then two of them leave for the bar, and the other two edge closer to you. 'Big strong warrior, aren't you?' one says softly. 'We could use a man like you. Want a job for the evening? Not exactly legal, but it pays well. A word somewhere where the walls don't have ears,' and you get up with them, leave and walk as far as a quiet and deserted, darkened

back-street. 'All you've got to do is keep look-out. Our master, he's interested in, like, research. Needs a few bones and stuff, down at the cemetery. Five Gold Pieces in it for you. Coming?' Will you agree to help the Gnomes (turn to 273) or refuse to do so (turn to 293)?

62

You shout at the Mate to stop his ill-treatment, but he turns on you with a snarl and gives you a flogging every bit as bad as the one he inflicted on Ramon. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Then the Orc stamps away, puffing and cursing. Ramon turns to you and whispers his thanks; had the Orc gone on with the flogging, he would certainly be close to death. You see the utter fatigue in Ramon's limbs and the despair in his eyes. Will this hell never end? Turn to 375.

63

A shrivelled, glowing, mummified hand appears on your shoulder, squeezing at your sword-arm. You must fight with a temporary deduction of 1 from your SKILL until you have killed your evil foe. What's more, each Attack Round you must roll one die: if you roll 1–3, the pain from this spectral claw is so great that you must deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Return to 32 to finish the fight.

64

Kanstrin's Guursh Bar is not what you might have expected! The name is a joke – this is the one high-class place in the Old Quarter. With your dubious appearance, it won't be easy to get past the huge bouncer at the door. He is *probably* human, but he looks as if he has some Trollish blood in him! Will you:

Try to bribe your way in?	Turn to 259
Try to bluff your way in?	Turn to 47
Try Koyala's Bar instead?	Turn to 360
Try the Gambling Hall instead?	Turn to 311

65

You have time to loose off up to 3 crossbow bolts at one target. For each shot, roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, you have hit the target. If the total rolled is greater than your SKILL, you have missed. If you hit with at least two shots, you have killed a deer, and you can get some meat, and your bolts back; if you did not hit with at

least two shots, the deer escapes and you will not be swift enough to track and catch it Cross off the crossbow bolts you use from your Possessions If you killed a deer, turn to **312**. If you did not, turn to **190**.

66

If you want to do any last-minute shopping, you can do so by turning to **384**; but then you *must* turn to **388** (make a note of this paragraph number on your *Adventure Sheet*).

67

The dart causes only 1 point of damage to your STAMINA – but it is poisoned, and you feel yourself keeling over in a dead faint! Turn to **303**.

68

Shanzikuul reappears, the neck amulet shimmering round his pale throat as he materializes in the room. Continue your fight with him – you must add 6 to the STAMINA score he had when the earlier fight was broken off – he has performed some healing on himself – so return to **289** to complete the fight, which is now to the death! Make a note that, if you win, you should turn at once to **349**.

69

When drunk, the Potion of Stamina will restore STAMINA equal to half your *Initial* score (rounding fractions up). If you have, say, an *Initial* STAMINA of 19, drinking this Potion will restore up to 10 lost STAMINA points. You may drink this at any time except during combats. Return to **275**.

70

You round the corner of a small warehouse and bump right into – Captain Shagrot! There's no mistaking the eyepatch, the wooden leg or the scimitar in those gnarled, shovel-like hands. 'Thought you'd escape, did yer?' he snarls in fury, drawing his scimitar. Shagrot's crew members are beginning to form a circle round you! You can either fight (turn to **93**) or try to make a run for it (turn to **385**).

71

You are face to face with a huge, ten-legged scorpion with garish, yellow-green pincers and a black tail which arches over its back and ends in a forked, red-tipped, stinging point. The back of the creature is protected by thick black spines; from them a sticky, milky fluid oozes, coating the flanks of the monster with a foul-smelling, dripping membrane. You *do* have the option of running away from here now without taking any damage, since the monster is slow to react to your presence. If you wish to run away and search somewhere else, turn to **4**. If you want to stay and fight the scorpion, turn to **97**.

72

What will you try, in order to get out of this threatening situation? Will you:

Fight the locals?	Turn to **371**
Try to talk your way out of it?	Turn to **176**
Offer them some money?	Turn to **350**
Find some item you have to show to them?	Turn to **142**

73

If you *must* leave (because your NOTORIETY is 8 or more), turn to **31**. Otherwise, turn to **66**.

74

If you have the Animal Wisdom Skill, turn to **165**. If you haven't, turn to **369**.

75

You heave the body on to your shoulder and ascend the stairs, to find someone waiting outside! Turn to 135.

76

You step on a rock beneath the sand and twist your foot, bumping into a pillar as you do so. The pillar falls and gives you a nasty blow in the side as you try to limp away; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you want to continue looking here, turn to 20. If you want to leave the Coliseum, turn to 4.

77

At last the hellish voyage is over! The crew are drinking themselves stupid in celebration at the lookout's cries of 'Land ahoy!' The *Diablo* makes her way down the estuary towards Ashkyos and anchors close by the town. The crewmen release you and the other galley-slaves from your chains, rope you all together, and batten down the hatches to keep you inside. You are able to slip your bonds easily enough, but the hatch is a different matter. You are baffled until, luckily, a few drunken crewmen come down to have some fun with their whips; as they do so, you slip past them and climb up on deck. If you have the Move Silently Skill, turn to 244. If you don't, turn to 138.

78

Fresh venison would be delicious, but there's no way you're going to get any! The vultures seem to be smirking . . . turn to 190.

79

Circling around, the cunning Manticore fires some spikes at you before it lands to fight on the ground. Roll two dice four times. Each time the total rolled is greater than your SKILL, you get hit by a spike and must deduct 2 points of damage from your STAMINA. After this, the Chaos creature lands and you can fight back; turn to 102

80

You advance on the figure – but he is very swift and guesses your intentions at once. From his robes he draws a long dagger with a discoloured, curved blade and advances on you, hissing. Wretchedly, you have chanced on an Assassin being paid for his work! You must fight him If he wins an Attack Round, each of his first *three* blows will inflict 4 points of damage to your STAMINA, because of the poison on his sword; after this, any further hits will mean only the usual 2 points being deducted.

ASSASSIN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 348.

81

Leering, battle-scarred Captain Grotniss spits at you and utters a curse as he lashes out with his broadsword!

PIRATE CAPTAIN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to 201.

82

After edging your way along the ledge for a few yards, you come to a door which is very slightly ajar, so you risk a peek through the crack. You see an otherwise bare chamber containing some vats filled with sludge, and large iron ladles and buckets beside them. The air is warm and the smell is yeasty, but not unpleasant. A Mutant wanders in, takes a bucket, ladles some sludge into it, and goes away out of your sight.

A minute or so later, you hear slurping and thrashing sounds coming from the Thing in the pit. If the Thing feeds on sludge, could you eat some? Will you:

Enter the room and eat some sludge?	Turn to **339**
Head for the portcullis?	Turn to **352**
Backtrack and go right round the ledge (if you haven't taken that path before)?	Turn to **117**

83

Searching the bodies of the kidnapper and his accomplice, you find a total of 4 Gold Pieces; as you are checking for further treasure, you hear shouts outside. Peering out of the door, you see a squad of militiamen already on the scene! It's impossible to fight them, there are too many of them. Do you have the Climbing Skill? If you do, turn to **281**. If you haven't, turn to **365**.

84

You say that you don't wish to fight, and the man doesn't attack. The man, whose name is Kanestin, says that he is here to find a lost magical tome – and he knows your purpose, it seems, for he says he has no interest in trying to overcome the Master of Chaos! He *does* know where the entrance to the Chaos Pits is, though, and he will tell you where this is – and warn you about a trapped portal there – if you find the tome for him.

If you already have the book and want to give it to him, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the number in the title of the book. If you have it, but will not give it up, you can either attack him (turn to **324**) or leave and search elsewhere (turn to **4**). If you do not have the book, you may promise Kanestin help in finding it – if you do, turn to **338**; if you won't help, you leave and find another part of the ruins: turn to **4**.

85

You press on down the stairs and come to a door, which is easily pushed off its hinges. Beyond lies a small sanctum with many wall-shelves and the remains of books and scrolls. However, this lair is the den of a creature that reveals the power of Chaos in this place! If you have a lantern, turn to **71** If you do not, turn to **198**.

86

You spend the day heaving unwieldy crates in a warehouse. It's heavy work, but you are given good meals to keep you going, and you are paid 4 Gold Pieces. You also get a place to sleep for the night; regain 4 STAMINA points.

In the morning, you can stay in this district (turn to **279**) or go elsewhere (turn to **229**).

87

You sit down and take a closer look at the other customers, but then a huge, hairy and brutish man emerges from the other side of the bar and says, 'Oi, you! This is a place for *drinkers*.' So, will you:

Order some white wine?	Turn to **212**
Order some red wine?	Turn to **113**
Leave and go to the Guursh Bar?	Turn to **64**
Leave and go to the Gambling Hall?	Turn to **311**

88

Your blow strikes the Demon and causes normal damage when you hit. Return to **302** to finish the combat.

89

You decide to pay 1 Gold Piece for a decent place to sleep at the end of the day, well away from the Old Quarter. But you sleep very badly, and regain no STAMINA at all! Turn to **287**.

90

You run away – and just as you reach the door, a Dark Elf appears in the room behind you and snatches the Staff of Power you stupidly left behind! Laughing, the Dark Elf disappears by clambering dextrously up a magical rope and vanishing into thin air! Your cowardice is about to get its due reward, as a howling group of Mutants comes racing down the corridor, axes and cleavers at the ready. Base cowardice has betrayed you at the last!

91

Ali Haji-Sheikh keeps a good range of weapons and other useful supplies for the seasoned adventurer. His prices are:

Backpack	2 Gold Pieces
Crossbow	4 Gold Pieces
Crossbow bolts (5)	1 Gold Piece
Lantern (with oil)	4 Gold Pieces
Leather armour (with shield)	8 Gold Pieces
Sword	5 Gold Pieces

Ali is a fair man and will also include a waterskin with a backpack (or with any purchase over 2 Gold Pieces). You can have anything you pay for, but you may carry only one of each item shown (except for crossbow bolts; you can carry up to 10 of these). The crossbow is, of course, useless without bolts to shoot! If you buy a crossbow and bolts, you must keep track on your *Adventure Sheet* of how many bolts you use. Ali is also prepared to buy certain items from you, should you want to sell for any reason: he offers 3 Gold Pieces for a sword and 2 Gold Pieces for a lantern, and in this case you *are* allowed to carry an extra item of this type if you find one and want to bring it here for sale. Certain purchases, however, attract attention! For buying *each* of the following items you gain 1 NOTORIETY point: a crossbow, leather armour and a sword.

If you want to do more shopping, turn to **384**; otherwise turn to **229**.

92

An unsteady pillar suddenly wobbles and falls – but you have time to jump away before it hits the spot where you were standing! Gain 1 LUCK point for this piece of good fortune. You wait for the choking sand and dust to clear. If you want to proceed with checking the pillars and the entrance passage, turn to 20. If you want to go elsewhere, turn to 4.

93

The crew look reluctant to intervene directly. They hate their sadistic Captain as much as you do! But they hem you in and you must fight!

CAPTAIN SHAGROT SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

Unfortunately a demented parakeet takes off from one of the sailor's shoulders and tries to fly at your face and distract you! You have a choice here. You can ignore the parakeet and attack the Captain; but if you do this, you must fight with a temporary reduction of 1 to your SKILL until the Captain is killed. Or you can attack the parakeet – two blows will kill it, but this gives the Captain time to strike you twice, for a total of 4 points of damage to your STAMINA. Decide what you wish to do and finish the fight! If you win, turn to 278.

94

If you have the Animal Wisdom Skill, turn to 15. If you haven't, turn to 171.

95

The Chaos horror smacks wetly into your face; its thick mucus blocks your sight and tentacles wrap themselves round your throat. Spines probe for your jugular vein while throbbing and knotted veins in the tentacles pulsate wildly at the promise of rich, warm, red blood. You manage to drag the nightmare conjuration off, but not before you have lost 3 points from your STAMINA. Now you face Shanzikuul, who stands, smirking, while his hand tightens on his sword! Turn to 289

96

You look around, listening to the musicians and watching the team of amazing juggling Gnomes dressed in flamboyant colours, hurling plates and coloured balls up in the air. Then you catch a fragment of conversation coming from one side: 'Tonight at Kanstrin's, then. We'll take out . . . poisoned darts . . . Master says kidnap . . .' You

look around slowly and see two men in leather jerkins moving away in opposite directions. In the crowds, they easily melt away from your sight. Now, will you:

Spend some more time in Entertainer's Square?	Turn to **9**
Ask people discreetly about 'Kanstrin'?	Turn to **168**
Leave here and go elsewhere in town?	Turn to **229**

97

You have a tough fight on your hands against the Mutant Scorpion. Each time it wins an Attack Round, roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, you are hit by the creature's stinger, and the venom from this does double normal damage (4 points per strike).

MUTANT SCORPION SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **236**.

98

The door's guardian ushers you in with a grunt; turn to **148**.

99

You feed the ravenous Mutant Orc (deduct 1 meal from your Provisions). It gives an appreciative belch, and is now only too happy to tell you what it knows of Kabesh. While still in its original, Orcish condition, it was captured by mutant servants of a

foul Wizard and taken to the Chaos Pits below the ruins; it was dragged there unconscious, so it does not know where the entrance is. The Wizard is spawning mutant abominations of many kinds, and over some weeks the Orc's arms and head were mutated from normal Orcish form. It managed to escape and has fled north, just trying to get as far from Kabesh as possible. The Orc can tell you little else, but it does know that a party of nomads is heading for the ruins on some kind of sacred pilgrimage, looking for a magic item of some sort.

You have talked so long that now it is nearly dawn. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA through loss of sleep. You bind the Mutant Orc's limbs fairly loosely so that it can work them free in a while – but not before you are well away from here! You continue your journey: turn to **390**.

100

Now you can see the Dark Elf's face, you recognize him as the one you have seen before. Dark Elves may be evil by nature, but killing a drugged and helpless creature – even a Dark Elf – would be a cowardly, evil act in itself. You get on with searching the bodies of the men you have overcome, keeping one eye on the Elf. Turn to **325**.

101

The Old Quarter is swarming with militiamen; it seems that the tomb of some local minor nobility was disturbed recently and a body stolen, and

everyone is talking about it! You get the message and start to backtrack, but a militia captain has seen you and shouts! You panic and run, but you are soon caught and left to rot in the town dungeon. Your adventure ends here!

102

The Chaos Manticore is younger than most of its race and is not of full adult size, but it is still a frightening enemy with its razor-sharp, great cat's claws!

CHAOS MANTICORE SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **251**.

103

You are fairly certain that the Iron Key will open the portcullis – but what of that trap? You're going to have to take a risk here: you *must* open it. But you can hold one item in the hand not turning the Iron Key before you do this. Write down which item in your possession you will have, ready to hand, as you open the portcullis; then turn to **280**.

104

The docks are teeming with stevedores and seamen of a wide and disgusting diversity: there are men, certainly, but there are also Orcs and even some Ogres – and one small crew of things which might once have been men, but now . . . you shudder and look away.

One group of drunken sea-dogs is brawling and cursing, and out of the corner of your eye you notice a figure in a small passageway behind one wharf handing a package to a hunchbacked Dwarf and taking a purse in return. It must be money – why, the brown-robed figure is even counting the coins, and you can see the glint of gold in the sunshine! The Dwarf vanishes down the alley.

You could try sidling over and having a go at stealing the gold (turn to **80**); or do you prefer to ignore the robed figure and continue looking around (turn to **70**)?

105

You snatch the ring from Shanzikuul's hand, and the wizard screams in rage and fury! He springs up from his throne-chair and backs away from you. Will you attack him at once (turn to **187**) or spend a few precious seconds putting the ring on your own hand, so giving the wizard time to put more distance between himself and you (turn to **241**)?

106

Inside the building, broken fragments of sculptures and statues lie scattered, together with the bone-dry remnants of chairs and tables which have mostly crumbled away to dust. There are even some book covers lying around, although the paper has long since been consumed by the ravages of heat and insects.

At the far end of the chamber there are stairs leading down, which you investigate. You will need a lantern here – if you do not have one, you *can* make your way down, but you could well have problems with traps and fighting! Also, you thought you heard something hard scraping on stone, down

below. If you want to descend the stairs, turn to **85**. If you want to leave and go elsewhere, turn to **4** – if you are leaving because you don't have a lantern, make a note that you *can* return to investigate later on if you manage to find one.

107

Alas, just as you are stuffing the last few feathers into your mouth, the Captain clambers down into the galley. Enraged, he draws his scimitar and brings it down across your neck. Your adventure ends here!

108

You swoon with the pain and fall unconscious. You will have to lose an extra 5 STAMINA points from the horrible poison. If this reduces your STAMINA to zero or below, you are dead, and your adventure ends here. Otherwise, you wake eventually, feeling ill but able to continue: turn to **183**.

109

The great stone doors to the Mausoleum take considerable effort to force open – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for this exertion. Inside, there are numerous marble tombs and sarcophagi, and wide stone steps leading down. There are some lanterns on the walls which have a little oil left – so, if you do not have a lantern, you may take one of these (add it to your Possessions). You descend the steps to a landing, where you see tomb-chambers to the left and right. It is eerily silent, and your footsteps echo on the cold, hard stone.

As you are pondering which way to go, two skeletal figures, armed with stone axes, slip out of the shadows on either side of you. You must fight the two together. Each Attack Round, determine the Attack Strength of yourself and *both* the Skeletons. The combatant with the highest Attack Strength will inflict a damaging blow in that Attack Round. When you destroy one Skeleton, of course, you will then be in a one-to-one fight with the other!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	6	5
Second SKELETON	6	6

If you win, turn at once to 333 without performing any other actions.

110

You are no wizard, but by sheer good fortune you open the book at the page containing a weird formula, and you start gibbering it out: it is a Spell of

Fortifying, and through it you regain up to 10 lost STAMINA points. Also gain 2 LUCK points for this fluke success! Now turn to **68**.

111

Vesper sits drinking tea with you. 'I don't have long,' he says quietly, 'I've got a little job to do this morning. Nothing you could help with, I'm afraid.' But he does tell you some things about Ashkyos. You know about the unpleasant militia and the brutal city ruler, Marshal Lakatos, but other snippets of information are interesting. First, Vesper saw a Dark Elf about town yesterday, inquiring about boats going upriver to Rahasta. Dark Elves are rare in Khul! Also, if you want further employment, Vesper knows that a Necromancer has arrived in town recently. 'I was offered the chance to do some grave-robbing for him, but it's not my line really. Pays well, though. If you're interested, try Stavian's in the Old Quarter – just down the road, in fact.'

It's time to leave Vesper now, so will you:

Head for the markets to sell the saffron?	Turn to **240**
Go to the Old Quarter?	Turn to **26**
Go somewhere else in town?	Turn to **229**

112

You can see nothing down here in the gloom; fearful of blundering into other monsters that may be lurking in the dark, you leave. Turn to **4**.

113

You pay 1 Gold Piece for your goblet of red wine and sit drinking in a corner. After a short while, a swarthy man in a cloak and a fair-haired youth wearing a smart grey jacket and blue breeches sidle over and sit beside you. They murmur to you that they could use a 'friend' to assist with a little job they have in mind. Illegal, but lucrative! 'Have a drink with us and let's discuss it,' says the younger man in a smarmy tone of voice. Will you:

Accept their offer of a drink?	Turn to **38**
Leave and visit the Guursh Bar?	Turn to **64**
Leave and try the Gambling Hall?	Turn to **311**

114

Have you slept and rested in Rahasta? If you have, turn to **327**. If you haven't, you have to take the risk of sleeping in the wilds, because you are desperately tired; turn to **152**.

115

You pick up the sword (you can add this to your Possessions if you do not already have one) and bind the arms of the whimpering Mutant Orc. Orcs may be evil and vicious, but it is hard not to feel at least a little pity for this pathetic creature, once you have mastered your revulsion at its appearance. Then, surprisingly, the Orc manages to utter a few words that you can just about understand. It thanks you for sparing it and explains that it is starving, having found no food on its flight from the horrors of Kabesh. Kabesh! This creature has been there . . . If you are prepared to give it some food, turn to **99**. Otherwise, turn to **200**.

116

If this is the first time you have visited the Market district, turn to **17**. Otherwise you stroll over to Entertainer's Square (turn to **53**).

117

You edge along the path, closer to the open doorway, and when you reach it you risk a look inside. You see a chamber which contains many weapons – swords, cleavers, halberds, bardiches, clubs and cudgels. You also see a man, clad in leather armour and wielding a broadsword, wearing an unusual helm on his head. He is half-turned away from you, so you duck your head back to avoid being seen. What will you do now? Will you:

Double back and take the left side of the ledge (if you haven't taken that path before)?	Turn to **82**
Try to sneak past the guard to the portcullis?	Turn to **332**
Attack the guard?	Turn to **248**

118

You kick open the door at the head of the stairs and are greeted by a surprising scene. A small, greasy, dark-haired man in a leather jerkin stands facing you, his back against the far wall; he is holding a dagger across the throat of an unconscious Dark Elf who is slumped forward so that you cannot see his face. 'One move and the Elf gets it,' the man cries out nervously. 'Over there, slow, while I get out the door,' and he gestures to one side. Will you attack him, knowing that the helpless Dark Elf can be slain in an instant (turn to **210**), or do as the man tells you (turn to **43**)?

119

You clamber up the crates and manage to push a couple down behind you on top of the sailors, knocking them down. This action enrages the merchant who owns the fragile cargo inside them, and he screams for the authorities. As you flee, a militiaman arrives and gets a brief look at you. Add 1 point to your NOTORIETY, but you do escape. Now find somewhere else to visit by turning to **229**.

120

You take Shanzikuul's amulet – but now it has grown dull, and you guess that its magic is in abeyance. Return to **267** to decide which other actions to perform!

121

You haggle with the little man. 'Come on, that beast has seen better days,' you say authoritatively. 'Ten Gold Pieces is all I'll offer!' He feigns shock, waving his hands and saying what wicked people foreigners are. But eventually you beat him down to 13 Gold Pieces for the camel. If you buy it now, Bokhannon will keep it stabled for you until you need it; if you don't have the money for it now, you can come back and buy it later by returning to this paragraph (make a note of this). For now, you can continue shopping (turn to **384**) or go elsewhere in town (turn to **229**).

122

A heavy dew falls just before a searing sun rises in the sky, and you are able to collect enough moisture to keep going. Tonight should see you in Rahasta, where you will be able to rest and buy food for the last leg of the journey to Kabesh. You set off wearily, squinting into the heat-haze in the distance.

Your hopes for an undisturbed day are suddenly dashed: just as you are rounding a ridge, a weird shape lumbers into the air in front of you. The Chaos creature has a lion's body covered in mottled black fur, huge leathery wings, an almost human head, and a long, green, scaly tail, covered in knobbled spikes. The Chaos Manticore fires a volley of barbs straight at you! Some of the spikes strike your camel, which falls to the ground, dead – but you leap off in time to avoid harm. Do you have a crossbow and at least 1 bolt? If you have, turn to **192**. If you haven't, turn to **79**.

123

The Necromancer's body falls dead at your feet; you have slain this vile servant of Evil! If he gave you some money, turn to **179**. If he did not, turn to **16**.

124

If you have the Tracking Skill, turn to **361**. If you haven't, turn to **213**.

125

You make a grab for the Staff, but the Master of Chaos is too swift for you. He spins violently out of his chair, and the amulet round his neck flashes briefly with light and – then the Master stands at the far end of the table, his Staff raised to strike at you as you race to attack him! Turn to **163**.

126

If you have some saffron you want to sell, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the weight of the spice, in grammes, which you possess. If you do not have any saffron, turn to **116**.

127

Roll two dice, then add 2 to the total rolled. If this new total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you have managed to grab the helm: turn to **286**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you have failed – and the guard will get in a free strike against you for

2 points of damage to your STAMINA. You can try up to three times to grab the helm – if you can't do it in three tries you won't be able to do it at all! If you decide after fewer tries to fight normally, or if you fail three times, turn to **159**.

128

You run back round the corner of the building and get away from the blowgun user. It is late, and you need to find a place to sleep – somewhere safer than the Old Quarter! Turn to **27**.

129

Clearly, you have strong suicidal tendencies. You are soon surrounded by a dozen Chaos Mutants, who are only too delighted to overpower you and throw you into the blasphemous horror in the Pit, to have the very marrow sucked from your bones!

130

Breathing heavily with fatigue, you gaze down at the thick, severed tentacle. Shagrot stares at you out of his one baleful black eye and mutters his grudging thanks. He turns around and knocks a seal off one of the kegs on the deck; thick, treacly grog begins to run from it. Needing no second invitation, you cup your hands to gulp some down. Regain 4 STAMINA points. Turn to **215**.

131

The Warrior-Savant of the nomads introduces himself as Baalberith, Servant of the Lord of the Suns and the Ways. You have no idea what that implies, so you decide to bow respectfully, and this seems to go down quite well. Baalberith explains that his people are in this defiled land on a sacred quest to recover a lost icon of great religious and spiritual importance to them: the Sacred Sphere of Hazdur, a golden globe set with moonstones. Obviously they do not know exactly where it is to be found. Baalberith says that, should *you* find this item here, you will be rewarded for your efforts! (If you find this object, and you decide to give it to Baalberith, you can do so by turning to a specific paragraph: take the numbers for the SKILL and STAMINA of the monster you fight immediately before finding the Sphere, multiply them together and this will give you the number of the paragraph to turn to. For example, if the monster has a SKILL of 9 and a STAMINA of 20, you would turn to paragraph **180**. Make a note of this formula!)

You say that you will do your best to help the nomads, and Baalberith seems satisfied with this. He will provide food and shelter for you tonight. Now, is Jesper with you? If he is, turn to **263**. Otherwise, turn to **28**.

132

You wake to feel a constricting pressure round your chest – you are being squeezed (and bitten) by a River Python! Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The long, pink, forked tongue and the small fangs of the reptile are not a serious threat, but the bulging muscle of the green-yellow body coiled about you threatens to squeeze your very life's breath out of you! You will have the following penalities in the fight to come: because of the squeezing you will have to deduct 1 point from your STAMINA every Attack Round until the monster is dead, and you must reduce your SKILL by 2 for the duration of this combat! Now turn to **162** to fight the creature.

133

You must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **322**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **256**.

134

You manage to get away from the guards and they soon give up trying to follow you. You find a back-alley in which to rest, but you manage to sleep only fitfully and you don't regain any STAMINA.

In the morning, you *must* eat a meal. You decide to make for a different part of town, since guards are already beginning to patrol the Warehouse district, and one or two look at you with suspicion. Add 1 point to your NOTORIETY: turn to **229**.

135

Outside, in the thickening night mist, stands a pale figure dressed all in black. The smell of death is strong about him, and his pale flesh shines slightly, as if a fine coating of scales covered his skin. He stretches out a hand to you; it looks like a skeletal claw, covered in shiny parchment. Are you carrying a body? If you are, turn to **214**. If you are not, turn to **170**.

136

The cooked meat will soon spoil. You may carry enough for 2 meals, to be eaten later today, but no more than this. Turn to **190**.

137

Do you have a Magic Sword? If you have, turn to **88**. If you haven't, turn to **145**.

138

Just as you are dashing across the deck, the alarm is raised and you have to dive off the side and swim for it! Daggers are thrown and a harpoon launched after you, but the crew are too drunk to get a lifeboat out and give chase. Roll one die and add 1 to the total. This is the number of points you must deduct from your STAMINA, caused by hits landing while you are swimming away. If you are still alive, turn to **178**.

139

You must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **304**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **202**.

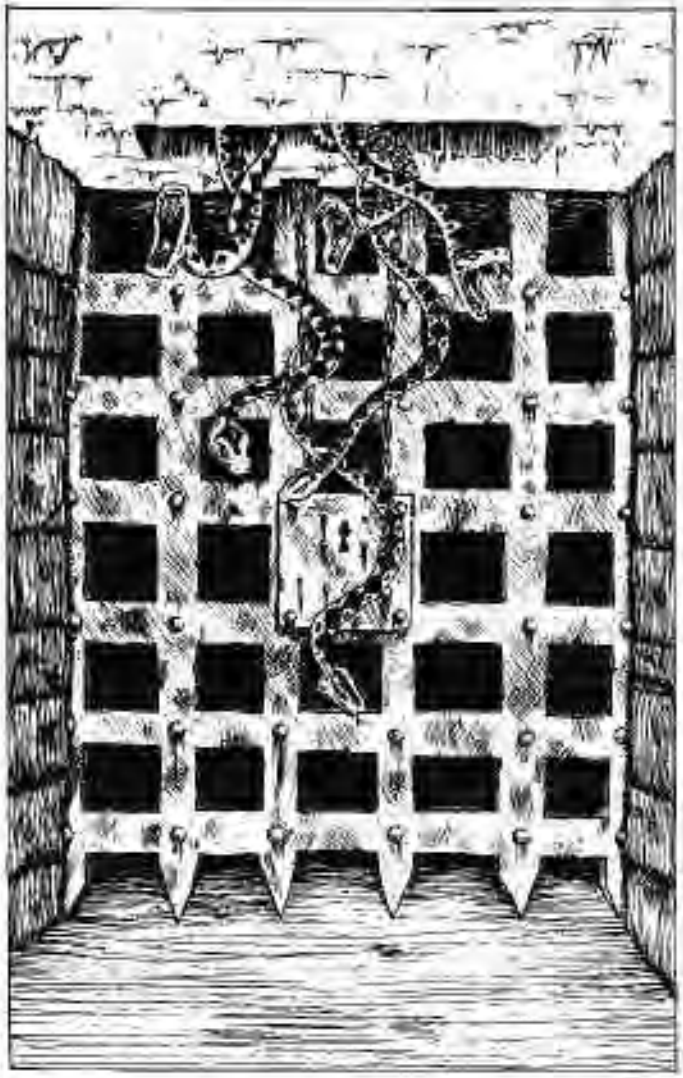

140

The item you have selected will not protect you from the rain of deadly snakes released from a wire cage in a concealed shaft overhead as you unlock and lift the portcullis. The black-skinned mambas have glowing red eyes and foul, blackened, forked tongues; they hiss at you as the thick, opaque venom drips from their yellow fangs! Fight the snakes as if they were a single creature. If you are bitten, roll one die; on a roll of 1 or 2, the snake bite will inflict double the usual damage (4 points) because of its toxic poison!

SNAKE SWARM SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win, you stride along the passage beyond the portcullis: turn to **228**.

141

Fortunately, your delaying action gives the men with the merchant time to make a grab at the mule and subdue it. For your brave attempt to deal with the beast single-handed, the merchant gives you 2 Gold Pieces. Turn to **394**.

142

If you have an item of iron (a Key or a Ring), turn to **297**. If you have neither, turn to **205**.

143

You can use your crossbow here only if you have the Blindsight Skill. If you do not have this, you head for the stairs with your sword; turn to **246**. If you

have the Blindsight Skill, you can fight with your crossbow at a distance against the blowgun user. Fight as normal, but with one difference. When you lose an Attack Round, roll one die. If the result is a 6, turn to **67**; if the result is 1–5, you will have to suffer 1 point of damage deducted from your STAMINA by this small missile. Now do your best to shoot down the footpad you are fighting!

FOOTPAD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you run out of crossbow bolts, or you want to break off the fight and charge up the stairs brandishing your sword, turn to **374**. If you win, you mount the stairs and go past the footpad's body to the door; turn to **118**.

144

There is something unusual about the mongoose: it looks distinctly intelligent, and it snuffles against your leg, looking up pleadingly at you. Turn to **249**.

145

Your weapon is useless against the Demon; only magical weapons can affect it – and you don't have one! You can try to run, but it is hopeless. The Demon's blazing whip curls round your waist and

drags you, screaming, backwards; the Demon grabs you and immolates you in its fiery embrace. This is only the beginning of your torments – but the end of your adventure!

146

You wander round the old warehouses, looking through the piles of rubble for any clue. It's hot today, and the search is time-consuming and tiring. You *must* eat a meal. Finally, you find one building that is more or less intact, and you peer round the doors into a huge, musty warehouse filled with piles of dry and ruined crates and sacking. Enough sunlight streams in through two holes in the roof for you to make out something of what is in here.

You enter and take a closer look around. Roll two dice; if you do not have the Acute Hearing Skill, you must add 2 to the number rolled; but if you do have this Skill, you may subtract 2 from the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **391**. If it is greater than your SKILL, turn to **336**.

147

You retrieve the Staff of Power, but you have already used up precious time getting to it, and you dare not employ the soul-destroying malign powers within it! Turn to **216**.

148

You walk into the plush, carpeted hallway of the building, and stroll towards the bar. Richly dressed

merchants, a couple of men in impressive military uniforms, haughty women in silk, lace and velvet . . . you are not really at home in such places! You are fortunate to find an expensive drink standing, untouched, on a deserted table, so you can sit here and sip it without having to pay the exorbitant prices charged for drinks here. After a while a door behind the bar opens briefly, and you glimpse two men in leather jerkins dashing out of the kitchen towards the rear of the building. They are ruffians, not at all in keeping with the customers or the liveried staff here! Will you stay where you are, ignoring this little excitement (turn to **14**), or leave and check the back of the building to see what the men are up to (turn to **317**)?

149

Alas, none of the many incantations you find while scrabbling desperately through the book are of any use now! Turn to **216**.

150

Bokhannon offers travel services of various kinds. He can sell you passage on a riverboat heading for Rahasta, the last town in the wastelands, not very far from Kabesh. This costs 10 Gold Pieces; after you have paid you may leave by boat at any time by turning to **243** (make a note of this paragraph number). He can also sell you a camel for overland travel, which could take you all the way to Kabesh. The camel has the advantage that you can carry an

extra 12 Provisions in the beast's saddle-bag (included in the price) above your usual maximum of 12 in a backpack. However, Bokhannon wants 18 Gold Pieces for a camel! He is sorry that he cannot offer you a cheaper animal, say a mule, but these have been in great demand lately for mule pies. If you want to buy the camel (and you have the money to pay for it), turn to **379**. If you don't want to buy the camel – or if you don't have enough money for it – you can either continue shopping (turn to **384**) or go to another part of town (turn to **229**).

151

You hear a ferocious snarl and wake up immediately. You see a River Python – a dangerous predator which can inflict severe damage with its bite and deadly constrictor coils – being thrashed about the room by the much smaller mongoose, which triumphantly rips its head off and prances about the room with it! Jesper is disappointed when you dump the python into the river – he wanted to play with the dead snake. He sulks while you go back to resting. Turn to **254**.

152

A stab of agony shoots through your guts and you awaken, screaming, to see the gloating, reptilian head of a four-armed semi-human Mutant; two of her hands are holding the cruelly serrated blade which is buried deep in your entrails. 'Food, food!' she slobbers as her other hands scrabble at your throat – and at least your death is swift!

153

The First Mate comes staggering down below decks again and looks around, his bloodshot eyes staring wildly from beneath his mane of matted, greasy black hair. He grins wildly and mutters something inaudible; then he screams out, 'You scum! Two men for deck cleaning, now! I'll have you, and –' pointing at you, '–*you*, you worthless vermin!' Your chains are removed, but then your leg is fettered with a ball and chain when you are hauled up on deck.

You are occupied scrubbing the decks with a hard bristle brush and sea water when suddenly pandemonium breaks loose as huge suckered tentacles rise into the air out of the sea and lash out at the men on the decks! Close by you, the despicable Captain Shagrot draws his scimitar as a vast limb of the Kraken attacking the *Diablo* lunges at him!

You now have a choice. You can either ignore what is happening and retreat to safety (turn to **22**), or you can attack the tentacle which is lunging at the Captain, using your ball and chain as a weapon! If you elect to fight, turn to **299**.

154

You retreat on tiptoe round a corner – but the guards have seen you and give chase! If you want to stand and fight them, turn to **12**. If you prefer to try and make a run for it, roll two dice and add **2**. If this total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **134**; but if it is greater than your SKILL you will be forced to fight, so turn to **12**.

155

Many houses here lie in ruins, and it takes some time to make even a cursory check. You *must* eat a meal. Finally, passing by one of the larger houses, you think you spot a dark figure moving out of the shadows, away from your line of sight, inside the building. Will you:

Enter and investigate?	Turn to **30**
Search other houses?	Turn to **284**
Go elsewhere in the ruins?	Turn to **4**

156

You search the body of the Necromancer. You find an Iron Key which could be useful (add this to your Possessions), and – putting aside some grisly charms best left behind – a book entitled *The Three Hundred and Thirty Incantations of Ssassuzlit*, which radiates both magic and evil. If you decide to keep this, make a note of it with your other Possessions. If there is someone you want to give the book to, you know which paragraph to turn to. Otherwise, it's time to leave and go elsewhere in the ruins (turn to **4**).

157

You struggle through the calf-high sand down the tunnel which leads into the central arena. You must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **92**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **76**.

158

Although it is hot, because of the Ring you suffer no ill-effects. Turn to **329**.

159

The guard begins to foam at the mouth as he lashes out at you, black-mottled spittle drooling over his chin!

INSANE WARRIOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **345**.

160

The man hands over the leash as you pay him the money, and he also gives you a small silver whistle. 'Supposed to come when 'e's called wiv that,' he snarls, 'but I never let him off his leash, little varmint.' You pocket the whistle as you stroke the soft fur of the mongoose. (Add the Silver Whistle to your Possessions.)

To your total amazement, the mongoose twists its head around to look at you and then says, 'Thanks. I'm a talking mongoose,' it adds unnecessarily. 'He was a hateful brute, but I've got a feeling that you're a decent person and will treat me fairly. Shall we go for a stroll?' Jesper the mongoose heads off towards

the market stalls, pulling you along behind him – you are too dumbfounded to do anything but follow! Gain 1 LUCK point for finding this companion, and turn to **181**.

161

You cannot unlock this barrier, and it is simply too heavy for you to bend the bars. You can go no further. If you get out of here alive – and one of the Chaos Mutants below has just seen you – all you have to look forward to is the hard grind of the trek back to Ashkyos. You have failed at the last!

162

The River Python is tired of eating birds and rats; it fancies human flesh for a change – and it will get some, unless you can kill it!

RIVER PYTHON SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **254**.

163

As you run towards him, Shanzikuul holds his black skull-tipped Staff of Power aloft and whispers a few words. Right in your path a Wall of Bones materializes, and you run straight into a barrier of hard-knobbed, sharp bones. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. You have to spend time getting round this obstacle, and Shanzikuul is readying another spell: turn to **316**.

164

Soon the crew are drinking and singing; you and your fellow conspirator quietly sidle over to the lifeboat. Gently you push the tarpaulin off and prepare to lower the small boat into the water. If you have the Blindsight Skill, turn to **368**. If you don't, turn to **318**.

165

The mule will not be easy to stop, since it is careering about and is a cussed-looking creature at the best of times – which this isn't! Roll two dice and then add 1 to the total rolled. If this new total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **288**. If it is greater than your SKILL, turn to **369**.

166

Do you have Jesper with you? If you do, turn to **301**. If you don't, turn to **60**.

167

Turn to **32** to fight the Necromancer, but note that on the first Attack Round, he will try to cast a spell. If he has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **63**. If you have the higher Attack Strength, you strike him and prevent his casting a spell.

168

You watch a group of Elven mime artists and ask some people around the place if they know anything about Kanstrin. 'I'm lost around here,' you say ingenuously. 'I was supposed to meet somebody . . .' One of the locals, frowning, says that Kanstrin's is in the Old Quarter, and that it is a high-class drinking-den, not a place for the likes of you! People start to mutter at mention of the place. Roll one die. If you roll 5 or 6, their reaction is so strong that you gain 1 NOTORIETY point!

Now you can hang around here a little longer, taking in the sights (turn to **9**), or visit another district of town (turn to **229**).

169

If you have the Blindsight Skill, turn to **374**. If you haven't, turn to **246**.

170

'Cowardly jackal!' the sinister figure croaks. 'It will be *your* body I shall use!' The Gnomes back away in fear at their master's anger. You will have to fight here: turn to **194**.

171

The camel rears up and throws you to the ground! Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and while you are on the ground the little snake bites you, inflicting a further 2 points of damage. The camel bolts. Turn to **46** to finish the fight.

172

Another week of this nightmare voyage has passed; deduct 2 more points from your STAMINA, caused by the inadequate food. Today a squall is up, and the ship runs before the wind, so you don't have to row. The Second Mate is lashing out again, drunk on rum, and he picks on you. You can either passively suffer his beating (turn to **237**) or try knocking him down with your chains – he is close enough for you to attempt this (turn to **45**).

173

You descend the steps slowly and carefully. You can hear revolting noises coming from below: squelchings and slurps, with an occasional clang of metal or nerve-tingling scream of some abomination down in the depths. It is dark and shadowy when you reach the bottom of the steps and edge along a passageway – light enough to see by, but the shadows may help you remain unobserved. You edge along, close to the wall by the end of the passage, and look around at the scene before you.

The passage opens out to become a circular ledge, several feet wide. To your right, there is a stone spiral stairway which leads down to a vast open cavern. In the centre of the cavern is a huge pit filled with an elemental Chaos which is truly nauseating: the pit is a seething mass of tentacles, suckers, parts of half-formed bodies and limb buds, covered in viscous green slime, with thick knotted cords of yellow-brown mucus. The churning morass sucks and splashes at the walls of the pit. Around the pit

stand several Chaos Mutants – vaguely human-shaped things with a variety of loathsome mutations: some have extra heads or suckered tentacles for limbs, others have some body parts misplaced or have the body parts of an animal affixed to a human torso, or are covered in scales or mottled, leprous flesh. This scene is so disgusting it makes you cower back, nauseous.

Further round the right-hand side of the ledge, you see an open doorway set into the wall, and a shadow inside the room beyond. To the left is a closed door. Directly opposite you, a metal portcullis bars the way to a dark passageway beyond. What will you do now? Will you:

Go down the spiral stairway?	Turn to **129**
Step carefully round the ledge to the right?	Turn to **117**
Move cautiously round the ledge to the left?	Turn to **82**

174

You follow the Troll's tracks for a mile or so until you reach the entrance to an underground cavern. Having come so far, you decide to investigate. Entering, you can see, from the sunlight filtering in to parts of the cavern, that there is a small Troll here – it springs to the attack at once!

SMALL TROLL SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **245**.

175

You snatch some sleep among crates behind a warehouse, but not much; it is a cool night and you feel the chill. In the morning you *must* eat a meal. Now turn to **229** to find another district of town to visit.

176

You try to tell the locals that you mean them no harm, that you are an enemy of Chaos – but this is precisely what they *don't* want to hear: their mutations are marks of Chaos, and they believe that you mean to do them harm, no matter what you say! You've got to fight; turn to **371**.

177

Slowly you are able to make out the shimmering form as it becomes visible. It is Naas, the Dark Elf. He takes a small flask from a hip pouch and urges you to take a draught from it; you do so and regain 4 STAMINA points.

'I have paid my debt to you,' Naas says softly, 'and I owe you no more. I will not dishonour myself by slaying you here, for you have helped overcome a great enemy of mine. But now, warrior, henceforth we must be enemies. The Staff of Power will leave Kabesh in my hands, not yours.' Naas whirls a rope dextrously into the air, holding one end as the rope stiffens vertically – and then both rope and Dark Elf simply disappear upwards into thin air! Your Dark Elf opponent is going to be a formidable enemy when finally you have to fight him. Turn to **156**.

178

Wet, tired and weak, you reach land at last. You stagger up the shoreline and find a fisherman's deserted hut where you can rest. Here you fall into a deep sleep.

You awaken in mid-morning, somewhat refreshed (regain 2 STAMINA points). You emerge into the bright sunlight and peer around. Why, you can see Ashkyos, less than a mile away! Striding out, you are soon at the town gates, and you enter, unchallenged, to look round the place. Turn to **229**.

179

On the corpse of the Necromancer you find some very evil-looking charms which you certainly don't want to have about you, but he also has an Iron Key which might be useful, so you take this (add it to your Possessions). It's time to find somewhere safer in town to sleep, so turn to **27**.

180

Picking up a Demon's sword is an incredibly foolish action; deduct 1 point from your LUCK. When you do, the malign, sentient thing bursts into flame, blue-tinted fire shooting up your sword-arm! You drop the weapon, screaming with pain; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL as well! If you are still alive, you run like something crazed out of here; turn to **4**.

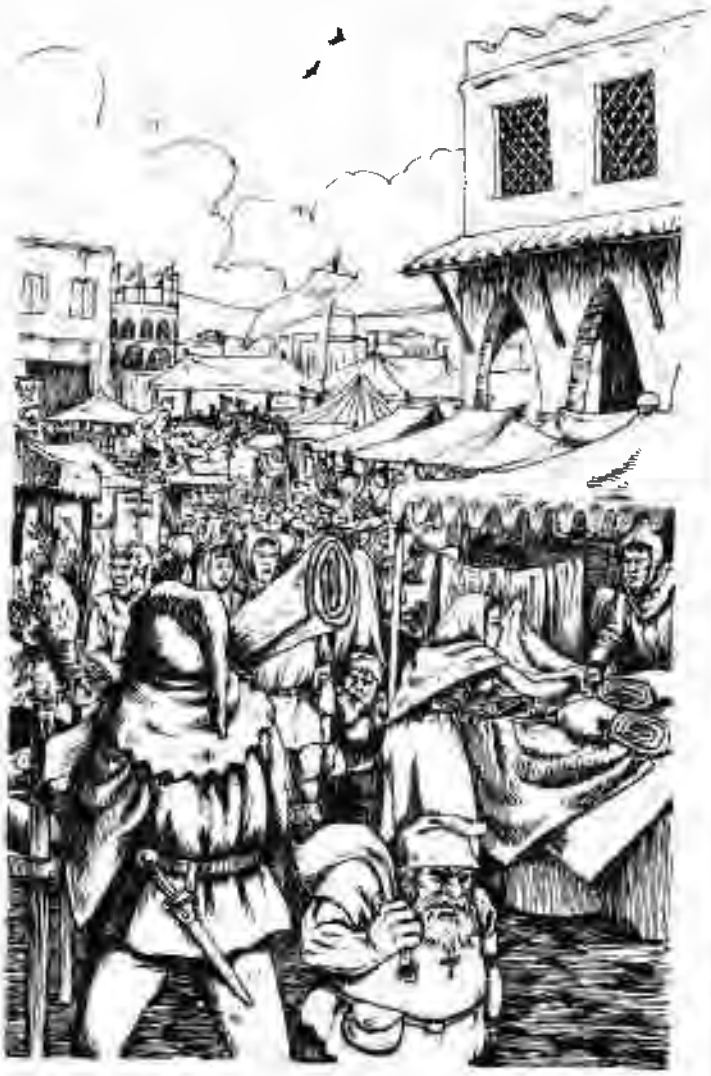

181

Merchants are buying and selling all kinds of wares in the markets: everything from food and fabrics to Basilisk-skin cloaks, kegs of Guursh (the unspeakable Orcish brew), and magical pots and pans that clean themselves after use! The merchants themselves are very varied: humans, Dwarfs, one or two Elves, here and there a furtive Gnome, Man-Orcs, and even a Lizard Man peddling patent medicines and necklaces of shark's teeth for charms.

Do you have Jesper with you? If you do, turn to 323. If you don't, turn to 34.

182

This is a large building and, while no other enemy is visible, there are plenty of dark corners for others to be lurking in. Will you take a chance on searching here thoroughly (turn to 378) or leave and go elsewhere (turn to 4)?

183

It is time to make camp for the night; again, during this day you *must* eat 2 meals. Meals eaten to recover STAMINA lost through combat do *not* count towards this total!

You erect a makeshift camp in this uncovered, open and broken land, and settle down to an uneasy sleep. If you have Jesper with you, turn to 250. If you don't have Jesper, but you do have a camel, turn to 235. If you are alone, turn to 152.

184

You help to drag a garrulous, drunk and offensive young merchant back to his town house, where his despairing wife gives you 2 Gold Pieces and says coldly she supposes she ought to thank you. Since it is very late, she lets you sleep in the servants' quarters.

You sleep well and next morning eat a hearty breakfast (regain 4 STAMINA points). Turn to **229** to find another part of town to visit.

185

If you've met Vesper before, turn to **300**. If you've been in the Warehouse district before, but you haven't met Vesper, turn to **279**. If you haven't been in this district before, turn to **23**.

186

You try your luck around Rabesh, but the few animals they have are in wretched condition, half-starved and wasted. It's a miracle they are still standing up – although one parasite-infested camel drops to the ground, dead, just as its owner is extolling its virtues to you as a prize-winning racing animal. At length you give up in despair. Now, will you:

Buy some food?	Turn to **54**
Look for an inn, if you haven't visited one yet?	Turn to **272**
Look for a place to sleep, if you haven't slept here yet?	Turn to **166**
Leave and head for Kabesh?	Turn to **114**

187

Removing his ring will reduce Shanzikuul's SKILL by 2 points. Drawing your sword, you now advance on him – he has already drawn his! Turn to **289** to fight him, remembering to subtract 2 from his SKILL as given in that paragraph!

188

You will need to stake at least 3 Gold Pieces in order to gamble; if you don't have this much, you will have to call it a day and find somewhere to sleep – turn to **27**. But if you have the money and you're willing to gamble, who will you gamble with? Will it be:

Men?	Turn to **397**
Dwarfs?	Turn to **265**
Gnomes?	Turn to **61**

189

Two dagger-wielding pirates confront you; fight them one at a time in the mêlée. If one of them hits you, roll one die: if you roll 1–3, you take normal damage (2 points); if you roll 4–6, you take only 1 point of damage from the daggers the men use.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	6	5
Second PIRATE	6	6

If you win, the Captain himself bears down upon you, and you must fight him at once. Turn to **81**.

190

Today is very hot indeed, and you sweat heavily under the baking sun. If you have a Ring of Endurance, turn to **158**. If you don't, turn to **13**.

191

Back in the galley, the Captain increases rations so as to keep you alive, but by now you are desperately weak and hungry. You begin to lose track of time

with the monotony of rowing, but one day the evil parrot which normally sits on the Captain's shoulder flies below decks and lands close to you. Settling, it launches into a diatribe of curses and oaths. The hateful little pest is close enough to grab; do you want to strangle the little horror (turn to **266**) or simply ignore it (turn to **393**)?

192

Seeing the crossbow, the cunning Manticore realizes that it will gain no advantage by staying in the air, so it lands to fight. You have time to draw a sword (if you have one) before it gets to you; turn to **102**.

193

'Look, I'll make a deal with you,' says the mongoose. 'We'll go to Entertainer's Square now, and I'll do some of those dumb little tricks the tourists like to watch, and that'll earn you some money. Then you let me go for a while – I've got some business to attend to.' After quizzing little Jesper, you get him to admit sheepishly – if a mongoose *can* be sheepish – that his business involves paying a visit to a lady mongoose across town. Jesper says that he will come back to you when he hears you blow the Silver Whistle, which only he can hear and which he can hear from miles away. 'So when you leave town I'll come with you and look after you,' he says. It sounds like a fair deal, so you set off for Entertainer's Square. Turn to **53**.

194

You are close enough to sense the elemental malice and hatred for life which radiates from this evil thing that was once human – and you had better fight well! His iron-clawed hands are as good a weapon as any blade!

NECROMANCER SKILL 9 STAMINA 13

If you reduce the Necromancer's STAMINA to 5 or less, turn at once to **342**.

195

Hotsalt the Herbalist can sell you any of the following items:

Medicinal herbs	2 Gold Pieces per bag
Preservative spices	2 Gold Pieces per bag
Potion of Healing	4 Gold Pieces

You can buy, and carry, a maximum of two of each item. The single Potion of Healing will restore 5 points of STAMINA when you drink it, and you can do this at any time except during combats. Now you can continue shopping (turn to **384**) or go elsewhere in town (turn to **229**).

196

'Oh, yer?' says the doorman with a sneer. 'Der boss, 'e says don't let people like you – scruffy – in 'ere. Push orf, sonny. Unless yer got a bit of gold about yer, like.' A quick haggle, and you learn that this avaricious brute wants 4 Gold Pieces to let you in! Will you:

Pay the 4 Gold Pieces?	Turn to 344
Refuse and try to push past him?	Turn to 295
Head off to check the back of the building?	Turn to 317
Leave and try Koyala's Bar?	Turn to 360
Leave and try the Gambling Hall?	Turn to 311

197

You feel the stinging venom in your veins. The bite mark is discoloured and puffy, and intensely painful. If you have some Medicinal Herbs, turn to 370. If you don't, turn to 108.

198

There is a creature of some kind in the room! If you have the Blindsight Skill, you can make out a little of it: turn to 71. If you do not have this Skill, turn to 363.

199

Morning comes. You beach the rowing boat on the estuary of the river which leads to Ashkyos. Searching the boat in daylight, you make some lucky finds: sharing the good fortune with your friend, you each get 2 Gold Pieces that you found in a leather pouch, and a small parcel of hard tack, enough for 2 meals. You can eat this at once, or save one or both meals for later (adding them to your Provisions). After a short rest, you row down into Ashkyos itself and make fast at a jetty in the docks area. Your friend has the excellent idea of selling the boat and dividing

the proceeds! You don't get rich from the transaction, but your share is 4 Gold Pieces, and that's a fair start! 'May the gods go with you,' says your companion, 'wherever you may head. I'm going to find a good ship with a berth for an honest sailor,' and he clasps your hand in farewell!

You are in Ashkyos, and now you have at least some of the money you need! Turn to **229**.

200

The wretched Orc snivels and whimpers all night, keeping you awake; but just before dawn it stops. Its body is cooling, and it has died of starvation. It was very cruel to spare the creature a quick death in combat and then to let it die slowly and in pain. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK. You must also lose 1 STAMINA point from lack of sleep. Gather your possessions and travel on: turn to **390**.

201

Your defeat of Captain Grotniss turns the tide of the battle; his men are demoralized, and they soon surrender. The riverboat's crew cheer you and serenade you with a round of 'For he's a jolly good fellow'; then they ply you with food and drink – you get enough to recover all lost STAMINA without having to use up any of your own Provisions. What's more, the pirates' plunder is taken from the *Death's Head* and shared out, and you get 15 Gold Pieces as a large share! The crew of the riverboat press on and by nightfall you are in Rahasta. Turn to **364**.

202

You manage to clamber about half-way up the thirty-foot building when your hands miss a hold and scrabble at thin air, and you fall. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you decide not to risk another attempt. You can either walk into the building (turn to **106**) or go elsewhere (turn to **4**).

203

You manage to outrun most of the guards, but the militia captain – a huge, battle-scarred Man-Orc – chases determinedly after you and corners you in a dead-end You have to fight him!

MAN-ORC SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, you hear other guards coming – you must flee at once. You've been seen now; add 4 points to your NOTORIETY. Turn to **229** to find another district of town to visit.

204

You duck, avoiding the slobbering abomination which smacks wetly into the wall behind you and whimpers as it thrashes mindlessly about. Now you close with the sword-wielding wizard: turn to **289**.

205

The locals soon run out of patience with you as you look for something that may deter them from attacking you, and one of them strikes out at you with a shortsword. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, and now you have to fight. Turn to 371.

206

The strange hard tip of the metal torch bursts into flame as you will it to do so! Just as you unlock and open the portcullis, a wire basket of snakes drops from a concealed overhead shaft and the snakes spill out on to the ground, but they back away in fear from the strange, flickering, silent flame of the torch. You head down the passage beyond the portcullis; turn to 228.

207

The Luck Ring can be used just once. When you use it, roll one die and halve the number rolled (rounding fractions up); this is the number of LUCK points you regain through using the ring. You can perform this action at any time except during a combat. Turn back to 275.

208

In one corner of Entertainer's Square a sudden roar goes up, and you make your way to what looks like a giant bull-ring to see what's going on. In the ring, a huge Half-Ogre wielding a metal-studded wooden club stands in triumph over the bloodied body of a human warrior. This is gladiatorial combat – in the depraved city of Ashkyos, this means combat to the death!

Anyone can challenge the strutting Half-Ogre to gladiatorial combat. If you wish to proclaim a challenge, you will be loaned leather armour, shield and a sword if you do not already have them (*loaned* only – you must return them after the fight). You get a purse of 12 Gold Pieces if you are victorious. If you lose, you die. The next combat, it is announced, will be the last one of the current series – so it's now or never, if you want to fight the Half-Ogre! If you want to issue a challenge and fight the Gladiator, turn to 49. If you don't fancy the prospect and wish to go elsewhere in town, turn to 229.

209

Shanzikuul eyes you cautiously as you move across to sit by him. You now see the warped Staff of Power in his right hand: black wood, shod with silver and bronze, ensorcelled with runes. It is topped by a sculpted black skull with bloodstone eyes and wide-open jaws and the sharp-fanged teeth are unnaturally long. Just for a moment, you think you can see a faint wisp of *something* arise from it. That *something* was half-transparent, but it seemed like a puff of elemental Chaos, twisted and corrupted, savage and vile.

'Power, warrior,' whispers the demented mage, and his hand tightens on the Staff. 'Beautiful, raw power. Let me tell you,' and his voice rises with an edge of hysteria to it, 'all *this*' – and he sweeps the Staff round in an arc to take in the room – 'this too is forged from the Staff. It creates what I desire, from the infinite possibilities of Chaos. It brings great Chaos into existence, it warps and mutates, but it is shaped by my will also, for I am power myself! An Undying One!' He half-laughs, half-cackles; he is

obviously mad, but don't underestimate his cunning! 'Did you like my pretties?' he sneers, pointing to where the tiger-women have gone. You say nothing.

You accept Shanzikuul's offer of food and wine, and you regain 4 STAMINA points by eating the excellent repast. Shanzikuul is offering you power too; he knows a good right-hand man when he sees one. He offers you whatever you want from the Staff's power: might, luxury, hedonistic self-indulgence . . . anything you ask. As he raves on, you notice that a sheathed sword rests by his left hand; you also see that on his left hand he wears a strange ring, of platinum with gems inset. That ring *screams* magic at you. What are you going to do? Will you:

Accept Shanzikuul's offer of power?	Turn to **298**
Try to grab the mage's ring?	Turn to **274**
Try to knock the Staff from his hand?	Turn to **326**
Attack Shanzikuul immediately?	Turn to **289**

210

The man loses his nerve. Obviously, he must fear that if he kills the Dark Elf, this will give you the chance to strike at him before he can defend himself, so he dumps the body and turns to attack you with a long, curved dagger!

KIDNAPPER SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 83.

211

If the snake bit you, turn to 197. If it did not manage to bite you even once, you may continue your journey: turn to 183.

212

A jug of white wine costs just 1 Gold Piece, and the drink is light and refreshing – you recover 2 STAMINA points. However, you become slightly tipsy, so you will have to reduce your SKILL by 1 point if you get involved in combat before you sleep tonight (make a note of this).

The bar turns out to be a dead-end. The musicians are terrible, the merchants' conversation is filled with talk of buying and selling, and it is growing late. You decide to try your luck elsewhere; will you go to Kanstrin's Guursh Bar (turn to 64) or to Stavian's Gambling Hall (turn to 311)?

213

The Troll has no possessions of any kind. Cursing your ill-luck at encountering such a monster, you struggle on through the extremely hot day. Turn to 6.

214

'Your reward,' the Necromancer says, dropping a clinking bag into your hand. This contains 5 Gold Pieces (add it to your Treasure). The Gnomes scuttle off with the body and the Necromancer slowly walks away. You can attack him (turn to 194) or leave without attacking him (turn to 238).

215

Aiding the Captain was a smart move. Now you are a 'trusty' slave, kept on better rations and allowed to scrub the decks without your hampering chains!

After a few more days, you learn from the crew that you are approaching land. As dusk descends, another trusty slave sidles up to you and whispers, 'I have a plan to escape. Tonight the crew will be as drunk as judges – they've made land, near enough, and will be celebrating. We can take one of the lifeboats and row away.' His eyes move to a small tarpaulin-covered rowing boat on the starboard side. 'It'll be only a mile or so to shore. Will you come with me?' If you agree to this plan, turn to 164. If you decline to join in with this escape plan, turn to 77.

216

Sliding down out of thin air comes Naas the Dark Elf, clambering down his magical rope and drawing his thin-bladed, wickedly sharp longsword. This time he has no words for you, only murderous hatred in his eyes!

DARK ELF	SKILL 10	STAMINA 13

If you win, turn to **400**.

217

The spellcaster's body changes! From a corporeal being he changes into a wispy, wraith-like apparition and flies up into the air! His panicking helpers flee, just in time to avoid the militia who can be heard shouting in the distance. You've got to run too, to avoid being arrested for grave-robbing! You manage to elude them, but your face was seen. Add 2 points to your NOTORIETY. Now, if you have some money, turn to **89**. If you have none at all, turn to **377**.

218

You make a grasp for the boy, but he swerves deftly away and ducks down a back-alley, out of sight! If you have the Tracking Skill, turn to **328**. If you do not, turn to **387**.

219

You know enough about the behaviour of deer to be able to get just close enough to pick up a heavy stone and throw it at one of them before they all

scatter. Roll two dice and add 1. If this total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you bring down a deer: turn to 312. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you miss, and the deer run off: turn to 190.

220

You sleep comfortably and next morning eat a fair meal; regain up to 4 lost STAMINA points. Turn to 229 to find another part of town to visit.

221

As you snooze the afternoon away, a grey-green shape slithers in through the cabin porthole! If Jesper is with you, turn to 151. If you are alone, turn to 51.

222

The Boots of Stealth act in the same way as the Move Silently Skill: they give you the ability to sneak quietly around in places where you would rather not be heard! Turn back to 275.

223

If you are riding a camel, turn to 94. If you are not, turn to 46.

224

Do you have the Climbing Skill? If you do, turn to 268. If you do not, turn to 380.

225

You must fight the sailors, who are armed with sharp daggers, together. Roll two dice for the Attack Strength of each of the three of you. The fighter with the highest Attack Strength is the one who will land an effective blow, causing damage, in that Attack Round.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CREWMAN	7	6
Second CREWMAN	6	7

If you win, turn to 252.

226

Jesper runs up to you – and then recoils. He has sensed the sign of evil, and he runs off into the distance, never to return. Turn to 73.

227

You are soon made aware that you are not fighting a normal Dark Elf. Your enemy is very swift and difficult to hit!

DARK ELF SKILL 10 STAMINA 13

Fight until either STAMINA score – yours or that of the Dark Elf – is reduced to 5 or below. At this point, turn at once to 55.

228

You make haste along the winding passage; perhaps you are already being followed and hunted by the wretched Mutants in this ghastly place. The walls themselves seem to be infested with the forces of Chaos: strange, eldritch, serpentine forms seem to twist and writhe in the very stone, and it feels as if the stone floor is writhing and sucking at your boots as you speed along. You wonder, just how far down does this nightmare dungeon descend . . .

You round a corner and come face to face with one of Shanzikuul's most 'successful' mutant creations. Standing some eight feet tall, the Zoalinth's four eyes gaze balefully at you, and its taloned, eight-fingered claws reach out towards you as it lumbers forward. Twin crocodile heads top the barrel-chested body of a bear, and powerful legs covered in fur and feathers support the torso, while a long, spined, lizard-like tail scrapes along the ground. On its heads, a weird pattern of black and white bands radiates out at odd angles along its scaly skin from the central yellow snouts. Acid drools from its mouths as it slavers for your flesh!

Do you have a Silver Amulet? If you do, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the number of rays on that amulet. If you don't possess this item, you'll have to fight the horror, so turn to **296**.

229

Ashkyos is divided into districts; these are shown on the map on the inside front cover of this book.

You are now free to go where you wish. You can visit:

The shops	Turn to 384
The warehouses	Turn to 185
Entertainer's Square	Turn to 53
The markets	Turn to 126
The docks	Turn to 5
The infamous Old Quarter	Turn to 26

When you are ready to leave the city, turn to 243 (make a note of this paragraph number now). If your NOTORIETY total reaches 8 or higher, you *must* leave the city at once to avoid being arrested by the militia (keep careful track of your NOTORIETY score, using the box for this on your *Adventure Sheet*) so when it reaches 8 or more, turn to 243 immediately!

230

You have killed a Demon, a feat to boast of if ever you get back to a civilized land; for now, however, who knows what enmities you may have aroused in the dark, extraplanar realms? Setting aside this dispiriting thought, will you:

Pick up the Demon's sword?	Turn to 180
Take a metal torch (if you don't have one)?	Turn to 343
Leave and go elsewhere?	Turn to 4

231

You descend the tomb stairs with the Gnomes. One of them lights a torch so you can see your way down the clean steps; there is little dust and no cobwebs, but the air is chill, and you feel apprehensive. You reach a mausoleum lined with family tombs, and one Gnome takes a small iron bar from a bag he is holding and hands it to you. 'Get the lid off that one,' he says, pointing to a very fresh-looking coffin. You prise the lid off and find a newly dead corpse inside staring at you! The Gnomes hiss at you to get the body out and carry it up. You can decide that you have had enough of this (turn to 39) or do as they ask (turn to 75).

232

Little Jesper does some somersaults and twists, but his heart isn't really in it. You get only 2 Gold Pieces thrown to you by passers-by. Also, some of the local militia start to give you long, hard looks; they seem vaguely suspicious. Add 1 point to your NOTORIETY.

Now it is time to let Jesper go after the object of his affections, keeping the Silver Whistle to call him when you leave town. Meanwhile, will you:

Stay in this district?	Turn to **2**
Go to the shops for supplies?	Turn to **384**
Go elsewhere in town?	Turn to **229**

233

You snap into wakefulness as a floorboard creaks in your room. Grabbing your sword from the side of your bed, you leap up to confront your attacker. It is very dark, and unless you have the Blindsight Skill you must deduct 2 from your SKILL for the duration of this combat. Your enemy suffers no such disadvantage as he swishes at you with his longsword!

NIGHTPROWLER SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **276**.

234

The small man looks fearful but ready to do his best against you, and he shouts to someone behind the door where he stands guard! If you have already hit this man with one or more crossbow bolts, reduce his STAMINA to the correct amount; otherwise, use the figure given below for him.

FOOTPAD SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **118**.

235

You awaken suddenly as your camel brays and kicks. Standing over you, just about to cut your throat, is a creature you can just make out faintly in the moonlight – it is some kind of bizarre Orc – but then you feel the pain of the blade swishing at you and nicking your leg! Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to **292**.

236

If you have a lantern, and/or the Blindsight Skill, turn to **359**. If you have neither, turn to **10**.

237

You must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA because of the brute's flogging, but finally he lurches away and picks on someone else. Turn to **153**.

238

Deduct 2 points from your LUCK for abetting this ghoulish servant of Evil in his foul work, and – worse still – you find that you now bear an indelible mark on your forehead which will increase your NOTORIETY (make a note of this mark in the Notes Box on your *Adventure Sheet*, and add 3 points to your NOTORIETY). Now it's time to find somewhere to sleep for the night: turn to **27**.

239

You order some bread and cheese and a pot of ale; this costs 1 Gold Piece, but you regain up to 4 lost STAMINA points for the refreshment. Nothing other than the gambling catches your eye, so turn to **188**.

240

Looking carefully about the market, you find a seller of fine spices and herbs, and offer him the saffron. After some haggling, he makes you a final offer of 15 Gold Pieces for the rare and much-prized spice, which you are only too happy to accept! Now, will you:

Hang around in the Market district?	Turn to **116**
Go and spend some money at the shops?	Turn to **384**
Visit some other part of town?	Turn to **229**

241

You now have Shanzikuul's SKILL ring. This increases your SKILL by 2 points when worn; it *can* increase your SKILL above its *Initial* level, and you *may* add it to the SKILL bonus you already have for any Magic Sword you may possess. (It is even possible for your SKILL to exceed 12 with this bonus if your *Initial* SKILL was high to begin with.) What's more, when you fight Shanzikuul in hand-to-hand combat, you may subtract 2 from the SKILL rating given for him, since you have taken his magical ring away – make a note of this! However, the dark mage has had time to get well away from you, and now he prepares to cast a spell from his Staff as you head for him; turn to **163**.

242

You have wasted the opportunities fate has sent you for finding adventure or fortune here, as you eventually realize. The self-indulgent, mostly drunken, pampered and perfumed clientele of this place are a waste of time. You leave in order to find a safe sleeping-place elsewhere in town. Turn to **27**.

243

It is time to leave the city of Ashkyos behind and face the perils ahead. If you have a Silver Whistle, turn to **40**. If you do not, turn to **73**.

244

You sneak past the half-drunk Watch, clamber down the ropes and into the sea, swimming away towards the land to starboard. Turn to **178**.

245

Exploring the cavern, you find some Treasure: 5 Gold Pieces scattered about. You also find the half-dismembered body of a man and, lying close to him, a hip-flask of strong brandy. This contains two good nips; each will restore 4 STAMINA points. If you want to keep some (or all) of it for later, add it to your Possessions. You can drink this at any time except during a combat. You also find a scrap of parchment which seems to be part of a message or letter; the legible part reads:

. . . across the wretched land, with the aid I provide. We shall meet close by the camp of the foolish dervishes. Beware Naas the Dark One; he too seeks the Staff of Power. His kind are silent, dangerous, and strike swiftly and with deadliness. Remember that the Sacred relic is within the Pilla . . .

Clearly several other people are after the Staff which you have come to take! Shanzikuul has many enemies, but are they your enemies too? You have little time to ponder, for you must continue your journey: turn to **6**.

246

You leap on to the stairs – and yelp in pain as your feet tread on caltrops: evil, star-shaped, metal spikes with cutting edges that stop you in your tracks. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. What's more, a dart from your enemy's blowgun hits you. Roll one die. If you roll a 6, turn to **67**. If you roll any other number, turn to **392**.

247

Too late! You strike home at the vile thing just as it sprays a veritable cataract of steaming acid, spattered with green blood, all over you. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to **382**.

248

The guard, who looks half-crazed, is sure to be strong; apart from his well-kept leather armour and broadsword, the helm he wears is very strange. It has a weird pattern of intertwined snakes on it which seem to swirl and confuse you. You must deduct 1 from your SKILL temporarily while he is wearing this helm and you are fighting him. If you want to try to snatch the helm from his head, turn to **127**. If you want to fight without doing this, turn to **159**.

249

Do you want to buy the mongoose? The man won't haggle, so you will have to pay the asking price of 3 Gold Pieces. If you haven't got the money, or you don't want the mongoose anyway, turn to **181**. If you want to buy it, turn to **160**.

250

Your companion wakes you, alerting you to danger. 'There's something coming,' you are warned. 'Smells like an Orc, but a bit different . . . not sure what it is.' You grab your weapon in case you need it! Turn to **292**.

251

Panting with exertion after your fight, you look around. The Manticore was in the middle of eating a body and must have been angry at being disturbed! You don't want to look too closely at its half-eaten victim, but the corpse might have something of

value on it if you search – and anything he has will be of no further use to *him*. Checking, you discover a strange silver amulet: from a central disc asymmetric rays are set at irregular angles. Counting these, you find the amulet has twenty-nine rays. This number means nothing to you. Take the Silver Amulet and note the number of its rays (add it to your Possessions). The body also has 3 Gold Pieces on it (add this to your Treasure).

You trudge on through the wretched heat. If you were riding a camel until recently, do not forget that you alone cannot carry more than 12 Provisions, any more must be left behind. Again, if you do not have a Ring of Endurance, you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA because of the heat; if your STAMINA falls below 1, you collapse and die from exhaustion! If you are still alive, you make it to Rahasta and enter the town. Turn to **364**.

252

As you dispatch the second crewman, you notice that he is wearing a good silver neck-chain; you snatch this off. It is worth 5 Gold Pieces in barter, and you can use it to pay for any goods you want to buy, so add it to your Treasure.

Of course, the ever-present militia are rushing to the scene . . . and you have just killed two men! You escape through the back-alleys and side-streets, but did one of them catch a glimpse of you? Add 1 point to your NOTORIETY and make for another part of town; turn to **229**.

253

You agree, and the Necromancer tells you that he has seen his enemy slip into the warehouses not long ago. 'He seeks that which you yourself seek; he gets closer to it,' croaks a voice as dry as the dust of Kabesh itself. You turn around and ascend the stairs to seek the Dark Elf.

Fool! A shimmering pattern of spectral darts flies from the fingertips of the Necromancer. Deduct 6 points from your STAMINA through intense chill and pain; you have trusted an intensely evil and life-hating creature and you have got the reward you deserved! Now you are forced to fight; turn to **167**.

254

Today you *must* again eat 2 meals. The weather is unpleasant now, growing increasingly hot and humid, and all you can manage is to doze during a desperately unpleasant night. The passengers on board smell utterly revolting, come the morning. At least you will be in Rahasta tonight . . .

. . . except that you see a boat looming through the river mists when you step up on deck to get some fresh air. 'It's the *Death's Head*!' cries Captain Blint. 'We're all dead men!' A few hardy folk on board draw weapons, but they are no match for the large ballista which the river pirate carries and from which a huge bolt comes flying, covered in burning pitch! Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **307**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **59**.

255

You knock the Staff of Power from Shanzikuul's hands and it flies, spinning, far across the room, well away from the wizard. He screams in frustration and draws his sword: turn to **289**.

256

'My servant,' croaks the evil one gleefully. Once you served him of your own free will, and now you will do so, whether you wish to or not. Your quest ends in your own Undeath!

257

A cloaked figure moves quietly from the shadows to sit with you. 'Throw away that filth,' the Dark Elf says. 'Drink this,' and he produces a flask of fine liquor, which smells of herbs. Regain 4 STAMINA points for drinking his sustaining potion. 'You saved my life, and I am not ungrateful,' he goes on. 'We may have the same enemies, but at the last the Staff of Power will leave Kabesh in my hands and not yours. Do you understand me?' Your nod of reply is unnecessary. 'Let us not weaken ourselves by fighting now. And get out of here – the scum in this place will surely attack you if you don't.' The Dark Elf gets up and is gone.

The locals look surly and are muttering; you decide to take the Elf's advice. If you haven't slept here yet, you *must* do so now; turn to **166**. Otherwise, will you:

Buy some food?	Turn to **54**
Buy a mount?	Turn to **186**
Leave for Kabesh at once?	Turn to **114**

258

You manage to sneak round a corner and the guards fail to notice you. Turn to 353.

259

Careful discussion, using words of two or fewer syllables (the creature at the door is unbelievably, *awesomely* stupid), leads to the understanding that payment of 2 Gold Pieces will get you inside. Will you:

Pay the bribe?	Turn to 344
Leave and go to Koyala's Bar?	Turn to 360
Leave and go to the Gambling Hall?	Turn to 311

260

You must deduct 4 points of damage from your STAMINA, as the flying Manticore aims some tail spikes at you, and two strike home. If you have a crossbow and at least 1 bolt, turn to 192. If you do not have a crossbow and at least 1 bolt for use with it, turn to 79.

261

You can stalk the deer and sneak up to them, making a running leap and trying to grab one of the stragglers – it's not much of a chance, but it's better than none. Roll three dice; if the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, you down a deer and break its neck: turn to 312; if the total is greater than your SKILL, your attempt fails: turn to 190.

262

Returning here was very foolhardy after your previous experience in this part of town! You must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 305. If you are Unlucky, turn to 320.

263

'Ah,' Baalberith exclaims, 'it is the Talking Snake-bane!' He has heard Jesper mutter something about having had enough travel for a while. Jesper perks up at this grand-sounding title. 'Little one,' the Warrior-Savant continues, 'my father Qaaniqqatsi spoke to me of you, and he said you were a prize among prizes, better than flocks of goats and far better than many wives!' The mongoose purrs at the flattery. 'He was your father?' Jesper exclaims. 'Well! Did he tell you of the time when we . . .'

Silently you slip away, leaving them together in animated conversation. Something tells you that the companionship of your little friend on your journey has come to an end. However, Baalberith will not let you go unrewarded for allowing Jesper to stay with him, as the mongoose wishes; he will provide sufficient food for 10 meals for you! (Add these to your Provisions.) Now you head for the tent that the nomads have set up for you; turn to 399.

264

Your enemy is surprisingly swift and deadly – and repulsive to behold! Maybe it was once human, but the twin tentacles it has for arms, the beaked maw full of tiny, razor-sharp teeth, and the scaly legs ending in clawed eagle-like feet make you wonder . . . but you have no time for wonder, only for fighting to save your life!

CHAOS MUTANT SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 182.

265

The Dwarfs let you know in no uncertain terms that they don't want your company! One of them spits close by your boots while another picks at his discoloured teeth with a dagger. You back off; will you now:

Gamble with the men, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to 397
Gamble with the Gnomes?	Turn to 61
Leave and find somewhere to sleep?	Turn to 27

266

You grab the parrot and smother its squawks as you wring its neck. Ramon, the slave next to you, pulls a wing off and starts tearing at the stringy flesh with his teeth! Raw parrot is scarcely a delicacy – but, mastering your repulsion, you also tear at a few morsels. Regain 2 STAMINA points. Now roll two

dice and add the results together. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **346**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **107**.

267

You have thirty seconds to carry out certain actions. You may eat a meal (takes thirty seconds – there is food on the table if you have no Provisions left), drink a Potion if you can (ten seconds per Potion drunk), use a magical LUCK ring if you have one (ten seconds), or draw a charge from a magic item if you have one with charges (ten seconds per charge drawn). You have other options; these, with the time they take, are:

Read a magical book, if you have one (thirty seconds)	Turn to **149**
Take a ring from Shanzikuul's hand, if you haven't done so before (ten seconds)	Turn to **50**

Run like the wind out of here (thirty seconds)	Turn to **90**
Retrieve the Staff of Power (thirty seconds)	Turn to **147**
Take the amulet from Shanzikuul's neck (ten seconds)	Turn to **120**

When you have selected and performed your actions, turn to **216**.

268

Gingerly, you search for handholds in the worn stone, but the climb is not too tricky and you ascend safely. Turn to **304**.

269

A group of locals begins to edge slowly closer to your table. You get up to leave, but they seem to be blocking your way. None has drawn a weapon yet, but they could have blades hidden under their robes and leather jacks, and there are many of them. Do you have a mark on your forehead? If you do, turn to **335**. If you do not, turn to **72**.

270

The Mutant Orc drops its weapon and spreads its arms wide, seemingly surrendering. Can you trust the monster? If you decide to kill the mutant, turn to 354. If you prefer to spare its life, turn to 115.

271

You examine the bodies of the guards but find little of value. One has 1 Gold Piece (add it to your Treasure) – but both possess swords, so, if you don't already have one, you can get one here. You can even take both if you wish! (Record in your Possessions what you do take.) You don't have time to strip them of their armour as well, for you hear reinforcements approaching in the distance, and as you flee you cannot be certain that they saw nothing of you. Now you'd better find somewhere to sleep: turn to 27.

272

The solitary inn in Rahasta is the Scapegoat, and above it hangs a painted sign showing such an animal being pursued by cleaver-wielding mutants. You walk in and order some of the local beer (deduct 1 Gold Piece and add 1 STAMINA point). It tastes revolting, but after such a hot day you could drink almost anything. The hunchbacked landlord stares pointedly at you, and his cat (which actually *has* nine tails) tries to bite your hand as it paws in the air for one of the succulent fat blowflies hovering by the meat pies. The cat's baleful green eyes gaze at you in dislike as its razor-sharp whiskers twitch; its mouth opens to reveal snagged, vicious fangs when it hisses and spits at you! Do you have a Bronze Bracelet? If you have, turn to 257. If you haven't, turn to 269.

273

'Fine,' one of the Gnomes leers, and they head off through the maze of back-streets, past wretches puffing at foul-smelling pipes, freaks with horrid mutations, and other lowlife sights and smells. Eventually you reach the cemetery; the Gnomes head for a big piece of sculpture looming over a large crypt, and one of them expertly picks the lock on the gates, opening the way down to the tomb. The other lets out a morbid chuckle, and they beckon you down the stairs. 'Come on, we're all in this together,' they gloat. You can decide to get out of this (turn to **293**) or enter the tomb with them (turn to **231**).

274

This isn't going to be easy. Roll two dice and add 2 to the total rolled. If this new total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **105**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **294**.

275

'Suki', as the diminutive female Elf who runs the magic shop is known by her customers, does not carry a great range of items, and they are expensive – there is huge demand for the artefacts she sells. The prices she charges for items are listed below. If you want to discover what a particular article does, turn to the paragraph next to the item to read about it.

Luck Ring	(turn to **207**)	6 Gold Pieces
Potion of Stamina	(turn to **69**)	7 Gold Pieces
Ring of Endurance	(turn to **340**)	9 Gold Pieces
Boots of Stealth	(turn to **222**)	12 Gold Pieces

If you buy two or more items in one visit, Suki will knock 2 Gold Pieces off the *total* price. However, each time you visit Suki's shop, you gain 1 NOTORIETY point, beginning with *this* visit! You can continue shopping after making any purchases here (turn to **384**) or go elsewhere (turn to **229**).

276

You light the tiny lamp in your room to discover who your assailant was, and you gaze in horror at a foully mutated Dwarf. It has spiny suckers instead of ears, ribbed and crab-like claws for hands, and its skin is shiny with patches of ulcerated scar-tissue. You cannot bear to stay in this room with this stomach-turning corpse. Outside, though, dawn is beginning to break, and at least you have gained some sleep. There is nothing on the body besides a rusty sword and 1 Gold Piece (add this to your Treasure).

You go outside and sit in the early morning sun as the squalid hovels disgorge their mutated occupants. Will you now:

Leave immediately for Kabesh?	Turn to **114**
Try to buy some food first?	Turn to **54**
Try to buy a mount first?	Turn to **186**

277

Your former assailant has left a trail of slime droplets from its tentacles which you can follow, and they lead to a trapdoor cover, which you open; you reveal a set of stone steps which descend far below the ground! Turn to **290**.

278

The Captain falls to the ground, gasping his last. His scurvy crew – even the Orcs – cheer! You grab the Captain's scimitar and try to stroll away nonchalantly. But people are pointing you out, and you

guess that the militia will get to hear about this – add 2 points to your NOTORIETY.

When you are away from the hubbub you realize that the scimitar is a magical weapon! You may add a bonus of 1 to your SKILL when using it – this *will* allow you to go above your *Initial* SKILL, provided that *Initial* score was below 11 (the sword is not that powerfully magical). The sword also casts a bright light in a small radius when you command it to, so in future you will not need a lantern for light. Gain 1 LUCK point for this excellent find, and try somewhere safer in town: turn to **229**.

279

Today there is no work to be had in the Warehouse district; all the merchants have enough labourers, it seems. However, just as you are deciding to try your luck elsewhere, a small, slender figure in brown robes sidles up to you. You see brown, ferrety eyes under the cowl, and a tanned, nut-brown skin over a thin, sharp-featured face. (Record in the Notes Box of your *Adventure Sheet* that you have met Vesper!)

'Interested in making some easy money?' he says casually as he tugs you by the sleeve into the shade

under the eaves of a building. You say you are; you can hear him out, at least. 'Be here at nine tonight. Between now and then, just sit around, down the road from Morganstern's warehouse –' he points this out '– that's where I have my little job planned. I just need a good look-out man. Plenty of easy money to be made, my friend.'

It's obvious what he means. Will you:

Agree to his plan?	Turn to **41**
Decline, and go shopping for items you need?	Turn to **384**
Decline, and go elsewhere in town?	Turn to **229**

280

If you wrote down 'metal torch' turn to **206**. If you wrote down any other item (and no cheating!), turn to **140**.

281

You clamber up a drainpipe to the roof and escape over the rooftops of the tightly packed buildings. By the time you get safely away, you are tired and chilled from the rain which has begun to fall; you could do with somewhere warm and comfortable to sleep. Turn to **27**.

282

Jesper looks very relieved, and he prepares to set off on his amorous exploit. 'Don't forget the whistle,' he reminds you. As he reaches the edge of

the square, he suddenly twists his head around and winks at you. Then, without warning, he turns, sinks his sharp little teeth into the leg of a fat merchant standing near by, and runs off as his victim howls with rage and limps after him. Looking on, you catch the glint of metal on the ground and walk over. There, lying on the ground, are the coins the fat man dropped in surprise – 5 Gold Pieces! Hastily you pick them up. Will you now:

Stay in this district?	Turn to 2
Go to the shops for supplies?	Turn to 384
Go to another district in the town?	Turn to 229

283

Roll two dice. If you roll 2–9, your companion bites the head off the approaching menace before it can get near you: turn to 183. If you roll 10–12, the snake streaks past him: turn to 223.

284

You spend further time searching; you *must* eat another meal. You find 2 Gold Pieces in one house, which you can add to your Treasure – but this is not really what you are looking for. Do you want to backtrack to the house where you thought you saw someone (turn to 18) or try another part of the ruins (turn to 4)?

285

You are just about to get into the boat when you realize there is a sleeping crewman in it already! As

quietly as you can, you give him a hard knock on the head to keep him asleep, drag him out and leave his body tangled up in the ropes at the side of the ship. You slip away under cover of darkness. Turn to 199.

286

You grab the helm and throw it to the ground. As you do so, the warrior's eyes roll back in his head and he falls to the floor in a swoon. He manages to utter a few words, before his soul leaves his body in a ghastly, convulsing fit; he blesses you and whispers, 'The Moon Sword.' Then he is dead, released from the chaotic, warping control of the malign helm which was put upon him. Gain 2 LUCK points for releasing this man from his torment.

You search the room and find a sword with a moonstone set in the hilt This is a keen-edged blade and its balance feels good in your hand. It is a Magic Sword with very useful powers! First, it will add 1 to your SKILL when you use it, and it *can* increase your SKILL above *Initial* level without restriction (so if

your *Initial* SKILL was 12 and you have not lost any SKILL points, your SKILL is 13 with this sword). Secondly, the Moon Sword contains precious magical revitalizing charges – just three of these. If you draw a charge from the Moon Sword – you can do this at any time except during a combat – roll one die and add 1. This is the number of points of STAMINA you regain from drawing this magical charge. Remember to keep track of how many charges you use and how many of the original three remain.

You leave the chamber with this excellent find (add it to your Possessions). You can now head straight towards the portcullis (turn to **352**) or double back towards the door now opposite you if you have not been that way round the ledge before (turn to **82**).

287

In one of your dreams a Wraith flitted down and touched your hand with a touch so chill that it felt as if the very marrow of your bones was freezing . . . and you awaken to find an Iron Ring on your left index finger! You cannot remove this; record in your Notes that you are now wearing this ring. What evils may it threaten you with? Who can say? Turn to **229** to find a part of town to visit on this new day.

288

Deftly, you grab the mule round the neck and bring it stumbling to the ground, subduing it. With a few words and neck-rubs, you render it docile again. Turn to **8**.

289

Shanzikuul has lived for centuries, defying death at the hands of innumerable powerful enemies. You will have to be brave and very fortunate to overcome this supernaturally powerful magician!

SHANZIKUUL SKILL 13 STAMINA 16

If you reduce Shanzikuul's STAMINA to 2 or below without killing him, turn at once to **306**.

290

This must surely be the entrance to the Chaos Pits, and the Mutant was guarding them. You can go down these steps by turning to **173**. If you do not want to descend immediately, you can find another part of the ruins to visit by turning instead to **4** – make a note that, when you are ready to enter the Chaos Pits, you can do so by turning to paragraph **173**.

291

Soon you see some patrolmen making their way towards you, so you slip round the corner and hide in the shadows out of the moonlight. Turn to **353**.

292

In the moonlight you see your enemy: a horribly mutated Orc, with a broadsword clutched in a claw like a lobster's. Its other arm looks more like a frilled tentacle, with suckers adhering to a membrane. Its head is almost hairless, with just a few clumps of wire-hard fur on its scalp and face. It snarls at you, then attacks viciously!

MUTANT ORC	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you reduce the Mutant Orc's STAMINA to 2 points or less, turn at once to 270.

293

You decline, saying that this sounds bad, and the Gnomes look askance at each other. 'You said too much,' one hisses. 'We can't let him go now. He could tell the militia,' and the two lithe little creatures draw long daggers and set about you. You have to fight both gnomes together. Each Attack Round, roll dice to determine the Attack Strengths for all three of you. The combatant with the highest Attack Strength is the one who will cause damage that Attack Round. When you have killed one, of course, you are back to normal one-to-one combat – *if* you kill one!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GNOME	6	6
Second GNOME	7	5

If you win, turn to 355.

294

You make a grab for the ring but miss – and then something awful happens: there is the briefest of flashes from the amulet encircling Shanzikuul's neck, and then he is at the other end of the table from you; he raises his Staff of Power as you get up and lunge desperately to get at him! Turn to **163**.

295

All you get for your pains is a blow from a fist, the size of a small ham, landing resoundingly on the back of your neck. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You're not going to be able to get in here now, and you can't return here. You can try Koyala's Bar (turn to **360**) or the Gambling Hall (turn to **311**).

296

Talons, rows of wickedly snagged teeth and drooling acid come bearing down on you. Even you can rarely have fought anything as savage as the mutated, murderous Zoalinth!

ZOALINTH SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

If you reduce the STAMINA of the Zoalinth to 2 or below, turn immediately to **309**.

297

The locals gasp at the sight of the item. 'The warrior has fought the Stealer of Deaths,' one of them mutters, and they back away in grudging awe. Slowly and cautiously, you make your way out, avoiding their gazes.

Now, if you haven't slept in Rahasta, you *must* do so; turn to **166**. Otherwise, will you:

Buy some food?	Turn to **54**
Buy a mount?	Turn to **186**
Leave for Kabesh immediately?	Turn to **114**

298

So be it. You become the puppet of the mage, and you are soon one more warped servant of Chaos. Corrupted and depraved, before long you will get your just deserts at the hands of a braver and better warrior than yourself!

299

Using the ball and chain as a weapon, you inflict damage as if you had a sword in your hand, scoring 2 points for a successful hit. But you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL for the duration of this fight because of having to fight with such an unwieldy weapon.

TENTACLE SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If your STAMINA is reduced to 3 or less, turn to 357. If you win, turn to 130.

300

Returning here is a definite mistake! You walk straight into a bunch of guards, who take one look at you and shout, 'That's one of them! I saw him with Vesper the thief!' They chase after you as you flee into the unfamiliar back-streets. Roll two dice and add 1. If this total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 203. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 310.

301

'Don't go to the hostelry,' Jesper tells you, 'it's a den of thieves and brigands. A former master of mine did a favour for a local family here, and we may be able to get you a bed for the night with them.' Taking his advice, you knock on the door he leads you to, and, after a few words with the head of the family, you are taken in. Their eldest son was saved from a Rock Troll by a warrior whom Jesper once served, and they are glad to see the mongoose again. You only get porridge and scraps, but it's hot and the pan of porridge seems bottomless. You stuff yourself before sleeping well in front of the fire; regain 4 STAMINA points.

You wash off the dust of the Dead Lands, and walk out into the bleary morning sun. Will you:

Buy some food?	Turn to 54
Buy a mount?	Turn to 186
Leave for Kabesh at once?	Turn to 114

302

As you touch the altar, a glimmer of light appears within it, and suddenly a pillar of flame rises to the ceiling and a figure forms within it: a bull-like body with powerfully muscled arms that are bound with bands of black metal, etched with strange runes, thick, hooved, black legs and a face which cannot be seen through the wreath of flame surrounding it, hissing and dripping yellow-red globules of fire on the stone floor! The terrifying Demon is wielding a flaming sword and whip, and breathes fire at you as well!

You must fight this horror! Each Attack Round, you must roll one die; if you roll 1–4, the creature's breath hits you and you must suffer 2 points of damage to your STAMINA in addition to any damage the Demon's weapons inflict!

FIRE DEMON SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

The first time you land a blow on the Demon, turn at once to 137. If you win, turn to 230.

303

You wake up in the morning with a thumping headache; you have been left, dumped in a backstreet. Any Treasure and magic items you have bought or found have been taken from you (but not the 2 Gold Pieces you kept in your bootheels!), and you must adjust your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly. If you had a sword, this too has been taken from you! Turn to 229 to find another part of town to visit.

304

After your exertions you crouch on a small ledge just below the roof of the building, looking intently at the marks in the stone. You see that some faded gilt etchings read 'PILLASTRIUM' – the name of the building presumably. Below these letters, an arrow is sculpted; it protrudes from the surface of the stone and points very slightly east of south. The arrow has flames etched on the shaft, and it is set inside a circle from which many asymmetric lines radiate – a strange and highly unusual design.

You clamber down the building; now you can either enter it (turn to 106) or go somewhere else in the ruins (turn to 4).

305

You just manage to avoid running straight into a large patrol of militiamen – but they see you, and two of them fire off crossbow bolts which hit you as you flee. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA, and add 2 points to your NOTORIETY. If you are still alive, find some other part of town to visit! Turn to 229.

306

Shanzikuul's amulet glimmers! Work out the Attack Strengths for the two of you in this Attack Round. If you have the higher Attack Strength, turn to 349. If Shanzikuul has the higher Attack Strength, turn to 3.

307

The missile narrowly misses you, but streaks past and crashes into a hapless passenger, who dies immediately. Turn to 358.

308

You try to tiptoe past – but the guard turns around at just the wrong moment, utters a bellow and comes flying at you, sword in hand. You rush to meet him inside the doorway so that the monsters below may not see you fighting. The mad gleam in the eyes of your opponent warns you he may be very dangerous! Turn to **248**.

309

The Zoalinth rears back and gives a sickening gargle, as though trying to clear its throat of a mass of thick phlegm. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, you may kill it now (turn to **382**). If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **247**.

310

You can try to fight, but there are so many of the militia present, as reinforcements arrive, that you are easily overpowered and carted off to prison. In this harsh land, garrotting is the punishment for most crimes, and your adventure ends with a strangled gargle at a public execution!

311

You stride into Stavian's Gambling Hall, past the beefy guards at the door who give you intimidating stares, and into the smoke-filled gambling den itself. Small groups of men, a sprinkling of Dwarfs, and a group of four Gnomes sit concentrating on their cards and dice, and there's even a solitary Half-Ogre sitting with a stack of gold at the knuckle-bones table (where they *use real* knuckle-bones to play the game). Will you sit down at a table and venture a few Gold Pieces at a game (turn to **188**), head for the bar and order some food and drink (turn to **239**) or, deciding it's time to find a place to sleep, leave here (turn to **27**)?

312

You now have some delicious raw meat! However, you may eat it only if you have a lantern with some oil in it for cooking; if you do, turn to **376**. If you do not possess a lantern with some oil, the meat is useless to you: turn to **190**.

313

You have overcome a powerful priest of Evil! Gain 1 LUCK point. However, his chainmail is pierced and of no value to you, although you can take his warhammer if you have no weapon of your own (this does the same damage as a sword). He also has a jade neck-chain worth 10 Gold Pieces which you may add to your Treasure, but nothing else of value. Turn to **4** to search further!

314

Entertainer's Square is packed with sightseers and the usual assortment of beggars, minstrels, jugglers, mime artists and similar folk making their living; but you see and hear nothing unusual or particularly interesting here. You head for another part of town: turn to **229**.

315

'Let us work together. Help me and I will help you. In these ruins prowls one of the Dark Elves, an arch-enemy of mine. Bring me his head and I will give you a pair of Skeletons to help you in your quest,' the Necromancer urges. Will you agree to this deal (turn to **253**) or attack him (turn to **167**)?

316

You'll get to the wizard soon – but not soon enough! His Staff conjures a writhing ball of slime-dripping tentacles, beaks and mucus, and the disgusting creation flies through the air, straight at your face! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **204**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **95**.

317

Heading for the back of the building, you notice a shadowy figure standing at the top of a flight of stairs leading up to the upstairs rooms. Seeing you, he raises a long, slim object to his lips, and you hear a small dart zip past your head! Will you:

Run away from here?	Turn to **128**
Run up the stairs to attack?	Turn to **169**
Fire back at the figure with a crossbow (if you have one)?	Turn to **143**

318

Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **285**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **37**.

319

The attitude of the nomads is not very friendly towards you, but they do offer you shelter, as their code of honour demands. Something in their eyes tells you they do not value gold highly, and you do not make the mistake of offering them any.

You are ushered into a small tent, but, just as you are looking fondly at the blanket they have offered you, a messenger comes over to invite you to the tent of their leader, who wishes to speak with you. You cannot refuse; turn to **131**.

320

Your first day of travel is peaceful enough, but you *must* eat 2 meals during the day. You sleep safely in the open; turn to 367.

321

The old Temple was clearly built for the worship of some ancient and long-forgotten deity – but was it one of Law or Chaos, Good or Evil? You cannot tell, but you enter, intending to find out.

Inside, you find an intact altar standing in the centre of a large circle in which flames are etched. Round the edge of the circle is a ring of ten upright metallic torches, their ends composed of a hard, incense-like substance. On the floor, dust and debris made up of shrivelled cloth and paper and decayed wood hamper your steps slightly. Above you is a semi-circular dome of dark-tinted glass in the ceiling; this allows a little light to enter the room What will you do now? Will you:

Investigate the altar?	Turn to 302
Take one of the torches?	Turn to 343
Leave and go elsewhere?	Turn to 4

322

'Come, my good warrior, will you not serve me? Together we can have all we could wish for in this place,' the shrivelled figure whispers. If you are prepared to listen, turn to 315. If you prefer to attack, turn to 167.

323

'Buy a couple of those weird-looking eggs on that stall,' the mongoose advises you sagely. 'We can make some money out of them.' The Man-Orc merchant wants 1 Gold Piece each for the two large, brown-veined, yellowish eggs which, he says, are local delicacies, very tasty indeed. If you want both the eggs (he won't sell them singly) you will have to pay him 2 Gold Pieces for them: turn to 7. If you *can't* pay for them, but want to have them, turn to 193. If you have the money but *won't* pay for them, turn to 373.

324

The robed man mumbles some sorcerous phrases and touches the flat of his warhammer before striking at you. You have a tough fight on your hands!

EVIL PRIEST SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

Each of the first three times the Priest succeeds in striking you, his blow causes 3 points of damage rather than the usual 2, due to the spell he has cast on his weapon; after this, his blows cause the usual 2 points of damage. If you defeat him, turn to **313**.

325

You find 4 Gold Pieces on the body of the footpad (add this to your Treasure) and you are just pocketing this when a soft, keen voice whispers behind you. 'I had not expected to be rescued by *you*,' murmurs the Dark Elf, who has evidently regained consciousness very quickly. He is sitting up, and his hand is resting on the hilt of his sword, although he has not drawn it. Deep-violet eyes look impassively at you as he awaits your reply. Will you attack him (turn to **227**) or talk with him (turn to **21**)?

326

Roll two dice and add 1 to the total rolled. If this new total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **255**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **125**.

327

The weather has changed! Cloudy skies and a fresh wind bring cool weather and respite from the remorseless sun. You *must* eat 2 meals today, but your journey is safe as you stride out through the blasted Dead Lands. No creatures seem to exist here: no birds in the skies, no buzzing insects, no scurrying lizards on the broken fragments of rock, not even a straggly plant clinging to life in a rock crevice. At night, you sleep uneasily but safely below a gibbous moon which gazes balefully over the broken land, and you wake to early-morning sunshine that promises more oppressive heat.

On your second day you are getting close to Kabesh as you press on. Once again, you *must* eat 2 meals today. Further, if you do not have the Ring of Endurance, you must lose 3 points from your STAMINA due to the baking heat.

Wearily you stagger through the last stretch of the Dead Lands, leading to the ruins. Before you on your left you can see some tents pitched near a small pool, where beasts of burden are tethered, and swarthy, robed nomads are eyeing you suspiciously. Do you have a mark on your forehead? If you do, turn to **395** If you do not, turn to **319**.

328

Skilfully pursuing the criminal, you manage to lay hands on the lad as he is about to disappear into a crowded bazaar. You grasp the bag, but the little thief squirms free of your grip and scuttles off. The merchant and his men arrive soon after, and the fat man congratulates you on recovering his stolen wares; as you hand over the bag, he presses 6 Gold Pieces on you as a reward (add this to your Treasure). 'Fine fellow!' he says. 'Do you need work? I have a cargo in today and I could use a strong fellow like you to help unload it. I'll pay you a fair wage.' Will you:

Accept his offer of a job?	Turn to **86**
Decline politely and go shopping?	Turn to **384**
Decline politely and head elsewhere?	Turn to **229**

329

During a long, exhausting day, you *must* eat 2 meals, before you settle down to sleep. Are you riding a camel? If you are, turn to **122**. If you are on foot, turn to **35**.

330

You hand Patriarch Kanestin the magical folio. His eyes fill with evil pleasure as he takes it in his trembling hands, and he cackles at the evils deep within the later parts of the book. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK for helping this evil man; but he does at least tell you where the entrance to the Chaos Pits is: it is somewhere in the warehouses. He also knows that there is a trapped portcullis in the Pits, and the trap can somehow be avoided by magical fire, but again he can give you no details. 'It won't make any difference anyway,' he gloats, 'Shanzikuul eats people like you for breakfast!' Then he recites a spell from the book and is gone!

Now you can either head for the warehouses to look for the entrance to the Chaos Pits, if you haven't found them before (turn to **146**), or search elsewhere in the ruins (turn to **4**).

331

You board the riverboat bound for Rahasta. The *Smeraglion* is an elderly tramp and doesn't inspire confidence in you any more than does River Captain Blint, a bad-tempered and cowardly oaf. However, the boat lurches out of Ashkyos, full to the gunwales with shabby and disreputable people laden down with crates, bags and sacks – not to mention the dogs, chickens and goats accompanying them. You go to your cramped quarters and rest. Food isn't part of the ticket – you *must* eat 2 meals from your own Provisions today. Turn to **25**.

332

If you have the Move Silently Skill, you get past safely; turn to **352**. If you haven't, turn to **308**.

333

Do you have an Iron Key? If you have, turn to **396**. If you haven't, turn to **58**.

334

You catch only fragments of a conversation, but you do hear one of the crew curse and say that having a Dark Elf on board is bad luck. 'But he seems honest and decent enough,' comes the reply. You also think you hear the name Kabesh mentioned, which makes you wonder . . . turn to **172**.

335

'The Mark of the Death Stealer!' one of the locals spits, and weapons are drawn. You will have to fight your way out, and it will not be easy! Turn to **371**.

336

You are taken by surprise as a serrated tentacle wraps round your throat and begins to squeeze your windpipe, choking the life out of you! Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Turn to **264** to fight the thing which is trying to kill you, and you must fight this combat under special disadvantages. First, you must deduct 2 points from your SKILL for the duration of the fight. Second, you lose 1 point from your STAMINA *automatically* each Attack Round from the pressure round your neck! Both these penalties apply until you have killed your assailant.

337

The Old Quarter is a seething morass of degeneracy and moral turpitude. You sit watching leprous beggars, Man-Orcs, hunchbacks and shady-looking merchants with their brutish bodyguards wandering round the streets. All human life is here – and quite a lot which isn't exactly human, too. You are just looking around to check up on the names of streets and bars when suddenly a group of men comes running towards you, chasing a runaway mule which is heading straight at you! Will you try to stop the mule (turn to 74) or get out of the way (turn to 394)?

338

'The tome is in one of the tombs of the old mausoleum,' Kanestin mutters, 'but the Master of the Undead may also be in that place.' He is clearly fearful of that creature! You can either head for the mausoleum straight away (turn to 109) or go elsewhere in the ruins (turn to 4) – if you find the tome and wish to give it to Kanestin, you can do so by turning to the paragraph with the same number as the one in the book's title.

339

If you have ever eaten boiled cardboard laced with pine-needle pulp, you already know what the viscous, gelatinous sludge tastes like. If you haven't, this is a new experience for you. Vaguely repellent it may be, but it is – amazingly enough – highly nutritious! Regain 6 STAMINA points as you gulp down as much as you can before the warning footfalls you can hear in the distance get too close; you also have time to tip some sludge into a waterskin for 2 more meals (add 2 to your Provisions). Now it is time to move smartly out of the room, so will you head for the portcullis (turn to 352) or backtrack round to the right side of the ledge if you haven't been that way before (turn to 117)?

340

The Ring of Endurance helps you to resist the effects of extreme cold and also – more importantly in Khul – extreme heat, which would normally sap your STAMINA. If you buy this article, later references will instruct you on the precise effects the ring has. Return to 275

341

A heavy dew falls just before a searing sun rises in the sky, and you are able to collect enough moisture to keep going. Tonight should see you in Rahasta, where you will be able to rest and buy food for the last leg of the journey to Kabesh. You set off wearily, squinting into the heat-haze in the distance.

Your hopes for an undisturbed day are suddenly dashed: just as you are rounding a ridge, a weird shape lumbers into the air in front of you. The Chaos creature has a lion's body covered in mottled black fur, huge leathery wings, an almost human head, and a long, green, scaly tail, covered in knobbled spines. The Chaos Manticore fires a volley of spines straight at you! Turn to **260**.

342

The Necromancer will now try to cast a spell! If he has the higher Attack Strength in *any* Attack Round from now on, he will be able to cast it: turn to **217**. If you win, turn to **123**.

343

You take one of the metal torches; add this to your Possessions. Now you can either investigate the altar, if you haven't done so already (turn to **302**), or leave and go elsewhere (turn to **4**).

344

You hand over the money and in return the ugly brute gives you a nasty smile, displaying the full range of blackened stumps of his yellowish-green teeth. You hope the people inside are more agreeable! Turn to **148**.

345

The warrior falls dead at your feet. You look around at the large array of weapons here – perhaps some of them are magic, but you have no way of knowing, and taking pot luck is pointless. You leave: you can either make straight for the portcullis (turn to **352**) or double back round the left side of the ledge, if you haven't been that way before (turn to **82**).

346

The Captain comes below in search of his parrot; clearly he suspects that someone has done away with it, but he can find no clues, and nobody gives you away. For a little while he flails away with a cat-o'-nine-tails at some of the slaves, but he is drunk and his blows do little harm. Turn to **77**.

347

You can use the spices to preserve what remains of the cooked meat, and you may add up to 6 to your Provisions Box. (You cannot carry more than 12 Provisions in all, of course – unless you are riding a camel, in which case you can carry up to 24 Provisions.) You journey on: turn to **190**.

348

You grab the Assassin's bag of gold and make a run for it – but the ever-vigilant militia have just witnessed you killing someone in broad daylight and set off in pursuit! You manage to get away, but you must add 3 points to your NOTORIETY. Still, at least you've got the 8 Gold Pieces in the Assassin's bag! Turn to **229** to find somewhere else to visit.

349

You strike down the Master of Chaos! Bloodied, his body falls – and as it does, an event of unutterable horror takes place. The mage's face, frozen in terror, twitches briefly, and the eyes roll over in their sockets, to stare in paralysed horror at the tiny, malefic fiend that flits towards him. You cannot bear to watch the fiend consuming Shanzikuul's soul. Turn to **267**.

350

The locals hesitate for just long enough to show that they might be bought off. You reach into your pocket for some gold. Roll one die, re-rolling any roll of 1 (to get a number between 2 and 6); this is the number of Gold Pieces the locals will demand. If you can't, or won't, pay this much, you will have to fight after all, so turn to **371**. If you can buy your way out, you will still have to leave Rahasta at once: turn to **114**; however, you *do* have time to buy food, if you wish to, before you go. You can do this by turning to **54** (but make a note that you *must* then turn to **114** immediately afterwards).

351

The militia are out in force today; there are rumours of grave-robbing, murder and thievery – enough to make even the militia take notice! You don't want to be watched too closely by these brutes, so you decide to find another part of town to visit. Turn to **229**.

352

The portcullis is made of thick iron bars, and a massive lock prevents you from simply lifting the barrier. There is also a kind of pulley device on the opposite side which looks suspiciously like the trigger for a mechanical trap of some sort. If you have an Iron Key, turn to **103**. If you do not have this item, turn to **161**.

353

After a short wait, Vesper climbs out through a small window at the back of the warehouse, with his sack well stuffed. 'Good man,' he whispers. 'Let's go and share this out!'

In no time, you are weaving through a maze of small streets in the Old Quarter of the town, where Vesper lives. Rowdy drinking dens, gambling houses and even more dubious establishments line the filthy thoroughfares, and drunks and wide-eyed smokers of suspicious-looking water-pipes reel around. At last Vesper arrives at his home, unlocks the door and ushers you in; after feeding his cat, he sits down with you

Soon you are feeling refreshed by a meal of cold lamb and a mug of mulled wine (regain 4 STAMINA points), and enriched by four bags of saffron. 'Two hundred and forty grammes in total,' Vesper says. 'You can get a good price for that in the markets.' (Add this to your Possessions, and be sure to record the weight!) 'Don't go back to the Warehouse district, though – I have a feeling we may have been seen as we ducked past that last bunch of guards, coming out.' The thief is happy to let you sleep on his floor, and in the morning will you:

Talk further with Vesper?	Turn to **111**
Head for the markets to sell the saffron?	Turn to **240**
Go somewhere else in town?	Turn to **229**

354

You kill the Mutant Orc (if you don't have a sword, you can pick his up and use it to kill him – add the sword to your Possessions). You settle back to sleep: turn to **390**.

355

Searching the bodies of the Gnomes, you find that one has a pouch containing 5 Gold Pieces and the other has a small bag with two crossbow bolts. Each is a magical bolt, usable only once (fired from a crossbow, of course!), and will add 1 point to your SKILL when you fire it. Add these items to your Possessions and the money to your Treasure.

Soon you hear the pattering of booted feet and the clinking of chainmail. The militia! Time to get out of here and find a place to sleep. Turn to **27**.

356

The Old Coliseum is a circular stadium in ruins; it is formed by concentric rings of stone descending to an arena which is half-filled with clogging dust and sand. There is a wide entrance passage leading in, the roof of which is supported by pillars; some of them have collapsed to the ground, and others look distinctly unstable. If you want to investigate this entrance, turn to **157**. If you want to go elsewhere, turn to **4**.

357

Suddenly a lithe figure clad in a dark cloak stands beside you, severing the tentacle with a black-bladed, razor-edged longsword! You look up at your helper – a Dark Elf! Sheathing his sword, he squints up at the light then turns on his heel – but not before staring pointedly at you! Does he suspect something? However, he says curtly to the Captain, 'Most of your slaves would not have tried to help you. I didn't see too many of your crewmen in evidence either. You should reward this man,' and then he clambers down the forecastle steps to his cabin. Turn to **130**.

358

The *Death's Head* is closing rapidly to boarding range. You have time to perform one quick action – such as drinking a potion (if you have one) but not time to eat a meal! – before the pirates swarm on to the riverboat and set about the hapless passengers and crew. For a moment, a path is clear to their leader, the villainous and battle-scarred Captain Grotniss who is urging on his cut-throat crew with waves of his broadsword. Will you go straight for the Captain (turn to **81**) or try to pick off one or two of the other pirates (turn to **189**)?

359

Among the crumbling and useless paper, you can make out a small wooden casket, the runes and sigils upon it faded and illegible after so many years. You open it, and inside you discover a small golden ball with gem insets and an inscription that you can read more easily in the light of day outside. The inscription says, simply, *Hazdur*. If there is someone you want to give this to, you already know which paragraph to turn to. Otherwise, turn to **4** to visit another area in the ruins.

360

As you approach the Wine Bar, you observe a commotion taking place as two men – thieves, probably – are chased into the place by the militia. You hear breaking glass and shouts coming from inside! You decide not to enter after all. You can reconsider and return to the Guursh Bar instead, getting in by trying either bribery (turn to **259**) or bluff (turn to **47**), or make for the Gambling Hall (turn to **311**).

361

The Troll has left visible tracks during its meanderings. If you want to follow them, even though this means taking a diversion westwards, turn to **174**. If you decide not to bother, turn to **6**.

362

Suddenly a pair of hefty patrolling militia guards loom up from round the corner; they are already close to you and are coming closer! Do you have the Move Silently Skill? If you do, turn to **258**. If you haven't, turn to **154**.

363

You can hear a large creature moving about, but you can see nothing. The first inkling you get about where it is is when a lashing blow grazes your leg – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You can run away if you want to – but the creature will get in another strike for 2 more points of damage if you do; if you choose to make a run for it, turn back to **4**. If you stand your ground, you will have to fight with a temporary reduction of 2 to your SKILL because you are fighting in the dark; turn to **97** if you want to do this.

364

Rahasta is a grim place, where the forces of mutation and Chaos are very apparent. The homes of the locals are hovels, and as for the inhabitants . . . they seem to be half-human mongrels mostly, some having the features of Orcs or Hobgoblins, and some enduring more dramatic mutations which they sullenly try to keep hidden. You catch glimpses of a chitinous claw concealed beneath a long sleeve, a woman whose head seems to be writhing under her turban as if her scalp bore small tentacles, a dog-faced baby, and worse! Still, you are very tired and need, if possible, to get supplies here. Will you:

Buy some food?	Turn to **54**
Try to find somewhere to sleep?	Turn to **166**
Go to a tavern?	Turn to **272**
Try to buy a mount for the journey ahead?	Turn to **186**

365

The militia force you to surrender. For them, it is a tidy solution to pin masterminding the kidnap, and then murdering your accomplices, on to you. You have only garrotting to look forward to; your adventure ends here.

366

Jesper the mongoose trots up behind you, bright-eyed and frisky. 'Time to go! Wheeee!' he says, dancing a little pirouette in his excitement. You are unsure how useful he is going to be . . . turn to 73

367

Travelling south, the weather grows warmer but light cloud shields you from direct sunlight. Your travels are undisturbed, as will be your sleep tonight, but during the day you *must* eat 2 meals Turn to 19.

368

In the darkness you make out the form of a sleeping crewman in the boat! He's probably dead drunk but you take no chances, hitting him hard to keep him unconscious. You quietly lower the boat into the water and start rowing away from the ship; turn to 199.

369

You must try to drag the mule down and stop it lashing out at you with its hoofs, which isn't easy. Treat this action as a combat – one which you have to fight with a penalty of 2 points temporarily deducted from your SKILL. You are trying to subdue the mule; it is trying to kick your brains in. The mule has a SKILL of 7. Each time the mule wins an Attack Round, it delivers a kick at you causing 2 points of damage to your STAMINA, but when you have the higher Attack Strength for *two consecutive* Attack Rounds, you subdue the mule. If at any time you decide to give up trying to restrain the mule, turn to 141. If you manage to subdue it, turn to 288.

370

You apply the herbs to the wound in a poultice, and this seems to stop the swelling and ease the pain. You still lose a further 2 STAMINA points, though. If you are still alive, you can get some rest: turn to 183.

371

Fight the locals as a group; if you reduce their collective STAMINA to zero, you will have slain a couple of them, and this show of strength will force the others to back away from you, enabling you to leave.

TAVERN THUGS SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you win, you *must* leave town immediately; turn to 114.

372

Do you have a Bronze Bracelet? If you have, turn to 52. If you haven't, turn back to 32 to finish your fight.

373

Jesper looks displeased. 'What's the point of having me around if you won't take my advice? I know what I'm doing.' Unfortunately, the merchant has now sold the eggs to a grimily clad kitchen-maid who, in her gin-sodden stupor, has dropped and smashed them. Distracted for a moment, you allow the mongoose to slip his leash, and he scampers away. You chase after him, but he eludes you and is soon lost to sight. You curse your ill-luck! Now, will you:

Hang around in the Market Quarter?	Turn to 34
Go to the shops for supplies?	Turn to 384
Go somewhere else in town?	Turn to 229

374

You see on the stairs some caltrops – viciously spiked metal discs which could have injured or even lamed you! You leap over them and attack the man, who has drawn a sword to fight you. Turn to **234**.

375

After the Orc with his bloodied whip has gone, you hear the sound of muttering coming from the deck above you. If you have the Acute Hearing Skill, turn to **334**. Otherwise, you can't make out what's being said: turn to **172**.

376

You pour a little oil over some scrubby brushwood to start a fire, and soon the fragrant smell of roasting venison fills the air. You may gobble down all your stomach can take – which is plenty. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level! Do you have any Preservative Spices? If you have, turn to **347**. If you haven't, turn to **136**.

377

You get away from the Old Quarter and find a place where you can sleep rough. Your rest is disturbed by nightmares and you wake up, sweating, more than once. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to **287**.

378

If you have the Tracking Skill, turn to **277**. If you don't, turn to **24**.

379

Do you have the Animal Wisdom Skill? If you do, turn to **121**. If you do not, pay your 18 Gold Pieces for the camel, and Bokhannon will keep the animal stabled for you until you need it. Now you can do more shopping by turning to **384** or go elsewhere in town by turning to **229**.

380

If you have a rope and you want to test out your inexpert climbing skill using it, turn to **139**. If you decide not to try, or if you do not have a rope, you cannot do this; you can either go into the building (turn to **106**) or go elsewhere in the ruins (turn to **4**).

381

Koyala's Bar is packed with a raffish, noisy group of people of all races, shapes and sizes. In one corner a Lizard Man is belching his appreciation of the house

white! In a bar, you will be out of place if you do not drink, and ale is *not* on the menu. Drinks will have to be paid for, of course! Will you:

Order and drink red wine?	Turn to **113**
Order and drink white wine?	Turn to **212**
Hang around doing nothing?	Turn to **87**
Leave and try the Guursh Bar?	Turn to **64**
Leave and try the Gambling Hall?	Turn to **311**

382

You approach the door the Zoalinth was guarding, and listen carefully. To your ears, the sounds beyond are strange indeed: you can hear a wailing, cacophonous music, the sound of gurgling water perhaps, and carefree laughter resounding from within. This is hardly what you expected, so you throw open the door.

This is the Great Hall of the Master of Chaos, the Cheater of Deaths; you know this as soon as you lay eyes on the man – even though *he* is hardly what you expected either. At the far end of a long table, laden with food and fruit, wine and sweetmeats, sits a slim young man swathed in silver-and-black robes, holding a wooden staff, the design of which you cannot make out at this distance. In this palatial chamber hang fine tapestries and paintings, and in a side-room a fountain of crystal-clear water gushes into a pool. The young man clicks his fingers carelessly, and two bizarre tiger-woman servants beside him turn and walk away down cool marbled steps,

through bead-fringed curtains, to chambers beyond. Shanzikuul gives you a brilliant, flashing smile, white teeth gleaming in the pearly light cast by ornate and embellished wall-lamps. 'You are late,' he admonishes you, 'but never mind, I have plenty of time,' and he smiles mischievously. 'Come and sit down to dinner. I have a proposal for you,' and he gestures to a seat on his left-hand side.

This is all quite astonishing! Will you race to attack Shanzikuul (turn to **163**) or walk across and sit by him (turn to **209**)?

383

Do you have a mark on your forehead? If you have, you will be forced to fight – the man will not parley with you: turn to **324**. If you do not have a mark, turn to **84**.

384

Whenever you go shopping, you must keep careful track of how much money you spend and adjust your Treasure accordingly; any purchases you make should be added to your Possessions. There are several shops you may care to visit. Do you wish to try:

Food shops?	Turn to **33**
Bokhannon's Stables and Travel Shop?	Turn to **150**
Ali Haji-Sheikh's Weapons Store?	Turn to **91**
Hotsalt the Herbalist?	Turn to **195**
Sukifiri's Magic Shop?	Turn to **275**

385

You run for all you're worth, to the jeers of the onlookers. Of course the Captain – with his wooden leg – can't chase you, but his crew are hunting you down. You soon get lost in the unfamiliar docks, where two of them corner you against a pile of crates in a blind alley. Do you have the Climbing Skill? If you do, turn to **119**. If you don't, turn to **225**.

386

Several times during the night you awaken with a start, to hear something scuttling away – perhaps your keen sense of hearing has saved your life. But loss of sleep makes you heavy-limbed and fatigued when morning comes; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.

You will not be able to disguise the evil the mark on your forehead denotes, and you *may not* enter the nomad camp – if you do, you will be killed! Still, you can sneak into the ruins of Kabesh and explore other areas. Turn to **4**.

387

You race after the boy, but he escapes. Fortunately, in his hurry he dropped something – a small bag of gems! The merchant and his men soon arrive, and you hand over the bag. Gratefully the merchant offers you 4 Gold Pieces as a reward (add this to your Treasure); he also offers you a job shifting cargo at his warehouse. The pay is fair, he says. Will you accept his offer (turn to **86**) or decline and go elsewhere in town (turn to **229**)?

388

In the journey ahead, remember that when you are instructed that you *must* eat Provisions, you must deduct the stated number of Provisions from the *Adventure Sheet*, or lose 2 STAMINA points for every meal you fail to eat.

If you have a riverboat ticket, turn to **331**. If you have bought a camel, turn to **367**. Otherwise, you are leaving on foot: turn to **320**.

389

The huge Half-Ogre totters and falls, and the crowd stands and cheers your triumph! Stewards in chainmail usher you away after you have taken your bows before the foot-stamping, shouting masses. You get your reward of 12 Gold Pieces, but now you will be the talk of the town – add 2 points to your NOTORIETY.

You are allowed to rest and recuperate in a room near the stadium, looked after by a friendly innkeeper who gives you a meal (regain 4 STAMINA points). His son had been foolish enough to challenge the Gladiator, so the man is delighted that you have beaten the Half-Ogre. Now you must try another part of town: turn to **229**.

390

It is an especially hot day today. Roll one die and halve the number rolled (rounding fractions up); this is the number of your Provisions which spoil in the heat. You must throw them away (reduce your Provisions by this amount).

However, you notice a group of small deer in the distance; and you halt and stay still, quietly dismounting if you are not already on foot. Fresh meat would be a real pleasure, and you need extra food! If you have a crossbow, turn to **65**. If you haven't, but you *do* have the Animal Wisdom Skill, turn to **219**. If you have neither of these, but you possess the Move Silently Skill, turn to **261**. If you have none of these, turn to **78**.

391

You manage to react just in time and jump out of the way as a sharp-spined tentacle flails at you from behind a pile of crates; but now you must fight this unexpected enemy! Turn to **264**.

392

The dart just nicks you and causes you 1 point of damage, deducted from your STAMINA. You reach the top of the stairs, to find that your enemy has drawn a sword; turn to **234**.

393

Eventually the parrot gets bored with berating you and flies away. Turn to **77**.

394

Settling down in your place again after all the excitement, you continue your observations, keeping one eye open for any chance to make some money! After a while, as it grows late, you notice that three places in particular seem to be attracting many comings and goings, so you decide to pay a visit to one of them. Koyala's Bar is notable for the bottles of wine in the window, the bunches of grapes over the door, and the airs and graces affected by the customers who drift in and out – clearly it isn't a place where beer is served! Will you visit:

Koyala's Bar?	Turn to **381**
Kanstrin's Guursh Bar?	Turn to **64**
Stavian's Gambling Hall?	Turn to **311**

395

'Spawn of Undeath!' one of the nomads curses, and they draw their weapons! You flee back north, into the encroaching night. Their pursuit is fruitless, but now you are utterly exhausted, and are forced to seek a place to sleep out in the open. If you have the Acute Hearing Skill, turn to **386**. If you do not have this Skill, turn to **152**.

396

Having destroyed the skeleton guards, you begin a search of the Mausoleum. This takes time: it is a large place and you favour caution! However, eventually you find 5 Gold Pieces in one of the tombs (add this to your Treasure) and a book sealed inside another. On the spine you read the title: *The Three Hundred and Thirty Incantations of Ssassuzlit*. This book radiates both magic and a faint aura of evil. If you want to give this book to someone, you know which paragraph to turn to! Otherwise, you may take this book with you if you wish (if you do, record it and its title in your Possessions). In any event, it is time to go elsewhere; turn to **4**.

397

You try your luck gambling with the men: a mixture of impassive card-sharks, half-drunk sailors throwing their money around, and amateurs whose bluffs and triumphs can be read in their eyes while they hold their cards close to their chests. Roll one die: if

you roll 1, you win 3 Gold Pieces; if you roll 2, you win 2 Gold Pieces; if 3, 1 Gold Piece; if 4, you neither win nor lose; if 5, you lose 1 Gold Piece; if 6, you lose 2 Gold Pieces. If you want to try gambling with either of the other groups, you will need to have at least 2 Gold Pieces left! Will you:

Gamble with the Dwarfs?	Turn to **265**
Gamble with the Gnomes?	Turn to **61**
Leave and find somewhere to sleep?	Turn to **27**

398

You wander around in the nomad camp, but all you see is the devout at prayer, people putting up tents and tending to their goats and oxen. The one useful thing you can do here is buy food; 1 Gold Piece will buy you enough for 2 meals (2 Provisions per Gold Piece spent), but you cannot buy more than 10 Provisions in total, since the nomads have no more spare food than this. Keep careful track of how many Provisions you buy here: you *may* return to buy extra Provisions, but the figure of 10 *total* purchases *must not* be exceeded. Now turn to **4** to find somewhere to visit in the ruins.

399

In the morning, you stretch your limbs in the sun, then eat the breakfast which the shy, brown-eyed girls of the camp bring you. For rest and food, regain 4 STAMINA points. Now turn to **4** to decide where next to go.

400

Naas lies dead at your feet. You tuck the Staff of Power under your arm, and then you notice a faint gleam in Shanzikuul's amulet. You guess that this is some sort of teleportation-magic item, and you pray desperately that it will be powerful enough to transport you home, as you hear the screams and howls of cleaver-wielding Mutants approaching down the passage beyond the door. You know nothing about the way magic works, so you pray to the Gods of Law and Good to help you, and you hold the amulet tight round your neck, trying to conjure up an image of Amberon and the place you met while still concentrating fervently on the amulet, as your fingers turn white and you hold on to it for dear life . . .

. . . and the magic works! You are standing among a gathering of cowled wizards, one of whom is reading from an ancient scroll of vellum, browned with age; and they stand, gazing in astonishment upon the relic you have brought back to them. Their bewilderment turns to relief, and smiles spread over the faces of men whose expressions are usually so serious, they look as if they have never smiled in their entire lives.

'I'm sorry this isn't a more light-hearted occasion,' Amberon confides to you at the feast held later in your honour, 'but some of the wizards are still shaken, despite their relief, by what has happened And, just between you and me, some of them aren't exactly proficient at rejoicing and making merry.' Looking around at the old wizards, you can believe

it. 'But at least there are the rewards to look forward to. The older wizards have been scouring the Guild of Wizardry for objects which might make a fitting reward. There are a good magical weapon or two they found lying about, and a magic platter which provides food whenever you need it – how good that sounds! – and a suit of the finest magical chainmail the Elven warrior-wizards have made in years – and one or two other items too. That is, if you're interested, of course . . .' Amberon smiles as he sees that you are very interested indeed, and then he goes on to enumerate the gold, and the gems, and the intelligent warhorse . . .

You smile and stretch out in comfort. It's going to be a long night, and you've deserved it a hundred times over!

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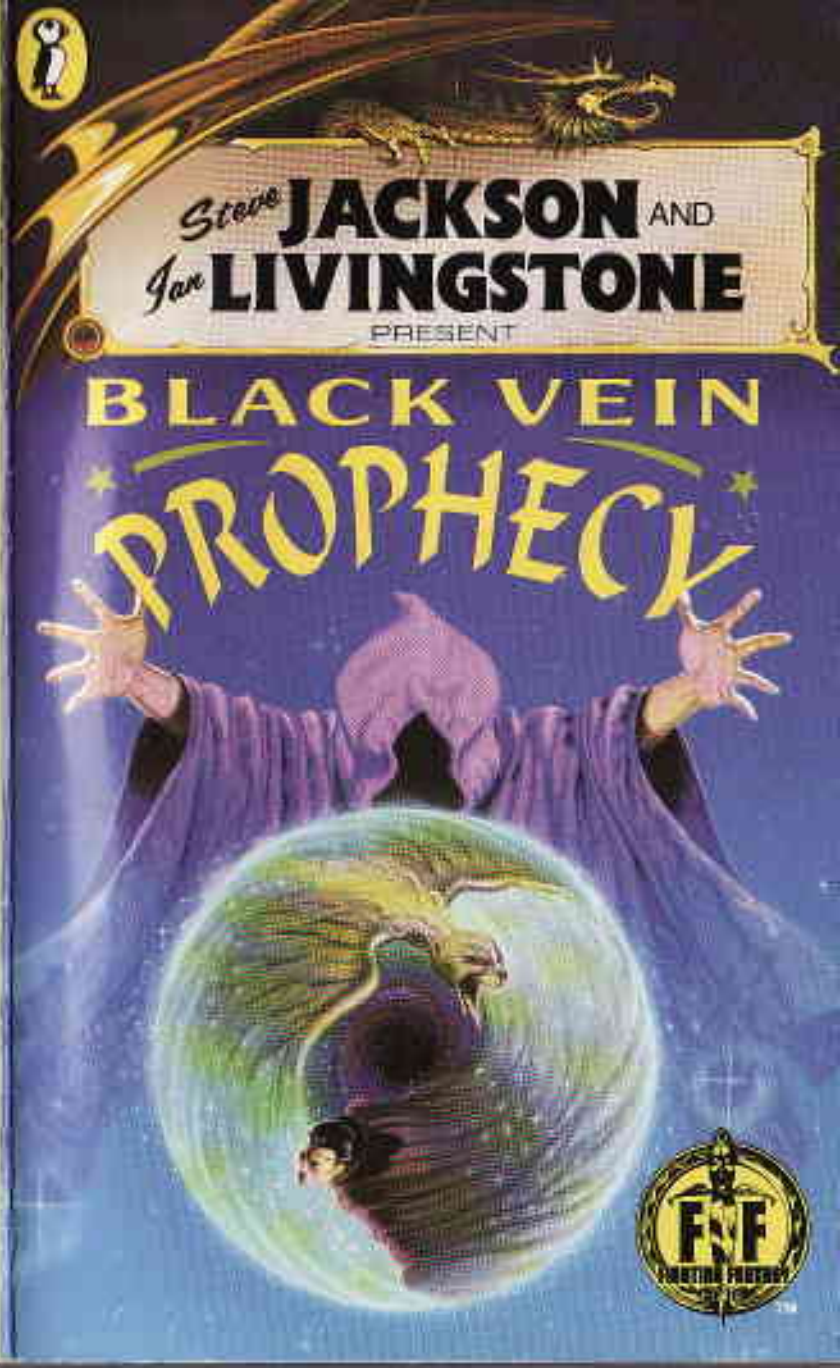

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1990
5 7 9 10 8 6 4

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in Linotron Palatino

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Skill *Stamina=*	*Skill* *Stamina=*	*Skill* *Stamina=*
Skill *Stamina=*	*Skill* *Stamina=*	*Skill* *Stamina=*
Skill *Stamina=*	*Skill* *Stamina=*	*Skill* *Stamina=*

INTRODUCTION

This is an adventure shrouded in darkness. When you start to play you will be unprepared for what lies ahead. You will discover your strengths and weaknesses by trial and error as the story unfolds. On pages 8–9 you will find an *Adventure Sheet*, which you should use to record the details of your adventure. Do not roll the dice to determine your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK yet. These will be determined once the adventure is under way.

It is particularly important to try not to cheat in this adventure. There *is* a correct path through it, but you are unlikely to find it unless you play fair!

If you haven't played a Fighting Fantasy adventure before, or if you need a reminder concerning the rules, turn to the back of the book, where you'll find them explained. If you are a seasoned adventurer and are already familiar with the Fighting Fantasy system, then you can leap straight into action by turning to paragraph 1 and starting your adventure.

1

Blackness . . The sound of marching feet . . . The musty odour of decay. Somewhere in the void which envelops you, a voice cries out. The pounding feet fade away and sparks swim before your eyes. Nausea grips you. You double up; your head thumps against stone. The numbness retreats from your limbs and, as your senses return, you feel the cold stone slabs which entomb you. You panic, flailing desperately. Your hands strike the slab above you and a flash sears your vision As your sight returns, you see the lid of your sarcophagus hurtle upwards. It smashes against a high ceiling and disintegrates, raining stone shards and dust down upon you. Silence descends.

You drag yourself out and collapse weakly. You are in a round, high-domed chamber, festooned with rich tapestries and glittering ornaments, each carefully stacked and ordered. A faint golden radiance suffuses the treasure, dimly illuminating the chamber. The sumptuous marble floor is shot through with black veins, but its perfect surface is flawed by a series of fine cracks. Along one of these a thin rivulet of crimson seeps across the dust towards you. You look up. A broken body lies among the rubble, a trickle of blood oozing from its head. You back away, scrabbling across the marble to the base of your tomb. Beyond it is another identical sarcophagus, but you are too bewildered to pay any attention to it Tracing your hand over the carved surface of your own tomb, you struggle to make

sense of the weird designs covering it. But their significance eludes you, leaving you with only the vaguest feeling of recognition. The whole chamber seems filled with echoes of your past, but their meaning is lost to you. All you are left with is a terror which grips your innards and gnaws at your mind.

Something makes a noise. You turn towards the sound, grasping the lip of the sarcophagus for support. Just as you are struggling to focus, the crushed body twitches. Then a silvery snout pokes out from behind it and a pair of startled eyes meet yours. Shaken into action, you pull yourself to your feet. Will you:

Attack the silvery creature?	Turn to 65
Approach cautiously?	Turn to 142
Retreat to the other sarcophagus?	Turn to 360

2

You come to the edge of a cliff and peer down into a green gorge, its far depths delicately veiled by rising vapour. Some way along the cliff you can see people lowering themselves down the cliff face on ropes. If you want to investigate them, turn to 47 If you ignore them and continue on your way, turn to 29.

3

The king's forces line the foothills about you, waiting nervously for battle. The officer escorts you through their ranks towards a lavish tent, covered in royal emblems and banners. The troops who surround it seem disorganized and chaotic; infantrymen wander about aimlessly, while sergeants bellow orders at them – to little effect. The scene is one of confusion and apprehension; no one seems to be in charge. You are ushered into the tent and presented to the young king, Poo Ta, whom you find lounging in a sea of cushions. He is waited on by at least twenty servants and is being fed grapes and succulent sweetmeats. The boy points at you with a jewel-laden finger. 'Who is this wretch, and what does he want?' The king gestures the slaves to leave, and half listens to your news while sucking his teeth. 'Heavens!', he cries. 'From the way you talk, you would think that we were all doomed! I have the troops, I have the generals, and history is on my side. I shall take great pleasure in leading a glorious victory against Bezenvial's impudent child!'

'But, your majesty,' interjects a worried-looking officer, 'we have no plan of attack. I have reports that Feior's army far outnumbers our own, we . . .'

'Silence!' snaps the king. 'I am invincible. My family line is unbroken. War is in my blood – I have no need of petty plans!'

The commanders bow their heads respectfully, but you can sense their apprehension. If you volunteer

your services as a commander, turn to **61**. If you set out alone, leaving the king to blunder into battle unaided, turn to **137**.

4

Try as you may, you cannot get a word in edgeways. Merzei is obviously a master of the art of talking down opponents. He rants on incomprehensibly for several minutes, talking about social injustice and how you and all lickspittle lackeys of the ruling autarchy will be swept away by a tide of righteousness.

'Down with the Tyrant! Up with the Council!' he yells, before turning on his heel and stalking off among the trees. There seems little point in following him, so you make your own way out of the woods. Turn to **239**

5

Desperately you try to clear your mind, and you begin to speak the word. But before you can finish it, the creature's poison makes contact with your hands. Your arms lock rigid. Very soon your entire body is paralysed. The creature reels in its helpless prey, and prepares to dine . . .

6

The creature stares at you expectantly, then the grin broadens. It reaches forward slowly and takes the brooch from your outstretched hand.

'Thank-k-k-ks,' it says, then it disappears with another loud pop. The brooch is lost with it. Turn back to the paragraph you were at when you decided to open the brooch.

7

The shimmering Lock spell catches Feior doubled up in agony. It spreads out around his body, freezing him in position. It seems that you have prevailed. If you abandon him where he is, turn to **219**. If you climb to his perch and free him from the Lock spell, turn to **159**.

8

'Fool!' Velkos calls back to you as she hurries off. You follow the screeching to a large wooden door which blocks the tunnel. The door is not barred, but a dislodged chip of stone wedges it shut. As frantic hands thump on the other side, you kick the stone away. The door flies open and dozens of young Cressents pour out, sweeping you along with them. One of them gestures at you, but you can't make out what he is trying to communicate. Behind them seep tendrils of smoke. Soon light appears ahead of you, and the Cressents quicken their pace. You emerge on the mountainside to see traders and Cressents alike fleeing from an incandescent creature, its shapeless body surrounded by whip-lashes of flame. Bolts fly from it, incinerating all they touch. You notice Velkos among the fleeing traders. If you run from this creature of wizardry, turn to **354**. If you stand and face it, turn to **280**.

9

The slash takes you by surprise and slices cleanly through. Fatally wounded, you slump forward into blackness. Your adventure ends here.

10

Though scarred and pocked, the sea walls of the city still stand. Flights of stone steps lead up to their ramparts, and you begin to ascend. After a short while you reach a ledge, from which another flight leads upwards. This time the climb takes a little longer, and by the time you reach the next ledge you

are panting with the effort. Looking up, you see the top of the wall still rearing far above you. You are halfway up the next flight of stairs when you notice that you are only a dozen steps up from the ground. Below you there is no sign of the ledges on which you rested. Hurrying back down the steps, you look up at the wall from a distance. A single flight of stairs leads up to the top – there is not a ledge to be seen. Puzzled, you abandon your attempt to scale the walls. If you turn your attention to the catapults on the platforms near by, turn to **175**. If you return to the city's ruins, turn to **97**.

11

The first wave of your attack holds well. You dismount and follow your men into battle. Soon you are in the midst of the fray, fighting for your life. Two of Feior's foot soldiers break free and charge you. You must react instantly and defend yourself.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SOLDIER	6	5
Second SOLDIER	5	6

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to **169**.

12

Sevmiroda, the outlaw leader, whispers at you threateningly: 'What are you playing at? You're supposed to be one of us.' If you try to persuade Sevmiroda that you're not cut out for the bandit life, turn to **356**. If you run from the bandits, turn to **182**. If you want to try to defeat them, turn to **258**.

13

Before you can reach the sitting prophet, the Kreehuls are upon you. They seem reluctant to attack, but their sheer weight of numbers crushes down on you. Trampled beneath their webbed feet, you die swiftly.

14

Velkos refuses to follow you and sets off up the scrub-covered slopes. You head along the track into the pine-scented darkness of the wood. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **363**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **110**.

15

You start to run, but the cloud shoots towards you, enveloping you in utter blackness. You waver, unable to find a safe footing. Suddenly you are struck violently from behind. You topple and plunge into the chasm below. The ground hurtles up towards you, and you lose consciousness. Turn to **165**.

16

The tunnel leads down for some way, twisting and turning. You cannot tell in which direction you are facing, but soon a glimpse of light ahead leads you to guess that you are approaching the cliff face. You enter a chamber, which is full of flickering candles. At the far end of the cavern, another short tunnel leads out to the sky, in which birds wheel and dive.

In the chamber stands an old man; he regards you with an intense gaze. 'Your name is Maior,' he says,

'I am Credas.' He gestures to you to find a place to sit on the floor. 'I can teach you to use the power you hold, if you are willing. But first we must think of something to do about those unwelcome intruders.'

He leads you back down the tunnels to where the outlaws stand mesmerized. 'If we combine power we can send them out of here none the wiser,' Credas tells you.

If you decide to trust him and join in his enchantment, turn to **326**. If you refuse, turn to **221**.

17

You untie the man from the wheel and support him.

'Aha!' a coarse voice says.

You turn to find yourself facing three men in black lacquered armour made up of many scales, their swords as broad as hands. You look each of them in the eye and each, in turn, flinches from your gaze. 'Begone!' you shout. The warriors disappear among the buildings.

You help the man from the village into the relative safety of a nearby copse. But his injuries are too great, and he dies in your arms. It seems you must head north if you are to keep away from the ravening army of Feior. If you return to Credas's cave, turn to **329**. If you search for somewhere safe to stay, turn to **29**.

18

You crouch just inside the opening, taking comfort from the dim radiance which seeps through it But the pressure inside is mounting again. Ahead of you, another flare bursts on the chamber floor. You think you can discern another opening on the far side of the chamber, so you prepare to make a dash across the riddled floor. Turn to **390**.

19

You head off alone into unfamiliar countryside, soon finding a wide dirt road. Continuing along it for some time, you observe the state of the surrounding fields; vast tracts of millet lie rotting and unharvested. After an hour, when you have given up hope of seeing anyone, shouts rise up from across a muddy field to your left. Cautiously you advance across the deep mud and spy two peasants, who seem to be crouched on their hands and knees.

If you answer their cries for help, turn to **158**. If you choose to ignore them and continue along the road, turn to **361**

20

At the head of the army stalks a figure that fills you with queasy recognition. Dressed in the most ridiculous finery is a tall, imposing figure, whom you recognize as your brother, Feior. He approaches with a jaunty stride and fixes you with a quizzical grin. 'Well met, fleshkin,' he says. 'Would you care to join my little band of brothers? I need a lieutenant I can rely on.'

If you agree to Feior's offer, turn to 174. If you refuse, turn to 339.

21

You take the fellow by surprise, landing a stinging blow that sends him crashing. He is up quickly, however, and flails about him with a spiked club.

BLINDED BANDIT SKILL 4 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the bandit, turn to 387.

22

'That is unfortunate, but we may still prevail. You must unite an army to meet Feior in battle and destroy his forces. Without soldiers he has no real power. Go now, and may your fate be kind, for the sake of the Isles.' If you have a Bejewelled Box, turn to 377. Otherwise, turn to 119.

23

The lid of the box flips open of its own accord, and a shimmering haze of vapour emerges. You leap back but are too late to avoid a mouthful of the enchanted

substance. It burns your throat horribly (lose 2 points from your STAMINA) and you choke badly. The merchant makes good his escape while you lie doubled up. Eventually the vapour dispérses and there, before you in the dirt, lies the bejewelled box, so you pick it up (note this on your Equipment List). Turn to **161**.

24

The object is warm to the touch. You roll it away from the wall and brush off the accumulated dust. No sooner have you touched it, however, than a shadow crosses your vision. You look up to see a mirror image of yourself stepping from the silvery surface of the wall in front of you. Its face is contorted in the same rictus of fear as your own, but it moves in to attack you.

MIRROR IMAGE	SKILL your own	STAMINA your own

You must fight an exact, but reversed, replica of yourself. If you win the fight, turn to **272**.

25

The coin lands with Feior's screaming face uppermost. The coin swells, then pops, and your brother's prone form lies at your feet. He is utterly defeated. Turn to **264**.

26

You call the sacred word from your memory and repeat it aloud. As the last syllable leaves your tongue, you feel a ball of energy blossom in your chest. It spreads to your arms and then to your fingers, finally collecting itself into a ball of energy, which you fling into the pool. The water locks solid, trapping the bathers and giving you a few seconds to dash for the exit. Turn to **202**.

27

It feels as if huge bloated worms are gorging themselves on your organs. Just as the sensation grows too much to bear, your power is released in a single bolt. The Polybleb rears, the air around it warping and changing. What was already a fearsome magical creature has now been transformed into an enormous mound of eye-searing horror. Before your brain can fully comprehend the extent of the creature you have created, a gout of plasma erupts from it and envelops you. Your end is swift.

28

As you charge towards the village and into the heart of battle, the flying Sturramak notices your fresh assault. It swoops towards you, releasing a fiery

pass through each seal. The corridors tremble spasmodically the further you progress, and by the time you approach the seventh seal loose pebbles are raining down upon you. Breaking into a run, you make a dash for the sunlight which streams through the seal ahead of you. Roll one die, note down the result and turn to **107**.

31

You start to generate the same destructive power in your own body that Feior is producing. Sparks flicker between your fingers, and you feel the sorcerous fire building within you. As Feior looses his bolt of energy, your own bursts forth. The blasts fly at each other, striking with a thunderous roar. With a mighty explosion the two spells combine, and the shock-wave hurls you from your perch on to the rocks below.

32

Darkness now surrounds you. By trailing your fingers against the wall to your left, you make your way safely along the passage, which meanders for some time, hopelessly confusing your sense of direction. A glow appears ahead, and you stumble into a chamber lit by limpid trails of luminescent slime. By this ghastly light you can see pile upon pile of nuts, berries, leaves . . . and gemstones. Sparkling in the dim light they lie there, beckoning you with the comforting finger of wealth. As you stare, a wisp of smoke writhes into the chamber beside you. You turn . . . and more billows out from the tunnel. If you make for the opposite tunnel straight away, turn to **372**. If you pick up some gems first, turn to **262**.

33

The Kreehuls have been temporarily thwarted but, in a forest of such size, it seems likely that more will arrive soon. The statue of the Sitting Prophet is not the figurine Credas led you to believe it was. In vain you try to shift it, and succeed only in straining your back. Dejected, you slump down against one of its chubby legs and stare out into the jungle. Green eyes stare back at you from the darkness as more Kreehuls prepare for another assault. Your situation seems hopeless. If you have the Small Jar, turn to **391**. Otherwise, turn to **214**.

bolt of energy which smashes into the peasants, instantly disintegrating those it hits. The beast nears, and you watch in horror as it releases hundreds of squirming, leech-like creatures from its underbelly on to the people below. You turn your gaze towards the village's river and spy the golden figure of the Sitting Prophet as he wades into battle, at his heels a mass of screeching Kreehuls. The swamp beings spill out on to the banks and attack Feior's troops, while their idol waits for the Sturramak to near him. The two magical beings lock in fierce combat But the battle has been poorly planned. Without a strategy, the three factions buckle under the weight of attacks. You perish, amid scenes of terrible carnage.

29

You trek through the countryside, past fields of peasants working away to eke out a lowly existence. They look at you suspiciously as you pass, and several make superstitious gestures in your direction.

You arrive at a fair-sized town feeling tired, miserable and estranged from those around you. This town is unlike the one you encountered previously: its streets are clean and its people, for the most part, prosperous. You are stopped by guards as you pass through the gates, and they ask you your business and your home town. When your reply fails to satisfy them, they haul you off to a cell. You consider resisting, but there are too many of them, and they look as if they know how to use their weaponry.

Several hours later, a young man in fine robes comes to visit you, flanked by stern-faced soldiers. 'It's Feior!' he shrieks upon seeing you 'I'd recognize that devilspawn anywhere! Slay him before he enchants us!' You have no opportunity to act before the soldiers swing their swords, and your adventure ends

30

At the top of the stairs you are confronted by yet another seal. You scramble through the opening and find yourself in a low-ceilinged corridor which snakes off ahead of you. On the floor beside you, neatly laid out, are a greatsword and a haversack If you wish to take either or both of these, you should add them to your Equipment List – the haversack contains fresh food equivalent to 5 Provisions.

You continue along the passage, passing through another three seals. You notice that the pressure builds as you advance, then drops again when you

34

Mortally wounded, your opponent collapses just as Velkos gets to her feet, grabs a pole and fends off the second sphere. You shoot a searching glance at her, then look back to the man who emerged from the floating ball. Velkos explains that, as punishment for his crimes, the wretch has been cast out upon the ocean in the inflated bladder of a Shael-beast to live a short life of seclusion and madness. Exhausted by your fight, you slump to the deck. If you allow yourself a restful sleep, turn to **292**. If you stay awake, turn to **247**

35

You are deep in the forest A rich smell of decay wafts from the north, while the road ahead shows signs of use. Do you follow the smell (turn to **382**) or the road (turn to **361**)?

36

The Sturramak feeds off the energy of others Your powers simply fuel its own, and you perish.

37

You have a refreshing rest (restore 2 points of STAMINA). You think you can remember in which direction Velkos fled. If you search for her, turn to **67** If you set off on your own into the lusher lowlands, turn to **19**.

38

Soon you are lost in the heart of the jungle, with no means of retracing your steps. You are doomed to roam the hinterland until death finds you and sends you once more into the blackness from which you emerged.

39

You pass through the tortured streets. The air is rich with strange smells. The charred ruins give off oppressive auras: some fill you with dread, others draw you to them, while still others stir you to uneasy laughter You begin to get the distinct impression that someone or something is moving among the buildings. The grand arch of the city gate is carved in the shape of two mighty interlocking serpents The wrought-iron portcullis has been

blasted through, leaving jagged edges jutting from it like an old man's broken teeth. All around you the walls are riddled with fragments of metal, driven there by the power of the explosion. You approach the open gate, looking through it to the scorched fields beyond the city. You step closer, hearing a faint pattering of hoofs. In an instant you are blown off your feet as the mouth of the gate erupts in a sheet of crackling flame. As you back away, you hear the hoofs pounding closer. The barrier of flame parts as a rider plunges through and into the square, before careering off among the buildings. As he charges away, you gaze at the powerful horse, then at the naked rider, whose skin is dappled with blotches of livid colour. It is only as they disappear that you realize that horse and rider were fused – their bodies are merged and distorted in a grotesque parody. Will you:

Follow the rider's example and leap through the flame barrier?	Turn to **283**
Wander back through the city streets?	Turn to **132**
Hurry in the direction of the rider?	Turn to **379**

40

'So quiet, weakling?' your father's voice booms out across the chasm. You snap out of your trance and steady yourself on the rocky pinnacle. 'To think that my child would side with the very men who brought me down. You shame me, son!' As he shouts, a fierce blast of wind lifts you off your feet and carries you upwards. The sky disintegrates into

a brilliant white, followed, seconds later, by a rippling crash. Fragments of glass shower down about you as you plummet to the chasm's rocky floor. Your adventure ends here.

41

A sweat rises rapidly on your flesh, and your face contorts with the effort. Your nose wrinkles, and your whole body feels as taut as a drumskin. Then there is release: flame bursts from your nostrils, feathers flare, and the birds are no more. Behind you the bandits gasp and mutter wardings, but you take control of the situation. 'Forward!' you call, striding further into the caverns. You march into a chamber lit by a thousand candles, to see an old man gesturing feebly. As he sees you his eyes widen. 'Maior!' he gasps. Something within you fills you with certainty that this man is an ancient enemy of yours. You gesture casually to Sevmiroda; he cuts the old sorcerer down with a single stylish sweep of his sword.

You search the cavern complex, but there is no treasure to be found – only sorcerous knick-knacks, books, charms and scrolls. Cursing, you and your band haul yourselves back up the ropes. Turn to **238**.

42

Men with whips and nets chase behind the creatures. Somehow you know that they are foreigners to these lands, here to strip it of its wealth. Up on the cliff above the cave entrance you see three more, nets atwirl. The terrified creatures pay you no heed as they rush headlong into the sanctuary of the cavemouth. Velkos curses and turns to run. Stones rain down from above. Will you:

Follow the creatures into the cave?	Turn to **285**
Evade these foreigners by fleeing down the mountainside?	Turn to **146**
Attack them?	Turn to **213**

43

Before you stands the monastery. No one is about, so you step through the open gates. Within is a sparse but neatly tended garden and, in it, several buildings. You enter the nearest and find a hall devoid of furniture or decoration of any sort. You hear a faint sound from above and, after a few moments, two men enter the hall through a door opposite. They wear only loincloths, and their bodies amply demonstrate the physical perfection these monks are said to aspire to. If you have the Clay Effigy, turn to **255**. Otherwise, turn to **342**.

44

As you watch the chaos, the locals nearest you double up, clutching their noses and retching. You yourself have become quite used to the smell the

Shael-beast pit has left you with; however, the villagers take a different view. You are manhandled out of the shop and across the square, then stripped of your clothes and booted through the doors of the local tavern. You hurtle into the steamy chamber and fall . . . into a pool of water. Turn to **286**.

45

The boat slides up on to a shingle beach and you leap out with Velkos, who carries a line to make the boat fast. Then you hurry up the beach to a cave in the cliff face Velkos looks around then turns to you, frowning. 'Enemies have been here,' she says. 'We can try to flee from them or we can hunt them out and get them before they get us. What do you think?' Will you:

Flee?	Turn to **232**
Hunt out the enemies?	Turn to **215**
Abandon Velkos and strike out on your own?	Turn to **117**

46

You begin to prepare your Disruption spell, focusing your power and trying to ignore the heat which gushes through your body. You are already tired, though, and concentration comes hard. When you release your bolt at Feior, he simply cackles and flips a translucent shape through the air at it . . . and your bolt evaporates. Another shining sphere flies from Feior's hands, and you are frozen where you stand.

Feior has you brought down from the mountain top, and on the journey he tells you that he will have you stand in his throne chamber, that you may see how a true child of Bezenvial should rule.

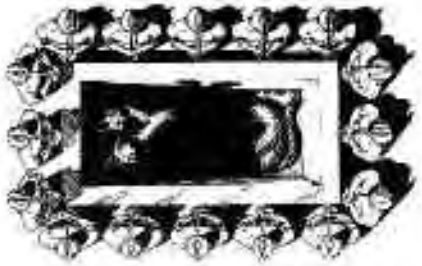

47

Hiding behind a rotten tree stump you observe the figures. Two remain looking after the ropes. They appear to be wood folk or possibly outlaws, as their clothing is rough and they carry swords and other weapons. One of them glances in your direction, and you shrink closer to the tree. Looking inside the decaying hulk, you see a pool of darkness. A tunnel leads down! Unable to resist the temptation, you scramble inside the tree and slither down the narrow tunnel. After several yards it widens out, and you can walk with ease.

A fluttering from up ahead is your only warning. You are enveloped in a veil of wings. The birds' flight forms patterns in the air, patterns which tease your memory. Images flash before your eyes: you see once more the glyphs on your sarcophagus, and a feeling of calm descends on you. You have learnt

the power of Harmonization. Whenever you see the word 'Tiaohe' as an option, you will be able to use this power.

You step forward and the birds part before you, as if they sense your command of their power. Beyond them lies a chamber, roofless and open to the sky. The bandits stand here, blank-faced and unmoving. Another passage leads out of the cavern. If you slay the bandits while they are enchanted, turn to **138**. If you ignore them and take the other passage, turn to **16**.

48

'You can't just go orderin' . . .' The peasant breaks off his ranting as his eyes meet yours.

His wife prods him. 'Well, go on then, get on with it.' She kicks him off his perch, and they both set about helping you manhandle the idol on to the cart. After much heaving and grunting, you succeed and set off towards Credas's cliff-top retreat. Turn to **185**.

49

The battered entrance-hall of the ale-house is littered with piles of filthy, stinking clothes; you

notice that the stone floor is slick with water. A toothless youth sidles up to you and nervously slobbers, 'You ain't from here, are you?' When you fail to answer, he asks, 'Shall I take your clothes and things 'fore you get a soakin'? I'll get 'em cleaned good and proper.' You are cold and dirty. The village store is closing up, and only the travellers remain in the square, camped round their fire. If you disrobe and enter, turn to **112**. If you return to the square and join the drifters, turn to **197**.

50

Another red wax seal bars your progress, but once again it has been breached. As you squeeze through, the pressure in your head eases and you notice that the air has lost its musty tang. Ahead of you is a small, rough-hewn chamber, dominated by an imposing flight of stairs which ascend steeply into darkness The chamber is illuminated feebly by two blue-flamed torches, which also give off a delicate scent. The stairs give you hope of escaping this eerie realm, and you make for them with renewed vigour.

You are no more than halfway up when a voice behind you stops you dead. 'Wait!' it grates with a dry, rattling timbre. The voice is familiar and you are gripped by the same foreboding you felt when you awoke. If you ignore the command and continue up the stairs, turn to **200**. If you wait, turn to **121**.

51

The black cloud swirls about you. It forms a series of bizarre patterns, then combines into a crude face with gaping eyes. Slowly the features sharpen until you recognize your father. He speaks your name. 'To think,' he hisses contemptuously, 'that one of my blood should oppose my will. I did not sacrifice my city and my life to preserve a traitorous misfit.' The cloud changes, forming the shape of a writhing snake. 'When I laid you to rest in the seventh plane I hoped that I had planted the seeds of a new order that would return and crush my enemies, not side with them against me.' The snake weaves hypnotically in the air before you, its gaze upon you all the time.

You are struck violently from behind. You topple and plunge into the chasm below. The ground hurtles towards you, and you lose consciousness. Turn to **165**.

52

Framed in the doorway is a short, scrawny fellow. He eyes the bath's occupants with deep scorn. 'Greetings, you worthless hulks of wasted flesh. How can you wallow in luxury while outside the people of this land grow weak with hunger? How can you live with the guilt, knowing the misery your slavery has caused to countless families, eh?'

'I manage all right, thank you very much!' shouts one bather, sending his friends into howls of laughter.

'Enough!' screams the little man. 'I am Merzei, Defender of the People, Righter of Wrongs, and Future Grand Councillor of the Isles.' He struts around the edge of the pool brandishing a thick scroll, which he uses to direct his insults with. 'I will ask you once, and once only. Are there any among you who will join me and fight for justice? Answer now, before your chance takes flight!' The laughter subsides, and Merzei scans the room slowly, waiting for a reply. If you climb out and volunteer to uphold justice with him, turn to **186**. If you prefer to keep quiet, turn to **302**.

53

Delighted with the chaos it has caused, Izkhao dives into the bath and circles beneath its surface, forming a swirling vortex. As it picks up speed, the whirlpool throws out its victims, sending them crashing into walls and timbers. The thundering cyclone finally explodes, showering you with foam and debris. The brooch slips from your grasp, and Izkhao pounces on it before you can react. He hovers momentarily – grinning madly – then shoots out through a shattered window, clutching his prize. Turn to **202**.

54

'You are a true agent of the cause,' Merzei says. 'I am almost ready to rouse the people to action, and this war may prove just the thing to spark them off.' If you stay to help Merzei raise his peasant army, turn to **383**. If you try to recruit other soldiers and arrange to rendezvous with him later, turn to **106**.

55

The statues are all identical save one – a larger figure, squatting at the back of the host. As you start to examine the figures he straightens his legs very slowly and rises stiffly. He carries a large, serrated sword and a tough wooden shield, and his frozen features are stern and daunting. You approach, and his upper body slowly leans forward in an exaggerated mockery of a bow. You wait for him to straighten, but he is frozen in his gesture. Will you:

Prod him?	Turn to **147**
Bow to him?	Turn to **347**
Hurry out of the chamber?	Turn to **265**

56

Your face reddens and your breathing comes hard. Sevmiroda looks at you anxiously, not certain of what is happening. Red-hot bristles scratch at the inside of your skin. Then an expanding globe of flame coalesces around you. It seems to move so slowly, yet the nearest outlaws have time only to turn and scream before they are caught in its searing path. The rest flee. You notice the merchant staring at you fearfully, then he spurs his donkey to an unexpected turn of speed and bounces off towards the village. Exhausted from your efforts, you follow the merchant towards the village at a leisurely pace. Turn to **263**.

57

You begin to prepare your Disruption spell, focusing your power and trying to ignore the heat gushing through your body. You are already tired, though, and concentration comes hard. Purple tendrils stream out from Feior's hands towards you; they close the distance slowly but inexorably. In desperation you force the power from you. The gout of flame issues from your mouth just as the first

questing tendril touches you. Baopo is still a part of you, and Feior's mutation spell fuses you with your own creation. For a moment you know what agony it is to be part matter, part energy. Then you know peace.

58

The man pokes at you and examines you carefully, before walking off. A few hours later a plate of rancid slops is brought to you by a miserable-looking wretch with an iron collar round his throat. One mouthful, hastily spat out, is enough to persuade you that it's not worth trying to eat it.

Night falls. You test all the bars of your cage, finding them sturdy and unbreakable. The latch is far out of your reach. How are you to escape? 'Escape! Escape! Escape!' – the word reverberates in your head. Pressure builds, and your hands start to tremble. You sob with the pain, but it doesn't relent. Waves of blackness sweep across you.

As if from a distance, you hear a sharp crack, followed by splintering. The pain recedes. The cage has been smashed apart. Bemused, you stretch your aching muscles and step out. Your possessions are nowhere to be seen (cross them all off your *Adventure Sheet*) but you do pick up a short knife (note this on your Equipment List). You slip quickly through the dark streets and out into the countryside. A mossy dell provides you with a bed for the rest of the night. Next morning you set off once more. Turn to **2**.

59

The muddy bank of a jungle river is not an ideal resting place, but you manage to find a dry patch to lie on. A few of the fruits look edible, and you eat enough to restore some of your strength (add 2 points to your STAMINA). While searching for food, you discover a small, crudely shaped clay figurine (note it on your *Adventure Sheet*). Gathering a few more handfuls of berries to keep in store, you return to your boat, only to find an army of tiny red beetles swarming up its mooring rope. You beat off their invasion with a stout branch and secure the boat once more, away from their greedy clutches. If you set out into the forest, turn to **399**. If you return to your boat and continue downriver, turn to **131**.

60

More by luck than by skill, you gain the upper hand. With a ferocity that surprises you, you drive her to the stern of the boat and butt her in the midriff. Without a sound she topples over the side. The waters close about her with scarcely a ripple. She does not surface again.

Bruised and exhausted, you gaze out at the sea, wondering how you are going to steer to land through the mists which are rapidly enveloping you. After a few hours spent drifting through a silent, sepulchral shroud, you are glad to see the mist thin, and a brisk wind fills the sails of your small craft. You struggle with the sails for a while, but the wind has other designs. It veers erratically, throwing you into confusion. The skies darken and soon you are caught in a violent storm. Forced to shelter from the gale, you cower under a tarpaulin. Then, with a sharp crack, the mast crashes down on top of you and knocks you out.

You regain consciousness, lying in a pool of water, slumped in the bottom of the boat and with the sound of waves breaking gently against the hull. Lifting yourself wearily from the wreck of your boat, you find that the storm has driven you ashore and you struggle through the water to the beach. (You must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.) After a brief rest, you set off to find out what this land holds in store for you. Turn to **19**.

61

You leave the tent with the officer; outside, he turns to you and whispers, 'Do you see what we are up against? It's impossible. He's quite mad. By my reports we're outnumbered ten to one. To die in battle is a glorious thing. But death through the incompetence of a brat is too much to bear!'

Trumpets sound as scouts spot the dark army advancing in the north. The king's troops fall into ranks, and you are assigned a company to command. The dejected officers gather to agree a plan of attack. If you are expecting Merzei, turn to **346**. Otherwise, turn to **250**.

62

You advance on him carefully and prepare to strike. At your approach his eyes widen slightly, and he seems to look a little afraid.

The next thing you remember is waking up in an empty clearing, with a raw bruise on your head. You can remember almost nothing of the fight with Merzei. You certainly don't remember him displaying any great skill at arms . . . but somehow he has bested you. You get your bearings from the sun and make your way out of the still wood. Turn to **239**.

63

Eventually you hear shouts from below. Sevmiroda and the others haul themselves back up the ropes, cursing and groaning. They explain that the wizard ensorcelled them for a time, but that they managed

to break free and slew him, only to find no treasure. Turn to **238**.

64

You get a blow in on Feior, wounding him badly in the shoulder and interrupting his enchantment. He draws a gold-bladed knife and faces you once more.

FEIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

If you defeat your brother, turn to **219**.

65

Grabbing a sharp fragment of rock, you fling yourself at the creature. Your feeble swing misses, and you skid on the slick marble surface. You fall heavily on to the body – and feel a sharp bite on your forearm. You pull yourself up, to find a small, silver-furred creature hanging from you, its teeth lodged firmly in your flesh. Recoiling, you see that the creature is tethered to the wrist of its dead owner. As you step back, it releases its vice-like hold on your arm and scuttles back to its hiding-place. The wound on your arm has a silvery sheen and, though the puncture is deep, little blood flows.

Make a note of the fact that you have a silvery wound.

If you leave the chamber now, turn to **217**. If you decide to examine your sarcophagus again, turn to **315**.

66

You flip open the brooch and call the name 'Izkhao'. The bald-pated creature forms above you and grins inanely. He draws in and holds a deep breath, and expands slowly to three times his normal size. With a sudden exhalation of wind, he breathes out, propelling himself into the advancing horde. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **289**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **157**.

67

Shouts and the clash of metal warn you of a fight ahead. You edge closer, to find Velkos locked in combat with three ragged-looking desperadoes. If you go to her aid, turn to **305**. If you remain hidden and wait until the fight is over, turn to **209**.

68

Nikko's men move swiftly through the hard terrain and you find it difficult to keep up with them. After two days' march, you enter a region of rolling hills. Over a crest ride two armoured figures, and the vanguard of your force charges to attack. Huddled behind rocks for cover, you watch as the mercenaries make light work of their opponents.

One of the men rides back and reports, 'King's men on a scouting mission, sir, but we've silenced their tongues.'

Nikko turns to you. 'I just hope you know what you are getting into. You can buy an army, but money won't protect you from bad planning.' Looking ahead, he points to rows of banners advancing over the hills on both sides. 'Looks like we've got a fight on our hands.'

If you charge into battle with the men, turn to 311. If you decide to flee on your own, leaving the two sides to fight it out, turn to 335.

69

The sound of jingling metal gets closer, and into the glade marches a gang of men, carrying heavy sacks, armed to the teeth and dressed in weather-worn leather. Their leader wears a pair of golden spurs on his boots. As soon as he sees Velkos, he lets out a roar. 'Breaker of rules! You dared to journey to Takio?' Velkos shakes her head and explains that she has never left the mainland. The bandit leader turns to you and asks what you have to say. If you confirm Velkos's story, turn to 154. If you tell how Velkos found you on an island, turn to 369.

70

Huge and intimidating, the wagon looms above you. Strange runes and emblems have been scratched into every inch of its black surface. As you approach, the driver wakes up. He scrambles down from his seat and adjusts his tatty uniform hurriedly. He seems terrified by your presence and avoids looking you in the eye as he fumbles open the carriage door. Out of the inner darkness steps a tall, dark-clad figure. Turn to 310.

71

'So quiet, weakling?' Your father's voice booms out across the chasm. You snap out of your trance and steady yourself on the rocky pinnacle. 'To think that my child would side with the very men who brought me down. You shame me, son!'

The apparition forms into a coiling snake and rears up at you. You gaze at the vaporous beast, unable to turn away. But then a child's voice rings out through the din. Instinctively you turn to greet it, only to see the flaming Sturramak tearing towards you. The creature dives, but you have enough time to fling yourself away from its grasping talons.

Unable to stop, the Sturramak crashes into your father's visage and explodes.

You come down from the mountain to greet your anxious friends. They tell you of King Poo Ta's heroic death as he led the last charge, and of the peasant army's steadfast defence of the town. Poo Ta left no heirs; to the victorious army, you are his natural successor. Without you to pull the land's factions together, the battle would never have been won. Your coronation is conducted on the battlefield, and your first action is to appoint Merzei Grand Councillor of the Isles.

Bezenvial's prophecy has come true. One of his children now rules the Isles, but black blood no longer taints your veins. Your absolute success heralds a new era of peace and harmony for the Isles of the Dawn.

72

'No! Go back! The waters are too high!' The anguished shout reaches you as you flail about. The boat is carried out of sight by a huge wave which surges into the chamber. It sweeps you up to the ceiling and you dash your head against the rock.

You choke on a mouthful of sea water and go under. The chamber is completely submerged. There is no escape.

73

As you charge towards the village and into the heart of battle, an enormous dragon-like beast takes to the air from behind Feior's lines. It swoops towards your position, releasing a fiery bolt-blast of energy which smashes into your men, instantly destroying those it hits. The beast draws near, and you watch in horror as it releases hundreds of squirming, leech-like creatures from its underbelly. These vicious purple grubs make short work of their victims. You are caught in this shower of death. Your adventure ends here.

74

You clamp your free hand over your mouth and trust to your sense of direction, lowering your head and squinting through the smoke. Your judgement is sound and soon you are out of the chamber and into the relative safety of the exit tunnel. Turn to 312.

75

Many of the bathers make it to their weapons, and your chances of escape seem small. Wondering if things might have been different if you had been on the other side, you glance back to see Merzei charging towards a group of fighters. The situation seems hopeless, but you prepare to fight a pair of attackers:

	SKILL	STAMINA
ROBBER	5	6
SLAVER	4	8

You must fight both the men at the same time. Each will make a separate attack on you during each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Fight your nominated target as in a normal battle. Against the other opponent, throw the dice for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but if your Attack Strength is greater you will not wound him, you will just have parried his blow. Of course, if his Attack Strength is greater, he will wound you in the normal way. If you win, turn to **202**.

76

Thick vegetation clogs both sides of the bank and walking becomes more difficult. Eventually the weeds become impenetrable, and you are forced to come to a halt. Looking around for a means to continue, you espy a small boat, lodged in a thicket of reeds on the opposite bank. Strong currents seem ready to tug it free. If you swim out to it, turn to **324**. If you decide to turn back and follow the river upstream, turn to **148**.

77

Grabbing a horse, you ride off quickly in pursuit of Feior, while Credas and the Prophet hold off the monster. Roll three dice. If the result is less than or equal to your STAMINA, turn to **233**. If the result is greater than your STAMINA, turn to **129**.

78

Minutes later, a dark wooden hull looms up ahead of you. Strong arms reach down and pull you from the water up into a small boat. Your rescuer is a woman, dressed practically in leather, and with a sailor's long knife at her belt. As you look her over she stares at you, her brows furrowing. 'Who in all the Isles are you?' she cries. 'And what has happened to Thandile?'

If you shrug your shoulders and say you've never heard of Thandile, turn to **384**. If you tell her about the dead man you found, turn to **189**.

79

Cautiously, you approach the captive. He is a ridiculous sight to behold: his visor has slipped down over his eyes, and the scroll between his teeth converts his cries into animal grunts. You tug the parchment from his mouth, only to uncork a tirade of insults. 'Hah! I knew there must be two of you. How could your pathetic accomplice get the better of one of Feior's elite officers? Untie me before I summon my fellow-soldiers and grind you and your babbling friend into a pulp.' You explain that you know nothing of his attacker and untie him. While accepting your ignorance, he still seems wary of you, and marches off to collect his clothes, leaving you alone. You examine the soggy scroll but cannot decipher its contents. Shrugging, you tuck it into your pocket and set off towards the village. Turn to 263.

80

'Excellent, excellent,' froths the merchant. 'A deal well done is a blessing in clover!' From his palanquin he retrieves a small burlap bag, from which he tips a handful of sparkling diamonds. 'I think you'll find this payment is in order.'

The merchant trundles off with the idol, leaving you to contemplate your new-found riches (don't forget to note it on your *Adventure Sheet*). If you head north, back towards the isle from which you came, turn to 29. If you go south, turn to 126.

81

You explain how bandits attacked your party on the outskirts of the village. The commander looks sceptical. 'Bandits wiped out a whole company? It hardly seems possible!' Angrily, you ask why he should question your word. 'Forgive me, Master. I had no idea the locals were against us. They seemed greedy for your gold and easy to recruit. How wrong I was, Your Highness. Let us leave this place with haste.'

Inside the plush carriage, Tamroth continues to ask questions about the bandits. You evade them skilfully, until finally he gives up his examination He pulls out a roll of maps from a compartment and spreads one on the carriage floor. 'Here is the battle-plan you requested.' He pauses. Pointing to a spot on a range of mountains, he then asks, 'Should we relocate Baelmark's troops further north, or leave them where they are?'

If you continue to bluff the commander, turn to **299**. If you attempt to escape, turn to **252**.

82

Her face betrays no elation as you show her the treasure. She simply gestures up the corridor, and glances urgently backwards.

You hurry along for a while, then pause at a junction. You feel Velkos prod you forward, and you half-turn to ask the way. You look down, to see Velkos's long knife protruding from your side. Blackness comes. Your adventure ends here.

83

Feior's pathetic figure has no defence against your power. For a moment a charred silhouette stands outlined against the brooding sky. Then it crumbles away to ashes. Turn to **219**.

84

The bandits draw their weapons and encircle you. The leader speaks. 'This fine-plumed bird refuses to sing for us. What shall we do, compatriots?' If you try to battle your way out, turn to **398**. If you give in without a struggle, turn to **173**.

85

Looking up, you get your first clear look at the huge winged beast. Its stomach is so bloated that it resembles a balloon, while its head and claws appear to be those of some grotesquely warped fowl. The blubbery folds of skin sway beneath its beak as it beats its wings furiously to stay aloft. With surprising speed, it swoops to attack. You have no option but to fight.

SHAEL-BEAST SKILL 6 STAMINA 14

If you do not have a weapon, you must fight with your SKILL reduced temporarily by 4. If you defeat the creature, turn to 218.

86

It is a long walk up the path. You are barely half way to the top when a black cloud descends upon you At first you think it must be the shadow of some giant flying creature – but then you realize that this shadow has a life of its own A strange sensation of well-being comes over you You feel lighter, and you hardly notice as several of your possessions vanish into scintillating specks. Cross off any of the following that you may possess from your *Adventure Sheet*: greatsword, spiked club, axe, shortsword, knife, jewelled dagger, brooch, Shrivelled Claw. Remember that if you have to fight without a weapon at any time, you will fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 4 points.

Invigorated, despite the loss of your possessions, you complete your climb to the summit. Turn to 43.

87

You crane your neck around to trace the source of the noise. Above you a large droplet of black liquid plummets towards you. You instinctively dive to one side, but you are too late to evade the globule. It explodes on your shoulder with a blinding flash of colour, and you are dashed to the floor. You crawl to the far side of the chamber, your shoulder numb and steaming. When you pick yourself up, you find that the liquid has seared its way through the material of your garment. Fearing the worst, you twist your shoulder into view, but find it unharmed. A thin film of multicoloured scales covers the exposed flesh; it is sensitive to the touch, tingling slightly as you brush your fingers across it. Turn to 50.

88

As you focus on the Word of Power, the ghastly image of Bezenvial's face forms in your mind, clouding your control. In vain you struggle to intone the word, but your father's power has silenced your inner voice. The spell's energy races round inside your skull, unable to escape, building in intensity until it explodes.

89

Next morning you set off through the trees. Half an hour later, you leave the forest and, after another hour's trek up into the hills, you find yourself on a cliff edge, overlooking a verdant ravine. The bandits begin to prepare ropes, and Sevmiroda asks for two volunteers to guard the top of the cliff. If you volunteer, turn to 290. If you choose instead to lead the descent of the cliff, turn to 210.

90

Seizing the opportunity, you turn tail and flee back to your boat. No Kreehuls follow you, but you feel certain that your magic would not restrain them from killing you if you tried once more to get to the Sitting Prophet. You paddle disconsolately back up the river.

The journey is hard (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA), but this time you are prepared for the dangers, and manage to avoid them. Eventually you escape the jungle. The small boat which has carried you through so much is finally lost when it is holed by a jagged rock. Forced to abandon it, you wade ashore and strike out along the river bank. Turn to 148.

91

You stagger about in rising panic, the smoke swirling and coiling round you like half-glimpsed serpents. Your eyes burn with imagined fires, and the chamber begins to turn, always in the opposite

direction to the way you want to go. The floor slides up beside you and you stare intently at its rock, inches from your face. Your adventure ends here.

92

Success! You finally punch a hole through Feior's lines. Your peasant marauders swarm into the gap and rout the enemy, who fall back to open ground, only to be cut down by the waiting archers and cavalry. Slowly your army forces home its advantage, and the battle seems won. All that remains of the village centre is charred ruins. The Sitting Prophet lies flat, barely moving. Above him, ready to strike, hovers the Sturramak. If you have the multicoloured scales, turn to 183. Otherwise, turn to 259

93

You now have little choice but to head towards the sea. Turn to 175.

94

You continue to wander through the hills until a cry from up ahead sends you scurrying for cover. You watch from behind a rock as a lone rider gallops over

the crest of the hill. It is Merzei. The skinny leader of men pulls up and grins confidently. 'We are ready! The power of reason has triumphed. See for yourself.'

As he speaks, thousands of peasants begin to stream over the hill, brandishing improvised weapons. 'Take us to the enemy!' You mount up and lead the rabble towards the enemy in the north. When you arrive, a day later, the battle is already raging. The king's men are all but beaten, and Feior's troops surround them. High above the mêlée, spewing bursts of flame into the throng, hovers a dragon-like creature. Merzei delivers a defiant speech to the people and orders them to charge. If you fused Credas with the Sitting Prophet, turn to **28**. Otherwise, turn to **304**.

95

You run up in front of the man and gesture for him to stop. He guesses immediately what your business is. 'Don't hurt me,' he whines pitiably. 'I'm only a poor man, but what wealth I have, you may

take. Only please leave me my memento: it was given to me by my mother.' He tosses his saddlebags into the dirt at your feet but clutches on to a small box. If you pick up the saddlebags and return to the outlaws, turn to **243**. If you reach up and snatch the box from him, turn to **319**.

96

You call the sacred word from your memory and shout it into the jungle's mists. Pain wells up inside you, until you force it out from within, directing it at the advancing horde. A blurred blast of energy crashes into at least a hundred Kreehuls, transforming them into a contorted mass of limbs. Others advance to take their place, however, and you can no longer summon the energy to repel them. They swarm towards you, and your end is mercifully quick.

97

You hurry through the city streets and along a series of narrow alleyways, while ahead of you hoofbeats rattle against stone. At a crossroads you catch up with the horse and its multicoloured rider; the two are welded together by some bizarre sorcery. The horse's mouth opens and a piping voice splutters at you: 'Rat trapped in a maze. And how is it going to get out?' The rider stares at you, his eyes blank. 'It needs a friend, it does. Someone to carry it from the city, someone who knows.' If you attempt to befriend the mutant rider, turn to **212**. If you leave it and make for the sea, turn to **175**.

98

Soothing patterns form in the air about you and calmness washes over you; Feior's desperate puffing and blowing seems ridiculous to you. At last he unleashes a furious bolt of energy; it streaks towards you, singeing the very air as it passes. You meet your fate with serenity. The bolt destroys you instantly.

99

Sparks dance in front of you, and your muscles alternately tense and relax. Waves of panic course through you. Once in the safety of the exit tunnel, you hear a chuckling sound. Izkhao stands before you, the brooch clutched in his stubby fingers. He winks at you. 'B-b-b-bye!' he says, and vanishes in a sparkling of diamond dust. Not only have you lost the brooch, you may no longer call on Izkhao for aid. Turn to **312**.

100

You hesitate. Despite having doubled your forces, you are still unsure how to deploy them. As the minutes tick away, the invading army grows more threatening. Eventually you decide to send the peasants into the village below, in order to slow down Feior's advance, and you will lead the cavalry round the edges of the nearby forest to attack his flanks. You charge down into the valley and veer off towards the forest Merzei's forces pour down towards the village and join the battle. You reach the tree-line, only to see a volley of arrows shot by archers hidden within the woods. Before you can pull up, the hail descends . . . Your adventure ends here.

101

You turn away, wade back through the mud, and rejoin the road – leaving the two pathetic souls to their shouting. Something inside tells you that extending charity to such lowly beings is beneath your station. After a mile or two, you come to a fork which leads off into the forest. If you take it, turn to **35**. If you continue on the main road, turn to **361**.

102

Izkhao wastes no time. No sooner is he out of the brooch than he launches a stinging uppercut to Feior's jaw Your brother goes down like a paper house in a hurricane. Izkhao turns to you and grins, 'I've always w-w-w-wanted to do that, Master!'

You stare down at your brother's unconscious form; obviously, he's not to be trusted. If you kill him now, turn to **219**. If you wake him up and take him prisoner, turn to **264**.

103

'Liar!' she shouts, drawing a sailor's long knife and stepping towards you. She starts to rock from side to side so that the boat heaves beneath your feet. 'You've killed Thandile and stolen his goods, but you won't pull the same trick on me,' she cries, and lunges for you with her knife. She's more used than you to fighting on board ship and your wild dodge carries you, crashing, into the boom – deduct 1 point from your STAMINA Then you are embroiled with each other in close combat, reeling and stumbling as the boat rocks. A sword is useless to you here amongst the rope and tackle. You fight with your SKILL reduced temporarily by 4 points.

VELKOS	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you defeat her, turn to **60**.

104

Just as the blob reaches your grip, you throw out your arms and dive backwards, grasping for a nearby vine. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **266**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **316**.

105

You know that you cannot afford to be in the way of one of the creature's bolts, so you circle warily, looking for a vulnerable spot. A bolt streaks towards you and instinctively you hold out your hands to ward it off . . . the bolt stops, inches from your palms. You push out with your hands and the bolt streaks back at the Polybleb. There is a flash, and the creature vaporizes in a fine spray of scintillating particles. You have learnt the power of Disruption. This is known to you by the name 'Baopo'. Whenever you see this as an option, you may choose to use it as your new power. Turn to **245**.

106

You should choose an option that you have not already chosen:

Look for mercenaries to recruit?	Turn to **191**
Try to find Merzei (if you recognize the name)?	Turn to **279**
Try to find the king's army?	Turn to **216**
Recruit outlaws to the cause?	Turn to **349**
Follow your instincts?	Turn to **261**

107

Add 4 to the number you rolled and write down the result in the SKILL box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **303**. If the result is greater than your SKILL, turn to **204**.

108

You grab the thread and twist it round your wrist. The creature senses your contact and lifts off, jerking you up into the air, high above river and out of arrow-shot. Beneath you, the river runs deep into the jungle, occasionally disappearing beneath the rich canopy. Just as your arms seem to pop from their sockets, the dragonfly begins its descent. When you are no more than five metres from the ground, your grip finally breaks and you land safely in a shallow swamp. The creature remains above you, hovering expectantly. Wading through the scummy water, you come to a clearing. Turn to **366**.

109

The bandits begin to stamp their feet as you divest yourself of your heavier equipment and prepare to take on your former travelling companion in combat. She tests the weight and balance of her knife, then faces you.

VELKOS SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you beat her, turn to **267**.

110

You follow the path as it weaves to and fro among the trees. After a little while there is the sound of crashing from up ahead. An armoured figure, its hands clutched to its head, races round the corner. You are taken by surprise as the fellow careens into you, knocking you over – deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. He roars and draws a wicked-looking spiked club from his belt, then begins to swing wildly in your direction. His helmet seems to have been crushed so that he cannot see, but he is still a dangerous opponent.

BLINDED BANDIT SKILL 4 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the bandit, turn to **387**.

111

The Sturramak dives on you before you can escape. Perhaps sensing your mastery of magic, it slashes at you with razor-sharp claws.

STURRAMAK SKILL 11 STAMINA 25

If you defeat the Sturramak, turn to **323**.

112

You pass your clothes to the boy, keeping your most valuable possessions with you, and push open the tavern door. A thick wall of steam prevents you seeing into the centre of the room. Carefully you step inside and notice that there are rows of pegs set into the wall on which clothes and weapons are hung. Your suspicions aroused, you swing back

around – just in time to watch the urchin race away with your robes. Muttering oaths, you walk out into the steamy haze . . . and fall headlong into a pool of water. Turn to **286**.

113

At the end of the chamber is a pair of huge doors, which you heave open. Just beyond them is a huge, red wax barrier, sealing the archway. A circular hole large enough for you to climb through has been burned through. The familiar pain nags at you once more. Behind you there is a creaking, rustling sound. If you turn to see what is making the noise, turn to **207**. If you squeeze through the opening, turn to **334**.

114

'They attacked from yonder ridge – thousands of them, swinging evil-looking swords about their heads.' The smaller of the two peasants points off into the darkness with the broken shaft of an arrow. 'The garrison troops didn't stand a chance. Boys they were, didn't know one end of a halberd from the other. Reckon we're in for some bad times if Feior's lot take over.' You walk into the firelight and hail the men, but they leap like startled deer and run off into the night. Gazing into the fire's blaze you notice that it is fuelled by thousands of broken arrows. You pick up a snapped shaft (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*) and return to the Prophet. The rest of the night passes peacefully. Turn to **393**.

115

You manage to keep your mouth shut as you are tugged through the intoxicating smoke. Although you feel nauseous, you retain your wits and, once in the safety of the tunnel, order Izkhao back into the brooch. Turn to **312**.

116

The last voice you hear as you slide into unconsciousness is your father's. 'Your time will come, child. Make me proud of you, and all that I have will be yours.' Turn to **1**.

117

Velkos eyes you suspiciously and smirks. Her silence unsettles you even more. She walks out of the cave, surveys the beach and points to a neglected path that leads up the cliff. 'I suggest you head that way if you're to have a chance,' she says. 'If they catch you, don't tell them where you came from. And don't mention me, unless you are as determined to die as you appear to be.'

You thank her tersely and make your way up the rocky path without looking back. Turn to **19**.

118

The birds' flight forms patterns in the air, patterns which tease your memory. Images flash before your eyes; you see once more the glyphs on your sarcophagus, and a feeling of calm descends on you. You have learnt the power of Harmonization. Whenever you see the word 'Tiaohe' as an option, you will be able to use this power.

You step forward, and the birds part before you, as if they sense your command of their power. Turn to **16**.

119

You head out into the countryside. Although time is short, you have much ground to cover. First you must decide how you will start to recruit men. Will you:

Search for Merzei?	Turn to **279**
Recruit an outlaw band?	Turn to **349**
Try to hire mercenaries?	Turn to **191**
Follow your instincts?	Turn to **261**

120

Your stomach lurches dizzily and the smoke around you glows purple as your power begins to flow. Its wreaths and coils start to move sluggishly, then take on more substantial form. Soon the glow of your own power is all that enables you to see. Around you the smoke mutates to liquid, a viscous, acrid-smelling treacle which rises around you. Too late you realize your mistake. The liquid rises up past your chest as you flail your arms desperately in its syrupy embrace, all thought of gemstones and wealth now gone. Your adventure ends here.

121

You look down into the chamber below, watching as the blue torch-flames snake outwards and combine into a glowing sphere. The voice comes again, tinged with sadness. 'Too soon, too soon! For the sake of the Isles, remember all I have taught you.' As he speaks, you feel the stairs quiver beneath your feet. The pressure grows, and your feet slip on the crumbling stone. The stairs are quickly reduced to a rubble-strewn slope, and you scrabble frantically for purchase. Roll two dice and note down the result, then turn to **223**.

122

You control your heaving stomach and send ghastly purple shapes groping out towards Feior. He stares at them in panic, and flails desperately with his arms. The shapes grip him, and he wails frantically. Now is your chance to finish the duel. Which power do you use:

Baopo?	Turn to **83**
Izkhao?	Turn to **396**
Tiaohe?	Turn to **246**
Shangsuo?	Turn to **7**

123

As he spots your wound, the bandit leader lets out a shout. 'Ha! That's a Silverine bite if I know what's what. You've met Thandile, and I'll wager you've done him no good.' Turn to **173**.

124

Shaking with fear, you clear your mind, summon the word and speak it aloud. A warm tingle spreads through you, collecting in a ball of energy at your fingertips. You send the spell flying towards the rampaging Kreehuls, and you watch as it crashes into the water, instantly freezing its surface. At least a thousand creatures stand trapped by your magic, croaking in fear and anger. Your feet are free, and you carefully navigate around the Kreehuls' flailing arms. Turn to 33.

125

You leap at the whirling tentacles and strike. The heat is so intense that you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for each round you are in combat, even if you have a higher Attack Strength.

POLYBLEB SKILL 5 STAMINA 7

If you defeat the Polybleb, turn to 245.

126

In the first village you stop at, news is rife of trouble brewing in the south. Fifty years ago, the Isles of the Dawn were ruled by Bezenvial, a despotic fiend whose corruption and cruelty earned him the hatred of all his subjects. He was finally overcome by the Triurge of Aven, sorcerers of great power, who destroyed his cityport on the northern island of Takio and banished him to the shadow realms. Now his son, Feior, has returned. He is raising an army and will soon clash with the forces of King Poo Ta.

His soldiers are foreigners and creatures of ill-omen, as well as the most despicable mercenaries of the Isles. They pillage the countryside as they go, forcing refugees to flee north.

If you have a Bejewelled Box, turn to 377. Otherwise, if you decide to travel north to avoid the war, turn to 29. If you try to raise an army to help in the war against Feior, turn to 119.

127

The huge sphere bounces against the ship, and the dark shape within it starts scrabbling frantically. The ball rears up against the rail – it is nearly on the deck. You pick up the pole and swing it two-handed at your opponent. It strikes the membrane where the dark shape is pushing, and the ball rears back, splashing into the water below. With another prod of the pole the sphere is sent rolling back into the mist whence it came. As it disappears, you think you can hear a pitiful wailing from within the rubbery prison.

You are very tired now. If you let sleep take its course, turn to 292. If you struggle to stay awake, turn to 247.

128

You are toppled by a blow from behind. Then you feel yourself gripped powerfully by the shoulders and wrenched up, out from the mud, spluttering and gasping; you leave the ground and your legs dangle helplessly. All you can see of the creature

that is carrying you up is its huge, bloated underbelly and its scrawny legs. Its foul smell is beyond description; your eyes water and breathing is almost impossible. The creature's flying is dangerously erratic. You can hear its tiny wings flapping desperately as you lurch across treetops and fields. If you hang on and wait to see what happens, turn to **358**. If you try to struggle free, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **227**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **322**.

129

You drag yourself up the mountainside, barely able to focus on Feior. By the time you have crawled up, he has ensconced himself on the top of a pinnacle of rock. You look up, bleary eyed: Feior is puffing and gasping, his face red and his arms flailing. Turn to **195**.

130

The skittering sound of rocks falling is the only warning of landslide. Velkos grabs you and throws you to one side as stones crash down from the rock, dislodged perhaps by your noisy approach. Your face stings and, when you wipe it, your hand comes away red with your own blood. You stare at the stain, light-headed, not quite realizing that you were hit (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). A screech! Pounding up the slope towards you are two bald, baboon-like creatures, each madly waving two tails. Turn to **42**.

131

You continue on your voyage downriver. The mist thickens and brings with it a chorus of strange animal cries. The banks rise up some five metres or more above you, and dark shapes flit among the foliage. The noises suddenly stop. A slender arrow bursts through the undergrowth, arcs lazily towards you and thuds into the prow. You crouch on the deck as more arrows rain down from the unseen attackers. If you have the Small Jar, turn to **306**. If you sit tight and wait for the shooting to stop, turn to **231**. If you have the Chang whistle and wish to use it, turn to **374**.

132

The ground between the buildings is scored by deep, long ruts. You trace these marks to some of the most violently disfigured houses. The walls around here have a metallic sheen, and the smell of sulphur in the air increases. You soon discover the source of the ruts when you come upon a marrow-shaped object as thick as your waist. Its husk is intricately woven from wicker and it lies at the end of a deep gash, resting at the foot of an undamaged wall. Will you:

Examine the object?	Turn to **351**
Ignore it and make your way to the sea wall?	Turn to **10**
Continue searching among the buildings?	Turn to **379**

133

You run your fingers across its surface, then lift it from its hook. A bare wall lies behind it.

'Unhand me, you impolite youth!' says a voice from the canvas. You drop the painting in surprise, and leap back as the subject of the painting materializes in front of you. 'Look to the future before you're too old to change your ways!' He points to the window, then does a backflip into an open chest. The lid slams down on him. Tentatively, you open the chest but find it empty. The only way out is through the window, so you climb on to the ledge. Turn to 344.

134

Velkos shins up the trunk of the tree then reaches down to give you a helping hand. She climbs further up the tree as you settle yourself among the lower branches. The jingling of metal gets closer, and into the glade marches a gang of men, armed to the teeth and dressed in weather-worn leather; they carry heavy sacks. Their leader wears a pair of golden spurs on his boots. He looks around suspiciously and then turns his head rapidly in your direction. 'Climb down,' he calls. 'No one hides from me.' Reluctantly you lower yourself down the tree trunk, and are at once surrounded by bandits. You realize that Velkos has not come down. If you tell the bandit leader that she is hiding in the tree, turn to 234. If you keep quiet about her, turn to 365.

135

His strike misses, and you knock the dagger from his right hand. You grab it, in time to parry Tamroth's second thrust. You must fight to the death.

TAMROTH SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 252.

136

'I'm a fountain of charity,' says the man-horse mutant, 'ever willing to transport rats to new realms.' The human part of the creature gestures you to climb up on to his back, and soon you are galloping towards the city gate. As you approach, a wall of fire springs up to bar your way, but your mount plunges on regardless. The flames bathe you with a gentle heat, bringing a feeling of well-being and happiness. You ride out into the charred meadowland around the city, your skin vivid and colourful, your muscles powerful, your hoofs well-shod, glad of the company. There are now three of you to leap and gallop and play. It will be a good life.

137

You leave the king's forces preparing for battle, and set out into the hills alone, leaving his army behind. If you are expecting Merzei, turn to 94. Otherwise, turn to 335.

138

You prepare to strike, but a sharp voice interrupts: 'No! Come to me!' No one else is in the chamber, but it seems that the voice came from the passageway leading out. You feel drawn to this passage; before you go, however, you may take a weapon from one of the bandits if you wish: a sword, an axe or a knife (if you take one, note it on your Equipment List). Turn to 16.

139

The trader goes down, but you stagger with the effort. His blade carried poison! Deduct 1 point from your SKILL. Somehow you drag yourself into cover and rest for a few hours before setting off again. You make your way down from the hills into the lusher lowlands. Turn to 19.

140

You had not realized how tired you are. You black out briefly as nausea grips you, and the purple glow you create is weak, compared with the tendrils that snake towards you from Feior's outstretched arms. Your spell is barely half way towards your opponent when you feel your body begin to warp and stretch. Summoning all your reserves, you concentrate on the changes, maintaining your true form. But this leaves you no defence against Feior's next spell – a blast which strikes you full on, incinerating you instantly.

141

You follow the trail of clothes away from the road and into some thick gorse. Lying there, tied up like a pig for roasting, is a helmeted man. A parchment scroll protrudes from his jet-black visor. He tries to roll away as you approach, moaning when the thistles rake his yellow flesh. A broken half-sword lies by him – further evidence of battle.

Will you:

Untie him?	Turn to **330**
Remove the scroll from his mouth first?	Turn to **79**
Leave him and press on to the village?	Turn to **263**

142

The silver-furred creature eyes you suspiciously as you approach. Its long snout twitches at you, sniffing you out. You observe that a leather cord attached to its collar tethers it to the wrist of its dead master. Warily, you examine the corpse. The man is dressed simply, but his leather jerkin is fitted with pouches and pockets, all bulging with gems and small jewellery. A long, blunt, pocket knife is gripped in one hand; a gem-encrusted tiara lies, centimetres from the other. You realize that he must have been killed by a vicious blow from behind, his murderer having caught him by surprise. You flinch involuntarily and scan the darkness for his killer. If you want to leave the chamber now, turn to **217**. If you would rather have another look at your sarcophagus, turn to **315**.

143

The two peasants abandon their protestations and lead the cart off the track, avoiding the idol. Then they trundle off into the distance. You are now stuck in the middle of the countryside with an enormous bronze idol. If you decide to abandon it and follow the trail, turn to **216**. If you wait for the next traveller on the road, turn to **244**.

144

The bandits laugh. 'Well, if you weren't one before, you are now!' says the leader, clapping you on the shoulder. Turn to **336**.

145

The coin lands with Feior's crowned head uppermost. Your brother's form bursts back into existence. He stoops, picks up the coin at his feet, smiles and flicks it at you. You reach to catch it.

You stare up at him as he looms above you. He bends down to pick you up, and you disappear into the darkness of his pocket.

146

With a leap, you charge off down the slope of the mountainside. The tall, coarse grass whips against your legs as you plummet down the steep incline. From behind you comes a harsh, guttural shout and you realize that you are an easy target. Pain blossoms in your chest. Your legs crumple but your momentum carries you on, and you fall, rolling head over heels, down the slope. You come to rest in a small depression. The steel head of a crossbow bolt protrudes rudely from your flesh. As you stare helplessly down at the missile, a consuming resentment flows through your mind and searing beams of light flare from your eyes, striking the quarrel and engulfing it in a pale iridescence. When the light fades, you see that the bolt which impaled you has also vanished! But the blood that flows thickly from the wound is real. Your vision fades into welcoming darkness.

147

The pain in your head grows, and you prod the white warrior impatiently. He rocks backwards, then pitches forward and smashes to the floor. The wreckage of his shattered remains exposes a dusty skeleton within; apart from this, the warrior was little more than a hollow vessel. The chamber shakes, and sparks fly dizzily across your field of vision. Pausing only to pick up the warrior's short-sword and shield (note that you have them on your Equipment List), you hurry off through the swaying statues to the far end of the chamber (turn to **113**).

148

You follow the course of the stream until its banks become too treacherous, forcing you up into the rolling hills. Turn to **216**.

149

The two creatures begin to move You watch as they find their feet on the pool's slippery floor Smoke and steam envelop you. Losing sight of the beasts, you make for the edge, only to be forced back by other frightened bathers. Briefly, the smoke clears and you find yourself face to face with one of Merzei's creations. Roughly human in shape, its clumsy features are only partially formed. Its skin is covered in a thick slime, which fizzes and crackles. As it wades towards you, the creature spits out more of this foul paste You dodge to avoid the globules and prepare to defend yourself If you do

not have a weapon, you must fight with your SKILL reduced by 4 points.

SOSEKI SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **202**.

150

With a pop, Izkhao emerges from the brooch. He smiles at you, then turns to beam at the outlaws. They back away, making frantic gestures of superstitious warding. Izkhao leaps at them, and they flee, screaming. He shrugs, and grins at you. 'C-c-c-cowards!' he says, then disappears back into the brooch. Turn to **19**.

151

You open the door and walk out into the corridor. The air is filled with shouting and banging. Servants scurry past without stopping to bow. They all seem as frightened as you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **229**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **188**.

152

You cannot be sure whether you are dreaming or not. It seems that someone is searching through your possessions very carefully. You come to your senses and spring up, to find Velkos clutching a brooch, which she seems to have retrieved from your clothing. Sullenly she hands it to you. 'I was only trying to find out who you are,' she says. 'You can't be too careful nowadays.' You glare at her, then turn your attention to the brooch. It is of a

simple design, decorated with glyphs similar to those you found on your sarcophagus, and with a little clasp on it. If you open the brooch now, note down the number '152' and turn to **343**. If you decide not to, note down the number '343' next to the brooch on your *Adventure Sheet*. You may open the brooch at any time when you are not involved in combat: make a note of the number of the paragraph you are at, then turn to **343**. Now turn to **45**.

153

You wait for a clearing to appear, then ground your boat. Mooring it to a tree-stump, you step out of it on to the jungle floor and gaze into the depths. Small birds of all shapes and sizes screech above you, and thick moss has painted everything with its dull green tones. If you strike out immediately into the jungle, turn to **399**. If you stay in the clearing and rest, turn to **59**.

154

You do your best to look honest and confirm that you met Velkos some way inland. Velkos recommends to the leader that you be allowed to join the

band; after looking you up and down, he agrees. Velkos next suggests that you bear a tattoo as a sign of your devotion to the group. There are many outlaws, all well-armed and grim of feature, so it seems unwise to argue. The needles are painful, but the outlaws all assure you that the tattoo pricked into the small of your back is a work of art. Note down on your *Adventure Sheet* that you carry a bandit tattoo. Turn to **336**.

155

'What stinking rabble is this that you drag around with you like some dead mule?' says the officer, turning to the sentries with a smirk.

Merzei rises to his challenge. 'You look like a trussed-up duck, ready for roasting. It's your pompous posturing on behalf of that inbred nitwit, Poo Ta, that has let the Dark Son of Bezenvial loose on us.'

'How dare you insult the king!' growls the officer, leaping towards Merzei.

You dive between them, hoping to cool their tempers. But both men are proud. Merzei refuses to apologize and calls you a traitor to the cause. 'This is ridiculous,' he says to you. 'Let these imperialist oppressors fight their own battles. We will prevail in the end. Down with the Tyrant! Up with the Council!' He marches back to his army and signals an about-turn.

Your are left with the king's army. Turn to **3**.

156

Before you stand row upon row of smooth, white, motionless figures. Each holds a simple spear but wears no armour. The low ceiling of the enormous chamber adds to the feeling of oppression, and you step cautiously between the serried ranks. The sensation of pressure increases once more, and the white statues tremble faintly, producing a hollow ringing noise. You notice the familiar traceries of cracks appearing in the marble floor and a haze of dust wafting down from the ceiling. If you hurry through the chamber to the far end, turn to **265**. If you stop to examine the white statues more closely, turn to **55**.

157

Izkhao screams at you, 'I don't like this g-g-g-g-game no more, Master,' and it flies up above the battle. 'I thinks I'll watch you p-p-p-p-p-play now. That'll be nice, won't it?' Hardly able to believe its action, you have just enough time to curse the beast before the Kreehuls swarm over you. Your adventure ends here.

158

Both men appear to be stuck fast in the steaming mud. Their arms and legs may be only a few inches below its surface, but the mud has solidified around them. They fall silent and eye your robes fearfully The younger one whispers to the other, 'It's them again.'

The older of the two swallows and says, 'We was only going about our lawful business, we was. We had no meaning to 'arm you or your kind. Two days we've been stuck here. Have pity, sir, and let us be on our way.'

If you bear multicoloured scales, turn to **281**. If you choose to help the peasants, turn to **341**. If you leave their cries for the ears of others, turn to **101**

159

Feior is as slippery as an eel. As you free him from the spell, he twists to one side, raises his arms and begins to prepare a spell. You must react quickly. If you try to destroy him with a spell, turn to **332**. If you draw a weapon and attack him, turn to **64**. Or, if you still command Izkhao, you may summon him to help you (turn to **102**).

160

More slavers rush to take the place of the men you have killed. Velkos is nowhere to be seen – she must have run into the cave. If you decide to fight the rest of the slavers, turn to **394**. If you flee into the tunnel mouth, turn to **285**.

161

The saddlebag turns out to contain several hundred coins, which the outlaws gleefully share out (your portion comes to 25 gold pieces). Their next stop is an ale shop in the village. They are confident that the feeble sergeant of the village will not take any action, even if the merchant complains to him. After buying a large keg of Xingdao, a potent local brew, they return to the forest to celebrate, explaining that the village tavern doesn't heat the water enough for their tastes. If you join the bandits' celebrations, turn to 378. If you refrain from drinking, turn to 307.

162

Merzei looks you up and down. 'I see you have one of my tracts,' he says, 'but I am not clear why I should do this for you.' Will you:

Tell him that you will reward him with gold and riches?	Turn to 320
Order him to obey you?	Turn to 268
Say it will advance the cause?	Turn to 54

163

Just inside the ramparts of the city stand platforms, topped with powerful catapults, each with its own supply of pitch-smeared projectiles. Two of the engines are still winched back, primed for firing. Beyond them the sea-ramparts rise, and you can hear the crash of waves against rock. If you make your way back through the city towards the gate, turn to 132. If you search the buildings near the sea wall, turn to 379.

164

The cramped village store is packed with locals. Instead of the usual food and oddments you might expect to find, the shelves are lined with swords, armour and fighting provisions. Villagers haggle angrily for weapons, thrusting money at the harried shopkeeper. If you 'dropped' into the forest earlier, turn to 44. Otherwise, turn to 205.

165

You wake up with a jerk. Huddled within your silken sheets, you peer out into the bedchamber, half expecting the evil face in your nightmare to materialize again. But there is nothing – only the toy soldiers and the clothes you left scattered the night before. Feior's precious wooden sword lies near a pile of your spell books and practice slates. Normally, your brother never lets it out of his sight, and you wonder where he can be. You check the adjoining chamber and find his bed empty. It is early, but, outside your door, servants are rushing to and fro. Then you remember – Father's trip! All thoughts of the nightmare disappear as you think of the excursion the king has planned for you and Feior. The court has been dull without soldiers to play with, and your last week has been spent confined in the keep. Someone begins to unlock your door, and you dive back into bed and under the sheets. If you feign sleep, turn to **211**. Otherwise, turn to **241**.

166

The going is rough among the scrub and soft earth, but you make your way around the wood and head up into the barren hills. Turn to **352**.

167

You look the man full in the eyes and tell him to let you out of the cage. He gives a start, then slowly pulls back the latch. You shuffle out and tell the slave master to untie you and return your possessions to you. He complies, muttering apologies and bowing. Soon you are free and stand in the open air once more, stretching your tired limbs to restore some of the circulation. If you have the Shrivelled Claw, turn to **187**. Otherwise, turn to **263**

168

The bandits back away from you, gesturing and muttering charms of protection. 'We have not harmed you,' says the leader. 'Go in peace.' You assemble your belongings and make your way out of the forest. Turn to **19**.

169

The battle rages on. Your battle plan begins to take effect: Feior's men are gradually being divided and pushed to the outskirts of the village, where wave after wave of cavalry tears into them, inflicting heavy losses. Poo Ta's knights, being heavy and cumbersome in their armour, fare less well in the street-fighting. The enemy hold their ground and even threaten to counter-attack. Meanwhile the struggle between the Sturramak and the Prophet reaches a climax, and the golden idol smashes aside a blast from the catlike dragon. The beast backs off and retreats to a group of enemy soldiers. Victory is in the balance, and one final push will tip the scales. If you hired the mercenaries earlier on, turn to **364**. Otherwise, turn to **92**.

170

Add 6 to the number you rolled and note the result in the LUCK box of your *Adventure Sheet*.

As you charge across the room there is a fizzing sound from directly above. *Test your Luck* (remember to deduct 1 point). If you are Lucky, turn to **295**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **87**.

171

The route you scythed into the jungle is already partially reclaimed by vines and creepers. Eventually you find your way back and prepare to leave. If you have the Clay Effigy, turn to **131**. Otherwise, turn to **300**.

172

'I don't know what reason you had for being on the island, and I don't care. Just so long as you pull your weight and manage the ropes. And don't go the way of other fools – I'm pretty handy with this.' She draws a sailor's long knife, drives it into the hardwood of the deck, and settles back with her hand on the rudder, keeping her eyes on you the whole time. 'Better get to work on those sails, hadn't you,' she says. Turn to **220**.

173

You are seized from behind and a sword is held at your throat as the bandits take all your gear. Cross all items off your Equipment List. The outlaws tie your hands, blindfold you and lead you for some distance before abandoning you. It takes you several hours to free yourself. Turn to **19**.

174

Feior's eyes drift over to the huge idol sitting incongruously in the back of the cart. 'What *is* this strange artefact? It makes me feel ill,' he says.

You start to tell your brother how you braved the Zushan Jungle to steal the Sitting Prophet. You lean over to pat the idol. Then you are falling, falling into a blackness that leers at you, mocking you for the evil within your soul. Your adventure is over.

175

The mighty catapults raise their arms towards the heavens, giving you an idea: perhaps you can escape this blighted city using them. The sea will break your fall and you should be able to swim along the coast until you find a safe place to beach. Climbing on to a nearby platform, you heave a large, tar-smeared missile into the waiting basket. You then tug out the wooden pin which frees the catapult bar and watch as the missile soars up and over the city walls. You haven't the strength to winch the arm back, but there is another primed catapult, a short distance away. It is the work of a moment to tie a string to the wooden pin and then clamber into the basket. Offering up a silent prayer to any deities who happen to be listening, you give the string a sharp tug. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **236**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **340**

176

You tell Credas of the battle which took place in the fields to the south.

He sighs. 'Before we do what must be done I will tell you something of your history. You are one of the

two children of Bezenvial, who ruled this island with steel, fire and death until he was cast down. The Triurge of Aven defeated him in a battle that lasted many days: his cityport was destroyed and Bezenvial himself banished to the shadow realms. Now only one of the Triurge lives: for I am the last.

'The Sitting Prophet is a potent force for Harmony, and I sent you to fetch it because I knew that, if you were a true child of your father, the idol would destroy you utterly. But somehow you have been cleansed of your evil heritage. Not so your brother, Feior, who seeks to fulfil Bezenvial's prophecy that one of his children would rule the Isles of the Dawn once more. He must be defeated, or else the people will be ground under the iron heel of oppression. We must use every power at our disposal. Do you have the power of Mutation?'

If you have, turn to 284. If not, turn to 22.

177

You are blown backwards by the force of the exploding cloud, and a sharp pain sears your face as it blisters and blackens – deduct 2 points from your

STAMINA. You lie in a heap, head buried in the dirt, as about you a whining, crashing and hissing cacophony rages. It dies down at last, and you stagger to your feet. Around you the walls of the buildings are charred and disfigured, and a yellow, sulphurous smoke hangs in the air. If you head for the sea walls, turn to 10. If you continue to search among the buildings, turn to 379.

178

You wade up to a large, pock-marked gentleman. Choking on his ale in between sentences, he tells you all about his journey across the island to meet up with old mercenary friends. 'There's talk,' he says, 'that one of Feior's men is arrivin' from the war in the south, lookin' fer men to train his troops. Now, fightin's all well and good. But the real money's in slaves.' He is about to continue when the tavern door bursts open. Turn to 52.

179

Roll one die. If the result is odd, turn to 25. If the result is even, turn to 145.

180

From up ahead you hear the sounds of a struggle of some kind. You approach cautiously and come upon a strange battle. A short, scrawny fellow without weapons or armour stands above a hulking brigand in armour. Two horses crop the grass nearby – it is clear that these are the horses of the two riders who overtook you. Though you moved quietly, the scrawny fellow looks up in surprise at your approach. If you have a spiked club, turn to **331**. If you don't have one, turn to **269**.

181

Tears stream down your face, and each breath sears your lungs. Unable to focus, you stumble on to the bank and lash out at the largest tribesman. Coughing violently and convulsed with pain, you have to fight doubled up (fight with your SKILL reduced temporarily by 4 points).

JUNGLE MAN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **257**.

182

You spin around and run off into the town, casting an anxious glance back over your shoulder to see whether the bandits are following. You are in luck, for you shake them off quickly. The town is dreary and depressing, and you are tired. Turn to **263**.

183

Your shoulder tingles. The ghostly image of Credas appears above the Sitting Prophet. 'I am lost against this beast. Do not waste your time saving me.' He points to a lone rider, who is galloping away into the foothills. 'Your brother. Go after him, before he summons the darkness. Be quick!' The image fades as the Sturramak dives. If you pursue Feior, turn to 77. If you flee, turn to 327.

184

Pushed to their limits, your aching muscles fail you, and you are swept down by the force of rubble. Engulfed in the swirling radiance of the thing below, you catch glimpses of a melancholy visage: he stares balefully at you before being consumed by the dust, which billows up from the mounting rubble. The blue flames fragment and dissipate with an echoing sigh.

The slide has left you partially buried, and you struggle from the debris bruised and exhausted (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). You wait for the dust to settle then pick your way back up the bare slope. Turn to 30.

185

When Credas sees what you have brought, his face turns ashen. 'I . . . I – but how did you . . . ?' he mutters. Then he stares at you intently. 'I never guessed such evil could be purged,' he says to no one in particular. 'I have committed a great crime.'

If you have a Broken Arrow Shaft, turn to 176. Otherwise, turn to 296.

186

You realize that these fellows are indeed all that he claims, and that the brave man stands little chance of escaping alive. You wade past the other astonished bathers, climb out and quickly wrap a towel round you. Merzei beams at you. 'I'm glad to see at least one of you has the good sense to follow me. Take this.' He throws you a jewelled dagger, and you turn to face the cut-throats as they advance. 'Now, to work! Let's cleanse the land of this scum!' Will you:

Fight with your dagger?	Turn to 75
Say Biantai?	Turn to 270
Call Izkhao?	Turn to 333
Name Shangsuo?	Turn to 26
Say Baopo?	Turn to 313

187

Among the possessions returned to you is a small brooch. You don't recall seeing it before, but, since it is decorated with the same glyphs that adorned your sarcophagus, it must be yours. There is a little clasp on it. If you open the brooch now, note down the number '152' and turn to **343**. If you prefer not to, make a note of the number '343' next to the brooch on your *Adventure Sheet*. At any time, provided you are not involved in combat, you may open the brooch: note down the number of the paragraph you are at, then turn to **343**. Now turn to **263**.

188

You dash along the corridor, past the tapestries and emblems of your noble family, along the vast hallways, decked with arms and banners. All around, courtiers are fleeing, clutching possessions and gathering objects they come upon. You ignore the people and run to the winding staircase, straight into Panurge, your father's priest.

'Maior! I have been looking for you.' He smiles calmly. 'Take my hand, and I will lead you to your

father.' The hawk-nosed mage extends his arm impatiently.

If you follow him, turn to **359**. If you decide to evade him, turn to **229**.

189

You cast your mind back to your first hours of consciousness. Her hard features soften as you describe the body that lay in your tomb chamber. It is obvious that you guessed correctly. She turns to look back at the city, her eyes moist. You say nothing, respecting her moment of private grief. A moment passes, then another. Finally she sighs and turns back to you. 'What are you gawping at?' she spits. 'Get to work on the sails, and thank the gods that I bothered to save you.' Turn to **220**.

190

The claws of a beast rake your insides. You retch, and a purple glow surrounds you. The bandits writhe in ghastly contortion as their bodies melt and warp before your eyes. But the horror of it is that they are still alive. Their distorted forms shamble towards you. You try escape from them, but two block your way; you must defeat them quickly.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MUTATED BANDIT	7	5
Second MUTATED BANDIT	6	4

Fight the bandits one at a time. If at any time you roll two fours for your Attack Strength, turn to **385**. If you defeat the bandits, turn to **29**.

191

It doesn't take you long to find out that a company of fifty mercenaries is passing close by. You make your way to their camp and approach their leader. He introduces himself as Wol Nikko; he strikes you as a shifty fellow who never seems to make eye contact. His affected mannerisms suggest that he has led a pampered early life, though you cannot guess what led him to become a mercenary. He says he will work for anyone who pays well, but that the minimum charge for the hire of his band is 1,000 gold pieces. If you have the money, and wish to pay him, turn to **370**. If you promise to pay the mercenary the money later, turn to **226**. If you abandon the

idea of recruiting mercenaries and wish to try another alternative, return to **106** and choose again.

192

'Quick, the Thaaza smoke is near!' Velkos's voice urges you. She grabs your arm and drags you off, down another tunnel. A screeching echoes along the tunnels, and after a while you pass a side-tunnel from which issue pitiful, half-human screams. You pause at the tunnel mouth, but Velkos grabs you roughly. 'It's just some Cressent young,' she hisses. 'Leave them for the traders.'

If you follow Velkos, turn to **298**. If you go down the side-tunnel, turn to **8**.

193

In desperation you summon the word, and the Kreehuls' advance slows. But your power cannot control so many creatures for long – you have simply bought yourself some extra time. You may flee (turn to **90**), try to make off with the idol (turn to **13**), or make use of one of the following powers, if you have them:

Shangsuo	Turn to **124**
Izkhao	Turn to **66**
Biantai	Turn to **96**
Baopo	Turn to **235**

194

The multicoloured scales on your shoulder tingle as you reach towards the object. If you handle the

object, turn to **24**. If you leave it where it is and instead make for the sea walls of the city, turn to **10**.

195

You leap to one side as the burst of energy spews forth from Feior's mouth and streaks towards you. The spell finds its target, however; before you can flee further, you are embraced by the pure heat of annihilation.

196

By the gods, this beer is strong! The world lurches around you, and the distorted faces of the outlaws leer and grimace. To one side you see Velkos looking at you; she smiles at some private thought, then turns away. Swirling patterns form before your eyes. You black out. You do not recover consciousness.

197

You blink awake and find yourself alone by the burnt-out fire. It is early morning, and the village is strangely silent. No smoke rises from the houses, and the livestock that roamed the square have vanished. Standing outside the tavern is a huge

black carriage, twice the size of a normal vehicle. Two antlered beasts are yoked to it, and the driver dozes on the roof. If you avoid the battle-wagon and head out of the village, turn to **2**. If you approach the carriage cautiously, turn to **70**.

198

You hurry out of the village, abandoning the poor wretch to his fate Looking back, you see three armoured men staring after you. It seems you have had a narrow escape. Turn to **29**.

199

These vicious creatures have formed into a single, seething mass of destruction. Frantically you try to beach your craft – but in an instant your boat is engulfed with screeching. You perish amid a mass of snapping teeth.

200

You quicken your stride, taking the steps three at a time, for your head is pounding once more. The stairs seem increasingly to be laden with thick dust, which shifts underfoot It soon dawns on you that the stairs are crumbling and you can find little purchase on the disintegrating surface Frantically you claw your way up, flattening yourself against the slope. Dust fills your lungs and eyes; exhaustion is close. Roll two dice and note down the result, then turn to **357**.

201

The lid of the box flips open of its own accord, and a shimmering haze of vapour emerges. You clamp your mouth shut and stagger backwards, but not before some of the vapour burns its way into your windpipe – deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. You retch horribly and watch, helpless, as the merchant spurs his donkey towards the safety of the town. You leave the box where it lies in the dirt, but retrieve the saddlebag. Turn to **161**.

202

You dash through the tavern's exit and out into the village square, grabbing some filthy clothes as you go (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*). Pulling on the robes, you feel a hard object in one of the pockets. It proves to be a short length of tube with several holes drilled in it, and a length of cord attached; make a note that you have a Chang whistle. In the square you notice a large black carriage parked near the storehouse. Two antlered beasts are yoked to it, and the driver is asleep on the roof, oblivious to the din coming from the tavern. If you avoid the battle-wagon and head quickly out of the village, turn to **2**. If, however, you decide to approach it cautiously, turn to **70**.

203

By the time you fling a glittering Lock spell at Feior, a purple glow is obscuring his features. Your spell is cancelled out; as the magical force clears, you see that Feior has prepared a bolt of energy. It flashes towards you before you can prepare any defence and burns you up in an instant.

204

As you squeeze through the opening into the warm sunlight, a shaft of pain shoots up your right leg as a chunk of rock glances off it – deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Grabbing the lip of the entrance steps, you drag yourself painfully through the mouth out of the underworld. You collapse in a heap as a gout of dust is forced from the hole: there is a distant roar of collapsing masonry, then the hanging cloud of dust is sucked violently back into the depths, tugging at your clothes as it retreats. You have escaped. Turn to 242.

205

Your money is as good as the next man's. Most of the merchandise is second hand and in bad repair. However, you do find a serviceable sword, which will cost you the exorbitant price of 100 gold pieces, and 2 sets of Provisions for 30 gold pieces each. (If you buy the weapon or the Provisions, make a note of the fact on your *Adventure Sheet* and cross off the correct amount of money.) The crowd soon strip the shop bare, and the keeper shuts up shop – a happy man.

You are once again in the square. If you visit the tavern, go to 49. If you decide to find a place by the fire, turn to 375.

206

The Dragonflies carry you for many miles, gradually sinking lower as they begin to tire. You notice, thankfully, that the jungle is giving way to countryside. A few of the insects stop beating their wings and hang limply by their threads. Those which remain can only just keep you a short distance above the ground. Then they too begin to tire and finally give up. The statue thuds to the ground, sending you tumbling. You find yourself sitting on a rough dirt track. The light begins to fade, and you rest for the night.

The sound of crackling wood wakes you while it is still dark. A fire glows in the darkness some distance away, and two dark shapes are silhouetted against the flames. If you go over to investigate, turn to 114. If you ignore them and go back to sleep, turn to 393.

207

The falling dust begins to thicken until you can barely see an arm's length in front of you. The powdery mist swirls and billows as it gradually settles. The ranks of statues that once filled the chamber have been reduced to a chalky-white powder, through which the bones of an army of men protrude. The pressure builds once more. Turn to 334.

208

You look the officer in the eye and tell him why you are here. He drops his arrogant tone and salutes you with new-found respect. Turn to **3**.

209

Velkos fights well, but none save the greatest warriors can defeat three opponents at once. One of the bandits dodges round behind her and his weapon slices deeply into her side. She goes down with a last bubbling call. Her three assailants waste no time in looting her corpse. You wait till they depart then approach to take a final look at your erstwhile companion. Turn to **19**.

210

Standing well away from the cliff wall, you lower yourself on a rope. The drop is dizzying, but you tear your mind away from the consequences of falling and concentrate on keeping your footing. A dark hole looms in the cliff face, and you edge over towards it. With a kick and a swing you are in the cave.

Its white dust floor leads downwards, deep into the cliff. Behind you, the other outlaws pitch into

the cave. A flutter of many wings from within the cavern is your first warning. Then a cloud of whirling, chirping birds emerges. You must react quickly. If you have the power of Baopo and wish to use it, turn to **41**. Otherwise, you had better stand still and hope to avoid attack by not threatening the frightened birds (turn to **118**).

211

You hear the distinctive voice of Babbalha, your old nursemaid, as she bustles into the room. 'The little horror!' she mumbles under her breath, 'just look at the state of this place.' You blink a look at her as she busies herself at her tidying.

A second voice speaks. 'Please, Babba – they are ready for the boy downstairs. Shall I get his drink?'

'No. He's sleeping good enough. We'll let the priests sort him. I'll be glad to get the wretch off my hands. Nothing but trouble, that one, since the day he came into this world.'

'Poor boy. That's no way to speak of him, specially where *he's* bound for.'

The servants end their gossiping and leave. You wait for the key to turn, but instead they walk off: the absent-minded Babbalha has forgotten to lock you in. Turn to **271**.

212

The creature continues to splutter in its piping voice, and you can't make up your mind whether to

look it in the blank eyes of its rider or those of the horse, which are covered with a silvery sheen. Its talk means very little to you: rats, meadows and bright lights seem to be all it cares for. As it speaks, though, you experience a faint trace of memory. You have an uneasy feeling about this mutant – it reminds you of something unpleasant. Will you:

Take it up on its offer to transport you from the city?	Turn to **136**
Approach cautiously to find out more about it?	Turn to **397**
Attack it and take it by surprise?	Turn to **228**

213

Two of the men charge you, whirling clubs.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SLAVER	6	7
Second SLAVER	7	8

You must fight both the slavers at the same time. Each will make a separate attack on you each Attack Round, but you may wound only one of them. If you defeat the slavers, turn to **160**.

214

Wave after wave of Kreehuls sweep out from the jungle's depths. Summoning all the magical forces at your disposal, you heroically repel many hundreds, until eventually your energy wanes. Then they are upon you, and your end is swift . . .

215

You keep your wits about you as you follow Velkos. She heads towards a forest of tall, dark pine trees. Soon you are basking in their sweet scent. You pause for rest beside the bole of an ancient tree. Sounds are muted in the forest, but you can hear a clinking. Velkos stiffens. 'Sounds like trouble,' she hisses. 'Reckon you want to face it?'

If you decide to hide in the branches of a tree, turn to **134**. If you stay where you are and wait to see who is approaching, turn to **69**.

216

You advance into the hilly terrain, keeping a careful watch about you. The land is harsh and unforgiving; the cold wind bites into your exposed flesh. Reaching the summit of a modest rise, you see banners fluttering in the valley below. The regal crest makes it obvious that these are the king's men. If you march down the hill to meet them, turn to **355**. If you prefer to avoid them and continue onward, turn to **137**.

217

The only exit from the chamber is through a huge pair of double doors. One stands open, but a smooth, red wall seals the portal. At its base a small round hole has been cut. As you make your way across to the doors the chamber shakes, and more shards of rock fall from the ceiling. You feel pressure building up and your body aches under the strain.

The pressure eases as you force your way through the circular opening: the red wall is made of thick wax, and the hole appears to have been burnt through. From the other side you can see that the doors have been sealed, and the wax carved with writhing symbols of warding. Turn to **156**.

218

The final blow sinks deep into the creature's flesh, releasing a fierce blast of stale air which all but knocks you over (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). As the gas escapes, the beast shrinks, leaving a rather pathetic corpse swathed in loose skin. The stench is sickening, and you leave the clearing, clutching your mouth and stomach. You soon recover, however, and find a road leading away from the forest. Turn to **361**.

219

You come down from the mountain and are hailed by Feior's army as their champion. The rest happens as if in a dream. You become King of the Isles, ruling with an iron fist and undoing all the weakling changes that have been wrought since the usurpers deprived your father of his rightful throne. It seems, at times, that your father speaks to you and lives once more through your actions. Gradually your whole being is subverted to the forces of darkness. Bezenvial's prophecy that his child would rule the Isles is fulfilled. Black blood flows through your veins.

220

Despite your lack of seacraft, you soon pick up the most important skill – avoiding the boom as it swings back and forth in the wind. Soon the sails are trimmed and ready to catch the faint sea-breezes. You make little progress, however. A dense, clinging mist settles about the boat, limiting your vision to a few metres. The wind finally drops altogether, and Velkos takes the opportunity to catch up on some sleep. You remain awake as look-out. After a while you hear muffled sounds ahead: a slight splashing like the gentle slap of cloth against water. Moments later, a large shape appears out of the mist. It looks like a huge translucent ball with a dark shape squirming within it. If you have a sword and wish to use it against the sphere, turn to **392**. Otherwise, the only weapon available to you is a rough wooden pole lying on deck. Turn to **127**.

221

'They will break out of the enchantment very soon,' says Credas. 'If you aren't prepared to help me, then we must flee at once.' He leads you along winding tunnels, finally emerging through a hole in a rotten tree. 'We must part here. If you reconsider, and wish to gain the power I offer you, then perform this task for me: fetch the Sitting Prophet from the middle of the Zushan Jungle to the south. Otherwise, may fate smile upon you.' He hurries off. If you travel south, turn to **240**. If you head for the nearest settlement, turn to **29**.

222

You are footsore from the walking you have done, yet nowhere do you find rest and peace. You travel the land for several days, hearing many reports of a war that is brewing in the south. Heading in that direction, you pass fleeing villagers who tell tales of monstrous creatures roaming the country under the banner of the son of Bezenvial. Finally you come upon the smoking remains of a village. You search cautiously among the ruined buildings until you find a poor villager tied to a wheel. Near by, an unidentifiable creature roasts on a spit over a fire. The peasant looks up at you and gasps out some words. You bend closer to hear what the man has to say. 'Flee! If you value your life, flee!'

There is movement among the buildings near by. If you wait and free the man, turn to **17**. If you flee from the village at once, turn to **198**.

223

Add 12 to the number you rolled and write the result in the STAMINA box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Next roll four dice. If the result is less than or equal to your STAMINA, turn to **30**. If the result is greater than your STAMINA, turn to **184**.

224

The first wave of your attack holds well. You dismount and follow your men into battle. Soon you are in the midst of the fray, fighting for your life. One of Feior's knights cleaves his way past two

peasants and stops you. 'Remember me, fool?' he cries, lunging at you with his two-handed sword. 'It's just you and me now . . .' You recognize him as the soldier you found, bound and gagged, on your travels. His humiliation burns deeply, and he is keen for vengeance.

FEIOR'S OFFICER SKILL 11 STAMINA 13

If you win, go to **169**.

225

The bandit leader looks at you for a moment, then understanding dawns on his face. He winks. 'Lost your *memory*, have you? Well, there's several of us none too good at recalling our past. Still, you're one of us now.' Turn to **336**.

226

Nikko agrees to your terms and arranges to meet you again in a week's time. Turn to **106**.

227

You manage to weaken the beast's hold by twisting and punching at its warty talons. As it loses height, you break free and plunge to the forest below. The trees' soft canopy gives way to a dense tangle of thicker branches. You grasp at them as you plummet, until finally you catch hold of a thick vine, which slows your descent painfully but lacerates your palms deeply (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Bleeding and shaken, you look for a way out of this place. Turn to **35**.

228

Your surprise attack enables you to land a blow on the mutant. Though injured, it is still a formidable opponent. If you do not have a weapon to fight it with, you will have to fight it with your SKILL reduced by 4 points.

MAN-HORSE MUTANT SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you defeat the mutant, turn to **93**.

229

Panting with fear, you reach the king's quarters, only to find them deserted. The many books that lined his study are now packed into chests. Tiny

gems and trinkets are scattered about carelessly amid the general upheaval. You hear footsteps coming from behind and you dive into an empty chest. Crouched inside, you hear two men enter. 'I am sure Maior came this way, master.' It is Panurge, the priest.

The second voice speaks – it is your father 'We have Feior. Could we not leave the weakling to Fate? It would be no great loss, and we have little time to save ourselves, let alone look for the wretch.'

'Your words contain reason, but should you risk your inheritance on one child alone? I think not. We must find Maior '

Deeply shocked by your father's callous words, you barely manage to stem a cry of anguish. If you reveal yourself to them, turn to 359. If you remain hidden, turn to 253.

230

Next morning you set off through the trees. Half an hour later, you leave the forest and after another hour's trek up into the hills you find yourself on a cliff overlooking a verdant ravine The bandits begin to prepare ropes, then lower themselves down the cliff face while you wait at the top with Velkos. The minutes drag on, and Velkos suggests you take a look to see whether there's any sign of the others. You peer over the edge of the cliff, and Velkos takes you by surprise. There is no handhold: you are tumbling, whirling, screaming for long moments before hitting the ground at the bottom of the gorge.

231

Eventually the shooting eases off, and the eerie silence returns You stay down and let the current carry you to safety. The boat bumps to a halt and you straighten up, expecting to be alone by the river bank. Instead, you find yourself confronted by six mud-covered Pygmies, frozen in extravagant battle postures. Simultaneously, they let out a scream and break from their trance. Instead of charging you, each produces a small, tear-shaped pod, which he hurls into the boat. These burst, releasing a choking cloud of fine powder. If you have the Silken Mask and wish to use it, turn to 337. Otherwise, turn to 181.

232

You head off on foot, soon coming upon a rough dirt track that leads inland. A short way ahead you see the track enter a wide wood of closely spaced conifers There is the thudding of hoofs on the earth behind you, and you dive for cover Two well-armed men thunder by, heading into the woods. From where you hide, you can see where the track

leaves the wood. Several minutes after the riders enter the trees, they have still not emerged. Velkos is anxious and urges you to skirt the wood with her. Will you:

Follow Velkos?	Turn to 166
Follow the track into the wood?	Turn to 14
Sneak among the trees away from the track?	Turn to 317

233

Feior makes his way up to a pointing finger of rock, high up on the mountain. With a great effort you find an exposed perch of your own and face him. 'Only one of us can take up the mantle of our dear father,' he taunts, 'and I was always the stronger.' He raises his hands in the air and begins to tremble, so strong are the forces he is conjuring. His face reddens and a trace of smoke seeps from his robe. You must prepare a counter-spell now. What will you say:

Biantai?	Turn to 368
Baopo?	Turn to 31
Tiaohe?	Turn to 98
Shangsuo?	Turn to 380

Or, if you'd rather try to dodge his spell, turn to 195.

234

Two bandits climb up into the branches and haul her down, cursing. As soon as the bandit leader sees Velkos, he lets out a roar. 'Breaker of rules! You dared to journey to Takio?' Velkos shakes her head and explains that she has never left the mainland. The bandit leader turns to you and asks what you say. If you confirm Velkos's story, turn to 154. If you tell how Velkos found you on an island, turn to 369.

235

As you speak the word, an unbearable heat rises up inside you. Close to choking, you beat the spell out from your chest. It shoots from your mouth in the form of a flaming bolt and smashes into the first line of Kreehuls, sending up a blanket of steam. Unable to see your attackers, you try again but fail to stop their advance. They attack, and you perish beneath their webbed feet. Your adventure ends here.

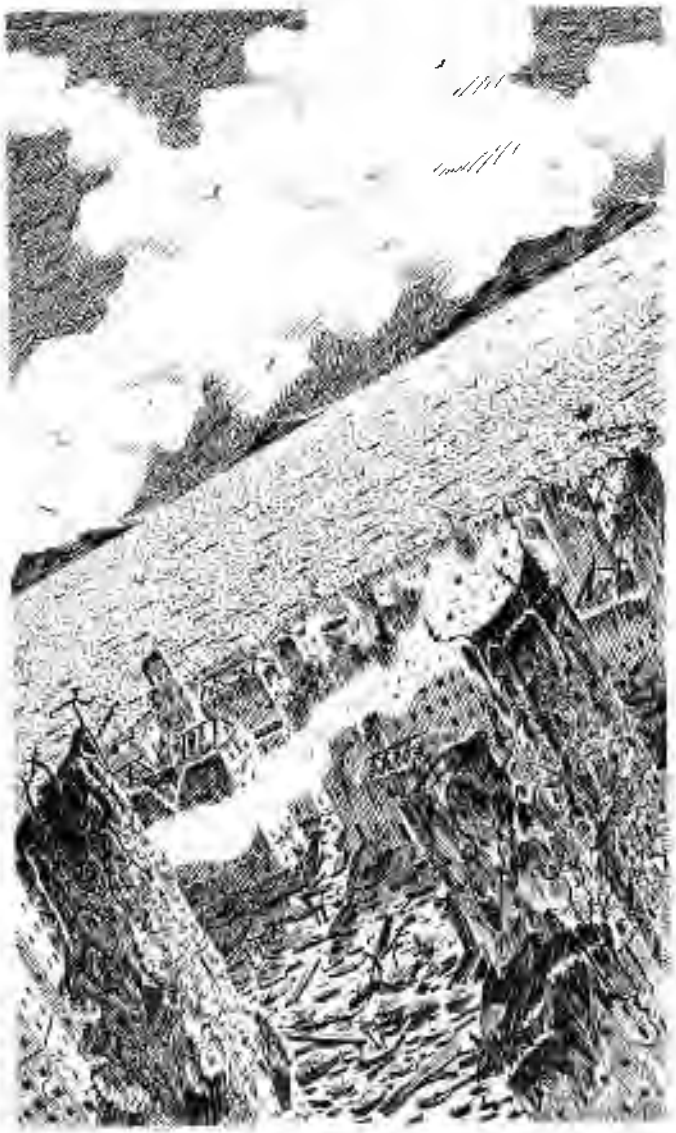

236

The wind is a wall, and you have just been flung into it. You see a whirl of blue, white and brown, and then you are dropping, spinning in the air. Below you, a tiny boat bobs up and down on the water. The water rushes up to meet you. You suck in as much air as your lungs can hold and hope you know how to swim. You fall into the sea feet first, and the shock stuns you. You see a dimly lit realm of green, blue and silver, then your arms start to work, pulling you up. You break the surface and draw in a deep gulp of air, exhilarated. Turn to 78.

237

You grip the Jade Talisman in the hope that it will lend you strength. A feeling of tranquillity creeps over you. If you have a weapon, it falls from your grasp. Your opponent takes the opportunity to land a blow on you (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You must fight the rest of the combat without the aid of a weapon (reduce your SKILL temporarily by 4 points). Turn back to the paragraph you came from.

238

After a disagreement, you depose Sevmiroda as leader of the bandit group. In the next few weeks you lead them on many lucrative raids. You hear about the king being deposed and replaced by a new ruler, Feior. According to the tales, Feior is the son of Bezenvial, the depraved former ruler of the Isles who was overthrown fifty years ago by battle and sorcery. But what do you care about such matters? All governments are alike, and a bandit's trade stops for no man.

One day you capture a man wearing the livery of the new king. With a sword at his throat he tells you that King Feior is searching for a bandit leader, Maior. The name seems familiar, but the man is carrying little treasure so you slay him anyway.

You are unprepared for the assault when it comes. Soldiers swarm into the wood, and sorcerous blasts rip apart any resistance. You fight as never before, but your foe is more powerful. You die in a blaze of glory, the last of your outlaw band to see the sweet light of day.

239

You leave the wood close to the track and hurry down to it. Soon afterwards Velkos slips out from behind a nearby bush and asks you what happened within the wood. You explain as briefly as you can while the two of you continue along the track. Turn to 352.

240

After a day spent travelling, you come to a wide river. Following its course downstream, you see it disappear into the fringes of a sprawling jungle. Looking upstream, you watch it meander off towards a distant line of hills. Neither of the routes look promising. If you go upstream, turn to 148. If you follow the bank towards the jungle, turn to 76.

241

'What are you doing awake?' Your old nursemaid bustles into the room, almost tripping over your collection of lead soldiers. 'Look at this mess. I've a good mind to put you across my knee!' Despite her stern words, you feel that Babbalha is hiding some sadness. 'How you goin' to enjoy your trip if you's fallin' asleep like a baby?' The large servant sits by you and wipes the sleep from your eyes. A young maidservant enters, carrying a glass of milky liquid. 'Take this and I'll wake you in good time for your trip.' She pauses, glancing nervously at the girl, then continues. 'Your Father's a wise man, no one gets the better of him. He wants the best for you and Feior. Remember that, my little dear. Sometimes

things have to be done that's hard . . .' Babbalha breaks off and ushers the servant girl out of the room. She turns and whispers to you, ''Bye, my little one. May luck fall on you like rains from heaven.'

If you take the drink, turn to **293**. Otherwise, turn to **271**.

242

You bask in the comforting rays of the mid-day sun; a light wind brings the welcome tang of sea-salt to your nostrils. After a while your eyes adjust to the brilliant light and you gaze in wonderment at your surroundings. Around you is a scene of spectacular devastation. The remnants of a magnificent city stand, charred and distorted. Massive archways are riddled with clusters of tiny holes, as if consumed by ravening worms. Towers are contorted, the stone melted and warped. Houses are stained and spattered by a myriad colours, their walls jagged and jumbled. Mighty gashes scar the earth, filled with bubbling quagmires which give off noxious fumes. The air itself seems charged with magical powers. You are alone.

You are in a large open square surrounded by the bizarre wreckage of some diabolical battle. To your right, facing into the sea-breeze, you can see battered city ramparts and the arms of mighty catapults. To your left you can make out the imposing arch of the city gates. Will you:

Head for the gates?	Turn to **39**
Investigate the sea wall?	Turn to **163**
Search among the ruined streets?	Turn to **132**

243

You allow the merchant to retain his treasured keepsake, and wave him on Soon the outlaws are congratulating you. Sevmiroda, their leader, says: 'You're a smart fellow. That box was probably trapped.' Turn to **161**.

244

You sit in the sun for an hour, wondering if this trail is ever used by anyone except the old man and his wife. Luckily, another cart comes along, driven by two stocky farm boys. Enthusiastically they help

you manhandle the idol on to the back of the cart, and are glad to help you take it to Credas's cliff-top cave. Turn to **185**.

245

Gain 2 points of LUCK. The Polybleb has been defeated, but now you are alone among the calcinated remains of its victims. Before you continue, you need some rest. If you have the Shrivelled Claw, turn to **325**. Otherwise, turn to **37**.

246

Your spell brings a feeling of peace and well-being. It flows gently towards Feior, still struggling against the effects of the mutation. The dancing patterns strike him and the purple glow around him changes to green. He remains doubled up in pain for some time, however. It is only as he straightens and laughs madly that you realize he has been preparing a disruption spell. You have no time to prepare a defence. The last thing you hear is Feior's mocking voice: 'You always were a weakling!'

247

Though your eyelids hang heavy, you steel yourself to remain awake; you talk with Velkos to take your mind off your exhaustion. She seems reluctant to talk about the past, but since you can tell her nothing of yours, you learn that she has been an adventurer for some years. She reaches into a pouch at her belt and draws out a shrivelled claw, tied to a leather thong. 'It's a lucky charm,' she explains. 'It's from a Chestrap Beast that nearly did for me. Maybe it'll bring you good luck.' She passes the charm to you. You accept it with thanks, and you silently hope it will bring you more luck than the unfortunate beast it was hacked from. Note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*.

As land looms ahead of you, you realize how tired you now are. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, then turn to **45**.

248

You rummage for the brooch with your free hand and prise it open with your teeth. In an instant your vaporous plaything is spinning above your head. It sees the danger you are in and leaps to your defence, crashing into the repulsive monster. However, your familiar cannot be in two places at once, and the trickling poison reaches your grip. Your hands and arms lock rigid. Very soon your whole body is paralysed. The creature reels in its catch, and prepares to dine.

249

You have chosen a suitable resting place. The pressure builds on your skull and mercifully you black out You have returned, no wiser, to the slumber from which you came. You will not wake again.

250

In the few hours before battle, you share tales with your men, in the hope that this will quell their nervousness, but as the dark hordes advance into position, you realize the inevitability of defeat. The first charge is led by the young king, and you watch in horror as it is consumed by the dark masses. The second wave falters then breaks ranks. A shout goes up from behind, and you turn to see the hills behind you lined with more foes. Surrounded and outnumbered, your troops are massacred. Your adventure ends here.

251

Delighted with the chaos it has caused, Izkhao dives into the bath and circles beneath its surface, turning the water into a swirling vortex. As it picks up

speed, the whirlpool throws out its victims, sending them crashing into walls and timbers. The thundering cyclone finally explodes, showering you with foam and debris. Through the din you call out Izkhao's name, and reluctantly it returns to the brooch. Turn to **202**.

252

Grabbing Tamroth's hood, you pull it over his eyes, kick him into the corner of the carriage, and fling open the door. You snatch up the map and leap out, landing heavily (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Thick bushes grow by the roadside, and you tumble into one of them. By the time the driver has fought the carriage to a halt, you have made good your escape. Once again you are on the road, travelling alone Turn to **2**.

253

Your father and his aide begin to search the room. Just as they near you, a thunderous blast rends the air. The windows shatter and the screams and shouts of battle flood into the chamber. Hearing the door slam shut above the din, you peer out of the chest. The room is empty and you clamber out. You pick your way through the shards of glass as far as the door, only to find it locked. Turning back to the windows, you gaze out on to a scene of terrible destruction The city is crumbling under the onslaught of three magical beings which hover above it, out of arrow-shot, flinging bolts of vivid colours which crash into buildings and men alike. The familiar streets and buildings that played host to your games and adventures have all been reduced to charred ruins.

If you search the room for another exit, turn to **301**. If you climb out on to the ledge and cross to an open window to your left, turn to **344**.

254

Stepping carefully, you advance into the middle of the chamber From high above you can hear a fizzing noise, then silence On an impulse you cower back as a globule of liquid drops to the ground ahead of you. It strikes the crystalline floor and explodes into riotous colour, blinding you. Once again you are in darkness. The way ahead is perilous. If you have a shield to protect yourself, turn to **321**. Otherwise turn to **390**.

255

The monk's eyes sweep over you, and you feel as if he can see right inside you. 'Your fate is woven tightly with the material. You are a creature of the physical world, and you will prevail by seeking a balance between active and passive. We cannot help you, for we have transcended the physical.'

With a swirl of stars the two monks fade into thin air and you are left alone in the monastery. You trudge back down by the way you came and resume your quest. Turn to **106**.

256

A stone skitters down the slope near you. You sense movement above you and look up, into the blinding rays of the sun. You perceive a tiny glint of light: a sword perhaps, or even a crossbow bolt. You spin around; you feel sure that many eyes are upon you. A screech! Lolloping up the slope towards you are two bald, baboon-like creatures, each with two tails madly waving. Turn to **42**.

257

You return hurriedly to your boat before the other natives come back. The river begins to widen. The mists lift and you find yourself in a large clearing, above which a huge Dragonfly hovers. The river has degenerated into a shallow swamp which the boat is unable to navigate. You disembark and wade out into the darkness. Turn to **366**.

258

You may choose to attack the bandits with your weapons. If you do and you have the bandit tattoo, turn to **394**; otherwise, turn to **173**. Alternatively, you may call on one of the following powers, if you have them:

Izkhao	Turn to **150**
Baopo	Turn to **56**
Biantai	Turn to **190**

259

Again and again the Sturramak dives, bombarding the Prophet with fiery blasts. The idol begins to tremble and fine cracks appear on its golden skin. Then it explodes into a thousand molten pieces, unable to absorb the magical onslaught any longer. Credas has made the ultimate sacrifice but has failed to defeat the beast. The Sturramak greedily devours the remains of the statue, rekindling its power in the process. Invigorated, the winged beast turns on you. If you summon magic against it, turn to **36**. If you try to flee, turn to **327**.

260

You dive backwards, your face stung by the heat of the whirling Fire Sprites (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). You hide behind a chunk of rubble and watch as the blizzard of fire sweeps through the alley. The Sprites fly into walls and erupt into cascades of sparks, burning and warping everything they touch. Finally the cloud loses energy and dissipates. If you now head for the sea walls, turn to **10**. If you continue to search among the buildings, turn to **379**.

261

For several days you wander the countryside Most of the inhabitants of this region are peasants, though, and they avoid you whenever you pass among them. From a chance conversation with a merchant in an alehouse you learn of a monastery to the east, whose monks strive for perfection through physical discipline. Might not monks fight in a righteous cause?

The monastery stands high on a hillside, a narrow track wending a tortuous path up to it. You can see no sign of life among the rounded buildings. If you follow the winding path up to the monastery, turn to **86**. If you climb straight up the side of the mountain, turn to **274**.

262

You scoop up an armful of fabulous wealth, brushing away a few of the nuts and twigs. Make a note of the fact that you have jewels worth 3,000 gold pieces in the appropriate box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The smoke swirls about you and with rising panic you realize that you can no longer see the exit tunnel. If you recognize the word 'Izkhao' and can take advantage of this power, turn to **338**. If you recognize the word 'Biantai' and wish to use this power, turn to **120**. Otherwise, you must roll two dice and compare the result with your SKILL score. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **74**; if your roll is greater than your SKILL, turn to **91**.

263

Your hopes for rest and sanctuary fade as you wander through the village. The few stone buildings still standing are dirty and squalid. Ragged children chase one another across the square, brandishing wooden swords and screaming obscenities. The adults are no better: drunken revellers stagger out of the local tavern, aptly named 'The Aqua Vitae', and what trade there is seems to deal exclusively in weaponry. The locals eye you with deep suspicion. In the ruins of a cottage, a group of wretched travellers huddle around a large fire. You are cold, hungry and exhausted. Will you:

Try to enter the local bar?	Turn to **49**
Buy something to defend yourself with?	Turn to **164**
Settle down with the travellers in the ruin?	Turn to **375**

264

You descend from the mountain with your prisoner. The battle is won. Merzei rushes to congratulate you, but you can think only of poor Credas, who gave his life in the battle to defeat Feior. Merzei begins to supervise the remaining forces, so you return to the top of the mountain to survey the battlefield, now that you have finally won.

A shriek rends the air and a huge cloud of inky blackness rises before you. Two burning globes hang in it and, staring into them, you *know*: your father has returned. He cannot harm the people of

this land, for the Triurge banished him beyond the physical realm. But part of him lives on in you, and through you he may still have his revenge. Will you:

Use one of your magical powers?	Turn to **88**
Flee?	Turn to **15**
Stand your ground?	Turn to **51**

265

Your head is swimming, but you still have your sight as you race between the silent white statues. In your haste, you send half a dozen toppling and they smash on the marble floor, scattering their bony contents. Turn to **113**.

266

With an acrobatic flourish that would impress the most agile of monkeys, you flip across to a neighbouring creeper. Trembling with the exertion, you watch the repulsive insect reel in the sticky vine. Thanking your good fortune, you drop safely down and dart back into the jungle. The way ahead looks formidable: mile upon mile of dense, unforgiving jungle. If you press on, turn to **38**. If you retrace your steps, back to the safety of the boat, turn to **171**.

267

'Now,' says the bandit leader, 'you had better be honest with me. If you are capable and trustworthy, I may let you join our band. What is your business, for I gain no clues from your apparel?' Will you tell him you are a:

Merchant?	Turn to **345**
Sorcerer?	Turn to **168**
Bandit?	Turn to **144**

Or, if you wish to tell him that you don't know, turn to **388**.

268

For a moment Merzei wavers. Then his resolve returns 'I am the future Grand Councillor of these Isles! I take orders only from the people!'

You will gain no help from this man. You must find another source of soldiers. Turn to **106**.

269

The little man narrows his eyes at you and puffs out his pigeon-chest. 'I am Merzei,' he cries in a voice surprisingly firm for one so unprepossessing,

'Defender of the People, Righter of Wrongs, and future Grand Councillor of these Isles '

If you talk to the fellow, turn to **4**. If you attack him, turn to **62**.

270

You utter the word from your dark past. Intense pain locks your entrails and a wave of nausea sweeps through you. With a great effort you straighten up and force the pain away. The bolt of summoned energy is expelled from your body and shoots into the pool, where it combines with the water and the bathers, forming a swirling mass of limbs and screams. You watch as the powerful spell melds the men into a single, complete being. Warped into a human web of confused limbs and shuddering skin, this pitiful creature rolls towards you, flailing its many arms and legs. To escape, you must fight your way past.

POOL BEAST SKILL 10 STAMINA 15

You may choose to *escape* after two Attack Rounds if you so wish. If you survive, turn to **202**.

271

As you sit, alone, in your chamber, you catch the distant sound of drums. If you prise open the heavy shutters, turn to **318** If you venture out into the hallway, turn to **151**.

272

As you deal the final blow to your mirror-image, there is a blinding flash of light, and a shaft of agony shoots through you. A moment later, your sight returns; there is no sign of your opponent, but the wicker object still lies at your feet Will you:

Examine it?	Turn to **309**
Leave it be and head for the sea wall?	Turn to **10**
Leave the object but continue to search through the buildings near by?	Turn to **379**

273

These vicious-looking eels form into a single seething mass of destruction. Acting quickly, you unravel the whistle and spin it furiously above your head. A high-pitched whining sound fills the air, and the creatures stop their thrashing. Calmness returns Turn to **294**.

274

It is a rough climb (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA) but you finally fight your way to the top. Turn to **43**.

275

One of the bandits drunkenly describes his experiences in the jungles of the south. He pulls out a delicate silken mask from his pouch and puts it on his head. The other bandits cackle at his bizarre appearance, but he explains that it was useful to keep the insects from biting. The mask is passed around for inspection, reaching you as the fellow launches into an improbable description of a large, bluish-green fruit which, he claims, can sustain a man in the jungle for weeks on end. The drunken outlaws seem to have forgotten about the mask. You may keep it if you wish (note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*). Finally you bed down on the soft forest floor, in readiness for the next day's raid. Turn to **89**.

276

Tendrils of purple magic stream out from Feior's hands, but you are prepared. You stand calmly, concentrating on the faint patterns in the air around you. When the spell strikes you, it plays gently up and down your body, changing colour from purple to a mild green.

Now is your chance to act. The vast power Feior has been wielding has singed his finery, and the rock around him bears the scars of magical force. He looks tired. Which spell are you going to cast at him:

Shangsuo?	Turn to 203
Baopo?	Turn to 46
Tiaohe?	Turn to 353
Biantai?	Turn to 122

277

As the creature regards you expectantly, a word surfaces in your memory.

'Izkhao,' you say. 'Obey me.'

'I o-b-b-b-bey,' replies the smirking homunculus. With a mocking bow, he disappears back into the brooch. Turn back to the paragraph you came from when you decided to open the brooch.

278

Adopting a rough country accent, you humbly explain to the commander that he has mistaken you for someone else. He eyes you closely for a while, then shakes his head and returns to his seat. As the

carriage pulls out, you see Tamroth staring intently at you through the window. You turn back on to the road once more, confused and alone. Turn to **2**.

279

Travelling among the villages of this region you hear tell of a rabble-rouser who has been stirring the peasants to action. After a day spent searching, you find the village in which Merzei is staying. True to form, he is standing in the middle of the street, haranguing the local populace. 'Throw off the yoke of oppression!' he shouts. 'Resist those who exploit you! Join with me and bring the Council to power!'

When he has finished his speech, you approach him and tell him that you need men to fight against Feior. If you have at any time owned a Spiked Club or a Jewelled Dagger, turn to **54**. If you never had one of those, but do have a Scroll, turn to **162**. If you have none of these articles, turn to **291**.

280

You face the blazing Elemental and compose yourself for action. If you know the codeword 'Biantai' and wish to make use of this power, turn to **27**. If

you know the codeword 'Izkhao' and wish to make use of this power, turn to **376**. If you charge the creature, turn to **125**. If you circle and dodge, waiting for an opportunity, turn to **105**.

281

The shimmering scales that cover your shoulder tingle as you crouch to examine the solidified mud. The dense vapour which hangs above its surface has a strangely pleasant smell and draws you closer. Involuntarily, you take a deep breath, filling your lungs with the gas . . . a face from your dim past flashes in your mind for an instant. Its lips mouth a single word: 'Shangsuo.' The power that Locked the mud is now at your command. Note it down and turn to **128**.

282

The lone figure is toppled by a blow from the flying monster, sending them plummeting into the chasm below.

Hands suddenly grip you firmly by the shoulders and drag you, screaming, out of the chamber. 'Quiet now, child,' whispers Panurge, the King's Priest, 'you are coming with me.' He mumbles a word and touches your temple . . . Turn to **389**.

283

As you near the flames, their heat seems to diminish. You bound the last few steps, exulted by the feeling of deliverance that sweeps through you. Then you are engulfed by the sweetly caressing tendrils of magical fire Your ill-omened journey ends here.

284

Credas walks towards the Prophet and holds out his hands to touch it. 'You must use your power now For the good of the Isles, I must become one with this idol.' Nausea washes over you as the power builds within You hardly dare watch as Credas's form melts and fuses with the bronze idol. When you have finished, you stagger back to rest.

The mouth of the Prophet opens, and Credas speaks, his voice resonating with a metallic twang 'Now you must unite an army to meet Feior in battle and destroy his forces. Without soldiers he has no real power I will rouse the Kreehuls to action: for too long they have been hunted and slaughtered by man. Go now, and may your fate be kind, for the sake of the Isles.' If you have a Bejewelled Box, turn to 377. Otherwise, turn to 119.

285

You dive for the cave entrance, narrowly avoiding the net which spins after you. Down the corridor Velkos follows hard on the heels of the creatures – the name 'Cressents' leaps to mind – and as the light dims you lose sight of her. Where the tunnel branches in two directions you pause to catch your breath. The men have not followed you down the tunnel, but as you inhale deeply you catch the whiff of a sweet-scented smoke drifting after you. Two more tunnels lie ahead. The one to the left slopes up, while the right-hand path is downward. If you go left, turn to 32. If you go right, turn to 372.

286

You surface, spluttering and gasping. Gradually your eyes become accustomed to the steam rising off the bubbling surface of the water. You are floating in a huge communal bath, the villagers' place of entertainment. Bobbing around its sides are its patrons, guzzling cups of ale served from a network of pipes that hang over the pool. These characters must come from every corner of the land, for no two look alike. Your sudden arrival went unnoticed, and the bathers are talking and quaffing heartily. You relax and lie back, appreciating the water's invigorating qualities (restore 2 points of STAMINA). If you swim over to your neighbour and talk, turn to 178. If you take a drink from the ale-pipes, turn to 348.

287

The merchant turns up his nose at you and climbs back into his palanquin.

You continue on your way. The peasants you meet avoid you, but you don't encounter any hostility. On the third day you see many men approaching As they draw nearer you see that many of them aren't men at all, but foul creatures, some ghastly pale of feature, others warty and covered with bristles. All, men and beast alike, are armoured and carrying vicious weapons.

If you abandon the Sitting Prophet and flee, turn to 350. If you stand your ground, turn to 20.

288

Waiting for a spout to subside, you tie the rope round you, secure the other end, and lower yourself down the shaft. Descending to the roiling sea below, you begin to tread water: the cave ceiling is barely an arm's length above you, and at the far end of the cave you can make out the open sea upon which a small boat is bobbing, in and out of view. You strike out for the entrance, carried up and down by the swirling tide. Now you can see an anxious face peering over the boat's side. She waves frantically and you hear a shout but cannot make out the words over the din of the sea-cave. If you swim out to the boat, turn to **72**. If you return and climb back up the chute, turn to **371**.

289

With your maniacal friend fighting by your side, you stand a chance of driving these creatures back. Three of their leaders bear down on you, and you must fight them to the death.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KREEHUL	6	8
Second KREEHUL	5	8
Third KREEHUL	7	7

Fight the Kreehuls one at a time. If you win, turn to **33**.

290

You wait with an outlaw called Ewenchu, while the others lower themselves down the cliff face: the only known entrance to the sorcerer's lair is through a cave mouth halfway down the sheer rock face. The minutes drag on, and Ewenchu annoys you by his habit of noisily scratching his armpits. You begin to worry at what may have befallen your comrades; then you notice a flock of birds rising from the ground behind a large rock, a short distance down the slope. You wander over to have a look, and find a well-hidden hole leading sharply downwards. If you slither down it to investigate, turn to **16**. If you return to Ewenchu and wait for the bandits' return, turn to **63**.

291

Merzei looks you up and down. 'Flee, O lackey of the forces of tyranny!' Behind him, several desperate-looking peasants heft improvised pole-arms. There's nothing to be gained by fighting these folk, so you leave the village as quickly as you can. Turn to **106**.

292

No sooner have you lain down upon the deck than you fall into a deep sleep. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **152**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **328**.

293

You sip your nurse's comforting drink then slide gently into a restful sleep. Turn to **389**.

294

As you drift down the river, contemplating what lies ahead, a fine mist begins to spill out from the jungle; it hangs above the water and cuts your field of vision to only a few metres. The river narrows, forks then narrows again, until you find yourself in a remote stretch of slow-moving water. Strange plants crowd in on either side, and the gnarled limbs of trees glide in and out of view. The temperature has risen dramatically and the moist, insect-laden air clogs your throat. If you would rather continue on land, turn to **153**. If not, turn to **131**

295

Your foot snags in a crater and you tumble forward, grazing your elbows badly. But behind you a dazzling flash of colour bursts from the place where you tripped. Relieved, you scramble the remaining distance to the safety of the far door arch. Turn to **50**.

296

'You must return the Sitting Prophet to its worshippers at once!' he wails, shaking his head in dismay. 'Go now, and hope that the damage done can be repaired.' With a final shake of his head he disappears back into his cave. If you obediently begin the long journey back with the Prophet, turn to **362**. If you abandon it where it is, turn to **222**.

297

Much to the amazement of the soldiers, you produce the plans you stole from the envoy: they show Feior's plans of attack, including a number of clever ambushes. Together with the other officers, you scour them for a weakness. There is one: if you can reach the village's central tower and hold it, Feior's men will be forced out into the open, where your archers and cavalry will be able to bear down on them. It is your only hope, and you must try it. If you used your powers on Credas, turn to **386** Otherwise, turn to **73**.

298

A scene of devastation awaits you when you emerge from the burrows. Flaming gouts leap from the tentacles of a fiery creature – an Elemental of some kind – incinerating all they touch. You flee, your breath rasping hard in your chest. Velkos is just ahead of you when a bolt strikes her in the back; in an instant nothing is left of her but ash. Just as you think you have evaded danger, a man leaps up before you: he is one of the slave traders, and he grins evilly as he advances on you, wielding a black metal blade.

SLAVE TRADER SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you incur more than 6 points of damage from the trader and are still alive, turn to 381. If you defeat the trader, turn to 139.

299

You pause for thought, then give him your authoritative decision.

'Since when has your horse commanded troops?' he snarls. 'Impostor! You are not Feior!' He whips out a

pair of daggers from his robe and lunges for your throat. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 135. If you are Unlucky, turn to 9.

300

You clamber into the boat and prepare to set out. As you cast off, the bottom of your craft disintegrates. Sinking rapidly, you notice the shards of wood are riddled with thousands of tiny holes. Something in the jungle has feasted at your expense. You are stranded, with no means of escape, doomed to roam the jungle until death finds you and sends you once more into the blackness from which you emerged . . .

301

You try in vain to find an alternative exit. A large pile of books has been piled against one wall, and you knock them over, revealing a framed picture of a gaudily dressed man. You move closer and peer at his enigmatic features; his lips are curled into a wry smile, and his mischievous-looking eyes stare back at you intently. You turn away and start towards the door.

'Children like you should be tucked up in bed!'

You spin around and stare in amazement at the picture. The man's expression has changed, and his hood now sits on his head. If you back away from the picture and climb on to the window-ledge, turn to 344. If you lift the picture to see whether anyone is hiding behind it, turn to 133.

302

Merzei waits in vain for people to come forward, and some of the drinkers begin to chuckle. 'What did I expect from scoundrels?' he shouts. 'Courage? Well, you've had your chance to repent. Now prepare to pay for your crimes.' He reaches into his pockets and pulls out two shrivelled figures, which he tosses into the water. They land with a splash and float there harmlessly. By now everyone is laughing – all except Merzei. He takes a small bottle from a breast pocket and flings it into the pool: it sends up a shower of sparks as it sinks, and the water begins to bubble and churn furiously, throwing up vivid colours. Caught up in the ferment, the tiny figures begin to expand rapidly in size, until they reach their full height of over two metres. Just past them, you can see six burly men rushing for Merzei, who stands, arms akimbo and with a confident smile on his face. Turn to **149**.

303

You dive through the opening in a single fluid motion. As you roll down a short flight of steps, a gout of dust is forced out of the hole. There is a distant roar of collapsing masonry, then the hanging cloud of dust is sucked violently back into the depths, tugging at your clothes as it retreats. You have escaped. Turn to **242**.

304

As you charge towards the village and into the heart of battle, the flying Sturramak spots your fresh

assault. It swoops towards you, releasing a fiery bolt of energy which smashes into the peasants, instantly disintegrating those it hits. The beast nears, and you watch in horror as it releases hundreds of squirming, leech-like creatures from its underbelly. You are caught in the shower of death. Your adventure ends here.

305

At your approach the three bandits run off; Velkos thanks you for your timely intervention. Together, you follow the trail down from the mountains into lusher lowlands. Turn to **215**.

306

A low humming fills the air but from your prone position you can see nothing. The drone grows louder until it is directly above you. Feeling a light touch on your back, you twist around to look up.

High above you hovers an immense Dragonfly. Its diaphanous wings beat furiously, and from its magnificently coloured abdomen trails a thick silken cord. Arrows fly past, missing it by inches, but the beast refuses to depart. If you seize the creature's thread before it flies away, turn to **108**. If you would rather stay in the shelter of the boat, turn to **231**.

307

A premonition of danger deters you from drinking too much. The others jeer at you for what they see as faint-heartedness, but you are adamant; a sixth sense warns you to rely on unknown instincts you

have never considered before. While they drink themselves into a jolly stupor, discussing tomorrow's raid on a sorcerer's lair, you sit upright, alert to any possible threat. Sevmiroda scorns you for your abstinence and tells you that you'll lose the glory of being in the vanguard of the raid. If you bear the bandit tattoo, turn to **230**. Otherwise, turn to **89**.

308

Tremors wrack your body; you are tired, and a second Lock spell requires much energy. The pulsating globe you create this time is less bright; Feior's spell has reached you by the time you unleash it at him. He is still bathed in a purple glow, and as your body contorts and mutates you see your spell evaporate harmlessly against his warding. Before you can control the mutations which convulse you, your mind is wrenched from your body. The thing which quivers and gurgles on the mountaintop is no longer you.

309

You roll it away from the wall and brush off the accumulated dust. It seems quite light, so you pick it up to examine it more closely. No sooner have you raised it than it twitches wildly. You fumble for a moment, then throw it to the ground. As it lands, there is a hollow pop and the wicker snaps open. A dense cloud explodes from it, a cloud of fire and wings and dark, furry bodies. Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **260**. If the result is greater than your SKILL, turn to **177**.

310

The figure that steps from the carriage is dressed in military robes of deepest vermilion. He turns to his driver and snaps, 'Fool! Why do you wake me? Do you think I would wish to speak to this filthy peasant?' The driver cowers away from his master, stammering and pointing at you The soldier turns to you and shouts, 'Be off before I take my sword to yo –' He gasps and bows. 'Forgive me, Your Highness . . . Commander Tamroth at your service . . . I had no idea that you had left Traole so soon. Were you captured? Where are your guardsmen?'

You must think quickly. If you attempt to bluff him, turn to **81**. If you explain that he has mistaken you for someone else, turn to **278**.

311

The clash of armies is like a wave breaking against a rocky shore. Your force is outnumbered, four to one, and you quickly find yourself engulfed in desperate hand-to-hand fighting with men-at-arms. Even with the powers at your disposal, you cannot prevail against so many adversaries. Bloodied and tattered, Nikko slashes his way through the ranks which surround you. 'You've betrayed us!' he bellows. 'But you'll pay for your treachery!' He charges at you, lunging with his double-handed sword and pinning you through the vitals. Before your life seeps away, you bring down a jarring blow on his skull. He dies before you.

312

A dark form rears up ahead of you, and you flinch. Then Velkos's voice hisses urgently at you to follow her, as she has found a possible way out of the burrows. If you tell her about the gems you have found, turn to **82**. If you keep quiet about them, turn to **192**.

313

You speak the word. A prickly heat rises up through your skin. Pressure begins to build in your lungs, and you tremble as the power builds. The bathers watch you grasp at your throat, your face reddening. In desperation you thump your chest with both fists. The blows finally dislodge a flaming bolt from within you. The flames fly from your mouth towards the bathers, who instinctively duck under the surface of the water. You collapse, exhausted, and watch the fireball extinguish itself in the pool. The angry patrons surface and swarm out of the water towards you. Unable to lift your arms in defence, you can only cry out as their blows rain down on you. Your adventure ends here.

314

Before the Sturramak can strike you with its fiery breath you leap on the horse of an unfortunate cavalryman. You spur it past a company of archers, yelling a warning. The Sturramak turns its attention to them, just as you spot a lone rider fleeing up the mountainside. Something about him is familiar and draws you to him: it is your brother, Feior, fleeing from battle. Roll three dice. If the result is less than or equal to your STAMINA, turn to **233**. If the result is greater than your STAMINA, turn to **129**.

315

The morbid glyphs on your tomb exert a strange fascination. Without thinking, you begin to trace the rough contours of these symbols. With the numbness gone, you pick up the faintest tremor: there is meaning and energy in the glyphs, but despite their familiarity you cannot unlock these forces. Reluctantly you draw your hand away from the stone face and turn around. You meet the reverent gazes of a hundred robed figures. The chamber is filled with a silent retinue. At their head a hawk-nosed man fixes you with a penetrating stare. He opens his mouth to speak.

You stagger as the chamber shakes. Chips of rock rain down and you cower from them, shielding your face. There is a popping in your ears and a dull ache builds in your temples. When you look up, you are alone once more. The chamber shakes again and at your feet a crack in the marble begins to widen. You dodge fist-sized chunks of stone as they crash to the ground. Pressure grips you; breathing becomes hard and your heart beats wildly. If you jump back into your sarcophagus, turn to **249**. If you flee the chamber, turn to **367**.

316

Unfortunately, the vine you leap for cannot support your weight. You plummet to the jungle floor, landing heavily (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). However, the bruises you now carry are bearable when you think of the fate you have escaped from. Looking back up into the leafy canopy, you watch the loathsome creature move off, trailing its sticky tendrils. If you limp on through the forbidding jungle, turn to **38**. If you retrace your steps to the boat, turn to **171**.

317

You slip between the trees and strain your ears for any sound from up ahead. After a few minutes you hear the thud of heavy boots on the soft, pine-needle-covered ground. You conceal yourself behind a large tree trunk and watch as a heavily armoured man staggers past, clutching his helmet in both hands. The helm seems to be badly dented and, judging by the way the man keeps bumping into trees, he can't see very well. If you run out and attack him, turn to **21**. If you wait till he has passed, and then continue into the wood, turn to **180**.

318

You prise the bar free and kick the shutters open. Dawn is breaking and beyond the harbour walls you see the lights from a multitude of boats; they are all magnificently decorated with colourful flags. High above them, burning like fireflies in the mist, are three glowing spheres. Splashes of coloured light spark from them as they move towards the city, skimming across the water. Delighted, you stand transfixed. The first bolt of colour approaches the city wall, and it is then you notice that a great many of your father's soldiers have collected along the ramparts. They too stand silent, fascinated by the

display. The bolt smashes into the wall, obliterating it completely and sending a shock-wave that blows you backwards into the bedroom. Terrified, you close the shutters and climb back into bed, hoping the screams and shouts will go away. If you try to block out the din with your pillow and go to sleep, turn to **389**. If you go looking for help or comfort, turn to **151**.

319

You snatch the box from the merchant's quivering hands. It is intricately bejewelled and is opened by a tiny clasp, which you unfasten with ease. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **201**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **23**

320

Merzei takes a step back and looks at you as if you are mad Then he steps forward until his pasty face is close to yours. 'Never, corrupter of the righteous!' he hisses Strong hands grip you round the throat. You flail helplessly but can do nothing to prevent the life being choked out of you.

321

Hefting the white warrior's shield above your head, you weave your way across the room to the opening on the other side. Metres from safety, you are knocked flat when a globule explodes on your shield. You fling it aside and watch it being consumed by flames of many colours. Cross the shield off your Equipment List. Choking on the sharp

smoke, you reach the safety of the door arch. Roll one die, add 6, and enter the result in the LUCK box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Then turn to **50**.

322

You manage to weaken the beast's hold by twisting and punching its warty talons As it loses height, you break free and plunge into the forest below. The trees' soft canopy gives way to a dense tangle of thick branches, which you grasp at vainly as you plummet to your death. Your adventure ends here.

323

Horribly injured, the mighty creature rises into the air with a majestic swish of its feathered wings. You take advantage of the moment to flee. Then you spot a lone rider galloping up the mountainside. Something about him is familiar, drawing you to him. It is your brother, Feior, fleeing from battle. Roll three dice. If the result is less than or equal to your STAMINA, turn to **233**. If the result is greater than your STAMINA, turn to **129**.

324

You walk back up the bank, slip into the water, and push out for the opposite side. The current is strong and carries you swiftly down towards the boat. You grab its side and begin to haul yourself up into the craft. Sprawled across the boards are the horrific remains of its owner. Barely able to set eyes on the bloody mess, you kick the corpse into the river. Hurriedly, you push out and steer downriver, struggling against the cross-currents and floating vegetation.

A faint rushing sound comes from ahead, and you brace yourself for rapids. Sure enough, you see a torrent of water rising up in the distance. As you approach, you can make out the writhing forms of thousands of thick, grey eels. If you have the Chang whistle and wish to use it, turn to **273**. Otherwise, turn to **199**.

325

As you rest, you decide to check through your possessions. You are surprised to discover a brooch in a small pocket of your robe. It is carved with glyphs which remind you of your dream-like emergence from your tomb. There is a little clasp on the brooch. If you open it now, note down the number '152' and turn to **343**. Otherwise, note down the number '343' next to the brooch on your *Adventure Sheet*. At any time, provided you are not involved in combat, you may open the brooch. Note down the number of the paragraph you are at, then turn to **343**. Now turn to **37**.

326

Credas traces a symbol in the air, and moments later you are aware of the symbol hanging before your eyes. You feel the blood pumping through your arteries, the sinews tensing and relaxing, your mind's unconscious orders to your body speeding their way along conduits too narrow to imagine. You sense Credas's command to the bandits, and feel a part of it. Silently they turn and make their way out of Credas's retreat.

You shake your head. You are back to normal once more.

Credas speaks. 'If I am to help you, you must perform a task for me. Fetch the Sitting Prophet from the midst of the Zushan Jungle, to the south of here.' He passes you a small jar of sharp-smelling orange syrup. 'This will sustain you in times of need.' Then he leads you down a long tunnel and out by a hidden exit under a rotting tree stump. He bids you an abrupt farewell and disappears back down the tunnel, leaving you wondering if this was all a dream. If you make your way south, turn to **240**. If you abandon your task and head for the nearest settlement, turn to **29**.

327

Test your Luck If you are Lucky, turn to **314**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **111**.

328

You wake up, much refreshed, to the welcome sight of cliffs ahead. Velkos makes preparations to land. Turn to **45**.

329

It is a long trudge. Finally you make your weary way up the hill to Credas's cavernous retreat. The Sitting Prophet is still where you left it and Credas is waiting for you. 'I was mistaken,' he says. 'Events move in the world. Malignant forces return to play the eternal game.' Turn to **176**.

330

The fighter puts up little resistance as you untie his bonds. Once free, he removes the scroll from his mouth and curses. 'How in the name of Quel Damoth and all her sisters did that wretch get the better of me!' He stamps out of the gorse, ignoring the pain the thistles must be causing him, and picks up his clothes. 'Eat my words, indeed! Hah!' He

scowls at you and shouts, 'Would you laugh at me, clown?' He makes as if to strike you but then hesitates, finally deciding to leave you alone. You watch as he limps off towards the village, muttering. You follow him. Turn to **263**.

331

As his eyes alight on the spiked club you are carrying, the little man grins. 'Excellent. You have dealt with the other. The cause grows ever stronger, though I confess I do not recall seeing you at any of my rallies. You had better have one of my tracts.' He rummages in a bulging leather sack lying to one side and produces a scroll, which he tosses to you. Then he holds his fist in the air. 'Down with the Tyrant! Up with the Council!' he declaims and hurries off.

You examine the scroll he has given you, only to find that you are unable to read the squiggles which cover it. Pausing only to kick the brigand as he groans his way back to consciousness, you make your way out of the wood. Turn to **239**.

332

Your brother's reserves of power are no match for yours. Without even having to prepare a spell, a silvery missile shoots from your outstretched hand. As it flies towards Feior, it expands until it resembles a huge silver flower, which envelops its victim. Feior screams weakly as the shining folds compress him gently, slowly squeezing the life out of him. Smaller and smaller the fatal parcel becomes, until all that is left is a small silvery coin. You pick it up: on one side, Feior's screaming face is embossed; on the other, he smiles confidently, a crown upon his head. You smile wryly. If you flip the coin nonchalantly, turn to **179**. If you simply climb back down, turn to **219**.

333

You open the clasp on the brooch and call your plaything's name. A vaporous being shoots out and circles above you, calling out, 'Maior,' as it darts about. You point at the advancing men and order it to attack. With a gleeful yelp, Izkhao thunders into your assailants, causing them to topple back into the pool with a splash. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **251**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **53**.

334

Beyond the wax seal you find yourself in darkness. The pain in your temples recedes, and you pause briefly to catch your breath. Tentatively you edge forward, arms outstretched. Just as your eyes begin to accustom themselves, a brilliant flare of colour bursts from the blackness. It dies away, but in the fading light you can see that the rough floor is pockmarked. An acrid smell reaches your nostrils as the glow dissipates. If you press on into the darkness, turn to **254**. If you wait by the entrance, turn to **18**.

335

You climb high into the hills, to a point where you can see the king's troops advancing into battle. They are consumed by the tide of dark figures that spill into the valley beneath you. Not a single man of Poo Ta's forces emerges from the horde; Feior's army is totally victorious. The dark child has returned to claim his inheritance. You survive for a few days, camped out in the hills, until his men track you down and slaughter you. Your adventure ends here.

336

You accompany the outlaws to the stump of a huge tree, within which they hide the sacks of treasure they have captured. Then they decide to visit the nearby village. You have nearly reached the buildings when you are overtaken by a fat fellow, bouncing up and down on the back of a donkey. The outlaws nod at him, and nudge you meaningfully. It's clear they want you to tackle and rob him. If you sidle up to the merchant and tell him to hand over his valuables, turn to **95**. If you refuse to rob him, turn to **12**.

337

Tears stream down your face, but you cover your nose and mouth before the powder can do its worst. Amazed at your resilience against their bombs, the savages panic. Only the two strongest stay and fight. They are upon you instantly.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First JUNGLE MAN	5	7
Second JUNGLE MAN	6	6

You must fight them both at the same time. Each round you must choose which one you will attack, and roll dice as normal for yourself and your opponent. You should also roll at the same time against the other savage. Whereas he will wound you if his Attack Strength is the greater, you will not cause

him any damage if your Attack Strength is greater – you will merely parry his blow. If you win, turn to 257.

338

You flip open your brooch and call the name of Izkhao. The bald-headed magical creature emerges and grins at you wickedly. Then he tugs at your hand, pulling you through the choking smoke, straight towards the dark tunnel exit. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 115. If you are Unlucky, turn to 99.

339

'Such a pity,' says Feior, 'for I really can't let you wander around if you aren't prepared to take sides with me.' He clicks his fingers, and a squad of dour warriors in black lacquered armour approach.

You steel yourself to go down fighting and stand, ready, on the cart beside the Sitting Prophet. The soldiers approach, brandishing spiked axes. Suddenly you realize that you can no longer see your brother. You whirl around: he stands behind you, his face red, his eyes aglow. He beats his chest and a gout of energy bursts forth. You are incinerated instantly.

340

The wind is a wall, and you have just been flung into it. You see a whirl of blue, white and brown, and then you are dropping, spinning and twisting wildly in the air. The water rushes up towards you. Its surface feels as hard as granite as you hit it, and pain shoots through your back. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Then you are thrashing around wildly under the water. You gulp in water, but break the surface before it reaches your lungs. Gasping and spluttering, you start to swim towards the coast. Turn to 78.

341

No amount of chipping and scraping will serve to free them A noxious smell suddenly pervades the air. You spin around to face a small, hooded man, dressed in a filthy robe. The two peasants are terrified into silence and shake visibly. The air round you is redolent of the stench of decay. As you start towards the repulsive figure, he raises his gnarled stick Turn to **128**.

342

The monk's voice is gentle as he asks you how he may help you You explain that a great evil is scourging the land, and beg his assistance

He sucks in his breath and confers briefly with his companion. 'A mighty trial faces you We may not leave this monastery, but we can be of assistance to you and help you on your path towards perfection.' He gestures with his hand, and a small jade plaque appears in it. This he passes to you. 'If ever you face the trial of combat, this talisman will give you the power to prevail against what is base and human '

Note down the Jade Talisman on your *Adventure Sheet*, along with the number '237'. If at any time when you are in combat you wish to use it, make a note of the number of the paragraph you are at, then turn to **237**.

While the Talisman may be of some use, you still need soldiers to fight in the looming battle. You trudge down from the monastery by the way you came. Turn to **106**.

343

You prise open the brooch and find yourself staring at a grinning face: it looks like that of a malevolent baby and, as you watch, it winks. There is a crackle, a sharp tang of ozone . . . and the grinning face sits before you, attached to a small, smooth body. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **277**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **6**.

344

You inch your way across the ledge and climb in through the neighbouring window. The room is tiny, and the dark tapestries that drape its walls add to its air of mystery. The only door is locked, and you slump against it, exhausted and afraid. In the middle of the room sits a small table, covered by a large velvet sheet, and this you pull away, revealing a small glass sphere which has been set into the centre of the table. A dingy green glow radiates from it, and you gaze deep into it. At first your view is obscured by swirling mists; then they clear to reveal a lone figure standing on a pinnacle of rock. A thick black cloud floats in front of the figure, forming and re-forming, first into a crude face, then into a twisting vortex. As you watch, thoughts of your nightmare rush back into your head. Both figures are familiar, and your mind struggles to name them. Then, from behind the figure, a winged beast shoots into view. The dragon-like creature heads straight for the figure, spitting fire. They seem unaware of the danger and, as the view shifts, you finally glimpse their features. They are your own! The beast is nearly upon them. You must decide Will you:

Shout a warning to the figure?	Turn to **373**
Wait to see what happens?	Turn to **282**
Smash the globe?	Turn to **400**

345

'Ha!' cries the leader, 'Then you won't mind parting with your wares!' You are seized from behind and a sword is held at your throat as the bandits take all your gear. Cross every item off your Equipment List. The outlaws tie your hands, blindfold you, and lead you some distance before abandoning you. It takes you several hours to free yourself. Turn to **19**.

346

Far off in the distance, beyond a small village in the middle of the valley, you espy Feior's army. It is awesome in size, making your forces look pitifully inadequate. Your fellow officers are shocked into silence, and the troops verge on panic. Then you observe another body of men advancing towards you from the hills in the east. Taking up a spyglass, you see an army of peasants, brandishing improvised weapons, and at its head the familiar figure of Merzei. He calls his people to a halt and waves to you, smiling. With these extra troops, hope returns and you resume planning your attack. If you have the Battleplans, turn to **297**. Otherwise, turn to **100**.

347

You return the white warrior's gesture and courteously ask him his name. But there is no response; the figure remains motionless, poised in mid-bow. Despite the growing pain in your temples, you are bathed in a feeling of security, an awareness that you have known and respected this man in the past . . . But he is lost to you now. Nausea rises up

through your gorge and takes you by the ears. You hurry away from the warrior, through the ranks of his army, to the far end of the chamber. Turn to **113**.

348

You take hold of a pipe and nod to the barman to pump your drink through. A bolt of ale gushes into your mouth, where it stays for barely a moment. The inside of your mouth is on fire, and you quickly spit the liquid back out into the bath. The bitter taste of the ale refuses to leave you and you vow never to touch the stuff again.

Suddenly, the tavern door bursts open. Turn to **52**.

349

For several days you scour the land, hunting out the traces of bandits. You get information from peasants by posing as a government official; but each time you think you have cornered a band they melt away into the countryside. Finally you hit upon the plan of posing as a merchant. Travelling down a well-worn path among closely spaced trees, you are accosted by a gang of brigands, who demand your money. You fling aside your disguise, and try to persuade them to join your cause. No sooner have they seen your face, however, than they take to their heels between the trees.

Recruiting bandits seems to be a dead end. On your travels through the villages you have heard the rumour that the king has sent an army to face Feior in battle, though it is said that the royal forces are far

outnumbered by the mercenaries, foreigners and creatures of ill-omen that have flocked to Feior's banner. Events are moving on apace, while you have achieved nothing. You should now choose an option that you have not already chosen. Will you:

Look for mercenaries to recruit?	Turn to **191**
Try to find Merzei (if you recognize the name)?	Turn to **279**
Try to find the king's army?	Turn to **216**
Scour the countryside for some other possibility?	Turn to **261**

350

You leap from the cart and set off, back the way you came. Although there are horsemen among their ranks, none pursue you. Marching rapidly, you soon lose sight of the army. Turn to **29**.

351

You step gingerly up to the object and reach out to touch it. If you bear multicoloured scales, turn to **194**. Otherwise, turn to **24**

352

As you walk, the land rises around you, and the foliage thins till only hardy grasses cling to the dark rock Velkos begins to talk of a trove of gemstones that is said to be hidden in a cavern among these hills. A dark opening gapes at you from beside a rock, off to one side. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **256**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **130**.

353

The patterns dance delicately in the air about you, and calmness washes over you. You are hardly aware of Feior until he unleashes a furious bolt of energy, which streaks towards you, singeing the very air as it passes. You meet your fate with serenity. The bolt destroys you instantly.

354

You sprint down the slope, bolts flashing around you. You see several others reduced to ashes A searing flame shoots through your side and you crash to the ground Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. When you recover consciousness there is no one about, so you hurry down the hillside. Turn to **67**.

355

You are soon stopped by sentries, who send for an officer to interrogate you. A proud warrior in beautifully lacquered armour and a plumed helmet strides arrogantly up to you and demands to know your business. If you are at the head of Merzei's peasant army, turn to **155**. Otherwise, turn to **208**.

356

Sevmiroda listens with surprising sympathy. 'We can't afford to have someone with us who's lost their nerve,' he says. 'Don't think you can shop us to the authorities or dip your fingers into our treasure trove – we'll be moving our store soon.' If you have a haversack and a greatsword, the outlaws take these from you (cross them off your Equipment List). Then they head into town, so you think it prudent to travel in the opposite direction. Turn to **19**.

357

Add 12 to the number you rolled and write the result in the STAMINA box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Then turn to **30**.

358

The beast carries you high above the forest towards a large clearing; it hovers above a wide pit which has been dug at its centre. The crater measures at least twenty metres in circumference; a huge mound of rubbish lies within it: animal bones, furniture, cartwheels, grain sacks, rotting food and other indescribable substances are all mixed together in this noxious stew. The smell is overpowering; flies mass in thick clouds above it. The creature releases its grip, and you drop, feet first, into the stinking morass. You emerge from the pit gasping, trying to beat off dozens of purple leeches that cling to your clothes. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and turn to **85**.

359

Panurge grasps your arm tightly and leads you back up the stairs. Ignoring your cries, he mumbles a word to himself. He waves his free hand over your face . . . Turn to **389**.

360

You back away, across the chamber, keeping your eyes on the silver-furred creature. It seems just as wary of you, and cowers behind the body. The other sarcophagus is covered with the same strange hieroglyphs as those which adorn your tomb. It too has lost its lid, and shattered fragments litter its interior. Though empty, the tomb exudes the same warmth as your own. Another wave of panic floods over you. If you make your way out of the chamber without delay, turn to **217**. If you go to take a closer look at the corpse, turn to **142**.

361

The road begins to widen. Up ahead, smoke rises from a small settlement. After a few minutes' walk, you come across a discarded bundle of clothing which lies strewn across the road. The garments are cut from supple leather, stained a deep black, and

inset with strange emblems which tease your memory. If you search about for their owner, turn to **141** Otherwise, you continue east towards the village. Turn to **263**.

362

You have to find another cart to help transport the statue back to the jungle, but you don't relish the river journey. As the statue trundles on its way, you start to wonder how on earth you are going to return it to the Kreehuls. It was dangerous enough bringing it here in the first place. Is this Credas a madman? Why did you ever trust him in the first place, and go on his foolish mission?

The first two days' trek takes you down among the rice paddies. While you are pausing for rest, a palanquin borne by sweating youths pulls up near by. Out steps a gaudily dressed man, plainly a merchant 'That item is very marketable, honoured traveller,' he says. 'I will offer you the sum of 1,000 gold pieces for it.'

If you accept the man's offer, turn to **80**. If you refuse, turn to **287**.

363

You follow the path as it weaves to and fro among the trees. After a little while there is a crashing sound from up ahead. An armoured figure, its hands clutched to its head, races round the corner. You have the presence of mind to dodge to one side and stick out your leg. The fellow crashes to the

ground with a roar, but quickly leaps to his feet and starts to swing wildly with a spiked club. You see that his helmet has been crushed down over his eyes, so he can't see. He is still dangerous, though.

BLINDED BANDIT SKILL 4 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the bandit, turn to **387**.

364

A miracle! Just when you needed one last surge of strength, a battalion of heavily armoured men bursts from the southern forest and charges towards you. As they near, you recognize them as the mercenaries you hired earlier. Shouting for joy, you wave at them as they approach, gesturing them towards the weakest line of your defence. Swords raised, they thunder towards you They do not stop, however, and you fall beneath their pounding hoofs. Bloodied and broken, you look up to see the traitorous soldiers cutting down your own troops Blackness descends. Your adventure ends here.

365

You manage to restrain yourself from looking up into the tree where Velkos hides, and face the bandit leader. Turn to **267**.

366

A few metres ahead of you, sitting amid the vines and creepers, you confront an imposing statue. The idol's hands are clasped above its head, and its face wears an expression of deep serenity. Judging from its size, you estimate it to be the work of many hands. As you approach it, a thousand pairs of emerald eyes flick open around you, peppering the darkness. From out of the shadows and beneath the water emerge strange, semi-human figures. Distended eyes sit proud of their flat faces, and spindly limbs support their large, warty heads. You near the statue. The massed Kreehuls move closer and emit deafening croaks from their fleshy throat-sacs. Will you:

Examine the statue?	Turn to **13**
Seek aid from Izkhao?	Turn to **66**
Name Biantai?	Turn to **96**
Call Tiaohe?	Turn to **193**
Summon Shangsuo?	Turn to **124**
Call Baopo?	Turn to **235**

367

The terrible pressure on your head threatens to engulf you as you force your way out of the chamber, barely able to keep your eyes open. You pass through a small opening and the pressure eases, but you stagger on. You crash into something hard and clutch your knee in pain. Your sight returns in time for you to see a smooth, white, human figure toppling over. It hits the ground and cracks open like a

hollow eggshell. A skull rolls out of it and away into the chamber. You look up. Turn to **156**.

368

Your stomach churns with the effort of the spell; a purplish glow surrounds you, the only outward sign of your attempt to warp the fabric of the universe. You stretch out your arms to Feior, and the purple cloud oozes sluggishly towards him, taking on the shapes of fearful, half-glimpsed creatures as it goes.

Feior looses his blast when the cloud you have generated has covered half the distance between you. A bolt of sizzling energy slices through the purple glow as if it wasn't there and streaks towards you. You have no time to prepare a second defence.

369

Velkos shoots you a glance of pure hatred. 'He lies!' she shouts. 'I demand the right of satisfaction!'

Several outlaws grin at this, and the leader turns to you. 'Will you fight Velkos to decide the truth of the matter?' he asks. If you will, turn to **109**. If you refuse, turn to **84**.

370

You hand over the money and Nikko asks you when and where his men will be needed. If you tell him to accompany you straight away, turn to **68**. If you wish to do more recruiting, and arrange to rendezvous with him in a week's time, turn to **106**.

371

Realizing the danger you are in, you kick back towards the rope. Before you can reach it, you are borne up by a swell of water. It dashes you forward and up the chute. You are tossed up through the manhole amid a spout of water, landing wet, battered and bedraggled – but safe. Lose 1 point from your STAMINA and turn to **97**.

372

You dare not run, lest you bump into something in the dim light. You hurry along the passageway, then stop abruptly as a dark form rears up in front of you.

'Quick, the Thaaza smoke is near!' Velkos's voice urges you on. She grabs your arm and drags you down another tunnel. A screeching noise echoes down the tunnels, and after a while you pass a side-tunnel from which issue pitiful, half-human screams. As you pause at the tunnel mouth, Velkos grabs you roughly. 'It's just some Cressent young,' she hisses. 'Leave them for the traders.'

If you follow Velkos, turn to **298**. If you go down the side-tunnel, turn to **8**.

373

You scream a warning into the globe. Your voice seems to echo back at you from its polished surface and reverberates in the small room, causing your ears to ring painfully.

Hands grip you firmly and drag you, screaming, out of the chamber. 'Quiet now, child,' whispers Panurge, the King's Priest, 'you are coming with me.' He mumbles a word and touches your temple . . . Turn to **389**.

374

You unravel the whistle's string and try vainly to whirl it around from your lying position. Finding this impossible, you sit up and manage to sound the note. An arrow thuds into your arm, forcing you back down (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). Turn to **231**.

375

Despite your strange appearance, the travellers honour the code of the road and offer you a place by the fire and some food. As you settle down and warm your feet, you hear talk of the war that is raging throughout the island. You learn of the young king and his fight against an ancient menace from across the sea. These hardy folk have learnt enough to keep well away from the fighting and laugh at the villagers' attempts to defend themselves. Recover up to 4 points of STAMINA (remember, it may not exceed its *Initial* value) and turn to **197**.

376

Izkhao appears out of thin air – but, upon seeing the creature, his features crease with consternation. He launches himself into the fray with a keening moan. Seconds later, there is a blinding flash of light and your ears are stinging as if from a sound so loud you couldn't hear it. The Polybleb is gone – but so is Izkhao. In your hand is a pool of silvery liquid – all that remains of the brooch. Cross the brooch off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **245**.

377

You set out into the countryside, wondering how you should go about your task. The air feels remarkably humid, and you break into a sweat. Pausing for rest, you find that you are shaking all over. The shaking worsens and is followed by dizziness and nausea. You retch, then clutch at your chest, where a throbbing pain is spreading.

You die alone, in unfamiliar countryside, from an unknown disease. Your shallow grave is unmarked.

378

You merrily knock back several horns full of the foaming rice beer. After the first couple it begins to taste almost palatable. The bandits discuss tomorrow's raid, which is to be on a sorcerer, a hermit whose retreat is said to contain many precious magical artifacts. Do you bear a bandit tattoo? If you do, turn to **196**. If not, turn to **275**.

379

You are close to the seaward-facing part of the city when you catch sight of a sudden spout of water among the ruins. As you make your way over to it, it spurts again, showering you with salty spray. The source of the geyser is man-made: a circular stone-clad hole at the bottom of which you can hear the echoing roar of the sea. By the side of the manhole lies a metal grating, to which a tightly woven rope is tied. Wet clothing is strewn about the place.

You deduce that the water spouts at regular intervals as rogue waves pound into a sea cave below and force their way up. You peer into the thundering depths.

'Rats, rats, always the last to leave a sinking ship!' The voice is behind you. You turn. A magnificent horse rears up, a multicoloured rider looking down at you from its back. 'But there's plenty of room here to play – why leave?' it whines in shifting tones. But the rider remains silent, for the words come from the mouth of the beast. With a parting swish of its silvery tail, it canters away. Will you:

Chase after it?	Turn to **97**
Climb down the shaft, using the rope for security?	Turn to **288**
Make for the sea walls?	Turn to **10**

380

A gentle heat pricks the tips of your fingers, and a scintillating ball forms there. Feior looses a gout

of cascading flame, which streaks towards you. Almost casually, you gesture with a finger, and your spell flies to meet it. They collide, and the disruption solidifies, then is blown away in the wind like streamers of fine rice paper. Feior screeches in anguish then raises his arms once more. Even at this distance, you can see his face contorting with the effort, and two pulsating globes of purple begin to form around his hands. Which spell do you use in this clash:

Baopo?	Turn to **57**
Tiaohe?	Turn to **276**
Biantai?	Turn to **140**
Shangsuo?	Turn to **308**

381

A leaden weight settles about your body. The trader's blade carried contact poison! Lose 1 point from your SKILL. You collapse, unconscious.

When you reawaken, all your joints ache. Your wrists are tied with thick leather thongs, and all your possessions have been taken. You are crammed into a wooden cage among the tumbledown buildings of some squalid town. Staring down at you is a sallow-faced man wearing a gaudy hat; obviously he is the slave master. If you demand to be released, turn to **167**. If you wait till nightfall before attempting to escape, turn to **58**.

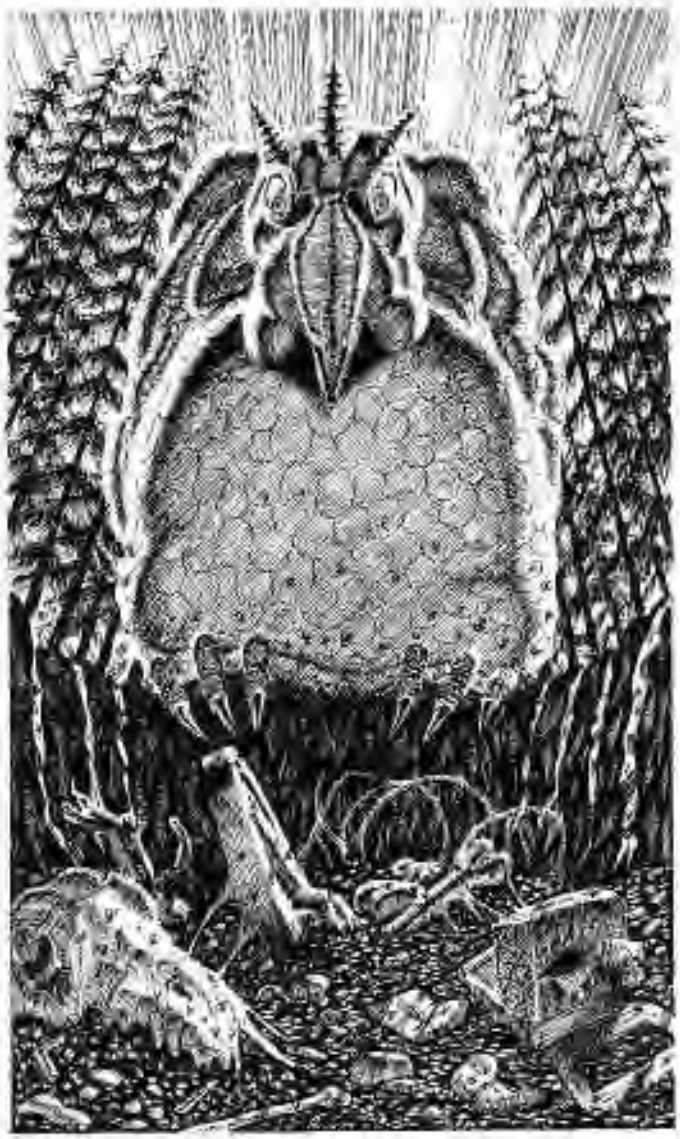

382

The forest opens out into a clearing. A shallow pit, more than twenty metres in circumference, has been dug at its centre. A huge mound of rubbish lies here: animal bones, furniture, cartwheels, grain sacks, rotting food and other indescribable substances are mixed all together in this noxious brew. The smell is overpowering; thick clouds of flies mass above it. Hovering high above the pit is an enormous beast. Its stomach is so bloated that it resembles an inflated balloon, while its head and claws appear to be those of a ridiculously warped fowl. Its thick, blubbery folds of skin quiver madly as it pounds with its wings in order to stay aloft. It swoops to attack. You have no option but to fight.

SHAEL-BEAST SKILL 6 STAMINA 14

Don't forget, if you do not have your sword you must fight with your SKILL temporarily reduced by 4 points. If you defeat the creature, turn to **218**.

383

Merzei sends out his most trusted lieutenants to rouse the peasants in other villages You both spend the next few days travelling up and down the countryside, your ranks swelling at every rally. Every moment of your waking hours is spent organizing, equipping and planning. Finally, after weeks of labour, the army is assembled and ready to march. Turn to **216**.

384

The woman frowns suspiciously and casts a searching gaze over you. If you have a greatsword, a haversack or a silvery wound, turn to **103**. If not, turn to **172**.

385

One of the bandits manages to evade your strike and wrap his arms round your neck. You feel his mutated flesh begin to fuse with your own, and then the other bandits are upon you, tearing and rending and chopping. Your adventure is over.

386

As you charge towards the village and into the heart of battle, an enormous, dragon-like beast takes to the air behind Feior's lines. It swoops towards you, releasing a fiery bolt of energy which smashes into your troops, instantly disintegrating those it hits. The beast nears, and you watch in horror as it releases hundreds of squirming, leech-like creatures from its underbelly on to the people below. You turn your gaze towards the village's river and spy the golden figure of the Sitting Prophet as he wades into battle, leading a mass of screeching Kreehuls. Credas has returned with his force! The swamp beings spill out on to the banks and attack Feior's men, while their idol waits for the Sturramak to near him. The two magical beings lock in fierce combat, gradually working their way towards the tower. If you have the Soggy Scroll turn to **224**. Otherwise, turn to **11**.

387

Your opponent crumples and falls. He is still alive, but some inner compulsion prevents you from finishing him off. You stoop and pick up his spiked club, to keep it out of harm's way. If you hurry out of the woods now, turn to **239** If you continue to walk among the trees, turn to **180**.

388

The bandit leader's brow creases. 'What kind of person doesn't know what they are?' he asks. He looks you up and down. If you have a silvery wound, turn to **123**. Otherwise you can tell him that you came from an isle over the sea (turn to **168**) or simply explain that you have lost your memory (turn to **225**).

389

Slowly you regain consciousness. As the haze lifts, chanted words drift into your head, growing gradually louder as sight returns. You stare up at a high stone ceiling, which is lit by the flames of a thousand candles. With a great effort you raise your head and meet the reverential gazes of a hundred robed figures. At their head stands your father and his hawk-nosed priest, Panurge. They stare back at you impassively and continue their slow chant. The numbness refuses to leave your limbs and forces your head down on to the pillow. Unable to cry out, you watch as the figures melt into one, and their strange intonation eases you back to sleep . . .

If you have a splinter, turn to **40**. If your ears ring, turn to **71**. Otherwise, turn to **116**.

390

You bound out into the blackness, trying not to stumble on the rough, cratered floor. Roll one die, note down the result and turn to **170**.

391

You produce the jar and notice that the Dragonfly you saw earlier is still hovering high above you. As you remove the lid, you see it fly closer, drawn by the scent of the sticky orange paste inside. An idea blossoms in your mind. Acting quickly, you smear

the bald head of the Prophet with the sweet goo and wait. The Kreehuls again begin to advance, sensing that their sacred idol is in danger. Then suddenly, amid a din of beating wings, the air is filled with Dragonflies. Greedily they bear down on the rich paste, jostling for position and ignoring you completely. As they eat, you gather the ends of their silken threads and tie them securely to the prophet's arms. Gorged on their meal, the insects lift off, only to find the idol attached to them. The Kreehuls croak their battle-cry and attack, sending the Dragonflies into a frenzy The statue shifts. Again it moves, until finally it works free from its muddy seat. You grab the Sitting Prophet's arm as it is carried up and hang on, high above the sea of angry Kreehuls. As you rise slowly out of the clearing and above the green canopy, you can hear their distressed croaking until it is drowned out by the beating of wings. Turn to **206**.

392

The ball bumps into the side of the ship, and another rolls up behind it. You leap across, slashing wildly at the ball, and you feel your blade cutting into a pliant membrane. There is a gust of fetid air, and the ball deflates. From it leaps a form of whirling madness.

MADDENED CRIMINAL SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If you slay the criminal, turn to **34**.

393

You are roughly woken up by the slobbering tongue of a fly-ridden buffalo.

'Better get that thing out of the way,' a voice mumbles from behind the beast. A haggard old fellow of many years peers vaguely down at you. Picking yourself up from the ground, you see that the man and his pudgy wife are sitting on top of a large wagon. If you look them in the eye and order them to help you transport the Sitting Prophet, turn to **48**. If you wait to see what they are going to do, turn to **143**.

394

You are seized from behind and a sword is held at your throat. 'What shall we do with him?' asks Sevmiroda. A woman's voice replies: 'Kill him!' You don't even have time to protest. Your adventure ends here.

395

Three men advance cautiously towards you; having seen their comrades defeated, they are taking no chances. Just before they come within striking range, though, they back off. Too late, you realize they were simply giving others time to load their crossbows. The impact of three bolts flings you to the ground, where you writhe briefly before expiring.

396

Izkhao appears at once. As soon as he sees Feior, his normally jovial face becomes serious. He shoots through the air, grasps your opponent by the heel and drags him back to you, dumping him in an untidy heap at your feet. Feior has finally conquered the Mutation spell, but the effort has left him drained. He is no longer a threat to you; he looks up at you with eyes that you know are just like yours. If you finish him off, turn to **219**. If you spare him, turn to **264**.

397

While the creature babbles, you edge towards it and stretch out your hands. As soon as they touch its flesh, a tingle runs through your fingers You realize that you can sense the magic which caused the creature's state And, more, you can understand that magic. You have acquired the power of Mutation and should write this down on your *Adventure Sheet*, together with the code word: Biantai. Whenever this code word is given as an option, you will know that you can use your power of Mutation.

You are concentrating so hard on your new knowledge that you hardly notice the mutant creature shy away in fright and gallop off. Now you are left with little choice but to head towards the sea. Turn to **175**.

398

You have no chance to act. As soon as you move, the bandits overwhelm you and bring their swords down upon your helpless body. Your adventure ends here.

399

The jungle is thick, and hacking your way through countless vines drains your strength (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You brush aside a thick creeper but find that it sticks to your arm. As you reach out to free it, the vine shoots upwards, taking you with it. By the time you can work your arm free, you are too high to let go You look up and follow the trail of the creeper to its source – the multiple mouths of a bloated Hac-quel-rat. The beast releases a viscous blob from its jaws, which trickles down the vine towards you. Will you:

Try to leap across to a nearby creeper?	Turn to **104**
Summon a word from your memory?	Turn to **5**
Call on Izkhao?	Turn to **248**

400

You grab the edge of the table and heave it over on end, sending the globe crashing to the floor As it explodes, a fragment of glass embeds itself in your cheek As you try to pluck it free, a pair of hands grips you firmly by the shoulders and drags you, screaming, out of the chamber. 'Quiet now, child,' whispers Panurge, the King's Priest. 'You are coming with me.' He mumbles a word and touches your temple . . Turn to **389**.

THE RULES

Skill, Stamina and Luck

On your *Adventure Sheet* there are boxes for you to record your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK. For reasons that will be explained below, these will change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points in the course of your adventure, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions and then you will be informed of the fact in a particular paragraph.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher, the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. If your STAMINA score drops to zero, stop reading, close the book and then start again from the beginning. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Combat

You will often come across paragraphs in the book in which you are instructed to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first empty Monster Encounter box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each potential adversary are given every time you have an encounter which may end in combat. The sequence for combat is then:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is the opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1, above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. (You may use your LUCK here to inflict additional damage – see below.)

5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. (Again, you may use LUCK at this stage – see below.)
6. Make the appropriate adjustments either to the opponent's or to your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your adversary has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

In some paragraphs you will be given the option of running away from a battle, should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, your opponent automatically inflicts one wound on you (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA) as you flee – such is the price of cowardice. (Note that you may use LUCK to minimize this wound in the normal way – see below.) You may *escape* only if that option is specifically given to you in the relevant paragraph.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

If you come across more than one potential adversary in an encounter, there are two possible ways of fighting them. Sometimes a paragraph will tell you to fight opponents one at a time. In this case you conduct the fight as usual, going through steps 1–7 against each opponent in turn.

More often you will have to fight all opponents at the same time. At the beginning of each Combat Round, decide which opponent you will be attacking. Then conduct the fight against that opponent as normal (following steps 1–7, above). Then follow the same steps against the next opponent. However, this time you may not wound the second or later opponent. If your Attack Strength is higher, this simply means that you have parried your adversary's blow.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battle or when you find yourself in a situation in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (on such occasions, you are invited to *Test your Luck* in the relevant paragraph), you have to call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business, and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for *Testing your Luck* is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. You will soon

come to realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky the outcome will be.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck* and you will then discover the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, you always have the option of using your LUCK in battle, either to inflict a more serious wound on an opponent you have just wounded or to reduce the effects of a wound an opponent has just inflicted on you.

If you have just won an Attack Round, you may *Test your Luck*, as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound on your opponent and may subtract 2 extra points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to its STAMINA (i.e. instead of inflicting the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If you have just lost an Attack Round and been wounded, you may *Test your Luck* to try to lessen the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full impact of the blow. Restore 1 point to your STAMINA (so that, instead of doing 2 points of damage, it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have had to take a more serious blow. Deduct 1 *extra* point from your STAMINA.

Remember: you must always subtract 1 point from your LUCK score every time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a paragraph may give the instruction to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A special weapon may also increase your SKILL; but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim two SKILL bonuses for carrying two magic swords.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change frequently during your adventure, as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may drop to a dangerously low level and battles may be especially risky, so be careful!

In the course of the adventure, you may acquire Provisions. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in battle. Eating a meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, you may add up to 4 points to your STAMINA score and you have to deduct one of your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for this purpose. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded during the adventure when you have been particularly lucky; details of occasions when this occurs are given in the relevant paragraphs. Remember: as with STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Equipment

You start your adventure with no equipment, but you will probably acquire items during your travels. Keep a careful note of any articles you pick up.

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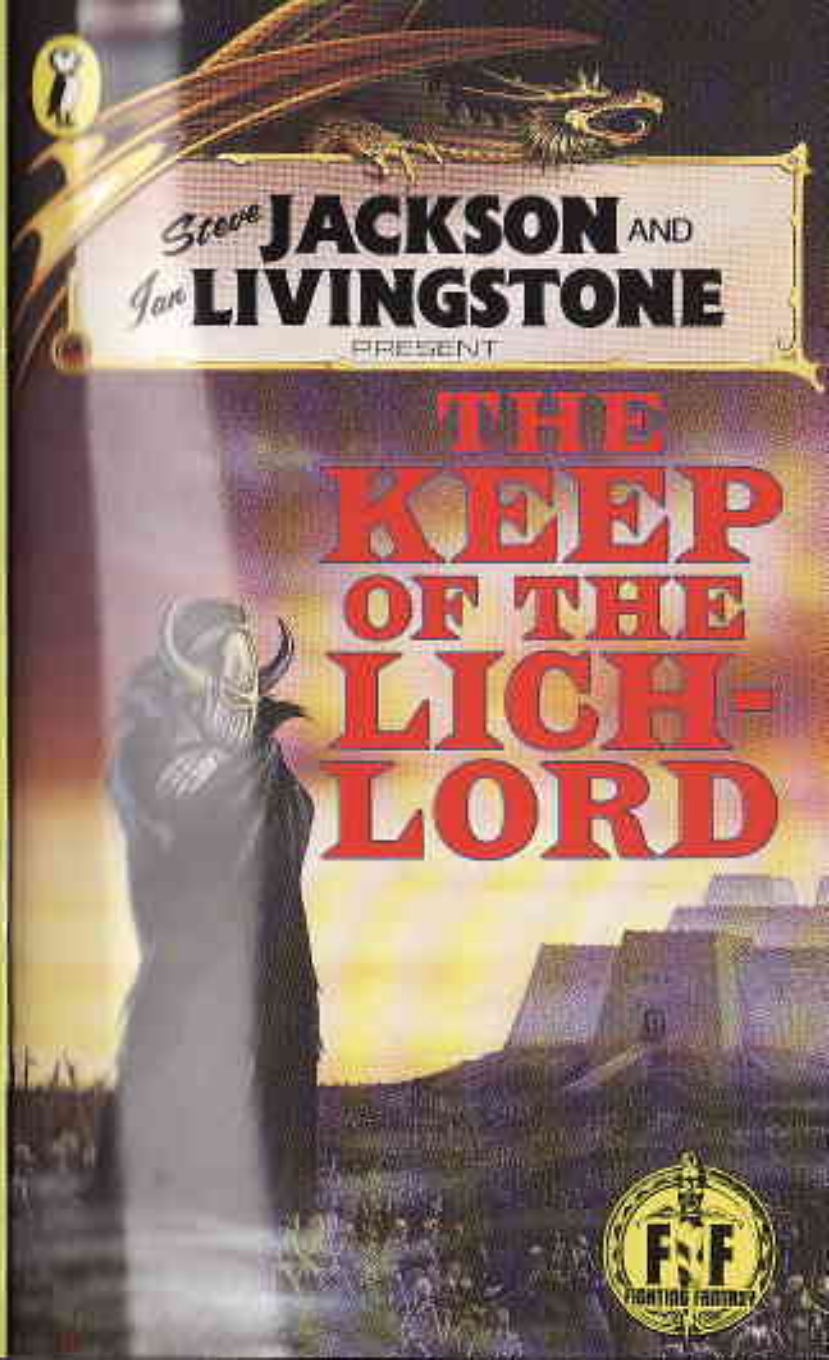

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1990
5 7 9 10 8 6

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in 11/13pt Linotron Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You must work out your initial LUCK, SKILL and STAMINA scores. You may use the *Adventure Sheet* on pages 14–15 to record all the details of an adventure. Here you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores (as well as your RESOLVE score – see below). If you can make a photocopy of these pages, do so. Otherwise record all details in pencil.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the total rolled and enter this number in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Resolve

The Undead are creatures which were once living people but whose life-force has been replaced by necromantic sorcery. They are neither alive nor dead, and they hold a special dread for mortals. The Undead raised by Mortis's magic are particularly fearsome, requiring an extra dice-roll to decide if you will be rooted to the spot in panic when you have to confront them. This roll is checked against a new characteristic: your RESOLVE.

Roll one die and add 5 The total is your *Initial* RESOLVE score. At various points in your adventure (when you have to face the Undead) you will be told to *Test your Resolve*. The procedure for carrying this out is exactly the same as for *Testing your Luck* (see below), except that you have to deduct 1 from your RESOLVE only when you fail to make the roll. If you check your RESOLVE successfully, then you *add* 1 to your score. Your RESOLVE can go above its *Initial* score – but it cannot drop below 2 or exceed 12.

The effects of either succeeding or failing in your RESOLVE will depend on the current encounter. In general, the more Undead you are facing at a particular time, the worse it will be for you if you *Test your Resolve* and fail. This is because it is sometimes possible to control your fear when you have to deal with only one or two undead creatures, whereas a whole host of them can infect even the bravest with a terrible dread that only very few can withstand.

Battles

You will often come across situations in the book where you are instructed to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as set out below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. The total is the creature's Attack Strength.

2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.

3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4.

If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1, above.

4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to inflict additional damage (see below). Now proceed to step 6.

5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).

6. Make the appropriate adjustments to the STAMINA score of either the creature or yourself (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).

7. Begin the next Attack Round by repeating steps 1 to 6.

This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either the creature you are fighting or yourself has been reduced to zero (death). If you die, you must begin the adventure again from the start.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

Sometimes you will have to fight more than a single opponent. If you are told to take them on one at a time, proceed by fighting them individually in the order in which they are listed. If you are instructed

to fight them all together, at the start of each Attack Round you must decide which one you are attacking. Next, roll both dice for each of your opponents to determine their individual Attack Strengths. Resolve your personal combat against your chosen adversary in the usual way for that Attack Round. Then compare your Attack Strength for that round with the Attack Strengths of *all your other opponents*. Any creature with a *higher* Attack Strength than yours has scored a hit against you, and you must subtract the usual 2 points from your STAMINA.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you find yourself in a situation in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details are given on the relevant pages), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business, and if you are Unlucky the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current LUCK score, then you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon

realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be informed as to the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the *option* of using your LUCK, either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have received a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done 3).

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Alarm Value

If you manage to get into Bloodrise Keep, you will need to avoid Mortis's undead patrols. Your ability to escape detection is represented by an *Alarm Value*: this denotes the amount of noise and disturbance you are making which could attract the attention of the undead sentries to you. You must keep track of your *Alarm Value* on your *Adventure Sheet*. When you first enter the keep, your *Alarm Value* stands at 0; from that moment, the text will tell you when to make additions to it or subtractions from it.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give you instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you battle enemies and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may drop dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten

meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is included on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of your Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed otherwise.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded during the adventure after you have been particularly lucky; details are given in the appropriate paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value, unless you are specifically instructed otherwise in a paragraph.

Equipment

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may acquire other items during your travels. (You begin this adventure with a map of part of the area you will be exploring, and also a rather special ring, details of which are given you in the Background to the adventure.) You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

Adventure Sheet

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

TREASURE	PROVISIONS REMAINING

EQUIPMENT LIST	NOTES

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill Stamina=	*Skill Stamina=*	*Skill Stamina=*
Skill Stamina=	*Skill Stamina=*	*Skill Stamina=*
Skill Stamina=	*Skill Stamina=*	*Skill Stamina=*
Skill Stamina=	*Skill Stamina=*	*Skill Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

You have voyaged east of Khul to the Arrowhead Islands. Here you signed on for a short time as a mercenary in the famous White Tiger Regiment, but now your term of service is up. Just as you are packing your belongings before leaving Port Vernale, word reaches you that you have been summoned by the Triumvirs – the Council of Three who rule the Varadian Alliance. You arrive at the council chamber to find old General Chaideshu awaiting your arrival.

He explains the situation as together you wait for your audience with the Triumvirs. 'Even though you're a foreigner, you've learnt a bit about our country while you've been here,' he says. 'You know that the various city-states of the Varadian Alliance are the outer bulwark of civilization against the reavers of Blood Island. Our fleets hold those chaos-pirates in check, and have done for centuries. Now, all that could be changing. Our main fortification to the east is Bloodrise Keep, on Stayng Island. However, we've lost contact with the keep and the outlying villages.'

Before General Chaideshu can tell you any more, you are called into the council chamber. The Triumvirs are studying a glimmering image that floats in the centre of the chamber: a V-shaped line of

verdant islands set in an azure sea. You realize that it is a strategic map of the Arrowhead archipelago, fashioned by means of mirage-spells. One of the Triumvirs points to a bright red dot on the shore of the easternmost island. 'This shows the location of Bloodrise Keep,' he says. 'We have here the last report filed by Castellan Braxis, and it sheds a rather sinister light on recent developments there.' You take the report and quickly scan it.

> Bloodrise Keep will shortly fall. The troops I sent to investigate the strange lights in the sky above the village of Menela have now returned. They have marched back to within sight of the walls but refuse to answer signals. A runner sent out came back shivering with dread. He got close enough to see that the men have grey, mask-like faces and that their eyes are the staring eyes of Zombies! In place of their old battle-standards they now carry ragged black pennants – the symbol of plague. Even as I write, it is close to dusk and the camp is active. Troops are massing and people from the villages are also milling about the camp as though hypnotized. I can see a man in tarnished silver armour who appears to be in command. Now he has given the order for his troops to advance. There are too many, and the small garrison I have left cannot hope to hold them off for more than a few hours. I will send this report by messenger pigeon and hope it will not be shot down by the enemy's archers. Now it only remains for me to take up my weapon and go out on to the battlements for the last stand. I regret having failed in your service, my lords. I am your dutiful vassal, Braxis, Castellan of Bloodrise Keep.

'A brave man . . .' you say grimly as you return the report to the Triumvirs. 'Do you have any information as to who the silver-armoured warlord might be, and how he took control of Braxis's troops?'

'It is all too clear,' says one of the Triumvirs. 'Black plague-standards and tarnished silver armour are the trademarks of Lord Mortis of Balthor; he was formerly tyrant of Stayng Island and tried to conquer the eastern provinces of our nation. It took the combined strength of all the Varadian armies to defeat him, for he was a mighty necromancer as well as a warlord, and it is said that he recruited his army from the bodies of fallen foes.'

Baffled, you turn to General Chaideshu. 'How is it I've never heard of this Mortis?' you ask. 'I didn't know there'd been any wars within the archipelago for centuries.'

'There haven't,' he says. 'This all happened two hundred years ago. Mortis died in battle and was buried in a black granite tomb near the village of Menela. Now it seems that he has returned from the grave to take his revenge.'

The Triumvirs nod in agreement. 'He is even now turning the people of Stayng into undead,' says one. 'His evil will eat into our good empire like a cancerous wound unless it is excised. For this we have need of a sharp knife. You.'

Your interview over, General Chaideshu takes you without delay to the harbour, where a ship has already been prepared for you. Although he is hardly a young man, even you have difficulty keeping up with the general's brisk stride. On the way he explains that most of the military strength of the Varadian Alliance is currently engaged in fighting the reavers of Blood Island. 'That means you're on your own,' he warns. 'In any case, since assassinating Mortis would immediately neutralize his entire army of Zombies, the Triumvirs feel that it makes more sense to send one capable individual than a large body of troops.'

On arriving at the ship, Chaideshu introduces you to its captain and then accompanies you to your cabin for a final briefing. He gives you a map of Stayng Island and a Ring of Communing. 'The ring will allow you to communicate with us telepathically for information or advice – but over such a large distance it will function only a limited number of times, so use it sparingly.' (Note on your *Adventure Sheet* that the Ring of Communing has three charges.)

A whistle from on deck signals that the ship is ready to cast off. Chaideshu turns in the doorway of the cabin for a last word. 'Don't forget,' he says grimly, 'it's vital that you stop Mortis before his undead army can join forces with the reavers. The lives of all of us are in your hands.'

'Rest assured, General,' you reply as you slip the Ring of Communing on to your finger. 'I'll return Lord Mortis to his grave.'

It is only after he has saluted you and left that you find an inner voice adding: ' or die in the attempt.'

Now turn to **1**.

1

The small boat arrives at Siltport a week or so later. The journey is uneventful and by the end of it you are almost looking forward to your coming challenge. Siltport is a dilapidated old town which was once prosperous but which has now fallen on the hardest of times. The harbour is shallow and heavily silted, making the docking of any large ship impossible – hence its name and its lack of prosperity. However, the captain of your small skiff has no trouble getting you ashore and, with a curt farewell, he sails away, obviously keen to get home. The people – what few there are – eye you suspiciously but, looking around, it seems that Siltport has suffered more from lack of trade than from the ravages of Mortis's undead hordes. Perhaps the town is far enough away from Bloodrise Keep to remain untouched as yet. You notice few shops and fewer taverns; the place is almost a ghost town. If you want to go to one of the taverns to try and pick up some local rumours, turn to **41**. If you prefer to leave Siltport straight away, turn to **21**.

2

It is mid-afternoon when you reach the keep. You had anticipated problems with crossing the moat, but now you see that a dam of skulls has been built across the rivermouth, further up the hillside. This has reduced the stream feeding the moat to a sluggish trickle, and as a result the keep is now surrounded by a ditch of muddy swamp. Clouds of gnats hang in the humid heat of the afternoon sun, and the reek of stagnant water makes you gag. If you think now would be a good time to make a report to General Chaideshu, and if your Ring of Communing still has any magical energy, turn to **126**. Otherwise, you begin to make your way towards the gatehouse – turn to **228**.

3

The hills rise up to your left this time as you follow the dusty trail back to Siltport. The guards at the gate are surprised to see you. One of them appears to be cursing, and you see money changing hands. You move on, following the road leading south. Turn to **61**.

4

You receive the inscription, but the ring fades from your finger without any effect. You fancy you catch the faintest whisper of a voice on the evening breeze: *'Not against this foe, mortal. Even we fear to face one such as he!'* You curse the fickle Fays for their cowardice as Mortis's first thunderous blow slams into your side. You feel ribs snap under the impact and have to struggle against a feeling of nausea and weakness. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and, if you are still alive, turn back to **250** to defend yourself.

5

You open the door and step into a snug, well-lit and cosy room. Delicious smells of good cooking and fine ales waft into your nostrils – but the strongest smell is that of garlic, for the doors and windows are framed with wreaths of garlic buds. There are about ten people in the room; each and every one looks up in horror as you enter, but when they see you are not undead they appear to calm down. Nevertheless it is clear that a few swords have been loosened in their scabbards The innkeeper, a large, burly and red-faced man with a mighty beer-gut, waddles up to you, a manic grin fixed on his florid features 'Welcome, stranger, welcome,' he babbles, 'to the Dead Men Inn – or . . ah . . . the Traveller's Respite, as I prefer to call it these days Well, anyway, take a seat and I'll bring you ale and some stew. The beer's free – I'm trying to get rid of it as I'll be making a run for it myself any day now. One Gold Piece buys you the meal and a room.' And with that, he bustles off

You look around. In a corner a soldier, his uniform covered by an old jerkin, stares into a mug of ale He has a dark, troubled look about him. Three farmers stare sullenly at you from another table. In a darkened corner sits a cowled figure, clad in black robes You cannot see the face or hands, but intuition tells you that this figure has a sinister aura about it. Finally, nearest to you sits a middle-aged merchant flanked by two hired bodyguards, northern barbarians by the look of them. The merchant – tall and

surprisingly thin for one of his venal profession – beckons you over to join him.

The innkeeper returns with a mug of ale for you, and goes back to work behind the bar. Will you go and talk to the merchant (turn to **64**) or to the farmers (turn to **135**), or will you try to pump the innkeeper for some useful information (turn to **34**)?

6

'So, one more for my trusty axe,' growls the Ogre, an ugly hulking beast, all muscle and fur, and with a dog-like head. It swings its huge two-handed axe. The Orc chuckles horribly and hefts its saw-toothed cutlass. You must fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
CHAOS PIRATE OGRE	7	10
CHAOS PIRATE ORC	7	7

If you win, turn to **62**.

7

You are not observed as you steal silently on to the poop deck of the pirate vessel. Near by, you spot the ship's wheel and a gangway leading down, presumably to the captain's cabin. On the main deck you see a stairway leading down into the hold. Will you now look for the captain (turn to **119**) or try to get into the hold and free the prisoners (turn to **314**)?

8

These visions have no power to harm you, and you cut at them boldly with your sword. With an eerie wail, they fade away. You step up to the altar. Turn to **303**.

9

You creep through the shadowy darkness under the wall towards the stables which appear to be in use: several horses are visible. As you draw near, you notice someone kneeling on the cobbled stones of the courtyard by the stable door; the person is scrubbing feverishly at the floor, apparently trying to clean blood off the stonework there. A raven caws in the afternoon sky, a lonely and desolate sound. The figure looks like a stableboy. Will you walk straight up to him (turn to **24**) or creep up on him through the shadows (turn to **122**)?

10

The Skull Beast scuttles past without noticing you. Now you have the chance to leap out and attack it from the rear (turn to **342**) or stay hidden until it has gone (turn to **217**).

11

You see that the bodies are those of two of the village militiamen, one killed by an arrow, the other slain in combat. A half-starved dog yaps savagely at you as you enter the village The acrid odour of smoke fills your nostrils, mingled with the heavy, sickly-sweet smell of death. The place seems deserted, but for a few corpses scattered about Most are villagers, while others appear to be outlandishly dressed outlaws, mostly human. One or two are Orcs or Hobgoblins. On closer inspection it would appear the bodies are dead pirates; in the service of Chaos, to judge by their insignia. Keladon has been sacked in a raid and most of the people have fled or

been carried off. From another street you hear the sound of voices – the pirates have left a few of their number here! Will you leave the village and investigate the cove (turn to **383**); or will you take this opportunity to search some of the larger houses in the village (turn to **51**), the village hall (turn to **131**) or temple (turn to **171**), these being the only buildings of interest in the village?

12

'Yes, we know where it is. It lies up in the hills, through a tortuous and dangerous ravine,' says Belar. 'You would certainly need a guide to get there.'

'Give me one, then,' you ask him.

'No one would travel in the hills at this time,' he replies 'All are terrified – not even for half a thousand Gold Pieces would one of our guides take you there, believe me.'

Sighing resignedly, you decide to ask about the beast. Turn to **361**.

13

As you draw nearer you see that what you thought was a rider is in fact a Centaur, a creature half-man, half-horse. It has the legs and trunk of a horse, but from the animal's shoulders sprout the upper torso, arms and head of a man. It holds a short spear in one hand and a small shield in the other and you notice several more javelins attached to a saddlebag. However, the poor creature looks close to collapsing from exhaustion. Three wolves are pursuing it relentlessly, snapping and biting at the Centaur's legs. Will you throw some food to the wolves – you must have at least 3 packs of Provisions to throw – (turn to **102**) or fight the wolves (turn to **263**)?

14

You kick the door open, but in doing so you set off a trap. A small keg of gunpowder goes off at your feet – deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you survive, you find yourself in a cluttered cabin. The desk is littered with papers and nautical instruments; chests of booty and captured treasures lie scattered around. Captain Jarmesh is a small, rat-like man in gaudy clothes, his eyes beady and cunning. At the sight of you he gives an oath and shouts, 'You are not one of my men!' Drawing his sword, he comes at you. Turn to **294**.

15

With a blood-curdling war-cry you charge among the pirates. A brave but foolish move, for there are just too many of them. You cut down several pirates, but then the Chaos Knights join in and it is not long before you succumb to the blows of a score of enemies. Your adventure ends here.

16

As you step down from the ladder you hear a faint swishing sound, and some kind of dust hits you in the face. Coughing and sneezing, you wipe at your eyes – but then you begin to feel awfully tired. Try as you may, you cannot resist the urge to close your eyes, and you sink into a deep slumber.

Later you awaken, to find yourself, quite alone, in an underground chamber lit by a torch on the wall. A desk and chair are the only furniture, and lots of alchemical apparatus is scattered about. At the far end of the room, three tunnels lead off into darkness. Daylight pours down through the open trapdoor above your head. Will you climb out and leave Benari (turn to **116**) or take the torch and enter the left-hand tunnel (turn to **162**), the middle tunnel (turn to **323**) or the right-hand tunnel (turn to **287**)?

17

Lighting a torch, you clamber in through the black, yawning fissure. Inside, your torchlight reveals that you have entered an ancient building which must have stood here, buried, for centuries and now uncovered by a chance rock-fall! You realize that you are standing at a huge doorway. Inset in the floor in letters of red stone are the words: 'The Temple of Lhyss, Goddess of Luck and Fortune'. At the far end of this huge vaulted chamber you can just make out some sort of altar. Five fluted columns line the walls to either side of you, forming small cloisters. Ahead, a wide marble corridor leads to the altar. Something glints on the altar in the flickering torchlight. Will you walk up the central passageway (turn to **103**), take the left colonnade (turn to **74**), or the right colonnade (turn to **138**), or turn your back on the Temple of Lhyss and continue on your way (turn to **94**)?

18

You say and do nothing as Kandogor slays his victim without mercy. This turns out to be a woman, an Elf, in fact. 'Odd,' murmurs Kandogor, 'but I have heard of certain Elves who have turned to the service of evil.'

'Well, what's done is done,' you say philosophically.

Some hours later, you are woken by the touch of a cold blade at your throat. You open your eyes just in time to see Kandogor standing over you with a sneer on his face. It is the last thing you ever see.

19

To reach Whistlestone Tor you will have to pass through the western edges of Shamdabag Wood, an area over which the Wood Elves hold no sway. You set off purposefully but soon you lose your direction amid the heavy oaks. This costs you time, and night begins to fall. Soon the wood is in deep darkness and you are forced to make camp for the night. Building a small fire, you cook some of your rations and, having eaten, lie down on a bed of leaves to sleep . . .

You wake up with a start. A sound has disturbed your slumber. It is still the dead of night. You listen, ears straining to filter the sounds of the forest. A faint, ghostly wail comes to you through the blackness and grows louder and more insistent, until you recognize the baying of wolves. But this is not quite the same sound a normal wolf-pack would make. If possible, it is more bestial, more feral. You realize with a thrill of horror that the sound is growing much closer and its timbre is changing. Whatever they are, the creatures have picked up your scent and are closing in on you. Will you make a run for it, hoping to get out of the forest before they reach you (turn to **55**) or quickly build up the fire and make a stand here (turn to **95**)?

20

You search the southwest area of the graveyard, once again to no avail. Time trickles on to the late afternoon. Now Elindora is becoming visibly agitated. 'We must find them today – they will be alerted tonight and will seek us out. We cannot afford to wait another day!' Will you search the northeast corner (turn to **60**) or the northwest (turn to **170**)?

21

You arrive at the main gate of Siltport. Worried guards gaze out at the surrounding countryside as if they expected a thousand Zombie warriors to appear and assault the place at any moment. Perhaps they will, you think grimly to yourself. You step out on to the main road outside the town. 'Hah, we'll never see that one again, I'll wager,' you overhear one of them mutter to another. Will you head north on the road to Menela (turn to **181**), south through the hills (turn to **61**) or use your ring to communicate with General Chaideshu (turn to **101**)?

22

After a long journey you reach Bloodrise Keep unharmed. However, the place is completely deserted. You have taken too long to achieve your destination, and the Chaos fleet has been and gone. Even now Mortis's undead legions are attacking the Delphic Alliance. Defeat is certain; although you still live, you have failed in your quest. Your adventure ends here.

23

'Excellent! Tomorrow we must search the cemetery for the crypt of Lady Lotmora and attempt to destroy the Vampires during the hours of daylight – if we attack at night they may well prove too powerful. I will meet you downstairs at daybreak.'

You meet Elindora outside the inn just as the sun rises over the horizon the next morning, rays of rosy

light spread like fingers across the sky. She bids you good day and adds, 'If you allow me, I will use my magic to strengthen your power to resist the powers of the Undead.' If you allow Elindora to cast a spell upon you, turn to **108**. If you refuse, turn to **129**.

24

You stride forward out of the shadows towards the boy. He turns in shocked surprise at the sight and sound of you. Without hesitating he leaps to his feet, his face a picture of total terror, and shrieks an inarticulate cry of fear. A split second later, he has fled out of sight before you have a chance to reassure him. Exploring inside the stable, you find it is in use, full of many healthy and well-fed horses. They seem skittish. There is nothing else here of interest, so will you now follow the shadows across the courtyard to the barracks on the other side (turn to **42**) or make for the inner gate to the keep (turn to **379**)?

25

'Aha!' says the voice. 'You are not undead – thank the gods!' A torch flares up and in the light you can see where you are – in an underground chamber. A desk and chair are the only furniture, and lots of alchemical apparatus is scattered about At the far end of the room, three tunnels lead off into the darkness. A man dressed in a dark-blue robe covered in strange symbols is seated at the desk. He is an old greybeard, and looks rather frightened. 'My name is Hlassamon and I was the village alchemist here at Benari. When Mortis sent his Undead to destroy us, I fled to my cellar retreat; indeed the very sight of the living dead filled me with dread. Now I have brewed a Potion of Resolve so that I could get up the courage to try and escape. But I realize that the Undead must all have left, for how else could one such as you get here?'

You tell him that this is indeed the case and that he should be fairly safe now – so long as he heads straight for Siltport and takes a boat to get him off the island . . . if any remain to be had.

'Thank you for that good advice, my noble friend.' Then a look of pure greed crosses his features for a moment. 'Now that I no longer need it, perhaps *you* would be interested in purchasing this potion,' he says, reaching into his robe and drawing out a vial full of a bright blue liquid 'I will accept 35 Gold Pieces and not a piece less. Or some special item, if you have one that would interest me.' Will you pay him the gold for the potion, if you have that much

(turn to **225**), show him the items you have collected (turn to **173**), attack him and try to take the potion (turn to **200**) or decline his offer and leave Benari (turn to **116**)?

26

You manage to slip over the side without being seen and swim back to shore, further up the beach No one notices you. Turn to **186**.

27

The Centaur canters over to you and says in a haughty voice, 'Thank you, my friend – I owe you my life! Those wolves were out to eat me, hoof and hand! I am Lord Salesh, Elf-friend, and most noble of the creatures of Shamdabag Wood. I serve the gods of Good – as do you, clearly. How may I repay you?' You tell him about your mission, explaining that you must get to Bloodrise Keep. 'Aha! I can help you in your excellent and most laudable quest, my friend. I pledge myself as your steed for ever, in gratitude for your saving my life! With me to carry you, Bloodrise Keep is but moments away and Mortis is as good as dead . . well, anyway, laid to rest – for, as we all know, he is already dead, ha ha! Come, comrade, climb up on my back.'

You mount up, realizing he will indeed be able to carry you quickly – but can you put up with his endless prattle? Salesh gallops along the road through Shamdabag Wood at a good pace, much faster than you could travel on foot. He begins to tell

you his life-story and of his 'great exploits', which soon begin to sound somewhat exaggerated. Turn to **202**.

28

Through the arrow-slits behind him, you see the last rays of daylight drain out of the sky. 'Night has fallen,' Mortis says in a voice filled with triumph. 'You cannot hope to stand against me now.' You must fight him.

LORD MORTIS SKILL 11 STAMINA 20

If you win, turn to **400**.

29

You creep cautiously along the gallery, fearing that at any moment you may step upon a creaky floor-board. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **44**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **204**.

30

You step through the shattered gates of Borgos: it seems to be quite a large town with many streets, shops and houses, but it is deathly still. The place is completely deserted and there is no sign of life. It is starting to get dark now and you will have to make camp soon. Suddenly you hear a strange noise that you cannot put a name to, coming from the other end of town. It is a clicking and clacking sound, together with curious rasping. Will you hide out in a nearby house in order to make camp (turn to **242**) or go and investigate the noise (turn to **337**)?

31

A short distance further on, the corridor opens out into a vestibule, with ragged banners draped along the side walls. Three closed doors of wine-dark mahogany face you. Each has a symbol daubed on it in scarlet: the first (on your left) shows a picture of a poisonous serpent, the middle door has a picture of an upraised sword, and the right-hand door bears a stylized picture of an oak tree.

As you step forward across the hall, you get a sudden shock when you notice for the first time the grotesque figure of a hunchbacked jester sitting, slumped, against the wall. Instead of being dressed in the customary multi-coloured motley, his costume consists of drab patches of black and grey. His clowning stick is lying across his knees: on the end of it is a painted wooden skull with a movable jaw.

This macabre fellow must be Mortis's jester; he seems to be asleep.

If you want to shake him roughly awake with the point of your sword at his throat, turn to **77**. If you wake him quietly and ask him for directions from here, turn to **233**. If you think it is wiser to leave him sleeping, you can press on through either the left-hand door (turn to **172**), the middle door (turn to **376**) or the right-hand door (turn to **100**).

32

You stare fixedly at the jewelled ring and concentrate on the face of the old general. After a moment or two his craggy face appears in your mind. 'What have you to report?' he enquires. The sound of his voice in your head gives you an eerie feeling. You tell him what has happened. 'Good, good, you have done well. The tomb-robber evidently discovered the body of Mortis with the Spear of Qadarnai still embedded in his chest. Foolishly, he must have removed it, thus enabling the necromancer to

reanimate his body and escape. Mortis slew the robber with ease, no doubt, and must have turned the corpse into a Zombie that the spear kept inactive until you took it from his dead hand. Keep the Spear of Qadarnai, for it will prove most harmful to Mortis. Now, good luck and report back when you have further news!' The link with Chaideshu is broken (remember to subtract 1 from the charges the Ring of Communing possesses on your *Adventure Sheet*). You leave the tomb and make for the road that leads back to Siltport. Turn to 3.

33

Scarcely believing what you are doing, you find you are able to pick the shadow up. It is, in fact, a Shadow Cloak and it will aid you to move quietly. When you are in the keep and are told to increase your *Alarm Value* by a particular number, you may deduct 1 from that number – but you cannot reduce it to zero if the number is only 1 in the first place (i.e., when told to increase your *Alarm Value*, you must always increase it by at least 1). Turn to 350

34

You turn to the innkeeper behind the bar. He nods nervously at you. Will you ask him why all the entrances to the inn are surrounded with garlic (turn to 360) or why he intends to 'make a run for it' (turn to 390)?

35

You uncork the flask containing the Elixir of Lhyss and swig it down. It tastes pleasant enough, if slightly bitter. Note the number of this paragraph on your *Adventure Sheet* and then roll one die. If you score a 1 or 2, turn to 154. If you score a 3 or 4, turn to 308. If you score a 5 or 6, turn to 275

36

Running hell for leather, you pursue the boy. Rounding the corner of the house, you come face to face with three ugly figures – Chaos pirates. One is a scarred, bald-headed man, one a hulking great Orc with a snouted, yellow-tusked face, and the last a short but evil-looking Goblin. 'What have we here, my friends?' the Orc growls gleefully. 'More fodder for our cutlasses!' They advance on you. You must fight all three at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BALDY	6	8
TUSKER	6	9
SHORTSTUFF	9	6

If you win, turn to 351.

37

As you near the village hall you hear sounds of shouting and the hubbub of several voices coming from inside. You poke your head round the door. Inside, about a dozen men, Chaos pirates by the look of them, have formed a circle around two others. The pirates are a strange-looking bunch, thoroughly disreputable and evil-looking: they consist of men, Orcs, Goblins, Hobgoblins, Ogres and the like. They are watching the two men fighting inside the circle and are laying bets on the outcome – which in this case would appear to be a foregone conclusion. One contestant is a huge bear-like man with a long braided ponytail and large ear-rings; he is dressed only in loose baggy trousers and a red-

and-black sash. He is mightily muscled and looks as mean as a walking shark. His opponent must be the village blacksmith – although large and strong, he is obviously no match for the pirate gorilla. The crowd are shouting, 'Baracas, Baracas!' – obviously the name of the pirate wrestler. Within seconds the blacksmith is down, and Baracas is about to break his neck when a man steps into the circle and commands him to stop. 'Don't kill him – he'll make a good galley-slave,' he says.

'Aye, aye, bos'n,' replies Baracas in a sullen voice.

At the back of the hall you can see a pair of double doors. The pirates are getting ready for another bout. Will you sneak round the back of the village hall (turn to **67**) or mingle with the pirates, hoping they won't notice you among the general chaos (turn to **97**)?

38

The strange sound of atonal chanting wafts from the temple. Its two large oak-bound doors have been blown open by some powerful force, and from inside a blackish smoke that smells absolutely disgusting billows out. Over the doors, the embossed words, 'Church of the White Queen', have been defaced crudely; someone has scrawled above them in charcoal: 'Shrine of the Chaos Gods'. Looking inside, at the far end of the temple you see a robed figure sweeping the contents of the altar to the ground and generally desecrating the temple. He appears to be human and wears dirty-brown robes,

covered in strange-looking sigils and talismans. However, when he turns his face you see that his head resembles nothing human – it is, rather, the head of some strange beast of your nightmares. It has the eyes and horns of a goat and vicious-looking fangs. The creature seems to be reconsecrating the temple to the Chaos Gods. Will you attack this shaman (turn to **118**) or, deciding that it is none of your business, turn and leave (turn to **255**)?

39

Screaming in terror, you stagger backwards. The apparitions fly straight into your face, and you fall to the ground with a crash. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The ghostly visions fade into nothingness as quickly as they had appeared. Sheepishly you pick yourself up, realizing they had no real power to harm you. You step up to the altar. Turn to **303**.

40

'Wait,' you cry and, leaping up, grab his sword-arm before he can thrust home. Kandogor looks at you stonily for a moment and then steps back, muttering angrily under his breath. Hurriedly, the figure pulls back the cowl – it is a female Wood Elf! Her skin is like moonlight, her large eyes like liquid emeralds, and her brown hair is bound in a circlet of white flowers, a picture of beauty. She says in a lilting voice, 'Please, listen to me. My name is Elindora, and I am one of the few Elves who still live in Shamdabag Wood. We are worshippers of the god-

dess Iatro, She who Heals and Succours. The goddess loathes the Undead as abominations, travesties of life, and has commanded us to help the people to defeat Mortis. I have been forced to travel in disguise, for Mortis's spies are everywhere, but when I saw you I knew your mission was as ours – to destroy all the Undead. Tell me, is this true?'

You explain patiently that you are not a worshipper of Iatro and that you have come here only as a mercenary adventurer to slay Mortis – for the money, not for the people.

'Thank goodness some action is being taken at last. But there is good in you – I can feel it,' she insists. You shrug resignedly. 'I have come to ask your aid,' she implores. 'The cemetery holds the tomb of Lady Lotmora, once the wife of Mortis. Now that Mortis has returned, he has used his black powers to return her to the world – as a Vampire. Now she terrorizes the area; already she has built up a small coven of Vampires from the local population – or what remains of it. The priestess of Iatro has sent me to destroy her, but I cannot do it alone. Help me, and I will aid you in your quest to kill Mortis.'

'Don't trust this witch,' says Kandogor reproachfully. 'Elves have no souls, and you must have heard of the Dark Elves who serve the cause of Evil. I think she is a spy sent by Mortis to slay us by treachery.'

Will you agree to help Elindora (turn to **47**); or must you decide that your prime mission is to kill Mortis himself and say that you cannot help her (turn to **70**)?

41

You enter an inn called The Sword of the Samurai. Inside, several ex-sailors and townspeople glance up at you warily. After buying a round or two of drinks, you get into conversation with some of them. One old sailor tells you, 'Aye, it's the nighttime that's dangerous in these parts. As long as ye be safe inside – behind locked and barred windows and doors, mark ye – ye kin survive.' You ask him to go on, and he tells a frightening tale of foul creatures stalking the streets, of people disappearing, to return to their families and friends as hideous walking corpses – all this since they heard of the sacking of Bloodrise Keep a month or two past. 'Anyhow,' growls the sailor, 'what be a young warrior like y'rself doin' in this forsaken hell-hole?' Will you tell the sailor, and those others who are listening, of your mission on Stayng Island (turn to **121**) or say that you are just passing through on your way to some islands to the west of here (turn to **81**)?

42

Reaching the barracks door, you pass through it into the cool gloom of a long hall. Even as your eyes are adjusting from the bright afternoon sunlight outside, the very air in front of your face vibrates with a rumbling, growling sound, and the next instant a huge hairy arm crashes into you; at the same time, you are overwhelmed by a disgusting stench that rolls over you from the creature confronting you. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. This is a Werewight – a beast fashioned by necromantic sorcery, a thing neither living nor undead, but, for all that, a fighting fury.

WEREWIGHT SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If you defeat it in seven Attack Rounds or less, turn to **226**. If it takes you between eight and ten Rounds, turn to **284**. If you are still fighting it after ten Rounds, turn to **178**.

43

He tells you that, according to legend, the Charm is a powerful spell used by the priestesses of the White Queen, a goddess of healing whom the Elves propitiate under another name This Charm works on any dead thing, such as bone or unliving flesh, turning it instantly to dust 'The White Queen's followers used it in ancient times,' he adds, 'to lay some of Mortis's undead followers to rest. Regretfully, the Charm is but rarely given to mortals, and there were too few priestesses to make any real impression on Mortis's legions. But that is always the way, as the epics demonstrate time and again: it is not men and women of peace who overcome the world's evils, but brave warriors who are not afraid to shed blood and risk lives!'

Looking at Garond, silently you doubt that he has ever shed blood or risked his own life. Rather than press the point, however, you ask whether he knows the Charm.

'No,' he says. 'The only person who might is Lady Iola, the mother of Braxis. She reveres the goddess, and having met her I can attest to her holiness. But since Bloodrise Keep has fallen to Mortis, it is probable that Lady Iola and her son have been slain. Even if they have not, you have no way to reach them,' he adds sadly.

Will you now ask him about the Spear of Qadarnai (turn to **280**), or the Finger of Lhyss (turn to **300**)? Alternatively, you may think it is time to take your leave of Garond and make your way towards Keladon (turn to **165**)

44

Hardly daring to draw breath, you finally reach the far end of the gallery. Your fingers find the door-latch in the gloom and you slowly edge it open. Turn to **184**.

45

Taking a fisherman's oilskins lying near by, you wrap them over your weapons and equipment and stumble down the hill path, to attach yourself as unobtrusively as possible to the end of the column of unfortunate villagers The pirates bully and shove everyone cruelly, and you are whipped savagely for no reason; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. As you are led on to the *Merciless*, the two Chaos Knights are watching impassively through their horned helmets. To the left, a door leads, you guess, to the captain's cabin; to the right, a ladder descends below decks. You are led down towards the hold, presumably to be chained to one of the oars. You are nearing the lower decks when you arrive opposite a low door in the corridor. Will you dart through the door, hoping that a guard won't spot you (turn to **174**), or wait for a better opportunity (turn to **53**)?

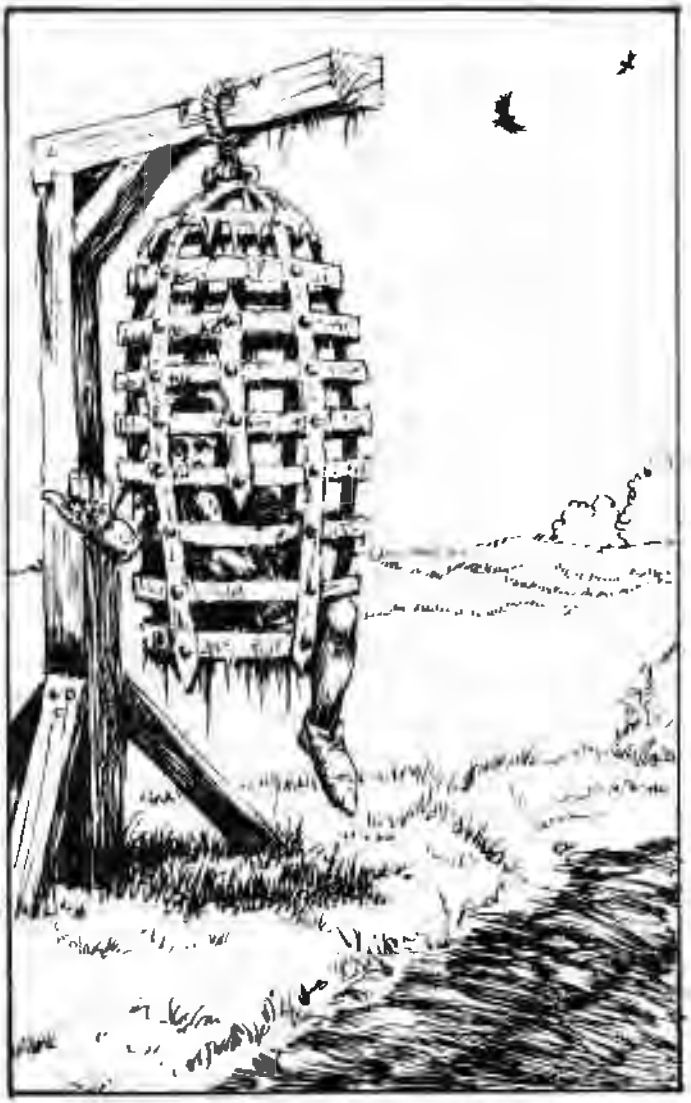

46

You travel all the next day along the featureless road to Borgos. After a while you notice many black birds wheeling in the sky ahead of you. Soon you come to a crossroads and a gibbet standing by the side of the road. Hanging from it is a cage in which some poor unfortunate is trapped. You observe the livery of Bloodrise Keep – the victim is an ex-soldier in the service of the castellan. As you draw nearer, he stirs and lifts a bedraggled hand towards you. He looks more than half starved, burnt by the sun, and he is filthy dirty with blood-stained, tattered clothes. The black birds overhead are crows, their cries filling the sky with despair. The road forks here, south towards Benari village and east to Port Borgos. Will you try to get the cage down in order to release the man (turn to 142) or carry on, either towards Borgos (turn to 85) or to the village of Benari (turn to 223)?

47

'Excellent! Tomorrow we must search through the cemetery for the crypt of Lady Lotmora and then attempt to destroy the Vampires during daylight hours – if we attack at night they may prove too powerful for us. I will meet you downstairs at daybreak.'

Kandogor is plainly unimpressed and advises you to watch out for treachery. You tell him that it is your turn to stand watch. Scowling, he goes to bed.

Next morning, you and Kandogor meet Elindora outside the inn just as the sun is rising over the

horizon, rays of rosy light spreading like fingers across the land. She bids you good day and then suggests, 'If you will allow me, I can use my magic to strengthen your power to resist the powers of the Undead.'

'Do not agree to such evil sorcery,' Kandogor protests loudly. 'It is too obviously an attempt to weaken your power – I advise against it strongly, my friend ' He eyes the Elf suspiciously.

Elindora gives a haughty shrug. 'I speak only the truth,' she replies.

If you are willing to allow Elindora to cast a spell upon you, turn to **214**. If you refuse, turn to **244**.

48

You burst into the apartment – to discover Lord Mortis sitting on an ornate throne awaiting nightfall. He is clad in tarnished silver armour of a style not worn for many centuries, and in his hand he balances a heavy flanged mace. If you have the Ivory Spear of the hero Qadarnai, you can either hurl it at him or use it in mêlée. Should you decide to throw it, roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, your spear missile hits him – turn to **208**. If the total rolled is greater than your SKILL, you miss. In this event, or if you do not have the Ivory Spear or choose not to throw it, you must do battle with him hand to hand – turn to **28**.

49

'The barracks are crawling with the Undead,' the boy whispers fearfully. 'The entire garrison is now Zombies, and Mortis has also brought strange living dead from an ancient battle-site near here. Dead souls in outlandish armour and wielding bizarre weapons roam the barracks at will and are released at set times in order to patrol the castle. There must be two hundred and fifty or more in the barracks. To go there is certain death.' Turn to **68**.

50

You remember the words of Morlak: how normal weapons did not stop this creature from destroying his village. If you have an iron mace, turn to **182**. If you do not, then you have no suitable weapon and will have to fight with what you do have. Turn to **115**.

51

If you have already searched all the places of interest in Keladon, turn to **91**. If you have not yet searched all these places, turn to **211**.

52

Belar smiles and utters a sigh of relief; then he passes the word on to the villagers. Their faces are no longer set in fear and despair but begin to show glimmerings of hope. They all give you a resounding cheer To them you will always be a hero – provided you come back. The blacksmith, a large, burly man, offers to sharpen your sword in exchange for two packs of Provisions. 'Special discount rate,' he claims. If you agree to pay and have your sword sharpened, turn to **392**. If you want to get on with your task, turn to **192**.

53

You decide to wait. Unfortunately, the prisoners' hold is only just round the next corner and, even now, the villagers are being chained to low benches beside the oars – you have no choice but to act at once, before you find yourself chained up. You throw off your oilskins and ready your weapon, catching the few pirates who are present completely by surprise You cut them down, but not before one of them has run on deck and given the alarm. You

race up after him, to find the whole crew alerted and closing on you. You can do nothing now but try to get away – you leap over the side and swim to the shore. Racing up the beach, you are still pursued by several pirates, some armed with bows. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **90**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **59**.

54

You deal him a painful blow on the chest and his eyes widen in fear. Dropping to his knees, he babbles, 'Spare me, noble warrior, spare me.' As you menace him with your weapon, amazed at his cowardice, he cowers down and says, 'Wait, I can pay you well – take these Gold Pieces – more than a hundred!' He reaches into his coat and, taking out a box, offers it to you. If you accept it, turn to **345**. If you refuse it, turn to **240**.

55

With a rising feeling of panic, you sprint towards the west through the woods. But it is almost pitch black, and you are soon stumbling through the trees, branches whipping at your face and roots seeming to grab for your legs with malicious intent. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **75**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **136**.

56

Mortis is ready for you. Even as you wrench the door open, he has already summoned a spell of deathly sorcery with which to slay you. A rolling cloud of grave-gas billows forth to engulf you; in the depths of it you feel phantom hands clawing at your flesh. You open your mouth to scream, but all you take into your lungs is the ghastly poisonous vapour that your enemy's magic has invoked. Your life ends here.

57

You manage to control the terror that threatens to overwhelm your mind. The Spirits draw near, and then you can hear their voices in your head, speaking to you. You realize they are trying to tell you something:

'Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.'

Having relayed their strange message, the Spirits begin to drift slowly out to sea once more. Will you walk on (turn to **89**), turn round (turn to **109**) or wait (turn to **179**)?

58

You must fight.

CHAOS SHAMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

During each round of combat, the shaman's staff pulses with a dark light that seems to drain your strength. Win or lose, each round you must deduct 1 extra point from your STAMINA because the shaman's sorcery is draining you. You must kill him quickly or die! If you win, turn to **305**.

59

An arrow thuds into your thigh and you fall, helpless, to the sand. Several pirates race up to you and run you through before you can act. Your adventure ends here.

60

It is almost dusk by the time you find the crypt of Lady Lotmora. 'Hurry,' hisses Elindora, reaching into her pack for a hammer and a wooden stake, 'they could awaken at any moment.' Grimly, you dash down the stairs into a dimly lit tomb.

'Too late,' screeches a voice, a voice resonant with such evil that it curdles your blood. From behind a large tombstone, a figure steps forward to block your view. It is a woman with pale skin and aristocratic features. Her eyes are like twin orbs of bloody nightmare and her mouth opens to reveal fangs that glitter in the rising moonlight.

'Lady Lotmora!' exclaims Elindora. 'We are undone!

No, wait! Look – she is weak, it is still too early for the rise!' She could be right, you think to yourself. Lotmora does appear somewhat unsure on her feet.

'You poor fools,' snarls the Vampiress, 'to imagine you could destroy me!' She laughs maniacally and gestures to her left; four figures shamble into sight; they are Vampires – three obviously had once been farmers, the fourth is a former soldier of Bloodrise Keep. Their faces are a mask of bloodlust, all reason lost. Lady Lotmora stares at you both and you feel a terrible desire to surrender flooding over you. *Test your Resolve*. If you succeed, turn to **150**. If you fail, turn to **120**.

61

The road takes you south for some way, then it turns east, rising up into the rocky hills. Soon you find yourself walking through a shallow pass between two peaks. If you have the word 'PIRATE' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **201**. If not, turn to **141**.

62

You find 10 Gold Pieces and a pack containing one lot of Provisions on the body of the Ogre, but nothing else (note them on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now you may search the large house (turn to **251**) or the bungalow (turn to **71**), if you have not already done so. Alternatively, if you decide you have done with searching the houses, you can investigate the temple (turn to **171**) or the village hall (turn to **131**);

or you can leave the village and go to the cove where the fishing boats should be (turn to 311).

63

You hurry back to the cellar belonging to the alchemist. It is still empty. Will you now climb out through the trapdoor and leave Benari (turn to 116), enter the left-hand tunnel (turn to 162), or the middle tunnel (turn to 323)?

64

'Sit down, sit down,' says the merchant as you approach his table. 'I see you are an adventurer – I have some items for sale that would be of interest to one such as you. I'm heading for Siltport as . . . ah . . . recent circumstances force me to flee Stayng, and so I am able to offer my stock at remarkable cut-price rates.' Provided you have enough gold, you may buy whatever you wish from the merchant.

A Puffball (explodes when thrown) – 45 Gold Pieces
Two Potions of Healing (restores all lost STAMINA) – 30 Gold Pieces each
A Ring of Skill (adds 1 to SKILL) – 70 Gold Pieces
A suit of fine armour (subtracts 1 from all damage you take) – 65 Gold Pieces

When you have concluded your dealings with the merchant you may talk to the innkeeper (turn to 34) or to the farmers (turn to 135). If you have finished talking, turn to 273.

65

If you have the Spear of Qadarnai, turn to 22. If not, turn to 353.

66

You remain calm, your mind racing frantically for some plan that might save you. Unfortunately, the skeletons have no intention of giving you time to think. Fingers like dry twigs close on a dozen antique triggers, and a volley of bolts shoots towards you. Twisting as you throw yourself flat, you are still struck by a couple of the missiles; lose 3 points from your STAMINA. Even as you are rolling towards the door, one of the Undead draws its sword and slices down at you – a wild swing that cleaves into your thigh, causing the loss of another 1 point of STAMINA.

If you are still alive, you manage to hurl yourself through the door, pulling it shut behind you. As your foes scrabble to get the door open, you are already bounding down the spiral stairs. Knowing they will be hot on your trail in moments, you reach the landing and open the door leading to the battlements. Add 3 to your *Alarm Value* and turn to 302.

67

You creep round to the back of the hall, avoiding the nest of pirates inside. Keeping a sharp lookout from round the corner, you see a couple of pirates loading a mule with booty taken during their recent raid on the village. They lead the mule away in the direction of the cove where the fishing boats are usually kept. Now you may search some of the larger houses in the village (turn to 51), if you have not already done so; alternatively, you can investigate the village temple (turn to 171); or you can leave the village and go to the cove where the fishing boats should be (turn to 311).

68

A sound echoes across the empty bailey, coming from the area of the barracks. The boy starts in alarm and hisses, 'It is dangerous to speak here, even in daylight! If we are found, it will be death – and then only a temporary one!' He turns tail and flees in terror back to the safety of the stables. For you, there is no option of flight. You must go on to complete your quest or die trying! Will you now investigate the barracks (turn to 42) or go to the great gate of the keep (turn to 379)?

69

You see the leering grin of the nearest skeleton. Its thin fingers reach in a leisurely way for the crossbow trigger, confident that you have no means of escape. Your thoughts are a blur as you try desperately to summon up a plan. Then, remembering your encounter with the castellan's mother, you recite the Charm of Disruption she taught you. The words sound like a death-knell, and you watch as the skeletons crumble before your eyes. Their ancient mould-clumped armour clangs hollowly on the floor as your foes turn to piles of fine grey dust. Your hasty search of the room reveals nothing of interest. On the other side of the room, a narrow flight of steps winds up to the roof. If you go that way, turn to 279. If you decide instead to return to the landing and go through the door leading to the battlements, turn to 302

70

She is disconsolate at your refusal. Kandogor smiles triumphantly and ushers her out. You return to bed.

Some hours later, you are woken by the sensation of cold steel at your throat. You open your eyes just in time to glimpse Kandogor standing over you with a sneering smile on his face. It is the last thing you ever see.

71

Searching the bungalow proves fruitless. You find nothing except the body of a poor murdered fisherman. Cursing Mortis and his pirate allies, you leave You may now make your way to the large house (turn to 251) or the stables (turn to 291), if you have not already searched these two places. Alternatively, if you have not done so, you can investigate the temple (turn to 171) or the village hall (turn to 131); if you would rather, you can leave the village and go to the cove where the fishing boats should be (turn to 311).

72

You make camp for the night on a tree-lined hillside. You are awoken in the early morning by a loud roaring noise. Leaping up, you see that you have made camp too near a cave and its inhabitants: a grizzly bear and her young cubs. After the brief fight that ensues you manage to escape, but not before a vicious paw-swipe has laid open your thigh. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You wander on. Turn to 132.

73

The Elves look you up and down suspiciously as you greet them. If you have the Ring of Fays, turn to **153**. If not, turn to **243**.

74

You edge your way along the left-hand colonnade. You are just passing the third column when a blood-chilling wail assaults your ears. Out of the darkness ahead of you ghostly apparitions streak towards you like nightmarish visions from hell itself. *Test your Resolve*, subtracting 1 from the total rolled. If you succeed, turn to **8**. If you fail, turn to **39**.

75

You drive yourself onward, panting for breath. Miraculously, the sounds of pursuit begin to fade – and then suddenly you burst out of the forest and on to a starlit meadow. You hear the sound of enraged snarling from the edge of the wood, but whatever it is that was chasing you seems unprepared to leave the trees. Heaving a sigh of relief, you examine yourself. You have been badly lacerated by your headlong flight through the wood – lose 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you make a fresh camp some way from the wood. This time your sleep is undisturbed, and you wake in the morning to see the tor, pointing like a finger at the sky, a short distance away. Turn to **216**.

76

You have made too much noise in getting here, and your present whereabouts are known to Mortis; he has therefore sent a strong patrol to find and kill you. Two Wights appear behind you, and now you must fight them before you can do anything else. These undead beings fight without armour or weapons, but their taloned hands are as sharp as swords and they relish the taste of human flesh. You have to fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WIGHT	8	10
Second WIGHT	9	9

If you win, add 3 to your *Alarm Value* and turn to 315.

77

He wakes without a sound and watches you with eyes like glassy pebbles. 'Well, you cur,' you say, glancing at the three doors, 'which way to the lair of your vile master?'

For a moment he still says nothing. Then his purple-stained lips break into a ghastly, maniacal grin and he raises his clowning stick. You think he is about to use ventriloquism and make the skull-head reply, but he is not so subtle. Uttering a bleak peal of laughter, he clouts you sharply across the face and runs off, leaving you alone, blinded by tears of pain

You must now decide which door to take Will it be:

The door with the snake-symbol?	Turn to 172
The door with the sword-symbol?	Turn to 376
The door with the tree-symbol?	Turn to 100

78

You start to gather up the White Queen's holy objects which belong on the altar The staff continues to drain your strength: lose 2 STAMINA points. If you still live, to your relief the staff stops pulsing after a moment or two, leaving you free to clean up the temple. As you leave, you receive the blessing of the Goddess; add 1 to your RESOLVE.

You may now search some of the larger houses in the village (turn to 51), if you have not already done so Alternatively, you can investigate the village hall (turn to 131) or leave the village and go to the cove where the fishing boats should be (turn to 311)

79

The village blacksmith offers his services. He looks a little battered but seems to be the largest and most determined of the villagers. You and he rush to the armoury and you use the captain's keys to unlock it. Grabbing as many weapons as you can, you head back and arm the villagers. Leading them up on deck, you take the pirates completely by surprise. The villagers fight with a ferocity born of a desire for revenge, and soon all the pirates are killed or captured.

The villagers treat you like a hero and the blacksmith promises they will administer 'justice' to the remaining pirates. If you have met a boy called Paz and left him in the cellar of his house, turn to 348. If not, turn to 398.

80

The trapdoor lifts up easily. A ladder descends into darkness. As you climb down, a voice addresses you from the shadows below. 'Who are you, and what do you want?' someone demands. Will you give your name and assure the unknown speaker that you come in peace (turn to 25) or carry on down the ladder without replying (turn to 16)?

81

They nod, uninterested. There is nothing else here for you and it is time to get on with your mission. You decide to leave Siltport Turn to **21**.

82

Terrified out of your wits, you run for your life. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **357**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **393**.

83

You climb still further until the stairs end at a doorway. You reckon you cannot be much more than two-thirds of the way up the tower – so whatever it is that lies beyond, it cannot be the roof. If you open the door, turn to **245**. If you go back down, you can either go out on to the battlements (turn to **302**) or retrace your steps as far as the entrance to the inner keep (turn to **313**).

84

Your opponents falter, heads lolling horribly to and fro Their jaws clack frenziedly as they recognize the fate you have inflicted upon them; but they have no voices with which to rail against you – nor, you are relieved to think, with which to raise the alarm As their yellow bones blacken, cracks appear and a fine grey dust pours from their gaping mouths and empty eye-sockets. A stench of decay fills the room momentarily, then the ash into which they have decomposed falls softly to the floor.

Now it is time for you to be on your way. If you decide to go up the stairs, turn to **163** If you want to investigate the locked door first, turn to **343**

85

By the time you reach the outskirts of Port Borgos it is late afternoon. It is unnaturally quiet here and no smoke rises from the chimneys of the dwellings. Not a soul stirs. There is a pathway down to the beach near by Ahead, the gates of Borgos lie splintered and broken. To the east, the road winds on, following the River Scort up into the hills and thence to Bloodrise Keep. Will you now enter Borgos (turn to **30**), take the path to the beach (turn to **193**), or camp out here and head for Bloodrise Keep tomorrow morning (turn to **329**)?

86

Downstairs, you find a cellar where the boy must have been hiding, but nothing else of interest. You may now search the bungalow (turn to 71) or the stables (turn to 291), if you have not already done so. Alternatively you can investigate the temple (turn to 171) or the village hall (turn to 131); or you can leave the village and go to the cove where the fishing boats should be (turn to 311).

87

'You have nothing to trade. It's simple then: 35 Gold Pieces or the deal's off,' he says rudely. Will you pay over the gold for the potion, if you have that much (turn to 225), attack him and try to take the potion from him (turn to 200) or decline his offer and leave Benari (turn to 116)?

88

Mortis gives vent to a shout of rage as he recognizes the weapon that held him helpless for so many long centuries past. Then his cry turns into a groan of despair as the ivory spear slices through his breastplate, transfixing him at the very moment of sunset. Clouds of noxious vapour flood from his cape, making you choke. Shielding your face, you are forced to turn away, and so you never see what fate you have meted out to the Lich-Lord. You catch only a single glimpse of his face at the moment of his final, true death – a look of such terror and loneliness that you will carry it to your own grave. When you look back, there is only a wisp of grey mist and a

pervading stench of corruption to show where your enemy fell. Even the spear has gone.

You return to the castle, to find it littered with bodies already in a state of advanced decay: the legions of Mortis have died with their tyrannical master. When you free the castellan from the dungeons below the keep, he looks at you and knows at once that you have faced and defeated a monstrous evil, for your hair has turned stark white. Turn to 400.

89

You have scarcely taken a couple of steps before something smashes into your back, something sharp and tearing. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you turn to face whatever has attacked you – and your heart nearly stops. An unutterably hideous thing stands there, all scales and claws; you barely have time to make out its body, however, for its face is so horrifying that it almost drives you insane. Screaming, you turn to flee

After a while you manage to recover, but now you are always glancing over your shoulder, forever unsure whether you are still being stalked. Lose 2

RESOLVE points permanently. You find yourself back at the gates of Borgos. Will you enter Port Borgos (turn to 30), or camp out here for the night and make for Bloodrise Keep tomorrow morning (turn to 329)?

90

You manage to escape under a hail of arrows, but not before one of them has grazed your leg. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. If you survive, you are forced to flee Keladon, and you watch helplessly as the *Merciless* puts out to sea with its cargo of innocent villagers. Cursing the pirate scum, you turn away dejectedly. Turn to 186.

91

As you are walking through the village, you notice a dash of colour on the horizon. You look out to sea A large galley, sleek and low, with many banks of oars and black sails with a crimson skull embossed upon them, is passing by the headland where what remains of Keladon stands. You recognize a ship of the Chaos fleet. You can even make out its name, painted in large red letters on the bow – the *Merciless* Its prow is a huge iron ram, fashioned to look like a scimitar. You decide to go down to the cove where the fishing boats should be. Turn to 391

92

The Thrasher falls at last. After a brief rest, you take its head as a trophy and to prove to the villagers that you have carried out your task. The villagers are

overjoyed to see you, and their expressions of astonishment and joy are quite comical; clearly, most had not expected you to return. Belar thanks you gravely and hands over the promised 50 Gold Pieces (note the sum on your *Adventure Sheet*) He declares the morrow to be a day of feasting and celebration and invites you to attend as guest of honour But you have a mission to complete Politely declining their offer, you request that a guide be found to lead you to the tomb of Mortis. The villagers look away, shuffling their feet, and some of them whistle absent-mindedly.

Fortunately, Belar berates them as ungrateful cowards and eventually a thin, wiry man steps forward 'All right, I'll lead you to the tomb,' he says. Belar

tells you his name is Khiro, and that he is their best hunter. To you, however, he looks a really shady character – still, he's all you've got. After a quick meal at the headman's table (you may restore up to 2 lost STAMINA points) Khiro leads you up into the hills. Turn to 352.

93

You activate the ring and Chaideshu's grizzled face appears in your mind. You relate recent events to him. 'You have done well,' he says, 'and I am glad you have reported in, for I have important news for you. Through our spy network we have heard that a pirate ship has recently left Bloodrise Keep with some important papers. Apparently it is to report back to the Chaos fleet, but not before it has raided the shores of Stayng. We guess that it will attack Keladon. If you have the time, go there and see what you can do to help the villagers. You may also be able to pick up some information that will prove useful in completing your mission. Thank you, and good luck.' Your mental connection with the general is cut off. Cross off a charge of the ring on your *Adventure Sheet*. Will you now set off northwards on the road to Port Borgos (turn to 46) or go southeast towards Shamdabag Wood and then on to the village of Keladon (turn to 325)?

94

Darkness falls. You make camp just off the road in readiness for any trouble. However, the night passes uneventfully and you get a good rest (restore

lost STAMINA points). The next day you leave the hills behind you, heading for the inn that is marked on your map.

It is late afternoon by the time you arrive at a three-way crossroads. An inn stands at the junction of the roads. As you near it, you see that it is called the Down among the Dead Men – doubtless intended as a wry joke in times gone by, for the inn overlooks the cemetery. Nowadays, the name is also a horrible irony, a constant reminder of the terrible events which have befallen the people of Stayng. As you near the inn, you see a sign outside the cemetery: 'STAYNG CEMETERY' – but the word 'Stayng' has been crossed out and 'Vampire' substituted in a barely legible scrawl. Graffiti have been daubed in a rust-coloured substance over the ceremonial granite portal of the cemetery. You can make out 'Bloodfang Rules OK' in another spidery scrawl. But for the lonesome cawing of some bird far overhead and the faint sounds of activity inside the inn, it is very quiet here. Untended fields of corn stretch out behind the inn and the sun beats down . . .

Consulting your map again, you now have a choice of routes: will you enter the inn first (turn to 5), or set off and follow the road south towards Shamdabag Wood and thence on to the village of Keladon (turn to 325), or take the road west towards Port Borgos (turn to 46)?

95

A few dry branches set the fire well and truly ablaze You plant a couple of flaming torches to either side of you and stand, your back to the fire and sword drawn, awaiting whatever is coming at you out of the night The howling stops In the darkness ahead you can make out several glowing pinpricks of reddish light: your would-be assailants. Then, snarling, they burst out of the shadows and pause, unsure about the flames There are three of them, and at first glance they look like over-large timber wolves. But they have long, lash-like tails lined with wicked-looking blades of horn, and their eyes are bright with cunning. They are Whipperwolves and you must fight them Because of the position you have taken up by the fire, they have to come at you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WHIPPERWOLF	7	8
Second WHIPPERWOLF	8	7
Third WHIPPERWOLF	8	9

If you roll 11 or 12 for a Whipperwolf's Attack Round, whether or not you beat its score, it lashes you with its tail for 1 point of damage

If you win, turn to **196**

96

Holding up the ring, you think of the general Presently his grizzled face appears in your mind's eye. 'You wish to report?' he says, his voice a tickle in your brain You tell him about recent events and ask what he knows of the Finger. 'Never heard of it,' he growls. 'Now get on with your mission and stop wasting my time – and, more importantly, stop using up the charges of the ring!' His face abruptly disappears from your mind. Remember to cross off one of the ring's charges on your *Adventure Sheet* There is nothing more to be done, so you leave the temple. Turn to 382.

97

The unfortunate blacksmith is dragged out. 'And now for our next bout, lads,' bellows the bos'n, 'the one you have all been waiting for since we left home – Baracas versus Grom the Ogre!' A hulking great brute, larger than Baracas and with a foully ugly face and arms like tree trunks, lumbers out through the doors at the back. Although bigger and heavier, the Ogre is fatter and less fit-looking All around you pirates are laying bets on the bout. If you wish to place a bet, turn to 137. If not, turn to 277.

98

The knights falter when they hear the words of the charm Dropping their swords, they press their skeletal hands to their heads as wispy smoke curls from their dry, cobweb-thin flesh, heads lolling horribly to and fro. As their yellow bones turn black, cracks appear and a fine grey dust pours from their gaping mouths and empty eye-sockets. A stench of decay billows along the gallery; then the ash into which they have decomposed falls softly to the floor. Turn to 385

99

This evil pirate must have slain many innocents before without displaying a glimmer of mercy or remorse He deserves to die, you think to yourself. One blow makes the world a safer place. Turn to 194.

100

The door opens without setting off any traps You have made the right choice, it seems. If this was the first door you tried, regain 1 LUCK point.

Beyond the door, a passage disappears into cobwebby gloom Steeling your nerves, you set off along it. Turn to 330.

101

You concentrate on the ring, holding the image of the general in your mind. Cross off one of the ring's three charges on your *Adventure Sheet*. A flickering image of the old veteran's grizzled visage appears in your mind and a voice speaks inside your head. 'Ah, a report. Where are you and what have you found, young warrior?' he asks.

You tell him that you have arrived safely and are now outside Siltport ready to undertake the quest.

'What?' bellows Chaideshu. 'You wasted a charge of the ring just to tell me you have arrived? You imbecile! Well, since you're here, so to speak, you must travel north and try to find the tomb of Mortis. There you may also find the ancient weapon that slew him. Now get on with it – and don't waste my time with trifling reports!' Then contact is broken. Will you head north towards Menela (turn to **181**) or south through the hills (turn to **61**)?

102

You hurl some of your rations into the middle of the running wolfpack. Instantly they halt and begin tearing at the food and at one another in their haste to gorge themselves. The Centaur comes to a stop, panting. Turn to **27**.

103

When you are about half-way across, the floor beneath your feet suddenly gives way. A pit trap! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **238**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **207**.

104

Your skeletal opponents fought without uttering any of the sanguine oaths and battle-cries beloved of living warriors. Nevertheless, each time your swords met, a harsh clang echoed in the shadow-draped upper reaches of the tower. Add 5 to your *Alarm Value*. Now you can either head up the stairs (turn to **163**) or go down to the padlocked door you noticed earlier (turn to **343**).

105

The merchant has two things which may be of interest to you: a pack of three Provisions, which he will sell you for 15 Gold Pieces, and a Potion of Skill (which will increase your SKILL by 1 point permanently) costing 50 Gold Pieces. You may purchase one or both if you have enough gold.

The merchant then points at a man who has moved to the centre of the clearing by the fire. 'Ah, Garond is to sing for us.' The man holds a lute and is clearly a bard. Will you stay to listen to his song (turn to **333**) or, if you think you have already wasted enough time, do you prefer to leave the clearing and carry on towards Keladon (turn to **165**)?

106

The door slams behind you, an instant before the undead crossbowmen release their bolts. You hear their volley tear into the wood, and several lethal metal tips protrude from the door – having penetrated oak three finger widths thick!

You race down the stairs before your foes can get the door open. Knowing they will be hot on your trail, you reach the landing and fling open the door leading to the battlements. Add 3 to your *Alarm Value* and turn to **302**.

107

She smiles sadly. 'I had thought you a warrior of greater mettle. Still, I will pray you succeed in your mission.' She turns and leaves.

The next day dawns and you go downstairs The same crowd are there, packing and readying themselves for the day's journey. The innkeeper says that the person in black left at dawn You notice that one of the farmers is missing; the other two look downcast and frightened. You decide to get on with your journey. Will you head northeast towards Port Borgos (turn to **46**) or south towards Shamdabag Wood (turn to **325**)?

108

Elindora stares deeply into your eyes, and you feel a hypnotic trance creeping over you. You snap out of it, moments later, with no memory of what happened. However, now you feel more determined and vigorous. Add 1 to your RESOLVE permanently.

The cemetery divides up into roughly four main areas which you can search. Will you go to the northwest corner (turn to **269**), the southwest corner (turn to **249**), the northeast corner (turn to **149**) or the southeast corner (turn to **209**)?

109

You turn round – and your heart nearly stops. An unutterably hideous thing stands there, all scales and claws; you barely have time to make out its body, however, for its face is so demonic, so horrifying, that you are driven almost insane. Screaming, you turn and flee After a while you recover, but you are always glancing over your shoulder, forever worried that you are still being stalked. Lose 2 RESOLVE points permanently.

You find yourself back at the gates of Port Borgos at last. Will you enter Borgos (turn to **30**), or spend the night out here and head for Bloodrise Keep tomorrow morning (turn to **329**)?

110

You have only one chance You draw back the spear and hurl it with all your might Roll two dice – you need to score less than or equal to your SKILL in order to hit Kandogor If you succeed, turn to **304**. If you miss, turn to **155**.

111

A burning timber strikes you a glancing blow just as you reach the door; deduct **2** points from your STAMINA If you are still alive, you have the misfortune to run into the two pirates as you leap out of the stable. They step back in surprise for a moment before snarling unpleasantly. Turn to **6**.

112

You climb up into the hills They rise steeply skyward, a jumble of rocky crags and treacherous ravines Soon you are hopelessly lost. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **132**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **72**

113

You search the northwest part of the graveyard, once again to no avail. Time trickles on and now it is late afternoon. Elindora is becoming visibly agitated. 'We must find them today – tonight they will be alerted and will seek us out. We cannot afford to delay until another day!' Will you search the northeast corner (turn to **60**) or the southwest (turn to **170**)?

114

You unlock all the prisoners' chains and lead them on deck. But without weapons the villagers are easily overwhelmed by the armed and experienced pirates. In the ensuing struggle you decide you have no choice but to leave the prisoners to their fate. You can do nothing now but try to get away – you leap over the side and swim to the shore. Racing up the beach, you are pursued by several pirates, some armed with bows. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **90**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **59**.

115

You must fight the Skull Beast.

SKULL BEAST	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

The bony outer shell of the Skull Beast is so hard that you do only 1 point of damage to its STAMINA when you hit it, and you cannot use LUCK to increase damage. Even if you are able to use the Spear of Qadarnai, it will not do double damage to the Skull Beast. If you win, turn to **267**.

116

From Benari you can head northeast to Port Borgos (turn to **85**) or eastwards across country to the site of the ancient battle marked on your map (turn to **370**).

117

Forcing your rising panic down, you manage to resist the urge to flee blindly. Breaking the Zombie's grip is not difficult, for it has been exposed to wind, rain and, more importantly, sunlight. By now it is very weak and you are able to dispatch it quickly. All that you find lying on the floor of the cage is a heavy iron mace (note it on your *Adventure Sheet* if you take it). Will you continue on towards Borgos (turn to **85**) or visit the village of Benari first (turn to **223**)?

118

Screaming a war-cry, you charge towards the shaman. He whirls in horror but just has time to reach into his pouch, pull out a small ball and throw it at you. Roll 2 dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **215**. If it is greater than your SKILL, turn to **158**.

119

Getting across the poop deck unseen, you find a cabin door with a plaque above it saying: 'Captain Jarmesh – disturb only with good reason'. You can hear someone mumbling on the other side, but you cannot detect a second voice. It appears that the captain is talking to himself. Will you burst in and try to surprise him (turn to **14**) or knock on the door and say, 'Captain, a message from the two Chaos Knights' (turn to **187**)?

120

You fall under a strange spell, a kind of mental haziness. Lotmora is not yet strong enough to enslave your will, but you find yourself sluggish and indecisive. Deduct 2 SKILL points (you may however restore them if you survive the battle). Outside the sun is setting, yet its faint rays still caress the cemetery and night has not quite fallen. Lady Lotmora's powers are not at their height – but you will have to be quick, for each minute that passes increases her strength. She screams in animal rage. She and her coven advance to the attack, fangs bared and hands that end in blackened talons ready to tear at you. Elindora takes on two of the Vampires – you must fight Lady Lotmora and the other two. They come at you all together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPIRE	5	5
Second VAMPIRE	5	5
LADY LOTMORA	9	11

Remember: if you have the Spear of Qadarnai, it will do double damage against them. Whenever Lotmora hits you, roll another die; on a result of 1 or 2, her fangs pierce your skin and you must lose 1 SKILL point (you may however restore any lost SKILL points after you win). You have nine Attack Rounds in which to defeat them. If any are left after nine Rounds, turn to **363**. If you manage to defeat them all, turn to **386**.

121

In a low whisper, you tell the sailor of your intention to slay Mortis, free the island of the Undead who terrorize it, and thus rob the Chaos pirates of the ally they need to destroy the Delphic Islands. He is overjoyed at this news, and promptly tells everyone present about your mission. Soon they are all buying you drinks and wishing you luck. You spend a pleasant evening quaffing ale and impressing the locals. You do notice a shifty-looking individual leaving surreptitiously, but you soon forget him as another round of drinks is brought. Note down the word 'PIRATE' on your *Adventure Sheet*.

The next day, you decide to get on with your mission and leave Siltport. Turn to **21**.

122

The young boy looks up in surprise as you step out of the shadows before him. For a moment, his face grimaces in fear but then he smiles. 'You're not one of those living dead creatures, are you?' he asks in a voice filled with hope and fear.

'I certainly am not,' you reply. 'In fact I have come here to destroy all the Undead, including their evil master, Lord Mortis.'

You wonder how the boy has managed to survive in this terrible place. He looks around and, beckoning furtively, ushers you into the stable. 'We can talk safely in here,' he says. 'The castle is crawling with Mortis's minions. When the castle fell, he put most

of his captives to death and then brought them back from the grave as Zombies. Just a few he kept alive for duties during the day – since Zombies have no minds for anything other than killing. I was spared so as to groom and feed these horses, which will be provided for the Chaos pirates when their ships drop anchor here next month; Mortis has made a pact with them. He'll leave me unharmed for as long as he needs a stableboy, but my days are numbered. At night I have to lock myself in here, and the horses and I sleep a sleep of living nightmares. I will do everything I can to help you destroy Mortis and his Zombie slaves.' Will you ask the boy about the barracks on the other side of the courtyard (turn to 49) or about the Great Keep itself (turn to **210**)?

123

You now have the Charm of Disruption. As Iola told you, you can use it once and only once, so choose your moment wisely. When you decide to invoke the Charm, note the number of the paragraph you are reading at the time, then turn to **253** Now turn to **31**

124

You walk the length of the battlements, enjoying the momentary respite from thoughts of nightmare and death that a warm late-afternoon breeze gives you. About half-way along, you come across a battered siege-tower that has been left leaning against the wall. Obviously it was used by Mortis's soldiers in the final assault on the keep and, so

confident is the Lich-Lord of his impregnability, that he has not yet ordered it removed You eye it dubiously. It is a makeshift structure of green-stained wooden beams, held together with thongs of rotting hide. Perhaps it was adequate for the skeletal troops of Mortis's legion to climb up, but you are far from sure that it could support your own weight.

If you decide to risk it, you can climb down to the ground outside the castle walls (turn to **358**). Alternatively, you can go through the door to the east tower and ascend still further (turn to **377**).

125

This time he drops his sword and grovels on the ground before you. Snivelling, he begs for mercy. Will you finish him off now (turn to **99**) or spare his life (turn to **254**)?

126

You see the general's leathery old features in your mind's eye. He listens to your report and then ponders for a moment 'The stream that fills the moat has been blocked off because Mortis's undead legions would have difficulty crossing running water,' you hear him say. 'If enough of the castellan's men are still alive and if you can find and free them, they may be able to help you destroy the dam and trap the Undead in the keep. Act quickly, however. Daylight inhibits our enemy's powers, but it is only a few hours till nightfall.'

The sensation of his presence departs from your mind. Cross off one charge from the Ring of Communing (if you have now used it three times, it is useless and must be discarded) You make your way to the gatehouse. Turn to **228**.

127

Garond acknowledges your compliments to him on his singing and he seems quite happy to chat with you. Will you ask him about the Charm of Unbinding (turn to **43**), the Finger of Lhyss (turn to **268**), or the ivory spear wielded by the hero Qadarnai (turn to **218**)?

128

The left-hand door leads into a corridor running through the wall. Several doors line each side of the cool, dusty passageway ahead of you. At the far end it fades into gloom – but at least it appears to be deserted. Will you walk on (turn to **203**) or head back to the entrance (turn to **313**)?

129

'As you wish,' she says, and shrugs her shoulders, seemingly indifferent. 'It is time to begin. We must start our search for the crypt of Lady Lotmora.' There are roughly four main areas of the cemetery that you can search. Will you investigate the north-west corner (turn to **269**), the southwest corner (turn to **249**), the northeast corner (turn to **149**) or the southeast corner (turn to **209**)?

130

His eyes light up. 'I'll take either the amulet or the gold,' he says. 'Believe me, this potion is well worth having!'

Will you give him the amulet (turn to **307**), pay him 55 Gold Pieces for the potion, if you have that much (turn to **225**), attack him and try to take the potion (turn to **200**) or decline his offer and leave Benari (turn to **116**)?

131

If you have already searched all the places of interest in Keladon, turn to **91**. If you have not yet searched all these places, turn to **37**.

132

After a day or two of fruitless wandering, you emerge from the hills on to the road, just south of Menela. You cannot go back into the hills, for it is too dangerous – and the village won't welcome you. You have no choice but to go back past Siltport, and then follow the road south. Turn to **3**.

133

You go to the end of the gallery and see that it is open along one side; it overlooks a great high-raftered hall where once the soldiers who defended the castle would have gathered. Now, huddled on the benches below, are a host of undead knights sitting in macabre silence, coal-black cloaks wrapped round them like bats' wings, tarnished goblets clutched in their pale hands. You reckon there must be two hundred of them at least. These must be the Knights of Alptraum, Lord Mortis's feared veteran guards. Doubtless they are sheltering here from the sunlight, awaiting the kiss of the night wind to restore their dark energies.

At the far end of the gallery you can just make out a doorway, barely visible in the gloom. You can walk along the gallery to it, but you run the risk of making a noise that will attract the attention of the grisly creatures seated in the hall below. If you decide to risk it, turn to **29**. Otherwise, you must climb further up the spiral stairs towards the top of the tower; turn to **377**.

134

From your adventure at the altar to Lyhss, you know that you have to blow the whistle at the Finger of Lhyss 'to gain great power'. If, as seems likely, Whistlestone Tor is indeed the Finger of Lhyss, then it might be worth a detour. If you set off for the tor, turn to **19**. If you decide to go straight to Keladon, turn to **165**.

135

You walk over and sit at the farmers' table. They welcome you grudgingly – and suspiciously. Will you ask them about the graffiti at the cemetery (turn to **183**) or about the black-robed figure who sits in the corner (turn to **213**)?

136

You run on, but the source of the howling is gaining on you. Something smashes into your shin and you fall, face down, on to the forest floor with a crash, momentarily stunned. There is a sudden snarling sound and a creature of some sort slams on to your back with bone-crushing force, biting and ripping at your defenceless back. Your adventure ends here.

137

The odds are evens on both Baracas and Grom – that is, you will get back twice what you bet if you win. Decide how many Gold Pieces you wish to bet, and cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to **387** if you bet on Grom. Turn to **248** if you bet on Baracas.

138

Gingerly, you edge along the right-hand wall. As you pass each column, you set off a trap, so that you are assailed by various mechanical sword-, axe- and spear-thrusts. You must parry them all successfully in order to reach the altar. Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **189**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **166**.

139

Which of the following will you use?

The Ivory Spear of Qadarnai?	Turn to **110**
A puffball	Turn to **346**
The Ring of Fays	Turn to **270**

If you don't have any of these, you stand for a moment in dangerous indecision – turn to **155**.

140

You pace quietly down the long, dark and dank corridor. Soon it begins to bend around to the left. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **164**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **288**.

141

The road leads you past an old quarry, long disused, which has been dug out of the foothills. You notice that part of one of the quarry rock-faces has crumbled away, revealing a fissure-like cave entrance. If you wish to enter this cave, turn to **17**. To ignore the distraction and press on, turn to **94**.

142

As you step forward to cut the cage down, the crows shriek madly and swoop down to peck and claw at you with razor-sharp beaks and talons. You must fight them off; treat them as one opponent

A MURDER OF CROWS SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 237.

143

You hare off down the left-hand tunnel. After only a minute or so, you see a light bobbing at the end and, up ahead, Hlassamon hobbling along as fast as he can You catch up with him easily, and he falls to his knees. 'Take it, take it,' he stutters. 'Just spare my life!' You take the vial of potion and, drinking it, find yourself now more determined, able to face any horror. Note that on the next two occasions when you are asked to *Test your Resolve* you will automatically succeed and need not roll the dice (however, your RESOLVE will not be increased on these two occasions). Hlassamon smiles weakly at you, but you assure him you have no intention of killing him; it's just that you had to have the potion to aid you in your quest. While you are explaining this to him, he is already walking backwards, away from you, and then he turns and flees. Pressing on, you come eventually to a small hole, hidden by a bush, that leads into the open air. You emerge on a small hill just outside the village. Thanking the Goddess of Luck, you decide it is high time you left Benari Turn to 116.

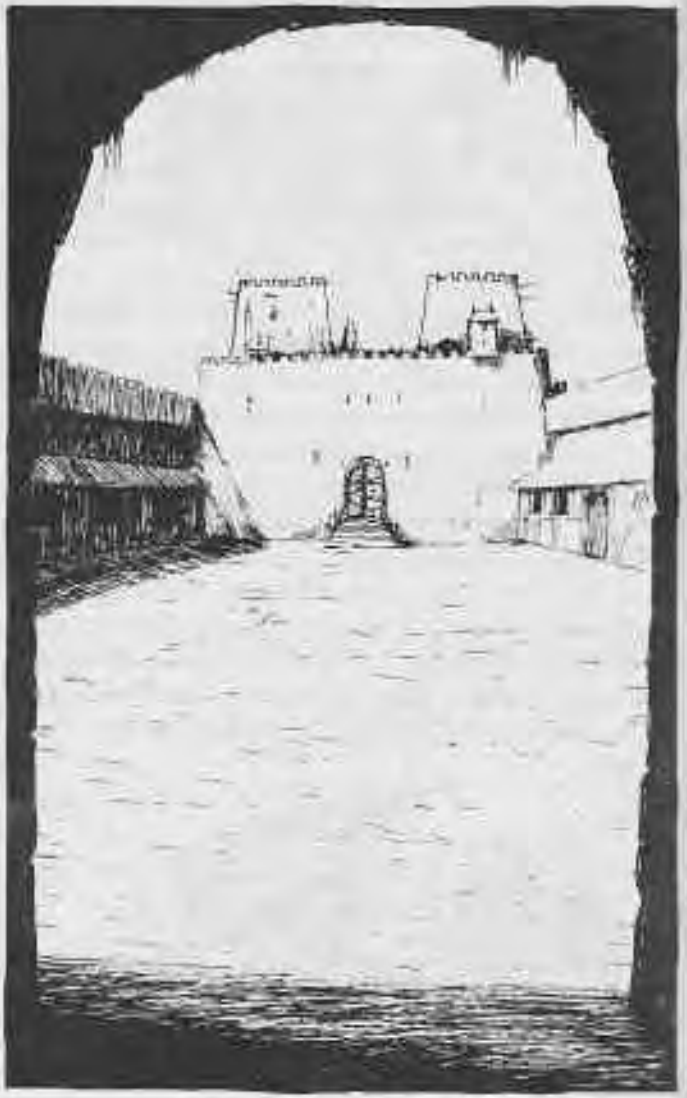

144

You stand by the gatehouse and look across the bailey towards the walls enclosing the inner keep, where twin towers stand like grim granite sentinels against the cloudless blue sky. Smouldering in the sultry heat of the afternoon, the packed earth of the courtyard throws back a fierce glare from the sun that makes you squint. The outer wall casts a block of shadow along the southern perimeter of the courtyard. If you want to use the shadows as cover to reach the stables to your left, turn to **9**. If you prefer to make for the barracks to your right, turn to **42**. If you are prepared to stride across the middle of the courtyard and enter the inner keep, turn to **379**.

145

Will you use:

The Ivory Spear of Qadarnai?	Turn to **234**
The Ring of Fays?	Turn to **4**
The Charm of Disruption?	Turn to **338**

If you have none of these, indecision makes you hesitate – and Mortis smites you a splintering blow with his flanged mace. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA and (if you are still alive) return to **250** to give battle.

146

As you depart, the castellan calls after you in a voice made whisper-faint by fatigue and pain: 'Mortis has built a dam to block the stream feeding the moat and make it stagnant; he boasted of his plans to me. His undead troops can cross water that is stagnant. If you can smash the dam, fresh water will once again flow down around the castle – running water that will wash away the infection of necromantic magic – and his legion will be trapped within.'

Looking up the spiral well of the stairs, you see that the beam of sunlight above is now slanting up, indicating that the sun must be sinking close to the horizon. Pausing only to reassure the castellan that you will return, you hurry back up the stairs. You can now either ascend the tower (turn to 163) or, if you think you have any means of destroying the dam, you can head back outside the castle (turn to 396).

147

Stark horror rises like bile in your gorge, but you manage to retain an icy, rigid calm as you prepare to fight the three grisly figures. Add 1 to your RESOLVE.

While you are engaged in close combat with one of the undead archers, the others will try to shoot arrows at you. To determine whether an arrow hits or not, each Attack Round roll two dice for each archer shooting. A roll of 7 or below means that you have been hit: deduct 1 point from your STAMINA.

However, a roll of 8 or above means that the shot has hit the undead creature that you are fighting, and it loses 1 STAMINA point.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First		
UNDEAD ARCHER	7	5
Second		
UNDEAD ARCHER	7	4
Third		
UNDEAD ARCHER	7	4

If you defeat them all within eight Attack Rounds, turn to 365. If you are still fighting after this time, turn to 247.

148

You manage to break out of the clutches of the Werewight before Mortis's servants can encircle you. Scrambling backwards, you throw open the door and retreat into the courtyard. The Vampires cannot pursue you there, for the sun would shrivel their stolen beauty and they would become the dead things they truly are. The Werewight also seems to shun the daylight – though perhaps it simply has no wish to feel the bite of your sword again. It lurks just at the threshold of the barracks, giving vent to spine-chilling howls that resound eerily across the empty, sunlit courtyard. Add 4 to your *Alarm Value*. You must hurry away from here before Mortis sends his guards to investigate; you race across the courtyard towards the huge doorway that leads to the inner keep. Turn to 379.

149

You stumble across the entrance to an ornate crypt in the northeast corner of the cemetery. Elated, Elindora tells you it is the tomb of Lady Lotmora and, full of trepidation, you both descend into the yawning darkness of the portal. Below, you find five open coffins and, further back, a large stone sarcophagus. All are open and seem to be inhabited by sleeping people – or so you think until you see their deathly white faces, their pointed white fangs jutting over ruby-red lips, and their taloned hands crossed over cold, unmoving breasts. Vampires! With a grim face you set about the unwelcome task of driving wooden stakes through their hearts. In full daylight these creatures of evil are helpless – even Lady Lotmora, though at the last moment her eyes flick open. Elindora is satisfied: you have destroyed all the Vampires. Gain 1 RESOLVE and turn to 386.

150

The Vampires' powers of hypnosis seem strangely ineffective; outside, the sun is setting, yet its faint rays still caress the cemetery and it is not yet quite dusk. Lady Lotmora's powers are not at their full strength, but you will have to be quick, for each minute that passes increases her strength. She screams in bloody rage as she and her coven advance to the attack, fangs bared and hands that end in blackened talons ready to rend you. Elindora takes on two of the Vampires; you must fight Lady Lotmora and the other two. They come at you all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPIRE	5	5
Second VAMPIRE	5	5
LADY LOTMORA	9	11

Remember: if you have the Spear of Qadarnai, it will wreak double damage against them. Whenever Lotmora hits you, roll another die; on a result of 1 or 2, she bites you and you lose 1 SKILL point (you may however restore any lost SKILL points after you win). You have nine Attack Rounds in which to defeat them all. If any are left after nine Rounds, turn to 363. If you manage to defeat them in time, turn to 386.

151

You lead Paz out of the cellar and into the open. Just as you round the corner of the house you spot a patrol and dodge back out of sight. However, Paz's nerve breaks at once; he gives a scream of fear and runs for his life towards the village gate. The two pirates give a whoop of delight and set off after him, but then they see you, stop and draw their weapons. One is a wiry whippet of a man, scabby and vicious-looking, the other a grinning, ember-eyed Hobgoblin. They wield scimitars and carry light wooden bucklers. Grimly they advance towards you. You must fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First		
CHAOS PIRATE	6	7
Second		
CHAOS PIRATE	8	6

If you win, turn to **231**.

152

The Thrasher has swept you off your feet with its mace-like tail. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You may use LUCK in the normal way to try and reduce this. If you are still alive, return to **192** and continue the fight.

153

One of the Elves recognizes the Ring of Fays on your finger. 'Ah, you must be the one Elindora told us of!' exclaims the Elf. 'Welcome to Shamdabag Wood, our home. I am Pelagon the Speaker. You have done us a great service, for Elindora could not have completed her task without your aid. We are in your debt.'

You mumble something like 'It was the least I could do.'

'You acted nobly, and we feel you should be rewarded further,' says Pelagon. He motions to one of his companions, who takes a round shield that had been slung on his back. It is of polished silver and is highly reflective. 'This may prove useful in your quest. It is of vital importance to us all that you succeed. Please take it as a gift.' He hands you the shield (note that you have the Polished Shield on your *Adventure Sheet*). As the Undead hate to see themselves reflected, whenever you are in combat with an undead creature and you have this Shield, deduct 1 from your opponent's SKILL. However, you may perform this action on only one Undead at a time.

Then one of the Elves points to a man who has moved to the centre of the clearing and is standing beside the fire. 'Ah, Garond is to sing for us,' says Pelagon. The man holds a lute and is clearly a bard. Will you stay to listen to his song (turn to **333**) or, if you think you have already wasted enough time, do

you leave the clearing and carry on towards Keladon (turn to **165**)?

154

You cough and gag as the liquid burns your throat. You have been poisoned; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, return to the paragraph whose number you noted.

155

Kandogor utters a mad shriek of laughter as he releases the catch on the ballista. You are overcome with raw hatred for the traitor: you'll soon wipe that grin –

The thought is cut off as the bolt strikes you in the chest. You stare at it in astonishment for an instant, then clutch feebly at the shaft and pitch forward into darkness. Your adventure ends in failure.

156

The first farmer snatches up the pieces of gold (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*) and leans forward to whisper conspiratorially in your ear. The other two farmers look plainly terrified. 'Bloodfang is the name we give to the hideous creature that stalks the living from its lair in the cemetery. Some of us have been disappearing lately,' mumbles the farmer. Now will you talk to the innkeeper (turn to **34**) or to the merchant (turn to **64**) or, if you have done all the talking you wish to do, turn to **273**.

157

You grip the spear and turn to smite whatever is behind you. Turn to **109**.

158

You try to knock the ball out of the air but miss by a mile. The ball strikes you on the chest and then explodes with a loud bang, hurling you through the air. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you stagger to your feet, to find the shaman standing before you; he is wielding an ironshod staff covered in strange runes. Turn to **58**.

159

Managing to break away from the battle before one of the skeletons can circle around and attack you from behind, you race up the stairs two at a time.

Reaching a landing at the top of the next flight, you spy a rack full of polearms standing beside the stairs. You glance back to see your pursuers not far behind you, clambering up the stairs with their antique swords raised to strike. Though only a dim glimmer of reason serves them, they can see that you are tired and lack the strength to flee any further . . .

You do not have to. Putting your shoulder against the rack of weapons, you heave and push it over. As it falls, the skeletons come to a halt and start to retreat, but they are too slow. A dozen heavy-bladed polearms crash into them, snapping their

old bones like twigs and carrying them down the stairs, to land in a broken tangle at the bottom. The crash echoes up the tower, and you fight down a surge of panic as you realize this has almost certainly alerted more of Mortis's guards. Add 7 to your *Alarm Value* and turn to **239**.

160

You leap out, screaming a war-cry. The Skull Beast shrieks in rage and comes at you, flailing its tentacle-like tongues. If you have been to Benari and spoken with its chief, Morlak, turn to **50**. Otherwise, turn to **115**.

161

You charge off at full speed down the pass. The ambushers yell in rage, but by the time they have made it down to the path, you are long gone. 'Discretion is the better part of valour,' you think smugly to yourself.

Soon the road leads downwards, east and out of the hills. Turn to **141**.

162

Holding the torch aloft, you set off down the left-hand tunnel. After only a few minutes you can make out light at the end of the tunnel. Running on, you find a small hole, hidden by a bush, that leads into the open air. You emerge on a small hill just outside the village. Thanking the Goddess of Luck, you decide it is time you left Benari. Turn to **116**.

163

You climb the stairs as far as a landing. From here, through an arch you can see a long gallery, and the spiral stairway continues up into the topmost chambers of the tower. As you take a step back, debating which route to take, you stumble into a rack of weapons at the side of the landing. Several of the polearms are dislodged and, though you manage to catch them all, the disturbance sends a clatter echoing up the bare walls of the tower. Turn to **239**.

164

The sound of slow, shuffling feet reaches your ears. You quickly wriggle into a narrow recess in the side of the corridor and conceal yourself in the shadows. A patrol of two Undead pass by; they reek of death, their flesh is a scabrous grey colour and their eyes are twin orbs of blank nothingness. Reduce your *Alarm Value* by 1. When they are out of sight, you come out of hiding and continue along the corridor. Turn to **324**.

165

At last you can see the village of Keladon ahead. However, everything seems strangely quiet, save for the occasional faint sound of shouting. Plumes of black smoke spiral skyward from some areas of the village: it appears to be on fire. Black crow-like birds circle in the air, cawing desolately. As you draw nearer, no one comes out to challenge you and then you notice a couple of bodies by the wooden gate, slumped on the ground. The road branches

here: one way leads to the village, the other down to the cove where Keladon's fishing vessels are usually tethered. Will you enter the village (turn to **11**), or head for the cove to see if there is anyone at the quayside (turn to **383**)?

166

Unfortunately you suffer a sword-cut, and one of the spears grazes your side. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you step up to the altar. Turn to **303**.

167

'I will take up the challenge,' you say in the most self-assured tones you can muster. The spectators go mad with excitement at the prospect of another fight, though several of them are looking at you as though you are quite mad. You step into the circle.

Baracas looks you up and down contemptuously. 'I will take you in three minutes,' he says. You must wrestle Baracas.

BARACAS SKILL 10 STAMINA 15

The fight is not to the death – any loss of STAMINA is temporary 'stun damage' and may be restored after the fight. You are not using weapons, so any SKILL bonuses you get from magic swords, etc., do not count. Wrestling combat is different. Each round, first roll two dice for Baracas; if the total scores less than or equal to his SKILL, he has you in a hold. Next, roll two dice for yourself; if you roll less than or equal to your SKILL, you have broken his hold. If your score is higher than your SKILL, you must lose 5 points from your STAMINA. If Baracas rolls higher than his SKILL and you succeed in your roll, *you* have *him* in a lock, and he has to deduct 5 points from his STAMINA. When the STAMINA of either of you reaches zero or less, that competitor loses the bout. If you win, turn to **227**. If you lose, turn to **347**.

168

You make your way through the trees and into a large clearing, filled with a motley collection of people. There are peasants, farmers, merchants, one or two soldiers and several Wood Elves. A large fire has been lit, and several roasts are turning on spits. Music is being played and jugglers are juggling, dancers dancing and storytellers telling stories. A man armed with a halberd approaches you. He says nothing, merely scrutinizes you closely and then nods, as if satisfied. 'You can pass,' he says. You ask him what's going on, and he tells you that

these people are refugees from the villages which have been overrun by the Undead and that they have come here because elfin sorcery is preventing Mortis's legions from entering the wood – so far. Near by a man in once-rich robes is hawking goods from the back of a cart. Further on, a small group of Wood Elves are conversing in low tones. Will you see what the merchant has for sale (turn to **105**) or go over to the Elves (turn to **73**)?

169

Kandogor takes the first watch, and you lie down to rest. Just as you are on the point of falling asleep, the door flies open and the black-robed figure you saw in the room downstairs bursts in. Acting with commendable speed, Kandogor trips up the intruder with a deft kick. A moment later, his sword is at the throat of the sprawling night prowler. Will you stop him killing the unknown person (turn to **40**) or let him finish the job (turn to **18**)?

170

Your search proves fruitless yet again, and now the sun is setting. 'We must get out,' screams Elindora, 'and try to reach the safety of the inn!' As you make your way to the cemetery's entrance, evening shadows fall like a curtain descending upon your life. Just as the exit comes in sight, ahead of you a chilling laugh rings out, and from behind a large tombstone a figure steps forward to block your way. It is a woman with pale skin and aristocratic features. Her eyes are like twin orbs of bloody

nightmare and her mouth opens to reveal fangs that glitter in the brightening moonlight. 'Lady Lotmora!' exclaims Elindora. 'We are undone!'

'You poor fools,' snarls the Vampiress, 'to imagine you could destroy me!' She laughs maniacally and beckons to her left. Four more figures shamble into sight. They are Vampires – three obviously once farmers, the other a soldier from Bloodrise Keep; their faces are masks of bloodlust, all reason lost. Lady Lotmora stares fixedly at you both, and you begin to feel a terrible desire to surrender seize you. *Test your Resolve*, but add 2 to the dice-roll. If you succeed, turn to **190**. If you fail, turn to **220**.

171

If you have already searched all the places of interest in Keladon, turn to **91**. If you have not yet searched all these places, turn to **38**.

172

As you grasp the door-handle, a needle concealed in it pricks your skin and a virulent poison is injected into your bloodstream. Roll one die: you must lose the number of STAMINA points the die-roll de-

mands. If you are still alive, you soon find out that this is a false door leading nowhere. You must choose one of the others – the one marked with either the sword (turn to **376**) or the tree (turn to **100**).

173

He is not interested in the slightest in anything you may have – except an Amulet of Ages. If you have one, turn to **130**; otherwise, turn to **87**.

174

Fortunately the door is not locked, and you slip inside, to find yourself in a small storeroom which is stacked with barrels of water, rope and so on.

You wait a few hours for all the noise to die down and then step silently out into the corridor. There is no one else about. Will you try to get to the captain's cabin (turn to **119**) or go where the prisoners are held and try to free them (turn to **314**)?

175

One of the skeletons opens its mouth in a dire hissing laugh, and your nerve snaps. Uttering a scream of uncontrolled terror, you drop your weapon (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*) and throw yourself backwards, fingers frantically searching for the handle to pull the door shut behind you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **106**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **195**.

176

You enter a small storeroom, full of jars of wine and rotting food. The Undead have no use for this kind of nourishment any more, so no one has been here for some time. You may stay and hide here for a short while (turn to **318**); or you can leave and open the door opposite (turn to **199**) or make your way down the corridor (turn to **140**).

177

Your battle-honed instincts take over and you throw yourself into action almost before you are aware of having formulated a plan Tilting the shield, you reflect the bright glare of the afternoon sun straight into Kandogor's face and he is forced to shoot blind. You hurl yourself to one side and the ballista bolt whistles past you, grazing your arm. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you ignore the pain and race forward to attack Kandogor before he can ready another bolt. Turn to **366**.

178

Terror threatens to engulf you like an icy wave when you see three beautiful but corpse-pale faces loom out of the darkness behind the snarling Werewight. Red lips part hungrily to reveal pointed fangs. Obviously these are the Vampire concubines of dread Mortis, attracted by war-cries and the smell of fresh blood as moths are attracted to a flame. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **148**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **364**.

179

You feel a tingling sensation between your shoulder-blades: something is close behind you. Will you turn round (turn to **109**) or (if you have one) use an item: either the Spear of Qadarnai (turn to **157**), the polished shield (turn to **283**), or an iron mace (turn to **375**)?

180

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **258**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **155**.

181

You travel north on a dusty, unmade road. To your right, a column of rocky crags and low hills marches alongside you. After a while you spot the smoke of a village up ahead. As you near it, you notice that part of the outer stockade has been destroyed and that some of the buildings are damaged, as if struck by a giant flail. At the makeshift wooden gate stand several guards, weapons at the ready. They are

clearly desperate – and desperate men are dangerous men. Curtly one of them demands your business at the village of Menela. Will you look down your nose at them and tell them to mind their own business (turn to **221**) or tell them you are on a mission for General Chaideshu that concerns the welfare of the whole island and its inhabitants (turn to **281**)?

182

Wielding the mace, you defend yourself.

SKULL BEAST	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

Because you are using the mace, you are able to do normal damage to the Skull Beast – its outer shell of bone may be tough, but it is brittle and vulnerable to smashing forces. If you win, turn to **267**.

183

'Don't know anything 'bout that,' says one gruffly. The other two look scared when you mention it. Will you offer two pieces of gold for more information (turn to **156**) or go and talk to the innkeeper (turn to **34**) or to the merchant (turn to **64**) or, if you have done all the talking you wish to do, turn to **273**?

184

You step through the doorway and have to feel your way along, as very little light penetrates the closed casements in the outer wall and you dare not risk kindling a torch. As your eyes adjust to the darkness, you discern a door and a narrow flight of steps

that must wind down to the great hall. Briefly you consider your chances of defeating all two hundred Knights of Alptraum, should you goad them into attacking you up the narrow stairs. Were there only fifty, you might manage it, fighting them one at a time and with the advantage of height. But the sheer weight of numbers, coupled with their tireless sinews, would prevail against you in the end. Instead, you turn your attention to the door directly ahead of you which, you discover, leads on to the east battlements.

If you go out on to the battlements, turn to **124**. If you return to the east tower and climb further up the staircase, turn to **377**.

185

You search the northwest of the graveyard, once again to no avail. Time trickles on and now it is late afternoon. Elindora is becoming visibly agitated. 'We must find them today – they will be alerted tonight and seek us out. We cannot afford to wait another day!' Will you search in the northeast corner (turn to **60**) or the southeast (turn to **170**)?

186

Leaving Keladon behind, you set out on the road north again, heading for the crossroads at the inn, and then eastwards towards Bloodrise Keep. After a short while you notice a commotion off the road to the south. You can make out what looks like a horseman riding hard, apparently pursued by a pack of wolves, but the dust they are raising makes it hard for you to be sure. Will you press on (turn to **65**) or run towards them and see if you can help the rider (turn to **13**)?

187

You knock and give your story.

'Wait while I deactivate the trap,' you hear a voice say; then, 'Come in.'

You open the door and step into a cluttered cabin: the desk is littered with papers and nautical instruments; chests of booty and captured treasures lie around in disorder. Captain Jarmesh is a small, rat-like man dressed in gaudy clothes, his eyes beady and cunning. At the sight of you he gives an oath and shouts, 'You are not one of my men!' Drawing his sword, he comes towards you. Turn to 294.

188

The fight is hard and protracted. You make a lot of noise in slaying the undead guards. Add 2 to your *Alarm Value*. Will you now go out into the courtyard (turn to 286), go through the door to your right (turn to 230) or through the door to the left (turn to 128)?

189

Incredibly, you manage to parry all the attacks. You step up to the altar. Turn to 303.

190

You manage to throw off the effects of her hypnosis. Lady Lotmora shrieks in rage as she and her cover advance to the attack, fangs bared and hands that end in blackened talons outstretched to rend you. Elindora takes on two of the Vampires; you must fight Lady Lotmora and the other two. They all come at you at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPIRE	7	9
Second VAMPIRE	6	8
LADY LOTMORA	11	18

Remember: if you have the Spear of Qadarnai, it will inflict double damage upon them. Whenever Lotmora hits you, roll another die; on a roll of 1 or 2, she bites you and you lose 1 SKILL point (you may however restore any lost SKILL points if you win). If you manage to defeat them, turn to 386.

191

While examining an upstairs room that has already been thoroughly ransacked, you hear a door slam downstairs and then the sound of running feet, as someone dashes out of the house. Sticking your head out of the window, you see a small boy, clearly terrified, running for his life away from the house. He darts round the corner. Will you run after him (turn to 36) or carry on searching the house (turn to 86)?

192

The villagers instruct you to follow a mountain trail which is marked by the unmistakable path of the Thrasher: large footprints, smashed trees and shattered rocks. Nobody will come with you to guide you. As you set off the villagers wish you good luck. 'He'll need it,' you hear one of them mutter. Belar cuffs him round the head, before turning to you with a warm smile: 'I'm sure it'll be an easy job for one such as you – no doubt we'll soon see you!'

An hour or so later, while you are following the trail of the Thrasher, you hear a loud crashing and grinding noise up ahead. Round a corner on the mountain trail a raging beast appears, rampaging through the trees. It is the Thrasher. It has a large, toad-like body with two small forelimbs and two huge back legs, obviously for leaping. The body is heavily furred with black, matted bristles. Its head resembles that of a hyena, save for the gaping mouth lined with small, sharp teeth. The tail is long and massive, ending in a solid ball of cartilage which it uses to pulverize its prey. With one bound it leaps at you, swinging its tail ominously. You must fight it.

THRASHER SKILL 7 STAMINA 13

If the dice-roll for the Thrasher totals 11 or 12 for its Attack Strength, before adding its SKILL score, turn to 152. If you win, turn to 92.

193

As you follow the path to the seashore, you have an uncanny feeling that you are being followed. You turn to look behind you, but there is nothing there. Dusk is falling: in the failing light you notice some faint shapes that seem to be floating on the surface of the roaring breakers of the sea that crash on to the beach. The sound of the rolling waves and the sharp call of a seagull seem to pierce your heart with a sense of lonely desolation. For a moment you feel as if you were the last person left alive. But then your heart begins to pound and an adrenalin rush of fear fills your blood, for the faint shapes are gliding towards you, and you can see them more clearly now: they are the spectral shadows of the drowned. Ghostly forms, pallid white and wreathed in seaweed, fill your mind with dread. The Spirits of the Drowned are calling to you with whispered words like the surging sea. *Test your Resolve*. If you succeed, turn to **57**. If you fail, turn to **82**.

194

Captain Jarmesh is dead. Searching his desk, in one of the drawers you find a scroll and some keys. One of the keys is labelled 'armoury'; others are for storerooms, the brig and the locks to the fetters that bind the galley-slaves. The scroll is more interesting. It bears a message from Mortis to Jarmesh. Reading it, you learn that Jarmesh is the first Chaos pirate to have arrived, and that a whole fleet is on the way; their mission is to pick up Mortis's undead legions and then sail to attack the Delphic Alliance.

Mortis reports that he has full control of Bloodrise Keep and has built a dam of bodies and bones on the River Scort. This has rendered the moat round the castle stagnant and still. Quite why he has done this is unclear, although Mortis mentions that he and his Undead are 'free and unfettered'. You also find orders from Lord Kashu of Vorodu, the Grand Admiral of Chaos himself, ordering the *Merciless* to terrorize those areas of Stayng Island that are still free of Undead and to take as many slaves as possible to man the slaveships of the Chaos fleet. Will you try to escape from the boat now and leave Keladon to pursue your quest (turn to **26**) or try to rescue the villagers from the hold (turn to **354**)?

195

While still fumbling with the door-handle, you are struck glancing blows from several crossbow bolts. Since you were dodging, they inflict the loss of only 3 points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, you manage to slam the door behind you in time to block the rest of the volley, which tears into the thick oak as though it were balsa wood. As your foes scrabble to get the door open, you are already bounding down the spiral stairs. Knowing they will be hot on your trail in moments, you reach the landing and open the door leading to the battlements. Add 3 to your *Alarm Value* and turn to **302**.

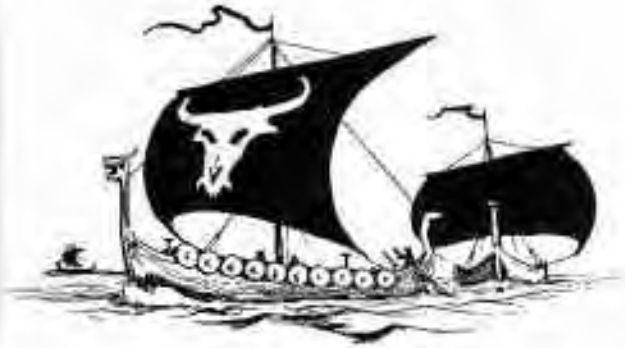

196

The last Whipperwolf lies dead at your feet. You are able to pass the rest of the night in undisturbed sleep. Next day, you leave Shamdabag Wood without any further trouble, and you soon spot the tor, pointing like a finger at the sky, a short distance to the west. Turn to **216**.

197

Amazed at your remarkable fighting skills, the rest of the pirates turn tail and flee. Just as you step out the back of the village hall, you observe a couple of pirates loading a mule up with plunder taken from their recent raid on the village. They lead the mule away in the direction of the cove where the fishing boats are usually kept. Now you may search some of the large houses in the village if you have not already done so (turn to **51**) Alternatively, you can investigate the village temple (turn to **171**) or leave the village and go to the cove where the fishing boats should be (turn to **311**).

198

You begin your search of the cemetery The rows of graves, tombstones and small crypts seem endless, and after an hour or two of searching you begin to feel like some forsaken traveller lost in hell Broken headstones and untended graves lend a sense of desolation to the grim and bleak landscape. Some graves have been opened and defiled; others look as if the occupants have dug their own way out.

It is well past midday now Elindora sighs with frustration but Kandogor leads you to another area 'This way, this way, I am sure of it,' he says. You begin to suspect that he is leading you in the wrong direction. Once again your search proves fruitless, and now the sun is setting. 'We must get out,' urges Elindora, 'if we are to reach the safety of the inn!' As you make your way to the cemetery entrance, evening shadows fall like a shroud. As the exit comes in sight, a chilling laugh sounds ahead of you. A figure steps out from behind a large tombstone to block your escape; it is a woman with pale skin and aristocratic features. Her eyes are like twin orbs of bloody nightmare and her mouth opens to reveal fangs that glitter in a pool of moonlight. 'Lady Lotmora!' screams Elindora. 'We are undone!'

'You poor fools,' snarls the Vampiress, 'to imagine you could destroy me!' She laughs maniacally and gestures to her left. Four figures shamble into sight. They are Vampires, three obviously once farmers, the other once a soldier at Bloodrise Keep. Their faces are masks of bloodlust, all reason gone Lady

Lotmora stares hard at you both, and you feel a terrible wish to surrender welling up inside you. *Test your Resolve*, but add 2 to the dice-roll. If you succeed, turn to 309. If you fail, turn to 399.

199

The door opens into a room overlooking the gate. Arrow slits allow thin streams of dust-filled sunlight into the room, creating a latticework of light on the cold stone floor. Suddenly the sound of shuffling and an incoherent bellowing fill you with fear, and from the dark corner of the room three rotting forms stumble towards you! Your nostrils are filled with the smell of the grave and your eyes widen at the hideous sight of living putrefaction, as three undead warriors advance towards you. *Test your Resolve*. If you succeed, turn to 147. If you fail, turn to 397.

200

You give a war-cry and charge at Hlassamon, intent on forcing him to hand over the potion to you. He leaps to his feet, howling in abject cowardice. But at the last moment he hurls a handful of dust into your face and, while you are doubled up, coughing and sneezing, he runs off in the direction of the three tunnels at the far end of the room. When your eyes finally stop watering, he has gone. Will you abandon him to his fate and leave Benari (turn to 116), or do you prefer to try and catch up with him by grabbing the torch and racing down the left-hand tunnel (turn to 143), the middle tunnel (turn to 323) or the right-hand tunnel (turn to 287)?

201

Suddenly an arrow thuds into the ground beside your foot! You look up to see three figures with bows shooting at you from behind a boulder, a little way up the side of the pass. You recognize one of them as the shady-looking man you saw leaving the Sword of the Samurai inn at Siltport; the other two look like buccaneers or Chaos pirates. An arrow grazes your shoulder – deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Will you charge up the hill at the pirates (turn to 261) or try to make a run for it down the pass (turn to 161)?

202

After a while Salesh begins to complain of your weight, saying, 'Bah, it is not right that a great lord like myself should have to serve as a mere beast of burden!' You remind him of his promise recently made, and he groans in annoyance. He leads you across country and on to the road that leads to Borgos, a short-cut that avoids the inn. Then he stops. 'I must rest, my friend – but only for a short time.' You dismount, eyeing the Centaur suspiciously. He looks at you. Then he slaps a hand to his forehead, as if a thought has just struck him. 'Ye gods,' he exclaims, 'the council meet! I must be there – and it had all but slipped my mind.' It is transparently obvious to you that Salesh is lying through his teeth. 'Forgive me, noble friend, matters of state – I must return to Shamdabag Wood.'

'What of my vital mission to kill Mortis,' you say wryly, 'which after all in the long run is probably more important to you than it is to me?'

'Ah, yes, well . . . I'm sure that a great warrior like yourself will have no trouble – in fact I would only be a hindrance. Well, my thanks, and good luck.' With that, he turns tail and canters off southwards. Shrugging your shoulders, you set off on foot on the road to Port Borgos. Turn to **46**.

203

At the far end of the corridor you find an armoury. Swords and polearms must once have filled the wooden racks along the walls, but now the room has been ransacked by the undead army and most of the better weapons are gone. However, your attention is caught by a broad-bladed halberd, which looks as if it may have been fashioned in the land of Hachiman, where the weaponsmith's art is supreme. You test it; it is quite heavy, but you could carry it if you first discarded your current weapon. Decide whether you are going to do that (note the halberd on your *Adventure Sheet* and delete your current weapon, if you decide to) and then plan your next move. From here, you can retrace your steps and head east (turn to **313**), or you can ascend the stairs to the west tower (turn to **362**).

204

You are within a few steps of the door when suddenly it swings open and you are confronted by two of the Knights of Alptraum. Sheer surprise makes you stand still, frozen into immobility. They are ghastly to look upon: angular, bony frames on which the scant flesh clings like a tissue of ragged parchment, in their eyes a glimmer like that of stars on a cold winter's night, and their guttural, voiceless cries as they draw their greatswords. You must kill them quickly or run the risk of alerting the other undead knights seated below.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KNIGHT OF ALPTRAUM	10	9
Second KNIGHT OF ALPTRAUM	10	9

If you win, turn to **385**.

205

You turn the body over: it is that of a man, middle-aged, balding and with a thick black beard. He holds a chipped sword in one hand. Then, to your surprise, his eyes flick open – he still lives! 'Water, water,' he croaks. You give him a drink from your canteen. He is covered in blood and is obviously dying. Pulling you closer, he whispers in your ear. 'Listen to me. My name is Morlak and I was the chief of Benari,' he rasps. 'Mortis sent his hordes to destroy us. The Undead were led by some foul thing summoned by Mortis to this plane from the Lands

of the Dead. It was like a giant skull on a myriad skeletal legs. From its grinning maw it flung out tentacled tongues that pulled its victims into its clacking, snapping jaws. We tried to fight it but our swords and arrows barely seemed to harm its bony form. I think it must be vulnerable only to heavy smashing weapons, such as clubs or maces. Remember this, if you should have the misfortune to meet it.' These are his last words, for he coughs spasmodically and the light of life leaves his eyes for ever.

Sparing a brief moment of time to mourn the brave chief, you bury him beside the shrine, swearing that Mortis will pay for his evil. Will you now leave Benari (turn to **116**) or investigate the ruined buildings (turn to **335**)?

206

With only seconds to spare, you manage to leap from the raging inferno that was the stable, just as a flaming timber crashes to the ground behind you. Unfortunately you run straight into the two pirates; they step back in surprise for a moment before snarling unpleasantly. Turn to **6**.

207

With a cry, you fall into the pit, impaling yourself on wooden spikes on the floor. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you haul yourself out of the pit, gasping in pain. After a few moments' rest spent binding your wounds, you step up to the altar. Turn to **303**.

208

Mortis gives vent to a snarl of rage as he recognizes the weapon that held him helpless for long centuries past. Then his cry becomes a wail of despair as the ivory spear slices through his breastplate, impaling him through his dead heart. Clouds of noxious vapour flood from his cape and choke you. Shielding your face, you are forced to turn away, so you never see what fate you have meted out to the Lich-Lord. You catch one glimpse of his face at the moment of his true death – a look of such final terror and loneliness that you will carry it to your grave. When you look back, only a wisp of grey mist and a pervading stench of corruption show where your enemy fell; even the spear has gone. You go back down the stairs, to find the castle strewn with bodies already in an advanced state of decay. The legions of Mortis died with their tyrannical master.

You go to free the castellan from the dungeons below the keep. When he looks at you, he knows at once that you have faced and defeated a monstrous evil: your hair has become stark white. Turn to **400**.

209

You search the southeast area of the cemetery. The graves, tombstones and small crypts seem endless, and after an hour or two of searching you begin to feel like some forsaken traveller, lost in hell. Broken headstones and untended graves lend a sense of desolation to the bleak and grim landscape. Some graves have been opened and defiled; others look as if the occupants have dug their own way out.

It is past midday now. Elindora sighs with frustration. Now will you search the northwest corner (turn to **113**), the southwest (turn to **20**) or the northeast (turn to **60**)?

210

'The keep is a terrible place,' says the boy. 'I'm not allowed to enter it, but I know that Mortis himself resides there. The former castellan, Braxis, is held in one of the dungeons at the bottom of the east tower, I know. He was still alive, the last I heard, for the black-hearted Lich-Lord loves to torment him – although it won't be long before he tires of this game and turns Braxis into a Zombie. There are many undead patrols; but some servants have been kept alive to carry out those tasks that the Zombies cannot do – in much the same way that *I* have been left alive and with all *my* senses. You may be able to get some help from one of these, as we all live in fear for our lives.' Turn to **68**.

211

Most of the buildings are simple huts, now empty or on fire. However, there are larger houses (other than the temple and town hall) that may be worth investigation; one is a large thatched bungalow, one a two-storeyed brick house, and the last is the smithy with a large stable attached. Will you search the bungalow (turn to **71**), the house (turn to **251**) or the stables (**291**)?

212

As you step through the doorway, the skull symbol seems to give off a pulse of eerie light. A wave of terror sweeps over you. *Test your Resolve*, but subtract 2 from the dice-roll. If you succeed, turn to **312**. If you fail, turn to **292**.

213

'Don't know – never seen him before,' says one.

'Probably one of them agents of that Mortis feller,' says another.

'Well, I certainly don't intend to find out,' says the third. Will you now ask about the graffiti at the cemetery (turn to **183**), or have you asked all the questions you want for now (turn to **273**)?

214

Elindora stares deeply into your eyes, and you feel the effect of a hypnotic trance stealing over you. Moments later, you snap out of it with no memory of what has happened; however, you do feel more determined and vigorous Add 1 to your RESOLVE permanently You assure Kandogor you are all right, but he merely glowers, muttering under his breath. 'It is time to begin searching the cemetery for the crypt of Lady Lotmora,' says Elindora. Turn to 198.

215

With a deft flick of the wrist you manage to hit the ball to the ground with your weapon. It rolls into a corner and then, to your surprise, explodes with a loud bang. Snarling in frustration, the shaman pulls an ironshod staff from across his back as you close with him. The staff is covered in strange-looking runes. Turn to 58.

216

The craggy rock, over five metres high, stands motionless before you like some primordial leviathan of stone. It is heavily eroded, pitted and scarred by wind and rain. You stand at its base and gaze up at the brooding, lifeless rock: it seems to exude an atmosphere of foreboding. Raising the whistle to your lips, you blow one short, shrill blast. For a moment a deathly silence falls across the land – and then suddenly everything changes. You find yourself standing on a broad, flat expanse of black

and featureless sand. The sky is dark and threatening, filled with storm clouds. Lightning crashes and thunder booms. A deluge of rain lashes your face. You are alone, save for the towering rock. A bolt of lightning strikes the rock with a flash and it begins to creak and sway ominously. Stepping back, you watch with growing panic as it starts to change before your eyes. The stone begins to move, and rocky limbs like crystal form round it. The shape resolves itself into a giant, four-armed, two-legged Rock Golem with eyes of coruscating blue plasma. A nimbus of crackling azure energy plays about its body like fire. You must fight it.

ROCK GOLEM SKILL 9 STAMINA 17

Each time you hit the Golem, deduct damage in the normal way and then roll another die. On a roll of 1, turn to **276**. Otherwise, fight on. If you defeat the Rock Golem, turn to **316**

217

When it is gone, you climb out of the well. Realizing that Borgos is not a safe place to linger in, you decide to camp outside of the town. Turn to **329**.

218

Garond's eyes light up with enthusiasm as he relates the story to you. 'Legend tells of the great battle fought between Mortis's legions and the true men of Stayng. In the thick of the fighting Qadarnai sought out Mortis himself, and the two of them clashed like Titans. Interestingly, although the ivory spear Qadarnai fought with had been wrought specifically to slay the Undead, it had been fashioned by Elves and lacked magical properties when wielded by the hand of a mortal human being. Knowing this, Qadarnai was able to slay Mortis only by throwing the spear through the air, so that when it struck the evil Lich it was not at that moment in a mortal's hands. Perhaps you recall the lines of the poem:

Aware that his war-spear,
Elf-wrought ivory, rune-graven and gilt,
Was woven with a secret spell
That made it treacherous in his hands,
Qadarnai cast it from him
And across the space between them it flew,
Then found its rest in the Lich's heart
And with a sere sigh Mortis was gone from this world '

Will you now ask Garond about the Charm of Unbinding (turn to **320**) or the Finger of Lhyss (turn to **300**)?

219

When you are half-way along the hall, you are gripped by an abrupt sense of chilling unease. *Test your Resolve*. If you succeed, turn to **262**. If you fail, turn to **282**.

220

You cannot resist the urge to give yourself up, and you sink to your knees. Elindora, though unaffected, is unable to defeat the Vampires alone. You watch helplessly as she is slain, and is then brought back from death as a Vampire. Soon it will be your turn . . . Your adventure ends here.

221

As you growl at them contemptuously they step back in fear and level their spears at you. One of them shouts a command and several archers stick their heads up from behind the wooden palisade that surrounds the village. Before you can protest, they draw their bows, and you are forced to flee. Fortunately they are not good shots and you are hit by only one arrow. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Obviously you cannot go back there.

You spend the rest of the day searching the hills, but to no avail. You have no choice but to head south. Turn to **3**.

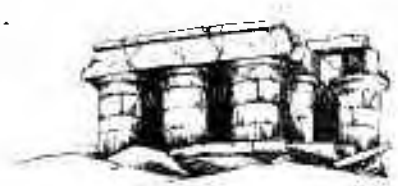

222

You have given away your position and Mortis is sending out more patrols of Undead. Now you have been discovered by one – a patrol of four rotting Zombies. You must fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First UNDEAD GUARD	6	5
Second UNDEAD GUARD	5	7
Third UNDEAD GUARD	6	6
Fourth UNDEAD GUARD	6	6

If you win, add 2 to your *Alarm Value*, then turn to **133**.

223

Plumes of black smoke rise skyward as you near Benari. When you finally reach it, your worst fears are confirmed: the whole place has been burnt to the ground; all that remains are the smoking hulks of homes and buildings. Several bodies lie scattered about, but not as many as you would expect from the destruction of the whole village. A few dogs slink away at the sight of you, and vultures go about their grisly business. Will you examine the bodies (turn to **369**), investigate the ruined buildings (turn to **335**) or leave the smoking village (turn to **116**)?

224

You rub the Ring of Fays and call upon its power. You feel a faint nausea and the air shimmers around you for a moment. Looking down you cannot see your body! It has rendered you invisible – but for how long? Cross the Ring of Fays off your *Adventure Sheet*. Unseen, you are able to walk on to the *Merciless* without being spotted. To the left is a door set into the wall of the poop deck; presumably it leads to the Captain's cabin. To the right is a gangway that leads down below decks. You can feel the invisibility beginning to wear off now. Will you go in search of the Captain (turn to **119**) or go down below and try to free the villagers (turn to **314**)?

225

You hand over the Gold Pieces (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*). 'Thank you,' he mutters politely and passes you the potion. 'You had better drink it straight away,' he suggests.

You do so and find yourself at once more determined, able to face any horror. Note that on the next two occasions when you are asked to *Test your Resolve*, you will succeed automatically, and need not roll any dice (however, your RESOLVE will not be increased on these two occasions). The alchemist bids you good day, and you climb out of the cellar and leave Benari. Turn to **116**.

226

With a final bestial cry, the shambling man-thing crashes to the floor. Hurriedly you wipe its blood from your sword before it can tarnish the metal. Desperation has lent you great strength, and you were able to kill it quickly before its bellows of insensate bloodlust could attract the attention of Mortis's sentries. Restore 1 point of LUCK, but also add 2 to your *Alarm Value*, since the creature's death will not go unnoticed for long. You can now either go along the hall to an archway at the far end (turn to **219**) or go back out into the courtyard and make for the inner keep (turn to **379**).

227

After a mighty tussle you finally have Baracas in a stranglehold. He will not submit but slides into unconsciousness. The crowd cannot believe its eyes as his prone body is dragged out; many of them have lost money, betting on Baracas. You collect your 25 Gold Pieces. Now the excitement dies down, and you are just sidling to the back door when the bos'n says, 'Wait a moment – who the hell are you anyway?' The pirates turn to stare. 'Never seen his like before,' says one. 'Get him, lads!' cries another, and several rush towards you, drawing their sabres. Turn to **297**.

228

As you approach, you notice a mechanism like a giant crossbow on top of the gatehouse. It is a ballista, a device capable of hurling lethal steel-tipped bolts a distance of up to 400 metres. Doubtless in the past it has been deployed against many besiegers of the keep, but you are sure it would have been of minimal effect against the relentless troops of Mortis's Zombie army. If you have a copper coin with the head of Mortis stamped on both sides, turn to 285. Otherwise, turn to 388.

229

You scream out a war-cry and slash at the black-robed figure, who promptly turns tail and flees. A bit easy, you think to yourself doubtfully, but you are not disturbed further that night.

The next day dawns and you go downstairs. The same crowd are there as before, packing and readying themselves for the day's journey. The innkeeper tells you that the person in black left first thing in the morning. You notice that one of the farmers is missing; the other two look downcast and frightened. You decide to press on with your journey. Will you head northeast towards Port Borgos (turn to 46) or south towards Shamdabag Wood (turn to 325)?

230

The right-hand door opens on to a corridor running the length of the outer wall; it is lit by torches set in brackets on either side. There is a wooden door to either side of you, and ahead the corridor disappears into gloomy darkness. Will you go through the left-hand door (turn to 176) or the right-hand door (turn to 199), or go straight ahead (turn to 140)?

231

At least the boy seems to have escaped, you think to yourself as you search the bodies. You find nothing. You may now search the bungalow (turn to 71) or the stables (turn to 291), if you have not already visited these two places. Alternatively you can investigate the temple (turn to 171) or the village hall (turn to 131); otherwise, you leave the village and make your way to the cove where the pirate ship should be (turn to 311).

232

Leaving the tomb behind, you set off down the hillside.

The villagers give you a good send-off and you stride out down the road towards Siltport once more. Turn to 3.

233

The jester's eyes snap open and he gets to his feet without a sound. You watch him warily, and he stares back with dull eyes set in a livid white face. His painted smile looks eerie and insincere. At last you break the silence: 'Which door must I take to reach Mortis's sanctum?'

He bares his mouldering teeth in a crooked, crafty smile. 'Ah,' he says, 'it depends on whether you know how to get two things out of one, and how to make sense out of a mix-up ' You stare at him as though he were mad, which he probably is. 'Password! Password!' he snaps at you suddenly. 'Are you a dullard? *Password*, I say!'

You don't know any password, so you snarl at him in frustration and draw your sword before turning to inspect the three doors. One of them presumably leads to the tower where Mortis has his lair – but you have no way of knowing what traps might lie behind the other two, nor how to distinguish them from the correct door Or do you . . . ? Choose which door you will take:

The door with the snake-symbol?	Turn to **172**
The door with the sword-symbol?	Turn to **376**
The door with the tree-symbol?	Turn to **100**

234

The dying sun is in your eyes, and all you can see of Mortis is an onrushing shadow against the blood-stained twilight sky. You raise your arm and hurl the spear towards him. Roll two dice and compare the total to your SKILL. If the total rolled is greater than your SKILL, your aim was askew; the spear has missed and you must fight him without a weapon (return to **250**). If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you have hit him (turn to **88**).

235

You say goodbye to the innkeeper and make as if to leave. He stares at you in astonishment 'You cannot leave now, sir!' he exclaims in a high thin voice tinged with panic. 'You'll get yourself killed! And then you'll come back . . .'

'What do you mean, you oaf?' you demand rudely, annoyed that none of these people will speak plainly.

'I cannot say,' replies the innkeeper. 'But do not leave this night, or your life will be in grave peril, believe me.'

Will you laugh scornfully and leave anyway (turn to **339**) or take the fat innkeeper's advice and go up to your room (turn to **298**)?

236

At the last moment you dodge to one side and the bolts of plasma crash into the sand behind you, fusing it into a sheet of glass. Return to **216** and fight on.

237

You drive the last few crows away, and they fly away eastwards. Carefully you lower the cage to the ground, then you lift the bar and open it, reaching inside for the poor man. Suddenly he locks his hands round your throat in an iron grip. Startled, you look into his eyes and, with a thrill of horror, gaze into milky white orbs, staring and dead. His flesh is rotting, and you see a deep wound in his chest. The man is a Zombie! Mortis must have imprisoned him and watched him die, then brought him back as one of the Undead! You are caught completely unawares – *Test your Resolve*. If you succeed, turn to **117**. If you fail, turn to **322**.

238

You leap for the other side of the pit as the floor crumbles away beneath you. Your fingers grab the lip of the pit just in time, permitting you to haul yourself out, unhurt. You step up to the altar. Turn to **303**.

239

Your *Alarm Value* indicates how much attention you have drawn to yourself while penetrating the castle's defences. If you have made too much noise or stayed in one place too long, the patrols of undead sentries may be alerted. To see if this has happened, roll two dice and add 3 to the total rolled. If the new total is less than or equal to your *Alarm Value*, you hear someone approaching – turn to **222**. If it is greater than your *Alarm Value*, you have escaped detection as yet, and must now turn to **133**.

240

'Curse you then, you swine,' he snarls and comes at you again with his sword.

CAPTAIN JARMESH SKILL 8 STAMINA 4

If you wound him again, turn to **125**.

241

A cursory search of the bodies reveals a pouch on the belt of one of the pirates. Inside you find 25 Gold Pieces (note them on your *Adventure Sheet*). You continue down the road, which leads east out of the hills. Turn to **141**.

242

You find a suitable house, small and cosy, to spend the night in. Will you light a fire and cook yourself some food (turn to **310**) or make do with cold snacks and a chilly night without a fire (turn to **373**)?

243

They greet you cordially enough. However, when you try to engage them in conversation, you get no further than an exchange of bland pleasantries. Apparently they do not wish to talk with you but are too polite to say so to your face. Then one of them points to a man who has moved to the middle of the clearing and is standing beside the fire. He holds a lute and is clearly a bard. 'Ah, Garond is going to sing for us,' says an Elf. Will you stay to listen to the song (turn to **333**) or, if you think you have already wasted too much time, leave the clearing and walk on towards Keladon (turn to **165**)?

244

'As you wish,' she says, shrugging her shoulders indifferently. Now it is time to begin. 'We must search for the crypt of Lady Lotmora,' says Elindora. Turn to **198**.

245

You walk straight into a guardroom. A dozen skeletons are standing round the walls, facing out through the tower windows in untiring vigilance and with cocked crossbows in their bony hands. No sooner have you entered than they whirl around. A dozen deadly sharp quarrels are levelled at your chest and you know that at least one would find your heart before you could back out through the door. *Test your Resolve*. If you succeed, turn to **66**. If you fail, turn to **175**.

246

You find a bunch of iron keys on the traitor's belt. Take these if you wish to (note them on your *Adventure Sheet*). After rolling the body down into the gatehouse and hiding it in a place where you hope it will not be found, you hurry on into the outer bailey. Turn to **144**.

247

However many opponents are left turn and lope out through the door before you can kill them. Cursing, you realize the survivors will warn the others of your presence. Add 4 to your *Alarm Value*. A closer examination of the room reveals nothing of interest, but one of the dead Zombies is carrying a pouch. Inside are 10 Gold Pieces and an iron key (note them on your *Adventure Sheet*). Leaving the room, you continue on your way down the corridor into the depths of the keep. Turn to **140**.

248

The combatants go at each other hammer and tongs, using smashes, head-butts, kicks, gouges, throws and holds. There don't appear to be any rules – except that weapons aren't allowed. For a while the Ogre's superior size and weight seem to be winning him the fight, but soon Baracas gets the measure of his opponent and his superior skill begins to show through. He manages to trip Grom – and suddenly Baracas has him, face down on the ground, in a punishing stranglehold. Grom is forced to submit. You have won! Collect your winnings – twice what you bet – and add them to your *Adventure Sheet*. The excitement dies down now, and you are just sidling to the back door when the bos'n points at you and says, 'Wait a moment – who the hell are you anyway?'

The pirates turn to stare. 'Never seen his like before,' says one. 'Get him, lads!' cries another, and several of them rush you, drawing their sabres. Turn to **297**.

249

search the southwest area of the cemetery. The ves, tombstones and small crypts seem to go on ever, and after an hour or two of searching you in to feel as if you were some forsaken traveller, in hell. Broken headstones and untended ves lend a sense of desolation to the bleak and landscape. Some graves have been opened defiled; others look as if the occupants have dug own way out.

is past midday now. Elindora sighs with frus- tion. Will you now search the northwest corner to **185**), the southeast (turn to **374**) or the theast (turn to **149**)?

250

continue to climb towards the top of the dam of nes while Mortis rides closer. As he dismounts places his gauntlets on the dam, preparatory climbing up it after you, the whole structure ivers. You almost lose your grip; but you do nage to scramble the last few metres until you are top of the dam. With your boots planted squarely the faces of men long dead, you peer down in the epening twilight: Mortis is climbing towards you, king like a great black bat, ragged cape fluttering the salt breeze, eyes flashing behind his visor as y catch a last scarlet blaze of sunset. Now you t do battle with him. *Test your Resolve*. If you eed, you have to deduct only 1 point from your 11 owing to the fear you feel, but you can fight normally. If you fail, you are not only shaking

so much that you must lose a point of SKILL; terror draws all strength from your limbs, so any blow you do land will inflict only 1 point of damage to your adversary's STAMINA (3 if you successfully use LUCK). If you wish to use an item against the Lich-Lord, turn to 145.

LORD MORTIS SKILL 10 STAMINA 2

If you succeed in killing him, turn to 400.

251

The front door of the house is hanging brokenly on its hinges. Stepping inside, you find yourself in a simple hallway, with stairs leading up and doors to either side. Will you first search the ground floor (turn to 331) or the upstairs (turn to 191)?

252

The undead creature collapses in a heap, truly dead this time. Will you use the Ring of Communing to report back to General Chaideshu (turn to 32) or leave the hills and take the road to Siltport (turn to 3)?

253

You hastily recite the words taught you by the castellan's mother. Even as you do, it occurs to you that you may have chosen the wrong moment – and now that you have spoken the Charm, it is spent and cannot work again.

If the paragraph you have just turned from is listed below, the Charm will have some effect:

If you have turned from 66, turn to 69
If you have turned from 204, turn to 98
If you have turned from 245, turn to 69
If you have turned from 250, turn to 338
If you have turned from 293, turn to 84
If you have turned from 358, turn to 338

If the paragraph you turned from is not listed here, you have used up the Charm to no purpose; turn back to the paragraph you noted and continue your adventure.

254

This evil pirate must have slain many innocents before without showing mercy or remorse. Still, you cannot bring yourself to kill someone who has surrendered. You lower your sword and step back. With a snarl of contempt, Jarmesh plucks a dagger from his boot and hurls it at you. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you survive, he shouts, 'You naïve fool – now I will kill you,' and comes at you again.

CAPTAIN JARMESH SKILL 8 STAMINA 2

If you kill him, turn to 194.

255

As you leave the temple you feel behind you the rage of the White Queen; she curses you for abandoning her chapel. Lose 1 point from your LUCK. You may now search some of the larger houses in the village if you have not already done so (turn to **51**). Alternatively you can investigate the village hall (turn to **131**), or you can leave the village and go to the cove where the fishing boats should be (turn to **311**).

256

You try to dodge, but one of the searing bolts of plasma catches you a glancing blow. Lose 5 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, return to **216** and fight on.

257

You slay the last Vampire and see that Elindora has dispatched her opponents using swordplay and sorcery. Kandogor is astonished and promptly turns tail to flee. If you have the Spear of Qadarnai, turn to **326**. Otherwise, turn to **296**.

258

The ballista bolt whizzes over your head and buries itself in the swampy ground a few paces behind you. Kandogor tries desperately to winch the ballista back for a second shot, but you reach him long before he can reload. Turn to **366**.

259

Rounding a bend in the tunnel, you find yourself at the entrance to a huge chamber. Hundreds of Giant Ants are crawling about everywhere, many tending football-sized eggs constructed of a soft white membrane. As you appear, fifty or more warrior Giant Ants catch your scent and scurry towards you. They are inhumanly fast and, though you try to flee, they catch up with you easily. You cannot fight so many and soon, overwhelmed, you are food for their young. Your adventure ends here.

260

After several hours of aimless wandering, you finally see a pinprick of light at the end of a tunnel. Running on, you find a small hole, hidden by a bush, that leads into the open air. Wriggling through, you come out on the side of a small hill, just outside the village. Thanking the Goddess of Luck for rescuing you, however belatedly, you decide it is time you left Benari. Turn to **116**.

261

Shouting a war-cry, you charge straight up at your ambushers. Their eyes widen in surprise; desperately they try to shoot you before you can reach them. Instinctively, you dodge and weave to avoid their arrows. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **341**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **301**.

262

Panic wells up inside you, but you manage to fight it down. Add 1 to your RESOLVE. You realize that you are in great danger here: the barracks must be the base for Mortis's undead troops, and it is only a heaven-sent premonition that has warned you to get away before they return and find you. With your jangling nerves still on a tight rein, you quickly retrace your steps and go out again into the courtyard. The sunlight does something to restore your spirits after that harrowing sense of foreboding you experienced, but you now realize that there are only a couple of hours until nightfall. You hurry across to the inner keep; turn to **379**.

263

You charge the wolfpack and they come at you, snarling. The Centaur stops running and turns to throw its spears at them from a safe distance. You must fight (treat the pack as a single opponent).

WOLFPACK SKILL 8 STAMINA 13

Roll 1 additional die at the end of each round of combat. On a throw of 1, the Centaur has accidentally hit you with a javelin, causing 2 points of damage to your STAMINA. On a throw of 4–6, he hits the wolves for 2 points of damge . On a roll of 2 or 3, he misses completely. If you win, turn to **27**.

264

To your relief the key fits and you are able to remove the padlock. Gently swinging the door open, you are greeted by a stench of filth and stale air. You grimace as you step into the blackness beyond.

As your eyes adjust, you can make out a heavy bronze grating covering a pit in the floor.

You step over to it and the sound of your tread awakens its occupant. He calls out in a weak voice. Peering down through the bars of the grating, you see it is Braxis, the young castellan. The dank, cramped confines of this shallow cell force him to squat, bent almost double in his own filth. The marks of a brand across his face and the congealed blood staining his tattered tunic tell you that he has been cruelly tortured. His eyelids flutter weakly as he tries to speak. If you unlock the grating and haul him out, turn to **278**. If you first give him time to speak, turn to **336**.

265

You slip into the well, then poke your head out over the top as a hideous-looking creature scuttles around the corner into the plaza. More than anything else, it looks like a giant skull above a myriad insect-like legs, but instead of chitin these legs are made of skeletal bone. Several long, sinuous tentacle-tongues rasp and writhe from the grinning jaws reaching for you, trying to grab you and draw you towards its snapping jaws. You recognize the legendary Skull Beast, a creature that lives in the Lands of the Dead, and which comes to Titan only when summoned by an evil and powerful necromancer like Mortis. Will you stay hidden for the time being (turn to **10**) or show yourself and attack the Beast (turn to **160**)?

266

Stepping into the chapel you are struck immediately by the scent of the place: clean and wholesome and without that rotting smell of decay that permeates the rest of Bloodrise Keep. The chapel is small: just a few pews and, at the far end, an altar draped in gold-edged white linen. On it rests a beautiful ivory statuette of the White Queen Someone dressed in rich black robes is sitting in front of the altar. It is a middle-aged woman, noble and beautiful. For a moment you stare at each other in fear, until you both realize that neither of you is undead. You tell her of your mission, and she says, 'I am Iola, the mother of Braxis, the castellan He has been taken prisoner and is held in the east tower. Please release

him – if you do he may be able to help you destroy the evil Mortis.' You express concern over her safety. 'As long as I remain in the chapel I am completely safe. No Undead can enter here, not even Mortis himself; the power of the White Queen keeps them out. I will aid you in your noble quest, for I know a magic charm that I can teach you: it will disrupt all Undead within hearing, causing their bones to dissolve and their flesh to rot to dust. Use it wisely, however, for it can work once and once only. Now go,' she says. 'I will pray for you and for my son.' She turns to kneel at the altar of the White Queen.

You leave the chapel and continue along the corridor towards the east tower. Turn to **123**.

267

The Skull Beast explodes in a cloud of bone-dust and disappears in a rush of foul air and energy. Regain 1 point of LUCK. Then you notice something very strange: its shadow has remained behind, a dark shape on the floor. Will you take it (turn to **33**) or leave it (turn to **350**)?

268

Garond says, 'Many stories abound. One relates that the Finger of Lhyss is some ancient artefact fashioned by the goddess for a reason now long lost in the mists of myth and legend. According to this story, it lies on this very island and is, in fact, the feature now known as Whistlestone Tor, which is a

short way west of here. Who can say whether this is true or not? But it makes for a good tale.' You can now ask about the Charm of Unbinding (turn to **340**) or the Spear of Qadarnai (turn to **380**). If you feel, however, that you have spent enough time here already, you can continue towards the village of Keladon (turn to **165**).

269

You search the northwest area of the cemetery. The rows of graves, tombstones and small crypts seem endless, and after an hour or two of searching you begin to feel the way some forsaken traveller must, lost in hell. Broken headstones and untended graves lend a sense of desolation to the bleak and grim landscape. Some graves have been opened and defiled; others look as if the occupants have dug their own way out.

It is past midday now. Elindora sighs with frustration. Will you search the southeast corner (turn to **289**), the southwest (turn to **359**) or the northeast (turn to **149**)?

270

You hastily invoke the power of the Ring of Fays. Instantly it vanishes from your finger (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*), but the next moment you sense a tall, shadowy figure flanking you on either side. Even in the bright sunlight, the Fays seem surrounded by a cold green shadow as they step forward and hold up great shields to protect you. You are not sure whether or not Kandogor can see them. He releases the ballista bolt but is astonished when it drops in mid-flight and falls harmlessly at your feet. You race to the gatehouse, reaching it long before he has managed to get another bolt ready. Only then do you notice that the Fays have vanished as silently as they came. Turn to **366**.

271

He says he is starving and you leave some food for him (cross off one Provision from your *Adventure Sheet* – if you have none, you cannot help him). You reassure the boy that you will be as quick as you can and you tell him firmly not to leave the cellar under any circumstances, for it is very dangerous. He begs you to come back as soon as possible. You promise to do so and to bring those scum of the sea, the Chaos pirates, to justice. You may now search the bungalow (turn to **71**) or the stables (turn to **291**), if you have not already done so. Alternatively, you can investigate the temple (turn to **171**) or the village hall (turn to **131**); or, if you prefer, you can leave the village and go to the cove where the pirate ship should be (turn to **311**).

272

You pick up the spear; it feels good in your hands, as if imbued with a powerful force of its own. The spear is useful in combat against the Undead. Whenever you fight undead foes with the spear, you may double all the damage you inflict. It has no other properties you know of – yet. Note the Spear of Qadarnai on your *Adventure Sheet*. Then your gaze flicks to the corpse of the adventurer – you could have sworn it twitched! To your horror, its eyes snap open and it sits up with a jerk. Its milky-white, dead eyes stare at you hungrily. It comes at you with its sword. You must fight the creature.

UNDEAD TOMB-ROBBER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **252**.

273

Outside, as the sun sinks, darkness is creeping over the land like a fog. The patrons of the inn smile nervously and put on a false air of joviality. The innkeeper starts to fidget and fiddle with the garlic buds. The soldier looks up from his mug and nods at you in a comradely fashion – although something about his eyes disturbs you. Will you leave the inn now and carry on with your journey (turn to **235**) or decide to go up to your room and get some sleep (turn to **298**)?

274

Unobserved, you make your way further up the beach to a spot out of sight of the pirate guards. You swim out and around to the aft side of the *Merciless*. Reaching the anchor-chain, you begin to climb up it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 7. If you are Unlucky, turn to 394.

275

The Elixir acts as a Potion of Skill. Add 1 to your *Initial* and current SKILL. Return to the paragraph whose number you noted.

276

The Golem gives a deafening bellow of rage and twin bolts of lightning leap from its eyes towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 236. If you are Unlucky, turn to 256.

277

The combatants go at each other hammer and tongs, using smashes, kicks, throws and holds. The only rule seems to be that weapons aren't allowed. For a while the Ogre's superior size and weight seem to be winning him the fight, but Baracas soon gets the measure of his opponent and his superior skill begins to tell. He manages to trip Grom – and suddenly Baracas has him, face down on the ground, in a punishing stranglehold. Grom is forced to submit. The pirates shout excitedly, 'Another, another!'

The Ogre is dragged out, and Baracas gets to his feet, saying, 'I will fight any who challenges me. Come on, you seadogs, twenty-five Gold Pieces says I can beat any man-jack of you!' The rest of them fall silent, shuffling their feet and looking shifty. No one steps forward. Will you take up the challenge (turn to 167) or decide that discretion is the better part of valour and leave (turn to 328)?

278

Braxis seemed to be on the verge of fainting when you were unlocking the grating, but now he utters a terrible groan as you lift him out of the pit. For several seconds he is unable to control the spasms of pain, as circulation creeps tortuously back into his cramped limbs; despite his great bravery, he cannot stifle a cry of agony. Add 2 to your *Alarm Value*.

'Come,' you say, 'we must find Mortis before the sun sets.'

Braxis, curled on the floor, shakes his head. 'No,' he gasps. 'I'm too weak to stand unaided, and if you burden yourself with me you'll just jeopardize your mission. Find and kill the evil lord, then you can come back for me.'

It grieves you to leave this brave man here in this foul dungeon, but you are forced to admit that he is right. 'Rest then, castellan,' you say, touching his shoulder as you turn to leave. Turn to **146**.

279

You emerge on to the tower roof. Mortis's black pennant flies from the top of a pole here – but it is the creature chained to that pole which concerns you most of all. You have the impression of great bulk, of a face like that of a giant rat silhouetted against the sinking sun, of eyes of red fire and wings like the shutters of night. You are already backing off as it makes a lunge towards you. You must kill it as quickly as you can, since it is loudly rattling the chain that tethers it and uttering horrifying shrieks all the while.

NYCTERIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 15

Note the number of Attack Rounds you spend fighting it, then add that number to your *Alarm Value*. If you kill it, you can return to the first landing and take the door to the battlements; turn to **302**.

280

'Legend tells of the great battle fought between Mortis's legions and the true men of Stayng,' Garond declaims. 'There Qadarnai sought out Mortis himself and closed with him in a struggle to the death. Although Qadarnai's spear was wrought specifically to slay the Undead, nevertheless its power was weakened by contact with the blood-

soaked earth, where so many had fallen, both the dead and dying. Thus it was that Qadarnai, realizing this, was able to slay Mortis only by throwing the spear with the last of his strength as he fell, dying, from a charring blast of sorcerous energy. In flight, the thrown spear's power was undiminished, and it struck the unlife from Mortis's foul corpse as it pierced him through his shrivelled black heart.' You begin another question, but he says, 'Well, it has been pleasant talking to you – but now there are other matters claiming my attention.' You see a comely young girl waving to him from across the clearing. 'Farewell, young warrior.' He leaves. You decide it is time to press on to the village of Keladon; turn to **165**.

281

'Yeah? And my aunt's the queen of all Khul,' mocks the guard. 'Be off with you!' The other guard looks you over, then whispers to his companion. They both look at you again, carefully this time, then the first guard says, 'Well, I suppose we'd better take you to see Belar, just in case. Come on.' He motions you to enter the village. Turn to **321**.

282

You cannot control a sudden access of overwhelming terror. Phantasms claw up from the darkest corners of your imagination; as you whirl around in panic, you seem to glimpse movements and scurryings in the deep shadows against the wall. Suddenly an uncontrollable shriek flies from your lips like a gleeful spectre, echoing along the halls and deserted corridors of the castle. You turn to run, but it is too late. You blunder over an outstretched pike and pitch headlong against a spiked breastplate. Gaunt, grey hands seize you. Your adventure ends here.

283

You raise the polished shield in front of your face and, using it as a mirror, look over your shoulder. Your heart nearly stops, for some unutterably hideous thing stands behind you, all claws and scales, its face a mask of horror. However, the

reflection of its face is blurred – but you know that if you were to gaze upon it directly, it would drive you mad. The creature sees its own reflection in the shield and gives a moan of despair. Then it howls in rage and madness and runs away. Regain 1 LUCK point.

Musing on these strange events, you leave the beach. Will you now enter Port Borgos (turn to 30) or camp outside it for the night and make for Bloodrise Keep in the morning (turn to 329)?

284

Your struggle with the bellowing man-beast goes on and on, until you seem to be trapped in an unending nightmare in which you rain blow after blow upon it, to no effect. At last, it flails a final desperate time, then staggers back and crashes to the floor, at the same time knocking heraldic shields from the wall. The noise echoes leadenly in the low-ceilinged hall. Add 4 to your *Alarm Value*, for one of Mortis's undead sentries will surely have heard the noise and may come to investigate at any minute. You can now either go along the hall to an archway at the far end (turn to 219) or go back out into the courtyard and head towards the inner keep (turn to 379).

285

While you are still thirty paces from the main gate and are just wading out of the mire that is the moat, a sudden movement makes you freeze: Kandogor appears on the roof of the gatehouse and watches you with a sneer as he levels the ballista. 'So,' he says, 'you thought to take my master unawares Did you believe it would be easy to creep up on him while the sunlight forces him to remain entombed in his lair? Fortunately he has loyal servants, mortals like myself, to protect him.'

You spit on the ground. 'Loyalty? You cur – you don't know the meaning of the word!' If you have the Polished Shield, turn to **177**; if not, and you wish to use an item, turn to **139**. Otherwise, you decide to make a rush forward (turn to **317**).

286

You step through the archway and cross the inner courtyard. Ahead is the main gate of the keep, flanked by a tower on either side. Suddenly a loud banging alerts you to danger. Dozens of wooden shutters are flung open in all the walls and a torrent of arrows rains down. There is no time to react. Your adventure ends here

287

Holding the torch aloft, you set off down the right-hand tunnel You follow a twisting passage that has been hewn out of the solid rock by pickaxes and chisels; it looks like an old mine-working. After a

the other direction, the stairs descend to a padlocked door of stout mahogany. In the wan light filtering down, the dark wood seems the colour of a bloodstain.

If you go up the tower, turn to **163**. If you go down to the locked door, turn to **343**. If you decide to lie low here for a while in case Mortis's undead patrols are scouring the castle for you, turn to **293**.

291

The stable and smithy prove rather uninteresting. You do find 6 Gold Pieces in an old leather pouch under a pile of straw on the upper level of the stable, however. You are just pocketing it when you hear some noise outside. Looking cautiously out through a window, you spot two pirates, one an Orc and the other a large Ogre, laughing evilly outside and sharing a gourd of wine. One has a burning torch in his hand, and to your consternation he suddenly throws it into the stable. Within seconds the dry straw goes up in flames, much to the merriment of the cut-throats. Desperately you make a run for the door, but the wooden building is rapidly catching fire. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **206**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **111**.

292

You flee in absolute terror, overcome by a supernatural fear. This fright has taken root in the very depths of your being – you can never return here again without losing your mind. After a short while you regain your senses, but now you are hopelessly lost in the hills. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **132**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **72**.

293

You could not have chosen a worse place to hide: right in the stairwell of the tower leading up to Mortis's personal apartments! After a few minutes, you hear a noise like the clattering of hollow sticks, followed by the scrape of a rusted sword leaving its scabbard. Whirling, you see that two skeletal warriors of the Lich-Lord's élite Battalion of Millennial Bones have entered through one of the archways behind you. They advance noiselessly, their hard white faces set eternally in grins of unholy glee.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First		
SKELETON WARRIOR	9	8
Second		
SKELETON WARRIOR	9	9

If you defeat them both in six Attack Rounds or less, turn to **355**. If it takes you longer than six Rounds, turn to **104**. If you wish to escape and flee up the stairs, turn to **159**.

294

You must fight Jarmesh.

CAPTAIN JARMESH SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you reduce Jarmesh's STAMINA to 5 or less, turn to **54**.

295

It is no good: you are hopelessly lost; soon you fall exhausted. The torch goes out, and when that happens there is no hope for you. Your adventure ends here.

296

You are much too tired to pursue the traitor after your monumental battle, and Elindora is equally exhausted. However, in his haste to flee, Kandogor drops a pouch of coins, which you take. Note on your *Adventure Sheet* you have 10 Gold Pieces and a copper coin with the head of Mortis on both sides. Elindora curses Kandogor for a treacherous viper. 'No wonder he was so keen to discredit me,' she adds. Turn to **386**.

297

You have a tough fight on your hands: more than ten pirates are rushing you. However, you do have your back to the wall and only two can get to you at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	6	8
Second PIRATE	7	7
Third PIRATE	8	6
Fourth PIRATE	7	9

If you defeat all the pirates, turn to **197**.

298

As you are walking past the table where the black-cowled figure sits, he grabs your wrist in a vice-like grip and leans forward as if to speak or to stab you. Just then, the soldier appears and pushes him to the floor. 'Get out,' he screams at the figure lying sprawled on the ground. The unknown gets up and slinks away without a sound, save for a light cough.

The soldier smiles then and motions to you to sit. 'You can't trust anyone in these parts – there are servants of Mortis everywhere,' he comments in a surprisingly cultured voice. 'Well met, my friend. My name is Kandogor, former soldier of Bloodrise Keep ' He unfastens his studded leather jerkin to display his uniform hidden underneath; its livery shows the falcon symbol of Castellan Braxis of Bloodrise Keep. 'I managed to escape when Mortis attacked and took the keep. He still holds Braxis

prisoner for his own ends, but most of the soldiers were slain Well, that is to say, slain for a spell – and then brought back. You know – as Zombies.' Kandogor looks you over and adds, 'I judge you to be no friend of Mortis – tell me who you are.'

Will you tell Kandogor the truth about your mission (turn to **327**), or pass yourself off as an adventurer who made the mistake of coming to Stayng at the wrong time and who now just seeks to get off it as soon as possible (turn to **367**)?

299

The Giant Ant lies before you, unmoving. You walk on a short distance until you become aware of a great deal of noise up ahead, hissing and buzzing sounds and a loud clicking as of a thousand crickets. You recognize the sound made by the Giant Ant – but now multiplied many times. Will you make your way back to the chamber you came from (turn to **63**) or press on towards the noise (turn to **259**)?

300

He tells you that various tales exist concerning the Finger of Lhyss. 'One is of local interest,' he says, 'because it claims that this ancient artefact now lies on Stayng Island – indeed, that the Finger of Lhyss is what we now call Whistlestone Tor, just a short walk to the west of here. But personally I believe this to be an over-literal story; my personal view is that references to the Finger of Lhyss were intended by the ancient poets as representing the immanence of

Luck in our lives. Still, as ever, the truth is unknowable . . .'

Before he can launch into a monologue on the features of epic poetry, you make an excuse and leave. You have wasted enough time already, after all. If you have a whistle from the Temple of Lhyss, turn to **134**. Otherwise, you decide it is time to hasten to the village of Keladon – turn to **165**.

301

An arrow thuds into your chest. Fortunately your armour takes most of the impact, but the head of the arrow digs into your flesh. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. With a snarl you pull the arrow out and run at them, brandishing your sword. Cursing, the pirates drop their bows and draw their cutlasses. Turn to **381**.

302

You stand upon the battlements of Bloodrise Keep. The sun still has an hour or more to go before setting, and its slanting rays bathe the east tower, directly ahead of you at the far end of the wall, in a lustrous amber glow. The sunlight will prevent most of the more powerful Undead from coming out here. Reduce your *Alarm Value* by 1, and turn to **124**.

303

The altar is a block of black stone draped in red velvet, tattered and decayed. On it are laid a scroll case, an ornate golden whistle and a potion labelled 'Elixir of Lhyss'. You may take one of these from the altar (turn to **334**) or leave the temple without taking anything (turn to **382**).

304

The ivory spear streaks through the air and buries itself in the traitor's throat. His cry of dismay dies away. However, his hand is already on the ballista catch as he falls forward. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **319**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **344**.

305

The shaman breathes his last. His staff clatters to the ground, but it is still draining your life force! Will you leave immediately (turn to **356**) or stay and take the time to restore the altar of the White Queen to its original state (turn to **78**)?

306

You have destroyed the patrol without undue noise. Turn to **324**.

307

You give him the amulet. Cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. 'Thank you,' he mutters politely and hands you the potion. 'Drink it straight away,' he suggests. You do so, and now you find yourself more determined, able to face any horror. Note that

on the next two occasions when you are asked to *Test your Resolve* you will automatically succeed, and need not roll the dice (however, your RESOLVE will not increase on these two occasions).

He bids you good day and you climb out and leave Benari. Turn to **116**.

308

The Elixir is in fact a Potion of Healing: you may regain up to 6 lost STAMINA points. Return to the paragraph whose number you noted.

309

You manage to throw off the effects of Lady Lotmora's hypnosis, and she screams in rage. She and her coven advance to the attack with fangs bared and hands that end in blackened talons ready to tear at you. To your horror, Kandogor runs towards the Vampiress; you try to shout a warning to him, but Lady Lotmora does nothing. Instead, Kandogor turns to sneer at you: 'You fool, I have sworn to serve Mortis. You and your pitiful Elven friend are doomed!'

Lady Lotmora smiles evilly. 'Thank you, Kandogor, you have done well,' she says. Slowly the group advances on you. Elindora takes on two of the

to rob *this* tomb Will you examine the contents of the tomb (turn to **372**) or take the spear from the dead body (turn to **272**)?

313

As you make your way back, you observe a patrol of skeletal guards standing at the entrance to the inner keep Stepping back into the shadows before you can be spotted, you watch to see what the skeletons will do. They hesitate at the doorway for a moment, milling about as if reluctant to venture into the open sunlight Then, with a clatter of antique arms and armour, they shuffle outside and the great door creaks shut behind them. This gives you heart, for you know that the main search for intruders must be concentrated in the outer keep – you have already got past the first line of the enemy's defences. Add 1 to your LUCK and RESOLVE and reduce your *Alarm Value* by 2 From here, your only untried route lies through a door in the right-hand wall of the porch. Turn to **230**

314

Reaching the hold where the prisoners are presents no problems. When you arrive, the villagers are still being chained to low benches beside the oars by three pirates You take out your weapon, catching the pirates completely by surprise You cut two of them down, but not before the third has run on deck and given the alarm. You race after him, only to find the whole crew alerted and coming for you. You can do nothing but try to get away now You leap over

the side and swim to the shore. Racing up the beach, you are pursued by several pirates, some armed with bows. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **90**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **59**.

315

You edge forward into the space beyond the door and find yourself in a vestibule hung with musty black drapes. Double doors lead to a chamber beyond this. As your eyes get accustomed to the darkness, you see that a forbidding emblem has been etched like a bloodstain across the doors: the outline of a horned skull. If you wish to flee back down the stairs and out of the castle, turn to **396**. If you have the courage to throw open the doors, turn to **378**.

316

The Golem totters and falls to the sand with an earth-shaking crash; you have defeated it . . . Then you are back at Stayng Island. Beside you, the tor is nothing but a heap of shattered rubble. Suddenly and without any warning a cloud of blue energy

rises from its remains and arcs towards you. Before you can do anything about it, you are bathed in an electrifying aura of energy. There is a moment of utter agony . . . and then it is gone, leaving you feeling stronger and mightier than before. Lhyss, the Goddess of Luck, has favoured you. Add 3 to your *Initial* and current LUCK, 1 to your SKILL and 4 to your STAMINA. You decide to continue with your trip to Keladon. Turn to **165**.

317

The ballista is designed to be operated by a team, and you know that Kandogor will not be able to work it easily single-handed. He will get the chance for just a single shot in the time it will take you to reach the gatehouse. If you charge straight forward, turn to **155**. If you decide to run in a zig-zag as you advance, turn to **180**.

318

You crouch down behind some jars in the corner of the room and wait for things to quieten down a bit. Reduce your *Alarm Value* by 2. After a short while you decide it is now safe to go on. Will you go through the right-hand door (turn to **199**) or straight ahead (turn to **140**)?

319

Kandogor falls right across the device, preventing the bolt from being released. You breathe a sigh of relief and go up to the gatehouse roof to retrieve the spear. You are not sure even now whether it was

luck or magic that guided your aim, but you are heartened by having escaped the fate Kandogor intended for you. Many more perils await you in the keep, but for now you may regain 1 LUCK point. Turn to **246**.

320

'According to legend,' says Garond, 'the Charm was taught to certain wise women of old by their goddess, the White Queen, a deity of succour and solace whom the Elves worship under another name. This Charm works on any dead thing, such as bone or unliving flesh, turning it instantly to dust. In the lay, as you will recall, the White Queen's followers used it to destroy the skeletal swordsmen whom Mortis sent to assassinate Qadarnai in his tent on the night before the battle.' You ask if he himself knows the Charm, but he explains that he does not. 'The only person who might know it is Lady Iola, the mother of Braxis. She reveres the White Queen, and since I have met her I can attest to her holiness. But now that Bloodrise Keep has fallen to Mortis, it is probable that Lady Iola and her son have been slain,' he adds sadly.

You begin another question, but he interrupts: 'Now I must take my leave of you, for I have developed quite a thirst with all my singing, and I fully intend to make serious inroads on yonder barrel of ale! Goodbye, young warrior; I hope that one day I will sing a song in praise of your own triumphs . . .' He leaves. Having wasted enough time already, you decide it is time to leave and make your way to the village of Keladon. Turn to **165**.

321

You are taken to see Belar, the village headman. You tell him that you are on a mission for Chaideshu, to find out what has happened to Braxis and to kill Mortis.

Belar is suitably impressed. 'We haven't had so bad a time of it around here,' he explains, 'at least as far as Mortis and his Undead go. It was a sad blow to hear of Braxis's defeat, for he was a just and fair lord. However, our food situation is worsening, for the other villages – especially those nearest Bloodrise Keep – have been very badly hit by the ravages of marauding Undead. It is difficult to carry on trading, and we are forced to turn refugees away and to fortify ourselves against Mortis's raiders. The villagers here live in constant fear. And now another terror has come to plague us: some hideous monster has made its lair in the hills and is attacking the village from time to time, destroying our stores and buildings and carrying off people to eat. This is a simple village – we have no heroes. But now that

you have come along, you could free us from this thing! We will pay you well, no less than fifty Gold Pieces, a princely sum for humble folks like us. Kill the beast for us!'

Will you ask for more information concerning this beast (turn to **361**) or ask Belar if he knows the whereabouts of Mortis's tomb (turn to **12**)?

322

The sudden shock of finding yourself face to face with one of the living dead is too much for you. Breaking the creature's grip with superhuman strength, you turn and flee for your life – and you don't stop until you have regained your senses . . . and put a good distance between yourself and the monstrosity. Nor will anything convince you to return. You may flee either towards Borgos (turn to **85**) or to Benari village (turn to **223**).

323

Holding the torch aloft, you set off down the middle tunnel; it has been hewn from the solid rock with pickaxe and chisel and looks like a gallery in an old mine. You follow a series of twisting passages, but they seem to lead nowhere. You try to retrace your steps, but you are soon hopelessly lost. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **260**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **295**.

324

You continue along the corridor. After walking a short distance, you notice a door on your left marked 'Chapel of the White Queen'. The White Queen is a local goddess of love and life. Will you enter the chapel (turn to **266**) or keep going along the corridor (turn to **31**)?

325

You set off on the road that leads to the village of Keladon, through Shamdabag Wood. After a while, the trees of the forest loom ahead of you; the road snakes among the thick and ancient oaks, dimly lit by a sun that struggles to penetrate their heavy branches. By late afternoon you are well into the wood, when you hear sounds coming from your left. Through the trees you can just make out some kind of a clearing with, in its centre, a large fire. Voices, some singing, waft towards you, together with the smell of roasting food. Will you investigate the clearing (turn to **168**) or continue on towards Keladon (turn to **165**)?

326

You hurl the spear at the running figure. Roll two dice: if the total rolled is greater than your SKILL, you have missed him – turn to **296**. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, your aim is true and you hit the fleeing traitor, killing him instantly.

Elindora sighs with relief. 'No wonder he was so keen to discredit me,' she says. When you go to retrieve your spear, you notice a bunch of iron keys attached to the dead traitor's belt and you decide to take them (make a note of them on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now turn to **386**.

327

You tell him about your mission to destroy Mortis and rescue Braxis, if at all possible. He nods excitedly. 'Good news,' he says, 'for I am a veteran of Braxis's garrison, and am eager to avenge my lord and serve my country.' He looks keenly at you. 'Let me accompany you; I will make you an invaluable companion. As for the strange behaviour of the people at this inn – a coven of Vampires have taken over the cemetery and are terrorizing the area; but

we should travel on to Bloodrise Keep as soon as possible and destroy Mortis. When that is done, all the Undead on this island will be equally destroyed. Come, let us take a room for the night, and be on our way tomorrow. Together we can succeed, where one alone would be defeated!'

It feels good, having a companion to help you on your lonely quest. You decide to share a room, so that one of you can remain awake at all times in case of attack during the night from Vampires. Turn to **169**.

328

The excitement has died down now, and you are just sidling to the back door when the bos'n says, 'Wait a moment – who the hell are you anyway?' The pirates turn to stare. 'Never seen his like before,' says one. 'Get him, lads!' cries another, and several make a rush at you, drawing their sabres. Turn to **297**.

334

You are about to pick up one of the items when a disturbance of the air distracts you. Looking up, you see an opaque crimson gas swirling and coalescing into human shape before your very eyes. Seconds later, a tall being stands where moments ago there was but empty air: it is covered from head to toe in armour fashioned out of scarlet metal, antique in style but uncorroded. Two pinpricks of ruby light sparkle behind the visored helm. A deep voice resonates from within: 'I am the Temple Guardian. The Gifts of Lhyss are not so easily won, mortal adventurer. First you must defeat me!' Its hollow laughter echoes through the vaulted chamber as it brandishes its weapons – a long thin sword in each hand. You must fight.

TEMPLE GUARDIAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

Each time you succeed in wounding the Guardian, roll another die. On a roll of 1–4, your blow is slightly deflected by some ludicrously unlucky event, and you must subtract 1 point from the damage you do. On a roll of 5 or 6, your blow is rendered more effective by some equally preposterous stroke of fortune: add 1 to the damage you inflict. If you win, turn to **368**.

335

Most are just ashes and embers, revealing nothing of interest. However, in the remains of one building you spot a trapdoor set into the floor. Will you lift it and go down (turn to **80**) or decide to leave the village (turn to **116**)?

336

'Don't touch the grating,' Braxis gasps. 'Mortis sealed it with his own black-gloved hand, and there is no doubt that a sorcerer such as himself would know if anyone were to disturb it. You can come back for me later if your mission is successful.'

You grudgingly admit that he is right. 'Endure this humiliation but a few hours more, then, castellan,' you mutter, turning to go. 'By nightfall, if the gods smile on us, Lord Mortis will have died another death.' Turn to 146.

337

Making your way through the town you come at last to an open courtyard with a well in the middle. The clacking noise is much closer now, just round the corner of a building near by, you judge. Will you climb down the well and hide (turn to 265) or head straight for the noise (turn to 389)?

338

For a moment you panic – you cannot remember the words – then they come back to you and you recite them in a spirit of uncanny calm. Immediately a crackling sound comes from the dam of bones: it reminds you of the sound of a frozen pond melting in the morning sun. The whole structure shifts alarmingly; you have to jump for your life on to a spur of rock just as the dam gives way and a torrent of water surges down towards the keep. Lord Mortis himself is engulfed, and almost at once you lose sight of his flailing limbs amid the debris of bone and shrouds that is swept down from the hills

You make your way back to the keep, to find the castellan and his mother safe outside it. 'I was able to free my son while the evil one's attention was elsewhere,' she explains.

You look towards the castle, now once more surrounded by a moat of fresh water which Mortis's undead troops cannot cross. They cluster on the walls, blind faces staring out hopelessly for some sight of their lost lord. Then a terrible soft moan rises into the night sky from a thousand unliving throats, and you see the glimmer of torches. Suddenly sparks shoot up the sides of the great east tower. 'They're setting fire to the keep!' you say. 'Why?'

'Perhaps they prefer destruction to remaining as they are,' mutters the castellan. 'Who would not?'

The three of you stand and watch all through the night as a great conflagration spreads through the castle, casting a hot red light like spilled blood across the hills. By morning all that remains of Bloodrise Keep is the hollow, smouldering shell of the walls. Then you behold a miraculous sight: a flock of white birds, perhaps a thousand or more, rises up from the ruins and soars into the silvery morning sky.

'The souls of those whom Mortis made undead,' says Lady Iola. 'Thank the Goddess, his destruction has liberated them at last.'

Turn to 400.

339

You leave the inn just as night is falling. The lights from the inn cast a ghostly pallor over the cemetery. Curling mists wreathe the tombstones, an owl hoots, and a flapping sound as of bat-like wings disturbs the blackness near by. You are just turning towards the road when suddenly you find yourself face to face with a woman of great beauty who stands before you, her skin pale as the moon. But the shocking thing about her is that her eyes are twin orbs of bloody nightmare, and, when she smiles, fangs glint in the dim light. Behind you, several more figures close in for the kill. That is your last memory; your adventure ends here.

340

He tells you that, according to legend, the Charm is a powerful enchantment used by the priestesses of the White Queen, the goddess of healing whom the Wood Elves worship under another name. This Charm works on any dead thing, such as bone or unliving flesh, turning it instantly to dust. 'The White Queen's followers used it in ancient times,' he adds, 'to undo the necromancy that animates the Undead, laying them instantly to rest, for the twilit hell of Undeath is abhorrent to that sweet goddess.' You ask whether he himself knows the Charm, but he admits that he does not. 'The only person who might know it is Lady Iola, the mother of Braxis. She reveres the goddess; having met her, I can attest to her holiness. But since Bloodrise Keep has fallen to Mortis, it is probable that Lady Iola and her son have

been slain,' he adds sadly. You start to ask another question, but he says, 'Now I must take my leave of you, for I have a pressing engagement involving some boisterous friends, a full wineskin, and a game of dice! Farewell, young warrior.'

He leaves. Do you have a whistle from the Temple of Lhyss? If so, turn to **134**. Otherwise, you can continue on your way to Keladon; turn to **165**.

341

Incredibly, you manage to reach them unscathed. Cursing, they drop their bows, and draw their cutlasses. Turn to **381**.

342

You catch the Skull Beast completely by surprise: note that you will automatically win the first two rounds of combat when you fight it. First, however, if you have been to Benari and spoken with its chief, Morlak, turn to **50**. If you have not, turn to **115**.

343

You test the padlock and find the door securely locked. If you have an iron key (whether a single key or a bunch), turn to **264**. If you haven't, you are unable to open the door and must go up the tower instead – turn to **163**.

344

The ballista moves to one side as the traitor falls, but still he manages to free the weapon with the last of his strength. You try to leap aside, but you are too slow: the bolt hits you in the shoulder, gashing you severely, even though it was only a glancing blow; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you survive, you stagger up to the gatehouse roof and recover your spear. Turn to **246**.

345

You take the box and open it. Immediately, it explodes in your face. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, Jarmesh cackles in triumph and comes at you again with his sword.

CAPTAIN JARMESH SKILL 8 STAMINA 4

If you wound him again, turn to **125**.

346

You grab the puffball from your backpack. 'Hah!' snorts the despicable Kandogor. 'How do you think *that's* going to save you?' However, his derisory laughter changes to a gasp of alarm when you throw the puffball to the ground and it immediately releases a cloud of purple 'smoke' – actually thousands of microscopic spores – which give you cover while you race forward into the gatehouse. Cross the puffball off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **366**.

347

You are knocked unconscious by Baracas. When you come to, you find yourself chained to an oar as a galley-slave in a pirate ship. There will be no escape for many years, if ever. You have failed in your mission and your adventure ends here.

348

You ask among the villagers for Farmer Jervas and his wife Mrynie to step forward. They do, and you tell them that their son is safe in the cellar of their house. They are overjoyed at the news and cannot thank you enough. 'Here, take this,' says Farmer Jervas. 'It is an old family heirloom and is the only thing of value we have to give.' He hands you a ruby gem, set in gold and hanging on a chain. It is the Amulet of Ages; note it on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to **398**.

349

Before you can catch it, the second Zombie guard escapes, no doubt to report back to its superiors. Add 3 to your *Alarm Value*. Turn to **324**.

350

The rest of the night passes without incident and you sleep well. The next morning you are ready for the keep. You follow the road that skirts the River Scort up into the hills until you can see the keep ahead. Turn to **2**.

351

The last pirate falls dead. On their bodies you find 7 Gold Pieces in loot. You may now search the bungalow (turn to **71**) or the stables (turn to **291**), if you have not already done so. Alternatively you can investigate the temple (turn to **171**) or the village hall (turn to **131**), or you can leave the village and go to the cove where the fishing boats should be (turn to **311**).

352

Khiro leads you over rough ground and along a tortuous mountain trail that you could never have found on your own. Eventually you are confronted by a set of double doors set in a broad rock-face. The doors are jet black and are adorned with a large skull, imprinted into the wood in silver. You turn to thank Khiro for guiding you here, but he has already turned tail and fled. Quickly you check your gold pouch – it is still there, to your relief. You approach the doors. On a lintel above the portal are these words:

> *Herein lies the body of the necromancer Mortis, slain in battle by the sun-bright spear of the hero Qadarnai. Thrice-cursed is Mortis for his many evils. May he remain here for all time.*

You notice that one of the doors is slightly ajar. Faint tracks still mark the passage of a person or persons through the doors. Steeling yourself, you step into the shadowy darkness beyond. Turn to **212**.

353

Passing through Shamdabag Wood without incident, you head across country, avoiding the inn, until you strike the road heading east. Turn to **46**.

354

Hastily putting on some of Jarmesh's clothing, you are able to cross the deck to the hold without being stopped. Only one pirate is guarding the villagers, who are all chained to their oars. It is an easy matter to take the pirate by surprise, and soon he is unconscious and bound. The prisoners can hardly believe their eyes – at last they have reason to hope. However, you don't have much time before someone will come to check up on them. Will you use the captain's keys to free them all now (turn to **114**) or free one of them and go with him to get weapons from the armoury (turn to **79**)?

355

Even though your battle was conducted in eerie silence, without the usual exchange of oaths and war-cries, there is still a chance that the sound of clashing swords will have carried up the stairwell. Roll one die twice, subtracting the second number rolled from the first. If the result is greater than zero, add that number to your *Alarm Value*. Now you can either head up the stairs (turn to **163**) or go down to the padlocked door you noticed earlier (turn to **343**).

356

You run out before you can suffer any more damage. You may now search some of the larger houses in the village (turn to 51), if you have not already done so Alternatively, you can investigate the village hall (turn to 131) or leave the village and go to the cove where the fishing boats should be (turn to 311)

357

Terrified, you race back up the path to Borgos in panic. You re-enter the town, where you come to your senses once more. Turn to 30.

358

You head up into the hills above Bloodrise Keep, guided by the muddy ditch which now takes the place of the stream that used to feed into the moat. Gnats swarm in the last warmth of the setting sun; lulled by the sound of crickets and of seagulls wheeling overhead, you could almost forget the horror of the last few hours. Then you catch sight of the most gruesome sight of all, and your blood thickens like cold quicksilver. Ahead, blocking the mouth of the stream, is a dam built entirely of human bones: skulls, spines, pelvic bones, ribcages and the bones that once were limbs are all piled up, tangled together in an awful, grisly heap, the gaps filled in with grave-dirt and decaying shrouds. Water, turned black and unwholesome by its passage, seeps slowly through this nightmarish wall.

You begin to clamber up the dam, oblivious of the sharp splinters of bone that pierce your hands. All you can think of is that you must find a way to smash the dam, release the pent-up water so it can flow cleanly once more in the moat round the keep. Then you catch sight of a tall figure clad all in tarnished silver, riding out from the castle on a pallid charger. He has a couched lance of sere black wood, and the pennant he flies is the symbol of plague. Lord Mortis himself! He is venturing out before the sun has set, so you must present a real threat to him. A phalanx of skeletal spearmen march behind him, but they falter at the castle gates and seem fearful of venturing out. Mortis glances back and acknowledges their cowardice with a guttural snarl that cracks across the hills like thunder. It makes your heart quail to think that such a sound could come from any human throat. Turn to **250**.

359

You search in the southwest of the graveyard, once again to no avail. Time trickles on into the late afternoon. Elindora is becoming visibly agitated. 'We must find them today – they will be alerted tonight and will surely seek us out. We cannot afford to delay until another day!' Will you search the northeast corner (turn to **60**) or the southeast (turn to **170**)?

360

His face blanches. 'Protection,' he mutters under his breath, before hurrying off into the kitchen, plainly terrified. You may now talk to the farmers (turn to **135**) or to the merchant (turn to **64**) or, if you have finished talking, turn to **273**.

361

'No one has seen it clearly,' Belar stutters. 'It seems toad-like, but it is furry. What we do know for sure is that it has a powerful tail that it can use to smash down walls. For this reason we call it the Thrasher. Please, will you accept the mission?' If you accept, turn to **52**. If you decline, turn to **332**.

362

You climb the spiral stairs until you reach a landing. In the wall opposite you see a narrow door, which probably leads out on to the battlements. If you wish to go through it, turn to **302**. Alternatively, you can continue up the stairs to the top of the tower (turn to **83**).

363

The sun sinks and black night claims the cemetery for its own. The surviving Vampires howl exultantly and actually seem to grow in stature and power before your very eyes – even their wounds seem to heal over. Elindora curses. You must fight on, but now add 5 STAMINA and 2 SKILL points to each Vampire. Go to the last paragraph of **120** and fight to a finish.

364

Before you can break away from your struggle with the Werewight, the Vampire women have flitted around behind you. You feel slender, dead-white fingers touch your shoulder; in that instant, it is as though your veins have been emptied of blood and have then been refilled with icy water. Driving the frenzied Werewight away with luminous glares, they turn you round and lower their ruby lips to your warm flesh. Theirs is the kiss that damns a mortal to unliving hell, and you are powerless to resist. From now on, you will skulk in Mortis's vaults like a grave-worm, fearing the daylight and wanly exulting in the soulless evil of your dread lord. Your adventure ends here.

365

You kill the three Zombies quickly and efficiently, but in doing so you have made some noise. Add 1 to your *Alarm Value*. Close examination of the room reveals nothing of interest, but one of the Zombies is carrying a pouch. Inside are 10 Gold Pieces and an iron key (note them on your *Adventure Sheet*). Leaving the room, you continue on your way down the corridor into the depths of the keep. Turn to **140**.

366

Kandogor is waiting for you with his sword drawn as you mount the gatehouse steps. He gives a scream of frustrated rage as you parry his first blow He can see from the look in your eyes that his time is numbered.

KANDOGOR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to **246**.

367

For a moment he looks suspicious . . . and then he seems to accept your story. 'Well, good luck,' he says before leaving.

You retire to your room and bed down for the night. You notice that your window is already barred and surrounded by a wreath of wild garlic flowers; so is the door, both inside and out. Puzzled, you lie down. You are just drifting off to sleep when a sound coming from outside your door alerts you. You leap up and draw your sword just as the door slowly opens, revealing the black-cowled figure, who starts in surprise to see you ready and waiting. Will you attack immediately (turn to **229**) or wait a few seconds to see what will happen (turn to **395**)?

368

Your last blow seems to cut through thin air as the Temple Guardian dissipates into nothingness. You pick up the Golden Whistle from the altar (note it on your *Adventure Sheet*). The scroll reads: 'Blow the whistle at the Finger of Lhyss to win great power.' You may also take the Elixir of Lhyss. Whenever you wish to drink the potion, note the number of the paragraph you are currently reading, then turn to **35**. Once you have finished, return to the paragraph you have noted and read on. You also find a pouch containing 25 Gold Pieces.

To leave the temple, turn to **382**. If you wish to use the Ring of Communing and ask General Chaideshu what he knows about the Finger of Lhyss, turn to **96**.

369

On closer inspection, you become aware that the bodies are all those of destroyed Zombies or Skeletons, the soldiers of Mortis; at least the inhabitants of Benari put up a fight. Presumably the villagers themselves are now Zombies in the service of Mortis. In one corner of the village you find a shrine to some local deity. At the foot of the rough stone altar lies a body which does not appear to have been one of the Undead. Will you investigate this body (turn to **205**), leave Benari (turn to **116**), or look over the ruined buildings (turn to **335**)?

370

The cross-country walk to the old battle-site is almost pleasant. You arrive at last in a wide green meadow with an old standing stone near by, inscribed with the history of this ancient battle. Looking around, you see that in all directions the earth is churned up as if by hundreds of labourers digging for treasure. The few named graves that you find are all open and empty. It is as if the dead had woken from their sleep to do battle once more. You examine the plaque on the standing stone. It reads:

> Here was fought a great battle between the hero Qadarnai and his knights against the necromancer Mortis and his undead servants. Amongst the servants of Mortis were the Battalion of Ancient Bones, skeletal warriors without number, and the dreaded Knights of Alptraum, the honour guard of Mortis, summoned to him from other worlds. Terrible in battle are they, for they can never be fully laid to rest. Their power is great and the fear of them is all-encompassing. Yet the great hero, aided by the White Queen, did overcome them and their master, although he lost his own life in doing so.

There is nothing else of interest here on the old site. Will you now head north for Port Borgos (turn to **85**) or northeast into the hills and thence to Bloodrise Keep (turn to **2**)?

371

The door splinters in two after a single powerful kick. Lighting a torch you descend into the gloom of the cellar. A low ceiling forces you to stoop slightly as you make your way among several barrels of dried fish and poor-quality wine. You hear someone whimpering fearfully, and huddled in the corner you find a fat boy, about six or seven years old and clearly terrified. He thinks you must be a pirate. It takes you some time to reassure him that he is safe and then he blurts out his tearful story. It seems a pirate ship arrived without warning at the cove, and fifty or more buccaneers stormed the village, marching off most of the villagers to the hold of their ship, to be sold as slaves. Those who resisted were brutally slain. The boy tells you that his name is Paz and that his father is Farmer Jervas, and his mother

Mistress Mrynie, both of whom he thinks were taken away. 'Please help me,' he pleads pitifully as he wipes his eyes on your cloak. Will you tell him to stay hidden here while you try to find his parents (turn to **271**) or leave the house and take him with you (turn to **151**)?

372

You find nothing else of interest. Will you take the spear (turn to **272**) or leave this desolate place and return to Siltport (turn to **232**)?

373

The night passes without incident – but the house is cold and you do not sleep particularly well. In the morning you set off up the Scort River towards Bloodrise Keep. Turn to **2**.

374

You explore the southeast part of the graveyard, but again to no avail. Time trickles on into the late afternoon. Elindora is becoming visibly agitated. 'We must find them today – they will be alerted tonight and will certainly seek us out. We cannot afford to wait for another day!' Will you now search in the northeast corner (turn to **60**) or the northwest (turn to **170**)?

375

Hefting the iron mace, you turn to strike whatever is behind you. Turn to **109**.

376

The back of the door-handle is as sharp as a razor, but you do not notice this until you try to open it – and then you succeed in gashing your right hand badly. You tear strips from your tunic to staunch the flow of blood; but you must fight with your other hand for the rest of the adventure: deduct 1 point from your SKILL. Cursing this ill-luck, you manage to prise the door open without touching the handle again – only to reveal a blank wall. You will have to choose one of the other two doors: either the one with the picture of a serpent (turn to **172**) or the one with the picture of a tree (turn to **100**).

377

You reach the door leading to the apartments at the top of the tower This door has Mortis's seal upon it, and it is with some trepidation that you swing it open. As you do so, an ominous creaking sound comes from its hinges, carrying into the dark stillness beyond. Roll two dice and add 4 to the total rolled If this number is less than or equal to your *Alarm Value*, turn to 76. If it is greater, turn to 315

378

If your *Alarm Value* is 9 or more, turn to 56 If it is 8 or less, turn to 48

379

You sprint across the courtyard, the afternoon sun warming your bones. You haven't much time: soon twilight's shadows will light your way, dread night will fall across the castle like a shroud and the living dead will stalk these walls. The gate looms above you, a huge edifice of crenellated stone. The two doors are of iron-bound oak, carved with the insignia of the Triumvirate. They are not even closed, so sure is Mortis of his invulnerability. All is quiet. Stepping in, you find yourself in an arched entranceway. Ahead of you, a raised portcullis leads to the inner bailey of the castle. As your eyes grow accustomed to the gloom, you see a door set into the wall on either side. Suddenly, out of the shadows two figures emerge They are dressed in ragged armour, grimed with rust, and they wield strange, ornately barbed swords, equally rusty but none the less deadly. Their eyes stare blankly at you, their faces ghastly masks of worm-eaten decay. Zombies! The sight of these undead things fills you with terror. First, add 1 to your *Alarm Value*; next, *Test your Resolve*. If you fail to make the roll, you are trembling with fear while fighting them – subtract 1 from your SKILL for the duration of this fight only. If you succeed in the roll, fight on normally. You must fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First		
UNDEAD GUARD	7	9
Second		
UNDEAD GUARD	6	10

If you kill them and are yourself wounded twice or more, turn to **188**. If you kill them but take only one wound or none, turn to **384**.

380

'Legend tells of the great battle fought between Mortis's legions and the true men of Stayng,' Garond intones. 'It was at this battle that Qadarnai sought out Mortis himself and clashed with him in a dreadful death-duel. Although Qadarnai's spear was wrought specifically to slay the Undead, its power was weakened by contact with living flesh Thus it was that Qadarnai, knowing this, was able to slay Mortis only by throwing the spear with the last of his strength as he fell, dying, from a charring blast of sorcerous energy. Untouched by living hands, the spear's power was at its height and struck Mortis dead in an instant. But it was a victory won by Qadarnai, as I have said, at the cost of his own life.' You are about to begin another question when he says, 'Ah well, it has been good talking to you, but now other matters are claiming my attention . . .' You observe a comely young girl waving to him from across the clearing. He smiles and waves back. 'Farewell, young warrior,' he says, shaking you by the hand and turning away before you can say a word. Do you have a whistle from the Temple of Lhyss? If so, turn to **134**. If you do not, you decide to resume your journey to Keladon – turn to **165**.

381

You must fight the pirates.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First		
CHAOS PIRATE	6	6
Second		
CHAOS PIRATE	7	5
Third		
CHAOS PIRATE	8	7

You must fight the first two together – the third awaits the outcome and will then fight you singly. If you win, turn to **241**.

382

As you step through the doors of the Temple of Lhyss into bright sunshine, you suddenly feel a warm glow inside. Add 1 to your *Initial* and current LUCK. Smiling happily, you continue onward Turn to **94**.

383

Following the path from the village, you walk down a rocky hillside that leads to the beach. There is a wooden quay here and several burning fishing boats are moored to it. At the end of the quay is a large warship equipped with several banks of oars and large black sails, adorned with a crimson skull symbol, the mark of the Chaos pirates. The ship's name is painted on her sides: the *Merciless*. You see a column of prisoners – the villagers of Keladon – being led in chains on to the pirate ship. Several pirates – men, Orcs, Hobgoblins and the like – are brutally whipping them aboard. At the gangway, you see two figures overseeing the operation. They wear full black armour that covers them from head to foot, inlaid with weird patterns of red tracery. You recognize them as dreaded Chaos Knights. Will you decide there is nothing you can do here and leave Keladon (turn to **186**); or will you try and get on board, either by attacking now (turn to **15**), by disguising yourself as a prisoner and joining the column of would-be slaves (turn to **45**), by swimming out to sea a short distance and approaching the ship from the other side (turn to **274**) or by using the Ring of Fays, if you have it (turn to **224**)?

384

You defeat the Zombies quickly and with minimal noise. Will you now go out into the courtyard (turn to **286**), go through the door to the right (turn to **230**) or through the door to the left (turn to **128**)?

385

You stare down anxiously, your body pressed into the shadows behind the balustrade in case any of the knights in the hall below should look up. However, it seems that the noise of your fight did not carry down to them – or perhaps they are sunk in deathly torpor until nightfall. You have escaped their immediate attention, but the disappearance of the two Undead you have destroyed will not go unnoticed; add 2 to your *Alarm Value*. If you now want to see what is on the other side of the door where the knights came from, turn to **184**. If you want to go back along the gallery and up the main stairs to the top of the tower, turn to **377**.

386

After burning the bodies to make sure that they are properly destroyed, you and Elindora leave the cemetery. Elindora says that it is time for you to part, as she must report back to the Elves. She thanks you solemnly, saying that she could not have succeeded without you. She then gives you a ring of pale silver, with a strange pattern cut into it. 'This is the Ring of Fays; it is rich with Elven sorcery and will aid you according to your needs at the time you summon forth its power. You may call upon it once only, so use it wisely. Farewell, brave warrior.' She waves once and leaves.

You also have a mission to complete. Will you go northeastwards on the road to Port Borgos (turn to **46**), southeast towards Shamdabag Wood and then on to the village of Keladon (turn to **325**), or is this time to use the Ring of Communing to consult with General Chaideshu (turn to **93**)?

387

The combatants go at each other hammer and tongs, using head-butts, smashes, kicks, gouges, throws and holds. There don't appear to be any rules: only weapons aren't allowed. For a while the Ogre's superior size and weight seem to be winning him the fight; but soon Baracas gets the measure of his opponent and his superior skill shows through. He manages to trip Grom – and suddenly Baracas has him, face down on the ground, in a punishing stranglehold. Grom is forced to submit. You have lost. The excitement has died down now and you are just sidling dejectedly to the back door when the bos'n points at you and says, 'Wait a moment – who the hell are you anyway?' The pirates turn to stare. 'Never seen his like before,' says one. 'Get him, lads!' cries another, and several rush you, drawing their sabres. Turn to **297**.

392

Cross off two Provisions from your *Adventure Sheet*. The blacksmith happily takes both your sword and the Provisions. He soon returns and, to your relief, you find he has done a good job. You may add 1 to the damge you inflict whenever you use this sword in combat from now on. Turn to **192**.

393

In a blind, mindless panic, not knowing what you are doing, you dash straight into the sea. Desperately you begin to swim, but you are assailed by the ghostly dead and fear drives you under water. You have become one with the Spirits of the Drowned Your adventure ends here.

394

Half-way up the anchor-chain, a pirate on the shore spots you and gives the alarm. You clamber up the chain, but a couple of archers appear at the rail above you and loose off half a dozen arrows. You are hit and must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you fall back into the sea. Under a hail of arrows you manage to dive beneath the surface and swim away as fast as you can. The pirates are alerted now, and you are forced to flee Keladon and watch helplessly as the *Merciless* puts out to sea with its cargo of innocent villagers. Cursing the pirate scum, you turn away dejectedly. Turn to **186**.

395

Hurriedly, the figure pulls back the cowl – it is a female Elf! Her skin is like moonlight, her large eyes like liquid emeralds, and her brown hair is bound in a circlet of white flowers, a picture of beauty. In a lilting voice she says, 'Please, listen to me. My name is Elindora, and I am one of the few Elves who still live in Shamdabag Wood. We are worshippers of the goddess Iatro, She who Heals and Succours The goddess loathes the Undead as abominable travesties of life and has commanded us to help the people to defeat Mortis I have been forced to travel in disguise, for his spies are everywhere, but when I saw you I knew your mission was as ours, to destroy the Undead. Tell me, is this true?'

You explain patiently that you are not a worshipper of Iatro and that you have come here as a mercenary adventurer to slay Mortis – for the money, not for the people.

'Thank the heavens some action is being taken at last. But there is good in you – I can feel it,' she insists. You shrug resignedly. 'I have come to beg for your aid,' she implores. 'The cemetery holds the tomb of Lady Lotmora, once the wife of Mortis. Now that Mortis has returned, he has used his foul necromancy to return her to the world – as a Vampire. Now she terrorizes the area; she has already built up a small coven of Vampires out of the local population – or what remains of it. The priestess of Iatro has sent me to destroy her, but I cannot succeed alone. Help me, and I will aid you in your quest to kill Mortis.'

Will you agree to help her (turn to **23**); or do you decide that your prime mission is to kill Mortis himself and say that you cannot help (turn to **107**)?

396

Hastily you cross the deserted courtyard and trudge back through the rank mire that was once the castle's moat. From far off in the hills a wolf howls into the sky – a sky which is now the colour of rose-petals, with clouds like a wash of gold against it. Has so much time passed since you arrived here, then? Some fiendish sorcery must pervade the keep, dulling the wits, so that you have barely noticed the passage of time. Turn to **358**.

397

Stark horror rises like a haze across your mind, and you cannot prevent yourself from flinching as you look upon the Zombie archers' puffed, clammy flesh and blank expressions. As you recover your nerve to attack, the nearest Zombie crouches down and the other two unleash black-fletched arrows that rip into your shoulder; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. While you are engaged in hand-to-hand combat with one of the undead archers, the others will try to hit you with their arrows. To determine whether an arrow hits, each Attack Round roll two dice for each archer shooting. A roll of 7 or below means that you have been hit: lose 1 STAMINA point. However, a roll of 8 or higher means that the arrow has hit the undead creature you are fighting, and *it* loses 1 STAMINA point.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First		
UNDEAD ARCHER	7	5
Second		
UNDEAD ARCHER	7	4
Third		
UNDEAD ARCHER	7	4

If you defeat all three of them within eight Attack Rounds, turn to **365**. If you are still fighting after eight Rounds, turn to **247**.

398

The blacksmith gives you 10 Gold Pieces and some healing herbs, saying ruefully that this is all they have left to give you (note these on your *Adventure Sheet*). 'You will always have a home here,' he adds. You may use the healing herbs just once to restore up to 6 lost STAMINA points. You wave goodbye to everyone, for they have all come to see you off. Your quest beckons. Turn to **186**.

399

You cannot resist the urge to give yourself up and you sink to your knees. Horrified, you witness Kandogor chuckling evilly as he walks over, to stand beside Lady Lotmora. The Vampiress thanks him for leading you to her. Elindora is unaffected, but she is unable to defeat the Vampires alone. You watch helplessly as she is hacked down and then is brought back as a Vampire. Soon it will be your turn . . . Your adventure ends here.

400

Your Ring of Communing crackles into life, even though you believed you had used up all its energy. Against the backdrop of your imagination you can see General Chaideshu's gruff, battle-scarred features suspended in a void. 'You have the thanks of us all,' says his voice in your mind. 'Without Mortis at their head, the Chaos pirates will soon scatter before our fleets. But the linchpin of our victory has been the battle you fought today.'

You feel pride at his words – but you don't let him sense it. 'Fine,' you imagine yourself replying. 'Now, how about sending a ship to get us off this godforsaken island!' You can look forward to a hero's welcome in Port Kanthos.

388

As you approach the gatehouse, the ballista seems to be watching you like an ominous giant insect. It is only your imagination, of course; without anyone to operate it, the potentially lethal weapon is just a harmless piece of machinery. Then again, what if Mortis has left spells on it that could make it shoot of its own accord? You try not to think of that possibility! It is with considerable relief that you reach the gatehouse safely and pass on into the outer bailey. Turn to **144**.

389

You walk purposefully towards the noise. A foul-looking creature scuttles round the corner – and it looks intent on tearing you limb from limb. Most of all it resembles a giant skull supported by a myriad insect-like legs; but instead of chitin these legs are made of skeletal bone. Several long, sinuous tentacle-tongues rasp and writhe from the grinning jaws, reaching for you, trying to grab you and draw you to its snapping jaws. You recognize the legendary Skull Beast, a creature that lives in the Lands of the Dead and which comes to Titan only when summoned by some evil and powerful necromancer like Mortis. Now you must defend yourself. If you have been to Benari and have spoken with its headman, Morlak, turn to **50**. If not, turn to **115**.

390

'Hah,' he says, 'is that not obvious? The return of Mortis has ruined my trade! And the return of Lady Lotmora, his hellish consort .' He blanches at the very thought.

'Who is this lady?' you ask, but he just gives an inarticulate cry of terror and runs off to the kitchen You may now talk to the farmers (turn to **135**) or to the merchant (turn to **64**) or, if you have finished talking, turn to **273**.

391

Following the path from the village, you walk down a rocky hillside that leads to the beach. There is a wooden quay here, with the hulks of several burning fishing boats moored to it. The sand has been churned up by the passage of many booted feet, and various objects litter the ground: a broken sandal, a girl's small doll, an empty wineskin, and the like. Other than this, the place is deserted. Looking out to sea, you can just make out a sail in the far distance It looks like a Chaos pirate warship to you. Evidently the whole population of Keladon has been carried off into slavery by the pirates. Dejected, you turn and leave Keladon to continue your mission. Turn to **186**.

331

You discover nothing of interest until you come to a cellar door that seems to be barred from the inside. It is only of light construction and you could smash it down easily if you wished. If you want to go into the cellar, turn to **371**. If you want to search upstairs, turn to **191**. Alternatively, you can leave here and search elsewhere. You may enter the bungalow (turn to **71**) or the stables (turn to **291**), if you have not already searched through these two buildings. If you decide you have finished searching the houses, you can investigate the temple (turn to **171**) or the village hall (turn to **131**); alternatively, you can leave the village and go to the cove where the fishing boats should be (turn to **311**).

332

You refuse to help, declaring that your mission is more important than some joyride in the hills. The villagers decide you are a coward, and glare at you and spit when you pass by. The atmosphere is bad; when you ask about the tomb of Mortis, which is in these parts, you are met with stony silence. You are left with no choice but to depart. Will you therefore head south, back towards Siltport (turn to **3**), or try to find the tomb of Mortis yourself and set off for the hills (turn to **112**)?

333

The minstrel introduces himself and begins a rambling introduction to what he is going to sing tonight. He opens with some ballads and then recites an epic poem about the ancient heroes. These are all entertaining – but are of little interest to you. Just as you are on the point of leaving, he begins a song which at once draws and holds your attention. The audience too seems particularly interested in this song, which Garond calls 'The Lay of Mortis and Qadarnai'. It is a tale of the great warrior Qadarnai, called the 'War-Spear of the Sun', who defeated Mortis in his previous incarnation. Some parts of the lay are most intriguing: Garond sings of a charm, known by certain wise women, that unbinds the sorcery which Mortis used to raise his armies from the dead. In his song Garond also tells how Qadarnai used his ivory spear to slay the necromancer. In a mythic interlude dealing with the gods' overwatching of the battle, something called the Finger of Lhyss is also mentioned – Lhyss being the Goddess of Luck, who often intervened on Qadarnai's behalf.

When Garond's song is finished, the crowd applauds and he bows, obviously satisfied with his performance. You can talk to him now (turn to **127**) or, if you think you have spent enough time here, you can leave and press on to the village of Keladon (turn to **165**).

Vampires while you must fight Lady Lotmora, Kandogor and the other two. They come at you all at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPIRE	7	9
Second VAMPIRE	6	8
LADY LOTMORA	11	18
KANDOGOR	7	7

Remember: if you have the Spear of Qadarnai, it will do double damage against the Vampires (but not against Kandogor). Whenever Lotmora hits you, roll another die; on a roll of 1 or 2, she manages to bite you and you lose 1 SKILL point (you may however restore any lost SKILL points when you win). If you reduce Kandogor's STAMINA to 3 or less, he will stop fighting and step back to watch, just like the hopeless coward he really is. If you manage to defeat them all, turn to 257.

310

You light a fire in the grate and soon smoke is writhing up through the chimney. You bed down for the night and are just dozing off when a loud rattling noise awakens you. Without warning, the door and half the wall are smashed to rubble and a hideous creature lumbers in towards you: it resembles a giant skull perched on a myriad insect-like legs made of skeletal bone. Several long, sinuous tentacle-tongues rasp and writhe from the grinning jaws, reaching for you, trying to grab you and draw you into its snapping jaws. You recognize

the legendary Skull Beast, a creature that lives in the Lands of the Dead and which comes to Titan only when summoned by some evil and powerful necromancer like Mortis. Now you must defend yourself. If you have been to Benari and spoken with Morlak, its headman, turn to 50. If not, turn to 115.

311

If you have already searched the village hall, the temple and the larger houses of the village, turn to 391. If you have not searched all three of these areas, turn to 383.

312

You manage to resist the awful fear that threatens to overwhelm your mind. You open the doors wide to let light into the tomb. Inside, you see a simple square room, with symbols of the Good Gods adorning the walls. In the centre is a large black sarcophagus; its heavy stone lid is shattered and lies around in pieces. Slumped to one side at the base of the sarcophagus is the dead body of a man, clearly an adventurer. You judge him to have died about three weeks ago; his face is frozen in a fearfully grinning mask of dread, and in his right hand he still grips an old sword. His other hand holds a rune-carved ivory spear. You step across and look inside the sarcophagus, where the body of Mortis rightfully belongs. All that is inside are some broken chains, the links of which appear to have been torn asunder. It looks as though the would-be tomb-robber got more than he bargained for when he tried

329

You settle down and make a small fire, a few hundred metres outside the town of Borgos. Fortunately your night is undisturbed, and when dawn comes you feel refreshed and ready for your coming ordeal at the keep. You set off into the hills towards the castle. Turn to **2**.

330

The corridor runs for a short distance, then opens out into the stairwell of the east tower. A spiral staircase leads up and down. Beside it stands a Zombie guard; it turns its ravaged, dead face to you and its dead-fish eyes glitter menacingly in the torchlight. To your horror, you recognize an old friend and veteran of the White Tiger Legion, Davmori, who joined the border guards for a quiet life. He staggers towards you, spear in hand. He must have been killed by a blow to the body before he was brought back as undead, for a wound in his chest gapes horribly. A vile stench wafts over you, making you gag in disgust. You call out his name, but all intelligence has left this mindless thing. Revulsion and horror course through your veins like fire. *Test your Resolve*. If you fail, you scream in horror and must add 2 to your *Alarm Value*. If you succeed, you manage to stifle your fear. Whatever the result, you must fight your old friend, Davmori.

DAVMORI THE UNDEAD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **290**.

while, the tunnel widens, and now it appears to have been dug out by some other kind of instrument, something that has taken great gouges out of the rock. A sound ahead of you causes you to pull up short. Then from around a corner emerges a strange-looking creature, resembling a Giant Ant. Its antennae wave in the air in your direction and the thing scuttles towards you, mandibles twitching. You must fight it to survive.

GIANT ANT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 299.

288

You round the corner and walk straight into two of the living dead. Their flesh is a hideous scabrous grey and their eyes are blank and lifeless. The smell of the grave assails your nostrils and you are filled with horror. Add 2 to your *Alarm Value*, then *Test your Resolve* If you succeed, fight them normally If you fail, for the first Attack Round you are paralysed with fear and will have to deduct 4 points from your STAMINA because your opponents get in a free hit against you. Now fight them both at the same time

	SKILL	STAMINA
First		
UNDEAD GUARD	6	7
Second		
UNDEAD GUARD	7	6

If you have still not killed one of the guards after four Attack Rounds, turn to 349. If you have, and then succeed in killing the other guard, turn to 306

289

You search the southeast part of the graveyard, yet again to no avail. Time trickles on until the late afternoon. Elindora is becoming visibly agitated. 'We must find them today – tonight they will be alerted and seek us out. We cannot afford to wait for another day!' Will you now search in the northeast corner (turn to 60) or the southwest (turn to 170)?

290

You stand over the fallen body of your former friend, cursing Mortis's perverted mind for transforming Davmori into such a hideous unliving travesty Wiping tears of rage from your eyes, you scan the stairwell for exits. A short distance along the wall, another archway leads out, but when you look down it you see it gives on to a long stretch of empty corridor. Squinting up the stairs, you see a golden shaft of sunlight, which must be shining through one of the arrowslits high in the wall, transforming the dust in the upper levels of the tower. From the angle of the beam of light, you judge there to be perhaps an hour of daylight left. In

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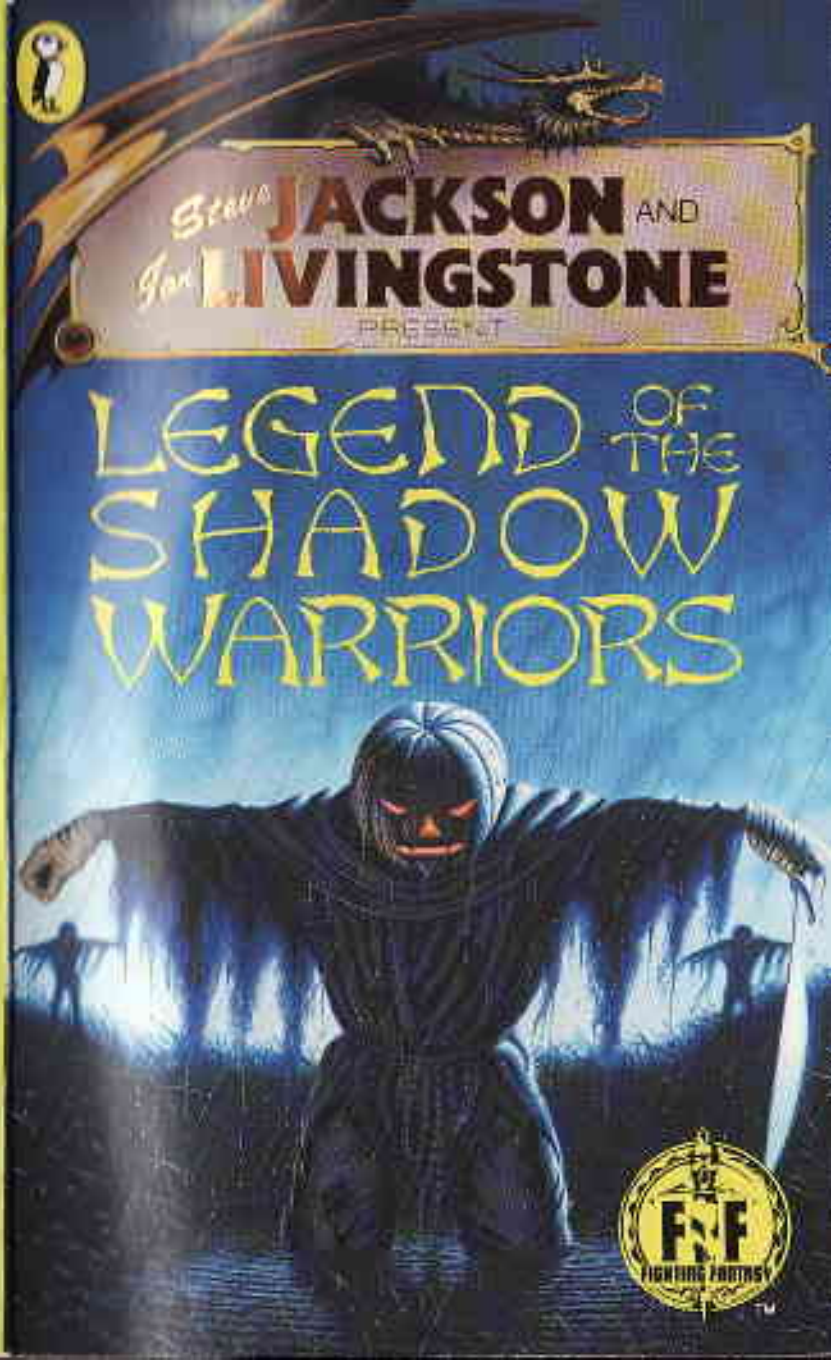

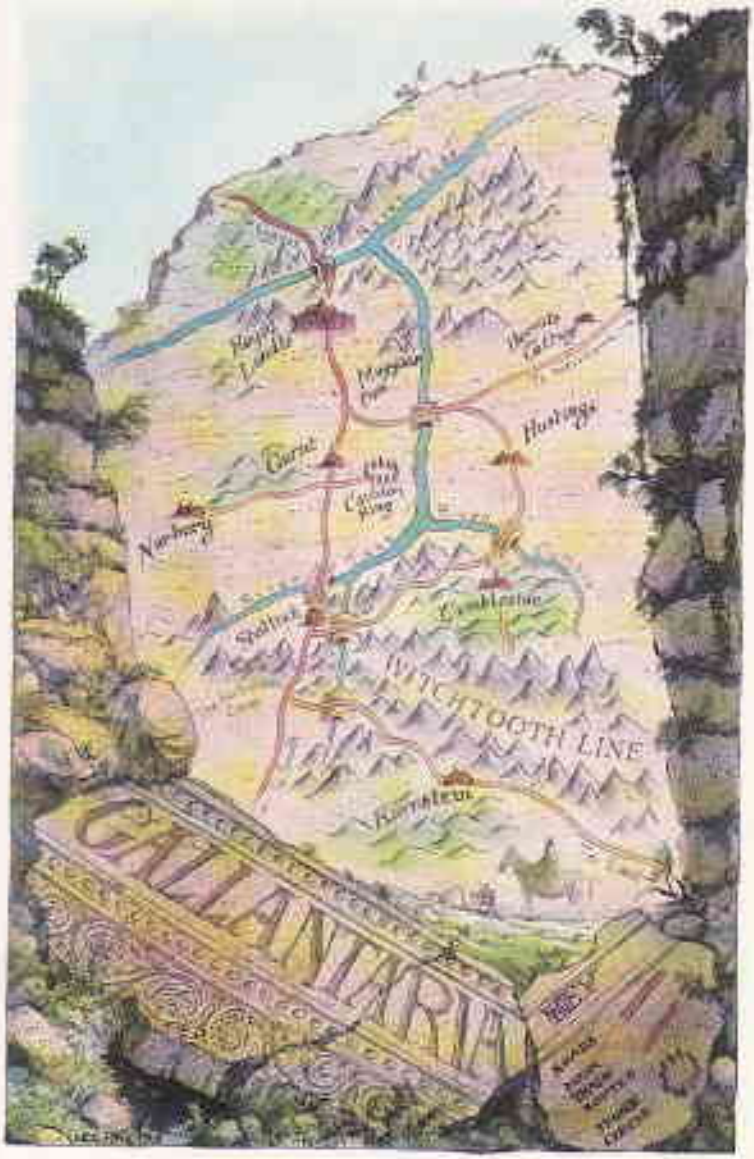

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Published by the Penguin Group
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Viking Penguin Inc, 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1991
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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Filmset in 11/13 pt Monophoto Palatino
Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

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To Josef Hawel whose great kindness showed me that there are at least two sides to every big story.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF THE OLD WORLD

Before embarking on your perilous adventure, you must work out your own strengths and weaknesses; use the *Adventure Sheet* on pages 18–19 to record all the details of your adventure. It will be sensible to make copies of the *Adventure Sheet* for further sorties into this adventure. As well as a copy of the *Adventure Sheet*, you will also need two dice, a pencil and an eraser.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die, add 6 and enter the total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below all your scores will change during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. As in other *Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks*, although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may never exceed their *Initial* scores,

except on those very rare occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Your SKILL score reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility. Your STAMINA score reflects how healthy and physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky you are. In all these cases, the higher your score, the better!

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you, and on other occasions you yourself may choose to draw your sword against an enemy you chance across. In some situations you may be given a special option, allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner; but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

You will be told your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the paragraph where you first meet it; enter them in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll both dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled, to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows: start a new Attack Round from step 1, above.
4. You have wounded your opponent: subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage to it (see below). Now proceed to step 6.
5. Your opponent has wounded you: subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to minimize the amount of STAMINA lost (see below).
6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1.

This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die, your quest ends and you must start the adventure all over again by rolling the dice to create a new character.

Special Equipment

During the course of your adventure you may be fortunate enough to get your hands on special weapons and protective armour. If you wield a special weapon in combat, any blows you land on your opponent will do greater damage – your foe will lose more STAMINA

than normal; if you enter battle wearing armour, you will be more or less protected from any blows which your opponent lands on you – you will lose fewer points of STAMINA than normal. Instructions covering all these cases are given in the paragraphs where the special equipment is to be found Any rules concerning special weapons that you read there always take precedence over the rules given in the Battles section, above.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one enemy. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will be able to fight each in turn; and sometimes you will have to fight them all at the same time! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally When you are instructed to fight your opponents one at a time, the combat is again resolved normally – except that

once you defeat a creature, the next steps forward to fight you! When you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against any additional opponents you throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way; if your Attack Strength is greater than your opponent's, however, you will not inflict a wound in this instance; you can regard it as if you have parried an incoming blow. If your Attack Strength is lower than your enemy's, however, you will be wounded in the normal way. Of course, you will have to settle the outcome against each additional adversary separately.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the paragraphs themselves), you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure, called *Testing your Luck*, works in the following way: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the outcome will be in your favour If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score Thus you will soon realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky will this procedure become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on an opponent you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound; deduct 2 *extra* points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow only scratches your opponent; and you deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA (i e., instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you now score only 1).

Whenever you yourself are wounded in combat, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct only 1 point from your STAMINA If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 *extra* STAMINA point (i.e., deduct a total of 3 points from your own STAMINA)

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your adventure. Occasionally, a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary. If you ever have to fight a battle with your bare hands (that is to say, you do not have a weapon to fight with), you must temporarily subtract 1 from your current SKILL score for the duration of the combat.

At various times during your adventure, you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for this is exactly the same as that for *Testing your Luck*: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour If the number rolled is higher than your current SKILL score, you will have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure. It will drop as a result of wounds gained through combat, or by falling foul of traps and pitfalls, and it will also drop after you perform any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start all over again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating meals or Provisions. You start the game with no Provisions, but you will be given the opportunity to obtain food during your adventure. You must keep track of how many meals' worth of Provisions you have by filling in the details in the Provisions box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Each time you eat a meal you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, and you must deduct one meal from your Provisions box. You may stop and eat Provisions at any time except when you are engaged in a battle.

Remember, your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value, so there's no point in eating meals if your STAMINA is already at its maximum.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded in the course of the adventure when you have been particularly lucky or have created your own luck by some action. Details are given in the relevant paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA,

your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value – unless you are specifically told that it can.

Equipment and Gold

At the beginning of your adventure you have very little equipment that is suitable for a journey of any kind; but you will be given a chance to visit the market at Royal Lendle before embarking on your dangerous quest. During your travels you may also find other useful items which you can take. For now, though, you have only a sword, a backpack and a pouch holding a few Gold Pieces. To find out how many Gold Pieces you have, roll two dice and add 12 to the total rolled. Then note the following items on your *Adventure Sheet*: your sword (in the Weapon box) and your money (in the Gold Pieces box). If later on you should come across any items which you want to take with you, make a note of them in the Equipment box (they are kept in your pack) unless the paragraph tells you otherwise.

Weapons

Though you start the adventure with a sword of gleaming steel, you may get the chance to acquire another weapon. If you take another weapon, you must discard your old one, as you can only ever carry one weapon at a time. To discard a weapon, just erase it from the Weapon box of your *Adventure Sheet*, and then enter the name of the newly acquired weapon in the same box, with a note as to any special instructions that go with it. Once a weapon is discarded, it is lost for ever.

Remember: if you ever have to fight without a weapon, subtract 1 point from your current SKILL score for the duration of the entire battle.

Armour

You start the adventure wearing no armour, but you may be lucky enough to obtain some later on. If you do get your hands on some armour, note it in the Armour box of your *Adventure Sheet* – the paragraph where you find the armour will tell you the type of armour it is. Of course you can wear only one type of armour at any particular time; if you find more and wish to keep it, you will have to discard the armour you are currently wearing. Just erase the old armour from the Armour box of your *Adventure Sheet*, and then enter the name of the new armour, along with any instructions that go with it. Once armour has been discarded, it is gone for ever. You may also discard armour if you quite simply no longer wish to wear it. In such cases, just erase the armour from your *Adventure Sheet*. You may carry out this action at any time, except during a battle.

The various types of armour all work in the same way: they give you some form of protection in battles . . . but only for a certain length of time – even the finest Dwarven plate can take only a certain amount of hammering before it starts to buckle. Due to its bulk, armour also hinders your movements, unfortunately.

In the paragraph where you find the armour you will also be told both the total number of hits that the armour can take before it is ruined and exactly how the armour will protect you. Whenever you lose an Attack Round while you are wearing armour, the armour will automatically protect you – whether you want it to or not! As a result, you will lose fewer STAMINA points than normal, and you may even not have to lose any STAMINA at all! However, because the armour will have protected you, you must add 1 to the number of hits that the armour has taken. As soon as the number of hits taken by the armour reaches the total number of hits that it can take, it becomes useless straight away. You may no longer receive the armour's protection and must erase it from the Armour box of your *Adventure Sheet*.

The paragraph in which you find the armour will also tell you to add at least 1 to your dice-rolls whenever you have to *Test your Skill*, thus reducing your chance of success in the test. This penalty is because of the armour's bulk, and it affects you for as long as the armour is included on your *Adventure Sheet*. Wearing armour has no other effect on your SKILL score.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	Initial Stamina=	Initial Luck=

WEAPON	PROVISIONS
ARMOUR	
GOLD PIECES	EQUIPMENT

NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= Stamina=	Skill= Stamina=	Skill= Stamina=
Skill= Stamina=	Skill= Stamina=	Skill= Stamina=
Skill= Stamina=	Skill= Stamina=	Skill= Stamina=
Skill= Stamina=	Skill= Stamina=	Skill= Stamina=

Shadow Warriors
On steeds infernal,
Riding ever faster,
Uprooting tree and breaking stone,
Searching for their Master.

BACKGROUND

Gallantaria was once the most civilized land on the face of Titan. Its history began when Orjan the Builder halted the great roaming of his tribe, to build a village which he called Lendle. From there, his people spread, building ever more villages, and Lendle itself evolved into a walled city. Orjan's son, Regulus, led the people into a new age of wealth, and forged the eight largest towns into the nation of Gallantaria, with Royal Lendle as its capital. Gallantaria continued to expand and could well have covered the entire Old World, were it not for the fact that it bordered other nations whose peoples also had thoughts of expansion . . .

Directly south lay the nation of Femphrey, and to the east the country of Brice. Though initially relations were cordial, the people of Brice grew jealous of Gallantaria's wealth and prepared an invasion. Next, Gallantarian colonies in the Northlands rebelled and sent an army down into their parent country to win their independence, and it did not take long before the nearby nations of Femphrey and Lendleland got caught up in these terrible events. Thus began the War of the Four Kingdoms.

extracts from *Life on Titan*
by Ernst Kandermann

The treacherous Baron Tag led his own monarch into an ambush, he himself plunging a poisoned dagger into King Constain's back. War-torn and leaderless, Gallantaria fell into despair Fortunately help was at hand in the form of Tantalon, the court magician, who seized the throne 'in the name of the people'. Using a mixture of cunning, wizardry and brilliant strategy, Tantalon brought the war to an end single-handed Yet, though he exercised the authority of kingship, he did not keep the crown for himself; he was saving it for another.

excerpt from *Court Essays and Observations: two decades of royal decorum*
by Hugo Montpeilier

Aged and weary, Tantalon killed two birds with one stone: at one and the same time he found Constain's successor and righted twelve wrongs by declaring the latter to be tasks which the former had to complete to win the crown. Thus a new blood-line began to rule Gallantaria, Orjan's lineage having ended with the betrayed Constain. Law and order were restored and an unlikely hero became king Strangely enough, the coronation coincided with Tantalon's passing away; but the wizard's death and the start of a fresh royal dynasty signalled a new era for the nation

However, Gallantaria was no longer the centre of the Old World. That position had passed to Femphrey, the realm of King Chalanna, who ruled with his magical 'crown of kings'. Chalanna lent this great artefact to the rulers of the other countries, on condition that they join his now mighty Alliance. Indeed, Chalanna's wise and generous leadership has proved to be the sole guiding light, leading us into the next Age of Humanity.

extract from *Chalanna the Reformer, Vol. III: The Fruitful Years*
by Matra Sanscreer

Sword For Hire

You are a veteran adventurer, lending your sword-arm to (almost) anybody who makes you the right offer – though it must be said you have no great love for gold, requiring only enough to get by. You seek adventure and excitement for their own sake and look to correct the world's many injustices. Over the years you have fought for many armies and have joined many expeditions into unknown lands. During the War of the Four Kingdoms you fought on the side of Gallantaria, your homeland. Your courage, skill and leadership earned you many decorations and, though you never felt comfortable with it, the rank of captain. When the war ended, you spurned the fame you had gained and took to the road in search of fresh adventures.

Five years on, you are now back in Royal Lendle; but the people who once sang your praises have forgotten you. It's taken only four days for you to become bored with the city so, hopeful of bumping into someone interesting, you decide to take yourself to a tavern named the First Step to slake your thirst. It is highly likely that someone in here will be looking for a person with your particular talents. Indeed, you are on the point of draining your second tankard of Lendale when you feel a frantic tapping on your shoulder and you turn to face a worried-looking man.

Judging by his appearance, you would say that he is a farmer living on the country's borderland. His words tumble out in hurried anxiety. 'Please, Captain, you must help us in Karnstein. Our homes are being ravaged by an unstoppable foe and our people are being cut down like dead wheat. Three of us – that's me, Mendokan, and two of my fellow villagers – have come to the city seeking help, but the authorities won't listen to us. They think we're making it all up. They don't believe that we're being attacked by the Shadow Warriors.'

It cannot be! The Shadow Warriors are merely bogeymen, used by mothers to make their naughty children behave; every Gallantarian child knows the short nursery-rhyme that tells of them.

Before you have time to respond, Mendokan continues. 'No one will help us. Even mercenaries we approached have laughed in our faces. Then, when we heard you were here . . . You're our last hope. Will you help us?'

While his words have hardly been a glowing tribute to your skills, you can see that the man is terrified and in dire need of help. You're very doubtful about this Shadow Warrior business, though. It is much more likely that the people of Karnstein are being terrorized by a gang of brigands got up in frightening costumes. Still, you have heard of Karnstein; it's a mere speck of dust on the maps, there's virtually nothing there. What could raiders possibly want from such a place? Perhaps they just enjoy picking on scared, helpless peasants? Whatever the reason, it enrages you to hear of such wanton viciousness. You make up your mind to go to Karnstein on the spot: you'll defend the village and teach these 'Shadow Warriors' a lesson they'll never forget.

Turn to 1.

1

Though he is relieved that you have agreed to help his village, Mendokan now begins to look embarrassed He says, 'We are only a poor and simple people All we can pay you is two hundred Gold Pieces and, what is more, the village elders have decreed that you are to be paid after the job is done.' Heigh-ho, such are the times! Still, you won't go back on your word, so you agree to his terms and Mendokan smiles once more in relief. Now he must go and find his friends so that they can prepare to leave for Karnstein; you yourself will have to buy Provisions and other equipment necessary for the journey and your adventure. You shake hands with Mendokan and arrange to meet his party on the Main Trade Route, south of the city, in two hours' time. The farmer then hurries out of the tavern – just as a gaudily dressed fellow strolls in and elbows his way towards you.

This is Bartolph, an infamous gambler; he struts through even the most dangerous parts of the city wearing expensive silks, as a sign of his success at countless gaming tables 'I haven't seen you in here for some time,' he says with a sly grin. 'Care to try your luck?'

Although you shouldn't be wasting any time here, a win would enable you to buy more equipment and thus prepare you for the road ahead If you accept Bartolph's challenge, turn to **86**. If you would rather leave, turn to 30.

2

The leap is not going to be an easy one *Test your Skill* If you succeed, turn to **24**; but if you fail, turn to **131**.

3

To say that an uneasy silence descends on the bar would be an understatement, but you do your best to ignore the group. If you want to buy a tankard of ale, it will cost you a Gold Piece (cross 1 Gold Piece off your *Adventure Sheet*) and as it goes down you can feel it doing you good (restore 2 STAMINA points). You stand by the bar, listening in on the motley group's conversation. The veterans believe that the Orc is a monk from Femphrey! Either they have been drugged or else the Orc is using a magical disguise. Just then, the Man-Orc walks up to the bar, orders a pint of ale – and then throws it in your face! Anger sends the blood rushing to your cheeks and you turn to face the Orc, who shouts, 'Did you just spill my pint?' Will you attack the Orc (turn to 132), or try to prove to the others that he *is* an Orc and not a Femphreyan monk (turn to 310)?

4

Though your evil foe has fallen, he has struck you with a cruel-blade, a magical dagger that inflicts cuts which continue to deepen even after the weapon itself has been withdrawn. The wounds grow and worsen, resulting in a slow and painful death. Fortunately you know the proper treatment for such ill: you must seal the cruel-wounds with heat; only then will they heal normally. If you have a lantern (and oil), you must light it and press its hot glass against your injured flesh (deduct one skin of oil from your *Adventure Sheet*). However, this cure is so painful that it may kill you (deduct 6 points from your STAMINA). If you do not have a lantern (oil alone is no good), you will surely die. If you survive the desperate remedy, turn to 40.

5

Successive bursts of sheet lightning enable you to see that, all across the marsh, creatures resembling pumpkin-headed scarecrows are stirring. They are the Haggwort, formed of the earth and roused by the growing corruption in the land. Groaning, the mindless hulks rise and make their sluggish way towards Hustings, their paws gripping a variety of murderous weapons. They are great fighters, but they suffer one weakness: they are animated by mystic fires which are held under pressure within their heads; any cut to the head, no matter how tiny, will free the energy, and the sudden release will cause the Haggwort's head to explode! Hustings must be warned of the imminent attack, but a Haggwort stands on the road, in your way. Will you:

Attack it? Turn to 36
Head out on to the moors in a bid to sneak round it? Turn to 108
Put on a Chameleon Cloak – if you have one? Turn to 260

6

The mystic bolt shoots past your head and crashes into the woman, turning her into a warty, croaking frog! It seems that one of the very sorcerers she had been objecting to was watching over the proceedings and decided to end them. To your dismay, the onlookers fall about with laughter, while the frog hops away to begin a new life. Will you now go and listen to the old beggar (turn to 219) or to the man in black (turn to 137)?

7

You open a small vial of Metal Rot and empty its contents all over the square iron panel which houses the lock to your cage (cross the vial off your *Adventure Sheet*). The thick gurgling fluid does its work in seconds, and the lock dissolves into thin air. Not having heard a thing, the jailer is caught unawares when you sneak up behind him and knock him unconscious. You step over his mountainous body and slip out of the jail. Now you will have to leave Royal Lendle before you are caught again. Will you leave the city by the South Gate, which opens straight out on to the Main Trade Route (turn to 272), or by the nearer East Gate (turn to 60)?

8

The Shadow Warrior you face carries no weapon; it is a master of the martial arts, and its deadly, rotted hands move with blurring speed. Each Attack Round, the Warrior has two attacks. Treat this combat as if you are fighting two opponents with identical ratings at the same time.

First SHADOW WARRIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you defeat the Warrior, turn to 335.

9

You watch as the convoy of wagons disappears in the distance, before you follow in its wake. Progress is slow and you spend a restless night, knowing that if you had gone with the circus you would be in Shattuck by now. In the morning you wake (restore 3 STAMINA points) and continue on your journey.

Another day passes before you reach a large stone bridge on the northern outskirts of Shattuck. The Circus of Dreams stands near by, its evening show in full swing. The clown in charge of the circus steps out from behind a wagon: she bows to you — as four more performers step out from the shadows behind her. They are all Mandrakes and they are coming for you! To stand and fight would be sheer folly, and they will probably catch you if you stay on the road. Nevertheless, will you run along the road to Shattuck (turn to 91) or take a most desperate gamble and dive off the bridge into the deep river, many feet below (turn to 104)?

10

Sweat pours down your face and you fall backwards, tearing your mind free from this most hazardous device, an Orb of Mind-snaring. While it may not be the safest thing to carry around, perhaps it will have its uses. If you want to take it with you, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have not already done so, will you now study the sarcophagus (turn to 193) or Hegmar's desk (turn to 147), or do you ignore them both and leave (turn to 216)?

11

You make good progress southwards, but you are still many miles north of Gornt when you are brought to a halt by the sight of a peculiar, grinning face that is watching you from within the deep grass which borders the roadside. Looking more closely, you see that the face is adorned with leaves and is part of the grass itself! It darts about, moving here and there as if blown by the wind; and it speaks in a spry and mischievous voice: "'Tis Jack-in-the-Green, the ancient king, here to offer you guidance. The world is dying, the soil corrupt and the trees astir with violence. Warriors five seek their lord, the one who must not be freed. Earth-mother seeks a healing hand, but 'tis proof of your worth she needs.' If you have a Green Leaf Brooch, turn to 398. Otherwise, Jack-in-the-Green will offer you a chance to prove your worth. If you will accept his task, turn to 382. If you do not, turn to 398.

12

There's no time to rest. Night turns into day as you leave Hustings far behind and get your first view of the Witchtooth Line: a sprawling mass of unscalable mountain peaks, monster-filled caves and treacherous narrow passes. Adventurers who can say that they've 'crossed the Line' are the most respected of their kind. Eventually, you come to a bridge and, later, to a fork in the road. Will you go to the left (turn to **393**) or to the right (turn to **334**)?

13

Write down how many Gold Pieces you wish to gamble, then roll one die. On a roll of 2–6, turn to **54**; if you roll a 1, turn to **175**.

14

Because of the poor conditions, you spend much of your time concentrating on not falling over. The Crombane, however, have no such fears Their howls rise and fall on the wind, and their revolting feet drum the earth behind you. If you have a set of Calthrops, you may throw them down in the Crombanes' path. The spiked metal balls will rip into their foul flesh and give you the time you so desperately need. If you wish to do this, cross the Calthrops off your *Adventure Sheet* and either make for the copse (turn to **63**), or run back northwestwards, to the road (turn to **160**). If you do not have – or do not wish to use – any Calthrops, you must fight (turn to **290**)

15

The old man calmly lifts a finger and points at a wall In response, there is a loud click, and a secret panel slides open. 'That way lies freedom, but back south lies knowledge, while north lies the greatest reward *and* the greatest danger It is ever my duty to set the tasks.' Who is this man and why does he keep on about tasks? Surely it can't be . . . no! You look back at the old man, but he has gone Where will you go now: through the secret door (turn to **278**), or back out into the hall and then through the south door (turn to **68**), the north door (turn to **374**) or the west door (turn to **56**)?

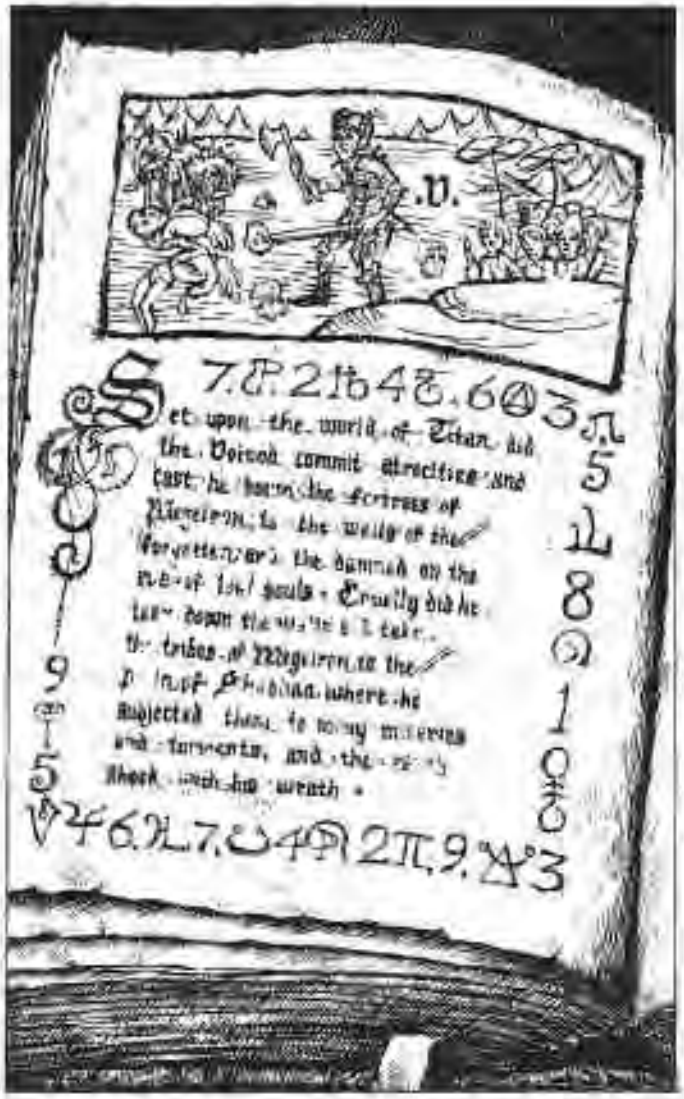

16

In your hands is a page from the *Astrakkaans Numeris*, as laid down by Parcleasus, the numerologist. Though born blind, he has a mystic sight which has given him the gift of prophecy and the ability to chart the complex, unexplored realm of numbers. He has combined both gifts in the creation of this rare book, which predicts the return of Voivod and provides the numerological knowledge required to defeat him. Filled with horror, you read tales of Voivod's first existence on Titan; but you are relieved to see that the numerology is easy to understand. Basically, the system instructs you on how to turn words into numbers of mystical significance. You can turn any word into its numerological equivalent by converting each individual letter into a number, using the key below, and then by adding all the numbers thus found to create a mystical total.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	

For example, Royal Lendle is converted thus:

R	O	Y	A	L		L	E	N	D	L	E
9	6	7	1	3		3	5	5	4	3	5

Add up all the numbers thus obtained, and you get 51. So 51 is the mystical number of Royal Lendle. As you will see later, this knowledge is vital to the completion of your quest.

17

There's no time to waste. You race forward and kick or push or grab and hurl any of the circus people who come within your reach to do whatever you can to send their bodies falling on to the campfire. Roll one die and add 2. The total rolled equals the number of Mandrakes you manage to destroy out of the original nine. Next, if you have any skins of oil, you may light them and throw them at the remaining Mandrakes; for each skin of oil you cross off your *Adventure Sheet*, you may destroy two Mandrakes. Any Mandrakes you destroy come from the bottom of the list, below. You must fight all the remaining ones at the same time. Though Mandrakes are not killed by normal combat, any you beat will be stunned for a few precious moments, allowing you to throw their bodies on to the fire.

	SKILL	STAMINA
CLOWN	9	10
First MANDRAKE	7	7
Second MANDRAKE	5	6
Third MANDRAKE	7	8
Fourth MANDRAKE	8	5
Fifth MANDRAKE	6	3
Sixth MANDRAKE	9	5
Seventh MANDRAKE	7	6
Eighth MANDRAKE	7	7

If you win, turn to **197**.

18

Thanking Osmani, God of Mercenaries, for your escape, you scramble up the ladder, push open the manhole cover with your hard head (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA) and haul yourself up into the open air. You roll over and shove the lid back in place. Restore 1 LUCK point for making a successful escape.

Resting briefly, you look around and see that you are in a short alley which leads into a busy square. And you are not alone. An impoverished jester has been watching your behaviour with a perplexed expression on her face. Her red-and-green outfit is in tatters, yet she manages a glib smile and walks towards you as you climb to your feet. 'Have you heard the one about the pig in a frenzy . . .' she begins. You place the palm of your hand over her face and push her out of your way on to the floor. You're in no mood for jokes! Turn to **225**.

19

'Troubled times are ahead,' continues the enigmatic figure. 'To help you, the Horned God sends a gesture of goodwill: find the man of numbers, or his book. Without either, you will fail.' Then the face is gone. It seems that Jack-in-the-Green is a messenger for powerful elemental forces, forces which you decide to join. You will strive to be the Earth-mother's champion, against the evil of the Shadow Warriors.

Squinting through the blinding rain, you can just make out the lights and rooftops of Hustings. To the right of the town is a slender column of earth which has been

forced up out of the ground by magic. Atop this hundred-foot-high pinnacle is a tower made of oozing, living sludge. You hear a slushing sound coming from somewhere just off the road and just as you look a flash of lightning reveals a man rising up out of the bog – at least it looks like a man. If you want to walk the few yards over to the figure, turn to 390. If you would rather stay on the road, turn to 5.

20

Two guards face you, but more are coming. You don't want to kill the men – after all, they are only doing their job – so you will have to use all your skill in a bid to disarm them. Without their swords, they will soon surrender and let you go. You must fight both of them at the same time, but if you win a round against the one you choose to fight, you do not injure him (because of this, the guards are not given STAMINA scores). But if your score in any Attack Round is 3 or more points higher than your opponent's, you have disarmed him and he no longer takes any part in the battle. Of course, the guards are trying to kill you and will cause damage to your STAMINA in the usual way if they wound you in any Attack Round.

	SKILL
First CITY GUARD	7
Second CITY GUARD	6

If you disarm both guards in six rounds of combat or less, you may leave the alleyway and flee into the temple grounds you saw earlier (turn to 164); but if you do not manage to disarm them within this time, more guards appear and you are captured (turn to 199).

21

Though you turn on your heel with lightning speed, you still catch the merest glimpse of the Gorgon's hideous face: the hag's skin is lined with evil and is framed by a writhing mass of vipers. A cry escapes your lips as you fall back and spin dizzily away. She steps after you, eager for your fall, but you stumble on, never looking back. You go on and on, until at last you are out of the caves altogether.

A stagnant pond lies just outside; you peer into it and are shocked by the sight of your reflection – your hair has turned grey, and your skin is stretched taut over your bones! And it is only now that you feel a slight stiffening in your muscles. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and, if you are still alive, turn to 80.

22

Further up the street you come across a tattoo shop. A tasteless sign over the entrance reads: 'Roggmondo's – No Design Too Difficult, No Bit Of Skin Too Small'. Will you enter Roggmondo's (turn to 33) or continue up the street, which seems to open out into some sort of crowded area (turn to 118)?

23

Leaving the lady, you carry on searching through the dark streets of the town, starting with a hovel on your

right. You walk in through the open doorway and wait for your eyes to adjust to the darkness. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **226**. If you are Unlucky, turn to 53.

24

Against all the odds, you have made it to the far path. Seeing your miraculous leap, the Warriors howl in frustration. They themselves cannot make the jump, since the far path offers too narrow a landing area for their horses. You fear that the riders will now split up and wait for you at both ends of the pass, but no. They screech and all race southwards. You sense that time is against them; perhaps they fear the oncoming dawn. Whatever the reason, you breathe a long, long sigh of relief. Turn to **102**.

25

The town of Hustings has been devastated by the Haggwort assault, and though you feel that you have done your best to help, your best may not have been good enough. Following the downcast Hustings refugees, you make your way along the south-bound road. If you have a Green Leaf Brooch, or if you have an iron band and the word 'Cerunnos' means something to you, turn to **397**. Otherwise, turn to **12**.

26

After unleashing a stream of abuse which has no effect, you finally shout, 'Your father is the son of a lute-player and your mother has a face like a bucket of frogspawn.' At this, the jailer leaps to his feet and,

despite his bulk, rushes swiftly towards you. Foam dribbles from his mouth as he unlocks the cage and lumbers in, fists at the ready. He won't accept any apologies.

JAILER SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, you will have to leave the city before the alarm is raised. Will you leave by the South Gate, which opens out on to the Main Trade Route (turn to **272**), or by the nearer East Gate (turn to **60**)?

27

The town square is a cobbled area with, in its centre, an old cross. It is a hive of activity as wool-spinners, farmers, masons, artisans, merchants, drunkards, travellers, simple peasants and a whole variety of other folk go about, minding one another's business. After drawing a few blanks, you meet a local priestess who knows who you are speaking of. 'Ah,' she murmurs wisely, 'you mean Parcleasus, the numerologist who once lived here. Sadly, you are wasting your time. He went to the Forbidden Caves, home of the dreaded Gorgon, three years ago and, alas, never returned. He must have been turned to stone.' Though this news is all bad, you thank the priestess and walk away. But you have gone only a couple of steps when a beggar tugs at your sleeve and asks you for a Gold Piece. If you are willing to pay the beggar, cross off the Gold Piece from your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **101**. If you can't or won't pay the beggar, turn to **159**.

28

Realizing that you are no match for the might of all five Warriors combined, you run back to the north. Your lungs burn as you try to put some distance between yourself and the shrieking phantoms. Fortunately, you come at last to a narrowing of the path which forces the Warriors to ride in single file. But one of them has sped ahead of the others in a bid to delay you. You must fight and destroy it before the rest catch up. Roll one die to see which of the five you must face. If you roll a 6, ignore the result and roll again. When you are told to continue your adventure, after defeating the Warrior, turn to **72** (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now, if you roll:

1	Turn to **8**
2	Turn to **394**
3	Turn to **259**
4	Turn to **183**
5	Turn to **245**
6	Roll again

29

You feel lightheaded and are just on the verge of agreeing to help with the dig – when you come to your senses, get a grip on yourself and politely refuse. However, rather than express any regrets or concern at your dizzy spell, Guignol raises his pick-axe and rushes, screaming, towards you. There is no reasoning with this man possessed.

GUIGNOL SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If you win, roll four dice and add the numbers together

If the total is equal to or less than your current STAMINA score, turn to **62**. If the total is higher than your current STAMINA score, turn to **385**

30

Leaving the tavern behind, you walk towards the sprawling market area in the centre of the city. Ironically, the market stands next to Royal Lendle's poorest district, a warren of dilapidated buildings housing beggars and thieves. All in all, it is a sad and dangerous place

The sort of things you want would normally cost you a small fortune; luckily, you have a good many merchant friends, who will sell you their wares for next to nothing. The eastern side of the market is where you will find all the hardware you may need: weapons, basic equipment and so on On the western side, more unusual items are to be found Which side will you visit first, the eastern (turn to **82**) or the western (turn to **66**)?

31

A number of incredibly strong hands grab you from behind and pull you down on to the ground Lying flat on your back, you look up to see Ennian, the Burgomeister of Gomt, standing over you. He smiles and says, 'Don't worry, you won't feel a thing. You'll soon be one of us ' Then he bends down and puts out his hand. It turns into a slimy, organic suction pad; he clamps it over your face and sends you into a sleep from which you never awaken

32

Pushing yourself to the limit, you almost miss the low wire that is stretched across the passageway. You will have to jump, to avoid tripping over it *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **278**. If you fail, turn to **297**

33

Casting a swift glance over your shoulder, you turn the ornately carved door-knob of the tattoo parlour and enter A tiny bell clinks overhead, shaking a drab little man out of his daydream It is Roggmondo He looks at you with a bored expression and asks, 'Tattoo, friend?' Do you reply 'Yes' (turn to **143**), or 'No' (turn to **270**)?

34

Hearing the gentle footsteps and the swishing of her gown, you try to avert your gaze – but too late! You look into the face of the Gorgon and must pay the ultimate price Now there are seven statues in the cave again!

35

Running this way and that, you try to evade the hunting Orcs, but there are too many of them, and they soon have you trapped in a narrow gully. Even by Orc standards, this is a particularly mangy and ferocious bunch Some train their bows and spears on you as their leader steps forward and grunts, 'We're the Orcs of the Black Scorpion, the toughest tribe in all the Witchteef. Surrender or die!' The tribal shaman, a gross hag, whispers words of counsel in her leader's ear; judging by her expression, her advice is evil in intent. If you agree to surrender, turn to **288**. If you would rather fight, turn to 377.

36

Getting in a strike at the Haggwort's head will not be the easiest of things to do

HAGGWORT SKILL 11 STAMINA 2

If you win, you may go either to the town (turn to 367), to the tower on the pinnacle (turn to 142), or on to the treacherous moorlands (turn to **69**)

37

Caught in the open, you cannot hope to outrun the Warriors' horses or prevent yourself being cut down by the Warriors' vicious attack Your adventure is over.

38

You opt for the oldest trick in the book. Groaning aloud, you clutch your side and fall to your knees in an

act of epic agony. The jailer glances over his shoulder to see what all the fuss is about. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 74; if you are Unlucky, turn to 123.

39

After a day of hard but swift travel, the circus stops on the north side of a huge stone bridge, on the outskirts of Shattuck. The menacing range of mountains known as the Witchtooth Line is clearly in sight, running before you like the teeth of a loathsome Earth-dragon. You stretch your stiff legs as the troupe unload the wagons and start to put up the tents and stalls; they intend to perform this very evening. When all is finished, three of the performers ride on into Shattuck to drum up custom. The remaining nine gather in a circle round a campfire. There, they eat and discuss the coming performance. For some reason, you are excluded from both the meal and the discussion. You walk about the encampment in a nervous and restless mood You have a number of vague suspicions and feel that you must do something about these circus folk before the people from Shattuck arrive. If the name 'Korin' means anything to you, turn to 51 If it does not, turn to 255.

40

The Man-Orc fought with great ferocity, but you have defeated him. Such creatures usually dwell in isolated areas so, for him to be here in the city, your assailant must have been driven either by the promise of great rewards or by fear of a terrible punishment. Searching the swiftly decaying carcass, you find a small Black Key, which you may take if you want to (don't forget to add it to your *Adventure Sheet* if you do take it).

Soon you are walking through the South Gate, out of Royal Lendle and away from the scene of the assassination attempt. Turn to 145

41

Well done, you have chosen correctly An ancient battle was once fought here, hence the name, and the thousands of bodies of the fallen still lie beneath the earth What better place for Voivod to raise an army of

the dead? You race to the Battle Plains and see him – the Voivod himself – an incredible force of timeless decay, ringed by his five lieutenants, the Shadow Warriors, who dance in darkest ecstasy. Beside the Voivod is an Iron Bell of Summoning. If Voivod strikes this magic artefact, the dead will rise to do his bidding. He must be stopped, but how? Just looking at Voivod is a shattering experience. If you arrived here *early*, turn to 189. Otherwise, turn to 364.

42

Seeing how well you handle yourself in a fight, the chief of the Big Boulder Orcs sends his mean-looking champion over to clobber you.

ORC CHAMPION	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, you realize that if the Orcs of the Big Boulder are victorious they will kill you; and if the Orcs of the Black Scorpion triumph, Uggamonggo will expect you to stay with his tribe for years. So you flee. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 350. If you are Unlucky, turn to 119.

43

'Tut tut tut! Not your day, is it?' Bartolph smirks condescendingly as he reaches out for your stake. Will you let him take the gold (turn to 151) or grab his wrist and call him a cheat (turn to 140)?

44

Your search for the hermit has used up a good deal of precious time. Unless you can find some way to make it up, you may very well reach Karnstein too late to save it. Eventually you rejoin the Weirtown road. If you wish to follow it back west, turn to 160. If you would rather cut across country and head directly southwards (remembering that roads usually offer greater safety for the traveller), turn to 247.

45

If you have read either Hegmar's Warning or the Circus Journal, turn to 17. If you have read neither, turn to 315.

46

It does not take long for the eager foot-soldier to reach you. Much as you dislike doing it, you will have to kill him before reinforcements arrive.

CITY GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you defeat the guard in five or fewer rounds, you escape and may either rush out of the alley and up the street (turn to 360), or down into the sewers (turn to 375). If the guard is still alive after five rounds, you are captured by reinforcements and taken to the jail (turn to 199).

47

It is with a growing sense of urgency that you cross the fields of heather and the windswept landscape which lies between Narbury and Shattuck. After a while you come to a rough-and-ready shelter: a ramshackle wooden door built across a rocky alcove. If you wish to investigate this shelter, turn to 178. If you would

rather carry on towards the Main Trade Route, turn to 399.

48

Your path takes you higher and higher into the mountains, where it's not only the Shadow Warriors you'll have to be wary of but all the other unwholesome denizens of the region But for now, you have only the plaintive crying of the mountain winds to keep you company. After a while, your path descends to ground level, petering out near a large cavemouth which reeks of grim foreboding. Dare you enter the Forbidden Caves? If so, turn to 395. If you would rather be on your way to Karnstein, turn to 80.

49

Looking up, you see that the drapes have been lifted, to reveal a vampire-like creature rising from her throne. Her ghastly countenance is haggard with age. At her side is a living 'fireplace' which looks like the head of a Haggwort, only larger and more malevolent. It watches both you and the creature as she walks towards you and says, 'I am Urtha. Many years ago, when I was but a vampire, the peasants of this region destroyed me with the same wooden stake that now lies on that table. Though destroyed as an Undead, I was, like the ancient Haggwort, expelled from the grave. Now I am *beyond* undeath. I am a Wamphyr!

'Times are changing, the old regimes are being swept away. We are entering a twilight existence of which I shall be queen! And with this . . .' she lifts her wrist to

display an iron band '. . . I can command the mindless Haggwort. Guided by my experience of centuries, they will make an unstoppable army!'

It is time to act. If you have a vial of Metal Rot, you may throw it at her iron band (turn to 83). If you do not, will you attack her (turn to 305) or ask her to prove her power (turn to 251)?

50

Too late! Smegg is the veteran of a thousand betrayals; his spider-jaw blade cuts deep into your shoulder (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You must fight the wretch.

SMEGG SKILL 8 STAMINA 3

If you win, turn to 71.

51

The clues all add up: Korin said that 'they', who had been the cause of the troubles in Gornt, had left the very day you arrived, having been in Gornt for the previous seven days. According to the hand-out you found, the circus had been there for the same period and length of time. Following your hunch, you sneak close to the campfire and then pull the mirror out of your pack. Though half-prepared, you still have to stifle a cry of surprise when you see that each and every one of the circus performers is a disgusting Mandrake! You must protect the people of Shattuck from this spreading contagion of evil. If you have read Hegmar's Warning, turn to 17 If you haven't, turn to 255.

52

You take a deep breath and then start running towards the gate. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, you make the jump and head towards the East Gate (turn to 301). If you fail, deduct 1 point from your STAMINA for bouncing off the hard gate; it is too high for you. You will now have to face any guards who have come after you along the narrow passage (turn to 20).

53

Before you know it, you are enveloped in a cloying mist which sends you into a deep sleep; turn to 186.

54

Your smile turns into a look of mute disbelief as the die suddenly flips over: your roll has become a 1. 'Too bad,' says Bartolph, reaching for your gold. The die he gave you is obviously loaded, and he is a trickster! If you want to grab his wrist and accuse him of cheating, turn to 115 However, if you would rather avoid any trouble and let him have the money, deduct the Gold Pieces you have lost from your *Adventure Sheet* and leave the tavern; turn to 30.

55

As soon as he sees you, the guard raises the alarm. You had better get this fight over and done with quickly.

MANDRAKE SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win in four rounds or fewer, you escape; turn to 300. If, however, the Mandrake is still alive after the end of the fourth round, turn to 31

cart standing unattended. A few citizens are wealthy and cultured enough not to throw their litter out of the window; instead, they save it for the Lendle rubbish collectors, who take it to a large quarry just beyond the city wall. Gate Wardens always stand watch over the four city gates as a matter of course, but now they could also be on the lookout for you. Therefore, you reckon it may be a good idea to sneak aboard the rubbish cart and hide among all the garbage. That way, you might just be able to slip through the gate unseen. If you decide to climb aboard the cart, turn to **126**; but if you would rather approach the East Gate in a more noble manner, on foot, turn to **301**.

61

Reluctantly you put some of the junk into your mouth – and immediately spit it out. It's alive! In fact, it's a

Slod-Kedbolm, whose skin is toxic. The sloppy black thing emits a high-pitched whine then slithers away. Its taste still has you heaving (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). 'Is our food not to your liking, then?' a voice enquires. Turn to **49**.

62

Ashamed by what has happened, you wipe Guignol's blood off your hands. Why did he attack you? After all, he didn't seem to be evil! You feel sure that your unnatural dizziness was a part of what's going on here. Maybe you can find some clue in the campsite. Will you:

Search the site	Turn to **271**
Try to destroy the skeleton?	Turn to **294**
Leave the camp at once and continue your journey?	Turn to **282**

63

The weirdness shows no sign of abating as you enter the copse; nor do the twisted trees offer you any protection from the rain. Suddenly, a fork of lightning cuts down through the darkness and blasts a tree right in front of you You take another path . . but find your way blocked by another fork of lightning, and another and another! You run, but no matter which way you turn, you come close to being incinerated. It is only after several minutes of this deadly cat-and-mouse game that you realize you are being herded into the heart of the copse; there, you are confronted by a Mahogadon, a long-dormant tree monster that has been stirred into wakefulness by the changes in the earth. One of its boughs swoops down and lifts you up, its leafless branches wrapping round your waist You cry out as the woody tentacle begins to squeeze the life out of you. If you have a vial of Sleeping Draught, turn to 200. If you do not, you will have to fight; turn to **357**.

64

You leap aside just in time as the door swings wide open and slams into the wall with a loud bang Dusting yourself down, you step inside the dark shelter The place smells of Orc and is bare, save for some black robes and a torn map of Royal Lendle. Hidden under one of the robes is a metal casket. You try to open it, but it is locked. Do you have a Black Key or a vial of Metal Rot? If so, you may use either to open the casket (turn to **354** – and cross off Metal Rot from your *Adventure Sheet* if you use that); otherwise, or if you would rather leave the casket alone, turn to **248**

65

Preparing a cauldron of cockroach and rat-droppings stew is a revolting, tedious and unappreciated chore – and Bonesquagg Grogmaker, the Orc chef, is only too quick to belabour you, should you make even the slightest mistake in preparation. Even worse punishment comes when you are forced to eat a bowl! The stuff makes you feel sick in the stomach, but it is still a crude form of nourishment (restore 2 points of STAMINA). Just as you are finishing your stew, the tribe's shaman has four Orcs seize you and manacle you to a blood-stained stretch rack! Then the sly, sniggering shaman defers respectfully to Uggamonggo, who says, 'My shaman reckonz yer on a secret mishun ta try an' find out our war planz. Now yoo'd better tell uzz what yer up to, or yoo'll gain a few inches.' Will you talk (turn to **198**) or keep quiet (turn to **269**)?

66

It does not take you long to find most of the things which may be of use to you during your adventure. Look at the list opposite and, if you buy any of the items described there, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*, deducting the appropriate number of Gold Pieces. Except for Provisions and the Amulet of Luck (which may be used at any time except during a battle) and the Ring of Agility (which may be used whenever you *Test Your Skill*), you may use items only when instructed to do so by the text. Finally, unless the list tells you otherwise, you may buy only one of each item.

Amulet of Luck	You may use this talisman once only, after which it is useless. Using it restores your LUCK score to its *Initial* level. Cost: 4 Gold Pieces
Chameleon Cloak	Woven by Elven craftsmen, this fine cape takes on the hue of any natural background. It is not so effective against man-made backgrounds such as brick walls, and it works best in the hours of darkness. Cost: 3 Gold Pieces
Fire-crackers	Thrown at a hard surface, these tiny magical devices explode with a loud noise and a blinding flash of light. Though harmless, they can frighten or shock opponents. You may buy any number of them. Cost: 2 Gold Pieces each
Mirror	Although seemingly useless, in the past mirrors have proved useful time and again in the course of your many adventures. Cost: 1 Gold Piece
Provisions	You may buy any number of meals. Cost: 1 Gold Piece per meal
Ring of Agility	Whenever you are told to *Test your Skill*, you may draw on the power of this magic ring. If you do so, deduct 2 from the die-roll. You must decide whether or not to use the ring before you make the roll; if you choose to use it, one use of the ring is spent, whether you succeed in the test or not. The ring may be used three times only, after which it is useless. Cost: 4 Gold Pieces
Sleeping Draught	One vial of this potent brew will knock even a Manticore out for days. You may buy any number of vials. Cost: 3 Gold Pieces each

If you have not yet visited the eastern side of the market, turn to **188**; if you have, turn to **321**.

67

One by one, the balls fall to the ground. Then you get a stinging kick on your backside and fall flat on your face. The circus folk roar with laughter as you pull off the ridiculous horse's head. The clown stands over you with a dry look and shakes her head. 'You're clearly no performer. For 3 Gold Pieces, you can buy your way.' If you pay the clown, cross the gold off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **77**. If you can't or won't pay, turn to **9**.

68

You enter a room packed with books and wax-sealed tubes containing ancient scrolls. The two Dark Elves who passed you in the hallway earlier sit at a large table reading magnificent tomes. But as soon as you enter, they look up and shout, 'Our temple has been profaned! Death to the outsider!' They draw long daggers from beneath their robes and lunge at you. You must fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DARK ELF	7	5
Second DARK ELF	8	6

If you win, you may search the library (turn to **192**), or go back into the hall and enter the north door (turn to **374**), the east door (turn to **89**), or the west door (turn to **56**).

69

Shunning the safety of the road, you head deeper and deeper into the marsh. The Haggwort are all over the

moors but they are too slow to bother you. However, the Haggwort are not the only source of danger on Hustings Moor. Almost too late, you see that you are about to tread on a rune-carved obsidian disc. It is some sort of mystic man-trap. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **182**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **234**.

70

In the darkness of the sewers you cannot make out the Slygore's form at all clearly; all you know is that the creature is dark and malevolent. When you strike the Slygore, its 'skin' hisses and steams. It is acidic to the touch and it has dissolved your weapon (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Worse still, a black maggoty slime has twitched its way up on to your hand, burning it. You howl and must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Then the Slygore gives vent to another unearthly moan and lifts its bulk, as if to come down on you and crush you. Will you flee (turn to **356**) or rummage swiftly through your pack for something which may defeat it (turn to **230**)?

71

Stepping over Smegg's repulsive little body, you return to the brightly lit chamber and the archway. Because the walls are emitting a faint glow, you decide to put out your lantern. Then you cross the room, pass through the arch and descend the long, wide staircase. The steps end at a corridor, which you follow until you come to a crossroads. Will you go north, back the way you came (turn to **106**), south (turn to **114**), east (turn to **122**) or west (turn to **144**)?

72

Made wary by your victory, the other Warriors rein their horses to a halt. As one, the four hiss with fear and hatred. But you don't stay to watch this display of evil: you run round a bend, putting yourself out of their sight. Then you hear the pounding of hoofs as the Warriors take up the pursuit once more. You won't be so lucky a second time: you need to find a way to shake them off. Will you attempt to hide in one of the many ruts in the rocky path (turn to **346**), hurriedly put on a Chameleon Cloak, if you have one, and hug the shadowy side of the looming rock-face (turn to **324**), or attempt a running jump across the deep ravine to the path on the other side of the pass (turn to **2**)?

73

All that stands between you and the Voivod are the Shadow Warriors. You must fight each of the Warriors (except any you have already banished by special means) one after the other. If you possess the Ring of Rabbam, remember to ignore the Warriors' special abilities. The paragraph for each Warrior is: **8**, **394**, **259**, **183** and **245**. If you defeat all the Warriors, you may then face Voivod. If you do so carrying the Spear of Doom, turn to **171**. If you do so without the Spear, turn to **249**.

74

Concerned, the jailer walks over to your cage, unlocks it and rushes in to help you. You spring forward, snatch the keys from his pudgy hand and leap out of the cage.

You slam the door shut and lock it before the jailer has time to do a single thing. Then you throw away the key and leave the jail. The imprisoned man's cries echo behind you as you make your way out of the city. Will you leave by the South Gate, which opens out on to the Main Trade Route (turn to **272**), or by the nearer East Gate (turn to **60**)?

75

Putting the eerie ghost-town far behind you, you head roughly south-west until you come to a sheltered glade. There you lie down and catch a few hours' sleep (restore 2 STAMINA points).

When you wake up, it is to the dawn of a sunny day. Will you cut westwards and join the road to Shattuck (turn to **334**), or take the southbound road, which leads straight to the perilous Witchtooth Line (turn to **386**)?

76

Just when you think the hermit is about to go berserk, he falls to his knees, sobbing. Outside, the pleas grow more persistent, but Hammicus just presses his hands over his ears and weeps, 'Leave me in peace. You cannot be my son. My son is dead.' At this, the voice screams and fades into oblivion. The ordeal is over.

Rising, the hermit smiles through his tears and says, 'I owe you my life. In return I offer you knowledge. The Shadow Warriors are vessels of their master's will. They can be destroyed only when he is destroyed. But they *can* be banished. If you best a Warrior in combat, tear the facemask off its dissolving form. Separated

from its talisman, the Warrior will be doomed to limbo for a hundred years'

If, in future, you defeat a Shadow Warrior, turn to **223** and *not* to **335** as instructed (make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*). Restore 1 LUCK point for obtaining this priceless information. Resting for the night, you leave the cottage next day at dawn and make your way back south. Turn to **44**

77

The clown curtsies and declaims, 'Welcome to the Dream Circus; it brings fantasies to some and nightmares to others. You may ride with us to Shattuck.' You assume you are to ride inside the clown's wagon, but, when you go to open the door, her hand reaches out and grips your own. 'Don't!' she snaps. You turn angrily but are disarmed by her smile 'I thought you would prefer to ride up front with me and my mute driver, Petulengro. Besides, my living-quarters are in such a mess.'

Keeping a tight rein on your suspicions, you follow the clown to the front of the wagon and take your seat as the wheels start to roll. The convoy makes excellent time. While you ride, will you ask the clown about the madness at Gornt (turn to **116**), about the Circus of Dreams (turn to **165**), about events at Karnstein (turn to **130**), or would you rather sit the ride out in silence (turn to **39**)?

78

With the guards in hot pursuit, you rush up the lane but pause when you notice a manhole in the middle of

the roadway Suddenly it occurs to you: possibly you could lose the guards by sneaking down into the sewers You are considering what to do when a fist-sized metal ball bounces in front of you then comes to a halt on the cobbles. It came from somewhere to your right You look in that direction and see a mysterious figure, clad head to foot in black robes, scurrying away up a narrow alley between two buildings. Will you pick up the metal sphere (turn to **211**), leave it and go down into the sewers (turn to **375**), or ignore both options and keep on running up the street (turn to **22**)?

79

The book is a collection of 'Myths and Legends of the Old World'. On the off-chance, you look up Karnstein and discover two things of interest. First, it is said that

the area was once called Assur-Na-Menes, the site of a massive battle in which ten thousand men died. The task of burial was so great that the victors merely turned the soil of the battle plain over, covering the bodies where they lay. It is said that the bodies lie there still, beneath a layer of dry earth on which nothing grows. Another legend speaks of the Waster, a cruel tyrant whose very tread could despoil the earth. After seven days of this, the suffering soil arose and trapped the Waster, imprisoning him at a place now called the Zarrikiz Shrine.

You close the book, just as a secret panel slides open in the far wall. Do you have a Chameleon Cloak? If so, turn to **127**; if not, turn to **150**.

80

Putting the caves behind you, you follow the edge of the Witchtooth Line eastwards until you come to the Main Trade Route once more. You cross a bridge and take a mountain trail, which should bring you to Karnstein. You walk for quite some time and . . . wait a minute! Where are you? Somehow you have left the road and now, in your daydreaming, you have come to a rocky clearing, in which stands a most spectacular sight. A man is standing here, sweating in the bright sun. He has been trying to dig a skeleton out of the rock-face – but what a skeleton! It is huge and belongs to a creature, the like of which you have never seen before. Seeing you, the man calls out, 'Ho, there! I am Guignol, an archaeologist from Chalannabrad, and I am on an excavation of vital academic import. I plan to take this unique specimen back to Femphrey. Unfortunately, I came on this venture alone, and now I find myself in need of aid. If you help me free the specimen, I'll pay you a hundred Gold Pieces.' While this sum is tempting beyond belief, you know that it will take hours to free the skeleton. If you accept the offer, turn to 385. If, on the other hand, you would rather be on your way, turn to 210.

81

Do you have a vial of Sleeping Draught? If you have, turn to 244; if you haven't, turn to 65.

82

It does not take you long to find most of the articles which you hope will be of use to you during your adventure. Read through the list below and, if you buy any of the items described there, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*, remembering to deduct the stated number of Gold Pieces. Except for the battle-axe and the armour, you may use items only when you are instructed to do so by the text. Unless it is stated otherwise, you may buy only one of any article.

Battle-axe	Each time you hit your opponent in combat, you cause it to lose 4 STAMINA points (6 points if you *Test your Luck* and are Lucky; 2 if Unlucky). However, because of the axe's weight, you have to suffer a penalty: deduct 1 from your Attack Strength rolls whenever you use it. If you buy the battle-axe, enter it in the Weapon box of your *Adventure Sheet* Cost: 3 Gold Pieces
Calthrops	These spiked metal balls are thrown to the ground in order to deter pursuit. You may buy any number of sets Cost: 1 Gold Piece per set
Chainmail armour	Each time you are hit in combat, you lose only 1 STAMINA point (0 points if you *Test your Luck* and are Lucky; 2 if Unlucky). However, due to the armour's bulk, you must add 1 every time you are called upon to *Test your Skill*. The armour protects you only from damage gained in battles and is useless after it has taken 10 hits. Cost: 3 Gold Pieces

Lantern and oil	Useful in dark places Cost: 1 Gold Piece for a lantern plus one skin of oil Each use of the lantern consumes one skin of oil You may buy any number of additional skins (but not lanterns) Cost: 1 Gold Piece per skin
Manacles	These chains can bind most humanoid creatures. Cost: 2 Gold Pieces
Metal Rot	This alchemical solution dissolves most known metals but leaves flesh unharmed. You may buy any number of vials Cost: 4 Gold Pieces per vial
Rope and grapple	About twenty metres of thin, lightweight rope, with a small metal hook affixed to one end Cost: 4 Gold Pieces

If you have not already visited the western side of the market, turn to 188; if you have, turn to 321.

83

Shrugging off the strong grip of your guards, you grab a vial of Metal Rot and hurl it at the iron band. If your aim is good, the glass vial will break and spill its contents all over the band. Cross the vial off your *Adventure Sheet*, and then *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to 331. If you fail, turn to 305.

84

When you rush out into the street at the far end of the alley, there is no sign of the woman. But you can hear footsteps coming up the alley behind you, so you keep on running. Wherever you go, you see more and more

examples of chaos, all caused by the strange smiling people the woman called 'Mandrakes': they are powerful fighters who bleed green blood but never seem to die. Their opponents, the real inhabitants of Gornt, are totally outclassed. But the Mandrakes don't kill their human foes unless they have to; they prefer to render their victims unconscious so that they can drag them off, who knows where. You wish that there was something you could do to help the oppressed townsfolk, but the shouting and the footsteps dogging your heels remind you only too clearly that you yourself are still in peril. Now you can either keep heading the way you are going, towards the South Gate (turn to **184**), or you can veer off and head for the nearest portion of the town wall (turn to **207**).

85

The coil of veins crawls further up your arm, before suddenly falling away. You feel no ill-effects and are just wondering what all this has been about – when you see that the thing on the stone slab is changing shape; moreover, it is taking on *your* likeness!

The Mandrake replica rises from the slab and attacks you. If it kills you, it will take your place in society and no one will ever be the wiser. The Mandrake does not possess any armour or special equipment, but it does have the same weapon as you. It also has current SKILL and STAMINA scores identical to your own. Mandrakes are usually well-nigh indestructible, but if you defeat it now, while it is still newly formed, it will return to its pod-like shape.

If you win, you will have to *Test your Luck* to see whether the noise of your fight has alerted the others. If you are Lucky, return to **255** and choose an option you have not had before. If you are Unlucky, turn to **315**.

86

Rubbing his well-manicured hands in unrestrained glee, Bartolph sits beside you and hands you a die. 'Put some gold on the table as a stake,' he says, 'and roll the die. If you roll 4 or above, you win: you keep your stake-money and you take an amount equal to your stake from my own purse. If you roll less than 4 you lose, and I keep your stake. Easy, eh?' Yes, you think, almost too easy. A small crowd, drawn by the exaggerated loudness of Bartolph's voice, gathers round to watch. Decide how many Gold Pieces you wish to gamble and note the amount on your *Adventure Sheet*. Roll one die: on a roll of 4–6, turn to **54**; on 1–3, turn to **43**.

87

In the struggle, a torch is knocked over on to some highly inflammable chemicals, and soon the lab is ablaze You make a hurried dash for the exit; on the way out, you may grab one of the following items which are lying about the place: a sword, a pack holding 2 Provisions, a ceramic mongoose paperweight, or a lantern and one skin of oil. Then you race down the staircase, turning a deaf ear to Kauderwelsch's screams Only when you reach the road to the south of Cumbleside do you stop to look back. The entire tower is engulfed in flames. Then you look away, and continue south-west, into a sheltered glade where you sleep for a few hours (restore 2 points of STAMINA)

When you wake up, it is to the dawn of a sunny day. Will you cut westwards and join the road to Shattuck (turn to 334), or take the southern road which leads straight to the Witchtooth Line (turn to 386)?

88

You don't let anything distract you as you run over the slick, quaking ground. However, the way ahead is blocked by the huge mound. Will you approach the screaming face (turn to 378), make for the copse which is off to your right, in the hope of veering back south later (turn to 63), or retreat and head back north-west, towards the road (turn to 160)?

89

You have entered the cultists' dormitory, a small room containing bunk beds and basic washing facilities. At first the place appears to be empty, but then an old man steps out from the shadows. Though clad in the robes of a cultist, he is human. He fixes you with a penetrating stare, his lined face displaying wisdom beyond years. 'I was wondering when you'd get here. You shun the tasks, yet take on a quest as dangerous as *this*!' He steps forward Will you strike him (turn to 156) or wait to see what he does next (turn to 15)?

90

Once your dizziness clears, you find yourself standing at the foot of a grassy hill crowned by a circle of ancient standing stones. You have been transported to Cauldon Ring, heartland of the elemental gods. An awe-inspiring vision of the Horned God fills the skies, while the ghostly Sisters of Time dance within the circle They are the past, present and future manifestations of the Earth-mother, and they guard the Spear of Doom. The Horned God speaks to you with a voice like the crashing of waves: 'You have been chosen to face Voivod, Lord of the Shadow Warriors. We once made the error of trying to burn out his fire, but could only imprison him. In the millennia which have passed, we have made good our error and have forged the Spear of Doom, which gives death to the living, and life to the dead Take it, and use it wisely.'

All at once you discover the Spear in your hands, and you start to feel dizzy once more. Enter the Spear in the Equipment box of your *Adventure Sheet*, together with its Life-force, which you find by rolling one die and adding 5 The Spear is *not* a normal weapon: you may use it instead of normal combat (you must decide whether or not to do so *before* you start any fight) and it will automatically defeat your foe – but you must also deduct one point from the Spear's Life-force If its Life-force drops to zero, the Spear becomes useless Now, restore 6 points to your STAMINA and, if you came here from Hustings, turn to 12; otherwise, turn to **399**.

91

Your bid for freedom ends in failure. The Mandrakes seize you and take you into one of the wagons, where a disgusting sight awaits. They press you up against a throbbing, man-sized vegetable pod. The thing starts changing shape. It is taking on your likeness! You die here, but other people will later insist that they have met you, only you've changed in some way. In fact, they'd swear that you no longer seem to be yourself!

92

You hear a loud snapping sound – the highwayman has fired his crossbow! Fortunately, his aim is none too steady. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the shot misses you; if you are Unlucky, however, the shot finds its mark and you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you survive the attack, you must fend off the highwayman, who has now drawn his shortsword.

HIGHWAYMAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **274**

93

You can think of many things you'd like to do in your lifetime, but scrubbing the filth off forty Orcish boots isn't one of them. Just as you finish scrubbing your last boot, the tribe's shaman orders four Orcs to seize you. She has them manacle you to a blood-stained stretch rack. Then she dutifully steps aside as Uggamonggo walks forward. He grunts, 'My shaman reckonz yer on a secret mishun ta try an' find out our war planz. Now yoo'd better tell uzz what yer up to, or yoo'll gain a few inches.' Will you talk (turn to **198**) or keep quiet (turn to **269**)?

94

Note on your *Adventure Sheet* how many Gold Pieces you wish to risk and then roll one die. On a roll of 3–6, turn to **54**; on a roll of 1 or 2, turn to **162**.

95

You stand dead still as Smegg waves grandly about him and says, 'We on the door of Elfie temple. No go. No safe. Me Smegg of the secret ways. Past the Elfies. Got rope for climb down safe hole. Smeggies route, it is. Can take you. Must take you. Must come or die. Elfies kill. Go any place by Smeggies route.' He walks over to you and shows you the long coils of stout rope he is carrying over his shoulder. 'Smeggies rope,' he says proudly. If you ask Smegg to take you south, turn to **224**. If you would rather make your way alone, turn to **50**.

96

After some time, you arrive once more at the bridge you crossed earlier, only now it is guarded. Silhouetted against the sky is the brooding, mounted form of a Shadow Warrior! It sees you almost at once and shouts out its terrifying cry. Roll one die to see which of the five Warriors you must fight. If you roll a 6, ignore the result and roll again. When, after defeating the Warrior, you are told to continue your adventure, turn to **11** (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*). If you roll:

1	Turn to **8**
2	Turn to **394**
3	Turn to **259**
4	Turn to **183**
5	Turn to **245**
6	Roll again

97

You hurry across to the old armourer, who soon has you outfitted to your requirements: you may take a sword and a suit of Plate Armour. The Plate can take five hits before it becomes useless. If you are hit while wearing the Plate, you lose *no* STAMINA points. However, if you have to *Test your Skill* while wearing it, you must add 2 to your roll. Make a note of anything you wish to take in the appropriate boxes of your *Adventure Sheet* (remembering to cross off any weapons or armour you may already have). You are just about finished when you hear Wulf shout, 'Duck!' *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **323**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **241**.

98

The moment you touch the sphere, its sides flick open. Vicious blades, piercing spikes and slicing razors spring out in all directions. Roll one die to see how many of the projections injure you For each wound, roll another die and deduct that many points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you may attack the Man-Orc (turn to **132**), try to expose him for what he really is (turn to **310**), or ignore him and go to the bar (turn to **3**).

99

The lady looks at you as you look dubiously at a boiled potato. 'Is something wrong?' she asks coyly. 'I wouldn't have thought someone with as marvellous a brain as yours would be so suspicious.' Will you apologize and eat the food she has kindly prepared for you (turn to **235**), ignore the food and try to engage her in conversation (turn to **173**), or leave the tower and go out to search through the menace-laden streets of Cumbleside (turn to **23**)?

100

You cross your fingers and step over the edge *Test your Skill* If you succeed, turn to **238**; if you fail, turn to **203**

101

'Don't take no notice of 'er,' says the beggar, waving a dismissive hand at the priestess. 'She don't know nuffin' wiv all 'er books, she's ficker'n a frog in a fog Da man o' numbers ain't stone. 'E couldn't 'ave seen no Gorgon,

cause 'e's blind.' You don't even have time to thank the beggar for this valuable tip before he's heading in the direction of the nearest tavern, clutching his Gold Piece. Sadly you shake your head. Turn to 159.

102

The 200 Gold Pieces you have been promised as payment is no longer important. Mendokan and his people were under your protection and you have failed them. The Shadow Warriors' power is awesome, unlike anything you have ever seen before; but you shall defeat these dark riders, you shall avenge all the innocent folk whom they have slain. For surviving the ambush, you may add 2 points to your LUCK.

It is dawn when you reach the southern exit of the Magyaar Pass, a place you will always remember as the scene of your greatest defeat. You stop to rest and consider your next move The road to Karnstein leads straight to the south. Until you get there, more villagers will suffer or die each night. To the east, however, lives an all-knowing hermit; maybe you should learn all there is to know about these seemingly indestructible Warriors before you go rushing into battle. The hermit, alone, may possess such esoteric knowledge Will you head south to Karnstein (turn to 11) or east in search of the hermit (turn to 113)?

103

As casually as you can, you reply, 'No, I'm needed elsewhere.' The clown glowers at you for an instant. Then she smiles, and the moment passes. Restore 1 LUCK point and turn to 39.

104

Seizing your chance, you leap off the edge of the bridge and dive down, down, down, into the murky waters below. Though you have thwarted the Mandrakes, you have leapt out of the frying pan into the fire. You are barely able to stay afloat, as you find yourself caught in the famous Tass rapids. If you are wearing any armour, you will have to drag it off before it pulls you under (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Your body is carried downstream at amazing speed. But as the river races through a mountain valley, you fear you will be smashed against the increasing number of boulders littering the middle of the river. *Test your Skill* six times, in order to avoid the rocks. Each time you fail a test, deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you survive this battering, you are washed up on the river's edge – on the south side of the Witchtooth Mountains! Dazed, bruised and exhausted, you fall asleep.

When you wake up, it is to a new day. You continue on your way, following the perimeter of the mountains, south-eastwards. In time you come to a large cavemouth. If you wish to enter the cave, turn to 395; but if you would rather pass it by and continue eastwards, turn to 80.

105

You soon arrive at the wood-and-glass door of 'Hegmar's Sanctum' Within, all is dark and nothing stirs; the magician is nowhere to be seen. However, the door is open, so you slip inside and close it behind you. Hiding in the shadows, you watch as your pursuers rush right past. You wait for the sound of their steps to recede before coming out of cover. You are in Hegmar's showroom, a small place cluttered with objects of all kinds. It is strange that Hegmar should leave his expensive wares unattended, but you don't give this fact much thought as you study your surroundings. Only three things seem to be of any particular interest. Will you go over to the magician's desk (turn to **147**), hide in an ancient sarcophagus (turn to **193**) or study a smooth crystal sphere mounted on an ivory pedestal (turn to **312**); or do you prefer to leave them all alone and hurry out of the sanctum, to continue your flight from the guards (turn to **216**)?

106

Descending a long, wide staircase, you come to a crossroads. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **169**
South?	Turn to **114**
East?	Turn to **122**
West?	Turn to **144**

107

A handful of the Burgomeister's ghoulish servants are coming down the alley to his aid and are almost upon you. Desperate, you shove Ennian away and run off up

the alley. But this action will achieve nothing unless you can exploit it. If you have a Fire-cracker, turn to 347. Otherwise, turn to 31.

108

Dodging the menacing form of the Haggwort, you strike out across the moors – only to fall into a sinkhole. Soon you are waist deep in quicksand . . . and sinking fast. If you have a rope and grapple, you swiftly throw the hook round the branch of a tree and pull yourself out; turn to **168**. If you do not have a rope, you will have to climb out. *Test your Skill* twice. If you succeed in both tests, turn to **168**; but if you fail in either or both of them, turn to **117**.

109

Guignol cries, 'We've done it. The skeleton is now ready for transportation.' But you are not interested in any of this, as you have been suddenly overcome by a strange dizzy feeling. A red haze has descended over your vision, and when you next look at Guignol it is with uncontrollable hatred. Terror crosses his face as you dive, snarling, towards him.

GUIGNOL SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **185**.

110

Some of the barrows can be flipped over with a nudge of the shoulder; other stalls are large affairs requiring a hefty shove. Whatever the method, the result is the same: chaos. The guards get caught up in a tangle of

vegetables and angry traders, hurling abuse in their distinctive accent. Smiling, you grab some food (add two meals' worth of Provisions to your *Adventure Sheet*) and are about to head up the narrow street when you trip over a pile of spilt mangoes. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, you may continue on your way (turn to **78**); but if you fail, you stumble and are captured by the guards (turn to **199**).

111

Most of the Shadow Warriors ride on, out of sight, but one of them wheels his horse round and thunders towards you! You run back into the darkest corner of the shelter and wait. Tense seconds pass in silence, and then the Shadow Warrior appears in the doorway, screeching its fury. Roll one die to see which of the five you must face. When, after defeating the Warrior, you are told to continue your adventure, you flee eastwards and must turn to **399** (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*). If you roll:

1	Turn to **8**
2	Turn to **394**
3	Turn to **259**
4	Turn to **183**
5	Turn to **245**
6	Roll again

112

You have the door open in no time at all, revealing a squalid cell. A ragged old man steps out and gasps, 'Free at last! You have the heartfelt thanks of Parcleasus the numerologist. Believing the Gorgon to be dead, I

came to these Forbidden Caves on a quest for knowledge. Little did I think that she had been revived by an evil necromancer, who also set about filling her caves with such tricks as the illusory sound of snakes. She was unable to freeze me because my eyes are blind, I use mystic sight. But what of you?' Sensing Parcleasus's goodness, you tell him everything. When you have finished he says, 'This must be more than coincidence. You cannot hope to defeat Voivod without this.' He pulls a crumpled piece of paper out of his tunic and gives it to you. 'This is the most vital page of my Science of Numbers. Take it; it will reveal all.'

You can study the page now or at any time in the future by turning to **16** (make a note of this number on your *Adventure Sheet*). Your work here completed, you lead Parcleasus out of the cave. He clasps your hand in fellowship and bids you farewell. Then he makes for Shattuck, while you must go to Karnstein; turn to **80**.

113

You make straight towards the east and soon come to a large bridge. You cross it and join the Weirtown road, which you follow until you reach the region of low, wooded hills where the hermit is said to live – an area also renowned for its highwaymen! The sun is sinking when you leave the road and take a winding trail northwards, up on to the high ground. There, you find a famous landmark, the Wizard's Well. An old wizardly face, carved in a low overhang of moss-covered rock, looks down on a magic spring. Only good can come from partaking of this fluid. Will you pause to drink

from the Wizard's Well (turn to **194**), or continue on your way (turn to **349**)?

114

Descending a long, wide staircase, you come to a crossroads. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **106**
South?	Turn to **187**
East?	Turn to **232**
West?	Turn to **144**

115

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **222**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **140**.

116

'Gornt?' she asks lightly. 'Yes, we were there until yesterday when everything seemed to go insane. Indeed it was the barbaric, crazy behaviour of the townsfolk that led to our premature and hurried departure. We were frightened for our very lives. My magician, Monty Caphisto, reckons that it must have been something in the water.' You notice a hint of a smirk pass fleetingly over the clown's lips. 'But what about you?' she asks lightly. 'Would you care to join the Circus of Dreams permanently?' Will you answer yes (turn to **148**) or no (turn to **103**)?

117

Soon the only sign of your ever having been on the marsh is the rapid flow of air-bubbles that break the surface of the quicksand – before trailing to a halt.

118

The street opens out on to a round court, which is jammed solid with people; it is the famous Ranters' Corner. Here people stand on boxes and make speeches on any subject they like. In return, the crowds often heckle the 'ranters', as the speakers are called. You rush into the sea of bodies and momentarily shake off all pursuit. The guards find it hard to push through the crowds, who are not slow in voicing their resentment at being shoved about. In the event of any public unrest, some guards always occupy the corner; the marshal of these men is now making his way over to the guards following you, no doubt to demand an explanation. Despite your peril, you cannot resist hanging around and listening to the various ranters. Will you listen to an earnest young lady (turn to **289**), a ragged old man (turn to **219**), or a man in black who raves and shouts at his browbeaten audience (turn to **137**)?

119

Your excitement at having escaped from the tribe fades when you see dozens of small arrows fly over you. However, the arrows aren't coming from the Orcs of the Black Scorpion but are going towards them. Their rivals, the Orcs of the Big Boulder, are launching a surprise attack. One of the arrows hits you in the side (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Will you forgive this slight error in their aim and offer your services to the Orcs of the Big Boulder, hoping to avenge your earlier captivity (turn to **377**), or are you content to let

the Orcs get on with their own fighting, and head southwards before you are seen (turn to **282**)?

120

You snatch the amulet from the Man-Orc's neck, drop it on the floor and crush it underfoot The effect is instantaneous: the veterans realize the deceit played upon them at once, and their fury at being duped is beyond compare Once they have finished with the Orc, the oldest of the veterans turns to face you. 'Accept my apologies,' he says, 'we were foolish Maybe we have been living in the past for too long. Let us put all this behind us, and may a real peace between the nations start here, in this humble tavern.' In no time at all it is as if the four of you have always been the best of friends, and it is with some reluctance that you rise to continue on your journey.

When you step outside the door, however, you find yourself staring into the playful eyes of Jack-in-the-Green. 'Peace in Narbury is yours,' he says. 'Now a token and advice. Go straight to the ring which is too big for your finger.' Then he is gone. If you do not already have a Green Leaf Brooch, you find one in your pocket – add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. Now, will you head back east towards the Main Trade Route (turn to **267**), or cut across country so that you can rejoin the Trade Route much further south (turn to **47**)?

121

'There is too much corruption in the world,' says Jack-in-the-Green. 'The sleepers who should not be disturbed

have been aroused. Your task is to lay Hustings to rest. Let the earth reclaim its own – but be warned! Violence can never be the final answer. Evil must be left to consume itself. Your duty is to help, not to beget further chaos. When you think you have succeeded, say the word "Cerunnos" in your mind and we will see what unfolds.' Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* of this word, and turn to **19**.

122

Descending a long, wide staircase, you come to a crossroads. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **169**
South?	Turn to **114**
East?	Turn to **232**
West?	Turn to **253**

123

The jailer bellows with laughter at your terrible performance; he just cannot believe that you have tried to pull such an ancient stunt. Then he returns to his book, giggling now and then at your atrocious acting. You will have to try something else. Will you pour Metal Rot, if you have any, on to the lock of the cage (turn to **7**), hurl an insult at the jailer in the hope that he will come into your cell to punish you, giving you a chance to overpower him (turn to **26**), or abandon all hope and wait for the dungeon-wagon (turn to **208**)?

124

Though the walls of the pit are sheer, you use your rope and hook to climb up and make an easy escape.

You put the rope back in your pack and walk on. Soon you come to a junction. Will you go:

Left?	Turn to **296**
Right?	Turn to **217**
Straight on?	Turn to **139**
Back the way you came, and out of the caves?	Turn to **80**

125

You hurl the Fire-cracker to the floor (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). BANG!!! Both Kauderwelsch and her monster are stunned, giving you time to unbuckle the straps that are holding you down. If you have a weapon, you may hastily snatch it up before fighting the monster.

KAUDERWELSCH MONSTER

SKILL 8 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **87**.

126

It can hardly be said that you are travelling in luxury. The stench of the rubbish strewn over your body is truly revolting. Worse still, a contagious, turquoise mould has started to creep across your belongings. While it will not harm you, it does make your food unfit to eat. If you are carrying any Provisions, cross two meals off your *Adventure Sheet*. After much pitching and tossing, the vehicle reaches the East Gate. Turn to **301**.

127

Two cultists step out of the secret passage. Before they can see you, you drop to the floor and throw the Chameleon Cloak over yourself. The Dark Elves sit down and talk. Behind them, the secret door starts to slide shut. Now, if you want to, you may hurry through the secret door before it shuts (turn to **295**). Otherwise, you will have to go back out into the hall and choose either the north door (turn to **374**), the east door (turn to **89**) or the west door (turn to **56**). Whichever way you go, you take off the Chameleon Cloak and return it to your pack once you have left the library. Because the Dark Elves remain inside the library, you dare not risk returning here again. Note on your *Adventure Sheet* that you may not choose **68** again.

128

Casually averting your gaze, you take the sphere from your pack and hand it over to the highwayman. His eyes open wide with pleasure – he cannot believe that he has earned such a prize. Yet as the crystal starts to

glow, his smile fades into a gaze of dull stupor. The orb has stolen his mind! Carefully you return the sphere to your pack, then prod the body of the highwayman. Though still alive, he falls to the ground, mindless. You consider searching the body, but can't bring yourself to do it. Will you now drink at the Wizard's Well (turn to **58**), go north in search of the hermit, whom the highwayman claimed to have killed (turn to **349**), or leave the area altogether and head back south (turn to **44**)?

129

You shake off your unseen assailant's hand and spin around. Though you can't see the woman at all well, you can clearly hear her begging you to stay your hand. If you now do as she asks, turn to **158**; but if you reckon that it's just a trap, press on with your attack.

ASSAILANT SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **31**

130

'I know only that Karnstein is a boring little village in the middle of nowhere, and that it was once the site of some ancient battle. Why do you ask?'

Deliberately avoiding any details, you reply, 'I've heard rumours of trouble there, fighting with strange creatures. Someone will want a sword for hire.'

She murmurs thoughtfully, 'Strange creatures, eh? Good. We could do with some competition.' Then she snaps out of her daze and says, 'If it's money you want, forget Karnstein. Why don't you join our circus . . .

permanently?' The offer takes you by surprise. Do you answer yes (turn to **148**) or no (turn to **103**)?

131

Your fingertips barely scrape the edge of the far path, and it is with a lurching sense of horror that you realize you are falling into the deep crevice. The rocky ground rises to meet you. Your quest is over.

132

Stars and swirling fog cloud your vision as you lunge for the Man-Orc – the landlord has coshed you (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA).

When you wake up, miles back east on the road you came along, you see that the veterans have looted your body: cross off all your gold, your weapon and armour from your *Adventure Sheet*. It would be suicidal to go back to the Burning Balrog Inn, so you decide to continue towards Karnstein. If you wish to keep going to the east, back to the Main Trade Route, turn to **267**. If you would rather cut across country and rejoin the Main Trade Route much further south, turn to **47**.

133

Voivod strikes at you, and your body is cut into many pieces before it hits the ground again. The Earth-mother and the Horned God shall weep at your failure, for your failure means the end of all life.

134

Woad's shrieks ring in your ears as you spring up the broad street – only to see more guards ahead of you! Alerted by the shouts of your pursuers, these men draw their swords and attempt to block your route. The only way out of this trap is through a house standing to your right. Without a moment's hesitation, you open the door to this ramshackle place and enter. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **277**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **166**.

135

All is dark and a storm rages overhead as you make your way towards Hustings. The road is little more than a track that winds its way across the infamous Hustings moors and, because of the downpour, is submerged in places, becoming part of the mire. Wary of encroaching quicksand, you press on, your efforts aided by the occasional lightning flashes of the storm. Suddenly you catch sight of a peculiar, grinning face. At first you think that someone must be hiding in the reeds, but then you realize that the leafy face *is* the reeds, moving from clump to clump as if blown by the wind. It speaks in a spry and mischievous voice: ''Tis Jack-in-the-Green, the ancient king, here to offer you guidance. The world is dying, the soil corrupt and the trees astir with violence. Warriors five seek their lord, the one who must not be freed. Earth-mother seeks a healing hand, but 'tis proof of your worth she needs.' If you have a Green Leaf Brooch, turn to **19**. Otherwise, Jack-in-the-Green will offer you a chance to prove your worth. If you will accept his task, turn to **121**. If not, turn to **19**.

136

'Yoo don't expect uzz ta believe that rubbish, do yoo?' sneers the shaman. Uggamonggo doesn't believe a word of it either. The next thing you know, you are being stretched again (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). Now will you tell them the truth (turn to **256**) or claim to be a military spy (turn to **363**)?

137

The man wearing close-fitting black garments has a young yet leathery face and close-cropped hair. He shouts with a consuming anger: 'We waste too much time trying to appease our neighbours. It was they who started the War of the Four Kingdoms, yet it is we who must go crawling to them for trade. We should seize what is rightfully ours. Now our great nation is eclipsed by the barbaric Femphrey. We are clearly superior and would have won the war, were it not for that old fool Tantalon who sold us, his people, down the river. Traitor! We must demand recompense or take it for ourselves from Brice, Femphrey and those rats in the north. Northlanders and sorcerers! Pah! The enemy within. We want to be proud of Gallantaria again. We want war!'

This agitator is cruel and narrow-minded – and yet, unbelievably, some of the people seem to be nodding at his words of blind hatred. Someone must take a stand against him. Will you argue with the agitator (turn to **205**) or silence him with your fists (turn to **149**)?

138

Feeling smug, you challenge the clown to a friendly game of dice. She agrees, and a small crowd gathers to watch you thrash the living daylights out of her. Though she manages to maintain her smile, you sense her anger. She pushes, prods and twists the loaded die in a bid to discover its mechanism, but fails.

Eventually, she concedes, 'An obvious trick, but the punters should be deceived by it.' Turn to **77**.

139

If this is your first time here, turn to **308**. If it is not your first time here, things are as you left them, and you will have to retrace your steps back to the junction. There, you may turn either to the left (turn to **217**) or to the right (turn to **296**), or continue straight on, out of the caves (turn to **80**)

140

Bartolph squirms in fear as you crush his wrist in a grip of iron; but when you call him a cheat, he reacts with outrage. Although you're not sure whether or not this 'anger' is merely the art of a practised con-man, the performance seems to work.

A number of onlookers step forward. 'You lost fair 'n' square,' snarls one.

'No place for bad losers in 'ere,' grunts another.

Before you know it, you are seized by a dozen strong hands and thrown out into the street. You land flat on your face, hitting the dirty cobbles with a painful thud (deduct 1 STAMINA point and cross off from your *Adventure Sheet* the gold you lost).

Overcome with anger, you consider drawing your sword and going back into the inn to deal with the lot of them. But then again . . . Turn to **30**

141

The tower is cracked and worn with age, its once bright colours faded and peeled. There is only a single entrance, a door on which a brass plaque is fixed, engraved with the following words: 'Dr Kauderwelsch – Diseases of the Mind'. You try to open the door but it is locked. Hanging at one side is a small bell-pull. Will you ring the bell (turn to **281**) or leave the tower and head into town (turn to **212**)?

142

Sounds of battle come from the town as the people of Hustings defend their homes against the slaughtering Haggwort fiends. You ignore the din as you reach the foot of the pinnacle – and walk right into an ambush. A door opens in the side of the pinnacle and six Haggwort appear. They seize you and drag you up a long spiral stairway which ends in a small room at the top of the tower. One end of the room is closed off by heavy drapes.

If you have a weapon, cross it off your *Adventure Sheet* – the Haggwort have just broken it! They force you to sit down at a table, on which rest a sharpened wooden stake and a plate. The Haggwort mutely motion you to eat the 'food' on the plate: a mound of wet sludge. Will you eat the food (turn to **61**) or refuse (turn to **359**)?

143

Roggmondo's face is impassive as he gestures towards a big leather chair in the middle of the room. Fixed to

one of the arms of the chair is a small tray holding all the pins and dyes that Roggmondo uses in his work. You settle down in the seat and Roggmondo shows a book filled with stylish pictures and designs which range from the everyday to the exotic. Suddenly the door bursts open and five city guards rush in, swords drawn. You are caught sitting down. The captain shouts triumphantly through his helmet, 'Gotcha!' Turn to **199**.

144

Descending a long, wide staircase, you come to a crossroads. A strange fire burns you (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Will you go:

North?	Turn to **106**
South?	Turn to **187**
East?	Turn to **122**
West?	Turn to **253**

145

You run to the meeting place and are pleased to find Mendokan and his two friends waiting for you. One of them is very old, making the ensuing journey painfully slow. To make up for this, you have to walk long into the night and are all very tired when you reach the Magyaar Pass. This, the narrowest stretch of the Trade Route, is little more than a rocky path. On the left looms a sheer rock-face, and on the right runs a deep crevice, about six metres wide and five times that deep. On the far side of the crevice is another path By common agreement, all traffic from Lendle uses the path you are on, while all traffic going to Lendle uses the far path. As you walk through the pass, the Magyaar Walls blot out the moonlight and the shining stars above.

Suddenly, a dreadful cry pierces the air, followed by another, and another The villagers cringe in terror, while you prepare for combat. Then you see them, coming along the path towards you: five riders on hellish steeds whose hoofs make the very earth quake, and who race to crush you underfoot. Their robes billow and their long hair flows in the wind. Even though they wear strange metallic masks, you can see that their skin is decayed and their eyes are black bottomless pits of death Mendokan wails, 'We are doomed The Shadow Warriors are upon us!' The others run, but their flight is a futile one; they are swiftly put to the sword But the Warriors, they are real after all! Will you stand and fight them (turn to **190**) or admit that you cannot hope to fend off all five united, and flee (turn to **28**)?

146

You maintain a dignified yet stubborn silence The shaman laughs and dances as the torturer cranks the handle on the stretch rack yet again (deduct 3 more points from your STAMINA). 'Are you stoopid or summat?' asks Uggamonggo. 'If yoo wanna see tomorrer, yoo'd better talk fast (turn to **198**), but if yoo wanna die, just carry on keepin' yer gob shut (turn to **269**).'

147

Lying on the desk you find a freshly written document – the ink on the vellum page is still wet. You read the text: it is copied in a hand which grows increasingly spidery and fraught:

> *The Dream Circus has come to Royal Lendle. This innocuous-seeming little troupe has spread its evil for over a year now, passing from village to village across Gallantaria unaware that I have been keeping a watch on its movements, awaiting the moment to act. The plan is clever. I can only hope to uncover its architect before matters come to a head. Wait! My door opens and three Circus people enter. They know, they know! The Mandrakes. Must conjure fire to destr*

The letter ends suddenly. Now the mystery is less so. These Mandrakes, whatever they are, must have taken or destroyed the magician – but, to do that, they must be incredibly powerful. You have stumbled on the edges of a vast plot. Add Hegmar's Warning to your

Adventure Sheet. Now you can either examine the sarcophagus (turn to **193**) or the crystal sphere (turn to **312**), if you have not already done so; or you can leave the building (turn to **216**).

148

'Well, that can easily be arranged,' she snarls as she kicks you off your high seat. You fall down on to the dusty road, twisting your ankle (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). When you look up, you see that all the circus performers have climbed down from their wagons and are coming after you! The clown smiles as you run for your life. If you have a set of Calthrops, you throw them in the performers' way. They will soon give up the chase and continue on their journey south. Erase the Calthrops from your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **9**. If you don't have any Calthrops (or do not wish to use them), turn to **91**.

149

Sickened by the blackguard's venom, you step forward and lay him flat with a single punch. While many of the onlookers gasp in surprise, four of them shout, 'Brice-loving dog!' You realize that they must be followers of the man you have just hit, trouble-making agitators who are skilled at whipping up crowds into outbursts of senseless violence. Indeed, it takes the men only a minute to begin a mass brawl. The unrest is growing ugly and the city guards are hard pressed to restore order. Will you join in and help them defeat the trouble-makers (turn to **181**), or use the confusion to slip away towards the city's East Gate (turn to **301**)?

150

You hurry back out into the hall before the cultists, coming out of the secret passage, see you. Back in the hall, will you now go north (turn to **374**), east (turn to **89**), or west (turn to **56**)? Whichever way you go, you dare not risk returning here again – because of the Dark Elves. Note on your *Adventure Sheet* that you may not choose **68** again.

151

Your money disappears into the gambler's pocket via a hand that looks like a vulture's claw (deduct the gold from your *Adventure Sheet*). Bartolph beams and says, 'You played well, but Sindla was against you. However, lest you start crying into your beer, the ever fair and selfless Bartolph will give you a chance to win your money back, and more besides – provided you can afford a stake high enough to cover your losses. What's more, this time I'll make it even easier for you. The rules are as before, but now you need roll only 3 or above to win. Are you game?' If you want to play again, turn to **94**; but if you would rather leave, turn to **30**.

152

Clouds of dust and fragments of sandstone fly through the air, obscuring the skeleton as it stretches out to destroy you. You will need Osmani, god of mercenaries, on your side for this fight. If you have already put manacles on the hands of the skeleton, you may subtract 2 from its SKILL score.

PAN-TERRIC BEHEMOTH SKILL 11

Your blows will not harm the creature; you need to smash its skull, so, at the end of each round (whether you win the round or not), roll one die. If you roll a 6, you succeed and should turn at once to **329**. If you roll any other number, you miss the skull and must fight another round as normal.

153

You watch in horrified fascination as the weird device shakes the ground more violently. A building behind you collapses, showering you with bricks. Roll one die to see how many bricks hit you. Each hit means you have to lose 2 points from your STAMINA – though armour will take the hits first.

Wulf hurries over and frees you from the rubble 'It's no use,' he says grimly. 'It's the witch! She has powers we cannot hope to understand We must flee, along the southern road' Will you go with Wulf (turn to **25**), or leave him and go to settle the score with this 'witch' (turn to **142**)?

154

You have not gone more than two metres when the Slygore spits a gout of black pus at you The gel splashes, gurgling, on your back, where it burns and hisses. Despite yourself, you scream and fall to your knees (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). The Slygore lurches towards your pain-racked form You must ignore the agony you are in and leap aside before the monstrosity smothers you *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **250**; if you fail, turn to **365**

155

Ignoring the terrifying hissing sounds, you go quickly through all the things lying scattered about the room The only item of interest is a Copper Key, which you may take. Then, finally, panic overtakes you and you rush back to the junction. An inexplicable fear stops

you from entering this room ever again (note on your *Adventure Sheet* that you may not turn to **296** again).

Back at the junction, you may either go to the left (turn to **139**), go to the right, which will take you back out of the caves (turn to **80**), or go straight ahead (turn to **217**).

156

'Disappointing' is all the old man says as he disappears into thin air. There is nothing for you to do but return to the hallway, and then go through either the south door (turn to **68**), the north door (turn to **374**), or the west door (turn to **56**).

157

Reluctant to step into the dank chamber, you lean over the gilt-edged mirror-frame and lash out at the parts of the pod that are within your reach.

Your blows have no effect, however. If you want to risk touching the extended mesh of veins, turn to **371**. Otherwise, you will have to leave return to **255** and pick an option you have not already chosen.

158

Relieved, the woman leads you further down the alley. When your eyes get used to the darkness, you can make out that the woman is in a sorry state indeed: her clothes are filthy and tattered, and there is a madness in her eyes. She mumbles, 'They came seven days ago, and they left this morning. You're a stranger. You're strong. They're taking over. You can't kill them Soon they'll come for me And for you too, unless you do something Perhaps you can beat them, the Mandrakes. Taking our places' Her words tumble out in a repetitive, almost insane babble Then she stops.

She is looking over your shoulder, back up to the entrance to the alley where a finely attired young man is standing. He smiles and extends his hand 'Welcome, stranger. I am Ennian, the Burgomeister Ah, I see you've been forced to listen to the ramblings of the town idiot The old fool's been hopelessly insane for years' You look back towards the wretched woman. Seeing the doubt growing in your eyes, she gasps, 'A mirror ... do you have a mirror?' If you have a mirror, turn to **362** If you do not, turn to **174**.

159

At the far side of the square a commotion suddenly breaks out: folk are screaming and running in all directions and, cutting a bloody path through them and towards you, is a mounted Shadow Warrior! You must defend yourself Roll one die to see which of the Warriors you must face When you are told to continue your adventure after defeating the Warrior, you will

have to leave Shattuck before the other Warriors arrive. They are coming up the Main Trade Route, so you will either have to cross a bridge to the east (turn to 334), or take a little-used path which leads south-westwards through the mountains (turn to 48). Now roll:

1	Turn to 8
2	Turn to 394
3	Turn to 259
4	Turn to 183
5	Turn to 245
6	Roll again

160

After some time, you come to a fork in the road. If you wish to keep going westwards, turn to 96. If you take the branch to the south-east, turn to 135.

161

What follows next is too horrific to contemplate. Urtha just laughs as you follow the ritual laid down by the folklore of ages. She even tells one of the Haggwort to obey your commands. You order it to decapitate her and then to throw both her head and her body out of the open arch window. In seconds the dreadful deed is done and Urtha's remains are consigned to the stormy skies. Pausing for a moment to regain your wits, you turn to leave – only to find Urtha standing in your way! 'I told you, I am *beyond* undeath. I suppose it was expecting too much for you to understand. Now, enough of these games.'

It looks as if your time is up. Will you attack her (turn to 305), throw a vial of Metal Rot – if you have one – at her iron band (turn to 83) or try to escape (turn to 221)?

162

'I don't believe it!' Bartolph gasps in an irritating display of mock surprise. 'Even at such odds, you've lost again.' Once more, your stake is pocketed with amazing speed (deduct the gold from your *Adventure Sheet*). Then, with feigned concern, Bartolph says, 'Oh, now I feel truly guilty. Look, I'll give you one last chance. Rules as before, but now all you have to do is roll a 2 or higher. What d'you say?'

Will you accept Bartolph's final challenge (turn to 13) or leave the tavern feeling bitter, impoverished and out of luck (turn to 30)?

163

The words of the merchant who sold you the cloak spring to mind: 'Fine though the garment may be, 'tis best used in the hours of darkness.' At this very moment you are trying to hide in an exposed place, beneath the all-revealing light of a blazing sun. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 176; if you are Unlucky, turn to 35.

164

Rather than climb over the low wall, you hurry through a wrought-iron gate which is decorated with shapes like falling leaves. Inside, the grass is luscious and the trees still fruitful, even though harvest-time was two

months ago. Outside the gate, the guards have stopped their pursuit; they stand and watch you escape with fear and frustration. Ahead of you is a small, plain building: this is the Temple of Geomancers, the earth-priesthood who worship Titan. The Geomancers respect nature in all its forms; they are a powerful and mysterious force in Royal Lendle, much resented for their independence from the law of the land. Your plan is to reach the streets beyond the temple grounds; but you are dismayed to see that your way is blocked by a tall fence dividing the estate into two halves. The only way through this fence is via another wrought-iron gate. Its two handles are fixed on to ornate plaques, one plaque representing the sun, the other the moon. Words have been worked into the top of the gate, forming a riddle; they read: 'Reflector and reflected, one obscures the other for entry.' Will you turn the handle in the sun (turn to **254**) or the handle in the moon (turn to **264**)?

165

'I'm flattered by your interest in our humble little entourage,' she smiles. 'The Circus of Dreams has been in existence for three years, spending the first two in unappreciated poverty. But last year we had a change of ownership, and with it came an improvement in quality. The last twelve months have been most successful, with the circus spreading its own particular brand of entertainment across Gallantaria. Having played the villages, we are now moving on to the towns. One day, we hope to play the Court in Royal Lendle itself.' The clown's itinerary sounds more like a war-plan than a touring schedule to you. 'We could use someone like

you,' she muses. 'Maybe you'd like to join the circus permanently?' Will you answer yes (turn to **148**) or no (turn to **103**)?

166

Balanced on the top of the door was an anti-theft device: a full chamber pot, which has just emptied its reeking contents all over you! The tin bowl itself hits you on the head. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA and 1 point from your LUCK for this mishap. You recover, look around and discover that you are in an old lady's living-room. She jumps up from her rocking-chair and screams, 'Burglars! Robbers! Help, help!'

The city guards will not be slow in answering her cries. Will you go on through a closed door leading to the rear of the house (turn to **328**), or up a rickety staircase, leading to the first floor (turn to **292**)?

167

The creature's body thrashes wildly as you bind two of its immensely strong wrists together. Then it is fully awake. Each Attack Round, all four of its unfettered arms attack you at the same time (each with a SKILL score of 8), but you may strike back against only one of them, as if fighting four separate opponents. If you win against any of its other arms, your blows have no effect, serving only as parries. Your work is cut out for you as you face one of the ancient Kalundai.

KALUNDAI	SKILL 8	STAMINA 20

If you win, turn to **320**.

168

It takes you all your strength to escape the grip of the mire, but at last you are free. Your already sodden clothes are now caked with swamp mud. But dirt is the least of your troubles; the Haggwort are converging on the beleaguered town. Will you make for Hustings (turn to **367**) or the strange tower (turn to **142**), or do you prefer to continue across the moorland (turn to **69**)?

169

Descending a long, wide staircase, you come to a crossroads. A strange fire burns you (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Will you go:

North?	Turn to **106**
South?	Turn to **266**
East?	Turn to **122**
West?	Turn to **144**

170

You reach into your pack and take out a skin of oil (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). You are still trying to set the oil alight when the Slygore spits a quivering gout of liquid black mess at you. The sticky, gurgling sludge hits your side and burns you (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). You scream, but manage to throw the now-blazing oil all over the abominable creature. Though the fire causes Slygore's bubbling skin to gurgle more rapidly, it seems to have no adverse effect; it does, however, make the creature pause in its tracks. You seize the opportunity to turn tail and flee. Turn to **180**.

171

Holding the Spear of Doom up high, you shout your war-cry and charge. The Spear is not meant to kill Voivod; as the Horned God said, it returns life to the dead. But Voivod is death itself, so the Spear may not have enough Life-force to affect him. Fight each Attack Round of combat as normal; but once, at the end of each round (whether you win the round or not), you can attempt to give Voivod life. Roll two dice: if the total rolled is equal to or less than the Spear's current Life-force, turn to **400**; but if the number you roll is higher, you have failed. If you fail, deduct 1 point from the Spear's Life-force, then fight another round of combat, and so on. Because you are trying to wield the Spear, you fight Voivod only in defence: if you *win* a round, he loses no STAMINA; on the other hand, Voivod thrives on your death, so if you *lose* a round, you must add any points of STAMINA that you lose to Voivod's current total. If the Spear expends its Life-force, you must try to defeat the Voivod in normal combat – only then will your telling blows cause him to lose STAMINA points.

VOIVOD	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

Should it be that you win in normal combat, turn to **303**.

172

At last you are free from this accursed nightmare – for nightmare it was! You walked down the staircase only once before being sent into a deep sleep by the Nightmare Master, the *true* Guardian of the Gateway. Since then, everything has been a dream, with you repeatedly walking down the same staircase. You would have done so for all eternity, had you not had the strength of will to escape. When you wake up, at the foot of the stairs, you see that you are actually inside a hellish chamber And in it stands your foe, the Nightmare Master, surrounded by the tormented wails of the many souls still lost in his evil dreamworld. The Guardian attacks you without mercy, and his mystic weapons have the power to blight your fate Each time you lose an Attack Round, you must deduct 1 point from your LUCK, whether you lose STAMINA or not.

NIGHTMARE MASTER SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 361.

173

You ask the lady who she is. She replies, 'Is it important?' You reply that it is At this, she stares at you intently and asks, 'And how long have you had this need to identify things?' You have had enough of this stupidity. You strongly advise her to tell you who she is, but she just rushes out of the room.

You follow her up a short staircase and into the highest room in the tower: a laboratory packed with all sorts of chilling apparatus. The lady dabbles in the worst sorceries, and her latest project is lumbering towards you. It

is a mish-mash of surgically joined body-parts. The woman laughs at your horrified face and rants, 'My creation may not be a pretty sight, but it is highly functional. All it needs now is an excellent brain . . . your brain! Yes *I* am Doktor Kauderwelsch.' The monster steps forward to kill you.

KAUDERWELSCH MONSTER

SKILL 8 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **87**.

174

You don't understand the woman's odd request and don't have a mirror anyway, so you just shrug your shoulders in uncertainty. Frustrated and no longer able to contain her fears, the woman runs off towards the far end of the alleyway. The Burgomeister calls over his shoulder for some help, then laughs, 'Not the best company for a stranger to keep! It must all seem a tad peculiar, but everything will make perfect sense if you'll just come with me.' All your instincts scream that there is something terribly wrong here. Will you attack the Burgomeister (turn to **252**), make for the other end of the alley after the woman (turn to **84**), or comply with Ennian's wishes and go with him (turn to **31**)?

175

Your skin prickles and it feels as if a knife is being twisted in your gut when Bartolph leans forward and thrusts his ruddy, laughing face mere inches away from your own. 'I'm sorry, but that's it now. I won't play with losers – after all, I do have to sleep at nights. The

game is over.' Deduct the gold you have lost from your *Adventure Sheet* – Bartolph has added it to his already considerable winnings. Feeling somehow as if you've been taken for a ride, you get up and walk out of the First Step. Turn to **30**.

176

Hugging the ground, you cannot help but think that, for once, a trader at Royal Lendle has sold his merchandise short. The Chameleon Cloak works its wonders as you sneak away beneath the smelly Orcs' very noses and escape.

However, you are now forced to leave the road and cut south over the difficult mountain terrain, where progress is slow. After a few hours of hard slog, you find a small mine shaft. It goes down fifteen metres or so before ending in an illuminated chamber of some sort. The narrowness of the shaft prevents you from seeing the nature of the place. If you have a rope and grapple, you may use it to climb down the shaft (turn to **383**). If you do not have, or do not wish to use, any rope you will have to continue your journey over the mountains (turn to **282**).

177

While you are looking in your pack for something to give the scoundrel, it suddenly occurs to you that you may be able to give him something which could prove his undoing. If you want to give the highwayman a Chameleon Cloak, turn to **220**. If you would rather give him an Orb of Mind-snaring, turn to **128**. But if

you have neither of these things, you will either have to offer him some gold (turn to **373**) or attack him (turn to **92**).

178

You step quietly up to the shelter and reach for the door handle. As soon as you touch it, the door swings outwards, propelled by three powerful springs. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **64**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **342**.

179

The big top is lantern-lit and lined with rows of seats in readiness for tonight's performance. As you look at the circus ring, the main pole, the trapeze, the tightrope, you feel a mild headache rising behind your eyes If you have a mirror, turn to **268**. If you do not, there is nothing more for you to do here. It does occur to you, however, that the secret of the circus is most likely to be found in the Hall of Dreams Return to **255** and choose an option you have not picked before.

180

As you turn away from the Slygore, it spits a blob of acidic black pus at your face. You manage to duck just in time. The squeaking lump of muck flies over your head and embeds itself in a sewer wall, turning brick into dripping clay. Not waiting to see what the creature will do next, you run for your life. With a great splash, the Slygore drops its awesome body into the foul waters and rushes after you Soon, with sinking heart you come to a dead end – and then you spot a ladder

leading back up to the surface! From above come the faint voices of city guards looking for you. Behind you, the Slygore raises itself up once more, its foul mass now revealed by the light coming through an overhead grid The sight is one you will never forget Will you now clamber up out of the sewer (turn to **18**), or turn and embrace the creature in close combat (turn to **365**)?

181

You see that you can do most good by defeating the toughest of the agitators This huge brute is cutting a swath of blood through bystanders and city guards alike. There is no room for mercy with such villains!

AGITATOR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **370**.

182

Your foot lands less than a finger's width away from the insidious artefact. What with the quicksand, the

Haggwort and now these evil traps, the moors are just too dangerous. You decide to leave them at once. If you want to go to the town, turn to **367**. If you would rather investigate the mysterious tower, turn to **142**.

183

This Shadow Warrior wields a mighty, multi-headed mace: each of its steel faces is covered with pyramid-shaped spikes. In the Warrior's hands, the mace is a devastating weapon. At the start of the battle, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, nothing untoward happens; if you are Unlucky, however, the mace smashes your weapon and you must fight without it (cross the weapon off your *Adventure Sheet*). If you have no weapon, the mace crashes into your body and you must deduct 6 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL. Armour or *Testing your Luck* may not be used to reduce this damage.

Fourth SHADOW WARRIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you defeat the Warrior, turn to **335**.

184

You put on a final spurt so that you will reach the South Gate well ahead of the mob. Just as you thought: a Mandrake stands guard. From what you have already seen, these creatures are good fighters and are impossible to kill. Though you could stun the guard, a fight would be time-consuming, giving the mob a chance to catch up with you. It would be far better if you could sneak up on the guard and somehow render him harmless without having to resort to combat. If you have some manacles and would like to try to bind the guard with them, turn to **319**. If you don't have any manacles or would rather risk combat anyway, turn to **55**.

185

The skeleton stirs and drags itself free from the layers of rock. And a nightmarish roar rises from its rib-cage – as new flesh appears and starts to crawl back over its bones! The beast is re-forming before your very eyes. Only one creature could possibly do this, a thing which also has the power of mind-control! Now you know why you strayed off the road to Karnstein, now you know why Guignol's expedition found exactly what it was looking for in the endless wilderness, now you understand the reason for everything that has happened here. You were all drawn here and controlled by a fierce intelligence that plotted its own release. Only now do you realize that you are facing a creature from mythology: a Pan-Terric Behemoth! You must destroy it before it is whole again. The only way to do so is by smashing its skull. If you have a rope and grapple, you may try to snare the creature; *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **329**. But if you fail, or if you do not have a rope and grapple, turn to **152**.

186

You wake up, bound to a table in a laboratory, in the topmost room of the Cumbleside tower. The lady you met earlier walks into view, clutching a scalpel! Her skin is peeling, revealing an underlayer of scales. As if in answer to your questioning stare, she says, '*I* am Doktor Kauderwelsch. In my quest for immortality, I made the mistake of experimenting with lizard organisms which, even now, are taking me over. I will die unless I find a way to transfer my mind into another body. And you are a vital part in my most crucial experiment to date Behold!' She waves an arm and a horrible monster lumbers forward. 'I have created this being from the finest parts of many creatures. All it needs now is a brain – your brain!' Kauderwelsch cackles madly, scalpel raised, and the mindless monster looks as if it's about to strangle you. You quickly free one of your arms, but you have time to reach for only one item; will it be your weapon (turn to **242**), a mirror (turn to **318**) or a Fire-cracker (turn to **125**)? If you have none of these things, your adventure ends here, in the advancement of science!

187

Descending a long, wide staircase, you come to a crossroads A strange fire burns you (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Will you go:

North?	Turn to **106**
South?	Turn to **114**
East?	Turn to **232**
West?	Turn to **253**

188

If you allowed yourself to be diverted and gambled with Bartolph in the First Step tavern, turn to **321**. If you did not, you may continue on your way. If you are heading east, turn to **82**; if you are heading west, turn to **66**.

189

Voivod is about to toll the Iron Bell. If you have a vial of Metal Rot and want to throw it at the bell, turn to **263**. If you haven't any Metal Rot, but are willing to try a desperate leap, in a bid to knock Voivod away from the bell, turn to **348**. If, however, you wish to do neither of these things, turn to **364**.

190

Though you attack with all your might, you are defenceless against the onslaught of the malevolent riders. They cut you and knock you fiercely to the ground (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). Lying on the cold earth, it seems that you have three options: to stay where you are and pretend to be dead (turn to **306**), to rise and fight them again (turn to **346**) or to jump to your feet and flee (turn to **28**).

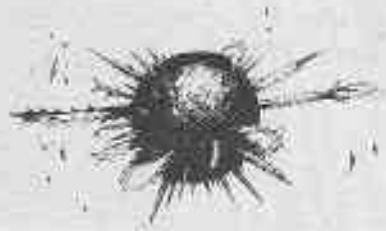

191

The floor drops away beneath your feet, and you go tumbling down into a deep pit (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). If you have a rope and grapple, turn to **124**; otherwise, turn to **336**.

192

You hide the Dark Elves' bodies under the table, then pause for thought. It would take hours just to find out what all the different scrolls and books are about, and time is short. So you content yourself with a brief look at those texts which the cultists were perusing. Will you read the *Numeris Astrakkaans* (turn to **366**) or the *Ur-Mythalia* (turn to **79**)?

193

The burial casket is old beyond reckoning, and its wood is primitively carved in the shape of a bestial warrior. You pull open the cover of the sarcophagus with great care and step in. It is only when the lid clicks shut that the trap is sprung, however! Two sharp blades flick inwards from the sides of the casket, cutting into your calves and ankles (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL). In pain, you free yourself and kick the lid open; you stumble out of this wretched thing, which was taken, no doubt, from the tomb of some king who had anticipated the coming of treasure-seeking grave-robbers. To add insult to injury, you now see, too late, that the carving on the lid has no feet. You curse yourself for missing this sickly humorous clue. Now will you examine the crystal orb (turn to **312**) or Hegmar's desk (turn to **147**), if you

have not done so already; or will you leave this place before worse befalls you (turn to **216**)?

194

You walk over to the cool waters and are about to drink when you hear a stern voice call, 'Stand and deliver!' You turn around and find yourself facing a masked highwayman; he is aiming a crossbow at your heart. The villain laughs. 'No doubt you're another fool in search of the hermit. Well, forget it. He's dead, and I killed him. And I'll do the same to you unless you can buy your freedom.' His finger tightens on the trigger of the crossbow.

Will you attack the knave (turn to **92**), offer him some gold (turn to **373**), or look in your pack for something else to give him (turn to **177**)?

195

'You're quite right,' you reply to the Man-Orc with a sickly smile. 'It *is* none of my business, and I apologize.' The Orc is astonished by this sudden turn of events, and he doesn't know what is going on when you pat him on the shoulder with one hand and slip the Sleeping Draught into his drink with the other. The bewildered Orc takes a big gulp from his tankard . . . then falls flat on his face! Turn to **120**.

196

Your prospects of reaching the East Gate are soon dashed when you see that the pathway ends in a high, locked door. This door is too strong to be knocked

down and too smooth to be climbed, so you will have to try and jump over it. If you wish to attempt such a difficult feat, turn to **52**. Otherwise, you will have to go back up the alley and face any guards who may have followed you down it; turn to **20**.

197

The whole circus becomes one great funeral pyre. You stand and watch as the flames leap high into the sky. The stench of Mandrakes burning is indescribable! As you look on, Jack-in-the-Green appears by your side. 'Earth-mother is pleased with her champion. She sends two gifts. The first is this . . .' He hands you a Ring of Destiny. From now on, whenever you are Lucky at *Testing your Luck*, you do not have to subtract a LUCK point. As long as you have the ring, you need only ever lose LUCK points if you are Unlucky, or if you are instructed to do so by the text. 'The second gift is knowledge. The man of numbers is a native of Shattuck.' Then the ever elusive figure is gone.

Grateful for the Earth-mother's help, you move further on and rest for the night in a quiet field. When you wake up (restore 2 STAMINA points) you make your way into Shattuck. The small town is refreshingly quiet and untroubled. You need to find this 'man of numbers', and the only way to do so is by asking around. Will you start your search in:

The stores?	Turn to **391**
The taverns?	Turn to **209**
The town square?	Turn to **27**

198

Will you tell Uggamonggo the truth, that you are a mercenary on your way to Karnstein (turn to 256); that you're spying on the Orcs, on behalf of the king of Gallantaria (turn to 363), or that you're not on any mission at all, that you're just a simple adventurer (turn to 136)?

199

The city guards take you to a nearby jail, where you are to be held until dawn tomorrow. At that time, an armoured wagon will come to take you to the city dungeon – a grim complex from which very few ever return. The guards take your weapon (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*) and lock you in a dirty cage. Then they depart, leaving you in the care of the jailer. This brute sits by a table, sucking on a bottle of grog and reading a book called *Confessions of a Rat-Catcher*. Since there is only one cage in the jail, no other prisoners and only the single jailer, your thoughts turn to escape. Luckily, none of your other possessions have been taken from you. Will you pour some Metal Rot, if you have any, on the lock and slip out (turn to 7); shout an insult at the jailer, in the hope that he will come to punish you, thus giving you a chance to overpower him (turn to 26); think of a way to trick the jailer into setting you free (turn to 38), or do nothing and await the morrow's dungeon-wagon (turn to 208)?

200

Rain pours down your face as you reach into your pack for a vial of the precious potion. The Mahogadon

squeezes ever tighter and starts to pull you towards its gaping, gnashing maw. Mere inches away from certain death, you open the vial and fling its contents down into the pool of sludge that surrounds the monster's roots. Almost immediately, the Mahogadon sags, limp and unconscious. Its branches unwind and roll you away, down on to the muddy earth. The lightning no longer hounds you as you make your way out of the copse to freedom. If you now wish to continue southwards, across more open country, towards Hastings, turn to 135. If you would prefer to head back to the safety of the road, turn to 160.

201

Urtha smirks, then orders the Haggwort to release you. You rise from your chair and pick up the stake. Urtha rips open her costume, revealing a disgusting black hole over her heart. 'I told you,' she says. 'I have already been destroyed by the stake. By all the old laws of nature, I should not be. Your stake destroys the Undead. I am *beyond* undeath.'

If you have a vial of Metal Rot, you can now try throwing it at her iron band (turn to 83). Otherwise you will either have to attack her (turn to 305) or flee (turn to 221).

202

There is no way that you can cross the chasm at this point. But to your left is a narrow passageway, plunged in total darkness. If you dare enter this corridor, turn to 283. If you would rather go back the way you came, towards the shrieking cultists, turn to 297.

203

Only when you hit the hard ground do you realize that you have seriously misjudged the exact location of the horse. Roll one die and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA. Shocked by your sudden arrival from the sky, the horse bolts, leaving you in a cloud of dust. Coughing, you get up and limp out of the alley. You force your aching legs along a wide street, lined on both sides by crumbling terraced houses. A door to one of these jerks open, and an emaciated old man pops his head out. 'Psst. Oi, you! Sanctuary. I'll hide you for a Gold Piece.'

Looking ahead you can see that the street ends in a large, packed square. Will you accept the offer of refuge (turn to 344) or ignore the beggar and head towards the busy square (turn to 225)?

204

Was it luck or fate that guided you to that vital page in Hegmar's Sanctum? Whatever the answer, you thank Hegmar (wherever he may be) for his warning; then you take down one of the flaming torches that are fixed to the wall and use it to set the nascent Mandrake alight. A revolting smell fills the air as the pod shrivels and sizzles to its doom. You may restore 1 LUCK point for your narrow escape. There is nothing else to be done here, so return to 255 and choose an option you have not picked before.

205

You step forward and declare, 'We are at peace with the other nations of the Old World. Relations are good, trade is mutually beneficial, we learn much from one another. There is no place for such primitive ideas. In war nobody wins, but *you* don't care about the bloodshed as long as *your* malice is satisfied.'

The Ranter's surprise at being challenged turns to disgust. 'So . . . a Brice-lover, eh? Or maybe you're one of them. We don't need foreigners coming into our cities telling us how to live our lives, do we, boys?'

You notice four thugs standing near you. Though dressed in rags, they are clearly agitators. They draw

their swords and come at you. Simultaneously, their leader spurs the crowd into a frenzy of hatred, and a huge brawl breaks out. Because of the crowded conditions, the agitators have to fight you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First AGITATOR	7	4
Second AGITATOR	8	7
Third AGITATOR	6	6
Fourth AGITATOR	5	5

If you defeat them all, turn to 370.

206

Trying not to think about the possible consequences, you sprint towards the gaping cavemouth – and run slap bang into the hulking body of a Mountain Ogre!

MOUNTAIN OGRE SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you win, you see that the cave is in fact the entrance to a pitch-black tunnel which leads deep into the mountains. You really do need a lantern to go any further. If you enter the tunnel with a lantern, cross one skin of oil off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 240. If you are foolish enough to enter the tunnel without a lantern, turn to 369. If you would rather go back outside and take your chances with the Orcs, turn to 35.

207

Shaking off Ennian's mob, you come to the ten-metre-high wall. If you have a rope and grapple, you may use it to scale the wall (turn to 300). Once on the other side, you will be able to tug the rope free quite easily. If

you do not have a rope, you will have to head for the South Gate after all (turn to **184**).

208

The night passes with unbearable slowness and, thanks to your jailer's grog-drenched snores, you don't get a minute's sleep. At dawn, four city guards strip you of all your belongings, then escort you to a large, metal-walled wagon. Along with an assortment of rogues, you are then driven to the city dungeon In this labyrinth of dank and murky chambers you are chained to a stone post and left to brood among a multitude of miserable forgotten souls. You fear that you will never see the light of day again Even if you do, it will be far too late for you to help the people of Karnstein.

209

No one in any of the inns or taverns you call at knows anything about this 'man of numbers' However, in the last place you enter, you may buy any number of Provisions at a cost of 2 Gold Pieces per meal Where will you ask about the 'man of numbers' next: in the stores (turn to **391**) or the square (turn to **27**)?

210

Roll four dice and add up the numbers rolled. If the total is equal to or less than your current STAMINA score, turn to **29**. If the total is higher than your current STAMINA score, turn to **385**.

211

No sooner do you pick the object up when its sides flick open: vicious blades, piercing spikes and slicing razors spring out in all directions. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you drop the sphere before it can injure you. If you are Unlucky, roll one die to see how many of the device's deadly projections injure you. For each injury sustained, roll another die and lose that many STAMINA points.

If you are still alive, you may go either down the manhole (turn to **375**) or along the street (turn to **22**).

212

All the buildings of Cumbleside are in a poor state, their human occupants long gone, driven away by the encroaching evil of the mountains. You can't help but shiver as you walk through the dark, neglected streets. And your imagination seems to be playing tricks on you, because you keep seeing things. One minute it's a pair of mysterious eyes, the next it's a fleeting shadow. If the creatures were real, they would have no reason not to attack you. Unless they were waiting for something –

'Aiiiieeeeeeee!!!' A Shadow Warrior springs out of the shadows in front of you. Will you stand and fight (turn

to 311) or run back to the possible safety of the tower (turn to 141)?

213

Looking over the front line, you can see that six Haggwort are bringing up the rear with some sort of living device; it looks like a twitching, black tree-trunk – possibly a battering ram You turn to ask Wulf if he knows what the thing is – and see to your horror that he is on the brink of death. The Haggwort are concentrating all their efforts against him, and he cannot bring his heavy longsword to bear in time to fend off their many blows Mindful of the looming Haggwort device, will you:

Use this opportunity to flee?	Turn to 25
Go in search of the witch?	Turn to 142
Try to save your friend's life?	Turn to 285

214

You say to the clown, 'Although I don't have much experience as a performer, I'm willing to learn I'll have a go at anything once.'

The clown beams, her eyes displaying malicious glee 'Will you, indeed?' Then she breaks off, and everyone gathers around while she goes to fetch some props

She places the head of a pantomime horse over your head; you can hardly see a thing through the holes cut in it. Then she puts three juggling balls in your hand and tells you to juggle with them You have only just started when she grabs hold of you and starts spinning

you around. As she does so, someone kicks you in the legs. Despite this obvious attempt to humiliate you, you must not drop a single ball. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **77**. If you fail, turn to **67**.

215

Your mind races as you study the dead man's map. With a degree of common sense, you should be able to work out where Voivod is right now. Once you have done so, you will have to convert the place-name into numbers. If you know how to do this, get started straight away. When you think you have found the number, turn to it. If the entry you turn to does not make sense, you have chosen wrongly. If the entry does make sense, carry on with the adventure. Because Voivod is still making his initial preparations, you will have time to visit two places. If the first place you turn to happens to be the right one, you reach Voivod *early* (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*). If neither of the entries you turn to makes sense, or if you just don't know how to find Voivod in the first place, turn to **229**.

216

For a moment all is quiet, but the lull proves deceptive. By chance a guard catches sight of you and raises the alarm once more. After yet another sprint, you unwittingly enter a cul-de-sac. Ahead of you, bordered by a low wall, are the green and pleasant grounds of a small temple. To your left is the entrance to a narrow alleyway; this dingy path, lined on either side by lofty walls, heads in the general direction of the city's East Gate.

Will you enter the temple grounds (turn to **164**) or the pathway (turn to **196**)?

217

The murky, cramped corridor twists and turns for quite some way, before ending at a stout dungeon door. From behind this heavy portal comes the sound of hissing! If you wish to open the door, turn to **368**. If not, you must return to the junction and go either to the left, out of the caves (turn to **80**), to the right (turn to **139**), or straight on (turn to **296**).

218

Seeing you start to run, the shaman hurries forward and rips the pack from your back. She opens it and scatters your belongings all over the ground. You rush angrily towards her, but she flees. You won't have time to chase her, nor will you have time to recover all your things before your escape attempt is thwarted. You may recover any five items (in addition to any armour you are already wearing). All your Provisions count as one item, as do all your Gold Pieces. Once you have chosen which five things you want to keep, cross all the others off your *Adventure Sheet*. Worried that you may not escape, you waste no more time and start running. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **350**, but if you are Unlucky, turn to **119**.

219

Hands flying in all directions, Zekareh, the beggar-prophet, proclaims the Doom of Titan: 'Woe is me, the end of the world is nigh. The very earth itself is dying,

poisoned by the buried canker within, whose release is nigh. For when the five free the one, the very air itself shall vent decay and the dead shall walk. Only the Spear and the defender of the meek can save us.'

You find all these profound ramblings a little confusing and repetitive, so you move on. As you go, Zekareh's eye stares at you. If you have not already done so, will you now approach the young woman (turn to **289**) or the man in black (turn to **137**)?

220

'My, my. Such a fine garment. It should make my job all the easier,' laughs the robber as he snatches the cloak from you. He puts it on and becomes all but invisible in the shady clearing. You curse your own stupidity, as his voice starts to come at you from all directions: 'Begone, you miserable coward, before I lose my patience!' Try as you may, you cannot see your evil opponent, so you hurry out of the glade, away from the Wizard's Well and the highwayman's taunting. If you wish to continue northwards in search of the 'dead' hermit, turn to **349**. If you feel that you have wasted too much time already and would be better off heading back south, turn to **44**.

221

The Haggwort are blocking the stairway, so you will have to leap through the open window. A thirty-metre drop awaits you on the other side, but it is either that or certain death. If you are having second thoughts and would rather risk combat, turn to **305**. Otherwise, *Test your Luck* and *Test your Skill*. If you fail *either* test, you plummet to your death. If you pass *both* tests, however, you miraculously survive, with only a loss of 2 STAMINA points.

Rushing through the town, you see that the Haggwort are laying it to waste and butchering those of its inhabitants who have not already fled. You too escape along the road leading south. Turn to **25**.

222

'What! I? A cheat? How dare you!' Despite the pain caused by your tight grip on his puny wrist, Bartolph is still able to put on a show of offended outrage that seems a little too well practised. As far as the onlookers can tell, you lost fair and square. When you pick up the die and roll 1 seven times in a row, however, they make it quite clear that they like cheats even less than they like bad losers. They grab Bartolph and prepare to drag him into the back yard. Before the rogue disappears altogether, you search him for any gold which you have already lost to him; in addition you take 6 Gold Pieces belonging to him. Satisfied that justice is about to be done, you close your ears to Bartolph's whining and leave the tavern, taking his die with you. Add the Gold Pieces and the Loaded Die to your *Adventure Sheet*, and turn to **30**.

223

As the defeated Shadow Warrior falls, groaning in an untidy heap, you reach forward and snatch its weird mask away from its face. The Warrior's scream slices

through the air; its body dissolves in a whirlwind of crimson energy, which spins and spins until it burns out and simply fades away. Though not destroyed, the Shadow Warrior will not be seen again for a hundred years. Note on your *Adventure Sheet* which Warrior you have just banished; you will not have to face this Warrior again. If you are told that you will have to, ignore the instructions – you face nothing. If in future you roll this Warrior when you roll to see which of the five you must face, roll again until you get a different one. Now continue your adventure.

224

Smegg leads you away from the bright chamber and takes you down many a cramped and winding passageway. A short while later, you come to a small cave with a hole in the floor. 'Smeggies pit,' declares Smegg as he takes the stout rope from his shoulder. He ties a loop round his waist and then offers you the other end. 'Put rope round you. Smegg lower you down. Tunnel at bottom. Goes under Elfies.' If you want to continue along 'Smeggies route', turn to **313**. If, however, the thought of climbing down a shaft at Smegg's mercy gives you second thoughts, turn to **50**.

225

You have just entered one of Royal Lendle's major tourist attractions, Masonic Square. Filled with traders' and merchants' stalls, the major feature of its buildings is their fine stonework and the statues depicting the life of Orjan the Builder. Some say that the measurements, angles and proportions of the square hold some deep

mystical significance. You, however, are more concerned with the number of city guards watching all the exits leading from it. At the moment they are not looking for you, but they soon will be, once those guards dogging your footsteps arrive. You need a diversion. If chaos were to reign – however briefly – over the hundreds of people crammed into the square, you would have no trouble slipping away. There is only one thing that could possibly cause such an uproar: gold. If you have any Gold Pieces, decide how many you wish to throw, then deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*. Then roll one die. If the number rolled is higher than the number of Gold Pieces you have thrown, turn to **389**; if the number rolled is equal to or lower than the number of Gold Pieces you have thrown, turn to **57**. If you don't have any Gold, or choose not to waste any, you must surrender to the guards (turn to **199**).

226

Obeying your finely honed instincts, you drop to the ground and roll forward just as a cloud of knock-out gas floats through the air to where you were standing. Made wary by this trap, you leave the place and make your way around more stealthily: walking on rooftops, sneaking through backyards, never once entering a place by obvious means. In doing so, you come to learn that the whole town is just one big maze of traps. It is a miracle that you have got this far without further mishap. You decide not to push your luck too far and make your way out of town. If you want to head south, turn to **75**. If you would rather skirt back round the

town and investigate the tower you saw earlier, turn to 141.

227

With only a brief interval for some much-needed sleep (restore 2 STAMINA points), you continue westwards until you come to the Burning Balrog Inn. The place is empty but for the landlord and three Femphrey warriors, veterans of the War of the Four Kingdoms. Judging by the noise they are making, the veterans have already had too much to drink. And if this isn't bad enough, they are sitting with a Man-Orc assassin who, seeing you, shouts, 'I fawt I cud smell sumfink It's a Gallantreean.'

One of the veterans drawls, 'Pah, lezz kick the backstabbin' worm outta here.'

The oldest of the veterans stares at you intently, then growls, 'It *is* you! We fought in the Battle of Mallagash, and you gave me this!' He lifts up his left arm; in place of his hand is a metal hook. Now you remember: he was a sergeant-at-arms who would have killed you, but for the severe wound you inflicted on him. Stirred by the troublesome Man-Orc, the veterans are growing angrier by the second. Will you ignore them and go to the bar (turn to 3), ask the veterans why they are with a Man-Orc (turn to 287), or attack the assassin, before he goads the veterans on to violence (turn to 265)?

228

Not a single one of the circus folk hears or sees you as you imitate a desert lizard and wriggle towards them.

Predictably, it is the clown who is doing most of the talking. '. . . as before, but not as sloppily as at Gornt. This time, we'll control the intake by keeping the circus out of town. Though Gornt will ultimately be a success, it was messy. The operation must be carried out with greater stealth, so that we can attain the monthly target figure through careful management rather than by hurried processing.'

You're not at all sure what this all means, and you don't receive any enlightenment when the conversation moves on to normal circus business. You sneak away to reconsider your options. Return to **255** and choose an option you have not selected already.

229

Your journey has taken too long. Perhaps you failed to take the threat of Voivod seriously enough, but the Warlord is no paltry dictator. He has already raised an army, ten thousand strong, of shambling Undead and, through his Shadow Warrior lieutenants, is masterminding an invasion of the living world. The ground writhes

beneath your feet as the Earth-mother and the Horned God realize that all is lost.

230

If you have a Fire-cracker, turn to **317**. If you have a skin of oil (the lantern is not needed), turn to **170**. (If you have both, you may choose either.) If you have neither, you will have to flee: turn to **356**.

231

The further you go into the town, the more you see of its madness. Brother fighting brother, the town militia divided, houses being burned down and worse besides. Yet while half of the people seem frightened, the others seem relaxed; they smile while they fight and try to persuade their more worried opponents that they are being foolish. You decide it would be best to remain unseen, so you move about using whatever cover is available. It is while you are tiptoeing between buildings that a hand clamps over your mouth and an arm pulls you back into an alley. A woman's voice whispers, 'Hush, be still!' If you do as the woman commands, turn to **158**. If you strike out at her, turn to **129**

232

Descending a long, wide staircase, you come to a crossroads. A strange fire burns you (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). Will you go:

North?	Turn to **169**
South?	Turn to **187**
East?	Turn to **122**
West?	Turn to **144**

233

Quinsberry Woad sneers vindictively as his men strip you of practically all your belongings. 'Someone with your particular talents should have no trouble in recouping his losses. Failing gainful employment, you can always fall back on robbing old women.' He allows himself a petty chuckle before leading his men away with your things. 'Don't forget,' he calls, 'seven days!'

This is a most annoying and unfortunate start to your adventure. You can only hope that you will not let the people of Karnstein down any further. With nothing else to do, you make your way out of the city. Cross off everything except your weapon from your *Adventure Sheet*, and turn to 145.

234

You try to throw yourself aside, but too late! The moment your foot touches the disc, there is an implosion of Darklight.

A moment later, when you regain consciousness, you feel nauseous but seem to be still in one piece (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). However, the mystic snare has made some of your equipment disappear! Erase any *two* items of equipment from your *Adventure Sheet*. You may choose which items to cross off, but all your Provisions count as one item, as do all your Gold Pieces.

You no longer feel that crossing the moors is a good idea: there are too many dangers. If you want to head for the town, turn to 367. If you would rather go and investigate the strange tower, turn to 142.

235

Casting your doubts aside, you tuck into the meal – and soon succumb to the sleeping draught which has been sprinkled all over your food. Turn to 186.

236

'What?' he gasps. 'Cleanliness? In Lendle? There's no such thing.' He swiftly pulls back a curtain, separating the parlour from his living quarters, and calls, 'Bransell!' In response, his pet appears: a ferocious wolf-sized rat! Before you know it, the rodent is upon you, its grasping talons clawing at your skin.

BRANSELL SKILL 6 STAMINA 9

If you win, as you leave the parlour you grab 4 Gold Pieces from Roggmondo's till and leave the tattooist to weep over the carcass of his fallen guard-rat. Out in the street, you see a large crowd seething ahead of you, and an angry guard patrol behind. Turn to **118**.

237

You step up to the statue and pour the precious drops between its petrified lips. In moments, the old scholar is flesh again. 'It cannot be . . . but it is!' he quavers. Then he pushes past you and makes his way out of the cave. His fear of being caught again is stronger than his gratitude. But his shouts have already drawn unwanted

attention. Something is moving in the shadows behind the six remaining statues. If you have a mirror, turn to **322**. If you haven't, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **21**; but if you are Unlucky, turn to **34**.

238

To your amazement, you land squarely on the horse's back. However, the impact proves to be quite painful (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Up on the roof, the city guards watch dumbfounded as you urge the horse out of the alley and away. You stop for nothing, speeding through crowded squares and alleyways towards the city's North Gate. There, you dismount and send the horse home with a good slap. You cannot resist a quiet chuckle as you walk past the gate wardens who, ignorant of your misdemeanours, merely stand by as you exit the city. Turn to **145**.

239

You unhook the lanterns and spill oil on the seats, over the canvas, down the ropes, everywhere. Then you fling the flaming lanterns on to the ground and soon the whole tent is aflame. You hurry outside and almost run into the circus folk, standing before you, Mandrakes hissing their hatred. For a moment you think you are done for, but no. The Mandrakes merely stand their ground. Then you notice the nervous look on the clown's face. Her eyes glance over your shoulder, looking behind you at the tent, at the fire. That's it – the Mandrakes' one weakness must be fire! Will you use this special knowledge to attack the Mandrakes (turn to **17**) or use the fire as a diversion and flee (turn to **104**)?

240

You follow endless kilometres of underground passages, your internal sense of direction ensuring that you are always heading roughly southwards. The corridor you are currently following seems to end in a room with phosphorescent walls. Facing you, at the far end of this room, is an open arch, beyond which is a descending staircase. A strange-shaped metal plate hangs over the archway You are still approaching the room when you see something stir in the darkness on the very threshold of the chamber. In a high voice, the silhouette calls out, 'Halt! Me Smegg, Guardian of the Gate.' As you draw closer to the figure, you see that it is a small humanoid, clad in the skin of his latest conquest – a giant spider! Suppressing your revulsion, will you do as Smegg commands and stay where you are (turn to 95), or do you attack him (turn to 50)?

241

Years of separation have made your partnership with your old friend a little rusty; you move too slowly to dodge the deadly sharp machete which sinks into your shoulder (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). If you are still alive, you straighten up as Villgran pulls the weapon out and throws it aside Thanking the old man, you turn to see Wulf kill the very Haggwort who just threw the machete at you. Will you:

Rush over to the barricade?	Turn to 298
Go to confront the witch?	Turn to 142
Flee from Hustings before worse befalls you?	Turn to 25

242

It is difficult, but not impossible, to defend yourself from the monster while unbuckling the straps which bind you to the table. However, you must subtract 1 point from your Attack Strength for the first five rounds of combat – the time it takes you to free yourself. Kauderwelsch stands back, cackling insanely.

KAUDERWELSCH MONSTER
SKILL 8 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **87**.

243

Your hasty search turns up 1 Gold Piece on the corpse of one of the thugs – the measly sum Bartolph paid them to kill you! You may take this coin in the brief second that passes before the guards appear and throw a weighted net at you. You will have to leap aside before you are snared like a cornered rat. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, you dodge the net and may run up the street (turn to **360**) or further down the alley (turn to **262**). If you fail, you are entangled and captured (turn to **199**).

244

While Bonesquagg Grogmaker's not looking, you take a vial of the potent draught and pour it into the bubbling cauldron of cockroach and rat-droppings stew! Knowing humans' fussy tastes, none of the Orcs is suspicious when you politely decline a bowl of the stuff; and it only takes ten minutes for the draught to do its work. Soon the whole area echoes to the rumble

of Orcish snoring. Restore 1 point of LUCK for your clever planning. Rummaging through the Orcs' belongings, you find a sword and two (barely edible) meals of Provisions, which you may take. Then you flee along a rugged mountain track. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **350**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **119**.

245

This Shadow Warrior carries a number of deadly throwing stars which are cast in a magical substance called Cruel-metal. Any wounds caused by the metal keep growing – tearing and splitting the body until the victim suffers a slow and painful death. At the start of your battle, the Warrior will have time to spin one such missile in your direction. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, you dodge the star and begin combat as normal; but if you fail, the star embeds itself deep within your body, and you die in seconds.

Fifth SHADOW WARRIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you defeat the Warrior, turn to **335**.

246

Roll one die: the number you roll tells you the number of attempts you may make to cut the ropes before the Dark Elves will reach you. You must roll 9 or above with two dice, in order to succeed. If you don't have a weapon, you must subtract 1 from your rolls. If you succeed in cutting the ropes inside the allotted number of tries, turn to **261**. If you don't manage it, turn to **309**.

247

A few hours pass; you find yourself in a wide, open field when the overcast sky breaks to the sound of thunder and is torn apart by jagged lightning. Soon you are drenched in torrents of rain. In the near distance, to your right, is a copse which may offer some shelter. Straight ahead are more open fields. You are just wondering which would be the best route to follow when the earth starts to shake. The wet grass ahead of you bulges upwards, forming a mound – and the side of the mound contorts into a face! An impossibly wide mouth opens and howls with deafening force. The very earth is screaming, and its cries are accompanied by the most violent quake yet. You will have to try very hard not to lose your footing as you run across the slippery grass. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **88**. If you fail, turn to **378**.

248

Leaving the casket where it lies, you are about to depart when you hear the sound of horses' hoofs. Could it be? Your heart pounds as you move over to the door. It is!

The Shadow Warriors are storming across the fields. Will you stay inside the cave in the hope that they'll ride past (turn to **111**), or make a run for it, lest they trap you here (turn to **37**)?

249

You stand little chance of beating your omnipotent foe – but you must do your best, for the sake of the world. Each time you lose an Attack Round of combat, any STAMINA points you lose must be *added* to Voivod's current total – he thrives on your death!

VOIVOD	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **303**.

250

Using almost all your remaining reserves of energy, you dive to one side, just as the Slygore drops down on the stone where, moments earlier, you lay. Pressed hard against the curved sewer-wall and a mere metre away from the creature, you ignore the pain and stagger to your feet. But your fading vision is filled with images of the Slygore rising. You must flee. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **180**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **365**.

251

'Very persuasive,' you say mockingly, 'but your new regime will be one of death. Take a look at yourself. By your own admission, you should be mere ashes in a grave – but no: the earth has spat you out. And although you cling desperately to this "life", it torments you. Your body is stretched beyond its limits. Your Wamphyri existence is a mockery of life.'

With each passing word, Urtha grows more and more enraged until – 'Enough!' she cries. 'I will show you what it is to be immortal. Name your challenge.' Will you:

Put her to the stake? Turn to **201**
Tell her to free the Haggwort? Turn to **331**
Have her submit to the time-honoured method of destroying Undead: decapitation? Turn to **161**

252

Ennian fights like a crazed animal, and his blood, which is green, is enough to distract you from the business in hand. But you must finish the Burgomeister before his reinforcements arrive.

ENNIAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you defeat him in five rounds or fewer, turn to **84**. But if Ennian is alive after five Attack Rounds, turn to **107**.

253

Descending a long, wide staircase, you come to a crossroads. Will you go:

North? Turn to **266**
South? Turn to **291**
East? Turn to **232**
West? Turn to **144**

254

You have chosen wrongly. A mystic force shoots painfully up your arm and stuns you (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA) The force also alerts those who dwell within the temple Three sickle-wielding Geomancers arrive and drag you into the temple's anteroom, beyond which no outsider may go They hold you there until their master, the Arch-druid, appears. Like them, he is clad in robes of shimmering white, but is more aged and splendid. He declares through his massive silver beard, 'Though your coming has been foretold, you have trespassed on forbidden lawns. You must accept the Challenge of the wise Earth-mother. The reward is freedom, the penalty is death ' Before you know it, the three Geomancers force you to your knees and interlock their sickle blades to form a razor-sharp triangle around your neck. The aged master continues, 'I call up the Challenge of the Earth-mother. On your head be understanding. Equal length between, yet unequal in length. What are we, the equinox or the solstice?' If you think the answer to his conundrum is 'the equinox', turn to 380; if you think the correct answer is 'the solstice', turn to 332

255

As all the performers are tied up at the campfire meeting, now seems like a good time to investigate the circus. Will you:

Search the clown's wagon?	Turn to **333**
Search the big top?	Turn to **179**
Search the Hall of Dreams wagon?	Turn to **387**
Try and hear what's being said around the campfire?	Turn to **302**
Rush all nine of them in a surprise attack?	Turn to **45**

256

Realizing that there is nothing to be gained by lying, you come clean and tell the Orcs something of your mission. 'Hah! See!' spits Uggamonggo at his shaman. 'Spy, my gut! It's a mercenree, a good solid fighter like wot we are. Free the mercenree!' The Orcs release you, while the shaman hobbles off in disgrace, having lost another round in the continuing power struggle with her own leader. Uggamonggo suddenly takes 5 Gold Pieces out of a pouch hanging at his waist and gives them to you. 'We cud do wiv someone like yoo in our battle. This iz yer payment, mercenree.' You are just putting the gold away – as refusing the offer would mean certain death – when a volley of arrow-fire comes flying through the air. Uggamonggo shouts, 'It's a surprise attack!' Indeed, you see the Orcs of the Big Boulder charging the encampment. Will you use the confusion to try and slip away (turn to **218**), or honour your – albeit forced – contract and stand your ground alongside Uggamonggo (turn to **42**)?

257

Only the foolhardy peer into an Orb of Mind-snaring. You have lost your will to the crystal, where it will stay until Hegmar returns to free it . . . Unfortunately the magician is dead, so you will be lost in this limbo for all eternity.

258

The door refuses to open, but your rattling of the handle has alerted someone on the other side. The hissing noise stops abruptly and a weary, aged voice calls out, 'Who's there? If you've come to torment me again, begone. Is it not enough to keep me locked up all these years? If you really mean to free me, find the Copper Key. And a word of advice: go wherever you think she is.' You raise your voice, trying to press the inmate for more information, but your questions are met with silence. There's nothing left for you to do but go back to the junction. There, will you now go straight on (turn to **296**), to the right (turn to **139**), or to the left, out of the caves, (turn to **80**)?

259

This Shadow Warrior is a master swordsman, wielding with consummate ease a pair of razor-edged broadswords, one in each hand. Each time you lose an Attack Round against this foe, you must deduct 4 points from your STAMINA instead of the usual 2. Armour or *Testing your Luck* may not be used to reduce this damage.

Third SHADOW WARRIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you defeat the Warrior, turn to **335**.

260

The Chameleon Cloak works like a dream: the Haggwort does not see you as you slip past it and press on along the road. Further on, you remove the cloak and study your surroundings. The moors look too dangerous, so you decide to keep to the road. Will you now go to the town (turn to **367**) or towards the strange tower (turn to **142**)?

261

There is a loud twanging sound as the ropes snap. The bridge swings down into the chasm, and the Dark Elves fall, screaming, to their doom. Your joy fades, however, when you hear more cultists arriving, on *your* side of the chasm! Quickly, will you go to the left (turn to **32**) or to the right (turn to **278**)?

262

After a few promising turns, the alley comes to a dead end. The only way out is back towards the street; but even now you can see a city guard coming towards you from that direction. You are bracing yourself for combat when you hear a metallic clang; you have stepped on a manhole cover. Will you lift the cover and descend into the city sewers (turn to **375**), or stand your ground and face the solitary city guard (turn to **46**)?

263

Your heroic action stops the tolling of the Iron Bell – the dead shall not walk just yet. But as long as Voivod exists, the evils will continue to multiply; it is the task of such objects as the Iron Bell to summon and guide these evils; turn to **73**.

264

You have chosen correctly: the moon reflects the light of the sun and it obscures the sun in an eclipse; the sun cannot eclipse the moon and its light is its own. As the gates open before you, however, you cannot help but sense that you have lost something in your success. Hurriedly you make your way round to the back of the temple and soon you come to another gate, leading out of the grounds. You open it and enter a narrow street. Will you now go to the left (turn to **301**) or to the right (turn to **118**)?

265

You have had enough of the Orc's insults, and you decide to teach him a lesson – but all the veterans get up and stand in your way; even the landlord hovering in the background, ready to hit you from behind. The assassin just laughs, 'Typicull Gallantree scum.' Will you press on with your attack (turn to **132**), back down and ask the men why they're spending their time with such a foul creature (turn to **287**), or turn your back on them and buy yourself a drink (turn to **3**)?

266

An eldritch fire courses through your veins and destroys you in a blaze of agony . . . or so it seems, for your body lies sleeping at the foot of the wide staircase. You came down the steps just the once, before being put to sleep by the *true* Guardian of the Gate. Your repeated

descent, since then, has all been part of a never-ending nightmare from which you shall never escape.

267

Though you are fit to drop with tiredness, you persist in your journey southwards It is mid-afternoon when you first spy an oddly shaped hill to the east. As you look at the hill, you start to feel dizzy If you have a Green Leaf Brooch, turn to **90**. If you do not, turn to **399**

268

Just as you thought – there is more Mandrake magic at work here! Looking into the mirror, you can see that the tent is plastered with bizarre messages, which all add up to some form of mind control! Though your eyes don't see the words, your mind does – and the clash is what is causing your headache This is magic at its most loathsome! If you want to, you may use the lanterns hanging on the main pole to set fire to the tent and all its evil messages (turn to **239**). Otherwise, there is nothing more you can do here; return to **255** and choose an option you have not picked before.

269

'So, yoo don't wanna tell uzz, eh?' Uggamonggo nods and the grinning Orc torturer turns the handle of the stretch rack The frame extends, pulling on your bones, and rows of little spikes dig into your flesh (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Uggamonggo shouts, 'Now, are yoo gonna talk (turn to **198**), or am I gonna have ta keep dis up (turn to **146**)?'

270

The tattooist's expression betrays a mixture of puzzlement and vexation. 'Well, what are you doing in here, then?' he asks angrily Will you tell him that you are hiding from Woad's men (turn to 396) or that you are a city hygiene inspector who has come to check on the cleanliness of his tattoo parlour (turn to 236)?

271

The more closely you inspect the encampment, the more horrifying the situation becomes. Guignol told you that he was alone: he lied. Searching through the tents, you find the belongings of seven other people – his colleagues; and then you find their bodies, tossed into a hastily dug trench. Guignol must have murdered each and every one of them. Surely, this could not have been the result of an academic dispute, however heated! If you wish, you may take a sword that you find in one of the tents. Then roll four dice and add together the numbers rolled. If the total is equal to or lower than your current STAMINA score, you may either leave the dig (turn to 282) or try to destroy the skeleton (turn to 294) But if the total is higher than your current STAMINA score, turn to 385.

272

You have wasted much precious time in Royal Lendle, but the South Gate is in sight at last It is a massive, counterbalanced, two-door structure made of heavily reinforced steel, and is set in the awesome city wall which is so thick as to have tunnels and defensive posts built into it. There is not much traffic passing through

the exit and the gate wardens there are concerned with searching a trader's caravan, so no one notices when you are pulled into a derelict shack by a figure, clad head to foot in black robes. Though he is veiled, you recognize the swarthy face of a Man-Orc. He wields an evil-looking blade with manic ferocity, and hisses with hatred: 'Die, fool. Neither you nor your peasant friends shall reach Karnstein alive. My masters' will be done!' Then he is upon you

MAN-ORC ASSASSIN SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win without losing any STAMINA points, turn to 40; if you win but *have* been wounded, turn to 4.

273

The corridor is narrow and dark, so dark that it is only luck that stops you from putting a foot out over a bottomless chasm. The chasm is too wide to jump across. If you have a rope and grapple, turn to 355. If you haven't, turn to 202

274

The struggle over, you search the body of your fallen adversary and find 2 Gold Pieces and Provisions enough for 1 meal. Now you have time either to drink from the Wizard's Well (turn to **58**), continue northwards in search of the 'dead' hermit (turn to **349**), or leave the area altogether and head back south (turn to **44**).

275

You bowl the glowing crystal along the ground so that it comes to a stop right in the middle of the Haggwort – but they have no minds of their own to lose! One of the Haggwort picks up the sphere and tosses it aside into the quicksand (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Now will you:

Attack the Haggwort in the hope of destroying their device?	Turn to **379**
Wait to see what their device does next?	Turn to **153**
Go and find the witch?	Turn to **142**
Leave the town while you still can?	Turn to **25**

276

You wet the petrified lips of the young scholar with the antidote, and in less than a minute he is moving again 'Thank the gods!' he cries. Then he looks nervously around the room and flees into the darkness fearing another meeting with the Gorgon. But his shouted exclamation has already drawn unwanted attention There's a scuffling in the shadows behind the six remaining statues If you have a mirror, turn to **322**; if not, *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **21**. But if you are Unlucky, turn to **34**.

277

Just as you pass through the door, a full chamber pot falls from above, narrowly missing you, and lands with a thud, spilling its stinking contents all over the carpet. You have entered a cosy little room, occupied by a nice old granny who has just risen to her feet and started to scream, 'Burglars! Thieves! Help, help!' The city guards will be only too quick to hear her cries. You may take one of two exits from the room: a closed door leading to the rear of the building (turn to **328**), or a narrow flight of stairs, which goes up to the first floor (turn to **292**).

278

Entering a dark passageway, you run round a corner, then along a seemingly interminable corridor At first you think that your eyes are playing tricks on you, but no. There *is* daylight at the end of the tunnel! However, a Dark Elf cultist stands guard.

DARK ELF CULTIST SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 316

279

One of the Warriors thrusts a sharp blade into your leg while carefully watching your reaction. Despite the agony caused by the wounding, you don't even bat an eyelid Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA It is with unbelievable relief that you see the Warriors turn and head back to the south, out of the pass Turn to 102

280

Gritting your teeth, you raise your weapon and let it fall You stumble backwards, clutching your wrist in agony. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from both your *Initial* SKILL score and your current SKILL score Tearing a strip of cloth from your tunic, you manage to stanch the wound Wait, what's that skittering sound? You look down on the floor and see your severed hand, moving on its fingertips, like a big spider! It tenses so that it can spring up at you You will have to fight it off.

POSSESSED HAND SKILL 5 STAMINA 2

If you win, you stagger out of the Hall of Dreams.

Return to 255 and choose an option you have not picked before.

281

You tug on the fine metal cord and hear a feeble tinkling sound within. A minute or so passes before the door opens. A young woman, holding a candle, silently ushers you in. Having barred the door behind you, she leads you up a long spiral staircase and into a cosy study. Plush furniture, bookcases and expensive ornaments are arranged round a comforting log fire. The lady asks you to sit down, then fetches you a goblet of fine wine and a tray of roasted meats and vegetables. If you are keen to tackle this hearty repast, turn to 235 If you would rather leave it until you know a little more about your host, turn to 99.

282

At last – Karnstein! Nestling beneath the mountains of the Witchtooth Line, the once pleasant village has been razed to the ground. Tears fill your eyes as you walk through streets that are littered with corpses. You must avenge the villagers, you must stop . . . Voivod! Have

the Shadow Warriors already found the ancient Warlord? Despairing, you fall to your knees and beg the people of Karnstein for forgiveness.

'Not too late,' gasps a voice A man, close to death, lies nearby 'Voivod . . . gone . . . to raise army . from the dead . . take thisssss . .' then he is dead A piece of paper flaps in his hand. You take it and see that it is a map of the local area. You must use it in some way to find Voivod – note this paragraph number on your *Adventure Sheet*, as you will have to refer to the map again later.

Now think back over your adventure. If you have *either* visited the Burning Balrog Tavern *or* searched for the Hermit, turn to **388**. If you have visited *both* these places, turn to **229**. If you have been to *neither*, or have been to either or both of them but have also travelled with the Circus of Dreams, or have been a captive of the Orcs of the Black Scorpion, turn to **215**.

283

The corridor opens out into a vast natural cavern, which is rent in half by a bottomless chasm A slender rope-bridge offers the only way across Your pursuers are more used to these caves than you are, and four of them have almost caught up with you If you have any Calthrops, you may throw a set down before you cross the bridge. If you do so, cross the Calthrops off your *Adventure Sheet* and roll one die The number rolled gives you the number of cultists you shake off. Those you manage to lose in this way should come from the

bottom of the list, below. You must fight any who continue the chase, one after the other.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CULTIST	7	7
Second CULTIST	8	5
Third CULTIST	6	6
Fourth CULTIST	9	7

If you win – or if you lose them all – turn to **343**.

284

Deciding to forgo any formalities, you rap the woman's hand. She yelps and lets go of her husband, who runs away, terrified. Perplexed, you ask the woman what's wrong. She answers by making claws of her hands and attacking you.

SMILING WOMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **376**.

285

Possessed by a sudden rage, you charge the Haggwort which are bent over Wulf's helpless form, and vent your fury. Haggwort head after Haggwort head explodes (restore 1 LUCK point for your bravery). Then the threat passes. Wulf clasps your forearm and forces a grim smile. 'Just like old times, eh?'

Beyond the barricade, the six Haggwort plunge their device into the earth, where it starts to emit a low hum . . . a hum which builds up into a deafening earthquake! The ground splits beneath your feet, the barricade falls apart, and bricks start to fall from nearby houses. The

townsfolk flee in a blind panic, the Haggwort close behind them. If things go on as they are, the whole town could be shaken apart. Will you:

Attack the six Haggwort so that you can disable their device?	Turn to **379**
Wait and see what happens?	Turn to **153**
Roll an Orb of Mind-snaring – if you have one – into the middle of the six?	Turn to **275**
Go and deal with the witch?	Turn to **142**
Flee Hustings altogether?	Turn to **25**

286

Suddenly, a grimy hand reaches out and yanks you into an alley. There, you find yourself standing face to face with Bartolph the gambler and two thugs, one of whom blocks your way back to the street. The gambler sports a number of fresh cuts and bruises, no doubt given to him by the patrons of the First Step. 'Care for more sport?' he sneers. You will have to fight all your assailants at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BARTOLPH	6	7
First THUG	7	6
Second THUG	5	7

If you win, you may either search the bodies of your enemies (turn to **243**), leave them, run out of the alley and up the street before any guards, drawn by the noise of the fight, arrive (turn to **360**), or rush further on down the alley, in the hope of finding a hiding place (turn to **262**).

287

Confused, you ask, 'What are three reputable warriors like yourselves doing, listening to a villainous Man-Orc assassin?'

Your question meets with instant outrage. The fighter in the wide-brimmed hat strides forward and shouts, 'Are you calling my mate an Orc? That's no way to address a Femphreyan monk.'

Monk? What is he on about? Either the veterans have been drugged, or the assassin is using some sort of magical disguise. The Man-Orc sniggers and says, 'Catch.' He lobs towards you the black sphere he's been tossing in his hand. If you catch the sphere, turn to 98. If you let it fall, turn to 326.

288

The leader, Uggamonggo, orders two of his men to seize you. They refuse. You groan, then watch as a scrap breaks out. Two cracked skulls later, the leader has reasserted his authority. He tells two more of his Orcs to seize you. There is a tense moment and a shared intake of breath . . . until the Orcs step forward, one of them sniggering wheezily. They strip you of both your armour and your weapon (if you have either, cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*), then tie you by the wrists and ankles to a pole, which they carry over their shoulders. Uggamonggo grunts, 'Right, we're off to bash the Orcs ov the Big Boulder ta prove who's the boss tribe in this place. Dunna fret, I'll keep yoo safe, 'cuz I wanna pick yer brain about pol-it-i-kul matterz.' Then the Orcs move out. They travel incredibly fast, stopping for nothing. Strange as it may seem, they are doing you a favour, taking you over the mountains in half the time it would have taken you alone. Sundown comes and the Orcs stop to make camp. Uggamonggo severs your bonds and offers you one of two chores: you can either clean their boots (turn to 93) or help make the evening meal (turn to 81).

289

Sadly, the well-dressed woman is the most abused of the day's ranters, and she has already added a few mouldy fruit to her personal jewellery. Nevertheless she labours on, and you discover that her cause is one that is quite close to your own heart. Nobody wants these meddling magicians who claim to be so important for the defence of the world. They are too powerful. They already possess enough force to destroy every living creature on Titan five times over. Does anybody ask *us* whether or not *we* want this kind of protection? *No!* It's only a matter of time before Titan is destroyed, either by war or by accident. Common people must unite to bring an end to this insanity. Abolish all High Magicks. Now!

Just then, a whooshing sound is heard in the air, and everyone looks up to see a vermilion fireball arcing down through the sky towards the woman. Since you yourself are near her, you may shield the woman by throwing yourself into the path of the fireball. Will you do this (turn to 341), or do you stand well back (turn to 6)?

290

You must fight the horrible Crombane all at the same time. Their mouths spit a mild acid which ruins armour. If you are wearing armour and are hit by a Crombane in an Attack Round, you must deduct 2 hits from the armour's total, instead of the normal 1. If you are not wearing any armour, the acid does not affect you

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CROMBANE	6	6
Second CROMBANE	7	6
Third CROMBANE	6	5
Fourth CROMBANE	5	7

If you win, you may either head for the copse (turn to 63), run directly to the south, towards Hustings (turn to 135), or go back northwestwards, to the safety of the road (turn to 160).

291

Descending a long, wide staircase, you come to a crossroads. Will you go:

North?	Turn to 169
South?	Turn to 114
East?	Turn to 304
West?	Turn to 266

292

The creaking wooden steps end in a low, musty bedroom, dimly lit by the light coming from a single window. There are no other doors leading out of the room, so you make for the window. After an easy climb, you find yourself standing on the flat roof of the

house, two storeys high, with a commanding view of the area. The streets are crawling with Quinsberry's lackeys. Any thoughts of escape by running from rooftop to rooftop are shattered when you see that all the neighbouring buildings are set at a distance from the one you are on. However, an alley runs down one side of the house, and in this alley stands an unattended horse. Behind you, a huffing and puffing guard has just managed to follow you up on to the roof. You will either have to fight this guard (turn to 392) or do something you've always dreamed of: jump down on to the horse's back and ride off into the distance (turn to 100).

293

Just inside the doorway stands a jack-in-the-box – only this 'jack' is a boxing glove on the end of a spring. You manage to duck just in time, and the glove punches a few splinters out of the door-frame. Stepping round the box, you search the wagon. Only two items seem worthy of further investigation. Which will you look at first: the safe (turn to 59) or a large book that is lying on the clown's desk (turn to 325)?

294

You cannot help but think that this monstrous-looking skeleton is in some way responsible for the macabre events which have overtaken the site. As you climb the flimsy wooden scaffold that has been erected over the thing, you feel instinctively drawn to its immense skull. You lift a pick-axe, ready to smash the cranium into tiny pieces Roll four dice and add the numbers together.

If the total of the four dice is equal to or less than your current STAMINA score, turn to 329. If the total is higher than your current STAMINA score, turn to 385.

295

The long and winding staircase brings you to the cult's innermost sanctum: the secret chamber where the cruel and misguided Dark Elves keep their 'god' a prisoner! Across the room is another staircase, leading upwards this time. But before this exit is a treasure mound, and on this mound lies something totally beyond the range of your experience. It looks like a cross between a cobra, a goat and a man, and it has six sword-wielding arms. Fortunately the creature is asleep at the moment, and it is bound to the wall by a strand of magic. You are sneaking across to the other staircase when you catch sight of a magic ring lying on the floor. You are about to pick it up when the creature's arms start waving their swords at you. The thing is waking up! If you have some manacles, you can use them to bind the creature while you either attack it or make good your escape. If you wish to bind two of its arms together, turn to 167. If you wish to bind its ankles together, turn to 337. But if you have no manacles, turn to 307.

296

The corridor you take looks fairly wide and promising, but it takes just one noise to bring you to a dead halt. From round the corner, just ahead of you, comes the hissing of a dozen snakes. If you wish to continue round this corner, turn to 352. Otherwise, you must go back to the junction and go either to the left (turn to

139), to the right, which will take you out of the caves (turn to 80), or straight ahead (turn to 217).

297

In the darkness you don't even see the dozens of hands that reach out and seize you. You are powerless to resist, as the cultists drag you to their sacrificial altar!

298

The conflict at the barricade is furious: though the townsfolk are fighting a losing battle, they make the Haggwort fight every step of the way. Seeing that the townsfolk don't seem to know of the Haggwort's weakness, you cry out, 'Strike for their heads!' Three Haggwort heads explode in quick succession.

'Tonight is their greatest assault yet,' gasps Wulf, who once more fights at your side.

Quick! A Haggwort has broken through the barricade and is coming for you.

HAGGWORT SKILL 9 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 213.

299

Taking Quinsberry aside for a moment, you suggest that it might be more beneficial for him, personally, if you can come to some sort of an agreement between you. Sure enough the dry-faced official proves to be amenable to your bribe. Making no attempt to quieten his voice, he declares, 'These are the terms: you give

me all the gold that you do have, together with any equipment – save for your weapon which, I appreciate, is the main tool of your trade. In exchange, I will give you another week, seven more days in which to find the money or make yourself scarce. Of course, if you opt for the latter action, I shall have no choice but to declare you an outlaw. These terms are not open to negotiation.' Will you accept this rough deal (turn to 233), decline and surrender to Gallantarian law (turn to 199), or turn and flee (turn to 338)?

300

Lungs almost bursting, you flee from the mad town – and are flung to the ground by a massive explosion! Gornt has become an inferno. Huge clouds of smoke billow up into the air, bringing with them the strong smell of explosive powder. Is this the work of the Mandrakes, or an act of brave suicide? Rubble lands all around you as you slowly get to your feet and a singed piece of paper floats gently down before you. It is a brightly coloured leaflet promoting the 'Circus of Dreams'. You look at the dates on the paper. The circus was due to be in Gornt for seven days, and was leaving this very morning! Throwing the hand-out aside, you take up the Main Trade Route once more.

Though weary, you walk through the night, and it is sunrise when you come to a fork in the road. Will you stay on the Main Trade Route (turn to 267) or head south-west (turn to 227)?

301

Royal Lendle's East Gate towers before you. Two enormous, counterbalanced doors, constructed from heavily reinforced steel, are set into an awesome city wall which is so thick that it has defensive posts and tunnels built into it. You are shocked to discover Quinsberry Woad, waiting there for you with five of his men If you either have a Scroll of Civic Pardon or are hiding in a rubbish cart, you may pass through the gate unhindered (turn to **145**). Otherwise, you will have to try and rush through; this will be made easier if you can create a diversion.

Test your Luck, subtracting 1 from the roll for each set of Fire-crackers which you choose to throw (always assuming you have any), to distract the guards (don't forget to cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*). If you are Lucky, your bid for freedom succeeds (turn to **145**). If you are Unlucky, you are captured by the guards (turn to **208**).

302

Though it is dark, the campfire is bright – and the circus performers are sitting in a circle, which means that at least one of them may catch sight of you, whichever way you approach. But approach you must, for they are speaking in whispers. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **228**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **315**.

303

Guided by a misplaced and hopeless sense of valour,

you defy the odds and beat the armoured Warlord into the ground. But Voivod is death, and death cannot be killed. Frantic and panic-stricken, you look up to see the shambling Undead marching towards you, their weapons raised in an ever-tightening noose of death. At journey's end comes horror. True horror. You look all about you and scream!

304

Descending a long, wide staircase, you come to a crossroads. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **172**
South?	Turn to **187**
East?	Turn to **266**
West?	Turn to **144**

305

Urtha laughs at your feeble efforts: 'A predictably mortal thing to do.' Then she commands the Haggwort to restrain you. 'We'll have no more of your pathetic tricks,' she snarls. The Haggwort hold you in a grip of iron and the Wamphyr drifts towards you. A thunderclap booms as Urtha bares her rotted fangs. When next you rise from the chair, it will be as a vampiric servant of Urtha, Wamphyri Queen of the Twilight Realm.

306

Beneath the scrutiny of five sets of undying eyes, you try not to prevent even a muscle twitching. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **279**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **346**.

307

The creature blinks once, twice, then it is upon you. Its mighty hoofs shake the very stone beneath your feet as it powers towards you. Each Attack Round, all six of its arms attack you at the same time (each with a SKILL score of 8), but you may strike back against only one of them, as if fighting six separate opponents. If you win against any of its other arms, your blows have no effect, serving only as parries. You will be fortunate to survive this encounter with one of the ancient Kalundai.

KALUNDAI	SKILL 8	STAMINA 20

If you win, turn to **320**.

308

Though your footsteps echo between the cavern walls, the atmosphere of the place hangs heavy, with an eerie silence. Ahead, the corridor opens out into a large and decorous chamber in which stand seven statues; you recognize them as the victims of a Gorgon's stare Right in front of you, a vial of antidote rests on a stone column Unfortunately, there is enough antidote to restore only one of the victims. You look at the statues; all of them deserve freedom, but not all of them can help *you*. And, right now, it isn't a sword arm you need, it's knowledge – a precious commodity these days You narrow your choice down to two scholarly-looking figures. Look at the picture opposite and make your choice. Will you give the antidote to the old man (turn to **237**) or to the young man (turn to **276**)?

309

Your efforts come to nothing, for, though the rope is damaged, it is strong enough to hold up the bridge One of the cultists attacks you with a sacrificial dagger, while others ready their bows. You must defeat your foe before it is too late

DARK ELF CULTIST SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, you may either return to cutting the ropes (turn to **261**) or leave them alone and flee (turn to 327)?

310

Making your appeal to the veterans, you say, 'For pity's sake, my friends, our nations are at peace I mean you no ill-will. But what of your friend? Are his hateful insults the words of a true monk?' You point at the Orc. 'Tell me, Orc, which gods do you worship?'

In reply, the Orc merely belches and grunts, 'None o' yer bizness, yer fat barrel of hogswill!' And that's all it takes to convince the veterans that you are wrong There has to be magic at work here, there has to . . . Hanging round the Orc's neck is an amulet covered in runes; this is what is responsible for both the Orc's

disguise and his persuasive abilities. If you have a vial of Sleeping Draught, turn to **195**. If you do not, you will have to try and snatch the amulet from round his neck. *Test your Skill* If you succeed, turn to **120**; but if you fail, turn to **132**

311

Roll one die to see which of the Shadow Warriors has ambushed you. When, after defeating the Warrior, you are told to continue your adventure, you may return to the tower (turn to **141**), search further in the town (turn to **340**) or take the southbound road out of Cumbleside (turn to **75**). If you roll:

1	Turn to **8**
2	Turn to **394**
3	Turn to **259**
4	Turn to **183**
5	Turn to **245**
6	Roll again

312

You go over and gaze into the depths of the perfectly smooth crystal; and as you do so, it begins to glow as if lit by eldritch fires from within. Soon you find that you have no interest in anything save the seductive dazzle of the sphere. Fortunately a remote part of your mind realizes what is happening and urges you to resist. A superhuman effort of will is called for to free you from the crystal's lure. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 10; if you are Unlucky, turn to **257**.

313

Soon you have the rope tied firmly round your body and are climbing over the lip of the dark hole. Smegg plays out more and more rope, as you go down and down, deeper into the shaft. 'Now you know why Smeggies pit!' snarls Smegg up above. You look up, worried, but can only spin helplessly as Smegg uses his spider-jaw blade to sever the rope. You fall, screaming, to your doom. Smegg will climb down later and take his pickings . . .

314

No sooner does Hammicus unbar the door than it is flung wide open by the foul, undead corpse of his son! The creature strides in and grabs Hammicus by the throat. The hermit, unable to defend himself, falls to his knees, choking. You rush to help him, but the undead creature ignores your strongest blows as, single-mindedly, it concentrates on strangling the life out of the hermit.

Soon it is all over. Hammicus lies dead, and his son falls on top of him, lifeless once more. The moment Hammicus opened the door, there was nothing you could have done to save him. It is with a heavy heart that you bury both the hermit and his son in the woodland near by, then make your way back south. Tragedy seems to be dogging your every move. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK and turn to **44**.

315

You hear the clown shout, 'We have a spy in our midst. It is the mercenary. Quick! Catch the spy at once!' Obeying their leader's command, the circus folk come after you. Realizing that the game is up and that you cannot hope to defeat them all without having surprise on your side, you make a run for it. But it does look as if you're not going to be swift enough. If you have a set of Calthrops, turn to **104**. If you don't , turn to **91**.

316

Glad to be free of the cultists, you make for the bright light of the open arch. Because you have spent almost a day skulking around in dark corridors, the sun blinds your eyes, but you race on. The Dark Elves, however, stop dead in their tracks. After countless years of living in the catacombs, they have come to fear the sun. They heap curses on you as you make good your escape. And when you open your eyes properly, you are amazed to find yourself on a low hilltop, overlooking Karnstein! You have come through the Witchtooth Line and lived to tell the tale. Turn to **282**.

317

You hurl the Fire-cracker down on to the stone floor. In the confining darkness of the sewer, the flash is all the more blinding, the explosion all the more deafening The Slygore moans with fear and drops into the water, splashing its sewage all over you. Ears ringing and half-blind, you flee before the creature can recover its unearthly composure. Eventually you find a ladder leading back up to the surface. You scramble out of the sewers and are pleased to see that Quinsberry's men have apparently given up the chase

If you still want to visit the east side of the market, turn to **82**; if you want to visit the west side, turn to **66**. You may not return to an area you have already visited When you have finished any excursions, you must leave the city. Do not follow the instructions given on the market pages; turn, instead, either to **272**, if you wish to leave by the city's South Gate, or to **60**, if you wish to leave by the nearer East Gate (Note these paragraph numbers on your *Adventure Sheet*.)

318

Following a hunch, you grab the mirror and hold it up to the face of the Kauderwelsch monster. To date, it has only ever seen the Doktor and her victims, and how they have looked. Now it sees the reflection of its own unnatural ugliness – and it holds the Doktor responsible! A solitary tear rolls down the monster's face before it goes berserk. Kauderwelsch shouts, 'No! Back Conggo. Nooo!' But it is no use: the monster grabs her and they stagger about the chamber, locked in deadly combat

Glass containers crash to the floor, racks tumble in all directions and the monster's mournful wailing fills the air Seizing the opportunity, you hastily free yourself Restore 1 point of LUCK for your quick thinking and turn to **87**

319

Manacles at the ready, you sneak up on the careless guard and pounce! The Mandrake's struggles are in vain – you soon have his wrists firmly locked behind his back (cross the manacles off your *Adventure Sheet*). Then you push him down to the floor and slip out through the gate. Turn to **300**.

320

You hear shouting coming from the top of the staircase by which you entered: 'After the intruder!' The Dark Elf cultists have discovered your presence, and a dozen of them are rushing down the stairs to search for you. You quickly pick up the magic ring from the floor and make for the other staircase. You have found the Ring of Rabbam, it weakens necromantic beings such as the Shadow Warriors. Whenever you fight a Shadow Warrior in future, ignore its special combat instructions. Treat it as a normal creature with one attack per round causing normal damage, and ignore its special attack rules. Now you must go, before the cultists catch you – you will have to leave behind any manacles you used here (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*). You run up the second staircase and along a long, dark corridor which ends in a fork. Will you go to the left (turn to **283**) or to the right (turn to **273**)?

321

Turning away from an annoying shyster who's trying to sell you a mongoose paperweight made of plaster, you find your way blocked by six men dressed in heavy armour; they are city guards. Once you see the gnarled old weasel who is leading them, you understand what all this is about: it is Quinsberry Woad, Gallantaria's chief tax collector, with his personal retinue. Woad produces a scroll from the depths of his over-large robes and says, 'Captain, I am hereby authorized to serve you with this Bill of Taxes, which must be paid forthwith. In lieu of satisfactory fiscal settlement, I have an open warrant for your arrest.' He presents you with the scroll and continues, 'The original balance, charged at compound interest, half-yearly and at a fixed annual percentage rate for five years, comes to 568 Gold Pieces precisely. Do you have the money?'

You clearly have not got and cannot afford to pay such a vast sum; now you regret ever returning to the capital. But what will you do? You could plead poverty and let the guards arrest you (turn to **199**), try to bribe Quinsberry Woad (turn to **299**), or turn on your heels and make a run for it (turn to **338**).

322

You snatch the mirror from your pack and brandish it in the face of the Gorgon – who falls victim to her own dark forces. But even when she herself has been turned to stone, you still avoid her repulsive gaze. There is nothing more to see or do in her lair, so you hurry back to the junction. Will you now go to the left (turn to

217), to the right (turn to 296), or straight on, out of the caves (turn to 80)?

323

Lightning-swift reflexes and total trust in your old friend enable you to drop prone as a razor-sharp machete goes flying over your head; it just misses Villgran and embeds itself in a tree trunk. One of the Haggwort threw it at you, the same Haggwort that Wulf has just killed. Will you now rush over to the barricade (turn to 298), go in search of the witch (turn to 142), or leave the town (turn to 25)?

324

You will never regret buying the wondrous cape; the Warriors race blindly past Leaving a cloud of dust in their wake, they sweep out of Magyaar Pass and speed northwards. Turn to 102.

325

You have found the clown's Circus Journal. You don't have time to read all of it, but, in the few minutes you do spend on the book, you learn a couple of important things: the circus was taken over by force, a year ago, by a sorcerer named Skarros; he it was who replaced the performers with plant-like creatures called Mandrakes. These Mandrakes can take on the appearance of any one person they touch: they then kill their victim so that they can adopt his or her identity. The circus is the ideal cover for the Mandrakes, as they travel from place to place, spreading their evil plague. Fortunately, the journal also mentions the Mandrakes' only weakness – fire! Suddenly you hear a noise outside. You had better get out before your presence here is discovered. Return to 255 and pick an option you have not chosen before.

326

Convinced that the sphere is not meant to be a goodwill gift, you step aside. The moment it hits the floorboards, it bursts open into a multitude of spring-loaded spikes, blades and razor-sharp edges. You dread to think what would have happened if you had actually grasped the thing! The Man-Orc, the veterans and the landlord all laugh at your 'chicken dance'. Will you now attack the Man-Orc (turn to 132), try to expose him for what he really is (turn to 310), or ignore them all and go to the bar (turn to 3)?

327

You turn and run, but the Dark Elf archers are ready for you. Roll one die and deduct 1 from the total to see how many arrows hit you – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for each arrow that hits. If you are still alive, you keep on running, pulling the arrows out of your back as you go! But the cultists continue the chase. Worse, you can hear the shouts of more cultists coming from *this* side of the chasm. Will you now go to the left (turn to 32), or to the right (turn to 278)?

328

Beyond the door is a cramped kitchen, where you see a large kennel housing a labrador who lies flat, with her chin flopped on the tiled floor. As you tiptoe past, she lifts her eyebrows to peer at you, cocks an ear, yawns and then goes back to sleep. You nip out through the back door and find yourself in a narrow street. Turning right would take you back towards Quinsberry, so you turn left, and laugh when you hear the labrador growl

menacingly at your pursuers, whose clattering armour and loud shouts have disturbed her rest. Turn to 22.

329

There is a tremendously loud crunch as you shatter the ages-old skull. You sense the creature's feelings of frustration, disbelief and anger as its whole frame turns rapidly into dust. In a very short time, there is nothing left of the Pan-Terric Behemoth to prove that it ever existed. Restore 3 LUCK point for your great achievement. Glancing at the tents, the tools, the remnants of Guignol's dream, you can see nothing but tragedy. You leave the camp without disturbing it and make your way back to the road to Karnstein. Turn to 282.

330

You rush to the hermit and restrain him. The voice outside wails, 'Father, please. You must let me in. If you don't I will die!' Overcome with emotion, Hammicus finds renewed strength and breaks free of your grasp. The only way to stop him now is by the use of regrettable force.

HAMMICUS	SKILL 5	STAMINA 7

If, after one round of combat, you decide to let the hermit open the door, turn to 314. But if you are still determined to stop him, turn to 76.

331

Freed from Urtha's cruel domination, the Haggwort become wild and uncontrollable. They grab the tyrant and throw her on to the mystic fire – the *real* power in

Hustings; the magic inside the Haggwort heads stems from this fiery source. It was the same magic that reanimated Urtha, and it was the only thing that could have destroyed her She perishes instantly Events have come full circle, the corrupted earth-magic has run its course Something clatters at your feet; it is Urtha's Iron Band. Though you have no wish to control the Haggwort, you feel compelled to pick it up (add it to your *Adventure Sheet*). You look once more at the fireplace The eyes and the mouth have closed, and the whole thing is starting to sink back down into the marsh – taking the tower and the pinnacle with it You hurry out of the place before it collapses altogether, and make for the southerly road out of town. You see the Haggwort wading back into the moors, returning to their resting places once more. Turn to **25**.

332

As the Geomancers remove their sickles from around your neck, the Arch-druid raises his arms and says, 'In accordance with the ancient laws of the Horned God, you have passed the test and are free to roam the power lines of Titan We have enacted our destinies and can do nothing more. Take this' He pins a small brooch in the shape of a green leaf on you 'It is a token of the Earth-mother's goodwill. Times are changing and the Mother is threatened. You are the one who will help This has been foreseen Now go! Look for help from Titan, for only *it* has the strength to guide you on your hopeless task.' Add the Green Leaf Brooch to your *Adventure Sheet*. The Arch-druid's servants lead you to a gate at the back of the grounds Passing

through it, you come to a narrow street. Will you go to the left (turn to **301**) or to the right (turn to **118**)?

333

Making sure that no one is watching, you creep round to the back of the clown's wagon and open the door. You sneak into the dark cabin and ... *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **293**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **345**.

334

Sweat pours off you as you walk for hour after hour beneath the blazing sun. You are resting in a shady hollow when you hear the tramp of marching feet and the grunting of countless voices coming from over a rise. These are the tell-tale noises of a roaming Orc tribe. You crouch down, hoping to remain hidden in the hollow, but the Orcs see you and start scampering down the slopes on either side of you to cut off your way of escape. You search for an exit out of this tightening cordon and gasp with relief when you see a cave near by. Then again, you *are* in the Witchtooth Line, where caves are never simply caves. If you want to hide inside the dark cave, turn to **206**. If you would rather try to outrun the Orcs, turn to **35**. If, on the other hand, you have a Chameleon Cloak and wish to use it to try and sneak unseen through the Orc ranks, turn to **163**.

335

Though the struggle was hard, you have defeated your foe. The Shadow Warrior falls, wailing, in an untidy heap. Yet no sooner does the evil fiend hit the ground than dark vapours start to rise from its body You stand back and watch as the foul fumes enshroud the corpse, obscuring it from sight When they clear, the body is no longer there. Only a scorch on the earth remains. You may have beaten the Warrior, but you have not destroyed it It will take more than the weapons of mortal man to lay such creatures to rest: it is more than likely that you will meet one another again before this tale is told. Rue the day! Now continue your adventure

336

The sides of the pit are sheer and your numerous attempts to climb out all end in miserable failure. Hours pass before you hear a female voice whisper, 'Don't worry, I'm coming Just a second longer.' It is with renewed hope that you look up – into the face of a Gorgon! You turn to stone beneath her cruel gaze

337

You clamp the creature's ankles together just in time. It tries to get up but falls flat on its face. Its eyes glare with hatred and it hisses with rage as its arms scrape along the floor towards you You step nimbly round the creature, keeping out of the reach of its swords It is one of the ancient Kalundai But look! The chain of the manacles is already starting to weaken. Turn to 320

338

You give Quinsberry a shove so that he totters back into his guards, and they all fall over in an untidy heap The troops raise the alarm and the taxman squawks with rage; never has he been so humiliated in his entire life Rather than restrain you, however, the bystanders just stand there, laughing loud and long at the pompous official's plight Before the guards can regain their feet, you flee A few metres ahead, you come to a junction. Will you go left (turn to **351**), right (turn to **384**), or straight ahead (turn to **134**)?

339

Eager to lend a hand, you rush over to the gallant warrior and introduce yourself 'I don't believe it,' he gasps. 'Of all the people I could've hoped for in this hour of need!' It is Wulf, your old friend and fighting companion from the War of the Four Kingdoms. You return your comrade's embrace, then listen intently as he explains 'It started a few days ago, with the coming of the witch Her tower just rose up out of the earth Every night since then she's been sending the Haggwort to destroy everything in their path. Everyone's too scared to face the witch I tried once but got nowhere. But come, the Haggwort have reached the barricade' He points out an old man. 'That's Villgran. He has armour and swords, should you need them.'

Will you go over to Villgran (turn to **97**), accompany Wulf to the barricade (turn to **298**), or go to cut the evil off at its source, the witch's tower (turn to **142**)?

340

Leaving the body of the fallen Warrior, you begin a more thorough search of the place and encounter a fair maiden. Clutching a robe tightly round herself, she whispers. 'It is not wise to dally in these parts at night. Come. The only safe place is the tower yonder.' She points towards the tower you passed earlier, then hurries away in that direction. If you wish to follow her, turn to **372** If you would rather continue your search, turn to **23**.

341

Though meant for the woman, the fiery spell has descended upon you. From afar, a wizard has been watching the ranter's dialogue with increasing irritation and has now decided to shut her up with a simple conjuration. Unfortunately, instead of her, it is you who have been turned into a warty frog. Karnstein. Warriors and words in general quickly lose their meaning. Now where can you find some tasty flies?

342

All the wind is knocked out of you as you are sandwiched between the door and the hard rock wall (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). If you are still alive, you enter the dark shelter. Though heavy with the stench of Orc, the cave is well nigh bare and is uninhabited at present. Black robes and a torn map of Royal Lendle lie on the floor. The only other thing of interest is a small metal casket. It is locked – but if you have a Black Key or a vial of Metal Rot you may open it (turn to **354** – and cross off Metal Rot from your *Adventure Sheet* if you use that). But if you don't have either of these things, or would rather leave the casket alone, turn to **248**.

343

You sprint across the bridge and soon reach the far side. There, you see that it is suspended by strong ropes tied to wooden posts. More fleet-footed cultists are crossing the bridge after you. If you want to try and cut the ropes so that the bridge and all the howling cultists on it fall into the chasm, turn to **246**. If you would rather keep on running, turn to **327**.

344

You nip into the gibbering wretch's hovel and let him guide you into a back room from which there is no other exit. He tells you to wait in here until he gives you the 'all clear'. You do so, and some tense minutes pass before the door is thrown open – by seven city guards! Behind them, the old rascal gleefully toys with a second Gold Piece – the things some folk will do for money! Turn to **199**.

345

Just inside the doorway stands a small box. As you walk in, the lid of the box flips open, releasing a boxing glove on the end of a spring. It flies up and punches you on the nose (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Kicking the thing aside, you search the wagon. Only two items draw your attention. Which of the two do you want to look at first: the safe (turn to **59**) or a large book, lying on the clown's desk (turn to **325**)?

346

Your actions are totally futile, and your corpse soon joins those of Mendokan and the others butchered in Magyaar Pass.

347

The circumstances are perfect. You grab a Fire-cracker and hurl it to the ground in front of Ennian's mob. In the total darkness of the narrow brick-lined alley, the echoing explosion is most effective. Your enemies fall back, clutching their eyes and ears, while you, having taken the trouble to close both, make good your escape. Turn to **84**.

348

You run, in order to gain speed, then jump. Hugging your knees, you roll over and over through the air and then let go, so that your legs shoot out and catch Voivod in the chest, kicking him away from the bell.

Test your Skill If you succeed, turn to **263**; but if you fail, turn to **133**

349

Night has fallen by the time you reach the hermit's cottage. Hammicus the hermit is a friendly old man and he wastes no time in providing you with a hot meal (restore 2 STAMINA points). As you eat, you risk total honesty and tell Hammicus all about your quest. Frowning, he goes over to consult a book at his desk, then says, 'Over two thousand years ago, there existed one Voivod, whose very name was a byword for cruelty. His power threatened life itself; but the world took shape in the form of the Earth-mother and the Horned God; together, they fought Voivod and defeated him. They were not able to kill death itself but could only imprison him in a secret place. Voivod's five lieutenants disappeared, never to be seen again – or so it seemed. For now we can understand the old nursery-rhyme. The Shadow Warriors have been seeking Voivod's prison in the hope of freeing him, so that he may embark on a new reign of terror. It is said that a book, the *Astrakkaans Numeris*, predicts Voivod's return and provides the means whereby he can be defeated. I don't know if the book truly exists, but I *do* know that Voivod is about to walk Titan again!'

Suddenly, there comes a heavy pounding on the door: three slow, booming knocks that almost shatter the wood. They are followed by a low, mournful voice. 'Father, it is I, your son. Please, let me in. It is so cold out here.'

Hearing this, Hammicus falls back and cries in sorrow and terror, 'It cannot be. My son *died* seven years ago!' But he overcomes his fears and makes for the door.

Unless you stop him, the hermit will admit his long-dead son. Will you try to stop the hermit (turn to **330**), or let him unbar the door (turn to **314**)?

350

Your joy at escaping vanishes when a shower of arrows comes flying overhead – not from the Orcs of the Black Scorpion, but towards them! The Orcs of the Big Boulder have arrived, planning to take their rivals by surprise. Luckily, none of the arrows hits you as you throw yourself to the ground. Will you offer your services to the Orcs of the Big Boulder, so that you can take your revenge on your captors (turn to **377**), or just let them get on with their own fighting and flee southwards (turn to **282**)?

351

The road you have taken leads into the beggars' quarter, a maze of narrow streets strewn with rubbish, layabouts and pickpockets. As you wind your cautious way towards its centre, you hear the shouts of your pursuers fade in the distance. However, it is certain that Quinsberry's men will not give up the chase, so you keep on running. If you are carrying a Loaded Die, turn to **286**; otherwise, turn to **360**.

352

Rounding the corner, you enter a large room which is strewn with clothes, personal belongings, caskets, jewellery and musical instruments, all from various periods of time. But there is no sign of what is causing the hissing – a sound which keeps getting louder! If you want to risk searching through all the things scattered about here, turn to **155** If you do not, you will have to return to the junction and either go left (turn to **139**), right, which will take you out of the caves (turn to **80**), or straight ahead (turn to **217**).

353

Just as things are starting to look bad for you, Wulf and three brave townsfolk come to your aid. The five of you just finish off the remaining Haggwort, but you have no such luck with their evil device. Nothing you do can dislodge or damage the earth-shaker in any way. You can only watch as the nearby houses start to fall, shaken apart by the vibrations in the earth. 'All is lost!' cries Wulf. 'It's the witch's doing. We must take the south road and flee.' Will you do as Wulf suggests

(turn to 25), or leave him and go in search of the 'witch' (turn to 142)?

354

Inside the casket is a weapon much favoured by assassins: it is a Murder Sphere, a small metal ball which you throw at your enemy. On impact, the ball turns itself inside out as spikes, razors, barbs and saws spring out in all directions. You may use the sphere in the first Attack Round of any one combat against any one opponent. When you throw it, roll one die to see how many of the sphere's protrusions hit your foe. Then roll another die for each wound inflicted, to see how many STAMINA points your foe must deduct. If your foe is still alive, you must then fight as normal.

You are just putting the sphere in your pack when you hear a noise that you have come to dread: the pounding of horses' hoofs. Rushing to the open doorway, you see the Shadow Warriors tearing across the open country. If you want to stay where you are and hide in the cave, turn to 111. If you would rather make a run for it, before you find yourself trapped in this small place, turn to 37.

355

You throw the hook so that it catches among the stalactites hanging down from the roof of the cave, you tug on the rope, then swing! Even you are amazed when you reach the far side of the chasm without mishap. But you will have to leave the rope behind you, as the hook is caught. On the other side of the

chasm the thwarted cultists catch sight of you and shout their hatred. And you can hear more cultists, somewhere on *your* side of the chasm. Will you now go to the left (turn to 32) or to the right (turn to 278)?

356

Realizing the futility of combat against the Slygore, you stagger away in a bid to escape. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 180; but if you are Unlucky, turn to 154.

357

With its strong limbs and tough coating of bark, the Mahogadon is a daunting opponent. If you wish, you may try to weaken your foe by burning it. Cross off a skin of oil from your *Adventure Sheet*, and then *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, you burn and weaken the creature. If you fail, the creature's unyielding grip forces you to drop the oil on the ground, wasting it. Whatever the outcome, you must now fight the Mahogadon as normal. If you have succeeded in burning it, deduct 2 points from its SKILL score and 4 points from its STAMINA score before beginning combat.

MAHOGADON	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, you may either continue to the south, across more open country, towards Hustings (turn to **135**) or go back to the road you left earlier (turn to **160**).

358

Drawing nearer to the circus, you see that the dozen performers are an odd mix of acrobats, tumblers, animal trainers and so on; each is busy dealing with his or her own props. One figure seems to be in charge: it is a clown, a lithe woman already dressed in her show costume, her face covered with grease-paint depicting a fixed smile that looks almost sinister. You walk over to the clown and ask her where the circus is going and if the wagons have room for an extra passenger. Her face breaks into an even wider smile as she replies, 'We are going to Shattuck. As for passage, you will have to earn your way. Are you amusing? Can you run a sideshow? Perhaps you know a trick or two?' If you have Bartolph's die, turn to **138**. If you don't, will you ask her to give you a chance to prove your worth (turn to **214**), or admit that there's nothing you can do that would be of use to the circus, and turn away, to continue your journey alone and on foot (turn to **9**)?

359

You ignore the black slop – and wisely so, as the thing is alive. It is a Slod-Kedbolm, whose skin is poisonous. Bored with waiting around, the Slod-Kedbolm slithers away. You keep your eyes on the creature, until you are distracted by silken tones: 'It is ill-mannered to refuse hospitality.' Turn to **49**.

360

You hare up the street, with six sword-waving city guards in your wake. Not far ahead, round the corner, is a magician's shop; maybe you can shake off your hunters by hiding in there. However, experience has taught you that such places are perilous, if full of possibilities. Will you enter the magician's abode (turn to **105**), or pass it by (turn to **216**)?

361

You wake up – even the Nightmare Master's attack took place in your dreams! But now your ordeal is finally over, and you feel your strength returning (restore 3 points of STAMINA). Then you hear a low, echoing voice: 'Though I murder sleep, I can never die.' It is the Nightmare Master. Beaten for now, he departs.

Climbing to your feet, you see that you are in a small, dimly lit hallway. Four doors lead out of it. One of them opens and two figures walk out: Dark Elves, clad in monastic robes. You dodge back and hide in a shadowy alcove as they walk silently across the hall and pass through one of the other doors. They are cultists, and this is their temple. If your sacrilegious presence is detected here, you will most certainly be killed. Will you go through the north door (turn to **374**), the south door, after the two Dark Elf cultists (turn to **68**), the east door (turn to **89**), or the west door (turn to **56**)?

362

'Look at his reflection,' she says. 'Korin may be scared, but she's not stupid.' You angle the mirror so that the Burgomeister is reflected in it. Nothing could have prepared you for such a shock as this: there, in the silvered pane, stands the Burgomeister, exposed as a vegetable-like humanoid. You use the mirror to look at yourself and at Korin; you both look normal. But the Burgomeister! You try looking at him again in the mirror – and the result is the same. 'He's a Mandrake,' spits the woman.

Ennian just smiles and calls over his shoulder for some help Then he turns back to you. 'You shouldn't have done that, it was most impolite,' he sighs. 'Still, there's no reason why we can't sort out our differences peacefully. If you'll just hand over the mirror and come quietly . . .'

Behind you, Korin runs off towards the far end of the alley. Will you follow her (turn to **84**) or attack the Mandrake Burgomeister (turn to **252**)?

363

Telling the Orcs what you think they want to hear, you admit to being a spy, sent by the Court at Royal Lendle to discover enemy movements. 'Hah! See, I told yerz,' snaps the shaman triumphantly. 'A spy. The ainshunt lawz tell uzz wot ta do ta spies, don't they?' Having lost another round in his power struggle with the shaman, Uggamonggo shrugs and, with an air of something approaching sadness, draws his long knife. Your adventure ends here.

364

Once, twice, three times the low sonorous chiming of the bell rings in your ears. Then the very ground cracks open as the bodies of the fallen rise up from their unmarked graves. Their expressionless, rotted faces await command. So far, you can see only a few hundred of them scattered about the arid landscape, but soon they will all be free – all ten thousand of them! The Voivod strikes the bell again and again. Now you rush forward to stop him, but the shambling Undead obey their master and bar your way. Roll two dice to see how many of the shambling Undead strike you as you fight your way through them. For each hit, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Armour and *Testing your Luck* may be used to reduce the amount of damage done to you If you survive this battering, turn to 73.

365

No one hears the drawn-out screams as they echo round and round the sewers. The Slygore has dropped down on top of you, and it is with a strange feeling of detachment that you realize the screams are your own.

366

You have found the vital book of numbers, written by Parcleasus the numerologist. You leaf through it until you find the most important page and tear it out of the book. You can study the page now or at any time in the future by turning to 16 (note this number on your *Adventure Sheet*) Just as you close the book, a secret panel in the far wall slides open! If you have a Chameleon Cloak, turn to 127; otherwise, turn to 150.

367

The people of the small town are already preparing for war, collecting whatever weapons they can lay their hands on Upturned wagons, wooden boxes and bits of fencing form a pitiful makeshift barricade between the town and the moors Seeing that you are human, and a stout fighter to boot, the townsfolk hurry you through the blockade But they have no time for pleasantries; they turn their attention back to the dark silhouettes stalking the moors. Inside the barricade an armoured figure rallies his people with a call to arms: 'Stand fast We must not fall. The witch and her devilry be damned! To arms! To arms! The Haggwort are upon us!' Will you:

Use the confusion of the battle to flee southwards, out of the town?	Turn to 25
Make yourself known to the brave warrior and offer your services?	Turn to 339
Slip away and investigate the strange tower on the pinnacle?	Turn to 142

368

The door is locked. If you have a Copper Key, or a vial of Metal Rot (which you may pour into the lock – cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*), turn to 112. If you have neither, turn to 258.

369

Whether you fall victim to an unseen trap or to a lurking creature is unimportant. You were foolish to enter such a dangerous place without something to

light the way, and you have paid the ultimate price for your folly.

370

The fight is a long and hard one, but the city guards eventually regain control. Many people have been injured and some, including all the agitators, have been killed. The guard marshal tears the dead leader's black tunic open, exposing the mark of Chaos branded on his chest! Moreover the corpse is wearing a magic pendant which made all but the strongest-willed of listeners susceptible to his foul utterances. He was just one of the many servants of Evil who are being sent to upset the uneasy alliance between the four kingdoms. Satisfied, the marshal turns to you. 'It is fortunate that you were here, mercenary,' he says, 'the struggle may otherwise have gone differently Before this disgrace occurred, I had the chance to learn something of your plight. Therefore, as a reward for your efforts here, I grant you a Scroll of Civic Pardon. From now on, you are free of your debt to the City.' Restore 1 LUCK point, and add the Scroll of Civic Pardon to your *Adventure Sheet*.

After all this commotion, you decide that you had best be on your way to meet Mendokan's party If you want to leave the city by the South Gate, turn to **272**. If you would rather leave by the nearer East Gate, turn to **60**.

371

You reach forward to touch the disgusting object It is warm and slippery, and it pulsates nauseatingly

Suddenly the mesh of tubes wraps round your hand in an iron grip. Small barbs grow out of the veins and the whole mess starts crawling up your hand. The only way to stop it going any further is by cutting off your own hand at the wrist! If you have a weapon and you want to take this drastic step, turn to **280**. If you would rather wait and see what happens, or if you don't have a weapon, turn to **85**

372

You follow the mysterious lady back towards the old tower. She opens the single, heavy door and beckons you inside. You do so . . . and see stars. She has hit you hard on the back of your head with a cosh! You fall to the floor, unconscious; turn to **186**.

373

Decide how many Gold Pieces you wish to give the highwayman, then roll one die. If you roll less than or equal to the number of Gold Pieces you have chosen, the highwayman accepts your payment and lets you go unharmed (deduct the gold from your *Adventure Sheet*). In this case, you may either continue in a northerly direction in search of the hermit who, the highwayman claims, is dead (turn to **349**); if you feel you have wasted too much time here already, you may head back south (turn to **44**). If, however, you roll higher than the number of Gold Pieces you have offered, turn to **92**.

374

You open the north door and enter what must be the cult's chamber of worship. One side of the room is

taken up by a long altar, resplendent with sacred paraphernalia. Behind the altar is a huge statue of a Dark Elf with six arms, and behind the statue is an open archway, through which you can see a descending staircase. Suddenly a loud gong resounds and the room is plunged into darkness – the glow from the walls now gone. The hall door opens behind you, and you hear a rush of footsteps come into the room If you wish to slip down the staircase, turn to **295** If you would rather stay where you are, turn to **297**

375

You lift the circular lid and climb down a set of rungs into the dark sewers. Though no guards follow, you hurry on, your path running alongside a stomach-turning river of sewage. Soon, however, you are hopelessly lost in the meandering underground complex and cannot find a way back up to ground level. Things get even worse when you hear an awful moan arise from the depths of the sludge. It is with a sense of despair that your worst fears are confirmed for, lifting high out of the water to tower above you, is a dread Slygore. It is said that these creatures are unwittingly created by the city's many alchemists and sorcerers who, despite

public protests, are forever polluting the city sewers with the potent by-products of their esoteric experiments. Such wastes react with the effluent to form Slygore, shambling mounds of murderous filth. Will you:

Attack the creature?	Turn to 70
Look in your pack for something which may defeat it?	Turn to 230
Flee from it?	Turn to 356

376

Your victory was a hard-earned one. The woman fought like an animal, and when you struck her you saw that her blood was green! There is clearly some great evil at work here. You turn to go, but just then you hear something that freezes you to the spot: a quiet, leasing laugh coming from the woman you have just slain! You quickly turn around. Her body has gone. It is only when you hear her sly laugh again that you hurry away; turn to 231

377

A shower of stubby Orc arrows rains down on you. Your adventure ends here.

378

Running at full speed, your right heel catches in the wet grass at an angle and slips forward. You slam into the earth, the shock of the impact coursing painfully up your spine (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You climb back on to your feet and watch as the ever-shifting face spews four repulsive abominations out of

its cavernous green mouth. In some ways the creatures resemble giant flies, but they have human heads, and bits and pieces from a variety of other plants, animals and insects. They are Crombane, spawn of the dying earth, and, though they are too heavy to fly, they are powerful runners. They charge towards you, yowling like demented wolves, their disgusting legs throwing up clods of sodden earth. Will you stand and fight (turn to 290), or flee (turn to 14)?

379

You must fight all six Haggwort at once but, because you are in a battle-rage and because you know of their weakness, you inflict STAMINA loss on each and every one you hit.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HAGGWORT	10	1
Second HAGGWORT	9	3
Third HAGGWORT	11	2
Fourth HAGGWORT	8	1
Fifth HAGGWORT	10	4
Sixth HAGGWORT	9	2

After two rounds of combat, turn to 353.

380

The three fine-honed blades swish together and close. Your adventure ends here.

381

When you hear a sharp *click* come from the floor, you don't waste any time thinking. You leap forward, just as the floor gives way beneath your feet. You have avoided falling into a deep pit. Moving on from the trap, you come to a junction. Will you go:

Left?	Turn to **296**
Right?	Turn to **217**
Straight ahead?	Turn to **139**
Back the way you came and out of the caves altogether?	Turn to **80**

382

'All is chaos and confusion,' says Jack-in-the-Green. 'Anger comes too swiftly in these troubled times and, where there is anger, death is sure to follow. Your task is to heal old wounds, to find peace in Narbury. But be warned! Violence can never be the final answer. Evil must defeat itself. Your duty is to help, not to spread further anger. When you think you have succeeded, say the word "Cerunnos" in your mind and we will see what unfolds.' Turn to **398**.

383

When you reach the bottom of the rough shaft, you discover that it is not wide enough for you to tug your grappling hook free. You will have to leave the rope behind (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Looking

around, you see that you have descended in the very middle of a crossroads and that the walls of the four smooth passages emit a faint glow. Will you now go:

North?	Turn to **106**
South?	Turn to **114**
East?	Turn to **122**
West?	Turn to **144**

384

Your road brings you to a small courtyard filled with fruit and vegetable stalls. The only way not barred by city guards is to take a sharp left up a narrow street. Before going round this turning, you may try and delay your pursuers by tipping over some of the stalls. If you want to do this, turn to **110**. If you would rather keep on running, turn to **78**. However, if you would like to stop and give yourself up before things get too serious, turn to **199**.

385

Though you don't really know why, you take a pick-axe and start digging. And in only a matter of hours, you have managed to cut most of the skeleton free of the sandstone. It is only then that the hands of the skeleton start moving! If you have some manacles, you may use them to bind its bony hands together. Is Guignol still alive? If so, turn to **109**. If not, turn to **185**.

386

After a few uneventful hours you reach the foothills of the mountain range. There is no way over these

treacherous peaks. Instead, your road ends at a massive, pitch-black cavemouth. This is the much-used entrance into the infamous honeycomb of tunnels which is said to permeate the entire Line. It might well be considered foolish to enter these caves at all, but it would be suicidal to enter them without a lantern. If you have a lantern and you wish to enter the cave, deduct one skin of oil from your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **240**. If you are foolish enough to enter the cave without a lantern, turn to **369**. But if you would rather avoid the caves altogether, you will have to make your way back to the Shattuck road; turn to **334**.

387

It is with a sense of anticlimax that you discover that the Hall of Dreams is just a room full of bending, curving mirrors which ripple and distort your reflection in a supposedly humorous way. You're not laughing . . . And you're still not laughing when one of the mirrors disappears, right before your very eyes, revealing a small stone chamber beyond – a chamber which cannot possibly be real since there is no way it could fit inside the wagon. You lift your hand and move it slowly through the 'mirror' frame. The room *is* real! Looking inside, you see a man-sized shape leaning against a stone slab. It is alive with all sorts of fearsome growths and a mesh of revolting veins hangs down from it to the floor, where they are wrapped round the withered carcass of a badger. The veins have sucked all the life-juices out of the poor animal. Without warning, another mesh of veins shoots out towards you, but falls short. If you have read Hegmar's Warning, turn to **204**.

If you have not, you may either touch the mesh of veins (turn to **371**), attack the foul creature (turn to **157**), or leave the place altogether. If you decide to leave, return to **255** and pick an option you have not chosen before.

388

Looking at the map, you need to know two things: the first is where you think Voivod will be right now – you will need a degree of common sense to work this out. Once you have decided where, on the map, Voivod is, you will have to turn that place-name into numbers If you have this knowledge, set to work immediately. When you think you have found the right number, turn to it If the entry you turn to does not make sense, you have chosen wrongly If the entry does make sense, carry on with the adventure. Because you have taken so long to reach the village, you get only one shot at this. If you choose wrongly, or if you just don't know how to find Voivod in the first place, turn to **229**

389

Your ploy works like a dream: dozens of people all round you scramble in a mad hunt for the few pitiful coins you have scattered among them. The city guards rush forward to quell the chaos, leaving the exits from the square unguarded Are you tempted by the sight of the green and pleasant grounds of a small temple, bordered by a low wall (turn to **164**), or do you steal away down a narrow lane (turn to **118**)?

390

Only when you reach the 'man' do you realize that 'he' is far from human. Darkness prevents you from seeing just what the creature is, but you have no trouble hearing its swamp-gurgled snarls, or in catching the glint of the vicious blade it swings towards you!

HAGGWORT	SKILL 10	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to **5**

391

While at the stores, you cast an eye over the equipment for sale there. You may buy a sword for 2 Gold Pieces, or a mace for 4 Gold Pieces; the mace costs foes 3 points of STAMINA each time they are hit (4 points if you *Test your Luck* successfully, but no points if you are unsuccessful). For 5 Gold Pieces you may also buy a suit of leather armour. Though the armour is not built to last, it's incredibly tough. It can take a total of 5 hits before it becomes useless. If you are hit while wearing leather armour, you lose only 1 point of STAMINA instead of 2 (no points of STAMINA if you *Test your*

Luck successfully, but 4 points if you are unsuccessful). You must also add 1 to any *Test your Skill* rolls you make while wearing the armour If you buy anything here, add it to your *Adventure Sheet* and deduct the gold you spend Unfortunately, no one in the stores has heard of any 'man of numbers', so you will have to continue your search in either the taverns (turn to 209) or the town square (turn to 27).

392

You do not want to kill the guard – but you won't have to if you can disarm him Being a professional, he will surrender once he loses his sword. Fight the guard as normal but, if you hit him, you do not injure him (for that reason the guard does not have a STAMINA score). Nothing happens unless your score in any Attack Round is at least 3 points higher than the guard's, in which case you disarm him and the combat ends. Note that he has no qualms about injuring you.

CITY GUARD SKILL 8

More guards are climbing up on to the roof even as you are fighting If you have not disarmed your foe after four rounds, you will be captured (turn to 199). If you do win, you will have to jump down on to the horse after all (turn to 100).

393

Moonlight paints the night-time landscape with an eerie silvery glow, illuminating your first view of Cumbleside. This town was abandoned long ago, its residents weary of having to guard themselves against

the constant stream of malice which descended on them from the Witchtooth Line: Ogres, Demons, Goblin raiding-parties and worse. You are passing through the outskirts of the town when you come to a tall tower, standing alone like a needle in the darkness. A light shines in the uppermost window. If you want to stop at the tower, turn to 141. If you would rather press on into town, turn to 212.

394

This Shadow Warrior carries a multitude of finely crafted daggers, slung in bandoliers across its chest At the start of each round of combat, the Warrior throws a blade at you. Roll one die: if you roll 1–4, the dagger misses; but if you roll 5 or 6, it thuds into your flesh and you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA Armour or *Testing your Luck* will not reduce this damage Whether the dagger hits you or not, you must then fight a normal Attack Round of combat

Second SHADOW WARRIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you defeat the Warrior, turn to 335.

395

Inside the large cavemouth, the sunlight gives way to a gentle glow – the walls are luminous. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **381** If you are Unlucky, turn to **191**.

396

Roggmondo hesitates, then relaxes and says, 'All right, I believe you. I've no love for that money-grabbing ball of grease and greed either. I'll hide you – but if this is a trick and you're really working for that swine, I'll make sure you don't see the year out. If I don't get you, the Tattooists' Guild will.' He takes you to a back room, where another room is located, hidden behind a secret panel

You spend at least an hour in here before Roggmondo tells you you can come out. Some guards *did* search the place, he tells you, but they never once suspected your presence. You thank Roggmondo and promise to return the favour one day. When you leave the tattoo parlour, Woad's men are nowhere to be seen.

If you still want to visit the east side of the market, turn to **82**; if you want to visit the west side, turn to **66**. You may not revisit a side you have already been to. When you have finished any visits, you must leave the city Do not follow the instructions given on the market pages; instead, you must leave by either the South Gate (turn to **272**) or the nearer East Gate (turn to **60**). (Note these numbers on your *Adventure Sheet*.)

397

For a moment you stand, lost in thought, but your reverie is disturbed by a familiar voice. Though no one else seems to see it, the grass on either side of the road rustles with impressions of Jack-in-the-Green. 'This is the reward for fooling with nature. The elements have no faith in man the builder, man the user, man the destroyer, yet *you* carry tokens of worth. You are not the one to light fires, to chop down trees, to level

mountains You are good. The Earth-mother and the Horned God await you' You are suddenly overcome by a strange dizziness. Turn to **90**

398

'Troubled times await you,' the enigmatic figure continues, 'but the Horned God sends a gesture of goodwill: find the man of numbers, or his book. Without either, you will fail' Then the face is gone You decide to ally yourself with the elemental forces whom Jack-in-the-Green serves as a messenger You will be the Earth-mother's champion against the evil Shadow Warriors

Gornt is actually much further south than it appears on your map, and it is night-time when you finally reach the high town wall Passing through the North Gate, you hear noises of unrest and catch the smell of smoke, yet you don't see any town guards, no gate wardens, no one at all. You are wondering what to do when you see a young man come running out of his home He shouts, 'Go away! You're not my wife'

A young woman comes after him. Smiling, she tugs at his wrist and says, 'But of course I'm your wife, silly Who else could I be? Now stop being foolish and come back inside' The man refuses, and they struggle violently.

If you want to try and put a stop to their fight, turn to **284**. If you would rather leave them alone, and make for the town centre, turn to **231**.

399

You find yourself on the Main Trade Route, far south of Cauldon Ring Ahead, you see a number of gaily coloured carts and caravans, and a group of odd-looking folk. This is 'The Circus of Dreams', and the troupe is about to move on It occurs to you that you could save some time on your journey by riding with them; it would also give you a chance to follow up any suspicions you may have about the circus's recent visit to Gornt. Do you want to hurry along and ask the troupe for a lift (turn to **358**) or keep your distance and continue walking alone (turn to **9**)?

400

You dodge Voivod's bone-crushing gauntlets and thrust the Spear of Doom deep into his armoured body He cries aloud with shock, and you are flung back by an explosion of Life-force. Astonishment numbs your mind as you lie there in the dirt and witness events almost beyond your comprehension. The shambling Undead fall back into their graves, and all five Shadow Warriors reappear, only to be pulled skywards in a whirl of Life-force. The five fleeting shadows are scattered, howling on the wind, never to return You look back towards Voivod and see that his armour has dissolved, revealing an emaciated old man He stumbles forward crying, 'Life! I had forgotten The smell of the flowers, the feel of the breeze. I . . . I . . .'

The Sisters of Time, the Horned God and Jack-in-the-Green all appear before you. As one, they say, 'You have done well, forsaking the hand of vengeful death for that of forgiving life By this act you have righted all the wrongs and made whole all the corruptions. Voivod, Warlord of the Apocalypse, is human once more. Take him and reacquaint him with the ways of life.' Then they are gone.

You stand there on the windswept battle plains, and put your arm round the old man who is crying with the simple joy of being alive

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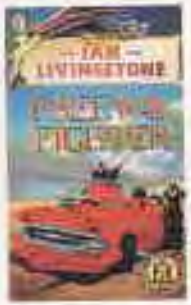
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STEVE
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House of
Hell

town and investigate the tower you saw earlier, turn to 141.

227

With only a brief interval for some much-needed sleep (restore 2 STAMINA points), you continue westwards until you come to the Burning Balrog Inn. The place is empty but for the landlord and three Femphrey warriors, veterans of the War of the Four Kingdoms. Judging by the noise they are making, the veterans have already had too much to drink. And if this isn't bad enough, they are sitting with a Man-Orc assassin who, seeing you, shouts, 'I fawt I cud smell sumfink. It's a Gallantreean.'

One of the veterans drawls, 'Pah, lezz kick the backstabbin' worm outta here.'

The oldest of the veterans stares at you intently, then growls. 'It is you! We fought in the Battle of Mallagash, and you gave me thus!' He lifts up his left arm; in place of his hand is a metal hook. Now you remember: he was a sergeant-at-arms who would have killed you, but for the severe wound you inflicted on him. Stirred by the troublesome Man-Orc, the veterans are growing angrier by the second. Will you ignore them and go to the bar (turn to 3), ask the veterans why they are with a Man-Orc (turn to 287), or attack the assassin, before he goads the veterans on to violence (turn to 265)?

228

Not a single one of the circus folk hears or sees you as you imitate a desert lizard and wriggle towards them.

56

The door opens into a small storage room. Among the earthenware and bric-a-brac, you find two meals of Provisions, which you may take. Restore 1 LUCK point for this chance find. Now you will have to go back into the hall and choose another route. Will you go north (turn to **374**), south (turn to **68**), or east (turn to **89**)?

57

The crowd's reaction to your gamble is good – in fact it is too good, and you find yourself in the middle of a greed-crazed crush. City guards race forward to break up the stampede, a stampede which threatens to squash you. If you like, you can call out to the guards for help and give yourself up (turn to **199**). Otherwise, you will have to take your chances among a heap of clawing and grasping bodies. If you choose the latter course, roll one die and deduct from your STAMINA that many points.

If you survive, you may sneak out through one of the square's now unguarded exits. Will you escape over the green and pleasant grounds of a small temple, bordered by a low wall (turn to **164**), or run down a narrow lane (turn to **118**)?

58

Cupping your hands, you scoop the water up to your lips. The magical liquid makes your head spin as it takes immediate effect. Roll one die and follow the instructions in the table below.

Roll	Effects
1	Nothing happens
2	Restore 2 STAMINA points
3	Restore 1 LUCK and 2 STAMINA points
4	Restore 1 LUCK and 4 STAMINA points
5	Restore 2 LUCK and 4 STAMINA points
6	Restore 1 SKILL, 2 LUCK and 4 STAMINA points

You may drink from the well only once before moving on, either northwards (turn to **349**) or back to the south (turn to **44**).

59

You open the safe and find 10 Gold Pieces, which you may take (add them to your hoard on your *Adventure Sheet*). You are about to go over to examine the book when you hear a noise outside. You decide you had better leave the wagon before you are discovered. Return to **255** and choose an option you have not picked before.

60

Mere streets away from the huge East Gate, you come upon a rarity on the streets of Royal Lendle: a rubbish

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STEVE JACKSON AND IAN LIVINGSTONE

Spectral Stalkers

45

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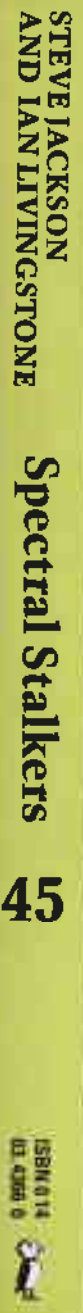

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1991
3 5 7 9 10 8 6

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in 12/13 Palatino

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ADVENTURING AMONG THE SPHERES

You are a warrior, a hardy adventurer with remarkable skills. You will use dice to determine your exact attributes, and on pages 14–15 there is an *Adventure Sheet* on which you will record your scores and the incidents of your adventure. Use a pencil, or make photocopies of the *Adventure Sheet*, as you will almost certainly need to make more than one attempt to escape the relentless Spectral Stalkers and prevent the enslavement of the Universe.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to the score and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the score and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the score and enter the total in the LUCK box.

These are your *Initial* scores and you must keep a permanent record of them. All of your scores may change during your adventure, but they will exceed your *Initial* amounts only on very rare occasions. You must keep a record of all changes to your scores – so write small or use a rubber.

Your SKILL score reflects your expertise in combat, your ability with weapons and your dexterity. Your STAMINA is your health, fitness, and ability to survive wounds and physical hardship. Your LUCK score shows how lucky you are.

Combat

During your adventure you will meet other people and creatures. Some of them will attack you; others you will decide to fight. The procedure for resolving battles is described below.

SKILL and STAMINA scores are given in the text for each opponent that you meet. Write these scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Record also any special abilities or instructions that are unique to this particular opponent. The sequence is then:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add the total to his SKILL score. This is his Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice and add the total to your current SKILL score. This is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is the higher, you have wounded your opponent. Go to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher, he has wounded you. Go to step 5. If the Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start a new Combat Round from step 1.
4. Subtract 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA. You may be able to deduct additional points if you use your LUCK (see below) or if you have a special weapon.
5. Subtract 2 points from your STAMINA. You may use your LUCK here to reduce the amount you lose (see below).
6. Make sure you have recorded on the *Adventure Sheet* all adjustments to STAMINA and LUCK scores.
7. Begin the next Combat Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until either you or your opponent has a STAMINA score of zero. If your opponent's STAMINA score reaches zero, you have killed him and can continue with your adventure. If your STAMINA score reaches zero, you are dead; you must start the adventure again from the beginning, having rolled dice to create a new character.

Often you will have to fight more than one opponent at the same time. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will be able to fight them one at a time; and sometimes all of them will be able to attack you while you defend yourself and attack only one of them. Specific instructions will be given at the appropriate point whenever you meet more than one opponent.

Luck

There will be times when the success or failure of your exploits will depend entirely on your LUCK. You will be instructed to *Test your Luck*, the procedure for which is

as follows: roll two dice. If the total score is equal to or less than your LUCK score, you are Lucky and the outcome will be in your favour. If the total is higher than your LUCK score, you are Unlucky. Whatever the outcome, you must deduct 1 point from your LUCK score. As you will see, the more you use your LUCK, the less likely you are to be Lucky. There will be occasions when you are able to recover some points of LUCK, but unless specifically stated your score cannot exceed its *Initial* value.

Using Luck in Combat

You can use your LUCK in combat to inflict a particularly serious wound, or to minimize a wound that has been inflicted on you.

Whenever you wound an opponent, you may *Test your Luck*: roll two dice; if the total score is equal to or less than your LUCK score, you have been Lucky. If the total is higher than your LUCK score, you are Unlucky. Whatever the result, you must deduct 1 point from your current LUCK score. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound: deduct an *extra* 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA If you are Unlucky, you have merely grazed him, and you deduct 1 *less* point of STAMINA than normal.

If you have been wounded, you can *Test your Luck* in exactly the same way. Remember to deduct 1 point from your LUCK whatever the result. If you are Lucky, the wound was only a glancing blow, and you can deduct 1 *less* point of STAMINA than usual. If you are Unlucky, the wound is serious: deduct 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Restoring Skill and Stamina

Skill

Your SKILL will not change much during your adventure, and you should change it only if given specific instructions in the text As SKILL is a measure of combat prowess, it can be reduced by losing your weapon or by the effects of poison, for instance; acquiring a magical weapon could increase your SKILL – but remember that you can use only one weapon at a time!

Stamina

Your STAMINA will change frequently during your adventure as you suffer wounds and then recover. At various times you will be given opportunities to eat meals and to acquire Provisions. Eating a meal normally restores up to 4 points of STAMINA, although there may be times, indicated in the text, when you get so hungry you will need to eat a meal simply to avoid losing STAMINA You may eat only one meal at a time, even though you may have more in your backpack. Unless specifically stated, your STAMINA may never exceed its *Initial* score.

Leaving a Trail

Spectral Stalkers can detect the traces of psychic energy that you leave in your wake as you travel between the Spheres of the Macrocosmos. Each time that you pay more than a flying visit to a location – if you stay long enough to become involved in a fight, for instance –

you will leave a disturbance in the ether that will attract the Spectral Stalkers. The more times you do this, the easier it is for your shadowy pursuers to home in on you.

Your TRAIL score shows how easy it is for the Spectral Stalkers to find you. At the start of your adventure your TRAIL score is zero – the Spectral Stalkers do not even know of your existence, and have no chance of finding you. At various points in your adventure, however, you will be instructed to add TRAIL points to your score. Thus, the longer you spend on your travels, the greater the risk that the Spectral Stalkers will find you.

At other times you will be instructed to *Test your Trail Score*. The procedure for this is: roll three dice. If the total rolled is equal to or more than your TRAIL score, you remain undetected; if the total rolled is less than your TRAIL score, you have been detected by the Spectral Stalkers.

Often you will be told to add a point to your TRAIL score and then to *Test your Trail Score* immediately afterwards.

Getting Started

You start this adventure with no inkling of the heavy task that is about to fall to you, and no premonition that in the days to come you will be pursued by a pack of nightmarish creatures more inexorable than Bloodhounds and more vicious than Wolves. Instead, you are carefree: you have no employment and your backpack

contains Provisions for only two more meals, but your purse is full and you have the world to go adventuring in. Your trusty sword is, as ever, at your side.

It is recommended that you make notes and draw a map as you explore. There is a way to succeed that involves little risk, even if you start with low *Initial* scores. There are many more routes that lead to failure and unpleasant fates.

Start with the *Background* section; then go on to the section headed with the number 1. After that go to whichever numbered section you are instructed to.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial
Skill=

STAMINA
Initial
Stamina=

LUCK
Initial
Luck=

WEAPONS

TRAIL
Initial
Trail=0

POTIONS AND MAGICAL ITEMS

GOLD

OTHER OBJECTS AND EQUIPMENT

PROVISIONS REMAINING

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

BACKGROUND

'Signs and portents,' wheezes the old fortune-teller in a voice that seems to rumble from within the folds of his moth-eaten cloak. 'There are signs and portents here. The cards will speak the truth for you, young warrior. I feel it.'

You are beginning to wish that you had never ventured into this dark and smelly tent. The raucous shrieks and music and laughter of the fairground sound dim and distant, even though the grubby canvas of the fortune-teller's tent is the only thing that separates you from the merry-making crowds. You could be outside in the sunshine enjoying the Midsummer Fair instead of waiting in half-darkness for this ancient half-Elven charlatan to start his card-reading act.

A gust of cold wind swirls around you without disturbing the smoke that clogs the air. Suddenly apprehensive, you shiver. The fortune-teller seems momentarily alarmed, but then clears his throat and begins to turn over the cards, one by one.

Each disc of thick parchment bears a faded picture. The first few are familiar – a shining gemstone, a tramp with his meagre belongings tied in a bundle, a skeleton wielding a scythe. The fortune-teller's explanation is equally ordinary – the usual patter about a great treasure and going on a long and difficult journey, and the

threat of terrible danger. Since when did your life as an adventurer contain anything but treasure, travel and danger? You regret giving the old half-Elf a Gold Piece; you now have only 8 Gold Pieces left in your purse and there are many more stalls to visit before nightfall.

Then you notice that the fortune-teller has stopped mumbling. He is staring at the card he has just turned over. His hands are shaking. The face of the new card is completely blank and slightly luminous. At last he manages to stutter: 'It – it isn't possible! None of these cards is blank! But if this is so . . . This card represents your destination, soldier. I fear for you.'

'Why? What does it mean? Where is my destination?'

'Not in Khul,' wails the fortune-teller. 'Nor anywhere in this world. You will travel further than any man can imagine, with a perilous burden and a dreadful pursuit at your heels. Go from here. A storm approaches. Prepare yourself: you will be plucked from this world ere long.'

You step outside to find dark clouds racing across the sky. The crowds are dispersing and the fairground folk are struggling to secure their tents against a rising gale. The paths across the fields to Neuburg are thronged with townspeople scurrying home. You decide to shelter from the storm in the forest, and you set out alone towards the dark line of trees . . .

Turn to 1.

1

You hurry towards the forest beneath the billowing black clouds that have turned daylight into dusk. There is a sudden flash of blinding light. You expect a crash of thunder, but instead there is an eerie silence Then you see something falling out of the sky, tumbling and fluttering like an autumn leaf. It lands with a thump on the path ahead and you run towards it.

It is a winged creature unlike any that you have seen before, and it is badly hurt. Its silver, gossamer-thin wings and its bright robes have been torn into tattered shreds; its small humanoid body bears grievous wounds. It stirs as you approach, and stares at you with huge round eyes. With its last reserves of strength it holds out to you the bundle that it carries, and tries to speak: 'Stranger! I am dying . . . I have failed. Take this burden from me! Take it! Archmage Globus . . . he must . . . Too late! I am dying. Take it! . . . and beware the Spectral Stalkers! . . .'

The creature dies. You pick up the bundle It seems to be a hard ball wrapped in a cloth. Will you put the bundle in your backpack and continue on your way (turn to 207), or unwrap the cloth and look at its contents (turn to 316)?

2

You pull the Aleph from your backpack, but you are appalled to see that, instead of containing an infinite array of glowing images, it is grey and cloudy. As you stare into the sphere, the shifting forms congeal into the indistinct likeness of a face – and a voice thrusts

itself into your mind. 'Ah! So you are here!' gloats the voice. 'You have brought the prize to me. How considerate. Now you cannot escape!' Add 1 point to your TRAIL score. Hurriedly you stuff the Aleph back into your pack; it seems that your travels will end, one way or another, on this world. You decide to keep moving; will you walk towards the water (turn to **92**) or the plains (turn to **116**)?

3

You cannot hope to prevail against all the citizens of this city. You fight with all your strength, but this only increases the determination of the Elves to capture you alive for sacrifice to their deity Vacavon. It also increases your TRAIL score by 1 point. Eventually you are surrounded, subdued, and given several sharp kicks as a reward for causing so much trouble. Deduct 2 points of STAMINA, and turn to **301**

4

Apart from a few Silica Serpents writhing in glittering coils high in the turquoise sky, you don't see a single creature during your long trek to the curtain of cliffs that supports the highest level of the Ziggurat World. The path becomes steeper and steeper until it is zigzagging up the precipitous wall of rock – and finally it peters out altogether. You stop to rest. If you have Provisions, you can eat one meal and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. Then you resume the ascent; from here onwards you will be rock-climbing. If you are wearing Ophidian armour, turn to **321**; if not, turn to **254**.

5

The Spectral Stalker has failed to find you. You heave a sigh of relief as the hideous creature shakes its great head in frustration and begins to dissolve into the air. Night is falling, and a cold wind is blowing across the wild countryside. There is nowhere except the inn to shelter for the night; if you decide to go in, turn to **222**. If you would rather use the Aleph to transport you elsewhere, turn to **283**.

6

The tinkling of the bell is lost in the oppressive silence. You wait but nothing happens. You are about to walk away when a figure rises behind the desk and huffs a cloud of smoke. You jump back in surprise and alarm; a female Dragon is glaring down at you over a pair of wire-framed spectacles.

'Yes? Well, what do you want? This is the Library in Limbo, you know, and no place for warriors and other troublemakers.'

Will you show the Dragon the sphere, and ask her what it is (turn to **395**), or ask her if she has heard of Globus and the Spectral Stalkers (turn to **93**)? Or will you attack her (turn to **340**)?

7

You heave a sigh of relief as the Spectral Stalker dissolves into the air, but you have little time to reflect on your good fortune. The Black Shadows return, in greater numbers than ever. With no energy to resist their attack, you are soon overwhelmed, and you feel sharp fangs piercing your flesh. The venom works quickly and you drift into unconsciousness Turn to **291**.

8

You strike the harp from the Minstrel's hands. It continues to sing; but as the Minstrel turns to confront you, his face contorted with rage, the harp's melody falters. The Zwinians begin to recover their wits, but you have little time to notice them. Your attention is fixed on the sword-wielding Minstrel, whose appear-

ance is changing even as he attacks you. His human appearance was an illusion: he is really Barogkaz, a large, powerfully-built Zwinian, and a formidable swordsman.

BAROGKAZ SKILL 9 STAMINA 13

If you survive three rounds of combat, the citadel guards join the fray and quickly subdue Barogkaz. Frampa, Lord of the Citadel, is grateful for your help but is still suspicious of you. He orders you to take the Minstrel's harp and leave his domain. You find a secluded hollow outside the town walls and decide to abandon the harp there before using the Aleph. Then, to your surprise, the harp speaks: 'Do not forsake me, warrior, for I am no ordinary harp. I am the living spirit of the Minstrel Cerod, whose form the foul beast Barogkaz usurped. Even if you have no skill in music, I can help you.' The harp will halve the SKILL of any humanoid opponent you fight; but, because it will not fit inside your pack, you must reduce your SKILL by one point while you have it. If you decide to keep the harp, record it on your *Adventure Sheet*; whether or not you keep it, your next step is to use the Aleph – turn to **91**.

9

Necromon's eyes begin to glint with a manic light. 'You promised to help me,' he whispers. 'You gave your word. I need your life force. You must let me have it!' He advances on you, pulling a massive cleaver from the rack of knives beside his butcher's block. You try to retreat towards the door, but the white-coated

madman lunges past you and blocks your escape. You decide to make for the other door – the one through which Necromon entered the room – but while you are backing towards it you will have to fight.

NECROMON SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

This should be an easy fight to win, particularly as Necromon seems not to be concentrating on using his cleaver; but than is because he is concentrating on *you*. After each Attack Round, roll two dice; if the total is greater than your SKILL, you find your eyes inexplicably drawn to his – and you are suddenly convinced that you should agree to whatever he asks you to do. Turn to **249**. If you evade his gaze, and survive the fight, you find that after two rounds of combat you can retreat through the door. As you do so, Necromon's cleaver gashes your shoulder – deduct 2 points of STAMINA, and, if you are still alive, turn to **366**.

10

The clouds part; sunlight floods the field. Drawenna's laughter fills the sky. 'That's it!' she shouts. 'That, my brave pawn, my clever pawn, is exactly the right move. Hold! Do not attack. Burud! Do you see the position? My three warriors are in a triangle – and three of yours are at their mercy. Victory is mine. Concede, and I'll spare your wretched pawns.'

'What do I care for mere pawns?' Burud's voice is choked with anger. 'Kill them or not, as you see fit. I won't remain to watch. I'll find other ways to get you, Drawenna!' A gale swirls the clouds across the sky and

into the distance. You find that you can release your hold on the pike; the metal armour slips from your back. With the other surviving warriors you wander to the edge of the field, where you find your backpack, your clothes, and a purse containing 10 Gold Pieces (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*).

Drawenna's voice addresses you again. 'I would ask you to stay, brave warrior,' she says, 'but I sense you are on a perilous quest and cannot linger. Take this!' A golden ring falls out of the sky and lands at your feet; you pick it up and marvel at the large blue gemstone set into it 'The jewel is not only decorative,' says Drawenna's voice. 'If you are weary, or sorely wounded, swallow the blue gem. It will restore your strength.' You can use this item at any time, but only once; swallowing the gem will restore up to 6 points of STAMINA. Record it on your *Adventure Sheet*. Drawenna is right: you have to move on Turn to **124**.

11

You step into a square room with walls lined with sagging bookshelves. Precarious piles of books also cover the floor and several tables. Seated at a desk is a small humanoid in grey robes; two others are frantically examining one of the piles of books and writing notes on parchment scrolls As you enter they all stop working and stare at you The seated one squeaks at you: 'Are you Admittance?'

'No,' you reply. 'Of course not.'

'Well come in, then, and we'll classify you.' You

approach his desk, and ask him what he and his companions are doing. 'We are Ranganathans,' he announces. 'And we're classifying, of course. The question is: what are you?' You say you are a human, and a warrior. 'Well, which is it? Human or Warrior? You can't be two things at once. You're obviously a difficult case. And what do we do with difficult cases, boys?'

'Take them to pieces! That's the way to find out!' chorus the other two Ranganathans, creeping towards you and flexing their sharp fingers. Will you fight them off (turn to **328**), or look for a way out (turn to **74**)?

12

You begin the ascent of the cliff, doggedly trudging up the rocky path that winds back and forth across the sheer face. Eventually, you have to pause to rest. Looking down, you are almost overcome with vertigo when you see how small and distant the landscape below you has become. Looking upward, you see that you are only a little more that half-way up the cliff-face. You shrink against the rocks as a couple of glittering Silica Serpents swoop past, then continue climbing, passing through a layer of white clouds that leave droplets of cold water all over you, before reaching a ledge where you take another rest. If you have Provisions, you can eat one meal and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. Two paths lead upwards from the ledge: one, to your right as you face the cliff, zig-zags towards a craggy part of the clifftop that is dotted with tall cylindrical towers; the other climbs slowly to a distant and relatively flat part of the clifftop. Will you take the path to the right (turn to **130**), or the left (turn to **146**)?

13

As you run down the avenue you can hear the Golem pounding after you, each stride shaking the ground. With angry swipes of its mallet the monster destroys the clay statues as it passes them. The Golem is catching up with you; you veer off the path and on to the bare hillside, hoping that as the hot sun dries the monster's body it will begin to slow down. But now the Golem is right behind you, its mallet smashing boulders to your right and left as you dodge the blows.

Roll one die. The result is the number of times that you have to dodge the mallet-blows. For each dodge, roll two dice; each time that the result is higher than your SKILL you are struck by shards of rock and must deduct 2 points of STAMINA. However, because the Golem is at last beginning to slow, you may deduct one point from the second dice-roll, two from the third, three from the fourth, and so on. If you survive the mallet-blows, you are rewarded by the sight of the Golem slowing down as the sun's rays dry its body. After a few minutes, it is completely motionless: a clay statue that will remain lifeless on the hillside until the next rainstorm. You make your way back to the cave in the cliff-face; turn to **263**.

14

The descent is difficult, and by the time you reach the base of the tower nearly every one of your little group

of ex-prisoners has almost slipped from the narrow stairway at least once. Now, huddled in the darkness at the bottom of the ravine, you discuss your next move. All of the Elves, Vaskind and Mantirs want to return to their homes, and that entails taking the long zig-zag path down the cliff to the lower level of the Ziggurat World. You agree to accompany them to the top of the cliff. Turn to 333.

15

You walk for some distance along a roughly-hewn tunnel, and then, after stooping under an arch, you find that the tunnel divides. You are standing between three doorways; in the dim light you can see that only one of them has the circle and triangle symbol carved into its lintel. You face this doorway and, looking through it, you can see daylight at the end of a long tunnel; the other two tunnels, with unmarked doorways, are to your right and left. Will you go straight on, towards the daylight (turn to 305); to your right (turn to 367); or to your left (turn to 206)?

16

You are too slow. The Tyrant plucks the Aleph from your fingers and immediately begins to disappear into it. You can only watch in horror as the sphere expands, and then contracts to a point – and disappears. You have lost the Aleph. You are stranded on this barren world where, year after year, the dwindling Feliti bring offerings to your castle and perform half-forgotten rituals in their overgrown garden. You are the new Tyrant. Perhaps, after a few centuries, a new Champion will appear on the stone table in the Feliti garden . . .

17

Although there is no sound – even the flowers have stopped tinkling throughout the Crystal Garden – you can hear the Spectral Stalker's scream of rage reverberate inside your mind as it dissolves into the air. It knew that it had almost found you, and you know it too. You step over the Silica Serpent and hurry towards the Vitreous Citadel. Turn to 336.

18

Grondel convinces the priest that you have proof of the existence of other worlds. The two Elves watch in fascination as you unwrap the glowing sphere and reveal its vista of multitudinous lands and planets. Grondel stares open-mouthed in amazement; the priest reels backwards, overwhelmed by this shock to the foundations of his beliefs You cover the Aleph and pack it away, but a little damage has already been done – add 1 point to your TRAIL score. Grondel promises to reward you for your help, and he leads you to his house. As you eat the meal he provides for you – it has almost no taste, but it restores up to 4 points of STAMINA – Grondel rummages in chests and cupboards until he finds a silver ring with a small stone in a cumbersome setting. 'This is not the most attractive of jewels,' he chuckles, 'but it is very useful. If you twist the setting – like this – the Ring of Light will provide illumination Such items are valuable here in the darkness, but I hope that you will find it of some worth in your travels.' You assure Grondel that the ring will indeed be very useful, and you slip it on to a finger. The old Elf starts to busy himself with plans for an expedition to leave the cave and you take your leave. Turn to **377**

19

Your pulse pounds in your head as the water crushes you. A trickle of precious air escapes from your clenched lips as you fight to remain conscious, your body rising slowly through the icy waters. Roll four dice; if the total is less than your current STAMINA, turn to **194**; if

the total is equal to, or greater than, your STAMINA, turn to **84**

20

There is nothing else of interest in the courtyard and you consider which of its four doorways you will leave through. There is a portal in each of the four walls; you turn to face the doorway which has the circle and triangle symbol carved above it. Which way will you go:

Through the door you are facing?	Turn to **257**
The door behind you?	Turn to **329**
The door to your right?	Turn to **335**
The door to your left?	Turn to **78**

21

You are in an unlit tunnel. You can see nothing, and can feel only the cool, smooth stones on both sides. You grope towards the indistinct sound of chanting voices. The chanting becomes louder, urgent and frenzied. You take one more step, the floor gives way beneath your feet, and you are sliding helplessly down a chute and into flickering light. You land on a dais of rune-carved flagstones and, as you pick yourself up, you see that you have emerged from the mouth of a gigantic stone skull that forms one wall of the torchlit hall. The voices are suddenly silent. You turn to find yourself looking up into the fiery eye-sockets of another skull – but this one is the living face of a giant warrior-priest, who howls with joy as he thanks his grim deity.

'As I foretold, mighty Glund, you have given us an omen This creature will be our victory sacrifice. I, Syzuk the Devastator, will shed its lifeblood at the battle's end on an altar of a thousand vanquished foes. Warriors! Can you now doubt our victory? To arms!'

Two soldiers begin to climb on to the platform Will you fight them (turn to **139**), wait for them to capture you (turn to **85**), or try to escape by re-entering the mouth of the stone skull (turn to **348**)?

22

By the time you reach the foot of the rock face, the Ophidians are already little more than black dots in the distance and their captive Silica Serpent is a shimmering sliver of light hanging in the air beside them. You are relieved to find that the surface of the rock is not as

smooth as it first appeared: there are crevices and outcrops for your feet and hands. You begin the long ascent, pulling yourself upwards centimetre by precarious and painful centimetre. This climb will test both your strength and your endurance. Roll six dice. If the total is equal to, or less than, the sum of your SKILL and STAMINA, turn to **218**; if the total is greater than the sum of your SKILL and STAMINA, turn to **86**.

23

As Semeion leads you back to his courtyard gardens he gives you some last words of advice. 'Go to the Ziggurat World of the Archmage Globus,' he says thoughtfully. 'Whether danger or good fortune await you there, the Ziggurat World is the place where your travelling must end. The Aleph will take you there. Be on your guard at all times.' You thank the old man, and ask him if he can provide you with more substantial assistance – food, for instance. Semeion shakes his head. 'I do not require sustenance such as your body needs,' he says, 'for this shape in which you see me is but one of many forms. From my storehouse of wisdom, however, I offer these two further thoughts: catch the fisher in his own nets; and set the hunter's hounds upon the hunter.' You manage to sound grateful for these homilies as you take the Aleph from your backpack. If you have no weapon you can ask Semeion if he can provide one – turn to **182**; otherwise, you lose yourself in the Aleph's swarming worlds – turn to **234**.

24

The cramped cabin at the back of the wagon is full of magician's props and theatrical costumes, jumbled boxes and crates – and, imprisoned in a cage suspended from the ceiling, a young woman who must be the Baron's missing daughter. You hear the crack of a whip and the whinnying of horses, and with a jolt the wagon begins to move, accelerating rapidly over the cobblestones as the Conjuror and his assistant make good their escape from the town. You unstrap your backpack and search for something to help you force open the cage's sturdy lock, but without success. 'The Conjuror has the key,' the Baron's daughter says in an excited voice, 'and I expect he'll come soon to check that I'm still a prisoner!' You fear she is correct. Will you wait for the Conjuror's entrance (turn to **137**), or use the Aleph to transport you away from this place (turn to **63**)?

25

'Why do you hesitate?' the Archmage demands, his voice growing dark and cold. 'Do you dare to defy me? You do not know the extent of my powers. I have servants, demons from beyond this plane of existence, who will destroy you. The Spectral Stalkers will come at my bidding. Give me the Aleph – or prepare to die!' You have no doubt that you would be powerless against the otherworldly might of the Spectral Stalkers. If you decide that you have no choice but to hand the Aleph to Globus, turn to **338**; if you insist on keeping it, turn to **172**.

26

After walking in the darkness of the tunnel for some time, you grope your way round a corner and see light beyond a doorway ahead. Ducking through the stone portal you find yourself in a small, square chamber with a doorway set in each of the four walls. A shaft of brilliant sunlight streams from high above on to a glowing boulder set into the tiled floor. The boulder emanates a fierce heat and within seconds you find the temperature unbearable. You decide to leave quickly, but you have time to read the words which are carved above the doorways:

Symbols can reveal that which has been
And that which is.
Only you know what you intend.
No man knows what will happen.

You face the circle and triangle symbol, and must choose which doorway you will leave through:

The door you are facing?	Turn to 224
The door behind you?	Turn to 101
The door to your left?	Turn to 367
The door to your right?	Turn to 187

27

You turn and stare in surprise. In front of you there is a doorway which you are sure was not there a minute ago. It looks solid enough; on its stone lintel is engraved the word *EXIT*. It seems that you have found the way out – or perhaps it has found you! Anything would be better than these endless corridors, you decide, and walk into the black shadow in the doorway. Turn to 185.

28

You press yourself against the wall while you reach for the silver dagger, feeling drops of the Black Shadow's foul-smelling venom fall on to your shoulders. When the monster's fangs are only centimetres above your head you thrust the dagger upwards. Although your blow misses its target, the Black Shadow hisses in alarm and tries to scuttle backwards. You thrust a second time and the creature screeches as it loses its grip on the stones and flutters downwards like a torn rag in a gust of wind. Restore 1 point of LUCK. Treading as quickly as you dare, you continue up the crumbling steps. Turn to 318.

29

You breathe a sigh of relief as the awful shape dissolves into the air. Add 1 point to your TRAIL score. You look about you. The landscape of woodland and meadows is dominated by a wall of impossibly tall, sheer cliffs that extend across half the horizon, and thin, cylindrical towers dot the crags atop the cliffs. In the hazy distance, far beyond and above the clifftops, you

can just make out an even higher flat-topped mountain. Beyond a few floating fluffy clouds, and a few winged creatures that swoop amongst them, the sky is sharply divided into two parts: an area of absolute darkness and a turquoise area that glows with golden light. There is no sun. You are on the Ziggurat World, a planet of terraces enclosed within a half-dark, half-light sphere. You hear the sound of approaching voices and recognize the lilting note of a Wood Elf dialect. Will you wait to see who is coming (turn to 370), or walk towards the cliffs and take advantage of the rising land to gain an overview of this level of the world (turn to 190)?

30

You take the Aleph from your backpack and hold it in your hands. The countless vistas that swarm within the shining sphere, tiny yet perfect in every detail, entrance you immediately. Strange creatures, alien peoples, towns, continents, planets, swirling stars and cloudy galaxies swim before your eyes. You feel yourself being enveloped by the Aleph, and transported within it. Roll one die. If you roll an even number, turn to 135; if you roll an odd number, turn to 145.

31

The doorway says nothing more, but after a moment of ominous calm, the stone slab suddenly starts to vibrate furiously, while at the same time lashing from side to side and rocking up and down. You realize that you will be shaken from the bridge and into the moat within seconds: your only hope is to jump to safety.

Will you try to leap back to the bank (turn to 279), or forwards, into the mouth of the doorway (turn to 311)?

32

Now it is the turn of Burud's black warriors. They do not even bother to consult each other: you hear a noise and turn to see the black pawn on *E3* move to *F3*. You are caught between two black warriors and no matter how much you turn and turn again, your armour cannot protect you against attack from two opposite sides. You lose the game.

33

The silence does not last. You hear the sound of many feet coming through the grass. At first you fear a stampede of Colepods, but the strange beings that canter through the grass to surround you are Mantirs, the owners and shepherds of the Colepod herds. Like a Colepod, a Mantir resembles a giant insect, with a shell-like carapace and antennae waving from his forehead; but he walks upright, on only four legs, his foremost pair of limbs serving as arms. Each Mantir carries a spear and wears headgear as protection from the heat that beats upon the shadeless plains, and each has fashioned the knob of bone at the end of his tail into a spiked weapon of devastating effect. The Mantir herdsmen are as astounded by your appearance as they are grateful for the safe recovery of their rogue Colepod. Their leader silences their endless twittering comments and presents you with a reward – a large slice of delicious honeycake which can restore up to 4 STAMINA points. He then addresses you, speaking in a fluting

voice that you can barely understand. He asks what you are doing here on the plains; and, more importantly, whether you are a friend or an enemy of Globus the Archmage who, says the Mantir, is the ruler of all the peoples on this world. Will you say that you are Globus's friend (turn to **266**), or his enemy (turn to **304**)?

34

You have no time to select any special item from your backpack; you must fight with the weapon you have at hand. The figures advance, making no attempt to avoid your blows – and you realize quickly that your attack is having no effect. The man and the woman are as insubstantial as ghosts, but it seems they can harm you: any weapon you are using becomes too cold to hold on to, and you are obliged to drop it – delete it from your *Adventure Sheet* and reduce your SKILL by 2 points until you find another weapon. If you are attacking with your bare hands, your fist suffers frostbite as it passes through the apparitions – lose 3 points from your STAMINA You turn and run Turn to **262**

35

The Ophidians are momentarily confused: they can see that their comrade has fallen and that you are now unguarded, but they are reluctant to abandon the Silica Serpent before it has been completely secured. In this moment of uncertainty you make your escape. Leaping from boulder to boulder you make for the high ground above the gully in which the Ophidians trapped the Serpent. You take a last look down into the ravine, and note with satisfaction that the Ophidians have not set off in pursuit. You make for the vast cliffs in the distance. Turn to **4**

36

The Aleph's floating images condense into the glowing sphere that you hold cupped in your hands. You replace it in your backpack and look up. You are standing on a weathered stone table in the middle of an overgrown garden. You know at once that you are not on your home world of Titan: the sky shimmers like purple velvet, and floating in it are a vast pale sun and clouds like goose-down The garden's plants are like rambling roses, but with dark leaves and aromatic magenta blooms; they have invaded the lawns, climbed the crumbling walls and embraced the carved figures of fabulous beasts that sit scowling on pedestals. There is a gate of wrought iron set into the wall and through it you see sharp-peaked mountains and a grim fortress. The gate opens; a procession enters the garden. The people are humanoid: small, with pale green skin, and green hair that rises in stiff spiral curls They are wearing torn and dirty rags, but their leader has a fur-trimmed robe. With heads lowered they approach the stone table, and the leader begins a solemn prayer for the return of his people's champion. At the end of the incantation, he looks up – and his jaw drops in astonishment as he sees you Will you greet these people (turn to 251), or jump from the table and run out of the garden (turn to 323)?

37

You hack away the remains of the net and scoop the feebly-protesting being into your arms. He is very light and you run quickly into the cover of the trees. No Wood Elves or Silica Serpents see you: restore 1 point of LUCK. 'You are as brave as you are foolhardy,' says

the wounded creature as you lay him carefully on soft grasses, 'but I thank you once again. Had I been taken by the Silica Serpents I would have had to leave this body and I have many tasks to perform while I inhabit it. I see you are curious about me. I am a Mercurial, one of many messengers of – well, of those who guard the ways between the many worlds of the Macrocosmos. You have the Aleph, I know. And you must leave this place immediately! You have walked into a trap: this world is the home of Globus the Archmage. Globus has been consumed by his desire for knowledge and power. He is all evil now and will stop at nothing to acquire the Aleph. Flee before the Silica Serpents arrive to search for me, and flee from this world before Globus learns that you are here.' Spurred on by the Mercurial's words, you leave the trees and head towards the towering cliffs. Turn to **190**.

38

You sit on the bed. As the light fades, the open doors of the toy cupboards seem dark and threatening, like the gaping mouths of monsters or the cave lairs of ferocious beasts. The rocking-horse appears to be watching you with its glass eye; the stuffed bear looks a little too realistic. Hanging on a hook is a jester's outfit that looks too large for a child; a goblin mask leers down at you from a shelf; an almost life-size ballerina doll has a smirk on her face; the little metal soldiers are holding sharp-pointed spears. On a table next to the bed a jointed clown doll sits inside a small glass sphere that seems to rock gently from side to side. Your feeling of relief is replaced by a sense of foreboding. If you have a

Glowcandle or a Ring of Light, turn to **87**; if not, turn to **241**.

39

You start to move cautiously towards the door at the other end of the room, but the monster shuffles sideways to block your path, holding out its various limbs as if demanding something from you. The sheer size of the creature deters you from attacking it; you have the impression that even if you succeeded in hacking off whole sections of its motley body it would scarcely notice the loss. You will have to make a dash for the door and hope that the monster's flailing limbs fail to strike you. Roll a die and add the result to your SKILL; then roll three dice for the monster. If the monster's total is higher than yours, the difference is the number of points of STAMINA you lose as an assortment of fists and claws batter and tear you during your lunge towards the door. If you survive this onslaught you succeed in reaching the door and slamming it behind you. Turn to **258**.

40

In the morning you throw open the shutters of your room. The wind seems even colder now, carrying with it flurries of sleet and hail. You collect your belongings and wander downstairs. The inn is deserted. You search the cupboards and cellars, and find a sword that seems sharp and well-balanced. You can keep it if you need a weapon. It is not until you are about to leave the inn that you find the most interesting item: pinned to the back of the door is the innkeeper's licence, granted by

the Margrave of Neuburg – and dated four hundred years after the date when you found the Aleph.

Shaking your head in disbelief, you step out into the freezing rain. The door slams behind you and, shaken from its bracket, the inn sign falls from the outside wall and barely misses your head. You jump backwards and look down at the crude painting of two ghostly figures. The sign is circular, which seems unusual for an inn sign and uncannily reminiscent of the shape of the Aleph. It is small enough to fit into your backpack; perhaps you should pick it up and take it with you (record it on your *Adventure Sheet* if you do so). Khul, four hundred years in your future, seems an unwelcoming place. You bid it farewell and use the Aleph to go elsewhere. Turn to **283**.

41

The sound of the Colepod's pounding hooves fades into the distance, but the silence does not last. You hear the sound of many feet coming through the grass. At first you fear a stampede of Colepods, but the strange beings that canter through the grass to surround you are Mantirs, the owners and shepherds of the Colepod herds. Like a Colepod, a Mantir resembles a giant insect, with a shell-like carapace and antennae waving from his forehead; but he walks upright, on only four legs, his foremost pair of limbs serving as arms. Every Mantir carries a spear and each has fashioned the knob of bone at the end of his tail into a spiked weapon of devastating effect. The Mantir herdsmen are so astounded by your appearance that they forget all about their

rogue Colepod. Their leader silences their endless twittering comments and addresses you in a fluting voice that you can barely understand. He asks what you are doing here on the plains and, more importantly, whether you are a friend or an enemy of Globus the Archmage who, he says, is the ruler of all the peoples on this world. Will you say you are Globus's friend (turn to **88**), or his enemy (turn to **304**)?

42

As soon as you step into the chamber at the heart of the machine, the rods that surround you begin to pulse with light and the room begins to fade. Then the pulsing lights themselves grow dim and, although your limbs are stationary and there is no sensation of speed, you feel yourself being transported to another place. Roll one die; if you roll:

1 or 2	Turn to **156**
3 or 4	Turn to **354**
5 or 6	Turn to **234**

43

After only a few steps along the tunnel, you turn a corner and stumble down a flight of steep stairs. You fall into a vast cavern illuminated by bonfires and full of tethered Silica Serpents. Each Serpent is guarded by several Ophidians and within seconds you are surrounded by a dozen of the black-armoured beings. You cannot hope to fight your way out so you surrender. The Ophidians produce several lengths of strong rope and bind your limbs securely. Turn to **53**.

44

You run beneath the canopy of branches, push through the undergrowth and throw yourself into a leafy dell. When you lift your head cautiously above the edge of the hollow and look back towards the path, you see that the monstrous shape has solidified and that a second is beginning to condense out of the air beside it. You watch with horrified fascination. These monsters must be the Spectral Stalkers that the winged creature spoke of; they are more hideous than the worst creations of your most sinister dreams. Each has four long, spindly legs, like those of a spider; a body that is no more than scaly skin drawn over sharp bones; a multitude of claw-tipped arms; and, for a head, a mass of writhing tentacles surmounted by two bulbous, faceted eyes like those of insects. You cannot hope to defeat them in combat and you dare not move, for fear that they will see you. You slide back to the bottom of the dell – and remember the bundle that the winged creature entrusted to you. Turn to **316**.

45

You turn to face the doorway which has a triangle surmounted by a circle engraved on its lintel. Through which of the doorways will you leave this room:

The door in front of you?	Turn to **122**
The door behind you?	Turn to **224**
The door to your right?	Turn to **187**
The door to your left?	Turn to **247**

46

The first blaring note is enough to terrify the creatures that were about to attack you, scattering them like leaves in a gust of wind. Although you have exhausted the breath in your lungs, the noise from the Horn continues, becoming even louder, its strident note spreading across the barren landscape like a ripple across a pond. With your hands pressed to your ears to shut out the din, you see swarms of Black Shadows issuing from towers in frantic confusion. At last the Horn's blast fades. There are no Black Shadows to be seen – regain 1 point of LUCK. You run from the tower and scramble into the safety and darkness of the ravines. Turn to **214**.

47

The curtain is pulled aside and the Conjuror rushes past you, grabbing the Were-cat and pulling her along behind him. You join the crowd chasing the Conjuror along the passage and on to the front platform of the wagon, from which he and his assistant leap to the cobbles of the town square. You watch as they make off among the old houses of the town, pursued by the more enthusiastic elements of the crowd. The Baron's daughter is found locked in a cage suspended from the ceiling of the cabin at the back of the wagon, and is quickly freed. The Baron, grateful for your intervention, thrusts a purse into your hands: add 5 Gold Pieces to your *Adventure Sheet*. When you leave the wagon, however, you find that the townspeople are scattering in terror – your exertions in fighting the Were-cat have attracted the attention of your demonic pursuers. The

hideous shape of a Spectral Stalker is forming in the air above the town square! Add 1 point to your TRAIL score. There seems to be no choice but to use the Aleph to leave this place. Turn to 63.

48

The thick folds of fungus are much less solid than they looked, and your sword slices through them with ease. You hack energetically at the repellent stuff and the door is soon uncovered. In your haste, you fail to notice the clouds of tiny spores that are released from the fungus by your frenzied attack and you have no idea that the spores have landed all over your body until your skin starts to itch maddeningly. You must reduce your SKILL by 1 point because of the distraction caused by this irritation. Scratching yourself, you pull open the door, step through it, close it behind you and set off along the passage beyond. Turn to 148.

49

Metron places the clay ball on a workbench. For many minutes the Mapmaker is busy with rulers, protractors, tubes of coloured fluids, and instruments with flashing lights and glowing numbers. Then he consults books from his library, draws a diagram of the ball and writes pages of notes. 'This is not a very interesting object,' Metron says at last. 'It is a hollow spheroid made from a mixture of substances that one might find in ordinary soil – full of impurities. It has been manufactured very inexactly: the diameter varies by as much as three sixty-fourths of a *dronk*. It cannot possibly serve any useful function. Shall I dispose of it for you?' You hurriedly pick up the clay ball; when you shake it, it no longer rattles. Metron has somehow removed the magic that Mayrek the Potter gave to the ball (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*). The ball still resembles the Aleph, however, and you decide to keep it. You complain bitterly to the Mapmaker that he has destroyed a magical item. Turn to 375.

50

You begin to despair of defeating the Silica Serpent. Add 1 point to your TRAIL score. You disengage from the struggle and see that the Elves are returning and more Silica Serpents are wheeling down from the skies. You realize that you cannot hope to defeat this many opponents and take to your heels. Under cover of the trees, you turn to see that you are not being pursued: the Elves and the Serpents are concerned only with the captive in the net. You make your way towards the towering cliffs – turn to 190.

51

You have arrived home – the continent of Khul. The trees, the landscape, the very air is familiar You recognize the countryside: you are standing on a road along which you have marched many times. But everything has changed. The fields are a wilderness of heath and bracken, farm buildings ruined and almost smothered under brambles The road has deteriorated into a muddy, rutted track. You walk along it until you can see the bridge over the River Gibelvatter – but the bridge is broken, and only a stump of stonework remains perched above the flowing waters. On this outcrop stands a new building, grim and battlemented. However, you see a circular inn sign swinging from a bracket on the wall and lights flicker behind the arrow-slits in the upper storey. A heavily-built man is standing outside the only door; as you approach he draws his sword. Will you prepare to fight him (turn to **278**), or will you raise your open hands in a gesture of peace (turn to **319**)?

52

As the Feliti leader finishes his incantation, the heap of soft petals begins to glow. 'Now we must wait until night,' he says, 'and then I will explain our plight. If I may say so, Lord, you look weary. May we refresh you?' Without waiting for your reply, he orders several of the Feliti to bring you sweetmeats and wine. You taste the food: it seems wholesome. 'We will leave you now, Lord,' says the robed Feliti, 'and I will return after dark to speak with you Have no fear. The eyes of the Tyrant cannot penetrate the thickets of the Eternal

Garden.' You decide to follow this advice and concentrate on eating (restore up to 4 points of STAMINA). When you look up from your meal, the sky is darkening – and in the place where there was a heap of flowers there is now only a glittering gem. The Jewel of Sleep has been created. You pick it up and see that it is a hollow crystal containing a purple liquid. If you want to take it and then use the Aleph to travel away from this world, note the Jewel on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 365. If you wait in the garden, turn to 334.

53

The Ophidians dump you on the floor of the cavern between two Silica Serpents who are as tightly bound as you are. Each has a chain round its neck which leads to an iron ring set into the cave wall, its wings held against its sinuous body by straps of leather and a muzzle enclosing most of its huge, scaly head. You endure the discomfort of your ropes as patiently as you can, and at last the Ophidians cease to watch over you and instead congregate at the far end of the cavern. As you are now unguarded, and near the entrance of the cavern, you think you could creep away undetected – if only you could break free of your bonds. You notice that the muzzles of the Silica Serpents are designed to avoid the creatures' corrosive venom – with the result that drops of it fall freely from the Serpents' jaws and burn hollows in the stone floor of the cavern. You wriggle across the rocks until you are lying beneath one of the Serpents' heads. Drops of venom fall on to your body; the liquid burns through the ropes, but it also burns you! Lose 3 points of STAMINA. If you survive, you can shrug off your bonds; and, taking with you a long coil of rope, you creep from the cavern. At the cave mouth, you have a choice: will you explore the right-hand tunnel (turn to 152), or will you use the rope to help you climb down to the foot of the rock wall and then continue towards the vast cliffs in the distance (turn to 4)?

54

Roll three dice and deduct the total from your STAMINA. If, by some miracle, you are still alive, you regain your senses, groaning, your body racked with pain. You have survived the onslaught of the Spectral Stalkers – but where have they taken you? Turn to 392.

55

The Grappler's limbs hang limply at its sides; the lights in its transparent dome flash more slowly, then fade. As the last light dies, the all-pervasive hum suddenly ceases, the room lurches drunkenly – and in the huge hall of cages every door flies open, releasing the menagerie of bizarre life-forms. Soon hundreds of indescribable creatures are milling together in the hall; some are fighting, others are hunting or fleeing from predators, and all are creating a cacophony of discordant cries. Some of the fiercest-looking animals see you in the Transporter Bay and begin to prowl towards you; then, inexplicably, they turn tail and flee. You look behind you: the hideous shape of a Spectral Stalker is forming in the air! Add 1 point to your TRAIL score. You decide to use the Aleph to escape from this place and, feverishly, you pull the glowing sphere from your

backpack and cup it in your hands. You feel yourself being enveloped by the Aleph, and transported within it. Roll one die. If you roll an even number, turn to **105**; if you roll an odd number, turn to **126**.

56

Something is moving inside your backpack. You nudge it with your foot: the glass ball is rocking from side to side – and inside it the little clown puppet is jumping up and down and hammering against the glass with his tiny fists. You stretch your leg and extricate the ball with your foot; then, with one swift blow of your booted heel, you shatter the glass. With the jerky movements of a marionette the little clown dances for joy before stooping to pick up a sliver of glass. He clambers laboriously up your clothing and along your arm, where he starts to slice through the ropes securing you to the pillar. As the last strands fall away from your body, the little puppet begins to change – and lying at your feet is the frail figure of a wizened old man. 'At last,' he wheezes with a smile. 'I have rescued a hero, and thus atoned for my dreadful deeds all those centuries ago. The curse is lifted from me, and at last I can die in peace!' With that, the old man expires. Delete the clown puppet from your *Adventure Sheet*. You look up to see the other prisoners staring at you in amazement. Turn to **296**.

57

The Minstrel and his harp remain silent as you accompany them along the road, which winds through the forest and eventually begins to rise into rockier terrain. At last you reach the summit as the road passes through a neck between two crags and you stop alongside the Minstrel to survey the wooded plateau in front of you. In the distance there is a walled citadel, its granite keep dominating the highest point. Two more Zwinian soldiers emerge from a small watchtower near the road. The Minstrel thumps the harp slung across his back and the instrument starts to sing. Enthralled by the eerie melody, the Zwinian guards seem befuddled and clumsy. The Minstrel draws his sword and runs at them, and in the ensuing mêlée succeeds in killing both of them. 'It is so sweet to dispose of these traitors,' he says, wiping his sword on a clump of grass, 'and this is but the beginning of my revenge. Shall we continue to the citadel? I promise you a wealth of entertainment there.' If you find the Minstrel's attitude too bloodthirsty you can decline his offer and walk away – turn to **342**. If you decide to accompany him to the citadel, turn to **213**.

58

The liquid is tasteless and you have gulped down several mouthfuls before you start to feel sharp pains in your stomach. You have swallowed embalming fluid, a poisonous substance used for preserving dead bodies! You writhe on the floor, retching helplessly. Deduct 3 points of STAMINA. If you survive the effects of the poison, the pain subsides and you recover gradually, until you feel strong enough to totter up the stairs and through the door. Turn to **189**.

59

'Ill-mannered lout!' roars Wayland as you rush towards him 'Can't you take a joke? Be off with you!' You suddenly notice that a doorway has appeared between you and your opponent. The stone pillars look solid and permanent, but you are sure it was not there a moment ago. Through the doorway you see Wayland grinning at you, and as you step under the lintel you catch sight of the word *EXIT* engraved in the stone. Turn to **185**.

60

You heave a sigh of relief as the Spectral Stalker dissolves into the air; it had almost found you and you could feel the tendrils of its malevolent will licking at the edges of your mind. The Vaskind have all fled beneath the waves; you are alone on the beach. You wander back and forth, but can find nothing of interest, and you decide to climb the path that zig-zags up the face of the cliff. Turn to **12**.

61

You pull the glowing sphere from your backpack and gaze into it. The endless vista of numberless worlds spreads itself before you; wherever you look new marvels unfold before your eyes. The Aleph seems to be everywhere, surrounding you, carrying you away among the swirling spheres; with an effort you try to concentrate on your destination. If you are hoping to find someone who can explain the significance of the objects you have collected in your travels, turn to **354**; if you are keen to reach the conclusion of your quest, turn to **234**.

66

The villagers are overjoyed that a brave warrior is prepared to help them, but they call tell you no more than the way to Mayrek's cave. You set off and after a long trudge across the dunes you find yourself climbing a wooded hillside When you come to an avenue of clay statues you know you are nearing your goal. You walk up the winding path, marvelling at the skill of the artist who has modelled these fantastical creatures of clay. You turn the last corner and find that the avenue ends at a cave in the face of a cliff. The mouth of the cave has been blocked with boulders and rubble. The largest of the clay statues, shaped in the likeness of a misshapen, slab-faced giant, stands astride the cave-mouth. As you approach, the statue growls like thunder and begins to move! A voice from within the cave can be heard shouting: 'Stay clear! I am Mayrek, and I know what my Clay Golem can do. Run for your life!' With slow, lumbering strides, the Golem steps towards a waterfall that cascades down the cliff-face. For a few seconds it stands under the pouring water – and then, slick and glistening, it is rushing towards you. If you have a vial of Siccator, and wish to use it, turn to **204**. If you stand and fight, turn to **131**. If you choose to run away, turn to **13**.

67

The doorway does not say another word; the bridge stops swaying. You step forward gingerly. The stone slab is as firm and stable as when you first stepped on to it You conclude that you gave the correct answer, and a glance upwards at the ornate carvings over the

doorway confirms this conclusion. You hurry across the bridge and through the doorway. You have succeeded in entering the Vitreous Citadel. Turn to **189**

68

As you advance, the Feliti back away, baring their fangs and yelping. Individually the creatures are no match for you, but it will be difficult to drive off the entire pack of them. In the fading light the swaying of the tall grass shows that they are circling you – and then the three largest of them come for you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FELITI	5	3
Second FELITI	4	5
Third FELITI	6	5

Fight them one at a time. Before each Attack Round, roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, the first Feliti attacks you; on a 3 or 4, the second; a 5 or 6, the third. If you kill one of them, turn to **109**; if not, at the end of four Attack Rounds turn to **169**.

69

You break free of the sticky filaments before the Spider can reach you. The monstrous creature retreats into its web as you make for a corner of the courtyard out of range of the Spider's trailing strands. Now you have time to consider your next move: there are four exits from the courtyard – a doorway in the middle of each wall. You are sure that if you move quickly you can reach one before the Spider can trap you. Only one of the doorways has the circle and triangle symbol above

it; you face towards that doorway and make your decision. You can go through the doorway you are facing (turn to **317**); the doorway behind you (turn to **15**); the doorway to your right (turn to **285**); or the doorway to your left (turn to **367**).

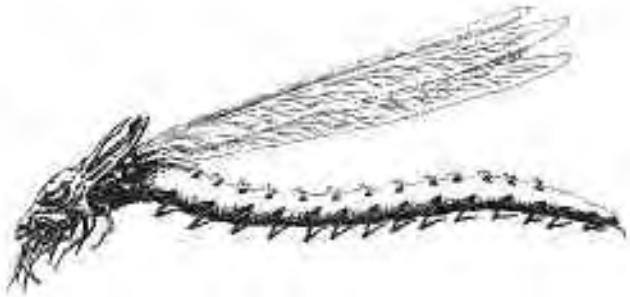

70

You feel as visible as a fly on a whitewashed wall as you climb up the blank face of the tower. The stairway seems to spiral upwards for ever, and its weatherbeaten steps of crumbling stone make you all too aware of the drop below you. In the distance you see, swooping in and out of other towers, the inhabitants of this part of the Ziggurat World. They are known as Black Shadows, because they fly silently, their wiry bodies supported by a membrane of black skin that connects their long tails, legs, arms and ears. You are just thinking how lucky you are none of them are close enough to see you when you hear a rushing of air and a flapping of membranous skin – a Black Shadow is descending on you. The creature lands above you, then, clinging to the stones with its talons, it scuttles down towards you, fangs bared. Unlike the Black Shadow, you have no

way to secure yourself on to the stonework and if you fight the creature you will certainly be dislodged from the stairway. You will have to deliver a single well-aimed blow. If you have a silver dagger, it might be particularly effective against this monster – turn to 28. If not, you must use your sword – turn to 106.

71

You uncork the little bottle and pass it to Grondel, telling him to drink half of the liquid. You consume the remainder. You cannot detect any change in your body; all you can do is wait, and hope that the Siccator will be able to protect you from the effects of the poison. On the dais above you the Elven priest's incantations reach a loud climax. There are a few seconds of silence, then you hear the gurgling rumble of water rushing through old pipes, and a sheet of liquid splashes all round you. You grit your teeth in the expectation of pain – but you don't even feel wet. The water runs off your skin as if you had a second, invisible skin, and when the flow from the spout ceases you and Grondel are both completely dry and completely undamaged. Turn to 245.

72

'Wrong!' barks the Logic Dog. 'I'm going to attack! You guessed incorrectly, and therefore I *will* attack.' With that, the huge beast launches itself towards you. Turn to 163.

73

As the small voice in the back of your mind becomes more and more insistent, the beautiful visions disintegrate and fade. You blink, become fully alert and realize that you are lying on Necromon's bloodstained table. The white-coated figure has his back to you, sharpening a long knife on a grindstone. You use this opportunity to rise quietly, pick up your backpack and tiptoe away. The nearest door is the one through which Necromon entered the room earlier. You slip through it: turn to 366.

74

The Ranganathans are between you and the door. You charge towards them and knock them aside, but their razor-sharp fingers lacerate you as you flee. Lose 4 STAMINA points. You jump over heaps of books and through the doorway, slamming the door shut behind you. As you retrace your steps along the corridor the Ranganathans open the door of their room and poke their heads out, giggling and squealing at your ignominious retreat. You arrive back at the crossroads and begin the long hike along another corridor; turn to either 164, 243 or 373.

75

You have very little time in which to judge which way you should jump and, having decided, you will have to jump well and with alacrity in order to avoid the crazed Colepod's charge. Roll two dice and add 2 to the result: if the total is less than your SKILL, turn to 349; if the total is equal to, or more than, your SKILL, turn to 242.

76

You stand in the path of the massive and grotesque war-beasts and wave your arms. The gigantic riders seem to stare straight through you and remain oblivious to you even as their steeds bear down on you. Although the beasts' hoofbeats are still unnervingly noiseless, you can see from their imprints in the turf that their hooves are as heavy and powerful as they look. You are about to be trampled; you cannot stay where you are, so you decide to attempt to grab the harness of one of the animals and pull yourself to safety. Roll two dice. If the total is less than your SKILL score, turn to 161; if the total is equal to or more than your SKILL score, turn to 387.

77

As you step towards the multicoloured clusters of glass flowers you are entranced by their sparkling brightness and by the musical tinkling they make as they sway in the breeze – and then you realize that there is not a breath of wind. It is your presence that is exciting the flowers, and they become a storm-tossed sea of polychrome scintillation as you stand before the bell-shaped

blooms. Suddenly a jet of fluid shoots from the mouth of one of the flowers. You throw yourself backwards just in time as the whole bank of blooms releases a battery of liquid spray. You dip a corner of cloth into a puddle of the stuff, and the material shrivels and smokes. As you suspected, the flowers are deadly: they spray corrosive acid. However, unless you want to return to the path to face a Silica Serpent (turn to 162), you have no choice but to try to force a passage through the flowers, cutting a swathe with your sword as you go (turn to 390). This might prove less dangerous if you have an Umbrella (turn to 208), or if you are wearing a suit of Ophidian armour (turn to 62).

78

You walk for only a short time before you reach another portal. Through it you find a small rectangular chamber, on the floor of which are the remains of a camp fire. The ashes are cold, but the very thought that someone could be lost in this maze long enough to make camp for at least one night is enough to worry you. You decide to press on with all speed. There are four doorways, one in each of the walls, and as usual one of them is marked with the symbol of a triangle surmounted by a circle. You face towards it and choose which of the doorways you will leave through:

The door facing you	Turn to 285
The door behind you	Turn to 122
The door to your right	Turn to 257
The door to your left	Turn to 247

79

Fate decrees that you are going to drink water. You are a little disgruntled, but Fate has been kind to you (the ale is drugged!). You finish your meal, wash it down with the water and relax on the mattress. Lulled by the lapping of the river water below your room, you drift into sleep. Turn to 195.

80

You put the Horn to your lips and blow. If this is the first time you have tried to deter Black Shadows by sounding the Hunting-Horn, turn to 46; if you have tried this before, turn to 381.

81

'You are the last pawn to be placed on the field,' you hear Drawenna say, 'and now the rules of battle change. The winning side – white or black – is the one with more surviving warriors when no more can be killed in battle. Each side plays in turn, and in one turn only a single pawn may move, but all pawns from that side may attack. A pawn may move one square ahead or either side; you may not move backwards, or diagonally, or into a square occupied by another living warrior of either side. During one side's turn, the other side's pawns cannot attack; they can only defend themselves by turning their backs on their attackers – an effective defence because of the armour. Attacking pawns can attack all enemy pawns on all adjacent squares, including those diagonally adjacent. Therefore, as you can see, a pawn attacked from one side is invulnerable, but a pawn attacked from two opposite sides is doomed to

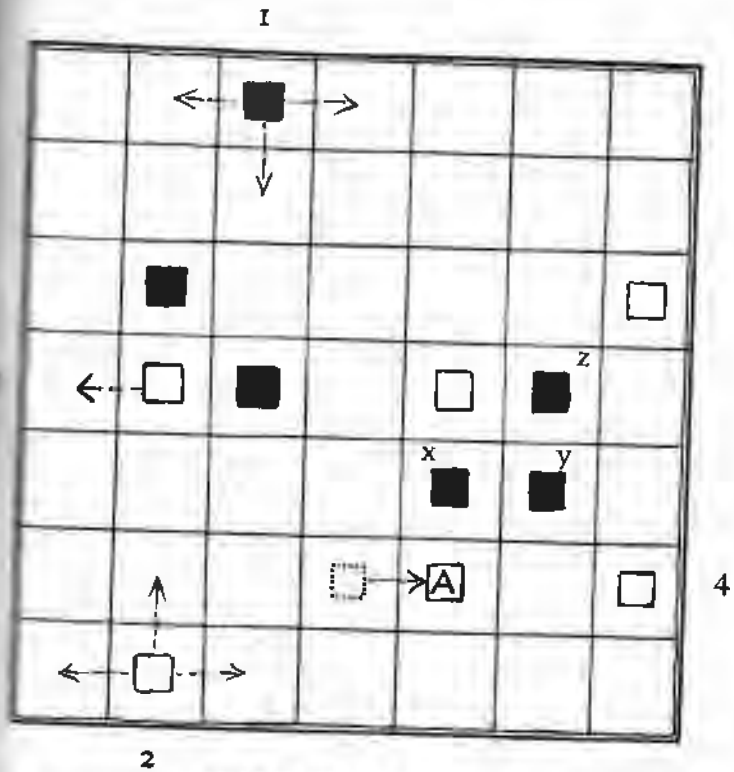

EXAMPLES OF PLAY

1. Black pawn, showing legal moves.
2. White pawn, showing legal moves.
3. In this position, the white pawn has only one legal move, as shown.
4. It is white's turn. He moves his pawn A as shown, and can now attack. Black pawns X and Y are killed, because they are directly between white pawns. Black pawn Z is safe.

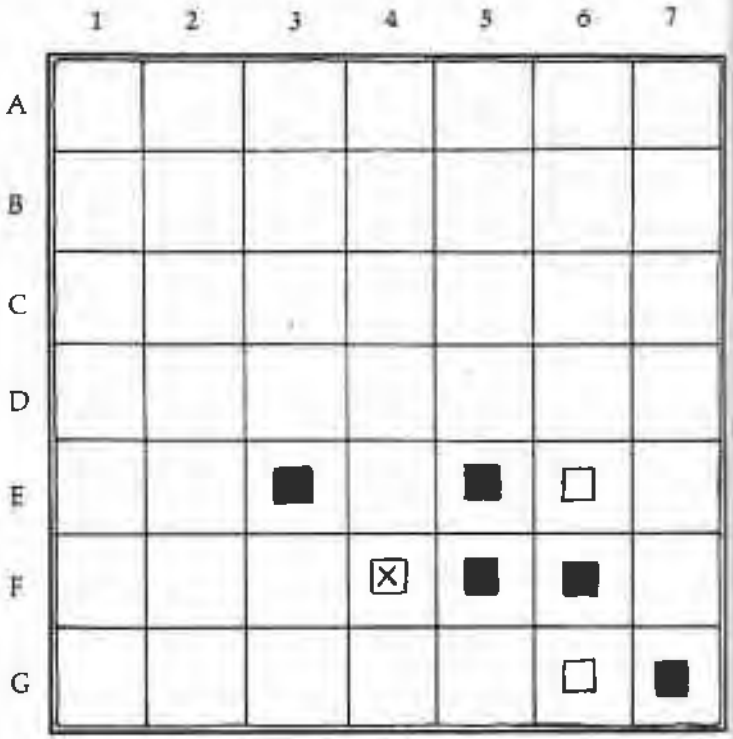

The situation immediately after Drawenna (white) has placed her last pawn on the board. *You* — marked with an X, on square *F4* — are Drawenna's last pawn.

Now it is white's turn to move one pawn, and then attack. Can white win?

die. Now: to battle, my white pawns! We can yet win this game!'

The positions of the pawns are shown on the diagram opposite. You are the white pawn, marked with a cross, on the square numbered *F4* on the diagram. Your white comrades appeal to you for guidance. 'Only one of us can move in each turn,' says the warrior on square *G6*, 'and it will have to be me. I am almost surrounded; my only possible move is to my left *[to G5]*. If I don't move, the black warrior next to you will move alongside me, and I'll be slaughtered!'

'No!' says the warrior on square *E6*. 'I should be the one to move. If I move forward *[to D6]*, we'll have one of these black swine diagonally between us. Or,' he continues, more thoughtfully, 'if you move to your left *[to F3]*, to keep out of danger, we can still finish off the one black warrior between me and the other fellow.'

They are waiting for your decision. If you decide that the white warrior on square *G6* should move to *G5*, turn to **398**. If you agree that the warrior on *E6* should move forward to *D6*, turn to **303**. If you think that you should be the one to move, turn to **326**. (Make a note of this reference number (**81**); it may be helpful to refer to the diagram again.)

82

You batter the glowing surface of the Prism, but your blows are futile. Your weapon rebounds from the crystal of light as if you were striking solid steel. As the Spectral Stalkers lurch in your direction, you become frantic with fear, clawing at the transparent Prism with

your bare hands, but only inanimate objects, moving slowly, can penetrate the force field. As the tentacles of a Spectral Stalker seize your legs, your last sight is of the Archmage's gloating face. You have failed, and Globus has gained the Aleph.

83

You emerge on to a steep and rocky path that meanders down a mountainside. At the foot of the mountain you come upon a small town. It is market day, and the narrow main street is crowded with townsfolk and farmers. The stalls are selling farm produce – vegetables, honey, oil and chickens – and you can see nothing that seems significant to you. The last stall in the street, however, has a display of earthenware and metal goods. In pride of place is a finely-crafted, circular bronze plate, which somehow reminds you of the Aleph. The

scene engraved across it is a depiction of the Hunt of the Gods that is an exact portrayal of the giants and the war-beasts that you encountered. The stallholder wants 3 Gold Pieces for the plate and is not prepared to haggle. If you have enough money, and want to buy the plate, record the transaction on your *Adventure Sheet*. You have now reached the end of the town; there is nothing to do but wander into the countryside and use the Aleph to travel elsewhere. Turn to 30.

84

Even the pain in your bursting lungs cannot prevent you from slipping away. Bubbles of air foam your mouth; almost unconscious, you breathe in again – and fill your chest with cold sea water. Your adventure ends here.

85

You offer no resistance as one of the soldiers lurches behind you and brings the haft of his battle-axe down on your head. For a moment the grinning face of the gigantic warlord Syzuk seems to spin about you. As you drop into unconsciousness you are dimly aware of bony hands grasping you and carrying you away. Turn to 215.

86

You can climb no further. Your limbs are shaking, your fingers and toes are lacerated and numb and your muscles are screaming at you to rest. You look up: the cave-mouth is still many metres above you. You look down: there is a dizzying drop to the foot of the wall of

rock. You cannot move, but you cannot hope to cling to the bare stone much longer. Your only hope is to call for help. You fill your lungs and start to shout. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 299; if you are Unlucky, turn to 399.

87

The continuous glow of light banishes your fears and makes the toys look completely ordinary. You relax on the bed; if you have Provisions, you can eat one meal if you wish, and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. In the morning, you wake to find sunlight streaming into the room. As you prepare to leave, you glance at the little clown in his glass sphere. You can take him with you if you want to – he reminds you of the Aleph which you decide to use immediately to take you away from this haunted castle. Turn to 61.

88

'If you are a friend of the tyrant Globus,' shrills the Mantir, while his comrades shake their spears angrily, 'you are no friend of the people of the plains. We pay our tribute, which grows more onerous each year. We will offer no more to Globus, or give aid to his spies and other agents such as you. I intend to find out what you are, and why you are trespassing here on our lands; but we must return now to our herd. You will come with us; I will interrogate you later.' Four of the Mantirs close round you – but at that moment one of the others shrieks in alarm, and points skywards. Turn to 388.

89

The Spectral Stalker has failed to find you. You heave a sigh of relief as the hideous creature shakes its great head in frustration and begins to dissolve into the air once more. Shivering with fear, you lie awake until the grey light of dawn appears in the cracks between the shutters. Turn to 40.

90

At last the door is free of fungus and the latch is uncovered – but you cannot see it. Drowning in a sea of black, viscous smog, your eyes blinded by tears of pain and your lungs filled with poisonous fumes, you scrabble weakly at the wooden door – but you fail to find the latch before you are overcome. Your adventure ends here.

91

Taking the Aleph from your backpack you cup it in your hands and gaze into it. The infinite display of distant worlds and alien landscapes has lost none of its power to fascinate you. The shifting visions extend into the distance in all directions – you are surrounded by the Aleph, and you feel yourself being transported within it. Roll one die. If you roll an even number, turn to 145; if you roll an odd number, turn to 156.

92

Avoiding occasional Wood Elf settlements you walk downhill, through the forest, for many hours. You find a few wild berries to eat, but they merely prevent your STAMINA being reduced by your exertions. At last

the trees thin out, and you emerge from the woodlands and start across a bleak moor. The soil becomes increasingly sandy and, eventually, you see the sea. On your right, the sheer cliffs are, if anything, closer now. You see no living thing, but soon you come upon a ruined town and the footprints of several large creatures. Out at sea a cluster of huge bubbles rests on the water's surface. The beach peters out between the sea and the cliff. You see that there is a path which zig-zags up the face of the cliff. Will you take the path (turn to 12), or walk down to the shore to look at the vast bubbles (turn to 230)?

93

'Globus?' barks the Dragon. 'Spectral Stalkers? Never heard of them. But that's not surprising, you know. There are more books in the Library in Limbo than there are grains of sand on all the beaches in the Macrocosmos. We have at least one copy of every book ever written, and even I can't be expected to read them all. What sort of thing is a Globus? Or a Spectral Stalker?' You confess that you don't know what a Spectral Stalker is, but that Globus is an Archmage. 'An Archmage? If he's of any note at all he'll warrant an entry in the *Directory of Wizards*. You'll find a copy a couple of kilometres along that corridor there. You can't miss it, it's a big black book with the word *Wizards* on the spine. Well, run along then.' Will you follow the Dragon's pointing finger (turn to 373), or would you rather set off in another direction to explore the corridors of the Library (turn to 275)?

94

You throw yourself to the ground and the jet of fluid only just misses you. As you roll away from the Silica Serpent you hear a strange hissing noise, and you look up to see that the rocks that have been sprayed by the Silica Serpent's venom are bubbling, steaming and dissolving into smoke. You pick yourself up, step back – and immediately collide with the leader of a troop of soldiers. They are tall, thin humanoids, totally encased in plate armour made entirely of black glass. Each carries a spear and has a set of pipes hanging from his belt. You are trapped between the soldiers and the Silica Serpent; you have no choice but to surrender. Turn to 306.

95

Suddenly there is no floor beneath your feet. The whole base of the tunnel has dropped into a pit – and you are falling after it! The vast stone slab lands with a grinding crash and a second later, with a relatively unimpressive thud, you land on top of it. Roll one die and deduct the result from your STAMINA. If you

are still alive, you can see that you and the stone floor have fallen several metres, and you cannot see any way of climbing up. Then you feel the floor move again, and you realize that the entire slab is rising, lifting you upwards. After several minutes of slow, juddering ascent the floor returns to its original position and you are once again facing the strange design carved into the wall at the tunnel's end. This time, will you press the right 'eye' (turn to **290**), or the left one (turn to **216**)? Or will you decide instead to retrace your steps along the tunnel (turn to **122**)?

96

A whining noise fills the air, and one of the room's metallic walls slides upwards to reveal a vast vaulted hall, ribbed with girders of shining steel and lined with metal cages. Trudging towards you between the lines of cages is a nightmarish monster. It is twice as tall as you, with legs that look like part of a giant's suit of armour, and instead of feet it has, at the end of each leg, a row of wheels that turn a band of metal plates. Its head is a transparent dome within which lights flash and wheels turn and, worst of all, from its torso sprouts a mass of long steel limbs, some flexible and no thicker than a ship's hawser, others jointed and terminating in pincers. *'Grappler reporting from Transporter Bay,'* the monster says in a monotone. *'Intruder located.'* It advances towards you; you have no choice but to fight. If you have a weapon named *Extinguisher*, and wish to use it, turn to **280**; otherwise turn to **389**.

97

You stand, breathless, over the innkeeper's body. If you need a new weapon you may take his sword You look towards the last red glimmer of the sunset – and freeze in horror. The hideous shape of a Spectral Stalker is forming in the air, towering above you on four fleshless legs. The glittering orbs of its eyes search back and forth and below them the writhing mass of tentacles seems to be sensing your scent on the air. Add one point to your TRAIL score, and then *Test your Trail score*. Roll three dice. If the total is equal to or more than your TRAIL score, turn to 5; if the total is less than your TRAIL score, turn to 307.

98

Holding your breath at every step, you climb upwards. You reach the sixteenth step without feeling the slightest tremor. With great care, you leap over the seventeenth without touching it and land on the eighteenth step. Nothing happens and you advance confidently – but only as far as the twentieth step, where an electrical charge as powerful as a bolt of lightning fries you in an instant. The adventure ends here for warriors who fail to calculate correctly.

99

Semeion pulls the helmet from his head, and indicates that you should do likewise. Then he crosses the chamber and takes from a shelf two large glass jars. Each jar contains what looks like a gigantic red slug. 'These are Energy Leeches,' Semeion says, plunging his hand into one of the jars and extracting its writhing occupant.

'They suck vital resources from the body,' he adds, coiling fine wire around one Leech and then the other, 'but the salts can be restored by drinking sea water.' When both are cocooned in wire, he places the mouth of one of them against his bared arm and grimaces in distaste as its teeth sink into his flesh. He fastens the other Leech to your arm in the same way. Then, together, you and he place the helmets over your heads. Immediately you feel the strength draining from your body. Roll one die; make a note of the result, and deduct it from your STAMINA. These lost points can be restored only by a drink of sea water. If you now have no remaining STAMINA points turn to 203; otherwise, turn to 250.

100

'A wise choice,' Mayrek says, handing you the little box. 'Gold is always of use. This particular item has a little of my skill worked into it: the pattern of the decoration on the box has powers to assist you in difficulties.' Add 1 point to your current LUCK score, and 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK as well; and don't forget to add 5 Gold Pieces to your *Adventure Sheet*. You thank Mayrek and depart along the avenue of statues. When you are out of sight of the cave, you wonder where to go next. There seems to be no choice but to use the Aleph to leave this place Turn to 211

101

After walking only a short distance you step through a doorway, beyond which you find two more open doorways, with a tunnel beyond each. By the half-light that

creeps in through a fissure high above, you can see that one of the three doorways has the circle and triangle symbol inscribed above it. Facing this doorway, you have to choose whether to go through the portal in front of you (turn to **367**); the one behind you (turn to **317**); or the one to your right (turn to **26**).

102

You are exhausted. Your limbs are trembling, every muscle in your body aches and your fingers and toes are numb. Worse, you are scarcely more than half-way to the top of the cliff. Dizzy and weak, you pull yourself on to a ledge that is just wide enough for you to stand on; and there you remain, clinging to the cliff and incapable of movement, your face pressed against the cold stone. After what seems like hours you hear a noise: a flapping, as of the wings of giant birds. You turn your head and find yourself staring into the malevolent red eyes of a Black Shadow, one of the bloodsucking, membrane-winged creatures that inhabit part of the second level of this world. You have no strength to resist as it plucks you from the ledge and carries you into the sky. You lose consciousness – and wake as you are being flung to the floor of a gloomy circular crypt. As you pick yourself up you hear the sound of the door being locked and barred. You are a prisoner; but, as you idly kick the straw that is scattered across the floor, you find a trapdoor set into the flagstones. This seems to be your only escape route – turn to **140**.

103

'You're from Khul?' says Wayland. 'Khul, on the world of Titan? I know of it, of course. Primitive technology, compared to some worlds I could name, but an interesting place all the same. You are wet, aren't you? Sorry about that – I just can't resist a joke. Have a swig of this; it'll dry you out in no time.' Wayland's hand dwarfs the bottle that he offers you. If you accept this offer, turn to **356**. If you decline to drink from the bottle, Wayland is not offended – turn to **175**.

104

The largest of the Vaskind advances on you, his sword whistling through the air as he thrashes it from side to side. 'Single combat,' he grunts. 'If you live, you go free.'

VASKIND	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you are still alive after two rounds of combat, add 1 point to your TRAIL score. The five Vaskind who have been watching your fight in solemn silence suddenly cry out and run into the sea. Their leader backs away from you with a look of horror on his frog-like face. The hideous shape of a Spectral Stalker is forming in the air, towering above you on four fleshless legs. As it materializes the glittering orbs of its eyes search back and forth, and its tentacles seem to be sensing your scent on the air. *Test your Trail score.* Roll three dice. If the total is equal to or more than your TRAIL score, turn to **60**; if the total is less than your TRAIL score, turn to **300**.

105

Gasps of astonishment; then laughter, cheers and finally applause! You have appeared on stage, in front of an audience, inside an open-fronted cabinet like a sentry-box. You step forward and are greeted with another burst of applause. The stage is in fact a roofed wagon, open along one side. Standing next to you is the Conjuror, a tall, saturnine figure in a black cloak, and his assistant, a young woman dressed as a cat. Before you is the audience, a crowd of peasants still open-mouthed in amazement at your appearance. At the back of the throng stands an open carriage containing a plump nobleman who is staring, not at you, but at the empty seat beside him. Even the Conjuror seems surprised to see you, but he recovers and addresses his audience: 'Ladies and gentlemen! A double miracle! Not only have I spirited the Baron's beautiful daughter from her seat in his coach; I have also caused this warrior to appear in the magic cabinet! Have no fear, my Lord, your daughter will be restored to you in just a few moments. Meanwhile my assistant will escort this warrior backstage – Felice, take our visitor away!' His assistant, as graceful as the animal she resembles, draws aside the curtain at the rear of the stage and beckons to you – and in that moment you glimpse her long furry tail, and realize that it is not part of her costume! Felice is not a woman – perhaps she is a Were-cat. Will you accompany her backstage (turn to 310), or will you jump from the stage and try to escape into the crowd (turn to 177)?

106

Bracing yourself as securely as you can on the precarious steps, you make ready to strike as soon as the Black Shadow is within range. Roll four dice. If the result is less than the sum of your SKILL and LUCK, turn to 64; if the result is equal to, or greater than, the sum of your SKILL and LUCK, turn to 394

107

Anticipating an easy victory over the frail-looking Mapmaker, you charge across the study towards him – only to be met by crackling lines of sparks that shoot from his metal fingers. 'The power of Science can easily be turned into a force for destruction!' Metron announces grimly as he wheels his thin frame towards you. Howling in pain each time one of the sparks strikes your body, you back towards the glowing chamber from which you emerged. Roll one die and subtract the result from your STAMINA. Also add 1 point to your TRAIL score. The chamber is behind you; you step backwards into it and hope that it will transport you elsewhere. Turn to 42.

108

'All I ask,' says Necromon, 'is a little of your life-force Don't be alarmed! A strong warrior like you has energy to spare; you won't even notice the difference. Nor is the extraction of the life-force painful or in any way unpleasant. On the contrary! The potion that I will use to free your spirit, so that I can trap a little of it in my glass, has the power to bring enlightenment. Visions, dreams, bliss – all these will be yours, my friend.

Simply drink this potion and then keep the flask firmly to your lips, so that I may hold there a little portion of your essential spirit.' If you are willing to agree to this procedure, turn to 249; if you insist that you must leave, turn to 9.

109

There is a moment of silence as the lean body of the dead Feliti slumps to the ground. The whistle of the wind in the tall grass sounds like the keening of a multitude of lost souls. Then, with a chorus of enraged baying, the entire pack of Feliti hurl themselves at you. You cannot kill them all; your adventure ends here.

110

In this round of combat you decide to let fate take its course. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, your sword slides uselessly along the Silica Serpent's scaly flank – return to 287 and continue your fight with the creature If you are Lucky, turn to 238.

111

The old woman tosses the coins into the air and they disappear. You hear a distant metallic tinkle, as if the coins had reappeared and landed in a nearby cavern. 'Listen to the words of the Oracle!' the crone intones. 'You, warrior, have been within a dream. And no ordinary mortal's dream, but the dream of a god. Which god? That I know not, for there are many gods in the Macrocosmos. But I hazard that he is a god of hunting! While inside his dream you acquired his Horn – not the most potent of items to steal from a god, but perhaps it

will be useful. Sound it when you are faced with danger; it will deter those opponents who fear loud noises, at least And now you must depart, for your pursuers are ever vigilant. Before you leave, accept this charm.' The old woman traces a pattern in the air; regain 1 point of LUCK. 'I know,' she continues, 'that you have your own means of travelling, so I will refrain from advising you; but if, as I suspect, you are collecting signs and portents that have to do with your burden, I suggest that the market in the town below my cave might be of interest.' The fires flare up, then die – and the old woman has gone The exit from the cave is revealed by a distant glimmer of daylight; you can leave through it (turn to **83**), or use the Aleph to travel elsewhere (turn to **30**).

112

You pull the Aleph from your backpack and cup it in your hands, but all you see within it are dull grey clouds. The Black Shadows are all about you, but they seem to recognize the Aleph, for they retreat. You are still hemmed in, however, and, after chattering amongst themselves for a few seconds, the Black Shadows advance on you again. This time they are careful not to damage you too severely with their talons, as if determined to take you alive; restore 1 point of LUCK. In the end, however, although you slaughter many of them in your heroic stand at the base of the tower, their inexhaustible supply of reinforcements ensures that there can be only one outcome. You are overwhelmed, swamped beneath black folds of skin and you feel sharp fangs pierce your flesh. The venom works quickly and you drift into unconsciousness. Turn to **291**.

113

Sitting at the table, you grab a hunk of bread and a slice of meat and stuff them into your mouth. The food is very tasty (you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA). Now you need something to drink. The ale is very tempting, but you know that to keep a clear head you should drink only a little water. You spy a small copper coin on the floor and decide to let fate choose your beverage. On one side of the coin is the head of a queen. *Heads I drink the ale,* you say to yourself, and toss the coin into the air. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, the coin lands head down; turn to **79**. If you are Unlucky, the coin lands head up; turn to **312**.

114

The Spectral Stalker's tentacles writhe in frustration as it dissolves into the air. As you recover from the shock of seeing the ghostly demon, so do the Ophidians and you are once again surrounded. Now, however, the black-armoured beings seem to treat you with wary respect, and are no longer inclined to take revenge for your assault on their comrade. Four of them stand guard on you while the rest return to the trapped Silica Serpent. Turn to **133**.

115

By the light of a hundred flickering torches you see that you are in a city of crumbling stone buildings. The courtyard is full of the city's Elven inhabitants. You look up to the dark sky, but you can see only the distant crags and folds of a rocky vault. The entire city is enclosed within a huge cavern and the Elves are all staring at you with saucer-shaped eyes that are adapted to life underground. You are standing at the foot of the dais on which sits the huge, moss-encrusted stone head of a grotesque idol; an Elven priest stands beside it. The mouth of the deity is carved into the shape of a spout; below it, next to you, there is a shallow pool. Standing in the pool, chained by the ankles so he cannot move from beneath the spout, is an aged Elf.

The priest stares at you, and then begins to laugh. 'So, Grondel,' he sneers down at the chained Elf, 'this is your so-called proof of your heretical doctrine of other worlds. This looks like a pitiful creature to me and is no evidence of other realms beyond our Cave. But no doubt if it is a powerful being, it will protect you from the wrath of Vacavon Guards! Seize this creature! Chain him with Grondel beneath the mouth of Vacavon!' Guards with spears advance towards you. If you have a rune-inscribed wheel-hub, and you want to produce it, turn to 331. Otherwise, you will have to fight (turn to 3) or surrender (turn to 301).

116

Keeping close to the base of the enormous cliff, you walk for hours through gradually thinning woodland.

You manage to find a few edible roots to stave off your hunger, but they are insufficient to restore any STAMINA. At last you leave the trees, and finally you can see a way up the cliff: a path starts nearby and zig-zags up the face. With the cliff behind you, you look out across a vast plain of grass, its flat expanse broken only by a few gently rolling hills and an occasional low tree. Some distance away, herds of grazing animals are being shepherded by strange creatures.

There is a disturbance in the nearest herd: an animal panics, breaks away, and begins to run straight towards you. Will you advance on to the grassland to intercept the stray animal (turn to **276**); or will you turn and take the cliff-face path (turn to **12**)?

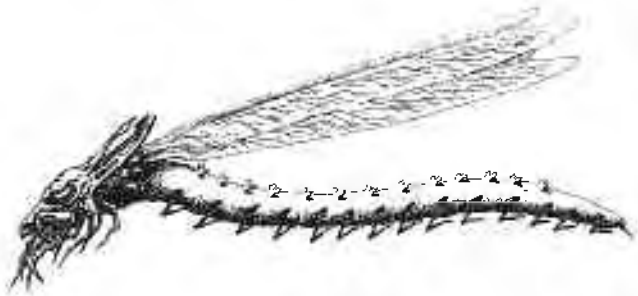

117

You trudge for hours across the dunes. There is less and less vegetation, and eventually you are walking through an arid desert. There is no shelter, and the sun is unbearably hot. You sit down to rest in a hollow between dunes – and the sand beneath you begins to

move. You have disturbed a Sandsnake: a gigantic serpent that basks under a light covering of sand. As you struggle to stand, its body coils around your legs and its head rears up in front of you. You must fight it. It has two attacks in each Attack Round: the first attack is the twining of its scaly body, and unless you wound it it will coil itself about you, reducing your SKILL by 2 points. Its second attack is with its venomous fangs, and if it wounds you you must deduct 4 points of STAMINA.

SANDSNAKE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 10

If you defeat it, you find that any Glowcandles you may have purchased have been broken in the struggle (delete them from your *Adventure Sheet*). With a sigh, you climb a dune to survey the empty desert. There seems to be no choice but to use the Aleph to leave this place. Turn to **211**.

118

You walk through the doorway into utter darkness. You take a few more steps forward – only to hear the door slam shut behind you. You are trapped. Lights begin to glow feebly. Turn to **392**.

119

The Minstrel slaps the strings of his harp and the rhythmic chant issuing from the instrument's carved mouth rises in pitch. Flailing their limbs in time with the song and bellowing with fear and frustration, the Zwinian courtiers and townsfolk are forced to form a

long line and dance up to the battlements. At the front of the line Frampa is trembling with the effort of trying to resist the harp's enchantment; but he cannot prevent himself leading his people on to the narrow ledge that overlooks an almost vertical drop at the edge of the plateau. The Minstrel strikes his hand across the strings of the harp, creating a loud jangling discord. With cries of despair Frampa and his people find themselves leaping from the battlements and into the void. Smiling, the Minstrel listens to the fading cries. Then there is silence, and you are alone with the Minstrel. 'My thanks for your assistance, stranger,' he says, 'but I no longer need you.' As he draws his sword, he speaks the words that undo his spell and you see your opponent for the first time: Barogkaz the Enchanter, a gigantic Zwinian. His snout wrinkles in a sneer, and he attacks.

BAROGKAZ SKILL 9 STAMINA 13

If you are still alive after five rounds of combat, turn to **193**.

120

A flock of Black Shadows descends on you, flapping around you like animated sheets. They seem reluctant to rend you with their talons and, whirling and slashing at them, you are able to fend them off for a while. But at last you are overwhelmed, smothered in dark folds of skin, and you feel sharp fangs plunging into your flesh. The venom in their bites starts to work at once and you drift into unconsciousness. Turn to **291**.

121

As you step into the blackness of the tunnel you realize your mistake: the rough floor slopes downwards! You stumble, slide and fall into a doorless chamber that smells of smoke and ash, losing 2 points of STAMINA. You hear a faint echo of Syzuk's triumphant shout: 'Advance no further, my warriors. The foolish creature has fallen into the fire-pit. He is in the belly of mighty Glund. Let him be sacrificed forthwith! Our victory is assured!'

You jump to reach the tunnel entrance, but it is high in the wall of the chamber and you cannot reach it. Syzuk and his Skeletal Warriors continue chanting. You become aware that the chamber is uncomfortably warm. Spirals of smoke issue from cracks in the walls and the soles of your boots are becoming unbearably hot. You are about to be baked inside a god! For a moment you panic, and then you remember the Aleph. You retrieve it from your pack: in the darkness of the chamber its minute moving landscapes shine with brilliant light. As you look into it, the Aleph expands to surround you and the breathless heat fades. Roll one die: if you roll an even number, turn to **51**. If you roll an odd number, turn to **36**.

122

Once again you find yourself walking in near-darkness along a seemingly endless tunnel. At last you see light ahead and step out of the end of the tunnel into a square courtyard. Sunlight streams down the shaft made by the four walls and sparkles on the spouting waters of the fountain at the centre of the courtyard. The fountain is a statue carved in the likeness of a muscular man with the horned head of a bull; the clear liquid shoots from his uplifted mouth, splashes down his athletic torso and collects in the stone basin in which he stands. You approach the fountain: the liquid is transparent, colourless and odourless – it seems to be pure water. If you want to drink from the basin, turn to 277; if not, turn to 20.

123

Your sword strikes one of the Silica Serpent's eyes, which shatters into a thousand shards. A fountain of black fluid jets from the creature's eye-socket as it dies. You wipe your sword and continue along the path towards the Vitreous Citadel. Turn to 336.

124

You take the Aleph from your backpack. Cupping it between your hands, you are instantly mesmerized by the countless tiny visions which swarm within its infinite depths. The longer you gaze, the more you can see: farmlands and deserts, monstrous creatures and vast gleaming machines, rainbow-ringed planets and spiralling galaxies of stars. You feel yourself being enveloped by the Aleph, and transported within it. Roll one die. If

you roll an even number, turn to 180; if you roll an odd number, turn to 105.

125

You approach the net cautiously, expecting it to contain a savage animal. As you begin to cut through the ropes, however, you are astonished to find that the captive is akin to the winged humanoid which dropped out of the sky above Khul and died at your feet – the one who entrusted the Aleph to your care and started you on your travels between worlds. He has the bright robes and wide eyes of his fellow, but his wings are made of long white feathers like a swan's. One of his legs is bent at an unnatural angle beneath his prone body, and you guess that it is broken. 'My thanks for aiding me, warrior,' he whispers, 'but you must not remain here. I know who you are, and I know the burden you carry. Flocks of Silica Serpents will be here ere long and you must not be discovered, still less taken by them. Leave me, hide yourself – quickly!'

If you want to ignore his advice and carry him to the shelter of the woods, turn to 37; if you leave him, you run from the clearing and make for the higher ground nearer the cliffs – turn to 190.

126

Under a cloudless blue sky, the park extends to the horizon in every direction. The lush grass is dotted with spinneys of oaks and elms and there are larger patches of woodland that cover the gently rolling hills. Not a branch stirs; no bird's song disturbs the silence. As you approach the edge of the wood, the undergrowth is thrown into a turmoil of movement as a bizarre assortment of wildlife bursts from the cover of the trees. Deer, rabbits, hares, foxes, badgers, boar and even brown bears, and with them are horned goat-legged Satyrs, green-skinned Nymphs, Centaurs and a Unicorn. All are running, fleeing from the wood, scattering in panic across the park, open-mouthed with fear but as silent as shadows. They run past, barely noticing you in their headlong flight. You look again towards the wood and see their terrible pursuers. Armoured giants on horned war-beasts emerge from between the trees, galloping relentlessly but as silently as their prey. The giants, noble and cruel-featured, are clothed in ornate bejewelled costumes, their weapons sparkling in the sunlight. Their red-eyed steeds seem to skim the grass. If you want to stand in the path of these hunters and try to attract their attention, turn to **76**; if you decide to stand well clear, turn to **358**.

127

As you descend the stairs, you hear a rhythmic clanking. You stop in amazement as you see what appears to be a moving suit of armour with a square head and flashing eyes climbing the steps towards you. It stops, elevates its metal head, and speaks in a voice like iron rubbing

against stone. 'You're lucky you caught me,' it drones. 'I was just going out on my rounds. Are you lost? You've come to the right place. Ha ha ha. Follow me. This way.'

The metal man turns and leads you into a cellar full of junk. At a glance you see hats, cloaks, boxes, parcels, weapons, scrolls, purses and hundreds of unrecognizable objects, all jumbled together in a heap. Black things like bats on sticks hang from hooks in the ceiling. There are caged animals, statues, chairs, a clock and a doorway on whose lintel is engraved the word *EXIT*.

'My name's Lost Property,' the metal man continues. 'Seeing as that's what I am. Where I come from I was Domestic Robot Number 45B, but there's no call for Domestic Robots here in Limbo. So I live down here and keep the Library tidy. Look at all this stuff I've collected! Do you need anything? Maybe we could do some business.' If you want to trade with the Robot, turn to **225**. If you decide to go through the *EXIT* doorway, turn to **185**.

128

The liquid is tasteless and you have gulped down several mouthfuls before you become aware of a growing sensation of well-being. Your wounds hurt less and the burden of fatigue is lifted from your shoulders. You drink more of the liquid, which is clearly some kind of concentrated food in fluid form, and you soon feel completely satiated. You may restore up to 6 points of STAMINA. Then, with renewed vigour, you stride up the stairs and through the door. Turn to **189**.

129

The outline of the tall shape becomes clearer, but as you stare aghast at its nightmarish appearance, it senses your presence and bounds towards you on impossibly long, thin legs. You see its twitching limbs and the glittering facets of its eyes, and then it is upon you. Snatching your sword from your scabbard you try to defend yourself against its claws, but you are too slow. Knife-sharp talons clutch you and throw you to the ground. Lose 4 STAMINA points.

You despair of escaping with your life, but the thing draws back, as if to enjoy the sight of you reeling with pain. You hear its voice like an icy whisper in your brain: 'We have the scent of your blood, human. We will find you again.' When you look up the monster has disappeared. Add 1 point to your TRAIL score.

Nursing your wounds you trudge towards the trees. It is as well that you cast a wary eye behind you from time to time: the monster, or another like it, is beginning to reappear. This time you decide not to wait and run for the shelter of the forest. Turn to **44**.

130

Eventually you reach the top of the cliff, but crossing the terrain ahead of you looks even more difficult than climbing the cliff. The path peters out in a landscape of bare crags, shadowed ravines and jagged rocks. There is no vegetation; the only features are the cylindrical towers that are perched on the tallest of the rocky peaks. One of the towers, some distance away, is much larger than the others. Beyond the towers you see

another wall of rock – another impossibly tall cliff, atop which is the third level of this strange world. If you want to investigate the towers, there is one rising from a nearby pinnacle of rock; turn to **353**. If you would rather make for the distant cliff, turn to **214**.

131

As the Golem pounds towards you, you dart between the thick clay legs and deliver a powerful blow to its thigh. Nothing happens; the monster is undamaged You have no time to think: the mallet is rushing downwards again, and you have to dodge. This will not be a fight: all you can do is dodge the mallet-blows until the sun begins to dry the Golem's body and cause the monster to slow down. Roll one die and add three: this is the number of times you must dodge before the Golem slows. Each time you dodge, roll two dice; if the total is more than your SKILL score, you are struck a glancing blow that reduces your STAMINA by 2 points If you survive, you are rewarded by the sight of the sun-dried Golem becoming motionless; but behind the Golem you see something much worse. The hideous shape of a Spectral Stalker is forming in the air, towering above you on four fleshless legs. Add 1 point to your TRAIL score, then *Test your Trail score*. Roll three dice If the total is equal to or more than your TRAIL score, turn, to **255**; if the total is less than your TRAIL score, turn to **307**

132

A golden radiance surrounds the seven objects on the table as Semeion seems to drift into a trance. 'The Spectral Stalkers have been summoned by the evil wizard Globus,' he intones in a voice that echoes as if drawn from a great distance. 'Globus has set them to find the Aleph.'

As Semeion's voice fades, a seven-pointed star appears in the midst of the objects on the table. Semeion blinks, shakes his head and smiles. 'You are indeed fortunate,' he says. 'You know now that Globus is your enemy and this Talisman has been granted to you – wear it always about your neck, for it will help to protect you against his sorcery.' Restore 1 point of LUCK and reduce your TRAIL score by 2 points while you possess the Talisman. You thank Semeion and ask him if he can give you any information about Globus. Turn to **308**.

133

Having muzzled the Silica Serpent and bound up its diaphanous wings, the Ophidians turn their attentions to you. Soon you are cocooned in ropes and slung from a pole which two Ophidians carry between them with ease. You see little of your journey except for the boulders that pass beneath you, but you are aware that the Ophidians are bringing the Silica Serpent with them. The Ophidians stop at the foot of a sheer wall of rock which they intend to climb. A concerted burst of music from their pipes is sufficient to make the Silica Serpent temporarily docile, and they release its wings so that it can hover alongside them as they climb upwards. As you have no wings they are obliged to carry you. As you are still bound in ropes you can do nothing to prevent yourself being dashed against outcrops of rock – lose 2 points of STAMINA. Within minutes the foot of the escarpment is far beneath you and then you are dragged over a stone lip and into the mouth of a cave. Two tunnels lead away into the darkness; you are carried along the left-hand passage and into a cavern full of tethered Silica Serpents, each one guarded by several Ophidians. Turn to **53**.

134

You succeed in snatching the Aleph from the Tyrant's grasping hands and run from the chamber and down dark spiral stairs. You hear the old creature blundering after you, muttering curses, and from the bottom of the tower you hear the echoes of doors slamming shut. The only way to escape is to use the Aleph: turn to **365**.

135

You are in a thick forest. The canopy of trees shuts out most of the daylight; the undergrowth hampers your movements. You start walking and are soon approaching a rough road that runs through the forest. You have almost reached the road when you hear footsteps. Crouching behind a bush, you see a lone figure trudging along the road – a young man with a small harp slung on his back. You assume he is a Minstrel. Before you can greet him, you hear heavy footfalls. Striding along the road from the other direction comes a gigantic, ungainly, two-legged lizard, ridden by a brutish warrior with the face of a boar. When the boar-face spies the Minstrel, he urges his mount into a charge. Instead of running away or defending himself, the Minstrel unslings his harp – which starts to play and sing by itself! The effect on the boar-face is instant: he sways in his saddle and almost falls. The Minstrel draws his sword to finish off his helpless attacker, but another boar-face approaches on another giant lizard and you can hear the heavy tread of a third. Will you remain hidden (turn to 233) or come to the Minstrel's aid (turn to 265)?

136

'Wrong!' roars the doorway. 'Utterly wrong! Why, foolish intruder, you have only to look at the beautiful and intricately-worked carvings that adorn the apex of my framework! There you will see my crowns. Regard them now: this will be the last sight your eyes will see!' Turn to 31.

137

A nervous squeal from the Baron's daughter alerts you to the silent opening of the cabin's inner door. The black-cloaked Conjuror stands on the threshold, his malevolent grin revealing a set of sharp teeth. His sibilant words confirm your fear that he is a Vampire. 'A very successful expedition,' he whispers. 'Not only have I captured the Baron's daughter – you, my dear, will come to my castle and become one of the loveliest of my undead brides – but I have snared an intruder whose blood will sustain me on my journey. Approach me, warrior. Look into my eyes!'

You are in a desperate plight. If you want to throw open the exterior door of the cabin and leap from the careering wagon, turn to **289**. If you have a silver dagger in your backpack, you may use it to attack the Vampire – turn to **231**. Otherwise, you will have to defend yourself as best you can – turn to **382**.

138

'So,' growls the robed Vaskind, 'you are a friend of the cruel dictator Globus. One of his spies, no doubt, sent to the lower levels to check that his subjects are cowed and subservient. We should kill you; but we are a race of warriors and we remember the honourable codes of our distant homeland. We will expel you from the dome; if you survive and reach the surface, take this message to your master: *We do not fear you, Globus, and when our Queen returns she will lead us to our revenge against you!* Now, guards – take this creature away!'

You are carried, struggling, to the edge of the dome.

As you are forced through the clinging membrane, you take a last gulp of warm air before you are plunged into the icy waters. If you have any Siccator, and think it might be useful now, turn to **357**; if not, turn to **19**.

139

You retreat towards the gaping mouth of the stone skull as the two soldiers clamber on to the dais and advance towards you. They are emaciated, almost like skeletons, with pale skin stretched tightly over their bones and eyes that gleam like their leader's. They move slowly, but wield their black battle-axes with unnatural ease. One of them is almost upon you: you must fight.

SKELETAL WARRIOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 4

As you fight, you are too preoccupied to heed the strange disturbance in the air above you. The Spectral Stalkers are beginning to recognize the patterns of your mental energy: add 1 point to your TRAIL score. If you defeat the first Skeletal Warrior, there is no respite: the second is facing you, and more are climbing on to the stone ledge. You cannot fight them all. You must surrender (turn to **85**), or try to escape by running into the mouth of the stone skull (turn to **348**).

140

When you drop through the trapdoor you find yourself at the end of a tunnel. Following the tunnel round a corner, you find that it ends at a wooden door. You push it open to reveal a small, empty room whose walls glow with an eerie light. You step into the room, and

the door closes behind you. Nothing else happens, though, so you decide to study the glowing walls. The walls and ceiling of the room are covered with a revolting fungus: thick folds of sickly white lumps that give off a pallid luminescence and a stench of rotting food. The door you entered through is covered with the stuff, so much so that you can hardly make it out. There is another door, equally blanketed with fungus, in the opposite wall. You will have to clear at least some of the fungus from this door. Will you peel off the disgusting stuff with your bare hands (turn to **347**), hack at it with your sword (turn to **48**); or, if you have a Heatsword, will you try to burn the fungus from the door (turn to **181**)?

141

Dodging the first boulder-breaking blow of the Golem's mallet, you sprinkle the Siccator in a wide arc (cross it from your *Adventure Sheet*). The drops of liquid sparkle in the air – and fall to the ground between the Golem's massive feet. You missed, and the Golem, still slick with water, attacks you again. One blow from his hand sends you sprawling in the dust – lose 2 STAMINA points. You stagger to your feet. You have only two options: run (turn to **13**) or fight (turn to **131**).

142

The iridescent monster is a Silica Serpent. It raises its head and utters a piercing screech, whereupon the Wood Elves approach and kneel in a row before it. In turn, each Elf reaches forward hesitantly and plucks one of the Serpent's glittering scales from the top of its

head; then all four run off, capering and joking as they display the hard-won scales like trophies in their hats. More Silica Serpents wheel down from the skies to inspect the netted captive, then two of them lift the net into the air and the others escort them aloft. You watch until the flock of Serpents is no more than a speck in the sky, then head towards the towering cliffs. Turn to **190**.

143

The Talisman, hanging on its chain around your neck, begins to pulse with a light that is almost as bright as the dazzling beam which is crushing you. The pain seems to recede a little, as if the Talisman were absorbing some of the beam's strength. Although you can feel yourself beginning to slip away into unconsciousness, you cling to the hope that the Talisman will enable you to survive the inexorable pressure. Roll three dice. If the total is less than your STAMINA, turn to **212**; if the total is equal to, or greater than, your STAMINA, turn to **372**.

144

You pull the furled Umbrella from your backpack. Grondel asks you what it is, but you merely smile and tell him to shuffle as close to you as his shackles will allow. The large-eyed Elves in the courtyard stare in wonder at the strange device. On the dais above you, the Elven priest's incantations reach a loud climax. There are a few seconds of silence before you hear the gurgling rumble of water rushing through old pipes. With one swift movement you put up the Umbrella and

hold it aloft. As the sheet of liquid splashes all round you, you manage to remain dry, though a few drops splash on to your legs, and a little of the water seeps through your boots. The merest touch of the liquid turns skin and flesh rotten, and there is no cure. Roll one die, and deduct the result from your current *and* your *Initial* STAMINA. If you are still alive, you wait until the last drops of water have dripped from the spout, then you take down the Umbrella and grin victoriously to the amazed crowd. Turn to 245.

145

You find yourself in a small chamber made entirely of glowing, interconnected rods. Through them you can see that the chamber is inside a complicated mechanism of whirring cogs and humming bulbs of light. One side of the chamber is open, and beyond the opening you can see a room crammed with other mechanical devices. The walls are covered with bookshelves and complex charts. A bizarre figure trundles into view – a humanoid, you decide, but only just. Riding on a self-propelled cart with four wheels, the robed being is extremely thin, so that his torso looks too small and weak to support his huge bald head. Long metal fingers protrude from the sleeves of the robe, wire meshes bulge from the sides of his head where you would expect ears to be and round glass lenses sit in his eye-sockets. 'A visitor!' he cries in a piping voice. 'It is such a long time since I last had a visitor. Quickly, step from the machine while you may!' Will you emerge from the chamber (turn to 253), or stay inside it (turn to 42)?

146

The path winds for hours along the face of the cliff before it finally takes you upward again. At last you reach the top of the cliff, and look across a barren landscape of rocks and gullies that rise in a series of escarpments and culminate, in the distance, in another dizzying cliff. As you set off towards this distant goal, you notice a few Silica Serpents wriggling across the turquoise sky and as you walk further into the heart of this desolate land more appear. You begin to fear that this part of the Ziggurat World is their home and that they are bound to detect your presence. Sure enough, one of the scaly creatures undulates from above and lands on the path in a gully ahead of you. You hesitate, uncertain of what to do next and realize that the Silica Serpent is in difficulties. Its wings have been snagged by something and it cannot take off again. Will you approach it (turn to 184), or conceal yourself and wait to see what happens next (turn to 229)?

147

The door swings open and you step across the threshold into the room. Without warning, a bucket of water falls from the top of the door: you are drenched and the bucket strikes your head as it falls. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You shake the water out of your eyes and see that you are in a small room full of half-dismantled machines. A big man, so tall that he almost has to stoop in this low-ceilinged room, is leaning against a high-backed chair and laughing so much that his eyes are as full of water as yours.

'Oh dear, oh dear,' he guffaws. 'I didn't think anybody fell for that old bucket above the door trick these days. That's cheered me up no end! You look like a drowned rat! I'm Wayland, in case you're wondering, and you're obviously a visitor. Where do you hail from?' Will you attack this sniggering practical joker (turn to 59), or will you restrain your anger and reply to his question (turn to 103)?

148

The tunnel is almost completely dark but you can see a glimmer of light in the distance. You head towards it and finally arrive at a small chamber with two closed doors. Round one of the doors there is a crack of light – the glimmer that you saw from afar – suggesting that the room beyond is occupied; beyond the other door there seems to be only darkness. Will you choose to try the door with light beyond it (turn to 324), or the door to darkness (turn to 202)?

149

The sheer cliff towers above you. The rays of the morning sun penetrate only a little distance into the tunnel beyond the portal, but once you have plunged into the gloom you are relieved to find that the darkness is alleviated at intervals by thin beams of grey light that emanate from chimneys and fissures in the roof of the tunnel. You turn to take a last look at the distant mountains and, shielding your eyes against the sunlight, you make out a symbol – a triangle surmounted by a circle – carved into the lintel above the inside of the portal. You turn again and press on into the near-darkness. Turn to 15.

150

The Wood Elves jabber amongst themselves as you try to explain your unexpected appearance. It seems that they have never seen a human being before – or at least not here – and they come to the conclusion that your story is unbelievable and that you are a spy. Although they all agree that you must be disposed of, they are reluctant fighters, but in the end two of them step forward, drawing their shortswords as they advance. You can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOOD ELF	8	6
Second WOOD ELF	7	7

Add 1 point to your TRAIL score. If you defeat them both, the two survivors run off into the woods. You ignore them and turn your attention to the captive in the net. Turn to 125.

151

As soon as you touch one of the coloured switches a shrill bell starts to ring. *'Unauthorized use of transporter!'* the voice in the air shrieks again. *'Transporter settings altered!'* You flick a few more switches, press some illuminated buttons and jump on the platform, which immediately begins to glow. A cloud of light envelops you, but you are able to see one of the room's metallic walls sliding upwards to reveal a nightmarish monster of steel and glass; and then the scene fades as you feel yourself being transported. Roll one die. If you roll:

1	Turn to 105
2	Turn to 115
3	Turn to 126
4	Turn to 135
5	Turn to 145
6	Turn to 234

152

The tunnel ends at a wooden door. Cautiously you pull it open to reveal a small cave which is clearly a store cupboard for the Ophidians' equipment. Spears are stacked against the wall and coils of rope and several suits of glassy black armour hang from hooks. You take down the shortest suit of armour and try it on. Although you manage to fasten the plates of black glass round your limbs and torso you find that your movements are restricted. However, you do discover the secret of the Ophidians' prodigious ability to climb sheer surfaces: the gauntlets of the armour are fitted with retractable metal hooks. If you think Ophidian armour will be useful you can wear it from now on; deduct 1 point from your SKILL because of your hampered movements (and if you have Cerod the Harp you must abandon him here as you cannot carry him while wearing the armour). Whether you wear the armour or not, you can take the set of pipes that hangs from the belt, if you wish. (Record these changes on your *Adventure Sheet*.) You take a coil of rope to the mouth of the cave and tie one end to a boulder, throwing the rest down the escarpment to assist your descent. If you are wearing Ophidian armour you find the rope unnecessary, as the retractable hooks make climbing simple; but whichever way you do it, you reach the foot of the rock face

without incident. Restore 1 point of LUCK. You set off towards the vast cliffs that rise from this level of the Ziggurat World to the next. Turn to **4**.

153

You manage to free yourself from the sticky filaments – but too late. Even as you turn to flee, the Spider's mandibles meet in the flesh of your thigh, releasing their venom into your veins. Spurred on by the pain, you dash through the first exit from the courtyard that you can see. It is only as you stagger through the dark tunnels that you begin to feel the effects of the poison: roll one die, add three to the result and deduct the total from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, it is worth finding out where you are going. Roll one die; if the result is:

1	Turn to **15**
2	Turn to **367**
3	Turn to **317**
4	Turn to **285**
5 or 6	Roll again

154

A perfectly aimed throw! The ball flies into the Lithogen's throat and stays there, firmly jammed in place, in spite of the monster's great coughs. You see its luminous eyes widen in shock and outrage – and then they slowly close, as the creature's brain is overcome by the noxious fumes that are emanating from its great stomach and can no longer escape through its throat. You stick your sword into the fleshy tongue to which your feet are stuck: there is no reaction from the Lithogen. You cut yourself free, and continue on your way – turn to **272**.

155

The chariot is pulled by two black horses with red eyes and bronze armour. They are whinnying in confusion, pulling the chariot in circles and trampling the wounded under their hooves. Several Elves fight their way towards you, but they cannot reach the chariot; the wheels, glowing with a pale luminescence, seem to terrify them. You can do nothing but cower in the chariot as the horses career across the moorland. Suddenly a wheel hits a boulder. The axle snaps, you and the broken wheel are thrown clear and the horses drag the wreckage into the distance.

You recover your breath, and inspect the wheel: its luminosity comes from the circular, rune-engraved bronze cover of the hub. The metal roundel is apparently dangerous to Elves, but it causes you no harm. (If you keep it, make a note on your *Adventure Sheet*.) You scan the landscape: you are alone. You take the Aleph

from your pack and lose yourself in studying its myriad moving pictures. It seems to expand and surround you. Roll one die: if you roll an even number, turn to **51**; if you roll an odd number, turn to **36**.

156

You are staring down into a steep-sided gorge Hundreds of metres below you, in the cleft between the thickly-wooded cliffs, you make out the silver ribbon of a fast-flowing stream. You look up: the cliffs rise above you and on the far side of the gorge, the sky a thin strip of blue between the craggy cliff-tops. You are on a narrow path that meanders precariously along the midpoint of one of the sides of the gorge You have no choice but to walk – carefully – along it.

You walk for hours. You meet no one, and see no sign of habitation. Dusk is falling, and the bottom of the gorge is already hidden in inky darkness, when you round a bend and see that your way is blocked by a grim fortress. The path ends at a doorway beneath a turretted gatehouse. Approaching cautiously, you see that the castle is derelict and apparently deserted. There are gaps in the battlements, and fallen blocks of stone lie scattered across the path. Then, suddenly, flickering lights spring into life behind the arrow-slits. A moving shape – the silhouette of a child – appears on the battlements and the silence is broken by an eerie scream. If you want to follow the path through the forbidding castle doorway, turn to **391**. If not, you must use the Aleph to take you away – turn to **61**

157

As you crash through the undergrowth you can hear the music of the harp calling to you. With your hands pressed to your ears, you ignore the brambles that catch your legs and the branches that whip across your face, and eventually the insidious melody fades. You have escaped the Minstrel's enchantment – but now you are lost in the depths of a trackless forest. You have no choice but to use the Aleph to transport you elsewhere. Turn to **91**.

158

You hold the gem between your fingers and slowly raise it before the monster's face. It begins to mewl piteously and edges towards you. You put up no resistance when, with a growl, it lashes out with one of its clumsy, ill-fitted limbs and snatches the jewel from your grasp. It shuffles away from you and drops in a tangle of arms and legs on to its bedding. It only has eyes for its bright new plaything (cross the gem from your *Adventure Sheet*). The hybrid creature does not notice as you leave through the door at the far end of the room. Turn to **258**.

159

As hungry as you are, you dare not risk eating the innkeeper's food. If you have Provisions of your own in your backpack, you can eat a meal and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. You lie down on the mattress and drift into sleep, lulled by the soft lapping of the river beneath your room. Turn to **195**.

160

Standing squarely in the path of the charging Colepod, you wait until it is almost upon you before aiming your sword-blow at a point above the creature's snapping mandibles and between its waving antennae. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **374**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **210**.

161

You catch hold of the harness of the leading war-beast and pull yourself clear of the ground, hanging on grimly as the hunt races across the parkland. You are close to the armoured knee of the beast's giant rider and expect him to try to dislodge you from your precarious position, but you look up to find that his face is as unmoving as a statue's. Next to you, hanging by a strap, is the giant's hunting-horn, fashioned from the spiral horn of an animal and decorated with bands of silver. The hunt has spread out now and you can drop to the ground without fear of being trampled. As you release your hold on the harness, you grab the horn. You hit the grass, roll forward, and then jump to your feet to inspect your new acquisition. It looks valuable (note it on your *Adventure Sheet*). If you want to sound the horn, to find out what noise it makes, turn to **209**; if not, you stow it in your backpack and turn to **358**.

162

You choose the path that leads directly towards the Vitreous Citadel. On this route there is just one Silica Serpent between you and your goal. As you approach

the monster you see that it is tied, by means of a chain round its neck leading to an iron hoop set into the centre of the path, but it is otherwise free to rend you, bite you and spray you with its acidic venom. It will not be easy to pass this sentry. If you have a set of Ophidian pipes, turn to **288**; if not, turn to **343**.

163

The Logic Dog cannot be defeated. Not only is it stronger and faster than any fighting-dog you have encountered, but if you are skilful enough to strike it, it disappears into the air a second before your blow lands – only to reappear, a second later, behind you. But you cannot escape, so you fight on hopelessly.

LOGIC DOG SKILL 10

After three Attack Rounds, during which you have been unable to hit the Logic Dog even once, you are becoming resigned – if you are still alive – to the fact that your death is imminent. At that moment a voice calls from above: 'Enough, Logic! Hold back now! Our uninvited visitor has learnt that the garden is well guarded. I will come down and find out what this warrior wants.' The Logic Dog disappears and this time does not reappear. Add 1 point to your TRAIL score, and turn to **282**.

164

You walk for hours between the never-ending bookshelves. In the distance you see a notice, hanging from chains that disappear into the darkness of the ceiling. As you approach, you can make out the words *Lost Property* and the symbol of a hand pointing downwards. When you reach the notice, you see that in a gap between the bookshelves a narrow staircase descends from the corridor. If you decide to walk down the stairs, turn to **127**. If you decide to continue along the corridor, turn to **373**

165

The ball misses the Lithogen's throat and hits the creature somewhere below its eyes – on its nose, perhaps, although in the darkness you cannot see whether it actually has one. With a convulsive cough, the Lithogen vomits a second gush of digestive fluid, which begins to eat away your clothing and exposed skin. Lose 2 points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, you have no choice but to try to cut your way out. Turn to **341**.

166

On the dais above you the Elven priest's incantations reach a loud climax. You hear the gurgling rumble of water rushing through old pipes, and a sheet of liquid splashes all round you. The poisoned water soaks through your clothes and into your skin, then you, and Grondel beside you, are screaming in horror as you feel your flesh and muscle begin to disintegrate. Your adventure ends here.

167

The rustling and twittering noises are closing in all round you. Your imagination conjures up all kinds of horrors as you feel scores of fangs nipping your flesh. In this complete darkness, you dare not run, but you must make what speed you can – but in which direction? If you decide to continue onwards into the cave, hoping to stumble across an exit at the far end, turn to **293**; if you turn back, and try to retrace your steps to the door, turn to **244**.

168

Your probing fingers encounter a carving in the centre of the wall that blocks the tunnel. Peering in the dim light you make out a curious figure, something like an abstract representation of a face that is also a small maze (see the diagram). The 'mouth' of the design contains the word *WELCOME*, while each of the two 'eyes' consists of a depression within which there is a button that can be pressed inwards.

Will you press the button in the right 'eye' (turn to **290**), the one in the left 'eye' (turn to **216**), or will you do nothing and wait for something to happen (turn to **95**)?

169

You spin around to face your next opponent, but the Feliti are slinking away through the grass, yowling and casting fearful glances at the dark sky. You look up, and stare in horror at the ghostly image that is spreading across the firmament – a Spectral Stalker! Its faceted eyes glint as it turns its tentacled head this way and that, tirelessly searching for you and the Aleph. Then, like smoke in a gust of wind, the image dissolves and you are alone on the plain once more. Add 1 point to your TRAIL score, and decide what to do next: return to the walled garden (turn to 334); make for the fortress that you saw from the garden (turn to 379); or use the Aleph to take you away from this strange world (turn to 365).

170

You hear the sound of many feet and at first you fear a stampede of Colepods, but the strange beings that canter through the grass to surround you are Mantirs, the owners and shepherds of the Colepod herds. Like a Colepod, a Mantir resembles a giant insect, with a shell-like carapace and antennae waving from his forehead; but he walks upright, on only four legs, his foremost pair of limbs serving as arms. Each Mantir carries a spear and wears headgear as protection from the heat that beats upon the shadeless plains, and each has fashioned the knob of bone at the end of his tail into a spiked weapon of devastating effect. The Mantir herdsmen are as astounded by your appearance as they are impressed by the fact that you have slaughtered their rogue Colepod with a single blow. Their leader addresses you in a fluting voice that you can barely understand. He says that although you are a valiant warrior with whom the Mantir people have no quarrel, nonetheless a Colepod is a valuable beast. As you have killed one of the largest in the herd you must make restitution. If you will not pay for the Colepod, the Mantir says that his tribal law will oblige him to challenge you to a duel. Will you pay the Mantir (turn to 270) or accept the duel (turn to 223)?

171

You are standing in a flat meadow divided by lines of flags into forty-nine squares. Most of the squares are empty, but six contain the bodies of slain warriors. You are holding a long, steel-pointed pike – and you quickly find that you cannot loosen your grip on the weapon. At your back, extending from your heels to the crown of your head, you feel the weight of a plate of iron, held in place by straps across your shoulders, chest and thighs. The front of your body is unprotected: your only garment is a white tunic. You see that four of the bodies are wearing identical tunics; the other two bodies wear black tunics. Apart from you, there are two other surviving warriors in white tunics; they look dispirited and battle-weary. Five warriors in black tunics appear ferocious and jubilant. Each warrior is standing, as you are, in a separate square, and each wears a plate of solid metal on his back.

'You have placed your last pawn, Drawenna,' a male voice booms across the sky, 'and still my forces outnumber yours. Are you beginning to regret that you chose this method of resolving our dispute? Soon I will win; and you, and all your lands, will be mine. Resign yourself to it, my soon-to-be-wife!'

A woman's voice echoes somewhere above the clouds. 'Never, Burud!' she says in a voice quivering with rage. 'I still have a chance to win!'

'You deceive yourself, Drawenna,' the male voice drawls, 'but I will humour you. Let us play on. One of your pawns must move.'

'Do not be impatient, Burud,' the woman's voice replies. 'I have first to teach my latest recruit the rules of battle.' The clouds part and a ray of sunlight illuminates the square that you occupy. Drawenna's voice explains to you the rules of this strange game. Turn to **81**.

172

'Stubborn imbecile!' Globus bellows. 'If you will not give me the Aleph, I have the power to take it. Have you forgotten my demonic hunters? I have only to summon the Spectral Stalkers and they will destroy you. Their task done, they will be free; you will be dead and I will have the Aleph. Is that the end you seek? Give me the Aleph, and live.'

You make no reply. Globus continues to plead with you, but at last realizes he has no alternative but to summon his nightmarish servants. He traces a pattern in the air and looks on with trepidation in his face as four hideous shapes begin to materialize. Will you try to break into the Prism of Power by using your weapon (turn to **82**); throw the Aleph at the Prism in the hope that the marvellous sphere can counter Globus's power (turn to **268**); or will you, at last, agree to the Archmage's demand and pass the Aleph to him through the wall of the Prism (turn to **396**)?

173

Metron takes the Hunting-Horn and fixes it into a clamp on a workbench. Many minutes pass while the Mapmaker busies himself with rulers, protractors, tubes of coloured fluids and instruments with flashing lights

and glowing numbers. He consults books from his library, draws a diagram of the horn and writes pages of notes. 'An inefficient instrument,' Metron says as he returns the horn to you. 'The basic material is organic, probably from an animal life-form, and very heavy. It measures five and one-eighth *dronks* in length, which is very wasteful – a more consistent tone could be produced from a simpler instrument less than half that size.' You look suspiciously at the horn. It looks unchanged, and yet . . . You put it to your lips and blow cautiously. A reedy noise emerges and fades when you stop blowing. The god's Hunting Horn is now no more than an ordinary horn – it has no special powers (cross it from your *Adventure Sheet*). You complain bitterly to the Mapmaker that he has destroyed a magical item. Turn to **375**.

174

After several bone-jolting minutes, the Colepod tosses its head and swerves wildly. You cannot keep your grip and find yourself flying through the air to land heavily on the trampled grass. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you see the Colepod disappear into the long grass. After recovering your breath, you stand up. Turn to **41**.

175

'Well, sit yourself down!' says Wayland. 'No! Not there! That's the Automatic Impaler. Sit over here. That's right. Now then: what can I be doing for you?'

You unwind the cloth that covers the small ball. Grey

clouds are covering the ever-changing landscapes in the sphere, but Wayland recognizes it instantly – and for several moments he sits open-mouthed in amazement. 'By my hammer and anvil!' he mutters at last. 'And by all the microparticles in the Macrocosmos! It's the Aleph. The one and only sphere of all the spheres! There in your hand, warrior, you hold everything – everything that exists, everywhere. Except here in Limbo, of course. But everything else, everywhere else. Wise men have hunted this object since the birth of the universe. You should take it away from here; the Aleph cannot reside in Limbo. But I beg you, tell me how you came by it.'

If you want to leave the Library in Limbo, Wayland allows you to return to the book-lined corridor – turn to **27**. If you tell Wayland how you received the Aleph, turn to **267**.

176

The energy you are expending as you fight the Silica Serpent is attracting the attention of your demonic pursuers. Add 1 point to your TRAIL score. The Serpent senses something amiss; its huge black eyes turn this way and that and it shuffles backwards on its myriad legs. You seize your opportunity and deliver it a fatal blow. But as you watch the Serpent's dying convulsions, a shadow darkens the Crystal Garden. You look up. The hideous shape of a Spectral Stalker is forming in the air! As it materializes, its eyes search back and forth, and its tentacles seem to be sensing your scent on the air. *Test your Trail score.* Roll three dice. If the total is

equal to, or more than, your TRAIL score, turn to **17**; if the total is less than your TRAIL score, turn to **300**.

177

You jump from the stage and the crowd parts in front of you. Behind you, the Conjuror is shouting. 'Stop that warrior!' he orders. 'Without the stranger I cannot bring back the Baron's daughter!' With a roar, the crowd turns to pursue you. The Baron's coachman whips his horses and sets off in pursuit too. You are in a small town; old buildings and narrow streets surround you. Hounded by the mob, and increasingly desperate (add 1 point to your TRAIL score), you race across the cobbles and double-back along dark alleys. At last you manage to put some distance between yourself and your pursuers and you find yourself back in the town square. The Conjuror's wagon is in front of you and Felice is holding the reins and urging on the team of black stallions. If you want to run and jump on to the back of the wagon, turn to **24**. Otherwise, with the sounds of pursuit approaching, you have no choice but to use the Aleph to leave this place and go elsewhere – turn to **63**.

178

You cannot hope to win this fight but you know that you can expect no mercy from the Black Shadows. Soon a pile of black corpses lies at your feet, but they have inexhaustible reinforcements, while your STAMINA is all too finite, and you are engulfed by a wall of flapping, leathery bodies. If you have more than 4 points of STAMINA, you manage to keep struggling

for a while; but eventually your STAMINA is reduced to 4 and you begin to falter. Then – add 1 point to your TRAIL score – the Black Shadows begin to screech in fear, and back away from you. As they fall back you see the hideous shape of a Spectral Stalker forming in the air. As it materializes its eyes search back and forth, and its writhing mass of tentacles seems to be sensing your scent on the air. *Test your Trail score.* Roll three dice. If the total is equal to, or greater than, your TRAIL score, turn to 7; if the total is less than your TRAIL score, turn to 300.

179

Semeion gazes perplexedly at the objects on the table. 'These signs have a meaning,' he says at last, 'but all they tell *me* is that the Spectral Stalkers have been summoned and set on a quest by a powerful and evil sorcerer. We could have guessed as much. I can advise you only to be on your guard against wizards – and I am sure you do not need me to tell you that!'

'Globus is presumably a wizard of some sort,' you reply. 'Can you tell me more about him?' Semeion readily agrees to try. Turn to 308

180

Sand dunes stretch in every direction. Scrubby bushes grow in the hollows, tough grass waves in clumps on the rounded summits. At the edge of a distant pool of water stands a village; the huts, on wooden stilts, are made of reeds and leaves. On the edge of the village you pass through an abandoned market, its rickety

stalls empty and covered with dust. Then you see that one stall is still in use: only a few items are on display, but they are quite remarkable. They look like roughly-made candles, apparently formed out of clay, but each has a tip that glows brightly enough to be visible in full daylight. The old woman behind the stall begs you to buy one; and if you have a Gold Piece to spare, you may do so. (Record the transaction on your *Adventure Sheet*.) She tells you that these few Glowcandles are all that remains of her village's wealth and possessions. Mayrek the Potter, the hermit who makes the Glowcandles and other wonderful things, has not been seen for months. Men from the village have gone to look for him – but they have not returned. Will you go to the village and offer to help the villagers (turn to 66)? Or will you turn away and set off across the dunes in the opposite direction (turn to 117)?

181

You pull the Heatsword from its scabbard and apply the blade to the folds of fungus. The sword looks just like an ordinary weapon but the blade must be as hot as a furnace, for the fungus blackens and shrivels all round it. Soon you can see wooden panels behind the smouldering fungus and within minutes you think you will be able to clear the whole door. However, you are becoming engulfed in the clouds of black smoke given off by the incinerated fungus. You cannot breathe; you stagger and fall to your knees. Your only hope is to find a way through the door before the smoke poisons you. Roll four dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your

STAMINA, turn to 274; if the total is more than your STAMINA, turn to 90.

182

'A weapon?' Semeion asks in astonishment. 'I am a reader of signs, not an armourer. But let me think – I had a visitor once, long ago, who left a sword behind when he left. I will see if I can find it.' You wait in the garden for a long time, listening to crashes and thumps come from all sides of the courtyard as Semeion searches every room. At last he emerges carrying a plain sword in a scabbard. 'Found it!' he says. 'It's a very ordinary sword, as far as I can tell. But if you think it will help you, by all means take it.' If you have no weapon you can take the sword and restore 2 points of SKILL. You then decide that you must take your leave of Semeion and, gazing into the Aleph, you allow yourself to become lost within its teeming worlds. Turn to 234.

183

Lying in the grass at your feet is a large Hunting-Horn, fashioned from the spiral horn of an animal and decorated with silver bands. You must have pulled it from the harness of the leading war-beast. It is an impressive item, and looks valuable (if you decide to keep it, record it on your *Adventure Sheet*). If you want to sound the horn, turn to 209; if not, you stow it in your backpack and turn to 358.

184

As you approach the Silica Serpent you see that the creature has become entangled in a web of fine wires

that seems to have been set in the gulley for this very purpose. The creature's desperate contortions are winding the wires ever more tightly about its long, glittering body. It is so preoccupied that it fails to notice you until you are only a few paces away. The Serpent stops moving. You see yourself reflected in its huge black eyes. Then its head darts forward and it spits a jet of liquid at you. Roll two dice: if the total is less than your SKILL, turn to 94; if the total is equal to or more than your SKILL, turn to 240.

185

On the other side of the doorway you stumble down a step and into a vaulted corridor. At the other end is a doorway identical to the one you have just stepped through. A counter runs along one side of the corridor, and behind it is a room containing rows of empty hatstands. Asleep on the counter is an old Dwarf. He opens one eye as you approach.

'Good day, I suppose,' he grumbles. 'And I hope you had a fruitful visit to the Library in Limbo. Don't bother to tell me, I don't really care. If you left a cloak or a hat on your way in, don't try asking me for it. This is the way out, and I haven't got anything of anybody's. There's the door from Nowhere to Somewhere.'

'But to where, exactly?' you ask.

'Exactly anywhere you like. Of course, if you want to go somewhere particular, it helps to think about it while you're walking through the door.'

You stride to the doorway and step across the thresh-

old. Do you fill your mind with thoughts of your home world, Khul (turn to **51**); do you try to imagine the Ziggurat World (turn to **234**); or do you think about your mysterious burden, the Aleph, and rely on its influence to choose your destination (turn to **21**)?

186

After only a few minutes of following the twists and turns of this passage, you realize that it is unlike any that you have so far encountered in the maze. For one thing, it seems to be sloping downwards; for another, it is completely dark – there is not a single crack of light to be seen. Feeling your way with outstretched hands, you grope round yet another corner – and almost cry out in fear as you come face to face with a glowing skeleton. It stands in front of you, barring the tunnel with the spear it clutches in its bony hands. It is dressed as a warrior and you wonder whether it is the ghost of an adventurer who died while lost in the maze. Apart from the occasional shake of its spear, it makes no move against you. You decide to step forward, but as soon as you move the skeleton speaks, in a slurred monotone. 'Come not this way!' it orders. 'This way danger lies, and certain death. Turn back! Begone!'

Will you turn back (turn to **257**), or will you advance towards the skeleton (turn to **385**)?

187

You step over a threshold and find yourself in a small chamber with a doorway in each of its four walls. One, as usual, is marked with the circle and triangle symbol.

The doorway opposite it is marked with an arrow pointing downwards; through this doorway you can see a stairway leading down into the ground. You face the usual symbol and decide which doorway to take:

The door before you	Turn to 224
The door behind you	Turn to 297
The door to your right	Turn to 329
The door to your left	Turn to 26

188

Squatting beside the path, you pick up a small pebble and tap the clay ball. Nothing happens. You tap harder and the ball disintegrates into tiny fragments of baked clay. You search among the pieces for the object that was inside the ball, but you find nothing except for a handful of grey dust, which is soon blown away by the breeze. You sense that you have lost something of the utmost importance; lose 1 point of LUCK. You look around at the hills and the landscape of dunes below. There seems to be no choice but to use the Aleph to leave this place. Turn to 211.

189

You are in the entrance hall of the Vitreous Citadel. You stand and stare in confused wonderment at the cavernous chamber which, with mirrored walls and burnished ceiling, seems to extend into infinite distance in all directions. Through one of the many doorways you see the strange turquoise sky of the Ziggurat World, and you assume that if you walk through a doorway that leads in the opposite direction you will

reach the centre of the Citadel. You set off along corridors of marble and glass whose only inhabitants are angular crystal statues, and at last you reach a circular antechamber. Facing you are two doorways. Beyond one all is darkness; through the other, you can see the edge of a huge, semi-transparent cube bathed in dim green light. Will you go through the dark doorway (turn to 118), or into the room containing the huge cube (turn to 302)?

190

You walk towards the cliffs for hours, but they seem to draw no closer. However, the terrain is much hillier now and covered with trees. You head for an isolated peak that is higher than the other hills and, when you reach the summit, proceed to climb up into the branches of a tall tree. From this position you have a panoramic view of the landscape. Behind you is the wall of cliffs, its foot still some distance away. To your right, the hills drop suddenly to a sandy coastline, beyond which an expanse of water stretches to the horizon. In front of you are the woods through which you have been walking. And to your left the woodland clears, and beyond the trees you can see a vast extent of grassy plains. You can see no way of ascending the cliff-face; therefore, to explore new territory you will have to walk towards the water (turn to 92) or towards the plains (turn to 116). Alternatively, you may use the Aleph to take you elsewhere (turn to 2).

191

Grasping the arrow-shaft with both hands, you brace your feet against Syzuk's ribcage and pull with all your might. The arrow springs from the warlord's shoulder-joint and you fall on to your back. Syzuk picks up his sword and gives you a ghastly grin. 'Thank you, fool!' he snarls. 'Your act of kindness will not save you. Now nothing can save my enemies on this battlefield. On, my warriors! Destroy them all! Let none live! We will perform Glund's sacrificial ritual at the summit of a mountain of corpses!' Your only chance is to attack Syzuk while he is still weak from his wound. You launch yourself at his back.

SYZUK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you defeat him, you hear a chorus of despairing cries from the ranks of Skeletal Warriors. The battle becomes fiercer as their opponents counter-attack and the chariot is caught in a ferocious skirmish. You kick Syzuk's body out of it and try to control the war-horses. Turn to 155.

192

You lift the trapdoor and lead the way into the gloomy interior of the tower. The room below the turret is unguarded and contains the belongings of the captives – including their weapons. Armed with Elven bows, Vaskind swords and Mantir spears, your little army makes short work of the few Black Shadows it meets as you lead it down through the chambers of the tower. At last you reach the base of the tower. There are only two exits from the vaulted crypt, a door which leads to the outside and a trapdoor in the floor that must lead to cellars – or perhaps an underground passage. The Elves, Mantirs and Vaskind are desperate to return home and are determined to leave the tower through the door to the outside. Will you accompany them (turn to 333), or will you bid them farewell, and set off alone through the trapdoor (turn to 140)?

193

Barogkaz stops fighting and stares upwards in amazement and fear. The hideous shape of a Spectral Stalker is forming in the air above the courtyard. The Zwinian flees, and you run in the opposite direction, seeking shelter from the questing eyes of the Spectral Stalker. You crouch in the doorway of a tower and decide that you have to use the Aleph to escape. Turn to 91.

194

Your head pounds, your chest seems about to burst and your limbs are numb with cold. As you feel yourself slipping into unconsciousness, you clamp a hand over your face in an attempt to prevent yourself drawing sea water into your lungs, and pray that you will drift to the surface of the sea before you pass out. Little by little, as the murky waters around you become lighter, the precious air trickles from your lips. You suck in a gulp of water and in that instant you know you must drown – and then your head breaks through the waves! Coughing and spluttering, you drag yourself on to the beach. You lie there for several minutes, recovering your breath, but no one comes. You decide, at last, to

climb the path that zig-zags up the face of the cliff. Turn to **12**.

195

You wake up. Everything is dark: the candle has blown out and there is no hint of daylight in the chinks of the shutters. A cold wind, carrying with it the smell of the river, makes you shiver and you sit up. Then you see them. A pair of luminous eyes is staring at you from the middle of the floor. You remember the name of the inn: the Ghostly Visitors. Are you being watched by a ghost? For several seconds you remain as still as the watching eyes; but you have to decide what to do. Will you throw yourself at the intruder, whatever it is (turn to **271**)? Or will you keep still and watch silently (turn to **344**)?

196

The tunnel spirals downwards becoming ever steeper, until you can no longer keep your footing. A foul stench assails your nostrils as you slide helplessly into a pit of tiny, squirming bodies. You have no way of knowing that you have fallen into a Shadowlings hatchery; but you are soon aware that the little creatures have an insatiable appetite for blood. You cannot escape.

197

Stepping backwards, you speak hurriedly as the Logic Dog advances on you. 'You're wrong,' you tell the dog. 'I guessed that you would attack me. If you attack me now, that will prove that I guessed correctly. And

you promised that if I guessed correctly, you would let me pass. Therefore, now that you have announced that you are going to attack, you must let me pass.'

The Logic Dog stops in its tracks and its two heads turn to regard each other with dazed expressions. After a few moments of thought, both heads let out a howl of frustration – and the Dog disappears. A voice hails you from above: 'Bravo, stranger! You have done well: not only have you found the path through my labyrinth, but you have also defeated my faithful Logic Dog with its own weapon. I will come down and greet you.' Turn to **282**.

198

The knocker raps loudly on the heavy wooden door. You wait for a reply; nothing happens but the sudden appearance of a light behind the little glass circle. Then, in a gravelly voice, the door itself speaks to you! 'You are a human warrior. You possess eight coins of gold. Please insert four coins into the slot and enter.'

Will you follow these instructions and put 4 Gold Pieces into the slot in the door, before going through the doorway (turn to **147**)? Will you ignore the voice and push open the door immediately (turn to **286**)? Or will you abandon the idea of going through this door, and instead look for a way out of the Library (turn to **27**)?

199

The door swings inwards when you push it. You peer into the tower and see, beyond the short corridor

formed by the thickness of the wall, a small, dark and apparently empty chamber. You step forward into the room and are startled by a crash from behind you. You barely have time to realize that a portcullis has descended to block your exit, however, because you are attacked by the creatures that were roosting near the ceiling. You have no more than a fleeting impression of black membranous wings, malevolent red eyes and cruelly-curved talons. You feel a brief pang of pain as sharp teeth penetrate your flesh; then the creatures' venom starts to work, and you drift into unconsciousness. Turn to **291**.

200

You stand underneath the dangling bundle. It is larger than a man and seems to be a sort of cocoon of sticky fibres. It twitches suddenly and then speaks. 'Is – is there anybody there? Anybody? Please, if you can, help me out of this thing! I'm trapped, I can't escape! I've been here for months! Please help me!'

Will you try to release whoever is inside the cocoon? If so, turn to **339**. If you would rather leave this room, turn to **45**.

201

The door flies open, revealing a cupboard packed with stores. There is no room for you to hide inside so you start inspecting the contents of the shelves for anything that might be a weapon. All of the items are unfamiliar to you: they are made of unnaturally smooth materials, and most are either completely featureless or covered in indecipherable symbols. One object, however, looks like it might be a weapon: it has a hand-grip, a trigger and a tube, ending in a nozzle, that can be aimed. It is clearly labelled *Extinguisher*, which sounds to you like an eminently suitable name for a weapon. You are about to test its power when you hear the sound of heavy footsteps approaching. Will you wait for whatever is about to confront you (turn to **96**)? Alternatively, you could throw some of the switches on the central console and leap on to the platform in the hope that you will be taken elsewhere (turn to **151**).

202

You push open the door, and step into utter blackness; it closes behind you. You hear the echo of your footsteps, suggesting that you are in a large hall or cavern; and then you hear other noises – a gradual crescendo of twittering, rustling and squeaking. You take a few more steps forward, wondering whether you have entered a cave full of bats. Something brushes against your body. Teeth nip your ankle and you jerk your foot away. The darkness is oppressive; if you have a source of light – a Glowcandle, a Colepod Lantern or a Ring of Light – you can use it to illuminate your

surroundings; turn to 351. If you have no means of creating light, turn to 167.

203

As clouds of darkness roll over your mind, your last thought is that you are dying, but you recover your senses to find that Semeion has torn the Energy Leech from your arm. You are weak and nauseous and you have only 1 point of STAMINA, but you are alive. You are too exhausted to make another attempt to penetrate the sorcerous defences within which Globus has cloaked his citadel. Instead, you weakly agree to Semeion's suggestion that you should try to use the Telopticon to see the Spectral Stalkers. Turn to 380.

204

You retrieve the bottle of Siccator from your backpack and uncork it. You assume that if water makes the Golem fast and strong, the drying effect of the Siccator will slow the monster. But first you have to succeed in sprinkling the liquid over its body. You know you will have only one chance. You stand ready, feeling the ground shake under your feet as the Golem pounds towards you, swinging its mallet. Roll two dice. If the total is less than your SKILL score, turn to 337. If the total is equal to, or higher than, your SKILL score, turn to 141.

205

No matter how much you struggle you cannot escape. Eventually, like the other prisoners, you simply hang

simply in your bonds, your head drooping and your limbs numb. The sound of loud flapping alerts you to the return of the Black Shadows. Without pausing to perch on the parapet the slavering creatures fly straight into the belvedere, their red eyes glinting greedily as they cluster round the writhing, moaning prisoners. You watch in horror as the loathsome creatures begin to flap towards you. Soon you are overwhelmed by overlapping blankets of foetid blackness, and you feel venomous fangs piercing your flesh. As your blood is sucked from your body you weaken – reduce your STAMINA to 2 points – and the venom begins to work. You are dimly aware of being untied, your pack being strapped to your back and of being carried skywards; then you lose consciousness. Turn to 392.

206

You trudge for what seems like endless hours along a rocky passage, until you feel weak from exhaustion. Deduct one point of STAMINA. At last you see a glimmer of light ahead, and you turn a corner to find yourself in a square courtyard with a flagstone floor. The dim light that filters down the shaft formed by the sheer walls of the courtyard is dimmed by a vast web that is floating down the shaft, and long strands of it are almost touching you. From the web a gigantic Spider begins to scuttle down a silvery thread. One of the strands touches you and sticks to your clothing. Within seconds you are struggling to free yourself from a mass of finger-thick filaments. Roll two dice. If the total is less than your SKILL, turn to 69; if the

total is equal to, or more than, your SKILL, turn to 153.

207

The wind howls around you with renewed fury as you make for the protection of the trees. Something makes you look back and you see a disturbance in the air above the body of the creature that fell out of the sky. A dark figure, twice as tall as a man, is solidifying out of the air as you watch. Its outline is still indistinct, but it is moving, twisting and turning, as if searching the landscape.

Will you stand and watch it arrive (turn to 129), or will you run to find a hiding-place in the edge of the forest (turn to 44)?

208

Holding the Umbrella before you like a shield, you crouch low and charge into the midst of the glass flowers, striking to right and left as you run. The air is filled with the sound of splintering glass and the shrieks released by the flowers as they are cut down; but there are many more blooms that remain, on all sides of you, squirting acid from within their petals. Roll two dice. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you are wounded by the flowers' corrosive spray; the difference between the two figures is the number of STAMINA points you lose. If you survive, you emerge on the other side of the flower bed holding an Umbrella that is no more than a smoking framework of wire (delete it from your

Adventure Sheet), but you are able to continue towards the Vitreous Citadel. Turn to 336.

209

You put the Hunting-Horn to your lips and blow. A deep note, like the bellow of a bull, issues forth. What's more, when you stop blowing the sound continues – and begins to swell! The noise is deafening; the ground itself is resonating with the deep tone of the Horn. The war-beasts rear and buck in confusion and their gigantic riders, shaken from their indifference at last, turn in their saddles to stare at you in amazement. Struggling to keep your balance as the ground vibrates, you see in the distance a group of nymphs and satyrs, the prey of the hunt, jumping with glee at the giants' discomfiture. You fear that this disturbance will attract the attention of those that are hunting you – add 1 point to your TRAIL score. The faces of the giants continue to display outrage as they fade, become transparent, and disappear from the park. At last the sound of the Horn begins to diminish. As the noise quietens, the landscape around you darkens, and you feel yourself falling into a pit of blackness. You blink your eyes and find yourself in a cave, standing within a circle of fires. Also within the circle is an old crone, who watches you silently. Will you attack her (turn to 273), or question her (turn to 314)?

210

Your sword plunges into the Colepod and remains fixed there, jammed between two scaly plates. The creature rears in pain and your sword is snatched from your hand. The wounded and maddened Colepod races

away into the grass. If you have no other weapon you must reduce your SKILL by 2 points when in combat, until you acquire another one. Turn to 41.

211

Pulling the Aleph from your backpack, you hold it between your hands. You stare wonderingly into its infinite depths, entranced by the ever-changing visions that swarm before your eyes. Strange creatures, alien peoples, towns, continents, planets and swirling stars meet your gaze wherever you look. Roll one die. If you roll an even number, turn to 105; if you roll an odd number, turn to 248.

212

Only your will-power keeps you clinging to life. The brilliant beam of light will crush you like an insect at any moment. Then the light flickers and begins to fade. Suddenly you are free: you have survived the onslaught. You are once again alone in the dim light of the long hallway. Turn to 386.

213

Having passed the forest guards and the watch-tower, the Minstrel is not challenged again, even at the gate of the citadel. Within the walls the streets are decked with flags; the taverns are full of boar-faced Zwinians making merry. You and the Minstrel attract stares but a few notes from the Minstrel's harp ensure a hearty welcome. You ask the Minstrel about the celebrations. 'It is seven years to the day since I was banished,' he replies. 'No doubt the usurper Frampa has declared a day of revelling. He will rue it.'

The Minstrel leads you up to the inner bailey of the Keep where the court, in finest robes, are seated at a banquet watched by a throng of townspeople. Frampa, Lord of the Citadel, calls for entertainment. His jester speaks up: 'There is talk of a stranger in the town, sire,' he shouts for the benefit of the whole assembly. 'Call forth the minstrel!'

Frampa, snout gaping in shock, clutches the arms of his throne. 'No!' he yells. 'It is Barogkaz in disguise! The seers warned of a minstrel! Do not let him play!' But it is too late. Wary of your sword, the guards dare not approach the Minstrel as his harp begins to play. The crowd, the courtiers and the guards are struck dumb. Then, as the Minstrel wrests different tunes from the harp, the Zwinians start to laugh uncontrollably and the Minstrel mocks their helpless mirth. He makes them weep, then stand up and dance like marionettes. You are beginning to find the situation threatening; will you continue to watch the Minstrel's tricks (turn to 119), or will you try to stop him (turn to 8)?

214

You keep to the shadows, scrambling up and down gulleys and stumbling along dark ravines. In a channel between two walls of rock you stub your feet against upthrust pointed boulders. You step over them – and your feet are stuck to the ground. Two round eyes suddenly appear before you. You have stumbled into the extended jaw of a Lithogen, a huge predator that, once adult, never moves; it merely lies in wait for incautious animals. A Lithogen has only a small throat, and cannot eat solid matter; its prey has to be predigested and it remains stuck to the Lithogen's tongue, in the lower jaw, until it has rotted down to a pulp that the Lithogen can ingest. To assist the rotting process, the Lithogen's funnel-shaped throat squirts a caustic liquid on to the trapped prey. The first foul-smelling spray catches you unawares, and burns where it splashes your exposed flesh; lose 1 point of STAMINA. You cannot pull your feet free, so you will have to cut yourself free with your sword. Then it occurs to you that with a well-aimed throw you could close the creature's throat – a ball would completely block the funnel-shaped orifice. The Aleph would be the right size . . . but no, you cannot afford to lose it here. If you have a spherical map, however, and want to try to use it for this purpose, turn to **281**; otherwise, you will have to try to cut through the Lithogen's tongue – turn to **341**.

215

Your head feels like an overripe melon and your body is being shaken like a sapling in a gale. You come to your senses and realize that you are lying on the floor of a moving vehicle. You open your eyes: towering above you is Syzuk the Devastator, his eye-sockets blazing like beacons as he cracks a whip in one bony hand and brandishes a flaming longsword in the other. You are in his war-chariot, in the thick of a bloody battle. The day is Syzuk's: his Skeletal Warriors, marching forward in endless ranks, cover the land like a flood. Like storm-battered islands, small bands of Syzuk's enemies – humans, mainly, and some Elves – die fighting to hold back the tide. A solitary, desperate Elven arrow arcs across the sky and lands in Syzuk's shoulder. He falls alongside you. The Elven arrowhead is poison to him and he pleads with you to help him. If you decide to do so, and you have a bottle of Corrective Fluid, turn to **384**. If you want to help but have no Fluid, turn to **191**. If you finish off Syzuk and bundle him out of the chariot, turn to **155**.

216

You press the button on the left-hand side of the design and the wall starts to move. The huge slab of rock rises slowly to reveal another square courtyard, but this one is much larger than any you have encountered in the maze so far. It is a garden, the lawns and trees separated by paths that appear as Labyrinthine as the tunnels of the maze. The four sheer walls are covered, as far upwards as you can see, with balconies, windows and belvederes, all of them interconnected by stairways and ramps that baffle your sight and defy comprehension. Standing in front of you, its muscles quivering with suppressed energy, is a gigantic two-headed dog. You prepare to defend yourself, for the creature is clearly ready to pounce; but instead, from both of its fang-filled mouths, it speaks

'I am the Logic Dog,' it growls, 'and my task is to protect the garden of my master Semeion from intruders. I could attack you; or I could let you pass. Which do you think I will do? Will I attack, or will I let you pass? For you see, if you guess correctly, I will let you pass; but if you guess wrongly, I will attack.' Will you tell the Logic Dog that you think it will attack you (turn to 320); or will you guess that the Dog will let you pass (turn to 72)?

217

You pull the glowing sphere from your backpack and cup it in your hands. Instantly you are mesmerized by the myriad visions, so tiny and yet so detailed, that swarm within the Aleph. The longer you gaze, the

more you can see: strange creatures, alien peoples, towns, continents, planets, swirling stars. You feel yourself being enveloped by the Aleph; but what thoughts pass through your mind as you are transported? If you are anxious to find someone who can explain the meaning of the objects that you have collected since you were given the Aleph, turn to 354. If you are keen to continue on your travels, hoping to find more significant items of booty, turn to 156. If, however, your only concern is to hurry on to the end of your quest, turn to 234.

218

Stones crumble beneath your feet, your fingernails splinter against barely-accessible handholds and a hundred times you think you are about to plummet to your death. But at last you pull yourself over a lip of rock and find yourself at the entrance of a cave. The Ophidians, confident that they alone of unwinged creatures can reach this eyrie, have left the place unguarded. You are able to rest undisturbed until your limbs stop shaking and your muscles no longer ache. You peer into the cave: two tunnels lead away into the darkness From the one to your left you hear the shrieks of Silica Serpents, and see leaping shadows cast by fires; the tunnel to your right is silent, but illuminated by torches in brackets set into the wall. Will you explore the left tunnel (turn to 43), or the right (turn to 152)?

219

You offer no resistance as the Feliti converge on you, their fangs bared. The pack surrounds you, the largest

of the creatures at your heels. They nip your legs to encourage you to move and despite your exhaustion you force yourself to run. You are in a sea of green bodies surging across the evening landscape. When you stagger, you are bitten; when you fall, your limbs are grasped between fang-filled jaws and you are dragged across the rocks until you pull yourself upright. When you trip and fall for the third time you are too tired and battered to bother about your fate. You lie on the hard ground and wait to be torn apart – but nothing happens. You lift your head: the Feliti are running on without you, disappearing into the darkness towards the garden. Night has fallen. You have lost 4 points of STAMINA. You manage to stand; where will you go now: back to the garden (turn to 334), towards the fortress that you saw from the garden (turn to 379), or will you use the Aleph to escape from this strange world (turn to 365)?

220

Semeion gazes perplexedly at the objects on the table. 'These signs contain a meaning,' he says at last, 'but it is difficult to read. They seem to suggest that the Spectral Stalkers have been summoned by Globus, but I cannot tell for what purpose. Perhaps they escaped his control and are pursuing the Aleph because it calls to them. Perhaps Globus was over-eager to recover the Aleph and unleashed the Stalkers by mistake. Or maybe he is not the Aleph's rightful owner, and has summoned the Stalkers to find it for him. I cannot tell. But it would be unwise to trust Globus, I think. Be on your guard.'

You thank Semeion for this rather superfluous advice and ask if he can tell you more about Globus. Turn to 308.

221

Holding your breath at every step, you climb upwards. You reach the eighteenth step without feeling the slightest tremor. With great care, you leap over the nineteenth without touching it and land on the twentieth step – where an electric charge as powerful as a bolt of lightning fries you in an instant! The adventure ends here for warriors who fail to calculate correctly.

222

You duck through the low doorway and enter the inn A gust of wind slams the door behind you. In the darkness you can just make out tables and chairs; the room seems to be deserted and there is no sound to be heard. You climb a staircase until you reach a landing lit by a candle. There are several doors; all but one are locked. You open the unlocked door and find yourself in a pleasant bedroom with a balcony overhanging the river. Clean blankets have been laid on the rush mattress and there is a basin of fresh water. Supper is waiting on the table: bread, cold meat, cheese and a flagon of ale. The food looks wholesome; will you eat it (turn to 113), or are you too suspicious to try it (turn to 159)?

223

A Mantir duel is not a fight to the death. The two combatants are armed with spears, which have to be used only as staves. One of the Mantirs gives you his

spear. The object is to knock your opponent to the ground; in this the Mantir has an advantage over a human opponent, because he stands on four legs and has an additional weapon – the spiked ball on the end of his tail. Because of this, the Mantir attacks twice in each Attack Round, but you can strike him only in the first of the two attacks – if your Attack Strength is higher than his in the second attack, this merely indicates that you have avoided the swipe of his bristling tail. The duel ends when one of you has lost 4 or more STAMINA points.

MANTIR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you survive the duel, you realize that the Mantirs have lost all interest in the result of the contest between you and their leader. They are staring into the sky and shrieking in alarm – turn to 388.

224

Wearily you trudge along the seemingly endless passage. At last you see a patch of light ahead and step through a portal at the end of the passage into a square courtyard. The flagstones are littered with pebbles and small boulders, and only a little grey light seeps into the courtyard. You suspect that the shaft above you has been partially blocked by a rockfall. You stand in the centre of the floor, facing the one doorway which has the circle and triangle symbol above it, and ponder which way you should go next. A noise disturbs you and, looking down, you see that the stones on the floor are beginning to vibrate. You decide to leave quickly; but even as you take your first step, some of the stones

start to explode Sharp shards of flint fly across the courtyard, lacerating your legs as you run. You must reach the shelter of a doorway quickly, or you will be cut down and stoned to death Roll two dice; if the total is more than your SKILL, you do not reach a haven unscathed – deduct the difference between the two scores from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you hobble through the doorway you have chosen; did you make for the one you were facing (turn to 26), the one behind you (turn to 329), the one to your right (turn to 247), or the one to your left (turn to 187)?

225

'I'm not interested in weapons,' intones the Robot. 'I've got more swords than I know what to do with. Money's no use to me, either. What else have you got?' You bring out your two portions of Provisions; and, with some reluctance, you uncover the small sphere, its surface now dull and cloudy The Robot merely glances at it. 'So you're the bearer of the Aleph,' he says 'You'll find there's powerful people searching for that. Food – that's of interest. Not for myself, of course – never touch the stuff – but for my hungry little pets.'

If you have lost your sword, the Robot gives you a replacement; deduct one portion of your Provisions and restore your SKILL to its *Initial* value. He also produces a glass disc with a handle and one of the hanging constructions of wire and cloth; he calls them a Magnifying Glass and an Umbrella and explains how they work. He will exchange them for one portion of Provisions each. You then ask the Robot how you can

leave the Library, and he points to the *EXIT* doorway. You step through it. Turn to 185.

226

'Wrong!' roars the doorway. 'Utterly wrong! Why, foolish intruder, you have only to look at the beautiful and intricately-worked carvings that adorn the apex of my framework! There you will see my crowns. Regard them now: this will be the last sight your eyes will see!' Turn to 31.

227

The picture moves closer, until the image of the Spectral Stalkers fills the Telopticon's metal hoop The aura that surrounds the nightmarish creatures seems to be moving, as if it were being tugged and prodded. Semeion's mental energy is reaching out to touch the very stuff of the spell that binds the Stalkers. *This is a potent enchantment,* Semeion's thoughts interrupt yours. *It took many minutes to cast, and will take longer to undo. Charms have been woven into it to ensure that only he who made the spell can unmake it. Apart from the spellmaker unmaking the spell, the only way it can be ended is by fulfilling its purpose: the Spectral Stalkers must destroy the bearer of the Aleph and carry the Aleph to the spellmaker. Only then will they be free to return to the unknown plane whence they came.* As one the Spectral Stalkers turn their vast heads, and you feel their hate-filled yearning reaching out to you. They have detected you: add 2 points to your TRAIL score. *In my opinion,* Semeion's thoughts flash through your mind, *it's time you were on*

your way! He pulls the helmet from your head and hurries you from the chamber. Turn to **23**.

228

One of the black warriors moves to the white end of the field. The white warrior on square *G6* is surrounded and killed by the combined attacks of the three black warriors around him. Burud has won. The sky echoes with his harsh laughter, and you can also hear Drawenna's sobs of despair. You find that you can at last release your hold on the pike and the heavy armour slips from your back. You wander to the edge of the field, where you find your backpack and your clothes. Soon you are ready to depart, and you decide to use the Aleph to travel elsewhere. Turn to **124**.

229

You crouch behind a boulder and watch the struggles of the trapped Silica Serpent. After a while, a band of strange soldiers arrives. They are humanoid but very tall and thin, with long spidery arms and legs, and they are encased in gleaming armour of black glass. Each carries a spear and has a set of pipes hanging at his belt. They are Ophidians and, as they demonstrate, they have the skill to control Silica Serpents.

They surround the Serpent which, although trapped, is not harmless: it spits jets of liquid at the Ophidians, and the liquid is clearly corrosive, as the rocks on which it splashes begin to crumble and smoke. The acid has no effect on the Ophidians, however; it runs off their glass armour, and they pay almost no attention to the creature's angry splutters. Instead, one of them takes the pipes from his belt and begins to play upon them. There is no recognizable tune, but the Silica Serpent seems to find the music very relaxing. It stops spitting and struggling, and the Ophidians move in to muzzle its scaly jaws, bind up its diaphanous wings and lead it away on a leash. If you want to follow them, turn to **369**; if you would rather wait until they are out of sight, and then continue along the path to the distant cliff, turn to **4**.

230

You walk along the shore, allowing the cool water to lap over your tired feet. If you need to drink sea water to restore STAMINA drained by an Energy Leech, you can do so now. You notice that the damp sand is covered with the tracks of large webbed feet. You pray that the creatures who made the tracks have now gone elsewhere; but when you turn round you come face to face with them. Standing inside a huge bubble that seems to have just emerged from the sea are six amphibious beings. They are man-sized, but look more like giant frogs than humans. From wide, lipless, tooth-filled mouths their long tongues flicker threateningly. They wear necklaces made of shells and coral, and carry swords edged with sharks' teeth. They are Vaskind. The bubble dissolves, and the creatures advance with raised swords. Will you surrender (turn to **261**) or defend yourself (turn to **104**)?

231

The Conjuror snarls as you produce the silver blade. This weapon can harm him; he will have to fight you.

VAMPIRE SKILL 9 STAMINA 13

If you win, a large bat flies from the Vampire's corpse which then crumbles to dust. In the dust is the key to the hanging cage. You release the Baron's daughter and, despite her urging, you decide not to tackle the Were-cat who is driving the wagon. Instead you open the door, grab your backpack in one hand and the girl's wrist in the other, and jump from the wagon.

You crawl into the shade of a hedge to inspect your pack. Amazingly, nothing is broken – restore 1 point of LUCK – and you find that you have collected one of the Conjuror's circular calling-cards. It displays the words *Marvip the Magician* above a picture of a tall figure with a black cloak and a glowing wand. The shape of the card reminds you of the Aleph and you decide to keep it.

The Baron's daughter has been watching you for some time. 'Are you going to sit there all day?' she complains. 'That Magician was much more exciting than you. He was going to take me to his castle. Now I suppose I'll have to go home to boring old Daddy. Goodbye and good riddance!' With that she strides off towards the town. You decide to use the Aleph to go elsewhere. Turn to **63**.

232

You step tentatively on to the bridge. The stone slab is firm and stable. You take a few more steps – and the slab begins to move. Like a tongue withdrawing into a mouth, the bridge is being pulled into the doorway while simultaneously rocking from side to side; it is all you can do to keep your balance. When you are half-way across the moat and poised perilously above the bright blue smoking liquid, the slab stops moving towards the doorway but continues to sway from side to side. A voice comes from the black marble face: 'You are no Ophidian,' it says, 'and you are certainly not a Black Shadow. No others are permitted to cross, and if you were here on the business of the Archmage Globus you would have known to say the password before stepping on to my tongue. Now, stranger, I have you at my mercy. I should toss you into the moat. But I suppose I could spare you – and I do so love to hear a proud warrior plead for mercy. Plead with me, stranger; beg for your life!' If you want to compose a speech imploring the doorway to spare you, turn to **362**; if you remain stubbornly silent, turn to **31**.

233

The Minstrel stands his harp on the road so that he can fight more easily, but the instrument continues to make music. You can see the strings vibrating and the keening voice seems to emanate from the front of the harp, which is carved in the likeness of a human head. The second boar-faced soldier seems to be dazed by the music and the Minstrel is about to deliver an unopposed death-blow to the first when the third arrives on the

scene. He, too, is held in thrall by the haunting melody, but his mount, rearing out of control, treads on the harp and breaks it. The Minstrel kills the first boar-face but the other two recover, dismount, and press home their attack. The Minstrel kills another boar-face before he finally receives a mortal stroke. With his dying effort he despatches the last of the boar-faces, and the road is silent but for an occasional discordant note from the damaged harp. If you want to look more closely at this scene of carnage, turn to 363; if you would rather use the Aleph, in the hope of travelling to somewhere more welcoming, turn to 91.

234

You materialize in the air a little way above a meadow and fall awkwardly into the long grass. You feel that you are being watched, and glance up to see the hideous shape of a Spectral Stalker forming in the air. Its eyes search back and forth, and below them the writhing mass of tentacles seems to be sensing your scent on the air. *Test your Trail score.* Roll three dice. If the total is equal to or more than your TRAIL score, turn to 29; if the total is less than your TRAIL score, turn to 300.

235

One by one, you take all the items from your backpack and place them on the table. Semeion studies them intently, arranging them into groups and then rearranging them. Not all of them are of interest. He insists that there should be seven significant signs to produce a clear meaning – round objects, he stresses, objects that recall the shape of the Aleph. He is interested in any of the following, if you have them:

A circular inn sign
A plate engraved with a hunting scene
A hollow ball of clay
A toy clown in a glass sphere
A rune-inscribed wheel-hub
A round picture of a conjuror
A map drawn on a wooden ball

If you have all seven items, turn to 132. If you have them all except for the spherical map, turn to 179. If you have six of them including the spherical map, turn to 220. If you have only five items, or less, turn to 360.

236

Even as you turn towards the Conjuror's assistant you see that she is changing. She is a Were-cat: talons are emerging from the tips of her fur-covered fingers and the pointed ears that seemed to be part of her costume are flicking angrily as she snarls at you. As you lunge and parry in the narrow passage behind the stage, you hear the Conjuror attempting to placate the crowd, which is becoming increasingly impatient and noisy in its calls for the return of the Baron's daughter. Dodging the murderous swipes of the Were-cat's claws, you hear the Conjuror shouting orders to Felice to start the wagon – but she is occupied in fighting you.

WERE-CAT SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you are still alive after four Attack Rounds, you hear the crowd storm on to the stage – turn to 47.

237

Transfixed as much by pain as by the force of the brilliant beam of light, you barely hear Baratcha's words. 'You are the bearer of the Aleph,' she growls, 'and you must survive to accomplish your destiny.' The Vaskind Queen steps into the deadly beam, shielding you in her massive shadow. Instantly you are free. You stagger aside, turning to see the Vaskind's face contorted in agony as the pressure of the light squeezes the life from her body. 'I am dying, warrior,' she croaks, 'but the sacrifice will be worthwhile if you can defeat the tyrant!' The light flickers and then fades, and Baratcha's lifeless body falls to the floor. You are alone in the silence and gloom of the long hallway. Turn to 386.

238

Your sword strikes one of the Silica Serpent's eyes, which shatters into a thousand shards. A fountain of black fluid jets from the creature's eye-socket as it dies. As you turn away from the carcass, the Wood Elves who have been watching your fight flee from you in fear. You ignore them and turn your attention to the captive in the net. Turn to 125.

239

The Goblin that you have wounded begins to gibber in terror. His comrade turns, looks up, and screams. The hideous shape of a Spectral Stalker is forming in the air above you. The glittering orbs of its eyes search back and forth, and below them the writhing mass of tentacles seems to be sensing your scent on the air. Add 1 point to your TRAIL score. The Goblins fling themselves through the trapdoor; you hear a splash as they land in the river. The Spectral Stalker becomes more solid with every moment that passes. *Test your Trail score.* Roll three dice. If the total is equal to or more than your TRAIL score, turn to 89. If the total is less than your TRAIL score, turn to 307.

240

You throw yourself from the path of the jet of fluid – but not quickly enough! A spray of liquid splashes across you and as you hit the ground and roll away from the Silica Serpent you feel pain explode all over your body, as if red-hot knives were being pressed into your flesh. The Silica Serpent's venom is a powerful acid: roll one die and deduct the result from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you pick yourself up,

step back – and collide with the leader of a troop of soldiers. They are tall, thin humanoids, totally encased in plate armour made of black glass. Each carries a spear and has a set of pipes hanging from his belt. You are trapped between the soldiers and the Silica Serpent: you have no choice but to surrender. Turn to **306**.

241

You can find nothing in your backpack to lighten the gloom, and decide to use the Aleph to leave. You look up to find that the last daylight has died – and the ballerina is staring at you! 'We're coming to play with you,' she says, and starts dancing towards you. Unseen things are moving in the cupboards; the metal soldiers are marching across the floor towards you; the rocking-horse bares its teeth and rocks in your direction; the jester's costume is jerking on its hook; and the door of the room is beginning to creak open!

You are hemmed in by moving toys. You are beginning to feel panic – add 1 point to your TRAIL score. The only way out is through the window. Will you throw open the casement and climb out (turn to **322**)? Or would you rather make a stand against this army of toys and ghosts (turn to **350**)?

242

You jump and in the same moment the Colepod veers towards you and you are struck by one of its six horny knees. As the creature thunders away into the long grass you hit the ground and tumble head over heels several times before you come to rest. Roll one die and

subtract the result from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you lie in the trampled grass for several minutes recovering your breath. Then, painfully, you stand. Turn to **41**.

243

You walk for hours between towering shelves laden with dusty volumes. No matter how far you go, the corridor extends, without end, as far as the eye can see. At last, however, in a gap between two sets of shelves, you find a door. It is slightly ajar, and the notice on it announces: *Office of the Artefacts Specialist. Please knock and wait.* Below the notice is a heavy brass knocker and below that, set into the wooden beams of the door, are a circular piece of glass and a brass plate with a narrow slit. Will you push the door open and walk through the doorway (turn to **147**), lift the knocker and knock on the door (turn to **198**), or turn away and look for a way out of the Library (turn to **27**)?

244

Roll a die. The result is the number of minutes that you spend in your increasingly frantic search for the door. During all this time dozens of little Shadowlings, hidden in the darkness, are hounding you, leaping on to your body and sucking your blood. You lose STAMINA at the rate of one point each minute. If you survive until you find the door, you pull it open with a sob of relief and slam it shut behind you. You make for your only remaining route – through the door with light showing round its edges. Turn to **324**.

245

The priest howls accusations of trickery and dark magic, but the congregation of Elves is impressed by your escape from certain death The guards release you and Grondel, and you say farewell to the old Elf. You want to leave the underground city and wander away into the darkness between the decrepit buildings, looking for a secluded place in which to unpack the Aleph. Grondel calls you back, begging you to produce some piece of evidence for his theory that there are worlds beyond the confines of the Elves' cavern A glimpse of the Aleph, with its teeming display of the infinite worlds of the Macrocosmos, would be enough to convince anyone that other worlds exist. If you agree to show it to Grondel and the priest, turn to **18**; if you hurry into the shadows to use it to travel elsewhere, turn to **377**

246

The Wood Elves wait, gazing up into the sky; you wait, watching the Wood Elves. Then one of them gives a shout and you see something descending out of the turquoise distance. The Wood Elves scatter, retreating from their netted captive, as an iridescent serpentine form spirals downwards on gossamer wings. It is somewhat like a slim Dragon crossed with a giant winged Centipede. Its scales glitter as it undulates through the air; its head is an armoured mask of silvered glass plates It floats to the ground and scuttles to the boulder, cutting the ropes that secure the net with fangs like splinters of glass Its huge eyes, like black pools under glass domes, inspect the contents of the

net. Will you continue to watch and wait (turn to **142**), or will you attack the creature while the Elves are absent (turn to **287**)?

247

After walking along the passage for some time you eventually reach a small chamber which has doorways in three of its walls. On the fourth wall, opposite the doorway engraved with the circle and triangle symbol, a plaque has been set into the stone, and on the plaque are inscribed the words *The End*. There seems to be nothing else remarkable about this room, however, and turning to face the doorway with the symbol you choose through which portal you will leave: the one in front of you (turn to **329**), the one to your right (turn to **224**), or the one to your left (turn to **78**).

248

You find yourself standing on a smooth platform that glows but gives out no heat. You are in a chamber lined with walls of opaque glass and polished metal. Rows of coloured lights wink at you and a barely-audible hum and a slight vibration pervade the room. You step off the platform and its glow fades. Suddenly a voice speaks out of the air: *'Unauthorized use of transporter – investigate!'* A second voice asks: *'Is it another specimen?'* *'Insufficient data,'* replies the first voice. *'Sending the Grappler.'* You step backwards and bump into a table whose surface is covered with flashing lights and coloured switches. You wonder what would happen if you were to flick some of the switches at random and then jump back on to the platform; if you

want to do this, turn to **151**. Alternatively, you could search for a place to hide – turn to **352**. If you would rather just wait for something to happen, turn to **96**.

249

You do exactly as Necromon asks. You drink the sweet liquid and hold the empty flask to your lips, until you are suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling of faintness. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, the last thing you remember is Necromon hurriedly corking the flask while suggesting that you lie down and rest. Then the potion goes to work on your mind. Your thoughts dissolve into patterns of coloured lights mingled with visions of ineffable beauty and significance. Throughout this wonderful display, a small voice in the back of your mind, like a child shouting to be heard in the midst of a Neuburg harvest-time carnival, is trying to tell you to come to your senses. Roll four dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your STAMINA, turn to **73**; if the total is greater than your STAMINA, turn to **284**.

250

Boosted by the power drawn from you and Semeion by the Energy Leeches, the Telopticon's screen clears once more, and you find yourself looking at the inside of Globus's Citadel. You can see a long, shadowy hall and, at the end of it, a many-faceted dome that glitters like an enormous gem. *This must be Globus's audience chamber,* says Semeion's voice inside your mind, *and that shimmering structure is a Prism of Power, an artefact of high magic. Only its creator, Globus himself, can pass*

through it. No other living thing can penetrate those glowing facets – although non-living beings, such as the Spectral Stalkers, can pass through unhindered. I fear that even such a Prism would be inadequate to shield you from your relentless pursuers. I sense you are thinking of weapons – of swordblades and arrows; and while it is true that such inanimate objects can pass through the Prism, they can do so only if moving very slowly – so banish any thoughts of trying to throw a spear or a dagger at Globus while he sits within his Prism of Power. The Aleph? Why, yes – the Aleph is beyond most physical and magical laws, and it would pass through the Prism as if it did not exist. The Energy Leeches can supply no more power: the picture dissolves into swirling colours. Turn to **380**.

251

The robed being interrupts your greeting. 'You are confused, Lord,' he says. 'That is not surprising. We, the few remaining Feliti – the last of your people – have waited long ages for your return. Now we will prepare the Jewel of Sleep with which you will defeat our evil ruler.' The Feliti busy themselves plucking the purple blooms from the garden plants, while their leader, in a mystical trance, begins another incantation, his hands outstretched over the growing heap of blooms brought to his feet by his people. You are sure that he is reciting a magical formula, but you are not so sure you want to find out what it does. If you decide to take out the Aleph and use its power to travel elsewhere in the Macrocosmos, turn to **365**; if you would rather wait until the spell is cast, turn to **52**.

252

Clouds of Black Shadows are descending on the plains, so you make off in the opposite direction, towards the foot of the vast cliff. As you scramble on to higher ground you look back to see the grasslands littered with dark flapping shapes. As you watch, groups of them start to fly upwards carrying the lifeless bodies of Colepods. You reach a place where a path begins its zig-zag ascent of the cliff-face and, as you have no desire to return to the plains, you decide to climb upwards. Turn to **12**.

253

'Don't be alarmed by my appearance,' says the strange wheeled being as you step from the machine into his study. 'I realize that you barbarians don't comprehend the advances of science, but I am quite harmless. I am Metron, the Mapmaker.' You gaze in wonderment at the maps and charts that cover the walls and desks, and, perhaps because they remind you of the Aleph, you are particularly intrigued by a collection of maps that are painted on the surfaces of wooden balls. 'I see you are surprised to see spherical maps,' Metron squeaks. 'No doubt you think the world is flat – or built on terraces, as the fabled Ziggurat World is supposed to be. I can tell you, my friend, that I have studied worlds throughout the Macrocosmos; and whatever shape they are supposed to be, after I have measured and mapped them they are round. But tell me: have you brought anything with you? I am always looking for new objects to measure.'

You wonder which of your items you should ask Metron to examine. If you possess them, you could offer him Cerod the Harp (turn to 346), a clay ball that rattles (turn to 49) or a god's Hunting Horn (turn to 173). If you refuse to allow Metron to see any of your possessions, turn to 375.

254

Rock-climbing tests both strength and endurance and this wall of rock is as high as the mightiest of the Cloudhigh Mountains of Khul. There are few ledges on which to rest, no gullies or chimneys to provide a change from the relentless necessity of clinging to the bare stone, often carrying all your weight on one tenuous finger-hold, while you search for the next outcrop of rock which will support you. Roll seven dice. If the total is equal to, or less than, the sum of your SKILL and STAMINA, turn to 321; if the total is greater than the sum of your SKILL and STAMINA, turn to 102.

255

The Spectral Stalker has failed to find you. You heave a sigh of relief as the hideous creature shakes its great head in frustration and begins to dissolve into the air. The Golem is completely still now; it will be nothing more than a clay statue until the next rainstorm. Now you can make your way to the cave in the cliff-face. Turn to 263.

256

After several bone-jolting minutes, the Colepod begins to slow its heedless charge. It tosses its head wildly in an attempt to dislodge you; but you hang on grimly, and eventually, defeated, the Colepod comes to a halt. You release your hold only cautiously, but the creature has apparently forgotten its panic already and has resumed the occupation with which it fills nearly all of its waking existence: munching grass. You lean against its flank and recover your breath. Turn to 33.

257

After walking for some time you see daylight ahead, and step through a doorway to find yourself in a square courtyard with an undulating floor of burnished metal. Bright sunlight streams down the shaft formed by the walls and is reflected off the floor to illuminate the metal statues that stand on the peaks of the uneven floor. Each statue is of a heroic warrior holding a weapon and a brilliantly polished shield. There are doorways leading from the courtyard, one in each of the four walls; as usual, one of the doorways bears the circle and triangle symbol. As you decide which doorway to take, you notice that the statues are slowly, mechanically, pivoting towards you, metal arms moving to adjust the angle of their shields. The sun's rays, concentrated in the hollows of the metal floor, are being reflected on to the soldiers' shields – and then back at you! As the beams coincide, you are almost struck blind by the dazzling light, and a wall of heat drives you to your knees.

Roll three dice. If the total is equal to or more than your STAMINA, you do not have the strength and will to rise to your feet and run – crushed by the overpowering heat, you slowly roast. Your adventure ends here. If the total is less than your STAMINA, you somehow find the energy to stand and run. Lose 5 points from your STAMINA. Do you run to the doorway you were facing, marked with the symbol (turn to **78**); the one behind you (turn to **122**); the one to your left (turn to **186**); or the one to your right (turn to **285**)?

258

A tunnel slopes upward before you. After following it for some time you reach a junction from which a passage leads downwards and a stairway leads up. Your route lies upwards, you are sure, towards the highest level of this strange tiered world, so you take the stairs. You step on to the first stair, and a shiver passes through your body. You move on to the second step: this time you definitely feel a momentary shudder. You advance gingerly to the third step; but feel nothing. The fourth step, however, gives you a jolt that leaves you cold and trembling. You summon up all your courage to tread on the fifth step; but it does nothing to you, and nor does the sixth. The seventh step catches you unawares with a shock that almost brings you to your knees. However, steps eight, nine, ten and eleven are all harmless, so that by the time you reach the twelfth step you are unprepared for the agonizing spasm that doubles you up in pain. Lose 2 points of STAMINA. It is clear that each jolt is more powerful than the last; the next could be enough to finish you. But how can you tell which steps to avoid? You think you can detect a pattern in the steps that give shocks; and you try to calculate it before continuing the ascent. Which is the next step you should avoid:

The seventeenth step?	Turn to **98**
The nineteenth step?	Turn to **221**
Or the twentieth step?	Turn to **315**

259

You grip the massive tome with both hands and tug it from its shelf. You study the ornate script and realize that the book is an alphabetical list of all types of magicians. The book has fallen open at a page of wizards whose names begin with the letter G – and there, in front of your nose, is the name Globus. You read the following description:

> **GLOBUS.** *Rank*: Archmage.
> *Residence*: The Ziggurat World.
> *Comments*: One of the most powerful images in Macrocosmos, but concentrates on research and experimentation. Specialities include summonings and transportation between the various Spheres of the Macrocosmos. Also theoretical studies of the Aleph, the One Sphere believed to contain all that exists.

You ponder these words. You must assume that the ball you are carrying is the Aleph. Perhaps the flying creature that gave it to you was caught by the Spectral Stalkers while trying to take it to Globus? What will you look for now – a way out of this Library (turn to **27**), or someone who can tell you more about the Aleph (turn to **243**)?

260

You step through a doorway into the dark interior of the rock wall and climb the steep stairs. Turning a corner, you climb towards a window – and looking out

of it you find that you are walking sideways: where the sky should be there is instead one of the inner walls of the courtyard! You stagger, seized with vertigo, but force yourself to continue up the stairs; turning another corner, you find that although you are still trudging upwards, when you lift your head you are walking towards the maze-like gardens. You round another corner, and are once again climbing into the dark interior of the rock. You turn another corner, into daylight, to find that the world has righted itself, and you are stepping up to the balcony where Semeion is seated at a stone table. 'The staircases in my house can be confusing at first,' he says with a smile, 'but here you are at last. Please be seated. After your difficult journey to reach me, the least I can do is try to answer any questions you may have.' You sit opposite Semeion. For some reason, you are sure that you can trust the wise old man. Without a word you withdraw the Aleph from your backpack and place it on the stone table. Turn to **65**.

261

Within seconds you are surrounded, and cannot hope to escape. The largest of the Vaskind uses his splay-fingered hands to rend the surface of the huge bubble and pull it over you and his warriors. The bubble descends through clear, green, fish-filled water, before coming to rest against a vast transparent dome resting on a shelf of rock. Within the dome is a settlement of some sort: irregular structures of coral, shell and stone rise from a network of pools and canals. The bubble slides down the surface of the dome, merging into it as you approach the sea bed. The air inside the dome is damp and malodorous, but breathable; you are given little chance to examine your surroundings as the Vaskind hurry you to the centre of the underwater city. You are placed on a low pedestal in the middle of a large, square pool; in front of you rises a throne, empty except for a gold crown. A Vaskind in decorated robes addresses you from the steps of the throne. 'We mean you no harm, stranger,' he croaks, 'but we have not seen your like before. Globus, the Archmage, rules the peoples of this world; are you his friend or his foe?'

If you say that you are Globus's friend, turn to **138**; if you say that you are his enemy, turn to **345**.

262

The ghostly figures pursue you through the castle. You dare not stop to look behind you, but you can feel their chilling presence at your back. You race along dusty corridors, across a small yard, through a doorway, and up a spiral staircase. As you climb, you become aware

that your pursuers are no longer behind you, but you continue to climb. At last you reach the top of the stairs and find a door standing ajar. Stepping through it, you find yourself at the top of a tower, in a room illuminated with the dying rays of the setting sun. It is a child's bedroom, crowded with toys. There is only one door, which you close behind you as you enter. The ghostly couple can be neither seen nor heard, and you seem to be safe at last. But nightfall is upon you – will you stay in this room (turn to 38), or use the Aleph to travel elsewhere (turn to 61)?

263

Pulling at the jumble of boulders in the cave entrance, you manage to clear a path into the cave, which is illuminated by large glowing bowls. Mayrek the Potter greets you and thanks you effusively. He looks very tired and thin, and explains that the Golem was one of his experiments that went awry. The creature was intended to be a servant, but it developed a will of its own and imprisoned its creator in the cave which serves as Mayrek's home and workshop. By way of a reward for rescuing him, he tells you that you can take any item from his workshop. You wander among racks of statuary and pottery, each object a fine work of art, but in the end two items attract your attention. One seems very useful: a small porcelain box containing 5 Gold Pieces. The other, a plain ball of glazed clay, intrigues you because its shape and size remind you of the Aleph. Will you choose to take the box (turn to 100) or the ball (turn to 368)?

264

In this Attack Round you decide to let fate take its course. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, your sword slides uselessly along the Silica Serpent's scaly flank – return to 343 and continue your fight with the creature. If you are Lucky, turn to 123.

265

You rush from the forest and fend off the attack of the second boar-faced soldier. Meanwhile, the Minstrel despatches the dazed soldier who began the attack. The soldier facing you reins back his mount and turns to flee just as a third soldier, riding another gigantic lizard, arrives on the scene and quickly decides that he, too, will retreat. The Minstrel has other ideas, however, and he plucks savagely at the strings of his harp, whose song rises to a painful crescendo. The two boar-faced soldiers cannot resist the music of the harp; with glazed eyes they dismount and trudge back to the Minstrel, who swiftly despatches them. 'A warrior!' he says, turning to you. 'And disguised as I am. A remarkable coincidence. My thanks to you, anyway, stranger.' He points to the bodies of the boar-faced soldiers. 'They are Zwinians. Wretched beings, but they are mine. I am

returning to reclaim my birthright from Frampa the Usurper. These scum were clearly loyal to their new master. Will you come with me? Another sword-arm would be useful.' He strums the strings of his harp and produces a sound that seems to call to your very soul. If you do not want to accompany the Minstrel, you can either run away into the forest (turn to **157**) or walk away along the road (turn to **342**); if you agree to go with him, turn to **57**.

266

'If you are a friend of the tyrant Globus,' shrills the Mantir, while his comrades shake their spears angrily, 'you are no friend of the people of the plains. We pay our tribute, which grows more onerous each year. We will offer no more to Globus, or to spies such as you. But you have shown bravery, and you have saved one of our animals so we will let you go in peace. But keep off the plains, stranger!'

Four of the Mantirs guard you closely as you retrace your steps back towards the higher ground at the foot of the cliff. You have nowhere to go but up the path that climbs in a zig-zag up the face of the cliff. Turn to **12**.

267

Wayland listens to your story, then ponders silently for some time. 'I'm an Artefacts expert,' he says at last. 'And, strictly speaking, the Aleph isn't an Artefact. It's not anything, really, on account of it being everything, if you see what I mean. Be that as it may, your real

problem is the Spectral Stalkers. This fellow Globus may be anxious to take delivery of this here Aleph, but clever folk have been looking for this item for more years than there are books in this library, and waiting a while longer won't hurt anybody. But those Spectral Stalkers, they don't sound as if they're inclined to wait. Once you're away from Limbo, use the Aleph to travel. It will take you where it wants to go. Keep moving and the Stalkers won't find you. Also, look for Signs and Portents. Round, the signs will be, like the Aleph itself. And if you don't understand them, let the Aleph take you to the sage Semeion Cryptoglyphos: he'll explain them. But keep moving to avoid danger. And now, you must leave Limbo.' Wayland points to a doorway engraved with the word *EXIT*. Dazed by his words, you step through it. Turn to **185**.

268

You hurl the Aleph at the glowing crystal but objects can pass through the transparent walls of light only if they are moving very slowly – and the Aleph merely bounces off the Prism and falls to the floor. As the Spectral Stalkers lurch in your direction, you become frantic with fear, clawing at the transparent Prism with your bare hands. Tentacles seize your legs and your last sight is of the Archmage's gloating face.

269

You exchange 2 Gold Pieces for the spherical map of Titan. Metron also insists that you take several sheets of paper and a strange writing implement called a pencil, saying that you never know when you might

need to make a map of your own (record this transaction on your *Adventure Sheet*). The Mapmaker then busies himself at a desk, making calculations and scribbling notes and papers. After a few minutes he turns, and seems surprised to see you. 'Are you still here?' he says. 'Run along now. Can't you see I'm busy? Be off with you!'

If you want to return to the small chamber from which you arrived in the Mapmaker's study, turn to 42; if you would rather use the Aleph to take you elsewhere, turn to 217.

270

The Mantir tells you that he wants 8 Gold Pieces in compensation for the Colepod you have killed. If you do not have such a large sum, or are unwilling to pay it, the Mantir says that he will accept a jewel or a finely-worked object of precious metal instead; if you have a Ring of Light, a Jewel of Sleep, a Seven-Pointed Star Talisman, or a Silver Dagger, any one of these items will be acceptable. If you cannot, or will not, offer either the money or one of these items, you will have to fight the duel – turn to 223.

If you are willing to pay, remember to cross the Gold Pieces or the object from your *Adventure Sheet*. Pleased with this transaction, the Mantirs are making ready to depart, when one of them looks skyward and shrieks in alarm – turn to 388.

271

Restore 1 point of LUCK. You have awoken and acted just in time to save your life. As you leap across the room you realize that the eyes are watching you from a crack in the floorboards – a concealed trapdoor, which begins to open, revealing a Goblin with a knife. But you are already in position to grasp the trapdoor and slam it shut, knocking the Goblin backwards. You stand on the trapdoor and listen in amusement to the confused and angry Goblin voices below. You hear the voices recede, and then the sound of oars paddling through the water as the Goblins return home empty-handed. The Goblin leader dropped his knife inside your room when you slammed the trapdoor on his head. You pick it up; it is a dagger with a carved wooden handle and a blade of pure silver. You may keep it if you want to. As there is no means of securing the trapdoor from inside your room, you stay awake until dawn. Turn to 40.

272

You make slow progress along the dark, rock-strewn valleys. The walls of the ravine are now too high for you to climb, but you feel more secure in the unlit depths. If you have Provisions, you may stop to eat a meal and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. You

stumble on for some time until the steep-sided valley ends at a stone wall. You look up to see that you are at the base of an enormous tower. Stone steps rise from the floor of the canyon and lead to an open stairway that curves upwards round the outside of the tower. You pace cautiously up the stairs until you are on the far side of the tower. You are already far above the ravine, and you feel exposed to view from all sides, but you are still far from the top of the tower. In front of you, set into the massive stonework, is a wooden door that you presume gives access to the interior of the tower. Will you continue up the stairs (turn to 70); or will you try to open the door (turn to 199)?

273

Suddenly the old woman is no longer within the circle of fires, which leap up to form a wall of flames around you. Through the flickering tongues of fire you can see her glaring at you, her hands moving in the air to trace the pattern of a witch's curse. Reduce your LUCK by 1 point. You do not want to risk jumping through the flames; nor do you intend to stay in the cave while the crone casts another spell. You use the Aleph to leave. Turn to 30.

274

At last the door is free of fungus and the latch is uncovered, but you cannot see it. Drowning in a sea of black, viscous smog, your eyes are blinded by tears of pain and your lungs are filled with poisonous fumes. You scrabble weakly at the wooden door – and, just as you are about to collapse, your hand finds the latch. You pull open the door, fall through it, slam it shut behind you and sink gratefully to the floor of the corridor beyond. The air in these tunnels is not the freshest, but to you it smells as sweet and pure as a mountain breeze. After resting a while, you pick yourself up and continue along the passage. Turn to 148.

275

The Library seems to extend limitlessly in all directions. No matter how far you march along any corridor, it still stretches away ahead of you as far as you can see. The only interruptions in the endless lines of books are the sporadic gaps between the shelves where cross-passages and stairways lead to other corridors. Occasionally the silence is broken by the distant echoes of voices or footsteps, but you meet no one. Sometimes you pause to examine the volumes on the shelves, but only very rarely do you find one that is written in a language you understand. Eventually you plod down a staircase and find yourself at a point where four corridors meet. You have lost all sense of direction, but this crossroads looks very similar to the place where you arrived in the Library, although there is now no *Enquiries* desk. You choose one of the four corridors: turn to either 164, 243, 298 or 373.

276

The grass is taller than you expected and the tallest clumps, towering high above your head, consist of blades as thick and tough as saplings. As you cut a path with your sword, you hear the sound of pounding hooves and crashing vegetation – and suddenly an animal appears, charging straight at you through the grass! It is a Colepod; it resembles a gigantic insect in that it has six legs and a domed carapace, though in size and behaviour it is more like a maddened bull. In a frenzy of fear it bears down on you heedlessly. Will you attempt to thrust your sword into it (turn to **160**), seize it with your bare hands and try to grapple it to the ground (turn to **364**), or jump out of its path (turn to **75**)?

277

You cup your hands and plunge them into the basin; you withdraw them and drink. The liquid *is* water; in fact it is possibly the most refreshing water you have ever tasted, and you realize that it is doing more than merely quenching your thirst. Soon you feel fully fit and ready for anything. Restore your STAMINA to its *initial* score, and turn to **20**.

278

The innkeeper's sword is a doughty weapon, but the innkeeper himself is out of condition. You fight him in the fading light of dusk.

INNKEEPER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you defeat him, turn to **97**.

279

To jump the distance from the middle of the moat to the bank would be difficult under the best of circumstances; to attempt it from a swaying, rocking slab of stone is almost impossible. To make matters worse, just as you exert all the strength in your legs to propel you towards your target, the doorway jerks its 'tongue' towards its 'mouth'. The result is that you suddenly have no base from which to jump and you topple inelegantly into the moat. For a few moments you flail helplessly, before sinking beneath the bright blue ripples for ever.

280

The Grappler is in charge of this survey ship's wildlife collection. It is programmed to tend the various life-forms that are kept in the cages, and to capture any that escape. As far as it is concerned, you are an escaped animal and must be recaptured. Manoeuvering swiftly, it blocks your attempts to sidestep and, extending its telescopic limbs, it closes in on you.

You point *Extinguisher*'s nozzle at the Grappler's head and pull the trigger. Instead of a gout of flame or a blast of explosive pellets, all that emerges from the weapon is a stream of creamy liquid that coats the Grappler's dome but does nothing to slow its attack. Cursing, you dodge its flailing limbs, but as you do so you realize that the creature's movements are becoming less co-ordinated. You scramble over to one side of the room and watch as the viscous fluid, seeping into the Grappler's mechanical innards, makes it run out of

control. It collides with the metal cupboard, its arms windmill wildly for a few seconds, and then, in a shower of sparks, it stops moving. Restore 1 point of LUCK. Turn to 55.

281

Expecting another shower of digestive juices at any moment, you scrabble in your backpack for the spherical map. Your eyes are now accustomed to the deep gloom, and you are able to take careful aim before you hurl the ball into the Lithogen's throat. Cross the map from your *Adventure Sheet* then roll two dice. If the total is equal to, or less than, your SKILL, turn to 154; if the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 165.

282

Across the courtyard an old man is leaning from a balcony. He waves to you. 'Greetings!' he calls. 'I am Semeion, known as Cryptoglyphos because I read the meanings of signs and symbols. You have done well to find my innermost courtyard. If you would speak with me, ascend the staircase below this balcony. The way is longer than it looks, for the stairs twist strangely, but I will await you here.' If you accept this invitation, turn to 260. If you decide instead that you have had enough of Semeion's labyrinthine dwelling, you can use the Aleph to take you elsewhere: you take the sphere from your backpack, and lose yourself in its swirling images – turn to 234.

283

Taking the glowing sphere from your backpack, you gaze into its infinite depths. Instantly you are enthralled by the numberless panoramas that swirl within the Aleph, each scene impossibly small and yet perfectly real. The longer you gaze, the more you can see: men and monsters, humble villages and glittering cities, rolling landscapes and shimmering planets. You feel yourself being enveloped by the Aleph and transported within it. Roll one die. If you roll an even number, turn to 180. If you roll an odd number, turn to 171.

284

The small voice in the back of your mind cannot make itself heard. You continue to see the drug-induced parade of visions, even while Necromon is tightening the leather straps that secure you to his table. You die without even the small satisfaction that no part of you will be wasted: Necromon needs strong limbs and organs such as yours to augment the powers of the monster he is creating in his other room.

285

It seems you will walk forever in these shadow-filled corridors that turn to right and left with bewildering frequency – until at last you turn yet another corner and see daylight ahead of you. Ducking through the doorway at the end of the passage, you find yourself in a square courtyard. Sunlight filters down the shaft made by the courtyard's walls to illuminate the tree that grows in the centre of the floor. You circle the tree

suspiciously, but it seems to harbour no dangerous creatures. You sit on the bench next to it and read the notice nailed to its trunk:

Of Semeion's six outer courts
Two have been made for ease:
Beneath these branches gather thoughts;
The fountain's waters please.
At Semeion's gate there is a block.
Recall then fount and tree;
Their pleasant settings will unlock
The secret of the key.

There is no sign of a fountain in this courtyard; you assume it must be in another. You rest here and, if you have Provisions, you can eat a meal and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. Then you decide to move on. Facing the doorway engraved with the circle and triangle symbol, you choose through which doorway you will leave: the one in front of you (turn to 153), the one behind you (turn to 257), the one to your right (turn to 317), or the one to your left (turn to 78).

286

You place your hand on the door and push, but it will not budge. Determined to move it, you put your shoulder against the centre of the door – and as you do so the brass knocker descends on your head! Lose 2 points of STAMINA. As you fall to the ground, clutching your throbbing cranium, you hear the low voice saying: 'You are a human warrior. You possess eight coins of gold. Please insert four coins into the slot and enter.' Will you pay the door its entrance fee of 4

Gold Pieces and then push it again (turn to 147); or will you abandon this painful door and look for a way out of the Library (turn to 27)?

287

Leaping from the cover of the bush, you are able to strike before the creature is aware of you. But although your sword shatters several of its scintillating scales, the creature seems to be unharmed, and twists round to face you. It is a Silica Serpent, a dangerous adversary. Glassy scales protect its head and body, it moves very quickly, snapping at you with its fang-filled mouth and each time it attacks it squirts from its face a jet of acid that corrodes anything it touches.

SILICA SERPENT SKILL 7 STAMINA 11

Each combat round, after you have resolved the combat between your sword and the Serpent's fangs, compare Attack Strengths a second time. If you win, or the scores are the same, you have avoided the jet of acid but if you lose, you are splashed with the liquid and must lose 2 points of STAMINA. Keep a note of the number of Attack Rounds you fight. If at any time you decide to use your LUCK in combat, turn to 110. If you are still alive after four Attack Rounds, turn to 50

288

You put the pipes to your lips and blow softly into them. Strange, discordant notes float into the air and the effect on the Silica Serpent is immediate. The creature cocks its great head on one side, like a dog listening to its master's voice. As you continue to play it curls its long body into a circle and goes to sleep. Not daring to cease piping, you tiptoe past the scaly monster – and then continue on your way towards the Vitreous Citadel. Turn to 336.

289

You fling open the door, grab your backpack and jump from the wagon, landing on the pitted surface of the stony road. Roll one die and subtract half the result from your STAMINA (round fractions up). If you are still alive, you crawl painfully into the shade of a hedgerow and inspect the contents of your pack. Amazingly, nothing has been broken – restore 1 point of LUCK – and you find that somehow you have collected one of the Conjuror's small, circular calling-cards. It displays the words *Marvip the Magician* above a picture of a tall figure with a black cloak and a glowing wand. The shape of the card reminds you of the Aleph, so you keep it. As you are alone on the road and can see no travellers or settlements, you decide to use the Aleph to go elsewhere. Turn to 63.

290

You press the button on the right-hand part of the design. Nothing happens – except that you are sure the floor shudders slightly. If you want to remain here in the hope of trying the other button, turn to 95; if you decide to return along the tunnel turn to 122.

291

You are aware of feeling sick and weary. Your limbs ache. You can feel ropes tied tight around your wrists and your torso. You force your eyes to open.

You are tied to a stone pillar at the top of a round tower. The pillar is one of many that rise from the perimeter of the flagstone floor to support the tower's roof, and there are prisoners tied to most of the other pillars. You seem to be the only human; among the others are an Elf woman, an amphibious Vaskind and one of the four-legged, insect-like Mantirs. Perched on the parapet that surrounds this topmost level of the tower are several Black Shadows; two more are crouched at your feet, investigating the contents of your backpack. Your heart sinks as they find the Aleph and begin to chatter excitedly. However, it seems they dare not keep it, for they leave it, with your other belongings, at the foot of your pillar. Then, after ensuring that all the prisoners are securely roped, all the Black Shadows take to the air and flap upwards, speeding urgently towards the top of the cliff that overlooks even this soaring tower-top. Once they are out of sight, you begin to struggle in your bonds; but despite your efforts you cannot escape, nor can you reach your sword or your pack. You look hopelessly at your possessions, scattered at your feet. If, among them, you have a clown puppet in a glass ball, turn to **56**; if not, turn to **205**.

292

You follow the twisting tunnel, aware of side-passages and junctions, and soon you are blundering about in a black labyrinth of subterranean paths. At last you see light: the shape of a door outlined by a yellow gleam. You step through into a small room furnished as a study. Avoiding an area of the floor on which arcane symbols have been chalked, you move towards the log fire that is blazing in the fireplace, only to awaken the red-robed old woman who is dozing in an armchair. She stares at you in horror before stammering that you should not be here in her workroom. You try to assure her that you mean no harm, and she begins to relax. You explain that you are trying to escape from Syzuk the Devastator, and she smiles at you. 'Drink this,' she says, pouring a thick brown liquid from a bottle into a pewter flagon. 'It will restore your strength and calm your nerves.' You sniff the liquid: it smells wholesome, like a good vegetable soup, and you drink it. The old woman – Glund's Chief Priestess – told no lies: the drink restores up to 4 points of STAMINA. It also relaxes you, and within a minute you are completely paralyzed! She summons a squad of Skeletal Warriors, who knock you unconscious and carry you away. Turn to 215.

293

Roll one die. The result is the number of minutes that you spend in your increasingly frantic search for an exit from this benighted cave. During all this time dozens of little Shadowlings, hidden in the darkness, are hounding you, leaping on to your body and sucking your blood.

You lose STAMINA at the rate of one point for each minute you remain in the room. If you survive, your flailing arms discover, not one, but two tunnels leading from the cave. Feeling your way with your hands, you take a few steps along each of them before deciding which one to use. Both tunnels are narrow, but seem passable; will you take the one that leads downward (turn to 196), or the one that leads upward (turn to 258)?

294

You emerge from your hiding place and the Wood Elves turn to stare at you in amazement. If you have the rune-inscribed hub of a war-chariot wheel, you know that Elves fear it; if you decide to produce it from your backpack turn to 313. Otherwise, hoping that they are friendly, you speak to them in greeting – turn to 150.

295

This move saves your own life, but it loses the game for Drawenna. You can attack the black warrior in front of you, but he can defend himself simply by turning his well-armoured back on you. Your two white comrades succeed in killing the black warrior caught between them – but then it is the turn of the black side to make a move and attack. Turn to 228.

296

An Elf Woman is tied to the nearest column. 'I cannot tell who or what you are, stranger,' she says in a weak voice, 'but please release us and help us to escape from

here if you can.' As you cut through her bonds, you ask her why she and the other captives are kept here. 'The Black Shadows keep prisoners at the top of each of their towers,' she replies. 'They suck our blood for food. This turret is a larder for the Black Shadows – and they will return soon to feed. Release the others, quickly!' Soon you have released a motley troop of captives, all of them anxious to leave the tower. Will you lead them down the staircase that spirals precariously round the outside of the tower (turn to **14**); or through the trapdoor in the centre of the flagstone floor (turn to **192**)?

297

The doorway is real, but the stairs are an illusion that conceals a wide crevasse in the rocks – into which you fall. Your adventure ends here.

298

You have been walking for what feels like hours between the towering shelves of books, when you stop in amazement: you have found a door at last, set into the side of one of the bookcases. The door is ajar, and you can hear the murmur of voices beyond it. A large sign on the door announces:

CLASSIFICATION DEPARTMENT
NO ADMITTANCE

Will you enter (turn to **11**)? Or would you rather return to the crossroads and try one of the other corridors (**164**, **373** or **243**)?

299

You are indeed in luck. Something is falling towards you: a rope, unrolling as it drops. You grab it, wind it about your arm and cling to it helplessly. Several Ophidians scuttle down the sheer wall of rock with the agility of insects, and half drag, half carry you upwards. At the entrance to the cave, they use the rope to bind you tightly. Two tunnels lead away into the darkness; you are carried along the left-hand passage and into a cavern full of tethered Silica Serpents, each one guarded by several Ophidians. Turn to **53**.

300

The Spectral Stalkers have found you! As the first monstrosity turns towards you, and you see yourself reflected a thousand times in the facets of its huge eyes, two others are rapidly taking shape. You try to flee but with an insect-like bound one of them jumps in front of you. You are surrounded. In desperation you strike out, but your blows have no effect on these unnatural creatures. Their talons rake your body; their tentacles rope about your limbs. Screaming in fear, you lose consciousness. Your final thought is that both your quest and your life are over.

If you have a clay ball that rattles, turn to **325**; if not, turn to **54**.

301

Soon you are standing alongside the Elf Grondel, your ankles shackled. 'I'm sorry,' the old Elf says, 'I didn't mean to involve you in this dispute. Now we are both

doomed.' You point out that as he was able to summon you to this underground city, surely he has the power to free himself. 'My powers were exhausted in bringing you here,' he sighs, casting a worried glance up to the huge mouth-spout that looms over you, 'and now Vacavon will rain death upon us. The water that flows from yonder spout is poisoned: when it falls upon us, it will instantly rot our flesh. Nothing can save us from the downpour.'

If you have a bottle of Siccator, and want to share it with Grondel, turn to **71**; if you have an Umbrella, turn to **144**; if you want to abandon Grondel to his fate, and use the Aleph to escape, turn to **377**; but if you decide to do nothing but wait patiently in your chains, turn to **166**.

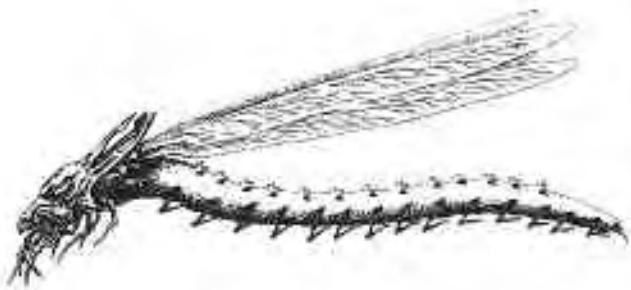

302

You start to shiver as soon as you cross the threshold. The room is as cold as a winter night – and the huge cube is a solid block of ice. You peer into the centre of the block: embedded at the heart of the ice is a dark, humanoid shape. You notice an ironic sign: *Here is preserved an enemy of Globus – behold her Power and Majesty!* You notice that the surface of the ice-block is running with water and when you touch the block, shards of ice fall away. The entire cube is only just frozen, and would melt easily if you could provide a source of heat. If you have a Glowcandle or a Heat-sword, and want to try to melt the ice, turn to **376**; otherwise, you leave this room and, crossing the ante-chamber, you step through the dark doorway – turn to **118**.

303

Your white comrade on square *E6* accepts your decision and moves forward to *D6*. He turns to face you. The black warrior on square *E5* suddenly realizes that he is between you and your white comrade, and he turns back and forth in a futile attempt to use his armour to shield himself from attack from two opposite sides. As if it has a life of its own, your pike descends to a horizontal position and lunges repeatedly at the black warrior; your comrade's weapon does the same. In an instant the black warrior is dead. There are no more attacks that can successfully be made by the white side; now it is the turn of the black side to make a move and attack. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **228**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **32**.

304

'We are subjects of Globus,' shrills the Mantir leader, 'but we hate him. He demands tributes which are more onerous with each passing year; his foul pets terrorize our herds and the peoples of our tribes. We can do nothing against him – for we cannot hope to scale the cliffs to reach him. All I can do is to offer you some information which might help you. At the top of yonder cliffs is the second tier of this world. Avoid the towers of the Black Shadows, and go instead towards the caves of the Ophidians, the keepers of the Silica Serpents. They will not welcome you – they, too, are Globus's creatures – but they are less dangerous than the Black Shadows. Steal, if you can, a set of Ophidian pipes: the music of this instrument controls Silica Serpents. Beyond, on the third tier, is the Crystal Garden, as deadly as it is beautiful, and guarded by more Silica Serpents: and in the midst of the Garden is the Vitreous Citadel, where Globus sits and plots. That place must be your goal.'

As he finishes his speech, one of the Mantirs looks skyward and gives a shriek of alarm. Turn to 388.

305

You walk towards the daylight and, ducking under a lintel engraved with the circle and triangle motif, you find yourself back at the entrance to the maze. You wander across the rocky ledge, but can find no path either up or down the face of the cliff. It is then that you notice that the large flat-topped boulder near the portal has something etched into its surface – a map of

the maze. (The diagram and the words that accompany it are reproduced on the inside front cover of this book. You may study this and, if you accepted pencil and paper from Metron the Mapmaker, you may make a copy of it – in other words you may refer to the diagram at any time during your travels in the maze.) Also on the boulder is a package: you open it and find a meal which, if you eat it, can restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. Written on the package is the message: *Semeion's abode is not easy to discover; try again, traveller, if you seek enlightenment.*

The sun is high in the sky, and you feel in need of a rest in the warmth. You doze and fall into a deep sleep which lasts through the night. You wake at dawn to see the sun rising above the highest of the distant mountains. If you decide to make another attempt to enter Semeion's maze, turn to 149; if you prefer to use the Aleph to travel elsewhere, you pull the glowing sphere from your pack and stare into it, allowing yourself to be enveloped by the teeming images – turn to 234.

306

The soldiers are Ophidians, a people who, as you are about to witness, have the skills to control the Silica Serpents Two of the Ophidians guard you; the others surround the Serpent which, although trapped, is anything but harmless: it spits jets of corrosive liquid at the Ophidians The acid has no effect on the Ophidians, however, as it merely runs off their glassy plates of armour, and they pay almost no attention to the creature's angry splutters Instead, one takes the pipes from his belt and begins to play upon them; there is no recognizable tune but the Silica Serpent seems to find the music very relaxing It stops spitting and struggling, and the Ophidians move in to muzzle its scaly jaws and bind up its diaphanous wings At this point one of your guards goes to assist his comrades, leaving only one Ophidian watching over you It seems that now is the best moment for you to escape If you want to make a break for it you must first vanquish the one remaining guard – turn to **327**; if you would rather remain a prisoner of the Ophidians, turn to **133**.

307

The Spectral Stalkers have found you! As the first monstrosity turns towards you, and you see yourself reflected a thousand times in the facets of its huge eyes, two others are rapidly taking shape You try to flee but with an insect-like bound one of them jumps in front of you You are surrounded In desperation you strike out, but your blows have no effect on these unnatural creatures Their talons rake your body; their tentacles rope about your limbs Screaming in fear, you lose

consciousness. Your final thought is that both your quest and your life are over.

Roll three dice and deduct the total from your STAMINA. If, by some miracle, you are still alive, you regain your senses, groaning, your body racked with pain. You have survived the onslaught of the Spectral Stalkers; but where have they taken you? Turn to 392.

308

Semeion escorts you up another of his curious staircases and into a long room lined with shelves. He tells you the room is his library, but you can see no books. The shelves are full of smooth metal cylinders, one of which Semeion takes and places at the centre of a disc which is set into the top of a tall thin cabinet. The disc is a turntable that Semeions operates with his foot; and as the cylinder rotates with the disc, Semeion brushes it lightly with his fingers. He stops the disc and turns to you. 'I know only a little about Globus,' he says. 'He is an Archmage, a senior magician of great power. His home is the Ziggurat World; he lives on the topmost tier, in a well-guarded Citadel. Surrounding the Citadel is the Crystal Garden, of which I know only that it is beautiful but deadly. There is a secret passage that runs to the Citadel from the level below the Crystal Garden. One more thing: by a lucky chance, the Ziggurat World is one of the realms that is ethereally connected to the Telopticon – a device which enables me to see afar without leaving here. Would you like to try to see Globus's home world? Or perhaps we could spy on the Spectral Stalkers?'

Do you want to attempt to use the Telopticon (turn to 332)? Or are you becoming impatient with Semeion's vague words, and anxious to leave (turn to 23)?

309

You put the Horn to your lips and blow. The first blaring note is enough to terrify the creatures that were about to attack you, scattering them like leaves in a gust of wind; then, although you have exhausted the breath in your lungs, the noise from the Horn continues, becoming ever louder. Swarms of Black Shadows rise into the air in frantic confusion and soon the whole mass of them is disappearing skywards. At last the Horn's blast fades. The Mantirs pick themselves up from the ground and, once they have regained their senses, they overwhelm you with thanks. They depart to gather the scattered herds of Colepods, but the leader asks you to remain here, promising to return with a reward for your help. A little later he canters back to you, bearing a gift of honeycake (which you can eat; it restores up to 4 points of STAMINA) and a weapon in a brightly-decorated scabbard. He explains that the weapon is a Heatsword; when unsheathed, the blade becomes hot without losing the keenness of its edge. When you strike an opponent, it will cause the loss of 1 additional point of STAMINA. After thanking the Mantir, you make your way back to the place where a path begins its ascent of the vast cliff. Turn to 12.

310

You step through the curtain and into a dark, narrow

passage that runs along the length of the wagon. You overhear the Conjuror, on the other side of the curtain, whispering instructions to his assistant. 'Felice!' he hisses. 'Put the warrior in the back room with the girl, then get to the front. I'll keep this bunch of peasants guessing with some spiel or other. Then, when I shout, lash the horses and we'll make a break for it.' The cat-woman purrs in agreement, and brushes aside the curtain to join you in the passage. She points to a door at one end, and pushes you towards it. If you decide to let yourself be shoved into the back room, turn to **24**. If you stand your ground and defend yourself against the cat-woman, turn to **236**. If you want to try to escape by running through the curtain, across the stage and into the crowd, turn to **361**.

311

To jump the distance from the middle of the moat to the bank would be difficult under the best of circumstances: to attempt it from a swaying, rocking slab of stone is almost impossible. However, just as you are exerting all the strength in your legs to propel you towards the doorway, the doorway itself helps you by jerking its 'tongue' into its 'mouth'. Although this sudden movement was intended to finish you off, it provides extra momentum for your jump and you land on the end of the stone slab just as it is disappearing into the doorway. You stumble, fall and almost slip into the moat; then you recover, scrabble for the slab and somehow manage to hold on. You have succeeded in entering the Vitreous Citadel. Turn to **189**.

312

Gratefully, you drain the flagon of ale. Shortly afterwards you fall into a drugged stupor and fail to wake up even when the Goblins enter your room through the secret trapdoor. The local gossip about the inn is correct: the innkeeper sells his guests to the man-eating Goblins. Your adventure ends here.

313

You pull the wheel-hub from your backpack and reveal its runic inscription to the Wood Elves. One glance at it is enough to send them running into the woods, wailing in terror. You turn your attention to the captive in the net. Turn to **125**.

314

'I am the Oracle,' the old woman cackles, 'and you are a warrior on a perilous quest. I sense that you carry a great burden and are hunted by fell and remorseless creatures. But all this you know, and all too well, I suspect. Tell me something that you do not yet understand and I will unravel it for you.'

You are almost speechless with shock after the events in the sunlit parkland and your sudden arrival in this cave, but you manage to stammer an account of your recent experiences. You show the crone the Hunting-Horn. 'I can explain these things,' she says. 'But first, give me gold! Two pieces of gold to hear the words of the Oracle!' This demand takes you by surprise. If you give her 2 Gold Pieces, deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **111**; if you are unwilling or unable to pay, turn to **273**.

315

Holding your breath at every step, you climb upwards. You reach the nineteenth step without feeling the slightest tremor. Carefully, you leap over the twentieth without touching it, and land on the twenty-first step. Nothing happens and you advance confidently up the rest of the stairway. You have no way of knowing how many more steps are booby-trapped, of course, so to be safe you avoid the thirty-third, the fifty-fourth, the eighty-eighth, and so on. There are many hundreds of stairs, and your brain reels with the mental arithmetic required to work out the next step you have to miss. Eventually, though, you reach the top and push through a trapdoor to find yourself in a cellar. Dim light filters through metal grilles in the ceiling. An open staircase climbs up one of the walls and leads to a door that, you presume, gives on to an upper storey. The walls of the cellar are lined with storage jars, each one almost as tall as you. Will you climb the stairs and go through the door (turn to **189**), or investigate the contents of the jars (turn to **355**)?

316

You place the bundle on your knees and unfold the cloth to reveal a glowing sphere not much larger than your fist. At first you think it is made of glass, and transparent; but you peer into it and realize that it is made of nothing – or, rather, of many things, countless things. You see oceans, deserts and cities; suns, moons and stars; animals and people; and many things that you cannot recognize. You look and look, and the sphere seems to expand until it is surrounding you.

Then it shrinks to its former size – and you are no longer in the countryside near Neuburg.

You are in a vast building. On all sides, corridors stretch away as far as your eyes can see. Every wall is lined from floor to ceiling with shelves, and every shelf is full of books. In front of you is a desk, over which hang two signs. One says *SILENCE!*, and is completely unnecessary as there is not a sound to be heard. The other says *ENQUIRIES*. There is a little brass bell on the desk. You cover the strange sphere again and put it in your backpack. Will you now set off to search this strange building (turn to **275**) or ring the bell (turn to **6**)?

317

Your walk along the winding passage is uneventful until you reach a junction between tunnels. You are in a tiny square chamber, its vaulted ceiling supported by pillars set in its four corners. Three of the walls consist of open doorways; the other is of finished stone, and

bears an inscription: *So near to Semeion, and yet so far to travel.* You face the one doorway that has the circle and triangle symbol above it, and choose which doorway you will leave through:

The doorway before you	Turn to **101**
The doorway behind you	Turn to **285**
The left doorway	Turn to **153**

318

At last you reach the top of the stairway where a gap in the parapet allows you to enter the flagstone-floored turret that is the tower's top storey. Stone pillars rise from the perimeter of the floor to support the tower's roof; there are prisoners tied to most of the pillars. None of the prisoners is human; you can see an Elf woman, an amphibious Vaskind and one of the four-legged, insect-like Mantirs. As you step cautiously across the floor the prisoners raise their heads to stare at you in amazement. Turn to **296**.

319

The big man is jovial, but retains his grip on his sword. 'Welcome, stranger!' he booms, 'to the Inn of the Ghostly Visitors. Don't be alarmed by the name of my fine establishment – it's just my little joke! You know this part of the world? Then you'll have heard the stories. Folk say this place is haunted – that people disappear mysteriously in the night. A load of old wives' tales. Don't believe a word of it. Anyway, this is the only inn for leagues around, so you don't have much choice. You can take the ferry across the river in

the morning. Now get inside, and go upstairs – I've a room ready for you.' He points his sword at you threateningly. It is true that you need somewhere to stay for the night, but the innkeeper's attitude makes you suspicious and angry. If you decide to fight him after all, turn to **278**; if you accept his offer of accommodation, turn to **222**.

320

'So you think I'll attack you, do you?' snarls the Logic Dog. 'Well, you're quite right; and therefore, because you have guessed correctly, I should let you pass. But if I let you pass, your guess will be wrong; and if your guess is wrong, as I have already promised, I will attack you. Therefore I have no choice but to attack!' With that, the huge beast prepares to launch itself at you. If you think there is a flaw in the Logic Dog's reasoning, and want to argue with it, turn to **197**; otherwise, prepare to defend yourself – turn to **163**.

321

At last you reach the top of the cliff and stand upon the topmost tier of the Ziggurat World. You clamber over a stone parapet, drop down the other side – and are greeted by a sight that could scarcely be a greater contrast with the bleak aridity of the rocky wasteland below. In front of you stretches the Crystal Garden, a vista of vivid colours and unnatural beauty. Jade flagstones surround azure fountains, full not of water but of tinkling crystal shards; marble trees stand stiffly above vibrant flowers of coloured glass. Through the lifeless, scintillating vegetation you can see the shimmering domes and towers of the Vitreous Citadel, home of the Archmage Globus. Paths paved with opalescent fragments criss-cross the Garden – but each is guarded by a Silica Serpent, tethered to the spot but otherwise free to attack any passer-by To reach the Citadel you will have to confront at least one Silica Serpent (turn to 162) – unless you leave the paths and try to force a way through the beds of glass flowers (turn to 77).

322

You have clambered through the window and started to climb downwards before you think to look where you are. You are hanging by one hand from the sill of the highest window in the castle, at the top of one of the towers, overhanging the gorge which appears as a black gulf below you. You start to pull yourself back upward, but the rocking-horse bites your hand. You cry out, let go of the windowsill – and your fading scream is cut off by a distant thud as your body lands in the

gorge. The haunted Nursery Tower has claimed another victim.

323

The crowd of green-skinned people draws back as you run across the garden and out of the gates. 'Stop!' shouts the robed leader, but you have gone. 'We must stop him! After him, Feliti brothers and sisters! Bring back our Champion!' There is a village outside the garden; the dwellings are old and dilapidated, but you assume they are inhabited and you turn away, racing across a desolate landscape of craggy hillocks and shrubby thickets. You turn to look at your pursuers, and see the Feliti people running from the walled garden – and as they emerge they change! Each one drops to all fours and with a wailing cry is transformed into a long, low hunting beast – like a Giant Weasel, with green fur and a snout full of sharp teeth. You run on, into endless grassy plains in which your pursuers are perfectly camouflaged. The gigantic sun is setting; you run until you are exhausted, and as you stop you are immediately surrounded by a circle of Feliti creatures. You can run no further: you must fight (turn to 68), or surrender to the Feliti (turn to 219).

324

You push open the door and step into a room illuminated by torches. The first thing that strikes you is the rank odour that fills the room; you begin to understand its origin when you see the bloodstained butcher's table standing in the centre of the room, and the large jars containing limbs and internal organs preserved in

fluids of various colours. Anatomical diagrams of several sorts of creatures are nailed to the walls. As you close the door behind you, another opens in the opposite wall and a small man in a bloodstained white coat enters, and stops in surprise on seeing you. 'A warrior!' he exclaims. 'A live being! This is most unusual. The only people I ever see are the few lifeless husks that I can beg from those beastly Black Shadows – for my research, you understand. I am Necromon, by the way; perhaps you've heard of me? No? Well, I'm not surprised. I've been down here for many years. I used to be apprenticed to the Archmage Globus, you see, but we had a falling out. Now I live wretchedly here in this macabre dungeon, spending all my time building the tool with which I intend to take my revenge on Globus. Will you assist me, warrior?'

If you agree to hear Necromon's proposal, turn to 108; if you decline, and say you want to continue on your way, turn to 383.

325

You regain consciousness to find yourself lying on a marble floor. You know that you should be dead but by some miracle you are alive, and unharmed. Your next thought is for the Aleph, and you rummage frantically in your backpack; the glowing sphere is there, and undamaged, but the clay ball has crumbled into dust. You marvel at your good fortune and at the life-preserving skill of Mayrek the Potter. But perhaps your luck is not so good: you have survived the onslaught of the Spectral Stalkers, but where have they brought you? Turn to **392**.

326

You have only two possible moves. Will you move to the square on your left (square *F3*)? If so, turn to **295**. Or will you move forward (to square *E4*)? Turn to **10**

327

You throw yourself at the Ophidian guard. He has only a split second in which to block your attack with his spear. He throws a glance towards his comrades, clustered round the trapped Silica Serpent, but you are upon him again. The two of you fall to the ground together, locked in close combat.

OPHIDIAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

Add 1 point to your TRAIL score. After three Attack Rounds of combat, if you are still alive, the other Ophidians are beginning to realize that your opponent needs their assistance. If you have by now killed the Ophidian guard, turn to **35**; if he is still alive, turn to **359**.

328

The Ranganathans have eight fingers on each hand, and each fingernail is as sharp as a razor. They advance, squealing excitedly. You retreat into a corner so you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RANGANATHAN	5	6
Second RANGANATHAN	5	5
Third RANGANATHAN	7	7

If you defeat them all, you spend some time searching their room. All of the books you find are unintelligible, but in a drawer of the desk you find a jar of clear liquid bearing the label *Corrective Fluid*, which you may take with you. You then return to the crossroads and begin another long hike down one of the other corridors; turn to either **164**, **243** or **373**.

329

The tunnel ends at a doorway. You step through and find yourself in a small rectangular room with a doorway set in each of the walls. Hanging in the shadows close to the ceiling is a large bundle, which you ignore until you hear a piteous moan and see that the bundle has started to move feebly. Will you investigate (turn to **200**), or concentrate on choosing your exit (turn to **45**)?

330

The invisible force presses into you like bands of steel closing about you. The pain is becoming unbearable;

consciousness is slipping away. Roll six dice If the total is less than your STAMINA, turn to 212; if the total is equal to, or greater than, your STAMINA, turn to 372

331

The runic inscription on the wheel-hub strikes terror into the hearts of the Elves and they scatter in all directions. You turn towards the captive, Grondel, and he almost faints from fear until you remember to put away the terrifying object. The courtyard is empty now, and you have time to unshackle the old Elf, who thanks you profusely You want to leave the underground city and wander away into the darkness between the decrepit buildings, looking for a secluded place in which to unpack the Aleph. Grondel calls you back, begging you to produce some piece of evidence for his theory that there are worlds beyond the confines of the Elves' cavern A glimpse of the Aleph, with its teeming display of the infinite worlds of the Macrocosmos, would be enough to convince anyone that other worlds exist. If you agree to show it to Grondel and the priest, turn to 18; if you hurry into the shadows to use it to travel elsewhere, turn to 377.

332

Semeion takes you to a chamber, deep within his strange home, which houses his Telopticon. The strange device consists of a hoop of metal within which bright colours ceaselessly swirl; connected to the hoop with bundles of wires like knotted vines are two helmets Semeion dons a helmet; you do likewise, and immediately see that the colours in the hoop are clearing, to be replaced by a picture of a world hanging in space. The picture moves closer; the world is the Ziggurat World, flat tiers of land enclosed within a sphere that is half dark, half light. Closer: you see Globus's Citadel, its shining domes and spires rising from the sparkling brilliance of the Crystal Garden – and then the scene dissolves into swirling colours once more. You hear Semeion's voice inside your mind: *Globus has protected his Citadel with enchantments. I can try to penetrate his defences, but the effort will absorb certain essential salts from our bodies. I know I can withstand the drain of strength – but can you, warrior?*

If you are determined to see inside Globus's Citadel, whatever the cost, turn to 99. If you would rather try to use the Telopticon to see the Spectral Stalkers, turn to 380. If you are anxious to continue your travels, turn to 23.

333

You lead the little army of ex-captives through the maze of rocky ravines, heading for the point at which you emerged on this level from the cliff-face path. Eventually your group arrives at the edge of the cliff and you begin the long descent that will take the Elves, Vaskind and Mantirs to their homes – taking with them, perhaps, the seeds of a new spirit of co-operation between the various peoples of the Ziggurat World. A little way down the cliff, however, you bid farewell to the motley group; they no longer need your guidance and you have arrived at the point where the cliff-face path forks. Although you are tempted to return to the hero's welcome that will greet you if you return home with the prisoners you have rescued, you know that you must explore more of this strange world You set off up the left-hand path; turn to **146**.

334

In the dark the garden is an eerie place. The statues seem to be watching you; the fragrance of the flowers is overwhelming. You decide to leave, but at that moment the robed Feliti appears at the gate. 'We were once a proud and populous people,' he says as he walks into the garden, 'with many fine cities and palaces and parks. Now all is waste, and only this garden survives. But the centuries of watching and waiting were not wasted – because you have arrived to save us. Go now, in darkness: my poor accursed people hunt in their animal forms only in daylight, so you will be safe from

them until dawn. Go to the Tyrant's castle, find him and kill him, and release the Feliti from his curse'

Will you go to the Tyrant's castle (turn to **379**), or use the Aleph to leave this world (turn to **365**)?

335

This tunnel is very dark. You creep forwards, using your hands more than your eyes, and at last you reach – a dead end! There is a wall of rock in front of you Then you hear a noise, an ominous sound of grinding rocks, and you feel the floor move slightly under your feet If there is a way forward, the door must be concealed; but perhaps this cul-de-sac is simply a booby-trap for unwary explorers. If you want to remain here to search the walls, turn to **168**; if you would rather return along the tunnel, turn to **122**.

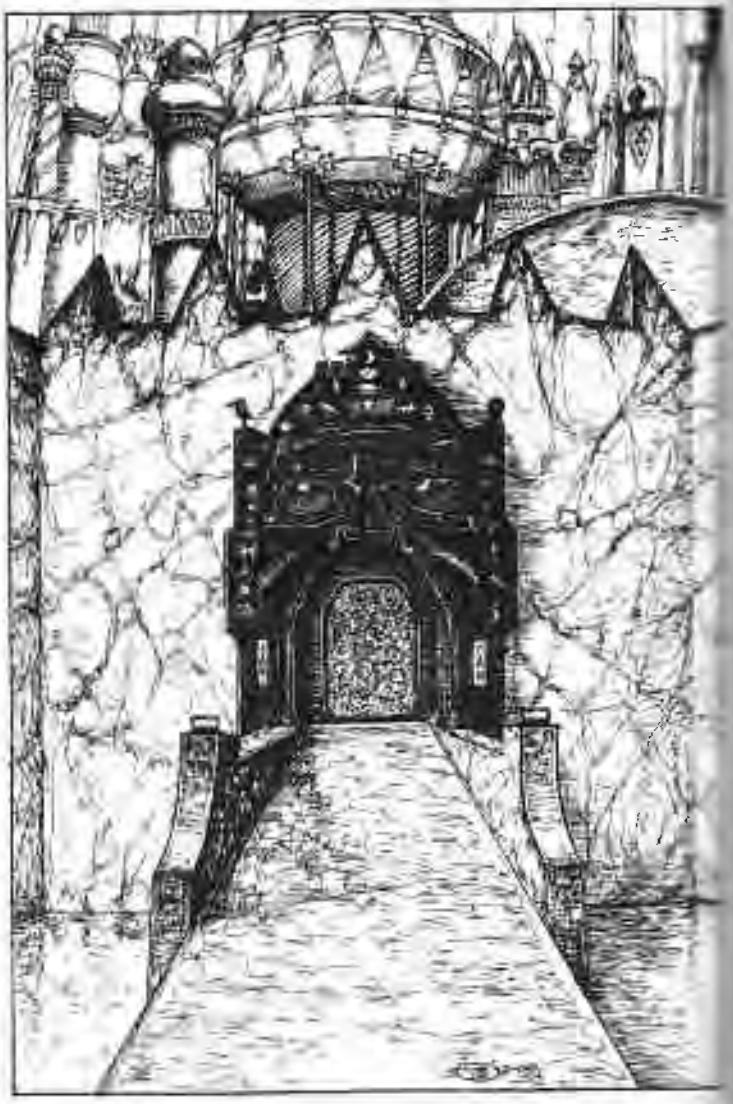

336

Having reached the centre of the Crystal Garden, you stand gazing up at the shimmering windowless walls of the Vitreous Citadel. It is a collection of marvellous structures, each vying with the others to amaze the mind and dazzle the eye: towers of amber and jet, canopies of faceted crystal, domes like enormous pearls, walls that seem to be cataracts frozen while in motion – all reflected in each other's glazed surfaces. The entire edifice is surrounded by a wide moat filled with a bright blue liquid; spirals of smoke rise ominously from its surface You walk around the Citadel and find that there is only one bridge across the moat: a slab of stone, with one end resting on the bank at your feet, extends across the moat and disappears into the only doorway through the Citadel's curtain wall. The doorway is surrounded by a frame of black marble, carved into an abstract representation of a face, the doorway itself being the mouth, and the stone bridge being the tongue. To reach the Citadel you must either cross the bridge (turn to **232**), or try to wade across the moat (turn to **378**).

337

Dodging the first boulder-breaking blow of the Golem's mallet, you sprinkle the Siccator in a wide arc. (Cross the Siccator from your *Adventure Sheet*) The drops of liquid sparkle in the air and splash across the Golem's clay torso. The effect is instantaneous: the Golem halts in mid-stride as the slick surface of water evaporates from its body Cracks appear as the monster attempts

to move, and as the Siccator extracts every drop of moisture from the clay the Golem's extremities begin to crumble. After one final shudder, the Golem is motionless, nothing more than a clay statue, rapidly crumbling into a large heap of fine brown dust. You turn away and head for the cave in the cliff. Turn to 263.

338

You advance towards the Prism of Power, shielding your eyes from the incandescent tracery that pulses across its facets. You press the Aleph against one of the surfaces. After some resistance, the sphere slowly enters the Prism and drops into the waiting hands of the Archmage. For several seconds he gazes at it in wonderment; then a ferocious scowl disfigures his noble countenance.

'At last I have it!' he says. 'At last the Aleph is in my hands. You foolish mortal! You have slaved and suffered to bring me the one tool I need to become Lord of all the Macrocosmos. Every being will bow down before me.' Nothing can save you. You have failed in your quest.

339

As you reach up to grasp the huge cocoon, it drops towards you, splitting open along its underside to reveal a moist, fetid interior ringed with fang-like spines. There is nobody inside. You are being attacked by a Karanth, a cunning creature that has the ability to use some of the intelligence of the prey that it consumes.

The Karanth falls on top of you, attempting to enfold and smother you. Before you can reach a weapon, you find yourself gripped within the Karanth's spines, your skin already being corroded by its digestive juices. You will die unless you can survive without breathing until the Karanth loosens its grip.

Roll four dice; if the total is equal to or more than your STAMINA, you gasp for air but breathe in only the Karanth's mucus secretions – your adventure ends here. If however, the total is less than your STAMINA, you are still conscious when the Karanth, assuming you to be dead, briefly relaxes. Pushing with all your might, you burst from the Karanth's hold and stagger away from the creature. Breathing heavily, you take stock of yourself, and are pleased to find that you have no substantial wounds. The Karanth closes its body and hoists itself up to the ceiling; you have to decide through which doorway to leave – turn to 45.

340

You draw your sword and advance towards the Dragon. She growls and flames flicker from her snout. 'Typical!' she splutters. 'You young hooligan; no respect for erudition and literature. Weapons are not permitted in the Library in Limbo, so I'm just going to have to confiscate that nasty thing.'

As your sword descends on her, she catches the blade in her claw, snatches it out of your hand and disappears in a puff of smoke. You are alone again. Deduct 2 points from your SKILL until you can find a replace-

ment weapon. You have no choice but to explore this vast Library on your own. Turn to **275**.

341

You grip your sword-hilt in both hands and thrust the blade downwards, blindly, near your trapped feet. You feel the tip plunge into something spongy and after a second's pause the Lithogen reacts to this assault on its tongue. You are lifted into the air as the tongue lashes wildly from side to side and you can do nothing to stop yourself being slammed against the rough walls of the ravine as the Lithogen's tongue convulses in agony. Lose 2 points of STAMINA. If you are still alive, the tongue comes to rest again – and you are still stuck to it. To escape, you will have to keep slicing into the creature's tongue and each time you do so you will be lashed against the walls of the ravine. Roll one die; the result is the number of further points of STAMINA you must lose while cutting yourself free. If you survive the attempt, you grope your way unsteadily past the unhappy Lithogen, only to find that an unearthly luminescence is growing in the shadows of the ravine: a Spectral Stalker has sensed your presence, and is beginning to materialize. Add 1 point to your TRAIL score then *Test your Trail score*. Roll three dice. If the total is less than your TRAIL score, turn to **300**. If the total is equal to, or more than, your TRAIL score, the hideous shape slowly dissolves – you have escaped detection this time, and may continue on your way. Turn to **272**.

342

You thank the Minstrel for his offer, but you politely decline it and bid him farewell. As you walk away along the road, you hear the harp begin a plaintive melody. The sound is so beautiful that you stop to listen; you turn, and find yourself being irresistibly drawn back towards the harp. The Minstrel, sword in hand, is waiting for you. 'If you're not on my side,' he says, 'you are my enemy. Come here and die.'

Somewhere in the back of your mind a small voice is telling you that you must break away, you must run into the forest and escape. You grit your teeth and try to force your legs to carry you off the road and into the shelter of the trees. Roll four dice. If the total is less than your current STAMINA, turn to **157**; if the total is equal to or more than your current STAMINA, turn to **393**.

343

A Silica Serpent is a dangerous adversary. Glassy scales protect its head and body, it moves very quickly, snapping at you with its fang-filled mouth and each time it attacks it squirts from its face a jet of acid that corrodes anything it touches. But if you want to pass it, you must defeat it.

SILICA SERPENT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

In each Attack Round, after you have resolved the combat between your sword and the Serpent's fangs, compare Attack Strengths a second time. If you win, or the scores are the same, you have avoided the jet of

acid; but if you lose, you are splashed with the liquid and must lose 2 points of STAMINA. Keep a note of the number of Attack Rounds you fight If at any time you decide to use your LUCK in combat, turn to **264** After four Attack Rounds, if you are still alive, turn to **176**.

344

A second pair of green eyes appears, also at floor level As your sight adjusts to the gloom, you can see that both pairs of eyes are watching you from a crack in the floorboards – or a concealed trapdoor! As you move to defend yourself, the trapdoor is thrown open and two Goblins jump into the room. 'The innkeeper said the traveller would be drugged!' hisses one. They draw sharp blades and advance towards you. You stand in a corner so that you can fight them one at a time. Your night vision is worse than theirs: temporarily reduce your SKILL by 1 point for the duration of this fight

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	4
Second GOBLIN	6	5

If you are still alive after three Attack Rounds, turn to **239**

345

'I have no reason to believe you,' grunts the robed Vaskind, 'but you are obviously not of this world, and perhaps you are the warrior who, according to prophecy, will come to our aid against those who oppress the Vaskind I have expected someone rather more

impressive, but perhaps you'll do. We are prevented from rising against the tyrant Globus: he has captured and imprisoned our Queen. We used to live above, on the shore, but we have been driven beneath the waves by Globus's pets, the Silica Serpents and the Black Shadows. Globus's Vitreous Citadel, which you must reach if you are to confront him, lies on the topmost tier of the world: around it is the Crystal Garden, beautiful but deadly – it is guarded by Silica Serpents, and full of dangerous blooms Between this lowest level and the Garden is the tier that is the home of both the Silica Serpents and the Black Shadows; the Shadows are the more deadly, but beneath their Grand Tower there is a tunnel which leads straight to the Vitreous Citadel. If you are truly an enemy of Globus, this information might assist your quest.'

You thank the Vaskind. Restore 1 point of LUCK and add 2 Provisions for the food that you are given. Two Vaskind escort you to the edge of the dome and create a bubble for you to ride in; it takes you swiftly to the surface. You wade on to the beach and head for the path that zig-zags up the face of the cliff. Turn to **12**.

346

Cerod's strings jangle angrily as Metron places the harp in a vice on a workbench For many minutes the Mapmaker is busy with rulers, protractors, tubes of coloured fluids and instruments with flashing lights and glowing numbers. He consults books from his library, draws a diagram of the harp and writes pages of notes. 'A well-constructed object,' Metron says, returning the

harp to you. 'The strings are arranged in order of length and the lengths are determined by a strict mathematical ratio. Quite fascinating, but I cannot imagine what it is for. It measures twelve and five-eighths *dronks* from extremity to extremity and is made from *gubis* wood. The decorations serve no function and should be removed.' Cerod is silent. You pluck the strings. It sounds like an ordinary harp; it no longer has any special properties (delete it from your *Adventure Sheet*). Metron has destroyed the harp's magical powers, and you complain bitterly. Turn to **375**.

347

Grimacing with distaste, you pull at the fleshy folds of pallid fungus that cover the doorway. The stuff comes away in long strips and soon you have cleared the door. The noxious smell, you notice, seems to emanate from the mottled skin of the fungus; the flesh inside is white, looks wholesome and has a pleasant odour. You nibble a small piece: it tastes as good as it looks. You go on to eat several large pieces. The fungus *is* wholesome: restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. You continue peeling the fungus from the door and soon you uncover the latch. You pull open the door, step through it and set off along the corridor beyond. Turn to **148**.

348

You flee beneath the pointed slabs of stone that are the upper teeth of the enormous skull, and find yourself in the dark cavern of its mouth. Looking back you see the dull glow of the bony warriors' eyes: they seem to be reluctant to follow you into the mouth of their god

Glund. You breathe a sigh of relief, but you are not safe yet. As you become accustomed to the gloom, you see that the chute down which you slid is above you and out of reach, and both of the two tunnels at the back of the cavern look dark and dangerous. Your pursuers, urged on by their leader Syzuk, are advancing hesitantly behind you. You choose one of the tunnels and trust to your good fortune: *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **292**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **121**.

349

You jump. The Colepod's six heavy legs just miss you as the creature thunders away into the long grass. Unhurt, you pick yourself up from the ground. Turn to **41**.

350

The toys move no closer to the bed, but continue to watch you with malevolent eyes. You sit upright on the bed, determined to stay awake all night. If you have Provisions, you can eat one meal – but because of your anxious state it restores only 2 points of STAMINA. Eventually, just before dawn, you drift into sleep – and wake to find sunlight streaming into the room and on to the toys, which are of course ordinary and lifeless. Wearily you shake your head, and catch sight of the little clown in his glass sphere. You can keep him if you want to – he reminds you of the Aleph, which you decide to use to take you away from this haunted castle. Turn to **61**.

351

In the deep darkness, the sudden appearance of your light has a blinding brilliance. You are momentarily dazzled; then you see that you are in a vast cavern – and then you see the cavern's inhabitants. Thousands of Shadowlings – the young of the Black Shadows – are carpeting the rocky floor, transfixed by your light. They are somehow even more hideous than their elder kin: their limbs are tiny, so they seem to consist only of claws, flaps of black skin and heads with gaping mouths. A few still cling to your body but they are stunned by the light and easily dislodged. As soon as you move, the others scramble away and hide behind boulders, terrified by the light you are carrying. You make your way to the end of the cave, where you find two tunnels. One of them, however, appears to fall away steeply into a noisesome pit; and you take the other, which leads upwards. Turn to 258.

352

The curved walls are featureless and the consoles of flashing lights are sealed units. The only enclosed space big enough to conceal you is a tall metal cupboard – and it is locked. You will have to try to break the lock. Roll two dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your SKILL score, turn to 201 If the total is higher than your SKILL score you cannot break the lock; you must either wait in this strange metallic room (turn to 96), or adjust some switches and step back on to the platform in the hope that it will transport you elsewhere (turn to 151).

353

This tower is small compared to some of the others, but it is still as wide as the keep of a castle, and much taller. As you struggle across the rocky ground you become aware of a commotion in the air above you; looking up, you see a swarm of flying creatures flapping towards you like black sheets tumbling out of the sky. They are Black Shadows, the inhabitants of these cylindrical towers As they swoop closer you see that each one is a humanoid creature, with long arms, legs, ears and tail, all of which are connected by the membrane of black skin that allows it to fly. You notice, too, the malevolent red eyes, the long sharp fangs and the talons which tip all four limbs. You hasten to the base of the tower, a solid circular wall of black stone blocks. There is no entrance, not so much as an arrow-slit. You put your back to the wall and prepare to defend yourself If you have a Hunting-Horn turn to **80** You can try to use the Aleph to escape from this predicament – turn to **112** Otherwise, you will have to stand and fight – turn to **178**.

354

You are standing at the foot of a sheer cliff. Behind you, in the distance, dawn is breaking behind a range of mountains and the first rays of the morning sun are shining directly into a portal hewn into the face of the cliff immediately in front of where you are standing.

Will you enter the dark doorway (turn to **149**) or explore the area at the foot of the cliff (turn to **397**)? If you would rather use the Aleph to travel elsewhere, you take the glowing sphere from your backpack and stare into it, allowing its multitude of images to surround you – turn to **234**.

355

Although the jars are all the same size and shape, they seem to be of two different sorts Some are marked with a roughly-stencilled diagram of a human being, while others show a human figure enclosed within a square. All the jars are lidded and sealed with wax. You break open several jars and find that they all contain a clear, odourless liquid. If you want to drink some, you can cup your hands and drink either from one of the jars marked with a plain figure (turn to **128**), or from a jar marked with a figure in a square (turn to **58**). If you would rather not drink from either sort of jar, you make your way up the stairs and leave through the door (turn to **189**).

356

You put the bottle to your lips and take a mouthful of bitter liquid. Before you can spit it out, Wayland slaps you between the shoulder-blades and you swallow it 'Wonderful stuff!' exclaims Wayland 'See? You're dry

as a bone already.' He is right: somehow, the drink has evaporated the water that had been soaked into your clothes and hair. 'Keep the bottle; there's plenty more where that came from. It's called Siccator and one swig'll keep any liquid off your person. Might come in very handy if you come across any more practical jokers like me.' If you decide to keep the bottle, remember to note it on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 175.

357

Your pulse pounds in your head as the pressure of the water crushes you. Fighting to stay conscious, you struggle with the straps of your backpack as the precious air trickles from your clenched lips. At last you manage to find the little bottle of Siccator, lift it to your mouth and empty the liquid down your throat. (Delete the Siccator from your *Adventure Sheet*.) Your body tingles all over; you can no longer feel the cold water against your skin. Suddenly you find yourself rushing upwards through the sea water. Siccator and water simply do not mix and the sea is ejecting you like a stomach ejecting undigested food. You crash through the waves in a fountain of spume and are spat out on to the beach. You are winded and spend several minutes recovering your breath, but otherwise you are unhurt. There is no one on the beach, and you find nothing of interest. You decide to climb the path that zig-zags up the face of the cliff. Turn to 12.

358

The hunters exchange neither a glance nor a shout as they glide swiftly in pursuit of the scattered woodland creatures. Within a moment, they have all swept past you; within a few seconds, they are disappearing behind a thick clump of trees. The park is peaceful again, silent and apparently empty of life under a cloudless sky. You wander aimlessly for a while, but encounter no one. There seems to be no choice but to use the Aleph to leave this place. Turn to 30.

359

You try to disentangle yourself from the fray, but your opponent clings to your legs. Within seconds other Ophidians have surrounded you and you are at the centre of a circle of spear-points. You have no doubt that you are about to be killed. Then a shadow darkens the air and, as they gaze upwards, the Ophidians cower and tremble. A Spectral Stalker is forming in the air, towering above you on four fleshless legs. *Test your Trail score.* Roll three dice. If the total is equal to, or more than, your TRAIL score, turn to 114; if the total is less than your TRAIL score, turn to 300.

360

Semeion stares long and hard at the collection of objects on the table, and then shakes his head. 'It is no use,' he says. 'I can read nothing from these few signs. They are like a jumbled sentence with the most important words missing. I am sorry, but I need more signs.' You have nothing else to offer, so instead you ask Semeion if he can give you any information about Globus. Turn to 308.

361

Even as you push her aside to force your way through the curtain, Felice begins to change, for she is a Were-cat, and as you struggle with the folds of heavy cloth she rakes you with the talons that are extending from her fur-covered hands. Roll one die and halve the result (round fractions up); the result is the number of STAMINA points that you lose. If you survive this attack you manage to disentangle yourself from the curtain and flee across the stage. Turn to 177.

362

As you struggle to remain upright on the swaying bridge, you rack your brains for words that might persuade the doorway to let you live. 'Please!' you shout. 'Please spare my life, I beg you, oh most bountiful, most finely-carved, most black and gleaming doorway of the Citadel!'

The doorway remains silent, but the stone slab continues to rock dangerously. At last the voice speaks again. 'That was a pretty speech,' it says, 'and I will be merciful. I will give you a chance to enter within my portal. You must answer me this riddle:

Archduke Gateway am I,
King of the Bridge,
Emperor of the Moat;
How many crowns have I?'

Will you answer:

One?	Turn to 136
Two?	Turn to 67
Three?	Turn to 226

363

Cautiously, you approach the scene of the skirmish. The Minstrel and the three boar-faced soldiers are all dead. The harp appears to be beyond repair, although it sounds the occasional note and calls plaintively for help. You pick up the Minstrel's sword and feel a surge of strength rise up your arm. It is an enchanted sword, and if you keep it – remember, you can use only one weapon at a time – you may add 1 point to your SKILL when fighting with it in combat.

As you walk away into the forest, the harp rallies the last of its energy to call after you. 'Coward!' it sings. 'Traitorous dog! You could have aided me, you could have saved my life. Now I will never resume my rightful form, never again will I see the green hills of my home. A thousand curses on you, cowardly traveller: Cerod the Minstrel's dying song condemns you!' A weight seems to settle about your heart; lose 2 points of LUCK. Disconsolate, you wander into the forest and use the Aleph to transport you elsewhere. Turn to **91**.

364

Wrestling wild bulls is one of the most dangerous entertainments demonstrated at the summer fair at Neuburg, but you always thought of yourself as an expert. Grappling with a rogue Colepod is similar, but perhaps even more difficult. It is a test of strength, agility and endurance. As it charges at you, you duck aside at the last minute. The creature careers past and you leap for its neck. Locking your wrists together with your arms

clenched around its neck, you allow yourself to be swept along in the Colepod's mad gallop. Roll seven dice: if the result is less than, or equal to, the sum of you SKILL and STAMINA, turn to **256**; if the result is greater than the sum of your SKILL and STAMINA, turn to **174**.

365

You gaze into the depths of the Aleph. The glowing sphere, small enough to lie cupped between your hands, seems also to be infinitely large. Uncountable swarms of visions swirl before your eyes: strange creatures, alien peoples, towns, continents, planets, stars and galaxies. Wherever you look there is an ever-changing panorama of tiny yet infinitely detailed scenes. The Aleph seems to be all around you; you are enveloped by the Aleph, and transported within it. Roll one die. If you roll an even number, turn to **51**; if an odd number, turn to **180**.

366

You close the door behind you, turn – and find yourself face to face with a creature from a nightmare! It is a patchwork monster, a living being created from assorted pieces of the bodies that Necromon begged from the Black Shadows. More horrifying than the higgledy-piggledy structure of the monster's body is the look of blank evil on its gigantic, misshapen head: no glimmer of intelligence lurks in its eyes; instead, it stares at you with a concentrated malevolence that is far worse than mere animal savagery. It drools as it tries to mouth a few words of challenge. You notice that a little pile of cheap trinkets has been arranged neatly beside the monster's otherwise jumbled bedding and possessions; perhaps it might be distracted by jewellery. If you have a Ring of Light, Drawenna's blue-gemmed ring, a Jewel of Sleep or a Seven-pointed Talisman, you may try to distract the creature – turn to **158**. If not, you will have to try to dash past – turn to **39**.

367

You trudge for what seem like endless hours along a rocky passage, until you feel weak from exhaustion. Deduct 1 point of STAMINA. You want to rest, but it seems unwise to do so in the almost complete darkness of the tunnel. At last you turn a corner to find yourself in a square courtyard with a flagstone floor. High above, you spy sunlight touching craggy rocks and dim light filters down the chimney formed by the sheer walls of the courtyard. A plume of smoke issues from a crack near the top of the shaft – but as it spirals downwards you realize that it is not smoke, but a

swarm of bats! Soon they fill the courtyard, fluttering all around you and trying to bite any area of exposed flesh. You try to keep them at bay while working out how to leave the courtyard. Roll three dice. If the total is higher than your SKILL, deduct the difference between the two scores from your STAMINA. If you survive the bats' attack, you manage to see that there are four exits from the courtyard: a doorway in the middle of each wall. One has the circle and triangle symbol carved above it; you face it and decide whether to escape from the bats by going through the doorway you are facing (turn to **26**); the one behind you (turn to **206**); the one to your right (turn to **101**); or the one to your left (turn to **15**).

368

'Fate has guided your hand,' Mayrek says. 'This ball of clay is one of my most valuable possessions. It contains pure life-force, and it will perhaps save you from death one day. It will not protect you from physical harm, but if your adversaries use magical means to drain the life from your body the contents of this ball, if it is near your body, will restore you. Take it, with my thanks.'

You depart along the avenue of statues. When you are out of sight of the cave, you stop to examine the clay ball. It weighs almost nothing and seems very fragile. You shake it; it rattles. You wonder what a life-force looks like and why it rattles. If you want to crack the ball to inspect its contents, turn to **188**. If you decide to place it carefully in your backpack, record it on your *Adventure Sheet*; and then use the Aleph to leave this place – turn to **211**.

369

The tall, black-garbed Ophidians and their sinuous captive, all of them glittering like glass, are easy to follow. After leading you through steep-sided canyons and over sharp rocky ridges, they stop finally at the foot of a sheer escarpment. It is clear that the Ophidians intend to take the Silica Serpent to a cave that you can see half-way up the wall of rock. As half of the group of soldiers begin to scuttle up the rock face like huge black spiders, you see that Ophidians can climb almost as easily as they can walk. Some of the Ophidians left at the foot of the cliff begin to play haunting, discordant music on their pipes; others, with great caution, untie the Silica Serpent's wings. It seems that the music of the pipes has made the creature docile: rising into the air, it meekly follows the Ophidians who lead it up the cliff towards the cave. Soon all the Ophidians, with the Silica Serpent undulating in the air next to them, are swarming up the sheer wall of rock. Will you try to follow them (turn to **22**); or will you stay on solid ground and make your way towards the vast cliffs that

rise between this level of the Ziggurat World and the next (turn to **4**)?

370

You conceal yourself behind a bush and watch as four excited Wood Elves emerge from a copse of trees They are carrying a net within which something struggles They stop close to your hiding place, in an area that is clear of large trees One of them ties the net and its still-struggling contents to a large boulder, while another lifts his head and gives a long, loud, wavering cry. The others scan the skies as if waiting for something to fall from the heavens. If you decide to make yourself known to the Wood Elves, turn to **294**; if you would rather stay hidden and continue to watch, turn to **246**

371

Struggling proves useless: the Grappler's limbs hug you in their metallic embrace and lift you effortlessly into the air. Sharp pincers converge on you, and you are sure your life is about to end. The robot strips your clothing and possessions and you are deposited, naked, in a cage. Perhaps, at the end of this survey ship's expedition, you will be able to convince its owners that you are an intelligent life-form; but this adventure is over.

372

You are too weak to survive the pressure of the light-beam. You remain rigid, held upright by the force of the beam, until the last breath has been squeezed from your body and your brain ceases to function. When the

light snaps off, your lifeless body falls to the floor in the darkness.

373

You have been walking for what seems like hours, and still the corridor extends before you as far as the eye can see As you walk, you scan the endless rows of books, and at last one attracts your attention It is as tall as a spear and bound in fine black leather. The title, embossed in gold down the spine, is in your language: *Wizards*. Will you heave the book from its place and open it (turn to **259**)? Or are you so weary of searching this Library that you can think only of looking for a way to leave it (turn to **27**)?

374

Your well-aimed blow almost cleaves the Colepod's skull in two and the creature falls dead at your feet. You notice that there is a chain round the animal's neck, hanging from which is a small metal box, inset with a panel of glass. Upon investigation, this proves to be a lantern, presumably with magical properties, that causes a beam of light to issue from the glass panel whenever the switch on the top of the box is twisted. If you want to keep this item, note that you have a Colepod Lantern on your *Adventure Sheet* Now turn to **170**.

375

The Mapmaker is amused at your attitude. 'You barbarians,' he chuckles, shaking his domed head, 'you're always so protective about your belongings. I expect you believe that everything you own has a lucky

charm in it. It's all mumbo-jumbo, my friend. In all my years of research I've not found a single magical item. It's all superstitious nonsense; it dissolves in the face of Science. But let me offer you something Your home world is Titan, you say? Here, inscribed on a wooden sphere, is an exact map of your world You may have it for only two Gold Pieces.' You are infuriated by Metron's words, but fascinated by the finely-detailed round map that he is offering to you; its size and shape are reminiscent of the Aleph. If you decide to stifle your anger and buy the map, turn to **269**. If, however, you cannot contain your rage, and attack the Map-maker, turn to 107.

376

The ice melts surprisingly quickly. Soon rivulets of water are cascading down the sides of the block and flooding the floor. With a crash like falling masonry, a shower of ice shards erupts from the centre of the block, and the long-frozen body is free at last. A terrifying figure rises above you Half again as tall as you, with a mottled, warty skin and a wide, frog-like face, the creature raises its huge splay-fingered hands and roars its defiant joy at finding itself freed. 'I am Baratcha, Queen of the Vaskind, ruler of the sea-people of the first level of this accursed World, and prisoner of Globus no longer – thanks to you,' she adds, looking down at you for the first time. 'What are you? Why have you come to free me?'

As quickly as you can, you explain how you come to be here, far from your home and stranded with the

Aleph on the topmost tier of Globus's strange world. Baratcha tells you that Globus himself dwells in the room beyond the dark doorway that leads from the antechamber. If you intend to confront him, she will gladly accompany you. Together you cross the antechamber and step through the dark doorway. Turn to **118**.

377

You pull the Aleph from your backpack and as soon as you hold the glowing sphere in your hands you are transfixed by the teeming multitude of scenes that seems to draw you ever more deeply into the Aleph's heart. Visions of bustling cities, heaving oceans and silently rotating planets surround you on all sides. You feel yourself being pulled amongst them. Roll one die. If you roll an even number, turn to **145**; if you roll an odd number, turn to **126**.

378

You step into the blue liquid. The floor of the moat slopes steeply, and you cannot prevent yourself sliding in until the liquid is up to your neck. And, of course, it is acid – a fiercely corrosive vitriol that strips your skeleton within minutes.

379

One lonely light shines in the castle's tallest tower. As you approach the chasm which separates the mountain road from the sheer crag on which the castle rises, you ensure that your footsteps are silent. But as you reach

the lip of the precipice a drawbridge descends from the opposite side; candlelight flickers in the archway of the gatehouse and a voice invites you to enter. The castle is empty, its richly-furnished rooms thick with dust. You make your way to the topmost chamber and there you find the Tyrant: an aged creature, with the scaly skin of a lizard, clutching a broken staff.

'Do not fear me, Champion,' he says. 'My power is long since spent. I have been waiting here for centuries and I welcome the end of my boredom. I beg just one boon before you strike me down: show me, I pray, the means by which you came here.' The Tyrant kneels before you on creaking legs, and bows his head in submission. You take the Aleph from your pack and hold it in front of him; his eyes flash silver light. 'At last! Escape from this dreary place!' – and he lunges for the glowing sphere. Roll three dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your SKILL, turn to **134**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **16**.

380

This is your chance to stalk the Stalkers! Semeion's thought appears in your mind as the Telopticon's metal hoop clears to reveal the star-spangled blackness of the night sky Something is moving against the background of pinprick lights and smudges of distant galaxies The picture moves closer, and you can see them: several hideous shapes, almost incorporeal in the cold emptiness of space – but definitely Spectral Stalkers There are three of them and you know that their malevolent energy is bent upon. just one purpose: finding the bearer of the Aleph – you.

Notice, say Semeion's thoughts, *that they are surrounded by a halo of light – a faint glow that I imagine is visible only here in the darkness between worlds. The aura is the visible sign of the enchantment that binds them to their purpose. If we move closer, I can attempt to analyze the nature of the spell, but they will probably detect our presence Can you afford to let them see you?* If you wish to investigate the Stalkers, turn to **227**; if, on the other hand, you decide that you cannot risk gaining any more TRAIL points, you tell Semeion that you would rather start on your travels again – turn to **23**.

381

The sound of the Horn is less strident than when you used it last, as if it had not yet recovered the strength it needs to produce its deafening clamour Not only that the Black Shadows seem less frightened of the noise, and merely retreat to form a circle to prevent you escaping. As the Horn's blare dies away, the Black Shadows advance again; and this time you have no choice but to fight them. Turn to **178**.

382

You should have jumped from the wagon. A Vampire is invulnerable to ordinary weapons and the Conjuror merely laughs as you strike him. The wounds that you inflict heal immediately. There is no escape: the bony fingers seize your head and pull your face to within a centimetre of the Vampire's blazing eyes. You look up for a second – and you are mesmerized. You are the Conjuror's picnic lunch as he returns home with his new bride!

383

'Such a pity,' Necromon mutters. 'I'm sure you could have been a great help to me. I insist, at any rate, that you follow the route which runs through my abode. If you step through this door, and then through the door beyond, you will find yourself on the path that leads up to the cellars of the Archmage's Vitreous Citadel. And on the way I hope you will pause to admire the weapon I am constructing to destroy Globus.' You think Necromon and step through the door through which he came earlier. Turn to **366**.

384

You uncork the bottle of Corrective Fluid and manage to dribble a little of it between Syzuk's grimacing teeth. He chokes, splutters, shakes violently and suddenly sits up with a look of astonishment in the depths of his eyes. He stares at you for a moment before gravely thanking you for saving his life; then he snatches the arrow from his shoulder as if it were no more than a splinter and jumps to his feet. 'Warriors!' he yells; and the noise of battle is suddenly stilled. 'Stop fighting! This is all a mistake. We really shouldn't spend all our time killing people. Let's go home and do something less destructive, shall we?' As one, the Skeletal Warriors turn and begin to march away from the battle! 'I don't know what was in that stuff you gave me,' says Syzuk. 'But it's made me feel like a new person. Devastation and carnage just don't have the appeal they used to. Sorry about calling off your sacrifice at such short notice. Can I give you a lift anywhere?' You decline the offer and step down from the chariot. The battlefield is

already almost deserted. You take the Aleph from your pack and stare into its myriad moving pictures. It seems to expand and surround you. Roll one die: if you roll an even number, turn to **51**; if you roll an odd number, turn to **36**.

385

Step by trembling step, you approach the skeleton. It repeats its warning, but it does not move. At last you are close enough to touch it, and as your fingers close round solid bones, you laugh aloud with relief. You withdraw your hand, and see that your palm and fingers are glowing – the bones have been painted to make them shine in the dark. The skeleton is real, but it is just a lifeless collection of old bones. Its 'voice' emanates from a little machine you find lodged in its skull. Confident that you can ignore the skeleton's doom-laden warnings, you continue to edge forward into the darkness. Rounding the next corner, you fall into a chasm. Your body is broken against rocks long before you finally reach the bottom of the pit.

386

You walk steadily across the marble floor of the chamber. Suddenly a blaze of light flares in front of you, illuminating the end of the room. You see before you a vast, faceted crystal that glows with energy, a crystal that seems to be made of nothing but light itself Standing within it is a tall figure in white robes. Powerful and imposing, the being turns towards you and you feel his eyes boring into your mind. You feel drawn towards the crystal; and for some reason, almost without noticing that you are doing it, you take the Aleph from your backpack and hold it in your outstretched hands 'I am Globus,' says the tall figure, in a gentle voice, 'Archmage, and ruler of this world. Forgive me for greeting you from within this Prism of Power but, since I began to search for my lost bauble – which you hold there in your hands – terrible enemies have besieged me. My thanks for returning the little sphere to me. You will be richly rewarded I know your journey has been long and perilous, but now the burden will be lifted from you. Approach, my friend, and hand the sphere to me; it will pass through the walls of the Prism if you move it slowly. Approach, and have no fear'

If you wish to give the Aleph to Globus, turn to **338**; if not, turn to **25**

387

You throw yourself at the harness of the leading warbeast, clutching at the decorations that hang from the plates of shining armour – but your grip fails and you fall to the ground beneath the flailing hooves of the tall

creatures. Roll one die and lose that much STAMINA. If you are still alive, you jump to your feet as soon as the hunt has passed. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **183**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **358**.

388

A swarm of black shapes, looking like hundreds of scraps of cloth, is dropping out of the sky. 'Black Shadows!' screams the Mantir leader. 'Black Shadows are coming, and the herds are unprotected. We have been distracted from our duty by this stranger. Curse Globus! His pets will feed on our Colepods – and on us if we remain unprepared! Mantirs, defend yourselves!'

The sky is alive with the flapping, flailing creatures the Mantir called Black Shadows. As they drop closer to the ground, you see that each one is in fact a humanoid creature, with long arms, legs, ears and tail, all of which are connected by the membrane of black skin that allows it to fly. You notice also the malevolent red eyes, the long sharp fangs, and the talons at the end of all four limbs. The Mantirs are huddled together face-down on the ground, spears and spiked tails thrust into the air. The Black Shadows are swooping closer; will you run from them (turn to **252**), or stand and fight (turn to **120**)? If you have a Hunting-Horn, you may blow it by turning to **309**.

389

The Grappler is the robot that is in charge of this survey's ship's wildlife collection. As far as it is concerned, you are an escaped animal and must be recaptured. Manoeuvring swiftly on its moving tracks, it blocks your attempts to sidestep and, extending its telescopic limbs, it closes in on you.

The Grappler has 10 points of SKILL. You fight it in the normal way, except that whenever it succeeds in hitting you, it does not affect your STAMINA; instead, it wraps a metal tentacle around you, reducing your SKILL by 2 points. Whenever you succeed in hitting it, roll a die: if you roll a 5 or a 6, you have managed to strike near a vital electronic circuit, and the Grappler's SKILL is reduced by 3 points. If you succeed in reducing the Grappler's SKILL to zero, turn to **55**; if the Grappler reduces your SKILL to zero, turn to **371**.

390

You draw your sword and charge into the midst of the glass flowers, striking to right and left as you run. The air is filled with the noise of splintering glass and the wailing shrieks of the flowers but there are many more blooms that remain, on all sides of you, squirting acid from within their petals. You cannot avoid being hit; the amount of damage you suffer depends entirely on the speed with which you can cut your way through the flowers. Roll three dice, and compare the total to your SKILL. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you are wounded by the flowers' corrosive spray: the difference between the two figures is the number of STAMINA points you lose. If you survive, you emerge on the other side of the flowerbed with your clothes in smoking tatters; but you are able to continue towards the Vitreous Citadel. Turn to **336**.

391

The gatehouse is undefended. The portcullis is raised and the heavy wooden doors have fallen from their hinges. You continue across a rubble-strewn courtyard and into a large hall which contains nothing but worm-eaten furniture, rotting tapestries, dust and cobwebs And then you hear voices. You are rooted to the spot, unable to tell where the sounds are coming from. The voices are charged with emotion, shouting, sobbing and shrieking, and seem to be involved in a bitter argument about the Nursery Tower. Then all is silent again – until you hear once more the eerie scream, loud at first, then fading, and finally cut off by a distant thump. All is quiet again, but the silence is more oppressive than the noises. You turn to leave, only to find your way blocked by two figures, a man and a woman, who advance on you with outstretched arms. You cannot run back into the courtyard – will you flee into the castle (turn to **262**), or will you attack the couple (turn to **34**)?

392

You have reached the innermost chamber of the Vitreous Citadel. This was the throne room and workshop of the Archmage Globus; now, as dim lights begin to glow along the walls, you see that the room is bare. The hall is so long that, in the poor light, you cannot see the far end. You turn to the door behind you but find that it is locked, and you can see no other exit The silence is oppressive and you sense that your long journey is about to reach its final conflict. You prepare yourself for a confrontation with Globus, but suddenly

a dazzling beam of light, thrown from the far end of the hall, catches you – and holds you fast An invisible force prevents you from moving; you can feel bands of pressure about your body, gripping you, and squeezing you more and more tightly. You cannot breathe, and the pressure increases relentlessly. If Baratcha is with you, turn to **237**; if you are alone, but have a seven-pointed Talisman, turn to **143**. Otherwise, turn to **330**.

393

You are unable to resist the call of the Ministrel's harp. On unsteady legs you stagger towards the Minstrel, but he merely smiles as he raises his sword. Your adventure ends here

394

As your sword-blade arcs through the air, the Black Shadow releases its hold on the wall and leaps towards you. The creature screeches as your weapon slices through its membranous folds of skin, but it drops on to you and rakes you with its talons. Preparing another blow, you step back – into the empty air. For a second you stand with one foot on the stairway, arms flailing, then one final blow of the Black Shadow's claw sends you plummeting from the side of the tower to your death on the rocks below.

395

You unwrap the bundle and lift up the sphere. It is no longer shining and its moving landscapes are obscured by grey clouds. The Dragon peers at it through her spectacles, and frowns.

'Oh dear me,' she mutters 'I really don't think that ought to be here at all. It's a very un-Limbo-like thing, if you see what I mean. I advise you to take it to our Artefacts Specialist. If anyone knows what it is, he does. His name is Wayland, and his office is a few minutes' walk along that corridor. But do be careful: he's a bit of a practical joker. I shouldn't touch the knocker on his door if I were you. Now be off with you!'

Will you follow the Dragon's pointing finger (turn to 243), or set off in another direction to explore the corridors of the Library (turn to 275)?

396

You advance towards the Prism, shielding your eyes from the incandescence that pulses across its facets. You press the Aleph against the surface and, after meeting some resistance, the sphere drops into the waiting hands of the Archmage. For several seconds he gazes at it in wonderment; then his face twists with scorn 'At last you have seen reason,' he spits, 'but sadly for you it is too late. The Spectral Stalkers are here, and while under my charm they must seek and destroy the holder of the Aleph – no!!'

Globus's face is transformed into a mask of terror as he realizes that *he* is now the bearer of the Aleph. You look up and freeze in horror as the four monstrous demons lurch and spring towards the Prism. You back away, but the nightmarish creatures pay no attention to you. Their glittering eyes are fixed on the Aleph; their wriggling tentacles are hungry only for Globus's

blood. In desperation he hurls the Aleph away, but it bounces off the inside of the Prism and returns to his hands. Then towering skeletal legs shatter the bright planes of the Prism, and the Spectral Stalkers are upon him. You turn away as they snatch him into the air and begin to rend his body. When you look back, he is dead. One of the Spectral Stalkers retrieves the Aleph and places it carefully next to the Archmage's torn corpse. Then, free at last, the Spectral Stalkers fade into the air. Turn to 400

397

Walking away from the cliff you find that you are not, as you first thought, at its foot. You are on a ledge, below which the cliff drops precipitously to a green valley. You can find no path leading up or down the face of the cliff, but a little way from the portal there is a large flat-topped boulder on which you sit to watch the sunrise. If you have some Provisions you can eat a meal and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA.

As the sun clears the peak of the highest of the distant mountains, its light touches the surface of the boulder – and a pattern appears, etched in the stone. It is a diagram of a maze surrounding a large central area; the maze has only one entrance, and next to it is engraved a symbol – a triangle surmounted by a circle. Above the maze is an inscription: *THE SEVEN COURTYARDS OF SEMEION CRYPTOGLYPHOS*, and below it are three rhyming verses. You assume that the portal in the cliff-face is the entrance to the maze.

(The diagram and the verses are reproduced on the inside front cover of this book If you accepted paper and pencil from Metron the Mapmaker you can make a copy of the stone diagram to take with you into the maze – in other words, you can refer to the inside front cover of this book at any time in your travels. If you have no paper and pencil, you may study the diagram now – but once you enter the maze you must not consult it again.)

Now you must decide: will you venture through the portal (turn to 149), or will you take the Aleph from your pack and, losing yourself in its myriad images, allow it to take you elsewhere (turn to 234)?

398

The white pawn on square *G6* accepts your decision gratefully, and makes his only available move – sideways to square *G5* There is not a single black warrior

in a square that is directly in between any two white warriors, so you cannot kill any of them. Now it is the turn of Burud's black warriors. They do not even bother to consult each other; you hear a noise, and turn to see that the black pawn on *E3* is moving to *F3* You are in between two black warriors; and no matter how much you turn and turn again, your armour cannot protect you against attack from two opposite sides. Burud wins the game and your adventure ends here.

399

You shout until your voice is as weak and exhausted as your limbs, but no one hears you Your legs are shaking uncontrollably, your arms blaze with the pain of supporting your body, and your fingers, completely without feeling, refuse to obey you. It is with a feeling almost of relief that you let go.

400

Dazed, you sit in a corner of the hallway for some time. Then you pick up the Aleph and make your way out of the Vitreous Citadel. Cracks are appearing in the marble and glass; you hear echoes of thunderous crashes as spires and domes collapse. The Crystal Garden is now a wilderness of shattered glass. As you make the long descent through the levels of the Ziggurat World you find that the Silica Serpents have been reduced to glittering, insubstantial husks and the Black Shadows have shrivelled into dry flaps of skin. On the lowest level of the world the Wood Elves, Mantirs and Vaskind receive you as a conquering hero and, during several days of feasting and rejoicing, they load you with gifts

and precious gems. At last you decide that you must try to return home; retreating to a secluded glade in the forest, you unpack the Aleph and gaze once again into its teeming depths, all the while thinking of Khul.

You open your eyes. You are sitting in a cornfield, on a slope overlooking the red roofs and majestic castle of a small town. You instantly recognize Neuburg – you are home. Your backpack is still stuffed with jewels but the Aleph, to your disappointment, is nowhere to be seen. Perhaps it is for the best: no one has the right to possess the Aleph; it should always remain lost somewhere amongst the myriad worlds of the Macrocosmos.

THE TROLLTOOTH WARS

Steve Jackson

It started with an ambush. When Balthus Dire's bloodlusting Hill Goblins mount their raid on the Strongarm caravan, little do they realize what dramatic consequences their actions will have. For that caravan carries Cunnelwort, a mystical herb from Eastern Allansia, destined for none other than the evil sorceror, Zharradan Marr! War – between two forces well-matched for evil – is soon to ensure . . . Will Balthus Dire's chaotics or Zharradan Marr's undead prove victorious? The answer is here, in the first Fighting Fantasy novel.

DEMONSTEALER

Marc Gascoigne

It started with a burglary. Borne aloft on the back of an immense bat, a sinister thief breaks into the tower of the sorcerer Yaztromo. Guided by long-dead voices, he manages to make off with an ancient scroll whose secrets could spell doom and destruction for all Allansia!

Chadda Darkmane is soon on the trail of the thief. But as the quest grows ever longer, his nagging doubts about the power of sorcery turn into nightmares. The trail leads far beyond northern Allansia, to the Pirate Coast and the twisting alleyways of Rimon, where Darkmane's nightmares become flesh! For the thief has used the ancient scroll to summon others to help him in his sorcerous task, Demons who are not bound by the constraints of earthly forms – who feast on the human spirit.

A few brave companions accompany Darkmane, but will they be enough – and in time – to stop the thief from unlocking the final secret of Yaztromo's scroll? *Demonstealer*, the second Fighting Fantasy novel in a series that began with *The Trolltooth Wars*, holds all the answers.

Steve Jackson's

SORCERY

1. *The Shamutanti Hills*

Your search for the legendary Crown of Kings take you to the Shamutanti Hills. Alive with evil creatures, lawless wanderers and bloodthirsty monsters, the land is riddled with tricks and traps waiting for the unwary traveller. Will you be able to cross the hills safely and proceed to the second part of the adventure – or will you perish in the attempt?

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Seven deadly and magical serpents speed ahead of you to warn the evil Archmage of your coming. Will you be able to catch them before they get there?

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At the end of your long trek, you face the unknown terrors of the Mamang Fortress. Hidden inside the keep is the Crown of Kings – the ultimate goal of the *Sorcery!* epic. But beware! For if you have not defeated the Seven Serpents your arrival has been anticipated . . .

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62

You charge into the midst of the glass flowers, striking to the right and left of you as you run. The air is filled with the noise of splintering glass and the wailing shrieks released by the flowers as they are cut down. On all sides of you there are many more blooms that survive, squirting jets of acid from within their bell-shaped clusters of petals. However, the black glass of Ophidian armour is unaffected by the corrosive fluid and barely a drop penetrates between the plates to sting your flesh. You emerge unscathed on the other side of the flower bed. Now there is nothing to stop you making for the Vitreous Citadel. Turn to **336**.

63

You pull the glowing sphere from your backpack and cup it in your hands. Instantly you are mesmerized by the myriad visions, so tiny and yet so detailed, that swarm within the Aleph. The longer you gaze, the more you can see: strange creatures, alien peoples, towns, continents, planets, swirling stars. You feel yourself being enveloped by the Aleph and transported within it. Roll one die. If you roll an even number, turn to **115**; if you roll an odd number, turn to **126**.

64

Just as the Black Shadow is about to drop on to you, your sword-blade arcs through the air and splits the creature's skull. You press yourself back against the stone wall and watch the monster's body flutter down the side of the tower like a torn rag. Restore 1 point of LUCK. Treading carefully on the worn steps, you continue upwards. Turn to **318**.

65

Semeion stares in amazement at the teeming visions in the glowing sphere. 'It *is* the Aleph!' he whispers after a long silence. 'I have never known whether it was real or merely a legend. But this is undeniably it. It is beyond my powers to explain. It is, quite simply, everything – the entire Macrocosmos in this small ball. I have heard that its bearer can move into it and thus travel between worlds – but of course you know this. You carry a great burden, my friend.' You explain how you came by the Aleph: that the previous bearer entrusted it to you; that with his dying breath he mentioned the name of Globus, whom you take to be the Aleph's owner; that the Spectral Stalkers are pursuing you. If you have collected some objects during your travels, you can ask Semeion if any of them have any special meaning – turn to **235**. Alternatively, you can ask instead for information about Globus – turn to **308**.

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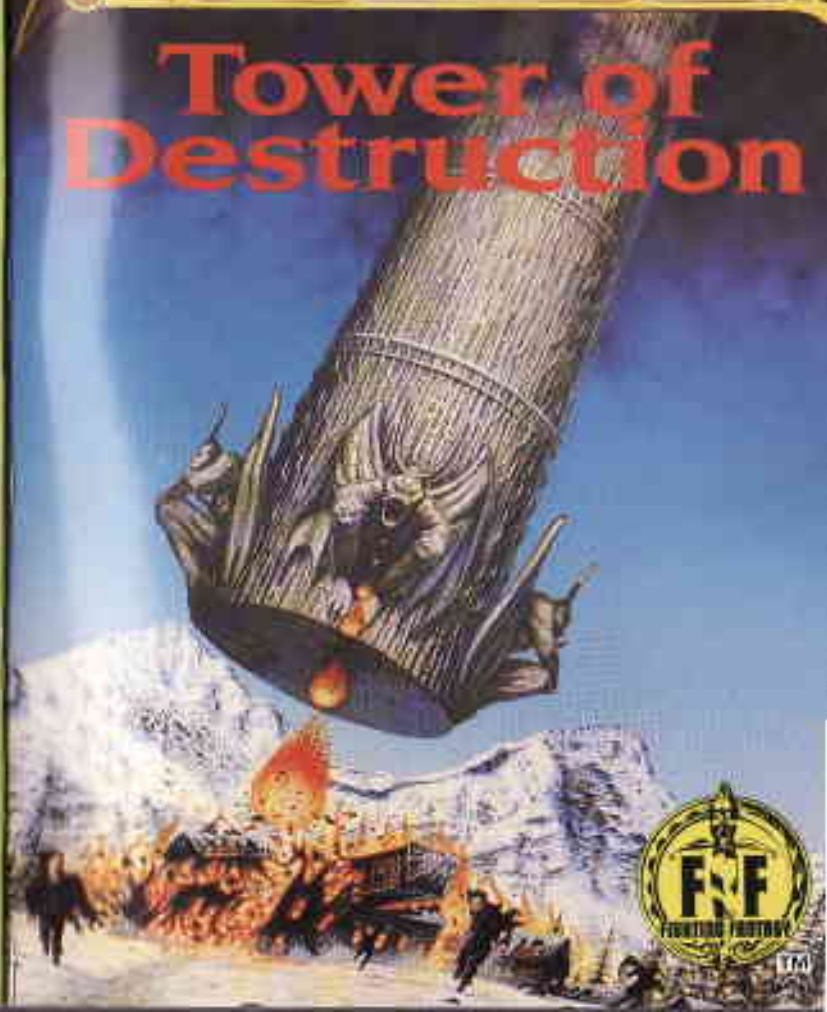

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Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1991
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in Monophoto Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on this adventure, you must first find out what your strengths and weaknesses are. You use dice to discover your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes where you can write down your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to write your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the page for use in future attempts to complete this adventure.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one dice. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet* (the total will be between 7 and 12). This is your *Initial* SKILL score.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box on the *Adventure Sheet* (the total will be between 14 and 24). This is your *Initial* STAMINA score.

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the LUCK box on the *Adventure Sheet* (the total will be between 7 and 12). This is your *Initial* LUCK score.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA

and LUCK scores change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and of the changes to them: for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these additions cannot raise any score above its *Initial* figure, except on rare occasions when you will be instructed accordingly in a particular paragraph.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and overall fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and physical fitness, and your ability to take blows in battle; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck, and magic, are facts of life in the exciting fantasy world you are about to explore.

Magic

During your adventure you may come across some magic items, although at first you may not realize that they are magical or even know what they can do! Such items may give you the ability to cast a magic spell or create a magical effect; if you find such an object, you will be instructed in its use in the relevant paragraph. To begin with, however, you are not a mage but a brave warrior, and you must overcome your enemies by your wits and courage and by your prowess with your sword!

Battles

You will often find yourself reading paragraphs in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first empty Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given every time you encounter one. The sequence for combat is then:

1. Roll two dice for the opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice for yourself. Add your own SKILL score to the number rolled. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it; proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you; proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strengths are the same, you have managed to avoid each other's blows; start the next Attack Round from step 1, above.
4. If you have wounded your opponent: subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. (You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage – see below.) Proceed to step 6.
5. Your opponent has wounded you; subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. (Again, you may use your LUCK here, this time to reduce the damage your opponent does to you – see below.) Proceed to step 6.

6. Make the appropriate change to the STAMINA score of either your opponent or yourself on the *Adventure Sheet* (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).

7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). The sequence continues until the STAMINA of either you or your opponent has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one opponent in any encounter, the instructions in the relevant paragraph will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will have to fight them all together; sometimes you will be able to tackle them one after the other.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you find yourself in a situation when you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the result could be unfortunate or even disastrous!

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you

Test your Luck, you must deduct 1 point from your current LUCK score, whether the outcome is successful or unsuccessful! You will soon come to realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

If things go so badly that your LUCK is reduced to 1 or less, you will automatically be Unlucky whenever you are forced to *Test your Luck*. So don't start out by squandering your supply of LUCK frivolously.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs of the book you will be instructed to *Test your Luck*; you will then be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, during a battle you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded or to reduce the effects of a wound that the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded an opponent you are fighting, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may deduct 2 extra points from your opponent's STAMINA score (so that your blow reduces its STAMINA by 4 points, rather than the usual 2 points). However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to your opponent's STAMINA score (instead of your blow causing the usual 2 points of damage to its STAMINA, it is reduced to only 1 point).

If your opponent has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize this wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full impact of the blow and

may restore 1 point to your own STAMINA (instead of your opponent's blow causing 2 points of damage to your STAMINA, it is reduced to only 1 point). But if you are Unlucky, then you have taken a more serious blow, and you must deduct 1 *extra* STAMINA point (so that your opponent's blow causes damage worth 3 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2 points).

Honour

There is also a box on your *Adventure Sheet* for recording HONOUR. Your HONOUR is your sense of decency, fairness, compassion and justice, and it has a further meaning of special importance to this adventure: respect for the dead. Your *Initial* HONOUR score is 6, so you do not need to roll any dice to find this out but you can simply record this score in the box on the *Adventure Sheet*. Honour will be affected by the nature of the deeds you both perform and avoid performing during your adventure.

Restoring Skill, Stamina, Luck and Honour

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a paragraph may instruct you to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL – but remember that you can use only one weapon at a time! You cannot claim two SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score cannot exceed its *Initial* score unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will go up and down a lot during your adventure as you fight enemies and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA score may drop dangerously low and battles may become particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when fighting, but you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your current STAMINA score (making sure that the new total does not exceed the *Initial* score of your STAMINA) and deduct 1 point from your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*. A separate Provisions Remaining box is included on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless a paragraph specifically instructs you otherwise.

There will be times during your adventure when you will be told that you *must* eat a meal. When you are told to do this, you must deduct 1 of your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*, but you do *not* regain any lost STAMINA for doing this. If you are told that you have to eat a meal but you don't have any Provisions left, you must deduct 2 points from your current STAMINA score on the *Adventure Sheet*.

During your adventure, however, you should be able to acquire at least a few extra Provisions to add to the store you begin with; these will enable you to maintain your

STAMINA throughout the adventure. However, you cannot carry more than ten Provisions at any time!

Luck

Your LUCK score will also change during the adventure as you *Test your Luck*. Additions to your LUCK score may also be awarded when you have been especially fortunate; likewise, you may be told to reduce your LUCK score when you have made an important mistake; details of such events are given in the appropriate paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA scores, your LUCK may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically told to the contrary.

Honour

Your HONOUR score will change during the adventure as you perform honourable acts, or refrain from selfish and dishonourable ones. There are certain advantages to having a high HONOUR score, as you will discover during your adventure. However, there are occasions when you may have to behave selfishly in order to gain some important item or clue! You will have to tread a fine line between being overly grasping and thus losing HONOUR, and failing to take what you need on key occasions.

Equipment

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you should find other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and protected by a shield and a set of leather armour, trimmed and padded with furs – where you are going you will need the protection the fur offers against the cold! You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures or other items you may find; in it you carry a thick fur blanket which you will need to keep out the cold at night. You also carry a lantern to light your way when necessary.

You may acquire a crossbow and some crossbow bolts during your travels. If you do, you must keep a record of how many crossbow bolts you fire from it and how many you have left. When you have no bolts left to fire, the crossbow is useless as a weapon unless and until you find more bolts.

Time

In the first part of this adventure – finding the Ice Palace – it is vital that you don't take too long getting there. On the *Adventure Sheet* you will find a Time Elapsed box, and here you must record the number of days that pass between the start of the adventure and your arriving at the Palace. Each time you stop for the night to sleep, 1 day has elapsed, so all you have to do is to add a further day to the total time elapsed whenever you stop to sleep. Fortunately for you, time is important only during this first part of the adventure!

Hints on Play

Your journey will be perilous, and you may well fail on your first attempt. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will prove invaluable in later forays into this adventure, and it will enable you to progress more rapidly to unexplored sections later on.

Not all areas contain treasure or useful information; many contain traps and unfriendly creatures – and you will doubtless fall foul of them. You may take many a wrong turning during your quest and, while you may indeed eventually reach your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

While you need to make haste during the first part of the adventure, you will certainly overlook help and assistance if you rush ahead too fast. You have to decide carefully when you can afford to tarry and when you must press on as fast as you can!

Be very wary about *Testing your Luck* unless a paragraph tells you that you must do this! Generally, when it comes to fights, you should *Test your Luck* only to keep yourself alive when an opponent's blow would otherwise kill you (so far as reducing your STAMINA loss from your opponent's blows is concerned). Don't *Test your Luck* in order to try to do extra damage to your enemy unless this is really necessary! LUCK points are precious!

You will quickly realize that paragraphs make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the paragraphs you are instructed to go to. Reading other paragraphs lessens the excitement and surprise while you are playing the adventure.

The only certain way to success involves minimizing risk; any player, no matter how weak his or her initial dice-rolls, should be able to struggle through and achieve ultimate success and glory.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

HONOUR	TIME ELAPSED	ENEMY ENCOUNTER

EQUIPMENT LIST	POSSESSIONS
PROVISIONS REMAINING	

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

It has been a long, hard trek from market in the city of Zengis, but you are almost home now. Within the hour you should be back at the family hearth, a tankard of warm mead in your hand and your furred leathers hanging in the corner of the hut. Doubtless your friends will come around to talk of their exploits while hunting when you were away at the market, and they will probably mock you gently for not having gone hunting with them. Well, someone had to haggle to get a good price for the furs and, as the chieftain pointed out, it might as well be someone with a few brains and a little sense. So you had got the job.

Perhaps, you imagine, life would be easier in one of the southern lands of Allansia you have heard of: wicked Port Blacksand, to the south and west; the endless Flatlands with their proud, wild horses and prouder riders; even Arantis, so far away, with its Overpriest and teeming pirate ships. Anywhere might be better than this bitingly cold region where you have spent your life, in the shadow of the Icefinger Mountains. Perhaps, when the next caravan sets out from Zengis to the Flatlands, you may find a merchant who needs a strong and honest bodyguard. But that's a fantasy, and what is real now is the cold . . .

Except that now it isn't as cold as it seemed to be a minute ago. It *should* be, because the sky is darkening as dusk descends, so it should strike chill indeed. But why is the sky darkening? You realize that it is not long since the watery

autumnal sun was at its zenith! And what is the horrible screeching and booming sound coming out of the sky towards you?

You spin round and face the direction from which the ever louder sound is coming – and throw yourself down to the ground in abject terror. With a great wailing like a thousand screaming demons, the black sphere of rock shoots past overhead, fire and smoke trailing in its wake. A chunk of molten rock plummets and crashes into the ground close to you, hissing and spitting as it embeds itself in snow and ice-hardened ground. You get up, shake the snow off your clothes and run forward to the head of the valley. Peering down, you see that the valley is shrouded in smoke, and you can make out tongues of flame rising from the place where you know your home is. You rush on down to find out what terrible fate has befallen your home and people . . .

Now turn to paragraph 1.

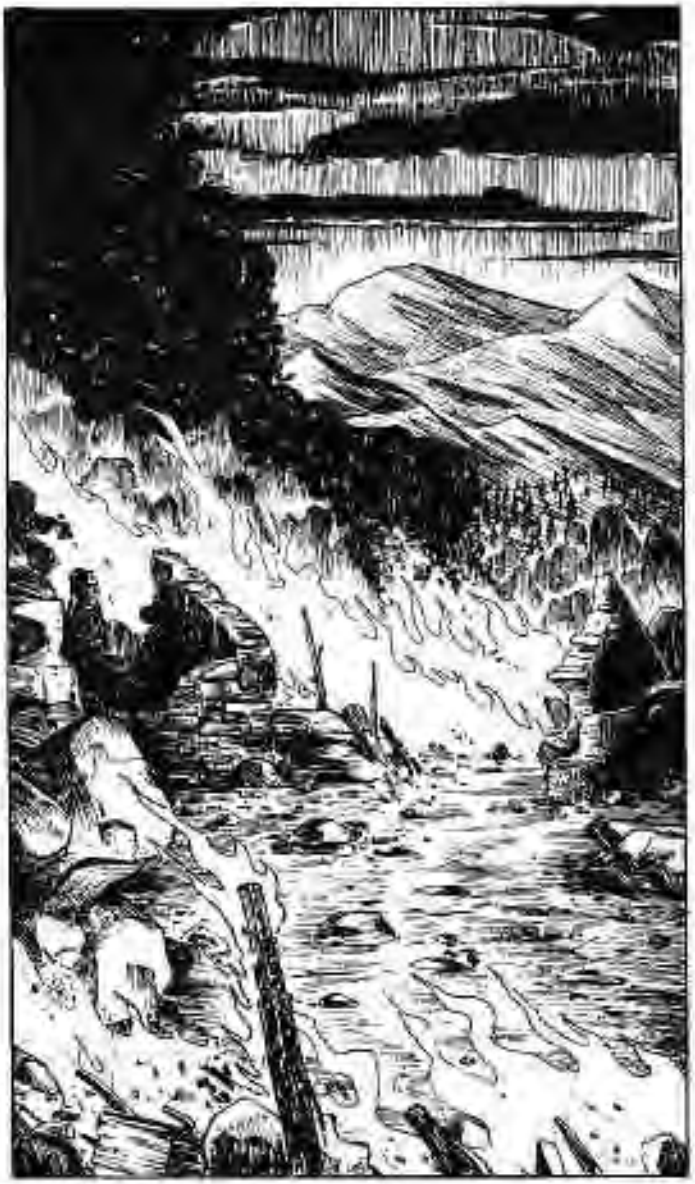

1

You gasp for breath as you run, flat out, to your home; even as you race down the snow-covered slope, you can hear the screams and wails of the dying. Thick, black, reeking smoke is mercifully beginning to disperse, only to reveal burned corpses and still alive, but injured, villagers Huts and cabins are either aflame or completely flattened by the passage of the Sphere To your horror, you find your mother and father, dead, in the ruins of their home. You rage with fury and swear an oath to track the progress of the killing Sphere and find out what has brought this terrible carnage upon your people! What will you do now? Will you:

Leave and follow the trail of the Sphere at once?	Turn to **111**
Look around for things that will be of help to you on your trek after the Sphere?	Turn to **41**
Look for the village wise man?	Turn to **366**
Do what you can to help the injured?	Turn to **268**

2

The workshops of the Ice Elves form a warren of homes, studios, small towers and follies in unbounded variety Most have fantastic or beautiful decorations sculpted into the ice, carved balconies with railings as slender as gossamer threads, plaques and arabesques and rosettes . these homes and workplaces are still strangely lovely, so many years after their occupants perished Most are empty and bare but, looking through frosty windows, you can see three possible exceptions. Which one will you explore first? Will it be:

An armourer's workshop?	Turn to 30
A jeweller's workshop?	Turn to 218
A weaponmaker's workshop?	Turn to 342

3

You stand at the middle of the crossroads. Which part of the crypts which you haven't yet visited will you visit now? Will you go:

Down the ice steps?	Turn to 64
Down the left-hand passage?	Turn to 148
Down the right-hand passage?	Turn to 88
Up and out of the Ice Crypts?	Turn to 309

4

Approaching the gatehouse, you force the huge ice gates slightly apart, when you spot a figure on top of the gatehouse, and you duck just as a crossbow bolt whizzes past your head. If you have a crossbow and bolts and you wish to fire back, turn to 160. If you want to draw your sword and try to get closer to the archer, turn to 292.

5

You stand before the huge, white ice doors of the grand Ice Cathedral. Etched into them is a bird with wings outstretched, flying up to the skies. Do you have an Ice Bird which sings? If you do, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the number of arcs of colour the bird has in its wings. If you don't have the Ice Bird, you cannot enter the Cathedral; the massive doors weigh many tonnes and you cannot hope to open them. Make a note of this paragraph number: if you do find an Ice Bird which sings, you will be

able to return here and open the doors by turning to this paragraph. For now, you must find somewhere else to search if you cannot enter here; turn to 23.

6

Do you have an Ice Sword? If you have, turn to 24. If you haven't, turn to 43.

7

Cobrun the merchant is a bit of a swindler, and a whining little fellow, but eventually you pin him down to the following prices. If you want to buy a potion for him, turn to 146 to check the effects of the potion.

Potion of Stamina	5 Gold Pieces
Potion of Skill	5 Gold Pieces
Potion of Luck	6 Gold pieces

Other items you could buy are:

Provisions	2 meals for 1 Gold Piece
Crowbar	1 Gold Piece
Crossbow and 10 bolts	4 Gold Pieces
Heavy mace	4 Gold Pieces
Bag of salt	1 Gold Piece
Climbing gear	3 Gold Pieces

The climbing gear consists of a rope, some ice picks, and a small hammer. If you buy a crossbow, you *must* keep track of how many bolts you use and how many you have left. You must pay for everything here, and no cheating! Items bought can be added to your Possessions, and money spent must be deducted from your Treasure. When you have finished making your purchases, you can either reconsider selling something to Cobrun (turn to 369) or settle down to sleep (turn to 280).

8

Finish your fight with the Man-Orc Each Attack Round, the wizard will fire another dart and you will lose another 2 points from your STAMINA You can't get at the wizard while the Man-Orc lives. If you manage to defeat the Man-Orc, turn to 199.

9

You manage to prevent the Dark Elf from casting a spell to aid himself. Make a note that you have reduced his STAMINA by 2 points Now the Dark Elf is flying down to attack you with his dagger, so turn to 272: you may subtract 1 point from his SKILL score as given in that paragraph because you have ruined his SKILL-enhancing spell!

10

The Ice Golem isn't fooled as you mince up to it and say something in a squeaky voice It hits you with its spear and, if Golems could look contemptuous, this one just did. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA You are forced to fight; turn to 333.

11

You look at the massive ice organ. You have no idea how to play it, of course; on closer investigation, however, you notice that the angel is holding a tablet of ice which has some music on it. The form of this puzzles you – you know enough about music to see that this isn't regular musical notation and, even though Elves do have some strange ideas about music, this seems peculiar to you Can you puzzle out some deeper meaning to it?

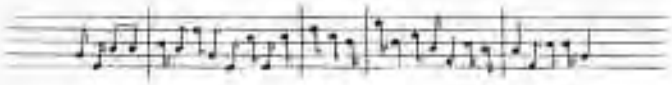

When you are ready to do something else here, will you:

Take the Ice Keys, if you don't have them?	Turn to 83
Look over the tombs, if you haven't done so already?	Turn to 101
Leave here and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace?	Turn to 23

12

You edge round towards a circular chamber beyond the darkness, and you can see dimly flashing lights in that chamber However, you can't make out any detail because the entrance is barred by a thick mat of sticky webs, some two metres deep, which seem to envelop the room beyond. From the lights and humming sound coming from that chamber, you guess that you will have to get into it, but there doesn't seem to be any other way in except through the webs. If you want to try to use magic to get past the webs, turn to 99. If you just want to wade in and force your way through, turn to 185.

13

Now the door is open you can see and smell your enemy: a filthy, diseased thing, reeking of burnt flesh and brimstone, fluid oozing from reddened welts on its torso. A misty coating of blue foetid smoke surrounds its body, choking and foul. The Smoke Demon is not one of the strongest of demonkind, but it may still be a match for you!

You must temporarily deduct 1 point from your SKILL when fighting the Smoke Demon because of the effect the smoke has on you; this is only temporary, and you don't suffer any permanent SKILL loss

SMOKE DEMON SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, you hear a choking, guttural sound coming from the room beyond. Another monster? You can go in and investigate (turn to 233), or you can be cautious and leave this place, finding a more wholesome place to sleep at the end of the day (turn to 154)

14

You suddenly find yourself back on the floor below the gallery; hanging in the air is a small item of jewellery that you can't make out properly from here. Below it is a monolith of ice, which has appeared in the room, on which eight clock-faces are etched The first seven have a hand chiselled on them, but the eighth is bare. The first seven run in the following sequence:

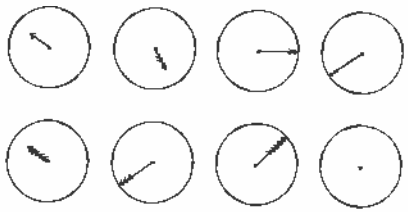

You have to work out the eighth and final symbol which would complete the sequence correctly. 'I do not help those without wits and skill,' Mealin's voice echoes one last time.

If you solve the puzzle, you will know which position on the clock-face the hand should be pointing to, and how many arrow-heads there will be on the hand. Multiply these two numbers together, and then turn to the paragraph with that number. If you can't solve the puzzle, and want to give up, turn to **300**. If you have a Potion of Flying and want to use that to get to the jewellery, turn to **238**.

15

You stand in a large, dimly lit basement chamber. There are some light beams here, and nothing else – until, startling you, a tiny creature apparently made of ice pops up out of the floor and grabs something you are carrying! The little thing only comes up to your knee and looks like a wizened gnome or gremlin. But the pest has stolen one of your Possessions! You take a swing at the Ice Mite as it scuttles off into the shadows. Roll two dice for each of you and add your SKILL scores to find your Attack Strengths (the Ice Mite has a SKILL of 8). If you have the higher Attack Strength, turn to **211**. If the Ice Mite has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **109**.

16

From your vantage point, you can see a Frost Giant skulking behind some rocks down below. If you want to go back down to the valley and meet the Giant, turn to **40**. If you prefer to press on along the high path, turn to **132**.

17

As you duck and run past him, the old Elf-guardian fires a number of small, glowing, pearly-white spheres at you with his wand. These spheres explode on you, inflicting unpleasant magical damage. Roll one die and add 1: this is the number of points of STAMINA you must lose. But the crossroads is out of the wand's range and the Elf-guardian moves far too slowly to catch up with you (if you're still alive!). At the crossroads, will you take:

Ice steps directly ahead, leading down?	Turn to **64**
The path to your left?	Turn to **148**
The path to your right?	Turn to **189**

18

Hidden very cleverly in one of the walls is a secret sliding panel. Do you want to:

Open this secret door?	Turn to **365**
Return to the junction and take the right-hand turning?	Turn to **118**
Return to the junction and follow the passage straight ahead of you?	Turn to **279**

19

You rush down the passage, only to see that the steps leading back opposite the Golem room are obstructed by falling stone and you can't go that way. You've lost more precious time, and a chunk of wall comes away and crashes into your side. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You will have to backtrack and take the other passage; turn to 38

20

Too late, you remember that Polar Worms are almost completely blind and hunt by smell, so hiding behind a snowdrift isn't likely to work! The ravenous monster strikes at your back and you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You will have to fight; turn to 382.

21

Eventually you place the last frail shrouded body in its sarcophagus. There is a sudden, deeply aching sigh all around in the vastness of the vault, and you feel a sudden chill on your forehead. Putting your hand to your face you feel a mark on your forehead which wasn't there before – a star-shape, as you see by gazing into a shard of reflective ice. It doesn't hurt, but you're a little troubled by it nevertheless. Now you return to the crossroads, so turn to 3.

22

You take your Potion of Flying and rise into the air – not very gracefully, but then you haven't done this very often! Once in the air, it is a simple matter for you to unhook the incense-burner from its chain. You take it with you, so add it to your list of Possessions. Then you glide out and down the stairs before your Potion runs out. Turn to 57

23

The Ice Palace is huge, a majestic structure composed in a myriad forms and colours of ice. Looking around as you stand before the gatehouse, to your right is a tower with a heraldic shield above its entrance: the Tower of Shielding. To your left is a tower covered on all surfaces with beautiful, multicoloured icicles: the Tower of Rainbow Ice. In the distance, to your left, is a Tower of Black Ice, and opposite is a tower which looks only half real, impossibly light and delicate: the Tower of Airy Light. Directly opposite you, in the distance, is a huge central tower, the Great Tower. All the towers have ice doors at their bases but no other obvious portals. Within the ice walls and towers surrounding the Palace are a number of buildings. There are homes, workshops, stores and warehouses, varied and splendid in design; dominating them stands the glory of the domed Ice Cathedral with its silent, sealed ice doors.

You can only enter each location once in your sojourn here, unless the text specifically states otherwise, so you must

keep a careful record of where you have been within the Ice Palace. If you don't find what you're looking for the first time, a return visit won't help. However, if you try to enter a location and for some reason cannot do so (you have no keys and it is locked, for example), you *may* return if you find the correct method of entry. So, now, will you go to:

The Tower of Shielding?	Turn to **84**
The Ice Cathedral?	Turn to **5**
The Tower of Black Ice?	Turn to **287**
The Tower of Airy Light?	Turn to **381**
The Tower of Rainbow Ice?	Turn to **320**
The Great Tower?	Turn to **278**
The workshops?	Turn to **2**
The stores?	Turn to **163**
The homes?	Turn to **371**

24

Tassaskil takes the Ice Sword and passes his hand along the blade. Sparks of magical light crackle and fly around his fingers as he does this, and the hilt and pommel come alive with a deep, sky-blue light inside the very structure of the ice. He hands it to you: it is as hard as steel, the edge keener than any sword of metal. The ice is cool to your grip, but not chilling, and it does not melt or slip in your hand. This is a fabulous weapon, one which exceeds your wildest dreams. It adds a bonus of 2 to your SKILL when you use it, and this bonus *does* allow you to exceed your *Initial* SKILL (for example, SKILL 13 or 14 is possible with this sword if your *Initial* SKILL is 11 or 12).

'There is a little magic left,' Tassaskil says with a real effort. 'I can put a minor enchantment into the weapon to help against a wizard, or against a Demon, if you prefer.' What will you ask for?

Ask for help against a wizard?	Turn to **136**
Ask for help against a Demon?	Turn to **173**
Thank Tassaskil for his help, ask for no more, and leave?	Turn to **94**

25

Unfortunately, you don't manage to evade the keen hearing of the guards in the open room as you tip-toe past. Turn to **376**.

26

The passageway slopes slightly downwards and then opens into a huge gallery. You look down at a massive circle of cherry-red, burningly hot floating spheres of rock which are hanging in mid-air below you. Beneath them are stone chutes and vents, and you guess that somehow these rocks provide the power for the Sphere's devastating fiery trial. There's no way you can possibly deal with these: somewhere else there must be a control which you could tamper with and so destroy the Sphere. Unfortunately, your tarrying here has alerted a guardian, as you see from the pillar of fire roaring through the air to attack you – a Fire Elemental!

Do you have a ring? If you do, you know the name of the person who possessed it before you. Convert the letters of his name into number values (using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26) and add them together. Then turn to the paragraph with the same number as that total. If you don't have such a ring, turn to **194**.

27

The landscape here is still hilly, but in the distance a plateau is clearly visible ahead of you. The wind is whirling little flurries of snow about The sky is as blue and as clear as you have ever seen in your life, and the rays of the winter sun, lacking warmth, reflect from the snow and ice and half blind you. This may be why you don't see the Skyriders until the flapping of their mounts' wings are close by. You look around, startled, to see two barbarians of a kind you don't know clambering down from what look like large, thick-haired Pegasi to see who is entering their land. They say they are Skyriders of the Frostwind tribe: they are carrying large axes and knives and they look strong and fierce. You don't want to fight such powerful warriors unless you have to! Do you have a bronze medallion? If you have, turn to 152. If you haven't, turn to 177.

28

You fire off the Wand of Cold at the wizard, who screams in agony as a cone of frosted snowflakes streams through the air and freezes him. The damage to him exceeds the norm, because Zeverin has a special susceptibility to cold, the result of a magical curse laid on him. He loses 8 points from his STAMINA! If you have already inflicted at least 5 points of damage to his STAMINA (from crossbow fire), he is dead, so turn to 325. Otherwise, he's still alive but in bad shape (make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* of his STAMINA loss for when you have to fight him). Now what will you do, having expended your Wand (which you must now cross off your list of Possessions)? Will you:

Use a Potion of Flying, if you have one?	Turn to 339
Use a crossbow, if you have one?	Turn to 139
Cast a Coldwarding spell to protect yourself?	Turn to 85
Grip your sword and wait for a chance to fight?	Turn to 372

29

You are hit by a falling rock. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, and you don't have time to stop and eat a meal (but you can drink a potion or some brandy or akvavit if you have this). You move on down to the end of the passageway and peer cautiously into the chamber beyond. Turn to 134.

30

The armourer's workshop has many unfinished items hanging on ice pegs or lying on worktables, but no complete suits of the very fine chain mail the Ice Elves normally used. You find nothing magical here either, despite a prolonged search What will you do now? Will you:

Continue searching here?	Turn to 352
Search the jeweller's workshop, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to 218
Search the weaponmaker's workshop, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to 342
Leave this area and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace?	Turn to 23

31

Inching along, you make your way carefully down, but soon you see that the drop leads over a fairly steep rock overhang. Do you have climbing gear? If you have, turn to 190 If you haven't, turn to 322.

32

If you have an Ice Bird, you also have a book with you Turn to the paragraph with the same number as the number of pages in the book If you don't *really* have an Ice Bird, turn to 23.

33

All at once you are surrounded by Elven spirits and ghosts 'He has taken from the dead, he has slain one of the last messengers,' one of the Elves says angrily. They point to the silver brooch which, you remember, you took from a giant – the one who probably killed the Elf who had worn it many years ago Too late you try to protest your innocence; lose 1 LUCK point. The Elven spirits are gathering round you and preparing to rain blows down on your body You can risk running to get the Ice Keys (turn to 195) before leaving, or you can be prudent and run out now, finding somewhere else to search in the Ice Palace before the Elf-spirit attacks cause you serious injury (turn to 23).

34

Roll two dice If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **76**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **329**.

35

The Dark Elf pulls a sword from its scabbard with some speed While he may lack bulging muscles, his speed and agility make up for that!

DARK ELF SPELLCASTER SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 70

36

This form of the Luck spell can be cast at any time, except during combat. Roll one die and divide the number rolled by 2, rounding fractions up; this is the number of LUCK points you gain (that is to say, 1–3). Your LUCK cannot exceed its *Initial* level, of course. Turn back to 360.

37

You make your way along a winding, featureless passage which opens into a bare, spherical chamber, a very odd design. You are about to enter it when a smoky shape starts to take form within the room, and drifts soundlessly towards you! If you've been here before and fought this enemy, another has appeared in its place. If you want to stay and see what happens, turn to **237**. If you want to flee and return to the main junction you came from, turn to **379**.

38

Racing down the long passage, there doesn't seem to be any evidence of an exit in front of you, as blocks of stone begin to shake and fall You are in a truly desperate race against time. Roll two dice and add 1 If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **91** If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **62**.

39

You are fortunate indeed, for you crouch down as you open the door and a volley of fiery darts hurtles just over your head! Unfortunately for you, they're the least of the perils in this hot, dank chamber; turn to **286**

40

Walking along the valley floor, you soon see a very large figure step out from behind some rocks; he approaches with an unpleasant, lopsided grin on his ugly face and wielding a hefty club in his gnarled hands. From his white hair and beard, the furs he wears, and the fact that he is five metres tall, you hazard a shrewd guess that he may be a Frost Giant. 'Got any treasure, stranger?' he asks with a leer, fingering his club meaningfully. Will you:

Attack the Frost Giant?	Turn to **226**
Give the Frost Giant some treasure?	Turn to **174**
Try talking to the Frost Giant?	Turn to **373**

41

Searching quickly through a couple of half-demolished huts, you find a few items that should help on a mountain trek: some ice picks, a small mallet, and a good length of rope. These all count as one item together, so add Climbing Gear to your list of Possessions on the *Adventure Sheet* You also find and pocket 2 Gold Pieces; add these to your Treasure. By now the villagers have done what they can for their injured fellows, and they don't take kindly to your searching for things for yourself without helping the badly wounded and dying first. Now you can look for the village wise man (turn to **366**) or set off after the Sphere immediately (turn to **111**).

42

'You must have that sword enchanted for you; find the one who must help you Go back up the stairs and turn right there,' Elokinan commands. You follow his instructions. Turn to **148**.

43

If you do not have the Ice Sword, Tassaskil cannot help you. You wander sadly back to the crossroads, wondering what to do next. Turn to **3**.

44

Using the Ice Keys, you open the gates to the Ice Crypts and set off underground. However, the entranceway is a ramp, covered in a thin layer of absolutely sheer ice. If you have a bag of salt, turn to **261**. If you have a Potion of Fire Breath and wish to use it here, turn to **315**. If you have neither, turn to **395**.

45

You make your way down to the basement and open the door there. Beyond is a small set of rooms, all empty save for the one the Dark Elf leader obviously used as his rest room. Rummaging through bedding, spare clothes and the like, you find some items which may prove of use to you: there are sufficient Provisions for 4 meals which you can take if you wish; there are also 3 packets of Elven weybread, each of which is equivalent to a full meal, but these are so light they do not count towards your limit of 10 Provisions which can be carried in a backpack. Add them to your Possessions, and be sure to cross them off when you consume them. You also find a green ceramic bottle labelled

'Potion of Flying', which may come in useful later. Add this to your Possessions too. Now *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **380**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **120**.

46

You gain the illusory appearance of an Elf, and this completely deceives the old guardian who waves you forward with his hand. At the crossroads ahead will you take:

The path leading to some steps directly ahead?	Turn to **64**
The path to your left?	Turn to **148**
The path to your right?	Turn to **189**

47

Your opponent has a SKILL of 8. When you first win an Attack Round, turn to **256**. When the Dark Elf first wins an Attack Round, turn to **316**. If you run out of bolts and you haven't killed the Dark Elf (or if you decide you want to use a sword anyway), you will have to head for the door at the base of the Tower, so turn to **196**. If you hit him three times, he ducks out of sight, so now you must get into the Tower to finish him; turn to **196**.

48

Behind the heavy door is a cell and a man in chains and manacled to the smooth, black, stone walls. You could get the keys dangling from the Man-Orc's belt, and then you could release the semi-conscious prisoner, but all this would take time and could mean you both getting buried alive inside the collapsing Sphere! Will you free the man and drag him out with you (turn to **184**) or turn tail and save yourself (turn to **121**)?

49

Using your lantern to light your way, you enter the dark chamber beyond. You see a fallen pile of heavy equipment, made from metal and shattered ice, and below it the shape of a hand reaches out to you. The hand is that of a spirit – it has no flesh or bone – but there is no mistaking the groan of misery and pain that comes from below the mass of twisted metal and chunks of ice. To reach out to the hand could be very hazardous; some ghosts can drain life-energy, and you could even pull down pieces of ice and metal on yourself. Will you:

Reach for the hand, to help if you can?	Turn to **142**
Leave and search the armourer's workshop, if you haven't already done this?	Turn to **30**
Leave and search the jeweller's workshop, if you haven't been there before?	Turn to **218**
Leave and search some other part of the Ice Palace ?	Turn to **23**

50

You throw some food to the bear; subtract 2 meals from your Provisions total. You head off somewhere else to find a place to sleep, but the bear just follows your scent – it knows a free lunch when it smells one! It wants more food; ideally, it would like to eat *you*! Will you try:

Throwing the bear more food?	Turn to **393**
Attacking the bear?	Turn to **244**
Climbing up a tree to hide?	Turn to **96**

51

To your own eyes, your appearance changes somewhat: you look less substantial somehow, a little shimmery round the edges, and you feel lighter (all these changes also affect your Pegasus, if you are riding one). You hope the magic will work to get you past the Tower guards. You soon find out, because you fly right past a two-headed Giant, on lookout close by one entrance door, and he doesn't react to you at all. You think that this invisibility is pretty strong magic . . . Now you're at the entrance. If you're with a Pegasus, he flies off after setting you down. You summon all your courage, grip your sword, and walk into the Tower of Destruction. Turn to **266**.

52

As you strike the killing blow, the Spectre's appearance changes. From the husk of the wizened spectral form, the apparition of a young Elf, bright-eyed and smiling, appears; you are reminded of a butterfly emerging from an ugly cocoon. The madness which imprisoned the wretched Elf in a warped, evil form has been sundered. A curse, perhaps . . . in any case, you have released the Elf from his torment. Gain 1 HONOUR point and 1 LUCK point.

You look around at the tombs, but there is nothing special about any of them that catches your eye. You climb back up, and you notice that the black ice of the tower is beginning to lose its oppressiveness. The darkness is lifting, and a concealed ice door in one wall has swung open to reveal stairs of marbled ice leading upwards to the top of the tower. You can make your way up these stairs (turn to **82**) or leave this tower and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace (turn to **23**).

53

You must eat a meal at the end of the day, and you manage to find somewhere secure to sleep In the morning, when you must eat another meal, you find that you are on a clifftop, overlooking the valley. The smoke is clearing, and in the valley lies the large rocky Sphere, still spitting forth gouts of fire and plumes of filthy black smoke There are a few, small, human-sized figures around the Sphere You are going to have a tricky climb down from here Roll two dice and add 2 to the total rolled, unless you have Climbing Gear; if you do have Climbing Gear, you may subtract 2 from the total rolled If the adjusted total is greater than your SKILL, you will stumble, graze your limbs, and suffer various knocks and scrapes; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, you get down safely enough.

Now you stand a few hundred metres from the Sphere, creeping forward through burnt and blackened tree-stumps and rocks. Unfortunately, you have little cover, and you are soon spotted by two guards They look like animated corpses, but they are blue-skinned, the water in their bodies is solid ice, and what seems to be breath is frosting on the air before them Their eyes are vacant and their faces expressionless. You have to fight the two Ice Ghosts here, together. Each Attack Round you must roll dice to determine the Attack Strengths for yourself and both your opponents The combatant with the highest Attack Strength is the one who gets in a damaging blow that round.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ICE GHOST	7	7
Second ICE GHOST	7	6

When you first strike one of the Ice Ghosts, turn to **106**. If you kill one of the Ice Ghosts, turn to **165**. If you win, turn to **297**.

54

Your horrified glance changes to one of relief as you realize that the ceiling collapse is nothing more than a triggered illusion and cannot harm you. Where will you go now? Will you:

Enter the passage opposite, if you haven't been there before?	Turn to **200**
Leave the Tower and search elsewhere?	Turn to **23**
Follow the stairs leading up?	Turn to **242**

55

This is a stunningly bad move. You find yourself flying downwards into a huge ring of superheated burning rock spheres and, after a few moments of intense agony, you are just a large cinder. Your adventure ends here.

56

The Ice Bird sings once more, and the Elves raise their voices in harmony, the echoes of their polyphony cascading away into the far nooks and crannies of the Ice Cathedral. The spirits begin to fade into their own realm once more, and the magical bird's song slowly finishes. When the last of the Elves has departed, the bird rests its head beneath its wing again. The spirits are at peace here. You bow your head in a few moments of silence, but now you must press on with your vital quest. Will you:

Take a closer look at the organ?	Turn to **11**
Take the Ice Keys beside the organ?	Turn to **83**
Look at the tombs here?	Turn to **101**
Leave here and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace?	Turn to **23**

57

You descend some stairs and stand at a landing with passageways to the left and the right. The stairs carry on down. Do you want to:

Take the left-hand passage, if you haven't before?	Turn to **351**
Take the right-hand passage, if you haven't before?	Turn to **200**
Take the stairs down, leave the Tower, and search elsewhere?	Turn to **23**

58

If you have a Blue Potion, and want to drink it, turn to **260**. If you want to try any other Potion, it will have its usual effect (restoring STAMINA, etc.) but it won't help you against the Golem. You must either fight (turn to **333**) or run off and search elsewhere (turn to **23**).

59

Roll dice to determine Attack Strengths for yourself and the Dark Elf as normal (the Dark Elf has a SKILL of 10). If you have the higher Attack Strength, turn to **202**. If the Dark Elf has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **348**.

60

You rummage through the Frost Giant's possessions and find some articles you may be able to use. He has some cooked walrus blubber wrapped in cloth: disgusting but edible (just) and nutritious (add 3 to your Provisions). He has 4 Gold Pieces in a pouch (add this to your Treasure), and a silver brooch of strange, very intricate design. If you want to take this, add the silver brooch to your Possessions. Now you can continue along the valley floor (turn to 155) or you may want to retrace your steps and go along the elevated mountain pathway instead (turn to 132).

61

The clouds begin to disperse as you stride out in search of the trail the Sphere left. It takes you most of the day to get back to it, but soon the wide wake of debris left by the fiery Sphere is clearly visible ahead: singed and blackened trees and pools of iced-over water formed by the melted snow. Carefully watching your footing on such slippery and treacherous surfaces, you walk along on one side of the trail for safety. Turn to 378.

62

You can't find a way out. Your lungs are almost bursting with the effort of forcing yourself to run, and your legs are turning to jelly. Your futile efforts are laid to rest as a massive block of stone drops from the ceiling and crushes you. You have saved Allansia, but you could not save yourself!

63

Coward! A crossbow bolt strikes you in the back. It is coated with venom, and you must deduct 4 points from

your STAMINA. After this stinging wound, you can turn back and attack the Dark Elf after all (turn to 196) or run away and find another part of the Ice Palace to search (turn to 23).

64

Not far down the steps is a pair of arched gates which reach from the ceiling to floor. They have no handles, latches or any other obvious way of opening. There is just one word etched into them *'Call.'* If you know how many times to call, turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you don't know how many times to call, you cannot enter here; turn to 3.

65

You see the flying robed figure clearly before you, darting from behind a smoky hiding place. And you recognize him: Zeverin! His hands move in the gestures of the spellcaster's craft as he prepares a spell to cast at you. How are you going to deal with this? Will you:

Use a Potion of Flying, if you have one?	Turn to 339
Use a crossbow, if you can?	Turn to 139
Fire a Wand of Cold at Zeverin, if you have this?	Turn to 28
Cast a Coldwarding spell to protect yourself?	Turn to 85
Grip your sword and wait for a chance to fight?	Turn to 372

66

Torsten leads you some distance to the west, where his tribe have pitched their tents and tethered their livestock. His story of your kindness brings murmurs of approval, and you are plied with hot food and akvavit, the throat-scarring iced clear spirit, flavoured with caraway seed, which the barbarians favour You ask about Ice Ghosts and the Sphere, and the mood grows sombre. The tribe's chieftain speaks softly, with barely controlled anger

'The Sphere brings fire and death because of a wizard, the spirits say. The wizard has lived many lives in the past, each more evil than the one before. He is within the Sphere, and yet not there. He consorts with things of the Pit, with Demons and stalkers in the night. He creates Ice Ghosts from the bodies of the slain to be his servants They are flesh and ice, blood and snow, bone and frost. The wizard has brought the Sphere forth by a song of blood and nightmares, a song with a deeper and darker harmony which has the cadences of destruction within it.' The chieftain's voice is strangely altered; these are not the words of a simple barbarian. You remember that this tribe believes in communicating with the spirits of the dead, and surely a spirit is speaking through the mouth of the chieftain now. 'We are headed to our Spirit Grounds, to talk with our forefathers, to learn what must be done,' the chieftain says, to murmurs of affirmation from his fellows. This sounds fine, except that you have the nagging feeling that, by the time they've done this, it may be too late . . . Turn to 262.

67

By your failure to help you have abandoned many souls to distress and denied them fair rest. Lose 1 HONOUR point. If you want to reconsider, go back and help, turn to 213. If you still want to go somewhere else, turn to 23.

68

At night-time, a huge white owl flies down to the place where you have made a shelter for the night. It looks dolefully down at you. 'The wizard escaped,' it says reproachfully, 'and you left a man to die in there.' You say nothing, shame-faced. 'Now you have to redeem yourself and regain your honour. Only in one place can a way to defeat the wizard and his Tower be found: Elokinan's Ice Palace. It lies some eighty kilometres to the north-east from here. You will have to go there and find the magical treasures which will protect you against the dread Lord of the Tower. If you don't, you will perish under the fiery rain of death the Tower will bring to all. Including you.' The bird looks at you, awaiting an answer.

A wave of anger bursts from you. You cry that you will travel anywhere and do anything to get your revenge on the wizard who sneered and laughed at you, and who killed your family and friends. Whatever it takes, you will do it. The owl looks satisfied; it spends the night watching over you. In the morning you awaken with a new purpose and a new destination; turn to 246.

69

'There are many items of magic located in the Ice Palace, but two are of especial note. One is the Sword of Tassaskil,

which lies in the Ice Cathedral. Its power is great, but latent, and Tassaskil himself would have to regenerate its enchantment for you; you have to take it to him. The other is Elokinan's Chalice, which can pour out a draught capable of raising a mortal's STAMINA to extraordinary levels; and it can give other blessings. This lies with Elokinan's ghost, in the Ice Crypts themselves. But you cannot get in without the keys, and . . .' Tragically the spirit's voice fades into nothingness and its last few words are lost to you! Turn to 355.

70

You take the jewellery the Dark Elf has gathered together; this is worth 12 Gold Pieces (add this to your Treasure). Further searching doesn't uncover anything else; the Dark Elf had clearly looted the lot. Gem-cutting and soft-metal-working tools crafted from magical ice are mounted on the tables here, and there are tiny prisms of ice which store magical light, used for detailed work by the craftsmen who once worked here. You can only marvel at such remarkable artefacts, and feel sorrow for the passing of the gifted Elves who no longer practise their crafts here. Now, will you:

Search the armourer's workshop, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to 30
Search the weaponmaker's workshop, if you haven't already?	Turn to 342
Leave this area and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace?	Turn to 23

71

The chamber appears to be featureless and bare, but will you be able to find anything here? Roll two dice. If the

total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **18**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, return to the three-way junction; turn to **379**.

72

You now stand in a spacious chamber at the top of the Tower of Airy Light. For a moment as you entered, you thought you were in a huge auditorium, like a theatre; you could see a stage, huge red curtains, the familiar laughing and crying mask-faces to either side . . . then the apparition is gone. Instead, in this high-roofed and grand chamber stand ice sculptures and busts of Elves, the sculptures animated and expressive, almost lifelike in appearance. There are many more sculptures running round a gallery which you could reach by climbing a balustrade of blue ice, or you could go elsewhere by entering one of the light beams in this chamber. Will you:

Roam around the gallery upstairs, if you haven't already done this?	Turn to **150**
Enter the red light beam here?	Turn to **274**
Enter the blue light beam here?	Turn to **167**
Enter the white light beam here?	Turn to **252**

73

You find 1 Gold Piece in the worm's guts, but you also manage to splash some digestive acid on your bare skin. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Clean up and press onwards; turn to **282**.

74

If you have a Blue Potion and wish to drink it, turn to **46**. If you drink any other potion, it will have its usual effect (restoring lost STAMINA, etc.), but it will not directly help you here, so return to **370** to choose another course of action.

75

Before you can get to the wizard, he manages to fire off another spell at you. This time a glittering rain of golden motes of light dances round you, chill and cool and draining energy from you. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA, and now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you suffer no additional effect. If you are Unlucky, you must subtract 1 point from your SKILL for the rest of your combat with Zeverin – and that's in addition to any other SKILL penalty you may have incurred for this combat! Now do your best as you close in on the wizard. Turn to **271**.

76

You manage to bring down the moose with a single shot straight through its neck. Gain 1 LUCK point for such a fluke! You can cut some joints of meat from the carcass, up to the maximum for your Provisions, but you must record the meat separately, because it won't be edible until you can cook it. Turn to **291**.

77

The Spectre has drained some of your life-energy – you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL score! Turn to **52**.

78

Roll two dice and add 1 to the total rolled – bareback Pegasus flying isn't easy to learn! If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **182**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **95**.

79

Beyond the heavy door a startling scene confronts you: the chamber you have entered is large, measuring twenty metres across It has black walls, and a large wall-screen pulsing red and orange stands at the far end. Otherwise the room is largely bare, but you can make out several stone thrones in the distance; they are set out before what looks like a huge black sarcophagus. On top of the sarcophagus is a sculpted figure of a Demon, and this stone figure holds a metal lever in one hand and a whip constructed of glowing metal links in the other. Glowing gems are set into the eye sockets and fingers of the statue.

Two figures are standing behind the thrones: one is a massively muscled Man-Orc, clad in heavy, banded armour and wielding a powerful-looking curved scimitar; the other is a slender, wiry, dark-haired man in wizardly robes, not tall and slightly stooped. Neither appears to be bothered at your entry; the wizard looks at you and then at the Man-Orc. 'Kill him will you, Dazrakk? I've got more important things to do,' the wizard says contemptuously and turns away. Your blood boils at this insult to your ability, and you charge to fight the Man-Orc. You soon discover that he is no ordinary Man-Orc: he is very powerful and nimble on his feet despite his considerable size; his eyes burn with a malign intelligence rare among his people. He's not going to be easy to defeat!

MAN-ORC CHAMPION SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

After three Attack Rounds have passed, make a note of the Man-Orc's SKILL and current STAMINA scores and turn to 149.

80

You etch the correct symbol on to the clock-face and the silver amulet falls into your hand. Gain 1 LUCK point. Add the silver amulet to your Possessions, and make a note of the name of the Elf who, in some sense, has given it to you: Mealin. Now it's time to leave by entering one of the light beams. Will you enter:

The green beam?	Turn to 252
The blue beam?	Turn to 167
The red beam?	Turn to 274

81

The magical ring flares light along your arm and down over your sword-hand and you feel that your humble sword may be able to affect this Elemental without being destroyed, as non-magical weapons are when they touch such a magical, fearsome opponent. If you want to flee, you can do so; you will suffer 4 points of damage to your STAMINA from the Fire Elemental's attacks as you flee up the stairs; turn to 324. If you prefer to stand and fight, then do your best!

SMALL FIRE ELEMENTAL SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you win, you can climb up the stairs to the next level (turn to 324) or up two flights of stairs to the top level (turn to 183).

82

You ascend the stairs into a domed chamber filled with ice pillars that lead down to a series of concentric half-circle ice steps. The ice here has changed from black to white, and

the light seems to be shining from the middle of the ceiling. There are very faint echoes of song here. If you have an Ice Bird with you, turn to 32. If you don't, the music fades and you leave here and search elsewhere, so turn to 23.

83

You take the Ice Keys, on their ring of ice, from the peg beside the organ. There are numerous small and a few large keys, forty-four in total – but they are light and will not be troublesome to carry. Add forty-four Ice Keys to your Possessions. Now, will you:

Look at the ice organ, if you haven't done so?	Turn to 11
Look over the tombs, if you haven't done so?	Turn to 101
Leave here and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace?	Turn to 23

84

Your boots crunch across the permafrost as you stride past the homes of the Ice Elves, heading for the well-built Tower of Shielding with its crenellated outline. As you get close to it, a crossbow bolt goes whizzing past your head; you look up and see another Dark Elf archer on top of the Tower letting fly at you. Why won't these cowards fight hand-to-hand like an honourable warrior? What will you do now?

Return missile fire with a crossbow, if you can?	Turn to 47

Head for the door at the base of the Tower? Turn to 196
Run away and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace? Turn to 63

85

Unfortunately you aren't as quick at casting spells as a wizard is Zeverin manages to get in a nasty little spell which fires whirling darts at you before you can complete the Coldwarding spell. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and the Coldwarding spell is ruined (and won't give you any protection). Now what will you do? Will you:

Use a Potion of Flying, if you have one? Turn to 339
Use a crossbow if you have one? Turn to 139
Fire a Wand of Cold at Zeverin, if you have one? Turn to 28
Grip your sword and wait for a chance to fight? Turn to 372

86

Soon after you manage to rescue the child the whole hut collapses. Your rescue was in the nick of time! Gain 1 HONOUR point The other villagers have done what they can for the other wounded; now you sit down with them to discuss what happened. Their story adds nothing to what you know already: the huge fiery Sphere passed by overhead, but seemed to dip as it flew over the village, as if to cause as much damage and distress as possible Then it flew off northwards No one among the villagers can pursue the murderous Sphere: many are injured and, of the fit, some must tend the wounded and the rest are already

preparing to hurry to distant Zengis to buy healing and herbal medicines. They are proud of you for going on alone in pursuit of the Sphere; they cannot accompany you. They do give you some climbing gear, though: ice picks, some rope and a small hammer (note this down as Climbing Gear on your list of Possessions) They also give you a flask of brandy: there are two large swigs of brandy here, each of which will restore 4 lost STAMINA points when drunk Make a note of this and add the brandy to your Possessions. Finally, if you have lost any STAMINA, you can now eat enough food to raise your current STAMINA back to its *Initial* level.

It's too dark to continue now, so you spend the night asleep in one of the few dwellings left standing in the village. In the morning you set off northwards, with the good wishes of your fellows ringing in your ears Turn to 282

87

You struggle up a steeply raked set of steps, working against the heat and your aching muscles. How high can this hellish tower be? At least the steps end but, as you drag yourself up the last few metres towards the archway

in the distance, there's only darkness ahead. A side passage runs off from the landing you are on, but you can't see any exits from it. You think you might have heard footfalls echoing in the far distance in that direction, though. Will you:

Step into the darkness?	Turn to **319**
Explore the side passage?	Turn to **191**
Cast a spell here?	Turn to **103**

88

You follow the long, dank passageway as it winds down and round a long, curving corner and then opens into a vast, snow-misted graveyard. The scene is atrocious: some warped horror has run amok, smashing open the resting-places of the Elves, leaving long shards of shattered blue ice and shrouded Elven bodies behind in a wake of senseless destruction. There is a strange and disturbing atmosphere here too, as if some angry spirits were still watching over this terrible scene. What will you do here? Will you return to the crossroads (turn to **67**) or enter, in order to put the disturbed dead back to rest (turn to **213**)?

89

How much do you know about controlling this magical Sphere? You try tinkering with one or two gems, and then decide to risk a sharp tug on the metal-chain whip that the statue holds. You regret this immediately: a violent electrical shock hammers up your arm, and you must deduct 5 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, the entire Sphere suddenly begins to shudder and a ghastly rumbling noise fills the chamber. You know it's time to get out, that

something awful is about to happen. But another groan comes from behind the door; will you open it (turn to **48**) or just run from the imminent catastrophe (turn to **386**)?

90

Slowly the barbarian recovers and gulps the water you offer him from his flask. He looks at you suspiciously at first, but then he discovers that you have patched up his head-wound and he understands that you are friendly. His name is Torsten, he confides; after thanking you for your help, he says he was pursued by Ice Ghosts, terrible creatures made by evil wizardry from the remains of human bodies. You wonder whether this is true: barbarians have vivid imaginations about spirits and suchlike – but on the other hand, it takes a lot to make one run! You help Torsten back up the slope, taking a lengthier route than before. He wants you to come back with him to his tribe's camp, to thank you properly for rescuing him. This means staying overnight and having a thundering hangover in the morning, but it would give offence to refuse. Will you accompany Torsten (turn to **66**) or say goodbye and head off towards the Sphere (turn to **235**)?

91

You see a very narrow side passage to your left, leading into a chamber where people in leather armour are putting on harnesses of some kind. It looks like an evacuation! You've got to take this chance, so you race down the passage towards the chamber. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you make it to the chamber; turn to **134**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **29**.

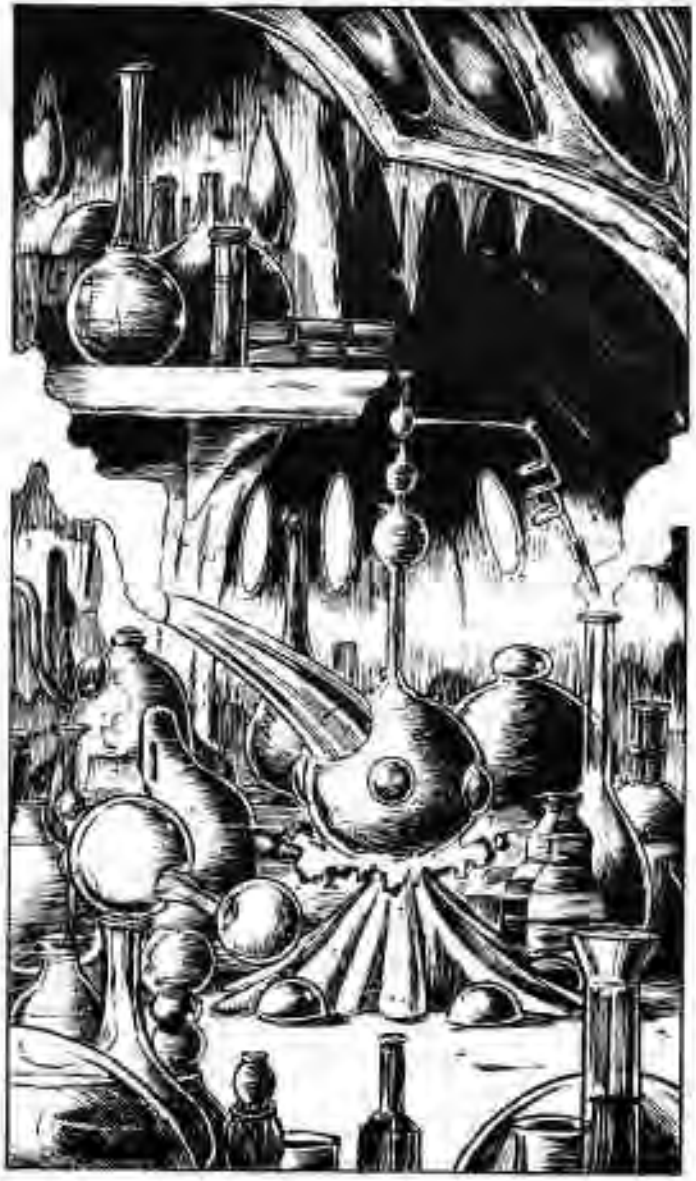

92

The rooms are obviously those of a herbalist and alchemist. His herbs, spices and rare compounds are frozen into uselessness and, bizarrely, his instruments, flasks and retorts appear to be made of ice! The burners he used have rainbow-swirled ice stems, and one of them still crackles with a little feeble Coldfire after all these years. A determined search here takes some time, so you must eat a meal while you are here. You find only one item of real use, a Blue Potion in a translucent ice flask. The liquid is very oily and hasn't frozen; oddly, the flask has a pair of pointed ears etched on it. If you take the Blue Potion, add it to your Possessions. Now, will you:

Enter the red light beam here?	Turn to **397**
Enter the yellow light beam here?	Turn to **167**
Enter the purple light beam here?	Turn to **252**

93

You manage to force open the secret door with your hands – and a spring-loaded spear comes flying out! You just manage to evade a lethal direct hit, but the wound it gives you as it grazes your rib-cage stings badly and weakens you. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Worse still, the small chamber behind the door is empty save for a fine coating of dust, and maybe it was just your imagination or perhaps there really was the sound of laughter just then . . . If you are still alive, will you:

Take the steps up one flight?	Turn to **324**
Take the steps up two flights?	Turn to **183**
Follow the passage leading away from here?	Turn to **26**

94

You make your way down to the crossroads with your superb sword, feeling strengthened and strong. Turn to **3**.

95

You have a few seconds to contemplate your tragic end as you fall from the back of the Pegasus. You will never know what it would have been like to face the ultimate challenge. Your adventure ends here.

96

The bear snuffles hungrily about for the prey it smells, and it even shakes the tree you're in; it doesn't go away until dawn! You get no sleep and your muscles ache abominably. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. When the coast is clear, you clamber down the tree; turn to **289**.

97

Black, dead eyes stare from sunken sockets in the face of the wizened Elf. Its breathing comes as a rasp, its voice a guttural intonation of pure hatred and madness. 'You made me defile my own people,' it croaks, 'you drove me insane. I will drain your life away, wretch.' Although you realize this poor insane spirit must be talking to someone in its twisted memory, this doesn't alter the fact that it's heading straight for you. You are forced to fight!

SPECTRE SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you win, and the Spectre didn't hit you at all, turn to **52**. If you win but the Spectre did hit you, you must now roll one die. If you roll a 6, turn to **52**. If you roll any other number, turn to **77**.

98

Rattling or pushing at the gates, even striking them, won't get you past them. Clearly, they are magically strengthened. You can only get in here if you have the Ice Keys. If you do, you know how many keys there are; turn to the paragraph with the same number as the number of Ice Keys you have. If you don't have the Ice Keys you can't get in, but if you manage to find the Ice Keys you can return to this location and open the doors by returning to this paragraph after you have completed your searches elsewhere (so make a note of this paragraph number on your *Adventure Sheet*). You must also make a note of the fact that, if you search the Ice Palace and don't find any Ice Keys, you must turn to **309**. But for now, if you don't have any Ice Keys, you can go on to explore the stores and warehouses (turn to **187**) or find somewhere else to search in the Ice Palace (turn to **23**).

99

If you want to use a Potion of Fire Breath, you can burn a way through the webs. If you want to use a Wand of Cold, you can freeze the webs and break their brittle strands with no ill-effects to yourself. In either case, turn to **334**, but remember to cross the item you use off your Possessions. Other items won't help here. If you don't have such magic, or you have it but don't want to use it here, turn to **185**.

100

The great ice gates open, and you are almost blinded by the brilliant blue-white light which streams out and up the steps behind you. Squinting through the light, you cannot see how large this chamber is, but you can see a tall, fair, slender Elf-spirit, clad all in white, and you are almost shaking in awe of him. The spirit of Elokinan, the Mage-Architect, chieftain and last of his race, stands resplendent and majestic before you. His noble face and centuries-saddened eyes turn to face you. Elokinan looks directly into your soul. What happens now depends on your HONOUR score. If your HONOUR is:

4 or less	Turn to **119**
5–8	Turn to **327**
9 or 10	Turn to **251**
exactly 11	Turn to **207**
12 or higher	Turn to **343**

101

The four tombs are of solid, completely transparent ice, and within them are the bodies of Elves wrapped in shrouds, each holding an object. One tomb has an adult male Elf holding a sword, seemingly made of ice, and an angel is etched into the ice of the tomb. One tomb has an adult female Elf holding a wand, with the image of an Elf-queen etched into the ice. One has a young female Elf holding a jewelled amulet; and the last tomb has a very young male Elf-child holding some intricate wooden puzzle or toy. It would not be difficult for you to break into the tombs if you wished. What will you do here? Will you:

Open the tomb of the adult male Elf?	Turn to **201**
Open the tomb of the adult female Elf?	Turn to **228**
Open the tomb of the young female Elf?	Turn to **337**
Open the tomb of the Elf-child?	Turn to **112**
Leave the tombs sealed and perform some other action?	Turn to **137**

102

The door at the bottom of the steps is firmly locked and there's nothing you can do to open it. You have to make your way up the spiral staircase instead. Turn to **295**.

103

Make your choice of spell to cast, then you must either enter the darkness (turn to **319**) or explore the side passage (turn to **191**).

104

Standing to one side, you force open the secret door with your crowbar – and you avoid the hefty spear which comes flying straight out! You avoid a nasty wound, but there's nothing in the chamber behind the door, only some dirt and the spring mechanism for the spear trap. Cursing your ill-luck, will you:

Take the steps up one flight?	Turn to **324**
Take the steps up two flights?	Turn to **183**
Follow the passageway leading away from here?	Turn to **26**

105

You press on without incident for the rest of the day, and then you must eat another meal. You sleep safely, and in the morning you must eat another meal in order to keep going You guess that now you're only a day or so away from your destination, but the terrain is hard and this day isn't going to be peaceful

Right at the end of the day, when you are looking for a safe place to rest in the fading light, a swirling flurry of snow whirls away from a drift nearby and begins to take on a much more solid form. Snow and ice coalesce to form a huge, horned monster of white ice Someone, or something, has sent an Ice Demon to confront you! You must fight this evil, enchanted horror.

ICE DEMON	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

At the beginning of each Attack Round, roll one die If the roll is 1–3, the Ice Demon has breathed on you and you must deduct 1 point from your STAMINA, regardless of the outcome of that Attack Round and any blow which may have struck you! If you win, turn to 306

106

Unfortunately swords don't do as much damage as you would expect The bodies of the Ice Ghosts are frozen solid, and a piercing weapon doesn't work as well as normal. Roll one die If you roll 1–3, your blow causes only 1 point of damage to the target's STAMINA. If you roll 4–6, your blow does the usual 2 points of damage

If you have a heavy mace, you may now switch to this

weapon. Doing this takes a whole Attack Round (during which time one of the Ice Ghosts will strike you, so you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). The heavy mace always causes 2 points of damage when it strikes an Ice Ghost. Return to 53 to finish the combat.

107

At the end of the passage there is a sharp right-hand turn, then the passage ends in a set of steps which lead upwards and another set leading down. Will you go up (turn to 388) or down (turn to 126) here?

108

As you near the far door, a body on one of the slabs jerks upright. Blue-veined, grey-skinned and radiating a deep chill and malice, the dead eyes of the animated horror roll back in its eye sockets, but still it senses your presence and wants to kill you! You must fight the Ice Ghost here. If you have only a sword or a spear, your weapon will do only 1 point of damage on a roll of 1–3 on a single die after you win an Attack Round. If you roll 4–6, then you inflict the usual 2 points of damage. If you have a heavy mace, the weapon always causes 2 points of damage when you hit because a blunt weapon crunches into the frozen tissues of the Ice Ghost, causing more damage!

ICE GHOST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, something awful happens to the Ice Ghost. Its head appears to crack open, and its spirit hangs in the air in a tiny cloud of frosted fog before seeping away and a ghastly moan issues from its throat while this is happening. Repulsed by this sight and eager to get away, you rush to the door beyond and fling it open; turn to 79.

109

The little horror runs to one of the ice walls, blends right into it, and is gone before you can strike at it! It has run off with one of your Possessions. Roll one die and add 2; then look down your list of Possessions and the item in the same position on the list (3rd to 8th) as the total rolled has been taken. If you roll a number that is higher than the number of Possessions you have, the Mite got away empty-handed after all. The Ice Mite isn't large enough to take a weapon or your backpack, however. Cursing the thieving Mite and finding to your annoyance that there is nothing here of any use to you, there's only one thing to do – leave by entering a light beam. Will you enter:

The red beam?	Turn to 252
The blue beam?	Turn to 274
The green beam?	Turn to 364
The beam of pure darkness?	Turn to 72

110

You can command the Stone Jaguar to fight for you at the very start of a combat, whereupon it will animate and fight to the death on your behalf. The Stone Jaguar has SKILL 8 and STAMINA 8. It can be activated once and once only, so you must make a note of when you use it. You can't use it once a combat has started, unless you are specifically instructed that you can do so. It makes best sense to have the Stone Jaguar fight alone, since it lasts for only one combat and you should use it to minimize risk and damage to yourself! Add the Stone Jaguar to your Possessions. Now, will you head up the stairs to see what is on the top floor of the Great Tower (turn to 164) or leave and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace (turn to 23)?

111

Your behaviour has been shameful: the injured and pain-racked people of your own village needed your help at once! Lose 1 point from your HONOUR. With their sullen glares still piercing your back, you leave your people behind. Turn to 224.

112

The child's toy has become brittle and fragile in the cold and damp, and the tomb of a child is surely no place for a warrior to seek help for a quest. Lose 1 point from your HONOUR for tomb-robbing and 1 point from your LUCK for making such a bad choice. You can now choose to open another tomb (return to 101 to make a selection of one you haven't opened yet) or perform some other action (turn to 137).

113

Towards the end of the day, you see a young moose near by, nibbling at some lichens on a rock. If you have a crossbow and bolts, turn to 34. If you don't have this weapon, turn to 311.

114

You are in the middle of complimenting yourself on having destroyed the thing which took the lives of your people when the wizard you just 'killed' appears right in front of you! You reach for the scimitar, but the wizard waves to you not to bother. 'You can't hurt me, you fool,' he sneers. There is an unshakeable confidence in his voice and you know that, this time at least, he's right. 'I'm not actually here. Projection magic, you know. Very simple incantation for a Supreme Mage.' He pauses for your accolade; you don't give him one. 'This Sphere was only a practice, a little test-run. The *real* thing – the Tower – will be ready very soon, and then the whole of this stinking land of Allansia will be cleansed by fire within weeks.' There's a slight edge of hysteria and a hint of insanity in that remark. 'I'd like you to think about that, you snivelling failure.' Then the projection has gone, vanished in an instant.

What can you do? You spend the rest of the day with your head in your hands, wondering where to go, what to

attempt You must eat a meal at this time. Afterwards, if you have met a talking owl on your travels, turn to **68** If you haven't, turn to **335**.

115

As you walk forward, you feel your energy being sapped by the extreme cold. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA Then a slender, spectral Ice Elf with spinning knives in his hands appears before you in the archway leading to the bright chamber 'Who do you seek?' he asks suspiciously 'Is it Elokinan, Tuinarel, Tassaskil or Meloniel?' What will you say in reply?

Elokinan?	Turn to **198**
Tuinarel?	Turn to **239**
Tassaskil?	Turn to **305**
Meloniel?	Turn to **253**
Will you attack the Elf instead?	Turn to **359**

116

The air gets hotter as you descend the stairs, and they end in a circular, plain chamber with a single passageway leading off it The heat feels even greater in that direction, and the smokiness of the air makes your eyes water If you have to fight down here (before taking the stairs back up),

you will have to subtract 1 from your current SKILL for as long as you remain So will you:

Climb the stairs back up to where you came from?	Turn to **324**
Climb the stairs up two flights, if you haven't been there before?	Turn to **183**
Follow the passageway here?	Turn to **26**
Search this plain chamber?	Turn to **303**

117

You kill the poor barbarian, who is unable to resist You rifle through his possessions and take a pouch with 3 Gold Pieces, 2 Provisions, and any of the following you may wish to take (add what you can to your Possessions): a stone axe, an ivory-handled dagger, and a crude spear. You lose 2 points of HONOUR for this cowardly and evil act You return to the trail; turn to **235**

118

You walk on tiptoe along a narrow passageway which slopes downwards, and soon you come to a door which has an iron grille set into it. In the chamber beyond is a very odd sight A human-shaped pillar of rough, coarse stone holds in its 'hands' a globe of very hot, glowing rock, on to which it is blowing a yellow dusty breath As the creature blows, the rock grows redder and redder; then, finally, the stone monster throws the rock in an arc across the room and into an aperture in the wall The strange, swirling darkness of the hole swallows up the flaming rock sphere, and it whistles away into the distance, leaving only a faint glow behind Meanwhile the stone creature has picked up a dully glowing rock from a pile at its feet and is beginning to blow on it, starting the process once again. This is all very strange! But it may have something to do with how the great Sphere is powered, so perhaps you will want to stop it. On the other hand, the stone monster looks pretty formidable. What will you do? Will you:

Open the door and attack?	Turn to **219**
Return to the T-junction, and take the middle path?	Turn to **279**
Return to the T-junction, and take the left-hand path?	Turn to **37**

119

Elokinan dismisses you with a wave of his hand You are unworthy; deduct 2 points from your LUCK. You find yourself outside in the snow Turn to 309.

120

You gather up your new acquisitions and start back up the steps, and then you notice that the stone jaguar statuette is glowing with a faint, magical aura. If you want to pick it up and take it with you, turn to 110. If you want to make your way up to the top floor of the Great Tower and open the door there, turn to 164. If you want to search elsewhere in the Ice Palace, turn to 23.

121

You flee down the stairs and along the passage to save yourself, leaving a human being – an enemy of the evil wizard who controlled the Sphere – behind you to die as the Sphere explodes in a vast ball of flaming rock. Deduct 1 point from your HONOUR and 1 point from your LUCK. Turn to 114.

122

Fortunately for you, this isn't really a dragon – it's an Ice Drake, a close relative of the White Dragon, but not quite so tough. However, it has razor-sharp teeth the size of daggers and cruelly barbed talons, and a thundering mass of eagerly hungry reptile hurtling towards you will not be easy to defeat!

ICE DRAKE SKILL 10 STAMINA 13

If you win, you carry on towards the last step of your journey, but first you can recover any gold you gave the dragon! Turn to 331.

123

You find nothing in the ice rubble. This part of the Palace buildings seems rather everyday, but then these are probably the homes of the ordinary Ice Elves – if there is such a thing as an ordinary Ice Elf, that is. Do you want to continue searching through the homes (turn to 263) or retrace your steps and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace (turn to 23)?

124

The beast turns into stone once more and lies, lifeless and harmless, on the ground! There is only the very faintest trace of magic left within it, so you leave it where it is. Will you now take the steps down (turn to 102) or the spiral staircase up (turn to 295)?

125

The unblinking eyes of the huge owl bore into you. 'Following the hellfire, are you?' it asks. You nod slowly, wondering what you should say to a talking owl. 'It will be easy to find, but very hard to deal with. Already the creatures the barbarians call Ice Ghosts walk the world around it,' the owl says sadly. Before you can ask about Ice Ghosts, the bird continues, 'Unless you are looking for death, you should talk with Tasrin the Sage; he can tell you more about it than I can. He lives in Broad Dale Valley, a day's walk over *there*' – the owl points a wing to the east – 'go and see him tomorrow. I'll keep watch here tonight, you can sleep safely.' The owl glides into the air, patrolling the skies around you, before you can even thank it for undertaking sentry duty. You settle down to a peaceful sleep.

In the morning there is no sign of the owl. The trail of the Sphere still leads north; making a detour to visit the sage will cost you precious time. Will you visit Tasrin (turn to 314) or press on northwards (turn to 289)?

126

The stairs terminate on a landing with no obvious exits As you wonder where to go and whether to search for a secret door, you suddenly realize that it might have been very stupid to take the stairs leading down when you entered so close to the base . . too late! A clawed hand has already pulled a lever, and you have just a few seconds spinning through the air in which to lament your foolishness before you become a spreading stain on the ground. Your adventure ends here.

127

You climb down the slippery steps, taking care to avoid falling and set foot in the cellars of the Tower of Black Ice Your breath turns to frost in the air, and the chill is not coming simply from the icy cold. Your furs don't protect you from the marrow-freezing evil here. You can see only a honeycomb of tomb chambers before you, but slowly a form is coalescing in the air It appears to be an Elf of some sort, but it is spectral, and is hunched as if twisted by its own malice and hatred of life You have time to run and search elsewhere (turn to **23**) or you can prepare to fight this creature, whatever it is (turn to **97**).

128

'You are brave and good,' Elokinan pronounces, 'and you are worthy to drink from the chalice ' Turn to **257**

129

A blizzard begins to descend. You have to run back to Tasrin's cabin; pressing on in this weather would be madness. You find enough food left in the cabin for today's

meals, but you lose another day, having to spend another night in the cabin until the weather clears In the morning you set off again, hoping for better luck. Turn to **61**.

130

The rest of the magical bolts fire into your body, cutting and wounding you. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. Relem, pleased with your pain, prepares to come down and attack; turn to **147**.

131

You're not the only scavenger here. You walk round the corner and find yourself face to face with a huge snow tiger, coiled and ready to pounce! The hungry predator smelled you coming, and it is drooling over its massive sharp fangs at the prospect of fresh meat!

SNOW TIGER SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you continue your search: turn to 347.

132

The light snow covering here makes it easier to travel quickly, but there is also a major hazard here After noon, you hear a rumbling sound far above, and you look up to see a cloud of snow beginning to move down the mountainside! You must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 345. If you are Unlucky, turn to 203.

133

It won't be easy to get an accurate strike at the gem: roll two dice and add 1 to the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 220. If the total rolled is greater than your SKILL, turn to 267.

134

In the chamber, you can see people putting on harnesses and jumping out through an archway into the sky, under the direction of a robed figure. The escaping people carry weapons and armour, and you guess that they would have been used as a ground force to attack any survivors of the

Tower's awesome magical assaults. What will you do now? Will you move straight in and attack them (turn to **230**) or wait briefly to see what happens in the chamber (turn to **363**)?

135

You look into a round chamber in which a black stone circular staircase leads up into a gloom where nothing is discernible. There is a strong humming sound coming from the top of the stairs. You pluck up courage and climb the stairs, then you come to a door which you force open. Inside is a long, narrow, chilly room – very different from the rest of the Sphere – with many marble slabs lying along its sides. You can clearly make out the shapes of bodies beneath dirty shrouds on the slabs. At the far end of the chamber is another door, and the humming sound is coming from that direction.

Instinctively you know that what lies beyond the door in the distance will give you the clue to the mysteries of the murderous Sphere, so you press on. Now, if you have spent 5 days or more getting to the Sphere, turn to **108**. If you have spent 4 or fewer days getting to the Sphere, turn to **390**.

136

Tassaskil places a final enchantment which allows you to disregard ONE (and only one!) spell which a wizard will cast at you in a later combat. You can ignore any STAMINA loss or special effect which that one spell would otherwise inflict. You get to use this power just once, when you so choose. Now Tassaskil's work is done; turn to **94**.

137

When you have finished with the tombs, will you:

Look at the ice organ, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to **11**
Take the Ice Keys, if you don't already have them?	Turn to **83**
Leave here and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace?	Turn to **23**

138

As you push against the door of the Great Tower, the illusion disappears – there is no door! The Ice Elves did not want unexpected (and possibly hostile) guests trying to sneak in and avoid the guards at the gatehouse. Suddenly a cage of ice spears materializes around you and begins to radiate extreme cold! You have to hack your way out of the cage. If you have a mace, this will take you 4 rounds. If you use some other weapon, it will take 6 rounds. Each round, you lose either 1 or 2 points from your STAMINA (roll one die each round: 1–3, you lose 1 point; 4–6 you lose 2 points). If you are still alive, it's obvious you will have to head for the gatehouse; turn to **4**.

139

If you have any magical crossbow bolts, turn to **283**. If you don't have any, turn to **178**.

140

The bird sings sweetly, and the huge ice doors swing open You enter and walk down the central aisle of the massive cathedral, its vaulted ceiling almost impossibly high above you, with a sense of awe at the sheer scale and beauty of this place. As you walk forward to the chancel and nave, you are heading towards a huge organ made of fluted icicles and spiralled pipes of ice; a massive angel sculpted out of ice stands above its strange keyboard. Hanging on the wall to one side of this instrument is a large ring of Ice Keys and an intricate basket of ice filigree, and on the other side of it is a group of four ice sarcophagi arranged in a cross pattern. If you have a silver brooch, turn to 33. If you haven't, turn to 288.

141

Extraordinarily, the beautiful bird has survived in the wretched, humid heat of this hellish place; it spreads its wings and rises into the air. For a few moments Relem's faces are transfixed with confusion, then filled with hatred and he flings magic into the air which smashes the bird into a thousand fragments But this has bought you time You can do one thing while Relem hesitates You may *not* eat a meal, but you may drink a potion, cast a spell, use a magic item or get a free strike at Relem (inflicting the usual 2 points of damage to his STAMINA, or more if your Magic Sword has received a special power against Demons from Taśsaskil). Turn to 275

142

The hand reaches out eagerly for the warmth of life and grabs your outstretched hand. You feel an intense chill

drain you of strength. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. A faint, desperate cry for help now accompanies the moan. You can stay and keep on holding the spirit's hand (turn to **192**) or give this up and flee, finding somewhere else to search in the Ice Palace (turn to **23**).

143

You must now roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **107**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **25**.

144

You flee from the blows of the Elf-Ghost, and it does not follow you outside the Tower of Shielding. But it does strike you twice in the back. You must deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and 2 points from your SKILL. This lost SKILL will come back in time: you may regain 1 SKILL point after each of the next two combats (make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now you need to find somewhere else to search; turn to **23**.

145

'You are not careful to protect your honour,' Elokinan says in a tone of clear admonition. He pauses for a moment while you have the decency to hang your head. 'But you have done a good service for my people in returning them to their rest. I judge you worthy to drink from the chalice.' Turn to **257**.

146

A Potion of Stamina, when drunk, allows you to regain lost STAMINA up to one-half of your *Initial* STAMINA total, rounding all fractions up. A Potion of Skill, when drunk, restores your SKILL to its *Initial* level. A Potion of Luck, when drunk, restores your LUCK to its *Initial* level. Any of these potions can be drunk at any time except during a combat. Turn back to **7**.

147

Vast bolts of flame come shooting through the air from the palms of Relem's hands and hammering into the ground around you. If you have a magical ring, you know the name of the person who last owned it. Take the letters of that name, convert them to number values (A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26) and add up the total. Multiply that total by 3, then turn to the paragraph which has the same number; otherwise, turn to **269**.

148

You stride along a narrowing passage which is intricately carved and sculpted with motifs of Elven bowmen and swordsmen: Ice Elves being drilled and marshalled. As you step out, roll two dice and add their numbers. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **281**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **161**.

149

Suddenly something odd occurs. The outline of the wizard appears to glow slightly with energy and he points both hands at you. A blue dart spins through the air, screaming as it moves, and strikes you. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The wizard laughs and prepares to cast another spell. You can't get to him because the huge Man-Orc blocks your path. Fighting both of these enemies at once is a desperately dangerous outlook. Think carefully! Will you:

Look quickly at the wizard to search for a clue? Turn to 208
Look carefully at the Demon statue and check for any clue? Turn to 350
Continue fighting the Man-Orc? Turn to 8

150

Whoever crafted the sculptures in the gallery was a master of his art, and you linger for a moment, appreciating his work. You stand before the largest, with the name Mealin etched below the noble face, admiring it especially and wondering if this was the craftsmen himself

'I was indeed the craftsman,' the bust says to you. You step back, startled 'Do not fear I, who am speaking to you now, am long dead. My spirit will be at peace, although others here will lie uneasy in their cold tombs. They have old sins to pay for, or errors which cost them dear Zeverin's apprentice lies, entombed in an undying madness, in the Black Tower; bringing him death would be an act of charity He is just one of the imprisoned souls unhappy in death. Down in Elokinan's catacombs, where only holders

of the Ice Keys can enter now, good spirits still dwell; but there are others whose spirits have become twisted into bitter, terrible forms If you have any pity, stranger, that is where you must look. For myself, I confess that I cared not; I had my own concerns But I might have something of use to you, something to help you distinguish what is real and what is illusion If you are intelligent enough to be worthy of it, that is.' Turn to 14.

151

Zeverin needs just one spell. The fury of the frustrated wizard is expended in a massive ball of energy which chars the flesh from your bones Your quest was successful, but you have fallen at last.

152

The men are staring hard at the medallion You decide to tell the truth about finding it beside the bodies of some barbarians killed by the Sphere, and you say that you are on a quest to find and destroy the wizard who created the Sphere You add that the Sphere killed your own family, too The barbarians look at each other and decide that you are being truthful. They indicate that they would like to have the medallion,

since it is a token worn by their holy men, and you see no reason to refuse. In return, they will give you either some Provisions (add 4 to your Provisions) or a large brandy flask, containing 2 doses, each of which will allow you to regain 4 lost STAMINA points. You may choose either gift, but you can't have both The barbarians also have a small pot of heated oil with them and a little fuel with which they can make a fire, so you can cook any raw meat you may have (and can eat it now or keep it as Provisions) Finally, as the barbarians leave on their superb flying mounts, one says that a trapper was seen yesterday, heading north with his dogs and sled, and that he should cross your path later today Perhaps you will be able to trade with him or ask him about local landmarks and events Then the barbarians fly off; turn to **240**

153

You are very fortunate You manage to find an open entrance at the base of the Tower without any guards spotting you – as far as you can tell! Turn to **266**.

154

You walk away, retracing your footsteps; you then strike out to the north-west to rejoin the trail left by the Sphere You must eat a meal now. You find nowhere really secure to sleep, and you have to rig up some shelter beside a rock outcrop You are too tense to relax and sleep well; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for having had inadequate rest, and now you must eat another meal. Turn to **289**.

155

The problem with the valley is that here the snow is very

deep, and you often have to make detours around snow-drifts, dig yourself out of snow-holes you have fallen into, and generally lose time. You haven't gone far by the end of the day; now you must eat another meal but at least a secure igloo can be made for sleeping in. In the morning, you must eat another meal then set off yet again after massaging your weary, cramp-afflicted leg-muscles. Turn to **113**

156

The Dark Elf sniggers at you and throws a handful of Ice Darts through the air at you. Roll one die and add 1 to the number rolled The total is the number of STAMINA points you must lose as the Ice Darts find their target. Now you can either run and abandon the Great Tower (turn to **336**) or shout again to the Dark Elf to come down and fight (turn to **234**)

157

Nothing you do will fool the Ice Golem It knows you aren't an Elf, and it attacks you You must fight (turn to **333**) or you can flee, deducting 2 points from your STAMINA for taking a hit in the back, and search elsewhere (turn to **23**)

158

It is upon you! The great evil within the Tower is revealed to you The four-metre-tall winged figure hangs in mid-air before you, tantalizingly out of sword reach. Its two black, dragon's heads are huge, dominating even its powerfully muscled coppery-red body The Night Demon, Relem, has come for you! You are half paralysed with fear in the aura of power and evil which radiates from this terrible monster. Relem smiles savagely and flings its arms open wide; from its massively muscled arms and claws magical bolts spray out and circle around at your sides Do you have a magical Ice Sword? If you have, turn to 302 If you haven't, turn to **223**

159

'Leave the brooch here. There are spirits in the Palace who will think you are an Elf-killer to have come by it, and they will attack you The brooch has no usefulness to you anyway.' You drop the brooch; turn to **355**.

160

You draw your crossbow and loose off a bolt at the archer, who you can now see is a Dark Elf! Conduct combat as normal; your enemy has a SKILL score of 8. After three Attack Rounds and the expenditure of three of your crossbow bolts, however, the Elf will duck out of sight and you will have to draw a sword and try to meet him in hand-to-hand combat. No time to drink or eat anything either! Make a note of how much damage to his STAMINA the Dark Elf has suffered, then turn to **292**.

161

You are so interested in the wall etchings that you walk straight into a nasty magical trap. Three Elven swordsmen etched into the ice momentarily come to life and strike at you, one at your head, one at your legs, one at the small of your back. The combined blows wind you and force you, gasping, to the icy ground. Deduct 6 points from your STAMINA. If you want to continue, turn to 385, but if you think better of it and prefer to retrace your steps, turn to 3.

162

The magical ring glows and protects you from the worst of the fiery damage, but you still lose 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to 286.

163

Heading towards the warehouses and stores, you see a set of pearly-white ice steps cut into the ground, leading down into a subterranean realm of frosted mists which obscure visibility. The way down is barred by a pair of gates crafted from rods of ice. This was obscured by a very strong concealing illusion until you got within a few metres of it! If you want to try to get past the gates and down the steps, turn to 98. If you want to go on and explore some of the stores and buildings, turn to 187.

164

You push open the doors leading to the highest level of the Great Tower. The vaulted arches of the ceiling, the ringed ice pillars, the light streaming in through coloured arcs of thin ice in the roof . . . all this impresses you greatly. It seems as if the light is swirling here, creating strange

patterns on the floor and walls. You realize with astonishment that the walls are covered with panels inscribed with runes, as if the place was a library with every page of Elven script engraved into the Tower itself! You are standing in awe when a polite cough behind you disturbs your reverie. The spirit form of a very old Elf, his hair as white as the ice here, stands, looking at you politely. 'We haven't long,' he says quietly, 'and you've got a lot to learn, I'm afraid.' If you have a book, you know how many pages it has; if you want to offer this book to the old Elf, turn to the paragraph with the number that is the same as twice the number of pages in the book. If you don't have a book, or if you don't want to hand it over, turn to 209.

165

The peculiar, Undead creature slumps forward. From its gulping throat the spirit imprisoned within rises into the air in a frosted wisp, a faint moan of torment left hanging in the air by its passage. The Ice Ghost clutches at your legs in a final convulsion and its filthy claws rake at your legs; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, return to 53 to finish fighting the other Ice Ghost.

166

You walk up to the spirit and try to speak in Elf-like tones, mentioning the spirits you have seen and praising the wondrous Ice Cathedral and the sights and glories of the Ice Palace. The spirit seems confused and uncertain. Roll two dice and add 1 to the total. If the adjusted total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you fool the old Elf, and you can walk past him to the crossroads: from here you can go straight on (turn to 64), turn to the left (turn to 148), or to

the right (turn to **189**). If the adjusted total is greater than your SKILL, the spirit is not deceived and grows angry: you must either run past him (turn to **17**) or attack him; if you choose to attack, turn to **341**, but now you do not have to lose the HONOUR as instructed in that paragraph

167

You are in the dimly lit basement of the Tower of Airy Light. Before you have time to do anything, a tiny creature, looking like a miniature gnome or gremlin, has snaffled one of the items you were carrying! Chuckling with glee, the cackling pest dives for the cover of the shadows. Roll two dice for yourself and the Ice Mite, and add your SKILL scores (as if you were in combat; the Ice Mite has a SKILL of 8) If you have the higher score, turn to **211** If the Ice Mite has the higher score, turn to **109**.

168

Having defeated your adversaries, you slump into one of the throne chairs, gasping for breath. Then you look down at the Man-Orc and decide you like the look of his scimitar, so you take it. This is a Magic Sword, and you may add 1 to your SKILL when using it. This *does* permit you to exceed your *Initial* SKILL, unless your score was 12! Now you examine the lever, the glowing gems and the metal-chained whip, and you guess that these must form some kind of control system for operating the Sphere What on earth to do?

As you reach out, uncertainly, for the controls you hear a muffled groan coming from your right. In the heat of battle you hadn't noticed a heavy door there. But the groan

sounded as much like that of an animal as of a human; dare you risk opening the door to see what is beyond (turn to **358**), or will you ignore it and try tinkering with the controls (turn to **89**)?

169

'That medallion is useful to you When you see the Tower appear outside, if you rub on the medallion gently, then the mount shown upon it will come and take you to the Tower. But you should also have some cover of invisibility, if you can find it.' Now, if you have a silver brooch, turn to **159**. If you don't have this, turn to **355**

170

Falling slabs of ice strike you, injuring you, and you escape just before a massive block falls and seals off the entrance behind you. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA If you are still alive, will you now:

Enter the passage opposite, if you haven't been that way before?	Turn to **200**
Leave the Tower and search elsewhere?	Turn to **23**
Follow the stairs that lead upwards?	Turn to **242**

171

This is a very bad move You open the door to a guardroom where two bizarre creatures from the Demonic realms react immediately to your intrusion. Their faces are completely smooth, black and blank, and their cloaked and cowled bodies shine black as ebony. The Nightgaunts scream for help as they fly at you to fight!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First NIGHTGAUNT	8	8
Second NIGHTGAUNT	8	8

The problem is that two more of these horrors appear from the open doorway and attack from the opposite direction!!

	SKILL	STAMINA
Third NIGHTGAUNT	8	8
Fourth NIGHTGAUNT	8	8

You have to fight *four* opponents! Mercifully, only two at a time can attack you in this narrow passage Each Attack Round, roll two dice for yourself and for two of your opponents; the combatant with the highest Attack Strength wins that round (and inflicts damage to the STAMINA of the opponent) When you kill one Nightgaunt, another takes its place. When you kill a second, yet another takes *its* place When you kill a third, you are left fighting one enemy only. If you manage to survive all this, you decide to get down the passageway and away from here fast, so turn to 107

172

Roll two dice and add 2. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 190. If the total is greater than your

SKILL, you fall part of the way and hurt yourself by crashing into a rock; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You soon see that you're not the only one to have fallen down here! Turn to **248**

173

Tassaskil places a last spell on the sword and says with exhausted satisfaction, 'Any Demon will fear this sword in your hands!' Note that you gain an extra bonus of 1 point to your SKILL when fighting any Demon. This adds to the basic bonus from the Magic Sword, and makes it a very powerful weapon against Demons! In addition, the sword inflicts an extra point of damage on a Demon – your hits reduce the Demon's STAMINA by 3 points rather than the usual 2 points. You are delighted, and thank Tassaskil for his work. It's time to leave and think about putting this sword to good use. Turn to **94**.

174

The Frost Giant will accept no less than 5 Gold Pieces as a bribe to leave you alone. If you can pay this, you may continue on your way along the valley (turn to **155**) or cut back up to the path above (turn to **132**). If you can't, or won't, pay the Frost Giant, you'll have to fight; turn to **226**.

175

'You are not a man of honour,' Elokinan says in a brusque tone which brooks no contradiction. 'I give you but the smallest sip from the chalice; it will help you, but you will also learn what you missed through your selfishness and lack of concern.' He dips his fingers into an amazingly complex silver and quartz chalice on the table, then sprinkles just a few drops over you. You may regain up to 4 lost STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point, and you know it could have been so very, very much more . . . now Elokinan dismisses you and suddenly you find yourself outside in the snow and ice. Turn to **309**.

176

Coldwarding is a spell which protects you from magical cold attacks. If you take this spell, you will be offered the opportunity to use it later in the adventure, at appropriate times. Return to **360**

177

The barbarians don't threaten you, but they don't seem to be favourably disposed when you speak of being on a

quest 'Another one on a quest,' mutters one of them, 'like the one last week Trampled by a mammoth, he was Don't expect any different for you.' Clearly he is unimpressed by you But at least they aren't hostile, and they are prepared to sell you food: 1 Gold Piece will buy enough for 2 meals, and they will sell up to 3 Gold Pieces' worth. If you buy, adjust your Treasure and Provisions accordingly Then the barbarians fly off; turn to 240

178

Your crossbow bolt is useless; Zeverin has a spell which protects him against such missiles, deflecting them away harmlessly He gets a spell off at you while you're loading and firing your bow Another Lightning Bolt streams from his fingertips, weaker than the first but still strong enough to drain you of 3 points of STAMINA Now what will you do? Will you:

Use a Potion of Flying, if you have one?	Turn to 339
Fire your Wand of Cold at Zeverin (if you have this)?	Turn to 28
Cast a Coldwarding spell to protect yourself, if you can?	Turn to 85
Grip your sword and wait for a chance to fight?	Turn to 372

179

You continue your work until your back and arms ache with the effort Gain 1 HONOUR point, but now you must sit and eat a meal Just as you get up to finish repairing the last few tombs, you espy another Elf-Ghost flying to the attack! You try to point to your work, but this wretched spectre must be half-crazed too, for it will not listen. Its pale, wasted form strikes out implacably at you. Again, you are forced to fight

ELF-GHOST	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, you may complete your work here . but how many more times will you be attacked? Can you endure such assaults? You could not be blamed for heading off elsewhere now. If you want to do this, turn to 3. If you are content to go on toiling here, turn to 21.

180

The Ice Bird's head lifts from under its wing and the creature bursts into song! It trills a few bars, beautifully, and then tucks its head back under its wing again You are mystified by this; but this magical bird obviously has some purpose in the Ice Palace Another curious fact: its wings are now resplendent with rainbow patterns in its ice feathers

—there are ten rainbow arcs, each of seven coloured rays, in either wing (make a note of this). Taking the Ice Bird with you, you leave this tower and search elsewhere. Turn to **23**.

181

Zeverin hurls a glowing blue ball of magical power at you. You know for certain that it's going to kill you, so you just pray that death will be swift and that you will feel little pain. You grip your sword, not because you can fight – Zeverin is too far away – but simply as a reflex. And from the sword the magic drains, forming into a shimmering pool of light between you and Zeverin. An Elven figure forms within this pool, tall and bright with light; and a wave of his hand dissipates Zeverin's spell into nothingness. If you have met Elokinan, you recognize the great Elven lord. If you have not met him before, you know you are in the presence of a spirit of great power and charisma!

Elokinan's hands open gently and a cage of yellow bars of light forms round Zeverin, who howls in rage and frustration. 'Begone,' the Elf-Lord whispers softly. 'There is a prison for you for all eternity,' and the cage and the wizard fade into nothingness. Turn to **400**.

182

You land and attack the skeletal creature, which rends at you with its powerful claws!

DEMONIC SERVANT SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you manage to win two Attack Rounds in a row, the Demonic Servant will collapse into a pile of mouldering bones! If you win, turn to **266**.

183

You climb up the black stone steps to a landing, where you find a heavy door on one side and no other exits. You listen at the door, but can hear nothing. You decide to open it. *Test your Luck*: if you are Lucky, turn to **39**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **313**.

184

'Bless you, friend,' the man croaks, and he does his best to keep up with you, limping along at your side as the Sphere begins to shake itself apart. You get outside just as the Sphere begins to rumble and crack, and as you run you can feel the heat of the reddening Sphere on your back You are only half-way to safety when the Sphere explodes. Your weakened friend is lucky – but you get struck on the head by a lump of rock; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA If you are still alive, turn to 321

185

You wade through the sticky strands, which have an insidious effect on you: they seem to sap your strength and weaken you. You must reduce your SKILL temporarily by 1 point until after your next combat (make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*) But you do force your way through to the inner chamber. Turn to 334.

186

The Dark Elf laughs as he casts a spell upon himself, dodges your missile, and flies down to attack you with his dagger. Turn to 272.

187

You glance inside some deserted and empty warehouses and storage buildings There's nothing of any value or interest to you inside the first few you come to, but you persist with your search Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 131. If you roll any other number, turn to 347

188

Suddenly, and without any warning, a heavy boulder rolls down and pinions your arm, half crushing it. You bite back a cry of pain; luckily the arm isn't broken, but it's badly bruised and very painful. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, and 1 point from your SKILL. The loss of SKILL is temporary: lost SKILL will return after 4 days of adventuring (make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to **86**.

189

Do you have a silver amulet? If you have, you know the name of its original owner. Convert the letters in his name into numbers (A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26) and add them together. Multiply the total by 5, and turn to the paragraph with that number. If you don't have the silver amulet, turn to **88**.

190

You scramble easily down the slope and observe a semi-conscious figure spread awkwardly on the ground. You go over to see how he is; turn to **248**.

191

You edge along the side passage, looking for an alternative route. You see that, beyond an archway hidden in a turning in the passage, it is possible to walk round the edge of the circle of darkness, so you may be able to skirt round it. However, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **12**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **210**.

192

The hand holds on to you for 3 rounds, so you must deduct 6 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, the hand suddenly loosens its grip with a sigh of pleasure at the release. The spirit form of an Elf floats up gently from the mass of twisted steel and ice and blesses you for releasing it from its torment. It explains that it had crafted a great magical sword for one of the mightiest Ice Elf warriors; so, when Zeverin struck at the Ice Elves, he imprisoned this Elf here in punishment. The spirit does not know why it should have incurred such wrath, but perhaps Zeverin fears the sword in some way. The sword is in the Ice Cathedral, and the spirit is about to tell you more when it begins to fade. Bowing its head, it blesses you for releasing it. Gain 1 HONOUR point and 1 LUCK point. Now, will you:

Leave and search the armourer's workshop?	Turn to 30
Leave and search the jeweller's workshop, if you haven't done this already?	Turn to 218
Leave and search some other part of the Ice Palace?	Turn to 23

193

The final blow has been struck, and the demonic form is banished, with an ear-piercing scream of fury and frustration. You are dizzy from the heat and your own exhaustion; you can hardly stand, and blood is welling up from foul claw-rakes on your body. But you have slain and banished the earthly form of a Night Demon, an act which very few of the greatest warriors Titan has ever known could boast of!

Yet you still cannot relax. The fires of the Tower are beginning to cool: the huge central pillar of flame suddenly alters shape most dramatically. Instead of pouring down into the vortex, it cascades out from within the magical swirl and forms a complete ring round the room. There is no way out! What will you do now? If you want to study the magical vortex for any clues or help, turn to **346**. If you want to run out through the ring of fire, and you have a magical ring, turn to **293**. If you want to run out through the ring of fire, and you don't have a magical ring, turn to **247**.

194

You know that a Fire Elemental can destroy at once any weapon you may have, so there's nothing you can do but flee. Roll one die and subtract 1; this is the number of blows you will suffer from the Elemental as it chases you out of here and back up the steps. Each blow inflicts 2 points of damage to your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to **324**.

195

You're going to be lucky to get out of here alive. Roll two dice and add their scores. The total is the number of blows you suffer before you can escape, each one causing 2 points of damage to your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you can add the Ice Keys – there are forty-four of them, so make a note of this number – to your possessions as you manage to slam the doors of the great Cathedral behind you. You cannot return here! Find somewhere else to visit in the Ice Palace (turn to **23**).

196

You burst open the door of the Tower and race up the stairs to where the Dark Elf sniper is lurking. You have to push open a trapdoor at the top of the winding stairs to get into the open air, and the Dark Elf is able to fire one bolt at you at point-blank range; you lose 4 points from your STAMINA. He draws a sword and flies at you, grinning madly, his ebony skin and dark leather armour a stark contrast to the whiteness of the ice and the cloudy, snow-filled sky overhead. If you have already inflicted any damage on the Dark Elf with a crossbow, you can subtract this from his STAMINA score given below.

DARK ELF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **229**.

197

Standing at the anvil is an Elf-spirit who positively radiates power. Stronger of build than most of his kin, the spirit seems to wear the exquisitely fine chainmail he wore in life. He stands straight and tall, and his ghostly eyes gaze deeply into yours. If your HONOUR score is 6 or less, turn to **217**. If it is between 7 and 11 inclusive, turn to **6** If it is 12 or higher, turn to **343**.

198

The Elf-spirit dispatches his whirring, flying butterfly knives at you Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Now you must fight; turn to **359**.

199

The Man-Orc collapses in a bloodied heap at your feet – but there's still the hateful wizard to defeat! He pulls out a dagger to stab you.

WIZARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, something very odd happens: the wizard has no body to fall to the ground with a satisfying thud . . . his form simply fades away – he wasn't real! Turn to **168**.

200

At the threshold of this chamber you see a huge number of multicoloured ice stalactites hanging from a ceiling, partly obscured by a floating icy mist There are dim resonances of music within the chamber, faint echoes of long-dead voices and song. On a platform inside the chamber, in the very middle, is a beautifully sculpted bird, motionless, its head tucked under one of its ice wings. Its claws hold a

book bound in brown leather You want to enter here, but you step forward into an unyielding magical barrier: nothing you do can penetrate it Then you notice several symbols etched into one side of the doorway, and you quickly decipher them into a series of numbers. This sequence is: zero, 1, 10, 35, 84, 205; below this sequence is a seventh row – empty If you can work out the last number correctly, you may be able to gain entrance to this chamber If you know the final number in the sequence, you can carve that number into the ice and enter the chamber: turn to the paragraph with the same number as the final number in this sequence If you can't work this out, you can:

Leave here and enter the left-hand passage, if you haven't done so before	Turn to **351**
Leave the Rainbow Tower and search somewhere else	Turn to **23**
Climb the stairs.	Turn to **242**

201

You open the tomb and take the Ice Sword from the hands of the Elf. It isn't magical, but you have a strong intuition that it has great latent power Add it to your Possessions (and note that it isn't magical). You must lose 1 HONOUR point for tomb-robbing, however. Now you can choose to open another tomb (turn to **101**) or perform some other action (turn to **137**).

202

Your bolt strikes home and ruins the Dark Elf's spell. Make a note that you have struck the Dark Elf with one of your crossbow bolts. Now the hateful Elf is casting a further spell, and you have to roll dice for your Attack Strength and his once more If you have the higher Attack Strength, turn to **9** If he has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **186**.

203

You are swept off the mountain by the avalanche and crushed to death on the rocks below. A tragic end to a promising adventure!

204

The stranger comes closer and begins to weave an enchantment. You stare at the figure both in recognition and in utter disbelief. Zeverin! How many times do you have to kill this monster? Twice now he has cheated you, with illusions and clones of himself, but now the real wizard is upon you. His power is tangible even at some distance. You know that he's going to kill you and that you don't stand a chance. Do you have a magical Ice Sword? If you have, turn to **181**. If you haven't, turn to **151**.

205

The dragon keeps on flying for an hour or so until it reaches the steep valley where the Sphere lies, still smoking and spurting fire. Your 'mount' lands, a little way from the Sphere, and two strange and evil creatures stumble towards you; they look like blue-skinned, frozen Zombies, and they horrify you. The dragon likes them a lot, though. It rises into the air, swoops down, bites their heads off, and picks them up in its claws. 'Two frozen dinners, thanks a lot!' it says. It looks at you meaningfully for a moment, and then shakes its head. 'No, I mustn't have any more, I'll get fat.' The dragon disappears into the distance with its prizes. Turn to **297**.

206

You scout round the back of the cabin, past a toolshed and an outhouse, looking out for anything unusual. You approach the back door on tiptoe, and there is an unmistakable smell of burning: a sulphurous stench which catches in your throat and makes your eyes water. You take a chance and fling open the door, lunging with your sword at the

Smoke Demon which you now see is behind it. Your weapon strikes home; turn to **13** to finish the fight, and you may subtract 2 points from the STAMINA given for the monster in that paragraph.

207

'You are not wise, although your heart is good,' Elokinan says sadly. 'You passed by opportunities which should have been grasped, for the need was great enough. But drink of the draught you need.' He raises his hands; turn to **257**.

208

The wizard seems to be only partly real, but there's nothing about him to indicate why. The Man-Orc misses a swing at you while you're looking, but the wizard sends another dart your way; lose 2 more points from your STAMINA. Turn back to **149** to decide what to do!

209

The old Elf, Lefarel, is beginning to fade. He is weak with age, even as a spirit, but his will shines brightly in his spirit form, and he still has a little time with you. He can tell you what he knows about one – and only one – of the following topics. Make your choice from the list below, and read the paragraph indicated.

Zeverin and his weakness.	Turn to **323**
Control of the Tower of Destruction.	Turn to **231**
Elven magic in the Ice Palace.	Turn to **69**

210

Unfortunately, your somewhat leaden steps or heavy in-drawing of breath must have alerted a guard here From further along the passage a great, black, bat-like creature is swooping down towards you Its claws are extended as if on forearms jutting from its wings, and the teeth in its broad mouth are savagely sharp and backwards-pointing, the better to rend flesh The Demonbat's hot, foetid breath is on your back as you whirl around to fight the monster!

DEMONBAT SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you can backtrack and enter the darkness (turn to **319**) or move cautiously round the edge of the circle of darkness (turn to **12**)

211

You take a swipe at the Ice Mite and smear the little horror all over the floor It disintegrates into ice crystals – but, even as you look down at them, they slowly begin to reassemble themselves! You take back the item the Mite stole from you. (However, if you met the Ice Mite earlier and it took something of yours, you do *not* recover the first item you lost!) This gloomy basement clearly has nothing of interest in it, so will you now enter:

The red beam?	Turn to **252**
The blue beam?	Turn to **274**
The beam of pure darkness?	Turn to **72**
The green beam?	Turn to **364**

212

You set off in a northerly direction, hoping that the creature flying around behind you won't notice you. Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you can press on northwards; turn to **53** If you are Unlucky, the creature flies down to investigate you, so turn to **250**

213

You begin the laborious work of laying the Elven bodies to rest and repairing their graves as best you can. But soon after you begin you feel a cold presence behind you, and you turn around to see a grey, wispy Elf-Ghost flying towards you, its arms extended to strike at your face. You sense the Elf-Ghost is quite insane, perhaps driven mad by whatever destroyed the resting-place of its physical body So you are force to fight it

ELF-GHOST SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, what will you do? You've done a fair bit of repair work here: you could leave and go elsewhere without being dishonourable If you want to do this, turn to **3** If you prefer to continue here, turn to **179**.

214

After fighting the guardian, you look around and inspect the serried ranks of dead young Elves in their frozen resting-places. There isn't anything of value here, and you're not sure whether you'd want to take anything from the icy tombs of these sad-looking young Elves anyway You leave and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace. Turn to **23**

215

Perhaps the Tower of Destruction will pass you by . . . but someone aboard the Tower seems to have other ideas. Snaking down from the sky comes a whirring lasso of burning magical flame which wraps round you and drags you upwards to a tower entrance, where a cloaked skeletal form with burning red eyes waits to rend you with iron-hard hands You must deduct 4 points from your STAMINA because of the pain of the fire, unless you have a magical ring (in which case you suffer no damage from the fire) Turn to **182**

216

Unrolling your fur blanket, you settle down to sleep in the deserted clump of pines. Roll one die If you roll 1 or 2, turn to **340** If you roll any other number, you enjoy a peaceful and uneventful night's sleep, so turn to **289**.

217

The spirit turns away from you 'I will give you no help. Elokinan will be your judge,' and, ignoring anything you may say, Tassaskil fades back into the spirit realm from which he was drawn by your approach There is nothing for you here Turn to 3

218

You stride into the jeweller's workshop – and just manage to avoid bumping into a Dark Elf rummaging through some boxes and cloths in the far corner of the room! The evil Elf at once waves his hands and mutters the words of an incantation: he is no ordinary Dark Elf! Roll dice to determine the Attack Strength scores of both of you as usual in combat (this Dark Elf has SKILL 9). If you have the higher Attack Strength, turn to 389 If the Dark Elf has the higher Attack Strength, turn to 245.

219

You open the door as quickly as you can but you don't outwit the fast-reacting monster In a trice it hurls the glowing rock it is holding right at you! You duck, but you're off balance and the monster is able to get a free hit at you Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA Now you have to hope you're good enough to fight this strange enemy.

BRIMSTONE GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you win, the Golem shatters into chunks of stone which fly everywhere Roll two dice; if the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you dodge the flying shards If the total is greater than your SKILL, you get hit by a flint; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA If you're still alive, a quick search reveals only one item of interest: a gold nugget from one rock, worth 5 Gold Pieces (add this to your Treasure)

The aperture in the wall suddenly flares brightly and begins to pulsate You wonder if the Golem stopping work has been noticed somewhere; time to get a move on! Will you:

Try clambering into the wall aperture?	Turn to 55
Leave, return to the junction, and take the middle path?	Turn to 279
Leave, return to the junction, and take the left-hand path?	Turn to 37

220

While you are distracted, the Man-Orc hits you and you lose 2 points from your STAMINA If you are still alive, you are now able to smash the gem and the wizard begins

to fade away! You realize that he cannot have been fully real. His expression changes to one of fury, and the Man-Orc redoubles his efforts to kill you. You must fight to the death with the Man-Orc, but you don't have to worry about the wizard any more. If you defeat the Man-Orc, turn to **168**.

221

In the dark chamber are a number of ice-crystal sculptures, too delicate and too bulky to carry, and also some wind instruments made of glazed and etched ice. These bear a sheen, as if lacquered in some way, and strike you as very odd. There is also a black robe on a peg; protruding from one of the pockets of the robe is a slender tube of grey metal. You decide to take this and look at it. As you do so, the robe flies to attack you! You have to fight it. When it has hit you twice, it will wrap itself round your face and choke you! This has two effects: first, you will automatically lose 1 point of STAMINA every Attack Round until you can destroy the robe; second, you must subtract 1 point from your SKILL score until you have destroyed the robe. In fact, this is no robe but a Cloak Haunt, a magical monster which camouflages itself to surprise and prey on the unsuspecting. Your body warmth has stirred it from hibernation and may yet warm its guts for a rich meal!

CLOAK HAUNT SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, you take the tube. When you open it, you find a length of slender wood inside. This is a Wand of Cold, and you may use it in combat. It has only 1 charge left, but if you attack an enemy using this wand instead of a sword, it will inflict 5 points of damage on that enemy! Add it to your list of Possessions. Now you continue along the passageway outside this chamber; turn to **88**.

222

As you are scrabbling away, a large bundle of very hostile fur and claws comes snuffling round the corner. The battle-scarred wolverine is hungry and savage, and is known as a maniacal attacker with razor-sharp claws and teeth. Worse still, the horror at once sprays musk over you: filthy, reeking, skunk-like stuff. You must subtract 1 point from your SKILL for the duration of this combat only, nauseated by the stench as you are. The powerful wolverine closes in for the kill, frothing at the mouth and eager for the taste of your blood!

GIANT WOLVERINE SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

If you win, you can continue searching through the homes of the Ice Elves (turn to **263**) or go back and find somewhere else to search in the Ice Palace (turn to **23**).

223

The bolts cut and lacerate one side of your body; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. Now, do you have a Shield of Warding? If you have, turn to **236**. If you haven't, turn to **130**.

224

You struggle through snow at half shin-height; it is hard work, physically draining. By late afternoon, you must eat a meal. After brushing the last crumbs of bread from your frost-rimed furs, you press on again. Suddenly, from your left, you hear a deep rumbling coming from a snowdrift. You half panic: it cannot be an avalanche. It's too far from the mountains . . . It isn't an avalanche. Erupting from the snow is a monstrous, grey-furred Polar Worm, a hungry and aggressive predator. The power of its massive jaws is said to be great enough to rip a horse in two! But it isn't looking directly at you, so maybe you can run and hide behind some heavy drifts near by. Will you attack the monster (turn to **382**) or run for cover (turn to **20**)?

225

You've no idea what to say, so you say something ludicrous. No one in their right mind would think a White Dragon would like fire in any form, and maybe this creature is a pet of the evil wizard! It's really foolish to continue by saying, 'There are much better meals than me along this trail to the smoky valley – I can show you *lots* of people to eat!' Unbelievably, the dragon falls for it. 'Really? Let's go and have a look then,' it says, wagging its tail and inviting you to climb aboard. A mixture of disbelief and relief floods through you, and you clamber on to the dragon and fly up and away. Gain 1 LUCK point! Turn to **205**.

226

The sneering Frost Giant clearly thinks you will be easy meat. It is up to you to teach him otherwise!

FROST GIANT SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 60.

227

You rise into the air, just out of range of the Great Golem's massive fists. You could try one of several options now. Will you:

Try to fly past the Golem to the stairs opposite?	Turn to 367
Let fly at the Golem with some crossbow bolts, if you can?	Turn to 241
Leave a Stone Jaguar on the ground to fight for you, if you have one?	Turn to 353

228

You open the tomb and reach in for the wand, but the wood had turned brittle and rotted in the cold and damp, and it snaps in your hand. It is useless to you. Lose 1 HONOUR point for tomb-robbing. You can choose to open another tomb (return to 101 to select one you haven't opened yet) or perform some other action (turn to 137).

229

The Dark Elf has something which you decide to take: a beautifully decorated Shield of Warding, a magical shield. This will often deflect missiles – crossbow bolts, rocks, thrown spears and the like – away from the user of the shield so that these attacks cause no damage. This applies even to magical missiles conjured by spells which have the word 'bolt' in their name – you should make a note of this

in case you get hit by one at some time in the future! If you use the shield, you may roll two dice when such an attack is used against you. If you roll 2–8, the shield will deflect the attack and you will suffer no damage. If you roll 9 or above, the shield will not deflect the attack and you will suffer damage as instructed in the relevant paragraph.

You find that the rooms in the Tower itself have obviously been looted. Doors are knocked down, and ice decorations and sculptures smashed and defaced. Searching the Tower, you discover a sealed ice door at the base of the Tower which bears some Elven runes you cannot read. This seems to be the only part of the place that hasn't been desecrated; there is a periodic groaning sound coming from the other side of the door. Do you want to try opening this door (turn to 277) or do you think better of it and find somewhere else to search (turn to 23)?

230

Most of the dark-skinned servants of Zeverin simply want to make good their escape, but the slim, robed figure turns on you with a snarl and draws his sword. After everything you have endured, to be forced to fight again . . . Fortunately, the man doesn't look strong, but he is swift and you must avoid the cutting edge of his weapon!

TOWER SERVANT SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, you take one of the magical harnesses, put it on, and jump through the archway into space. Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 330. If you are Unlucky, turn to 259.

231

'I have learnt something of the Tower from servants of our spirits far, far away. The heart of the Tower is beyond the Blackwall in its centre, and here its demonic controller organizes the forces which propel it and cause destruction below it. The controller is a great Demon of immortal power and force; a mortal opponent must have the most powerful magic created here to have any hope of banishing him! The Tower is already heading for Allansia and will not be delayed long. You will not need to walk from this spot to find it; it is the place Zeverin wishes to destroy first. You will need to be able to fly to reach the Tower, however.' Turn to **255**

232

You know better than to pick up a whip or sword of a Demon: among the rubble and rubbish in this chamber, however, you find a metal chest, warm to the touch but which you can open safely. While you are doing so you hear sounds coming from one of the walls, a humming and throbbing, and what sounds like the crunch of metal striking metal and a shouted curse. The control room, or the leaders, of this contraption must be on this level! If only there were a door here – but there isn't, only the one you came in by.

Returning to the chest, you grab 6 Gold Pieces and a flask of dark liquid; this is a Potion of Fire Breath. You can drink this at any time (except during combats) and, in the first combat you come to afterwards, for three Attack Rounds you will be able to breath fire at the same time as using a weapon. Each Attack Round, you must roll one die; on a

roll of 1–4 your breath will strike your enemy and cause 2 points of damage to its STAMINA (on a roll of 5 or 6, you miss!). This must be done in the *first* combat you have after drinking this potion. Fire Breath won't hurt Fire Elementals or Demons, though! If you want to take this potion, add it to your list of Possessions.

You leave here and take the stairs down to the next floor. You decide that there's no point in heading further down – you want to find a way back up. You head along the corridor to the point where you first came to the main junction. Standing facing in the same direction as when you entered, do you want to try the left-hand turning (turn to **37**) or the right-hand turning (turn to **118**)?

233

In the smashed-up and scorched main room of the log cabin an old man lies, gasping for breath, his singed robes half covering his clawed and wounded frail body. He is clearly beyond your help, but he beckons you to him. 'Demon,' he gasps, 'servant of Zeverin. Madman, bringing the Hells to this world . . . fiery Sphere his. Servants . . . mindless. Demons, spawn of life-in-death. Terrible, pitiless . . . Ice Palace. The answer is in the Ice Palace.' His eyes stare wildly at you; his death is upon him. 'Bottom drawer of desk . . . magic, help . . .' He is about to say more, clawing at your arm with his right hand, when he slumps back in your arms, dead.

Tasrin is wearing a simple silver ring; it is of no further use to him now, so you take it (add Tasrin's Ring to your Possessions). Laying his body down, you go over to the

desk and find the key to open the bottom drawer. Inside is a potion bottle – this contains a single Potion of Stamina When you drink it, you recover STAMINA points equal to half your *Initial* total, rounding fractions up (so that, if your *Initial* STAMINA was 19, drinking this potion could give you back up to 10 points of lost STAMINA). You cannot exceed your *Initial* STAMINA by drinking this potion. You may drink this at any time except during combat A pouch of 3 Gold Pieces is here too (add this to your Treasure). You also find sufficient Provisions for 4 meals in the kitchen here.

It's now late in the day; after you have buried the sage's body as best you can, you lock the doors, bolt the windows, and sleep here Next morning you head off northwestwards to get back on the trail of the Sphere. Turn to **354**.

234

The Dark Elf casts two more spells, the first upon himself, then a Lightning Bolt which causes 5 points of damage to your STAMINA! If you're still alive, it's too late to run. He's flying down and he aims to kill you with his dagger! Turn to **272**.

235

The afternoon passes slowly; you soon work up a sweat as you stumble along paths littered with treacherous rocks half hidden under a blanket of snow. The smoky, hazy valley of the Sphere seems never to get any closer, and you haven't made much progress by nightfall. But you do manage to find a cave, and within it is a little dry wood, a flint and some tinder You bless the traveller who left this here for others to find, and soon you have a small fire cheering you with its warmth You can even warm the Provisions you use for the meal you must eat here. Soon the warmth of the fire makes you doze off, and you get a good night's rest. Turn to **308**.

236

The other arc of magical bolts spreads out around the shield, which flares brightly; then the bolts disintegrate into nothingness! Relem looks furious and prepares to dive at you; turn to **147**

237

The wisps of smoke form into vaguely humanoid form, and the creature radiates hatred and malice It glides over towards you and tries to choke the life out of you!

SMOKE WRAITH SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, you may enter the spherical chamber and search it thoroughly (turn to 71) or return to the original three-way junction (turn to 379).

238

Unfortunately the small silver object seems to be repelled from you and moves away through the air. No matter how fast you fly, you can't get at it. You'll either have to solve the puzzle (turn back to 14 if you want to see the clock-faces again) or enter one of the light beams (turn to 300).

239

The Elf-spirit flings the whirring, buzzing blades at you, causing 2 points of damage to your STAMINA You are forced to fight. Turn to 359

240

After a further two hours or so, you hear some howling and snarling, and a scream echoes from behind some rocks to your south. Obviously, an unpleasant fight is going on there, with a lot of creatures – which sound as if they could be wolves – involved. Will you dash off and enter the fray (turn to 361) or sneak quietly past and keep going on your way (turn to 105)?

241

Only magical bolts are of any use against the Great Golem If you have any of these, you must still roll two dice and add 2 each time you fire one. If the total you roll is less than or equal to your SKILL, you hit the Golem and inflict damage to its STAMINA. If the total you roll is greater than your SKILL, you miss the swerving Golem. You can fire all the magical bolts you have without the Golem being able to retaliate Make a note of how many points of damage to its STAMINA you inflict on it. If you manage to inflict 16 or more points of damage, you have destroyed it; turn to 87. Otherwise, when you've finished firing at the Golem, will you:

Go down to fight, hand-to-hand?	Turn to 296
Try to fly past it to the stairs opposite?	Turn to 367
Place a Stone Jaguar on the ground to finish the Golem off, if you have one?	Turn to 353

242

You clamber on to the last icy step, carefully minding how you go all the way up, and find yourself in the airy ceiling dome of the Tower of Rainbow Ice Above you, the roof is lost in what appear to be clouds and sky, which must surely be a magical illusion of some kind The floor and walls are of frosted ice, and there is little of interest here – save for a single object hanging from the ceiling. From the 'clouds' hangs a metal chain, on the end of which is a bronze incense-burner, hanging some seven metres up in the air There is, you now notice, a faint smell of incense in this chamber. If you don't want to get the incense and burner, you set off back down the stairs; turn to 57. If you want

the incense, there are various possibilities for lowering the incense-burner to a point where you can get it Will you try:

Using a crossbow bolt (if you have one) to sever the chain?	Turn to 394
Using a Potion of Flying (if you have one) to get at the incense-burner?	Turn to 22
Using a Linkcut spell (if you know one) to sever the chain?	Turn to 249

If you have none of the above, there's nothing you can do here, so you have to leave and take the stairs back down: turn to 57.

243

The ring protects you from the worst of Relem's fiery onslaught, but against Demon Magic the ring can't wholly save you. Roll one die; this is the number of points of STAMINA you lose Relem is on you now, and you must draw your sword and fight for your life and soul! If you have an Ice Bird, turn to 141. If you haven't, turn to 275.

244

The grizzly is a large, battle-scarred bear, some three metres tall on its treetrunk-thick hind legs It has seen off the vicious, snarling timber wolves of these lands many

times, and this shaggy monster pits its raking talons and brute power fearlessly against you!

GRIZZLY BEAR SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, you go back to sleep. You awaken to a fresh, cold morning; turn to 289.

245

A small cloud of stinking, noxious yellow gas flies out of the Dark Elf's hands across the room, and catches you full in the face. Your eyes stream with tears and, coughing and spluttering, you are weakened. You must fight the first four rounds of the combat with your SKILL reduced by 2 points! Turn to 35.

246

You set off into the increasingly mountainous terrain of the Icefinger Mountains. This is not hard work, and you must stop and eat two meals during the day. But no hazards or enemies beset you, and that night you sleep peacefully in a rock gully. Next day, you must eat another meal at breakfast time. Then your trek continues, and by mid-morning you are faced with a choice of two routes to your destination: will you take the safe, broad, valley route (turn to 40) or go along a rocky path which winds its way higher up the rock face (turn to 16)?

247

The superhot fire sears your skin and inflicts terrible damage on you. Deduct 10 points from your STAMINA! If you are still alive, you rush out through the chamber where the chilling webs are melting away, round the edge of the

sphere of darkness, and find yourself at the junction of two passages. One leads back and down to the Golem room, the other into a part of the Tower you haven't visited yet. The shaking of the Tower tells you you *must* hurry! Will you head for the Golem room (turn to 19) or take the other passage (turn to 38)?

248

The half-conscious man lying here is a local, a fur-clad barbarian. Judging by the bloodied feathers at his belt, he's a clansman of the Bloodied Eagle tribe, one not noted for its friendly attitude to outsiders. But he is in pain, concussed and with an ugly wound to his head. He's very shaky and vulnerable. Will you:

Dress his wound and then leave him, climbing back up to the trail?	Turn to 235
Clean his wound and stay with him to make sure he's all right?	Turn to 90
Kill him and steal his belongings?	Turn to 117

249

You cast your spell and the heavy metal chain snaps with a loud noise. You hurry forward to catch the falling (and heavy!) incense-burner. Now you must roll two dice: if the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you catch it safely; if the total is greater than your SKILL, you catch the incense-burner safely – but it hits you hard in the chest, and you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Either way, add the incense-burner to your Possessions. Now you leave and descend the stairs; turn to 57.

250

Circling around to land in front of you is a small White Dragon – small by dragon standards, but very, very big by yours. It eyes you disdainfully 'Can you think of a good reason why I shouldn't have some nice iced human for tea?' it asks laconically. What will you do in this situation?

Offer the dragon Gold Pieces (if you have some)?	Turn to 276
Attack the dragon?	Turn to 122
Try some brilliant conversational gambit?	Turn to 362

251

Do you have a mark on your forehead? If you have, turn to 264. If you haven't, turn to 128.

252

The beam chills you as you enter it, and it hurts like crazy! Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for the pain and shock. The beam has dumped you outside the Tower of Airy Light. You can re-enter at ground-floor level (turn to 381) or find somewhere else to search in the Ice Palace (turn to 23).

253

The Elf-spirit dexterously flings the whirring butterfly knives through the air at you. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, and you must fight, so turn to 359.

254

The creator of the Sphere has had extra time in which to create guardians and monsters here; one of them lunges at you as soon as you open the secret door. It takes you by

surprise, so you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA because of its unexpected attack The expressionless face of a Zombie stares at you; since its body, that of a northern barbarian, has not yet decomposed, it is tougher than most Zombies!

BARBARIAN ZOMBIE SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 135

255

Lefarel is trying hard to tell you more before his spirit fades. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to 298 If you are Unlucky, turn to 355

256

Roll two dice If you roll 8 or below, turn to 338. If you roll 9 or above, your bolt does 2 points of damage to the STAMINA of the Dark Elf, so turn back to 47.

257

You drink deeply from the chalice Elokinan holds in his hands; a beautiful, sumptuously crafted vessel, the light dancing in its chalcedony, silver filigree and moonstones The draught is powerful magic and works its way through all your muscles and sinews, blood and bone. It raises both your *Initial* and current STAMINA to 23 (unless your *Initial* score was already 24 anyway!), and you also gain 1 LUCK point Elokinan draws back the chalice, and he has yet more to give you; turn to 285

258

There is definitely something wrong here There is only a faint wisp of woodsmoke coming from the chimney, and there is a definite aura of evil about the place – weak, yet discernible. So will you:

Back off and head away from this place?	Turn to 154
Sneak carefully around, looking for clues?	Turn to 206
Walk up to the front door and open it?	Turn to 13

259

Unfortunately, a crossbow shot, from one of a group of Tower servants who are running in to get the harnesses, hits you in the back as you're jumping out of the Tower. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 330.

260

You at once assume the appearance of an Elf, if for but a few minutes. Even to your own eyes, you shrink in stature, you look more slender, your limbs are slim and lithe and, if you could see them, your ears would look pointed. The illusion is very complete. Unfortunately, Ice Golems, being mindless, are not fooled by illusions. You walk up to it and it hits you; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You've wasted a good potion for nothing: lose 1 LUCK point. You now have to fight (turn to 333) or flee and search elsewhere (turn to 23).

261

Sprinkling salt as you go melts some of the ice for a minute or two and exposes the stone below, so that you can walk safely – if very slowly – down the slope. Cross the bag of salt off your Possessions. Turn to 370.

262

The mood of the barbarians relaxes as the chieftain emerges from his trance. They reach for the hollow walrus tusks which hold the akvavit, and start talking and joking again. A cheer goes up as a figure approaches: not a barbarian, but a merchant with the familiar patter of a man of Zengis selling his wares. He is making a goodly sum selling

akvavit, for sure! But he does have some other items you may want to buy, if you have the cash. If you have anything you think you could sell him, turn to 369. If you want to consider buying something, turn to 7. If you're not in the mood for buying and selling, and just to settle down for a night's sleep, turn to 280.

263

Further searching turns up nothing of interest or value; just as you have decided to give up and search somewhere else, however, a very pale spectral figure drifts from a doorway and calls out to you in a pitifully faint voice. The face of the Elf-spirit is filled with sadness, and his hands are held out in supplication. 'My father,' he whispers, 'buried under the machines in the workshops, punished by Zeverin . . . he needs life-energy to rescue him . . . don't leave him in eternal agony, I beg you.' The spirit is already fading away, its image dissolving before your eyes. 'Help him, help him. And beware the evil one in the Great Tower . . .' The last few words drift away into the silence of the chill air. What will you do now? Will you:

Make straight for the workshops?	Turn to 2
Head for the Great Tower?	Turn to 278
Set off for some other part of the Ice Palace?	Turn to 357

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Make straight for the workshops?	Turn to 2
Head for the Great Tower?	Turn to 278
Set off for some other part of the Ice Palace?	Turn to 357

264

Elokinan holds out his arms in greeting. 'Come, my friend, you are good of heart and you have suffered to return my people to peace I give you a gift of greatness,' and between his hands is a great chalice of silver, chalcedony and moonstones, brimming over with a nectar so sweet and intoxicating to the senses you long to drink it. He holds the chalice as you drink deeply from its draught

You almost reel back as the superhuman power of the magical liquid courses through your entire body You feel almost impossibly strong and enduring. This draught raises both your *Initial* and current STAMINA scores to 25, and grants you 2 LUCK points as well! Elokinan looks delighted and pleased, and he has yet more for you Turn to 285.

265

Walking round the Ice Palace, you find that it is rectangular, with a tower at each of the four corners, the gatehouse in the middle of one of the long walls, and a huge tower in the middle of the other long wall. There appears to be a door at the base of that big central tower, so you can enter there (turn to 138) or go in through the gatehouse (turn to 4).

266

On tiptoe, you move quietly down a smoothly sculpted passageway of black stone, lit only by a dull red glow which emanates from within the stone itself – as does the oppressive heat in this place. Above you, infernal engines whir and hum You move cautiously towards a bend in the passage leading to the left There's a closed door to your

right facing down the passageway, and an open doorway, just visible in the gloom, half-way down in the distance. Will you:

Open the closed door?	Turn to 171
Walk on and look through the open doorway?	Turn to 376
Walk on past the open doorway?	Turn to 143

267

Not only does your blow manage to miss the gem, but the Man-Orc strikes you with his scimitar and you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The wizard, mercifully, misses you with the magical dart he flings this round. You can either lash out at the gem again (turn to 133) or give up and concentrate your attack on the Man-Orc instead (turn to 8).

268

You help, bandaging the injured and comforting the survivors, and then you hear a feeble cry coming from a pile of rubble – a child's cry for help. You scrabble frantically at the rocks and manage to get a cowering girl out from a cellar after an hour of hard work. But the brickwork and stones are very loose, and now you must *Test your Luck*! If you are Lucky, turn to 86. If you are Unlucky, turn to 188.

269

Roll two dice and total them; this is the number of points of STAMINA you lose as a result of Relem's furious onslaught. Now Relem's massive iron-hard claws are within attack range and you must fight! If you have an Ice Bird, turn to 141. If you don't have this, turn to 275.

270

On your left-hand side you see that part of the wall along this ice passageway is an illusion, concealing an arched entrance into a dark chamber beyond. If you want to enter this chamber, turn to 221. If you would rather continue along this passageway, turn to 88.

271

You are now in hand-to-hand combat with the wizard, Zeverin, who draws a short but wickedly curved sword to fight you. He's lean and wiry, and at close range you can see that the muscles in his sword-arm are taut and stronger than you'd expect from a wizard. He's going to be no pushover, so don't forget to subtract any STAMINA from the total given below if you've been able to do any damage to him before now!

ZEVERIN	SKILL 10	STAMINA 13

If you win, turn to 325.

272

The wiry Dark Elf leader is lithe and swift, and you have a very dangerous opponent on your hands! If you have struck him with any crossbow bolts, you may reduce the number of points from the STAMINA given for him below (2 points for each normal bolt hit, some extra if you have used one or more Magic Bolts).

DARK ELF LEADER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 9

When the Dark Elf's STAMINA score falls to 2 or 1, he will throw down his dagger and plead with you not to kill him. If you are determined to kill him anyway, turn to 384. If you

are prepared to spare his life, turn to **356**. If the blow which reduces his STAMINA below 3 actually kills him, turn to **310**

273

You are woken at dawn by a tottery Aliades. His breath is coming in ragged gasps and he can barely stand, yet he has just finished casting a spell on you, and he thrusts a vial, labelled 'Potion of Stamina', into your hand. This single potion can be drunk at any time, except during a combat, and it will restore STAMINA points equal to one-half of your *Initial* STAMINA score, rounding fractions up. Then the mage falls to the ground.

You get out of bed and light a lamp. Aliades is dead, his body afflicted by a terrible withering disease. You know somehow that Zeverin has had his revenge – and you can only be thankful that, for some reason, he hasn't been able

to strike at you too. You gather your gear together and say a quiet prayer for poor Aliades. Then you fill your backpack with the Provisions he put out for you up to its full carrying capacity (10 meals). You step outside – and again you are somewhere else, this time in the middle of an ice tundra. Remembering the map Aliades showed you, you guess you are about half way to the Ice Palace; this must be the effect of Aliades' final spell, you surmise. Turn to **27**.

274

You find yourself outside the Tower of Airy Light. You can re-enter it (turn to **381**) or find somewhere else to search in the Ice Palace (turn to **23**).

275

At the final count, it is your heart, courage and sword against the inhuman, monstrous strength of the Night Demon. Lose this battle and physical death will be the least of your worries. On a successful hit, Relem will inflict 3 points of damage to your STAMINA!

RELEM SKILL 14 STAMINA 25

If your STAMINA falls to 6 or below and you have struck Relem at least twice with an Ice Sword, turn to **312**. If you win, turn to **193**.

276

You offer the dragon all the Gold Pieces you have, and it accepts them. Then it looks you over with complete contempt and breathes frosted ice breath all over you; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. You have to fight it, so turn to **122**.

277

You push the door, and it gives way – but not because of your pushing, you realize too late! Beyond is a series of small tombs of translucent ice, with tiny Elven forms visible within them. The air is full of hanging snowflakes, suspended in mid-air, gently swirling round a central stalactite shrouded in icicles. The guardian of this mausoleum has opened the door to admit you, and his aim is to kill you for entering this burial place. The Elf-Ghost, appearing as an Elf of great age in a shroud which falls away into nothingness, reaches out for you with its spectral hands. You must fight it here.

ELF-GHOST SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

Each time the Elf-Ghost strikes you, you must roll one die. If you roll 1–3, the blow drains you of the usual 2 points of STAMINA. If you roll 4–6, the blow *also* drains you of 1 SKILL point! An Elf-Ghost is a very dangerous enemy indeed! If you want to flee from this combat, you can do so; turn to **144**. If you win, turn to **214**.

278

You walk along the broad promenade of ice which leads to the massive Great Tower. A high, spired roof reaches far into the bright sky, and the many decorations along the walls don't detract from the impression of robustness and strength this strong Tower gives. There are heavy doors of green-veined ice facing you, which you push open with surprising ease. You step into the ground-floor level of the Tower.

Ice furnishings decorate this huge chamber, and the roof is supported by huge pillars of ice. Stone steps lead down to a door in a basement, and a spiral ice staircase winds upwards to another door above. You begin to take in the details of this chamber, and your eye is caught by a small stone statuette perched on one of the ice tables. It is a black jet model of a jaguar, and its head has turned to look at you! The Tower's magical guardian transforms instantly into a great stone cat and leaps towards you. You must fight it.

STONE JAGUAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **124**.

279

You hurry on down a very long, meandering passageway, which eventually opens into a circular chamber of black rock. Around the smooth walls are bronze rails, and a circular stone staircase cut into both floor and ceiling leads up and down. Will you take the steps leading up (turn to **183**) or those leading down (turn to **116**)?

280

You sleep peacefully in the barbarian camp, and next day they generously give you up to 3 portions of Provisions to help you on your way. They also give you a flask of akvavit (add this to your Possessions). This is stunning stuff and it has the following effects: you regain up to 5 points of lost STAMINA, and drinking it gives you such amazing confidence in your own prowess that you can add 1 to your SKILL for the first combat after drinking it, but for this combat only! You can empty the flask at any time except during a combat. Thanking the barbarians for their gifts, you make your way back to the trail leading to the valley of the Sphere and, soon after midday, you find yourself back on it. Turn to **235**.

281

You spot that some Elven figures are oddly carved, and you just manage to spring back before they magically animate for an instant and strike at you. If you want to continue, turn to **385**, but if you think better of it and choose to retrace your steps, turn to **3**.

282

Further north, the Sphere has left a trail of melted snow and ice which is already freezing over again; as you plough ahead, the sun sets at the end of the day and a biting wind springs up from the north. You look around, hoping you may find shelter in the straggly clumps of pine trees dotted around. These trees look only slightly singed: the Sphere must have been flying a little higher here. You hear what sounds like the hooting of a Snow Owl on your right; you could try the trees on that side (turn to **299**) or the ones on your left (turn to **216**).

283

You fire your bolts at Zeverin, who fires off spells in reply. Work out Attack Strengths for both of you as normal (Zeverin has SKILL 10). If you have the higher Attack Strength, your bolt causes the usual damage (4 points). If Zeverin has the higher Attack Strength, he fires magical spheres at you which cause you to lose 3 points from your STAMINA. Make a note of how many points of damage you have inflicted on the STAMINA of Zeverin for when you fight him later! You can kill Zeverin with four successful magical bolt hits, and, if you do, turn to **325**; but if you run out of magical bolts or wish to change strategy, will you:

Use a Potion of Flying, if you have one?	Turn to **339**
Fire your Wand of Cold at Zeverin (if you have this)?	Turn to **28**
Cast a Coldwarding spell to protect yourself, if you can?	Turn to **85**
Grip your sword and wait for a chance to fight?	Turn to **372**

284

Suddenly, you hear a faint moan coming from a chamber beyond the one you are searching. It is very dark in there, and the moaning sounds truly fearful; a chill runs down your spine. What will you do now? Will you:

Enter the darkened chamber?	Turn to **49**
Search the jeweller's workshop, if you haven't done so already?	Turn to **218**
Search the armourer's workshop?	Turn to **30**
Leave this area and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace?	Turn to **23**

285

Elokinan draws off a draught from the chalice into a small vial. 'Many are its magics,' he says softly, holding up the vial of golden liquid in front of your eyes. The liquid dances with motes of blue light, and Elokinan tells you the magic within is that of invisibility. 'Drink this before you ascend to the Tower,' he murmurs, 'it will conceal your flight, and even that of any flying mount you may have.'

Now, if you have a magical Ice Sword, it is time for Elokinan to return you to the outside, to wait for the Tower; turn to 309. If you don't have a magical Ice Sword, but you have a sword of ice you found in the Ice Cathedral, turn to 42. If you have neither, again it's time to return to the surface; turn to 309.

286

Within the gloomy recesses of the room, a pillar of fire suddenly bursts into prominence. A black-winged humanoid figure, with the horns and hoofs of a great goat and bearing a huge whip and sword, snarls fury at you. You have chanced upon a Fire Demon! Turn to 375.

287

You enter the forbidding Tower of Black Ice, lightless and oppressive, using your lantern for light. Looking upwards, there appears to be no way of ascending; above you all is blackness and chill. A narrow set of steps, leading downwards, is cut into the icy floor. Even from where you stand, a powerful sense of evil rises from that staircase. You are sure that some dread evil lurks down there! Will you:

Leave here and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace?	Turn to 23
Search this chamber thoroughly?	Turn to 317
Go down the steps?	Turn to 127

288

If you have an incense-burner, turn to 383. If you don't have this, turn to 56.

289

The trail continues northwards, with no sign of the Sphere itself. But there are plentiful signals of its passing in the blackened trees, the frozen pools and slush, and in the smell of burning here. The grimness of the scene matches the grimness of your face as you doggedly follow the trail. Turn to 378.

290

You swallow your Potion of Flying and rise into the air, heading for the Tower. Now, if you have a Potion of Invisibility, turn to 51. If you don't have this, turn to 391.

291

At the end of the day you find a small, dry cave to shelter in, and now you must eat another meal. This night you sleep fitfully, dreaming of icy spires and towers, a castle of pure ice which lies, snow-capped, on a plain of bone-numbing coldness and lifelessness. You wake up suddenly, feeling rather apprehensive, and now you must eat another meal to keep your strength up. Then you set off, hoping your goal cannot be far off; turn to 27.

292

You enter the gatehouse proper and race up the steps At their top you meet not just one enemy, but two – Dark Elves! You must fight them one after the other as they stand at the top of the stairs If you wounded one earlier with bowfire, he will be the second Dark Elf, and you should alter his STAMINA score accordingly

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DARK ELF	8	6
Second DARK ELF	8	7

If you win, you can search the Dark Elves and the rest of the gatehouse, but there is nothing of value here save for a little food (add 1 to your Provisions). Dark Elf crossbows are too light for you to use effectively. There is no clue as to what Dark Elves are doing here, so far from their usual homes You head outside and into the main courtyard of the Ice Palace Turn to **23**

293

The superhot fire sears your skin and inflicts damage on you, although your ring saves you from the worst Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you rush out through the chamber where the chilling webs are melting away, round the edge of the sphere of darkness, and find yourself at the junction of two passages One leads back and down to the Golem room, the other into a part of the Tower you haven't been into yet The shaking of the Tower tells you you *must* hurry! Will you head for the Golem room (turn to **19**) or take the other passage (turn to **38**)?

294

Your surroundings change very suddenly, as does the temperature. Instead of being out of doors in frozen terrain under a slate-grey sky, you find yourself in a pleasant study. 'Brrr, cold in here,' says Aliades and snaps his fingers; a fire bursts into life in the formerly empty grate. Another wave of the hand, a pitcher of mulled wine is on the table, together with bread and cheese and cold meat. You can eat as much as you wish while you rest here, enough to return your STAMINA to its full *Initial* level.

Aliades finds a map and sits down to pore over it with you. 'I can think of only one way to stop Zeverin in the time you have left. You'll have to go to the Ice Palace. It's nearly eighty kilometres, to the north-east.' You look over the map and memorize its contents. 'It's the resting place of the Ice Elves, their last great mausoleum, sculpted from pure ice by Elokinan. There were always three great Elves in their numbers: the Clan Chief, the High Mage and the Architect, the sculptor of their homes and lives. Elokinan played all three roles, and he was among the very last of his people.

'There is magic in the Ice Palace which you will have to find and take. There may be clues too, for Zeverin studied under Elokinan in one of his past lives. You'll need what you may find in the tombs there – but you'll have to be wary of offending the spirits of their dead.' Aliades suddenly looks very tired. 'Time to rest now,' he says; you're half asleep yourself. At least you can sleep safely tonight. Turn to 273

295

You climb the staircase and open the door at the top. It swings open into a room covered with wall-to-wall ice etchings and sculptures of breathtaking quality. Pillars of delicately coloured, veined ice reach to the ceiling in sweeping lines, and what seems to be an organ made of massive icicles stands at one side of the room. There is a spiral staircase opposite you, again leading upwards. Unfortunately, you're not alone here. Hovering in mid-air, well out of your sword range, is a Dark Elf wearing a vicious and most unnerving grin. Clad in fine deep-blue robes and with a silver dagger at his belt, the Dark Elf is about to cast a spell. He is a highly superior Dark Elf! What will you do now? Will you:

Run from here and flee from the Great Tower?	Turn to 336
Draw a crossbow (if you have one) and fire at the Dark Elf?	Turn to 326
Issue a challenge to him to come down and fight?	Turn to 156

296

In this chamber, you are unsure of your footing on the curved floor: you must temporarily subtract 1 from your SKILL for the duration of this combat. The Great Golem has no such problems, of course, and it is more agile and much faster than you. Trying to defeat this huge thing isn't going to be easy! If you have a Stone Jaguar and want it to help you in combat, turn to 353. Otherwise, fight alone!

GREAT GOLEM SKILL 11 STAMINA 16

When the Great Golem hits you, roll one die; if you roll 5

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GREAT GOLEM SKILL 11 STAMINA 16

When the Great Golem hits you, roll one die; if you roll 5

or 6, it inflicts 3 points of STAMINA damage to you, rather than the usual 2, due to its great strength. If you win, you cross to the far side of the chamber and leave by the far stairs. Turn to **87**.

297

You are now heading straight towards the Sphere, and there isn't a great deal of cover directly ahead. You can continue in the same way (turn to **344**) or sweep around to approach the Sphere from the other side, where there appears to be better concealment for an approach (turn to **398**).

298

If you have a bronze medallion, turn to **169**. If you don't have a bronze medallion, but you do have a silver brooch, turn to **159**. If you have neither, turn to **355**.

299

Entering the group of pines, you see a huge, ghostly-white Snow Owl perched on a tall tree straight ahead. Its amber eyes glimmer in the shadows of dusk. These great birds are very territorial, so you may want to back away and make for the other group of pines (turn to **216**), or you can move ahead regardless (turn to **125**).

300

Which beam will you enter now? Will it be:

The green beam?	Turn to **252**
The blue beam?	Turn to **167**
The red beam?	Turn to **274**

301

This form of the Healing spell allows you to recover between 2 and 7 points of lost STAMINA: when you cast it, roll one die and add 1 to the number rolled. Return to **360**.

302

Your sword sweeps in an arc, as if independent of your command, and slices one spray of bolts into nothingness! But the others are circling in. If you have a Shield of Warding, turn to **236**. If you don't have this, turn to **130**.

303

Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **349**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you find nothing here, so turn back to **116** and choose another action.

304

Through diligent searching you at last turn up a small box with four crossbow bolts made of blue ice sealed inside thin glass tubes. If you want to take these weapons (which are no use to you if you don't have a crossbow!) you may; add them to your Possessions. Each bolt is enchanted so that it causes 4 points of damage to the STAMINA of an enemy when it hits successfully. You must make a note of the fact when you use one of these bolts, and cross off used ones from your Possessions when you fire them. Turn to **284** to continue your search here.

305

The Elf-spirit bows towards you, ushers you into the main chamber, and fades into nothingness. A little apprehensively, you step forward into the light. Turn to **197**.

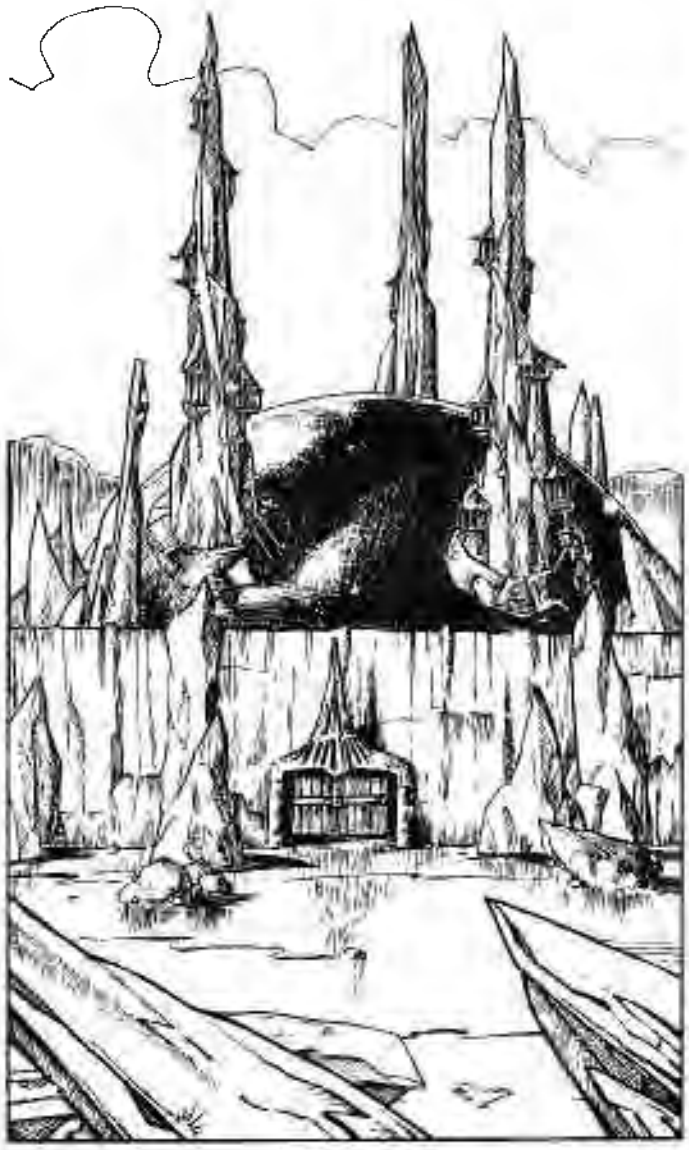

306

At the end of the day you finally find somewhere to lay down your blanket and get some sleep. Sleepy as you are, however, your eyes are drawn to the plateau, which is now below you. For a moment you believe you saw the Ice Palace itself, a huge building of astonishing beauty – and sinister atmosphere. It wasn't just the cold which caused a shiver to run along your spine. But then it was gone; was it just a mirage? In the pit of your stomach you know it was real but must be hidden by illusion, so that you cannot see it if you look for it.

You must eat a meal before you sleep, and another in the morning If you have dogs with you, they will not go any further; they whine and cringe away from the plateau ahead, so you must leave them (and the sled) behind You begin the descent on to the plateau of ice

You walk for most of the day until you are tired and your eyes are stinging from the glare of the sun on snow You can hardly think straight because of fatigue and the bitter cold, which is perhaps why you finally see the Ice Palace looming up only a few score metres in front of you. It takes your breath away: magnificent spire-shaped towers rise into the azure sky, a dome of rainbow-swirled ice rises into the air behind the ice walls, and intricate guttering, roofwork and sculpted details everywhere catch the eye. Before you is a stout gatehouse with gates of ice; will you try to gain entry here (turn to **138**) or scout around, looking for another way to get in (turn to **265**)?

307

You think that you have managed to find an open entrance, close to the base of the Tower, which has no guard – but you are surprised by a cloaked and cowled, skeletal creature with sparkling red eyes which flings a spear at you as you fly closer Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA If you are riding on a Pegasus, turn to **78** If you aren't, turn to **182**

308

In the morning, you must eat a meal. Then you go outside to stretch your legs – and the first thing that catches your eye is a winged shape in the sky, just to the south It looks sizeable and, if it's a White Dragon, then it's a formidable beast indeed You decide to wait for an hour and then look again; but when you venture outside once more, the creature is still there, circling in the sky. What are you going to do? You can set off outside and head north (turn to **212**) or stay inside the cave (turn to **387**)

309

You are standing just outside the gates of the Ice Palace, looking up into a cloudy blue sky. As you are getting your bearings, the sky turns ominously dark to the north: the clouds seem almost to be boiling, and a shape is beginning to materialize over the horizon. Gradually the black monolith glides into view, and you are transfixed by how huge the Tower of Destruction is It dwarfs the Ice Palace; even so far up in the sky, the Tower is immense: a gigantic, flying, buttressed, black horror. Suddenly, from its base a wide pillar of fire cascades to the ground, and a thick black cloud of smoke arises from the base of the flame as a village is incinerated The massive gouts of flame sputter and are gone; the Tower glides onwards towards you on its atrocious mission

If you have a Potion of Flying, turn to **290** If you don't, but you do have a bronze medallion (or if you'd rather use the medallion!), turn to **328** If you have neither, turn to **215**

310

The room has clearly been stripped of everything of value and note; but the Dark Elf has a bunch of small keys, plus his dagger and robe. If you want to take his keys and open the doors at the top of the stairs here, turn to 164. If you want to take his keys and open the door in the basement, turn to 45. If you want to take his robe and dagger, turn to 392.

311

You can't take a shot at the moose, worse luck, so you have to watch a potential source of fresh meat dinners happily grazing away. Turn to 291.

312

Suddenly you become aware of a presence at your side, and an arm takes hold of your sword-arm. His strength pours into you at your time of desperation. Regain 2 lost STAMINA points, and you receive a temporary bonus of 1 to your SKILL for the next three Attack Rounds only. You had the briefest glimpse of the helper who infused new strength into you: a tall and regal male Elf... now return to 275 and fight to the death!

313

As you open the door, a swirling mass of fiery darts flies at your head! If you have a ring, you know the name of the person who last owned it. Take the letters of that name, convert them to number values (A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, etc.) and add them up to find a total, then multiply that total by 2. Turn to the paragraph with this number. If you don't have the ring, you must lose 5 points from your STAMINA. Turn to 286.

314

You must eat a meal at the start of the day. You strike out eastwards and, by the middle of the day, find yourself walking along a shallow escarpment overlooking a wide, shallow valley. In the far distance a herd of elk run off northwards; a watery sun shines down on you out of a pale-blue sky but there is no heat in its rays, no warmth at all. Your breath turns to frost in the chill, clear air. You see a single, imposing log house at the far end of the valley and set off towards it. By late afternoon you are nearly there: all you need to do is skirt round a fenced-off corral and some snow-carpeted lumber piles and you will be at the front door. As you approach the entrance, roll two dice then subtract 1 from the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 258. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 13.

315

If you decide to use your Potion of Fire Breath here, you will certainly vaporize all the ice and be able to walk down the stone ramp safely! If you want to do this, turn to 370; but the potion must be crossed off your list of Possessions.

If you don't want to use the Potion for this purpose, turn to 395

316

The bolt fired by the hateful Dark Elf has a discoloured tip, and its venom burns your flesh as it strikes home. You stifle a cry of pain, but you must deduct 4 points from your STAMINA He is firing poisoned arrows – and all hits on you will inflict this much damage! Will you:

Continue to trade crossbow fire?	Turn to 47
Head for the door of the Tower of Shielding?	Turn to 196
Run away and find somewhere else to search?	Turn to 23

317

On a wall opposite you find a small carved portal, but there's no way you can open it In frustration, you'll either have to leave and search elsewhere (turn to 23) or head down the icy steps here (turn to 127).

318

In a flash you remember that dragons, being very vain, are supposed to love flattery You start with a rapid volley of comments on the dragon's size, strength, impressive demeanour, and so on; but the dragon just says, 'Pooh, that won't work on *me*, I'm much too clever,' and breathes all over you Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA It's time to fight; turn to 122.

319

The darkness is bitterly cold, chilling you to the bone. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA, unless you cast the Coldwarding spell before you entered here, in which case you take no damage You blunder out of the darkness on the far side of the Sphere; turn to 12

320

You stride confidently across to the Rainbow Tower. On the way, you realize that you are growing hungry; time has passed, and you must eat a meal now. You settle down to eat your chilly food then get up and approach the arched door of the glorious south-western tower, its colours resplendent in the rays of the winter sun. You push open the door and enter a chamber of magnificent, swirling ice sculptures. Standing in the distance is a staircase of crystalline ice leading upwards. Before it, barring your way as you advance, is the sculpture of an Elf, made of opaque ice – magical, surely, since it moves and raises the point of an ice spear at your chest 'Only Elves may pass,' the Ice Golem says in an expressionless voice What will you do here? Will you:

Back off and try searching somewhere else?	Turn to 23
Fight the Ice Golem?	Turn to 333
Try to pass yourself off as an Elf?	Turn to 368

321

Aliades, the man you have helped from the Sphere, says he can tell you a great deal about Zeverin, the wizard who created it, and his purpose. 'He's a very powerful wizard He's hundreds of years old, and he has reincarnated himself through many lives of power and evil. It would not have been him inside the Sphere in person, only an illusion, and he will be alive yet and scheming. The knowledge he has gained over centuries he has put to work in the service of Demonkind. The Sphere was built to test whether his ideas would work, and it's clear that they do The great Tower

he plans to make by magic will be a much more terrible artefact.

'The Tower will fly as the Sphere does, but it will rain fire, choking smoke and acid for kilometres around. But that will be the least of its powers of destruction. As the Tower gains in strength and power, it will cut a swathe of death, which will allow Zeverin to open up a great necromantic highway to the plane of the Demon Lords. The hordes of the hells will pour forth and utterly annihilate every living thing in Allansia.' Aliades is silent, to let this sink in. 'Then the Old World, then Khul, then all of Titan. Zeverin is mad; he thinks Sith and her henchman, Relem, will reward him for this service. They will just leave him until last, that's all.'

'How do you know all this?' you ask Aliades quietly. His eyes are cast down, looking away from you.

'I was fooled into becoming his apprentice. I didn't realize what his experiments with flying structures and buildings really meant and by the time I did, it was too late. But it isn't too late to stop him altogether.' Painfully he struggles to his feet. 'Time is very short. Zeverin will soon learn that I'm not dead. We must go,' and he mutters the syllables and phrases of a spell as his hand grips your arm. Turn to **294**.

322

Without climbing gear this descent will be very tricky. If you want to try it anyway, turn to **172**. If you think better of it and turn back, turn to **235**.

323

'Zeverin studied here for many years, under Elokinan and others, including myself. His work was secretive, but he had a glib tongue, and Elves are not suspicious folk. He was banished by Elokinan when the magnitude of his evil was discovered, but by then he had conspired with infernal powers to bring a terrible curse down upon us. Elokinan turned this Palace into a mausoleum, to protect our spirits from the worst of Zeverin's summoned evils. There are fates worse than death . . . What Zeverin does now I do not know, but I do know that he has one great weakness: he is immune to fire and lightning, but he is very vulnerable to magical cold, which causes him great pain and severe wounding. I think this weakness is a curse laid on him by a vengeful priest of good, or it is a mark of his demonic alliances.' Turn to **255**.

324

After your unproductive investigations in the depths of the Sphere, will you now:

Take the steps leading up?	Turn to **183**
Return to the main junction and take the left-hand turning?	Turn to **37**
Return to the main junction and take the right-hand turning?	Turn to **118**

325

The wizard's slender body lies at your feet, devoid of life Yet the roaring pillar of fire still burns, the blood still pours from the bowls the statues hold, the Tower still moves on its way And you sense that there is more to be done Zeverin was not the master here, or maybe this is only a simulacrum of Zeverin you have slain You have a little time here: to be precise, you have time to cast a spell, drink some brandy, or use a magical item, but you can't use all three actions to eat (you just can't wolf food down that fast). Make up your mind what you are going to do in the free time you have left to you, then turn to **158**.

326

You draw a crossbow and nock a bolt, but this gives the Dark Elf time to let fly with his Ice Darts spell. A handful of icy darts leap from his fingers, spinning in the air, and strike you Roll one die; its total is the number of points of STAMINA you lose through this magical attack Now you have your crossbow readied, however! Turn to **59**.

327

Do you have a mark on your forehead? If you have, turn to **145** If you haven't, turn to **175**

328

You rub gently on the medallion and very soon a white shape streaks across the horizon towards you: a Pegasus, a superb, white, winged stallion; it lands close by you and whinnies impatiently You're going to have to take a bareback aerial ride, so hang on tight! Now, if you have a Potion of Invisibility, turn to **51** If you don't have this, turn to **391**.

329

Your bowshot misses the animal, which immediately races away out of range. There's no chance of getting fresh meat now and, what's worse, you cannot find the bolt you fired Turn to **291**.

330

You drop through the air like a stone as the Tower hurtles crazily away out of control and careers downwards inexorably, rather like you . . Luckily, just when you're about to give way to panic, the magic of the harness takes effect and you find yourself gliding, floating gently down.

You land in a heap, exhausted and weak. Fortunately, the two servants of Zeverin who have floated down in the same area are too busy running away to trouble you And, looking up, you see the huge Tower fall precipitously towards the Frozen Plateau and explode there in an enormous ball of flame and molten rock. Unbelievably, against all odds, you have succeeded in your mission . . . haven't you? You see, in the distance, a cowled and robed figure striding purposefully towards you. This doesn't look good You've got time for 3 actions before the stranger gets close to you. Eating a meal (you can't use all your actions for

eating meals!), drinking a potion, casting a spell, or using a magic item all count as an action. Decide what you are going to do, then turn to **204**.

331

Not far ahead, you see the trail the Sphere has left widening and blackening. Rounding a rock outcrop you see the reason why – the remains of a barbarian camp, burned to cinders by the Sphere. Charred bodies of people and their animals lie scattered around the still-smoking ruins of their tents and belongings. It is obvious that the Sphere was guided low to destroy these poor people. You realize there is no doubt that something very deeply evil controls the Sphere. There's no one here you can help, but your eye catches on a strange bronze medallion lying in the blackened snow. It has a winged horse engraved on it, and you may take this if you wish (add the bronze medallion to your Possessions). Now you continue your trek; turn to **53**.

332

If you use a Coldwarding spell here, you do not have to suffer any loss of points from your STAMINA through the cold as instructed in following paragraphs. The spell expires when you go outside, however. Any other spell will operate normally, but it won't help you against the cold here. Turn to **115**.

333

The Ice Golem is more powerful than its stature suggests, and it is strongly enchanted. Each time it hits you, you must roll one die: if you roll 1–3, the blow inflicts 3 points of damage to your STAMINA, rather than the usual 2 points!

ICE GOLEM	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, you climb the staircase and arrive at a landing. From here, passages lead into chambers to your left and right, and the stairs also continue upwards to a large, airy chamber at the top of the Tower. Will you:

Take the left-hand passage?	Turn to **351**
Take the right-hand passage?	Turn to **200**
Head on up the stairs?	Turn to **242**

334

In this inner hollowed sphere of a chamber, the heat is tremendous and almost knocks you backwards. In the centre of the huge Sphere, four large black stone figures stand; they are bearing great copper bowls from which they empty a liquid into a central swirling vortex of heat, light and whirling stones. From the ceiling a pillar of roaring fire slams down into that vortex, where it mixes, hissing, with the liquid from the bowls The flame at the base of the pillar is clearly transformed in some magical way: sparks and motes of light appear within it, and its colour changes to a darker, coppery red In a stomach-turning moment, you realize that this may have something to do with the fact that the liquid mixing with the flame is blood . . . a very great deal of blood

Roll two dice and add 2. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 65. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 399.

335

You have failed. You don't know how, or where, to oppose Zeverin the wizard; before long you will die, as will thousands of others when the huge Tower of Destruction appears over the lands of Allansia!

336

You turn tail and flee as the Dark Elf fires a fistful of magical Ice Darts at you. Roll one die. The total is the number of points of STAMINA you lose as you run away. If you are still alive, you escape and must find somewhere else to search. Turn to 23.

337

You open the tomb and take the jewelled amulet from the hands of the Elf-maiden. There is no magic in it, although it is valuable (it is worth 15 Gold pieces, so you can add it to your Treasure if you wish). Lose 1 HONOUR point for tomb-robbing. You can choose to open another tomb (return to 101 to select one you haven't opened yet) or perform some other action (turn to 263).

338

Your bolt whirs through the air towards the Dark Elf – and then is deflected harmlessly to one side of him! He suffers no damage at all. Will you:

Continue to trade crossbow fire?	Turn to 47
Head for the door of the Tower of Shielding?	Turn to 196
Run away and find somewhere else to search?	Turn to 23

339

You drink your potion quickly and fly into the air to confront the magician. Roll two dice and add 1. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 271. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 75.

340

You are awoken by the snuffling of a grizzly bear in the wood! Grizzlies are hungry brutes and have a nasty temper. Will you:

Attack the bear?	Turn to 244
Clamber up a tree and hide?	Turn to 96
Lay down some food to delay the bear and sneak off elsewhere?	Turn to 50

341

You fight the old Elf Spirit, who uses his wand to strike you with chilling missiles of glowing magical light. Each time he wins an Attack Round, you are going to lose 4 points from your STAMINA as a result of his magical attack, so you had better win swiftly!

ELF SPIRIT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, the Elf's spirit-form dissolves, and his wand disappears with him. You must lose 1 point of HONOUR for choosing to attack the old, confused spirit as a first option here! Now you may proceed; which path will you take at the crossroads ahead?

The path directly ahead?	Turn to 64
The path to your left?	Turn to 148
The path to your right?	Turn to 189

342

The weaponmaker's workshop seems to be devoid of finished work. There are roughly worked steel blades, unfixed cross-girths for swords, half-completed morningstars and other items of the same sort. There is nothing either magical or even completed here as far as you can see, as you look through the objects laid out on the tables and benches. You wonder how the ice anvil and strange ice brazier could have been used to work metal! Roll two dice and add the scores. If the total is less than or equal to your

SKILL, turn to **304**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **284**

343

Cheat! You can't have an HONOUR score this high, it isn't possible. Turn to **309**

344

You edge forward behind what little rock cover there is, and you manage to get to within a few metres of the Sphere. It now seems smaller than you remembered; maybe only ten or twelve metres across. But it lies in an area of shattered rock and melted snow and ice, and it radiates evil as well as heat and stench. You can see what could be an entrance to one side of it: it looks like a wedge cut into the surface of the Sphere, but all is blackness inside. So you wait for cover of darkness, and at dusk you creep forward towards the Sphere, right up to the entrance; then, with a deep breath and a prayer to the Gods of Good, you step inside. Turn to **379**

345

You press your body hard against the rock face and mercifully the avalanche passes by on one side, just missing you. Gain 1 LUCK point; now you can continue safely on your way. Turn to **113**.

346

You don't know anything about magic, and trying to study the swirling mass of magical energies and forces gets you nowhere. But it does lose you time. You are hit by a falling chunk of rock from the clearly disintegrating Tower. Deduct

2 points from your STAMINA, and from now until you escape the Tower you will have no time to eat any meals (although you can drink a potion if you have one). You've got to brave the ring of magical fire and flee from the room. If you have a magical ring, turn to **293**. If you don't have this, turn to **247**

347

You have a lot of ground to cover and many curiously decorated ice buildings to explore. However, in the course of your explorations you do manage to find the following items: some climbing gear (rope, ice picks, a small hammer), oil to replenish your lantern, and some frozen food which the heat of your lantern can thaw out for you. There is enough food for 8 meals here; if you want to take some, you can add to your Provisions total. You must also stop and eat a meal here. After the warmth of your meal, you unroll a blanket and settle down for some sleep. Your search here was lengthy, and you need rest. In the morning, you must eat another meal and resume your investigations elsewhere in the Ice Palace. Turn to **23**.

348

The Dark Elf hurls a Lightning Bolt at you! you must deduct 5 points from your STAMINA If you are still alive, you see the Dark Elf casting yet another spell! Roll dice for the Attack Strengths of yourself and the Dark Elf once more. If you have the higher Attack Strength, turn to 9 If the Dark Elf has the higher Attack Strength, turn to 186

349

You find a sturdy door hidden in one corner of the room, but it will take some effort to open You also have a sneaking feeling that it may be booby-trapped in some way. What will you do? Will you:

Open the secret door anyway?	Turn to 93
Open the secret door with a crowbar, if you have one?	Turn to 104
Take the steps up one flight?	Turn to 324
Take the steps up two flights?	Turn to 183
Follow the passage leading from here?	Turn to 26

350

As the wizard claps his hands and casts another spell, you notice the gem in the left eye socket of the Stone Demon glow blue – the same colour as the dart which flies at you, inflicting another 2 points of damage to your STAMINA. Maybe the Demon is aiding the wizard in some way! Do you want to:

Look carefully at the wizard to try and find a clue? Turn to 208
Try striking at the gem you saw glow? Turn to 133
Continue fighting the Man-Orc? Turn to 8

351

You walk into a large, empty chamber, devoid of decoration; it looks as if it was thoroughly emptied before the Ice Elves met their doom here. You turn on your heel and are about to walk out when, to your horror, you hear a sudden loud cracking noise. You look up to see that the ceiling of the chamber is collapsing and that you are about to be buried under blocks of ice! If you have found an amulet in the Ice Palace, you know who gave it to you. Convert his name into a number using the formula: A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26; then total the numerical values of the letters in his name. Turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you don't have this amulet, turn to 170

352

You manage to uncover a ledger, tucked under some links of chain on one of the worktables. You can't read the Elven script, but there is a name at the bottom: Filandre. There are two runes by the name, and you think that one of them signifies magic. The other you're unsure about – perhaps it means armour? Still, you can't find any magic armour here. What will you do now? Will you:

Search the jeweller's workshop, if you haven't done so already? Turn to 218
Search the weaponmaker's workshop, if you haven't done so already? Turn to 342
Leave this area and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace? Turn to 23

353

Unfortunately, the Stone Jaguar – being made of stone – is very vulnerable to the attacks of the Golem. As it springs to full size, the Golem simply crushes it with a single horrendously powerful blow. You need a better strategy here. Will you try:

Fighting the Golem? Turn to 296
Taking a Potion of Flying, if you have one, and flying past to the steps opposite? Turn to 367
Taking a Potion of Flying and using crossbow fire, if this is possible for you? Turn to 241

354

It's a long way back to the main trail, but cutting across flat countryside enables you to make up some lost time Soon, however, grey clouds are gathering and the weather looks uncertain. Roll one die; if you roll 1–3, turn to **129** If you roll 4–6, turn to **61**. If you want to, you can add 2 to this die-roll by 'spending' a point of LUCK, but then you must deduct 1 from your current LUCK score

355

Lefarel has gone; his spirit faded and disappeared with the last few words he spoke to you. If you gave him a book, it has gone with him; but you see that new words are beginning to appear in a blank panel on a far wall, being etched on the ice even as you look! No mortal hands are recording the knowledge of the book, and you leave whatever is there to its task

You head down the stairs. Now you can go down to the basement, if you haven't been there before (turn to **45**), or you may leave and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace (turn to **23**).

356

You keep your sword pointing at the Dark Elf's throat

'I'll make a deal with you: I'll tell you what I'm doing here, and about my master, if you will spare my life,' the Dark Elf whines You motion him to continue 'I serve Zeverin the Mighty,' he says 'I was sent to pillage the place with the other Dark Elves and to prevent any help being taken from here to oppose my master when the Black Tower is ready to destroy this land When it does, my folk will rule below the earth and Zeverin will rule upon it If *his* masters allow him, that is' The Dark Elf looks at you conspiratorially 'Zeverin made a pact with a great Demon, who has given him the power to build a flying structure as great and strong as the Tower. I think Zeverin is too subservient to the Demon, personally But as long as my people can wreck places like this, I'm happy. I can't say any more I don't know who or what the Demon is – but I do know it is one of great power No mortal could withstand it without truly unique magical help Not you, for sure!'

The Dark Elf is treading on thin ice! Having heard his story, will you renege on your bargain and kill him anyway (turn to **384**) or bind and gag him and leave him here (turn to **310**)?

357

Shame on you for refusing help to one in such obvious distress! Lose 1 HONOUR point. Turn to **23**.

358

You open the door of a cell: a chained and manacled man is slumped against a wall inside, groaning. With keys taken from the Man-Orc's corpse, you free him and help him over to one of the stone seats. He is feeble but is not badly hurt, and he thanks you for your courage in rescuing him. Gain 1 HONOUR point and 1 LUCK point for your deeds. He doesn't even have time to tell you his name, though, before he says, 'Let's make sure we've all seen the end of *this*,' and his hands manipulate rapidly the lever, the chain-whip and the gems. The screen at the end of the room starts to glow redly. 'Time to go,' says the man – and then a sudden tremor runs through the room, causing him to fall heavily to the floor. 'I've miscalculated,' he sighs, picking himself up, 'it's all going to blow up at any moment!' Will you help him to get out of the Sphere, taking a risk on getting blown to pieces yourself (turn to **184**) or – since it's his fault you're in danger – will you run off and save your own skin, leaving him to try to get out unaided (turn to **121**)?

359

The Elf-spirit is very dextrous, and hard to hit. He is not strong, but his blows sting and he is not the weak enemy his willowy, wispy and ghostly figure suggests!

ELF-SPIRIT	SKILL 10	STAMINA 7

If you win, you step past the fast-vanishing ghostly body of the Elf and into the chamber beyond. Turn to **197**.

360

You offer the old Elf the brown book. He clutches at it eagerly and almost seems to draw strength from it. 'This gladdens my heart,' he says softly, 'and renews my strength. We have a little extra time – time for me to teach you a spell or two, perhaps.' The old Elf will be able to teach you two of the spells from the list below. He apologizes for the fact that more complex and powerful Elven spells can't be taught to you – they take too long, and you wouldn't be able to understand them anyway (he is polite about this!). Decide which two spells you will learn, and then turn to the paragraphs indicated below and make a note of the effects of the spells you have chosen. You can only use each spell you learn *once*, so make your choice wisely!

Luck spell	Turn to **36**
Linkcut	Turn to **377**
Healing spell	Turn to **301**
Coldwarding	Turn to **176**

After learning each spell, you will be referred back to this paragraph; when you have selected two spells, turn to **209**

361

You round the corner just in time to see a huge polar bear's claws giving the final blow to an unfortunate trapper, while a bunch of snarling huskies remains at a safe distance, snarling and yapping. The enormous bear looks round at you and comes loping across the snow, blood dripping from its massive paws You can't outrun it, so you have to fight.

POLAR BEAR SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to 396

362

Can you think of something clever enough in this pressure situation? Roll two dice and add 1; if the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 318. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 225.

363

You are unfortunate. The robed man goes last, but a small pile of the magical harnesses is left behind. You rush in and grab one, just avoiding a huge pile of rock which would have smashed you into the floor with it if you'd been underneath it. You put on the harness and jump through the archway into space Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 330. If you are Unlucky, turn to 259.

364

You find yourself standing on what you guess must be the middle floor, since there is a very light ice ceiling above and a dimmer light coming from the floor below. From this small chamber a passageway leads into a series of intercon-

necting rooms which have some kind of equipment in them. You could search these, or you could enter one of the three teleport beams here. Will you:

Search the rooms you see, unless you have already done so?	Turn to **92**
Enter the red light beam here?	Turn to **397**
Enter the yellow light beam here?	Turn to **167**
Enter the purple light beam here?	Turn to **274**

365

The number of days you have taken on your journey now becomes important. If you have spent 4 or fewer days on your journey here, turn to **135**. If 5 or more days have elapsed, turn to **254**.

366

You spend some time looking for the old village shaman. Some people mutter that they have seen him, but they seem confused and rambling. You waste more time looking for the old man; finally, you find his half-charred body lying outside a small hut. By now, most of the other people have done what they can to help their fellows, so you can either look around for something to help you during your trek after the Sphere if you haven't already done so (turn to **41**) or press on straight away (turn to **224**).

367

You fly past the Golem – straight into a wall of force which the thing conjures into existence with a wave of its fist. You fall, stunned, to the ground and the Great Golem gives you a hefty thump as you are getting up. Deduct 4

points from your STAMINA, and you have to fight. Turn to **296**.

368

What approach are you going to employ against the Ice Golem? Will you:

Try speaking with an Elf-like voice?	Turn to **10**
Drink a potion?	Turn to **58**
Try some other approach?	Turn to **157**

369

The merchant will buy a flask of brandy, if you have one, for 2 Gold Pieces. He's also keen to buy a Silver Fox if you have that; if you want to sell the pelt, he'll give you 4 Gold Pieces for it. If you want to buy something from him, turn to **7**; if you want to turn in for the night, turn to **280**.

370

You have reached the bottom of the ramp and are walking slowly along a tunnel coated with ice, heading gently downwards. Small alcoves, chiselled into the ice and stone at regular intervals, are occupied by small sculptures and arabesques in the ice showing Elves, polar-dwelling creatures, stylized birds, and similar creatures. There is a faint, blue-green, magical light coming from the ice itself, and the silence – save for the crunching of your boots on the ice – is absolute. Then, as you turn a corner, you see a crossroads looming in the distance, quite some way ahead. Also in the tunnel, not far ahead of you, is an Elven spirit, an old man holding a rod or wand of some kind which is pointing directly at you. 'Elves only may pass, are you friend or foe?'

he asks uncertainly in a quavering voice. You claim to be a friend. 'Elves only,' he repeats. 'Come closer, I cannot see you, friend.' He squints shortsightedly, trying to get a good look at you. What will you do now? Will you:

Drink a potion?	Turn to 74
Run past the Elf (there is enough space to do this)?	Turn to 17
Attack the Elf?	Turn to 341
Try to pretend that you are an Elf?	Turn to 166

371

The homes of the Ice Elves are cleaned out, devoid of any internal decorations or possessions, as if the Elves knew about their coming fate and had removed everything belonging to them before the end. At some junctions of small avenues there are piles of ice rubble and, since there isn't anything in the igloo-like houses, you rummage idly in some of this rubble. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 123. If you are Unlucky, turn to 222.

372

Zeverin laughs evilly. 'Poor, snivelling fighter, what use are your skills here?' and he fires off a handful of magical darts which fly at you and lash at your armour and skin. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. 'You are a dead man, your blood will fuel the fire.' He fires off another set of darts – but these do just 2 points of damage to your STAMINA, and you suspect he's running out of magical energy. Indeed, as he drops to the ground, he draws a weapon with the clear intention of finishing you off. So perhaps you have some chance. Turn to 271.

373

You try to bluff or to parley, but the Giant isn't having any of it. He gets bored and smacks you with his club. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, and you are forced to fight; turn to 226.

374

As you carve the correct number into the ice, it disappears and a spectral voice whispers, 'You may enter,' so you step forward into the chamber. The distant chiming of song and polyphony of choirs is achingly beautiful. You would love to stay and listen to it, but you do have a quest here! If you want to take either the brown book or the Ice Bird, you can't separate them: the bird retains its clawhold on the book's spine. Looking inside the book, you see that it is written in Elvish, so it means nothing to you. It does, however, have exactly 180 pages and, if you take the Ice Bird and the brown book, you should make a note of this fact! Now you leave this chamber; will you:

Enter the passageway opposite, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to 351
Leave the Tower of Rainbow Ice and search elsewhere in the Ice Palace?	Turn to 23
Head on up the stairs?	Turn to 242

375

Fortunately for you, the Fire Demon isn't fully formed on this plane, away from its natural abode. It can be struck and hurt with magical weapons, and it isn't as powerful as usual However, if you have taken 5 or 6 days to get to the Sphere, you must add 1 to both its SKILL and STAMINA scores given below; if you've taken 7 days or more, you must add 1 to its SKILL and 2 to its STAMINA score; it has grown closer to full power with the passing of time!

FIRE DEMON	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

Each Attack Round, the Fire Demon will shoot a stream of fire from its nostrils This will cause 1 extra point of damage to your STAMINA on a die roll of 1–4 (and 2 extra points if you have spent 5 days getting here). The Fire Demon is not an easy enemy to defeat! If you win, you may search this dismal chamber; turn to **232.**

376

There are two cowled creatures here with jet-black smooth skins and featureless faces; they come flying at you, scratching at your face with their black talons You must fight them together Each Attack Round, roll dice to determine the Attack Strengths for yourself and for each of your two enemies; the combatant with the highest Attack Strength will be the one who inflicts damage that Attack Round. If you manage to kill one of the Nightgaunts, of course, you will be in one-to-one combat with the remaining survivor.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First NIGHTGAUNT	8	8
Second NIGHTGAUNT	8	8

If you win, there's nothing for you in this bare chamber, so you leave and make your way down to the end of the passageway. Turn to 107.

377

The Linkcut spell can be used to sever a link in a chain, or a buckle, cut a rope or any similar action. You will be asked if you wish to cast this spell at appropriate times later in the adventure. Return to 360.

378

At the end of the day you find a dead Snow Fox in a snare. The animal died only recently; the body is still warm but will swiftly chill. You can take the Snow Fox with you if you want to; add it to your Possessions. You scoop out a snow-hole in a drift and snuggle up inside it: an old barbarian trick, but one worth knowing. You must eat a meal before you go to sleep, but your night's rest is undisturbed.

In the morning, you must eat another meal. Then you set off into the increasingly steep, rocky slopes ahead, following the fire-blasted path of the fiery killer from the sky. Walking is hard work, and your calves ache with the pain; you have to stop and rub your protesting leg muscles several times during the day. At last, at the top of one peak, looking down you see a valley a good few kilometres ahead – and a thick carpet of smoke. You know that the Sphere must have come to rest there; the trail leads right up to it. It will take over a day to get there, so you redouble your efforts. Struggling along, you see footprints ahead of you: a trail leading towards you and then slipping away in an obvious fall, descending into some pine scrub below. If you want to

detour and investigate – losing time – turn to 31. If you want to press ahead, turn to 235.

379

You walk a few stealthy paces down a dimly lit passageway with smooth black walls, looking out for guards – but you see none. You soon come to a three-way junction within the gently humming, warm and slightly smoky body of the Sphere. It's obvious that each of these passages continues for some distance; the interior of the Sphere is clearly bigger than the outside size would seem to indicate was possible. This is obviously a very magical creation! Will you:

Take the right-hand passage?	Turn to 118
Take the left-hand passage?	Turn to 37
Head straight on?	Turn to 279

380

Luck is on your side. There is a secret compartment at the bottom of the small box the Dark Elf kept his weybread in. He obviously didn't have time to get this to prepare himself for fighting you. Opening it, you find a small vial of purple liquid. This is a Potion of Speed. You can drink it at any time, except during a combat. Its effects will last for just one combat – the first one which takes place after you have drunk it. For the first three rounds of that combat, you are empowered to strike twice at your enemy. Your first attack is resolved normally; for your second attack, you roll dice to determine Attack Strength as normal. If you have the higher Attack Strength, your second attack inflicts damage. If your opponent has the higher Attack Strength, he manages to parry or dodge your second attack, but he can't himself attack you. A valuable potion – use it well! Now turn to 120.

381

The Tower of Airy Light has wonderful ice gargoyle ornamentation, superb baroque guttering and cornices, a delight to the eye! Beams of colour flicker inside – which makes you a little apprehensive – but you open the door and peer inside. The simple chamber you enter is roomy, and the chill of the wind blowing outside does not penetrate here. You see that there are beams of light of various colours here, but there are no doors or stairs; so you guess that they must be teleporting beams. If you want to explore this Tower, you're going to have to try them out. Will you:

Enter the blue light beam here?	Turn to 364
Enter the green light beam here?	Turn to 15
Think better of it and search another part of the Ice Palace?	Turn to 23

382

With foul breath reeking from its gaping maw, the monstrous worm is only too glad to find a creature so eager to be its dinner! Fight it normally.

POLAR WORM	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

If you win, you can spend some time cutting up the corpse in order to look for unexpected treasure in its guts (turn to 73) or continue your journey (turn to 282).

383

You place the incense-burner on an ice ledge near the organ, and the incense within it begins to smoke gently. Perfumed, cleansing, blue-white vapours rise gently into the air, and the Elven spirits are greatly pleased. They murmur gently to one another about the resanctifying of their cathedral, and the High Priest of the group comes forward and pronounces a blessing upon you. Gain 1 LUCK point, and you can regain 1 SKILL point if you have lost any SKILL points during your adventure. Turn to 56.

384

You kill the Dark Elf, who slumps to the floor, a dark pool of blood spreading across the ice. Killing a surrendering creature in cold blood like this is an evil act. Lose 1 point of HONOUR and turn to 310.

385

You enter an antechamber leading into a larger, brighter chamber beyond. You can dimly make out an ice anvil and tools in the distance but, before you are able to move in that direction, a wave of intense cold hits you. It is very, very cold indeed in here. If you want to use a spell, turn to 332. If you don't want to, or can't, use a spell here, turn to 115.

386

You flee down the stairs and passages and make your escape, running as far as you can, and then hiding behind a cover of rocks. The Sphere glows a brilliant orange and then explodes in a ball of flaming rock. You have succeeded! Or so you think, anyway; turn to 114.

387

The wretched creature hangs around all morning; by afternoon, snow is beginning to fall, lightly at first but then much more heavily. Your excessive caution has cost you a full day; you must eat another meal and spend another night in this cave. Turn to 308.

388

You walk up the wide stone stairs as quietly as possible, ducking into an alcove and hiding just in time as a snake-headed Demon and a gibbering frog-like underling come slithering past. You don't want any trouble with minions, you're after the main targets here. You sweat in the heat, which gets worse with every breath you raggedly draw as you clamber up the interminable steps. The heat and noise seem to grow ever greater as you reach a heavily banded and reinforced blackwood door. You force the door and rush in, hoping to achieve surprise on the occupant. You aren't going to be lucky on that score at least.

Beyond the door lies a chamber shaped like the inside of a sphere, the only exit from which is another set of steps across the room, leading upwards. In the middle of the room stands a three-metre-tall, jet-black stone colossus, with huge fists capable of smashing a man in half. The Golem's trunk-like legs of veined black stone end in smooth spheres, which allow it to glide around in this chamber. You can hardly hope to do the same. You've got two realistic choices here. Will you use a Potion of Flying, if you have one, to try and get past the Golem to the opposite steps and then use some other strategy (turn to 227)? If you don't have a Potion of Flying, you will have to fight the Golem (turn to 296).

389

You strike the Dark Elf with your weapon and distract him from his spell. Turn to 35 to complete this combat, and you may subtract 2 points from the STAMINA score given for your opponent in that paragraph.

390

You sneak past the corpses lying on the slabs, blue-grey with the cold, and reach the far door without mishap. You fling it open; turn to 79.

391

Without any magical cover you fly upwards towards the Tower. Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 153. If you are Unlucky, turn to 307.

392

The Dark Elf's robe is an ordinary one, worthless to you. His dagger, unfortunately, has a grip designed for Elven hands. Yours won't fit it, and a needle slides from its hilt and burns acid into your hand. You yelp in pain and drop the hateful thing. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. What will you do, now that you can take the Dark Elf's keys? Will you:

Open the door at the top of the stairs?	Turn to 164
Open the door in the basement?	Turn to 45
Leave and search somewhere else in the Ice Palace?	Turn to 23

393

Deduct 2 more meals from your Provisions, and you realize this is pointless. The bear has a huge appetite and it gulps down your rations in less than a minute, and then it's following you again! You're either going to have to fight the bear (turn to 244) or evade it by climbing a tree (turn to 96).

394

You waste a crossbow bolt firing at the chain – but your chances of hitting a chain less than 2 centimetres thick at this range is minimal and, even if you do hit it, you can't possibly sever a metal chain! You can try using a Potion of Flying, if you have one (turn to 22), or a Linkcut spell if you know one (turn to 249); or you can abandon this effort and take the stairs back down (turn to 57).

395

Roll two dice and add 1. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you slip and slide down the ramp, but safely. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you lose your footing and fall, banging your hip on hard stone and winding yourself at the same time. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Turn to 370.

396

When you kill the bear, the carcass slowly changes back into the form of a barbarian! Cursed with were-bear form, the poor wretch was a victim of a form of lycanthropy. What other curses may these lands hold?

You check through the trapper's possessions. He has a pile of furs, which you scarcely need, a pouch with 6 Gold Pieces, which you may take if you wish, enough food for 3 meals, which you may carry on his sled as extra Provisions, and a pile of snares and traps, ugly, cruel things. There is also a heavy bag of salt, which you can carry on the sled for now; but if you leave the sled, you must carry this as a Possession if you want to take it with you. You harness the dogs and set off, glad to have some help on your journey at last. Turn to 306.

397

You are back at the ground-floor chamber of the Tower of Airy Light. Will you:

Enter the blue beam here?	Turn to 364
Enter the green beam here?	Turn to 15
Think better of it and search another part of the Ice Palace?	Turn to 23

398

You move around to the far side of the Sphere, doing what any sensible person trying to sneak up unobserved would do – which is precisely why there is a guard here, of course Suddenly a pair of skeletal talons tear at your back; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you turn to face a grinning, robed, skeletal figure rending at you, and you must fight it.

DEMONIC SERVANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 344.

399

You just didn't see the cowled, robed figure poised in mid-air quickly enough; he was obscured by a puff of smoke, and he fires a Lightning Bolt spell at you You are struck by a crackling forked bolt which burns you and racks you with agony for a few seconds. Deduct 5 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to 65

400

The Elf-spirit turns to you. Elokinan is so radiant with light that you can only just make out the features of his wise and

kindly face He whispers softly to you as you manage to get to your feet. 'You have saved Allansia from that wretch, and probably most of Titan There's a Demon who may come looking for you, but I believe I may be able to do something about that I owe you this, for, by your destroying Zeverin and his evil, the last of the strands of Fate holding me in this world are broken. I am free,' and the spirit's voice breaks with emotion at his release. Elokinan is beginning to fade into the spirit world, but his last act is to place his hands on your forehead for a few seconds. They are cool, and you seem to feel a spring breeze round you, carrying scents of green shoots and earth and new life 'Relem will never find you,' Elokinan smiles, 'not in a thousand years.' And then he is gone.

Not far away you see a thin plume of smoke; a few score stumbled steps takes you to a trapper's hut in the near distance. You smell food cooking: maybe some will be spare and there will be a bed for the night for you You take a last look at the cloud of smoke rising from the debris of the Tower; you think back over your completed quest and turn on your heel, to find a friendly smile on the face of the man standing outside the hut 'You look done in,' he says 'Could you do with some hot food?' The prospect has never seemed so good . .

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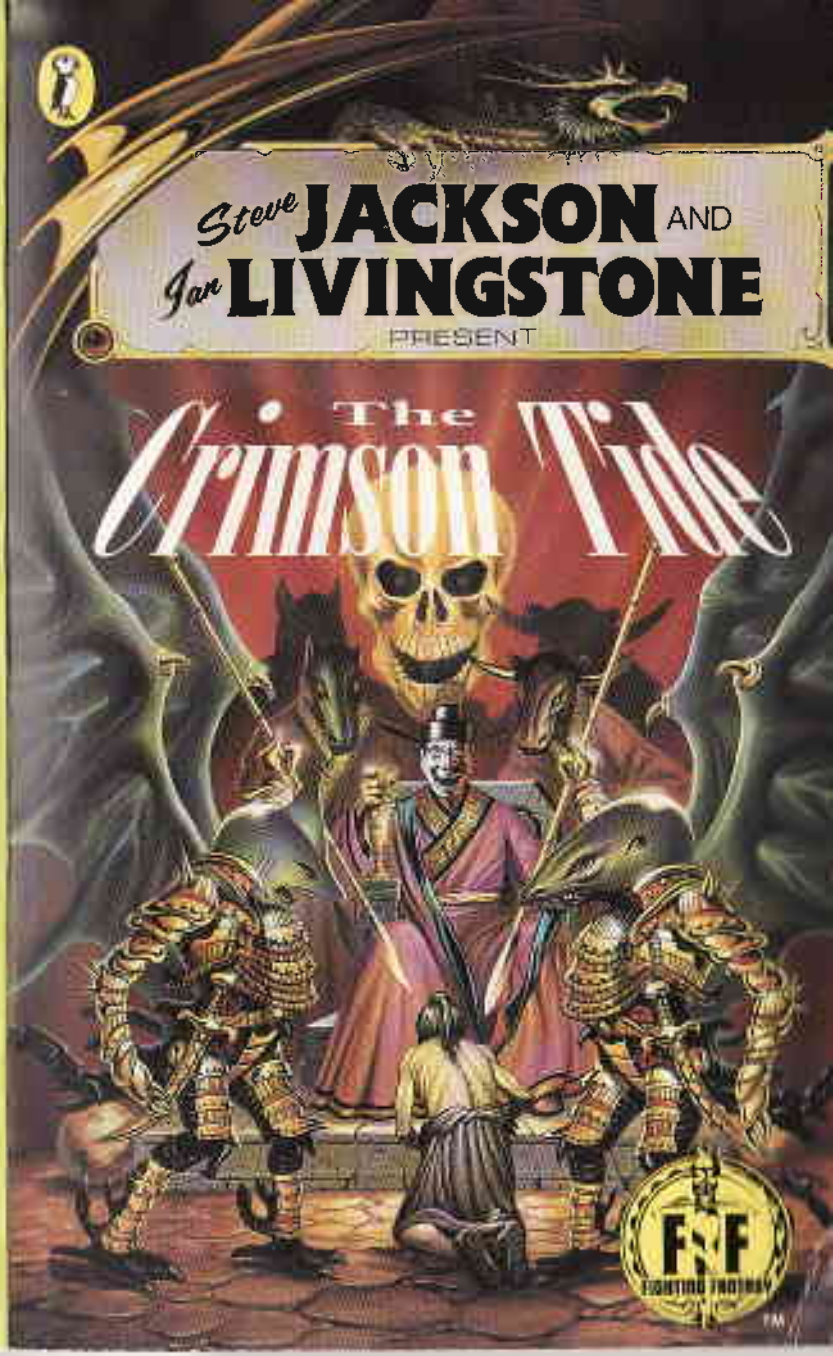

able to find one that isn't too dangerous – provided you can pay. How much money do you have? If you have:

None	Turn to **340**
Only copper coins	Turn to **228**
Gold coins	Turn to **168**

37

The young fellow called Suiyuan is cut down even as you are raising the sword aloft. There is a moment of stillness, followed by cries of, 'The sacred sword is with us!' The revolutionaries start to fight back and, simply by force of numbers, oust the Dragon Guards; but more than half the revolutionaries have fallen in the bitter fighting. Their leader addresses you: 'Now that Suiyuan is dead, you must carry his torch. Take the sacred sword to the capital. Appeal directly to Councillor Merzei – he must listen to us!' You protest that you know nothing of the cause, but your words fall on deaf ears. You hurry out of the city and head south. Turn to **99**.

38

The current sweeps you down the fissure, dashing you against walls that have been worn smooth by the gushing water. Lose 1 point of Temporary STAMINA. Water fills your ears and your nose and you gulp down several mouthfuls by accident. Your head is filled by a monstrous roaring sound. In an instant the darkness gives way to blinding light and you tumble through air filled with spray, before plunging into a deep, dark pool. Summoning the last reserves of your strength you splash out, finally dragging yourself from the pool to slump on the bank like a wet rag. You have escaped from the prison mine! Turn to **263**.

39

'Well, a sage once wrote that no man may live under the same sky as the killer of his father,' Yao says. 'But another sage wrote that nothing justifies murder. For myself, the only sage I believe in is the herb which goes into my cooking pot.' He stares deeply into his bowl, then continues. 'I may be able to help you, but first you must do me a small favour. A month ago, an eager young fellow called Suiyuan came to me and asked if I would help him in his cause – something to do with restoring justice to the land. I said I'd help him, but I must confess

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Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1992
3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in Monophoto Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

You begin this adventure as a teenager, the child of a poor peasant family in the Isles of the Dawn. Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. Use dice to find out your initial scores. As you grow older in the course of the adventure you will find that these will increase quite rapidly. On pages 16–17 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA, FEROCITY and LUCK scores, as well as your Age.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina, Ferocity and Luck

Roll 1 die and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll 2 dice and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

Roll 1 die, add 6 to this number and enter the total in the LUCK box.

There is also a FEROCITY box. Roll 1 die, add half of your STAMINA to this number (halves round up), and enter the total in the FEROCITY box.

For reasons that will be explained below, your scores in SKILL, STAMINA, LUCK and FEROCITY will change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. Unlike other Fighting Fantasy gamebooks, *The Crimson Tide* begins with you as a child. For this reason your SKILL, STAMINA and FEROCITY may eventually exceed the number you roll at the start. For SKILL and FEROCITY you should simply keep track of their current levels until you reach the age of 18. So far as STAMINA is concerned, you should keep track of both your Permanent STAMINA and your Temporary STAMINA. The paragraphs will make it clear whether it is Permanent or Temporary STAMINA that is affected, but you must remember that combat always affects Temporary STAMINA. Your LUCK score, unlike all the above, may not exceed its *Initial* score, and you should never erase this.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. If your STAMINA score drops to zero, your character is dead; stop reading, close the book and then start again from the beginning. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore. Your FEROCITY is a measure of your thirst for vengeance. Being ferocious is useful in battle, but you are less able to control yourself. If your FEROCITY score drops to zero or less, make a note of the paragraph number you are at and turn at once to paragraph 200.

Age

You begin the book as a thirteen-year-old. Months and years may pass in the course of your adventure, however, and you should keep track of your Age in the box provided. Only amend your Age when told to do so in a paragraph. Whenever your Age increases, you should do two things: reduce your FEROCITY by 2, and return your Temporary STAMINA to its Permanent value, for time is a great healer. As soon as you reach the age of eighteen, you will no longer be able to increase either your SKILL or your Permanent STAMINA.

Combat

You will often come across paragraphs in the book in which you are instructed to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first empty Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for every potential adversary are given each time you have an encounter which may end in combat. The sequence for combat is then:

1. Roll 2 dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is the opponent's Attack Strength.

2. Roll 2 dice for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.

3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1, above.

4. You have wounded the creature, so deduct 2 points from its STAMINA score. (You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage – see below.) Now proceed to step 6.

5. This creature has wounded you, so deduct 2 points from your own STAMINA score. (Again you may use LUCK at this stage – see below.)

6. Make the appropriate adjustments either to the opponent's or to your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).

7. Begin the next Attack Round by repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your adversary has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

In some paragraphs you will be given the option of escaping from a fight should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, your opponent automatically gets in one free attack on you (deduct 2 STAMINA points) as you flee – such is the price of cowardice. (Note that you may use LUCK to minimize this wound in the normal way – see below.) You may Escape only if this option is specifically given to you in the relevant paragraph.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battle or when you find yourself in a situation in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (on each occasion you are invited to *Test your Luck* in the relevant paragraph), you have to call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business, and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.
The procedure for *Testing your Luck* is as follows: roll 2 dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. You will soon come to realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will then discover the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, you always have the option of using your LUCK in battle, either to inflict a more damaging wound on an opponent you have just wounded or to reduce the seriousness of a wound your opponent has just inflicted on you.

If you have just won an Attack Round, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound on your opponent and may deduct 2 extra points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to its STAMINA (so that, instead of inflicting the usual 2 points of damage, you have now caused only 1).

If you have just lost an Attack Round and have been wounded, you may *Test your Luck* to try to lessen the effect of the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full impact of the blow; restore 1 point of STAMINA (so that, instead of causing 2 points of damage on you, it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have had to take a more serious blow; deduct 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score every time you *Test your Luck* regardless of the outcome.

Restoring Skill, Stamina, Ferocity and Luck

Skill

As you grow and learn, your SKILL score should increase. However, there will come a point when you can learn no more – when you reach the age of eighteen. At this point, write down your *Initial* SKILL value on your *Adventure Sheet* to indicate that it may increase no further. From this time on, only a special weapon will allow you to increase your SKILL; but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim two SKILL bonuses for carrying two magic swords.

Stamina and Provisions

Your Permanent STAMINA score will increase as you train your body. However, when you reach the age of eighteen, it can increase no more. At this point, your STAMINA has reached its *Initial* value and you should draw a circle round the number of your Permanent STAMINA on your *Adventure Sheet*

Your Temporary STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may become dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

In the course of the adventure you may acquire Provisions. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in battle. Eating a meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add up to 4

points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 of your Provisions. (A separate Provisions Remaining Box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for this purpose.) Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember also that Provisions and potions may never restore your STAMINA score to a number higher than its permanent value.

Ferocity

As you are affected by the events of your adventure, so your FEROCITY may increase or decrease. Full details will be given in the appropriate paragraphs.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded during the adventure when you have been particularly lucky; when this occurs, details will be given in the relevant paragraphs. Your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Unlike the other three scores, the number you roll for LUCK is its *Initial* value.

Equipment

You start your adventure with no equipment apart from the clothes you stand up in and a wooden sword, but you will probably acquire various items during your travels. Keep a careful note of anything you may pick up.

Notes

In the course of this adventure you will have to make notes in the appropriate box of your *Adventure Sheet*. You should make sure that you copy the words down correctly, and that you list them in the order in which you come across them. Since you may have to make several notes, try to write small.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Temporary	*Temporary*	*Temporary*
Permanent	*Permanent*	*Permanent*

FEROCITY	AGE	MONEY
When FEROCITY=0, turn to paragraph 200	*Initial Age= 13* *When AGE increases, lose 2 FEROCITY*	

EQUIPMENT LIST

PROVISIONS REMAINING

NOTES

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

Your world is a world of mud and water. Ever since you were a baby, all you've known are the simple baked-mud houses of your village and the vast watery expanses of rice paddies, interspersed here and there by pastures. Although you have not yet entered your fourteenth summer, you are used to working in the fields. You are lucky to have been born strong and hardy – at the end of a day spent planting tender shoots in the mud you still have some energy left for play and for practice. You fancy yourself a mighty warrior, like those who occasionally ride by, so you have carved a sharp stick for your sword and swing it in circles above your head. At first the other children laughed at you but, after you killed a giant Mudworm, they learned new respect for you.

The events of the outside world rarely concern you. Even when you hear that there is civil war in the land, your only concern is that the soldiers won't harm your rice crops. Rice is a luxury; a good rice crop means wealth . . . and most goes in taxes to the tribunal. No, you care little for the great events of the kingdom. After all, one king is much like another. Poo Ta has never done you any favours, so what do you care if he is replaced by some other 'divine' ruler?

Then one day the foreign mercenaries arrive in your village. The gleam of their black lacquered armour makes them look like horribly distended beetles. Their gimlet eyes shine with evil intensity. The villagers who stand in their way are ruthlessly hacked down. They collect all the rice and round up all the women, including your mother. Your father protests and, as you watch, the leader of the mercenaries cuts him down with his narrow, slashing, curved blade. 'The new king seeks slaves,' says the coarse-tongued barbarian, 'and you scum aren't going to get in my way.'

You stare at the man, fixing his appearance in your mind. His armour is composed of scales, laced together, with occasional plates and spikes covering vulnerable areas. His helmet is wide and his face is covered by a fierce, bestial mask; it is a scowling parody of a man, with bulging brows and wickedly curved horns. Through large holes the evil brown eyes of your father's attacker return your stare with what could almost be amusement.

Then, with a yell, the mercenaries mount their horses and leave, driving their captives before them with whips. The horses make slow progress through the flooded fields, and it seems to take an eternity before the killers disappear from sight.

Your father dies in your arms. His last words are, 'Go to the Baochou Monastery. Avenge me and save your mother!'

Now turn to paragraph 1.

1

You leave your village with several other youngsters, all determined to seek revenge You carry with you your wooden sword (make a note of it on your Equipment List) and some food (note down that you have 2 Provisions) The paddy fields lie all about you, with the sun sparkling on the still, muddy water You make your way along a path on the top of a polder – the low earth-barrier separating one rice field from the next. Several kilometres distant is the local town of Yenshu, in which the magistrate of your district holds his tribunal. You have never been there yourself, but your cousin Quan visited Yenshu's temple two years ago and so he knows the way. Not much is said on the journey until you arrive at the road which leads to Yenshu. Here, where the polder tracks join the wider thoroughfare, a small settlement is to be found: an inn and the huts of several artisans The foreign mercenaries have been here, too. The buildings are scorched and blackened from fires, and broken pottery lies strewn all around. Suddenly little Hani lets out a shriek and points: the bloodied corpse of another victim sprawls amid the wreckage of the horse trough.

'We must have vengeance upon these murderers,' says Sunai, the eldest of you, clenching her fist

'The magistrate in Yenshu will deal with them,' replies Quan, who already has the bearing of a monk, though he is not yet even a novice.

You stand among the wreckage, discussing the fate which you hope will befall the mercenaries, while

Sunai counts the slain. Quan says he believes the invaders are from far across the seas – from the land of Hachiman, where the men are savage and primitive, and accustomed to mistreating women. 'Barbarians such as these,' he points out, 'have a crude religion reflecting only a fragment of Arn, and so have no foundation upon which to build a civilization. Their land is ruled by warriors who are constantly warring with one another.'

Sunai finishes her unpleasant task and reports that six men lie dead here. Now you must hurry to the magistrate to report the matter and set the wheels of justice in motion. But the barbarians may still be stalking the land. If you hurry along the road to Yenshu, you may catch up with them. On the other hand, if you travel to Yenshu along the polder-paths, the journey will take much longer, and it will be more arduous for the younger children. You have the wooden sword in your hand. It seems that you are the leader. If you decide to travel along the road, turn to **92**. If you would prefer to make your way among the rice paddies, turn to **288**.

2

As you crawl out through the opening, you slip on a patch of slime and tumble head first into the river below. A current grips you, sweeping you along past the river wall; it is all you can do to keep your head above water. Ahead of you a small sailing boat drifts into your path. If you try to get a handhold on it as you pass, turn to **83**. If you concentrate on staying afloat, turn to **175**.

3

You move forward to step between the doors, but you are blocked by an invisible barrier. A bell begins to toll and shouts come from within. The monk who escorted you here backs off, making frantic gestures, then turns and runs away. If you now hurry down the mountain, turn to **213**. If you stay to see what all the fuss is about, turn to **388**.

4

You return to the junction of passages by the double doors. Meng looks at them thoughtfully, but says nothing. Now do you:

Return through the double doors?	Turn to **230**
Go down the left-hand passage?	Turn to **58**
Go down the right-hand passage?	Turn to **193**
Go down the tunnel ahead?	Turn to **158**

5

Since you didn't have any success with the magistrate in Yenshu, Sunai suggests that she should approach the prefect. She sets out next morning, promising that she won't rest until she has persuaded someone to take action. While she's gone, you may wander the city in search of information (turn to **119**) or await her return in the safety of Bofu's house (turn to **239**).

6

Before the man's body hits the ground, you are scampering after the farmers. A few arrows swish past your

head, but the lumbering, armour-clad mercenaries are too weighed-down to pursue you, and their horses are scattering, away from the fire. Turn to **89**.

7

You have to pay 1 Gold Piece to obtain a space on the floor of the boarding house's main room, but the proprietor also promises you food He is true to his word and a hot stew with pickled vegetables does much to revive you In the morning you are forced to consider your next move Will you:

Search for employment?	Turn to **328**
Visit the tribunal and attempt to bribe the constables to take action?	Turn to **292**
Risk making enquiries about the mercenaries in the shadiest inns of the town?	Turn to **210**
Leave the town and travel north?	Turn to **18**

8

The priests look at you with long faces and sad eyes. 'You are a parasite upon humanity,' their spokesman says. 'You understand that we cannot allow you to live?' The priests close in. Your adventure ends here.

9

You creep along the foul-smelling tunnel. Side-passages lead off, but all of them are too small for you to enter. After a while you hear faint voices coming from ahead. You make your way stealthily to where a flight of steps leads up from the sewer. The voices come

from a chamber at the top of the stairs. If you continue along the tunnel, turn to **63**. If you sneak up the stairs and eavesdrop, turn to **116**. If you call out, turn to **392**.

10

Glumly, you bow to the magistrate and make your way from his tribunal. You dare not disobey his orders – his constables are fierce and well armed – so you head straight for the gate. Note down the word 'king' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **115**.

11

The alarm is raised by shouting and the crashing of gongs. Before you can react, Royal Guards surround you, close in and strike. Your adventure ends here.

12

In a flurry of whirling wood the staves beat down upon you. A spike of pain shoots through your head, and you black out.

When you come round, you are lying in a dirty back-alley. All your possessions are missing (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*), and you have lost 2 points of Temporary STAMINA. Translucent shapes dance before your eyes, testimony to the damage inflicted by the constables' staves. You find it hard to concentrate, but somehow you manage to haul yourself to your feet and stagger off. Turn to **251**.

13

Although there are still pockets of resistance, the civil

war is over. The God-King Poo Ta died in the last great battle and, in the absence of any legitimate heir, the hero of the hour, Maior, was installed as the new king. Some say that Maior used sorcery to seize the throne, but your drinking companion believes that a good strong ruler will do the isles a power of good, no matter how he came by his crown. Turn to **156**.

14

It is a long journey through unfamiliar countryside. The locals are suspicious, so only occasionally do you find one who is prepared to put you up for a night. Add 1 year to your Age. In one village you hear tell of a band of warriors from Hachiman who are said to be roaming the countryside to the east. The other children are scared, for they believe these may be the mercenaries who sacked your village. If you digress in order to encounter the warriors, you will have to bid your friends goodbye; turn to **349**. If you continue on to the capital, Shoudu, turn to **289**.

15

The barbarians look you up and down as you enter their camp. You notice that one of them is staring at you intently. 'I know that face,' he grates. 'He's a young whippersnapper from one of the villages we demolished near Yenshu.' Turn to **206**.

16

You pretend to be asleep and, as the warder puts down the bowl of gruel, you leap on him. Roll 3 dice. If the total of the dice is less than the sum of your SKILL and FEROCITY, turn to **311**. If the dice roll is equal to or greater than your SKILL plus FEROCITY, turn to **143**.

17

The demonic fish-man transforms itself back into water and splashes into the stream once more. You stand motionless for a moment, panting with the exertion and half expecting Yuemo to reappear. Instead, a tiny fish leaps up out of the water and into your waiting hand. Its scales are golden, and it stares up at you with a look akin to intelligence in its eye. Pocketing your strange catch (note it down on your Equipment List), you wade out of the stream. If you carry on in the direction you were originally going, turn to **380**. If you turn round and retrace your footsteps back the way you came, turn to **129**.

18

You walk for days, sometimes resting in the huts of friendly farmers but more often sleeping rough. You are used to hard work, but now you drive yourself to spend every waking hour on the march. Add 2 points to your Permanent STAMINA. Eventually you are climbing through vine-covered hills to overlook the city of Traole, provincial capital of this region. If you enter the city, turn to **377**. If you continue past it, towards the mountains which loom on the horizon, note down the word 'offers' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **81**.

19

Meng points to the double doors at the far end of the chamber Each of the elegantly designed doors has a handle. If you open the left-hand door, turn to **85**. If you open the right-hand door, turn to **363**. If you push both handles together, turn to **307**

20

Merzei pulls aside a hanging drape and indicates a bare passageway. 'This leads to the king's private quarters Good fortune be with you,' he says.

At the end of the passage is a wooden panel It takes a few moments for you to work out how to slide the panel to one side, then you step cautiously into the chamber beyond The king is sitting at a simple reading desk; he is a large man with strangely curled hair and a proud nose. When he looks up, his dark-brown eyes seem to bore into your soul, but he betrays neither surprise nor fear Even though he is dressed simply, King Maior's regal bearing is overwhelming You fall to your knees and avert your gaze. 'You are here seeking justice,' says Maior. 'Speak your case.'

Once again you tell your story, complaining that the authorities allow mercenaries to do what they like, and describing how your mother was enslaved by the barbarians who killed your father. If you have the golden sword, turn to **218**. Otherwise turn to **107**

21

You join the mercenaries in their orgy of destruction as they smash up the village. They yell and shriek as

they chase after the poor farmers. If a farmer puts up any kind of resistance, the mercenaries surround him and cut him to pieces. Although the bloodlust sickens you, you go along with it, even setting fire to a couple of huts to make it look as though you are joining in. Then it is over. You heft bags of grain on to the backs of some packhorses and herd together a few captive farmers. Your hopes of finding out where the mercenaries send their captives are dashed, however. The leader sends them off with a guard of only two men, both trusted lieutenants.

You continue to ride southwards. After a few days the two lieutenants rejoin the group, bringing with them bulging bags of money, and the gold is distributed. As a new recruit, your share is just 1 Gold Piece.

Several days later, you ambush a small party of samurai – warriors from the land of Hachiman – escorting a covered litter. For the attack, you find yourself in the front rank, facing one of the deadly fighters.

SAMURAI	SKILL 11	STAMINA 12

If you defeat the Samurai, turn to **98**.

22

Most of your spells take time to cast, but you know one that is perfect for this situation. You fling out your hand and a bolt of forked lightning leaps from it full into the chest of the mercenary leader. A normal person would simply be shaken, but he is encased in metal. The power of the spell is amplified a hundred-fold and, with a blinding flash, a roar and the acrid

scent of charred flesh, the hulking figure falls. Turn to **305**.

23

You charge down the darkened slope, trying to avoid the loose rocks which threaten to trip you at every step. Behind you, the howls die away and you check your headlong descent. From directly ahead you can hear the rushing of a stream, so you veer off to the left and press on into the valley. Turn to **129**.

24

You talk to an old barber who is plying his trade in the streets. He is friendly towards you and, when you guide the conversation round to the subject of the rebels, he makes it clear that he knows something about them. He agrees to arrange for you to meet them later that night, inside a deserted building full of machinery. He warns you that, if you go along, you have to consider yourself as one of them. Several hours later, you follow the barber's directions to the building and soon find yourself in the middle of a gathering of desperate revolutionaries. Turn to **290**.

25

After a short walk, you find yourself outside the boarding house in which the others spent the night. They have slept late; as they rub the sleep from their eyes, you tell them of your conversation with your uncle. Turn to **296**.

26

The prisoners pour out of their cell; they hug you and pat you on the back, then set about releasing all the other prisoners, including your friends. Sunai protests that it is wrong to go against the authorities, but nothing she can say will dissuade you as you make your way to the door at the end of the corridor. You burst out, overpowering the guards, and try to get out of the tribunal building. Constables bar your way, but there are too many of you. You charge out into the courtyard and make for the gates There, a small detachment of constables prepare to hold off your attack. You face one of them.

CONSTABLE SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the constable, turn to 110.

27

The other figure is wearing robes similar to yours, but his face is painted bone white. As soon as he sees you, he crouches. If you have the word 'wood' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 373; otherwise, turn to 132.

28

You find several silver ingots in a pouch on the belt of one of your attackers You are just turning your attention to the other body when the constables arrive Your protestations of innocence fall on deaf ears. You are dragged before the magistrate, who is told how you were caught red-handed looting the bodies of your victims The evidence is stacked against you – even the bloodstained weapon proclaims you the

murderer. The magistrate is not a lenient man. He sentences you to death by a hundred and one cuts.

29

Write down the golden sword on your *Equipment List*. Whenever you use this weapon in combat, you may add 2 to your Attack Strength. Although it's quite dark now, you resume your journey Turn to 295.

30

You can search for an inn, in the hope of tracing the mercenaries (turn to 36), or go to the temple in search of divine guidance (turn to 258).

31

Write down the word 'never' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Little Hani's shrieks fade away as you splash through the paddy field.

After some time you catch up with Sunai, Quan and the others, but Hani is not with them. Downcast, you prepare to make your way to Yenshu along the polder-paths. Turn to 288.

32

You take up a stance as Zhanshi approaches. 'You're a monk!' the leader exclaims. Turn to 206.

33

You make a small offering at the Altar of Earnest Entreaty, then file out into the courtyard, where a priest is addressing a respectful crowd of worshippers He is complaining about the increasing drift away from the worship of Arn and blaming it on the increasing presence in the isles of foreigners He says that the delegation from Hachiman, who were in the city recently, were no more than ignorant barbarians and he hopes that they have no success in the capital city, whither they are now headed If you decide to head south towards Shoudu yourself, turn to **99** If, instead, you set off northwards, turn to **81**

34

In a quiet corner of the pool you waylay one of the inn's less unpleasant inhabitants. In between gulps of heated wine he tells you that he recently saw a body of soldiers from Hachiman passing through the town on their way south They seemed to be guarding someone important As he begins a long explanation as to why the curved swords of Hachiman are stronger than straight swords, you take your leave. Turn to **362**

35

You scoop up a handful of the papers and hurry out into the night Write on your Equipment List that you have paper talismans. Turn to **295**

36

There are plenty of inns in Traole, and you should be

able to find one that isn't too dangerous – provided you can pay How much money do you have? If you have:

None	Turn to **340**
Only copper coins	Turn to **228**
Gold coins	Turn to **168**

37

The young fellow called Suiyuan is cut down even as you are raising the sword aloft. There is a moment of stillness, followed by cries of, 'The sacred sword is with us!' The revolutionaries start to fight back and, simply by force of numbers, oust the Dragon Guards; but more than half the revolutionaries have fallen in the bitter fighting. Their leader addresses you: 'Now that Suiyuan is dead, you must carry his torch. Take the sacred sword to the capital. Appeal directly to Councillor Merzei – he must listen to us!' You protest that you know nothing of the cause, but your words fall on deaf ears. You hurry out of the city and head south. Turn to **99**.

38

The current sweeps you down the fissure, dashing you against walls that have been worn smooth by the gushing water. Lose 1 point of Temporary STAMINA. Water fills your ears and your nose and you gulp down several mouthfuls by accident. Your head is filled by a monstrous roaring sound. In an instant the darkness gives way to blinding light and you tumble through air filled with spray, before plunging into a deep, dark pool. Summoning the last reserves of your strength you splash out, finally dragging yourself from the pool to slump on the bank like a wet rag. You have escaped from the prison mine! Turn to **263**.

39

'Well, a sage once wrote that no man may live under the same sky as the killer of his father,' Yao says. 'But another sage wrote that nothing justifies murder. For myself, the only sage I believe in is the herb which goes into my cooking pot.' He stares deeply into his bowl, then continues. 'I may be able to help you, but first you must do me a small favour. A month ago, an eager young fellow called Suiyuan came to me and asked if I would help him in his cause – something to do with restoring justice to the land. I said I'd help him, but I must confess

that it has slipped my mind until now I really don't want to get involved in politics, but I do have an article that you could take to aid the young man.' He hands you his sword. 'This is the Sacred Sword of Tsui. Guard it carefully and take it to Suiyuan in Traole. Do this for me and I will help you in your quest.' Note down the Golden Sword on your Equipment List. If you use it in combat, it will add 2 to your Attack Strength.

You stay a night with Master Yao, then set off back to Traole Turn to **235**.

40

You bow to the magistrate and make your way out of the tribunal If you have the word 'art' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **351**. Otherwise, turn to **251**.

41

You are set to work, cleaning the monks' practice hall. They use a variety of weapons, and it is also your task to clean these. Days pass and you wonder when you are going to be taught the martial arts yourself. Even though you clean the practice hall, you are always told to leave whenever the monks come there to practise. If you watch the monks practise and train yourself in secret, turn to **231**. If you carry on as you are, turn to **343**

42

You reach the pool at the bottom of the tunnel where you slid down and you can hear voices at the top. Even if you could shin back up there, you would not escape. You must press on down the tunnel. Turn to **255**

43

You make your way to your uncle's house near the North Gate. If you have 10 Gold Pieces, turn to **118**. If you haven't, turn to **381**.

44

Meng shakes his head sadly. The mercenary leader takes a step closer and raises his sword. If you stand your ground, turn to **369**. If you attack him, turn to **352**.

45

Do you have a circular brooch? If you have, turn to **140**. If you haven't, turn to **81**.

46

There is hardly any moon to shed light on the fields around you. Occasional gurgling noises and the whisper of the wind suggest that fierce monsters lie in wait, hiding in the darkness until you lie, asleep and defenceless. You stare this way and that, straining to make out what horrors may be lurking in the night. You look up at the stars, but their faint gleam is cold comfort.

Suddenly the sounds die down Walking across the fields towards you is a skeleton, gleaming with unearthly light. Fires burn in its empty eye-sockets, and it carries a huge, broad-bladed sword. You leap to your feet and draw your wooden sword. A tremor of fear runs through your body as the ghastly spectre closes in for the kill.

DEATHS MESSENGER SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the apparition, turn to **170**. If you are defeated by it, do not begin your adventure again from the beginning, but turn instead to **246**.

47

The guards escort you back to your cell, where they find the warder you overcame. You are dragged before the magistrate and given a severe beating. If you have a cudgel, turn to **185**. Otherwise turn to **330**.

48

You snatch up the bowl, but nothing happens. Write down on your Equipment List that you have a clay

bowl. Meng chuckles. 'Easy when you know how,' he comments, 'but how do you depart? Think hard. Use your head.' You go back up the passage. Now, do you:

Return through the double doors?	Turn to 230
Go along the tunnel opposite?	Turn to 276
Go down the passage to your right?	Turn to 158

49

In the streets of Traole the mood is tense. You pass a squad of Dragon Guards heading towards the building you have just left. If you leave the city now, travelling south, turn to 99 If you try to obtain a job here, turn to 237.

50

The old man leads you along the path, through a ravine and into a narrow valley. You follow him into a small hut, sparsely furnished, where he lights a fire and starts to brew some tea in a battered old kettle. Only when you are seated, with a steaming bowl of tea before you, does he speak Turn to 150.

51

From a side-alley you watch fearfully as a crowd of protesters are driven back by a relentless line of heavily armoured soldiers. If you have the word 'never' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 353. Otherwise turn to 171.

52

Maior smiles. He turns to the fat official and explains to him that your village was destroyed by mercenaries. 'You must help to sort this matter out, Pantu. My land is more troubled than you make out.' Pantu bows and casts a sour look in your direction. Then the king dismisses you both, instructing you to follow Pantu. Turn to 400.

53

Abbot Dry Jade smiles. 'You are a good monk,' he says. You resume your duties in the kitchen. Add 1 year to your Age, 2 points to your Permanent STAMINA and 1 point to your SKILL. Deduct 2 points from your FEROCITY.

Another year goes by, and Dry Jade visits you once more. He gives you a monk's knife (note it down on your Equipment List) and asks you how you are doing now. If you tell him you are still satisfied with your chosen career, turn to 199. If you ask to be taught the martial arts, turn to 278. If you feel that the time is ripe for you to leave the monastery and resume your quest, turn to 236.

54

You let out a blood-curdling yell as you swing your wooden sword at the barbarian Taken by surprise, he staggers back, grunting in pain. You follow up with a thrust to the stomach, but he is too quick for you. Grabbing the end of your sword, he tugs sharply, unbalancing you. Before you can dodge away he is upon you, pinning your arm behind your back 'Ha! You fight like a sabre-tooth,' he snarls. 'Perfect for the arena.' Somehow he manages to tie your hands together and throw you across the back of his horse The jolting ride that follows bruises every bone in your body

Eventually you arrive in a town and clatter through its streets. You are delivered to the arena, where you are put into training under the master swordsman Jian, a muscular fellow with a strangely curved right eyebrow. Closely guarded by day and by night, you are taught the use of the sword, spear, halberd, bow and axe

Jian teaches you well. After two years you are nearly his match and are ready to face your first opponent in the arena. Throughout all this time, you never forget your parents, and the fire of vengeance in your heart is fuelled with each passing day Add 2 years to your Age, 6 points to your SKILL, 10 points to your Permanent STAMINA, and 10 points to your FEROCITY

Finally the day of your debut dawns. Jian has told you that your first battle is the most important You are led out before a howling crowd and face . a ravening Arena Beast, a leathery nightmare with soul-draining eyes

ARENA BEAST SKILL 8 STAMINA 13

Each time the Arena Beast injures you, roll 2 dice. If the total you roll is less than your SKILL, you have avoided looking into the eyes of the beast. If your roll is equal to or greater than your SKILL, you have gazed into the eyes of the Arena Beast and must lose an additional 1 point from both your SKILL and FEROCITY.

If you defeat the Arena Beast, turn to **274**.

55

If you are tattooed, turn to **187**. Otherwise, turn to **294**.

56

You ready yourself and clench your fists. Roll 2 dice. If the result is less than your FEROCITY turn to **122**. If the result is equal to or greater than your FEROCITY, turn to **385**.

57

'You are wrong,' he replies. 'Now be on your way.' He indicates the path that leads straight ahead. If you obey him, turn to **295**. If you walk past him along the left-hand fork, turn to **271**.

58

The passage carries straight on for a while, then bends to the right. You follow it and enter a strangely shaped chamber. In the wall opposite are five short passages, each less than two metres high. In the centre of the room, a large clay bowl sits on the block of

stone. Around it are strewn the bones of a dozen skeletons. Meng says, 'Many have tried to take the cup: do you dare?' Do you:

Grab the bowl from the stone?	Turn to **48**
Approach warily and touch the bowl?	Turn to **257**
Go back the way you came?	Turn to **4**

59

You hurry along the corridor, finding a locked door at the far end. You open it with the warder's keys, and peer cautiously out. Two guards are sitting sleepily outside. There's no chance of escaping this way without disturbing them. Gently you pull the door closed, but just as you are locking it you hear a shout from the other side. The guard must have heard you. You race back the way you came, looking for another exit. There's no way out – except a stinking tunnel, covered by a grille in the floor. You unfasten the grille and peer into the darkness. If you snatch an unlit torch from a wall bracket near by, note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*. Then you slide down the tunnel. Roll 2 dice. If the result is less than your Permanent STAMINA, turn to **136**. If the result is equal to or greater than your Permanent STAMINA, turn to **232**.

60

The fragrance of mulberry leaves fills the air. Sounds become muted as you look down on the mercenaries: they are frantically drawing their weapons and gawping up at you in horror. Their expressions become blank and their heads begin to droop. Then their

leader shouts out harshly and they start to retreat. Soon you are alone in the deserted camp. You drowse . . . and wake up to find yourself staring into the narrowed eyes of an old man. 'A curse is upon you,' he says. 'I can lift it if you wish.' Do you:

Tell him you want the curse lifted?	Turn to 179
Attack him?	Turn to 279
Refuse his offer and leave?	Turn to 339

61

Luckily Sunai has some copper coins, which are enough to pay for you all to sleep in the draughty dormitory of Yenshu's most disreputable boarding house. There is not enough money for food, however, so you must make do with what you have brought from your village. The talk in the dormitory is of the civil war that rages in the north of the lands. It is said that Maior and Feior, twin sons of Bezenvial, have returned to the isles and are waging war on the God-King, Poo Ta. Bezenvial, the Dark Master, was once the ruler of the Isles of the Dawn, and you have heard the old folk telling stories about that terrible time. Now the Twins of Evil are using their magic to destroy the loyal legions of the isles and are employing mercenaries from the savage lands across the sea. It is even said that they have brought to the isles some of the creatures known as Orcs – horrible, stunted animals with little intelligence but with much cruelty and cunning

You fall asleep with images of bestial snarling faces whirling in your mind. Next morning, you wake late and eat a frugal breakfast. Turn to **296**.

62

You come to, and find yourself standing in front of your Superior. In your hands is the clay bowl, which the Superior silently takes from you and places reverently on a plinth (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). You are congratulated on your success. Write down the word 'monk' on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you choose to remain with the sect, turn to **155**. Otherwise you must wash the white paint off your face (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*) and leave. If you make enquiries in the town, turn to **375**. If you head north, turn to **81**.

63

The stench gets worse as you make your way along the tunnel. After some time you reach a junction. From the passage leading off to your right you can hear the faint splash of water. If you go to the left, turn to **146**. If you follow the passage to your right, turn to **284**

64

The creature rears up before you to its full height, and you see for the first time the tiny legs, running all the way down its belly. Before it can act, you leap in and deliver it a stinging blow The shriek in your inner ear almost knocks you off your feet, but you recover and charge the thing once more.

CANGUI SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the creature, turn to 148.

65

You start to swing a blow against the old man, but he catches your eye and all the energy leaves your limbs. He raises his arms and a blast of fire engulfs you. Your adventure ends here

66

Your enemy doesn't even bother to raise his sword. You launch your best blow but it fails to penetrate the black lacquered armour. The mercenary merely laughs. You are seized from behind, bound and hung from a pole For hours the mercenaries make sport of you; add 2 points to your FEROCITY. Eventually they tire of their sport; they pack up camp and depart, leaving you where you are.

It takes you two days to work yourself free, by which time you are faint from hunger. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The mercenaries have set off riding towards the south. You could try to follow them on foot (turn to 273) or head in a northerly direction

towards the coast and try to obtain passage on a ship (turn to 142).

67

You explain to the others that you must act alone. Quan nods in agreement when you mention the monastery, but Sunai seems more doubtful.

'Give up and become a monk, then,' she says. 'I intend to make something of myself here in Yenshu.'

After a tearful farewell, you leave the town by the north gate and trudge off alone. Turn to 115.

68

Your companion smiles and tells you that, as it happens, he does know something about mercenaries, but he wonders why you are asking. Do you tell him that:

You wish to become a mercenary?	Turn to 189
You're seeking revenge against a mercenary?	Turn to 252
You have no special interest?	Turn to 350

69

You are back at your temple. One of your fellow monks conducts you to the Superior, who chides you for your failure and sends you back to your monk's cell. From now on you live the spartan life of a monk. Your requests to leave the order are politely declined. Your quest for revenge ends here.

70

Add 2 points to your FEROCITY. The monk picks himself up from where he fell and dusts himself off. 'You are a good fighter,' he says. 'Proceed!' Although you could have sworn that your last blow killed him, he looks barely out of breath as he sits himself down and resumes his meditation. Turn to 338.

71

You bray in triumph at your victory, but five Dragon Guards take the place of the one you have just defeated. You are quickly overpowered, dragged off and thrown in prison. Five days later, you are informed that, as a menace to public order, you are to be executed. Your adventure ends here.

72

You tear the mask from the man's head. Beneath it

there is no face – just a swollen mass of raw, red flesh. You put on the mask and raise your arms. The mercenaries kneel before you, their new leader. The red haze still dances before your eyes; the haze of hatred and death, the crimson tide of revenge, never leaves you, and the mask never comes off your face until your dying day.

73

The months pass and turn into years. You come to realize that the slave master controls his workforce by building up false hopes in them. Though you may improve your lot slightly, you will never be free. By the time this realization dawns, your body is too worn out for action. Even if you were to find a way of escaping from the mines, you couldn't hope to rescue your mother or bring bloody vengeance upon the foreign mercenaries. Your adventure ends here.

74

You concentrate hard on releasing the old man; after a while he shakes his head and looks around him, puzzled. You kneel before him, bowing your head, and apologize for your attack upon him. Gruffly he forgives you and tells you to follow him. You make your way along a path to a sheltered valley, and come upon the hut in which Master Yao lives. Turn to **360**.

75

You make your way down the path from the monastery after thanking Dry Jade for his hospitality. Turn to **295**.

76

Roll 2 dice. If the total rolled is less than your SKILL, turn to **376**. If the result is equal to or greater than your SKILL, turn to **318**.

77

Maior sends for a horse from the stables. Since you have never ridden in your life, you ride behind him. You travel for several days, camping rough at night. You are surprised to discover that Maior is quite accustomed to the hard life of a traveller. As you journey, he tells you something of his history: how he came to power as his father, Bezenvial, had decreed in the Black Vein Prophecy, but how he rejected his father's legacy of evil. At long last you arrive at a country mansion – from the size of it, the residence of an important official. Maior tells you that your mother is here. He explains that all children are connected to their parents, whether they like it or not, and perceptive eyes can follow the connection – this is how he found his way here. He strides in, brushing aside the protesting guardian of the door. You follow him all the way into the main hall, where a large gathering is

enjoying a banquet. Your eyes immediately alight on your mother. As you run to embrace her, Maior's voice rings out, filling the hall: 'I am the king. This woman is now free.' The banquet guests sit dumbfounded; none dares protest.

You leave the house with the king and your mother. She is overjoyed to see you and weeps for several hours. You travel to the nearest town with your mother riding beside your. Maior takes her to the tribunal and informs the magistrate that he is to take care of her as if she was royalty. Then you are riding once again.

Thanks to Maior's uncanny gift, less than a week passes before you arrive at the mercenary camp. As you walk among the tents the mercenaries take one look at Maior and back away. He pauses before the largest tent and raises the hammer to strike the small drum which hangs there. Before he can do this, the tent-flaps part and your enemy emerges, fully armoured and with the accursed demon mask in place. He reaches for his sword, but Maior makes a gesture, and patterns of light form in the air. Your enemy stands, mesmerized. If you draw the golden sword and strike him down, turn to 174. If you tell Maior that you want the man to be allowed to live, turn to 393.

78

Your life is uneventful, but at least you have food to eat and clothes to wear. Your adventure ends here.

79

Before you leave, Yao gives you some paper talismans

which he says may come in useful. You thank him for his courtesy, bid him farewell and press on northwards. Turn to 295.

80

You look back on the scene of carnage and destruction, reminded of what happened to your own village. You promise yourself that you will have your revenge, ignoring the shouts hurled in your direction by the mercenaries. After riding for several hours, you rid yourself of the mercenary gear and make a present of the horse to a farmer, in return for a good meal and a pair of stout walking sandals. Turn to 166.

81

You trudge along the road, passed by the occasional merchant. After two days of marching you find yourself among the foothills. The road is now no better than a track, climbing steadily up the sandy slopes. To your left you can see the highest peak of the mountain; another track branches off to the right. If you press on ahead, turn to 97. If you take the branching path, turn to 253.

82

You set off after the mercenaries as they trek eastwards, then turn towards the south. It is easy to follow them at a distance – you simply keep an eye open for the plumes of smoke as they burn and ransack villages in their path. After several months' travel you realize you are only a few kilometres from Traole. If you persist in following the mercenaries, turn to 310. If you make your way to Traole instead, turn to 235.

83

As the boat passes, you manage to grab its steering oar and haul yourself painfully up, finally dragging yourself over the rail. You collapse, panting, on deck, scarcely aware of the curses of the surprised steersman.

When you recover, a well-bred face is studying you intently. 'The wretch can join the crew. You were telling me this morning that we were short handed,' it remarks to a stocky fellow. The captain puts you to work swabbing the deck, as the craft sets sail down river towards the coast. Its ultimate goal is the capital. Zhenguei, the powerful man whose boat this is, plans to rejoin his ministry there. You are given plenty of work on the coast-hugging journey, and any complaints are met with a sound thrashing from the bos'n. Add 1 year to your Age and 3 points to your Permanent STAMINA.

When you reach Shoudu you are dismissed. The captain gives you a sailor's scarf before you disembark and tells you that, if you're ever short of a job, you should think about becoming a sailor. When you leave the boat you find yourself in Shoudu's docks. If you make for the palace in order to bring a complaint before the king, turn to 202. Otherwise turn to 195.

84

With a roar that would turn a young man's hair grey, you frighten away the spectators and race up the arena stairs. A guard faces you at the top, but you bowl him aside and leap into space. Luck is with you, for your fall is broken by the stall of a meat vendor.

You pick yourself up from the wreckage of his tent, snatch up a piece of roasted meat on a stick, and leap upon a nearby horse. Then you are riding like the wind, howling your defiance at your captors and whirling your sword about your head. Note down that you have a sword and the roasted-meat stick (which counts as 1 Provision) on your Equipment List. Apart from these you have no possessions. Write down the word 'arena' on your *Adventure Sheet*.

You ride for hours, until the sparkling blue expanse of the sea opens up on your right. Turning inland, you ride through rice country similar to your home district. Time passes and mountains loom up on the horizon. Then all at once the horse stumbles. You land with a splash, unhurt, but the horse has fared worse; you have driven the poor beast too hard, and it cannot continue. You have to abandon it here and continue on foot, into the lower slopes of the mountains. Turn to **264**.

85

You push open the black door and step through. You are in the great hall of a temple – a huge statue of Arn dominates the wall opposite. If you have a white face, turn to **320**. If you are wearing a red robe, turn to **139**.

86

Traole is enormous. You can hardly believe how many houses and people are crowded within its walls. You wander along the streets, ignored by the bustling city folk. As you stand admiring the fruit for sale on a sidestreet stall, you hear a commotion from further

along the road. A great cloud of dust is being kicked up, and it's moving towards you. If you go to see what's happening, turn to **322**. If you hurry away from the clamour, turn to **51**.

87

A kilometre ahead, the highway passes through an area of dense, high reeds before crossing a river via an ancient stone bridge. This is the perfect place for an ambush. The warriors are travelling slowly so you have plenty of time to sneak ahead of them and hide yourself. You let them pass your hiding place until all but one of them are on the bridge, then you charge. You

catch the rear guard by surprise – he topples into the river – but the next whirls round and attacks

SAMURAI SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If you defeat the samurai, turn to 323. You may escape at any time by turning to **214**.

88

Your head spins horribly as you leap to your feet, but you manage to keep your balance, and you charge out of the hut. You see the man making his way along a rough path into woodland, so you turn in the opposite direction and plunge among the trees, running for hours before exhaustion forces you to rest. Regain 1 point of LUCK. Turn to **263**.

89

Once you are all safe, the farmers kneel down before you. 'Young Deliverer,' one of them says, 'we are for ever in your debt If ever you need our help, we will provide it.' You take them up on their offer by returning with them to their village. The other villagers are overjoyed and, although the mercenaries had stolen most of the food, there is enough for you to have a light meal, before you lie down to rest on a comfortable mat. Recover 2 points of STAMINA. After you have rested, it is time to consider the situation. Turn to 131.

90

If you have the word 'green' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **248**; otherwise, turn to 348.

91

Your surprise attack works like a dream. He cries in sudden pain, lets go of your arm and clutches his bloody nose. 'You . .' he begins, then stops and reconsiders. 'Good, good,' he says. 'I asked for that, I suppose.' As he mops the blood off his face, he tells you that tomorrow he'll take you to the mercenary band Note down the number '336' on your *Adventure Sheet*. At any time when you are given the option to leave by the North Gate, you may turn instead to **336** to wait for your companion. Turn to 197.

92

The roads in your district are frequently used by merchants who come to buy surplus rice from the peasants. Strangely, there are no merchants in sight on this road and, after walking for an hour, you discover the reason. A small cloud of dust appears ahead of

you, then resolves itself into the shape of a fiercely armoured, mounted warrior – perhaps one of the mercenaries who attacked your village. He will be on you in moments. The rest of the children flee into the rice fields. If you run after them, turn to **133**. If you wait and try to ambush the mercenary, turn to **325**.

93

You wake up to see the concerned face of Dry Jade looking down at you. Your STAMINA is restored to its permanent level. Now that you have failed in the test, you face a choice. If you stay at the monastery and give up your quest for revenge, turn to **199**. If you decide to leave, turn to **281**.

94

It is pitch dark among the rice paddies and, as you file along a polder, you pause to wonder where all the leaves are coming from. There are no trees with leaves like these within many kilometres of your village. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **347**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **163**.

95

The priests start their chanting. Tremors wrack your body, your vision swims and you feel as if some large reptile is thrashing around in your stomach. You hear a shriek of agony from far away – then you realize it is your own voice. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Finally the ordeal is over. Cross the word 'silk' off your *Adventure Sheet*. Even though you are so weak you can hardly stand, you thank the priests and

totter out into the streets. Your head whirls. Where to go now? What to do? Do you:

Travel northwards?	Turn to **45**
Travel southwards?	Turn to **99**
Look for work in Traole?	Turn to **375**

96

The fellow doesn't return your greeting but keeps the grin fixed on his face. He advances with arms outstretched and throws them round you to hug you. Surprised at his friendly gesture, you are defenceless against the shock of his attack. Pain smears your chest and you look down and catch a glimpse of something black and skittering, covered with blood . . . your blood. Your adventure ends here.

97

The path winds upwards and you squint up at the looming majesty of the chief of the Golden Crane Mountains You can't see any buildings or signs of life at the summit. Ahead, a sandy path forks off to the left At the junction sits a shaven-headed fellow in the red robes of a monk. Will you:

Ignore him and carry straight on?	Turn to **295**
Bow to him?	Turn to **229**
Ignore him and take the left fork?	Turn to **338**
Ask him if Baochou Monastery lies at the summit of the mountain?	Turn to **161**

98

Mercenaries stream past you as your opponent falls; the battle is won. But there is one surprise: from the covered litter, which the samurai died to protect, comes a high, pure note. The wooden frame starts to shake then splinters. A flapping white object shoots up vertically from the wreckage of the litter and disappears into the sky The mercenary leader searches among the rubble and unearths a wooden plaque. 'A useful find,' he comments, tucking it into his belt. The mercenaries loot the bodies of the samurai, whooping cheerfully over the quality of their blades and armour.

Over the next few days, as the band travels, you look for an opportunity to attack the mercenary leader, but none presents itself: he is much too careful and suspicious to allow anyone near him. Finally you are forced to give up this plan. You are starting to acquire

some of the habits of the mercenaries – if you stay with them any longer you will truly become one of them. One night you slip away from them, discard all your mercenary gear, and continue southwards, now alone and on foot. Turn to **289**.

99

You make good time back to your village. There is less evidence of the destruction here – indeed, it seems possible that the village could be rebuilt. With renewed hope you stride out again towards Yenshu. You are so used to sleeping rough that you don't even consider spending hard-earned money to stay in the town. Turn to **166**.

100

You edge closer to the camp. If you have the word 'magic' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **396**. Otherwise roll 2 dice. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to **312**. If the result is equal to or greater than your SKILL, turn to **261**.

101

In the cave, the other slaves greet you without interest. They give you a pick and show you the rock face at which they work. There are no guards, but you soon discover that if one slave attempts to escape, *all* the slaves in the escapees' work detail are punished. The members of your work detail are all resigned to their fate and give you dire warnings as to the consequences of making trouble for them. The work is back-breaking, and you soon lose track of time (add 1 year to your

Age). Now and again you dream of your father being killed by the foreign mercenary and of your mother being dragged off into a slavery no doubt as soul-destroying as your own.

One day the slave master, Kuangong, informs you that you have worked hard and as a reward are to join a different work detail; here you will have better food and will work slightly shorter hours. Also, you realize, you may now have an opportunity to escape and gain your revenge on those who brought this tragedy upon your family. If you make a plan to escape, turn to **216**. If you decide to wait in the mines, hoping to earn your freedom through hard work, turn to **73**.

102

Abbot Dry Jade smiles. 'You are a good monk,' he says. 'You resume your duties in the laundry. Add 1 year to your Age, 2 points to your Permanent STAMINA and 1 point to your SKILL. Deduct 2 points from your FEROCITY. Another year goes by, and Dry Jade visits you once more. He gives you a monk's staff – note it down on your Equipment List – it may be

used as a weapon) and asks how you are doing. If you tell him you are still satisfied with your lot, turn to **199**. If you ask to be taught the martial arts, turn to **278**. If you feel the time has come for you to leave the monastery and resume your quest, turn to **236**

103

Your enemy is bearing down upon one of the villagers. You intercept him and swing your sword at his head, but it seems to bounce ineffectually off his demon mask 'Scum!' he grates

MERCENARY LEADER SKILL 12 STAMINA 15

You may escape this combat at any time by turning to **80** If you are still fighting the leader after 5 Attack Rounds, turn to **206**.

104

The tunnel lurches as you strike a flint and ignite the torch. There is a deep gurgle and a blast of foul-smelling air, then a huge tongue lashes out at you from the darkness. You parry it with the torch, raising a blister on the pink obscenity With a deafening shriek another blast of air strikes you, blowing you clear out of the creature's mouth You see the vast jaws close and the reptilian thing slithers away into the darkness Then there is a flash: your torch has ignited the gas that collects in these sewers. You have only moments to escape the inferno, so you fling the torch to one side and run (cross the torch off your Equipment List) The flames lick at you, singeing

your hair. Lose 1 point of Temporary STAMINA. Turn to 42.

105

Blows rain down on you, shredding your rough peasant tunic and making a bloody ruin of your back. You crawl out of the magistrate's chamber and collapse in the road outside the tribunal. Deduct 2 points from your Temporary STAMINA. No one moves to help you, so eventually you manage to haul yourself to your feet and stagger off down the street. If you have the word 'art' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 351. Otherwise, turn to 251.

106

You struggle to resist the creature, but your legs are stuck in sweet-smelling mud. Summoning all your determination, you swing at the Cangui and succeed in wounding it. A shriek resounds in your head and the worm rears up, revealing tiny legs running down its underside. It looms above you for a moment then plunges down, crushing the life out of you.

107

'This is a most serious matter,' says the king. He strikes a tiny gong on his reading desk. 'I will have the matter dealt with by my personal adviser.' Into the room glides a fat figure dressed in finery a hundred times more extravagant than the king's simple robe. Maior informs him that he is to deal with your case as a matter of urgency. You bow low before the king and leave with Pantu. Turn to 400.

108

You hear a young man in a tavern cursing the rulers of the isles. As he leaves the tavern, you sidle up to him and broach the subject of the rebels. He stares at you with eyes bleary from drink, and takes a swing at you.

DRUNK	SKILL 4	STAMINA 10

If you defeat the drunk, turn to 315.

109

The abbot shows you round the monastery, where some two hundred monks study, meditate and train. You are given a red robe (note it down on your Equipment List) and are assigned a mat in the dormitory. The abbot asks which task you would prefer: you may work in the kitchen, help with the laundry, or clean the martial arts practice chamber. Which do you choose:

The kitchen?	Turn to 374
The laundry?	Turn to 186
Cleaning duties?	Turn to 41

110

You smash through the ranks of constables and run into the streets. Following the lead of one of the other prisoners, you race through the dark streets until you are sure you haven't been pursued. She leads you to a deserted building full of machinery, explaining that this is a water clock. Marvelling at the clever mechanism, you pick your way through the clock and gather by the central wheel. Turn to 290.

111

The samurai take up positions of readiness as you approach, but they are not threatening. One of them points to the covered litter and grunts at you in his guttural language The covering is moved aside and you find yourself face to face with the occupant. The Ambassador Keiko speaks your language perfectly; she explains that she is visiting the isles in order to negotiate a trade agreement. The initial talks were going well when the king's new adviser, Pantu, abruptly cancelled them and ordered Keiko to leave the palace. Rather than return empty-handed to Ojin (as she calls Hachiman), she is travelling the land, hoping that the palace authorities will have a change of heart.

You tell her your story; she listens with evident sympathy. She tells you that the men who destroyed your village were not from Ojin, since samurai never hire themselves out to foreigners. They must have been from the southern Isles of the Dawn, where a different dialect is spoken. She also promises to help you. She gives you a wooden plaque (note this down on your *Adventure Sheet*) which will enable you to enter the palace. Once you are in there, you must do everything you can to see the king in person. Perhaps you will even be able to help Keiko by finding out if the king knows about the trade mission, she wonders. You bow to Keiko then depart and continue your journey. Turn to **289**.

112

'You are wrong,' he replies. 'Now be on your way.' He

indicates the path that leads straight ahead. If you obey him, turn to **295**. If you walk past him along the left-hand fork, turn to **271**.

113

You crawl out through the opening and slip on the slime but regain your balance. There are plenty of handholds on the river wall, so you quickly scramble up and over. You're free, and back among the streets of Traole! Now do you:

Head north?	Turn to **81**
Head south?	Turn to **99**
Investigate the inns for mercenaries?	Turn to **36**
Head for the temple in search of divine assistance?	Turn to **258**

114

The old man starts telling you about charms and enchantments, but then his voice begins to falter. You realize that your control over him is slipping and that, if you are to learn all there is to know about magic, you must trick him. You tell him that when you clap your hands he will be free from your control, but that he will believe you to be a friend to whom he has promised to pass on his magical arts. Sure enough, when you clap your hands together, Yao takes your arm and leads you back to the sheltered valley in which his rush hut stands. Turn to **247**.

115

You find your way back to your village without much difficulty. The little settlement is deserted now, and tears spring to your eyes at the sight of the world you have known lying in ruins. As you kneel silently at your father's grave, in your mind you see once more the glaring mask of the butcher who cut him down.

The danger you have already faced on your way to Yenshu has forewarned you against setting off unprepared. Now you are on your own, so you scavenge around for anything that may be of use. You find one of the pronged spears used against Mudworms in the paddy fields, 30 copper coins on a string, a wide-brimmed hat to protect you from the sun and some sturdy walking sandals. (Add these to your Equipment List.) You head off alone. If you travel south, towards Yenshu, turn to **371**. If you head north, turn to **18**.

116

There are three voices talking within the chamber. 'So it is decided,' one rasps. 'We have no choice but to side with Maior. The prophecy says he will prevail. Thus may darkness be brought upon the land.' The other two grunt their assent.

If you creep away quietly and continue along the tunnel, turn to **63**. If you burst in and attack the conspirators, turn to **225**.

117

You leap to the attack. Before your disbelieving eyes, your father is transformed into a creature from your own worst nightmares, a monster of writhing tentacles and venomous fangs.

MENGEMO SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the Mengemo, turn to **19**.

118

Your uncle is surprised to see you back so soon. When Yubei sees you, her features darken and she explodes with anger: 'What are you doing back here? I should never have been so generous. Get out of this house!' Zhonggao remonstrates with her, but to no avail, and you are cast out into the street.

As the shadows lengthen, you wander forlornly through Yenshu, heading for the boarding house. You turn a corner, preoccupied with your own thoughts, and find yourself face to face with a stout fellow sporting close-cropped hair and a tattooed torso. 'Peasant scum,' he snarls. 'There's no place for you in this town.' He steps forward and launches a swift punch.

TOWN THUG SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you beat him, turn to **7**.

119

You keep a wary eye open for signs of trouble as you roam the city. Twice you see squads of soldiers in dragon-crested helmets patrolling the streets. By making careful enquiries of street vendors you learn that warriors from Hachiman passed through Traole quite recently. They left the city by the South Gate, heading for the capital, Shoudu. Also, the rumour goes, a rabble-rouser by the name of Merzei visited the city in order to recruit converts to his peasant uprising. He too left by the South Gate, pursued by a squad of Dragon Guards! You return to Bofu's house

to find that Sunai has not returned. She finally turns up two days later. It's obvious from her expression that her mission has failed. Her face is pale, her hair is dishevelled and her hands shake as she takes the cup you pass her. She refuses to say what happened but insists that she is going back to Yenshu the very next morning. The others are frightened by her present mood and agree to go with her. It seems you will be on your own from now on. Next morning you thank Bofu for his hospitality and bid your friends farewell. If you travel north, turn to **81**. If you stay in Traole, turn to **30**.

120

Brandishing your weapon, you charge into the camp. Roll 3 dice. If the total rolled is less than your FEROCITY, turn to **224**. If the result is equal to or greater than your FEROCITY, turn to **206**.

121

The mighty tower of Yenshu stands before you once

more. You pass through the gates of the town and find yourself in streets that are almost deserted. Your first priority is to find somewhere to bed down for the night. If you visit your uncle, turn to **43**. If you opt for a boarding house, turn to **238**.

122

Your opponent moves closer, staring fixedly into your eyes. At the last moment you tear your gaze away as his jerkin opens and ravening insectoid jaws leap from within.

CHONGGUI SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the Chonggui, turn to **331**.

123

The demon mask thrusts right into your face. At this close range you can make out the glint of human eyes through the circular eye-holes. 'If you're a member of my band, you obey my word without question – understand?' the leader of the mercenaries hisses. You are surprised to find yourself listening carefully to the man's accent: although it is rough, you can't help but feel that he is speaking his native tongue. Perhaps Quan was wrong to suggest that these barbarians are from across the seas. 'I said: do you understand?' demands the leader. You nod energetically. One of the mercenaries, Shasi, leads you away and fits you up with some armour, weapons and a horse. The band packs up camp and sets off southwards.

Over the next few days your suspicions are confirmed:

you discover that the mercenaries are from Tura, the southernmost of the Isles of the Dawn. When you reach the next village, the leader shouts, 'Rich pickings,' and the mercenaries charge in. Do you:

Join in with their pillaging?	Turn to 21
Ride off?	Turn to 80
Attack the leader?	Turn to 103

124

'That will be your first task,' says Maior. The king offers the sword once more. Unless you know another option, you may now take the sword (turn to 52) or say that you are not worthy (turn to 370)

125

As soon as you release your friends they start shouting. Guards rush in, overpower you, drag you before the magistrate and give you a severe beating. If you have a cudgel, turn to 185; otherwise, turn to 330

126

The next day you are brought before the tribunal The

city magistrate accuses you of attempting to overthrow the authorities. He points to the constables with their pointed staves and urges you to confess your crimes, for no criminal may be sentenced without first confessing. If you confess, turn to 330 If you deny everything, turn to 379.

127

You tie the scabbard to your waistband and turn to leave the chamber. Meng is gone. Everything that was dark is now light. You stand in the palm of a giant whose face is your own. His fingers bend; he closes his hand upon you, crushing you . . . Your adventure ends here.

128

There is another fearsome howl, and then an enormous, shaggy shape rears up in front of you. If you are prepared to trust in your good fortune and walk on up the path, turn to 313. If you ready your weapon and take up a defensive stance, turn to 285.

129

Walking through the night gloom, you almost bump into what – at first sight – looks like a tree-stump. With a jolt you realize that in fact this is the stationary figure of a man. He raises his head to gaze at you, and you catch the glint of sharp eyes from beneath bushy white brows. The old man reaches up to stroke his long white beard. Then he mutters something incomprehensible and beckons to you with his finger. You notice that he has a sword at his belt. If you launch a surprise attack on him, turn to **211**. If you show him respect and follow him warily, turn to **50**.

130

You select a nearby shrine, light an incense stick and begin to pray. The circular design of the shrine reminds you of the brooch the Abbot gave you. It seems to revolve, and a gentle voice says, 'South, south, to the capital. That way lies release.' You look around. A priest is standing near by, but you can't be sure whether or not it was he who spoke. If you leave the temple and travel south, turn to **99**. Otherwise, turn to **364**.

131

It would be far too dangerous to approach the camp, now that the mercenaries are alerted. If you wish to keep close to the mercenaries, shadowing them and awaiting an opportunity for action, turn to **82**. If you decide to travel back south, in search of something or someone to help you in your quest for revenge, turn to **273**.

132

The monk sidles towards you, moving with the fatal grace of a hunting spider You are calm as he attacks, mentally back at your menial tasks in the monastery. As quick as lightning, he launches a kick to your body. Your arm sweeps down, just as it did during countless hours of work, effortlessly brushing his kick aside His next attack is more careful

WHITE-FACED MONK SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the mònk, turn to 267. If he defeats you, turn to 93.

133

The children scatter and flee, but in his haste poor Hani slips and falls, sprawling across the polder. The horseman comes to a halt, sending up a cloud of dust. If you continue to flee into the rice paddies, turn to 31. If you turn and try to distract the horseman's attention away from Hani, turn to 157.

134

A short distance from the camp you come upon a low rise and you watch the mercenaries from this vantage point. Sure enough, these are the very barbarians who destroyed your village. As you watch, a group of farmers is driven into the camp by mercenaries wielding whips. Some are tied up and are then suspended, upside down, from poles, while others are pegged out on the ground. Their plaintive cries rise up to you. If you try to help them, turn to 270. If you stay where you are, turn to 329.

135

You make a move to step forward between the doors, but an invisible barrier blocks your passage. A bell begins to toll and shouts echo from within. If you turn and hurry down the mountain, turn to 213. If you wait to see what all the fuss is about, turn to 388.

136

Your landing is soft but revolting. You hold your breath and stagger from the muddy pool which broke your fall. The walls here give off a faint glow, and you can see that you are in a low tunnel. If you set off to the left, turn to 326. If you go right, turn to 255.

137

Yao leans over, deep in thought. He stays like this, unmoving, for long moments, as you await his words of insight. Yao's head sinks lower on his chest and a contended sigh escapes his lips . . . then he begins to snore! Whatever wisdom you may learn, it is unlikely you'll obtain it from this old man. You make your way out of his hut. Turn to **144**.

138

If you decide to travel north, towards Traole, turn to **18**. If you determine to travel south, towards Shoudu, the capital of the isles, turn to **166**.

139

When the monk Black Cauldron steps into the hall you realize that you are in the monastery at Baochou He commiserates with you on your failure in the test If you stay at the monastery and give up your quest for revenge, turn to **199**. If you resolve to continue, turn to **281**.

140

You travel for several days, watching as the approaching mountains rise ahead of you. You make your way along the track until it meets the path up to Baochou Looking up at the mountain, you see no sign of the monastery, so you carry on along the path. Turn to **295**.

141

The wind whips up around you, blowing leaves into your eyes. You become aware of a glow approaching through the darkness and resolving itself into a huge, sightless worm With a start you realize that you are not dreaming. Your scream wakes the others and they stagger to their feet as if drunk. The worm slithers towards you, and a gentle whispering noise caresses your ears, sapping your resistance. If you are prepared to fight the creature, turn to **64** If you'd rather flee from it, turn to **163**.

142

A few days later you reach a coastal port and persuade a friendly merchant to take you on board You sail the next day, keeping the coastline hard by the port side.

Although there is much talk about the troubled state of the land, the merchant is cheerful and optimistic, and the journey passes pleasantly. After only a few weeks you arrive at the docks in Shoudu. The merchant has advised you to try to bring your case before the king, while the ship's captain says he's prepared to offer you a job as a cabin boy if you fancy the life of a sailor. Turn to 195.

143

You knock the warder over, but he rolls upright in an instant and draws a cudgel. He circles warily, waiting for the right moment to strike.

WARDER	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the warder, turn to 366.

144

You follow the path until you are out of the valley. As it's dark now, you decide you had better rest for the night. Luckily you find a sheltered spot in a grove of trees. While you sleep you may recover 2 points of Temporary STAMINA. Next morning you return to the path and press on. Turn to 295.

145

The people you meet in the street treat you with suspicion, but when you ask for directions to your uncle's house they become friendlier. You are directed to a pleasant little dwelling close by Yenshu's North Gate. When you strike the gong which hangs outside the door, a slender woman answers; she leads you into the main hall where your uncle Zhonggao waits. When he rises to greet you the similarity to your father in voice and appearance is striking. Zhonggao must have been your father's brother, though he had always been described to you as if he were only distantly related. Your uncle smiles to welcome you and you tell him the fate of his brother. A shadow passes across his face as you speak of the foreign barbarian's foul deed.

'The spirit of the land is weak once more,' he muses. 'Is Bezenvial's clammy grasp still at our throat?'

'The child must be given money,' says Zhonggao's wife, Yubei, the woman who answered the door. 'Shelter too, and any other help we can render. They may have spurned you because of me, but they are still your family, and you must help avenge your brother's death.' You sleep well, and in the morning you hungrily devour a delicious bowl of rice porridge with pickled vegetables. While you eat, Zhonggao ponders upon your best course of action. 'The magistrate is busy, and perhaps too callow to take action. It may be wisest to make for Baochou, there to learn the fighting arts, so that you can take revenge yourself.' If you decide to visit the magistrate, turn to 391. If you start the journey to Baochou, turn to 365.

146

A figure looms out of the darkness of the tunnel. It is a man, dressed in the rough leathers of an artisan. His beady eyes stare at you and his teeth are bared in a fixed grin. As he walks towards you he spreads his arms wide to show you that he is unarmed. If you run back the way you came, turn to **284**. If you greet him with friendship, turn to **96**. If you attack him, turn to **56**.

147

The palace is surrounded by many high walls; however, you are fit enough to climb them, and by good fortune it is a moonless night. In pitch darkness you slither over the outer walls and creep along the roof of an outbuilding. A dim light glows from the balcony above your head, so you haul yourself up and over. You make your way noiselessly through a lattice-wood door to an ornately decorated corridor. You pause for a quick rest but have no time to catch your breath. A Royal Guard rounds the corner and, on seeing you, draws his sword and rushes to challenge you.

ROYAL GUARD SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you defeat the guard in 10 rounds or less, turn to **250**; otherwise, turn to **11**.

148

The bloated body of the Cangui lies before you. As you watch, the spongy flesh peels away until all that is left is the emaciated body of an old man with silvery-grey hair and beard. His face is composed and at peace. Gain 1 point of LUCK (this may not increase

your LUCK score above its *Initial* value) and 1 point of SKILL. The others congratulate you on your victory and help you dig a grave in the sodden earth for the old man. Next morning there is no sign of the leaves which swirled around you last night. Turn to **368**.

149

The current sweeps you down the fissure, dashing you against the rock walls. Your head strikes stone and roaring blackness overwhelms you. Deduct 2 points from your Temporary STAMINA.

You regain consciousness with a thousand tiny demons stabbing at your head with firebrands. Sparks swim before your eyes, but you can make out the interior of a peasant hut. A face looms before you, full of concern. Through the haze which clouds your mind you hear the word 'mine'. A damp cloth, scented with pungent herbs, is pressed to your forehead, restoring some of your shattered senses. A peasant woman is tending to you and behind her a man is making his way out of the hut. If you leap up and try to escape, turn to **303**. If you wait here a while, turn to **245**.

150

'My family name is Yao,' he begins, 'though I seem to have forgotten my other names . . .' He pauses to sip his tea. 'I don't have many visitors here; I'm in retreat from the world – all that hustle and bustle, it's not for me. I just look for a simple existence in which I can practise my little tricks and try to stop thinking about things.' He peers at you. 'What brings you here?'

If you tell him that you are seeking the murderer of your father, turn to **39**. If you tell him you seek to learn his wisdom, turn to **367**.

151

You make your way timidly into the inn and gulp at the motley collection of cut-throats and ne'er-do-wells who splash about in the pool, guzzling all manner of peculiar concoctions. You pluck up the nerve to talk to a nearby drinker but he curses colourfully and tells you to get out. Reluctantly, you leave the inn. It's the same story at the other taverns you visit. Turn to **362**.

152

The world goes black. Deduct 2 points from your FEROCITY. Check your *Adventure Sheet*. Do you have:

A clay bowl and a white face?	Turn to **62**
A clay bowl and red robes?	Turn to **217**
Just a white face?	Turn to **69**
Just red robes?	Turn to **93**

153

The monks explain that there is a religious artefact they require, and that you have the unique qualities needed to retrieve it from its resting place underground. They train you in their Spider-style martial arts until you are ready for your expedition (write down the word 'spider' on your *Adventure Sheet*). Add 1 year to your Age, 3 points to your SKILL and 3 points to your Permanent STAMINA. Before you descend into the Underworld, your face is painted white in the fashion of their order (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*). Finally, you pass through the gilded gates which mark the entrance to the realm below. Turn to 399

154

You adopt a firm stance, concentrating on raising sufficient energy to knock over your enemy. He launches a surprise swing at you with his sword; almost without effort, you deflect its force and pull the murderer towards you. Caught off balance, he topples and crashes to the ground. You kick his sword from his grasp, then crouch down beside him. Too late you remember the other mercenaries! Turn to 206.

155

For the remainder of your days you live the hard life of a monk. Your quest for revenge is over.

156

You may question your drinking companion on another subject if you wish, but you must pay another 2 Gold

Pieces for drinks. If you have no more money or if you simply don't wish to ask more questions, turn to 197. Otherwise, you may ask him about:

The civil war	Turn to 208
A band of mercenaries	Turn to 68
Warriors from Hachiman	Turn to 268

157

'Hoi! Hoi!' you call, gesticulating wildly with your arms. 'Foulbreath! Mudworm! Savage!'

The mercenary curses back at you, leaping off his horse and advancing. You back away, making sure that the barbarian can't see Hani dragging himself to his feet and struggling over the polder. Luckily the man's heavy armour slows him and you evade him easily. Finally he remounts, spits in your direction, then tugs hard at the reins and kicks his feet into the horse's flanks. The horse leaps towards you. Too late you dodge to one side. A steel-shod hoof cracks you across the head and you topple backwards into muddy water, losing consciousness. Lose 2 points of Temporary STAMINA. Gain 1 point of FEROCITY

You come to, alone and soaked to the skin. There is no sign of Quan and the others. If you head back to your village, turn to 115. Alternatively you can try to carry on and reach Yenshu. The road may be dangerous, but you're not familiar with the polder-paths If you decide to stick to the road, turn to 384. If you travel along the polders, turn to 332.

158

The tunnel is short and wide and gives on to a roughly circular chamber. The room is lit by thousands of tiny lights dancing in the air, some darting about, others staying still. In the middle of the room stands a tall, dark shape: a figure etched permanently in your memory, its demon mask mocking you. Beside you Meng gestures urgently. If you wait to see what Meng has to say, turn to **233**. If the Fear is upon you, turn to **212**; otherwise, you may attack the figure (turn to **352**).

159

The guard raises his sword to strike you down. The last thing you see is the sword-hilt crashing down at you.

You wake up in a pile of rotting straw. Your head feels like a pounded rice-husk but at least being unconscious has helped you recover somewhat. Regain 2 points of Temporary STAMINA. Turn to **243**.

160

You turn to attack the man who betrayed you, but he has a sword readied and is backing away from you, a mocking smile twisting his face in cruel delight. You charge towards the leader of the mercenaries, the man who slew your father – but against so many men you have no chance. Your adventure ends here.

161

The monk looks up at you and smiles. 'No,' he replies.

Then he lowers his head and withdraws once more into his private world of meditation. Will you:

Carry on along your original path?	Turn to **295**
Pass the monk and take the left-hand path?	Turn to **338**
Question the monk further?	Turn to **221**

162

The doors of the building fly open and a squad of Dragon Guards swarms in, hacking indiscriminately at the untrained townspeople. If you have the golden sword and wish to use it, turn to **37**. Otherwise turn to **342**.

163

You haven't gone far before you realize that you have got lost among the muddy fields. There is no light anywhere now and the stars are blotted out by clouds. You stop where you are, passing an uncomfortable night stretched out along the polder. Deduct 1 point from your Temporary STAMINA.

Next morning you look out over an unfamiliar expanse of paddy fields. It takes you several hours to find a rough track, and you are not even sure that it is the same one you were using yesterday. Turn to **368**.

164

You start to swing a blow against the old man, but he catches your eye with a powerful gaze. Time seems to hold its breath as you stare at each other. You look deeply into his eyes and have the strangest feeling, as if you were flying through a tunnel, finally emerging in a cavernous chamber. The image fades. The old man stands stock still, mesmerized. If you take his fine sword and leave him where he is, turn to **29**. If you question him, turn to **398**.

165

Once the agreement has been reached, Sunai takes over, organizing preparations for the journey. From somewhere you obtain some food and some scraps of wood to reinforce your sandals for the walk.

You set off in the crisp morning air, making good time along the roads. Soon you pass the deserted settlement which you encountered on your way to Yenshu. None of you can bear to return to your village, so you pass on. Dusk falls around you; shadows grow long. Leaves flutter past, blown in the wind. Despite the darkness, the road lies clear before you, glowing in warm light. If you press on in the dark, turn to **319**. If you decide to make camp here, turn to **277**. If you move off the road, turn to **94**.

166

The next few weeks merge into one another in a blur as you settle into a routine of travel. Although you pass many farmers working in the fields, there are few travellers on the roads. One day you meet a fellow dressed in rather tattered scholar's robes You recognize him as an itinerant puzzler. Scholars who fail the bureaucratic examinations often find it hard to secure employment, and many opt for the life of a puzzler According to tradition, a puzzler may ask a question of anyone he meets on the road. If he does not receive the correct answer, custom dictates that the puzzler is entitled to charity – at the very least, the price of a meal This puzzler is barely older than you are and doesn't seem entirely sure of himself. He asks: 'One day I bought a tree The next day it grew by a half of its height They day after, it grew by a third of its new height. The day after that it grew by a quarter of its height, and so on . . . How many days did it take the tree to grow to a hundred times its original height?' If you think you have worked out the correct answer, note it down on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **275** If you can't solve the puzzle, make a note of what you are giving the puzzler and then turn to **378**.

167

You ready your weapon as Zhanshi circles in towards you. He swings wildly and you try to block . . but it was a feint. With a nimble flick of his sword Zhanshi disarms you. 'Get out of here,' he roars. 'You're just a know-nothing peasant' As you make your way dejectedly from the camp, you can feel the eyes of the

mercenary leader following you all the way. You feel safe only when you are out of sight of the camp. Turn to 131

168

You find a decent-looking tavern in the better-off part of the city. You pick out a cheerful young man and offer him a drink. He is soon chatting merrily away and you guide him carefully on to the subjects that interest you. The first drink costs you 2 Gold Pieces (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*). Will you try to find out about:

The civil war?	Turn to 208
A band of mercenaries?	Turn to 68
Warriors from Hachiman?	Turn to 268

169

You approach the central tent in the camp and beat upon the little drum which hangs by the flap. There is a grunt from within. The fearsome figure of the mercenary leader emerges – his face hidden by the demon mask. If you attack him immediately, turn to 346. If you choose to talk to him first, turn to 240.

170

With a bold sweep of your sword, you chop through the skeleton's neck. Its skull topples and a moment later the ghastly vision disappears into thin air. Write down the word 'when' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Your STAMINA is restored to its permanent level. Add 1 point to your SKILL but deduct 2 points from your FEROCITY. Now turn to 345.

171

You notice Hani staring about him, wide-eyed. Then his face lights up in a big grin and he points to a small house at the far end of the alley. 'Uncle Bofu!' he says happily. You make your way to the house and knock hesitantly. After a while the door opens a crack and a worried face peers out at you. When it alights on Hani, however, the door is flung wide open and you are all ushered in.

Bofu is not a rich man but he offers you all the hospitality he can. He suggests that you abandon your quest for vengeance and settle down in Traole. Sunai, however, reminds you that you did decide to bring your case before the prefect. If you decide to stay in Traole for a while, turn to 5. Or you may prefer to leave the others to approach the prefect, while you travel north (turn to 386).

172

You don't have long to wait; an old man with a golden sword at his belt soon comes shuffling into the hut. He doesn't seem surprised by your presence, while you kneel before him and apologize for presuming upon his hospitality. Instead, he seats himself, takes the cup of tea you offer and sniffs its vapour before speaking. Turn to 150.

173

'You are wrong,' he replies. 'Now be on your way.' He indicates the path that leads straight ahead. If you obey him, turn to 295. If you walk past him along the left-hand fork, turn to 271.

174

With a yell of exultation you swing the sword and it strikes your enemy on his left shoulder, cleaving straight through his armour and piercing his heart. For a moment the figure stays upright, blank eyes staring at you from the demon mask, then it collapses. You reach down to remove the mask and look upon the face of the man you have hated for so long. It comes off easily and you stare at a face . . . your own face! The mask slips easily over your head, and you look out at the world through its eye-holes. Maior looms up in front of you and his features are twisted with contempt. He gestures and . . . your adventure ends here.

175

You dog-paddle desperately, narrowly missing the steering oar of the sailing boat as it passes. The current drags you along for many hundreds of metres, until the buildings of Traole are no longer rising on either side. The river widens and the current slows; you struggle to the bank, pull yourself from the water and collapse, exhausted. When you recover, you see that you are some way from the city, on the north bank of the river. If you decide to return to Traole, turn to 262. If you prefer to head north now, turn to 81.

176

The tribunal is a distinctive building with a bell-tower; it dominates the town. Its magnificent gates are wrought of black wood, with beaten copper inlays, and above them is a huge sign For the first time in your life you wish you could read. Inside the courtyard you join a queue of petitioners, all waiting to bring their cases before the magistrate. It is mid-afternoon by the time your turn comes and you have been lulled by the warmth of the sun. You stifle a yawn as the constables usher you into a large circular chamber Around its walls stand grim-faced guards with jointed staves and, at the wall opposite, the magistrate reclines on a large marble throne. Behind him hangs a drape depicting the golden fist, symbol of the God-King's authority. The magistrate of Yenshu is a fat man. He peers at you through bored and bleary eyes and waves his hand vaguely in the air as if trying to catch a fly. You stand forlornly in the middle of the chamber, unsure of your next move.

'Kneel, dog, and speak your piece,' growls the constable who ushered you in. His staff whacks you behind the knees, and you collapse to the floor.

In a few minutes you have stammered out your story to the local representative of divine justice. He doesn't seem very impressed. 'This tribunal has no funds for compensation and insufficient resources to follow and capture the bandits, who no doubt are many kilometres away by now. Begone, and exercise greater care in future!'

If you protest at the magistrate's judgment, turn to **316**. If you leave the chamber, turn to **40**.

177

The other figure is wearing robes similar to yours, but his face is not white. As soon as he sees you, he drops into a crouch. He sidles close to you, poised for action, then attacks.

MONK SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you defeat the monk, turn to **267**.

178

You are in a long corridor, full of cells, and most of them are occupied. In one, six people are gathered in a huddle, talking in low voices. They look up as you appear at the grille and stare at you for a moment. Then one says, 'Quickly, free us! We can let out the other prisoners in the name of justice!' If you unlock the door, turn to **26**. If you ignore their pleas and continue to search for your friends, turn to **293**.

179

The old man leads you along a path deep into the mountains, where his rush hut nestles in a shady valley. He ushers you into his sparsely furnished dwelling and prepares you a cup of smoky-flavoured tea. Then he begins his magic. A paper talisman is stuck to your forehead and the Master pricks you with long needles, all the time chanting in a voice that is surprisingly sonorous for one of his advanced years. On and on the spell goes; you lose track of time but are prevented from going to sleep by the old sorcerer's constant activity. After a long time you feel a sick sensation welling up in your stomach and you retch. Then a stubby white caterpillar is writhing on the hard earth floor in front of you; it is crushed by the heel of the old man. 'I am tired now,' he says. 'My energy is low. I must rest, and you must go now.' He gestures to the door.

You bow and thank him for his help, but he just waves you away. As you leave his hut he winks at you, smiling a secret smile. Cross the word 'silk' off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **144**.

180

The proprietor of the boarding house spreads his arms wide and bares his teeth. 'No money, no room. This is the way the world works. Anything else would not be harmonious.' These townsfolk may be wealthy, but generosity doesn't seem to accompany their good fortune. You find a deserted back-street and sleep on a pile of stinking rags.

You are woken by a kick in the ribs. Through bleary eyes you look up into the scarred faces of two roughly dressed ruffians One spits at you, and the other draws his sword You roll to one side, but the blade nicks you in the arm, causing a flesh wound. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Then you are in a desperate fight for life.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RUFFIAN	10	12
Second RUFFIAN	10	12

The second ruffian will take some time to draw his knife. Fight 3 Attack Rounds against the first ruffian alone At the end of this time the second ruffian will join in. If the first ruffian is still alive, you should choose which opponent you are going to attack at this time. Against the other, roll your Attack Strength as normal, but if successful, you may not injure him – you are merely parrying his blow Of course, if his Attack Strength is greater than yours, he will inflict the usual amount of damage on you. If you defeat the ruffians, turn to 282

181

Mischievous eyes glint from a childlike face. 'Greetings, fellow monk,' says the strange fellow. 'My name's Merzei – you may have heard of me What's your business here?' Something about the man's open manner makes you trust him instinctively, so you tell him that you are here to petition the king to do something about the destruction of your village. 'The

king is merciful,' says Merzei, 'and I'm sure he will help you if you put your case to him I cannot lead you to him myself, for I am out of favour, but I can show you the way.' If you have a wooden plaque, turn to 20; otherwise, turn to 358.

182

You charge up the stairs, but the red figure is ready With movements as precise as a spider's, he crouches then launches a kick which strikes you with the force of a battering ram You fly backwards and crash on to the stone floor below. Your adventure ends here

183

'Such a criminal waste of money,' says the slave master, ignoring your outburst 'And I thought you looked quite promising.' He waves his hand casually and the four guards let fly their crossbow bolts. You slip into blackness before you hit the ground. Your adventure ends here.

184

Yao agrees to lift the curse on you and quickly begins his magic. A paper talisman is stuck to your forehead and the Master pricks you with long needles, all the time chanting in a voice that is surprisingly sonorous for one of his advanced years. On and on the spell goes and you lose track of time but are prevented from falling asleep by the old sorcerer's constant activity. At last you feel a sick sensation well up in your stomach and you retch. A stubby white caterpillar lies writhing on the hard earth floor, before it is crushed by the old man. Cross the word 'silk' off your *Adventure Sheet*. 'I am tired now,' says Yao. 'My energy is low. I must rest.' He slumps on to a rush mat and is quickly snoring. You seize the opportunity to catch up on some sleep yourself.

You wake up, refreshed, in the morning; Master Yao is already up and about, preparing a simple breakfast of mountain mushrooms. Over the food, Yao asks you what you intend to do. If you reply that you are seeking the man who murdered your father, turn to 39. If you ask the seer to teach you his magical arts, turn to 247.

185

You are found guilty of the murder of the warder and are sentenced to the death of one hundred and one cuts. Your adventure ends here.

186

You start work the next day, cleaning the monks' robes; your main task is to dash the wet robes against a large stone. Days pass and you begin to wonder when you are going to be taught these 'martial arts' for which the monks are famous. The monastery is a tranquil place, however, and the hard work builds you up. Add 1 year to your Age and 2 points to your Permanent STAMINA.

At the end of the year, the abbot visits you and asks you how you are progressing. If you tell him you are doing fine and are well satisfied, turn to 102. If you ask to be taught the martial arts, turn to 278.

187

'Why is it we always seem to attract the criminal element?' he asks with a laugh. 'Let's see how well you fight – if you're any good, we'll accept you.' He gestures to a mercenary who's loitering near by. 'Beat Zhanshi here.' Do you fight the mercenary:

With martial arts? (You must have 'crane', 'wood', 'spider' or 'sword' written on your *Adventure Sheet*)	Turn to **32**
With the Sacred Sword of Tsui?	Turn to **317**
With Arena skills? (You must have the word 'arena' on your *Adventure Sheet*)	Turn to **244**
With anything else?	Turn to **167**

188

When you wake up, you are in a different chamber,

lying on a comfortable rush mat. You feel much better (your STAMINA is fully restored to its permanent level) and you find a tasty cold meal that has been left for you. As you are finishing it, a monk in red robes enters the chamber. You recognize him from your encounter in the sewers, though his face is no longer so pale. 'I apologize for the distress you have been caused,' he says. 'We have tried to make amends by whatever means we could. Now you may choose to go your way if you wish or . . . you may help us in a little matter.' If you wish to leave, turn to 304. If you agree to help the monk, turn to 153

189

He peers into your eyes. 'D'you reckon you've got what it takes?' he asks. Quick as a flash, his hand shoots out and grabs your arm, twisting it painfully. Do you:

Turn with the blow to lessen its force?	Turn to 344
Match your opponent, strength for strength?	Turn to 308
Headbutt him in the face?	Turn to 91

190

Your head spins and you lose your balance. Sparks are flying before your eyes – the blow you took on your head was worse than you thought. You crawl towards the door, but the effort is too much for you. You collapse, panting. Turn to 245.

191

With the slight ghost of a smile playing about his features, Master Yao says he can free you of the curse and begins chanting. You realize that, if you are freed of the Cangui, Yao will be released from your control. You bark at him to stop chanting, and consider how to work things out Finally, you tell Yao that when you clap your hands he will be released from your power, but that he will consider you a friend whom he has promised to rid of a curse. Hoping that this trick will work, you clap your hands together. Turn to 179.

192

Sunai and the other children prepare to enter Traole. You wish them luck; they tell you that their prayers go with you. You watch them until they pass through the gates of the city and out of sight, not knowing whether you will ever see them again. Turn to 81.

193

The tunnel goes on straight ahead for thirty metres, then bears to the left; it continues for another thirty metres, leading finally into a chamber. Five small tunnels lead from the wall opposite but, as you enter the room, you can see that each is only five metres long and all are empty. In the middle of the chamber, a scabbarded sword rests on a block of stone The sword's hilt is golden and the scabbard is beautifully decorated. Meng says, 'This is the Sacred Sword of Tsui. To draw it requires strength, to use it requires wisdom. It is not a sword for the greedy or small-minded.' Do you:

Pull the sword from its scabbard?	Turn to 341
Take the sword in its scabbard?	Turn to 127
Leave the chamber and go back the way you came?	Turn to 4

194

You awaken Your body is suffused with a comforting warmth You reach up to wipe the sleep from your eyes, but find that your arms are pinioned: you are wrapped in folds of silky smoothness You drift back to sleep, your head full of dreams of mulberry leaves fluttering in the breeze. Who knows how long you remain like this? You are only dimly aware of what is going on around you.

Finally your bindings become dry and brittle. Flexing your limbs, you push outwards. The cocoon sloughs away, and you unfurl yourself in the blinding warm sunlight There is no sign of the others or of the sweet-scented trees but, a short distance away, a road wends its way into the mist-laden distance. Write down the word 'silk' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 18

195

Shoudu is so large that you cannot take in its size. You see more people in one day here than you have seen throughout the rest of your life, for this mighty metropolis is the earthly resting-place of the God-King. By ancient tradition, he may be petitioned in cases of great injustice . . . but if the injustice stems from his own servants, will he help? If you go to the palace after all, turn to 202. If you try to break into the palace, turn to 147. If you decide to take up the ship captain's offer of employment as a sailor, turn to 314.

196

The crowd round you is howling, pressing in and blocking your escape. Their bloodlust is greater even than yours and slowly, inexorably, you are pushed back into the pit.

Jian strides over to you, smiling thinly. 'A bold attempt, my young tiger, but for such as you and me, the only escape is death.' Jian speaks the truth. Like you, he is a prisoner of the arena. You live out the rest of your short life here, killing for the pleasure of others.

197

You take your leave of the inn and ponder your next move Do you:

Leave the city, making for the north?	Turn to 45
Visit the temple?	Turn to 258
Leave the city and head south?	Turn to 99

198

You reach out for the sword, and the hairs on the nape of your neck rise. You pause and glance round the room The fat official returns your gaze You take the sword and the sense of danger grows. Suddenly a venomous snake rears beside you, fangs dripping, ready to strike You sweep the sword round in a lazy arc, slicing the serpent's head from its body It writhes for several seconds, sloughing off its official's robes. King Maior stares at the body, then at you.

'It seems I owe you a great debt,' he says He walks over to a small lacquered box, unlocks it, and takes a brooch from it. 'For too long I have allowed others to be my eyes and ears. Merzei tried to tell me this, but I was too proud to listen to him,' he says; then, tossing a cloak across his shoulders, he strides out of the chamber, gesturing for you to follow As Maior passes through the palace, servants prostrate themselves before him You pass through the mighty jade gates and out into the courtyard. Maior asks: 'Which first – rescue your mother or avenge your father?' If you choose the former, turn to **77**. If you choose the latter, turn to **327**

199

Abbot Dry Jade is delighted. He tells you that you have conquered the attraction of the dull material world and are well on the path to enlightenment You remain in the monastery, working hard. Your father's death will remain unavenged

200

You have attained inner peace – your desire for revenge no longer clouds your mind. Add 2 to your SKILL. If you ever have to roll the dice and compare the result to your FEROCITY, you may now always choose not to be ferocious if you wish; that is, you may choose the 'greater than' option. Now turn back to the paragraph you came from.

201

There is uproar, with shouts of 'Murder!' and 'Call the constables!' However, no one gets in your way as you leave the inn. Turn to **197**.

202

At the palace you join the queue of townspeople waiting to bring their pleas before the king. Eventually you come before an official who writes down the details of your case. He tells you to come back in a week's time for an audience with a high dignitary, who will decide whether you are fit to plead before the king. If you come back in a week, turn to **297**. If you cannot wait that long and break into the palace in the meantime, turn to **147**.

203

You are filled with the calm of Baochou Monastery. Once more you are back there, performing the menial tasks that occupied you for so many days. Your body moves calmly and naturally and you are mildly surprised to observe that the wild swings of your adversary's sword fail to touch you. You close in, using your opponent's force against himself. He howls with

frustration and launches a double-handed swing at you. You intercept the blow in mid-flight and turn to avoid the blade, twisting his hands downwards. There is a sharp crack as the bones of his arm break and he crashes to the ground. You toss his sword away and deliver a blow into his back, penetrating through his armour as far as his black heart. Turn to **305**.

204

You get little sleep. The wind whispers conspiratorially, and occasional sucking and gurgling noises from the fields suggest that vile Mudworms are lurking near by. The moon is slight, and directly above you the constellation they call Death's Messenger is glittering balefully in the night sky. Is this an omen? The whispering of the wind grows louder and for a moment you fancy you can see Death's Messenger striding across the field towards you, his skeletal figure gleaming with an unearthly light. You leap to your feet, grasping your sword, and the apparition vanishes. It must have been an illusion, brought on by your tiredness. Turn to **345**.

205

As soon as the officials see your tattoos, they summon guards. You are beaten (deduct 2 points from your Temporary STAMINA) and thrown out of the city. If you now head north, turn to **81**. If you set off southwards, turn to **99**.

206

Black-armoured barbarians move in to surround you. The last sight your eyes will ever behold in this world

is the glittering steel of their raised swords. Your adventure is over.

207

You flee down the path in the darkness. Behind you the howling takes on a mocking tone. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **23**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **256**.

208

If your Age is less than 15, turn to **372**. Otherwise, turn to **13**.

209

The image of your father freezes while you are in mid-move, then it fades away. Turn to **19**.

210

You steel yourself, then head for the Red Water Inn, the most dangerous drinking house in town. It is said that the pool in which the inn's denizens drink is coloured red so that it won't be so obvious when blood is spilt. Roll 3 dice. If the result is less than your FEROCITY, turn to **34**. If the result is equal to or greater than your FEROCITY, turn to **151**.

211

If you have the word 'silk' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **164**. Otherwise, turn to **65**.

212

The dancing lights merge into one; they form a giant white image of your enemy's demon mask, its soulless

eyes staring blankly at you, its features twisted with hatred. You shriek and run from the chamber. Behind you, Meng calls: 'You're out of your mind!' but you ignore him. You race along the tunnel for many minutes, before remembering that it was only a few metres long. You stop and try to pull yourself together before proceeding. Turn to **276**.

213

You make your way down the track in the increasing gloom of evening, and soon the clamour behind you fades. When you reach the main path, there is no sign of the monk who was there earlier. You press on into the valley, following the course of a mountain stream. Turn to **129**.

214

You just manage to evade two simultaneous attacks from warriors on either side of you by plunging into the reeds. Arrows whiz after you, but you keep your head low and finally put a safe distance between yourself and the samurai. Turn to **289**.

215

You race off down the tunnel. A coarse voice calls after you: 'May the Fear be upon you!' You run on, until you are certain there is no pursuit. Turn to **63**.

216

The other slaves don't seem to realize that they could escape at any time if only they would collaborate with one another. Perhaps they just deserve to live out their lives working for Kuangong. But you are destined for greater things. Your opportunity comes when you smash through the rock face and come upon an underground stream. Its first spout drenches you, but it gives you an idea: the stream must surface somewhere, so, if you can only swim along it, you will be free. Wasting no time, you grab the secret cache of food which you have been storing for just such a moment (note that you have 1 Provision on your *Adventure Sheet*), then widen the hole in the rock face and plunge into the wet blackness of the stream. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **38**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **149**.

217

You come to, standing in front of Dry Jade. In your hands is the clay bowl, which the Abbot takes from you. He turns to another monk standing near by, a monk with a white face, and with a smile, he flings the bowl to the floor, where it breaks into a thousand shards (cross the clay bowl off your Equipment List). Note down the word 'turn' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Dry Jade turns to you. 'The true prize of the Deep

Land is in your heart,' he declares. 'You have nothing more to learn from us, so return to the world.' Your STAMINA is restored to its permanent level. Turn to **281**.

218

Maior notices the Sacred Sword of Tsui at your belt. He points to it and asks if he may examine it, so you hand it over reverently. Maior passes his hand over the blade; there is a light crackling sound like static from fine cloth. 'A good blade for a hero,' says the king. He strikes a tiny gong on the reading desk. 'There is discord in the land, that I know, but I am too distant from my people to know what to do. I need an agent.' Into the room glides a fat figure dressed in extravagant robes. Maior rises to his feet and offers you the sword back. 'Take this and you will become my agent.' Do you:

Take the sword and swear loyalty?	Turn to **52**
Refuse, insisting that you are not worthy?	Turn to **370**
Say that you will take the sword if the mercenary leader is to be brought to justice?	Turn to **124**

Or you may know of another option.

219

You all travel back to the wreckage that once was your village and try to rebuild as best you can. Eventually you make something of a life for yourself, but you never avenge the death of your father.

220

The barbarians look you up and down as you enter their camp, but not one of them lifts a weapon against you. If you have the word 'never' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **354**; otherwise, turn to **169**.

221

'You are disturbing the peace of the mountain,' says the monk. 'Either tell me this, or leave me in peace: what is wide at its feet, narrow at its head?' Will you reply:

Heaven?	Turn to **173**
A pine tree?	Turn to **112**
A mountain?	Turn to **397**
A giant?	Turn to **57**

Alternatively, you may carry on along your original path (turn to **295**) or ignore the monk and take the left-hand fork (turn to **271**).

222

The temple you are in is unfamiliar. After some time a white-faced monk enters and, seeing you, hurries off to fetch others. They escort you out of the temple and into the streets of Traole. If you head north from here turn to **140**. If you go south, turn to **99**. If you stay in the town and make enquiries, turn to **375**.

223

You split up and wander through the town, asking about the mercenaries. Whenever you mention them, however, the townspeople become suspicious and refuse to talk to you. When you rejoin the others, you discover that they have had the same experience, although Quan learned from a priest at the temple that most of the fighting is in the south, near the capital. If you leave the town and travel south, turn to **14**. If you leave the town and head north, turn to **165**. If you stay in Yenshu in order to make more enquiries, turn to **335**.

224

With a roar, you leap past the surprised guards and sprint towards the large tent in the middle of the encampment. As you approach, the fearsome figure of your father's killer emerges. Turn to **346**.

225

You charge up the last few steps and leap into the chamber. Three red-robed figures get to their feet in surprise and stare at you with dark eyes that glint from white faces. Their movements are controlled and they have the poise of hunting spiders Another flight of stairs leads up, out of the chamber If you press home your attack, turn to **318**. If you try to flee from the chamber, turn to **76**.

226

Soon the gaudily painted houses of Yenshu come into sight, dominated by the grey tower which, you presume, rises from the magistrate's tribunal Few people are about as you enter the town, and those you do pass regard you warily before hurrying by. You remember that a distant uncle of your family lives in Yenshu. He was always regarded as the black sheep of the family, but he might give you a welcome Turn to **145**.

227

You bid the children farewell and head off northwards Over the next few days of travel you discover that Yao is more powerful than he lets on. One night, you wake up to see him talking to an eagle, and you are never sure where the food he invariably produces comes from Eventually you reach the Golden Crane Mountains and Yao leads you along the treacherous paths to his sheltered hut If you ask him to teach you his magical arts, turn to **247** If you stay with him for a short time, then carry on northwards, turn to **79**

228

Your meagre finances are enough to buy a few drinks in one of the rougher inns of the city. You pick out a fellow with care and offer him a drink. He is soon chattering away merrily and you craftily guide him on to the subjects that interest you. He says that a bunch of mercenaries in black lacquered armour passed through the city recently, making themselves unpopular with everybody because of their foul manners and habit of brawling. Eventually an officer of the Dragon Guards told them to leave. They apparently headed northwards. If you leave the inn at once and make your way to the North Gate, turn to **45**. If you visit the temple before leaving, turn to **258**.

229

You bow respectfully to the monk. For a moment you think he hasn't seen you, but then he looks up with a smile and says: 'Answer me this: I have roots deep in the ground, and I loom up, up, up above your head, yet I never grow. What am I?' What will you reply:

A pine tree?	Turn to **112**
The heavens?	Turn to **173**
A mountain?	Turn to **397**
A giant?	Turn to **57**

Or, if you'd rather carry straight on down the path, turn to **295**.

230

With a start you awaken from a nightmare in which mercenaries had laid waste your village. You look around – your hut is safe, your father and mother are sleeping soundly. Cross all Equipment and Notes off your *Adventure Sheet*.

Next morning you get up and set out for the fields. On the horizon you spot a cloud of dust approaching and a sense of grim foreboding settles in the pit of your stomach. Even before you can see the black armour, you *know*. You run back to the village, shouting to everyone to flee, but they ignore you. Then the mercenaries arrive. Just as in your dream, the demon-masked leader hacks down your father before your appalled gaze. The other mercenaries round up villagers to sell as slaves: you hide as your mother is dragged, screaming, away from the corpse of her husband. The barbarians fling burning torches into the huts and leave. You cradle your father in your arms, but it is too late. Perhaps you can learn from your dream. Was there a message there for you? Turn to **1**.

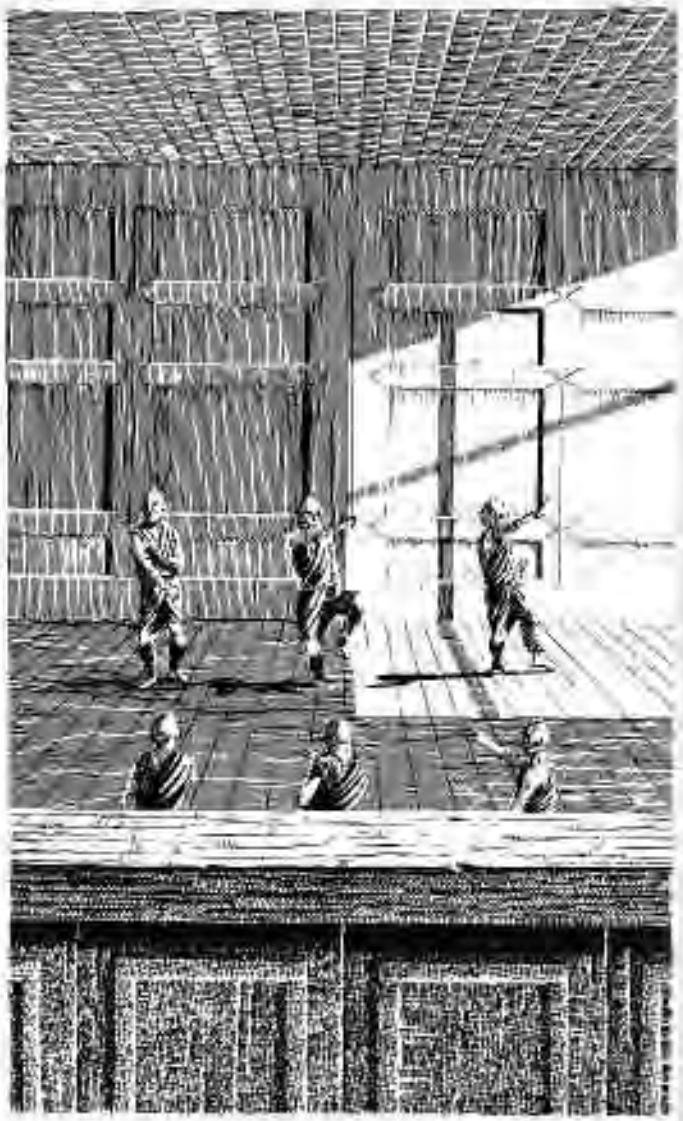

231

Every day, just before the monks begin their practice, you hide yourself in a cupboard overlooking the practice hall. You observe the monks carefully and each night you repeat their moves yourself Write the word 'crane' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Add 1 year to your Age, 2 points to your SKILL and 3 points to your Permanent STAMINA. Turn to **300**.

232

Your landing is soft, but you almost black out from nausea as the smell hits you You stagger out of the muddy pool in which you landed and run off down the tunnel When your head clears, you find yourself travelling along a low tunnel, its stone walls lit by a faint green luminescence Turn to **326**.

233

'If you can say where you are, you may leave this place now,' says Meng Do you:

Ignore him and attack your enemy?	Turn to **352**
Say: 'The Land of Roots'?	Turn to **44**
Say: 'My mind'?	Turn to **152**
Say: 'The Demon Plane'?	Turn to **333**

234

As you rush him, the mercenary seems not to be prepared for your attack. Then at the last moment he dodges to one side and clouts you across the back of your head The world swims around you sickeningly, but you are vaguely aware of having your hands tied

and being flung across the back of a horse. A long and bumpy journey ensues, but it is painful for you to turn your head, so you see little more than the horse's flank. Finally you are pitched to the ground. The mercenary calls out: 'Hey! Another worker for you! You'll get a few years' digging out of this one.'

Around you are dirty grey cliffs riddled with gaping black holes. Clinking, as of metal on stone, echoes faintly all around and you see a gang of slaves pushing a trolley laden with stones out of one of the cave mouths. Footsteps approach. Above you looms a short fellow, dressed in fine purple clothes. He flicks a speck of dust off his brocaded coat, and wrinkles his moustache delicately as he examines you critically. 'I'll give you fifty scrip,' he says after a while.

'Gold only,' grates the mercenary.

With a sigh, the purple-clad fellow tosses a small clinking bag to the barbarian, who tips its contents on to his palm and slowly starts to count the tiny coins. Your heart leaps as you realize that the rope round your arms is loosening. As the mercenary counts his payment you begin to ease yourself free. Finally, the barbarian nods, satisfied, and rides off. Cross off any Provisions you may have on your *Adventure Sheet* and cross the wooden sword off your Equipment List; add 2 points to your FEROCITY. As the man dressed in purple turns, you slip your hands out of their bonds. If you attack him, turn to **306**. If you wait to see what he is going to do next, turn to **266**.

235

You pass through the gates into the bustling town. A wave of confidence sweeps over you as you look around. It's time to make a few enquiries here. Turn to **375**.

236

When you tell Dry Jade of your decision, he shrugs. 'I expected this; however, before you go, let me show you something.' He puts a wooden practice block – the kind the monks use in their training – on the table and tells you to relax. Once you are fully relaxed he tells you to hit the block. Without thinking, you chop at it, using the same gesture you have used in your work since you entered the monastery. The block shatters. 'You are a good pupil,' says Dry Jade. 'Some learn their martial arts the long way, but your hard work and dedication have taught you the secret of our

style – to relax, and make all your movements as natural as a crane in flight.' Note down the word 'sword' on your *Adventure Sheet*. 'You may leave now with my blessing,' says Dry Jade, 'or you may stay a little longer and help us in a small matter.' If you decide to stay, turn to **300**. If you prefer to leave, turn to **281**.

237

By chance you bump into a merchant whose cart has a broken wheel and he offers you employment as his assistant. He is planning a trading mission out to the lake-hut villages of the Shenglai people, far to the east of Traole. As it is an arduous journey, he would be glad of someone to help with the cart; he is even prepared to pay you a share of the profits. A few days later, your cart rattles out through the East Gate. You never return to Traole and never avenge the death of your father. You have adventures, true, but this one ends here.

238

It is easy to find a boarding house with a draughty dormitory in which you can bed down. However, the proprietor demands payment in cash, in advance. If you have any money, turn to **7**. If you haven't, turn to **180**.

239

After Sunai has been absent for three days, you become very worried. You are just discussing going to the tribunal to find out what has happened to her when she turns up again. It's obvious from her expression that she has failed. Her face is pale, her hair is dishevelled and her hands shake as she takes the cup you pass to her. She refuses to say what happened, but insists that she is returning to Yenshu the very next morning. The others are frightened by her reaction and agree to go with her. It seems you will be on your own from now on. Next morning, you thank Bofu for his hospitality, bid your friends farewell, and, as they head south, you leave by the North Gate. Turn to **81**.

240

You look up into the impassive mask of your father's murderer. 'Well, what is it?' he demands. If you accuse him of murder, turn to **321**. If you ask to join his mercenary band, turn to **55**.

241

You step through the doors into a massive chamber. There is a *clunk!* as the doors close behind you, and echoes dance about. Facing you is a large statue of Arn, god of the Isles of the Dawn. At his feet, a small metal bowl gives off a thick green smoke. From a side passage steps a monk. 'I am Dry Jade, Abbot of Baochou Monastery,' he says. 'You are welcome.' If you tell him that you wish to become a monk, turn to **109**. If you ask him for assistance in your quest, turn to **355**

242

The interior of the hut is sparsely furnished, with an ash-filled fireplace in the middle of the room A battered old kettle sits beside the fireplace, with an open pot of leaves next to it. Against the far wall is a low desk, on which brushes hang from a rack and small pieces of yellow paper are stacked in a neat pile Drawn by curiosity, you look at the papers, on which complicated characters are written in red ink If you take some of the papers and leave the hut, turn to **35**. If you brew up some tea and wait for the hut's occupant to return, turn to **172**.

243

After a few hours a prison warder brings you some food. You can't help noticing how frightened he is. With a little more rest you will probably be well enough to overpower him. You have no idea how long the authorities intend to keep you here, or what they will do with you when you are finally summoned

before them. Regain 2 points of Temporary STAMINA. If you attack the guard on his next appearance, turn to **16**. If you wait for your summons, turn to **126**

244

You draw your sword and, remembering the lessons Jian taught you, prepare to confront Zhanshi.

ZHANSHI SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you defeat Zhanshi, turn to **123**.

245

It isn't long before Kuangong strides into the hut, followed by his four guards. He looks you up and down. 'You see, it really isn't worth while trying to escape,' he chides.

The four guards tie your hands and feet, drag you from the hut and sling you over the back of a mule. As soon as you reach the mine, irons are fitted to your feet. You are assigned to the escapees detail and all hope deserts you. Your adventure ends here.

246

The skeleton dashes the sword from your hand, hurls its own blade aside and grasps your neck in its bony fingers. The bleached white skull presses against your face and a hissing voice sounds in your head. 'Now you are mine, you will do my bidding!'

You are woken by the first bright rays of the sun across your face. Once again you are wet and caked with mud. Your STAMINA is restored to its permanent level. Add 2 points to your FEROCITY. Turn to **345**.

247

'If you wish to learn magic,' says Yao, 'the first thing to understand is that everything you see, hear and touch is an illusion, created by your own mind. You should think of yourself as a character in a story created by your own imagination. Then you will find that anything is possible. All the chants, talismans and gestures that I will teach you are no more than window dressing.'

But teach you he does. Soon you have dozens of spells at your disposal. Note down the word 'magic' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Several days later, you say farewell to Master Yao, and continue on your way. Turn to **295**.

248

The figure pauses half-way down the stairs, its foot poised above a step. Its eyes widen as it stares at you. Then it whirls round and races back up the stairs, uttering a guttural cry of 'Ghost!' A flurry of footsteps patters away.

You cautiously follow the steps up. At the top is an empty chamber, with another flight of stairs leading up out of it. You ascend them with great care, but your way is blocked by a wooden door which you cannot open. You have no option but to go back down and carry on along the tunnel. Turn to **63**.

249

Before you leave, Dry Jade bids you farewell. 'May Arn bless your path and protect you from harm.' He hands you a brooch decorated with the circular symbol of Arn. (Make a note of this circular brooch on your Equipment List.)

You set off back the way you came, this time heading south, and trudge all the way back to Traole. If you have the word 'offers' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **377**. Otherwise, turn to **235**.

250

You drag the guard's body out on to the balcony, then make your way back in and along the corridor. This section of the palace seems to provide living quarters for courtiers. Sneaking into a chamber, you find some clothes with which to disguise yourself. Feeling safer in your disguise, you start searching through the maze of corridors and chambers for the king's personal quarters. Turn to **383**.

251

Now that your attempt to gain help from the magistrate has failed, your thoughts turn to your father's last words: 'Go to Baochou Monastery.' The monks there teach fighting arts that enable one person to defeat many. But they are proud of their skills, and do not teach them lightly. You know that the monastery lies to the north, beyond your village and in the direction of the provincial capital, Traole. Leaving Yenshu behind, you start to retrace your steps. Make a note of the word 'king' and turn to **115**.

252

He nods sympathetically as you tell him of your quest. Then he says simply: 'I know who you're searching for – I can find them.' He agrees to meet you at the North Gate the next morning. Make a note of the number '356' on your *Adventure Sheet*. At any time when you are given the option to leave by the North Gate, turn instead to paragraph **356** to wait for your companion. Turn to **197**.

253

As darkness falls, you follow the path down into the valley, encountering a bubbling stream splashing over rocks. Spray fills the air with moisture, and out of the stream rises an ominous shape: part man, part fish, with razor-sharp fins instead of hands. Water laps round your feet, preventing you from moving, and the Yuemo approaches, its mouth opening and closing rhythmically.

YUEMO SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you have a pronged spear, add 2 to your Attack Strength while fighting the Yuemo. If you win this battle, turn to **17**.

254

You stare back at him. He seems disconcerted that you hold your ground and his eyes drop, faced by your fearless gaze. He gestures to his men, however, and they seize your arms from behind before you can move. 'I'll give you something to remember me by,' says your enemy, striding over to the fire and drawing

a flaming brand from it He waves it before your eyes, then presses it against your chest Agony grips your whole body. A searing, blinding pain shoots through your limbs. You lose consciousness. Deduct 2 points from your Temporary STAMINA.

When you awaken, you are alone; the mercenaries have struck camp and left You are terribly thirsty, so you crawl over to a nearby stream and take great gulps of cool water. As you wash, you realize that an ugly scar now marks your chest. The wound is still tender – the mere touch of cloth bringing waves of pain You must find some way of wreaking your revenge on the mercenary leader Turn to 273

255

There is only a faint light coming from the walls of the tunnel. If you have a torch and wish to light it before proceeding, turn to 301; otherwise, turn to 9.

256

You charge down the darkened slope, leaping over rocks. Faster and faster you race, until your feet splash into water and you tumble head first. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA Dragging yourself to your feet, you find yourself face to face with the ghastly apparition of a Yuemo: part fish, part man, with razor-sharp fins which slash at you.

YUEMO SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the Yuemo, turn to 17.

257

You touch the bowl. Its surface feels smooth, cool . then white hot You try to pull your hand away, but it is too late You are incinerated Your dream of revenge is over.

258

The main temple in Traole is a huge building, a complex of shrines and altars If you have a circular brooch, turn to 130 If you have the word 'silk' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 334 Otherwise, turn to 33

259

You hurry back, stepping gingerly over the body of the Chonggui's host. Finally you reach the junction and make your way along the other passage. Turn to **284**.

260

The gaudily painted houses of Yenshu soon come into sight. Quan eagerly points out the large sloping roof of the temple, which he has visited, and the tower rising from the magistrate's tribunal. Few people are about as you wander the streets and those you do pass regard you warily before hurrying past. The sun is low in the sky, so you must find somewhere to bed down for the night You remember that a distant uncle of your family lives in Yenshu – but he was always regarded as something of a black sheep, so you have no idea what kind of welcome he may give you. Write the word 'art' on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you go off on your own to try to find your uncle, turn to **145**. If you stay with the others in a boarding house, turn to **61**.

261

You attract the mercenaries' attention by yelling insults at them and waving your arms, then you run away from their camp. A few arrows whine into the ground near you, but you get away safely. Unfortunately, none of the farmers seems to have been able to escape, and now the mercenaries are on their guard. Turn to **131**.

262

You re-enter the bustling city, avoiding the constables

and Dragon Guard patrols. If now you look for an inn, turn to **36**. If you go to the temple, turn to **258**. If you head out through the South Gate, turn to **99**.

263

You drift off into sleep and when you reawaken it is dark. You thread your way through the trees during the night, and when the dawn comes you find yourself looking out over the countryside from a high vantage point, safe in the knowledge that you have escaped a life of slavery. You set off, sure it won't take long to work out where in the isles you are. Turn to **18**.

264

A plume of smoke rises from an encampment a few kilometres away and, even from this distance, you think you can make out the distinctive black armour of the mercenaries. If you creep up close, remaining hidden, turn to **134**. If you march boldly into the camp, turn to **390**.

265

It is a long corridor with cells on both sides, and you peer into them in the hope of finding your friends. By the time you do find them, however, you can hear shouts coming from the other end of the corridor. Guards charge along it towards you. Feverishly you cast about for a way of escape, but there is nowhere to go. The guards rush towards you and attack with their jointed staves. Your adventure ends here.

266

The man gestures to you to rise. 'I am Kuangong,' he says, 'and I own this mine. If you behave yourself, you will find life here tolerable and productive. Now go and join your work detail – you will find them resting in their living cave, yonder.' He points to one of the dark entrances in the cliff face. As you make your way to the cave, you take the opportunity to scan the area, noting that the mine is enclosed on three sides by sheer cliff faces which are riddled with cave workings. Behind Kuangong is an ornate house, next to a pretty lake with decorated walkways.

Within the cave you are greeted without enthusiasm by a gang of slaves. They explain to you that if you work hard you will get decent food and conditions, but that, if you make trouble, everyone will suffer. Soon a gong sounds and you make your way over to one of the mine tunnels. Your job is to chip away at the rock face with a pick, while others carry the debris to a waiting trolley. After a day's work you are too tired to think of anything but getting a good night's

rest. The same happens the next day, and the next. By the time you have grown accustomed to the work you will have lost track of how many days have passed.

Add 1 year to your Age, 2 points to your Permanent STAMINA and 2 points to your FEROCITY. If you determine to escape, turn to **216**. If you wait in the mines, hoping to earn your freedom through hard work, turn to **73**.

267

The monk's body lies still. As you watch, it gradually fades until nothing is left. You notice Meng standing near by. 'The way lies ahead,' he says, pointing to a wide corridor leading out of the chamber. This in turn leads to a similar chamber. The first sight to greet you here is your father, holding out his hands to you. 'He can be freed if you will but give him your most prized possession,' Meng says. Do you:

Give him your most prized possession (underline the item on your Equipment List)?	Turn to **387**
Attack him?	Turn to **117**
Ignore him and walk on?	Turn to **209**

268

The young man tells you that the Isles of the Dawn can learn much about arms and warfare from the warriors of Hachiman. He says that when there were samurai in the city recently, he watched them practising and marvelled at their control and self-discipline. When you enquire further, he tells you that the Hachiman samurai left a week ago, but he doesn't know where they were heading for next. Turn to **156**.

269

Once agreement has been reached, Sunai takes over, organizing preparations for the journey. Somehow you obtain some food and scraps of wood to reinforce your sandals for the walk. You set off in the crisp morning air, making good time along the roads. Soon you are passing the deserted settlement which you encountered on your way to Yenshu. None of you can bear to return to your village, so you hurry on. Dusk falls around you; the shadows are growing long when you almost bump into an old man who is standing in the middle of the path. After a few moments of huffing, fidgeting and tugging at his beard, he returns your bows. Then he turns on his heel and strides away, pausing only to beckon to you to follow him.

You travel with Master Yao for several days, learning little about him but finding out plenty of trivial facts. Quan confides to you that he thinks Yao is a little mad – he is certainly forgetful, but he seems harmless. Add 1 year to your Age. Eventually you reach the hills overlooking Traole, the capital of your province.

Yao says that he is walking on to the mountains beyond, but the children are eager to enter the huge city. If you decide to accompany Yao, turn to **227**. If you bid him a good journey and enter the city, turn to **86**.

270

You sidle down the slope towards the encampment. The shrieks of agony grow louder. If you charge in to attack the mercenaries, turn to **120**. If you try to distract their attention, in the hope that some of the villagers will be able to get away, turn to **100**.

271

As you try to pass the monk, he gets to his feet and bars your way. He raises his hands in the way a crane prepares for flight, and attacks.

MONK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 12

If you defeat the monk, turn to **70**.

272

A monstrous tongue licks out of the darkness to attack you.

CESUOSHE'S TONGUE SKILL 6 STAMINA 12

If you're fighting without a weapon, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 4 points. If you defeat the tongue, turn to **337**.

273

You turn back southwards, through the mountains. Although you are impatient to deal with your enemy, you must find a way of ensuring that he will receive his just deserts. Note down the word 'to' on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have a red robe, turn to **129**; otherwise, turn to **235**.

274

With the Arena Beast slain, you recognize an opportunity to escape. If you can leap up into the crowd, you may be able to lose yourself in the crush. You disguise your intention by walking round the arena, your sword raised in triumph. Then you nimbly vault over the barrier into the tiers of spectators. Chaos erupts around you. Roll 3 dice. If the result is less than your FEROCITY, turn to **84**. If the result is equal to or greater than your FEROCITY, turn to **196**.

275

At your confident answer, the puzzler looks taken aback. He peers at you suspiciously, scratches his head, mumbles, 'Umm, yes,' and shuffles off. The

thought crosses your mind: I wonder whether he knew the correct answer himself! You resume your journey. Add 1 year to your Age and 1 point to your Permanent STAMINA.

You reckon you have covered over half the distance to Shoudu when you hear about a band of warriors from Hachiman that is said to be roaming the countryside to the east. If you make a diversion to seek out the warriors, turn to **349**. If you push on to the capital, turn to **289**.

276

As you walk along the tunnel, you are hit by a sudden feeling of dizziness. It passes, however, and you emerge into a large hall – the hall of a temple. If you have a white face, turn to **69**. Otherwise, turn to **139**.

277

The fragrance of the leaves lulls you. Quan says they are from the mulberry tree and are used to make a fine fabric. You light a small fire and settle down for the night. If you stay on guard, turn to **141**. If you rest your weary limbs and go to sleep, turn to **194**.

278

The abbot sucks in his breath. 'It is a shame that you cannot control your emotion,' he says. Nevertheless he allows you to begin training. Your tutor is Flying Turtle, a short, bald fellow. Every day he takes you out into the woods behind the monastery, shows you a pile of wood, and tells you to stamp on every piece

until it is broken. You then carry the broken wood back to the monastery, where it is used to fuel the kitchen fires. You don't seem to be learning much self-defence but, when you protest, Flying Turtle just shouts at you.

Weeks and months pass. Add 1 year to your Age, 4 points to your Permanent STAMINA and 2 points to your SKILL. Write the word 'wood' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to **300**.

279

You start to sit up, preparing to leap at the old man, but he seems to guess what you're up to. He flicks a paper talisman at you and gestures with his hands. The paper sticks to your forehead and starts to burn. Unbearable pain shoots through your body and the last sound you hear is a high, keening wail. This is the end of your adventure.

280

The magistrate cuts off your protests with an imperious gesture. Reaching into a cup placed before him, he takes out several coins and tosses them to the floor. Straight away, the ring of constables closes in on you, whirling their staves. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **105**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **12**.

281

If you plan to travel to the south, turn to **249**. If you would rather head northwards, turn to **295**

282

The second thug lets out a screech as he slumps down against a wall, twitches, then lies still. In one of the houses near by a bamboo screen scrapes as it is pulled back. A ruddy light across the rooftops foreshadows the imminent arrival of dawn. If you stay to examine the bodies of the ruffians, turn to **28**. If you flee from the alleyway and leave town as quickly as you can, turn to **18**.

283

You crouch, remembering the lessons Jian taught you: no fancy flourishes, no wasted energy – just look for an opening and exploit it. But your opponent is skilled, too. You cross swords a dozen times, with neither of you gaining an advantage. As he is wearing armour, you realize you'll have to try something special if you are to win. You feint to his head, then try a leg sweep. He falls but grabs your leg and pulls you down with him. Then you are wrestling on the black soil. He rolls on top of you, the devilish mask staring ferociously down at you. The sun glints on the horns of his helmet, and he brings his head down sharply . . . Your adventure ends here.

284

Smaller tunnels feed into the main one, and soon you are wading through a foul-smelling stream. A glimmer

from up ahead grows – it's the end of the tunnel. You hurry towards it and peer out over the river which flows through the middle of the city. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **113**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **2**.

285

Your eyes strain into the darkness and then the hairs on your neck stand up straight. The creature you face – which may be a bear but may be something worse – snuffles and grunts, turning its head this way and that. Finally it shuffles off. You move on warily, casting anxious glances into the darkness. The path leads to a huge gate set into the mountain. A pair of black wooden doors stand slightly ajar. If you have the word 'silk' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **135**; otherwise, turn to **241**.

286

As you turn to leave, you can't help but notice a glint of gold on the sword at Master Yao's belt. When you ask him about it, he tells you that it is the Sacred Sword of Tsui, a bane of demons. Your father's murderer wore the mask of a demon, so it seems only just that you should take this weapon. You clip it to your belt and stride off. Note that you have the golden sword on your *Adventure Sheet*. Whenever you use it in combat, you may add 2 points to your Attack Strength. Turn to **295**.

287

One of the officials recognizes you from your previous appearance at the tribunal. Before you can escape you are surrounded and beaten, then hurled into a cell. Next morning you are summarily executed. Your adventure ends here.

288

You trudge along the polders, checking with Quan every now and again to make sure he knows the proper route. Soon, you begin to see a range of hills which rises abruptly out of the plane ahead of you. The steep slopes are lush with rich, green foliage.

Quan points excitedly towards them. 'Yenshu lies just south of those hills!' he cries. No sooner has he spoken than there is a dreadful sucking noise from the field to your left and a slime-covered Mudworm, fully as long as a man, rears up, its blind snout questing towards

Quan. It will be on him in moments, unless you can intercept it and fight it off.

GIANT MUDWORM SKILL 12 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Mudworm, turn to **357**.

289

The rest of the journey passes uneventfully. Eventually Shoudu rises before you, sprawling along the banks of the mighty Red River. At first you don't take in its size, but as you approach the city you begin to realize that your home district, fields, woods, hills and all, would fit comfortably within its walls. You pass through the enormous North Gate and look around. Although there is the bustle of everyday business, there are signs that the civil war has scarred the capital. On one side the charred remnants of a building bear silent testimony while, on another, a pair of flint-featured Dragon Guards survey the citizens with barely disguised contempt. Nevertheless Shoudu is the seat of the God-King and by ancient tradition he may be petitioned in cases of great injustice. If you have a wooden plaque and wish to use it, turn to **302**. If you seek to petition the king, turn to **202**. Or you may try to break into the palace: turn to **147**.

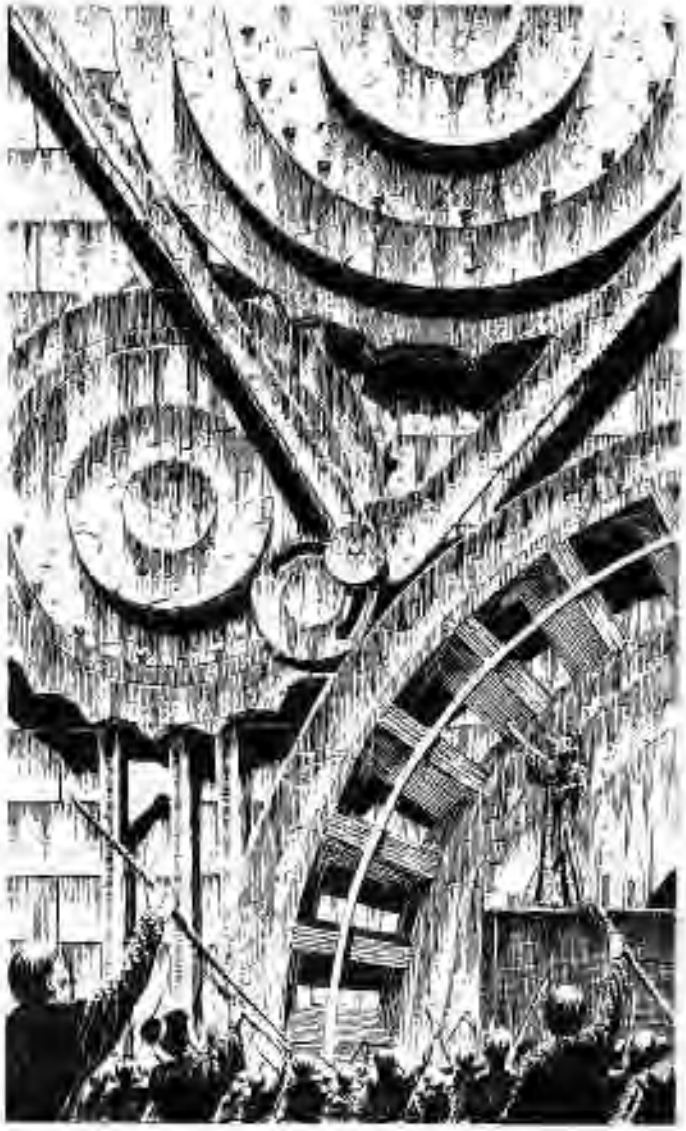

290

There must be almost fifty people crammed into the strange building. Intricate machinery stands idle, waiting for the combination of knowledge and motive power that will set it going. The imposing figure of the rebel leader climbs on to a squat cylinder. Although quite old, she plainly has plenty of energy Most of her speech makes little sense to you, with its references to 'Merzei's great vision' and 'government by council'; but there's no doubting the enthusiasm of the assembled group. You push your way towards the front as the leader introduces Suiyuan, a young man who urges the assembled crowd to arm for the struggle Then everybody is chanting: 'Down with the tyrant!' The atmosphere is electric. You can feel the violence hanging in the air like a heat-haze before a storm If you leave the building before the storm breaks, turn to **49** If you join in the chanting, turn to **162**.

291

At your last blow, your enemy simply dissolves into splinters of light A shaft of pain shoots through your head If you have a clay bowl written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, cross it off. Add 4 points to your FEROCITY. If you have a white face, turn to **69**. If you are wearing a red robe, turn to **93**.

292

The constables laugh at you when they see the paltry sum you are offering Unfortunately, bribery is a serious offence, even of such a small amount, and you are sentenced to slavery. All your possessions are

taken from you (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*). Four constables escort you on a week-long journey to the mine where you will work.

Here, dirty grey cliffs are riddled with gaping black holes. The clinking of metal on stone echoes faintly all around, and you see a gang of slaves pushing a trolley laden with stones out of one of the cave mouths. The constables throw you to the ground and leave.

Footsteps approach. Above you looms a short fellow, dressed in fine purple clothes. He flicks a speck of dust off his brocaded coat and wrinkles his moustache in disapproval as he examines you critically. Turn to **266**.

293

The prisoners curse you as you abandon them. After a while you find the cells in which your friends are held. If you free them, turn to **125**. If you spend a little time talking to them first, turn to **389**.

294

He laughs in your face, hissing like a snake. 'Take yourself out of here, brat, before I teach you what it means to be a mercenary.' If you attack him now, turn to **346**. If you hurry out of the camp and make new plans, turn to **131**.

295

Eventually you come through the mountains and look out across an expanse of rice fields which stretch all the way to a glistening silver ribbon on the far horizon: the sea! If you have the word 'to' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **395**. Otherwise, turn to **264**.

296

The others think that you should be the one to go and present the case to Yenshu's magistrate. Only one person is allowed to petition the tribunal over any particular case and Sunai insists that you are the best speaker. You can't really refuse, so you are soon on the streets, heading for the imposing official residence of the magistrate. Turn to **176**.

297

On reporting to the palace the following week, you are shown into a large, circular audience-chamber and told to kneel before the throne at one end. Into the room glides a corpulent figure, swathed from head to foot in the most elegant silks and fine brocade. He seats himself on the throne and tells you that he is Pantu, official Adviser to His Majesty. After listening impassively to your case, he nods his head and gestures to a guard. Then he leaves the chamber without a word. The guard escorts you down a corridor and pushes you roughly into a small cell, slamming the door behind you and hurrying away. Over the next few days you learn altogether too much about the sadistic appetites of Pantu, the king's Adviser. Your fate is not a pleasant one.

298

The other figure is dressed in the red robes of a monk. As soon as he sees you, he crouches then, faster than thought, lashes out. Your mind goes blank.

You awaken to see the concerned faces of two monks looking down at you. You are no longer in the tunnels. 'I am Dry Jade,' says one of the monks. 'Welcome to Baochou Monastery.' Dry Jade explains that you were accidentally involved in a contest between their monastery and another. If you thank Dry Jade for his kindness and leave the monastery, turn to **249**. If you ask him about becoming a monk, turn to **109**.

299

You point out to the others that the best future you can hope for is to build a new life in this town. Reluctantly, they agree with you; you all split up and search through the town for places to stay and work. Turn to **328**.

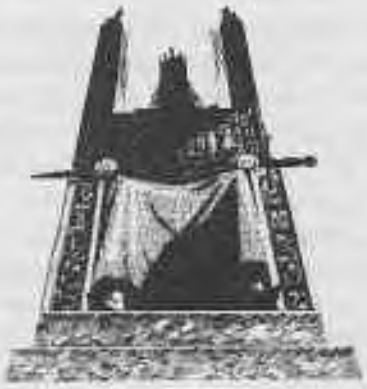

300

You are summoned before a council of the highest-ranking monks in Baochou Monastery. Dry Jade tells you that, because of your special qualities, you have been selected to represent the monastery in a quest to recover a sacred relic, a drinking vessel said to have belonged to Shazi, a prophet of Arn in ancient times. The relic is hidden in the realm below, a mysterious underworld full of hidden dangers. You are led to the black marble gates which mark the entrance to the underworld, where the monks bid you farewell. Turn to **399**.

301

By the guttering torchlight you can see several tunnels leading in different directions, but they are all too narrow to squeeze through. After a short distance, a set of stone steps to your left leads up. Peering up it, you see a red-robed figure at the top, black eyes regarding you from a chalk-white face. Then the figure begins to descend the stairs. If you turn and flee along the tunnel, turn to **215**. If you wait to see what is going to happen, turn to **90**. If you attack this apparition, turn to **182**.

302

You present yourself at the palace and show the wooden plaque. The official eyes you suspiciously but when you proudly declare that you are the personal agent of Ambassador Keiko, he grudgingly lets you in. You stride across the courtyard to the main palace building, then step between the enormous jade doors of the Great Hall. Check your *Adventure Sheet*: if you have either of the words 'magic' or 'silk' written there, or if you possess paper talismans, turn to **11**. Otherwise, turn to **383**.

303

Roll 2 dice. If the result is less than your STAMINA turn to **88**. If the result is equal to or greater than your STAMINA, turn to **190**.

304

Soon you find yourself on the streets of Traole. Add 1 point to your LUCK and 1 point to your SKILL. Since you have just escaped from prison, you decide you had better leave as quickly as possible. If you want to travel north, turn to **81**. If you decide to travel south, turn to **99**.

305

A red haze fills your mind as you stand over the body of your defeated enemy. The mercenaries are waiting, watching to see what your next move will be. If you spit on the body and walk away, turn to **206**. If you wish to don your enemy's mask and helmet and take command of the mercenaries, turn to **72**.

306

As the man reaches out with his hand to make some gesture you grab his outstretched arm and yank sharply An almost comical expression of surprise crosses his face and he tumbles to the ground. You leap up, looking for a way out. An ornate building stands near by, beside a lake crossed by prettily decorated walkways. Beyond it loom the grey, cave-riddled cliffs, surrounding you on all sides but one. In that direction the mercenary is riding off along a dusty road. You turn to see four men walking calmly out of the building and levelling their crossbows at you.

The man you threw to the ground picks himself up and starts to brush the dust from his clothes. He seems very calm. 'A bad start, slave. It doesn't do to behave with such discourtesy towards Kuangong, your host Now go and join your work detail in yonder cave.' He points to one of the dark holes high up in the cliff, into which a gang of sweating slaves has just disappeared, pushing an empty trolley. Add 2 points to your FEROCITY If you go up to the cave, turn to 101. If you stay and argue, turn to 183.

307

The doors open smoothly, revealing dimly lit corridors beyond. Here, flaming sconces burn on the walls, and in their guttering light you can see passages leading both left and right; a tunnel continues straight on. 'A weight is upon your shoulders,' says Meng. 'Do you yet know where you are?' Which passage do you follow:

The left-hand one?	Turn to **58**
The right-hand one?	Turn to **193**
The middle one?	Turn to **158**

308

You strain with the effort, but your opponent is too strong. He twists your arm until your eyes fill with tears, then he lets go. 'You aren't strong enough yet to be a mercenary,' he says. 'You're still a child.' He leaves you rubbing some life back into your arm. Turn to **197**.

309

The tribunal is easy to find and soon you stand within its courtyard, waiting to bring your case. If you have a tattooed face, turn to **205**. If you have the word 'staff' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **287**. Otherwise turn to **361**.

310

The mercenaries push on southwards; you continue to track them at a safe distance. After several weeks you see a horseman ride into the camp and spend some minutes in the leader's tent. When he emerges, you notice his livery – the symbol of the golden fist is embroidered on his equipment. Soon afterwards the mercenaries pack up and start travelling; now, however, they are riding at a brisk pace and soon leave you behind. For two days you follow in their wake, tracking them by making enquiries of local farmers. Then the trail goes cold. Alone in unfamiliar country, you can do little but head for the nearest large town. Farmers give you directions that will take you to Shoudu, the magnificent capital of the Isles of the Dawn. Add 1 year to your Age and 1 point to your Permanent STAMINA. Turn to **289**.

311

The warder is unprepared for your attack and you knock him out easily. You take his keys (note them down on your Equipment List) and leave your cell. If you make a break for it straight away, turn to **59**. If you inspect the other cells first, turn to **178**.

312

You untether the horses, then you set light to one of the outlying tents and sneak round to the back of another. When the mercenaries spot the fire, they all rush across to put it out and in the confusion you manage to untie the farmers. As you are leading them out of the camp, however, a sleepy figure emerges from the tent right in front of you.

MERCENARY SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the mercenary in fewer than 10 Attack Rounds, turn to **6**. Otherwise, turn to **206**.

313

You catch a glimpse of flaring nostrils and eyes shot with yellow before a claw swats you. You sense the stench of animal fur close by, then you black out. Add 2 points to your FEROCITY.

When you wake up, it is dawn. You stare longingly up the path, but fear presses hard upon you. You stretch your aching body and set off down the track. There is no sign of the monk you saw last night. Turn to **295**.

314

You rejoin the ship before it leaves the harbour. It sails out into the vastness of the sea. Adventures aplenty await you on the high seas, but this one is over. You have failed to avenge your father.

315

You leave the drunk's body lying in the gutter, where it belongs. If you seek out some other way of contacting the rebels, turn to **24**. Or you could set off north: turn to **140**.

316

You point out to the magistrate that the despoilers of your village were mercenaries, not bandits, and that they will prevent the peasants from paying their rice tax to his tribunal. He rubs his eyes and glares at you. 'Less impertinence from you! Return to your village immediately!' he croaks. If you follow his instructions, turn to **10**. If you refuse, turn to **280**.

317

You draw the sacred sword, and a gasp goes up from the mercenaries. 'Wait!' calls the leader. 'Let me see that sword!' He strides up to you and wrenches the sword from your grip before you can react. 'Far too good for the likes of you,' he says. Turn to **206**.

318

You leap forward but, with a deft movement, one of the figures grabs your arm and pulls you to the ground. You try to defend yourself, but a hand darts out and raps you on the head . . . you black out. Turn to **188**.

319

The road glows brighter and the rich scent of the leaves makes you feel that the whole world about you is living and breathing, an extension of your own body. Shapes loom up in the darkness on either side of the path, twisted shapes from which leaves flutter, and a musky sibilance glides towards you. Ahead, the light grows brighter. A huge, slithering shape rears its head, like an impossibly beautiful Mudworm. Sightless eyes quest for you, and a melodious, wordless voice speaks soothingly in your head. If you wish to resist the creature, roll 2 dice: if the result is less than your FEROCITY, turn to **64**. If the result is equal to or greater than your FEROCITY, turn to **106**. If you abandon yourself to the ecstatic aura of the creature, turn to **194**.

320

A monk enters. Unlike yours, his face is not painted white, but it registers surprise when he sees you. He leaves without speaking, returning a few minutes later with the Abbot, Dry Jade. 'You must have returned from the Land of Roots,' he says. 'This is Baochou Monastery. Although you are not of our sect, we can offer you hospitality.' If you stay for only a few days before leaving and heading back to Traole, turn to **249**. If you wish to join the monastery, you must wash the white paint off your face (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*) and turn to **109**.

321

He laughs mirthlessly. 'I admire your presumption,' he hisses, 'but I advise you to come back and face me when you have the skill and the wits to succeed.' Anger wells up in you at his contemptuous words. Roll 3 dice. If the result is less than your FEROCITY, turn to **346**. If the result is equal to or greater than your FEROCITY, turn to **254**.

322

Within the cloud of dust people are gesticulating frantically and shouting wildly and, beyond them, you can see a wall of advancing soldiers. Then the dust cloud is upon you and you are caught within a teeming confusion of bodies. You look around for the others, but all you can make out is vague shapes. Hands grab you and a moment later you are grappling with an armoured figure.

DRAGON GUARD SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you beat the guard, turn to 71. If your STAMINA drops to 1 exactly, turn to 159

323

Before you can react, two warriors strike out at you, one from each side Against their perfectly timed simultaneous attack you can do nothing. Mercifully, their blades are razor sharp; your end is swift.

324

He moves too quickly for you to be sure what happens next. You ward off one blow but feel a sharp pain in your neck that makes your limbs go limp. You remember hearing about a technique called the Striking Cobra which requires such skill that only a handful of experts are said to possess it One of these experts is Merzei, the former monk and revolutionary who helped bring King Maior to power. As Royal Guards drag your paralysed body to the dungeon, you curse the bad fortune which led to your defeat by a monk of Baochou Your adventure ends here.

325

You crouch behind a polder and hold your breath as the horseman comes to a halt, sending up a cloud of dust. He shouts in a harsh accent: 'You, ratlings! Come here!' His harness jingles as he dismounts. Now is your chance. You leap out from your hiding place and charge him, brandishing your trusty wooden sword. Roll 2 dice. If the total is less than your FEROCITY, turn to **54**. If the total is equal to or greater than your FEROCITY, turn to **234**.

326

The tunnel narrows and the glow from the walls lessens. The ground beneath your feet becomes soft and spongy, and you can hear a throbbing noise coming from up ahead. Then the whole tunnel moves! The ceiling lowers and you realize that you are walking down the gullet of some huge monster! If you attack the creature, turn to **272**. If you have a torch, and you wish to use it, turn to **104**. If you turn tail and flee, turn to **359**.

327

'First you must find the culprit,' says Maior. 'I hesitate to use my father's techniques, but I suppose the situation calls for it. Picture the man!' You concentrate hard on the demon mask of your enemy, while Maior stares at you, softly humming a single note. The mask becomes larger and larger, consuming your whole mind until . . .

You stand in the mercenaries' camp. Your enemy steps

out of the tent in front of you. 'Who in the seven hells are you?' he says.

'Your nemesis,' you reply. His hand leaps to his sword hilt but the golden sword moves faster. The demon mask looks down at the bloody stump of its sword hand. It lets out a bestial growl, then its left hand reaches down to its belt. You raise your sword for the killing blow but, before you can strike, a flash of metal from the mercenary's belt flies true to your heart. For a few seconds you stare at the dagger hilt, dimly aware of your enemy's lifeless body collapsing to the blood-soaked ground. You have found your revenge, but have paid the ultimate price.

328

As luck would have it, you soon find an opportunity at a nearby basket weaver's shop. The man's son has gone off to join the army and he needs someone to help him with his craft. You settle in easily and soon pick up enough ability to be of some use to the basket weaver. Add 1 year to your Age and 3 points to your Permanent STAMINA. Over months of work you manage to save up 10 Gold Pieces. When the news comes that the basket weaver's son has been killed, you realize that you must now choose between staying on as an apprentice (turn to **78**) or pursuing your quest to avenge your father and find your mother (turn to **138**).

329

After a while, the agonized shrieking stops. Their sport over, the mercenaries return to their activities:

polishing their weapons and armour, cooking food and practising their warlike skills. Several of them take up positions on guard at the edge of the encampment. If you creep silently away and plan your next move, turn to **131**. If you try to make your way into the enemy's camp, turn to **206**.

330

You break down, sobbing, and admit your guilt. The magistrate questions you about the details of your plot, but of course you can tell him nothing. You are sentenced to slavery. All your possessions are taken (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*). Make a note of the word 'staff' on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Four constables escort you on a week-long journey to the mine where you will work. Here, dirty grey cliffs are riddled with gaping black holes. Clinking, as of metal on stone, echoes faintly all around, and you see a gang of slaves pushing a trolley laden with stones out of one of the cave mouths. The constables throw you to the ground and leave.

Footsteps approach. Above you looms a short fellow, dressed in fine purple clothes. Idly he flicks a speck of dust off his brocaded coat and wrinkles his moustache as he examines you with some distaste. Turn to **266**.

331

The creature twitches several times, then rapidly melts away until all that is left is the corpse of an ordinary man. You leave it where it lies and continue your journey.

After several minutes' walk, the tunnel starts to widen, then opens into a circular chamber. Around the edge of the chamber runs a walkway. On the opposite side of the room a wide stairway leads down. If you decide to go back the way you came, turn to **259**. If you go down the stairway, turn to **399**.

332

You have only a vague idea of the direction you ought to take, and the sun is already low in the sky . . . you must have lain unconscious for over an hour. When night falls you are still among the paddy fields. A range of hills rises out of the plain some kilometres away and you believe that Yenshu must be near them, but travelling at night along polder-paths is too dangerous. Choosing a spot that is not too muddy, you prepare for an uncomfortable night out in the open. Roll 2 dice. If the result is less than your FEROCITY, turn to **204**. If the result is equal to or greater than your FEROCITY, turn to **46**.

333

Meng shakes his head sadly. The mercenary leader takes a step closer and raises his sword. If you stand your ground, turn to **369**. If you attack him, turn to **352**.

334

As you step into the temple, your head starts to throb. The world starts to spin and some red-clad priests stare at you strangely. They surround you and escort you from the temple to a nearby place of rest. As your head clears they examine you, burning incense and chanting. Finally, one of them explains: 'You have been afflicted with a terrible curse. Your body now plays host to the spirit of a silkworm – a Cangui. The creature will slowly take you over, until eventually all you will be able to do is feed its insatiable hunger. We can exorcize the Cangui, but you must *want* it to be removed – and furthermore you may not live for very long once the spirit is removed: it has been sapping your strength and contaminating your vital functions.' If you agree to the exorcism, turn to **95**. If you do not, turn to **8**.

335

After a week spent scouring the town for leads, you are all tired. You have heard plenty about the civil

war, but little that may be of practical use. No one is sure whether to back the king or the usurpers, but you know that the mercenaries you seek were probably in the pay of Bezenvial's children. Do you:

Head north, away from the fighting?	Turn to **269**
Head south, towards the fighting?	Turn to **14**
Look for a job here?	Turn to **299**
Go back to your village?	Turn to **219**

336

You wait for several hours before the man you met in the tavern turns up. He is dressed for travelling and carries a sword at his side.

You march north for several days, into the Golden Crane Mountains. Your companion talks little, and you make good time. One day, when you are looking out over the rice paddies beyond the mountains, you spot the sea glistening on the horizon. Closer to hand, a plume of smoke is rising from an encampment; your companion tells you that this is the camp of the mercenaries. You approach the tents and the young fellow hails them. Your heart leaps when, from a central tent, the hated figure of the mercenary leader, complete with demon's head mask, emerges. You've found the right mercenaries! Your companion introduces you as a new recruit. Turn to **123**.

337

Foul liquid sprays out of the writhing tongue as it withdraws into the darkness, and a great gout of

stinking air blows you clear of the creature's mouth. The Cesuoshe's jaws close and it retreats along the tunnel. You wipe some of the stinging slime off yourself, and make your way down the tunnel, back the way you came Regain 1 point of LUCK. Note down the word 'green' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **42**.

338

The monk ignores you, and you make your way along the path. As you trudge along, the shadows lengthen and, before you have gone very far, the darkness of night envelops you. Clouds mask the sliver of moon and you can make out the path ahead only with difficulty There is a rustling noise from up ahead, followed by a bestial shriek. If you steel yourself and carry on, turn to **128**. If you run back down the path, turn to **207**.

339

The old man shakes his head sadly as you pick yourself up and leave, but he doesn't try to stop you. After making your way south through the mountains, you find yourself outside Traole once more If you ignore it and head south, turn to **99**. If you enter the city, turn to **235**.

340

You are quickly expelled from the first inn you come to when they find you have no money. It seems these city folk are more interested in cash than in people. If you now decide to go to the temple, turn to **258**. If you prefer to leave the city by the North Gate, turn to **45**.

341

You draw the sword and hold it aloft. Meng claps his hands admiringly. 'The sword is woven into your fate,' he cries. 'See how it glows.' Sure enough, the blade grows bright gold. Then it fades, and with that the sword evaporates. Its scabbard is nowhere to be seen either. You follow Meng back up the passage. Do you:

Return through the double doors?	Turn to **230**
Go along the tunnel opposite?	Turn to **58**
Go down the passage to your right?	Turn to **158**

342

There is widespread panic and in the confusion you are pinned beneath one of the large wooden cogs of the strange machinery. One of the Dragon Guards pulls a lever and the machinery starts up. The cog drags you in towards its centre; you struggle, but . . .

343

Days pass as you accustom yourself to a never-changing ritual. Add 1 year to your Age and 2 points to your STAMINA. Deduct 1 point from your FEROCITY.

At the end of a year, the abbot visits you and asks how you are progressing. If you tell him you are doing fine, turn to **199**. If you tell him you want to learn the martial arts, turn to **278**.

344

You move swiftly and, by turning easily, you slip out of the man's grasp. He sneers at you. 'You fight like a monk – you've got some axe to grind.' He draws a knife from his robe and closes in.

YOUNG RUFFIAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you don't have a weapon, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 4 points. If you defeat the ruffian, turn to **201**.

345

You set off once more along the polder-paths, heading for the range of hills. The warmth of the sun on your face restores some of your spirit, although your limbs still ache from your uncomfortable night. Turn to **226**.

346

Choose how you wish to attack the mercenary leader. You may choose an option only if you possess the appropriate item or have the word already written on your *Adventure Sheet*.

With 'magic'?	Turn to **22**
With Arena skills ('arena')?	Turn to **283**
With martial arts ('crane', 'wood' or 'spider')?	Turn to **154**
With a wooden sword, pronged spear or cudgel?	Turn to **66**
With the Sacred Sword of Tsui?	Turn to **382**
With a monk's staff or knife?	Turn to **203**

347

After a short while, you find a dry patch that's large enough for all of you, so you settle down for the night. Next morning you resume your journey. There is no longer any sign of the leaves you saw last night, nor of the trees they might have come from. Turn to **368**.

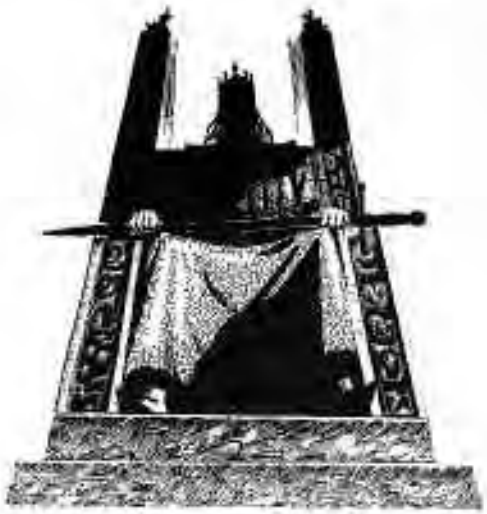

348

It is a man, dressed in the red robes of a monk. He moves with the agility of a spider as he approaches you. Then, with blinding speed, his hand lashes out and raps you on the head . . . you black out. Turn to **188**.

349

It doesn't take you long to find the warriors – word of their presence has spread through the local community, and several peasants give you directions. From a sheltered spot in a copse you survey a small band of well-armoured warriors as they make their way along the highway. There are half a dozen of them, escorting a covered palanquin – a travelling chair. Do you:

Approach them peacefully?	Turn to **111**
Ambush them and use force (you must have the golden sword, or one of the following words written down on your *Adventure Sheet*: 'arena', 'crane', 'spider', 'sword', 'wood')?	Turn to **87**
Ambush them by magic (you must have 'magic')?	Turn to **394**
Ignore them and carry on to Shoudu?	Turn to **289**

350

He explains that mercenaries have appeared in the isles only in the last few years; most are former militiamen who hire themselves out to officials in order to deal with the increasing bandit problem. Then he changes the subject. Turn to **156**.

351

Back at the boarding house, the others are waiting for you. They look up expectantly as you enter, but your downcast features stifle their hope. Over the next few hours you all discuss the possibilities. Sunai believes

that the next step is to travel to Traole, the provincial capital, and appeal to the authorities there. Quan, who once had such faith in the magistrate, counsels against her plan, arguing that it is clear that nothing can be done, so the correct course of action is to do nothing. You remember that the monastery of Baochou, which your father mentioned with his dying breath, is said to lie to the north, beyond Traole.

Once again, the children look to you for a decision. Will you:

Travel to Traole alone?	Turn to **67**
Travel to Traole with the others?	Turn to **165**
Attempt to pick up the trail of the mercenaries?	Turn to **223**

352

With a yell of hatred, you charge the armour-clad figure.

MERCENARY LEADER SKILL 12 STAMINA 18

If you defeat him, turn to **291**.

353

The streets quickly empty of people. You wander in search of somewhere to stay, but no one is even prepared to listen to your entreaties. In the end you have to rest in a dirty side-street.

You are woken by guards kicking you in the ribs. They drag you off down the street, shouting at you all the way. You are separated from your friends and flung into a foul prison cell. Turn to **243**.

354

Just then a familiar figure emerges from a tent, laden down with bowls and drinking cups. His eyes light on you; he drops what he is carrying and calls out your name. But as Hani runs towards you the mercenaries react. Turn to **206**.

355

'Your goals are clouded by a crimson tide,' Dry Jade replies. 'We cannot help one such as you until you have purged yourself of your pain, and by then you may no longer wish for our help.' Despite his refusal, Dry Jade offers you a surprisingly hearty meal of beans and pickled radish, and a bed mat for the night.

Next morning you wake up, refreshed and clear-headed. Will you:

Change your mind and ask to become a monk?	Turn to **109**
Set off back to Traole?	Turn to **249**
Continue your journey northwards?	Turn to **75**

356

You wait for several hours before the man you met in the tavern turns up. He is dressed for travelling and carries a sword at his side. You march north for several days, into the Golden Crane Mountains. Your companion talks little, and you make good time. One day you are looking out over the rice paddies beyond the mountains when you spot the sea, glistening on the horizon. Nearer to hand, a plume of smoke is rising from an encampment, and your companion tells you the camp belongs to the mercenaries. That night you creep up for a closer look. Sure enough, the soldiers are wearing black lacquered armour and, when a tall figure with a glaring death-mask helm emerges from a tent, you know you have the right mercenaries. Before you can act, however, your companion starts yelling. Lanterns are shone in your direction. If you have the word 'silk' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **60**. Otherwise, turn to **160**.

357

The creature falls with a splash, chopped in two by your ferocious attack. Though panting with the exertion, you feel exhilarated by the battle. Add 1 point to your SKILL. The children congratulate you on your victory, though Sunai points out that it was a mistake not to have brought along one of the pronged spears that are used to fight off Mudworms while working in the fields. Turn to **260**.

358

Merzei is just pulling aside a hanging drape when a

shout of 'Murder!' comes from the corridor. Royal Guards rush into the chamber, their swords drawn. Merzei turns to face you. Turn to **324**.

359

The whole tunnel lurches, hurling you to the floor. The slime burns your hands and exposed flesh, but worse is to come. A huge tongue lashes out from the depths of the creature, wraps round you and drags you down, to be digested at leisure. Your adventure ends messily.

360

Over a cup of tea, Master Yao asks why you are travelling in the mountains. If you tell him that you are seeking the man who murdered your father, turn to **39**. If you tell him that you're searching after wisdom, turn to **367**. If you tell him you are trying to rid yourself of the strange curse which is upon you, turn to **184**.

361

Eventually you find yourself before a clerk to whom you describe the attack that took place on your village. He carefully notes down all the details as you speak. When you finish, he asks if you can provide any means of identifying the mercenaries. Apart from a description of their appearance, you can't. He sucks in his breath. 'You must understand that these are troubled times and we are very busy,' he tells you apologetically. 'If you can identify the culprits, we may be able to commence proceedings.' Dejected, you leave the tribunal. If you go to an inn to search out rumours concerning the mercenaries, turn to **36**. If you seek divine assistance at the temple, turn to **258**.

362

If you leave the town by the North Gate, turn to **18**. If you make your way south, turn to **166**. If you go in search of employment here, turn to **328**.

363

You push open the white door and step through. You find yourself in the precincts of a temple. The door clicks shut behind you; Meng has not followed you in. If you have a white face, turn to **69**. If you wear a red robe, turn to **222**.

364

Out in the streets, people are carrying on their lives as normal, shouting, smiling, shopping. You feel that you are apart from them. The loss of your parents is painful, and you realize that you must seek forgetfulness in action. If you look for work in Traole, turn to **375**. If you set off to the north, turn to **140**.

365

Zhonggao warns you about the strictness of the monks. 'They will test you to see whether you are suitable. You must show determination or they will never allow you in.'

Yubei presses a small bag into your hand as you leave. Inside are 10 Gold Pieces: more money than you've seen in your life. You thank her for her kindness and promise your uncle that you will not fail.

Zhonggao instructs you to travel north, back to your village, and then to continue past Traole until you reach the Golden Crane Mountains. The monastery is to be found at the summit of the highest peak. Note down the word 'king' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **115**.

366

You take the warder's keys and his cudgel (note them down on your Equipment List) and leave the cell. If you make a break for it straight away, turn to **59**. If you inspect the other cells first, turn to **265**.

367

'Wisdom is knowing what you *can* eat and what you can't,' says Yao. 'All this philosophy gets you nowhere. Mind you, there's a few things I've learnt which may be of use to you . . .' *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, turn to **137**. If you are Lucky, turn to **247**.

368

The journey to Traole is a long one: you cannot travel too fast because of the younger children, and you often have to repay the farmers in whose huts you shelter by doing a week's work for them. Add 1 year to your Age.

Eventually you climb through vine-covered hills that overlook the city of Traole, provincial capital of this region. You have heard tell of this place – stories of expensive houses and wide streets full of garishly clad merchants, thieves, entertainers and scholars. In Traole, it is said, you can make a fortune in a day . . . and lose it in a minute. If you enter the city, turn to **86**. If you continue past it and towards the mountains which loom on the horizon, turn to **192**.

369

Your enemy swings his sword down upon you. Everything dissolves into blackness. Deduct 4 points from your FEROCITY If you have clay bowl written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, cross it off If you have a white face, turn to **69** If you have a red robe, turn to **93**.

370

Maior frowns 'Worth comes from the heart, not from one's position in society Nevertheless I will do what I can to help you.' He turns to the fat official and explains how mercenaries have destroyed your village. 'Have this loyal citizen escorted to reasonable lodgings, then deal with the matter of these mercenaries, Pantu.' The official bows and leads you from the chamber. Turn to **400**.

371

Now that you are better prepared, you make good time to Yenshu. If you have the word 'king' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **121** Otherwise, turn to **226**.

372

The battle for control of the isles still rages to the south The God-King's faction includes a peasant army led by the rabble-rouser Merzei and the sorcerous talents of Bezenvial's son, Maior. Ranged against them are various disaffected officials and their followers: bandits, mercenaries and even foul creatures, united by Bezenvial's other son, Feior. The fate of the isles still hangs in the balance, but either way it looks as if one of Bezenvial's evil progeny will be on the winning side. Turn to **156**

373

The figure sidles towards you, moving like an insect As fast as a praying mantis, his leg sweeps at you Instinctively, you stamp down, the way you broke wood for Flying Turtle Your opponent screams in pain His next approach is more wary.

WHITE-FACED MONK SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the monk, turn to **267** If he defeats you, turn to **93**.

374

You are put to work in the kitchen, chopping up the monks' food with a cleaver Days pass and you wonder when you are going to be taught these 'martial arts' for which the monks are famous The monastery is a tranquil place, however, and since you work in the kitchen you are never short of food. Add 1 year to your Age and 2 points to your Permanent STAMINA

At the end of the year, the abbot visits you and asks how you are progressing If you tell him you are well pleased with your lot, turn to **53** If you ask to be taught the martial arts, turn to **278**.

375

You are treated with suspicion by everyone you approach. You soon learn that there have been attacks on prominent citizens and officials: a band of revolutionaries is active, and the Dragon Guards are using brute force in their attempts to bring the rebels to justice Somehow you sense that you share some of the goals

of the rebels, but it's hard to find out how to contact them. If you are to locate the rebels, you must put your trust in someone. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **24**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **108**.

376

Before the red robes have a chance to react, you leap past them and up the far steps. They give chase, but you reach the door at the top before they do and you slam it in their faces, slipping a bar into place. The chamber you are in is unmistakably part of a temple. You find your way through a maze of deserted tunnels before ascending another flight of stairs up to a courtyard. Here, red-robed monks stare at you quizzically as you emerge. You bow nonchalantly to them and make your way over to the gate. Turn to **304**.

377

As you approach the city, you begin to take in its size. It is *enormous*. Soon you are lost amid its busy streets. Do you:

Try to find the tribunal, so as to bring your case before the prefect?	Turn to **309**
Search for an inn in the hope of tracing the mercenaries?	Turn to **36**
Go to the temple in search of divine assistance?	Turn to **258**

378

Cross the item or items off your *Adventure Sheet*. The puzzler looks almost surprised, but he is certainly

grateful. He hurries off in the direction of the nearest village. You continue your journey towards Shoudu. Add 1 year to your Age and 1 point to your Permanent STAMINA.

You reckon you must be more than half-way to the capital when you hear about a band of warriors from Hachiman; they are said to be roaming the countryside to the east. If you veer off to encounter the warriors, turn to **349**. If you press on to the capital, Shoudu, turn to **289**.

379

The magistrate shakes his head and summons forth the instruments of torture. For hours, your body is wracked with intense pain, but still you can tell him nothing. Finally he frees you and cautions you against ever returning to the city. He has a tattoo etched upon your face (note this on your *Adventure Sheet*) and you are ejected from Traole through the North Gate. Add 2 points to your FEROCITY. If you set off northwards from here, turn to **81**. If you make your way south, turn to **99**.

380

The path wends its way through a ravine and into a sheltered valley. It leads past a small hut which huddles beneath a hulking rocky overhang. If you pause to inspect the hut, turn to **242**. If you push on out of the valley, turn to **144**.

381

Your uncle Zhonggao and his wife Yubei are pleased to see you You tell them all about the murder of your father and your plans to avenge him and rescue your mother They feed you and give you a comfortable mat for the night Next morning, before you take your leave, Yubei gives you a pouch containing 5 Gold Pieces. You thank your relatives and set off through the North Gate. Turn to **18**.

382

The sword leaps into your hands as if it had a will of its own. Your opponent parries its first blow, his sword quivering with the shock of the impact. Your second blow is too fast for him and it slices through the black scales of his abdominal armour. His sword swings weakly, but you brush it aside and hack off his head. Turn to **305**.

383

After passing through the enormous Great Hall you ignore the many side-passages and make for the doors at the far end, above which hangs an enormous golden fist Slipping through, you find yourself in a corridor, decorated with the portraits of previous god-kings and lit by small lanterns By the way the paint has faded, some of these paintings must be over a thousand years old! The corridor leads to a gloomy dark chamber with a table in the middle. You start to cross the chamber when a slight figure slips out of the shadows near by and bars your way If you are wearing a red robe, turn to **181**; otherwise, turn to **324**

384

You keep your eyes peeled as you make your way along the road. Once, you spot a cloud of dust approaching you from ahead, but you hide behind a polder and the horseman doesn't catch sight of you. The bright sun dries your wet clothes and bakes the mud on to your face. You notice a range of hills rising out of the plain ahead of you, and you believe you can make out a tower at their foot. You are nearing your goal.

A shout from the fields to your right catches your attention. It is Quan, waving frantically; behind him are the others. You splash across a field to meet them and tell them what happened to you. Sunai explains that they had given you up for lost, assuming that the mercenary had killed you. Turn to **260**.

385

Your opponent moves closer and fixes your eyes with his. You stand, paralysed, as his jerkin opens and slavering insectoid jaws leap from within. Your adventure ends here.

386

You make your farewells and Sunai wishes you good luck in your quest. Before you leave, Bofu gives you a bag of food (it contains 2 Provisions). You make your way out through the North Gate and set your sights on the mountains which rise to the north. Turn to **81**.

387

Your father smiles. He passes the item back to you in silence, then his image slowly fades away. Deduct 2 points from your FEROCITY. Turn to **19**.

388

The doors to the monastery burst open and five monks rush out Each of them is carrying a golden sword and they point them at you. In unison they chant: *'Pao-Yeh-Pao-Lo-Mi.'* Golden shafts stream from the swords and stab agonizingly at you Deduct 2 points from your Temporary STAMINA. The monks advance, forcing you down the path. Finally you have no option but to turn and run The slope is very steep, though, and you find you can't stop yourself. Finally, your legs give way, you trip over a rock, roll several metres down the slope, then black out.

When you wake up, you are staring into the narrowed eyes of an old man 'A curse is upon you,' he says 'I can lift it if you wish' Do you:

Tell him you want the curse lifted?	Turn to **179**
Attack him?	Turn to **279**
Refuse his offer and leave?	Turn to **339**

389

The other children, especially Sunai, are shocked that you attempted to go against the authorities by trying to escape and they urge you to give yourself up. If you free them, turn to **125**. If you give yourself up, turn to **47** If you try to escape on your own, turn to **59**.

390

The sun is shining brightly overhead as you stride confidently into the camp Sure enough, these are the barbarians who destroyed the tranquillity of your

village life. If your Age is 15 or over, turn to **220**. If your Age if less than 15, turn to **15**.

391

You thank your uncle and aunt for their help. Before you leave, Yubei presses a small pouch into your hands. 'If you are to succeed, you will need this. May Am bless your path,' she says. In the bag are 10 Gold Pieces, more money than you've seen in your life. Note them down on your *Adventure Sheet*.

You promise Zhonggao and Yubei that you will not fail them, and you stride out into the streets of Yenshu. If you have the word 'art' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **25**. Otherwise, turn to **176**.

392

A figure, dressed in red robes, appears at the top of the stairs. Black eyes peer down at you from a deathly pale face. The figure begins to descend the steps. If you flee, turn to **215**. If you wait to see what is going to happen, turn to **90**.

393

Maior smiles. He reaches out towards the demon mask. A scintillating globe surrounds the man's head, then Maior grasps the mask and tosses it aside. For a moment it hisses and spits as if alive, then flares up and burns to ashes. You gaze upon the face of the mercenary, a face curiously similar to yours. He looks confused – he can remember nothing of the events of the last few years.

With Maior, you rejoin your mother, then return to the capital. On the way you tell him of Keiko's trade mission. Thanks to the treacherous adviser, Pantu, he had heard nothing of it. Back in the capital, Maior sets about repairing some of the wrongs caused by the serpent creature's deceptions. Merzei is reinstated as the Grand Councillor, with special responsibilities for controlling and curbing the excesses of the Dragon Guards – using them to disband by force any mercenary bands still roaming the countryside. You are given the honorary title 'Eyes and Ears of the God-King'. Your duty is to travel the land, ensuring that justice always prevails over corruption. You carry the Sacred Sword of Tsui to ensure that you can fight for a just cause. Maior gives you a golden gauntlet with which to wield it and as a symbol of the God-King's power. Before you leave the capital, you introduce Ambassador Keiko to the king. They are soon deep in discussions, and you begin to wonder whether there may soon be more than just a trade bond between the nations. From your personal tragedy you have forged a new chance for the peoples of the isles. You can hold your head up high at last and call yourself heroic.

394

You begin to chant, preparing a spell which will charm the samurai and place them in your power. By the time the warriors are approaching along the highway, your spell is ready. You step out in front of them and gesture at each in turn, all the time keeping up the chant. They try to draw their swords but, one by one,

they fall under your control. You approach the litter to find out what it is the samurai are guarding. From it peers a beautiful white face. On seeing you it gasps, then lets out a cry – a pure note which reverberates right through your skull! Beside you, the samurai stir. Turn to **323**.

395

You make your way down the lower slopes of the mountain to a small village. This shows all the signs of having been visited by the mercenaries: several of the huts are burnt out, and the villagers look haggard and frightened. Sure enough, when you ask them, they tell you that the mercenaries were here, but that they rode off to the south-east. Your path obviously lies to the south – but you are on foot, while the mercenaries ride. A wheeling seagull in the sky above your head gives you an idea – you should travel north to the sea and take a ship southward along the coast. Turn to **142**.

396

You begin to chant as loudly as you dare, smearing your fingertips with earth and your eyelids with blood. Soon a cloud begins to billow up from the ground round the mercenaries and the farmers. You move into it, clearly able to see the shapes of the barbarians as they stagger around. One of them stumbles forward, close to you, but you touch him lightly on the shoulder and the earth-power sends him sprawling. You free the farmers from their bonds and lead them out of the camp. Turn to **89**.

397

'You are correct, in so far as any question has an answer,' he replies. 'Follow me.' He turns and makes his way along the left-hand path.

As night falls, you ascend the mountain, finally reaching what seems to be a huge gateway into the mountainside. Your escort indicates a narrow gap between the colossal doors. 'Enter!' he says. If you have the word 'silk' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **3**. Otherwise, turn to **241**.

398

You learn that the man you have entranced is Master Yao, a reclusive sorcerer of these parts. He knows nothing of politics, preferring to spend his time perfecting his magical arts. You have managed to mesmerize him through the spirit of the Cangui which inhabits your body. Will you:

Free Master Yao from the enchantment?	Turn to **74**
Force him to teach you magic?	Turn to **114**
Force him to free you of the Cangui?	Turn to **191**
Leave him where he is and proceed?	Turn to **286**

399

You start down the steps. Visibility is limited: the tunnel is lit only by a faint luminescence from the walls. Your body feels light and your mood is euphoric. After a while the steps reach a platform, a small square chamber. Out of the shadows emerges an old man, his

face familiar but not identifiable. 'I am Meng Zhidao. I will guide you through these tunnels. In everything there is a pattern, and you will understand only if you observe the pattern. Balance, balance and progress – concentrate on these. Now follow me.' He turns and starts to descend another flight of steps. As if in a dream, you follow. At the bottom of the stairs another tunnel leads off into the gloom. Without hesitation you follow Meng Zhidao along it. You emerge into a foul-smelling cavern, but you have no time to take in its contents before you become aware of another figure, which has just emerged from a parallel tunnel to your right. If you have a red robe, turn to **27**. If you have a white face, turn to **177**. Otherwise, turn to **298**.

400

He leads you through the labyrinthine corridors of the palace until you come to an area of dusty stonework. He gestures you through a doorway, then tugs a lever. The floor gives way; you are plunged into a deep, bone-filled pit. Pantu cackles: an unnerving, high-pitched sound. There is no way out of the pit; you are trapped. Your adventure is over.

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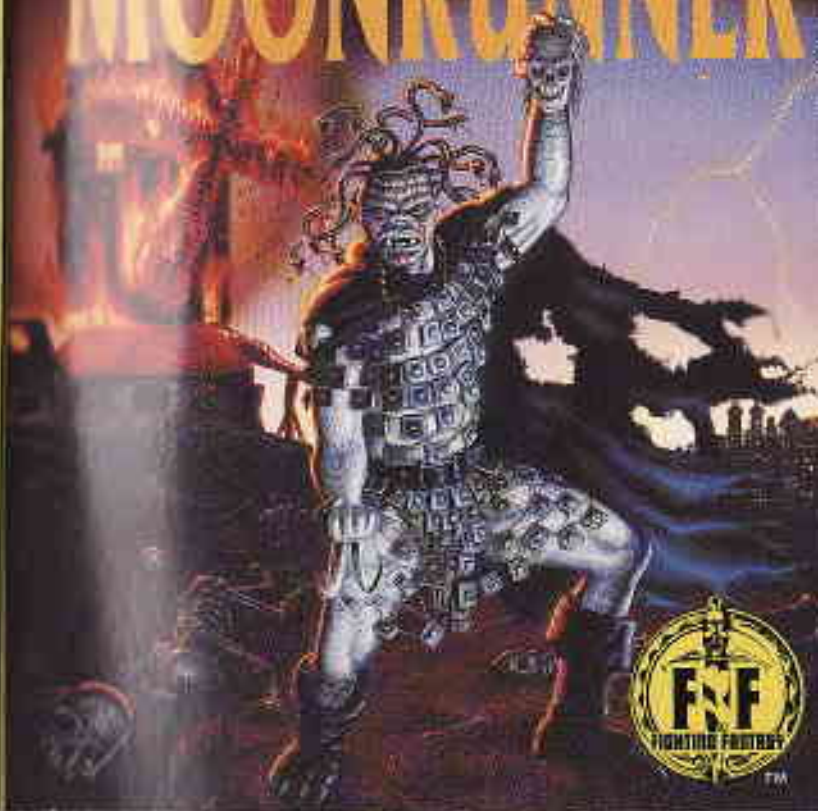

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in Monophoto Palatino

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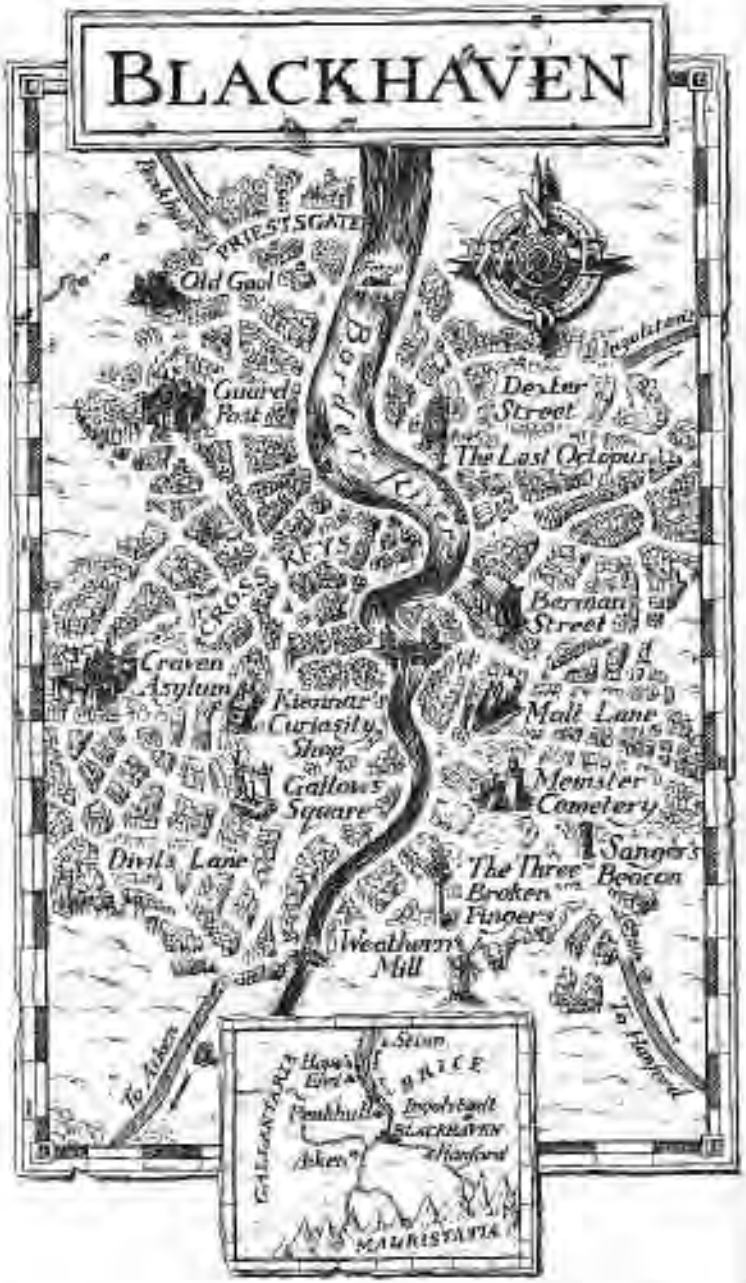

INTRODUCTION

Exploring the Lacynthian Caves, striking beyond Orchelm enemy-lines, rediscovering the Forgotten Temple of Daemos, defying the monstrous Vampire Lords of Vannan – most adventurers would be proud to have achieved but one of these feats, but you have done them all and many more besides What is more, all these death-defying exploits were accomplished as part of your apprenticeship! For you have joined the few whose very lives are a byword for danger: you have become a Bounty Hunter.

As a Bounty Hunter, you are a grim, experienced and fearless survivor who lives off the rewards offered by the civilized nations of the Old World for the capture of wanted criminals. Unlike most of your sort, who are ruthless, money-grubbing scum, you don't waste your time arresting petty thieves, however You strive for the return of justice to the Old World: you look to hunt down the handful of arch-villains who you know are behind the many foul wars and cruel mishaps that have recently threatened to bring your native land of Gallantaria to her knees You will not rest until you have uncovered and arrested each and every one of these evil fiends

Before embarking on your latest and most hazardous mission, you must work out your own strengths and weaknesses; use the *Adventure Sheet* on pages 18–19

to record your attribute scores, as well as all the other details of your adventure. Since you are unlikely to succeed at the first attempt, it would be sensible to make copies of the *Adventure Sheet* for later forays into this adventure. As well as a copy of the *Adventure Sheet*, you will also need two dice, a pencil and an eraser.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die, add 6 and enter the total in the LUCK box.

These are the *Initial* scores for your three main attributes. For reasons that will be explained below, all these scores will change during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of them, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may never exceed their *Initial* scores, except on some very rare occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Your SKILL score reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and your agility. Your STAMINA score reflects how healthy and physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky you are. In all these cases, the higher your score, the better!

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you; on other occasions, you yourself may choose to draw your sword against an enemy you chance across. In some situations you may be given a special option allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner; but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

You will be told your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the paragraph where you first meet him, her or it; enter these details in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll both dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled, to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows: start a new Attack Round from Step 1, above.

4. You have wounded your opponent: subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage to it (see below). Now proceed to step 6.
5. Your opponent has wounded you: subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to minimize the amount of STAMINA lost (see below)
6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die, your quest has ended and you must start the adventure all over again by rolling the dice to create a new character.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one enemy. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; at other times you will be able to fight each in turn; and sometimes you will have to fight them all at the same time! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. When you are instructed to fight several creatures one at a time, the combat is again resolved normally – except that, once you defeat one opponent, the next steps forward to fight you!

When you find yourself under attack from more than one adversary at the same time, each will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight (unless you have the *Combat* Special Skill – see Special Skills, below). Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against any additional opponents you roll for the Attack Strength of yourself and each opponent in the normal way. If your Attack Strength is greater than your adversary's, however, in this instance you will not inflict a wound: you can regard it as having parried an incoming blow. If your Attack Strength is lower than your enemy's, you will be wounded in the normal way.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battle or when you find yourself in another situation when you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (such eventualities are detailed in the paragraphs themselves), you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure, called *Testing your Luck*, works in the following way: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will be in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1

point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon come to realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this procedure will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict greater damage on an opponent you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound; deduct 2 extra points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow merely scratches your opponent; deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA (i.e., instead of inflicting the normal 2 points of damage, you may now score only 1).

Whenever you yourself are wounded in combat, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct only 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 extra STAMINA point (i.e., deduct a total of 3 points from your own STAMINA).

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*, whether you are successful or not.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary. If you ever have to fight a battle with your bare hands (that is to say, you do not have a weapon to fight with), you must temporarily subtract 1 from your SKILL score for the duration of the combat.

At various times during your adventure you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for this is exactly the same as that for *Testing your Luck*. Roll two dice: if the number rolled is equal to or less than your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour; if the number rolled is higher than your current SKILL score, you have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you are told to *Test your Skill*.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure. It will drop as a result of wounds gained through combat, or by falling foul of traps and pitfalls, and it will also drop after you perform any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero, you have been killed and must start again. Brave

adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start all over again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating meals, known as Provisions. You start the game with Provisions equivalent to 5 meals, and you will be given the opportunity to obtain more during your adventure. You must keep track of how many meals' worth of Provisions you have left by filling in the details in the Provisions box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Each time you eat a meal you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, but you must remember to deduct 1 meal from your Provisions box. You may stop and eat Provisions at any time except when you are engaged in a battle.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly lucky or created your own luck by some action. Details are given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value – unless you are specifically told that it can.

Special Skills

Over the years, you have acquired a number of Special Skills which have served you time and again on your many bounty hunting ventures. Choose *four* from the following list and mark them in the Special Skills box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The Special Skills are:

Acrobatics You have a remarkable sense of balance, coupled with the ability to attempt a variety of physical feats which most people would find impossible.

Climb You are able to climb with ease up almost any surface, even those which offer you only the slightest of hand-holds.

Combat You are a master in the art of man-to-man combat. If ever you are told to fight more than one opponent at the same time, you may strike back at each one of them, wounding all opponents whose Attack Strength is lower than yours.

Con This skill calls for fast thinking, a modicum of acting ability, and the gift of being able to keep a straight face while telling the most outrageous lies. If it is possible for you to get what you want out of a situation through words alone, you'll manage it.

Disguise You have the talent to alter your appearance so radically that you may seek to pass almost anywhere unnoticed. Obviously, the longer you spend on preparing your disguise and the more materials you have to hand, the more effective your disguise will be; you should remember, however, that disguises mask only your appearance.

Lock Picking There's hardly a lock made that can keep you out – and all you need to open one is the small hooked piece of metal which you carry, concealed on your person, at all times.

Sleight of Hand Your nimble fingers are adept in the art of trickery, and your joints can be popped at the mere flexing of a tendon. You can make small objects seem to appear and disappear before a person's very eyes; you can plant items on that person or simply pick that person's pockets. Another invaluable aspect of this skill lies in using it to extricate yourself from bonds or to slip through the thinnest of gaps.

Sneak If you so choose, you can hide from others or use your incredibly light tread to get past them, unheard and unseen. Though happiest when there are plenty of hiding places around or during the hours of darkness, you can always make the best use of whatever cover is available when trying to evade detection.

Tracking Equally as good in the city as in the wilds, you are able to follow humanoid or beast anywhere – provided your prey has left a trail for you to follow. How well you are able to pick up the trail depends on where the trail is, what it is, and how old it is. All the same, you have often used this skill to spectacular effect.

At various times in your adventure, you will be asked whether or not you possess a certain Special Skill (including *Combat*). If you do, you will be given the option to use it, and you should then follow the appropriate instructions. Sometimes you may find that a paragraph lists more than one Special Skill; even if you have all the skills listed, you may use only one of them.

Equipment

Used to travelling light, you set out on your mission with a minimum of equipment – though you will almost certainly find other useful items during the quest. You carry a sword of finest steel and wear simple, but durable, clothing; not for you the cumbersome leather armour so beloved of amateurs! Your concealed purse holds some Gold Pieces – to find out how many, roll two dice and add 12 to the total rolled. Finally, you have a backpack which you can use to carry any items you come across and may want to keep (enter them, along with your sword, in the Equipment box of your *Adventure Sheet*). Any Gold Pieces you acquire are kept in your purse and should be entered in the Gold Pieces box of your *Adventure Sheet*.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL

Initial Skill=

STAMINA

Initial Stamina=

LUCK

Initial Luck=

SPECIAL SKILLS

- Acrobatics
- Climb
- Combat
- Cure
- Disguise
- Lock Picking
- Sleight of Hand
- Sneak
- Tracking

PROVISIONS

GOLD PIECES

EQUIPMENT

NOTES

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill=

Stamina=

Skill=

Stamina=

Skill=

Stamina=

Skill=

Stamina=

Skill=

Stamina=

Skill=

Stamina=

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Stamina=

Skill=

Stamina=

WELCOME TO THE BADLANDS

In response to an urgent message, it has taken you just three days to reach the delta where the lands of Gallantaria, Brice and Mauristatia meet – three days to reach that lawless and unruly part of Gallantaria commonly known as the Badlands. At the heart of this notorious region, standing on the Border River, is the sprawling city of Blackhaven, a place so dangerous that the City Guards have to go around in groups of ten. Yet it is to this city's solitary, beleaguered guard post that you have been summoned.

It is the dead of night, and no one sees you as you slip in through a secret door in a side wall of the small stone keep. Inside, you are met by Guard Marshal Bennet, who quietly leads you up a spiral staircase and into his candle-lit room. There, the aged Marshal wastes no time in explaining why you have been summoned: 'The War of the Four Kingdoms – Gallantaria, Femphrey, Brice and the Northlands – almost tore the Old World apart, but the four sides turned away from the abyss and made a fragile peace which has lasted up to the present day. Yet this peace is constantly being eroded by the many agents of Chaos who seek to aggravate old rivalries. The Old World can never know true peace until its barbaric past is finally laid to rest.' He pauses to sit down at his desk, then adds, 'High in the Brician ranks was Karam Gruul – the Inquisitor General.'

You cannot help but shudder in fear and loathing at the mere mention of this name.

'Gruul,' Bennet continues, 'was swift in urging Brice to war, and his was the guiding intellect and the dark magics which lay behind many of Brice's military successes. It was he who prepared the murderous fire-traps along Brice's borders; he who had thousands of war prisoners dragged, screaming, into his Tower of Inquisition, where horrific deeds were perpetrated; he who tortured and killed peaceful Bricians with his "traitor-hunts"; he who assassinated his fellow generals when they spoke out against him; and, finally, it was he who remained unseen and unknown while his men died on foreign soil. Not for nothing was Gruul nicknamed "the Hand of Death".

'When peace finally came, a condition of the armistice was that Gruul should be made to stand trial for his crimes against humanity. But the warmongering Brician king claimed that Gruul had died in the Last Battle and that his body was but one of thousands ploughed under the earth. Moreover, the king denied any knowledge of Gruul's atrocities and he ordered that all mention of Gruul be erased from his country's histories and monuments. Most believed that Gruul – whose face was known to so very few – had not died; and so began the Great Manhunt. But no sign of Gruul was found; it was as if he had never existed. His damned Tower of Inquisition was razed to the ground, but the villain himself escaped us. Since then, a constant vigil has been maintained for signs of Gruul's inevitable return. And now, at the cost of many gallant lives, we have at last obtained news as to his whereabouts!

'Gruul is in Blackhaven, and his presence here can only mean that he is planning something terrible, some plot important enough to make him risk exposure after years of hiding. However, we don't know exactly where he is, or in what guise; only that he *is* here. We dare not use the City Guards or any other band of men to fetch him; Gruul would soon learn of their coming and would go into hiding once more. But if someone worked alone – someone with stealth, cunning and resourcefulness the equal of Gruul's, someone who could move efficiently and quietly through the deadly streets of Blackhaven – then we just might catch him. You are that someone. Find Gruul for us and take him to face justice at the High Court in Royal Lendle, capital of Gallantaria. If you do, the reward . . .'

You have been listening to Bennet's words with rising passion, and now you feel compelled to interrupt: 'Save your gold! For years I have been looking for seven arch-fiends in the service of Chaos; six are now behind bars; but Gruul, the seventh and most evil, has always eluded me. No, seeing Gruul made to account for his wrongdoings will be reward enough. *And* . . . I have a personal debt to settle!'

Turn to paragraph 1.

I

Bennet sighs with relief and thanks you before continuing: 'There are rumours that Blackhaven is in the grip of a secret society called the Cabal of the Werewolf. All we know about this organization is that its members are said to bear "the Werewolf's Mark", and that it is supposed to have connections with a powerful clique of Brician nobles who are hell-bent on starting a second War of the Four Kingdoms If this is true, then Karam Gruul must have dealings with the Cabal. Word has reached me that an inmate of Craven Asylum, Matra Ouspenskaya, is claiming that she was a member – but is now a victim – of the Cabal This could be the break we seek; you must go and question her to find out if there is any truth in her wild ravings. Next, it is said that Cabal members meet in a docklands tavern, the Last Octopus, which you should also investigate Finally, it might be worth your while to visit Silas Entador, a useful wretch who is one of our paid informers and who lives in Malt Lane If Gruul *has* made contact with this Cabal – or, indeed, with any part of Blackhaven's underworld – then Entador will know about it.'

The Marshal stands up behind his desk. 'Though mystic shields hide our walls from scrying eyes, I fear that one of my own men may be a traitor, so only I and the Ruling Council in Royal Lendle, to whom Gruul must be taken, know of your mission In my drawer I have some gold to cover your expenses, and a Letter of Introduction to Craven Asy–'

A stifled cry escapes the old man's lips as he falls

forward on to the desk, a dagger protruding from his back! The knife can only have been thrown through the tall, open window behind Bennet's chair, a window which is twelve metres above the ground. Will you try to help Bennet (turn to **12**), go round the desk to his drawer so that you may take the gold and the letter (turn to **33**), or rush over to the window (turn to **80**)?

2

The addle-brained beggar snatches the coin from your hand (cross the Gold Piece off your *Adventure Sheet*), and babbles in gratitude: 'Yeah, I seen 'em, I did. A boat wiv lots o' people. Orcs and pointy-ears, unloadin' fings. A tall, fin bloke in a cloff mask told 'em what to do. Said somefink about the river bein' 'is 'ighway, and about 'ow the Bents 'ave 'ired a Bounty 'unter. 'E laughs. Says the 'unter's been taken care of. Then 'e drops a bottle an' gets upset. They searched, but no use 'cause it fell near me an' I took it. Ignored me, they did. Fink I'm stupid, but I got their bottle, didn't I? You can 'ave it fer five shinies.'

If you wish to buy the bottle, cross 5 Gold Pieces off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **205**. If you can't or won't pay the beggar, turn to **44**.

3

Do you have the *Disguise* Special Skill? If you do, turn to **291**; but if you do not, turn to **339**.

4

Your tense vigil is a brief one; the moment Conrad's head rises above the floor of the loft, you thrust your weapon towards his face. But he reaches out with amazing swiftness, seizes the pole in one hand and snaps it like a twig! His other hand holds the machete.

CONRAD,
The Maniac Guard SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **293**.

5

Pushing yourself to the limit, you soon come to within an arm's length of the fleeing figure – but what is he up to? If you have the *Combat* Special Skill, turn to **155**; if not, turn to **236**.

6

You watch as the water rises, centimetre by centimetre. Suddenly, something taps you on the back. You turn and see that it is one of the bodies, floating in the water! You yourself are now chest deep in the murky stuff, yet the flood shows no sign of abating. Will you continue to wait (turn to 170), climb up the rungs (turn to 140) or reach for the beam (turn to 391)?

7

Scared by the fight, the other inmates huddle together at the far end of the vault – all, that is, except for one man who steps forward and gives you a locket. The locket contains two miniature portraits: one of the man, looking handsome and splendid, and the other of a beautiful woman. The man speaks with surprising clarity: 'Please, find my lady and give her this locket. She must know.'

You promise to do as the man asks, then hurry out of the room (add the Inmate's Locket to your *Adventure Sheet*). It occurs to you that you could free the inmates by leaving this door open. If you wish to do so, note that you have freed the inmates on your *Adventure Sheet*, then return to the hall and pick a door you haven't already tried. Will you enter Nosh (turn to 275), Big Trubbull (turn to 287), Fat Maggots (turn to 117) or Wipefeet (turn to 58)?

8

You were advised to carry out your investigations stealthily, but you have chosen to disregard that advice and in doing so have incurred the full wrath of your omnipotent foe. When you reach the Last Octopus, you find the Jai-Hulud, Karam Gruul's sorcerer-assassins, waiting for you. They easily overpower you, and soon there is no sign of either them or you on the wharf.

9

There are only a few more steps to go before you reach the top floor. If you have the *Sneak* Special Skill, turn to 398. If you do not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 398; if you are Unlucky, turn to 46.

10

The Cross Keys area of Blackhaven is also known as the 'square of delights', for it is richly populated with dubious places of 'entertainment'. None of these dens of vice is more disreputable than Gustav Hollmann's Chamber of Horrors, an ever-popular waxworks devoted to the macabre. According to Van Heldenghast, most of Hollmann's exhibits are simple models; but one, the Angevin Shroud, is the Ward you seek. At present, the entrance to the Chamber of Horrors is jammed with eager sightseers, all fighting to get in through the double doors at the same time. If you wish to use this confusion to try and sneak into the waxworks without paying, turn to 341. If you would rather wait your turn in the queue, cross 3 Gold Pieces off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 130. But if you have gone off the idea of entering this ghoulish place, add 1 Hour and return to 200.

11

Steadman's ale is the most disgusting drink you have ever tasted, but you gulp it down – and fall unconscious! When you wake up on the tavern floor some time later, you can see no sign of the two of them. Nor do you see any sign of your belongings – the rogues have taken the lot! The other drunkards in the tavern laugh at your plight and throw you out on to the street. If you have the *Tracking* Special Skill, turn to **85**; if you do not, cross *everything* off your *Adventure Sheet*, add 1 Hour and return to **200**.

12

Bennet is already beyond help: not only is the knife-wound deep, it is also dripping with poison! The distinctive knife itself, however, offers you a valuable clue in that it can only have come from the forge of Alcham Lugosh – a local armourer renowned for the craftsmanship he brings to vile and unusual weaponry. Sadly, this profession has made Lugosh a rich man. If, in future, you are given a chance to call on Lugosh at his forge in Priestsgate, you may do so by turning to **64** (make a note of this paragraph number on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now, will you examine Bennet's drawer (turn to **149**), or go over to the window (turn to **80**)?

13

'The Shocker?' Eviron grunts. 'What's there to say? Nobody knows who or what it is, but it's claimed eight people within just two weeks. The most recent was a few hours ago – frozen with fear like the rest of 'em. Worst thing is, it's affecting my trade.' Her trade!

Is that all she cares about? If you wish to continue your conversation, return to **387** and choose another topic. But if you have had enough of this selfish money-grubber, you may join in the gambling game, if you haven't tried your luck already (turn to **70**), or go and stand by yourself (turn to **361**).

14

You call across to the brutish Provosts: 'Come, my friends, take your hands off that wretched unfortunate, and let us do business.' The Man-Orcs are not amused, but the beggar nods in gratitude and nips off down an alley.

'Wotcha want, gimp?' snarls one of the hooded rogues. You choose not to mince words and offer the Provosts gold if they will turn a blind eye to the gallows for just a moment. Make a note of the total number of Gold Pieces you wish to pay the Man-Orcs, then turn to **37**.

15

Realizing that you are hopelessly outclassed, you turn your back on the gleaming killer. But the Obisian Predator is too fast and lashes out with its jagged wrist blades. Roll one die and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA. Despite the pain of your wounds, you carry on running, only to see the creature drop to the ground in front of you – it has jumped over your head! Confident of making its kill, the hunter reaches out for you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **138**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **182**.

16

Thunder rumbles ominously as Conrad pitches over the edge of the loft and falls to his death on the mill workings, below. Then one, two, three bolts of lightning crash through the roof of the mill and strike Zaar's body, causing it to glow and then . . . to rise! In complete silence, Conrad climbs to his feet, dons an armoured face-plate, then reaches for a machete. Then, just as silently, he comes climbing up the ladder to the loft after you! His slow, precise movements indicate terrific strength. No longer is he simply Conrad Zaar; now, he is Conrad, the Maniac Guard! You try to push the ladder away from the loft, but it is fixed firmly in place. Will you:

Stand and fight?	Turn to 350
Flee Conrad's clutches?	Turn to 165
Try to think of another way to defeat him?	Turn to 308

17

The moment you touch the door handle, the squeaking noise stops. But, undeterred, you open the door and step into a small dark room. Something crunches under your foot; you look down and discover that the floor is littered with the skeletons of rats! Suddenly the squeaking begins again. You strain to see where it is coming from, but your ears tell you that it is coming from above your head. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 45. If you are Unlucky, turn to 368.

18

You drag the Troll into the alley and change into his stinking outsize uniform, stuffing your own clothes into your backpack. This done, you approach the door of the asylum and are admitted by another Troll. 'Getta move on, scum!' he growls. 'Yoo're late!' Saying nothing, you pass through into the grim dungeon corridors. Soon you come to a hall off which lead five doors. On each of these doors is a crude sign painted by an Orcish hand. Which door will you open:

Big Laffs?	Turn to **220**
Nosh?	Turn to **275**
Big Trubbull?	Turn to **287**
Fat Maggots?	Turn to **117**
Wipefeet?	Turn to **58**

19

It comes as no surprise to learn that Gruul is at Hope's End, for it is there that the few broken walls, all that remains of his Tower of Inquisition, stand – the villain has returned to the scene of his greatest infamies! Why he should do so, however, is another matter; Hope's End is little more than a rocky desert scarred with pools of steaming brown sludge, and Gallantarian soldiers patrol there regularly.

Dawn breaks, and you are less than a kilometre away from the ruin when you hear the rumbling sound of at least a hundred horses skirting a hill behind you. Will you dive for cover in one of the sludge pits (turn to **164**), run up the hillside and hide behind some rocks (turn to **215**), or wait by the roadside (turn to **280**)?

20

Determined to halt the flight of your prey, you step into the mist . . . and scream! The luminescent gas is an alchemical corrosive which even now is melting the flesh from your bones. There is nothing you can do but hope that the end comes soon.

21

Fogwalkers pour into the square and shamble towards you. Quickly you grab a flaming log and wave it at the mindless creatures, but their plague-ravaged skin is not bothered by the fire! You must make a dash for safety before you are completely surrounded. Roll one die to see how many Fogwalkers stand in your way. As the creatures are straggling along your route, you must fight them one at a time. Each Fogwalker has the following attributes:

FOGWALKER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

After you defeat a Fogwalker, roll one die. If you roll a 6, you catch the plague and die horribly. If you survive all your opponents, you may make for either the bell-tower (turn to **397**), the door with the red cross (turn to **48**), the door with the rose-shaped handle (turn to **158**), or the door beneath the wooden sign (turn to **286**).

22

Unsure as to the wisdom of your action, you tug on the chain, and then you marvel as it simply falls away from the Demothrax's body. Unfettered, Argolis rises from her seat of torment and bellows: 'Free! Now all Blackhaven shall know my wrath . . . beginning with YOU!' The Demothrax plainly intends to crush the life out of you. If you have the *Acrobatics* Special Skill, turn to **322**. If you do not, you may either stand and fight (turn to **66**), try to use the chain to bind Argolis once more (turn to **254**) or turn and flee (turn to **81**).

23

The Last Octopus stands in the heart of Blackhaven's docklands, a sprawl of wharfs and warehouses infested with merchants, sailors, travellers, beggars, sots and thieves! Boats of all kinds are moored up on the Border River, which itself is impressive to the eye, yet repellent to the nose! You have heard that the docks are currently being terrorized by an unknown fiend, nicknamed the Shocker, who frightens victims to death before escaping into the night. And now you are alone . . . in the fiend's domain . . . at night. It comes as no surprise then, when you feel someone tap you on the shoulder, that you should react a little hastily. But your 'fiend' is only a pathetic beggar. 'Give us a shiny,' she drawls, 'an' I'll tell yer wot I seen last night.' If you give the beggar a Gold Piece, turn to **2**. If you refuse, turn to **44**.

24

Undead once more, the Vampire reaches out towards you with his taloned hands – his is a centuries-old thirst which he *must* slake! But you are too quick for him; you quickly take out your Silver Cross and use it

to repel him Milescu recoils with a feral snarl. 'Your puny symbol may prevent my powers of bewitchment, but I am no petty vampire to be thwarted at the sight of a sweetheart's jewellery!' Then he attacks, driven by his need for fresh blood, which is stronger than any fear of the Cross.

BARON MILESCU	SKILL 9	STAMINA 15

If you win and have a stake, turn to **352**; if you win but do not have a stake, turn to **312**.

25

Just as the sword sphere is about to glow once more, you smash it to smithereens. Then, if you haven't already done so, you do the same to the lock crystal. The door to the disused temple swings open – there is no evil here any more. Restore 1 LUCK point. If you wish to search the temple, now that it is safe, turn to **125**. If not, you had better return to the Last Octopus: if the word 'Cainam' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **251**; otherwise, turn to **277**.

26

The Provosts are not impressed In a matter of fact manner they unhook the cudgels from their belts and stand ready to crack your skull open. You must fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PROVOST	8	7
Second PROVOST	7	6

If you win, turn to **110**

27

Huge chunks of masonry crash down on your head and knock you senseless. You do not get up again.

28

Not wishing to give Hogg the wrong impression, you tell him, slowly and distinctly, that you wouldn't trust him as far as you can spit! He'll get the money *after* the job is done, and not a penny before 'I'm gravely hurt by yer lack of faith in Mister Kilmarney,' Hogg replies, 'but a deal's a deal. We'll go do the necessary, then meet you outside the graveyard in half an hour' You agree, then hurry out of the Three Broken Fingers, surprised to find yourself still in good health.

You reach the tall gates of Meinster Cemetery with minutes to spare. If you wish, and *only* if you have the proper costume and Special Skill, you may use the time to disguise yourself as a Vampire; turn to **364**. Otherwise, turn to **38**.

29

When you finally reach Hope's End, you can see no sign of the Cabal, but you do see something else, which shocks you to the core: Zombie slaves are everywhere, hard at work in their task of rebuilding the Tower of Inquisition! And some of the Zombies wear Gallantarian uniforms . . .

To reach the loathsome edifice, you will have to cross half a kilometre of desert which is swarming not only with Zombies but also with Orcish overseers, wielding their whips with relish. That said, the plain is broken by lines of trenches and by work posts which may offer you some shelter. If you wish, and *only* if you have the proper costume and Special Skill, you may disguise yourself as an Orc rogue (turn to **349**) Otherwise, if you have the *Disguise* Special Skill, turn to **298**; if you have the *Sneak* Special Skill, turn to **59**; if you have neither, turn to **153**.

30

Exhausted, Gruul tries to kill you with the Ethereal Projector, but you push him aside and turn the device on the Cabal. Most of your enemies perish beneath the deadly rays, but some flee, leaving the way clear for you to drag Gruul out to a small courtyard. There, you tie him over the back of a horse, then ride at full speed across the desert. Zombie slaves and Cabal members are everywhere, but they are in disarray and can do nothing to prevent your escape.

As you ride, you tell Gruul just who you are: 'I first

came here as a prisoner-of-war. Because I was an officer in the Gallantarian army, you turned me into some kind of nocturnal creature with strange powers. But I had no will of my own and you forced me to betray my comrades. I found a cure for my body soon after the war ended, but I still haven't found a cure for my nightmares.'

'So. A Moonrunner, eh?' Gruul purrs. He closes his eyes and you start to feel a little dizzy. If the word 'Rennur' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **147**. If it is not, roll two dice and add the numbers rolled together. If the total is less than or equal to your current STAMINA score, turn to **169**. If the total is higher than your current STAMINA score, turn to **147**.

31

The moment you take hold of the mask, it changes into an exact copy of your own face! Its eyes open and fix you to the spot, while its mouth utters a solemn pronouncement: 'Belthegor's Gift is the second life; Belthegor's Curse is the second death.' Then everything turns black.

Feeling weak and weary (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA), you wake up near Newham Market, where your roving gaze is met by the sunken eyes of a pale, skeletal wretch who looks more dead than alive. Then you realize that you are actually looking at a reflection of *yourself* in a window! This is Belthegor's Curse. Not only do you look like death, you are also compelled to seek it. Whenever you meet the option to fight, you

must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may choose your action as normal. If you are Unlucky, you *must* fight. Now add 3 Hours and return to **200**.

32

The Corpse Master brandishes his notched blade in sickly triumph. 'Whom serve, prying eye?' he grates, the evil in his voice matched only by the chaos of the music. You will need your wits about you if you are to survive this terrifying encounter. Will you reply:

The City Guard?	Turn to **225**
The Cabal of the Werewolf?	Turn to **133**
No one?	Turn to **271**

33

To reach the desk drawer, you must first move Bennet's slumped body out of the way. But this unpleasant task is the least of your problems, as the drawer is a locked Kharian puzzle-drawer which will open only when pressure is applied to a precise point on its plain wooden surface. Do you have the *Lock Picking* Special Skill? If you do, turn to **189**; otherwise, turn to **55**.

34

You shrug wearily and admit that, yes, you are tired of futilely struggling against superior odds, and that you would do anything for such a generous sum as that now being offered. While you are speaking the man remains motionless, his hand still extended; when

you finish, he replies, 'Good. Now let us seal your allegiance with a fraternal handshake.' Will you take the masked man's hand (turn to **185**) or politely decline (turn to **250**)?

35

A sudden mystic fog sends you into a deep sleep. When you wake up, you find yourself lying in a coffin-like cage. Two removable panels, one above your knees and the other below your neck, divide the cage into three sections. 'Ah, awake at last. You have been brought here by my Magus, Radu.' You look up into the face of Karam Gruul! He nods to a hooded figure at his side then continues, 'Connected to the foot of the cage is a box holding six starving rats. When I open the cage, the rats will rush in, eager to devour your flesh. If I remove the two panels inside the cage, the rats will feed on your stomach, and then your face. Now talk!'

Will you surrender to Gruul's evil devices (turn to **234**), or tell him that you'd rather die (turn to **118**)?

36

Crabb rings a bell and waits in beatific silence for a human warden who brings in two servings of thick stew. You tuck into the stew . . . until you notice that Crabb isn't eating. 'Yes,' he confirms, 'I've poisoned you.' A twisted grin stretches across his thin lips. 'I'm only following orders, you understand – *Doktor*'s orders! Hee, Hee, heeeeee!' Crabb's insane gibbering taunts you to your doom.

37

You show the greedy ruffians the colour of your money, but have you offered them enough? If there are fourteen or more Gold Pieces in your hand, turn to **329**; anything less, turn to **26**.

38

The bodysnatchers prove to be true to their word: they appear, some time later, bearing spades. Hogg greets you, then leads you through the gloomy cemetery to an unmarked grave: 'Yer skull is hidden in a tomb, built, so legend has it, by an ancient warrior who returns every hundred years. The door to the tomb lies beneath this mound – but I warn yer, we'll not go down there with yer. We've heard some fearful noises comin' from that place.'

They set to work and soon dig quite a good-sized hole. 'Gah!' pants Hogg. 'I can't go any further. Me sinews are bulgin' with exertion. We need rest, but there'll be no delay if yer help us out.' If you pick up a spade, turn to **98**; but if you are content to wait until they get their strength back, turn to **202**.

39

Besides the mill workings, the hay and the farming tools (including an axe, which you may take if you do not already have a weapon), you find a meal of Provisions and a curious printed leaflet, both of which you take. You may study the leaflet now, or at any time in the future, by looking at the picture opposite this paragraph. Everyone in Blackhaven has seen similarly cryptic leaflets, issued by the Eternal Fraternity of the Rosy Chalice, posted all over the city; but no one has ever encountered the Fraternity itself, leading some to believe that the whole affair is a hoax. What concerns you, though, is the leaflet's mention of the Last Octopus. Could this Fraternity be linked in some way to the Cabal of the Werewolf? The portcullis still bars the exit, so will you go down into the cellar (turn to **389**) or up to the loft (turn to **201**)?

40

It seems that every time the sword glows orange, you have to suffer the agonies of a magical attack, so you decide to put the thing out of action once and for all But when you hit the sword, the shield crystal glows brighter and your attack bounces off the polished orb to no avail In response, the sword glows orange – lose 2 STAMINA points. Which orb will you hit out at next: the lock (turn to **306**) or the shield (turn to **366**)?

41

Your prey is clearly skilled in the art of evasion, but you are more so, and soon you have the cunning devil

under constant surveillance. Will you call out to the assassin, to stop him from going any further (turn to **236**), rush forward and attack him (turn to **5**) or keep your distance, in the hope of following him to his ultimate destination (turn to **195**)?

42

The sharp talons are but centimetres from your face when they turn sharply away. You heave a sigh of relief and wipe the sweat off your brow. However, your ordeal is not over yet. Baphet uses its claws to rake its own chest. The foul flesh erupts in lines of weeping wounds which drip a fetid liquid. The Imperator steps forward, a golden chalice cupped in her hands. She uses the receptacle to collect some of the gurgling ichor, then offers it to you. 'Drink!' Will you do as she commands (turn to **63**), or follow the dictate of your senses and refuse (turn to **333**)?

43

The ruthless manhunter gives no quarter. It knocks you on to your back and swings its twin blades at your throat. Death seems but a moment away when a bolt of lightning shoots down from the heavens and blasts the Obisian Predator into fiery oblivion. So high above the ground, the metal-skinned beast makes the perfect lightning-conductor! The gods are smiling on you this day – gain 1 LUCK point for this good fortune. Now, if you haven't been there already, you may go to the Shrine of Belthegor (turn to **248**); otherwise, add 3 Hours and return to 200.

44

'Gertcha!' the woman snarls, her mood taking a sudden turn for the worse. 'Fink I'm scum, do yer?' she spits, then staggers drunkenly away. You make for the Last Octopus, which you realize must be somewhere near by. Indeed it is, but at this ungodly hour it is also closed. If you are given the chance, you *may* return to the tavern later, even though you may not normally revisit a location you have already been to.

Suddenly a chilling scream shatters the stillness of the night. The beggarwoman! You run back along the wharf, to find that she has become the latest victim of the Shocker! Her hair is grey and her body is frozen in a grip of terror You turn and catch sight of something fleeing down an alleyway ahead of you. If you wish to give chase, turn to **357**. If you are daunted by the prospect of tackling the Shocker alone, you had best leave and continue your manhunt at either Craven Asylum (turn to **393**), Malt Lane (turn to **207**) or, if you have reason to go there, at Priestsgate or Weathern Mill.

45

A large bat is hovering over you! It screeches, then spits out a trickle of steaming blood, which drips down towards your face. You manage to dodge the blood but you see that the bat itself is flying towards the open door. Will you attack the bat before it goes free (turn to **347**) or let it be (turn to **255**)?

46

The top step creaks beneath your tread, activating a most heinous device. A needle on the end of a coiled metal tube shoots up through a hole in the step, jabs you in the neck and injects you with a mind-numbing fluid. You pull the needle out, but the liquid is already coursing like ice through your veins The fluid is the result of some dire alchemy, and it erases part of your mind Cross one Special Skill of your choice off your *Adventure Sheet* – you may no longer use it. As the

pain subsides, you stagger up the stairs, lurch over to Entador's room and stumble in through the door; turn to **87**.

47

Minutes later, a couple of Troll wardens are strolling along the corridor when one of them trips over your body It is only when they both stop laughing that they pick you up and carry you off to the asylum's laboratory, where . . . No, it is best if we simply say that your quest ends here.

48

Traditionally, a red cross is painted on doors to warn folk against entering houses infected with the plague You go into the hut, and soon you find yourself gasping for air. Your skin erupts in boils and your eyes roll as you drift into the painful delirium of death.

49

Your fight over, you take a moment to . . wait, what's that hissing sound? You look at your feet and are horrified to see shards of glass scattered about on the ground The glass phial holding Baron Milescu's blood has accidentally been broken during the battle Worse, the blood of you and your opponent has mixed with the Baron's powdery remains, imbuing them with life! Mist folds upon mist as the vapours swiftly merge and solidify into the form of Baron Milescu, Vampire Lord of Varnan! If you have a Silver Cross, turn to **24**; if you do not, turn to **136**.

50

Curse the skull! You leave the wretched thing in your pack and clamber up on the base of the guillotine However, no sooner do your feet leave the ground than the skull cries out: 'The shroud! The shroud!' Hearing this, the doorman hurries over to see what is going on Will you try to rejoin the party, so that you may offer to buy the shroud from Hollmann (turn to **78**), or flee the place before the doorman catches sight of you? If you wish to leave at once, and the word 'Cainam' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **295**; if it is not, add 1 Hour and return to **200**

51

The phantom prowls back and forth across the stage, considering your words. 'Gruul warmbody also. Lies dawn vanity inside Gruul must run red by full moon. Corpse Master gravetongue.'

You cannot believe your luck: the Corpse Master has sworn an oath to destroy Karam Gruul! Restore 1 LUCK point for your masterful deceit, and write down the word 'Esproc' on your *Adventure Sheet*. You look back to the phantom, but he is gone, and in his place is a great fire! You hurry out of the hall, past an office in which you observe a wooden strongbox. Disregarding the raging fire, will you stop to take a look at the strongbox (turn to **84**), or keep on running for the exit (turn to **383**)?

52

Conrad lies beaten – but for how long? Fearing the worst, you bind him with some heavy chains which you find in the fallen hut, then push him over into the Border River. The Maniac Guard hits the water with a loud splash, then sinks down to the murky depths below. No bubbles rise to the surface. Could Conrad Zaar finally be at rest?

You resume your watch over the Last Octopus, and night descends. A distant bell tolls eleven, but you still haven't seen . . . 'Murder! Murder! Help! The Shocker! Murder!' The shouts come from some men who must be in one of the nearby streets. If you wish to go and see what has happened, turn to **86**. If you would rather continue your watch on the tavern, turn to **253**.

53

Just when you begin to think that you are wasting your time, the quivering door swings open of its own accord. You step warily forward . . . and find yourself

standing in Dexter Street, some two kilometres away! Mawn Pretoragus has denied you entry to his sanctum. Add 3 Hours and return to **200**.

54

The sorcerer assassin crashes to the ground with a piercing scream. Desperate for clues, you search through his robes and find a small Trephen Jewel and a map. You may use the magic jewel any number of times by *Testing your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may restore 2 points to your STAMINA; if you are Unlucky, the jewel disappears and you must cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. You may use the Trephen Jewel at any time except during a battle.

The map is of the Blackhaven area. You see that the Mark of the Werewolf has been drawn over the village of Penkhull, along with the words: 'The Secret Chiefs'. It is to Penkhull, then, that you shall go. Turn to **369**.

55

Push and prod as you may, the drawer simply will not open. If you wish to use your sword to try and break it open, turn to **319**. If you would rather let the troublesome thing be, you may either go and help Bennet (turn to **12**) or make for the open window (turn to **80**).

56

The door opens into a small room, full of decomposing bodies: skeletons, that look as if they've been down

here for hundreds of years. Fortunately, you are spared the stench from them by an air-shaft which runs up from the ceiling. Suddenly, the door slams shut behind you. You try to open it, but it is locked. Satisfied that you have seen enough of this dreadful place, you pick the lock a second time and leave. If you haven't done so already, will you now try the east door (turn to **141**) or the west door (turn to **17**)?

57

By the time you reach Blackhaven's docklands, the sun is rising over the eastern horizon, and the place is alive with merchants, sailors and ne'er-do-wells going about their business. Yet at night these same wharfs and warehouses are shunned, for fear of meeting the infamous Shocker – an unknown fiend who frightens victims to death before vanishing into the darkness. It's been a long night for you, but maybe you'll get some well-earned rest in the Last Octopus. If any of the words 'Darnoc', 'Kehsil', 'Retsam' or 'Rotkod' are written on your *Adventure Sheet*, count the number of words noted and if you have:

None of the words?	Turn to **399**
One or two of the words?	Turn to **343**
Three or four of the words?	Turn to **8**

58

You pass through the door marked 'Wipefeet' and enter a long corridor which ends in two separate doors. No one is about, so you walk up to the first door on which the legend 'Deputy Director' is written

in gilt paint. You open the door and step into a luxurious office! A foppish man, sitting behind a desk, looks up at you. If you are disguised as a warden, turn to **318**; if you are not, turn to **348**.

59

Despite the available cover, reaching the tower unnoticed will be a challenge even for you; the sun is high and Zombie slaves are all over the place. Still, you must try. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **103**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **153**.

60

Queer mist or no queer mist, you are not about to let the blackguard escape you! Sword drawn, you hurry forward into the fumes. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **143**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **20**.

61

Anyone entering the Three Broken Fingers had better watch his or her back but, thanks to Van Heldenghast, enter you must: 'The most powerful Ward is the Skull of Mora Tao. I know very little about the skull, only that it is buried somewhere in Meinster Cemetery. Go to the Three Broken Fingers and seek out Kilmarney and Hogg. These two body-snatchers are the most untrustworthy people you are ever likely to meet, but only they know how to find the skull.'

Once inside the rancid hovel, you approach a roly-poly little man standing by the bar, and you ask him if he can point out the grave-robbers. 'Well, mercy me!' he gasps, 'if I'm not that very Mister Hogg yer be after! An' this,' he nods to a veritable scarecrow at his side, 'is my business partner, Mister Kilmarney.' You tell Hogg why you wish to hire them both. When you finish, he replies, 'It's most kind of yer to t'ink of employin' two lowly vagrants, but as yer undertakin' is a most perilous one, we'll have to beg the outrageous fee of three shinies per head. Just to show yer it's not'in' personal, yer can have me pint of Steadman's Dark Horse.' He thrusts a flagon of scummy ale under your nose. Will you drink the brew (turn to 11) or politely decline (turn to 390)?

62

You take the sphere out of your pack and hurl it at the Obisian Predator's metal chest. The glass shatters and releases its deadly vapours – yet still the creature comes! Bubbling, hissing, evaporating, the manhunter

tries to grab hold of you, to pull you into the acidic mist; but it tries in vain, and soon its death roar is heard echoing over Sanger's Beacon. Restore 1 LUCK point for your narrow escape. If you haven't been there already, you may now go to the Shrine of Belthegor (turn to 248); otherwise, add 3 Hours and return to 200.

63

Baphet's ichor smells truly stomach-turning, but you raise the chalice to your lips and swallow. A few tormented seconds pass before you realize that the chalice is empty! Baphet vanishes and the Imperator removes the chalice from your hands. 'Your courage in the face of illusion is proof of the strength and wisdom needed to become an Adept of the Outer Order of the Rosy Chalice. Later, you will be given robes and a Fraternal name. But now, I ask you, do you wish to penetrate the veil of the Inner Order of the Rosy Chalice? Dare you present yourself to the Secret Chiefs whose will is reality?'

The assembly reacts to the mention of the Secret Chiefs with undisguised fear, and a devious glint is in the Imperator's eye. If you tell her that you dare join the Inner Order, turn to 142. But if you excuse yourself, saying that you still have much to learn about the Outer Order, turn to 276.

64

Alcham Lugosh, deviser of a thousand vile deaths, lives behind a magically protected door, at the end of

a nondescript alley in the Priestsgate part of the city. You knock on this door – and fall through a trapdoor! You land, some eight metres down, on the cold stone floor of a cylindrical pit; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. A set of rusty iron rungs runs up the wall, passing a wooden beam which spans the pit about a metre above your head. Scattered around on the floor of the pit are the remains of twelve bodies, each has three fingers missing from their right hand! Suddenly, the trapdoor closes above you and a duct opens at your feet, to admit tidal waters from the nearby Border River. The icy wash floods around your ankles. Whoever has trapped you down here intends you to drown! And drown you must unless you find some means of escape. Will you reach for the wooden beam (turn to 391), climb up the rungs (turn to 140), or ignore them both and wait (turn to 6)?

65

The lock clicks and the door swings open. If you opened the door using a Red Key *and* the word

'Rednel' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **272**. Otherwise, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **272**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **101**.

66

Before you know it, Argolis crashes into you. But it is not only your death she is interested in; she is also tempted by the freedom of the open cell door. If you lose two successive Attack Rounds, she will escape. Also, as Argolis is so powerful, you must deduct 4 points from your STAMINA each time you lose an Attack Round. Now fight!

ARGOLIS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 13

If you win, turn to **222**; but if Argolis escapes, turn to **81**.

67

Gruul's eyes . . . they're piercing the depths of your very soul. You waver on your feet as strange words filter insidiously into your mind. Deduct 5 points from Gruul's *Notura*. If you do not have the Hand of Glory, make a note of the word 'Rennur' on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you do have the hand, but the word 'Q'yann' is *not* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **217**. If you have both the Hand of Glory and the word 'Q'y-ann' on your *Adventure Sheet*, you are protected from Gruul's magic. Whatever the outcome, your mind suddenly becomes clear again. If the word 'Esproc' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **188**; otherwise, return to **300**.

68

Still running, you raise your head and bark, 'Stop the carriage at once!' But no one is more surprised than you when the vehicle comes to a halt straight away. The driver has done nothing whatsoever to slow the carriage and now he sits perfectly still, facing forward, while his horses paw impatiently with their hoofs. Will you attack the driver (turn to **115**), open the carriage door (turn to **137**), or walk away from this unnatural scene and go back in pursuit of the Man-Orc (turn to **41**)?

69

Gazing dumbly into space, you turn away from the Orc. 'Hey!' he barks. 'Zombies do everyfin' I tell 'em.' Then he turns and orders a band of Zombies to seize you. But you are too quick for the dull-witted creatures. You make a break for the tower – only to find more Zombies ahead of you. To your right, however, is a fenced-off area where supplies are kept. A gate at the far side of this enclosure opens near the foot of the tower. There are no Zombies inside the enclosure, but four of them guard the gate leading into it. If you have the Hexalpha, turn to **90**. If you do not, you must fight all the Zombies at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE SLAVE	6	6
Second ZOMBIE SLAVE	5	7
Third ZOMBIE SLAVE	6	5
Fourth ZOMBIE SLAVE	7	8

If you defeat them all, turn to **90**.

70

A small crowd is gathered round a table at which sits a scruffy old thimblerigger. 'It's easy-peasy,' he laughs, 'I, Jubar DeMonto, put this Gold Piece under one of me three thimbles, move 'em round a bit, then you guess which one the shiny's under. But I won't waste your time playing for just one poxy piece. No, lazies and grunts, you pay two shinies to play and then, if you win, you get your two back *plus* another ten Why, I'm almost throwing me money away!'

If you wish to prove that your eye is faster than Jubar's hand, make a note of the stakes you bet on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **330** Otherwise, you had better head back to the bar and either stand alone (turn to **361**), or try to engage Eviron in conversation (turn to **387**)

71

You can tell at a glance that the drainpipe will be too weak to support your weight, so you climb up to the window using tiny cracks in the wall as fingerholds.

Your ascent done, you scramble through the window into a room which is a confusion of theatrical props Paper moons and waxen hogs hold no interest for you, but you do take a Stage Knife. You never know when such a trick, with its retractable blade and concealed phial of fake blood, may come in handy

You are still toying with the prop when you hear a scream and the discordant boom of a pipe organ coming from somewhere within the theatre. Will you follow the music to its source (turn to **260**) or climb back out of the window and leave the Rohmer while you still can (turn to **383**)?

72

You accept the tankard but do not drink from it Instead, you sneakily swap it for Kilmarney's. The unsuspecting rogue takes a sip, and falls flat on his face! Just as you thought, the ale was drugged – regain 1 LUCK point. 'Erm, beggin' yer pardon,' stammers Hogg as you grab him by the scruff of his neck, 'it was Kilmarney's doin' He likes a bit of jiggery-pokery. I had not'in' to do with it, honest. Look, I'll drop the fee to two gold each, as settlement.'

You accept his apology but warn Hogg that if they try anything like that again, they'll regret it. 'T'ank yer very much,' he grovels. 'But now we've arrangements to make, bribes to pay, an' the like. So, pay us the fee, an' we'll meet at the cemetery in half an hour.' If you pay Hogg, cross 4 Gold Pieces off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **374**. But if you cannot or will not pay him just yet, turn to **28**.

73

Carter Street, Fisherman's Wharf, Dog Lane, Wayland Court – you search high and low through these places but find nothing. 'I've had enough,' moans an inkeeper. 'It's been nearly an hour. Let's face it, the Shocker's vanished.' The others mumble similar admissions of defeat, then move off on their separate ways; the hunt for the Shocker is over. A balding fellow shakes your hand and bids you goodnight. Your eyes fix on his ring: it is engraved with the Mark of the Werewolf! The man coughs nervously, then walks away. Will you follow him and try to question him about the Cabal (turn to 131) or return to the Last Octopus to resume your watch (turn to 362)?

74

You enter the derelict temple and find the sinister figure waiting for you. Only now the hood has fallen back to reveal the face of something not quite human. 'You have troubled the Cabal for too long!' snaps the creature. 'But now I, Radu, Magus of the Master, have lured you to your doom!'

As Radu speaks, he rotates three crystal balls in the palm of his hand. The orbs circle in and out of one another, and continue to do so as they rise up into the air and float towards you! One of the spheres glows bright orange and a strange fire burns you – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Radu laughs, then vanishes in a puff of smoke. Will you search the temple (turn to 178), study the crystal spheres (turn to 231) or flee (turn to 95)?

75

It is eleven at night when you return to Harbour Row. Professor Van Heldenghast greets you warmly and serves you a splendid supper; restore up to 4 STAMINA points. As you eat, she says, 'At midnight tonight, the Eternal Fraternity of the Rosy Chalice – a mystical secret society – is meeting at the Last Octopus. The Fraternity is a front for the Cabal. You must watch the tavern and see what you can do. I myself am leaving Blackhaven, as I have now done all I can to help you. Maybe we will meet again.'

You thank Van Heldenghast for all her help, then you leave for the tavern; but as you arrive . . . 'Murder! Help! The Shocker! Murder!' The cries are coming from some men in a street near by. Will you go and see what has happened (turn to **86**) or stay and keep an eye on the tavern (turn to **253**)?

76

You lift the drapes aside just in time to see Radu pull a lever in the wall. A door opens before him, and the roof of the chamber caves in! You watch as Gruul is crushed beneath a block of stone. But his blood . . . it's green! This is because it is not Karam Gruul who lies there on the floor, it is a plant-like *replica*, a Mandrake! For choosing to follow the Magus, add 1 point to your LUCK. The Magus! You turn back to the door, only to see that he has gone. Quickly you run after him, to observe him escaping along the Border River in a boat rowed by Zombie slaves! Radu is bound for the place 'Gruul' mentioned earlier: Hope's End – a desolate spot six kilometres away. Turn to **19**.

77

You carefully unlock and open the door. Something rolls out and comes to a stop against your foot. You look down and see that it is a vial of Restorative Fluid. You may drink the fluid at any time, except during a battle; just cross the fluid off your *Adventure Sheet*, and add 1 point to both your current and your *Initial* SKILL scores.

You enter the room and close the door behind you, lest anyone detect your intrusion. Once inside, however, you see that the room is pitch black. Worse, you can hear someone – or something – shuffling through the darkness towards you! Turn to **172**.

78

The tour drags on and on: more monsters, more legends, more 'genuine' artefacts – accompanied all the while by the boasting of the tourist who's seen it all, done it all, killed it all! Finally, however, the show comes to an end, and Hollmann bows and makes a dramatic exit, bustling off to lead the next group around his waxworks. You rush after him and tell him that you wish to buy the Angevin Shroud. He stops dead in his tracks. 'What, you mean, you actually want to *buy* that worthless piece of tat? Well, my friend, it's practically yours!'

To find out how many Gold Pieces Hollmann wants for the shroud, roll one die and add 1 to the number rolled. If you are willing to meet his price, deduct the Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **198**. But if you cannot or will not pay, then there is

nothing else to do here but leave If the word 'Cainam' is written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **295**; otherwise, add 1 Hour and return to **200**.

79

Skull in hand, the ancient warrior slips past you and hurries out of the room. 'You fool,' he calls out over his shoulder, 'you spineless fool!' You rush after him, but when you reach the corridor you discover that he has vanished! Just then, cracks start to appear in the ceiling and the walls of the corridor begin to quake. The tomb is collapsing! You hurry back up the stairs and run clear of the underground crypt. When you are safe, you look back and see that what was once the ground above the tomb is now a sunken pit. If you have noted the word 'Daednu' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **315**; otherwise, add 3 Hours and return to **200**.

80

Hooked to the sill of the window is a thin cord which trails down to the street below. And at the end of this cord is a Man-Orc assassin! Clad entirely in black, the assassin drops safely to the ground and scampers away. You are about to follow him when the cord disintegrates before your very eyes! If you want to keep the creature in sight, you will have to jump down after him. If you wish to do this and you have the *Acrobatics* Special Skill, turn to **377**; otherwise, *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **377**, but if you fail, turn to **252**. Then again, if the idea of a twelve-metre drop doesn't appeal to you, turn to **149**.

81

'He who touches the chain while it binds another must release and then destroy the other, or be bound in place himself' – this is the chain's unwritten law, and it has been broken. With incredible speed, the chain wraps itself round your body then drags you, screaming, back on to the prison chair Argolis howls in darkest ecstasy: 'Free! Free! Now know the horror of the pit!' You struggle in vain as the chair sinks down into the earth – unlike Argolis, you will not survive being buried alive.

82

The thimblerigger is good, but not that good You make your choice the moment the thimbles are stationery. 'Are you sure?' asks Jubar, no longer smiling. In reply, you turn the thimble over. Beneath it is the Gold Piece. 'Jumping Kakhabad!' he shouts, 'I don't believe it!' But whether he believes it or not is irrelevant A great cheer goes up among the onlookers, and the old man is made to count out your winnings Then he grumpily declares the game over and storms out of the tavern in a huff. Add the gold you have won to your *Adventure Sheet*. Now, will you try to

have words with Eviron (turn to 387) or go and stand on your own by the bar (turn to 361)?

83

As Radu outlines his programmes for world domination, you make your way across to two ornate columns which support the balcony, some thirty metres above the ground. 'Look!' cries a woman. 'The Bounty Hunter!' It is Eviron from the Last Octopus, and she has seen through your disguise. Shouts of hatred fill the hall and four hundred weapons are drawn in anger. If you have the *Lock Picking* Special Skill, turn to 208; if you have the *Climb* Special Skill, turn to 249; but if you have neither of these skills, turn to 122.

84

Undeterred by the rising inferno, you hurry over to the strongbox and are astonished to find it unlocked. You open it and feast your eyes on a thousand Gold Pieces! Unfortunately, you won't be able to spend a single one of them, for when you hurry back out into the corridor, dragging the box behind you, you find that you have been trapped by the flames. The Gold Pieces lie untarnished while you shrivel and blacken!

85

It takes every bit of know-how you possess to pick up the trail of the body-snatchers, but you track them to a slum on Queen Street and kick down the door. 'Bejamers!' shouts Hogg in astonishment. 'We've been rumbled!' Too right they have. You take back *everything* they've stolen from you, plus 5 Gold Pieces of their

own. Hogg snivels, 'Don't hurt us, it was just a bit o' fun. We can still help yer get the skull. We just need time to make some arrangements.' You advise Hogg that if he isn't at the cemetery in half an hour, his life won't be worth living.

You yourself reach the tall gates of Meinster Cemetery with time to spare. If you wish – and *only* if you have the proper costume and Special Skill – you may disguise yourself as a Vampire. If you do this, turn to 364; if not, turn to 38.

86

You race along until you come to Hook Lane, where you find a crowd gathering; traders, fishermen and other folk have all come to witness the Shocker's latest outrage. A cooper named Channing quickly takes charge of the situation. 'I've sent for the City Guard but we must all look for the Shocker *now*, before it vanishes. We'll split up into groups and comb the entire docklands. We've lived in fear of that fiend for too long!' The people shout in agreement, and Channing sets about organizing them into search-parties. You kneel down beside the Shocker's latest victim: a young man whose body is contorted in terror and who wears a ring engraved with the Mark of the Werewolf. 'Leave the body for the guards!' snaps Channing. Then he sends the search-parties on their way. Will you offer to help in the hunt (turn to 345), wait until Channing is busy and then search the body (turn to 173), or do you prefer to head back to the Octopus to continue your watch (turn to 253)?

87

Your enemies are one step ahead of you yet again – the body of Silas Entador lies on the bare floorboards of his airless attic room! You hurry over to examine the body and discover two small punctures, wet with some kind of venom or poison, in his neck. You also see that his left hand is closed tightly round a scrap of paper. As for the room itself: what few items of furniture Silas possessed have been smashed or torn apart – in the rubble lie 4 Gold Pieces which you may take – and on his mantelpiece sits a sickly-scented envelope addressed to you! Will you look at the paper in Entador's hand (turn to **167**) or the sealed envelope (turn to **379**), or leave them both and make your way back downstairs (turn to **268**)?

88

You turn on Gruul and . . . he is transforming into something green and repulsive! Roots sprout from his hands, veins spread across his face in a pulsating web, and his cries mutate into the ululations of a Mandrake! These plant-like creatures can take on the likeness of any human. They also have an intense fear of fire, their only weakness. Wielding the torch, you leap in to attack.

MANDRAKE SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, you set off in pursuit of Radu, whom you see escaping along the Border River in a boat rowed by Zombie slaves! He is going to the place 'Gruul' spoke of earlier: Hope's End – a desolate spot six kilometres away. Turn to **19**.

89

As the water pours inside the carriage, you hammer on the windows with your fists and kick out at both the doors, but all your efforts are in vain. You can only watch in horror as the water rises higher and higher . . .

90

Pushing yet another Zombie out of the way, you hurry into the enclosure and slam the gate behind you. But the overseers are not done yet They whip the undead hordes into line, then send them after you. If you have the *Lock Picking* Special Skill, turn to **325**; if you do not, turn to **153**

91

You slip past your foe and, using the eroded handholds, skilfully ascend the obelisk. You hope that the predator will not follow you, but it springs up after you and rejoins the attack. Its metal skin is almost indestructible, so any Attack Rounds you win serve only to save you from injury (because of this, the creature is not given a STAMINA score). On the other hand, if you lose a round of combat, you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA because of the awful damage done by the predator's wrist blades. If you have the *Combat* Special Skill, you can turn the narrow arena of the obelisk to your advantage: add 2 points to your SKILL for the duration of the battle Now fight!

OBISIAN PREDATOR SKILL 11

After two rounds of combat, turn to **43**.

92

Outside, an eccentrically dressed woman steps forward and grabs your sleeve. She peers at you through a monocle. 'Do you realize what you've done by going in there?' she grumbles. 'We're both in danger now. Still, together we'll have a greater chance of escaping Gruul's lackeys Now come on!' She points her walking stick in the direction of Harbour Row. If you wish to go with the strange woman, turn to **200**. If, fearing she may be yet another of Gruul's agents, you prefer to attack her, turn to **392**.

93

In time, you arrive at Weathern Mill, an impressive tower which stands alone on a low hill, above a shanty town on the southern edge of the city. Save for the vanes creaking in the night-time breeze, the mill seems quite dead. You step up to the front door and try the handle; the door opens, so you let yourself in.

Inside, the tower is a single open room, cluttered with bales of hay, farming tools and mill machinery. A ladder runs all the way up one wall, to a loft near the roof of the mill, and near by is a closed hatch which

leads down into the cellar. The place is dimly lit by a lantern up in the loft, but you can see no sign of Conrad Zaar. *CLANGGG!!!* You spin on your heels and see that a portcullis has descended across the doorway – you are trapped! Nevertheless you are determined to find out if Zaar is a traitor and, if so, for whom. So will you begin your search here, on the ground floor (turn to 39), up in the loft (turn to **201**) or down in the cellar (turn to 389)?

94

Hoping to shed some light on Bennet's death, you go through the assassin's filthy robes. Your search turns up 3 Gold Pieces and an Alchemical Sphere: once thrown, this small glass ball will shatter, to release a deadly cloud of corrosive mist which you yourself may be unable to avoid, should you break the sphere in a confined space. You may take both the gold and the Alchemical Sphere (don't forget to add them to your *Adventure Sheet*). If you would like to search the rest of the theatre, turn to 3. If you would rather leave at once, turn to **383**.

95

When you entered the temple, the door opened quite freely; now, however, it remains firmly shut – even though there is no sign of any lock. You try to kick the door down, but the rotten wood is unyielding. It would seem that you are trapped. You are wondering what to do next when a strange fire blazes through you – lose 2 STAMINA points. If you want to search the temple, turn to **178**. If you would rather study the floating orbs, turn to **231**.

96

You nip across to the tavern and gently open the door – the place is empty! Suddenly, out of the corner of your eye you notice a secret panel sliding shut in one of the walls and a lantern bracket next to the panel jerks upwards with a loud click. You go over to the bracket and pull it down. In response, the panel slides open again, revealing a long, dark corridor. You wait a second, then creep forward. The panel closes behind you. If you have the *Sneak* Special Skill, turn to **230**. If you do not, *Test your Luck:* if you are Lucky, turn to **230**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **35**.

97

Glad to be alive, you climb out of the vile pit and kick Lugosh's door down. Unfortunately, it would seem that the bird has flown: Lugosh's abode is completely empty – it has all been a trap. Thus thwarted, you must now continue the hunt elsewhere. If you haven't been there already, will you go to Craven Asylum (turn to 393), to the Last Octopus (turn to 57), or to Malt Lane (turn to 207)?

98

You take your eyes off the rogues for just a second and – *SPANG!!!* – Hogg hits you across the back of your head with his spade. You fall over into the grave. Roll one die and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA. Then roll three dice. If the total rolled is equal to or less than your current STAMINA score, turn to **123**; otherwise, turn to **338**.

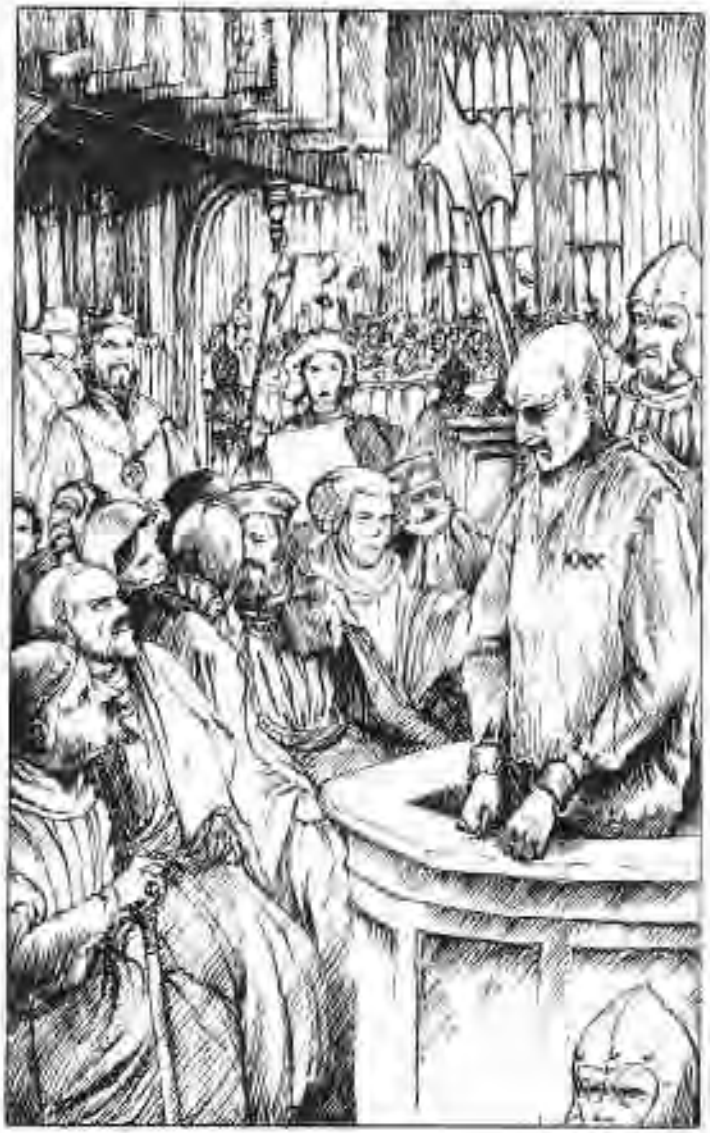

99

Three days pass – three days of constant travel, three days of Gruul's enmity, three days of hunger and tiredness – but finally you come to the East Gate of Royal Lendle, capital of Gallantaria. The City Guard there rush out to welcome you; you fall into their arms, exhausted.

Over the next month, Karam Gruul has to stand trial before the Ruling Council and the leaders of Femphrey, Brice and the Northlands. The list of Gruul's crimes is almost without end, and the verdict is unanimous: guilty! Gruul is sentenced to imprisonment for the rest of his unnatural life. People must never be allowed to think that such evil acts will go unpunished, no matter how long ago they occurred. As Gruul is led from the Council Chamber, he glowers at you a final time. You shrug. You cannot make good the wrongs he forced you to commit as a Moonrunner, but you *have* stopped him from ruining the lives of thousands of others. The King of Gallantaria turns to you and asks you whether you will be willing to lead an army back to Hope's End. You refuse: the Cabal is already beaten, the tower is but an empty dungeon, and you have seen enough bloodshed of late to last you a lifetime. That night, you leave the city to rejoin your family in Narbury. For you, the war is finally over.

100

You hurry back out into the corridor to see the bat flying at full speed towards the north door. At first it looks as if the creature must surely brain itself, but no:

the door swings open and the bat flies straight through. You follow . . . and find yourself in a room packed with human skeletons! The door closes behind you, and the bat escapes through an air shaft cut into the ceiling. You try to open the strong door, but it is locked. You have fallen into a simple trap, sprung by the Devil Bat and compounded by your own curiosity! Suddenly you hear footsteps outside in the corridor. Someone is opening the east door! If you have the *Lock Picking* Special Skill, you may open the locked door and give chase (turn to **238**). If you have the *Climb* Special Skill, turn to **226**. If you have neither, you are doomed to the slow death of starvation; your adventure ends here.

101

Without warning, the floor beneath your feet opens and you pitch forward into a vat of alchemical reactant. The trapdoor closes above your head, sealing you in total darkness. But the reactant! What is it doing to you? Your fingers, your hands, they're bulging, expanding. And your head! Unbelievably, you grow and grow, until your body explodes!

102

Round and round the thimbles go. You are trying in vain to follow Jubar's dizzy hands when they come to a sudden halt. The thimblerigger sits back and prompts, 'Come on then. Which one is it?'

You tap one of the thimbles. He turns it over, to reveal . . . nothing. Cross any gold you lost off your

Adventure Sheet. 'Never mind,' grins Jubar encouragingly. 'Give it another go. You might get lucky.' If you wish to act on his dubious advice, return to **330** and follow the instructions as before. Otherwise, you had best head back to the bar and either keep to yourself (turn to **361**) or try to talk to Eviron (turn to **387**).

103

The trenches and piles of rock offer you plenty of shelter as you sneak forward, but eventually they give out and you must brave the open plains. To your right, however, is a fenced-off area where tools are stored. A gate at the far side of this enclosure opens by the foot of the tower. There are no Zombies inside the enclosure, but there is one standing right in front of you! If you have the Hexalpha, turn to **90**. If you do not, defend yourself.

ZOMBIE SLAVE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you defeat your foe in three or fewer rounds of combat, turn to **90**; but if you do not manage to defeat it within this time, turn to **153**.

104

Wielding his dagger of bone, the Corpse Master urges his rodent servants to swarm all over the two of you as you fight, and soon you are weighed down beneath countless warm bodies. Because of this horrid distraction, you must subtract 1 point from your SKILL score for the duration of the battle. Moreover, the rats take every opportunity to bite at you with their slavering jaws; at the start of each Attack Round, deduct 1 point

from your STAMINA. Finally, the gaze of the Corpse Master conveys a curse; each time you choose to *Test your Luck* during the battle, you must add 1 to the number rolled. Now fight!

CORPSE MASTER SKILL 9 STAMINA 15

If you beat your diabolical foe, turn to **175**.

105

When you reach the far wall, you observe that the balcony stands some thirty metres above the ground on two ornate columns. How can you hope to reach the Magus before the furious Cabal reaches you? If you have the *Lock Picking* Special Skill, turn to **208**; if you have the *Climb* Special Skill, turn to **249**; but if you have neither of these skills, turn to **122**.

106

Suddenly an unearthly voice echoes inside your head: 'Neeeeed foooood . . . neeeeed foooood.' The Skull of Mora Tao is hungry again! To satisfy the accursed artefect, you will have to take it out of your pack and let it suck some of your spirit. If you do not accede to the skull's demands, turn to **50**. If you carry out the vile operation upon your own life-blood, deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Then, if you have the *Climb* Special Skill, turn to **198**. Otherwise, *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to your roll. If you succeed, turn to **198**; if you fail, turn to **314**.

107

You raise a supplicatory hand and beg Furneaux to listen to your tale. But the guards continue advancing

towards you. So far as they can see, events are only too obvious. Worse, Bennet's words return to haunt you: not one of the guards knows who you are or why you are here. To them, you can only be an intruder. If you have the *Con* Special Skill, turn to **360**; if you do not, turn to **223**.

108

Oblivious to the noises of the busy wharf, you drift off into a deep sleep; restore up to 4 STAMINA points. You wake up early in the afternoon – just in time to observe a sinister figure leaving the Last Octopus and walking hurriedly away. The stranger wears a grey-hooded cloak, the back of which is embroidered with the Mark of the Werewolf! If you wish to follow the hooded figure, turn to **139**. If not, is the word 'Cainam' written on your *Adventure Sheet*? If it is, turn to **251**; otherwise, turn to **277**.

109

Kiennar is adamant: 'Either pay, or get out.' If you have the *Sleight of Hand* Special Skill *and* the Skull of Mora Tao, turn to **288**; if you have *Sleight of Hand* but do not have the skull, turn to **235**. If you do not have this Special Skill at all, you may either try to take the blood by force (turn to **367**), or simply leave the shop. If you leave, add 1 Hour and return to **200**.

110

You quickly set about your unwholesome business and have no trouble finding the wooden hand; it is strapped securely to the wrist of one of the dead men. You untie the leather straps and tuck the hand away in your backpack. According to Van Heldenghast, you must now take it to Mawn Pretoragus for some kind of magical treatment. But time is short; perhaps the hand itself will suffice to fend off Gruul's magic. If you want to go to the Necromancer's abode, turn to **344**. If you would rather get on with collecting the other Wards, add 1 Hour and return to **200**.

111

Groaning with the exertion, you push one of the heavy bundles of tightly packed hay over the top of the ladder. The bale falls and hits Conrad squarely on the head and shoulders but he doesn't even falter in his menacing ascent. You must act before your growing panic overwhelms you. Will you:

Throw a lantern down on to his head?	Turn to **214**
Strike at him with a pitchfork?	Turn to **4**
Stand your ground and fight when he reaches you?	Turn to **350**
Try to escape?	Turn to **165**

112

You rush in to the attack, but the Obisian Predator leaps aside and reaches out for you with its strong hands. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **138**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **182**.

113

Mister Hogg lifts his spade in a menacing fashion, shakes his head and murmurs, 'Now I do not t'ink yer wanted to say that.' He steps forward, while Mister Kilmarney picks up his spade and runs round behind you. You must fight them both at the same time:

	SKILL	STAMINA
MISTER HOGG	6	9
MISTER KILMARNEY	7	10

After two rounds of combat, turn to **285**.

114

The gate opens into a vast hall, where you discover Radu addressing the entire Cabal! The Magus is speaking from a high balcony at the far end of the chamber, so no one notices you listening to his words at the back of the hall. 'You are here to witness the fruition of the Grand Design. Using the mystic art of *Notura*, our master has created the Ethereal Projector.' He indicates a bizarre contraption by his side. 'With this, we can rain death on any area we choose. And we will start straight away by killing every living being in Royal Lendle.' The Cabal roars its approval. You must find some way to stop Radu before he can activate the Ethereal Projector! If you are disguised as either an Orc rogue or a Zombie, turn to **83**; if you have an Alchemical Sphere, turn to **304**; but if none of these situations apply to you, turn to **237**.

115

Drawing your sword, you hurry round to the front of the carriage and strike out! The driver offers no resistance, and it is only when his 'body' falls to the ground that you begin to understand. For there, beneath the black hat and cape, is the unmoving form of a mannequin, a straw and sack-cloth dummy in the shape of a man! You are still reeling with shock when the carriage sets off once more. Will you take the driver's seat and grab the reins (turn to **211**), quickly climb inside (turn to **137**), or leave the mysterious carriage alone and head back in pursuit of the assassin (turn to **328**)?

116

Defiantly you cry out, 'You'll never take me alive!' Then you plunge the Stage Knife into your chest and fall to the floor in a torrent of fake blood.

Your deception succeeds! The Imperator has two men carry you back up to the tavern. As they go, one of the men whispers, 'The Imperator will speak of this farce to the Secret Chiefs.'

'Let her!' hisses the other. 'You wouldn't catch me going to Penkhull, not with what's happening there. They say, all you have to do is ring the bell. Well, let them ring it! I'll stay in Blackhaven, thanks.'

Confident that no one is about, the men haul you out of the tavern and dump your body in an alley. You wait until they are gone, then get up. Thanks to the loose-lipped Rosichalcians, you now know that you must go to the village of Penkhull; turn to 369.

117

Beyond the door is an open, grassy plot where most of the inmates end their days: the asylum graveyard. Like everything else you have seen here, the graveyard is in a dreadful state. Worse still, hovering over one of the graves is a ghost! Sensing that the ghost means you no harm, you stand fast and listen as it moans in a voice which chills you to the marrow: 'Avennnge the deaaad ... freee the insaaane.' Then it is gone, vanished. Regain 1 point of LUCK for this fateful encounter.

If you already know where the inmates are, you may go back and free them without further ado (make a note that you have freed them on your *Adventure Sheet*). Then, whether you free them or not, you must return to the hall and choose a door you have not opened before. Will you go through Big Laffs (turn to 220), Nosh (turn to 275), Big Trubbull (turn to 287), or Wipefeet (turn to 58)?

118

'Your wish is my command,' Gruul chuckles. Then he removes the first of the two panels. You scream as the rats scamper up on to your chest. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Gruul turns to his aide. 'Radu, note the fool's stubborn refusal to accept reality.' Then he turns to you once more, his eyes aglow with cruel satisfaction. 'Will you show Radu that I have erred in my observations (turn to 234), or must I remove the final panel (turn to 129)?'

119

You are almost upon the figure when it explodes in a fury of sparks. The silken gown and mask burn away, to reveal a metal dummy beneath! If you used the *Combat* Special Skill, your instincts warn you to drop short of the dummy entirely. If you used the *Acrobatics* Special Skill, you realize the nature of the trap too late, and now you can only hope to twist out of the figure's destructive reach; roll one die and deduct that many points from your STAMINA. If you were Lucky, you crash into the effigy, then fall back on to the ground; roll two dice and deduct that many points

from your STAMINA. Karam Gruul's evil voice screeches out through the dummy's unmoving lips: 'Die, fool, Dieeee!' Shaken by this astonishing attempt on your life, you hurry back out of the alley; turn to 399.

120

Once they see that you have no intention of moving, the thugs close in on you; then they rough you up (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA), steal your gold (cross any gold you have off your *Adventure Sheet*) and sling you out of the alehouse.

An oddly dressed woman hurries up to you and helps you to your feet. She examines you through a monocle. 'Hmmm, no harm done. Well, come on, fool. More of the Cabal will already be on their way. We'll have to escape together.' She points her walking stick in the direction of Harbour Row. Will you go with her (turn to 200) or attack her, before she can lead you into any possible trap (turn to 392)?

121

As you turn tail and run, the Corpse Master cries, 'Fly, children! Swarm red-run fleshcarrier!' The rats sweep down from the stage and come, gnashing, at your heels. Roll one die to find out how many rats succeed in biting you before you reach safety outside the theatre; for every rat bite you sustain, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Also, note down the word 'Retsam' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Once outside the Rohmer, you run and keep on running, vowing never to return to the evil phantom's lair.

Now you must begin your manhunt. So where will you go first: to Craven Asylum (turn to 393), to the Last Octopus (turn to 57), to Malt Lane (turn to 207), or, if you have reason to go there, to Priestsgate or Weathern Mill?

122

Too late! Your enemies are upon you! The Cabal members pick you up and carry you to the balcony, where you are granted the dubious privilege of becoming the first victim of the Ethereal Projector.

123

The body-snatchers realize that you're still ready to put up a fight, so they make a run for it. You consider giving chase but stop when you notice a stone hatch at the bottom of the grave – the rogues had finished the job! The hatch opens on to a descending stairway, and a reek of decay wafts up from the tomb to meet you; however, you ignore it and follow the steps down to a short corridor. Light from the open grave reveals that the corridor ends at three doors. A draught blows under the north door, while a quiet squeaking sound comes from behind the west door. Which door will you open:

The north door?	Turn to **386**
The east door?	Turn to **141**
The west door?	Turn to **17**

124

Having regrettably dispatched Furneaux and his men, you hurry back down the spiral staircase and out of the tower. Now, with the City Guard seeking to arrest you, you are truly on your own. Outside the tower, you see no sign of any assassin, so you decide to begin your manhunt immediately. It being so late, the cobblestoned streets of the city are deathly still. Where will you go first: to Craven Asylum (turn to **393**), to the Last Octopus (turn to **23**) or to Malt Lane (turn to **207**), or, if you have reason to go there, to Priestsgate or Weathern Mill?

125

There is nothing to be found in the temple itself, but you do discover a secret door near where Radu vanished in his puff of smoke – so much for the power of the Magus! The door opens on to a muddy path at the rear of the temple. Footprints in the mud lead you along the path to the cobblestones of nearby Berman Street, where the prints become much harder to see. If you have the *Tracking* Special Skill and wish to follow the trail, turn to **35**. If you do not have this Special Skill, you can do nothing but return to the Last Octopus: if the word 'Cainam' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **251**; otherwise, turn to **277**.

126

Breaking off from the cut and thrust of combat, the woman raises an imploring hand. 'Don't be a fool!' she barks. 'I quite understand your fears, but I assure you

that I have nothing whatsoever to do with the Cabal. Indeed, they fear me more than they fear you. Now let's put an end to this stuff and nonsense before it gets out of hand!'

If you wish to do as she says and go with her in the direction of Harbour Row, turn to **200**. If you would rather press home your attack, turn to **282**.

127

Wary of the hungry maggots that are writhing all over Argolis, you drag her decayed bulk to the edge of the hellish pit, then push her over. Almost immediately, clouds of smoke billow up into the room and the entire floor quakes as the pit grinds shut. The Demothrax is no more!

Add the Chain of Argolis to your *Adventure Sheet*. At the start of any battle, you may use the chain to bind any one opponent other than Gruul; just cross the chain off your *Adventure Sheet* and continue as if you had won the battle. Now, add 2 Hours and return to **200**.

128

You stammer nervously, 'I, er, was wondering if you wanted anything doing, sir.'

Crabb jumps to his feet and shouts, 'Guards!' Before you can do anything, four Troll wardens rush in and seize you. They drag you away and lock you inside a pitch-black room. At first you think you are alone, but then you hear the sound of ungainly footsteps dragging towards you; turn to **172**.

129

Gritting your teeth, you snarl, 'You fiend! I'm surprised you're not in here, feeding alongside your kin.'

Gruul stiffens noticeably. 'Radu!' he barks. 'The Bounty Hunter seeks death. Show the fool where to find it! The Secret Chiefs are expected in the village.' The Magus removes the final panel, then both he and his master leave the room. The next thing you see is the slavering jaws of a rat, scurrying towards your face. If you have the *Sleight of Hand* Special Skill, turn to **181**. Otherwise, there is no escape from Gruul's evil death-trap. Your adventure ends here.

130

Inside, you join a guided tour of the exhibits, conducted by Gustav Hollmann himself Sadly, the proprietor proves to be something of a disappointment: his patter isn't up to much. His exhibits, though liberally daubed with red paint, have all seen better days, too Still, everyone else seems happy. One tourist in particular is keen to impress his lady: 'See that vampire? Nothing! Me, I'd just shove a pair of corks on his fangs.'

Then you come to the Angevin Shroud. This white cloth hangs down from the top of a guillotine some six metres tall Even Hollmann seems unimpressed with this exhibit, as he gives a brief history: 'A once-normal shroud – used to wrap the beheaded body of a Necrophage, at the fallen city of Angevin – now possessed of miraculous powers. Let us move on.' Will you follow Hollmann and attempt to buy the shroud from him, once the tour is completed (turn to 78), or hang back and try to steal the shroud (turn to 154)?

131

You follow the man into a deserted street, then you catch up with him, slam him against a wall, and demand that he tell you everything he knows about the Cabal. 'Don't hurt me,' he snivels. 'The leader is going to attend a meeting at the Last Octopus, three hours from now Go any sooner and they'll know They'll call it off, and the leader won't show The . . .' He looks over your shoulder Two City Guards are strolling along the street towards you The man calls out, 'A fine evening, gentlemen!' Then he slips out of

your grasp and rushes to join them. Curses! You can only look on as the Cabal member is escorted to safety. It is clear now that you must return to the Last Octopus, but will you go at once (turn to **362**), or in three hours' time (turn to **8**)?

132

You cannot help but notice the mass of fresh hoofprints which lead up to and through the left-hand gate; this is the way the Cabal must have gone. If you wish to follow them, turn to **114**. If you would rather enter the gate on the right, turn to **199**.

133

A daring plan springs into your mind. Experience has taught you that it is often wiser to turn an enemy's evil against himself, so you declare that you have been sent by the Cabal to watch over the Corpse Master. You also tell him that Guard Marshal Bennet still lives, and that both you and the dead Man-Orc worked for Karam Gruul alone. You continue: 'Gruul has come to fear you so much that he has his men tell you lies while he desperately seeks a way to destroy you.'

'Dust Corpse Master?' growls the fiend. Like all servants of Chaos, he is only too willing to believe in the backstab of betrayal; yet he is also no fool. If you have the *Con* Special Skill, turn to **51**; if not, turn to **225**.

134

Is it because you distrust Mawn Pretoragus that you follow him through the Door Beyond? If so, then your

trust is misplaced, for his warning was well-meant. He sought to protect your mortal mind from the unimaginable horrors of that other-wordly dimension which is reached through the portal and where he must perform his dark rites. The moment you enter the Necrotic Wilderness of Q'yann, your mind snaps and you become irrevocably insane.

135

Someone taps you on the shoulder. You turn and see that it is a Dark Elf – will the wonders of this city never cease? These creatures are usually to be found in remote underground cities. They hate all surface dwellers; yet one of them stands here before you, in a common alehouse. The gaunt figure, with his long hair and skin like midnight, is clad in armour engraved with Elvish runes and a long dagger hangs by his side. Uncaring who should hear him, he says, 'Let me buy you a drink. We must talk about Karam Gruul.' Will you:

Talk to him?	Turn to **157**
Ask to be left alone?	Turn to **192**
Attack him?	Turn to **212**

136

The omnipotent Vampire Lord is hungry for blood and has no time to waste on foolish combat. He fixes you with his wolf-like eyes and seeks to enthral you with a simple bewitchment. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **187**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **209**.

137

No sooner are you inside the dark and empty cabin than the door slams shut behind you, and a disembodied voice speaks gloatingly. 'I hope you are enjoying the short excursion I have arranged for you. I had expected more of Bennet's choice It is a pity that the game must end so soon Farewell, brave fool'

Your bumpy, frantic journey comes to a sudden end with a splashing of water: the carriage has ploughed straight into a deep river! You rush from one door to the other, but neither will open, and the dark windows

are indestructible. One of the windows can be lowered a short way – but that only admits torrents of dirty water Unless you can find a way out of the cabin, you will surely drown! If you have the *Sleight of Hand* Special Skill, turn to **180**; if not, turn to **89**

138

You half dodge and half fall out of the Obisian Predator's grasp; as the creature has now practically fallen over you, you have no choice now but to fight it off. If your opponent's wrist blades catch you, they will cause devastating injury, so each time you lose an Attack Round you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA Now defend yourself:

OBISIAN PREDATOR SKILL 11 STAMINA 10

If you win one Attack Round, turn to **299**.

139

The hooded figure leads you through the maddening crowds of Muddslamp Fishmarket, to a disused temple within sight of Angmellyn Bridge. The windows of the small temple are all bricked up, but the sole entrance – a rickety wooden door – seems to be open The cloaked stranger pushes the door aside and enters You are about to follow suit when you feel a prickling sensation on the back of your neck. If you still wish to enter the temple, turn to **74** Otherwise you must return to the Last Octopus: if the word 'Cainam' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **251**; if it is not, turn to **277**.

140

No sooner do you touch the rungs than they pull loose from the wall and fall with a splash into the water. You check the other rungs, and you discover that all the lower ones have been rigged to do the same. Those above the wooden beam, however, look quite safe. If you have the *Climb* Special Skill, turn to 256. If you do not, you may either pull yourself up on to the beam, so that you can reach the higher rungs (turn to 391), or do nothing and wait while the water continues to pour in (turn to 170).

141

You enter a large vault to find the Skull of Mora Tao, resting on a black marble pedestal. You shiver. The horned skull has teeth like the edge of a saw, its bottom jaw is missing and its eye-sockets are the very vision of death. You dread to think what manner of creature the skull must once have been part of! Roll four dice and add the numbers rolled together. If the total is equal to or less than your current STAMINA score, turn to 171. If the total is higher than your current STAMINA score, turn to 196.

142

The assembly is shocked by your audacity, but the Imperator merely smiles. 'Know then, brave Adept, that the Secret Chiefs are to be found at the village of Penkhull. Toll the bell and take this token to Kriswell the Moneylender.' She hands you a small figurine: an amethyst icon of Baphet-as-Werewolf! (Add the icon to your *Adventure Sheet*.) 'Now go,' she says. 'The Secret Chiefs await you.'

You thank the Imperator, then hurry back up to the tavern. For deceiving the Rosichalcians, add 1 point to your LUCK. The moon lights your way as you head north out of the city; turn to 369.

143

Heeding your uncanny instincts, you stop short of the creeping mist and watch in horror as it melts the road in front of your feet! You step backwards, away from the outward-spreading fumes which are dissolving everything in their path. Only the twisted genius of Karam Gruul could have fashioned such an evil device!

When the mist finally clears, the assassin is gone. If you have the *Tracking* Special Skill, turn to 301. If not, you must give up the chase and, despite the lateness of the hour, begin your manhunt. Will you begin your investigations at Craven Asylum (turn to 393), the Last Octopus (turn to 23), Malt Lane (turn to 207), or, if you have reason to go there, at Priestsgate or Weathern Mill?

144

With only a handful of followers remaining, you stifle an urge to panic and set off along the right-hand side of the tunnel. You shudder – the unnatural fear is growing stronger by the second. 'Look!' cries a woman. She raises her flickering torch and you see the Shocker haunting the very darkness about you. The creature is a thing beyond comprehension, perceivable only as a sentient nightmare. But that eye! *That eye!*

Roll one die and add 1. The total rolled equals the number of shocks to assail your party. Each shock frightens one of your companions to death. If any shocks remain, they cause you to lose 1 point of LUCK and 3 points of STAMINA per shock. If you are still alive, you must fight. Add 1 point to your SKILL score for each surviving companion, for the duration of the battle.

THE SHOCKER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 13

If you win, turn to **156**.

145

You try to word your reply most carefully, but when you finish the landlady snarls, 'I know what your game is. You and your snooping – get out of here!' You hear the scraping of chairs and turn to see that all the other patrons have got to their feet, their weapons held ready. Will you stay right where you are and press Eviron further (turn to **120**), or do as she says and beat a hasty retreat out of the tavern (turn to **92**)?

146

Just when you least expect it, the Xen-Viper retracts her fangs and pleads with you in a sibilant, reptilian voice, 'Mercccy, warm-blooded one. Ssspare me and I can sssave your life.' You try to force her to explain what she means, but she is resolute: 'Only if you promissse me my freedom.' Will you promise not to harm the Xen-Viper, in return for her information (turn to **297**), or finish her off while her guard is lowered (turn to **239**)?

147

'Thank you,' smiles Gruul. 'Now that I know you are a Moonrunner, I can trigger a hypnotic implant stored deep inside your mind. It will restore you to your bestial form.' No! This cannot be! This . . . your will is not your will, your thoughts are not your thoughts, and only when it is too late do you realize that this is enchantment. You revert to the horrible form of a Moonrunner and escort Karam Gruul back to the Tower of Inquisition. Obeying his commands, it is *you* who turns the Ethereal Projector on Royal Lendle. Gruul laughs – your failure is complete.

148

You stroll over to the two Man-Orcs and distract their attention from the poor beggar – who wastes no time in slipping off down an alley. 'Oi! 'oo d'yer fink yoo flamin' are?' barks one of the Provosts. Both of them have been angered by you putting an end to their cruel sport, so your story had better be a good one. If you have the *Con* Special Skill, turn to **359**; if you do not, turn to **26**.

149

Before you have time to do anything else, three City Guards burst into the room, their swords drawn. 'Zaar's warning has come too late,' shouts Guard Captain Furneaux. 'The assassin is here before us!'

Warning? Assassin? Here? It is with a sinking feeling that you realize you have been framed! The guards advance towards you, blocking off the doorway, but the open window is just over your shoulder. Will you:

Attack the guards?	Turn to **223**
Try to tell Furneaux what really happened here?	Turn to **107**
Escape through the window?	Turn to **278**

150

You reach out for one of the turning vanes – and find yourself clutching at thin air! You bounce once, twice off the sails, before crashing, with bone-breaking force, to the ground. Roll one die, add 6 to the number rolled, and deduct that many points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, regain 1 LUCK point for your narrow escape. Also, make a note of the word 'Cainam' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Holding your ribs, you stagger away from the mill, mere seconds before it collapses. You leave the blazing ruin, to continue your hunt for Karam Gruul. If you haven't done so already, will you now go to Craven Asylum (turn to 393), to the Last Octopus (turn to 57) or to Malt Lane (turn to 207)?

151

Though you give a good account of yourself, you are hopelessly outnumbered and are soon overpowered. Four men grab your arms while a fifth tears your tunic open. A sixth man walks forward, holding a stake! You protest your innocence, but it's to no avail. Mister Hogg watches over the proceedings. 'Yer'd better look away, Mister Kilmarney. This isn't goin' to be a pretty sight. No, not very pleasant at all. Ooooo, I felt that.'

152

You curtly inform Crabb that you would prefer to see Ouspenskaya right away. 'But of course,' he replies obsequiously. 'However, before you see her, you must understand that she is quite insane. Her head is filled with all sorts of paranoid delusions and fantasies.

Unfortunately I am too busy to accompany you, but if you follow the "Nosh" signs you should find her without any problem.'

Relieved at being able to see Ouspenskaya alone, you thank the deputy, then leave his office. You walk into a hall, off which lead five doors. On each of these doors is a crude sign painted by an Orcish hand. Which door will you open:

Big Laffs?	Turn to 220
Nosh?	Turn to 275
Big Trubbull?	Turn to 287
Fat Maggots?	Turn to 117
Wipefeet (you have just come through here)?	Turn to 58

153

Before you can take another step, a number of Zombies grab you and hold you while their overseer knocks you unconscious. You awaken to find yourself dangling at the end of a rope, over a spike-filled pit! Rope has also been used to tie your hands and feet together. Wait a minute . . . what's that smell? Smoke! You look up – and see that the rope from which you are dangling over the pit is on fire! Unless you have the *Sleight of Hand* Special Skill, *Test your Luck* twice. If you are Unlucky in either test, the rope snaps and you drop and die upon the spikes. But if you are Lucky in both tests, or if you have the *Sleight of Hand* Special Skill, you miraculously untie your bonds and leave the torture chamber through a large gate. Turn to 114.

154

Hollmann leads the sightseers on to the next gory tableau, while you remain surreptitiously in the shadows. As the party shuffles out of sight, you begin to contemplate a rather difficult climb up the guillotine. If you have the Skull of Mora Tao, turn to **106**. If you do not, but you do have the *Climb* Special Skill, turn to **198**. If you do not have this Special Skill, *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to your roll. If you succeed, turn to **198**; if you fail, turn to **314**.

155

The assassin is about to reach into his tunic, doubtless for some diabolical weapon, when you dive forward and knock him to the ground You must press the attack while your formidable foe is empty-handed.

MAN-ORC ASSASSIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you defeat this veteran killer, turn to **281**

156

Dazed, you stagger away from the dissolving horror of the Shocker and try to recover some of your shattered wits. But your fascination with the monstrous eye is undeniable; you peer into its watery depths and behold a series of fleeting images: memories! Memories of an abominable spawning, of Karam Gruul's *Notura* ritual gone wrong; memories of an escape to Blackhaven; memories of a hellish reign within the sewers; and, more than all this, memories of Gruul's headquarters! The Hand of Death is to be found at that place called Hope's End!

This is the break you have been hoping for Confused and terrified, you clamber up out of the sewers and begin your fleet-footed journey north; restore 1 LUCK point and turn to **19**.

157

Suddenly the Dark Elf steps behind you and loops a rope round your neck. He is trying to strangle you! You quickly shove your hand inside the cord to stop it from throttling you Though you save your life in this way, the rope cuts into your hand; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Your first concern in this deadly combat is to escape the tightening cord. *Test your Skill* If you succeed, turn to **274**; if you fail, turn to **177**

158

Just when you thought you had given the Fogwalkers the slip, one of them steps out of the shadows to confront you.

FOGWALKER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, roll one die. If you roll a 6, you are infected with the plague and your quest ends here. If you survive, you find that the door is locked. If you have a Red Key or the *Lock Picking* Special Skill, turn to **65**. If you do not, will you run to the bonfire (turn to **221**), to the bell-tower (turn to **397**), to the door with the red cross (turn to **48**), or to the door beneath the wooden sign (turn to **286**)?

159

Satisfied that you are alone, you follow Professor Van Heldenghast's advice and set to studying the slab that bears the Mask of Belthegor. (Take a look at the illustration opposite this paragraph.) The runes on the stone are a complete mystery – yet one which you must solve if you are to claim Belthegor's Gift. If you can decipher the ancient runes, you will know where to turn to next. But if you, like so many others before you, are not up to the task, you may either try to remove the mask by force (turn to **31**), go to meet your unknown contact at Sanger's Beacon (turn to **380**) or simply abandon this part of your quest by adding 2 Hours and returning to **200**.

160

Spurned, the devious skull becomes silent in your

mind . . . but not in your ears It emits a shriek so deafening that the tranquillity of the square is shattered into hundreds of tiny pieces! But the shrieking lasts only as long as is necessary to draw the Provosts' attention to you This is not very long at all 'Oi! Get over 'ere, yer noisy slob!' You no longer stand any chance of being able to reach the gallows unnoticed Will you attack the Provosts now (turn to **26**), try to bribe them (turn to **14**), or seek to fool them (turn to **148**)?

161

'Gah!' Hogg cries, dragging Kilmarney to his feet 'Our employer is possessed of the divil!' You tell the panic-stricken rogues to take you to the skull, and they lead you to an unmarked grave which they then proceed to dig up. At the bottom of the grave is a stone hatch! You lift the hatch and see a stairway descending into the darkness. While you are distracted, the body-snatchers turn tail and flee – make a note of the word 'Daednu' on your *Adventure Sheet*

You remove your vampire costume and step down into the musty atmosphere of the underground tomb Light from the open grave enables you to follow a short corridor which ends at three doors A draught blows under the north door, while a faint squeaking noise comes from behind the one to the west. Which door will you go through:

The north door?	Turn to **386**
The east door?	Turn to **141**
The west door?	Turn to **17**

162

A poison-tipped needle springs out of the door-handle and stabs your thumb Do you have a bottle of Poison Antidote? If you do, turn to **193**; if you don't, turn to **47**

163

The driver neither moves nor speaks as the carriage rolls into Blackhaven's infamous docklands – he certainly doesn't notice you crouched behind him Soon the Border River is in sight. Indeed, if the vehicle's terrific speed is anything to go by, the Border River may well be your destination! Will you continue to wait (turn to **346**), attack the driver (turn to **266**), climb down and into the carriage (turn to **137**), or drop off the vehicle and head back to the Guard Post, in the vague hope of finding the assassin (turn to **328**)?

164

Karam Gruul experiments in the darkest alchemies as part of his delving into the mystic art of *Notura*. One such experiment involves the creation of Ashvaal, a poisonous sludge which blights the desert for kilometres around You leap into the pool of Ashvaal and are sucked down to a stagnant doom!

165

If any part of the windmill has caught fire, turn to 370; otherwise, turn to 350.

166

You quickly learn that the way to escape the net is not to struggle against it but to move slowly with it as it tightens, using the increasing rigidity of the wire to climb up and out through the open neck. But you don't have much time to congratulate yourself upon your ingenuity before you hear a scream echoing from deep within the building As the scream dies, the terrifying sound of a pipe organ begins Will you

follow the evil dirge to its source (turn to 260), or turn and run straight out of the theatre (turn to 383)?

167

You cautiously remove the crumpled note from the dead man's hand. On it are some words, obviously scribbled by Entador in his last moments: he wrote the words with his fingertip, using his own blood as ink! The note reads: 'Rosy Chalice Last Octopus'. You have forged another puzzling link in the chain which may well lead to the sinister Karam Gruul. Now, will

you open the letter addressed to you (turn to 379), or leave it where it is and head downstairs (turn to 268)?

168

You have no trouble convincing the landlady that you are an important Brician noble of ancient stock, and that you have an interest in contacting the Eternal Fraternity of the Rosy Chalice with a view to joining its august and most secret ranks. What you don't tell her is that you suspect the fraternity of being a front for the Cabal of the Werewolf. She places a small brooch in your hand: it depicts a golden chalice resting on a stylized rose of red enamel. 'Bring this token as proof,' she whispers. 'Here. Tonight. Midnight. Now you'd better leave.' Add the Rosy Chalice brooch to your *Adventure Sheet*. Pleased at the success of your deception, you nod your thanks and leave; turn to 92

169

Gruul is trying to hypnotize you! But your will is too strong. You strike him and warn him not to try it again. Perhaps he won't have to – his extra weight is slowing you down, and the remnants of the Cabal have rallied and are coming after you. But wait! Just over the next rise you encounter a Gallantarian patrol. Their captain rides forward to greet you. 'We came to escort you back to Royal Lendle, but we had better make a stand against the Cabal here and now. There's around thirty of them and only ten of us. Will you stay and help?'

'Yes,' mocks Gruul, 'will you waste time here, playing soldiers with your friends (turn to 388), or will you desert them, so as to get me to Royal Lendle that little bit sooner (turn to 99)?'

170

As the water rises, you relax and lie back, allowing yourself to be buoyed upwards and occasionally raising your head to snatch a mouthful of air. All goes well until two of the bodies snare your legs and drag you down. You must free yourself from the corpses' unfeeling grasp before your lungs fill with water. Roll four dice and add all the numbers rolled together. If their total is higher than your current STAMINA score, you become the thirteenth body in the pit! If the total is less than or equal to your current STAMINA score, you manage to free yourself without harm and float up to the top of the pit. The trapdoor is unlocked, so you push it open and ease yourself through; turn to 97.

171

You step forward and pick up the skull, but just as you turn and are about to leave the vault you find your way barred by an ageing warrior! 'Give me the skull,' he wheezes hysterically. 'I must have it. I built this tomb to protect it, and I have returned every hundred years to feed it, in return for life. If I am to stay alive, I must have the skull now!'

If you give the skull to the ancient warrior, turn to 79; but if you refuse, turn to 216

172

The dragging feet come ever closer – when suddenly there is light A man carrying a lantern has entered from an adjacent room. 'Welcome to my laboratory,' he proclaims. 'I hope you have wiped your feet ' You can now see that you are indeed inside a vast laboratory 'I am the director of Craven Asylum, and this . . .' he lifts the lantern to illuminate the figure you heard in the darkness, 'is my mother!' His 'mother' is a bizarre hulk of a creature, a hotch-potch composed of various beings. The fanatical director looks on with pride: 'My mother, Doktor Kauderwelsch, created life, and they destroyed her for it I removed her brain and came here. Her gold I used to buy the institute, and her notes to build her a new body made from bits and pieces of the inmates. Though people know me by the name of Doktor Welsch, I am Son of Kauderwelsch! And now I shall move my mother's brain into your fine body ' The monster shambles step by sluggish step towards you If you have freed the inmates of the asylum, turn to **183**; if you haven't, turn to **302**.

173

The cooper is no fool, so you move away from the body in response to his command But there seems to be some confusion among two of the search-parties; each group thinks that *it* is meant to cover the Harbour Row area An innkeeper calls Channing over to sort things out, thus providing you with the ideal opportunity to make a quick search of the body unnoticed If you have the *Sleight of Hand* Special Skill, turn to **307**. If you do not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **307**; but if you are Unlucky, turn to **331**

174

Though you try your best not to offend the grave robbers, Hogg takes your refusal to drink as an insult 'Suit yourself,' he snaps, 'but I can see that this is not goin' to be a particularly harmonious partnership. Therefore, I'm obliged to charge yer another two shinies, fer wear and tear on Mister Kilmarney's sensibilities Now, we have some arrangements to make, palms to grease an' the like. So, if yer'll just give us our money, we'll meet yer at the cemetery in half an hour'

If you pay the fee, cross 8 Gold Pieces off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **374**. But if you cannot or will not pay Hogg just yet, turn to **28**.

175

The Corpse Master has no defence against the blow which ends his evil reign His black robes fall to the ground as his body collapses into dust The pipe organ no longer plays its dirge, and the rats are already scampering back to their sewer domain For defeating the Corpse Master, gain 1 point of LUCK. Now, will you inspect the body of the Man-Orc (turn to **94**), look through the other rooms of the Rohmer (turn to **3**), or leave the theatre immediately (turn to **383**)?

176

Fearful of the possible consequences, you turn the gruesomely styled handle and . . . nothing. The door is locked. If you have the *Lock Picking* Special Skill and wish to use it, turn to **284**. If you do not have this Special Skill but would like to try to prise the door open, *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **284**; but if you fail, turn to **53** Then again, if you'd rather just leave this strange house in Divil's Lane alone, add 2 Hours and return to **200**

177

The Dark Elf tightens the rope round your neck yet again. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and *Test your Skill*. Keep on *Testing your Skill* until you either succeed (turn to **274**) or die most horribly.

178

Maybe there is another way out of the temple, or perhaps the place is not quite as empty as it seems to be. Whatever the reason, you start to search the room. But you don't get very far before a blazing pain burns through your body – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The pain makes it impossible for you to continue your search, so will you now hurry out of the temple (turn to **95**) or risk taking a closer look at the strange crystals (turn to **231**)?

179

Only the finest of fighters could hope to defeat such odds. If you do not have the *Combat* Special Skill, you fall beneath the long knives and your adventure is over. If you do have the *Combat* Special Skill, you run this way and that, to prevent yourself from being hemmed in and overwhelmed by sheer numbers. In time, only five Rosichalcians are left guarding the way out of the temple. You charge forward and fight them all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ROSICHALCIAN	7	7
Second ROSICHALCIAN	6	8
Third ROSICHALCIAN	8	4
Fourth ROSICHALCIAN	7	9
Fifth ROSICHALCIAN	5	11

After two rounds of combat, turn to **35**

180

Suppressing the urge to panic, you press against the inrushing water and force your shoulders into the narrow gap at the top of the window, until you are jammed solid. Then you use your unique training to snake forward through the gap. You are struggling on painfully when your body is seized by the current of the river and you are pulled out through the window like a cork out of a bottle. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **363**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **309**

181

The rats continue to bite as you reach through to the simple bolt that fastens the cage – deduct 3 more points from your STAMINA. Popping your elbow back

into place, you rise to your feet and stagger out of the stone hut in which you have been held prisoner. Outside, you see that it is night. A familiar village, Penkhull, lies in the near distance. There is no sign of Gruul or his Magus, but you remember Gruul saying, 'The Secret Chiefs are expected in the village' He must mean Penkhull; turn to 369

182

The manhunter seizes you and, with a single hand, lifts you high above its head in triumph It pauses to savour your feeble struggles before casually tossing you into the path of a lightning bolt! Your scorched body will be a priceless addition to the Obisian Predator's trophy collection

183

You are engaged in a life-or-death struggle for your cranial capacity when the door behind you is knocked off its hinges Dozens of inmates storm into the laboratory. They pull the monster away from you, and proceed to undo the mad Doktor's handiwork! Welsch snatches an assortment of stray pieces, crying out, 'Mother! I love you!' You have seen enough. You hurry through the devastated asylum and do not stop until you are out in the open air once more. Write down the word 'Rotkod' on your *Adventure Sheet* If you are disguised as a warden, you change back into your own clothes. Now, if you have not done so already, will you make for the Last Octopus (turn to 57) or Malt Lane (turn to 207), or, if you have reason to do so, Priestsgate or Weathern Mill?

184

That was no old lady you just passed. Your skill enables you to see that beneath the dress and shawl of an old pauper is the deliberately bent form of a Xen-Viper! This breed of snake people is rare among the evil lizard races, in that it can survive the colder northern regions of Titan. Because of this, Xen-Vipers are sent in small cadres to infiltrate the cities of those regions, to become an enemy within If you attack the Xen-Viper, turn to 353 If you hurry on up to Entador's lodgings, turn to 9

185

The instant you touch the figure, it explodes in a fury of sparks! The silken gown and mask burn away, to reveal a bizarre mannequin made of metal! And now you too start to burn, your body held fast to the dummy by a powerful force Karam Gruul speaks through the unmoving lips of his effigy a final time: 'Enjoy your gold – *fool's* gold!' Your muscles are locked in place by the mannequin's power, but your mind escapes into merciful oblivion

186

Meinster Cemetery is a big place, and one rich in hiding places. You quickly lose the mob among the shadowy sprawl of crooked headstones and family burial chambers, then circle back in a wide arc The fearless vampire-hunters are still rooting in the further parts of the graveyard when you tiptoe out through the cemetery gates. Add 3 Hours and return to **200**

187

At first you feel as if you are about to succumb to the Baron's influence, but then you start to draw upon reserves of strength you didn't even know you possessed You stagger back, momentarily dazed but free from Milescu's power. He snarls angrily and rushes forward to rend you with his bare hands.

BARON MILESCU SKILL 9 STAMINA 15

If you win and you have a stake, turn to **352**. If you do not have a stake, turn to **312**.

188

'Slice and dice, little red-bag!' That voice! It can only be . . . The Corpse Master materializes out of thin air and plunges his bony dagger into Gruul's back. Believing Gruul to have betrayed him, the skeletal fiend has come to fulfil his oath of revenge But Gruul is not done yet He draws on his magic to heal the wound, then embraces his old lieutenant in mortal combat. What follows can only be described as the clash of the century; but soon only one of the duellists is left standing – the Corpse Master dissolves into dust Rather than bask in triumph, however, Gruul seems afraid and he no longer casts his spells. He must have used all his energy to defeat the Corpse Master! Cross Gruul's remaining *Notura* off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 30

189

Inside the tricky drawer you find 25 Gold Pieces and a letter of introduction, addressed to Doktor Welsch, director of Craven Asylum (add both the letter and the Gold Pieces to your *Adventure Sheet*) The letter says that you are a relative of Ouspenskaya and that you must be permitted to see her. You put the . . hello, what's this? Also lying in the drawer is a page torn from Bennet's diary. It reads:

> *Now I know how the rogues of Blackhaven elude us Entador says that one of my men, Conrad Zaar of Weathern Mill, is a spy for the Cabal But I must have proof before making any accusations.*

If, in future, you are given a chance to visit Conrad Zaar at Weathern Mill, you may do so by turning to 93 (make a note of this paragraph number on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now, will you attend to Bennet (turn to 149) or go straight to the window (turn to 80)?

190

Every part of your subconscious self begs you not to enter the Door Beyond, so you hold back and spend one of the most fearful hours of your life, waiting in that haunted chamber of darkness You are beginning to fear for your sanity when Mawn Pretoragus returns Looking aged and weary, he says, 'Take the settlement and begone ' The front door opens – you are only too glad to make use of it.

You hurry out of Divil's Lane, hoping you will never have cause to go there again Make a note of the word 'Q'yann' and add the Hand of Glory to your

Adventure Sheet As well as being useful against Gruul, this Ward emits a constant aura of sleep If you fight a battle while carrying the hand (you may get rid of it at any time by crossing it off your *Adventure Sheet*), you must deduct 1 point from your opponent's SKILL score for the duration of the battle, but you also have to deduct 1 point from your own STAMINA at the start of the battle If fighting more than one opponent, you need deduct only the 1 STAMINA point. Now add 3 Hours and return to 200.

191

There is a brief lull before the skull cries out, 'Sneak on the stairs! Stealer in the night! Listener at the door! Sneak! Sneak! Sneak!' The voice is no longer in your mind; it echoes loudly back and forth between the stone walls of the underground corridor Turn to 35

192

Before you know it, the Dark Elf has a thin rope round your neck He is trying to strangle you! You wriggle your hand inside the noose, to stop it throttling you Instead, the cord cuts into your hand; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Your first concern now must be to escape. *Test your Skill* If you succeed, turn to 274; but if you fail, turn to 177.

193

Fingers trembling, you uncork the bottle of Poison Antidote and pour the life-saving fluid down your throat; cross the antidote off your *Adventure Sheet* The door itself is locked If you later find a Brass Key, you *may*, contrary to normal instructions, come here again Now you must return to the hall and choose a door you haven't tried already Will you enter Big Laffs (turn to 220), Nosh (turn to 275), Fat Maggots (turn to 117) or Wipefeet (turn to 58)?

194

Fortunately your wits are equal to this difficult situation You face Channing and say, 'I was looking for clues There may be something on the body which'll help us find the Shocker.'

Channing considers your explanation for a moment, then tells his men to release you. 'The guards'll do that,' he says 'You just leave the body be.' Will you now offer to join the hunt for the Shocker (turn to 345), stay here and await developments (turn to 290), or make your way back to the Last Octopus (turn to 253)?

195

Following this master of the clandestine arts undetected will be no easy task. Make but a single sound and the game will be up. If you have the *Sneak* Special Skill turn to **301**. If you do not, turn to **236**.

196

A grating voice echoes inside your mind: 'Neeeeed . . . foooood,' and you stumble forward in a daze. When you reach the skull, you roll up your sleeve. The skull's teeth touch your arm and although the skin is not broken, you feel it suck out your spirit – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Suddenly, your mind clears and the full, revolting impact of what you have done hits you: turn to **171**.

197

The meeting of the Fraternity isn't due to take place until midnight, but as you don't have any other strong leads to follow up you decide to spend the day keeping a quiet eye on the Last Octopus. To this end you nestle down inside an old rowing boat which sits facing the tavern, across

the wharf. When you lie down, however, you realize just how tired you are. As it is still very early in the day, you could risk taking a nap now. If you do, turn to **108**. If you would rather save sleeping for later, turn to **384**.

198

The Angevin Shroud is yours! And now that you have the grimy burial-cloth in your hands, you feel that it is vibrant to the touch. This is because the shroud has absorbed some of the death-consuming power of the Necrophage who was once buried in it. That said, the shroud has only one more wave of power remaining: use it, and the shroud will become completely useless. You may drape the shroud over yourself at any time, except during a battle: simply cross the shroud off your *Adventure Sheet* and restore your STAMINA to its *initial score*.

Pleased with your gain, you make for the exit of the waxworks. If the word 'Cainam' is noted on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **295**; if it is not, add 1 Hour and return to **200**.

199

The gate swings open and you pass through it into a small courtyard. There seems to be no way out of the courtyard, which has a magic circle engraved on the flagstone floor. Suddenly, something picks you up and hurls you into the centre of the circle – lose 2 STAMINA points. If you have a Hexalpha, turn to **400**. If you do not, you are crushed by a powerful and invisible foe you cannot hope to defeat.

200

The woman takes you to the safety of her lodgings in Harbour Row, where she insists that you get some much-needed rest. Placing your trust in her, you fall fast asleep (restore 4 STAMINA points) When you wake up, she gives you Provisions worth 2 meals, 30 Gold Pieces and, if you need one, a sword Then she answers your questions

'I, Professor Van Heldenghast, have also spent years trying to find Karam Gruul – a being of indeterminate origin whose foul Life-force has been sustained for over three hundred years by a mystic art of his own devising: *Notura*. If Gruul learns to master this perverse mixture of magic, alchemy and physiology, he will conquer the world Yet *Notura* may well be his undoing After the war, many artefacts were found in the ruins of Gruul's Tower of Inquisition Six of these – the unique Wards of Notura – I have been able to trace to Blackhaven. Obtain these six, and you will have some protection against Gruul's dark powers.' Van Heldenghast then tells you exactly where the Wards are, but she also says that you have only nine hours in which to find them 'There are other urgent matters we must attend to tonight.'

When you leave one of the Ward locations, you will be told how many hours you have spent there Make a note of these hours; as soon as they total nine or more, turn to 75 Whenever you leave a location, you will be returned here so that you may choose another location from the list below. You may not visit the same location twice

Time is short, so you thank the Professor, promise to return to Harbour Row at the appointed hour, then set off once more on to the streets of Blackhaven. Which of the six Ward locations will you visit:

Kiennar's Curiosity Shop?	Turn to 340
The Three Broken Fingers Tavern?	Turn to 61
The Shrine of Belthegor?	Turn to 334
Gustav Hollman's Chamber of Horrors?	Turn to 10
The Olde Gaol?	Turn to 385
Gallows Square?	Turn to 245

201

You climb up and up the ladder until you reach the loft. Much of the cramped attic is taken up by mill machinery; the rest is occupied by Zaar's meagre effects. You see a possible escape route: a small door tucked away beneath the heavy, rotating mill-shaft. You open the door and step out on to a tiny balcony, past which the sails of the windmill swish, and look down to the ground, some twenty metres below. Also on the balcony is Conrad Zaar! The treacherous guard is a tall, imposing character whose brutish features suggest Orcish lineage. 'I knew you'd be here sooner or later,' he sneers, sword in hand. 'Now die!' Dodging Zaar's surprise attack, you fall back into the loft. Zaar charges in after you.

CONRAD ZAAR SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 16.

202

Hogg frowns. 'Now, look! Seein' as yer refusin' to lend a friendly hand to the venture, I feel I should remind yer that we only agreed to help yer *find* the skull. We didn't enter into any agreement specifyin' that we should fetch it fer yer as well. Therefore, I t'ink it only fair, given Mister Kilmarney's delicate constitution, that I should charge yer two extra shinies fer labour costs. Indeed, we won't go any further unless yer pay us right now!'

Will you agree to settle your account with the grave robbers (turn to 98), or simply tell Hogg to get back to work (turn to 113)?

203

The inmates see the grey of your uniform and retreat in fear. One man, however, rushes forward and presses a locket into your hand. You open the locket, to discover that it contains two miniature portraits: one of the man,

looking handsome and splendid, and the other of a beautiful woman. 'Stranger,' says the man with startling lucidity, 'find my lady and give her the locket. She must know.' You promise the man that you will do as he asks, then you head back out of the room (add the Inmate's Locket to your *Adventure Sheet*). It occurs to you that you could free the inmates by leaving this door open; if you wish to do so, note that you have freed the inmates on your *Adventure Sheet*, then return to the hall and choose a door you haven't tried before. Will you enter Nosh (turn to **275**), Big Trubbull (turn to **287**), Fat Maggots (turn to **117**) or Wipefeet (turn to **58**)?

204

Keeping one eye fixed on the Provosts and the other on the gallows, you step forward. 'Oi!' You sigh in frustration. The Man-Orcs have seen you and are now wondering what in Slangg's name you are up to, tiptoeing across the cobblestones like that. Will you attack the Provosts (turn to **26**), try to bribe them (turn to **14**) or seek to fool them (turn to **148**)?

205

The beggar secretes the gold in some inner region of her clothing, then hands you a small bottle: 'Masky said it was poison antydote, or sumfink. Said it was the only cure fer 'is deadly serum. I drank some, but it didn't do anyfin' fer me cockles.'

A label on the bottle does indeed read 'Antidote'. It's a pity then that the beggar has left enough of the stuff for only one use. She carries on talking while you put

the bottle away. 'Masky went on an' on about 'ow the Octypus is 'is cover fer these parts. Ever likely 'e goes droppin' 'is antydotes if 'e spends all 'is time in a tavern.' You cannot help but laugh with the old woman; turn to **44**.

206

Another couple of steps and you'll be able to make out what's being said. You listen more closely and hear, 'Neeeeed foooood . . . neeeeed foooood.' Only this voice is inside your head! It is the Skull of Mora Tao, and it wants to feed on your spirit. To feed the foul thing, you will have to take it out of your pack and allow it to feed on your arm. If you refuse to do this, turn to **191**; but if you are willing to satisfy the skull's appetite, deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and turn to **296**.

207

Silas Entador lives in poverty-stricken Malt Lane, where whole families and complete strangers are crammed into over-priced tenements. Crime and disease are no strangers in these godforsaken conditions, so it is with great caution that you approach the hovel Entador calls 'home'. A man, reeking of Lendale, lies sprawled in the open doorway. You step carefully over the snoring drunkard and make for the staircase just inside the building's squalid hallway. Entador's chamber is on the top floor; you are almost there when an old lady brushes past you on her way downstairs. If you have the *Disguise* Special Skill, turn to **184**; if not, turn to **9**.

208

Panic threatens to overwhelm you, but you stay calm long enough to see that the plain wall between the two columns is actually a secret door! You push against the door and it swivels open, to reveal a spiral staircase which leads up to the balcony. Unfortunately, there is no way of locking this door – it swivels round and round as the Cabal members come rushing up the stairs behind you You must retain a sure foot if you are to escape their clutches *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **300**; if you fail, turn to **122**

209

You fall deeper and deeper into the Baron's crimson gaze until you are left with no will of your own That done, you are cursed with an all too vivid awareness as the Vampire feeds on your blood! When Milescu is sated, he changes into a huge bat and flies up into the sky, free to roam the Old World after years of non-existence This is a sorry day for all of Titan! Released from the Vampire's spell, you fall, dazed, to the ground Roll two dice and deduct the total rolled from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, return to the paragraph you came from and continue your adventure

210

To the untrained eye, the Wayside Shrine of Belthegor is little more than a pile of overgrown bricks with a few 'funny' carvings on them; to you, however, the Shrine is a window into a distant past when savage mutant beings gave sacrifice to the god of second life Just as Van Heldenghast had described it, the Mask of Belthegor is set in a huge slab of worked stone and is easy to find If you have the *Tracking* Special Skill, turn to **358**; if you do not, turn to **159**

211

Careful not to fall from the moving vehicle, you sit down in the vacated seat, take hold of the reins and 'Aaghhh!' The leather straps are coated with an evil slime which burns your skin; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You are still hugging your blistered hands when the horses set off at a breakneck pace The powerful beasts froth and neigh as they pull the

carriage faster and faster into the city's infamous dock-lands. There, they thunder along the banks of the Border River, before swerving off towards the river itself! Will you try to slow the horses (turn to **346**), climb inside the carriage (turn to **137**), or leap off the vehicle and hurry back to the Guard Post, in the slender hope of finding the Man-Orc (turn to **328**)?

212

Your rash decision has just saved your life, for the Dark Elf is an assassin sent to kill you. Had you lowered your guard for but an instant, he would have attacked you with a deadly garrotte! The other drinkers stand well back to watch the mortal combat

DARK ELF ASSASSIN SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **243**

213

Having scouted all around the Rohmer, you can find only one other means of entry: an unbarred second-floor window at the rear of the building. It might just be possible to reach this window by climbing up an old drainpipe which runs near it. If you want to try this and you have the *Climb* Special Skill, turn to **71**; if you wish to attempt the climb without the Special Skill, turn to **247**. If you would rather not try for the window at all, you may either return to the side door (turn to **394**), or leave the Rohmer and continue your investigations elsewhere (turn to **383**).

214

The lantern shatters and spills most of its burning oil all over Conrad's bald, scarred head However, he just ignores the enveloping flames and continues upwards in silence. The lantern falls to the ground and sets fire to several bales of hay In moments, the entire mill is ablaze (Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* that the mill has caught fire.) But what about Conrad? Will you stand and fight him (turn to **350**), or seek to escape the cut of his gleaming machete (turn to **165**)?

215

You barely have time to reach the cover of the rocks when the rumble becomes a roar and four hundred riders thunder into view! Orcs, Trolls, Werebeasts, Brician nobles – a veritable rogues' gallery of war criminals passes in front of you, and their ranks are thick with banners and armbands bearing the emblem of the Cabal of the Werewolf! The entire organization is here, going to meet its leader at Hope's End You wait for the dust to settle, then set off in pursuit. Turn to **29**.

216

Clutching his face, the warrior drops to his knees: 'Please . . the skull!' But you keep a firm grip on the artefact and merely step out of the man's way. When he next looks up at you, his skin is taut, his eyes are rheumy, and his jaw is trembling uncontrollably. He falls forward and his flesh withers away, until all that remains is dust. The skull is yours. Somehow, you know the cursed Ward will give you eternal life in return for feeding on your spirit. If, in future, you are told that the skull wants your spirit, follow the instructions; but note that you may not eat any Provisions until *after* you have fed the skull. You may throw the skull away at any time by simply crossing it off your *Adventure Street*. Now, you must make your way back up to the graveyard. If the word 'Daednu' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **315**; otherwise, add 3 Hours and return to **200**.

217

You should have followed Professor Van Heldenghast's instructions to the letter, for, without the Necromancer's operations, all you have in your pack is a wooden hand! The useless prosthesis does nothing to stop Gruul's magic – make a note of the word 'Rennur' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Suddenly, you come out of your stupor. If the word 'Esproc' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **188**; if it is not, return to **300**.

218

Only now in the cold light of day does the desperate nature of your situation dawn on you – your investiga-

tions so far have drawn a complete blank! Yet at the same time, you feel so close to breaking the wall of secrecy which Gruul has built so effectively round himself. Part of the answer must lie in the Last Octopus, so you decide to spend the day keeping a watch over the place. To this end, you nestle down inside an old rowing boat which is ideally placed just across the wharf. Once you lie down, however, you realize just how tired you are; you have been hunting Gruul all night. It is still early in the day, so if you wish to risk taking a nap now, turn to **108**. If you would rather sleep later, turn to **384**.

219

With a shock, you realize that it is *this* woman whose portrait is inside the locket given to you by the man at Craven Asylum! You remember the inmate's words: 'Find my lady and give her the locket. She must know.' Despite the risks, you rush over to the woman and present her with the locket. You tell her exactly where and how you found it. As you speak, the woman's haughty demeanour gives way to sadness. 'Karl said the Cabal was being misled, but I didn't believe him,' she murmurs. 'Now I know he spoke the truth. They told me he was dead. We have all been betrayed. If you want Gruul, go to Hope's End. You'll find him skulking in the ruins of his Tower of Inquisition. Now I must go to free my husband.'

You thank the lady for her priceless information, then begin your long trek northwards. Restore 1 point of LUCK and turn to **19**.

220

The door opens into a vestibule, across which is a second, barred door. You unbar this door and step into the cavernous vault which is home to the asylum's two hundred inmates. No attempt has been made to care for these lost and forgotten souls, some of whom babble in maddened fury at the sound of your intrusion. Are you disguised as a warden? If so, turn to **203**; if not, turn to **264**.

221

Ignoring the insistent relic, you ask Kiennar to tell you about a few of the other curios in the shop. The portly man warms to his task and soon forgets all about the phial of vampire blood, which he leaves, carelessly unattended, on the counter. You are about to palm the glass tube when the haunted skull wails, 'Thief! Thief! Trying to steal the blood! Thief!' Kiennar sees through your ruse at once; he snatches up the phial and cries out for help. Knowing that the City Guard cannot be far away, you hurry out of the shop *without* the blood. Happy now, the skull grows silent once more. Add 1 hour and return to **200**.

222

Your fight with the Demothrax will remain with you for ever – never have you encountered such ferocity! And your battle may not be over yet, for your blows seem only to have stunned the creature. Already she seeks to rise to her feet. So, quickly now, what will you do: flee (turn to **81**), use the chain to bind Argolis once more (turn to **294**), or grab her and throw her back down into the pit (turn to **127**)?

223

Without warning, the guards try to take you by surprise. You must fight all three at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
FURNEAUX	7	8
First GUARD	6	6
Second GUARD	7	5

If you defeat them all, turn to 124

224

'I dunno,' mutters the Orc doubtfully. He pulls a pickled rat out of his pocket and chews on it to help

him concentrate. Then he offers you a bite of this Orcish delicacy. Though the tangy rodent tastes truly revolting, it is quite nutritious; restore 2 points of STAMINA. At length, the Orc says, 'Ah, get on with yer!' You thank him then hurry across to the tower which, even in its unfinished state, is already the size of a small mountain. There are many ways into the tower, but two gates seem the most promising. If you have the *Tracking* Special Skill, turn to 132. If you do not, will you enter the gate on the left (turn to 114), or the one on the right (turn to 199)?

225

Mastering your nerves in the face of such malignity, you calmly give your reply. But the Corpse Master spits with disdain. 'Your speak sunlighten darkbond. Infect not my bones. Gallantarian dawn through you.' Slowly, he raises his repulsive knife and leers. 'Slice and dice, little red-bag!' Turn to 104.

226

Breaching the heavy door is out of the question, so you pull yourself up into the chimney and begin a slow climb upwards. Tired and aching, you emerge in a broken sarcophagus, some ten metres from the entrance to the crypt. You step out of the stone casket and run clear, as the underground tomb – and all the earth above it – starts to sink! You cannot even begin to guess why or how this is happening, but you do know that the Skull of Mora Tao is now beyond reach. If the word 'Daedru' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 315. If it is not, add 3 hours and return to 200.

227

Standing well back, you take the sphere out of your pack and hurl it at the figure However, it is no ordinary man who is caught in the deadly corrosive mist: the silken robes fizzle away, to reveal that 'he' is actually a metal dummy! A snarl escapes the effigy's frozen lips. 'You may have won this round, Bounty Hunter, but, from this moment on, you shall walk for ever under the shadow of Karam Gruul And when I finally have you in my talons, you will be begging for death. *Begging!*'

In seconds, the bizarre effigy and the fool's gold at its feet are reduced to a puddle of molten metal. For winning this round in your war of nerves, restore 1 point of LUCK Now you had better leave the alley, lest the acidic tendrils turn on you; turn to **399**

228

Even though the room is pitch black, the Door Beyond gleams like a psychic beacon in your mind's eye You ignore the creeping shadows and hurry forward *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **190**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **134**.

229

Though chunks of stonework land all around you, somehow you manage to survive the blast without injury. The cellar, however, is now on fire – it won't be long before the entire mill is ablaze! (Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* that the windmill has caught fire; also, if the word 'Darnoc' is written on your

Adventure Sheet, cross it off.) You hurry out of the cellar, only to find the portcullis still in place. But where is Zaar? You may look for him on the ground floor if you haven't done so already (turn to **39**), or up in the loft (turn to **201**).

230

You creep along the dusty corridor as far as a staircase, which descends to an open doorway and well-lit room of some kind. From the top of the stairs you can just make out the sound of voices. Slowly, you take the first few steps; the voices grow louder. If you have the Skull of Mora Tao, turn to **206**. If you do not, turn to **296**.

231

The three crystal balls spin in and out of one another in eccentric orbits, while swiftly rotating on their own axes at about shoulder height. Each sphere is about ten centimetres in diameter, and each contains a tiny picture. Inside one is the image of a lock, inside the second is the image of a shield, and inside the third is the image of a sword Both the lock and the shield emit a faint blue glow, but the sword is quite dull at least at first, for the sword suddenly glows bright orange and a magical fire courses through your veins; lose 2 STAMINA points. You must destroy the crystals if you wish to escape from this place alive. Which crystal will you strike first:

The lock?	Turn to **306**
The shield?	Turn to **366**
The sword?	Turn to **40**

232

You are met at the door by one of the grey-uniformed wardens – a Troll! 'Wot d'yer want?' he snaps. You present the creature with Bennet's Letter of Introduction, which he pretends to read before sniffing, 'S'pose yer'd better cum in.'

You step into the gloomy hallway and look on ruefully as the Troll locks the door behind you Then he takes you to the study of Maxillon Crabb, the asylum's deputy director. Smiling, Crabb offers you a plush armchair, while he studies your letter Finally he says, 'My superior, Doktor Welsch, would have greeted you himself, but he is busy at present. He has come all the way from Cumbleside Seems to have been some trouble there of late' You reply that this is all very well, but you really would like to see your 'sister'. Crabb nods understandingly, 'Indeed, but perhaps you'd care for some refreshments first?' If you accept Crabb's hospitality, turn to **36**; otherwise, turn to **152**

233

'The Hand of Death?' shouts the landlady. 'What in Slangg's name has he got to do with my tavern? Look, folk round here are sick to death of interfering busybodies coming from Royal Lendle and stirring up the past. Now, if you don't mind, I've work to be getting on with.' You try to explain, but Eviron doesn't listen. She nods to someone over your shoulder, then walks away. You turn and find yourself face to face with a Dark Elf! The presence of such an evil creature in a Gallantarian alehouse is unusual, to say the least. Clad

in armour covered with Elvish runes, the gaunt midnight creature murmurs, 'We must talk about your Karam Gruul over a drink.' Will you:

Talk to him?	Turn to **157**
Ask to be left alone?	Turn to **192**
Attack him?	Turn to **212**

234

'I'll talk!' you wail Then you tell Gruul everything: about your mission, your adventures in Blackhaven, your knowledge of the Cabal, everything! When you finish, Gruul turns to leave the room 'Radu,' he says flatly, 'remove the final panel The Secret Chiefs are expected in the village.' The Magus eagerly obeys, then follows his master out of the room. For giving in to Gruul, deduct 1 point from your LUCK Soon, you feel the matted fur of the rats brushing against your lips. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA If you have the *Sleight of Hand* Special Skill, turn to **181**; if you do not, your adventure ends here

235

Artfully changing the subject, you ask Kiennar about some of the other curios in his store, and in no time at all the portly shopkeeper has forgotten all about the phial of blood. Indeed, he casually leaves it lying on the counter while he explains to you the workings of an Elven orrery. He is none the wiser, then, when you deftly slip the phial into your pack and casually take your leave. You walk out of the curiosity shop with a quiet smile on your face Add the Blood of Baron

Milescu to your *Adventure Sheet* Also, note that from now on you must *Test your Luck* after each battle you win. If you are Lucky, read on as normal; but if you are Unlucky, make a note of the paragraph you have come from, then turn to paragraph **49** Do not deduct the normal 1 point from your LUCK when making these special checks Now add 1 Hour and return to **200**

236

The moment he hears you, the assassin turns and lobs a small glass sphere in your path The sphere shatters, releasing a cloud of green luminescent mist which rises like a curtain between you and the Man-Orc, who keeps on running. If you wish to run through the strange mist in pursuit of the assassin, turn to **60** If you would rather hold back and let him escape, turn to **143**.

237

The last thing the Cabal would expect is for their arch-enemy to come strolling through their ranks, so this is precisely what you do! However, even you are surprised by how far you get before Radu shouts, 'I don't believe it! The Bounty Hunter!' While everyone is shocked rigid by your audacity, you sprint forward. Roll one die to discover how many Cabal members stand in your way. You must fight them one after another, starting from the top of the following list:

	SKILL	STAMINA
EVIRON THE LANDLADY	7	7
RAT MAN	5	6
BRICIAN WARLORD	6	5
ORC STOAT-STRANGLER	8	6
DARK ELF WARRIOR	7	6
LIZARD MAN	8	8

If you win, turn to **105**.

238

You enter a large vault and find the Skull of Mora Tao resting on a black marble pedestal. Although the skull's bottom jaw is missing, its remaining teeth are cruelly sharp and its eye-sockets are like black jewels of death. Pleased as you are to find the skull, it would seem that someone has beaten you to it already! An ageing warrior, whose footsteps you heard earlier, shouts, 'Too late, the skull is mine!' Then he snatches the skull up and presses it to his forearm. 'At last!' he cries. As you watch, the warrior grows younger! 'I return each century,' he gasps, 'to give the skull some

of my human spirit in exchange for immortality. Now that I have it, no one shall take it away from me!' Now in the prime of life, the warrior pushes past you in a frantic effort to reach the door. If you have the *Acrobatics* Special Skill, turn to **270**; if you do not, turn to **79**.

239

You grant the sly reptile no quarter. Leaving her body on the staircase, you hurry to the top floor. If you have either the *Sneak* Special Skill or Lishek's Warning, turn to **398**. Otherwise, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **398**; but if you are Unlucky, turn to **46**.

240

You spot Gruul tiptoeing away down the hill! But you run after him and bring him down with a flying tackle. 'You have failed,' he snarls. 'My servants are already at work within the tower.' You ask him what he means by this, but he says no more. Just then, some of the horses start to neigh, and a few of the soldiers break

out in shivers. 'I don't like it,' mutters the captain. 'There's something in the air, I can feel it.' You tell him to get his men moving, but, when he tries, they throw themselves to the ground in blind panic. Will you seize Gruul and ride on (turn to 99), or wait here with the terrified soldiers (turn to 372)?

241

You turn your back on the gargoyle and start to retrace your footsteps upstairs. The harsh voice calls after you, 'I sense your presence. Zaar! Is it you?' You begin to doubt your course of action. Would it be better to try to assure the voice that all is well, or to let it brood in ignorance? Write down the word 'Darnoc' on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you change your mind and wish to 'report', turn to 262. Otherwise, you will have to leave the cellar and search either the ground floor, if you haven't done so already (turn to 39), or the loft (turn to 201).

242

You try to hide from Gruul's magic, but he traps you inside the powerful time-winds of a Skein of Undoing. Deduct 4 points from Gruul's *Notura*. If you do not have the Blood of Baron Milescu, you forget how to use your Special Skills and must cross them *all* off your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have the Blood of Baron Milescu but the word 'Ranneik' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 321. If you have the blood alone, the Skein of Undoing dissipates without causing harm. If the word 'Esproc' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 188; if it is not, return to 300.

243

You spend a moment attending to your wounds, then set about searching the body of the assassin. On his wrist is a silver tattoo depicting a werewolf's head! He also carries 11 Gold Pieces and a flask of Curative Potion. You may drink the potion at any time, except during a battle; when you drink it, cross the potion off your *Adventure Sheet* and restore 3 points to your STAMINA and 1 point to your LUCK. When you finish, you see that all the other tavern folk have gathered round you in a circle, their weapons drawn. 'You've caused enough trouble here, already,' warns Eviron, 'I think you'd better leave.' Will you stand your ground and try to reason with the landlady (turn to 120), or do as she says and leave the Last Octopus (turn to 92)?

244

It has always been Karam Gruul you sought, not any of his lackeys, so you seize him and force him to lead you safely out of the building. Gruul scowls but does as he is told; after all the perils you have faced during your quest, Gruul himself is almost an anticlimax. Outside, the fog has become so thick that you can barely see where you are going, so you drag Gruul across to the funeral pyre and pick up a flaming torch. 'No!' raves Gruul. 'Throw it away!' You look at your foe and see that he is frantic with fear. He struggles with all his might to get away from you and the fire. If you do as Gruul asks and risk the fog without a light to guide your way, turn to 342. If you refuse and tell him to be quiet, turn to 88.

245

The few criminals who are actually brought to justice in Blackhaven meet their fate in Gallows Square where, on market days, crowds gather to watch grisly public hangings. Between one hanging day and the next, the bodies of those last executed are left, suspended from the gibbet, as a warning to all would-be villains. As you reach the square, you recall the Professor's words: 'Go to Gallows Square One of the thieves hanging there wears a wooden hand in place of one of his own, which he lost the first time he was caught stealing No one knows that the hand is actually one of the six Wards. At present the Ward lies dormant, but take it to Mawn Pretoragus, the Necromancer, and he will make of it a Hand of Glory.'

Rows of empty seats line the square and three bodies swing from the gallows However, idling near by are two hooded Man-Orcs These are Provosts of the City Executioner, and it is their job to keep watch over the corpses. At the moment, though, they seem more interested in teasing a beggar Will you:

Attack the Provosts?	Turn to **26**
Seek to bribe them?	Turn to **14**
Attempt to fool them into simply giving you the hand?	Turn to **148**
Try to steal the hand while the Provosts are otherwise engaged?	Turn to **395**

246

Tilting your face downwards, you mutter, 'Come ask wot yer want doin', haven't I?'

Crabb regards you with the utmost contempt. 'Well, you waste of oxygen, you can start by cleaning the Doktor's laboratory.' He pauses as if expecting some kind of reaction from you, but you remain impassive. So it is with an air of perplexed disappointment that Crabb hands you a Brass Key. 'Well,' he snaps, 'what are you waiting for?' You grunt and head back to the hall. There, you may open any door you haven't opened before. Will you pick Big Laffs (turn to **220**), Nosh (turn to **275**), Big Trubbull (turn to **287**) or Fat Maggots (turn to **117**)?

247

Hand over hand, you climb up the rickety drainpipe, until disaster strikes – the pipe comes away from the wall and breaks! You are still clinging to the hollow tube when it clatters noisily on the street below; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Now that your 'ladder' is no longer usable, you will either have to take the side door after all (turn to **394**) or leave the theatre and get on with the hunt for Gruul (turn to **383**).

248

When you reach the Wayside Shrine of Belthegor, you find that the legendary mask is gone! An indentation in the fallen masonry is all that remains to show you where it used to be. Suddenly you hear a voice coming from behind you: 'While you have been enjoying my little diversion, I have applied my superior intellect to the puzzle of the runes. The Mask of Belthegor is mine!' You turn, but there is no one there.

The voice fades on a mocking laugh – Karam Gruul has beaten you again. Add 3 Hours and return to **200**.

249

There is only one thing for it: you swarm up one of the broad stone columns, using the decorative carvings as fingerholds. At first your enemies look on in frustration, but then Radu directs some of them to a concealed staircase that leads up to the balcony. Turn to **300**.

250

You assure the man that your word is your bond, but he just stands there, hand extended, waiting. Will you:

Change your mind and shake his hand?	Turn to **185**
Leap to the attack?	Turn to **375**
Throw an Alchemical Sphere at him, if you have one?	Turn to **227**
Withdraw your offer and walk away?	Turn to **399**

251

The hours drag by as you maintain your watch on the Last Octopus, but you see nothing of interest. Eventually, the sun sets and, with the onset of evening, the wharf transforms from a place of trade into a backdrop for skulduggery. Suddenly you hear the sound of splintering wood. There it is again, to your left. *Chop! Chop! Chop!* You turn and see a wooden hut collapse as Conrad, the Maniac Guard, breaks out through the walls! His machete has waited a long time for this moment.

CONRAD,
The Maniac Guard SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **52**.

252

You fall head over heels and hit the unyielding cobbles of the street with a dull thud. Deduct 5 points from your STAMINA. You get back to your feet and try to find the Man-Orc in the darkness . . . There! Surprisingly, the assassin is standing quite still beside a carriage. For a few seconds the creature talks to someone through the carriage window, then turns and hurries off down an alley. If you wish to follow the assassin, turn to **41**; but if you would rather approach the carriage, turn to **292**. Then again, perhaps you would prefer to let them both be, and start your manhunt proper. If so, will you go to Craven Asylum (turn to **393**), to the Last Octopus (turn to **23**) or to Malt Lane (turn to **207**), or, if you have reason to do so, to Priestsgate or Weathern Mill?

253

All roads, it seems, lead to the Last Octopus – and not only for you. From a safe hiding place, you see a number of horse-drawn coaches pull up outside the tavern; they unload a variety of passengers, then drive away. Another carriage arrives, the door opens and a proud-looking woman steps out. If you have the Inmate's Locket, turn to **219**; if you don't, turn to **376**.

254

You hold the chain ready, but you have to keep your cool in the face of a berserk Demothrax. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **294**; if you fail, turn to **66**.

255

The hellish bat wings its way out of the room, leaving you alone. You expect the creature to make for the staircase and the open sky, but it flies off, making for somewhere else inside the tomb. Will you follow the bat to see where it goes (turn to **100**); stay where you are and search the room more thoroughly (turn to **326**); or leave both the bat and the room, and try

either the north door (turn to **386**) or the east door (turn to **141**)?

256

Ever resourceful, you pull all the loosened rungs out of their sockets, then, using the now empty holes as fingerholds, climb up to the secure rungs above. From there you glance back down into the pit, and see that slotted into the top edge of the wooden beam is a long razor. Had you reached up for the beam, you would have lost some of your fingers – if indeed your haven't done so already! Shuddering at the thought of this devious trap, you scramble up the rungs, to the trapdoor. The hatch isn't locked, so you push it open and squirm through; turn to **97**.

257

Disdainful of physical combat, Gruul seeks to disable you with a bolt of dazzling energy. Deduct 3 points from Gruul's *Notura*. If you have the Angevin Shroud, the lightning turns away from you; but if you don't, you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Now, is the word 'Esproc' written on your *Adventure Sheet*? If it is, turn to **188**; if it is not, return to **300**.

258

Kiennar seems both frightened and relieved as he takes your money. 'Before you leave,' he says, 'might I suggest some protection? I can do you a Silver Cross for three Gold, a wooden stake for eight Gold, or the pair for ten. You won't get a better deal than that.' If you wish to buy either or both of these things, add it, along with the Blood of Baron Milescu, to your *Adventure Sheet*, also crossing off the Gold Pieces you spend. Also, make a note: after each battle you win in future, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, read on as normal; but if you are Unlucky, make a note of the paragraph you have come from then turn to paragraph **49**. Do not deduct the normal 1 point from your LUCK when making these special checks. Now that you have finished here, add 1 Hour and return to **200**.

259

Inside the moneylender's desk are 10 Gold Pieces and a Hexalpha. The Hexalpha is a jagged, six-pointed star, composed of interlaced triangles cast in solid silver. It is about ten centimetres high and is a Rosichalcian artefact of great power. No Zombie will attack you while you carry the Hexalpha; they may obstruct you, they may hold you, but they will not cause you any direct harm. Note, however, that this does not apply to the Zombie-*like* Fogwalkers. Finally, you find 1 meal's worth of Provisions in Kriswell's kitchen. You also find a Fogwalker waiting in ambush!

FOGWALKER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, roll one die. If you roll a 6, you have contracted the plague from your opponent and never leave the moneylender's abode. If you survive, you may run to either the bonfire (turn to **21**), the bell-tower (turn to **397**), the door with the red cross (turn to **48**), or the door with the rose-shaped handle (turn to **158**).

260

The fragmented chords lure you into the main hall, where you are confronted by a nightmarish tableau Swathed in coils of mist, the assassin lies dead on the stage, and over his body stands the phantom – a cloaked skeleton whose eyes, raging with intense evil, stare out from beneath a wide-brimmed hat The skeleton laughs insanely as it removes its dagger of bone from the assassin's back, accompanied all the while by the cacophony of the pipe organ, which plays all by itself! Hundreds of sewer rats swarm across the stage, forming an undulating black carpet They scamper about the skeleton's feet and crawl all over the Man-Orc's body The 'phantom' is, in fact, a lieutenant of evil which has been conjured from a dimension beyond the grave. He is a Corpse Master and the rats are his children in death! Will you:

Flee from this evil place?	Turn to **121**
Attack the Corpse Master?	Turn to **104**
Hold your ground?	Turn to **32**

261

As the assassin lands on your back, you shift your weight and throw him to the floor. The rope goes flying out of his hand, so he decides to improvise with a serrated dagger. Because you are still reeling from the pain of the throttling, you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL score for the remainder of the battle, *unless* you have the *Combat* Special Skill. Now fight!

DARK ELF ASSASSIN SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you defeat the Dark Elf, turn to **243**

262

Taking a deep breath, you say, 'Zaar reporting, master. The Marshal and the Bounty Hunter are dead. What are your orders?'

At first the voice says nothing, then it chuckles menacingly. 'Yes, fool, the Bounty Hunter *is* dead.' Before you know it, the gargoyle explodes! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **229**; but if you are Unlucky, turn to **27**.

263

Before you can even think of making a move, a familiar voice enters your head: 'Neeeeed foooood . . . neeeeed foooood.' You are beginning to regret ever bothering with the irksome Skull of Mora Tao. But now you must decide whether or not you are going to remove it from your pack and allow it to feed on your spirit. If you refuse to serve the parasite, turn to **160**. But if you do as it demands, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and then, if you have the *Sneak* Special Skill, turn to **371**; otherwise, turn to **204**.

264

You are considering leaving the vault when four of the inmates suddenly rush at you in a maniacal rage. You must fight all of them at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First INMATE	6	9
Second INMATE	5	8
Third INMATE	7	5
Fourth INMATE	6	4

If you manage to defeat them all, turn to **7**.

265

Maintaining a Zombie-like silence, you lift the rock and struggle with it towards the tower. It is a commonly known fact that Zombies do not feel pain; people *disguised* as Zombies, however, certainly do! Your legs ache, your arms ache, everything aches, and soon you are being driven by sheer willpower alone – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. When you reach the tower, you drop the stone on a pile of rocks and pause to catch your breath. As your strength returns, you look up at the vast structure. Of all the many ways into the place, two gates look especially promising. If you have the *Tracking* Special Skill, turn to **132**. If you do not, will you enter the gate on the left (turn to **114**) or the gate on the right (turn to **199**)?

266

You creep forward, place your foot in the small of the driver's back and push! The caped figure doesn't even cry out as he goes hurtling down from his perch and, moments later, his spreadeagled form is lost from view. Will you now step into the driver's seat and

take the reins (turn to **211**), scramble down the side of the carriage and climb inside (turn to **137**), or jump down from the vehicle, while it is still safe to do so, and hurry back in pursuit of the assassin (turn to **328**)?

267

You cannot believe that you have come this far, only to fail! Gruul rallies the survivors of the battle and returns to his Tower of Inquisition. You and the soldiers give chase, but you are too late – Gruul activates the Ethereal Projector! His first target was to have been Royal Lendle, but now . . . Words cannot describe the sense of satisfaction he derives from wiping both you and the patrol off the face of the planet.

268

All that you have seen here adds up to yet another display of Karam Gruul's devilry. You swear that he will be made to atone for his many wrongdoings! Now, if you have not done so already, will you go to Craven Asylum (turn to **393**) or to the Last Octopus (turn to **57**), or, if you have reason to do so, to Priestsgate or Weathern Mill?

269

A dozen or so sightseers rush into the room. Some of them praise your skill, some call for the City Guard, and one, a braggart you saw earlier, says, 'Rubbish! I'd have done it meself with a lump of wood.' A look of surprise suddenly crosses his face and he falls forward with a machete in his back. Conrad lives again! Outraged, the mob turns on Conrad and the killer is soon lost beneath a heap of fighting bodies. You consider helping the brave folk but you know that Conrad is unstoppable; the only way to defeat him is to avoid him. You run at full speed out of what is now truly a Chamber of Horrors. Add 1 Hour and return to **200**.

270

The warrior is almost through the door when you dive forward and pull him to the ground. You are not sure whether you are right or wrong to deny him his 'immortality'; but your quest is paramount, and you need the skull. The warrior responds to your interference with an insane sweep of his double-headed axe! At present, the newly rejuvenated warrior is still fairly weak, but if the skull is fed more of his spirit he will grow stronger. Each time you lose an Attack Round, add 1 point to the warrior's SKILL score.

ANCIENT WARRIOR SKILL 6 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **216**.

271

Boldly you step forward and announce that you serve no one. In reply, the Corpse Master arches an eye-socket and rasps, 'Red-pact to be present! No thing in void! Flesh to dust, worm to soil, prying eye to . . . ?'

Though you are unfamiliar with the Corpse Master's strange way of talking, his meaning is clear: he doesn't believe you. So will you tell him that you serve the City Guard (turn to **225**) or the Cabal of the Werewolf (turn to **133**)? Then again, if you feel that the time for talking is over, you may attack the Corpse Master (turn to **104**) or flee (turn to **121**).

272

Had you crossed the threshold of the featureless room, you would have fallen through a trapdoor placed just inside the doorway! Instead, you hold back and wait for the hatch to close. As the trap rises, a secret panel opens in the far wall. You hurry through this opening and enter a magnificent chamber bedecked with strange symbols. One wall of the chamber is covered by an enormous flag – the flag of the Cabal – while in the centre of the room stands a large table covered with maps and charts. Poring over these papers are Karam Gruul and his Magus, Radu! 'I have only to return to Hope's End,' says Gruul, 'for the grand design to . . .'

Suddenly Radu cries out – he has seen you! You hurry forward, but Radu pushes Gruul in your way, then runs round behind the flag. Will you seize Gruul (turn to 244) or ignore him and go after the Magus (turn to 76)?

273

Just when you think you may be able to lay a hand on Gruul, he closes his eyes and conjures up a Force Wall. Your hands crash into the barrier and start to burn. Deduct 1 point from Gruul's *Notura*. If you have the Mask of Belthegor, you pull your hands away and the burning stops without doing you any harm. But if you do not have the mask, you clutch your hands in agony; deduct 1 point from your SKILL. Have you made a note of the word 'Esproc' on your *Adventure Sheet*? If you have, turn to 188; if you haven't, return to 300

274

You use your free hand to jab your foe in the neck, forcing him to relax his grip, then you duck your head under the rope and stagger forward in a red haze – just as the Dark Elf advances to throttle you again In your weakened state, you can only hope to twist your body so that he goes hurtling over your shoulder. If you have the *Combat* Special Skill, turn to **261**. Otherwise, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **261**; but if you are Unlucky, turn to **177**.

275

Beyond the door is a torch-lit, spiral staircase which takes you down to a barred door. You open this door and find yourself looking into a cramped cell. Piled against the far wall are . surely it cannot be! At your feet lies the haggard form of Matra Ouspenskaya. She

is still alive, but only just. While trying to ease her pains, you quickly tell Matra who you are. When you finish, she croaks: 'Cabal . all war criminals .. Bricians .. Gruul leads Fraternity .. front for Cabal tavern.' Then with a final gasp, Matra Ouspenskaya passes away

'I knew there was something fishy about you!' You turn and see Maxillon Crabb, deputy director of the asylum, and seven armed wardens standing over you. The Trolls seize you, drag you back upstairs and lock you in a darkened room What's that sound? You can hear someone – or some*thing* – shuffling through the darkness towards you; turn to **172**.

276

'And much there is to learn,' smiles the Imperator. 'Now, you must leave. The rest of this meeting is not for the ears of an Adept' Four Rosichalcians escort you up to the wharf, then go back inside the tavern You turn to leave – when a Jai-Hulud sorcerer assassin drops to the ground in front of you! The Jai-Hulud's incredible acrobatic prowess is enhanced by his magical abilities. If you have the *Acrobatics* Special Skill, fight your foe as normal; otherwise, roll three dice for your opponent each Attack Round, and use the two highest numbers rolled to find his Attack Strength. The Jai-Hulud laughs aloud, draws his twin swords, then leaps to the attack

JAI-HULUD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **54**.

277

Night falls over the dockside and still you wait The Last Octopus is a popular tavern, who knows what might yet happen there? A distant bell tolls eleven The tavern now is not quite so full and . . 'Murder! Murder! Help! The Shocker! Murder!' The shouts come from a couple of men who must be somewhere in one of the neighbouring streets If you want to hurry along to see what has happened, turn to **86** If you would rather stay where you are, turn to **253**

278

No sooner do you turn your back on the guards than you hear Furneaux shout a Word of Wyrding Almost immediately, a transparent sheen of energy rises to fill the window-frame. Flashes of mystical power clash to form a monstrous face which growls in noiseless wrath If you wish to continue towards the window, turn to **336** But if you would rather not risk contact with the Wyrding, you must turn back and either attack the guards (turn to **223**) or try to talk your way out of the situation (turn to **107**)

279

Gleaming in the lightning-crossed sky, the manhunter moves in to kill you. If you have an Alchemical Sphere, turn to **62**; if you have the *Climb* Special Skill, turn to **91**. If you have neither, you will have to fight Your foe's metal skin is well nigh indestructible, so, if you win a round of combat, you merely parry the creature's blows (because of this, the creature is not given a STAMINA score). The predator's wrist blades, however, inflict terrible damage; if you lose a round of combat, deduct 3 points from your STAMINA Finally, at the end of each round, *Test your Luck* If you are Unlucky, continue the battle. If you are Lucky, turn to **43** Now fight!

OBISIAN PREDATOR SKILL 11

280

Shielding your eyes from the sun, you stand stock still and watch as four hundred riders come tearing round the hillside. Oh no! They're carrying banners emblazoned with the emblem of the Cabal of the Werewolf! Orcs, Trolls, Werebeasts, Brician nobles – the war criminals veer off the road and race towards you. Unless you have the *Acrobatics* Special Skill, *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, the horses trample you to death. But if you are Lucky, or if you have the *Acrobatics* Special Skill, you leap aside just in time and then can only look on as the Cabal speeds away in the direction of Hope's End Dusting yourself down, you climb to your feet and give chase Turn to **29**

281

Though the assassin fought determinedly, it is he who falls dead; restore 1 LUCK point. A quick search of his body turns up 3 Gold Pieces and an Alchemical Sphere; once thrown, this small glass ball will shatter, releasing a deadly cloud of corrosive mist which you yourself may take trouble to avoid, should you break the sphere in a confined area. If you wish to take either of these items, add them to your *Adventure Sheet*. Now, despite the lateness of the hour, it is time to begin your manhunt. Will you make for Craven Asylum (turn to 393), for the Last Octopus (turn to 23) or for Malt Lane (turn to 207), or, if you have reason to do so, for Priestsgate or Weathern Mill?

282

You lunge at the woman, but she anticipates your move and sidesteps neatly out of danger. Then she raises a hand to her monocle and mutters a few eldritch syllables.

Almost immediately you are overwhelmed by a mystic force, and you fall to your knees, stunned (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your LUCK). The woman uses your incapacity to slip away.

When you get to your feet, some minutes later, there is no sign of her. Do you have a Rosy Chalice brooch? If you do, turn to 197; if you don't, turn to 218.

283

You smash the crystal into shards of useless glass. The image of the lock disappears and the temple door flies open. However, the sword burns you one more time and you must deduct another 2 points from your STAMINA. Now you may either strike the sword (turn to 25), or head out through the open door and hurry back to the Last Octopus: if the word 'Cainam' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 251; if it is not, turn to 277

284

The rapidly undulating door proves easier to open than you expect, and in mere seconds you find yourself crossing the threshold of the Necromancer's abode . . . crossing into total darkness.

'I accept proof of your intent, and admit you to the Sanctum,' intones a ghastly voice. The door closes behind you and a faint glow illuminates the emaciated body of Mawn Pretoragus. You cannot see much of the room about you, but it seems alive with the suggestion of things best left unseen. Pretoragus continues, 'Van Heldenghast has proffered knowledge as account in your stead. Give me the hand and do not follow me through the Door Beyond.' You look into your pack . . . but what's this? The Necromancer already has the wooden hand in his grasp! He pays you no heed as he inserts five burning candle-wicks, one by one, into the ends of the wooden fingers. Then he turns and steps through the Door Beyond, leaving you in darkness once more. Will you follow Pretoragus through the Door Beyond (turn to **228**) or wait for him in the unyielding blackness of the room (turn to 190)?

285

Slipping a drug into somebody's drink or coshing them from behind is something the graverobbers are used to; a fair fight is something they're definitely not! You only have to put up the slightest resistance before the body-snatchers break off the attack.

'Who would'a t'ought that our amicable partnership would'a fallen to this?' puffs Hogg. 'Yer can't trust nobody these days, nobody. Show some mercy, yer swine! Mister Kilmarney is fit to drop.' Will you let the rogues be (turn to **98**) or deal with them once and for all (turn to **123**)?

286

When you reach the building with the wooden sign, you see that beneath the picture of the balances is a small nameplate. It reads: 'Kriswell – Moneylender'. And beneath the nameplate stands a Fogwalker!

FOGWALKER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, roll one die. If you roll a 6, you have contracted the plague from your opponent and die in torment. If you survive, you enter the moneylender's place of business – and find it a mess: papers and books are scattered everywhere, and a sobbing man is slumped over his desk. Do you have a Baphet-as-Werewolf icon? If you do, turn to **317**; if you do not, turn to **327**.

287

'Big Trubbull for whom?' you wonder as you turn the handle of the door. If you have either the *Lock Picking* Special Skill or a Brass Key, turn to **77**. If you have neither, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **365**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **162**.

288

You are still considering the best way to get your hands on the phial when a voice enters your mind:

'Neeeeed foooood . . . neeeeed foooood.' It is the accursed Skull of Mora Tao, and it wants feeding now! All you have to do to feed the skull, without Kiennar noticing, is to shove your hand inside your pack; the skull will suck your spirit from your fingers! If you wish to satisfy the skull, deduct **2** points from your STAMINA and turn to **235**. But if you refuse to comply with the skull's repulsive demands, turn to **221**.

289

Clad in your Brician finery, you do not have to wait long before the landlady comes over to you and whispers in your ear, 'Welcome, friend. 'Tis seldom my humble tavern is attended by such nobility. You may have whatever you like . . . on the house.' You thank the landlady, then step back to avoid her rank breath. But she just leans even closer. 'And would you perchance be interested in matters, er, how shall I put it . . . political and mystical?' It would seem that Eviron's servility has all been leading up to this one crucial, if cryptic, question. Will you answer 'Yes' (turn to **168**), or 'No' (turn to **145**)?

290

About ten minutes later the City Guard arrive and Guard Captain Thurtell takes charge. Channing informs the Captain that the search for the Shocker has met with no success. 'No success?' beams the gruff-voiced Captain. 'No success? Why, you've only gone and captured the murderer of Guard Marshal Bennet.' Then he orders his men to seize you! As the guards drag you away, you cry out that you are on a secret

mission, but your claim is met with derision. The hunt for Karam Gruul has been brought to a humiliating end.

291

Picking up a lantern from the floor, you head backstage and eventually come to a number of doors. The first leads to a kitchen, where you find 2 packs of Provisions, which you may take. Next, you come to a room full of theatrical costumes. Three of these costumes – those of a Brician noble, or Orc rogue and a Vampire – could make excellent disguises. However, you have room in your pack for only one of them, so choose which of the three you would like, then add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. Moving on, you find an office in which sits a strongbox. You are about to walk over to the box when you catch a whiff of smoke – the corridor ahead of you is ablaze, and the fire is spreading in your direction! If you still wish to examine the strongbox, turn to **84**; but if you would rather hurry out of the building, turn to **383**.

292

You are but a few metres short of the carriage when its wheels start to roll. The person inside is hidden from view, but you can see the driver sitting up in front. Though your footsteps echo loudly in the narrow street, this strange figure in black cape and tall black hat never once looks back at you. Soon you are running alongside the slow-moving vehicle. Only now do you see that the carriage windows are of black opaque glass. Will you shout to the driver to stop (turn to **68**) or stealthily jump up on to the rear of the carriage (turn to **396**)?

293

The Maniac Guard goes hurtling down from the loft yet again. And though he utters no cry, his body hits the ground with a sickening thud. Fearing the worst, you look down – only to see Conrad sit up and, machete in hand, reach for the ladder! This is a fight you cannot hope to win. Will you flee (turn to **165**) or look for another way to defeat your unearthly foe (turn to **308**)?

294

You thrust the chain forward, only to see it pull back and wrap itself round *your* body, as if possessed of a will of its own! You have fallen victim of the chain's unwritten law, that 'he who touches the chain while it binds another must release and then destroy the other, or be bound in place himself'.

As the chain drags you over to the high-back prison chair, Argolis roars with satisfaction: 'Free at last! Now know the unending midnight of the grave!' You try to break free of the chair but can only cry out as it descends into the pit. You are not a Demothrax; you will not survive being buried alive.

295

Something is wrong! Walking through the corridors of the waxworks towards the entrance, you hear a chilling scream; worse, you then catch the revolting smell of

charred flesh! Wondering whether this has anything to do with you and the shroud, you enter the foyer and come upon a charnel house! The place is littered with the bodies of slain tourists, and . . . no . . . it can't be! Standing in the middle of the room, is Conrad, the Maniac Guard! *The windmill, the fire, the smell of burning flesh, the REVENGE!*

CONRAD,
The Maniac Guard SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **269**.

296

You daren't go to the very bottom of the staircase for fear of being seen by those in the room below, but you do go far enough to hear what is being said. Some kind of ritual is taking place. Most of the words are mystical gibberish, but the meaning of one speech is quite clear: 'The Fraternity of the Rosy Chalice is in harmony with the Cabal of the Werewolf. I shall go to the Secret Chiefs at Penkhull to affirm this truth.' Penkhull is a small village north of the city. You have heard enough: you tiptoe back up the stairs. If you have the *Sneak* Special Skill, turn to **369**. If you do not, *Test your Luck*: if you are Lucky, turn to **369**; but if you are Unlucky, turn to **35**.

297

Tightening your grip on the reptile's necklace, you give her the promise she seeks. She wheezes with laughter, her forked tongue flicking in and out of her mouth: 'You are wissse for a warm blood. The top

ssstep isss a trap. Make noissse and you sssuffer. Entador isss dead. You should leave asss well. Thisss Lishek sssaysss.' Make a note of Lishek's Warning on your *Adventure Sheet*. Now that you have been warned about the trap, will you go back on your word and slay the Xen-Viper (turn to **239**), or will you honour your pledge and let her escape (turn to **324**)?

298

The best thing you can think of at such short notice is to disguise yourself as a Zombie slave, so you tear your clothing, powder your face with some whitish sand, then shamble on to the plain with your mouth hanging open . . . *CRACK!!!* You feel a stinging whip-lash across your back – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. 'Yoo lazy moron!' shouts an overseer, standing behind you. 'Yoo're in the wrong place. Now get that rock lifted and take it to the tower.' He points to a huge block of uncut stone which must weigh a ton! Nevertheless, the Orc is waiting. Will you do as he says (turn to **265**) or pretend that you don't understand (turn to **69**)?

299

Just when you think you finally have the creature, your blow glances off it in a shower of sparks! The Obisian Predator laughs at your pathetic assault, then comes at you again. Can you make some use of the short distance that there now is between you and the creature? If you wish to leap back to the attack, turn to **182**. If you would rather try to concoct another course of action, turn to **279**.

300

The Cabal are still only half-way up the stairs when you seize Radu and demand that he tell you where you will find his master. 'You wish to face Karam Gruul?' he sneers. Then, to your astonishment, he grows and grows until his body bursts. His skin splits from head to foot, and out of the discarded carapace steps Karam Gruul! 'There was never any such person as Radu the Magus,' he laughs. 'And now I shall destroy you.'

It has come to this: you must suffer the effects of Gruul's magic until he is too tired to use any more. You may not eat any Provisions, or do anything else to restore your attribute scores, until Gruul is done. To find out how many *Notura* points Gruul has, roll one die and add 6 to the number rolled (make a note of this total on your *Adventure Sheet*) Then roll one die to see which spell Gruul casts first Turn to the appropriate paragraph, following the instructions, then return here and roll again to find out which spell Gruul casts next. Keep doing this until either you are dead or Gruul has no *Notura* points left. If Gruul's last spell costs him more *Notura* points than he has left, the spell still works. Now, if you roll:

1	Turn to 335
2	Turn to 67
3	Turn to 242
4	Turn to 257
5	Turn to 356
6	Turn to 273

If you survive Gruul's mystic onslaught, turn to 30

301

Unwittingly, the fleeing Man-Orc leads you into the Cross Keys area of the city, an area commonly known as the 'square of delights', for it proliferates with taverns, gambling dens, bawdy theatres and parlours of ill-repute. At this hour, however, the square is deserted, the houses of pleasure but quiet façades. So it is with overconfidence that the assassin sneaks through a side door and into the Rohmer Theatre. You groan! Rumour has it that this place is haunted by a phantom who stalks the boards after midnight, and whose other-wordly dirges on the pipe organ can drive a man insane with fear. Will you follow the assassin in through the side door (turn to **394**), search the Rohmer for another entrance (turn to **213**), or leave the hall to its legendary phantom and follow up any other leads you may have (turn to **383**)?

302

Urged on by her son, the Kauderwelsch monster will not rest until you are lying on the bad Doktor's table. If at any time during the battle you roll a double for the monster's Attack Strength, it uses its great strength to break your weapon. If you have a weapon and this occurs, remember to deduct 1 point from your SKILL.

KAUDERWELSCH MONSTER	SKILL 11	STAMINA 14

If you reduce the monster's STAMINA score to 4 or less, turn to **183**.

303

Pulling the Vampire costume out of your pack, you stride forward, waving it, and say, '*This* is your vampire, a simple disguise.' But the people are not at all convinced; they seize you and tie you to the cemetery gates. 'We'll decide if yer a vampire, by special tests,' crows Hogg. 'Fer example, it's said that if yer stick a dagger in a vampire, it'll cry out!'

At the end of the day, however, you are able to prove to everyone's satisfaction that you are no more a vampire than the King of Gallantaria: you eat garlic, you hold a cross, you jump over a puddle, you stroke a horse and so on, until at last the mob sets you free . . . but not before a disappointed Hogg has pocketed all your money as 'expenses'. Cross any gold you have off your *Adventure Sheet*, add 4 Hours and return to **200**.

304

Despite the risks of unleashing the deadly gas in a closed environment, you take the Alchemical Sphere out of your pack and lob it into the middle of the villainous assembly. Chaos erupts immediately; some Cabal members dissolve in the mist, while others flee in all directions. You use the confusion to reach the two ornate pillars which support the balcony, some thirty metres above the ground. Radu sees you and shouts, 'The Bounty Hunter!' A good many of your foe still have enough presence of mind to come after you. If you have the *Lock Picking* Special Skill, turn to **208**; if you have the *Climb* Special Skill, turn to **249**; if you have neither of these skills, turn to **122**.

305

Even your strongest blows fail to penetrate an invisible barrier, formed round the Demothrax by the magic chain. Argolis revels in the futility of your attack: 'Now that you have touched the chain, there is no turning back!' As she speaks, some large maggots fall on to you; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA If you remove the chain from Argolis, turn to **22**; if you would rather flee than risk unleashing such evil, turn to **81**.

306

You wait for the lock to spin round before you, then you strike But even as your arm descends, the shield crystal glows brighter Your blow glances off the lock, the shield grows dim again and both spheres continue along their uncanny path; the sword, however, blazes orange once more. You cry out in pain – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Which crystal will you strike at next: the sword (turn to **40**) or the shield (turn to **366**)?

307

While the barrel-maker is occupied, you search through the pockets of the dead man's tunic and find a snack (enough for 1 meal), a brooch depicting a golden chalice resting on a stylized rose of red enamel, and a small handwritten note which reads: 'Eternal Fraternity of the Rosy Chalice – midnight – the Last Octopus'. Regain 1 LUCK point and, if you wish to take the meal or the Rosy Chalice brooch or both, add them to your *Adventure Sheet*.

Channing is finished, so you quickly get back to your feet. Will you now offer to help look for the Shocker (turn to **345**), stay here and await developments (turn to **290**) or return to the Last Octopus (turn to **253**)?

308

You reckon that your best bet would be to strike Conrad while he is still on the ladder, so you cast about the loft for a suitable weapon. You may drop a large bale of hay on him (turn to **111**), take the oil lantern and throw it down at his head (turn to **214**), or snatch up a long pitchfork and use it to impale him when he reaches the top of the ladder (turn to **4**)

309

It is only when you regain the riverbank that you realize you may have lost some of your belongings in the water. For each item on your *Adventure Sheet* (treat all your Provisions as one item and your gold likewise) roll one die. If you roll a 5 or 6, you have lost the item and must cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*.

You are still checking to see what you have lost when you remember that this area is said to be the haunt of the Shocker – an unknown fiend which frightens victims to death before vanishing into the night. But it is not the Shocker who slurs, 'Oi! Give us a shiny, an' I'll tell yer wot 'appened 'ere last night.' The voice belongs to an old woman, clad in rags. If you wish to give the beggar a Gold Piece, turn to **2**; if not, turn to **44**.

310

All but a handful of the Cabal lie dead; the rest have fled. A great cheer is taken up by the soldiers and by their captain; the latter thanks you for your help. You, however, have little to smile about, for when you turn to fetch Gruul, you see that he has escaped! Unnoticed amid the confusion of battle, he managed to untie his bonds and slip away. If you have the *Tracking* Special Skill, turn to **240**; if you do not, turn to **267**.

311

Jubar brings the thimbles to a halt. You look at all three in feigned worry, then deliberately point to one which does not cover the Gold Piece. DeMonto reveals your choice with a self-satisfied smile. 'Please,' you

beg, 'another go. I need that money. I've no more gold, but if I lose I'll give you all my belongings.'

The old man's eyes widen with greed; they take in even the shirt on your back. 'Sure thing, my friend. And just to keep it fair, if you win, I'll give you your two shinies back plus *twenty* of my own. Deal?'

It sure is! Make a note of the stakes on your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **82**.

312

You have beaten Baron Milescu in mortal combat, but you lack the means to end his Undead existence. Even as you watch, the Vampire Lord's fallen body turns into mist and floats away. You can do nothing to prevent his escape and are forced to admit that, while you may be safe, you are ultimately responsible for the victims the Baron will surely claim when he makes good his complete recovery elsewhere. Cross the blood off your *Adventure Sheet*, return to the paragraph you came from and continue your adventure.

313

Midnight: time for the meeting of the Fraternity of the Rosy Chalice. You enter the tavern and show your brooch to a man, who leads you – via a secret door and a flight of stairs – to an elaborate temple. There, you see forty cultists, Rosichalcians, wearing robes of purple silk. Their Imperator, the haughty woman you saw earlier, raises her arms and announces, 'The gathering will commence with the initiation of a new Adept.' She points to you. 'Initiate, you must pass the ritual of Baphet or die.' You don't like the sound of this, but what can you do? The woman chants, 'Baphet, Baphet, come to me!' A pool of green slime wells up through the marble floor at your feet. In seconds, the stuff thickens, solidifies, then starts to rise! The Rosichalcians gasp in awe as a monstrous apparition takes shape and reaches out for you with its talons. Will you attack the creature (turn to **333**) or do nothing and await the inevitable (turn to **42**)?

314

You step up on to the block of the guillotine a little too heavily. The woodwork shakes and the old rope, holding the blade at the top of the guillotine, snaps. The deadly razor's edge comes hurtling down towards you! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to jump off the block without injury; but if you are Unlucky, the falling blade catches you and you must deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. Rising to your feet, you see that the doorman is heading towards you. If you wish to rejoin the party now, in the hope of buying the shroud from Hollmann, turn to **78**. Otherwise, you had

better leave the Chamber of Horrors while you still can If the word 'Cainam' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **295**; otherwise, add 1 Hour and return to 200.

315

When you reach the gates of the cemetery, you find Kilmarney and Hogg waiting for you, and they are not alone. They are at the head of a band of two dozen men, carrying torches, crosses and sharp wooden stakes. 'There it be!' shouts Hogg, 'just as I was tellin' yer. A bloomin' great vampire! Tried to drag me business partner into an early grave, it did!'

A roar rises from the menfolk, and they storm into the graveyard If you have the *Sneak* Special Skill, turn to **186**. If you do not, will you fight your way out of the cemetery (turn to **151**) or submit to the perilous vagaries of mob justice (turn to 303)?

316

Blindly you fumble your way through corridor after corridor until you hear a horrible scream, followed by a manic dirge played on the theatre's pipe organ! If you wish to follow the sound of the crazed music back to its player, turn to **260**. If you would rather hurry back out through the side door and leave the Rohmer while you still can, turn to **383**.

317

Kriswell sits up, his face streaked with tears. Before he can say anything, however, you show him the icon and tell him that you have come to join the Rosichalcian Inner Order. A bitter smile crosses his face. 'Well, Adept, you won't get far in the *true* Inner Order if your political interests are as Gallantarian as your accent. Still, the Secret Chiefs are your problem. I no longer care.' He hands you a Red Key 'Open the door with the rose handle, but count to ten before you enter.' Add the key to your *Adventure Sheet* and also make a note of the word 'Rednel'. You ask Kriswell why he has been crying, but he cannot answer; turn to 327

318

'Well?' snaps Maxillon Crabb, deputy director of the asylum. 'What do you want, you stained receptacle of Orc's phlegm?' If you have the *Con* Special Skill, turn to **246**. Otherwise, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **246**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **128**

319

The drawer is made of strong oak, so prising it open will require finesse rather than brute force. *Test your Skill* but, as this task is a particularly difficult one, add 1 to your roll. If you succeed, turn to **189**. If you fail, turn to **149**

320

You reach out with both hands and make a grab for one of the vanes, then you cling on for dear life as it

turns slowly round and down. When the blade comes to its lowest point, some five metres above the ground, you let go and fall, landing on your feet with almost cat-like grace. For escaping death at the hands of the Maniac Guard, regain 1 LUCK point. Also, make a note of the word 'Cainam' on your *Adventure Sheet*.

It is only when you have reached the safety of the shanty town that you pause to watch the collapse of Weathern Mill; soon the tower is but a smoking ruin. You will have to continue your hunt for Karam Gruul elsewhere. If you haven't done so already, will you go to Craven Asylum (turn to **393**), to the Last Octopus (turn to **57**) or to Malt Lane (turn to **207**)?

321

The shopkeeper, Kiennar, isn't quite the browbeaten coward you took him to be. When you robbed him,

he sneakily managed to exchange the phial of dried blood for one filled with red food-colouring! The useless powder offers you no protection against the Skein of Undoing; cross *all* the Special Skills off your *Adventure Sheet*. Perhaps this will teach you to deal more honestly with good folk in future – that is, if you have a future! If the word 'Esproc' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **188**; otherwise, return to **300**.

322

Part of Van Heldenghast's Rime springs to mind: *'Return to its place'*. Following a hunch, you throw one end of the chain over a candelabra which hangs above the centre of the room. Then you grab both ends of the chain, heave yourself up and swing forward. The Demothrax is almost upon you when your feet catch her squarely in the chest and send her flying back into the pit from which she came. Clouds of smoke billow up into the room, and the whole floor quakes as the pit closes for one last time. Argolis is no more.

Add the Chain of Argolis to your *Adventure Sheet*. At the start of any battle you may use the chain to bind any single opponent, except Gruul: just cross the chain off your *Adventure Sheet* and continue as if you had won the battle. Now, add 2 Hours and return to **200**.

323

Congratulations! The moment you finish translating the runes, the Mask of Belthegor falls into your hands. You may wear the mask and claim Belthegor's Gift at any time, except during a battle. If you decide to do so, you will gain one *extra* Special Skill of your choice: pick a new Special Skill and tick the appropriate box on your *Adventure Sheet*. However, once you claim Belthegor's Gift, the mask will disappear and you must cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. Now add 2 Hours and return to **200**.

324

Hissing with scorn, Lishek slips out of your grasp and slinks away into the night: 'The Massster will deal with you. The Massster. Ss ss sssss.' You begin to wonder if you have done the right thing in allowing the deceitful reptile to escape. Write down the word 'Kehsil' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Now, you may either continue up the stairs to Entador's lodgings (turn to **398**) or, if you are having second thoughts, leave Malt Lane and continue your investigations elsewhere. If you haven't already done so, you may go to either Craven Asylum (turn to **393**) or the Last Octopus (turn to **57**), or, if you have reason to do so, Priestsgate or Weathern Mill.

325

Just as things are starting to look bleak, you notice that there's a keyhole in the gate, enabling you to lock the gate in the face of the undead host. Then, while the Zombies are still mindlessly walking into the locked barrier, you hurry across to the far side of the enclosure and find two gates leading into the tower. If you have the *Tracking* Special Skill, turn to **132**. If you do not, will you enter the tower by the gate on the left (turn to **114**) or the gate on the right (turn to **199**)?

326

Other than the tiny bones your search turns up nothing. Suddenly, you hear footsteps approaching. Someone is creeping along the short corridor outside. Could it be Kilmarney and Hogg, back to plague you with their distinctive brand of treachery? You rush back out of the room and see . . . no one; the corridor is quite empty. Will you look through the north door (turn to **386**) or the east door (turn to **238**)?

327

The man is suddenly overcome by a coughing fit. 'They said it was important,' he splutters, 'said it had to be me, or the plans of the Cabal would come to nothing. But why me?' He lifts his face – it is covered with weeping sores! 'Help me,' he whines, 'Help meee!'

What then follows is a deadly game of cat and mouse as Kriswell lurches towards you for help. If the moneylender touches you, you too will catch the plague and die Unless you have the *Acrobatics* Special Skill, *Test your Luck* twice. If you fail in either test, Kriswell clutches you with his infected hands and drags your adventure to a ghastly finish. But if you are Lucky both times – or if you have the *Acrobatics* Special Skill – you manage to avoid the moneylender until at last he falls to the floor and dies. If you do not already have one, you find a Red Key lying on the floor – add it to your *Adventure Sheet*

Will you now search Kriswell's home (turn to **259**) or leave it and run to the bonfire (turn to **21**), to the bell-tower (turn to **397**), to the door with the red cross (turn to **48**), or to the door with the rose-shaped handle (turn to **158**)?

328

By the time you have returned to the vicinity of the Guard Post, the Man-Orc assassin is long gone If you have the *Tracking* Special Skill, turn to **41**. Otherwise, you have no choice but to start your hunt for Karam Gruul, despite the lateness of the hour Where will you

go first: to Craven Asylum (turn to **393**), the Last Octopus (turn to **23**) or to Malt Lane (turn to **207**), or, if you have reason to go there, to Priestsgate or Weathern Mill?

329

'Fank yer very kindly, boss,' croaks one of the Provosts as he snatches up the bribe in one of his grubby hands (cross the Gold Pieces off your *Adventure Sheet*) But what happens next takes even you by surprise: the wretch refuses to split the money with his colleague! So whichever way the Provosts look now is no longer the issue – they are far too busy fighting each other over the cash to be bothered with you and your 'stupid' request; turn to **110**.

330

Jubar takes your gold with a smile that displays tobacco-stained teeth, places a coin under one of the thimbles, then sets to work. The three thimbles circle in and out of one another with incredible speed and DeMonto seeks to distract you with his patter: 'Ten for two, that's all you have to do Keep your eyes on the money pot, choose aright and you've won the lot.'

If you have the *Sleight of Hand* Special Skill and wish to win the game, turn to **82**; if you have that same Special Skill and want to *lose*, in the hope of fooling DeMonto into playing a second game for higher stakes, turn to **311**. But if you do not have the Special Skill, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **82**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **102**

331

'I don't know what you think you're up to, but in my book it's called robbing the dead.' Channing levels his sword at your throat 'Get up!' It would be foolish to do anything other than what the barrel-maker demands, so you rise slowly to your feet Two men rush up and pin your arms behind your back. 'The City Guard will be here soon,' says Channing sternly. 'They'll know what to do with you.' The City Guard! You could soon be in big trouble. If you have the *Con* Special Skill, turn to **194**; if you do not, turn to **290**

332

It is common knowledge that no one could ever hope to enter or leave Craven Asylum without the consent of its keepers, so you simply walk up to the door and

knock. The door opens and a warden steps out – it is an armed and ugly Troll! 'Clear off!' he barks. 'No rooms, no callers, no nuffink!' Then he stamps back inside and closes the door. You knock again but there is no reply. It is with a heavy heart that you realize you must simply walk away from the plight of Matra Ouspenskaya and from a possible lead in the hunt for Karam Gruul. Now, if you haven't done so already, you may visit either the Last Octopus (turn to **57**) or Malt Lane (turn to **207**), or, if you have reason to go there, Priestsgate or Weathern Mill.

333

You pull back from the thing that is Baphet and it is gone! The Imperator makes some strange passes with her hands, then says, 'The creature was but an illusion. Nevertheless, you have shown us that you lack the inner fortitude necessary for the mantle of Adept. You may not join the august and most secret Fraternity of the Rosy Chalice. Nor may you divulge its ordered secrets.'

As one, the Rosichalcians pull out long knives from under their robes. Gulp! If you have a Stage Knife, turn to **116**. If you do not, will you surrender to the Imperator (turn to **35**) or try to fight your way out of the place (turn to **179**)?

334

You run through the Professor's words a final time: 'At the Wayside Shrine of Belthegor – an ancient deity associated with the power of second life – you

will find a marble mask set prominently in one of the walls. It is said that he who removes and wears the mask will receive Belthegor's Gift, but therein lies the problem. All attempts to free the mask have ended in disastrous failure. I believe that the answer lies in the odd runes which adorn the Shrine. Understand these forgotten symbols, and the mask will be yours.'

When you reach the crowded Southgate Bridge, you feel someone press a note into your hand; who, it is impossible to tell in the shuffling masses. The note reads: 'Gruul. The Cabal. Sanger's Beacon. Now. Make sure you are not followed.' Will you continue on your way to the Shrine of Belthegor (turn to **210**) or go to meet your mysterious contact at Sanger's Beacon (turn to **380**)?

335

Gruul has had enough of your tiresome meddling; he conjures up a murderous sac of black gel that comes twitching and wobbling through the air towards you. Deduct 6 points from Gruul's *Notura*. If you do not have the Skull of Mora Tao, the giant amoeboid jerks forward and absorbs you into its amorphous depths – your adventure ends here. But if you do have the skull, the apparition backs off at the last moment and disappears. If the word 'Esproc' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **188**; if it is not, return to **300**.

336

Only when your shoulder slams into the bestial face do you hear the Wyrding's roar. An agonizing pain grips you and flings you back into the room. You have foolishly clashed with a powerful Minor Magic and must now pay the price. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from both your current and *Initial* LUCK and SKILL scores. The Wyrding ripples and contorts in victory, while the guards gather round your shivering body. Will you now try and tell Furneaux the truth about Bennet's death (turn to **107**), or will you attack the Captain and his men (turn to **223**)?

337

Wh... what? You catch yourself dozing and jump up out of the rowing boat. Across the way, the tavern door opens and a sinister-looking figure emerges. Clad from head to foot in a grey hooded cloak, the shady character hurries out on to the street and walks briskly

away. Embroidered on the back of the stranger's cloak is the Mark of the Werewolf! If you wish to tail the hooded figure, turn to **139**. If not, is the word 'Cainam' written on your *Adventure Sheet*? If it is, turn to **251**; otherwise, turn to **277**.

338

You are unconscious before you even hit the ground. Hogg tut-tuts in disappointment, 'Yer would'a t'ought the hero would'a been made o' sterner stuff than that, wouldn't yer, Mister Kilmarney? Never mind. A fresh body should fetch us a good market price – enough fer a week's Dark Horse, eh?' Then he drops down into the grave beside you. Kilmarney passes him a rope. Later that day, Mervyn Tillinghast, doctor in experimental anatomy, examines your body. Satisfied that you are quite dead, he pays the body-snatchers the usual price – no questions asked!

339

Picking up a lantern from the floor, you head backstage and along a corridor, which has five other doors leading off it. The first leads to a kitchen, where you find 2 meals' worth of Provisions, which you may take. The second door opens into an office in which sits a wooden strongbox. You are about to enter this room when you catch the smell of smoke. The corridor ahead of you is on fire, and the fire seems to be spreading with unnatural swiftness towards you! If, despite this danger, you wish to take a look at the strongbox, turn to **84**. If you would rather hurry out of the building, turn to **383**.

340

Kiennar's Curiosity Shop stands in a quiet alley near busy Newham Market. As you step up to the half-hidden doorway, you recall the Professor's words: 'Go to Kiennar and tell him I sent you He will do the rest'

A tiny bell tinkles overhead as you enter a forgotten world of arcane antiquity. 'Can I help you?' Kiennar asks from behind his counter. Wasting no time, you tell him why you are here. As you speak, he breaks out in a cold sweat; when you finish, he asks, 'Did Van Heldenghast tell you what it is you're supposed to be buying?' Fingers trembling, he reaches beneath the counter and produces a glass phial filled with an iron-red powder. 'Did she tell you that you were to buy this dried blood? Not just *any* blood, mind you, but the blood of Baron Milescu, Vampire Lord of Vannan!' A shocked gasp escapes your lips 'Still want to buy?' Kiennar smirks. 'If you do, it'll cost you forty Gold.' If you wish to pay, cross the 40 Gold Pieces off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **258**. If you want the blood but cannot or will not pay so much money, turn to **109** But if you would rather leave the blood with Kiennar, add 1 Hour and return to **200**

341

You plunge into the middle of the heaving mass of bodies and wait until the flustered doorman is busy with someone else, then you make your move If you have the *Sneak* Special Skill, you manage to worm your way inside without a hitch (turn to **130**) But if you do not have this Special Skill, you find yourself

being collared by the doorman 'Now, now That'll be three shinies,' he barks If you pay the admission fee, cross 3 Gold Pieces off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 130. If you refuse, you will have to leave – add 1 Hour and return to 200.

342

Gruul seems to be on the brink of an uncontrollable madness when you drop the torch, and then he calms down He leads you out of the village – the mist and the Fogwalkers posing no obstacle to him – so that you may both begin the long trek back to Royal Lendle Gruul is resigned to defeat, so you make good progress. Indeed, you cover ten kilometres before disaster strikes! Bolts of death descend from the sky, and your prisoner gloats, 'Gruul has succeeded! He has conquered the power of *Notura*.' Before your very eyes, the Mandrake *replica* of Karam Gruul reverts to its natural, plant-like form! The bitter taste of defeat sticks in your craw as a devastating bolt of *Notura* turns your body inside out!

343

As you are walking towards the Last Octopus, you hear someone call out to you from an alleyway In the half-dark, you can just make out a tall thin man, clad in silken robes and with a veil hiding his face. His left hand is extended in welcome. 'Your continued interference in my plans has proven your worth. Look to my feet ' You do so and see that the man is standing on a small mound of Gold Pieces. 'Join my organization, and all this gold, more than the Ruling Council could ever hope to pay you, is yours ' Will you:

Pretend to accept the masked man's offer?	Turn to 34
Leap to the attack?	Turn to 375
Throw an Alchemical Sphere at him, if you have one?	Turn to 227
Refuse and simply walk away?	Turn to 399

344

Mawn Pretoragus resides in Divil's Lane, an unfrequented avenue that lurks in unbroken seclusion beneath a permanent veil of mist. You shiver as you step into the mist and make your way along to Pretoragus's abode. There, you are afflicted by a feeling of nausea, for the Necromancer's sanctum is composed of constantly shifting angles! But you suppress your doubts and knock on the queerly undulating door. Once . . . twice . . . your knocks resound through the fog but are met with no answer. Dare you try the door handle? If so, turn to **176**. If you prefer not to, there is no reason to remain here; add 2 Hours and return to **200**.

345

You approach Channing and tell him that you would like to lead one of the search-parties. He nods and puts you in charge of a particularly hardy-looking bunch. The folk are eager to be on their way, so you waste no time in setting off down Carter Street. If you have some clue as to where the Shocker might be, turn to the paragraph whose number you know. But if you aren't quite sure where to look for the fiend, turn to **73**.

346

What strange madness is at work here? You can only watch in disbelief as the wild horses pull the carriage over into the filthy waters of the deep river. Harnessed to the heavy coach, the animals struggle in vain against the drowning tide; but you suffer no such restraints and are able to swim free of the sinking carriage. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **363**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **309**.

347

You leap forward and grab the bat by its leathery wings. As you pull the creature back into the room, it snaps at you with its needle-like fangs.

BLOOD BAT	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you win, you may search the room more thoroughly (turn to **326**); or you may leave it and try either the north door (turn to **386**) or the east door (turn to **141**).

348

Initially it looks as if Deputy Director Crabb is going to explode with rage, but when he sees that it is you he stands up and bows. 'Changed your mind about taking some refreshment?' he asks. If you say 'Yes', turn to **36**. Otherwise, you tell Crabb that you have lost your way, apologize for the intrusion, then head back into the hall. There, if you have not done so already, you may enter Big Laffs (turn to **220**), Nosh (turn to **275**), Big Trubbull (turn to **287**) or Fat Maggots (turn to **117**).

349

Khaki-coloured greasepaint, false tusks, a coarse wig, a flea-bitten tunic – you make the perfect Orc rogue! All you have to do to complete the illusion is hunch your back and spit every five seconds. You practise this for a moment, then you feel the tip of a dagger pressed up against your throat. One of the overseers has caught you by surprise. 'Who d'yoo fink yoo iz, pal?' he grunts. In reply, you say that you have an urgent message which you will only give to one of the 'bigwigs'. If you have the *Con* Special Skill, turn to **224**. If you do not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **224**; but if you are Unlucky, turn to **153**.

350

Before you know it, Conrad is upon you. With his gleaming machete, the Maniac Guard is stalking, relentless death on two legs.

CONRAD,
The Maniac Guard SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **293**.

351

Your request intrigues the landlady. She leans forward and regards you with a conspiratorial eye. 'The Fraternity?' she whispers in wafts of vile breath. 'Who wants to know?' If you are disguised as a Brician noble or if you have the *Con* Special Skill, turn to **168**; otherwise, turn to **145**.

352

Overcome by your desperate defence, the bloodthirsty Baron falls to the ground. Before his mortal wounds have time to heal, you press down on him with your sharpened stake and plunge it deep into his heart. The Baron's gargled cries drift away on a supernal wind, and soon he is dust once more. The dark powder is blown away by the gale, destroying the Baron for all eternity. Cross the Blood of Baron Milescu and the stake off your *Adventure Sheet*, but restore 1 LUCK point for your great victory. Now return to the paragraph you came from and continue your adventure.

353

The instant you lunge at the glistening serpent, she sheds her disguise and turns to face you. Two long fangs sprout from her gums; luckily for you, it looks as if she has recently discharged all her venom All the same, the Xen-Viper is a slippery opponent who has escape in mind. At the start of each Attack Round, *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, fight the round as normal; but if you are Unlucky, the Xen-Viper escapes. When *Testing your Luck* in this way, do not deduct the usual 1 point from your LUCK

XEN-VIPER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If the Xen-Viper escapes, turn to 9. But if you reduce her STAMINA to 3 points or less, turn to 146.

354

Hogg gasps in relief. 'Oh, it's you! Yer had us goin' there fer a moment with yer grand fine jest. If it wasn't fer yer touchin' the cross, I'd have t'ought yer were a vampire!' Then he bursts into laughter. Feeling rather stupid, you take off your disguise and help bring Kilmarney out of his swoon. This done, the body-snatchers lead you to an unmarked grave, deep within the eerie cemetery. 'Down here,' Hogg says, 'is the door to a hidden crypt. That's where yer'll find yer skull.'

Then the rogues pick up their spades and start to dig. They are waist deep in the grave when Hogg pants, 'Mercy! I canna dig no more. Me lungs are creakin' with the strain. Yer better help, if yer wannit done

quickly.' If you are willing to start digging, turn to **98**, but if you are quite happy to wait while the men have a rest, turn to **202**

355

The moment your foot touches the ground, you are swept up in a net and left dangling in the air. This is no ordinary net, however, for it is made of sharp, thin wire – wire which starts to constrict! You have but minutes to free yourself, before the tightening net slices through you! If you have the *Sleight of Hand* Special Skill, turn to **166**. If you do not, *Test your Skill* adding 2 to the roll to reflect the unique difficulty of your present situation. If you succeed, turn to **166**; if you fail, turn to **373**.

356

'A curse on your luck, Bounty Hunter,' Gruul spits. Then he waves his fingers before you in a sign of the Evil Eye. Deduct 2 points from Gruul's *Notura*. If you have the Chain of Argolis, Gruul's quaint gesture has no effect; but if you do not have the chain, you must deduct 1 point from your LUCK. Now, if the word 'Esproc' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **188**; otherwise, return to **300**

357

When you reach the alley, you see that it leads nowhere. Nor do you see any sign of the Shocker; it has lived up to its reputation and vanished. Or so it seems for, upon turning to walk away, you trip over the edge of a raised manhole cover. The creature must

have 'vanished' down into the sewers! Given the fiend's head start, you would never be able to find it down in that malodorous labryinth now. But if your paths should ever cross again, you may get a chance to use your knowledge. If so, turn to **378** (make a note of this paragraph number on your *Adventure Sheet*); regain 1 LUCK point for your discovery. Now you must leave the docklands and continue your hunt. Will you head for Craven Asylum (turn to **393**), Malt Lane (turn to **207**) or, if you have reason to do so, for Priestsgate or Weathern Mill?

358

Glancing downwards, you notice five sets of footprints leading up to the mask. Judging by the state of the prints, you would guess that they had been made within the last hour. You also see fresh cracks in the stonework surrounding the mask and . . . wait a minute! There are no footprints leading *away from* the mask. Turn to **159**.

359

'I,' you announce, drawing yourself to your full height, 'am the City Physician, and I've come to collect a specimen of vital anatomical interest. One of the hands of the men you have hanging there is riddled with Bone-Rot, a degenerative disease of the . . .'

'All right, all right! Stuff a hose in it, yer stinkin' gasbag! We don't want yer stinkin' Bone-Rot. Take yer fingerz an' clear off!' The Provost won't tell you twice, so turn to **110**.

360

Words tumble hurriedly from between your lips, but even now you dare not reveal your secret mission: 'I came here in pursuit of a Vampiric Shapeshifter. It killed the Marshal and is now free inside this tower. We . . . wait a minute. Did you three come here together?'

Your ploy has an immediate effect; each of the guards pauses to consider whether either of his fellows could possibly be the 'Shapeshifter'. You use their distraction to push your way through them and make for the door. You hurry down the spiral staircase and, in no time at all, are back out on the cobblestoned streets of Blackhaven. There is no sign of any assassin so, despite the lateness of the hour, you decide to press on with your manhunt. Will you now go to Craven Asylum (turn to **393**), to the Last Octopus (turn to **23**) or to Malt Lane (turn to **207**), or, if you have reason to do so, to Priestsgate or Weathern Mill?

361

Making sure that you are in clear view of everyone else in the tavern, you stand alone in a corner at the end of the long, L-shaped bar. Pinned to the wall there is a printed sheet extolling the virtues of something called the Eternal Fraternity of the Rosy Chalice. You may read this sheet now, but *not* in future, by turning to the illustration opposite paragraph **39** – do *not* read the paragraph itself. Once you have read the sheet, return here.

If you are disguised as a Brician noble, turn to **289**; otherwise, turn to **135**.

362

The Border River is calm tonight, but what of the Last Octopus? You cannot help but wonder what might be going on within that miserable place. A bird flies overhead. No, not a bird . . .

The Jai-Hulud sorcerer assassin rolls through the air then drops to his feet behind you. The Jai-Hulud's incredible acrobatic prowess is enhanced by his magical ability. If you have the *Acrobatics* Special Skill, fight your foe as normal; if you do not, each Attack Round roll three dice for your opponent and use the two highest numbers rolled to find his Attack Strength. The assassin laughs villainously, spreads his twin blades, then springs forward.

JAI-HULUD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **54**.

363

The swim back to the wharf is a short one, and soon you are gasping for air in the shadow of a derelict warehouse. Cold and alone, you suddenly recall that this area is shunned during the hours of darkness, because it is the domain of the Shocker! This unknown fiend is said to frighten its victims to death before disappearing into the night. You are still thinking about this hair-raising topic when a tap on your shoulder nearly makes you jump out of your skin. It is with relief that you turn to face a harmless old beggar. 'Give us a shiny,' she coughs, 'an I'll tell yer wot I seen last night.' If you wish to give the beggar a Gold Piece, turn to **2**. If you prefer not to, turn to **44**.

364

The cape and fangs are a perfect fit. And once you have applied some black powder to your eyes and some red stuff to your lips, the illusion is complete. A short while later, you see Kilmarney and Hogg heading your way; they are each carrying a spade. Stifling the urge to snigger, you step out and bare your fangs. Both of them fling their tools aside in terror, then Hogg screams and Kilmarney faints.

'Silence!' you shout. 'Now that you are near my graveyard domain, you will do my bidding or suffer the bite of the Undead.'

But Hogg has recovered his wits. He whips a cross out from under his tunic and cries, 'Back, yer unholy varmint!'

Without thinking, you reach forward and knock the cross out of his hand. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **161**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **354**.

365

The handle turns, releasing a poison-tipped needle which misses your thumb by a hair's breadth. The door itself is locked; if you later find a Brass Key, you *may* choose to come this way again, even though you may not normally choose a door you have already been through. Now return to the hall and choose a door you haven't already been through. Will you try Big Laffs (turn to 220), Nosh (turn to 275), Fat Maggots (turn to 117) or Wipefeet (turn to 58)?

366

The protective power of the shield crystal works for the other two globes, but not for itself. It explodes into powdery fragments and the image of the shield fades away. Already the atmosphere of the temple seems less oppressive – add 1 point to your LUCK. The sword crystal spins before your eyes, glowing orange. Your body arches in pain yet again; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Will you now strike at the sword (turn to 25) or the lock (turn to 283)?

367

Though you feel a little guilty about committing such a blatant act of robbery, you advise Kiennar that it would be better for his health if he simply gave you the blood. 'All right, all right,' he stammers, 'take it and may the gods have mercy on you.' You snatch the phial from his trembling hands and hurry out of the shop. Make a note of the word 'Ranneik' on your *Adventure Sheet*, add 1 Hour and return to 200.

368

You look up and a gobbet of steaming blood trickles into your eyes! Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. As you stumble round the room in blind agony, you are only marginally aware of the large bat that spat the stuff into your face. But when you wipe the stinging dribbles away, you see that the bat is making for the open door. Will you attack it before it can escape (turn to 347) or let it go free (turn to 255)?

369

Dawn is still a few hours away when you complete the four-kilometre journey to Penkhull. This tiny village is dominated by a lofty bell-tower, standing in the main square – where you also find a man heaping bodies on to a bonfire! The man growls, 'Don't you know there be plague in Penkhull? Fogwalkers bring it with 'em. Look!'

You turn and see that a wall of fog has descended on the outskirts of the village. The man's eyes widen with terror: 'They come!' Out of the fog shuffle dozens of Zombie-like creatures The man tries to flee, but the Fogwalkers have him. Three buildings are within running distance: the door of one is daubed with a red cross; the doorknob of another is carved in the shape of a rose; over the third door hangs a wooden sign depicting a set of balances Will you:

Make your stand by the bonfire?	Turn to **21**
Climb up the bell-tower?	Turn to **397**
Enter the door with the red cross?	Turn to **48**
Enter the door with the rose doorknob?	Turn to **158**
Enter the door beneath the wooden sign?	Turn to **286**

370

Conrad is about to lumber in to your path for the last, and probably fatal, time when a gust of fiery air roars up from the floor of the mill and shakes him off the ladder. Arms flailing, he falls down into the billowing inferno. You rush over to see if he is truly dead this

time, but his bulky form is lost in the conflagration. Fearing that you too may perish in the fire, you rush out on to the tiny balcony. From there, you can see only one safe way down: you will have to leap out and grab one of the windmill sails on its way down to the ground. If you have the *Acrobatics* Special Skill, turn to **320**. If you do not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **320**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **150**.

371

Though the sun is high in the sky and there is not a single distraction to hide your movements, you advance so silently that the Provosts fail to notice you. Their coarse laughter fills the air as they trip the beggar over for the tenth time! Turn to **110**.

372

Your first priority should have been to take Gruul on to Royal Lendle. Instead, you remain to watch the soldiers as one by one they die, their hearts bursting in the grip of an unnatural fear. Gruul laughs in triumph. You must kill him before it is too late. Then you feel it – *thump thump* –your heart is beating faster – *thump thump* – you stagger forward – *thump thump* – chest pains – *thump thump* – Gruul laughing – *thump thump* – you must – *thump th . . .*

373

You have learned the hard way that there is no escape from Karam Gruul's infamous wire tunic. Your hunt for the fiend ends in a most grisly fashion.

374

You count the last coin into Hogg's eager fingers, and say that you look forward to meeting him at the graveyard in half an hour. 'Aye, we'll be seein' yer then. Won't we, Mister Kilmarney?' The other man yawns in assent then drags himself out through the tavern door. You are glad to leave the Three Broken Fingers and can only hope that the body-snatchers will conclude their secret arrangements swiftly. Ten minutes later, you reach the gates of Meinster Cemetery, where you wait . . . and wait . . . and wait. The rogues have tricked you! They already have your gold, so why should they turn up for work? If you have the *Tracking* Special Skill, turn to **85**; if not, add 2 Hours and return to **200**.

375

Hoping to take your enemy by surprise, you spring forward and aim a devastating kick at his chest. If you have either the *Acrobatics* or *Combat* Special Skill, turn to **119**. Otherwise, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **119**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **185**.

376

Like all those who arrived before her, the woman strides into the tavern and closes the door. Only now the lights of the alehouse are extinguished, plunging the main room into complete darkness. But what of the meeting of the Fraternity? A distant bell tolls midnight. If you have a Rosy Chalice brooch, turn to **313**. If you do not, will you try to sneak into the tavern, to see what is going on (turn to **96**), or

maintain your watch from the safety of your hiding place on the wharf (turn to **362**)?

377

Without hesitation, you vault through the open window and drop down to the hard street below. If you used the *Acrobatics* Special Skill, you land without injury. But if you succeeded in *Testing your Skill*, you collect some bruises and must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Getting up, you see that the assassin is standing beside a sinister-looking carriage; he speaks to someone sitting inside the vehicle, then runs down an alleyway. If you wish to pursue the assassin, turn to **41**; but if you would rather approach the carriage, turn to **292**. Then again, despite the lateness of the hour, you may prefer to start your manhunt proper. If so, where will you go first: to Craven Asylum (turn to **393**), the Last Octopus (turn to **23**), Malt Lane (turn to **207**) or, if you have reason to go there, to Priestsgate or Weathern Mill?

378

Using knowledge gained from your previous encounter with the Shocker, you lead your party down a manhole and into a stinking sewage tunnel which runs from left to right. The way to the right is laced with the essence of fear. 'I ain't goin' down there,' moans an inkeeper, scared out of his wits. 'I don't reckon the Shocker came down here at all.'

A good many people agree with him, clamber up out of the sewers and set off along the street. Roll four

dice and add the numbers together. If the total is higher than your current STAMINA score, you heartily concur with the inkeeper and follow his party (turn to **73**). If the total is equal to or less than your current STAMINA score, you master your fear and decide to turn right and follow the tunnel; roll one die to see how many brave townsfolk go with you. Note the number on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **144**.

379

Intrigued, you open the exotically perfumed envelope, and read the page contained within:

> *Greetings, Bounty Hunter. I had hoped that we would meet before this necessary termination of your meddling, but you have proved to be too disruptive. For that, I congratulate you. For this letter, coated in deadly contact poison, however, YOU must congratulate ME. In the end, only I, Karam Gruul, could win. Now go to your gods.*

You curse your own stupidity at falling into such an obvious trap. If you have a bottle of Poison Antidote, you must drink it now (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Then, if you haven't done so already, you may look at the note in Entador's hand (turn to **167**). Otherwise, there is nothing left for you to do but leave (turn to **268**). If you do not have the Poison Antidote, you join Silas Entador in death. Your adventure is over.

380

Sanger's Beacon, the highest part of Blackhaven, is a grassy hill, topped by a crude gritstone obelisk. In

times of great danger, a bonfire is lit atop the obelisk, to send out a warning to all Gallantaria. A storm breaks as you mount the hill, and soon you are soaked to the skin. Worse, you are in danger of being hit by lightning, which commences to rage all around you as you make your way up to the obelisk. This stone block is ten metres high and four metres wide, and one side of it is rutted with weathered handholds. Standing at the foot of the obelisk is an Obisian Predator. These incredibly strong and rare killing machines are encased in a skin of living metal! You have fallen into yet another trap. Will you attack the creature (turn to 112), flee (turn to 15), or try to think of something else to do (turn to 279)?

381

When you reach the platform at the top of the tower, you gaze down upon the village and see that the Fogwalkers are everywhere! Of more interest to you, however, is the reason why the ladder should have been broken in the first place. The only thing anyone can do up here is . . . ring the bell! When the iron bell tolls over Penkhull, the Fogwalkers moan in fear and make their way to the outskirts of the village, where they stop and wait. As long as you do not try to leave the village, you will be safe from the Fogwalkers; if, in future, you are told to face one, ignore the instructions: you face nothing. You still have to find the Secret Chiefs, so, when you climb back down the tower, will you go to the bonfire (turn to 21), to the door with the red cross (turn to 48), to the door with the rose-shaped handle (turn to 158), or to the door beneath the wooden sign (turn to 286)?

382

It occurs to you that it might be a far smarter idea if you could enter the asylum disguised as one of its wardens. So you hurry away from the door and take up a position in a nearby alley.

Ten minutes later one of the grey-suited wardens walks past your hiding place, on his way to the asylum. Overpower him, and the perfect disguise will be yours. You leap out . . . and find yourself staring into the ugly face of a Troll!

TROLL WARDEN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 18.

383

You are but a stone's throw from the Rohmer when it erupts in flames behind you. Your enemies leave nothing to chance! Soon the whole building is ablaze, and the cry of 'Fire!' is taken up throughout Cross Keys. You had best be on your way before the City Guard arrive. Will you make for Craven Asylum (turn to 393), the Last Octopus (turn to 57), Malt Lane (turn to 207) or, if you have reason to do so, for Priestsgate or Weathern Mill?

384

You keep a sharp eye on . . . on the Last Octopus . . . on the tavern . . . Where did that cart come from? You didn't see it arrive. You yawn, your eyelids seem as heavy as lead. But you keep a sharp eye on . . . on . . . you yawn! Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and

Test your Luck If you are Lucky, turn to **337**. If you are Unlucky, and the word 'Cainam' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **251**; otherwise, turn to **277**.

385

As you enter the ruins of the Olde Gaol, you recall the Professor's instructions: 'Three years ago, an invincible Demothrax named Argolis was bound with a magic chain and buried alive beneath the prison Seven days later, the gaol collapsed in an earthquake. It has been shunned ever since, but Argolis lies there still, buried and forgotten. You must retrieve the Chain of Argolis, even though it is this alone which keeps her entombed. A little-known Rime may help:

Argolis unchained,
Turn not your face,
Nor bind, nor strike,
Return to its place'

You find the chain lying partly buried in the earthen floor of a dank cell You try to pull it free – and the whole floor erupts with fury! Soil flies in all directions as a high-backed chair bursts up into the room. Bound to the chair by the chain is the rotted Argolis! Waves of barely checked evil flow from her as she struggles against her bonds. *'Release me!'* she howls Will you attack Argolis (turn to **305**), flee (turn to **81**) or do as she commands (turn to **22**)?

386

As you approach the north door, the draught blowing through the gap beneath grows stronger. The door

itself is made from reinforced oak and is locked. If you have the *Lock Picking* Special Skill, turn to **56**; otherwise you may, if you haven't already done so, try the east door (turn to **141**) or the west door (turn to **17**).

387

You sidle up to where Eviron stands behind the bar, then say, 'From what I've heard, this area has quite a reputation.'

The landlady looks up from her constitutional flagon. 'Oh ahh?' she rumbles.

'Yes,' you reply, 'I've heard quite a few interesting tales about this place. Know anything about them?'

Eviron frowns. 'About what, exactly?'

Do you say:

The Shocker?	Turn to **13**
The Cabal of the Werewolf?	Turn to **145**
The Eternal Fraternity of the Rosy Chalice?	Turn to **351**
Karam Gruul?	Turn to **233**

388

You tie Gruul to a nearby tree, then you join the men who have dismounted and taken up positions at the crest of the hill. The atmosphere is tense. It is no motley crew that is racing to destroy you; it is a vicious band of seasoned fighters. You steel yourself as the Cabal riders come charging up the hill. During the ensuing skirmish, you must fight three opponents at the same time:

	SKILL	STAMINA
RAVEN LORD	6	8
ORC ASSASSIN	7	6
TROLL TORTURER	8	9

If you win, you look around and see that, despite the odds, your companions have put up a valiant fight and victory is yours. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **240**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **310**.

389

You lift the circular hatch and clamber down into the cramped cellar of the mill. The low-ceilinged room is bare, save for the large statue that stands against the opposite wall: it is a stone gargoyle whose fierce, open mouth is sealed by some sort of metal grille – and whose bejewelled eyes flare up like two emerald torches in the gloom. You shield your eyes, as a voice booms out through the statue's unmoving mouth: 'Report!' The gargoyle must be some kind of mystical conveyor of tidings. But what of the guttural voice? Could it be that of Karam Gruul? It barks once more, 'Zaar! Report!' The green eyes of the gargoyle glow even more brightly. If you wish to 'report', turn to **262**; but if you would prefer to remain silent, turn to **241**.

390

'Now that's not very gentlemanly of yer,' moans Hogg, 'not very sportin' at all. Mister Kilmarney an' my good self will be most upset if yer refuse to seal our buddin' agreement with a cup o' goodwill. Now

come on, there. Sink the flagon and we'll consign this misunderstandin' to the annals of history.'

If you have the *Sleight of Hand* Special Skill, turn to 72. If you do not, will you now drink the ale, in order to keep the body-snatchers happy (turn to 11), or remain steadfast in your refusal (turn to 174)?

391

You reach up, grab the wooden beam – and howl in pain as three of your fingers go splashing into the water! Inserted in the top of the beam is a razor-sharp blade. It was only natural that you should reach for the beam – as did the twelve men who fell into the pit before you. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from both your current and *Initial* SKILL scores. You clutch your maimed hand as the water continues to rise. If you haven't done so already, you may now climb up the rungs (turn to 140). Otherwise, all that remains for you to do is to offer a silent prayer to your gods (turn to 170).

392

The moment you make as if to strike at the woman, she steps back and unsheathes her swordstick! Despite her age, you will find her a most worthy opponent.

MONOCLED WOMAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

After one round of combat, turn to 126.

393

For reasons you cannot fathom, Craven Asylum for the chronically insane is the most popular of Blackhaven's tourist attractions. Decadent folk actually pay to enter what must be the city's most wretched hellhole! Tales from the asylum speak of countless dark deeds, one rumour being that sane folk can be locked away in there on payment of the right price! Such may well be the case with Matra Ouspenskaya. The asylum itself is a squat, grey stone block, its blank face broken here and there by a few barred windows; so it is with some trepidation that you approach the fortified doorway. If you have a Letter of Introduction, turn to 232. If you do not, but you do have the *Disguise* Special Skill, turn to 382. If you have neither, turn to 332.

394

Exercising the utmost caution, you ease the side door open and slip inside. Within, it is so dark that you can barely see your hand in front of your face. You close the door behind you and step forward. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 316; if you are Unlucky, turn to 355.

395

The cruel Provosts have their backs turned to you as they force the beggar to eat a dung pie, so you carefully tiptoe across to the gibbet. If you have the *Sneak* Special Skill and the Skull of Mora Tao, turn to **263**; if you have the *Sneak* Special Skill only, turn to **371**; otherwise, turn to **204**.

396

One step . . . two . . . then you spring forward and grab hold of the rear of the vehicle. As the carriage gains speed, you haul yourself up on to the roof. Although he is holding the reins, the driver is saying and doing nothing. From your position, it would be equally easy to attack him (turn to **266**), to climb down inside the carriage (turn to **137**) or simply to stay just where you are and wait to see where the carriage is going (turn to **163**)

397

The bell-tower is a high wooden scaffold surmounted by a belfry, access to which is gained by means of a long ladder. When you get to the bottom of the tower, however, you see that the ladder has been hacked to pieces! A Fogwalker looms up out of the mist

FOGWALKER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, roll one die; if you roll a 6, you contract the plague from your opponent and die. If you survive and you have the *Climb* Special Skill, you may clamber up the wooden scaffold (turn to **381**). Otherwise, you had better make for either the bonfire (turn to **21**), the door with the red cross (turn to **48**), the door with the rose-shaped handle (turn to **158**), or the door beneath the wooden sign (turn to **286**).

398

Taking the utmost care, you skip nimbly up the stairs and follow the landing round to Entador's front door. Without knocking, you open the door and step inside; turn to **87**.

399

The Last Octopus has already opened its doors to those in need of early morning refreshment. If you wish, and only if you have the proper costume and Special Skill, you may take the time to disguise yourself as a Brician noble before entering the tavern. Inside, you may buy yourself a heart-warming measure of Koszak; if you do, cross 2 Gold Pieces off your

Adventure Sheet and restore 4 STAMINA points. From the bar, you can see that most of the tables are already taken. A game of some sort seems to be going on at one of them; maybe there's money to be won there Or perhaps you should try talking to Eviron, the surly landlady; if the Cabal does meet here, she must know about it Then again, there could be someone among this scurvy lot who would like to talk to *you;* they certainly won't approach you unless you're on your own. So will you:

Talk with the landlady?	Turn to 387
Stand alone at the bar?	Turn to 361
Go and join in the game?	Turn to 70

400

Without thinking, you throw the Hexalpha up into the air. The silver star shoots forward then flies round in a wide circle, encompassing the entire courtyard, before returning to your hand. As the orbit is made, your invisible foe materializes before you. It is an Ectoplasmic Lurker, whose death will release *Notura*, the same mystic energy used to power the Hexalpha. Each time you win a round of combat, add the same number of points to your STAMINA that your foe loses.

ECTOPLASMIC LURKER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 8

If you win, there is nothing for you to do other than to go back out and try the left-hand gate. Turn to 114.

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1992
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in Monophoto Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

As an adventurer in the Forest of Night in north-east Allansia you are renowned for your skill with sword and bow, and for your knowledge of the Forest. In fact, the people of Grimmund rely on you to protect them from the many dangers that exist in this wild region.

The danger which now threatens Grimmund, and perhaps the whole Forest, is greater than any you have so far encountered. Before you can begin the quest to destroy it, however, you must first find out exactly how good an adventurer you are. You will use dice to determine your attributes, which you will then record on the *Adventure Sheet* on pages 18–19. You will also use the *Adventure Sheet* to record the progress of your adventure. Either use a pencil and an eraser, or make photocopies of the *Adventure Sheet*, for it will certainly take more than one attempt for you to save the Forest of Night.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the total and enter the result in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter the total in the LUCK box

These are your *Initial* scores, and you must keep a permanent record of them. Any of your scores may change during your adventure, but they will exceed your *Initial* scores only if you are given specific instructions to that effect.

Your SKILL score represents your ability as a warrior and adventurer; it says how well you fight, how well you track, and how well you know the Forest. Your STAMINA is your health and fitness, and your ability to survive wounds and physical hardship. Your LUCK represents how in tune you are with your world and your gods; a high LUCK score means that these forces will be with you and will come to your aid from time to time.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. If this does happen, however, it will usually be because of some temporary effect, like losing your weapon. If you do permanently lose points of SKILL, there are potions that will help: one of these is the Potion of Skill, which will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* value. Remember, your SKILL cannot be raised above its *Initial* value unless you are specifically told.

Stamina

Your STAMINA will change frequently, since you will undoubtedly suffer many wounds and much exhaustion as your adventure proceeds. You will then be able to heal these ills using your Herb Lore – the art of healing with herbs and mosses. Each Bundle of Herbs restores up to 4 STAMINA points. However, there is another way in which you may recover STAMINA: should you manage to get hold of one, a Potion of Strength will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Remember, your STAMINA cannot be raised above its *Initial* value. If your STAMINA ever reaches zero, then you are dead: stop reading immediately. This is not the end, of course, for you may create another character and start the adventure again from the beginning.

Luck

One reason for your being such a great adventurer is because you are naturally attuned to the Forest and travel under the watchful eyes of its gods. This attribute is measured by your LUCK score. There have been many times when your LUCK has turned the tide of a battle or made an arrow hit that would otherwise have missed. However, as your LUCK runs out it becomes less and less effective. Therefore, you should be careful not to squander it, for it is difficult to restore. In fact, one of the few sure methods of regaining it is to drink a Potion of Fortune. Not only will this restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level, it will also add 1 point to its *Initial* level before it is restored. You should note, however, that in general other additions to your LUCK will not raise it above its *Initial* value.

Combat

During your adventure you will meet many different people and creatures. Some of them will attack you; with others you will take the initiative. When this occurs, the first thing you should do is to record your adversary's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on the *Adventure Sheet*. Make a note also of any special abilities or instructions that are unique to this particular opponent. It is important that these records are made carefully, for an encounter may last over several numbered paragraphs. Once you have done this, you may begin the battle, either at a distance or hand-to-hand.

Using Your Bow

You have been shown how to make and use a bow by Sorrel, one of the Elves of Ash Cleeve. Your bow even bears Sorrel's emblem: a small carving of an owl.

You will be informed whenever there is an opportunity for you to use your bow. You will also be told how many arrows you may fire before something occurs to stop you. This will usually be the onset of hand-to-hand combat, in which a bow is useless. For ranged combat, use the following sequence:

1. Roll two dice and compare the total with your current SKILL score.
2. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you have hit your opponent, inflicting damage; deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA. Go to step 4.
3. If the total rolled is higher than your SKILL, your arrow has missed and so does no damage. At this point, you may use your LUCK to change the outcome (see below).
4. If your opponent now has a STAMINA score of zero or less, it is dead. You have won the battle and should continue with the adventure.
5. If you have not fired the permitted number of arrows and have some left, you may fire another – return to step 1. If you have fired all the arrows you were allowed, or if you have run out of arrows, you should go on to the next stage of the battle as detailed in the numbered paragraph.

Hand-to-hand Combat

For close-quarter, hand-to-hand combat, most often you will use your sword; this is the normal weapon of Allansian adventurers and most people know how to use one. But *you* are not most people: you have gained much valuable experience in the use of this weapon and so you are of above-average ability. For hand-to-hand combat, follow this sequence:

1. Roll two dice and add the total to your opponent's SKILL score. This is its Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice and add the total to your own SKILL. This is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is the higher, you have wounded your opponent; go to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is the higher, it has wounded you; go to step 5. If the Attack Strengths are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start a new Attack Round from step 1.

4. Deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA. You may use your LUCK here to do more damage (see below). Go to step 6.
5. Deduct 2 points from your own STAMINA. You may use your LUCK here so that you are less seriously wounded (see below).
6. Make sure you have recorded on your *Adventure Sheet* all adjustments to the STAMINA score of yourself or your opponent, and to your LUCK score.
7. If either you or your opponent has a STAMINA score of zero or less, go to step 8. Otherwise, you both fight on; begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1.
8. If your opponent's STAMINA score has reached zero, you have killed it and can continue with the adventure. If your own STAMINA has reached zero, you are dead; you must start the adventure again from the beginning, first rolling the dice to create a new character.

Using Luck

Testing your Luck

To find out whether Dame Luck has been favourable to you, you should *Test your Luck*. In battles, you may sometimes do this without being given the option; the procedure for this is given below. However, most of the time you may *Test your Luck* only when you are specifically instructed to do so.

To *Test your Luck*, roll two dice. If the total is less than

or equal to your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky, and the outcome will be in your favour. If the total is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK the more risky this procedure will become.

Using Luck in Combat

When you are fighting with your sword or a similar weapon, you may use your LUCK either to inflict greater damage on your opponent or to minimize the damage your enemy does to you.

Whenever you wound an opponent, you may *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a graver wound than usual – deduct an *extra* 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, you have inflicted a lighter wound than normal – deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA instead of the usual 2.

Whenever *you* are wounded, you may *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the wound inflicted on you was only a glancing blow – deduct 1 point from your STAMINA instead of the usual 2. If you are Unlucky, the wound is more serious – deduct 1 *extra* point from your STAMINA.

You may also use your LUCK to improve your accuracy with the bow. If the dice roll indicates that an arrow

has missed, you may *Test your Luck* to reverse the result. If you are Lucky, the arrow will veer at the last moment and hit your opponent. If you are Unlucky, not only will the arrow miss – the bow-string will snap, and you won't be able to repair it until after your opponent is dead . . . if you survive that long!

Fighting More Than One Opponent

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, you may be instructed to fight them in turn. In this case, fight each one singly as detailed above. If there are no instructions as to the order to fight them in, fight them in the order in which they are listed.

If you are not instructed to fight your opponents one at a time, then you must fight them all simultaneously. Follow this sequence:

1. Decide which of your opponents you are attacking this Attack Round. This will be your Chosen Adversary.
2. Roll two dice and work out your Attack Strength.
3. Roll two dice for each of your opponents and work out the Attack Strength of each of them.
4. Resolve this Attack Round's combat against your Chosen Adversary in the usual way.
5. Compare your Attack Strength with that of each of your other opponents. Any opponent who has a higher Attack Strength has hit you, inflicting the usual damage upon you; any opponent who has an equal or lower Attack Strength has missed you. Remember: you cannot hit any of them, since you can only fight one creature at a time.
6. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for each hit you have sustained from these other opponents. You may use your LUCK here so that the wounds inflicted upon you do you less damage; you must make a separate LUCK roll for each hit (see above).
7. If you are still alive but have not yet won the battle, begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1.

It may happen in the course of your adventures that you find an ally. If you do, the procedure for combat is the same as above, except that now it will be your opponent (or opponents) who has to choose whom to attack. Whenever this occurs, you will be instructed how to determine which of you your opponent or opponents attacks.

Equipment

In the Forest you are able to find herbs and other things you may need, so you generally travel light. You wear a suit of light and supple leather armour that Sorrel gave you and carry the bow he helped you make. Slung over your shoulder you have a quiver which at present contains the greatest number of arrows it can ever hold: 6 arrows. Your sword is a fine weapon, forged by the Dwarven smiths in Sardath; should you ever lose it, you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength, unless you can find another

weapon. You also have a backpack for your herbs, gold and anything else you may find on your journey. When you begin this adventure, your pack contains 15 Gold Pieces and 5 Bundles of Herbs.

As well as being an adventurer, you are also a member of the Grimmund Council; probably your most important possession is your Council Signet Ring which gives you the rights, privileges and responsibilities of a Councillor. On it is your seal, made with such magic that it is almost impossible to copy.

Time

The Allansian week has seven days, as listed on your *Adventure Sheet*. For various reasons, time is crucial to your mission; therefore, at the beginning of each day, you should note which day it is by putting a tick in the new day's box. Your adventure begins in the middle of Highday night, so the first day you tick off will be Stormsday . . . if you make it through to the morning.

Notes on Play

First, make sure you have read through the above rules. Even if you have played Fighting Fantasy before, there are some new facts which you should know: a description of yourself as an adventurer; descriptions of three potions; and rules for Herb Lore and firing your bow.

Secondly, concerning geography: the Forest of Night is known territory. There is a map of the area on page 6 of the book; this represents your intimate knowledge of the Forest, so you should be able to travel around without getting lost. However, should you stray into the Freezeblood Mountains, you will be in unknown territory, so it is advisable to make a careful map as you go along.

Thirdly, you should make careful notes about everything you find in the course of your adventures. It is possible to complete your mission by trial and error, but it is more rewarding to do so through good thinking.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

GOLD	ARROWS (MAX. 6)	BUNDLES OF HERBS

NOTES	DAY OF THE WEEK	EQUIPMENT
	STORMSDAY	
	MOONSDAY	
	FIREDAY	
	EARTHDAY	
	WINDSDAY	
	SEADAY	
	HIGHDAY	

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
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A CURIOUS MESSENGER

The cold air stings your throat as you desperately draw it into your lungs; the forest trail streaks past beneath your thundering feet. When you look over your shoulder, all you can see are the malevolent fir trees and the dark forest closing in behind you, so you run even harder to get away.

Suddenly the trees are gone, and you find yourself standing before a huge, isolated mountain. As you watch, a great fissure opens up in its side, and darkness pours from within, staining the snow with its evil. Slowly, the gloom forms itself into an army of jet-black soldiers who surge towards you. In the blinking of an eye, you are engulfed.

You awaken with a start, dispelling the nightmare. A Council messenger is standing over you. 'I am sorry to have woken you up,' he says. 'A traveller has just arrived, and Grissa has called an emergency Council meeting.'

A short time later, you take your place in the Council Chamber of the Grimmund Town Hall. Grissa, the Council Leader, stands up. 'This,' she says, indicating a rather travel-worn man sitting beside her, 'is Morn Preeler, an adventurer from Zengis. He has informed me that our fears are true – it is the Forest which has cut us off from Sardath. All those trying to get

through have either been forced to turn back or have died in the attempt.' And with that, Grissa sits down.

Morn Preeler rises to explain. 'The Wood Elves have had to abandon the Elf-paths because they have been invaded by trees and spanned by the webs of Giant Spiders. And, due to the spawning of all manner of horrific monsters and the rising of Slykk armies, killing indiscriminately, the river has become impassable.'

Grissa stands up again. 'I think it is clear that the only way to protect ourselves is to fight this evil in any way we can. Even if it means burning some of the Forest.'

'You cannot do this!' you shout in sudden anger. Everybody looks at you in surprise. 'I have travelled the Forest all my life. It is a dark and fearsome place; the paths are kept open by hard work and diligence alone. But it is a place in balance. It is no good declaring war on the Forest. Have you forgotten that it supplies you with your livelihoods? You should regard it as your friend.' Berend, one of the older Councillors, looks at you bitterly, his mouth twisted from the after-effects of Spider poison. You remain undaunted. 'Even the Giant Spiders and the troublesome Slykk are a part of that balance. Do you think for one moment that the Slykk would cut off the river when our trading boats are their primary source of weapons and luxuries from the west?'

'What do *you* say has happened, then?' shouts Tharborn.

'It is a new and much darker enemy that threatens us. I am not yet sure what it is, but I do know that it is neither the Forest nor any of its inhabitants. We have lived in the Forest for centuries and have ourselves become part of the balance. The Wood Elves and people like Colrhyn and myself have made sure of that.' You pause. 'No. Something alien to this part of Allansia is doing this.'

'I think you are deluding yourself with these ideas of a dark enemy,' says Grissa. 'We all know how much you love the Forest. Perhaps this love is clouding your judgement. If you had heard Morn's story, you would understand.'

'If I may,' says Morn Preeler to Grissa, 'I think it would be fruitful for me to tell my story to the Honourable Councillor. As a fellow adventurer, I believe he will understand what I have seen.' When Grissa hesitates, he continues, 'Perhaps it would save the Council time if I were to brief the Councillor in another room?'

'An excellent idea,' says Grissa. She looks at you and gestures towards the door.

Somewhat sullenly you ask Morn to follow you. He picks up his pack, slings it across his back, and respectfully takes his leave of the Council. You lead him along the empty corridors and up two flights of stairs to the Council Recess Chamber. Opposite the door is a large window. It is dark outside and, when Morn sees his reflection, he flinches. You shrug inwardly and sit down on one of the comfortable chairs. Your pack

is virtually empty, so you don't bother to take it off. Your bow and arrows are a little bulky, however, so you unsling them and put them down beside the chair. 'Now then, Morn,' you say, 'let's hear your story.'

'It's quite simple,' he says, sidling across to you. 'When I was travelling through the Forest, I was accosted and killed by a powerful creature. He then assumed my form and came here in order to kill the only person left in the Forest who had any chance of thwarting the plans of his people!'

Turn to 1.

1

You sit there for a moment, stunned and bewildered by what Morn has just said. It is only when he grabs your left wrist and tears the Council Ring from your finger that you realize you are in danger You leap to your feet, but Morn jumps backwards out of your way.

'And now that I have your Council Ring,' he says, 'I will be able to impersonate you and persuade the Grimmund Council to take their people into the Forest, where they will surely die' You edge towards him cautiously, not sure what magic he is armed with. As you do so, a sinister transformation takes place. The back of his tunic bulges, then tears as two huge, bat-like wings burst forth. He stretches them wide and takes a step forward, holding up his arms as if calling on a great power; slowly they change to a jet-black colour, his hands becoming fierce talons 'On your own you might have made it through the Forest alive, armed as you are with knowledge and wit. But now it is too late.' He reaches out to attack you. Will you draw your sword and fight him (turn to **381**) or dodge out of his way and run (turn to **398**)?

2

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **225**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **248**.

3

You follow the walkway until it comes to a wide staircase. This is less unnerving to climb than the other stairway, but you are glad when the archway at the top leads to an enclosed tunnel. However, this tunnel

is decorated with shadowy wall-paintings whose gruesome effect is made worse by the unnatural light coming from the surrounding fungi. With this sickness as a spur, you hurry through into the next cavern.

Half expecting some unknown horror, you take a tentative glance at your surroundings. You are standing at the beginning of a long walkway in a huge cavern. On your right there are some tall buildings of a bizarre construction; to your left, a row of impossibly slender pillars rises up beside the cavern wall. You go along the walkway for some distance until you come to a stairway which soars up towards the ceiling on the pillars you saw before; it ends at a balcony high above the archway through which you came. If you continue along the walkway, turn to **369**. If you climb the stairway, you eventually reach the balcony; you walk to the edge and look out (turn to **135**).

4

As your watch comes to an end, Roxsir appears from below. The others tell him about the impostor, and he thanks you profusely (regain 1 LUCK point) 'Lokimur is sleeping, but I will make sure that he knows how brave you have all been Now I will escort you through the tunnels back to the surface.'

'Goodbye, then,' he says when you get to the bottom of the mine shaft, 'and many thanks for what you have done for our people.' You wish him good luck, then get into the cage and haul yourself back to the surface. Once there, you leave the cave and soon you are

standing once again on the top of the mountain pass. If you go down the north-west side, turn to **51**. If you go down the south-east side, you eventually get back to the mountain path. Will you now go north-east towards the spire-shaped mountain (turn to **323**) or south-west towards the river (turn to **101**)?

5

The track leads you north-east up a gently rising valley, with the north side of the ridge on one side and some very steep mountains on the other. After some time, you come to a junction where the track meets another going north-west up a steep slope to a mountain pass. It doesn't look like an easy route, but it is not beyond your capabilities. In the far distance to the north-east is a spire-shaped mountain, so high that its peak is hidden in the clouds. A massive storm is raging in these clouds, with bright lightning flashes and rumbles of thunder. Will you go north-west (turn to **108**), or carry on north-east (turn to **323**)?

6

The Mirror Demon's long, cruel nails grasp your flesh fiercely. But instead of trying to destroy you, she drags you towards the shield and you are unable to stop her from pulling you into her dimension. Your adventure ends here

7

You wait for some time, desperately trying to come up with a plan to get you out of this situation.

Suddenly you feel strange – the transformation potion is wearing off! When he sees what is happening to you, one of the Guards screams, 'Human!' and they all attack. You fight as best you can, but there are just too many of them. Your adventure is over.

8

As you walk along the path, the trees loom ominously overhead. Many of the Giant Spider webs have been woven much closer to the trail than usual – some threads are even stretched across the path. Fortunately, the Spiders in this area are trappers, not hunters, so you are safe as long as you don't get caught in one of their webs. You walk for many hours, wondering how the Elves could have let the path get so overgrown. You keep the pace brisk to prevent the cold getting to you, but some subtler chill still penetrates. As the sun is setting, you reach the place where some of your questions may be answered: the fork in the road where the Elf village is hidden among the trees. Turn to **332**.

9

The trees loom overhead as you walk along Colrhyn's Track; it grows darker and darker, until you can hardly tell what time of day it is. In the absence of sunlight, the cold penetrates your bones, dampening your spirit. If the path is in this state, something dreadful must have happened to Colrhyn. A sudden thundering noise alerts you and you turn. In an instant, a Giant Wolf Spider appears, a webless predator much fiercer than the wolf it is named after. It moves towards you on its

immense legs, its huge mandibles clicking hungrily. There is just time to fire one arrow if you want to.

GIANT WOLF SPIDER SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, you leave the body of the unfortunate Spider behind you and keep on walking. Some time in the late afternoon you arrive at an even narrower and darker track running south-east. Do you choose to go down this track (turn to **192**) or carry on north-east along the main trail (turn to **394**)?

10

Having gained the advantage, you roll and twist, grasping Morn round the neck in an effort to get him in a firm hold. He struggles to free himself. Roll two dice to determine the Attack Strength of yourself and the impostor. If the result is a draw, you both struggle, but no advantage is gained – roll again. If you win the Attack Round, turn to **69**. If Morn wins the Attack Round, he twists out of your grip and you are back on level terms – return to **212** and continue the fight.

11

'I would suggest that you leave now,' he says. 'You are not really of sufficiently exalted standing to be here.'

You hesitate for a moment – there may be information still to be gleaned from this room or some item that will help you complete your mission. However, one of the other Dark Elves raises his hand and twists his fingers into a weird contortion, possibly a gesture for a spell. 'Didn't you hear him? Or would you like me to use force?' Several Dark Elves turn and stare at you malevolently. There are far too many of them for you to fight, so you leave. Turn to **29**.

12

You turn away from the crumbling body, approach the door, and strike it three times with your sword. There is a loud click, and you watch thankfully as the door slides into the wall. As you step out into the cold night air, the door closes behind you. Turn to **349**.

13

You walk for some distance until you reach a narrow tunnel in the cavern wall. But something about the tunnel feels wrong, somehow. The world begins to spin, and you lose all sense of where you are. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you feel an intense dizziness and start staggering from one side of the walkway to the other. Unable to stop yourself, you stumble and fall over the side – your adventure is over. If you are Lucky, you recover at the last moment and find yourself gazing into what looks like an infinite abyss. If this is the first time you have experienced this effect, you will still be disorientated for some days (lose 1 SKILL point). If you've undergone this trial before, the symptoms are not worsened. When you finally come to, you can't quite work out where you are, except that you are on a walkway. Roll one die; if you roll:

1–2	Turn to **177**
3–4	Turn to **324**
5–6	Turn to **370**

14

At that moment a young Dark Elf comes running in, holding a piece of paper. 'Archduke Awlenion?' he asks.

One of the elite Guards saunters up to him and takes the message. 'Just a few Wood Elves,' he comments laconically. 'It will only take a couple of cohorts.' Some of the warriors prepare themselves and hurry away excitedly to battle. However, a lot of them have stayed behind – obviously they don't see the Wood

Elves as much of a threat. Suddenly you feel strange – the transformation potion is wearing off! When he sees what is happening to you, one of the elite Guards screams, 'Human!' and they all attack. You fight as well as you can, but there are just too many of them. Your adventure is over.

15

You walk up the dark, narrow track for an hour or so, until you come to the main Forest trail. You look south-west down the trail into the Forest, wondering whether you should go back in. But then you remember your dream of the black army coming out of the mountain, so you turn north-east. Turn to **394**.

16

You leave the road at once and head north-west towards the western edge of the Freezeblood wall, keeping your eyes fixed on the Black Flyers. Once they have gathered together into a flying formation, they circle once, before heading north-west. You chase them as fast as you can, but the Black Flyers gain speed very quickly and you soon lose sight of them completely. You sit down for a moment, wondering despondently what to do next. After a while the slowly rising sun warms you a little, restoring your will to go on. Will you return to the road and follow it into Sardath (turn to **293**) or carry on into the mountains, either north (turn to **175**) or north-west (turn to **104**)?

17

Holding your bow high, you fire an arrow at the approaching Giant Eagle. It is not frightened by your attack and, whether you hit it or not, it keeps on diving towards you. There is now no time to do anything but draw your sword. Turn to **89** and fight the creature, remembering first to deduct 2 points from its STAMINA if your arrow hit it.

18

You slap your hand over your mouth and pinch your nostrils closed with your thumb and forefinger. Thus protected against the spores, you run down the tunnel until you are past the fungus. However, after just a few metres, the floor suddenly gives way and you tumble into a pit, hundreds of metres deep, with only old Dark Elf bones and your death waiting for you at the bottom.

19

During the night there is a noise near by and you wake up instinctively. Cautiously you open your eyes and slowly turn your head. Several metres away stands a Giant Spider, its bulbous body sagging down between its mottled red legs It leers at you with its myriad eyes, obviously intent on attacking. Will you leap up and charge at it (turn to **156**) or draw your bow swiftly and fire an arrow (turn to **219**)?

20

As you walk along the riverbank, you begin to see just how strong your dark enemy must be Even though the canopy of trees is now so dense that hardly any light shines through, the river is completely choked with unnatural weeds swirling around, some seemingly feeding on others Lazing in the shadows are grossly bloated fish, nibbling at one another. When you finally emerge from the Forest, you are relieved to see the sun shining on the Freezeblood Mountains. However, as you walk north to Gwinir's Bridge, you begin to realize that the nightmare is not over, for there is a terrible darkness hanging over Sardath With some trepidation, you walk towards the town. Turn to **293**.

21

You take great care as you walk through the Forest Even though there are no giant webs to look out for, there is still the threat of attack by Giant Pirate Spiders. These creatures drop from trees on a single thread, injecting their victims with poison before they

have a chance to react. Several hours pass, without any sign of danger, and in the late afternoon you arrive at the foot of the South Guard Mountains unhindered. These are the last obstacle between you and Sardath. Since you are not a mountaineer, you cannot climb over them, so you decide to trek round their western edge. However, as you walk north to the Zengis Road, you gradually realize that your problems are only just beginning, for there is a terrible blackness hanging over Lake Sardmere. Will you carry on north into the mountains (turn to **104**) or travel along the road towards Sardath (turn to **293**)?

22

As the ghostly form of Khornu Wych drifts apart, an icy wind blows through the tomb and there is a distant scream, then all is still. With renewed confidence, you step up to the empty sarcophagus to take a closer look. At the back, you can just make out the faint outline of a door. You push it . . . and it opens. As you step through into the next chamber, a rumbling sound begins and the ceiling starts to cave in. Luckily the destruction is only in the area of the doorway – opening it must have weakened the ages-old building.

However, when you look around, you realize that you have not been as lucky as you thought, for there is no other exit from this chamber! If you have been hit by the Ghost, turn to **44**. Otherwise, turn to **92**.

23

Being out at night this close to the mountains is a new experience for you and you are a little unnerved by their immense, brooding presence, especially as you can see them only in dark outline against the night sky. After you have been walking for several hours, you distinguish another dark shape. This one is some way ahead, moving along the road towards you. You stop and peer into the darkness. The creature coming towards you is like nothing you have ever seen: a huge Black Mammoth, its trunk armed with spikes and its tusks unnaturally twisted. Will you draw your bow and shoot at it (turn to **319**), try to hide from it (turn to **379**), or draw your sword and stand your ground (turn to **253**)?

24

Test your Luck twice. If you are Lucky both times, turn to **124**. If you are Unlucky either time, turn to **395**.

25

Despite your efforts to stop him, Morn locks an inky-black arm round your throat and squeezes. 'Now then,' he says, 'stand up without struggling and I'll let you live.' You have no choice but to comply. Once you are both on your feet, Morn tightens his grip even further. 'In a moment, we are going to run and dive

out of the Recess Chamber window. If you want to go on living, you'll hang on to me.' Again you have no choice. Suddenly you are running; there is a crash of glass, a whoosh of air, and you are soaring up into the dark sky. In a few moments you are flying out of the village towards the River Sardath. If you prefer to do nothing, turn to 373; but if you want to get free, you will have to struggle against the impostor's grip. Roll two dice and work out your Attack Strength. Do the same for Morn, but deduct 2 points from his Attack Strength since he is flying as well as trying to hold you. If the result is a draw or if you win the Attack Round, you loosen his arms from your neck and let yourself drop just as you get above the water (turn to 310). If you lose the Attack Round, you are unable to escape (turn to 373).

26

Your mind gives a little mental push and the great white wings grow out of your back. You spread them wide and leap from the balcony. For a moment or two, you are totally absorbed by the exhilaration of flying, but a shout from below brings you back to your senses and you see many Dark Elves running to look at you. It is obvious that you are not a Black Flyer, for your wings are white and not at all bat-like. Bows are

drawn, and arrows fired; many of them strike home and you tumble down towards the Dark Elves. Your adventure is over.

27

You step up to the door and hammer out the sequence on the iron knocker. From nowhere a huge, booming voice echoes round the tunnel: 'What is the password?' What will you say:

'Faegh'?	Turn to 91
'Chaugh'?	Turn to 199
'Elath'?	Turn to 343

28

During the night, a Dwarf hand reaches out towards your neck. As it surrounds your throat, the hand transforms into a black claw, with long talons that clutch at your windpipe. The pain wrenches you from sleep, but you are unable to move or cry out. Your adventure is over.

29

You walk back to the huge door and wait as it opens for you. You step through and go back down the stairway to the junction. Some distance along the walkway, to the left, the warriors are still training, so you decide to take one of the other options. If you go straight ahead and down the stairway, turn to 391. If you go right, you soon reach a junction where a stairway goes off to the right. Will you go up these stairs to the balcony and look out (turn to 135) or

continue along the walkway to an archway in the wall of the cavern (turn to **228**)?

30

If you decide to shoot at them, the Black Flyers, being creatures of darkness, will easily pick you out as soon as you have fired two arrows. The first Black Flyer will then run to attack you and you will have to draw your sword to defend yourself against it while the other goes on trying to open the stone door. If you decide to charge at them without using your bow, you may make a free attack on one of them (choose your victim and deduct 2 points from his STAMINA). This adversary will then turn to fight you while the other attempts to open the door. If you kill your first adversary, the other will leave the door and come to avenge his companion.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BLACK FLYER	10	5
Second BLACK FLYER	7	7

If you win, turn to **262**.

31

As the Dark Elf turns his back on you, you realize you have the perfect opportunity to take him by surprise. You draw your sword swiftly and strike him on the back of the neck. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you kill him instantly. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you get in a good hit, stunning him momentarily. However, his armour saves his life and he is able to turn and defend himself.

ELITE DARK ELF	SKILL 9	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Dark Elf, you drag his body on to the walkway and drop it over the side. Then you walk back to the archway and go through the door. Turn to **103**.

32

The trader looks anxious. 'I beg you to reconsider,' he whines. 'I've been waiting just outside the village for ages for someone like you to come along. I hoped I could fool you into thinking that I had just arrived with fresh stock. The truth is, I haven't sold anything for days. If it wasn't for the danger, I would have left a long time ago and headed west for Zengis. But, alas . . .' He pauses for a moment, then grins. 'Tell you what, I'll give you a mystery free gift if you agree to buy something.' You ask him what kind of 'mystery gift'. 'A potion,' he says. You narrow your eyes – you'd guessed that much. 'Honestly, I don't know what it is. That's why it's a mystery!' He laughs nervously. Will you now agree to buy some of his potions (turn to **105**), or will you decline the trader's offer and continue on your way (turn to **130**)?

33

Since there is no path up the mountain, you are forced to scramble up its ridges and scree slopes as best you can. Your hands and feet gradually become numb with the cold and you flinch every time you have to push your hand through a patch of snow to find a hold. Suddenly there is a flash of lightning and a terrible explosion of sound. For an instant all you can see is a bright whiteness; then, as your sight gradually returns, you see a figure in a black robe standing in front of you. If you have met Thyra, turn to **80**. If you have not, will you attack the figure (turn to **259**), kneel before it (turn to **315**), or try to talk to it (turn to **117**)?

34

As you approach, you recognize the flowers as those of the Death Dripper, a highly dangerous carnivorous plant. If you were to touch its roots, the flowers would drip a fast-acting contact poison on to you – a risk you cannot afford to take. You turn your back on the plant and keep on walking north-west, thanking the teachings of Sorrel for saving your life Obviously the former owner of the sword was not so fortunate Some hours later, as the sun is beginning to set, you approach the fork in the road where the Elf village is hidden among the trees. Turn to **332**.

35

You walk all night without finding any landmark to tell you where you are Sometimes you go uphill, at other times down. As the night wears on you become increasingly tired (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA).

Eventually, the night draws to an end (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*), and in the dawn light you make out a road a short distance away. As you walk towards it, the sun comes up and you can see that you are still on the Fangthane Road, about half a kilometre from where you started. You also see a merchant wagon coming towards you from the east. The traveller is a Dwarf, obviously a trader from Fangthane. 'Good day to you, adventurer,' he says in his lilting north-eastern accent. You greet him, and ask him if he's going to Sardath. 'I am,' he replies. 'Can I give you a lift?' Will you accept his offer (turn to **220**) or warn him that there is danger in Sardath and that he should turn back (turn to **266**)?

36

Using the same route as you did before, you find your way back to the Dwarfs' sanctuary. The search for Lokimur takes some time but eventually you find him, surrounded by chaos and frantically giving orders to those round him. 'Have you returned to fight with us against the Toa-Suo?' he asks when he finally notices you. If you say that you have, turn to **74**. If you say that you want to speak with him again, he becomes embarrassed; clearly he is far too busy. 'It pains me to have to be so discourteous to so brave an adventurer,' he says, 'but I am responsible for many lives.' You tell him that you understand, and leave him to continue his work.

A Dwarf guard then escorts you out of the mine, and leads you to the south-east side of the pass. 'It is not safe to go down on the other side,' he says, 'unless you would like to fight the Toa-Suo single-handed.' You thank him for his advice and begin your descent. Some time later, you get back to the mountain trail in the valley. Will you now go north-east towards the spire-shaped mountain (turn to **323**), or south-west towards the river (turn to **240**)?

37

You immediately think of Bistort, the Forest Wood Elf who gave you the Snake Ring. When you say his name, his image appears on the surface of the pool. You speak to him, but he looks confused: he can hear you but cannot see you. Once you have explained to him what is going on, you tell him where you are and what has happened.

'Excellent,' he says. 'Do what you can. We are already in the mountains and will be with you soon.' You warn him of the Black Flyers. 'Wood Elves do not fear Dark Elves, whether they have wings or not. Try to get inside and free the slaves. With us fighting from the outside and you fighting from the inside, we will have them.' You say that you will do what you can. 'You have already done more than we could have hoped. We are grateful and our thoughts are with you.' As he says this, your Snake Ring doubles its length to fourteen coils and you tell Bistort that his energy is reaching you. 'Yes,' he says, 'Elf rings are sensitive in that way.'

You bid him farewell and tell him that you will see him soon. Before he has a chance to reply, his image

fades; the smooth, cultured voice comes into your head: 'To whom do you wish to speak?' Turn back to 99 and make another choice.

38

The only weapon you have to hand is your sword, so you draw it as swiftly as you can and lunge at the Sorcerer. His eyes flash bright yellow and the air between you crackles with energy. Before you have covered half the distance between you, you are paralysed, standing as still as a statue with your sword outstretched.

'So it was just foolishness, after all.' He shakes his head, apparently saddened by your weakness. 'Goodbye.' His eyes flash once more and your mind goes blank. Your adventure is over.

39

'Thyra Migum is a powerful demi-god who lives on the spire-shaped mountain, some way east of here. Storm Mountain, we call it in your language. I would not recommend you seeing her, for she seems to despise us all. She used to send storms to stop our mining activities, but we promised her that in due course we would refill all the tunnels we had made. For a while she was appeased, but we still need to send regular delegations to speak to her. It is a difficult job and many of them come back injured by the lightning she wields.'

If this is the second question that you have asked

Lokimur, turn to 274. If it is only the first, you may ask another. What will it be about:

What's happened to Sardath?	Turn to 97
Corianthus (if you know of him)?	Turn to 181
The Black Flyers?	Turn to 368
The Toa-Suo?	Turn to 385

40

There are many boats idling in the river. As you hurtle towards the water, you see a small empty rowing boat lying directly beneath you. A second later you crash into it, wrecking it completely (roll one die and deduct that many points from your STAMINA). If you survive, you glance upwards to see whether Morn is still there. He is circling around, so you take a deep breath and float, face down, in the water. You move downriver a little way, then lift your head for a moment to take another breath. Then you put your face back in the water. After ten minutes of this, you cautiously turn your head and look up into the sky again. It is difficult to tell in the darkness, but you're fairly sure that Morn has flown away. Relieved to have escaped, but glad because of what you have learned from the encounter, you swim to the bank of the river and climb out. Wet and cold, you make your way back to the Council Hall. Turn to 291.

41

Roll two dice and deduct 1 from the total. If this value is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 213. If it is greater than your SKILL, turn to 386.

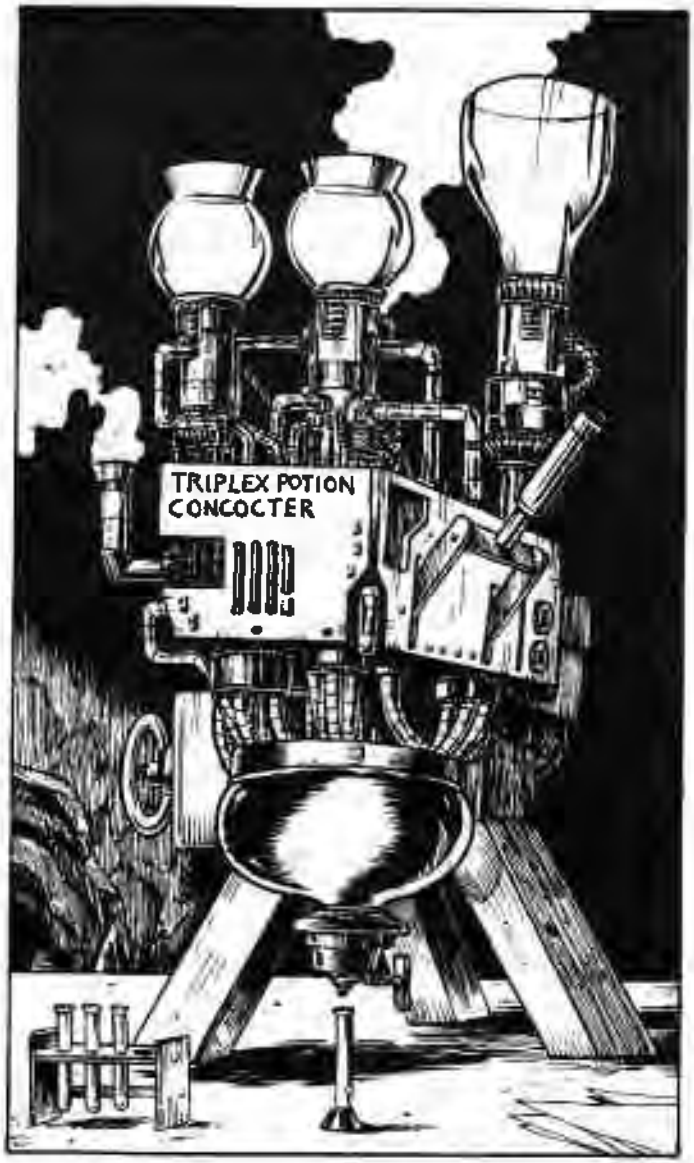

42

The laboratory is filled with a vast array of complex chemical apparatus. In the far corner, to your left, there is a gaping hole in the wall, leading to a dim, torch-lit tunnel. Against the wall next to this hole is a huge potion-making apparatus, with three funnels on top. If you have any magical components (not including any potions like the Mystery Potion or any of the Love Potions), you may climb on to the enormous bench and try to make a potion from them. Put one ingredient in each funnel, and then pull the lever to set the apparatus in motion. If you write the number of each of the components on the funnels (in pencil so that you can rub them out later), you will get a three-figure number; turn to that paragraph. If you manage to make a potion, you will be told immediately. However, if the paragraph makes no sense, turn to 190.

If you decide not to tamper with the apparatus, you search the room but find nothing else of any use, so you decide to leave. Will you go back through the door into the Library (turn back to 166) or enter the tunnel (turn to 102)?

43

With incredible bravery that is bordering on the foolhardy, you leap back towards the wagon to attack the monster before it can devour Fangnir.

CHTHONIAN TRAPPER SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you manage to kill this fearsome creature, you drag Fangnir, unharmed, out of the wreckage of his wagon.

But all his goods are lost and his poor horses are dead. All Fangnir can do for a few minutes is moan about his loss but, once he understands what has happened, he thanks you profusely for saving his life (regain 1 LUCK point); now, though, there is nothing for him to do but make his way back to Fangthane. You bid him farewell and watch as he trudges off east, mumbling to himself. You too must continue on foot. Will you travel west towards Sardath (turn to **232**) or turn north and head into the mountains (turn to **357**)?

44

A sudden subtle pain grips your body, and a great weakness afflicts your spirit; the touch of a Ghost can prove deadly. Your abilities as an adventurer and a warrior have been reduced; deduct points from your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores as listed in the following table:

NUMBER OF HITS	SKILL LOST	STAMINA LOST	LUCK LOST
1–2	1	2	1
3–4	2	4	2
5–6	4	8	3
7–8	7	14	4
9–10	11	22	5

If you have been hit more than 10 times, you are dead.

If you survive this seizure, you will be relieved to learn that its effects are not permanent. Potions, Herbs and so on will all cure you in the normal way, restoring your life-force in the process. Now turn to **92** to find out what manner of place it is that you are trapped in.

45

You walk along the badly overgrown path for several hours, keeping a look out for Giant Spiders. Suddenly . . . *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you feel a rush of air and are pushed to the ground by a hot, sticky body and a mass of legs. There is a sharp pain in your neck as a Giant Pirate Spider injects you with its poison. In just a few moments you are paralysed and you will be eaten at the Spider's leisure. If you are Lucky, you see the Spider before it drops and just have time to dodge out of its way. It hangs over the path on a single thread, its myriad eyes staring at you and its huge jaws clicking. When you draw your sword, however, it scuttles nervously back up into the tree. You skirt round it and walk on. Many hours later, as evening is approaching, you decide to stop and make camp, so you shake out your blankets, eat a little food, and settle down to sleep. Turn to **82**.

46

Just as the Beetle reaches you, you leap out of its way. Unable to change direction, it goes thundering past you, straight into the web of a Giant Spider. With lightning speed, the Spider scuttles down its web and attacks the writhing creature. Within seconds it is still. The Spider clamps its jaws round the body and hauls it high up in the tree, where you can see it wrapping the Beetle in silk to be hung for eating later on. Turn to **308**.

47

You walk east between the ridge and the river until you come to a junction where the river is joined by a tributary coming down from the north; it is a raging torrent of water, flowing just past the eastern edge of the ridge. Since it is unfordable, you are forced to turn and walk north along its bank. When you reach the north side of the ridge, you see that the stream descends from a fascinating, spire-shaped mountain, so high that you can get only an occasional glimpse of its sharp peak through the clouds. A massive storm is raging in these clouds, with bright lightning flashes

and rumbles of thunder. Will you follow the stream towards the mountain (turn to **182**) or avoid it by turning north-west (turn to **145**)?

48

Beyond the archway is a short corridor, an enclosed space whose walls and ceiling shield you from having to look at the insane nature of the bottomless cavern. Tentatively at first, but then more confidently, you take in your surroundings. The corridor is roughly carved, with strange fungi growing on the damp walls, and the dim torches hiss and spit when drips of water fall on them from the ceiling. About ten metres away there is an archway on the left; a few metres further on, the corridor ends at a door. Carefully avoiding any contact with the fungi, you walk along to the archway which, you can now see, leads back out into the bottomless cavern. Will you go through the archway (turn to **236**) or carry on along the corridor and go through the door (turn to **205**)?

49

In the middle of the night you wake up, only to find yourself bound by a mass of thick, sticky spider webs. A Giant Spider, rearing up on its four hind legs, is spitting threads at you from some distance away. As you struggle to free yourself, the Spider skitters towards you, its bloated, yellow-spotted body pulsating with excitement. Roll two dice. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you are unable to free yourself and the Spider will fall on you before you can retaliate. Though in no way a fighter, since it has you in its web

the Giant Spitting Spider can drop its loathsome body on top of you and inject you with its paralysing poison, putting an untimely end to both your life and your mission. However, if the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, you escape from the webs just as the Spider falls on you. Turn to **320**.

50

The whole sky is black with thick clouds; there is absolutely no sign of the sun. You can see a faint glimmer of light on the horizon, but Sardath and the mountains and forest that surround it are shrouded in darkness. Not only that: the skies are filled with Black Flyers. Having suppressed the peoples of this area for many days, they have bought their Sorcerer enough time for him to create this transformation. The area now belongs to them. You have failed.

51

This side of the pass is something like an amphitheatre: a beautiful blue-green lake, surrounded on all sides by steep cliffs. On the north side of the lake there is another pass, where the cliffs are lower and slope at a safe angle for walking. On the south side, the water from the lake flows into a stream, a raging torrent which surges through a gap in the cliffs. The several hundred metres of descent are much worse than the climbing was: every step sends a jolt through your legs. By the time you reach the bottom, you are desperate for a rest and a long, icy-cold drink from the lake. Having rested, will you now go round to the north side of the lake and start climbing the scree

slope up to the north pass (turn to **285**) or follow a rough track to a bridge at the head of the stream (turn to **224**)?

52

The chief of the Slykk stabs his sword into the clump of reeds in front of him and the warriors lower their spears. The Slykk on his left steps forward. 'Rurkk,' he says, pointing to himself and rattling the chain of dried fish-heads round his neck. 'Slykk magic.' In stilted Allansian and improvised sign language, you parley, with Rurkk translating for his chief. After several minutes of this, the chief croaks at Rurkk and makes a strange facial gesture. 'Must know where boats,' Rurkk says to you.

You tell Rurkk in some detail about your mission and the events that led you to undertake it.

'Know this creature!' says Rurkk when you tell him about Morn Preeler. He then describes an Elf-like creature, but with jet-black skin, who magically impersonated a Slykk and mixed with the tribe – until Rurkk

exposed him 'Elf carry this,' Rurkk says and hands you a small bundle wrapped in a piece of leather (which you may examine at any time by turning to paragraph **278**). Rurkk says 'Will now go.' You look up, but the Slykk have vanished into the reeds. You must move on: will you now sail on up the river (turn to **397**), sail to the east bank and walk north into the forest (turn to **267**), or sail to the west bank and walk south-west into the marsh (turn to **64**)?

53

As you leave the other two Black Flyers behind, you try to get Iulien to tell you more of his people's plans, but every question you ask is met with silence, so you abandon this tack and concentrate on working out where you are. A long way beneath you, the forest is still streaking past; ahead you can see a small group of mountains It must be the South Guard

A couple of hours later, when you have flown over the South Guard to Lake Sardmere, you finally see why no one has come from Sardath: the bridge has been destroyed and a huge army of Black Flyers is attacking the town Nevertheless the citizens of Sardath, led by Ydys Tinner's army, are managing somehow to keep them at bay. Now that you are over the lake, there is a chance for you to escape. If you don't want to take it, turn to **351**. If you do, you will have to wrestle free of Iulien's grip. Roll two dice and work out your Attack Strength. Do the same for Iulien (SKILL 7), but deduct 2 points from his Attack Strength since he is flying as well as trying to keep hold of you.

If the result is a draw or if you win the Attack Round, you tear his arms from you and drop into the lake (turn to **255**). If you lose the Attack Round, you may make two further attempts. If you still can't escape, turn to **351**

54

'Is no matter,' he says, clutching the bundle to his chest He mutters something else in his own language, then turns away He doesn't seem to expect a reply, so you just stand there for a moment, watching him walk back along the street When he disappears round a corner, you turn back the way you were going and walk on down the main road. Turn to **354**

55

Suddenly a great quantity of Slykk rise up out of the river and advance towards you, spears raised. Instinctively you gesture with your bow in a threatening manner towards the Slykk in front of you. The tribe stops, then one of them moves forward a little way. Being heavily laden with jewellery and other plunder, you reckon he must be the tribe's chief. If you wish to use your advantage in order to escape, you may back off into the Forest and head north (turn to **267**) – they will not attack. If you try to talk to the Slykk, turn to **355**.

56

When several of the Dark Elves look at you suspiciously, you realize you have made a mistake. The one who spoke to you says something else in his strange language, but you have no idea how to reply. Instead, you just turn and run. With so many warriors on your tail, however, you have no chance of escape. Your adventure ends here

57

As you stride out, the first few kilometres are bright and pleasant and the air clean and crisp. The forest on the opposite side of the river looks as dark as ever, but the farmland on this side is open and airy. As your journey progresses, the tall pines encroach on the track. You, of course, don't fear the forest's shadowy atmosphere, but there do seem to be more eyes peering at you from the dark spaces between the trees than you remember, and the background noise of

unknown creatures is closer. You suppress your misgivings and press on.

Towards midday you arrive at the point where the track crosses the river. You curse as you approach, for the ropes have been torn down from the trees on this side You would never dare to swim the river since it is icy cold and infested with predatory fish. However, you could try swinging across on one of the tree creepers (turn to **85**). Otherwise, you will have to carry on along the riverbank into the dark, pathless forest (turn to **342**).

58

'It's my duty to check everybody,' he says. 'I am one of the Sorcerer's Personal Guard. You know we're the toughest warriors in these caverns, so don't try to cross me'

'But you recognized me,' you insist. 'Surely you don't need to waste your time on formalities for someone you know both by name and by face?'

'Obviously you know nothing about security,' he replies loftily. 'You only get in if you're on the list' Will you let him turn to go (turn to **31**) or attack him (turn to **250**)?

59

You follow the track for some distance, walking gently downhill between the immense mountain to the north and the long, sharp ridge to the south. Eventually you come to another track which goes north-west up a steep slope to a mountain pass. Will you go north-west (turn to **108**) or carry on south-west (turn to **240**)?

60

In order to dodge the Beetle, your timing must be perfect. Write down a number between 1 and 6 on your *Adventure Sheet*; this represents the time at which you decide to jump. Now roll one die; this represents the time at which the Beetle would hit you If your guess is exactly right or is only 1 lower or higher than the Beetle's number, turn to **46**. If your guess is 2 or

more less than the Beetle's number, you jumped too early. The Beetle swerves and is able to deliver a glancing blow (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA) If your guess is 2 or more higher than the Beetle's number, you jumped too late, and the Beetle hits you squarely in the middle (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). After hitting you, the giant insect skids to a halt and turns to charge. If you try to dodge again, return to the beginning of this paragraph. Otherwise, you will have to fight it with your sword (turn to **283**).

61

The Black Mammoth lumbers to the opposite side of the road and, for a minute or so, peers into the vegetation. Then it turns round and walks towards you. It stops, looking straight at you, but you keep perfectly still. A few agonizingly tense moments pass, then the creature turns away, resuming its journey east. After about a hundred metres, it turns off the road and heads north into the mountains When it is out of sight, you climb out of your hiding place, walk back to the road, and resume your own journey towards Sardath. Turn to **165**.

62

Holding your breath against the spores, you walk into the tunnel. Before you even get close to the Dark Elf, however, several of the Elf Bane puffballs burst and you are enveloped in a cloud of spores. Remarkably, though, none of them settles on your skin: they burrowed into Liethlf's body almost as soon as he

entered, so humans must be immune to them Even so, you hold your breath as you search through the Dark Elf's belongings. Since he was dressed in ceremonial robes, he has little in the way of equipment, although you do find a huge set of jailer's keys hanging from his belt (if ever you are asked 'What is it?', add 10 to the number of the paragraph you are reading at the time and turn immediately to the paragraph with that number). By now, your lungs feel as if they are going to burst, so you run out of the tunnel. From what you have seen, you are sure that the slavers' camp has nothing else to offer you, so you decide to leave Turn to **123**.

63

As soon as you slide the key into the lock, the huge stone door grinds open, revealing a long walkway back in the bottomless cavern You lower your gaze to avoid the sight of the insane Dark Elf architecture, and step out The door closes behind you. There is a staircase at the end of the walkway, leading downwards to an archway. The corridor is filled with yet more madness The subjects of the wall paintings aren't too bad: a Dark Elf sorcerer hypnotizing Dwarfs, conjuring strange monsters and annihilating dragons with floating spheres of blackness. But it is all in such an inhuman style that the depth of the Sorcerer's evil is made very plain. Half-way along the corridor there are two doors, one on each side, and you can see a set of Iron Keys hanging on the wall next to the door on the left. You decide to take the keys (note them on your *Adventure Sheet*) Now, will you go through the door on the left

(turn to **128**), carry straight on and go through the door at the end of the corridor (turn to **164**), or go through the door on the right (turn to **109**)?

64

Walking through the marsh is difficult and uncomfortable and, no matter how hard you try, you cannot keep your feet dry. You see no sign of any Slykk, though you are sure they are watching you. Some time later, you leave the marsh and make your way back to the dry forest you prefer. After a kilometre or so, you come to a small grove of rowan trees, with some fine healing herbs growing round their roots (add 2 to your Herbs). For the rest of the day, you walk through the ever-darkening forest, carefully avoiding the webs of Giant Spiders. Towards evening you arrive at the Elf-path near Ash Cleeve. Turn to **332**.

65

As you approach the table, one of the Dark Elves looks up from his food and shouts, 'Hey, soldier. Fetch me some wine.' You hesitate. 'Don't you understand Allansian?' he demands. 'I thought all your lot were learning it. Or perhaps you think that serving is beneath you? You may be a Warrior Lord, but that means nothing here. We are *High* Nobility.'

Unsure as to the appropriate response, you agree to do what he asks, but in a tone which implies that you feel insulted. This seems to satisfy the Dark Elf and he goes back to stuffing his face with small pieces of strange-looking meat. They are all laughing and drinking, paying no attention to you, so you could spike

the Dark Elf's wine while you are pouring it. If you have a Love Potion and you pour it into his goblet, turn to **176**. If you have a Sleeping Draught and pour this into his goblet, turn to **311**. If you have neither of these, or if you don't want to use them, the Dark Elf snatches the goblet from you and drains the wine in a single swallow (turn to **11**).

66

The Eagle spreads its wings in order to slow itself down, then lands gently. It takes a few hopping steps towards you, then flies up a few metres before landing again. It repeats this action several times, until you realize what it is trying to say: if you wish, it will carry you up the mountain. When you tell the Eagle that you understand, it flies into the air, banks, turns, then swoops down and plucks you from the ground. Its claws bite a little way into your shoulders, but you can sense that it is trying not to hurt you. As soon as you are in the air, it screeches loudly and begins to circle. It must be waiting for your instructions. Will you ask it to take you to where the Black Flyers come from (turn to **221**) or to Corianthus's Castle (turn to **141**)?

67

One of them moves forward slightly Being heavily laden with jewellery and other plunder, he must be the tribe's chief. He makes a gesture to the rest of the Slykk and they hold their fire. Then he gestures and croaks at you. He doesn't look threatening, but he doesn't look particularly friendly, either He hands his spear to the Slykk nearest him and draws his sword. He points it at the ground and makes some more croaking noises. Then he points first at you, then at himself. This is a very delicate situation, requiring a careful response. Will you lay your sword in the bottom of your boat and sail towards him (turn to 52) or draw your sword and hold it in front of you in the salute for single combat (turn to 147)?

68

You ask Jonnan about Corianthus, the Storm Giant. 'I have heard the legend,' he replies, 'but I've no idea whether it's true or not It's said that he lives in a castle on a mountain somewhere to the north of here, but I don't know where. Some of the Dwarfs probably know about it, but none of them has ever told me' It is clear that Corianthus values his privacy, so you decide not to tell Jonnan about Colrhyn and the Brass Key. Turn to 305.

69

Even though the impostor struggles furiously, you manage to lock your arms round his neck. He struggles again, but you simply tighten your hold. In one swift movement, you take one of your hands from round

Morn's neck, grab your sword and hold it at his throat. You tell him that you won't hesitate to kill him if he tries to escape.

'You'll get nothing out of me,' he says and, before you can move your blade, he twists his head and slumps forward. Turn to **249**.

70

As your final blow hits the Mirror Demon, a network of cracks appears on her face and body. With an ear-splitting crash, she shatters into a million pieces of glass. The shield from which she emerged falls to the floor and shatters, revealing a narrow tunnel sloping upwards. As the noise of breaking glass dies down, another takes its place: a deep rumbling sound. Realizing that the whole place is beginning to break up, you clamber into the tunnel and set off on all fours for the surface. After a few metres the tunnel ends at a stone slab in the ceiling. You push, but it won't budge. Then you remember the Sign of Summoning; you tap the slab three times with your sword and it slides open. All that stands between you and freedom are a few centimetres of soil and grass roots and you break through easily. As you drag yourself out on to the top of the mound, an icy wind springs up, and the ground begins to shake. You leap off the mound just as the entire crypt caves in. Khornu's tomb is sealed for ever. Turn to **349**.

71

The tunnel twists and turns, leaving dark shadows in the corners, and you proceed very warily, half expecting something sinister to leap out at any moment. After several hundred metres, you reach a heavy stone door with a huge iron knocker set in the centre. If Istu is with you, turn immediately to **256**. If you are alone, you push at the door but it is as firm as the rock all around you. If you know the knocking sequence, add the numbers together and turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not, turn to **374**.

72

As you go west, the ridge slopes gradually downwards until it reaches the level of the river. Here you find a landing-stage and a track leading north-east into the mountains. A number of rafts are moored here, but most of them are no better than wrecks. One of them, however, is still in good enough condition to carry you, although it would probably sink if you tried to load it up. Will you get on this raft and punt it west (turn to **326**), or follow the track north-east (turn to **5**)?

73

You take out a sprig of Quagwart (deduct 1 from your Herbs), and give half to each monster. They swallow it down hungrily and gaze at you, begging for more, their eyes growing fiercer all the time. Then they stop looking fierce, cock their heads to one side and a questioning expression crosses their faces. One of them starts to whimper. After a few seconds, they sag to their knees and crawl back to their respective roadsides. They both lie there, wallowing in self-pity, and you are able to walk confidently past. As you go

down the road, you hope, despite yourself, that they won't become too ill. Turn to **399**.

74

Lokimur thanks you and assures you that your special skills will be greatly appreciated. He leads you through several tunnels bustling with Dwarfs running to their battle stations. 'Ah,' says Lokimur as you encounter an older, battle-worn Dwarf. 'Roxsir, take care of our newest recruit.' Before Roxsir has a chance to reply, Lokimur has gone striding off down the tunnel.

'Right then, youngster,' says Roxsir. 'I understand that you're quite a warrior.' You reply that you have seen plenty of action in your time. Roxsir smiles. 'Dwarf and human have fought together on many an occasion – always on the side of Good, and often on the side of victory. We shall make some tales today.' You agree and add that you hope they will have a happy ending. 'There's no doubt about it,' he says. 'Now, where can we fit you in? Will you join the few archers on the highest rampart (turn to **158**), the boulder throwers on the lower rampart (turn to **284**), or the rampart axe warriors (turn to **211**)?

75

You search the doorway very thoroughly, examining the edges, feeling for hinges and secret locks. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **303**. If the total is greater than your SKILL turn to **364**.

76

As you stand there plotting their downfall, a group of about fifteen Dark Elves emerge from one of the side streets. The artisan is with them. 'Valethion, Chaugh,' he says. 'Frithign na crogchan Camcarneyar.'

Realizing that you should have been more forceful when you met him before, you glare at him. 'I have already told about speaking Allansian,' you tell him. 'Now I must –'

'It's too late for that,' says another Dark Elf, stepping forward and drawing his sword. 'He just said that you are not worthy to be a Camcarneyar. The real Lord Chaugh would have killed him for that.' Against so many you have no chance. Your adventure is over.

77

You follow the walkway for some distance until it is met by another coming from the left. Will you now go left (turn to **146**) or carry straight on (turn to **358**)?

78

As you open the door, sunlight streams into the room. A figure runs into the shadows. 'Valethion, human,' says the Dark Elf. You draw your sword, warning him to be quiet. 'It's just a greeting. You should say, "Thional" in reply.' You tell him that you are not in the mood to be polite. 'No matter,' says the Dark Elf, and he throws a small wooden box at the door, knocking it closed. With the sunlight blocked out, he leaps forward to attack you. There is no time to use your bow.

DARK ELF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you win, you find that there are many games in this room and a table with several puzzles on it. Of interest is a square grid, filled with numbered tiles except for one empty square. If you manage to complete the puzzle, multiply your answer by 10 and turn to that paragraph. If it is correct you will be told so immediately. If the paragraph you turn to does not make sense, turn to **304**.

If you decide not to touch the puzzle, you leave the Games Room and return to the Observatory. Will you go through the door on your left into the Library (turn to **166**) or go straight on through the unmarked door (turn to **110**)?

79

He smiles. 'You must think me very foolish if you expect me to fall for that trick. I suppose you have some kind of shield against physical magic to comple-

ment the mental defences of the amulet.' He pauses, frowning. 'But what?'

Will you tell him that the magic that protects you is so strong that he will not even be able to detect its presence, let alone penetrate it (turn to **239**), suddenly look panic-stricken and say that the amulet's power is waning (turn to **121**), or tell him that, since you are defended against physical magic, his best option might be to attack your mind (turn to **312**)?

80

Thyra throws back the cowl of her robe, revealing a ball of fiery plasma where her head should be. 'So, brave adventurer, you have returned.' The plasma shimmers and changes colour as she speaks. 'Although I should say "foolish" rather than "brave". I told you of my wrath, and you did not heed my warning.' For a few seconds, all you know is heat and light . . . and then it is over.

81

The Freezeblood Wall is too steep and treacherous a set of mountains for you to climb, so you must skirt round its eastern edge. After travelling for some distance, you observe a black shape at the foot of one of the numerous rocky crags. It is not far away, so you climb up to investigate. When you get there, you find that the shape is, in fact, the corpse of a Dark Elf which has been dead for at least a week. The creature seems to have been stripped of its weapons and armour, and it was not carrying a pack. Nevertheless a

thorough investigation is always worth while. Roll two dice. Add together the numbers rolled, then modify the result, depending on what day it is, according to the following table:

Moonday	deduct 4
Fireday	deduct 2
Earthday	no modification
Windsday	add 2
Seaday	add 4

If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **152**. If the result is greater than your SKILL, you find nothing on the Dark Elf's body, so you decide to leave it where it is and carry on north into the mountains (turn to **175**).

82

Neither the track nor the Forest has any ground cover, so your bed is rough and cold, and you don't get much sleep (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA).

In the blue pre-dawn (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*), you are woken by the sound of something coming through the trees. When it appears, you instantly recognize the Giant Wolf Spider, a webless predator much fiercer than the wolf it is named after. It moves towards you on its long, thin legs, its huge mandibles clicking hungrily. There is just time to fire one arrow at it if you want to.

GIANT WOLF SPIDER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, you break camp and set off, eating a little

breakfast as you go. The trees loom large over the Elf-path, and it grows ever darker until you can hardly see the sun. Towards midday, the path leaves the Forest and you are relieved to follow it However, as you walk north to the Zengis Road, you gradually realize that the nightmare is far from over, for there is a terrible blackness hanging over Lake Sardmere. Will you carry on northwards into the mountains (turn to **286**) or travel along the road to Sardath (turn to **293**)?

83

Although the Vampyric Mould has done you no physical damage, it has managed to crawl up your legs and now covers a large portion of your torso. There is nothing you can do to stop it making its way to your brain and turning you into another Mould Zombie Your adventure is over

84

Test your Luck, deducting 1 from the dice roll for each hit you have taken from the Mammoth. If you are Lucky, the monster nudges you with its spiked trunk

and you flop over on to your back, giving the most lifelike impression of being dead that you can, and the Mammoth is convinced. If you are Unlucky, the Mammoth suspects that you are feigning death and is finally convinced only after it has whacked you a couple of times with its spiked trunk as you lie on the ground (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA) Having been fooled into thinking that you are dead, the Mammoth loses interest in you, turns northwards and thunders off into the mountains Once it is out of sight, you get to your feet and resume your journey towards Sardath (turn to **165**).

85

You climb up one of the trees and reach out for the nearest creeper. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **174**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **210**.

86

Try as you may, you can find no way to open the stone door You race around the now deserted quarters

of the elite Guard but are unable to find a route to the Sorcerer, so you return to the bottomless cavern. When you get there you hear chanting coming from somewhere above you. You dare not look up, for the insane architecture would destroy your mind. But you don't need to, for the effect of the spell is obvious: the Dark Elves have become enveloped by auras of dark power, and each warrior fights like ten. The surface dwellers are going to lose, and your adventure ends here.

87

There are many boats in the river, lying idle now that the town has been cut off. For a moment, you think you are going to hit one, but fortune prevails and you land in the water (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). If you survive, you glance upwards to see whether Morn is still there. He is circling around, so you take a deep breath and lie, face down, in the water. You float down river for a little way, then lift your head a fraction, taking another breath. Not wanting to take

any chances, you put your face back in the water. After ten minutes of this, you cautiously turn your head and look up into the sky. It is difficult to tell in the darkness, but you're sure that Morn has gone. Relieved to have escaped, but glad of what you have learned from the encounter, you swim to the bank of the river and climb out. Wet and cold, you make your way back to the Council Hall. Turn to **291**.

88

One of the Slykk is lighter and faster than the other, and he soon races ahead of his companion. You decide to fire at him.

First SLYKK SKILL 8 STAMINA 2

If you hit him, turn to **297**. If you miss him, there is still time to loose another arrow. If this hits him, turn to **297**. If you miss again, you have now run out of time. You quickly sling your bow over your shoulder and draw your sword (turn to **207**).

89

The Giant Eagle swoops in at great speed, raking a gouge in your shoulder before you can react (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). The bird banks and turns, then swoops again. This time you are ready for it.

GIANT EAGLE SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If the Eagle wins two Attack Rounds in a row, turn immediately to **339**. If you win the fight, did you follow the runnel up the mountain (turn to **296**), or did you come up by some other route (turn to **388**)?

90

As you turn to fire, the eyes vanish beneath the water. You loose an arrow at the clump of weeds and wait. A few bubbles come up, but you cannot tell whether or not you hit anything. That is the last you see of the strange eyes, but you somehow feel that some of the darkness that has been infesting the Forest has crept inside you (lose 1 LUCK point). Some time towards midday, you ready your bow again, for you are entering Slykk territory. The reeds here are denser than ever and it is difficult to keep your boat in clear water. While you are manoeuvring through a particularly narrow channel, a number of the slimy frog-people rise out of the reeds on either side of you, spears raised, croaking with anticipation. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **67**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **147**.

91

Using a calmer tone the voice says, 'You may enter,' and the stone door opens, seemingly by itself. At the far side of the door there is a narrow tunnel, which you follow for about fifty metres. It emerges at last into a seemingly bottomless cavern, and you are seized by an unexpected attack of vertigo. Once you have recovered, you see that a long, narrow walkway extends from where you are standing, and you glance across the cavern to see where it goes. You are shocked by a terrifying glimpse of the Dark Elf lair, which is of such a wild geometry and architecture that it makes you flinch and avert your gaze. Will you force yourself to look at the lair (turn to **24**) or go

along the walkway, keeping your eyes down (turn to **288**)?

92

You have found Khorru Wych's secret treasure hoard. There isn't a vast amount, but what there is looks valuable and some of it may even be magical. At first you ignore the treasure and concentrate on searching for a way out. After a while it becomes apparent that, if there is any hope of escape, it lies with one of the objects here. There are two goblets on a marble slab: one is made of silver and contains a thick black liquid, the other is golden and contains a deep red liquid. Above these, hanging on the wall, are a beautifully fashioned silver shield and a golden amulet. The shield has a smooth, shiny surface, and the amulet has an engraving of a tall, powerful-looking humanoid with the head of an octopus. Will you:

Take the golden amulet?	Turn to **235**
Take the silver shield?	Turn to **275**
Drink from the silver goblet?	Turn to **377**
Drink from the golden goblet?	Turn to **393**

93

The mountains are not a pleasant place to have to camp in, but you are exhausted from the day's walking, so you soon fall asleep. In the middle of the night you are woken by the squelching noise of a shapeless, yellow blob heaving itself out of the faintly glowing stream. This horrific parody of life must have been created by the stream's pollutants. Moved by a mixture of disgust and pity, you decide to put the creature out of its misery. It is slow, so you may fire up to three arrows at it.

XANTHIC HORROR SKILL 6 STAMINA 14

If you win, you crawl back under your blankets and settle down to sleep. Your dreams are haunted by the Horror, and in the morning you wake up with a start. (Tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*.) If today is Highday, turn to **50**. If it is not, you follow the stream until you come to another, smaller stream – a runnel tumbling down the side of a huge, isolated mountain to the west. It has the same yellowish tint of the main stream, which to the north of here is clear. Will you follow the runnel (turn to **318**) or leap across it and carry on north (turn to **119**)?

94

'What a sad piece of acting,' he says. 'You should know better than to try to fool me. Your earlier panic was clearly genuine. And the second I doubted the amulet was fading, you jumped on it, trying to correct your mistake. Well, it didn't work.' He pauses. 'Now you have no protection for your mind and whatever

physical protection you may have is a waste of time.' His eyes flash bright yellow, and the air between you crackles with energy. Add 300 to the number of the Brain Slayer Amulet, then turn to the paragraph with that number.

95

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **197**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **258**.

96

Instead of firing your bow, you reach quickly into your pack and take out the large bottle of Mystery Potion that the trader gave you. Carefully you take aim at your opponent, then let fly. Roll two dice. If the total is greater than your SKILL, the phial misses and smashes harmlessly on the floor. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you hit your target, and the powerful acid which was in the phial splashes all over your opponent. Roll one die and deduct that many points from your opponent's STAMINA. Now turn back to the paragraph you came from.

97

'Sardath has been isolated by a terrible storm which rages over the whole lake. What causes it I don't know. The only creature I know who can evoke such weather is Corianthus, the legendary Storm Giant, but the stories about him suggest that he is a friend to the land rather than a ravager of it.'

You suggest that somebody might be forcing him to do it.

'I cannot believe that is so. I am sure that Corianthus, if he does exist, would rather die than blight such a beautiful place as Lake Sardmere.' He shrugs apologetically. 'I'm sorry that I can be of no more help with this problem,' he says. You assure him that every clue is useful, if only to eliminate possibilities.

If this is the second question that you have asked Lokimur, turn to **274**. If it is only the first, you may ask another. What will it be about:

Thyra Migurn (if you know of her)?	Turn to **39**
Corianthus?	Turn to **181**
The Black Flyers?	Turn to **368**
The Toa-Suo?	Turn to **385**

98

'You do that,' he says. 'I'll even give you somewhere comfortable to eat it.' You ask him what he means, and he smiles. 'I like you, and I think I'll keep you.' The Dark Elf wants you to be his personal servant. You try various excuses to wriggle out of this situation but he is insistent and, when you turn to run, several Dark Elves leap to their feet and draw their swords. You cannot escape.

99

When you first look into the pool, all you can see is your own reflection. But then it shimmers and fades, leaving only darkness. Gradually a pair of bright yellow eyes form on the surface and a smooth, cultured voice appears in your head: 'To whom do you wish to speak?' If you have a Snake Ring, add 30 to its number

and turn immediately to that paragraph. If you do not, whose name will you give:

Liam Astromonius of Grimmund?	Turn to **126**
Colrhyn of the Forest of Night?	Turn to **185**
Sorrel of the Forest Wood Elves?	Turn to **260**
Ydys Tinner, Commander of Sardath's Army?	Turn to **327**
Corianthus, the Storm Giant?	Turn to **352**

If you don't want to speak to anyone, you say so; the eyes then vanish, and you move on (turn back to **166** and make another choice).

100

The Dark Elves snap to attention. 'Lord Chaugh,' one of them says, 'we were . . .' His voice trails off. 'How did you get past the sunlight?' he asks. You rack your brains for a plausible reply but, before you get a chance to tell your story, he starts to gabble at you in some unintelligible language – probably Dark Elf. You try to answer in Allansian, but he is not convinced. 'Take the impostor,' he shouts. You fight the Dark Elves with great fury, bringing all your resources to bear, but there are just too many of them. Your adventure is over.

101

You walk south-west for some time, heading towards the western edge of a long, sharp ridge. As you round the edge of the ridge, you see a river – the Sardath, wide and slow. There is a landing-stage here, and many wrecked barges. One of them is just about fit for

you to sail, although it would probably sink if you were to try loading it up. Feeling that you have exhausted all the possibilities of these eastern ranges, you decide to sail west. Turn to **326**.

102

You walk down the torch-lit tunnel, tensely excited at the possibility of encountering a Dark Elf in this gloom. After a few hundred metres, you come to a junction, with one tunnel going up to the right and another going down to the left. While you are standing here, trying to decide which way to go, you hear two sets of footsteps, one approaching from each direction. You could run back to the Laboratory, but they might follow you. However, there is a small, dark niche on the opposite side of the tunnel, where even Dark Elves may not be able to see you. If you decide to hide in here, turn to **335**. If you would prefer to stand and face the Dark Elves, turn to **287**.

103

A long corridor runs from here and it has just one exit: a closed door at the other end. When you walk down the corridor, you are relieved to see that this door has a handle, so you open it and walk through. And then you stop – the room is full of Dark Elves, and they are elite warriors, all wearing the same type of armour as the guard. For a few seconds you hesitate to take any action at all – this is a very dangerous situation. One of the Dark Elves then walks up to you and looks at you with disdain. 'Name?'

'Lord Chaugh,' you say, 'from the Giant's castle.'

'Sit there,' he says, pointing to a chair by a stone door. Wary of making the Dark Elves suspicious, you do as you are told. The door has the word 'SAUCRIERE' carved on it and, as you sit there, you wonder what it means. The Dark Elf turns to the others and murmurs something in a strange language – probably a secret battle language, for it doesn't sound at all like normal Dark Elf. Whatever he said, it must have been sarcastic, for the others laugh. Add up the value of the rings you have, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you have no rings with values, turn to **203**.

104

You travel all day through the Freezeblood Mountains, following the same route up a long, gently rising valley. There is no path here, so the going is very difficult. You can see a huge, isolated mountain at the end of the valley, but it is impossible to tell how far away it is; you walk for many hours, but it doesn't seem to get any closer. To make matters worse, the valley floor is damp and marshy, and you can only make any progress by leaping between clumps of springy turf. Each mis-step threatens to break your ankle; but you are not easily beaten, and you keep going, ignoring the sweat which is almost freezing against your skin. By the time night begins to fall the mountain still doesn't look any nearer. But everything you have discovered indicates that this is the way you must go, so there is no point in turning back now. Indeed, you may even decide to press on through the

night. If you do so, turn to **251**. If you wish to camp for the night, you notice a small crag near by where you can shelter and some dry rocks on which you may sleep (turn to **286**).

105

'Excellent.' He is obviously very pleased and hands you a large bottle containing about half a litre of a thick, clear liquid. 'What I said before wasn't quite true: it's not really a potion at all – at least, not a potion for drinking. All I know about it is that it's very dangerous, so don't even open the bottle, let alone pour it down your throat. What I suggest you do is throw it at something nasty and hope that it does some damage.' You may use Mystery Potion X at any time when you are allowed to fire your bow, in place of one arrow. When you decide to use it, make a note of the number of the paragraph you are reading at the time and then turn to paragraph **96** to find out what happens. 'Now, then,' says the trader, 'down to business.' Turn to **263**, and remember: you are obliged to buy at least one potion.

106

Before the Elves have time to react, you draw your bow and fire an arrow at Sorrel. If it hits, turn to **272**. If it misses, turn to **204**.

107

You walk all night without finding any landmark to tell you where you are. Sometimes you go up hill, at other times down. As the night wears on, you grow

more and more tired (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Eventually, the night draws to an end (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*) and gradually you are able to make out the various mountains. The one you were heading towards last night is still a long way off – you have wandered around so much that you have covered less than half the distance you should have done. Cursing your stupidity, you press on northwards, trying to make up for lost time. Turn to **357**.

108

Although the slope up to the mountain pass is steep, it is not dangerous. It is a hard slog to get to the top, but you accomplish it more quickly than you might have expected. While you are trying to take in the incredible grandeur of the mountains, you notice a small cave on the eastern side of the pass and you walk cautiously across to investigate. You can't see anything in the cave, but there are several tracks on the ground outside, possibly those of Dwarfs, though it does seem as if inexperienced hands have tried to cover them up. If you follow the tracks into the cave, turn to **252**. Otherwise, since the mountains on either side of the pass are too difficult for you to climb, you will have to descend again. If you go down the north-west side of the pass, turn to **133**. If you go back down the south-east side of the pass, you eventually regain the main trail; will you now go north-east (turn to **323**) or south-west (turn to **240**)?

109

As soon as you go through the door, you are assailed by a hypnotic, rhythmic chanting. You are high up on

a balcony in a massive circular room, so you step closer to the edge and look down to see what it is making the noise. The room below you is filled with Dark Elf sorcerers wearing ornate robes and holding twisted, black wands in the air. They are standing in three groups of thirteen round strangely ungeometric magical diagrams, swaying and loudly reciting their invocations. The air above each group is heavy with baleful power, and thick globules of blackness hang over their heads.

If you have a Lightning Sphere, it begins to crackle, so you take it out of your pack. As you hold it in your hand, it glows with a bright, white light, and small flashes of energy arc out over the sorcerers, dying against the coagulation of black power. If you hurl the Sphere at the Dark Elves, turn to **233**. If you don't have a Sphere, or if you don't want to use it, turn to **191**.

110

When you open the door, you suddenly realize your terrible mistake: there are at least ten Dark Elf warriors in here and they are still furious at being tricked by the Eagle. Because you are human, they attack without hesitation. You defend yourself with great fury, bringing all your resources to bear, but there are just too many of them. Your adventure is over.

111

Since the Ghost is a creature of the Spirit Plane, normal weapons won't harm it. Only silver, which has

a partial existence on the Spirit Plane, can touch it. It is lucky that you possess such a weapon, for otherwise you would have been powerless against the creature.

GHOST SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

The Ghost doesn't wound you in the normal way. Every time it hits you, it drains your life-force; therefore, instead of deducting STAMINA, just count how many times it hits you and keep a note for future reference. You may attempt to run back the way you came at any time, by turning to **150**. If you destroy the Ghost, turn to **22**.

112

You follow the walkway for some distance, keeping your eyes down while still trying to walk as naturally as possible. Eventually you come to a junction; will you go left (turn to **193**) or carry straight on (turn to **358**)?

113

You throw the bone into the middle of the road where the two creatures can reach it. They each grab an end and shake their heads fiercely. For a few moments they growl and tug, but then the bone snaps in two, and they retire to their respective roadsides to enjoy their feast. Somewhat hesitantly you walk between them, increasing your pace once you are past. Turn to **399**.

114

Suddenly you feel something crawling up your leg: it is the Mould. It doesn't seem to be hurting you, but it

is clear that its intentions are not good. If you have the Mystery Potion and wish to use it, add 220 to its number and turn to the paragraph with that number. Otherwise, you must try to scrape the Mould off your body before it covers you completely.

VAMPYRIC SLIME MOULD SKILL 9

Since the Mould is not a single creature but a colony of microscopic beings bound together and driven by an evil sentience, you cannot do it any real harm. Equally, it can do you no harm. Instead, this combat represents the race to find out whether you can fend it off before it covers your body; therefore do not deduct any STAMINA points. If the Mould wins two Attack Rounds in a row, turn to **83**. If you win two Attack Rounds in a row, turn to **134**.

115

The morning arrives (regain 1 STAMINA point and tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*) and you climb out from under your thick, frost-covered blankets, the chill morning air reviving you and making you eager to go on. You shoulder your pack and set off. As the morning wears on, the river becomes more and more choked with reeds, for you are entering Slykk territory. You keep your eyes open for any sign of the slimy frog-people, but you see nothing for over an hour. Then, without warning, two Slykk leap up out of the reeds and on to the bank. One of them shouts at you in his croaking speech and brandishes a spear. He gestures with it northwards, seeming almost to point. He croaks again, more threateningly. If you

comply with the gesture and head north into the Forest, they will let you go (turn to **267**). If you stand your ground, they will begin to advance on you. Will you make some sign of friendship and say who you are (turn to **125**), draw your bow and loose an arrow at one of them (turn to **88**), or draw your sword and wait for them to reach you (turn to **207**)?

116

As you get deeper into the mountain, the bright light of day is replaced by an eerie yellow glow from the stream, making the stalactites cast strange shadows on the ceiling. Sometimes they even look as if they are moving. After you have been walking for about half an hour, you become convinced that some of the stalactites really are moving. You look up, but it is too late – they are already raining down on you. You run. Roll one die to find out how many hit you, and deduct 2 STAMINA points for each hit.

If you survive, you reach the end of the Mimic Stalactites' territory and find yourself at a junction where the stream splits off to the right and the path heads left. The tunnel where the stream goes is impassable, so you follow the path. Gradually the tunnel levels out, then turns to begin a gentle descent. You come to a couple of turnings to the left, but there are many alien voices echoing from these tunnels so you avoid them and carry straight on. The tunnel twists and turns, going downwards for a few hundred metres, until you reach a heavy stone door with a huge iron knocker in the centre. If Istu is with you, turn to **256**. If you are alone, turn to **374**.

117

You start to speak, but the figure interrupts. 'How dare you speak to Thyra Migurn without kneeling before her!' A glowing light appears in the cowl, then a burst of lightning shoots out, hitting you in the chest. Roll one die and deduct that many points from your STAMINA. If you survive this blast, will you now kneel before Thyra (turn to **315**), or do you refuse (turn to **350**)?

118

Somehow Morn manages to get you into a position where you are out of balance. With this advantage, he twists, trying to turn you on to your stomach and get you in a strangle hold. You fight to stop him. Roll two dice to determine the Attack Strength for both yourself and the impostor (SKILL 7). If the result is a draw or if you win the Attack Round, you manage to twist yourself out of Morn's grasp, thwarting his efforts to hold you – return to **212** and continue the fight. If you lose the Attack Round, turn to **25**.

119

You follow the stream for some distance until you see a beautiful blue-green lake at its head, nestling within a natural amphitheatre formed by the surrounding cliffs. Suddenly you are knocked to the ground by a massive, white-furred body. You strike out, but several more of the Hobgoblin-like humanoids join the attack. Your adventure is over.

120

The Mirror Demon comes to a halt and looks in the direction of your Veiled Guardian; being a Demon herself, she can see him. 'Istu,' she says, 'free yourself from the bondage of this human and side with me. After all, we are both Demons; this pathetic creature is but a mortal.'

Istu laughs. 'You cannot tempt me, Lix Tetrax. You must know that my service to this human is the final stage of my release from the Ivory Cube. Once my earthly form has been destroyed in honest service, my exile will be over.' He leaps at her, talons flashing.

MIRROR DEMON SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

You decide to stand well back and await the outcome. Play out the battle between Lix Tetrax and Istu, remembering to deduct points from Istu's STAMINA since he is in direct combat. If Istu wins, turn to 70. If the Mirror Demon wins, you will have to finish her off. If she wins an Attack Round against you, turn immediately to 6. If you destroy her, turn to 70.

121

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 173. If you are Unlucky, turn to 246.

122

You walk for many hours, following the stream up an ever-steepening valley. There is no trail here and the ground is very rocky, so your progress is slow and tiring. Eventually night falls, but you still haven't

found the source of this strangely polluted water. It is cold and windy in this valley, but there seems to be a good shelter under some fallen boulders by the stream. Will you stop here and make camp for the night (turn to 93) or press on north (turn to 251)?

123

Just as you are leaving the camp, a young Dark Elf, breathless from running, comes up to you. 'Thank the Whisperer I have found you, Lord Chaugh. Duke Pilea wants you to return to the castle immediately.' Several other Dark Elves have overheard him, so you have no choice but to go along with this order. As you walk away from the slavers' camp, you try to act as naturally 'Dark Elven' as you can, praying that you won't say the wrong thing. However, if you return to the castle, you are bound to give yourself away sooner or later, so you have got to get rid of this Dark Elf. Once you are out of sight of the camp, you attack him.

YOUNG DARK ELF SKILL 5 STAMINA 4

If you win, you hide his body, then carry on down the track. If you weren't forced to kill them on your way in, the Obligaths just let you past – they are there to keep the wrong people out, not to keep anyone in. When you get back to the main track, you turn right, heading further into the city. Turn to 237.

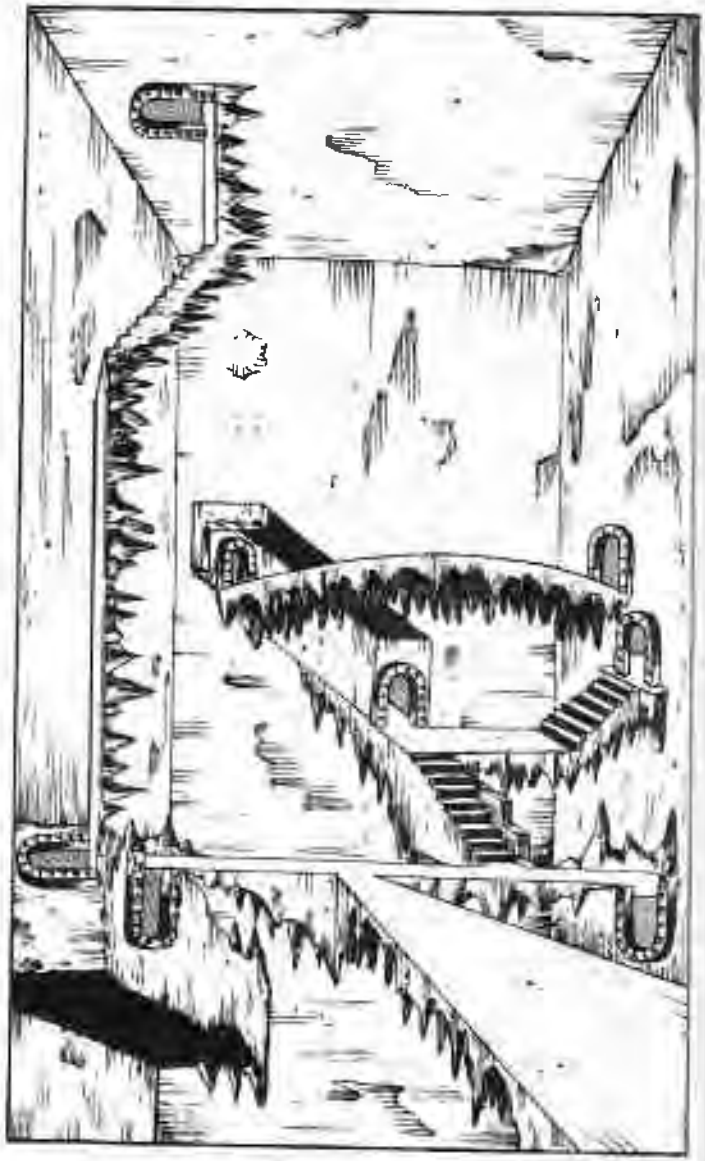

124

The architecture is more than wild – it is completely illogical! The elements of the lair are as you might expect: walkways, stairs and archways; but the way they are put together is insane; it seems to defy all the laws of nature. Perhaps what you see is not the reality of the place but the only way in which your logical mind can interpret it. You stand there for a moment, entranced by its strangeness, feeling yourself becoming lost, your mind chasing through endless paths of unreason. But your will is strong and you are able to draw yourself away at last. Convinced that it would be too dangerous to look again, you decide to rely on what you have seen already to guide you through this alien world, so you walk tentatively along the walkway, keeping your eyes on the path just in front of you. It is unnerving not knowing where you are going, but you force yourself to walk on. Eventually the walkway meets another. Will you go left (turn to **358**) or right (turn to **112**)?

125

You raise your hands to show that you are not hostile. The Slykk stop and look at you enquiringly, so you shout your name and say that you are from Grimmund. The Slykk look at each other and make croaking sounds and strange facial gestures. Then, without warning, they shout, 'Arrark!' a noise which is something more than a croak but not quite a word. Then they charge at you again. If you flee northwards they will stop and let you go (turn to **267**). If you stand your ground, they will continue charging, the smaller, faster

one pulling away from the other. Will you draw your bow and loose an arrow at one of them (turn to **138**) or draw your sword and wait for them to reach you (turn to **207**)?

126

If you have your Council Ring and a Four-Leaf Clover, turn to **151**. If you have only the Clover, turn to **227**. If you have neither, turn to **392**.

127

But there is still cause for hope: a small sailing boat struggling desperately against the weather. Its lone sailor, dashing frantically from sail to tiller and back again, may not make it. You look around for a means to aid him, but the only thing you find that will actually float is a small rowing boat, moored to the wrecked bridge. Will you row out to help the sailor (turn to **242**) or wait and hope that he makes it on his own (turn to **313**)?

128

As soon as you open the door, you are stopped dead by the sight that greets your eyes. There are scores of Dwarfs in here, shackled to the walls and floor with manacles and chains, and to each other with neck-bands and steel rods. When they see you, many of them widen their eyes in delight but keep their mouths firmly closed. You go to the one nearest you, quickly unhook the Iron Keys from your belt and unlock him. Now that he is freed, the Dwarf grabs the keys from you and begins to release the others.

'Go back into the corridor and through the door opposite,' he hisses at you over his shoulder. 'I presume you are well enough armed to fight the Sorcerer. We'll go to the dormitory on the left and take out the acolytes.' He looks at some of the others. 'Revenge at last!' he shouts, and the Dwarfs let out a cheer, unconcerned at the noise they are making. Following the Dwarf's instructions, you return to the corridor and go straight through the door opposite. Turn to **109**.

129

You walk towards the cage but are repulsed by some great power. No matter what you do, you cannot get close to the Giant. Perhaps if you were able to speak to him, he could tell you what to do. You call to him, but he shows no sign of hearing you. Whatever is binding the Giant, it has cut him off from the outside world completely, and there is no way you can get to him so, reluctantly, you give up. If you decide to leave the oval building, turn to **29**. If you want to stay and investigate further, will you edge round the Giant to the left (turn to **238**) or to the right (turn to **337**)?

130

You walk on down the road until you come to the last outpost of the village – the harbour, where all the trading boats are kept. It has a look of dereliction about it: all the sails are furled, and the food in the warehouses is beginning to rot. This scene drives home to you the importance of your mission and the urgency with which it must be completed. There is not

much for you to go on yet, but nevertheless you must now decide how you will proceed. Will you travel north-east on the Grimway (turn to **57**), take your boat and sail up the river (turn to **269**), or cross the river and head north-west through the forest (turn to **325**)?

131

In the middle of the battle, just when the Ghost is beginning to weaken, you make a dash for the secret door in the sarcophagus. The Ghost is still strong enough to keep up its defence, however. A ghostly arm flails out and delivers a life-draining hit. Add 1 to the number of times the Ghost has hit you, then return to **111** to continue the battle.

132

You draw your sword and lean over the stern of the boat. A few deft strokes destroy the Bloodweed, and the rudder is freed. You sail on. However, since Bloodweed is dangerous only until it becomes gorged, killing it was unnecessary – this one had already had its fill of your blood, which you should have realized from its dull-red colour. As a result of this gratuitous act the natural luck that follows you through the Forest ebbs a little (lose 1 LUCK point). An hour or so later, you spot another pair of amphibian eyes looking at you. This time, instead of looking back at them directly, you keep on looking forward but watch the eyes at the edge of your field of vision. Not realizing that you have seen it, the creature stays in full view. Will you quickly grab your bow and shoot an arrow

at it (turn to **90**), or just wait to see what it does (turn to **294**)?

133

Because of the shape of the north-west descent, you don't see the bottom until you have made your way down for some distance. The beautiful lake and the sheer cliffs to the north quite soon become visible – but you don't see the huge army of white, thickly furred humanoids until it is too late. These are Toa-Suo: resembling overgrown Hobgoblins, they have two tusk-like lower teeth protruding from their mouths. They see you straight away and a group breaks off to attack you. You run, but they are in their element and catch up with you easily. Your adventure ends here.

134

You are much quicker than the Mould and so are able to drive it from your body. The relief is only temporary, however, for it slimes back across the ground towards you, ready to resume its attack. Unfortunately, it is not alone now – the Zombie has come to its aid. There is no way that you'll be able to fend off the Mould and fight the Zombie, so you run north-west (since the Zombie is blocking the other way), slowing down to a walk when the creatures are out of sight. Turn to **15**.

135

The sight that meets you as you look out across the immense cavern fills you with dismay: the Dark Elves have nearly finished building the small city which will be the base for their evil machinations. Beneath you and to your left it is complete; further out, Dark Elf artisans are still building their strange houses and decorating them with hideous gargoyles and bas-reliefs. Over to the far right, you are saddened to see scores of Dwarf slaves quarrying the rock from the cavern wall and ferrying it to the artisans in huge carts. Behind you, at the back of the balcony, is an archway, which you may go through into the short tunnel beyond (turn to **281**).

All your other options lead further into the city. If you have a pair of Pegasus Wings, the most direct route is by flying (turn to **26**) If you do not, you will have to walk. On each side of the balcony a stairway leads downwards. Will you go down the left stairway to a walkway some distance above the floor of the cavern (turn to **160**) or down the right stairway, which goes all the way to the bottom (turn to **389**)?

136

The door reverberates with a dull thud but does not give; the stone is not even chipped. Will you:

Search for an opening mechanism?	Turn to **75**
Try saying a password?	Turn to **2**
Hit the door again?	Turn to **321**
Give up?	Turn to **349**

137

Sailing round the wrecked bridge is easier than you thought, and you are soon sailing on up the river. The increasing darkness of the Forest bears out your theory that something evil is taking place, that the coldness you feel is not just the result of the weather. Even the river is beginning to look abnormal. Several times you see a pair of large amphibian eyes pop up in the reeds, only to disappear just as quickly. Many hours pass, and the Forest's darkness turns into the chill blackness of night. There is a small clearing on the east bank, so you land the boat and set up camp. As you sit, eating cold rations and gazing over the trees on the west bank, you notice two black shapes silhouetted against the starry sky. They are some distance to the west, flying southwards; after a while, they land. If you decide to sail over to the west bank and track the creatures into the Forest, turn to **168**. Otherwise (write the number 178 in a circle on your *Adventure Sheet*), will you settle straight down to sleep (turn to **19**) or make a fire first (turn to **188**)?

138

Since the First Slykk is a lot closer than the other, you fire at him.

First SLYKK SKILL 8 STAMINA 2

If you hit him, turn to **297**. If you miss him, he is too close for a second shot, so you quickly sling your bow over your shoulder and draw your sword (turn to **207**).

139

Holding your sword up to his face, you shout at him that you are the one who deserves the most respect. You say that you are a warrior, risking your life for the spread of Dark Elf civilization. He begins to tremble and drops his bundle. A small, beautifully carved statue of a Gargoyle's head falls out of the sackcloth. 'We both noble, in own ways,' he says, obviously concerned by your superior strength, but still trying to salvage some honour. 'No need violence,' he says. 'Take Gargoyle.' You sneer, but you pick up the figure and march off down the main road. 'Many ways of power,' he shouts after you. 'See when you need noble living place.' You ignore his taunts and carry on. Turn to **354**.

140

Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **34**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **95**.

141

The Eagle carries you up the mountain at a pace so swift that the icy air rushes past your face and chills your skin. You begin to shiver; but nevertheless you are glad that you no longer have to make the effort of climbing – especially when you see the sheer walls of the castle, seemingly carved out of the actual rock of the mountain. After the Eagle has landed on the roof and you are safely on firm ground once more, it starts scraping at the stone with its talons, screeching all the while. When you take a closer look, you see that there

is a huge, stone trapdoor here, and you can hear shouts coming from beneath it. 'Scatter, you evil creature. Come back and tempt us in the darkness. Then you will receive the same treatment as your master.' Of course, you think, these creatures of the night cannot bear direct sunlight. Suddenly the trapdoor begins to slide open, and you jump off it. The movements and the noises of the Eagle must have been a magic code. There are many screams from beneath you – apparently caused by the sunlight pouring in through the aperture. Will you go to the edge and look over (turn to 245) or wait until the noise dies down (turn to 365)?

142

You follow the river steadily south until night falls. You are not far from Sardath now, so you press on. When you are about half way round the eastern edge of the Freezeblood Wall, you hear a strange noise like

a thousand giant birds flying overhead. Quickly, you dive behind a large boulder and peer out to see a horde of dark shapes silhouetted against the night sky. It is an army of Black Flyers, flying towards Sardath. Relieved that you are hidden from their view, you decide to huddle into the side of the boulder and get what sleep you can.

You sleep fitfully all night and wake in the morning hardly refreshed at all (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*). If today is Highday, turn to 50. The sky is only just beginning to lighten into the pale blue of the pre-dawn when you see the army of Black Flyers leaving Sardath and flying north over the Freezeblood Wall. Will you follow them (turn to 16) or continue south to the Fangthane Road and follow it into Sardath (turn to 293)?

143

'That, of course, is your privilege – though I think you are being unwise.' You follow Liam into the spell chamber. In the centre of the room stands an enormous crystal mirror, shrouded in coloured mists. Liam picks up a silver sceptre from its stand. 'All that remains is for me to perform the Sign of Summoning.' He raps on the crystal three times.

Without warning, a vision appears It is a Suma, a messenger from the gods and answerer of desperate prayers. His voice echoes round the spell chamber, as if the room were too tiny to contain it. 'Seek out the tomb of Khornu Wych in the Forest of Night Look for the Flyers and remember what you have seen here today. Without the amulet you are lost.' The mists swirl around, enveloping the mirror. When they subside, the Suma has gone.

'Well,' says Liam, 'you have survived. I have no idea what the Suma's advice means, but I'm sure that all will become clear in the fullness of time.' It is now time to leave; Liam comes to the door to wish you luck and watches as you walk down the main road. Turn to 390.

144

You apologize, mumbling that you can't help them with their ritual because you have urgent business with the diners at the other side of the room. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, they don't believe you and draw long, curved daggers. When they move towards you, eyes burning with bloodlust, you realize that

fighting them would be futile and decide to do what they ask (turn to **268**). If you are Lucky, the Dark Elves are inclined to believe you; however, they are not totally convinced and watch closely as you walk towards the diners (turn to **65**).

145

The ground to the north-west rises gradually for several kilometres until it arrives at the foot of an immense mountain. However, before you reach the mountain, you are confronted by a path; in one direction it goes north-east towards the spire-shaped mountain and in the other it goes south-west. Will you now go north-east (turn to **323**) or south-west (turn to **59**)?

146

You continue along the walkway until you reach a narrow tunnel in the cavern wall. You are just about to go through it when you realize that this is the way you came in. You turn and glance across the cavern, once again catching a terrifying glimpse of that wild architecture. You have no choice but to turn around and try to complete your mission. Will you force yourself to look at the city before you go (turn to **24**) or walk back across the walkway, keeping your eyes down (turn to **288**)?

147

The Slykk launch a sudden volley of spears. Roll one die to find out how many strike you, and deduct 2 STAMINA points for each hit. If you survive, you try desperately to sail away from the line of fire, but

another group of the frog creatures rise up alongside the boat and begin to rock it. There are too many to fight, so you must simply try to keep the boat afloat. Roll two dice. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you are upended into the icy water. Fighting in their own environment, the Slykk will have no trouble in defeating you, putting an end to your quest. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you manage to keep the boat upright until you break out into clearer water and are able to let the boat run. The Slykk could probably keep up with you if they wanted to, but when they see that you are on the retreat they let you go. Turn to **397**.

148

'Come out, you puny creature,' the Black Mammoth bellows, to your great surprise! It is looking straight at you. 'I can see you, hiding beneath that heather. I haven't yet killed in this form, and I would like my first blood to come from a fair fight.' You remain completely still – it may be bluffing – but then it takes a step towards you. 'I don't think you would enjoy being trampled to death,' it says. Whether it's bluffing or not, you don't want to end your adventure by being crushed to death, so you leap out into the road and draw your sword.

BLACK MAMMOTH SKILL 12 STAMINA 15

Since this is such a fearsome adversary, you may, at any time, collapse on to the ground and pretend to be dead (turn to **84**). If you kill the monster, you may resume your journey towards Sardath (turn to **165**).

149

The fungi in this tunnel are pale green, with green tops and small spikes round their bases. They look fairly harmless, so you set off down the tunnel quite confidently. Once you have gone several metres into the tunnel, however, many of the Green Cap start dropping spores from their undersides. Even though most of them fall on the walls and the floor, some of the spores waft towards your face. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **18**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **189**.

150

You turn away from the Ghost and run back to the door. You try the Sign of Summoning, but the door remains shut. From behind you, you hear the ghostly voice of Khornu Wych: 'You do not think I would let you escape that easily, do you?' The Ghost floats out of its sarcophagus and begins to move towards you. Surely there must be some escape . . . surely . . . sur . . .

151

As soon as you make contact, Liam seems to know what is happening. 'It is truly fortuitous that you have contacted me,' he says. 'Since you left, I have been researching the Brain Slayer Amulet shown me by the Suma. It was created by an ancient seer called Khornu Wych . . .' He rambles on for some time about the history of this amulet but eventually says, 'It has a symbol carved on the back. At the moment, this means that it will absorb any mental attacks made on the wearer. However, if two X's are scratched in front

of the existing symbol, the amulet will not only absorb any attack made on the wearer's mind but will reflect it back on the attacker. I hope this proves useful. Goodbye and good luck.' Before you get a chance to say anything, the image fades.

If you already have a Brain Slayer Amulet, you scratch the new symbol on it as instructed. If you do not, you should make a note of what to do for future reference. You then look back into the pool. 'To whom do you wish to speak?' asks the smooth, cultured voice. Turn back to **99** and make another choice.

152

Even though you find nothing on the Dark Elf's body, you do discover a number of footprints near by. You follow them eastwards for a short distance until you come to an area containing several other tracks, all leading north-west up a long valley. These prints were made over a week ago, and by large numbers – a Dark Elf army, perhaps. The presence of such a force, no matter how long ago, is a vital clue to your mission, so you waste no time in following it up. Turn to **104**.

153

You raise your head and force yourself to gaze upon the wild architecture of the Dark Elf lair. It makes your mind reel and you begin to lose all sense of who and where you are. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you feel an intense dizziness and start staggering from one side of the walkway to the other. Unable to prevent it, you stumble and fall over the side – your adventure is over. If you are Lucky, you recover at the last moment and find yourself gazing into what looks like an infinite abyss. If this is the first time you have experienced this effect, you will be disorientated for some days (lose 1 SKILL point). If you've suffered from this before, the symptoms are not worsened. Now turn back to the paragraph you came from and continue your adventure.

154

But there is still cause for hope – a small sailing boat is struggling desperately against the weather. Its lone sailor clings single-mindedly to the tiller but lets the sails flap wildly in the wind. You look around for a way to help, but the only thing you can find that will actually float is a small rowing boat, moored to the wrecked bridge. Will you row out and help the sailor (turn to **41**) or wait and hope that he makes it on his own (turn to **313**)?

155

Your sword slashes into Morn's side, sending him staggering backwards. You advance on him, but now, instead of fighting back, he makes a run for the Recess

Chamber window. If you let him escape, turn to **271**. If you dive after him in an attempt to bring him to the ground, turn to **340**. If you swipe at him with your sword, you will easily hit him since he is not defending himself – deduct 2 points from his STAMINA (you may use your LUCK to try to increase this). If this hit kills him, turn to **249**. If it doesn't, he will escape (turn to **271**).

156

As you charge towards the Spider, it ejects a thin stream of sticky silk in your direction. You are closer than it would ideally like, so the thread arcs over your head, missing you completely. This is a Giant Spitting Spider, not one of the more ferocious hunting varieties, so, before you can reach it, it turns and scuttles off into the trees. You walk back to your camp, feeling good about resolving this encounter so well (regain 1 LUCK point). You lie down, wrap your blankets around you, and settle back down to sleep. Turn to the paragraph whose number you wrote in a circle on your *Adventure Sheet*.

157

You fit the ivory squares together into a cube so that all the carved lines are aligned. As you turn it round in your hands, you see that the shapes form a word: ISTU. 'Istu,' you say out loud. You feel a great power flow through you (regain 1 LUCK point) and by your side appears an immense demon with fiery eyes and great talons that are as potent as the finest silver sword. 'I am Istu, the Twelfth and Last of the Veiled Guardians. I am invisible to all except you and other Demons. I will remain with you and fight by your side until I am destroyed. I will fight any adversary that I can rend with these claws – unless you command me otherwise.' This means that Istu fights only when you yourself are actually in hand-to-hand combat; he does not fight if you are still firing your bow, for example. Since he is invisible, your opponents will still attack you, so you will take all the damage from the fight. However, even though Istu does not take any damage directly, he does lose 3 STAMINA points for each fight he takes part in and he cannot be healed; once his wordly form is killed, he will be dispelled back to his own magical plane.

VEILED GUARDIAN SKILL 12 STAMINA 15

Now turn back to the paragraph you came from.

158

Roxsir leads you through many tunnels and out on to a ledge above a north-facing cliff. You lean over the parapet and see the huge army of Toa-Suo. You can also see another ledge below you, where many Dwarfs are

throwing boulders down as the Toa-Suo climb up. Some of the enemy are able to dodge the boulders and get up to the ledge, but the axe warriors are there to fend them off. You step back from the edge and prepare to join the fight. There are plenty of arrows but only a few archers; with your superior skill, you are more than welcome. If you don't have your own bow, the Dwarfs give you one. It is smaller than your own and of inferior craftsmanship (deduct 1 SKILL point when you use it). With it, you fare little better than any of the others. If you do have your own bow, you have an excellent day, slaying many Toa-Suo (regain 1 LUCK point). As the day draws to an end, the Toa-Suo retreat. Hellura, the leader of the Dwarven archers, tells you to refill your quiver and follow her back into the tunnels. Turn to **322**.

159

You mention something that only you and he know, some secret from your time together. Instead of the expected flicker of recognition, he gives you a blank look, followed by one of grim determination.

'Shoot,' he orders, and four arrows fly from the Elves. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, at least one of the arrows pierces your heart, killing you instantly. If you are Lucky, the Elves have some doubt about Sorrel's verdict concerning your identity; they cannot disobey an order, but they can aim their shots at less vulnerable parts of your body (roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points). If you survive, will you now run (turn to **204**) or quickly draw your bow and shoot Sorrel (turn to **106**)?

160

This stairway is wider and less unnerving to walk on than those in the bottomless cavern, especially since you can see where you are going. As you descend, the stairway spirals to the right, ending at the walkway you saw below you when you were on the balcony. Will you turn left and head further into the city (turn to 369) or turn right and walk towards an archway in the wall of the cavern (turn to 228)?

161

'And how will you achieve that?' he asks.

Will you just smile and say nothing (turn to 366) or tell him that you learned the secret of the amulet's destruction in Khorru's tomb (turn to 270)?

162

Before you reach the cavern wall and the Dwarf slaves who are quarrying there, you arrive at a junction where a narrow path leads off to your right. It must finish up somewhere in the city, but you can see neither where it ends nor any turnings off it. There are high fences along its sides – so presumably it is a pathway for slaves, the fence being there to prevent them straying into the city. Will you leave the main road and go down this path (turn to 280) or carry straight on (turn to 237)?

163

Normal weapons cannot touch this creature, let alone destroy it. Without a silver weapon you have no hope but to try to run back the way you came. Turn to 150.

164

This room is a huge dormitory, equipped with some forty four-poster beds. Most of them have their curtains drawn back, but ten or so at the back of the room have their curtains drawn closed, and you can hear a gentle snoring. If you have a Lightning Sphere, it begins to crackle, so you take it out of your pack. As you hold it in your hand, it glows with a bright, white light, and small flashes of energy arc across to some of the statues standing between the beds. Carved in a style similar to the paintings in the corridor, they are of other Dark Elf sorcerers, so there is no doubting what the Sphere desires. If you hurl it at the sleeping Dark Elves, turn to 261.

If you don't have a Lightning Sphere, or if you don't want to use it, you decide that there are too many Dark Elves here to risk a fight, so you tiptoe out of the room and go back along the corridor to the two doors. Will you now go through the one on your left (turn to 109) or the one on your right (turn to 128)?

165

You have already been travelling all day, so you grow quite weary as you trudge along the Fangthane Road in the darkness (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). If you don't collapse on the road and expire from

exhaustion, you eventually make it to Gwinir's Bridge. By this time the sky is just starting to lighten, although the sun won't rise yet for an hour or two (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*). Nevertheless there is enough light for you to make out a deep, unnatural darkness clinging to the sky above Sardath. As you cross the bridge, you see a small, black cloud emerge from the gloom. When it rises above the Freezeblood Wall and begins to fly northwards, you realize that it is an army of Black Flyers. Will you follow them into the Freezeblood Mountains (turn to **16**) or carry on into Sardath (turn to **293**)?

166

As soon as you insert the Brass Key in the lock, the door opens on its own. When you remove your key and step in, the door closes behind you. In front of you are masses of bookshelves and books beyond number. Although this room is vast, there are only two doors: one marked 'Laboratory' and the other 'Observatory'. Just inside the Library, there is a massive desk, over three metres high, with a chair to match. If you climb up and stand on the huge chair in front of the desk, you are able to reach what is there; you find a book, a sheet of paper and a shallow dish containing mercury. Will you look at the book (turn to **279**), read what is written on the sheet of paper (turn to **375**), or look at the dish of mercury (turn to **99**)?

If you go through the Laboratory door, turn to **42**. If you go through the Observatory door, you find that the Eagle has flown away, but the trapdoor is still

open and sunlight is streaming through. Will you go through the door on your right into the Games Room (turn to **78**), or through the unmarked door on your left (turn to **110**)?

167

When the astrologer finally emerges, it is with a look of puzzlement on his face. Eagerly you ask him what happened. 'I was visited by a Suma, a messenger from the gods. He had a message for you.' He frowns in concentration. 'You are to look for the tomb of Khornu Wych in the Forest of Night. You must look for the flyers. Without the amulet, you are lost.' You look at him questioningly. 'I'm afraid I have no idea what the Suma's advice means, but I'm sure it will become clear in the fullness of time.' He smiles. 'Anyway, it's time you were off.' At the door Liam wishes you luck and waves as you walk down the main road. Turn to **390**.

168

You walk through the Forest for several hours, trying to follow a straight line to where you saw the creatures land. It is difficult to find your way in the dark without getting caught in a Giant Spider web, but you are used to the Forest and so make unfaltering progress. Some time in the middle of the night, when you estimate that you must be getting near, you hear a sound: two voices, talking in a language you have never heard before. You creep up close and hide behind a stand of young trees In the darkness it is difficult to be sure but they seem to be the same sort of creature as the impostor who tried to kill you in Grimmund Beside them is a small mound, in which is set a huge, stone door, covered with lichen. They are trying to open it, but are not having much success. Will you try a surprise attack on them with bow or sword (turn to 30) or wait to see what will happen (turn to 241)?

169

The Dark Elf stops and glares at you in amazement, acting as if he were royalty and you were a beggar He demands something of you in Dark Elf; even though you cannot tell what he is saying, his scornful tone upsets your natural sense of honour and fairness; your temper snaps. You are far too close to use your bow, so you draw your sword and unleash your indignation.

DARK ELF NOBLE SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If you win, you quickly search the body, then throw it

over the right-hand side of the stairway. There is a dark area by the cavern wall here, where he should remain undiscovered for some time. You look around furtively, but it appears that no one saw you. The only thing you found on the Dark Elf, apart from his sword, was a small belt pouch containing three diamonds and a key with an ornate 'S' engraved on it. You put these articles in your pack, then carry on down the stairway to a rough track. You follow this for about fifty metres until it comes to a junction that turns right. Will you carry on along the track (turn to 237) or turn right and head towards what looks like a military camp (turn to 362)?

170

Now that the Ghost has moved out of its sarcophagus, you will be able to get through the secret door. As the Ghost approaches, you set off; you swerve past it, leap into the sarcophagus and push at the door. It opens ... and you step through into the small chamber beyond. Suddenly there is a rumbling sound and the ceiling begins to cave in. Luckily it is only in the area of the doorway – opening it must have weakened the age-old construction. However, when you look around, you realize that you have not been as lucky as you thought, for there is no other exit from this chamber! If you have been hit by the Ghost, turn to 44. Otherwise, turn to 92.

171

As you walk along the riverbank, you notice that the river is becoming more and more clogged with weeds

and that the forest insects are increasingly troublesome. However, you do find a small patch of Haemwort, which is excellent for staunching the flow of blood (add 1 to your Herbs). As evening approaches, you arrive at the second rope-bridge. You shrug off your pack and set up a camp on the edge of the trail near the bridge. This site is often used by traders, and even though the Forest is becoming darker it still seems safe. You settle down to sleep.

The morning arrives (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*) and you shoulder your pack and prepare to go on. Will you continue to follow the river (turn to 20) or walk north-east along the trail (turn to 9)?

172

You walk over to the newcomer and ask the guards to wait a moment. Affecting total confidence, you confront the Dwarf with your knowledge that he is an impostor. Then you stand, impassive, waiting to see what his reaction will be. Without warning he grabs a dagger from inside his tunic. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you don't see the dagger in time, and the assassin ends your adventure right here. If you are Lucky, you do see the dagger – but only in time to deflect it to a less vulnerable part of your body (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). If you survive this, the other guards leap on the impostor while you stagger away to tend your wound.

Once it is all over, one of the Dwarfs approaches you.

'We owe you a great debt, adventurer, in addition to what you have already done.' You tell him that you fight on behalf of all the good people of the Forest and the mountains. 'Well said. I am sure that you will become known as a great Dwarf-friend, even as far as Fangthane – if we survive.' For a while you are all quiet as you watch the black sky slowly turn to the pale blue of the pre-dawn (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*). If today is Highday, turn to **50**. If it is not, turn to **4**.

173

The Sorcerer begins to laugh. 'And now it doesn't matter what clever defences you came armed with, for your principal weapon is losing its power.' He shakes his head in disbelief. 'And the cruellest joke is that this turn of events suits my purpose perfectly. I don't want the amulet for protection myself – I hardly need it. No; I want to learn its secrets and to turn them, so that I may break Corianthus's defences once and for all. Once the amulet is dead, that job will be child's play.' He looks at you with a disdainful glare. 'And now I will wipe your mind blank and take what is mine.' His eyes flash bright yellow, and the air between you crackles with energy. Add 300 to the number of the Brain Slayer Amulet and turn to the paragraph with that number.

174

Just before your fingers close round the creeper, you realize that it is not a normal plant at all, but Strangle Weed: it will crush the life out of you if any of its tendrils get a hold. Without wasting a second, you leap out of the tree and on to the ground. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you have landed without mishap. If the total is greater than your SKILL, then you fall badly (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Now that you know what to avoid, you are easily able to find a tree with non-carnivorous creepers, and you swing safely across the river.

As you walk along the path, the trees loom ominously overhead. Many of the Giant Spider webs have been woven much closer than usual – some threads are even stretched across the trail. Fortunately the Spiders in this area are trappers, not hunters, so you will be safe as long as you don't get caught in one of their webs. You walk for many hours, wondering how the Elves could have let the path get so overgrown. As the sun is beginning to set, you approach the place where some of your questions may be answered: the fork in the road where the Elf village is hidden among the trees. Turn to **332**.

175

After walking northwards for several hours, you reach a stream descending from the mountains. It is a raging torrent of water with a strange, yellowish tint; it must be a tributary of the Sardath, so it may be what is polluting the Forest. You follow it north up an ever-steepening valley. There is no trail here and the ground is very rocky, so your progress is slow and tiring. Eventually night falls. It is cold and windy in

this valley, but there seems to be a good shelter under some fallen boulders by the stream. Will you stop here and make camp for the night (turn to **93**) or press on north (turn to **251**)?

176

The Dark Elf snatches the goblet from you and drains it in a single swallow. Then he grabs a large, meaty Orc bone from the table and thrusts it in your face. 'I quite like you,' he says. 'Have something to eat.' You take the bone and put it in your pack, telling him that you'll save it to enjoy later. Roll one die. If the number rolled is less than or equal to the number of the potion, turn to **98**. If it is higher than the number of the potion, turn to **11**.

177

After some distance, the walkway reaches another junction. Will you now go left (turn to **13**) or carry straight on (turn to **324**)?

178

The morning arrives (regain 1 STAMINA point and tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*), and you climb out from under your thick, frost-covered blankets, the chill morning air reviving you and making you eager for the day's adventures. You climb into the boat, and sail on. The Forest is as dark as ever, and the reeds seem to be encroaching more and more on the river. Twice more you see amphibian eyes watching you, but again they disappear as soon as you look at them. It is soon after the second of these sightings that the boat lurches to a sudden halt. You let go of the tiller and look over the stern. Some reeds have tangled round the rudder; cursing, you reach over and try to pull them free, but they swirl in the water and wrap themselves round your wrist. As the tiny, needle-like hairs pierce your skin, sucking the blood from your arm (deduct 4 STAMINA points), you realize that the plant is River Bloodweed. You jerk your arm back and the Weed flops back into the water, now a dull red colour. If you have the Mystery Potion, you could pour it over the Weed (turn to **371**). If you don't have it, or if you don't wish to use it, will you hack at the Weed with your sword (turn to **132**) or reach back into the water to remove the plant by hand (turn to **201**)?

179

The Zombie slumps to the ground. Its body bloats and the skin begins to erupt. Before you can react, the thing bursts, showering you with red mould spores, which immediately start burrowing into your skin, attacking your nerves. You feel a sudden pain, and then nothing. You are now a Mould Zombie, completely in the power of the Vampyric Slime Mould.

180

The Dark Elf, obviously satisfied by your reply, turns his head away and goes on with what he was doing. Without wasting a second, you back out through the door and close it firmly. You slump against the wall, breathing out a heavy sigh. That was very close. Once your heart rate is under control once more, you walk back down the corridor to an archway on the right. At the end of the corridor, about ten metres further on there is another archway. Both of these lead back into the bottomless cavern. If you go right, turn to **236**. If you carry straight on, turn to **348**.

181

'Legends have it that Corianthus has a store of knowledge more vast, and more ancient, than anything in

northern Allansia. It is said that he lives in a castle on the top of a mountain called Harn Cloud, but I know of no one who has ever climbed the mountain, let alone seen the castle.'

You ask him how to get to this mountain.

'When you leave here, go down the north-western side of the pass into a large corrie with a lake. Go around the south side of the lake and across the bridge, then follow the river southwards. Eventually you will come to a runnel going up the side of a huge, isolated mountain to the west. That is Harn Cloud.' You're not quite sure about some of his technical terms, but you think you can follow what he means.

If this is the second question that you have asked Lokimur, turn to **274**. If it is only the first, you may ask another. What will it be about:

Thyra Migurn (if you know of her)?	Turn to **39**
What's happened to Sardath?	Turn to **97**
The Black Flyers?	Turn to **368**
The Toa-Suo?	Turn to **385**

182

As you follow the stream, the ground becomes increasingly steep and you find the going quite hard. But you are no stranger to hardship and eventually you reach the foot of the mountain. Unfortunately the stream is tumbling down a steep gully which is much too hard for you to climb, so you wander around on the mountain's lowest slopes to see if there is an easier way up. A little way around, you find a path coming from the south-west. You follow it up the mountainside, but it ends abruptly after only fifty metres or so. Will you press on, trying to find your own way up (turn to **33**), or go back down to the foot of the mountain (turn to **298**)?

183

You are desperate now, for you have no way of defending yourself. You make a run for the secret door in the sarcophagus – but the Ghost still hasn't moved, so there is no room for you to squeeze past. A ghostly arm flails out and delivers a life-draining hit. On your *Adventure Sheet*, make a note that the Ghost has hit you once. You now have no choice but to try to run back the way you came in. Turn to **150**.

184

If only you could get across the lake to Sardath and talk to some of its people, many of your questions might be answered. You search among the wrecks to see if any are fit to sail, but the only thing you find that will actually float is a small rowing boat. Will you take this and row across to Sardath (turn to **345**) or

leave the town and head north into the mountains (turn to **81**)?

185

'This person is unconscious,' says the voice. 'So deep is he, that he cannot be roused.' There is a pause, then the voice says, 'To whom do you wish to speak?' Turn back to **99** and make another choice.

186

As you burst into the Council Chamber, you shout at the other Councillors to grab the impostor. Tharborn, Yerika and Toth dive on him and pin him to the ground. While he is being held, you retrieve your Council Ring, then search through his belongings. His pack contains 5 Gold Pieces and three small bottles. They are labelled: '1: Dried Chameleonite Blood', '2: Condensed Mist from the Mithrir Forest', and '7: Pickled Whole Shapechanger Brain'. They are clearly components of some magical process, but you don't know what. Without consulting the other Councillors, you put these articles in your own pack. While Morn is being held, you try to interrogate the strange creature.

'I would rather die than tell you anything,' he says. Grissa, who has moved to watch you at work, says that she believes him. You agree, then suggest that he be locked up in the town prison. Morn is taken away.

'He looked like a Dark Elf,' says Grissa, 'but they don't have wings and talons. Still, it looks as though your dark enemy theory was right.' Turn to **291**.

187

You walk all night without finding any landmark to tell you where you are. Sometimes you go up hill, at other times down. Filled with uncertainty, you don't dare make camp. As the night wears on, you become increasingly fatigued (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Eventually the night draws to an end (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*). As the blackness of night fades into the pale blue of the pre-dawn, you make out a bridge near by. You immediately recognize it as Gwinir's Bridge – you really did lose your way! As you cross the bridge and walk towards Sardath, you notice that the lake is enveloped in a deep darkness, which is unaffected by the increasing light. When a dark shape emerges from the gloom, you think at first that it is a cloud – but to your horror you realize that it's a mass of Black Flyers, flying at great speed over the Freezeblood Wall. Will you try to follow them (turn to **16**) or carry on into Sardath (turn to **293**)?

188

You are not some fearful Dwarf who would be more happy tunnelling beneath the mountains than spending a night in the Forest; you have ways of protecting yourself from the attentions of nocturnal predators other than lighting a fire and leaving it dangerously unattended all night (lose 1 LUCK point). Moreover, you should know that many of the creatures that live in the Forest are not afraid of fire. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **19**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **49**.

189

You try to hold your breath, but you are not quick enough, and some of the spores get into your lungs, burning them and making you cough. But you survive the ordeal, and walk on confidently. However, after just a few metres, the floor suddenly gives way and you tumble into a pit, hundreds of metres deep, with only old Dark Elf bones and your death awaiting you at the bottom.

190

The apparatus bubbles and smokes for a few minutes, then glugs to a halt. Perhaps you used the wrong ingredients or put them in the wrong places. Whichever it may be, you have blocked the apparatus or damaged it in some way. You try to clear it, but you don't have any knowledge of these things and so are unsuccessful. Since there is no way for you to try making any other potions, turn back to **42**, and take one of the other options.

191

One of the covens of sorcerers turns in unison, their wands aimed in your direction. You back away from the edge of the balcony, out of their line of fire; but the power they wield does not depend on sight, and a huge black sphere rises over the balcony. You run back into the corridor, slamming the door behind you, but the sphere passes through as if it wasn't there and follows you, accelerating all the time. In seconds it is upon you, engulfing you in its life-sapping blackness. Your adventure is over.

192

You walk down the badly overgrown trail, thinking about your old friend, Colrhyn, who usually keeps this path open. Even though this hugely built and heavily bearded man spends a lot of his time in the mountains, he is the only human whose knowledge of the Forest comes close to your own. You are brought up short by a strange sight: a red log is lying by the side of the path; when you look more closely, you see that the colour is caused by a covering of deep red mould. A sudden hissing from behind startles you and you spin around. A huge, red, Zombie-like creature is lumbering awkwardly along the path. You may escape by running north-east (the Zombie is blocking the other way); after a few minutes you leave the Zombie far behind you, so you slow down to a walk (turn to **15**) If you don't run, the Mould Zombie lurches towards you, its arms outstretched, hissing unnaturally It is already too close for you to use your bow

MOULD ZOMBIE SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

Fight this battle for two Attack Rounds only. At the end of that time, if the Zombie is still alive, turn to **114** If you have managed to destroy it, turn to **179**.

193

This walkway leads almost immediately to a stairway, which you climb up carefully until you come to a small landing. Straight ahead there is an archway and to your right is another walkway Will you go straight on (turn to **48**) or turn right (turn to **3**)?

194

The road itself is far too hard and cold to sleep on, so you find a patch of dry heather and press it down into a mattress, lie down and curl up in your blankets. It's not the best camp you've ever been in, but at least it's not snowing.

In the morning (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*), you are shocked out of sleep by noisy clattering. You open your eyes to see a merchant wagon coming towards you. As you stand up, the driver hails you and stops. You see that he is a Dwarf, obviously a trader from Fangthane.

'Good day to you,' he says in his lilting north-eastern accent. You greet him, then ask him if he's going to Sardath. 'I am,' he replies. 'Can I offer you a lift?' Will you accept his offer (turn to **220**) or warn him that there is danger in Sardath and advise him to turn back (turn to **266**)?

195

You ask her if she has heard of Corianthus, the Storm Giant. 'Indeed, I have,' she says, but she seems suspicious. 'What do you know of him?' You show her the Brass Key and explain about Colrhyn. 'In that case,' she says, 'I will tell you what I know. I have visited Corianthus many times to bring news from distant lands. I am a sailor, you see, and I have travelled to many places. If you wish to consult with Corianthus, you should go north from here, following the river until you reach a small stream leading up the side of a huge, isolated mountain. Persevere, and you will reach the castle.' You thank Neya again. She smiles. 'I will see you when I come back to Sardath to celebrate the success of your mission.' You laugh at her bravado, then you watch as she heads towards Gwinir's Bridge. Once Neya is out of sight, you turn towards the north, following her advice, and begin the trek into the mountains. Turn to **81**.

196

Your sword slices into Morn's side and he staggers backwards. You move towards him and raise your sword to strike him again. However, instead of slashing at you with his talons, he makes a dive for you. Roll two dice. If the total is greater than your SKILL, he grabs you round the waist, bringing you to the ground with a thud and forcing you to let go of your sword (turn to **212**). If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, then you see the attack coming and manage to dodge nimbly out of his way. He turns and raises his talons. Turn back to **381** and continue the fight.

197

Even though it is completely tangled up in the plant's roots, you manage at last to draw the sword out. Just as you pull your hand back, a drip of honey-like fluid drops from one of the flowers on to the ground. You curse yourself for a fool as you realize that this is a Death Dripper. You were lucky: if that drip had touched you, you would now be dead, food for the plant. You breathe a sigh of relief and examine the sword. With a shock, you recognize it as Sorrel's. This is strange, for he was a Wood-Elf and a better woods-

man than you'll ever be. Whatever has happened here, he didn't fall into the Death Dripper by accident. The sword, being silver, is much better than your own, so you take it and swear that you will use it to avenge Sorrel's death. You then say a few words of farewell to your old friend, and walk on. Some hours later, as the sun is beginning to set, you approach the fork in the road where the Elf village is hidden among the trees. Turn to 332.

198

If you wrote something like 'Hold up the Brass Key', turn to **66**. If you didn't, the Eagle takes no notice of your action, whatever it was, and you have only just enough time to draw your sword. Turn to **89**.

199

The voice booms out even louder. 'You foolish mortal. I asked you for the password, not your name. Now give it me before I become angry.' Will you say 'Faegh' (turn to **91**) or 'Elath' (turn to **343**)?

200

As you lay the tiles on the grid, a click comes from the direction of the wall and a secret door opens, revealing a small room beyond. It was probably a safe storeroom, although it couldn't have been very secure, for there is a hole in the wall where the Dark Elves broke in. However, there has been a rock fall since then, and the tunnel is now completely blocked. But the damage has been done: everything has either been smashed or taken . . . everything, that is, except for

one small bottle, lying on its side under a pile of broken glass. It is labelled '5: Lycanthrope Saliva'. There is nothing else in here, so you leave the storeroom and go back to the numbers puzzle. Even though the storeroom has been thoroughly ransacked, you remove the '2' and the '0' from the board and watch as the secret door closes, vanishing as if it had never been there.

For a while, you tinker around with some of the other games and puzzles, but no further secrets are revealed so you leave the Games Room and go back into the Observatory. Will you go through the door on your left into the Library (turn to **166**) or go straight ahead through the unmarked door (turn to **110**)?

201

Realizing that the Bloodweed has gorged itself on your blood and so is no longer dangerous, you plunge your hand back into the icy water. The Weed lets you untangle it from your rudder without fighting back (regain 1 LUCK point). With your boat now free, you can sail on. An hour or so later, you spot another pair of amphibian eyes

gazing at you. This time, instead of looking back at them directly, you keep on looking forward but you watch the eyes at the edge of your field of vision. Not realizing that you have seen it, the creature stays in view. Will you quickly grab your bow and shoot an arrow at it (turn to 90), or wait to see what it does (turn to 294)?

202

'So, you are a friend of those destructive Dwarfs, are you? I despise them, delving all the time into the secrets of the mountains.' There is a sudden blinding flash and you clasp your hands over your eyes. 'Go to them and tell them that Thyra Migurn laughs at their misfortunes.'

When you muster enough courage to lower your hands and open your eyes, you see a vast creature standing before you, almost a mountain in itself. It is vaguely humanoid, although its body is a constantly changing mass of energy. Lightning arcs into the sky from its head and torso, and huge balls of fiery plasma are crashing into the mountainside all round you. None of it is aimed directly at you, but there is so much power flying about that you could be wounded by accident. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, none of it hits you. If you are Unlucky, you are painfully burned by some plasma (roll one die and deduct that many points from your STAMINA). If you survive, you race down the mountain to escape Thyra's fury. As you are clambering over the rocks, you throw a glance over your shoulder: a pulse of light is coming from Thyra's body as she arcs up into the clouds.

A short time later, you are at the path at the foot of the mountain, relieved to have made it back alive. Turn to 298.

203

You wait for some time, desperately trying to come up with a plan to extricate you from this situation. Suddenly you begin to feel strange: the transformation potion is wearing off, and there is nothing you can do about it. When he sees what is happening to you, one of the Guards screams, 'Human!' and they all attack. You fight as well as you can, but there are far too many of them. Your adventure is over.

204

Your action proves you to be an impostor, so Sorrel gives the order: 'Fire!' A volley of arrows from the Elves flies across the clearing. Your adventure ends here.

205

You open the door cautiously and look in. This room is full of Dark Elves, all of them armed but most are just sitting around, either playing games, cleaning their weapons, or eating and drinking. Realizing that you must do something in order not to arouse their suspicion, you glance round the room, pretending to be looking for someone. You are on the point of turning and leaving when one of the Dark Elves looks up casually and says in greeting, 'Valethion, Chaugh.' He gazes at you, clearly expecting a reply. What will you say:

'Valethion'?	Turn to **56**
'Chaugh'?	Turn to **359**
'Thionel'?	Turn to **180**

206

After making a bivouac out of wood torn from the wrecks, you settle down to sleep. Being in the dry and out of the icy wind, you spend a very comfortable night (regain 3 STAMINA points).

In the morning (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*), you wake up, bright and refreshed. If today is Highday, turn to **50** If it is not, you set off without delay, punting the barge with a long pole Once it has got up a good speed, you let the current take it so that you can rest further (regain 2 STAMINA points) As you lie on the raft, half dozing, you begin to wonder: how is it that the water here is so clear, when in the Forest the river is so overgrown.

Some hours later you reach the point where the river turns south and this puzzle is solved. There is a tributary here with a strange yellowish tinge. Downstream of the point where it joins the river, the polluted water has caused the river to become overgrown with weeds. The tributary itself is clear, probably because it is flooding so fast. Since you are not able to travel any further in the barge, you bring it to land on the west bank, just past the junction of the two rivers, then you jump off and prepare to continue your adventure on foot. Will you follow the tributary north (turn to **122**) or follow the river south towards Sardath (turn to **142**)?

207

Since the first Slykk is faster than his companion, he arrives ahead of him, and immediately goes into a fury, screaming something unintelligible in his strange croaking language. Fight him for two Attack rounds. At the start of the third Attack round, the second Slykk arrives, and you must carry on the battle against them both simultaneously.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SLYKK	8	2
Second SLYKK	6	5

If you win, a lot more Slykk rise up out of the river and advance towards you. You are forced to back away into the Forest. After a few metres, they halt and watch you. You are impossibly outnumbered, so you

decide to leave the land of the Slykk and head north. Turn to **267**.

208

The fungi in this tunnel look like giant black puffballs. They are ominous-looking things, so you walk along trying not to touch them. However, when you have progressed only a few metres, several of them explode, engulfing you in a cloud of choking black spores. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **223**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **264**.

209

The Sorcerer becomes suddenly firm. 'I know I'm right. The amulet cannot possibly have faded.' A look of recognition crosses his face. 'You are trying to fool me – you want me to attack you. So my attempts to obscure the efforts of that cursed astrologer weren't enough, and you have implemented Khornu's Attenuation, turning the amulet from a mere shield to a reflector.' He smiles. 'But it is of no matter, for now I know of your achievement.' He pauses. 'And I also know that you don't possess any secret magic.'

Even if you have no idea what he is talking about, it is too late to try to dissuade him; you can tell he is going to attack. So you draw your sword as swiftly as you can.

'Faeleorn rath mardex.'

When you run at him, you crash into a wall of impenetrable force and stumble backwards, stunned. The Sorcerer raises his staff, spraying you with a viscous jet of life-sapping darkness. Your adventure is over.

210

As your fingers close around the creeper, the creeper curls up round your fingers! You struggle to pull away, but several other creepers have already wrapped themselves around you. It is too late to use your bow, but you just manage to draw your sword.

STRANGLE WEED SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

Even though you may attack the Strangle Weed, it doesn't fight back in the normal way; it simply crushes 1 point of STAMINA out of you every Attack Round. If you defeat the Weed, you extricate yourself from the dead tendrils and climb down the tree. Now that you know what to avoid, you find a tree with non-carnivorous creepers and swing safely across the river.

As you walk along, you notice that many of the Giant Spider webs have been woven much closer than usual to the trail – some threads even stretch across the path. But the Spiders in this area are trappers, not hunters, so you are safe as long as you don't stumble into one of their webs. After many hours of walking, just as the sun is beginning to set you reach the fork in the road where the Elf village is hidden among the trees. Turn to **332**.

211

Roxsir leads you through many tunnels and out on to a ledge above a north-facing cliff. You lean over the parapet and see the huge army of Toa-Suo trying to climb up. The Dwarfs are trying to repel them by throwing down rocks which have been brought up from the tunnels below. Nevertheless some Toa-Suo still make it as far as the ledge; the axe warriors are there to finish them off.

During the course of the day, three Toa-Suo succeed in clambering up on the ledge in your area. They don't all get there at once, of course, so you can fight them one at a time. There is no room to use your bow.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TOA-SUO	6	11
Second TOA-SUO	5	12
Third TOA-SUO	7	8

If you defeat them all, the end of the day finally arrives and the Toa-Suo retreat. When the order is given to stand down, you follow the Dwarfs as they traipse into the tunnels, exhausted by the day's fighting. Turn to **322**.

212

You roll around on the ground, arms and legs flailing, each trying to get a grip on the other. Even though you are not using your sword, don't deduct any points from your SKILL since you are on equal footing with the impostor. Also, since you are not hitting each other, neither of you takes any damage – conduct the fight as detailed below, but don't deduct any points

from the STAMINA score of either of you. (If you have already fought Morn with your sword, his STAMINA score may be less than that given.)

MORN PREELER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

Roll two dice to determine the Attack Strength for both yourself and Morn. If the result is a draw, you fight on with neither gaining the advantage – roll again. If you win the Attack Round, you gain the advantage and have the choice of what to do next. Will you leap away from him, grab your sword and attack him (turn to **381**), leap away from him, and then run (turn to **398**), or try to get him in a firm hold (turn to **10**)? If Morn wins the Attack Round, he gets the advantage (turn to **118**).

213

Trying to row in this weather is a terrible ordeal, and you nearly don't make it. With a titanic effort, you manage to pull alongside the sailing boat. You see that the sailor is just sitting there in blind panic, so you shout at him in a commanding voice to come and help you, and he is shaken out of his stupor. Once aboard, you take over command of the boat and eventually you both make it ashore. Once there, the man introduces himself as Jonnan; he thanks you for saving his life (regain 1 LUCK point). 'I am no sailor,' he says, 'but when I saw Neya drown yesterday, I realized that someone had to try to escape.' You tell him that he might well have died. 'The storm has got steadily worse over the last few days,' he says, 'tomorrow you probably won't even be able to get in a boat, let alone

sail it. This was the last chance.' You tell him you are surprised that the storm never lets up. 'It does,' he says, 'at nightfall, when the Black Flyers come. It is to defend the town from them that most folk remain in Sardath.' You explain about your mission, and his dour expression lifts a little. Then you ask him if he knows where the Black Flyers come from. 'All I know is that, about an hour after the sun has gone down, a dark army appears from over the Freezeblood Wall.' If you have a Brass Key, turn to **68**. Otherwise, turn to **305**.

214

As the Ghost emerges, you observe behind it the faint outline of a door in the sarcophagus, a secret opening that it must be trying to defend. At the moment, however, this is inaccessible since the Ghost is in the way. If you ever want to make a run for the secret door, add 20 to the number of the paragraph that you are reading at the time, then turn to the paragraph with that number. For now, turn to **316**.

215

'Die, human!'

You snap your head around and look up at the balcony. Another coven of Dark Elves is there, pointing at you with their black wands. You run towards the part of the balcony where they are standing and dive for its shelter, but the power they wield does not depend on sight; a huge black sphere floats down towards you. By the time you see it, it is too late; you are engulfed in its dark, life-sapping power. Your adventure is over.

216

At the top of the stairway is an immense door, about ten metres high and three metres wide. It opens as you walk towards it, closing behind you once you have stepped through. This room is roughly the same shape as the building, except that it is about half the size. In front of you, there is an immense cylindrical cage with some sort of magical energy oscillating between its bars. Standing inside the cage, almost filling it, is a Storm Giant, apparently in some kind of tortured trance. Behind the Giant are two groups of Dark Elves. The ones on the left are seated round a table, eating and drinking, laughing and screaming, oblivious to the torment of the Giant. The others, on the Giant's right, are standing in a circle round a magical diagram on the floor, chanting and swaying, performing some dark ritual. If you have a Lightning Sphere, it begins to crackle, indicating an urgent desire to be used. If you throw it between the two groups of Dark Elves, turn to **382**. If you don't have a Lightning Sphere, or if you don't want to use it, no one has noticed you yet, so you may leave (turn to **29**). If you decide to stay, will you go up to the Storm Giant (turn to **129**), walk round him to the left (turn to **238**), or walk round him to the right (turn to **337**)?

217

The apparatus bubbles and smokes for a few minutes, then a clear liquid drips out of the end into a small phial. There is no use in making a potion and not using it, so you pick up the phial and drink its contents. For a moment or two nothing happens, but

then you feel your body changing, becoming lighter. Soon you are nothing but a creature of mist, and all your equipment clatters uselessly to the floor. You can move about and see and hear, but there is nothing you can do. Your adventure is over; a new one has begun.

218

You pass within metres of the Black Flyer but not close enough to grab him. As you hurtle towards the trees, you pray that they will break your fall. For a moment there is just pain and noise as your falling body is battered by branches and scratched by twigs (roll two dice and deduct the total from your STAMINA). If you are hardy enough to have survived this horrific ordeal, you find yourself lying in the wreckage of a clump of young trees. You still have your pack containing your Herbs and gold, and your sword, if you didn't drop it when you were fighting Iulien. But your bow and arrows are back in the Council Recess Chamber in Grimmund. You haul yourself painfully to your feet. Before you is a small mound, in the front of which is set a stone door, covered with lichen. However, there is no time to investigate now for the two Black Flyers are landing in front of you; they draw long black swords and walk malevolently towards you. You must fight them simultaneously. Remember: if you don't have your sword, you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BLACK FLYER	10	5
Second BLACK FLYER	7	7

If you win, turn to **262**.

219

You nock an arrow and roll sideways to face the Spider, firing from where you lie in order to take it by surprise. As your arrow arcs through the air, the Giant Spider spits several jets of thick, sticky thread towards you, binding you and fixing you to the ground. Roll two dice to see whether your arrow hits. If it does, make a note to deduct 2 points from the Spider's STAMINA if you survive to fight it. Whether or not the arrow hits, you must now attempt to break free of the webs before the Spider gets to you. Roll two dice. If the total is greater than your SKILL, you are unable to free yourself and the spider will fall on you before you can retaliate. It is in no way a fighter but, since it has you in its webs, the Giant Spitting Spider can drop its loathsome body on top of you and inject you with its paralysing poison, putting an untimely end to both your life and your mission. However, if the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, you escape from the webs just as the Spider falls on you. Turn to **320**.

220

You climb up on to the wagon, glad to have a rest from walking. The Dwarf, who is called Fangnir, starts grumbling about the people of Sardath: they are always trying to do him out of his 'honest' profit. You smile to yourself and let him ramble on, glad not to have to put much effort into your side of the conversation. After about a quarter of an hour, you hear a strange rumbling sound coming from the road beneath you. You tell Fangnir to stop talking and then listen carefully. The sound is growing louder, like an earthquake

approaching. Suddenly the road itself cracks, and you shout at Fangnir to spur his horses into a gallop. He lashes at them with the reins but it is too late. The whole wagon is lifted up on the erupting road-surface. You shout at Fangnir to jump from the wagon, but he is frozen with fear. You cannot leave him, so you grab him and try to drag him off with you as you jump. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **341**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **290**.

221

The Giant Eagle flies you to a rocky crag on the east side of the mountain. There is a strange yellow stream flowing out of a small cave in the crag, and the Eagle lands you here. You rub your shoulders and stretch your arms, pleased to discover that no serious damage has been done. While you are doing this, the Eagle screeches at you and spreads its wings. Guessing that it is going now, you wave an arm at it in thanks. The Eagle screeches at you once more, then flies off. When you turn and look into the cave, you see that it leads to a narrow tunnel going deep into the mountain. A path runs along this tunnel, with the stream flowing beside it. Will you follow the tunnel (turn to **116**) or leave this place and carry on walking up the mountain (turn to **388**)?

222

'Ah' he says in an almost friendly tone, 'now I see what it is that is making you so confident.' He pauses, looking thoughtful. 'So it was you who destroyed my

two Flyers. *And* you managed to get into the tomb and retrieve the amulet.' He smiles. 'Well done.' Having no desire to take part in this bizarre conversation, you stand there impassively. Unperturbed, the Sorcerer goes on. 'When the last pair of Flyers reported that the tomb had been destroyed, I thought I had lost the amulet.' He laughs quietly. 'But now I see that you have brought it for me. Please accept my humble thanks.'

The Brain Slayer Amulet is the only object you have that you can use against him. But how? For the moment, all you have is talk, so you are forced to say something. Will you tell him to go ahead and kill you if he wants the amulet (turn to **79**), tell him that, if he makes any move against you, you will destroy the amulet (turn to **161**), or tell him that, if he makes a move against you, you will use the amulet against him (turn to **383**)?

223

You slap your hand over your mouth and pinch your nostrils closed with your thumb and forefinger. Thus protected against the spores, you run down the tunnel. The fungus comes to an end after a short distance and you reach an area lit by torches. Two tough-looking Dwarf guards are standing here, but they don't seem at all aggressive. 'Welcome, human,' one of them says. 'Would you please follow us. You are the first human we have seen for many days, so Lokimur is sure to want to see you immediately.'

The Dwarfs lead you through the convoluted tunnels of what looks more like an underground settlement than a mine, eventually bringing you to a chamber where an important-looking Dwarf is sitting behind a large stone desk. 'I am Lokimur, son of Bakulor, leader of this band of refugee Dwarfs in these dangerous and hasty times.' He hands you a beautifully fashioned Red Gem. 'A gift,' he says, 'to thank you for braving the mountains to come to us – whoever you are.' Will you tell him only that you are an adventurer seeking help in finding and destroying the Black Flyers (turn to 306), or are you prepared to give him your name and tell him that you hail from Grimmund in the Forest of Night, travelling under orders from the Grimmund Council (turn to 331)?

224

The bridge is a sturdy affair, evidently of Dwarven construction. You cross it, then follow the track as it leads you southwards along the bank of the stream. For a while you are able to forget the desperate nature

of your mission and enjoy the beautiful scenery. But the illusion of calm is soon shattered when you come to another, smaller stream – a runnel tumbling down the side of a huge, isolated mountain to the west. Its water has a strange yellowish tint. Where it joins the main stream, there are ribbons of yellow snaking erratically southwards; further down, the whole stream is tainted. Will you turn west and follow the runnel up the side of the mountain (turn to 318) or leap across it and continue following the track south (turn to 276)?

225

Seemingly from nowhere, a name leaps into your mind: 'Krystal Erlho.' The gods must really be with you, for this is the name of the secret love of Khornu Wych . . . This is not the actual password, however, since there isn't one; it is but a key to a key. A voice emanates from the door – the seer speaking from ages past: 'Krystal, my love, I prayed that one day you might come and join me. Now we shall be together for eternity. Give the Sign of Summoning, and enter.' The voice is then silent. Will you:

Search for an opening mechanism?	Turn to 75
Smash the door with your sword (if you have one)?	Turn to 136
Give up?	Turn to 349

226

As you strike the final blow, a blinding light flares out from the woman's armour; the whole thing turns into a crackling ball of lightning, and a huge voice crashes

out over the mountains. 'So you dare to defeat Thyra Migurn in combat. For that there must be a prize.'

A bolt of lightning bursts from the blazing sphere, arcing into your sword. Instead of electrocuting you, however, the power stays within the weapon. From now on, every time you draw your sword against a Black Flyer or a Dark Elf, it will blaze with lightning power (deduct 3 points per hit from their STAMINA instead of the usual 2). However, make a note that there is enough power in your sword for four such battles, after which it will revert to normal.

'But now,' says Thyra, 'either you will show proper obeisance or be forced to behold me in my true form.' Will you kneel before her (turn to **315**), or do you refuse (turn to **350**)?

227

'So you have appeared, finally,' says Liam when you contact him. He looks terribly tired and is streaked with blood and grime. You ask him what happened. 'You came back,' he says. 'Well, not the real you, an impostor. He had your Council Ring, so Grissa believed it was you. Anyway, the impostor told them what they wanted to hear. No one asked me, so I had no chance to find out the truth.' He pauses and shakes his head in apparent disbelief. 'And then the war began. As soon as we hit the Forest, it hit back.' He breaks off suddenly and looks to one side. 'Curse them all! They're here already.' There is a crash, and you see a Giant Spider scuttling towards Liam. 'Goodbye, Councillor,' he says, and the image disappears.

Desperate to find out what is happening, you call up the astrologer again. But the smooth, cultured voice just says: 'There is no one of that name living in Grimmund.' After a moment, it asks dispassionately, 'To whom do you wish to speak?' Turn back to **99** and make another choice.

228

The archway leads into a short tunnel which is both wide and high and is decorated with shadowy wall-paintings whose gruesome effect is worsened by the unnatural-looking light emanating from the surrounding fungi. However, you are soon through the tunnel and away from its sickness. You are now back in the bottomless cavern, so you lower your gaze at once to avoid its insanity. Nevertheless you can still see the stairway that leads down from here, so you follow it to a small platform. On the right of the platform is an archway; to its left, a stairway leads downwards. Will you go right (turn to **48**), or left (turn to **302**)?

229

The monster resumes its charge, and soon you are in combat. The fight is hard and you are hopeful that you are going to win. However, when a flight of Black Flyers arrives, there can be no doubt about the outcome. Your adventure is over.

230

The only object you have that might harm the Mould is the Mystery Potion the trader gave you, so you pull out the bottle and smash it on the monster. In an

instant a large area of the Mould withers away into nothing. The colony is decimated and virtually powerless; forced to retreat, it slithers off you and slimes its way back into the forest. Amazingly, it also slithers off the Zombie, revealing the true shape of the man beneath. It is Colrhyn. He sits on one of the logs, obviously exhausted by his ordeal. 'I'm sorry I attacked you,' he says, 'but the Vampyric Slime Mould dominated my will.' You console him and give him one of your Herbs. Once he has recovered a little, you help him to walk back along the path to his cabin. He lies down on his bed, still cramped and weak, and you give him some more Herbs from his own supplies. While he is eating them, you make sure that plenty more are within easy reach of his bed. Once you feel certain that he is going to recover, you tell him briefly about your mission and its urgency. 'Now I understand,' he says, but his eyes are drooping – he is in desperate need of rest. Will you press him for information (turn to **384**) or, leaving him to sleep, go northwest up the trail from his cottage (turn to **15**)?

231

Even though he is quite old, Liam Astromonius, the astrologer, is a friend of yours, having helped you in many of your adventures. When Liam opens his oaken door to your knocking, he smiles. 'I thought you would be paying me a visit. Come in.' Once inside, the astrologer asks you to sit down. He sits opposite you and indicates his star charts. 'I've been working on this all night but I am still unable to tell you anything about this mission. I have studied the charts as closely

as I can, but there is some cloud hanging over your future. Either that,' a flicker of self-doubt passes across his face, 'or there is some power interfering with my activities.' Then he smiles strangely. 'But there is still something I haven't tried. It is a powerful but dangerous ritual, especially if the gods are not with you. No non-magician has ever seen it and lived.' Do you insist that you must witness the ritual (turn to **143**), or will you take the astrologer's advice and let him enter his spell chamber alone (turn to **167**)?

232

You walk along the road for many hours, wondering what you are going to find in Sardath. The mountains to the north look cold and forbidding; the Forest to the south looks dark and evil. It seems as if your whole world has been darkened. Later in the day, as you are crossing Gwinir's Bridge, you see your fears for Sardath justified: the whole lake is enveloped in a deep, unnatural darkness. Your heart sinks and you come to a halt, very nearly giving up. But if the people of Sardath are trapped by this darkness, you may be their only hope; you must go on. With this thought in mind, you press on towards the town. Turn to **293**.

233

One of the covens of sorcerers turns and glares at you, but the Lightning Sphere is already falling towards them. An instant later it hits the ground, exploding into a mass of lighting and fire. For a second you feel intense heat on your face, and you close your eyes in shock. And then it is gone. You walk back to the edge and look down. All that remains is a thick layer of grey dust covering the ground.

On the other side of the balcony there are some steps leading down to the floor below. In a state of mild shock, you walk over to them and go down to inspect the damage you have wrought, hoping to find some remains of the Sorcerer himself. If you have a set of Iron Keys, turn immediately to **215**. If you do not, you spend a few minutes looking around but finding nothing. Suddenly a part of the wall slides to one side and a robed figure steps out – the Sorcerer. You stand before him, triumphant among the havoc you have caused, but he is unimpressed. 'I still have the power to turn the tide. You have brought the Wood Elves and freed the slaves, but I have a greater power than you can imagine. You have destroyed my acolytes, but they can easily be replaced. And I have plumbed so many of the depths of Corianthus's mind that I will soon be able to force him to cover this whole land with darkness.' The Sorcerer looks at you through narrowed eyes. 'And yet you stand there, apparently unafraid. Is this bravery, or mere foolishness?' If you are wearing a Brain Slayer Amulet, turn to **222**. If you are not, turn to **38**.

234

The instant he is close enough for hand-to-hand combat, the Slykk goes into a fury and attacks you, screaming something unintelligible in his strange, croaking language.

Second SLYKK SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you win, a mass of other Slykk rise up out of the river and advance towards you. You are forced to back away into the forest. After a few metres they stop and watch you. You are impossibly outnumbered, so you decide to leave the territory of the Slykk and head north. Turn to **267**.

235

Both the amulet and its chain are made of solid gold and are very heavy. The octopoidal humanoid engraved on the front of the amulet is a Brain Slayer, a creature renowned for feeding on the mental energy of its victims. It is writhing in flaming torment. On the back of the amulet is carved the symbol 'IX'. When you put the amulet on, you can feel its magic, though you can only guess at its function. Unfortunately the amulet is so big and cumbersome that it is difficult for you to do anything like fight or move stealthily (deduct 2 points from your SKILL; this penalty can be relieved only by taking off the amulet). If you remove the amulet and put it in your pack, you will not suffer its debilitating effects; you may put it back on again at any time when you are not engaged in combat or any other restrictive activity. (If you are asked whether you are wearing the amulet, it will already be too late

for you to put it on.) Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* that you have the Brain Slayer Amulet and keep a record of whether you are wearing it or carrying it in your pack. Now turn back to **92** and select another item.

236

As you step through the archway on to yet another walkway, you quickly lower your gaze to avoid the insane architecture. This walkway feels even higher than the others you have been on, although you daren't look down to find out whether your presentiment is accurate. You meet no junctions as you walk along, just another archway at the end, leading to a short tunnel. This tunnel is lit only by the weak light that filters in from either end, so you feel at something of a disadvantage; but it soon emerges into the dim light, high up the wall of a vast cavern. The glimpse you catch of the cavern as you step through reveals that you are standing on a long platform, very near its ceiling. From what you can hear, some sort of activity seems to be going on a long way below you. With some misgivings you walk towards the sound. When you reach the edge of the platform, you tentatively look down, ready to throw yourself back against the wall should this cavern be full of the same mind-wrenching architecture as the bottomless cavern. But the buildings on this side are just sane enough for you to be able to look at them without having your mind unbalanced. Turn to **135**.

237

After walking several hundred metres more, you reach the side of the cavern; it is like a huge cliff, with

tunnels and caves where it has been quarried by the Dwarfs. As you watch, an open cart creaks towards you, fully laden with blocks of dressed stone. With a mixture of sadness and joy, you recognize one of the two Dwarfs pushing the cart: it is Arneggur Thugfist, a hard, experienced officer in Sardath's Fifth Hammer and Axe. You shout at them to stop and walk up to Arneggur.

'What is it?' he says in an exasperated tone. In a hushed voice you tell him who you are and the reason you are here. He is delighted that you have come but quickly turns the conversation to escape and retribution. 'You will have to go to the slavers' camp and steal a set of keys,' he says, pointing along a rocky road. 'Go down that way, but, before you reach the stairway which goes up to the balcony, turn left. The camp is along this track. When you have the keys, bring them straight to me. This lot are spoiling for a fight and, with me to lead them, nothing will stand in our path.' If you have already been to the slaver camp,

turn to **295**. If you have not, you leave the quarry and follow the road for a kilometre or two, then turn left, heading towards what looks like a temporary military camp. Turn to **362**.

238

You walk round the side of the room until you are level with the archway. When you look through here, you are amazed by the splendour of what you see. In the centre of a large hall, with great staircases going up and down to other floors, is a long table, with at least thirty Dark Elves sitting round it. They are feasting but are showing no signs of enjoyment; they are just leering over their gruesome food like fastidious, demonic gourmets.

One of them turns around. 'Would you like to come in for dinner?' he says.

Will you accept the invitation and go through the archway (turn to **396**) or say that you have other business to attend to, then quickly move away? If you choose the latter course of action, will you go towards the diners (turn to **65**) or towards the ritual (turn to **337**)?

239

He looks at you with mock sadness. 'Oh, that is a shame,' he says. 'And you were doing so well.' Suddenly his facial muscles become tense with fury. 'But now you have pushed me too far with your weak deceptions.' Realizing he is going to attack, you draw your sword as swiftly as you can.

'Faeleorn rath mardex.'

When you run at him, you crash into a wall of impenetrable force and stumble backwards, stunned. The Sorcerer raises his staff, spraying you with a viscous jet of life-sapping darkness. Your adventure is over.

240

You walk along the trail between the sheer mountains to the north and the long, sharp ridge to the south. After you have travelled a few kilometres, you reach the western edge of the ridge. The trail turns south here, and you follow it as far as the river. On the riverbank there is a landing-stage and several barges. Most of the boats have been wrecked, although there is one that would just about bear your weight. If you embark straight away and start punting down the river, turn to **347**. However, it is now getting quite late, so you could make camp and sail tomorrow (turn to **206**).

241

After a few moments they abandon whatever it was that they were doing and step back. One of them holds up a small phial; when the other nods, he throws it at the door. There is a loud explosion and a cloud of smoke and you duck down to shield yourself from the blast. When you look up again, the smoke has cleared and you can see that the door is completely untouched. The two black creatures, however, have been blown to pieces! You walk across to the mound and examine the

door. It is just as it was when you saw it from a distance – cold, heavy stone, covered with lichen – except now you can see something engraved on its surface: 'Here within lie the remains of Khornu Wych, Seer and Visionary. Whosoever desecrates this tomb shall be haunted by my spirit and destroyed.' This is quite a threat. Nevertheless, there must be something vital in this tomb, or your secret enemy wouldn't be so desperate for it. You decide that it is up to you to break into the tomb and get this thing before they do. If you think you might know the password and wish to try it, turn to **2**. Otherwise, will you search for an opening mechanism (turn to **75**) or, if you have one, break down the door with your sword (turn to **136**)?

242

Roll two dice and deduct 3 from the total. If this value is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **334**. If it is greater than your SKILL, turn to **386**.

243

DANGEROUS FUNGI

Many fungi are saprophytic, which means that they feed on the decaying matter of other organisms. However, some species are more pernicious even than that. These species actually spray a cloud of spores which kill their prey. The spores then grow into new individuals, which feed on the decaying corpse.

Elf Bane: This is a black fungus, much like the giant puffball. It is only slightly harmful to surface-dwelling Elves, but is lethal to Dark Elves. This specialism has developed into something of a bizarre symbiosis; for Dark Elves have been known to send individuals of their own kind into patches of the fungus for sport or as punishment.

Green Cap: This is a pale-green fungus, much like the oyster mushroom but with a green top and small spikes round the base. It is harmful only to Rock Grubs and Giant Spiders, and so is an excellent species for protecting mines.

Now turn back to the paragraph you came from.

244

The Dwarf nods his head very slightly and stands up. He walks over to the newcomer quite casually and asks the guards to wait a moment. He asks the Dwarf a few questions and then turns away, apparently satisfied. Suddenly he swings around, drawing a heavy war-hammer. The impostor Dwarf, realizing that he has been discovered, tries to defend himself, but he is

on his own and is armed with only a dagger. Once it is all over, the Dwarfs come over to you. 'We owe you a great debt, adventurer, in addition to what you have already done.' You tell them that you fight on behalf of all the good people of the Forest and the mountains. 'Well said. I am sure that you will become known as a great Dwarf-friend, even as far as Fangthane – if we survive.'

For a while you all fall quiet as you watch the black sky slowly turn to the pale blue of the pre-dawn (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*). If today is Highday, turn to 50. If it is not, turn to 4.

245

Since the creatures inside are averse to sunlight, there is no chance of them looking up and seeing you. As you watch, you see a Dark Elf running out of view to your left, and several others going to your right. You hear doors slam and what sound like Dark Elf curses, but they die down after a few minutes. This castle was built for a Giant, so there is a ten-metre drop to the floor of the room below. If you have a rope, you loop it round one of the battlements and use it to abseil down. Once you have landed, you tug on the rope's end and pull it down behind you. If you do not, you have no choice but to jump. No matter how agile you may be, such a long drop means that you are bound to suffer some injury (roll one die and deduct that many STAMINA points).

The room you have entered is not just a means of

access for the Eagle, it is also an observatory. There are star charts on the walls and a huge telescope pointing up through the trapdoor. But there is nothing else in here, so you decide to leave through one of the immense doors. Will you go through the one on your left, marked 'Games Room' (turn to 78), or the one in front of you, marked 'Library' (turn to 166), or will you go through the unmarked door on your right (turn to 110)?

246

The Sorcerer begins to laugh. 'And now it doesn't matter what clever defences you came armed with, for your principal weapon is losing its power.' Suddenly he stops and thinks. 'But how can this be? Nothing I have learned would indicate that this is possible – it is just an absorber, a conduit for the power of others.'

Will you now change your look to one of confidence, telling the Sorcerer that he is right and that you should have known better than to try fooling him (turn to 94), or carry on looking nervous, but say nothing (turn to 209)?

247

'It's me,' you say, and give him your name. You then hand him the keys and tell him he can now take his revenge on the Dark Elves (regain 1 LUCK point).

'It will be a pleasure,' he says grimly, then he smiles. 'It is an old Dwarf custom to give a rescuer a gem or a piece of jewellery, but this Ring of Three Centuries is

all the Dark Elves left me with.' He removes a silver band from round his finger and gives it to you. 'May I suggest that you now seek out and destroy the Sorcerer who leads the Dark Elves. Unless he is removed from the arena, I fear that we will not be able to defeat them.' He points along the road towards the part of the city where most of the building work is going on. 'Go down there a good distance until you come to a fenced pathway on your left. Follow this to an archway in the cavern wall. Once you are through, keep your eyes down and follow the walkway, avoiding all turns until you come to another archway. Through there is the Sorcerer.'

You promise Arneggur that you will do what is needed or die in the attempt. Then you leave him and walk along the road. When you get to the fenced pathway, you turn and follow it. Turn to **280**.

248

You make a wild guess at the password. You speak the word in a clear voice and wait. A few moments pass; nothing happens. If you wish to guess again, turn back to **2**. Otherwise, will you:

Search for an opening mechanism?	Turn to **75**
Smash the door with your sword (if you have one)?	Turn to **136**
Give up?	Turn to **349**

249

Now that he is dead, you look at the body of the mutated impostor. In some ways, it is familiar: like a

Dark Elf, perhaps; in others it is like nothing you have ever seen. You retrieve your Council Ring and then search through his belongings. His pack contains 5 Gold Pieces and three small bottles. They are labelled: '1: Dried Chameleonite Blood', '2: Condensed Mist from the Mithrir Forest', and '7: Pickled Whole Shapechanger Brain'. They are clearly components of some magical process, but you don't know what. You pick up your bow and arrows and return to the Council Chamber. Turn to **291**.

250

You draw your sword and leap forward to attack the Dark Elf, hoping to take him by surprise. But he is one of the Sorcerer's elite Personal Guard and has lightning reactions.

ELITE DARK ELF	SKILL 10	STAMINA 8

If you win, you drag his body on to the walkway and drop it over the side. Then you walk back up to the archway and go through the door. Turn to **103**.

251

After you have been walking for an hour or so you notice several black shapes silhouetted against the night sky, some way ahead. You realize almost immediately that they are Black Flyers. There is nowhere for you to run to: but they are creatures of the night and saw you long before you saw them. As they swoop down towards you, you realize that your adventure is over.

252

There are more roughly erased tracks in here, although they are more difficult to make out in the darkness. You follow them to the back of the cave, where you find a mine shaft descending deep into the ground. There are also several lanterns hanging on hooks on the wall, so you take one and light it. With the extra light you can now see a rickety wooden cage suspended above the shaft; a rope, used to pull it down into the mine, is probably attached to a counterweight. You step into the cage and pull on the rope.

At the bottom of the mine shaft, the trail heads off down a large tunnel, leading eventually to a shallow pool of still water, where the footprints end. There are three tunnels on the far side of the pool, two of which are full of strange fungi. The third tunnel, which is empty, has more footprints, presumably the continuation of the trail. Which tunnel will you take:

The left-hand one?	Turn to **149**
The middle one?	Turn to **208**
The right-hand one?	Turn to **292**

253

As the monster charges at you and the ground trembles beneath its feet, you draw your sword and prepare to do battle. It probably weighs several tonnes, and you are but a puny human, waiting to be crushed beneath its bulk.

BLACK MAMMOTH SKILL 12 STAMINA 15

At any time during this combat you may collapse on

to the ground and pretend to be dead (turn to **84**). If you kill the monster, you slide your sword back into its scabbard and resume your journey towards Sardath (turn to **165**).

254

Since the Giant Stag Beetle is a huge, lumbering creature, you can get in three shots before it reaches you. If all three arrows hit, the Beetle crashes to the ground, dead (turn to **308**). Otherwise, make a note of how many do, so that you will be able to deduct the appropriate number of points from the Beetle's STAMINA if you fight it. For now, the Beetle is still alive and thundering towards you – you must act. Will you use your last second to dodge out of its way (turn to **60**) or draw your sword and prepare to fight (turn to **283**)?

255

You plummet towards the icy water of Lake Sardmere and the impact knocks all the breath out of you. Suddenly you see six or seven Black Flyers diving towards you. You try diving and swimming away; after they have swooped past you a few times, slashing at you with their swords, you cannot prevent yourself from sinking. Your adventure is over.

256

A huge booming voice comes from nowhere: 'Istu! So you are released. You were to remain in your puzzle until I was returned to the Abyss.' Istu roars and raises his talons. 'If you want to fight,' says the voice, 'so be

it! I, Pnea, the Eleventh Veiled Guardian, will destroy you and damn you to another period of imprisonment in the mortal world.' Istu lashes out; the two demons fight.

PNEA	SKILL 11	STAMINA 17

Resolve the battle, remembering to deduct points from Istu's STAMINA score since he is directly engaged in combat. If Istu wins the battle, turn to **363**. If Pnea wins, he will turn on you, rending you to pieces in seconds since you do not have a magic weapon.

257

Now that you know your natural fitness and strength will carry you up the steep slope, you actually enjoy the exercise. Nevertheless, when you get to the top of the pass, the mountains on either side look as formidable as ever, and there is still no way you could climb them. Will you go back into the Dwarf mine (turn to **36**) or carry on north-west down the other side of the pass (turn to **133**)?

258

As you fumble for the sword in the roots of the plant, a thick, honey-like substance drips on to your hand. You curse your stupidity as you realize that this is a Death Dripper and the fluid which has landed on your hand is a fast-acting contact poison. Your adventure is over.

259

You lunge forward with your sword, and its blade strikes deeply into the black robe. Instead of the figure

falling or fighting back, however, the robe collapses and falls to the ground, empty. A voice comes from behind you: 'Let us fight then, adventurer.' You turn. Standing before you is a tall woman in bright silver armour. She has long silver hair and her silver sword is sheathed in lightning. 'I am Thyra Migurn, Mistress of Sukh's Tower, and I welcome your challenge.' With that, she attacks you.

THYRA MIGURN SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

You may yield to her at any time by turning to **315**. If you beat her, turn to **226**.

260

'There is no one of that name living anywhere within my range,' says the voice. For a moment you are puzzled, but then you remember that Sorrel was called Eledorn Falestien among his own people, so you try that. When the voice gives precisely the same reply as before, you have no choice but to assume that Sorrel is dead. While you are recovering from this terrible shock, the smooth, cultured voice says dispassionately, 'To whom do you wish to speak?' Turn back to **99** and make another choice.

261

You draw your arm back and throw the Sphere into the middle of the group. For one heart-stopping second, nothing happens, then it erupts into a deafening storm of fire and lightning. You clap your hands over your eyes and leap out into the corridor. After just a second or two, the storm is over and you re-

enter the room. Everything has been destroyed: the beds, the statues and the Dark Elves. All that is left is a fine grey powder covering the floor. There are no other exits from here and nothing remains for you to search, so you go back down the corridor to the two doors. After a few seconds' thought, you go through the one on your left (turn to **109**).

262

As the last Black Flyer hits the ground, you hear glass smashing. When you see smoke pouring from something on his belt, you dive for cover. There is a loud explosion and a cloud of smoke. When you look up, the bodies of the two black creatures have been blown to pieces, so that even their swords are destroyed. You get up and walk across to the mound and examine the door. It is just as you saw it from a distance – cold, heavy stone, covered with lichen – only now you can see that something is engraved on its surface: 'Here within lie the remains of Khornu Wych, Seer and Visionary. Whosoever desecrates this tomb shall be haunted by my spirit and destroyed.' This is quite a threat. Nevertheless something vital must be inside this tomb, otherwise your secret enemy wouldn't be so desperate for it; it is up to you to break into the tomb and get this thing before they do.

If you think you may know the password and wish to try it, turn to **2**. Otherwise, will you search for an opening mechanism (turn to **75**) or, if you have one, break down the door with your sword (turn to **136**)?

263

'I have a great range of potions,' he tells you, 'although some are in limited supply.' He reaches into the wagon and produces a placard with a list of the prices. 'The Love Potions are excellent value, and very effective, though I don't suppose you are in need of such things. The Sleeping Draught is potent, but it does tend to make you a bit hyperactive once it has worn off. And then there are my special commodities. I'm afraid that the last four items on the list are very rare, so I only have one of each. I suppose I ought to apologize for their cost as well – but, as I said, they are very special.' Buy what you wish from the list and deduct the appropriate number of Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*. After making your purchases, you bid the man farewell and carry on down the road. Turn to 130.

264

You hold your breath to keep out the spores, but you are not quick enough and they get into your throat, burning your lungs as you run down the tunnel (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). The fungus comes to an end after a little way and you reach an area illuminated by torches. There are two tough-looking Dwarfs standing guard here, but they don't seem to be at all aggressive. 'Welcome, human,' one of them says. 'Would you please follow us. You are the first human we have seen for many days, so Lokimur is sure to want to see you immediately.'

The Dwarfs lead you through the convoluted tunnels

of what looks more like an underground settlement than a mine, eventually bringing you to a chamber where an important-looking Dwarf sits behind a large stone desk. 'I am Lokimur, son of Bakulor, leader of this band of refugee Dwarfs in these dangerous and hasty times.' He hands you a beautifully fashioned Red Gem. 'A gift,' he says, 'To thank you for braving the mountains to come to us – whoever you are.' Will you tell him briefly that you are an adventurer seeking help in finding and destroying the Black Flyers (turn to **306**) or give him your name and say that you are an adventurer from Grimmund in the Forest of the Night, travelling under orders from the Grimmund Council (turn to **331**)?

265

Roll two dice. Add together the numbers rolled, and then modify the result depending on what day it is:

Moonday	deduct 5
Windsday	add 1
Seaday	add 3

If the result is greater than your SKILL, turn to **386**. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, the boat bobs about on the waves like a cork but you fight as hard as you know how to control it. Several times you nearly capsize, then, gradually, the storm lessens and you finally make it back in one piece. It is clearly useless trying to get to Sardath so, with some reluctance, you turn your back on the town. Following either your dream or some other clue, you head north into the mountains. Turn to **81**.

266

He sees that you are deadly serious in your warning and thanks you for the advice (regain 1 LUCK point). You tell him what happened to you in Grimmund and all about the mission it has led you to undertake.

He is clearly impressed. 'Merchants like me owe much to adventurers like you,' he comments. He reaches back into his wagon and takes from it a thick book. 'Since you are likely to go underground, you may need this.' The book is called *Fangnir's Encyclopaedia of Subterranean Flora*. It contains a lot of very detailed information about the fungi and moulds which grow underground. As far as your mission is concerned, the most important page is that entitled 'Dangerous Fungi'. If ever you wish to read it, make a note of the paragraph you are reading at the time, then turn to paragraph **243**.

You thank Fangnir for his generosity; you are sure the book will be invaluable. He bids you farewell and trundles away.

You are now forced to continue on foot. Sure that the enemy cannot lie any further to the east, will you head north into the mountains (turn to **357**), or west towards Sardath (turn to **232**)?

267

You take great care as you walk through the Forest Even though there are no giant webs to look out for, there is still the threat of attack by a Giant Wolf Spider After a couple of hours you find a patch of anaesthetic moss You collect as much as you can without destroying the plant (add 2 Herbs) and then set off again.

In the late afternoon, you arrive at Colrhyn's cottage having seen no sign of any Giant Spiders You go up to the front door and knock. There is no answer, so you go in You search the whole place, but Colrhyn is nowhere to be found and there are no clues as to where he might be You decide to press on with your mission, setting off north-west up the track which leads from his cottage. Turn to 192.

268

You take the torch and walk to the centre of the magical diagram As you stand there, holding the torch high above your head, the chanting grows louder and the flame turns cold and blue When the chant gets faster and more frenzied, you gradually feel your life force beginning to flow into the torch where the Dark Elves can direct its power, and then you lose consciousness Your adventure is over.

269

You walk down to the harbour and find your boat. It takes only a few minutes to set sail, and then your quest begins With the sun shining across the fields, the first few kilometres make a pleasant – if somewhat chilly – start to the day. As your journey progresses, however, the tall pines close in on the Grimway. Of course, you don't fear the Forest's shadowy atmosphere, but there do seem to be more eyes peering at you than you remember, and the background noise of unknown creatures is closer to the river.

Towards midday, you reach the point where the rope-bridge should be, but it has been torn down from the east bank and is lying in the river. Will you try to manoeuvre round it (turn to 137), land on the west bank and walk along the forest trail which goes north-west (turn to 8), or land on the east bank and walk north-east through the pathless forest beside the river (turn to 342)?

270

He laughs. 'A nice bluff, adventurer But you forget: I have made a lifelong study of these things.' He sighs, 'I weary of this futile conversation'

Realizing that he is going to attack, you draw your sword as swiftly as you can

'Faeleorn rath mardex.'

When you run at him, you crash into a wall of impenetrable force and stumble backwards, stunned. The Sorcerer raises his staff, spraying you with a viscous jet of life-sapping darkness. Your adventure is over.

271

Morn charges towards the window and takes a flying leap. He crashes through the glass, spreads his huge black wings and flies off into the night sky. You run after him, grabbing your bow on the way, but he is already too far away for you to stand any chance of hitting him. You curse – he still has your Council Ring. There's nothing you can do about that now, so you return to the Council Chamber to tell the rest of the Council what you have learned. Turn to **291**.

272

The very instant your arrow hits Sorrel, he lets out a horrific, piercing scream. His scar vanishes and his skin darkens to an inky black colour. One of the Elves shouts, 'Dark Elf!' and they all attack him. In seconds, the creature is dead.

When the excitement has died down, Bistort, an Elf Commander, explains. 'Dark Elves have somehow acquired the ability to assume any form they wish. I am afraid that, rather than looking after the paths, we have spend all our energies in seeking them out and destroying them. Dark Elves are our oldest and most despised enemy.' He laughs hollowly. 'We nearly killed you because we thought you were one.' Bistort hands you a Seven-coiled Snake Ring. 'Please accept this token with our apologies for misjudging you!'

Suddenly a shout comes from the tall look-out tree above you, and you both climb up. From above the Forest treetops, you can make out two black shapes silhouetted against the night sky, flying south-west. Eventually, they swoop down somewhere to the east of the village.

'Sorrel was in charge of tracking the Black Flyers,' Bistort informs you. 'He said he had seen them and that they were not Dark Elves. That was clearly a lie. I will dispatch a tracking party at once.' If you decide to track them yourself, you tell Bistort of your intentions, climb down the tree, and set off into the Forest (turn to **168**). Otherwise, you decide to stay in Ash Cleeve for the night (turn to **360**).

273

When you get closer, the two Obligaths seem to recognize you and start sniffing at your clothes. The transformation potion must have given you the right smell, because their spines relax against their scales and they start nuzzling up against you. You are nervous of them at first, but they don't seem to mean you any harm, so you pat them. However, they are still showing no sign of letting you through. Will you push past them (turn to **378**), feed them some Herbs (turn to **73**), or try to beat your way through with your sword (turn to **333**)?

274

At that moment, a Dwarf guard comes into the room and hurries over to Lokimur. 'Begging your pardon, Leader, I realize that you are giving counsel, but I believe your presence is urgently required. We are again under attack from the Toa-Suo.'

Lokimur tells the Dwarf that he will be there in a moment and then turns to you. 'Will you stay and help us?' If you reply that you would be honoured, turn to **74**.

If you say that your mission is too urgent, Lokimur says that he quite understands and he wishes you good luck. Once he has left to attend to the Toa-Suo attack, the Dwarf guard escorts you out of the mine, warning you to hold your breath before you go through the fungus tunnel. When you arrive back at the surface, he leads you to the south-east side of the pass. 'Go down this way,' he says, 'for the Toa-Suo

army are on the north side of the mountain.' You thank him for his advice and begin the descent. You soon reach the bottom of the slope and find yourself back on the main path. Will you now go north-east towards the spire-shaped mountain (turn to **323**) or south-west towards the river (turn to **240**)?

275

As you reach out for the shield, a wild, horrific screaming fills the cavern and you see a creature forming in its silvery metallic surface: it's a screaming, slashing woman with four arms and four heads. You smash your sword into the shield in an attempt to stop her getting through but only succeed in denting it. Soon the form is complete and her long nails are slashing at you, barely missing your face, before you realize that she has materialized into the treasure chamber. If Istu is with you, multiply his number by 10, then turn to the paragraph with that number. Otherwise you must fight the Mirror Demon. She is too close for you to use your bow, so you attack her with your sword.

MIRROR DEMON	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If she wins an Attack Round, turn immediately to **6**. If you defeat her, turn to **70**.

276

You follow the stream south until it meets a wide slow-moving river. Where the river comes in from the east, the water is clear and clean. But after the junction with the stream, where the river turns south, the plant

life has grown out of all control, completely choking the water with weeds You press on, following the river south, until night falls You are not far from Sardath now, so you do not rest. When you are about half way round the eastern edge of the Freezeblood Wall, you hear a strange noise like a thousand giant birds flying overhead. You dive for cover behind a large boulder, then peer out to see what is causing all the noise. After a few moments an army of Black Flyers appears over the mountains, silhouetted against the night sky They are flying towards Sardath Relieved that you are hidden from their view, you decide to huddle into the side of the boulder and get what sleep you can.

You sleep fitfully all night, and you wake up in the morning hardly refreshed at all (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*). If today is Highday, turn to 50 If it is not, the sky is only just beginning to lighten into the blue of the pre-dawn when you see the Black Flyers leaving Sardath and flying north over the Freezeblood Wall. Will you go after them (turn to 16) or carry on south to the Fangthane road and follow it into Sardath (turn to 293)?

277

When the Dark Elf coming up from the right reaches the junction, he stops and salutes you. You copy his action. 'Valethion, Chaugh,' he says, but then stops himself. 'I apologize,' he says 'I forgot we must speak Allansian.'

Quite severely, you tell him that a slip like that could cost him his life, and that it is not enough to look human, you must also act and speak like one. By this time the other Dark Elf has arrived. 'Lord Chaugh,' he says, saluting you You return the gesture. 'How did you get out of the Games Room?' he asks. Thinking very quickly, you tell him that you discovered a secret door into the Laboratory by manipulating one of the puzzles.

'We should report back with this information,' says the first Dark Elf. 'I nearly forgot, the knocking sequence has been changed It's now six, one, five, seven, eight.' They both salute you and set off up the tunnel to the right. It sounds as if there are a lot of Dark Elf warriors in the tunnel to the right and you can't afford to take part in any unnecessary combat, so you decide to go to the left. Turn to 71.

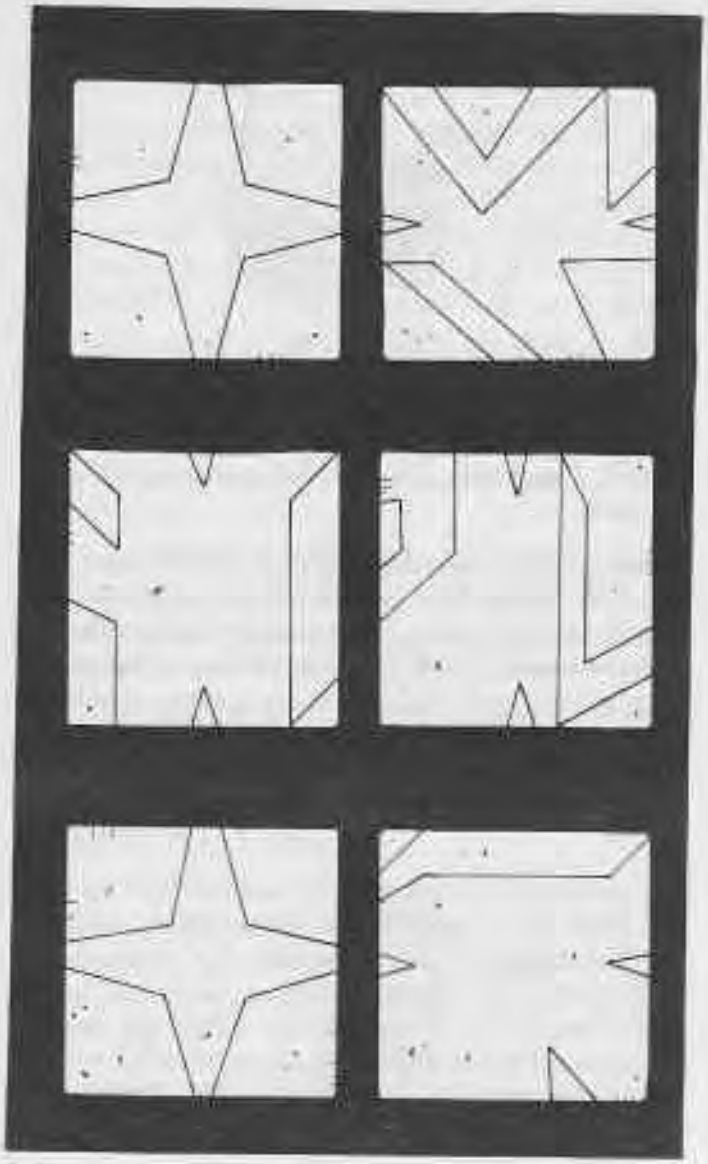

278

Inside the bundle are six ivory squares; each is of beautifully smooth workmanship, with delicate carving. The engraved lines are filled with a black pigment, which makes them stand out vividly. From the strange shapes that the lines form, you can tell that this is some kind of puzzle, but there is no indication of how to solve it. While you still have the ivory squares, you may unlock their secret at any time. Whenever you want to re-examine them, return to this paragraph, first making a note of the paragraph you have come from. Once you have solved the puzzle, it should become clear how to proceed.

279

The book is a huge volume entitled *The Researches of Thalion Lorasse*. It is far too large for you to read now; anyway, most of it would be useless to a warrior like yourself. However, one of the pages is marked. You open the book and begin to read. One section in particular catches your attention:

> THE APPARATUS: The Triplex Potion Concocter is used for making potions which require two solid components and one liquid. The liquid component is always poured into the first thistle funnel, and the powder into the second funnel. The third component, which will be a solid in a larger form, should be put into the third, much larger funnel.

You may have some items which could be used in the making of potions, so you memorize these instructions. Should you find such a machine later in your adventure,

you may be able to concoct something useful. Turn back to **166** and make another choice.

280

The fenced pathway carries you right through the weirdly constructed city, past enclosed squares with towers standing at strange angles and streets whose only purpose is to confuse. Everything is carved with images of malevolent-looking Dark Elves. The fence is unbroken for the entire length of the pathway, so you

have no access to the city – but you realize with some relief that this also means that the bizarre city has no access to you! Eventually you reach the wall of the cavern, some way beneath the balcony. There is an archway here, leading to a short tunnel. It is very low and narrow, and you have to stoop to get through. However, it soon emerges into the bottomless cavern, and you lower your gaze to avoid the wild architecture. The flimsy walkway you are now on is slippery with moss, so you walk very carefully; but it soon widens and becomes dry again. After a few more metres, you come to a junction. Will you go right (turn to 370) or carry straight on (turn to 177)?

281

The tunnel soon emerges on to a walkway, lit by the dim light of the bottomless cavern, and you lower your gaze to avoid the insane architecture. The walkway feels even higher than the others you have been on, although you don't dare look down to see if your feeling is accurate. Another archway at the end leads to a corridor. Now that you are in a more enclosed

space, you feel shielded from the insane character of the bottomless cavern. Tentatively at first, but then more confidently, you look around at your surroundings. A few metres to your left, there is a door at the end of the corridor On your right, the corridor goes for about ten metres to an archway. Will you go left and through the door (turn to 205) or right and through the archway (turn to 348)?

282

'Dark Elves?' screams Thyra, her voice echoing round the mountain. There is a bright flash, followed by a crack of thunder, and you are momentarily blinded. 'I loathe and detest these sorcerous delvers into the ground'

Test your Luck. If you are Unlucky, a bolt of lightning hits you (roll one die and deduct that many points from your STAMINA) If you are Lucky, it all misses Once the fury has died down and your vision is restored, you see that everything she was wearing has been annihilated Her body is now cloaked in a blaze of light; sparks fly from her, causing licks of lightning in the sky. She looks at you with menace.

'What do you want with Dark Elves?' she asks. You tell her about your mission. 'You will need power,' she says, and a small silver sphere appears in her hand; she gives it to you 'You may use the Lightning Sphere only against the darkest of Dark Elves; the ball itself will tell you when.' You open your mouth to thank her, but she holds up a fiery hand. 'Go,' she says, 'for my temper is not to be trusted.' Having seen her in full fury, you leave without delay.

A short time later, you find yourself at the path at the foot of the mountain, relieved to have made it back alive. Turn to 298.

283

As the Beetle's huge bulk comes thundering towards you, its antler-shaped jaws twitching, you plant your feet squarely and prepare yourself for battle.

GIANT STAG BEETLE SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 308

284

Roxsir leads you through many tunnels and you eventually come out on a ledge above a north-facing cliff. You lean over the parapet and see the huge army of Toa-Suo climbing up. The Dwarfs are trying to repel them by hurling rocks at them Without delay, you join in. You may be larger than the Dwarfs, but they have the advantage of a lifetime of mine work, so they are much stronger than you are, and you have to work yourself to the limit. Even then, you are not able to keep up; so many Toa-Suo manage to get up the cliff that the axe warriors cannot handle them and you are forced to fight one.

TOA-SUO	SKILL 6	STAMINA 9

If you win, you return to the arduous job of rock hurling. Towards the end of the day, the Toa-Suo retreat to the north, having failed to breach the mine's defences. As you watch them go, a terrible exhaustion grips you (deduct 4 STAMINA points). If you don't collapse and expire from overexertion, you follow the other Dwarfs as they traipse back into the tunnels. Turn to 322.

285

After an hour or so of hard scrambling, you stop for a rest. Above you, the top of the pass is capped by a thick covering of snow; nevertheless, you must press on. Once you reach the snowline you find that it is almost knee deep and gets deeper the further you go. Just as you are getting to the top, there is movement in the snow all round you, and a whole tribe of

Toa-Suo rise from their hiding places. They are all over two metres tall and nearly as wide, with thick coats of white fur. Against one or two of them you might have stood a chance, but not against an army. Your adventure is over.

286

Not long after nightfall and just after you have settled yourself down, you spot an army of Black Flyers coming down the valley from the north-west, heading towards Sardath. Glad that you have stopped and hidden yourself, you pull your blankets close around you and try to get some sleep. Your camp is not exactly comfortable but it is dry and out of the icy wind, so you should be able to rest quite well.

Next morning you wake up cold and stiff (tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*). If today is Highday, turn to **50**. If it is not, you drag yourself to your feet and do a few vigorous exercises to get your body going. Then, after some breakfast, you set off. As the morning wears on, the huge, isolated mountain actually looks as if it is getting nearer; this is a boost to your morale, but it also means that the ground will soon be getting steeper. Towards midday, you begin to climb the mountain itself. Turn to **318**.

287

Because you are human, the Dark Elf coming up from the left shouts a warning as soon as he reaches the junction. You both draw your swords, and a fierce battle ensues. This Dark Elf is a strong and skilful

warrior and, by the time you have gained the upper hand ten or eleven more Dark Elf warriors have arrived. You fight valiantly but there are just too many. Your adventure is over.

288

If you ever change your mind and decide to take a look at your surroundings, make a note of the number of the paragraph you are reading at the time, then turn to **153** (make a note of this number for future reference). For now, you walk tentatively along the walkway, keeping your eyes on the path just in front of you. It is unnerving not knowing where you are going, but you force yourself to walk on. Eventually the walkway meets another. Will you go left (turn to **358**) or right (turn to **112**)?

289

As soon as you lift the amulet from around Khornu's neck, the body begins to crack and crumble as several centuries of decay catch up with it. If you decide to make your escape from the crypt before the process has finished, turn to **12**. If you do not, a few moments pass and then there is nothing left but a fine layer of dust on the floor. Suddenly an icy wind blows up out of nowhere, penetrating through to your very bones. A faint light appears inside the sarcophagus, and an awe-inspiring figure forms within: it is the Ghost of Khornu Wych. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **214**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **316**.

290

You reach over to grab Fangnir's tunic, but the ground rocks again and you are thrown into the back of the wagon. Fangnir slumps forward out of your reach, and you are forced to leap off without him. You hit the ground heavily, roll, and turn to look to the wagon. The monster which caused the eruption is a many-armed, writhing creature with hard, shiny scales. Its massive tentacles have burst through the road and are now dragging the Dwarf, his wagon and all his goods into its cavernous mouth. Suddenly Fangnir comes to his senses; he screams for help. Will you leap up to fight the Chthonian Trapper (turn to 43) or leave the Dwarf to his fate (turn to 376)?

291

Grissa reconvenes the Council to discuss what you are going to do. The Councillors listen in respectful silence while you tell them about the imposter. 'Now you have no choice but to believe in my dark enemy. I would love to march through the Forest with an army and wipe this enemy out, but Morn told me himself that this is precisely what he came here to achieve. The Forest is now so contaminated with evil that we would never make it through.' The Council members accept your plan to go alone but insist that you wait for daylight and use the few remaining hours of darkness to recuperate. Grissa sends you some food and a Healer to tend any wounds you may have (regain up to 6 STAMINA points).

Once the sun is up (tick off the first day on your

Adventure Sheet), you gather together your equipment and leave the Council Hall. Most of the Councillors have gone to their beds after all-night discussions, but Grissa is there to see you off. She gives you a four-leaf clover. 'For luck,' she says. You thank her and say farewell. If you visit the town astrologer before leaving Grimmund, turn to 231. Otherwise, turn to 390.

292

The tunnel goes on for a long way, twisting and turning, and eventually you lose all sense of direction, but still the trail of footprints leads you on. At last the tunnel comes to an end in a small cavern. The trail peters out here, but you enter anyway. Once in, you stop and stare, momentarily confused: you are back at the bottom of the mine shaft where you came in. If you want to retrace your footsteps to the cavern with the pool and the three tunnels, turn back to 252 and choose another option. If you give up looking around and leave the mine, you step into the cage and haul yourself up the shaft.

You are standing once again on the top of the mountain pass. Since the mountains on either side of the pass are too sheer for you to climb, you will have to descend again. If you go down the north-west side of the pass, turn to 133. If you go back down the south-east side, you eventually get back to the main track. Will you now go north-east (turn to 323) or south-west (turn to 240)?

293

Sardath, built on stilts over Lake Sardmere, is the trading centre of the Freezeblood Mountains and the Forest of Night. Built centuries ago by the rough men and Dwarfs who came to this region to exploit its many resources, Sardath has become an important outpost in the spread of civilization throughout northern Allansia. As you walk along the road, it looks as if all this might come to nothing. The whole of Lake Sardmere is shrouded by a strange swirling storm, with the town at its centre; from what you can see, Sardath itself looks completely dead. The bridge that crosses the lake has been destroyed and most of the boats have been wrecked. If today is Fireday, turn to **127**. If it is Earthday, turn to **154**. Otherwise, turn to **184**.

294

After a few minutes, the eyes vanish beneath the water. You look around but can see no sign of where the creature went. Towards midday, you ready your bow again, for you are entering Slykk territory. The reeds here are denser than ever and it is difficult to keep your boat in clear water. While you are manoeuvring through a particularly narrow channel, a group of the slimy frog-people rise out of the reeds on either side of you, spears raised. Turn to **67**.

295

'I've already been there,' you tell Arneggur. 'And I can't return, because they think I have gone up to Corianthus's castle to join someone called Duke Pilea.

If I were to go there again, they would become suspicious. I understand how much you desire your freedom, but if I am killed many more will become slaves.'

'You are right, of course,' he says. 'It's just that we could do so much. Still, all is not lost. If you can destroy the Sorcerer, the resulting disorder might give us a chance to rise up and free ourselves.' He points along the road towards the part of the city where most of the building work is going on. 'Go down there for several hundred metres until you come to a fenced pathway on your left. Follow this to an archway in the cavern wall. Once you are through, keep your eyes down and follow the walkway, avoiding all turns until you come to another archway. Through there is the Sorcerer.'

You promise Ameggur that you will do what is needed or die in the attempt. He smiles, slaps you on the back, and stands, watching, as you set off along the road. When you get to the fenced pathway, you turn and follow it. Turn to **280**.

296

You leave the Eagle's body behind and carry on up the mountain beside the rushing, yellow stream. After an hour or so, you reach a rocky crag and a small cave out of which the stream is flowing. When you look into the cave, you see that in fact it is a narrow tunnel going deep into the mountain. A path runs along this tunnel, and the stream flows beside it. Will you follow the tunnel (turn to **116**) or leave this place and keep on walking up the mountain (turn to **388**)?

297

Seeing his companion felled by a single arrow, the second Slykk stops dead in his tracks. This gives you time – if you want to and if you have one – to nock another arrow and point it at him (turn to **380**). If you don't have another arrow, or if you don't wish to do this, you sling your bow over your shoulder and draw your sword. Seeing this, the Slykk's courage returns and he resumes his charge. Turn to **234**.

298

Nothing you have learned so far points either to the south or to the east, and the mountains lying to the north of here are impassable to someone of your inexperience, so you decide to follow the mountain trail south-west. This leads you down a gently descending valley, with the sheer mountains to the north and a long ridge to the south. After a long walk, your path crosses a track going north-west up a steep slope towards a mountain pass. It doesn't look like an easy route, but it is not beyond your capabilities. If you carry on south-west, turn to **240**. If you go north-west up to the pass, do you have a Red Gem (turn to **257**) or not (turn to **108**)?

299

Your renowned luck saves you again as you land on the back of one of the Black Flyers, though with such force that he is knocked out of control. You both plummet. For a moment there is a rush of noise as you crash through the trees; then you hit the ground. The impact kills the Black Flyer outright, but his body cushions your fall. Roll one die and deduct that many

points from your STAMINA. Before you is a small mound, in the front of which is a stone door, covered with lichen. This must be the place the creatures were making for. Suddenly you remember that two of them are still in the sky above you. You look up and can just see their silhouettes against the stars. Iulien is flying back to his Sorcerer to tell him of his success, but the other one is descending. In seconds he lands and walks towards you, drawing his sword. Even though you still have your pack with your Herbs and gold, you may have dropped your sword when you were fighting with Iulien in Grimmund. If you did so, you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength. Your bow and arrows are back in the Council Recess Chamber.

BLACK FLYER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **262**.

300

At that moment, a young Dark Elf comes running in, holding a piece of paper. 'Archduke Awlenion?' he asks.

One of the elite Guards saunters up to him and takes the message. 'The slaves have broken free,' he states. 'It will take only a couple of cohorts.' For a few minutes there is a lot of bustle as the warriors prepare themselves and exit hastily to do battle. However, a lot of them have stayed behind – obviously they don't see the Dwarfs as that much of a threat. Suddenly you feel strange – the transformation potion is wearing off!

When he sees what is happening, one of the elite Guards screams, 'Human!' and they all attack. You fight as best you can, but there are just too many of them. Your adventure is over.

301

Walking in the mountains at night can be extremely hazardous, even if you are an experienced mountaineer. You know very little about the Freezeblood Mountains, so you are almost sure to get lost. Roll one die. If you roll:

1–2	Turn to **35**
3–4	Turn to **107**
5–6	Turn to **187**

302

This stairway is as narrow and treacherous as any of the previous walkways you have been on: you descend it with an uneasy compromise between caution and a desire not to arouse suspicion. At the bottom of the stairway there is another walkway. Will you now go right (turn to **77**) or left (turn to **358**)?

303

You examine the door very carefully, feeling across its surface and round its edges. After a while, you work out that it should slide to the left. When you try to move the door sideways, however, it won't budge. You search around again but are unable to find any way of opening it. Will you:

Strike it with your sword (if you have one)?	Turn to **136**
Try saying a password?	Turn to **2**
Give up?	Turn to **349**

304

You place the numbers on the puzzle and step back, waiting to see what will happen. There is a sudden flash and the whole table crumbles to dust. Whatever the puzzle was for, you will never find out.

You look around for a while, experimenting with some of the giant-sized games and puzzles, but nothing happens, either good or bad, so you leave the Games Room and return to the Observatory. (Note: having exhausted all the possibilities in this room, you may not return here unless you are specifically instructed to.) Will you now go through the door on your left into the Library (turn to **166**) or go straight on through the unmarked door (turn to **110**)?

305

You thank Jonnan for his help and ask him what he intends to do now. 'I am only a trader,' he says, 'so I would be a hindrance to you. Anyway, I promised that I would go to Fangthane to summon help. It's a long way, and we've already lost a day because Neya was drowned. But at least it's something.' You tell Jonnan that indeed it is. Should your mission fail, there is now a small hope that all may not be lost. Jonnan sets off towards Gwinir's Bridge and you too must be on your way; turn to **81**.

306

A look of anger clouds Lokimur's face. 'I understand your urgency, young human, but there can be no reason for completely abandoning common courtesy. I know that humans are by their nature a hasty folk, but I would have thought that anybody arriving at a new place would introduce themselves with the appropriate . . .' Your mind wanders as Lokimur proceeds to give you a lengthy lecture on the etiquette of getting counsel from Dwarfs. When his tone begins to mellow, you start paying more attention. 'Therefore,' he says, 'I will relent from what would be my normal, somewhat violent course of action, and give you whatever help I can. Now then . . .' Turn to **274**.

307

At that moment, a young Dark Elf comes running in, holding a piece of paper. 'Archduke Awlenion?' he asks.

One of the elite Guards saunters up to him and takes the message. 'The slaves have broken free. It will only take a couple of cohorts,' he says. For a few minutes there is a lot of bustle as the warriors prepare themselves, and run excitedly to battle. However, a lot of them have stayed behind – obviously they don't see the Dwarfs as that much of a threat. Suddenly you feel strange – the transformation potion is wearing off! When he sees what is happening, one of the elite Guards screams, 'Human!' and they all attack. You fight as best you can, but there are just too many of them. Your adventure is over.

308

You rest for a few moments, perhaps treating yourself with some of your Herbs. Then you set off again. After a couple of hours' steady walking, you catch a glint of light coming from the trees ahead. As you approach, you can see that the sun is striking something at the base of a strange shrub, which is about three metres tall with a wide, thick-barked trunk and palm-like fronds, interspersed with yellow star-shaped flowers. As you get closer, you see that it is a sword, entangled in its roots, that is glinting. If you try to get the weapon out, turn to **140**. If you prefer not to, you leave it and carry on north-west. Some hours later, as the sun is beginning to set, you approach the fork in the road where the Elf village is hidden among the trees. Turn to **332**.

309

In the instant that the Sorcerer is waiting for you to succumb to his attack, you draw your sword and lunge at him. But he is too quick for you: 'Faeleorn rath mardex!'

Before you reach him, you crash into a wall of impenetrable force and stumble backwards, stunned. The Sorcerer raises his staff, spraying you with a viscous jet of life-sapping darkness. Your adventure is over.

310

You plummet down towards the river, screaming in a mixture of fear and elation. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **87**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **40**.

311

The Dark Elf snatches the goblet from you and drains it in a single swallow. Then he carries on laughing and stuffing bits of meat into his face for a few minutes, but soon his eyelids begins to droop and he collapses into what looks like a drunken stupor. The Elf on your right looks at the sleeping Dark Elf in disgust. 'And he always boasted that he could hold his drink.' He laughs and turns to you. 'Take him over there and throw him on one of the couches.'

After lifting the Elf across your shoulder, you carry him away from the table and lay him down. Once the other Dark Elves have forgotten about you and have gone back to their gorging, you take the opportunity to search through his belongings. You find 14 gold coins and a large key with an ornate 'S' engraved on it. While you are putting these items in your pack, the Dark Elf grunts – the Sleeping Draught is wearing off. You decide to leave before he wakes up. Turn to **29**.

312

'I see it now,' he says. 'You want me to make a mental attack. But what possible reason could you have for doing that?' He ponders. 'Of course – Khornu's Attenuation, turning the amulet from a mere shield to a reflector. Then my attempts to obscure the efforts of that cursed astrologer weren't enough.' He smiles. 'But it is of no matter, for now I know of your achievement.' He pauses. 'And I also know that you don't possess any secret magic.' You can tell he is going to attack, so you draw your sword as swiftly as you can.

'Faeleorn rath mardex.'

When you run at him, you crash into a wall of impenetrable force and stumble backwards, stunned. The Sorcerer raises his staff, spraying you with a viscous jet of life-sapping darkness. Your adventure is over.

313

You watch and wait, willing the sailor to succeed but not wanting to take any risk yourself. Suddenly a huge gust of wind races across the water. The sails fill, and the boat heels over; then a huge wave capsizes it. You scan the raging surface of the lake for several minutes but no one emerges. The sailor is lost.

You can see no other sign of life from Sardath, and you realize that, if you want to make contact, you are going to have to row all the way across in the boat you found (turn to **345**). If you decide against this course of action, there is nothing more you can do here: you decide to leave Sardath and head north into the mountains, following your dream of the dark army, and maybe other clues (turn to **81**).

314

At that moment, a young Dark Elf comes running in, holding a piece of paper. 'Archduke Awlenion?' he asks.

One of the elite Guards saunters up to him and takes the message. When he reads it, he looks worried. 'The

slaves have broken free, and we are being attacked by Wood Elves. I will need all four cohorts.' The warriors prepare themselves and run excitedly to battle. In just a few minutes they are gone, except for one guard.

Suddenly you feel strange – the transformation potion is wearing off! When he sees what is happening to you, the elite Guard screams, 'Human!' and then attacks. He is too quick for you to use your bow.

ELITE DARK ELF	SKILL 10	STAMINA 8

If you win, you hurry over to the door that has 'SAUCRIERE' carved on it. If you have an 'S' Key, turn to **63**. If you do not, turn to **86**.

315

Reluctantly you lower yourself to your knees.

'Now then, mortal,' the creature says, 'who are you and what do you want with Thyra Migurn?'

You tell her that you are an adventurer from Grimmund in the Forest of Night.

'You should have stayed in the Forest where you belong.' You can hear great fury in her voice, although clearly she is trying to suppress it. If you apologize for trespassing on her mountain and leave immediately, she allows you to get back down to the path unharmed (turn to **298**). If you persist in talking to her, will you ask her if there are any Dwarfs left alive in the mountains (turn to **202**) or ask her if she knows where the Black Flyers come from (turn to **282**)?

316

If you have a silver weapon of some kind, turn to **111**. Otherwise, turn to **163**.

317

The apparatus bubbles furiously for a few minutes and some parts of its complex tubing rattle and shake. Eventually a clear liquid drips out of the end into a small phial. Feeling some trepidation, you drink the potion. You immediately experience an itching sensation and a tightness in your muscles. Various parts of your body warp and twist, as if trying to transform into something else, but no definite shape takes hold. Perhaps this is the very magic that the Dark Elves have been using to impersonate other species. Suddenly you have an idea. Without wasting another second, you run back through the Library and Observatory into the Games Room. As soon as you see the body of the Dark Elf, you feel a great pressure being released. You are now one of them (whenever you come to the phrase 'because you are human' do not read on: deduct 10 from the number of the paragraph you are reading and turn immediately to the paragraph with that number). However, for your disguise to work, you will have to hide your twin's body, so you decide to leave it in the Library. If the Dark Elves haven't got in there so far, it must be impregnable. As you leave the Games Room and enter the Observatory, the sunlight feels very hot on your skin, but you are still essentially a human, so you reach the Library door unharmed. Turn to **166**.

318

You ascend the steepening mountainside for some time, losing pace as the climbing gets harder until, eventually, you are forced to rest. As you are gazing up towards the mountain's peak to see how far away it still is, you become aware of a shadowy form in the sky above you. Your thoughts turn immediately to the Black Flyers. As the shape draws closer, however, you realize that it is a Giant Eagle, flying straight towards you. If you do something to show that you are friendly, write down on your *Adventure Sheet* what that is, then turn to **198**. Otherwise, will you draw your bow and shoot at it (turn to **17**) or draw your sword and attack it as it drops down to land (turn to **89**)?

319

As soon as the Black Mammoth gets within range, you loose an arrow at it. The monster stops in its tracks, raises its trunk, and lets out a terrible bellow. *Test your Luck*, adding 2 to the dice roll if your arrow hit. If you are Unlucky, turn to **229**. If you are Lucky, the call is not answered, and the creature resumes its charge; turn to **253**, remembering to deduct 2 points from its STAMINA if your shot was successful.

320

Still a little sticky from the webs, you draw your sword and thrust it towards the Spider's bulbous body.

GIANT SPITTING SPIDER SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

The Giant Spitting Spider is not as aggressive a hunter as, say, the Giant Wolf Spider, so it will run away into the trees if you survive long enough to reduce its STAMINA to 2 points. If you do manage to drive it off, there is nothing to be gained from following it, so you lie down, curl up in your blankets, and drift back to sleep. Turn to the paragraph whose number you wrote in a circle on your *Adventure Sheet*.

321

Once again you hear a dull thud but the door does not give; the stone is still not chipped. Will you:

Search for an opening mechanism?	Turn to 75
Try saying a password?	Turn to 2
Hit the door again?	Turn to 387
Give up?	Turn to 349

322

On the way down into the mine, you bump into Roxsir, who is coming up to meet you. 'Lokimur told me to convey his apologies for not meeting you personally. My orders are to find you decent quarters and to show you some good old-fashioned Dwarf hospitality.' Some time later you are sat at a long table, replete with a large meal and a quantity of Dwarfish ale. Despite a feeling of deep relaxation, you tell your new friends that your mission is pressing and that you must leave.

'I don't think that would be very wise,' says one of them. 'The Black Flyers rule the mountains at night.

There are patrols in the air continuously, and they usually send a force to attack the mine – although they are conducting a terror campaign rather than a proper military assault.'

By this time everybody is getting ready to sleep, to recover from the day's fighting. You, too, are exhausted, and the Dwarf's advice is good, so you find yourself an empty pallet to sleep on. Will you go up to the duty officer and volunteer to take a watch during the night (turn to **344**) or settle straight down to sleep (turn to **28**)?

323

As you walk towards the spire-shaped mountain, you gaze up at its prodigious height and its peak, shrouded by dark mist. From within these clouds come bright lightning flashes and rumbles of thunder. It is an awesome sight. By the time you reach the foot of the mountain, you are beginning to realize just how fierce the storm is. Surely nothing could live within that unbridled fury? You continue up the steepening path, but it ends abruptly after only some fifty metres. Will you press on, trying to find your own way up (turn to **33**), or go back down to the foot of the mountain (turn to **298**)?

324

Eventually the walkway leads you to an archway. Unlike the other archways you have seen, this one has a door in it – but one without any lock or handle to open it. With a shrug, you give the door a push, but it

doesn't budge. Instead, a small hole opens at about head height. When the guard on the other side sees you, he mutters something to himself, and you hear the sound of bolts being drawn. Having opened the door, he just stands there, leaning arrogantly against the frame. 'I know you,' he says. 'It's Lord Chaugh, isn't it? Oh yes, I remember now. You're stationed up in the Giant's castle with the other scum.' He laughs. 'I'll just go and see if your name is on the list.' Will you let him turn to go (turn to **31**), ask him why he has to check (turn to **58**), or attack him (turn to **250**)?

325

The river acts as a defence against the Giant Orb-Web Spiders that live in the Forest to the west. They are the reason that the Grimway takes such a roundabout route. Having decided to brave the more direct route, where there is no bridge, you untie your small boat and row across the river. Once across, you set it adrift – Spiders can't row, but you don't yet know what other dangers have arisen. As you walk through the Forest, more eyes seem to be peering at you from the dark spaces between the trees than you remember and the background noise of unknown creatures is louder. Everywhere there are the webs of Giant Spiders. Fortunately this species is a trapper rather than a hunter, so you are safe as long as you apply all your skills to avoiding the almost invisible webs. After you have been walking for several hours, you hear something running towards you. It is large and has many legs – but it can't be a Giant Spider, for they seldom leave their webs. Then you see it, charging through the

trees: a Giant Stag Beetle with an enormous, black armoured body and hugely overgrown jaws like a stag's antlers – but it's much more ferocious than any stag. Will you dodge out of its way (turn to **60**), shoot at it (turn to **254**), or fight it with your sword (turn to **283**)?

326

You punt the barge until you have got it up to a good speed, then you let the current take it so that you can rest (regain **2** STAMINA points). As you lie on the raft, half dozing, you begin to wonder: how is it that the water here is so clear, when in the Forest the river is so overgrown?

Some hours later you reach the point where the river turns south and this puzzle is answered for you. At this point a tributary with a strange yellowish tint joins the river from the north. Whatever may have caused this discoloration, it seems to be affecting the river, for the water downstream is choked with weeds. The tributary itself is clear, probably because it is flowing so fast. There is no way you are going to get any further in the barge, so you land it on the west bank, just past the junction of the two rivers, then you jump ashore and prepare to continue your adventure on foot. Will you follow the tributary north (turn to **122**) or follow the river south towards Sardath (turn to **142**)?

327

'I am so relieved to hear an outside voice,' says the warrior when you contact him, 'even if it is inside my head.'

You talk for some time about what has happened, and of your plans to stop it.

'By day, there are terrible storms,' he says, 'so that the Lake is unnavigable. Anyway, only a very few would leave Sardath voluntarily. Most elected to stay and defend the town from the Black Flyers. They are fierce fighters and have considerable measure of advantage, attacking from the air. But we are also a strong people and so far have held them off. But we cannot last forever. We are relying on you, Councillor, to turn the tables in our favour.'

You wish Ydys good luck, but his image has already faded, and the yellow eyes are appearing. 'To whom do you wish to speak?' says the smooth, cultured voice. Turn back to **99** and make another choice.

328

The Dark Elf looks at you in horror and screams: 'Human!' The shout echoes off the cavern walls and reverberates all over the city. You run, but scores of Dark Elves leave their homes to pursue you. You cannot escape.

329

The amulet hums with power as it absorbs the Sorcerer's attack, and flashes yellow. There is another crackle of magical energy and the Sorcerer is left staring ahead through pure white eyes. He is alive, but mindless. You tell him to lie down on the floor, and he obeys you. But when you tell him to use his magic to levitate himself, he just lies there dumbly. With his

mind destroyed, all his magical abilities have gone. You draw your sword and leave the Sorcerer's domain, striding out on to the walkway in the bottomless cavern. Turn to 400.

330

As you plummet down through the sky, you spread your arms wide in a desperate attempt to steer yourself towards one of the descending Black Flyers. You have seen Wraith Apes attacking adventurers with gliding leaps; without their wing-like skin-flaps, however, you cannot hope to control your descent. You will just have to trust that your gods are with you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **299**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **218**.

331

You introduce yourself in the most Dwarf-like manner you know. Lokimur smiles. 'You are a very courteous and unhasty human,' he says, 'but these are hasty times, so I think we should discuss the situation without delay.' You agree, and explain to him the nature of your mission and what has befallen you so far. In his turn, Lokimur explains how he gathered

together all the mining folk into this one mine for their mutual protection. You congratulate him on his work and ask him if they have suffered many attacks from the Black Flyers. 'Yes,' he replies, 'but only by night, of course. By day they send packs of Toa-Suo.' You were going to ask him for his help, but now you realize that he has other concerns. You ask him instead if he can give you any information that might be of help to you. 'Of course,' he says, 'but sadly there is very little time for proper counsel. What do you need to know?' Will you ask him about:

Thyra Migurn (if you know of her)?	Turn to **39**
What's happened to Sardath?	Turn to **97**
Corianthus (if you know of him)?	Turn to **181**
The Black Flyers?	Turn to **368**
The Toa-Suo?	Turn to **385**

332

You stop and wait, knowing that the Elves must be aware of your presence and that they will come to greet you in their own good time. Very few humans have had much contact with the Elf village and you are the only one ever to have been trained by an Elf. When you, and adventurers like you, were trying to open up the Elf-paths, Sorrel, whose Elven name is Eledorn Falestien, befriended you and taught you not to fear the Forest but to understand and respect it. He also showed you how to use a bow, how best to track, and how to heal yourself using herbs and mosses. In return, you taught him swordplay A scar across his right eye is testimony to this. As you stand there, thinking of your old friend, a small band of Elves steps out of the trees with Sorrel at their head. You raise your hand in greeting and move to approach.

'Hold,' shouts Sorrel. 'Go no further, impostor, we know what you are.' You stand there for a second, baffled Sorrel lifts his hand and the Elves raise their bows. You must act quickly or die. Will you shoot Sorrel (turn to 106), try to prove who you are (turn to 159), or turn and run (turn to 204)?

333

When you draw your sword, the creatures start leaping into the air, making a noise like the barking of dogs. You slash at one of them, but it snatches at your sword with its gleaming teeth, tugging on it and shaking its head. When you pull the weapon free, the blade is twisted and covered with teeth-marks. An

instant later, the other monster leaps up and grabs the sword, wrenching it out of your hands. The first creature then returns to the game, its jaws snapping round the hilt, and the two engage in a terrifying tug of war. However, while they are distracted, you are able to sneak past and continue down the track. Since you have lost your sword, any future combat will be much harder (deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength until you find a replacement). Turn to 399.

334

The waves crash around you, and the wind and rain lash into your face; you are only just able to reach the sailing boat. 'Brave help!' comes a shout from above. When you look up, you see a woman throwing you a rope, so you grab it and haul the rowing boat along side. Once you are aboard, the woman starts giving you orders. Realizing that she is an experienced sailor, you jump to it, and with your help she is able to get the boat to shore.

'I am Neya,' she reveals, once you are both safe. 'I owe you my life.' You try to shrug off her thanks but cannot suppress a good feeling about what you did (regain 1 LUCK point). 'They all said that I was foolish to try to escape from the town, especially now that the storm has grown so bad. Perhaps I should have tried to get away earlier, but we all wanted to stay, to defend Sardath from the Black Flyers.' When you tell her that they are the very enemy you have come to destroy, her face lights up with hope. 'Then you must travel north into the mountains, for that is where they

come from. Strangely, though, on the first night of the siege, it was a Dark Elf army that destroyed the bridge and sank our boats. There is a connection between these two forces, but it is too frightening to contemplate.' If you have a Brass Key, turn to 195; otherwise, turn to 372.

335

When he reaches the junction, the Dark Elf coming from the left stops, waiting for the other to arrive. Thankfully he doesn't see you. 'Valethion, Clasyan,' he says when the other reaches him.

'Hello, Dernath,' the other answers. 'We were ordered to practise our Allansian, remember.'

'Yes,' says Dernath. 'I forgot.' Then he looks puzzled. 'But where are you going? I was just coming to join the Cohort.'

'That self-righteous Eagle has opened the Observatory roof again, and Lord Chaugh got himself trapped in the Games Room. I was sent to try and get him out. Why don't you come with me? It's a futile assignment, so we can forget it and play Wrist-Dagger.'

'That suits me,' says Dernath, and they both set off up the tunnel.

You wait for a few minutes, then climb out of the niche. It sounds as if there are a lot of Dark Elf warriors in the tunnel to the right, and you can't afford any unnecessary combat, so you decide to go to the left. Turn to 71.

336

You dodge to one side, trying to find a way past the Ghost. To have made your move early and surprised it would have been a good idea – if the Ghost wasn't actually standing right in front of the secret door! As it is, there is no way you can get through. If you have a silver weapon of some kind, turn to **111**. Otherwise, turn to **163**.

337

Slowly and cautiously you make your way towards the strange ritual, wary of what you might encounter. One of the Dark Elves suddenly spins round and glares at you with demonic eyes. You flinch, and he laughs softly. 'Excellent,' he says. 'Take this torch and stand in the centre of the diagram.' You hesitate for a moment, and the Dark Elf bares his cruelly sharpened teeth. Will you do as you are asked (turn to **268**) or make some excuse (turn to **144**)?

338

From your experiences in the oval room, you know that a large number of Dark Elves are in there and that they are exceptionally strange and dangerous. There may still be things you would like to accomplish in this room, but the risk of returning to that grisly place would be very great. With these thoughts in mind, you decide to avoid the oval building, so you take the turning to the right and go down the stairway. Turn to **391**.

339

The Eagle swoops down and its talons take a deep grip on your flesh. Even though you struggle to free yourself, it lifts you into the sky, its enormous wings struggling to overcome the extra weight. When it has climbed several hundred metres, it hovers for a moment and screeches, as if calling to somebody. Then it drops you, and you plummet towards the rocks below – a fall which you will not survive.

340

Dropping your sword, you take a few running steps, and then leap at the retreating impostor. Roll one die. If you roll 1–2, Morn is just that little bit too quick for you and you miss him, collapsing to the floor (turn to **271**). If you roll 3–6, you manage to grab him and bring him crashing to the ground (turn to **212**).

341

Fangnir's body goes limp as you tug at him, and he hits the ground with a thud. You quickly pull him to the side of the road, drop him, and then turn back to the wagon. The monster that caused the eruption is a many-armed, writhing creature with hard, shiny scales. Its massive tentacles have burst through the road and are now dragging the wagon into its cavernous mouth. You think about fighting the Chthonian Trapper, but it seems to want only the wagon, so you decide it is not worth the risk. Once the creature has done its worst, it disappears back into the ground, leaving devastation in its wake. When you return to the Dwarf, he is bewailing the loss of all his goods but, once he fully realizes what has happened, he thanks you profusely for saving his life (regain 1 LUCK point). 'Nevertheless,' he moans, 'this trip has been wasted, and I shall have to walk all the way back to Fangthane.' He hardly seems to hear you bidding him farewell as he trudges back along the Fangthane Road, grumbling and moaning to himself. You too must continue on foot. Will you carry on west towards Sardath (turn to 232) or turn north and go into the mountains (turn to 357)?

342

You walk along the riverbank for several hours. There are no webs here – but that only increases the possibility of there being other and greater dangers. Nevertheless, these remoter parts of the Forest do have their rewards: rare healing tubers growing at the river's edge. You dig up a few and put them in your pack (add 2 to your Herbs).

Many hours pass and the Forest's darkness descends into the chill blackness of night. There is a small clearing near the riverbank, so you set up camp. As you sit, eating cold rations and gazing over the trees on the west bank, you notice two black shapes silhouetted against the star-filled sky; they are some distance to the west and are flying southwards. After a while, they land. You would like to investigate them further, but this is impossible since the river lies between you and them. There are no tree creepers hereabouts, and it would be foolhardy to risk swimming across, so close to Slykk territory. (Write the number 115 in a circle on your *Adventure Sheet*). Will you settle straight down to sleep (turn to **19**) or make a fire first (turn to **188**)?

343

The voice reaches the limits of human hearing. 'Impostor!' Suddenly you are assailed by a flurry of blows from invisible talons. You try to strike back but it is almost impossible. Even when you do, it has no effect, for this guardian is a Demon, impervious to anything but magical weapons. Your adventure is over.

344

The officer thanks you and explains that he operates an overlapping rota. 'Go to sleep now,' he says, 'and the Dwarf you are to relieve will wake you when it is your turn.' You wish him a good night, and go back to your pallet. Some time during the night, you are woken by a very tired-looking Dwarf. Even though it is not yet morning, you are fairly refreshed (regain 1 STAMINA point). 'You are to replace me on the lower ledge of the north cliff,' he says. 'Everything should be quiet now. We were attacked by a small flight of Black Flyers earlier on but were able to fight them off.'

When you get to the ledge, you find the other guards hauling someone up on a rope. 'A refugee,' one of them says. 'He's almost dead from exhaustion.'

When the Dwarf is finally brought on to the ledge, he collapses. 'I thought I'd never find sanctuary,' he gasps. Two of the guards drape his arms over their shoulders and walk with him back into the mine. You are suddenly struck by recollections of Morn Preeler and other impostors you have seen or heard of: this could so easily be a trap. Will you challenge the Dwarf (turn to **172**) or whisper your suspicions to the guard nearest you (turn to **244**)?

345

The storm is terrible. It is difficult even to get into the boat, but you manage it and set out across the lake. It is a desperate struggle, and the town is some distance away. With every metre you row, the wind and waves get worse. Will you press on (turn to **386**) or turn back (turn to **265**)?

346

You walk along the overgrown path for several hours, watching for Giant Spiders. Suddenly . . . *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you feel a rush of air and are bowled over by a hot, sticky body and a mass of legs. You feel a sharp pain in your neck as the Giant Pirate

Spider injects you with its poison. In just a few moments you are paralysed and will be eaten at the Spider's leisure. If you are Lucky, you see the Spider just before it drops, and you manage to dodge out of its way. When you draw your sword, it scuttles back up into the tree. You skirt round it, and walk on.

Many hours later, as evening is approaching, you arrive at the second rope-bridge and set up a camp near by. This site is often used by traders and, even though the Forest is becoming darker, it still seems safe. You settle down to sleep.

The morning arrives (regain 2 STAMINA points and tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*). After a quick breakfast, you prepare to leave. Will you carry on along the trail (turn to 9) or follow the river (turn to 20)?

347

You punt the barge until it has got up a good speed, then you let the current take it so that you can rest. After a while, darkness falls. You lie down and listen to the gentle lapping of the water. You have travelled so far and undergone such hardships that you are unable to stop yourself falling asleep. Strange, dark creatures with bat-like wings patrol these mountains at night, and they have perfect night vision. You never wake up.

348

When you step through the archway and on to the small platform beyond, you realize at once that you

are back in the bottomless cavern, so you lower your gaze to avoid the wild geometry of its construction. Nevertheless you can just see that, straight ahead, the platform leads to a stairway going down while, to your left, it leads to a walkway. Will you go left (turn to 3) or straight on (turn to 302)?

349

It is the middle of the night. You are very tired and a little stiff from the cold, so you make camp at the base of the mound and settle down to sleep.

Later the next day (regain 1 STAMINA point and tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*) you wake up, hardly refreshed at all. You have dreamt of Colrhyn, and now you are sure he is in some kind of danger, so you decide to travel north as quickly as possible. The Forest is as dark and as cold as ever but, as you march further north, the Giant Spider webs get fewer and further between. Towards the end of the day, you arrive at the second rope-bridge and set up a camp near by. This site is often used by traders and, even though the Forest is becoming darker, it still seems safe.

The morning arrives (regain 2 STAMINA points and tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*), and you feel refreshed by your sleep on a soft bed of trampled ferns. This time you didn't dream – perhaps the dreams of last night were just some sort of strange after-effect of Khornu's tomb, and not a true warning at all. Will you now continue along the trail (turn to 9) or follow the river (turn to 20)?

350

Suddenly there are bolts of lightning flashing everywhere and such noise that you are deafened. You have aroused the great fury of Thyra Migurn, Mistress of Sukh's Tower; this is something that no mortal can survive. Your adventure is over.

351

Iulien carries you across the lake and over the Freezeblood Wall into the Freezeblood Mountains. Eventually you come to a castle on the top of an isolated peak, with many Dark Elves stationed on the ramparts. As soon as you land, several of these creatures surround you. Your adventure ends here.

352

As soon as you speak his name, Corianthus's face appears in the pool, contorted by pain.

'Cannot speak,' he says, as if through clenched teeth. But his lips are not moving – he is obviously using the pool to communicate telepathically. 'Must devote all energy to resistance. Destroy the Sorcerer before my will is broken. You cannot free me.'

You ask the Giant if he has any advice on how to defeat the Sorcerer, but he doesn't seem to hear you. His image fades and the pool clears. After a few seconds, the yellow eyes appear, and the smooth, cultured voice asks its question. 'To whom do you wish to speak?' Turn back to **99** and make another choice.

353

You follow the tunnel for about fifty metres until it emerges into a seemingly bottomless cavern. For a moment, you are seized by an unexpected attack of vertigo, but it soon passes and you see that you are standing on a long narrow walkway. You glance across the cavern to find out where it goes, and you catch a terrifying glimpse of the Dark Elf lair. It is of such a wild geometry and architecture that it makes you flinch and avert your gaze. Will you force yourself to look at the lair (turn to **24**) or go along the walkway, keeping your eyes down (turn to **288**)?

354

The further down the road you go, the more unfinished the buildings become and the greater the proportion of slaves doing the work, carrying materials and building walls and pillars. But there are also more slave-drivers, and other Dark Elves are on the scaffolds, inspecting the work and whipping those Dwarfs who deliberately make mistakes – Dwarfs never build badly by accident. Some distance ahead, you can see the cavern wall and hundreds of slaves swarming round it, all chained. If only you could release them, all these Dwarfs would make an excellent army – as long as they were directed by a good military leader. If you have a Small Gargoyle, turn to **162**. Otherwise turn to **76**.

355

The Slykk on the Chief's right steps forward. 'Rurkk,' he says, pointing to himself and rattling the chain of

dried fish heads round his neck, 'Slykk magic.' In stilted Allansian and improvised sign language, you parley, persuading him that you mean no harm. Rurkk translates for his chief, who croaks at him and makes several strange facial gestures. 'Lower bow,' Rurkk says to you. You comply immediately, and at another gesture from the Chief the Slykk lower their spears. 'What you want?' says Rurkk.

In some detail, you tell him about your mission and the events that led you to undertake it.

'Know this creature!' says Rurkk when you tell him about Morn Preeler. He then tells you that something like an Elf, but with jet-black skin, magically impersonated a Slykk and mixed with the tribe – until Rurkk exposed him. Once he has finished his story, Rurkk shows you a small bundle. 'Elf had this,' he says, handing it to you. (You may inspect the bundle at any time by turning to **278**.) Rurkk says, 'Will now go.' You look up, but the Slykk have vanished into the reeds. You must move on. Will you now sail on up the river (turn to **397**), sail to the east bank and walk north into the Forest (turn to **267**) or sail to the west bank and walk south-west into the marsh (turn to **64**)?

356

You draw your sword and lunge at the man as his wagon draws alongside you. With unexpected agility he ducks out of the way of your blade. He's spent a lifetime dodging unsatisfied customers and has developed lightning-fast reflexes. Before you can attack again, he leaps to the other side of the cart and draws

a glass phial from inside his cloak: it has a white fog swirling around inside it. 'You dare attack an honest trader!' he snarls. 'I took you to be an honourable adventurer, not a cowardly thug. Let this be a lesson.' He throws the phial on to the ground, where it smashes; you are enveloped by a choking mist. The mist dissipates quite quickly, but not before you have suffered its ill-effects. Roll four dice. If the total is higher than your STAMINA, then the poisonous mist has hurt you. Roll one die and deduct that many points from your STAMINA. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA, then you are strong enough to fight off the effects of the mist and so take no damage. If you manage to survive the poisonous fog, you look up and down the road, but the trader has gone. There is no point in pursuing the incident, so you press on with your mission. Turn to **130**.

357

You walk north for some time over the springy, marshy turf, following a gentle incline. Eventually, you come to a wide but fairly shallow river – the Sardath. It is not flowing very fast, so you are able to wade across without any difficulty. On the far side, however, the terrain steepens sharply to a rocky, snow-capped ridge and you are forced to make a detour. Colrhyn probably could have climbed the ridge, but you don't have the expertise. Will you go west (turn to **72**) or east (turn to **47**)?

358

You follow the walkway as far as an archway in a plain stone wall. But something about this archway is

wrong, as if you would have to cross a great gulf to reach it. The world begins to spin and you lose all sense of where you are. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you feel an intense dizziness and begin to stagger from one side of the walkway to the other. Unable to control yourself, you fall to your knees and pitch over the side – your adventure ends here. If you are Lucky, you recover at the last moment and find yourself gazing down into what looks like an infinite abyss. If this is the first time you have experienced this effect, you will be disorientated for days (lose 1 SKILL point). If you've suffered from this effect before, the symptoms are not worsened. When you finally come to your senses, you can't quite make out where you are, except that you are on a walkway. Roll one die. If you roll:

1–2	Turn to 77
3–4	Turn to 112
5–6	Turn to 146

359

When several of the Dark Elves stare at you suspiciously, you realize you have made a mistake. The one who spoke to you says something else in his strange language, but you have no idea what to say now; instead, you turn and run. But with so many warriors on your tail, you have no chance of escape.

360

Bistort arranges for you to be lodged in the guard house in the look-out tree and, after an excellent

supper of Elven delicacies, you settle down to sleep. In the morning (regain 2 STAMINA points and tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*), Bistort returns to wake you. He tells you that his confidence is high, although the tracking party hasn't returned yet. 'Even though they are a problem to everybody,' he says, 'the Dark Elves are our responsibility, especially in the Forest. We are searching for the entrance to their underground city, although it may not be here. It could be beneath the lake or the mountains, so I suggest you leave the Forest to us and continue your search northwards.'

You tell him about your strange nightmare, saying that it seems to point to the city being beneath the mountains.

'I am not sure that it is safe to trust dreams in these strange times,' he says, 'unless you know what their source is. Nevertheless, it is a possibility.' Before you leave, Bistort replenishes your supply of arrows, and gives you 3 Bundles of Herbs. Will you now go north-west on the Elf-path (turn to 45), north through the Forest (turn to 21) or north-east along the other Elf-path (turn to 346)?

361

As you sail on, the weeds gradually grow thicker and more unnatural-looking. After about an hour, the river becomes impassable, so you manoeuvre the boat to the north-east bank and disembark. You then continue on foot, following the river. Turn to 20.

362

About thirty metres along the road and still some distance outside the camp, two huge, dog-like monsters are chained up, one on either side of the track. These are Obligaths: they have immensely powerful limbs, teeth that gleam metallically, and shiny, pointed scales which rise like hackles as you approach. If you have an Orc Bone and wish to give it to them, turn to **113**. Otherwise, turn to **273**

363

You walk towards the stone door, but Istu stops you 'There is a Warding,' he says 'Written in a magical form that only Demons can see is a symbol which prevents me from passing through, but you may go on.' He walks up to the door and heaves it open, using his supernatural strength. 'I will stay here and pretend to be the door's Guardian. Since no one can see me, they will think that the voice is Pnea's' You thank the Demon for his help, then step through the door into a narrow tunnel.

Because you are human, the Dark Elves' lair will become very dangerous. The first time you are spoken to by a Dark Elf, you should ignore what the text says and turn immediately to **328** (make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*). You follow the tunnel for about fifty metres until it emerges into a seemingly bottomless cavern. For a moment, you are seized by an unexpected attack of vertigo, but it soon passes and you see that you are standing on a long, narrow walkway You glance across the cavern to find out

where it goes, and you catch a terrifying glimpse of the Dark Elf lair. It is of such a wild geometry and architecture that it makes you flinch and avert your gaze. Will you force yourself to look at the lair (turn to **24**) or go along the walkway, keeping your eyes down (turn to **288**)?

364

You examine the door very carefully, feeling across its surface and round its edges. You spend several minutes at this, but find nothing. Will you:

Strike the door with your sword (if you have one)?	Turn to **136**
Try saying a password?	Turn to **2**
Give up?	Turn to **349**

365

You hear doors slamming and what sound like curses in some strange language, but they die down after a few minutes. Cautiously, you walk to the edge of the opening and peer over. Whatever creatures were in this room have now gone, so you decide to go in. This castle was built for a Giant, so there is a ten-metre drop to the floor of the room below. If you have a rope, you loop it round one of the battlements, abseil in, then pull the rope down behind you. If you do not, you have no choice but to jump. No matter how agile you are, you will sustain some injury (roll one die and deduct that many STAMINA points).

The room you have entered is not just a means of

access for the Eagle, it is also an observatory. There are star charts on the walls and a huge telescope pointing up through the trapdoor. But there is nothing else in here, so you decide to leave through one of the immense doors. Will you go through the one on your left, marked 'Games Room' (turn to **78**), or the one in front of you, marked 'Library' (turn to **166**), or will you go through the unmarked door on your right (turn to **110**)?

366

The Sorcerer's eyes narrow. 'Is it possible that Khornu Wych had even more secrets than I have discovered?'

If you tell him that you found instructions in Khornu's tomb which would endow the amulet with awesome self-destructive power, turn to **239**.

If you just stand there impassively, letting his doubts grow, he suddenly has a flash of inspiration. 'It is not impossible for there to be some way of making the amulet absorb a physical attack. That would overload it and nullify its powers. Of course, it would function normally if I attacked your mind.' Will you tell him that, if he believes that, he should try such an attack (turn to **312**), or suddenly look panic-stricken and say that the amulet's power is waning (turn to **121**)?

367

The apparatus bubbles gently and a white liquid quickly forms, dripping out of the end of the apparatus into a small phial. Your heart thumps as you drink the liquid – for all you know, it may be poisonous. But

nothing terrible happens, just a strange tingling sensation running down your spine. When you push your hand inside your shirt to find out what is happening, you feel a soft, feathery ridge on either side of your back: the beginnings of wings, perhaps. To test this theory, you give a little mental push and a huge pair of white, Pegasus Wings bursts through your clothes. You stretch them wide and flap them. With ease, you rise until you can touch the ten-metre-high ceiling. You hover for a few minutes and then land – for the moment there is no advantage to be gained from flying. When you give a little mental pull, the Pegasus Wings withdraw. Return to **42** and make another choice.

368

'As you probably know, the Black Flyers are, in fact, mutated Dark Elves. It is my belief that they are building an underground city somewhere in these mountains. I have no idea how to find it, but I do know that some Dark Elf architecture can drive you insane if you look at it too closely.' He reaches into a leather belt-pouch and takes out a small crystal ball. 'My great-grandfather was an expert on Dark Elf architecture. He said this would protect the mind of anyone looking at it, though only from a distance. Just hold it in front of your eyes.' He hands this family heirloom to you with great ceremony, saying that he will expect you to return it to him if you survive. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* that, if you ever take the option to look at the Dark Elf lair and are asked to *Test your Luck*, you don't have to: just follow the Lucky option, without deducting any points from your LUCK score.

If this is the second question that you have asked Lokimur, turn to **274**. If it is only the first, you may ask another. What will it be about:

Thyra Migurn (if you know of her)?	Turn to **39**
What's happened to Sardath?	Turn to **97**
Corianthus (if you know of him)?	Turn to **181**
The Toa-Suo?	Turn to **385**

369

After going along the walkway for some distance, you reach a junction. Straight ahead of you are many Dark Elf warriors, apparently engaged in training or some other military activity. They haven't taken any notice of you so far, but it would be foolish to tempt providence, so you decide to keep well clear of that direction. To your left a stairway leads up to a huge oval building; to your right, there is another stairway, this time leading down to the floor of the cavern, where you can see a lot of building work in progress. If you have already spoken with any of the Dark Elves in the oval building, turn to **338**. If you have not, will you go left (turn to **216**) or right (turn to **391**)?

370

The walkway is met almost immediately by a stairway going downwards. You follow this to a platform where another walkway goes off to the right and an archway leads straight ahead. But when you look at the archway, something about it is wrong, as if you would have to cross a great gulf to reach it. The world begins to spin and you lose all sense of where you are.

Test your Luck. If you are Unlucky, you feel an intense giddiness and begin to stagger from one side of the platform to the other. Unable to help yourself, you fall sideways off the walkway – your adventure is over. If you are Lucky, you recover at the last moment and find yourself gazing down into what looks like an infinite abyss. If this is the first time you have experienced this effect, you will be disorientated for days (lose 1 SKILL point). If you've had this sensation before, the symptoms are not worsened. When you finally come to, you can't quite work out where you are, except that you are on a walkway. Roll one die. If you roll:

1–2	Turn to 13
3–4	Turn to 177
5–6	Turn to 324

371

You take the bottle from your pack and reach over the stern of the boat. You pull out the stopper very carefully and pour the liquid on to the Weed. It hisses and smokes as the powerful acid burns up the dull-red leaves. The rudder is freed, and you sail on. However, since Bloodweed is dangerous only until it is gorged, killing it was unnecessary – this one had already had its fill of your blood, which you should have realized from its dull-red colour. For such a gratuitous act, the natural luck that follows you through the Forest ebbs a little (lose 1 LUCK point). An hour or so later, you spot another pair of amphibian eyes gazing at you. This time, instead of looking back at them directly,

you keep on looking forward but you keep a watch on the eyes out of the corner of your own eyes. Not realizing that it has been spotted, the creature stays in view. Will you quickly grab your bow and shoot an arrow at it (turn to 90) or just wait to see what it does (turn to 294)?

372

'Corianthus should know what is going on,' she says. 'He knows much of what goes on in these mountains.' You ask her who he is. 'Corianthus is the Storm Giant who lives in the castle on Harn Cloud.' She reaches inside her tunic and produces a large Brass Key. 'This is one of the keys to his library, a sign of his special trust. Take it to Corianthus and ask for his help in my name.' You thank her and ask her how you can get to the Giant. 'Go north,' she says, 'following the river until you reach a small stream leading up the side of a huge, isolated mountain. Persevere, and you will reach the castle.' You thank Neya again. 'I would like to travel with you,' she says, 'but I have already promised to go to Fangthane, the Dwarven capital, to tell them of our plight. Sardath has a huge Dwarven population, so they are sure to come to our aid – if it's not too late.' You wish her luck. She smiles. 'I will see you when I come back to Sardath to celebrate the success of your mission.'

You laugh at her bravado, and watch as she heads towards Gwinir's Bridge. Once Neya is out of sight, you turn north and begin the trek into the mountains. Turn to 81.

373

Once you are flying over the shadowy forest, you ask Morn who he really is. 'I am Iulien, a Dark Elf Lieutenant – although now I should receive a promotion for capturing you, as now your people are sure to go into the Forest to their deaths' You realize that he is right and that in part you have already failed (deduct 2 points from your LUCK) You ask him what will happen to your people. 'The Sorcerer has made the Giant Spiders come out of their hiding places and invade the Elf-paths, and the Wood Elves have too many of their own problems to do anything about it.' You ask him what he means, but he won't answer. He beats his wings even faster, carrying you through the dark sky at an incredible speed After a while, you see two black figures flying towards you. Before they reach you, they start to spiral downwards If you do nothing, turn to **53**. If you try to break free in order to land on the back of one as you fly over it, you will have to wrestle free of Iulien's grip. Roll two dice and work out your Attack Strength. Do the same for Iulien, but deduct 2 points from his Attack Strength since he is flying as well as trying to keep hold of you. If the result is a draw or if you win the Attack Round, you manage to tear his arms from you and let yourself drop towards one of the dark creatures (turn to **330**). If you lose the Attack Round, you are unable to escape in time and are forced to stop struggling (turn to **53**).

374

A huge voice booms out in the language of the Dark Elves. At first its tone is questioning, but you have no

idea how to answer it. Gradually the tone becomes more angry, until it suddenly switches to Allansian: 'Prepare to die, human.' Before you have time to think, you are being assailed by a flurry of blows from invisible talons. You try to fight back but the odds are almost insuperable. Even when you think your sword has hit, it does no good, for this guardian is a Demon, impervious to anything but magical weapons. Your adventure is over.

375

Dear Archelantes,

Next time you want me to do some research for you, kindly write. You know how to call my hawks, and so shouldn't find any difficulty. I detest communicating over the Mercury Pool: it's an invasion of privacy, and I would rather it was only used in cases of emergency.

Having said that, I have found out most of what you wanted to know about transformation magic. I set up an apparatus to try a few potions, but I couldn't get them to work. You know how inept I am at these things. Still . . .

Excuse me a moment. There's a noise in the laboratory. I'll just go and check.

And that is where it ends. Whatever Corianthus found in the laboratory, he never returned to finish his letter. Turn back to **166** and choose another option.

376

You feel a terrible pang at having to let the Dwarf die (lose 1 LUCK point), but the Chthonian Trapper is just

too powerful for you. You watch, sickened, as the creature drags its prey under the ground, leaving the road in a devastated state. After a few moments' silence for the passing of poor Fangnir, you haul yourself to your feet and prepare to go on. Will you go west towards Sardath (turn to **232**) or turn north and go into the mountains (turn to **357**)?

377

This goblet contains a spicy, black liquid known as Mead of Great Power. It tastes very strong but has a piquancy that induces you to drain the whole cup. After a few moments you feel the very essence of life flowing through your veins, making you feel better than you have ever been. You may regain any points of SKILL and STAMINA that you have lost. In addition, you may add 1 point to your *Initial* SKILL, as long as this does not take your score above 12. Now turn back to **92** and select another item.

378

The two Obligaths take great exception to your rough treatment and their hackles rise. You try to placate them, but they bare their razor-sharp teeth and begin to growl. Despite your confidence in your ability as a warrior, you feel a tremor of fear. When the Obligaths sense this, they attack at once. There is no time to use your bow.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First OBLIGATH	10	5
Second OBLIGATH	11	4

If you win, you arrange the two bodies to look as if they killed each other, then you carry on down the road. Turn to **399**.

379

There are some boulders and a large patch of heather for cover by the side of the road. You quickly get behind them and lie still, keeping your breath shallow. After a few minutes, a thundering sound comes towards you, growing louder and louder, then it stops. Through a small gap in the heather you can see the creature looking all around—it must have spotted you before you hid. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **61**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **148**.

380

The Slykk stares at you apprehensively, then glances behind him. If you decide to hold your fire, turn to **55**. If you prefer to shoot him, roll two dice and check the total against your SKILL to see whether you hit. If you

do, make a note of the fact and deduct 2 points from his STAMINA when you fight him. Whether you hit or not, the Slykk resumes his charge before you can nock another arrow, so you must sling your bow over your shoulder and draw your sword. Turn to **234**.

381

'Die, then, human,' says the mutating creature, 'and seal the fate for all your race.' (If you have already fought Morn with your sword, his STAMINA score may be less than that given.)

MORN PREELER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

Whenever Morn loses an Attack Round, roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to his STAMINA, continue the fight. If it is greater, roll one die. If this number too is greater than his STAMINA, turn to **155**. If it is less than or equal to his STAMINA, turn to **196**. If you win the fight, turn to **249**.

382

You take out Thyra's Lightning Sphere and hold it in your hand. It sparks and crackles, and you can feel its restless power almost willing you to throw it. You

draw your arm slowly back, then launch the Sphere past the Storm Giant, to a point between the two groups of Dark Elves. For one heart-stopping second, nothing happens. Then there is a sudden blaze of light and you clap your hands over your eyes. A volley of deafening explosions follows, and then nothing. When you look again, all that remains of the Dark Elves is a cloud of fine grey powder. Fortunately the Storm Giant is unaffected; whether the cage protected him, or he is immune to Thyra's power, you don't know. You are just glad that he is unharmed. You walk towards him to see whether you can free him, but you are repulsed by some great power. No matter what you try to do, you cannot get close to him.

'What has happened here?' demands a Dark Elf voice from the archway. For a second you are taken by surprise, but then you explain that a terrible power flashed out from the Giant and killed them all. 'Oh, well,' he says, 'they were all drunken scum anyway. But you had better go and inform the Sorcerer.' You hesitate. 'Go!' he shouts. By now, other Dark Elves have joined him, so you are forced to leave. Turn to **29**.

383

'You fool,' he replies. 'You obviously know nothing about the amulet. It is merely a defence against magic of the mind.' He shakes his head. 'I weary of this futile conversation.'

Realizing that he is going to attack, you draw your sword as swiftly as you can.

'Faeleorn rath mardex.'

When you run at him, you crash into a wall of impenetrable force and stumble backwards, stunned. The Sorcerer raises his staff, spraying you with a viscous jet of life-sapping darkness. Your adventure is over.

384

Even though he has suffered a great deal, Colrhyn is not one to give up. He is finding it difficult to stay awake, but he is determined to tell you as much as he can. 'If anyone knows what is going on, it is Corianthus.' This is a name you have not heard before. 'Corianthus is a Storm Giant who lives in a castle on the top of Harn Cloud. He is the greatest scholar in north-east Allansia. His libraries contain vast amounts of ancient knowledge, and his hawks gather news for him from the farthest lands. His greatest friend is the Giant Eagle.' With some difficulty, Colrhyn reaches down to his belt and unhooks a great Brass Key. 'I am one of the few to whom he has entrusted a key to his library. Show it to Corianthus and he will know that I sent you.' You take the key and put it in your pack. 'There is much I could tell you about the mountains, but I am too weak.' He sighs and closes his eyes. You tell him that you will have to rely on your wits. 'At least take some equipment and Herbs,' he says, and then his head sinks into the pillow; in seconds he is in a deep sleep. You take his climbing rope and 4 Bundles of Herbs, and you refill your quiver with arrows. You may also replace any weapons you have

lost. Now feeling much better prepared and more positive about your quest (add 1 LUCK point), you creep out of his cabin and set off north-east up the trail. Turn to **15**.

385

'The Toa-Suo are not native to this area They normally live in the icy wastes to the north of the Icefinger Mountains, but the Black Flyers seem to have recruited some of their number to fight for them during the day' You ask him what their weaknesses are 'It is more profitable to talk about their strengths Alone, they are not much stronger than a Hobgoblin The problem is that they fight in large groups, working as a perfect unit with no thought for individual safety. Even one such as you would stand no chance. Your best defence is to avoid them' You thank him for this grim advice and ask him how you may achieve this. 'We believe that they come in from the north, so you should be safe as long as you don't go too far in that direction I'm sorry that I can't help you more.'

If this is the second question that you have asked Lokimur, turn to **274**. If it is only the first, you may ask another. What will it be about:

Thyra Migurn (if you know of her)?	Turn to **39**
What's happened to Sardath?	Turn to **97**
Corianthus (if you know of him)?	Turn to **181**
The Black Flyers?	Turn to **368**

386

The waves crash around you; the driving wind and rain lash into your face. You fight the thrashing water but it is just too much. Suddenly there is a swell. You try to keep the boat upright, but it flips over and you are plunged into the icy water. As you go under for the last time, you realize that you have failed.

387

Since you have already struck the door twice without pause, this third strike completes the Sign of Summoning, the secret code of Khornu Wych's tomb. There is a loud click, and the door slides open. When you step inside, the door closes behind you and you gaze upon the dead seer's richly adorned crypt. At the back of the chamber, leaning against the wall, is a beautifully carved sarcophagus. There is no front to it, so you can see the mummified body of Khornu standing inside As well as the life-preserving bandages, the body is draped in robes bearing astrological symbols and it wears a large golden amulet. There are no exits from this room. You walk up to the body of the seer and examine it very carefully. The robe is clearly of no special interest, but the amulet might be. If you reach into the sarcophagus and take it, turn to **289**. Otherwise you will have to leave (turn to **12**).

388

Climbing is very hard work because, for every two metres you ascend, you slide back one. The day passes in what seems like an eternal torment and you are hardly aware of the terrible cold or the falling of night. Suddenly a shout comes from above you and you look up. Gliding towards you is a whole flight of Black Flyers. They swoop down on you with murder in their eyes. Your adventure is over.

389

When you are about half-way down the stairway, you observe a Dark Elf coming towards you, sauntering

along as if he had nothing but contempt for the world. He is tall and slender and is dressed in tight yellow trousers, with carefully sited holes that expose the smooth, dark skin of his calf and thigh. A sword hangs from the black belt round his waist, but it looks more ornamental than functional. His jacket is of a very strange design, with a long sleeve on one side and a high, capped shoulder on the other. But the arm that protrudes from this is unmuscled and delicate. His face also has a delicate look, especially since it is covered in an intricate make-up. As he approaches you, he says something to you in a disdainful tone. It's in Dark Elf, so you don't know what he is saying. However, he doesn't seem to expect an answer – he just pushes past you, oblivious of your obvious greater strength. If you reach out an arm to stop him, turn to 169. If you let him go past, you carry on down the stairway to a rough track. You follow this for about fifty metres until it comes to a junction turning right. Will you carry on along the track (turn to 237) or turn right and head towards what looks like a military camp (turn to 362)?

390

You walk towards the outskirts of the village, trying to decide which route to take into the Forest. Even though you have seen the enemy, you still know neither what it is nor where it comes from. As you come to the beginning of the forest trail, your reverie is broken by the clattering wheels of a wagon rattling along the road towards you. This is curious – you thought the Forest had become impassable. As he

approaches, the driver of the wagon shouts to you: 'Good morning, traveller. Are you interested in buying any of my potions and magical cure-alls?' If you are suspicious of the trader, it might be wise to try a surprise attack on him (turn to 356). Otherwise, you must make some reply. Will you say that you're not really interested in buying potions (turn to 32), or will you ask him what he's got and how much it costs (turn to 263)?

391

At the foot of the stairway is a long road: it is well constructed but is littered with rubble from the building work which is going on. When you get on to the road, you follow it, ignoring the many side turnings which lead into the heart of the city. In these streets there are dozens of Dark Elves on high scaffolds, building twisted houses and passageways or carving hideous statues and gargoyles. They are attended by Dwarf slaves, who are being whipped and made to work by Dark Elf slave-drivers.

As you walk along, a Dark Elf artisan emerges from one of these streets, holding a small bundle wrapped in sackcloth. He stops you and starts gabbling in his own language. Since you have no idea what he is saying, you demand that he speak Allansian.

'Why am I have to speak this low tongue?' he says, looking angry and insulted. 'I am stonemason, high-born artist. Not warrior. It is lower than me.' Will you apologize to him (turn to 54) or pretend to be angry and threaten him with your sword (turn to 139)?

392

'So you are not dead?' says Liam when you contact him. 'The whole Council thought that you must be and decided to go ahead with their own ideas.' He sighs. 'And that's how the war began.' Knowing the Forest as you do, and what it has become recently, you are dismayed at this news. You ask Liam what happened. 'As we hit the Forest,' he says, 'so it hit back.' He breaks off and looks to one side. 'Curse them all! They're here already.' There is a crash, and you see a Giant Spider scuttling towards Liam. 'Goodbye, Councillor,' he says, and the image disappears.

Desperate to know what's happening, you call up the astrologer again. But the voice just says: 'There is no one of that name living in Grimmund.' After a moment, it says dispassionately, 'To whom do you wish to speak?' Turn back to **99** and make another choice.

393

This goblet is filled with the blood of a Red Dragon Substances such as this are often used by seers to see into far lands: using their mental powers, they can nullify its poison and harness its strength. You, however, have no such abilities, and so you suffer its full effects. You double over in intense agony, moaning and retching (roll one die and deduct that many points from your STAMINA). Once you have got the red poison out of your system, the pain eases and you can go on. Now turn back to **92** and select another item.

394

You follow Colrhyn's Track as it leads you out of the oppressive Forest and into the welcome openness of the gently rising heather slopes. You are saddened to feel this way about the Forest but are even more determined to put things right By the time you reach the road, night is beginning to fall and the mountains to the north look cold and forbidding as the sun's last rays reflect off their snowy peaks. If you decide to make camp by the side of the road for the night, turn to **194**. If you press on, will you go along the Fangthane Road towards Sardath (turn to **23**) or north into the mountains (turn to **301**)?

395

You raise your head and force yourself to gaze at the wild architecture of the Dark Elf lair; it makes your mind reel, and you begin to lose all sense of who and where you are. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you feel an intense dizziness and start to stagger from one side of the walkway to the other. Unable to stop yourself, you stumble and pitch over the side – your adventure is ended. If you are Lucky, you recover at the last moment and find yourself gazing into what looks like a bottomless abyss. Even though you have survived this terrifying experience, you will still feel disorientated for days (lose 1 SKILL point). Obviously, the only way you are going to get through this place is by avoiding looking at your surroundings and keeping your gaze firmly fixed on the ground immediately in front of you. If you ever change your mind and decide to take a close look at the Dark Elf lair, make a note of the number of the paragraph you are reading at the time, then turn to **153** (make a note of this number for future reference).

For now, you walk tentatively along the walkway, keeping your eyes on the path just in front of you. It is unnerving not knowing where you are going but you force yourself to walk ahead. Eventually the walkway you are on meets another. Will you go left (turn to **358**) or right (turn to **112**)?

396

A place is made for you and you sit down. However, as soon as you have settled, a mass of tentacles burst

out of the chair and writhe round your body. You struggle, but they just get tighter. One of the Dark Elves leans towards you.

'I am not a warrior,' he says, 'so I'm afraid I haven't learnt as much Allansian as you. Perhaps you misunderstood my invitation. I believe I should have asked if you would like to come *as* dinner.' He smiles at you mirthlessly, and begins to sharpen a long knife . . .

397

You sail your boat carefully, negotiating the difficult marshy waters of the Slykk territory. Once you are clear of the marsh, you begin to relax. As you progress, the river grows more and more choked with unnatural-looking weeds, and strange eyes peer out from the depths – not Slykk eyes, but other, stranger things. It's a good job that you are in a small boat, for a larger merchant vessel would not be able to get through. As evening approaches, you arrive at the second rope-bridge. You land the boat and set up camp near by. This site is often used by traders and, even though the Forest is becoming darker, it still seems safe. You settle down to sleep.

The morning arrives (regain 2 STAMINA points and tick off the next day on your *Adventure Sheet*), and you are ready to start off again. Will you get back in the boat and sail on up the river (turn to **361**) or leave the boat and walk north-east along the trail (turn to **9**)?

398

Foiled by your swift thinking, Morn screams in some unrecognizable language and charges after you. Roll two dice for yourself, and two dice for Morn. If Morn's total is the higher, he catches you in the corridor, diving on you and bringing you to the ground (turn to **212**) If the result is a draw, or your total is the higher, you manage to get down the stairs and into the Council Chamber (turn to **186**)

399

As you walk into the slavers' camp, you become very aware of the large number of Dark Elves wandering around. When one of them comes up and salutes you, you have no option but to speak to him. You ask him what he wants.

'My Lord Chaugh, I am Baliel, the Chief Slaver. I am conducting a sacrificial ceremony, and I need someone of high rank to witness it.' It would arouse Baliel's suspicion if you were to refuse, so you follow him into a short tunnel in the wall of the cavern. There is another Dark Elf here, staring at the strange, dark balls of fungus that are growing on the walls and floor of the tunnel 'As you see,' says Baliel, 'the Elf Bane is growing weak and needs sustenance. Liethif has volunteered to sacrifice himself' He turns to the strange martyr. 'Liethif, your name will now carry the title of Thane as witnessed by Lord Chaugh.' Liethif bows to the Dark Elf and walks into the middle of the fungus. When he has taken just a few steps, many of the fungal balls burst, ejecting huge clouds of spores.

Liethif breathes them in deeply, then lies down to expire. Baliel salutes him and you copy his gesture.

Once it is all over, Baliel thanks you curtly for your help, then leaves. If you enter the fungus tunnel to search Liethif's body, turn to **62** Otherwise, from what you have seen, you are sure that the slavers' camp has nothing to offer you, so you decide to leave. Turn to **123**.

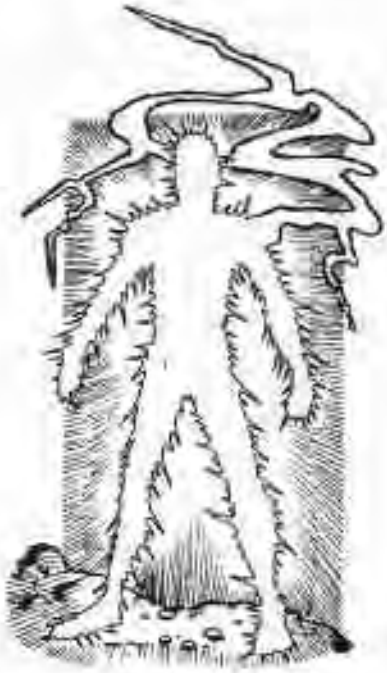

400

Everywhere, Wood Elves and Dwarfs are fighting Dark Elves. They have torn down a lot of the architecture and you find you can now look around in comfort. You walk along the walkways, striding through the battle, delighting in what you have achieved A grave threat has been lifted from the peoples of north-east Allansia, and it is unlikely that the Dark Elves will return for some time.

All at once you see a massive form squeezing itself through one of the archways that lead to the main city When he rises to his full eight metres, you realize that this must be Corianthus He edges towards you on what to him must be a knife-edge 'Are you the adventurer from Grimmund?' he asks in a deep booming voice When you admit that you are, he picks you up and holds you at eye level 'Thank you,' he says. 'You have released me from a fate so terrible that I had wished for death for many days. Now I am glad to be alive We are certain to win the battle, so let's you and I go up to my castle and celebrate.'

THE TROLLTOOTH WARS

Steve Jackson

It started with an ambush. When Balthus Dire's bloodlusting Hill Goblins mount their raid on the Strongarm caravan, little do they realize what dramatic consequences their actions will have. For that caravan carries Cunnelwort, a mystical herb from Eastern Allansia, destined for none other than the evil sorceror, Zharradan Marr! War – between two forces well-matched for evil – is soon to ensue . . . Will Balthus Dire's chaotics or Zharradan Marr's undead prove victorious? The answer is here, in the first Fighting Fantasy novel.

DEMONSTEALER

Marc Gascoigne

It started with a burglary. Borne aloft on the back of an immense bat, a sinister thief breaks into the tower of the sorcerer Yaztromo. Guided by long-dead voices, he manages to make off with an ancient scroll whose secrets could spell doom and destruction for all Allansia!

Chadda Darkmane is soon on the trail of the thief. But as the quest grows ever longer, his nagging doubts about the power of sorcery turn into nightmares. The trail leads far beyond northern Allansia, to the Pirate Coast and the twisting alleyways of Rimon, where Darkmane's nightmares become flesh! For the thief has used the ancient scroll to summon others to help him in his sorcerous task, Demons who are not bound by the constraints of earthly forms – who feast on the human spirit.

A few brave companions accompany Darkmane, but will they be enough – and in time – to stop the thief from unlocking the final secret of Yaztromo's scroll? *Demonstealer*, the second Fighting Fantasy novel in a series that began with *The Trolltooth Wars*, holds all the answers.

DUNGEONEER

Marc Gascoigne and Pete Tamlyn

Now you and your friends can create your own fantasy movies! Imagine that you are the director and your friends are the cast of heroes. Will you send them to battle with the evil wizard or recover the Dragons' hoard? The choice is yours, and *Dungeoneer* makes the exciting world of fantasy role-playing accessible in a thoroughly user-friendly manner.

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Sprawling like the corpse of some giant creature, Port Blacksand is a festering den of pirates and brigands. Unforeseen dangers lurk around every street corner and in every dark alleyway. Devious plots and crimes are hatched in every tavern. Thieves and assassins slip through the shadows. Ancient mysteries lurk in the cellars and sewers. But the infamous City of Thieves is also home to excitement and adventure beyond compare!

The second volume in the Advanced Fighting Fantasy series which started with *Dungeoneer*.

FIGHTING FANTASY

The Introductory Role-playing Game

Steve Jackson

Thrilling adventures of sword and sorcery come to life in the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, where the reader is the hero, dicing with death and demons in search of villains, treasure or freedom. Now YOU can create your own Fighting Fantasy adventures and send your friends off on dangerous missions! In this clearly written handbook there are hints on devising combats, monsters to use, tricks and tactics, as well as two mini-adventures.

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Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

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Dare YOU return to Firetop Mountain!

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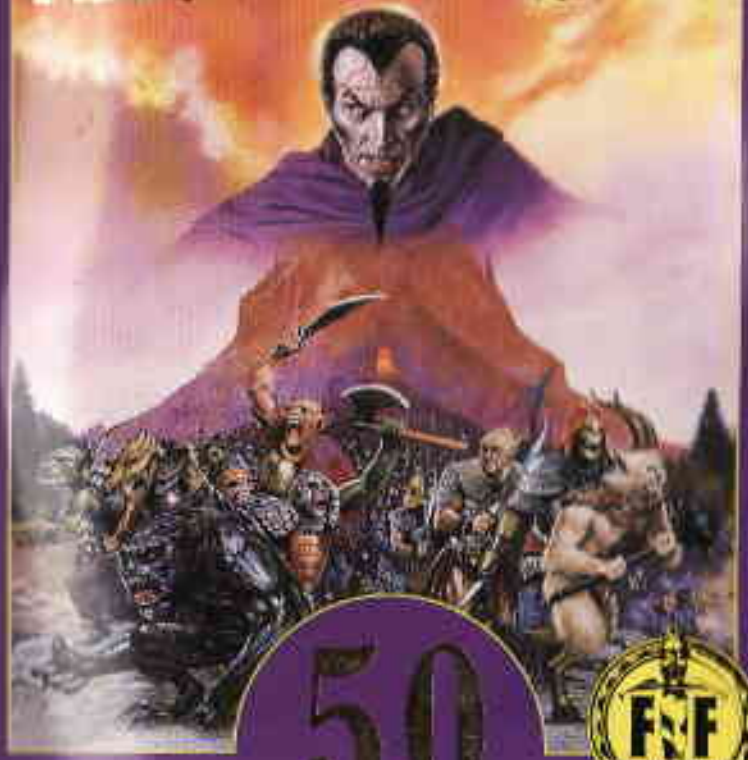

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FIGHTING FANTASY

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RETURN TO FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

Firetop Mountain, the forbidding peak whose dark shadow once cast gloom over the whole of Northern Allansia, has been quiet for ten years. It has been that long since the diabolical reign of the evil sorcerer, Zagor, was ended by a heroic adventurer who braved the countless perils of the dungeons beneath the mountain and succeeded where so many had failed before.

But now, resurrected by the power of dark sorcery, Zagor has risen from the dead! More evil than before, the crazed wizard is intent upon wreaking his revenge upon all Allansia. He must be stopped, and for good this time. Some brave adventurer – YOU! – must enter the forbidding labyrinth and bring justice once more to the lord of Firetop Mountain!

Two dice, a pencil and an eraser are all you need to embark on this thrilling adventure, which comes complete with its own elaborate combat system and a score sheet to record your progress.

Many dangers lie ahead and your success is anything but certain. Sinister enemies are ranged against you; it's up to YOU to decide which route to follow, which dangers to risk and which foes to fight. Beware: Zagor will not be so easy to defeat a second time!

Ian Livingstone is the co-founder, with Steve Jackson, of Games Workshop, the hugely successful chain which specializes in fantasy games of all kinds.

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RETURN TO FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

Ian Livingstone

Illustrated by Martin McKenna

PUFFIN BOOKS

To all members of my Ultra 30 Race Team
without whom
this book would not have been necessary!

PUFFIN BOOKS

Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1992
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in Monophoto Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. Use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 14–15 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores.

Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over). Proceed to step 6.
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will

tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have

just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound your opponent has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e., instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow; restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e., instead of doing 2 points of damage, it has done only 1). If you

are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL – but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying 2 Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed otherwise.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may become dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Unlike other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, in this adventure you do not begin with any Provisions. However, during the course of the adventure, you will have opportunities to regain STAMINA points in various ways.

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are instructed to the contrary in a specific paragraph.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded during the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given in the paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed otherwise.

Equipment

Your start your adventure with the basic tools of your trade: a fine sword; clothes suitable for travelling; a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasure you may come across; and a lantern to light your way.

ADVENTURE SHEET

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial	*Initial*	*Initial*
Skill=	*Stamina=*	*Luck=*

Skill=	*Skill=*	*Skill=*
Stamina=	*Stamina=*	*Stamina=*

WEAPONS:

EQUIPMENT:

ARMOUR:

TREASURE:

Skill=	*Skill=*	*Skill=*
Stamina=	*Stamina=*	*Stamina=*
Skill=	*Skill=*	*Skill=*
Stamina=	*Stamina=*	*Stamina=*
Skill=	*Skill=*	*Skill=*
Stamina=	*Stamina=*	*Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

Ten years is not a long time in a wizard's life – some live for over two hundred years, keeping themselves alive by their own magic and potions. There is a well-known saying among wizards which goes: 'You're a long time dead, so let's live instead!' Some wizards even went one step further: they cast a spell on themselves so that, in the event of their being slain or assassinated, they were able to raise themselves after a predetermined time when their assailant was long gone. The wizards who chose to come back from the dead were, however, always aligned to evil, for it was dark magic that was needed to cheat death. One of those wizards was known (and feared) by the name of Zagor, the infamous Warlock of Firetop Mountain. Ten years have passed since the day when he was killed by a brave adventurer who risked the guards and deadly traps deep inside Firetop Mountain to save Allansia from his evil magic. But killing Zagor is one thing; keeping him dead is another. Nobody knew that Zagor had cast the Raise Dead Spell on himself, otherwise the adventurer who killed him would have sealed him inside his mountain tomb.

But all that was ten years ago. In the last six months, sinister events have begun to happen around Firetop Mountain. First, the top of the mountain, which was famous for its red-coloured bracken, has turned deathly

black. Livestock which have grazed on and around the mountain for decades have started to die a sickening death, and recently people have even disappeared, dragged inside the mountain (it is said) by hideous creatures of the night. Those good people who remain are terrified, for it is rumoured that Zagor has risen and is building himself a new body, bit by bit, from the unfortunate villagers of Anvil!

You are an adventurer, a sword for hire, wandering through the lands. Coming to the village of Anvil, you decide to stop for a rest after your week-long march. However, as soon as you enter the village you sense that all is not well. The villagers look frightened and women quickly push their children indoors as you walk along the main street. You decide that the local tavern would be the best place to find out what is troubling the villagers, so you enter the Two Moons. The chatter inside dies down quickly to a low murmur and the customers eye you as you walk up to the bar. The barman stares at you sternly, and you can see by the look in his eyes that he is a proud man trying to hide his fear.

'Yes?' he grunts in a low voice.

You tell him that you are an adventurer seeking a new quest that will end in riches and honour. He frowns, not knowing whether to trust you.

'Does the name Zagor mean anything to you?' he asks softly, watching you closely for a reaction.

'Zagor,' you reply confidently, 'was the Warlock of Firetop Mountain until he was slain, ten years ago.'

'*Is* the Warlock of Firetop Mountain,' the barman says dramatically. 'He's come back to life! He is building himself a new body and is sending his evil servants to Anvil to take back live donors!'

The barman seems to accept you as a friend and quickly goes on to tell you about the doom that has befallen Anvil, thanks to Zagor.

'We need help, stranger!' he says desperately. 'None of us here has the power to defeat Zagor . . . but maybe you do. We are poor and cannot pay you what you deserve to take on such a task, but we do know that there are chests full of gold inside Firetop Mountain. Will you help us?'

By now the tavern is silent. All eyes are upon you. How can you let them down? Slowly you smile and nod your head.

'On one condition,' you say.

'Name it,' the barman replies.

'That I get a hot bath and a room for the night!' you laugh.

'Done!'

Everyone in the tavern lets out a cheer, and they all gather round to slap you on the back and offer to buy you some ale.

In the morning you find the barman, whose name you learn is Moose, cooking a large breakfast for you.

'You must set off south immediately to visit the grand wizard Yaztromo. He alone can prepare you for such an adversary as Zagor. Don't even think about tackling Zagor on your own. He is stronger than ever and his magic is deadly,' Moose says earnestly.

You thank him for his advice and bid him farewell.

Now turn to paragraph 1.

1

Leaving Anvil and its villagers behind, you set off east deep in thought. Firetop Mountain is only a short distance from Anvil, but to go all the way to Yaztromo's Tower first would mean losing many days' valuable time How could Yaztromo help? Ever since he single-handedly defeated eight ghoulish Dark Elves on the edge of Darkwood Forest, the place where he built his famous tower, his reputation has grown. Wise, good, powerful, philanthropic and many other words were used to describe the great Yaztromo. Many sought his help against evil and none were turned away Suddenly there is a shout from behind you You spin around, to see Moose running towards you You notice that his sword is drawn and there is a look of alarm on his face.

'Zagor will know of your plan unless we can catch the two Trackers I saw running from Anvil, a few minutes ago. They must have overheard us and are running back to inform Zagor. Quick, follow me, we must catch them,' Moose says hurriedly, still panting. He runs off into the undergrowth, shouting at you to follow him. If you wish to do so, turn to **341**. If you would rather continue to walk along the path alone, turn to **161**.

2

Now the undead Chaos Warrior can be defeated only by piercing its heart. As it lumbers towards you with its great sword outstretched, you try an upward thrust with your sword in order to strike under its breastplate

UNDEAD
CHAOS WARRIOR SKILL 10 STAMINA 0

If you win an Attack Round, the Chaos Warrior does not lose STAMINA points. Instead, you must roll one die: a roll of 1–4 means that you missed its heart; a roll of 5 or 6 means that your blow pierced its heart and kills it. If you win, turn to **88**.

3

On turning the corner, you come across an old wooden bench above which there is a sign, but the painted words on the sign have all but flaked off. All you can make out is the first word, which is 'Rest'. If you want to sit down on the bench, turn to **211**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **162**.

4

It is not long before you arrive at a great iron door in the right-hand wall. The door is firmly locked, but there is a large keyhole in the door. If you have an iron key, turn to the paragraph number that is inscribed on the key. If you do not have an iron key, you will have to walk on (turn to **172**).

5

As you lean over the rack and reach for the skeleton's finger, you hear a smothered laugh coming from above. Looking up, you see a weighted net dropping down on top of you. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **339**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **252**.

6

Not wishing to draw attention to yourself, you tell the Barbarian that you will be back later to deal with him. You gulp down a mug of water to get rid of the taste of the eyeballs and now, although you are bloated, at least you have eaten. Regain 1 STAMINA point. You walk past the Lizard Men guards and turn right into the tunnel (turn to **304**).

7

You wait for a gap to appear between the worms on the floor, then you jump. The Sucker Worms show no interest in you, preferring to feast on the dead flesh of the dog. However, one of the worms has rolled over on top of the box. Will you wait for it to slide off the box (turn to **307**) or hack at it with your sword straight away (turn to **396**)?

8

As soon as you touch the wizard's hand, he starts to laugh out loud. His body starts to shimmer and soon

you are able to see right through him; this is because you are shaking the hand of a doppelganger, not the hand of Yaztromo. The ghost-like figure has the ability to drain you of your life; when you look down, you see that your own body is turning transparent too. You try to pull your hand away but it is too late. You are doomed to live in a twilight world forever. Your adventure is over.

9

Coming from above you hear the sound of hands clapping, and look up to see the Pitmaster smiling. He drops a rope down to you and you climb up out of the pit. He leads you over to the second pit, saying, 'Your next opponent has cunning and deception as well as strength. The Metallix is not what it seems.'

You look down into the pit and discover a sinewy-looking creature, no more than a metre tall. With its large, soulful eyes and drooping mouth it looks almost harmless. Remembering the Pitmaster's warning, however, you jump down into the pit, sword in hand. The Metallix does not flinch and appears almost unconcerned by your arrival. You walk towards the Metallix – and still it doesn't move. You raise your sword above your head, ready to strike. But then it crosses your mind that perhaps the Metallix *wants* you

to strike it. If you want to try to cut off its head, turn to **195**. If you would rather pick a rock up off the floor and throw it at the beast to get it to move, turn to **279**.

10

You know you will have only a few minutes to escape before the Mummies come back to life. Spying the door at the end of the hallway, you make a quick exit (turn to **102**).

11

As the morning wears on, dark clouds appear overhead and the wind quickly picks up. The unstable boat is caught by a sudden gust and tilts disconcertingly over to one side. If the crew consists of five or fewer members (including yourself), turn to **54**. If there are more than five crew left on board, turn to **312**.

12

You place your treasure in your backpack, unaware that one of the diamonds has been treated with evil magic; it is likely that sooner or later you will meet an untimely death. For now, you must choose which way to go: if you want to enter the left-hand tunnel, turn to **124**; if you prefer to enter the right-hand tunnel, turn to **38**.

13

You soon come to another door, but this time there is no window to look through. You press your ear to the door and hear what sounds like somebody moaning in pain. If you want to open the door, turn to **118**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **387**.

14

You whip the dagger out of your boot and throw it at the rat. At such short range you can hardly miss, and you skewer it to the floor. The piece of tooth rolls on to the floor just in time to release the Fire Elemental, as the massive Earth Elemental is descending on you. The Fire Elemental wraps its fiery arm round the waist of the Earth Elemental and tries to lift it off the ground; at the same time it is being pounded by gigantic stone fists. The battle rages for some minutes, until finally the Earth Elemental crumbles into a heap of broken boulders and scorched earth. The flame dies and you look up to the throne where Zagor sits, looking ill-at-ease.

He begins to chant again. He has decided to copy you, and suddenly a jet of flame shoots out of the floor at the bottom of the steps. Another fiery humanoid has been summoned, a Fire Elemental, the last of his Elementals of Chaos. If you have one more golden dragon's tooth, you must throw it on the floor to defend yourself against the demon fire. If you have the right tooth, turn to the paragraph which has the same number as the one on the tooth. If you do not have the tooth, turn to **365**.

15

With not a moment to spare, you take the garlic out of your backpack and thrust it out in front of you to halt the Gorgon . . . but garlic is useful only against the Undead; it is useless against a creature like a Gorgon. Transfixed by fear, you stare blankly at the monster towering above you. Turn to **265**.

16

The acid continues to burn – but there is nothing you can do about it. It burns right through your cheek, enters your mouth and starts to trickle down your throat. No amount of coughing and spitting can save you. Your adventure is over.

17

With lightning speed you clutch at your throat and manage to tear the rat away before it is able to wound you. You fling it to the floor then bring the heel of your boot down hard on top of it, crushing it out of shape. Cursing the Goblins, you leave the cellar and walk back to the path in order to continue south (turn to 238).

18

You discover many strange titles on the book shelves: *Casket of Souls, Transmutation, The Dark Light* and *Vampire Blood* are just a few, but the one that catches your attention is a tiny leather-bound book entitled *Eye of the Dragon*. You open it at random, but the print is too small to read. If you have a magnifying glass and wish to read the book, turn to 53. If you would rather read *Vampire Blood*, turn to 290.

19

Among boulders set back some thirty metres from the path, you see a drawing roughly daubed in white paint on a small rock. If you want to take a closer look at the drawing, turn to 171. If you would rather press on towards Firetop Mountain, turn to 64.

20

The staff is made of polished hawthorn, with a skull carved from bone fixed on top: you decide to take it with you. If you haven't done so already, you may take the lid off the basket (turn to 107). Otherwise, there is nothing for you to do except to pursue the Death Lords (turn to 219).

21

You fill the bucket with straw from the bed and set it on fire, using the torch that is set in the wall. As the smoke begins to fill the cell and stream out between the cell door bars, you start shouting. You hear the Goblin curse and stand by the side of the door, ready to leap on the Goblin if it falls for your trick. To find out how stupid the Goblin is, roll two dice. If the total rolled is 7 or less, turn to 207. If the total is 8–12, turn to 343.

22

You quickly take the bell out of your backpack and shake it vigorously. A magical note rings out and the witch covers her ears, trying to shut out the pure sound. She staggers backwards and starts to scream, before collapsing to the floor, unconscious. The Dog Beast appears unharmed by the bell's ringing. It drops the bowl it is carrying and charges at you, swinging a ball and chain.

MUTANT DOG BEAST SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 282.

23

You come to the end of the tunnel, where it joins a cross-tunnel. An iron portcullis blocks your way and it is far too heavy to lift. On the wall to your right are two levers. On closer inspection you see that the left-hand one is a dummy made out of old black wax – a trap laid many years ago. You decide to pull the other lever. Slowly and noisily the portcullis rises into the ceiling and you walk safely under it. Looking to the left, you see that the tunnel ends at the mass of rubble of a cave-in. Looking right, the tunnel continues for thirty metres before bearing left. If you want to go to the left to the end of the tunnel, turn to 308. If you want to go right, turn to 3.

24

The box contains bits and pieces that the Chaos Warrior must have collected over the years. Among the items you find a rat's skull, a copper bracelet, 3 Gold Pieces, 2 Silver Pieces, a page from a tiny book, a horseshoe, a calling horn, and a silver pendant on a beaded cord. You put them all into your backpack except the page from the book, the copper bracelet and the silver pendant. Will you now:

Read the page from the book?	Turn to 322
Put the copper bracelet on your wrist?	Turn to 62
Hang the pendant round your neck?	Turn to 105
Put the bracelet and the pendant in your backpack?	Turn to 313
Take a look at the weapons, if you have not done so already?	Turn to 206
Leave the room and walk on up the tunnel?	Turn to 151

25

Although in pain, you fight blindly on, swinging your sword from side to side.

GORGON SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

Each time you lose an Attack Round, you will also suffer bites from the Gorgon's snakes. Roll one die and deduct that number of points from your STAMINA. If you win, turn to 79.

26

You take the article out of your backpack and hand it to the Troglodyte, who examines it with a smile on his face. (Remove the item from your *Equipment List*.) You explain to the Troglodyte that, regrettably, you do not have time to stay and watch the competition, but he is too engrossed in admiration of the prize to hear you as you slip quietly out of the room and turn right along the tunnel (turn to 304).

27

You drop the tooth on the floor and watch it break in two. A fountain of water shoots up out of the floor

and rises, forming into the shape of a liquid Titan. Suddenly it flows forward and crashes down on top of the Fire Elemental in a giant cloud of steam. The Water Elemental hisses loudly as it battles with the flames. For a moment it looks as if the Water Elemental will boil away to nothing, but gradually the flames die down and go out. Quiet returns to the hall as the Water Elemental retreats to the tooth. When the steam clears, you see Zagor standing at the base of the steps. He looks shaken and stands with his head a little down. Perhaps his magic power is all but spent?

'We will finish this battle with a duel,' he says solemnly. 'We will fight with long knives and wearing no armour. Accept this challenge or with my last energies I will crush you with a thunderbolt. We are equals, you and I, and we must fight on equal terms. It is the struggle between Chaos and Order we must decide. If I win, Chaos will swallow Allansia. If I lose, Order will return. Prepare to die! Chaos awaits Allansia!' Zagor removes his robes and stands, bare chested, before you. Ugly red scars cover his body as a result of the many transplants he has recently received. The skeletal stump that is his left arm protrudes awkwardly from his shoulder. You shudder at the sight of him; you know you must accept his challenge, so you remove your armour. Zagor throws you a knife and walks slowly towards you. The fate of Allansia rests on this final battle.

ZAGOR SKILL 11 STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to 400.

28

After gathering some wood, you soon have a fire burning. You settle back against the boulder and are soon fast asleep. Unknown to you, however, the wood has been left there on purpose by one of Zagor's servants. The flames start to jump about and then take on the shape of a small, human-shaped being. The Fire Sprite leaps out of the fire and grabs your outstretched arms. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA You awake in pain, trying desperately to shake the Fire Sprite off your arm, but it does not loosen its flaming grip. Will you attack it with your sword (turn to 193) or try to smother it with your blanket (turn to 98)?

29

'So!' shouts the hunchback, 'you are in the employ of Zagor, are you? Well, any servant of Zagor is an enemy of mine.' Before you have time to explain, the old man hits you across the back with his crooked stick. This is no ordinary stick, however, but a withering stick! The blow in itself is not too painful, but your back seems to bend and contract, quickly stiffening and locking in its new position, and you find yourself unable to stand up straight. Deduct 2 points from your SKILL You draw your sword and shout at the old man to undo the damage he has done you.

'Come another step closer and I'll whack you again, you evil leech!' the hunchback shouts back. If you wish to attack the old man, turn to 205. If you would rather try to reason with him again, turn to 301.

30

The ring you are wearing allows you to see through illusions. The image of the woman and the young boy slowly fade away, revealing their true identities. In front of you stands a hideous-looking hunchbacked witch. Her wiry, bent and hairy fingers end in long, dirty nails. Her eyes are dark and hollow and her clothes are tattered rags. Her servant is a mutant beast with a human torso and a dog's head. All at once you hear a voice inside your head, a warning from the ring, crying out, 'Ring the bell! Ring the bell!'

If you are carrying a silver bell, turn to **22**. If you are not carrying a bell, turn to **228**.

31

You turn your head away before the hideous creature can look you in the eyes, knowing that catching her glance for just a second will be enough to turn you to

stone. You must act quickly to defeat her. Will you attack her with your sword, with your free hand covering your eyes (turn to **393**), or search your backpack for an item to use against her (turn to **66**)?

32

You soon arrive at another door, this time in the right-hand wall of the tunnel. If you want to open the door, turn to **144**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **97**.

33

You prise the lid off the box with the tip of your sword, and you discover a small leather pouch inside. The pouch contains a small wooden ball and a small wooden brick. Deciding to keep them, you put them in your pocket. If you have not done so already, you may now examine the clay pots (turn to **386**) or go to sleep (turn to **95**). If you would rather find somewhere else to sleep, turn to **180**.

34

You whip the dagger out of your boot and throw it at the Goblin. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **371**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **130**.

35

The daggers held in the tight grip of the Death Head stop glowing and turn black. You decide against picking them up. If you have not done so already, you may now smash the red pot (turn to 41). Otherwise, there is nothing for you to do except walk over to the new door in the other room (turn to 347).

36

'So, you must indeed be a friend,' Zoot says excitedly. 'Alas, I will not be able to recognize you. While I was flying back to Kaad on my giant eagle, a Fire Dragon attacked. I was blinded and my beautiful eagle was badly burnt. We crash-landed in some trees. The eagle in her last heroic moment saved my life but gave up her own, trying to shield me. An Orc patrol picked me up and brought me here, gleefully telling me that my left arm was to be sewn on to Zagor in place of his own rotten bones. Set me free and I'll help you defeat this evil warlock.' You prise open his iron shackles and help him to his feet. 'I may be blind but I'm still a Half-Elf. My sense of touch may well prove useful in this trap-infested hell-hole. Let's go.'

You lead Zoot out of the room and turn right along the tunnel which ends, however, at a stone wall. There are footprints on the floor, which all point towards the end wall. You tell Zoot that you think there may be a secret door in the wall. He runs his fingers slowly over the wall, searching for hairline cracks. He soon finds a loose stone and carefully pulls it out. There is an iron handle in the recess.

'This handle will open the secret door, but I think there's a hidden trap attached to it. There may be another way of opening the door.' At the foot of the wall he finds another loose stone with another handle behind it. 'This will be the one, I'm sure. Hello, I've found something else. Here, take a look and tell me what it is.'

It is a large tooth made of solid gold which has the number '186' stamped on it. Add 1 point to your LUCK.

Zoot smiles when you describe it to him. 'Stand back while I turn this handle. You never know, I've been wrong before.'

He turns the handle and you hear a click. The secret door swings open inwards – but at the same time the floor stone on which Zoot is standing drops away beneath him. You hear his loud scream fade away as he falls to his death at the bottom of a spiked pit. Spurred on by sudden anger, you leap across the pit and through the doorway, landing safely in a cross-tunnel. The secret door swings slowly back and slams shut, and now you cannot even tell that it is there.

Looking to the left, you see an iron portcullis in the left-hand wall of the tunnel which goes on for another twenty metres before ending at the mass of rubble of a cave-in. Looking right, the tunnel continues for twenty metres before turning left. If you want to take a look at the portcullis, turn to 253. If you would rather go to the right, turn to 3.

37

A few metres up the tunnel you see three doors in the right-hand wall. You walk up to the first door and press your ear against it, but you can hear nothing. The handle turns in your hand. Will you open the door (turn to **389**) or walk on to the second door (turn to **56**)?

38

You step warily into the torchlit tunnel. In the distance you can see that the tunnel opens out into another cavern, lined with bookshelves that are crammed with hundreds of books. Standing in the middle of the cavern is a black-robed person whose folded arms are concealed in baggy sleeves which almost touch the floor. A large black hood completely covers the figure's head.

'Enter, stranger,' a deep voice calls. 'You have chosen the path of the Puzzles. I am the Inquisitor. It is your task to prove to me that you are worthy to pass through my domain, and only by the power of your mind shall you do so. Fail, and you shall die. Step forward and listen carefully, your test begins.'

If you want to obey the Inquisitor, turn to **262**. If you would rather attack him, turn to **141**.

39

There is just a single sentence on the page; it reads: *The Water Elemental of Light is numbered 27 and destroys the Fire Elemental of Chaos.* You memorize the words while you walk on up the tunnel (turn to **97**).

40

A white dove circles then lands on the deck, and you notice that a small pouch is attached to its leg. The bird appears to be unconcerned as you untie the pouch from its leg. Inside you find a message from Moose: 'Zagor has sent a doppelganger, a ghost-like impostor of Yaztromo, to trap you when you reach Kaad. But, as you know, doppelgangers always have green eyes and Yaztromo's eyes are blue. Beware!' Wondering how Zagor has found out about your mission, you throw the message into the river. The dove flies off as the boat continues its rapid journey downstream. Turn to **11**.

41

You drop the pot on the floor and watch it shatter into dozens of pieces. Lying among the debris of the shattered pot you see a round, black stone. If you want to pick it up, turn to **154**. Alternatively, if you have not done so already, you may smash the brown pot (turn to **397**). If both pots are broken, you will have to return to the room containing the statues and try the new door there (turn to **347**).

42

One of the diamonds in your hand has been coated with a magic potion of Zagor's creation. The diamond immediately transforms into a large warrior constructed of diamonds. It raises its crystal sword and strikes at you.

DIAMOND SENTINEL SKILL 11 STAMINA 9

The Sentinel cannot be harmed by edged weapons, so your sword is useless against it. Unless you have a hammer, you will soon be defeated and your adventure will be over. If you win using a hammer, turn to **63**.

43

You are conducted to a table, set up in the middle of a large room, around which three contestants are sitting, each with a plate of sheep's eyeballs piled high in front of him. You sit down to join them and gulp at the sight of the eyeballs in front of you. You look at the others and try to raise a smile. Your opponent to the left is an old Barbarian wearing furs and a leather headband. The one to your right is a neanderthal-looking caveman and the one sitting opposite you is another Troglodyte who, although of small build, has a pot belly . . . and everybody knows that sheep's eyes are a Troglodyte delicacy. The Barbarian looks at you fiercely and asks in a gruff voice, 'Do you want a side bet on this?'

If you want to have a bet with the Barbarian on the outcome of the competition, turn to **268**. If you don't want to bet, turn to **380**

44

Ignoring the boy's request, you try the door of the store but find that it is locked. Thinking that you may come back later, you set off to find Zoot Zimmer. Turn to 309.

45

As you creep over towards the sleeping Troglodyte, you stumble and trip over the rough floor. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 70. If you are Unlucky, turn to 191.

46

The chasm is only a metre wide, but you are unable to jump across it: you hit an invisible wall in mid-air and tumble headlong down into the black void. You land on your back with a thump on a stone floor. Slowly the chasm above you closes up and you are left in total darkness. It is not long before you lose consciousness.

When you reawaken, you find yourself on a marble table and two Death Lords are hovering over you with sharp knives. 'Begin!' a voice shouts. In less than an hour Zagor will have a new limb – yours! Your adventure is over.

47

You take a couple of steps back, then run forward and jump as far as you can over the skulls. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 168. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 261.

48

The tunnel ends at a wooden door with many strange symbols carved on it. Various objects are nailed to the door, including old coins, a rabbit's foot, various small skulls, a copper triangle and a shrivelled ear. You listen at the door and hear a woman's voice ordering someone to bring her a bowl of crushed maggots. If you want to open the door, turn to 305. If you want to turn back and go past the last junction, turn to 4.

49

Reacting swiftly you fling your shield up to block the steel dagger, which clatters off the shield and falls harmlessly to the ground. You pick it up then charge into the bushes, brandishing your sword. Turn to **72**.

50

The sword and dagger disappear from the Inquisitor's hands. He folds his arms again slowly and says, 'Correct. Now for the second puzzle. You must tell me my age from the information I shall give you. I first went to the School of Evil Magic when I was 4½ years of age and I stayed there for a sixth of my life. Then I went to the School of Demonic Sorcery for a fifth of my life. I then studied under the great necromancer Hellmoon for a quarter of my life and, since then, for a third of my life I have been in the service of Zagor.'

If you can work out the Inquisitor's age, turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not know the answer, turn to **127**.

51

You climb up through the hole in the ceiling into a small, candelit room with stone walls and a low roof, too low to allow you to stand upright. There is a narrow tunnel in one of the walls. A large sword hangs on the wall next to the tunnel entrance; its blade is made of a dark, almost black metal. If you wish to take the sword, turn to **355**. If you would rather squeeze through the narrow tunnel, turn to **68**.

52

'Very good,' the old man says calmly. 'You will make an excellent spy for Zagor, after I have made a few alterations to your mind. It is a simple task to alter the human brain for a Mindbender such as I. Now, should I change you into a servant of Chaos or make you just plain evil?' While the Mindbender is chuckling to himself, you decide to strike. Will you use:

A whip (if you have one)?	Turn to **382**
Garlic?	Turn to **224**
Your sword?	Turn to **174**

53

You turn to the chapter called 'Dragons' Teeth' and scan the page with the magnifying glass until you reach a section on 'The Elementals of Light and Chaos'. You read that there are four of each, the Supreme Elementals of Light appearing in the form of golden dragons' teeth. Each one is numbered. *The Air Elemental of Light is number 186 and destroys a Water Elemental of Chaos. The Earth Elemental of Light is . . .* But the next three pages are missing from the book and you do not learn the secrets of the other Elementals. You memorize the information about the Air Elemental before walking through the cavern and into the tunnel at the far end (turn to **337**).

54

The crew try frantically to ease the sails and balance the boat, but the wind is too strong. The boat flips

over on to its side, spilling you and the crew into the cold water. Roll one die; this is the number of Razorfish that converge and attack you without warning. If there are as many (or more) Razorfish as there are crew, including yourself, turn to **101**. If there are fewer Razorfish than there are crew, turn to **325**.

55

The dragons' teeth in the palm of your hand begin to feel warm, raising your spirits, as the Air Elemental starts to envelop you. The noise of the wind is deafening. You must cast one of the teeth on the floor immediately. If you know which one to use, turn to the paragraph which has the same number as the number on the tooth. If you do not have the tooth or do not have the right one to counter the Air Elemental, turn to **365**.

56

You listen intently at the door, but you can hear no sounds coming from the other side. You turn the handle and find that the door is unlocked. If you want to enter the room, turn to **226**. If you would rather walk on to the third door, turn to **273**.

57

'That is indeed my name, stranger, but how did you know it? Have we met somewhere before? Before I can trust you, I need to be convinced that you do know me. Can you tell me the number of my house in Hobnail Street?' If you know the number of the house, turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not, turn to **176**.

58

You examine the dragon game pieces and find that they are carved out of wood and have been painted gold and silver. A search of the Skeletons yields 1 Gold Piece and a hollow glass ball which contains white smoke that swirls around inside as you rotate the ball. If you wish to smash the glass ball on the ground, turn to **392**. If you prefer to leave the ball in the room and re-enter the tunnel, turn to **373**.

59

Unknown to you, the silver rat is a charm which was made by Zagor – and contact with the human skin activates it! As soon as you put it round your neck, the small rat comes to life and starts to gnaw frantically at your throat. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **17**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **276**.

60

Opening the door, you see a hunched, pock-marked creature wearing tattered grey rags and staggering under the weight of a dragon's skull which it is carrying across a filthy room. One of the teeth in the dragon's jaw sparkles; it could be made of gold. There is a large wooden crate at the back of the room, filled with straw, towards which the creature is walking. If you want to attack this creature, turn to **212**. If you would rather close the door and walk further up the tunnel, turn to **32**.

61

You are surrounded by a pile of broken bones which you have to brush aside with your sword in order to make a path. You search the cupboards in the room but find only crude bowls, plates and spoons. But under the serving hatch you discover a thin leather case, half a metre long. If you want to open this case, turn to **119**. If you would rather leave it unopened, walk back down the tunnel and turn right at the last junction, turn to **37**.

62

The copper bracelet is a magic healing band. Your wounds are healed and a sudden feeling of strength surges through your body. Regain 4 STAMINA points. If you want to hang the pendant round your neck, turn to **105**. Otherwise, if you have not done so already, you may take a look at the weapons (turn to **206**) or leave the room and walk further up the tunnel (turn to **151**).

63

The Sentinel collapses to the ground in a myriad pieces, broken like a shattered window. If you now want to enter the left-hand tunnel, turn to **124**. If you prefer to enter the right-hand tunnel, turn to **38**.

64

The day rolls by without incident until you make out the sound of somebody running towards you. You turn around to see a tall, ugly humanoid whose face is lumpy and beast-like. From its mouth it is drooling spittle all over itself as it strives to catch up with you. Its clothing is primitive, no more than loincloth made of animal skins. It is an Ogre and it is armed with a spear and a heavy club. If you want to stand your ground and fight, turn to **395**. If you prefer to try to outrun the Ogre, turn to **126**.

65

You tap the ground twice with the staff – and as quickly as the chasm had opened up, the ground closes again. The Death Lords look suddenly nervous as you walk towards them with the skull staff in your hand. One of them calls out and they all throw their razor-sharp spheres at you. Roll one die, then add 1 to the number rolled for each of the following pieces of armour you may be wearing or carrying: a shield, a helmet or a breastplate. If the total is 1–4, turn to **285**. If the total is 5 or more, turn to **335**.

66

If you are carrying any of the following items, you have time to grab just one before the advancing Gorgon is upon you. Will you choose:

Garlic?	Turn to **15**
A mirror?	Turn to **231**
A whistle?	Turn to **334**

If you have none of these articles, you will have to attack the Gorgon with your sword after all (turn to **393**).

67

The slime flies past your head, only just missing you. The blind worm starts to writhe around and falls off the box. You seize your opportunity, grab the box and scramble up out of the pit. Back in the tunnel you shake the box but can hear nothing rattling inside it. You lift the lid gently, only to find that all the box contains is a page from a tiny book. You turn the box over and see that the word 'Fire' is scratched on the base. The box is quite large and, if you wish to fit it in your backpack and take it with you, you will have to leave two other items behind (remove them from your *Equipment List*). After making up your mind about the

box, you may now either read the page from the book (turn to 230) or walk further up the tunnel (turn to 97).

68

The tunnel is dark and you are forced to use your hands to grope along the floor ahead of you to avoid the chance of falling down an unseen shaft. About twenty metres further ahead, your hand encounters an iron spike that has been driven into the stone floor. Beyond the spike, the floor disappears and becomes a total black void. You are fairly sure that the tunnel ends at the far side of the shaft, since you can just make out a wall – a certain dead-end. Just as you are wondering how far down it is to the bottom of the shaft, you hear the unnerving sound of metal grating on stone coming along the tunnel behind you. You feel trapped – perhaps it's the Goblin, but how could he be behind you, since you did not find him in his room? If you want to turn around and crawl back along the tunnel, turn to 114. If you'd rather attempt to climb down the shaft, turn to 383.

69

You stride confidently over to the guard. What will you do to get it to open the door?

Offer it 10 Gold Pieces?	Turn to 214
Tell it that you are the relief guard?	Turn to 385
Offer it Darkblade Skullbiter's sword?	Turn to 202

70

Regaining your balance you bend over the sleeping

Troglodyte and pick up its throwing dagger and pouch. Inside the pouch you find a piece of slate with the word 'arrow' scratched on it. You put this in your pocket and slip the dagger down the side of your boot. Seeing nothing else of interest, you tiptoe quietly over to the far door (turn to 158).

71

The giant eagle appears to be completely unperturbed when Zoot fixes a harness and a two-man saddle across its back. When he has finished the job, Zoot turns to you and says, 'Don't even think about offering me payment for this trip. I just want my mother to be avenged, as I am convinced that this terrible plague which is destroying Kaad is of Zagor's doing. Come on, climb aboard!' You do as Zoot asks and, with a flutter of its massive wings, the eagle carries you high into the sky.

Kaad is soon left behind and it becomes just another small feature of the landscape beneath you. The sensation of flying is exhilarating and for a moment you forget the dangerous task that awaits you. Zoot steers the great bird northeastwards, high above the Pagan Plains.

For half an hour you see no other creatures in the sky, but then your luck runs out. Zoot suddenly points towards the distant horizon, where another flying creature is coming into view. If you want to instruct him to land, turn to 240. If you would rather order him to fly on towards Firetop Mountain, turn to 131.

72

You leap into the bushes, your sword cutting through the air. To your right is Moose and in front of you are the two servants of Zagor: they crouch, daggers drawn, and growl, foamy spittle dripping from their dog-like jaws. Half Dark Elf and half Goblin, Trackers are perfect hunters and messengers. Always armed with a cross-belt of throwing daggers across their chest, they will not usually fight openly unless cornered. Suddenly they throw their daggers at you and Moose and draw their short swords. But you are ready and duck below the flying dagger. Wasting not a second more, you charge at the nearest Tracker.

TRACKER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **306**.

73

If your current LUCK score is 9 or above, turn to **167**. If it is 8 or less, turn to **320**.

74

Your outstretched hand grasps the door handle at the same moment as three spears thump into your back. You stumble forward, fall against the door and slide down to the floor. Your adventure is over.

75

The key turns in the door and you walk through, with the feeling that you may be nearing the end of your quest (turn to **169**).

76

You look up to see the Pitmaster throwing the rope down into the pit. After retrieving your sword you swarm up the rope and await his judgement. 'You have earned the right to enter the inner sanctum of Firetop Mountain, where the harmony of the spheres aligns itself to Chaos,' the Pitmaster announces solemnly. 'You may now go.'

As you make your way to the far end of the cavern and a new tunnel, you wonder if the Pitmaster knows of your quest. Surely he must be a servant of Zagor? Why didn't he try to kill you? You resist the temptation to look back over your shoulder and enter the tunnel (turn to 337).

77

With her sails hoisted and trimmed, the boat is quickly underway and the war canoes are soon left far behind.

'No more stops until Kaad,' snarls Lorrie, pulling hard at the helm. Feeling guilty, you sit alone on the rack, watching the vivid landscape speed by. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 40. If you are Unlucky, turn to 258.

78

The garlic fumes activate an ancient spell that, unknown to you, has been cast on the pendant. The pendant changes shape and turns into a stiletto blade which thrusts itself through your backpack and shirt. Its deadly tip pierces your heart. Your adventure is over.

79

You uncover your eyes and see the hideous creature lying in a pool of green slime which oozes from its wounds. Bathed in sweat, you slump against a wall to recover, not daring to take your eyes off the Gorgon and the snakes on her head, which continue to writhe around. A minute or so later, you feel you are ready to move on. If you want to open the new door, turn to 347. If you would rather look inside the adjoining

chamber from where the Gorgon emerged, turn to 352.

80

Lighting your lantern, you find yourself in a small, empty chamber which has a tunnel leading from its far wall. There appears to be a message on this wall, written in yellow chalk. If you want to read the message, turn to 323. If you would rather walk straight along the tunnel, turn to 372.

81

There is just a single sentence on the page; it reads: *The Fire Elemental of Light is numbered 315 and destroys an Earth Elemental of Chaos.* You memorize these words and decide what to do next. If you want to take the dragon's head, turn to 73. If you would rather leave the room as it is and turn left into the tunnel, turn to 32.

82

You find a round, polished shield, half buried in the dirt. Take it if you wish and turn to 267.

83

'Zagor? That was last week's password. Now be off with you or I'll call the guard,' the doorman says angrily. You decide against pushing your luck too far and set off along the tunnel (turn to 304).

84

You place a Gold Piece on the palm of your hand and shove your arm through the cell bars, urging the Goblin to approach and communicate with you. With Zagor's coins you hope to convince him that you are an ally, a fellow-servant of Zagor. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 164. If you are Unlucky, turn to 327.

85

The Mummies become aware of your presence and shuffle towards you, their arms outstretched. You know that, while they are not savage fighters, they are difficult to defeat since they cannot be properly killed by normal weapons. The only sure way of defeating them is by fire. If you have a lantern, turn to 288. If you do not have a lantern, turn to 239.

86

A few hours later it is beginning to get dark and, with Firetop Mountain now plainly visible in the distance, you wonder whether to settle down and sleep out on the open plain or to press on. A group of large boulders, two hundred metres to your left, offer some sort of protection, but you can see nowhere else to take shelter. If you wish to go over to the boulders, turn to 263. If you would rather walk on in darkness, turn to 357.

87

You enter a derelict room that was once a torture chamber. All manner of instruments of pain are strewn about; branding irons, knives, chains, thumbscrews, ropes, whips and an iron maiden, all long since abandoned, lie covered in dust and cobwebs on the stone floor. In the middle of the chamber you see a rack, the most feared torture instrument known. The skeleton of an unfortunate victim is still tied to the rack; the skeleton's jaw hangs open, as though screaming in agony. On closer inspection you notice a gold ring on one of the fingers of the skeleton. If you wish to take this ring, turn to 5 If you would rather leave the torture chamber and carry on up the tunnel, turn to 23

88

Not waiting to see whether the Chaos Warrior will rise again, you leave the room, slamming the door behind you, and turn right up the tunnel (turn to 151).

89

You swim to the northern bank of the river and scramble up it, panting in exhaustion. You look back and see the boat drifting off downstream, but no crew members are left alive, just the thrashing waters as more Razorfish swim in to feed. If you wish to rest for a while, turn to 155. If you would rather set off to the west towards Kaad, turn to 379.

90

'Correct,' says the Inquisitor. 'You have earned the right to enter the inner sanctum of Firetop Mountain, where the harmony of the spheres aligns itself to Chaos. If you wish, you may avail yourself of my library before you go.'

If you want to peruse some of his books, turn to **18**. If you would rather walk through the cavern and into the tunnel at the far end, turn to **337**.

91

'Good!' says the Troglodyte. 'I'd forgotten about the prize for the runner-up. Is it gold or silver this time?' In order to avoid suspicion, you must give the Troglodyte one item which is made of either gold or silver. If you have such an item to give him, turn to **26**. If you do not have either a gold or a silver item to give away, turn to **122**.

92

You reach down into the compartment until your hand touches a jelly-like substance at the bottom. If you are wearing leather gloves, turn to **178**. If you do not have a pair of gloves on, turn to **377**.

93

The box is empty, apart from a ball of string. You put the string in your backpack and leave the room through the door in the far wall (turn to **121**).

94

The tooth bounces up off the floor and breaks in two; a massive stone humanoid rises up out of the ground

between you and the Air Elemental. It is an Earth Elemental that you have summoned. A great battle ensues as the Earth Elemental, its head down, slowly pushes back the raging whirlwind until its evil forces are spent. Quiet suddenly returns to the hall as the wind drops. The Air Elemental is defeated and the Earth Elemental shrinks back into the tooth on the floor.

Zagor looks surprised, then frowns while he concentrates on his next summoning. A fountain of water suddenly spurts out from the base of the steps and takes on the shape of a watery giant. Like a tidal wave it streams down the hall to engulf you You need to cast another gold tooth on the floor to halt the Water Elemental. If you know which one to use, turn to the

paragraph which has the same number as the one on the tooth. If you do not have the right tooth to counter the Water Elemental, turn to **365**.

95

You make a bed out of ivy tendrils, covered with an old sack. After eating some bread and cheese, you close the trapdoor and settle down to sleep. In the pitch-black darkness you can hear scratching sounds as the insects come out of hiding, but soon you are fast asleep. In the morning, you wake to the sound of footsteps crossing the floor above you. You grope slowly for your sword, trying not to make a sound. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **352**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **370**.

96

The Gorgon catches sight of her own deadly gaze in the mirror and lets out a brutal, ear-piercing scream. Suddenly motionless, she begins to tremble and her scaly skin slowly lightens until it is the colour of sand. In a few seconds she turns to stone, to become a statue in her own lair. You allow yourself a grim smile while wondering what other hideous creatures still lie in wait inside Zagor's mountain labyrinth. If you want to open the door in the far wall, turn to **347**. If you would rather investigate the adjoining chambers from which the Gorgon emerged, turn to **209**.

97

The tunnel continues straight ahead, and you soon arrive at yet another door in the right-hand wall. You

press your ear against the door but can hear nothing. If you wish to open the door, turn to **222**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **373**.

98

You snatch up your blanket and wrap it round yourself and the Fire Sprite. An eerie sound comes from under the blanket, as though the Fire Sprite were gasping for air. Suddenly the blanket goes limp and drops to the ground in a smouldering heap; the Fire Sprite has been banished back to the Plane of Fire. After bandaging your wounds, you spend a painful and uncomfortable night, hardly able to sleep at all.

At crack of dawn you set off determinedly towards Firetop Mountain which, in the morning light, appears to rise menacingly out of the plain. With luck, you estimate that you will reach it by midday. Turn to **221**.

99

The Barbarian swings his furs back over his shoulder and faces you, a two-handed battleaxe at the ready; he will be a fierce opponent. The others in the room start to cheer at the prospect of watching a good fight.

BARBARIAN	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **135**.

100

As soon as the ear-ring is hanging from your ear, it starts to move of its own accord. The metal earwig frees itself from the clasp and wriggles into your ear. Its many legs are as sharp as needles, causing you sudden pain. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **274**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **299**.

101

Protected by thick silver scales, Razorfish attack by viciously ripping at their victims' flesh with rows of razor-sharp teeth. The river is soon red with the blood of the crew as two fish swim to attack you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAZORFISH	7	8
Second RAZORFISH	7	8

Fight both Razorfish at the same time. Each Attack Round you must choose which assailant you will attack, then fight it as normal – but both Razorfish will make a separate attack on you! You must throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way against the other Razorfish, but you will not wound it, even if your Attack Strength is greater; just consider this as blocking its attack. If its Attack Strength is greater, however, it will wound you in the normal way. If you win, turn to **89**.

102

The door opens into a small antechamber, the main feature of which is an incredibly ornate door in the far wall. A huge letter 'Z' stands in relief on the door, which is embossed with gold leaf. Guarding the door is a brutal-looking beast, its outstretched arms resting on the handle of a large, spiked club. The beast has leather crossbelts looped across its hairy torso and sports two spiked shoulder-pads While its head is wolf-like, it also has horns and is far more gruesome Will you try to bluff your way past the guard (turn to **69**) or waste no time but attack (turn to **198**)?

103

The Pitmaster raises his arms and points his fingers towards you as you run to attack him; in a cruel voice, he says, 'Time to die!' Wisps of smoke seem to dance on his fingertips as ten tiny red darts that you thought were his nails fly straight towards you. They strike you with devastating force. Your adventure is over

104

You lower yourself over the edge of the shaft, hanging on to the iron spike. Your feet do not touch solid ground, so you take a deep breath, let go of the iron spike and drop down into the dark depths below. You land heavily on the stone floor, a few metres below, and twist your ankle badly. Deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are carrying a lantern, turn to **80**. If you do not have a lantern, turn to **278**.

105

As soon as you place the pendant round your neck, the Chaos Warrior's body starts to twitch. With its head tilted horribly to one side, revealing the gaping wound of your fatal blow, it climbs back to its feet. You tear the pendant from your neck and throw it on the floor, frantically wondering how to deal with the undead warrior. If you want to fight it, turn to **2**. If you would rather make a run for the door and escape up the tunnel, turn to **388**.

106

You walk back to the path with Moose, deep in discussion about Zagor.

'Mission accomplished anyway,' Moose says cheerfully. 'At least Zagor doesn't know you're coming.'

Eventually you shake hands and say goodbye. Moose sets off on the return journey to Anvil, while you follow the path in the opposite direction. Turn to **161**.

107

As soon as you remove the lid, a large snake rears up and tries to bite you with its venomous fangs. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **275**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **302**.

108

Resolving not to go down the sewer after all, you now have to decide whether to sit on the oak chair (turn to **269**) or open the door in the far wall (turn to **283**).

109

You walk along the tunnel, following it round a long right-hand bend, until you come to a door in the left-hand wall. You can hear a noise like the flapping of small wings coming from inside. If you want to open the door, turn to **360**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **172**.

110

You snatch up the spear and steady yourself to throw it at the advancing Ogre. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **185**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **199**.

111

The spear thumps into your back and bowls you over. In seconds the Lizard Men are upon you. 'Keep this intruder alive for another hour in case Zagor asks for a new arm or something,' one of the Lizard Men growls in a deep, gurgling voice.

You are carried off in chains and thrown into a dark cell. Less than thirty minutes later, a white-robed man enters the cell holding a long, sharp knife. He has come to take a part of your body for Zagor. Your adventure is over.

112

The axe thuds into the back of Fyll, who topples over into the river, dead even before he hits the water. The boat sails on, her crew silenced by the unexpected loss of one of their number. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **40**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **258**.

113

You take the dragons' teeth out of your pocket just before the Air Elemental is upon you. You must activate one immediately! If you know the magic word that releases the magic in these teeth, you may say it now. Will you shout 'Zabaron!' (turn to **344**) or 'Cachondo!' (turn to **55**)?

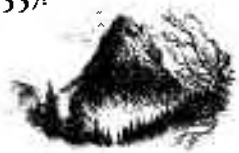

114

Your worst suspicions are confirmed: the tunnel is blocked by a solid iron portcullis which you cannot possibly move. Suddenly the floor beneath you gives way and you fall a few metres on to a stone floor, landing painfully. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. You find yourself in a small, dimly lit room, which is bare except for a straw-covered wooden bed and an iron bucket. There is a wooden door in one wall and a small, barred window. Through the bars you observe the smiling face of the Goblin! You are trapped in his cell. You stand up and go across to the door; peering through, you see that the Goblin is standing in his torture chamber; you hadn't spotted this door when you first entered – it was tucked away in a dark corner. The Goblin lopes over to the rack and gleefully starts to get it ready for you. Then it starts to sing, an awful, repetitive chant, gurgled out of key by a sadistic little creature from whom you still hope to escape. But how? You think hard. Will your escape plan make use of:

The bucket?	Turn to **21**
A Gold Piece with the letter 'Z' stamped on it?	Turn to **84**
A silver key?	Turn to **203**
An iron key?	Turn to **363**

115

The Witch is not carrying anything of any interest to you. However, when you look behind the drapes, you find a metal panel with a handle set in the wall, and a slot above it. 'Silver Coins Only' a sign on the wall warns. If you have 2 Silver Pieces to put in the slot, turn to **264** . If you would like to try two other coins, turn to **362**.

116

The boy's face lights up when you give him the wooden brick. He jumps up and runs off, returning in a few minutes with a rather tubby old man who is chewing on a chicken leg; he is wearing a white apron and seems to be a jolly old soul. 'Shop's closed this afternoon,' he says with a smile, 'but seeing as you gave a present to Deep Sea Junior here, I don't mind opening up specially for you.' He opens the door and you follow him into the rather dingy shop; obviously many of the objects have stood here for years, as they are thickly coated with dust. There's a stuffed bear, some juggling clubs, hoops, large vases, shields, lanterns, boxes, carvings, statues, paintings, bottles, urns, jars, books, maps, clocks, wigs, games, boots and hanks and hanks of different-coloured rope.

'Excuse the mess,' says Deep Sea, 'I must get around to clearing the place up one day. But people usually find what they are after in Deep Sea's Store, that they do. The King of String, they call me! Now, how much have you got to spend and what do you want?'

You open Yaztromo's pouch and empty the contents on to the counter top. You count out 15 Gold Pieces, and you decide to keep back five and spend ten. You ask what might be useful for dungeon exploration and Deep Sea replies, 'Here's my list of equipment for that kind of foolhardiness. Everything costs 2 Gold Pieces. Choose what you like.'

He shows you a slate on which the following items are listed in chalk:

Lantern
Rope
Hammer and Iron Spikes
Garlic
Mirror
Axe
Water Bottle
Magnifying Glass
Quill, Ink and Paper
Silver Dagger
Leather Gloves
Healing Balm

You choose five items (make a note of your selection on your *Adventure Sheet*) and hand over 10 Gold Pieces to Deep Sea. He thanks you for your custom

and you leave the store with directions on how to find Zoot Zimmer. Turn to 309.

117

On seeing your blood flow, the Chaos Beast Man froths at the mouth; its body trembles and suddenly starts to expand, bursting its leather crossbelts. It grows another metre in height and its head expands grotesquely: its jaw extends and two tusks sprout forth. You must continue your fight against the warped Beast Man.

MUTANT BEAST LORD SKILL 14 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to 331.

118

The door opens into a dingy cell. Two rats scurry across the dirty, straw-covered floor as you enter. On the far wall you see a thin man wearing red trousers; he is sitting on the floor and his hands are chained to the wall; a bandage covers his eyes. The man panics as he hears your footsteps. He presses himself against the wall and cries, 'No! No more pain! No more pain!' You think you recognize his voice and try to think of his name. Is it Zoot Zimmer (turn to 57) or Fergus Finn (turn to 287)?

119

The case opens quite easily, but you find nothing inside. An inscription inside the lid of the case says: 'The giver of sleep to those who never can.' Disappointed at not having found anything useful, you walk back down the tunnel and turn right at the junction. Turn to 37.

120

An hour or so later, you hear a cry for help coming from a wood in the middle of the scrubland to your right. If you want to investigate, turn to 318. If you prefer to keep on walking, turn to 250.

121

The door opens into a short corridor which ends, a few metres ahead, at another wooden door. You listen but hear nothing. You try the handle and it turns, and you walk into a room which is richly decorated. The floor is of polished marble and the walls are painted

white, although grown dull and faded over the years. There are four paler square patches, one on each wall, where, you guess, paintings used to hang. There is a door in the far wall which suddenly opens, and a tall, muscular creature with long arms enters the room. It stops in its tracks when it sees you and starts to drool. Its long, tusk-like teeth protrude menacingly from its bottom jaw. Armed with a spiked club, the savage Cave Troll runs forward to attack.

CAVE TROLL SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **284**.

122

You try to explain that Zagor has taken all the available gold and silver for a new experiment in sorcery.

'I don't believe that for a second,' the Troglodyte sneers. 'Guards! Arrest this impostor!'

You push the Troglodyte out of the way and run out through the door, turning right. The Lizard Men chase after you, their spears raised. The first one into the tunnel hurls his spear after you as you race away. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to **234**. If the number is 4–6, turn to **111**.

123

Smiling at the old man's audacity, you take a coin from your pocket and spin it towards him. One sinewy hand snatches it out of the air, and he puts it in his mouth to bite down on it. He grunts with satisfaction then screws up his eyes to examine it more closely.

'Is that the letter "Z" I see embossed on this Gold Piece I have here between my fingers?' the hunchback asks slowly. If you choose to reply that it is the letter 'Z', turn to **29**. If you prefer to say that it is the letter 'N', turn to **255**.

124

You step warily into a torchlit tunnel. In the distance you can see that the tunnel opens out into another cavern in which there are two pits. From where you are standing you cannot see into the pits, but you can hear growling noises coming from one of them. Standing in the middle of the cavern is a bald man wearing a chainmail coat. You notice that the nails on his hands are all filed to a sharp point and are painted red. 'Enter, stranger,' his calm voice calls out 'You have chosen the path of the Pits. I am the Pitmaster. You must prove to me that you are worthy of passing through my domain, and only by the skill of your sword shall you do so. Fail, and you shall die. Step forward to ready yourself for the ordeal, your test begins.'

If you want to obey the Pitmaster, turn to **291**. If you would rather attack him, turn to **103**.

125

The room is very small: it contains two stools, a small table on which lie two bowls of steaming soup, a staff and a wicker basket. A small, clawed foot protrudes from one of the bowls of soup, putting off any thoughts you may have had of drinking it. Will you:

Look at the staff?	Turn to **20**
Take the lid off the basket?	Turn to **107**
Leave the room and chase after the Death Lords?	Turn to **219**

126

Your legs are fresh and you soon begin to pull away from the tired Ogre. Realizing that he cannot catch you, he stops and hurls his spear at you. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, turn to **157**. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to **319**.

127

The Inquisitor raises his arms above his head and says in a cold voice, 'You are forbidden entry into the inner sanctum of Firetop Mountain. By the will of my lord and master, the warlock Zagor, for you it is time to die!'

There is a blinding flash and suddenly the floor beneath you opens up and swallows you. You scream as you fall through the black void. Your adventure is over.

128

The Troglodyte hands the Barbarian a small trophy. It is a bust of Zagor! The Barbarian then turns to you and holds out his hand. You give him a golden object, as you deem it unwise to refuse. (Remove the gold article from your *Equipment List*.) Although you are bloated, the eyeballs are still a source of nutrition. Add 1 point to your STAMINA. After drinking a mug of water, you make your excuses and leave the room, turning right into the tunnel (turn to **304**).

129

A search of the Goblins' bodies reveals nothing, other than a silver amulet of a small rat, which is hanging round the neck of one of the Goblins. If you want to place the silver rat round your own neck by its leather cord, turn to **59**. If you would rather leave the silver rat with its owner and make your way back to the path and then head southwards, turn to **238**.

130

The Goblin ducks and the dagger flies past his head. Turn to **184**.

131

As the creature becomes recognizable, a shiver runs down your spine. Cawing and screeching and gliding down on huge leathery wings is a hideous creature with a long sinewy body and a grotesquely over-large head. Its bird-like feet are armed with long curved talons. Looking like a human bat, there is no mistaking the Harpy; it attacks the giant eagle, which is burdened by your weight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
HARPY	7	6
GIANT EAGLE	6	11

Resolve the combat between the two flying creatures. If you have a steel dagger, you may throw it at the Harpy. Roll one die: if you roll 1–3, you will miss; if you roll 4–6, you will hit the Harpy and reduce its STAMINA by 2 points. If the Harpy wins the combat against the giant eagle, you will fall to your death. If the giant eagle wins, turn to **166**.

132

You find yourself in a small kitchen. Everything is filthy: a wooden bowl is stacked high with cracked plates of rotting food; a pot of vile-looking soup bubbles away on top of a wood-fired stove – it smells about as appetizing as the smell of rotten eggs. There are a few jars of herbs on a rack above the stove and a jug of water stands on the floor. You also notice a box of cutlery; sorting through it, you find a gold spoon,

which you pop into your backpack; then you walk back into the room where the Orc and Dwarf lie motionless. Stepping over their bodies, you leave the room, turning right into the tunnel (turn to 13).

133

The text on the page is too small to read. If you have a magnifying glass, turn to **81**. If you do not have a magnifying glass, you may either take the dragon's head (turn to 73) or leave the room and turn left into the tunnel (turn to 32).

134

The green smoke continues to escape from the canister, but it does not do you any harm; it soon disperses and drifts away. Inside the canister you find a dragon's tooth made of gold and with the symbol of a heart inside a flaming circle stamped on its base. After examining it, you place it carefully in your pocket. Add 1 LUCK point. If you have not done so already, you may now rummage around in the dirt (turn to **242**). Otherwise, you are left with no choice but to go out of this room and walk on to the second door (turn to **56**).

135

You explain to the others that the Barbarian had reneged on the bet. You rummage through the Barbarian's furs and find a cloth pouch. Breaking the string which tied the pouch to his belt, you open it and find a large tooth, made of gold, inside; it has the number '27' stamped on it. Add 1 LUCK point. You put this in your pocket and calmly drink a mug of water to wash

away the taste of eyeballs. Although you are feeling bloated, the eyeballs are quite nutritional. Add 1 point to your STAMINA. As the others start to argue over who will have the Barbarian's axe, you slip out of the room and turn right into the tunnel (turn to 304).

136

As your boat speeds by the Orc, he snarls and hurls a throwing axe at it. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is between 2 and 9, turn to **112**. If the total is 10 or more, turn to **188**.

137

The Lizard Men are tough and skilful fighters. You are lucky that in the narrow tunnel only one can fight you at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LIZARD MAN	8	8
Second LIZARD MAN	8	7
Third LIZARD MAN	8	6

If you win, you run off up the tunnel before any more Lizard Men appear (turn to 304).

138

You run over to the door in the far wall while the creature is slithering into the room, but the door is firmly locked. You glance over at the creature and discover that it is not just a giant snake. Standing upright on its huge, coiled tail, you see the large, scaly torso of a fearsome woman, brandishing a silver sword.

Small snakes writhe on top of her head in place of hair. Her burning red eyes with their deadly stare slowly search the room for the intruder. You are trapped in the Gorgon's lair. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **31**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **265**.

139

Remembering Dan's words, you chew the mushroom as quickly as you can, swallowing the last piece just as you feel yourself losing consciousness. You wake up again less than a minute later, feeling perfectly normal once more. Add 1 point to your STAMINA. You stand up, shake yourself and walk on (turn to **373**).

140

The tunnel soon ends at a wooden door which looks as if it was boarded up many years ago. You listen at the door but can hear nothing. You are just on the point of turning around and walking back to the junction when you catch sight of a bottle, tucked away in the corner of the tunnel by the wooden door. On picking it up, you see that it is made of dark-blue glass and is stoppered. There is a metallic object inside which rattles when you handle the bottle. You uncork the bottle, but the metal object will not come out through the narrow neck. If you want to break the bottle, turn to **321**. If you would rather put it back on the floor, walk back past the junction and go on down the tunnel, turn to **281**.

141

As you run to attack him the Inquisitor raises his arms

above his head and says in a cold voice, 'Time to die!' There is a blinding flash and suddenly the floor opens beneath you and swallows you up. Your adventure is over.

142

The huge door swings slowly inwards, creaking on its old hinges. You find yourself in a short corridor which leads into a large room. At the end of the corridor you spot a Goblin. At the same moment the Goblin sees you and reaches across to a lever, set in the wall. If you have a throwing dagger tucked down your boot, turn to **34**. If you do not have a throwing dagger, turn to **184**.

143

As night gradually closes in, you find that walking along the path becomes increasingly difficult. Before long you can hardly see the path at all and, as you are still a long way from Stonebridge, it seems pointless to go on any further in virtual darkness. Just as you are wondering where you will find a safe place to sleep, you hear the almost silent flapping of wings above you. Drawing your sword, you strain your eyes towards the dark sky and catch sight of the predatory creature that is swooping down to attack. It is a Vampire Bat and it wants to suck your blood!

VAMPIRE BAT	SKILL 5	STAMINA 4

During this fight you must temporarily reduce your SKILL by 2 because you are fighting at a disadvantage in near darkness. If you win, turn to **350**.

144

As you open the door, a terrible stench assails you. The door opens into a room with a sunken floor. Looking down, you see three bloated worms, each four metres long, slithering over the carcass of a dead dog. They are yellowish-white and have large, oval, suckered mouths, with which they are blindly trying to grip the dog in order to suck out its juices. There are several rotting carcasses in the pit, and these are the cause of the nauseating stench. As one of the Sucker Worms rolls to one side, you notice an ornately made brass box lying on the floor of the pit. If you want to jump down into the pit to retrieve the box, turn to 7. If you would rather close the door behind you and carry on up the tunnel, turn to 97.

145

The pain from the snake bites is so great that you lower you arm momentarily. Aware that the Gorgon is about to strike with her sword, you are unable to resist looking up at her. Turn to 265.

146

If you want to enter the room, turn to 295 If you would rather slam the door shut, hurry back along the tunnel and go past the junction, turn to 4.

147

Your sword slashes through the air in an attempt to fend off the attacking weapons. The sharp noise of steel clashing upon steel rings through the air. For a few moments you manage to hold your own, but the

sheer number of blades chopping at you through the air is too great. Silence quickly returns to the room, and the weapons pull themselves from your body and fly back to their racks. Your adventure is over.

148

The key does not fit the lock. A sudden jolting pain shoots up your arm, as if you had been struck by lightning. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Will you now try the iron key (turn to **259**) or the brass key (turn to **75**)?

149

You open the door and walk along a narrow tunnel. It turns briefly to the right and then to the left, where there is a small alcove. Walking on, you arrive at another wooden door with a carved bone handle.

Hearing no sound coming from the other side of the door, you turn the handle. You enter a strange, pear-shaped room with a rough stone floor; there is another door in the far wall and on one side of the room there is a pile of rubble. You suddenly spot a small creature lying asleep on the rubble pile; it has large ears and a long nose, and is wearing only a loincloth. A dagger and a pouch lie by the Troglodyte's head. If you want to tiptoe over to the next door, turn to **330**. If you prefer to sneak up to the Troglodyte and take its dagger and pouch, turn to **45**.

150

You wake up the next morning feeling as though you have slept for a hundred years. Regain 2 STAMINA points. Still yawning, you walk back to the path and continue southwards (turn to **238**).

151

You arrive at a wooden door in the left-hand wall. Listening at the door, you hear the sound of feet shuffling slowly across a stone floor. If you want to open the door, turn to **60**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **32**.

152

The tunnel ends at a solid wooden door with metal hinges; it does not appear to be locked. You listen at the door and hear a noise like that of clinking bones. If you want to open the door, turn to **210**. If you would rather retrace your steps back to the last junction and turn right, turn to **37**.

153

You rummage hastily through your backpack; finding the egg, you throw it at once down the yawning chasm. You hear the sound of it landing, some distance below, but without any magical effect. The island has all but disappeared and you are forced to jump (turn to **46**).

154

As soon as you touch the stone, your hand stiffens and locks up. Try as you may, you cannot move any of your fingers. You have picked up the Gorgon's gallstone, which contains low-strength transmutation

properties. Your usual fighting arm is now useless and you must hold any weapons in your other hand. Deduct 2 points from your SKILL. If you have not done so already, you may now smash the brown pot (turn to **397**). Otherwise you have no option but to walk over to the new door in the other room (turn to **347**).

155

Exhausted by your struggles in the river, you decide that a short nap will do you good. Regain 1 STAMINA point. Some time later you awaken with a start as you feel something long and smooth slithering over your body. It is a poisonous snake! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **223**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **336**.

156

'I thought as much,' the Troglodyte says. 'My friend Zonk was supposed to turn up. No doubt he's fallen asleep somewhere on the way here. This is the only day in the year when we are allowed to enjoy ourselves, and Zonk has to miss it. Well, if you didn't want to enter the competition, what do you want?' If you reply that you have brought a prize for the competition winner, turn to **91**. If you reply that you have been sent to referee the contest, turn to **272**.

157

The spear flies over your head, only just missing you. If you wish to stop and throw it back at the Ogre, turn to **110**. If you would rather keep on running, turn to **353**.

158

The door leads into a tunnel which has been roughly cut into the mountain. It widens out, until you find yourself in a large sand-covered cavern through which a river flows. On the nearside bank of the river a few stumps of wood sticking out of the water look like the remains of a bridge. To their left, an old cracked bell hangs from a post. A sign is nailed to the post but it is too faded to read anything except the word 'Ferry'. The river is fast-flowing and looks too deep and treacherous for you to try swimming across, so you decide to ring the bell, hoping to attract a ferryman. The bell gives out a dull clang, and a few moments later a withered old man in a small wooden boat approaches the riverbank.

'Jump in,' he says gruffly 'Two Gold Zagors to cross, payment in advance.' You assume that inside the mountain Zagor must enforce the use of his gold coins. If you have two Gold Pieces with the letter 'Z' stamped on them and wish to pay the ferryman, turn to **399**. If you do not have the coins or do not wish to pay, turn to **260**.

159

You sense danger Something is not as it should be. The old man is being too friendly, not the way grumpy old Yaztromo behaves at all. Suddenly you have it! His eyes are green, whereas Yaztromo's eyes are blue! The impostor in front of you must be a doppelganger, a ghost-like assassin sent to slay you. You must pierce its ethereal heart with your sword

before its flesh touches yours, or you will be doomed to immaterial existence in a twilight world. To resolve this combat, roll dice as normal, but do not deduct STAMINA points. The winner of an Attack Round rolls both dice again: if a double is rolled, then either the Doppelganger's heart is pierced or it touches your flesh, depending on who won the Attack Round.

DOPPELGANGER SKILL 9 STAMINA 0

If you win, turn to **316**.

160

The Warrior's outstretched hands just fail to catch you as you swerve past him. You slam the door behind you and run up the tunnel (turn to **151**).

161

By midday the sun overhead is shining brightly and it is uncomfortably hot as you walk along the dusty path. You hear the sound of someone whistling, then in the distance you see an old man, leading a donkey. Two large wicker baskets, piled high with mushrooms, are strapped to the donkey's back. As you approach the man, he comes to a halt and, standing boldly in front of his donkey with his arms folded across his chest, he says,

> 'I'm Dungheap Dan
> the mushroom man
> I'd rather be a poet
> than a man who has to hoe it.'

He smiles and bows, as if waiting for applause. If you want to talk with Dan, turn to **286**. If you would rather ignore him and keep on walking, turn to **237**.

162

You soon arrive at a junction in the tunnel. There is another cave-in in the left-hand tunnel, some thirty metres further on. The roof of the tunnel to your right has also caved in, but there is a new branch in the left-hand wall just before the cave-in. You decide to make a quick right-left turn and make you way up the new branch. The new tunnel soon ends at a sturdy wooden door; you try the handle and it turns. You peer round the door and see a human skeleton lying on the floor of a dust-covered room. There is a fine-looking sword in the skeleton's hand. If you need a sword, turn to **225**. Otherwise, you may either open an old box that is in one corner of the room (turn to **93**) or leave the room through the door in the far wall (turn to **121**).

163

The Death Lords turn and run through an archway at the back of the chamber, screaming at the top of their voices. If you wish to chase after them, turn to **219**. If you would rather enter the side room from which the Goblins had appeared, turn to **125**.

164

The Goblin grunts his acceptance of your proof of loyalty to Zagor, and unbolts the cell door. You nod your head at the Goblin as you calmly walk through the torture chamber, turning right into the tunnel (turn to **23**).

165

There are two small objects inside the skull: one is a tiny dragon's head carved out of bone, no bigger than a button, and the other is a page from a tiny book. If you wish to take the dragon's head, turn to 73. If you wish to read the page, turn to 133. If you would rather leave everything where it is, exit the room and turn left into the tunnel, turn to 32.

166

It is late in the afternoon when Firetop Mountain at last comes into view, its former fiery-red peak now a deathly black. You tell Zoot to make the eagle land as close as possible to the cave entrance which lies at the foot of the south face of the mountain. The giant bird glides down and lands in a clearing. From the ground, Firetop Mountain looks menacing: the steep face in front of you looks as if it has been savaged by the claws of some gargantuan beast. Across the clearing is the dark cave entrance that you hope will lead you to Zagor. Few words are spoken as Zoot holds out his hand to bid you farewell. Soon he is in the air again, turning west for Kaad. You walk up to the cave

entrance and peer into the gloom. At the back of the cave there is a tunnel which is lit by burning torches. The walls of the cave are dripping with water and there are stagnant pools on the floor. The air is cold and dank. You hear the sound of tiny feet scurrying across the floor. You take a deep breath, enter the cave and walk on into a tunnel, soon coming to a junction. If you want to turn left here, turn to 281. If you want to turn right, turn to 140.

167

The object in your hand is the original lucky charm. It was made by the wizard Probabus who held strange beliefs as to what things in the universe were important and what were unimportant. He held that luck was the all-important force, and that some people and creatures were born with it; he did not believe that good or bad luck happened to people as the result of random occurrences. Probabus liked lucky people and disliked unlucky ones, condemning them as worthless if they had not received their measure of luck. *You* are a lucky person, and Probabus wants you to be rewarded for possessing that quality. The lucky charm detects your high luck factor and rewards you: restore either your SKILL or your STAMINA back to its *Initial* score. You put the lucky charm back inside the skull and leave the room, turning left into the tunnel (turn to 32).

168

You just manage to clear the skulls and, without stopping to look around, you run on into the new tunnel (turn to 314).

169

You enter a large chamber which is brightly lit by glowing domes on the walls and ceiling. You observe two black-robed men with black skullcaps; between them they are carrying a body towards a marble table, where two men in white robes and white skullcaps are waiting with gleaming knives in their hands. The Death Lords are Zagor's personal physicians. On seeing you, one of the Death Lords raises his knife and calls out. Two Goblins, armed with bows and arrows, suddenly appear from a side room. They both take aim and fire at you. If you are carrying a shield, turn to 340. If you are not carrying a shield, turn to 189

170

The door opens into another tunnel, and after twenty metres you come to a door in the right-hand wall. You can hear great gusts of laughter coming from the other side of the door. You try the handle but it will not turn. If you want to knock on the door, turn to 187. If you would rather walk on, turn to 304.

171

You recognize the drawing as that of a Gargoyle, perhaps representing the Gargoyle Constellation of the northern skies. In any case, it does not make much sense to you. You walk around to the other side of the boulder and see the number '92', also painted in the same white paint. Finding nothing else of interest, you set off again towards Firetop Mountain (turn to 64).

172

Eventually you come to a bend in the tunnel. As you turn the corner, you hear a loud click and the floor gives way beneath you. You fall through a trapdoor on to a bed of iron spikes, some ten metres below. Your adventure is over.

173

As soon as you step among the skulls, they start to close in on you. Their jaws start to click open and shut repeatedly, sending an eerie snapping sound echoing round the room. Suddenly one bites your ankle, tearing away a lump of skin with its sharpened teeth. Another bites your other leg, and the others all try to do likewise Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You kick out at the skulls, sending them flying in all directions You pull two skulls off your calf and run into the tunnel ahead (turn to **314**).

174

As soon as you touch the hilt of your sword, the Mindbender becomes grim-faced, but then he laughs out loud. If you still intend to strike him with your sword, turn to **232**. Otherwise, if you have them, you can use either your whip (turn to **382**) or some garlic (turn to **224**).

175

Crook slips as he is pulling on the rope to hoist the mainsail and the rope flies out of his hand; the sail comes crashing down on the deck. Another hail of arrows hits the boat; roll one die and reduce the number

of the crew remaining by the amount rolled. If any crew are left alive, turn to **292**. If none are left alive, turn to **201**.

176

'I thought as much. You are just another servant of Zagor. You won't get any information out of me. Kill me if you like, but I won't utter another word.'

You try to convince Zoot that you are not his enemy, but he remains completely silent – maybe his injuries have sent him mad. You try to undo his chains, but he waves his arms about wildly to stop you. You realize you cannot help him and leave the room, to walk further up the tunnel (turn to **387**).

177

Without any golden teeth, you are defenceless against the raging wind which envelops you. You are sucked up into the air and thrown against one of the columns. Your head slams against the marble and you lose consciousness. Turn to 208.

178

Your fingers feel their way through the jelly at the bottom of the compartment and come into contact with a small cylindrical canister. You lift it out and are surprised to see that your glove is now smouldering – the jelly must have been acidic, you deduce, and it was fortunate that you were wearing gloves. Add 1 LUCK point. You see that the canister is made of iron and that the lid will unscrew. You decide to unscrew the top slowly; as you do so, green smoke starts to creep out. If you want to throw the canister back through the hole in the wall, turn to 235. If you would rather continue unscrewing the top, turn to 134.

179

The Troglodyte hands you a small trophy: it is a bronze bust of Zagor! You pretend to be grateful. Although you are bloated and revolted at having to eat all those eyeballs, they are still a source of nutrition.

Regain 1 STAMINA point. You turn to the Barbarian and remind him of the bet. He grunts and slaps a cloth purse into your hand. You open it and find in it a large tooth made of gold. It has the number '27' stamped on it. Add 1 LUCK point. After drinking a mug of water, you make your excuses and leave the room, turning right into the tunnel (turn to 304).

180

You leave the ruined hut and walk over to some rocks, hoping to find a safe place in which to sleep. To reach the rocks, you have to walk through a patch of plants that are red in colour, the same fiery red that made Firetop Mountain famous. On brushing the plants' long leaves with your leg, you become aware of a very sweet smell in the air. You immediately feel relaxed and very tired . . . so tired, in fact, that you cannot keep your eyes open a moment longer. You topple to the ground in the middle of the Sleeping Grass, and you fall into a deep sleep full of vivid dreams. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 150. If you are Unlucky, turn to 366.

181

The red-eyed Vampire shrieks at the sight of the garlic and backs against the wall, hissing with fear and hatred. With the garlic held out in front of you, you step slowly into the room and pick up the small box, then you walk backwards out of the room and slam the door behind you. Inside the box you find a quill and an ink bottle full of blood! You decide to abandon your find and walk on up the tunnel (turn to 172).

182

You soon arrive at the outskirts of the town, and all about you you sense an atmosphere of despair. The occasional person you meet looks either ill or scared, and there is a slight whiff of decay in the air A cart track runs from the tributary to the town gates, and you see an old man walking along it towards you. He is dressed in long, flowing, scarlet robes and his hair and beard are long and white. From twenty metres away he calls out to you, saying, 'Welcome stranger. I am Yaztromo, the wizard you are seeking, I believe.' On reaching you, he puts out his hand in greeting. His face is suddenly lit up by the sun as the cloud passes by, and his green eyes sparkle If you wish to shake his hand, turn to **8**. If you prefer not to shake his hand, turn to **159**.

183

The creature suddenly leaps on top of you, scratching and biting viciously. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. You manage to shake it off and are about to strike with your sword when suddenly you remember that the Metallix cannot be harmed by any weapons made of metal. You must use the rocks and stones scattered around on the floor of the pit to defeat it.

METALLIX SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

During this combat you must reduce your SKILL temporarily by 2 points, as you cannot use your sword. If you win, turn to **76**.

184

The Goblin hauls on the lever, and a metal plate comes crashing down from the ceiling to block the corridor between you and the Goblin. No amount of pushing can move this barrier and it is far too heavy to lift. You have no option now but to go back down the corridor and turn right into the tunnel (turn to 172).

185

The spear finds its mark, thumping into the chest of the advancing Ogre, whose face betrays a bewildered look as the large beast sways back and forth, before toppling to the ground. When you have satisfied yourself that the Ogre is dead, you begin a search of its body. A leather pouch on its belt contains a silver key and a lump of cheese. You decide to eat the cheese (regain 1 STAMINA point) and keep the silver key. You wrench the spear free, thinking that it may prove useful later on, and set off once more for Firetop Mountain. Turn to 86.

186

The tooth bounces up off the floor and breaks in two. A jet of air shoots up from the floor where the tooth hit and starts to spin faster and faster. It increases in size until it develops into the raging whirlwind that is an Air Elemental. As the torrent of water roars down the hall, it is halted by the invisible hand of the Air Elemental. The wall of water climbs up to the ceiling as it battles to push past the raging cyclone that blocks its path. But the Air Elemental is stronger and pushes the wall of water back down the hall until it subsides into a harmless pool. The Water Elemental is defeated, and the Air Elemental shrinks back into the tooth on the floor.

Zagor, now angry, curses and shouts, his good arm gesticulating madly in the air as he summons yet another Elemental of Chaos. The ground in front of the steps suddenly erupts as boulders, marble and earth rise up and fuse together into a gargantuan stone humanoid – an Earth Elemental. Another dragon's tooth is needed to defeat it. If you have one and know how to use it, turn to the paragraph which has the same number as the one on the tooth. If you do not have the tooth that can defeat the Earth Elemental, turn to 365.

187

A small hatch slides open in the middle of the door and you see a pair of big eyes staring at you. 'What's the password?' a voice demands. Will you answer:

Zagor?	Turn to 83
Arrow?	Turn to 204
Chaos?	Turn to 300

188

The axe sails over the boat, missing all on board. The crew jeer at the Orc, shaking their fists angrily. Soon the Orc is left far behind as you speed on through the green landscape. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 40. If you are Unlucky, turn to 258.

189

The Goblins are highly skilled archers, and their accuracy is great. Roll one die twice, one for each arrow. If you roll a 1, a 2, or a 3 on either throw, turn to 236. Otherwise, turn to 358.

190

If you are at present without a sword, you may take the Goblin's. After a search of the Goblin's pockets reveals nothing more than a stale crust of bread, you decide to search the torture chamber for hidden treasure. Nailed to the underside of a wooden chair you find a leather pouch; it contains a bronze medal with a burning spear embossed on it. You slip this into your pocket and walk out into the tunnel once again and turn right (turn to 23).

191

The noise you make is enough to awaken the sharp-eared Troglodyte. It leaps up, grabs its dagger and pounces on you.

TROGLODYTE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to 220.

192

The ring has lost its charge, and you remain completely visible. You must think of another way to esape from the Mummies. Turn to 85.

193

The Fire Sprite is invulnerable to your sword: its blade cuts through the fiery creature, but the flames join up again immediately, and another burning hand grabs your leg. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Reeling around in agony, it dawns on you that you must try to smother the evil fire with your blanket. Turn to 98.

194

The door handle turns and you walk in on a sight to chill the blood: a fearsome-looking warrior practising his swordplay on a human-shaped block of wood that is suspended from the ceiling. Splinters of wood fly in all directions as the warrior's heavy two-handed sword crunches into the wooden dummy The warrior is wearing thick metal armour with spiked shoulders; his helmet is horned and covered with demonic symbols – there is no mistaking a Chaos Warrior. On seeing you, the Warrior raises his sword and lets out a war cry.

CHAOS WARRIOR SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 356

195

You bring your sword down hard on the Metallix's neck and, although the blade sinks in deep, the strange beast doesn't appear to be harmed in any way – not a drop of blood is drawn You try to extricate your sword but cannot. Laconically the Metallix raises one arm and slowly pulls your sword out of its neck. It wields the weapon above its head and steps forward to attack. The Metallix cannot be harmed by any weapons made of metal, a fact you suddenly recollect. You will have to do your best by throwing rocks and tones at this adversary. During combat you must temporarily reduce your SKILL by 2 points, as you have lost the use of your sword.

METALLIX SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 76.

196

The dagger thuds painfully into your left arm, catching you by surprise. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You wrench the dagger out of your arm and charge into the bushes, brandishing your sword in one hand and the dagger in your bloodied left hand. Turn to 72

197

Though very weak you know what you have to do, even if the thought of it makes you feel even worse. You comb through the Orc's hairy legs and pick out some fat fleas. You pop them into your mouth one by one until gradually the sickness and fatigue leave you. At last Zagor's curse is lifted. Regain 4 STAMINA points Feeling fortified, will you now:

Leave the room and turn right into the tunnel?	Turn to 13
Open the wooden crate?	Turn to 375
Enter the back room?	Turn to 132

198

The guard is a Chaos Beast Man, a fanatical fighter which, if in a state of fighting frenzy, can sometimes go berserk and mutate into an even more formidable opponent.

CHAOS BEAST MAN SKILL 12 STAMINA 13

If you lose more than one Attack Round, turn immediately to 117. If you win the fight without losing more than one Attack Round, turn to 331.

199

The spear misses the Ogre and lands harmlessly behind it. You hardly have time to draw your sword as the enraged beast lets out a blood-curdling howl and launches a ferocious attack on you with its club.

OGRE SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 248.

200

You quickly make your escape, leaving the Skeleton Warriors behind in the room. In the light of the tunnel, you see that the 'dragon' is simply carved out of wood that has been painted gold You put it in your backpack and continue up the tunnel (turn to 373).

201

Unable to sail the boat on your own, you are left helpless in the middle of the river. You dive off the side of the boat, but three arrows hit you in mid-air. Your body surfaces, to the cheering delight of the Orcs You are another victim whose blood has helped keep Red River's name notorious.

202

The guard snarls but appears to be interested in the sword. You hold out the weapon and the guard snatches it from your hand. The beast looks closely at the blade and even sniffs it. Satisfied that what it has got is worth having, it takes one of the keys on its belt and unlocks the great door. You waste no time walking through the door (turn to 169).

203

The key is far too small for the large lock of the cell

door. Frantically you try to turn the key in the lock but succeed only in snapping the key in half. You throw the broken key on the floor and wonder what to do next. If you want to use the bucket to escape, turn to 21 Otherwise, if you have a Gold Piece with the letter 'Z' stamped on it, turn to 84

204

The door opens and you are greeted by a small creature with large ears and a long nose; it's another Troglodyte. He is flanked by two Lizard Men guards. He looks you up and down appraisingly and says, 'No one told me any humans were entering the sheep's eye eating competition. Anyway, no matter; follow me.'

If you wish to tell the Troglodyte that there has been some mistake and that you are not entered for the sheep's eye eating competition, turn to 156. If you prefer to follow the Troglodyte in silence, turn to 43

205

Seeking revenge, you raise your sword and attack.

HUNCHBACK	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

Every time you lose an Attack Round during combat, you must deduct 2 points from your SKILL as a result

of being hit by the withering stick, instead of losing STAMINA points. As soon as you win your first Attack Round, turn to **391**.

206

The weapons are all fairly ordinary and are probably those taken from the victims of the Chaos Warrior. There is a leather whip, which you decide to take. Will you now leave the room and walk on up the tunnel (turn to **151**)? Or, if you have not done so already, will you now take a look at the contents of the box (turn to **24**)?

207

The Goblin may be stupid but it is not *that* stupid. It walks over to the cell door and laughs at you. Through the smoke you catch sight of a bamboo tube pointing at you through the bars. You feel a sudden sting on your neck. You have been hit by a poisoned dart from the Goblin's blowpipe. The poison takes effect at once, sending you into a deep coma. When you wake up

some time later, you find your hands and feet tied to the rack; you are doomed to a slow and painful death. Your adventure is over.

208

You wake to find yourself strapped down on a marble slab. Your head rings and your vision is blurred and distorted, but you can hear the unmistakable sound of a knife being sharpened. Your adventure is over.

209

Although it has a high ceiling, the chamber is surprisingly small; there is nothing inside it apart from two clay pots, standing in a domed recess in the far wall. A burning candle separates the two pots, filling the recess with a warm glow. You shake the stoppered pots but can hear nothing moving inside the red pot, whereas the brown pot rattles as though a stone were rolling around inside it. If you want to smash open the red pot, turn to **41**. If you would rather smash open the brown pot, turn to **397**.

210

The door opens into a large room which has plainly not been cleaned in years. There is rubbish all over the floor and everything is thick with dust. The smell in the room is unbelievably bad: a mixture of rotten eggs and an Orc's armpit! The room may once have been a dining room, judging by the crockery, cutlery, pots and pans that are strewn all over the place. There is a large table in the middle of the room, around which five seated skeletons are squabbling over some rat bones they have found in a cauldron. Your presence has not yet been detected by them If you want to enter the room, turn to **296**. If you would rather close the door, walk back to the last junction and turn right, turn to **37**

211

After sitting down on the bench, you begin to feel relaxed. Your aches and pains are slowly soothed away by the healing properties of the enchanted bench Regain 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. With renewed energy and determination, you set off down the tunnel (turn to **162**).

212

The creature is a Plague Bearer and, although it is not strong, a single touch of its hand up on your skin will turn you too into a Plague Bearer, to live for ever in a twilight world of servitude

PLAGUE BEARER SKILL 6 STAMINA 4

If you lose even a single Attack Round, you will

become a Plague Bearer and your adventure will be over. If you win, turn to **241**.

213

The green tea has a distinctive peppermint flavour, and a warm glow runs through your body. It also has secret healing properties. Regain 2 STAMINA points. After drinking up your tea, you follow Zoot into a courtyard at the back of the house. You watch him crane his neck into the sky and let out a high-pitched whistle. Moments later you make out a speck in the sky; it grows bigger as it glides down effortlessly towards you. It is a huge, beautiful eagle, its feathers magnificent shades of golden brown. With its wings still outstretched, it lands unconcernedly in the courtyard. Turn to **71**.

214

The guard snarls and kicks the Gold Pieces out of your hand. Swinging its spiked club above its head, it lunges forward and attacks you. Turn to **198**.

215

The gold ring is stamped with the number '30' and inscribed with the words 'Seeing Is Believing'. If you want to place the ring on your finger, turn to **384**. If you would rather leave it with the skeleton, you can now either climb up the rope in pursuit of the Goblin (turn to **51**) or leave the room and go further up the tunnel (turn to **23**).

216

In the Wererat's pocket you find a Gold Piece with the letter 'Z' stamped on it. However, there is nothing else

of use, so you jump into the boat and row yourself across the river. You are about half-way across when suddenly the boat turns of its own accord and starts to float downriver and no amount of work on the oars by you can alter its course. The river narrows as the walls of the cavern close in. The roof of the cavern lowers until you have to keep below the gunwale of the boat to avoid bumping it. Thankfully, the narrow tunnel soon opens out into another large cavern; this one is filled with giant crystals, all sparkling and glinting in the light of many torches. The boat veers to the left and slides up on to a stony bank. You climb out and stand facing two tunnels. The word 'PITS' is chiselled into the stone above the left-hand tunnel, and the word 'PUZZLES' is chiselled above the right-hand one. Will you now:

Examine the giant crystals?	Turn to **247**
Enter the left-hand tunnel?	Turn to **124**
Enter the right-hand tunnel?	Turn to **38**

217

Gasping for breath, you reach down and pull out the dagger. Forcing it under the warrior's breastplate, you plunge it into his chest, hoping that a pierced heart may halt the undead assassin. Your desperate action is rewarded with success. Once again, the Chaos Warrior falls to the floor. Not waiting to see him rise again, you leave the room, slamming the door behind you, and turn right into the tunnel (turn to **151**).

218

The folded paper is damp with sweat and an unsavoury smell wafts up from it. Holding it gingerly by the corners, you shake out the folds. A pair of blood-red eyes are drawn on the paper. Suddenly they burst into flame and your hands start to tremble uncontrollably. You have been cursed! Deduct 2 points from your SKILL. You drop the paper to the ground and the trembling stops. Moose apologizes at great length, blaming himself for your misfortune.

'Forget it,' you say reassuringly. 'At least Zagor doesn't know I'm coming.' You walk back to the path together and there bid farewell once more; then you set off east alone (turn to **161**).

219

You run through the archway into a circular room with a marble floor. At the back of the room, marble steps lead up to another archway, above which is a single stone with the letter 'Z' embossed on it in gold. But between you and the steps stand the four Death Lords, huddled together on a gold crescent inlaid in the marble floor; they are holding small metal spheres above their heads, as though they are about to throw them at you. They look at you coldly and start to murmur an incantation. The floor starts to tremble as their voices grow louder. Suddenly the floor all round you opens up and you are left teetering on the edge of a deep chasm. Will you try to jump across this chasm (turn to **46**) or use a magic item to halt the earthquake (turn to **354**)?

220

You empty out the Troglodyte's pouch and find a piece of slate with the word 'arrow' scratched on it. You put this in your pocket and slide the throwing dagger down the inside of your boot. Satisfied that there is nothing else of interest in the room, you walk over to the far door. Turn to **158**.

221

As you draw closer to Firetop Mountain, you are amazed at the sight of the once red peak, now coloured a deathly black. When you reach the foot of the mountain at last, you can see how menacing it looks: the steep face looks as if it has been savaged by the claws of some gargantuan beast. You soon find the dark cave entrance that you hope will take you to Zagor. You peer into the gloom and see that the walls are dripping with water which has formed into pools on the stone floor. At the back of the cave is a tunnel, lit by burning torches. The air here is cold and dank and you can hear the sound of tiny feet scurrying across the floor. Taking a last deep breath of fresh air, you step into the cave and walk on into a tunnel, almost at once coming to a junction. If you want to turn left, turn to **281**. If you prefer to turn right, turn to **140**.

222

The door opens into a room which appears to have been long forgotten: the floor is thick with dust and debris, and there are cobwebs everywhere. The only light comes through the open door. At the far end of the room sit two skeletons, slumped in old oak chairs opposite each other and with a table between them. Both are wearing armour and appear to have been playing some kind of board game before meeting sudden death years ago. You notice that the game pieces are all miniature dragons, half of them coloured silver and half coloured gold. If you want to inspect the game more closely, turn to **333**. If you would rather close the door and walk on up the tunnel, turn to **373**.

223

You lie completely motionless while the snake slides across your body and slithers away into the undergrowth. You spring to your feet and set off for Kaad without further delay Turn to **379**.

224

The Mindbender watches as you hold the garlic out in front of you, then bursts out laughing.

'I'm not one of the Undead,' he says mockingly, 'I am very much alive. But *you* won't be for much longer. The only thing you are good for is as spare parts in our body pool.' A mere flick of his fingers freezes your limbs. You are carried off by Orc Guards to a busy

room where Zagor's surgeons set to work on you. Your adventure is over.

225

Before touching the sword, you make sure that it is not wired up to a trap. When you are quite happy that this is not a trap, you take the sword. If you were previously without a sword, regain 2 SKILL points; if you are already carrying a sword, you now have a spare, which you tuck into your belt. If you wish to open the old box, turn to **93**. If you would rather leave the room through the door in the far wall, turn to **121**.

226

The door opens into a small room which appears to have been an armoury a long time ago: there are three broken swords standing in a rack, some broken spears leaning against the wall in the far corner, and various pieces of dented and rusty armour lying on shelves. The floor is covered with a thick layer of dust and you notice that there are footprints in the dust leading over to the far wall. If you wish to walk over to the far wall yourself, turn to **289**. If you would rather close the door and walk on to the third door, turn to **273**.

227

On seeing you barge into the room, the Orc immediately kicks over the table, sending its stew bowl flying. Grabbing its sword, the Orc leaps at you while the Dwarf runs into the back room.

ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you win, you take the Orc's sword; however, you hardly have time to catch your breath before the Dwarf runs back into the room, swinging a warhammer.

DWARF	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to **243**.

228

The Witch walks slowly round the glass table and points her crooked right index finger at you. A jagged beam of white light shoots out from it and hits you on the forehead. You are stunned momentarily and find you cannot move; you can only watch helplessly as she picks up another silver headband from the table and places it round your forehead. In seconds your memory is gone, never to return. Your adventure is over.

229

Three glass marbles are all that you find of interest in the pockets of the Hobgoblin: one is purple, one is green and the third is transparent. You put them in your pocket, hoping they may be of use later. The Hobgoblin was also wearing a helmet which looks as if it may fit you. If you wish to try it on, turn to **298**. If you would rather return to the path and continue south, turn to **238**.

230

The text on the page is too small to read. If you have a magnifying glass, turn to **39**. If you do not have a

magnifying glass, you will have to forget about the page and set off along the tunnel (turn to 97).

231

You hurriedly take the mirror out of your backpack and, with eyes tight shut, hold it out in front of you, hoping to reflect the Gorgon's deadly gaze back at her. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 96. If you are Unlucky, turn to 256.

232

'Alas, you have an inferior mind. Your observational powers are useless. All you are good for is to supply spare parts in our body pool,' he says nonchalantly. You draw your sword and make to strike at him but find yourself unable to move; a mere flick of the Mindbender's fingers freezes your limbs. Later you are carried off by Orc Guards to a busy room where Zagor's surgeons set to work on you. Your adventure is over.

233

You say hello to the little boy, but he doesn't look up from his toys. 'If you're looking for Deep Sea, he's not here,' the boy says sulkily, 'but if you give me a wooden brick for my set, I'll go and fetch him!' You are amazed by the boy's cheek and feel like clipping him round the ear. If you have a wooden brick and are willing to give it to the boy, turn to 116. If you do not have a wooden brick or do not wish to give it to the boy, turn to 44.

234

The spear flies past your head and clatters to the floor. You run on without stopping until the Lizard Men are well out of sight (turn to 304).

235

With the canister submerged in the acid jelly, the wisps of green smoke disperse and disappear, causing you no harm. If you have not done so already, you may now rummage around in the dirt (turn to 242). Otherwise, you have no choice but to leave the room and walk on to the second door (turn to 56).

236

An arrow strikes you in the throat with deadly accuracy and you topple to the ground. Your last vision is of six heads in a circle above you, looking down with smiling faces. Your adventure is over.

237

Half an hour later you come to a place where the path splits. If you wish to keep walking east towards Firetop Mountain, turn to 19. If you would rather turn south towards Darkwood Forest and Yaztromo's Tower, turn to 120.

238

A brisk three-hour march brings you to the outskirts of Stonebridge. You walk into the village and are met by two Dwarfs. News travels fast in Allansia, for one of them says, 'Welcome, stranger. We have been expecting you.' Seeing your puzzled look, he continues: 'A messenger bird brought us the news from Anvil and we wish to help you so that you can meet Yaztromo. It is your good fortune that you came to visit us, because Yaztromo is not at his tower at present. He has gone to the town of Kaad, which is far to the west of Stonebridge, down the Red River. Plague has broken out there and he has gone to help, but we are not sure if this is of Zagor's doing. We have a fast sailing boat that can get you there in half a day; it is manned and ready to sail immediately. Come now, follow us, we have no time to lose.'

You follow the two Dwarfs through the village to the banks of the Red River, where a strange-looking sailing vessel is moored: it is about ten metres long and is narrow, but with canvassed racks sticking out on both sides. A five-metre pole pokes threateningly out of the bow, doubtless a ramming weapon The mast is tall and curved, somewhat resembling an enlarged long-bow. The massive sails flap noisily in the wind, waiting for someone to harness their power. Nine men stand in line before the boat, their faces brown and lined, as all seasoned sailors' faces are. The Dwarf points to the men and says, 'These men are good friends of the Dwarfs of Stonebridge. They will take you to Kaad.' Pointing at the shortest man, who is standing at the head of the line, he continues, 'This is Sach,

he's in charge. The helmsman's name is Lorrie. The others are Fyll, Eeyun, Stooy, Crook, Maak, Neel and Ndroo.'

You greet the crew and climb aboard. The vessel feels very unstable, being so narrow, and starts to rock from side to side. 'We're out of here!' shouts Lorrie, jumping aboard. The two Dwarfs untie the boat as the rest of the crew also jump on board. They rush about their various tasks: pulling on ropes, balancing the boat, trimming the huge sails. The boat pulls away immediately, ploughing through the water at an alarming rate. Ahead, you notice a rowing boat lying upside-down and bobbing along downstream. An Orc is clinging to the upturned hull. If you want to tell Lorrie to slow the boat in order to pick up the Orc, turn to **398**. If you would rather sail on, turn to **136**.

239

There is nothing you can do to escape the circle of Mummies, so you will have to fight them with your sword. Fight the six Mummies one at a time; each has SKILL 9 and STAMINA 12. If somehow you manage to win, turn to **10**.

240

The big bird glides down to earth and lands on top of a large boulder that stands alone on the open plain. Meanwhile the flying creature passes by overhead, seemingly not interested in what is happening on the ground. After five minutes you judge it safe to continue and recommence your flight to Firetop Mountain. Turn to **166**.

241

You prise the gold tooth out of the dragon's jaw and inspect it closely. It is plain and has no markings. You put it in your pocket and inspect the dirty room. Against one wall stands a small table on which there is a human skull with a candle burning on top of it. You notice that the top of the skull has been cut through. If you wish to lift the top of the skull, turn to **165**. If you would rather leave this room and turn left into the tunnel, turn to **32**.

242

After five minutes spent poking around in the dirt with your sword, you come up with 1 Gold Piece, a tin whistle and an onyx egg. You pack away your findings and decide what to do next. If you have not done so already, you may tug on the chain which is bolted to the wall (turn to **332**). Otherwise, there is nothing for you to do but leave the room and walk to the second door (turn to **56**).

243

If you are suffering from Zagor's Curse of the Demon's Breath, turn to 197. Otherwise will you:

Leave the room and turn right into the tunnel?	Turn to 13
Open the wooden crate?	Turn to 375
Enter the back room?	Turn to 132

244

There is only half a sentence on the page; it reads: *numbered 94 and destroys an Air Elemental of Chaos.* You memorize the words and decide what next to do. Will you:

Put the copper bracelet on your wrist?	Turn to 62
Hang the pendant round your neck?	Turn to 105
Put the bracelet and the pendant in your backpack?	Turn to 313
Take a look at the weapons, if you have not already done so?	Turn to 206
Leave the room and walk on up the tunnel?	Turn to 151

245

You ignore the old man's plea and walk on towards Kaad, leaving him spluttering and cursing behind you. Turn to 271.

246

The poisonous smoke is lethal. You sink to your knees and soon lose consciousness. Your adventure is over.

247

Walking among the giant crystals, you come across a treasure chest which is filled with gems. If you wish to take a handful of diamonds, turn to 342. If you wish to leave the treasure, you may enter either the left-hand tunnel (turn to 124) or the right-hand tunnel (turn to 38).

248

After the fight you are exhausted, so you sit down on the ground for a few moments to recover. A leather pouch on the Ogre's belt contains a silver key and a lump of cheese. You decide to eat the cheese (regain 1 STAMINA point) and keep the silver key. You also decide to take the Ogre's spear; you haul yourself to your feet and set off again for Firetop Mountain. Turn to 86.

249

The door opens into another corridor; this, you see, leads into a long, marble-floored hallway which is roughly twice the width of the corridor and is lined with what appear to be statues, three on either side. But in fact the statues are all Mummies, their shrivelled bodies wrapped in stained hessian. You enter the hallway on tiptoe, looking around as you go; at the far end of the hallway there is a door. A clock suddenly chimes and the Mummies all move and begin to climb down from their columns Not one of them is aware of your presence . . . yet. If you have a Ring of Invisibility, turn to **328**. If you do not have a Ring of Invisibility, turn to **85**.

250

The rest of the day passes without incident and, as the light starts to fade, you begin to think about finding a place to sleep for the night. You know the Dwarf village of Stonebridge is not far away, although you do wonder whether you will be able to reach it before nightfall. Will you find somewhere to sleep while it's still light (turn to **329**) or keep walking towards Stonebridge (turn to **143**)?

251

The slime shoots out and a large gobbet splashes on your cheek: it is acidic and starts to burn. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA You wipe the mess off as fast as you can, but the acid continues to burn. If you have a water bottle, turn to **293**. If you do not have a water bottle, turn to **16**.

252

You try to dive to one side, out of the way of the net, but your reactions are too slow. The large net pins you to the ground and, before you can untangle yourself, the point of a blade is being pressed against your throat and a heavy boot is pressing your head to the floor. Out of the corner of your eye you see a Goblin standing over you with an evil grin on its face. Your adventure is over.

253

The portcullis bars your entry to another tunnel; it is too heavy to lift. On the wall on the other side of the portcullis there are two levers, just out of reach. You walk on to the place where the tunnel ends and poke around in the rubble. Here you find a small metal canister which contains a large bronze tooth with the number '280' stamped on it. You put the tooth in your pocket and walk back down the tunnel. Turn to **3**.

254

The Vampire leaps at you with its mouth wide open, intent on sucking your blood.

VAMPIRE SKILL 10 STAMINA 15

You will be able to kill the Vampire only if you are fighting with a silver dagger. If you do not have a silver dagger, you will soon discover that your sword cannot harm it As soon as you win an Attack Round, you may escape by running out of the room and up the tunnel (turn to **172**). If you win, using the silver dagger, turn to **390**.

255

The old man stares at the coin for a few seconds longer, then looks up and says, 'I don't know of anybody with the initial "N" who coins his own Gold Pieces. But who am I to complain? A Gold Piece is a Gold Piece. Thanks a lot, stranger I wish you luck. Goodbye.' The old man walks away; but he was a shaman, and wishing you good luck will bring you luck. Regain 2 LUCK points. For a moment you watch him walking slowly down the track, before you turn towards Kaan (turn to **271**).

Your shaking hands fail to hold the mirror at the

256

correct angle to reflect the Gorgon's gaze back at her. The towering monster is almost on top of you, and now you will have to defend yourself with your sword (turn to **393**).

257

The Warrior's outstretched hands manage to clutch the collar of your tunic. You feel his vice-like grip on your throat as the undead Warrior blindly tries to strangle you. As you struggle to free yourself, you are forced to drop your sword. If you have a dagger in your boot, turn to **217**. If you do not have one, turn to **311**.

258

Casually looking up into the sky, you see a white dove flying towards the boat. Before it can land, however, a large, jet-black, predatory bird swoops down on the dove, clutching it in its long, sharp talons. The dove flutters its wings in resistance but is carried off by the sleek Blood Hawk to some distant nest to be fed to its young Turn to **11**.

259

The key does not fit the lock – and a sudden pain shoots up your arm, as if you had been hit by a lightning bolt. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Will you now try the bronze key (turn to **148**) or the brass key (turn to **75**)?

260

The old man becomes angry and steps out of the boat. 'You'll pay for wasting my time!' he says in a voice that sounds almost animal. He starts to expand in size: a bulging torso replaces his hollow chest, his jaw elongates and his bared teeth are sharp and pointed. Thick hair sprouts all over his body. The old man has

transformed himself into a Wererat! With claws outstretched he attacks.

WERERAT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **216**.

261

You don't manage to jump over all the skulls but land on top of one. It rolls away under your foot and you turn your ankle, losing your balance and falling to the floor, sending skulls flying in all directions. For an instant you are stunned, and you open your eyes to find yourself face to face with a wall of skulls shuffling towards you, their jaws snapping open and shut repeatedly and making an eerie clacking sound which echoes round the room. One suddenly shoots forward and bites painfully into your left ear. Twenty more skulls follow suit, each trying to find an exposed area of flesh to nip. Roll one die and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you jump up and run into the new tunnel (turn to **314**).

262

You tell the Inquisitor that you are ready. 'Good,' he replies. 'There are two puzzles that you have to solve.' He holds out his arms in front of him and suddenly a sword appears in his right hand and a dagger appears in his left hand. 'The sword and dagger that you see are together worth 300 Copper Pieces. The sword is worth 200 Copper Pieces more than the dagger. How much is the dagger worth?' If you can work out the answer, turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not know the answer, turn to **127**.

263

With your back pressed firmly against a large boulder, you think about the creatures of the night that stalk the plain. There is some wood close by, enough to build a fire. If you wish to make a fire, turn to **28**. If you would rather go to sleep, turn to **359**.

264

You hear a metallic 'click' and the panel drops down a centimetre. You grip the handle and pull out a metal drawer. Inside the drawer you find a large dragon's tooth made of gold; it has the number '94' scratched on it. Add 1 LUCK point. You leave the chamber with renewed determination and walk back down the tunnel and on past the junction (turn to **4**).

265

The Gorgon casts her gaze down at you and your eyes meet. You are caught by her deadly stare and transfixed by it. Terrible pain creeps through your

limbs as they start to stiffen and turn to stone. A fourth statue will soon adorn the Gorgon's lair. Your adventure is over.

266

Your quick thinking saves your life. The blood flows freely from your self-inflicted wound and the poison drips out with it. It may be a painful way to save your life, but it works. Will you now take a look at the staff (turn to **20**) or leave the room and pursue the Death Lords (turn to **219**)?

267

You have to run hard to keep up with Moose. He zig-zags through the undergrowth, glancing down at the ground occasionally for prints. All at once he stops and puts his arm up for you to stop running too. You hear a rustle of branches to your left, followed by a piercing howl. Will you charge into the bushes towards the noise (turn to **72**) or stand your ground (turn to **374**)?

268

'I only bet gold against gold,' the Barbarian continues. 'No gold, no bet.' If you have something made of gold that you are willing to bet with, turn to **326**. If you do not have a golden object to bet with, you must tell the Barbarian that you don't want to bet after all (turn to **380**).

269

Sitting down on the smooth, polished chair, you immediately feel very relaxed and drowsy. You cannot stop

yourself from falling into a long, deep sleep. You eventually wake up – after how long you don't know – but when you try to stand up you find you cannot move. You start to panic and try frantically to move, but you find it's impossible. You have fallen victim to the Sap Chair. In time you will shrink to a height of no more than ten centimetres and will form part of the ornate detail on the chair. Your adventure is over.

270

Just in time, you dive sideways out of the way of the falling cage. It crashes to the floor with a loud clang. The cage is locked in place and now you cannot move it and reach the panel. You decide there is nothing else for you to do here, so you leave the room and walk down the tunnel and on past the last junction (turn to **4**).

271

Hours later, you arrive at a jetty on the riverbank where a tributary runs into the Red River, and, judging

by the number of people milling around, you deduce that you cannot be too far from Kaad. The people are dressed in tattered clothing. They all look downcast with their chins on their chests, and hardly any of them are talking. Most are carrying small bundles and sacks. You decide to approach one of them, a tall man with a black beard, and ask him what is happening. He tells you solemnly that he is waiting for a boat to take him upriver to Silverton, in order to escape the plague which is devastating Kaad. You ask him if he knows the whereabouts of Yaztromo, and he replies that he last saw the wizard, mixing potions to give the sick people, in the town square. The man tells you to follow the narrow tributary north for a short distance, and you will come to Kaad. Turn to **182**.

272

'We already have a referee,' says the Troglodyte with a frown. 'Who sent you?' Unable to think of a name, you decide to make a run for it to the door. You push the Troglodyte out of the way and race out of the door, turning right. The Lizard Men immediately give chase, with their spears raised. The first one in the tunnel hurls his spear after you as you run away. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to **234**. If the number is 4–6, turn to **111**.

273

The next door in the tunnel is made of solid iron. You press your ear against the cold metal but hear nothing. If you want to open the door, turn to **87**. If you would rather walk further up the tunnel, turn to **23**.

274

You manage to grab the tail of the earwig between your forefinger and thumb just as it is disappearing inside your ear. The tiny needle-like legs dig into your ear as you carefully pull the earwig out. By now it is covered with your blood and wriggles around madly between your finger and thumb. You have saved yourself from a gruesome death by a Brainbiter, one of Zagor's favourite enchanted assassins. You crush the Brainbiter underfoot, then walk to the door before you (turn to **149**).

275

The snake's fangs strike at your armour rather than your exposed flesh. Having failed to bite you, it recoils into its basket, its venom spent. You slam the lid back on the basket to keep the snake inside. Will you now take a look at the staff (turn to **20**) or leave the room and pursue the Death Lords (turn to **219**)?

276

Before you have time to react, the rat's sharp teeth make an incision in your throat. The cut may only be small – but it is big enough to allow Zagor's poison to be injected into you from the rat's teeth. Roll one die and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA score. Groggy from the poison, you finally manage to tear the rat away from your throat and crush it under the heel of your boot. Cursing the Goblins, you leave the cellar and walk back to the path to continue south (turn to **238**).

277

Unknown to you, you have placed a Ring of Undead Calling on your finger. There is a sudden blinding flash, out of which appears a dark figure wearing a long, hooded cloak; it walks slowly towards you, brandishing two shimmering daggers. You catch a glimpse of the creature's face and the sight turns your stomach: the face is drawn and lifeless with decaying skin stretched so tightly across it that it is torn and festering. A maggot suddenly wriggles out of one of the creature's eye sockets and drops to the floor. You have summoned a Death Head, whose sole purpose is to burn your flesh with its white-hot knives.

DEATH HEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

Unless you have a silver dagger, the Death Head will lose only 1 STAMINA point if it loses an Attack Round. If you win, turn to 35.

278

You grope around on your hands and knees and discover that you are in a small, stone-walled chamber which you believe is empty. You find a large hole in one of the walls, and you deduce that this must be the entrance to another tunnel. Seeing no sense in staying in the dark chamber, you crawl along the new tunnel (turn to 372).

279

The rock hits the Metallix's shoulder and it lets out a yelp of pain. If you wish to carry on throwing rocks at the Metallix, turn to 183. If you prefer to attack it with your sword now, turn to 195.

280

You throw the dragon's tooth on the floor, but nothing happens. It is made of silver and has no Elemental powers. You are doomed, as Zagor's Elemental bears down on you. Turn to **365**.

281

You soon arrive at a stretch of the tunnel where it curves to the right, and you come across a short, humanoid skeleton propped up in a recess in the wall. The skeleton is wearing leather armour which is dusty and cracked; there are cobwebs over its face and its jaw hangs open. It must have stood here, undisturbed, for years. You walk on round the corner and see three doors in a row along the left-hand wall. All three doors are heavily padlocked and iron bars are bolted

across them; they do not appear to have been opened for years. You soon come to a junction. Looking left, you see that in a further ten metres the tunnel ends at a wall. You turn right and come to another junction. If you wish to turn left here, turn to **37**. If you prefer to keep going straight on, turn to **152**.

282

You look around and observe that the Witch is still lying, unconscious, on the floor. Looking back down at the lifeless Dog Beast, you see the sparkling jewel in its headband. If you want to wear the headband, turn to **338**. If you would rather search the chamber, turn to **115**.

283

The door opens into a large room with a domed ceiling. The floor is made of polished marble on which three statues stand facing you, each mounted on a marble plinth. The statues are of warriors, and they all look as though their faces were set in stone at the very moment of a horrible death Their open mouths and screwed-up eyes give the impression of sudden and intense pain A fourth plinth stands on the floor, but with no statue mounted on it, and there is another door in the wall opposite. As you enter the room to take a closer look at the statues, the door behind you slams shut; at the same time, a wide section of one wall starts to rise up. You can see the tail of a huge snake flick out from under the rising wall and you hear loud hissing sounds. Will you:

Try to open the new door?	Turn to **138**
Try to open the door you came through?	Turn to **381**
Get ready to fight?	Turn to **294**

284

A pouch on the Cave Troll's belt holds 3 Copper Pieces, some garlic, a crude metal ear-ring in the shape of an earwig, and a piece of paper with the word 'Leg' written on it. Perhaps the Cave Troll was on a mission to find Zagor a leg for his new body. You may take any or all of the Copper Pieces, the garlic and the piece of paper, and decide what to do with the ear-ring. If you want to wear it, turn to 100. Otherwise, you walk up to the door ahead (turn to **149**).

285

One of the polished steel spheres slices into your forearm and lodges there. Strangely, no blood appears but, when you try to pull the missile out, you find it impossible to do so. Your vision begins to blur and seconds later you pass out. When you reawaken, you find yourself on a marble table and two Death Lords are hovering above you wielding sharp knives. In less than an hour Zagor will have a new arm – yours! Your adventure is over.

286

You open your mouth to speak, but Dan immediately interrupts with another rhyme.

'Take a mushroom, I won't tell;
When you're ill, it will make you well.'

You realize that talking to Dan would be a waste of time; you accept his gift gratefully, putting the mushroom in your backpack. Dan then sets off with his donkey towards Anvil, leaving you to continue east (turn to **237**).

287

'Do not try to trick me by pretending to be friendly. For a start my name is not Fergus Finn. I was going to tell you my secrets, but I've changed my mind. Kill me if you like, but you won't get another word out of me,' the man declares confidently. You try an assortment of other names and do your best to convince the man that he can trust you, but you get no response: he remains completely silent. You even try to free him from his chains, but he waves his arms about frantically, trying to keep you away. You decide that the poor man has gone mad and decide to leave the room and walk further up the tunnel (turn to **387**).

288

Smashing your lantern with the butt of your sword, you twirl it round your head, hoping to spray the advancing Mummies with burning oil. Roll one die: the number you roll is the number of Mummies you set on fire, their bone-dry bandages igniting like tinder. The remaining Mummies (if there are any) you must fight with your sword. Fight them one at a time; each has SKILL 9 and STAMINA 12. If you win, you know you will have a few minutes to escape before they come back to life Running towards the door at the end of the hallway, you make your exit (turn to 102).

289

While you are walking across the dusty floor, the door swings shut behind you. The moment the door closes, some of the broken weapons start to move of their own accord: the swords rise from their rack and the spears move out of the corner. You find yourself

surrounded by a circle of hovering weapons. Will you:

Make a run for the door?	Turn to 74
Fight the weapons?	Turn to 147
Drop your own sword?	Turn to 348

290

You scan through a couple of chapters and learn that lizard's blood is the main ingredient in many potions of evil magic. 'Disease', 'Create Zombie', 'Blood Eye' and 'Drain Life' are just a few of the potions that require Vampire's blood You memorize the information and walk through the cavern and into the tunnel at the far end (turn to 337).

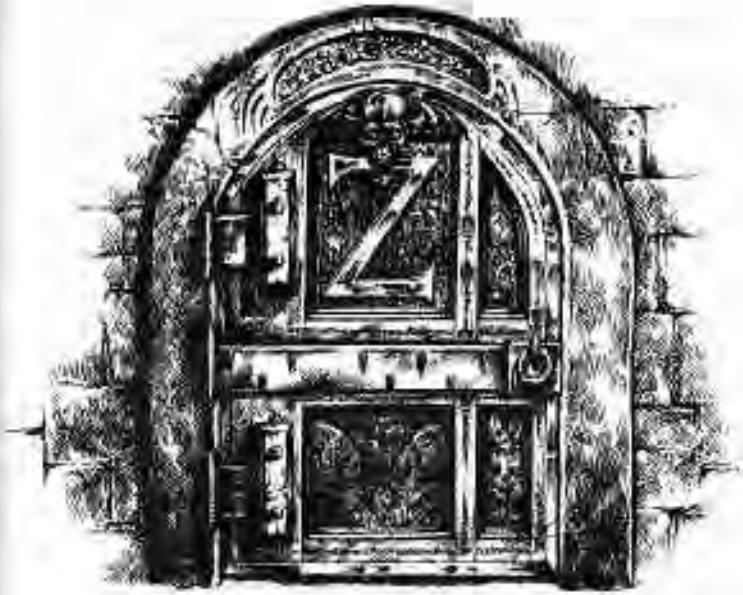

291

You tell the Pitmaster that you are ready to fight.

'Good,' he replies. 'There are two fights that you must win.' He leads you over to the smaller of the two pits. Looking down, you see a bloated creature three metres tall and almost two wide; it looks a little like a giant toad. It has green horned skin on its back and a soft, yellowish underbelly, covered with red spots. Its head is large and its main feature is a wide mouth with two rows of long, spiked teeth, while two bulbous red eyes protrude above slimy nostrils. It has powerful arms and sharp-clawed hands the size of dragon's feet. Drool runs down its bottom jaw as it catches sight of you, and the creature starts to work itself into a fighting frenzy. You breathe in deeply before jumping into the pit to face the Chaos Slime Beast

CHAOS SLIME BEAST SKILL 12 STAMINA 12

After each Attack Round, roll one die to determine whether the Slime Beast's acidic drool that it spits at you touches your flesh. On a roll of 1–3 the Slime Beast misses, but a roll of 4–6 means that it hits you and inflicts damage involving the loss of an additional 1 STAMINA point. If you win, turn to 9.

292

With your help the skeleton crew manage to hoist the sails and the boat is quickly under way, leaving the war canoes far behind.

'Lean out, you lot, and hike! No more stops until

Kaad,' snarls Lorrie, pulling hard at the helm. You ignore him, lost in the thought that you were responsible for the death of so many of the crew, and you sit huddled in a cloud of despondency. Nobody speaks for an hour. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 40. If you are Unlucky, turn to **258**.

293

You pour water over your burning skin. The water quickly neutralizes the acid and the burning stops. The wounded Sucker Worm is writhing around and flops off the box on to the floor. Seizing your opportunity, you grab the box and scramble up out of the pit. Back in the tunnel, you shake the box but no sound comes from it. Gently you lift the lid and find that the box contains nothing other than a page from a tiny book. You turn the box over and see that the word 'Fire' is scratched on its base. The box is quite large and, if you wish to put it in your backpack and take it with you, you will have to leave two other items behind (remove them from your *Equipment List*). Now you may either read the page from the book (turn to **230**) or walk further up the tunnel (turn to **97**).

294

Will you fight your new adversary with your eyes open (turn to **265**) or closed (turn to **31**)?

295

As you enter the room, the woman's appearance changes and in front of you now stands a hideous-looking, hunchbacked Witch. Her wiry, bent and hairy fingers end in long, dirty nails. Her eyes are dark and hollow and her clothes are tattered rags. With her illusion dropped she can now concentrate on other types of magic. Turn to **228**.

296

The Skeletons suddenly break off their argument and turn to face the common foe – you! Standing in a line, they attack you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	6	5
Second SKELETON	6	4
Third SKELETON	5	5
Fourth SKELETON	5	4
Fifth SKELETON	6	4

If you win, turn to **61**.

297

The rat scurries off with half of the dragon's tooth in its jaws, leaving the Fire Elemental stuck to the floor, flickering harmlessly. Seconds later, the massive Earth Elemental is upon you (turn to **365**).

298

As soon as you put the helmet on your head you get a terrible headache; the pain increases and becomes unbearable. Then you take off the helmet and the pain stops. But something awful has taken place: you can no longer see anything in its real perspective. The Helmet of Confusion has made everything appear distorted, as though you were looking at a convex mirror. Deduct 3 points from your SKILL and 2 points from your LUCK. All the trees and plants that surround you now look short and bulbous. Feeling extraordinarily sad and confused, you return to the path and head south, trying to adjust to the new environment you are seeing (turn to **238**).

299

You try to grab the tail of the earwig as it disappears inside your ear, but you are too slow. The pain increases as it starts to gnaw its way inside your head with its sharp, metal teeth. You have fallen victim to a

Brainbiter, one of Zagor's favourite enchanted assassins. Your adventure is over.

300

'Guard! Call the guard! We have an intruder,' shouts the doorman. The door is flung open and three green-skinned Lizard Men barge through the doorway, each wearing spiked leather armour and wielding a spear. You step back, sword drawn. Do you wish to turn and run up the tunnel (turn to **367**) or stand and fight the Lizard Men (turn to **137**)?

301

You explain at great length how you obtained the gold and why you are now on a mission to slay Zagor.

'Why didn't you say so in the first place?' the hunchback retorts.

'You didn't ask,' you reply sarcastically. 'And now, if you don't mind, how about straightening my back?'

'Ah, slight problem there, I'm afraid,' the hunchback mutters, looking a little sheepish. 'I'm not quite up to

that sort of hocus-pocus. However, since you are on your way to see Yaztromo, I suggest you get him to straighten you out; he's good at that kind of thing. Or maybe someone in Kaad can fix you up. Now I must be on my way. Sorry about the confusion, but you just can't trust anybody these days. Cheerio and good luck!'

Hardly believing what is happening, you watch the old man shuffle off, leaving you to walk to Kaad, burdened by a not insignificant stoop. But the old man was a shaman, and wishing you good luck will bring you good luck. Regain 2 LUCK points and turn to **271**.

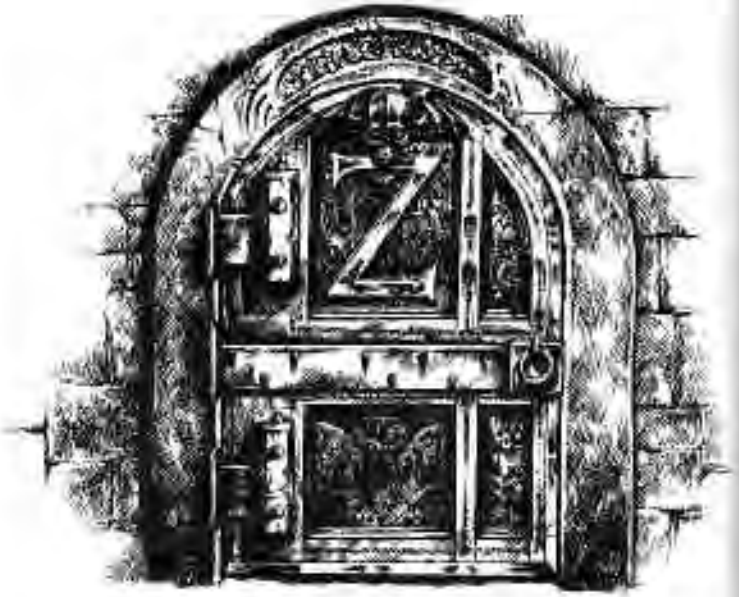

302

The snake's fangs sink deep into your forearm, injecting you with deadly poison. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You make a cut in your arm where the snake bite is and hope that the poison will bleed out. But have you done it quickly enough? Roll one die and keep rolling until you have a total of 20 points. If this takes you 5 rolls or fewer, turn to **266**. If it takes you 6 rolls or more, turn to **378**.

303

You loop the rope round the metal spike and lower yourself slowly down into the inky blackness of the shaft. You reach the bottom, a few metres below, and retrieve your rope. If you are carrying a lantern, turn to **80**. If you do not have a lantern, turn to **278**.

304

The tunnel seems to be never-ending, but finally you arrive at a T-junction. If you want to go to the left, turn to **109**. If you prefer to go right, turn to **349**.

305

The door opens and you behold a lavishly furnished chamber: the walls are covered with red and purple silk drapes and there are large, brightly coloured cushions lying on the floor. There is an alcove in the far wall out of which a young boy appears, carrying a bowl; he is wearing a silver headband with a large jewel set in the centre. He carries the bowl over to a glass table where a beautiful woman is grinding components with a mortar and pestle. She too is wearing a headband, but hers is made of tiny flowers. Her gossamer-thin robes billow in the draught from the tunnel and she looks up and smiles at you.

'Come in and close the door,' she says in an alluring voice. If you are wearing a gold ring with the words 'Seeing Is Believing' inscribed on it, turn to the paragraph with the number that is the same as that on the ring. If you are not wearing this ring, turn to **146**.

306

You pull your sword free from the Tracker's chest and, looking round, see that Moose has also been victorious, despite a deep gash in his left arm. A search of the Trackers' bodies reveals 6 Gold Pieces, each stamped with the letter 'Z'. You agree to keep three each, and you also take two steel daggers. Not content with emptying pockets, Moose pulls the boots off the Trackers and gives them a shake. A folded piece of brown-stained paper falls to the ground. 'I'm not touching that smelly thing,' laughs Moose 'If you want it, you can have it.' If you do as Moose suggests,

turn to **218**. If you would rather leave the paper on the ground, turn to **106**.

307

The worm slips off the box almost immediately. You seize your opportunity, grab the box and scramble out of the pit Back in the tunnel, you shake the box but can hear no rattling coming from it. You cautiously lift the lid, only to discover that the box contains nothing more than a page from a tiny book. You turn the box over and see that the word 'Fire' is scratched on its underside. The box is quite large and, if you wish to put it in your backpack and take it with you, you will have to leave two other items behind (cross them off your *Equipment List*) After deciding what to do, you may now either read the page from the book (turn to **230**) or walk further up the tunnel (turn to **97**).

308

You walk to the end of the tunnel and have a poke around in the rubble. You find a small metal canister containing a large bronze tooth with the number '280' stamped on it. You put the tooth in your pocket and walk back down the tunnel (turn to **3**).

309

You find Hobnail Street without much difficulty Your knock on the door of Number 36 is answered by a tall, thin man whose ears are slightly pointed and who is wearing bright red trousers.

'Hello,' he says in a slow, calm voice. 'My name is Zoot Zimmer and you must be the person who wants to get to Firetop Mountain in a hurry. I can see by your expression that you are wondering how I know that. Well, I heard you talking to Yaztromo – I've got rather good hearing, you see. I'm a Half-Elf. Please come in.'

You follow Zoot into his house, the rooms of which are decorated to resemble a forest. All the walls have trees, bushes, plants, small animals and insects painted all over them from floor to ceiling and all in incredible detail, giving a very realistic effect. 'It's the Elf in me!' laughs Zoot. 'My mother was from the Vale of Willow; she lived with me here until she died of the plague. The decorations made her feel at home. She never did like living in a town.' His face suddenly loses its happiness and a deep frown takes over. 'Would you like some of my special herbal tea before we set off,' Zoot asks.

If you would like some tea to drink, turn to **213**. If you prefer to decline his offer and demand that you set off immediately, turn to **361**.

310

At least one crossbow bolt finds its mark and sinks into your neck. You are dead before you hit the water. Your adventure is over.

311

Gasping for breath, your strength ebbs as the warrior's grip tightens. His own strength is monumental and he lifts you off the ground by your neck. You quickly lose consciousness and death soon follows. Your adventure is over.

312

The crew react by easing the sails and balancing the boat quickly and without undue effort, their long

experience making the task look easy. The boat continues its speedy voyage downriver, until at last it glides to a halt at a jetty on the riverbank, where a narrow tributary from the north joins the river. You jump off the boat and thank the crew; as they turn the boat around to sail back upriver, you approach the people standing on the jetty. There are quite a number milling around, most of them poor and dressed in tattered clothing. They are carrying small bundles and sacks, and all appear sad and downcast. You start a conversation with a tall man wearing a black beard and learn that he is waiting for a boat to take him upriver to Silverton, so as to escape the plague which is devastating Kaad. You ask him if he knows the whereabouts of Yaztromo; he replies that he last saw the wizard in the town square, mixing potions to give to sick people. The man tells you that if you follow the narrow tributary north for a short distance, you will come to Kaad. Turn to **182**.

313

If you have any garlic in your backpack, turn to **78**. Otherwise, you may, if you have not already done so, take a look at the weapons (turn to **206**) or leave the room and walk further up the tunnel (turn to **151**).

314

The tunnel ends at a solid wooden door. You try the handle and it turns. The door opens into another small, stone-walled room with a door in the wall opposite. There is a trapdoor in the floor in the middle of the room, which is empty – apart from an ornate oak chair, carved with figures, standing in one corner. Will you:

Open the door opposite?	Turn to **283**
Open the trapdoor?	Turn to **368**
Sit on the oak chair?	Turn to **269**

315

You drop the third golden tooth on the floor and watch it break in two. A jet of flame shoots up from the floor and forms into a huge, fiery humanoid: a Fire Elemental. The Earth Elemental strides down the hall – but, strangely, the Fire Elemental does not move to defend you. As Zagor's Elemental gets closer you start to worry; then you notice that a rat has picked up one half of the dragon's tooth and is on the point of running off with it. Unless both halves are touching the ground, the Elemental cannot be fully released. If you have a throwing dagger, turn to **14**. If you do not have a throwing dagger, turn to **297**.

316

The Doppelganger screams, then disintegrates and drifts away like smoke on the wind. You sheathe your sword and breathe a deep sigh of relief. You walk quickly into town and make straight for the town square; there you find a crowd of people huddled round a lone figure: an old man with long white hair and a white beard and wearing scarlet robes. Yaztromo! You call out his name and are able to hear his stern reply above the noise of the crowd: 'Who in the world wants me now at a time like this?' You are so reassured by his grumpy tone that it almost brings a smile to your face – except for the fact that he is surrounded by very sick townsfolk. You tell him your name and ask him to spare you a few minutes to help you prepare for your coming ordeal with Zagor.

'Zagor!' he shouts. 'If I hear another person utter that infernal warlock's name once more, I'll turn them into toads!' Yaztromo waves his arms around and indulges in some unwizardly cursing, until finally he calms

down and says, 'Now, my good people of Kaad, pass this potion of mine among you and you'll soon be as fit as firefoxes. I must go and see to this young whippersnapper who has just barged in unannounced.'

You walk away from the crowd with Yaztromo, telling him of your quest and asking for his help.

'Well, as you can see, my help is needed here, so I am unable to accompany you. You will have to face Zagor alone and, since he is stronger now than he was ten years ago, you will need to call upon superhuman forces to combat his extraordinary magical powers. You must find the Elementals! Only the Elementals can save you from certain death when facing Zagor. Their material form is that of dragons' teeth cast in gold, each stamped with a number. Each tooth has a special power, but you must learn the magic word that releases their elemental powers. Then it will simply be a matter of throwing the teeth on the floor in order to activate them. Curiously enough, you will find the dragons' teeth inside the labyrinths of Firetop Mountain. It is part of the price for invoking the Raise Dead spell that its user must offer the chance of his own demise. But, as you would expect, Zagor has hidden the dragons' teeth carefully. You'll need at least two – but the more the merrier, as they say. Now, I must return to my patients.' Yaztromo gives you a hearty slap on the back then returns to the sick people of Kaad. He stops for a moment, looks back at you and says, 'Go and see Zoot Zimmer in Hobnail Street. He's got a giant eagle that could fly you to Firetop Mountain. And it might be worth paying a visit to Deep Sea Dowland's store

in Pudding Street. He's got some useful items in there. Here's some gold to spend.' Yaztromo hurls a leather pouch in your direction, then turns to his ailing townsfolk without waiting for you to thank him.

You set off without further delay, heading for Pudding Street. You find Deep Sea's store at the end of a row of shops. Sitting outside the shop is a small boy who is playing with some wooden bricks. If you want to talk to the boy, turn to **233**. If you would rather enter the store without delay, turn to **345**.

317

You examine the breastplate carefully, ever mindful of traps and evil magic, but it looks perfectly normal so you put it on. It is extremely well crafted and will help to protect you. Regain 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point. Seeing nothing else of interest, you open the door in the far wall (turn to 170).

318

You soon come upon a man who is lying, stripped to the waist and staked out on the ground. Somebody has spread honey over his chest and face and he is being stung by hundreds of red ants that are crawling all over him. You hasten to cut him free, then roll him in the dirt to get the ants off him. Although he is in great pain from the angry red bite marks that cover his body, he is not in mortal danger. 'Bandits ambushed me while I was riding along the path. Before taking off with my horse, they decided to make me pay for killing their leader in the fight. Thanks to you, their plan has failed. Here, take this as a reward, stranger; it's a Ring of Invisibility. I suppose I should have used it to hide from the bandits, but it is a very old ring and has only one more charge left. Off you go now. Don't worry about me. As soon as my horse is left alone for even a second by those infernal bandits, he'll come galloping back to me.' After making sure the man is fit enough to be left on his own, you head south along the path (turn to **250**)

319

The Ogre's throw is accurate; the spear thuds into your back, sending you sprawling to the ground in a cloud of dust. The Ogre reaches you quickly and wastes no time in finishing you off, his mission for Zagor completed. Your adventure is over.

320

The object in your hand is the original lucky charm. It was made by the wizard Probabus who held strange

ideas as to what things in the universe were important. He believed that luck was the all-important force, and that some people and creatures were born with it; he did not believe that people were lucky or unlucky as the result of random occurrences. Probabus liked lucky people and disliked unlucky ones, considering as worthless anyone who did not possess plenty of good luck ... You are down on your luck. The lucky charm detects your want of good luck and punishes you. Deduct 2 points from your SKILL and 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you throw the lucky charm to the floor, leave the room and turn left into the tunnel (turn to 32).

321

The noise of breaking glass echoes down the tunnel, and you grip your sword in case the noise attracts the attention of someone you do not want to meet. On the floor you find a small brass egg. You put it in your pocket, then walk back past the junction and march on down the tunnel. Turn to 281.

322

The text on the page is too small to read. If you have a magnifying glass, turn to 244. If you do not have a magnifying glass, will you now:

Put the copper bracelet on your wrist?	Turn to 62
Hang the pendant round your neck?	Turn to 105
Put the bracelet and pendant in your backpack?	Turn to 313

Take a look at the weapons, if you have not already done so?	Turn to 206
Leave the room and walk on up the tunnel?	Turn to 151

323

The message reads: 'Demon's breath, slow death. Unless you eat some Orc fleas, you will die by this curse! Zagor'. A short blast of warm, stinking air envelops you; this is demon's breath you have inhaled, and it will slowly poison you. From now on, each time you turn to a new paragraph you must reduce your STAMINA by 1 point. If you fail to eat any Orc fleas before your STAMINA is reduced to zero, you will die. You waste no time entering the tunnel (turn to 372).

324

You try to dive to one side, out of the way of the falling cage, but your reactions are too slow. The cage crushes down on the floor with a loud clang, trapping you inside. You try to lift the cage, but it is firmly locked in place. It won't be long before you are discovered by an Orc guard and are taken in chains to Zagor's surgeons. Your adventure is over.

325

Sleek and protected by thick, silver scales, Razorfish attack viciously by ripping at thier victims' flesh with their rows of razor-sharp teeth. The river is soon red with the blood of the crew. The water stirs near you as one of the Razorfish turns to attack you.

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RAZORFISH SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **89**.

326

You are instructed that on the count of three you must start eating, the winner being the contestant to eat the greatest number of eyeballs in five minutes. You pick one up, ready to begin, but the cold and slimy texture of a raw eyeball makes you feel quite sick. Then you hear the countdown: 'One, two, three – go!' You shut your eyes and pop the eyeball in your mouth.

To decide who eats the most eyeballs, roll one die five times for each of the contestants including yourself, adding up the totals for each.

CONTESTANT	1	2	3	4	5	TOTAL
YOU						
BARBARIAN						
CAVEMAN						
TROGLODYTE						

If there is a tie for the highest score, roll the die again between the joint winners until a clear winner is found. If you win the competition, turn to **179**. If the Barbarian either wins the competition or eats more eyeballs than you, turn to **128**. If you don't win the competition but manage to eat more eyeballs than the Barbarian, turn to **351**.

327

The Goblin is not won over by your ruse and hurls a chair at your cell door. You withdraw your arm and step back. A bamboo pipe suddenly appears through the bars and you feel an immediate sharp pain in your neck: you have been hit by a poisoned dart from the Goblin's blowpipe. The poison works instantly. Your adventure is over.

328

You rub the old ring, hoping its magic is still there. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **346**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **192**.

329

You leave the path and wander into the undergrowth; eventually you come across the ruin of a wooden hut which looks as if it was burnt down years ago. Ivy covers what's left of the walls and floor, and the people who once lived here have long since moved on. You decide to poke around the floor of the hut with your sword. After several stabs into the ivy, you hear a dull 'clunk' as your sword makes contact with something metallic. You cut away the ivy and uncover an iron ring which is attached to a trapdoor. Lifting it up makes a loud creaking noise, and as you peer into the gloom you hear insects and small creatures fluttering and scurrying below. On the top step of the stairs leading down you see a candle and a flint. You soon

have the candle lit and climb down into the darkness. You find yourself standing in a small cellar with just enough headroom to stand up in. Cobwebs are everywhere. There are two clay pots on a shelf and a wooden box lies under a rickety old table. Despite the profusion of insect life and small rodents, it seems to be a safe enough place in which to spend the night. Will you:

Go to sleep?	Turn to **95**
Examine the clay pots?	Turn to **386**
Examine the wooden box?	Turn to **33**
Find somewhere else to sleep?	Turn to **180**

330

Stepping as lightly as possible, you cross the room and reach the far door (turn to **158**).

331

The fearsome beast finally slumps to the floor. You are exhausted and covered in sweat after such a gruelling battle. You quickly take the keyring from the guard's belt; there are three keys on it. You have to decide now which key to try in the door. Will you:

Try the iron key?	Turn to **259**
Try the bronze key?	Turn to **148**
Try the brass key?	Turn to **75**

332

The stone to which the chain is attached starts to move. You pull even harder and the stone comes flying out of the wall, almost knocking you off your

feet. You inspect the hole and realize that you have opened up a secret compartment. You try to fit your head through the hole in the wall to see inside the compartment, but your head is too big. Will you:

Put your arm into the compartment?	Turn to **92**
Rummage around in the dirt, if you have not done so already?	Turn to **242**
Leave the room and walk on to the second door?	Turn to **56**

333

As soon as you pick up one of the gold dragons, the Skeletons jolt forward in their chairs, stand up and draw their swords. If you wish to run out of the room with the dragon in your hand, turn to **200**. If you would rather stand and fight, turn to **369**.

334

With trembling hands you take the whistle out of your backpack and blow a few high-pitched notes on it, hoping that some unknown magic will halt the Gorgon. But the whistle is not magical and the Gorgon slithers ever closer towards you. You are suddenly transfixed by fear and stare blankly at the monster towering above you. Turn to **265**.

335

The four spheres fly past you, lodging in the wall behind you. As each sphere hits the wall, one of the Death Lords vaporizes, leaving only his robes behind in a crumpled heap on the floor.

Seeing the letter 'Z' above the archway at the top of the steps spurs you into action. You bound up the steps and run through the archway; you now find yourself in a palatial hall: a row of columns runs its length and at the end there are more steps, leading up to a plinth Seated calmly there on an ornate throne is the most evil-looking man you have ever seen in your life. The skin on his face is drawn taut across his skull and is held by stitches down both sides of his face. His robes are a combination of purple, black and white and a large red 'Z' is emblazoned across his chest. You are face to face with Zagor himself!

'Welcome, fool,' he says slowly and menacingly 'I have been expecting you, although I didn't think you would get this far But now your reward is a slow and painful death! It was considerate of you to bring me the last limb I need to rebuild my body. Your left arm looks strong – I'll take it!'

He thrusts his own left arm out of his robes, and you see that it is a skeletal stump. His right arm is also visible and you can see stitches all round his wrist where an outsize hand has been sewn on to a strong arm This giant hand holds a crystal which sparkles in the yellow light from the domes. Without warning he tosses the crystal into the air and utters some unintelli-

gible words, before catching it again. The air in the hall starts to stir and soon builds to a howling gale. Zagor calmly remains seated on his throne as a whirlwind howls down the hall towards you. Its vaguely human shape means that it can be only one thing: an Air Elemental. But the Elementals that Zagor can summon are the Demon Elementals from the Plane of Chaos. No weapons can affect them. They can be destroyed only by Supreme Elementals from the Plane of Light. Their material forms are golden dragons' teeth. If you have any golden dragons' teeth, turn to 113. If you do not have any, turn to 177.

336

Without thinking, you move your hand towards your sword hilt. The snake senses danger and its venomous fangs strike at your hand. The bite is painful – but not as harmful as the poison that now runs through your veins. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. You brush the snake off your body and roll away from it as quickly as possible. You jump up to defend yourself, but the snake has slithered away into the undergrowth. Summoning all your reserves of strength, you set off immediately for Kaad. Turn to 379.

337

The tunnel ends at the solid wall – which, however, slides to one side as you approach it! You enter a large room, and the wall slides back into place behind you. The room is lit by four candles standing at the four corners of a wooden table in the middle of the room. A polished breastplate lies on the table. If you wish to

put the breastplate on, turn to 317. If you would rather open the door in the opposite wall, turn to 170.

338

The jewel in the headband is filled with dark sorcery. In seconds your memory has vanished, never to return. You wonder why you are standing in the chamber . . . but you have no idea. Your adventure is over.

339

You jump back just in time as the heavy net crashes down on top of the skeleton. Looking up, you see a hole in the ceiling. A green, warty face with pointed nose, ears and chin is staring down at you. It's a Goblin and it is angry that it has failed to capture you. The Goblin shakes its fist at you and spits, then disappears. If you want to climb up the rope that is hanging down from the ceiling and attached to the net, and chase after the Goblin, turn to 51. If you would rather take the skeleton's gold ring, turn to 215. If you want to leave the room and press on up the tunnel, turn to 23.

340

You turn your shield in the direction of the Goblins at the very moment when they release their arrows and you hear the missiles thud into the shield. The Goblins run forward to attack you with their clubs, urged on by the Death Lords.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	4
Second GOBLIN	5	5

Fight the Goblins one at a time. If you do not have a sword at the moment, you must temporarily reduce your SKILL by 2 points during this combat If you win, turn to 163.

341

You run after Moose, keeping your head down to avoid the many outstretched branches. You catch sight of something sparkling in the bushes. If you want to stop briefly to find out what it is, turn to 82. If you do not wish to stop, turn to 267.

342

One of the diamonds in your hand has been coated with a magic potion which reacts when touched by human flesh. If you are wearing leather gloves, turn to 12. If you are not wearing leather gloves, turn to 42.

343

The Goblin is *very* stupid and unbolts the cell door. As soon as the handle turns, you charge it, knocking the Goblin over. Springing quickly to its feet, the Goblin draws its sword.

GOBLIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

If you do not have a sword, you must fight the Goblin with your SKILL reduced by 2 points. If you win, turn to 190.

344

Your knowledge of magic is insufficient to control the power of the Supreme Elementals of Light. Your magic

word is wrong! You are suddenly sucked up into the air and thrown against one of the columns. Your head slams against the marble and you lose consciousness. Turn to 208.

345

You try the door but find it locked; the store is closed. Thinking that you may come back later, you set off to find Zoot Zimmer. Turn to 309.

346

The old ring has just enough magic left in it to make you invisible, but only for a minute or two While the Mummies are walking around as though exercising their stiff limbs, you escape through the door at the end of the hallway, just as the magic is wearing off (turn to 102).

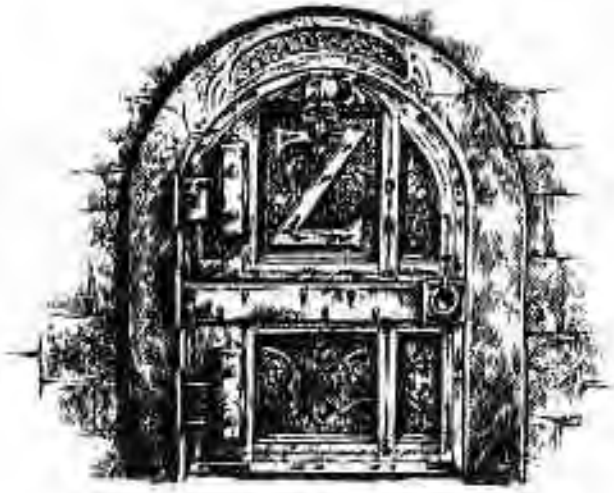

347

The door is chained and padlocked; but, using a spear taken from one of the statues, you soon force the lock open. The door looks as if it has been closed for years and you have to tug hard on the handle. Slowly you manage to drag the door open while its rusty hinges creak noisily; beyond, you see a torchlit tunnel. About ten metres ahead there is a door with a barred window in it. You tiptoe quietly along the tunnel and peep through the window.

Sitting at a rough wooden table, an Orc is being served what looks like rat stew by a grisly-looking hunchbacked Dwarf. An ugly purple scar runs down the Dwarf's face from his left eyebrow to his chin. The Orc is as ugly and brutal-looking as they come. You keep watching as the Orc pulls a rat carcass out of the stew with his fingers and eats it, head and all. Under the table you spot a wooden crate. If you wish to open the door and attack the Orc, turn to 227. If you would rather walk on down the tunnel, turn to 13.

348

As soon as your sword hits the floor, the jagged weapons encircling you also drop to the floor. You realize it is too risky to pick up your sword again and are forced to leave the room without it. You must reduce your SKILL by 2 points until you find another sword. Lose 1 point from your LUCK. Feeling defenceless, you make your way to the third door (turn to 273).

349

You walk along the tunnel, following it round a long left-hand bend until you come to a door in the right-hand wall. Listening intently, you hear what sounds like somebody chopping wood. If you want to open the door, turn to **194**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **151**.

350

Still reeling from the unexpected attack, you step warily off the path in search of some cover under which to sleep. You stumble across a fallen tree and decide to sleep beneath its branches. The night passes without incident and, not long after first light, you return to the path and head south (turn to **238**).

351

While the trophy is being handed to the winner, you turn to the Barbarian and ask him to pay up on his bet.

'What bet?' The Barbarian asks, an ugly smile on his face. Will you simply avoid confrontation and leave the room (turn to **6**) or challenge the Barbarian to a fight (turn to **99**)?

352

You feel like a trapped animal, with the blood pumping through your veins, until your hand encounters the reassuring cold steel of your sword. At any moment you expect the trapdoor to be thrown open. You can hear muffled voices, but they do not sound human. The sound of a horn suddenly blasts out and the

creatures above you run off. You wait five minutes, before slowly raising the trapdoor. Peering out, you cannot see a living soul. You climb out of the cellar, make your way back to the path and head south (turn to **238**).

353

The Ogre finally gives up its chase and you are able to relax once more and resume a walking pace. Glancing back occasionally to make sure you are not being followed, you press on towards Firetop Mountain (turn to **86**).

354

The small stone island on which you are standing starts to crumble away and grow smaller. You must act quickly – you will have time to try only one item. If you have any of the following objects, will you:

Drop an onyx egg down the chasm?	Turn to **153**
Drop a glass marble down the chasm?	Turn to **394**
Tap the floor with a skull staff?	Turn to **65**

If you do not have any of the articles named above, you will have to jump across the chasm (turn to **46**).

355

Scratched on the hilt of the sword is the name 'Darkblade Skullbiter'. The name sends a shiver down your spine when you remember that it belonged to one of the fiercest Chaos Champions who ever lived. You

wonder why Darkblade's legendary sword is hanging on a Goblin's wall deep inside Firetop Mountain – but, for the time being, your question must remain unanswered. With the Chaos Champion's sword in hand, you squeeze yourself along the narrow tunnel. Turn to **68**.

356

You reason that the room is the living quarters of the Chaos Warrior. There is a straw-covered bed in one corner, a table with a half-eaten bowl of gruel in another corner, and a box of assorted objects on a wall shelf. Numerous weapons are standing in a rack, propped against one of the walls. Will you:

Take a look at the box?	Turn to **24**
Take a look at the weapons?	Turn to **206**
Leave the room and walk on up the tunnel?	Turn to **151**

357

Clouds slowly fill the sky, covering the weak glow from the moon so completely that soon you cannot see your hand in front of you. You have no option but to wrap your blanket round you, hope for the best, and sleep out on the open plain. Turn to **359**.

358

The arrows fly past your head and thump into the door behind you. You run foward to attack the Goblin archers before they have time to reload their bows. The Death Lords scream at them to smash you to the ground with their clubs.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	4
Second GOBLIN	5	5

Fight the Goblins one at a time. If you do not have a sword at the moment, you must temporarily reduce your SKILL by 2 points during this combat. If you win, turn to **163**

359

Although you sleep uneasily and are awake just after dawn, the night passes without incident. You look eastwards at the imposing sight of Firetop Mountain in the shadow of the rising sun and estimate that you should reach it by midday. Turn to **221**

360

You enter a dark room which has the smell of death about it. A solitary candle is burning on top of a skull, which stands on a small table against the far wall. There is a small box under the table and next to the table is an open coffin. In the murky shadows in the far corner of the room you make out the vague outline of a dark-caped figure. The cape suddenly flickers, displaying its scarlet lining. The figure slowly steps forward and, as its face comes into the candlelight, you see two long fangs protruding from its upper jaw. It is a Vampire! If you have some garlic, turn to **181**. If you do not have any garlic, you may either fight the Vampire (turn to **254**) or close the door behind you and walk further up the tunnel (turn to **172**).

361

'As you wish,' says Zoot unconcernedly. You follow him outside into a courtyard at the back of the house; there he looks up into the sky and lets out a high-pitched whistle. Moments later, you see a speck in the sky which grows bigger as it glides down effortlessly towards you. It is a huge, beautiful eagle, its feathers magnificent shades of golden brown. With its wings outstretched, it lands in the courtyard. Turn to **71**.

362

You hear a metallic click, followed by a rumbling noise coming from above. You look up – to see an iron cage falling on top of you. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **270**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **324**.

363

The key is too big for the keyhole. No matter how hard you push and wiggle the key, it won't fit in the lock. You must think of another way to escape. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK. If you want to use the bucket in your escape, turn to **21**. Otherwise, if you have a Gold Piece with the letter 'Z' stamped on it, turn to **84**.

364

The crossbow bolts fly over your head as you dive into the river. You swim downstream under water until your lungs feel about to burst. When you finally surface, you find yourself in another large cavern; this one is filled with giant crystals, all sparkling and glinting in the light of torches. You swim over to the bank on your left and wade out of the river. You stand facing two tunnels. The word 'PITS' is chiselled into the stone above the left-hand tunnel and the word 'PUZZLES' is chiselled above the right-hand one. Will you:

Examine the giant crystals?	Turn to **247**
Enter the left-hand tunnel?	Turn to **124**
Enter the right-hand tunnel?	Turn to **38**

365

The Elemental crashes down on top of you, then picks you up by your foot and dangles you upside down. The pain in your foot is unbearable and you scream out. For a few seconds you can hear Zagor's evil laughter, before you are hurled against a wall and knocked unconscious. Turn to **208**.

366

You wake up the next morning, feeling as if you have slept for a hundred years. Regain 2 STAMINA points. Sitting up, you are startled to see an ugly, warty-skinned creature in ramshackle armour lying near you; it too is stirring back to life. This is a Hobgoblin and it was going to rob you while you slept, but it became a victim of the Sleeping Grass as well. It sits up and grunts, then suddenly remembers that it was on the point of attacking you. It grabs its spiked club and turns to face you. You must fight the Hobgoblin.

HOBGOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **229**.

367

As you run away, the leading Lizard Man hurls his spear after you. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to **234**. If the number is 4–6, turn to **111**.

368

You raise the iron ring on the trapdoor and lift it up. At once you can hear high-pitched squealing, and a terrible smell wafts up from below. Suddenly a huge rat leaps into the room and you let the trapdoor fall. Roll one die to determine how many Giant Sewer Rats clamber up into the room before the trapdoor slams down. Fight them one at a time. Each Sewer Rat has a SKILL of 5 and a STAMINA of 3. If you win, turn to **108**.

369

In a series of jerky movements the Skeleton Warriors lurch forward together to attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON WARRIOR	8	6
Second SKELETON WARRIOR	7	6

Each Skeleton Warrior will make a separate attack on you every Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen opponent in the normal way. Roll again against your second opponent. This time, a successful roll means you have defended yourself against its blow, but you do not hurt it. If your Attack Strength is lower, your opponent wounds you as normal. If you win, turn to **58**.

370

Your hand touches your sword but succeeds only in knocking it off the step on which it is lying. It clatters to the ground and you snatch it up quickly. Your pulse races as you stand in the darkness, feeling like a trapped animal. Suddenly the trapdoor above you is thrown open and light pours into the cellar, almost blinding you. You can make out the heads of two creatures above you, partially blocking out the sun. They both start shouting loudly while jabbing their spears down the stairway, but you cannot understand a word they are saying. They are Goblins and you will have to fight them. They descend the stairs into the cellar one at a time, so you are able to fight them separately.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	4

If you win, turn to **129**.

371

The dagger finds its mark, hitting the Goblin squarely in the chest, and it slumps forward on its face. After retrieving your dagger, you walk down the corridor and enter what appears to be a meeting room. In the centre of the room is a long table surrounded by eight chairs; the walls are lined with shelves full of books, manuscripts, scrolls and maps. There are several piles of gold coins on the table and odd coins lie scattered about the room A door in the far wall suddenly opens and an old man enters; he is wearing a long purple gown with a raised collar and a purple headband. 'Intruder,' he says grimly, 'you have no right to be here. But if you are smart enough, you may be of use to me. Answer my question and live – fail, and you die. Tell me, how many gold coins are there in this room?'

Look at the illustration and count them up If you know how many there are, turn to the paragraph with that number. If you get the answer wrong, remember to turn to **232**.

372

The tunnel leads into a candlelit room; it is littered with many skulls, human and animal alike. Two candles, both of which are burning in their brass holders, are mounted on wooden pedestals on either side of the tunnel's entrance. In the opposite wall the tunnel continues into the distance, lit by a long line of torches. You step into the room and, as you do so, the skulls start to shuffle towards you, making the floor by

the tunnel's entrance look like a cobbled path. If you try to leap over the skulls, turn to **47**. If you would rather brave walking through them, turn to **173**.

373

The tunnel eventually ends at a T-junction. If you wish to go to the left, turn to **4**. If you wish to go to the right, turn to **48**.

374

A dagger flies out of the bushes, straight at you. If you are holding a shield, turn to **49**. If you do not have a shield, turn to **196**.

375

You soon prise the lid off the crate and find that it is filled with cabbage leaves, most of which are rotten; the smell rising up from the crate is horrible. You rummage distastefully through the leaves and find a small silver bell; you put it in your backpack and consider what to do next. If you want to leave the room and turn right into the tunnel, turn to **13**. If you want to enter the back room and have not done so already, turn to **132**.

376

After picking up and stuffing into your pockets as many Gold Pieces as you can carry, you take a look at the various books, charts and scrolls. Most of them are on the subject of the human and non-human brain. The charts are mainly of Allansia, in particular the areas surrounding Firetop Mountain. The scrolls are written mostly in symbols, but you do find one written in your own language: it is headed *The Elementals*. You read it and learn that, in order to create an Elemental from a golden dragon's tooth, the holder of the dragon's tooth must cast it on the floor and say the word 'Cachondo'. Repeating the word over and over in your mind, you pass through the door from which the Mindbender appeared. Turn to **249**.

377

At first the jelly feels cold and slimy to the touch. But suddenly your hand is gripped by pain as though the flesh were melting. You pull out your arm and are

horrified to see that your hand is smoking and blisters are forming. The acid jelly is deadly. Deduct 2 points from your SKILL and 3 points from your STAMINA. You bandage your hand as best as you can and, if you possess Healing Balm, you can restore 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. If you have not done so already, you may now rummage around in the dirt (turn to **242**). Otherwise, you have no choice but to leave the room and walk on to the second door. Turn to **56**.

378

The poison runs quickly through your veins, long before your remedy can work. You lose consciousness and fall backwards on to the floor. Your adventure is over.

379

Following the track west along the bank of the Red River, you observe a lone figure in the distance walking towards you. Wary of Goblins and other loathsome creatures, you drop your hand to the hilt of your sword. But the figure turns out to be just an old, hunchbacked man, hobbling along slowly and leaning heavily on his crooked stick. Staring at the ground, he takes no notice of you until, drawing level with you, he suddenly turns his head towards you and says with surprising menace, 'Give me a Gold Piece!' If you have a Gold Piece, and want to give it to the old man, turn to **123**. If you do not have a Gold Piece or do not wish to give the old man one, turn to **245**.

380

'Everybody bets on the eyeball game,' the Barbarian says menacingly. 'Maybe you ought not to be here. Guards! Arrest this impostor!'

You push back your chair, get up and race out of the room, turning right into the tunnel. The Lizard Men chase after you, their spears raised. The leading one hurls his spear after you as you run away. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to **234**. If the number is 4–6, turn to **111**.

381

You run over to the door, only to find that somehow it is securely locked. Looking behind you, you see now that the creature is more than just a giant snake. Standing upright on its huge, coiled tail, you see the large, scaly torso of a fearsome humanoid female, brandishing a silver sword. In place of hair, small snakes are writhing on top of her head. Her burning red eyes with their deadly stare slowly scan the room for the intruder. You are trapped in the Gorgon's lair. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **31**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **265**.

382

Removing your whip from your belt, you lash out at the Mindbender. Your aim is perfect and the thin leather cord coils round his neck. With a quick jerk, you pull him to the ground. Then you jam a wooden ball in his mouth, cover his head with a cloth bag and bind his arms with the whip to stop him from trying any sorcery. If you wish to search the room, turn to 376. If you would rather walk through the door from which the Mindbender appeared, turn to 249.

383

If you are carrying some rope, turn to 303. If you do not have any rope, turn to 104.

384

Nervously you slip the ring over your forefinger. Nothing happens – except that a warm glow spreads slowly through your whole body. The strange feeling subsides, and now it is time to decide your next action. If you want to climb up the rope to pursue the Goblin, turn to 51. If you would rather leave the room and go further up the tunnel, turn to 23.

385

The guard snarls disdainfully and leaps to attack you, swinging its great spiked club. Turn to 198.

386

The first pot is empty, but the second contains a large iron key with the number '142' stamped on its barrel.

You decide to keep the key, and you make a mental note of the number. If you have not done so already, you may now examine the wooden box (turn to 33) or go to sleep (turn to 95). If you would rather find somewhere else to sleep, turn to 180.

387

The tunnel ends at a stone wall. You notice some footprints on the floor which all point towards the end wall. You deduce that you are in a secret passageway and that there must be a secret door in the wall. You run your fingers slowly over the wall searching for a tell-tale hairline crack or a hidden latch. Then you discover a loose stone, about half-way down the wall. Carefully pulling the stone out of the wall, you see an iron handle. You twist it to one side and hear a click. Your feeling of triumph is shortlived as a poisoned dart flies from above the handle and pierces your throat. The poison is deadly and acts quickly. Your adventure is over.

388

As you run past the Warrior, he lunges at you and makes a grab for your neck. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 160. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 257.

389

The room is quite small and its floor is covered in bones, debris and dirt. In the far corner you see a chain which is bolted to the wall. Will you:

Rummage around in the dirt?	Turn to 242
Pull on the chain?	Turn to 332
Walk on to the second door?	Turn to 56

390

You watch as the Vampire's body crumbles to dust; in seconds only his cape remains. Suddenly a bat emerges from the cape and flies out of the room. You walk over to the box and find a quill and an ink bottle full of blood inside. You decide to abandon your find and leave the room, turning left into the tunnel (turn to 172).

391

The hunchback drops his stick, staring almost disbelievingly at the wound on his arm. Then he looks up at you and says, 'Go on then, finish me off!' You sheathe your sword, attempting to convince the old man that you are Zagor's enemy, not his friend. Turn to 301.

392

The glass ball shatters on the stone floor and you are immediately engulfed in the white smoke. Hacking and coughing, you stagger out of the room, pulling the door shut behind you. Your head spins, and you feel completely disorientated and quite sick. If you have one of Dungheap Dan's mushrooms, turn to 139. If you do not have a mushroom, turn to 246.

393

Hampered by having to cover your eyes, you must temporarily reduce your SKILL by 2 while fighting the Gorgon. As you stand your ground before the advancing monstrosity, her frenzied snakes lash out and try to bite you. Roll one die to find out how many snakes bite the hand covering your eyes, then reduce your STAMINA by this number. If you are still alive and the number you rolled is 1–3, turn to 25. If the number is 4–6, turn to 145.

394

You rummage through your backpack and find the glass marble; then you throw it down the yawning chasm without delay. You hear it land, some distance below, but without any magical effect resulting. The island has all but disappeared and you are forced to jump (turn to 46).

395

The Ogre is a ferocious beast and it lets out a blood-curdling howl as it swings its club at you.

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 248.

396

Your blade slices into the huge worm with ease, sending thick yellow slime everywhere. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to 67. If you are Unlucky, turn to 251.

397

You throw the pot on the floor and watch it shatter. A small ball of straw tied with string lies among the broken pieces. You cut the string and open up the straw ball. Hidden in the middle of the straw ball you find a silver ring with the number '69' stamped on it. If you want to put the ring on one of your fingers, turn to 277. If you would rather leave it on the floor you may now smash the red pot, if you have not done so already (turn to 41); otherwise you will have to walk across to the new door in the room of statues (turn to 347).

398

The crew quickly bring down the sails and the boat glides to a halt alongside the upturned rowing boat. Ndroo throws a rope to the Orc, but the Orc turns and dives into the river

'Ambush!' cries Fyll. Looking behind you, you see two Orc war canoes, that had been hidden beneath the branches of trees along the river, coming towards you. A hail of arrows is loosed at your boat. Roll one die and reduce your crew (ten men, including yourself) by this number. Stooy clutches at an arrow that has gone right through his neck, then gurgles a dying breath and slumps forward on to the deck, his legs twitching in spasms. Ignoring him, the remainder of the crew scrambles to hoist the sails as the war canoes draw closer *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **77** If you are Unlucky, turn to **175**.

399

You climb into the boat and the old man rows you slowly across the river. As soon as you get out of the boat on the other side, however, the old man raises his head and howls like an animal and from out of the shadows step four Lizard Men, each armed with a loaded crossbow. Swiftly they take aim and fire as you dive into the murky water Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–4, turn to **310**. If the number is 5 or 6, turn to **364**.

400

The Warlock of Firetop Mountain is defeated. Still panting heavily from exhaustion following the battle, you stand over the body of Zagor. Many of his stitches have burst open grotesquely. But at least Allansia is saved! You walk up the steps to Zagor's throne, which is made of solid gold, set with hundreds of jewels. Your fortune is there for the taking. You fill your backpack with treasure and eventually find your way out of the mountain labyrinth.

In just over a day you are back in Anvil, recounting your quest to the cheering villagers. 'Zagor is dead! Long live Allansia!' they all chant. Filled with excitement, they ask you to lead them back to Firetop Mountain so they can witness Zagor's demise for themselves and help themselves to some of his treasure. You finally agree but put a limit of ten on the party to accompany you. The twisting labyrinth of passages appears deserted; Zagor's guards and servants have all fled. When you finally reach Zagor's hall, you find his body still lying, face down, where it had fallen. The villagers crowd round it laughing, commenting and arguing. You walk over and roll the body over with your foot. A sudden gasp comes from the villagers; there is a big smile on Zagor's face and his eyes are wide open, although he is undoubtedly dead. But the thing that worries you most is that his skeletal left arm is missing, and that was the only bit of Zagor that was truly his own. Could that bony stump grow into another incarnation of Zagor? Surely not . . .

Also in Puffin

SHADOWMASTER

Ian Livingstone and Marc Gascoigne

Chaos stalks the wild lands of northern Allansia. Cruel bandits raid the villages, ransacking and looting as they go. Now, though, the attackers are in search of a treasure far more valuable than gold. Driven by their inhuman leader, they are in pursuit of the key that will unlock the very mysteries of life and death itself!

The sorcerer Yaztromo, for so long the self-appointed guardian of the lands around Darkwood Forest, cannot stand idly by while his countrymen are put to the sword. With Chadda Darkmane close at hand, Yaztromo embarks on a quest to discover the source of the raids and the sinister reason behind them.

What they discover is that when Chaos rules, nothing can ever be as it seems. Fair hides foul, insanity hides inner order, and darkness lurks deep within the light. Can Yaztromo and Darkmane defeat these illusions to discover the real master of the shadows? Only *Shadowmaster*, the third Fighting Fantasy novel, can tell you!

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Steve Jackson

It started with an ambush. When Balthus Dire's bloodlusting Hill Goblins mount their raid on the Strongarm caravan, little do they realize what dramatic consequences their actions will have. For that caravan carries Cunnelwort, a mystical herb from Eastern Allansia, destined for none other than the evil sorceror, Zharradan Marr! War – between two forces well-matched for evil – is soon to ensue . . . Will Balthus Dire's chaotics or Zharradan Marr's undead prove victorious? The answer is here, in the first Fighting Fantasy novel.

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Marc Gascoigne

It started with a burglary. Borne aloft on the back of an immense bat, a sinister thief breaks into the tower of the sorcerer Yaztromo. Guided by long-dead voices, he manages to make off with an ancient scroll whose secrets could spell doom and destruction for all Allansia!

Chadda Darkmane is soon on the trail of the thief. But as the quest grows ever longer, his nagging doubts about the power of sorcery turn into nightmares. The trail leads far beyond northern Allansia, to the Pirate Coast and the twisting alleyways of Rimon, where Darkmane's nightmares become flesh! For the thief has used the ancient scroll to summon others to help him in his sorcerous task. Demons who are not bound by the constraints of earthly forms – who feast on the human spirit.

A few brave companions accompany Darkmane, but will they be enough – and in time – to stop the thief from unlocking the final secret of Yaztromo's scroll? *Demonstealer*, the second Fighting Fantasy novel in a series that began with *The Trolltooth Wars*, holds all the answers.

OUT OF THE PIT

Fighting Fantasy Monsters
Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

From the darkest corners, from the deepest pools and from the dungeons thought only to exist in nightmares come the Fighting Fantasy monsters – the downfall of many a brave warrior. Two hundred and fifty of these loathsome creatures from the wild and dangerous worlds of Fighting Fantasy are collected here – some are old adversaries, many you have yet to meet – each of them described in minute detail. An indispensable guide for Fighting Fantasy adventurers!

TITAN

The Fighting Fantasy World
Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone
Edited by Marc Gascoigne

You met the monsters in *Out of the Pit* – now meet the rest of the Fighting Fantasy world! No adventurer should be without this essential guide. It contains everything you need to know, covering the turbulent history of the world, from its creation and early civilizations – through the devastating War of the Wizards – to the present-day wilderness and anarchy where the delicate balance between Good and Chaos could at any moment be overturned.

347

The door is chained and padlocked; but, using a spear taken from one of the statues, you soon force the lock open. The door looks as if it has been closed for years and you have to tug hard on the handle. Slowly you manage to drag the door open while its rusty hinges creak noisily; beyond, you see a torchlit tunnel. About ten metres ahead there is a door with a barred window in it. You tiptoe quietly along the tunnel and peep through the window.

Sitting at a rough wooden table, an Orc is being served what looks like rat stew by a grisly-looking hunchbacked Dwarf. An ugly purple scar runs down the Dwarf's face from his left eyebrow to his chin The Orc is as ugly and brutal-looking as they come. You keep watching as the Orc pulls a rat carcass out of the stew with his fingers and eats it, head and all. Under the table you spot a wooden crate. If you wish to open the door and attack the Orc, turn to **227**. If you would rather walk on down the tunnel, turn to **13**.

348

As soon as your sword hits the floor, the jagged weapons encircling you also drop to the floor. You realize it is too risky to pick up your sword again and are forced to leave the room without it. You must reduce your SKILL by 2 points until you find another sword. Lose 1 point from your LUCK. Feeling defenceless, you make your way to the third door (turn to **273**).

Puffin Books

ISLAND OF THE UNDEAD

The storm-wracked Strait of Knives in south-east Allansia has long been under the protection of the mysterious sorcerers of Solani Island. For many years their magic has protected the local people from the ravages of the seas, but now, it seems, their power has been usurped. An evil force holds sway across the land, an evil that seems to have power over life and death itself!

A heroic adventurer is urgently needed to journey to Solani Island and discover what has happened to the wizards. Dare YOU be that adventurer? Who knows what terrible fate awaits you on the island where death holds dominion . . . there is only one way to find out!

Two dice, a pencil and an eraser are all you need to embark on this awesome adventure, which comes complete with its own elaborate combat system and a score sheet to record your progress.

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Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone
presents

Island of the Undead

by Keith Martin

Illustrated by Russ Nicholson

PUFFIN BOOKS

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1992
3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in Monophoto Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on this adventure, you must first determine your strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages 20–21 there is an *Adventure Sheet* on which you may keep the details of your adventure. There you will find boxes to record your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the page for use in your future attempts to complete this adventure.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Role one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total thus obtained in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so your SKILL will be between 7 and 12).

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so your STAMINA will be between 14 and 24).

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter the total in the LUCK box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so your LUCK will be between 7 and 12).

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL,

STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during your adventure. You must keep an accurate record both of these scores and of the changes to them: for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes of to keep an eraser handy. Never rub out your *Initial* scores, however. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK points, these bonuses cannot raise any score above its *Initial* figure except very rarely, and you will then be instructed to that effect in a particular paragraph.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and your overall fitness, and your ability to absorb blows in battle; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck and magic are facts of life in the exciting fantasy world you are about to explore.

Magic

During your adventure you may find some magic artefacts, although at first you will probably not realize that they are magic nor even be sure what they do! Such objects may give you the ability to cast a magic spell or to create a magical effect; if you find such an item, you will be instructed in its use in the paragraph in which you first come across it. To begin with, however, you are not a mage but a brave warrior, and

you must overcome your enemies by your wits and courage and by the use of your sword!

Battles

You will often find yourself reading paragraphs in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record your opponent's SKILL score and STAMINA score in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given every time you have an encounter. The sequence for combat is then:

1. Roll two dice for the opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice for yourself. Add your own SKILL score to the number rolled. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strengths are the same, you have avoided each other's blows; start the next Attack Round from step 1, above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. (You may use your

LUCK here to do additional damage – see below.) Proceed to step 6.

5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. (Again, you may use your LUCK here to reduce the amount of damage your opponent does to you – see below.) Proceed to step 6.
6. Make the appropriate deduction either to your opponent's or to your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below.)
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). The sequence continues until the STAMINA of either you or your opponent has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one opponent in a particular encounter, the instructions in the relevant paragraph will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will have to fight them all together; sometimes you will be able to fight them one after the other.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you are faced by situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may call on

your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business, and if you are Unlucky, the results could be unfortunate or even disastrous!

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the outcome will be helpful to you. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will have to pay the penalty for being Unlucky.

This action is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score, whether the outcome is successful or unsuccessful! Thus you will soon come to realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this procedure will become.

If things go so badly that your LUCK is reduced to 1 or zero, you will automatically be Unlucky whenever you are forced to *Test your Luck*. So, be cautious out there!

Using Luck in Battles

Periodically throughout your adventure you will be instructed to *Test your Luck*; you will then be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on a creature you have just wounded or to reduce the seriousness of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded an opponent you are fighting, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may deduct 2 extra points from your opponent's STAMINA score (so that your blow reduces its STAMINA by 4 points rather than the usual 2 points). However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to your opponent's STAMINA score so that, instead of your blow reducing your opponent's STAMINA by the usual 2 points, you may deduct only 1 point from its STAMINA).

If your opponent has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to reduce the effect of this wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full impact of the blow and may restore 1 point to your own STAMINA (instead of your opponent's blow causing 2 points of damage to your STAMINA, it is reduced to only 1 point). But if you are Unlucky, then you have suffered a more serious blow and must deduct 1 extra STAMINA point (so that your opponent's blow causes damage worth 3 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2 points).

Testing Your Skill

Sometimes you will be instructed to *Test your Skill.* This happens when you try to achieve something and are uncertain of success; how skilful you are will affect the outcome. You *Test your Skill* by rolling two dice and adding the scores together. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, you are successful. If the total rolled is greater than your SKILL, you have failed. The appropriate paragraph will tell you what the results of success and failure are when you have had to *Test your Skill.* However, do *not* subtract any points from your SKILL score for *Testing your Skill* in this way; this is the crucial difference between *Testing your Skill* and *Testing your Luck!*

Presence

There is also a box on your *Adventure Sheet* for recording your PRESENCE score. PRESENCE is a measure of your force of personality and your will to survive in the tough struggles that lie ahead. If your PRESENCE score is high, you will create a favourable impression with some of the people and creatures you may meet – but you may also be more likely to attract the enmity and the unwanted attention of evil, life-hating creatures and monsters.

Roll one die then halve the number rolled, rounding fractions up. Add 4 to this new number and enter the total in the PRESENCE box on your *Adventure Sheet* (so this score will be between 5 and 7).

Restoring Skill, Stamina, Luck and Presence

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give an instruction to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A

Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL – but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim two SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score cannot exceed its *Initial* score unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will go up and down a lot during your adventure as you fight enemies and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA score may fall dangerously low, and battles may become particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for 12 meals. You may rest and have something to eat at any time except when fighting, but you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your current STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions on the *Adventure Sheet*. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed otherwise in a paragraph.

There will be times during your adventure when you will be instructed that you *must* eat a meal. When you are told to do this, deduct 1 point from your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*, but you do *not* regain any lost STAMINA this time. If you have to eat a meal but you don't have any Provisions left, you must deduct 2 points from your current STAMINA score.

During your adventure, however, you should be able to acquire at least some extra Provisions to add to the store you begin with. This will enable you to keep STAMINA up during your adventure. However, you cannot carry more than 12 Provisions at any one time!

Luck

Your LUCK score will also change during the adventure as you *Test your Luck*. Additions to your LUCK score may also be awarded when you have been especially fortunate; likewise, you may be told to reduce your LUCK score when you have made a particularly crucial mistake; details of such events are given in the appropriate paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA scores, your LUCK may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically told this.

Presence

Your PRESENCE score may well change several times during the adventure: it may be drained by particular attacks you will undergo or it may be replenished or even raised in places by special encounters or through powerful magic. Your PRESENCE score may well exceed its *Initial* value if you are very fortunate, although it must never exceed a value of 12.

Equipment

You will start your adventure with very little equipment indeed. All you have is a simple knife, a waterskin and enough Provisions for 12 meals in your backpack,

and some simple fisherman's clothes – fortunately, these are well made to keep you warm and safe from the elements and, with your stout leather jerkin, are as good as leather armour.

You do *not* possess either of the following at the very beginning of your adventure: a sword or a shield for self-protection. You should try to get hold of these items as quickly as possible! You will suffer important combat penalties if you do not possess them. If you do not have a sword, just the knife you begin your adventure with, you must roll one die each time you manage to hit an enemy in combat. If you roll a 5 or a 6, you have been fortunate and may deduct the usual 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA. If you roll 1–4, however, you inflict only 1 point of STAMINA loss on your enemy. A knife simply isn't as good a weapon as a sword. If you do not have a shield, you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL when fighting.

You will sometimes find treasure in the form of Gold Pieces or valuable objects; you should record any items you find in the Treasure box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Your opportunities for trading Treasure for help and information will be very limited in the course of this adventure, but you should still be honest about keeping an accurate record of how much Treasure you obtain!

A special feature of this adventure is that you should always keep empty potion bottles (if you manage to find magic potions) after you have drunk their contents, because the bottles may come in handy as containers

later on! Make sure, when you drink a magic potion, that you cross the potion off your Possessions list on your *Adventure Sheet*; then record 'empty potion bottle' elsewhere on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Hints on Play

Your journey will be perilous and you may well fail on your first attempt. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will prove invaluable in later forays in the adventure, and it will enable you to progress more rapidly to unexplored regions.

Not all areas contain treasure or useful information: many contain traps and wild creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. You may take wrong turnings during your quest and, while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for. However, the more areas you explore, the better the chance you have for success in the adventure ahead.

Be very wary about *Testing your Luck* unless you are told that you must do this! Generally, when it comes to fights you should *Test your Luck* only to keep yourself alive when an opponent's blow would otherwise kill you (so far as reducing your STAMINA loss from your opponent's blows is concerned). Don't *Test your Luck* in order to try and do extra damage to your enemy unless this is really necessary! LUCK points are precious.

You will quickly realize that paragraphs make no sense

if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the paragraphs you are instructed to go to. Reading other paragraphs lessens the excitement and surprise during play.

The only true way to success in the adventure involves minimizing risk; any player, no matter how weak his or her initial dice-rolls, should be able to struggle through to final success and glory.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

HONOUR	TIME ELAPSED	ENEMY ENCOUNTER

EQUIPMENT LIST	POSSESSIONS
PROVISIONS REMAINING	

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

Life isn't easy in the small fishing towns along the coast facing the Strait of Knives in Allansia. The poor soil of the land, together with the heat and droughts, doesn't yield much in the way of crops to sustain life. Still, it's better than living on the far side of the Glimmering Sea and having to suffer the predations of marauding Lizard Men from the swamplands of Silur Cha. And the fishing here is good; it's how most people make a living. In the past, howling winds whipped the sea into massive waves and whirlpools along the coastline, and violent storms could brew up in an hour or less, until the wizards came to Solani Island.

Why the magicians chose Solani as their home, no one is certain. Perhaps they liked the solitude, since they had to share their island with just a small community of monks, who didn't bother them. The wizards were specialists, using the magic of the elements in their studies. They soon came to an arrangement with the folk of the fishing villages which benefited everyone. The fisherfolk left the wizards alone and kept them regularly supplied with food, wine, cloth, tools – and with those raw materials for their magical experiments which couldn't be found on the island: balls of sulphur, vials of quicksilver, pure silver and bronze. The villagers are poor people and normally cannot afford such

rarities, but the wizards' part of the bargain more than recompensed them for their offerings: in return, the wizards used their power to calm the elements. Storms and gales no longer afflicted the coast and the waters now were calm and offered excellent fishing. With such rich pickings available to them, and able to fish every day, the villagers could sell their excess catch to passing ships, to sell on to others along the coast who could not rely on such good harvests from the sea. The wizards let it be known that they would not take kindly to others coming in and stealing the fish from your home waters, and other folk were wise enough not to incur the wrath of the wizards! The wizards were held in high esteem; why, they even set up a magical beacon of light in the old lighthouse on Solani, to protect ships approaching from the open sea.

Recently, though, something has clearly gone wrong. A bad storm a week ago drowned all the men on board one fishing vessel, the first loss of people to the seas for some years. There have been rumours of a dead man being washed ashore from the wreck; they said that the corpse walked on the sands and killed two goatherds before it was destroyed by fishermen. Then, just last night, a freak wave swept in along the shoreline and overwhelmed two more fishing boats, killing a dozen men.

Something is wrong in Solani, and the livelihoods of many hundreds of people are threatened. That includes you! Although you have listened to seamen's tales and you have longed for a life of adventure in the strange

and wonderful lands they speak of, you still support your family by fishing with your father and brothers.

The elders of the villages met and decided that a group of men must go to Solani in the strongest, stoutest boat the village can muster. The morning weather looked set fair, sunny and calm, a beautiful summer's morning with the gulls crying and swooping over the azure waters. Everyone aboard took a weapon and strapped on leather armour, uncertain what menaces Solani Island might present. The boat made it half-way across the strait before a wave rose almost vertically upwards from a placid sea and smashed down over it. Men were swept overboard; two were crushed as the single mast broke across their backs, and the boat keeled over and soon sank.

You were swept into the raging current of the now-boiling sea, desperately holding your breath to stop yourself from drowning. You struggled against an inexorable force that was dragging you down, and your eyes saw only red before them as your heartbeat thumped in your ears. You couldn't hold your breath any longer, as you passed out you knew you were going to die ... and you woke up lying on the shore and coughing brine from your sodden lungs. Mercifully, most of what you carried seems to be with you, and your food, wrapped in waterproof cloth, still looks fit to eat. Checking by the sun, you guess that you have been washed up on the western coast of Solani Island. You can't see anyone else along the beach. Perhaps you are the only survivor of the wreck. Now

it is up to you alone to solve the mystery of Solani and discover what terrible fate has befallen the wizards.

Now turn to paragraph 1.

1

Summoning what strength you have left, you get painfully to your feet and walk along the shoreline, looking for anything washed ashore from your ship. You're almost ready to abandon the effort when you spot a ragged figure lying, face down, in the sand. You rush over to see if you can help the man and turn over his body. You recognize him: he was the navigator. Suddenly his muscles twitch, the dead eyes open and his hands claw at your throat! His corpse has been animated by some fell magic, and you will have to fight for your life!

SEA ZOMBIE SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win, you clamber up the sandy incline in order to get a better view around you. You notice some driftwood and planks being washed up by the tide from the north-east, although you saw no wreck when your boat sailed towards the bay. To your east is an expanse of barren, high moorland with jagged rocky outcrops scattered here and there. To the south, a fair expanse of woodland, starting in the near distance, extends well into the centre of the island and towards a western promontory. On the eastern edge of the woods a hillock rises; it would certainly make a good vantage-point for looking round the island. Lastly, just to the north of east, across the moorland, you can make out the white tower of a lighthouse. Will you head:

North-east along the coastline? Turn to 351
South towards the woodland? Turn to 57

East into the moorland?	Turn to 90
South-east towards the hillock?	Turn to 186
Towards the lighthouse?	Turn to 333

2

At the foot of the stairs you open a door and find yourself looking into a long passageway which is lit by magical glowing globes, set into wall-sconces. To your left, the passageway ends at a glowing screen of blue light beyond which you cannot see, and there is a door on the wall opposite, a few paces to your left Looking to your right, there is a door at the end of the passage; a set of chiselled stone steps leading down are set into the wall opposite, again a few paces to your right. Will you:

Open the door to your left?	Turn to 15
Open the door at the far right of the passage?	Turn to 385
Descend the steps?	Turn to 56
Try to pass through the screen of light?	Turn to 37

3

You can attempt to erase the pentagram by pouring some liquid into the magical diagram to dissolve the markings If you have any of the following you can use it here: olive oil, grog or Monks' Herbal Liqueur (a whole bottle of liqueur will be needed). Decide which liquid to use, remove it from your Possessions, and turn to 116. If you don't have any of these liquids, or if you prefer not to use any here, return to 302 and choose another course of action.

4

Smashing the Brass Orb at your feet cloaks you in an aura of magical force. The Master of Fire flings a handful of white magical missiles at you, but they strike the aura and are dissipated, causing no damage! You can completely ignore the effects of the next two (and only two!) spells cast at you (this includes the effects of running through magical fire, if this would otherwise damage you). Regain 1 LUCK point for your wise action. Now rush the wizard; turn to 364

5

Trying to climb the rigging when a storm is in full spate is simply suicidal You manage to climb 10 metres up before a vicious, gale-force gust tears you from the boat and into the sea, breaking you on the sharp rocks below. Your adventure ends here

6

You enter the scrub margin of the marshland which leads into the denser swamp to the south. There is a track you can follow which keeps your feet out of the inky pools and channels of brackish water that periodically release stinking bubbles of marsh gas. Clouds of insects buzz and drone over the filthy water and the plant life is mottled with a yellow blight. Fronds of mangarel trees blot out the sunlight above you and the swamp has an aura of sickness and disease about it. If you have a vial of Green Cream, smear this on yourself to keep the insects away, otherwise you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA because of their bites during your trek through the swamp. If you have Lung Rot, turn to **315**. If you don't have this disease, turn to **384**.

7

Fight the Homunculus normally, but with one exception: due to your adversary's small size and its ability to dodge and duck as it flies, your Attack Strength is reduced by 1 point whenever you strike at it.

HOMUNCULUS SKILL 8 STAMINA 5

After three Attack Rounds (this includes any free hit the Homunculus had if you tried parleying with it), the far door in this room flies open and a bedraggled young man in tattered robes peers round the door. He takes in the situation and prepares to cast a spell at you. If the Homunculus is still alive, you must continue fighting it; turn to **184**. If you have already killed the Homunculus, you can attack the young man (turn to **395**) or try to parley with him (turn to **262**).

8

The trail grows narrower and finally emerges into a circular clearing with no obvious route for further exploration. However, you notice a patch of very unusual purple fungi here. Their caps have strange, thick, pink tendrils hanging down, looking for all the world like rats' tails. If you have a book which tells you about the plants of Solani Island, turn to the paragraph with the same number as that on the page on which the Rats' Tail Fungus is described. Otherwise you must backtrack and take the southern route through the woods, so turn to **345**.

9

Test your Skill. If you are successful, you manage to seal the manikin inside the chest before it can escape. Now you can examine the swords, if you haven't already (turn to **103**), or leave and search elsewhere (turn to **79**). If you fail, the manikin bursts out of the chest and grows to full human size, and you are forced to fight it; turn to **268**.

10

The diamond pulses and glows, absorbing the energies of the Dire Spectre's attacks into itself Regain 5 points of STAMINA, and you also gain 1 point of PRESENCE! You may now drink a Blue Potion if you have one (turn to 117), move to attack the Spectre (turn to 242), or coat your sword with Spectrebane, if you have any (turn to 174).

11

As you run back along the passageway, you are hit by a buffet of wind which batters you to the ground Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA You pick yourself up and keep running. Turn to 23 to choose another area to search, but make a note that you can return here from the main passage by turning to 340.

12

Your weapon is useless against the Elemental, which lashes out at you with a hard blow. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You are forced to flee; turn to 379

13

It takes quite some time to make even a cursory examination of the shelves, there are so many of them; you must eat a meal during your search. The books themselves are indecipherable to a non-magical person such as yourself, but you do find a scrap of paper covered in very crabbed and angry handwriting. You read, 'He's a FOOL! Stupid! It's obvious to a moron that progress will depend upon getting the Earth element correctly infused. The Airy element can be wholly ignored at this stage.' The note continues, full of invective and abuse, with a bitter diatribe against the Master of Air. The tone of the jottings is wild and furious, and you feel sure that the wizard who wrote so angrily must have been half crazy at the time Now return to 110 and select an option you haven't chosen before.

14

The Pocket Dragon continues its telepathic messages. *I'm a wizard's familiar,* it explains. *Belonged to Shantizair, Great Wizard of Gallantaria; I suppose you've heard of him, hmmm?* You have no reply. *Oh well, anyway, he's dead now. Drowned in the wreck down there. He was trying to investigate the wizards of Solani. They'd been dredging up the dead from the sea, playing with animating them by magic, then there was some kind of argument — Shantizair wasn't certain about that, but it was something to do with a stone circle in the woods as I recall. The monks at the monastery along the coast, one of them had found out something. He hid some crystals, left some secret with the hermit of the woodlands, and went to the shr . .*

The Pocket Dragon's message stops abruptly as a stony fist smashes down on the tiny fluttering creature

You stare in horror at the creature which seems to have appeared spontaneously in the lighthouse cupola. The bestial, inhuman thing has wild hair, mad eyes and clawed fingers, and is dressed in rotting rags. Its skin is covered in stony nodules and plates, and its undead claws rake at your flesh. You must fight the Stonewight for your life.

STONEWIGHT SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win and you were struck twice at most by the Stonewight, turn to **135** If you win, but you were struck three times or more, turn to **190**.

15

You open the door into a storeroom which has been almost emptied of its contents. Empty jars, sacks with but a handful of stale grain, scattered empty bottles and the like litter the shelves here. It looks fairly barren; if you want to make a prolonged search, turn to **65**. Alternatively, going back to the passage, will you:

Open the door at the far end of the passage, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to **385**
Descend the steps?	Turn to **56**
Try to pass through the screen of light?	Turn to **37**

16

The hermit evades your blow with staggering agility and ease by leaping up into a tree. From there he empties the contents of a small bag of spores over your head. You can't avoid breathing in the fungal spores; they irritate your throat and eyes and make you cough horribly. After you've rubbed the tears from your eyes, the hermit is gone – and you have contracted the disease, Lung Rot (make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to **168**.

17

The Master of Fire suddenly stands upright beside his throne and begins to cast a spell. You cannot see him clearly through the heat haze, but he looks a powerful, tall and commanding figure in his red-and-black robes,

and you are in no doubt that he is about to unleash something very unpleasant upon you. What will you do now? Will you:

Run down the left-hand stairs towards the Black Skeleton?	Turn to **131**
Run down the right-hand stairs?	Turn to **239**
Throw acid at the Master of Fire, if you have some?	Turn to **120**

18

A stone monastery stands behind a thicket of heavy tanglebriar in front of you. As you approach the tunnel-like passage through the forbidding plant barrier, the thorned and heavily barked branches of the plants lash out to strike at you. If you have some Green Cream and wish to use it here, turn to the paragraph with the number that is twice that of the paragraph where you found the Green Cream. If you have no cream, you can risk forcing a way through the vegetation (turn to **33**) or leave and find somewhere else on the island to investigate (turn to **281**).

19

The thin-faced young fellow lowers his hands, realizing that you have no intention of killing him. Clearly he's desperately afraid, though, and he is shaking and trembling as he speaks. He doesn't know who you are and won't give you his name; he says he is a wizard's apprentice and is imprisoned here. You sense that threatening him won't get you anywhere, so you must make some gesture of friendship. You can offer him

food (deduct 1 from your Provisions), a Potion of Stamina, some grog or a dose of Monks' Herbal Liqueur. If you do this, remove the appropriate item from your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **48**. If you won't give him anything, he won't trust you – so you can either attack him (turn to **30**) or leave him here and go elsewhere (turn to **76**).

20

As you leave the great central barrow, the moon's light is beginning to fade and the last of its rays are illuminating the central arch. You decide that you may find yourself trapped in whatever realm this magical terrain is sunken in during the day if you do not get away swiftly; who knows if the living can survive here as the dead do? You climb a tree to get some sleep; turn to **276**.

21

A powerful feeling of well-being surges through your body. If you had any disease, it is now cured. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* Level, and you may add 1 point to that *Initial* value (to a maximum of 24). Turn to **245**.

22

The final strike by the undead creature paralyses you! Unfortunately you can still feel pain as the monster begins to feed on your flesh . . .

23

Standing in the main passageway, choose an area to explore which you have not yet investigated. Will you:

Open the brown door?	Turn to **215**
Open the black door?	Turn to **381**
Descend the stairs?	Turn to **322**
Open the rosewood door?	Turn to **71**
Head for the hazy yellow light in the distance?	Turn to **340**

24

Searching along the clifftop a little way from the tower, you find a path leading down, so you investigate it. Hidden behind a screen of windblown shrubs half-way along, you discover a hidden tunnel leading towards the base of the black tower. You can enter this lightless passage if you wish (turn to **399**); otherwise, you return to the tower (turn to **128**).

25

Whatever you may choose to do with the crystals will achieve nothing here. Roll one die; from the fingers of the Master of Fire fly the same number of white magical darts and they all strike you in the chest and arms; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA for each dart. If you are still alive, you decide to run straight at the wizard, so turn to **364**.

26

You jump as an owl hoots close by. You had nodded off to sleep! Rubbing your tired eyes, you see that the scene in the clearing is quite different now that moonlight is shining softly down on the area. The crescent moon above the stone arch radiates a soft white light and within the clearing stands a circle of standing

stones. Enclosed within the ring are three barrows of earth, each with a darkened entrance, one to either side of you and one with its entrance directly in front of you.

If you want to enter a barrow, you need a lantern in order to see properly. If you don't have a lantern, you must deduct 2 from your Attack Strength during any combats in any of the barrows, and you will be very vulnerable to traps. What will you do now?

Climb a tree and get some sleep?	Turn to **276**
Enter the right-hand barrow?	Turn to **38**
Enter the left-hand barrow?	Turn to **160**
Enter the large central barrow?	Turn to **59**

27

Attacking the Lizard Man is a serious tactical error. You saw only one, but there are nearly a dozen of them here, armed with spears, tridents and nets. You are swiftly overwhelmed and netted, then they carry you off for lunch. Your adventure ends here.

28

'Molander was the first life-meddler. He played with simple forms of life: algae, plant life, amoebae and the like, using them as simple substrates for his later experiments, creating hybrids and mutants and the like. Few of his creations ever survived. Beware the monster in the pool room; try to lure it out to attack you out of the water. There are valuable things in his alchemical laboratory – good magic there, but the door is dangerously trapped. There is a magical box in

his study which creates food, too.' The spirits are fading and can say no more; turn to **167**.

29

The gross, filthy horror advances towards you with a disgusting undulation, squelching in its own acidic slime, eager to devour you!

SLIMEWORM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, will you:

Climb the stairs?	Turn to **376**
Open the trapdoor?	Turn to **261**
Leave and make for the wreck?	Turn to **291**
Leave and find somewhere else to visit?	Turn to **70**

30

You strike out and slay the newly trusting young man, a shameful act. Lose 1 point each of PRESENCE and LUCK. Turn to **76**.

31

As you make your way back to the landing, you notice that a strange change has taken place in the pentagram. It seems to have expanded and now is pulsing slightly with a dim yellow light; it almost seems to be growing across the woodwork even as you look at it. It's impossible to bypass it, and you take your courage in both hands as you step into it and cross to the stairs below. Turn to **392**.

32

The Spectre glides across the burnt-out ruins of his study, intent on throttling the life out of you. He will fight with his life-draining spectral hands in the second and subsequent Attack Rounds of this combat, but in the first Attack Round he will cast a spell at you If you have the higher Attack Strength in this first round, you wound him and ruin his spell-casting. If he has the higher Attack Strength, he will encircle you with a whirling radius of ice and superchilled hail, and you will lose 5 STAMINA points!

MASTER OF WATERS SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you win, and the Spectre struck you at least once, roll one die. If you roll any number other than a 6, you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL because of the life-draining chill caused by the Spectre's strikes. However, you gain 1 point of PRESENCE for dispelling this awful undead creature. You can see clearly that nothing in this room is of any use to you. You can now open the left-hand door (turn to **317**) or the right-hand door (turn to **263**).

33

You do your best to fend off the attacks of the tanglebriar as you push your way through to the monastery. You must lose 3 STAMINA points through scratches and lashes, but then you succeed in getting close to the front door of the monastery, which is slightly ajar. There doesn't appear to be any other entrance to the building. Roll two dice and add the numbers rolled If the total is less than, or equal to,

your PRESENCE, turn to 206. If the total is greater than your PRESENCE, turn to 222.

34

Where will you go now? Pick an area which you have not previously investigated to explore next:

The lighthouse (north-east)	Turn to 333
The stone building (north-east)	Turn to 18
The woodlands (west)	Turn to 57
The marshlands (south)	Turn to 6

35

Roll two dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your PRESENCE, turn to 148. If the total is higher than your PRESENCE, turn to 341.

36

You place the Tiger Eye inside the pentagram, and a soft, golden-brown glow emanates from its centre. You step back as a solid pillar of rock rises at the far margin of the pentagram, but still within it. A great fisted Earth Elemental stands before you! It makes no motion but simply waits. What will you do here? Will you:

Ask the Elemental for material aid?	Turn to 247
Ask the Elemental to travel with you in order to help you?	Turn to 304
Ask the Elemental for magical aid?	Turn to 238
Attack the Elemental?	Turn to 358

37

You touch the screen of blue light and recoil with a yelp of pain as a sharp shock rushes up your arm and numbs it. Lose 2 points from your STAMINA. Because your arm has been weakened for a time, you must deduct 1 point from your Attack Strength during your next combat. Now, will you:

Open the door at the far end of the passage, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to 385
Open the door along the passage, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to 15
Descend the stone steps?	Turn to 56

38

If you don't have a lantern, you fail to see the crude pit a couple of metres inside the entrance; you fall down on top of sharp stones and broken bones. Lose 3 STAMINA points, but at least you can drag yourself out of it. Inside the barrow is a stench of decay, caused partly by the leaves which have blown in and rotted away, and partly by other things you don't want to investigate. Yellowed bones break the crude earthen surface; this must have been a mass grave. You really don't want to disturb the dead here, do you? If you do, turn to 87. If you prefer not to, will you instead:

Climb a tree and get some sleep?	Turn to 276
Enter the left-hand barrow, if you haven't already?	Turn to 160
Enter the large central barrow?	Turn to 59

39

You have to overcome a final barrier before you can attack the Master of Fire: his magical wall of fire. If you have a Fire Ruby, you know how many facets it has; multiply that number by two and add thirty, then turn to the paragraph with that number. If you don't have this item, turn to 308.

40

You tap gently the indicated number of times and the door swings open. The cabin behind the door is clean and tidy A small book lies open on a desk, a half-eaten meal some days old rests on a table and a set of robes is laid out on the bunk bed A small wooden coffer is wedged under the bunk bed. There is no sign of the person who occupied this cabin. Checking carefully first, you then drag the coffer out from under the bunk. You force it open and find a small Gold Key (make a note of this paragraph number as the one where you found this key) and a Potion of Stamina. This Potion can be drunk at any time, except during combat, and will restore lost STAMINA points up to one-half of your *Initial* STAMINA (round fractions up). You also find a vellum scroll secured with a black ribbon; you untie it and read with interest:

Dear Shantizair,

Your Work in tracking down the Elementalists is much appreciated. Take great Care if you plan more direct Investigations! Consult Brother Kendris at the Monastery of Hamaskis before you contemplate entering the Circle of Summoning itself – if you can reach it! Indeed, a Spirit there might serve you, but practise Caution! Kendris may have found a Truename which will give you Power over one of the Wizards And he will have the Crystals which will protect you against their Magic. Almost certainly the Shrine will be used to safeguard at least some of them. Old Father Honorton has a Key to the old Crypt below the Tower, which might also be

important if you decide to investigate the Wizards directly.

The scrawled signature is illegible. Pondering the meaning of the information in the note, it's time for you to go elsewhere. Turn to **356**.

41

You look down over the chalky cliffs at the foam-flecked breakers rushing in upon the jagged rocks along the shore, and you see at once that there is more violence afoot than that of sea clashing on stone. Down in the bay, a massed group of Mermen, some riding great Sea Horses, are battling furiously with an equally large band of Shark-Kin, creatures with the torsos and fang-filled jaws of sharks yet with the arms and legs of humans, allowing them to use tridents as well as their lethal bites. What will you do here?

Look for a way down the cliffs?	Turn to **55**
Head south-westwards through the plains?	Turn to **201**
Travel east to the black tower?	Turn to **124**

42

As soon as you enter this room, you discover the source of the strange sounds you heard coming from it; this chamber is a natural grotto, filled with stalactites and stalagmites of exceptional beauty and size, striated limestone columns and deep pools of water, milky with salts and minerals that have been dissolved from the rocks around. The pools bubble and seethe, and the noise is coming from them. As you look around, fascinated by all this, one pool starts to bubble very violently and a creature comes to the surface and emerges from it. You have never seen anything like this – it looks for all of Titan like a vast blancmange, with huge, round, brown eyes and with pseudopods and suckers dotted over its surface, and even the remains of a limb or two. You're not sure whether it intends to attack you – and now your senses register another unfortunate surprise: the door to this chamber has slammed shut behind you. A hard tug on it tells you that it isn't going to open easily. In the meanwhile, the amoeba-like beast is undulating excitedly before you. What are you going to do now? Will you try:

Communicating with the beast?	Turn to **60**
Tugging at the door to open it?	Turn to **112**
Feeding the monster?	Turn to **130**
Searching for another way out?	Turn to **169**
Attacking the monster?	Turn to **189**

43

As you trudge along, a thin, reedy voice greets you from behind some trees. 'What do you want here?' pipes a scrawny and ragged old man. You see that he is sitting in a peculiarly twisted tree. The wild-eyed hermit nervously peels a fruit of some sort with his filthy-nailed, gnarled old hands and you wonder what to say to him. If you don't know the hermit's name, turn to **73** If you know his name, convert it into a number using the formula A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . Z = 26. Add up the numbers corresponding to the individual letters of his name, and then turn to the paragraph of the same number as this total. If that paragraph doesn't begin '"Well met .", you got it wrong, so you will have to turn to **73** instead

44

You must have a magic sword to be able to harm him. If you don't have a magic sword you are forced to flee; turn to **134**. If you do have a magic sword, you can fight it normally, but the wizard's attacks on the first two Attack Rounds will be special ones. In the first Attack Round, if he has the higher Attack Strength he will blast you with a hail of flying rocks and stones, and you will have to lose 5 STAMINA points In the second Attack Round, if he has the higher Attack Strength he will drench you with a vicious jet of acid, and you must deduct 5 points from your STAMINA. Thereafter, the wizard strikes with his hands, which will damage you by chilling and numbing your vitality; you will lose 2 STAMINA points for each successful strike he makes. You cannot flee from the combat now!

MASTER OF EARTH SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you win, you search this chamber, but you find nothing of value to you. You return to the main passage; turn to **23**.

45

Pushing open the door at the bottom of the stairs, you stumble into the extensive cellars of the monastery. They're dark, but fortunately there is a lantern with plenty of oil here, so you take this to light your way (add it to your Possessions). You also take two small bottles of Monks' Herbal Liqueur; each half-bottle dose is a wonderful stimulant, restoring 4 points of STAMINA when drunk, which you can do at any time except during combat. You can't carry more than two small bottles Now, if you want to make an extended search of the cellars by prodding around in dark and dingy corners, turn to **313** Alternatively, you can leave the kitchens and go back to the passage, either opening the door opposite if you haven't done this before (turn to **398**) or heading down the passage to the T-junction further into the building (turn to **154**)

46

You turn and run while the manikin continues to expand in size until it measures some two metres in height. You slam the door just as one of its fists punches you in the back; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. It batters at the door as you close it, and you need something to wedge the door shut. You can use a wooden pole to do this, or you can wedge a

stone axe under the door; you must have the item you wish to use, of course, and you must leave it behind If you are able to wedge the door shut, turn to **79**. If you have neither of these items, the manikin will break through the door and you must fight it; turn to **268**

47

You hold out your empty hands trying to show that you mean no harm. The Lizard Man eyes you carefully, as do about a dozen others who appear here and there on the trail. The Lizard Man knows a few halting words of your language, and you get by with a few gestures in reply The Lizard Man makes it plain that he expects some offering from you, a goodwill gift. You can give him any one of the following, and it will satisfy him: 5 Gold Pieces, a Gold Chain, a Gold Key or a Silver Skeleton Key. If you will not or cannot give him any of these, you must backtrack and choose another route through the swamp: either the south-western trail (turn to **69**) or the rope-bridge of vines (turn to **84**)

If you give him one of these objects, he smiles and gives you a flask of fresh water in return, which you greedily gulp down. To your parched throat it tastes like nectar (regain 4 points of lost STAMINA). Finally, he gives you a warning: there are renegade and hostile Lizard Men further along this trail; they are somehow altered or different from ordinary Lizard Men. The Lizard Men round you all look either angry or saddened at this reference; there is much swishing of tails and poking of spears! After this warning, you might want to return to the south-western trail (turn to **69**) or to the rope-bridge (turn to **84**). If you prefer to press on along this route, turn to **241**. If you prefer to try to get some rest among the Lizard Men, turn to **214**.

48

The young man gratefully accepts what you offer him. He says his name is Vesperen; he served one of the four wizards who lived in the tower and dungeons. He is afraid to leave because of the guards outside the tower; they may attack him. His supplies have run very low and he doesn't know where to get any more food or water. You may tell him how he can get out of the tower (if you have killed the guards or smuggled yourself in through the cliffs, for example), and he's desperate to leave. But first he will give you some information. He'll tell you about two and only two of the subjects listed below; when you consult one of the paragraphs, you will be referred back here; but after you have learned about the two subjects of your

choice, Vesperen will have his bags packed ready to leave, and you haven't the heart to stop him. So, will you ask about:

What happened to the wizards?	Turn to **386**
Dangerous traps in the dungeons?	Turn to **293**
What is in the upper levels of the tower?	Turn to **138**
Elementals in the dungeons?	Turn to **161**
Undead in the dungeons?	Turn to **213**
How to get past the blue screen of light, and what's behind it?	Turn to **246**

After you have made your two choices and got your information, turn to **76**.

49

The plain wooden door opens to reveal a square chamber beyond. The floor here is clearly sunken, because the room is filled with water. If you want to reach the door on the far side of this chamber, you'll have to wade through the water. What will you do here? Will you?

Wade into the water to cross the room?	Turn to **133**
Try to test the depth of the water?	Turn to **64**
Try to find out if there's something in the pool?	Turn to **83**
Leave and open the other door along this side-passage?	Turn to **366**
Leave and search elsewhere?	Turn to **106**

50

You grip the sapphire in your hand and push on the plaque to open the door. The shifting face of the gargoyle sinks its teeth into your wrist and you shriek at the ferocious pain which rips along your arm. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA, but you make it into the room beyond. Turn to **383**.

51

If you decided to use a pearl which you had, turn to **207**. If you used any other item, it has not affected the slimy liquid at all, so you can either break the glass of the tank (turn to **176**) or find somewhere else to search, leaving this chamber (turn to **106**).

52

Below decks you see a door swinging loose. It opens into the seamen's mess where hammocks swing wildly as the boat rocks in the water; there's no one there, and nothing to catch your eye. However, there are also two closed cabin doors and one of them has a strange magical symbol etched on it. Beyond them is a double door, which you guess may open into a large hold at the bow of the ship. Will you:

Open the double door?	Turn to **85**
Check the magical symbol on one of the cabin doors?	Turn to **97**
Open the other cabin door?	Turn to **114**

53

Parraine lets you know that he senses that his bones are not far away, to your left. You gather them up and place them beneath a cairn of stones you have collected, saying a few prayers to the good gods of Titan to protect your helper and friend. Of course, now you have no services left to call on from the Spirit, but you gain 1 LUCK point and 1 point of PRESENCE for your good deed. Now you can either make straight for the black tower (turn to **128**) or search along the cliffs (turn to **24**).

54

You move across the etheric terrain determinedly but slowly, given your unfamiliarity with it. The hateful undead creature before you croaks with a venomous, guttural voice and its very speech crystallizes in the ether into black, spiked motes of magical force which fly at you and strike you. Roll one die; you are struck by as many motes as the number rolled, each of which inflicts 1 point of damage to your STAMINA. But you close doggedly in on your final assailant; turn to **242**.

55

You find a hazardous descent to the bay and clamber down, lucky not to turn an ankle or plummet headlong on to the rocks. You wade into the battle . . . but will you help the Shark-Kin (turn to **139**) or the Mermen (turn to **173**)?

56

One step at a time, you make your way carefully down the stone stairway, looking for traps. *Test your Skill*; if you don't have a wooden pole with you to test the steps ahead, you must add 2 to the total rolled. If you are successful, turn to **144**. If you fail, turn to **101**.

57

Striding out into the deciduous woodland, your acute hearing picks up the sound of quiet birdsong and the scurrying of small creatures in the thick undergrowth. Your nerves are on edge here; every snapping twig, every rustle or sudden whirring of a startled bird taking flight preys on your mind. You edge forward cautiously; and soon your path diverges within the woods. Will you take the southern fork (turn to **345**) or the northern fork (turn to **8**)?

58

You decide to investigate something which you haven't already examined in the laboratory. Will you inspect:

The green glass globes?	Turn to **72**
The red glass globes?	Turn to **88**
The potions and bottles?	Turn to **140**
The oils and unguents?	Turn to **259**
The vat?	Turn to **273**
The chest?	Turn to **284**

When you're ready to leave this laboratory, return to the main passage and find somewhere else to search by turning to **106**.

59

Your heart is pumping frantically as you enter the large barrow mound Uneasy dead do not rest quietly here. You inch forward into the supernatural chill of the barrow, and you think you can hear mutters and murmurs coming from the gloom around you. You imagine the terrors dwelling in deep tombs and you imagine foetid breath on your face, rank and foul But it's no imagining! Before you stands a ghastly shrouded corpse, its decaying body weakly phosphorescent. Lumps of flesh hang from its skeletal arms, and its sightless eye-sockets writhe with maggots It extends its bony hands to embrace you with the paralysing touch of the grave You strike at it blindly with your sword. The thing, whatever it is, has a SKILL of 8; work out which of you has the higher Attack Strength for this first Attack Round. If yours is the higher, you hit the thing for 2 points of damage to its STAMINA; turn to **137** and deduct 2 points from its STAMINA as given in that paragraph If your undead enemy has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **102**

60

There's no way you can communicate with a five-metre-wide mutated amoeba in a state of wobbling excitement! It's growing a little angry now . you guess that it wants food. Turn to **130**.

61

The door here opens into a once-splendid chamber in which someone – or something – has clearly gone berserk Furnishings have been smashed, a fine rug is

ripped in ribbons, and some of the teak panels have been gouged away from the walls. This room is an utter shambles. If you want to search it, you will have to *Test your Luck* to see whether you can find anything at all. If you are prepared to do this, turn to **104**. Otherwise, you leave this room; will you:

Leave the monastery?	Turn to **281**
Head along the passage to the other door, if you haven't already opened it?	Turn to **255**
Climb the stairs?	Turn to **302**

62

You get half-way along the passage and the Skeletons are all standing still – then suddenly one of them extends a bony leg and sends you flying with a well-timed trip. As the Red Skeletons swarm round you, you fall heavily (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA) and you are winded, so you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength for the first three Attack Rounds of the combat you cannot now avoid. Turn to **275**.

63

You take the brass orb in your hands. It seems magical even to one such as yourself who is unschooled in arcane matters, and you are glad to have it, even though you do not know what help it may give you. Make a note of this paragraph number as the one where you found the orb. Now it's time to leave the barrow; turn to **20**

64

If you don't have a wooden pole, you can't really be sure about the depth, so return to **49** and choose another course of action.

If you do have a wooden pole, you poke it into the water until it touches the bottom. You estimate that the water must be nearly two metres deep. Just as you are about to withdraw the pole, something in the pool snatches it from your hand and you lose it! Return to **49** to decide what to do next.

65

You must eat a meal during your search here. You don't find any useful articles here but you do find a secret door in one of the walls If you have a Silver Skeleton Key, you can, if you wish, open this door; if you don't have that key, you cannot open it Will you:

Open the secret door?	Turn to **89**
Open the door at the far end of the passage, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to **385**
Descend the steps?	Turn to **56**
Try to pass through the screen of light?	Turn to **37**

66

As you examine the charred corpse, just for an instant its melted eye-sockets glow with a terrible, infernal, inner light Its blackened hands clutch at your arm and its finger-bones rake your flesh, even as they crumble to ash; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA Horrified, you step back from the thing as it collapses to the floor. You now have an indelible black mark on your arm from its touch; make a note of this. You flee from the room; turn to **106**.

67

The Red Skeletons do not react to your presence and you can hardly believe your good fortune as you walk cautiously past them. Gain 1 LUCK point. You reach the red door at last; turn to **260**.

68

The Orb lands harmlessly at the Master's feet; this action has achieved nothing, except that you have thrown away something which might otherwise have protected you. Roll one die; that many white magical darts fly from the fingers of the Master of Fire. They strike you in the chest and arms; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA for each dart If you're still alive, you decide to make a run for the wizard, so turn to **364**.

69

The trail winds among some heavy clumps of vegetation, and suddenly you miss your footing and slide down into a pool of disgusting swamp water. You accidentally swallow some of the filth and come out, coughing, spluttering and nauseous; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA Something has taken an interest in your strenuous activity: sliding through the swamp waters comes a huge swamp alligator! Its massive jaws open to fasten on your legs and you must fight the thing. You're half in the swamp, so you cannot flee.

SWAMP ALLIGATOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If at any time the alligator has an Attack Strength of 20, turn to **162**. If you win, turn to **188**.

70

You head back across the moorland towards the centre of the island and eventually find shelter below a rocky outcrop It's beginning to grow late; you need rest, sleep and food You must eat a meal here. Drawing your blanket over you, you manage some restless sleep during a warm night. Regain 2 lost STAMINA points, but in the morning you must eat a meal Roll one die; if you roll an odd number, turn to **111**. If you roll an even number, turn to **212**.

71

The rosewood door is simply a trap. It is a false door and, as you try to push it open, the door handle

springs out and hits you hard in the midriff. You double up in pain; lose 2 points from your STAMINA. Try somewhere else! Turn to **23**.

72

As soon as you touch one of the green globes it explodes, showering you with fragments of glass at point-blank range; lose 4 points from your STAMINA. Return to **58** and choose something else to check!

73

Roll two dice and add them together. If the total rolled is less than, or equal to, your PRESENCE, turn to **204**. If the total rolled is greater than your PRESENCE, turn to **118**.

74

This is a terrible mistake. As the body jerks into life, the clawed hand grasps the crystals and crushes them, while a ghastly cackle of glee accompanies the gesture. You've just thrown away a source of power, and your combat here will be hard indeed. Turn to **17**.

75

You must *Test your Skill*. If you do not succeed, you fail to spot a pit trap and fall heavily, losing 3 points from your STAMINA. If you are successful, you observe the pit in time and edge past it without harm. Now you can see that the passage terminates at a door, which you push open to reveal the chamber beyond. This room has smoothed stone walls, and a magical pentagram has been etched into the floor here. The design of a golden-swirled Tiger Eye stone is prominent in the centre of the pentagram. If you have a Tiger Eye stone and you wish to use it to activate the magical pentagram, then you also have a ruby: turn to the paragraph with the same number of facets as the ruby. Otherwise, you must leave the chamber and follow the passage in the opposite direction if you haven't explored there yet (turn to **320**) or go back to the chute and climb out (turn to **334**).

76

Leaving the apprentice's chambers, will you:

Open the door along the passageway, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to **15**
Descend the stairs?	Turn to **56**
Try to get through the blue light screen?	Turn to **37**

77

The Squirting Octopus lashes at your face and limbs with its adhesive, grey-green-suckered tentacles – and, while the teeth in its beak may be small, they are razor sharp . . . and there are scores of them!

SQUIRTING OCTOPUS SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you win, you may retrieve your fishing net. If you have acquired a chest from your diving, turn to 202. If you have no chest, but you managed to bring up a bottle, turn to 279. If you obtained neither, turn to 387.

78

Looking along the side-passage at the far right of the main tunnel, you can see one door half-way along and, at the end of the tunnel, a heavy door with a brass plaque. Even from where you stand, odd whooshing and slurping sounds can be heard coming from behind the nearer door. Will you:

Open the nearer door?	Turn to 42
Open the far door with the brass plaque?	Turn to 328
Search elsewhere?	Turn to 106

79

Standing in the middle of this strange chamber with your back to the door you entered by, you must open a door you haven't tried yet. Will it be:

The door to your left?	Turn to 211
The door to your right?	Turn to 46
The door straight ahead of you?	Turn to 310

80

You use the Gold Key to open the door; then you reach into the alcove below and lift out a heavy tract bound in red leather. Clearly, a monk managed to hide this prized book before the monastery was utterly ravaged: it is a herbiary, describing the medicinal uses of plants. You are no scholar, but three of the entries have been dog-eared and annotated. Make a note of the three dog-eared pages and their contents: page 311 on the Rat-tailed Fungus, page 175 on the Pitcher Plant, and page 266 on the vicious looking Axeplant. After this brief literary excursion, will you:

Leave the monastery?	Turn to 281
Go along the passage to the other door, if you haven't already opened it?	Turn to 61
Set off up the stairs?	Turn to 302

81

The Master's fingers flicker and move through the air, and a chunk of the ceiling above you comes crashing down. A heavy stone block strikes you a glancing blow on the shoulder, ruining your aim just as you are trying to throw the acid. Lose 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you can make a dash for the left-hand set of stairs (turn to **98**) or the right-hand set of stairs (turn to **248**).

82

You whisper the name, 'Molander', and the gargoyle-face hesitates, sinking back into the plaque as you push the door open. You move hastily through into the room beyond. Turn to **383**.

83

The best way to discover whether anything is living in the water is to throw in some food. If you wish to do this, you can either toss ordinary food into the water (subtract 1 from your Provisions) or you can use a flask or a bottle containing slime instead (if you have some). Will you:

Throw some food or slime into the water?	Turn to **95**
Spread some slime round the edge of the pool?	Turn to **254**
Wade through the water?	Turn to **133**
Leave this room and open the other door?	Turn to **366**
Leave and search elsewhere?	Turn to **106**

84

You clamber up towards the vines and, when you get there, you find that the network of creepers and branches forming the rope-bridge makes quite a safe footing. Mercifully it's cooler up here, and you make good headway along your airy route – until suddenly the bridge gives way and you plunge six metres down into a pool of slime-clogged, bug-infested swamp water! Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA as you emerge, gasping for air. Swarming down on top of you are several creatures unlike any you've seen before: they are a metre tall, half amphibian and half human in appearance, with yellow-green, frog-like skin and bulging eyes They carry sharp wooden spears, and one or two even have stone knives Fight the Grupplers as a single opponent here.

GRUPPLERS SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win, you see a horde of the little horrors heading towards the spot where they deliberately cut the rope-bridge; they are armed with the same weapons. You are forced to run for your life, returning to the area where you think the trail is. Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 147. If you are Unlucky, turn to 327.

85

The forward hold is partly waterlogged and the timbers are pierced by a sharp rock. You can hear the grinding of wood on stone but, even though the vessel is shipping water, you don't think it's about to go down just yet. You can see some useful items here,

so you set about gathering them up. You must *Test your Skill*; if you are successful, turn to **145**; but if you fail, turn to **396**.

86

What will you do now? Will you:

Start running down the left-hand steps?	Turn to **98**
Start running down the right-hand steps?	Turn to **248**
Throw acid at the body, if you have some?	Turn to **199**
Throw the Elemental Crystals you have at the body?	Turn to **74**
Throw your diamond at the body?	Turn to **136**
Throw a Brass Orb at the body, if you have one?	Turn to **187**
Throw a red glass globe at the body, if you have one?	Turn to **113**

87

You find a single Gold Piece and a sword which, although rusty, looks as if it won't fall apart too readily, so add it to your Possessions if you aren't carrying one already. This search takes some time, though, so you must eat a meal here Fortunately, the dead don't attack you here. Now, will you:

Climb a tree and get some sleep?	Turn to **276**
Enter the left-hand barrow, if you haven't already?	Turn to **160**
Enter the large central barrow?	Turn to **59**

88

When you touch one of the red glass globes, you feel warmth emanating from it, but you really can't tell what effect it might have If you want to smash one as an experiment, turn to **108**. If you want to take one (only one – they are bulky!), you may do so; return to **58** to choose something else to examine

89

Beyond the secret door a long tunnel stretches into the distance; it is very dark here. Peering into the gloom, you see a crypt chamber in the distance; the air is dank and foul. Entering here is hardly a pleasant

prospect; if you wish to do so, turn to **178**. Alternatively, you can leave this place and search elsewhere on this dungeon level by turning to **277**.

90

The moorland is very heavy underfoot, and you must stop and eat a meal during your leg-wearying march. As you make your way further into the heart of the island, you see that a large stone building lies to the south-east, apparently surrounded by a thick hedge of dark-green vegetation that is utterly unlike anything else you've seen on the island so far. You also notice that, while woodland lies to the south, it doesn't cover the whole width of the island and that on the far side of the central hillock the eastern half of the southern area seems to be swamp or marsh. So will you now head:

North-east to the lighthouse?	Turn to **333**
South-east to the stone building?	Turn to **18**
South-west to the woodland?	Turn to **57**
South to the hillock?	Turn to **186**
For the swamp?	Turn to **6**

91

The howling of the wind suddenly stops; stones and rocks rain down on the ground and are still. The storm is over and the spirits of the wizards are no longer battling each other; they both look very pensive. 'A Vortex of Discord,' Caltarelair mutters, 'that's how he made us quarrel. Created an endless strife

between air and earth right in the middle of us. No wonder we came to blows, and finally to killing.'

'We couldn't enter before because we were too angry with each other ever to join and pass the portal,' Remishaz explains. 'As Masters of our own Elements, we could have done so, but the discord was sown well. And this means that the Master of Fire has become Master of all the Elements now – or, at least, he has mastered Air and Earth to create this Discord. He put us at each other's throats as he murdered Molander, Master of the Waters. Yet it was Molander who first started playing with the forces of life, claiming that water was the basic sustainer of life. It was he who led . . .' Remishaz is unable to continue and the eyes of the spirit widen in surprise. 'I cannot speak his name, the Master of Fire. He has put a command on me, and I cannot speak it.' Turn to **179**.

92

You trigger a trap by dislodging a pile of wood; a set of darts flies out of a wall-alcove and strikes home. Lose 3 points from your STAMINA. Now, you can take the staircase up (turn to **316**) or down (turn to **2**).

93

Rubbing the Brass Orb achieves absolutely nothing. Roll one die; that many white magical darts fly from the fingers of the Master of Fire. They strike you in the chest and arms; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA for each dart. If you are still alive, you decide to make a dash for the wizard, so turn to **364**.

94

'Well met, Ralsteen,' you say with as much friendliness as you can muster, and the unpredictable, wild old man springs down from the tree and shakes you warmly by the hand.

'My dear friend!' he shrieks as he jumps up and down. 'Let me give you a gift!' He reaches into his filthy beard and draws forth a small pearl. 'Purifies the waters, you know,' he mutters rather vacantly. You don't know exactly what he means by this, but you accept his offering (add the pearl to your Possessions) Now Ralsteen's demeanour changes suddenly. 'Do you have a gift for me in return for the priceless information I am about to impart?' he pleads in a whining voice Turn to **204**.

95

You throw the stuff into the water It floats in the middle of the inky expanse of water for a few moments, then there is a sudden explosion of bubbles and foam, and you see a reptilian monster of some kind snatch the food into its toothy maw before diving back as suddenly as it appeared! All is quiet. Will you:

Spread some slime round the edge of the pool?	Turn to **254**
Wade through the water?	Turn to **133**
Leave this room and open the other door?	Turn to **366**
Leave and search elsewhere?	Turn to **106**

96

The Merman leader sees the Gold Chain you are carrying. 'That was to be brought to us by our friend, Shantizair the Wizard. He knew all about the wrongs perpetrated by the wizards of this island and he wished to put them right. We know his ship was lost and that he is dead I do not believe you obtained that chain by killing him, and I would have it for my people. It possesses a magic that, while useless to you, is of value to us. May we have it?' If you are willing to let the Mermen have the Gold Chain, turn to **216**. If you will not give up the Gold Chain, the Mermen swim sorrowfully away. You climb the cliffs, and now you can head south-west to the building in the far distance (turn to **201**) or east to the black tower (turn to **124**).

97

Study the symbol carefully. Unless you can decode the number concealed within it you won't be able to enter the room beyond. If you think you know what the number is, turn to the paragraph with that number. If you can't decipher the number, you must find somewhere else to go, so turn to **356**.

98

You rush down the stairs towards the Black Skeleton. If you drank a Blue Potion when you entered this room, turn to **105**. Otherwise, the horror is ready to fight you as the body begins to stir on its throne; turn to **224**.

99

'Master of Air,' you plead, 'Remishaz, do not be angry with me, I am not your enemy. I have spoken with your apprentice, Vesperen, and he has told me that you were not evil in life. I do not seek to harm you.' The spirit looks troubled, uncertain what to do. 'I seek only to destroy the evil here; storms and the undead have come to my home and people, men and women have died.'

The spirit looks down at the floor, ashamed, but Remishaz replies, 'It was not my doing. It was the Master of Earth, rot his guts! I will drive him down to a final death!' The spirit is almost raving, and the suddenness of his change of mood startles you

'I know not of him,' you reply swiftly, 'I only know you are not at peace. Nor will you be while evil remains here. Help me.'

Remishaz looks wary and suspicious. Slowly and softly, after thinking long and hard, he replies, 'Then give me something to show I can trust you. A spirit such as myself has little I can take from you, but you must sacrifice something to gain my trust.' In order to satisfy the spirit, you must give some of your own life force to him; you must give up 1 point of both your current and *Initial* SKILL, LUCK or PRESENCE. If you are unwilling to do this, you must leave and search elsewhere; turn to **23**. If you are willing, make the appropriate changes on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **314**.

100

At the top of the lighthouse you fling the Magic Stone in the air and recite the incantation on the scroll; the yellow globe flashes into brilliant radiance. The Magic Stone disappears in a tiny flash of its own light (remove it from your Possessions). Once again, seamen will be protected by this beacon from the hazards of the rocks. Gain 1 LUCK point and 1 point of PRESENCE. You head down the stairs to ground level . . . and there's something awaiting you. It looks like a small, spiny-backed dragon with a forked tail and very fine, rainbow-coloured wings. It's about 20 centimetres long from its pert little snout to the tip of its tail. Buzzing in the air, the tiny Pocket Dragon plants a message telepathically into your mind. *You fool,* it says, *now you've announced to the necromancers that there's someone on their island.* It buzzes angrily for a minute, then it calms down. *Oh well, I suppose you're going to need all the help you can get,* it continues. *Let me tell you a bit about the place . . .* Will you:

Listen to the Pocket Dragon?	Turn to **14**
Leave and investigate the wreck in the bay?	Turn to **291**
Go down and investigate the trapdoor, if you haven't already?	Turn to **261**
Leave and find somewhere else on the island to visit?	Turn to **70**

101

The stairs suddenly incline at an angle to create a smooth slope. You slip and go clattering down the stairs, falling heavily on the hard surface of the passageway below; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. What's worse, the noise of your untimely arrival has alerted the guardian. From your right a creature comes whistling along the passage; it seems to be nothing more than a whirling vortex of air and dust, but it begins to buffet you with blows and wind pressure – and, what's worse, it crackles with static electricity! Though not as strong as an Air Elemental, this creature is still a dangerous opponent. If the Pneumozone has an Attack Strength of 21 in any round when you fight it, it knocks you down so that you cannot attack it in the next Attack Round (it automatically attacks you successfully and inflicts 2 points of STAMINA damage on you).

PNEUMOZONE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **144**.

102

The monster's claws extend and stretch outwards, sweeping an arc in the air, and, on the ground, skeletal

hands rise to claw at your legs, hampering your movement and making it hard for you to keep your balance. You must deduct 2 points from your SKILL for the duration of the combat you now face. Turn to **137**.

103

Removing the sword from the clips which hold it in place causes a sealing plug in the wall to be prised loose, and a stream of black powder flows out, pouring over the mantel and into the fire. It explodes very noisily on impact, and you get a faceful of smoke, ashes and flame. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA (4 points if you have the disease, Lung Rot). You think you can hear a gloating laugh coming from somewhere . . . The sword looks very well crafted but, alas, it's just an ordinary sword. Now you can force open the chest if you haven't already done so (turn to **115**) or leave this room and search elsewhere (turn to **79**).

104

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **230**. If you are Unlucky, you find nothing and you leave this room, so will you:

Leave the monastery?	Turn to **281**
Head along the passage to the other door, if you haven't already been there?	Turn to **255**
Head on up the stairs?	Turn to **302**

105

You speed past the Black Skeleton, managing to avoid its blow; astonishingly, once you are past it, the horror does not follow you but becomes inert once more! The effects of the Blue Potion are wearing off now and you will not be able to gain the combat bonuses from your potion in the fight to come, but at least you're closing in on the Master of Fire. Turn to **364**.

106

Choose somewhere else to search (where you have not been before) in this dungeon level. Will you try:

The central door in the main passage?	Turn to **371**
The left-hand door in the main passage?	Turn to **352**
The right-hand door in the main passage?	Turn to **289**
The right-hand side-passage?	Turn to **78**
The left-hand side-passage?	Turn to **219**

107

'There should be healing magic at the shrine. It's on the south-western tip of the island. You have to go through the marshes, and the Swordplains, to get there.' Return to **394**.

108

When you throw the globe on the ground, it breaks and the heavy red gas sinks on to the stone, forming a circular puddle of red, gelatinous slime that sticks to the floor like glue. If you want to take the other red

globe, you may do so. Return to **58** to choose something else to check.

109

You find a small rosewood cabinet at the far end of the room and open its panelled doors. Inside stands an array or crystal glasses, a decanter of brandy, and a full bottle of rich, heavy, port wine. Looking at them, the word 'poison' rises unbidden to your mind, but the drinks may be fortifying and refreshing . . . What will you do? Will you:

Drink some brandy?	Turn to **123**
Drink some port?	Turn to **203**
Burn the painting if you haven't already done so?	Turn to **335**
Leave and try elsewhere?	Turn to **79**

110

You utter the word, 'Elementarae', and the door opens. You step into a blue, hazy light and feel a momentary ringing sensation in your ears and a slight disorientation. You half fall; regaining your balance, you look around to find yourself in a library, standing just outside a magic circle. The room is full of shelves, groaning under the weight of leather-bound tomes; a comfortable armchair and a pair of ornate writing desks complete the furnishings. Beside the armchair is a small table bearing a decanter of red wine. The far end of the room has no wall, simply a screen of blue light. Will you:

Investigate the screen of light?	Turn to **357**
Sit down, take a rest and drink some wine?	Turn to **306**
Search through the desks?	Turn to **377**
Examine some of the bookcases?	Turn to **13**
Walk back into the magic circle?	Turn to **337**

111

You are fortunate; as you get up and shake the grass off your blanket, you spot a nest of large eggs near by. Raw eggs may not be ideal as a food, but they're nutritious and there are enough here for 2 meals (add 2 to your Provisions). Gain 1 LUCK point for this fortunate find. Turn to **212**.

112

If you have oil of any kind (olive oil, Ethereal Oil or oil in your lantern) you can squirt some into the lock (the oil must be removed from your Possessions); if you have a bag of metal spikes and rods, you can jemmy the door open. But you must still *Test your Skill*. If you're successful, you get out and slam the door behind you, wedging it shut with whatever comes to hand; find somewhere else to search by turning to **231**. If you fail, the amoeba advances quickly on you and forces you to fight, so turn to **189**. If you don't have any oil or spikes, you'll have to fight anyway!

113

The red globe explodes and covers the body in a filigree of red, sticky strands. When you come to fight the Master of Fire, you may subtract 1 point from his Attack Strength. Turn to **17**.

114

You have opened the door to the Captain's cabin. It has teak-lined walls, a magnificent mahogany desk and chair, a globe of the world of Titan, navigational charts on the walls, and ornaments and items you want to start inspecting . except that the remains of the Captain bar your way! Foaming at the mouth and snarling with fury, his decaying form lunges towards you in the ragged remains of his once-resplendent uniform. You can avoid this combat by slamming the door and fastening it shut; if you wish to do this, turn to **356**.

GREATER GHOUL SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If the Greater Ghoul hits you three times, turn to **22**; if you win before the Greater Ghoul has managed to hit you three times, turn to **236**.

115

You insert a knife into the chest and prise it open, half surprised that no poison darts come flying out at you, but the surprise inside might be worse. Lying in the chest is a tiny bronze manikin; it is crafted in the shape of a faceless human form and begins to increase in size as soon as you open the lid. As it grows, its metal hands reach out towards you. If you want to try to close the chest before the thing can get out, turn to **9** If you want to attack the manikin straight away, turn to **268**. If you want to let the manikin out and just wait and see what happens, turn to **369**. If you want to run away, turn to **46**

116

Unfortunately your action triggers the summoning spell that has been cast on the pentagram. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to 392.

117

You drink the Blue Potion before the Sceptre can summon up its magical forces, then you race across the ether and prepare to strike at it! Turn to 257, and you will be able to gain the full combat benefits that come from drinking the potion.

118

The hermit does not seem to react too kindly to you as he springs down from his lofty perch. 'I require some wonderful gifts in return for the help I have to give,' he snivels. Turn to 204, and you must offer the hermit TWO items from the list there in return for any information he may give.

119

As you push open the door, the magical ward here discharges an immense force of magical cold. Quite literally it turns your blood to ice and your body-tissues to frozen slush. No one can stand such a shock and live. Your adventure ends here.

120

The wizard is busy casting a spell; you are in the middle of throwing some acid at him. Work out Attack Strengths for yourself and the Master of Fire (who has SKILL 11). If you have the higher Attack

Strength, turn to 271. If he has the higher Attack Strength, turn to 81.

121

Within the crystalline chamber beyond the door is a howling whirlwind of chaos. Rocks and stones are being whipped around like a great, fragmented spinning-top within a hurricane of airy force. As the spirits of the wizards gaze into this flux of magical energies, they grow angry again and you can see that they are preparing to attack each other. You have to get in and somehow deal with the mayhem in this room. If you have both a Tiger Eye stone and a Topaz gem, you know how many facets the Topaz has. Multiply that number by ten, and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you don't have both these items, turn to 378.

122

Carefully examining the trees, shrubs, grasses and flowers, you find absolutely nothing at all. Unfortunately, you do manage to overlook a rabbit hole . . . and you twist your ankle as you step into it. You fall heavily and it's a nasty sprain. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Now you can leave the woodlands after all this time-wasting (turn to 363) or just hang around in the area to see if anything happens (turn to 249).

123

You made the wrong choice. The brandy feels fiery in your throat, but you begin to gag and choke as the

poison it contains seeps into your entrails. Your adventure ends here

124

The dark tower is now clearly visible in the distance and it will not take you more than an hour or so to reach it However, to your right you notice that the ground has given way and opens into a rough and rock-strewn chute, leading down to a darkened tunnel below ground level. You may clamber down if you wish, although it would be safer if you had a rope. Will you:

Climb down the chute?	Turn to **158**
Use a rope to descend the chute?	Turn to **210**
Ignore the chute and continue eastwards?	Turn to **334**

125

You draw your sword and approach the mutated monster It spits at you and the gobbet of corrosive acid hits you on the bare flesh; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. As you slit its throat, the monster groans in relief at being released from its torment and pain. Gain 1 point of PRESENCE Now you can search the room, if you haven't before (turn to **151**); otherwise, you return to the main passageway and search somewhere else (turn to **106**)

126

You can rub the Brass Orb (turn to **93**), throw it at the Master of Fire (turn to **68**) or smash the Orb at your own feet (turn to **4**).

127

You are driven forward by sheer force of will, and you realize with a cry of triumph that the Spectre has descended to using a cheap trick – an illusion! Your mind is not fooled. You rush through the ring of illusion as the Spectre wails its frustration and rage; turn to **257**

128

You creep towards the black tower and observe it carefully from behind rock cover. There is a main door before which stand a pair of two-headed, mutated Lizard Men, bearing great clubs. They are ugly creatures, with oversized arms and shoulders and knobbed ridges of bone along their backs and heads – they would make dangerous combat opponents! Sneaking round the perimeter, you notice that there is a smaller door at the back of the tower which you might be able to approach unseen – if the creature flying over the tower doesn't spot you and dive to attack, of course. Will you:

Make for the large front door?	Turn to 226
Go round to the small back door?	Turn to 270
Back away and search the cliffs?	Turn to 24

129

'There were five of them altogether. Very secretive, never seen around the island. Their sniffling little apprentice did their legwork for them, got the food and clothes from the boats that came here with that air spirit, can't remember its name now. Mischievous and difficult thing, but it's trapped at the Circle and it would serve you if you overcame it Used to be a wizard itself, I believe. The wizards stuck to their dungeons below their black tower. Guarded with magical traps, of course. Mind you, they're all dead now, one way or another, although there's not one of them at peace. One of them drew down the Great Undead, as I said. Don't want to think about what happened to him.' The hermit shudders. Return to 394.

130

If you have a container of slime to give to the creature, it will happily engulf it and reward you with a glutinous belch. Anything else you may offer it will be unacceptable, and it will attack you (turn to **189**). If you manage to distract the amoeba's attention with food, you can now try to open the door in order to get out; turn to **112**.

131

A gout of thick, glutinous acid spurts from the wizard's fingertips and comes flying towards you. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, you manage to run so fast that only a splash of the stuff hits you; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. If you fail, you are hit across the chest and arms by a great gobbet, and you must lose 4 STAMINA points. Turn to **98**.

132

You whisper the name, 'Molander', and you hold the sapphire in the hand which you put on the plaque. The gargoyle-face breaks into a leering smile and a haze of magical energies plays about it, bathing your hand in glowing warmth; regain 2 STAMINA points. The door opens, revealing the large room beyond; turn to **383**.

133

Wading cautiously, you get about half-way across when a large, bony head breaks the surface of the water and a seemingly endless reptilian neck rears up and coils above you, ready to strike. The Great Eel is a tough, evil thing, its mottled body pure muscle and its

jaws capable of snapping one of your limbs in half with the power of its bite. Up to your chest in water, you're at a real disadvantage here; you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength during this combat.

GREAT MORAY EEL SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you win, you wade through the water and try to open the door on the far side of the room; turn to **153**.

134

As you turn to run, a hail of flying stones and rocks slams into your body. Deduct 5 points from your STAMINA as you slam the brown door shut behind you. You must now return to the main passage and choose somewhere else to search, so turn to **23**. If you want to return here, you will be able to do so, but in the mean time the Bone Golem will have become enchanted and reanimated, and you will have to face it again!

135

You pick up from the ground a small gold chain that the Pocket Dragon has on its crushed body. It is divided by beads into eight sections, each of a dozen links (make a note of this). Now will you:

Investigate the wreck in the bay, if you haven't already?	Turn to **291**
Open the trapdoor on the way out, if you haven't before?	Turn to **261**
Leave and find another area of the island to visit?	Turn to **70**

136

The diamond shatters as it passes over the ring of magical fire and shards fly into the body. Make a note that the Master of Fire must lose 3 points from his STAMINA because of this action, then turn to **17**.

137

You dodge and weave to avoid the flailing, razor-sharp claws of the undead monstrosity before you, and to keep away from its noxious, stinking breath. Fight this horror normally, but with one exception: if when you roll the dice for the thing's Attack Strength you roll 10 or higher (before you add its SKILL), its foul breath weakens you and you must deduct 1 from your Attack Strength for the rest of the combat.

BARROW GUARDIAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, you still have a problem: the Guardian's breath has infected you with Lung Rot (record this on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to **307**.

138

'Don't waste your time up there – there are only guards and there's absolutely nothing of value to you.' Return to **48**.

139

You help the evil, brutal Shark-Kin kill the Mermen, and the monsters prevail. They feast on Merfolk flesh and they feast on human flesh, too! Your adventure ends here.

140

Most of the potions and bottles are unlabelled, and the contents of several have evaporated or decayed. You don't much fancy trying them, and the glassware here is too filthy for you to use. There are two exceptions, however. One is a Potion of Luck; you can drink this at any time, except during a combat, and it will restore 1–3 lost LUCK points (roll one die and divide by 2, rounding fractions up). The other is a vial, still clamped within a complex construction of glassware and metal; it contains a syrupy blue liquid from which drifts a pleasing smell of coriander, turmeric and lemongrass. If you want to take the Blue Potion, you will have to *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **157**. If you fail, turn to **182**. If you would rather not attempt this, turn to **58**.

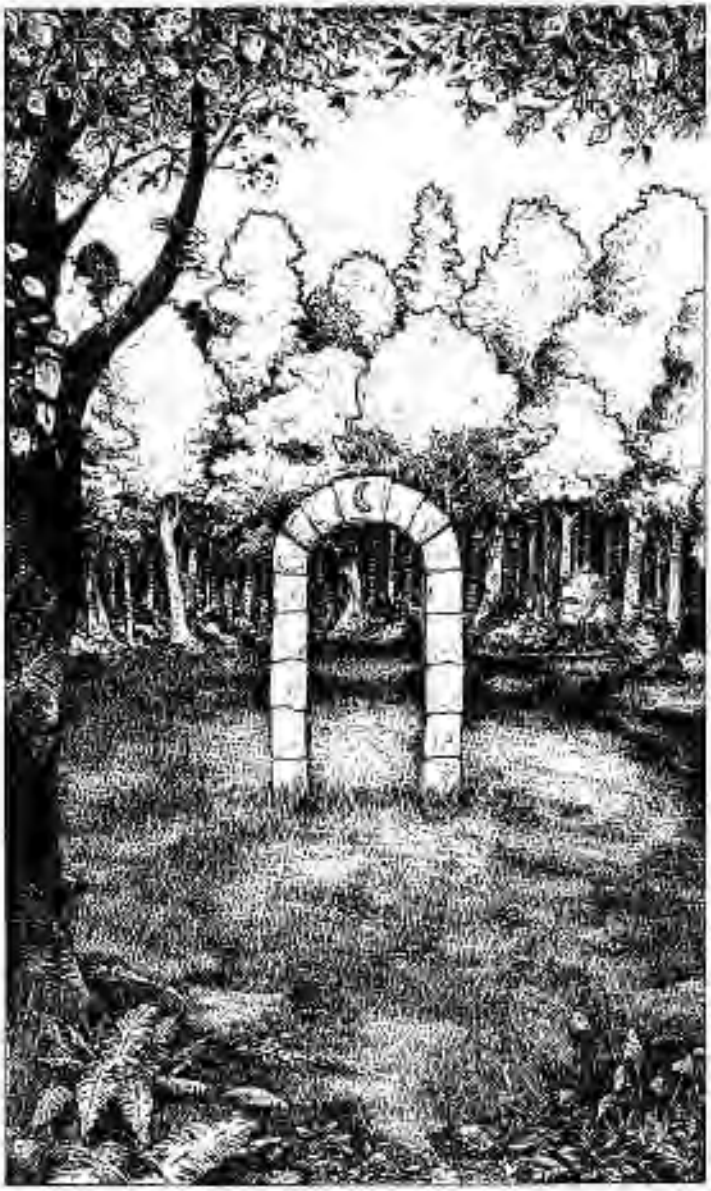

141

You amble through the woodland for an hour or two, so you must eat another meal. You find yourself walking into an almost perfectly circular clearing in the woods, where only lush green grass and some woodland flowers grow. Before you stands a simple stone archway. Filled with anticipation, you walk through the archway . . . but nothing special happens and you find yourself standing on the verdant, lush grass on the other side of it. Walking around and exploring the clearing doesn't reveal anything interesting either. What will you do now?

Leave the woodland?	Turn to **363**
Explore the clearing very thoroughly?	Turn to **122**
Just wait?	Turn to **249**

142

The wizard is in the middle of casting a spell; you are preparing to throw some acid at him. Work out Attack Strengths for yourself and the Master of Fire (who has SKILL 11) If you have the higher Attack Strength, turn to **391**. If he has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **332**

143

Searching thoroughly, you find nothing of obvious value, but this action takes time and you must eat a meal here. If you want to try to clean up the shrine, turn to **195**. If you would rather leave and set off to the east, turn to **390**.

144

You are standing in the middle of another long passageway which is magically illuminated. To your left, the stone of the walls is brown-tinged; this brown stone continues until it disappears in a vaporous yellow haze in the far distance. The wall facing you has two doors in it: straight ahead of you there is a black wooden door with iron hinges and lock; to the left, between you and the yellow haze, there is a door made of reddish wood, not unlike rosewood. To your right, the passage ends at yet another door, this time of brownish wood. Diagonally across from you, stone steps lead downwards. Will you:

Open the black door?	Turn to 381
Open the brown door?	Turn to 215
Open the rosewood door?	Turn to 71
Descend the stairs?	Turn to 322
Head for the yellow haze in the distance?	Turn to 340

145

You salvage a glass bottle, a rope and a sealed vial containing some gunky green cream (make a note of this paragraph number as the one where you found it). Now, will you:

Check the magical symbol, if you haven't already?	Turn to 97
Open the other cabin door, if you haven't already?	Turn to 114
Leave the ship?	Turn to 272

146

The plain wooden door here has a spider's web pattern traced across it in a fine silvery metal; the tracery appears to be growing on the wood like mould on stale bread. You cannot be certain, but you think that it is glowing faintly and you suspect a magical trap may be laid upon this door. If you wish to open it anyway, turn to 349. If you want to open the door opposite you instead, if you have not done so before, turn to 211. If you prefer to open the door opposite the one through which you entered, turn to 310.

147

Fortunately you chance upon the fork in the trail. Now, will you take the south-western route (turn to 69) or the south-eastern fork (turn to 372)?

148

As you are striding across the room, a large hump suddenly appears in the pile of sacking – something underneath it is getting to its feet! You dash towards the wooden staircase; *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you make it to the staircase before the animating Skeleton Warrior guard can get to you, and you force open the trapdoor; turn to 341. If you fail (or if you choose to fight the Warrior anyway), the Skeleton Warrior cuts you off; turn to 171.

149

Unfortunately for your plans, when you fling the acid it simply floats in mid-air, travelling far too slowly ever to catch the Dire Spectre unawares. The shrivelled

form gloats and a terrible ball of blackness rises from its shrunken chest into its hands, and is flung across the ether towards you. If you have a Diamond, total the individual digits that comprise the number of carats within it (so that, if it has 132 carats, add 1 + 3 + 2 = 6) and turn to the paragraph whose number is the same as that total. Otherwise, turn to **217**.

150

The flames do not harm you; the Fire Ruby glows and draws the magical strength of the flames into itself. A wave of powerful magical energy seems to be transmitted from the Fire Ruby into your own body; regain 3 points of STAMINA and gain 1 point of PRESENCE too! Now turn to **196**.

151

Searching through the room, you notice various small items that were left over when the restraints were installed: some lengths of leather strapping, a few metal bolts and the like. The only article that looks useful, though, is a bag full of metal spikes and rods, so you take these. Now you can either kill the creature in this room, if you haven't done so already (turn to **125**), or leave this chamber and search elsewhere in the dungeon (turn to **106**).

152

You are just coming back to the surface after your last dive when a pair of rubbery tentacles rises from the water and a jet of filthy blue-black gunk is squirted towards your face by a Squirting Octopus! You must

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the gunk misses you. If you are Unlucky, you are splashed and partially blinded by the foul, inky mess, and you must deduct 1 point from your Attack Strength when you fight the Octopus. If you have a fishing net and want to use it here, turn to **305**. Otherwise, turn to **77**.

153

You touch the door to push it open. If you have a sapphire, multiply the number of facets the gem has by seven, then turn to the paragraph with that number. Otherwise, turn to **191**.

154

You reach the T-junction. Looking around, you see that there is a door along both the right-hand and the left-hand passage; before you, a short hall leads to a staircase which ascends to a landing. Will you:

Go to and open the right-hand door?	Turn to **255**
Make for and open the left-hand door?	Turn to **61**
Climb the staircase?	Turn to **302**

155

You begin to poke through what you now see is a nest and get a quick glimpse of shiny objects and the glint of glass. Suddenly you hear the beating wings above you and look up to see a massive bird swooping through one of the arches, down towards you! It must have a wing-span of at least six metres and its talons are cruelly curved and barbed. The Giant Roc fights viciously to protect its nest, and the draught from the downbeat of its wings is so strong that it threatens to knock you off balance; subtract 1 from your Attack Strength during this combat.

GIANT ROC SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

If you win, you may search the nest. There is a single large egg in it, which you can take for food (add 3 to your Provisions). You also find 3 Gold Pieces and a glass bottle; much of the glinting and gleaming you saw came from shiny pebbles the Roc had collected, so you discard them. Now you descend the tower and make for the dungeons. Turn to 2.

156

'Old Father Honorton and his monks were simple souls. They looked after the lighthouse the wizards set up with an Earth Elemental lifting stone, and they installed a magical light which the monks maintained. Most of the time the monks just tended their plants and studied . . . oh, whatever it is monks study, I suppose. The mad wizards slaughtered the lot of them, of course But one of them desperately wanted something the monks had. I don't know what it was, or

whether he managed to get it from them.' Return to 394.

157

You manage to extricate the Blue Potion from the apparatus without breaking its container. You can drink this potion at any time, even at the very beginning of a combat. You don't know what it does, so you will have to take pot luck with it. If and when you decide to drink it, you can find out its effects by noting the paragraph you are on at the time and turning to 237 (make a note of this). For now, turn to 58.

158

You must *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you descend safely. If you fail, you lose your footing and fall part of the way; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to 210.

159

The manikin is struck by a couple of fiery missiles from the room, and it jolts into action, striking out with its metallic fists to attack you! You have to destroy it while simultaneously trying to avoid the spitting missiles that are showering down from the ceiling – and it isn't easy. You may choose a strategy to employ. You can fight all-out against the manikin; in this case, if it rolls 18 or higher for its Attack Strength, you get hit by a fiery missile and have to lose 1 STAMINA point. If you try to dodge the missiles you will not be harmed by them, but you must

subtract 1 from your Attack Strength when fighting the manikin. Choose your strategy and fight your enemy! Each time the manikin strikes you, roll one die. If you roll a 5 or 6, the manikin will inflict 3 points of STAMINA damage upon you, rather than the usual 2.

BRONZE MANIKIN SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 194.

160

There must be a gap somewhere in the earthen roof of the barrow, because a little moonlight glints through into it, and even without a lantern you can make out some gleaming silvery metal at the far end of the barrow. You stride forward to investigate further – but, as you do so, a pillar of flame roars up directly in front of you and attacks you! This attack is very sudden and takes you completely by surprise. *Test your Skill*. If you fail, the Fire Elemental hits you before you can react; lose 2 points from your STAMINA. If you succeed, you react swiftly enough to avoid this sudden attack. Now, do you have a Magic Sword? If you have, turn to 269. If you haven't, turn to 330.

161

'All the wizards could command Elementals, but only the Master of Fire now has a physical body which allows him to do so. But there may still be Elementals in the lower dungeons, roaming in bounded areas. Avoid them if you can. They don't guard anything you could use.' Return to 48.

162

The alligator sinks its sharply pointed teeth into your thigh! You scream in agony and faint from shock. Your adventure ends here.

163

If one of your chosen actions was coating yourself with Ethereal Oil, turn to 312. If this was not one of your actions, turn to 278.

164

The Giant Skeleton turns to fight you with its great sword. Its face is an expressionless grin and its bony claws grip the weapon tightly. The other Giant Skeleton is rushing to help its fellow, but you fight just one opponent for the first four Attack Rounds. Thereafter you must fight both together (unless by then you have destroyed the first one already), rolling dice for separate Attack Strengths for all three combatants, with only the highest Attack Strength resulting in a damaging blow.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT SKELETON	8	9
Second GIANT SKELETON	8	8

If you win, you open the unlocked door to the building and enter. Turn to 286.

165

You don't have a focus of magic from the force of Elemental Water and you don't know the name of the wizard who lived here. The gargoyle-face turns into that of a monstrous demon and its fangs rip into your arm. You roll, screaming, on the floor. Your adventure ends here.

166

The storm breaks directly overhead. A jagged bolt of lightning arcs down from the black clouds filling the angry sky and smashes into the ground close to the lighthouse. It would obviously be very unwise to seek

shelter there! You are forced to ignore the storm and set off into the open moorland to the south-west. From here you can make your way to a part of the island you haven't previously visited. Will you head for:

A stone building to the east?	Turn to **18**
Woodland to the south-west?	Turn to **57**
A hillock due south?	Turn to **186**
Marshland further south?	Turn to **6**

167

You gain 1 point of PRESENCE and 1 point of LUCK for freeing the spirits; this LUCK point increases both your current and *Initial* LUCK (to a maximum of 12). Now it is time to seek Molander's realm; turn to **322**.

168

Leaving the hermit behind, you can now either try exploring the woodlands further (turn to **141**) or leave them altogether (turn to **363**)

169

The monster follows you as you search desperately for some other exit . . . there isn't one. You have never received any training in the habits of amoebae, but you are getting a very definite feeling, from the way it's beginning to undulate more and more violently, that it just may be growing hostile You can try feeding it (turn to **130**) or attacking it (turn to **189**).

170

What the monster was looking for in the chest surely can't have been there, since the contents have been strewn around everywhere and are now disfigured through being splattered with acid. The chest is empty, but you spot that its base looks a little higher than it should be – it has a false bottom! Eagerly you prise up the panel in the bottom of the chest and find a secret compartment sunk into the solid wood surround. There is a small purple cloth here and wrapped within it are two crystals. Gain 1 LUCK point and 1 point of PRESENCE for this important find. You sense that these crystals are magical, but you know nothing yet as to their purpose or powers. One is a Sapphire, a fine blue gem with exactly 50 facets. The other is a Topaz, elegantly cut and with 24 facets (make a note of the number of facets each crystal has). You also find a small, glowing stone, with a hundred speckles of light on its surface, and with it a magical scroll on which is inscribed 'Incantation of Light'; you also find a silver key fashioned in the shape of a bone (add the Skeleton Key to your Possessions).

You sense that the crystals are important, and you must find out how to use them. Excitedly, you head off down the stairs. If you have fought an Elemental, turn to **281**. If you haven't, turn to **31**.

171

The Skeleton Warrior has been enchanted to be resistant to edged weapons. A sword (or a Magic Sword)

will cause only 1 point of damage to it for each hit inflicted. If you have a good, blunt stone axe, this will cause normal damage (deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA per hit).

SKELETON WARRIOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win, you can either continue upwards, opening the trapdoor (turn to 341), or return to the ground floor, then descend the staircase to the dungeons (turn to 2).

172

Some of the wizard's magical scrawlings you cannot decipher, of course, but you are able to make out several things of interest. The name of the Master of Fire is Ziraphelis, and the diarist notes that he had been summoning very powerful Ethereal Undead which might threaten the minds and souls of all the wizards here. You learn that the Master of Waters himself recorded many experiments with simple, watery life-forms – slimes, algae and amoebae – and also with mutations created magically and by grafting operations. You feel no sorrow for the Master of Water's death at the hands of the Master of Fire; the writer records cruel and wicked experiments without any concern for the fate of the wretched creatures upon whom he inflicted so much suffering. Final paragraphs in the notebooks record increasing paranoia about Ziraphelis, stating that the Master of Fire is no longer seen by the other wizards and that they all fear what his research may have uncovered There is also a specific reference to a Brass Orb, which the Master of Air has hidden somewhere on the island with a guardian spirit. Apparently the Orb is capable of creating a barrier against magic if it is smashed on the ground. There is much here to think about – but also much to do. Will you open the door across the study, if you haven't already done so (turn to 317), leave the study and open the door just beyond the water-filled room (turn to 366) or leave this area and search elsewhere (turn to 106)?

173

You set about attacking one of the Shark-Kin, and it turns to rend you with its viciously serrated teeth and sharp-pronged trident! Because you are fighting, waist deep, in the water, you must subtract 1 point from your Attack Strength during this combat.

SHARK-KIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win, the fight is practically over; the Mermen are driving the few remaining Shark-Kin away, having slain most of them. Roll two dice; if the total is less than, or equal to, your PRESENCE, turn to **253**. If the total is greater than your PRESENCE, turn to **347**.

174

You coat your sword with the venom which possesses a strange, blue-white glow in the ether. The Dire Spectre stares at you mutely; even in the deeply sunken recesses of its eye-sockets, you believe you can detect a flicker of apprehension in its gaze! Now you may drink a Blue Potion, if you have one (turn to **117**), or run at the Dire Spectre to attack it with a weapon (turn to **54**)

175

The book tells you to look for a particular Pitcher Plant with golden fluid in its flower-vase; most of these plants contain a stinking liquid with dead insects floating in it, but one has a clear golden fluid which you could drain off into a bottle or flask by cutting a small notch in the base of the flower. The book tells you that the liquid helps protect you from magical fire,

so there's not much point in drinking it; you should bottle it. If you have an empty glass bottle, you can use this. If you have Monks' Herbal Liqueur or olive oil, you can pour the liquid out of its container and use that bottle, but you must remove the liquid first (drinking it if you wish). Add Pitcher Plant Liquid to your Possessions if you decide to collect this; you can use it at any time (except during a combat) by pouring it over your body, when it will completely neutralize any damage to your STAMINA from the first attack, spell or trap by fire which you subsequently face. Turn to **283**.

176

You cautiously tap a pane of glass in the tank, creating a crack; the glass quickly ruptures and gallons of foul-smelling algal residues begin to pour into the room. The stink is truly disgusting and you stagger away, completely nauseated. You must deduct 1 point from your Attack Strength in the first combat in which you are involved after leaving here. You reel out of the room, just able to keep your last meal down. Turn to **106**.

177

You draw your weapon to attack the Spirit. If you do not have a magic sword, you cannot affect it and you must flee after it has struck you and you have lost 2 points from your STAMINA; turn to **20**. Otherwise, do your best to vanquish this strange opponent.

BARROW SPIRIT SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **361**.

178

There is a strong sense of psychic disturbance in the crypt, an atmosphere of unease among the tombs. You notice that something has scratched at one of them: there are claw marks on the tomb's stone lid, which is slightly askew. Symbols of the good gods of Titan are etched on its surface. The other tombs are all sealed. Will you:

Prise open the lid of the tomb before you?	Turn to **223**
Open one of the other tombs?	Turn to **353**
Leave the crypt?	Turn to **277**

179

The spirits are silent for a moment. 'I think we can leave this place now,' Caltarelair whispers. 'I am not held prisoner here any longer.' Remishaz nods his agreement. 'Our spirits will fade, friend. Go down the steps to Molander's dungeons if you seek to destroy the evils here. There is much of his alchemy there, I think. Beware the mutated and wretched things he left behind, beware his own Spectre . . .' The spirits are fading now. You can keep them here a little longer, to tell you more, if you are prepared to sacrifice a point of your PRESENCE to do so. If you are not, it's time to go down to the next dungeon level; turn to **322**. If you are willing to sacrifice a point of PRESENCE, decide whether you want the spirits to tell you more about Molander (turn to **28**) or about the Master of Fire himself (turn to **192**).

180

You enter the spartan kitchens of the monastery. If you need food, you can cut the rind off some mouldy cheeses and take some jars of bottled fruit to replenish your supplies (add up to 4 to your Provisions total). There are steps leading down to a door opposite you: if you want to go down the stairs, turn to **45**. Alternatively you can leave, re-enter the passage and open the door opposite if you haven't done this before (turn to **398**) or set off down the passage towards the T-junction (turn to **154**).

181

A great surge of energy runs through your body! You may add 1 to your Attack Strength during combats for the rest of this adventure! Turn to **245**.

182

At a crucial moment you fumble and break a connecting length of glass tubing; the apparatus tips over and liquid splashes everywhere. Unfortunately, this mix is flammable, and a line of fire shoots out along the full length of the table and spreads rapidly across the floor! You will have to get out soon; turn to **58**, but now you may investigate only one more previously unexplored possibility from the list there before smoke and fire force you out of this chamber!

183

'You have to pass through them if you want to go south, the bay to the west isn't navigable. The wizards left it like that, they didn't change the currents, they wanted to keep unwanted intruders out. The people from the mainland knew not to try to land there. The marshes are dangerous. There's poison and nasty, creeping snakes and insects which bite and make you sick, hostile monkey-like things, and Lizard Men – don't anger them! But watch out for the plants like vases, you might be surprised . . .' The hermit giggles feebly. 'Oh, the mists, the mists!' Return to **394**.

184

As you continue fighting the Homunculus, the young apprentice casts a spell. He conjures three magical darts which streak through the air towards you; each inflicts 1 point of damage to your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you continue fighting the Homunculus, which prevents you attacking its master. The apprentice hovers nervously in the doorway, preparing to cast another spell. When you have slain the Homunculus, you can attack the young man (turn to **395**) or you may try talking to him (turn to **262**).

185

This door is very strong and you have to push hard to force it open. Within is a bare-walled, stone chamber: a pillar of stone stands inside a magical circle which stretches as wide as the room itself. At the far side of the circle is a large cupboard. You will have to step inside the circle to reach the contents of the cupboard, if you wish to search there. As you inch into the room, the pillar of stone animates and a great, two-fisted Earth Elemental stands before you, poised aggressively for action, should you enter the circle. Now will you:

Step into the magical circle?	Turn to **205**
Leave here and open the door along the left-hand passage, if you haven't already?	Turn to **252**
Return to the main passageway and search somewhere else?	Turn to **23**

186

You tramp across the moorland, and after an hour or so you come to the base of a grassy hillock which stands in almost the exact centre of the island. You climb it in order to get a good look around; you can see almost all of Solani from here. To the north there is much open woodland, and to the north-east you can see a lighthouse tower. Also to the north-east, but much closer, is a stone building not far from a small bay. To the west is woodland; you can see a couple of areas where the treeline thins out, suggesting a clearing, perhaps even a building. To the south you see that marshland covers the island virtually from the west to the east, with a small rivulet meandering from a bay to the south-west. Slightly to the east of south and far in the distance there seems to be a tower of some kind, but you can make out no detail of it from here. On the western side of the southern half of the island, a large expanse of bare and blasted ground with scrubby plant growth extends, and there may be some kind of building on the very south-western tip of the island, but it's too far away for you to be sure.

Your spying out of the land is rudely interrupted! In a ring surrounding you, bones begin to thrust up out of the ground, and skeletons start to assemble. Bony hands link up with skeletal arms, while ribs and limbs crawl jerkily towards spines and skulls. Will you stay and fight these undead creatures (turn to **389**) or make a run for it (turn to **370**)?

187

The Orb sails through the air, strikes the chair and shatters. A ring of multicoloured magical energy springs up round the Master of Fire's body, which jerks into life. You have just thrown away one of your most powerful protections. Turn to **17**.

188

The humidity on this journey is exhausting; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA due to dehydration. You manage to avoid a hissing, yellow-and-green snake which darts at you from a clump of ferns, so gain 1 LUCK point! Then you spot a cluster of Pitcher Plants: tall, exotic, thick-stemmed plants with a large encircling flower that resembles a vase or pitcher. If you possess a book which refers to Pitcher Plants, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the page referring to them. If you don't have this book, turn to **283**.

189

The Amoeba is a very unusual enemy. Slicing into its body with a knife or a sword causes only 1 point of damage to its STAMINA per blow, since its membrane swiftly covers up such wounds. Even an axe is no more effective than this. If you have a shield, you can use this as a weapon, sandwiching the Amoeba between the metal of the shield and the stone of the floor and inflicting 2 points of damage to its STAMINA per hit (but you must deduct 1 from your Attack Strength if you choose to use the shield as a weapon). However, the Amoeba itself has so many pseudopods and suckers that it can inflict serious damage on you. If the Amoeba has the higher Attack Strength in any Attack Round, roll one die and divide the number rolled by two, rounding fractions up; that is the number of points you lose from your STAMINA through the Amoeba's attacks. If you roll 6 on this dice roll, the Amoeba inflicts a startling 4 points of damage to your STAMINA during its attack!

MUTANT AMOEBA SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you win, you can search this chamber (turn to **209**), or you eventually force the door open, leave and search elsewhere (turn to **231**).

190

For every three times the Stonewight hit you, you must lose 1 point from your SKILL permanently, unless you can find some cure! Now turn to **135**.

191

As you touch the door, the water in the room behind you surges up in a wave and batters you down, knocking you through the doorway and into the blackened ruins of the room beyond. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, and you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength in the first Attack Round of the combat you're about to face. Inside the fire-blasted remains of his study stands the ghostly form of the Master of Waters, ready to drain the life from you. The Spectre here will attack you instantly. If you do not have a magic sword, you cannot harm him; he will hunt you down and kill you, so your adventure ends here. If you do have a magic sword, do you also have a black mark on your arm? If you do have, turn to **235**. If you haven't, turn to **32**.

192

The spirits hang their heads. 'He must have become very powerful. He was the first of us to meddle with the undead, claiming that by doing so we could learn more about how elemental magic fuels the very forces of life itself. If only the Crystals were collected, to oppose him . . .' If you have a Sapphire, a Topaz, a Tiger Eye and a Ruby, add together the number of facets in them all and multiply that number by two; turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not have them, the spirits can give you no more help, so turn to **167**.

193

You must *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the total rolled on the dice. If you succeed, you execute a wonderful vault across the landing to the upper stairs, where you face one slightly open door and one closed one. If you want to open the closed door, turn to **325**; if you prefer to push open the door which is slightly ajar, turn to **336**. If you fail, you land on your rump inside the pentagram; turn to **392**.

194

You have to force the door open as fiery missiles begin to rain down in earnest from the glowing, sparking protrusions all over the ceiling and floor. It's like being in the middle of a firework display, and every bit as dangerous. You must *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you are successful, you force open the door; if you fail, you are struck by a missile and must lose 1 point from your STAMINA, so you have to try again (*Testing your Skill* as before). When you manage to open the door, turn to **355**.

195

In order to clean the shrine, you can use some rags from the old wall-hangings, and you will also need some liquid to clean up the mess – a potion, olive oil, grog or Monks' Herbal Liqueur (a full bottle) will help get rid of the bloodstains and the other unpleasant marks. To repair the statues, you need some glue. If you have a pot of glue and one of the liquids, turn to **274**. If you don't have what is needed, or if you prefer

not to use it, you won't find anything by searching, so you leave and head eastwards; turn to **390**.

196

You finally confront the Master of Fire as you strike out with your weapon and he raises his sword. Through his weapon he is able to channel one final magical assault upon you. Roll dice for Attack Strengths of both yourself and the Master of Fire (he has SKILL 11). If you have the higher Attack Strength, turn to **295**. If he has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **229**.

197

After all your efforts you find only a shield and 2 Gold Pieces, and you must eat a meal here. Now you can set off again and follow the tunnel in the opposite direction (turn to **75**) or ascend the chute and travel eastwards (turn to **334**).

198

You have entered a very luxurious and well-appointed study. The plush tapestries, the carpets and furniture are all valuable – but you're not here to admire their beauty and worth An everlasting magical fire burns in a large fireplace and above it two excellent swords are mounted on the wall; they may be worth looking at. A swift inspection of the bookcase reveals some arcane works which aren't going to be of any use to anyone but a wizard. Tucked away under a mahogany table you spot a small locked chest; this too may be worth investigating. Will you:

Take down a sword in order to examine it closely?	Turn to 103
Force open the chest?	Turn to 115
Leave and search elsewhere?	Turn to 79

199

You must *Test your Skill* If you are successful, the acid splashes over the body (you may subtract 4 points from the STAMINA of the Master of Fire when you come to fight him, so make a note of this!). If you fail, the acid misses, causing no damage. Turn to 17.

200

'Caltarelair,' you call out, 'do not attack! I am not your enemy!' The spirit wavers, halting his incantation and waiting to hear what you have to say. There is only one thing that will prevent him from attacking you: your mentioning the Chamber of Elements. If you know about that chamber, you know also how many runes are on the door of the chamber, so turn to the paragraph with the same number. If not, you must fight; turn to 44

201

The Plain of Swords is utterly desolate. Yellowed bones, smoothed by wind and dust, stick up through the dusty ground; here and there a rough cairn of stones has been erected to mark a grave. Broken and long-rusted blades litter the ground You wonder who died in battle here for surely many must have fallen, judging by the number of bones strewn around. You have no time to reflect further, though, for the dust in front of you is suddenly writhing and undulating, and a great black serpent-form rises up before you! the scaly-backed reptile has two heads, both with rows of serrated teeth, and it lunges at you with them both.

You must fight the Hydra-Snake here Your enemy gains two attacks each Attack Round, so roll dice for the Attack Strength of each head separately The highest of the three sets of rolls (one for you, two for the Hydra-Snake) is the only one that inflicts damage If you wish, you can strike repeatedly at one of the thing's heads; when you have inflicted 6 points of damage to the STAMINA of one head, you have severed it and the Hydra-Snake will have one attack per Attack Round thereafter. However, these 6 points do *not* reduce the total STAMINA score of the monster! Alternatively, you can strike at the body and seek to reduce the monster's overall STAMINA total, reducing that with each successful hit; but in this case the monster continues to have two attacks per Attack Round until you have killed it.

HYDRA-SNAKE SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you win, you will press on towards the building in the distance (turn to **365**) or backtrack to the east towards the black tower (turn to **124**)?

202

You force open the lid of the black wooden chest. It contains no mountains of pearls or piles of gold doubloons . . . but what it has may be more valuable to you. You find a pot of thick glue, a sword and a small pouch with a few Gold Pieces in – 6, to be exact. Now, if you also salvaged a bottle, turn to **279**. If you didn't, turn to **387**.

203

You crack open the bottle by breaking it at the neck, trusting that its undrawn cork will guarantee it hasn't been interfered with. You swallow quite a lot before realizing how much you've drunk. It will not be wise to drink more, but now you are refreshed (regain 4 STAMINA points) and your slight feeling of euphoria will give you courage in battle (add 1 to your Attack Strength for the next two combats). Now, will you:

Drink some brandy?	Turn to **123**
Burn the painting, if you haven't done so already?	Turn to **335**
Leave and try elsewhere?	Turn to **79**

204

'I could tell you much about this island in return for something to help me eke out my days here,' the hermit chuckles. He'll give you information in return

for any one item from the following list: a full bottle of Monks' Herbal Liqueur, any magical potion, a Gold Key, a bottle of grog, or a Gold Chain. If you want to hear what he has to say, you must give him one of these; turn to **394**. If you'd prefer to give him nothing, or if you have none of these items, turn to **168**. If you want to attack the old lunatic, turn to **16**.

205

The Earth Elemental attacks you the moment you enter its domain. If you do not have a magic sword, you cannot harm the Elemental and you are forced to flee. You lose 4 points from your STAMINA from its blows as you flee the room and return to the main passageway; turn to **23**. If you do have a magic sword, you can fight, but you have picked an almost unconquerable opponent! The blows of an Earth Elemental cause 4 points of STAMINA damage if they strike home, and any blow you inflict will cause only 1 point of damage to the STAMINA of the Elemental here! If you choose to flee at any time, you may do so, but you will have to deduct 4 points from your STAMINA caused by a blow to your back as you run (turn to **23** if you're still alive).

EARTH ELEMENTAL SKILL 14 STAMINA 22

If you win, turn to **227**.

206

You sense something evil lurking behind the door. If you want to leave the monastery and head elsewhere, turn to **281**. If you prefer to attack whatever is behind the door, you can surprise it by slamming the door

into its body and then fighting it; turn to **222**, and you can subtract 2 points from the STAMINA score of the creature as given in that paragraph.

207

A few brief moments of activity take place inside the tank, as if air was being forced into it under pressure; then the rotting gunk inside becomes fresh, green and healthy. Replacing the evil stench you can now smell the scent of clean and fresh brine, seaweed and algae. Whatever the wizard who was meddling with this very simple form of life was doing, you seem to have converted his handiwork into a more pleasant form than when you first encountered it.

It suddenly strikes you that this stuff may actually be edible; it's almost certainly highly nutritious. You contemplate breaking the glass of the tank, but first you want to be sure that you can collect up as much of the stuff as possible. If you want to break the glass of the tank straight away, turn to **359**. If you would rather go away and find more utensils in which to collect extra effluvium from the tank, or if you want to ignore this altogether, you leave here; turn to **106**, but make a note that you can return here later from another location in this dungeon level by turning to **289**.

208

Edging past the corpse of the Guardian, you miss your footing and tumble down some stairs into inky blackness. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA; if you are still alive, turn to **218**.

209

The chamber is very beautiful but contains nothing of value to you. Your search takes some time, so you must eat a meal here. Afterwards, you eventually manage to force the locked door open and you escape; turn to **231**.

210

At the bottom of the chute the tunnel is dark, and you can see little. If you do not have a lantern, your SKILL is 2 points lower than normal here, and you risk blundering into traps. The tunnel extends as far as you can see to your right and to your left. Will you:

Take the right-hand passage?	Turn to **320**
Take the left-hand passage?	Turn to **75**
Climb out again and set off eastwards?	Turn to **334**

211

The door of this small, cosy room swings open easily. Inside, a large oval table almost fills the room and four throne-like chairs are placed round it. One chair is upholstered in red material, one in brown, grey and gilt, one in blue and one in yellow. Above each chair hangs a portrait of one of the wizards. Three of the chairs and three of the pictures have been attacked and slashed; only the red chair, with its portrait of the Master of Fire hanging above, remains intact. The last wizard's picture glowers back at you: the face is saturnine, heavy-eyed and clean-shaven, but with an unmistakable glint of evil in his cruel smile and unflinch-

ing gaze. If you have a lantern and some oil, you may destroy this portrait by burning it if you want to; turn to 335. Alternatively, you can search through the room (turn to 109) or leave and try somewhere else (turn to 79).

212

The weather is worsening: the skies are a leaden grey and the sea is getting choppy as a wind begins to build, coming in from the eastern seaboard. Where will you go now? Will you head:

East towards the stone building, if you haven't been there before?	Turn to 18
South-west towards the woodlands?	Turn to 57
South towards the central hillock?	Turn to 186
Back to the lighthouse, if you haven't already entered it?	Turn to 333

213

'There are some guards and guardians, but nothing you couldn't handle.' The apprentice grins, but then his expression becomes serious. 'The exceptions are the Spectres, should you meet them. You need powerful magic to harm them. There is some tomb dust in the old crypt beyond the storeroom; take it from the guardian tomb there and mix it with the ethereal oil in the alchemy labs. Anoint your sword with it and you'll be better able to fight those things.' If you have already been into the crypt beyond the storeroom but did not take any Tomb Dust, make a note that you can do this by turning to 15 after you leave the apprentice. For now, return to 48.

214

You make a gesture signifying 'sleep' with your hands and closed eyes, and the Lizard Men understand that you are tired and need rest. Roll two dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your PRESENCE, turn to 258. If the total is greater than your PRESENCE, the Lizard Men don't trust you enough to take you into their confidence, so you must go on your way; turn to 241.

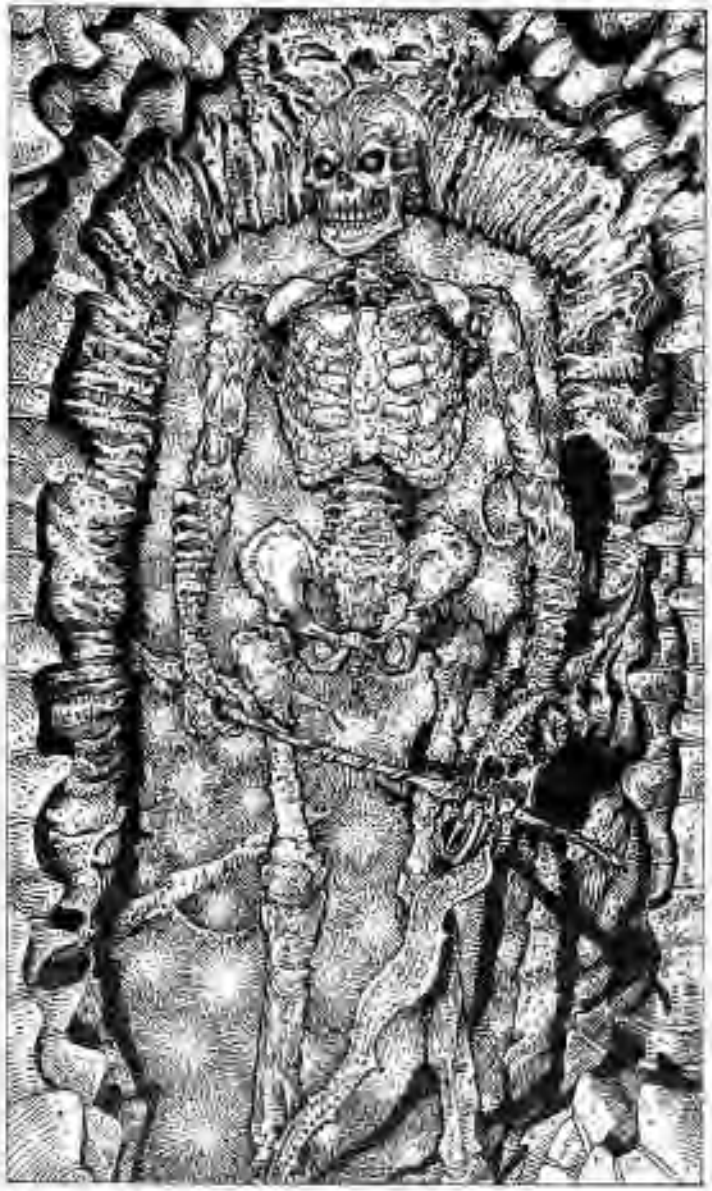

215

You force open the brown door and find yourself looking into an antechamber which has very striking, and strange, quartz formations running along and down the walls. There is a brown crystalline door opposite you – but there is also a guardian standing before it. The creature looks like a skeleton, but its limbs are covered with an array of overlapping, stony plates which give it very effective armouring, and there is a dull, green glow in its eye-sockets. It holds a large, rune-inscribed sword in its bony hands.

It makes no move to attack you, but you guess that, if you want to get to the door beyond, you will be forced to fight it. Will you attack this creature (turn to **348**) or return to the main passage and explore somewhere else in the dungeon (turn to **23**)?

216

The Merman leader accepts the chain with a sign of thanks, and his people murmur their gratitude. In return, the leader gives you a silver flask. He tells you that this contains a Potion of Stamina which can affect only humans and thus is useless to his folk. You may drink this potion at any time, except during combat, and it will restore lost STAMINA points up to a half of your *Initial* STAMINA (rounding fractions up). The Mermen also give you some fish to eat – raw fish may not be to your taste, but it's good for you (add 3 to your Provisions). Turn to **285**.

217

You are struck by the chilling, life-draining magic of the Dire Spectre; deduct 5 points from your STAMINA! If you survive, you can now drink a Blue Potion, if you have one (turn to 117), move to attack the Spectre (turn to 242), or coat your sword with Spectrebane, if you have any (turn to 174).

218

You descend some stone steps and find yourself in a deep antechamber. There is a very faint glow here which is coming from a small globe of golden metal placed on top of a stone slab in the middle of the chamber, and you can dimly make out arcane runes and symbols etched on calcified plaques round the walls. Hovering above the globe is a very faint blue form, almost human in shape; it advances a little way towards you. In a tinkling, almost musical voice, the form addresses you. 'I am charged to protect this place. Do not advance, for I must attack you, yet I would be free of this bondage if you are strong enough to master me.' What will you do here? Will you try to talk with this spirit, if such it is (turn to 232), attack it (turn to 177), or leave this barrow (turn to 20)?

219

The passageway turns right here and leads down until it comes to a door at the end, with a second door about half-way along on the left. Will you open the door that is nearer to you (turn to 366) or try the door at the end of the passage (turn to 49)?

220

The spirits gaze, wide-eyed, at the gems you place before them. They lay their hands upon yours as you hold the four stones, and an aura of magical light plays about them. You find yourself holding a fifth stone which has become manifested with the others: a magnificent, 280-carat diamond. The spirits look satisfied, but they are fading and can speak no more. Turn to 167.

221

Clambering down the precipitous path then wading and swimming out to the wreck, while avoiding getting snagged by sharp rocks, takes some ability! *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, you negotiate these obstacles without harm. If you fail, you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA because you gashed your leg on the rocks during your descent. You do make it to the wreck, however. The little boat has been broken by some rocks that jut above the gentle waves of the incoming tide. The water is so clear that you can see some objects lying, scattered, on the sand, some eight metres or so below; you can see a small chest, a fishing net and a large glass bottle.

If you decide not to dive from the wreck, turn to 387. If you want to dive, decide which object or objects you want to dive for, and in what order. You get only one chance per item (chest, net, bottle). Determine whether your dives are successful or not as follows: each time you dive, roll your dice and total the numbers rolled. If the total is less than, or equal to,

your current STAMINA, you have been successful and you may retrieve the item you dived for. If the total exceeds your current STAMINA, you have failed and don't get the object you dived for. For your second dive, you must add 2 to the number rolled by the four dice, and for your third and final dive you must add 4 to the total rolled. After determining the success or failure of your diving exploit, turn to **152**.

222

In the doorway crouches the residue of a monk, still dressed in the simple brown robe of his monastic order, while the slack-jawed grin and mouldering flesh tell that you are facing a Zombie. This creature retains some of the weaponless combat discipline the monk trained with during his years of life; an agility and strength unknown in ordinary Zombies confronts you, as purple-yellow, atrophying hands flash through the air to strike you down!

ZOMBIE MONK SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you win, you step over the remains of your enemy and stare into the darkened corridor beyond. There are doors to your left and right, and the corridor leads past them to a junction with another passage. Will you:

Open the left-hand door?	Turn to **180**
Open the right-hand door?	Turn to **398**
Continue as far as the passageway junction?	Turn to **154**

223

Disturbing the tomb of a good priest, which is what you have done, costs you the loss of 1 point of LUCK and 1 point of PRESENCE. The tomb itself contains only dust and the bones of the priest. You may take some Tomb Dust if you wish (add it to your Possessions if you do). Now, will you open another tomb (turn to **353**) or leave the crypt (turn to **277**)?

224

The Black Skeleton blocks your way so that you are unable to reach the Master of Fire. The thing is more magical than most skeletons; it can breathe fire, as you're about to find out. In addition, its magical nature means that a magic sword will cause normal damage (of 2 STAMINA points) to it, as will a stone axe, if you have one. An ordinary sword, however, will cause only 1 point of damage if you manage to hit.

Each Attack Round, whether the Black Skeleton has the higher Attack Strength or not, it will breathe fire over you. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3 the fire envelops you and you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you roll 4–6, you manage to evade the fiery breath and you sustain no damage. If you have a Fire Ruby, you can add 1 to the dice roll. If you are in serious trouble, you can 'spend' 1 point of LUCK each round (for as long as you have any left), and this will add 2 to the dice roll.

BLACK SKELETON SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

When you have reduced the Black Skeleton to 3

STAMINA points or less, turn to 301. If you destroy it outright when it had 4 or more STAMINA points left at the end of the last Attack Round, turn to 346.

225

The legion of severed limbs overturns your boat, tipping you into the water. You cannot fight off scores of these horrors. You are dragged down to drown!

226

You stride out towards the Lizard Men, who ready their weapons and prepare for combat. They hiss with rage and thick, corded veins stand out on their necks and forelimbs. You must fight them both together, rolling separate dice for all three Attack Strengths each Attack Round; only the highest Attack Strength of the three causes damage that round.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TWO-HEADED LIZARD MAN	8	9
Second TWO-HEADED LIZARD MAN	8	10

If you win, you open the front door to the tower and enter. The tower is circular, and this chamber occupies half of its interior space. It is quite bare, and there is a single door on the left-hand side of the straight dividing wall ahead of you, so you make for it and open it. Turn to 380.

227

Eagerly you search through the cabinet across the room, and find . . . nothing! It is clear that the cabinet's contents have been removed; there is hardly any dust in it, but there are a couple of rings of liquid residue which suggest that bottles, potions maybe, have been taken from it For overcoming an Elemental, you gain no reward! You can now return to the main passage and reconsider your options (turn to 23) or investigate what lies behind the door in front of you as you emerge from this room, along the short passage (turn to 252).

228

Unfortunately you slip in a pool of the horror's slime as you make a dash for the stairs. You fall heavily and the Slimeworm sprays filthy acidic liquid over you; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Now will you:

Attack the Slimeworm?	Turn to 29
Flee from here and run down to the wreck?	Turn to 291
Run away from here and find somewhere else to visit?	Turn to 70

229

A small cone of blue-white light radiates out from the tip of the wizard's sword and strikes you in the chest. You feel as if every sinew and tendon in your ribcage had been torn asunder, and you cry out in pain. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Your own lunge at the Master of Fire misses completely. If you are still alive, turn to 375.

230

You find a torn-up diary with, on its broken spine, a name: Brother Kendris. You try to match the scraps of paper to make a coherent message out of what is written here! After puzzling over what you can make out of this, will you:

Leave the monastery?	Turn to **281**
Head along the passage to the other door, if you haven't already opened it?	Turn to **255**
Go up the stairs?	Turn to **302**

231

If you haven't opened the door with the brass plaque on it and you want to do so now, turn to **328**. If you prefer to search somewhere else, turn to **106**.

232

You begin to mutter something, but the spirit waves you away with a dismissive gesture. 'Fool,' it hisses, 'I warned you.' The atmosphere in this deep antechamber grows suddenly chill; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Now, you can either attack the spirit (turn to **177**) or leave the barrow (turn to **20**).

233

You put your shoulder against the heavy door, using plenty of force. The door suddenly flies open, and you are catapulted forward so that you slip and fall on the stone floor of the room beyond; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. What your horrified eyes see next is

clear proof that the wizards here have sought to tamper with the basic forces of life. A single creature is restrained in a ghastly chair-and-harness apparatus, moaning piteously. It might once have been human, but now it has scaly green skin which is badly inflamed in places and from which an acrid-smelling, oily fluid oozes. The creature has no hair and its eyes are bulbous and staring. The six fingers on each of its shaking hands are joined together by webbed skin, and a tail like that of a monkey hangs limply down from its back. The pitiful creature draws back its lips and snarls at you, spitting defiance and hatred. Will you:

Kill the restrained creature?	Turn to **125**
Search the rest of this chamber?	Turn to **151**
Leave and search elsewhere?	Turn to **106**

234

As soon as you start running, the Skeletons turn as one and make for the point towards which you are heading. They cut you off and you must fight both of them together. Turn to **164**, but in the combat there you must fight both of them together from the very first Attack Round!

235

Your arm aches and throbs with pain from the grip of the burned body of the Master of Waters. You must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength during the first four Attack Rounds of the combat (in addition to any other penalty you may incur!). Turn to **32**.

236

The Captain slumps to the ground in a writhing heap. Swiftly searching his cabin, you come across some valuable acquisitions. A flask of grog on the desk can be drunk at any time except during combat, and it will restore 4 lost STAMINA points; it also adds a temporary bonus of 1 to your Attack Strength for the *first* combat after you drink it. The Captain's excellent ship's biscuits, still in a sealed tin, are fresh and wholesome and there are enough for 4 meals (add 4 to your Possessions). You also find the stout treasure chest the Captain hoarded; it has a well-constructed brass lock. If you want to try to prise this open with your knife, turn to **382**. If you don't want to chance this, turn to **356**.

237

The Blue Potion has wonderful effects if you are just about to engage in combat. Drinking it, you feel energy and adrenalin racing through your body and you move very swiftly. For the next four Attack Rounds, you may strike twice at an enemy in hand-to-hand combat; roll two sets of dice for Attack Strengths for yourself; each total that is higher than your opponent's will allow you to give a damaging blow. The potion may help you in non-combat situations, in which case you will be asked if you want to use it in later paragraphs. Now return to the paragraph you came from

238

The Elemental whirls round the edges of the pentagram and the etchings in the floor disappear. Then it touches your head with its great granite fists and you feel your

skin toughening. Looking down at your hands and arms, you see that they have a fine veneer of stone all over them, pliable but tough. Your stony skin will benefit you in future combats; the first successful blow any opponent makes against you with any weapon will cause no damage. This effect will last until any opponent rolls 21 or higher for its Attack Strength, at which time the stoneskin magic will be dispelled (make a note of this). The Elemental sinks into the floor and you suppose that it is released from its service. You make your way back to the chute, ascend it, and set off eastwards. Turn to **334**.

239

A gout of thick, glutinous acid spurts from the fingertips of the wizard and comes flying towards you *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, you manage to run so fast that a splash of it only hits you; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. If you fail, you are hit across the chest and arms by a great gobbet glob of the stuff, and you must lose 4 points from your STAMINA. Turn to **248**.

240

The whirling vortex is momentarily stilled! The spirits look shocked, stunned into a sudden awareness of something they had forgotten or had not understood; swiftly they join hands and cast a spell. You may add 2 points to your SKILL and 4 points to your STAMINA (these bonuses can increase SKILL or STAMINA or both above *Initial* levels) for the combat to come, as the vortex begins to spin once more. Turn to **378**.

241

You try creeping along the trail quietly in order to evade detection; after some hours you are just nearing the edge of the swamp when a huge Lizard Man comes charging at you from out of some scrub cover to your left. The poor wretch is hideously altered: its hands are little more than stubby knobs of bone, and a pair of vestigial, green-veined, leathery wings flap uselessly on its back. The monster howls in fury at its own pain, and you'd feel sorry for it – if it didn't obviously intend to batter your skull into tiny fragments. You have to kill it; it may even be a mercy to the poor creature.

MUTANT LIZARD MAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you win, your troubles are not over yet! Before you can take any action, such as eating a meal or drinking a potion, a second creature, even more horribly mutated than the first, comes charging at you!

Second MUTATED LIZARD MAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you manage to survive this second combat, you splash through the last few metres of the swamp then fall in a heap, gasping for breath; you have emerged at the south-eastern side of the swamp. Before you bother to look around, however, you find a sheltered bower and fall into a deep sleep; you're totally exhausted. Turn to 393.

242

The Dire Spectre has one last defence, which it summons now. Between your oncoming rush and its own form it conjures a wall of brittle, calcified bone, forming a ring all the way round itself. Roll two dice, then add 2 to the total rolled. If this total is less than, or equal to, your PRESENCE, turn to 127. If the final total is greater than your PRESENCE, turn to 319.

243

Your time spent searching is wasted: the cells contain nothing of interest or value. You find yourself yawning, and you settle down for a badly needed nap on one of the beds.

When you wake, a couple of hours later, you are ravenously hungry. You must eat a meal. Now will you:

Return to the main passage and leave the building?	Turn to 281
Return to the main passage and open the door opposite, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to 180
Head along the main passage towards the T-junction?	Turn to 154

244

If you know the name of the Master of Air, convert his name to a number as follows: use the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 and so on to Z = 26. Add together the numbers which correspond to the letters in his name. Turn to the paragraph of the same number and, if the paragraph begins '"Master of Air . . .', you are correct and should read that paragraph. If it does not, your guess as to his name is wrong, and you must turn to 265 and fight him after all!

245

The light fades from all the statues as the crystal statue cracks and breaks. At the feet of the statue lie a ruby with 36 facets and a brown Tiger Eye stone with golden swirls, set within a fragment of quartz. You take these (make a note of how many facets the ruby has). At the start of this new day you must eat a meal. Then you set off to the east across the Plain of Swords, towards the forbidding black tower of the wizards. Turn to 390.

246

'There is a library beyond the barrier. I don't know how to get past the screen. It's trapped: touch it and you get badly burnt. I think the wizards used to get into the library through a magical teleport down in the dungeons, but they never told me where it was. I wasn't allowed to read the books there. But I do know that there is a magical password to a door without a lock or handle somewhere below; the word is "elementarae".' Return to 48.

247

The Elemental listens to your command impassively. It sinks back into the pentagram, and you experience a rumbling and a vibration under your feet. Then the great stony form rises again inside the pentagram and

places a number of items at your feet. The Elemental has brought you from below the earth a stone axe, a shield and a pile of food – tuber and roots, hardly exotic fare, but enough for 5 meals (add 5 to your Provisions) The Elemental does not await your further commands but simply sinks below the ground again. The rumbling continues and dust falls in a fine haze from the ceiling You decide that it's time to leave this underground area, so you retrieve the Tiger Eye and clamber safely up the chute Turn to 334

248

As you run down the stairs, they suddenly flatten out, leaving you on a chute; you slide down this and hit the floor hard at the bottom; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. By the time you get up, the Black Skeleton is upon you as the body of the Master of Fire is stirring into life; turn to 224 to fight the monster.

249

More time passes; it grows dark and there is no sign of anything happening here. You must eat a meal at the end of the day. You're beginning to get sleepy Will you go and find a safe place to sleep (turn to 276) or wait here even longer, risking an attack from some prowling animal of the night (turn to 26)?

250

You force the door open and enter a lighted chamber which is furnished with workbenches, a small bookcase, a trunk and a rough armchair; there is a solitary door on the left-hand wall. The room doesn't seem to have any occupant – but objects are suddenly being thrown at you by an invisible creature: stones, paperweights and suchlike! You screw up your eyes looking for the creature who is throwing the objects, and eventually you can discern it as it becomes visible. First, however, the missiles may harm you One missile is thrown for each time you tried forcing the door in order to enter. For each missile, *Test your Skill*; if you are successful, you duck the object, but if you fail, you are hit and must lose 1 point from your STAMINA.

The creature slowly becoming visible is a small, winged, imp-like being with a large head and long forearms: a Homunculus, a magically created companion of wizards It buzzes about angrily and attacks you with its sharp claws. If you want to fight the Homunculus, turn to 7. If you want to fend it off and try to negotiate with it, turn to 288

251

You say that you accept Parraine's service and you make him an oath that you will do your best to find his bones and bury them on the Plain of Swords. The Spirit condenses into a funnel of light and vanishes into your sword. Parraine will now do you a service three times before you bury his bones. You must record the fact on your *Adventure Sheet* when you make use of a service. The Spirit can perform any of the following acts at any time as one service: he can cure one disease you may have, he can strengthen your sword so that it inflicts 6 points of damage to the STAMINA of an enemy as the result of a successful hit in combat (you can choose this service after you hit your enemy), and he can heal you so that you regain up to 8 points of lost STAMINA (but this last service cannot be carried out during a combat). You gain 1 point of PRESENCE for accepting the spirit, but you must know that you have made a pact with him – and you had better not break it! Now turn to **63**

252

As you stand in front of this door, you see that it has neither a lock nor any handle. You can open this door only by saying a password If you know the password, multiply the number of letters in the password by ten and turn to the paragraph with that number If you don't know the password, you can either go back to the door at the bend in this passage and open that (turn to **185**) or return to the main passage and search elsewhere (turn to **23**).

253

The Mermen are uncertain of you, despite the help you gave them in battle. Some of them mutter and point their weapons aggressively at you, until their leader waves them to silence from the back of his pink-veined, silver Sea Horse. 'Forgive my brothers,' he says to you. 'They have good reason not to trust dryfolk. We have all had family slain by harpoons and the cutlasses of pirates of your kind.' You remain silent at this rebuke. Now, if you have a Gold Chain, turn to the paragraph that has the same number as the chain has links. If you do not possess this item, turn to **285**.

254

Having spread your bait, you stand back and await developments, weapon at the ready. As the slime slips down into the water, a black, eel-like head slowly rises from the water at the edge of the pool, its thick black tongue licking at the slime; more coils of its scaly, reptilian body begin to slide out of the water and on to the stone of the passageway. This eel is a really evil-looking beast, with a dark-brown, mottled body and a thick, bony head, bulging eyes and a powerful, muscular jaw. Its teeth are not large or numerous, but the power of its jaws will compensate for that if it bites you! Still, you must have an advantage, fighting this thing when it's partly on dry land, so you strike at once!

GREAT MORAY EEL SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you win, you wade through the water and try to open the door at the far side of the room; turn to 153.

255

You push open the unlocked door. Inside is what was once a study – before it was utterly despoiled. Furniture and books, specimens and samples of plants and fruits and seeds have all been overturned, thrown around and trampled underfoot. You make a careful search, and find, below a carpet piled up in one corner of the room, that there is a tiny trapdoor. It's not possible to lift it by force, and you can open it only if you have a Gold Key. If you have a Gold Key, you know the number of the paragraph where you obtained it Double that number and turn to the paragraph with

the same number. If you don't have the Gold Key, you leave the room and return to the passage; now will you:

Leave the monastery?	Turn to **281**
Set off down the passage to the other door, if you haven't already opened it?	Turn to **61**
Climb the stairs?	Turn to **302**

256

'Caltarelair, it has all been the doing of the Master of Fire. He affected your mind and destroyed your body, and now your spirit cannot be at rest. He placed some magic in the Chamber of Elements, which is the root of your furious quarrel with Remishaz. Please come with me, and let us be done with what lies beyond its door. I need your help to do this. I want you to be at peace.'

The spirit wavers and the old man looks uncertain, still angry and untrusting but now unsure of himself. He lowers his hands. 'I will come,' he whispers at last, 'but I will destroy you if this is lies or trickery.'

You walk with Caltarelair to the door of the Chamber of Elements. Remishaz is already standing beside it, and the spirits of the two wizards immediately react to each other's presence and become enraged. You beg them to put aside their differences, just for a few moments, and let you inside the chamber. You tell them that they can slay each other afterwards if they really want to, and that a few moments won't make

much difference. The spirits glower balefully at each other, but they comply and they both touch the door with its myriad runes. It flies open; turn to **121**.

257

The Dire Spectre will use its talons to rake at your body and face. Each time it strikes you, you lose the usual 2 STAMINA points, but the horror also drains you of 1 point of PRESENCE with each hit and, if your PRESENCE is reduced to zero, you will die, your very soul extinguished by this terrible undead lord. If you do not have a magic sword, you cannot harm your enemy, and you will perish here. If you do have a magic sword, make sure you are aware of the advantages to be gained from the use of Blade Venom and Spectrebane and any Potion you've taken which may help. You need all the assets you can muster in this final, dread battle!

DIRE SPECTRE	SKILL 11	STAMINA 19

If you win, turn to **400**.

258

The Lizard Men will not admit you to their village, but they show you a safe place on the fringe where you can sleep and their night patrols will guard you. They even give you some snake meat for supper. It's raw and it's not easy to force down, but you can't refuse their hospitality, and it's nutritious stuff. Regain 4 lost STAMINA points.

In the morning, bearing in mind their warning about

hostile Lizard Men along the trail, will you:

Continue along the trail anyway?	Turn to **241**
Backtrack and take the south-western trail?	Turn to **69**
Backtrack and use the rope-bridge route?	Turn to **84**

259

Many of the jars and vials here contain ointments and creams which you have no way of identifying: some are probably poisonous, some maybe corrosive, and you can't afford to take any chances The one exception is a vial of a blue-tinged oil so light that it seems to be almost insubstantial. It is labelled 'Ethereal Oil', and there are two doses in this vial Ethereal Oil has two special qualities you must make a note of First, if you have some Tomb Dust, you can mix it with this oil to create Spectrebane. One dose of Spectrebane, when placed on your sword (you can do this before a combat), will allow you to inflict 1 extra point of damage to the STAMINA of any Spectre you manage to hit during the first five Attack Rounds of any combat. Second, one dose of Ethereal Oil can be rubbed on your skin to allow you to become ethereal yourself; you will be instructed whenever this may be an important option. Use this oil wisely! Now return to **58** to choose something else to examine.

260

The door swings open and you hurriedly close it behind you and stand with it at your back to protect you, while you try to take in the sheer scale and majesty of the huge chamber which spreads out before you. You are standing on a stone balcony overlooking a great, circular chamber with a vast, arched ceiling which must be thirty metres above the floor A swirling arch of steps leads down to the floor on each side of you; at the bottom of the left-hand flight of stairs stands a motionless Black Skeleton, armed with a two-handed sword, and even in the heat haze here you can see wisps of flame flickering from its jaws In the middle of the room there is an unbroken circle of flame, within which something is beginning to materialize in the air above a slumped body that is seated on a throne-like chair. You can perform a single action (such as drinking a potion, putting venom on your sword, drinking grog or some Monks' Herbal Liqueur or cramming a very fast meal down your throat) before the Master of Fire's body is possessed by the manifesting entity and is ready to fight. If you want to forgo any preparatory step and take offensive action immediately, turn to **86**. Otherwise, turn to **17**

261

The trapdoor opens to reveal a set of stone steps leading down to a cellar. Here, some stored items may be of value to you. There is a rope, a wooden pole and enough food for 4 meals. You return to the main room in the lighthouse; will you:

Climb the stairs, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to 376
Leave and make for the wreck?	Turn to 291
Leave and find somewhere else to visit?	Turn to 70

262

Clearly the young man is desperately fearful and he is frantically preparing to cast another spell. Roll two dice then add 2 to the total rolled. If the final total is less than, or equal to, your PRESENCE, turn to **19**. If the total is greater than your PRESENCE, turn to **303**.

263

The door here is charred and damaged, but the portal and its frame are bathed in a magical glow, and you guess that a barrier or trap is located here and that the wizard who destroyed the Master of Waters couldn't eliminate it – and perhaps didn't even want to risk facing it. You don't know how to get rid of this trap, and it could be severely damaging. If you're willing to risk suffering the effects of the trap, turn to **342**. Otherwise, you can investigate the door opposite you across the room, if you haven't already done so (turn to **317**), leave the study and open the door just beyond the water-filled room (turn to **366**) or search somewhere else in this dungeon level (turn to **106**).

264

If you have a magic sword, turn to **368**. If you haven't, turn to **12**.

265

You are fighting the spirit of the Master of Air. If you do not have a magic sword, you cannot harm him and you are forced to flee, so turn to **11**. Otherwise, fight him normally. He has special spell attacks which he tries to use in the first two Attack Rounds; these are successful only if he has the higher Attack Strength during these Attack Rounds. In the first Attack Round, if he has the higher Attack Strength he will buffet you with a Wind Wall, and you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. In the second Attack Round, he will create a magical bola of airy force which wraps round your legs and batters at your body; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA; and in the next Attack Round, you must subtract 2 points from your Attack Strength as you struggle to regain your balance. Thereafter, he strikes at you with the numbing chill of a spirit's power, and you lose 2 STAMINA points for each blow he lands.

MASTER OF AIR SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you win, there is no treasure or magic to reward you here. You return to the main passage and search elsewhere; turn to 23.

266

In order to make use of the Axeplant, you need a pestle and mortar to grind the very hard spikes, and you need a few drops of oil from the supply in your lantern (if you have one) or a few drops of olive oil. If you do not have these items, you continue east, so turn to 124.

If you do have these items, you can make a small quantity of Blade Venom, enough for one combat. The Blade Venom will enhance the damage your sword does: it will inflict an additional point of STAMINA damage against an opponent after each successful hit. This effect lasts for one combat only before the Venom wears off the blade; you must apply it to your blade before a combat, not during it. If you have a glass bottle (or an empty potion vial) you can keep this

Venom and apply it at any later time during this adventure, before a combat. If you have nothing to keep the Venom in, you must smear it on your sword now, and it will work during the next combat you engage in. Now turn to 124.

267

The bell has nothing of interest on or in it, but you can make good use of the length of rope that is attached to it, so you take this. Now do you want to search the straw and branches here (turn to 155) or descend the stairs to the dungeons (turn to 2)?

268

The manikin attacks with its heavy metal fists now that it is grown to its full two-metre height. Its blows are very powerful: if it hits you, roll one die; if you roll 5 or 6, the manikin will inflict 3 points of damage to your STAMINA rather than the usual 2 points.

BRONZE MANIKIN SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, you can examine the swords here, if you haven't done so before (turn to 103), or leave this room and search elsewhere (turn to 79).

269

Because the magic of its summoners is weaker away from their dungeons, this Fire Elemental is less strong than most of its kind. Its heat is powerful but not as intense as usual, and your Magic Sword will not be melted by it However, the metal does get very hot In each Attack Round after the fifth, you lose 1 point automatically from your STAMINA, thanks to the burns you get from trying to hold on to the heated metal! So kill this enemy swiftly; fortunately, you will not suffer any combat penalties if you don't have a lantern here: the Fire Elemental is so bright in the darkness that you can see just where to attack with your sword.

FIRE ELEMENTAL SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you want to abandon combat because you are suffering too much damage from your overheated sword, you may flee. You throw your Magic Sword outside the barrow so that you can pick it up when it has cooled down, and you run away, but you must

lose 2 STAMINA points when the Fire Elemental strikes you in the back on your way out. If you choose to flee, turn to 374. If you defeat the Elemental, turn to 287.

270

The hinges and lock of the small back door are very rusty; even putting all your weight against the door, you can't force it open. Battering it risks alerting the guards at the main door. If you have olive oil, you can use this to oil the hinges and lock and get in. If you don't have any but you do have a lantern, you can use the oil from the lantern in the same way, but now you will not be able to light your lantern until you find some more oil for it. If you have some olive oil or lantern oil and wish to use it, turn to 380. If you don't, you can make for the large front door (turn to 226) or back away and search the cliffs (turn to 24).

271

The Master of Fire screams as you catch him in the middle of his chest with searing acid. He loses 4 points from his STAMINA (make a note of this), and you ruin his spell-casting. Now it's time to close in on him. You can dive down the left-hand stairs (turn to 98) or the right-hand stairs (turn to 248).

272

You leave the ship and drop down into the rowing boat, which bobs up and down crazily in the big waves. The storm is blowing up to terrifying proportions, and it takes all the strength you possess to force

a way clear of the rocks and back towards the shore. Lose 3 points from your STAMINA due to fatigue. Then, just a few metres away from the shore, your boat gets tangled in the dense seaweed. The resistance is surprisingly strong, you think – until you peer down and see to your horror that a veritable underwater forest of skeletal arms is grabbing at your boat, trying to pull it over . . . and the odd limb is even dragging itself into your boat, to claw at your legs! If you have a fishing net, turn to 298. Otherwise, will you try to fight off this bizarre attack (turn to 318) or jump into the shallow water and try to fight your way ashore (turn to 225)?

273

Lifting the lid off the great vat, you both see and smell a syrupy deposit of acid lying in the bottom. If you want to take some acid, you can do so in any spare containers you may have (empty potion vials or glass bottles). None of the glassware here is clean enough for you to add acid to it – you don't want to think about the alchemical reactions that might occur! If you want to take acid for use, make a note of how many vessels you fill with it (to a maximum of four). In combats, you can now throw bottles of acid; if you hit successfully, the corrosive fluid will inflict 4 points of damage to the STAMINA of an opponent. You will be told when you may do this. Acid may also have other uses, of course! Return to 58.

274

You piece together the shattered statues as best you can, an operation which takes many hours, so you

must eat a meal here. Finally, you step back and admire your completed handiwork. The statues were busts of humans, it seems, although the features are worn and you can make out little detail; some leftover pieces form simple crystal vases, one red and one a gold-tinged brown. They don't have any particular significance to you. You suddenly feel very tired after all your work; it's very late in the day, so you pull together some of the heavy wall-hanging fragments, make up a bed of sorts, and fall asleep.

You rise at dawn, very refreshed; regain 4 STAMINA points. You become aware that a soft glow within the shrine is mirroring the dawn outside; the rebuilt statues have changed quite dramatically overnight! The two crystal vases have fused into a single, strong human figure, and the other statues have become busts of some of the gods of Titan whom you think you recognize. You can see Cheelah, goddess of luck;

Hamasksis, god of learning; Telak, the lion-god of courage; and Galana, goddess of health and fertility. Along this row of statues a light is passing from one end to the other then back again in endless repetition. You have a sudden intuition that, if you place your hands on one of the statues while it is suffused with light, you may receive aid or some kind of blessing. After all, you have restored the shrine. Which statue will you place your hands on? Will it be:

Cheelah, goddess of luck?	Turn to 329
Hamasksis, god of learning?	Turn to 309
Telak, god of courage?	Turn to 181
Galana, goddess of health and fertility?	Turn to 21
The faceless crystal statue?	Turn to 245

275

You swing your weapon against the ranks of Red Skeletons as they become animated. You fight them as a group. Not all of them animate; how many do so depends on your PRESENCE: for each two points of PRESENCE you have, you must add 1 to the basic STAMINA score of the group as shown below. Also, if you do not have a stone axe, your weapon will inflict only 1 point of damage to the STAMINA of the Skeleton group when you strike (even if you have a Magic Sword).

RED SKELETON GROUP SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you fight your way to the red door at the end of the passage. Turn to 260.

276

You clamber up a tree to relative safety and pass the night very peacefully When you wake up, you regain 2 STAMINA points, but you must eat a meal for breakfast It's a bright new day, the birds are singing far too loudly to greet the dawn, and there is just an ordinary stone arch in the clearing in front of you. But time grows short and you must find somewhere else to visit Turn to **363**

277

Leaving the crypt and the storeroom, you return to the main passage. Will you now:

Open the door at the far end of the passage, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to **385**
Descend the steps?	Turn to **56**
Try to pass though the screen of light?	Turn to **37**

278

You feel your mind being affected as the Dire Spectre forms before you and stretches out its misty claws towards your face. You are helpless – paralysed – as the horror takes over your mind and your self-control. You will become a helpless shell as it dominates you; your adventure ends here.

279

The bottle contains almost half a litre of best-quality olive oil. You've no immediate use for it, but you have a sneaking feeling that it may come in useful at some time in the future . . turn to **387**.

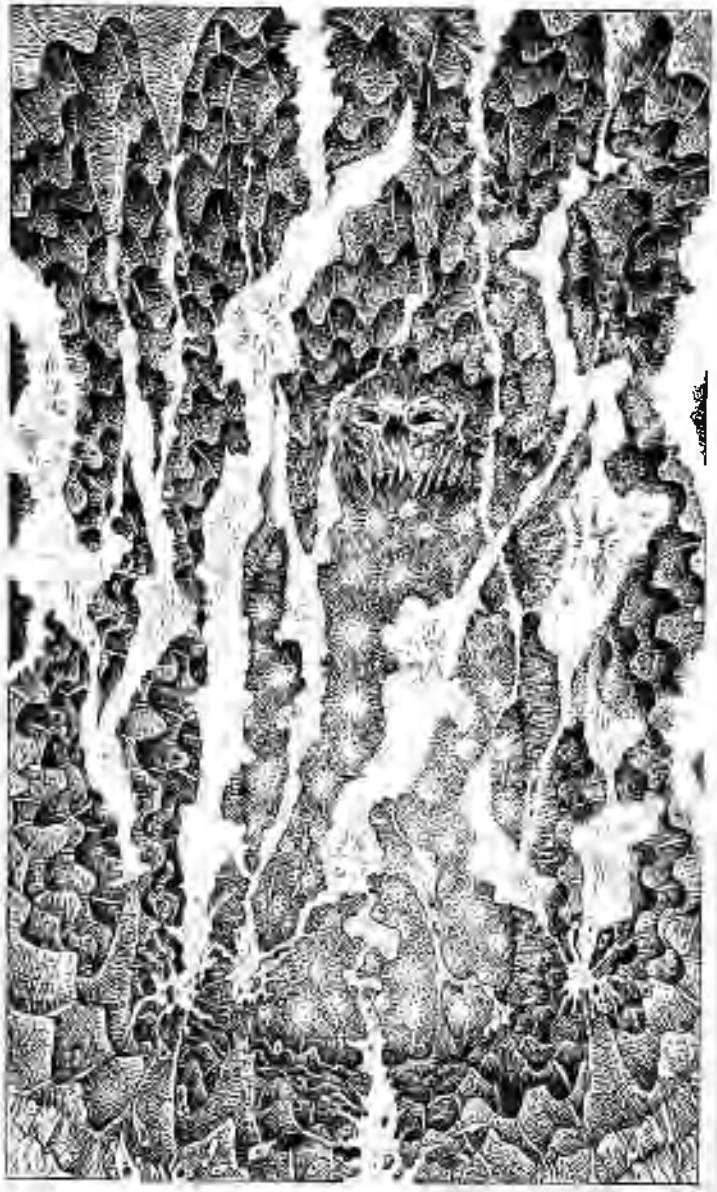

280

As you feel the door begin to give against your onslaught, the room you are standing in starts to react to your efforts The bony protuberances all round it begin to sparkle and spit small fiery fragments at you, and it's going to take you a little while yet to open the door. If you have a Bronze Manikin with you, turn to **159** If you haven't, turn to **194**

281

You are outside the monastery; looking around, there are several locations which you could explore. If you have acquired a Magic Stone, you reckon that it may be used to re-light the lighthouse beacon. If you have already been there and you know where to use the Magic Stone, you will know which paragraph to turn to in order to do this; but you will have to eat a meal en route Alternatively, will you head:

North-east to the lighthouse?	Turn to **333**
West to the woodlands, if you haven't been there before?	Turn to **57**
South-west to a grassy hillock?	Turn to **186**
Southwards to some marshland in the distance?	Turn to **6**

282

As you put your weight against the door, the metal of the web turns cherry-red and explodes into flame You manage to open the door, but you are badly burned in the process; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA Turn to **198**.

283

You finally emerge from the swamp at its south-western border. You're exhausted and you clamber up into a tree to sleep.

When you wake up, you must eat a meal. Taking a look around, to the west you can see a bay with a sharply descending cliff leading to it, and to the south a broad and forbidding expanse of barren land, all brown and black rock and dust. Beyond the plain, on the far south-western edge of the island, is a building of some kind, though you can make out little detail from here. Almost due east of you, on the far side of the island, stands a forbidding black tower. So where will you go now?

Towards the cliffs? Turn to **41**
Across the plain towards the building in the west? Turn to **201**
Across the plain towards the black tower? Turn to **124**

284

The chest is locked, and you have a gut feeling that it is somehow trapped. You can prise open the lock with a knife, but doing so will risk activating the trap. If you want to hazard opening the chest, turn to **297**. If you would rather not, turn to **58**.

285

The leader of the Mermen has some information for you: 'The wizards whom Shantizair sought are in the black towers to the west – or, rather, in the dungeons below it, to be precise. They are dead, but are no less dangerous for that. There is a secret entrance to those dungeons in the cliffs below the tower; if you can enter there, you may be able to avoid some of the traps they placed to protect themselves. Farewell; I wish you the blessings of the gods.' The Mermen swim off to their homes below the waves. As for you, when you have ascended the cliffs, will you head south-west towards the distant building (turn to **201**) or east to the black tower (turn to **124**)?

286

From the inside, the building appears to be a shrine of some kind – or at least it was until it was wrecked. Broken pieces of statuary are scattered about the floor, books have been ripped up and shredded, vases and ornaments have been flung about mindlessly and shattered. Wall-hangings have been torn apart, alcoves are strewn with debris and fragments of bone. Livid old bloodstains are spattered along the east wall. What will you do here? Will you:

Try to repair and clean the shrine?	Turn to 195
Search through the debris thoroughly?	Turn to 143
Leave the shrine and set off eastwards?	Turn to 390

287

All you get for your pains is a shield, which you find on the far side of the barrow; you can add this to your Possessions if you don't already have one. A poor

haul for fighting such a tough opponent. Now will you:

Climb a tree and get some sleep?	Turn to 276
Enter the right-hand barrow if you haven't already?	Turn to 38
Enter the large central barrow?	Turn to 59

288

The little creature is a guardian and is protecting its master, so it doesn't listen to your words. It strikes you as you speak; lose 2 points from your STAMINA. You have to fight, so turn to 7.

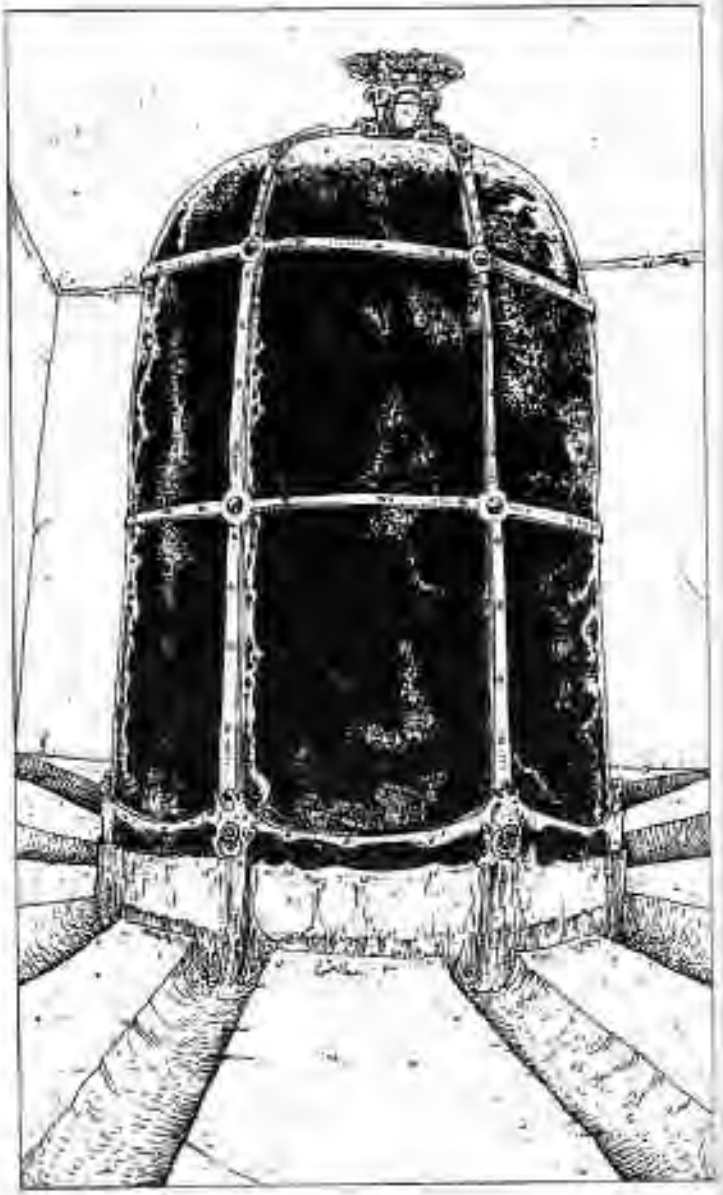

289

You slide open the door, to find yourself in a large chamber. Almost all the available space is taken up by a huge tank, which is made of glass, with iron hinges and joinery, and which is sealed save for a single inlet valve. Cut channels run across the floor; their purpose would be to drain away liquid. The tank is filled with a mass of green slime which looks like liquefied seaweed; it appears to be rotting, and a repulsive smell wafts across to your offended nostrils despite the sealing of the tank. You could easily put something small into the tank if you wanted to, although you cannot see how to get anything out of it without smashing the glass. If you wish to put something into the inlet valve of the tank, decide which item you will introduce into it and turn to **51**. If you want to break the glass of the tank, turn to **176**. If you would rather leave this chamber and find somewhere else to search, turn to **106**.

290

Smearing the slimy Cream on your skin repels the twisting tendrils of the plant and you can pass safely through. You arrive at the front door of the monastery, which is slightly ajar; there doesn't appear to be any other entrance to the building. Roll two dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your PRESENCE, turn to **206**. If the total is greater than your PRESENCE, turn to **222**.

291

You descend to the shoreline and discover a small rowing boat, bobbing up and down in the seaweed-choked waters near the shore. You could reach the wreck of the sailing ship, which is already breaking up, using this boat. This venture would certainly be hazardous: the wind is whipping in from the sea and the waves are growing higher. But the wreck may have supplies aboard which you could use, and possibly even some information about what has been happening on the island. If you decide to row out to the wreck, turn to **367**. If you think better of it and wish to explore elsewhere, turn to 70.

292

You walk half-way along the corridor and none of the Red Skeletons is animating. If you have a Sapphire, a Topaz, a Fire Ruby and a Tiger Eye, add up the facets in this group of gems and divide the total by 2; turn to the paragraph with that number. Otherwise, a skeleton suddenly strikes out at you with its sword; lose 2 points from your STAMINA. You're forced to fight as the undead surround you. Turn to **275**.

293

'I wasn't allowed to go into many areas, but I do know of one or two traps. Don't take the swords from above the fireplace if you get as far as the rooms of the Master of Fire in the deepest dungeon. Be careful of the steps leading down to the next dungeon level – there is a trap set on them now, so search carefully for any pits or other traps there. I don't know exactly what the trap is. I know there are magical traps in the alchemy laboratories of the Master of Waters – don't touch the green globes there. Don't touch the blue light screen down the passage, either. There will be other traps too, but I don't know of them.' Return to **48**.

294

Time passes, and you must eat a meal. You've been walking all day and it's clear this trail is somehow magically warped or distorted; it simply can't be as long as the distance your weary feet have walked. At any rate, now the light is failing and you must sleep. You clamber up into a tree and get some very uncomfortable rest, save from predatory animals.

Dawn breaks at last and you haul your stiff body to the ground. Back to the trail; return to **345**.

295

Your sword strikes the Master of Fire and ruins his concentration, so his magical attack is nullified. Your weapon's blow inflicts the usual damage, so turn to **375** and finish the wizard off!

296

You make it safely to the door of the grey stone building and find, to your surprise, that it is not locked! You open the door and enter; turn to **286**.

297

Sure enough, you spring a dart trap which skewers your hand; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Worse

still, clouds of choking gas from the chest are now filling the room. You have a choice here; you can flee the room immediately (turn to **106**), or you can try to close the lid of the chest, which will mean inhaling more of these toxic fumes (turn to **324**).

298

You throw out the net, and the mindlessly grasping limbs clutch at it and are enfolded. You manage to scramble ashore without being harmed, but you must now cross the net off your list of Possessions Turn to **166**.

299

You peer through the open door into the circular room at the base of the lighthouse. Fortunately, just enough light is filtering down from the dome into the gloom to make general outlines just visible. Simple, plain stone steps cut in a spiral staircase lead upwards, while a wooden trapdoor shows that there is something below ground level. There is also a repulsive monster slobbering and drooling in the half-dark here! It looks like an obese, slime-dribbling giant maggot with several sets of human arms protruding from its segmented body, and its head has the vestiges of human features. With a vile shudder the Slimeworm expels a great gobbet of evil-smelling muck at you; then it squirms towards you, lunging with its surprisingly hard nails outstretched and extending the suckered, bony plates of its slobbering mouth You may be able to evade combat here; will you:

Attack the Slimeworm?	Turn to **29**
Try to dodge the monster and run up the stairs?	Turn to **228**
Run away and descend to the wreck?	Turn to **291**
Run away and find somewhere else to visit?	Turn to **70**

300

The magical ward chills you as you force open the door; you think you've never experienced such awful, numbing cold. Deduct 5 points from your STAMINA, but you succeed in getting into the bedroom of the Master of Waters. Searching here will take some time,

so you must eat a meal. You check through the furnishings of the small bedroom and swiftly ascertain that the articles of greatest interest here are some notebooks, hidden in a locked coffer which you force open with your knife Turn to 172.

301

So far, the Master of Fire has simply been observing you battling his guardian; now he unleashes one of his minor spells at you. A ball of flame erupts from his fingertips and roars across the room. Roll one die; you must deduct this number of points from your STAMINA. The Black Skeleton is unaffected. If you are still alive, continue fighting it to the death, then turn to **346**.

302

The single staircase with its wooden banister rails leads upwards to a landing from which separate sets of stairs then lead off, left and right. Stepping gingerly up the stairs while checking for any tripwires or other traps, you are almost up to the landing when you see that a magical pentagram has been inscribed on the floor here. You have no idea what may happen if you step into it in order to cross to the stairs beyond. You could try to vault over it, using the banister rails as supports, but this could well be very tricky! Will you:

Leave the monastery?	Turn to **281**
Walk into the pentagram?	Turn to **392**
Try to remove the pentagram somehow?	Turn to **3**
Attempt to vault over the pentagram?	Turn to **193**

303

The apprentice doesn't listen but flings another burst of magical missiles at you; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you want to fight him, turn to **395**. If you want to keep parleying, roll two dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your PRESENCE, the young man finally calms down and you can talk; turn to **19**. If the total rolled is greater than your PRESENCE, turn to **395**.

304

The Elemental does not respond in any way. You suppose that it is unable to leave its bonded area and so cannot accompany you. Will you now:

Ask the Elemental for material aid?	Turn to **247**
Ask the Elemental for magical aid?	Turn to **238**
Attack the Elemental?	Turn to **358**
Leave here, climb the chute, and set off eastwards?	Turn to **334**

305

If you have *not* been struck in the face by the gunk squirted at you, you can throw the net and partially snare the Octopus: subtract 2 points from its Attack Strength when you have to fight it. If you *were* splashed by the gunk, your vision isn't good enough to throw the net effectively, and you automatically miss. In either case, turn to 77 to fight the monster.

306

The armchair is very comfortable, and you sink into it with some relief. You reach out an arm, draw the decanter to you, and sip the rich liquid. It tastes excellent – so good, you guzzle the lot. You sink into a very comfortable sleep . . .

You wake up feeling very refreshed (restore your STAMINA to its *initial* level). You may take the decanter with you if you like; perhaps you will find something to put in it later. Now return to 110 and select an option you haven't chosen before.

307

If you want to leave the barrow after this vicious combat, turn to 20. If you want to explore further, do you have a lantern? If you have, turn to 218. If you don't have one, turn to 208.

308

The flame sears and burns you as you grit your teeth and run through it. You lose 3 points from your STAMINA (2 points if you have a Ruby). Turn to 196.

309

You have a vision of a yellow-robed, white-haired wizard suddenly struck down by a deluge of smoking, viscous liquid, leaving a charred body behind; you believe that the attack was with acid. Then the spirit form of the wizard floats up from the body and looks around; it projects a small circle of magical energy from its hand, looks surprised that it can still use magic, and wanders away. You have a strong belief that this wizard was not entirely evil and that his spirit is searching for something in its wanderings. You also feel strongly that this spirit has to be allied with another to give you something you desperately need to achieve success in your quest. Lastly, you see yourself opening the tomb of a person you know to have been a good man; normally this would be desecration, but you know that you must do this in order to aid you. Now turn to 245.

310

The door before you is sealed and it resists all your attempts to force it open. You will be able to brave the terrors which lie beyond it only if you have a diamond If you do have one, you will know how many carats the gem has; turn to the paragraph with that number If you do not have a diamond, you will not be able to progress; you have failed and your adventure ends here

311

You read the entry for the Rat's Tail Fungus; it tells you that the active ingredient in the fungus has to be extracted with olive oil. If you have no olive oil, you cannot make this potion. If you do have some olive oil, you can crush some of the fungi and insert them into the bottle of oil If you have a spare glass bottle, you can use just a little of the oil and keep the rest; otherwise you will have to remove the olive oil from your list of Possessions. The resulting mixture looks utterly disgusting and it smells like something a horse might leave behind it; but, incredibly, it acts as a Potion of Stamina. You can drink this at any time, except during a combat, and it will restore lost STAMINA points up to one-half of your *Initial* STAMINA (round fractions up) Now you backtrack and take the southern route through the woods; turn to **345**.

312

Your body becomes insubstantial, ghostly, almost transparent. The hideous Dire Spectre which has risen from the wizard's corpse stares at you in hatred and fear! Its face is lined, its shrivelled eyes are sunk back into their sockets and its clawed talons end in wisps and tendrils of acrid smoke It is a little distance away from you, in a world which seems strange and only half real; you can make out the material world, including the wizard's chamber, but only as through a hazy fog; this Ethereal Plane has an elusive, fluid nature of its own. But you have to get accustomed to it quickly as the undead monster is waving its hands, and you guess that it possesses some magic of its own Will you:

Throw acid at the Dire Spectre, if you have some?	Turn to **149**
Drink a Blue Potion, if you have one?	Turn to **117**
Move to attack the Dire Spectre?	Turn to **54**
Coat your sword with Spectrebane, if you have any?	Turn to **174**

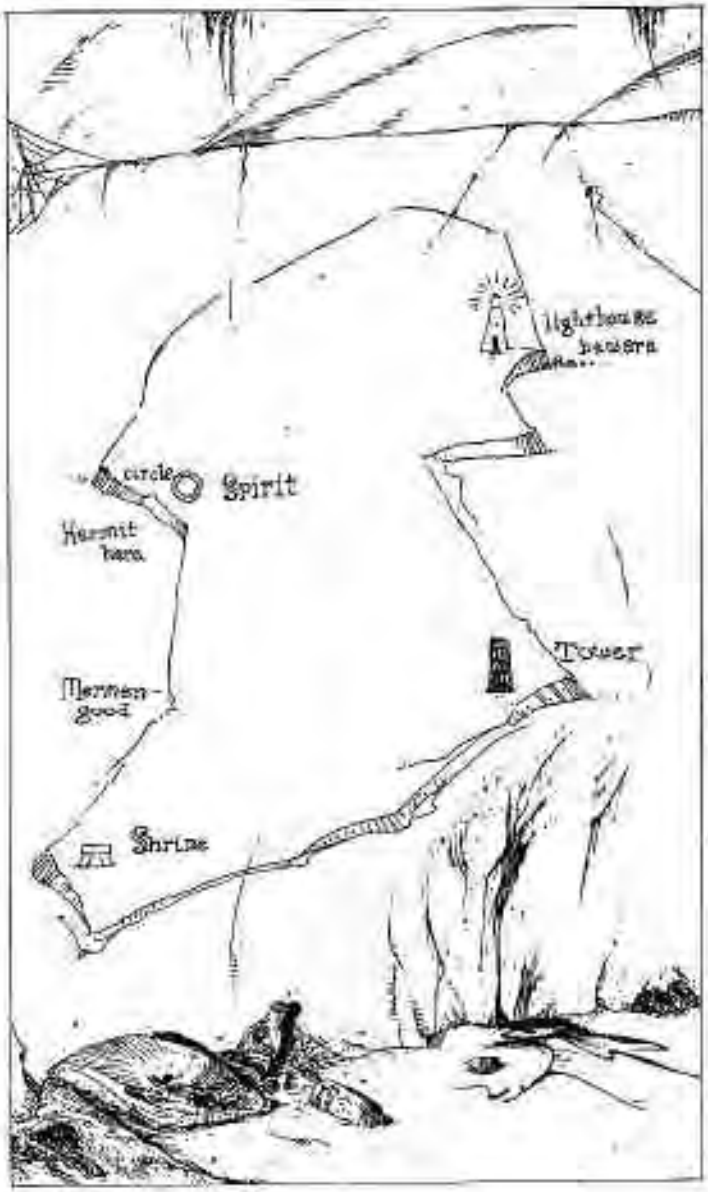

313

The cellars are extensive and a search is time-consuming; you must eat a meal. But you find a pestle and mortar here (you may take them, if you wish) and, scrawled on a wall in a far corner of the cellar, you find what seems to be some kind of map. Below, on the floor, is the broken flint the unknown cartographer used to scratch the map with. All that remains of him is a large, smeared, dark-red bloodstain on the floor.

After your search, you return to the passage; here, you can open the door opposite if you haven't done this already (turn to **398** if you do this), leave the monastery (turn to **281**), or go further into the building towards the T-junction (turn to **154**).

314

The spirit looks satisfied with your sacrifice. 'There is a magical force, sealed and hidden not far away, which must be laid to rest. Come with me.' You accompany the spirit as he drifts along the strange, hazy passage to its indeterminate border with the stone beyond. The spirit passes his hand over one wall and reveals a hidden door, glowing with runes. The number of runes on the door is equal to the number of elements raised to its own power; the number 4 to the fourth power is 256, of course. 'This is the Chamber of Elements. Something within causes strife and struggle, and there can be no respite from the evil the Master of Fire has brought here without dealing with this Alone, I cannot give you leave to enter You have to bring that abject wretch, the Master of Earth, here to open it. His

domain is directly opposite mine. I cannot bring myself to speak his vile name.' Remishaz remains by the door and speaks no more. Turn to **23**.

315

You cough in the foul, unhealthy atmosphere, and this weakens you as you spend time in this unhealthy atmosphere. Every time you encounter a creature of any kind (even if you don't fight it), you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA owing to the weakening effects of the disease. Turn to **384**.

316

You climb the staircase for some ten metres until it ends in a large, bare chamber with fire-blasted stone walls across the whole of the tower. Opposite you, on the other side of the room, is a wooden staircase rising up to ceiling height and terminating at a wooden trapdoor. On the floor is a pile of sacking which is clearly covering something, although you have no idea what it may be. Will you walk across the room to the wooden staircase (turn to **35**) or descend the staircase to the dungeons (turn to **2**)?

317

You are fortunate that the Master of Waters liked to indulge himself in the matter of food and drink. This small storeroom contains plenty of preserved food: fruits, salted and smoked meats, wrapped rye bread and much else. You can eat enough here to restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level, and you can fill your backpack with as much food as you can carry (increase your Provisions total to its maximum of 12). Now you

can open the door opposite you across the study, if you haven't already done so (turn to **263**), leave the study and open the other door just down the passageway beyond the water-filled room (turn to **366**), or search elsewhere in this dungeon level (turn to **106**).

318

You have to fight for six Attack Rounds – the time it takes you to force your way to the safety of the shore. The mass of arms, far too large for you to destroy, has a collective SKILL of 8. In every Attack Round when you have the lower Attack Strength you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA because of the tearing and gouging wounds inflicted by the undead mass. In every Attack Round when you have the higher Attack Strength, you manage to hack off some limbs; this makes no difference, however, as there are dozens ready to take the place of any you destroy – but at least you lose no STAMINA points. If you are still alive after six Attack Rounds, you manage to stagger ashore, so turn to **166**.

319

You have to force your way through the barrier composed of cruel shards of bone, registering the pain in your mind. You lose 3 points from your STAMINA, yet strangely your movement isn't impeded much by this defence, and your legs show no signs of injury. At last you confront your final enemy. Turn to **257**.

320

The tunnel opens out into a dark cavern containing a large number of skeletons and rusted armour and

equipment The cavern is dank and the air stale; there may be some equipment here which might still be usable, but searching would take valuable time. Will you:

Search this chamber?	Turn to 197
Leave, and follow the tunnel ahead?	Turn to 75
Return, climb back up the chute, and set off eastwards?	Turn to 334

321

The trail seems to be meandering around in a twisted, recursive path; time passes, and you must eat a meal. Return to 345.

322

You descend a long flight of stone steps into an atmosphere that grows increasingly damp and cold. A faint phosphorescent glow comes from the stone, but it is still gloomy as the steps descend to a half-open door; if you do not have a working lantern, you must subtract 1 point from your Attack Strength during all combats in this dungeon level (until you find another set of steps leading down). You push open the door and it almost falls off its hinges; the other side of it is blackened and charred. An almost circular fireball pattern is blasted into the stone of the passage which lies beyond the door. Peering cautiously around, you see three doors on the wall opposite the door you've entered by; to both your left and right the passage ends in an L-junction, the distant passage leading away from you Will you:

Open the door opposite you?	Turn to 371
Open the left-hand door?	Turn to 352
Open the right-hand door?	Turn to 289
Follow the passage to your right?	Turn to 78
Follow the passage to your left?	Turn to 219

323

'I accept your decision,' the spirit says rather mournfully, and it disappears. You are left alone in the darkness of the deep barrow, but there is still something here which may be of use to you. Turn to **63**.

324

The lid of the chest is wedged open with a spring device. You must *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you're successful, you manage to close the lid of the chest and may continue searching (turn to **58**). If you fail, you must lose 2 points from your STAMINA, caused by inhaling the gas. You can try again to close the chest, but each time you fail you must lose another 2 STAMINA points, and if you fail three times the gas is so unpleasant you will be forced to flee from the room; turn to **106**

325

You push the door open cautiously; beyond it is a large dormitory room with hard beds, some robes and monks' habits on pegs, and a few small cupboards and tables. A search here reveals nothing but is time-consuming, so you must eat a meal here Now you can go down the corridor to the open door and enter the room beyond it if you wish (turn to **336**). If you prefer to leave the monastery and have already fought an Elemental, turn to **281**; if you want to leave but haven't encountered an Elemental here, turn to **31**.

326

At last the Master of Fire falls to the ground, his body lifeless and inert, and it slips into the ring of magical fire surrounding his throne. The body chars and begins to burn; the element he commanded will consume him at the end Gain 1 point of PRESENCE You begin to turn away, to seek a way out of this terrible place, or to search for treasures you can take home with you; but then the hair at the nape of your neck begins to rise You spin round . . to see that something is emerging from the charring body of the dead wizard. A spectral form is dragging itself out of the corpse, unharmed by the flames, and as you swing at it with your weapon you slice right through it, doing it no harm. *Fool,* a thought implants itself in your mind, *you cannot harm me! I will find another body to possess, just as I took over this mortal who summoned me Perhaps I will possess yours .*

You now have a limited time in which you can carry out up to five actions. Eating a meal counts as one action (and you can't gobble down more than two meals). So does drinking a potion, coating a weapon with venom or bane if you have one, guzzling some Monks' Herbal Liqueur or grog, or coating yourself with oil (if you can) Decide which five actions you want to perform, then turn to **163**.

327

You wade through the swamp, desperately looking for a trail, but you can find none. Your efforts attract the attention of several large alligators, and as you tire

they drag you down to a watery death Your adventure ends here.

328

Clearly, the door at the end of the passage is designed to keep intruders out: the wood is solid and strong, the hinges and fixtures are of brass and iron, and the brass plaque is plainly magical Just looking at it causes a shiver to run down your spine. The face of a gargoyle is peering at you from out of the plaque; but it seems to be shifting and changing even as you look, although it always communicates disdain and a leering, evil quality. You're no wizard, but you can sense the crackle of magic about it. You are fairly sure that some powerful magical trap must be attached to this door.

If you have a sapphire and you don't know the name of the Master of Waters, turn to the paragraph with the same number as that gem has facets. If you know the wizard's name, convert it into a number, using the following code: A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 and so on to Z = 26, then add up the numbers which correspond to the letters of the name. If you know the wizard's name but do not have a sapphire, turn to the paragraph with the number of the wizard's name. If you know the name *and* you have a sapphire, add the number of the wizard's name and the number of facets in the gem together, then turn to the paragraph with *that* number. In both these cases, if you are wrong about the wizard's name and you find that the paragraph you have turned to is inappropriate, you should turn to **165** instead. If you don't know the wizard's name and

don't have a sapphire but you want to open the door, turn to **165**. If you decide to back off and search elsewhere, turn to **106**.

329

The hairs on the nape of your neck rise, as you feel the gaze of Lady Luck turn upon you! Increase your *Initial* LUCK score by 1 (to a maximum of 12), and your current LUCK score is increased to that new *Initial* level. Turn to **245**.

330

You cannot harm a Fire Elemental without a magic sword. You are forced to flee, and you have to deduct 4 points from your STAMINA due to attacks made upon your back as you run. As soon as you leave, the flames are immediately extinguished. Safe once more outside, if you are still alive, will you:

Climb a tree and get some sleep?	Turn to **276**
Enter the right-hand barrow, if you haven't already?	Turn to **38**
Enter the large central barrow?	Turn to **59**

331

The hermit laughs incredulously at the notion that a madman like himself could give you advice. 'Why, you're a bigger fool than I am!' he cackles with glee, and he skips away through the woods before you can stop him. He won't answer any more questions now, but a piping voice floating through the woods gives you a final, cryptic piece of information: 'If you get to the shrine, the faceless one is your best friend, but don't choose it, oh no!' Turn to **168**.

332

A ball of freezing fog forms and hurtles at astonishing speed from the Master's hands across the room towards you. You cannot aim the acid properly now, but you yourself are chilled and numbed when the fog envelops you; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength in your next hand-to-hand combat. Turn to **39**.

333

You set off towards the lighthouse and soon find yourself standing before a sturdy door, slightly open, at the base of a white stone tower with a glass cupola on the top of it. No light is visible within the glass, and everything behind the door is pitch dark. Now you're close to the clifftop, you can see that a small sailing ship has been wrecked down in the bay, just to the east of you; the disappearance of the magical light from the lighthouse has already claimed a victim. A rowing boat has been smashed on the rocks a short distance from the main vessel. Angry waves break over the headland below and spray is whipped in by a fierce east wind. The door of the lighthouse is hanging open and it periodically bangs in the breeze; drawing closer, you gain a distinct impression of cold and evil lurking in the darkness beyond. Will you:

Open the door and enter the lighthouse?	Turn to **299**
Descend and investigate the wreck?	Turn to **291**
Leave the area and find somewhere else to visit?	Turn to **70**

334

You are less than a kilometre from the tall black tower which stands on the cliffs overlooking the Ocean of Tempests. The spire of the tower reaches far into the sky, and there is a flying creature of some kind spiralling above it – it seems very large, and does not look like any seabird you have ever seen. If you have the Spirit, Parraine, with you, turn to 53. If you do not, you can make straight for the tower (turn to 128); alternatively, you can go to the top of the cliffs, a little way from the tower (turn to 24).

335

You douse the picture in oil and set fire to it. However, applying fire to a painting of the Master of Fire is not a wise action: the visage of the wizard spits fire over you as his portrait goes up in flames; lose 4 points from your STAMINA. Now you may search the room (turn to 109) or leave and try elsewhere (turn to 79).

336

The large room behind this door may have been a meditation chamber or an inner sanctum for the senior monks here. The kneeling cushions, mats, tapestries, ceremonial bowls and tables here have been smashed with a primeval fury; from behind a curtained-off part of the room you hear something scrabbling and panting. Whatever the thing making these disgusting noises

is, it doesn't seem to have noticed you yet. If you prefer not to confront this monster and would like to leave the monastery; and if you've encountered an Elemental here, turn to 281. If you want to leave but haven't fought an Elemental here; turn to 31. If you want to attack the creature here, turn to 354. If you want to go along the corridor and open the other door and you haven't done this already, turn to 325.

337

You step back into the magic circle . . . and find yourself outside the door with no lock and no handle by which you entered. You can open the door at the junction passage, just along from here (turn to 185); or you can return to the long, main passageway and search somewhere else (turn to 23).

338

You wait until the Skeletons are well away from the door, break from cover and run, full pelt, to the door. Roll two dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your PRESENCE, turn to 234. If the total is greater than your PRESENCE, turn to 296.

339

You find the charred and unrecognizable remains of a human-like creature in what was once a large, throne-like chair in the room, but nothing else of obvious value or interest. If you want to inspect the body more closely, turn to **66**. If you'd rather leave here and try elsewhere in the dungeon, turn to **106**.

340

You set off down the passage to the yellow haze and, as you walk, the passage seems to change substance, to become a semi-solid vapour, and your feet are sinking shin-deep into a thick, yellow fog on the floor. The passageway opens into a seemingly roofless chamber with a spinning vortex of air in the centre and gentle breezes blowing about it. Sitting at the base of the vortex is a yellow-robed man; he looks semi-substantial, as if his body were made of wisps of air, and his robes and floating white hair dissipate into cloudy wisps and plumes. His azure eyes turn to you as you gaze at him, and his nimble fingers fly and flicker as he begins a magical incantation. If you want to attack him, turn to **265**. If you want to flee from his spell, turn to **11**. If you think you know his name and want to converse with him, turn to **244**.

341

The belfry of the tower has a vast cupola ceiling towering many metres above you and great, high arches that open to the outside world well above the level of your head. A shattered brass bell lies on the stone in the middle of this chamber and there are piles

of what look like straw and branches opposite you, on the other side of this great chamber. So, will you:

Examine the broken bell?	Turn to 267
Search the straw and branches?	Turn to 155
Descend the staircase to the dungeons?	Turn to 2

342

If you have a sapphire, multiply the number of facets in that gem by six, then turn to the paragraph with that number. If you don't have this gem, turn to 119.

343

Drawing back the tarpaulin, you see that the hold is awash with seawater; the few goods stored there must be ruined. But there is something lurking here which you don't see until it rakes you with a claw; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. This Sea Zombie, strong and heavily muscled, had been the first mate of the ship and it is more powerful than most. You must fight it here.

SEA ZOMBIE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, will you:

Climb to the crow's nest?	Turn to 5
Go down the steps below deck?	Turn to 52
Get off the ship and leave this area?	Turn to 272

344

You swallow the potion and make a run for the door. Your pumping legs carry you along with incredible

swiftness and the animating skeletons are too slow to stop you. However, by the time you get to the door the effects of the potion have worn off. You try to open the red door, and you must do this at once without carrying out any other actions first (such as eating a meal or drinking a potion); turn to 260.

345

The southern trail twists and turns and continues a fair distance. Roll one die. If you roll 1, turn to 321. If you roll 2 or 3, turn to 294. If you roll 4, 5 or 6, turn to 43.

346

With the remnants of the Black Skeleton lying at your feet, the Master of Fire is now ready for you, his hands weaving another spell as he stands behind his protective ring of fire. What will you do now? If you have a Brass Orb and want to try using it, you know the number of the paragraph where you found it. Double that number, then turn to the paragraph with the same number in order to decide what to do with the Orb. If not, will you:

Throw acid at him, if you have some?	Turn to 142
Run at him with a weapon?	Turn to 364
Use a crystal or diamond here?	Turn to 25

347

Although you have helped them, the Mermen are still nervous and distrustful, and they swim away. Looking about dejectedly, you find some reward: lying on a

rock beside one of the dead Shark-Kin is a fish-skin purse containing 3 Gold Pieces. You climb back up the cliffs, and now you can head south-west to the building in the distance (turn to **201**) or east to the black tower (turn to **124**).

348

You step forward to attack the Bone Golem. When fighting it, any blow from its runesword will inflict 3 points of damage to your STAMINA, so you must defeat it quickly!

BONE GOLEM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, your intuitions tell you that a dangerous combat lies behind the door beyond the guardian. Make your preparations, then open the door! Turn to **388**.

349

If you have a ruby, multiply the number of facets on that gem by ten then turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not possess a ruby, turn to **282**.

350

The door opens into what was once a study chamber, but it is fire-blasted inside and the furnishings of the place are a charred wreck; there are doors on the right- and left-hand sides of the chamber. As you step forward, a ghostly form materializes before you: the Master of Waters may be dead, but his spirit has not left his lair. The raven-haired, grim-faced Spectre will not be placated by anything you may do or say; it is

driven by desire for revenge, and the spirit is half crazy. If you do not have a magic sword, you will not be able to harm the Spectre, and it will hunt you down and slay you; your adventure ends here. If you have a magic sword, you can fight normally. If you have a black mark on your arm, turn to **235**. If you haven't, turn to **32**.

351

You stride along the slowly ascending line of the cliff, through scrub grass and thick-leaved plants that are hardy enough to resist the heat and the salt spray which whips in from the bay. Soon you can see the wreck of a middling-sized rowing boat, lying on some rocks just off the shoreline, some distance below you. You guess it may have come from your ship and could well have some supplies in it. A steep pebbled path leads down the cliff-face here. Will you:

Walk down the path to get to the wreck?	Turn to **221**
Veer off to the east and into the main moorland?	Turn to **90**
Head towards the lighthouse?	Turn to **333**

352

The door, which is locked, is decorated with a large rune; you aren't sure, but you think you may have seen something like this used as a warning rune. If you want to force the door open, you'll have to put some real effort into it – and you may well trigger a trap or make a noise which could alert any guards or guardians

about. If you decide to try anyway, turn to **233** If you think better of it, turn to **106**

353

Opening any other tomb will yield you no treasure, only misfortune! A cloud of foul gas escapes from the tomb; you now have the disease, Lung Rot. Simultaneously the skeleton within the tomb animates to attack you. If you do not have a lantern with oil, you are fighting in the dark and must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength during this combat. Additionally, a sword will inflict only 1 point of damage to the Skeleton, even if it is a Magic Sword; a stone axe, if you have one, will inflict the usual 2 points of damage

SKELETON SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, you can either open the first tomb you examined, if you haven't done so already (turn to **223**), or leave the crypt (turn to **277**).

354

You draw back the black curtains and confront a creature warped almost beyond recognition. This thing was once a human monk: the fine quality of its now-shredded and filthy robe suggests that he may have been the senior monk in the monastery. Now the creature's body is covered in mottled and calcified nodules, and it oozes a thick, acidic secretion which drips on to the wooden floor and hisses as wisps of acrid smoke rise from the blackening woodwork The eyes are blackened and opaque, and its face is an impassive, stony mask It has just wrenched open a wooden chest and has flung the contents – papers and maps – to the floor, where they are dissolving in the acid. The monster reacts swiftly to your presence You have no idea what gross mutated thing the monk – once Father Honorton himself – has become, but it's too fast for you to evade You've got to fight!

FATHER HONORTON SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **170**.

355

A long corridor stretches before you as far as a red door in the distance. There is a heat haze here, and sweat drips from your brow as you take a cautious step along the passageway. You see that large alcoves are cut into both sides of the passageway between you and the door, and in each stands a red-boned skeleton, armed with a broadsword If they become animated, and you are sure that they will, they will be a formidable gauntlet for you to have to run. If you possess a Blue Potion and wish to use it here, turn to **344** If you want to run full pelt for the door in the distance, turn to **62**. If you decide to attack the Red Skeleton in the first alcove, turn to **275**. If you decide to walk along the corridor quietly and hope that the Skeletons won't animate, turn to **292**.

356

Where will you go now? Will you:

Search the forward hold, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to **85**
Study the magical symbol, if you haven't done this already?	Turn to **97**
Open the other cabin door, if you haven't before?	Turn to **114**
Leave the ship and return to shore?	Turn to **272**

357

You touch the screen – and receive a heavy jolt of electrical energy which numbs your arm. You must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and you must

subtract 1 from your SKILL during the first combat you find yourself in after you leave the library. Return to 110 and pick an option you haven't chosen before.

358

Attacking this great Elemental is not a good move. Without a magic sword, you cannot harm the Elemental; if you don't possess one, it destroys you and your adventure ends here. If you do have a magic sword, you may fight the immense creature. Any blow from it causes 4 points of STAMINA damage.

EARTH ELEMENTAL SKILL 14 STAMINA 22

If you win, reduce your LUCK by 1 point before you leave the tunnels and set off eastwards; turn to 334.

359

You tap the glass gently, hoping to make a small crack in the tank, but the weight of liquid inside is enough to fracture the pane completely and it pours out in a torrent. Frantically you try to collect as much of it as possible. Each empty glass bottle, decanter or potion bottle that you have can be filled with the nutritious slime; each will hold sufficient for one meal. When you've filled all the empty vessels you possess, and have avoided slipping over and falling flat on your face in the rivulets of slime that are streaming across the floor, leave the room and turn to 106.

360

As you force open the door, the metal of the web turns a dull red; at the same time the ruby you are

holding starts to glow, as if absorbing something into itself. This gem is now transformed into a Fire Ruby; it has expanded greatly in size, with a full 60 facets (make a note of this!). You step into the room beyond the door. Turn to 198.

361

As you strike the final blow, the Spirit sinks down and its faint light is extinguished; then it shimmers and reforms before your eyes! Fearing you may never be able to defeat it, you prepare to strike it again, but it bids you stay your sword. 'I am freed,' it whispers, 'although not as I would wish. Hear me, stranger.' You sheathe your sword; the Spirit does not advance or threaten you in any way. 'I am named Parraine,' the Spirit continues. 'I was commanded by the wizard whom I cannot name to guard this place. The wizards drew some of their power over the elements from here, and the brass orb you see still contains some of that power. I was once a wizard myself, many decades ago, and I fell in a great battle on the Plain of Swords beyond the marshlands. I was not buried properly; my bones still lie there and I was uneasy in death. The wizards enslaved me as their servant. Now I am free of that, but I need to have my bones buried on the plain of battle. Because I am free, I willingly offer you my service. If you choose to accept me into an object you possess, I will serve you – if you will make me an oath that you will seek out my bones and bury them. But as some sages say, and as you may know, to invite a Spirit into yourself is hazardous. This is a test of your faith. If you desire my service, say so. If you do not, I

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holding starts to glow, as if absorbing something into itself. This gem is now transformed into a Fire Ruby; it has expanded greatly in size, with a full 60 facets (make a note of this!). You step into the room beyond the door. Turn to 198.

361

As you strike the final blow, the Spirit sinks down and its faint light is extinguished; then it shimmers and reforms before your eyes! Fearing you may never be able to defeat it, you prepare to strike it again, but it bids you stay your sword. 'I am freed,' it whispers, 'although not as I would wish. Hear me, stranger.' You sheathe your sword; the Spirit does not advance or threaten you in any way. 'I am named Parraine,' the Spirit continues. 'I was commanded by the wizard whom I cannot name to guard this place. The wizards drew some of their power over the elements from here, and the brass orb you see still contains some of that power. I was once a wizard myself, many decades ago, and I fell in a great battle on the Plain of Swords beyond the marshlands. I was not buried properly; my bones still lie there and I was uneasy in death. The wizards enslaved me as their servant. Now I am free of that, but I need to have my bones buried on the plain of battle. Because I am free, I willingly offer you my service. If you choose to accept me into an object you possess, I will serve you – if you will make me an oath that you will seek out my bones and bury them. But as some sages say, and as you may know, to invite a Spirit into yourself is hazardous. This is a test of your faith. If you desire my service, say so. If you do not, I

will be gone.' What will you do? Will you accept Parraine's service (turn to **251**) or refuse it (turn to **323**)?

362

Convert the wizard's name into a number using the following code: A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 and so on to Z = 26. Total the numbers which correspond to the letters in his name, then multiply the total by two. Turn to the paragraph with that number; if the wizard's name is the first word you read, you have been correct Otherwise, the wizard is going to attack you, so make a note to turn to **134**.

363

Leaving the woodlands, you make for an area of the island which you haven't been to previously. Will you head:

North along the coastline where you were washed up?	Turn to **351**
North-east into the moorland?	Turn to **90**
East to a central hillock?	Turn to **186**
Southwards into the marshlands?	Turn to **6**

364

The Master of Fire casts a spell at you as you race towards him, but fear is beginning to show in his wide, possessed eyes. He flings a bolt of lightning at you, but it almost misses its mark and only just catches you; if you are prepared to lose 1 point of LUCK, you can dodge it altogether, otherwise you lose 2 points from your STAMINA. Now you're closing in on your target, so turn to **39**.

365

Clambering over the increasingly rocky ground, you approach the building on the south-western tip of Solani Island. It is a modestly sized affair, built of grey stone and with a green-tinged, tiled roof and a solid door of reddish-brown wood. It has windows, but they are quite opaque. Prowling round the building are a pair of outsize Skeletons, armed with two-handed swords; they walk mindlessly in fixed patterns, round and round. After observing them for a while, you come to the conclusion that you may be able to rush past them while their patrol is drawing them away from the door You don't know whether the door is locked, of course, but you may be able to avoid combat if you run fast enough. Alternatively, you could attack one of the Skeletons while the other one is still a considerable distance away. What do you want to do here? Will you:

Make a dash to the door?	Turn to **338**
Attack one of the Skeletons?	Turn to **164**
Back off and make your way east to the black tower?	Turn to **390**

366

Surprisingly enough, this door opens readily to your touch, and you stand at the top of a flight of stone steps that lead down. A dim red glow is reflected along the walls of this staircase and a blast of heat strikes you in the face even from this distance You guess that this must be the correct route to reach your final destination, a confrontation with the Master of Fire. If you are ready to descend now and face him, turn to **397**. If you would rather close this door and try the one at the end of the passage, turn to **49**. If you wish to search elsewhere in the dungeon, turn to **106**; make a note that, when you are ready to go down to the deepest dungeon level, you can do so by turning to **397**.

367

Through the squalls and choppy grey waters you struggle to reach the creaking timbers of the sailing ship, its back broken on rocks that you manage to avoid. You grab some ropes hanging down the ship's side, fasten your own rowing boat safely, and haul yourself up on deck. You see a half-smashed lifeboat lying partly over the railing of the ship, an empty berth from which another lifeboat must have been launched, a large hold with flapping tarpaulin covers, and a set of wooden steps, close to the wheelhouse, leading down below decks. On the main mast, a crow's nest seems to have a slumped figure of some kind in it. Will you:

Investigate the hold?	Turn to **343**
Climb to the crow's nest?	Turn to **5**
Descend the steps below decks?	Turn to **52**

368

Fortunately for you, the bound Elemental here is weaker than most of its kind, which means that you may be able to survive if you're very lucky!

EARTH ELEMENTAL SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you win, you may leave the monastery if you choose; turn to **281**. If you haven't been upstairs yet, you continue upwards. The two sets of stairs rejoin at the top and open out on to a single corridor. There are two doors here, one at either end of the corridor. One door is slightly open, and from the room beyond it you can hear a horrid, guttural growling and gargling sound The other door is closed. Will you:

Make for the closed door and open it?	Turn to **325**
Go to the slightly open door and enter the room beyond?	Turn to **336**
Go back downstairs and leave the monastery?	Turn to **281**

369

The manikin expands until it is the same size as you; then it simply stands impassively beside you. If you try to command it in some way, it doesn't respond, but if you start to walk away it will follow you. Now, will you take down the swords here in order to examine them, if you haven't already done so (turn to **103**), or leave this room and search elsewhere (turn to **79**)?

370

As you run off you are caught by some blows from skeletons. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, you must lose 2 points from your STAMINA through the blows; if you are Unlucky, you have to lose 6 STAMINA points from attacks. However, if you're still alive, you get away and the undead don't follow you away from the hillock. Turn to 34.

371

You push open the door easily and it opens into a fire-blasted room. The smell of burning lingers on the charred remains of furniture and tapestries here. It doesn't look promising; but if you wish to search here, turn to 339. If you want to go back to the main passage and choose somewhere else to search, turn to 106.

372

The humidity is beginning to sap your strength and your clothing is sodden with sweat. As you stumble along the trail, your vision is blurred by sweat and you feel very tired; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA, caused by your exhaustion. You rub your eyes and look around, and you are sure that you can see faces gazing at you from behind the swathes of swamp fern. The green, reptilian head of a tall and muscular Lizard Man regards you curiously out of its yellow, slanted eyes. The Lizard Man doesn't seem to be making any move to attack you What will you do?

Ignore the Lizard Man and walk on?	Turn to 241
Greet the Lizard Man?	Turn to 47
Attack the Lizard Man?	Turn to 27
Backtrack and take the other fork of the trail?	Turn to 69
Backtrack and take the rope-bridge route?	Turn to 84

373

On the far side of the door that the apprentice emerged from is his bedroom cum study with a spartan pallet bed, a couple of simple chairs and a few basic furnishings. You make a thorough search of both rooms, and of the apprentice's body You come up with some scraps of food (enough for 2 meals), 3 Gold Pieces and an empty potion bottle. The bookcase holds some arcane tomes which you can't decipher, and anyway they're too heavy to carry. Disappointed at this meagre find, you return to the main passage. Now will you:

Open the other door along the passage if you haven't done so before?	Turn to 15
Descend the stone steps?	Turn to 56
Try to get through the screen of blue light?	Turn to 37

374

You retrieve your sword when it has cooled down and consider what to do next. Will you:

Climb a tree and get some sleep? Turn to **276**
Enter the right-hand barrow, if you haven't already? Turn to **38**
Enter the large central barrow? Turn to **59**

375

Now you are battling the Master of Fire in hand-to-hand combat, with an end to sorcerous meddling! You should now deduct from the Master's STAMINA score any damage you have already inflicted upon him.

MASTER OF FIRE SKILL 11 STAMINA 17

If you win, turn to **326**.

376

You drag your weary legs up what seems like an endless procession of steps leading to the very top of the lighthouse tower. In a bright, airy chamber at the top there is a spinning glass globe close to the roof, but no light radiates out from it. If you know an Incantation of Light, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the flecks of light in the Magic Stone you carry If you don't have a Magic Stone, you may be able to return here if you find it later. For now, though, there's nothing you can do here, so you leave; you can descend to the wreck in the bay below if you haven't already done so (turn to **291**), investigate the trapdoor downstairs if you haven't done so already (turn to **261**), or leave here and find somewhere else on the island to visit (turn to **70**)

377

The writing desks have been tidied up very conscientiously. Unblemished vellum, vials of rare inks and quills are there aplenty, but no writing or notes, nor any clues as to what has been happening to the wizards. Rifling through one of the desks, however, you must *Test your Skill*. If you fail, your hand is slashed by a blade trap; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are successful, you manage to avoid the trap. Now return to **110** and choose an option you haven't selected before.

378

You hit out as best you can against this force of magical energies. Your sword glints and gleams within the barrier of howling wind and stone, and you try to strike against the core of magical force within the room.

ELEMENTAL VORTEX SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

This is a perilous combat. If the Vortex has an Attack Strength of 21 in an Attack Round, you will be swept off your feet, and you will struggle to get in a telling blow in the next Attack Round (you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength in that following round). If you win, turn to **91**.

379

You run out of the monastery. Roll one die and halve the number rolled, rounding fractions up; this is the number of hits you take from the Elemental as you flee. Each hit drains your STAMINA of 2 points. If you

are still alive, the magical guardian doesn't pursue you outside the building. Will you now head:

North-eastwards to the lighthouse, if you haven't been there before?	Turn to 333
West to the woodlands, if you haven't been there?	Turn to 57
South-west to a grassy hillock?	Turn to 186
South-west towards some marshland in the distance?	Turn to 6

380

You are standing inside a small, bare chamber which you guess must be a quadrant within the circular tower. In one wall there is a door which is slightly ajar, and in the chamber beyond you can see a circular stone staircase, leading both up the tower and down to the dungeons. In that chamber some sacks, rags, scraps of wood and other debris lie scattered about. Entering the chamber, will you:

Search through the debris?	Turn to 92
Take the staircase up?	Turn to 316
Take the staircase down?	Turn to 2

381

Without your having to force it, the black door opens easily into a passageway, along which you set out, treading carefully to avoid traps. There is a door in front of you, at the point where the passage curves to the left, and you can just make out that this passageway ends at another door. Will you:

Leave this passage and check elsewhere in the dungeon?	Turn to 23
Open the door directly ahead of you?	Turn to 185
Open the door along the left-hand section of passage?	Turn to 252

382

In forcing the chest open, you also trigger a vicious trap: a cutting blade springs out from below the lock and slices deeply into your forearm and wrist. Yelping with pain, you clasp your bleeding swordarm: lose 5 points from your STAMINA.

Inside the chest is the Captain's cutlass; this Magic Sword will add 1 to your Attack Strength when it is used during combats. There is also a pouch containing 7 Gold Pieces, and a shield. Now will you:

Search the forward hold, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to 85
Study the magical symbol, if you haven't done this already?	Turn to 97
Leave the ship and return to shore?	Turn to 272

383

You have entered the Master of Water's massive alchemical laboratory. It is a truly amazing sight! The room must measure hundreds of square metres in size, with a ceiling at least eight metres above your head. There are several workbenches, shelves upon shelves, jars and alchemical equipment, a huge sealed vat, a chest and much else. You make a cautious inventory of the range of materials here and decide that the following objects may be worth closer scrutiny: four floating glass globes with coloured gases inside, two green and two red; the vat, which gives off an acrid, foul smell; a central work-table with many sealed vials and potions; a small table with oils and unguents; and a chest. Among the otherwise dirty apparatus there are also two clean glass bottles which you can take, should you want them. You must consume a meal here during your extensive search. If you want to explore further, turn to **58**. If you think better of it and decide to search elsewhere in this dungeon level, turn to **106**.

384

The trail now splits, forking south-west and south-east. Overhead, you notice a series of interwoven vines in the leaf canopy forming a rope-bridge of sorts and leading directly south. It would be a lot cooler up there than it is down here, and the sweat running off your body lets you know that the heat and humidity are already beginning to weaken you Which route will you take now? Will you:

Take the south-western trail?	Turn to 69
Take the south-eastern trail?	Turn to 372
Climb up to the rope-bridge?	Turn to 84

385

This door is locked. You can try to force it open if you wish. To do so, roll two dice then add 2 to the total. If the resulting number is less than, or equal to, your SKILL, you succeed in opening the door. If that number is greater than your SKILL, you don't open it, but you can try again. You can repeat this procedure as many times as you like, but note down how many attempts you have to make before you succeed. If you open the door, turn to 250. If you prefer not to force the door open, will you:

Open the other door along the passage, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to 15
Descend the steps?	Turn to 56
Try to get past the screen of blue light?	Turn to 37

386

'Their leader was the Master of Waters. It was he who began tampering with undead creatures at first, but only in an idle way. His deputy, the Master of Fire, was the one who brought down the great spirit into the dungeons. It has possessed him now. He slew the Master of Waters. I cannot speak their names, magic cast over me forbids it. My own master, Remishaz, Master of Air, was not evil, but he was intrigued by spirits and undead from the Magical Planes, especially

the Ethereal Plane, and I'm afraid he did dabble a little. He argued with the Master of Earth, who animated undead from the ground, and they slew each other. They still live on as spirits, warring down there in the dungeons. I still don't understand why their disagreement became so violent in the end. Until they're at peace, the great spirit possessing the Master of Fire cannot be destroyed. Looking back, it was meddling with the undead that brought them all to disaster . . .' Return to 48.

387

After wading back to land, where will you go? Will you head for:

The barren moorland to the east?	Turn to 90
The distant lighthouse?	Turn to 333
The southern woodland?	Turn to 57
The hill in the middle of the island?	Turn to 186

388

You throw open the door to a wizard's lair. The room is decorated in greys and browns and has a stony, cold atmosphere. The furnishings are basic in the extreme, only a granite statue of a wizard providing any decoration. You feel a sudden chill along your spine as the room seems to grow colder, and you see the ghostly figure of a grey-haired old man manifesting at the other end of the room. He is robed and shrouded, and his piercing eyes look right into yours as his lips draw back in a snarl. He raises his wraith-like hands and begins to chant – he may be a spirit, but he can still

cast spells! If you think you know his name and want to talk to him, turn to **362**. If you wish to attack him, turn to **44**. If you prefer to flee from the spirit, turn to **134**.

389

Staying to fight is not a wise decision. You are surrounded by a whole group of Skeletons, and a second wave is assembling to attack even as you are engaged in fighting the first. Because of the imperfections in their creation, your weapon will do full damage to these Skeletons, but you have to fight each group as if it were a single monster here, and there are enough of them to make this a really tough combat. Fight the first group and, if you survive, fight the second group afterwards.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON GROUP	9	10
Second SKELETON GROUP	7	9

If you win, turn to **34**.

390

You press on towards your final destination on Solani Island under a threatening grey sky. You pass whorled mounds of cracked, dry, white ash which are whipped up by the wind and blow in your face. If you have Lung Rot, you must lose 2 points from your STAMINA for breathing in some of this ash. Then you notice several clumps of a very odd succulent plant with vicious axehead-shaped spiked leaves. If you have a herbiary which tells you about the Axeplant, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the page in the book which describes it. If you don't have this book, turn to **124**.

391

The acid splashes all over the body of the wizard, and he shrieks as it burns into his flesh; he loses 4 points from his STAMINA (make a note of this). Now, as he marshals himself for a final spell-casting effort, you can run at him with a weapon (turn to **39**) or use a crystal or diamond in some way (turn to **25**). Alternatively, if you have a Brass Orb and wish to use it, you may do so: you know the number of the paragraph where you found the Orb, so double it and turn to the paragraph with the same number.

392

As soon as the pentagram is disturbed, an ominous grinding sound comes from beneath the landing, and a pillar of earth and stones erupts through the woodwork, smashing it into splinters and flying fragments. Lose 1 point from your STAMINA because of the cuts and abrasions you suffer from sharp splinters of wood and flying stones. You are faced with a hostile Earth Elemental here! If you want to fight it, turn to **264**. If you prefer to flee, turn to **379**.

393

You wake up and look about you; you're ravenous, and you must eat a meal now. You see before you an expanse of blasted and barren plain, dust and rock; to the south a black tower rises, stark and forbidding. In

the far west, across the plain, there is a bay, and that just might be a building of some kind far to the west across the plain, although you cannot be sure from here. Will you make for the black tower (turn to **334**) or set off westwards across the plain (turn to **201**)?

394

You ask the hermit about the undead on the island. 'Those blasted wizards,' he cries. 'All their doing! Played with the forces of life, you see, so they thought they could play with dead things. They'd changed the life forces and bodies of things in the swamps, but altering wasn't enough, oh no. They dredged up the dead from the sea bed. They just used them as slave labour at first – cheap, economical to use, never needed sleep, didn't complain about poor wages or being worked too hard But then one of them started experimenting with other undead, not just mindless things, and he got his elementalist and necromantic magic mixed up, and played with souls and spirits and evil things with minds, cunning and guile. Oh yes, I know I'm as mad as a hatter, but I'm not *that* insane. The Master of Fire dabbled with summonings beyond even his power. He drew down one of the Great Undead, the immortal spirits of darkness, and then the full horror began . . .' The hermit falls silent. Now you can ask him about two (and only two) other topics before he grows too distracted and crazy to talk coherently and runs off into the forest. Turn to two of the paragraphs from the list below which will tell you about the subjects you want to know more about (you will be sent back to this paragraph to make your

second choice). When you've made two choices, turn to **168**

Curing diseases.	Turn to **107**
More about the wizards.	Turn to **129**
Other people on the island.	Turn to **156**
The marshlands.	Turn to **183**
General help and advice.	Turn to **331**

395

The apprentice is not skilled with a weapon, but he can use a few spells effectively. For the first two Attack Rounds, if he has the higher Attack Strength he will cast a magical dart spell which inflicts 3 points of damage to your STAMINA. After that, he will fight with his dagger, which inflicts only 1 point of damage if he hits you.

WIZARD'S APPRENTICE SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **373**.

396

You put your foot through a rotted part of the timbers and fall heavily, twisting an ankle; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. At the same time your backpack gets soaked and some dirty seawater, contaminated by wood-varnish, gets into your food; lose 2 Provisions. Cursing your ill-fortune, you wander around to see what you can find. Turn to **145**

397

You descend the stairs for what seems an eternity, sweating in the increasing heat of the air that rises towards you from the dungeons of the Master of Fire. Your hair sticks to your scalp and your hand resting on the hilt of your sword grows moist; but at last you see before you a single door on the landing at which the stairs terminate. You have no choice but to fling it open, and you stand in the doorway, gazing open-mouthed at a bizarre chamber beyond. The floor is slightly concave, as is the ceiling, and a forest of red-veined, stony, rib-like protrusions litter them both. The walls glow red, and in the centre of the chamber stands a motionless undead creature which looks like the skeletal result of some dreadful splicing-together of various creatures. A human torso and arms are topped by a Lizard Man's head and neck; but the powerful legs the thing stands on look like those of a great horse, and the skeletal tail of the monster ends in a bony spike. The monstrosity is armed with a barbed bone hook which it is holding in front of it, and now it is moving towards you, cutting an arc through the air as if with a scythe. You must fight the Skeletal Mutant before you can progress any further.

SKELETAL MUTANT SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, you can see doors on either side of the room, in addition to the one you entered by. Will you open:

The door to your right?	Turn to 146
The door to your left?	Turn to 211

The door ahead of you? Turn to 310

398

Going through the doorway, you set off down a passage into a warren of rooms where the junior monks lived. Each room is tiny and contains only a hard pallet bed, a simple chair and one or two small ornaments. Will you:

Spend some time searching the individual rooms? Turn to 243
Return to the main passage and leave the building? Turn to 281
Return to the main passage and open the door opposite, if you haven't done so before? Turn to 180
Head along the main passage towards the T-junction? Turn to 154

399

You find a secret door, very carefully concealed, at the end of the tunnel; you push it open, to discover a long passageway lit by magical light. At the far end is a door which opens, revealing a stone staircase leading up into the tower itself; but you have a strong intuition that what you seek lies in the dungeons, not upwards. Directly to your right is another door, this one closed; the passage ends in a screen of blue light you can't see through. To your left the passage ends in a doorway and alongside you is a set of stone steps which leads downwards. Will you:

Open the door to your right? Turn to 15
Open the door at the end of the passageway? Turn to 385
Descend the steps? Turn to 56
Try to pass the screen of light? Turn to 37

400

At the final, fatal lunge of your sword, the Dire Spectre shrieks its dismay and its form dissipates into nothingness. You scarcely have time to assemble your thoughts before the Ethereal Oil wears off and you find yourself standing once more in the chamber of the Master of Fire. The magical fire has gone out now, the Black Skeleton is but a pile of bones, and across the room you can see a treasure chest, which may well possess gold, magical artefacts and perhaps more still. It remains for you to get out of these dungeons, and the way home may well be hazardous indeed, but, after what you've been through, you think you are going to make it.

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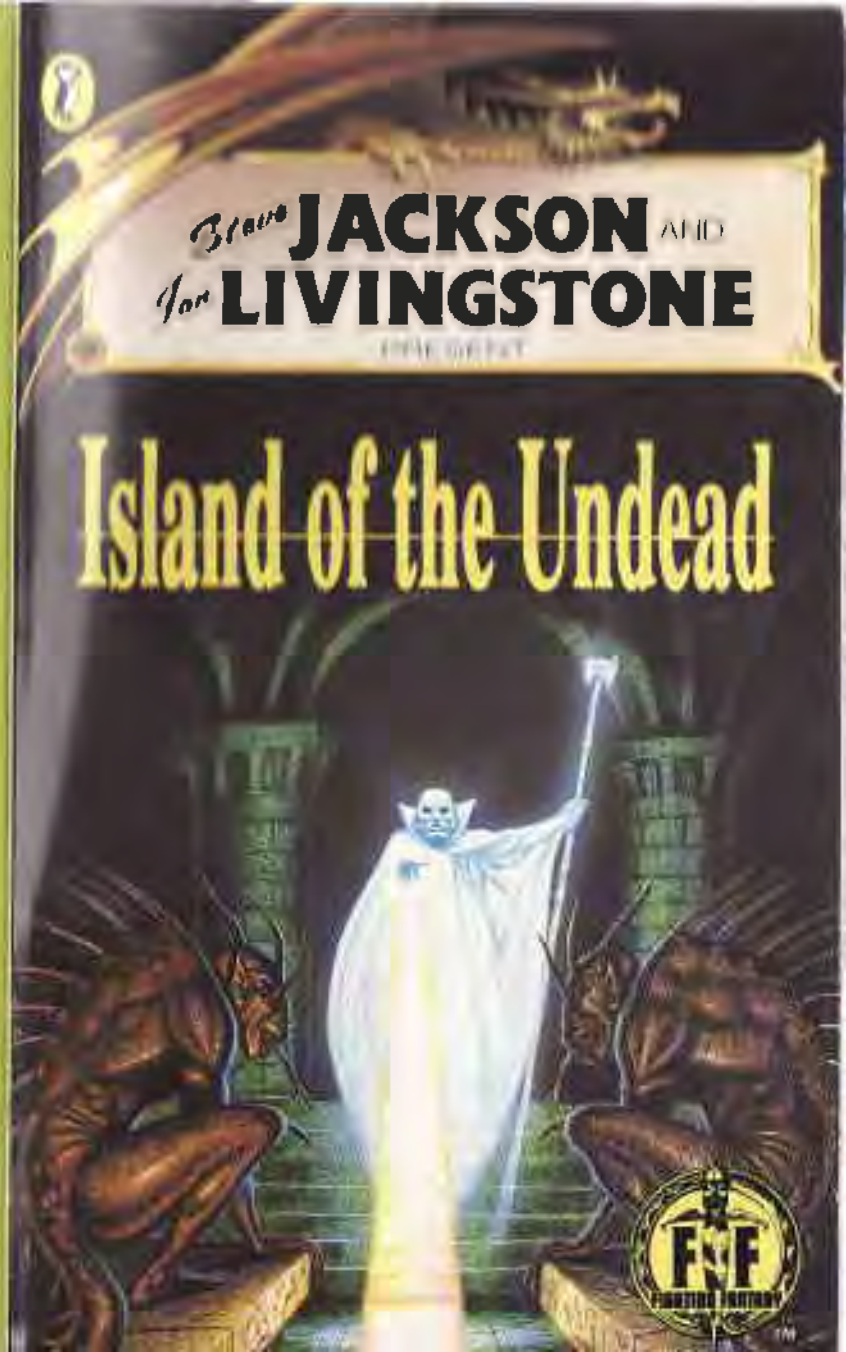

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Even the legendary Conclave of Dragons is powerless to stop the creature. A human hero is needed – a hero like YOU! Many monstrous adversaries are ranged against you, but along the way you may find ancient artefacts to help you in your quest. Ultimately, however, only extraordinary heroism will stand against the Night Dragon. Dare YOU accept the quest?

Two dice, a pencil and an eraser are all you need to embark on this stunning adventure, which comes complete with its own elaborate combat system and a score sheet to record your progress.

Many dangers lie ahead and your success is anything but certain. Powerful sorcerous enemies are ranged against you and it's up to YOU to decide which route to follow, which dangers to risk and which foes to fight. The Night Dragon must be stopped!

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NIGHT DRAGON

Keith Martin

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London w8 5tz, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1993
5 7 9 10 8 6 4

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Typeset by Datix International Ltd, Bungay, Suffolk
Filmset in Monophoto Palatino
Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on this adventure, you must first work out your strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages 22–23 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the page for use in future attempts to complete this adventure.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number (so this score will be between 7 and 12).

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the total rolled (so this score will be between 14 and 24).

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number (so this score will be between 7 and 12).

In this adventure, you play the role of a very skilled adventurer whose talents have been developed through experience. To reflect this, you may gain additional SKILL, STAMINA and/or LUCK as you choose. You have two 'points' to spend to adjust these scores;

for each 'point', you can do one of three things: increase SKILL by 1, increase LUCK by 1, or increase STAMINA by 2. You can make each choice only once (you can't use both choices in order to increase SKILL by 2, for example), nor may you increase SKILL or LUCK above a maximum of 12. When you have decided how to spend these two precious points, record the final numbers for your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK in the boxes on the *Adventure Sheet*.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and of the changes to them: for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these additions cannot raise any score above its *Initial* figure, except on rare occasions when you will be instructed accordingly in a particular paragraph.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness, and your ability to take blows in battle: the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck and magic are facts of life in the exciting fantasy world you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often find yourself reading paragraphs in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given; if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First, record the opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given every time you have an encounter. The sequence for combat is then:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice for yourself. Add your own SKILL score to the number rolled. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strengths are the same, you have avoided each other's blows; start the next Attack Round from step 1, above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. (You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage – see below.) Proceed to step 6.
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2

points from your own STAMINA score. (Again, you may use your LUCK here to reduce the damage your opponent does to you – see below.) Proceed to step 6.

6. Make the appropriate change to either your opponent's or your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).

7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). The sequence continues until the STAMINA of either you or your opponent has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one opponent in a particular encounter, the instructions in the relevant paragraph will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will have to fight them together; sometimes you will be able to fight them one after the other.

If you are told to fight your enemies all together, you should determine the Attack Strength for all the combatants individually each Attack Round. Only the combatant with the highest Attack Strength gets a damaging blow in during that Attack Round. If you have the highest Attack Strength, you may choose which of your enemies you strike. Obviously it is best to land your blows on the same enemy until you have slain him, to reduce the odds against you. Having overcome one enemy, you then fight any that remain.

If you are told to fight your enemies one at a time, you fight them individually – one at a time – and in order. You must overcome the first before you fight the second, and so on (if you are faced with more than two enemies).

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you find yourself in a situation in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business, and if you are Unlucky, the results could be unfortunate or even disastrous!

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you do this, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score, whether the outcome is successful or unsuccessful! You will soon realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck*; you will then be told the consequences

of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded or to reduce the effects of a wound a creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded an opponent you are fighting, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may deduct 2 extra points from your opponent's STAMINA score (so that your blow reduces its STAMINA by 4 points, rather than the usual 2 points). However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to your opponent's STAMINA score (instead of your blow causing the usual 2 points of damage to its STAMINA, it does only 1 point of damage).

If your opponent has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize this wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full impact of the blow and may restore 1 point to your own STAMINA (instead of your opponent's blow causing 2 points of damage to your STAMINA, it does only 1 point of damage). But if you are Unlucky, then you have taken a more serious blow, and you must deduct 1 *extra* STAMINA point (so that your opponent's blow causes damage worth 3 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2).

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change very often during your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give an instruction to increase or decrease your SKILL score. Your SKILL score cannot exceed its *Initial* score unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary. You will have the chance during this adventure to acquire magic items, including a Magic Sword, which increase your Attack Strength. If you acquire two Magic Swords, you cannot gain bonuses to your Attack Strength for both of them – you can only use one at a time!

Testing Your Skill

Sometimes you will be instructed to *Test your Skill*. This happens when you undertake an action which is uncertain of success; how skilful you are will affect whether you're successful or not. You *Test your Skill* by rolling two dice and adding the scores together. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, you are successful. If the total rolled is greater than your SKILL, you have failed. The relevant paragraphs will tell you what success and failure mean when you *Test your Skill*. However, you do *not* have to subtract any points from your SKILL score for *Testing your Skill* in this way; this is a crucial difference between *Testing your Skill* and *Testing your Luck*!

Quite often, you may face a difficult task in which

your SKILL is tested to the full; for example, you may be instructed to *Test your Skill*, 'adding 2 to the number rolled'. What this means is that when you roll two dice you must then add 2 to the total: if you had rolled a 4 and a 3, your modified total would thus be 9. You then compare this final total with your SKILL to discover the outcome of the test.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will go up and down a lot during your adventure as you fight enemies and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA score may be dangerously low and battles may become particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for 12 meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when fighting, but you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your current STAMINA score and deduct 1 from the Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on your *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. You have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed otherwise in a paragraph.

There will be times during your adventure when you will be told that you *must* eat a meal. When you have to do this, deduct 1 point from your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*, but you do *not* regain any lost STAMINA for doing this. If you are told to eat a meal but you don't have any Provisions left, you must subtract 2 points from your current STAMINA score.

During your adventure, however, you should be able to acquire at least some extra Provisions to add to the store you begin with. This will enable you to maintain STAMINA throughout the adventure. However, you cannot carry more than 12 Provisions at any one time!

Luck

Your LUCK score will also change during the adventure as you *Test your Luck*. Additions to your LUCK score may also be awarded when you have been especially fortunate; similarly, you may be told to *reduce* your LUCK when you have made an important mistake; details of such events are given in the appropriate paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA scores, your LUCK may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically told this.

Apart from *Testing your Luck*, you will also be given some opportunities for 'spending' LUCK. You will be asked whether you wish to deduct 1 point from your current LUCK score in order to increase your chance of

a successful outcome – for example, you can often modify a dice-roll that you are told to make by spending LUCK on it (in this case, you must decide whether to spend the LUCK point *before* you roll the dice!). Of course, LUCK points are precious and you cannot afford this luxury very often. Making the right choice about whether to spend a LUCK point in this way can be vital for success in this adventure.

Honour

Honour is a measure both of your unselfish readiness to help others, even if this delays you or puts you at some disadvantage, and of your readiness to forgo help offered you, which might imperil the person offering it. It is also a measure of your standing as a hero of your word, adhering to voluntary agreements you have made! You will have few opportunities to increase Honour during this adventure, and your Honour score starts at zero. Gaining Honour can have priceless value at the end of the arduous quest which awaits you. Just as you can gain Honour, you may also lose it by behaving in evil, unscrupulous or exploitative ways (and, yes, Honour can go below zero!). Be at pains not to dishonour yourself, and keep track of your Honour score in the box provided on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Nemesis Points

Certain people and forces will come to learn of your activities during your adventure. The more they learn of your opposition to them, the more they will fear you and try to strike you down. This is reflected in your Nemesis score, which begins at zero and should also be kept track of in the appropriate box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The higher this score climbs, the more desperately your enemies will try to thwart you – but also the more readily you will be helped by those who have no love of those enemies!

Magic

During this adventure you may find many magic items, although at first you will probably not be sure what they do! Such items may give you the ability to cast a magic spell or create a magical effect; if you find such an item, you will be instructed in its use in a particular paragraph. Finding powerful magic is a major goal of this adventure, so do your best to gain all that you can – but, alas, you are also pressed for time and cannot tarry overlong. You will have to make hard choices about which magic items you try to obtain for yourself in this adventure.

Poison

You are going to face some very evil opponents who will not hesitate to use poisoned weapons against you! Such weapons will inflict damage in addition to the

usual STAMINA loss caused by physical harm; this varies, depending how powerful the poison is. You will be told how much damage you will sustain from poison separately from physical weapon damage: you lose STAMINA points from both, of course – but if you are fortunate enough to acquire herbal preparations which counter poison, you will be able to use them either to avoid or to heal damage by poison. Such herbal antidotes will *not*, however, prevent or heal the normal 2 points of STAMINA loss caused by the physical effect of a weapon striking you.

Equipment

You start your adventure with some equipment that you will need for the adventure ahead. You have a sword, and you wear leather armour and carry a shield for protection. You have a lantern which allows you to see in the dark. You have enough Provisions for 12 meals inside a backpack, and you have some money gained from previous adventures: roll two dice then add 3 to the number rolled: this is the number of Gold Pieces you have with you (between 5 and 15). Make a note of your Gold Pieces in the Treasure box on your *Adventure Sheet* (by the way, in the Background you

are about to read you will be given some extra gold, which you can add to the initial amount you already possess).

You may find treasure, in the form of Gold Pieces or valuable objects and items, along the way; you should record these in the Treasure box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You may have opportunities for trading treasure for equipment, help and information in this adventure, so be honest about keeping an accurate record of how much treasure you obtain!

Time

This adventure is something of a race against time. You are not under intense time pressure, but you can't afford to waste it either. On the *Adventure Sheet* there is a Time Track box. At the start of your adventure, the score here is zero. You will be instructed in appropriate paragraphs when to add to this number. The higher it gets, the harder your final task will be, so be careful when you choose where to go and what to do during the arduous adventure which faces you!

Hints on Play

Your journey will be perilous and you may well fail on your first attempt. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will prove invaluable in later forays in this adventure, and it will enable you to progress more rapidly to unexplored regions.

Not all areas contain treasure or useful information: many contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. You may take wrong turnings during your quest and, while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for. However, the more areas you explore, the better will be your chance of success in the adventure ahead.

Be very wary about *Testing your Luck* unless a paragraph tells you that you must do this! Generally, when it comes to fights, you should *Test your Luck* only to keep yourself alive if an opponent's blow would otherwise kill you (so far as reducing your STAMINA loss from your opponent's blows is concerned). The other occasion to use LUCK is in order to inflict extra damage in the final combat against your dire enemy in this adventure – if you've got enough LUCK left to use. Don't *Test your Luck* in order to try to do extra damage upon your enemy unless this is really necessary! LUCK points are precious!

The great quest to defeat the Night Dragon is a truly perilous one. Your final enemy is powerful far beyond the SKILL and STAMINA values of mere mortal humans, and you will need powerful magic to defeat your nemesis. The Night Dragon has many allies, creatures of evil and darkness; if you can defeat some of its most powerful allies, you may have the chance to weaken the great Dragon itself before you even encounter it. You should let no opportunity pass to do so!

It will be realized that paragraphs make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the paragraphs you are instructed to go to. Reading other paragraphs lessens the excitement and surprise during play. The only true way to success in this adventure involves minimizing risk; any player, no matter how weak his or her initial dice-rolls, should be able to struggle through to glory.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead – for this one you may well need it!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*
PROVISIONS	HONOUR	NEMESIS POINTS
TREASURE	TIME TRACK	EQUIPMENT

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

'Beware Blacksand!' The words still ring in your ears. This is a city ruled by evil, full of thugs and rogues. Every new morning brings a slumped body in a back alley, its throat cut from ear to ear. Port Blacksand isn't a place anyone wants to stay in for long.

You're here because a man you trusted whispered that a great challenge might be found here for you. You live for adventure and great deeds, and your friend's expression told you that this was no trivial summons. Setting aside your dislike of Blacksand, you found yourself sitting in the Hemlock tavern in Clog Street until late into the night, waiting for a messenger who seemed never to come. It was long after the witching hour, with the tavern about to close for the night, when you were finally shown down to the cellars where a mysterious, robed guest was waiting. You drew your sword when you found that a Dark Elf awaited you, but the weary way he held up his hand and mumbled that he was not here to harm you made you draw back.

Now you listen to his strange tale. He speaks as if he does not have much time left to him to deliver it. 'I have come from the far north, from the Dragon Reaches. A great and terrible enemy is growing even more powerful there, and he will come to threaten all Allansia if he is not overcome. My people have tried, but we are few in number and we could not even defeat the Stalkers protecting the monster. The sands of time run low. Only a great hero could hope to overcome the Night Dragon. It is an ancient being, more powerful than the Old Ones. The Dragons themselves have said to me that even a mortal Dragon could not hope to scratch a single scale on the Ancient's hide.'

An Ancient Dragon! Even a mortal Dragon is a terrifying enemy. How can you possibly hope to overcome one far more powerful than its mortal kin? A human would be destroyed with a single flick of such a monster's claws.

The Dark Elf sees your thoughts reflected in your eyes. 'There would be no hope at all, were it not for buried magic which the Dragons know of. They say it could make a warrior powerful far beyond mortal limits, if the right person came to take the sword, shield and armour of heroes of legend and face the Night Dragon. I sought for such a warrior for a long time; yours was the name I heard mentioned over and over again.'

You are disbelieving, astonished by what the Dark Elf says. Suddenly he coughs violently and you see blood staining the handkerchief he holds over his mouth.

When he can speak again, there is a terrible urgency in his voice. 'Listen, human. Dragons themselves have told me that when the creature awakens, his shadow will lengthen over all the land and his dreams of carnage and slaughter will be a reality. They told me

that the Night Dragon was within Death's army in the war of gods, before time came to Titan and brought the mortal race with it. Can you imagine how powerful this horror is becoming as it awakens? Never mind your arch-mages, necromancers, petty tyrants and despots. If the Night Dragon reawakens, they will be scattered like dust in the wind. As will you and I. There are signs already of his stirring from Dreamtime; his Stalkers have begun to roam the northern mountains – marauding reptile nightmares that they are. Fortunately they are still few, and not yet as strong as they will become, else I would not be here.'

You notice the heavy scars on the Dark Elf's arm as he gestures to emphasize the point, and your initial suspicion of him begins to evaporate. He continues beseeching your help.

'The Dragons say that they are bound by their own oath to Kilanirax, their god and creator. This oath forbids any mortal Dragon to offer force to an Ancient One; should one so much as lift a claw against an Ancient, it would be struck down at once by a deadly curse. Thus they are forced to seek help from others. They are surely not indulging in lies or deceit; in the Conclave, I saw a Dragon of each type – Gold, Silver, White, Black, Green, Red. Only extraordinary circumstances could bring together a full Conclave; the Dragons of Law and Chaos have no love for each other. For them to meet means that a terrible danger must be at hand, as they say. All I ask is that you travel to meet the Conclave of Dragons and hear what they have to say.

'Go north to the port of Rentarn, and there take a room at the Rudderless Galley tavern. Here – take this silver key and use it to admit yourself to the room there which has been readied for you. A messenger will meet you in the tavern and he will tell you how to find the Dragon Conclave. Look, I even give you the ten Gold Pieces you will need to pay for the sea voyage there.' For a moment, the Dark Elf almost grins, albeit painfully. 'Although you could save some gold by taking the coast road, of course. *Please*. I only ask you to travel and listen.'

How can you refuse? You take the silver key and the 10 Gold Pieces.

The Dark Elf gets up and makes to leave, first telling you that you can sleep in this safe tavern tonight. He looks back at you with eyes dulled by pain, and his hands have a fine tremor you didn't see before. 'I do not want my people to die, any more than you wish all the humans in this land to be slaughtered. If it has cost me my own life to find you, my people will remember me.' He turns on his heel, coughing horribly, and limps out of the cellar.

You do not have pleasant dreams this night . . .

Turn to paragraph 1.

1

A dark morning sky glowers over Port Blacksand and a chill wind blows in from the Sword Coast. You can head for Lobster Wharf to find a ship bound for Rentarn (turn to **354**), or leave the city by Weaver Gate to take the north coastal road there (turn to **212**). You may prefer to buy some extra equipment first (if you wish to do this, turn to **65**).

2

The westward trail to the Mist Crypts is very arduous. You can get almost enough to eat by scrounging and foraging, but you must supplement this with two meals during the lengthy journey. Add 8 to your Time Track, but at last you reach your goal. Turn to **21**.

3

The body is that of a man who has been robbed, badly beaten and left for dead. He tries to speak but you hush him to be silent. He points east, along a track, and gestures for you to help him. You can leave him here and continue along the road (turn to **304**) or you can carry him along the track, looking for help, even though it could cost you a lot of time (turn to **176**).

4

You advance, weapon and shield at the ready, as the monster breathes. You must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, and if you also have a Magic Shield, multiply the Shield Number by 5 and turn to that paragraph. If you do not have a Magic Shield, or if you are Unlucky, you take the Dragon's breath right on your

body. Searing, dreadful heat is all round you; deduct 6 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to **295**.

5

You stand before a great snow-capped mountain peak. Some intuition tells you that this is where the armour must lie; perhaps the Dragons cast some spell upon you to guide you to it . . . who can say? The peak is huge, and you begin to despair of searching all round it for a way in. However, after some preliminary exploration you find a statue which points the way; if you have a viewing lens, you can find this straight away. Otherwise, you must add 1 to your Time Track. The statue is that of a stone Dwarf, carved out of a blue stone that is clearly alien to these mountains. Following the direction his hand points to, you discover a small fissure in the rock, leading down into the darkness. Lighting your lantern, you descend and find yourself at a crossroads. Which tunnel will you follow?

The right-hand tunnel?	Turn to **19**
The left-hand tunnel?	Turn to **33**
The tunnel straight ahead?	Turn to **47**

6

You confess that you need all the help you can get on your great quest, and the Loremaster nods, perhaps a little sadly. 'So many dangers for a mortal to face. No one, perhaps, has ever faced such a challenge since the Godswar itself. Beware: a projection of the Night

Dragon itself may wander in Dreamtime and threaten you; don't be too greedy in taking the magic there. Well then, let us make preparation.' He ushers you into a sumptuously decorated lounge with a huge, wonderfully comfortable couch which you sink down on very readily! The Loremaster fills a golden goblet with silvery, sparkling liquid from a silver decanter and bids you drink it. 'Drink, sleep, and dream, my brave friend,' he says softly. 'Greet the dreams and destroy the nightmares!' You drink, and you fall asleep very swiftly.

Soon your senses feel fully alive and alert; you are astonished to find that your body seems to be only semi-substantial, glowing with a silvery hue; as you look down, you see that you are floating above your physical body which lies peacefully on the couch.

In your present state, you possess all of your armour, weapons and equipment, and these can all be used normally (if you consume items, such as Potions, Provisions and so on, these will be lost to you when you wake from your current Dreamtime state). Likewise, any items you take from Dreamtime will become real when you awaken, and you may add them to your *Adventure Sheet*. If you are killed (your STAMINA is reduced to zero or below) during your wanderings in Dreamtime, you will not die but you will instantly return to your physical body and wake up; if this happens, turn to **281** immediately. Now you drift down, deeper down . . . Turn to **20**.

7

Your Shield glows brilliantly and all its magical energies flow along your arm and up into your body. Regain up to 10 lost STAMINA points, but the Magic Shield is gone (and you lose the bonus to your Attack Strength it gave you). Return to **295** and continue the fight!

8

Add 2 to your Time Track for following the route to Carnex. What you find here is surprising – and grim. The town is walled, with guards prowling the battlements keeping their crossbows levelled at any who approach. You advance slowly, making for the single closed gate on the east side of the town. It opens as you approach, allowing you a glimpse of a prosperous-looking settlement inside the walls. Two guards draw swords as you walk towards them; they look uncertain and one of them challenges you, demanding to know your name and your purpose in coming here. Will you:

Try to bribe the guards?	Turn to **358**
Attack the guards and fight your way in?	Turn to **223**
Try to bluff your way through?	Turn to **32**
Back off and look for an alternative way into Carnex?	Turn to **135**

9

If you are ready now to fight the Night Dragon, you known which paragraph to turn to! Otherwise, if you have the Magic Armour, Magic Sword and Magic Shield, and you have not met the Loremaster, you should add the Armour Number, Shield Number and Sword Number together and turn to that paragraph. If you have tried and failed to obtain either Sword or Shield, but you have the other item, turn to **118**. If you have neither Sword nor Shield, turn to **41**.

10

There aren't many sights of interest in Ismater, as you find out during your exhaustive search through the place (add 1 to your Time Track). You do find two odd-looking little shops, though: the Firewater Emporium, with a window stacked full of exotic bottles, and a very dirty and run-down little shop which has a wooden sign with flaking paint on which you can just make out the letters, 'EVIL'. If you want to enter the Firewater Emporium, turn to **37**. If you want to enter the other shop, turn to **238**. If you don't wish to enter either, will you:

Buy some supplies?	Turn to **373**
Leave Ismater?	Turn to **268**
Relax in the taverns, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to **207**

11

The thief runs into a cul-de-sac and is forced to turn and face you, drawing a sword and uttering threats. You wouldn't worry if it was just him you had to face, but his accomplice is a scar-faced cut-throat built like a

brick outhouse and he's holding his sword in a way that suggests he really knows how to use it. If you decide to fight this pair, turn to **101**. If you want to back off, you can head for Lobster Wharf (turn to **354**) or Weaver Gate (turn to **212**) but now you will have no Gold Pieces left!

12

You grit your teeth and begin your long journey to the lands guarded by the Frost Giants. This is an arduous, back-breaking march indeed; add 10 to your Time Track, unless you have a longbow or crossbow, which will save time spent hunting to supplement your supplies (if you have either, add only 8 to your Time Track). Finally you pitch camp at a place where the trail diverges.

Come morning, you can take the northerly trail to the signposted town of Ismater, if you haven't been there before (turn to **322**), or continue onwards to the rising peaks of the Frost Giant lands in the east (turn to **334**).

13

In each Attack Round against the Chillshadow, you will automatically lose 1 point of STAMINA because of the extreme numbing cold the horror emanates, so you must destroy the creature swiftly!

CHILLSHADOW	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you wish to break off combat at any time and flee, you may do this, but you must roll one die and divide the number rolled by 2 (rounding fractions up). This is the number of blows the Chillshadow will strike as you run away (each inflicting 2 points of STAMINA damage to you). If you are still alive after this, turn to **75**. If you win this fight, turn to **347**.

14

Westwards along a stone-inlaid passageway lie the tombs of dwarven ancestors and miners of old, their bones laid to rest within the stone they toiled so long and hard to excavate. If you want to explore the area, turn to **363**. If you want to open some of the tombs, turn to **346**. If you prefer to retrace your footsteps and try some other part of the mine complex, turn to **391**.

15

Half-way along this peculiar passage a pair of Wraiths simply emerge from the walls, their hateful, ghostly forms set upon draining the very life from you. You must fight them together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WRAITH	8	9
Second WRAITH	8	9

If you are struck at least once by a Wraith, you must roll one die. If you roll 1–4, you lose 1 point of SKILL! If you win this fight, will you take one of the descending side-passages (turn to **164**) or head towards the pillars and the chamber that lie before you (turn to **392**)?

16

You place the seed pod at the foot of the glacier and it sprouts into a riot of tangled creepers and vines, allowing you to clamber up it and ascend safely to the rock ledge! Turn to **276**

17

The march away from the mountains of the Giants lies downhill, so it's not too wearying on your legs. Add 2 to your Time Track, and you must now eat a meal. You think fondly of the Magic Armour you seek; managing to evade a hungry grizzly bear last night made you realize you could certainly do with the protection of fine armour! You set off on a clear morning; turn to **217**.

18

You set off into the frozen wastes of the northern Dragon Reaches. Almost nothing grows here; there are few animals around, and even the migrating birds high in the sky are few and far between. Guided by a burning desire to complete your quest and by an intuition that guides you ever onward, you press on through the snow and ice to your destiny. Add 2 to your Time Track. You must now eat a meal, unless you have a longbow or crossbow; if you have either, you can preserve your Provisions by hunting instead. If you hunt, you do not need to eat a meal, but you must add an extra 1 to your Time Track for time spent hunting. After a night's restless sleep in the bitter cold of the far north, you set out once more under leaden, snow-filled skies. If your Nemesis score is 6 or higher, turn to **353**. If your Nemesis score is 5 or below, turn to **161**.

19

At the end of this tunnel a stone door bearing dwarven runes you cannot comprehend stands slightly ajar. The gleam from your lantern suggests a guardroom may lie beyond – you can just make out tables,

trestle benches, and what may be a wooden chest, all covered in thick dust and cobwebs. If you want to enter, turn to **385**. Otherwise, you can backtrack and take the passage opposite if you haven't already done so (turn to **33**) or follow the one opposite the tunnel you entered by (turn to **47**)

20

You stand in a misty chamber with six different passageways leading away from it. Within the Dreamtime, you should always select a passageway of a colour you have not previously explored, save for the red and silver passages, which you can explore at any time (keep track of the colour of the passages you have already travelled along). Everything here seems part-illusion, part-real, strangely substantial and intangible at the same time; but you soon get used to this. Each of the passages is tinted with a particular hue; the blue one also has reflective qualities which are rather unnerving for some reason you aren't sure of. Each time you return to this chamber, you must roll one die and subtract 1 from the number rolled (to get a total between 0 and 5); add this total to your Time Track. When you wish to end your adventures in Dreamtime by waking, turn to **31** (you may do this only when you return to this chamber!). Now, which of the passageways will you follow?

The blue passage?	Turn to **56**
The green passage?	Turn to **318**
The white passage?	Turn to **218**
The yellow passage?	Turn to **292**

The grey passage?	Turn to **95**
The black passage?	Turn to **395**
The silver passage?	Turn to **146**

21

You gaze up at the forbidding height of an unmistakable mountain peak; the sunlight glitters off the streak of fool's gold on its north face. Searching around, you quickly find a tunnel, leading down into darkness, which provides an obvious entrance. If you want to set out down this tunnel, turn to **78**. If you prefer to spend time looking for another entrance, turn to **58**

22

The biscuit is indeed delicious, but it has an unfortunate side-effect. It is spiked with a powerful drug, and shortly after eating it you find that your mind is dulled and you cannot seem to make your body do what you wish it to do. Soon two black-robed men enter; they see you and, smiling evilly, lead you away, down into a ghastly sacrificial chamber . . . Your adventure ends here.

23

Travelling along this broken trail is tricky. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, you negotiate it safely; if you fail, you stumble several times on the treacherous, rocky ground and twist your ankle, losing 2 points from your STAMINA Add 2 to your Time Track, and you must now eat a meal. It is mid-afternoon when you see a large, winged creature in the sky, certainly no bird; your hope, that it may be a Dragon, is rewarded But what a surprise you get – this is a green Dragon, normally a dweller in forests or jungles, not in the cold wastes of the northern lands! The beast lands close by and simply nods his massive head towards you. You clamber on to his back and hold on for dear life as he rises into the sky and flaps imperiously to a distant peak, where he lands and deposits you beside a huge cave mouth Stepping off your enormous mount, you see that the tunnel opens into a vast crater in the mountain, probably half a kilometre wide. Within the crater, awaiting your descent down a seemingly endless set of chiselled stone steps, is a circle of six huge adult Dragons – black, white, red, green, gold and silver You are one of a mere handful of people alive on Titan ever to have been invited to such a conclave! Turn to **49**.

24

The mirror explodes as it strikes a great magical wall of force barring your way. The wall of force is destroyed, and so is your mirror – but the Stalker-Mage is unharmed and prepares to do battle with you! Turn to **108**

25

A deep, disembodied voice rises from the blank surface of the mirror. 'Hold me by the furnace,' it commands! You blanch at the thought; though the flames therein are cooling, placing the mirror close by the furnace would expose you to intense heat. If you obey the mirror, turn to **141**. If you will not, turn to **308**.

26

You stand at the foot of the central tower; a single set of stairs leads upwards. A door stands ajar to one side of you, and you can see a scribe at his desk scribbling furiously on some papers, arguing with a pair of burly, armoured guards. You don't want to waste time with underlings, so you race up the stairs. The next floor up is entirely different: the stairs enter at once into a high-ceilinged chamber packed with benches, tables, desks, bookcases, strange moving models of the heavens hanging from the ceiling, wall charts, the skeletons of animals, and much other clutter. There is a single set of stairs opposite you, but in the middle of the room is a black-robed man who turns to face you as you enter. You have disturbed his work, and his face is furious as he shouts at you; then his eyes widen, and you realize he knows that you are an intruder! The black-robed man swiftly waves his hands, casting a spell. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you strike the wizard and disrupt his spell; turn to **45**. If you fail, turn to **63**.

27

This mine shaft leads to the iron mines, and rusted metal rails run along the floor bearing an ancient iron

truck. If you want to take a chance riding the truck, turn to **97**. If you would rather walk along the shaft, add 1 to your Time Track and turn to **259**.

28

The stairs descend for some distance; as you go down, the grinding noise is mixed with a dull booming sound and both get louder as you progress. You turn a sharp corner in the staircase, and a bony figure stands before you! Clad in heavy chainmail, the Dragon-like humanoid has a bare, yellow-boned reptile's skull and huge, iron-shod claws. It carries a great shield with the design of a skeletal dragon's head, and in its other clawed hand it holds a curved sword, dripping with poison! When you fight the Bone Stalker Champion, each blow it strikes will inflict an extra 2 points of damage because of the venom, so you must slay it swiftly!

BONE STALKER CHAMPION	SKILL 11	STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **168**.

29

You are hauled in front of the huge cabin of the Great Jarl himself; add 2 to your Time Track. He's a monstrous Frost Giant with scarred arms and a missing left eye; he bristles with body hair which looks like fur, and is heavily tattooed into the bargain. Around the throne-like chair on which he sits is a collection of his prized treasures and trophies: the stuffed heads of huge animals and monsters, a pair of steel-tipped

lances, a giant crossbow some two metres long, and a shield. It's unmistakable: white-lacquered with a blue chevron and a small black Dragon detail in the top left-hand corner. This is what you have come for, but how are you going to get it? Of course, you start your speech with flattering comments about the Great Jarl's majesty and might, but the wary old Giant looks at you with his one good eye and an expression on his face which gives nothing away. You must choose one of two strategies with him: either you can suggest some kind of trial or challenge to obtain the shield you want so badly (turn to **111** if you do this), or you can try some kind of trade or bargaining approach (turn to **260** if you try this tactic).

30

You open the door and admit the landlord of the tavern, together with two militiamen. You tell them the truth about what happened here, and they seem ready to believe you. 'Bad sorts, these,' says one of the militia as he turns over the body of one of the grey-robed men with his foot. 'We'll have to take you down to the jailhouse overnight, of course, but sleeping there is not so bad and frankly you may be safer.' Indeed, a night spent in jail means you are warm and

well fed – and you even win 3 Gold Pieces from your jailers, playing dice! Gain 1 LUCK point. Turn to **387**.

31

You may wish to wake up, but you cannot be certain of doing so! Roll one die. If you roll 4 or higher, you can awaken; turn to **281**. If you roll 1–3, you cannot yet wake up; turn to **20** if there are any passages you have not yet explored, otherwise you must continue rolling the die until you roll 4 or higher, adding 2 to your Time Track for each roll you make. When you finally roll 4 or higher, turn to **281**. If you wish, you may spend one LUCK point to add 1 to the number rolled.

32

'I'm a merchant from Rentarn,' you say and the guards see your bulging backpack. 'Look, I'm down on my luck and I was told that this could be a good place to try my fortune.' *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the guards believe your story, but they will demand 1 Gold Piece from you as 'merchant's tax' for entering. If you are prepared to pay, turn to **333**. If you won't or can't pay 1 Gold Piece, or if you are Unlucky, the guards will not let you into the town and they make it plain that they are very suspicious of you. Will you:

Attack the guards and fight your way in?	Turn to **223**
Back off and look for an alternative way into Carnex?	Turn to **135**
Leave Carnex and try elsewhere?	Turn to **75**

33

At the end of this precisely carved passage, a simple wooden door opens into a great smithy whose flames and forge passed into history centuries ago. All is dark and silent here: great anvils stand like sentinels, ingots of iron and steel are stacked in piles, tools long rusted hang in their racks as if awaiting their long-lost users. The smithy is huge; if you want to make a detailed search of this unpromising place, turn to **367**. Otherwise, you can follow the tunnel opposite, if you haven't already done so (turn to **19**), or go down the passage opposite the one you entered by (turn to **47**).

34

You have behaved dishonourably, and the Red Wizard protests as you tie him up. You quieten him with a gag then take his treasure: 5 Gold Pieces, a viewing lens, a set of iron keys and some food (add 5 to your Provisions). However, you lose 1 point of HONOUR. Turn to **308**.

35

The body is that of a dark-haired young man; he is blue with cold and is wearing a simple black robe with a knotted black cord tied round the waist. There is a distinctive tattoo on his left hand which shows a coiled black serpent with red glowing eyes (make a note of this tattoo, and of this paragraph number). If you have an ice pick and wish to chip the body away from the ice, turn to **328**. If you do not have an ice pick, or you don't wish to do this, turn to **112**.

36

The Ogre whacks you across the back with his club as you flee; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Now, if you ran for the red door, turn to **123**. If you ran for the yellow door, turn to **292** unless you have already entered a yellow passage; if you have, turn to **146** instead.

37

You ask the eager, squinting Gnome about the many potent bottles of dubious spirits you see around the shop. 'Best of them all, sir, is Larssen's Firewater. Five Gold Pieces a bottle, sir, and you'll find no better in all the north, that's the truth.' Now this is a steep price, so you haggle with the Gnome, who reluctantly agrees to part with this fine spirit for only 4 Gold Pieces a bottle, as long as you buy at least two bottles (you cannot carry more than four; if you buy only one, you must pay 5 Gold Pieces for it). An empty corked bottle will cost you 1 Gold Piece. After making any purchase you fancy, you can try the shop with the 'EVIL' sign, if you haven't yet entered there (turn to **238**). Alternatively, will you:

Buy some supplies?	Turn to **373**
Relax in the taverns, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to **207**
Leave Ismater?	Turn to **268**

38

You fling open the door and your nose is assaulted by the filthy smell of half-tanned leathers that are soaking in reeking fluids. The robed man stands with a bag of coins in one hand and a dagger in the other, while a nervous raven-haired young artisan in a leather apron is holding out his hands for the money. At once, the hard-faced sword-wielder spins around to fight you.

ASSASSIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

Each Attack Round, the leatherworker will throw a pot full of acid at you while you are fighting the robed man. Roll one die; if you roll a 5 or 6, the acid splashes on you and you must lose 3 STAMINA points If you roll a 1, the acid hits your opponent (and *he* loses 3 STAMINA points)! If you roll any other number, the acid misses you both If you win, the leatherworker flees before you can catch him, but he leaves the bag with 6 Gold Pieces in it. Add 1 to your Nemesis score. You head straight for the docks; turn to **167**.

39

You head south-east towards the icy peaks of the Frost Giant Mountains in the far distance Add 4 to your Time Track, and you must now eat one meal to supplement your foraging. You find yourself at a parting of the ways: the south-eastern trail continues on towards the Frost Giant peaks (if you wish to take this path, turn to **334**), while a southbound trail heads for the town of Ismater. If you wish to go there, and you have not done so before, turn to **322**.

40

The snarling wizard is ready to strike you down, so you must be sure to overcome him swiftly! Remember to deduct any STAMINA points from his total through blows you have already inflicted.

RED WIZARD SKILL 11 STAMINA 15

If you reduce the Wizard's STAMINA to 3 or below, he will surrender and beg for mercy, offering you information in reward for his life – but can you possibly trust him? If you spare his life, you may risk receiving a sneak spell attack! If you decide to spare him, turn to **248**. If you decide to slay him, you can do so automatically; turn to **283**.

41

The Dwarfs want to know where you are going now, and since you don't want to give away the nature of your quest you mumble a few words about heading south to some crypts, or maybe far east to explore Giant lands, although you don't mention the Loremaster. A particularly ancient Dwarf sage looks you up and down and says simply, 'If you are seeking the sword which was used by the human whose armour you now wear, that does indeed lie below the Mist Crypts. If that is where you wish to travel, Hero, we know an underground passage network that will take you there more swiftly and safely than the hazardous passes of the surface world.' If you want to take up the offer of a dwarven guide to take you to the Mist Crypts, turn to **115**. Alternatively, you can leave Slate Peak and travel overland southwards to the Mist

Crypts (turn to **186**) or set out east by south for the lands of the Frost Giants (turn to **64**).

42

Beyond the secret door lies a small chamber with beds, a table and chairs, a hideous mural of an elongated, reptilian skull, and two other items which interest you: a small wooden chest and an iron-barred cell which is filled with thick, yellow-grey fog. On one chair is a spare set of grey robes; you may take these if you wish. You can feel the chill radiating from the foggy cell where you stand; while there are keys on the table which may fit the cell, and you think you can see a murky form within it, you feel an aura of evil emanating from within it. So, will you:

Try to open the wooden chest?	Turn to **166**
Open the cell door?	Turn to **91**
Leave and open the other door across the large room?	Turn to **310**
Decide it's time to get out of Carnex and leave the town?	Turn to **75**

43

You have entered a small guard chamber with ruffled blankets on the bed, a wooden chest under a table, and some curved knives hanging in a rack on the wall. Rising from the bed is a black-robed assassin, with a vial of blue liquid raised to his mouth; you surmise that he is drinking a Potion, so you strike with your weapon to stop him! Roll Attack Strengths for both of you (he has a SKILL of 10). If you have the higher

Attack Strength, turn to **93**; if he has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **73**

44

The *Tome of the Reaches* shows that the runes here are warning signs. Specifically, the runes tell of guards beyond the doors, and that a chieftain is buried somewhere beyond the door bearing the plaque. They also tell you of a nasty spiked trap on the door which you will be able to avoid now that you have been forewarned! The runes warn any who come here not to offend the spirits of those buried on the other side of the doors and to show due respect to the dead. The *Tome* also informs you that one of the runes shows that the chieftain buried beyond ruled his clan for thirty years (make a note of this). Now, will you open:

The door with the plaque?	Turn to **210**
The door opposite the one you entered by?	Turn to **99**
The door opposite the one with the plaque?	Turn to **311**

45

The snarling black-robed spellcaster draws a poisoned knife to defend himself; the venom is very toxic and, for the first three Attack Rounds, if he strikes you the poison will inflict an extra 3 points of damage to your STAMINA. After three Attack Rounds, the venom will have dripped from the blade.

BLACK WIZARD SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you win, you're still in danger. The door atop the stairs ahead of you opens and a black-robed figure peers round the door towards you; then he slams the door shut again. You must move swiftly now. If you want to flee and leave the town, turn to **75**. If you want to ascend the stairs and get at the man you've just seen, you should do so swiftly; if you want to perform any actions first (drinking a Potion, using Poison Antidote, etc.) you must make a list of how many actions you're going to take. If you make three or fewer, turn to **181**. If you make four or more, turn to **126**.

46

If you have a rope, you can tie one end round the top of the well and clamber down into the mist safely, but you must leave the rope behind you (cross it off your Possessions). If you jump, *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the number rolled. If you are successful, you land safely; but if you fail, you fall heavily, hitting the stone floor of the chamber below. Lose 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to **201**.

47

Deeper into the heart of the mountain, on your right you find a spiral staircase leading down, and further along there is a side-passage, also on your right. Directly ahead, stone steps lead downwards. Will you:

Descend the spiral staircase?	Turn to **206**
Follow the side-passage?	Turn to **342**
Go down the steps ahead?	Turn to **296**

48

The door to the dark chamber of the Night Dragon lies ahead of you. Study your *Adventure Sheet* carefully. Make sure that you have all your bonuses (and penalties!) to SKILL, STAMINA, LUCK and Attack Strength (for your magical protections) fully added up. Consider which items you may wish to use in the terrible battle to come, and what they can do for you (if you know this). Not all may be included as options in the following paragraphs, although you may use them. During this final combat, further magic may still affect Attack Strengths, SKILL and the like, so be sure to keep track of all the modifiers and changes which apply! Make a note of any changes you should make to the SKILL, STAMINA and magical spell use of the Night Dragon because of your achievements in the quest so far. Finally, you must divide your Time Track score by 10 (rounding fractions up), and subtract 6 from that number; add the resulting number to the STAMINA score of the Night Dragon when you encounter it – the longer you have taken to get here, the tougher this brute will be!

Now, if you have the *Tome of the Reaches* you will be able to read the runes on the door before you. Turn to the paragraph with the same number as the first page of the book which tells you about Dragon Runes. If you do not have this book, turn to **388**.

49

The Dragons are silent as you clamber down the steps and stand before them with your head bowed. The

Gold Dragon speaks, his voice booming in this vast auditorium. 'It is not often that Dragon Elders meet in this way, human. We only meet when a great danger threatens us all. We have to turn to a human for help against the waking menace we all face. You have been chosen.' The Gold Dragon pushes his huge, three-metre head in your direction; his eyes are red and rheumy with age, but they shine with expectation and vigour despite his untold years.

The Silver Dragon speaks next. 'Our messenger told you of the Night Dragon?' You nod slowly. 'Then all you need to know is the reason we have asked you to come before us. The Ancient was overcome before by human heroes. They had powerful magic with which to defeat him. We know where that magic may be found. There is a great sword, hidden in the desolate Mist Crypts south-west of here. The entrance to them lies below a tall mountain with a streak of fool's gold near its peak. To the north-west lies magic armour, crafted by the greatest dwarven artisans of their age and lost when their clan disappeared from Titan. Slate Peak was their old fortress home. Far to the east and south can be found a magic shield, lost among the Jublez – the Frost Giants, a much tougher race than most of their kind. All these artefacts have great power against the Ancient. An exceptional hero armed and protected with these could vanquish him, should he be encountered before his sleep is wholly ended. You may even prevail without all these things – though without at least two you would find it impossible to overcome

the Night Dragon.' There is one obvious question left: where is the Ancient? Turn to **309**.

50

You cannot now obtain the Magic Shield you sought. If you have also tried to obtain the Magic Sword and failed, your quest is done: you have failed and your adventure ends here. If you possess the Sword and Armour, multiply the Armour Number by 4, add the Sword Number, and subtract 10 to get a total, then turn to the paragraph with that number (add **2** to your Time Track before you do!). If you still seek either Armour or Sword, turn to **219**.

51

As the great reptile falls beneath the hail of your sword blows, there is a subtle change in the air, as if some tension or pressure had been released. Making your way back to the dungeon with the aid of the pit cage, to your disappointment you find that the Dwarfs are still stony in form and substance, and they are somewhat confused. They know you have slain the monster, yet their curse is not fully lifted. They feel within their bodies that they have more life within them, they are not cursed with the somnolence of many centuries, yet they must find some other help in returning them to fleshly form. Nevertheless they are grateful to you, and a pair of artisans make off with your armour to repair it in the smithy. Turn to **152**.

52

Looking carefully all around and with your heart racing, you turn up at the back yard of the tavern as

the moon is a sliver in the sky. Is this an ambush? Your thoughts are interrupted as a grey-robed man melts out of the shadows to your left and waves you towards a dark back alley. You want to ask many questions, but he hushes you. 'I may not have much time. I didn't know what the others were doing. They claimed to be men of learning, you see. The Cult leaders live in the Towers of the Sages, and at first they advised the town elders, and advised them well. Several of us were only too ready to join, to help them teach people to read and write, and learn the rudiments of a little magic . . . I'm sorry, I'm getting ahead of myself. I'm from Carnex. You are a marked man – you may not know it, but the shadow of the Night Dragon and its appalling servants are upon you now. You must be an enemy of the Cult, and for that reason you may be a friend. If you want to learn more of the Night Dragon you must head for Carnex. But at all costs beware the . . .' Suddenly a wide-headed arrow is protruding from the back of his neck at a grotesque angle. You turn and are already running when his body hits the ground; you can't hope to fight enemies you can't see in the pitch darkness. You will have to leave Ismater now and sleep rough on the edge of town, hoping that whoever slew your informant won't find you. Add 1 to your Nemesis score and turn to **268**.

53

The twisting passage slopes gently up and around from the mountain's core closer to the rock face and then back inwards again Add 1 to your Time Track. Finally the lengthy passage opens into a cavernous chamber made from the same fibrous and rubbery material you've grown used to in this bewildering mountain core. All therein is black, edged with metallic blues, greys and silvery hues, and directly opposite you is a single exit Standing before it is a horror which you know to be the Night Dragon's final servant and guardian. It has its arms crossed and it appears quite unconcerned at your approach. It stands three metres tall, with a human-shaped torso; but its great Dragon-like head seems almost too heavy for its squat neck to support Its elongated limbs are heavily muscled and end in great clawed hands almost half a metre across Its tattered black-and-silver robes bear the emblems of coiled serpents and spider's webs with skulls at the centre, and as it moves slightly you are revolted to see chunks of rotting flesh fall from its body.

'Come to me, little one,' it breathes in a ghastly rasping voice, 'I fear you not!' Will you:

Rush at the monster?	Turn to **156**
Use a longbow or crossbow to fire at the creature?	Turn to **399**
Throw a Magic Mirror at the creature (if you have one)?	Turn to **24**

54

You have failed in your bid to gain the Magic Sword which you came seeking, but all may not be lost. Eventually you find a way out of the cavern and crawl along a narrow sinkhole to the surface. Add 2 to your Time Track, and you must now eat a meal. If you do not possess both the Magic Armour and the Magic Shield you sought, and you wish to set out to find one or other item, turn to **359**. If you have both these items, you know the Armour Number and the Shield Number. Multiply the Armour Number by 4 and add that to the Shield Number, then turn to the paragraph with the same number as that total. If you have also tried and failed to obtain the Magic Shield you sought, you cannot hope to prevail on your quest and your adventure ends here.

55

You start from sleep just after midnight when one of the cloaked men stumbles as he heads towards you. You see the knife in his hand gleaming in the pale moonlight, and you grab your sword to defend yourself. Two of the men are awake and ready to fight with their odd, curved blades. You must fight them together: each Attack Round, determine Attack Strengths for all three of you. Only the combatant with the highest Attack Strength will inflict a damaging blow that Attack Round. After four Attack Rounds, the third man will have woken and be ready to join the fray as well!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PILGRIM	8	7
Second PILGRIM	8	7
Third PILGRIM	8	8

If you win, you search the bodies. You can take 5 Gold Pieces and enough Provisions for four meals from them, but you also find a strange mark tattooed on the forearm of each man. The symbol shows a twenty-stranded spider's-web pattern with a black reptilian skull at its centre (make a note of this paragraph as the one where you observed this design). Add 1 to your Nemesis score, then you resume your disturbed slumber; turn to **275**.

56

The blue passage pulsates with light as you glide along it; you feel as if you are walking on air – and suddenly a door appears in the passageway before you. You open it and find yourself staring into a great maze of mirrors. A strong, tall figure steps out before you: it is a reflection of yourself. The warrior bears down upon you with weapon drawn! You must fight yourself!! Your opponent has the same SKILL and STAMINA scores as you do, but you have some advantages. Your mirror-image enemy has no magical items, and he has no LUCK points. Finally, you can distract your alter-ego during *one* Attack Round of the combat you face, and during that Attack Round you can perform one action – a free hit on your duplicate (deduct 2 points from his STAMINA), drink a Potion, etc. If you win this combat, turn to **104** immediately.

57

With an effort you push open a manhole cover to find yourself in a large, semicircular storeroom; you guess that you must have emerged inside a tower. The store has nothing of use to you – just wooden planks, empty sacks, simple tools and the like. A swift search reveals a secret door as the only exit from this room, so you open it to see what lies beyond. Turn to **26**.

58

Searching the area round the mountain is time-consuming. Add 1 to your Time Track. If your Nemesis score is 5 or higher, turn to **137**; if it is 4 or below, turn to **169**.

59

Two spectral figures emerge from the walls and howl at your approach! They are afraid of your magical light, but they also hate you and wish to slay you. *Test your Luck*, adding 1 to the dice roll for every point that your Nemesis score is over 7 (if it is 7 or below, you need not modify the total rolled on the dice). If you are Lucky, turn to **116**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **15**.

60

Beyond the door lies a hall which almost takes your breath away, such is its sheer size and the intricacy of its decoration. It must measure a hundred metres on each side, with a ceiling fifteen metres high. Standing within the hall are rank upon rank of stone Dwarfs, all staring at the far end of the hall, where three stone Dwarf chieftains stand on a raised dais. On the walls hang flags and pennants, their colours long dulled by age, and racks of battleaxes. A long mural etched in stone runs along the walls, showing Dwarfs at war overcoming their hated enemies, Giants and Orcs and Goblins. You can almost hear echoes of the war cries which must have resounded from these mighty walls. And, as you look, the Dwarfs begin to move! Slowly, painfully slowly, and with a stiffness born of centuries of slumber, they turn and shuffle around to look at you. One of the chieftains ponderously stretches out an arm, and a voice so deep it seems to come from the core of the world itself booms, 'The hour has come. The Hero has come to lift our curse!' A ragged cheer rises from the hundreds of stone Dwarfs, who begin to

throng round you It seems that your quest must have many goals before you reach journey's end! Turn to **159**.

61

You hide yourself at some distance from the main track into the town, and wait. Add 2 to your Time Track. Eventually a grey-robed, tall, lean figure strides away from Carnex along the trail. You can't use your weapon to best effect – his robes will be useless as a disguise if you've .chopped them to shreds with a keen-edged sword. Because you have to pull your punches, you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength during this fight!

GREY ASSASSIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, you take the man's robes and pull them on over your armour. You head for the main gates with the cowl of the robe pulled firmly down over your face, and the guards let you past; turn to **333**.

62

You spend some fruitless minutes in a warehouse packed with crates, boxes and sacks; there are several

doors and exits, and your man has disappeared. Worse still, when you get back to the *Endimion* the Dark Elf is dead. The ship's captain tells you that he spoke only a few words before he died: 'Go north-north-west along the Stormdrake Pass.' Now, will you:

Buy some extra equipment or food?	Turn to **236**
Sell some furs, if you have some to sell?	Turn to **68**
Leave Rentarn for Stormdrake Pass?	Turn to **178**

63

Trying to rush the wizard, your legs are ensnared by a magical whirling bola which wraps round them and brings you crashing to the ground! Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. While you are getting up and readying yourself to fight, the wizard casts another spell to strengthen himself! Turn to **45** to fight him, but you must add 1 to his SKILL and 4 to his STAMINA.

64

You are almost following your own footsteps, heading

back the way you came; add 4 to your Time Track, and you must now eat a meal. You are back at the fork in the trail once more, so you have a choice of where to go. You can head south to Carnex if you have not been there before (turn to **8**). Alternatively, you can continue south-east; add 2 to your Time Track and turn to **39**.

65

You can buy almost anything from the unscrupulous merchants of Port Blacksand, but your most likely purchases may well be:

Steel mirror	3 Gold Pieces
Rope	1 Gold Piece
Longbow and arrows	4 Gold Pieces
Glass bottle	1 Gold Piece
Spiked boots	4 Gold Pieces
Ice pick	3 Gold Pieces
Flask of liqueur	3 Gold Pieces
Keg of beer	3 Gold Pieces
Viewing lens	4 Gold Pieces
Carved ivory polar bear	4 Gold Pieces
Potion of STAMINA	8 Gold Pieces
Potion of LUCK	5 Gold Pieces

The spiked boots will be useful in walking on icy, slippery ground, and the liqueur is invigorating and strengthening (regain 4 lost STAMINA points when you empty the flask). The viewing lens helps you to see distant locations more clearly when you look through it, and it also acts as a magnifying glass. The ivory polar bear just catches your eye; you don't know whether it may be useful or not. The Potion of STAMINA, when drunk, allows you to regain lost STAMINA points equal to half your *Initial* score (round fractions up). The Potion of LUCK, if drunk, allows you to restore lost LUCK points up to half your *Initial* score (round fractions down). Potions and liqueur can be drunk at any time, except during combat. When you have decided what to buy, amend your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly; you must keep a minimum of 2 Gold Pieces for the journeys to come! Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you get safely to Lobster Gate if you seek a ship (turn to **354**) or to Weaver Gate if you're heading for Rentarn by road (turn to **212**). If you are Unlucky, turn to **77**.

66

You find a narrow, rocky crevice where the stream rushes to the surface, and you judge that there is just enough air above the water for you to push yourself along on your back. Mercifully, you have not gone many metres before the passage widens and you can crawl on all fours. You head onwards and you soon locate the outflow of the town sewers by the evil-smelling current which flows into the stream You splash along the sewer aqueduct and are about to arrive at a junction of sewers when you spot a sinuous wave heading through the water towards you You draw your weapon just as the monster breaks the surface. It is a many-legged, slimy, yellow-green worm; in its skeletal reptilian head, dripping filth and ordure, its jaws open wide to savage you with its razor-sharp, knife-long teeth!

NECROWORM SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

If the Necroworm bites you even once, you have acquired a disease from its filthy bite but this disease will take some while to incubate If you win, when you leave Carnex you will find that your *Initial* STAMINA score is reduced by 2 points until you can find a cure! However, you find 3 Gold Pieces on a half-eaten body. Now you head on; turn to **195**

67

You trudge back up the stairs; add 1 to your Time Track Back at the crossroads, you can open the door opposite you, if you haven't done so before (turn to **86**), or make for the door opposite the entrance passage (turn to **133**).

68

You're not really experienced at haggling over the selling price of furs, but you pocket 5 Gold Pieces for the three beaver skins you were given – and you can always use some extra money! Now, will you:

Buy some extra equipment or food?	Turn to **236**
Make for the Rudderless Galley tavern, if you haven't already been there?	Turn to **286**
Leave Rentarn, if you've stayed the night here?	Turn to **178**

69

You race across the snow to attack the evil enslavers of the hapless chained people. You must fight the grey-robed men separately as two pairs of opponents, and they will not be easy to defeat since they draw vicious, serrated daggers to strike you!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ACOLYTE PAIR	9	10
Second ACOLYTE PAIR	9	11

If you win, you free the chained men and women. They seem dazed, barely in command of their senses, but you command them to make their way back south, and they obey your instructions. You have saved many souls from certain death in the lair of the Night Dragon; gain 1 HONOUR point! Turn to **258**.

70

If you wish to, you can deflect the Dragon's breath using your Magic Shield, and you will suffer no damage. However, if you do this now, the Shield will *not* be able to block a breath attack from the real Night Dragon when you meet it, and you must make a note of this! If you choose not to use the Shield to block the breath, you must lose 6 STAMINA points. Turn to **211**.

71

You stagger backwards as your final blow slays the gigantic opponent you have struggled so long and hard to overcome! You can hardly believe it. You are dazed, wounded and bleeding and faint with shock, and adrenalin is pouring through your body. You sit down wearily with your head in your hands, shaking uncontrollably. And then you see, with utter horror, what is happening now. The slimy, acidic cocoon round the Dragon's corpse is slithering over the ground and wrapping itself round the Night Dragon's skull-head. The red glow in the eye-sockets, though dim, is beginning to increase in strength. The ghastly thing is somehow resurrecting itself! This is too terrible to be true – but it is happening. Now you have a crucial choice to make. You can flee the mountain; if

you do this, turn to 335. Otherwise, you make what preparations you can and prepare to deal with whatever animates itself to fight you again; turn to **98**.

72

The Chieftain lays his sword first upon your left shoulder, then on your right, and you feel a surge of strength flow from the magical sword into your body. Your muscles stiffen then relax. The effect of the magic he has granted you is this: for one, and only one, Attack Round in any combat within the Mist Crypts, you can automatically have the higher Attack Strength and your blow will inflict a massive 6 points of damage to the STAMINA of your opponent! You may choose when to use this awesome power, but the magic will be lost outside the Mist Crypts, so use it wisely! You rise before the Chieftain, and in a moment of strange emotion you bow to each other. Gain 1 HONOUR point. Now you return to the antechamber beyond the tomb rooms; turn to 332.

73

The assassin drains his Potion before you can strike – and becomes invisible! It will now be very difficult for you to sense where he is. You retreat to the doorway, preventing him from escaping and raising the alarm, but he will fight you. Turn to **93**, and you must subtract 3 from your Attack Strength when fighting him!

74

With a Potion of Invisibility you could sneak into the camp here, past the guards, and have some chance of entering the Great Jarl's cabin and stealing the shield. The camp is noisy, too; drunken Giants are carousing the night away, wolves howl, and, while you won't be silent, you can hope that the cacophony will help your nocturnal infiltration. Add 2 to your Time Track for the wait. However, this is sneaky; it's theft, and not very honourable. You will lose 1 point of HONOUR if you steal the shield. If you haven't entered the camp and wish to do this instead of making a sneak theft, you can still do so by turning to **29**.

Otherwise, you make yourself invisible as dusk falls and head for the edge of the camp. You must *Test your Luck* to see if you pass the guards safely; if you have some smoke powder and can create a decoy, you can subtract 3 from the number rolled on the dice and, if you are Lucky, you regain 1 point of LUCK! If you are Lucky, turn to **250**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **100**.

75

After your exploits in the town of Carnex, it will not be safe for you to return! Too many people will have seen you, and the guards will be ready for you should you come back. Make a note that you cannot now return to Carnex even if you are offered the chance to do so in later paragraphs. Now, do you have the *Tome of the Reaches*? If you do, you will have noted three page numbers. Add these numbers together to get a three-figure number. Multiply the last two digits by the first one, and turn to that paragraph (for example, if the number was 515 you would turn to paragraph 75). Otherwise, turn to **370**.

76

With the Red Wizard rendered harmless, you search his laboratory. You decide not to interfere with the extraordinary apparatus. Searching through the Wizard's desk and table, however, you find some useful items. He has some preserved food you can take (add 5 to your Provisions), a viewing lens which you may take if you do not possess one, 7 Gold Pieces and a set of iron keys. Pocketing these items, you look for somewhere else to explore; turn to **308**.

77

Walking through the throng of lowlife in Harbour Street, not far from the infamous Black Lobster inn itself, you fall prey to one of the notorious pickpockets of Blacksand. You feel your bag of coins grabbed from your belt and spin around just in time to see a scrawny, rat-faced young man darting away down a side-alley. If you want to pursue the thief, turn to **11**. If you don't wish to do so, you can head for Lobster Wharf (turn to **354**) or Weaver Gate (turn to **212**), but now you will have no Gold Pieces left. Alternatively, you could cry 'Thief! Stop him!' and hope that one of Lord Azzur's militiamen will help you out (turn to **279**).

78

The dark tunnel twists and turns and leads to a long descending flight of carved stone steps. Strange and unfamiliar runes are etched into the walls alongside the stairs, and the air is chilly here. Peering into the distance, at least as far as your lantern sheds light, you finally see a stone landing with a door before you in the distance. You set off in that direction – and get a tremendous surprise! A pair of Skeletons seem almost to melt out of the stone on either side of the passage as you advance! Their bones surface from the stone as if breaking a wave of water and the yellowed bones of these undead monsters seem to be impregnated with bone themselves You guess, rightly, that they may be much tougher than ordinary skeletons, and you back into a corner so that you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First STONEMELDER	8	9
Second STONEMELDER	8	8

If you win, your troubles may not yet be over! The second Stonemelder doesn't fall to pieces at your final blow; its bones simply reel back across the room and sink into the stone of the wall, and as you look on in horror they begin to rise again! *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, you get to the far door, open it, then close it behind you to escape from the Stonemelder, so turn to 332. If you fail the test, you will have to fight the second Stonemelder a second time before you can escape.

79

It seems that few of the ordinary villagers are allowed to leave the village. You have a long wait; add 2 to your Time Track and you must now eat a meal. Eventually a villager with a small cart and a donkey approaches, morosely stumbling along the trail. You near him, keeping your weapon sheathed to avoid frightening him, and greet him politely; but it's clear he's absolutely petrified with fear. 'Look, I just want to find out about any secret way to get into Carnex,' you plead. If your Nemesis score is 4 or higher, turn to **96**. If your Nemesis score is 3 or lower, turn to **390**

80

You push open the door to an armoury chamber and find a single item hanging on the bare stone wall in an otherwise featureless room. It is a shining suit of steel-linked chainmail armour! You can scarcely believe your good fortune at finding so swiftly what you came to seek – but as you take it from the peg on which it hangs, you see that it has twelve rents in it. It is simply unusable as it is, and somehow you're going to have to

get it repaired. You can only hope that the answer lies somewhere in this dungeon, where you found it. Make a note of the number of rents (call it the Armour Number). Now, you can open the door opposite you, if you haven't already done so (turn to **120**), or go back along the passage and up the steps (turn to **232**).

81

The Wizard-Wraith dissolves into wisps of acrid smoke as you strike the final blow. His staff remains, but it is an evil thing and you do not wish even to touch it However, exploring the back of the rock ledge reveals 6 Gold Pieces – and a beautiful sword which positively crackles with magical energy. This is what you came for and, as you take it, its balance feels perfect in your hands. Across the hilt and pommel is set a broad band of tiny moonstones; 80 in all (make a note of the number of gems; call it the Sword Number). The Magic Sword adds 1 to your Attack Strength in all combats, but when you fight a Stalker or the Night Dragon itself, this sword will add a full 3 points to your Attack Strength! You hold the

sword aloft in triumph and, as you do so, you notice a very thin line in the rock face at the back of the ledge. Your fingers soon find a secret door, flush with the rock face, and a narrow, ascending passage beyond. In less than an hour, although it seems much longer, you are out of the Mist Crypts and staring at the setting sun.

If you're ready to face the Night Dragon, you know which paragraph to turn to! If you now have the Magic Armour, Magic Shield and Magic Sword but you have not yet met the Loremaster, add the Armour Number, Shield Number and Sword Number together and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you have the Sword and the Armour, and you have tried and failed to get the Shield, multiply the Armour Number by 4, add the Sword Number, and subtract 10 to get a total; turn to the paragraph with that number. If you still seek either Armour or Shield, turn to **359**.

82

Unfortunately, the acid the Stalker-Mage was preparing was made for the specific purpose of strengthening and toughening its master! As a result you must add 2 STAMINA point to the Night Dragon's total when you encounter it. You are hit by a great cloud of fiery breath which makes you scream in agony; deduct 6 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to **4**.

83

You take 3 Gold Pieces from the bodies of the cloaked men and are just about to take a piece of paper from the inside pocket of one of them when the door is

broken down and the landlord, accompanied by two militiamen, rushes in. You've just been discovered in a room with four dead bodies, apparently looting one of them! If you decide to give yourself up, turn to **143**. If you prefer to jump out of the window, turn to **109**

84

You have got a few metres up the vine when the Ogre swats you to the ground with a blow of his enormous fist. You lose 4 STAMINA points because of the heaviness of the blow; you fall and must now fight. Turn to **102**.

85

Yet more leg-wearying marching time is spent travelling into the far high peaks of the north-western Dragon Reaches; add 4 to your Time Track, and you must now eat another meal. If your Nemesis score is 4 or higher, turn to **330**. If it is 3 or below, turn to **5**

86

You fling open the door and startle two men, one in grey robes, one in black, seated at a table, poring over some papers. Aided by surprise, you lash out at the grey-robed man who is near you and wound him; he draws a heavy knife to fend off further attacks. The black-robed man is trying to get to a bell-pull rope at the other side of the room; clearly he is going to raise the alarm! You have a choice of strategy here. You can continue attacking the grey acolyte, in which case the black-robed assassin will not fight until you have killed the grey acolyte. If you prefer to attack the assassin, then you must fight your two enemies

together, but this will make it much harder for the assassin to raise the alarm. Choose your strategy, then fight your opponents.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GREY ACOLYTE	8	8
BLACK ASSASSIN	9	11

If you win, how many Attack Rounds did you need to slay the black assassin? If you took more than seven Attack Rounds, add 2 to your Nemesis score. If you needed seven or fewer you need not do this. You'd like to search here, and examine the papers, but dare you risk the time? Will you:

Leave and open the door in the right-hand passage?	Turn to **133**
Leave and descend the winding stairs, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to **340**
Search this room?	Turn to **396**

87

You advance with trepidation through the archway, to find yourself in a tomb chamber even bigger than the first. Again there are ranks of tombs here, but your attention is drawn to the great stone throne at the far end of the room – and to the thing seated upon it. Of

the man's body only bones remain; but the great two-handed glittering sword in his bony hands shines in the light of your lantern and the jewelled neckchain round his throat also gleams and shines. Despite your fear you are curious and you move slowly towards the enthroned creature. As you advance, a red glow suddenly sparks from the sunken, empty eye-sockets and the undead thing rises from its throne! You may be able to placate it. If you know how many years the Chieftain ruled his clan, multiply that number by five and turn to that paragraph. If you don't, and your Nemesis score is 4 or higher, turn to **202**. If you don't know how long he ruled, and your Nemesis score is 3 or lower, turn to **254**. If you want to rush and attack the Chieftain anyway, turn to **215**.

88

The pyramidal shape glows with yellow light, and fine tentacles rise in alarm on its surface. As one, the shadowy forms flit towards you then fuse into a great pool of darkness. If you do not have a Magic Sword, you cannot fight the Chillshadow Horde and you will be slain; your adventure ends here. If you do have a Magic Sword, you can fight, but the odds are stacked against you and you cannot retreat now. In each Attack Round, you automatically lose 1 STAMINA point due to the intense cold radiating from the Chillshadow Horde!

CHILLSHADOW HORDE SKILL 9 STAMINA 13

If you win, the pyramidal shape is pulsing with brilliant light, its size swelling up! You now have a choice: you

can flee and follow the twisting passageway below (turn to 53), take one preparatory action such as eating a meal or drinking a Potion (if you do this, turn to **189**), or attack the strange pyramid immediately (turn to **117**).

89

The Loremaster's cat addresses you. 'You could use some help looking for the magic you seek. I can take you where you want to go now.' If you have two of the special magical treasures you have been seeking and you feel that you can set off for the Night Dragon's lair straight away, you may wish to go there now; if you do, turn to **233**. If you decide to make for a magical treasure which you still seek – sword, armour or shield – the Loremaster gives you an amulet which you can use just once, and it will transport you to a place two days' march south of the Night Dragon's mountain lair (make a note that you can do this by turning to paragraph **289**; the amulet can be activated at any time, except during a combat). So will you now

ask the cat to use its teleportation power to take you to:

The Sword?	Turn to **21**
The Armour?	Turn to **5**
The Shield?	Turn to **319**

90

You ask the Dwarf what he knows about the Dragon Reaches, and he looks at you with a glint in his eye. 'Dangerous lands. The last civilized town there is Ismater, north-east of Rentarn. I do have some interest in an old story about the Dragon Reaches, I must admit. There are legends of a lost dwarf clan below Slate Peak, a great grey mountain far to the north-west. Too far for me to go, and it's probably only another tall tale. But, many years ago, I picked up a coin said to be from them.' He puffs at his pipe as he reaches into a pocket and pulls out a very old, well-rubbed brass coin. 'Give it yer for a couple of gold. Might be some use to yer, if you're heading that way.'

If you want to buy the dwarven coin, you must give the Dwarf 2 Gold Pieces for it (if you buy it, add it to your *Adventure Sheet* and record the number of this paragraph next to it). You can now turn in for the night (turn to **275**), or ask about the grey-cloaked men (turn to 337) or the area generally (turn to **157**), if you haven't already raised the subject.

91

Opening the cell door is a mistake; you felt the evil within, and now the obscured figure within the cell leaps out at you and fog swirls round you, numbing and chill. Lose 2 STAMINA points, and you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength in your fight with the bizarre enemy which has emerged from the fog! White-scaled and reptilian, the horror has a mutated form, with grossly foreshortened hind limbs and elongated front limbs ending in shovel-like claws, and its body is squat and powerful.

MUTATED WHITE STALKER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 13

If you win, will you:

Try to open the chest here, if you haven't yet attempted this?	Turn to **166**
Leave here and open the door opposite you?	Turn to **310**
Backtrack and leave the town of Carnex?	Turn to **75**

92

Nevill looks like the kind of fellow who might know almost anything, though you can't afford to give anything away about your quest Will you ask him about:

Grey- or black-robed men?	Turn to **160**
Frost Giants to the east?	Turn to **129**
The Dragon Conclave?	Turn to **198**

93

The black-robed assassin is dextrous and swift but, fortunately for you, he has not had time to poison his weapon. Nevertheless, he is a quick-witted and dangerous enemy!

BLACK ASSASSIN SKILL 10 STAMINA 13

If you win, you find nothing of value in this room save for a little food (add 1 to your Provisions); you can now either head for the archway (turn to **267**) or retreat to the main passage outside and choose somewhere else to explore (turn to **308**).

94

Now we know that the messenger aboard ship is going to be making moves eastwards. He's going to try and find out what the Frost Giants are up to, and we have to prevent that. We also need to take steps to deal with that idiot they recruited in Blacksand. The High Priest already has Stalkers out in the wasteland, and we have an assassin at the docks. Here's your money, spy. You have served us well.' Now, do you

want to head straight down to the docks (turn to **167**) or burst into the room and confront the men inside (turn to **38**)?

95

The grey passage is oppressive and gloomy. A dank, cold, stone passage leads down and down, and there seems no end in sight; but finally you come to a very solid wooden door with a whole array of locks. You can pick or force these, but this is going to take you a long time; add 2 to your Time Track (just 1 if you have an ice pick to help you). Forcing the door, you walk into a scene from a nightmare. Across the stark, bloodstained chamber a ghastly parody of a thing sits on a stone throne, clutching a jewelled amulet in one skeletal hand; beneath its rotting robes the monstrosity has a vaguely human shape, but its skull is that of a reptile, and what little remains of its eyes glows with fiendish intensity. As it rises, flesh drops from its body, and it waves its claws in an arc, directing a shadowy form to attack you. You must fight the Chillshadow here before you can get to grips with the holder of the amulet, and this is a dangerous enemy; during every Attack Round which you fight, you automatically lose 1 STAMINA point due to the extreme numbing cold this horror radiates. If you do not have a Magic Sword, turn to **113**.

CHILLSHADOW SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, you now see red and silver doors in this room; if you want to run to one or the other and try

to flee for your life, turn to **377**. If you wish to fight the advancing monster that remains here, turn to **185**.

96

The frightened man looks at you closely. 'I was afraid you might be one of the High Priest's spies, but I don't think you are,' he whines in a scared voice. 'There's only one way I knows of. Down by the stream, east of the town, there's an entrance to the underground waters; the sewers of the town run into it. It would be very difficult, but you might be able to crawl along the stream, into the sewers, and get into Carnex that way.' He looks around, fearful that someone may be watching him. 'I must go. If I am late returning, my family will be killed. The grey men, they have them as hostages, you know. If you make for the taverns of the town, you'll be watched. Stay away from the graveyards on the north-east side of town; they'll check you there, like they will if you head for the northern towers where the High Priest and his men are. Now I must leave.' He plods off along the path. You decide to make for the stream and the underground passage; turn to **66**.

97

Test your Skill. If you are successful, you ride the truck round the circuit of the old iron mines in safety. If you fail, you crash going around a tight bend and you must lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **259**.

98

You may perform four actions before the monster is

able to act. You cannot get at it to strike with a hand weapon; its thick cocoon prevents this. You may drink any Potion you have, use a charge from a Magic Mirror (if you have one), eat some food (you cannot eat more than two meals as part of your four actions) or drink liqueur (if you have any). Two actions are of particular note. If you have a Potion of Invisibility and wish to drink this, turn to **253**. If you have a longbow or crossbow and wish to shoot at the skull on the ground, turn to **230**. If neither of these is among your four actions, turn to **306**.

99

Pushing open the door here takes a real effort, since it is jammed and swollen within its frame, but it finally gives way with a loud creak. In front of you a set of steps descends to a round chamber with what looks like a well in its centre; and to your right a passageway heads into the distance then turns directly ahead of you. If you want to investigate the passage, turn to **138**. If you want to examine the round chamber, turn to **376**.

100

You suffer the misfortune of being spotted by a guard, who sees your footprints leading out across a patch of snow right at the very edge of the camp – he can't see you, but he knows approximately where you are and he attacks! You must slay him quickly before he raises the general alarm. Fortunately, because you are invisible, he cannot aim his club at you very accurately and you may subtract 3 from his Attack Strength

FROST GIANT SKILL 10 STAMINA 15

If you win, you just have to hope that the noise of your battle went unnoticed among the other sounds of the camp at night Turn to **250**

101

You must fight the thief and his thug associate together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
THIEF	7	7
THUG	8	9

If you want to break off combat and run away at any time, you may do so – leaving all your gold in the hands of the robbers. Turn to **354** if you want to go to Lobster Wharf or to **212** if you want to head for Weaver Gate If you win, you regain your stolen money, and the thief has an extra 4 Gold Pieces in a leather pouch *Test your Luck* again! If you are Lucky, you can leave the scene and make for Lobster Wharf (turn to **354**) or Weaver Gate (turn to **212**). Otherwise, some militiamen arrive, so turn to **279**.

102

Fortunately for you, the Ogre isn't very skilful, but he is exceedingly tough: when he hits you, his heavy club causes 3 points of damage to your STAMINA instead of the usual 2, so you must overcome him swiftly!

WOODLAND OGRE SKILL 8 STAMINA 21

If you win, will you:

Climb the vine, if you haven't done so?	Turn to **348**
Untie the Ogre's sack?	Turn to **375**
Enter the red tree door?	Turn to **123**
Enter the yellow passage?	Turn to **292**

103

You are certain that eyes are watching you as you stroll around in the town. Add 1 to your Nemesis score, unless you are wearing grey robes: if you are, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you aren't noticed and you don't have to increase your Nemesis score (and retain 1 LUCK point!). If you're Unlucky, suspicious eyes are turned your way and you must add 1 to your Nemesis score. Turn to **125**.

104

The mirrors before you are crackling with sparks of light and a shadowy form is rising up from one of them. To either side of you a passageway suddenly opens up from the phalanxes of mirrors – one red, one silver. Everything is a roar of confusion and unpredictability as a horrific, four-armed, four-faced humanoid steps out of a mirror in front of you and advances on you! Will you:

Fight the Mirror Demon?	Turn to **381**
Flee down the red passage?	Turn to **123**
Flee down the silver passage?	Turn to **146**

105

The guards draw their weapons at the sight of the coiled black serpent with glowing red eyes. 'Impostor!' one of them cries out. 'None of the Black Brotherhood would fail to wear his robes here!' You are swiftly surrounded by guards and overwhelmed Your adventure ends here.

106

Nevill has the following useful items for sale:

Potion of STAMINA	7 Gold Pieces
Potion of LUCK	4 Gold Pieces
Potion of Invisibility	6 Gold Pieces
Bottle of Catstink	3 Gold Pieces
Vial of smoke powder	2 Gold Pieces
Tattooing ink and needle	3 Gold Pieces
Poison Antidote	1 Gold Piece per dose
Poison Salve	3 Gold Pieces per vial

The Potion of Invisibility has a self-explanatory effect. Evil-smelling, green, gluey Catstink is a valuable item: it throws off your scent any pursuing wolves or dogs; sprayed on the ground, it confuses them hopelessly. Smoke powder (Nevill will give you a flint and taper to make a fuse for it) may be a useful decoy, camouflage or obscurement, and who knows when this may be vital to you? The Poison Antidote can be used *after* a combat to cure all damage to your STAMINA due to poison suffered in that combat. Poison Salve can be smeared on at any time: it negates all damage caused by poison *during* the next combat when a poisoned weapon is used against you. Nevill has only one of each item, save for Poison Antidote and Salve. Make any purchases you wish, and adjust your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly. When you're done, you can chat casually to Nevill to find out whether he knows anything helpful to you (turn to **92**); alternatively, will you now:

Shop at the Firewater Emporium?	Turn to **37**
Buy other supplies?	Turn to **373**
Relax at the taverns of Ismater, if you haven't done so?	Turn to **207**
Leave Ismater?	Turn to **268**

107

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the gas does not ignite; but if you are Unlucky, a flare erupts round you from a pocket of dangerous methane and you lose 4 STAMINA points. Turn to **317**.

108

You close in on the true High Priest of the Night Dragon's Cult of Darkness! You must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength when fighting him; the stench which exudes from his rotting flesh nauseates you as it enters your nostrils and throat and makes your eyes water. For the first two Attack Rounds, the Stalker-Mage will use spells against you. If he has the higher Attack Strength, he will conjure glowing magical serpent-forms to rise up and strike you, burying their shining fangs in your body. You will lose 4 STAMINA points from this attack (2 of these points being caused by a form of poison). Thereafter the Stalker-Mage will attack with a poisoned shortsword; if he has the higher Attack Strength, you will lose 2 STAMINA points from the weapon below, plus an extra 2 STAMINA points due to poison. The poison will have evaporated from the blade after three Attack Rounds; thereafter, his hits will cause you to lose only the normal 2 STAMINA points.

BONE STALKER-MAGE SKILL 13 STAMINA 16

If you win, you know that the single exit passage leads to the lair of the Night Dragon. If you are ready to go there, turn to **48**. If you wish to spend time exploring this chamber, turn to **278**.

109

If you are the only living person in the room, you can easily escape before the door is broken down; turn to **387**. If there are militiamen in the room with you, you must *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the number rolled. If you are successful, you evade them and jump down into the back streets, where you evade their pursuit But now you're going to be hunted by the militia, which will make your quest very difficult in future. Turn to **387**. If you fail, turn to **143**.

110

After a wearying crawl you find a trapdoor in the passage; you gently raise it and peer through. You are looking directly down on to a crossroads of passageways; you guess from your bearings that one of the passages leads to the entrance, and probably a guardroom, too! If you want to drop to the floor here, you may do so; but you fear that there may be a concealed pit trap below! This could just be paranoia on your part, but you cannot be sure! If you have a rope, you may descend safely (but you must leave the rope behind); turn to **323**. If you haven't, you must *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you descend safely; if you fail, you fall and must lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **323**. Alternatively, if you don't want to risk the fall, add 1 to your Time Track and go back to the main entrance; turn to **197**

111

The Great Jarl gets your drift very quickly. His eye gleams with mischief and he leans forward to scrutinize you closely. 'Well, runt, I am a giant of honour. Is that not so?' he says as he turns to his followers. They all murmur in agreement. 'It amuses me that you seek a challenge to take this shield we have had for so many decades. Not many short folk would dare! You are brave – stupid, but brave – so I shall accept.' He rises to his feet, yawns and stretches, then lazily picks up his enormous, double-handed stone axe. The Great Jarl is probably seven metres tall and, quite honestly, he looks as if he could have you for breakfast. Fighting him would be the toughest fight you have ever had in your life. Unfortunately, you don't have to fight him. His cabin door swings open and his son and champion strides in. He is introduced as Bagghurd and, while he looks about as smart as a rock, he makes his father look like a pygmy. He has muscles in places you wouldn't have thought possible, and he pauses in his habitual drooling to lick his lips at the thought of fighting you. If you are going to take up the challenge, turn to **204** If you decide to back down, turn to **170**.

112

Back aboad ship, you are graciously given some hot

boiled Greel for lunch. It has the taste and texture of boiled boots flavoured with fish oil, but at least it's hot and nutritious. The mist is beginning to lift and, despite the captain's gloom, the ship arrives at its destination just before dusk. Turn to 304.

113

Without a Magic Sword, you cannot harm the Chillshadow! Its numbing cold freezes you and you become paralyzed. You stand, rooted to the spot, unable to move for what seems like ages. Roll one die, and add the number rolled to your Time Track. Then the Bone Stalker advances on you . . . Turn to 361

114

The signature reads 'Scalmagzaprin', so you make a note of this name; he may be someone in a position of authority here, and certainly the small tower symbol

below his name suggests that he may be found in the northern towers of Carnex. Now, will you:

Open the cage here, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to 91
Leave this room and open the door opposite?	Turn to 310
Leave the brewery and make for the towers?	Turn to 383
Backtrack and leave the town of Carnex?	Turn to 75

115

Your dwarven guides lead you along endless gloomy passages, but their exceptional underground senses alert them to prowling monsters before even you would have detected them. Your feet are sore with marching for two days (add 4 to your Time Track) by the time the Dwarfs show you a descending, grey-misted passageway leading down into a fog-occluded chamber. 'There lie the Mist Crypts,' your guide says grimly. 'May the gods go with you there! What you seek lies in their depths; be sure to keep heading downwards.' You make your way across the slippery floor of the cavern and, peering through the gloom, you see a door emerging from the mists directly ahead of you. There is also a side-passage leading upwards. If you choose to make your way upwards, turn to 356. If you decide to open the door instead, turn to 132.

116

You walk safely along the passageway, although your

feet stick to the glutinous muck on the floor. Will you follow one of the descending side-passages (turn to **164**) or press on forward to the pillars and chamber in front of you (turn to **392**)?

117

You will never have faced a stranger enemy than the magical Pyramidal Cell now in front of you. The Cell cannot attack you physically, but it can (and will!) use magical energy to attack. In each Attack Round, if you have the higher Attack Strength, you can strike the Pyramidal Cell and disrupt its metabolism, so it cannot use magic. If it has the higher Attack Strength, it will use the magical force available to it to strengthen itself or to attack you; roll one die and consult the table below to discover what happens.

DIE ROLL	EFFECT
1	+ 1 to Cell's SKILL
2	Cell regains 2 STAMINA points
3	You are drained of 1 LUCK point
4	You lose 2 STAMINA points
5	You lose 3 STAMINA points
6	You lose 4 STAMINA points

PYRAMIDAL CELL SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you win, and if you have an HONOUR score of 3 or higher *and* you have a Sphere of Light, add 130 to the Sphere Number and turn to that paragraph. If you do not have the Sphere of Light, or if your HONOUR is less than 3, you descend and follow the passage below; turn to **53**.

118

Suddenly you become aware of a loud purring noise! You look down in astonishment, to see a golden gingery cat sitting at your side, looking up at you rather quizzically. 'Oh well, two out of three isn't too bad,' it says, stroking its whiskers with a heavy and well-clawed paw. 'Time to go now!'

'Go where?' you ask, not stopping to think how odd you look talking to a cat.

'To the Loremaster, of course,' the cat says impatiently. 'It's only a few hundred kilometres away.' Your heart sinks at the thought of a long-distance march after your strength-sapping excursions in the hills and mountains. However, the cat jumps into your arms, looks into your eyes and purrs, 'Quite a simple spell really. Let's do it.' Everything turns into a blue-white haze round you and you feel very unsteady indeed. Turn to **266**.

119

You don't wake from your sleep. Your body is left with its throat cut for the northern wolves to find, and your adventure ends here.

120

Once more you open the door with ease and you peer into the room beyond. It is a weapons chamber, with stone axes, a couple of shortswords, two swords of larger size (usable by humans like yourself!), small crossbows and polearms. However, you can't simply enter and take whatever you like. Barring your way is a Stone Dwarf of bizarre aspect: his body is covered in stony spines and both his arms hold lengths of barbed stone, rather like petrified spears. As you watch, the stone figure jerks stiffly into life and begins to move threateningly towards you! If you want to fight the Stone Dwarf, turn to **282** If you wish to close this door and go elsewhere, you can do so; you may open the door opposite, if you haven't yet done so (turn to **80**), or you can return up the steps (turn to **232**)

121

The cowardly wizard falls at your feet and thanks you. You are disgusted with the sight, but he gives you what treasure he has: 7 Gold Pieces, a set of iron keys which, he tells you, will open the door further down the corridor, and some food (add 4 to your Provisions) You bind and gag him, and push his wriggling body under a table out of sight. Turn to **308**.

122

During the first day at sea, you need food to keep yourself warm against the freezing chill of the north wind; you must eat a meal As dusk begins to fall, there is a commotion on deck as a lookout yells, 'Greels! Two of 'em on the port side!' You soon find

out what a Greel is, when a metre-thick, white-furred neck lunges over the port bow and a brutish, eel-like head darts towards you. The beast opens its black-lipped mouth to display rows of backward-pointing teeth as long as daggers. You must fight for your life!

GREEL	SKILL 9	STAMINA 13

If you win, turn to **208**

123

You feel yourself being sucked along the pulsating length of the endless red passage until you find yourself back in the chamber you first arrived in. Turn to **20**.

124

Stormdrake Pass, which grows narrower as the peaks of the Dragon Reaches margin begin to ascend round it, is not a well-travelled path. The only signs of life you see as you trudge along the rocky track are birds

wheeling overhead and an occasional lethargic rock lizard skittering away from your footsteps. A few thick-leaved succulents hug the ground tightly, the only plant life you can see. This is barren terrain indeed, but you feel fortunate at having avoided any monsters during your first day's travel, and you sleep safely in a small cave. Add 2 to your Time Track, and you must now eat a meal. The following day you soon come to a fork in the trail. North-north-west, the trail is hardly perceptible any longer; pointing to the north-eastern fork is a badly weathered wooden sign, where you can just make out what is left of the original inscription; it says simply: 'TO IS ER'. You cannot decipher the letters in the middle. If you want to head north-eastwards, turn to **322**. If you want to go to the north-north-west, turn to **23**.

125

The town is broadly divided in half, with the bigger houses and those of merchants to the north and the homes of ordinary labourers and artisans to the south. You find a little food shop tucked away in a side street; if you want to get extra Provisions, you can

buy them at 1 Gold Piece per meal here. The major features of Carnex appear to be the very large and spacious graveyards to the north-east, a group of three towers standing behind a curtain wall to the north, some fine gardens to the north-west, and a large brewery to the south-west There are also two taverns on the south side of town. Where will you go to now?

The taverns?	Turn to **142**
The gardens?	Turn to **175**
The brewery?	Turn to **209**
The towers?	Turn to **383**
The graveyards?	Turn to **355**

126

You have taken too long! Grey- and black-robed men are swarming into the room from downstairs and you are trapped. You are swiftly overwhelmed and taken to a ghastly chamber of sacrifice. Your adventure ends here

127

The Dwarfs return your newly repaired chainmail to

you (add 2 to your Time Track); the new steel links show hardly any sign of the old rents in the armour. You may add 1 to your Attack Strength in all combats, but when you enter the mountain lair of the Shadow Dragon you may add 3 to your Attack Strength, thanks to the magical properties of this armour! Gain 1 LUCK point. Turn to **220**.

128

The Red Wizard reaches the end of the passage while you watch him leave. As he is about to disappear through the door at the base of the spinal passage, he turns and yells an oath at you, and casts a spell! A globe of fire flies from his fingers. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, you are able to duck back into his room and avoid the ball of flame, but if you are Unlucky, you are hit by the spell and you must lose 4 STAMINA points! Then the treacherous Wizard is gone Turn to **308**

129

You casually mention the Frost Giants to Nevill and

he grins knowingly. 'Ah, well now, there's an easy way of impressing them. Neat little trick if one of them gets nasty and you have to accept a challenge. Get yourself a bottle of firewater from old Benskens the Gnome, and an empty one spare. Fill the empty one up with water – no one'll know in that dark-green bottle – and seal the cork again. Then, if a Giant gets nasty, challenge him to a fight – after you've had a bottle of firewater each. They never say no to that, you know. Give the Giant the real stuff while you drink the water. Actually, buy as many bottles as you've got the gold for. If you're heading that way, you'll need all the firewater you can get.' Now, will you:

Ask Nevill about grey- and black-robed men?	Turn to **160**
Ask Nevill about the Dragon Conclave?	Turn to **198**
Leave and shop at the Firewater Emporium?	Turn to **37**
Shop elsewhere for supplies?	Turn to **373**
Relax in Ismater's taverns, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to **207**
Leave Ismater?	Turn to **268**

130

Standing in front of the door beyond the statue, you should have the armour you seek before you go any further; if you have the armour, you know the Armour Number. Multiply that number by five, then turn to the paragraph with that number. If you don't have the

armour, turn to **232** and search once more in the upper dungeon level.

131

To your chagrin you cannot make out the signature here, so you tear up the note! Now, will you:

Open the cage, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to **91**
Leave here and open the door opposite?	Turn to **310**
Backtrack and leave the town of Carnex?	Turn to **75**

132

Beyond the door, you walk along a short and very narrow length of cut stone passageway until you come to a second door, which you open with ease; stepping into the chamber beyond, the door closes silently behind you, and now it is absolutely flush with the wall. You realize how well designed a secret door it is from inside this room, and you wonder whether you should look for other similar hidden portals within the crypts beyond! Turn to **201**.

133

Beyond this plain wooden door is a very long passage which rises up a gentle slope, with sets of steps cut in it every twenty metres or so. Along the high ceiling run heavy stone and metal pipes; despite the solidity of the material they're made from, they seem to pulsate and throb in a slow rhythm. In the far distance there appears to be a spiral staircase leading upwards, but there are three doors before that – two on your right, one close and one distant, and one on your left in between. You have a strong feeling that trying to smash the pipes would definitely raise the alarm and you don't want to risk that. So, will you:

Open the nearer right-hand door?	Turn to **389**
Open the left-hand door?	Turn to **183**
Open the further right-hand door?	Turn to **299**
Head for the spiral staircase?	Turn to **262**

134

You rush the Giant and startle him with your first blow, but then he raises his axe to fight you. You were warned that these Frost Giants were tougher than most, and now you're about to find out at first hand!

FROST GIANT SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

If you win, turn to **371**.

135

You retreat a little way and try to form a plan for getting into Carnex undetected and bypassing the

guards at the gate. Add 1 to your Time Track as you ponder, and you must now eat a meal. After observing the few comings and goings of the town, you consider that you have three options: ambushing one of the grey-robed men you see walking in and out of the place and taking his robes to bluff your way past the guards (turn to **61**); trying to get information out of one of the ordinary villagers (turn to **79**); or giving up and going somewhere else (turn to **370**).

136

You tell the Dragon that you do not want him to suffer the curse an Oath-breaking brings, and he looks at you with mingled relief and uncertainty. Gain 1 HONOUR point. Now where do you want to go to?

South-west to the sword?	Turn to **288**
North-west to the armour?	Turn to **217**
South-east to the Frost Giants and the shield?	Turn to **39**

137

As you make your way towards the eastern face of the mountain, a black-cloaked creature two metres tall leaps out from behind the cover of a large rock to attack you! Its body is vaguely human in proportion, but its great, green, scaly head is reptilian and its arms end in four-fingered, clawed hands. Its yellow, slitted eyes are full of hatred and menace as it snarls and spits at you and foetid, brown-yellow wisps of noxious gas drift out of its fanged mouth! One of the Night Dragon's Stalkers is upon you, and battling it will be

difficult. During each Attack Round, whenever you have a lower Attack Strength than your enemy, you must *Test your Skill*. If you ever fail the test, the Stalker breathes over you and its foul breath weakens you; you will have to subtract 2 points from your Attack Strength during the rest of this combat, and 1 point from your Attack Strength in the next combat you face.

GREEN STALKER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, and you slay the horror, its eyes gaze at you with a malign menace as it perishes, as if someone – or some*thing* – else was still looking at you. Add 1 to your Nemesis score. Now you can continue your search round the mountain (turn to **169**) or return to the tunnel entrance you know of and enter there (turn to **78**).

138

You follow the passageway to the turn and beyond it towards a door in the distance. Then from behind you, a great iron-barred portcullis slams down from the ceiling, completely blocking the path back. From before you comes an ominous banging at the heavy wooden door, as if something on the far side were trying to get out! You strain to lift the portcullis, but it is very heavy. You can now try one of two strategies. You can try to force the portcullis up by the exercise of sustained strength. If you do this, you are allowed two attempts before the door opens. At each attempt you must *Test your Skill*, and you need only one success to escape; but you must add 4 to the number rolled on

the dice! Alternatively, you can try a single mighty heave. You get only one such attempt; you must *Test your Skill*, adding 1 to the number rolled, but the effort is indeed mighty and you pull a muscle (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength for the next combat). If you fail, turn to **263**. If you are successful, the portcullis opens, you escape and it closes behind you; turn to **182**.

139

You are beyond the reach of the angry Ogre when he tries to swat you out of the vine – but now the huge brute hugs the base of the large vine and is trying to shake you out of it! *Test your Skill* once more; if you are successful, turn to **348**; but if you fail, turn to **158**.

140

'I have an urgent appointment with High Priest Scalmagzaprin in person,' you announce with all the authority you can muster. 'The breath of the Ancient will be upon you if I am delayed in my business!' If your Nemesis score is 7 or higher, you must *Test your Luck*; if you are Lucky, you are allowed to pass, so turn to **26**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **203**. If your Nemesis score is 6 or below, the guards tremble in their boots and let you enter the central tower; turn to **26**.

141

Your hands, arms and face throb with pain while you hold the mirror close to the furnace for a few seconds, then you are forced to retreat, biting back a cry of

agony. Deduct 5 points from your STAMINA. However, the mirror's bloodstones are glowing brilliant ruby-red now, and something of the furnace's heat seems to have been drawn into those pulsating gemstones. You may add 2 points to your *Initial* STAMINA score, and make a note that when you meet the Night Dragon you may subtract 3 from its STAMINA score! Now turn to **308**.

142

You will learn nothing of interest in the taverns of the town. Local people actually move away from you, and their talk is very guarded. If you are wearing grey robes, add 1 to your Nemesis score: there are no robed men in the taverns here! Choose somewhere else to visit, where you have not been before. Will you head for:

The gardens?	Turn to **175**
The brewery?	Turn to **209**
The towers?	Turn to **383**
The graveyards?	Turn to **355**

143

The militia are very suspicious indeed, although they clearly know the grey-robed men to be evil people. They cart you off to jail and keep you there for some time. If you didn't try to escape through the window of the tavern room, they hold you for two days (add 4 to your Time Track). If you did try to escape that way, they hold you for five days (add 10 to your Time Track). Then they turf you out. Turn to **387**.

144

Dragging yourself through the aperture, you have ascended into a domed hemisphere of a chamber with what looks like the starry skies in the heavens above you: blue and yellow twinkling lights cascading from a thousand stalactite-like growths high above Brilliant sparks of light flash from one glowing point to another, tracing out a vast spider's web of scintillating colour. In the middle of this chamber is a pyramidal creature, half transparent and gelatinous, with tentacles that project up into the dome and down into the rubbery floor. Round the pyramid flit dark, wraith-like shapes that radiate a chill you can feel where you stand. You have no idea how dangerous entry may be, but you sense powerful magic at work, and a thrill of fear races up your spine If you want to step forward, turn to **88**. If you prefer to descend and follow the twisting passageway below, turn to **53**.

145

You are almost at the top of the glacier when a clatter of rocks comes tumbling down on your head! Lose 2 STAMINA points. One heavy stone hits you on the forehead and dazes you; you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength for the combat you're about to face. You manage to hang on to the ice and not be swept off by this assault; gain 1 LUCK point. When you get to your feet on the ridge, you face a skeletal attacker armed with a long, barbed polearm weapon with which it has a long reach, making it difficult to get at. It manages to wield this with one bony hand while gripping a curved dagger in the other to attack

you if you do manage to get close! If the Skeleton rolls 17 or higher for its Attack Strength, it will hit you even if you have the higher Attack Strength (if you have, you both land blows in the same Attack Round), and if you don't *Test your Skill* successfully after such a blow you will slip and fall on the ice. If you fall, you must subtract 4 from your Attack Strength in the next Attack Round.

SKELETON SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **276**.

146

You have wandered into a maze of passages which confuse and disorientate you. Roll one die; if you roll 4 or 5, you emerge from the maze safely; turn to **20**. If you roll a 6, turn to **366**. If you roll 3 or below, add 1 to your Time Track and roll the die again until you do roll 4 or higher. If you wish, you can spend a LUCK point to add 1 to the number rolled on the die; but you can turn to **366** only if you actually roll a 6 on the die.

147

You are almost half-way down the steps when a spell

slams into your body; a black web-pattern of magical energy drawn from centuries of dreams of destruction and death wraps round you, cutting into your body and limbs. Your magical armour may save you from this; *Test your Luck*, adding 3 to the total rolled. If you are Lucky, your armour absorbs the spell! If you are Unlucky, you lose 4 points from your STAMINA and 1 point from your SKILL. You drag yourself onwards down the steps; turn to **271**.

148

You rise to your full height and challenge the Frost Giant champion to drink a bottle of firewater with you before the fight! The onlookers gasp as one Giant. You hand Bagghurd the real stuff, and you yourself drain the water in your own bottle. Bagghurd is certainly looking somewhat cross-eyed after he has laboured to finish the drink, and you can deduct 2 from his Attack Strength during the coming fight. Return to **204** and fight.

149

Your weapon shrivels in the fiery blast of the breath that envelops you in a cloud of dreadful heat and smoke! Lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you rush your enemy; turn to **295**

150

'Chieftain of thirty years' great leadership and might, I do not come to rob your tombs,' you cry out, hoping for the best. Now, what is your Nemesis score? If it is 4 or higher, turn to **173** If it is 3 or lower, turn to **202**

151

Pushing open the door to the brewery, a strong smell of hops and malt comes from the barrel-filled room you enter There is a door to your right, one to your left, and one in front of you. Which will you open?

The door to your left?	Turn to **245**
The door before you?	Turn to **341**
The door to your right?	Turn to **221**

152

Dwarven artisans, still stony and awkward, take some time to repair the chainmail armour for you. Add 5 to your Time Track; but they do a fine job. The chain armour is light and supple, and it adds 1 to your Attack Strength in all combats, except against Stalkers and the Night Dragon – against whom it adds 2 to your Attack Strength! Turn to **220**.

153

The Frost Giant leaps to his feet as you approach and holds his axe threateningly above his head; but something tells you he's rather wary of you and his gesture is just bluster 'I'm looking for the Chieftain of your people,' you say with all the authority you can muster.

'Oh really?' he replies. 'Why would the Great Jarl want to see you, Shorty?' You both bluster for a while, but what it comes down to in the end is that this Frost Giant will take you to the Great Jarl's camp if you give him an appropriate gift. You have to give the Frost Giant 4 Gold Pieces, a bottle of firewater or a flask of liqueur as a bribe. If you are willing to do this, amend your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly and turn to **190**. If you don't have any of these items, or are simply too mean to give this Giant anything, matters are going to be much more difficult for you; turn to **371**.

154

Beyond the half-open door is a very strange laboratory indeed. A tall, lean, saturnine man in red robes trimmed with black rises from his seat at a table filled with glass globes, retorts and pipes. Criss-crossing the wall and ceiling above the table are strange, tentacle-like growths which pulsate, making the squelching noises you heard outside. They run into the walls of the room, and coloured liquids from the alchemical glassware are drawn through tubes into these peculiar growths. A pile of broken, reptilian skulls lies on the far side of the room, and in a huge bell jar a half-dozen reptile brains float in black brine. A large tube runs from this vessel to the largest of the tentacles, which pulsates constantly and drips glutinous slime on to the floor. This is peculiar enough, but you have no time to take in the fine details; the wizard is readying his attack! To begin with, the wizard will attempt to pull a lever beside his large work-table. When he wins an Attack Round (he has a SKILL of 11) he will do so; turn to **384**. When you win Attack Rounds, you will inflict damage on him; if you manage to kill him outright without his ever having the higher Attack Strength in an Attack Round (he has a STAMINA of 15), turn to **76**.

155

For a second time your contact has been slain by assassins! The Elf manages a few words before the poison on the dart kills him. 'North-north-west,' he croaks, 'along Stormdrake Pass. Frost Giants have . . . Take them firewater, Ismater . . .' and then he is dead. What will you do now?

Buy some extra equipment or food?	Turn to **236**
Sell them furs, if you have some to sell?	Turn to **68**
Leave Rentarn for Stormdrake Pass?	Turn to **178**

156

You run full pelt into a barrier of magical force, and it feels as if you have run straight into a rock face. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA, and now you must *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **108**. If you fail, turn to **368**.

157

'Quiet enough,' the Dwarf says as he takes another gulp of strong ale. 'There's a village, Sharndale, north of the woods and not much else before yer get to Rentarn. But I have seen a Frost Giant or two to the north-east, although I haven't heard of them attacking hunters or trappers hereabouts. You don't want to be fighting any of them – they're as tough as my boots. If you've got some firewater with you, though, they'll drink themselves stupid on it. Drunkards, they are.' If you want to ask the Dwarf about something else, you can ask about the Dragon Reaches (turn to **90**) or the men in grey (turn to **337**); or you can just turn in for the night and get some sleep (turn to **275**).

158

You land heavily in falling off the vine. Deduct 5 points from your STAMINA and now you are forced to fight the enormous monster; turn to **102**.

159

You do not interrupt the chieftain as he explains the plight of his people. They are cursed to live as beings of stone; a Great Wyrm appeared in their mines and turned them to stone with its terrible petrifying gaze. The Dwarfs believe the Wyrm appeared because they disturbed an ancient evil sleeping far to the north when their mines spread far and wide below the Dragon Reaches. They also believe that you have come to slay the Wyrm and lift their curse of ages. They see the torn armour you carry, and they offer to repair this if you slay the Wyrm. You have a horrible suspicion that what they call a Wyrm is in reality a Basilisk, which turns people to stone if they meet its gaze; but you have no choice. You heft your sword and agree to slay the monster. Again the Dwarfs cheer, and they guide you through the great hall to a descending pit cage which leads down to the mines. The ancient mechanism which operates it begins to clank, and by some minor miracle it delivers you safely to the deep mines. Add 1 to your Time Track. Opening the barred iron door, you step on to wet, cold rock and breathe in dank air. Water drips everywhere in the gloom here, and the silence is as ominous as the darkness your lantern barely illuminates. You can follow a mine shaft leading in one of four directions; will you go:

North?	Turn to **27**
South?	Turn to **242**
West?	Turn to **14**
East?	Turn to **302**

160

Nevill's demeanour changes abruptly; he looks filled with fear. 'Walls have ears,' he hisses, 'never mention those men! They come from Carnex. They brew ale there, so they say, and they do deliver it here, but they're bad, vile, blackhearted scum. Don't speak of them here!' He ushers you out of his shop. Now, will you:

Shop at the Firewater Emporium?	Turn to **37**
Buy some supplies?	Turn to **373**
Relax in the taverns, if you haven't done so?	Turn to **207**
Leave Ismater?	Turn to **268**

161

The new day is bitterly cold. You lose 2 STAMINA points because of the wind chill as a gale whips across the frozen plains, unless you have some Firewater. If you have, sipping it will keep you warm and you need lose no STAMINA points (since you take a sip only, you do not have to remove the Firewater from your *Adventure Sheet*). You are now closing in on the mountain range to the north, and to your left you see, some distance away, a column of figures heading north. Taking care to conceal yourself, you approach them to take a closer look. You see that a hundred or so ragged folk, chained together, are being shepherded along by a group of four grey-robed men; periodically the slaves are being struck with cruel whips by their captors. If you decide to leave well alone here, turn to **258**. If you decide to attack the grey-robed men, even

though four of them are a force to be reckoned with, turn to **69**.

162

Suddenly you are aware of a loud purring noise! You look down in astonishment and see a golden gingery cat sitting at your side, looking up at you with an expression of admiration. 'Well done! All three – sword, shield and armour! There's hope for you yet.' You gawp at the talking cat, not sure what to say. 'Come on,' it says as it leaps into your arms, 'it's time to see the Loremaster. He's waiting, and he can be an impatient old man at times.' As the cat speaks, everything round you merges into a bluish-white haze and you feel very giddy as the world just seems to vanish far into the distance. Turn to **266**.

163

You can take enough food here for 4 meals (add 4 to your Provisions); as you turn to leave, however, the guard, who was only feigning sleep, leaps up and strikes you on the back with a heavy, iron-banded wooden staff! Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA; you must fight him.

GREY ACOLYTE SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, will you:

Head for the door to your right?	Turn to **341**
Make for the door opposite you?	Turn to **245**
Leave the brewery and explore elsewhere in Carnex?	Turn to **333**

164

The passages curve around to join one another and descend into a huge, barren chamber in which a massive ring of three-metre-tall bones stands round the walls. Those nearest you are blunt, those further ahead are sharp and tooth-shaped You realize that this is a kind of model of a gigantic mouth Exploring this huge cavern would take much time; if you wish to search it, turn to **349**. If you want to go back up the passage and retrace your steps, add 1 to your Time Track and turn to **392**.

165

You mark a spider's-web pattern round a black reptilian skull on your arm and advance towards the guards, showing them the tattoo. If you are wearing grey robes, they allow you to pass and enter the tower. If you are not wearing grey robes, they are suspicious of you, but you manage to bluff your way through; gain 1 LUCK point, but you must also add 1 to your Nemesis score. Turn to **26**.

166

The keys on the table don't fit the chest, and there are no keys on the bodies of the Assassins you have slain. Trying to prise open the lock on the chest, you must

Test your Skill. If you do *not* have an ice pick (which you can use to prise off the lock), you must add 2 to the number rolled on the dice. If you are successful, turn to **280**. If you fail, turn to **297**.

167

At last, down at the docks, you have a stroke of good luck. One of the throng of sailors appears to know something. 'Ah, the *Endurion*. Due in from the Eelsea on the lunchtime tide. Me bruvver's second mate on that ship,' he says, his chest swelling with family pride Sure enough, come noontime, the ship arrives at the dock. You ask the captain if he has any passengers on board; even as you speak, however, you see out of the corner of your eye a black-cloaked figure skulking below decks. Fearing he may be up to no good, you yell at him, and he spins around to face you – a Dark Elf! He holds up his hands to hush you and, as he does, his head jerks backwards and you see a long, heavy dart suddenly protruding from his neck. On the dockside, you spot a black-robed man darting away into a warehouse. If you want to pursue this assassin, turn to **62**. If you want to try to help the Dark Elf, turn to **155**.

168

By the time you reach the bottom of the stairs the grinding and booming sounds are deafening. Peering round the corner of the stairs with your fists over your ears to shut out the sound, you see a bizarre scene. You are standing on the left-hand side of an oval room which has huge, fiery, stone pits sunk at each side, and hammering up and down into them – as if grinding something at the bottom of the pits – are a pair of stone cylinders with fire-blackened bases Burning arcs of steaming red liquid fly up from the pits as the columns hammer down, and this liquid looks as if it could be boiling blood! Standing in the middle of the room is a very powerful-looking and bewilderingly strange object: three metres tall, the figure is made out of stone and it looks rather like a skeletal Dragon, with very powerful hind limbs terminating in great clawed blocks of red-veined black rock It is standing on its hind legs and metronomically moving its forelegs up and down; the columns rise and fall in unison with its movements. The obvious toughness and power of this juggernaut-statue give you pause for thought. If you wish to attack the statue, turn to **274**. If you wish to climb back up the stairs and search elsewhere, turn to **67**.

169

You don't find another entrance, but do discover a clump of fleshy, thick-leaved plants growing in a small gully. The leaves and roots are fairly tough, but they're nourishing and you may add 3 to your Provisions. Gain 1 LUCK point and turn to **78**.

170

You respectfully say that, having seen the awesome might of the Great Jarl's son, he is clearly the most powerful fighter that Titan has ever seen and no one could possibly hope to match him. Your flattery saves your skin, but you have backed out of a challenge you suggested, so you must lose 1 point of HONOUR. The Frost Giants sneer at you, and you can't now suggest some form of barter. You have to slink away from their camp and spend the night out in the wilds. Turn to **298**.

171

If you have a STAMINA score of 20 or more, the first mate looks you over and decides you're a strong fellow, so you can get passage for a mere 4 Gold Pieces, if you're prepared to work aboard ship, slaving at rope-tarring and deck-scrubbing. You'll get a bunk to sleep in, but you'll have to provide your own food! If you want to accept this offer and can pay, you must double the number of meals which you are told to consume during the journey aboard ship; turn to **122**.

If your STAMINA score is below 20, you have to pay the full fare of 10 Gold Pieces and turn to **122**; otherwise you must travel by land (turn to **212**).

172

You stand in a bare guard chamber with a very strange rising passageway to your left. The slope of the passage is very steep and the surfaces of the floor, ceiling and walls are knobbled, almost bony in appearance. All the surfaces drip with a thin, slippery jelly which will make climbing very difficult and dangerous. If you have a magical seed pod and you choose to use it here, you know how many stripes it has; multiply that number by twenty and turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not have it or do not wish to use it, turn to **205**.

173

The glowing red eyes of the undead Chieftain fix themselves upon you, boring deep into you. When it speaks in a low, rasping voice, it does not seem hostile. 'You are wise to revere my might, warrior. I

see that you are marked by an enemy I have no love for. It is still within my power, warrior, to give you aid. *If* you are worthy.' The creature raises its sword with a threatening gesture. 'I offer you a bargain. You must fight and overcome me, and I will guide you within this place and grant you some power from this sword – although it is not the one you come seeking here. If you are too craven, begone and leave me to my rest.' Will you accept the challenge to duel with the Chieftain (turn to **365**) or leave (turn to **332**)?

174

The Demon is gone and the mirror it emerged from is now shattered; but something has been left behind. Lying at the base of the broken mirror's frame is a silver Magic Mirror with a hundred bloodstones winking at you from its filigree rim (make a note of the number of gems as the Mirror Number). This Magic Mirror is a very valuable find (gain 1 LUCK point): it can perform many functions. It has three charges of magic left inside it, and you may use a charge at any time, except during combat, for one of the following purposes. You may command the Mirror either to show your reflection as a strong, powerful warrior (when you do this, your SKILL will be restored to its full, *Initial* level) or to show you in the best of health (this will either cure any disease you may acquire or restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* value, as you choose). Finally, as long as the Mirror has at least one charge left, you can command it to fly at an opponent in combat and explode in a vortex of flying glass and metal shards; if you do this, it will inflict 6 points of

damage to the STAMINA of your opponent, but it is then destroyed. You may do this during any Attack Round, in addition to your normal weapon blow. When the Mirror has no charges left it will be useless, so you must keep a record of the charges you have used. Now, there are passageways to be explored. Will it be:

The white passage?	Turn to **218**
The red passage?	Turn to **123**
The silver passage?	Turn to **146**
The yellow passage?	Turn to **292**

175

The gardens are pretty and elegant, but townsfolk again avoid you. The only noteworthy feature you find is a sluice which appears to drain water away from an ornamental lily pond, and which you surmise may also lead down into the sewers below the town. No one seems to be around watching you so, if you want to go down into the sewers, turn to **195**. Alternatively, you can explore some part of Carnex which you haven't yet visited. Will this be:

The taverns?	Turn to **142**
The brewery?	Turn to **209**
The towers?	Turn to **383**
The graveyards?	Turn to **355**

176

You have to carry the man for half a dozen kilometres before a trapper with a sled overtakes you. The burly

trapper recognizes the victim and says he comes from the village of Sharndale, seven kilometres further along. The two of you unload furs and goods from the sled, put the injured man on it, and you help by carrying the bulky furs along the road to Sharndale. You deliver the man to his family, who make him as comfortable as they can. The weather is closing in, with chill, sleeting rain drifting down from iron-grey clouds, and you'll not get to Rentarn before dark now. You are invited to stay with the family; they will give you some furs by way of thanks, as well as hot food and a comfortable bed for the night. Add 2 to your Time Track and gain 1 point of HONOUR. Now turn to **304**.

177

Your missile shoots harmlessly away into the distance. The cunning Night Dragon casts a spell at you which will affect your Magic Armour, if you have some. You must subtract 1 from the bonus this Armour gives to your Attack Strength, as it develops metal fatigue and rust. You've got to find a way to descend! If you wish to climb down the steps, turn to **147**. If you have Winged Boots, you know the name of the man who wore them before you; convert his name into a number using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26. Add

the numbers corresponding to the letters in his name, multiply the total by 3, then turn to that paragraph. If you have a magical seed pod, multiply the number of stripes in the pod by 21, then turn to that paragraph.

178

If you're leaving Rentarn, there's a pass which you must find. If you know the name of the pass, convert it into a number using the following code: A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . Z = 26. Add the numbers corresponding to the letters in the name together then turn to the paragraph with that number. If you don't know the name of the pass, you must visit the Rudderless Galley tavern; turn to **286**.

179

A cone-shaped fog of superfrozen magical cold is heading towards you! If you have a Magic Shield with you, you know the Shield Number. Turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not have it, you must lose 6 STAMINA points because of the intense cold of the Dragon's breath! Turn to **211**.

180

The statue takes the coin in its hand, looks at it, then hands it back to you. It stands as if at ease, moving away from the door. Turn to **130**.

181

You rush up the stairs and throw open the door to the highest chamber of the tower. Across the room stands a snarling High Priest, shrouded in a black miasma of magical energy; one hand holds a scimitar glowing with brilliant, crackling blue light, the other holds a short, slim wooden wand which glows fiery and bright You have no time to take in the hideous decoration of the room, with its mummified bodies, skeletal figures, vast statues of Dragons and similar horrors; you're fighting for your life!

In each of the first four Attack Rounds, the High Priest will discharge his crackling magical wand at you. This is in addition to his scimitar attack. In each round you must *Test your Skill*, adding 3 to the number rolled. If you fail, you will be struck by a magical bolt and lose 4 points of STAMINA. In addition, the evil scimitar the High Priest uses inflicts 3 points of damage to your STAMINA with each successful hit. You are up against a truly terrifying enemy.

HIGH PRIEST	SKILL 11	STAMINA 15

If you win, your Nemesis score is reduced by 2 points, for you have slain the High Priest himself, and his cult will be too disorganized to pursue or harass you (though his Stalkers may still be prowling the Icefinger Mountains!). Add 1 to your Time Track You now have a choice: if you want to leave Carnex immediately, you'll be able to get to safety; turn to **75**. If you want to stay and explore this chamber for treasure, if only briefly, turn to **315**.

182

Back on the other side of the portcullis, you ought to find somewhere to explore more worthy of your time than the unpleasant dead-end you just walked into. You can go back to the antechamber (turn to **332**) or descend the stairs to the chamber with the well (turn to **376**).

183

The door half-way along the passage opens into a simple antechamber with a closed door ahead of you and another door, slightly ajar, to your right. A distinctly disturbing squelching sound is coming from behind the open door. Will you:

Open the door ahead of you?	Turn to **225**
Enter the room beyond the half-open door?	Turn to **154**
Just take a peek round the half-open door?	Turn to **331**

184

You row all day and night and most of the next day, just hoping that your navigational instincts as to the direction of north are good. You must eat 2 meals during your journey, and by the time you reach Corpse Bay you are frozen, exhausted and feeling stiff all over. You desperately need rest and hot food! Add 2 to your Time Track and turn to **304**.

185

The grisly Bone Stalker radiates a ghastly, sickening stench and you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength when fighting it. You can reply to the attacks by its raking claws in one of two ways: you can fight normally or you can try to direct your blows at the hand which holds the amulet you seek. If you decide to take the latter course, you must deduct 3 from your Attack Strength, but if you win an Attack Round you sever the claw and grab the amulet; turn to **269**. You can change your attack strategy in any Attack Round. You can also flee this combat at any time and make for one of the doors by turning to **377**.

BONE STALKER SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **312**.

186

You toil and march through the rocky hills until you find a safe place to sleep. Add 4 to your Time Track, and now you must eat a meal.

In the morning you find a track going eastwards from your path and a clear signpost reading 'CARNEX'. You can delay your travelling and spend some time foraging and hunting here for extra Provisions if you are very short of supplies. Each day you spend hunting and gathering, roll one die and halve the number rolled (rounding fractions up). This is the number of extra meals you gather after feeding yourself for the day; if you have a longbow or a crossbow, you can add an extra unit of Provisions to your stocks each day. You may spend as many days as you wish doing this, but you must add 2 to your Time Track for every day you stay. When you're ready to travel onwards, if you want to make for Carnex, not having been there before, turn to **32**. If you are heading south to get to the Mist Crypts, march on: add 4 to your Time Track, eat a meal, and turn to **21**. If you are heading north to get to Slate Peak, turn to **85**.

187

You can feel your life-energy being sapped by the mirror; lose 5 STAMINA points! The bloodstones glow with a fiery, magical energy and a rather unpleasant sigh comes from it. 'Better, better,' it croons. 'I have my own fate and destiny, warrior. It is not for you to know what they may be. However, in this place my fate is intertwined with yours. Look!' As the mirror falls silent, the pounding stone columns crash down into the pits and are silent! You may add 1 point to your SKILL (both your current and *Initial* score), and make a note that you may subtract 1 from the SKILL of the Night Dragon when you encounter it! Turn to **67**

188

As the Mountain Basilisk turns itself to stone, a great sigh resonates through the entire mine complex as the curse of ages is lifted. Your Magic Mirror gains 1 charge as it absorbs the magic of the Mountain Basilisk's being, and you gain 2 LUCK points! You return to the pit cage, and the Dwarfs haul you back up to the dungeons above the mines. They are returned to their earthly flesh, and they are abuzz with life and energy!

Dwarfs scurry to and fro: some are bringing food, magically conjured from a huge stone cornucopia, and they give you all you can take (restore your Provisions total to its maximum). Artisans hurry away, carrying your armour; they head for the smithy, where the forges are already being rekindled. They apologize that they have no Giants to roast for a feast, but if you stay a month or two . . . Of course you cannot. Turn to **127**.

189

Decide what your action will be, then *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you get to the pyramidal creature before it can use its magic against you. If you are unsuccessful, you take too long; a glowing beam of magical energy flows from the pyramid into your chest, and you feel a terrible, clawing pain clutching at your heart and vitals; lose 4 STAMINA points! Turn to **117**.

190

The Frost Giant marches off at a good pace; it's clear he enjoys watching you have to half-walk and half-run in order to keep up with him. He's soon joined by another Frost Giant, and shortly before the end of the day you find yourself in the encampment of the Great

Jarl and about a hundred other Frost Giants. Pitched tents, massive wooden cabins, flocks of livestock and hungry-looking Snow Wolves abound. You're beginning to wonder what you've walked into. Turn to **29**

191

The Harlequin tests you with puns, conundrums and puzzles galore, but you're equal to the task. Oddly enough, he doesn't seem to care that you're using a book to counter his word games. 'Well, I suppose you win. Never liked these things anyway,' he says as he takes off his boots and throws them to you. You now own the Harlequin's Winged Boots; to be more accurate, they are gliding boots that allow you to descend safely through the air in a gentle glide. The Harlequin snaps his fingers and dismisses you; the cloud castle vanishes in a yellow haze and you are back where you started. Turn to **20**.

192

As you get close to where the gold lies, you can see round the door – and what's beyond it turns to look at you. Clothed in rags, filthy and decrepit, the zombie-like horror crouches over the last scraps of the Dwarf it has almost finished eating. As the undead thing advances, your stomach heaves as a wave of its repulsive stench washes over you. You must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength when fighting the Stench Ghoul, so powerful is its disgusting odour.

STENCH GHOUL SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If the Stench Ghoul hits you three times, turn to **398**. If you win, turn to **277**.

193

You are half-way towards the archway when you are stabbed in the back by an invisible opponent! You must lose 2 STAMINA points, plus 2 more STAMINA points due to poison: your enemy's blade will inflict this additional damage from poison for the next three Attack Rounds if he strikes. While you cannot see your assailant, you realize too late that he was keeping watch at the door behind you!

INVISIBLE ASSASSIN SKILL 13 STAMINA 13

If you win, the limp form of your assassin enemy reappears as the effects of his Potion of Invisibility wear off. Exploring his room turns up nothing except a little food (add 1 to your Provisions), so you can either press on towards the archway (turn to **267**) or retreat and return to the main passageway (turn to **308**)

194

You are caught by a posse of militia and dragged off to jail! Lose 1 LUCK point. Fortunately, they don't accuse you of murder and you get the impression that they aren't really too bothered about the grey-robed men or a dead Dark Elf – but they are very annoyed that you eluded arrest! The militia are judge and jury here, and they keep you in prison for a week despite your protests (add 14 to your Time Track, but at least you get fed in prison!). Then they kick you out on to the streets, but you won't be hunted by the militia in future. Turn to **387**.

195

You judge that you are now standing at a central intersection of the sewers beneath Carnex. From here, smaller tunnels lead off to the north-west, north, north-east and south-west. Follow one of the sewers which you haven't tried before; in each case, you will find yourself at a location in the town after you've pushed up a manhole cover and emerged from the sewers. Will you go:

North-west?	Turn to **175**
North?	Turn to **57**
North-east?	Turn to **273**
South-west?	Turn to **285**

196

As you try to force open the heavy door, a large metal spike springs out of the wall and jabs you in the leg. You lose 2 STAMINA points from the spike, and it is also coated with poison, so you must lose a further 4 STAMINA points! You fear there may be more traps here; return to **234** and choose somewhere else to go, if you wish to leave. Alternatively, turn to **210** if you decide to risk it and push open the door anyway.

197

Sneaking up to the tunnel entrance, you press yourself flat against the rock face on one side, straining to hear. There is no sound from within, so you dash forward into the gloom, using your lantern to see by. The passageway is short and leads at once into a cavern with a tunnel directly opposite you. A pair of Skeleton Warriors in heavy chainmail bar your way; you can fight them separately in the tunnel.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON WARRIOR	9	6
Second SKELETON WARRIOR	9	6

If you win, you race swiftly through this guard chamber and down the far passage to a crossroads Turn to **323**.

198

Nevill looks rather coldly at you. 'I wouldn't mention Dragons hereabouts if I were you,' and he looks around furtively as if expecting something or someone to leap out of the shadows at him. He pushes you towards the door of his shop, but not before whispering, 'If you're offered help by a Dragon there, it'll perish if you accept. They're all bound by the Oath,

you know.' Then you're out in the street and the door of the shop slams shut behind you. Will you now:

Shop at the Firewater Emporium?	Turn to **37**
Buy some supplies?	Turn to **373**
Relax in the taverns, if you haven't done so?	Turn to **207**
Leave Ismater?	Turn to **268**

199

If you have a Magic Shield, multiply the Shield Number by 5 and turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not have this, the great reptile breathes out and you have to take the full effect of a superheated incinerating cloud of flame and smoke! Lose 6 STAMINA points, and now your only option is to rush the monster. Turn to **295**.

200

Fighting the Mountain Basilisk with your Magic Mirror, you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength each Attack Round. However, before every Attack Round you should *Test the Mountain Basilisk's Skill*! If you roll 9 or higher with two dice, the Basilisk looks into the Magic Mirror and will be turned to stone by its own gaze! If this happens, turn to **188**. If you defeat the Mountain Basilisk normally, turn to **51**.

201

You stand in a small, oval-shaped cavern: its ceiling is obscured by mist and two doors stand at opposite ends of the room where the walls have been chiselled

and cut into straight lines. Neither door has any distinguishing marks, but from beneath one you think you can see wisps of bluish mist gently drifting into the chamber. Will you open the door with the blue mist behind it (turn to **326**) or the other door (turn to **247**)?

202

The Chieftain regards you with a mixture of contempt and dismissiveness but he does not attack you. 'You are not worthy of anything I might grant you, warrior. You are not weak, but you are not strong enough. Begone, and leave me to my peace.' If you want to leave, turn to **332**. If you stay, the Chieftain will attack you, so turn to **254**.

203

There are four guards at the gate, and within a few seconds a dozen reinforcements are surrounding you. You are overwhelmed and dragged away for sacrifice: your adventure ends here.

204

The Frost Giants form a circle round you. Bagghurd's doting giantess wife oils his skin while he dons his heavy battle furs and readies his great axe. The Giants begin to chant their hero's name as you square up against each other. You must call on all your ability if you are to have any hope of success here! Of course, you may have a special trick to help you out (you must have a bottle of firewater left for this trick, of course). If you have, you know the name of the man who told you about it; turn his name into a number, using the following code: A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 .. Z = 26 Double that number and turn to the paragraph with the same number. Otherwise, fight on!

BAGGHURD	SKILL 10	STAMINA 21

If you reduce Bagghurd's STAMINA to 2 points or less, he surrenders and you are victorious! The Great Jarl spits at your feet, lifts up the shield and hurls it at you while his son snivels over the wounds you have inflicted on him. Turn to **307**

205

Ascending this slimy, slippery incline will be very difficult indeed You must *Test your Skill* twice, adding 2 to the number rolled each time. However, if you have spiked boots, you need not add 2 to the dice rolls; if you also have an ice pick, you may subtract 1 from the dice rolls. If you are successful, you ascend the passageway safely. If you fail, you slither and fall and must lose 1 STAMINA point through falling backwards for some metres You can *Test your Skill* as

often as you need in order to ascend, but each attempt you make to climb this passage will add 1 to your Time Track.

When you reach the top, you are standing in a dank, chilly chamber with spongy walls, and in front of you is a door, of sorts. It actually looks more like a valve, with rubbery flaps which you will have to open Above the valve there is a knot of blue-veined, thick, fibrous tissue which pulses just like the pipes and tentacles below. You can force open the flap (turn to 362) or plunge a weapon into the knot of tissue, hoping that this will damage whatever protections the Night Dragon has in this bizarre place (turn to 379).

206

After descending for some forty metres, the spiral staircase ends at a landing A massive stone statue, resembling a three-metre-high Dwarf with a huge stone axe, stands in front of the only door in this chamber; it extends a stone hand towards you, as if expecting some kind of token or offering. If you have a dwarven coin, you know the number of the paragraph where you obtained it. Double that number and

turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you don't have such a coin, you will have to fight the huge guardian.

MASSIVE DWARF STATUE SKILL 9 STAMINA 16

If you win, turn to 130.

207

Ismater's taverns are much like those anywhere else: rough, none too clean, with a clientele somewhere between disreputable and repulsive. You sip your ale slowly and eat some good home-made pie, meanwhile listening for any interesting bits of gossip. You don't overhear anything of note, but a grey-robed man sitting in the corner of the tavern seems to be keeping a watchful eye on you. Looking out of the corner of your eye, you see that he is lean and dark-haired and has a scar on his face and a tattoo on one of his forearms. Will you:

Go over and challenge the robed man?	Turn to 257
Go over and talk to the robed man?	Turn to 293
Leave and buy some supplies?	Turn to 373
Leave and explore Ismater, if you haven't done so?	Turn to 10
Leave Ismater and head elsewhere?	Turn to 268

208

The other monster has killed two of the sailors, but the huge furred Sea Serpents' corpses are now being dragged aboard and skinned. The fur is largely ruined from sword and dagger thrusts, but the meat can be sold, even though it's as tough as old boots. You leave the sailors to their messy work and get some sleep. Add 2 to your Time Track.

In the morning, you must eat another meal. It's foggy today, with a creeping sea mist making navigation difficult, and one or two ice-floes go drifting by as you peer into the gloom. One particular floe, some distance away, catches your eye as the mist thins momentarily; you think you can see a dark shape on the ice, though you can't make out any details. If you want to ignore it, turn to **112**. If you want to ask the captain to let you go over in a rowing-boat and investigate the object, turn to **394**.

209

The brewery surprises you when you reconnoitre it. It looks just like any ordinary brewery, except that many of the grey-robed men you have noticed spying around in Carnex are wandering in and out of it. It may well be that more than the production of fine ale is going on within the place. You wait until most of the robed men have disappeared from view then you walk through the open gate into the back yard of the brewery. A single grey-robed guard stands at the back door of the building. If you want to attack him, turn to

231. If you would rather try to bluff your way past, turn to **364**.

210

Beyond the door with the plaque is a huge chamber with scores of stone tombs stretching out before you. In the far distance you think you can just make out an archway leading to another chamber; standing beside it are a pair of skeletal figures, clad in torn chain-mail and carrying swords and heavy shields. Will you:

Try examining some of the tombs?	Turn to **249**
Make for the archway?	Turn to **380**
Leave and open the door opposite, if you haven't already done so?	Turn to **311**
Leave and open the door to your left?	Turn to **99**

211

You have to face what is only a shadow of your final enemy on this great quest, but as the huge creature lunges at you with metre-long teeth and claws it is still one which inspires terror in you!

DREAM DRAGON SKILL 12 STAMINA 16

If you win, a great sigh resounds round the cavern as the Dream Dragon fades away into nothingness. Gain 1 LUCK point and, because you have destroyed a part of the Night Dragon's strength, make a note that when you finally meet the Night Dragon you can subtract 1 from its SKILL and 2 from its STAMINA! Now you wake up; turn to **281**.

212

After leaving Port Blacksand far behind, days of determined marching bring you to the small village of Marzail, just over half-way to Rentarn. You must eat three meals from your supply of Provisions during this time and add 6 to your Time Track. In Marzail, there's an inn where you can stay and get hot food and a good bed for the night, if you pay 2 Gold Pieces (you will regain 4 STAMINA points for this rest) Alternatively, you can sleep outdoors for free (but you regain no STAMINA points and you must eat another meal).

In the morning, you continue your footslog along the coast road, which continues along more undulating terrain. As you get to the crest of one hill, you hear chanting below! Peering around from behind the cover of a boulder, you see a group of three grey-cloaked men walking slowly along the road in front of you; they are swinging small incense-burners and chanting as they go. To the east, you can see a plume of smoke rising from the edge of some pine woods Will you:

Approach the grey-cloaked men?	Turn to **252**
Make for the woodland?	Turn to **382**
Avoid both, detour westwards, then continue north?	Turn to **275**

213

The door has been left ajar. You overhear snatches of conversation: one man saying to another, '. . . berthing today. Stop him and the fool won't know where to go.

It must be done.' You realize they are referring to a ship that is about to arrive. If you decide to check new arrivals at the docks, turn to **167**. If you want to go on eavesdropping, turn to **94**. If you prefer to enter the shop, turn to **38**.

214

At the final death of the Ancient, a great moan rises from the depths of the mountain and a wailing sound flows across the chamber! You hear rumbling coming from far below; above you, a couple of spear-like stalactites break from the ceiling scores of metres above and narrowly miss you. You have time to perform two actions (eating a meal, drinking liqueur, or quaffing a Potion of Stamina are your best bets!) before you must rush to leave the mountain. Your quest is done, but you still have to get out alive!

You run, like one possessed, through tunnels and passages, as rocks fall all round you, tentacles explode from walls and thrash about mindlessly, and gouts of steaming liquid spurt from broken pipes along the Dragonspine. You must *Test your Skill* three times; each time you fail, you must roll one die, subtracting 1 from the number rolled (to get a number between zero and 5). This is the number of STAMINA points you lose through being sprayed with acid, battered by rocks, and similar misfortunes – and you cannot stop to recover lost STAMINA points in any way since the place is collapsing round you! If you are still alive, turn to **400**.

215

As you advance on the Chieftain, he raises the point of his great sword level with your chest and fires a bolt of crackling magical energy at you! Roll one die and add 1; the total is the number of STAMINA points you lose from this attack. Now you must fight the advancing undead monster; turn to **254**.

216

You know you are about to die, and you cry out for any help from anyone, or anything, which might be aware of what is happening to you. If you have a Magic Shield, divide the Shield Number by 10 and turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not have this item, return to **295** and fight to the death, though it will probably be your own!

217

The rest of the day is spent marching through the rocky hills before you find a safe place to sleep. Add 2 to your Time Track and now you must eat a meal.

Next morning you soon find a south-western turning from your path clearly signposted, 'CARNEX'. If you want to make for Carnex, not having been there already, turn to **8**. If you want to press on north-westwards, turn to **85**.

218

You stride along what looks like a long, dark tunnel; a point of white light at the end grows larger and larger as you feel yourself being drawn towards it. You feel

almost weightless and distinctly disorientated, and you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength until you enter a different-coloured passageway. You ache to take something of this warm, wonderful light with you; the airy, immense chamber you are now in seems welcoming and comforting indeed. You are hardly surprised at all when you see the ghostly shapes of friends and members of your family emerging from the paler glow at the corners of the room – but then the scene changes! The people's faces are snarling and filled with hatred for you, and they rush at you with arms outstretched to rake you with taloned hands, eager to tear you limb from limb! You can stay and fight them if you wish (turn to **235**), or you can flee towards a ruby-coloured glow you now see faintly in the distance (turn to **123**).

219

You decide to get as much distance between yourself and the Frost Giants as possible, in case they turn hostile. You march long and hard right through the night and into the following day. Add 2 to your Time Track, and you must eat two meals during this arduous, prolonged exercise.

The next day, you have a choice of routes to follow. If you wish to make for the town of Ismater, not having been there before, turn to **322**. If you are heading westwards for the Sword, turn to **2**. If you wish to strike out north-east for the Armour, turn to **17**.

220

If you have a dwarven coin and wish to give it to the Dwarfs, you know the number of the paragraph where you found the coin. Triple that number and turn to that paragraph. If you don't have this item, or you don't want to give it to the Dwarfs, turn to **9**.

221

On the other side of this door lies a guardroom with hard pallet beds, a table and a few chairs, and similar spartan furnishings. A grey-robed man is lying asleep at the far end of the room. You see some food on the table; if you wish to take it, turn to **163**. If you prefer to leave, for fear of waking the sleeping guard, you can make for the door opposite the one here if you haven't done so before (turn to **245**) or the one to your right as you emerge (turn to **341**).

222

Using your Potion, you creep up to a pair of Skeleton Warrior guards in a chamber just beyond the entrance. They do not react to your presence, so you move quietly past and down a passage opposite the entrance to a crossroads. Turn to **323**.

223

Attacking the guards is suicidal. Reinforcements arrive swiftly from the battlements and you run the risk of being overwhelmed! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you can run away, evading the chasing guards; turn to **75**. If you are Unlucky, they overpower you and your adventure ends here!

224

The Skeletons attack, and you must fight them together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON WARRIOR	8	6
Second SKELETON WARRIOR	8	6

When you reduce the STAMINA of one of these Skeleton Warriors to zero or below, however, your fight isn't over. The Skull of each continues to fight! It rises into the air from the scattered pile of bones and flies at you, the jawbone gaping in a hideous parody of a grin so as to be able to bite you with greater effect! Only when you have destroyed the Skulls as well will your fight be over.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FLYING SKULL	8	4
Second FLYING SKULL	8	5

If you win, turn to **87**.

225

In the room you find a gruesome cupboard which contains rows of reptiles' brittle skulls, elongated like those of Stalkers you have seen. From the room to your right, you glimpse red robes; there is clearly

someone in there – perhaps a wizard, judging by the flash of glassware you think you saw in his hand – so you close the cupboard quietly. You can wedge the door shut if you like; use an ice pick for this, or jam a crossbow into the doorframe (this will ruin the bow, however) Will you now:

Enter the room containing the red-robed figure?	Turn to **154**
Peek round the half-open door?	Turn to **331**
Leave quietly and explore somewhere else?	Turn to **308**

226

No one wishes to talk about the men in grey, but some dark, hooded eyes are watching you . Add 1 to your Nemesis score. You have to continue looking for either a place named Endimion (turn to **352**) or a person with that name (turn to **272**).

227

Returning to the ground, will you:

Untie the Ogre's sack, if you haven't done so?	Turn to **375**
Enter the red tree door?	Turn to **123**
Enter the yellow passage?	Turn to **292**

228

You push open the door and stride forward; no point in being subtle now, you decide. You have entered a large chamber which has a doorway on your right and, much further along on the left-hand wall, an

archway which opens directly into another chamber A rosy glow comes from the archway, and you feel heat emanating from there even where you are standing, some twenty metres away Will you open the door (turn to **43**) or go to the archway (turn to **193**)?

229

You intone a formula from the book, and the runes on the door in front of you glow with magical light then dim; turn to **388**, and you may ignore the instructions in that paragraph concerning SKILL loss!

230

Getting in an effective shot against the cocooned creature will not be easy. If you are prepared to use up two of your actions, one of your shots will be successful and you may deduct 2 points from the STAMINA score of the Night Dragon's skull when it rises. If you are unwilling to do this, return to **98** If you use up two actions here, decide on your other two. If they include drinking a Potion of Invisibility, turn to **253**. Otherwise, turn to **306**.

231

Fortunately for you, this outside guard is a mute, unable to cry out for help when you attack! However, his disability is compensated for by his great strength, and he will not be an easy opponent to overcome as his shortsword arcs through the air at you!

GREY ASSASSIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **151**.

232

Back in the main passageway, you can take the side-turning to your left (turn to **342**) or descend the spiral staircase (turn to **206**), or you can descend the stone steps, if you haven't already done so (turn to **296**).

233

'Let us be gone now,' says the cat, and the Loremaster's home vanishes before you even have time to say goodbye.

You find yourself standing on a frozen plain, staring at a distant range of vast, craggy mountain peaks. 'You'll know how to get there, trust me,' says the cat. 'Best of luck. Rather you than me, I must say, but then you're the hero and I'm just a cat, aren't I?' Leaving you with that faintly troubling thought, the cat simply disappears. Turn to **289**.

234

The plaque's runes and symbols are indecipherable to you unless you have the *Tome of the Reaches*. If you do have this book, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the first page which tells you about Ward Runes. If you don't have the book, you must open a door here; will it be:

The door with the plaque?	Turn to **196**
The door opposite the one you entered by?	Turn to **99**
The door opposite the one with the plaque?	Turn to **311**

235

This combat will be grim indeed. Each time you are

struck by the Wraith Horde, you must *Test your Skill*. If you fail, you will lose 1 point of SKILL in addition to the damage to your STAMINA caused by the blows; your lost SKILL will return to you only when you awaken!

WRAITH HORDE SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

If you win, the bright glow in this chamber flares so intensely that you are forced to close your eyes for an instant; when you re-open them, you see that a small glass sphere has appeared out of nowhere and is bobbing in mid-air in front of you. Looking at it closely, you see that it is a multifaceted gem – it has 244 facets, to be exact (make a note of this as the Sphere Number). The Sphere of Light will glow gently when you so command; if you lose your lantern, the Sphere will light your way in darkened places. It also has power against the Night Dragon itself. You will be instructed as to the Sphere's use when you meet the Ancient! Now, it is time to follow one of the passageways which you can see in the distance; will it be:

The red passage?	Turn to **123**
The silver passage?	Turn to **146**
The blue passage?	Turn to **56**

236

You can buy the following items in Rentarn:

Steel mirror	4 Gold Pieces
Longbow and arrows	5 Gold Pieces
Rope	1 Gold Piece
Glass bottle	1 Gold Piece
Spiked boots	4 Gold Pieces
Ice pick	3 Gold Pieces
Extra Provisions	1 Gold Piece each
Flask of Walrus Oil	2 Gold Pieces

When you've completed your purchases, amend your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly. Now, will you make for the Rudderless Galley tavern, if you haven't been there before (turn to **286**), or leave Rentarn, if you've already slept and rested here (turn to **178**)?

237

You wait in the relative coolness of the room adjacent to the furnace chamber, and after a while the surging flame seems to die down a little; add 1 to your Time Track. If you have a Magic Mirror with you, and if your HONOUR score is 2 or higher, divide the Mirror Number by 4 and turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not have the mirror, or if your HONOUR score is 1 or below, turn to **308**.

238

You push open the creaking green door of the shop with some trepidation. There's a confusion of rubbish inside: stuffed animal heads and rugs hang from the walls, sacks of grubby grain are stacked haphazardly against one another, and shelves are packed with glass bottles containing rather disgusting things in coloured fluids. It looks, and smells, as if no one has cleaned the place for a decade or two. A shuffling sound comes from behind the counter, and a wizened, little, middle-aged man with lank, greasy hair and a pair of pince-nez glasses perched on top of his huge beaky nose peers anxiously up at you from his perch on a five-legged footstool. 'Erm, Nevill's the name. Can I possibly be of some assistance?' You mutter something about his shop sign, still trying to take in the contents of this weird shop. 'Ah, erm, yes, well, it's *Nevill*, that's my name. Oh yes. Says "evil", does it? Letters flake off, you know, must get it repainted sometime.' The little man's demeanour suddenly changes to one of alertness. 'I've got no time to spare, young fellow,' he says testily. 'Got any gold, eh? Got some things might interest an adventurer like yourself!' The curious little man brings out trays of bizarre ornaments and rubbish and rummages in sackfuls of detritus, but most of what he has is useless. However, there are some exceptions. Turn to **106**.

239

Not greatly refreshed by your sleep this bitterly cold night, you continue your journey next morning and at midday you find yourself on top of a rocky outcrop,

looking down at a Frost Giant herding some goats in a shallow valley below. The fur-clad Giant stands some six metres tall, and his stone axe may be crude but it's probably bigger than you are. He's sitting with his back to you, eating one of the goats, so you could probably surprise him with a sneak rear attack if you want to (turn to **134**). If you would rather try talking with him, turn to **153**. If you want to ignore him and sneak past him and on eastwards, turn to **371**.

240

The Dragon speaks to you as you wheel through the skies. 'The Ancient has one great weakness. Light will blind and distract him, if you can find magical light to fling into his face. The greatest of all magical treasures the Loremaster can guide you to is the Magic Mirror within the Dreamtime. Make sure you find this; your quest will be far harder without it. If the Mirror calls for sacrifice on your part, do not deny it.'

Hours pass and the Dragon finally lands at your chosen destination. But just as he does so, he gives a terrible cough and chokes on his own blood as you stagger away, horrified at his convulsions. The Dragon has broken the Oath by giving you aid, and as a result he is dying. This event will be sensed far away . . . add 1 to your Nemesis score. Now, which destination did you choose? If you chose to be taken to the sword, turn to **21**. If you chose to be taken to the armour, turn to **5**. If you chose to be taken to the shield, the Dragon has taken you most, but not all, of the great distance to it; turn to **334**.

241

If you are wearing grey robes, the statues will not attack you when you approach the vault; turn to **273**. If you are not wearing grey robes, the statues will raise their stony weapons and attack you – and, by ill-fortune, a black-robed man emerges from the vault at this very moment. The alarm is raised, and you have to flee! Trying to escape the town, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to get away, but you must roll two dice and total the numbers rolled; this is the number of STAMINA points you lose from arrow shots and crossbow bolts fired at you by guards as you flee. If you are still alive, turn to **75**. If you are Unlucky, you will be captured and sacrificed, so your adventure ends here! If you have a Potion of Invisibility, however, you can escape automatically by drinking it, without losing any STAMINA points; turn to **75**.

242

Beware! The mine shaft here was an experimental excavation and the pit props have all but rotted away with age. This mine shaft looks very hazardous indeed.

If you want to turn back and try somewhere else, add 1 to your Time Track and turn to **391**. If you want to continue despite the obvious hazards, turn to **265**.

243

You have reached the heart of the maze, and there are two possible ways out of here Before you is another of the oddly-walled passages; it is brownish-black in colour and rises gradually up, twisting around at the top of the maze Directly above you is a small aperture in the tissue of the ceiling, and you can see faint blue and yellow lights twinkling beyond that hole. If you want to follow the twisting passageway, turn to **53** If you want to ascend to the hole above you, you think you can get enough grip on the walls here to ascend safely; turn to **144**.

244

You hurl the glowing Sphere at the Night Dragon's eyes, and it reels back from the blinding light with a howl of rage! You gain one free attack on the creature, and you may subtract 1 from its Attack Strength for the first five Attack Rounds of this combat. Return to **295**.

245

You open the door very slightly; inside you see two grey-robed men at work over great vats of steaming liquid, with a black-robed man supervising them. He soon leaves, setting off down a spiral staircase at the far side of the room, leaving the grey men to their labour. One of them breaks off chunks of a biscuity substance and crumbles it into the vats while the other grins. You catch fragments of conversation; 'That'll do it . . . the High Priest says this drug is perfect, they'll be slaves soon . . . slave army's needed to move something . . . in the towers, I shouldn't be surprised.' You don't know what they're talking about, but you make a note not to eat any biscuits you may find and to stay well clear of the beer! Now, will you:

Enter this room and attack the men?	Turn to **327**
Enter this room and try to bluff your way through?	Turn to **287**
Try the door opposite the one you entered the brewery by?	Turn to **341**
Try the door opposite you, if you haven't done so before?	Turn to **221**

246

On a chill, grey day you trudge round the town asking for Endimion and again getting no helpful response; late in the afternoon you see a grey-robed figure disappearing in through the back door of a leather tanner's workshop. If you want to follow the man, turn to **213**. Otherwise, that's the end of this day; you can spend the next one asking for a person

named Endimion (turn to **272**) or for a place with that name (turn to **352**).

247

The door gives way even as you touch it and flies backwards, revealing a yawning abyss of howling cold beyond! Skeletal arms and clawed hands sprout from the stone walls round you, pushing and dragging you into the certainty of death. *Test your Skill*, adding 3 to the number rolled on the dice – and, if you fail this test, your adventure ends here! If you wish, you may spend LUCK points to modify the dice roll. You may spend up to 3 points of LUCK, and for each point spent you can subtract 1 from the total rolled on the dice (but you must decide to do this before you roll the dice!). If you are successful, you extricate yourself from the trap and flee to the other door here; turn to **326**.

248

You demand that the Red Wizard tell you all he knows, and you may spare him. Rushing his words, the terrified man says that he is in charge of the Dragonspine, as this level of the mountain is called. He tends the furnace, back down the corridor, and the strange tentacles and tendrils in this room. 'They radiate along the pipes, throughout the Dragonspine The furnace feeds them, and the alchemical preparations I make here also toughen the Ancient One. Everything is drawn into Nightskull above, where the Ancient is. Look, spare me, please. I was brought here as a prisoner, I'm not a servant of evil.' He begins to sniffle and sob. You don't believe him for a moment; his lying

eyes never meet yours, although you suspect there's some truth in what he has told you about the mountain. Then a crafty look crosses his face and he says, 'If you fought your way in here, I may be able to get out, since you've killed the guards. Just let me take the few Gold Pieces I've got left and I'll tell you everything else I know about what lies at the top of the mountain. Is it a deal?' If you agree to this, turn to **316**. If you decide to kill him, which will be a sure way to prevent him raising the alarm, turn to **283**. If you decide to tie him up, gag him and leave him here, turn to **121**.

249

You prise open the lid of a tomb, and a pair of skeletal hands immediately reach up out of the darkness and make a grab for your throat! You manage to fight off the skeleton inside and slam the lid down, but not before you have lost 4 points from your STAMINA through its attacks. Lose 1 point of HONOUR; you're not here to rob tombs! Now the Skeletons in the distance are marching towards you and you are forced to fight; turn to **224**.

250

You open the door to the Jarl's cabin and see among a pile of trophies the shield you have come for – lacquered white, with a blue chevron and a black dragon motif You grab the shield and run as fast as you can, but you have one problem. While your Potion prevents Giants from seeing you, it doesn't prevent their blood-crazed, slavering Snow Wolves from smelling you out! If you have some Catstink, you can throw the beasts off the scent; turn to **307** If you do not have this, two of them are upon you right now! You must fight them together

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SNOW WOLF	8	8
Second SNOW WOLF	8	8

If you win, turn to **307**

251

The Harlequin's odd jesting and riddling is too difficult for you – you are a warrior, not an expert on the obscure and the trivial! You are angry at his taunts and challenge him to a fight for the boots. 'Ah! A man of violence!' he smirks 'Know that I have the beating of you,' he warns ominously as he rises to his feet You see that he is lithe, very lean and supple and, while he doesn't look tough, you guess that he will be very hard to hit If you decide that you don't wish to fight after all, and you admit defeat, the Harlequin will dismiss you and send you back to where you came from; turn to **20**. If you wish to fight, draw your weapon and do your best!

HARLEQUIN SKILL 13 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **305**.

252

You run to catch up with the men, who seem happy enough to share your company along the road. They are pilgrims, they say, heading for a northern temple to gain learning. They are quiet, hard-faced men and they soon return to their dirge-like chanting. However, they share a little food with you at the end of the day's walk, and you prepare to sleep out under the stars in this strange company. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **55** If you are Unlucky, turn to **119**.

253

Unfortunately, the Night Dragon can automatically detect invisible creatures with its magical vision. You gain no advantage by drinking this Potion, but you have wasted one action. Decide the action or actions left open to you. If they include using a longbow or crossbow, turn to **230**. Otherwise, turn to **306**.

254

The undead Chieftain rises up and advances upon you. His great sword is a powerful weapon; if he has an Attack Strength of 20 or better in any Attack Round, and if this is higher than your Attack Strength, a blow from this sword will cause you to lose 3 points of STAMINA rather than the usual 2.

UNDEAD CHIEFTAIN SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If you win, you can take the bejewelled chain from round his neck; it is worth 10 Gold Pieces (you can sell it for this in any town, if you get the opportunity). The two-handed sword, however, is very heavy and badly balanced in your hands, and you really would not be able to swing it effectively, so you do not take it. Searching the tombs here might prove to be very dangerous after this tough fight, so you leave the tomb rooms and return to the antechamber. Turn to **332**.

255

You wait for some time until you hear the heavy footsteps of a frustrated and angry Ogre receding into the distance. Add 1 to your Time Track, then you descend. You can now enter the red passage through the tree door (turn to **125**) or the yellow passage (turn to **292**).

256

If you have already met the Loremaster, it is time to face the Night Dragon; you know which paragraph to turn to! Otherwise, you are startled to find a large, purring, golden-ginger cat sitting at your feet – and even more startled when it starts to talk to you! 'Killed the High Priest, hmmm? Not a bad start at all. You could go far, you know. Oh, stop gawping at me. It's time you got some real help on this quest. Come on; time grows short and the Ancient grows stronger every day. Let's be off!' The world grows opaque and hazy round you as you feel yourself slipping away to somewhere entirely unknown . . . turn to **266**.

257

Drawing your weapon, you advance on the grey-robed man, but two heavily built ruffians step into your path. 'We don't have any trouble in here,' one of them says as he looks down at you. It's easy for him to look down on you, since he's built like an Ogre. The entire tavern is staring at you, and word of your foolhardiness is going to get around. Add 1 to your Nemesis score. As you back away, the robed man slips out by a side-door and is gone. Lose 1 LUCK point. Now, will you:

Leave and buy some supplies?	Turn to **373**
Leave and explore Ismater, if you haven't done so?	Turn to **10**
Leave Ismater and head elsewhere?	Turn to **268**

258

You make camp for the night. Add 2 to your Time Track, and you must now eat a meal. You know that your fate will soon be upon you, and your sleep is uneasy. Still you wake up just before dawn, and before the sun has risen in the sky you stand a half-kilometre away from a single tunnel entrance beneath a huge mountain which, curiously, is not ice-capped, unlike the others here. You simply know this must be the Night Dragon's lair; but what will befall you within, no one can know! If you have a Potion of Invisibility and wish to use it to get past the entrance tunnel, you know the name of the person who sold it to you. Convert his name into a number using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26, then add them together. Triple that total and turn to the paragraph with that

number. Alternatively, you can make a direct approach to the tunnel entrance (turn to **197**) or search around in the general area of the entrance, although this will be time-consuming (turn to **294**).

259

Exploring the iron mines, roll one die; you may add 1 to this die roll if you spend a point of LUCK to do so. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **317**; if you roll any other number, turn to **391**.

260

You haggle and bargain for the shield, saying it will help you in a quest against a great evil which will otherwise destroy the land. That doesn't impress the Great Jarl at all. All he wants to know is what you're going to give him for the shield. After much prolonged haggling, in which he has an advantage since you have to be deferential to him, you must offer him the following: 10 Gold Pieces, one magical item (a Potion of Luck or Stamina counts as a magical item) *and* two bottles of firewater. If you're prepared to give up all these items for the shield, you must have them all. If you do, you know how many degrees proof the firewater is; multiply that number by three and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you don't have all these items to give, or if you aren't prepared to give them up, the Great Jarl won't give you the shield. You can try to issue a challenge if you wish (turn to **111**) or leave the camp and try to think up some other plan for getting the shield (turn to **298**).

261

Three grey-robed men are standing in the room and a body lies slumped on the bed; the window to the docks beyond is open. The men have coshes and knives, and they've been expecting you They are all dark-haired and have an evil glint in their eyes; as one of them slams the door shut behind you, you know you're going to be lucky to survive this! You can fight them one at a time in this enclosed space as you back into a corner of the room.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ASSASSIN	8	7
Second ASSASSIN	8	8
Third ASSASSIN	8	8

If you win, you turn over the body on the bed; it is that of a Dark Elf, presumably the person you were expecting to meet. His throat has been crushed, and he's beyond help Frantically searching his body, you find 3 Gold Pieces and a silver plaque clutched in one hand with a single word hastily carved into it: 'Endimion' Outside the door there's a commotion; someone is banging on it, asking what's been going on Will you:

Open the door?	Turn to **30**
Search the bodies of your attackers?	Turn to **83**
Leave through the open window?	Turn to **109**

262

The spiral staircase rises many scores of metres and, unfortunately for you, it's a trap. You are half-way up

the steps when they all suddenly retract, leaving the stairwell as a lethally slippery helter-skelter ride back to the bottom. You tumble over and over, battering yourself against the walls, and land heavily in a crumpled heap at the foot of the stairs. Deduct 6 from your STAMINA. Just as bad, if you are still alive you think you can hear a dull booming sound coming from above and slightly to your right, as if some alarm had been sounded. Add 2 to your Nemesis score. Choose a door which you have not yet opened; as you look down the corridor from the opposite end to that you entered by, will it be:

The nearest door?	Turn to **299**
The middle door?	Turn to **183**
The furthest door?	Turn to **389**

263

Before you can force the portcullis open, the door in the distance splinters as axe blades smash through it, and a horde of skeletons force it open. They come charging along the passage, wielding swords, axes, even halberds to strike you down! You can fight them as if they were two groups of monsters in this passageway, one group at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON HORDE	7	11
Second SKELETON HORDE	8	10

If you win, you find nothing of value on the skeletons or in their empty guard chamber along the passage. There is nothing for you to do but force the portcullis

open, and it's hard work! Add 1 to your Time Track. Eventually you manage to escape, and it's time to explore elsewhere. Turn to **182**.

264

'There is still a place you might consider going to before you assault the lair of the Night Dragon himself. The town of Carnex lies west of the Dragon Conclave, and a cult of the Night Dragon has arisen there. The High Priest lives in a great tower to the north of the town, and he has used magic and drugged food and drink to enslave its inhabitants. Some are sacrificed in dread temples, others will be used to form the basis of an undead army in the service of the Dragon. The place is a den of evil. There is a magical book there, the *Tome of the Reaches*, which will be helpful to you in the Dragon's lair, for it contains much lore on the runes of Dragonkind and the magic they contain within them. Carnex is a dangerous and evil place, but you could achieve much good there.'

If you decide to make for Carnex, turn to **343**. If you prefer to challenge the Night Dragon at once, since a detour to Carnex will use up more precious time, turn to **233**.

265

Test your Skill. If you are successful, you manage to avoid a minor roof collapse, although you do get hit by some falling rocks; lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are unsuccessful, you get hammered by a deluge of collapsing rocks and ore. Roll two dice and add their totals; you lose that many STAMINA points, plus 1 point from your SKILL because your swordarm is badly damaged by a heavy rock landing right on it. But you may find your enemy here: roll one die If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to **317** (you can subtract 1 from the number rolled on the die if you spend a point of LUCK to do so). If you roll any other number, turn to **391**

266

You rise from your knees, groggy and giddy from the effects of the powerful magic which has brought you here. Your feline companion is sitting at the other side of a large study, reading a small leather-bound tome Seated behind a grand mahogany desk and looking at you quizzically is a slim, tall, young man with a well-groomed black beard and piercing, steely-blue eyes. He puts down a heavy crystal ball and looks you over appraisingly. 'So, this is the hero come to save Allansia,' he says drily. 'You'd better come with me. This way.' You hardly have time to take in the clutter of books, charts, glowing magic and Cheelah knows what else in this room before your host has taken you by the hand and guided you through a door to a dining room. The man introduces himself as the Loremaster, and he dismisses any questions you may have by plying you with food and sparkling spring water while he tells you why you have been brought here. The

refreshment has a wonderful effect on you: restore your STAMINA and LUCK to their *Initial* values! You are only too ready to listen to the blue-robed savant tell you how he may be able to help you. Turn to **393**.

267

Peering carefully round the archway, you are sickened by an awful sight before you: two iron-clad and glowing, skeletal, Dragon-like forms are standing in front of a furnace, heavy shovels in their hands. Extraordinarily, the furnace looks as if it is sculpted from huge, stone-coated bone, although no normal bone could withstand the white heat of the flames within Even more oddly, the ribcage-like furnace wall seems to be pulsing, as if inhaling and exhaling! You don't want to think about what is burning in the furnace, and you can't see what the creatures here use for fuel. They do not appear to have seen you, so you can leave and return to the main passage, if you wish (turn to **308**), or enter and attack them (turn to **351**).

268

Add 2 to your Time Track for time spent in the village. If you have not yet been to the Dragon Conclave, you must do so now; march off east-north-eastwards and turn to **23** Otherwise, you must march on to a location you haven't visited before; add 2 to your Time Track. Will you journey:

Eastwards to the lands of the Frost Giants?	Turn to **334**
North then north-east to Slate Peak?	Turn to **217**
South then west to the Mist Crypts?	Turn to **2**

269

The monster shrieks in agony as you sever its hand and snatch the amulet! Now you must escape swiftly. The monster gains a free attack upon your back (lose 2 STAMINA points), but you get to the door of your choosing; turn to **312**.

270

A Dwarf chieftain accepts your gift and says it was minted a century before even he was born. The Dwarfs are delighted to have it back, and in return they give you a Potion of Stamina. You can drink this at any time (except during a combat), and it will restore lost

STAMINA points up to one-half of your *Initial* STAMINA score (round fractions up). Turn to **9**.

271

You are at the base of the great stone steps, your feet on the hard, bony terrain of the Night Dragon's infernal lair. The Night Dragon's clawed forelimbs wave jerkly as it summons the energy for another spell It wreathes itself in dark shadows and flickering shades, and this obscurity will make it difficult to see and hit effectively. Unless you can counter this effect by using a Sphere of Light, whenever you win an Attack Round against the Night Dragon you must roll one extra die; if you roll a 6, your blow will strike this shadow-magic surrounding the monster, inflicting no damage to its STAMINA! Worse still, the horror is now about to breathe on you as it clears its mucus-filled, drooling throat! Will you:

Stand your ground?	Turn to **199**
Use a longbow or crossbow and fire at the Dragon?	Turn to **149**
Throw acid at the Dragon, if you have any?	Turn to **82**
Rush the monster?	Turn to **4**

272

You spend a wasted day asking around for a person with the name of Endimion, but all the people you question shake their heads and go about their business and you get nowhere. If you want to spend another day trying this same strategy, turn to **246**. Alterna-

tively, you could try looking for a place called Endimion (turn to 352) or start asking questions about the grey-robed men, if you haven't already done so (turn to 226).

273

You appear to be alone inside a huge crypt complex. Many small sets of steps descend to side-vaults, so that simply exploring the place takes quite a while. Add 1 to your Time Track. The only other exit appears to be a spiral staircase leading down to a lit passageway, but lurking beside the staircase are two pools of darkness which are certainly not natural shadows. They hover in the air and, as you approach, they seem to expand slightly in size. When you are some five metres away, they rush together instantaneously and form a single, spectral, shadowy form which glides towards you; now you can feel the magical cold of the Chillshadow! If you have a Magic Sword, turn to 13. If you do not have a Magic Sword, you cannot harm this being. You lose 6 STAMINA points from its attacks as you flee; if you survive, turn to 75.

274

The expressionless Juggernaut turns to meet you as you race down the stairs and across the chamber. Its enormous 'feet' seem to glide across the room as you approach it and it attacks you with heavy stone fists and a combination bite and head butt; whatever it hits you with, you're going to get hit hard (you will lose 3 STAMINA points from each blow of this monstrosity). Worse still, if the Stone Juggernaut has an Attack

Strength of 23 in any Attack Round (even if this is lower than your Attack Strength), it will hit you, knock you down and stamp on you for a total of 6 points of damage!

STONE JUGGERNAUT SKILL 11 STAMINA 18

If you win, and if your HONOUR score is 1 or higher, do you have a Magic Mirror? If you have, triple the Mirror Number and turn to that paragraph. If you do not have the Magic Mirror, or if your HONOUR score is zero or below, leave and turn to 67.

275

Add 2 to your Time Track for the day's travel before you turn in for the night. In the morning, you set off along the northerly coastal road once more. You should make it to Rentarn by the end of the day, you hope; but you must eat another meal now. After two hours or so, you spot a body slumped on the ground in the road ahead of you. It could be a trap, so you're wary. Will you investigate the body (turn to 3) or make a detour round it and push on to Rentarn (turn to 304)?

276

Across the ledge, a shadowy figure is materializing out of the thick blue mist: a wraith-form, shrouded in a silvered black cape, half substance and half ghost, gripping a black, iron-tipped staff! You can perform two actions before it is ready to fight you; you cannot harm it until it has fully materialized. Eating a meal, drinking a Potion, drawing a charge from a Magic Mirror (if you have one) or using some other magical item: each comprises one action. Decide what you're going to do, and then ready yourself for combat! The materialized Wizard-Wraith which stands before you is a terrifying opponent. For the first four Attack Rounds, he will try to strike you with his staff. If he has the higher Attack Strength, he will discharge a vicious electrical shock into you, using up the magic of his fell weapon, and you must lose 4 STAMINA points Afterwards, the Wizard-Wraith will rend at you with his bony, talon hands; these blows inflict the usual 2 points of damage to your STAMINA.

WIZARD-WRAITH SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you win, the Wizard-Wraith may have drained some of your SKILL If he struck you with his claws (a hit from his staff will not have this effect), roll one die If you roll 1–4, the chill of his touch has drained 1 point of SKILL from you Turn to **81**

277

You pick up 3 Gold Pieces from the floor, and within the Ghoul's lair you find some items the creature has taken from victims it has slain and eaten – a rope, an

empty glass bottle, and a bottle of dark reddish brown liquid with a torn label on which you can just make out the words, 'Larssen's Firewater, Brewed in Isma '. Extracting the cork and sniffing the liquid tells you that it's a very, very potent brandy, and if you drink it you'll find it hard to put one foot in front of the other! You take these items. There's no other way out of the Ghoul's lair, so you retrace your steps; turn to 332.

278

Most of the Stalker-Mage's apparel, equipment and the like is evil, fouled with rotting flesh, and the chamber itself is peculiar, containing many knobbled and sinuous growths of tissue and thick cords sheathed in fibrous material. In one cup-shaped growth you find a small quantity of a smoking liquid which is clearly acidic. If you have a glass bottle, you can take some of this organic acid if you wish. However, time spent here is spent at a cost: when you meet the Night Dragon, you must add 1 to its STAMINA score, since it is now beginning to awaken swiftly as you cut a swathe through its home and protectors! Turn to **48**

279

Lord Azzur's militia have no real interest in thieves, but you've certainly caused a rumpus so they escort you to the Watch-house They detain you for hours, interrogate you over and over again, then extract 3 Gold Pieces from you for wasting their time! Add 1 to your Time Track; if you had no money for your bail, they detain you overnight and make you slop out the cells in the morning (so you must add an extra 1 to your Time Track). When they release you, you can make for Lobster Wharf (turn to **354**) or Weaver Gate (turn to **212**).

280

You manage to prise open the lock, and the first object you grab from the chest is a sleek leather bag. This contains 4 Gold Pieces, but it is also magical. This bag can carry weight, up to a certain limit, without weighing you down! With this bag, your normal maximum number of Provisions carried is not the

usual 12 but is increased to 17, since the bag can contain 5 units of Provisions and still be weightless! Gain 1 LUCK point for this fortunate find. You also find a vial of tattooing ink and a needle here, and a note which reads: 'Increase the frequency of the Watch. You must procure further sacrifices so that I can create further Stalkers, we must slay the idiot the Dark Elf messenger recruited in Blacksand. Obey me, or the breath of the Ancient will be sure to fall upon you!' The note bears a signature which it is very difficult to make out. If you have a viewing lens, turn to **114**. If you don't have this, turn to **131**.

281

'Well, then,' the Loremaster says grimly, 'there is much for you to do yet!' If you have the Magic Shield, Magic Armour and Magic Sword you sought, or if you have two of these and failed to obtain the other, turn to **301**. If you still seek at least one of them, turn to **89**.

282

The Stone Dwarf is a dangerous enemy. Each Attack Round, if his Attack Strength is three or more points higher than yours, you break your weapon striking the petrified body of your enemy. If you do this, any blow you strike subsequently can inflict only 1 point of damage to the Dwarf's STAMINA.

STONE DWARF SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you can take some weapons which may be of use to you. The crossbows look very frail with age,

but you may take one if you wish to, together with some crossbow bolts. You can also take either of the two swords; one is a normal sword, which is no better than the one you have (unless you broke your original sword against the Stone Dwarf). The other is a Magic Sword, and it adds 1 to your Attack Strength in combats – with one exception. It has a special magical flaw in its design, so that if you use it to fight any human opponents, you must *subtract* 1 from your Attack Strength! Decide which sword you wish to take, if either.

Now, do you want to open the door opposite, if you haven't already done so (turn to **80**), or make your way back up the stone steps (turn to **232**)?

283

Although the Red Wizard is very evil, killing him in cold blood is dishonourable: it is an evil act. Lose 1 point of HONOUR and gain 1 Nemesis point. Now you may search his laboratory; turn to **76**.

284

You wake up from an uneasy sleep at the sound of a footfall close by; gain 1 LUCK point for this good fortune! Looking around while still feigning sleep, you see a hunched, cowled figure creeping across the cold ground towards you, its breath frosting in the chill of the icy night. Moonlight gleams on the white, reptilian head of the creature and it draws a long curved knife from the folds of its cloak; black fluid drips from the blade gripped in its scaly claws as it creeps ever closer. You leap up with a weapon to defend yourself against the Stalker which has been sent to slay you! The White Stalker will use its poisoned weapon against you for the first three Attack Rounds; if it strikes you, you lose 2 STAMINA points from the knife wound and 2 further STAMINA points from the poison. After three Attack Rounds, the venom will have dripped from the blade.

WHITE STALKER SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you win, you snatch what little sleep your frayed nerves will allow you this night; turn to **239**.

285

You push up the manhole cover and find yourself in the backyard of a brewery. There are a couple of taverns near by, so you could make for them (turn to **142**) or enter the open back door of the brewery (turn to **151**).

286

The sign of the Rudderless Galley swings, creaking, to and fro in the north wind. Approaching the dockside tavern past the alleys and byways, you thought you saw a grey-robed man duck into the shadows just before you reached the tavern door, or was it just a trick of the light? You push past the seamen and merchants inside the tavern, walk across the sawdust floor to the stairway and climb as far as the landing. You make your way to the third door along, as instructed, and take the silver key from your pocket. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, turn to **261**. If you fail, turn to **324**.

287

You stroll nonchalantly past the two men working at the vats; however, if you are not wearing grey robes they will attack you; turn to **327** but disregard the instructions in that paragraph concerning bow shots! If you are wearing grey robes, the men let you pass; regain 1 point of LUCK! Turn to **347**.

288

A full day's marching brings you to a parting of the

ways along the trail, and here you make camp and rest. Add 2 to your Time Track; you must now eat a meal. If you now wish to follow a south-westerly path leading to the Mist Crypts, add 4 to your Time Track and turn to **21**. Alternatively, you could take the trail westwards, signposted to Carnex, if you haven't been there before (turn to **32**).

289

When you have a chance to check the contents of your backpack, you find that the Loremaster's magic has replenished it for you during your magical journey here: you now have a full supply of Provisions with you! Now you must head north to the final, desperately dangerous nemesis you will have to face. Turn to **18**.

290

You have encountered one of the wandering guardians of the labyrinth, a vicious, scaly Imp with a barbed tail and cruel little claws! The creature is not tough, but it moves very fast and is hard to hit. If it has the higher Attack Strength in any Attack Round, roll one die. If you roll 1–4, the Dragon Imp rends you with its

claws, but you may deduct only 1 point from your STAMINA. If you roll 5 or 6, you are hit by the creature's poisonous tail; the blow does no damage, but you lose 3 points from your STAMINA because of the poison it injects!

DRAGON IMP	SKILL 10	STAMINA 5

If you win, return to **392** and continue rolling dice until you roll a 6.

291

Gliding down across the cavern, you startle the Dragon, which watches your progress with real puzzlement; it is not swift enough to react to unexpected events! The flickering shadows and illusions round its body dim; in its confusion, it does not sustain this defensive magic well. You now stand some twenty metres from the huge monster, and it rears its head to breathe over you. What will you do now? Will you:

Stand your ground?	Turn to **199**
Use a longbow or crossbow to fire at the Dragon?	Turn to **149**
Throw acid at the Dragon, if you have any?	Turn to **82**
Rush the monster?	Turn to **4**

292

You feel yourself flying along the passageway, and soon you are soaring above pale clouds, gleaming in the sun, far away from any passage A cloud island lies ahead of you, so you ascend to it and land in a perfumed garden. Drinking the pure spring water here, listening to the faint drone of insects, breathing in the heady fragrances of flowers and herbs, you don't see the Harlequin until he sits down on a mossy rock and grins playfully at you. He's dressed in an extraordinarily odd fashion, in quartered yellow-and-lilac pantaloons and jerkin; and the strange young man is fiddling with the shoelaces of a very fine pair of heavy, grey, calfskin boots he is wearing 'I think these are what you want, if you enjoy flying,' he says as a tiny pair of wings sprouts from the heels of the boots. 'But you must answer my riddles first!' If you have the *Tome of the Reaches*, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the first page of the chapter on Riddles If you don't have this book, turn to **251**.

293

'Who are you looking at?' you enquire as you sit down beside the robed man, staring deep into his eyes. If your Nemesis score is 4 or higher, turn to **357**. If it is 3 or below, turn to **303**.

294

Add 1 to your Time Track, but you find a crevice in the rock face a third of a kilometre or so from the main tunnel entry You will have to squeeze along a

very narrow passage to explore here. If you decide to do this, turn to **110**; if you think better of it and want to enter by the main tunnel, turn to **197**.

295

Now you must fight your nemesis, the Ancient and mighty Night Dragon. Its great mouth is filled with teeth as long as your forearm, and the mighty power of its clawed limbs and thrashing tail is evident – it is a truly appalling enemy to confront! You must now add any modifiers to its SKILL and STAMINA to the basic values shown below. These are already high, but when you have added the modifiers they will be truly terrifying! You may apply two final modifying numbers: if you have a Sphere of Light to counteract the darkness of the Dragon, you know the Sphere Number; turn to the paragraph with that number. Additionally, if you have a Magic Sword from the Mist Crypts, the Dragon is afraid of this weapon and will automatically lose the first Attack Round while it hesitates in fear. But its blows

are terrible indeed; each will cost you 3 STAMINA points!

NIGHT DRAGON SKILL 17 STAMINA 32

If you win, turn to **71**. If your STAMINA is reduced to 4 points or below, turn to **216**.

296

At the bottom of the chiselled stone steps is a small landing with a pair of small wooden doors, just over a metre high – clearly Dwarf-sized. If you want to open the right-hand door, turn to **120**. If you prefer to open the left-hand door, turn to **80**.

297

You trigger a trap in the chest; putrid, reeking gas begins to pour our of it filling your lungs. You reel back, coughing and spluttering; lose 2 STAMINA points. Now you can either cross the large chamber outside and open the door opposite the one by which you entered the assassins' room (turn to **310**) or make your way back and leave Carnex (turn to **75**).

298

The shield you seek is inside the Jarl's cabin. If you want to try some subterfuge to get at it, you must have something to aid you. If you have a Potion of Invisibility, you know the name of the man you bought it from. Convert his name into a number using the code, A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . and so on to Z = 26. Add up the numbers corresponding to the letters of his name, and turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not have this Potion, you cannot hope to get past the many guards round the camp; if you have not entered the camp before, you can do so by marching up to it now (turn to **29**), but if you have already been in the camp, turn to **50**.

299

The door is locked You can open it in one of three ways If you have a set of iron keys, you can simply unlock the door; turn to **172**. If you have an ice pick, you may be able to pick the lock here, though an ice pick is a crude tool for such a task. *Test your Skill*; you must add 3 to the number rolled on the dice *unless* you use oil to lubricate the lock (you may use Walrus Oil if you have it; otherwise use Lantern Oil, but then your lantern will be of no further use to you!). If you are successful, turn to **172** If you fail, or if you don't have an ice pick (or you decide not to bother picking the lock), you can smash the door down. This will take time, and it will surely raise the alarm here; if you do this, turn to **372**.

300

The Mirror speaks to you! A ghostly, disembodied bass voice comes from it. 'Now you need me,' the voice says greedily. 'You need to stop the Blazing Crusher, else the Ancient will grow stronger.' Up to now, your quest has been so strange that you consider a talking mirror may just know what it's talking about! 'Feed me. I need life energy, just as the Crusher drinks blood!' If you agree to this, turn to **187**. If you do not, leave and turn to **67**.

301

If you have already visited Carnex, turn to **233**. If you have not been to that town, turn to **264**.

302

Eastwards lies the Great Mine, the most spacious and extensive of all the dwarven deep tunnels. You stride

cautiously along the winding mine shaft, and as you delve deeper you can smell gas in the mine. Even your shuttered lantern may be a hazard, igniting the gas. If you want to dim your lantern, you may be vulnerable to traps! You must also subtract 2 from your Attack Strength in combat here, unless you have a Sphere of Light. If you want to dim your lantern, turn to **317**; if you do not dim it, turn to **107**.

303

'Pardon me, I must have made a mistake,' the man says smoothly. 'I did not mean to attract unwanted attention. Allow me to leave you in peace.' He gets up to go. If you want to attack him, turn to **257**. If you wish to follow him, turn to **344**. If you prefer to let him leave and yourself go elsewhere in the town, will you:

Leave and buy some supplies?	Turn to **373**
Leave and explore Ismater, if you haven't done so?	Turn to **10**
Leave Ismater and head elsewhere?	Turn to **268**

304

You round the coastline of Corpse Bay and arrive in Rentarn. Add 2 to your Time Track. This is a trading outpost where fur-trappers and hunters mix with fishermen and, you have no doubt, some Sword Coast pirates. Frost is forming on the wooden roofs of the town's warehouses, taverns and homes even as you look. Dour-faced people are hurrying through the cold, to get home to their suppers and burning wood fires! Will you:

Try to buy some extra equipment or food?	Turn to **236**
Sell some furs (if you have any)?	Turn to **68**
Head straight for the Rudderless Galley tavern?	Turn to **286**

305

The Harlequin vanishes – leaving only his boots behind! You take them; these are Winged Boots, allowing you to glide safely through the air, and you will be instructed in their use later on. You look around for a way back from the cloud island, unsure as to how you got here; when you turn around, the Harlequin is behind you.

'You didn't play the game,' he says sternly. 'You are a dishonourable wretch and you deserve the ill-fortune I place upon you!' You must deduct 1 point from your HONOUR and 1 point of LUCK (from both your current and *Initial* LUCK scores!) and the trickster dismisses you with a wave of the hand; turn to **20**.

306

The skull of the Night Dragon suddenly sprouts skeletal, spider-like legs and its cocoon falls away as it scuttles across the cavern floor to attack you! The skull is a good four metres long, and its wickedly sharp incisors are capable of ripping a bloody gash right across your body or legs. Wisps of acid smoke rise from the monstrous skull as it closes in for the kill!

NIGHT DRAGON SKULL SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **214**

307

The Shield will add 1 to your Attack Strength in all combats – and it has other magical qualities, which you will not learn of until the right circumstances arise – suffice it to say that it may well save your life in the Night Dragon's lair! On the back of the Shield seventy iron rivets have been sunk to hold the front part snug to the back of the Shield. The number of rivets is the Shield Number, so make a note of this.

If you are ready to face the Night Dragon now, you know the number of the paragraph to turn to! If you have Magic Shield, Magic Armour and Magic Sword, and you have not yet met the Loremaster, add the Shield Number, Armour Number and Sword Number together to get a total, then turn to the paragraph with that number If you have both Armour and Shield and you tried to obtain the Sword but failed to do so, multiply the Armour Number by 4 and add this to the

Shield Number; turn to the paragraph with the same number as this total. If you still seek either Armour or Sword, turn to **219**.

308

Standing in the main long passage, with your back to the way you came in, you can explore somewhere you haven't been before. Will you:

Open the first right-hand door?	Turn to **389**
Open the second right-hand door?	Turn to **299**
Open the left-hand door?	Turn to **183**
Make for the spiral staircase?	Turn to **262**

309

The Black Dragon grins in a way you do not find entirely wholesome; he has a hungry look about him. 'The Ancient lies to the north of here. But we do not know where; the Loremaster knows how to find the Ancient's caves. We know that, if you find sword, shield and armour, you will find him; we also know that he has a wandering servant of strange aspect who travels in the Icefinger Mountains. By great good fortune you might encounter him – though, from what little we know, he will not be what you expect!'

The Dragons give you further information. The Stalkers which serve the Ancient are reptiles, mutated Dragon hatchlings stolen and distorted by magic. The Dragons look angry when they speak of these creatures, and they warn you that Stalkers grow more numerous as time passes! There are also robed men, acolytes and assassins, who serve the Ancient, and

they hold sway over the town of Carnex – beware that place! All this takes time to learn, so add 1 to your Time Track. The Conclave has told you the essence of your task now: to find sword, shield and armour, and the Loremaster too. It is time to meet your destiny! Turn to **378**.

310

A short flight of stone steps lies beyond the door; descending them, you come to a single, narrow passage which you judge leads northwards. The passage is deserted and eerily silent, but it is lit by torches burning and crackling in wall-sconces every ten metres or so. At the end of the passage is another flight of steps, this time leading upwards to a trapdoor. You have a very strong intuition of evil lurking behind this door; if you still want to press onwards, lift the trapdoor and turn to **57**. If you decide to beat a retreat from Carnex, turn to **75**.

311

You peer into another antechamber beyond the door. This room contains the rotted remains of old robes and cloaks scattered about the floor, and you see the

glint of gold coins lying on the ground close to another door opposite However, you can hear some disgusting, snarling grunts and slobberings coming from beyond that half-open door! If you want to try to get the gold or find out what is making those noises, turn to **192**. If you'd rather go somewhere else, turn to **332**.

312

You have the Magic Amulet the nightmare-monster guarded. This protects you against the SKILL-draining effect certain undead creatures (especially Wraiths) can have on you. Roll one die and add 1 to the number rolled (unless you roll a 6); the total is the number of charges in the Magic Amulet. Each time you are told you must lose 1 point of SKILL because of the blow of such a creature, you can use a charge from the Amulet to nullify this effect. If you have already lost any SKILL points, you can use the Amulet to undo them (using one or more charges, of course!). When the Amulet has no charges left, it will protect you no longer Having taken the magic Amulet, you may leave by the red door (turn to **123**) or the silver door (turn to **146**)

313

The wizard grabs frantically at a lever beside his desk and pulls it – nothing happens! You strike him with your sword. He panics and draws a dagger, rather than using his spells! Gain 1 LUCK point; now fight the wizard!

RED WIZARD SKILL 11 STAMINA 13

If you reduce the wizard's STAMINA to 3 or below, he will surrender and beg for mercy, offering you information in exchange for sparing his life – but can you possibly trust him? If you spare him, you may be risking a sneak spell attack! If you decide not to kill him, turn to **248** If you decide to slay him, you can do so automatically; turn to **283**.

314

You open the door – and just fail to take in the scene quickly enough A guard by the side of the door whacks you hard over the head with a cosh. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA You are grabbed by the throat and dragged into the room while you are still struggling for your sword, and now you're in deep trouble! Turn to **261**.

315

You grab a handful of items, avoiding the evil wand and scimitar the High Priest used You may take a Potion of Stamina, which you can drink at any time (except during combats); when drunk, it will restore lost STAMINA points equal to half your *Initial* STAMINA (round fractions up) You can also take a book labelled

Tome of the Reaches; while most of it is gobbledegook to you, there are three sections on runes which look important (and which you can understand). Make a note of these: a chapter on 'Ward Runes' starts on page 44 of the book; a chapter on 'Riddling' starts on page 191; a section on 'Dragon Runes' starts on page 229. Finally you snatch a handful of papers from the desk and glance through them briefly. The important notes give you pause for thought! 'The Bone Furnace is the essential thing for toughening the Ancient; the Chillshadows increase his magical powers; the Blazing Crusher makes him strong. All are now in place, and his Awakening cannot now be stopped . . .' You don't waste time reading the paeans of praise to the Night Dragon and the insane evil that the High Priest has scribbled down. You've got to get out of here. If you have Winged Boots, you can glide down from the top of the tower and escape the town; turn to **75** (you may also use a Potion of Invisibility, if you have one, to escape safely). If you have neither item, you've got to run for your life and hope you will be able to elude pursuers. You must *Test your Luck*: if you are Lucky, turn to **75**; but if you are Unlucky, turn to **126**.

316

The wizard rummages through his desk and extracts a handful of gold and some food for his planned journey. 'Right then,' he says in a brisk voice. 'Nightskull above is where the Stalker-Mage is rousing the Ancient. He's the head of the Cult of the Ancient; the robed men serve him. He used to be human, but . . . well, if you get to see him, you'll know what I mean. The powerful

magical work is done up there – I'm only an underling. If you can risk it, travel in the dark. There's less chance of attracting the attentions of the Undead up there. If you see twinkling blue-and-yellow lights, best keep away. The Stalker-Mage has the Chillshadows at work there and you don't want to meet them. Mind you, if you put a stop to what they're doing, you'd destroy some of the magic the Night Dragon will be able to use. It's not fully ready to wake-up yet, but if you get into its lair . . .' he shudders. 'Oh, and don't waste any time going down any of the side-passages up there, they just descend to the jaw-simulacrum. Great place to get chewed to pieces or find yourself in a cloud of fire. I mean, this place isn't called Nightskull for nothing. It's not an exact replica of a real skull – but then the Ancient's skull isn't exactly normal, even by Dragon standards. The Stalker-Mage is usually somewhere around the eyes; the Ancient's in the upper brain, of course.'

The Red Wizard prepares to hurry off down the passage towards the exit, but can you trust him not to raise the alarm? If you decide to let him go, turn to **128**. If you decide to slay him, you can do this with a surprise attack; turn to **283**. If you decide to tie him up and gag him, despite your agreement, turn to **34**.

317

A huge, lumbering, grey-brown lizard, some five metres in length, is heading straight towards you! Hisses come from its wide mouth, and its yellow eyes glow in the darkness like those of some wild beast. This is no ordinary Basilisk you face: this is a much larger version, a Mountain Basilisk – and it is a truly deadly foe! You must decide how to fight it here If you have a Magic Mirror, you know the Mirror Number Double that number, then turn to that paragraph (first making a note of the SKILL and STAMINA of the Mountain Basilisk). Otherwise, you can fight the Basilisk using a steel mirror and looking away from the monster, or take a chance and fight normally while looking at your opponent. If you look right at the Mountain Basilisk, you fight normally, but every Attack Round you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky even once, you will be turned to stone and your adventure ends here! If you choose to look away while fighting, you cannot be turned to stone, but you must subtract 4 from your Attack Strength for the duration of this combat. If you fight with a steel mirror, you cannot be petrified, but you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength every Attack Round The Mountain Basilisk will not be petrified by looking into a steel mirror; it is so wily and cunning it knows how to avoid such a fate!

MOUNTAIN BASILISK SKILL 8 STAMINA 13

If you win, turn to **51**.

318

The green passage is damp and moss-coated. You walk over heavy, peaty soil until you emerge into a bower where ferns, shrubs and flowers grow in a riot of greenery. At the base of the trunk of each of two trees is a door, one red and one yellow, both open and leading to a passageway of the same colour. An owl eyes you quizzically from a tree branch and hoots derisively. You see a huge trailing vine hanging from a tree canopy so tall you cannot make out its upper reaches, and at the top of the vine is a cluster of purple-striped green seed pods. In the distance you can hear a booming sound which is getting louder, as if something extremely large was crashing through the woodland. Animals around here are growing skittish and fleeing into the distance. Will you:

Run down the red passage?	Turn to **123**
Enter the yellow passage?	Turn to **292**
Climb the vine?	Turn to **386**
Wait and see what happens?	Turn to **338**

319

'Just out of range of my teleporting abilities right now, I'm afraid,' the cat says, 'but I can take you most of the way there.' With a wave of its paw, the cat takes you to a cold eastern plain with mountains in the near distance. 'The Jublez, the Frost Giants, they're over there,' the cat says somewhat needlessly. 'I've put something in your backpack to help you out with them.' You look inside it to find that you now possess two bottles of Larssen's Firewater, guaranteed 120 degrees proof, which you didn't have before. 'Don't drink it, whatever you do. One glass can knock an Orc out. Half a bottle will see off a woolly mammoth, they say. Just don't drink any of it yourself!' The cat vanishes in a puff of gingery smoke; turn to 334.

320

You plant the seed pod at the bottom of the slippery incline, and a riot of vines and creepers explodes from the pod, expanding and writhing up the passage. You can climb these with complete safety. When you reach the top, you are standing in a dank, chill chamber with spongy walls, and before you is a door, of sorts. It

resembles a valve, with fibrous and rubbery flaps which you need to push open, rather than a door. Above the valve is a knot of blue-veined, thick fibrous tissue which pulses just like the pipes and tentacles below. You can force open the flap (turn to **362**) or plunge a weapon into the knot of tissue, hoping that this will damage whatever protections the Night Dragon has in this bizarre place (turn to **379**)

321

You lose 5 STAMINA points as you plunge the sphere deep into the numbing cold of the dark core of the cell. You almost faint at the pain which shoots up your arms and into your chest, and you reel backwards in shock as you draw the sphere out again. Its light has nullified the darkness! You gain 1 point of LUCK (this increases your *Initial* LUCK also). Better still, the Night Dragon will be weakened by the destruction of the magic here. Make a note that, when you meet the Night Dragon, it will not be able to use any magic spells against you. If a later paragraph directs you to suffer adverse effects from such a spell, you may ignore this entirely! Now you must descend and follow the twisting passageway below; turn to **53**.

322

Ismater is a large village nestling in the foothills of the forbidding northern and eastern mountains; herders, fur-trappers, nomadic hillsmen, merchants and even a handful of barbarian warriors make it a lively place. You need to sleep and rest (add 2 to your Time Track) and you must then eat a meal. Next day, you may

conduct your business here. You could seek work if you're very low on supplies, you could buy equipment, explore the village fully, or hang around in the taverns and inns of the town to see if you overhear anything of interest. Will you:

Look for paid work?	Turn to **397**
Buy some supplies?	Turn to **373**
Explore the village?	Turn to **10**
Relax in the taverns?	Turn to **207**

323

At the crossroads, one passageway leads back to the main tunnel entrance; you stand with your back to this one. The passage in front of you ends in a door, as does the one to your right. To your left, the passage runs straight then becomes a set of steps, leading down in a very broad arc. A deep, bass, grinding noise is coming from that direction, and it sounds very ominous indeed. Will you:

Open the door in front of you?	Turn to **133**
Open the door to your right?	Turn to **86**
Go down the winding stairs?	Turn to **340**

324

You are hardly likely to find the armour you seek here! Add 1 to your Time Track. Even the food in the kitchens is long rotted and decayed. The shields were designed for Dwarfs, and are not usable by you. Go back and take the steps down (turn to **296**) or the spiral staircase (turn to **206**).

325

You find nothing in your search of the furnace room, and by the time you have finished your exploration you are dripping with sweat, almost overcome by the heat; subtract 1 from your Attack Strength during your next combat. If you have a Magic Mirror with you and if your HONOUR score is 2 or higher, divide the Mirror Number by 4 and turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not have the Mirror or if your HONOUR score is 1 or below, turn to **308**.

326

The mist beyond the door thickens into blue fog a few metres along the irregular, winding passage which lies beyond it. The stony ground is slippery and treacherous, and you can hear the slow drip of water in the distance echoing in some great space. As the mist begins to thin, you find yourself at the edge of a huge underground cavern, scores of metres across. Opposite you, there is an underground glacier or frozen waterfall

rising some thirty metres up to a rocky ledge! There doesn't appear to be any other exit or entrance, so you'll have to climb the glacier and get up to the misty ledge above. To do this, you have two choices. One is to use a magical seed pod, if you have one. If you do, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the pod has stripes. Alternatively, if you don't have this pod (or don't want to use it) you must *Test your Skill* successfully, adding 4 to the dice roll. If you have spiked boots, you need add only 1 to the dice roll; if you have an ice pick as well, you can *Test your Skill* without adding any modifier. If you are successful, turn to **145**. If you fail, you fall during your climb; roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. You can try to climb as many times as you wish, if you decide to give up, or if you don't want to attempt the climb anyway, turn to **54**.

327

The two guards are standing with their backs to you, some way across the large room. If you have a longbow or a crossbow, you can *Test your Skill* (adding

1 to the number rolled if you only have a longbow); if you are successful, you can strike one with an arrow before you rush in with your hand weapon (you may deduct 2 STAMINA points from the first enemy you face). If you have neither type of bow, you rush your enemies at once. You must fight both of them together, and in the first two Attack Rounds the second Grey Acolyte will try to hurl a large metal ladle, full of boiling yeasty slime, over you! If he has the highest Attack Strength, you get a faceful of scalding liquid and you have to lose 3 STAMINA points.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREY ACOLYTE	8	9
Second GREY ACOLYTE	9	9

If you win, you descend the spiral staircase in order to get closer to the mystery of what lies below the brewery; turn to **347**

328

Chipping the body out of the ice, you manage to turn it over, and you dig out of the ice a pouch containing 4 Gold Pieces and some frozen Provisions in a bag (add 2 to your Provisions). A single sheet of vellum has writing on it; it has been rendered illegible by being soaked in freezing sea-water – with the exception of a few words that you can just make out on one fragment of the scroll. To your amazement, you see your own name written there, and also the phrase 'town of rnex'. You go back to your rowing-boat, only to find that the *Blackheart* has disappeared into the thickening fog! You yell at the top of your

voice, hoping they can hear you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you'll be picked up; turn to **112**. If you are Unlucky, you'll have to row north in this small boat; turn to **184**.

329

You shatter the statuette on the stone floor – and a howl, which seems to freeze the very marrow of your bones, comes from far, far away. The passageway is disappearing and you are being sucked into a huge cavern through a tunnel of screaming wind and fog. You fall heavily as you are thrown forward into the cavern (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA) and before you stands – the Night Dragon . . . or, at least, some form of the horror within the Dreamtime. It is only a projection, not the real thing, but it is a truly terrifying enemy. Nearly thirty metres long, the sleek black Dragon seems whole, complete – unlike the half-skeleton statuette – save for its head, which is a three-metre-long skull. A great rumbling rises from the Dragon's chest and its mouth opens; it is about to breathe on you! *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you manage to dodge the Dragon's breath; turn to **211**. If you fail, turn to **179**.

330

From behind a massive boulder a black-robed figure, some two and a half metres high, leaps out at you! This is no human; it has a great, reptilian head with a massive, fanged mouth, and its four-fingered clawed hands are as sharp as steel and as heavy as rock. Snarling and foaming at the mouth, the black-skinned Stalker rushes at you!

Test your Skill. If you fail, it knocks you down and stamps on you; deduct 3 STAMINA points, and subtract 2 points from your Attack Strength for the first Attack Round as you struggle to your feet If you are successful, you may fight normally

BLACK STALKER SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you win, you make a fortunate find; the Stalker had just killed a pair of mountain hares and you disturbed it before it could consume them. The meat is sufficient for three meals (add 3 to your Provisions, and regain 1 LUCK point) Turn to **5**.

331

Unfortunately, as you stand by the door for a few seconds, moving into position to take a look round it, a tiny, Imp-like creature suddenly appears in the air in front of your face and stabs at you with a sharp needle! Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA The Imp flees to safety, but the door has swung open and now you will be forced to fight the dangerous enemy lurking in the room beyond. Turn to **154**.

332

You stand in a bare antechamber with three doors, not including the one you came in by, which is now at your back. The door to your left bears a heavy brass plaque with many signs and symbols; the others are unmarked. If you wish to study the plaque, and you haven't done so before, turn to **234**. Alternatively, if you now wish to open a door which you have not previously opened, will it be:

The left-hand door?	Turn to **196**
The right-hand door?	Turn to **311**
The door in front of you?	Turn to **99**

333

Now you're inside Carnex, you sense the chronic fear and tension that dominate the place. Everything appears normal, but the faces of the folk scurrying hither and thither are turned away from you, and small knots of grey-robed men stand nonchalantly at street corners, watching all who pass by. This is clearly a dangerous place, full of potential enemies. You can

explore the town openly, not losing much time, or you can keep your head down and be much more circumspect in your exploration. If you want to explore openly, turn to **103**. If you decide to take extra time and be more careful, add 2 to your Time Track and turn to **125**.

334

Another weary day is done as you head into the high foothills that border the mountains; add 2 to your Time Track, and you must now eat a meal. If you have a Nemesis score of 5 or higher, and your Time Track score is 45 or higher, turn to **284**. Otherwise, turn to **239**.

335

You flee from the Night Dragon's lair. Who can reproach you? You slew the monster after struggling so long and hard on your quest. Indeed, the Night Dragon's servants are decimated and it will be years before the Cult of the Dragon can arise again and the Ancient can rebuild its strength. The monster will return to Dreamtime, but it will dream its awful dreams of slaughter and atrocities there; before many years have passed, someone else will have to brave the terrors of its lair if Allansia is to be saved. You have come so far, and done so much good, that the exhausting march back home will be dreadfully dispiriting for you. But your adventure ends here, just short of the success you sought.

336

You hurl the seed pod down on the ground below; a great vine sprouts up from it and you clamber down

as fast as you can! *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, you get down safely as a bemused Dragon watches you, unsure how to react; if you fail, you fall the last ten metres or so and hit the ground hard, losing 3 STAMINA points. As you take some time getting up, the Dragon is ready to attack by spell! Turn to **271**.

337

The Dwarf spits into the wood fire which warms the cabin. 'Beware of them,' he hisses. 'The grey 'uns, they're just the small fry, but the ones in black robes, they're dangerous. Bad men. Seen one or two in the woods, heading northwards. I heard tell they're making for the Dragon Reaches. Come from some place north-west of there. Don't you mix with them.' Now, if you want to ask the Dwarf about something you haven't enquired about already, you can ask about the Dragon Reaches (turn to **90**) or the area around in general (turn to **157**), or you can just turn in for the night and get some sleep (turn to **275**).

338

A huge Ogre, a good ten metres tall and carrying a club twice the size of you, stamps into the clearing and licks his lips when he spots you. Something appears to be wriggling inside the sack which he dumps on the ground, and *you* are going into that sack as dinner unless you act swiftly. If you decide to run for one of the tree doors, choose which one then turn to **36**. If you wish to climb the vine, turn to **84**. If you decide to fight the Ogre, turn to **102**.

339

You push open a carefully crafted secret door and find yourself standing at the top of another flight of stone steps, which leads right back down again! If you want to follow these steps, turn to **78**. If you'd rather backtrack and take the door in the cavern to which your guide led you, turn to **132**.

340

If your Nemesis score is 7 or higher, turn to **28**. If it is 6 or below, turn to **168**.

341

You are in a dusty storeroom packed with sacks of grain, empty barrels, vials of yeasts, thick, gluey malt extract and the like. There are some ceramic pots here filled with a pleasant-smelling biscuity substance, which may be nutritious. If you want to eat some, turn to **22**. If you wish to leave by opening the door to your right, turn to **245**. If you wish to leave by opening the door to your left, turn to **221**.

342

As before, the passage is precisely carved, and this one has intricate decorations and murals. It ends in a great pair of wooden doors, which you push open easily, despite their six-metre width. Beyond them lies a great dining hall with massive tables and benches, all covered in dust On the wall behind the high table a pair of great shields are mounted under the head of a fearsome Giant with canine teeth like tusks; in the distance, doors open into the kitchens It will take you a long time to search this great chamber and beyond; if you want to do this, turn to **324**. Alternatively, you could return to the main passage and follow the steps down (turn to **296**) or take the descending spiral staircase (turn to **206**).

343

'Let's go,' says the cat, and before your eyes the Loremaster and his home vanish before you even have time to say goodbye. As you rub your eyes to clear your head, you find yourself looking at a walled town with trails leading south-west and north-west away from the place. Guards prowl the battlements of the town, their crossbows levelled at anyone who approaches. There is a single closed gate on the east side of the town, the only obvious point of entry.

'Might well be another way in there,' the cat says offhandedly. 'You could ask a local Or try bribing the guards at the gate. Then again, you could wait for one of the grey-robed murderers, despatch him, take his robes and try to get through that way. Up to you, really. Anyway, that amulet –' the cat points with a paw at an amulet round your neck which you hadn't realized you were wearing '– use that when you want to be taken to the Night Dragon. The teleporting will leave you a couple of days' march north to his lair' You can use this amulet at any time, except during a combat, to get to the Night Dragon's lair; note that, when you do this, you should turn to paragraph **289**. Now, as the cat bids you good luck and farewell then disappears in a puff of gingery smoke, you set off towards the gates to see what you can see of Carnex. The gates open and a couple of armed guards challenge you. Will you:

Try to bribe the guards to let you in? Turn to **358**
Attack the guards and fight your way in? Turn to **223**
Try to bluff your way through? Turn to **32**
Back off and search for another way into Carnex? Turn to **135**

344

The man slips into the back alleys of Ismater with ease and surprising speed, and you soon lose track of him. Deduct 1 point from your LUCK. Bemoaning your ill-fortune, will you now:

Leave and buy some supplies? Turn to **373**
Leave and explore Ismater, if you haven't done so? Turn to **10**
Leave Ismater and go elsewhere? Turn to **268**

345

A group of reptilian skulls comes flying into the chamber; they will attack you by biting and battering. They can prevent you getting at the wizard here, so you are forced to fight them first. In each of the first

two Attack Rounds, the wizard will cast a spell at you, and you must *Test HIS Skill* (his SKILL is 11). If he is successful, he will inflict 4 points of damage to your STAMINA as a ball of chill, numbing, black-magical energy slams into your chest. If he fails, he will inflict this damage on the skulls, since he aims his spell awry! You fight the whole group of skulls as if they were one opponent.

FLYING SKULLS SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the skulls, you still have to face the wizard, who is drawing a heavy dagger to plunge into you! Turn to **40**.

346

You can hardly expect to find a perilous Basilisk by tomb-looting; lose 1 HONOUR point. From one tomb a cloud of choking spores and dust fills your lungs with filth. You reel back, coughing, weakened; lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. Turn to **391**.

347

You descend the spiral staircase and walk as quietly as you can along the winding stone passageway beneath it. You must have travelled a hundred metres before you observe a slightly open door ahead of you. Seeing and hearing no one, you open the portal and advance into the chamber beyond. However, you almost wish you hadn't when you look around: dark bloodstains splatter the walls here and, in the corners of the room, stand stone statues of a ghastly Dragon-like figure. The statues of the skeletal Dragon radiate malice and hatred, and you realize that you have stumbled on some terrible den of evil here There is a single door other than the one you have entered by, but you haven't time to check it closely! A secret door to your right flies open and two men rush out at you Fortunately, your alert senses allow you to get to the doorway so that you can fight these enemies one at a time. The first is a grey-robed assassin carrying a curved dagger which is poisoned; if he strikes you during the first three Attack Rounds of combat, the poison on his weapon will cause you to lose 2 extra STAMINA points in addition to the usual weapon damage. After three Attack Rounds, the poison will have dripped off his weapon In the first Attack Round, the black-robed man will cast a spell, and a glowing cloud of claw-shaped black wisps of smoke will fly from his hands and plunge into your chest, causing you excruciating pain; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Then the black-robed man will draw a sword and fight you – if and when you overcome his fellow!

	SKILL	STAMINA
GREY ASSASSIN	8	9
BLACK ASSASSIN	9	12

If you win, you can explore behind the secret door your enemies entered by (turn to **42**) or open the other door in this room (turn to **310**). Alternatively, you can decide that it's time to leave Carnex; turn to **75**.

348

You reach the top of the vine safely and take two of the seed pods. They are bulky things, heavily striped with sixteen stripes along their melon-shaped mass (make a note of this). Now, if you have slain the Ogre, turn to **227**. If you have not done so, turn to **255**.

349

Exploring the huge, bony chamber turns up nothing

and, as you stand at the far end, a deep rumbling comes from below you, and the entire cavern starts to fill with smoke and tiny explosions of fire! You remember that many Dragons breathe fire, and you're standing in the strange mouth of the mountain . . . You race to get back up the passage you entered by. *Test your Luck*; if you are Lucky, you suffer only 1 point of damage to your STAMINA from the rising heat and flaring gas; but if you are Unlucky, you lose 4 STAMINA points. You climb back up the passageway you entered by as fast as you can and make for the far end of the odd ductile cavern above; turn to **392**.

350

Your shield stands fast against the fiery breath of the Dragon and absorbs it harmlessly! Regain 1 LUCK point. Now you rush the monster; turn to **295**.

351

The guards turn to face you as you approach them. Each is a two-metre-tall Stalker with red, scaly skin and thick limbs, and they are powerfully muscled beneath their heavy armour. They will strike you with the metal shovels they carry, and you must fight them together. The extreme heat of the room fatigues you, and after four Attack Rounds you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RED STALKER	10	11
Second RED STALKER	10	10

If you win, the furnace suddenly flares up and the heat here becomes truly oppressive! Will you now:

Search this chamber? Turn to **325**
Retreat into the next room and wait awhile? Turn to **237**
Leave, returning to the main passageway? Turn to **308**

352

You spend a first fruitless day looking for a place with this name. After this, for every day that passes, roll one die. When you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **167**. If you wish, you can increase the number rolled on the die by 1 by spending a point of LUCK. If you tire of this, you can try looking for a person named Endimion (turn to **272**) or ask questions about the grey-robed men, if you haven't already done this (turn to **226**).

353

A hideous figure in tattered black robes leaps out at you from behind a snowdrift. It was obviously lying in wait for you! It has a vaguely human-shaped torso, but its clawed hands are as inhuman as its reptilian skull.

The eye-sockets of the diseased, yellow-boned skull are fiery orbs of malice, and you shudder to see the rotting pieces of flesh which fall from its skeletal form as the monster advances upon you. As you ready your weapon to fight the advancing horror, you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength because of the nauseating stench which wafts towards you from its decomposing body!

BONE STALKER SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **161**.

354

Lobster Wharf boasts the scurviest seamen in all Allansia. Half of them look as though their only reason for not brawling on the dockside is because they're too drunk to raise their fists! After your queries have extracted some foul oaths and curses from these evil brutes, you find out that the *Blackheart* is sailing for Rentarn within the hour. The ship's first mate tells you that passage there will cost you 10 Gold Pieces. If you're prepared to pay that, and you've got the

money, turn to **122**. If you can't pay that much (or you're too mean), you can try to haggle (turn to **171**) or you can make for Weaver Gate and take the northern coast road (turn to **212**).

355

Walking nonchalantly round the edge of the graveyard, you see a couple of grey- and black-robed men making their way in and out of a particularly large vault. Standing outside the entrance to it are two stone statues of armoured skeletons. A grisly motif, you think, and you see their heads turn very slightly as if to inspect those who approach the entrance – or is this just your imagination? Trying to force an entry here could be highly dangerous. If you wish to try, turn to **241**. If you'd rather not try, you'd better explore some other area of Carnex which you haven't already looked over; will you go to:

The taverns?	Turn to **142**
The brewery?	Turn to **209**
The towers?	Turn to **383**
The gardens?	Turn to **175**

356

The side-passage soon terminates at a long set of ascending steps; you think you can see a door at the top of them, but you cannot be sure since it is a long way off. If you decide to walk up and open the door, turn to **339**. If you want to return and open the door on the lower level at the end of the cavern, turn to **132**.

357

'Not here,' the man says quietly. 'Be outside the back yard of this tavern at midnight tonight. Come alone. I may be able to help you.' He gets up and leaves. If you want to meet him at this rendezvous, add 1 to your Time Track and you can meet him by turning to **52**; otherwise, will you:

Leave and buy some supplies?	Turn to **373**
Leave and explore Ismater, if you haven't done so?	Turn to **10**
Leave Ismater and go elsewhere	Turn to **268**

358

The guards look fearfully at each other as you show some gold to them. One looks over his shoulder and mutters, 'None of them greyrobes about. All right then. Cost yer four gold.' You must pay the guards 2 Gold Pieces each to be allowed past. If you're ready to pay them, turn to 333. If you won't or can't pay this much, will you:

Attack the guards and fight your way in?	Turn to **223**
Try to bluff your way through?	Turn to **32**
Back off and look for an alternative way into Carnex?	Turn to **135**

359

You need rest after your exertions, so you find a sheltered place to sleep. Add 2 to your Time Track, and you must now eat a meal. When you are ready to set out on your travels again, you can head north to where the armour lies (turn to **186**) or east to the land of the Giants, where the shield you seek is located (turn to **12**)

360

You hand over the items the Great Jarl requests and in return take the shield. Turn to **307**.

361

You awaken, screaming with the memories of a terrible nightmare, and it takes a long time for your nerves to calm. Add 1 to your Time Track and turn to **281**.

362

Beyond the strange valve-door is a thick-walled duct with walls of the same spongy grey substance as the door itself. The duct is some twenty metres long and, three-quarters of the way along it, a pair of side-passages slope downwards. At the end of the duct is a set of sinuous pillars of bristly, rubbery tissue which appear to extend into a distant chamber, although you can't see what may lie therein from where you are standing. It is very dark and gloomy here, with no natural lighting. If you are using a lantern to light your way here, turn to **15**. If you are using a Sphere of Light, turn to **59**. If you are willing to risk walking along in the dark, with the footing here treacherous, turn to **116**.

363

The catacomb complex is laid out intricately with many sub-chambers, and exploring it takes a long time. Add 1 to your Time Track, and you must now eat a meal. Roll one die; if the number you roll is 4 or higher, turn to **317** (you may add 1 to the number rolled on the die by spending a point of LUCK if you wish). If you roll 3 or below, turn to **391**.

364

If you are wearing grey robes, you can pass by the guard, who does not challenge you. If you don't have grey robes, when you speak he doesn't reply to you; *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you do bluff your way past; turn to **151**. If you are Unlucky, he draws a shortsword to attack you; turn to **231**.

365

The undead Chieftain rises up and advances upon you. His great sword is a powerful weapon; if he has an Attack Strength of 20 or better in any Attack Round, and if this is higher than your Attack Strength, a blow from this sword will cost you 3 points of STAMINA rather than the usual 2.

UNDEAD CHIEFTAIN SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If you reduce the Chieftain's STAMINA to 2 or below, he accepts defeat and returns to this throne. He summons you to him and says, 'You are worthy. I could have done with more like you among my Wardogs.' He stretches his sword around in an arc, indicating the many tombs before him. 'Now hear me! Below here, in the blue mists, skulks the spirit of our clan shaman-wizard. His treachery and infamy brought shame and death to us; he came to serve a nameless cult of darkness – one you too will have to face. It is he who stalks the depths there, and he who blocks your path to the sword you seek. To find him, jump into the well!' He grins at you; the effect is unnerving. The tone of the Chieftain's voice changes, becoming more stern. 'As in life, in death I am a man of honour.' If a skeletal visage could give a wry smile, this one just did. 'Lay down your weapon and kneel before me. Show me trust.' Now, if you want to kneel before the Chieftain as he raises his sword, turn to **72**. If you prefer to leave and return to the antechamber you entered by, turn to **332**.

366

Something very bizarre is happening: you wander into

a complex confluence of passages where hanging hourglasses filled with multicoloured sand are flowing backwards – the sand is flowing up into the top half from the bottom! You may subtract 1 from your Time Track! Turn to **20** as you wander, somewhat bemused, into the chamber you first arrived in.

367

All you turn up during a long search is a single Gold Piece. You can't lift the ingots, and the tools are useless. Add 1 to your Time Track. You can now follow the tunnel opposite the one leading to the smithy, if you haven't already done so (turn to **19**), or go down the passage facing the one you entered by (turn to **47**).

368

You struggle to find a way round the barrier, since you cannot see it; by the time you manage to do this, the Stalker-Mage has cast his spell. A silvery web of glowing magical fire expands from his claws and wraps itself round your arms and chest. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA, and you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength when fighting the Stalker-Mage. Turn to **108**.

369

The Dwarf accepts your gift with a smile and ushers you indoors. You're soon eating fine rabbit stew and quaffing dwarven ale, and the Dwarf tells you his name is Darkflint. He doesn't say why he lives here, and you don't ask. For your part, you tell him only that you're making for Rentarn. It's growing late and, while you don't fear the Dwarf, you're not sure what

else to say. You shouldn't be giving anything away about your destination! If you are content just to sleep here, turn to **275**. If you want to risk asking the Dwarf about something else, will it be about:

The Dragon Reaches?	Turn to **90**
The grey-cloaked men?	Turn to **337**
General information about the area?	Turn to **157**

370

Leaving Carnex behind you, it's time to go elsewhere on your quest. If you are ready now to face the Night Dragon, you know which paragraph to turn to. Otherwise, add 2 to your Time Track as you march away from the town, and you should set off for a place you haven't previously visited. Will you now go:

North-west to Slate Peak?	Turn to **85**
South-west to the Mist Crypts?	Turn to **288**
Far east to the lands of the Frost Giants?	Turn to **39**

371

You have to search around to locate the camp of the Giants, so add 1 to your Time Track. At last you find yourself looking down on a large encampment of tents and cabins among which a huge chieftain's cabin is pre-eminent. As many as a hundred Frost Giants, together with large flocks of livestock and Snow Wolves, are roaming around. Clearly, any kind of attack would be suicidal. You could try walking into the camp (turn to **29**) or circling the perimeter, spying and trying to think up some indirect approach (turn to **298**).

372

The door flies open, and two snake-like figures dart out from the room behind it. They are skeletal, but tatters of scaly skin hang round their skulls and upper vertebrae, and their spines are shod with iron. Their jaws gape open, revealing razor-sharp incisor teeth as long as your fingers, and they rise up and sway before you! Resisting their hypnotic swaying will be difficult Roll one die and add your HONOUR score If the total is 6 or below, the strange swaying of the snakes dulls your mind and makes it hard for you to act swiftly and strike effectively; you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength in this combat. If the total is 7 or higher, you are unaffected. You must fight the magical Iron Serpents together here, and each has a venomous bite. For the first three Attack Rounds, if one of the Iron Serpents bites you, you lose 2 STAMINA points through being bitten, and another 3 STAMINA points from the venom!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First IRON SERPENT	8	8
Second IRON SERPENT	8	7

If you win, turn to **172**

373

In the ordinary trading-posts of Ismater, you can buy the following:

Extra Provisions	1 Gold Piece each
Rope	1 Gold Piece
Longbow and arrows	5 Gold Pieces

Glass bottle	1 Gold Piece
Ice pick	3 Gold Pieces
Flask of Walrus Oil	3 Gold Pieces
Keg of beer	4 Gold Pieces

Other items these simple shops supply are hardly useful to you – thick furs, evil-looking animal traps, harpoons and the like. After making any purchases and adjusting your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly, will you now:

Leave Ismater?	Turn to **268**
Explore the village, if you haven't done so?	Turn to **10**
Relax in the taverns, if you haven't done so?	Turn to **207**

374

A gentle, tinkling voice rises from the gem-sphere. 'We are very close now. I need the essence left here. Look!' At a mental urging from the mysterious sphere, you can now make out an inky pool of darkness at the base of the pyramidal cell as the lights begin to fade. Intense, marrow-freezing cold is beginning to radiate from this dark core, and the sphere is asking you to plunge it into that chill. You will suffer considerable damage if you agree! If you consent to the sphere's demand, turn to **321**. If you refuse, descend and follow the passage below; turn to **53**.

375

A dappled deer escapes from the sack and turns to run off into the forest – but, before she does, she licks

your face! You feel faintly ridiculous, but the animal's saliva has a soothing, healing effect; regain 4 lost STAMINA points and 1 point of LUCK! Now, will you:

Climb the vine, if you haven't do so?	Turn to **348**
Enter the red tree door?	Turn to **123**
Enter the yellow passage?	Turn to **292**

376

Carefully checking around in the bare stone chamber reveals no hidden secret doors or other exits except the door you entered by. There is only the well, and thick mist obscures visibility only a couple of metres down. You easily find a stone to drop down the well; from the sound it makes, you judge that there is solid ground not too far below – perhaps four or five metres down. For the time being, you need to rest here; add 2 to your Time Track and you must now eat a meal. When you wake up, if you have a rope, you could use it to descend fairly safely, you think. If you jump, it may be a little hazardous. If you decide to take either option, turn to **46**. If you want to backtrack and search an area you haven't visited before, you can return to the antechamber (turn to **332**) or take the passageway to the left at the top of the stairs to this chamber (turn to **138**); make a note of this paragraph number, however, so that if you need to return here you can do so.

377

Horribly, your feet seem to be stuck to the floor! It is almost impossible to run away! The monster behind

you is tearing at your back and you force yourself to the door. Roll one die. The number you roll is the number of free hits the monster gets at your back as you try desperately to run, and each blow inflicts 2 points of damage to your STAMINA. Now, if you chose the red door to escape through, turn to **125**. If you chose the silver door, turn to **146**.

378

Ruminating over where to go next, you are only a short distance from the cave when the Green Dragon which brought you here comes up behind you and hails you, so you turn to hear what he has to say. 'Listen, brave one. I know the task which awaits you. I can tell you more about what you need to know, and I can even fly you to a place to which you should be taken. I know where the sword, shield and armour lie – although, by giving you such direct help, I may violate the Oath of Kilanirax. And I will suffer for that.' The Dragon shivers, and your eyes dilate at the thought of what could scare a twenty-metre Dragon! If you want to accept the Dragon's offer, turn to **240**. If you decide not to do so, turn to **136**.

379

You strike against the knot; a gout of steaming fluid sprays out and splashes over your face and arms. Fortunately for you, the acid is not very strong, but you lose 2 STAMINA points and you will be partially blinded for a short time. You must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength (for this fight only) as a pair of shadowy, chill forms appear from the valve in front of

you! The two Chillshadows merge to form a stronger creature. Each Attack Round you fight, you will lose 1 point of STAMINA because you are standing within the radius of freezing cold that surrounds the spectral form!

CHILLSHADOW	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **362**.

380

As you walk towards the archway, the Skeletons jerk their swords upwards as if to challenge you, but they are not attacking – yet. You are very close to the archway now. If you want to attack the guards, turn to **224**; if you just prefer to walk on, turn to **87**.

381

The Mirror Demon has one goal – to drag you through a mirror and into the Demonic Planes, where you will be lost for ever! Combat with this monster is highly unusual. Blows from weapons (or from the Demon's fists) cause normal damage (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA), but each time the Demon strikes

you it will try to drag you into the Demonic Planes; if the Demon *Tests its Skill* successfully, you will be dragged towards the mirror! However, because this is Dreamtime, you can use your willpower to resist; you may then *Test your Skill* and, if you are successful, you can resist the pull of the Demon. If you fail, however, you wake immediately as the Demon drags you down; turn to **361**. Also, instead of striking the Demon, you may try to smash its mirror; this is difficult because there are so many mirrors here. If you want to try this in an Attack Round, the Mirror Demon will automatically strike (you lose 2 STAMINA points) and you must *Test your Skill*, adding 3 to the number rolled. If you are successful, you smash the mirror and the Demon is drawn, shrieking, back into the realms of nightmares!

MIRROR DEMON SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, by slaying the Mirror Demon or by banishing it, turn to **174**.

382

Skirting round the path taken by the pilgrims, you head eastwards and enter the woodlands. It is very dark below the light-excluding evergreens and the ground is bare, save for a thin carpeting of pine needles and cones. A haze of blue wood-smoke leads you to a wooden cabin. A woodcutter, you expect, but you couldn't be more wrong. As you creep up to the back door, past the piles of chopped logs, someone taps you on the back and you whirl around, wondering how on Titan anyone could have surprised you like

that. Standing behind you is a Dwarf; he is wearing a chainmail vest and is tapping tobacco into his briarwood pipe, a two-handed battleaxe hanging from one wrist. 'Nosy, aren't you?' he says nonchalantly. 'If you want rest and shelter, my adventurous friend, I'll want something in return.'

The Dwarf isn't after money, having little use for it. You can stay and talk with him if you will give him a Potion, a flask of liqueur, or a small keg of beer; turn to **369**. If you don't have any of these, or won't part with them, you'll have to sleep outside tonight; turn to **275**.

383

As you approach the walled towers, you can see that there are several well-armed guards at the gate, their chainmail armour gleaming under their loose-fitting grey robes. You have to form some plan in order to enter; the great central tower clearly seems your best bet for discovery. You could advance and fight your way through; if you wish to do this, turn to **203**. If you think you know the name of the High Priest here, you could use this as a way of getting through. If you do, turn the man's name into a number using the code

A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 ... Z = 26 and turn to the paragraph with that number. If you have seen tattoos on the arms of the robed men, and you have tattooing ink and a needle, you could mark yourself with a tattoo which you've seen, then hope that this will get you past the guards. If you do, you know the number of the paragraph where you saw the tattoo; triple that number and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you don't want to – or you can't use any of these strategies, then there is no alternative for you but to leave the town, to avoid the attention of the suspicious guards here; turn to **75**.

384

The wizard pulls the lever, and a grinding sound can be heard from the room outside! If you wedged the door there shut, turn to **313**. If you did not do this, turn to **345**.

385

As you push the door open with your shoulder, the runes glow, then boil into a flare of fire and smoke. You jump back, yelling in pain as you survey your blistered skin. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Worst still, a search of the guardroom reveals nothing but dust and dirt. The chest contains dirty clothes, mostly rotted to rags even in this dry place. The stone axes here are of no use to you, being long blunted and designed for dwarven hands, not yours. You have wasted your time here. Backtrack, then take the passage opposite, if you haven't already done so (turn to **33**), or the one opposite the tunnel you entered by (turn to **47**).

386

The Ogre advances on you! *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, turn to **139**. If you fail, turn to **158**.

387

You've only got one lead about where to go next: the silver plaque with the word 'Endimion' on it. You are forced to spend valuable time here in Rentarn trying to find out what this clue means. Each day you spend here, you must add 2 to your Time Track. If you are being hunted by the militia, you must roll one die each day; if you roll a 6, turn to **194**. Also, each day you have to pay for food; you must deduct 1 Gold Piece, or 1 unit of Provisions, each day you are in Rentarn. If at any time you get desperately short of food, you can spend one day doing menial labour in the town and earn enough to buy 3 Provisions (but you must add 2 to your Time Track if you do this). Now, how will you try to find out what this single clue, 'Endimion', means? Will you:

Look for a place called Endimion?	Turn to **352**
Ask around for a person named Endimion?	Turn to **272**
Try to find out more about the grey-robed men?	Turn to **226**

388

As the door opens, runes on it glow and drain your vital energies; deduct 1 point from your SKILL! Now, you are standing on a rocky ledge above a cavern so vast you cannot even see its far walls Leading down from the rocky ledge is a pair of winding, crumbling stone staircases, which descend fifty metres or so In the middle of the cavern is the Night Dragon itself Your heart sinks as you take in its unimaginably huge, hideously warped and evil form. The monster must measure forty metres from nose to tail, and its black, scaly skin shimmers with metallic blue and silver threading. Its skin seems too tight for its body in places, while in others it hangs in useless folds; yellowed bones protrude through its ribs, wings and here and there along its limbs and tail Its huge head is half skeletal, as is the powerful and lengthy neck of the Ancient One Surrounding the horror hangs a thick network of gluey, gelatinous strands which drip smoking acid on to the cave floor. An icy-blue glow burns in the eye-sockets of the monster when it gazes up at you Those cold fires look as deep as the Demonic Planes themselves. The jaw of the gargantuan Ancient slowly drops half open and a deep breath resonates round the endless gloom of its nightmare cave. The monster advances a metre or two with a foul squelching sound coming from the cocoon of slime round its body, but now it is breaking free. If you wish to use a longbow or crossbow to fire at the Night Dragon, turn to **177** Alternatively, you need to find a way down; you have three choices. If you wish to go down the steps, turn to **147**. If you have Winged Boots, you know the

name of the man who wore them before you; convert his name into a number using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26. Add the numbers corresponding to the letters in the name, multiply the total by 3, then turn to that paragraph. If you have a magical seed pod, multiply the number of stripes in the pod by 21 then turn to that paragraph.

389

You are hardly surprised to discover the two chainmail-clad Skeleton Warriors in the bare stone chamber beyond this door; they are guarding a door opposite you. You leap to attack, but they have an unpleasant mode of attack themselves. They seem to be made of too many bones, with a plethora of ribs and extra limb bones; as you advance, the extra bones detach themselves and fly at you in an arc of battering, lacerating, bony missiles! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you duck out of the way of most of the bones and must lose just 1 STAMINA point. If you are Unlucky, you are hit by several and have to lose 3 STAMINA points. Disorientated by this unusual assault, you cannot back into a corner before the Skeleton Warriors are upon you, and you must fight them both together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON WARRIOR	9	8
Second SKELETON WARRIOR	9	7

If you win, you can either return to the main corridor outside and choose somewhere else to go to (turn to **308**) or advance on the door opposite you (turn to **228**).

390

The man will not meet your gaze. 'I don't know nothing, I don't. I'm just a farmer. Leave me alone or I'll shout for the guards and then you'll be for it.' He wanders off along the trail. Waiting for another townsman seems pointless; you'll waste a lot of time waiting and it doesn't seem as if they want to help much. So, now will you try to ambush one of the grey-robed men (turn to **61**) or give up and leave Carnex (turn to **370**)?

391

You see no sign of the monster you seek despite your searching; add 1 to your Time Track. Returning to the junction of the various mine shafts, choose a direction you have not taken before. Will you go:

North?	Turn to **27**
South?	Turn to **242**
West?	Turn to **14**
East?	Turn to **302**

392

The pillars react to your presence and move together to form a wall in front of you! You have a strong intuition that cutting them to shreds with a sword might be fun, but it would certainly summon powerful guards you'd rather not face. You know you're close to the Night Dragon now. You can force a way

through the wall, but you'll be squeezed and crushed at a cost of 4 points from your STAMINA. You can reduce this damage to 1 point if you use oil (lantern oil or Walrus Oil) to coat your body and armour, so that you reduce the friction and make it very difficult for the fibrous pillars to grip and compress your body.

Once through, you find yourself in a peculiar maze of winding, twisting, narrow passages with semi-transparent walls made of the same fibrous material Finding a way through the folds and turns of this maze is not straightforward Each attempt you make adds 1 to your Time Track, and you must roll one die. You may choose to spend a LUCK point at any time to add 1 to the number rolled on the die. If you roll a 1 on any attempt, turn to **290**. If you roll 2–5, you simply wander around for a while, unable to find an exit. If you roll a 6, turn to **243**.

393

'There is little I can add to what the Dragon Conclave has already told you. However, I have studied all I could concerning the Night Dragon, and I have observed his awakening from the Dreamtime. Indeed, I am a guardian of that time, if you like; my magic has slowed his emergence from his own phantasms and shadows. Now my magic will no longer suffice to hold him, not after these long centuries.' For a moment, the man looks old and weary; he may appear young, but you realize that he is older than any mortal ever to have walked Titan's many lands. 'I know that within the strange hidden illusions of Dreamtime there

are many magics which you could call upon to assist you. Because I never sleep or dream – I am a guardian, and guardians do not rest – I do not know where the magic lies, nor do I know all the nightmare guardians which the Night Dragon has invented in his own dreams. He cannot banish the magic you might take, since that is born of the dreams and aspirations of heroes, but he can place terrors to bar your path to them. And I must warn you that Dreamtime does not function as normal time does. Should you enter it and go seeking help therein, you may succeed in the blink of an eyelid in Titan's time – or you may be dreaming for hours. Do not enter the Dreamtime lightly.'

If, after hearing this, you decide that you would rather resume your quest at once, turn to **281**. If you wish to seek whatever help you may in the Dreamtime, turn to **6**.

394

The captain, to your surprise, agrees readily enough. 'We're slowed down by this damnable mist, so another few minutes won't make any difference. Be sure you're quick about it.' He spits another mouthful of rank tobacco juice on to the deck; now you know why it needs so much scrubbing! You are lowered over the side and row strongly across to the slow-drifting floe. The black shape is a body, lying face down, clearly frozen to the surface of the ice. A chill settles along your spine as you look at the black-cloaked figure. If you want to investigate the corpse, turn to **35**. If you

think better of it and row back immediately, turn to **112**.

395

The black passageway is utterly barren. Your footfalls make no sound as you walk along it; it seems to absorb sound into itself. Of all the places you may have visited in this odd realm of dreams, this one feels more real than any other, oppressively, unpleasantly real. At the end of the passageway stand two doors, one red, one silver. If you decide to open the red door, turn to **123**. If you opt for the silver door, turn to **146**. Your alternative stands between the doors; on a bare ebony table you see a statuette of the Night Dragon, no more than ten centimetres tall. It is a skeletal, stark thing, sculpted with its bones protruding through ribcage and wings, and its head is an elongated, reptilian skull with great incisor teeth and deep, sunken eye-sockets. You could pick up the statuette and find out whether you can extract any magic from it (turn to **361**), or hurl it to the ground and smash it (turn to **329**).

396

The notes refer to work being done in the depths of the mountain. From what you can decipher, a strange device has been constructed to pound out a rhythm which resonates with the bones of the Night Dragon, and somehow this magically toughens them. You dare not hang around to check the details, so you leave and return to the crossroads. Take a route here which you have not followed before. Will you now open the

door opposite the entrance passage (turn to **133**) or descend the winding stairs (turn to **340**)?

397

You can get menial labouring work, hauling bundles of furs and logs, for a meagre 2 Gold Pieces a day (plus free food and board). Each day you spend working, you must add 2 to your Time Track, and time is precious on your quest! When you've finished your work stint, will you now:

Buy some supplies?	Turn to **373**
Explore the village?	Turn to **10**
Relax in the taverns?	Turn to **207**

398

The final blow paralyzes you! Now your opponent has fresh meat to feast upon. Your adventure ends here.

399

Your missile speeds across the chamber – and drops harmlessly against a wall of magical force barring its way! Enraged, the Stalker-Mage drops his magical defence and prepares to cast a spell at you. You must move forward! *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **108**. If you fail, turn to **368**.

400

You are outside the wretched mountain of the Night Dragon, still running for your life, when the top blows clean off the peak and a massive pillar of fiery lava and black smoke boils up into the sky! You fall, winded, over a small rock and gasp desperately for air. As you turn round for one final look, a ginger cat appears beside you, licking its paws unconcernedly. 'Great firework display,' it says. 'Good work. I think an awful lot of people, and no few Dragons, owe you a very great favour for that. And when Dragons owe favours, a wise man knows their value.' The outline of the cat shimmers slightly and begins to grow in size. It grows and grows and doesn't stop. By the time you have realized that the smoke and rock pouring from the mountain will certainly kill you, no matter how fast you run, the cat has changed its form into that of an enormous Gold Dragon; he picks you up in his front paws so gently it feels like being tickled with a feather. 'Just don't ask me who I am,' the Gold Dragon says sternly. 'Suffice to say that I do not have to worry about breaking any Oaths – not when I was the one who invented them in the first place. Let us be gone.' As the great, majestic form of the mighty Lord of Dragons rises into the heavens, you fall into a weary sleep. When, many hours later, you awaken, you will be glad that it was a dreamless slumber.

THE TROLLTOOTH WARS

Steve Jackson

It started with an ambush. When Balthus Dire's bloodlusting Hill Goblins mount their raid on the Strongarm caravan, little do they realize what dramatic consequences their actions will have. For that caravan carries Cunnelwort, a mystical herb from Eastern Allansia, destined for none other than the evil sorceror, Zharradan Marr! War – between two forces well-matched for evil – is soon to ensue . . . Will Balthus Dire's chaotics or Zharradan Marr's undead prove victorious? The answer is here, in the first Fighting Fantasy novel.

DEMONSTEALER

Marc Gascoigne

It started with a burglary. Borne aloft on the back of an immense bat, a sinister thief breaks into the tower of the sorcerer Yaztromo. Guided by long-dead voices, he manages to make off with an ancient scroll whose secrets could spell doom and destruction for all Allansia!

Chadda Darkmane is soon on the trail of the thief. But as the quest grows ever longer, his nagging doubts about the power of sorcery turn into nightmares. The trail leads far beyond northern Allansia, to the Pirate Coast and the twisting alleyways of Rimon, where Darkmane's nightmares become flesh! For the thief has used the ancient scroll to summon others to help him in his sorcerous task, Demons who are not bound by the constraints of earthly forms – who feast on the human spirit.

A few brave companions accompany Darkmane, but will they be enough – and in time – to stop the thief from unlocking the final secret of Yaztromo's scroll? *Demonstealer*, the second Fighting Fantasy novel in a series that began with *The Trolltooth Wars*, holds all the answers.

OUT OF THE PIT
Fighting Fantasy Monsters

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

From the darkest corners, from the deepest pools and from the dungeons thought only to exist in nightmares come the Fighting Fantasy monsters – the downfall of many a brave warrior. Two hundred and fifty of these loathsome creatures from the wild and dangerous worlds of Fighting Fantasy are collected here – some are old adversaries, many you have yet to meet – each of them described in minute detail. An indispensable guide for Fighting Fantasy adventurers!

TITAN
The Fighting Fantasy World

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone
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You met the monsters in *Out of the Pit* – now meet the rest of the Fighting Fantasy world! No adventurer should be without this essential guide. It contains everything you need to know, covering the turbulent history of the world, from its creation and early civilizations – through the devastating War of the Wizards – to the present-day wilderness and anarchy where the delicate balance between Good and Chaos could at any moment be overturned.

FIGHTING FANTASY
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Steve Jackson

Thrilling adventures of sword and sorcery come to life in the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, where the reader is the hero, dicing with death and demons in search of villains, treasure or freedom. Now YOU can create your own Fighting Fantasy adventures and send your friends off on dangerous missions! In this clearly written handbook there are hints on devising combats, monsters to use, tricks and tactics, as well as two mini-adventures.

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Steve Jackson

Four Fighting Fantasy episodes to be played as separate adventures or as stages in an epic adventure, *The Riddling Reaver* is a rival worthy of the most daring adventurers. His mind is inscrutable – but there is no doubt about the chaos he plans to unleash on the world. He *must* be stopped, despite the hazards of the task!

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Steve Jackson's

SORCERY!

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Your search for the legendary Crown of Kings take you to the Shamutanti Hills. Alive with evil creatures, lawless wanderers and bloodthirsty monsters, the land is riddled with tricks and traps waiting for the unwary traveller. Will you be able to cross the hills safely and proceed to the second part of the adventurer – or will you perish in the attempt?

2. *Kharé – Cityport of Traps*

As a warrior relying on force of arms, or a wizard trained in magic, you must brave the terror of a city built to trap the unwary. You will need all your wits about you to survive the unimaginable horrors ahead and to make sense of the clues which may lead to your success – or to your doom!

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What they discover is that when Chaos rules, nothing can ever be as it seems. Fair hides foul, insanity hides inner order, and darkness lurks deep within the light. Can Yaztromo and Darkmane defeat these illusions to discover the real master of the shadows? Only *Shadowmaster*, the third Fighting Fantasy novel, can tell you!

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On the night of Shekka's Moon, scant days away, this will come to pass. Unless, that is, one brave hero can retrieve the *Black Grimoire* in the nick of time – a hero like YOU! After all, you had your part to play in the book's disappearance. Ruddlestone is a wild and lawless land, but here and there you may discover hidden allies too. Will they be enough, though, to help you win through to the end of your quest – and victory?

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SPELLBREAKER

by Jonathan Green

Illustrated by Alan Langford

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1993
3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in Monophoto Palatino

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To my parents

INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on this adventure, you must first discover your own strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 16–17 there is an *Adventure Sheet*, which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA, LUCK and FAITH scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina, Luck and Faith

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

Don't roll any dice for FAITH: you always start your adventure with 1 FAITH point.

For reasons that will be explained below, all your scores will change constantly during the adventure.

You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may never exceed their *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions and then the text will specifically tell you so.

Your FAITH score differs from your other attributes because it is not restricted by an *Initial* score. Your FAITH may increase or decrease in certain situations, which will be explained in the relevant paragraphs.

Your SKILL reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility. Your STAMINA score reflects how healthy and physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky you are. Your FAITH score reflects your inherent Goodness and your belief in the forces of Order. A high FAITH score can enable you to repel certain demons and evil spirits, and it may bring you blessings in other forms.

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures. In some such situations you may be given special options, allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in

the first empty Encounter box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled, to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows; start a new Attack Round from step 1, above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below). Proceed to step 6.
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. You may use LUCK to reduce the loss of STAMINA (see below).
6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die, your adventure ends and you must start all over again by creating a new character.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one person or creature in combat. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will be able to fight each in turn; and at other times you will have to fight them all at the same time! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. When you are instructed to fight your opponents one at a time, the combat is again resolved normally – except that once you defeat an enemy, the next steps forward to fight you!

When you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against any additional opponents you throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way. If your Attack Strength is greater than your opponent's, in this instance you will not inflict any damage; you can regard it as having parried an incoming blow. If your Attack Strength is lower than your adversary's, however, you will be wounded in the normal way. Of course, you will have to settle the outcome against each additional adversary separately.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for *Testing your Luck* works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than, or equal to, your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the outcome will be in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this procedure will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on an opponent you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you

have inflicted a severe wound; deduct an extra 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow only scratches your opponent, and you must deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA (so that, instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you now score only 1).

Whenever you yourself are wounded in combat, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow merely grazes you; deduct only 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 extra STAMINA point (i.e. deduct a total of 3 points from your own STAMINA).

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score whenever you *Test your Luck*.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

At various times during your adventure, you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for this is the same as that for *Testing your Luck*: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than, or equal to, your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current SKILL score, you have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, you do not have to subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure. It will drop, either as a result of wounds gained through combat, or by falling foul of traps and pitfalls, or after you have performed any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start all over again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating meals or Provisions. You start the game with Provisions equivalent to 5 meals, and you may obtain more as your adventure progresses. You must keep track of how many meals' worth of Provisions you have left by filling in the details in the Provisions box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Each time you eat a meal you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, but you must remember to deduct 1 meal from your Provisions box. You may stop and eat Provisions at any time except when you are engaged in combat.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded when you have been particularly lucky or have created your own luck by some action. Details are given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may exceed its *Initial* value only in exceptional circumstances, which will be explained when appropriate.

Faith

As you will soon discover, your FAITH will be very important in this adventure. You start the game with 1 FAITH point, granted to you because you have undertaken a holy pilgrimage. Relics of Good and blessings can increase your FAITH, while curses and evil actions, ill-befitting a heroic adventurer, will have the effect of decreasing your FAITH score. Precisely how your FAITH works will be revealed during your adventure: you will be instructed about this in the relevant paragraphs.

Equipment and Gold

You begin your adventure with only the tools of your trade: a sword, a lantern and tinderbox, and a backpack to hold your Provisions and Gold Pieces. To find out how many Gold Pieces you possess, roll one die and add 4 to the number rolled. Note this total down in the Gold Pieces box on your *Adventure Sheet* Your sword and lantern should be noted in the Equipment box on your *Adventure Sheet*, as must any other useful items you may find on your travels.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

FAITH	GOLD PIECES	PROVISIONS

EQUIPMENT & TREASURE

NOTES

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
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Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

With a deafening crash another bolt of lightning shears through the boiling night sky For a moment the blasted heath round you is brilliantly illuminated and through the driving rain you catch sight of shelter at last, but it is not the abbey. Instead, a few trees stand huddled together on the barren moor, stark against the horizon. Through the sounds of the storm behind you, you can make out the howling of wolves, broken occasionally by a banshee wail. With renewed determination you find the strength to start running again over the sodden earth, with the blood pounding in your ears

As you near the copse, you pick out the glow from a small campfire among the trees. Someone has already taken shelter from the storm here Cautiously, with one hand on the hilt of your sword, you step towards the fire. The figure seated beside the fire slowly looks up as you approach 'There is no need for that, I am not armed,' the man says, holding wide his arms so you can see that he is speaking the truth Thunder rumbles across the moors and the next flash of lightning reveals the man's face He is young-looking but his face is pale and drawn as if it has seen a lifetime of hardship, while his eyes hold a deeper knowledge than his years suggest. And he is smiling 'Come, take shelter by my fire,' he says warmly 'It looks as if you

need it.' Tired and cold, you take up the stranger's offer 'Such a night as this, evil things stalk the earth, or so people say.' You look up anxiously as you hear a rustling in the branches of the trees. 'What are you doing out on a night such as this?' he asks.

You decide you have nothing to lose by telling this stranger your story, so you explain how you now find yourself lost on these bleak moors at night. All your adult life you have lived as a hired sword, searching for adventure wherever it may be found across the Old World. However, for several years now you have considered taking a rest from the adventuring life in order to return to your homeland of Ruddlestone and undertake a pilgrimage for the good of your soul. So it was that, two months ago, you arrived at the northern port of Harabnab, aboard a merchant ship from Arkleton in distant Analand, just as the month of Watching was coming to a close. From there you began your journey on foot, to the shrine town of Hallow's Well, at the edge of the western hills, renowned for its healing spring, as so many pilgrims have done before you. You were heading for Rassin Abbey where you heard, you could spend a night away from the wilds on the way to Hallow's Well, when the storm broke, causing you to stray from the road across the heath. You soon became lost on these desolate moors, certainly not the sort of place where you wanted to spend the night, what with a storm raging about you, wild animals roaming free, and possibly worse.

The stranger tells you that he too is a pilgrim caught in a similar predicament, but he was fortunate enough

to reach the copse before the storm grew too bad. However, he is sure he knows which direction Rassin Abbey lies in. The two of you decide to try and reach it together, which would be so much safer than travelling separately. Leaving the cover of the trees, the two of you dash out through the pouring rain.

After running for half an hour with the wind and rain driving into your faces, you come to the top of a rise and see the road leading down to the small, dark, stone buildings of Rassin Abbey, cowering under the terrible force of the storm. Then comes the scream. It chills you to the bone and curdles your blood. Although almost paralysed with fear, you and the stranger look around, to see dozens of foul Demons bearing down on you from the turbulent skies. They are grotesque to look at, with bulging eyes, bloated, misshapen bodies, writhing tentacles, vicious talons and slavering jaws. They scream and gibber with excitement as they speed towards you over the heath. The next thing you know, you are hurtling down the hillside towards the abbey, your legs ready to give way under you at any moment. As you run, you fend off the Demons by waving your sword wildly in the air. The stranger has no weapon and so does the best he can with his bare hands.

When you reach the abbey, you bang on the door with all your might, shouting for sanctuary. A bolt is drawn back and you fall into the space beyond. The stranger stands in the doorway, still trying to ward off the Demons. 'Quick, come inside!' you call to him. As soon as he is over the step, the door is slammed shut

and bolted, one last chill gust of wind all that remains of the gale outside You pick yourself up and survey the huddle of anxious faces looking back at you. You are standing in a low-ceilinged hall and the people surrounding you are monks, all dressed in plain brown habits. Once you have explained what the two of you are doing here, one of the monks tells you that they are a community of the Priests of Enkala and only a day's walk from Hallow's Well He adds that you are both welcome to spend the rest of the night in their guest hall and leads you to join the other pilgrims already sleeping there

You have not been asleep long when you wake from a terrible dream about Demons, to see the stranger creeping furtively out of the hall. Your suspicions aroused, you wait until he has gone then follow him through the darkened passageways of the abbey. At last you come to a room which the stranger enters, closing the door behind him and locking it. Suddenly someone cries out from inside the room and there is a crash. You beat at the door with your fists, to no avail, so you begin to try to break it down. You burst into the room at the same time as a group of monks enter through another door. You are standing in a library and the body of a monk is lying, face down, on the floor beside his upset writing desk. There is no sign of the stranger 'Down there,' shouts a monk, pointing to a flight of stone steps beyond another open door. You run down the steps, followed by the monks, and burst into a small, dank room lit by a single torch Against the far wall, the stranger is kneeling beside a large,

open oak chest, and in the flickering torchlight you see that he is holding a huge, black book in his hands. As you enter the chamber he spins around and gets to his feet.

'Thanks, friend,' he laughs mockingly 'Without your help I couldn't have got in here. I would stay longer, but I have much to do.' With that a dark veil descends over the room. When it lifts again, the stranger and the book are gone, but he has left something in his place As you watch, a cloud of swirling, noxious, green smoke starts to form in the centre of the room.

Turn to paragraph 1.

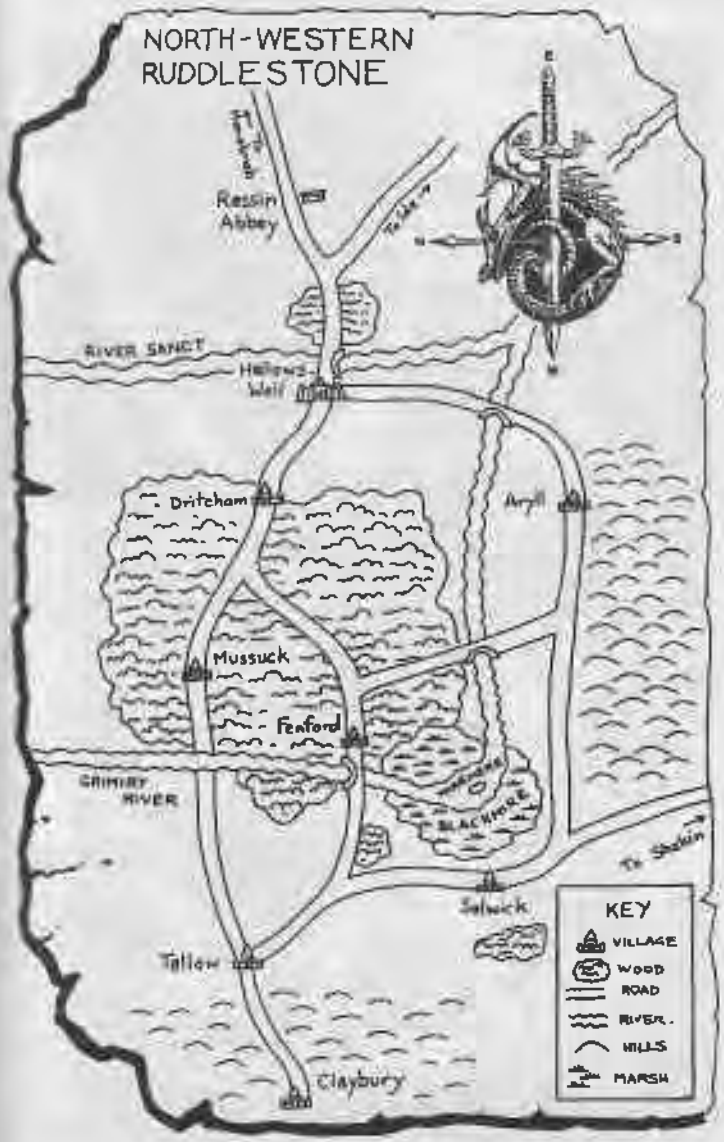

1

Quickly the cloud solidifies into a shape that makes you recoil in terror. Standing before you is a monstrous Demon covered in green scales, with fang-filled jaws and reeking of the sharp, acrid smell of brimstone. The foul Demon begins to advance towards you, raking the air with its talons while sulphur-steam rises from its mouth. Although it is a powerful beast, you are fighting the Demon on holy ground so blows from your earthly weapon will affect it. With a roar, the creature lunges at you

BRIMSTONE DEMON SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

While you are fighting this hellspawn you are affected by the sulphurous stench it emits from its mouth, so for the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point. If you destroy the demon, turn to **322**.

2

Your mind clouds over as Nazek's charm takes effect; it is all you can do to stop yourself being brainwashed by it, and you are unable to complete the spell. Dropping the page, you look up to see that the Beast is almost upon you Turn to **250**.

3

It is midday when you enter the village of Mussuck, although the sky is still overcast Some villagers are talking together in a group in front of a stone cross. They seem to be complaining about worms – or something! Going over to them, you ask them what

the problem is. 'It's the Devilworm, see,' says one man. 'A terrible thing it is and last week it made its 'ome in our well. No one dare draw water from it no more. We 'ave to walk down to the river instead.' You ask where this Devilworm came from.

'Old Tom says 'e saw the Wodewitch castin' a spell over the well last Windsday on 'is way back from the tavern,' pipes up the village busy-body.

'You look like a bit of an adventurin' type,' says one of the villagers. 'Will you 'elp us get rid of the worm?'

Have you got time to help the people of Mussuck? If you think you have, turn to **38**; otherwise, turn to **264**.

4

The tent is dark inside and smells of mildew. A boy stands just inside the entrance holding out a battered old hat into which you drop your Gold Piece (deduct this from your *Adventure Sheet*). The other patrons of the puppet show are mainly mothers and nurses with their charges. Beyond a few rows of benches stands a wooden booth with a pair of moth-eaten curtains covering the opening. You sit down on a bench at the back of the tent. Almost immediately the sign is brought inside and the boy picks up a small drum and beats out a tattoo. The curtains open and the show begins. Whereas everything else about the set-up seems run-down, the puppets are of exceptional quality. The story related is a typical tale of conflict between a young knight and an evil sorceress. Other characters in the story include a wise fool and a druid

who gives the knight a golden sickle with which to cut mistletoe as a guard against the sorceress. In the end the knight is, of course, victorious and goes on to lead a life of justice and honour. The show over, the members of the audience begin to make their way out of the tent. You are still amazed at the fine workmanship of the puppets and the skill of the puppeteer. Do you want to remain behind in order to speak to the puppeteer (turn to **340**), or would you prefer to leave the tent (turn to **157**)?

5

Trudging on through the marsh, you enter an overgrown clearing where an ancient stone totem lies, half buried in the mud. This area of the fen was obviously once a place of great magical significance for some marsh-dwelling tribe. However, the residue of magical energy here has attracted a Fetch, a creature that is little more than a crackling ball of energy. Discharging small bolts of lightning into the air, the Fetch has just feasted and measures almost a metre across. Sensing your aura, the scintillating ball flies at you.

FETCH	SKILL 11	STAMINA 6

If you make a successful strike against the Fetch, both you and the creature suffer the usual 2 points of damage to your STAMINA because your metal sword conducts the energy emitted by the Fetch as it shorts out! If you win and you have fought the creature using a magical or blessed weapon, that weapon has lost any special powers it once had since the Fetch fed off its magical energy. The Fetch destroyed, you leave the clearing by the only exit. Turn to **59**.

6

You have destroyed the evil source of the plague in Aryll: the Canker is no more. Restore 2 LUCK points. With the Canker dead, the Plague Zombies have become lifeless corpses again. You waste no time in escaping from the crypt. Gerog is surprised but elated to see you and takes you back to the village, where you are given a hero's welcome. The elders invite you to a banquet to be held that evening where you will be guest of honour. Remembering your search for the *Black Grimoire*, you decline their offer and tell them of your quest. They cannot tell you anything as to the whereabouts of the book; however, as a reward for saving Aryll, the elders agree to reveal to you the secret location of the barrow of Gwythain the Protector: it lies high in the hills to the south and is guarded by a druidic sect who worship the Earth-mother. The warrior-priest is said to be buried there with his sword, Deliverer, the Blessed Blade. Manoc tells you that such a weapon would be an invaluable aid against the evil of Nazek and his Demons. Before you leave Aryll, the elders give you a bag containing 6 Gold Pieces, enough Provisions for 3 meals and another lantern (if you have lost yours). Will you now make the long diversion south to Gwythain's barrow (turn to **96**) or set off directly westwards out of Aryll (turn to **359**)?

7

'That is correct,' says the High Priest. 'You are worthy.' He commands the druids to release you. If you have the Pilgrim's Staff, turn to **196**. Otherwise, turn to **271**.

8

As you hoped, the gate has been left unguarded. Keeping close to the wall, you run out of the town and away. Turn to **300**.

9

After half an hour or so, you catch sight of something against the night sky, flying towards the village over the forest. As the shape gets closer, you can see that it is a robed man sitting astride a pitchfork! This peculiar means of transportation glides down to the ground at the edge of the village and, picking up the pitchfork, the warlock walks over to the wagon. Will you keep watching (turn to **143**) or take the group by surprise and engage them in combat (turn to **183**)?

10

The pilgrims are having a story-telling competition and at the moment are in fits of laughter as a rather gaunt-looking man is just concluding a lewd tale about a blacksmith. His story over, the group invites you to join in the competition. If you can win it, there are 6 Gold Pieces for the taking. Do you want to enter their competition (turn to **118**), or will you retire to your room (turn to **179**)?

11

Standing before you is a three-metre-tall humanoid with lank, thick green hair, dripping mud and water. It has ugly, bestial features and strong, muscular arms which end in sharp talons. With an animal growl the monster leaps at you. Drawing your sword, you find yourself fighting for your life against the Fen Beast

FEN BEAST	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you manage to kill the monster, were you sent into the marsh by a group of farmers? If you were, turn to **86**; if you were not, turn to **152**.

12

The falcon flies out of the window, catching the raven in its talons and tearing it wing from wing before it can escape. Note down the word 'Raven' on your *Adventure Sheet* then turn to **50**.

13

You begin to sweat profusely and are overcome with dizziness, and red weals start to break out all over your skin. The plague is entering its final stages; and if you cannot stop it now, it will prove fatal If you have a Heal-all, turn to **64**. If you do not, then you will die in torment from the plague

14

You kneel at the shrine of Enthus with other pilgrims and pray for the departed martyr's soul and the successful completion of your quest. As you leave, you may place as many Gold Pieces as you wish in the coffer

beside the shrine. (Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* of how great an offering you give.) You leave the temple and go back down the hill to the Market Square. Turn to **131** and choose another option.

15

You rise early and, thanking Talpas again for his hospitality, take your leave of the Molekin. However, before going, Talpas gives you enough Provisions for 2 meals. You rejoin the road and continue on your way. Turn to **57**.

16

The topaz glints in the sunlight and, as you place the pendant round your neck, suddenly you feel particularly confident. You are wearing an Amulet of Bravery, which means that before the next two battles you fight, you may increase your Attack Strength by 1 point. Restore 1 LUCK point. Return to **80**.

17

Although the wooden floor of the hayloft is rotten with age, it holds up under your weight as you run across the boards and dive out through the opening. You hit the ground, several metres below, just as the barn roof collapses in a flurry of sparks (lose 2 STAMINA points because of the fall). You listen to the dying screeches of the rats until they are drowned by the roaring flames and the barn is just a smoking ruin. Cheering, the villagers take you back to the elders. This time it is the woman, Malva, who addresses you. 'We thank you on behalf of all the village,' she says.

'With the rats gone there is hope again for the people of Aryn's Hill.' What was that Malva said? If you have heard the name 'Aryn's Hill' before, turn to **180**. If you have not, turn to **60**.

18

Gwythain the Protector was a warrior-priest, follower of the Swordbearer. He acquired his title as a result of his many brave and heroic deeds in defending the people of Ruddlestone from the servants of darkness, vanquishing Demons and evil shades with his Blessed Blade, Deliverer. When he died, Gwythain was laid to rest, dressed in his holy armour, in a barrow not far from Hallow's Well itself. An illustration accompanies the account and depicts a knight in silver armour delivering a fatal blow to a red, winged Demon, with his mighty sword that glows with a blue light. Turn to **68**.

19

The people of Selwick know that many evil things stalk the hours of darkness so they have already bolted their doors and settled down for the night. However, a light is still shining in the window of one farmhouse, at the edge of the village, and you decide to ask if they will give you a bed for the night. The young farmer and his wife, whose names you learn are Liam and Isa, invite you in warmly and share their meal of rabbit stew with you (restore 4 STAMINA points). 'It's nice to 'ave someone come visit us,' says Liam. 'You see, people have stayed clear of the farm since it 'appened.' Since what happened, you ask.

'Since we were cursed by Mistress Crowfoot, the local witch. Everyone in the village is frightened of 'er,' he continues. 'Two weeks ago she come to see us, sayin' she wanted to buy our south field; only that's our best bit of land, so we said no. She went off saying if we didn't sell it to 'er in a week, we'd be sorry. We didn't give in – but then last Earthday things started goin' wrong. First my best ploughshare broke, then the milk started to go off, and now some of my cattle are dying.'

Just then, out of the corner of your eye you glimpse something moving in the shadows of the kitchen. As you watch, a tiny humanoid covered in bright red fur runs out from behind a chair. It has two small horns growing out of its forehead, an ugly snout, clawed hands and a tail. It scampers over to a bucket of milk against the wall and dips a claw into it. You jump up, and the creature runs back into the shadows.

'It's a Grimalkin,' says Isa. 'It taints anythin' it touches. Now you see how Mistress Crowfoot torments us!'

True enough, the milk has curdled and now tastes sour. Suddenly the imp leaps out of the shadows at you. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **89**. If you fail, turn to **167**.

20

The jester shows you that both his hands are empty; he clenches his left hand into a fist then opens it to display a red-painted wooden ball. He passes the ball quickly between his hands and it is gone! 'Which hand is it in?' Coxcomb asks, both fists tightly clenched before you. Will you choose his right hand (turn to **202**) or his left (turn to **110**)?

21

You cross the stone bridge that spans the Grimiry River, leaving Fenford, and emerge from the forest. The road rises through barren moorland towards the hills, still a day's walk away in the west. Dusk falls and there is a definite chill in the air as you reach a small wood to the left of the road. Through the still of the night you can hear the sound of a fiddle coming from inside the wood. Do you want to investigate the source of the music (turn to **293**) or do you prefer to settle down for the night (turn to **135**)?

22

As you leave the entertainers' square, you pass a man sitting crosslegged on the ground beside the road. He is wearing a cloak, his face hidden by the hood, and perched on one shoulder is a black rat The man is playing the pipes and some passers-by have thrown coins into a basket in front of him. As you walk past the piper, the tune he is playing suddenly changes and your head begins to spin: the music is having a hypnotic effect on you. *Test your Skill* If you succeed, turn to **199** If you fail, turn to **133**.

23

You urge your horse forward into the dense woodland, eager to catch your quarry. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **208**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **379**

24

With the Revenant destroyed, the evil spirit animating Enthus's bones is banished from this place 'Thank you for freeing my earthly remains,' says the Spirit of Enthus There is a click, and a secret compartment opens at the base of the sarcophagus Inside you find a silver amulet and an ancient piece of parchment which looks like a page from a book. 'Take my Holy Amulet and that page torn from the *Black Grimoire* itself. On it is the Spell of Locking I used to close the casket, but let us hope you will not need it' You observe that the page number of the parchment is 376 (note this down). Add 1 FAITH point and restore 1 LUCK point for acquiring these items 'Now I may once again rest in peace, and you must be on your way if the Kurakil is

to be defeated.' With these words the spirit fades and you are alone in the tomb. Quickly you leave the sepulchre. Turn to **112**.

25

The door slams shut behind you and you hear several heavy bolts grate ominously into place. The cell beneath the blockhouse is cold and damp. The only illumination comes from a tiny, barred window at street-level, high out of reach. 'At last, someone to talk to.' Startled by the voice, you peer into the gloom at the back of the cell. Sitting in the corner, dressed in old rags, is a filthy old man with long, wild, grey hair. 'Old Gerald 'ere ran out of things to talk about years ago,' says the man, pointing to the wall opposite. There, hanging from rusted manacles, is a skeleton, yellow with age. 'I'm Cynric. They call me the Mad Beggar.' The old man certainly appears to be mad, so you turn your attention to finding a way of escape. Looking through the small grille in the door, you can see that your backpack and sword have been left on a table in the chamber beyond your cell. Other grilled doors open off this main chamber, with a flight of spiral stone steps leading up to the rooms at street-level. The chamber appears to be unattended. 'If yer wanting to leave so soon, I might just be able to 'elp yer,' says Cynric. If you accept the mad beggar's help, turn to **106**. If you would rather find a way out yourself, turn to **30**.

26

In sheer panic she tells you everything. The Mask is the leader of all the outlaws and brigands who frequent

the forest. Some, like her, act as his lieutenants, patrolling the roads and paths of the forest with their own bands on the lookout for suitable victims to rob. The Mask himself returned from just such an excursion round Hallow's Well last night and is now back in the outlaw camp which she tells you how to reach. After tying up the outlaw, you must decide whether to make the diversion and go after the Mask (turn to **149**), or press on in search of the *Black Grimoire* (turn to **158**).

27

Shouting out the number, you hear the hags scream and suddenly the gale stops. The witches' bodies seem to dissolve into the air and their screams die away with the wind. Regain 1 LUCK point for defeating the Bedlam Hags. The rest of the night passes peacefully, and at first light you are on your way again; turn to **280**.

28

It is late afternoon when you reach Claybury, but the sky over the village is almost black with boiling stormclouds. The Demafrauge is supposed to be hidden in the monastery here, so Nazek must be here too, with the *Black Grimoire*. Only a few hours remain until nightfall, when Shekka's Moon will rise once more, so you must meet up with Karad and the Resistance as quickly as possible. But where will you look for them, at a circular tower standing on the outskirts of the village (turn to **336**) or somewhere else (turn to **289**)?

29

All the stalls you would expect to find in a market are here, but your attention is drawn to one displaying the sign 'Relics for Sale'. If you want to take a closer look at this stall, turn to **80**. If you would rather keep looking round the market, turn to **218**.

30

The options available to you are to call for the guard then try to overpower him (turn to **115**), try to break the door down (turn to **47**), or wait for one of the guards to bring you some food and overpower him (turn to **325**)

31

You and Sam board his raft and soon you are gliding along the marshy waterways of the fens. It is not long before the tributary you are on runs into a large, mist-covered lake – Miremere Sam steers the raft out across the still waters towards the middle of the lake. Through the mist a small, wooded island appears Soon you reach the island and, while Sam waits by the shore, you disembark to look for Enthus's tomb.

At the foot of a wooded hill you find what must be the entrance to the tomb: a moss-covered granite door set into the hill No one has been here in years. Pushing hard against it, the granite slab eventually swings open with a hollow boom Lighting your lantern, you step through the stone doorway and proceed down a steep spiral staircase At the bottom of the steps is a high-ceilinged rectangular chamber. Light enters the cold room by a single tiny window and you can see no other exits. In the centre of the chamber is a stone sarcophagus bearing the life-size effigy of a priest lying with his hands together as if at prayer. Two granite candlesticks stand on either side of the sarcophagus, although the candles have long been extinguished. Carefully you heave the lid to one side Lying with hands folded, like the statue, and still wearing the martyr's priestly robes, are the earthly remains of Enthus, Servant of Good. There is nothing else to be found in the tomb Will you leave now (turn to **112**), or will you try and invoke the spirit of the priest so that he may aid you in your quest (turn to **105**)?

32

You collapse, almost unconscious. The acolytes seem to be pleased by your condition and continue their procession through the town. Although you are not dead, the amount of venom in your body does mean that you are dying. If you have a Heal-all, turn to **182**. If you do not, your adventure will end here in the street.

33

While you are fighting the Canker, the Plague Zombies surround you. There is nothing you can do to defend yourself against so many of the Undead, and you perish under their blows. Soon you will rise again as a Plague Zombie and join in the assault on Aryll under your new master's command

34

You walk up to the bar where the work-hardened landlady is serving A pint of ale will cost 1 Gold Piece and restore 1 STAMINA point. Looking around, you are searching for someone who may be able to provide you with useful information Sitting alone by a window is a tubby friar, well past his prime. Also sitting by himself is a mysterious man wearing smart but practical black clothes. In the corner, a group of local farmers are discussing some important matter in a conspiratorial manner. Do you want to talk to:

The landlady?	Turn to **81**
The friar?	Turn to **213**
The man in black?	Turn to **348**
The farmers?	Turn to **188**

35

You take the cup containing the Healing Infusion in both hands and quickly gulp it down. You feel warm inside, but then your senses begin to numb. You are overcome by dizziness and cannot prevent yourself from falling to the ground. Just as you slip into unconsciousness you see the faces of Hemlock and Hogweed bending over you, still with sickly smiles . . .

You come round in a smelly, narrow alleyway. A quick search of your belongings reveals the absence of all your gold, any herbs you may have had and the Heal-all if you had one (lose 2 LUCK points for your misfortune, whatever else you lost). You step out of the alley into a street that leads to the West Gate on the edge of town. As you don't want to waste any more time here, you decide against avenging yourself on the thieving apothecaries and set off towards the West Gate. Turn to **98**.

36

You hit a barn roof and crash through, your death plunge being halted by the hay beneath (lose 6 STAMINA points). Staggering out of the wrecked barn you find yourself on the very edge of the village of Selwick. Turn to **19**.

37

Dusk is falling when you come in sight of a cluster of buildings at the edge of the forest. You are just thinking hopefully that you may be able to find a bed for the night in the village when you hear a wagon approaching at speed from the direction of Hallow's Well. You throw yourself out of the way just in time as the covered wagon hurtles past and carries on with no sign of stopping. Suddenly one wheel hits a large rock in the road, almost overturning the wagon. As the vehicle rights itself, a crate, loosened by the jolt, tumbles out of the back and, hitting the ground, breaks open. Curious, you walk over to the wreckage of the crate and see that it is full of dried lizards, certainly not a creature native to the northern kingdoms. Something strange is going on here.

Entering the village of Driteham at a run, you see people rushing into their homes until no one is left outside. 'Quick, in here!' a woman shouts to you from one house, 'or the Lurcher will get you!' Will you take the woman's advice and enter her house (turn to **205**) or stay outside and find out what is going on (turn to **78**)?

38

You learn that the Wodewitch is a mad old hag who lives a few kilometres into the forest; the villagers also tell you how to find the well, which is near a derelict mill. If you want to pay a visit to the Wodewitch, turn to **74**. If you prefer to go to the well and tackle the Devilworm, turn to **242**.

39

The bear lunges at you as you run to grab a torch, knocking you to the ground (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice but to use your sword against the beast. Turn to **75**.

40

You tip the powder over the cat. It spits at you and scratches you with its sharp claws (lose 2 STAMINA points). Turn to **132**.

41

'That's right,' laughs Cynric. 'A key! And that's how I'm going to 'elp yer.' The old man walks over to the skeleton and pulls a loose stone out of the wall beside it. He reaches into the hole and takes out a small

bundle of sackcloth. Unwrapping it, he reveals a finely made skeleton key. 'This fell through the window one day. Someone's loss, but your gain, 'eh? Gerald 'ere's bin lookin' after it for me.' Cynric gives you the key and, having first made sure no one is about, you excitedly unlock the cell door. Cynric takes the key back and, surprised, you ask why he himself doesn't escape. 'I'm not as mad as I may seem,' he says. 'Why risk it on the streets when I've got a bed and three meals a day 'ere? Isn't that right, Gerald?'

You smile and cautiously collect your backpack and sword from the chamber outside your cell. At that moment a female voice behind you says, 'Stranger, share your good fortune and release me.' You look around and espy a girl's face at another cell door. Remembering that she is a prisoner, you ask her who she is and why she is locked up here. 'My name is Tira and I was apprenticed to the witch, Mistress Crowfoot of Selwick. However, I saw the error of my ways and fled from her. I came to Hallow's Well to seek forgiveness and warn the authorities that a huge coven is forming in the hills to the west. But they didn't believe me and locked me away here.'

You ask Tira about the *Black Grimoire*. Naturally she has heard of it, but she has never seen it and does not know if the coven have it. She pleads with you to release her with the keys to her cell, which are on a hook on the wall. Your decision really depends on how much you can trust a witch, even if she was only an apprentice. If you release Tira, turn to **83**; if you prefer not to, turn to **206**.

42

Angry at your surviving their test, the acolytes advance towards you, wielding various implements of torture. Their chief disciple shouts out, 'Brothers and sisters, the unbeliever must be purified!' Two of them close in on you, swinging cruelly spiked whips. You must defend yourself against them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ACOLYTE	6	7
Second ACOLYTE	7	6

If you win, the other Acolytes of Pain, although they enjoy physical suffering, are not quite so keen on death, and they flee. Turn to **173**.

43

Strange croaking noises and animal cries echo across the fens as you wander along the endless, twisting paths. Suddenly you hear something moving near by. Heart racing, you stop to survey the stagnant pools and clumps of reeds. Roll one die then consult the table below.

Roll	*Encounter*
1	The grey, bloated body of a Giant Slug slithers on to the path. Eight metres long and three metres across, the vile creature's boneless body ripples as it raises its repulsive head. Suddenly a huge globule of saliva shoots out of the Slug's mouth. *Test your Skill* to avoid being hit by it. If you fail, the poisonous stuff hits you, burning like acid (lose 5 STAMINA points). You will have to fight the creature before you can carry on along the path. GIANT SLUG SKILL 7 STAMINA 13
2	A group of green-and-brown two-legged amphibians leap out of the reeds and attack you. Although only half a metre tall, the Mudclaws are ravenous and you must fight all four of them at the same time. MUDCLAWS SKILL 5 STAMINA 4
3	You tread on the tail of a Marsh Viper, which is resting in the ooze. It rears up and bites your calf before slithering off deeper into the swamp. Lose 4 STAMINA points.

4 Several thick roots suddenly break through the path and wrap themselves round your legs breaking the skin (lose 2 STAMINA points). You must fight this bizarre carnivorous plant

ROOTS SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

5 Wading through the rank waters of the marsh, several disgusting Swamp Leeches latch on to your legs to feed. Roll one die and deduct that many points from your STAMINA.

6 No encounter.

Each encounter can occur only once. If you roll an encounter that has already taken place, roll again. If you survive the encounter, turn to **237**.

44

You politely decline Lady Attana's offer and set off alone. The morning is grey with an overcast sky, but the previous night's storm has abated. You pass along a stretch of road sheltered by the canopy of a wood. By late afternoon you are descending out of the wood towards the River Sanct. On the other side, the shrine town of Hallow's Well is clearly visible, a mixture of timber and stone houses competing for space within the confines of the old town wall. Before you can reach the town, however, you must cross a wide stone bridge that spans the Sanct. One of the end-pillars of the bridge incorporates a small altar to Fulkra, patron god of travellers. If you want to make an offering at the altar, turn to **175**. Otherwise, you cross the bridge and enter the town by the eastern Pilgrim's Gate; turn to **254**.

45

'Dead or alive. Makes no difference to us,' says the woman calmly. 'Now do as I told you!' Will you:

Comply and do as she says?	Turn to **232**
Make a run for it?	Turn to **128**
Still stand your ground?	Turn to **92**

46

Leaving the farmhouse, you trek across country, following Liam's directions, until you reach Paddocks Wood Creeping through the trees, you come to a moonlit clearing and one of the most unusual sights you have ever seen. In the middle of the clearing stands Mistress Crowfoot's cottage, perched on a single, gigantic bird's foot The only way in that you can see is through a trapdoor under the cottage. No one seems to be on guard, so you step into the clearing towards the bizarre structure Suddenly the crow's foot spins around to face you Frozen with surprise, you watch the cottage hop towards you across the clearing. You shake yourself out of your trance and draw your sword, ready to defend yourself against the talons of the cottage.

CROW'S FOOT SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **228**.

47

This is a foolish course of action You charge the cell door and slam into it with terrific force. However, the door was built to withstand such attacks and does not give at all Your shoulder did not stand up so well to the charge (lose 1 STAMINA point). Now will you call for the guard (turn to **115**), wait for a guard to bring you a meal and ambush him (turn to **325**), or turn to the beggar for help (turn to **344**)?

48

There are two ways leading west out of Fenford. The most regularly used is the road to Tallow. The other is

the path into the area of marshland, south-west of the village, known as Blackmire, beyond which is the village of Selwick. The road would be the quicker and more direct route to your goal, while Blackmire is a treacherous place, although many rare plants grow in its fetid hollows. Will you follow the road to Tallow (turn to **21**) or will you brave the perils of Blackmire (turn to **333**)?

49

As the water fills the gourd, the flask begins to glow with a golden light and feels warm in your hands. You have been truly blessed. You now have in your grasp a Heal-all, a universal remedy against all ills. Whenever you want to use it (which you can do only once, but at any time except during combat) unless the text states otherwise, you may restore both your STAMINA and SKILL scores to their *Initial* levels and regain up to 2 LUCK points. Filled with new hope that even the gods are on your side, you leave the temple and return to the Market Square. Turn to **131** and choose another option.

50

With her familiars defeated, Mistress Crowfoot cowers before you, unable to move because of the Shackles. 'Where is the *Black Grimoire*?' you ask, drawing your sword to help the witch remember.

'Nazek has it in Claybury,' Mistress Crowfoot whimpers. 'He's going to use it at the Sabbat tomorrow night.'

'Tell me what the Sabbat is!' you demand.

'It's a meeting of the Cauldron of Midnight, Nazek's coven, and it's going to be held at the ruined monastery.'

You have found out what you wanted to know (regain 1 LUCK point). A swift search of the cottage turns up a rune-carved bone ring which you may take if you wish. Unshackling Mistress Crowfoot's toes, you take her back to Selwick, where Liam and Isa are waiting with the other villagers. They hurriedly secure the evil witch in the village lock-up then celebrate until well past midnight. You are given a Healing Salve by the local wise man which you may use once, at any time, except during combat, to restore up to 6 STAMINA points. You excuse yourself and retire for the night; tomorrow will undoubtedly be a hard day.

At first light you leave Selwick. The road leads to a junction with another from the south; here you take the turning westwards. Turn to **280**

51

The acolytes grab your arms and legs so that you cannot move. Their leader turns to you and says, 'Unbeliever, what will it be? The Test of the Wheel or the Test of Scorpions?' Will you reply, 'The Test of the Wheel' (turn to **192**) or 'The Test of Scorpions' (turn to **334**)?

52

Seeing that the Devilworm is no more, the people of Mussuck praise you for your bravery and ask what

they can give you in return (regain 1 LUCK point). You tell them of your quest, and the crowd becomes hushed and serious. None of them knows anything about the *Black Grimoire*, but then one of the men speaks up. 'Have this,' he says, handing you two small, hinged wooden panels. 'It's something of a family heirloom, but you need it more than I do.' The panels are painted with scenes from a holy man's life and fill you with encouragement (add 1 FAITH point). You are also given enough Provisions for 4 meals by a woman. Packing the diptych carefully away in your backpack, you leave Mussuck, heading west. Turn to **264**.

53

You may have saved yourself once from the plague, but in the end there is nothing you can do to stop it. You die in agony.

54

Your sword cannot harm the insubstantial form of the Wraith Rider. The spectral creature cuts you down where you stand, and the nightmarish horse tramples your broken body into the ground. Your adventure is over.

55

In the rush to get out of the room you trip over and end up being trampled by everyone else fleeing from the bear, leaving you bruised and battered (lose 3 STAMINA points). You pick yourself up, only for the door to be slammed in your face and barred from the outside. You have no choice but to face the angry beast. Turn to **164**.

56

Confidently you raise the reliquary containing the sage's bones above your head, but this does nothing to halt the advance of the Beast. Unknown to you, the bones are not human but those of a pig and they have absolutely no power whatsoever. The swindling half-Elf may have doomed you (lose 2 LUCK points). Turn to **250**.

57

By mid-morning the road has veered round westwards, leading you further into the hills, and you soon catch sight of the village of Aryll. The village is shrouded by the smoke from several bonfires and a deathly stillness hangs over the whole area. Stumbling along the road towards you is a woman with a huge pack of possessions tied to her back. As you approach, she starts waving you away and shouting, 'Stay away, stranger! Do you not know there is plague in Aryll? Flee while you have the chance!' Will you heed the woman's warning and change course before it is too late (turn to **146**), or will you enter the village to see if you can help in any way (turn to **162**)?

58

Beyond the archway is an alcove in which lies a stone coffin. On its lid a sword is etched in high relief. This could be the burial casket of the warrior-priest Gwythain, or it could hold another guardian of the tomb. Do you want to open the coffin (turn to **210**) or will you leave it and go on down the tunnel (turn to **134**)?

59

The haze clears slightly and you find yourself following a stream into the heart of Blackmire. Through the gloom you can just make out what looks like a hut of woven reeds. Moving closer, you see it is covered with mud and grass, and a mossy covering hangs over the entrance While you are studying this strange dwelling, you hear the water of the stream lapping against its banks as a raft approaches, steered by a cloaked figure wielding a long pole. The raft comes to a halt and the figure steps on to the bank. Seeing you, it comes closer and pulls back its hood. The creature standing in front of you is greenish in colour and is completely hairless, with a swollen belly, bulbous eyes and skin which looks scaly. Its hands end in claws and it has webbed feet. The creature gurgles something incomprehensible, and you see it has sharp, pointed teeth. Distrustful of anyone who chooses to live in Blackmire, will you attack the creature (turn to **76**) or try to communicate with it (turn to **307**)?

60

The elders invite you to attend a banquet, to be held that evening with yourself as guest of honour, but you decline since less than two days remain in which to find the *Black Grimoire*. You ask the elders about the book, but they know only that it is an infamous tome of evil spells from legend, and they know nothing of its present whereabouts Before you leave Aryll, however, you are given a bag containing 6 Gold Pieces and enough Provisions for 3 meals, as a reward for your bravery. Turn to **359**.

61

At first light you leave the hospitality of the farmer and his wife and set off along the road out of Selwick. This track leads to a junction with another from the south, where you take the turning westwards into the hills. Turn to **280**.

62

The thief takes two items from your backpack (cross any two items off your *Adventure Sheet*). Now turn to **313**.

63

The instant the powder touches the rat, the creature begins to swell and change shape rapidly. Sitting, dazed, on the floor in front of you is a middle-aged woman wearing a hooded robe – Mistress Crowfoot! Do you have a set of shackles? If you have, turn to **350**; if you haven't, turn to **181**.

64

You quickly gulp down the contents of the flask and feel a golden warmth permeate your whole body as the panacea destroys the plague within you. Reduce your INFECTION score to zero and restore up to 6 points of STAMINA, but ignore any other instructions given as to the use of the Heal-all (cross the Heal-all off your *Adventure Sheet*; you may not use it again). Now return to the paragraph you came from and continue your adventure.

65

Roll three dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your STAMINA score, turn to **177**. If the total is greater than your STAMINA score, turn to **294**.

66

'Greetings, traveller,' says the man. 'I am on my way to Selwick. May I take you there on my horse? You do not want to be out on the road after dusk in these

parts, I can assure you.' Do you wish to accept the rider's offer (turn to **233**), or will you politely decline (turn to **385**)?

67

As the guard looks in the other barrels, he is suddenly startled by a cat and bumps into your barrel with enough force to knock it over. There is nothing you can do as your barrel rolls down the street, knocking over the other barrels in front of it. You hear shouts of surprise as the militiamen are confronted by the hurtling barrels; many collide with the men, sending them flying. Your barrel picks up speed until at last it crashes into the corner of a house. You drag yourself out of the wreckage, bruised and battered (lose 2 STAMINA points). Finding the gate now unattended, you quickly flee the town. Turn to **300**.

68

When you've finished reading, you see that Brother Calamus is anxious that you should not delay any longer in the library. Do you want to leave the abbey

immediately (turn to **277**), or will you visit the herb garden first (turn to **366**)?

69

The mass of fighting bodies parts and you find yourself confronting a grotesque, goat-headed Demon wielding a heavy spiked mace.

GOAT-HEADED DEMON SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the hellspawn, turn to **397**.

70

Using the tinderbox used to light your lantern, you set fire to the hay in the cart. From a safe distance you watch as the haycart becomes a blazing conflagration in seconds and the fire spreads to the stables. Horses break free of their stalls while panic-stricken outlaws run around in the courtyard, trying to douse the flames. With all this confusion going on round you, it is an easy matter to enter the keep undetected. Turn to **125**.

71

As you approach, the figure remains perfectly still. You turn the body over and are shocked to see that the man's face is covered in red, inflamed blotches, as are his hands. The man slowly opens his eyes and says, 'Stranger, if you are going to rob me I cannot stop you; but you will be for ever cursed, for I have the plague.' If you still want to help the man by giving him some of your Provisions, turn to **168**. Otherwise, turn to **126**.

72

You find the Grimalkin, trapped in a corner of the stable. It hisses as you approach and lashes out at you with its claws. You have no choice but to fight the Imp.

GRIMALKIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 3

If you win, turn to **121**.

73

You fend off the disease-ridden Undead with your sword as they try to grasp you with clawed hands. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PLAGUE ZOMBIE	6	7
Second PLAGUE ZOMBIE	7	6

If you win, add 4 to your INFECTION score. Putting all your weight against the doors, you push them open far enough to squeeze through. Turn to **259**.

74

Walking through the forest, you feel uneasy, as if hundreds of pairs of eyes are following your every move. Soon you see a rocky knoll appearing between the trees. Leaning precariously against one side of the knoll is a hovel made out of wood and covered with moss and bracken. A thin trail of smoke rises from a hole in the roof. This must be the Wodewitch's abode. Peering in through a grubby window you can see no one inside so, trying the door, you enter the hovel.

The dwelling is dirty and untidy, furnished with a crude table, a chair and a straw-covered bed. Stacked on shelves and tucked away in hollows in the side of the knoll are numerous pots and jars containing prepared ingredients for the Wodewitch's diabolical concoctions. On the table is a pestle and mortar and a collection of strange plants and fungi. You spin around as the door opens behind you.

Standing in the doorway, holding a pile of brown mushrooms in her gathered-up robes, is a stooped old hag. Her hair is dirty and matted, her features are angular and her skin is a sickly green colour. Seeing you, the Wodewitch drops the mushrooms and screeches something incomprehensible at you. Taking a gourd from a pocket in her robes, she pours some of its contents on to the earthen floor. Some of the liquid splashes on to a cockroach and you stare in horror as, with a disgusting, stretching sound, the creature's body expands until it is over two metres in length. Clicking its mandibles, the gigantic insect scuttles towards you. You must fight it. The cockroach's carapace is as hard as plate-mail armour. Each time you hit it you inflict only 1 point of damage (2 points if you use LUCK in this battle and are Lucky, but no points if you are Unlucky).

GIANT COCKROACH SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **316**.

75

The animal puts on an aggressive show, rising up on its hind legs in order to attack you with its razor-sharp claws.

BAITED BEAR SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the creature, turn to **382**.

76

'I warn you, stranger,' the creature says in your own language as it sees you draw your sword, 'I am not as defenceless as it may appear.' Will you ignore the creature's threat and press home your attack (turn to **247**), or will you take a more friendly attitude (turn to **307**)?

77

You leap up on to the haycart and snatch the reins from the farmer, who is roused from his torpor. You urge the horse directly at the gate. In surprise, the horse lumbers forward. However, the gate is closing quickly. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **127**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **282**.

78

The village is completely deserted. As you explore the streets of Driteham a heart-rending moan tears through the stillness of the night. However much you dislike the idea, if you are to find the source of this trouble you must go in the direction of the moaning. Cautiously, creeping past the houses, eventually you come to the edge of the village, close to the edge of the forest. There, standing beside an abandoned barn, is the wagon that ran you off the road! Watching from round the corner of a house, you see a short, squat man – and next to him is one of the most ghastly creatures you have ever seen. It is at least two and a half metres tall and is humanoid in appearance, dressed in a long cloak; but it is physically deformed, with one hunched shoulder and one leg shorter than the other. The creature's skin is so pale that it is almost white and its eyes are sunk into dark sockets. As you watch, it opens its large, misshapen mouth and lets out a terrible howl. This must be the Lurcher! Will you attack the horror at once (turn to **163**) or will you wait and see what develops (turn to **97**)?

79

You and Sam board his raft and are soon gliding along the marshy waterways of the fens. You sail round the edge of the mist-covered lake, Miremere, as far as the western shore. Sam tells you the quickest and safest route out of the marsh and, thanking him again for his help, you wave goodbye to your new friend.

You emerge from Blackmire on the road to Selwick.

Dusk is falling when you catch sight of the village in the distance. You can hear the pounding of hoofs on the road behind you, and a horse appears out of the darkness. The animal is a fine, black stallion, and mounted on its back is a well-dressed man wearing a hooded cape. If you have the potion Clearsee, you may if you wish drink it now by turning to the paragraph with the same number as the page on which the recipe for Clearsee can be found in Sam's book. If you do not have it, or if you do not want to drink it, turn to **66**.

80

As you approach the stall, the vendor behind it rubs his hands together greedily and under his hood you see pointed ears. The half-Elf welcomes you and eagerly explains what relics he has for sale. 'In this casket,' he says, pointing to an ornate reliquary, 'rest the bones of a sage from the Cloudcap Mountains. Many sought his advice, and his wisdom may be imparted to you through his remains.' The man holds up a tapestry embroidered with threads of all colours, including silver and gold. It depicts a group of pilgrims undergoing many trials on their journey to a sacred shrine. 'This was made by a wife and daughter to celebrate the husband's perilous, but ultimately successful, pilgrimage to the shrine of Achilla at the edge of Lake Libra in Analand.' He also points out a bottle containing the blood of a priest, the small, pocket-sized portrait of a bishop, a fragment of the shroud of Aline the Innocent (which looks suspiciously like an old piece of linen) and a yellow topaz pendant. After

you have bought what you want, turn to the appropriate paragraphs to find out what you now possess.

Sage's bones	20 Gold Pieces	Turn to **140**
Analand tapestry	15 Gold Pieces	Turn to **244**
Priest's blood	8 Gold Pieces	Turn to **398**
Bishop's portrait	6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **303**
Shroud	3 Gold Pieces	Turn to **197**
Topaz pendant	12 Gold Pieces	Turn to **16**

When you have finished at this stall, you continue to make your way round the market. Turn to **218**.

81

Meg, the landlady, is an amiable woman and she chats freely about trade and the weather. She also tells you about a monster that is living in the area of marshland near Fenford known as Blackmire: it has been terrorizing local farms and carrying off livestock. You decide you can trust her, so you tell her a little about your quest. 'Witchcraft and Demons,' she says with a shiver. 'We don't 'ave much to do with that sort of thing round 'ere. If it's 'elp with witches you want, that man over there in black is a Witch-hunter. He arrived 'ere two days ago but 'e's a miserable one and doesn't talk to anyone much. Barnabas, the friar, is our local 'oly man. 'E's a clever 'un, so 'e might be able to 'elp you.' Now, will you:

Talk to Barnabas, the friar?	Turn to **213**
Talk to the Witch-hunter?	Turn to **348**
Talk to the farmers?	Turn to **188**
Leave the Brindled Cat and Fenford?	Turn to **48**

82

The crossbow bolt strikes you between the ribs. The shock makes you release your grip on the wall, and you fall into the street (lose 4 STAMINA points), where the militiamen seize you and take you to the nearest blockhouse. Turn to **25**.

83

You unlock the cell door and Tira runs out happily efore you have a chance to change your mind. 'Thank you, stranger,' she says. 'I owe you my life, as I would surely have been burnt as a witch if you had not granted me my freedom. In return, I'm afraid I can only offer you help against my mistress.' You ask Tira to tell you as much as she can. She puts a hand into her ragged robes and pulls out a small jar. 'If you should ever meet Mistress Crowfoot, she will no doubt try to trick you by changing her shape, for she has powers of transformation. If she does so, you must sprinkle some of the powder from this jar over her to keep her in human form.'

You take the jar and thank Tira. The two of you creep easily past the guards who are not expecting anyone to escape, and you part company outside the town walls. Turn to **132**.

84

As you sprinkle the powder over the Grimalkin, the Imp leaps at you and sinks its teeth into your thigh (lose 2 STAMINA points). Turn to **132**.

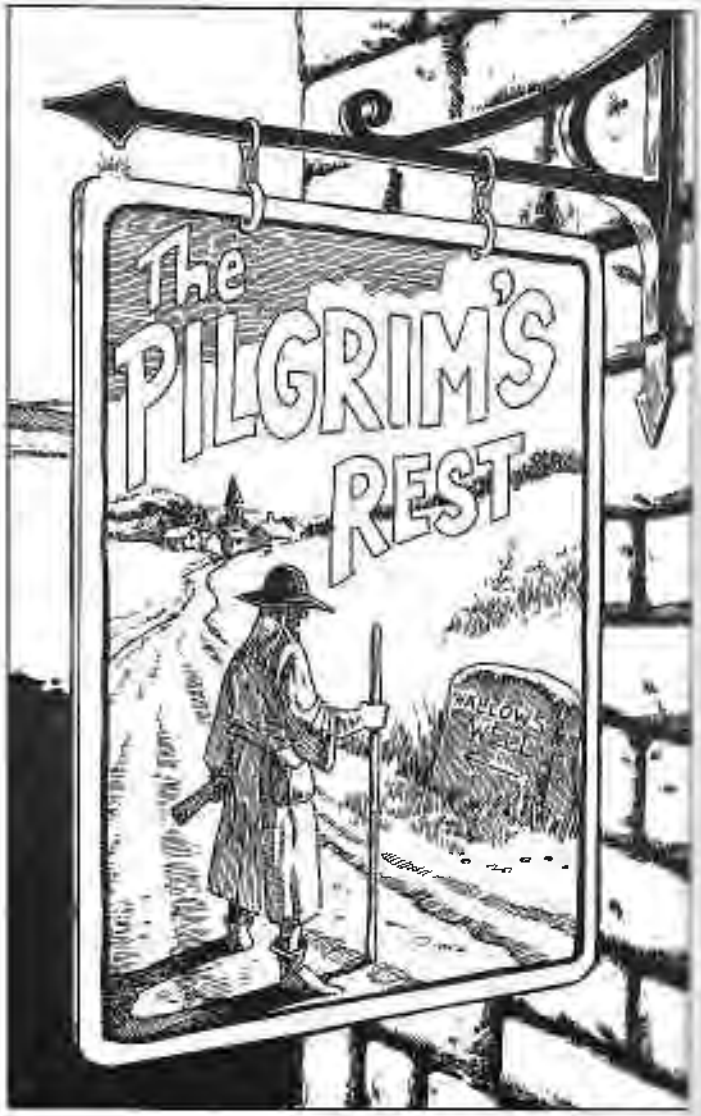

85

Dusk falls and, turning down a crowded back-street, you come to a three-storey stone building with a painted sign hanging outside declaring that this is indeed the Pilgrim's Rest The sign itself is an excellent work of art: it shows a pilgrim carrying a scrip and leaning on a staff, passing a milestone pointing to Hallow's Well You pass underneath it into the courtyard of the hostelry. There, ostlers lead your horses to the stables while your party make their way into the inn.

The interior of the inn is one of traditional oak beams and whitewashed walls Tables are set out round the bar-room, with a large fireplace in the far wall. A few customers are dotted about, sitting by themselves, and a large group of well-to-do pilgrims is huddled together in front of the fireplace. Lady Attana thanks you again and hands you a purse containing your fee of 10 Gold Pieces. She goes over to the group, inviting you to join them, while her entourage go upstairs to prepare her quarters and your room. Do you want to join the group of pilgrims (turn to **10**), buy yourself a tankard of ale at the bar (turn to **309**), or leave the bar and retire to your room for the night (turn to **179**)?

86

Carrying the monster's head back to Fenford, you find the farmers waiting anxiously outside the Brindled Cat However, when they see you with your grisly trophy, they let out a cheer, praising Kachasta, patron

of farmers, and bustle you into the inn. There they buy you a flagon of ale (restore 1 STAMINA point) and are already beginning to exaggerate the details of your adventure and their involvement in it. As payment, the farmers provide you with enough Provisions for 4 meals, as well as giving you a purse containing 10 Gold Pieces. With their praises still ringing in your ears, you take your leave of the farmers and take the westerly road out of Fenford. Turn to **21**.

87

You lift the marvellous helmet from the ancient skull and place it on your own head. Your eyes are suddenly drawn to the hollow eye-sockets of the skull. A chill goes through you and you hear a harsh whisper say, 'Leave my body in peace. You have desecrated my tomb. Sacrilege . . .' As you watch, the skull starts to crumble and the voice in your head becomes a scream. You pull the helmet from your head and fling it away. You have been badly shaken by this experience (lose 3 FAITH points and 1 LUCK point) and prepare to leave the barrow with all haste. Turn to **343**.

88

One of the guards saw through your plan, but he stands as the only obstacle between you and freedom. He runs at you, brandishing his sword.

MILITIAMAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, you escape from the town through the South Gate. Turn to **300**.

89

You dodge out of the way just in time. The Grimalkin flies over your shoulder and slips under the kitchen door. You open the door and run out into the yard, just in time to see the Imp wriggle under the stable door. You fling open the door just in time to see the creature sinking its teeth into the rump of the horse standing there. The animal kicks out with its hind legs in pain. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **291**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **399**.

90

The bite the piper's rat gave you becomes infected by the contagious plague. Add 2 to your INFECTION score. Turn to **279**.

91

Zillah, the book says, was a priestess tending the Scrolls of Cheelah at Shekin, in southern Ruddlestone. There, she spent many hours every day reading the annals of history, kept at the shrine. However, it was while she was reading an obscure manuscript by one Demetra Ven, that she began to doubt the accuracy of

certain religious teachings Everyone had always believed that when the Trickster created the first human beings, it was Man who was made first. But now having read the parchment's interpretations of certain holy texts, Zillah believed that it was not Man but Woman who had been created first. Zillah soon built up a large following of priestesses and other women but, when the established religions saw how powerful the sect was becoming, they made their move, Zillah being among the first to be hanged for her heretical views Turn to **68**.

92

'Your decision.' The woman nods to the other outlaws You hear the twang of bowstrings – then feel them strike you. You fall to the ground; your adventure is over.

93

Your grip on the stone loosens under the force of the hurricane. You are swept up into the air, higher and higher, while your body is bombarded by flying debris. When the ground is out of sight far below, the wind suddenly stops altogether The Bedlam Hags on their broomsticks cackle as you plummet to your death

94

The men who attacked you suddenly give up the fight and flee back into the trees, the masked stranger galloping after them. If you want to give chase into the undergrowth, turn to **23**; if not, turn to **191**

95

Eerie cries echo among the leafless, twisted trees of the Withered Wood. As you, Karad and the Resistance wait, hidden in the undergrowth, the crescent moon rises between the writhing stormclouds, blood-red in colour: Shekka's Moon . . . Half an hour passes and there is still no sign of the coven. Then a tremendous crash occurs and the sky is torn apart by a bolt of lightning that streaks out of the clouds, hitting the ground away to the south-west. A roar echoes across the hills and a dark cloud, blacker than the night sky, rises into the air over Claybury. Soon the whole village is ablaze and the screams of the dying tear at your heart. The Casket of Shadows has been opened and the Infernal Beast released. With the Kurakil at the head of his army of Demons, nothing will prevent Nazek the Warlock and his dark goddess dominating the northern lands. You have failed in your mission.

96

You have been travelling into the hills for only half an hour or so, when you start to sweat heavily. Red blotches appear on your skin and some open into weeping sores. The Canker may still have its revenge, as you are now dying from the plague! If you have a Heal-all, in desperation you gulp down the contents of the flask – and you feel a golden warmth spreading through your whole being. The blessed panacea has destroyed the plague within you. Reduce your INFECTION score to zero and restore up to 6 points of STAMINA, but ignore any other instructions given as to the use of the Heal-all. Cross the Heal-all off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **249**. If you do not have a Heal-all, the Canker enjoys the ultimate triumph . . . in your own tortured death.

97

Trudging through the swamp makes you very fatigued (lose 1 STAMINA point). You rest beside a stagnant pool where grow an abundance of plants and fungi that are useful to herbalists and physicians: Frostflower with its snowflake-like blooms; Eyebright, a plant with small black leaves and white flowers; Toadwort, a plant with mottled brown-and-green leaves; and Scrallus, a notable property of which is that its spores can induce a hypnotic trance. Having gathered as many of the plants as you like, will you go:

Left?	Turn to **174**
Right?	Turn to **59**
Straight ahead?	Turn to **198**

98

You walk through many squares and down winding streets until you finally reach the West Gate, which stands open, leaving the road into the hills unobstructed. Two of the town's militia force, guarding the gate, take no notice of you; you pose no threat. Suddenly you become aware of the sound of gongs and bells, accompanied by chanting and a deep rumbling sound The closer you get to the gate, the louder the noises become and the militiamen begin to look anxiously at each other People in the street hurry out of the way as from round a corner comes one of the strangest collections of people you've ever seen. A group of men and women are walking along the road towards you, hitting gongs, cymbals and bells, and chanting in a monotone above the din. Most of the people in the procession are wearing plain, grey robes, although some are clad only in loincloths. All of them, however, are in some way inflicting pain on themselves. A bald man at the front of the group has a metal band round his head, which seems to be spiked on the inside, and another similar artefact round his neck. Another man stares skyward while beating himself with a cat-o'-nine-tails One woman, almost in a trance with the chanting, grips hot coals in her hands. These are the Acolytes of Pain, religious fanatics who believe that to get closer to their gods they must endure great physical suffering. They are feared by all, including the town militia, because of the atrocities they commit in the name of religion. The rumbling sound is caused by a huge, wooden, spoked wheel, several metres in diameter, with a man stretched out

on the hub as if he were on a rack. The wheel, which is covered with spikes on the outside edge, is rolled along by several other fanatics; it has ropes attached to it, which pull other disciples along the road in a bruised and bloodied state. Caught up in watching this spectacle, too late you realize that you are directly in the path of the procession. The bald man sees you and calls a halt. Immediately the noise and the chanting stop as the wheel creaks to a standstill. 'Brothers and sisters!' he shouts. 'An unbeliever would profane the sacred way to enlightenment. The unbeliever must be tested!' The group of acolytes cheer at this announcement and several run towards you. Will you wait to see what happens next (turn to **51**) or make a run for it (turn to **275**)?

99

Coxcomb the Clown moves on to the next customer and you retire to your room. The night passes without incident and you wake up, fully refreshed (restore up to 2 STAMINA points). You leave the inn and are immediately caught up in the early-morning throng of people already making their way up the narrow street to the Market Square. Turn to **131**.

100

It has gone midday when you enter the village of Fenford. The sky remains cloudy and grey, and the whole village seems very quiet. You may rest here to eat Provisions if you wish. In the middle of the village is an inn, the Brindled Cat; perhaps someone there can help you in your search for the *Black Grimoire*. Will you enter the Brindled Cat (turn to **34**) or will you pass straight through and leave the village (turn to **48**)?

101

You pull the belladonna from your pack and quickly chew a sprig. The poison in the plant immediately makes you sick (lose 2 STAMINA points) but at least you are now cured of the terrible disease. You are unable to sleep properly for the rest of the night, so with the dawn you are on your way again. Turn to **57**.

102

Speaking in a low murmur, you start to read the spell that will prevent the release of the Kurakil. As if in response, Nazek looks up and shouts, 'Brothers and sisters! We are attacked!' Karad and the Resistance do not hesitate. Pouring into the crypt, they engage the coven in battle before spells can be cast. You start to read the spell once more. A stabbing pain sears through your chest and you cry out and double up in agony (lose 3 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Standing a few metres away, a young witch is holding a crude, shaped wax doll, into which she is sticking a long pin. Before she can cripple you further, you run at her with your sword.

WITCH SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you kill the witch, will you try and use the doll against Nazek (turn to **245**) or fight your way through the mêlée to reach the Warlock (turn to **319**)?

103

Unfortunately, the thief somehow manages to steal all your gold! (Cross off all your gold from your *Adventure Sheet*.) You do not discover this until it is too late to do anything about it. Turn to **313**.

104

In the flickering light from your lantern you do not see the narrow pit that cuts across the passageway. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, at the last moment you manage to fling yourself across to the other side of the pit and carry on along the tunnel (turn to **267**). If you fail, you are unable to move quickly enough to prevent yourself tumbling into the hole (lose 1 STAMINA point). Having climbed out of the pit, you carry on along the tunnel (turn to **267**).

105

Enthus died centuries ago. How will you summon the spirit of the dead priest? Will you use:

The candles and prayer?	Turn to **360**
The blood of a priest?	Turn to **296**
A Heal-all?	Turn to **265**

106

The old man chuckles to himself. 'If yer want me 'elp,' he says, 'first you must answer me riddle.' Do you want to hear the riddle (turn to **151**), or will you ignore such foolish games and try to escape (turn to **30**)?

107

With your lantern lit, and making sure the rope is secure at the top, you swing yourself over the parapet and into the well, and you start to lower yourself hand over hand. Your lantern illuminates only a small section of the vertical shaft at a time. As you descend, you can hear a sloshing sound beneath you as something starts moving around in the water below. Although blind, the Devilworm has picked up your scent. The next thing you feel is the creature's jaws round your middle as it prepares to bite you in two. Your adventure is over.

108

An Astronomer's Almagest is a textbook that contains information about predicting certain astronomical events. You come across a reference to Shekka's Moon. Most of what you find relates to the calculations necessary for determining when Shekka's Moon will rise. However, you also discover that Shekka is an ancient goddess of witchcraft and that her moon rises every 37 years, the event also being known as Witches' Moon. When this occurs, the goddess's power is strongest in the world. Turn to **68**.

109

By strength of will alone, you overcome the mind-clouding charm. With a loud, hollow boom, the chest lid drops shut. You look up, to see that the Beast is almost upon you. Turn to **250**.

110

'I said the red ball,' Coxcomb laughs, opening his left hand. 'The blue one's in this hand. But here, take it.' The clown throws you the blue wooden ball (add this to your *Adventure Sheet*) and pulls the red one out from under his hat. Coxcomb dances away from your table, followed by his band of admirers, leaving you to retire to your room. The night passes without incident and you wake up, fully refreshed (restore up to 2 STAMINA points). You leave the inn and are immediately caught up in the early-morning throng of people already making their way up the narrow street to the Market Square. Turn to **131**.

111

'Only those who are worthy may enter the burial-place of the Guardian of the Land,' the High Priest announces. 'The means of testing is decreed.' The druids make you kneel before a small stone at the far side of the circle; there are numbers carved into it. Spreading his arms wide, the High Priest speaks again: 'This is the Equinox Stone, with which are calculated the holy cycles of the year. Like all such stones, it has a mystic number of great power and importance What is the mystic number?' Staring at the carvings on the stone, you frantically try to reason out what the mystic number is (take a look at the illustration on the page facing this paragraph). When you think you know the answer, turn to the paragraph with the same number If that paragraph does not make any sense, you have chosen wrongly (turn to **305**). If you cannot solve the puzzle, you tell the druid you do not know what the number is (turn to **305**)

112

On your return, you and Sam board the raft again, which he guides round the island and across the lake, to the western shore Sam tells you the quickest and safest route out of the marsh and, thanking him again for his help, you wave goodbye to your new friend.

You emerge from Blackmire on the road to Selwick Dusk is falling when you catch sight of the village in the distance. You suddenly hear the pounding of hoofs on the road behind you, and a horse appears out of the darkness. The animal is a fine, black stallion;

mounted on its back is a well-dressed man wearing a hooded cape. If you have the potion Clearsee, you may drink it now, if you wish, by turning to the paragraph with the same number as the page on which the recipe for Clearsee can be found in Sam's book. If you do not have it or if you do not want to drink it, turn to **66**.

113

Rarer herbs on offer include Phoenix Grass, a red-and-orange-coloured herb from Far Analand; Tagrin, to ward off contagion; and Sprite Weed, to enhance magical performance. You may buy as many bunches of herbs as you like, at 3 Gold Pieces a bunch, provided you can afford them. When you are ready, turn to **290** to buy some common herbs, or turn to **35** to purchase a tot of Healing Infusion. If you want neither, turn to **389**.

114

The road leads you towards the dark, brooding forest but, before entering the forest, you cross the Grimiry River once more. You are not much further along the road when you hear a rustling coming from the trees and a woman's voice calls out: 'Halt!' Looking up, you see a figure, swathed in dark robes, standing on a branch that juts out over the road. 'Drop your weapon and throw me your gold,' she commands. 'Oh, and don't try anything clever because you're surrounded.' Looking around, you can see an assortment of rogues and outlaws, dressed like the woman and armed with bows and staves. Will you:

Do as the outlaw says but with the intention of tricking her?	Turn to **232**
Stand your ground?	Turn to **45**
Make a run for it?	Turn to **128**

115

Pressing your face against the grille, you shout for the guard for at least five minutes, to no avail 'It's no good,' a young woman's voice comes from another cell, 'they won't hear you.' Now what will you do? Will you try to break the door down (turn to 47), wait for a guard to bring you a meal (turn to 325) or accept the beggar's offer of help (turn to 344)?

116

The Salamander potion works perfectly You reach into the fire, feeling nothing more than a warm glow, and pull out the horseshoe, which has reddened in the heat. The crowd lets out a gasp. 'Trickery!' the Inquisitor yells 'This is witchcraft!' The man advances towards you, and the crowd backs away as he does so Under the hood of the cloak you can see the man's eyes burning with insane fury The Inquisitor opens his mouth to speak again but, rather than his own voice, a rasping growl issues from his throat: 'So . You must be the one spoken of 'The Spellbreaker.' The crowd does not seem to be aware of what is going on If you know a Demonic Word of Command, you had better say it now (turn to 327); if you do not, turn to 225.

117

First, Talpas marks out a circle on the sandy floor of the chamber, then he pulls a handful of flat stones, with esoteric symbols etched on them, out of a bag and throws them into the circle. 'Ah, yes,' Talpas mutters, studying the runes 'I see the Rune of Good and that of a warrior; those refer to you. Here is the Rune of Mystery, your destiny is uncertain, and here is the Rune of Secrecy next to that representing a man, possibly someone you have met before? I also see that you must visit a place of death and a place of worship' Talpas suddenly freezes in terror 'No, it cannot be!' he exclaims, staring at one rune that has fallen just outside the circle. The symbol on the rune is three crossed lines, the Witch's Mark. 'Shekka's Rune!' Talpas shouts in panic. 'But there is no such rune in my possession! I fear that dark magic is at work here' The Molekin hurriedly puts the runes back in their bag, but not before throwing the Witch's Mark into the fire He ushers you out of the chamber and down the tunnel to a smaller room in which is a rough straw mattress, and here you spend the night peacefully Turn to 15.

118

Before it is your turn, a grey-haired pilgrim recites his tale. He relates the legend of Gwythain the Warrior-Priest, servant of the Swordbearer, telling how the Protector slew the Demon Akragog with his Blessed Blade, Deliverer, and how he cut out the canker growing in Aryn's Hill. He recounts the legend with such expertise that you will have to draw on all your reserves to surpass him. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you succeed, turn to **357**; if you fail, turn to **284**.

119

Your blow strikes the worm with such force that you slice it completely in half. The segmented coils writhe around, trying to locate each other. As soon as the two halves make contact, they join back together! How are you ever going to kill a creature that has such powers? If only you could separate the segments long enough to stop them rejoining. Of course – running water! If you fought the Devilworm in running water, the pieces would be washed away before they could grow back together. The nearest source of running water is the fast-flowing mill-race of the derelict mill – perfect! To lead the Devilworm to the water you must keep fighting it as you go downhill towards the mill-race. This will take six Attack Rounds and, while you are fighting like this, you will not be able to injure the creature, only defend yourself. You must also reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of the descent because you are walking backwards downhill! When you reach the mill-race, you

wade out into the middle of the stream where the current is strongest. It will be hard keeping your balance in the fast-flowing water. As a result, you must reduce your Attack Strength by another point; however, at least now you will be able to wound the Devilworm.

DEVILWORM	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If at any time you roll a double for your own Attack Strength during the battle, turn to **172**. If you defeat the monster without rolling any doubles, turn to **52**.

120

Looking down at the piper's crumpled body, you notice his pipes lying next to him. Blowing into the pipes, they begin to play a tune all by themselves. You also see that the man is wearing an amulet round his neck in the shape of the Crescent Moon. If you take the Charmed Pipes or the Crescent Moon Amulet, make a note on your *Adventure Sheet*. Hearing a shout coming from the direction of the South Gate, you look up to see three of the town militia running towards you. If they catch you, you will doubtless be tried for murder – although you have saved the whole town

from the plague! Do you want to face the militiamen (turn to **269**), or would you rather try and outrun them (turn to **222**)?

121

If the Grimalkin hit you three times or more, you must also lose 1 SKILL point, due to the Imp's tainted touch. Beside the creature's rapidly decaying body you glimpse a strange symbol written in the dirt on the stable floor. Clearing the straw away, you find the cause of the farm's curse: drawn on the ground is a hex-mark, a magical sigil which attracts ill to a place, anything from bad luck to disease. You rub out the hex-mark, lifting the curse from the farm (regain 1 LUCK point).

Back in the kitchen of the farmhouse, you tell Liam and Isa of your find. 'That's the work of Mistress Crowfoot all right,' says Liam. 'Her cottage is west of Selwick, in Paddocks Wood. If you could capture her, so she can be brought to trial, all of Selwick will

reward you.' Will you help the people of Selwick? If you will, turn to **46**; if you won't, turn to **61**.

122

White-robed initiates guide the pilgrims to the Hallow's Well itself, where they collect the healing waters in specially prepared gourds and pray to the goddess for her blessing. Eventually it is your turn. The gourd costs you 2 Gold Pieces, as those who can make an offering are expected to pay, to help those who are less fortunate. The spring actually emerges from a large boulder which stands in the middle of the temple, the water collecting in a natural basin in the rock. You uncork the flask and, holding it under the small cascade, fill it. Roll one die and add 4 to the result. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH score, turn to **49**; if it is greater, turn to **352**.

123

Astradd's *Holy Lives* is not one book but a series of four large volumes, containing accounts of the lives of many well-known – and some not so well-known – priests and sages from Ruddlestone's past. Scanning the contents pages, you see references to numerous heads of religious orders and miracle-healers, but from the list three names grab your attention. You look up the relevant volumes and page numbers and decide which of the following to read up on. Will it be:

Zillah of Shekin, the Heretic?	Turn to **91**
The warrior-priest, Gwythain the Protector?	Turn to **18**
Enthus the Martyr?	Turn to **184**

124

Even while fighting the force of a hurricane you manage to keep your grip on the stone. Looking up into the sky, you see three wild hags, wearing tattered black cloaks, circling on their broomsticks! Above the gale you can hear them chanting:

'Thrice around three sisters fly,
Rain and hail, and wind and snow.
Thrice around the stormy sky,
Causing bedlam wher'er they go.'

It is these witches who have created the hurricane in order to stop you completing your quest. However, a number is hidden in their chant and, if you can work it out, then perhaps you will be able to break their spell. If you know what the number is, turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not know what the number is, or if you get it wrong, turn to **390**.

125

Your search at last brings you to a stone spiral staircase that climbs up into the keep. At the top is a short corridor leading left and right, ending in a door both ways. Will you go through the door to the left (turn to **381**) or the door to the right (turn to **215**)?

126

Leaving the man behind you, you follow the street as it opens into a small square, where all manner of entertainers, from jugglers to fire-eaters, are putting on a show for the crowds At one corner of the square you notice that a rather drab-looking tent, patched in

many places, has been erected. Beside the tent, a faded painted sign informs you that the next puppet show will begin in just a few minutes. The entrance fee is 1 Gold Piece. If you want to watch the performance, turn to **4**. If you would rather make your way towards the South Gate, turn to **157**.

127

The guards leap out of the way of the speeding haycart as it only just scrapes through the gap between the closing gates. When you are well along the road out of the town, you jump down from the cart, leaving the farmer swearing at his horse. Turn to **300**.

128

You hare off in the direction of the trees, knocking one startled rogue over in your break for freedom. As you dash into the undergrowth, arrows rain down on you. Roll one die to determine how many arrows hit you; for each hit, lose 2 STAMINA points. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **207**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **370**.

129

The first barrel the guard chooses to look in is yours. He calls to his friend and in the confines of the barrel there is nothing you can do to defend yourself. You soon find yourself heading for the nearest blockhouse. Turn to **25**.

130

What with the terrible wailing of the Lurcher and

the crying of the frightened children, you sleep fitfully and awaken at dawn feeling just as fatigued as the previous night (lose 1 STAMINA point). You decide that there is no point in staying in Driteham, so you follow the road west out of the village, into the forest. Several hours pass without incident before you reach a junction. Will you continue westwards to Mussuck (turn to **3**), or head south-west for Fenford (turn to **100**)?

131

The Market Square is full of stalls, with traders selling everything from needle and thread to a saddle and harness. It is likely that you will find something useful for sale here. Several ale-houses are also situated at the edges of the square. The healing well is at the top of the hill to the north, and streets lead out of the square to the south and west. Do you want to:

Look round the stalls?	Turn to **29**
Make your way to the healing well?	Turn to **261**
Visit one of the taverns?	Turn to **332**
Leave the Market Square by going west?	Turn to **98**
Leave the Market Square by going south?	Turn to **272**

132

The witch's familiars assail you all together, while the tailless rat runs out of the cottage. The rat was Mistress Crowfoot; she had used her powers of

transformation to try to hide from you – and succeeded (lose 1 LUCK point).

	SKILL	STAMINA
BLACK CAT	5	4
TOAD	2	2
GRIMALKIN	5	3
RAVEN	4	3
BAT	3	2

If the Grimalkin hits you more than twice, you must lose 1 SKILL point. If you defeat all the familiars, turn to **314**.

133

Desperately you try to break the mesmerizing spell of the music, but it is no good and you black out . . .

When you awaken, you find yourself by the edge of the entertainers' square, with no sign of the piper. Nothing has been stolen from you, but a dull pain draws your attention to your left hand. Turning up the palm, you see that a strange rune of three crossed lines has been branded on to it (lose 1 STAMINA point). In horror, you recognize the symbol as that of the Witch's Mark (deduct 2 points from both your LUCK and FAITH scores). Cursing the black-hearted piper, you hurriedly leave the town; turn to **300**.

134

At last you enter the burial chamber of Gwythain the Protector, the warrior-priest Servant of the Sword-bearer. Murals covering the walls show the hero in

battle and at prayer. Lying on a plinth in the middle of the room is a decayed skeleton, encased in tarnished silver armour and wearing a fabulous silver helmet. But where is the Protector's sword? Someone has got here before you. Cursing your misfortune, you now have to decide what to do next. The corpse is holding a shield with a rampant golden lion motif emblazoned on it and a carved inscription runs round the plinth. Will you:

Take the shield?	Turn to **147**
Read the inscription?	Turn to **165**
Take the silver helmet?	Turn to **87**
Leave the burial chamber?	Turn to **343**

135

The night is cold and the ground hard. You awaken the next morning only slightly recovered from the previous day's events (regain 1 STAMINA point). You now have only until nightfall to find Nazek and the *Black Grimoire*. Carrying on along the westerly road across the moors, you reach a junction with a road heading south-east. A signpost informs you that this is the road to Selwick, but you decide to ignore it, instead heading west for Tallow. Turn to **280**.

136

You try to throw yourself out of the path of the speeding wheel, but unfortunately it is almost as wide as the alley itself. The spikes on the wheel's rim catch your leg and you are pulled under the drum. Your adventure ends here.

137

As you pray, you sense the presence of another in the room. Opening your eyes, you see that a shimmering haze has appeared in the air over the sarcophagus As you watch, a ghostly figure, looking just like the effigy, materializes in the chamber. It is the Spirit of Enthus. 'Heroic adventurer,' the spirit intones in a sonorous voice, 'Evil is on the rise and the forces of Order are threatened. In one day's time the Infernal Beast is to be unleashed upon the world again. Hundreds of years have passed since I trapped the Kurakil in the Casket of Shadows I did not possess the power to destroy the Beast and could only send it into limbo, through the Demafrauge Once the gateway is reopened, the Demon will escape and hundreds will die You are now the only hope for the kingdom'

The candles suddenly gutter, although there is no breeze in the chamber, and black smoke starts to fill the sepulchre. The dark cloud hovers over the open sarcophagus then pours into it As you watch, Enthus's bones join together and the skeleton jumps out of the coffin The skeleton is surrounded by a shadowy body sprouting two small horns, with glowing coals of pure malevolence in the eye-sockets of the skull 'An evil spirit has invaded this place!' cries Enthus's Spirit. 'It must be very powerful to be able to enter consecrated ground. Destroy it, quickly!' The Revenant steps towards you, claws raised

REVENANT SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **24**.

138

In the presence of disease, the Beggar's Curse takes effect; add 2 to your INFECTION score Also, from now on, every time you get an addition to your INFECTION score, you must increase that addition by 1 point. Lose 1 LUCK point through your misfortune. If you have a Rat Bite, turn to **90**. If you haven't, turn to **279**.

139

The lantern illuminates only a small section of the well-shaft at a time, as you lower it carefully into the inky blackness. Eventually the lantern reaches the level of the water in the well, but you can make out nothing unusual: either the monster is not here or it is lurking under the water. Hauling the lantern back up, will you now climb down into the well (turn to **107**) or will you drop a stone down first, to see if you can disturb the Devilworm (turn to **176**)?

140

You open the reliquary and are pleased to find it contains the bones as the man said. Return to **80**.

141

The Blessed Blade glows with a blue light as you defend yourself against the hellish Wraith Rider and his undead steed.

WRAITH RIDER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 9

If you defeat the spectral fiend, both the horse and it dissolve into thin air, leaving you to finish your journey to Selwick. Turn to **19**.

142

Those wretched humans who are cursed with the disease of lycanthropy can change their shape during the hours of darkness to go hunting, and you have been bitten by one. As a result, you will have been infected with the disease. The only known cure is the belladonna plant. If you have some belladonna, turn to **101**; if you do not, turn to **155**.

143

The warlock appears to purchase something from the short man then, remounting his pitchfork, he flies off again into the night. Do you want to approach the man under the pretence of buying something (turn to **262**), or will you attack him and the Lurcher (turn to **163**)?

144

As you sleep, you dream. You are on the road to Hallow's Well again. In front of you stands the pilgrim from the inn-sign. 'Do not worry,' he says. 'I know of your quest and am here to offer you help. The way ahead is a dark road and there are many who would see you fail.' He hands you his staff. 'Take this, it may help protect you from danger.' The image fades, and the rest of the night passes peacefully. In the morning you wake up, refreshed (restore up to 2 STAMINA points), but are surprised to find a staff lying on the end of your bed. Remembering your dream, you pick up the staff and immediately sense the aura of Goodness surrounding it. In your hands is the Pilgrim's Staff (make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet* and add 2 to your FAITH score). As you leave the inn, you look up at the sign and see the pilgrim with his scrip, on the road to Hallow's Well – but he no longer carries a staff! Turn to **131**.

145

For hours you follow the road going west without incident. The hills to the south gradually peter out and you pass the forest which lies across the Grimiry River to the north. The road slowly turns north and is joined by another from the south-east. To the east lies the mist-shrouded area of marshland known to the locals as Blackmire, a dangerous place, inhabited by many terrible creatures. To the west you see the hills that are your goal but above them loom threatening storm-clouds. You pass a signpost pointing north; it has the name 'Selwick' painted on it. Dusk is falling when you catch sight of the village in the distance. You suddenly hear the pounding of hoofs on the road behind you, and a horse appears out of the darkness. The animal is a fine, black stallion and mounted on its back is a well-dressed man, wearing a hooded cape.

'Greetings, traveller,' says the man. 'I am making for Selwick; may I offer to take you there on my horse? You do not want to be out on the road after dusk in these parts, I can assure you.' Do you wish to accept the rider's offer (turn to **233**), or will you politely decline (turn to **385**)?

146

It will take too long to make the journey back to Hallow's Well and follow the other road going west, so you decide to cut across country and rejoin the road once you are well past Aryll. Once off the road, however, you are at the mercy of the creatures roaming the wilderness that surrounds the small human settlements. It is not long before your scent is picked up by a pack of wolves, and moments later they are upon you. You must fight all these beasts at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF	7	6
Second WOLF	6	7
Third WOLF	8	7

If you survive the attack, you continue across the moors until you can rejoin the road, several kilometres west of Aryll; turn to **367**.

147

The shield feels light on your arm and you are filled with courage (add 1 to your current and *Initial* SKILL score and 1 to your FAITH for this new acquisition). Now will you read the inscription (turn to **165**), take the silver helmet (turn to **87**) or leave the chamber (turn to **343**)?

148

You pay the falconer and he tells you that to send the falcon in pursuit of something you need only say, 'One, two, away.' In this way you can get the bird to help you fight against an opponent. The falcon has the attributes SKILL 7 STAMINA 5. The falcon has only one attack in a battle, but you can decide which opponent it will be against. The bird will fight only if you are doing so too. With a fine hawk perched on your shoulder you proudly move on to the next stall. Turn to **365**.

149

Swathing yourself in one of the outlaws' dark robes you set off, following the woman's directions. The overgrown pathways twist and turn, taking you deeper into the dense woodland. Suddenly you hear an owl hooting in the trees near by – but it is still the middle of the day! Will you carry on along the path (turn to **178**) or try to imitate the call before proceeding (turn to **281**)?

150

Crouching behind a pillared cloister and filled with trepidation, you gaze into the vast chamber beyond. The crypt is crammed with the assembled Cauldron of Midnight Wherever you look, you can see witches and warlocks and even other, more inhuman creatures such as beast-headed Demons and horned Devils. Running around at the feet of the throng or flapping through the air above them are the coven's familiars: cats, rats, Imps, birds, flying mammals, reptiles and slimy amphibians Standing on a plinth at the far end of the hall is Nazek the Warlock, now dressed in a plain black cowl, with the *Black Grimoire* open in front of him on a lectern, the dark wood of which is carved to resemble writhing centipedes. In front of Nazek is a huge black chest adorned with reliefs of some of the foul creatures of the Pit – the Demafrauge! On either side of the chest stand two brass incense-burners, their smoky vapours filling the chamber with a noxious stench In the roof of the vaulted crypt is a gaping hole, through which you can see the sinister red crescent of Shekka's Moon amid the boiling storm-clouds. The coven are repeating their esoteric chant over and over while Nazek reads the spell that will open the Casket of Shadows. The Ritual of Unlocking has already begun! What will you do? If you have the Spell of Locking, you may try to read it now, in order to counteract Nazek's magic (turn to 102); alternatively, you can lead the Resistance into battle against the Cauldron of Midnight, using your sword to stop the Warlock (turn to 319)

151

'Right,' says Cynric. 'If yer get me riddle, I'll 'elp yer get out.' He looks at the skeleton. 'Mind, Gerald, you keep quiet. I don't want no cheatin'. Now, 'ere's me riddle.

I am the jailer's strong right arm,
I set the prisoner free.
I keep fast the treasure hoard,
But all doors will open to me.'

If you know the answer to Cynric's riddle, take each letter of the answer and add together the numbers corresponding to those letters' places in the alphabet. Then turn to the paragraph with the same number as the total of the letters. If you cannot solve the beggar's riddle, you will have to find another means of escape (turn to **30**).

152

The Fen Beast's lair contains nothing more than the remains of previous meals, so you decide to press on through the marsh. Just as you are leaving the clearing you see a clump of mistletoe growing in the branches of a gnarled tree. If you wish to, you may cut some to take with you, but make a note of what you cut it with. You wander on through the swamp and, unable to see the hills because of the murky haze, soon realize you have lost all sense of direction. The twisting path soon splits three ways. Will you go:

Left?	Turn to **396**
Right?	Turn to **339**
Straight on?	Turn to **237**

153

It was wise to stop. There is a sharp twang and a crossbow bolt flies past you into a tree on the other side of the road. Your group is swiftly surrounded by men swathed in dark robes. One of them runs from the trees beside you with his short sword drawn.

BRIGAND SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **298**.

154

Before you can hide behind the cart, the man spots you. At such close range your disguise is useless. 'I don't know you,' he says, 'and what are you doing in Gex's clothes?' The Rogue Captain raises his iron-shod mace, ready for combat. He is one of the Mask's most trusted men and a skilled fighter.

ROGUE CAPTAIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If your opponent wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, you are knocked off your feet by the second blow from his mace. It takes you one Attack Round to get up again, and meanwhile the Rogue Captain gets in an unopposed strike (lose 2 STAMINA points). If you defeat the Rogue Captain but the battle lasted more than seven Attack Rounds, turn to **310**. If the battle lasts seven Attack Rounds or fewer and you defeat your opponent, turn to **70**.

155

Within an hour you become feverish, then your body

starts to change. Hair begins to sprout all over your upper body, head and arms, and your face becomes lupine in appearance. Your thoughts are no longer those of a human but of a blood-crazed animal. Your adventure is over.

156

You pour the powder over the toad. The rat bites your ankle and the raven claws your face with its talons (lose 3 STAMINA points). Turn to **132**.

157

Have you spoken to the man from Aryll? If you have turn to **22**; if you have not, turn to **187**.

158

Searching the bodies of the woman and her companions, you find a total of 7 Gold Pieces and enough Provisions for 3 meals. Setting off along the road again, you eventually reach a junction with a road running east–west through the forest. You turn west and after two hours reach the village of Fenford. Turn to **100**.

159

The monastery at Claybury has been a ruin for many years. Entering its crumbling gatehouse, you see that the walls have been defiled with evil runes and graffiti. This sanctuary of Good has been desecrated to serve the purposes of Evil! An unnatural stillness pervades the ruins even while black stormclouds are writhing overhead. Hanging in the night sky over the monastery is the blood-red crescent of Shekka's Moon. There is no sign of the coven, but they must be here because the monastery is the resting place of the Demafrauge – at least you hope it is. You hear an owl hoot and look around to see Karad and the other Resistance members hidden behind some broken columns.

'They are here for sure,' Karad whispers, pointing down a flight of worn stone steps to the heavy double doors of the crypt. 'We can hear them, somewhere beyond those doors.' You and Karad descend the steps and push open the doors. The small room beyond is lit by torches; in the distance, from another part of the crypt, you can hear chanting. Suddenly two ghostly bats fly down from the vaulted ceiling, their bodies and wings covered in dancing wisps of flame. Shrieking, the Demon Bats attack you both; you must fight one each.

DEMON BAT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If the bat hits you successfully twice in a row, it grasps you in its claws, its next successful strike causing 5 extra points of damage to your STAMINA as it delivers a massive blast of fire from its body. If you kill the

Demon Bat, *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **308**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **394**

160

You discover that bunches of common herbs cost 1 Gold Piece each, whereas bunches of rarer herbs cost 3 Gold Pieces each. The apothecaries also offer their own Healing Infusion for only 2 Gold Pieces; this, they claim, cures all maladies and agues. 'We also do teeth-pulling and minor amputations,' Hemlock adds cheerfully If you are interested in the common herbs, turn to **290**. To purchase some rarer herbs, turn to **113** If you want to buy a tot of Healing Infusion, turn to **35** If nothing here encourages you to part with your money, turn to **389**

161

Using the barrels as an aid, you scramble up the wall and grasp the parapet just as the militiamen arrive on the scene. One of them levels a crossbow at you and fires *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **287**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **82**

162

As you enter the village of Aryll you notice that many of the buildings have large red crosses painted on their doors, a sure sign of plague in the household Near by, two men are unloading bodies from a cart and throwing them on one of the bonfires The smell of the burning turns your stomach but, determined to help these people, you call out to the men and explain to them what your intentions are With smiles of relief

they take you to see the village elders, who are in a large stone building in the middle of Aryll.

While you are in Aryll, you could catch the plague yourself. Normally several days pass before the disease ends in the victim's death, but increased exposure to it will increase the rate of infection in your body You must keep a close check on the plague's progress; this is reflected by your INFECTION score (start a record of this on your *Adventure Sheet*). At present, your INFECTION score is 1. If your INFECTION score ever totals 15 or more, immediately make a note of the paragraph you are on and turn to **13**, unless you are engaged in combat. For now, if you have any Aramance or Tagrin, turn to **224**. Otherwise, turn to **321**.

163

With a cry, you charge at the monster In turn, it lets out a spine-chilling scream and lurches towards you, its strong fists its only weapons

LURCHER SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If the Lurcher wins two Attack Rounds in a row, it grasps you round the neck and throttles you; roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points! If you do not free yourself by winning the next Attack Round, then you suffer the same extra damage If you win, turn to **302**

164

Several customers are peering through grilles in the wall to watch the fight – and some are even betting on the outcome With the door shut behind you and no way out, you prepare to defend yourself against the bear If you want to use your sword, turn to **75** If you want to use something else, turn to **328**

165

By the feeble light of your lantern you are just able to make out the words carved into the plinth. The inscription reads: *Here rests the mortal body of Gwythain the Protector. My weapons of truth shall serve the noble-hearted – but leave my armour intact to defend against the forces of Eternal Night.* What will you do next? Will you take the shield (turn to **147**), take the silver helmet (turn to **87**) or leave the chamber (turn to **343**)?

166

After waiting for an hour, Lady Attana of Ide and her entourage finally emerge from the abbey's guest-hall. Lady Attana herself is a middle-aged woman who has grown plump on years of fine living. She is dressed in clothes of the latest cut, and another sign of her wealth is the numerous, ornate rings she wears on her plump fingers. Lady Attana and her party of ladies-in-waiting and bodyguards are all mounted on fine steeds; her servants follow with her possessions on mules. There is also a horse saddled and ready for you to ride. You mount and are soon on the road again, leaving Rassin Abbey behind you. The morning passes quickly as Lady Attana is talkative, to say the least. As your journey progresses you discover that she has been a widow for six years. She decided to make the pilgrimage from her manor at Ide to see whether the healing waters of Hallow's Well could relieve the discomfort she suffers in aching joints.

Soon the road is joined by another from the south and enters an area of woodland. You pass other travellers heading in the same direction as your group but soon lose sight of them again as you continue westwards. You become aware of a rustling sound in the trees to your left. Do you want to stop (turn to **153**) or keep riding, pretending not to have noticed (turn to **194**)?

167

The Grimalkin lands on your shoulder and bites through your clothes as deep as the bone (lose 2

STAMINA points). The creature then drops to the floor and slips under the kitchen door before anyone can stop it. You open the door and run out into the yard, just in time to see the Imp wriggle under the stable door. You fling open that door and see the creature sink its teeth into the rump of the horse standing there. In pain, the animal kicks out with its hind legs. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **291**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **399**.

168

The man manages to eat a single portion of your Provisions (cross this off your *Adventure Sheet*). 'Thank you, my friend,' he croaks, 'but in helping me you have put yourself at great risk.' You assume the man has come to Hallow's Well to be cured of the plague. He confirms this and adds, 'It took me two days to reach here because of my condition, but I fear it may already be too late. Others from my village set out as well but could not get even this far.' You press the man for more information and he explains that five days ago a shadowy stranger arrived at the village of Aryll. However, the villagers were more concerned at what the stranger brought with him – rats! Hundreds of the creatures swarmed into the village, invading cellars and sewers, and with them they brought the plague! Some of those infected set off for Hallow's Well, but this man is probably the sole survivor. 'Leave me now, stranger,' says the man, 'but, if you can, save Aryll.' With these words, the man staggers to his feet and, ever so slowly, continues on his way. Turn to **126**.

169

You cannot withstand the power of Shekka herself. Although your faith is strong, it is not strong enough to resist the corrupting evil of the goddess. Your will is broken and your mind no longer remains your own. You will lead Nazek's army in his conquest of the northern lands.

170

In the flickering lantern-light you spot the narrow pit that cuts across the passageway just in time to avoid the trap. Turn to **267**.

171

At the temple you have the choice of taking the waters of the well (turn to **122**), or making an offering at the shrine to Enthus the Martyr, who awoke the healing springs here (turn to **14**).

172

As you fight on, you momentarily lose your footing on the rocks below the water and are swept off your feet by the current. The monster seizes its opportunity and is on you in an instant. There is nothing you can do as the Devilworm makes you its next meal.

173

A loud clanging noise starts up; looking in the direction of the West Gate, you see one of the guards there ringing a bell to call for reinforcements to pursue you and the acolytes, while his companion is beginning to pull the gates shut. Coming down the hill towards the

gate is a haycart being drawn by a sturdy cart-horse. The dozy-looking farmer driving it does not seem to have noticed the commotion you are embroiled in. You could take over the cart and charge the gate (turn to **77**) or simply flee (turn to **355**).

174

The ground is getting very wet underfoot. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you soon reach a drier stretch of path (turn to **237**). If you are Unlucky, you suddenly find yourself in sludge up to your waist. *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky this time, you manage to pull yourself out of the muck (turn to **237**). If you are Unlucky, then the clinging mud sucks you down into the bog and you drown, the stinking slime filling your lungs.

175

Decide how many Gold Pieces you will place on the altar as an offering then roll one die. If the number rolled is less than, or equal to, the number of Gold Pieces offered, turn to **347**. If the number rolled is greater, turn to **226**.

176

The stone drops down the well-shaft and hits the water with a plop. At once you hear a terrible roar rise up from inside the well, accompanied by the sound of something large thrashing about in the water. You have disturbed the Devilworm, and now it is angry. You throw yourself away from the well just in time as the monster emerges from it. The creature has a leech-like head but with an oval mouth lined with sharp teeth. From the head down, the monster's grey, segmented body, which descends into the well-shaft and is almost as wide, resembles that of a huge tapeworm, with fleshy feelers running down its length on both sides. Although eyeless, the Devilworm has a greatly heightened sense of smell. Picking up your scent, it moves towards you, its glistening, segmented body undulating as it does so. The creature is a voracious carnivore and you will have to move fast to avoid being its next meal. What will you do?

Throw a gourd marked with a letter G at it (if you have one)?	Turn to **330**
Throw a gourd marked with a letter S at it (if you have one)?	Turn to **243**
Attack it with your sword?	Turn to **361**

177

Drawing on great reserves of strength from within, you manage to keep ahead of the wheel. Eventually the alley widens out into a small courtyard and you fling yourself out of the path of the drum, into a pile of bricks (lose 1 STAMINA point). The wheel smashes

into the side of a building, demolishing part of a wall. Turn to **42**.

178

You cannot have gone more than a few paces when a crossbow bolt thuds into your chest, piercing your heart.

179

The landlord gives you the key to your room and following his directions, you make your way upstairs. The room is sparsely furnished, but a roaring fire has already been lit in the grate and on a table in front of it a roast chicken stands ready for consumption, all courtesy of Lady Attana. When you have eaten your fill, you settle down for the night. The inn-sign below your window swings gently in the breeze, its faint creaking lulling you to sleep. Roll one die. If the result is less than, or equal to, your FAITH score, turn to **144**. Otherwise, turn to **393**.

180

Remembering the pilgrim's story about Gwythain the Protector, you ask the elders if they can explain the reference in the legend to the warrior-priest cutting out the canker that grew in Aryn's Hill. Malva tells you that the name 'Aryll' is a corruption of Aryn's Hill. 'In the rumoured past of this village,' says Manoc, the third elder, 'there is a story about a servant of the Dark God Disease who unleashed plagues of rats and flies on the world. He was killed by the Protector and was buried in a crypt, said to be under the hill on which Aryll stands. A stone marks the spot.' Could this evil be stirring again after all these centuries? Do you want to investigate further (turn to **251**) or will you leave the village and waste no more time here (turn to **60**)?

181

As you draw your sword, Mistress Crowfoot makes a peculiar gesture with her hands and mutters something under her breath. The world round you grows rapidly larger and four more hairy, black legs burst from your body The toad, now as big as a house, hops towards you. In order to escape it, you scuttle through a knothole and under the floorboards of the cottage where you begin your new life as a spider

182

Shaking, you uncork the flask and gulp down its contents Slowly you feel the healing water take effect You may restore 5 points of STAMINA but must ignore any other instructions given as to the use of the Heal-all Having taken a little time to recover, you leave the town of Hallow's Well by the West Gate. Turn to **300**

183

Before he has a chance to cast a spell, you run at the warlock, sword drawn Wailing horribly, the Lurcher also joins in the fray, fighting with its strong fists while the warlock defends himself with his pitchfork. You must fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
WARLOCK	7	7
LURCHER	9	9

If the Lurcher scores two consecutive hits against you, it grasps you round the neck and throttles you; roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. If you do not free yourself by winning the next Attack Round, you suffer the same extra damage If you win, turn to **302**

184

Several centuries ago, during a time of impiety, the land was plagued by all manner of foul demons and malicious devils. Enthus was a young priest who

travelled the kingdom searching out the creatures of darkness and banishing them. However, all the evils manifested themselves as the shadowy Infernal Beast which began slaughtering hundreds of innocent people. Enthus did not possess the power to defeat the Beast utterly but instead managed to imprison it in the Casket of Shadows. However, he died as a result of the wounds he sustained in his battle with the Demon and has been celebrated as a martyr ever since. It was also Enthus who released the spring at Hallow's Well which flows from the ground at the spot where the priest exorcized a devil from a young boy. Turn to **68**.

185

You throw the powder at the raven. It flies at you from its perch and, clawing at your face, manages to scratch your eye (lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Turn to **132**.

186

The diseased mass of flesh lurches towards you, trying to grasp you with its writhing tentacles.

CANKER SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you defeat the foul, undead horror in fewer than nine Attack Rounds, add 4 to your INFECTION score and turn to **6**. If you do not, turn to **33**.

187

Following the road out of the entertainers' square, you soon reach the South Gate and leave the town. Turn to **300**.

188

As you approach the farmers' table, you overhear one of them say, 'I says we all go into the marsh now and hunt it down!'

'But that place is dangerous,' his friend points out.

'May I be of any assistance?' you ask, and you explain to the farmers your status as a hired sword.

'Well, it's the Fen Beast, see,' the first man tells you. 'It lives in the marshes known as Blackmire, but it's started killin' our animals for food. If we don't kill it soon, we'll all be ruined.' Do you want to offer to kill the Fen Beast for them? If so, the farmers take you to the edge of Blackmire and, with the men wishing you well, you enter the marshes (turn to **333**). Otherwise, will you:

Talk to the friar?	Turn to **213**
Talk to the man in black?	Turn to **348**
Talk to the landlady?	Turn to **81**
Leave the Brindled Cat and Fenford?	Turn to **48**

189

As you approach the door, it is suddenly thrown open by a short, squat figure and a cracked voice calls out, 'Come in, come in. I've been expecting you.' Puzzled by this invitation, you pause at the doorway and watch the figure as it shuffles down a tunnel dug into the side of the hill. 'It's all right,' says the creature, 'I saw your coming in the runes.' You sense that the creature means you no harm, so you follow it into its home, albeit still somewhat confused. You have to bend almost double to make your way down the rough-hewn tunnel, but soon you come to a chamber where you can just stand upright. The cluttered room appears to be the creature's main living area and contains a rocking chair, a table on which the corpse of a snake is being dissected, and shelves crammed with all kinds of pots and jars, all scaled down to an appropriate size for the inhabitant of this unusual dwelling. The light in the chamber comes from several fireflies, trapped in a glass jar, and a fire in an alcove over which hangs a cooking pot. Your host seats himself in the rocking chair beside the fire and stirs the contents of the pot. The creature is dressed in several layers of ragged robes, under which it seems to be covered in short, dark fur. Its hands are shovel-like claws while its face, half-hidden under a hood, is an animal snout. The creature's beady eyes peer at you through a pair of half-moon glasses. The more you look at your host, the more he resembles a humanoid mole. 'Would you like some soup?' the creature asks. You accept the offer and tuck into a bowl of green broth (restore 2 STAMINA points). The creature

introduces himself as Talpas the Burrower, one of the Molekin, a race of underground dwellers. He tells you that he saw your coming by casting runes, a means of divination. Feeling that you can trust Talpas, you tell him of your quest. 'Perhaps you would like me to cast your runes, yes, to see what dangers await you? I must warn you that their messages can, at times, be misleading.' If you want to accept his offer, turn to **117**; if not, you retire for the night (turn to **15**).

190

As the last familiar falls, you see Mistress Crowfoot whisper something to her raven and it flies towards an open window. If you have a falcon and want to send it after the raven, repeat the command the falconer told you. If you don't have a falcon, or if you don't want to send it after the raven, turn to **50**.

191

Fortunately, no one in the party is badly hurt, the worst injuries being a knock on the head and a large sword-gash among the bodyguards. Lady Attana cannot thank you enough: 'We are all indebted to you for saving our lives. You were so brave and dealt with those robbers as they deserved. Sadly, they managed to get away with my jewellery box. They shouldn't be able to open it, as it was carved from wood from the magically protected forest of Lein, but it was given to me by my late husband on our wedding day. If you should ever, by chance, recover it, its contents are yours. It is the least I can give you for saving my life, but if you could return the box I would be most grateful.' Lady Attana takes from round

her neck a chain on which hangs a silver key. She hands both the key and the chain to you and you see that the number '252' is engraved on the key; Lady Attana tells you that this was the year of her wedding. You thank her and, when all is ready, continue your journey.

By late afternoon the road is descending out of the wood towards the River Sanct. On the other side, the shrine town of Hallow's Well is clearly visible, a mixture of timber and stone houses competing for space within the confines of the old town wall. Your party crosses the wide stone bridge that spans the Sanct and enters the town by the eastern Pilgrim's Gate. The narrow street leads into the Market Square, which is packed with people. Lady Attana tells you that she is heading for the Pilgrim's Rest, where she and her entourage are to stay for the night; you are welcome to go with them if you so desire. If you want to do this, turn to **85**. If you prefer now to press on again by yourself, turn to **341**.

192

The acolytes take you to the top of a steep, narrow alley and the wheel is brought round behind you. They release you and you begin to run as fast as you can; you can hear the wheel picking up speed as it rolls down the hill after you. Do you want to try to leap out of the way of the wheel (turn to **136**), or will you keep running (turn to **65**)?

193

With the Demon banished, the spell the Inquisitor had the villagers under is broken. They make no move to stop you as you bend over the unconscious man and pull out a pendant from under his robes. The pendant is made of a ring of black metal etched with runes and demonic sigils – a Chaos Talisman! You throw the talisman into the brazier, then help some of the villagers free the girl at the stake. She gives you a look of great relief and her grandmother hurries over to you, thanking you over and over again for saving her grand-daughter. The people of Tallow, realizing now that they had been fooled by the Inquisitor, beg your forgiveness for their harsh actions and offer you the freedom of their village. However, you must be on your way, for tonight Shekka's Moon will rise and the Infernal Beast is to be freed. Before you go, the girl you rescued recovers sufficiently to offer her skills as a healer to you (restore up to 5 STAMINA points). With your wounds tended and your belongings returned, you set off into the hills for the remote village of Claybury. If you have the word 'Raven' noted down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **28**. If you haven't, turn to **297**.

194

You hear a sharp twang and cry out in pain as a crossbow bolt embeds itself in your arm (lose 2 STAMINA points). In a moment the whole party is surrounded by men swathed in dark robes. You spin around, to see one of the brigands running at you with his short sword drawn.

BRIGAND	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat your attacker, turn to **298**.

195

Soon the tunnel broadens out into a small chamber; on the opposite side of the room is a pair of large, stone doors. Above the doors a skull has been carved out of the rock, underneath which you read the legend: *All Good souls, do not ye enter here.* Lying on the floor on

either side of the doors are two decaying human corpses You could turn back now, but you must put an end to the evil in this place. As you approach the stone doors the eyes of the nearest body flick open. Horrified, you watch as the two Plague Zombies get to their feet and shamble towards you Roll one die and add 4 If the result is less than, or equal to, your FAITH, turn to **221** If it is greater, turn to **73**

196

Seeing the Pilgrim's Staff in your possession, the High Priest cries out, 'Oh, praise be to the Earth-mother! Can I be seeing the truth?' Wresting the staff from you, the druid and his followers carry it to a sacred grove of trees not far from the barrow while you watch the proceedings from the edge of the grove The High Priest plunges one end of the staff into the earth at the centre of the ring of trees, then he heaps soil round the base; next, he offers up a prayer to his goddess Small green shoots immediately begin to sprout all over the staff In seconds the shoots have grown into stems, then into branches Soon the staff has become a thriving bush, with radiant white blooms opening all over it 'Your servant, Caerod, thanks you, oh Earth-mother' The druid picks one of the flowers and hands it to you, explaining, 'Your staff was made from the wood of the Ilithorn, a very rare and sacred plant Now that we initiates of the Goddess have such a plant, we shall tend it with all due reverence' (Add the Ilithorn Rose to your *Adventure Sheet*) Leaving the grove, you make your way to the barrow. Turn to **271**

197

Without realizing it, the man really has sold you part of the shroud of the priestess Aline the Innocent, and already you can feel its power working (add 2 points to your FAITH score). Now return to **80**.

198

Vile-smelling marsh gas bursts from the fetid swamp that surrounds you. At a junction in the path will you go:

Left?	Turn to **301**
Right?	Turn to **174**
Straight on?	Turn to **396**

199

By pure strength of will you break the mesmerizing power of the music. You approach the piper but the man jumps to his feet and the rat leaps from his shoulder, straight at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the rat sinks its teeth harmlessly into your leather armour, turn to **377**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **257**.

200

The door opens and you are pulled inside. The room is dark and musty; Karad stands in the middle and all round him, sitting on chairs and tables or leaning against the walls, are some fifty men and women, armed ready for battle and all doughty-looking warriors. Karad once more apologizes for his caution then introduces you to the band of Resistance fighters. You briefly exchange details of your adventures since your meeting in Fenford. 'The Resistance has been busy too,' Karad explains, 'and has discovered two important facts. First, the Cauldron of Midnight is holding its Sabbat meeting tonight, somewhere in Claybury, where Nazek will open the Casket of Shadows. There are several possible locations for the Sabbat, but rumour has it that it will be either at the stone circle to the north of the village or in the Withered Wood to the south. The second fact is that the coven has spies everywhere – that is why I had to be so careful letting you in. I just hope you were not seen on your . . .'

At that moment, the light in the room fades and the temperature drops. Materializing in the centre of the room is a shadowy, cowled figure. The manifestation complete, you find yourself facing little more than a dark shroud which is floating, half a metre above the ground. Through holes in the shroud you can see the remains of a ribcage while under the hood there is nothing but utter darkness. The Dread Demon, which sometimes appears to evil wizards at the moment of their death, holds out its taloned hands to you and hisses, 'Your sssoul . . .' Roll one die and add 4. If the

total is less than, or equal to, your FAITH, turn to **255**. If the total is greater than your FAITH, turn to **323**.

201

It is going to be very difficult to remain perfectly still while the scorpions are crawling over you. *Test your Skill* three times, adding 2 to the dice roll each time. If you fail this roll even once, turn to **391** If you are successful all three times, restore 1 LUCK point and turn to **42**.

202

'No,' he says, opening his empty right hand, then taking the red ball out from under his hat. Coxcomb dances away from your table, leaving you to retire to your room. The night passes without incident and you wake up, fully refreshed (restore up to 2 STAMINA points). You leave the inn and are immediately caught up in the early-morning throng of people already making their way up the narrow street to the Market Square. Turn to **131**

203

Walking into the hills, you soon come upon what at first appears to be a small cave obscured by bushes. Looking closer, you see that the cave entrance is blocked by a sturdy, round door. Will you investigate further in the hope of finding shelter for the night (turn to **189**) or camp here in the wilderness among the hills (turn to **387**)?

204

You return to the library with Prior Alwyn, where you are introduced to a young monk, thin and scholarly in appearance. 'This is Brother Calamus,' Prior Alwyn says. 'He is one of our best illuminators and worked under Brother Hieronymous. He will help you with anything you need.' Brother Calamus ushers you to a reading-alcove and brings you some volumes which may be of use to you. You do not have much time to spare in the library, so will you study:

Astradd's *Holy Lives*?	Turn to **123**
An Astronomer's Almagest?	Turn to **108**
A Demonological Dissertation?	Turn to **317**

205

Once you are safely indoors, the woman shuts and bolts the door. In the kitchen of the small house with you and the woman are her five children, the youngest no more than a year old. You thank the woman for her hospitality and discover that her name is Lida and that she is a widow. She hands you a bowl of steaming broth which you eat (restore 2 STAMINA points) while

she explains what is going on. 'It comes to Driteham once every month on the same night,' she says. 'During that night the Lurcher stalks the streets of the village, looking for mortal souls to drag down to hell Anyone left outside after nightfall is damned.' At that moment you hear a dreadful moaning, of such wretchedness that it sends a shiver up your spine, and the children start crying in fear. 'That's it. That's the Lurcher,' says Lida, with a harrowed expression 'None of us'll get much sleep tonight' That's true – unless you do something to put a stop to this bogeyman. Do you want to persuade Lida to let you leave in order to find an answer to this 'haunting' (turn to **78**) or do you prefer to stay where you are and try to get some rest (turn to **130**)?

206

As you creep up the steps out of the chamber, you hear Tira hiss under her breath, 'With salamanders' tongues and scorpions' stings I curse you.' It suddenly feels as though your body has received a crippling blow from a cruel blade (lose 4 STAMINA points, 2 SKILL points, 2 FAITH points and 1 LUCK point). In panic you flee the blockhouse, more in fear of the witch than of the guards. It is only when you are clear of the town that you stop to rest. Turn to **300**.

207

You run through the forest until you are sure that the outlaws have given up the chase. You emerge from the trees, exhausted, a few hundred metres from the village of Fenford. Turn to **100**

208

Just in time you hear the swish of a branch springing back into position across your path. You duck and the branch harmlessly flies over your head. You press on into the thicket, but soon you have lost all trace of the brigands' escape through the wood Too late you discover that you have ridden into a thornbush. Your horse's flanks are bleeding from many small scratches, as are your own legs (lose 1 STAMINA point), so you turn back to the road Turn to **191**.

209

No one could survive having so much poison injected into their body Nazek's spiders bite you again and again. You quickly lose consciousness, never to recover. Although you have defeated the Infernal Beast, the Warlock still possesses the *Black Grimoire* and, with such a book in his hands, no one will be able to stop him.

210

Lifting the lid, you find that the sarcophagus is empty except for a pile of mouldering grave clothes. Rummaging through the rags, you discover a sickle with a golden blade and a bunch of dried herbs which you recognize as Skullsgrig – often used as part of the embalming process. You can take the Golden Sickle or the herbs, or both, before continuing on your way. Turn to **134**.

211

The gamblers are very excited because Old Growler, as the bear is called, killed a Brician war-hound here last night. As a result, the odds on Old Growler winning are 2–1, whereas the odds on the mastiffs, Ripper and Slasher, winning are 3–1. This means that it is more likely that the bear will be victorious but, if the dogs win, you will receive more money for your stake. You can bet up to 10 Gold Pieces. Decide which side you will back then turn to **337**.

212

As the silver touches the Wraith Rider, the metal burns into the spectral fiend's undead flesh. The creature lets out a chilling scream and releases its grip on your arm. The horse rears and you lose your balance, toppling backwards off the hellish steed. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **36**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **229**.

213

Introducing yourself to the friar, you risk all and tell him about your quest. 'Well,' he grunts, taken aback 'the times are wild indeed. I have heard of the *Black Grimoire* but know nothing of its whereabouts. However, I may be able to help you concerning the Demafrauge – the Casket of Shadows. Centuries ago, Enthus the Martyr trapped the Kurakil, the Infernal Beast, in the casket, locking the chest with magic. If it is to be opened again, then you will need the spell to keep it locked. You will have to ask the spirits of the dead for guidance. Enthus's tomb is in the heart of Blackmire, the area of marshland near Fenford. You should leave now, as Shekka's Moon is only one day away and it is still a fair distance to Claybury.' Thanking Barnabas the friar, will you leave as he suggests (turn to **48**) or will you talk to the man in black first (turn to **348**)?

214

While you are receiving everyone's congratulations, you do not notice that your pocket is being picked. Roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **369**; 3–4, turn to **103**; 5–6, turn to **62**.

215

Bursting into the lavishly furnished tower room, you catch its occupant off guard; he is counting his ill-gotten booty at a large oak table. The man looks up at your rude interruption. He is wearing a long black cloak and under his hood is an iron face-plate – the Mask! 'So, we have an intruder in our midst, or perhaps you are a spy!' he says, drawing a sword which glows with a faint blue light from its scabbard with a gauntlet-clad hand. 'Fool, you shall pay for your audacity with your life!'

THE MASK SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If you defeat the devious outlaw, turn to **351**

216

Running through the maggot pit, you slip on the slime underfoot and lose your balance. As you lie, helpless, in the fetid sludge, the Carrier Flies sting you repeatedly before you can get to your feet Roll one die, halve the result (round halves up) and add 1 to the total, to give a number between 2 and 4 Add this total to your INFECTION score. On your feet once more, you make a dash for the door. Turn to **354**.

217

Cries of surprise and horror go up from the assembled Resistance as, with your killing blow, Nazek's assassin is revealed to them. The cowled shroud falls to the ground and crumbles to dust, and the taloned hands shrivel away Your wounds tended to, Karad speaks to the Resistance 'It is time,' he says 'Dusk is falling and

the Cauldron will be gathering at the site of the Sabbat. We shall leave in small groups and meet again at the site. May Cheelah go with you.' Karad turns to you. 'We do not have time to make mistakes in finding the site. Where do you advise us to look?' With the knowledge you have gathered, will it be:

The stone circle?	Turn to **326**
The Withered Wood?	Turn to **95**
The monastery?	Turn to **159**

218

The next stall is owned by a falconer, who at present is involved in selling an eagle to a visiting noble. If you are interested in purchasing a hawk, turn to **235**. If not, you move on to see what the next vendor has to offer (turn to **365**).

219

Coxcomb pulls an exaggeratedly thoughtful face then jumps on to the table, putting his hands on his knees. 'What did the first tree say to the second tree?' He pauses for dramatic effect. The crowd now gathered round your table waits in tense anticipation. 'Nothing! Trees can't talk!' There is a moment of silence, then Coxcomb bursts into hysterical laughter, followed by the crowd. He stops just as suddenly as he started, looks at you and adds, 'Although I know a few druids who'd tell you otherwise. Remember, a fool can be a valuable friend.' Coxcomb dances away from your table, followed by his band of admirers, leaving you to retire to your room.

The night passes without incident and you wake up, fully refreshed (restore up to 2 STAMINA points). You leave the inn and are immediately caught up in the early-morning throng of people already making their way along the narrow street to the Market Square. Turn to **151**.

220

'The stranger carries no symbol of the dark goddess,' one villager calls back to the Inquisitor.

'Then they must face the second Ordeal!'

You are carried to a stinking pond at the edge of the village and your wrists and ankles are bound. If the accused floats, then Shekka is looking after her own and they must be a witch. If they do not surface for

three minutes, then they have passed the second Ordeal and must face the last,' the Inquisitor pronounces. Several men pick you up and hurl you into the pond. You hit the water and sink beneath it. Before you float back up to the surface, you clutch at a clump of weed and hold yourself under – you are not going to be found guilty of witchcraft by such an unjust trial, especially after all you have been through! Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **338**. If you roll 4–6, turn to **368**.

221

The Zombies freeze as they get close to you, sensing your inherent Goodness. They can do nothing but hiss as you push the doors open enough to squeeze through. Turn to **259**.

222

Dashing down a side-alley, you plan to lose the militiamen in the labyrinthine network of streets, then make your way back to the unguarded South Gate. You soon emerge close to the town wall and run back towards the gate. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **8**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **88**.

223

You prepare to deliver the final blow when the outlaw blurts out, 'The Mask will hear about this! You'll never get out of the forest alive!' Who was that she mentioned? If you want to press the woman for more information about the Mask, turn to **26**. If you do not, ignoring her threats you dispatch the outlaw; turn to **158**.

224

The herbs Aramance and Tagrin both have properties which help ward off disease. By eating either of the plants you will reduce any additions to your INFECTION score by 1 point, even if this reduces them to zero. Eating both plants will have the same effect as eating just one. Now turn to **321**.

225

The Inquisitor has been taken over by a power of great evil, making him incredibly strong. You have no choice but to fight this man possessed – the Demoniac.

DEMONIAC	SKILL 11	STAMINA 12

If you reduce the Demoniac's STAMINA to 2 points or less, turn to **345**.

226

Having made your offering, you cross the bridge and enter the town through the eastern Pilgrim's Gate. Turn to **254**.

227

Dressed as one of the outlaws, no one gives you a second glance as you stride across the courtyard towards the keep. You have almost reached your goal when one of the brigands calls out to you, 'All right, Gex?' Obviously he must think that you are someone else. You nod in reply and hurry on, trying to keep your head down. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **378**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **358**.

228

Now that any element of surprise you may have had has gone, you clamber up the now immobile crow's foot to the trapdoor and enter the cottage. The interior of the cottage is just what you would expect of a witch: rickety shelves are packed with jars and bottles, herbs hang from the rafters, a small cauldron bubbles over a fire in the hearth and several musty books lie on a table The room is also full of Mistress Crowfoot's familiars! A black cat is sitting on the table watching you with its green eyes, while a large, warty toad squats on the wooden floor croaking. A Grimalkin sits above the hearth, while a rat without a tail scampers round the room. Perched on the back of a chair is a large raven, and a bat flits from one side of the room to the other. If you have a Jar of Powder, turn to **388**. If you haven't, turn to **132**

229

There is nothing to break your fall from such a tremendous height – until you hit the ground. Your adventure ends here.

230

You manage to grab a torch from the wall and thrust it in the bear's face. It growls and backs away. Using the blazing torch to guide it, you succeed in forcing the beast back into its cage and throw home the bolt. Turn to **382**

231

Drawing on all your powers of concentration, you

block out the hypnotic tune long enough to draw your sword and strike the fiddler, knocking its instrument from its bony grasp. At once the Dance of Death stops, then the skeletons are upon you. Keeping your back to the tombstone, you fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DANCING DEAD	6	5
Second DANCING DEAD	5	5
Third DANCING DEAD	6	4
Fourth DANCING DEAD	5	4
Fifth DANCING DEAD	7	5

If you win, you flee from the abandoned graveyard. Turn to **135**.

232

You lay down your sword and, pulling the purse containing your gold (or lack of it) from your backpack, toss it in front of you on to the road. Just as you hoped, the leader of the outlaws jumps down from the branch to pick up the purse. Now is your chance to secure your freedom. With lightning speed, you pick up your sword and dash at the woman in hopes of taking her hostage. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, turn to **253**. If you fail, turn to **363**.

233

You climb up on the horse behind its rider, and with a shout the man urges his steed towards Selwick. The horse gallops along the road at great speed – then suddenly rises into the air! It continues to run although its hoofs are no longer in contact with the ground, and it climbs upwards into the night sky. The earth is falling away rapidly beneath you. As if you were not startled enough already, the man turns around, laughing at you insanely, and a terrible transformation takes place. The rider's skin contracts, becoming taut over his bones, then pales to a deathly grey. His fine clothes change into tattered rags and, with his disguise shed, you see that his mount is a hellish, undead horse. The Wraith Rider grabs your arm with unearthly strength so that you cannot escape! You must act fast. Will you strike the Wraith Rider with your sword (turn to **342**) or hit it with something silver, if you possess such an object (turn to **222**)?

234

As you point the ring at the Demon, you become aware of Nazek's cruel laughter over the sounds of battle behind you. 'My friend,' he calls out to you in that oh-so-familiar mocking tone, 'you should not wear such dangerous trinkets.' With a few mystical words Nazek triggers one of the spells woven into the hag-cursed ring and at once your body begins to decay, crumbling to dust as a century passes in seconds. Soon you are no more than a skeleton, ready to be raised by the Warlock to fight in his army of Evil.

235

When the falconer has finished dealing with the noble, he explains to you that you can buy a trained falcon, and a protective leather gauntlet, for 15 Gold Pieces. If you can afford this price and want to buy the bird,

turn to **148**. If you do not, you go on round the market (turn to **365**).

236

The marshman presents you with wild duck, roasted over an open fire, which you devour hungrily (restore up to 4 STAMINA points). When you have eaten your fill, Sam offers to show you the way out of Blackmire. 'However, if you wish, I could first take you to the tomb of Enthus the Martyr, if you think it will help you. It is located on an island in Miremere, the lake in the heart of the swamp.' Do you want to visit Enthus's tomb (turn to **31**), or do you want to leave Blackmire as quickly as possible (turn to **79**)?

237

Blackmire is like a maze. Paths cross and re-cross and you cannot know for sure where you are. You choose a path and follow it. Roll one die. If you roll:

1	Turn to **285**
2	Turn to **97**
3	Turn to **301**
4	Turn to **174**
5 or 6	Turn to **43**

238

You manage to get a little more rest before dawn, but at daybreak you prepare to leave the abbey. The storm has passed but the sky remains overcast and ominous. The Abbot tells you that the library is open to your use and you may visit the herb garden in case

there are any plants growing there which you think may be of use. 'However,' he says, 'I cannot impress on you too greatly the need for haste in this matter. You have but four days to find Nazek and the book.' Bearing the Abbot's words in mind, you decide what your first move will be. Do you want to:

Study some of the books in the library?	Turn to **204**
Visit the herb garden?	Turn to **366**
Leave the abbey straight away?	Turn to **277**

239

As you shower the leathery-winged bat with the powder, the Grimalkin bites your leg and the cat scratches you (lose 4 STAMINA points). Turn to **132**.

240

Pulling the lid over the top of the barrel, you crouch in silence, awaiting the arrival of the guards. You do not have to wait long. The first militiamen arrive and puzzle over where you could have gone. One of them then has the sense to start looking in the barrels. Roll one die. On a roll of 1–2, turn to **129**; on a roll of 3–6, turn to **67**.

241

You walk out into the centre of the village and, putting the pipes to your lips, you begin to blow At once a beautiful tune rises from them, slow and mysterious You are suddenly aware of hundreds of pairs of eyes watching you Crawling out of the cellars and sewers of Aryll, in their hordes, come the rats Some are thin and scrawny, while others are as large as dogs and are covered in coarse black hair. You can see their sharp, yellow teeth and in every red eye there is a look of sheer malevolence The tune played by the pipes increases in pace and the rats swarm towards you in a river of furry bodies You lead the way out of the village to the barn and find yourself skipping along to the dancing rhythms of the melody. Every last rat follows you into the barn and, once they are all inside, the villagers slam the doors shut and bar them Then the people of Aryll set fire to the dry straw heaped round the barn with blazing torches If the plan is to work, you must keep playing until the last possible moment or the rats will escape. Smoke billows into the barn and flames start to lick up the walls. The rats, as if in a trance, ignore the imminent danger until you can see that the roof of the barn is ablaze and you stop playing. All at once the barn is filled with the terrified squeaking of the rats trying to flee but finding themselves surrounded by walls of flame. As the doors are barred, your only means of escape is via the hayloft. As you dash across the barn to the ladder which leads up to the hayloft, the plague-rats try to bite you. Roll one die and add 1 to the result Increase your INFECTION score by this total and also lose that

many points from your STAMINA score. You scramble up the ladder and run towards the opening in the wall at the end of the hayloft. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **17**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **329**.

242

The village well is located at the edge of Mussuck where the ground begins to descend steeply towards an abandoned watermill; its great wheel has been still for many years, although a small stream still feeds the mill race. Peering down the stone-lined shaft, you can see nothing in the darkness. The rope with the bucket, used to draw water from the well, lies coiled on the ground. Do you want to climb down into the well using the rope (turn to **107**), tie your lantern to the rope and lower it down into the darkness (turn to **139**) or drop a stone down the well first to see how deep it is (turn to **176**)?

243

The gourd hits the Devilworm's head, spilling its contents over the creature. The monster immediately begins to shrink until it is no longer than your finger.

The spiteful Wodewitch had used her growth potion on an ordinary waterworm, turning it into the monster that has been terrorizing Mussuck. Putting the worm in the empty gourd, you take it to show the villagers. Turn to **52**.

244

The tapestry is a very fine piece of work and is worth every gold piece you paid for it. The trials faced by the pilgrims shown include the party being attacked by a band of inhuman creatures, crossing a fiery pit by a narrow stone bridge and having to overcome an ugly Hill Giant. Finally the group reach Achilla's shrine and are all shown, surrounded by a green light. However, one scene in particular catches your attention. One of the pilgrims, having apparently been killed by a Werebear, is being resurrected by his companions who are pouring water on his wounds from a golden-glowing flask. Having studied the tapestry in some detail, you carefully stow it away in your backpack. Return to **80**.

245

Concentrating on the Warlock, you jab the pin into the doll's stomach. At the other end of the room Nazek stumbles back from the lectern, holding his midriff. Your plan worked, but in using black magic you have shaken your own faith in the powers of Good (lose 2 FAITH points). Regretting your action, you charge into the fray. Turn to 319

246

The Dwarf introduces himself as Drogo and explains the rules of Eclipse. To play the game you are required to place a stake of between 5 and 10 Gold Pieces, which Drogo will then match. If you cannot, or do not want to, lay down this stake, you will have to leave the tavern instead (turn to 313).

Eclipse is played on a circular wooden board, with 20 counters placed on a ring divided into 20 sections. Fifteen of the counters are shaped like suns and the remaining five are of a moon design. The players begin on opposite sides of the board and take turns to roll the die, moving their token round the ring in an anti-clockwise direction. Any counter a player lands on he keeps. If a player lands on a square already occupied by his opponent, then the opponent must give him a sun counter, if the opponent possesses any. Once all the counters have been removed from the board, the scores are totalled up. Sun counters count towards the total, whereas moon counters 'eclipse' the suns and so are subtracted from the total. (For example if you had won 8 sun counters but had also picked up

3 moon counters, then your total score would be 5.) Ignoring the counter you start on, you begin the game on the positions marked. Of course you will have to roll the die for both yourself and Drogo and cross the counters off as they are landed on by you or your opponent.

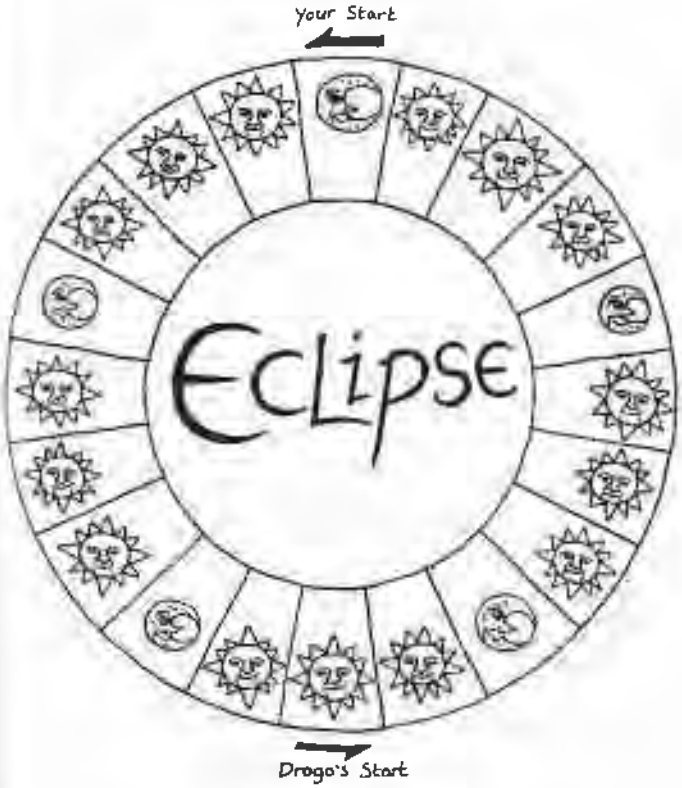

Whoever has the higher total of suns at the end of the game wins back his own stake-money and that of the

other player. In the event of a draw, you may either play the game again or pick up your own stake-money and leave. When you have finished playing, you leave the tavern. Turn to 313.

247

As you run at the creature, it throws the liquid from a gourd over you. The Potion of Transformation takes effect immediately. A large toad crawls out of the pile of clothes which is lying where you were standing and looks around at its new, swampy home. Your adventure is over.

248

As you walk past the beggar he calls out, 'You're all the same, you selfish misers. A curse on you, stranger!' You are filled with a sense of dread at the old man's words (lose 1 FAITH point and make a note of the Beggar's Curse on your *Adventure Sheet*). Following the line of pilgrims, you enter the temple. Turn to **171**.

249

Having rested after your terrible ordeal, you continue your trek through the barren hills with renewed determination. Grey clouds scud across the overcast sky. You are filled with a strong sense of the past as you walk through the highlands; the very earth under your feet feels ancient Then you see it. Rising up ahead of you on the horizon is the mound of earth that is Gwythain's Barrow Before you can reach the barrow you have to pass through a circle of tall stones As soon as you enter the circle, you are surrounded by a

group of people clad in white robes. The druids take hold of you and drag you before their High Priest, who is wearing a ceremonial horse-skull mask and mane. 'This is sacred ground,' says the High Priest. 'What is your purpose here?' Will you reply that you wish to enter Gwythain's Barrow (turn to **111**) or try to bluff your way out by saying that you found yourself here by accident (turn to **305**)?

250

Is the Demafrauge still open? If it is, turn to **356**. If it has been locked, turn to **263**.

251

You ask the elders if you can be taken to the place where the crypt is said to be. The village tanner, Gerog, leads you to the spot at the bottom of the hill. At the point where the stone used to rest, part of the

hillside has caved in, opening a way into the earth. You are determined to deal with this terror once and for all. Lighting your lantern, you enter the tunnel, watched by an anxious Gerog. Your lantern casts flickering shadows over the walls of the tunnel as you follow its twists and turns through the darkness. Turning a corner, you hear a snarl, then you see the gigantic rat running towards you down the tunnel. The beast is at least one and a half metres in length and the diseased yellow of its eyes tells you that it too is a plague carrier.

PLAGUE RAT	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you kill the rat, add 2 to your INFECTION score and turn to **195**.

252

Remembering Lady Attana of Ide's request, you pick up the jewellery box and, turning the key in the lock, find it opens easily. Inside is a necklace of Elven prayer-beads. You take the necklace, as Lady Attana said you could, and feel their power (add 1 to your FAITH). Turn to **373**.

253

Before she can even reach the money, you grab the outlaw and twist her arm behind her back while you press your sword against her neck. You tell the rogues to drop their weapons, but you spin around as you hear another of the brigands trying to creep up on you. You do not react in time, however, to stop the club making contact with your shoulder (lose 2 STAMINA points). Turn to **312**.

254

The darkening sky tells you that night is coming on, so your thoughts turn to looking for a place to sleep. Following other visitors to the town along the narrow street leading into Hallow's Well, you are soon attracted by the enticing lights of the Ragged Clown. Inside, a jovial mood holds sway over the bar as a group of Dwarfs are competing to see which of them can down the most Crun Cider, while the resident jester entertains the guests at their tables. You approach the landlord and purchase a hot meal and room for the night for 3 Gold Pieces (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*). You sit down at a table while a serving wench brings you your meal, and you are soon relaxed and laughing with the clientele of the inn. While you are watching the display put on by the Dwarfs, the jester, wearing his motley costume and ridiculous hat, skips up to your table and shakes his bauble – a stick with a carved head – in your face. 'For one Gold Piece, Coxcomb the Clown will grant your wish,' the jester says in a squeaky voice, trying not to move his lips. Will you toss Coxcomb a coin (turn to **286**) or just ignore him (turn to **99**)?

255

By the power of your faith you resist the strength of the Demon. Unsheathing Deliverer, you prepare to do battle against the hellspawn. It is only then that you realize: no one else in the room can see the fiend! This is a battle you must fight alone.

DREAD DEMON SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you kill the Demon, turn to **217**.

256

'So, the stranger *is* a servant of Shekka! Then the witch must die!' orders the Inquisitor. They move towards you, swords at the ready. Your adventure is over.

257

The rat sinks its teeth into your arm (lose 2 STAMINA points and record the Rat Bite on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to **377**.

258

Nazek stumbles, falling backwards to the ground. You raise Deliverer above your head to deal the death-blow when a thunderclap reverberates round the crypt. You are frozen to the spot in fear as a terrible, evil sentience, millennia old, tries to force its way into your mind. The night of Shekka's Moon is the time when the dark goddess's influence is at its greatest in the world, and at this moment she is using her own powers directly against you. Roll one die and add 3. If the total rolled is less than, or equal to, your FAITH, turn to **400**. If it is greater, turn to **169**.

259

Beyond the doors you find yourself in a large cavern, your lantern barely illuminating the roof of the cave. As you begin to walk across the chamber, the ground becomes softer underfoot and . . . What was that? Something cold and clammy just squirmed against your legs. Looking down, you are filled with revulsion

at the sight that meets your eyes: the cavern seems to be full of huge, bloated, green maggots which are writhing around in the slime that covers the cave floor. Disgusted, you hastily run towards the other side of the cave where you can make out another stone door. All at once a terrible buzzing fills the air. You look up and see a mass of winged bodies, covered in stiff green hairs and at least half a metre in length, flying straight at you. The multi-faceted eyes of the Carrier Flies reflect the light from your lantern while long, sharp mouth-parts dart in and out in anticipation. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **354**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **226**.

260

It is with great courage that you plunge your hand into the brazier. The pain is unbearable and when you pull out your blackened hand, it is reeking of burnt flesh. 'The accused is guilty,' says the Inquisitor calmly, leaving you to the crowd. Your adventure ends here.

261

As you climb up the hill, you pass others of all classes, some being carried in sedan chairs, others on crutches, all in search of a miracle cure for their aches and pains. At the top of the hill is the temple to the goddess. It is an unassuming stone building and the approach to its pillared entrance is lined with beggars, some blind, some with missing limbs, others suffering from terrible wasting diseases. One old man, whose skin is almost completely covered in ulcers and open sores, calls out weakly to you, 'Spare a dying man a piece of gold,

stranger.' Will you throw him a Gold Piece (turn to **372**) or will you ignore him and enter the temple (turn to **248**)?

262

Trying to look as sorcerous as possible, you stride boldly over to the wagon. At your approach the man looks up and in a gruff voice says, 'What can I do for you?'

'I wish to purchase some of your wares,' you say. 'May I see them?' The man pulls aside the canvas awning at the back of the wagon, revealing its contents. The wagon is crammed full of bottles, crates and sacks which, the man explains, contain everything from Sting Worm slime and shrunken heads to Giant Spider venom and rare spices. The man tells you that every month he makes the journey to Hallow's Well, where he stays for a week selling more usual wares in the markets. He then goes to Driteham for one night to sell ingredients and equipment that they cannot find easily in the local area to the witches and sorcerers of these remote parts. 'The Lurcher keeps suspicious villagers away, although I don't know how much longer I'll keep this up because trading with necromancers makes me nervous. Oh . . . no offence intended,' he apologizes. If you want to buy anything from the merchant, the articles that interest you most are listed below. However, if you now change your mind and decide to attack the man, turn to **163**.

Mummified Hand – a withered hand, taken from an embalmed corpse. Cost: 5 Gold Pieces.

Sleeping Grass Pollen – with a successful *Test for Skill*, a pouch of Sleeping Grass pollen can be thrown, releasing the sleep-inducing pollen and knocking the opponent out, and allowing you to finish him off. It will not affect the Undead, Demons or evil spirits. You may buy up to three pouches. Cost: 3 Gold Pieces per pouch.

Driggen – Driggen is a herb from the southern part of the Old World, renowned for its ability to grow in even the driest conditions. There is only one bunch for sale. Cost: 2 Gold Pieces.

Silver Sickle – a finely made sickle with a blade of purest silver. Cost: 6 Gold Pieces.

Having made your purchases, the merchant and the Lurcher climb back up on the wagon and leave the village in the direction of Hallow's Well. Turn to **383**.

263

The Demon roars and swings a taloned hand in your direction; it misses your throat by a whisker. Deliverer is ablaze with blue light as you wield the Blessed Blade against the Infernal Beast.

KURAKIL SKILL 12 STAMINA 18

After every Attack Round, roll one die. If you roll 5–6, the Beast's tail lashes around, striking you for an additional 2 points of damage to your STAMINA. If you are triumphant at the end of this titanic battle, turn to **283**.

264

Evening is drawing on as you leave the brooding forest. You cross the Grimiry River at a point where a rope is secured to both banks, allowing you to pull yourself across on a raft. Leaving the ferry, you press on across a barren moorland which rises gradually away from the forest. Dark storm clouds are building over the highlands, still a long way away in the west. Night falls with no shelter in sight. You make camp not far from the road beneath a solitary standing stone which has an eye inside a circle carved on to its surface It is not long before sleep overcomes you . .

You are standing in the centre of a village which is being put to the torch by a crowd of witches and ugly, horned Demons. Villagers run, screaming, past you as they are pursued by foul creatures from the Pit. Above the screams of the dying and the crackling of flames you can hear a roar. Looking up, you see a huge demonic beast rampaging towards you through the carnage . . . What can this mean? Is it a glimpse of what is yet to come, for that is the power of the prophecy stone?

You wake up in the middle of the night, to feel the wind picking up round you. At first it is no more than a breeze, but soon it has increased to gale strength. All kinds of debris, including small rocks, gets lifted into the air and is blown round and round, spiralling upwards into the night sky. Above the howling of the wind you are sure you can hear a distant cackling. The gale is now a devastating hurricane. You fling your arms round the prophecy stone in order to stop

yourself being blown off your feet. Your body is lifted into the air and it is all you can do to hang on to the stone. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than, or equal to, your current STAMINA, turn to **124**. If the total is greater than your STAMINA, turn to **93**.

265

Uncorking the flask, you pour the contents over Enthus's corpse. You wait, but nothing happens. The Heal-all is effective only on living things and cannot raise the dead (lose 1 LUCK point for wasting the Heal-all). Now will you try using the candles and prayer (turn to **360**) or the blood of a priest (turn to **296**)?

266

The Brass Farthing is a pleasant little ale-house and it is almost empty at this time of day. A Dwarf sits by a window with a circular wooden board in front of him, covered in counters, while a fat ginger cat sits dozing on the bar If you want a drink, it will cost 1 Gold Piece and will restore 1 STAMINA point. As you are preparing to leave the tavern, the Dwarf calls out, 'Would you care for a game of Eclipse?' and he points at the board. If you want to take the Dwarf up on his offer, turn to **246**. If you would rather be on your way, turn to **313**.

267

The corridor ends in a circular room, the walls of which are decorated with scenes from the Protector's life. On the opposite side of the room is an open archway. Standing here is a warrior wearing the ancient armour of a tribal chief and carrying a double-headed battle-axe. You see that under the armour the warrior's flesh is rotting and is covered in savage sword cuts. If you are to proceed any further, you must fight the Barrow Guard.

BARROW GUARD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

Each time you are hit by the warrior, roll one die. If you roll a 6, the huge battle-axe does 3 STAMINA points of damage rather than the usual 2. If you defeat the Barrow Guard, turn to **58**.

268

Although you concentrate hard, your prayers are not answered. There is nothing more you can do here, so you leave the tomb. Turn to **112**.

269

The militiamen, not expecting you to run directly at them, are somewhat taken by surprise. You charge into one of the guards and send him flying. The other two draw their swords and attack. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MILITIAMAN	8	7
Second MILITIAMAN	7	8

While you are locked in combat with his two companions, the guard you knocked over runs off to find reinforcements. If you defeat the militiamen in ten or fewer Attack Rounds, turn to **311**. If the battle takes longer than ten Attack Rounds, turn to **374**.

270

The Kurakil growls and stalks towards you across the plinth. What will you use against this denizen of the Demonic Plane? Will you use:

A holy amulet?	Turn to 304
A Rune-carved bone ring?	Turn to 234
A sage's bones?	Turn to 56
A Demonic Word of Command?	Turn to 364

If you cannot, or do not want to, use any of the above, turn to **250**.

271

Filled with foreboding, you enter the mound under the grey sky. Having passed between the two stones that mark the way into the barrow, you light your lantern and follow the tunnel into the mound. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **170**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **104**.

272

Leaving the bustling market, you walk past all kinds of shops and houses. Passing by an alleyway, you notice a figure, covered from head to foot in rags, lying face down in the shadows. It could either be just a drunk or someone in genuine distress who has possibly been robbed. Do you want to help the person (turn to **71**), or will you hurry past (turn to **126**)?

273

Inspecting the body of the Ogre, you find a necklace of animal teeth, a maggot-ridden loaf of bread and a crude flint knife – none of any use to you. You could try to find the Ogre's lair, but this would be a diversion that you do not have time for. Leaving the scene of your battle, you soon reach the road going westwards. It is not long, however, before you come to a fork in the road. You can either carry on towards the west (turn to **145**) or take the new branch north-westwards (turn to **114**).

274

As you travel further into the marsh you lose sight of the hills because of the permanent murky haze here.

The path you are on gradually gets softer underfoot and finally runs into the swamp. You jump across the mire to a drier patch of ground, but soon this path also disappears under the marsh and you have to change course again. It is not long before you have lost all sense of direction Eventually you come to a clearing. Will you continue:

Left?	Turn to **198**
Right?	Turn to **237**
Straight ahead?	Turn to **301**

275

In an attempt to lose your pursuers you run through the maze of back-streets leading, you hope, in the direction of the Market Square. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you get away but find yourself closer to the South Gate than the Market Square (turn to **157**). If you are Unlucky, the acolytes catch up with you, you are overwhelmed and dragged back to their leader (turn to **51**)

276

'I had to make sure you weren't one of the Cauldron,' says the man, 'but I still don't know if I can trust you. You could be a spy for them!' Do you have any token with which you can prove your Goodness to this suspicious and mistrustful man? If you have the Ilithorn Rose, turn to **324**. If you do not have the rose but do have any of the following: pilgrim's staff, bishop's portrait, Aline's shroud, Gwythain's shield, Elven prayer beads, *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **324**. If you are Unlucky, the man will have nothing more to do with you and storms out of the inn. You decide that there is no point in your hanging around here either, so you also leave. Turn to **48**.

277

The Abbot, Prior Alwyn and a small group of brothers assemble in the yard of the abbey to bid you farewell. 'May Cheelah smile on your wanderings,' says Abbot Dunstan. 'And remember, all our blessings go with you.' As he speaks these words, you are filled with feelings of hope and security (add 2 points to your FAITH score). The other pilgrims are already taking their leave of the brothers and continuing the pilgrimage to Hallow's Well. With a fresh stock of Provisions and your sword at your side, you prepare to do the same.

Just as you are stepping through the gates of Rassin Abbey and leaving the hospitality of the Priests of Enkala behind you, a servant, wearing the livery of some noble house, rushes up to you 'Excuse me,' he pants, 'but my mistress, Lady Attana of Ide, heard that you were staying here and wondered if such a skilled swordsman as yourself would consider accompanying her to Hallow's Well. My lady is all too well aware of the dangers of travelling, what with wild beasts and bandits on the road, and she feels the need of extra protection after last night's terrible storm, which she feels was not of natural origin ' Your reputation goes before you You have only been here a night but already word of your presence has spread round the abbey visitors. 'My mistress is prepared to pay for your services,' the servant adds with a look of hopeful expectation. The money may certainly prove useful later, and there is something to be said about safety in numbers, but you do not want your progress to be slowed in any way If you want to accompany Lady Attana to Hallow's Well turn to **166** If you would rather travel alone, turn to **44**

278

Blows from a weapon forged on earth have no effect on the Wraith Rider. There is nothing you can do as

the spectral fiend carries you high above the hills, before dropping you hundreds of metres on to the rocky crags below

279

The elders, two men and a woman, listen as you tell them that you want to help free the village of the plague. 'Aryll is overrun with rats,' says Edgar, one of the elders, 'and it is clearly these vile creatures which are carrying the plague. We ourselves have a plan to rid the village of them. If we could trap the rats in an old barn on the outskirts of Aryll, then we could destroy them, but we can think of no way of luring them all into the same place at the same time.' If you have a set of Charmed Pipes, you may be able to help the villagers (turn to **241**). If you do not, there is little you can do, so you leave Aryll; turn to **359**

280

It is midday when you reach Tallow, at the foot of the western hills Entering the village, the place seems to be deserted However, walking between the empty houses, you can hear shouting coming from the heart of the village Tallow's market-place is full of a jostling crowd On the far side of the square a large stake has been erected. Tied to the stake is a haggard-looking young woman and round her feet faggots of wood have been heaped. A hush descends over the crowd as the people strain to listen to a figure standing in front of them. The man is wearing heavy travelling clothes and a thick, hooded cloak which hides his face completely. The man faces the crowd and speaks: 'The times are troubled Crops wither and die, animals and people sicken, the sun has been hidden for days, dark stormclouds gather over the hills – and why? These things are all omens of bewitchment. All manner of devilry is abroad. Did not the wells of Graman dry up after the people shunned the Nighthag, while last Stormsday it rained blood in Addersfield! I tell you, these are portents of damnation to come, brought on you by creatures like her!' he shouts, pointing at the girl

'Burn the witch!' shouts a man, and soon the whole crowd has taken up the cry: '*Burn the witch!* BURN THE WITCH!'

An old woman at the edge of the square turns, hearing you approach, and you see she is almost hysterical, in floods of tears. Recovering herself for a moment she sobs, 'Oh, stranger, you looks like an honest person

Please help my grand-daughter. She is a healer by trade, but she has been falsely accused of witchcraft and found guilty by the Inquisitor. She is innocent! Please help her.'

You cannot stand by and see such injustice pass unchallenged. (If you want to, and if you have one, you may drink a potion now.) 'Stop!' you shout over the top of the crowd; in an instant there is silence. 'This girl has done no wrong. You cannot allow her to be killed.'

'So,' says the Inquisitor, 'one stands there, defending the witch. Why, they must be a witch too! They must face the Ordeals!' You are grabbed from all sides, your sword is taken from you and you are hurriedly searched. If you have the Witch's Mark or a Crescent Moon Amulet, turn to **256**. Otherwise, turn to **220**.

281

You manage a fair impression of an owl hooting by cupping a hand round your mouth. The bird-call you heard was made by one of the Mask's lookouts. The outlaws know they must reply to the signal, since anyone who does not hoot back must be a trespasser and all trespassers are killed on sight. Restore 1 LUCK point.

At last the trees thin out and you enter a large clearing. Before you is the Mask's camp, built inside the ruins of a walled outpost. You reach the wall without being noticed and, using creepers growing between the stones to help you, easily climb up to the battlements. Making sure that no one can see you,

you survey the area. To your right is the main gate, flanked by guard towers. Beyond that, inside the wall, are the stables and standing beside them is a cart full of hay. In the middle of the camp is a well and to your left are the remains of a small keep. The only other people visible are a group of brigands, sharpening their swords and knives, on the other side of the courtyard. Most of the outlaws must be out patrolling the forest. You drop down silently from the wall and consider your next move. Will you make directly for the keep (turn to **227**) or first try to cause a distraction in order to divert attention away from your actions (turn to **315**)?

282

It is too late. The gates slam shut in front of the horse, which whinnies and rears, overturning the haycart and throwing you and the bewildered farmer on to the road. You are immediately held by several militiamen and frogmarched to a nearby blockhouse. Turn to **25**.

283

With all the force you can muster, you drive Deliverer between the scales of the Demon's chest and into its diabolical heart. Blue flames race along the length of the sword, bathing you and the Demon in their cool light. At once the body of the Kurakil starts to burn with the fires of Hell as its spirit is banished to the Outer Planes.

With the Infernal Beast destroyed, you can turn your attention to Nazek. He is holding the *Black Grimoire* in

front of him. Too late you realize that he is casting yet another spell! Materializing all over your body are dozens of small, hairy, black bodies. Desperately you try to brush the spiders off, but some manage to crawl inside your clothes and bite you with their venomous fangs. If you have the potion called Venom's Bane, turn to the paragraph with the same number as that of the page containing the recipe for this potion in Sam's book. If you do not have this potion, turn to **209**

284

It is the best you can do, but your rather mundane tale of sword and sorcery does not have what it takes to win against the stories of the other contestants. Everyone agrees that the grey-haired man's tale was the best, so he receives the prize-money. Disgruntled, you retire to your room (turn to **179**).

285

You rest for a moment on a log in a small clearing. Growing on the rotten bark is a dull grey fungus known as Death's Shroud because of its shape and colour. You cannot remember whether it is poisonous or beneficial, but if you wish to you may take some. Leaving the clearing, will you go:

Left?	Turn to **43**
Right?	Turn to **59**
Straight ahead?	Turn to **5**

286

You throw the clown a Gold Piece; he deftly catches it in his hat, which he then puts back on his head back-to-front. 'Now then,' Coxcomb says in his own voice, 'what'll it be: a joke, a song, or a trick?' What will you reply?

A joke?	Turn to **219**
A song?	Turn to **318**
A trick?	Turn to **20**

287

You heave yourself over the wall just as the crossbow bolt hits the spot where you were a moment ago. You drop down on the other side into a bush, then run as fast as possible away from the town and out of arrow range. Turn to **300**.

288

Taken by surprise, you slip in the mud. The monster traps you in a bear-hug and jumps back into the water.

Your assailant is trying to drown you in the foul mire With your arms pinned to your sides you are unable to draw your sword, so you must try to wrestle yourself free You have six Attack Rounds before you will run out of air. Conduct the following battle as normal but if either you or your assailant loses an Attack Round, do not deduct any STAMINA points

MARSH ASSAILANT SKILL 8

If you win two consecutive Attack Rounds before six Attack Rounds have passed, you break free and scramble out of the mire; turn to 11. If you do not, then the stinking waters of Blackmire claim another victim . .

289

Searching the streets of Claybury, everything seems to be normal except that the villagers watch you suspiciously and avoid you as they go about their business. At last, down an alleyway you find what you are looking for Above a sturdy door, the outline of a tower has been carved into the lintel You knock on the door and immediately a panel slides back at eye-level. Karad's face appears at the opening: 'What do you want?'

'But it's me,' you say, taken aback

'How do I know you're who you say you are? You could be a Demonic Shape-shifter,' he says. 'What's the password?' If Karad is to believe you, you must repeat the password If you can remember what it is, multiply the number in the password by 50 and turn

to the paragraph which is the same as the total. If you cannot remember the password or if you get it wrong, turn to 371.

290

The common herbs for sale are the following: Madder, used in potions known to physicians as 'wound drinks' because it stops bleeding and prevents inflammation; Belladonna, a tried and tested protection against the bite of were-creatures; Scarlet Lady, often burnt as an incense; and Drake Nettle, used in some fire protections. You may buy as many bunches of herbs as you like, at 1 Gold Piece per bunch, as long as you can afford them. When you are ready, you can also buy some rarer herbs (turn to 123) or a tot of Healing Infusion (turn to 33), or leave the apothecaries' stall (turn to 389).

291

The flailing hoofs miss your chest by a hair's breadth. Dashing round the stall, you see a flash of red disappear into the shadows. Turn to 72.

292

The oil from your lantern splashes over the hellish creature and bursts into flames. It screams in pain and lurches towards you.

CANKER SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you defeat this spawn of evil in fewer than nine Attack Rounds, add 4 to your INFECTION score and turn to 6 If you do not, turn to 33.

293

Creeping between the trees, guided by the eerie music, you enter a wide clearing in the wood. Lying among tall weeds and grasses are moss-covered tombstones, some toppled and broken There is a disturbing atmosphere about this place The sound of the fiddle is joined by that of a pipe, accompanied by a tattoo beaten out on a drum You feel drawn to the music and, walking through the deserted graveyard, come upon a chilling sight. Dancing round the opening of a freshly dug grave are a group of skeletons; remnants of clothes still hang from their bones The one leading the dance is playing the fiddle, while two others, wearing what were once military uniforms, are the piper and the drummer The fiddler turns and starts to lead the dancers towards you, bones rattling as the skeletons skip and jump over the tombstones You recognize the tune the deathly musicians are playing: it is a tune that has gone down in folklore as the Dance of Death The music increases in speed and you feel it drawing you towards the dancers For a moment your eyes fall on the tombstone and you see that it is your own name that is carved into the stone You must stop the evil music before its hypnotic power lures you into your grave. Roll one die and add 8 If the total is less than, or equal to, your FAITH, turn to **231**; if it is greater than your FAITH, turn to **353**.

294

You try to keep ahead of the wheel, but the effort is too great Your legs give way and the great drum crushes the life out of your body.

295

You are facing a thin, horned Devil with cloven hoofs and long, razor-like claws. However, the Hob is not particularly powerful and will be affected by your FAITH. Roll one die and add 3. If the total is less than, or equal to, your FAITH, the Hob backs away from you, letting you pass through the crowd (turn to **69**). If the total is greater than your FAITH, you must fight the thing.

HOB	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **69**.

296

The blood in the bottle *still* feels warm! Unnerved, you pour the thick red fluid over the priest's bones. The jaw of the skull drops open and a hideous, soul-rending scream rises from the corpse. Blood is normally used in necromantic, black magic rituals. The blood you have just used is that of a priest, but an evil one who served the Dark Lords of Chaos (lose 2 FAITH points). With the deafening scream still ringing in your ears, you rush out of the tomb, shocked by what you have done. Turn to **112**.

297

You have not travelled far from Tallow when a terrible scream rends the air round you. It is a scream you have heard before, that night of the storm when all your troubles began. Looking up, silhouetted against the dark stormclouds you see dozens of foul Demons bearing down on you. Your progress has been watched

and the Cauldron of Midnight warned of your approach. You try to defend yourself, cutting down several of Nazek's creatures before you yourself fall, under the sheer force of numbers. Your adventure ends here.

298

Having dispatched your opponent, you are confronted by a tall man on horseback wearing a long, black cloak. You are startled to see that under his hood his face is covered by an iron mask. A gauntlet-clad hand pulls a fine sword from its scabbard. The sword glows with a faint blue light as it cuts through the air towards you.

MASKED BRIGAND	SKILL 11	STAMINA 12

After two Attack Rounds, turn to **94**.

299

'Witch!' the man shouts, jumping to his feet and knocking the table over. 'I have sworn to purge the land of evil scum such as you. Prepare to die, hell-spawn!' The Witch-hunter draws his sword and leaps at you like a crazed animal.

WITCH-HUNTER	SKILL 12	STAMINA 10

If you win, the other people in the bar-room of the Brindled Cat start to arm themselves and advance upon you, shouting curses (lose 1 FAITH point and 1 LUCK point). You run out of the inn and leave Fenford as quickly as possible. Turn to **48**.

300

Once you are away from the town, you rest for a while to consider your next course of action. (You may eat Provisions here.) There are only a few hours of daylight remaining; the sky is still overcast and storm clouds are gathering far away to the west. Two roads lead away from Hallow's Well. The road south is signposted to the village of Aryll and leads to a range of low hills. The other takes a route westwards to the edge of a brooding forest. You cannot delay any longer. Will you go south towards Aryll (turn to **349**) or west in your search for the *Black Grimoire* (turn to **37**)?

301

Faintly glowing lights dance over the marsh ahead of you. The path splits here; will you go:

Left?	Turn to **59**
Right?	Turn to **339**
Straight ahead?	Turn to **237**

302

The merchant tries to get away in his wagon, but you grab him before he can escape. Having told him what you would like to do to him for all the trouble and fear he has caused, the man breaks down in tears, apologizing over and over again for his actions. You can tell that he means what he says and you agree to let him go if he promises never to bother the people of Driteham again. He accepts your ultimatum and

thanks you for your mercy (add 1 FAITH point for this noble and just act). Before he leaves, he hands you a bunch of herbs. It is Driggen, a herb from the south famed for its ability to grow in even the driest conditions. If you have killed a warlock, you see that he is wearing a Crescent Moon Amulet which you may remove. Turn to **383**.

303

The portrait is of a bishop, who lived an exceptionally holy life and blessed this picture himself (add 1 FAITH point). Return to **80**.

304

You brandish Enthus's amulet before the Beast. The Demon snarls as vague memories of its imprisonment, and the priest responsible for it, flood back into its ages-old brain. The dragon's tail sweeps around, lashing the amulet from your hand (lose 1 FAITH point). Now the only defence you have against the Kurakil is Deliverer. Turn to **250**.

305

Dissatisfied with your answer, the High Priest instructs the druids to take you to the sacrificial altar-stone. There is nothing you can do as you are placed, spread-eagled, on the altar and held there by the druids. Raising his sacrificial knife above his head, the High Priest declaims, 'You must be returned to the Earth-mother so that your blood can nourish the land.' His hand drops; your adventure is over.

306

Being careful to avoid the pit, you hurry out of the barrow, discouraged at not finding the Protector's sword There is no sign of the druids and, as time is pressing, you decide not to return to Aryll but to set off north-westwards through the hills, in the hope of joining the road again, west of the village Your mind begins to wander as you stride over the rugged terrain, so it is with some surprise that you round a rocky outcrop and come face to face with a huge, grotesque humanoid dressed in animal skins. Dropping the deer carcass it was carrying across its shoulders, the brutish Ogre steps towards you, swinging its hefty club and grunting: 'Ah, now that's more what I 'ad in mind for me supper! Yooman!'

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 273

307

Speaking slowly and clearly, you offer the creature greetings and introduce yourself. 'And I am Sam Boggart, one of the Fen Folk,' the creature replies in your own tongue. 'I apologize for failing to use your language, but I have little need of it here Have you come to beg my assistance?' Following Sam into the hut, you ask him what he means He explains that he is a herbalist and one reason for living in Blackmire is that all the ingredients necessary for his work grow within its marshy reaches 'I must admit, most people have forgotten that I am still here and so do not come asking for my help very often.' You have nothing to

lose in telling this kind marshman of your mission; as you do so, he listens intently, watching you with his great saucer eyes. When you are finished, Sam offers his help: 'If you wish, and if you have any plants, herbs or fungi, I could make you a potion that may aid you in your quest.' If you have any plants, herbs or fungi and want to accept Sam's kind offer, turn to **380**. If you lack these ingredients, or if you do not want to entrust the success of your adventure to herbal remedies, turn to **236**.

308

The creature dies in an explosion of flame, before its spirit returns to its supernatural home, the Elemental Plane of Fire, but you manage to avoid being hit by the resulting fireball. Karad has also destroyed his opponent, so you hurry into the crypt, followed by the Resistance. Turn to **150**.

309

The ale costs you 1 Gold Piece and restores 1 point of lost STAMINA. The landlord is a friendly fellow, and you are soon telling him about your adventures on the road to Hallow's Well. 'Oh, that'll be the Mask,' the landlord tells you, 'Im an' 'is bandits 'ave bin attackin' pious folk on their way 'ere and robbin' 'em of all their valuables – but sounds like you put the wind up 'im!' Having finished your ale, you can retire for the night (turn to **179**) or go over and sit with the group of pilgrims (turn to **10**).

310

The commotion caused by your fighting alerts the other guards round the outpost. Soon you are overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers. The outlaws deal with you swiftly and mercilessly. Your adventure is over.

311

The third militiaman has still not returned with reinforcements, so you make the most of the opportunity and flee the town. Turn to **300**.

312

In an instant you are surrounded by the band of outlaws. If you have their leader as a hostage, you manage to dispatch two of your attackers using the woman as a shield, before she frees herself from your grasp. Roll one die. If you roll 1–2, you trip up one rogue, sending him flying into his companion, leaving the two stunned. If you roll 3–4, you knock out one opponent with your sword hilt. Any outlaws you deal

with come from the top of the list below. You must fight the remaining outlaws, two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
VETERAN BRIGAND	8	6
SCARRED RUFFIAN	6	7
DWARF ROGUE	6	5
STAFF-WIELDING OUTLAW	8	7
BLACKGUARD	7	5
OUTLAW LEADER	7	7

If you defeat the other outlaws and reduce the Outlaw Leader's STAMINA to 3 points or less, turn to **223**.

313

Outside the tavern again, you decide on your next move. Will you:

Look round the stalls in the Market Square?	Turn to **29**
Visit the healing well?	Turn to **261**
Leave the square by heading west?	Turn to **98**
Leave the square by heading south?	Turn to **272**

314

A search of the witch's cottage turns up a Crescent Moon Amulet, a bunch of the plant Wolfsbane – known for its highly poisonous nature, and a bone ring carved with runes. You take whatever you like, before leaving Mistress Crowfoot's cottage to report your failure to the villagers of Selwick.

At first light, still somewhat disheartened, you set off again. The road out of Selwick leads to a junction with another from the south; here you take the turning westwards into the hills. Turn to **280**.

315

That cartload of hay next to the stables should be ideal – if only you can set fire to it! No one at the gate takes any notice of you as you stroll towards the stables, dressed as one of their own. Just as you reach the cart, a large, bearded man steps out of the stables. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **70**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **154**.

316

Before the Wodewitch can conjure up another enormous insect to defend her, you leap at her, your sword still coated with the cockroach's blood. The Wodewitch screeches at you and tries to rake your flesh with her long fingernails.

WODEWITCH	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If you win, you can either search the Wodewitch's hovel (turn to **386**) or return to Mussuck immediately (turn to **242**).

317

A Demonological Dissertation was written by one Melkor Rankaar, an eminent demonologist of recent years. In it are detailed many of the foul inhabitants of the Pit and memorable servants of theirs on this plane. The book also describes several Demonifuges – charms or amulets designed to drive Demons away. Hidden among the pages you find a mention of a Demonic Word of Command. When this word is spoken in the presence of certain Demons, they are compelled to do the speaker's bidding. Turn to **68**.

318

Coxcomb adopts a ridiculous, theatrical pose and starts to sing a humorous song about a miser who lost his fortune to a crafty fox and a wily stoat, thanks to a pearl and three cups. When he has finished, the clown dances away from your table, followed by his band of admirers, leaving you to retire to your room. The night passes without incident and you wake up, fully refreshed (restore up to 2 STAMINA points). You leave the inn and are immediately caught up in the early-morning throng of people already making their way up the narrow street to the Market Square. Turn to **131**.

319

Shouting a battle-cry, you leap into the throng of the assembled coven. All round you members of the Resistance are engaging witches – and worse things – in combat. You turn on your nearest foe. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **295**; 4–5, turn to **384**; 6, turn to **69**.

320

You are standing at one end of a pillared crypt Patches of phosphorescent algae grow on the walls and ceiling, giving off a dim light – but it is the smell that strikes you most forcibly. The stench of disease and putrefaction is sickening and you gag at the smell. While you are in the crypt you must reduce your SKILL by 2 points because of the vile stench. At the other end of the crypt is a large sarcophagus and rising out of it is a disgusting mass of pseudopods and seething, rotting flesh This living embodiment of decay and corruption was once human, a servant of the Dark Gods; over the centuries it has become the Canker, the festering source of the plague that has been threatening Aryll. Between you and the sarcophagus, however, there are at least a dozen Plague Zombies, resurrected from the dead victims of the plague. Roll one die: this is the number of Zombies you must get past in order to reach the sarcophagus For each Zombie faced, roll one die and add 4 If the result is less than or equal to your FAITH, the undead creature is repelled by your aura of Goodness and you can go on to face the next one. If the result is greater than your FAITH, you must fight the Zombie Each Plague Zombie has SKILL 6 and STAMINA 6. For each Zombie you have to fight, add 2 to your INFECTION, regardless of the outcome If you survive all your opponents, turn to **395**.

321

If you have the Beggar's Curse, turn to **138**. If you haven't but you do have a Rat Bite, turn to **90**. If you have neither of these afflictions, turn to **279**.

322

Having banished the Demon, you are taken by the monks to the infirmary where Brother Hugo does his best to heal your wounds (restore up to 6 STAMINA points). When you have had a little time to recover, the monks take you to see their abbot. In his private chambers you meet Abbot Dunstan and the stern-faced Prior Alwyn. 'We all thank you for destroying that abomination,' says the Abbot, 'but I am afraid that it will prove to have been just the beginning of our problems. The man who murdered Brother Hieronymous also stole a book, a very precious and very dangerous book. It is the *Black Grimoire*, a book of dark magic,' he says. 'Its pages contain the darkest and most evil spells known to witchcraft; as the book is virtually indestructible, it was kept here at the abbey, on holy ground, so that it could never again be used to cause ill. And now it has been stolen.'

'The thief knew exactly where to find the book, so he must have been here before,' you point out. 'Do you have any idea who he was?'

'We do,' replies Prior Alwyn, 'although it took us some time to remember. It is many years since we have seen him. His name is Nazek. He was a foundling at the abbey here long ago and so remained under our guardianship. However, he was always causing trouble and was more interested in studying the dark ways than the path of Goodness. Despite our best efforts to correct his behaviour, by the age of twelve Nazek was experimenting with dark magic. It was not long after this that he disappeared on a night such as this. We

were not sorry to see him go. Everyone assumed that he had perished in the storm.'

'But tonight he came back, thanks to you,' Abbot Dunstan says, concerned. You look at him in puzzlement. 'Evil such as Nazek's cannot enter holy ground without invitation, and you invited him.' You remember the incident. The Abbot is right. 'You must help us recover the book, and we know where you should look for the thief,' says the Abbot. 'For in the *Grimoire* there is one spell more powerful and life-threatening than all the rest. This spell is one of unlocking. What it unlocks is the Demafrauge.' You have heard of this. Seeing your recognition, the Abbot continues. 'Yes, the legendary Casket of Shadows, the prison of the Infernal Beast. Last time this monster walked on Titan, hundreds died. Centuries ago, the Casket was locked away in the monastery at Claybury, a village lying in the hills to the west. This was thought to be a safe place, but it may not be any more, as we thought the book was out of harm's way until tonight.'

'We believe,' Prior Alwyn says, 'that Nazek must intend to use the *Grimoire* to open the Demafrauge. However, this ritual can only take place on the night of Shekka's Moon – in four nights' time. The *Grimoire* must be going westwards to find the Casket, so that is the way you must go too.'

'You will help us?' the Abbot asks pleadingly. Of course you will! You are responsible for the theft of the *Grimoire* so you must recover it. Besides, you have a score to settle with Nazek. Turn to **238**.

323

You cannot resist the power of the Dread Demon. One of the fiend's taloned hands passes right through your jerkin into your chest, and you feel an agonizing pain as it crushes your heart.

324

You show the man your token of Goodness and he immediately apologizes for his abruptness. You waste no more time and tell him briefly that you are on a quest. 'I am Karad,' he says. 'Ten years ago, I swore an oath that I would hunt out all those who practise witchcraft and rid the world of them, for my own dear sister died as the result of an old hag's curse. I came to Fenford after hearing that a coven was forming in the hills to the west. I have since discovered that the coven, the Cauldron of Midnight, led by the Warlock Nazek, are centring their activities round the village of Claybury. I have started to assemble a band of resistance fighters to stop these foul spell-casters.' You and the Witch-hunter decide to combine your efforts against Nazek and the coven, and you tell him all about your quest to recover the *Black Grimoire*. 'Shekka's Moon is just one day away, so we must act fast. I shall not be able to travel with you to Claybury,' Karad adds, 'as I have to reconnoitre with the Resistance. I shall meet you in Claybury tomorrow, at the sign of the tower. The password is "The four phases of the moon".' He hands you a metal plate with a small manacle attached to each corner. 'Take these Shackles; if you should meet any witches, try to secure their toes and thumbs with them to prevent any spells

being cast. Time is short, we must leave immediately.' You leave the Brindled Cat and, while Karad leaves the village and goes northwards, you press on to the west. Turn to **48**.

325

At dusk a guard arrives, carrying a tray of bread and water. He opens a small flap in the bottom of the door and slides the tray through, before leaving you for the night. Tomorrow you will be brought before the Reeve of the town and your future will be decided. Even if you manage to escape, by then it will be too late to find the *Black Grimoire* before the night of Shekka's Moon. You have failed in your mission.

326

As you, Karad and the Resistance lie in wait, hidden among the ring of stones in a dip in the hills, the crescent moon rises in the midst of writhing stormclouds, blood-red in colour – Shekka's Moon. Half an hour passes, and still no sign of the coven. Then there is a tremendous crash and the sky is torn apart by a bolt of lightning that streaks out of the clouds, hitting the ground away to the south-west. A roar echoes across the hills and a dark cloud, blacker than the night sky, rises into the air over Claybury. Soon the whole village is ablaze. The Casket of Shadows has been opened and the Infernal Beast released. You have failed in your mission.

327

You shout the Demonic Word of Command then say, 'Begone, Demon!' The Inquisitor puts his hands to his

head as if he is wrestling with something in his mind. He suddenly lets out a terrible scream and falls to the ground, unconscious. As you watch, a trail of mist rises from his mouth and forms into the shape of a nightmarish creature, before it is carried away on the breeze. You have released the man from possession by a Demon. However, the Demonic Word of Command was not a holy incantation but black magic (lose 1 FAITH point). Turn to **193**.

328

You decide to try to fend off the bear with one of the flaming torches hanging on the walls. But first you must get hold of one of them. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **230**. If you fail, turn to **39**.

329

The barn is old and the wooden floor of the hayloft is rotten with age. As you dash across it, the boards give way under your weight and you fall into the mass of writhing bodies and are nipped and bitten repeatedly by the rats. With a blazing roar, the roof of the barn collapses and you plunge into the raging inferno. Your adventure ends here.

330

The gourd breaks open on the Devilworm's head, spilling its contents over the creature. To your horror, the monster, already four metres long, begins to grow at a terrifying rate. Soon it measures ten metres from head to tail. You hack at it with your sword, but whenever you manage to slice right through the worm's body the separated segments simply join back together. Striking blow after blow, you do your best to defend yourself until the monster traps you in its coils and begins to feast.

331

With shaking hands you take the potion from your pack and gulp it down. The antidote takes immediate effect and the spiders drop from you, repelled by the Venom's Bane. As Nazek begins another incantation you rush at him, knocking the book from his hands. The Warlock pulls a long, sacrificial knife from under his robes and prepares to finish you off. At last you have a chance to exact your revenge on the evil Warlock.

NAZEK	SKILL 10	STAMINA 9

If you reduce Nazek's STAMINA to 2 points or less, turn at once to **258**.

332

Of all the drinking establishments that surround the square, two really draw your attention. One has a brass coin painted on the sign and the other depicts a bear chained to a post. Will you visit the Brass Farthing (turn to **266**), or the Baited Bear (turn to **362**)?

333

Trying to keep the hills to the west in sight, you tread warily along the winding paths into the gloomy depths of Blackmire. The marshes lie under a murky haze through which a dim half-light filters. Watching out for hazardous bogs, you come upon a trail that leads from the direction of Fenford into the swamp. This path is soaked with blood and looks as if something has been dragged, dying, into the fens. Do you want to follow this gruesome trail (turn to **375**) or would you rather stay on your present path (turn to **274**)?

334

The acolytes hold you down on the ground while their leader opens a wooden box and tips the contents – live scorpions – all over you! Will you jump up and try to shake them off (turn to **391**) or lie perfectly still (turn to **201**)?

335

Hurriedly you gulp down the contents of the flask and are overcome with relief when a golden warmth begins to flow through your whole body. The holy panacea has destroyed the plague within you. Reduce your

INFECTION score to zero and restore up to 6 points of STAMINA, but ignore any other instructions given as to the use of the Heal-all (cross the Heal-all off your *Adventure Sheet*). Safe once more, you take a little time to recover before continuing westwards on the road out of Aryll. Turn to **367**.

336

The only way into the tower is through a door, at the top of a flight of steps, that has been built into the round wall. The door is unlocked, so you open it and step into the tower. The building is completely hollow and a staircase leads upwards round the inside of the tower to the floor above. The atmosphere in the tower feels oppressive and you can sense the presence of evil. Suddenly the door slams shut behind you. There is a splintering crash and a huge block of masonry smashes through the floor above into the room where you stand, showering you with dust and rubble. The whole tower starts to shake and the walls collapse inwards. The ground opens up, swallowing Nazek's recently abandoned stronghold and burying you with it.

337

The dogs are put into the pit and immediately leap on the bear, which does its best to defend itself with its huge front paws. However, someone has been careless: the post is old and rotten and can no longer take the strain of the bear pulling against it To everyone's surprise and horror, with a terrible splintering sound the enraged bear pulls its chain free of the stake. With two blows from its great paws the mastiffs lie dead in the pit Screaming in panic, the crowd runs for the door Will you stand your ground and try to stop the bear (turn to **164**) or flee (turn to **55**)?

338

You hold your breath for as long as you can, but at long last you are forced to release your hold on the weed and you float up to the surface of the pond. You gulp in the fresh air – but unfortunately the three minutes is not up. Rocks, pitchforks and other farm implements are showered upon you, until your lifeless body floats, face down, in the pond. Your adventure is over

339

Growing among the reeds at a point where your path crosses another is a single Malague – a toadstool used to help sweat out fevers. You may pick it before going on At the junction, will you go:

Left?	Turn to **237**
Right?	Turn to **174**
Straight on?	Turn to **396**

340

You ask the boy if you could have a word with the puppeteer. He leads you around behind the booth, where a bespectacled old man is adjusting the costume on the wooden figure of the Wise Fool. 'Grandfather, there's someone to see you,' says the boy. The old man looks up and nods a greeting. You tell him how much you enjoyed the performance and how you admired his puppets.

'If you're interested,' says the puppeteer, 'you could buy this one if you like.' If you are willing, you may buy the puppet of the Wise Fool for 10 Gold Pieces. Whatever you decide, the old man shows you how he operates his puppets and, when he has finished, you thank him for his demonstration and bid him farewell. Turn to **157**.

341

Passing the reins of your mount to one of the servants you bid Lady Attana and her group farewell. She hands you a purse, containing your fee of 10 Gold Pieces. You watch as her party is swallowed up in the crowded back-street down which they ride. Turn to **254**.

342

Are you wielding the Blessed Blade, Deliverer? If you are, turn to **392**. Otherwise, turn to **278**.

343

Passing back through the alcove, you reach the archway just as the crumpled body of the undead guardian rises to its feet. You must engage the warrior in combat once again.

BARROW GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If the warrior wins an Attack Round against you, roll one die. If you roll a 6, the battle-axe strikes you, causing 3 STAMINA points of damage rather than the usual 2. If you defeat the Barrow Guard for a second time, turn to **306**.

344

You ask the beggar if he will help you. 'If my 'elp wasn't good enough for yer last time, I don't see why it should be now,' Cynric complains moodily. You plead with him, blurting out one apology after another. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **151**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **325**.

345

The Inquisitor lets out a terrible scream and falls to the ground, unconscious. As you watch, a trail of mist rises from his mouth into the air and forms the shape of a nightmarish creature. The apparition is there only for a moment before the mist is carried away on the breeze. Turn to **193**.

346

The flask hits the edge of the sarcophagus and shatters, spilling its contents over the diseased Canker. Immediately, the Heal-all starts to eat away the putrefying flesh as if it were acid. Soon all that is left of the vile undead horror is a pool of black slime. Turn to **6**.

347

As you leave the altar a feeling of well-being floods through your body (add 1 to your FAITH score). You stride across the bridge with renewed confidence and through the eastern Pilgrim's Gate. Turn to **254**.

348

You sit down opposite the man and greet him with the usual pleasantries. 'Look, don't waste my time,' he interrupts rudely, 'tell me what it is you want, or leave me in peace.' Surprised by his bluntness, you ask the man what he knows concerning the *Black Grimoire*. 'It is the most evil and unholy book in the kingdom, and now the Cauldron of Midnight has it! What's it to you?' he hisses. You tell the man that you are looking for it. 'Why, are you a witch?' he replies. Then he grabs your left hand and turns it over so that he can see the palm, at the same time checking to see whether you are wearing any amulets. If you have the Witch's Mark or a Crescent Moon Amulet, turn to **299**. If you do not, turn to **276**.

349

Your journey south is uneventful and, having crossed the Grimiry River, you reach the edge of the hills.

Dusk falls and you are still a long way from the village of Aryll. After the day's events you are in need of a good night's rest, so you decide to find a suitable place to make camp. Do you want to spend the night just off the road (turn to **387**) or look for a place further into the hills (turn to **203**)?

350

Heeding the Witch-hunter's advice, you chain the old woman's thumbs and toes together in order to stop her casting any spells. Before you can do anything else, you are assailed by the witch's familiars. You must fight them all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BLACK CAT	5	4
TOAD	2	2
GRIMALKIN	5	3
BAT	3	2

If the Grimalkin hits you more than twice, you must lose 1 SKILL point. If you win, turn to **190**.

351

Your victory will bring peace to many of the villages in the area and make the roads at least a little safer for travellers and pilgrims. You take a moment to look more closely at the Mask's incredible sword. The weapon has been finely crafted and the blade is engraved with strange runes. You pick up the sword and once more it starts to glow with a faint blue light. Reading the runes, you see that they spell out a name: Deliverer! The magical weapon you now hold in your

hands is the legendary Blessed Blade of the warrior-priest, Gwythain the Protector. Add 2 FAITH points and restore 1 LUCK point for your find. You may also add 1 SKILL point to your current and *Initial* SKILL scores while you are using Deliverer. Curiosity finally gets the better of you and you lift the iron mask from the dead man's face. What you see beneath makes you recoil in revulsion. The Mask's face is terribly disfigured by scars and burns, and its left side is skull-like in appearance. Not wishing to stay in the outlaws' camp any longer, you prepare to leave, but not before pocketing some of the Mask's booty for your trouble. Roll one die and add 6. This is the number of Gold Pieces you are able to pick up. Lying among the treasure on the table is an ornately carved, dark wooden box with a silver lock. If you have a silver key on a chain, turn to the number engraved on it. If you do not have the key, no matter how hard you try the box seems to be protected in some way and cannot be forced open (turn to **373**).

352

The water from the spring has a high content of minerals suspended in it. Although you have not been particularly blessed, when you drink the water (which you may do at any time except during combat) you may restore up to 5 points of STAMINA. You leave the temple and go back down the hill to the Market Square. Turn to **131**.

353

You cannot resist the pull of the evil music. Joining the skeletons' dance, you forget all about your quest.

354

As you run across the cavern, the flies are angrily trying to sting you and pass on the dreadful disease they are carrying. Fight the flies as if they were one creature. Every time you lose an Attack Round, you do not lose any STAMINA points; instead, you must add 2 to your INFECTION.

CARRIER FLIES SKILL 7 STAMINA 11

Once you have fought three Attack Rounds, you reach the door and escape the flies by running through it and slamming it shut behind you. Turn to **320**.

355

You can hear the sound of several pairs of hob-nailed boots chasing you up the side-street which runs along the edge of the town wall. The militiamen are not in sight yet, but you do not think you could take on all of them Exhausted, you stop and look around desperately. Ahead of you, some barrels are standing outside a boarded-up building Will you hide in one of the barrels (turn to **240**), or will you use them to climb over the town wall (turn to **161**)?

356

The infernal beast was not the only prisoner of the Casket of Shadows While you are doing battle against the Kurakil, all manner of creatures, thought to exist only in nightmares, creep, crawl and slither out of the chest through the portal between the planes The monsters swarm across the crypt, overpowering the Resistance by sheer force of numbers. Eventually you too fall under their onslaught.

357

You narrate a tale of heroic knights and a quest for honour and kingly treasures You have your audience enthralled and, when you finish, you are given a great round of applause. Everyone agrees that your story was the best and the prize-money is handed to you (add the 6 Gold Pieces to your *Adventure Sheet*). In a jovial mood you retire to your room (turn to **179**).

358

'Hang on, you're not Gex!' shouts the brigand 'What 'ave you done with 'im?' In a moment the outlaws are upon you Outnumbered, you don't have a chance. You are dealt with swiftly and mercilessly Your adventure is over.

359

You have not gone far from the village when you begin to sweat heavily. Your skin becomes irritated and, as you scratch it, red blotches erupt all over your body. The virulent plague is killing you If you have a Heal-all, turn to **335**. If you do not, turn to **53**

360

You light the candles and begin to pray. If you have some of the herb Scarlet Lady, you can burn it as incense to aid your praying. Roll one die and add 8 (subtract 2 from this total if you are burning Scarlet Lady). If the total is less than, or equal to, your FAITH, turn to **137**. If the total is greater than your FAITH, turn to **268**.

361

The four-metre-long monstrosity slides towards you its head swaying menacingly from side to side.

DEVILWORM SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

As soon as you win an Attack Round, turn to **119**

362

The crowded bar-room of the Baited Bear lies under a smoky haze rising from the pipes of the tavern's customers, while serving wenches walk between the tables with trays of drinks. By the looks of some of the clientele, you can well imagine that many devious plots are hatched here. Being careful to steer well clear of any weaselly-looking characters, you make your way to the bar. A tankard of ale costs 1 Gold Piece and restores 1 point of STAMINA. The atmosphere in the tavern, apart from being smoky, is tense with expectation – and you soon discover why. The landlord rings a bell and almost everyone in the bar gets up and hurries through a door at the far end of the room. You feel compelled to follow and elbow your way to the front of the crowd to see what all the commotion is about. The back room is lit by torches on the walls and in its centre a pit has been dug out. Chained to a post in the pit is a large muzzled bear. On the edge of the ring stand two men; they are holding back two mastiffs wearing vicious, spiked collars. Many of the spectators are placing bets on the outcome of the imminent fight. If you want to place a bet, turn to **211**; if you do not turn to **337**.

363

You leap at the woman, but at the last moment she lashes out at you, striking you on the jaw (lose 2 STAMINA points). Turn to **312**

364

You speak the Demonic Word of Command once more (lose 1 FAITH point) and order the infernal beast to 'Begone!' The creature stops in its approach as if it has hit an invisible barrier. It snarls, clawing the air, then begins to move forward again. The Demonic Word of Command is powerful magic but not strong enough to banish the Kurakil. At least it has slowed the Demon long enough for you to draw your sword. Turn to **250**

365

A gaudily painted sign over the next stall reads 'Hemlock & Hogweed – Apothecaries'. The stall itself is crammed with bunches of herbs, jars and bottles, and a set of brass weighing scales Two men are standing behind their wares with sickly smiles on their faces. The first is piggy-looking with beady little eyes. His companion is tall and thin and with a deathly appearance 'Hogweed, my dear chap, I do believe we have a customer,' says the tall man, who you assume is Hemlock If you want to see what Hemlock and Hogweed have to offer, turn to **160**; otherwise, turn to **389**.

366

You are led by Prior Alwyn through the abbey buildings and out to the monks' herb garden. Already busily tending the plants under his care is a thickset, bearded monk 'This is Brother Trefor,' says the Prior 'I'm sure he will help you select anything you consider necessary for your journey' Brother Trefor is a jolly man and soon puts you at your ease. Between you both, you come up with three plants that it might be wise to take with you: Garlic, a guaranteed protection against Vampires; Aramance, a pungent, sweet-smelling herb used to guard against disease; and Glebe Balm, the leaves of the plant being used in many healing preparations. Unfortunately, Brother Trefor can spare only one of these plants as the herb garden was badly damaged in the storm last night and many valuable plants were destroyed, making those that remain all the more precious. (Make a note of which

one you take on your *Adventure Sheet*.) You decide that the urgency of your mission means you cannot delay here any longer, so you prepare to leave the abbey. Turn to **277**.

367

You follow the road going west in the shadow of the grim-looking hills. It must be almost midday when you come to a fork in the road, although you cannot see the sun at its zenith behind the forbidding clouds. You can either carry on westwards (turn to **145**) or take the new branch north-west (turn to **114**).

368

You hold your breath until your lungs feel as if they will burst, then you surface, gasping for air. Fortunately, the three minutes is up and many of the villagers actually thought you had drowned. 'The third Ordeal,' commands the Inquisitor. You are dragged from the pond and led back to the Market Square. The Inquisitor is standing beside a burning brazier, holding an iron horseshoe in one hand. 'This fire has been blessed and so shall not harm the pure-hearted,' he says and, to prove the point, plunges the horseshoe and his hand into the flames. The crowd gasp, first in horror then in amazement, as the Inquisitor withdraws his hand from the brazier, unmarked. 'If the accused is not a witch, then they shall be able to retrieve the horseshoe.' You are surrounded. You have no choice but to put your hand into the fire. If you have drunk the Salamander potion, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the recipe for that potion. If you have not, turn to **260**.

369

The thief manages to extract two portions of your Provisions from your backpack (cross them from your *Adventure Sheet*). None the wiser, you leave the Baited Bear; turn to **313**.

370

Dashing through the forest, you run straight into one of the outlaws' traps. You are jerked off your feet and hoisted several metres off the ground inside a huge net. The outlaws soon catch up with you and quickly dispatch you before helping themselves to your belongings.

371

The door opens just far enough for a crossbow bolt to be fired through the crack with deadly accuracy. Your adventure is over.

372

You toss a coin to the beggar and he manages a

toothless smile. 'Thanks, stranger. May Alishanka look more kindly on you than she did on me.' The old man's words fill you with a sense of well-being (regain 1 LUCK point and add 1 point to your FAITH score). You attach yourself to the line of pilgrims making their way into the temple and follow them inside. Turn to **171**.

373

You decide it would be too dangerous to make your way back through the keep, since the outlaws will doubtless have been alerted to your presence, so you look for an alternative exit. The only one you can find is the window. There are no trees growing within jumping distance so, carefully trying to assess how far above the ground you are, you drop from the window. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, you land fairly safely, suffering only minor bruising (lose 2 STAMINA points). If you fail, unable to control your fall you hit the ground painfully, hurting your shoulder and your back (lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). If you are still alive, you follow the outlaw's directions again, this time away from the camp. Back on the road, and having discarded your disguise, after two hours you reach the village of Fenford. Turn to **100**.

374

As you deal the killing-blow to the last guard, you find yourself surrounded by the whole of the town militia. There is nothing you can do to stop them dragging you off to a nearby blockhouse. Turn to **25**.

375

The bloodied trail crosses other tracks and rivulets running through the marsh until it reaches a clearing littered with the bones of animals, large and small. On the edge of the clearing is the carcass of an ox and, from what you can tell, it has been killed only recently. There is a ripple in the water beside the clearing, but it must be a fish or a swamp snake, you tell yourself. Suddenly something rears up out of the water at your feet. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **11**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **288**.

376

Unfolding the page from the *Black Grimoire*, you begin to read. As your lips form the words that will lock the chest, you see Nazek, still a short distance from you, mouthing something. Your concentration starts to waver and you almost lose your place in the spell. The Warlock is using a Charm of Confusion against you. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **109**. If you fail, turn to **2**.

377

You drag the piper's pet off you and crush it underfoot. The man hisses with anger and, dropping the charmed pipes, pulls out a dagger from a sheath on his belt. As he runs at you, you can see the fury in his eyes, glaring from under the hood, and his rat-like features! You draw your sword to defend yourself.

PIPER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **120**.

378

The brigands seem satisfied that you are in fact Gex, and without further challenges you enter the keep. Entering a room, you are confronted by a guard and his companion, a wolfhound. At such close quarters, the guard sees you are not really one of the outlaws and orders the animal to attack you. If you kill the dog, you must then face the guard.

	SKILL	STAMINA
WOLFHOUND	7	6
GUARD	8	8

If after ten Attack Rounds you have won, you continue your search through the keep (turn to **125**). If after ten Attack Rounds you are still fighting, turn to **310**.

379

Thwack! A low branch springs back into position, hitting you across the face. You are flung from your horse, dazed (lose 2 STAMINA points). There is now no sign of the brigands, so you remount and your horse trots back to the road. Turn to **191**.

380

Sam opens a battered old book and thumbs through its dog-eared pages, finding several concoctions that may be of use to you. Of course, if you do not have the correct ingredients for a potion, Sam cannot make it for you. He also explains that, if mistletoe is to be used in a mixture, it must have been cut with a Golden Sickle for it to keep its magical properties. There is only time for Sam to make up a maximum of two

potions before you will have to be on your way. The mixtures you may choose from are listed below, with their ingredients and page numbers in Sam's book, but each ingredient can be used only once.

Boggart's Brew – if taken after a battle, it will restore half the STAMINA points lost in the fight. *Page 74*. Ingredients: Madder, Glebe Balm, Mudcap.

Salamander – this concoction protects the user from fire, just as the salamander is unaffected by burning. *Page 116*. Ingredients: Skullsgrig, Drake Nettle, Phoenix Grass.

Chillwarm – anyone taking this potion will be able to resist cold. *Page 167*. Ingredients: Frostflower, Toadwort, Driggen.

Aylmer's Elixir – this powerful preparation helps the user commune with his or her gods by inducing a trance-like state for a few moments. The effect is to increase their FAITH by 2 points. *Page 239*. Ingredients: Mistletoe, Spriteweed, Scrallus.

Venom's Bane – this is an antidote to the poison of the venomous bites of creatures such as snakes and spiders. *Page 331*. Ingredients: Malague, Death's Shroud, Mistletoe.

Clearsee – this potion allows the user to see through any magically created illusions. *Page 385*. Ingredients: Phoenix Grass, Eyebright, Spriteweed.

Make a note of the potions you have chosen on your *Adventure Sheet*, with their page numbers from Sam's book, then turn to **236**.

381

Sword in hand, you kick open the door. You enter a small room but, instead of finding the Mask, you have found his second-in-command. The Master Brigand picks up two curved swords from a table and whirls them dextrously round his head, one in each hand Because this opponent uses two swords, he has two attacks each Attack Round to your one, as if you were fighting two opponents.

MASTER BRIGAND SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

If you win, back in the corridor you try the other door Turn to **215**.

382

The bar is drawn back and you are allowed out of the bear-pit. The tavern's customers cheer as you walk across the bar-room. Any stake-money you put down is lost, since the fight was forfeited by your intervention. Some people crowd round you to pat you on the back. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **313**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **214**

383

Banging on the door of the woman's house, you announce that the Lurcher has gone, and you are welcomed inside. The next morning, after a refreshing sleep (restore 2 STAMINA points), you follow the road going west out of Driteham into the forest. Several hours pass without incident until you reach a junction Will you continue west to Mussuck (turn to **3**) or head south-west for Fenford (turn to **100**)?

384

The coven is made up of witches from the whole kingdom and you are opposed by an enchantress from the ghost-haunted isle of Horm

ENCHANTRESS SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If the enchantress wins an Attack Round, roll one die On a roll of 5–6, she manages to catch your glance and spellbinds you, automatically winning the next Attack Round If you win, turn to **69**.

385

The man and his steed begin to transform before your very eyes. Their skin contracts, becoming taut over their bones, then pales to a deathly grey. Gone are the man's fine clothes, to be replaced by tattered rags, and in his eyes is a look of pure hatred. 'Fool!' he rasps. 'You shall pay for your impudence with your soul!' Do you have Gwythain's sword, Deliverer? If you have, turn to **141**; if you haven't, turn to **54**.

386

As soon as she is dead, the Wodewitch dissolves into a puddle of green slime. In her robes you find not one but two gourds and both still contain some liquid. One has the letter 'G' scratched on it, the other the letter 'S'. You may take either or both of these. You notice that the mushrooms the Wodewitch had been collecting are Mudcaps, used in the brewing of strength potions. You may take some if you wish. Still wondering whether the mad old hag was responsible for the Devilworm, you make your way back to Mussuck in order to find out. Turn to **242**.

387

Having made camp, it is not long before you are asleep .. What was that noise? Quickly you rouse yourself and stand ready, sword in hand. Then you hear the growling again. A shadowy shape suddenly springs at you out of the night The long fangs, thick brown hair and bestial features betray that you are now fighting for your life against a ravening Werewolf.

WEREWOLF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, but suffer any wounds in this battle, turn to **142**. If you win without suffering any wounds, with the dawn you are on your way again (turn to **57**).

388

Remembering the words of Tira, Mistress Crowfoot's apprentice, you assume that one of these creatures could be the transformed witch. If so, then sprinkling the powder on her will make her resume her human form – that is, if Tira was telling the truth. Which familiar will you sprinkle the powder on? Will it be:

The black cat?	Turn to **40**
The warty toad?	Turn to **156**
The impish Grimalkin?	Turn to **84**
The tailless rat?	Turn to **63**
The raven?	Turn to **185**
The bat?	Turn to **239**

389

There is nothing else of interest to you in the Market Square, so you decide to leave. Will you now set off to the west (turn to **98**) or the south (turn to **272**)?

390

The hags suddenly dive out of the sky straight at you. You must defend yourself while continuing to hang on to the stone with one hand. Because of your awkward fighting position, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3 points for the duration of this battle. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BEDLAM HAG	4	4
Second BEDLAM HAG	5	3
Third BEDLAM HAG	4	5

If you lose an Attack Round, roll one die. If you roll 5–6, turn to **93**. If you defeat all three hags, their bodies seem to dissolve into the air (regain 1 LUCK point for your victory). The rest of the night passes peacefully, and at first light you are on your way again (turn to **280**).

WEREWOLF SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

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Second BEDLAM HAG	5	3
Third BEDLAM HAG	4	5

If you lose an Attack Round, roll one die. If you roll 5–6, turn to **93**. If you defeat all three hags, their bodies seem to dissolve into the air (regain 1 LUCK point for your victory). The rest of the night passes peacefully, and at first light you are on your way again (turn to **280**).

391

The slightest movement and one of the scorpions stings you. Racked with pain, you find it impossible to remain motionless; as you flail about, trying to crush the creatures, they all sting you in order to protect themselves Roll one die and add 2. Deduct this number of points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive but your STAMINA score is now less than 4 points, turn to **32**. Otherwise, turn to **42**.

392

The holy weapon cuts deep into the Wraith which lets out a chilling scream At the same moment it releases its grip on your arm and, losing your balance, you topple backwards off the horse. Plummeting earthwards, you can do nothing to prevent fate taking its course. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **36**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **229**.

393

The night passes peacefully and you wake up, refreshed (restore up to 2 STAMINA points). Leaving the inn, you proceed on your way. Turn to **131**.

394

The creature expires in a ball of flame, before its spirit returns to the Elemental Plane of Fire, its supernatural home. This fireball hits you, scorching your clothes and leaving you badly burned (lose 4 STAMINA points). If you are still alive, seeing that Karad has managed to destroy his opponent you hurry into the crypt, followed by the Resistance. Turn to **150**.

395

The evil Canker reaches for you with foul tentacles Will you:

Attack the Canker with your sword?	Turn to **186**
Throw your lantern at the monstrosity?	Turn to **292**
Throw a Heal-all at it (if you have one)?	Turn to **346**

396

The sodden path twists and turns, changing direction every few hundred metres. The path reaches a T-junction in front of a dead elm Will you go:

Left?	Turn to **285**
Right?	Turn to **198**

397

Your opponent falls and you break through the coven's ranks and find yourself at the foot of the plinth You arrive just in time to hear Nazek shout, 'Oh Kurakil, great Infernal Beast! Oh Miphreas, the Soul Destroyer! Be free of your prison!' The spell is complete! A rumble of thunder reverberates round the crypt and the night sky is torn apart by a bolt of lightning that streaks down out of the clouds, through the hole in the vaulted ceiling and into the crypt, striking the Demafrauge. There is a dazzling explosion of light and the lid of the chest flies open Stepping out of the thick smoke that is rising from the casket is a foul monstrosity at least five metres tall. The creature's torso is humanoid and covered with shimmering bronze scales. Sprouting from its shoulders are a pair of enormous, leathery, bat-like wings; vicious spikes protrude from its spine, which ends in a dragon's long tail. The demonic beast's head is like that of a wolf, but on a larger scale, with fangs as long as knives and two horns growing from the top of its skull. The Kurakil throws back its head and lets out an animal roar. At last it is free after many centuries trapped in limbo Although you were too late to prevent its release, you may still be able to defeat the Infernal Beast. Will you attack the Demon with Deliverer (turn to **250**) or use something else against it (turn to **270**); or will you first read the Spell of Locking, if you have it, by turning to the number on the page from the *Grimoire* on which the spell is written?

398

Unnervingly, you find that the bottle is slightly warm, and you wonder how fresh the blood it contains is. Return to **80**.

399

You take the full force of the kick in your chest; it throws you back into the yard and leaves you bruised and winded (lose 3 STAMINA points). Picking yourself up, you run back into the stable (turn to **72**).

400

The evil of Shekka is strong, but your faith is stronger. You feel the dark goddess's grip as your mind begins to fail. With every fibre of your being you force yourself to move again. With one hand you manage to trace the Rune of Good in the air. Suddenly your mind and body are free of all tension and restraint. Yelling, you bring the Blessed Blade down with such force that it goes straight through Nazek's body into the plinth beneath. The Warlock's body suddenly goes

limp. Nazek is dead. The rest of the fighting is soon over and the Cauldron of Midnight is no more.

Dawn comes and you see that the heavy, grey clouds of the last week have given way to clear skies. The month of Close is almost upon the land and there is a sharp chill in the air, but the oppressive atmosphere of evil has lifted. Lying beside Nazek's immobile body is the object of your whole quest: the *Black Grimoire*. When you have rested for a few days at Claybury, you will return the evil book to Rassin Abbey, and never again will it threaten the safety of your homeland. As you think of the abbey, you can just imagine the scene: Brother Calamus is illuminating a text narrating the story of a truly heroic adventurer who overcame the forces of evil to bring peace to the land. The story of the Spellbreaker. Your story.

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398

Unnervingly, you find that the bottle is slightly warm and you wonder how fresh the blood it contains is. Return to **80**.

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You take the full force of the kick in your chest. It throws you back into the yard and leaves you bruised and winded (lose 3 STAMINA points). Picking yourself up, you run back into the stable (turn to **72**).

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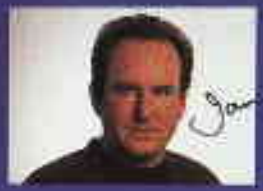

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ISBN 0-14-036566-4

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Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1993
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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Typeset by Datix International Ltd, Bungay, Suffolk
Filmset in Monophoto Palatino
Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your strengths and weaknesses. These are partly determined by dice. You must initially choose a Hero to play in the adventure; first you may wish to read through this Introduction and the Background which follows and then return here to make the choice of which character to play. Your options are:

Anvar the Barbarian: As a Barbarian, you are immensely tough and resilient. Hardened by years of living, hunting and travelling in hills and mountains, you are as skilful a fighter as any in the land of Amarillia and you are proud of your skill. You know almost nothing of the ways of magic, though – and, in all truth, you don't much care for it. Magic is the affair of book-reading milksops! You prefer a good, clean fight and you fear nothing and no man.

Braxus the Warrior: Your name bespeaks your honour; it is the name of a long-dead Amarillian king – and, who knows, noble blood may flow in your veins, too. You are as skilful a warrior as any Barbarian and, while you are slightly less resilient, you are better able to use magic. Perhaps the most versatile of any type of adventurer, you are skilled with sword and bow, and able to use magical weapons to best effect.

Stubble the Dwarf: Grumpy and tetchy you may be

('Stubble trouble!' is a common warning among those who know you), but a tough warrior you certainly are. You have that native streak of good luck which many Dwarfs from Grundia possess, and when exploring dungeons and mines you have some special advantages mere humans do not possess. You'll use magic if you have to, but you prefer to put your faith in your trusty axe!

Sallazar the Wizard: No bard will ever sing epic tales of your prowess with weapons, but what does that matter? You are a master of magic: you can command spells to avoid, confuse, weaken or defeat enemies, and you know how to use magical items in ways mere warriors could not. You are an adventurer of guile and stealth, and if you are forced to fight – well, you will not die easily at the hands of any enemy! By a quirk of fate, you have the same name as the one-time Grand Wizard of Amarillia, and you immodestly aspire to his rank, if not his tragic fate.

On pages 32–5 there are *Adventure Sheets* which you may use to record the details of your chosen character. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA, LUCK and Magic Point scores. You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina, Luck and Magic

Skill

Roll one dice. If you are Anvar or Braxus, add 6 to the number rolled. If you are Stubble, add 5 to the number

rolled. If you are Sallazar add 4 to the number rolled. Enter your total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Stamina

Each character determines his STAMINA differently. If you are Anvar, roll one dice and add 18 to the number rolled. If you are Braxus or Stubble, roll two dice and add 12 to the total rolled. If you are Sallazar, roll three dice and add 6 to the total. Enter the complete total in the STAMINA box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Luck

Roll one dice. If you are Stubble, add 5 to the number rolled. If you are Anvar, add 4 to the number rolled. If you are Braxus or Sallazar, add 3 to the number rolled. Enter your total in the LUCK box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Magic Points

Your character starts the adventure with a certain number of Magic Points. If you are Anvar, you have 1 Magic Point. If you are Braxus, you have 3 Magic Points. If you are Stubble, you have 2 Magic Points. If you are Sallazar, you have 7 Magic Points.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA, LUCK and Magic Point scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores.

Although you may be awarded additional SKILL,

STAMINA, LUCK and Magic Points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed to this effect on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are (and whether you are able to avoid certain hazards and perils during your adventure). Your Magic Points score is a measure of how effectively you are able to use spells and magical items you may find along the way (and also how adept you are at avoiding magical traps and hazards). Luck – and magic – are very much facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across paragraphs in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if it is not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll two dice once for the creature and add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it; proceed to Step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you; proceed to Step 5. If both Attack Strengths are the same, you have avoided each other's blows; start the next Attack Round from step 1, above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see below). Proceed to step 6.
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK; see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero or below (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you whether you must fight the creatures one at a time or all together.

If you are instructed to fight the creatures singly, the battle proceeds exactly as described above. However, if you defeat the first creature listed, you must then immediately begin fighting the second creature on the list. You fight the creatures one at a time, but you must continue fighting until all your enemies are slain (or until you are). You may not pause between fighting different creatures for any reason (such as taking some steps to restore lost STAMINA points).

If you are instructed to fight all the creatures together, you must fight all of them in one battle. In step 1 of the combat sequence above, you must calculate Attack Strengths for all the creatures attacking you. In step 3, if the Attack Strength of *any* of your opponents is higher than yours, you must proceed to step 5. If you have the highest Attack Strength of all, proceed to step 4 and you may choose which of your opponents you have struck. Again, combat proceeds until either you or all of your enemies are slain.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you find yourself in a situation in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details

of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck* (regardless of the outcome) you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs of this book you will be told that you must *Test your Luck* and you will be told the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on a creature you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of a wound your opponent has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded your opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score.

However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point of the creature's STAMINA (so that, instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow; restore 1 point of STAMINA (so that, instead of causing 2 points of damage, it has caused only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point from your current total.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK scores each time you *Test your Luck*, whether you are successful or not.

Testing your Skill

From time to time during your adventure you will find yourself in a situation in which your physical strength, reflexes and agility may affect whether you are able to avoid some hazard or perform some action (such as climbing a difficult and treacherous surface). When this is the case, you will often be instructed to *Test your Skill*.

The procedure for this is as follows: roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your current SKILL score, you have been successful. If the total is greater than your current SKILL score, you have failed. The relevant paragraphs will tell you what success and

failure mean when you *Test your Skill*. However, you do *not* have to subtract any points from your SKILL score for *Testing your Skill* in this way. This is a crucial way in which *Testing your Skill* is different from *Testing your Luck*!

Sometimes you may have to face a difficult task in which your SKILL is tested to the full – for example, you may be instructed to *Test your Skill*, 'adding 2 to the number rolled'. What this means is that when you roll two dice, you must add 2 to the total; if you had rolled a 4 and a 3, say, your modified total would be 4 + 3 + 2 = 9. You then compare this final total with your SKILL to discover the outcome of *Testing your Skill*.

Testing your Spot Skill

This is a special case of testing your skill which applies when you may or may not discover (spot) something hidden or concealed. The procedure here is exactly the same as for *Testing your Skill*, but the relevant paragraphs will instead instruct you to *Test your Spot Skill*.

Magic Points

Magic Points are used in two ways in this adventure: they are used for casting spells and for using magical items.

Some important magic items you may find on your adventure need to be primed with magic in order to

make them function. If you find such an item, you must subtract 1 from your current Magic Points score in order to be able to use it. Thereafter, you can use the magic item as instructed. If you do not have any Magic Points and you find such a magic item, you may choose to keep the item and make a note of its powers. Later in the adventure, you may be able to gain 1 or more Magic Points (notably from Magic Rings) and, if you do, you will then be able to use the magic item.

Any adventurer may use magic items during this adventure, although some magic items may not be usable by all adventurers; the description of the magic item will state who can and who cannot use it. All adventurers can also cast magic spells from magic scrolls discovered during the adventure, although 1 Magic Point must be spent to cast the spell from the scroll. However, Sallazar alone knows a number of spells which are described in the *Amarillian Grimoire*, below, and he alone can use any of these spells (provided he has enough Magic Points, of course). The description of each of these spells explains when and where it may be used, and its effects. If you choose to have Sallazar as your adventurer, you may wish to photocopy the spell book for easy reference when playing the adventure.

Adventurers other than Sallazar may sometimes be able to use a spell, usually by finding a magical scroll on which the spell is inscribed. If you find a spell in this way, you should refer to the *Amarillian Grimoire* for details of what the spell does.

Restoring Skill, Stamina, Luck and Magic Points

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change very often during your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give an instruction to increase or decrease your SKILL score. Your SKILL score cannot exceed its *Initial* level unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary. You may have the chance during this adventure to acquire items, such as a magical weapon, which will increase your Attack Strength. If you manage to acquire two such weapons, you cannot gain bonuses to your Attack Strength for both of them so that, for example, you cannot use both a Magic Sword and a Magic Axe at the same time! Likewise, stronger armour will add a bonus to your Attack Strength and, obviously, you cannot wear more than one suit of armour at a time!

Stamins and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will go up and down a lot during your adventure as you fight enemies and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA score may sink dangerously low and battles may become particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for 12 meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when fighting. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your current STAMINA score and deduct 1 from the Provisions on

your *Adventure Sheet*. A separate Provisions box is provided on your *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. You have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed otherwise in a paragraph.

There will be times during your adventure when you will be told that you *must* eat a meal. When you have to do this, deduct 1 point from your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet* but do *not* regain any lost STAMINA for doing this If you are told to eat a meal but you don't have any Provisions left, you must subtract 2 points from your current STAMINA score

During your adventure, however, you should be able to acquire at least some extra Provisions to add to those you began with. This will enable you to maintain STAMINA throughout the adventure. However, you cannot carry more than 12 Provisions at any one time!

Luck

Your LUCK score will also go down during the adventure as you *Test your Luck*. Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded when you have been especially fortunate, and similarly you may be told to *reduce* your LUCK when you make an important mistake; details of such events are given in the appropriate paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically told this

Apart from *Testing your Luck*, you will also be given

some opportunities for 'spending' LUCK. You will be asked whether you wish to deduct 1 point from your current LUCK score in order to increase your chance of a successful outcome – for example, if you are told to make a dice roll, you can often modify it by spending LUCK (in this case, you must decide whether to spend the LUCK point *before* you roll the dice!). Of course, LUCK points are precious and you cannot afford this luxury very often Making the right choice about whether to spend a LUCK point in this way can be important for success in this adventure.

Magic Points

Your Magic Points total will decrease each time you find a magical item and use it, or if you cast a spell. During your adventure, however, you will find magical places and items which will increase your Magic Points. However, your Magic Points score cannot exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary! Magic Points are precious, and you do not have very many of them; be sure to use what magic you have wisely and well

Equipment

You start your adventure with some simple, basic equipment that you will need for the adventure ahead; you also have some Gold Pieces, and you will be able to purchase some extra items when the adventure begins. All of the adventurers have the following items: a suit of thin leather armour, a small shield and a lantern to allow you to see in the dark. You also have a backpack for carrying items, with enough Provisions for 12 meals inside it. You have a small spare knife, which you can use if you should ever suffer the misfortune of losing your main weapon; but if you ever have to use this knife to fight with, your blows will cause your opponent to lose only 1 point from his STAMINA in combat. If you are Braxus, you also have a sword; if you are Anvar or Stubble, you have a battle axe; if you are Sallazar, you carry a strong wooden staff. You carry a stringed leather pouch with a number of Gold Pieces in it; roll three dice and add 2 to the total rolled: this is how many Gold Pieces you have with you (between 5 and 20). If you are Stubble the Dwarf, you have 5 extra Gold Pieces – the dwarfish love of gold is well known!

You may find treasure, in the form of Gold Pieces or valuable objects or items, along the way; whenever you come across any treasure, you should make a note of it in the Treasure box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You may find yourself in the position of being able to trade treasure for equipment, help or information in this adventure, so be honest and keep an accurate record of how much treasure you acquire!

Advantages

Each of the adventurers – Anvar, Braxus, Stubble and Sallazar – has some special advantage which he alone can use.

Anvar has a sixth sense warning him of imminent attacks! Sometimes you will meet a creature (or even a trap) which is able to surprise you and inflict damage before you are able to attack it yourself. Anvar cannot be surprised, so, if a paragraph instructs you to lose STAMINA points or you find yourself trapped in some way because you are surprised, Anvar does not suffer any damage, because he is able to react and defend himself in time.

Braxus's talent is his versatility. He can freely use all armour and weapons which other adventurers cannot. Therefore he doesn't suffer any of the disadvantages other adventurers have (see Disadvantages below).

Stubble has a special knowledge of certain underground monsters and how best to strike at them, knowing their weak spots. If you confront a creature with the word 'Stone' in its name (like Stone Statue or Stone Golem), Stubble can add 2 to his Attack Strength when fighting such monsters.

Sallazar is very perceptive and eagle-eyed. Whenever he has to *Test his Spot Skill*, he can subtract 2 from the dice roll. He is also able to read special magical tomes, and he understands some details of magical runes, which other characters do not.

Disadvantages

Each adventurer also has some weakness, limitation or disadvantage which balances his special talent.

Anvar is very uncomfortable wearing any kind of metal armour (chain mail or plate mail); it's cumbersome and restrictive. As Anvar you simply cannot wear plate mail and, while you can tolerate chain mail (and wear it), you will gain no bonus to your Attack Strength for using it. And, while you can use a longbow and arrows, you are not trained in the use of a crossbow; if you do use one, you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength.

Sallazar has a similar problem, but it is more severe: he cannot use chain mail or plate mail armour at all (the wizard could barely *move* in plate mail!). Moreover, Sallazar cannot use a crossbow, a longbow, or a two-handed sword; he must keep at least one hand free for spell-casting!

Stubble cannot use a two-handed sword – it's too big for him – and the longbow is also too large for a Dwarf to use. He can wear chain mail, but he cannot use plate mail armour unless it is specifically Dwarf-size (if you are not specifically told that a particular set of plate mail armour is Dwarf-sized, then Stubble cannot use it).

Braxus is so versatile he has no such disadvantages! For the other characters, be sure to note their disadvantage which is recorded in the appropriate box on their *Adventure Sheet*.

Special Treasures

During your perilous quest you may find many treasures. However, in the dungeon where your adventure awaits you, there are several treasures which are similar: the Tower Chests. Each of these is a small, locked, wooden casket with a trap placed upon it. Whenever you find one of these Tower Chests, if you wish to open it (you do not have to do so) you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you open the chest safely. If you are Unlucky, you will trigger a scything blade inside the lid which will slash your arms, and you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. The trap can be bypassed by using a simple Open spell (if you can!) which automatically opens the chest without harming you.

Each time you find one of these Tower Chests and you open it, roll one dice. If you roll an odd number, you will find a Golden Talisman. If you roll an even

number, you will find a Silver Dagger. You may increase your current LUCK score by 1 point each time you take a Talisman or Dagger from a Tower Chest. Keep a careful record, in the Talismans and Daggers boxes on your *Adventure Sheet*, of how many of each item you acquire during your adventure. They will be very precious to you in your desperately perilous final battle!

If you are fortunate, you may also find one or more Magic Rings. Each time you find a Magic Ring, you regain 1 spent Magic Point (obviously, you do not have to spend a Magic Point to use such a Magic Ring). If your Magic Points total is at its *Initial* level, you can keep the ring and use it once your Magic Points total has been reduced. You cannot use a Magic Ring to increase your Magic Points total above its *Initial* level

If you are lucky enough to find any other magical items, make a note of what each item can do to help you in your quest Using the right magical item at the right time may make all the difference between failure and glorious success

Special Hazards

Among the hazards you may encounter in your quest are plagues and poisons. You may contract one or more forms of plague from the attacks of infected rats or from vampire bats or worse. You will be instructed in the relevant paragraphs what will happen if you contract any form or forms of plague If you are wretched enough to suffer two – or even more – kinds of plague at the same time, the effects are cumulative! Be sure to take whatever precautions you can against these dread maladies; seek help and healing without delay, should you contract plague.

Some of your evil opponents and enemies will even stoop to using poisoned weapons against you Such weapons will inflict damage doubly: a wound from the weapon itself and extra damage from the venom or poison smeared on the weapon. Keep a note of damage you sustain both from poison and from weapon attacks; they will both reduce your STAMINA, but the effects of poison may be relieved by specific antidotes and remedies However, such antidotes will not affect any wounds you may suffer from actual weapon blows.

Hints on Play

Your journey will be perilous and you may well fail at your first attempt. Make notes and draw a map as you explore; a map will prove invaluable in later forays in this adventure, and it will enable you to progress more rapidly to unexplored regions. You will be exploring a very large area, and sometimes you may wish to retrace your steps in order to revisit places of particular value or to check areas left behind you. Without a map you may not be able to follow the right path to success.

Not all areas contain treasure or useful information; many contain traps or creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. You may take wrong turnings during your quest and, while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for. However, the more areas you explore, the better will be your chance of success in the adventure ahead.

Be wary about *Testing your Luck* unless a paragraph tells you that you must do this! Generally, when it comes to fights, you should *Test your Luck* only to keep yourself alive if an opponent's blow would otherwise kill you. The other occasion when you should use LUCK is to inflict extra damage in the final combat against your dire enemy in this adventure – if you've got enough LUCK left to use! Don't *Test your Luck* in order to try to inflict extra damage upon your enemy unless this is really essential! LUCK points are precious!

You must collect as many Golden Talismans and Silver Daggers as possible during your adventure. However, in order to do this, you will have to explore the dungeons thoroughly, thus risking many more combats with hostile creatures and encountering more traps and hazards. You will have to balance your desire for Talismans and Daggers against the need to avoid unnecessary combats and hazards. When your resources (Provisions, Magic Points, LUCK, etc.) are beginning to weaken and you cannot replenish them easily, you must try and make for the most direct route to your final enemy – if you know it!

Seek for ways to swap your treasure for equipment and help during your adventure. Gold Pieces are of little use: you cannot eat them, use them in combats, or cast spells with them. But they will buy you food, weapons, even magic – if you can find someone to trade with!

You will soon realize that paragraphs make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the paragraphs you are instructed to go to. Reading other paragraphs lessens the excitement and surprise during play. The only true way to success in this adventure involves minimizing risk; any player, no matter how weak his or her initial dice rolls, should be able to struggle through to glory in the end.

(Each spell costs 1 Magic Point to cast unless otherwise noted. If the spell is found by picking up a scroll, the same number of Magic Points is required to cast it. For spells which can be cast immediately before a combat, you may cast only *one* before each combat. You cannot, for example, cast both the Skill Spell and the Fast Hands spell before a combat; only one spell is allowed!)

Create Food

This spell creates extra Provisions. If you spend 1 Magic Point, you can add 1 to your Provisions; if you spend 2 Magic Points you can add 3 to your Provisions; if you spend 3 Magic Points, you can add 5 to your Provisions. This spell cannot be cast during combat.

Jump

This spell enables you to leap safely a distance of up to six metres. If you are faced with an obstacle (a chasm, a trapped corridor, etc.) which is not stated to be longer than six metres, you may use this spell to

traverse the obstacle safely. This spell cannot be cast during a combat.

Light

If you lose your lantern, or if it no longer works, this spell creates a long-lasting small sphere of light which can be stored and used as a lantern whenever the need arises. Each use of the spell illuminates only one section of passageway, however. You cannot cast this spell during combat.

Luck Spell

This spell increases your current LUCK score by 1 point. Your current LUCK score cannot exceed its *Initial* value, and you cannot cast this spell during a combat.

Open

This simple spell opens one trapped treasure chest or locked door safely. If the chest or door has a trap, it is rendered harmless by the spell (even it if is a Magic Trap). You cannot cast this spell during combat.

Skill Spell

This spell enables you to react and move faster, adding 1 to your current SKILL for a short time. It can be cast just before a combat begins (not during one!) to aid you in fighting, or just before you have to *Test your Skill* for some reason. The spell expires as soon as one combat has finished, or after you have *Tested your Skill*.

Fast Hands (costs 2 Magic Points)
This spell can be cast immediately before any combat but not during one. For the first three Attack Rounds of the combat, you may roll dice twice when working out your Attack Strength and take the higher total rolled.

Fireball (costs 2 Magic Points)
This spell can be used in any Attack Round instead of a weapon attack. Cast this spell *before* rolling for the Attack Strengths of your opponent and yourself. If you have the higher Attack Strength, your adversary's body is shrouded in flames and he loses 5 STAMINA points. If you have the lower Attack Strength, though, you spell is ruined and the creature hits you.

Magic Screen (costs 2 Magic Points)
You can cast this spell at any time except during a combat. Once it is cast, the next spell which is cast at you by an enemy will not affect you. The Magic Screen only neutralizes one spell cast at you, however.

Death Spell (costs 3 Magic Points)
This spell can be cast in any Attack Round. If you have the higher Attack Strength, this spell kills instantly any creature with a SKILL score of 9 or less. This spell will not affect any Undead creature or Zagor, your nemesis!

Thunderbolt (costs 3 Magic Points)
This spell works just like a Fireball except that, if you cast the spell successfully, your opponent is struck by

a glowing ball of white-hot electricity and loses 7 STAMINA points!

Teleport (costs 4 Magic Points)
This spell enables you to move long distances through a dungeon by instant magical teleportation, avoiding many hazards and enemies. You can cast this spell only at certain special magical portals. When you confront such a portal, you will be asked whether you wish to cast this spell; if you do, you will be instructed accordingly.

Steal Treasure (costs 5 Magic Points)
This spell summons either a Golden Talisman or a Silver Dagger (you may choose which) from the hidden treasures of the dungeon. Add 1 to your tally of the appropriate Special Treasure. You may not cast Steal Treasure more than twice during the adventure, and you do not gain any LUCK points for acquiring a Talisman or Dagger in this way.

ADVENTURE SHEET

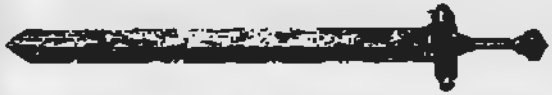

ANVAR–
BARBARIAN

POSSESSIONS

SKILL
initial skill=

ADVANTAGES
Can't be surprised

DISADVANTAGES
Can't wear plate mail • No bonus to attack strength with chain mail • Subtract 2 from attack strength with crossbow

STAMINA
initial skill=

TREASURE

Gold *g p s*

PROVISIONS

TALISMANS

LUCK
initial luck=

DAGGERS

MAGIC
initial points=3

NOTES

BRAXUS–
WARRIOR

POSSESSIONS

SKILL
initial skill=

ADVANTAGES
Can use any weapons

DISADVANTAGES

STAMINA
initial skill=

TREASURE

Gold *g p s*

PROVISIONS

TALISMANS

LUCK
initial luck=

DAGGERS

MAGIC
initial points=3

NOTES

STUBBLE-DWARF

POSSESSIONS

SKILL
initial skill=

ADVANTAGES
Add 2 to attack strength vs stone monsters

DISADVANTAGES
Can't use longbow or two-handed weapon

STAMINA
initial skill=

TREASURE

Gold *g p s*

PROVISIONS

TALISMANS

LUCK
initial luck=

DAGGERS

MAGIC
initial points=3

NOTES

SALLAZAR-WIZARD

POSSESSIONS

SKILL
initial skill=

ADVANTAGES
Add 2 to skill when testing spot skill

DISADVANTAGES
Can't use metal armour, bow, or two-handed weapon

STAMINA
initial skill=

TREASURE

Gold *g p s*

PROVISIONS

TALISMANS

LUCK
initial luck=

DAGGERS

MAGIC
initial points=3

NOTES

BACKGROUND

It is five long and weary years since the armies of the Bone Demon laid waste so much of the beautiful, perilous land of Amarillia. The Zombies and Orcs which infested the plains of the land were foul enough, but the Demon's War Dragons slew thousands of men, Dwarfs, Elves and Centaurs before the Demon itself was finally trapped inside the Casket of Souls. Victory was had at last, but at what a cost! Zombies and worse still stalk the land, for there are few warriors left to destroy them. The court of the boy-king, Irian, is said to be riven by petty squabbles and scheming advisers. Most folk live behind shuttered windows and bolted doors these days. Hospitality to a traveller such as yourself is but a memory now.

Many days of foot-wearying travel have brought you to Sanctuary, the royal court within the island known as the Cauldron, the furthest island of Icecap range. You are ushered swiftly into an audience with the king. You are startled by his appearance: most people still call him 'boy-king', but Irian has grown almost to full stature now and, while he is still very strong and surely inexperienced in the arts of kingship, his voice is commanding and his manner assured.

'Greetings,' he says as you kneel before his throne. 'Oh, do please stand up. I already have all the grovellers I need here in Sanctuary. I can scarcely do with another one. Come.' He rises and leaves the throne room and marches along a narrow corridor to his personal chambers. Somewhat startled by his informality, you follow him.

'Look,' he says as he strides across to a table, picks up a black cloth embroidered with golden runes and gently polishes a large chunk of blue-white crystal. The crystal hums slightly and a ghostly scene appears in the midst of the room. A white-haired old man is sitting in the most cluttered study you have ever seen: papers, crystal balls, bundles of bats' wings, bottles of herbs, and a jumble of other articles are scattered all over the floor and walls.

Irritably, the old man looks up at you. 'Eh? What is it?' he snaps.

'Gereth, the hero I spoke of is here. Relate once more what you told me – and perhaps you have learnt even more?'

'Oh, yes, hmmm. Well, I suppose you've told him about the Demon Throne and explained the Laws of Fractured Resonance and –'

The king interrupts the ghostly apparition. 'Time grows so short. You can explain much better than I.'

The old man's gaze turns upon you. He looks faintly disapproving. 'Harrumph. Very well, then listen closely, young whippersnapper. I take it that at least you know about King Kraal and the defeat of the Bone Demon of the Bottomless Pit?'

You shudder slightly Everyone knows how the armies of the Bone Demon were finally confronted and the Bone Demon was imprisoned in the Casket of Souls, in the barren expanse of the Plains of Peril, where the Bottomless Pit still smokes and churns to this day. This was some years past, but the scars of that terrible war mark Amarillia still.

'And you know of the Casket of Souls?' You nod. 'Well, when it was made, magic was woven into it to enable the Demon's banishment to the outer planes. Unfortunately, however, there was a slight flaw in the way the magic was woven. Since that magic allowed a magical creature to be drawn *out* of your world, it also created a resonance allowing certain magical creatures *into* your world as well. I'm rather afraid,' the old man says in a schoolmasterish tone as he adjusts the slightly ridiculous lenses perched on his nose, 'that a definitely magical creature has done just that. Appeared in your world, that is. Out of mine. I can't say we're sorry to see him leave us, but our gain is going to be your loss unless you can stop him emerging in his full power. Worse still, he is entering your world where the

Casket of Souls was taken after the Demon was banished At Castle Argent.' The old man pauses for breath 'He is named Zagor and he is a great wizard, one of the most powerful my world has ever seen. My world is called Titan, I suppose you've heard your scholars mention it, hmmm? Great Allansia with its wicked Port Blacksand ruled by the wretched Lord Azzur and his corrupt cronies, the great civilizations of the Old World, the crawling chaos of Khul . . . you have heard of it? Well, anyway, I won't ramble on about my home, I'll become sentimental and waste time. Let's get back to Zagor.

Twice we have believed him slain, but twice he has resurrected himself All that was left of his original form is a skeletal arm, but that is enough. When he was drawn into your world, his being became fused with the trapped Demon, and now a demonic form of Zagor grows even as I speak. Although I am powerless to prevent it happening, from the seclusion of my world, I detected Zagor being drawn into yours, and I was able to send some magic after him: some talismans of gold and daggers of silver. They will be scattered around the lair within which Zagor is now growing. Each of them will weaken him, so, when you get there, be sure to collect as many as you can '

You aren't sure you like the way the old man just assumes you're going to march straight into the desolate, evil ruins of Castle Argent! It's hundreds of kilometres away, across the Frozen Wastes and the dangerous, monster-infested icy seas. But he goes on talking anyway

'This time, Zagor simply has to be destroyed. It's not enough to kill him. You'll have to make sure his body is burned to nothingness in the Heartfires below Castle Argent Where the Grand Wizards of your world centred the conjuring of the Great Fire Wall from the outermost points of Amarillia – though you'll know all about that, of course.'

'I thought this was merely a tale or a deception,' murmurs the king sadly, 'until Gereth told me about certain changes made at Castle Argent. My own spies were able to verify those details.'

The old man's eyes look bright now. 'Ah yes, the castle. It's metamorphosing, changing form, drawing Zagor's old magic and servants into it, strengthening him as he grows. Not all of that magic may be dark and evil; you may be able to find help there, certainly, in addition to the items I have placed there. But I'm afraid that one of the mightiest and most dangerous of the Demon's War Dragons, one which escaped destruction in the final battle ten years ago, has something to do with the magical changes within the castle. It has learnt something of the ways of magic, and it seeks revenge for its defeat by allying with Zagor to wreak havoc on all Amarillia. Perhaps, in its madness, it thinks of him as the Demon it once served. Which, of course, Zagor is – in part.' The ghostly scene begins to fade and tremble. Faint white sparks crackle at the edge of the crystal. The old man's voice rises in surprise and annoyance. 'Not yet! I should tell you about the –'

The crystal explodes into a thousand fragments You and King Irian look down, stunned, at the smoking remains of the table it stood upon You do not know where the magic, which banished the old man back to his world, came from, but a feeling of evil and menace hangs in the air around you

'Brave adventurer,' the king beseeches you. 'I have no one else to send. My wizards give all they can, preserving the Fire Wall which guards all Amarillia; my loyal knights and the few nobles I can trust have more work than they can perform, simply preventing this kingdom from tearing itself apart. I beg you, go to Castle Argent. A ship is readied for you Destroy the wizard-fiend who comes to ravish our land. Return to me after carrying out deeds worthy of the knighthood I shall then grant you!'

With the weight of a world's fate resting on your shoulders – or so it feels – you cannot refuse the quest Turn to paragraph 1

1

A ship has been readied to carry you westwards to the coastline of Tower Island, where the forbidding majesty of ruined Castle Argent lies. If you decide to set off immediately, turn to **220**. If you want to spend some Gold Pieces purchasing equipment, turn to **56**. If you want to try acquiring some extra gold for buying equipment, turn to **206**. If you want to consult one of the king's sages for advice or help before you set sail, turn to **154**.

2

You must eat a meal during your time here. Stuffed inside a pillow, you find a Magic Ring! What's more, you also find a scroll with an Open spell stuffed under the mattress Gain 1 LUCK point for this find. Turn to **33**.

3

You stand at the end of a long passageway, looking west You can see three doors along the south wall, and on the northern side there is a passageway leading off northwards between the first and second doors. There is also a door on the north side of the passage, directly opposite the third and most distant of the south-facing doors. At the far end of the western passage, a door faces you as the passage turns northwards. You feel sure that this passageway leads deeper into the heart of Castle Argent. Choose an area here which you have not explored. Will you make for:

The first door to the south?	Turn to **320**
The second door to the south?	Turn to **144**
The north side passage?	Turn to **218**
The third door to the south?	Turn to **378**
The single door to the north?	Turn to **196**
The far end of the west passage?	Turn to **357**

4

As the monster assembles itself, you can perform two actions before you will have to fight it, such as casting a spell, eating a meal (only one of your two actions can be eating a meal), drinking a Potion, and so on. You can make a free attack with either action; this allows you to subtract 2 points for each attack from the STAMINA of the Skeletal Dragon as shown below.

SKELETAL DRAGON SKILL 10 STAMINA 20

If you win, a search here reveals a fine haul of treasure. You find a Tower Chest and a separate small casket which contains 7 Gold Pieces and a slim wand made of ebony inlaid with silver runes. This wand is useful to you only if you are Sallazar the wizard; if you are Sallazar, turn to **25**. If you are not, it's time to explore elsewhere; turn to **51**

5

You are standing mid-way along the Passage of Hawks. Looking south, you can see the door by which you entered this level of the castle. To the east, there is a green door in the south wall, then a crossroads, then the passage continues east without any further doors leading from it To the west, there is a white door in

the south wall, then a corridor leading south, and finally, some metres before the end of the passage, there is a door in the south wall directly opposite a northwards-leading passage. You should head for an area you haven't explored before. Will you:

Head due south?	Turn to **399**
Open the green door to the east?	Turn to **287**
Make for the crossroads to the east?	Turn to **92**
Open the white door to the west?	Turn to **224**
Open the second door to the west?	Turn to **275**
Go west and down the south passage?	Turn to **72**
Go west and down the north passage?	Turn to **385**

6

Test your Skill, adding **2** to the number rolled, for the doors are very heavy. If you are successful, you open the doors with a great shove. If you fail, you still manage to open the doors, but you sprain some muscles in your side from shoving so hard Deduct **2** points from your STAMINA Now you must *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **103** If you are Unlucky, turn to **265**.

7

You are back in the great corridor known as the Bronze Stride, and you march to the middle of it to take your bearings and decide where to explore next. Turn to **41**.

8

The crystal doors below the wooden stairway are sundered; you find that all doors open before you as the howl of angry, chaotic magic swirls and screams about you. All is pandemonium. You feel as if you are moving in a dream, hardly aware any longer who you are or where exactly you are going, just guided onwards by intuition, willpower and sheer guts! You race through the carnage of Thulu's Throne Room and southwards towards the stone bridge. This has taken you another 100 seconds. Now you must make a crucial decision as you race across the stone bridge. The more LUCK points you spend, the faster you will be able to move, dodging obstacles and the like – but the more difficult any *Test your Luck* roll will become! You may spend up to 5 LUCK points. Decide how many you want to spend, then turn to **222**.

9

'I am Elranel, Master Thief. This is one of my old haunts, Castle Argent. I've lifted more pleasing little items from round here than you could possibly count up. Not much left these days though, not with these stinking Orcs around. They've looted so much of the place, and vandalized the rest. This is probably my last visit. Time to teleport home, I reckon . . . That is, unless you'd be interested in buying a little something? Information, perhaps? Maybe some Orcbane?' You haggle a little with the Elf, and finally agree to a list of prices for the help he's prepared to offer. To consider the items he has for sale, turn to **66**. To consider the information he could give you, turn to **22**.

10

A tranquil, shallow pool of slightly milky water gleams golden a few metres in front of you as you enter this dark cavern and look around at the smooth, ages-old stalagmites and stalactites within it. You think you can now dimly remember the legend of Castle Argent's Pool of Gold: it was created by a long-dead alchemist who brought this precious metal to Amarillia, which originally had none of its own. Eager for treasure, you step forward to collect some of the precious gold. When you wade into the shallow water, however, what you took for a large boulder stirs and rises up on a pair of knobbly, cylindrical 'legs' and moves to repel you! In order to get your gold, you must fight this strange enemy. If you prefer to run or flee from combat at any time, the strange stone creature will pursue you to the main cavern but will not enter it (turn to **186**).

STONE GUARDIAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 14

If you win, roll one dice and add **2** to the number rolled; this is the number of small chunks of gold (each the equivalent of 1 Gold Piece) which you scavenge from the Pool of Gold. You also find a crystal vial holding a colourless oil; you may use this for one

combat only, if you do not have a magic weapon (some monsters can be struck only by enchanted weaponry). If you pour the oil over your weapon, it will make your weapon magical for the duration of a single combat (but you gain no bonus to your Attack Strength for this). Now, you can explore the side-passage on the way out, if you haven't done so before (turn to **208**), or make for the main cavern across the rope bridge (turn to **186**).

11

Unfortunately, the guards behind you are ever-vigilant. You are surprised as a whip blow knocks you to your knees. Lose 2 STAMINA points, and you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength for the first Attack Round while you get to your feet. What's worse, your assailants here are formidable – and horrible – enemies. Standing well over two metres tall, the Hellhorns, which Zagor drew with him from some plane of nightmare and chaos, carry great whips in their monstrous, clawed hands. Powerful and muscular, these creatures are still tainted with chaos and disease; rotting flesh hangs from their skeletal faces, and they are

well named – their horns are powerful and they will try to butt you with them, as well as using their whips. You must fight them together; turn to **174** to fight.

12

It takes a long time to search the many dormitory rooms thoroughly, so you must eat 2 meals here. However, in a sealed tin carefully hidden behind a shield hanging on one wall you find two flasks of herbal liqueur, each of which will restore 4 points of STAMINA when drunk (which you can do at any time except during a combat). You also find three thick slabs of oatmeal, magically crafted survival rations for soldiers, each of which is enough for a whole meal; these are so light you can carry them in addition to your usual food, so they don't count towards your Provisions limit. Gain 1 LUCK point. Unfortunately, your extended search means that you fall foul of a truly ghastly prowler. As you are about to leave, a shambling, rotting corpse in rags lurches towards you and a miasma of flies buzzes about its suppurating flesh. You have no chance to flee, and you sense that this creature is extremely dangerous!

PLAGUE BEARER SKILL 5 STAMINA 4

If the Plaguer Bearer strikes you even once, turn to **45**. If you win, you can open one of the coloured doors here if you haven't done so before: you may choose the blue door (turn to **327**) or the yellow door (turn to **205**), or leave the barracks area and explore elsewhere (turn to **64**).

13

The door here is plain and looks creaky and slightly warped, but it is locked. Forcing the door open, your arm is slashed by a vicious, serrated scything blade which slices down out of the frame opposite the lock. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Yelping with pain, you prepare to confront the creatures behind the trapped door. However, what confronts you are three starving, ragged, and very young men – one of them hardly grown to manhood. As well as the ramshackle bedding, the wonky table and the dilapidated chairs in this room – which is lit by the blue glow of a magical torch – you see a wooden chest. The young men back away from you, heavy knives already in their hands. They are clearly afraid of you and are not attacking. If you want to fight them, turn to **59**. If you prefer to talk to them, turn to **100**.

14

As you race through the guardrooms on your way to the southern passageway, the scream of chaotic magic in Castle Agent becomes almost unbearable. Weird phantasms and illusions dance before your eyes; ducking and dodging to avoid them, you need another 30 seconds to cross the passageway (a Potion of Flying will not reduce this time but, if you have a Ring of Truesight, you may reduce the time to 10 seconds). You fling open the door leading to the chasm of the Heartfires and race to the edge. If you have 4 or more STAMINA points left, turn to **400**. If you have 3 or fewer STAMINA points left, turn to **310**.

15

A cunning plan begins to hatch in your mind. Much of the cosmetic powder that has been left here is very pale in colour and, by daubing a great deal of it on your face and hands – mixed with some of the oily skin-creams here – you might just be able to pass as a Zombie. You may be able to fool other Zombies or equally mindless minions. You can take enough cream and powder to disguise yourself, if you wish to do so; you will be asked later on whether you're using this disguise or not. Now, you can head along the north passageway opposite (turn to **385**) or go back east along the Passage of Hawks (turn to **111**).

16

The merchant has four Magic Arrows which cost 1 Gold Piece each. Each can be used just once, and counts the same as an arrow or bolt fired from a longbow or crossbow. He also has two unique and very useful items. The first is a small, sealed blue-white crystal vial with a pinch of grave dust inside it. If you use this in combat by shattering the vial and flinging the dust over an undead creature, you can automatically inflict damage equal to half its Current STAMINA (you will be told when you encounter a monster which is undead). This vial costs 8 Gold Pieces. The merchant also has a genie bottle, from which you can summon a genie just once during a combat. The genie will use magic to paralyse your enemy, allowing you to overcome him automatically (this will not affect any undead creatures, however, or any Dragon, Golem or Animated Armour, or Zagor himself). The genie bottle costs 10 Gold Pieces. These items are indeed expensive, so the merchant offers you a form of part-exchange: he has some magic artefacts of his own that need recharging so, for each Magic Point you are prepared to spend helping him with this, he will knock 1 Gold Piece off the price of one of his goods. If you buy any of his items, remember to amend your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly. If you want to buy anything else from the merchant, turn to **168**. If you want to leave and search elsewhere, turn to **218**.

17

You find a small sliding panel in the eastern wall which, you suspect, may well be trapped. If you decide to open it, turn to **34**. If you don't want to take the chance, you leave and open a door in the Throne Room which you haven't opened before; will it be:

The door in the west wall?	Turn to **390**
The central door in the north wall?	Turn to **91**
The westernmost door in the north wall?	Turn to **282**

18

The vicious bite of the Vampire Bats produces continuous bleeding which is hard to stop. Roll one dice; this is the number of STAMINA points you must lose as soon as the combat ends, since blood keeps gushing from the bite-marks (you cannot eat a meal during this time, but you can drink a Potion, a liqueur or a restorative to stop this extra damage from killing you). Worse, you now have Vampiric Plague. Every time

you enter a room or passage with an undead monster inside it (Zombie, Skeleton, Spectre, and so on; you will be told when you meet an undead monster), you must subtract 2 from both your Current and your *Initial* STAMINA as the plague weakens you over time. You can only reverse this process, restoring your full *Initial* STAMINA, if you find a Healer who is willing to help you or if you have or can find Plague Antidote. Now you can make for the fountain (turn to **47**) or back away from this room, fearing further hidden attackers (turn to **3**).

19

Your deception works: the monsters here don't react to you immediately, though they will as soon as you begin attacking them. You have one free action: this can be casting a spell, striking one opponent (make a note to subtract the appropriate number of STAMINA points from the first opponent you must face in the Throne Room), launching a special magic sword if you can, or throwing in a Lava Sphere (if you have one). Decide upon your free action, then turn to **39** to fight.

20

You find yourself in a barracks complex, where many of Castle Argent's brave defenders were once stationed – before they and King Kraal fell, victims of the terrifying Bone Demon and his War Dragons. The air here is musty, the floor is covered in dust, and the area appears long deserted. If you want to make a prolonged search, turn to **53**. If you prefer to leave and open the door opposite, not having done so before, turn to **318**. If you want to leave and open the double doors at the far end of the entrance hall, turn to **376**.

21

You have taken too long! The taloned nails of the Zagor-Demon's hands drive far into your body and pierce your vital organs. You fall to your knees as the monstrosity rises above you, ready to rip you apart . . . you were so close to victory, but your adventure has ended just before you could truly triumph!

22

'Good information doesn't come cheap, you know,' Elranel grins. You must pay him 2 Gold Pieces for the chance to talk about each of the following topics (he will tell you about one subject free of charge if you bribed him to talk):

Magical weapons in Castle Argent	Turn to **81**
Tower Chests and where to find them	Turn to **108**
Healing (or Plague Antidote)	Turn to **176**
General information about this castle level	Turn to **392**
How to get into the Great Tower where Zagor lies	Turn to **351**

In each case, pay the Elf then turn to the paragraph noted. You must subtract payment from your Treasure for each choice, of course (Elranel accepts both Gold Pieces and any valuable items of treasure you have taken from the castle – except armour, which he

won't buy). Next, if you contemplate buying any items Elranel has for sale, turn to **66**. If you've completed your dealings with Elranel, turn to **239**. If you get greedy and attack him in the hope of taking his excellent treasures, turn to **157**.

23

There's a strange twist to these runes – what they are is a trap laid against magical entry! You realize that, had you cast an Open spell, you would have set off the trap. This tells you that whoever is behind the door is scared of wizards in particular! You can now open the door normally (turn to **339**) or decide to leave and search elsewhere (turn to **376**).

24

If you choose Rabellan or Reindrech, there is no response; turn to **36** to explore elsewhere. If you tried to communicate with Chanquin, turn to **323**. If you tried to communicate with Dorrick, turn to **308**.

25

You have found the Wand of the Hawk, once wielded by the greatest wizard at the court of the kings here! With this wand, both your Current and *Initial* Magic Points total is raised to 9. You can also add 1 to both your Current and *Initial* SKILL; the wand gives you magically enhanced speed of reaction. You may also touch the wand to the hand weapon you use so that it now counts as a magic weapon (some creatures can be harmed only by magic weapons, so this is important!). What is more, once you have crossed the wooden

stairway to the Great Tower above you, you gain a bonus of 2 to your Attack Strength! Lastly, just once during your adventure in Castle Argent you can call upon the magic of this wand to help you by either restoring your Current Magic Points tally to its full *Initial* level or by restoring your Current STAMINA to its full *Initial* level. You cannot use this one-off special power while you are fighting, however, and be sure not to call upon this power until you really need it, for it will be granted only once. Gain 2 LUCK points for this wonderful find! Now turn to **51** to explore elsewhere.

26

A very deep pit behind you now blocks your safe passage southwards as you clamber painfully out. Unfortunately the entire length of the passage to the south, as far as the Passage of Hawks, has opened up as a second pit trap is belatedly triggered! Returning that way won't be easy unless you can find some way of resetting the pit trap; it's too far for even a Jump spell to get you across. So, you are now faced with a wooden door to your right, another one directly opposite on your left with a ceramic plaque showing a silver crown on it, and ahead of you an east–west passage in the distance. You should explore an area you haven't entered before. Will you:

Open the door to your right?	Turn to **55**
Open the door to your left?	Turn to **112**
Make for the junction between the two passages?	Turn to **43**

27

Sacks of mouldy flour, rotted cereals, smashed ceramic pots and decayed food greet you everywhere, but you also find some wax-sealed jars of preserved fruits and garva, a highly nutritious root-vegetable from far Crab Island. Add 4 to your Provisions, and gain 1 LUCK point for this fortunate find.

Unfortunately, your pleasure at this discovery is marred when you hear a snuffling and squelching sound coming from the passage. Whatever's causing the noise is between you and the exit, so you move to investigate. What you find appals and disgusts you: a white lizard-like thing, two metres long, with leprous, purple-ringed yellow blotches all over its skin. Worse still, the horror looks as if it has been stitched together from the body-parts of various creatures – including a human or two, judging from its hand-like front paws. The gross thing hisses and spits a gobbet of filthy yellow phlegm at you. *Test your Skill*: if you are successful, you avoid the missile, but if you fail, you take a faceful of filth which leaves you choking and sick, and you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength during this combat.

CORPSE LIZARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you win, you notice that the monster has left a slime trail behind it as it moved. If you want to track the route the monster took to get here, turn to **116**. If you would rather search elsewhere in the castle, turn to **376**.

28

Behind this door lies an otherwise empty chamber with two huge guards in it; they jerk stiffly out of their frozen postures as you enter. They are Zombies – of a kind. In addition to their blackened chain mail and longswords, they wear ebony-black circlets on their heads. You can attack them normally, or you can try to make a specific strike at the head. If you wish to do the latter in any Attack Round, you must subtract 3 from your Attack Strength, because it is hard to target such a specific small area. However, if you do make a successful head strike, you knock off the circlet and the Great Crown Zombie will lose 2 points from its SKILL and 6 points from its STAMINA instantly. Backed up in the doorway, you can fight the monsters here one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREAT CROWN ZOMBIE	8	12
Second GREAT CROWN ZOMBIE	8	12

If you win, there is a door in the west wall opposite you. You can open it (turn to **234**), leave this room and open the door with the grille outside (turn to **51**), or head back north along the passage outside to explore an area you haven't entered before (turn to **357**).

29

The knight will fight to the death, neither showing nor expecting any quarter. You will have to battle valiantly to overcome him!

SIR DAVIAN SKILL 12 STAMINA 16

If you win, the wooden chest contains only some items of ordinary clothing and but a single Gold Piece, and the oil-lamp has used almost all its fuel and is of no use to you. However, the man's ring is magical; you must spend 1 Magic Point to be able to use it, but if you do this it enables you to survive in the castle without needing food or water. So, if you are told that you must eat a meal, you can ignore this instruction in future (eating meals will still restore your STAMINA, however). If you are Braxus, and if you choose to spend 1 Magic Point, you can use the knight's magical plate mail armour, which will add 2 to your Attack Strength during combat! Now you must leave and explore elsewhere; you can head south and then eastwards (turn to **399**) or northwards to the Passage of Hawks (turn to **111**).

30

Along the west wall of this northwards-running passage a couple of bricks are clearly out of place and, after a swift check, you find that many are loose. Removing them, you discover a narrow crawlway leading a few metres to the west beyond the portal you have excavated, and at the end of it there is some kind of wooden object in an end-chamber! However, scrambling along this narrow passage is going to be very difficult (except for Stubble!). If you want to crawl along it, turn to **86**. If you prefer to continue northwards, turn to **271**.

31

Zagor's expression turns truly livid and he is clearly about to unleash some very unpleasant magical attack. You really should get to close quarters with him! If you prefer to stay at long distance, you can use a catapult attack, if you haven't done so before (turn to **349**); otherwise you must try to get nearer to Zagor by using a Potion of Flying if you have one (turn to **383**), by racing up the steps to get to him (turn to **207**), or by using a magical weapon to cleave a safe path up the steps (turn to **133**).

32

You need to be smart and eagle-eyed, and used to the wicked ways of card-sharps and fixed dice, if you are going to make money gambling in the seaboard taverns of Sanctuary! Roll one dice: unless you are Anvar, you may add 1 to the number rolled. You may also add 1 to the dice roll if you choose to spend a point of

LUCK. If the final total is 3 or less, you lose 2 Gold Pieces. If the total is 4, you break even. If the total is 5 or higher, you win 4 Gold Pieces. Now you have little time left, so you must hurry; turn to **173**.

33

You leave the looted guest chamber and turn to make your way back west. *Test your Spot Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **141**. If you fail, turn to **376**.

34

Test your Skill. If you are successful, you slide the panel across safely. If you fail, a poisoned blade flies out and slashes deep into your wrist; you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA from the deep gash, and a further 2 STAMINA points because of the poison; you must also lose 1 point of Current and *Initial* SKILL because your weapon hand is injured! Worse still, the compartment behind the sliding panel is empty; what was once hidden here has evidently been removed. Now you may leave and open a door in the Throne Room which you haven't opened before; will it be:

The door in the west wall?	Turn to **390**
The central door in the north wall?	Turn to **91**
The westernmost door in the north wall?	Turn to **282**

35

If the first Orc is invisible, you must deduct 2 from your Attack Strength when fighting him. As you confront the first Orc, the second Orc runs its sword through the white-robed man and a pool of blood

spreads across the floor. Fight the two Orcs separately.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREAT ORC	8	7
Second GREAT ORC	8	7

If you win, the dying healer can help neither you nor himself, although he manages to whisper to you that he was forced to use his healing to help the Orcs, since the denizens of the castle have no healing skills of their own. 'There is another healer . chained up by Thulu, beyond the Throne Room . . ' and then he is dead A swift search here turns up only 1 Gold Piece and some stale food (add 1 to your Provisions). You leave the temple and head west along the passageway outside (turn to 357).

36

Standing in the middle of the long passageway of the west wing, the layout is clearly symmetrical To the north there is an unmarked door near the exit from the west wing and, much further along to the west, another door with the design of a plain, black shield and a glowing sun etched upon it To the south, there is an unmarked door close to the exit, and a door some way to the west bearing the image of a silver crown upon it. To the east of you, double doors lead back to the great passage known as the Bronze Stride; far to the west, broken-down doors opened into the ruins of the destroyed west tower, so you judge that little is to be gained from entering there. You should try a door you have not opened before (except the east doors which

return you to the Bronze Stride – you can open them at any time). Will you open:

The east doors?	Turn to 7
The plain door to the north?	Turn to 274
The north door with the shield on it?	Turn to 124
The unmarked door to the south?	Turn to 185
The south door with the crown on it?	Turn to 152

37

The runes of the onyx door betray the presence of some form of magic pertaining to Elementals within the chamber. This spells danger to you, so you should expect to have to use powerful magic here. You also know that Elementals cannot be harmed without a magical weapon. If you don't carry such a weapon, you are very unlikely to be able to slay an Elemental by spells alone, for they are strong. If you want to open the onyx door, turn to 78. If you want to open the door bearing the shield, turn to 259.

38

The great hearth in the north wall, with its hobs and pots and roasting spits, tells you that this must be the kitchen of the lower castle, though the fire has long been extinguished. To your left there are some hatches in the wall, beyond which is a barely lit chamber; peering in, you see that it is a huge Feast Hall, and you guess you could get into it through the double doors in the passage outside. You can't make out much of what is inside the Feast Hall unless you use a Light spell (if you can and wish to do this, turn to **279**). You find an empty glass bottle in the kitchen, but nothing else of any use to you. You decide to take a chance on opening the door in the west wall of the kitchen, and you find that beyond it lies a small, narrow passageway, off which you see a couple of tiny boxrooms, that the domestic servants must have occupied, and some large larder cupboards. It's highly unlikely that anything edible has been left after all these years, but, if you want to make a search of them, turn to **27**. Otherwise, you return to the doorway of the entrance hall to this castle level and choose another area to explore; turn to **376**.

39

Thulu remains seated on his throne, but the other monsters swarm to attack you. You must fight them together, in pairs, in the order shown below: Orcs, then Great Orcs, then Mutant Orcs, then Great Crown Zombies. You can neither rest nor perform any action, such as drinking a Potion or eating a meal, between fighting each pair of enemies.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	5
Second ORC	6	5
First GREAT ORC	7	6
Second GREAT ORC	7	6
Third GREAT ORC	7	6
Fourth GREAT ORC	7	6
First MUTANT ORC	7	8
Second MUTANT ORC	7	8
First GREAT CROWN ZOMBIE	8	12
Second GREAT CROWN ZOMBIE	8	12

When you are fighting the Great Crown Zombies, you have one special option: you can attempt to knock the ebony circlet from a Zombie's head, rather than striking normally. If you do this, you receive a penalty of 3 to your Attack Strength; but if you succeed in striking the Zombie, it loses 2 points from its SKILL and 6 points from its STAMINA instantly. If you win this ferociously difficult combat, turn to **82**.

40

As you walk into the triangle, tendrils of magical force reach into your body, chilling and numbing you. Lose 5 STAMINA points! There is a sudden scream from the back of the cavern, and materializing before your eyes is the ghostly form of a wizard, torment written large across his face and flickering flames dancing at his fingertips If you want to attack him, turn to **114**. If you want to talk, and you think you know his name, convert his name to a number using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, and so on Add together the numbers corresponding to the letters in his name, double the total, then turn to the paragraph with that number (if a name is not the second word in that paragraph, you have guessed wrongly; return to this paragraph and choose another action). If you want to try to bribe him in some way not to attack you, turn to **371** If you want to flee, turn to **335**

41

You are standing in the middle of the great castle passageway known as the Bronze Stride The walls here are covered in bronze plaques on which the faces of great heroes of Amarillian history are etched To the south is a door which you cannot open To the north, there is a door which has a lacquered black surface with gold etching and details Adjacent to it is a door with four shallow depressions in it. Far to the east, there is a set of double doors which give admittance to the east wing of the castle; likewise, far to the west of you is a set of double doors which give entry to the west wing of the castle. You must open a door which you haven't previously opened. Will it be:

The black and gold door?	Turn to **332**
The other door to the north?	Turn to **216**
The doors to the east wing?	Turn to **361**
The doors to the west wing?	Turn to **248**

42

Roll one dice. If you roll 1–3, turn to **388**; if you roll 4–6, turn to **203**.

43

You are standing in the middle of an east-west passageway, and the stink of Orcs is very strong here! To the east, you can see two doors, one to your left and another one, further along, to your right. The left-hand door is, unmistakably, the entrance to an Orc barracks; here the smell is strongest. To the west, the passageway swings round to the north. Explore an area you haven't entered before. Will you now:

Open the door to the Orc barracks?	Turn to **204**
Open the further door to the east?	Turn to **67**
Head west and then northwards?	Turn to **368**

44

After many days at sea, your vessel is within five kilometres of Tower Island itself. Even from that distance you can see the great towered mass of Castle Argent rising into the leaden skies just beyond the shoreline. The galley can go no further in the shallow bay, so you thank the crew who brought you here and take your belongings into the stout rowing boat being lowered for you. Carannus shakes your hand firmly

and says, 'We head for the River Geld and, hopefully, a greeting from my own people – those few who remain in the lands upstream. We will come back for you when the moon is new, hoping for your safe return – and news of a triumph. If you are not waiting,' he pauses, 'we will come once more, when the moon is new over the world. All our hopes ride with you.' You leave and row for the shore; turn to **75**.

45

The touch of the horror transforms you instantly into a Plague Bearer yourself, doomed to wander in Zagor's service for ever, transforming other poor wretches into diseased wanderers. Your adventure ends here!

46

The Dark Knight has a magnificent, magical, two-handed sword, which you can take and use. This gives a bonus of 1 to your Attack Strength in all combats; against any Dragon – or against Zagor himself – it gives a bonus of 2 to your Attack Strength! Gain 2 LUCK points for this find. Leaving this chamber, you set off north for the crystalline doors. Turn to **135**.

47

As you stride towards the fountain, the hedge of thorny, hard-stemmed plants strains forward to strike at you! If you are wearing metal armour (chain mail or plate mail), you suffer no damage from this, but if you are not wearing such armour you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA through cuts and abrasions.

If you are still alive, you force a way through to the fountain. The waters of the fountain are clear and pure. Drinking from it restores 4 points of STAMINA. If you have any empty glass bottles, you may fill them here: each full bottle will restore 4 points of lost STAMINA when you drink it, which you can do at any time except during combat. However, the healing magic of the water fades beyond this chamber; once you have crossed a stairway, the water will no longer be magical, and drinking it from a bottle will not heal you. Also, as you turn to leave; the fountain's waters run dry, so you cannot return here for further healing draughts. As you leave, there's a door directly opposite you as you look north; if you want to open it, having not done so before, turn to **196**. If you want to make your way further westwards to the end of the long passage outside, turn to **357**. If you want to search elsewhere, turn to **3**.

48

The Mutant is down, but it isn't finished. As it collapses backwards, its huge belly writhes and squirms as flailing tentacles become detached from its body and thrash wildly around on the floor. A deep rumbling arises from the monster. What will you do? Will you:

Run away as fast as you can?	Turn to **76**
Perform some action (drinking a Potion, etc.)?	Turn to **101**
Carry on hitting the monster with a weapon?	Turn to **156**

49

Test your Skill. If you are successful, you manage a bow shot which snags your rope round a dragon's jaw arch; a swift tug tells you it will take your weight, so turn to **63**. If you fail, the rope is not attached securely and it would be folly to climb it; turn to **180** and choose another way of getting up to the platform.

50

You had better overcome this Plague Zombie swiftly; if it strikes you, you will contract a terrible malady indeed!

PLAGUE ZOMBIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you win, you can take the silver ring; it is a Ring of Truesight, allowing you to see through certain illusions (make a note of this paragraph number on your *Adventure Sheet*. However, if the Plague Zombie struck you even once, you now have Undead Plague. This means that you may yourself change into one of the Undead at any time. Each time you enter a room you haven't explored before, you must roll two dice. If you roll a total of 11 or 12, you will become transformed, and your adventure will end in a fate literally worse than death. Only a Healer, or the use of Plague Antidote, will cure you of this. Now, you may leave this room or open one of the other caskets which you have as yet left unexplored, so will you:

Leave and explore elsewhere?	Turn to **399**
Open the casket with the silver staff?	Turn to **309**
Open the casket with the wooden box?	Turn to **80**

51

Stairs descend into the dank, unlit depths of the fetid dungeons that comprise the castle's jail. This area is unlit, so if you do not have a lantern (or use a Light spell) in the jail, you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength in any combats while in the jails, and you may fall foul of traps you cannot see. If you don't wish to hazard an entry here, or if you have finished your search here, head back south to the end of the passageway to search elsewhere (turn to 357). Otherwise, descending the stairs you can see three doors to the right and two more to the left, spaced along a seemingly endless passage that stretches ahead of you. Explore an area you haven't entered before; will you open:

The first door on your right?	Turn to **158**
The second door on your right?	Turn to **184**
The third door on your right?	Turn to **281**
Either of the left-hand doors?	Turn to **118**

52

Standing in the middle of the main passage of the east wing, you can see six doors. Two large doors in the north wall both bear the symbols of dragon's heads, and they do not appear to be part of the original castle design. To the west, double doors give access to the Bronze Stride. To the south there are two doors, one of which has a large, crudely painted sign which reads: 'DO NOT ENTER!' Lastly, there is a door at the far east end of the passage. You should open a door which you have not opened previously (unless you are returning to the Bronze Stride through the west door, which you can do at any time). Will you open:

The door to the west?	Turn to **7**
The left-hand door in the north wall?	Turn to **95**
The right-hand door in the north wall?	Turn to **345**
The door with the warning sign?	Turn to **221**
The other southern door?	Turn to **137**
The door to the east?	Turn to **166**

53

You must eat a meal during your lengthy search, opening the doors to a warren of individual dormitory rooms and living chambers. You don't find anything of value, but you must *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **132**. If you fail, turn to **227**.

54

A howling crescendo of magical force is whipped up inside the Throne Room! You regain 5 STAMINA points from the powerful vortex of magic within the room. You can see a treasure chest behind Zagor's throne. If you want to open it, turn to **340**. If you don't want to do this, turn to **148**.

55

As you are about to open this plain wooden door, you notice that it is just ajar and you hear Orcish squeals and a deep grunt coming from behind it Peeking cautiously in, you see an Orc poking the point of a sharp wooden spear through the bars of a small cage to torment the creature inside it. You've never seen anything like the imprisoned animal before: it resembles nothing so much as an over-sized piglet, with iron plates along its back and legs. It has a thick, long pink snout which the hateful Orc is jabbing at The poor thing grunts and whimpers in fear of the Orc If you want to attack the Orc, turn to **88**. If you decide not to, turn to **280**.

56

In the markets and shops of the peaceable town of Sanctuary you can buy many things, but your most likely purchases may well be:

Chain mail armour	7 Gold Pieces
Longbow and arrows	4 Gold Pieces
Crossbow and arrows	4 Gold Pieces
Potion of Stamina	7 Gold Pieces
Magic Ring	5 Gold Pieces
Vial of Plague Antidote	6 Gold Pieces
Empty glass bottle	1 Gold Piece
Rope (10 metres long)	1 Gold Piece
Flask of herbal liqueur	3 Gold Pieces
Potion of Fire Resistance	5 Gold Pieces

If you wear chain mail armour, this does not add to your Attack Strength during combats, but it does

provide some protection against certain hazards you may encounter during your adventures. With either type of bow, you will be instructed when you can use it in later paragraphs. The Potion of Stamina, when drunk, allows you to regain STAMINA points equal to one-half your *Initial* score (round fractions up). The Magic Ring stores 1 Magic Point. A vial of Plague Antidote will cure one (and only one!) form of plague which you may be unfortunate enough to pick up during your exploration of dire Castle Argent, restoring all losses from *Initial* (but not Current!) STAMINA due to the effects of plague. The flask of herbal liqueur is refreshing and invigorating: when you drink it, you regain 4 STAMINA points. The Potion of Stamina, the liqueur and the Potion of Fire Resistance can be drunk at any time, except during a combat. Once drunk, the effects of the latter last for the duration of the next combat in which you are attacked by fire (such as Dragon breath or a Fireball spell); during this time, you can halve the STAMINA loss such attacks do to you (rounding fractions up). When you have decided what to buy, amend your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly. Now, you can consult the king's sages if you want to (turn to **154**), try to earn some extra gold if you haven't tried this before (turn to **206**), or leave Sanctuary by ship (turn to **220**).

57

Remstar's shade slowly dissipates with a great sigh of peace, as the wizard is released from years of wretched confinement. Searching the strange cavern, you find a Tower Chest and, in a leather pouch, 5 Gold Pieces

and two ornate and very unusual playing cards. Their backs are uppermost, and they bear a strange elliptical design – a snake swallowing its own tail – in red on a black background. If you want to turn over the first of these cards, turn to **175**. If you want to turn over the second of these cards, turn to **245**. If you would rather not turn over either of them, you can explore the cavern at the end of the passage beyond, if you have not already done so (turn to **10**), or return to the main cavern you entered by (turn to **186**).

58

You find nothing of value in the course of your thorough search (you must eat a meal), but you manage to cut your hand badly on some broken glass equipment; lose 2 STAMINA points. Do you now want to open the south door (turn to **365**) or make for the main passage outside (turn to **280**)?

59

You move forward to attack. You must fight the thieves two at a time; once you have killed the first or

second thief, the third one will step into his place to fight you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THIEF	7	6
Second THIEF	7	6
Third THIEF	8	6

If you win, you use the keys on one of the bodies to open the chest, which contains 2 Gold Pieces and a small package of peppered cheese, wrapped in pale-green leaves (add 2 to your Provisions). There is a lockpick here which you can use for opening Tower Chests If you do use this lockpick, you are allowed to *Test your Skill* when opening Tower Chests and trying to avoid the traps in them (this saves LUCK points and so is very useful!). You can also take the magical torch if you wish to do so, though you must spend 1 Magic Point to be able to use it; the torch will cast a constant light for you in future whenever you wish it to do so (so it is equivalent to a lantern) Leaving this room, you can either head for the crawlway that goes west and then north, if you haven't been there before (turn to 355), or return to the main castle (turn to 3).

60

You stumble and fall, banging your head on stone; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you pick up the body again and stagger on. Roll two dice and multiply the number rolled by ten; add this many seconds to the time elapsed (a Potion of Flying does not reduce this time). You are so, so close now, but will you triumph? Turn to **14**.

61

Seated round the table are many of King Kraal's nobles and courtiers – or their remains, to be more accurate. Silent, skeletal forms with scraps of ruined robes and doublets form an eerie phalanx in the silent, dark vastness of the hall. In the north wall some serving hatches reveal a kitchen beyond which, you guess, you will be able to enter through the first door along to the north in the passage outside the hall. The silverware here has long been ransacked, but you find a pair of ornately decorated pottery bowls which look valuable, so you take them. The hall is large and the search takes time, so you must eat a meal. There is an odd, disturbing atmosphere about the dead here. You feel as if something of their spirits may remain in this troubled place. If you wish to spend a Magic Point trying to contact any spirits here, turn to **162**. If you want to set out for the kitchens, not having explored there already, turn to **38** Otherwise, you leave and search elsewhere; turn to **376**.

62

Ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz . Rest! You place the gems in the depressions in the given order: ruby first,

emerald next, then sapphire, then topaz. The door to the Chamber of Meditation slides open silently Inside is an ornate chair, stuffed with cushions, which looks incredibly inviting. You can avail yourself of the magic of the Chamber of Meditation only once during your adventure. This can be now, if you wish, or you can come here at any later time when you are in the Bronze Stride (when you return to paragraph **41** to make a fresh choice of an area to explore) After spending an hour or so dozing comfortably in the safety of the chair, you must eat a meal; when you do, your Current STAMINA will return to its full, *Initial* level! After you have rested, you should turn to **41** and explore elsewhere.

63

You manage to get half-way up the rope when there is a sudden gust of wind from the vortex and you are shaken like a leaf in an autumn gale *Test your Skill* adding 1 to the total rolled if you are wearing chain mail armour or 2 if you are wearing plate mail armour. If you are successful, you hang on for dear life. If you fail, you are flung to the ground below and must lose 10 STAMINA points! If you are still alive, your rope has broken free and you must find another way of ascending, so will you:

Use a Potion of Flying (if you have one)?	Turn to **364**
Climb one of the rope-ladders?	Turn to **272**
Enter the swirling vortex, hoping to be carried upwards?	Turn to **334**
Decline to climb up, and challenge the Dragon from where you are?	Turn to **346**

64

Leaving the barracks behind, you head southwards along the passageway. To your left is an onyx-inlaid door; if you haven't opened it before and wish to do so now, turn to **78**. At the end of this passage lies the Passage of Hawks, with a door directly opposite the corridor you're walking along; if you want to open that door, turn to **275** Otherwise, you turn east at the end of this southern passage and make for the mid-way point of the Passage of Hawks, to choose somewhere else to search; turn to **5**.

65

There is a faded brass plaque on this door which reads faintly: 'PLEASE KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING' Below this is a brass door-knocker fashioned in the shape of a Pegasus' head, with a lucky horseshoe nailed underneath for good measure! You're not sure what to make of all this – what if there are guards or monsters inside using this paraphernalia as a trap? If you want to knock on the door, turn to **384**. If you

decide to open it without knocking, turn to **90**. If you prefer to search elsewhere, turn to **218**.

66

Elranel can offer you the following items:

Potion of Stamina	8 Gold Pieces
Potion of Luck	5 Gold Pieces
Vial of Orcbane	5 Gold Pieces
Scroll of the spell Fast Hands	4 Gold Pieces
Scroll of the spell Fireball	7 Gold Pieces
Magic Ring	5 Gold Pieces

'All an absolute bargain,' he says sadly. 'My wives and children will surely starve to death if I'm forced to sell at these prices. By all the gods and goddesses, I'm too soft-hearted a soul, truly I am.' The Potion of Stamina, when drunk, restores lost STAMINA equal to half your *Initial* score (round fractions up). The Potion of Luck, when drunk, restores 1–3 lost LUCK points (roll one dice and round fractions up). Either Potion can be drunk at any time, except during a combat. The Orcbane can be applied to any edged weapon (axe, sword or dagger) before you fight Orcs and, for the first six Attack Rounds, any hit you achieve will cause 2 extra points of STAMINA (this damage works on any

type of Orc, including their chieftains, and Mutant Orcs too!). If you decide to buy anything, adjust your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly; Elranel accepts either Gold Pieces or any valuable treasures you have taken from Castle Argent (except for armour, which is of no use to him). Next, if you want to buy some information, turn to **22**. If you've completed your dealings with Elranel, turn to **239**. If you get greedy and attack him, in the hope of taking his excellent treasures, turn to **157**.

67

You have entered the rooms of the Argent Knights, the elite defenders of the castle. This network of rooms, though very extensive, has been thoroughly pillaged by the Orcs. However, most of the doors still bear the shield designs of the Argent Knights, together with their names. If you are Sallazar, turn to **395**. If there is a specific knight whose name you know and whose room you want to find, turn to **117**. Otherwise, even making a search of a few rooms will be time-consuming; if you want to do this, turn to **159**. If not, turn to **43** and explore elsewhere.

68

Behind the door, alone in a very long, narrow chamber, an old crone sits at a spinning wheel, absent-mindedly toying with strands of oddly shimmering silver thread She is clad all in dusty, filthy black, and there are cobwebs in her hair Her eyes are opaque, afflicted with cataracts, but she sees you – you have no doubt of that A black cat beside her hisses as you enter The room is full of junk, bric-à-brac, a total muddle of rubbish and dusty things you can hardly make out in the gloom. The hag cackles as you stand uncertainly in the doorway. 'Well, dearie, what is it you want with old Grizzell, eh? Speak up!' If you want to attack the hag, turn to **290**. If you prefer to talk to her, turn to **109**. If you simply want to leave here, go back to the passage and make for the iron door, turn to **233**.

69

The wily brute rubs a ring on his left hand and disappears, only to reappear a split second later, at the top of the tower, standing on the wooden platform! Straining his muscles and sinews, the huge monster is trying to wheel the ballista – a huge, spear-flinging device – around to face you! One strike from such a weapon would inflict enormous damage on you, perhaps even kill you outright If you want to flee, Grool will lob a rock at you as you go; turn to **377**. If you want to continue fighting, you have the following choices: you can fire a bow or catapult at Grool, or cast spells at him (turn to **96** to do either), make for the stone steps and try to climb up on to the platform (turn to **123**), or use a Potion of Flying (if you have one) to reach the platform at once (turn to **172**).

70

You use the jail keys to enter a huge cell-block complex. Along a corridor stretching far into the distance scores of cells, each with its own locked door, are ranged on either side. Checking them all will clearly take a long time. If you want to search a handful of them in the hope of finding something, turn to **380**. If you want to make a time-consuming search of all the cells here, turn to **542**. If you decide not to lose time here but to try the next cell-block along, not having done so before, turn to **210**. If you would rather search somewhere else, turn to **51**.

71

You remember that the three key elements of magical wards and locks are the spider's web, which is a locking element; the circle, which is a protective symbol; and the triangle, which is a magical trap set upon the door. What you have in front of you now is a complex symbol and it suggests that a powerful wizard must have inscribed it. If you want to smash down this door, turn to **253**. If you want to use an Open spell, turn to **89**. If you don't want to risk the effects of the trap, turn to **3** and search elsewhere.

72

Looking south along this passageway, you can see a single door to the west before the passageway turns east, back towards the room where you entered this level of the castle. If you want to open the door, not having done so before, turn to **343**. If you want to follow the passageway back to where you entered this

castle level, to explore an area you haven't entered yet, turn to **399**. If you want to return east to the midway point of the Passage of Hawks, turn to **5**. If you decide to press on westwards, you can open the south-facing door (turn to **275**) or stride out along the northern passage opposite it, if you have not been there before (turn to **385**).

73

Opening a door with axe-blows etched deep into the wood, you find yourself in the old Hall of Dwarfs of the Castle, where an elite phalanx of dwarfish warriors once served the kings. The Orcs have trashed this room very thoroughly; littered bones around the floor and skeletons suspended from the oak ceiling beams show what happened to the Dwarfs here. *Test your Spot Skill* (if you are Stubble, you must add 1 to the total rolled: you are so furious at what you see here that it isn't easy to concentrate). If you are successful, turn to **122**. If you fail, you leave this room; you can head along either the western passage outside (turn to **399**) or the northern passage (turn to **139**).

74

Now you are face to face with the greatest threat Amarillia has ever known! There will be no mercy, no surrender; it's you or the Demon-thing. Magical forces whirl around in the Great Tower and dispel any Magic Screen spells (both yours and his); this is a straight fight to the finish. Each Attack Round, you must decide how you plan to attack the Zagor-Demon (by weapon, by spell, with acid if you have it, etc.). You

cannot drink any Potions or eat Provisions (though, if you have been taught how, you may be able to cast a certain form of healing spell upon yourself) Then work out Attack Strengths for yourself and Zagor for each Attack Round. The STAMINA score shown below for Zagor is his basic STAMINA score; you should adjust this for the number of Silver Daggers you possess, any damage you may have done to Zagor by attacks from a distance (using acid, etc), and whether Zagor gained any extra STAMINA points while you were ascending the steps

ZAGOR-DEMON SKILL 16 STAMINA 20

You should also consult the table below, which shows the attacks the Zagor-Demon will use, and the damage they will do if he hits you

Attack Round	*Attack and Damage*
1st	Thunderbolt spell: you lose 7 STAMINA points
2nd	Fireball spell: you lose 5 STAMINA points
3rd	Life Drain spell: drains 1 point from your SKILL and 2 points from your STAMINA
4th and 5th	Poisoned dagger: you lose 1 point from your STAMINA, plus 2 extra STAMINA points due to poison
6th onwards	Taloned fist: you lose 2 STAMINA points

If you reduce the Zagor-Demon to 2 or fewer STAMINA

points without killing it, turn to **264**. If you defeat the Zagor-Demon, turn to **54**.

75

You stand on the shoreline of Tower Island. Before you is a long, straight stone road leading up to the gates of Castle Argent itself, but on either side of that road are many ruined buildings, razed by Orcs and Zombies in the war against the Bone Demon. In the shattered ruins, little or nothing of any value or use to you is likely to be left after the destruction here. There may be some remnants of the Demon's armies here, scrounging what they can. However, if you want to explore the ruins, you may do so. Will you now:

Explore ruins to the west?	Turn to **369**
Explore ruins to the east?	Turn to **331**
Head straight for Castle Argent?	Turn to **192**

76

The huge body explodes, splashing you with acid as you run like one possessed through the doorway. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA! If you're still alive, the room you just left – when you dare to look back – is covered in slime and acid, and everything inside it is dissolving as the room fills with acrid smoke; you will not be able to find anything of use here now. You set off for the main passage to search elsewhere; turn to **280**.

77

You force open the door and peer along a tunnel that is lit by the dim glow of distant flames. After some fifty metres you come to a great chasm which drops into fiery depths below. These are the Heartfires, a source of great magical energies once used by the king's wizards in Castle Argent. On the far side of the chasm is a broad, low-roofed cavern strewn with boulders; leading across to that cavern is a frail-looking rope bridge with a wooden platform. Examining it, you see that a metal winch apparatus is used to move the platform, with ropes used to pull the traveller from one side of the chasm to the other. Obviously the rope bridge must be fire-resistant or it would not still be here. However, the winch is rusted and seems to be jammed. If you can and wish to use a Jump spell to cross here, turn to **295**. Alternatively, you could oil the winch using lantern oil so that the platform could be used to ferry you across (if you do this, but you have no spare lantern oil, you will not be able to use your lantern in dark areas unless you get some more oil to replenish it). If you want to do this, turn to **295**. If you want to take a run-up and make a heroic leap across the chasm, which is some six metres wide at its narrowest point, turn to **136**. If you decide not to cross the chasm, turn to **357** to explore elsewhere.

78

The first thing you notice in this chamber is the set of interlocking circles drawn on the floor; next, the many blue and yellow wall-hangings and a pair of huge, gilded copper urns set in the corners of its east wall. To the north, there is a doorway just round the corner from you. The air here is heady with a strange, musky perfume. Within the central circle of the magical set, something is beginning to materialize in the air as a faint shimmering. It grows stronger, denser, higher, as you watch it, forming into a whirlwind-like vortex several metres tall. If you decide to flee, turn to **97**. If you choose to stay, you can perform two actions (such as eating some provisions, drinking a Potion, casting a spell, etc.) before whatever it is that is materializing here is fully formed. Decide which two actions to take. If you want to spend one action trying to open the door to the north, turn to **143**. Otherwise, ready yourself to fight and turn to **190**.

79

Opening the door will release an ingenious mechanical trap which threatens to decapitate you with its slicing blades! You can bypass the trap if you have a lockpick, if you use an Open spell, or if you have a thief hireling with you. If you can use any of these means, turn to **307**. If you cannot, then you must either open the door and risk suffering the damage the trap may do to you (turn to **146**) or decide to leave this door unopened and explore elsewhere (turn to **52**).

80

You open the casket gently, whispering the hope that the priest is resting well in death, and you take the wooden box from his fingers. A feeling of peacefulness comes over you: you feel refreshed. Regain 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. The box itself feels as if in some way it might help you regain lost strength and vitality, and you open it to find four gems inside, a sapphire, a topaz, an emerald and a ruby. Now will you:

Leave and explore elsewhere?	Turn to **399**
Open the casket with the silver staff?	Turn to **309**
Open the casket with the silver ring?	Turn to **285**

81

'There's an Orc-slaying sword around here somewhere, used to be used by one of the knights I think it's pretty close to here, only a couple of rooms away. It can be used by anyone, I think.' If you are Anvar, turn to **257** If you are Braxus, turn to **311** Otherwise, return to **22**

82

The monstrously bloated figure of Thulu the chieftain rises unsteadily from its throne. It looks down at you unbelievingly, then howls in fury and screams abuse at you Frothing at the mouth, the monster whirls its mighty axe around in a circle, its arms and hands shaking uncontrollably. Fortunately for you, the monster takes a while to get itself back under control before it can attack you. This gives you time to perform two free actions, such as drinking a Potion or herbal liqueur, casting a spell, etc. (but not any free attacks by weapon or by spell, since these will make Thulu fight at once). Decide what these actions will be, and then you must fight for your life

THULU	SKILL 9	STAMINA 17

If you win, turn to **125**.

83

Mungus the jailer was condemned to be fed to the War Dragons, years ago, for incompetence; what was left of him afterwards was stitched together by some demented wizard, using the body parts from equally powerful and evil creatures. Mungus is the size of a half-Ogre, more or less, well over two metres tall and nearly as broad Livid, purple bruising runs along the stitching lines of his forearms and round his neck, and the undead monster hefts a huge maul in his shovel-sized hands. Mungus may be slow and lacking in combat skill, but he is very powerful and strong (if he hits you, you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA rather than the usual 2) and very hard to destroy.

MUNGUS SKILL 7 STAMINA 19

If you win, you search the jailer's room; in a wooden chest you find 6 Gold Pieces and a suit of magical chain mail! Wearing this adds 1 to your Attack Strength. Gain 1 LUCK point for this valuable find (unless you are Sallazar, who cannot wear this armour) If you can find a merchant to sell this chain mail to, he will pay you 12 Gold Pieces for it You also find six large iron spikes which you hope will come in useful. If you wish to leave the jails now, you head south along the passageway outside to explore elsewhere (turn to 357). If you want to explore the jails further, will you:

Open the door to your right?	Turn to **281**
Open the door to your left?	Turn to **158**
Open either of the doors facing you?	Turn to **118**

84

You hear Orcish voices in the distance, and they are getting louder! Frantically you look around for some way out of the trap. If you have at least 1 Magic Point left, you must spend it now as you strain all your senses and intuition to search for some means of escape; turn to **305**. If you do not have a Magic Point, turn to **366**.

85

Make a note that, when you have taken 500 seconds or longer on your journey, you must note down the number of your paragraph then turn at once to **219**. For now, you carry the body down the steps and through the arch to the beam of light, which deposits you on the Dragon's stone platform. This takes 50 seconds. Turn to **161**.

86

As you make your way along the passage on hands and knees, little side-doors open half-way along and from each doorway a tiny, imp-like creature armed with a long skewering pin stabs at you! You can't back out and you are forced to fight. If you are Anvar, you must deduct 4 from your Attack Strength here (being big, you find it hard to move around in this cramped passage!). If you are Braxus, you must deduct 3 from your Attack Strength here. If you are Sallazar, you must deduct 2 from your Attack Strength here. If you are Stubble, you can fight normally. Finally, if you are wearing plate mail armour, its bulk is a disadvantage

here and you must deduct 1 further point from your Attack Strength. The spells Fireball or Thunderbolt cannot be used here because the area is so cramped. Fight the Imps together; they are small, and a successful hit from one of them will cause you to lose only 1 point from your STAMINA.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CASTLE IMP	5	4
Second CASTLE IMP	5	4

If you win, you manage to reach the chamber beyond the crawlway. Within the chamber is a Tower Chest. Taking its contents, you return to the main north secret passage and continue northwards; turn to **271**.

87

'It's Elranel Blurcloak! Blimey, 'e's the one wot got into the arboretum and nicked the Chancellor's green shoots!' the young thief blurts out.

The Elf grins modestly. 'Very nice magical plants they were, too. Traded them for a good few gold, I can tell you. That is, if you are planning to talk to me rather than attempt any violence.' If you want to talk to this strange Elf, turn to **9** (unless you are Stubble, in which case turn to **315**). If you want to fight him – he does have a sack of treasure, after all – turn to **157**.

88

The Orc turns to meet you as you move in to attack. Its wooden spear is a poor weapon so, if it strikes you, you will lose only 1 point from your STAMINA.

ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, you open the cage to free the whimpering prisoner. It rubs its snout against your leg happily and makes a soft noise almost like the purring of a cat. Then it gives out a more distressed noise, which rather alarms you; other Orcs could hear it, and they may not be as easy to kill as the one you have just despatched. Trying to hush the creature just makes it noisier. You guess that it may be hungry, but it turns its snout up at an offer of Provisions. If you have some iron spikes, turn to **374**. If you haven't any of these, turn to **358**.

89

An Open spell here will remove only one of the three parts of the magical symbol. You need two spells to remove two elements, and three spells to remove the complex glyph entirely. Decide now which elements (web, circle, triangle) you want to remove, then turn to **182**.

90

'It's extremely rude to come calling without first knocking on the door!' the occupant of the chamber yells at you as you stride in. You're astonished to encounter a white-haired old man, in flowing brown and cinnamon robes which surely mark him out as being from the

Plains of Cabaal, standing before a veritable treasure-trove – you can see armour, food, weapons and more! If you decide to attack him, turn to **267**. If you want to ask what he has for sale, turn to **194**, but you must make a note that, because of your rudeness in just walking straight in, the merchant will charge you 1 Gold Piece extra for every item shown as costing 4 Gold Pieces or more.

91

You enter a short hallway which is bare of any decoration and which has a single door at its northern end. You stride ahead and throw it open: you find yourself standing in a broad and almost endless corridor – and the door behind you slams shut! You will not be able to open it now, either by magic or by force. Turn it to **41**.

92

Standing at the crossroads, you see that the passageway going east has no doors. To the north, there is one door on either side of the passageway, which terminates in another east–west passage. To the south, there are two doors in the east side of the passage, which then turns westwards, back to the area where you entered this castle level. If you want to return south and west to where you have entered this castle level, turn to **399**. To the west, the Passage of Hawks continues for some distance; if you want to head this way, turn to **5**. Otherwise, you must open a door you haven't opened before; will this be:

Either of the doors to the north?	Turn to **389**
The first door to the south?	Turn to **363**
The second door to the south?	Turn to **73**

93

Compute Attack Strengths as normal. If you have the higher Attack Strength, Zagor loses 2 STAMINA points. If he has the higher Attack Strength, his spell drains 1 point from your Current SKILL and 2 points from your Current STAMINA, and your Arrow misses him. Turn to **299** to decide a course of action for the next Attack Round.

94

'Remstar, I just want to talk,' you begin, but the Dark Elf's face contorts in utter fury; a mixture of hate and fear plays across his features. 'You are an ally of Remstar!' he screams. 'I keep his shade at bay and he sends an assassin to slay me!' The Dark Elf completes his spell-casting and sends a ball of fire flying across the room at you. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA! If you are still alive, you can either fight (turn to **258**) or flee (turn to **198**).

95

Behind this door with the Dragon symbol on it, walls have been knocked down to create a huge single chamber. It is filled with desiccated and shrivelled, egg-like objects, but they are grotesquely large. The equally shrivelled shapes of baby Dragons inside the eggs show what they once were. You have entered

one of the Bone Demon's old War Dragon hatcheries! It looks as if everything here perished and withered years ago, but, if you want to explore this massive area, turn to **325**. If you would rather search elsewhere in the east wing, turn to **52**.

96

You have two Attack Rounds to finish Grool off before he succeeds in getting the ballista firing at you. These are free attacks; he is still wheeling the machine into place. If you kill the Ogre, turn to **252**. If you do not, he will fire a five-metre long spear straight at you; *Test Grool's Skill*. If he is successful, he hits you; lose 10 STAMINA points! If he fails, the huge spear misses you – just. You've got to flee (turn to **377**), make a run for the stone steps (turn to **123**), or use a Potion of Flying, if you can, to get to Grool (turn to **172**).

97

Standing in the middle of this passageway, you should open a door you haven't tried before, or alternatively you should return south and east to the mid-point of the Passage of Hawks, if you've searched this whole area. So, will you:

Open the onyx-runed door?	Turn to **78**
Open the door with the shield inlay?	Turn to **259**
Open the door to the south, opposite this passage?	Turn to **275**
March off south, then east, along the Passage of Hawks?	Turn to **5**

98

Shortly after dawn, when you are stretching your legs on the deck, there is a sudden churning of the seas on the starboard side of the vessel. You draw your weapon but, just as you are looking over the side of the ship, the true danger swoops down from the foggy skies above A great white reptile, many metres long, with ragged-edged, horny claws, a great mouth and a spiny, barbed tail is heading straight for you You are surprised, and the monster's claws knock you down; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. Now you must fight for your life!

FOG WYVERN SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

If you win, the captain and crew help you to your feet and bring food and healing draughts of a herbal brew to you (restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level) as other men begin the work of getting the huge reptile's carcass off the deck. Carannus looks unhappily at the monster 'That's not a natural monster,' he says. 'I know these Wyverns, and that tail's malformed. Look at that crooked jaw and the way the bones of the spine protrude through its back. There's some bad magic at work here.' The Centaur's eyes harden and he turns to help his men throw the carcass into the sea. Turn to **44**.

99

The chamber of the Hellhorn guards is nothing more than a befouled, hideous abattoir: gnawed bones and chunks of rotted flesh lie everywhere. Forcing back your disgust, you search for anything that may be of

value to you when, lo and behold, you find a small copper urn which has a secret compartment in the bottom – containing 2 Magic Rings! Gain 1 LUCK point; but there is nothing else here you might wish to take. There is, however, a door at the western end of the north wall here; it is unmarked and quite ordinary in appearance, but who knows what kind of horror may be a neighbour to the Hellhorns? If you want to open it, turn to **68**. If you prefer to leave and go north to the great wrought-iron door, turn to **197**

100

The bedraggled thieves are very glad that you don't want to fight them; they have a hard enough time just surviving, stealing enough food to keep them alive and staying away from the Orcs and Zombies of the castle The thieves warn you of the Castle Imps: they have a lair to the west of the thieves' hideout. On the main floor above, they tell you that a feast hall and kitchens lie due west of the double doors at the end of the entrance hall, and that north of that area is a smithy and an armourer's West of the library, there are a wizard's chambers and a strange indoor garden with a small magical fountain. At the end of the north passageway, opposite the wizard's chambers, there is a crazy merchant, Cohsturre, from whom the thieves sometimes buy food in return for purloined valuables North of the indoor garden, in turn, there is a temple which is guarded by undead monsters To get to the next floor of the castle, you leave the library and head west and then north to a guardroom with a west-facing door; a north-facing door there leads down to

the jail-dungeon (they shiver at the mention of this). Finally, the youngest of the thieves boldly offers to accompany you a little further into the castle, hoping thereby to get some extra food or equipment for himself and his impoverished friends. If you want to consider hiring him, turn to **160** If you want to leave and take the crawlway to the west, having not done so before, turn to **355**. If you want to return to the main castle, turn to **3**

101

The huge body explodes and splashes you with acid; deduct 6 points from your STAMINA! If you're still alive, the room is covered in slime and acid, and everything in it is dissolving as the room fills with acrid smoke. You will not be able to find anything of use there now. You head for the main passage to search elsewhere; turn to **280**

102

Test your Luck If you are Lucky, you lose only 1 STAMINA point from the fall; surely the heavens have smiled upon you! Gain 2 LUCK points If you are Unlucky, lose 6 STAMINA points – but even that is better than you might have expected, so gain 1 LUCK point anyway. You take another 30 seconds to get through the Dragon's chamber. To head onwards, turn to **286**

103

There is a tripwire trap behind the doors, but fortunately you see it and step over safely. You now stand in the great entrance hall of Castle Argent Flanking the long walls here are pennants and shields of the provinces of Amarillia, but many have been defaced or broken and flung to the stony floor Irregularly placed wall-torches burn dimly and provide a low light, enough to see by, but they also suggest there must be living creatures herein, and this spells danger. There is a door to either side of this entrance, and from behind one of them you can make out the grunts and guttural speech of Orcs! They will surely be simple guards, with no gold or items of value, so it's pointless wasting your strength on them. You edge forward as quietly as you can Before you, there is a small door to your left and one to your right, and a pair of larger doors directly ahead Will you now open:

The right-hand door?	Turn to **20**
The left-hand door?	Turn to **318**
The large doors ahead?	Turn to **376**

104

Test your Skill, adding 3 to the number rolled (the little beast is very, very fast). If you are successful, turn to **193**. If you fail, turn to **163**.

105

Test your Luck while forcing this door open. If you are Lucky, you open the door safely. If you are Unlucky, you trigger a vicious poisoned dart trap and must deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. The spartan and barely furnished room beyond is that of the castle's old master-armourer, and the trap used to deter cowardly Orcish soldiery from entering. You find intact a suit of chain mail armour; this gives no Attack Strength bonuses, but there may be times when it will be useful to you! Leaving here, you can make for the door further along this eastern passage, if you haven't done so before (turn to **269**), or else retrace your steps south and search elsewhere (turn to **376**).

106

You gather 15 Gold Pieces – and a fat lot of use they are to you when you're about to confront Zagor! Turn to **262**.

107

You push open a rickety door with Orcish graffiti daubed in blood round the door frame and a wretched scene unfolds before your eyes. In a once-pleasant guest-chamber everything has been vandalized and daubed with long-dried blood and filth. You see a couple of broken skeletons the size of Dwarfs among the wreckage; in a leather pouch on one of the dwarven skeletons is a shrivelled piece of parchment. Unfolding it carefully, you find that the script is in the dwarfish tongue; you cannot read this unless you are Stubble or Sallazar (Sallazar must spend 1 Magic Point to decode it by magical means). If you cannot read the writing, you must search elsewhere; turn to **218**. If you can read the writing, turn to **333**.

108

'Hmm. Well, of course, they've appeared here just recently. I've only been able to get at one myself.' Elranel flourishes a Silver Dagger; if you want to buy this, it will cost you 6 Gold Pieces! Whether you buy or not, Elranel continues: 'There's certainly one in the treasury behind the Throne Room, and Grool, the monstrous Ogre in the east wing, he has one too. I believe there is one in the west wing, guarded by the greatest of the Hellhorns – vile things, they are. Beware their whips and poison!' Return to **22**.

109

The hag isn't interested in any sort of parleying or small talk. She *is* interested in whether you have any Potions, however; she can use these to wet the spindle she works at, and they help her create her dark magic. If you are prepared to give up any Potions, she will give you the following in exchange (one item per Potion): a Magic Ring, a vial of Plague Antidote, or a scroll containing a Magic Screen spell. If you want to trade with the hag, amend your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly then leave and head for the great iron door to the north; turn to **197**. If you don't want to trade, or if you have no Potions to trade with, turn to **233**.

110

Unfortunately, the runes were specifically set to be activated by any spell cast at the door. They explode in a white-hot arc of electrical energy. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA – or 6 points if you are wearing metal armour, since this conducts the electricity into your body! From behind the door you can hear someone or something scrabbling and screaming threats. You have no time to eat some provisions or drink a Potion here, so in your weakened state you may well choose to flee, returning west and south (turn to **376**). If you decide to throw the door open and confront what lies behind it, turn to **339**.

111

You stand looking up and down the long east–west Passage of Hawks, with several doors and passages leading from it. You decide to make for the mid-way point of the passage and take careful stock of everything you can see. Turn to **5**.

112

Opening the door, you find yourself in a ransacked room with another silvered door in the west wall. Standing in the middle of room, carrying a sack, is a leather-clad Elf. He's tall and slim, and he reacts swiftly to your presence, drawing a long dagger dripping with an oily green liquid He has a strange, crooked smile, and a livid red scar runs down the right side of his face. He wears a plain grey cloak which shimmers oddly and, as you look at him, it seems as if his body is swimming in and out of focus. If you have a thief hireling with you, turn to **87**. If you haven't, turn to **140**.

113

If you have already opened the east door here, you know that there is nothing there for you now, so you march on to the crystalline doors to the north; turn to **135**. If you have not opened the eastern door before, turn to **165**.

114

The wizard-ghost will cast a spell from his fiery hands in each of the first two Attack Rounds. If he has the higher Attack Strength, the power of his spell will make you lose 4 points of STAMINA. If you have the higher Attack Strength, his spell is deflected and you suffer no damage. Thereafter, he fights by touching you with his numb, chilling hands and you will lose 2 STAMINA points each time he strikes you.

WIZARD-GHOST SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, you can search the strange cavern. You find a Tower Chest and in a leather pouch you find 5 Gold Pieces and two ornate and very unusual playing cards. Their backs are uppermost, and they bear a strange elliptical design – a snake swallowing its own tail – in red on a black background. If you want to turn over the first of these cards, turn to **147**. If you want to turn over the second card, turn to **245**. If you prefer not to examine either, you can leave and explore the cavern at the end of the passage beyond if you have not already done so (turn to **10**) or head back to the main cavern (turn to **186**).

115

Did you cast a Magic Screen spell before entering Zagor's Tower? If you did not, Zagor's spell drains 1 point from your Current SKILL and 2 points from your Current STAMINA; turn to **299** to decide what to do in the next Attack Round. If you did cast this spell before entering, your spell and Zagor's cancelled each other's out; turn to **31**.

116

The slimy trail of the Corpse Lizard heads north outside the doors to the kitchens and leads to the point at which the passage turns east. There is only one door along this passage and it is on your left – but the slime trail goes in a straight line to the end of the passage and stops at the wall! There must be a secret door here, and indeed you find one, flush with the end of the passage. However, since lizards aren't usually able to close doors behind them, this suggests

that something – or someone – intelligent must have despatched the lizard and closed the door behind it. Opening the secret door may well lead you to a smart and probably powerful enemy. If you decide to open the secret door, turn to **171**. If you prefer to search elsewhere, you head back west and south; turn to **376**.

117

Convert the name of the knight into a number using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 and so on. Add the numbers together, multiply the total by six, then turn to the paragraph with that number (if the knight's name isn't the first word you read, you are incorrect and you must turn to **159**).

118

The two doors here are very sturdily constructed of iron-shod darkwood and have heavy locks. You cannot batter

them down, and an Open spell will not get you past them; they have been enchanted to resist such magic. You can only open them with a set of jailer's keys. If you possess such a set of keys, you know how many are in the bunch. If you want to open the first door along, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the number of keys you have. If you want to open the second door along, multiply the number of keys by three, then turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not have any jailer's keys, turn to **51** and search elsewhere.

119

If you spend 1 Magic Point, you can use this fluid to create a Potion of Fire Resistance. You will be able to drink this at any time, except during combat. The effects of the Potion last for one combat. You can halve the damage of any fiery attack – Dragon breath or magic such as a Fireball spell – during this combat (rounding fractions up). Now turn to **52** to explore elsewhere in the east wing, or turn to **7** to return to the Bronze Stride.

120

Flowing chevrons burst from the staff and fly as deadly magical arrowheads towards the Champion, impaling him on a string of magical barbs! He loses 8 STAMINA points! Return to **233** to continue the fight, amending the Champion's STAMINA score accordingly.

121

There is only one way to reach Zagor from here: enter the white light beam. Stepping into the beam, you are lifted upwards and are able to step out on to a circular ledge

where there is a door inscribed with a huge letter Z before you. If you have a Ring of Truesight, you know the number of the paragraph where you found it; multiply that number by seven, then turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not have this ring, all you can do is open the door here, but you had better take every possible precaution before entering. Make use of everything you have; there is but one enemy left. If you want to use an Open spell to open the door here, turn to **321**; if you just want to open the door normally, turn to **304**.

122

You find a panel in the east wall which is not quite flush with the main stonework: a secret door! If you want to open it, turn to **164**. If you decide not to, you leave and can follow either the west passage (turn to **399**) or the north passage (turn to **139**).

123

Rushing to the stone steps, you will be able to evade the ballista, since the Ogre can't point it at you. However, now he will try to drop rocks on your head from a pile on the top of the platform. It will take three Attack Rounds for you to get to the top of the stone steps (four Attack Rounds if you are Stubble). In each Attack Round you must *Test Grool's Skill*; if he is successful, he catches you with a rock and you must lose 2 STAMINA points. If he fails, the rock sails harmlessly past your head. You have no time to do anything except race up the steps, but, if you are still alive after Grool's rock-hurling exploits, turn to **172**.

124

The black shield looks forbidding, even with the symbol of the warm sun on it; as you push open the door, you find a mighty enemy ready and waiting Clad in black plate mail with the identical image of the sun on his breastplate, the creature that was once the Grand Templar of the king's court raises a huge, demonic axe to fight you. His mind destroyed by magic and now become a pawn of the Demon, the Templar has changed into a Chaos Champion, and you will not be able to run from him. When the Chaos Champion wins an Attack Round, you must roll one dice: if you roll a 6, his demonic axe has caused you special damage, in additon to losing the normal 2 points from your STAMINA. Roll again, on the table below, to determine what that extra damage is.

CHAOS CHAMPION SKILL 10 STAMINA 15

Dice Roll	*Extra Damage*
1–2	You lose 1 extra STAMINA point
3	You lose 1 STAMINA point from *Initial* score
4	You lose 1 SKILL point from *Initial* score
5	You lose 1 Magic Point from *Initial* score
6	Frenzy! (see below)

If the Chaos Champion goes into a frenzy, he loses 3 STAMINA points himself, but you must lose two dice worth of STAMINA points! If you manage to overcome this terrifying enemy, turn to **372**

125

The body of the hideous chieftain lies at your feet. You have triumphed; gain 1 LUCK point. A great reward is surely yours – somewhere! You find some scraps of edible food on the banqueting table in this place, though almost everything here is rotten (add 3 to your Provisions). Looking around and ignoring the pathetic and mindless minions since they offer no threat to you, you observe four doors in the chamber: three are along the north wall, and one is in the north corner of the west wall. Will you open:

The door in the west wall?	Turn to **390**
The far left door in the north wall?	Turn to **282**
The central door in the north wall?	Turn to **91**
The far right door in the north wall?	Turn to **244**

126

The Stone Colossus swings its club; each time it hits you, you must roll one dice; on a 5 or 6, you lose 3 points of STAMINA rather than the usual 2. If, at any time when you roll dice to determine the Attack Strength for the Colossus, you roll a total of 11 or 12, turn at once to **170**.

STONE COLOSSUS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to **293**.

127

'Ah, you must be that excellent merchant of great repute, Three-Eyes Haag!' you say, offering a hand in friendly greeting. The strange old man's face breaks

into a warm smile and he replies, 'You've heard of me, then? Do they still speak of me in far Cabaal?' You have no idea whether they do or not, but you flatter him, assuring him how well thought of he is and how pleased you are to meet him. At this, the merchant begins to take a shine to you and is pleased to do business. If you spend at least 8 Gold Pieces at his store, he will give you a small green crystal pendant in the shape of a key. 'Don't know what it's good for, but I'm sure it opens something round here,' he says offhandedly. Turn to **194** to look over what he has for sale.

128

Inside the hole, a thick and syrupy liquid oozes over the ground; you broke the vial containing it with an ill-timed knife-thrust. Bad luck! Now, if there is a knight whose name you know and whose sword you seek, turn to **117**. Otherwise, turn to **43** to explore elsewhere.

129

You decide to take a risk and tell the man that you have come to destroy the evil that is ruling the castle. He looks first confused, then despairing, and blurts out that your quest is hopeless. He is Sir

Davian, one of the last Argent Knights, and it is all he can do to keep the Orcs at bay and delay his own death. He breaks down and admits that he had been afflicted with magical fear by one of the War Dragons which assaulted the castle during the wars, and that he literally fainted with fear after fleeing – and found himself here. Now he hides, in fear for his life. If you are Braxus, turn to **178**. If you are any other character, turn to **250**.

130

Once the laboratory of the alchemists of Castle Argent, this place has been transformed into one of unspeakable horror. It is littered with the preserved parts of mutant monsters and strangely designed equipment. A palpable sense of evil lingers in the air, though all is silent, save for a rhythmic slurping noise coming from under a door in the south wall. Taking a step or two closer towards that noise, the hairs on the nape of your neck rise in apprehension. Will you:

Search this laboratory more thoroughly?	Turn to **58**
Open the south door?	Turn to **365**
Leave and return to the northwards-leading passage?	Turn to **280**

131

At the bottom of the stairs, the secret passageway runs for a long way eastwards then turns north. *Test your Spot Skill* here, if you have a lantern or a Light spell (if you have neither, turn to **271**). If you are successful, turn to **30**. If you fail, turn to **271**.

132

Standing in one large room and thinking about where to go next, you hear voices. They are very faint but they're coming from below the stone floor, and you even manage to make out a word or two as you kneel down and put one ear to the floor: 'Down the crawlway . . . treasure there, sure of it, a chest . . . trap . . . dangerous.' Searching around for a loose flagstone, you can't find one, so there's no way of discovering who the whispering denizens of the under-castle may be, though they sounded human. Turn to **227**.

133

You strike the base of the steps with your magical weapon, and a resounding crash reverberates around the Throne Room. A blue line of magical force snakes upwards from where you stand as far as Zagor's feet at the top of the steps. You have lost some of the magic of your weapon now, but only temporarily: subtract 1 from your Attack Strength for the next two Attack Rounds. As Zagor stands, looking stupefied, caught off balance, you race to the top of the steps to assault him! Turn to **74**.

134

About half-way along this north-facing passageway there is a lone single door to the west, then the passage meets the long east–west Passage of Hawks. If you want to return to the south to explore an area you haven't yet entered, turn to **399**. If you want to open the door here, not having done so before, turn to

343. If you want to make for the Passage of Hawks ahead of you, turn to **111**.

135

These doors can be opened only if you possess both sets of Dragonbone Keys. If you have these, you know how many keys you have; turn to the paragraph with that number. If you don't have both sets of keys, you must return to the Bronze Stride and search for them. You may re-enter the east or west wings even if you have been there before, though you should not open again any door that you've opened already inside either wing. Turn to **41** to choose where to go.

136

Trying to jump here is a major risk! *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the number rolled on the dice: if you are wearing chain mail armour, add an extra 1; if you are wearing plate mail, add an extra 2. If you are Stubble, you must add an extra 2 to the number rolled. If you fail, you meet a swift death, burned to a cinder at the

bottom of the chasm far below. If you are successful, you land, sprawling across the floor, and hit a boulder. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, but at least you're across. Turn to **295**.

137

The room behind this plain door is empty but, as you peer in, small hands snatch at your backpack and try to wrench something away from you! You must roll dice to determine Attack Strengths for yourself and the tiny, imp-like Grabber (its SKILL is 9). If you have the higher Attack Strength, you can despatch the squealing Grabber with a single blow. If it has the higher Attack Strength, it will steal a magical item from you and fly away with it, too swiftly for you to pursue. Its first preference will be a Magic Ring, if you have one, next a Potion if you do not have a Magic Ring, then a scroll if you have neither. If you have more than one Potion or scroll, it will steal randomly (you may decide which you lose here). If you have none of these items, the frustrated Grabber will simply curse you – and you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength for your next three combats! Now turn to **52** to explore elsewhere.

138

The undead guardians of the temple are Zombies, as you suspected, but they are wearing strange copper circlets round their heads and are far more dangerous than usual. You can attack them in the normal way or you can try to make a specific strike at the head. If you wish to do the latter, you must subtract 3 from your Attack Strength. However, if you do make a successful head strike, knocking off the circlet, the Crown Zombie will lose 2 points from its SKILL and 4 points from its STAMINA instantly. You can fight the Crown Zombies one at a time as you rush into the temple.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CROWN ZOMBIE	8	10
Second CROWN ZOMBIE	8	10

If you win, you hear a rumpus coming from behind the doors the Crown Zombies were guarding Orcish voices are raised in alarm, you can also hear a man's terrified voice. The Orcs are clearly preparing to fight. You have three choices. You can attack at once, opening one of the doors; turn to **283** Alternatively you can perform one action (such as forcing some Provisions down or quaffing a Potion), then open the door to attack the Orcs; turn to **362**. Lastly, you can decide that another fight straight away is just too dangerous and turn on your heel to search somewhere else, down to the far eastern end of the passageway outside (turn to 3).

139

Looking northwards along this passage, you see a

door to your right, a few metres before the passage reaches a crossroads. At the crossroads, the east-facing passage has no doors, but you can see several to the north and the west. You should explore an area you haven't entered before, so will you:

Open the door before the crossroads? Turn to **363**
Head on northwards to the crossroads? Turn to **92**
Go back south and west, to where you entered this level of the castle? Turn to **399**

140

The Elf looks you up and down, and doesn't seem the least bit afraid of you. If you want to talk to him, turn to **315**. If you decide to attack him for the bag of treasure he is carrying, turn to **157**.

141

You spot a secret door at the end of the passage, flush with the east wall. If you want to open it, having not done so before, turn to **171**. If you would rather not, you will have to head back west and south to explore elsewhere; turn to **376**.

142

You retrieve a very simple, sheer black orb, no bigger than a goose egg, from the small compartment behind the secret panel. The Orb of the Templar can be activated by a simple effort of will, at any time. When you use it, you can increase your Current SKILL (which may exceed your *Initial* SKILL, due to the power of this magic). In total, the Orb has enough magic for you to gain 3 extra, temporary SKILL points in this way (you can use these all at once or at different times). Each temporary increase in SKILL will last for the duration of one combat only, and it will also help if you have to *Test your Skill* during a lengthy combat. Gain 1 LUCK point for making this find. Now, you can search elsewhere in the west wing (turn to **36**) or make for the Bronze Stride (turn to **7**).

143

The circle nearest the northern door glows brightly and, as you touch the wrought-iron door-handle on the north door, a violent shock of electricity jolts through your body! Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. The door will not open either. Now you have one action left before you must fight (turn to **190**); otherwise you must flee (turn to **97**).

144

This door bears a simple magical rune but it has no visible lock. So will you:

Cast an Open spell (if you can)?	Turn to 203
Beat the door down?	Turn to 42
Search elsewhere?	Turn to 3

145

The little creature rushes from the room; it is very swift, so you won't be able to follow it. Will you open the door opposite with the ceramic plaque, if you haven't already done so (turn to 112), or make for the end of the north passage (turn to 43)?

146

As you open the door, a pair of heavy iron blades whirl out from the frame towards you. One, at knee height, stabs forward; the other is placed to strike you across the back of the head. You lose 5 STAMINA points (unless you are Stubble, who loses only 2 STAMINA points since the head-high trap misses him).

If you are still alive, you have found your way into Moranes's Exploratorium. The famed Moranes was an incorrigible creator of unusual weapons and strange machines and devices. Some of them were hopelessly ineffective, of course, but examining his sketches and models for giant catapults and ballistas you can see that, when he got things right, he must have been a great help to the defences of Castle Argent. Clearly, exploring here may be dangerous if the trap on the door is anything to go by. If you want to tinker with Moranes's models and examine his notes and designs, turn to 307. If you decide that this is too hazardous a procedure, turn to 52 and explore elsewhere.

147

This is a card from Zagor's own magical pack, lost to him when he was transported here! Turning it over, you see the image of a silver dagger etched on its face. This counts as a Silver Dagger, which you can use to weaken the monster when you encounter him. Gain 1 LUCK point for this find. If you now want to examine the face of the second card, turn to 245. If you prefer not to examine it, you can leave and explore the cavern at the end of the passage beyond, if you have not already done so (turn to 10), or make your way back to the main cavern you entered by (turn to 186).

148

You are wise not to tarry – your quest was to destroy the Zagor-Demon, not to get gold for yourself! Gain 1 LUCK point. Turn to 235.

149

'Zuqurulm, I –' But he has already stopped dead in his tracks.

'My true name was known only to my acolyte!' he says. You explain how you saved this acolyte from the Great Orcs in the basement of the castle. Zuqurulm is overjoyed; he had thought his student long dead. 'Then you have saved both of us. My debt to you is doubled. Friend, now you have slain all the vile servants here, we have some time. There is a special spell I can teach you which may help you prevail at last.' You rest and meditate with Zuqurulm as he teaches you the Stamina Spell. This costs 1 Magic Point to cast; when you cast it, you regain lost STAMINA points equal to half your *Initial* total (round fractions up). You can cast this spell at any time, except during combat. Now, if you are Braxus or Sallazar, turn to **232**. If you are Anvar or Stubble, turn to **211**.

150

The onyx staff has four symbols on it: lion, chevron, goblet and star. If you have spent a Magic Point to activate the staff (or if you do so now), you may be able to use it to deal the Hellhorn Champion a mortal blow. If you know which symbol can defeat it, and if you have also found a heraldic design on a chest with that symbol on it, you know how many symbols were on that chest, and what colour they were. Convert the letters of the colour into numbers using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, etc. Add the numbers together then multiply that total by the number of the symbols you found on the chest. (Thus, for example, if you think that the star defeats the Champion, and you had found five white stars inscribed on a chest, you would turn to paragraph 325: WHITE = 23 + 8 + 9 + 20 + 5 = 65, and you would multiply that by 5.) Turn to the paragraph you have calculated; if the name of the symbol isn't the second word you read in that paragraph, you are wrong and should return to paragraph **223** to continue fighting. You should also do this if you have the staff but do not know which symbol defeats the Champion.

151

As you look closely at the painting, the face of the wizard changes swiftly and dramatically! His kindly features seem to swim out of focus and mutate into the livid, red face of some horrific Demon from your worst nightmares! It is Zagor himself, and his eyes move as if searching for something. They meet yours and the visage breaks into a crooked grimace of hatred. Words form with your mind, a telepathic scream from the enraged monster: 'You dare challenge *me*?' Lose 1 LUCK point! Filled with fear, you rush out of this room and press on northwards. Turn to **92**.

152

You open the door quietly and gaze into a majestic and beautiful chamber. A huge circular table dominates the room, with thrones seated all round it; there must be fifty or so. In the huge hole in the middle of the table is a crystalline dome from which a faint green flow emanates. There is a glowing image of some object or other inside that dome, but you cannot make out what it is from the doorway – not least because the twenty-metre-long dozing reptile curled round the tabletop is between you and the dome! This must be a young Dragon, you guess, but any Dragon is a formidable enemy. On the other hand, it does have a pile of treasure clasped between its forepaws, and its scales look just a little out of condition. If you want to attack it, you have one free action (striking it with a weapon, attacking with a spell, shooting with a bow, etc.); subtract the damage you do from the STAMINA of the Dragon when you fight it; turn to **276** to fight If you decide to leave well alone, turn to **36** to explore elsewhere.

153

The face of a Demon shines out from the card! You are cursed: you must deduct 1 from your Attack Strength and also lose 1 point from your LUCK. It's time to fight; turn to **299**.

154

Sanctuary has its fair share of dubious fortune-tellers and charlatans, but the king's querulous old sage Yondale is said to have the Sight, so you make your way

to his chambers. When you enter, the ancient-looking wizard-sage is in animated discussion with a merchant who is bearing a small wooden casket He asks you what you want and, when you ask for his help, he snaps at you, 'This wretch wants 5 Gold Pieces for a mere grummet of Barrabangian shimmerlizard tails! It's an outrage! Pay him for me, and I'll tell you something of use to you' If you are willing to pay the 5 Gold Pieces, turn to **382**. If you won't (or can't) pay, you can buy some equipment (turn to **56**), try to make some extra money (turn to **206**), or make for the ship to take you out of Sanctuary (turn to **220**).

155

At the point where the corridor turns east, there is a door opposite you in the north wall There is also a small door along the eastern passageway, again on the north wall. If you want to open the door at the point where the passage turns, turn to **105** If you want to open the door further along the eastern passage, turn to **269**

156

Since you are standing close to the monster when it explodes, you are drenched in the corrosive acid and filth which bursts out; lose 12 STAMINA points! What's more, the huge carcass is still churning and writhing. If you want to pick up the wooden chest here, you must *Test your Skill* If you are successful, turn to **199**; if you fail, turn to **387**. If you would rather leave at once, turn to **280**.

157

Elranel is a very dangerous enemy. Unless you have a Ring of Truesight, you must deduct 1 from your Attack Strength, since his magical cloak makes him hard to hit Also he has a poisoned weapon; if he strikes you, you will lose 1 point from your STAMINA because of his dagger blow – but you must also lose 2 extra points from your STAMINA through the effects of poison. His first six attacks will use poison; after that, the poison runs out and his hits will cause you only 1 point of damage. Lastly, if you have a thief hireling with you, he will not help you fight here; instead, he runs away.

ELRANEL THE THIEF SKILL 12 STAMINA 13

If you reduce his STAMINA to 4 points or below without killing him outright, turn to **239**. If you kill him, turn to **195**

158

You have entered the jailer's rest-room where a huge stone statue stands guard. The monster has been

crafted in the shape of a demon, with stony wings and horns set above its humanoid body. It has huge, clubbed hands and a network of spikes on its head and along its neck and spine, and it reaches forward to grasp you as soon as you enter; you have no chance to flee here. This is going to be a tough combat against a powerful enemy; your only good fortune is that, unlike many of its kind, this huge Golem is vulnerable to all weapons, so you can fight it normally.

GIANT STONE GOLEM SKILL 9 STAMINA 16

If you win, you find a set of keys to the jails; there are 70 keys altogether. Leaving the chamber with these in your hand, will you try to open:

The next door on your right?	Turn to **184**
The last door on your right?	Turn to **281**
Either of the left-hand doors?	Turn to **118**

159

Searching through the chambers of the Argent Knights, you must eat a meal. *Test your Spot Skill.* If you are successful, turn to **237**. If you fail, you find nothing unusual, so turn to **43** and search elsewhere.

160

If you want to hire the young thief, you must pay him 4 Gold Pieces. In return, he can help you in the following ways. First, he can pick any locks you come across and bypass any traps, so you will not have to take damage from traps on doors; but Tower Chests

you must open yourself, and the thief cannot open doors with magical locks or runes of them. Second, the little thief can help you fight, so while he is with you you can add 2 to your Attack Strength. However, once the thief has helped you with three combats, that's as much of a risk as he is prepared to take, and he will then leave (keep a note of the number of combats he helps you with, if you hire him). You can choose which combats he will help you with – they do not have to be the first three – but the thief will not fight any Dragon, nor will he enter the Throne Room on the floor above or cross any wooden stairway. Decide whether to hire him; if you do, make a note to turn to **316** when the thief leaves you (after three combats). Now you set off for the main body of the castle, taking the thief's advice not to risk a confrontation with the vicious little Imps to the west. Turn to **3**.

161

If you have taken a Potion of Flying, you can now swoop down without taking any time; turn to **286**. Otherwise, you have a choice: you can climb down one of the rope-ladders hanging from the platform (turn to **326**) or you can pray to the gods and goddesses of Amarillia to protect you and jump the twenty-five metres to the ground (turn to **102**).

162

The magical energy makes the hall shimmer out of focus for a split second, then the ghostly form of a young knight stands before you. He is uncertain, but

when you assure him as to the nature of your quest he seems more willing to help you. He tells you that you may find help in the temple, due west of here, and that opposite the temple there is another source of healing to be had from a magical fountain – though there is one of far greater power above. He warns you that in the Great Hall, on the next floor above, the great Orc chieftain, Thulu, holds court over a mutated and undead entourage of fierce Orcs and monsters, but he adds that Thulu guards a powerful magical sword! The Great Hall has black, wrought-iron doors and is unmistakable. He warns you not to enter the dungeon-prison of the castle; there is a very strong Golem guard there, though there is also some lost magic of considerable interest to any wizards sealed up there. He also says that you should try to find the crazy old merchant (known as Three-Eyes Haag because of the eyeglass he always carries), for he may have equipment or magic for sale. Incredibly, the old man has boarded himself up in the castle and has managed to survive all these years. 'And beware the wings, east and west,' the young man adds as his ghostly form fades from sight, 'beware Grool, Keeper of the . . .' Then he is gone. It's time to search elsewhere, for you can hear more rats approaching; turn to **376**.

163

The little animal leaps at you and scrabbles at your armour with its claws and snout. Great rents appear in your armour as the beast gobbles up the metal! Your metal armour is ruined (though, fortunately, you still wear your leather armour beneath it). Trying to fend it

off, you see that the defensive iron plates on the creature's back and legs have grown thicker. Dodging your blow, the animal races for the door. Turn to **145**.

164

A small, cramped, secret chamber here is filled with foul and musty air, but it also has some valuable items. There is a suit of Dwarf-sized plate mail armour; only Stubble can wear this, and he gains a bonus of 1 to his Attack Strength in combat when wearing it. Further, there is a lead casket which contains a lumpy, elliptical, somewhat egg-like object that measures about 20 centimetres from end to end. This is one of the fabled Lava Spheres of the Dwarfs of Grundia, and it can be a devastating weapon. If you throw it into an area (a room or passage) where you have to fight, it will explode in a ball of flames which harms all your opponents in the combat; roll one dice for each opponent separately to determine the number of STAMINA points he will lose (this will not harm Zagor or any fire-breathing creature, however). You must spend 1 Magic Point to activate the Lava Sphere. Gain 1 LUCK point for finding it. You find a one-way door in the north wall; if you want to open it, turn to **363**; otherwise you may leave here and take the west passage (turn to **399**) or the north passage (turn to **139**).

165

A sudden intuition tells you that a powerful magical weapon you seek lies behind this eastern door! You *must* have it! Turn to **314**.

166

You are standing in the circular ground-floor chamber of the east tower The tower rises high above you; a set of stone steps leads up to a wooden platform on which you can see a huge wooden war machine pointing away from you, out through a portal at the top of the tower. There is also what is unmistakably a Tower Chest on the platform. However, the guardian of the tower is not just going to let you take it! Grool, the gigantic, one-eyed, mutant Ogre, hefts a club that must be the size of you, and he growls hatefully as you enter. If you want to take the treasure he has, you will have to kill this huge brute If you don't want to fight him, preferring to flee, turn to **377** Otherwise, do your best! If you have an onyx wand and wish to use it here, turn to **246** immediately.

GROOL SKILL 9 STAMINA 22

If you reduce Grool's STAMINA to 8 or less, make a note of his Current SKILL and STAMINA scores and turn at once to **69**. If you manage to kill him outright, turn to **252**. If you are forced to flee, you may do so at any time; turn to **377**.

167

The Mutant Chaos Ogre is a truly formidable enemy. Each Attack Round, roll one dice If you roll a 6, the monster will spit out a blob of corrosive acid at you, and you must lose 3 STAMINA points (this happens whether you have the higher Attack Strength or not, and is additional to any damage the brute may do by striking you). So you must kill this monster swiftly!

MUTANT CHAOS OGRE SKILL 7 STAMINA 14

If you slay the Ogre, turn to **48**.

168

If you think you know the name of the merchant, convert his name into a number using the following code: A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, and so on. Add together the numbers corresponding to the letters in his name then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If the paragraph does not begin 'Ah, you must be . . .', you have guessed wrongly and you must turn to **194** instead. If you don't know his name, you ask the merchant how he has survived here He replies simply that he has certain magical defences against marauding Orcs and the like; after he killed two of them who were trying to loot his shop, they kept away for a while, and now they even come to buy food now and again. 'Mind you, it's not easy getting supplies these days. The castle folk who fled into the old village bring what they can, but you just can't get the service these days,' he reflects sadly You think that he's probably crazy but he does have some worthwhile things for sale; turn to **194**

169

It is not easy to throw a vial of acid so far. You must subtract 2 points from your Attack Strength for throwing it (but you could use it normally in hand-to-hand combat), unless you have a catapult to fire it with. If you have the higher Attack Strength, you cause damage on Zagor. If he has the higher Attack Strength, his spell causes you to lose 1 point from your Current SKILL and 2 points from your Current STAMINA Turn to **299** to decide a course of action for the next Attack Round.

170

The Colossus also strikes you with its whip, which is made of enchanted Basilisk leather! You must spend 1 Magic Point to avoid its magical effects. If you have at least 1 Magic Point, return to **126** to continue the fight. If you haven't, then you are turned to stone, and your adventure ends here!

171

A chiselled set of stone steps, leading north, lies behind the secret door. There is a sticky, slimy substance on the floor, so you descend carefully It is dark here, so you need a lantern (or a Light spell) to light your way If you do not use one or other, you will stumble and fall heavily, losing 2 STAMINA points The steps end at a landing with a single door opposite you The door doesn't look very strong, nor is it locked, but there is a glowing pattern of magical runes on it If you are Sallazar, you can read these runes; turn to **386** Otherwise, you can simply open the door (turn to **339**), use an Open spell to bypass the runes if you can (turn to **110**), or decide not to take the risk and search elsewhere (turn to **376**)

172

As you arrive at the top of the platform, Grool lets a potion vial fall from his lips; the crafty monster has drunk a healing draught. Roll one dice and add 1 to the number rolled: the total is the number of points of lost STAMINA he has regained. Raising his club above his head, the Ogre prepares to fight to the death If you win, turn to **252**

173

You have spent some hours in a rough-and-tumble part of town, where pickpockets and cutpurses throng the streets and taverns. You must *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, you have managed to keep all your gold. If you are Unlucky, you lose half of the gold you had (round fractions up) – a thief has dipped into your pockets! Now, will you:

Buy some equipment?	Turn to **56**
Consult one of the king's sages?	Turn to **154**
Head for the ship to take you to Tower Island?	Turn to **220**

174

The Hellhorns are ferocious enemies and you will be lucky to survive the onslaught of butting horns and flailing whips!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HELLHORN	9	10
Second HELLHORN	9	10

If a Hellhorn hits you, you must roll one dice and consult the table below to see the extent of the damage it does to you:

Dice Roll	*Effect*
1	Glancing blow from whip: lose 1 STAMINA point
2–3	Whip blow: lose 2 STAMINA points
4	Head-butt: lose 2 STAMINA points
5	Special whip blow: lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point
6	Special head-butt: lose 2 STAMINA points, plus 2 extra STAMINA points from poisoned horns!

Any SKILL points you may lose because of a special whip blow are only temporary and are regained when the combat ends. If you win, you enter the Hellhorns' guard chamber through the open west door; turn to **99**

175

This is a card from Zagor's own magical pack, lost to him when he was transported here! Turning it over, you see the image of a silver dagger etched on its face This counts as a Silver Dagger, which you can use to weaken the monster when you encounter him. Gain 1 LUCK point for this find. Holding the second card, however, you feel a sudden intuition that this card may be dangerously unpredictable in its effects on you. If you decide to turn it over anyway, turn to **245**. If you prefer not to examine it, you can leave and explore the cavern at the end of the passage beyond, if you have not already done so (turn to **10**), or head back to the main cavern you entered by (turn to **186**).

176

'Thulu, the Orc chieftain in the Throne Room, holds a Healer prisoner. The jail cell lies behind the west wall. He's the only way you could heal plague, if you've caught it. Oh, unless you pay the hag, but her price would be high. She's one of the king's old White Witches, corrupted by the Demon's magic many years ago. To get to her, you'd have to get past the Hellhorns guarding the Throne Room. Mind you, that's a lot easier than getting through the Throne Room. And beware her cat – it's extremely dangerous.' Return to **22**.

177

If the first Orc is invisible, you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength when fighting him. As you confront the second Orc, he draws his sword to defend himself, leaving the robed man cowering on the floor. You must fight the Orcs together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREAT ORC	8	7
Second GREAT ORC	8	7

If you win, you can take 1 Gold Piece and some food from the Orcs (add 1 to your Provisions). The old healer explains that he was imprisoned and forced to use his curative arts on the Orcs if they ever suffered injuries He is deeply grateful to you and declares that he will use his healing energies to help; restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. The healer can also cure any one form of plague you may have (but only one). He tells you that his old mentor, the great healer Zuqurulm, is imprisoned on the next floor above by the Orc chieftain, Thulu Thulu has a great guard of Crown Zombies and mutant Orcs about him; if you can destroy that terrible force, however, Zuqurulm would certainly help you If you are Braxus, turn to **201**. Otherwise, the old man says that now he wants to leave Castle Argent and help the handful of wretched souls attacked by Orcs on Tower Island, so you allow him to go. Now it is time to search elsewhere; you leave the temple and head west to the end of the passageway, where it turns north (turn to **357**)

178

The knight is clearly sunk deep in despair, unable to rouse himself, no longer a true warrior such as yourself

– but you like the look of that plate mail he is wearing! Boldly you say to him, 'Sir Knight, if you can fight no longer, you can still help me. I have come to destroy the evil which condemns you to such a wretched existence, cloistered here, and I could make good use of the armour you are wearing. If you will not fight at my side, surely you will give me that?' The man looks ashamed of himself but then acquiesces He gives you his fine magical plate mail armour! You must spend 1 Magic Point to be able to use it; if you do that, this armour will add 2 to your Attack Strength in all future combats! Gain 1 LUCK point. Now, if you want to ask Davian about the knight with the magical sword in the painting you have seen, though this could be tactless, turn to **202**. Otherwise, you must leave and explore elsewhere; you can march south and then eastwards (turn to **399**) or northwards to the Passage of Hawks (turn to **111**).

179

The chamber at the top of the Great Tower is sealed. Soon the Zagor-Demon will begin to regenerate and rise up before you You may be able to overcome it again, but you will never be able to destroy it – you are doomed! You have failed at the last, and your adventure ends here.

180

What you see in this middle chamber of the Great Tower almost defies belief; the sheer scale of it is gigantic, breath-taking Hovering some twenty-five metres above you is a giant stone platform, more or less square in shape, with a cupola above it and arches on all sides sculpted in the shape of enormous dragon jaws. A turbulent vortex of air whirls below the platform, drawing up dust and debris into a spinning cone which rises to the base of the platform. Trailing from the platform down to ground level are four rickety-looking rope-bridges. From the top of the cupola a beam of milky light ascends to the ceiling, where a white arch almost out of your range of vision stands, close to the top of the tower.

And then there is the War Dragon . . Reclining on the platform, the monster appears to be asleep. It must measure forty metres from snout to tail, and you're going to have to kill it.

Think carefully about what you wish to do before you choose how to ascend to the platform If you have an onyx wand, turn to **260**. The Dragon will be the most powerful foe you have faced in Castle Argent, so you must do all you can to improve your chances of victory. Then you must decide how to get up to the Dragon. If you have at least thirty metres of rope to tie together, you can use a bow (or a Magic Arrow) to fire a line up to the platform and then clamber up the rope; if you wish to do this, turn to **49**. If not, will you:

Use a Potion of Flying (if you have one)? Turn to **364**
Climb one of the rope-bridges? Turn to **272**
Enter the swirling vortex, hoping to be carried upwards? Turn to **334**
Decline to climb up, and instead challenge the Dragon? Turn to **346**

181

You gather 15 Gold Pieces' worth of gems . . . not that they will be of any use to you when you have to fight Zagor, of course. Turn to **262**.

182

If you chose to remove the web only, or the web and the circle, you can now open the door, but the symbol will explode in a brilliant flash of orange fire and you must deduct 6 points from your STAMINA; turn to **229**. If you removed the circle only, turn to **253**. If you removed the triangle only, or the triangle and the circle, you try to open the door but cannot do so, though you come to no harm; turn to **397**. If you removed the triangle and the web, or if you erased all three parts of the symbol with three Open spells, turn to **229**.

183

You don't know whether the Dragon egg fluid will be helpful or not, but at least you have it! Turn to **52** and explore elsewhere in the east wing, or turn to **7** to return to the Bronze Stride.

184

This door has a huge brass plaque bearing the forbidding name: 'MUNGUS'. The door is locked here. If you use an Open spell, or if you have a thief hireling with you, you can open it. If you have a lockpick, you can *Test your Skill* and, if you are successful, you can open this door; if you fail, the door remains stubbornly locked. If you open the door by one of these means, turn to **83**. If you can't open the door, you will either have to batter it down (turn to **263**) or leave and search elsewhere in the jail complex (turn to **51**).

185

There is the unmistakable stench of Hellhorn here. You're certain that there is a Hellhorn behind the door! Hellhorns are powerful enemies indeed; consider carefully whether you really want to enter here. If you do, turn to **223**. If you would rather explore elsewhere, turn to **36**.

186

Making your way back to the main cavern, you find that by tinkering with the winch on this side you can get the wooden platform to move freely, so you are able to cross safely and return to the main part of the castle. Turn to **557** to explore elsewhere.

187

Which card you manage to snatch in mid-air cannot be predicted. Roll one dice to determine which card you get; if you want to spend 1 Magic Point to add 1 to the number rolled, you may do so (but you must decide whether or not to do this before you roll the dice!). If you roll 1 or 2, turn to **153**. If you roll 3 or 4, turn to **230**. If you roll 5 or higher, turn to **273**.

188

'Wizard Remstar, I come in peace!' is all you can think of to say. The ghost wavers, unsure what it should do next. 'I am not here to disturb you or to fight. I have come to deal with the evil inside this castle.'

For a second, the ghost looks infinitely sad, as if tormented beyond despair, then it whispers, 'Free me from this torment. The Demon made me its servant; I was tortured in the terrible dungeons by the monster, Mungus, and put to a terrible death. I am condemned to wander here for ever, unless some soul will free me.'

If you want to free Remstar from his torment, you must give up 1 Magic Point, or 1 point of SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK (from your Current and *Initial* score). By giving something of your life-force, the ghost can be freed and regain peace. If you are willing to do this, turn to **57**. If you are not, the ghost will be angered by your refusal, and you must fight it (turn to **114**).

189

Lions are the bane of the Knight. You raise the staff and concentrate on the symbol of the lion, and from the tip of the staff a magical, glowing red lion forms and leaps on to the Knight. The Knight automatically loses 2 points from his STAMINA every Attack Round, and you may also subtract 2 from his Attack Strength, since he is trying to fend off the magical lion as well as you! Return to **314** to continue the fight.

190

The Air Elemental that forms here is not as strong as many of its type, but it is still a formidable enemy. You must *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, the whirling Elemental knocks you off your feet, and you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength for the first Attack Round, as well as losing 1 point from your STAMINA.

AIR ELEMENTAL SKILL 12 STAMINA 15

When you first win an Attack Round, do you have a magic weapon? Elementals cannot be harmed by non-magical weapons. If you have no magic weapon, you must flee; turn to **97** to search elsewhere. If you have a magic weapon, you can fight normally and your blow

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has caused the Elemental to lose STAMINA points as normal. If your weapon is not magical, but you do have a way of making it magical for this one combat you must take one Attack Round to do this (during which time the Elemental strikes you; lose 2 STAMINA points). Continue fighting the Elemental, but every third Attack Round you must again *Test your Luck*! If you are Lucky, you can continue fighting; if you are Unlucky, you are knocked down by the Elemental, losing 1 STAMINA point, and you must also subtract 1 from your Attack Strength for the following Attack Round. If you win, turn to **217**.

191

Dropping on to vicious metal spikes, you lose 8 points from your STAMINA (if you are wearing chain mail armour, lose 6 points; if you are wearing plate mail armour, lose 4 points). If you are still alive, you have to clamber out of this deep pit, and it isn't going to be easy: you must *Test your Skill* twice, adding 3 to the number rolled (if you are Stubble, you have to add 5 to the number rolled!). If you have at least 20 metres of rope, however, you can reduce this addition by 1 point. If you are successful either time you *Test your Skill*, turn to **26**. If you fail both times, turn to **84**.

192

The stone-built mass of Castle Argent stands before

you! Its great, iron-shod gates lie at the end of the road, which then angle down into the earth so that any going into the castle must first enter by subterranean chambers. Above ground, the walls of the castle are far too high for you to climb. You see that the castle has a central keep, with east and west wings, and on the side of the castle furthest from where you are stands the northernmost Great Tower, rising to a spire among swooping seagulls. At its highest point is a throne room where scores of kings have undergone the Ritual of the Sword before ruling Amarillia from this mighty fortress. Surely, you feel, that is where the monster, Zagor, is growing in evil might. There is no time to lose; you stride forward to the seemingly unguarded citadel. The massive iron gates, their brass plaques now defaced by crude, Orcish scrawl, are closed. If you can, and wish to, use an Open spell to enter, turn to **103**. If you cannot use this spell, your only option is to try to force the doors; turn to **6**.

193

The little brute tries to leap up and sink its claws into your armour! You have to fight the animal; it's starving and won't be fended off.

PARNASSAN IRONHOG SKILL 8 STAMINA 4

If the Ironhog wins even a single Attack Round, turn to **163**. Otherwise, turn to **214**.

194

The merchant has the following items for sale:

Provisions	1 Gold Piece each
Lantern oil, 1 flask	1 Gold Piece
Rope, 10 metres	1 Gold Piece
Longbow and arrows	5 Gold Pieces
Plate mail armour	12 Gold Pieces
Magic Ring	6 Gold Pieces
Potion of Luck	5 Gold Pieces
Vial of Plague Antidote	6 Gold Pieces
Vial of Anti-venom	3 Gold Pieces

If you buy the longbow, you will be instructed later on when you can use it The plate mail armour will add 1 to your Attack Strength (the merchant has human-sized plate mail only). The Potion of Luck can be drunk at any time, except during a combat, and it restores 1–3 lost LUCK points (roll one dice and halve the number rolled, rounding fractions up) A vial of Plague Antidote will cure one (and only one!) form of plague which you may be unfortunate enough to catch, restoring all losses from *Initial* (but not from Current) STAMINA The Anti-venom can be drunk at any time (except during combat) and, for the first three combats after you drink it, it will prevent you being harmed by poison The merchant also has a limited supply of extra special, but expensive, magical items; if you want to inspect these, turn to **16**. If you want sell an item here, the merchant will pay you 1 Gold Piece less than the selling price listed above Make your purchases or sales and amend your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly. Note that, if you

acquire more gold and wish to buy again, you may return here by turning to this paragraph until you cross a stairway in the castle Now it's time to leave and search elsewhere; turn to **218**.

195

The Elf falls dead, but his bag of treasures vanishes as he falls; a powerful spell placed on it ensures that it will teleport away from whoever slew him! Also, his dagger no longer carries the poison it did before However, you may take his strange cloak. Provided you are not wearing any kind of metal armour, when you wear this cloak you can subtract 1 from the Attack Strength of all your enemies, since they cannot see you clearly in order to strike at you (but this does not affect Zagor or any Dragon). You must spend 1 Magic Point to be able to use this cloak Now you can open the westerly door in this room (turn to **130**), leave and open the door opposite, if you haven't already done so (turn to **55**), or leave and go north to the east–west passageway (turn to **43**).

196

The signs on the doors here portray Shandalla, Amarillian goddess of healing, mercy and kindness. A peek through the gap between the door shows that a temple lies beyond; once ornate and decorated with beautiful silks, linens and paintings, it is now defaced, as is so much of once-proud Castle Argent. In the gloom you can make out two vaguely humanoid forms at the far end of the temple on either side of a pair of doors on a dais behind the altar. They are unmoving, though they hold long, cruelly barbed halberds, and the stench of death is in the air. If you have a bow, you can fire an arrow at one of them and inflict 2 points of damage to its STAMINA with a surprise attack, but then you will be forced to fight. If you wish to fight, turn to **138**. Otherwise, you cannot enter the temple and must explore elsewhere: you leave and head west to the northerly turning of the passageway outside in order to explore deeper inside the castle; turn to **357**.

197

You know that a truly awesome challenge awaits you beyond the wrought-iron door. The sheer scale of the noise in there tells you that the place is full of monsters. Make a careful note of the precautions you wish to take and what you plan to do when you enter. When you are ready to move on, turn to **300**. If you aren't yet ready to make an assault here but prefer to backtrack south and east to explore an area you haven't entered yet, turn to **43**.

198

As you run up the stairs beyond the Dark Elf's chamber, he flings a throwing dagger after you You must *Test your Skill*, adding 1 to the number rolled. If you are successful, you manage to dodge the attack. If you are unsuccessful, you are wounded in the back and must lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **376** to explore elsewhere.

199

You grab the chest and drag it out of the room. Unfortunately it contains only a single Gold Piece and some broken and useless glassware! Cursing your ill-fortune, you leave to search elsewhere; turn to **280**

200

A huge, glowing goblet emerges from the tip of the wand, rises over Grool's head and pours a cascade of steaming acid on to him! The Ogre shrieks in pain as he loses 12 STAMINA points! Turn to **166** to continue fighting, reducing his STAMINA score accordingly.

201

'In the north wing of the castle is to be found a great magical sword, a mighty weapon in hands such as yours. You must seek it! Find the Bronze Stride beyond the Throne Room, and take the northern door. Now I wish to leave, to care for those poor souls who wander Tower Island, refugees from the castle who have survived these many years' Gain 1 LUCK point for this helpful hint! You leave the temple and head west along the passageway outside, to the point where it turns north (turn to **357**).

202

'Sir Bethel was my friend He was a mighty warrior, and he used a magical flying sword. It would fight independently of him, dancing in the air and slicing through Orcs like a knife through butter Alas, he perished in the wars, of course. To find his rooms, when you leave here you should head northwards, then east along the Passage of Hawks to the cross-roads Once there, you should travel northwards and take the eastern route at the end of that passageway That is where you will find the chambers of the Argent Knights.' You thank Davian for his help. Now you must leave and explore elsewhere; you can head south and then eastwards (turn to **399**) or northwards (turn to **111**).

203

Once again, this is a room that has been looted: furniture and paintings have been smashed up, graffiti are scrawled all over the place, and it seems that a

couple of Orcs couldn't hold their beer and brought it back up over the remains of the desk Little is left to show what this room was once used for, but to the south there is a door opposite the one you entered by and on it a network of magical lines, resembling a spider's web set first within a circle then within a triangle. You suspect a magical trap here. If you are Sallazar, turn to **71**. If you want to smash down this door, turn to **253**. If you want to use an Open spell, turn to **89**. If you don't want to risk the effects of the trap, turn to **3** and search elsewhere.

204

The Orc barracks are extensive, a honeycomb of small rooms and guard posts. Near the entrance door, however, is a small guardroom from which you can hear the sound of guttural voices shrieking and chuckling. Taking a very careful peek round the door, you see a couple of Goblins rolling dice. They are using toenail clippings to gamble with; one of them has just won four clippings on a big bet and is about to chew them, washing them down with a tankard of foul, Goblin beer. You don't hesitate but walk straight in to attack these feeble servants of the Orcs Fight them both together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	5

If you win, you find a crudely drawn map of the Orc barracks on the wall here, and from this you can see approximately where the room of the leader of the

Orcs is. If you're going to plunge further into the barracks, this is where you want to make for, rather than wasting time chopping up dozens of Orcs all over the place – after all, only the leader will have any worthwhile treasure. If you want to head for the leader's den, turn to **352**. If you prefer to leave, now that you can see how large the barracks is from the map, turn to **43**.

205

To your delight, the room beyond the yellow door contains a Tower Chest – and a pair of guards: two suits of lacquered yellow plate mail carrying heavy pikes in their gauntleted hands. The magically animated suits of armour attack at once. If you choose to flee, they will chase you out of the barracks as far as the passageway outside; turn to **64**. If you wish to fight, you can back into a corner and fight these magical guardians one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ANIMATED ARMOUR	8	10
Second ANIMATED ARMOUR	8	10

If you win, the Tower Chest here has a small shield on its lid, showing eight green stars on a yellow background. When you have opened it, you leave here; you can open the blue door, if you haven't done so (turn to **327**), search the many barracks rooms thoroughly, if you haven't bothered before (turn to **12**), or leave the barracks and head south (turn to **64**).

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206

You have a few hours before your ship sets sail on the next tide. You may be able to acquire some gold by putting your hands to use, helping out with labouring work at the docks (turn to **256**) or you could try gambling in a tavern (turn to **32**). If neither prospect appeals, will you now:

Buy some equipment?	Turn to **56**
Consult one of the king's sages?	Turn to **154**
Wait for the ship to take you to Tower Island?	Turn to **220**

207

You feel yourself being magically slowed down as you try to race up the steps: Zagor is casting a spell at you while you climb. He summons one of his Demonic Servants, a wretched, gibbering thing that resembles nothing so much as a dwarf-sized toad with tentacles where its front limbs should be and a ragged, barbed and forked tongue hanging out of its crooked mouth. The thing lollops in front of you and attempts to attack with its tentacles and forked tongue; if it strikes you, you lose 1 point from your STAMINA because of its buffeting, plus 1 additional point from your STAMINA from the poison in its acidic drool.

DEMONIC SERVANT SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

Keep track of how many Attack Rounds it takes you to despatch this creature; each Attack Round, Zagor gains 1 STAMINA point! When you win, you rush to the throne to attack Zagor; turn to **74**.

208

The side-passage leads into a cavern which has a very faint glow coming from its crystalline walls and ceiling. Sharp, angular stalactites hang like chandeliers in the warm air. There is a distinctive aura of magic about this place and, as you creep cautiously forward, a blue triangle of glowing energy appears in mid-air, blocking the entrance. If you are Sallazar, you can use 1 Magic Point to dispel this trap if you so choose (turn to **40** but ignore the instructions regarding STAMINA loss). Otherwise, it needs no special magical ability to realize this must be a trap that has been activated by your approach. If you decide to walk through it and suffer its effects, turn to **40**. If you don't want to take this risk, you can either make for the cavern further along, if you haven't already entered it (turn to **10**), or return to the main cavern where you entered (turn to **186**).

209

Alas! The hag has cast a Magic Screen spell upon herself, and your spell simply fails. She gets a free attack against you (a Fireball spell if this is the first or second Attack Round, a poisoned dagger attack otherwise) and her cat also bites you, so you lose another 1 STAMINA point. If you cast another spell at the hag, however, her Magic Screen spell has now dissipated. Return to **290** and continue the fight.

210

This cell-block has some forty individual cells along many metres of corridor, but at the end of the corridor is a quite different door. A black, wrought-iron image of a Dragon has been sealed into the hard, varnished wood of the door's surface. It takes the largest key from your keyring to fit the lock, but you can open it at last and peer into the large chamber beyond. What you see here strikes fear into your heart! Round the room scores and scores of huge, yellowed bones are strewn and, as you stare at the sheer scale of this place, the bones begin to move together, jerkily at first, then, as the spine and limbs of the skeletal monster assemble, a Dragon-like creature suddenly rises on all fours. Given the size of this monster you may prefer to flee; if you do so, you have to leave the jails behind you, so turn to **357** to search elsewhere If you want to fight, you will have a little time to perform some actions before the Skeletal Dragon assembles, which will give you a slight advantage; turn to **4**.

211

The healer concentrates all his powers on his magical ring – and disappears in a puff of magical smoke! Now you must leave and open one of the doors in the Throne Room which you haven't opened before, all are along the north wall, so will you open:

The left-hand door?	Turn to **282**
The door in the middle?	Turn to **91**
The right-hand door?	Turn to **244**

212

One of the bookcases seems to be ever so slightly out of alignment with the south wall Further examination shows that it can be pushed so that it rotates, and behind it is a secret passageway which leads down to the east It is dark here so, if you enter and you do not have a lantern (or a Light spell), you must temporarily subtract 2 points from your SKILL for as long as you are in an unlit area If you decide to explore the secret passageway, turn to **131**. If you would rather explore elsewhere, turn to **3**, but make a note that you can return to explore this secret passageway later if you wish by turning to this paragraph, as long as you are still on this level of the castle (but not if you have crossed any stairways).

213

The dust is powerfully magical, taken from the tomb of one of Amarillia's most fabled wizards of a bygone age. Restore your Current SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK to their full, *Initial* levels. Turn to **262**.

214

You didn't want to kill the animal, but you couldn't afford to lose your precious armour! Now, since there is nothing else of interest in this chamber, will you open the door opposite with the ceramic plaque, if you haven't already done so (turn to **112**), or make for the end of the north passage (turn to **43**)?

215

The angry horde of ravening, diseased vermin rushes at you!

RAT HORDE SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, did the Rat Horde win a single Attack Round? If they did, you have contracted a terrible pestilence: Bubonic Plague. Now you must count the numbers of new rooms, chambers or caverns you enter after leaving the Feast Hall. After you have entered five, the plague begins to take hold; you must deduct 2 points from both your *Initial* and Current STAMINA for each new room (cavern, chamber) you enter When your *Initial* STAMINA reaches zero, you die from plague! This terrible process can be ended only if you can find a Healer or if you already have or manage to acquire Plague Antidote (which restores your *Initial*

but not your Current, STAMINA). Now you are in a race against time, and not just because the squeaking you can hear from holes in the walls suggests that more rats may be on the way! If you wish to search the Feast Hall, turn to **61**. If you want to explore elsewhere, you should leave the Feast Hall and return to the doorway to the entrance hall; turn to **376**.

216

A small plaque above the depressions set into this door carries the legend: 'Chamber of Meditation'. If you have a wooden casket with four gems inside it, you can place the gems into the depressions in the door and so gain admittance. If you have the gems, take the initial letters of their names and rearrange them to form a word. Take the numbers corresponding to those initial letters (A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, etc.) then add them together. Turn to the paragraph with this number. If you do not have these gems, you cannot open this door; turn to **41** to search elsewhere.

217

The ornate circles on the floor dim, the light of magic sparking out of them. Since this chamber is nearly bare, you try the north door, wondering what may lie behind it, since the Elemental was a powerful guardian.

Behind the door you find a small cubicle with a Tower Chest! You also find an ornate onyx staff; it has four symbols etched along its length: a lion, a goblet, a star and a chevron. Gain 1 LUCK point for these finds. You do not know as yet exactly what the staff does but, if you use it at some future time, you will have to spend 1 Magic Point to be able to do so. Now turn to **97** to search elsewhere.

218

Looking along the torch-lit northern side-passage, standing at the point where it joins the east–west passageway, you can see three doors: one close to you on the west side of the passage, another further along, and a door at the end of the passage, on the north side. If you want to return to the east end of the main east–west passage, turn to **3**. If you want to go to the western end of the main east–west passage, turn to **357**. Otherwise, you should open a door along this north passage which you have not opened before. Will you open:

The first door on your left?	Turn to **398**
The second door on your left?	Turn to **107**
The door at the end of the passage?	Turn to **65**

219

The Zagor-Demon's eyes jerk open and its taloned hands grab at your body, clutching you tightly and hampering your every movement From now on, the number of seconds you take to progress with the body will be doubled for all movement to the Heart-fires! If your journey takes 800 seconds or longer, make a note to turn to **21** immediately Now turn back to the paragraph you came from

220

The *Glory of Amarillia* is a fully armed war-galley, and to your amazement the captain is a Barrabang Centaur! Centaurs are hardly renowned for seamanship, but the magical iron shoes on the Centaur's feet allow him to walk on water, as you discover when he literally walks aboard after you

'There is a fair northerly wind,' Captain Carannus says as he sniffs at the bitterly cold air. 'We should get to the end of the Icecap Islands without fog to worry about. Only icebergs and whatever monsters of the deep may wait in store, eh?'

The voyage bears out his optimism The great vessel skirts the warm Stream of Zephyrs and, after some days, turns south-west past the coast of the Frozen Lands. But on the margins of the warm sea flows, fogs begin to spring up as you head for Tower Island itself. You just keep your fingers crossed and hope that no predators of the deep are sensing the great ship above them. If you want to spend a point of LUCK to avoid even the chance of such an encounter, turn to **44**. Otherwise, turn to **98**.

221

Test your Spot Skill. If you are successful, turn to **79**. If you fail, turn to **146**

222

You take an extra 120 seconds to get across the bridge, less 15 seconds for each point of LUCK you decided to spend (if you are using a Potion of Flying, the basic 120 seconds is reduced to 60, but the absolute minimum time you need to cross, no matter how many LUCK points you spent, is 10 seconds). Right at the bottom of the bridge you must *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **14**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **60**.

223

You have bearded the Hellhorn Champion in its lair! Among a pile of looted treasure, befouled furnishings and decor and gnawing on an Orc leg, the three-metre-tall Champion rises up on its massively muscled legs and cracks its whip angrily at your intrusion. Opening an enormous mouth filled with discoloured, yellowish teeth, the monster breathes a fetid cloud of filth as it prepares to assault you with a flurry of horn-butts and whip strikes. Unless you have taken Anti-venom, the poisonous breath of the Champion nauseates and sickens you, making you weak; you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength for this combat. If you have an onyx staff, turn at once to **150**

HELLHORN CHAMPION SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

If the Hellhorn Champion hits you, you must roll one dice and consult the table below to see what damage it does to you:

Dice Roll	*Effect*
1	Glancing blow from whip: lose 1 STAMINA point
2–3	Whip blow: lose 2 STAMINA points
4	Head-butt: lose 2 STAMINA points
5	Special whip blow: lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point
6	Special head-butt: lose 2 STAMINA points, plus 2 extra STAMINA points from poisoned horns!

Any SKILL points you lose because of a special whip blow are only temporary and are regained when this combat ends. If you win, turn to **353**.

224

The white lacquered door opens into a large chamber which, to your delight, contains a Tower Chest; however, from this distance you cannot discern in detail the heraldic symbol on it. The room also contains a pair of suits of armour made of white lacquered plate mail and grasping halberds in their mailed gauntlets; they snap stiffly and loudly to attention as you enter, pointing their weapons directly at you. If you prefer to flee, turn to 5. Otherwise, fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ANIMATED ARMOUR	8	10
Second ANIMATED ARMOUR	8	10

If you win, you find that the heraldic symbol on the Tower Chest shows three blue chevrons on a white background. When you are ready to leave, you should explore an area you haven't entered yet along the Passage of Hawks, so will you:

Go east to the mid-way point of the Passage of Hawks?	Turn to 5
Go west then along the south passage?	Turn to 72
Go west then along the north passage?	Turn to 385
Open the single door to the west?	Turn to 275

225

As you stride past bare stone walls with the irregularly placed, dimly burning torches and stand beside the

first doorway, you are surprised as a shadowy hand reaches from the gloom and chills you with its dark touch. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You have been ambushed by a vicious and malign undead creature, a Skulking Shade, the ghost of an especially spiteful and wicked servant of Evil. The shadowy form is vaguely human in shape, but any humanity in its features has long since departed. Now you must fight the wretched creature.

SKULKING SHADE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, you open the door and find to your disappointment that the room beyond is completely bare. You walk along as far as the two doors at the end of the passage; will you open the plain wooden door (turn to 28) or the door with the grille set into it (turn to 51)?

226

The Orc leader grasps his hammer firmly in his powerful hands and leaps down from his throne-like chair. 'I'll knock yore head off, yoo runt!' he screams. As he runs at you, you have time to perform one action (casting a spell, drinking a Potion, etc., but not eating some Provisions – you don't have enough time). Decide what this action will be, then fight for your life. The Orc leader hates Dwarfs in particular, so, if you are Stubble, you must add 1 to his Attack Strength!

ORC LEADER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

If you win, you can take the leader's treasure, which is

hidden in a wooden chest under his throne. You find 4 Gold Pieces, a Magic Ring and a scroll with the Skill Spell inscribed upon it – something the Orcs couldn't use for their own benefit. The hammer, unfortunately, is an Orcish weapon, usable only by that unpleasant race! Leaving the barracks behind you, turn to **43** to explore elsewhere.

227

Leaving the barracks behind, you may open the door opposite you, if you haven't done so already (turn to **318**), or else make for the large double doors at the far end of the entrance hall (turn to **376**).

228

If you want to go to the Templar's rooms immediately, turn to **124**. If you want to search elsewhere first, turn to **36**. In either case, make a note that, if you slay the Grand Templar in his rooms, you should then turn to **348** to search for the secret panel Dorrick told you of.

229

The brainless Orcs and Zombies of the lower castle could not breach this room because of its magical barrier, so the wizard's chamber is intact. You search it thoroughly, so you must eat a meal here. You find 2 Gold Pieces, a scroll of the spell Fast Hands, a flask of fine herbal restorative (you regain 4 points of STAMINA through drinking this, which you can do at any time except during a combat), a Magic Ring, and a Tower Chest! Gain 1 LUCK point for this fine booty. You also

find a scrawled note, perhaps left for an apprentice now long dead, which suggests that the wizard here feared he was to be taken to the jails – and noting that he would take his 'precious ebony' with him. Finally, there is a glowing blue mirror here; it is far too heavy to carry, but if you are Sallazar you realize that this is a teleporting portal. If you wish to use it, you must stand beside it and cast a Teleport spell to convey you into the mirror and out through the portal beyond. If you wish to do this, turn to **298**. If you do not want to do this now but think you may wish to do so later, make a note of this paragraph; you can return here from any chamber on this floor of the castle in order to teleport later (but not after you have crossed any stairways!). If you wish to return to the main western passage outside the wizard's chambers, turn to **3**.

230

The card is blank – or is it a Joker? Or, most confusingly, both at the same time? Whatever it is, it seems to have no effect on you or on Zagor. Turn to **299**.

231

The Dark Elf isn't going to talk to you; he is screaming at you to get out as he edges round the room in order to get his back against the safety of a solid wall. However, he isn't making any obviously hostile moves. If you want to retreat slowly and then explore elsewhere, you can get away safely; turn to **376**. If you decide to attack the Dark Elf, who clearly has a spell ready to launch at you, turn to **258**.

232

Zuqurulm can teach you a special form of the Stamina Spell This costs 3 Magic Points to cast, but it may be cast during a combat, at the start of any Attack Round (if you have enough Magic Points to do so). If you have the higher Attack Strength, you regain lost STAMINA equal to half your *Initial* score (rounding fractions up). If you do not have the higher Attack Strength in that Attack Round, however, the spell is ruined and you do not regain any STAMINA points (your enemy will damage you instead). As usual, you must decide whether you are going to cast this spell in an Attack Round before you roll dice to determine Attack Strengths! Now turn to **211**

233

'Now, don't you go leaving old Grizzell and poor little Wacket here,' the hag says threateningly as you turn to go. You look around, to see the hag toying with a discoloured silver dagger, and her pet licking its lips in that certain way cats have when they're anticipating a tasty morsel. You will have to give the hag 4 Gold Pieces or any one Potion as a bribe to leave you alone. If you do, you can head for the wrought-iron door in the passage outside; turn to **197**. If you can't, or won't, pay the bribe, you'll have to fight; turn to **290**.

234

You have found the final guardians of the entrance to the great castle level above. In this chamber you stand with your back to a door in the east wall and ahead of

you, across the room, is a great spiralling stone stairway leading across a deep, fiery chasm up to a landing far above you. Fortunately for you, Skeleton Warriors are the only guards here; you can fight them one at a time here.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON WARRIOR	8	8
Second SKELETON WARRIOR	8	8

If you win, and you are ready to ascend the stone stairway, turn to **298**. If you want to visit some area of the castle's lowest level before setting off upwards, go instead to the southern end of the passageway outside this room; turn to **357**

235

You have defeated Zagor . but you still have to destroy him! You should know how to do this – but, if you know *where* to do it, you will know what the bridge which hung over the chasm there is made of, won't you? Take the name of the material and convert it into a number, using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, and so on Add the numbers together, multiply the total by six, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not know what this number is, turn to **179**.

236

In a cramped chamber behind the sliding panel you find a dark-haired, middle-aged man sitting on a dilapidated bed with his head in his hands. A small oil-lamp burns on a table beside him, and you can see the corner of a wooden chest poking out from under the bed. The man is wearing plate mail armour and he reacts with alarm to your entry; you can see from his demeanour that he knows how to use the heavy broadsword he is gripping firmly in his left hand while raising a shield with the other. He is also wearing a curiously ornate gold ring on his right index finger. He yells at you to leave and is clearly going to be a tough opponent to fight. If you want to attack him, turn to **29**. If you try to parley with him, turn to **129**. If you back away and leave, you must explore elsewhere; you can set off to the south and then eastwards (turn to **399**) or northwards to the Passage of Hawks (turn to **111**).

237

Moving one of the pallet beds, you notice a ragged hole in the wall behind the bed leg. However, you can also hear a scrabbling noise coming from the hole, so there may well be an element of danger involved. If you want to thrust your hand into the hole in the wall to see what may be concealed there, turn to **266**. If you prefer to leave well alone, you return to the main passage to explore elsewhere; turn to **43**.

238

Test your Skill at opening the door. If you are successful, turn to **329**; if you fail, turn to **251**.

239

The Elf rubs a magical ring on his left hand and simply vanishes! He has teleported out of Castle Argent with his booty. Now all you can do is open the westerly door in this room (turn to **130**), leave this room by the door you came in through and open the door opposite, if you haven't already done so (turn to **55**), or leave and head north to the east–west passageway (turn to **43**).

240

When you cast the Gold Piece into the well, the waters below seethe and boil, then all at once become placid again. The face of an old woman shines up at you, and the vision puts a thought into your mind: *Beware the traitor-wizard Remstar, beyond the Heartfire.* Then she is gone. Now, will you explore the western side of the ruins if you haven't done so (turn to **369**) or make for the castle itself (turn to **192**)?

241

The onyx staff has four symbols on it: lion, chevron, goblet and star. If you have spent a Magic Point to activate the staff (or if you do so now), you may be able to use it to deal the Dark Knight a mortal blow. If you know which symbol can defeat him, and if you have also found a heraldic design on a chest with that symbol upon it, you know how many symbols were on that chest and what colour they were. Convert the letters of the colour into numbers using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, etc. Add the numbers together then multiply that total by the number of the symbols you found on the chest. (Thus, for example, if you think that the goblet defeats the Dark Knight, and you had found two white goblets inscribed on a chest, you would turn to paragraph 130: WHITE = 23 + 8 + 9 + 20 + 5 = 65, and you would multiply that total by 2.) Turn to the paragraph you have calculated; if the name of the symbol isn't the first word you see in that paragraph, you are wrong and should return to paragraph **314** to continue fighting. You should also do this if you have the staff but do not know which symbol defeats the Knight.

242

You must reduce your Attack Strength here because of the confined space: subtract 4 if you are Anvar, 2 if you are Braxus, and 1 if you are Sallazar (Stubble can fight normally), and a further 1 point if you are wearing plate mail armour. Nor can Sallazar cast a Fireball or Thunderbolt spell at the Imps, because the space is too restricted. For the first two Attack Rounds, the Imps will continue to pour boiling oil over you and you must lose 3 STAMINA points each round, but you should still roll dice for Attack Strengths in the usual way to see whether you damage them. Thereafter, the Imps fight with long needles, which cause you only 1 point of damage if they hit you. Fight the Imps together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CASTLE IMP	5	4
Second CASTLE IMP	5	4

If you win, you get through to the Imps' little living chamber and take what meagre treasure they have: only 1 Gold Piece and some scraps of nuts and tubers (add 1 to your Provisions). Crawling back southwards, you can open the door to the east, if you haven't done so before (turn to **13**), or return to the main castle (turn to **3**).

243

The arrow is cursed, and you lose 1 point each of *Initial* SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK! Turn to **262**.

244

You have made your way into the Chancellery where the kings of Amarillia kept their treasure! Of course much has been looted but, to your delight, there is a Tower Chest here! After opening it, you must *Test your Spot Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **17**. Otherwise, you leave here, and now you must open a door in the Throne Room which you haven't opened before; will this be:

The door in the west wall?	Turn to **390**
The central door in the north wall?	Turn to **91**
The westernmost door in the north wall?	Turn to **282**

245

The horrific, grinning face of a madman, dripping with blood, stares at you from the face of this malign card. As you stare at it, the eyes of the image begin to glow and the face contorts into a murderous grimace, and it feels as if the imprisoned homicidal maniac is somehow trying to struggle out of the card itself to get at you! You drop the card and run in terror. *Test your Luck*; if you are Lucky, you manage to clamber across the rope bridge above the chasm of the Heartfire and make your way back to the castle, so turn to **357** to explore elsewhere. If you are Unlucky, you plunge headlong into the chasm itself, and your adventure ends here!

246

The onyx staff has four symbols on it: lion, chevron, goblet and star. If you have spent a Magic Point to activate the staff (or if you do so now), you may be able to use it to deal the monstrous Ogre a mortal blow. If you know which symbol can defeat him, and if you have also found a heraldic design on a chest with that symbol upon it, you know how many

symbols were on that chest, and what colour they were. Convert the letters of the colour into numbers using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, etc. Add the numbers together, add 8 to come to a final total, then multiply that by the number of the symbols you found on the chest. (Thus, for example, if you think that the lion defeats the Ogre, and you had found four white lions inscribed on a chest, you would turn to paragraph 292: WHITE = 23 + 8 + 9 + 20 + 5 = 65; adding 8 gives 73, and you would multiply that total by 4.) Turn to the paragraph you have calculated; if the name of the symbol isn't the fourth word you read in that paragraph, you are wrong and should return to paragraph **166** to continue fighting. You should also do this if you have the staff but do not know which symbol defeats Grool.

247

Test your Luck. If you are Sallazar, you may subtract 2 from the total rolled on the dice; if you are Stubble, you must add 1 to the total rolled; if you are Anvar, you must add 2 to the total rolled. If you are Lucky, turn to **270**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **360**.

248

You push open the double doors leading to the west wing of the castle and find yourself gazing down a long, long passageway that stretches before you – but a malign, undead presence awaits you here! The maddened shade of a castle knight, who has been tortured most horribly by servants of evil, is now too crazed to distinguish you from one of its old tormentors. You will not be able to flee; the Spectre will chase you anywhere you go. If you do not have a magic weapon to fight the Spectre and if you have no other means of destroying it by magic, you will perish here, since non-magical weapons have no effect upon this creature.

SPECTRE	SKILL 10	STAMINA 14

If you win but the Spectre hit you even once, you must roll one dice If you roll any number other than a 6, you must lose 1 point from both of your Current and *Initial* SKILL through the life-draining touch of the monster You walk forward some forty metres to reach the mid-way point of this long western passageway in order to take your bearings; turn to **36**

249

Unfortunately Zagor cannot be harmed by non-magical weapons, so your arrow is useless against him His spell drains 1 point from your Current SKILL and 2 points from your Current STAMINA Turn to **299** and choose another course of action for the next Attack Round.

250

The wretched knight is sunk in depression and despair; clearly he can offer you no help. If you want to ask him about the knight with the magical flying sword in the painting you have seen, though this may be tactless, turn to **202** Otherwise, you must leave and explore elsewhere; you can head south and then eastwards (turn to **399**) or northwards to the Passage of Hawks (turn to **111**).

251

Your entry awakens a pair of Orc guards who were dozing peacefully, so you are able to strike one with a free blow before they can react. They snatch up their weapons to attack you but, backed into the doorway, you can fight them one at a time

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	3
Second ORC	6	5

If you win, their armour and weapons are of little use to you, but you gather some food from this guardroom (add 2 to your Provisions) and there is a lantern here, should you need to take it. Leaving this room, you can return eastwards to explore (turn to **399**) or go westwards to the right-hand turning in the passage (turn to **134**)

252

Your reward for overcoming Grool is a Tower Chest, plus a table laden down with looted castle wines and preserved food (add 5 to your Provisions) on the ballista platform. There is also a set of Dragonbone keys here; 116 of them in all, although you spot one huge one that is clearly the master key If you are Anvar or Braxus, turn to **393**. Otherwise, you clamber down the stone steps here and head to the main passage outside the tower to explore elsewhere; turn to **52**

253

The symbol on the door detonates as the triangle glows a brilliant orange colour and showers you with flames; deduct 6 points from your STAMINA. If you are Sallazar, however, you can *Test your Skill* and, if you are successful, you lose only 2 STAMINA points since you manage to avoid the worst effects of this magical hazard. But even you cannot open the door. Turn to **397**

254

You slip the key into the lock and the door swings open soundlessly. In a long, hall-like chamber left

untouched by the castle's evil denizens, a row of priests recline, embalmed after their deaths, in a row of crystal caskets. Silk and velvet wall-hangings are draped round the walls, and symbols of the good gods of Amarillia are inscribed everywhere. Closing the door behind you, you inspect the bodies more closely. One of them is holding an ornate silver staff and his hands are resting on a golden sphere at its end, while another has a silver signet ring set with an amethyst on his right hand. A third carries a small wooden box set with mother-of-pearl fastenings. All these items look valuable, but are you willing to take from the dead? If you are not, search elsewhere: turn to **309**. Otherwise, if you open one of the caskets to take an item, will this be:

The silvered staff?	Turn to **309**
The silver ring?	Turn to **285**
The wooden box?	Turn to **80**

255

The chaotic magic swirling around Castle Argent affects you. If you drink any Potion, it will have little effect: a Potion of Luck restores 1 point of LUCK only, and a Potion of Stamina will restore only a few STAMINA points (roll one dice: this is the number of STAMINA points you regain, to a maximum of half your *Initial* score). If you cast any spell, you must *Test your Luck*: if you are Unlucky, the spell will simply fail (if you are Lucky, your spell-casting will work normally). Return to the paragraph you came from.

256

If you are Sallazar, you get no offers of work: wizards are too puny to be dockers! You can try gambling if you wish (turn to **32**); if not, turn to **173**. If you are any of the other heroes, you earn 2 Gold Pieces in return for some back-breaking work. Turn to **173**

257

'Grool, in the east tower, he has the barbarian axe, you know. He's a real brute, cunning and evil through and through. He's even bigger than you are. But if you want to be a hero of legend among your own people, getting that axe is something you just have to do. Forget the Dragon egg-hatcheries in the east wing, though, there's nothing left there of any use.' Return to **22**.

258

You are engaged in mortal combat with the crazed Dark Elf. In the first Attack Round he will try to attack you with a Fireball spell, and if he has the higher Attack Strength you will lose 4 STAMINA points from the burning flames that cover your body. If you have the higher Attack Strength, you strike him and ruin his

spell. Thereafter, the Dark Elf will fight with his dagger. If at any time you decide to flee, turn to **198**.

DARK ELF WIZARD SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you can search the room. This takes some time, however, since everything is so cluttered, so you must eat a meal. Eventually you find 3 Gold Pieces, a fine silk tapestry worth 4 Gold Pieces (if you can find someone to sell it to), a scroll with an Open spell inscribed upon it and a Magic Ring. This is a good haul, so gain 1 LUCK point. There is also a diary which shows that the Dark Elf once served the Bone Demon whose army decimated Castle Argent, and that he lives in mortal fear of a ghostly wizard, Remstar, who is said to be 'beyond the Heartfires'. There is also some gruesome notes concerning the Dark Elf's involvement in necromantic magic, creating mutated monsters and using magic to animate them, with a reference to the 'silver room' where these experiments were conducted. Now it's time to leave here and search elsewhere; turn to **376**.

259

Behind the door with the shield inlay on it is a barracks complex, a network of small parade chambers, dormitories and the like. At the northern end of this network of rooms is a broad east–west passage with

two doors, one with a lacquered blue coating and the other with a similar coating of yellow lacquer. Will you now:

Search the barracks thoroughly?	Turn to **12**
Open the blue door?	Turn to **327**
Open the yellow door?	Turn to **205**
Leave and search elsewhere?	Turn to **64**

260

The onyx staff bears four symbols on it: lion, chevron, goblet and star. If you have spent a Magic Point to activate the staff (or if you do so now), you may be able to use it to deal the Dragon a mortal blow. If you know which symbol can defeat it, and if you have also found a heraldic design on a chest with that symbol upon it, you know how many symbols were on that chest, and what colour they were. Convert the letters of the colour into numbers using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3, etc. Add the numbers together then multiply that total by the number of the symbols you found on the chest. (Thus, for example, if you think that the chevron defeats the Dragon, and you had found six white chevrons inscribed on a chest, you would turn to paragraph 390: WHITE = 23 + 8 + 9 + 20 + 5 = 65; and you would multiply that total by 6.) Turn to the paragraph you have calculated; if the name of the symbol isn't the fifth word you read in that paragraph, you are wrong and you should return to paragraph **180** to decide what to do here. You should also turn to **180** if you have the staff but do not know which symbol defeats the Dragon.

261

You are half-way down the corridor, and it seems to have taken an eternity getting this far. As you strain your eyes to see what lies ahead of you, a shambling figure in rotting bandages lurches along the corridor to attack you The most powerful of the castle's undead guardians, the Great Mummy's rotting arms reach forward to strangle the life out of you! If you can, and wish to, cast a Fireball spell at the Mummy, turn to **356**. If you have a lantern and you decide to throw this at the Mummy, turn to **379**. Otherwise, turn to **288**

262

You've triumphed! You have slain a Dragon single-handed, a feat of which no more than a handful of men on Amarillia can boast. And, of course, Dragons are legendary for their treasure hoards – aren't they? There is not a Gold Piece, not a gem, in sight! You look around frantically and, in the north-east corner of the platform floor, you find something very odd indeed: there is a shimmering wheel pattern in the floor, which now is beginning to turn and almost fade even as you stare at it. As you look, the wheel spins faster; but you can make out that it has six segments and that each section has an image within it The Dragon must have hidden its treasure in the magical sector of some extra-planar space and, now the Dragon is dead, the magical link is fading You have time to take two of the items you can see before the wheel fades completely; if you spend a LUCK point, you can snatch three. However, you have no time to regain

lost STAMINA by drinking a Potion, eating some provisions, etc., if you are to gather this treasure! Decide which images you wish to reach out and grab. After you have taken your two (or three) items, turn to **121**.

Gold	Turn to **106**
Gems	Turn to **181**
Wooden chest	Turn to **291**
Potion bottle	Turn to **328**
Glowing arrow	Turn to **243**
Handful of dust	Turn to **213**

263

Beating down the door, you trigger a vicious trap: a spring-loaded spear hurtles from the wall behind you and strikes you in the back. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA, but you manage to force the door open at last. Turn to **83**.

264

The Zagor-Demon goes into a frenzy! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, it collapses as it thrashes helplessly about; turn to **54**. If you are Unlucky, in its wild flailing it will strike you and you must deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, turn to **54**.

265

You fail to spot a tripwire trap and fall heavily to the ground. From two doors on either side of you you hear cries of alarm, and you get to your feet just as a Great Orc comes rushing through each door! What's worse, in each room there is another creature, dragging itself off a bunk bed and putting on its armour. You have to overcome four of these Orcs! Fight each pair together; when you have killed the first pair, the second pair will be ready to fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREAT ORC	7	6
Second GREAT ORC	7	6
Third GREAT ORC	7	6
Fourth GREAT ORC	7	6

If you win, you make a hurried search of the guard chambers on the other side of the doors. Save for mouldy and half-rotten food and befouled Orcish clothes, your search turns up only a single Gold Piece. You walk further along the entrance hall. In front of you there is a small door to your left and one to your right, and a pair of larger doors directly ahead. Will you now open:

The right-hand door?	Turn to **20**
The left-hand door?	Turn to **318**
The large doors ahead?	Turn to **376**

266

You insert your fingers into the hole and suffer a painful rat bite for your pains! Lose 1 STAMINA point. The hole is too small for you to use a weapon of any size, but you can thrust a knife inside to attack the rat (which will bite your hand again when you do). You must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength while trying to skewer the rodent, since you can't really see what you're doing. For both you and the rat, a successful hit here will cause only 1 point of STAMINA damage.

CASTLE RAT SKILL 6 STAMINA 2

If you win, you must *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **330**. If you fail, turn to **128**.

267

As you raise your weapon to strike the old man, he picks up a golden lamp and rubs it hastily. A genie appears before your startled eyes, simply crooks its index finger at you – and you are rooted to the spot, paralysed! Now you know why the Orcs of the castle weren't able to kill the merchant before you got here, but the realization comes too late. Your adventure ends here.

268

You have landed on a concealed pit trap! Below you the ground simply gives way and opens up to reveal a deep pit filled with spikes. You must leap forward to avoid this *Test your Skill* (add 2 to the dice roll if you are Stubble). If you are successful turn to **26**. If you fail, turn to **191**.

269

The door here is half ajar, and you push it open easily. The room beyond must have been a guest chamber: the comfort of the bed, furniture and rugs here suggest that. It was looted long ago, of course. The bed sags in the middle from Orcs jumping up and down on it, and the fine rosewood table and chairs have had Orcish names carved crudely into them. If you want to make a prolonged search, turn to **2**. Otherwise, turn to **33**.

270

As you seat yourself in the hag's chair and begin your work, the spindle moves faster and faster until you become dizzy, trying to keep your eyes focused on it. Then it stops abruptly – it has fashioned a magical garment for you! Roll one dice and consult

the table below to see what you have made for yourself.

Dice Roll	*Item*
1–4	Lucky Neckerchief
5	Neckerchief of Invisibility
6	Neckerchief of Wizardry

A Lucky Neckerchief adds 1 to your Current and *Initial* LUCK (your *Initial* LUCK cannot exceed 12, however). A Neckerchief of Invisibility can be used twice during your adventure and its effect lasts for the duration of a single combat: during this time you can subtract 2 from the Attack Strength of any and all enemies, since they cannot see you easily (this does not work against Zagor or any Dragon). If you have a Neckerchief of Wizardry, gain 1 point of LUCK, for this garment raises your Magic Points score to its full *Initial* level – you can put this on at any time, except during a combat (but its magic will work only once for you). Now you leave and head for the great wrought-iron door in the passageway outside. Turn to **197**.

271

The passageway ends at a junction. To the east, a short section leads to a door. To the west, a narrow

passage winds and twists further northwards and it becomes a crawlway after a few metres. If you want to open the door to the east turn to **13**. If you want to head west and then north, which means a crawl on hands and knees, turn to **355**. If you want to return to the library and the passageway outside it, then explore elsewhere, turn to **3**.

272

You must *Test your Luck* twice during your ascent. If you are Unlucky either time, the Dragon will wake up and its huge head will breathe fire over you. If you are Unlucky on the first dice roll, the Dragon breathes on you twice; you must lose 6 STAMINA points from each attack! If you are Lucky the first time but Unlucky the second time, you suffer only one attack from the Dragon's breath; lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you get to the platform at last; turn to **313**.

273

The card shows a Giant. As you gaze at it for just a second, something of the strength and might of giants flows into you. You may add 4 to your Current STAMINA score (you may exceed your *Initial* score) and gain 1 LUCK point. Turn to **299**.

274

A gruesome trophy-room lies behind the door here. Rows and rows of severed heads line the walls; servants of the Bone Demon decapitated many of the castle's defenders in the jails, and one of Mungus the Jailer's hobbies was shrinking and preserving them. In this ghoulish auditorium, one row of heads seems to have been exalted above the others, since there are four heads individually mounted on wall-plaques, with their names etched upon them. They are (or were): Chanquin the Court Jester, Field Marshal Rabellan, Count Reindrech of Cabaal and Dorrick the Castellan. If you want to use a Magic Point to see whether you can communicate with these heads in some way, choose one to try to summon, then turn to **24**. If you cannot, or don't wish to, do this, turn to **36** to explore elsewhere in the west wing, or turn to **7** to return to the Bronze Stride.

275

You find yourself in a powder-room used by the glitteringly beautiful women of Castle Argent before its fall. Their valuable gilded mirrors, crystal scent-bottles and jewellery boxes have been pillaged, and make-up lies in small mounds on the broken and vandalized marbled tables. If you are Anvar or Stubble, you leave here; you can make your way along the north passageway opposite, if you haven't explored that area before (turn to **385**), or go back east along the Passage of Hawks (turn to **111**). If you are Braxus or Sallazar, turn to **15**.

276

The Dragon is young and its fire-breathing ability is not yet fully developed, but it is still dangerous. Each Attack Round, if the Dragon has the higher Attack Strength, you must roll one dice If you roll 1–4, the Dragon claws and bites, and you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you roll 5 or 6, the Dragon breathes fire at you and you lose 4 STAMINA points!

YOUNG WAR DRAGON SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

If you win, there is an anguished roar from somewhere far, far off in the Great Tower as the Dragon falls at your feet. It sounds like the noise a very, *very* angry Dragon might make . . Shivering a little, you gather up the Dragon's treasure hoard You find 6 Gold Pieces, a small pile of tiny moonstones worth 10 Gold Pieces, a Magic Ring, and, in an ivory tube sealed with wax at both ends, a scroll containing the Skill Spell If you want to take a close look at whatever it is that is glowing inside the crystal dome, turn to **338**. If you would rather explore elsewhere in the west wing, turn to **36**; if you want to return to the Bronze Stride, turn to **7**.

277

You slip the two long Dragonbone master-keys into the locks in the crystal doors and they open In front of you a great wooden stairway rises in a graceful curve to an archway high above. The great Jaw Archway is aptly named: it appears to be crafted from the jawbone of some impossibly vast, reptilian monster, a deathly leprous yellow-white in colour, forbidding in

its sheer size and grim appearance. You step forward and, as you do, the doors behind you slam shut. A gloating, eerie laugh mocks you as it resonates around the high-vaulted chamber of the stairway; Zagor awaits you, and you will not return alive unless you have slain him! You stride forward grimly and begin your ascent of the stairway.

Some minutes later, you throw open the great doors below the Jaw Archway and grit your teeth as you sense the treacherousness of what lies before you. A corridor stretches out some twelve metres into the distance, and its walls are lined with skulls set into the stone The walls look as if the skulls where thrown into liquid stone which then congealed, trapping them on its surface The effect is deeply disturbing and, as you edge forward towards a chamber you can see ahead, you have to fight back a rising sense of panic. Clearly some magic here is affecting you, making you sweat and tremble with fear! If you can (and wish to) cast a Jump spell here, turn to **261**. If you cannot, or do not wish to, do this, turn to **296**.

278

If you have the higher Attack Strength this Attack Round, turn to **319**. If Zagor has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **115**.

279

The glaring light of your spell reveals a highly unpleasant scene within the Feast Hall, for the tables and chairs are crawling with fat, sleek, black rats! You make a mental note not to go in there! You decide to take a chance and open the door in the west wall of the kitchen, and you find that beyond it lies a small, narrow passageway, off which you see a couple of tiny boxrooms the domestic servants must have occupied, and some large larder cupboards. It's highly unlikely there's anything edible left after all these years, but, if you want to make a search of them, turn to **27**. Otherwise, turn to **376** and search elsewhere in the castle.

280

You are standing in the middle of a north-facing passage. On your left is a door bearing a ceramic plaque with a silver crown design. To your right is a plain wooden door. Directly ahead of you, the passageway ends at an east–west junction. Explore an area you have not visited before. Will you:

Open the door to your left?	Turn to **112**
Open the door to your right?	Turn to **55**
Head for the passage junction?	Turn to **43**

281

The room beyond the door here is a cross between a torture chamber and a mad wizard's laboratory. It is strewn with bones and huge jars filled with the limbs and organs of various creatures, and you hastily avert your eyes from the gruesome scene. If you decide to search this foul place thoroughly, turn to **303**. Otherwise, turn to **51** to search elsewhere.

282

The bedchamber of the kings of Amarillia lies before you; looted and ransacked, little of value remains in it. You find a single Gold Piece on the floor here but that's all so you leave, and now you must open a door in the Throne Room which you haven't investigated before. Will this be:

The door in the west wall?	Turn to **390**
The central door in the north wall?	Turn to **91**
The easternmost door in the north wall?	Turn to **244**

283

You force open one of the doors inside the temple and find two Orcs clad in part-armour, with weapons readied. One of them turns to face you while the other stands over the cowering body of a terrified, middle-aged man, dressed in white robes and lying prone on the floor. One of the Orcs lets fall a crystal vial of liquid he was clearly just about to drink. You have to fight, but make a note that if you win the combat here you will be able to take this vial of liquid. It is a magical Potion of Invisibility and can be drunk immediately before any one combat. Its effects last for the duration of that combat, and during this time you can subtract 2 from the Attack Strength of your enemies, since they cannot see you easily (this does not work against Zagor or any Dragon). Now, if you want to attack the Orc facing you, turn to **35**. If you want to attack the second Orc, you can do so, but the first Orc will get in a free blow against you as you force your way past him, so you must lose 2 STAMINA points. If you decide to attack the second Orc anyway, turn to **177**.

284

Trying to flee is hopeless; the yells of the Orc leader soon summon a horde of Orcs from nearby rooms and

they swiftly despatch you. You end up as a tasty roast, a change from the Orc's usual diet of rats. Your adventure ends here.

285

As you open the casket, a sudden gust of foul-smelling wind blows through the room. The chaotic and evil magic of Zagor has been drawn to the body of the priest, and in a matter of seconds the body decomposes and begins to crawl with maggots. Horribly, the corrupted corpse then sits bolt upright and its lividly glowing eyeballs glare at you as it reaches out with skeletal hands to strangle you! If you want to flee, you can *Test your Skill*; if you are successful, you run before you can come to harm, so turn to **399** to explore elsewhere. If you fail, or if you choose to fight, turn to **50**.

286

The dreaded Corridor of Fear awaits you – can you sustain your will and not be slowed down by the terrible phantoms of fear and despair that await you here? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you get through the corridor in 50 seconds; if you are Unlucky, it takes 100 seconds (a Potion of Flying will not alter these times). With mounting desperation you race ever onwards; turn to **8**!

287

The green-lacquered door opens readily, and the chamber beyond appears very strange for it is filled with dead vegetation! You can see a wooden chest, half-buried under trailing vines in the distance, so you enter in order to take a closer look As you do so, a huge shape arises from the half-rotten plant remains; roughly human-shaped, the thing is composed of vines, and it reaches out for you, its knobbled 'limbs' trailing twitching vines along the ground. If you want to flee, turn to 5. If you decide to fight the Plant Golem, do your best to despach it swiftly. Each time the Plant Golem wins an Attack Round, you must *Test your Skill*. If you fail, it has wrapped some of its trailing vines round your legs and arms, making it harder for you to move freely and fight it, and you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength. It can do this up to three times as the thing binds you tighter and tighter in its suffocating grasp!

PLANT GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 13

If you win, to your dismay you find as you open it that the chest here is not a Tower Chest but has a heraldic device painted inside its lid; this shows seven red lions on a green background. Inside the chest you find 4 Gold Pieces and a Potion of Stamina; drinking this restores STAMINA equal to half its *Initial* total (round fractions up) and you can drink it at any time except during combat. Now, leaving this room and entering the Passage of Hawks, will you head west (turn to 5) or east to the crossroads (turn to 92)?

288

Deduct any points from the Mummy's STAMINA if you have already struck it with a fiery attack.

GREAT MUMMY	SKILL 10	STAMINA 22

If you win, you press on along this accursed corridor towards a cavernous chamber beyond. As you approach, swirling patterns of light flash from the chamber, and you have to screw up your eyes in a squint to see what is inside. Turn to **180**.

289

You must *Test your Luck* while you are pleading that you do not want to attack the Dark Elf. If you are Lucky, he won't attack: turn to **231**. If you are Unlucky, he attacks immediately with a brilliant bolt of fire as he completes his spell; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA because of the action of the searing flames, and you must now either fight (turn to **258**) or flee (turn to **198**).

290

You have to fight the hag and her cat, Wacket, together. The hag will cast a Fireball spell at you in the first two Attack Rounds (if she has the highest Attack Strength, you will have to lose 5 STAMINA points from the fiery assault). Afterwards, she will attack you with her poisoned dagger (lose 1 point from your STAMINA because of the weapon, plus 1 extra point from the poison). The cat will try to bite you; if it succeeds, you must lost 1 STAMINA point, but, if you roll 11 or 12 on the dice for the cat's

Attack Strength, you must turn immediately to **336**. If at any time you cast a spell against the hag, turn to **209**.

	SKILL	STAMINA
HAG	8	9
WACKET THE CAT	8	4

If you win, turn to **375**.

291

This is a Tower Chest! If you open this without triggering any trap, you may gain 1 LUCK point. Turn to **262**.

292

A whirl of green stars will fly from the onyx staff upon command, circling the Dragon's head and burying themselves in it, causing great pain. One star will be impaled in the Dragon's head each Attack Round, up to the eighth (if the combat lasts that long). Each star will cause the Dragon to lose 2 STAMINA points: after the first star has struck it, you may subtract 2 from its Attack Strength due to its pain and confusion. If you have spent a Magic Point to activate the staff, you can unleash this effect as soon as you get on to the Dragon's platform – but how will you get there? Will you:

Use a Potion of Flying (if you have one)?	Turn to **364**
Climb one of the rope-ladders?	Turn to **272**
Enter the swirling vortex, hoping to be carried upwards?	Turn to **334**

293

The Colossus collapses at last! Weary with the effort, you drag yourself over to the wooden chest and examine it carefully The small shield design on its lid shows a pair of yellow goblets on a blue background. Inside the chest you find 3 Gold Pieces, a Magic Ring and a scroll with the Skill Spell written on it Gain 1 LUCK point! Now it's time to search elsewhere. If you haven't explored everything in the barracks area, you can open the yellow door (turn to **205**) or search the dormitories and parade rooms thoroughly (turn to **12**); alternatively, you can leave the barracks and explore elsewhere (turn to **64**).

294

This secret chamber was used by the mightiest defenders of Castle Argent to draw upon their inner strengths and to fortify themselves for great combats. The magic of this chamber allows you to sacrifice 1 point each of Current and *Initial* LUCK and gain in return either 1 point of Current and *Initial* SKILL or 2 points of Current and *Initial* STAMINA. You do not have to transmute your LUCK in this way if you do not wish to do so, however, and the transmutation will be temporary (affecting only your combat with Zagor). Choose what you want to do here, then be sure to

take every precaution you can before you meet your final enemy. You can open the entrance to Zagor's chamber normally (turn to **304**) or by using an Open spell (turn to **321**).

295

Searching through the cavern, you must eat a meal; eventually you find a passageway hidden behind a large boulder that you push aside with much grunting and sweating at the exertion. The passage is dark and, if you do not have a lantern or a Light spell to see by, you will stumble and fall, losing 2 STAMINA points: you must also subtract 2 from your Attack Strength in any combats here (until you return across the rope bridge). Peering along the winding and twisting tunnel, you see a single side-passage to your right and, some metres further along, the passage terminates in another, smaller cavern where you think you can see a faint gleam of gold. If you want to take the side-passage, turn to **208** If you want to make for the cavern ahead, turn to **10**.

296

It is desperately hard going, dragging yourself even half-way down this corridor Your feet feel as if your boots are lined with lead, and your calves ache abominably. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you keep trudging on as normal, but if you are Unlucky you must lose 1 from your Current SKILL score for as long as you are in this corridor. You must now *Test your Luck* again! If you are Lucky, turn to **261**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **317**.

297

You have a certain amount of time to get to the Heartfires; you do not know how much time but from now on you must keep track of the number of seconds it takes you to get there. If you have picked up any Gold Zagors, you have already taken 100 seconds. You have taken 80 seconds for each portion of provisions you have forced down. Either drinking a Potion or casting a spell will have taken you 20 seconds. If you have drunk a Potion of Flying, however, you will be able to move more swiftly and unless you are told otherwise, you can halve the number of seconds you take for all movement to the Heartfires (you will be told how many seconds you need for various movements in later paragraphs). You may stop and perform any of these actions during your journey, but you must add the appropriate number of seconds to the time elapsed: if you want to perform any action, you must make a note of the paragraph number where you stop and perform that action, then turn to **255**. Now you pick up Zagor's body; turn to **85**.

298

A great stone stairway rises in front of you, giving access to the main level of the castle above – and bringing you closer to the Great Tower where Zagor lies! As you cross a stone bridge, you feel strong magical energies playing round you; you regain 4 points of STAMINA, 1 point of LUCK and 1 Magic Point! Feeling invigorated and refreshed, you open the door at the top of the stairway and stride across an empty chamber to another door in the far wall; you open it. Turn to **399**.

299

The Zagor-Demon screams its fury from its fell throne. 'You dare stand before me? I have not been banished from my own world to be confronted by a wretch like you!' He spits contempt and rage! Now battle is truly joined. Zagor stands at the head of the steps, preparing to cast a deadly spell. His SKILL score is 16 (less a reduction for any Golden Talismans you may have), so use this to work out Attack Strengths and keep track of the damage you do to him (you may subtract this from his STAMINA score when you finally get into hand-to-hand combat with him). You can either try to get closer to him or attack him from a distance. If you want to get near to him, you can use a Potion of Flying, if you have one (turn to **383**), run up the steps (turn to **207**) – or you have a third option: if you suspect the steps may be trapped and if you have a magical weapon, you can use some of the magic from that weapon to cleave through the steps and create a passage upwards; if you do this, however, you will lose at least some of the magic your weapon has (if you choose this option, turn to **133**). If you want to stand your ground and attack Zagor from a distance – at least to begin with – choose one of the following options:

Use a catapult?	Turn to **349**
Use a spell?	Turn to **278**
Use a bow?	Turn to **249**
Use a Magic Arrow?	Turn to **93**
Throw acid?	Turn to **169**

300

'Pandemonium' would be a modest description of the Throne Room which lies behind the iron-clad doors. The room is filled with drooling, mindless creatures slobbering and grimacing at one another. In one corner, something that may once have been an Elf plucks randomly at a seven-stringed instrument, picking out a hideous refrain. A lethargic Ogre thumps periodically at a tympani to add to the din, while mindless Goblins blow into conches and flutes However, not everyone here is a mindless creature; many of the monsters are capable and dangerous. Nearest you are two armoured Orcs, then four Great Orcs are standing together; then come two Orc mutants, and behind them is a pair of Zombies wearing ebony-black circlets round their heads. Behind them, in the far distance, the figure of Thulu, Great Chieftain of the Orcs, sits, semi-comatose, on his throne, a grotesquely misshapen crown covering his swollen head and ghastly bony protuberances thrusting out through the holes in the crown. If your preparation included disguising yourself as a Zombie or drinking a Potion of Invisibility, turn to **19**. Otherwise, turn to **39**.

301

The monster inside the foul-smelling room leaps out to attack you! The giant spider here is covered in foul-smelling slime and ordure, so you must deduct 1 point from your Attack Strength when fighting it since the stench nauseates and weakens you (unless you are Stubble, who suffers no penalty). Your monstrous enemy raises its slime-dripping mandibles and massive clacking claws to strike you down!

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win but the Giant Spider struck you even once, you now have a foul disease from the filth and muck on its body – Blood Plague! If this is left untreated, you develop septic boils and painful sores over your body, and you will lose 1 point from your Current and *Initial* STAMINA each time you enter a room with any monster in it. If your *Initial* STAMINA score reaches zero, you die. You must take care where you explore, and seek help swiftly: you need a Healer, or Plague Antidote, to restore your *Initial* STAMINA and cure the plague. There is none to be found in the chamber the Giant Spider occupied, for this area is simply the castle latrines, befouled by Orcs and utterly disgusting. Turn to **218** to explore elsewhere.

302

As you race away, a deep rumbling sound rises from the belly of the Mutant behind you and a wave of corrosive acid splashes across your back; lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive you run for dear life back to the passage beyond the laboratories, then down to its end, vowing never to return here! Turn to **43**.

303

You find 2 vials containing powerful, lime-green corrosive acid among the equipment in this laboratory. You can use the vials in combat by flinging them at an enemy instead of using a weapon; if you have the higher Attack Strength, the acid hits and causes 4 points of damage. It may also be useful in other ways too. Now turn to **51** to search elsewhere.

304

Before you confront your nemesis, do two things. First, make sure you have a record of all the bonuses you have to your Attack Strength in the combat to come, and what magic you may be able to use (don't forget that a Potion of Invisibility is useless against Zagor). Second, count up how many Golden Talismans and Silver Daggers you have collected from the Tower Chests you have opened. Each Golden Talisman you possess reduces Zagor's SKILL (as shown in a later paragraph) by 1 point; each Silver Dagger you possess reduces his STAMINA score (as shown in a later paragraph) by 2 points, so be sure to make the appropriate reductions when the time comes . . . Now you stand in the Throne Room of the Zagor-Demon. Your adversary awaits you; turn to **391**.

305

At the very last moment you find a sliding panel on the west wall of the pit! You struggle to force it open, then hide in the pitch darkness beyond. Above you, Orcish voices growl. 'Wretched thing's set itself orf again,' one of the Orcs yells. 'Better tell Skunkhead to reset the lever.' You have to wait a long time before you can be sure that the Orcs have really gone, so you must eat a meal. Rather than re-enter the pit, you decide to climb up the stone steps on the other side of the secret door, and you follow a winding passage to another secret door. Stepping out of it, you find yourself emerging from a hidden wall-panel at the far eastern end of the Passage of Hawks. Setting off westwards, you reach a crossroads; to the north, the pit trap has clearly been reset. If you decide to explore that way again, turn to **389**. If you would rather head on westwards to the mid-way point of the Passageway of Hawks in order to search somewhere you haven't explored yet, turn to **5**.

306

The magical circles are protective; the occupant of this room is clearly terrified of some form of magical attack by a wizard, and you guess he isn't going to parley

with you. If you trade spells in combat with the Dark Elf who lives here, you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength when you cast a spell because of these defences. If you want to attack the Dark Elf, turn to **258**. If you decide to run, turn to **198**.

307

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you find a hand catapult with a glowing black stone in its leather pouch which certainly proves interesting. You can use this to attack from a distance, much like using a bow; but if you hit your opponent with it, he will lose 6 STAMINA points because of the powerful enchantment on the stone. You can get only one shot from the catapult, however, and you cannot use it in hand-to-hand combat (if you are Stubble or Sallazar, you must subtract 1 from your SKILL when using this unfamiliar weapon). If you are Unlucky, you do not find this weapon. Turn to **52** to explore elsewhere in the east wing of the castle, or turn to **7** to return to the Bronze Stride.

308

Tall and silent, Dorrick's ghost stands solemnly before you. Dorrick fell on his own sword in order to avoid the dreadful tortures of the Demon; his spirit, though troubled, is not insane, unlike so many of the castle's ghosts. You tell Dorrick about your quest and what

you have achieved He is impressed, but he shakes his head sadly. 'Unspeakable evil lies in the Great Tower Beyond the Crystal Doors lies not only the monster who is taking demonic form even as we speak, but also a mighty War Dragon. To overcome one would be the stuff of legend. To slay both – it is hard to believe that even one such as yourself could accomplish such a thing' He ponders for a moment. 'But, perhaps, the Orb of the Templar . that might help. Listen: next door to this place the Grand Templar of the Court prowls the shadows still He is a mindless thing, his heart and will destroyed by fell magic, and he is very powerful If you search behind the fireplace in his chambers, you will find a secret compartment. Some power may still reside in the Orb He always used it in battle to strengthen himself. That is all I can tell you' The ghost fades slowly from view. If you have already been in the Templar's chambers, you set off there again now; turn to **348**. If you have not visited them yet, turn to **228**

309

As you open the casket, the body of the priest rises to its feet and, its face suffused with fury, points the staff at you and hurls you out of this chamber with a great bolt of magical force. If you are Sallazar, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and turn to **399**. Otherwise, you lose 4 STAMINA points and are teleported to another part of the castle. Roll one dice. If you roll 1 or 2, turn to **399**; if you roll 3 or 4, turn to **268**; if you roll 5 or 6, turn to **78**.

310

You fall to your knees to tip the body of the Zagor-Demon into the chasm of the Heartfires; as you do so however, you lose your balance and pitch forward yourself! You have saved Amarillia, and the bards of the land will sing their songs, guaranteeing your everlasting fame throughout all the lands . . but they will be a posthumous honour!

311

'But there's another sword as well; only you could make best use of that. It's currently owned by a knight. I don't know whether it's alive, or what it is; all I've seen with my limited magic is a real brute of a thing, clad head to toe in spiked, black plate mail. I know it's behind the northern doors along the Bronze Stride, the great passageway north of the Throne Room' Return to **22**.

312

Bethel's chambers have been ransacked but, to your surprise, a shortsword is lying on the table – and three dead Orcs are lying on the floor! The bloodstains round their bodies look relatively fresh, too. As you are pondering this scene, the sword speaks to you!

'I'm an Orc-slaying sword,' it murmurs nonchalantly (and a bit needlessly, given the presence of the corpses here). 'If you have magical strength, I can help you. I just *love* killing Orcs. But I need magic to help me to fight to the best of my ability!'

If you want to take and use this sword, you need Magic Points to use it effectively. If you are fighting any kind of Orc, you can spend 1 Magic Point to activate the sword. This can be done in addition to making a normal attack, but not in addition to casting a spell. When you have done so, roll one dice, and add 2 to the number rolled. For this number of Attack Rounds, the sword will fly through the air and attack any single Orc (including Great Orcs, Mutant Orcs, etc., but not Thulu, the Orc chieftain) you can see in the room where combat is taking place. You may choose which Orc to strike. Each time it strikes, its target must lose 3 STAMINA points! The sword attacks only Orcs in this way, however, not any other kind of monster. Once its attacks are expended, you can always use another Magic Point to activate it again. Now you can make a general search of the rooms here, if you haven't done so (turn to **159**), or return to the main passageway outside and search elsewhere (turn to **43**).

313

The huge War Dragon fights with the fury and might that decimated Castle Argent's defenders. Can you possibly survive its fury? If you do not have a magic weapon, you cannot affect the War Dragon, and you will perish here!

WAR DRAGON SKILL 15 STAMINA 20

When the War Dragon wins an Attack Round, roll one dice to determine the type of attack it has used and the damage it inflicts

Dice Roll	*Attack and Damage*
1–2	Claw strike: lose 2 STAMINA points
3	Bite: lose 3 STAMINA points
4	Tail sweep (glancing blow): lose 1 STAMINA point
5–6	Fire breath: lose 4 STAMINA points

If you win, turn to **262**.

314

In a small, bare chamber behind the door a figure clad head to toe in lacquered black plate mail confronts you. 'Prepare to die,' he says emotionlessly as he hefts a great, two-handed sword to strike at you. Terror grips you: you must do battle with the Dark Knight of Castle Argent! If you have an onyx staff with you, turn to **241**. If you do not, fight on!

DARK KNIGHT SKILL 11 STAMINA 17

If you win, and if you are Braxus, turn immediately to **46**. Otherwise, turn to **396**.

315

Perhaps the capricious Elf will talk to you, but maybe he prefers not to. Roll two dice. Add 2 to the total rolled if you are Stubble (since the Elf doesn't like Dwarfs much), and subtract 1 if you have a thief hireling with you. If you bribe the Elf with some gold, he is more likely to talk; you must offer him 4 Gold Pieces (in which case you can subtract 3 from the number rolled). If the final total is 8 or higher, turn to **239**. If the total is 7 or less, turn to **9**.

316

'Thank you, you have served me well,' you say to the little scamp of a thief. He offers to sell you one final object: he has a lockpick he uses, and he offers this to you for 2 Gold Pieces. If you buy this, you can use it for opening Tower Chests; using a lockpick, you are allowed to *Test your Skill* when opening Tower Chests and trying to avoid the traps (this saves LUCK points,

and thus is very useful!). Decide whether or not to buy this, then return to the paragraph you came from.

317

You didn't spot the concealed pit trap in time. You fall several metres on to hard stone; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. You claw your way back up and out, but you cannot restore your STAMINA straight away by eating food, drinking a Potion, or by any other means; you are just too desperate to get through this corridor. Turn to **261**.

318

You have entered a huge drill hall, a marching square with banners and replica weapons lining the walls – or such as remain after the rampagings of the servants of the Demon. A half-burned pile of smashed-up weaponry and torn pennants and banners lies at the foot of the far wall. Far above you, great oak-beams criss-cross the ceiling. If you want to walk over and search through it, turn to **394**, but beware, your footfalls echo loudly in this high-ceilinged chamber! Alternatively, you can leave and open the door opposite you (turn to **20**) or make for the double doors at the far end of the entrance hall (turn to **376**).

319

Your spell has no effect on Zagor, because he had cast a Magic Screen spell before you entered. However, his spell will cause you to lose 1 point from your Current SKILL and 2 points from your Current STAMINA (unless you too have a Magic Screen spell of your own, in which case this is now dispelled). However, his Magic Screen is now also dispelled and you can attack him with spells in later Attack Rounds. Turn to **31**.

320

The lock on this door is smashed, so you gently push it open and find yourself in what must once have been a great library. Alas, the beautiful leather-bound books and illuminated manuscripts have been destroyed in an orgy of senseless rampaging; the Orcs have even built a bonfire of books and bookcases, though a few of the latter still stand, empty and forlorn, against the walls. There may be some clues left in the debris, if you are willing to spend some time in searching. If you decide to do this, you must eat a meal, then turn to **373**. If you decide that this shambles isn't worth investigating, turn to 3 and explore elsewhere.

321

As you cast your spell the door opens soundlessly, and a mirthless voice says gloatingly, 'How good of you to waste a little of your pitiful magic on such a simple little spell. Speaking for myself, I would never bother with anything as trivial as a trap on the door. Do come in!' Turn to **304**.

322

The design, though crude, is clearly that of a Barbarian Axe. Some intuition tells you that the axe is magical, perhaps a very powerful weapon in your hands. You make a note to try to find this creature, Grool, who possesses it and destroy him! Now you can try exploring the next cell-block (turn to **210**) or go elsewhere in the jails (turn to **51**); if you wish to leave the jails and return to the main castle, turn to **357**.

323

The wretched ghost of the court jester stands before you. His hair is white, prematurely aged by the terror of unspeakable tortures, and he is quite insane. He stretches forward to attack you at once, and you know that the combination of his madness and ghostly power would be too great for you to withstand: one touch from him could destroy your mind! You flee back to the Bronze Stride, leaving the moaning ghost prowling the west wing, to which you cannot now return. Turn to **7**.

324

You know you must fling the body of the Zagor-Demon into the Heartfires. What you do not know is how swiftly you must do this. You must decide now – not knowing how much time you have, as the Great Tower shudders around you – if you wish to do anything before you begin your descent with the body. You can perform as many actions as you wish; eating some Provisions, drinking a Potion or casting a spell are the most obvious options. Decide which actions you wish to take before you set off for the Heartfires, then turn to **297**.

325

Everything here is as it appears to be: lifeless and decayed. You have merely wasted time, and you must eat a meal during your search. Turn to **52** to search elsewhere.

326

You need 150 seconds to climb down safely, burdened with a body. Turn to **286** to press onwards!

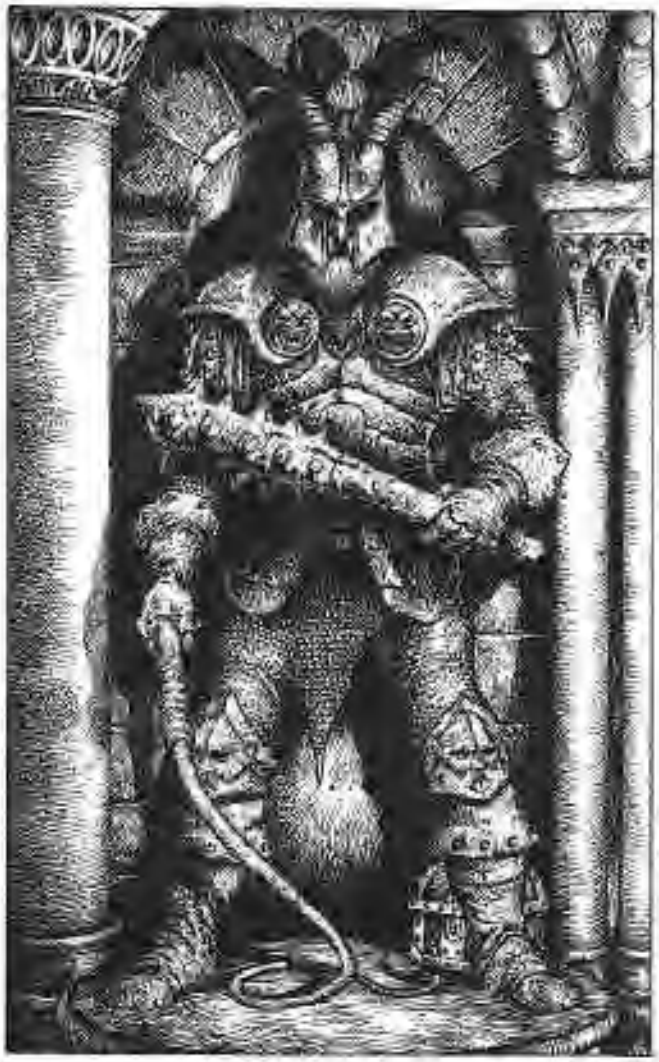

327

Pushing open the blue door, you find yourself in the Royal Statuary: great, life-sized statues of the kings of Amarillia once lined the grand, blue-flecked marbled walls here They are shattered now – possibly by magic, you suspect: fiery blast-marks pepper the walls behind the remains of the statues However, there is one statue here that remains intact: it is several metres high, and it comes to life with a very threatening gesture as you enter. An expressionless warrior in shape, the enormous statue has a massive, spiked, stone club in one stone fist and a long, slender whip in the other It is clearly a formidable enemy Behind it you can see a wooden chest, decorated with a small heraldic symbol of some kind, so it's guarding something which may be valuable. If you decide to fight it, you must do so immediately; turn to **126**. Alternatively, you can flee by closing the door here; in that case, will you:

Open the yellow door, if you haven't done so already?	Turn to **205**
Search the barracks thoroughly, if you haven't done so?	Turn to **12**
Leave the barracks and explore elsewhere?	Turn to **64**

328

You have acquired a magical Potion of your choice: you may have a Potion of Luck, of Stamina or of Flying. You may drink a Potion at any time except during combat, and the effects are as follows: a Potion of

Luck restores 1–3 LUCK points (roll one dice and halve the number rolled, rounding fractions up); a Potion of Stamina restores lost STAMINA points equal to half your *initial* score (round fractions up); a Potion of Flying simply allows you to fly. Turn to **262**.

329

You have been fortunate enough to come upon two Orc guards sleeping in dereliction of their duty, so you despatch them swiftly. Gain 1 LUCK point. Their armour and weapons are of little use to you but you gather some food from this guardroom (add 2 to your Provisions) and there is a lantern here should you need it. Leaving this room, you can head back east to explore (turn to **399**) or go to the west to the north turning of the passage (turn to **134**).

330

You take out of the hole an opaque green vial with a wax seal which the rat hadn't managed to bite through completely. The liquid inside is syrupy, thick and sweet. This is a Potion of Flying; it may be extremely useful to you (you will be asked later on whether you wish to use it). Gain 1 LUCK point. Now, if there is a knight whose name you know and whose sword you seek, turn to **117**; otherwise, turn to **43** to explore elsewhere.

331

There is neither treasure nor anything else of use to you among the razed and looted buildings on the east side of town. You must eat a meal during the time you

spend here. However, on your way back to the main road you stumble across a small stone well, which has no buckets beside it and no mechanism for drawing up water. Then you remember dimly that there was said to be a Well of Visions outside Castle Argent; is this small, inconspicuous well that very one? If you want to pitch a Gold Piece into it to find out, turn to **240**. Alternatively, you can explore the western side of the ruins if you haven't done so (turn to **369**) or make for the castle itself (turn to **192**).

332

You push open the door and find yourself in a bare antechamber. There is a door to your right, and before you lies a pair of crystalline doors; they have images of War Dragons engraved on them and bizarre locks with keyholes crafted in yellowed bone set into the crystal. If you are Braxus, turn to **113** now. If you want to open the east door here, not having done so before, turn to **314**. If you want to try to open the crystalline doors, turn to **135**.

333

The parchment states that the two dead Dwarfs were warriors come to seek the Stonehammer, a mighty magical weapon crafted by the Granitesmiths of Grundia centuries past. The Dwarfs clearly believed that a monstrous Hellhorn Champion – whatever that may be, you have never heard of such a monster – had possession of this great weapon and that it is hidden somewhere in the west wing of the castle above. Sadly, they perished at the hands of Orcs before they

could retrieve their sought-after prize. If you are Stubble, gain 1 LUCK point for learning about this weapon! Now you must search elsewhere, with the hope of obtaining this wondrous hammer to urge you on in your arduous quest; turn to **218**.

334

You are lifted up by the vortex at some speed until you reach the underside of the Dragon's platform, which you hit hard; lose 6 STAMINA points! Now you have to claw your way to the edge of the platform and clamber over its side. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, the Dragon wakes only as you scramble on to the platform; gain 1 LUCK point and turn to **313**. If you fail, the Dragon is sitting awaiting your arrival; as you try to make your way over the side of the platform, it smacks you hard with its paws, knocking you to the ground where you become a spreading stain on the floor; your adventure ends here.

335

Racing back towards the cavern in order to get to the rope bridge and safety, horrified you see a corridor of fire spring up as the ghostly wizard lays down a wall of flames in front of you. Deduct 5 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you run for your life and drag yourself across the rope bridge, braving the fires below, and you manage somehow to scramble across safely. Gain 1 LUCK point for this fortunate escape, but behind you the rope bridge collapses and now you cannot return across the fiery cavern. Turn to **357** to find somewhere else to search.

336

The cat's bite goes deep, and you are paralysed by its saliva! Your adventure ends here, defeated by a cat!

337

This door has a small, green, crystalline lock, and the only way to open it is to use a green crystal key. If you have such a key, you know the name of the man you took it from. Convert his name to a number, using the formula A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 and so on, then add the numbers corresponding to the letters in the name and finally double that total. Turn to the paragraph with that number. If you don't have this key, you must search elsewhere; turn to **399**.

338

The dim image of the Crown of Kings can be seen inside the dome. Long removed to Sanctuary, this magical treasure of Amarillia once cured and healed all who came to view it, and something of its curative power still remains. By resting here, you may regain 5 points of lost STAMINA and have any single form of plague cured (if you are suffering from any form of this malady). However, since only one person can benefit only once from the healing magic of the crown each week, you won't be able to return here as often as you please for repeated healing! Turn to **36** to explore elsewhere in the west wing, or turn to **7** if you want to return to the Bronze Stride.

339

In this subterranean room there is a vast jumble of furnishings and bric-à-brac, and all the walls are inscribed with magical symbols and signs. You see the single occupant of the room: a cowering, emaciated Dark Elf with a thin dagger in one hand and a small trail of fine ash drifting from the other as he prepares to cast a spell at you. If you are Sallazar, you can make out what the magical wall-designs mean, so turn to **306** Otherwise, you have several options here If you want to attack the Dark Elf, turn to **258**. If you would rather parley, do you think you know what his name is? If you do, convert that name to a number, using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 and so on. Add together the numbers corresponding to the letters in his name, then turn to the paragraph with that number (unless the name you guess is the first word in that paragraph, you are wrong, and you will be forced to fight; make a note to turn to **258** if this happens). If you don't know his name, but you still want to parley with him, turn to **289** If you decide to make a run for it, turn to **198**

340

You find a huge pile of gold coins, all with the Z symbol on one side and a likeness of Zagor's face on the other side You grab as many as you can – 50 Gold Zagors – and shove them into your backpack Shrieking howls of a magical gale are beginning to race around at the top of the Great Tower! Turn to **235**.

341

The guards here are formidable – and horrible – enemies The Hellhorns, which Zagor drew with him from some plane of nightmare and chaos stand well over two metres tall and hold great whips in their monstrous clawed hands Powerful and muscular, these creatures are nevertheless tainted with chaos and disease; rotting flesh hangs from their skeletal faces and they are well named – their horns are powerful and they will use them to butt you with, as well as wielding their whips Fortunately, one of the two Hellhorns here was dozing when you entered and is not immediately ready to fight. For the first three Attack Rounds, you fight, one against one, with a single Hellhorn; thereafter, you must fight both Turn to **174** to fight!

342

Your search is long indeed; you must eat two meals here However, among the graffiti scrawled on cell-block walls you pick up some scraps of information 'Healing view crown . . west wing' is painstakingly etched on one wall, while another shows the symbol of a great axe with the word 'Grool' scrawled below. If you are Anvar, turn to **322** Otherwise, you can now try exploring the

next cell-block (turn to **210**) or move on elsewhere in the jails (turn to **51**); if you wish to leave the jails altogether and return to the main castle, turn to **357**.

343

The legendary Hall of Heroes lies behind this door. All the greatest warriors and knights in Amarillia had their portraits placed here and, surprisingly, they have not been defaced. Entering, you gaze sadly at the paintings, realizing that so many of Amarillia's finest warriors must have perished in the terrible war against the Bone Demon and its armies. One painting in particular catches your eye: it depicts a plate mail-clad knight with flowing auburn hair and green eyes; this youth is hewing down a group of Orcs single-handedly while an airborne sword flies about him striking at Orcs as well! Unfortunately the plaque under this painting has been torn away – possibly by irate Orcs. *Test your Spot Skill*; if you are successful, turn to **381** If you fail, you spot nothing unusual, so now you must leave and explore elsewhere; you can go south and then eastwards (turn to **399**) or northwards to the Passage of Hawks (turn to **111**).

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next cell-block (turn to **210**) or move on elsewhere in the jails (turn to **51**); if you wish to leave the jails altogether and return to the main castle, turn to **357**

343

The legendary Hall of Heroes lies behind this door. All the greatest warriors and knights in Amarillia had their portraits placed here and, surprisingly, they have not been defaced Entering, you gaze sadly at the paintings, realizing that so many of Amarillia's finest warriors must have perished in the terrible war against the Bone Demon and its armies One painting in particular catches your eye: it depicts a plate mail-clad knight with flowing auburn hair and green eyes; this youth is hewing down a group of Orcs single-handedly while an airborne sword flies about him striking at Orcs as well! Unfortunately the plaque under this painting has been torn away – possibly by irate Orcs *Test your Spot Skill*; if you are successful, turn to **381**. If you fail, you spot nothing unusual, so now you must leave and explore elsewhere; you can go south and then eastwards (turn to **399**) or northwards to the Passage of Hawks (turn to **111**).

344

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **107**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **301**.

345

A huge chamber, created by knocking down walls between various castle rooms, this once housed the Dragon hatcheries of the demonic servants of the castle, but the eggs in their regular rows have long since shrivelled and dried up here. The atmosphere is eerie; you are standing in a gigantic Dragon mausoleum. If you want to search it thoroughly, turn to **370**. Otherwise you leave and search elsewhere; turn to **52**.

346

The amount of noise you make yelling out your challenge wakes the Dragon. With a mixed expression of hatred and contempt, it waves a paw to seal the entrance to its chamber so you cannot escape. It simply stays where it is and breathes a rapid succession of gouts of flame over you. You cannot hope to defeat it from where you stand, and you are burnt to a cinder.

347

The door here is wedged tight but you managed to force it open, and you find yourself in a smithy. There is a great forge-fire in the south wall, but its flames have long been dimmed. Any weapons or armour once here have evidently been looted, but you may take a strong iron rod you find here. If in future you are asked to *Test your Skill* to force open a locked or tightly shut door, you may subtract 1 from the total rolled for using this strong bar to help you open the door. Leaving this room and looking east along the corridor opposite the door, you can see two doors to your left. The first of these is particularly strong, and contains a heavy lock. You should now explore an area you haven't entered before, so will you:

Open the first door along to your left?	Turn to **105**
Open the second door along to your left?	Turn to **269**
Head back south and search elsewhere?	Turn to **376**

348

To search behind the fireplace, you have to plunge your hands into the magical fire, and you must also *Test your Skill*. You lose 3 STAMINA points for the damage the fire causes you, and if you fail, you do not find the secret panel Dorrick told you of. You can try again, by *Testing your Skill*, as many times as you wish, but each time you will suffer damage from the magical fire If you finally succeed, turn to **142**. If you want to abandon your attempt to find the secret panel, turn to **36** to explore elsewhere

349

Compute Attack Strengths as normal. If you use the one-shot magical stone here, and you have the higher Attack Strength, you damage Zagor. If he has the higher Attack Strength, his spell drains 1 point from your Current SKILL and 2 points from your Current STAMINA, and your stone misses him. If you have already cast a spell against Zagor and have not suffered any ill-effects from one of Zagor's spells, turn to **31** Otherwise, turn to **299** to decide a course of action for the next Attack Round; you cannot use this magical attack again

350

There is a very carefully concealed portal which opens into a small chamber here. You can sense Magical energies playing around inside this chamber, though you have no idea what they might do to you, should you enter If you decide to enter anyway, turn to **294**. Otherwise, you must open the other door here, either normally (turn to **304**) or by using an Open spell (turn to **321**).

351

The Elf flinches at the mention of Zagor's name. 'I really wouldn't use the Z-word round here. Walls have ears, you know. More importantly, there are things that can creep out of walls if they hear that word Well, to find you-know-who atop the Great Tower, you've got to get past the Dragon Doors, north of the Throne Room, along the Bronze Stride And to do that, you have to have the Dragonbone Keys There's one set in both the east and west wings. Grool has one set, for sure.' Return to **22**

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352

You march towards the leader's hall, ducking into side-passages occasionally in order to avoid Orcish patrols. Eventually you throw open the door to the hall where the leader and his cronies are washing down a pre-lunch rat snack with great gulps of black Orcish beer. The Orc guards stand between you and their leader, however, and you're going to have to get past them before you can attack the leader. Fight the two bodyguards together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC BODYGUARD	8	7
Second ORC BODYGUARD	7	7

While you are fighting, the Orc leader himself joins in the fray, but from a distance. He has a magical hammer: he throws it at your head and it then flies back to his hand, to be thrown again! In odd-numbered Attack Rounds (first, third, fifth, etc.), you must *Test his Skill*, which is 9. If he is successful, it strikes you and you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA If you are Stubble, you may add 1 to the number rolled (you are small and harder to hit from a distance). If you roll 11 or 12, the hammer accidentally hits one of the Orc bodyguards! If you want to flee this combat at any time, turn to **284**. If you defeat the bodyguards, turn to **226**.

353

The Hellhorn Champion has 3 Gold Pieces, some minor looted items of gold and silver pendants and jewellery worth 10 Gold Pieces in all, and a Tower

Chest! There is a bunch of Dragonbone keys here numbering 161 in total, though there is just one large master key. There is also a heavy stone hammer beside the chest which may be of use to you, unless you are Sallazar If you are Anvar or Braxus, this weapon will not give you any bonuses to your Attack Strength, but it does count as a magic weapon if you do not have one. If you are Stubble, this Stonehammer gives a bonus of 1 to your Attack Strength in all future combats, and against Zagor or any Dragon it adds 2 to your Attack Strength, so gain 1 LUCK point for recovering this! Now turn to **36** to explore elsewhere

354

You avoid the obvious tripwires, but they are merely decoys for the very fine and almost transparent bleached Orc-gut tripwires! You must *Test your Luck* (if you have a thief hireling with you, you may subtract 2 from the dice roll) If you are Lucky, you get just over half-way along the trapped passage in safety. If you fail, a volley of crossbolts is shot at you Since these are aimed at head height, you must lose 6 STAMINA points unless you are Stubble, in which case all but one shot flies overhead (you lose 2 STAMINA points). Turn to **268**

355

You are crawling along towards a small chamber to the north – when suddenly you feel a burning sensation on your back and flames are licking at your clothes! Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Above you, a pair of vicious, Imp-like creatures have opened little murder holes in the ceiling and are pouring burning oil over you! If you want to crawl back to where you entered, you can do so: you must lose 6 STAMINA points from the oil that is still being poured on to you and, if you are still alive, you can try making for the east door provided you haven't opened it before (turn to **13**); or you can return to the main castle (turn to 3). If you prefer to fight, turn to **242**.

356

Your fiery attack spell will cause extra damage to the Mummy (deduct 8 points from its STAMINA) and it will set the monster alight, so that is loses 2 STAMINA points in each Attack Round until it expires, burnt to ashes! Turn to **288** to fight the monster.

357

At the end of the long stretch of passage leading westwards, your route turns to the north. There is a door in the west wall at the junction of these passages, and you can feel a distinct sensation of warmth coming from behind it. Along the northern passageway there are two doors, to your left, some distance along and, at the far end of the passage, facing you, a stout, locked door with a grille and cover set into it at eye level. This last door looks very much like the entrance to a jail block. You are sure that this northern passageway will lead you closer to the goal of your quest, so you follow it. Choose a door to open which you haven't opened before; will this be:

The door at the passage junction?	Turn to **77**
The first door on your left?	Turn to **225**
The second door on your left?	Turn to **28**
The door with the grille?	Turn to **51**

358

If you are wearing metal (chain mail or plate mail) armour, turn to **104**. If you are not, turn to **145**.

359

You push open the double doors and find yourself at the entrance to a very dimly lit but huge chamber. You raise your lantern to take a closer look: clearly this is a Feast Hall, and around the huge dining table are skeletons seated in the rags and remains of what was once finery. While you are taking all this in, a squeaking and turbulent mass of huge black rats rushes down upon you! If you decide to fight, turn to **215**. If you want to flee and slam the doors shut behind you, you must *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you escape and return to the doorway at the end of the entrance hall; turn to **376**. If you fail, you must fight; turn to **215**.

360

The spindle absorbs some of your strength into itself. It reduces your Current and *Initial* Magic Points score by 1 point, to a minimum of 1; if you are Anvar, it will reduce both your Current and *Initial* LUCK score by 1 point instead. Kicking over the malign thing, you leave and head for the wrought-iron door to the north of the passageway outside. Turn to **197**.

361

Behind the doors to the east wing is a very lengthy, wide passage which leads eastwards. You march fifty metres or so along it until you arrive at the middle and take your bearings there. Turn to **52**.

362

You force open a door and find two armoured Orcs with swords readied. One of them is almost invisible, appearing as a faint shimmer in the air. That Orc is the one facing you; the other is standing over the cowering body of a terrified, middle-aged man, dressed in white robes and lying on the floor. You will have to fight here. If you want to attack the Orc facing you, turn to **35**. If you want to attack the second Orc, you can do so – but the first Orc will get in a free blow against you as you force your way past him, so you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you decide to attack the second Orc anyway, turn to **177**.

363

Predictably, the king's art gallery has been desecrated by the Orcs of the castle: broken sculptures and shattered crystal lie everywhere, and the Orcs have daubed moustaches and beards on the paintings of

the queens and princesses. Paintings of Elven Masters of the King's Hunt have been contemptuously sliced up with swords, and the hall has been thoroughly vandalized. However, a large portrait of an old, grey-haired wizard is still intact in its frame at one end of the gallery; if you wish to examine it closely, turn to **151**. Otherwise, you leave by the west door and go north to the crossroads; turn to **92**.

364

You fly up to the Dragon's platform and surprise the Dragon with a free attack (by weapon or spell). Make a note of the amount of damage this does to the Dragon's STAMINA, then turn to **313** to fight, subtracting the appropriate amount from the Dragon's STAMINA.

365

You stand, open mouthed, gaping at the monstrosity that rears up before you. You're not sure what it is – or what it *was*, more likely. Perhaps, judging by its size, it was an Ogre once But its feet and hands have been greatly enlarged, and its fingers and toes have long, raking, hardened nails the size of daggers. Its belly is hugely distended, and it appears to be blind, or maybe its eyes are just sunk back into the flesh of its puffy, reddened face, above a band of livid purple stitching round its throat. Various tentacles link its body to pulsating bellows, flasks and jars; and the rise and fall of a great rubbery valve, dripping with thick slime, is what is making the ghastly noise in here. You think you can see a wooden chest half hidden in the pile of debris round the room, though you cannot be certain If you want to flee this lumbering horror as it squelches towards you, turn to **302**. If you decide to fight it, whatever it is, turn to **167**

366

''Ere, Gutrot, come and take a look at this idiot we caught!' sniggers a hateful Orc, standing looking down into the pit. The Orcs summon their friends, and they use you first for crossbow practice then for supper.

367

The office of the one-time castellan of Castle Argent has been looted, of course, but there are still some aged, brittle papers and ledgers scattered among the shambles. You find a small scrap of paper headed 'Inventory of Magical Items held by the' then the

paper is torn. There is just one item listed, an 'Orc-slaying dancing sword', with a brief note that the sword is temperamental and makes awkward demands 'Currently owned by Sir Be' is the final note Clearly, such a sword would be very valuable to you – if only you knew the knight's full name and where the sword might be found! Search elsewhere by turning to **399**.

368

Just beyond the point at which the passage turns north there is a door in the west wall. Some metres further along, at the end of the passageway, is a forbidding black door with wrought-iron decoration all over it; a racket of noise is coming from behind that door: creatures are shouting wildly and discordant music brays forth If you want to open the door to your left, turn to **341**. If you want to move on northwards, turn to **11**.

369

You spend some hours sifting through the least-destroyed homes, so you must eat a meal You find a

10-metre length of rope and an empty glass bottle. You also find some gold; roll one dice to discover the number of Gold Pieces you find hidden in a leather purse that has been stuffed into a hole in a wall. However, you also run into a prowling group of Orcs as you make your way back to the main road. Three of them jump out from behind a crumbling stone wall and, while their armour is ragged, their axes look sharp enough. To your dismay, you observe that these are Great Orcs – and, worse still, one of them is a mutant with exceptionally powerful limbs and shoulders. You must fight them all together as they encircle you!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREAT ORC	7	6
Second GREAT ORC	7	6
MUTANT ORC	8	9

If you win, the Orcs have no treasure and you cannot eat the rats they have in their food pouches! If you want to search the ruins on the other side of town, not having already done so, turn to **331**. If you want to make straight for Castle Argent, turn to **192**.

370

You must eat a meal during your search here, but you notice that one egg is still seeping thick liquid from a crack in its leathery shell. If you have an empty glass bottle, you may collect some of this liquid. If you are Sallazar, turn to **119** Otherwise, turn to **183**.

371

You must bribe the ghost with a Magic Ring, a Golden Talisman, a Silver Dagger, or a Potion to let you leave in peace. If you are prepared to do this, remove the item from your *Adventure Sheet*; you can now explore the cavern where you saw the gleam of gold, if you haven't been there before (turn to **10**), or you can head back to the main cavern you entered by (turn to **186**) If you can't, or won't, give up such an item, you must fight (turn to **114**) or flee (turn to **335**).

372

Eerily, the Grand Templar's chambers are still as they were in the great days of Castle Argent, though all is now covered in dust A magical fire burns hotly in a grate but gives forth no smoke. Trophies of the hunt

crowd the walls, and ceremonial robes and capes hang on pegs beside them. You really don't want to take anything from this place: it may be tainted with the chaotic magic which destroyed the Templar's mind. So, you can now explore somewhere else in the west wing (turn to **36**) or make for the Bronze Stride (turn to **7**).

373

Test your Spot Skill. If you are unsuccessful, turn to **212**. If you fail, you find nothing, so leave and turn to **3** to search elsewhere

374

With extraordinary agility, the little brute leaps on to your back, rummages in your backpack with its hard little claws, sniffs out the iron spikes, grabs two of them in its paws and gobbles them up! When it jumps down, you can see that the iron plates on its back and legs are visibly sturdier, and the animal gives a soft growl of pleasure The little beast will follow you and help you in future If you meet creatures that are made of metal or which wear metal armour (Great Orcs wear metal armour, as do their leaders and chieftains; ordinary Orcs, Mutant Orcs and Zombies do not), then this little beast will help you to fight them,

destroying their armour. When fighting these creatures, you can subtract 1 from their Attack Strength. The Ironhog helps in all such combats from now on; you cannot choose which combats it will or will not help you with (it automatically attacks any armour-wearing or metal creature). Roll one dice and add 1 to the number rolled; this is the maximum number of combats in which the Ironhog will take part before it runs off (it runs away immediately if it sees a Dragon!). Now, with this strange creature in tow, will you open the door opposite with the ceramic plaque, if you haven't done so before (turn to **112**), or make for the end of the passage (turn to **43**)?

375

The hag has some items of treasure concealed in a false compartment in the chair she was sitting on – you find a vial of Plague Antidote, a scroll of a Magic Screen spell and a Magic Ring. You are intrigued by her spinning wheel; it is clearly magical, and the thought crosses your mind whether or not you could somehow use it for your own benefit. If you want to take a chance by spinning it yourself, turn to **247**. If you don't want to take the chance, you leave here and head for the wrought-iron door at the end of the north passage outside; turn to **197**.

376

You stand with your back to the doors at the end of the entrance hall, looking west. Immediately in front of you is another pair of double doors, while to the north a passageway stretches out for many metres;

there are two doorways further along on the west side of this north-bound passage and a door at the end of it, and it turns back eastwards far in the distance. To your left, the passage soon turns west. Explore an area you have not entered before. Will you:

Head for the west passage?	Turn to **3**
Open the double doors in front of you?	Turn to **359**
Open the first door along the north passage?	Turn to **38**
Open the second door along the north passage?	Turn to **347**
Go all the way to the end of the north passage?	Turn to **155**

377

Grool catches you in the back with a well-aimed rock as you run; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you slam the door shut and flee straight back to the Bronze Stride, so turn to **7**. Make a note that you can return to fight Grool later; if you do so and you manage to wound him, his STAMINA score will have returned to its full value (22) because of magical healing the monster can use!

378

You peer round the door you have just pushed open – and you can hardly believe your eyes! This was once the king's indoor garden, with rare and exotic plants from all over Amarillia cultivated by magical means. Many are surviving, so the magic must still be here and, while Orcs have chopped down trees and shrubs so that the going is difficult underfoot, plant life still grows abundantly here. Garden chairs and tables are dotted around, together with riots of flowers and lemon-scented grass borders. In the centre of the room is a long, hedged path, with willow-like trees drooping their silvery leaves along it. In the distance, to the south, you can see a small fountain which still has a trickle of water dripping from its intricately carved head. You are making for the fountain when there is a rustle of sound from the branches of the trees and you are surprised as a flock of bats flies to attack you (lose 2 STAMINA points). These are no ordinary bats, however: their blood-red glowing eyes, razor-sharp canine teeth and metre-wide wingspans reveal them to be Horned Vampire Bats!

HORNED VAMPIRE BATS SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, and the bats have inflicted any damage to you at all, turn to **18**. Otherwise, you can set off towards the fountain (turn to **47**) or back away from this room, fearing further hidden attackers (turn to **3**).

379

You must *Test your Skill* as the Mummy approaches, adding 2 to the total rolled. If you are successful, the

lantern strikes the Mummy and sets it alight! The monster loses 2 STAMINA points, and it will continue to lose 2 STAMINA points automatically in every subsequent Attack Round. If you fail, your lantern misses the Mummy and smashes on the floor behind it. You no longer have a lantern! Turn to **288** to fight the monster.

380

You must eat a meal while exploring a dozen or so of the cells, but all you find are some manacled skeletons, scrawled graffiti on cell-block walls, and a great deal of mould growing on floors and walls. Now you can try exploring the next cell block (turn to **210**) or go elsewhere in the jails (turn to **51**); if you wish to leave the jails altogether and return to the main castle, turn to **357**.

381

There is a well-concealed sliding panel behind one of the paintings on the west wall. If you want to open it, turn to **236**. If you do not wish to do this, you must leave and explore elsewhere; you can head south and then eastwards (turn to **399**) or northwards to the Passage of Hawks (turn to **111**).

382

You pay the merchant and he hands the casket to the old man. Dumping it carelessly in a bronze dish, the sage turns his attention to you. 'Hmmm. Heading for Castle Argent, eh?' You look startled at his prescience, knowing where you are headed; perhaps he has the Sight indeed! 'No, actually the king told me. But, in fact, I did have one of my visions about the place only the other day. Now, did I write it down?' He scrambles up a rickety stepladder with an agility unusual in one so old, and drags a thick, leather-bound tome covered in dust from one of the topmost shelves. He fumbles with the pages then, with a shriek of triumph, he recites a verse of riddles to you:

The Knight can be destroyed by the lions within the green;
The Hellhorn Champion falls to the chevrons in the white;
The War Dragon falls to the yellow-cloistered stars,
The Ogre Mutant falls to the goblets in the blue.
The Onyx Staff empowers you to use these symbols true.

'Well, that's it,' he says. 'I've no idea what it means, of course. But it *is* important.' Rather disappointedly, you leave. Will you now:

Buy some equipment?	Turn to **56**
Try to acquire some extra money, if you haven't already tried?	Turn to **206**
Wait for the ship to take you to Tower Island?	Turn to **220**

383

Unfortunately, using a Potion of Flying is exactly what Zagor expected you to do. You fly swiftly up – and bounce off a rigid wall of magical force that is barring your way! You fall several metres to the ground; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA, and you now find yourself lying on the stone steps. Turn to **207**.

384

There is an irritable shout from behind the door: 'Yes, yes, come in!' so you open the door. You're astonished to find a scowling man wearing a blue tunic and a brown skull-cap. A strap from which an eyeglass droops circles his forehead, ready to be pulled down quickly to inspect new treasures. This surely marks him out as coming from the Plains of Cabaal, legendary for its haggling merchants and shady denizens. The man stands silent, before a veritable treasure-trove inside the room – you can see armour, food, weapons and more! If you decide to attack him and afterwards take what you can, turn to **267**. If you want to ask what he has for sale, turn to **168**.

385

Looking north along this passage, you can see two doors opposite each other, half-way along the corridor, and one facing you at the far end. A swift check shows that the western door here opens into some bedchambers of the ladies of the court; these rooms have been utterly looted and vandalized. The door opposite them has an onyx, patterned inlay bearing

some odd magical runes. The door at the end of the passage has a great shield inlay on it: the design of the old king, Kraal, himself! If you are Sallazar, turn to **37**. If you want to open the onyx door, turn to **78**. If you want to open the door bearing the shield, turn to **259**.

386

The runes are a magical warning to keep out, and you judge that there is a Dark Elf element in their design. You are also slightly puzzled because they don't look like standard wizard's runes; this makes you uncertain about the kind of spell-using creature that might have put them here. *Test your Spot Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **23**. If you fail, you can cast an Open spell on the door (turn to **110**), open it normally (turn to **339**) or think better of it and search elsewhere (turn to **376**).

387

Greed has been your downfall; ensnared by writhing tentacles, you cannot escape before another massive gout of acidic filth pours over you from the remains of the Mutant and the suckers on the tips of the tentacles. Your adventure ends here.

388

From the westernmost end of the passage, Orcs come running to the attack, having heard your loud attempts to force this door. They let fly with a pair of crude crossbows; *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you dodge the missiles; if you fail, you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA because you are hit once. If you roll 3 or more above your Current SKILL score, both shots hit you and you must lose 4 STAMINA points! Dropping their bows, the Orcs draw short-swords and close to hand-to-hand fighting. Backed up against the wall, you can fight them separately.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREAT ORC	7	6
Second GREAT ORC	7	6

If you win, the Orcs have no treasure, so you go back to smashing down the door. Turn to **203**.

389

Looking northwards, it is obvious that the passageway here is littered with traps. There are visible tripwires on the floor and wall-mounted crossbows are perched, ready to deliver a nasty volley of shots at you. Clearly, getting past this stretch of corridor to the doors and passages in the distance will not be simple. If you do not want to enter this trapped area just yet, but prefer to explore an area you haven't visited yet, go west to the mid-way point of the Passage of Hawks; turn to **5**. Because the trapped area of corridor is some 10 metres in length, a Jump spell will take you only part of the way along; if you can, and wish, to use this spell, turn to **268**. If your only option is to stride forward and hope for the best, turn to **354**.

390

This door is locked, but a swift search locates the keys on Thulu's body and you throw open the cell which lies behind the door. On a bed of filthy straw, a red-eyed old man clad in once-white robes looks up at you with an expression that is at first hopeless but then turns to one of delight and joy as he sees that you are not one of Thulu's creatures. 'My friend, how can I ever repay you for freeing me?' he says. 'I am a healer, and surely you must have suffered much to reach this far into this terrible den of evil.' If you have the Plague, the healer will cure you of any and all forms you may have. He can also lay his healing hands upon you and restore up to 8 points of STAMINA. He then rushes up to Thulu's throne and opens a secret compartment in its base, reaching for a ring, which he slips on to his finger. 'My friend, I am no fighter or wizard. I can help you no longer with your quest; I have been locked up for so long that I know nothing of the terrible changes here, though I have sensed them. I must be gone, back to my liege lord, the king.' If you think you know the name of this healer, convert his name to a number using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 and so on; add the numbers corresponding to the letters of his name and turn to the paragraph with that number. If his name is not the first word you see there, or if you do not know his name, turn to **211**.

391

Such ineffable evil now sits on the great throne, atop wide, marbled steps, where once the kings of Amarillia held court to the wise and great. Rotting rags of purple, black and white robes hang from his body, but the large Z emblazoned across his chest is clear enough. He looks like both the most evil man you have ever seen and a Demon, at one and the same time! Stitches down both sides of his face stand out proud from his gloating, demonic skin as if they covered veins ready to burst. His body is strong, his skin scaly as that of a Demon, but bones show beneath the skin and on his left a skeletal arm, lacking a hand, is sunk into the metal and wood of the throne, and a pulsing purple radiance glows round it. Zagor rises to his feet, and you see that the monster is huge; he must stand four metres tall! He grips a powerful, rune-etched staff and casts his arms out wide, grinning a ghastly, crooked leer of triumph – but as he does this, lacquered black and red cards drop from the folds of his robes! For a split second, the Zagor-Demon's face seems to register concern. The cards are falling down all round him and, if you want to grab one as it falls and look at its face, you may do so; turn to **187**. If you prefer not to, but would rather set about the business of attacking Zagor immediately, turn to **299**.

392

'Well, if you leave here and turn north, going eastwards takes you to the Orc barracks, so watch out. Mind you, if you go westwards, you'll get to the Hellhorn guards and the Throne Room itself. More monsters in

there than you can shake a stick at. Get through there and you're into the Bronze Stride; from there, there are doors to the east and west wings and the doors to the Great Tower. Grool rules the east wing from the old war tower; the west wing is very dangerous, with the Hellhorn Champion and all those severed heads – gives me the creeps. Beware the Spectre there!' Return to **22**.

393

A great Barbarian Axe lies propped up against the chest! If you are Braxus, you can use this two-handed weapon; you will not gain any bonuses to Attack Strength for it, but it does count as a magic weapon (some creatures can be struck only by such weapons, so this may prove useful). If you are Anvar, however, this weapon adds 1 to your Attack Strength for all combats; against Zagor and any Dragon it adds 2 to your Attack Strength, so gain 1 LUCK point for this find! You clamber down the stone steps and back to the main passageway beyond the tower; turn to **52**.

394

You are surprised by a weighted net that sails down from the beams above. Unless you are Anvar, you must *Test your Skill* to avoid being ensnared by the thin metal mesh as a pair of squealing, dirty little

Goblins slither down ropes from the beams where they have been hiding. If you fail, you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength as you fight the Goblins together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	6	6
Second GOBLIN	6	6

If you win, you search through the pile of weapons; you do not care for the prospect of clambering up the ropes to see what miserable scrap of treasure the Goblins may have hoarded up above! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you find a longbow intact and a quiver of arrows here; if you are Unlucky, you find nothing usable. Now will you leave this room and open the door opposite (turn to **20**) or head for the double doors at the far end of the entrance hall (turn to **376**)?

395

You find a concealed magical portal in one of the smallest chambers of the knights' quarters. If you want to cast a Teleport spell here, it will convey you past some of the greatest dangers of this castle level – and past some treasures, too. If you want to use this portal, you must cast a Teleport spell and walk into it; turn to **41**. If you don't wish to use this portal now, you may be able to do so later. Make a note of this paragraph number; you can return here to teleport from any chamber on this level of the castle (not during combat, of course, and not once you have crossed any staircase on this castle level). Now, if there is a specific knight whose name you know and

whose room you want to find, turn to **117**. Making a search of even a few rooms will be time-consuming; if you want to do this, turn to **159**. Otherwise you leave the rooms of the Argent Knights; you can open the doors to the Orc barracks if you haven't done so before (turn to **204**) or make your way west to the point where the passageway bends north (turn to **368**).

396

The only treasure here is the Dark Knight's two-handed sword which only Anvar can use. If you are Anvar, this sword counts as a magic weapon (some creatures may be struck only by magic weapons, so it may prove useful). Now you leave and head north for the crystalline doors; turn to **135**.

397

The triangle has disappeared and the web seems to be spreading across the door, as if in a defensive reflex. You guess that the web is the magical locking element here. Either you must use an Open spell to bypass it (turn to **229** if you can, and wish, to do this); otherwise you cannot open the door. If you can't open this door because you don't have enough Magic Points to cast the Open spell required, or if you don't have a scroll of this spell and need one, you should make a note of this paragraph number so that you can return here later (you will not be able to return here after you have crossed any stairway). For now, however, you leave, frustrated at your inability to get into the wizard's inner sanctum; turn to **3**.

398

There is a disgusting stench coming from behind this slightly open door and it is pitch black inside. If you do not have a source of light, you don't want to risk entering here, so you decide to explore the next door to the north; turn to **344**. If you have some light, you can either explore the room on the other side of this door by turning to **301**, or you can give the stinking room a miss and continue north to the next door by turning to **344**.

399

You are standing at a junction of passages: one runs east and west (to your right and left respectively); another, leading northwards, is straight in front of you. You are looking towards the north with the door to the entrance chamber at your back. The corridor in front of you runs for some fifteen metres, then it meets a very extensive east–west passageway, the walls of which bear plaques showing the etched figures of hunting birds: this is the Passage of Hawks. To your right, there are two doors on the south side of the passage, which then turns to the north; at this point there is a door facing westwards. To your left, there is a single door, again on the south side of the corridor, which then turns northwards. All the passages here are lit by dim torches; they give out a faint magical light which grows weaker with the passing years but which is sufficient for you to see by. You should explore an area you haven't entered before. Will you:

Open the first door to your right?	Turn to 367
Open the second door to your right?	Turn to 337
Open the door at the far right?	Turn to 73
Open the door to your left?	Turn to 238
Head north to the Passage of Hawks?	Turn to 5
Head west along the passage to where it turns north?	Turn to 134
Head east along the passage to where it turns north?	Turn to 139

400

You drop the body of the Zagor-Demon into the chasm of the Heartfires, and a terrible scream rises from the bottomless depths below. The fires burn with an unbearable heat and you stagger backwards, going eastwards along the passageway beyond the chasm, and reel out through the doors of Castle Argent. You really don't remember too much after that.

When you regain awareness, you feel a cool sea-breeze playing across your face. You cough and splutter as a draught of best Crab Island rum is poured down your throat. The smiling face of a Centaur, with just a hint of tears shining in his eyes, swims into focus above you. 'We had to deal with a few Orcs who seemed interested in running you through with their swords,' he says softly, 'but, well, that was the least we could do. Welcome back!' The sailors on the deck of the *Glory of Amarillia* give you a rousing cheer, and surely greater glory awaits you when you return to Sanctuary. Amarillia is still a troubled land with many evils – but now it has the chance of survival, thanks to you!

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DEATHMOOR

by Robin Waterfield

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Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1994
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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Text copyright © Robin Waterfield, 1994
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Typeset by Datix International Ltd, Bungay, Suffolk
Filmset in Monophoto Palatino
Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

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For Kathy, for fun

INTRODUCTION

You are an adventurer: an experienced, battle-hardened warrior. A native of the seaport Chalannabrad, in the Old World, you are as familiar with the ways of the sea as with those of the land. In fact, you were resting on Takio, the northernmost of the Isles of Dawn, diving for scarlet pearls among the reefs and shoals (and sharks) when word reached you of a gathering of adventurers like yourself in the city of Arion in distant Khul.

Some great quest is clearly under way. But before you can travel to Arion and offer your services, you must find out whether your holiday has fully restored your powers. You will use dice to find out your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pp. 16–17 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record details of your adventure: enter your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores there. You are advised either to use a pencil for writing on the *Adventure Sheet*, or to make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one dice. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled, then enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one dice, add 6 to this number and enter the total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during any adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, unless you are specifically told otherwise.

Your SKILL score is a measure of your expertise with weapons and in other situations requiring skills: the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your physical condition – the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive in your adventure. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. May your gods smile on you and grant you a generous LUCK score!

Battles

You will often come across entries where you are told to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as follows.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first empty Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book every time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll two dice once for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.

2. Roll two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.

3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent you have wounded it; proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you; proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strengths are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1, above.

4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).

5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to lessen the damage you have taken (see below).

6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either your opponent's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK).

7. Begin the next Attack Round by repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either yourself or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero, which is death.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat the group as a single opponent; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you are faced with situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score, regardless of the outcome. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be instructed to *Test your Luck* and will then be told the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on a creature you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of being wounded yourself.

If you have just wounded your opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract 2 *extra* points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound turns out to be a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (so that, instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you now score only 1).

If your opponent has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow; restore 1 point of STAMINA (so that, instead of causing 2 points of damage, it causes only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow and must subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point from your total.

Remember that, whatever happens, you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally you may be told to decrease your SKILL score (as the result of a serious wound to your fighting arm, say) or to increase it (as a result of finding a magical weapon, for instance). Your SKILL score cannot exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically told that it can. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see below) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time except in the middle of a battle.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your pouch and water flask contain enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of your Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember too that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically told

that it can Drinking the Potion of Strength (see below) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time except in the middle of a battle

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded during the adventure when you have been particularly lucky Details are given in the appropriate paragraphs of the book. The main way in which your LUCK score will decrease is through *Testing your Luck* As with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are told that it can. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see below) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level *and* will increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

Equipment and Potions

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may stumble across other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour You have a pouch to hold some of your Provisions and money, and a backpack to hold anything else you may wish to keep. In addition to ten meals' worth of Provisions, you start your adventure with 20 Gold Pieces (and 1 scarlet pearl). Make a note of these items on your *Adventure Sheet*.

In addition, you may take *one* bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

This potion may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a battle). Taking a potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK points to their *Initial* level (the Potion of Fortune will also add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before your LUCK is restored). Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have drunk a potion.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial
Skill=

STAMINA
Initial
Stamina=

LUCK
Initial
Luck=

EQUIPMENT:

GOLD:

POTIONS:

NOTES:

PROVISIONS
REMAINING:

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

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Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

BACKGROUND

The western stretches of the Black Ocean are notorious for sudden squalls and storms. You pray to Hydana, god of waters, and beseech him to distract his brother Sukh the storm-god – or at least to divert him to some other part of the world. Perhaps Hydana hears you, but Sukh is a mighty god, capable of manifesting his power in many places at once. At any rate, the Black Ocean lives up to its reputation . . .

It takes you five days and nights to battle in your solo craft through the storm. At last, as the sun sinks in fire under the ocean, in the distance you glimpse the looming cliffs of the Rockwall Islands in the south-west. Only two more days, then, to Arion, if the weather holds.

At noon on the third day you find a space in the crowded quays of Arion and make your way up the hill towards the royal palace. The city is as busy as usual, with people going about their daily business, but there is a curious listlessness about their actions. Your fame may gain you entry to the king and queen themselves; if not, the Noble Council of Elders will tell you what is going on and the reason for the summoning of adventurers to Arion.

King Jonthane and his sister Elegana, the co-rulers of Arion, are indeed only too glad to hear of your arrival,

and you do not have to wait long before you are summoned to the royal presence.

'If only you'd arrived yesterday,' Queen Elegana exclaims, as soon as you are standing before them. 'Or, better, if only you'd never left after your last visit here – when was it? Three years ago?'

'Closer to four, my lady,' you reply, and you shudder at the memory of the evil you encountered then. 'But what can I do for you now?'

'Nothing,' the king replies bluntly. 'I had to award the quest to another. Time is vital, you see. You weren't here, so I gave it to . . .' He gulps before continuing. '. . . Fang-zen of Jitar!' The king holds up his hand to forestall your protests. 'I know, I know, he's a nasty piece of work. But even you have to admit that he's pretty good at what he does. And I had to choose the best available. It's my daughter, you see.'

Over the next ten minutes, the king stammers out his tale His daughter, the Princess Royal Telessa – only fifteen years of age, but already famed throughout Khul for her beauty and charm – had been kidnapped a few weeks before, while out riding with some friends just north of the city The kidnappers showed they meant business. The limbs of her friends had been hacked from their bodies and left on the ground in the form of a message: WAIT

Jonthane and Elegana of Arion are no fools, however. While seeming to await the kidnappers' message, they secretly sent out carrier-pigeons in all directions. One of them found you on Takio. If it weren't for the storm, you'd have been here on time

'No message arrived until two days ago,' Jonthane continues. 'I was so anxious . . my precious, my Telessa . When it came, it was no simple demand. They – whoever they are, for the message was unsigned – they want total control, for ever, over the export of gold from the rich mines which Arion controls. Now, this is far from being our only export, but it is certainly a rich source of revenue. I have to send a letter of agreement to the demand, signed with the royal seal, in the hands of a single messenger. The messenger is to travel due west of the city, alone, until the kidnappers meet him.'

'How will the kidnappers make themselves known to the messenger?' you ask

'Their message was accompanied by locks of Telessa's hair, crudely shorn with some blunt knife. Her hair is unmistakable, like fine-spun gold, shot through with russet light. They will greet the messenger with more of her hair – or with her head if the messenger fails to bring my letter, or does not travel alone'

You stay with the king and queen for some minutes more, offering to help in any way you can. But it is too late: your rival, Fang-zen, has the job. 'What did you offer him?' you ask. 'The usual fee for such work,' the king replies 'Half our kingdom'

When it is appropriate to do so, you leave the royal presence and wander back into town Turn to 1

1

Several hours and several taverns later, you find yourself in the dockland area of the city, in a seedy dive called 'The Barnacled Keel'. Talking of barnacled keels, the warts on the barman's face . It seems that, however much you drink, the clearer your head becomes. The image of the beautiful young princess being manhandled by ruffians keeps appearing in your mind, and makes you curse your bad luck in failing to reach Arion in time. Will you travel west out of Arion anyway, to see if you can find Fang-zen or the kidnappers (turn to **200**), or will you stay in Arion (turn to **64**)?

2

Two giant rats scuttle out of a hole in the passage wall and attack you. You will have to fight them separately. Fight one of them – whichever one you choose – as normal. The other rat gets a free attack against you: if its Attack Strength is higher than yours in any Attack Round, it injures you, but you cannot wound it because you are occupied in fighting its cousin.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT RAT	5	4
Second GIANT RAT	5	4

If you win and you want to put your hand into the hole the rodents came out of in order to see what you can find, turn to **40**. Otherwise, continue down the tunnel by turning to **275**.

3

You succeed only in disturbing a family of large rats, one of which nips you on the forearm. Reduce your STAMINA by 1 point, then leave the room by turning to **80**.

4

You have scarcely entered the margins of a marsh when the mists come down. You try to retreat out of the marsh but, whichever way you turn, you seem to be going deeper into it. You sit, shivering, for hours on a grassy tussock but it looks as though the mist will never clear. You hope that you can catch a glimpse of the sun to restore your sense of direction as well as your hope, but the mists are too thick, and eventually you're no longer sure whether it is daytime or moonlit night. Will you sit and wait a little longer (turn to **212**) or get up, even though any movement seems hopeless (turn to **236**)?

5

'Ha! I might have guessed *you*'d turn up,' Fang-zen sneers. 'And you want to fight me? You must be joking. You aren't worth it.' He turns his back on you and pretends to be deeply interested in what one of the other men is saying. Will you strike him while his back is turned (turn to **390**) or turn and leave the bar (turn to **87**)?

6

You turn to a nearby hut, but a black-feathered arrow wings towards you from an unseen archer. It just grazes you (lose 1 STAMINA point), but it puts you off

searching the village. You can continue to the north (turn to **207**) or turn west (turn to **34**).

7

Ogres are not noted for their intelligence. 'Me?' he says. 'There's no one living here called Me.' He pulls a double-headed axe from his belt and lumbers down the pathway. You just have time to get to your feet and draw your sword. Turn to **397**.

8

The mist descends again, but you are walking up a slope, so you carry on, hoping that at the top you will break through into sunshine. Anyway, if you carry on climbing, in as straight as line as possible, you can't go wrong, can you? The slope isn't particularly steep, but a terrible weariness overcomes you and you feel as though you want to sleep. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **295**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **81**.

9

The floor is clearly visible now, some way below you, but there is one more side tunnel for you to float past (turn to **67**) or enter (turn to **33**).

10

You step out along the cobbled street until you catch up with the ghastly hag. 'Here,' you say, 'I'll buy some of your heather. How much is it?' You find her price of 1 Gold Piece outrageous, but she insists that the heather is *really* lucky. Will you pay her price (turn to **83**) or not (turn to **388**)?

11

The roof bursts into flame with a satisfying roar, and soon the elders are pouring out of the hut, coughing and half blinded by the smoke. You laugh silently to yourself from your vantage point behind one of the other huts. You are about to leave the village when you see one of the elders hesitate then dash back into the smoke-filled hut! Will you follow him (turn to **120**) or make your escape while the village is in chaos (turn to **302**)?

12

You step forward and discover the huddled figure of a middle-aged peasant woman: she is dying from a terrible beating. Before breathing her last, however, she manages to gasp out her tale. The half-giant, Otus, forced her to put him up in her cottage. She was the only one in the village he feared at all, since she was a medicine woman and knew a few potions and spells, and he wanted to keep an eye on her while he waited for you to arrive from Arion. Late last night she tried to burn him alive by setting fire to her own home and

then fleeing, but he followed her, unharmed, and caught up with her in a stand of oak trees. Once he had finished with her, he left her for dead. 'But I wasn't quite dead,' she says. 'I came home to die. And he dropped something while he was busy murdering me. I don't know what it is, but I've put an Invisibility spell on it.' She tells you how to undo the spell, then slips gently into death. When you find yourself in a stand of oaks, add 50 to the number of the paragraph you are at, and you will find whatever it is Otus lost. For now, you bury the woman with reverence and leave the village. You feel too sad to spend the night with her ghost in what remains of her cottage, so you camp out in the open. Turn to **278**.

13

The vile flames die down again and the smoke parts to form a kind of archway. You tentatively walk through . . . and there, spread out before you, are the ruins of the central temple of the ancient civilization which used to occupy this land. The shattered stones and marble pillars lie in rubble on the ground, no more than knee-high. Nevertheless, there is a powerful aura of goodness in this place, and that must be why the evil that now inhabits the land set up the miasma to guard it. You are blessed: you may add 2 to your *Initial* LUCK score, and restore your LUCK up to this new level. A sheer cliff rises beyond the ruins; there is no path further north, so you leave the sacred spot and head south. You can now either try to cross the river by means of the bobbing platforms (turn to **269**) or continue southwards past them (turn to **220**).

14

There is deep water on either side of the ford, and in places the shallows are clogged with the river's foul debris, but the ford is still broad enough for you to walk confidently along it It is also broad enough, however, to offer a secure footing for the Granochin which lives in the river beside it The monster rises out of the depths, dripping slime and weed, and its talons reach on sinewy arms for your throat

GRANOCHIN SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you have a throwing-knife, you can use it before you fight to reduce the creature's STAMINA by 4 points *or* its SKILL by 1 point (your choice). If you win, you will not be able to retrieve the knife, however, since the body of the beast will sink back into the depths. If you win, you make it safely the rest of the way to the western bank Turn to **159**.

15

You made it! You crawl along the passage beyond the lava pool while your ears strain in dread of hearing another fireball approaching behind you. Luckily, nothing happens and you eventually break through the far end of the tunnel You stand and greedily gulp in great lungfuls of air. Even the bitter air of Deathmoor tastes sweet after your ordeal. You press on with your quest Turn to **382**

16

When there is no certainty about which way you should turn, how do you decide? Some crows are

wheeling in the air in the distance to the east, so you head in that direction because at least *something* is happening there. It turns out that the crows are circling in anticipation of a feast – a feast of human flesh, which is the kind Khulian crows prefer. Standing at the rise of a low hill, you look down on a man slumped against a solitary, lightning-blasted tree. He is terribly wounded but is still just alive Where are his assailants? This could be a trap Will you look for his attackers (turn to **193**) or go down straight away to see if you can help (turn to **344**)?

17

The guard checks, but no one knows of anyone with that name, and there's no one resembling your vague description in the bar where you send the guards You decide to turn in for the night; turn to **388**.

18

As you make your way down the tunnel it gets smaller and smaller, until you are wriggling along on your stomach, with your sword probing the blackness ahead. You are beginning to wonder if this tunnel will be your tomb It becomes impossible to keep your backpack on your back. Will you loop it round your belt and trail it behind you (turn to **377**) or push it ahead of you, along with your sword (turn to **175**)?

19

Not all giants are stupid Otus recognizes you and signals to Ophis. You turn to flee, but a crossbow bolt pierces your heart. Your adventure ends here

20

You blunder around in the dark, knocking over piles of boxes which turn out to be the Baron's files containing paperwork that goes back for years The closed room fortunately contains the noise you're making, but you are soon enveloped in an invisible snowstorm of papers You grab a handful at random and feel around the walls until you find a door. Roll one dice. If you roll a 6, turn to **261**; otherwise, turn to **142**

21

Roll two dice If the total is less than, or equal to, your current SKILL score, turn to **186**; otherwise, turn to **118**.

22

You are overcome by fumes before you reach the other side. You lose consciousness and are not aware that your body is falling into the pool of molten lava

23

As you reach the bar, the landlord is bidding farewell to the man he'd been talking to. All you hear him say is the end of the man's name: '. . . garl, see you then.' He turns to you and demands 1 Gold Piece for the knife-marks you made on his table-top. Will you pay (turn to **48**) or point out that the rest of his furniture is hardly less scarred and battered (turn to **145**)?

24

You pause after your ordeal and take out your compass to decide where to go next. A slight noise behind you makes you whirl around, and you face a beast you recognize as a Hargon. This bear-like creature always hunts near water, since it lives mainly on fish. But it is not averse to eating warm-blooded creatures. It rears up on its hind legs, its snout wrinkling as its mouth opens in an ear-splitting roar.

HARGON	SKILL 7	STAMINA 10

To your dismay, your compass is irretrievably lost during this fight. If you win, turn to **311**.

25

The rocky faces on either side of you are pitted with natural depressions, some only big enough for a bird to nest in, others almost cave-like. There are also fissures in the ground, none of which are too wide for you to step over. The gulley is narrow and, at this time of day, almost dark, but as you step over one fissure you catch the glint of something white in it. Will you stop to investigate (turn to **121**) or carry on (turn to **146**)?

26

When a small fireball hurtles down the tunnel towards your face, you are able to manoeuvre the shield into position and protect yourself. Turn to **199**.

27

The man is dead when you reach him and can tell you nothing now. Night is beginning to fall. You have come from the west, so will you now head north (turn to **289**), south (turn to **57**) or east (turn to **246**)?

28

The huge, gaudy gambling wheel stands upright against a wall at the back of the tavern. If you pay her a Gold Piece, the innkeeper's beautiful assistant will spin the wheel for you If the wheel stops at the number you bet on, you win double your stake; if not, you lose. Tonight your luck is in. Roll one dice. This is the number of Gold Pieces you win at the Wheel of Fortune If you won 5 or 6 Gold Pieces, turn to **329**; otherwise, turn to **388**.

29

In order to get back safely, you have to repeat the process of leaping from tussock to tussock that got you here. You can count either from 1 up to 6 or down from 6 to 1 if you prefer. If you ever fall in, turn to **226**. If you are successful all six times, you now turn towards the north, deciding that you should have done this in the first place. Turn to **207**.

30

Regain 1 LUCK point for surviving a difficult fight. Moreover, you find 4 Gold Pieces on Fang-zen's body, together with 3 portions of Provisions and a lamp. But all this is small compensation for the fact that, by the time you try to pick up Otus' trail again, it has gone cold. It is as if he has vanished into thin air. It is now evening, so you decide to rest for the night. There is a village called Outpost a short way to the north, and the edge of a great forest lies to the south Will you seek shelter in Outpost (turn to **52**) or in the forest (turn to **165**), or will you stay out in the open (turn to **278**)?

31

Will you approach the elders' hut (turn to **360**) or one of the other huts (turn to **198**)?

32

You find only 1 Gold Piece on the Ogre's body and his axe is too heavy for you to wield. Will you now scramble through the open window (turn to **77** or push through the hatch (turn to **237**)?

33

No sooner have you entered the side tunnel than two things happen simultaneously: you see that it is a dead end – and bars clang down over the entrance behind you! If you have some sallow-seed oil, turn to **123**; otherwise, turn to **258**.

34

Before long you reach a place where the tussocks of mud and grass grow sparser and there is more water in between. Will you carry on into this region (turn to **221**) or go north (turn to **207**)?

35

These are poor fishermen and they have never heard of Fang-zen. You can go to the market-place now, if you still need to (turn to **150**), or you can head west out of Arion in search of the kidnappers (turn to **200**).

36

This is the right move. You offer your sword, held flat in both hands, to the nearest skeleton. The dreadful crowd pressing in on you from all sides halts its creaking advance; they can see you are a servant of Good, not of the Evil that reduced them to their present pitiful state. Regain 1 LUCK point. You decide to retrace your steps southwards; turn to **355**.

37

You had the good sense to secrete the implement up your sleeve and now you slip it down into the palm of your hand and set to work on the ropes tying your wrists to the pole. There are two strands of rope to get through. Roll one dice twice. If either roll is a 1 or a 6, turn to **101**; otherwise, turn to **256**.

38

No sooner do your hands touch the window-ledge than a sharp stinging sensation runs down your arms: the Baron's poison is a very effective antidote against would-be burglars. Now you understand how the birds came to die! You scramble quickly back down the ivy. Roll one dice. If the number rolled is even, your body took in enough of the poison to kill you and your adventure ends here! If it is odd, you lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you decide to try to lift the hatch which you hope will lead to a cellar. Turn to **242**.

39

Some faint stench of Arachnos' evil invades your spirit. Lose 1 LUCK point then turn back to **253** to try again.

40

A brood of sharp-toothed, baby Giant Rats attach themselves to your fingers and hand. You yelp in pain and surprise, pull your hand out of the hole and shake the creatures off your hand on to the floor, where they wriggle helplessly. Only a sense of urgency stops you taking the time to squash them under your heel. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and turn to **275**.

41

The search-party sees you flitting from one hut to another and they release the Rottwild which has been tracking you. The huge hound races towards you and leaps for your throat, its fangs bared in a snarl.

ROTTWILD SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, you emerge from the fight to find yourself completely surrounded by Flintskins. Your blood is up now, though: will you try to fight your way free (turn to **166**) or will you surrender (turn to **352**)?

42

You press on towards the south, wondering whether you may have made a mistake. By mid-afternoon you reach an enormous landslip, and now you find yourself at the top of an unscalable cliff. You can hear a waterfall off to your left – that must be yesterday's river The view is wonderful, but you are not here to be a sightseer, so you turn west along the edge of the cliff. The unusual terrain is home to many rare plants – and to some not-so-common creatures too. Out of nowhere, you are suddenly attacked by a huge Pterolin whose nest is perched on the cliff-face Its feathers are as black as night, glowing with a brilliant blue sheen in the sunlight; its talons are dripping gore from a recent kill, but it is always hungry for more.

PTEROLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you win, and you have a rope, you can let yourself down to its nest, if you wish (turn to **285**). Otherwise, you continue westwards (turn to **368**)

43

You have been forced to retreat under one of the stilted houses where a ladder leads up to a hole in the middle of the floor of the house. You could either try to climb up the ladder (turn to **149**) or smash through one of the stilts that support the house (turn to **334**); alternatively, you could return to **361** and continue the fight

44

Your invisible opponent grabs you by the ankles, pulls

you down to the ground and tries to finish you off with a single blow to the head. But as soon as you hit the floor, you roll to one side prior to getting to your feet. Do you roll to the left (turn to **314**) or the right (turn to **240**)?

45

You stumble in shock and pain, and fall into the river. While you are struggling back up the bank, choking on the foul water, your opponent has no difficulty in finishing you off. Your corpse will join those of the fish in the putrid river.

46

The Flintskins don't know what to make of you. They are not servants of Evil and they sense that you aren't either, but your behaviour has not endeared you to them. They give you back all your possessions and escort you out of their safe gorge, making copious gestures to indicate that they don't want to see you back here again. Turn to **16**.

47

You approach the Mere-folk but, since you lack the wherewithal to communicate with them, they interpret your approach as hostile, and they prepare to defend themselves. You cannot kill or wound these insubstantial beings, but if you are successful often enough you will have frightened them off. They wield thin stalks of bulrush, magically empowered so that the lightest touch will injure you in the usual way.

MERE-FOLK SKILL 6 STAMINA 0

It will take a total of seven successful Attack Rounds, or three in succession, to scare them off. Then turn to **253**.

48

Deduct 1 Gold Piece from your *Adventure Sheet*. You now leave the tavern; turn to **384**.

49

You manage to pull yourself up on to the step. You feel unsafe here, so you clamber up to the landing at the top of the stairs. You can go no higher in the building, and you find that only one of the rooms is safe to enter. But there you make an interesting discovery: the collapse of the staircase has opened up a long-forgotten hiding-place in the wall of the room. Inside is a bottle of potion and a sheet of papyrus, preserved for all these years in their airtight compartment. There is ancient Kabeshian writing on the papyrus, which tells you that the potion is a Potion of Invisibility. Add 1 LUCK point. Now, how will you get down from

here? You can jump down from the stairway on to what is left of the ground floor (turn to **115**) or you can jump through the hole in the ground floor into the flooded basement, and pray that the water is deep enough (turn to **157**). If you have a rope, you can find a secure place to tie it and let yourself down safely to the floor You can then leave the building, but you will also have to leave your rope behind (turn to **219**).

50

On the western side, the Baron's house runs very close to the wall for some distance; to the south, the garden may give you cover once you're in the grounds. Will you climb the western wall (turn to **185**) or the southern wall (turn to **60**)?

51

You have luckily chosen a spot where, if you can defeat a Wraith quickly enough, you will be able to make a dash for safety

WRAITH	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you defeat your adversary without taking any hits yourself, turn to **196**; otherwise, turn to **108**.

52

The inhabitants of Outpost lock up early and are deeply suspicious of strangers. Shutters are closed with a bang as you walk down the only street You get the message: we don't want your kind here Will you turn around and retrace your steps, or persist in trying to spend the night here? If you stay, turn to **102**. If you leave, the forest is too far away to reach before nightfall, so you must spend the night in the open (turn to **278**).

53

As everyone knows, once the hands of a Ghoul have struck you four times, you are paralysed. But you are still aware. You watch in helpless horror as the Ghoul's yellow teeth draw closer and closer . . .

54

You run away, leaving the Millipede behind, but it continues to follow you. Back at the main tunnel, you turn left and hurry on past the other entrance to the Millipede's lair. Turn to **275**.

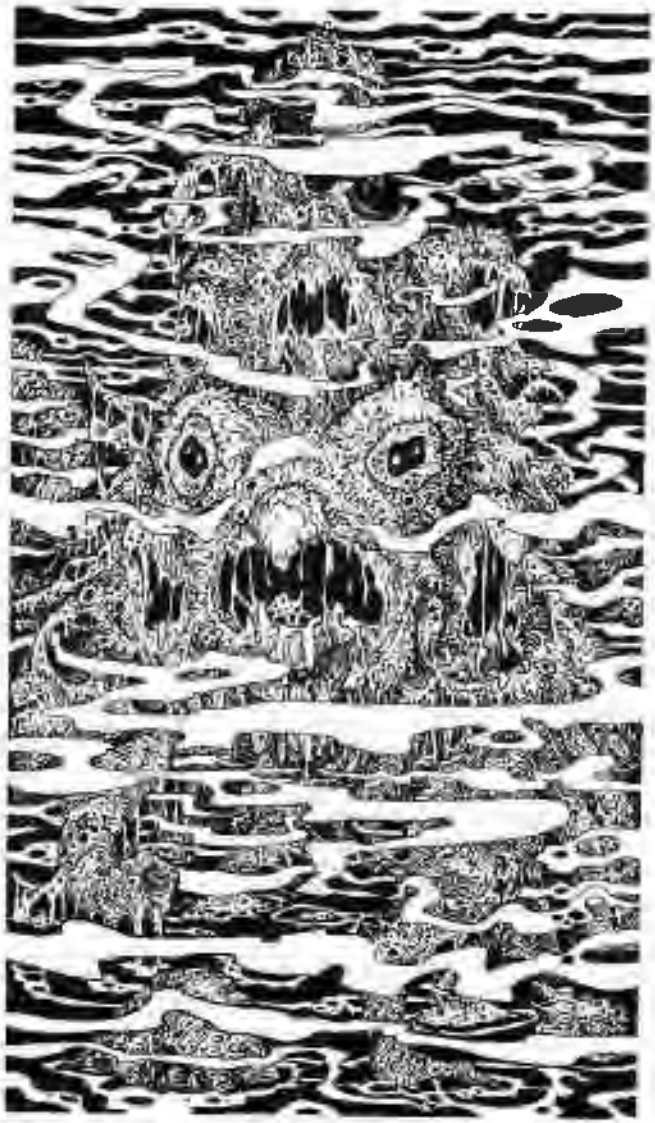

55

After some hours of lonely travel, you are surprised by a vile Slime Monster, an almost shapeless blob of foul-smelling flesh which fights by shooting acid out of its mouths.

SLIME MONSTER SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

You can escape at any time by turning to either **154** or **214**, but in escaping you will have to suffer the loss of 3 STAMINA points If you win, the vile creature explodes as your sword delivers the killing blow. Roll one dice: if you roll an odd number, you must lose 2 STAMINA points as you are hit by pieces of its acidic flesh. Then turn to **154** or to **214**.

56

You present yourself at the guardsman's office. 'Good work,' he says. 'Good observation Your one-eyed chappie broke down (with a little help from our resident torturer) and confessed. Any time you want a job, just come and talk to me. In the meantime, you can choose one of these three rewards: a Truthstone, 25 Gold Pieces, or a shield. Which do you want?' If you decide on the truthstone, turn to **95**; if you go for the money, turn to **357**; if you choose the shield, turn to **381**

57

You stumble on as best you can, as night falls and the mists come down, but you are totally confused now. Half-seen, half-recognized shapes loom, eerily glowing, out of the darkness and lure you to your death over a cliff.

58

After a while, the river begins to curve to the west, but the path continues more or less due south. Although it is overgrown with weeds and shrubs, there are occasional patches where you can still see cobblestones: this must once have been a road, long ago At one point you find a shattered milestone. All you can read of the first line is the first letter, which is 'P', then after some space 'OUS', while the second line reads clearly 'WELL'. Precious Well? Poisonous Well? It's impossible to tell. You carry on, but the road ends abruptly at a huge landslide, which leaves you perched on the top of a huge cliff. There is no further way forward here, and you can hear the sound of a waterfall roaring some way off to your right, as you gaze out over that vast region of Khul known as the Battlegrounds. You decide that your safest option will be to return to the ford you passed earlier; turn to **14**

59

There is only one way to go along the passage which ends at a T-junction, where you can turn left or right. The tunnel to the right looks dusty and unused and is

only dimly lit; the one to the left is lit by many torches and you can hear indistinct sounds of activity coming from it. Will you turn right (turn to **131**) or left (turn to **272**)?

60

You scramble up the wall, assisted by a low-hanging branch of a rare Allansian Flare tree, part of the Baron's renowned arboretum. You rest on top of the wall and peer around. Beyond the flower-bed a well-kept lawn stretches almost to the rear of the house. A number of unusual trees stand in the grounds, and there are also patches of dense shrubbery. Although in the twilight you can see no smoke, your nose picks up the familiar smell of smouldering leaves and garden waste. It would be sheer idiocy to cross the open lawn, so will you approach the house by creeping stealthily round the walls and beds to your left (turn to **308**) or to your right (turn to **350**)?

61

Your jabbing is ineffectual. You squirm and scrabble at the tussock, but it is no use. Your body, your head and, finally, your outstretched arms disappear beneath the surface of the water. Your adventure ends here

62

You point your sword menacingly in the direction of the shape in the corner Light from the rising moon glints softly on the blade and gives you courage 'Who's there?' you call out softly, but a pathetic whimper is the only response The unknown is always frightening and fear is beginning to chill your heart once more Will you now change your mind and strike at the shape (turn to **179**) or persist in a gentler approach (turn to **12**)?

63

You double up as if in pain: you retch, grunt and grimace. The guards get the message: something is wrong with you. But do they believe you? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **101**. If you are Unlucky, the guards laugh scornfully at your feeble attempt to trick them; they make doubly sure your bonds are secure. Turn to **160**.

64

The noise in the bar is deafening All you can hear is snatches of nearby conversations. 'No, it was *you* who said that to *her*,' a young woman shrieks.

'Five shinies? You must be joking,' a sailor growls

'. . . or my name's not Pen—' the man talking to the barman says.

'Did you hear the one about the Allansian and the . . . ?' someone else asks.

'Baron den Snau: he's the evil son of a lizard who . .'

Will you try to find a place to sit (turn to **75**) or leave and look for another tavern (turn to **222**)?

65

Test your Luck If you are Lucky, the collapsing hut halves the remaining STAMINA of both your opponents (or of your remaining opponent, if only one is left); round odd numbers upwards when you halve their STAMINA scores If you are Unlucky, the hut misses them altogether. Now return to **361** to finish the fight

66

You pull out the medallion and dangle it in the air in front of Otus' eyes; this does the trick. He signals to Oman, and the steel-mesh net is drawn up by the pulley. You walk under it and are now faced by three enormous half-giants who are demanding to know your business. If you know a secret about two of them, add the number of the paragraph where you learned that secret to the number of this paragraph, then turn to the paragraph with that number. Otherwise, turn to **70**.

67

The magical descent comes to an end with you landing gently on the stone floor of a deep underground tunnel. You quickly take stock of the situation and see that there is only one way forward. As you take your first step, however, a hollow, horribly sinister laugh freezes you in your tracks. It seems to come from in front of you, but there is nothing to be seen. You hear a faint swishing sound and some sixth sense, honed from years of adventuring, makes you duck. This is just as well, because otherwise you would have been decapitated. 'Very good,' booms a deep voice, 'but remember: you have to be lucky every time, while I have to be lucky only once.' If you have a Potion of Invisibility, turn to **320**; otherwise, turn to **374**.

68

This will, of course, take you towards the source of the river's pollution. The stench in the afternoon sun is appalling. Short of swimming, which you definitely don't fancy, there is no way to cross the river here. Ahead of you, an unearthly grey cloud, streaked with gouts of livid green flame, appears between two hills: this is obviously the source of the pollution. Then you come across a series of platforms which resemble stepping-stones across the river, except that they are bobbing on the surface. Will you make for the grey-green cloud (turn to **169**), try to cross the river on the bobbing platforms (turn to **269**), or retrace your steps and head downstream (turn to **220**)?

69

You are walking through the land of the Flintskins, a primitive tribe which has survived for many centuries in these parts. A party of about twenty of these sturdy, pale-skinned hunters ambushes you. They are well armed with spears and bows Will you fight (turn to **166**) or not (turn to **389**)?

70

You will have to fight all three half-giants at once! In each Attack Round, choose which opponent you are fighting; you win or lose as normal against him. Either of the other two can wound you if his Attack Strength is higher than yours in that round, but you cannot injure either of them until they become your chosen opponents – if you survive that long!

	SKILL	STAMINA
OPHIS	8	12
OMAN	8	10
OTUS	9	12

If by some miracle you win, and if you have a Truthstone, you can use it on the dying Otus and demand to be told how to defeat Arachnos (turn to **298**). If you win, but you do not have a Truthstone, turn to **284**

71

You are falling, floating magically down a hole which is lit by the phosphorescent glow of the rocks. Side tunnels lead off from the hole; will you take the side tunnel which you are approaching (turn to **372**) or will you wait (turn to **98**)?

72

In this fight, beware the Baron's sword, which is dipped in poison. He only has to nick you for the poison to enter your bloodstream. If you are wounded twice, you are dead. If you are wounded only once, you are strong enough to withstand the poison, but your Provisions will restore only 3 points to your STAMINA for the rest of this adventure.

BARON DEN SNAU SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If you defeat the Baron, turn to **119**

73

You plunge deep into the bog. It becomes increasingly hard to walk: at every step you have to extract your foot with a squelch from thick mud. This is exhausting and by the time you reach the other side you have lost 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **24**

74

It is easy for your opponent to see your swing and dodge it, and you leave yourself exposed He thrusts the pointed end of his mace up into your chest and twists it savagely, to make sure that the blow is fatal. Your adventure is over.

75

You elbow your way through to the back of the room. Several faces in the crowd look vaguely familiar – fellow adventurers, no doubt, come to Arion on the same mission as yourself, and also trying to drown their disappointment in a flagon or two of ale. And

there, sitting at a table with half a dozen empty flagons in front of him, is Fang-zen himself! Surrounded by cronies, he looks flushed with ale, success and his companions' toadying praise. Will you challenge him to a fight (turn to **5**) or try to join the group at his table (turn to **268**)?

76

After you have been trudging through the treacherous pools for ages, a strange sensation begins to creep over you: you feel impelled to turn in one particular direction. If you give in to this feeling, turn to **365**. Otherwise, turn to **195**.

77

You find yourself in a rather elegant high-ceilinged ballroom. Large, gold-framed portraits of the Baron's ancestors hang on the walls, but the pictures look

suspiciously new to you, and you decide that the Baron's noble lineage may be pure invention. Apart from a chandelier and some tables against the walls, the room is bare. There are two sets of double doors leading out of the ballroom. You extinguish the lamp which the Ogre left in the room so that no light spills out through the doors, but the lamp rattles noisily, so you don't take it with you. A quick glance through both sets of doorways confirms your guess that they both lead to the main entrance-hall of the house. Will you go through to the hall (turn to **197**) or climb back outside and down the hatch (turn to **237**)?

78

The skeleton recounts a fascinating tale of dark deeds and warns you to stay away from the ruined farmhouse. (Cross the Truthstone off your *Adventure Sheet*.) You may now go northwards (turn to **263**) or turn around and head south (turn to **355**).

79

You wipe your sword clean on the grass of the moor and turn to walk away. With a roar the Cradoc rears up behind you and scorches you with its breath (lose 2 STAMINA points). *Now* you remember: a Cradoc regenerates unless it is killed by having one of its heads chopped off! But which head is it?

CRADOC SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, with your final stroke will you chop off the Dragon head (turn to **168**) or the Ogre head (turn to **147**)?

80

The door swings shut behind you, blocking out the last remnant of the evening light from outside. Do you have a tinderbox? If you have, turn to **109**; if not, turn to **20**.

81

You wake up in the middle of a typical falling dream, in which you were leaning over a balcony, waving to someone, and then . . . But if you're awake, why are you still falling? You land with a crash at the bottom of a small ravine over which you have sleep-walked. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you find that the mist has dispersed, but where are you? Turn to **379**.

82

You soon come to a junction, but the tunnel to the right leads directly back to the bottom of the magical tunnel you were recently floating down. You can see no point in returning there, so you carry straight on, down a dimly lit tunnel. Turn to **131**.

83

Cross 1 Gold Piece off your *Adventure Sheet* The hag bites the coin to make sure it is genuine before scuttling off down a back alley. You wait for something to happen, but nothing does You hurl the crumbling heather on to the ground in anger, and scratch at the bite one of the crone's countless lice has already given you. Turn to **388**

84

Your bolt pierces Arachnos' black heart His mocking laughter turns to a choked scream, and the dagger falls from his nerveless fingers. Telessa rushes into your arms. Without its leaders, Arachnos' army will soon turn to civil war. The land is safe . for now.

85

Only the ground and first floors of the building remain, and the first floor consists of just a landing, which is reached by stone stairs from the entrance hall where you are standing, plus a couple of rooms off it. The ruin is open to the sky and the marble floor of the entrance hall has partially collapsed. You can climb the stairs to the landing (turn to **138**) or leave the building after all (turn to **219**)

86

You bury your head under your forearms as best you can, but you still sustain 4 STAMINA points of injury to your head and shoulders Turn to **199**.

87

That is exactly what Fang-zen was waiting for. He leaps up from his stool and lands the first blow on you while your back is turned (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You can count yourself lucky that he is rather drunk. Usually he is more or less your equal in a fight, but at the moment his SKILL is 3 less than whatever yours is, and his STAMINA is 10. If you win the fight, you have not killed him, merely hurt him badly. You wait for him to regain consciousness, then demand King Jonthane's letter from him. You point out that he's now in no fit condition to carry out the quest.

'That's what you think, scumbag,' Fang-zen snarls. 'And I haven't got the letter here. While we were fighting, a friend took it away and hid it. Too bad for you,' he sneers

There's nothing you can do You search him – and have to put up with his foul breath while you do so – but he's telling the truth You leave the tavern, and now you either have to head west out of Arion (turn to **200**) or wander elsewhere in the city (turn to **222**).

88

A sturdy half-giant steps out from behind some boulders. 'I am Otus,' he says. 'You have something for me. I believe . . . A letter.' Once he has shown you a lock of the princess's golden hair, you hand over King Jonthane's letter of agreement. As the half-giant reads the letter, his face lights up with dark malice. 'Good,' he declares at last 'My brothers and my master, Arachnos, will be pleased.' If you have heard the name Arachnos before, turn to **137**; otherwise, turn to **231**.

89

You succeed in tying the thread on to the needle in such a way that the needle is swinging free and horizontally. You rest the needle on the lodestone, where it sticks, then you wait a few minutes for the magic to transfer from the stone to the metal needle. You now have a crude compass. You don't know where you are, but you do know that you entered the marsh from the east and south. It makes sense, then, to assume that the further side of it may be reached by going to the west (turn to **34**) or to the north (turn to **361**).

90

'Him?' the guard says. 'Oh yes, we know him. And he regularly works for those two over there. You could have been a great help. Come to our station first thing tomorrow morning. You'll find me in room 56: take a note of the number. If your information has led to an arrest, there'll be something in it for you.' Will you now go to the Elfbane Bar across the road (turn to **189**) or call it a day (turn to **388**)?

91

You poke around in the burned-out house and, as the young man had said, find the body of a middle-aged woman. There is nothing else to be seen except piles of ash and badly burned beams. When you return to the other cottage, you find the door firmly barred against you. 'Go away!' the man yells through the door. 'You're not welcome here any more. Anyone interested in people dying is not for me.' You resent the injustice of it – you have paid the man, after all. You try to barge down the door but succeed only in bruising your shoulder. (Deduct 1 STAMINA point.) You have no choice now but to camp out in the open. Turn to **278**.

92

You wait until the Orc regains consciousness. If you have a Truthstone and want to use it on the Marsh Orc, turn to **205**; otherwise, it can tell you nothing. You leave it cringeing in the bog and continue on your way by turning to **55**, **154** or **365**.

93

You lose. The spurting blood is coming from a deep gash in your own hand. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and 6 Gold Pieces (that was your wager). If you want to play again, return to **132**. Otherwise you leave the tavern and may now either head west out of Arion (turn to **200**) or go elsewhere in the city (turn to **222**).

94

You pass another tunnel on the left with the same rank smell coming from it; it must be another entrance to

the same system. Once again you ignore it and hurry straight ahead; turn to **2**.

95

The Truthstone can be used once and once only. It glows with an unearthly blue light which forces a creature with any intelligence (that is, not a plant or a rock, for instance) to tell the truth. Now turn to **357**.

96

Before you have travelled far, you encounter a Cradoc – and you soon wish you hadn't! These are two-headed monsters, one of whose heads is Dragon-like, while the other is Ogre-ish. You know that in the past you've heard rumours about some special thing they do, but you can't remember what it is – and anyway there is no time to think now, as the monster is charging at you, Dragon head breathing fire. It races towards you on all four legs, like a malformed lizard.

CRADOC	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **79**.

97

Although it all happens too fast for your conscious mind, you somehow register the fact that the dark shape is Fang-zen and that he has hurled a spear at you. You fall to the ground, and the spear ricochets off a rock, snaps and falls harmlessly to the ground. Then Fang-zen himself is upon you, seeking revenge for the theft of his quest. He is a hardy adventurer too, and his SKILL is only 2 less than yours, while his STAMINA is 12. Only luck will see you through this fight unscathed. If you win, turn to **30**.

98

Another side tunnel is coming up Will you take it (turn to **172**) or continue on down (turn to **210**)?

99

Ahead of you you hear a slurping noise which does not sound like the lapping of a rivulet of water You creep ahead and see a brown, slippery-looking humanoid creature, kneeling on a tussock of grass and scooping up water with one hand. Will you attack it with your sword (turn to **118**) or jump on it and pin it to the ground (turn to **21**)? Or will you silently avoid it (turn to either **154** or **365**)?

100

You dash out through the front door and across the courtyard – only to find that the main gates are locked. You can't pretend to the Orc porter that nothing suspicious is going on: you will have to fight him before you can escape.

PORTER SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, and if you bribed the porter to get into the Baron's grounds, you can take back however much you paid him before, plus 1 extra Gold Piece. You find a set of keys in the porter's gatehouse and use one to unlock the gates. Then you waste no further time before leaving the city and setting off westwards to try to find the kidnappers. Turn to **200**.

101

The guards notice what you are up to. They untie you from the pole and manhandle you in the direction of the elders' hut. If you want to try to escape at this point, turn to **112**; if you let them take you, turn to **352**.

102

It is difficult to know what to do. The village consists of only half a dozen peasant cottages, and there is no tavern or obvious place to stay. There is a burned-out shell of a cottage that looks uninhabited: if you spend the night there, you may at least avoid these surly villagers (turn to **224**). Or you could knock on the door of any of the inhabited cottages – for instance, the one next door to the fire-damaged one (turn to **190**).

103

Otus looks at the arrow in some puzzlement, then snaps it between two fingers and signals to Ophis. You turn to flee, but a crossbow bolt pierces your heart.

104

This is too much. Sensibly, you turn tail and flee. The tip of a green flame licks at your heels as you run, and your shoes immediately rot and fall off. If you have a spare pair of boots to wear, you put them on; if you do not, you must reduce your SKILL by one point for the rest of the adventure. You can now either try to cross the river by means of the bobbing platforms (turn to **269**) or continue southwards past them (turn to **220**).

105

If you have among your possessions either a moon symbol or a sun symbol or both, turn to **180**; otherwise, turn to **46**.

106

You enjoy a refreshing sleep which restores 2 lost STAMINA points. In the morning you find a piece of sharpened flint among the rocks, possibly evidence of a long-forgotten culture. A steep ravine rises a short distance away to the north, and you have come from the south, so will you now head east (turn to **399**) or west (turn to **4**)?

107

You fail to spot a tripwire, stretched at ankle height across the narrow path, and fall with a thud to the ground. Somewhere inside the house a bell starts to ring. You lie still, hardly daring to breathe. An Ogre comes to the end of the path and peers along it. It is rather gloomy here at this time of the evening, and you may be able to bluff him. Before advancing down the passage, he calls out, 'Who's there?' Will you say, 'It's only me' (turn to **7**), mew like a Scytheran Desert Cat (turn to **213**), or bark like a Kalagarian hound (turn to **327**)?

108

The Wraiths treat you to a particularly gruesome death. You have failed in your mission.

109

You strike a light and see that you are in a storeroom. Small, wooden packing-cases are stacked one on top of another in neat piles. Every case is stuffed with bits of paper – letters, receipts, invoices, and so on – and labelled with a date. It is now late in the second week

of the ninth month, which is called Forests Golden in Khul. Will you search this month's file (turn to **174**) or last month's (turn to **312**)?

110

The Orc rains blows on your head with a large wooden spoon, but you shrug her off. You knock her unconscious and search the hut. You find a pot of stew simmering over an open fire. The combination of red-spotted toadstools and fish smells surprisingly good, and you quickly gulp down 2 STAMINA points' worth of sustenance. You also find 3 Gold Pieces and a medallion inscribed with the letter A which you may take if you wish. If you take the medallion, decide whether you wear it next to your skin or under your clothing, or you can stow it among your other possessions. If you want to have a look in another hut, turn to **6**. If you want to leave the village, you can go to the north (turn to **207**) or turn to the west (turn to **34**).

111

The rumblings are coming from Arachnos' forge. You veer off into the mouth of this tunnel, only to find that it slopes sharply downwards. You tumble down it and eventually end up in the forge. You execute a perfect roll, land on your feet, and face the truly enormous Ogre who is Arachnos' blacksmith He seizes a newly tempered blade from a rack and lunges at you.

OGRE SMITH SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you win, the dying Ogre falls backwards, upending a trough of molten metal. He dies in agony, and the red-hot liquid spills all over the floor, leaving you no choice but to leave by the forge door. You have time to snatch only a helmet, marked with the letter A, if you want to. In the passage outside, will you turn left (turn to **176**) or right (turn to **82**)?

112

Roll three dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your current STAMINA score, turn to **191**; otherwise, turn to **129**.

113

A small fireball hurtles down the tunnel towards you! Will you use your backpack to protect yourself (turn to **282**) or not (turn to **86**)?

114

Roll two dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your current SKILL, turn to **340**; if not, turn to **107**.

115

You swing by your fingertips from the last remaining stair, so as to reduce the distance you have to fall, then you let yourself go If your current STAMINA score is under 12, you sprain your ankle on landing and must lose 1 SKILL point. Now you can leave the building; turn to **219**.

116

With an ear-splitting screech from its savage beak, the Pterolin attacks The soulless glint of its eye is unnerving even to a hardened warrior like yourself

MALE PTEROLIN SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

You can escape down the tunnel at any time you like, but you must lose 2 STAMINA points as a talon rakes your back (turn to **208**). If you win, you can either go down the tunnel (turn to **208**) or climb back up the rope and continue westwards along the cliff (turn to **368**).

117

Assuming you have nothing better to do, will you go to the market-place (turn to **150**) or hang around the docks (turn to **171**)?

118

The creature wheels around in pain and surprise at your first strike, and you see that it is a Marsh Orc. It hurls a lump of mud at you, which allows it time to draw its sword.

MARSH ORC SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, will you search the body (turn to **265**) or not? If you do not, turn to **154** or **365**

119

The Baron lies dying on the floor, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth and bubbling with his final breaths. Will you now leave the house (turn to **100**) or question the Baron (turn to **244**)?

120

You crouch down and run into the hut. Luckily nobody spots you. Your eyes immediately smart and fill with tears. You can hear the Flintskin fumbling around, then you see his outline at the other end of the smoke-filled room. He picks up something from the floor and grunts in satisfaction. You knock him to the ground and grab whatever it is he went back for Will you now try to barge through the mud wall at the back of the hut (turn to **194**) or leave by the proper entrance (turn to **376**)?

121

You kneel and peer into the crack. A few centimetres down is a small ledge, and the white object that caught your eye turns out to be the skeleton of a small animal – perhaps a hedgehog. Will you leave it alone and hurry on (turn to **146**) or poke around in the fissure (turn to **241**)?

122

Two of the fishermen look at each other. '*We* can't help you,' one of them says, 'but we know a man who can You'd better visit Baron den Snau; he has a finger in every evil pie in north-east Khul, if you ask me.' They give you directions to the Baron's mansion. If you think it's worth visiting the Baron, turn to **273**; otherwise, you can visit the market-place, if you still need to (turn to **150**), or leave Arion and go in search of the kidnappers (turn to **200**).

123

You strip off your clothes, carefully laying them and the rest of your equipment close to the bars. You oil your whole body as much as the small quantity you have allows and, by means of considerable contortion (and at the cost of 1 STAMINA point), you squeeze between the bars You find yourself on a narrow ledge between the bars and the drop, but it is wide enough for you to stand on to get dressed and equipped again. Then you finish your descent; turn to **67**.

124

You have no chance in combat against a menacing horde this size, but you may be able to offer them something, to see if you can pacify them. Will it be:

Money?	Turn to **362**
A medallion?	Turn to **338**
Pearls?	Turn to **255**
Your sword?	Turn to **36**
Food?	Turn to **301**

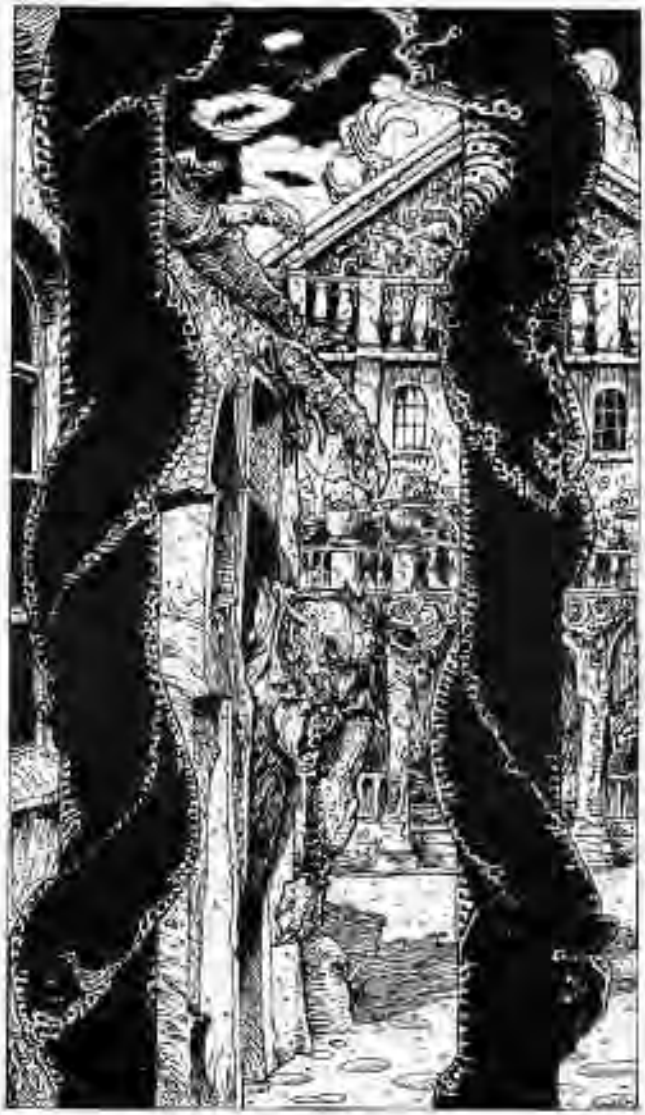

125

There is a wide courtyard between the gates and the front of the house. You notice a small gatehouse just inside the gates. It must be for a porter, so you rattle the wrought-iron gates and call out, 'Hello, is anyone there?' A suspiciously Orc-like porter sticks his head out of the gatehouse and snarls, 'Whaddya want?' You haven't finished explaining that you are a businessman who wants to see the Baron, when he interrupts by asking whether you have an appointment Will you say yes (turn to **297**) or no (turn to **323**)?

126

The damp air on the fringes of the marsh has raised a plentiful crop of toadstools in the land you are now crossing. You feel tempted to try some. Will you sample some green-spotted toadstools (turn to **245**), some blue-spotted toadstools (turn to **136**) or some red-spotted toadstools (turn to **330**)? Or will you resist the temptation and press on (turn to **69**)?

127

Your eyes receive the full force of the acid and you are temporarily blinded. Reduce your Attack Strength by 5 points for this fight only

SPIT VIPER	SKILL 4	STAMINA 4

If you win, you press on until you come to a place where the river is fordable You can either wade across the river here (turn to **14**) or continue south (turn to **58**).

128

Alerted by the sounds of the struggle, the Dark Elf gardener creeps up behind you while you're rummaging among the Ogre's blood-soaked clothing and swings his scythe at you. A brilliant light flares in your head and then all is darkness – for ever.

129

You struggle, but the guards trip you up and pound your head on the ground for a while. Deduct 2 STAMINA points, then turn to **352**.

130

You race for the front door and slam it shut behind you. You can't go back in there: not even you can take on so many bats at once. You sprint across the courtyard for the main gates – but they are locked! If you bribed the porter to get in, turn to **280**; otherwise, turn to **251**.

131

You turn a corner to your left but, after only a few more metres, you find your way blocked by smooth rock. There is a straight crack down the centre of the rock, though, so you are sure this is some kind of door You look around and find a lever set into the wall; it looks as if you can move it up (turn to **326**) or down (turn to **228**).

132

You both spread your non-fighting hands on the table and people at the table produce daggers for you You place your bets and start to stab the point of the knife between your spread fingers. The game speeds up, but you keep pace with each other. The onlookers roar their approval as the silver blades begin to blur with speed. You are now so much into the rhythm of the game that you coolly dare to lift your eyes up from your hand and stare at Fang-zen. This unnerves him; he tries to meet your gaze but his eyes are constantly flicking back down to the table. All of a sudden, blood spurts! Roll two dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your SKILL score, turn to **317**; if it is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **93**.

133

This is difficult. Roll four dice. If the total rolled is less than, or equal to, your current STAMINA score, you have enough strength to reach the end of the gulley before the boulder catches up with you and inflicts 6 STAMINA points of injury on you. If you survive, turn to **146**.

134

You pull the thread tight round what you reckon to be the centre of the needle and lift it off your thigh. But the needle slopes downwards and slips out of the knot; it sinks immediately out of sight into the brackish water of the bog. Turn to **290**.

135

The guard checks, but no one knows of anyone with that name, and there's no one resembling your vague description in the bar where you send the guards. You decide to turn in for the night; turn to **388**

136

You suffer temporary paralysis Roll one dice If the number rolled is even, the paralysis affects your fighting arm and you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for the duration of this fight. If it is odd, you suffer no major ill-effects. A Hoatzin has begun its soaring descent out of the sky towards you, with its wings folded under it so that the claws projecting from its wingtips are aimed straight at you. Its method of attack is to impale its victims with these claws, then tear at their flesh with its barbed beak.

HOATZIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, you can taste some green-spotted toadstools (turn to **245**) or some red-spotted ones (turn to **330**), if you wish Or you can push on (turn to **69**)

137

'You wait here now,' says Otus, jabbing a finger as thick as two ordinary fingers into your chest. 'I return with the princess in two days.' Will you do as he says (turn to **394**) or not (turn to **306**)?

138

It has been ages since the stairway experienced anything like your weight, and it begins to collapse. The steps, massive blocks of limestone, are wobbling under your feet as if you were in an earthquake. They're going . . . you're starting to fall. Will you jump for the next step up (turn to **358**) or down (turn to **293**)?

139

On closer inspection the jumble of rocks turns out to have some kind of order to it. In fact, the stones form a dolmen, a rough-and-ready tomb from ancient times. This would make an ideal place to spend the night, but first you have to clear out the Ghoul which has made this place its home ever since it sucked out the spirit of the dolmen's long-dead inhabitant

GHOUL SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If, before the fight is over, you lose four Attack Rounds, turn to **53** If you win, you settle down for the night but find that your lamp was broken during the fight. Cross it off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **106**.

140

You can deflect the green flame with a shield, but you will need to roll less than your current SKILL score with two dice three times If you are successful all three times, turn to **13**; if you fail any roll, turn to **299**.

141

This time you are extra careful about tying the needle on to the thread in such a way that the needle is swinging free and horizontally You rest the needle on the lodestone, where it sticks, and wait a few minutes for the magic to transfer from the stone to the metal needle. You now have a crude compass. You don't know where you are, but you believe that you entered the marsh from the east and south. It makes sense, then, to think that the further side of it may be

reached by going westwards (turn to **34**) or northwards (turn to **361**).

142

The papers you snatched up are worthless, but you find a door and stumble through into the next room. Turn to **319**.

143

This seems a paltry sum to Ophis – not enough to turn him against Oman, but enough to turn him against you! Turn to **70**.

144

There is no shelter out here on the bleak moorland, so you can either push on through the night in an easterly (turn to **246**) or westerly (turn to **4**) direction, since there is a ravine a short way to the north, or you can return and investigate the hilltop (turn to **139**).

145

Riding on the crest of your current popularity in the tavern, you grab a handful of the landlord's jerkin, pull him halfway across the top of the bar and tell him in no uncertain terms what you think of his suggestion. You then leave the tavern; turn to **384**.

146

Three angry cavemen suddenly appear from among the rocks. The terrain allows two of them to attack you with their clubs at once. Choose which two are involved in any Attack Round, then choose one of these to fight. You win or lose as normal against this one, while the other may wound you (if his Attack Strength is higher) but you cannot wound him.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CAVEMAN	6	8
Second CAVEMAN	7	7
Third CAVEMAN	7	6

If you defeat all three cavemen, you leave the gulley as quickly as possible, fearing another ambush. The gulley has taken you down below the lip of the main cliff. You scramble back up to the top and find an impassable region of sharp, broken rocks and deep fissures to the west. The only direction open to you now is north. Turn to **382**.

147

Separated, the Ogre head lies on the ground, blood oozing from its neck. You watch the Cradoc carefully, but is seems you have made the correct choice. Slowly you back away from the monstrous corpse, keeping your eyes fixed on it, until you are a safe enough distance away to turn and run from the horror. Eventually you allow yourself to slow to a walk, but you no longer know where you are. Turn to **69**.

148

You fumble around and cut your fighting hand on a piece of glass. Temporarily reduce your SKILL by 1 point until you have left Arion. Now leave the room by turning to **319**.

149

A female Marsh Orc pours scalding slops down on your head and shoulders; lose 2 STAMINA points. You tumble back to the ground. Return to **361** and finish the fight.

150

There are various articles you can buy from the stalls in the market and each costs 2 Gold Pieces. Choose as many as you like, but you would be advised not to spend all you have. Remember to deduct the appropriate amount of money from your *Adventure Sheet* as you accumulate items.

a large phial of sallow-seed oil
a needle and some thread
2 meals' worth of Provisions
a tinderbox and flint
a pair of old boots
an antique gilded arrow
a lodestone
two silver pearls
some rope
a throwing-knife
a fishing-net
a copper pendant

Once you have finished shopping, you can leave Arion to begin your quest (turn to **200**) or you can make your way down to the docks (turn to **171**).

151

You are struck by a fireball. Deduct 4 STAMINA points then turn to **215**.

152

It is not so much a question of whether you will succeed in this climb, but rather of how far up you will get before you fall. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **182**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **44**

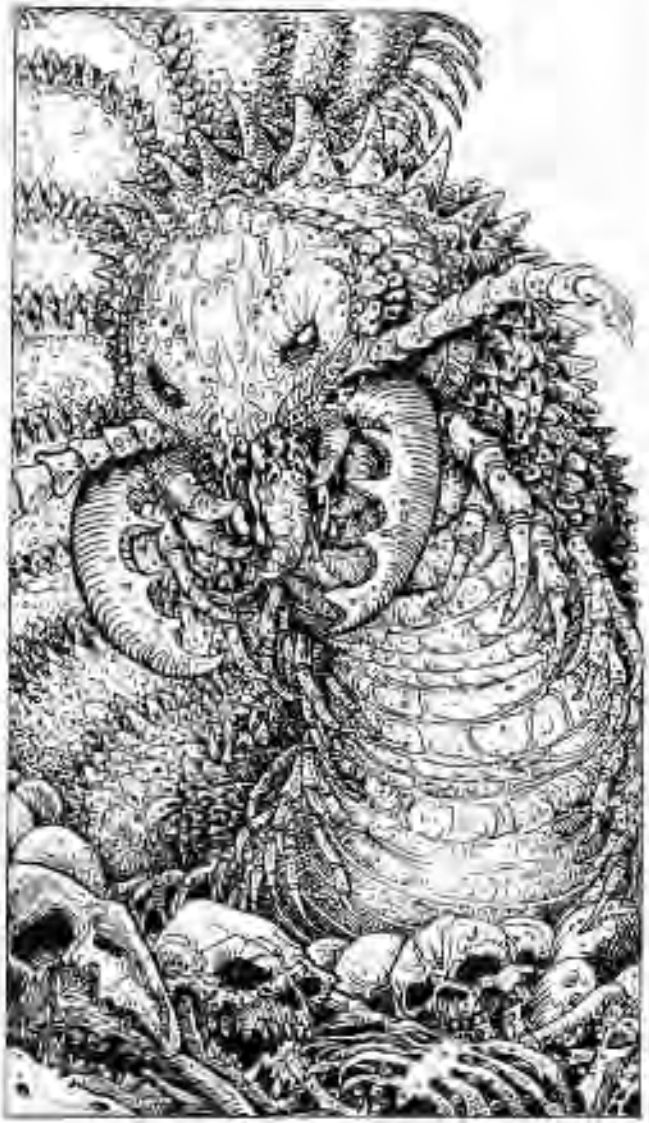

153

The tunnel curves until it becomes clear that this is no more than a short crescent-shaped diversion from the main tunnel and that the two passages will soon join up again The distinctive clicking sound of the tough plating of a Giant Millipede lets you know whose tunnel it is, however. Giant Millipedes are fiercely territorial beasts and resent any intrusion into their homes – except by edible creatures

GIANT MILLIPEDE SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

You can escape at any time (for the loss of 2 STAMINA points, as the Millipede nips your exposed back) by retreating and rejoining the main tunnel, but the Millipede will follow you. If you choose to escape, turn to **54**. If you defeat the Millipede first and then advance to rejoin the main tunnel, turn to **275**

154

Struggling through the bewildering swamp, you find yourself in the middle of a patch of Tendril Grass The clinging weeds trip you up and you fall, face down, into the bog If you have been here before, turn to **226**. If not, turn to **214**.

155

The handle of the front door turns easily, and the door opens noiselessly on well-oiled hinges Turn to **197**.

156

You may now either search the farmhouse, if you

haven't already done so (turn to **391**), or carry on past it and head south (turn to **355**).

157

You land safely in the cold, oily water. It is so deep that your feet don't touch the bottom when you jump in. However, there are two problems. First, the water is cursed: if you drank water from a well earlier in your adventure (you will have WELL written on your *Adventure Sheet*), the poison it contained is now triggered and you must lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you face the second problem: it is going to be very difficult to get out of here! The floor of the entrance hall is high above you and you can hear the sounds and then see the heads of Wraiths waiting for you up there. You swim around for a while but can find no obvious solution to your problem, except that there are enough fingerholds in the stonework for you to stand a chance of climbing up to the ground floor. Some of the Wraiths are now beginning to tumble into the water in their eagerness to reach you, but they can't swim and their bodies immediately decay on hitting the water. The stench is awful. Will you climb the wall in front of you (turn to **108**), behind you (turn to **167**), to your left (turn to **51**) or to your right (turn to **274**)?

158

Your hands grasp the window-ledge – and are lacerated by tiny slivers of glass which the Baron thoughtfully cemented there. You crash heavily to the ground; lose 2 STAMINA points. You can now make your way

south towards the Baron's garden, to try to find a way into the house there (turn to **366**), or you can head north towards the front door of the house (turn to **114**).

159

The shadows are lengthening as you trudge up a ridge and look down on to another valley below. Will you camp until morning (turn to **277**) or press on through the night (turn to **246**)?

160

An hour or more passes. Then a message comes from the elders' hut for you to be brought before them. The guards untie you. Your hands are numb from the tight ropes, so you decide not to try to fight your way free just yet. Turn to **352**.

161

'Wrong again, Fang-zen,' you reply. 'It's just that I nearly died laughing at some tales of your attempts at wizardry. When that shape-change spell backfired and turned you into a Goblin . . . When are you going to get changed back again? I'd stick to thuggery if I were you, and leave the intellectual stuff to others!' His face darkens with rage and he starts to rise from his seat. 'Sit down, sit down,' you laugh. 'Can't you take a joke?' He settles back down, but there is a dangerous gleam in his eye. 'Now,' you continue, 'how about a game of pinfinger?' *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **132**. If you are Unlucky, Fang-zen refuses to play, and you get up to leave; turn to **87**.

162

Glantanka hears you. Her glorious rays burn away the mist and now you can see that you were not far from the edge of the marsh; you quickly make your way to dry ground The ways of the gods are unclear to mortals, and you are desperate to get out of the marsh before Glantanka changes her mind. Turn to **281**.

163

You have scarcely started up the rock-face when a caveman appears out of one of the depressions above you and smashes a staff down on your knuckles. You fall directly into the path of the oncoming boulder. Your adventure ends here

164

You decide to drip a few drops of the oil on to the hatch's rusty hinges, to prevent any unwelcome noises. Then you put the rest of the oil in its phial back in your pack, before opening the hatch and slipping through. Turn to **237**.

165

You penetrate a little way into the forest – far enough to be safely away from the open ground, but not too far, because in the twilight the deepest parts of the forest are frightening. And you are right to be frightened; had you gone any further, you would never have got out alive, for this forest hates intruders. You will get out eventually, but not before you have sustained 2 points of damage to your STAMINA as a result of being lashed by branches and brambles, tripped by roots and squeezed between tree-trunks. It is too late now to make for the village, so you will have to camp out in the open. Turn to **278**

166

You mow down five or six of the advancing Flintskins before succumbing to a hail of blows. Your adventure is over

167

When you have scrambled some way up the wall, the bit of it you are clinging to collapses – but inwards, not back towards the water You land in a chute and slide, out of control, down and down. Then the chute ends in thin air! You are sure that the moment of death has arrived for you. Turn to **71**

168

Separated, the Dragon head lies on the ground, blood oozing from its neck. The Cradoc lies still, but you watch it intently, searching for the tiniest flicker of life. You watch it so intently, in fact, that you don't notice the Dragon head slithering across the grass towards you until it has fixed its jaws round your leg. In horror, you hack away at it, but it is too late. You collapse on to the ground, never to rise again.

169

The closer you get to the cloud, the more you can see that it has no obvious cause; it is not the outpouring from a smith's gigantic forge, for instance. It just seems to billow up from the earth, then drop back down on to the river and the ground The whole place is barren and grey; leafless trees form stark silhouettes But you have the distinct feeling that there is consciousness and intelligence behind this miasma, because the green flames have died down in exact proportion to your approach, as if they were waiting to see how close you would dare to come And then, with a roar, the miasma attacks by shooting flame towards you. If you have a shield, turn to **140** If you want to escape,

turn to **104**. If you try to resist the miasma, turn to **299**.

170

You remember what a wizard once taught you: if you charge the needle with the magic of the lodestone and let it hang, parallel to the ground, from a piece of thread, the needle will point roughly north. 'Not exactly, mind you,' the gruff old wizard had said, 'just roughly.' He hadn't been able to explain why this worked but just put it down to earth magic. You hastily get the equipment together, then you sit down and rest the needle on your thigh while trying to tie the thread on to the middle of the needle. Roll two dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your current SKILL score, turn to **89**; otherwise, turn to **134**.

171

The dockland area is a great place for gathering information. Boats put in here from all over Khul, and even from other continents. As an experienced sailor yourself, you have no difficulty in being accepted by a group of gnarled fishermen who are mending nets on one of the quays. You pass the time of day together discussing the weather before you turn to matters of wider interest. But the group is beginning to disperse: the tide is right for sailing. You can ask them if they know anything about Princess Telessa's kidnap (turn to **122**), where you can find some more scarlet pearls (turn to **364**), whether Fang-zen has left Arion yet (turn to **35**), or what they know about the gold-mining business (turn to **343**).

172

A short way along the tunnel you stumble across the fresh corpse of an Orc, no doubt the victim of some feud among Arachnos' troops. He has nothing worth taking, except a helmet engraved with Arachnos' 'A' symbol. You can put it on if you like, then turn to **210**.

173

In the back of the skiff the vague outline of a man appears. His sightless eyes gleam red as he says, 'What is your wish? Shall I take you to my master, or away from here?' Do you let him take you to his master, whoever that may be (turn to **247**), or away from here (turn to **367**)? Alternatively, you may not feel comfortable with this situation and decide to swim back to the tussock and return the way you came (turn to **29**).

174

You are flicking through bills and lists of freight the Baron has imported or exported so far this month, when the corner of a page ignites on the flame from your tinderbox. The flimsy pieces of paper and their dry, wooden boxes catch fire so quickly that is is almost like an explosion. Within seconds a fire is raging, out of control. You have time to grab one handful of paper and run out of the room: your hair is already starting to singe. Roll one dice. If you roll 6, turn to **261**; otherwise, turn to **192**.

175

If you have a shield, turn to **26**; otherwise, turn to **113**.

176

Before you have gone far, an Orc, busily looking over his shoulder, almost bumps into you. However, he recovers quickly and pulls out a vicious-looking sword.

ORC SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

A rapid search of the body delivers 2 Gold Pieces into your hands. You carry on down the tunnel, but with increasing caution, as you soon begin to hear what sounds like a huge army massing. You round a corner and duck down behind a boulder in reaction to an astonishing sight. A huge cavern, whose roof is too far above you to be seen in the smoky distance, is filled with countless campfires, tents and all the baggage of an army. Thousands of Orcs, Goblins, Blackhearts, Dark Elves, Trolls and Ogres are milling around. Cruel

officers lash their men to force them to work. From at least two places the screams of tortured men and animals arise. It is a vision of hell. There is certainly no way through here, and you must return the way you came. Turn to **131**.

177

The wall surrounding the Baron's house offers an unbroken barrier. There are no side doors. You can either return to the main gate, if you haven't already failed to get in that way (turn to **125**), or you can try to climb the wall (turn to **50**).

178

Do you have the A-medallion? If you do, turn to **262**; otherwise, turn to **39**.

179

In a single fluid movement, you turn and bring the blade of your sword scything down on to the unidentified shape, then you flee from the cottage before whatever it is can strike back. You run without looking back, terror in your heart, and camp for the night out in the open, with a good fire to keep your fear and any beasts at bay. Turn to **278**.

180

This causes considerable consternation. The elders murmur and talk among themselves for a long time. If you were brought here after trying to escape, turn to **46**; if you stayed tied to the post, turn to **322**.

181

The man is still alive when you reach him 'It's you,' he gasps 'King Jonthane sent me . . . new information . . find . . . north of here . . .' He breathes his last You leave his body for the crows: it is as clean a way to dispose of it as any other. You head north with your incomplete new information; turn to **289**

182

When you do fall, by some miracle you land directly on top of your invisible opponent. This gives you time to get to your feet and fight him Turn to **339**, but you may reduce his STAMINA by 1 point.

183

You walk halfway along the dank, gloomy passage. At the other end of it, in the garden, something large is stirring in the shrubbery. You decide to return to the front of the house *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **340**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **107**

184

Farigiss, the god of ice and cold, is puzzled by your appeal, but mortals so rarely call on him, except to curse him, that he is delighted to respond. He freezes the mist into a solid block of ice and you freeze to death inside it Maybe in a few hundred or thousand years' time, you will be discovered, still preserved in the ice.

185

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you make it to the

top of the wall unharmed. If you are Unlucky, you fall awkwardly and twist your ankle (deduct 1 STAMINA point), then start again and complete your climb. There is a dank, narrow path between the wall and the house. You can jump for an upper window-ledge of the house (turn to **158**), or you can let yourself down into the passage, where you may go southwards towards the Baron's garden, to try to find a way into the house from there (turn to **366**), or you can head north towards the front door of the house (turn to **114**).

186

The slimy creature, which you now see is a Marsh Orc, tries to slip out from under you but fails. You have its head in a secure grip and you squeeze until the creature becomes unconscious. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **265**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **92**.

187

Although it all happens too fast for your conscious mind, you somehow register the fact that the dark shape is Fang-zen and that he has hurled a spear at you. You fall to the ground; the spear ricochets off a rock – straight into your thigh. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Then Fang-zen himself is upon you, seeking revenge for the theft of his quest. He is a hardy adventurer too, and his SKILL is only 2 less than yours, while his STAMINA is 12. Only luck will see you through this fight unscathed. If you win, turn to **30**.

188

You leap down from the rotting hull on to the spongy ground. You take out your compass and check your bearings. The contours of the lake's shoreline offer you the choices only of going east (turn to **207**) or north (turn to **346**).

189

A skein of geese in V-formation wings its way overhead as you turn into the bar – maybe this is a good omen. You sit on a high stool at the bar and try to engage the landlord in conversation, but he is too busy to do more than grunt. Mind you, your neighbour tells you that that's the most intelligent comment he's heard from the landlord in years. You swivel around on your stool to survey the scene. At that moment a vile-looking old crone walks into the bar, clutching some withered sprigs of heather. She is clearly a well-known figure, because she hardly has time to utter, 'Buy my lucky heather,' before the landlord has hustled her out through the door, prodding her with the brush end of a broom. Will you follow the horrid crone out into the street (turn to **10**) or investigate the gambling wheel at the back of the tavern (turn to **28**)?

190

You hammer on the door with the hilt of your sword, and eventually a surly young man answers it. He is prepared to put you up for a price: 1 Gold Piece and 4 meals' worth of Provisions, since the land here is rocky and unfruitful. Will you pay his price (turn to 313) or leave and go back to the burned-out cottage next door (turn to **224**); or will you camp out in the open somewhere (turn to **278**)?

191

You succeed in breaking out of their grip. You quickly knock one guard unconscious with a blow of your fist, then draw your sword to face the other, who is swinging a hatchet.

FLINTSKIN GUARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If the fight is still in progress after four Attack Rounds have been completed, more Flintskins are beginning to emerge from their huts (turn to **166**). If you win before four rounds are over, turn to **238**.

192

Before long the whole house will be ablaze. You can remain in the Baron's house for a maximum of *seven* further paragraphs. If by then you are not out in the courtyard, you will be roasted alive. Keep track on a piece of paper of how long you are taking to get out. The next location you turn to will be the first of the seven. The door back to the previous room is blocked by the fire. Will you examine the room you are in (turn to **148**) or leave by the only available door (turn to **319**)?

193

You quickly spot a trail of blood leading to a small hollow. One Troll-Orc is lying on the ground, dead or dying, and another is peering intently down on the wounded stranger. You begin to feel that the crows were *meant* to attract you here, to spring the trap. If you have a throwing-knife, turn to **363**; otherwise, you creep up behind the Troll-Orc (turn to **336**).

194

If your current STAMINA score is less than 12, in the time you spend trying to break through the wall you succumb to the smoke and flames, and your adventure is over. If your STAMINA score is currently 12 or over, you manage to break down the wall and escape through the village, which is now in a state of chaos. When you find time to investigate your trophy, you will see that it is a small branch of an ancient ebony tree, about thirty centimetres long, with a silver hexagram protruding slightly from one end. The branch also has the number 158 inscribed on it (make a note of this). It was evidently an important village totem. Now turn to **302**.

195

A short while later, a terrifying roar greets you from out of the mist ahead Aeons ago, when this marsh was a lake, a terrible curse fell upon one stretch of shoreline and it became inhabited by Flesh-Eaters These enormous serpentine monsters can slither over land or glide through water with astonishing speed. Only one now remains in Khul; it is old, as old as the hills, but its appetite is still strong and it makes a formidable opponent

FLESH-EATER SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

If you win, you can turn to either **311** or **154**

196

You waste no time in getting out of town. Turn to **69**

197

You are in the entrance-hall of the Baron's mansion A wide staircase leads to the upper floors and there are doors off the hall to rooms on the ground floor. However, Baron den Snau himself has been alerted to your presence, and he is standing a little way up the staircase, looking down at you 'What do you want, stranger?' he demands.

You reply curtly, 'Information.' Will you simultaneously rush at him up the stairs (turn to **395**) or stand your ground (turn to **225**)?

198

You pick a hut near the edge of the village and creep up to the doorway, which is covered by a piece of

embroidered cloth You cannot hear a sound from inside Will you whisk the cloth aside and enter (turn to **250**) or leave the village (turn to **302**)?

199

There is no going back, so whatever the source of the fireball may have been, you are going to have to face it. You continue creeping down the tunnel on your belly. All of a sudden the tunnel ends at a small, underground cavern. On the floor of the cavern lies a pool of bubbling lava which occasionally emits fireballs at random intervals and in random directions. There are narrow ledges round both the left- and the right-hand walls of the cavern. You can take either one, but you will have to reach the tunnel opening on the other side of the cavern before you are overcome by the heat and the fumes. Roll one dice three times and make a note of the sequence of numbers you roll, as well as the total. If the total is between 3 and 9, turn to **22**; if it is between 10 and 18, turn to **252**.

200

Three days later, you are still walking towards the west. There has been no sign of the kidnappers, though occasionally you have felt yourself being watched. If you have King Jonthane's letter, the royal seal will show you where to go in order to meet the kidnappers. If you have come here without the letter, you have failed Your action will cause the death of the beautiful and innocent princess, as King Jonthane warned you at the very start.

201

Few battles have come tougher than that You feel elated at defeating the loathsome Pool Crawler; regain 1 LUCK point. You leap across the pool, using the belly-up corpse as a stepping-stone. The tunnel continues beyond the pool and ends at another door like the one through which you entered this tunnel There is an identical lever in the wall. You check the ceiling, walls and floor but can see no obvious traps. Will you push the lever up (turn to **335**) or pull it down (turn to **305**)?

202

The porter greedily stuffs the money into his pouch and lets you in. (Deduct 4 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*.) Then he disappears back inside the gatehouse. While the porter isn't looking, you can sneak along a pathway that skirts the west side of the house, if you like (turn to **183**), or you can boldly go up to the front door of the mansion (turn to **155**).

203

In the dark, you fall and pull a tendon in your thigh. Deduct 1 SKILL point and hobble on to **276**.

204

Nothing stirs as you enter the cottage. You glance quickly around then step across what remains of the single room to look out of the hole in the back wall which served as a window. A charred piece of sackcloth curtain flutters in the breeze. You shiver, although it is not cold: something evil has taken place here. Suddenly, out of the corner of your eye, you glimpse a faint movement from a rounded shape, tucked away in the corner of the room. In mounting fear, will you whirl and strike at the shape before it has a chance to do anything more (turn to **179**) or merely draw your sword in preparation for whatever it may turn out to be (turn to **62**)?

205

Cross the stone off your *Adventure Sheet*. The Orc rambles on for ages, but you learn little that could be called useful, except for a recipe for cooking red-spotted toadstools. You can continue on your way by turning to either **55**, **154** or **365**.

206

The pitchfork misses your ear by a hair's breadth and thuds, quivering, into a tree-trunk. Then the gardener is upon you, wielding a razor-sharp scythe

GARDENER SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you roll a double for your Attack Strength in any round, you have luckily cut through the wooden handle of the scythe, and you finish the Dark Elf off with ease. If the fight lasts longer than four rounds, turn to **291** If you win sooner than that, turn to **366**

207

You trudge on with a feeling of fear and hopelessness Some marshes in Khul are home to rare creatures . . . and this one certainly is. Semerles are creatures frozen in time, relics from millions of years ago Half-fish, half-reptiles, they are amphibious and store their meat underwater until it rots. A full-grown male Semerle – like the one facing you – can be two metres long and weigh up to a hundred kilos Its squat body is solid muscle, and a flick of its tail can kill many creatures, if they survive its claws and the tusks protruding from its upper and lower jaws.

SEMERLE SKILL 6 STAMINA 14

Every time you win an Attack Round, you must roll one dice to see if you manage to avoid its lashing tail. On a roll of 5–6, the tail strikes you and causes you 2 STAMINA points of injury. Of course, you don't have to make this roll after the Attack Round in which you kill the beast – if you get that far! If you survive, turn to **24**

208

A short way down the tunnel you come across the sticky strands of a Giant Spider's web Worse, you come across the spider itself! Its ability to see in the dark makes it more than a match for most people in tunnels like this

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, you slash through its web – and hear an ominous rumbling. You just have time to sprint forward to avoid a cave-in. There is no turning back now: the tunnel-mouth is blocked. Cross the rope off your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **18**.

209

The odds are too great, even for a great warrior like yourself You fall to the ground, blood oozing from scores of wounds Your adventure is over

210

Faint rumblings are issuing from the mouth of the next side tunnel to appear Will you enter this tunnel (turn to **111**) or continue descending (turn to **234**)?

211

The Bushel is a rather up-market establishment, where the bar-girls wear uniforms and the seats are covered in mock Lizardine leather Entry is 2 Gold Pieces, but thereafter the food and drinks appear to be free. You can pay and go in (turn to **233**), go to the bar across the road instead (turn to **189**), or call it a day (turn to **388**)

212

This laziness is one of the magical effects the mist exerts upon you: you sink deeper and deeper into depression, as if the bog itself were sucking you down But resolve still flickers in some corner of your mind, though it will take great mental strength to summon it up. Roll three dice If the total is less than, or equal to, your current STAMINA score, turn to **236**; if it is greater, turn to **288**.

213

Desperation lends you an actor's skills Even to you, your imitation of the rough tones of a Desert Cat are almost convincing. At any rate, the Ogre turns around and stomps off, cursing Tiddles under his breath. You make your way to the front of the house Nothing stirs in the gatehouse on the far side of the wide courtyard as you turn the handle of the front door and it opens noiselessly on well-oiled hinges. Turn to **197**.

214

You come across the half-sunken, half-rotten shell of an ancient willow tree. Will you climb inside the hollow trunk (turn to **398**) or not (turn to **99**)?

215

If, with your *third* dice, you rolled 1–4, turn to **15**. If you rolled 5–6, turn to **324**.

216

You make slow progress because you are spending time backtracking, looking for blades of crushed grass, overturned pebbles, broken twigs – anything that might show which way Otus went. By mid-morning you have progressed only a kilometre or two, and you stop to rest in the shade of a stand of oaks. You decide your best bet will be to enter dread Deathmoor and explore, since that is obviously where Otus was making for.

By noon of the following day you have reached the edge of Deathmoor. You are now confronted by a fast-flowing river whose surface is covered in scum and putrid fish. You need to find a way across the river: you can follow it upstream to the north (turn to **68**) or downstream to the south (turn to **220**).

217

Trapped between these two huge brutes, you stand no chance at all. Your adventure is over.

218

The papers you grabbed are worthless. You leave the blazing room by turning to **192**.

219

This a ghost town – literally! A crowd of Wraiths is coming down the street towards you, jostling one another for the first place and the chance of fresh meat. You decide that it will be wise to leave here. You can either go back inside the imposing building you have just left, and jump into the flooded basement, which is the only possible hiding-place (turn to **157**), or you can sprint down a side street and out of town (turn to **69**).

220

As you progress downstream, the river gets more and more sluggish, until you are almost keeping pace with the white underbellies of the dead fish in the river. You are walking along a narrow towpath with, on your left, tall gorse bushes that are armed with vicious thorns and, on your right, the oily river. And there, straight ahead of you, are two Blackhearts. These mutations – a cross between Dark Elves and Orcs – occasionally appear in northern Khul. The two facing you are on patrol and they have no hesitation in rushing forward to deal with you, swinging their jagged scimitars. Luckily for you, the path is so narrow that they can only get at you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BLACKHEART	7	10
Second BLACKHEART	6	8

Every time you lose an Attack Round, roll one extra dice. If you roll a 1, turn to **45**; if you roll a 6, turn to **259**; otherwise, continue with the fight If you win, turn to **271**.

221

You will have to leap from one tussock to the next, so you carefully stow your precious compass away in your pouch first. In order to negotiate six tussocks, roll one dice six times. If the number rolled is ever the same as the number of the tussock you are jumping for (that is, if you roll 1 for the first jump, 2 for the second jump, and so on), you miss the tussock and fall

into the water; turn to **387**. If you reach the sixth tussock unscathed, turn to **318**.

222

You turn into Creel-makers' Alley and see two more taverns further along, on opposite sides of the street. If you do not have the royal letter which the king and queen gave Fang-zen, you now feel that your task is hopeless and that you ought to start again, or perhaps go in search of another adventure. Otherwise, you may as well carry on drinking, now that you've started! Will you go to 'The Bushel' on the right (turn to **211**) or 'Elfbane Bar' on the left (turn to **189**)?

223

You will have to fight the Troll-Orc.

TROLL-ORC	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **27**.

224

As you approach the ruined cottage, you can smell that it has been burned down only recently. In fact, when your hand touches the doorpost, it is still slightly warm; inside, you can see smoke trickling from what were once roof-beams. But much worse is the fact that you also touched something sticky on the doorpost; even in the dim evening light you can see that it is blood. Will you cross the threshold of this cottage (turn to **204**) or beat a hasty retreat to the other place that caught your eye (turn to **190**)?

225

Like all bullies, the Baron is essentially a coward, caught up in a make-believe world in which he is brave. Since he believes his self-made myth, however, he advances down the stairs to fight you. Turn to **72**.

226

By now the monster under the water has been thoroughly aroused by all your coming and going. It ends your adventure with one chomp of its massive jaws.

227

There is still nothing in this room, even though you snatch one of the torches from the torture-chamber in order to have a good look. The voice is an Illusion Spell, triggered by opening the door between the two rooms. Return to **319**.

228

A hatch in the ceiling slides open and an Iron-eater drops on to your head. This jelly-like creature consumes anything made of iron in a matter of seconds. If you were wearing a helmet, you aren't any more! If you have a spare helmet, though, you may put it on. You shrug the creature to the floor, where you finish it off with a couple of slicing strokes from your sword. You now push the lever all the way up; turn to **326**.

229

As you cautiously lift one half of the double-doored hatch, the rusty hinges let out an awful creak. You

wait a few moments, then a lamp flares in a downstairs window, bathing some of the garden in light. Will you run down the side passage (turn to **114**) or stay where you are (turn to **315**)?

230

You bend down as far as you can, you writhe, grimace and grunt as if in agony; in any language, this signifies severe pain. The guards approach to see what is up. You knee one of them on the chin and he collapses, unconscious, while you whip out your sword to fight the other.

FLINTSKIN GUARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If the fight is still in progress after four Attack Rounds have been completed, more Flintskins are beginning to emerge from their huts (turn to **166**). If you win before four rounds are over, turn to **238**.

231

It all starts to make sense now: Arachnos the Life-Stealer is up to his evil again. Centuries ago, in the far north-eastern promontory of Khul there stood a fair and prosperous trading city called Faleha; Arachnos gradually made himself master of all its revenue. Monetary gain was not his purpose, though he certainly needed to pay the increasing numbers of his servants, soldiers and minions. He is a creature of Chaos: he must sow Chaos and Evil wherever he goes and, unlike the usual thugs you come across in your adventures, he is intelligent enough to pursue more subtle plans for spreading Evil. In *that*, not wealth, lies

his pleasure. Now it looks as though he has set his sights on Arion. He wants to manipulate the trade in gold until he controls enough of Arion to bring King Jonthane to his knees. No doubt his plans will not stop with controlling northern Khul; he intends to set up an Empire of Evil. Your thoughts are interrupted because Otus is still speaking to you. Turn to **137**.

232

You snatch the cylinder and jump back quickly in case anything happens. Nothing does, except that you broke off one of the skeleton's fingers when you took the cylinder. One end of the cylinder has a sun engraved on it, together with the number 55 (note this down). You stow the cylinder safely in your pouch. Will you now try on the crown (turn to **307**) or leave the ship (turn to **188**)?

233

Deduct 2 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*, but restore up to 4 lost STAMINA points because of the food you eat in the Bushel. After eating, you take time to look around at the rest of the clientele Raised voices attract your attention to a group at one of the tables. Guarded by a couple of henchmen who are at least half Troll, a couple of swarthy, well-to-do criminals have been treating their girlfriends to a night out, but it looks as though officers from the City Guard have tracked them down and are questioning them

'You accuse me of arranging murder?' you hear one of the men shout. 'We are just honest plumbers – eh, Igiul?'

'Right, Oiram,' the other man agrees 'We've been here all evening. There are plenty of witnesses – just look around' Will you stay here, to be questioned by the guards (turn to **283**), or leave, knowing that as you've only just arrived in the bar you cannot help them If you leave, you can either pop in to the bar across the road (turn to **189**) or call it a day (turn to **388**).

234

You can see the floor looming up below you, but there are more side tunnels still to come. You are beginning to enjoy the sensation of floating; will you take the next side tunnel (turn to **356**) or carry on down (turn to **9**)?

235

You are deeply asleep, but you suddenly wake up with a start. What was that? You can hear a snuffling sound to your left, and you leap up to confront a lone timber wolf which has been feasting on the Provisions from your backpack. Her eyes glint red in the firelight and her defence is savage, because back in her den her hungry cubs are anxiously awaiting her return.

TIMBER WOLF SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, you find that she has eaten half your remaining Provisions (round odd numbers down). You doze fitfully for the rest of the night, and in the morning you try to pick up Otus' trail. Turn to **216**.

236

You force yourself to get up and carry on, reminding yourself of the old proverb that 'Where there's life, there's hope.' Your mind sparks into action again. If you have a lodestone *and* a needle *and* some thread, turn to **170**; otherwise, turn to **290**.

237

You drop lightly to the ground and find yourself, as expected, in a cellar. The floor is dusty and it doesn't look as though the room has been used for years. There are crates here and there, in no particular order, and half a bed, and a drawer from some long-forgotten chest. Will you search the room (turn to 3) or not? If you decide not to, there is only a single exit: a wooden door to the east (turn to **80**).

238

You pause, hardly daring to believe that no one heard the fight, swift though it was, but nothing stirs. Will you now leave the village as quickly as possible (turn to **302**) or prowl around (turn to **31**)?

239

The pitchfork pins you to a tree by your sleeve – and by a chunk of flesh in your arm (lose 2 STAMINA points), so you are helpless. You grit your teeth and reach round to pull the pitchfork free with your other hand. Roll three dice. If the total is greater than your current STAMINA score, the Dark Elf reaches you before you have freed yourself, and the last thing you see is his scythe glinting in the dim light as it sweeps towards your throat. If the total is less than, or equal to, your current STAMINA score, you manage to free yourself in time to put up a fight.

GARDENER SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If at any time you roll a double for your Attack Strength, you have luckily cut through the wooden handle of the scythe, and you finish the Dark Elf off with ease. If the fight lasts longer than four rounds, turn to **291**. If you win sooner than that, turn to **366**.

240

His mace strikes you a glancing blow on the head. You manage to get to your feet, but you are groggy. Reduce your Attack Strength by one point for the duration of this fight only. Turn to **339**.

241

You draw your sword and insert its tip into the fissure. This gulley is sacred to a tribe of primitive Cave People who propitiate the subterranean powers that caused the landslip with offerings of small animals. They have been watching your progress along the gulley and by poking your sword into the crack, you have insulted their gods. Behind you, they trundle a huge spherical boulder out of one of the caves and send it rolling down the slope towards you. The rumbling, crashing noise it makes as it gathers speed alerts you to your danger and you whirl around. Will you try to outrun the boulder (turn to **133**), look for a fissure wide enough or a cavern deep enough to hide in while the boulder thunders past (turn to **345**), scale one of the pock-marked rock-faces (turn to **163**) or try to leap over the oncoming boulder (turn to **249**)?

242

Do you have any sallow-seed oil? If you have, turn to **164**; otherwise, turn to **229**.

243

After a while, one of the guards mutters something to the other, then he gets up and goes off somewhere; by feigning severe stomach cramps, you trick the other guard into coming over. You knee him on the chin, at the same time chopping the side of your hand down hard on to the back of his neck. He crumples, unconscious, to the ground. Will you now escape from the village (turn to **302**) or snatch up a flaming brand from the fire and toss it on to the thatched roof of the elders' hut (turn to **11**)?

244

Do you have a Truthstone? If you do, and you wish to use it, turn to **264**; otherwise, turn to **303**.

245

You are immediately gripped by agonizing stomach cramps; lose 2 STAMINA points. You can now try some blue-spotted toadstools (turn to **136**) or some red-spotted ones (turn to **330**), if you wish, or you can hurry on (turn to **69**).

246

You struggle on as best you can as deep night falls and the mists come down, but to no avail. Half-seen, half-recognized shapes loom, eerily glowing, out of the darkness, while fine moisture soaks you to the skin. The ghosts of Deathmoor lure you to your death over a cliff.

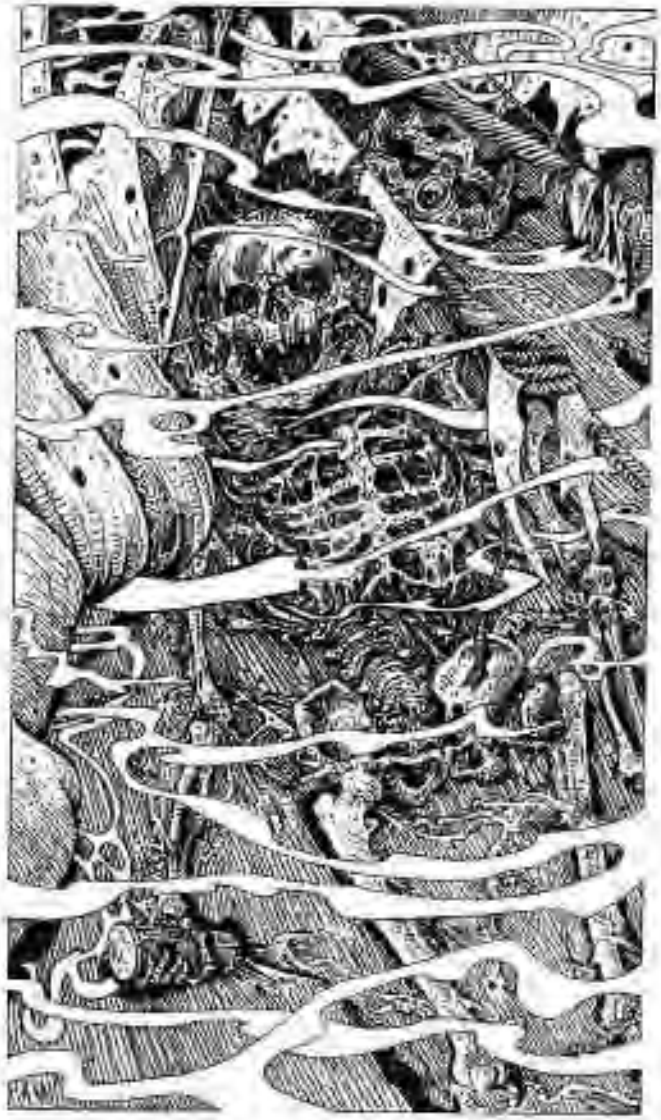

247

The skiff glides effortlessly over the lake without creating so much as a ripple on the water, until it comes to rest with a gentle bump against the rotting hull of an ancient longship. You climb out of the skiff and into the ship; the skiff floats away again. The ship has clearly been used for a royal burial: in the very middle of the ship lies an ancient skeleton and tattered rags of once-fine robes hang from its ribs, arms and legs. A jewelled crown has rolled off its head and is lying, a little way from it, on the deck. In one bony claw it clutches a metal cylinder. The ship is lying beached on the lake shore, so you can leave it without difficulty. Will you clamber ashore (turn to **188**), try on the crown (turn to **307**) or take the cylinder (turn to **232**)?

248

Ophis turns upon Oman in fury and, with cries of 'Thief!' begins to belabour him with his crossbow. Oman responds with his club. While they are thus distracted, you will have to get rid of Otus.

OTUS SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, you find that Oman and Ophis have beaten each other senseless, and you are able to finish them off quickly. You turn back to the dying Otus and demand to be told how to defeat Arachnos. If you have a Truthstone, turn to **298**; otherwise, you can only watch him die and then turn to **284**.

249

Roll two dice If the number rolled is less than, or equal to, your current SKILL score, you succeed in clearing the boulder, which hurtles harmlessly on, down the gulley, turn to **146**. Otherwise, you break your leg, and your adventure ends beneath the clubs of the cavemen.

250

The hut is deserted; perhaps it belongs to one of the elders who is in counsel at present. A rapid search of the hut reveals nothing But by now the body of the Flintskin you killed earlier has been discovered, and the hunt is on for you You have to sneak past six huts to reach comparative safety away from the village and the torch-bearing search-party. Roll one dice six times. If the number rolled is ever the same as the number of the hut you have reached, you've been discovered (turn to **41**) If you make it safely out of the village, turn to **302**.

251

You will have to fight the Orcish porter before you can get out.

PORTER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, you find a bunch of keys in his gatehouse and you waste no time in unlocking the gates and escaping back into the city. Turn to **359**.

252

If with your *second* dice you rolled 1–5, turn to **215**; if you rolled a 6, turn to **151**

253

You are alone again in the marsh and still hopelessly lost At times of crisis all intelligent creatures turn automatically to prayer: they send out a wordless appeal to powers mightier than themselves, and you are no exception. It seems that this is now your only hope. Will you pray to Arachnos (turn to **178**), Glantanka (turn to **332**) or Farigiss (turn to **184**)?

254

It's as well that you were careful, because in the deepening dusk you can only just make out the shape of the gardener, sitting with his back against a low bank. Unfortunately for you, however, his mother was a Dark Elf and so his hearing is exceptionally good He has been listening to your approach for some minutes and hefting a pitchfork in anticipation. As soon as you are within range, he hurls the pitchfork in what he guesses to be your direction *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky turn to **206**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **239**.

255

The leading skeleton's jaw creaks open and shut a few times. It is trying to speak after years of silence. At last the words appear, but it takes such an effort that you find yourself mouthing them along with the Skeleton, as if willing it to get them out. 'What use have we of these, stranger?' the skeleton croaks. 'You are a fool, but you are not evil. You may go.' The skeletal horde stops pressing in on you and allows you to proceed on your way. You may now search the ruined farmhouse (turn to **391**), continue northwards past it (turn to **263**), or turn around and go south (turn to **355**). If you have a Truthstone, you may wish to try its powers on the leader of the skeletons before you leave (turn to **78**).

256

You succeed in sawing through the ropes that bind you, and the guards haven't noticed a thing! They are sitting on the ground to your left and right, a short distance in front of you. Will you try to sneak away from them (turn to **300**) or get them to approach you (turn to **230**), or will you wait (turn to **243**)?

257

The Baron is surprised by your attack. He was expecting you to spring a trap he has set into the second stair, but you leapt over it. So he hasn't even drawn his sword or tried to escape. Your charge ends with you head-butting him in the stomach. He doubles up in pain and jumps down to the foot of the stairs. You leap down after him, again luckily avoiding the trap, while he draws his sword. Turn to **72** to fight him, but first reduce his STAMINA by 1 point, since you have winded him.

258

You are trapped. When Arachnos' zoo-keeper comes round next, he will find a prize exhibit. Your adventure is over.

259

Shocked and in pain, you stumble into the gorse bushes. Deduct 1 extra STAMINA point before returning to **220** to continue the fight.

260

You kill the Troll-Orc outright and race down to the wounded human. Turn to **181**.

261

You shove the papers into your pouch. You have no time to examine them now, but in fact you have picked up a useful note. You can return to this location at any time to examine it: it appears to be the key to a code For now, turn to **192** if you have started a fire; if you haven't, you leave and go into the next room by turning to **319**

262

Arachnos the Life-Stealer heeds your call He sucks your spirit from you, but not your moral awareness Your torture for the rest of your days will be to commit horrid acts of evil as Arachnos' slave while still loathing yourself for doing so.

263

The slope going north beyond the farmhouse turns out to be steeper than it looked from a distance, and it is covered with loose stones and slate You keep causing little avalanches on your way up and your hands are soon covered in scratches. At one point you slide several metres back down the slope and you are forced to pause, gathering your strength Will you give up your attempt and go back down the slope (turn to **156**) or will you carry on (turn to **287**)?

264

You take out the Truthstone, and in its eerie light you see the cruelty of years etched on to the Baron's face as clearly as if you were reading a map or a book Cross the Truthstone off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **303**

265

You find 1 Gold Piece and a needle in the Orc's pockets. If you have recently lost a needle, turn to **141**. Otherwise, you carry on through the marsh by turning to **55**, **154** or **365**.

266

You reverse the Invisibility spell, just as the wise woman taught you. You find a curious object, whose purpose it is hard to guess at. It is about the size of a large key but it looks like a branding-iron, since it ends in a flat face. On the circular face is inscribed a crescent moon and the number '112'. Whatever it is, though, it feels important; restore 1 LUCK point. You store the object safely away in your backpack (add it to your possessions on your *Adventure Sheet*). You decide your best bet is to enter dread Deathmoor and explore, since it is obviously where Otus was heading.

By noon of the following day you have reached the edge of Deathmoor. You are faced with a fast-flowing river to cross; its surface is covered in scum and rotting fish. You need to find a way across the river: you can follow it upstream to the north (turn to **68**) or downstream to the south (turn to **220**).

267

You find a silver whistle with an inscription in ancient Kabeshian, which you know well from your days at the Academy. The inscription reads 'Follow me', and you can also discern the number 333 (make a note of this). You blow into it and enjoy its clear, high note, but nothing else happens – except that you attract the attention of the Pterolin's mate. Like all the males of the species, this one is bigger and stronger than the female you have already met. Will you escape down the tunnel (turn to **208**) or stand and fight (turn to **116**)?

268

You lean over and whisper some extremely unpleasant threats into the ear of a small, weasel-faced man at Fang-zen's table, and he suddenly remembers an appointment elsewhere in town. Now that there's a stool available, you sit down. As soon as Fang-zen spots you, he begins to taunt you. 'Oh, it's you,' he sneers. 'Late as usual. The quest's mine, punk, and there's nothing you can do about it. What happened to make you late? Did you get doped by some Sleeping Grass, or did the milksop child of a weakling Sprite defeat you in a punch-up?' Will you respond to his taunts with insults of your own (turn to **161**) or get up and walk away (turn to **87**)?

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269

There are four platforms with quite wide stretches of river in between them, but each platform is large enough for you to get a good run-up in order to jump for the next one. However, since each platform will sink into the foul water if you linger, you must simply run and jump four times non-stop This makes the crossing progressively harder Roll one dice four times The first time, you are successful if you roll 1–5, for the second roll you need 1–4, for the third roll 1–3, and for the fourth and final roll 1–2 If you fall off the first platform, you can swim back to the eastern bank for the loss of 2 STAMINA points caused by damage from the poisonous water If you fall off the second platform, you swim back to the eastern bank but lose 4 STAMINA points. If you fall off the third platform, you must swim on to the western bank and lose 4 STAMINA points. If you fall off the fourth platform, you swim to the western bank but lose 2 STAMINA points. If you end up on the western bank, as intended, turn to **159** If you end up back on the eastern bank, you can either try again or give up and head south (turn to **220**) or investigate the bilious grey-green cloud (turn to **169**).

270

Tonight you rest in the comfort of bracken and heather (restore 2 STAMINA points), but Grinches get among your Provisions. Grinches are small, weasel-like creatures that are more of a nuisance than a danger In the morning, you find that the sneaky creatures have spoiled 2 meals' worth of your Provisions before disappearing back into the undergrowth You curse and carry on. About mid-morning of the next day, you come to the ruins of an ancient town. Will you bypass the town by heading east (turn to **69**) or walk along its eerily deserted main street (turn to **393**)?

271

You quickly search the bodies before tipping them into the river, where they immediately sink out of sight. On one of them, you find a medallion with an ornate 'A' on it, showing his allegiance to Arachnos. If you want to take the medallion, decide whether to wear it round your neck or beneath your clothing, or whether to stow it among your other possessions. On the other Blackheart you find a map which marks the

Blackhearts' encampment. The map does not make it clear whether there are any more – or even many more – Blackhearts back at the camp. If you want to risk a visit to the camp, turn to **386**. If you continue south, turn to **373**; if you would rather head north instead, turn to **68**.

272

You come to a stout wooden door on your left. You can hear a rumbling noise coming from behind it. Will you open it (turn to **348**) or press on (turn to **176**)?

273

You wait until evening before making your way to the Baron's mansion, as you figure that he's more likely to be in then. You also hope that the dark of night will enable you to move around more safely. The mansion is in the grand part of town where narrow alleys and busy streets and squares give way to leafy lanes and even the occasional field and copse. One such copse is

unfortunately infested with Gutterlags: hyena-like scavengers which live in the suburbs but come down into the towns and cities at night to forage among the sewers for scraps of meat. Individually they prefer their meat cold and putrid, but a pack of Gutterlags, such as the one that is sneaking through the trees towards you, will attack live meat like yourself. You can fight the pack as if it were a single enemy because, once you have killed a few of them, the rest will scatter and slink back into the trees. But you cannot possibly defend yourself against all of them at once, and every even-numbered Attack Round you must reduce your STAMINA by 1 point, whatever else happens during that round.

GUTTERLAGS	SKILL 7	STAMINA 16

If you win, turn to **310**.

274

The Wraiths treat you to a particularly gruesome death

275

After many twists and turns, the gloomy tunnel leads eventually to the lair of a Pool Crawler This monster is the reason for the security doors you passed earlier in the tunnel. It lies, bubbling, in a pool of stagnant water, and Arachnos feeds it with the occasional Orc or Troll from his army. Two baleful eyes appear above the surface of the pool and size you up; the monster does not seem concerned with what it sees. It rears up out of its bed of mud and bones like an enormous toad The warts on its mottled back hiss on contact with the air and give off a sickly-sweet odour It whips out a long, spiny tongue towards you If a Millipede is pursuing you, turn to **217**. Otherwise, you have to fight the monster.

POOL CRAWLER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **201**

276

The mouth of the ravine through which you must go in order to escape is guarded by two Flintskin warriors. You will have to defeat them both to get through, but their posts are some distance from each other, so you can fight them one at a time

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FLINTSKIN	7	8
Second FLINTSKIN	6	7

If you win, you are free. Turn to **16**.

277

During the evening the mists come down and you spend a chilly, restless night huddled under a low bank at the western foot of the ridge, before continuing on your way in the mid-morning, after the sun has broken through and dispersed the cloud. Will you go north (turn to **379**), south (turn to **355**) or west (turn to **8**)?

278

Although you plan to stay awake all night, the warmth from your campfire makes you drowsy and your head begins to nod forward on to your chest. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–3, turn to **235**; if you roll 4–6, turn to **371**.

279

Nothing is that simple. A monstrous alligator cuts through the water towards you. You dive under the water to attack its soft underbelly.

ALLIGATOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you haul yourself, panting, into the skiff. It is beautifully preserved, but in style and build it looks ancient. There are no oars, and there is no other way of moving the boat yourself. Then you see a slot which is evidently for money. If you have no money, or if you decide not to trust this alarming dinghy any longer, you can swim safely back to a tussock and return the way you came (turn to **29**). If you pay, will you put in 1 Gold Piece (turn to **247**) or 2 Gold Pieces (turn to **173**)?

280

'Quick,' you say, 'let me out.' The Orcish porter does not seem to be surprised: people often leave his master's presence in a hurry. He is deliberately, even insolently, slow in locating the key and unlocking the gates. But then you can escape back into the city. Turn to **359**.

281

You have reached the north-western edge of the marsh! Regain 2 LUCK points for surviving the mists and the marsh. If you had any tinder, you find that it is now too damp to use. You throw it away and gather more. As you forage, you allow the sunshine to

warm you until your conscience pricks you to get a move on. Princess Telessa is waiting for you, and the fate of the whole world depends on you You can regain 3 STAMINA points for your rest, but you have also picked up some leeches in the marsh. The number you roll on one dice is the number of leeches clinging to your flesh; it is also the number of STAMINA points you lose prising them off. You feel you are getting quite close to Arachnos' lair Three ways forward look promising: you can go north-west (turn to **96**), north (turn to **270**) or north-east (turn to **126**).

282

Although the heat of the fireball only scorches the stout leather, it destroys any of the following items you may have: arrow, thread, tinder and oil, and 1 meal's worth of Provisions. Turn to **199**.

283

'What's going on?' you ask the guard who has come to your table.

'There's been a murder on the other side of town,' the guard replies. 'A "business" rival of those two villains over there was conveniently trampled by a horse. No witnesses, and our only clue is a bit of torn handkerchief which the victim was clutching.'

A name pops into your mind; you think you might have overheard who the murderer may be. Will you say:

Anfold?	Turn to **369**
Twygarl?	Turn to **17**
Marinus?	Turn to **392**
Pengarl?	Turn to **90**
Elfbane?	Turn to **135**
Penfold?	Turn to **294**

284

You burst into Arachnos' chambers – and are faced with the most extraordinary sight of your life The room is filled with mirrors; you estimate that there must be about four hundred of them. They are arranged so that they all show the same image: Arachnos, who is laughing at you and holding a dagger to Princess Telessa's neck. Which one, of all these images, is the original? You have grabbed Ophis' crossbow. Even though you can have only one shot, you are confident that you will be able to make it count: you can kill Arachnos without harming a hair on Telessa's head. But which image will you shoot at? If you don't know, you have to watch Arachnos kill Telessa, and you have failed.

285

You know that Pterolins are notorious for hoarding any trinkets they may find in the clothing of their victims. You locate the nest, secure the rope round a tree, and abseil down. The nest is on a ledge, but behind it a tunnel extends into the cliff. Will you rummage through the debris in and around the nest (turn to **267**) or investigate the tunnel first (turn to **208**)?

286

On your way up towards the Baron, you step on the second stair. This was a mistake, you realize, in the brief time it takes you to drop ten metres or so on to the spikes embedded in the ground below.

287

Your struggle up the slope costs you 1 STAMINA point in cuts and bruises. When you reach the top, you find that this is just the first in a series of ridges extending to the north like the bow-waves of a boat. You have committed yourself to an arduous journey. You must eat one meal from your Provisions here, just to keep your strength up, but it does not restore any STAMINA points.

On each of the next two days, as you struggle northwards and slightly to the west, following the contours of the land, you will have a hostile encounter. Roll one dice twice to find out from the list below what you must fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
1. GARK	7	11
2. WILD BOAR	6	5
3. BRISTLE BEAST	5	7
4. HILL GIANT	9	11
5. HARRUN	6	7
6. GOBLIN	6	6

If you survive all the hazards of the Hopeless Hills, turn to **69**.

288

You see absolutely no reason to do anything. Life is horrible anyway, you reckon, so you might as well die here and now as somewhere else at a later date. And that is exactly what you do.

289

In the livid glow of a Deathmoor sunset, you come to an ancient door set in the hillside. Although it clearly originates in the lost civilization which once populated this land, you are certain that it is now the entrance to Arachnos' hide-out. You study in particular the three depressions in the door. If you have the three keys necessary to get in through the door, you can work out where to turn to next. Otherwise, you leave to look for another way in (turn to **246**).

290

You are completely and hopelessly lost. Only luck will see you through the marsh in these mists without a compass As long as you are in this state, you will not be offered a choice of directions, since you have no means of knowing what direction you are going in. So now turn to either **55** or **154**.

291

A sleek, feline body leaps through the darkening air, claws slashing at your back. Your lifeblood is soon absorbed by the thirsty soil.

292

Unseen eyes are relieved to see you turn away from the gulley. But other eyes are also watching your progess – a Giant Nandibear is glad you chose to walk its way, since it is hungry Larger and more ferocious than its smaller cousins, it rises on to its hind legs and lumbers at you, snarling. Even your heart sinks at the size of the beast

GIANT NANDIBEAR SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

If you survive four Attack Rounds, some cavemen suddenly pour out of the nearby gulley and begin to pelt the Nandibear with stones and crude wooden spears. The beast gives up the unequal struggle and trots away into the gathering twilight. You turn around to thank your rescuers, but they too have vanished. Puzzled, but grateful, you must continue on your way. Turn to **382**

293

You fall and land awkwardly among the shattered blocks of stone on the floor below. Roll one dice: on an even number, you lose 2 STAMINA points: on an odd number, 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you leave the building; turn to **219**

294

The guard checks, but no one knows of anyone with that name, and there's no one resembling your vague description in the bar where you send the guards. You decide to turn in for the night; turn to **388**.

295

When you wake up, you are still walking. Although your mind recalls nothing, your muscles know that you have been sleep-walking for hours. You are lucky to be suffering nothing worse than exhaustion (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Still, at least the mist has dispersed now, but where are you? Turn to **379**

296

The fight has taken place near one of the stilted huts of the village and you may have caused the hut to collapse during the fight. If the hut is still standing, you may turn to **385** to search it, if you wish. Alternatively, you can try to search another hut (turn to **6**) or leave the village altogether and continue north (turn to **207**) or turn west (turn to **34**)

297

That was stupid. If you do have to tell lies, you should at least make them less easy to see through. The Orcish porter glances at a diary and sees no entry under your name, whatever name you have given him. You may be able to bribe your way in, however, if you offer him 4 Gold Pieces (turn to **202**), or you can leave and look for another way in (turn to **177**).

298

Otus grits his teeth and tries to resist the mysterious power of the glowing Truthstone He cannot quite resist, but he manages to give an enigmatic answer to your question, rather than the plain truth. His mind seems almost to be wandering, reviewing his life – as one is said to do at the moment of death 'My parents died,' he croaks, 'after a sixth of my life; then for another twelfth I wandered the wastes until Arachnos found me – you could call that my coming of age, I suppose! For a seventh part I laboured in his mines, until he saw my potential and promoted me I found a mate then, and five years later we had a child He died, though, eight years ago, when he was half my age ' His voice trails off.

You cry out, 'But how old are you? Er . . . I mean, how old *were* you?' you add, as his eyes glaze over. Try to work out his age, then turn to **284**.

299

The flames do not burn you – they rot you, instantly! Roll one dice If you roll 4–6, your flesh drops off your bones, and you are dead If you roll 1–3, you must lose 6 STAMINA points before you can flee; if you are still alive, turn to **104**.

300

The guards spot you at once. They recapture you and give you a beating (deduct 3 STAMINA points) before dragging you off to the elders' hut Turn to **352**

301

The leading skeleton's jaw creaks open and shut a few times; it is trying to speak, after years of silence At last the words emerge, but it takes such an effort that you find yourself mouthing them along with the skeleton, as if willing it to get them out. 'What use have we of this, stranger?' the skeleton croaks. 'You are a fool, but you are not evil You may go' The skeletal horde stops pressing in on you and allows you to proceed on your way. You may now search the ruined farmhouse (turn to **391**), continue northwards past it (turn to **263**), or turn around and go south (turn to **355**) If you have a Truthstone, you may wish to try its powers on the leader of the Skeletons before you leave (turn to **78**)

302

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **276**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **203**.

303

You kick the Baron's sword out of reach and bend over him. 'Quickly!' you hiss 'What do you know about Princess Telessa's kidnap?'

'So that's what this is about,' the Baron gasps 'Arachnos has her beneath Deathmoor. I made all the arrangements for him. Once he has Arion, King Jonthane . . no choice . .' The Baron is fading fast, but he rallies himself just enough to spit out the words: 'For this information you have killed me, but I'm glad to give it, since it will kill you. No one gets out of Deathmoor alive.' He struggles up to a half-sitting position and purses his lips You step back, fearing he's going to spit at you, but instead he emits a shrill whistle. You hear a loud rustling sound and look up to see a dozen of the largest vampire bats you have ever seen boiling out of the roof towards you Will you stand and fight (turn to **209**) or not (turn to **130**)?

304

Despite your host's vigil beside your bed, poker in hand, you sleep well and wake up, refreshed, in the morning Regain 2 STAMINA points In the morning you head west again, trying to pick up Otus' trail. Turn to **216**.

305

In the wall behind the lever lives a tiny Gering Snake. By pulling the lever down, you have allowed it to slither at lightning speed down the lever and sink its fangs into your finger You will be dead within thirty seconds.

306

Stealthily, you follow Otus at a safe distance. Once, he half turns his head, as if sniffing the air, and you have to duck down behind a fallen tree-trunk, your heart in your mouth. After that, you let him get further ahead. It is clear that he is making for Deathmoor, a region of legendary harshness, into which no man within living memory has travelled and survived to tell the tale. Once, long ago, it was home to an advanced civilization, wise in the ways of the stars. Now it is a chill place of cruel, strange beasts and swirling, magical mists, the residue of the sorcerous battle which caused the downfall of that ancient culture. Folk say that when the mist descends, a traveller's sense of direction is utterly ruined, until only luck and common sense can bring one through. It will be very hard to track Otus through Deathmoor, but you are confident of your abilities. Suddenly a pheasant rises with a noisy clatter of wings from some tall grass to your left. Otus is too far ahead to hear it, but you wheel in that direction just in time to see a dark shape hurtle towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **97**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **187**.

307

You back away from the skeleton before trying the crown on, in case the action triggers it back to life or something . . . but the skeleton lies as still as ever and nothing untoward happens. After a while, you remove the crown and you feel some power impelling you to put it back on the skeleton's head, rather than take it with you. Outwardly you feel no different, but this selfless act means that your LUCK and SKILL are restored to their *Initial* levels. Will you now take the cylinder from the skeleton prince's hand (turn to **232**) or leave the ship (turn to **188**)?

308

As you creep through the shrubbery beside the west wall of the garden in the gathering dusk, some sixth sense tells you that something other than plant-life

is in the patch of shrubs immediately ahead Just then the Baron's pet, a tawny, sleek bundle of fur and savage claws, leaps with a low snarl out of the bushes and at your throat. You've never seen a Scytheran Desert Cat outside a zoo, and you certainly feel that that is where they belong – behind bars

DESERT CAT SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you lie low for a while, making sure that the fight didn't attract any unwelcome attention, then you leave the cat's body to the slugs and continue on your way A deeper shadow directly ahead of you shows you where there is a narrow passage running along the side of the house. You can take this passage towards the front of the house (turn to **114**) or stay at the back of the house (turn to **366**)

309

The badly wounded Troll-Orc on the ground has raised herself on to one elbow and with her last breath fired a poisoned dart from her blowpipe at you. Her aim is true: your adventure is over.

310

You are extra careful for the rest of your trek up to the Baron's house; the yellow sandstone of the mansion seems warm and welcoming in the glow of the late sun. The house is surrounded by a high wall. You can either pose as a businessman and approach the front gate boldly (turn to **125**), or you can look for another way in (turn to **177**)

311

A short while later, you find yourself in the middle of a particularly dense patch of mist. Parts of it seem to be swaying to and fro, like ghostly candle-flames flickering in a draught. This is unnerving, because you can feel no breezes to cause this motion. Then the Mere-folk talk to you in strange, half-whispering, half-whistling voices. 'Follow me,' they say, 'follow me.' You try to talk to them, but they do not understand If you have a whistle which will let you talk to them, you will know where to turn to next Otherwise, will you follow them (turn to **47**) or not (turn to **253**)?

312

You come across a very interesting letter. Written in black ink so thick that a blind person could trace the letters with his fingertips, it is signed with a spiky 'A'. It says that, of the three half-giants, the bearer of the letter (whose name is Otus) is more to be trusted than the other two, who loathe each other. Their love of money and their hostility towards each other make them, the letter continues, 'less loyal to me personally and less useful for our plan. So tell Otus alone the time and place of the Princess's picnic. He will do the rest.' Make a note of the hostility of the two half-giants, and of the number of this paragraph.

The Baron is clearly implicated in the kidnapping of Telessa. You are on the right trail; regain 1 LUCK point. At this moment, however, a spark leaps out of your tinderbox and the flimsy pieces of paper and their dry wooden boxes catch fire with a *whoomph*! Within seconds, the fire is raging out of control. You have time to grab one handful of paper and run: your eyebrows are already starting to singe. Roll one dice. If you roll a 6, turn to **261**; otherwise, turn to **218**.

313

Cross the items off your *Adventure Sheet*. You try to engage the man in conversation but he is not very forthcoming. All he says is: 'Don't you try to sweet-talk me. I'm an Outposter and proud of it. I know what you furriners are like – one of you killed Granny Longshanks next door. Huge feller, he were. So you just shut up and sleep on that bed there, and I'll watch you all night like a hawk. I've got food from you and

that's all I want.' You wonder whether the 'huge feller' was the half-giant, Otus. Will you leave your surly host and investigate next door (turn to **91**) or stay where you are (turn to **304**)?

314

His mace strikes your shoulder, but not your fighting arm. Deduct 2 STAMINA points, then turn to **339** to fight the invisible warrior.

315

An Ogre sticks his head out of the window; he spots you standing like a frozen rabbit in the light, and tumbles out of the window. You get one strike in while he is in the course of doing this, but then he picks himself up and comes at you, wielding a double-headed axe.

OGRE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, will you stop to search the body (turn to **331**), scramble through the open window (turn to **77**), or go on through the hatch (turn to **237**)?

316

If you have either a throwing-knife or a piece of sharpened flint, turn to **37**; otherwise turn to **63**.

317

You win. The blood is spurting from a gash in Fang-zen's hand. You had wagered 6 Gold Pieces, but Fang-zen now confesses that he is broke. One of the few points of honour among thieves is never welshing on a bet; the others at the table scowl and sneer at Fang-zen, and start to draw clubs and knives. 'You had better give me the letter, then,' you say, and Fang-zen has no choice. He reluctantly pulls King Jonthane's letter out of his pouch and passes it across the table to you. The quest is now yours! You notice the royal seal, with its intertwined snakes looking like the number '88', before you tuck the letter safely away (add it to your *Adventure Sheet*) and turn to leave the tavern. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **337**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **353**.

318

The sixth tussock is the last. As far as you can tell in the thick mist, only water now stretches ahead of you. What is more, a small skiff lies at rest, despite being apparently unanchored, a short way off to your right. Will you swim to the skiff (turn to **279**) or make your way back over the tussocks (turn to **29**)?

319

The room you now find yourself in is lit by torches in brackets on the walls. The flickering light reveals a

grim torture-chamber. In the centre of the room stands a stretching-rack; on the walls, pincers, chisels and other sharp implements are neatly arrayed. You see whips with metal balls at the end of leather thongs, and a coffin-shaped box whose open lid reveals vicious spikes that are designed to sink slowly under the weight of the closed lid into the flesh of a victim lying in the coffin. As you step into the chamber, a plaintive voice from the room you have just left whimpers, 'Help! Help me, please!' Will you return to the previous room (turn to **227**) or leave the torture-chamber by the stone stairs leading up to a sound-proofed door (turn to **197**)?

320

You shrink back against the wall, pretending to be terrified, while you fumble in your pouch, saying, 'Mercy . . . mercy, lord. I have something for you.' Then you pull out the potion and down it at a single gulp (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Immediately the invisible warrior becomes clear to you. He is no more than a renegade Dwarf, wielding a spiked and studded mace.

RENEGADE DWARF SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, you find 4 Gold Pieces on his body. Turn to **59**.

321

You begin to see skeletons, complete or in fragments, littering the slopes on either side Most of them are animal skeletons, but some are clearly human or humanoid. Wait! That one didn't move, did it? Surely, that hand didn't slide along the ground towards that wrist, then click into place? Will you make a run for the ruined farmhouse you can see ahead at the end of the valley (turn to **351**) or stand and face the rattling horde of human skeletons you now see gathering round you (turn to **124**)?

322

The Flintskins don't quite know what to make of you; they are not servants of Evil and they sense that you aren't either Luckily for you, the opinion prevails among the elders that you must be on a mission against their arch-enemy, Arachnos They solemnly present you with one of the tribe's most precious totems: it is a branch from an ancient ebony tree, about thirty centimetres long, with a silver hexagram protruding slightly from one end The branch also has the number 158 inscribed on it (make a note of this). The Flintskins then escort you out of their safe gorge and see you on your way. Add 1 LUCK point, then turn to **16**.

323

'No,' you say, 'I have no appointment as such – but I do have these . . .' and you show him 2 Gold Pieces. A greedy glint comes into his eyes, and he furtively opens the gate just wide enough to let you in. (Deduct

the gold from your *Adventure Sheet*.) He secretes the money somewhere about his foul person and disappears back inside the gatehouse while you make your way across the courtyard. When the porter isn't looking, you can sneak along a path that skirts the west side of the house, if you like (turn to **183**), or you can boldly go up to the front door of the mansion (turn to **155**).

324

The intoxicating fumes make you feel giddy and nauseous, and you reel about. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, when you stagger you go in the direction of the cavern wall; if you are Unlucky, you fall into the pool of molten lava and perish horribly. If you are still alive, deduct 2 STAMINA points because of the effects of the fumes, then turn to **15**.

325

The door swings open to reveal an underground cave, which is lit by smoky torches in brackets on the walls.

You are confronted by two huge statues of reclining, horned, goat-like creatures. Beside each statue is the entrance to a passage. The statue on the left has a sign which reads:

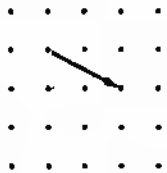

The statue on the right has a sign which reads:

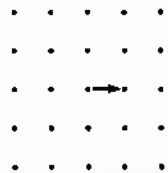

Will you take the passage to the left (turn to **383**) or to the right (turn to **71**)?

326

The door opens with a grinding noise and you step through into the gloom of the tunnel beyond. The door slams shut behind you so that you are now in pitch-blackness. If you have a tinderbox, flint and some oil, you can make a crude lamp; or you may have an actual lamp. Otherwise, you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point until you are told you are back in a well-lit area . . . if you ever get there. Progressing mainly by your sense of touch, you come across a turning to the left; a rank smell is issuing from it. Will you take this turning (turn to **153**) or continue straight on (turn to **94**)?

327

'Dog?' says the Ogre with a puzzled look on his face. 'But the master don't have no dogs.' He then pulls a double-headed axe out of his belt and lumbers rapidly down the passage towards you. You barely have time to get to your feet and draw your sword. Turn to **397**.

328

Thinking quickly, you smash the phial of slippery oil on the ground in the Troll-Orc's path. He loses his footing and crashes heavily to the ground, where you dispatch him easily. Cross the oil off your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **181**.

329

As soon as you leave the bar, you are mugged by a team of professional footpads who had observed how much you won. They rob you of 2 meals' worth of Provisions and 8 Gold Pieces, before you scare them off with your sword. Make the appropriate adjustments to your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **388**.

330

These toadstools are extremely nutritious: restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Unfortunately, they are also very rare and you have already eaten all that are available in the vicinity. You can now try some green-spotted toadstools (turn to **245**) or some blue-spotted ones (turn to **136**), if you wish. Or you can continue on your way (turn to **69**).

331

Have you already dealt with the gardener? If you have, turn to **32**; otherwise, turn to **128**.

332

If your current LUCK score is 6 or above, turn to **162**. If it is less, nothing happens; return to **253** and try again.

333

You blow on the whistle to signal your agreement to the idea of following them. They lead you safely out of the north-western reaches of the marsh. Turn to **281**.

334

If you try to barge one of the stilts down, roll three dice; if the total rolled is less than your current STAMINA score, you succeed. If you try to hack through one of the stilts with your sword, roll two dice and get less than your current SKILL score. You decide which one of these methods to use. If you are successful, turn to **65**; otherwise, return to **361** and finish the fight.

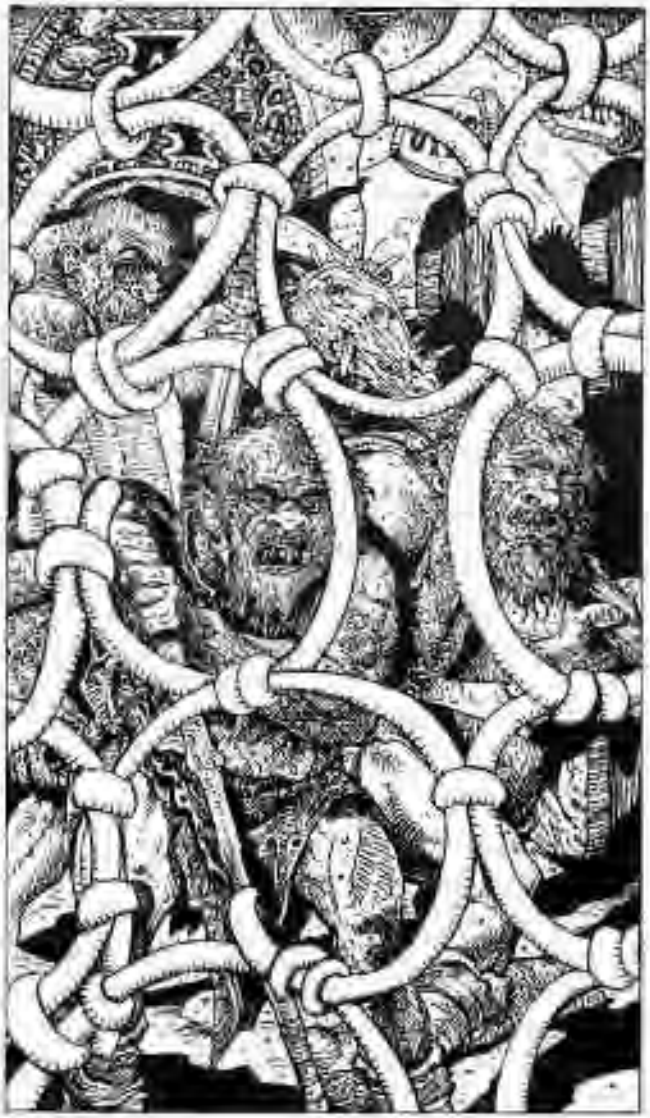

335

The door glides silently open and you step through into a well-lit tunnel. You walk on, but soon from up ahead you can hear the din of a large number of soldiers, and you see a glow coming from the huge cavern in which they are encamped. When a turning appears to your left, therefore, you decide to take it You now find yourself in a short corridor which ends at a grandiose set of double doors. The sickening carvings on the doors, and the motif of the letter A interlaced, leave you in no doubt that this way leads to the chambers of Arachnos himself. However, there are three other doors in the corridor, with a signboard sticking out over each doorway The signs read 'Ophis', 'Otus' and 'Oman' You've already met Otus; the other two must be his half-giant brothers.

You can see all this through the mesh of a steel net which is attached by cords to bells on each of the three doors. There is no way to get through here except by attracting the attention of the three half-giants. You boldly jangle the bells and wait. In no time, the three half-giants come bustling out of their rooms. They are huge! Knotted muscles bulge on their arms and their chests seem about to break through their leather vests. One fingers an axe, another a crossbow, and the third a club studded with sharpened nails. It is Otus who peers at you through the mesh. Are you wearing an 'A'-helmet? If you are, turn to **396**; if you are not, turn to **19**.

336

You manage to wound the watching Troll-Orc, but then he spins around to defend himself against your surprise attack.

TROLL-ORC SKILL 7 STAMINA 4

If the fight is not over by the end of the second Attack Round, turn to **309**. If you win, turn to **27**.

337

You shove your way through the crowd, who give way in awe at your exploits. Those who did not know you already are asking others your name. Restore 1 LUCK point. The barman catches your eye and beckons you over. Will you go and see what he wants (turn to **23**) or not (turn to **384**)?

338

The skeletons go berserk at the sight of the insignia of Arachnos, the dark lord who enslaved them and had them killed. They tear you to pieces. Once the crows and Mordidas have finished with you, your bones too will bleach on the hillside.

339

Because you cannot see your opponent, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for this fight, in addition to any SKILL penalties you may have already incurred. Only your lightning-swift reactions to the sounds of your enemy's breathing and his movements can save you now!

INVISIBLE WARRIOR SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If by chance you win, turn to **59**.

340

You sneak safely to the front of the house. No one stirs in the gatehouse at the far end of the courtyard as you turn the handle of the front door and it opens noiselessly on well-oiled hinges. Turn to **197**.

341

You let the bucket down then wind it back up, full of clear water. You dip your hand in and sip carefully. The water is refreshing and cool – and is a subtle poison, whose action may be triggered later in your adventure. Write WELL on your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **42**.

342

A pair of Marsh Ghosts loom out of the fog. The eyes of one glow a livid green, while the other's glow red. They use their magic to solidify their ghostly weapons, a silvery spear and a rune-inscribed sword, and they glide into the attack. If you have a shield, you can fight them one at a time. Otherwise, you must choose which one to fight as normal, while the other gets a free strike at you; you cannot wound it, but if its Attack Strength is higher than yours, it wounds you, causing the usual damage.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MARSH GHOST	7	8
Second MARSH GHOST	7	8

If you win, you watch in astonishment as first their forms then their weapons dissolve into the mist. Turn to **214**.

343

They all agree that they wish they had a piece of the action, since mining is much more profitable and secure than fishing. They cannot give you any specific information, however. You can go to the market-place, if you still need to (turn to **150**), or you can now head west out of the city in search of the kidnappers (turn to **200**).

344

You are about halfway down the slope when a savage Troll-Orc sprints out from cover and races down the hill towards you, a spear tucked under his arm, ready to impale you. If you have some sallow-seed oil, turn to **328**; otherwise, turn to **223**.

345

You race down the gulley ahead of the huge boulder, but the time spent looking for somewhere to hide allows the boulder to catch up with you; you must lose 6 STAMINA points. If you survive, turn to **146**.

346

The marsh seems endless as you plod on for countless hours, snatching a few hours of fitful sleep from time to time, although the light never seems to change in this eerie mist. You notice that, in avoiding the worst areas of bog, you are gradually veering west. Will you allow yourself to do this (turn to **281**) or will you correct your course (turn to **73**)?

347

Only a few drops of the acid splash into your eyes. Reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for this fight only.

SPIT VIPER SKILL 4 STAMINA 4

If you win, you hurry on until you come to a place where the river is fordable. You can either wade across the river here (turn to **14**) or continue south (turn to **58**).

348

Steep steps on the other side of the door take you by surprise, and you stumble down them. You have entered Arachnos' forge, tended by a truly enormous Ogre, and your noisy entrance has attracted his attention. He seizes a newly tempered blade from a rack on the floor and lunges at you.

OGRE SMITH SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you win, the dying Ogre falls back and upends a trough of molten metal He dies in agony, and the red-hot liquid spills all over the floor, leaving you no choice but to leave by the forge door. You have time only to snatch a helmet, marked with the letter A, if you wish to. In the passage outside, will you turn left (turn to **176**) or right (turn to **82**)?

349

When a small fireball hurtles down the tunnel towards your face, you have no means of protection. You bury your face in your arms, but you must still lose 4 STAMINA points. Turn to **199**

350

The smell of the bonfire increases; then you hear the sound of someone whistling tunelessly. Do you press forward with extra caution (turn to **254**) or retrace your steps and go round the other side of the garden (turn to **308**)?

351

If the total rolled is less than, or equal to, your current STAMINA score, you make it safely to the ruined farmhouse. If the total is greater than your STAMINA, the skeletons catch you out in the open and tear you to pieces in seconds. If you reach the farmhouse, you can at least defend yourself in the doorway as they come at you one by one. The skeletons have armed themselves with rusty tools that were lying around in the farmyard.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	6	5
Second SKELETON	6	4
Third SKELETON	6	4
Fourth SKELETON	6	5

Once you have defeated four skeletons, the remainder become strangely listless; their arms drop to their sides, their weapons clatter to the ground, and they crumple in piles of bones on the cobbled yard. Will you search the ruined farmhouse (turn to **391**), head north up the slope at the end of the valley (turn to **263**) or go back southwards (turn to **355**)?

352

You are taken into the elders' hut. The guards pin your hands roughly behind your back and hold a dagger to your throat while your belongings are searched. If they find an A-medallion among your possessions, turn to **400**; otherwise, turn to **105**.

353

Your game of pinfinger with Fang-zen attracted the attention of most of the tavern's customers, including some decidedly unsavoury types, the kind of adventurer who would stab a defenceless Elf in the back with a poisoned blade. They saw Fang-zen give you the letter, and they rather want it for themselves. Two of them block your way out of the tavern. You will have to fight them both at once. Choose which one you will fight in any Attack Round, then roll dice as usual for the Attack Strengths of all three of you. You win or lose as normal against your chosen opponent. The other one will wound you if his Attack Strength is higher than yours, but he will miss if it is lower, while you can do nothing to hurt him in that round.

	SKILL	STAMINA
THUG	6	8
YOB	7	9

If you win, turn to **337**.

354

Your sword slices into something vital. Dark blood colours the water and you are free to pull yourself on to the tussock. Return to **221** to resume your perilous journey.

355

After a while, you come across a well; there is a bench beside it on which you are grateful to rest. Despite the well's obvious age, it looks clean and tidy, as if it has been properly maintained. A wooden bucket hangs from a chain. It is true that you are thirsty, and your flask also needs topping up. Will you drink from the well (turn to **341**) or not (turn to **42**)?

356

You walk down the tunnel – and suddenly you sink into the floor up to your knees. To your absolute horror, the 'floor' consists of thousands upon thousands of grey maggots, perfectly camouflaged in the colour of the surrounding rock. Now you have disturbed them into violent motion. Your thrashing carries you deeper into the mass of them. You trip and they fill your mouth with their disgusting wriggling. You cannot breathe . . .

357

You can now either go to the market-place (turn to **150**), or hang around the docks for a while (turn to **171**).

358

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **375**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **293**.

359

As you make your way back down into the poorer districts of Arion, it all begins to make sense. Arachnos

the Life-Stealer is up to his old evil ways again. Centuries ago, in the far north-eastern promontory of Khul there stood a fair and prosperous trading city called Faleha. Arachnos gradually made himself master of all its revenue. Monetary gain was not his purpose, though he certainly needed to pay the increasing numbers of his servants, soldiers and minions. Arachnos is a creature of Chaos. He must sow Chaos and Evil wherever he goes and, unlike the usual thugs you come across in your adventures, he is intelligent enough to pursue more subtle plans for spreading Evil. *That*, not wealth, is his pleasure. Now it looks as though he has set his sights on Arion. He wants to manipulate the trade in gold until he controls enough of Arion to bring King Jonthane to his knees. No doubt his plans will not stop at controlling just northern Khul; he plans to set up an Empire of Evil! There is no further time to waste. You resolve to be the one to put an end to his foul plans. You set off westwards, out of the city, to meet the kidnappers. Turn to **200**.

360

You get close enough to hear heated conversation going on inside – but, since you don't understand the language, this gets you nowhere. You estimate that there are maybe ten Flintskins inside. Will you leap through the doorway and attack (turn to **166**), go to one of the other huts (turn to **198**), grab a flaming branch from the bonfire and throw it on to the thatched roof of the elders' hut (turn to **11**) or sneak out of the village (turn to **302**)?

361

There is a breed of Orc that lives only in dank, gloomy places – by underground pools, or in marshes like this. They build small settlements of crude huts on stilts above the mud, and they eat raw fish and any other small creatures they can kill. In the thick mist you stumble into such a village before you know it Luckily, most of the warriors are away on a hunting trip, but you still have to fight two Marsh Orcs at once. Choose which one to fight normally: you win or lose against this one as usual. Roll for the Attack Strength or the other Orc too: if it is higher than yours, he has wounded you, but you cannot injure him

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MARSH ORC	7	8
Second MARSH ORC	7	7

As soon as you lose 4 or more STAMINA points during this fight, turn to **43**. If you win, turn to **296**

362

The leading skeleton's jaw creaks open and shut a few times: it is trying to speak, after years of silence. At last the words emerge, but it takes such an effort that you find yourself mouthing them along with the skeleton, as if willing it to get them right 'What use have we of this, stranger?' the skeleton croaks. 'You are a fool, but you are not evil. You may go.' The skeletal horde stops pressing in on you and allows you to proceed on your way. You may now search the ruined farmhouse (turn to **391**), continue northwards past it (turn to **263**), or turn around and go

south (turn to **355**). If you have a Truthstone, you may wish to try its powers on the leader of the skeletons before you leave (turn to **78**).

363

Roll two dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your current SKILL score, turn to **260**: otherwise, turn to **336**.

364

They look at one another in surprise. 'I thought everyone knew the Isles of Dawn are the place for them,' one of them says. Then they go off, laughing at the depth of your ignorance. You can now go to the market-place, if you still need to (turn to **150**), or you can head west out of the city in search of the kidnappers (turn to **200**).

365

The tussocks and streams, bogs and rushes, are starting to look terribly familiar. Could you be walking around in circles? If you have been here twice before, turn to **288**. Otherwise, turn to either **55**, **342**, or **76**.

366

You reach the corner of the house and reconnoitre the whole expanse of the rear of the house. A smooth, well-trodden earth path runs along its length, bizarrely littered with the corpses of birds. You don't know what to make of this. The ground-floor windows are all securely locked, so there are only two ways to enter the house here: you could climb up some old, sturdy ivy and break in through an upper window (turn to **38**), or you could lift a hatch-door which appears to lead to a cellar (turn to **242**).

367

The helmsman takes you away from here all right. You float off into the mist, never to be seen again.

368

Keeping the cliff to your left, you continue westwards, following the movement of the sun overhead. The sun is dropping low over the horizon ahead of you when you come to a fork. The same landslip which caused the cliff to your left also formed a secondary gulley, running parallel to the cliff and sloping gently downwards. You can continue to the west along this gulley (turn to **25**) or you can turn slightly to the north past it (turn to **292**).

369

The guard checks, but no one knows of anyone with that name, and there's no one resembling your vague description in the bar where you send the guards. You decide to turn in for the night; turn to **388**.

370

Otus pockets the object, but then makes a signal to Ophis You turn to flee, but a crossbow pierces your heart

371

You are only dozing lightly, so you can easily hear the approach of the ravenous timber wolf which has been attracted by the scent of your Provisions Her eyes glint red in the firelight, and her defence is savage, because back in her den her hungry cubs are anxiously awaiting her return

TIMBER WOLF SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, you sleep fitfully for the rest of the night, and in the morning you try to pick up Otus' trail Turn to **216**.

372

You land easily in the tunnel . . and trigger a trap: a slab of rock crashes down in front of you, blocking the way ahead and releasing a swarm of hornets You race out of the tunnel but have to lose 3 STAMINA points through their vicious stings Moreover, the swarm pursues you for some distance down the hole, so you have to ignore the next side tunnel and turn to **210**.

373

You have been following the river for a while when a slight movement in the bushes to your left attracts your attention and you turn your head towards it – which is precisely how Spit Vipers always get their victims. The large snake spits a ball of acid through the air at your eyes. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **347**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **127**.

374

Will you charge down the passage, hoping to knock your invisible opponent off his feet (turn to **380**), swing your sword at him (turn to **74**) or try to climb back up the magical tunnel which brought you down (turn to **152**)?

375

Your fingers find a secure hold on the step above, as half a dozen huge blocks behind you crash all the way down into the basement. If your current STAMINA is 14 or more, turn to **49**; otherwise, turn to **293**

376

You dash back out into the village square You will be able to escape from the village, but first you will have to fight two Flintskins, one after the other, on your way out. Deduct 1 point from your Attack Strength for these fights only, because your eyes are still watering and smarting from the smoke.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FLINTSKIN	6	6
Second FLINTSKIN	6	5

If you win, turn to **302**.

377

If you have a shield, turn to **26**; otherwise, turn to **349**

378

You empty all your money on to the ground in front of the three half-giants; then you look at Ophis and say, 'Oman gave me this money, which he stole from you.' Ophis' face darkens in fury. If there are more than 10 Gold Pieces on the ground, turn to **248**; if there are 10 or fewer, turn to **143**.

379

You are walking through a valley; bleak hills rise to either side. You have a strong sense that you have been here before or maybe it's just that one piece of moorland looks much like another The sun on your right is climbing in the sky, but it cannot dispel the fear in your heart as to what may lie ahead. Will you carry on (turn to **321**) or turn around (turn to **355**)?

380

He was not expecting this. You crash heavily into him, and you both fall to the floor. You pick yourself up, turn to where you now know him to be and prepare to fight. Turn to **339**.

381

As long as you have the shield, you will have to deduct STAMINA points only after every even-numbered Attack Round which you lose during any future fight. However, it may hamper you in some activities. Now turn to **357**.

382

Regain 1 LUCK point for having survived Deathmoor so far. Night is drawing in as you approach a small hillock. There is something on top of the hillock: a pile of rocks, perhaps. You can either investigate it (turn to **139**) or ignore it (turn to **144**).

383

Spikes shoot out of the floor, walls and ceiling and impale you from all sides. Your death is mercifully swift.

384

Will you now head west out of the city, to begin your quest (turn to **200**), or stay in Arion for a while (turn to **222**)?

385

There is a ladder under the hut which goes up to a hole in the middle of the floor. As you are climbing the ladder, a female Orc pours scalding slops down on your head and shoulders! Lose 2 STAMINA points. You can continue up the ladder (turn to **110**) or go back down and try another hut (turn to **6**), or you may leave the village and continue to the north (turn to **207**) or turn west (turn to **34**).

386

The encampment lies a little way to the south-east. There are no guards, and it seems that the two Blackhearts you killed were based there alone. However, you find little of interest. You decide not to take any of their food, which to you looks and smells repulsive. You do notice a piece of broken stone with an 'S' on it, but you don't know what to make of that. You leave and return to the river-side, where you can now continue south (turn to **373**) or head north instead (turn to **68**).

387

Something slimy and very strong wraps itself round your ankle. You jab down at it with your sword, but it is pulling you under. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **354**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **61**.

388

You return to your boat for the night In the early hours of the morning, two fish-like shapes pull themselves over the side of your boat. Scarlet pearls are sacred to Pelagines, and they have sent a raiding-party to recover the one you 'stole' (as they see it) from Takio. Under their law, this crime is punishable by death. Pelagines are an amphibious race, equally at home on land or under water. Their fish-like heads belie cunning and intelligence, and the scales that cover their humanoid bodies are like armour plating. You can inflict only 1 STAMINA point of damage on them (unless you use LUCK too) in each Attack Round that you win. The male wields a trident, while the female advances tossing a coral-handled dagger from one hand to the other. In the narrow confines of your cabin, they have to approach one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
PELAGINE	7	8
PELAGINETTE	6	5

If you win, you decide to stay awake for the rest of the night. In the morning, will you leave Arion to seek out Telessa's kidnappers (turn to **200**) or will you remain in the city for a while longer (turn to **117**)?

389

They approach cautiously, glancing warily at your sheathed sword. You think to yourself that there must come a time when the odds will be in your favour, so you let them blindfold you, truss you up and haul you off to their village, some kilometres away This cluster

of about thirty huts occupies the end of a ravine which is accessible only through a narrow pass and so is easy to defend. As soon as you enter the village, your blindfold is removed and you are surrounded by a crowd of curious women and children. They chatter away in a nasal language you have never heard before The men drag you to a stout pole in the middle of the village square and tie you to it. Although you are still fully equipped, you are very securely tied up. As day gives way to night, a large bonfire is lit near you. People disperse to their evening meals, leaving only two men to stand guard over you, and you see the elders of the village go off into a large hut near by. Will you take this opportunity to try to escape (turn to **316**) or will you wait (turn to **160**)?

390

As you step forward to land your cowardly blow, one of Fang-zen's companions trips you up, while another stamps on your hand (deduct 1 SKILL point) and a third clubs you on the head (deduct 2 STAMINA points). When you regain consciousness, an entirely different group of people are seated at the table, and Fang-zen is nowhere to be seen. You stagger out of the tavern, reeking of the stale beer with which the floor was awash. You can now either head west out of Arion (turn to **200**) or go to another tavern (turn to **222**).

391

You have disturbed the horror which has made the ruins its home – and which is the cause of all the

skeletons on the hillside. Once the chief servant of Arachnos, it grew too strong, so Arachnos posted it out here to guard the borders of his domain. But it has grown fat and lazy, and now it hates to have its rest disturbed. The Tantaflex uncoils its tentacles and oozes out of the basement towards where you are rummaging through a cupboard A slight sucking noise alerts you, and you turn around to confront a creature out of your worst nightmares. Tentacles sprout from what should be its shoulders, and webbed feet squelch with mud from the basement pool. Piercing eyes glare at you from above a beak-like mouth. The tattered remnants of others' clothing cling to its body, and it is surrounded by the stench of its hoard of rotting flesh By the time you turn from your looting, it has blocked the exits with its tentacles, so you will have to fight.

TANTAFLEX	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

In the unlikely event that you win and gain your freedom out of the farmhouse, you can either head north up the slope at the end of the valley (turn to **263**) or turn back and make your way southwards (turn to **355**).

392

The guard checks, but no one knows of anyone with that name, and there's no one resembling your vague description in the bar where you send the guards You decide to turn in for the night; turn to **388**.

393

You peer into empty windows as you walk along, but there is nothing of interest to be seen; even the

furniture has long ago rotted away to matchwood. Just dank stones remain, blackened by age and lichen, and streaked with dripping moisture. Some of the houses are still almost intact but the majority have completely collapsed. One semi-ruin was evidently once a building of some grandeur, perhaps the town hall. You duck inside, but it is as empty and gloomy as everywhere else. All the same, will you explore it (turn to **85**) or carry on down the street (turn to **219**)?

394

The first rule when dealing with creatures of Evil is *never* to trust them, not even for a moment. Frankly, it's astonishing that you have survived as many adventures as you claim. Otus will return with the princess all right – but she'll be in tiny pieces. You have failed in your quest.

395

Roll one dice. If you roll an even number, turn to **286**; if you roll an odd number, turn to **257**.

396

Otus fails to recognize you from your earlier meeting. He demands your pass. Will you present a moon symbol (turn to **370**), an A-medallion (turn to **66**) or an arrow (turn to **103**)? If you have none of these, your deception is exposed and the giants refuse to let you through – in which case, your adventure is over.

397

Luckily for you, the narrow passage impedes the Ogre. He can only swing his axe overhead or prod at you with its spiked tip. So his SKILL score is less than it would otherwise have been.

OGRE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 10

If you win, you quickly search his body but find only 1 Gold Piece. The axe is too heavy for you to take. You return to the front of the mansion. No one is stirring in the gatehouse at the far side of the wide courtyard as you turn the handle of the front door and it opens noiselessly on well-oiled hinges. Turn to **197**.

398

You find a perch halfway up the inside of the trunk where you can sit and be dry. You are exhausted, and you doze off. You dream of a time when the marsh was a vast inland sea, thriving with ships of trade, fair towns and joyful people. Restore 1 LUCK point and 2 STAMINA points. When you wake up, you can continue on your way by turning to either **154** or **99**.

399

Before you have been travelling for more than an hour, the mists come down to surround you. They are so impenetrable that before long you are completely lost. Is that patch of mist thicker than the rest? You strain your eyes, but soon it dawns on you that you are faced by a Mist Demon, wielding a sceptre of adamantine ice

MIST DEMON SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, you blunder on, hopelessly lost, for hour after hour. Once you nearly fall over a cliff, and once you have to pull yourself back by your fingertips as you dangle over a crevasse. Eventually, however, the mist clears as suddenly as it appeared. Turn to 379.

400

The dagger held at your throat cuts deep. Your adventure ends here

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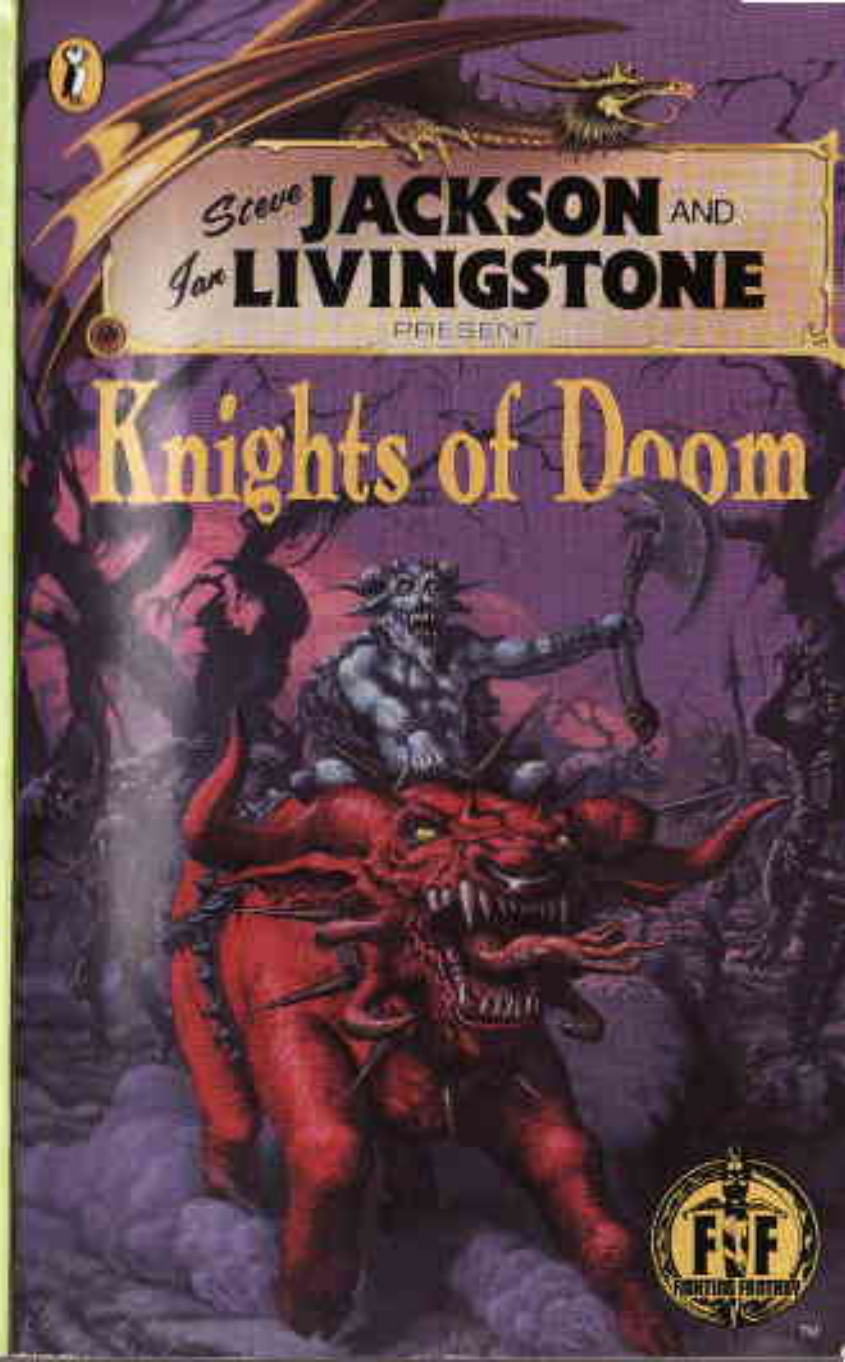

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First published 1994
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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For the spellbreakers

INTRODUCTION

It has taken several years for you to become a member of the holy order of the Templar Knights of Telak the Swordbearer, in the northern kingdom of Ruddlestone. After your initial training as a Warrior-Priest at the Citadel, you served in the Demonkeep Outpost on the border with war-like Brice. There you rose swiftly through the ranks, undertaking many hazardous missions into enemy territory and becoming renowned not only for your fighting prowess but also for your mastery of the arcane secrets taught by your order, achieved through long hours of study. In time, you were invited to return to the Citadel to continue your training and studies in order to become one of the elite Templar Knights. There you swore the Oath of the Templars: to strive to wipe out Evil and Chaos wherever they may be found and always to uphold the honour of your order.

Since that time, you have faced many foes and completed many dangerous quests to the benefit of your country, overcoming seemingly impossible odds by using your heightened warrior's skills and your mystic priestly powers. You have become one of the most trusted and respected of your order, having recently returned from leading a force against a horde of Orcs and Beast Men whom you succeeded in driving back into the mountains.

Before embarking on your latest adventure, you must first discover your own strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 20–21 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording the scores of your attributes. You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one dice. Add 6 to the number rolled, then enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled, then enter this total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one dice. Add 6 to the number rolled, then enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, your scores will change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may never exceed their *Initial* scores, except on those very rare occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Your SKILL reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility. Your STAMINA score is a measure of how healthy and physically fit you are. Your

LUCK score indicates how lucky you are. In all these cases, the higher the score, the better!

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you, and you yourself may choose to draw your weapon against an enemy you chance across. In some situations you may be given special options allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first empty Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions that are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll both dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled, to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows: start a new Attack Round from step 1, above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2

points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below). Proceed to step 6.

5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. You may use LUCK to reduce the loss of STAMINA (see below).

6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die, your adventure ends and you must begin all over again by creating a new character.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one person or creature in combat. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; at other times you will be able to fight each in turn; and then again, at other times you will have to fight them all at the same time! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. When you are instructed to fight your opponents one at a time, the combat is again resolved normally – except that, once you defeat an enemy, the next steps forward to fight you! When you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against any

additional opponents you throw for Attack Strengths in the usual way. If your Attack Strength is greater than your opponent's, in this instance you will not inflict any damage; you can regard it as having parried an incoming blow. If your Attack Strength is lower than your adversary's, however, you will be wounded in the usual way. Of course, you will have to settle the outcome against each additional adversary separately.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battle or when you find yourself in another situation in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for *Testing your Luck* works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current LUCK score, you will have been Lucky and the outcome will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you will have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this procedure becomes.

Using Luck in Battles

From time to time you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then learn the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on an opponent you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck*, as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound; deduct 2 extra points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow only scratches your opponent; you may deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA (so that, instead of inflicting the usual 2 points of damage, you now inflict only 1).

Whenever you yourself are wounded in combat, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct just 1 point from your own STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 *extra* STAMINA point (i.e. deduct a total of 3 points from your STAMINA).

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

At various times during your adventure, you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for doing this is exactly the same as for *Testing your Luck*. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current SKILL score, you have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, you do not have to subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure. It will drop as a result of wounds gained through combat or by falling foul of traps and pitfalls, and it will also drop after you perform any particularly arduous task If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start all over again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating meals or Provisions. You start the game without any Provisions,

but during your adventure you will be able to obtain meals You must keep track on your *Adventure Sheet* of how many meals' worth of Provisions you have left. Each time you eat a meal, you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, but at the same time you must remember to deduct 1 meal from your stock of Provisions. You may pause to eat Provisions at any time, except when you are engaged in a battle.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly lucky or have created your own luck by some action. Details are given, where appropriate, in the relevant part of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Special Skills

As part of your training as a Templar Knight, you have acquired certain Special Skills appropriate to both a warrior and a priest, and these have proved invaluable on many a perilous adventure. Choose *four* Special Skills from the list below and make a note of them in the Special Skills box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You *must* have at least one Warrior Skill and one Priest Skill.

Warrior Skills

Battle Tactics
As well as being a highly skilled warrior yourself, you are also used to commanding dozens of soldiers in

battle. With your superior experience in the art of warfare, a force led by you is all but unbeatable.

Ride
You are an expert horseman, able to remain in the saddle and guide your steed in even the most adverse conditions. This skill means that you are also likely to be able to ride other mounts, even unlikely and unfamiliar ones.

Target
This skill allows you to use weapons that are thrown or fired (such as bows, spears and throwing-knives) with greater accuracy than normal.

Tracking
As long as there is a trail to follow, you can track humanoid or beast anywhere. Your success in tracking depends on the nature of the trail and how old it is.

Weapon
You are not only an expert swordsman, you have also specialized in the use of another weapon in close combat. Choose one weapon from the following list and record it on your *Adventure Sheet*: axe, lance, mace, spear.

Priest Skills

Arcane Lore
Having spent many hours poring over ancient tomes, you are more knowledgeable than most concerning

the history and legends of Ruddlestone, and you understand many of the secret symbols and other mysteries of your order.

Banish Spirit
By brandishing holy symbols and using certain esoteric phrases, you are able to free one ghostly undead spirit from its earthly constraints at a time.

Commune
Through hours of concentrated meditation you have heightened your mystical powers so that you are able to pick up the psychic vibrations given off by the inhabitants of the Spirit World and, sometimes, beings from higher planes.

Holy Strike
You are able to hit evil creatures such as undead and Demons with a blast of holy power that will drain their evil energies. You may make only one strike at a time.

Honour

As a Knight of Telak you are bound by HONOUR. Your HONOUR is a measure of your unselfishness, your sense of duty and allegiance to the path of Goodness. At the start of your adventure your HONOUR score is 6 (you do not need to roll dice to discover this). You may increase your HONOUR score by undertaking heroic deeds and destroying especially evil opponents. However, you can also lose HONOUR points by acting in an evil or selfish way that is more benefiting to your enemies, or by breaking the Oath of the Templars. Keep track of your HONOUR in the appropriate box on your *Adventure Sheet* and do all you can not to dishonour yourself or your order.

Time

As you pursue your quest, it is important that you keep track of the passage of time. Regularly throughout the adventure, whenever a day draws to an end, you will be instructed to add 1 day to the Time Elapsed. This should be done in the Time Elapsed box which you will find on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Equipment

You start your adventure with the possessions and uniform you would expect of a Knight of Telak: you are dressed in a fine chainmail coat and a white tunic with the design of a golden sword embroidered on it, and you carry a magic sword, a weapon made of the

finest steel and cast with a mystical enchantment. This weapon does not give you any bonus to your Attack Strength but it will harm the undead and Demons because of its holy nature. You travel through the kingdom of Ruddlestone on your steed Firemane, a dark roan with a blazing red mane. As yet you do not have a backpack or any Provisions or Gold Pieces.

You should record your magic sword in the Weapon box on your *Adventure Sheet*; everything else goes in the Equipment box. During the adventure you may only ever carry and use one weapon at a time. However, for as long as you have your horse Firemane with you, you may also carry another weapon on his saddle. If you do this, make a note of it in the Equipment box. If you lose a weapon and Firemane is still carrying the other, then you may use this one. However, you may do this only if Firemane is with you at the time. For example, if you lose your sword in a dungeon, until you get out of that dungeon (or you find another weapon there) you must carry on weaponless. While you are fighting without a weapon, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points. If you ever want to change a weapon during combat and are in a position to do this, you must forfeit one Attack Round and suffer the consequences. Also, whenever you acquire a weapon (or armour) you should record on the *Adventure Sheet* any bonuses that go with it and whether or not it is magical.

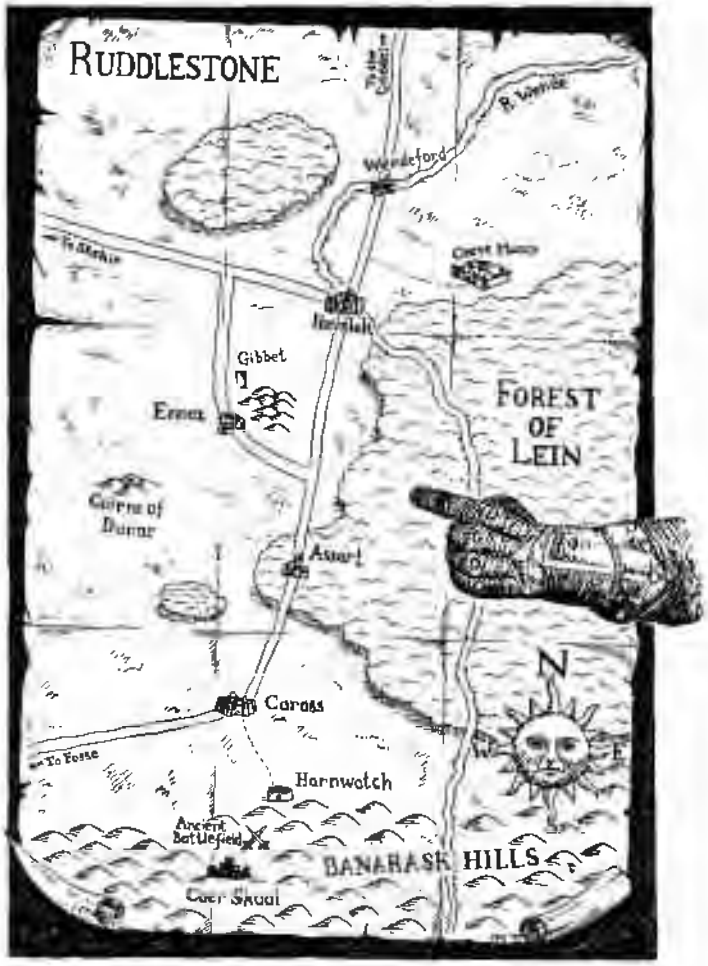

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial
Skill=

STAMINA
Initial
Stamina=

LUCK
Initial
Luck=

SPECIAL SKILLS

Battle Tactics

Ride

Target

tracking

Weapon

Arcane Lore

Banish Spirit

Commune

Holy Strike

HONOUR

TIME ELAPSED

WEAPON

GOLD PIECES

EQUIPMENT AND NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

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BACKGROUND

'The kingdom is sick and I am mortally ill.' Gasps of dismay come from the crowd; the leaders of all the major religious and secular orders of Ruddlestone are assembled here in the hall that is bedecked with the banners of those orders. You are standing in front of the king's ornately carved oak throne. You are suddenly aware how weak and tired King Rannor looks. Having regained his breath, the king speaks again: 'My physicians tell me that I am suffering from no ordinary illness, and that there is only one cure. The land and the king are one and, because there is chaos in the land, I am dying. If the kingdom is to survive, then the source of this disruption must be destroyed, for without a true king the land itself will die.'

'What is the source of this chaos?' you ask.

Aranandus, the court wizard and adviser to the king, answers your question. 'Several weeks ago, during a terrible storm over the Banarask Hills, a gateway opened between our world and the Spirit Planes, centred upon the ruins of the fortress of Caer Skaal. My fellow sorcerers and I detected the disturbance it was causing on the magical ether, and for kilometres around people saw a great, swirling vortex form amidst the boiling storm-clouds. Eye-witness accounts say that while the portal remained open, terrible screaming spirits could be seen flying across the night sky

throughout the land. It was a truly terrifying spectacle to behold. However, before the vortex closed again, something else was detected escaping from the Ethereal Plane – something of the utmost evil that exuded corruption. Recently reports have been coming from the south concerning a band of dark warriors who are terrorizing the countryside and carrying banners that bear the motif of a metal gauntlet holding a black sword.' You gaze at the old wizard in horror. 'Yes,' he says gravely, 'the arms of the Chaos Knights of Caer Skaal.'

Every Templar knows about that terrible period in Ruddlestone's history. One hundred years ago, the king and head of your order at that time, Chivalras IX, had a brother, Belgaroth, who was also one of the Knights of Telak. But Belgaroth was consumed with jealousy for his brother and desired to be king himself. Although Chivalras was in truth a worthy monarch, Belgaroth considered him a weak king and thought that Ruddlestone should be ruled with an iron fist. As the years passed, Belgaroth spent more and more time away from the Citadel at his own castle on the edge of the Banarask Hills. During that time, he became corrupted by his own hatred and jealousy, so that eventually he rejected Telak and turned to worshipping the Dark Gods of Chaos, that they might grant him the power to destroy Chivalras. As part of his service to his dark masters, Belgaroth founded an order of Chaos Knights to lead his hordes of evil against the Citadel. However, Chivalras's spies uncovered Belgaroth's plans, and so the Crusade against Chaos began. The

war raged on for several months until the Knights of Telak at last stood before Belgaroth's castle, the fortress of Caer Skaal, and besieged it. Within two weeks the battle was won and the Chaos Knights were no more. From that time, the ghost-haunted ruins of Caer Skaal were left to the inhabitants of those wild lands.

'Belgaroth must have returned from the Lands of the Dead and resurrected his dark order,' Aranandus continues. 'His servants strive for disruption and confusion so that Chaos may tighten its grip upon our world. There is talk of witchcraft in the north; the dead are rising from their graves, and there have been many dark portents seen across the land. There are even rumours that in places the ancient Forest of Lein has begun to wither and die. If the land, and the king, are to be saved, then this chaos must be stopped. The Knights of Caer Skaal must be destroyed.'

Addressing you directly, the king takes up the story. 'My advisers tell me that a single skilled warrior would have greater success in this quest than a large force, as a lone knight will be able to travel faster and will find it easier to penetrate the enemy's lines without being detected. We need to strike as quickly as possible, and to prepare an army would take several days,' King Rannor adds. 'You have been chosen to be that knight, for you are one of the greatest of all the Knights of Telak. Your courage, your prowess in battle, and your command of the mystic powers taught by your order are known of throughout the kingdom. You will accept the quest, of course?'

'Yes, my liege,' you reply. 'If my kingdom is in danger then I must do all I can to stop these Knights of Chaos.'

'Good,' says the king, with a sigh of relief. 'You must head south for Caer Skaal and try to stop this evil; this will also give us time to prepare a force, were you to fail in your mission. However, I pray that you do not: should Belgaroth seek his revenge on the royal line of Chivalras, then all Ruddlestone may be doomed!'

You bow to King Rannor and turn to leave the audience chamber. As you do so, the large double doors at the far end of the hall burst open and a chill gust of wind blows through the chamber. From beyond the open portal you can hear the clip-clop of a horse's hoofs on the flagstones. The noise draws closer until it sounds as if it was inside the hall, but you can see nothing. Then it stops and, at the same moment, the temperature in the hall drops. As you watch, a phosphorescent green glow begins to appear in front of you. Something is materializing in the audience chamber. Something not of this world . . .

Turn to paragraph 1.

1

The phosphorescence rapidly increases in size, making a recognizable shape. Directly in front of you a ghostly armoured knight forms, surrounded by an eerie green glow and mounted on a phantom steed Inside the helmet the knight's face is that of a fleshless skull, its empty eye-sockets staring down at you. The ghost points at you with its sword; its jaw drops open and the dead knight lets out a ghastly moan: 'Beware, mortals. Beware!' Before you can react, the horse rears up on its hind legs and tries to crush you beneath its hoofs *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **57**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **145**.

2

If you have taken more than six days to get this far, turn to **159**. If you have taken six days or less, turn to **338**.

3

As the man flees, he drops several spiked metal balls in Firemane's path. Firemane shies and rears up to avoid galloping into the deadly calthrops. If you have the *Ride* Special Skill, turn to **156**. If you do not, *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **156**; if you fail, turn to **170**.

4

Eventually your opponent falls. You have not even reached the door when the pressure of the steam inside the boiler becomes too great and the iron chamber explodes – with cataclysmic effect The

Juggernaut is blown apart by the blast, as are you. Your adventure ends here.

5

The people of Assart bolt their doors and barricade themselves inside their homes as you set off alone on Firemane, going west towards Myrton. Dusk is falling as you reach the derelict ruins lying under a thick pall of mist. The air is heavy with the smell of death and you can hear the tolling of a bell. Suddenly a great crowd appears out of the mist, blocking the way to Myrton. The undead villagers stumble towards you, moaning and waving farm tools threateningly in your direction. You have no choice but to charge these undead ranks in an attempt to break through their lines. Roll two dice to see how many of the undead strike you. If you have the *Holy Strike* Special Skill you may reduce this number by 2, and you can also do this if you have a lance. For every strike you sustain, lose 2 STAMINA points. If you survive running this gauntlet, the undead ignore you and instead make for Assart, leaving you to go after the Necromancer. Turn to **31**.

6

The spell-locked door opens and you gaze into what was obviously once a wizard's laboratory. You are at the top of a staircase that winds round the wall of the circular chamber to floor level. The room is full of tables and benches laden with bizarre pieces of equipment and scientific apparatus. Around the top of the circular wall have been painted pictures of strange mythological creatures, and the domed ceiling is a

deep blue, inset with sparkling gems to form a map of the heavens. Slumped over a book on a desk is a skeleton, wearing a blue robe embroidered with stars and moons. As you descend the staircase, the skeleton remains motionless so you decide to take a closer look at the book. The skeleton is that of Savant, a good wizard in the service of Belgaroth before the Dread Lord was corrupted by his own jealousy to the service of Chaos. When his master turned from the path of goodness and truth, Savant hid himself away and began work on finding a way to stop Belgaroth. What he discovered lies here before you. However, it is written in a strange magical short-hand. If you have the *Arcane Lore* Special Skill, turn to **70**. If you haven't, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **70**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **189**.

7

Already you know that the village of Assart is doomed. With the Necromancer still alive, his army of undead will continue to grow until it is unstoppable. You have not even left the graveyard when you are surrounded by a horde of Zombie-like creatures. You cut down many of the evil undead, but in the end you are overwhelmed and, once dead, you are returned to the sepulchre to meet your new master.

8

Between the trees at the edge of the clearing, the ground is thick with bracken. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **291**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **216**.

9

The Paladin's Lance is the very weapon that pierced the heart of the Hell Dragon forty years ago. It will be an invaluable weapon if you ever have to take part in a joust; however, it cannot be used in hand-to-hand combat. If you are ever given the option of using the Lance, *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the number rolled if you do not have the Lance *Weapon* Special Skill. If you are successful, your opponent loses 2 STAMINA points. (Record the Lance in the Weapon box on your *Adventure Sheet.*) Return to **356**.

10

The Giant roars in fury at you for having avoided his hazards. Bellowing, it swings its club at you. Drawing your own weapon, you engage in single combat.

HILL GIANT SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you defeat the brute, turn to **173**.

11

Gripping the Elf-Spear firmly in your hand, you feel its power flowing into your arm, strengthening your muscles. Flinging your arm forward, you hurl Aelfgar through the air, aiming it straight at Belgaroth's chest. *Test your Skill*, subtracting 2 from the dice roll if you have the *Target* Special Skill. If you succeed, turn to **400**. If you fail, turn to **144**.

12

Having removed the Banshee's tooth, do you want to make your way back to the crone's cave so that she can concoct your potion (turn to **217**) or will you go elsewhere (turn to **202**)?

13

Quickly you unsheathe your weapon, ready to fight the hellspawn. Being a denizen of the Eternal Pit, the Demonic Slayer can be harmed only by magical weapons. If you do not have one, you will meet the same fate as that of Herluin under the creature's onslaught. Your adversary's claws are so sharp that they will cut through armour and flesh alike, so any bonuses you may have against damage will have no effect!

DEMONIC SLAYER SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

If you destroy the horror, turn to **128**.

14

At the top of the steps you enter a long antechamber, at the end of which is a set of double doors made from a dark wood, inscribed with mystical runes. However, at this moment, the spectre of a woman is materializing in the room Her ragged robes and hair stream out behind her as she flies towards you across the room, her claw-like hands raised, screaming insanely. Upon her head is a crown of Dragon's teeth and the manic look in her eyes tells you that the ghost has been driven completely mad. The spectre is in fact that of Belgaroth's fiend-like queen, Morgwyn of the Dark Tower. A servant of Shekka, goddess of witchcraft, it was she who, during the siege of Caer Skaal, conjured terrible creatures from the Spirit World to assail the crusaders' camp at night and deprive the warriors of precious sleep. Upon hearing the news of her husband's death on the field of battle, Morgwyn took her own life, throwing herself from the highest turret of the fortress. If you have the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill and want to use it to dispel the spectre, turn to **204**. Otherwise you will have to fight Belgaroth's queen; turn to **29**

15

The owl suddenly launches itself from its perch and starts to buffet you with its wings, forcing you towards the door. Whenever you strike out at the bird, it flies up to the ceiling, out of your reach. You try to carry on your investigation of Herluin's cell, but the owl begins screeching and continues to hamper any move you make. You decide that you have already wasted

enough time here anyway, so you hastily leave the cell and the wood. Turn to **49**.

16

You notice that, above each archway, a rune has been carved into the stone. From hours spent studying such secret symbols, you can recognize all of them. Above the southern archway is the Rune of the Swordbearer; over the northern archway is the Rune of Enkala, goddess of peace; and the stone above the western archway bears the Rune of Death. Which way will you go?

South?	Turn to **361**
West?	Turn to **391**
North?	Turn to **109**

17

It is early afternoon when you ride back into the courtyard of Cleeve Manor. Lord Varen hurries out to meet you, and when you show him the boar's tusks he is overjoyed. 'At last my people will be able to live without fear again. The Great Boar of Lein is no more.' (Add 1 to your HONOUR score.) Lord Varen invites you to spend another night at the manor; but you feel that, if you leave now you should be able to reach Havalok by nightfall. However, Varen insists on offering you some service in return for killing the boar. Will you ask him:

If you can recruit some of his soldiers to fight against Belgaroth's forces?	Turn to **288**
If he knows anything about recent goings-on in the forest?	Turn to **158**
What he knows about the Elf-Spear Aelfgar?	Turn to **206**

18

These man-like creatures are Wodewose, primal spirits of the forest itself, and from it they draw their strength. They will not be easy to defeat, for you must fight them together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WODEWOSE	9	7
Second WODEWOSE	9	8

If you win, the bodies of the Wodewose dry up and turn brown. Bewildered by your encounter with these strange creatures, you continue on your way. Turn to **368**.

19

As you and Torrin wait in tense silence, you can hear the sounds of growling and sniffing coming from outside the forge. The Dwarf bolts and bars the door then begins to secure the window-shutters. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **310**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **375**.

20

Before you even manage to draw your weapon, a dark bolt of energy flies from the warlord's hands and strikes you full in the chest. It feels just as if you have been hit with a Giant's club. You are thrown back across the room and slam into the wall; lose 5 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **162**.

You can see that parts of the surrounding fields are blackened and blighted. As you ride into Ennox, a group of villagers turns to look at you with hostile expressions on their faces. 'So, a Templar,' one of them says. 'What 'ave we done to deserve the attentions of the likes of you? As if things weren't bad enough with the blight. We don't need your sort snooping around 'ere.' The man's fellows mutter their agreement. Something tells you that your presence isn't welcome here. You have no quarrel with these people, so will you ride on through and leave them in peace (turn to **332**), or will you stop and argue in defence of your order (turn to **150**)?

25

Fortunately your helmet absorbs most of the force of the blow (lose 1 STAMINA point). The crate that hits you falls harmlessly to the floor, and you turn around as a figure drops from an opening in the ceiling. It is a man dressed in the garb of a labourer and wearing a dyed green hood that covers his face completely with just two eye-holes cut in it. In one hand the man is holding a chain, with a spiked ball on one end of it. With a shout he attacks you.

HOODED ATTACKER SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

Every time your opponent wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 1–4, the spiked ball does the usual 2 STAMINA points of damage. However, on a roll of 5–6, the weapon hits you extra hard, causing 3 points of damage to your STAMINA. If you reduce the man's STAMINA to 2 points or less, you can either try

to question him as to why he attacked you (turn to **235**) or finish him off (turn to **354**).

26

You step through the door into a scene of utter devastation. The lower storey of the cell is a single room, furnished with bookcases, a large desk and a high-backed chair. However, several of the bookcases have been pulled over, spilling their contents of scrolls, ancient tomes and strange artefacts across the room. Bottles lie smashed on the floor, their precious contents soaking into the packed earth. Lying in the middle of the debris is Herluin the Sage, his body scored by deep gashes that look as though they were made by the claws of some huge creature. As you survey the wreckage, there is the sound of beating wings, and a tawny owl alights on its perch near the desk and gazes at you with large, blinking eyes. If you have the *Commune* Special Skill, turn to **99**. If you do not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **99**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **166**.

21

There are no traps hidden by the unnatural darkness but, as you step through it, the marrow-freezing cold drains your strength (lose 2 STAMINA points) unless you are carrying a shield bearing a crescent moon which projects a glowing white barrier round you. You soon emerge from the chilling darkness and find yourself in a chamber faced with slabs of stone. In it stand three large stone coffins. Lying on top of the central sarcophagus is an ancient sword inscribed with interweaving patterns. Do you want to risk taking it (turn to **231**); or will you leave the dead in peace and quit this tumulus, passing through the pool of darkness once more, for the loss of 2 further STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point unless you have the moon shield (turn to **316**)?

22

The force of the blow sends you reeling, and you fall to the floor. The mercenaries cheer and, as you climb the steps out of the pit, Stronn explains that he could never let his men be led into battle by anyone but the best of warriors. Nothing you can do will persuade Stronn to change his mind, so you decide not to waste any more time at the Mercenaries' Guild. Turn to **314**.

23

For much of the day you ride west and south through the Banarask Hills without seeing another soul in the desolate terrain. It is late afternoon when you come to the bottom of a sheer-sided incline. As you start to climb the path to the top, a huge silhouette appears on the horizon. Standing at the top of the incline is an

ugly brute, at least six metres tall. The Hill Giant is covered in hair and is dressed in tatty animal furs, while in its massive hands it holds a small tree as a club. Next to it is a pile of tree-trunks. On seeing you the Giant gives the pile a mighty kick, sending the tree-trunks rolling down the valley, directly towards you. The sides of the path are too steep and there is no time for you to get out of the way of the speeding logs, so you prepare to jump them with your mount. *Test your Skill* four times, subtracting 2 from the dice roll if you have the *Ride* Special Skill. If you succeed on every roll, turn to **10**. If you fail at all, turn to **88**.

24

As the last Hellhound dies, dawn breaks on another cold Close day; but at least you have survived the night to see it (add 1 day to the Time Elapsed). The memory of that terrible night will remain with you for a long time. Looking across at the old Dwarf, you see that he is bleeding from many savage wounds, but at least is still alive, too. You realize that you have been fighting alongside a true veteran. Regain 1 LUCK point for surviving the demonic pack's attack. Having rested and tended your wounds, you lead Firemane from the stable and continue on your quest, but not before Torrin gives you sufficient Provisions for 3 meals and his best wishes for the journey ahead.

As Torrin said you would, by mid-morning you reach the lonely village of Ennox. A number of farms and other buildings huddle together round the village square, in the middle of which stands a stone cross.

27

Passing through another opening, you enter a small cave. There in front of you is the Cockatrice. The creature has the head and body of a large cockerel, while a long snake-like tail lashes behind it. The thing half struts and half flies towards you on large, leathery bat-wings. The Cockatrice is a fearless carnivore and has no qualms about taking you on! If you have read about this monster in a bestiary or have the *Arcane Lore* Special Skill, turn to **90**. Otherwise you will have to fight the creature.

COCKATRICE SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If the Cockatrice wins an Attack Round, as well as pecking you and causing 2 STAMINA points of damage, the creature has poisonous breath which may well paralyse part of your body, and this could be fatal! Roll one dice to determine what the effect is

Dice Roll	*Effect*
1–2	Nothing happens
3	Lose 1 SKILL point
4	Lose 2 SKILL points
5	Lost 3 SKILL points
6	Death

If you manage to kill the Cockatrice and you have the word 'Enorc' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **221**; if you haven't, turn to **168**.

28

Brandishing the talisman, it is your hope that the creature will be repelled by it. Rather than being

repelled, however, the manifestation seems to be attracted to the amulet Such talismans are worn by the Darkthorn's servants and cannot be used to harm the evil elemental spirit they worship. Black stems burst through the floor, wrapping themselves round your arms and legs. There is nothing you can do as, held in the Darkthorn's grasp, you are torn limb from limb by the roots.

29

If you are not fighting with a magical weapon, it will be impossible to defeat the spectre and Morgwyn will drain the life-force from your body. If you do have a magical weapon, you may fight on as normal. For the first two Attack Rounds, Morgwyn will use her black arts against you. If she wins the first Attack Round, she will strike you with a bolt of black lightning, causing you to lose 4 STAMINA points. If she has the higher Attack Strength in the second Attack Round, she conjures phantasmal fiends to rend your flesh with

vicious teeth and claws (lose 6 STAMINA points). After that, she will fight on with her clawed hands. If you have the *Holy Strike* Special Skill you may use this against the spectre, causing her to lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point.

MORGWYN SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win, the apparition of the fiend-like sorceress vanishes with a scream in a swirl of vapour. If the spectre hit you at least once, roll one dice Unless you roll a 6, you will have to deduct 1 point from your SKILL due to Morgwyn's life-draining touch. Turn to **290**

30

Spurring Firemane onwards through the bracken and undergrowth, you cross a stream and lose the track you were following. Undeterred, you press on, hoping to pick it up again soon. However, the further you proceed through the forest the denser the trees become, the canopy of branches above you letting in less light so that an unnatural gloom pervades the woods. Between the trees you suddenly catch sight of something glinting in a ray of sunlight. Remembering that time is pressing, do you want to investigate the source of this glinting (turn to **112**) or will you continue on your way through the forest (turn to **353**)?

31

An unnatural stillness hangs over Myrton and the whole village seems to be deserted. What could have happened here all those years ago? Much of it is in

ruins, with only a few stone buildings still standing, enveloped in fog. These include the Elders' Meeting House to the north-east, the village lock-up to the south-east and a tall bell-tower, which has remained totally intact, to the north. The tolling comes from the bell-tower and a cloud of bats is flitting about its eaves. You can also see an abandoned graveyard lying to the west, on the far side of the village. Where will you begin your search for the Necromancer?

The meeting house?	Turn to **215**
The lock-up?	Turn to **44**
The bell-tower?	Turn to **195**
The graveyard?	Turn to **381**

32

Werne tells you that the Griffin Shield used to be granted to knights for acts of extreme loyalty and bravery. Whenever you are carrying the shield in battle, you may reduce an enemy's Attack Strength by 1 point. Return to **356**.

33

You awaken with a start just as the first rays of dawn are penetrating the depths of the forest. Restore 2 STAMINA points and add 1 day to the Time Elapsed. But what of your adversary? Was your battle with the knight all a dream? Looking around, you notice a shield lying against a tree: on it is the image of a flame. If you want to take this shield, in battle you may reduce any opponent's Attack Strength by 1 point. (You may carry only one shield at a time.) You have successfully bested the Champion of the Shrine in combat and have earned the right to finish your journey. As you ride on, the ground gradually rises and eventually you leave the forest. You find yourself at the edge of a chasm which stretches as far as the eye can see to the east and west. It is too wide even for Firemane to leap across – but there is no need for that, since a narrow stone bridge spans the gorge. On the end-pillars of the bridge is engraved the badge of the Templars: a cruciform sword inside a ring inscribed with the Oath. Mist rises from the depths of the chasm so that you cannot see the bottom. There is only one way to go, and you guide Firemane on to the bridge. Do you suffer from the Fear of Heights? If you do, turn to **169**. If you don't, turn to **245**.

34

'Of course!' exclaims Pyritees in sudden realization. 'The watery element is the missing ingredient. Now I need only combine these compounds and distil the solution they produce. It shouldn't take longer than a week or two. Thank you, my friend. How can I repay

you?' You decide you have nothing to lose in telling the alchemist about your quest and, as you relate your mission to him, Pyritees becomes serious. When you mention the Elf-Spear, Aelfgar, his face lights up with excitement. 'I know something of that fabled weapon,' he says. 'I heard it in a song once, the "Ballad of Sir Rhyaddan the Crusader". Now how did it go?

> 'Still riding through the forest old,
> Elven Spear there to behold.
> Valiant against the foe,
> Ever onward through the land,
> Never fearing Death's cold hand.'

Also, if you bought any potions from him, Pyritees gives you back the gold you paid for them. Thanking Pyritees for his clue to the whereabouts of Aelfgar, you leave his laboratory. Now, will you try to recruit a small army (turn to **139**) or leave Havalok (turn to **314**)?

35

Suddenly, Lord Varen's soldiers turn on your other soldiers, siding with the Beast Men. If they are the

only warriors of which your army is composed, you soon fall, greatly outnumbered. However, if you have other allies, you defend yourself against the traitorous soldiers, engaging one in combat.

SOLDIER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If the battle lasts for more than four Attack Rounds, turn to **207**. If you win in four Attack Rounds or less, turn to **302**.

36

You both peer into the pool while the Mistress passes her hands backwards and forwards over its surface. Suddenly the water grows cloudy and the Mistress says, 'Reveal!' An image begins to form in the pool. It seems to be the ruins of a castle but, as quickly as it appeared, the image starts to fade. 'Reveal,' the woman says again, but now all you can make out in the water is a swirling mist. Then you see it. At first it is only a speck moving among the drifting clouds, but as it gets nearer you see that the thing has a ghoulish face with monstrous features, trailing tendrils of mist. Too late you realize that the mists have started to pour from the pool into the room; as they surround you, they chill you with their numbing cold. With a hellish scream, the spectral creature bursts into the chamber through the scrying pool. 'It is a Wyrd,' the Mistress cries, 'an ethereal inhabitant of the Spirit Plane. Destroy it, quickly!' If you have the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill you can make the necessary signs and return the Wyrd to its supernatural home (turn to **164**). If you do not have this Special Skill, you must prepare to fight

40

There is a fanfare on a trumpet and the Lord of Cleeve Manor enters the hall, followed by nobles and landed gentry and their many retainers, all ready for the feast. Lord Taris Varen is an imposing figure. He is a tall, handsome man, past his fortieth year, dark-haired and with a well-trimmed beard. He extends his hand in greeting. 'I am glad that you could take the time to visit us here. I know that your quest must be pressing.'

'Thank you for the generous offer of your hospitality,' you reply, 'but I understand that there is another reason for my being here.'

'Ah, yes. The boar,' Lord Varen says, almost casually. 'But that will have to wait until the morrow Tonight, we feast!' He claps his hands and the assembled guests take their places at the long trestle tables, while the minstrels strike up again. You are seated at the end of the high table, being one of the guests of honour, and settle down to enjoy the meal laid out before you. The evening passes swiftly and pleasurably with Lord Varen's fool, Nuncle, entertaining the guests with his jokes, tumbling and juggling with lighted torches.

Suddenly the door of the great hall swings open and a wolf-like shadow falls across the rush-covered floor Standing in the doorway is a figure holding a staff and wearing a wolf-skin as a cloak. Lord Varen rises to his feet. 'Awenydion of Bryn Du,' he says 'It must be a year since you visited us here, soothsayer'

'Aye, lord, it is,' the gaunt old man replies. 'Now that the world grows cold I seek only food and shelter at

the spirit-form. If you have the *Holy Strike* Special Skill and use it against the Wyrd, you may reduce its STAMINA by 2 points and its SKILL by 1 point. For the duration of this battle you must reduce your own Attack Strength by 1 point due to the chilling ethereal vapours.

WYRD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **164**.

37

You manage to follow the tracks left by the Wolf-Riders south-eastwards through the forest. You cross streams and jump boulders in your pursuit of the Orcs – until at last you find them. Mounted on their snarling lupine steeds, the Orcs, adorned with their grisly trophies from past battles and carrying the banners of Belgaroth's Chaos army, turn to face you, bows at the ready. As you gallop towards them, the evil inhuman creatures let fly with their arrows. Roll one dice and divide the result by 2 (rounding fractions down). This is the number of arrows that hit you (lose 2 STAMINA points for each hit). Before they have a chance to fire again, you charge the Orcs. Fight each Wolf-Rider in turn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC WOLF-RIDER	7	6
Second ORC WOLF-RIDER	6	6
Third ORC WOLF-RIDER	7	5

During this battle, if you do not have the *Ride* Special

Skill you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point. If you defeat all three opponents, turn to **136**.

38

The man dropping out of the tree just misses you and lands on the road next to Firemane. Two more figures emerge from the copse in front of you, waving ugly-looking cudgels. Your first assailant pulls a long knife from his tunic, and the three murderers run at you. You must fight them all at the same time, but for the duration of this battle you may increase your Attack Strength by 1 point because you are still on horseback.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MURDERER	7	6
Second MURDERER	6	8
Third MURDERER	7	7

As soon as you have dispatched two of your opponents, turn immediately to **293**.

39

The commotion caused by your fighting alerts the other Beast Men to your presence in their camp. You are overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers. Your adventure ends here.

your great manor. Two months ago I left the dolmen of Manog and braved the steppes of Crun and the wilderlands to bring you tidings from the gods.' A servant brings the visitor a plate of food and Awenydion settles down to eat.

When he has finished, he begins to go among the guests, telling them their futures for a few Gold Pieces. Soon he reaches you. 'Noble knight,' he asks, 'might Awenydion tell you your future for just three Gold Pieces?' and gives you a toothless grin. Will you give the old soothsayer 3 Gold Pieces to have your future revealed to you (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **258**) or, if you consider him a fraud and don't want to waste your money, will you ignore him (turn to **125**)?

41

As you pull the bottle containing the potion from your pack, a huge tendrilled, hand-like growth grabs you and begins to squeeze the life out of you (lose 4 STAMINA points). The grip tightens and you almost black out, dropping the potion. The bottle shatters on the flagstones and its precious contents run away between the cracks. Suddenly you feel the Darkthorn's grasp weaken and you manage to struggle free, with the monster putting up no resistance. A foul shriek rises from the creature's mouth and, as you watch, the roots that comprise its body shrivel and break apart. In moments, all that remains of the manifestation is a decaying mass of plant tissue. The Witherwell must have reached the Darkthorn's root-structure under the

ground (regain 1 LUCK point). Hearing a terrible cracking sound, you are roused from your stupor and, looking up, you see that the roots covering the ceiling and walls are also dying now that the power of the Darkthorn has gone. But the roots are the only thing that is keeping the temple from collapsing! Blocks of masonry start to fall round about you, and the members of the sect run, screaming, for the exit. As the others flee, you see Bryar, the Arch-Cleric, escaping through a secret door at the back of the platform. You cannot let him get away to continue his evil schemes. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–4, turn to **157**; if you roll 5 or 6, turn to **287**.

42

The guardian dead, you concentrate on how you will open the great black granite door. The door has no lock or handle and you cannot see any means of opening it. Above the lintel is an inscription which you can just make out in the lantern-light:

Beyond this portal lies the body of the foul Necromage who brought death and sorrow to Myrton. Let not any speak his name lest his atrocities be remembered.

If you know how to pass beyond the door of skulls, do it now. If you do not, there is no way you could possibly break down the immense stone door, so you have no choice but to leave the sepulchre in failure. Turn to **7**.

43

The Assassin's Dagger streaks towards you, intent on your destruction. However, as you will soon discover,

the knife-wielding spectral hand is no ordinary opponent. As it has no body of any sort, the hand cannot be destroyed in combat, only fended off. If you win an Attack Round against the spirit, you will not do it any damage but merely keep it at bay. While you are doing this, the Assassin's Dagger will try to stab you to death!

ASSASSIN'S DAGGER SKILL 10

You are not going to be able to overcome this opponent through combat, so you will have to try something else. If you win two consecutive Attack Rounds or, otherwise, after four Attack Rounds, you will have worked yourself into a position from which you can try to escape from the spectral assassin. Will you run into the copse to hide from it (turn to 373) or will you leap on to Firemane's back and flee on horseback (turn to 211)?

44

The door to the small stone lock-up hangs half off its hinges. Descending a short flight of steps, you see that the damp circular cell at the bottom is empty, with rusted manacles hanging, unused, on the wall. However, you do not notice the rotten trapdoor at the foot of the steps. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you pull yourself back just in time as the wood gives way under your weight. If you are Unlucky, you fall into a lower dungeon whose floor is several metres lower down (lose 3 STAMINA points for falling), then you have to struggle out again. Finding nothing useful here, you leave the lock-up; return to 31 and choose again.

45

You are within sight of the South Gate when you find the way temporarily blocked by a procession of clerics passing along the street. The priests are wearing long green robes and are chanting in a low monotone. As you survey the scene before you, you overhear a merchant talking to a servant: 'The Clerics of Lein are a charitable priesthood who do much to help the poor and needy of this town, but they are also a very secretive group. Only the initiated may enter their temple.' If you have either or both of the words 'Rellim' and 'Nroht' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 77. If you haven't, turn to 219.

46

Apart from his rather unusual weapon, the cleric possesses nothing else of interest except a talisman, made in the shape of intertwined metal brambles cast from some alloy, tied to a piece of vine. As you hold the talisman in your hand, you notice the surrounding plants beginning to move in its direction. You wave the charm at them and they become still again. You deduce that the talisman must be one of plant control. If you decide to take it, add the Cleric's Talisman to your *Adventure Sheet*. Still harbouring suspicions about the cleric and his actions, you return to Firemane and leave the Forest of Lein. Turn to 17.

47

You hurry along the tunnel and, reaching another wooden door, fling it open and run through. You are standing inside a vast, pillared chamber. A flight of

steps leads up the side of one wall to an iron-bound door. The room is full of macabre torture instruments. In the middle of the room is a rack, an iron maiden stands against one wall and small confining cages hang from chains in the ceiling; and there are various braziers, branding irons and other devices used to inflict pain lying about the place, all thick with dust and cobwebs. Several skeletons are still hanging from the lichen-covered walls by chains and manacles, and a number of grilled doors lead away from here to cells and deeper dungeons. However, you are convinced that what you seek lies beyond that door at the top of the steps. On one side of the torture chamber is a large chair with metal clasps attached to its arms and legs. Your head is suddenly filled with whispering voices seductively telling you to sit down and rest for a while. You are sure that the voices mean no good, but their suggestion sounds so tempting. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll if you have the *Commune* Special Skill. If you succeed, turn to **240**. If you fail, turn to **155**.

48

You follow the road south out of the ancient and mysterious forest and enter a region of open heathland. In the distance lies the menacing dark line of the Chaos-ridden Banarask Hills. From a point several kilometres south of you, this side of the hills, a thick plume of smoke is rising, like a dirty smudge, into the sky. The road seems to be leading you straight to it. Coming to the top of a rise, at last you can see what is causing the smoke. The walled town of Carass lies

ahead of you and parts of it are on fire; it is being besieged by a force of dark-clad warriors carrying black banners. The warriors' activities appear to be centred round a grim stone tower on the southern side of the town. Even at this distance you can hear the clamour of battle as the townspeople defend their homes against the attacking horde, and, above that, a regular booming sound as if something is being struck against the walls. Before you even see the iron gauntlet and black sword emblems of the attackers, you know that they are from the ranks of Belgaroth's fanatical Chaos Warriors. When the wind changes direction momentarily, the smell of slaughter and carnage is carried to your nostrils. Incensed, you kick your heels into your steed's sides and charge to the aid of Carass. The gate in front of you has been left unguarded while the town militia concentrate their forces along the southern walls to stop the Chaos horde breaking through. However, one of the enemy, an ugly Troll, has seized the opportunity and is entering the town at this undefended spot. Hearing your approach, the Troll hefts its pole-arm into position, ready for combat. You attack immediately.

TROLL	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you defeat this member of Belgaroth's force, turn to **98**.

49

Firemane carries you southwards across many kilometres of bleak moorland in the direction of Havalok. After you have been travelling for several hours, you

catch sight of a horse and rider galloping along a track that runs from the east, parallel to the edge of the dark forest that is still a long way off in the distance. It looks as if the horseman's course will intercept yours if you continue at your present speed. If you are happy to meet this rider, turn to **147**. If, however, you want to spur Firemane into a gallop to avoid the stranger, turn to **191**.

50

Before you stands the Juggernaut. The imposing stone tower is over twenty metres high and is built on top of a huge war-carriage drawn by wheels four metres in diameter. Near the top of the siege engine a metal Demon's head belches out smoke and steam while at its base a battering-ram, fashioned like a spiked iron fist, swings rhythmically in and out of an opening, demolishing another section of wall by its constant bombardment. Under the Demon's head is a huge shield with the motif of a skull over a black tower: the crest of Caer Skaal. From inside the Juggernaut you can hear terrible roars, groans and creaking. Maybe the thing *is* driven by Demons. Putting aside such fears, you look for a way into this impregnable moving fortress. A ladder, fixed to the undercarriage near the back wheels, leads up to a trapdoor in the tower's base. You decide to make this your target. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **220**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **146**.

51

Make a note of the word 'Enorc' on your *Adventure Sheet*. You tell the hag about your encounter with the

Lich. 'Good,' she says, 'then you can collect the first ingredient, but you must do it now, by moonlight.' Returning to the scaffold, you get the grisly job over and done with as quickly as possible. Fortunately the Lich remains dead while you carry out the task.

At dawn (add 1 day to the Time Elapsed) you leave the cave and, following the crone's directions, set off in search of a Cockatrice that has been terrorizing the local area recently. At the end of a steep rocky gorge you find the entrance to the network of caves in which the monster has its lair. Tethering your mount to a rock, you light your lantern and enter the gloomy hole. Your footsteps echo round the walls as you step warily down the tunnel, and water drips from the ceiling into pools on the floor with an eerie plopping sound. A few metres further on, you come to a T-junction. Do you want to go to the left (turn to **182**) or to the right (turn to **126**)?

52

Wrapped in a piece of velvet you find a triangular prism made of glass. Return to **274**.

53

As you are led along the dark stone corridors of the guild, you pass several doors from behind which you can hear the sounds of soldiers practising their fighting skills. Stronn leads you into a circular torch-lit room, in the centre of which is a pit several metres deep. The mercenaries crowd into the room as you are directed down a flight of steps into the brawl-pit. A cheer goes up from the spectators as a portcullis on the far side of the pit rises and the mercenaries' champion enters the arena. The man looks as tall as an Ogre and is built like an ox. The only armour he wears are leather crossbelts looped over his muscular torso and a spiked helmet which hides his face. He is armed with a vicious-looking sword with a jagged blade, and a long knife. Stronn raises his hands and a hush descends over the mob. 'This is not a fight to the death,' he announces. 'The winner shall be the first to knock the other to the ground. Are the combatants ready?' You and the mercenary nod in reply. 'Then let the trial by combat commence!' With an animal roar the champion charges at you across the pit while his fellows shout his name in encouragement.

MERCENARY CHAMPION SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If the mercenary wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 1–3 his jagged blade does the usual 2 points of STAMINA damage; on a roll of 4–6 it inflicts 3 STAMINA points of damage on you. If you roll a double-6 when calculating your Attack Strength, and if you win that Attack Round, your blow hits your opponent with such force that you knock him to the

ground (turn to **117**). If the mercenary's Attack Strength is ever 22, turn at once to **22**. Otherwise, if you reduce the mercenary's STAMINA to 4 points or less, turn to **117**; if he reduces your STAMINA to 4 points or less, turn to **22**.

54

If you have the *Commune* Special Skill, turn to **122**. If you haven't, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **122**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **14**.

55

You lift the dragon shield from the statue's arm and place it on your own. It feels light and, although damaged by time and previous use, it should prove a useful means of defence. Whenever you are involved in combat and you are carrying this shield you may reduce an enemy's Attack Strength by 1 point. If you want to take this shield and you already have another, then you must leave the first here. Turn to **353**.

56

The Necromage grabs you and lays one hand on an exposed area of your skin. At once, disgusting maggot-like worms burst from his putrid flesh and start burrowing into you. Roll one dice and add 1 to see how many Flesh Grubs latch on to you (lose 1 STAMINA point for each Flesh Grub that is nibbling into you). The flesh-eating maggots can easily be pulled off and crushed, but first you will have to destroy the Necromage. Return to **116** and continue the fight.

57

You throw yourself out of the way as the phantom horse's hoofs crash down on the flagstones where you had been standing just a moment before. Ignoring you, the ghostly knight urges its mount towards the king, raising its weapon, ready to strike. You must act quickly. Will you:

Use the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill, if you have it?	Turn to **105**
Use the *Holy Strike* Special Skill, if you have it?	Turn to **303**
Attack the ghost?	Turn to **255**

58

The double raises its weapon and advances towards you. What will you do now? Defend yourself (turn to **113**) or stay as you are (turn to **286**)?

59

You come to on a cold stone slab. You try to move but discover that your arms and legs have been tied to the stone with strong vines. Looking around, you see that you are on a raised platform at one end of a vast hall, the walls and ceiling of which are covered with thick root-like growths. The hall is filled with a great throng of initiates while, surrounding you, are the so-called Clerics of Lein, one of whom has been left holding your backpack (your weapon is missing). The Arch-Cleric, a bald, bearded man wearing green robes adorned with twisting bramble-like designs, then addresses the crowd: 'Brothers and sisters, the

Darkthorn grows stronger with every passing day, and soon our purpose will come to fruition. The ancient forest is weakening and, with it, the elemental powers that control it. Soon it will pose no threat to our ally, the Dread Lord, and a forest of the Darkthorn shall rise up in its place!' The priest turns to you and raises his hands. 'O, great Darkthorn, ancient spirit,' he intones, 'I summon thee to take this sacrifice so that the Root of Evil may never wither!' Suddenly the flagstones heave and thick black roots burst through the platform. Desperately you struggle with your bonds. Roll four dice. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **279**. If the total is greater than your STAMINA score, turn to **108**.

60

Under a leaden sky these bleak moors look even more desolate. Riding along undisturbed, you are almost lulled into a false sense of security. It is then that you hear the sound of pounding hoofs and catch sight of a distant group of riders galloping towards you from the south-east. There is no way that you can avoid them, and as they draw rapidly closer you see that they are not mounted soldiers at all but four Centaurs, creatures that are part man and part horse. As they charge towards you, the Chaos Centaurs scream a war-cry, proclaiming death to the Templars. You must face them all simultaneously! You have time to use either a crossbow or a lance against *one* of these adversaries before you engage in hand-to-hand combat.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CHAOS CENTAUR	10	9
Second CHAOS CENTAUR	9	10
Third CHAOS CENTAUR	10	10
Fourth CHAOS CENTAUR	9	11

If you do not have the *Ride* Special Skill you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for the duration of this battle. If a Centaur scores a hit against you, roll one dice; if the number rolled is odd, the chaotic's weapon wounds you, causing 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you strike a Centaur, roll one dice; if the number rolled is odd, the chaotic's armour reduces the severity of the damage from your weapon by 1 point. If you are triumphant in this titanic struggle, turn to **332**.

61

The door opens into a room full of great cogs and wheels which are turning, operating huge pieces of machinery and strange contraptions. Some of the workings here swing the battering-ram in and out of an opening in the tower to your left, while in front of you a great iron chamber fills the space between floor and ceiling. Attached to this are levers, dials and other fitments; the chamber itself has been constructed to look like a gargantuan scaled beast. Everything you have seen here suggests that the Juggernaut is not controlled by some supernatural force but that it is powered by a colossal steam-engine. Destroying it may be easier than you had first imagined. First of all, however, you must get past the bald half-Giant in charge

here. The man is stripped to the waist and, despite the sweat and grime covering his torso, you can see that he has been branded on his chest with the mark of Chaos. Roaring, he charges at you, his fists his only weapons.

WEAPONMASTER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you defeat the half-Giant, turn to **178**.

62

You jump out of the way just in time, and the cart trundles past harmlessly. You manage to spot the thieving mummers as they are going into a run-down old building. Bursting through the door, you surprise the gang just as they are handing over their ill-gotten loot to an older man who, you guess, is their leader, the playwright Oddfellow. 'Curse you, Templar!' he shouts. 'You'll regret ever interfering in our schemes.' With that, the mummers attack you. The players use improvised weapons, such as chair-legs, to fight with. You do not want to kill the players, merely to disarm them or knock them unconscious. Once you have won two Attack Rounds against an opponent, you manage to do this. However, you are also pulling your blows so as not to injure the thieves seriously (deduct 1 point from any damage inflicted by a successful strike) and must therefore reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. Fight the mummers two at a time in the confined space of the room.

	SKILL	STAMINA
KNIGHT	7	6
WITCH	6	6
HORSEHEAD	6	7
PICKPOCKET	6	5
ODDFELLOW	7	7

If you defeat all the mummers, or after sixteen Attack Rounds have passed, turn to **152**.

63

With a baleful howl the ghost departs this world. Searching the chamber, you find nothing of any use to you, so you leave to search elsewhere. Return to **243** and make another choice.

64

The starving woman stands directly in front of you: she raises her hands and mutters something under her breath. At once you are filled with the most terrible hunger. Before this day is out, you must eat three meals or drink one tot of your Restorative Potion (without recovering any STAMINA points) as a result of the spell cast by the prophet who represents famine. Turn to **114**.

65

The holy blast bathes the Lich in a silvery light, and it doubles up in agony. Roll one dice: this is the number of STAMINA points you may subtract from the undead horror before you finish it off with your weapon. Now return to **283** and fight the corpse.

66

Stumbling over the pronunciation of some of the words, you finally make it to the end of the page You pause, expecting something to happen at any moment – and happen it does A thin wisp of smoke rises from the page in front of you and forms into a thick black cloud. The dense vapour rapidly condenses into the shape of a grotesque creature with a lengthened humanoid skull, bony lumps protruding from its spine and two powerfully muscled arms that end in huge clawed hands – although from the waist down the horror is no more than a smoky trail. You have just completed reading a spell for summoning demonic assistance, and you are not standing inside a protective pentagram. The Demonic Slayer glares at you from the depths of its glinting, midnight-black eyes and, snarling, flies at you with claws raised. What will you do now?

Use the *Holy Strike* Special Skill (if you have it)?	Turn to **223**
Use the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill (if you have it)?	Turn to **237**
Try to reverse the spell?	Turn to **321**
Attack the Demon with your weapon?	Turn to **13**

67

Early on your men weaken under the Chaos spawn's onslaught. Suddenly the ranks of Beast Men part and a monstrous, bull-like creature charges at you, snorting. The raging animal has a blood-red hide and demonic black horns. A Beast Man sits astride its back, waving

a battle-axe in one clawed hand while gripping the creature's spiked metal collar with the other. You must fight the Chaos Steed.

CHAOS STEED SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, deduct 1 point from the Beast Men's Battle Strength, then *Engage in Battle* once again. If this time you have the advantage, turn to **149**. If you have the disadvantage, turn to **254**.

68

Among the trophies are the expected deer, foxes, wolves and bears. However, there is also a sabre-toothed tiger, a unicorn and a manticore. Looking at the unicorn, the steward says, 'My lord's late father caught that in the forest using the usual lure and entrapment of a young maiden and a wreath of flowers. The manticore had its lair in the Banarask Hills and its capture won the hunting competition, held in celebration of the Overlord's marriage.' Turn to **40**.

69

As you are hacking your way through the undergrowth, a large trunk suddenly moves into your path, blocking your way. Two branches reach towards you from the tree and, hidden in the thick cracked bark, you make out a mouth and a pair of small but incredibly ancient eyes. You have disturbed one of the gardeners of the forest: a Tree Man. The plant-like creature lumbers forward on its splayed roots, ready to deal with you as it deals with all trespassers.

TREE MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

Both branches (with 8 STAMINA points each) will lash out at you each Attack Round, so it will be as if you are fighting two opponents The Tree Man is far too strong to kill, but if you sever its two main branches (reduce both their STAMINA scores to zero) it will retreat back into the forest, leaving you to go on your way. Turn to **324**.

70

You are able to decipher the wizard's jottings and realize that his findings are truly incredible. Savant discovered five Words of Power which, when spoken backwards in front of something tainted with Chaos, would counteract its power and bring back order and harmony; anything driven by the power of Chaos would be destroyed. However, the use of such magic could prove to be equally hazardous to whoever spoke the words. You can only guess why Savant was unable to use his discovery against Belgaroth.

Perhaps he tried but did not have the strength to complete the utterance. The Words are written on the page in front of you: 'Xi Syte Nind Naderd Nuheno.' You commit them to memory and hope that you never have to put yourself into the position of having to use them. You decide not to waste any more time searching Savant's laboratory, so you leave, following the tunnel back in the direction of the portcullis. Turn to **212**.

71

Lothar was a doughty Dwarf fighter from the town of Crun at the foot of the mountains. Many were the times when he led the Warriors of Telak from the Demonkeep Outpost to repel attacks from barbarians and the soldiers of the warmongering Lord Meracass of Brice. In every battle Lothar would fell his enemies with his trusty axe. When using the axe, unless you have an Axe *Weapon* Special Skill, you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point, although it still does only 2 STAMINA points of damage (note this in the Weapon box on your *Adventure Sheet*). Return to 356.

72

And then he is dead. (Write down the word 'Ronnoc' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) If you wish, you may take Connor's Magic Sword, which will harm undead and Demons but confers no other bonuses, and his shield, which bears the motif of a rampant lion (when you use this in battle, you may reduce an opponent's Attack Strength by 1 point). Having offered a prayer to Telak for Connor's soul, you remount Firemane and set off in pursuit of his murderers. *Test your Skill*, subtracting 2 from the dice roll if you have the *Tracking* Special Skill. If you succeed, turn to 37. If you fail, turn to **397**.

73

The Cockatrice, the villagers will tell you, has taken up residence in a network of caves in the hills east of Ennox. Following their directions, you are soon leading Firemane along the steep rocky gorge towards the cave mouth. Tethering your mount to a rock, you light your lantern and enter the gloomy hole. Your footsteps echo round the walls as you step warily down the tunnel, and water drips from the ceiling into pools on the floor with an eerie plopping sound. A few metres further on, you come to a T-junction. Do you want to go to the left (turn to **182**) or to the right (turn to **126**)?

74

The mill, a large stone building, is not hard to find: it stands at the edge of the village, next to the River Wende. The great wheel groans as it is turned slowly by the millstream, and you can hear the steady mechanical grinding of machinery inside the building. The

door to the mill swings open at your touch and you find yourself looking into an empty room, motes of dust sparkling in the sunlight from the doorway. The place seems to be deserted. Do you want to enter the mill and explore further (turn to **187**), or will you leave Wendeford altogether (turn to **49**)?

75

During the night you wake up, sensing that all is not well. Hovering above you you see a ghostly white hand clutching a dagger, the blade glinting in the moonlight, poised and ready to strike. What will you do to defend yourself? Will you use the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill, if you have it (turn to **141**), or unsheathe your weapon, ready to fight it (turn to **43**)?

76

With a voice like the sound of rustling leaves, the first creature speaks. 'You have trespassed in the forest,' it says. 'It is many years since a mortal has wandered this far. You must come with us.' The bark-and-fungus humanoid takes Firemane's reins and prepares to leave the clearing. Will you go with these strange creatures (turn to **368**) or will you attack them now (turn to **297**)?

77

A charitable priesthood? The actions of these 'Clerics of Lein' you have witnessed so far could hardly be described as charitable. There is evil at work here. If you wish to investigate further, turn to **93**. If you do

not want to waste any more time here in Havalok, turn to **219**.

78

Your reactions are too slow and you are caught by the rope, throwing you backwards off your mount. You hit the road painfully on your back (lose 3 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point) and sit up, dazed; turn to **205**.

79

You let fly with your righteous attack just as Belgaroth launches a dark force bolt at you. The two blasts of energy collide and cancel each other out in a blaze of yellow sparks, throwing you to the floor (lose 2 STAMINA points). Turn to **162**.

Armed and ready for your quest, you hurry to the stables, where you find that Firemane has already been saddled and is eager to be on his way. You are handed a backpack and inside it you find enough Provisions for five meals, a lantern and tinderbox, and a purse containing 20 Gold Pieces. There is also a flask marked with the Rune of Healing which contains some of Aranandus's Restorative Potion. There is enough here for two tots, and each tot will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Urging your trusty steed forward, you gallop through the main gates and leave the Citadel. Taking the main road south, towards the town of Havalok which lies two days' ride away, you pass through well-cultivated fields and pleasant hills. However, as you travel further away from the capital, you begin to see some of the results of the disruption in the kingdom: a distinct atmosphere of gloom is hanging over the hamlets and farmsteads, and you pass many beggars on the road There is a sharp chill in the air as the month of Close tightens its grip on the land, and you fear for those people whose crops have not been as plentiful as they might have hoped

It is early afternoon when you catch sight of a strange-looking procession coming towards you along the road It seems to be composed of a motley crowd or peasants and farmers, but at their head are three bizarre figures The first is tall and dressed in a long black habit. In one hand he holds a scythe, its blade gleaming dully, and beneath his hood you see that he is wearing a wolf-skull mask. The next is of average

height but is swathed in torn rags and bandages. As he trudges along the road he rings a bell warning that he is unclean – a leper! The third figure is a gaunt woman, her almost skeletal body covered by a tattered cloak It looks as if she has not eaten for weeks.

The first man stops and raises his hand for the procession to halt 'What have we here?' he says. 'I do believe it is a knight errant, or should I say an errant knight?' The crowd laugh at their leader's remark and begin to jeer you. 'Enough!' he shouts. 'This is the epoch of our damnation. While the common people starve, our blessed Templars live in splendour and plenty! We three are the Prophets of Doom, come to save the people. The doom we prophesy shall be yours!' At these words the crowd cheers and several raise pitchforks and other improvised weapons, ready to fulfil their leader's prophecy Some have already begun to edge round you. You are going to have to act fast to get out of this unpleasant situation. Will you try to ride through the mob (turn to **114**), attack the prophets (turn to **154**) or try to talk your way out (turn to **197**)?

81

Kneeling at the altar, the tiredness and pain in your body ease and you feel invigorated Restore both your STAMINA and SKILL scores to their *Initial* levels. Having been blessed, you leave the shrine. Turn to **23**

82

Before leaving, Lord Varen gives you a parcel containing enough Provisions for 3 meals. You ride through

the gatehouse and leave Cleeve Manor behind as you make for Havalok. You are within sight of the walls of the town when dusk falls Riding on in the fast-failing light, you pass a copse of trees at the edge of the road. Suddenly a dark shape drops out of the branches of one tree as you pass under it *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **38**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **346**.

83

Before you realize what is going on, you inhale a great lungful of pollen and fall into a deep sleep Turn to **59**

84

As the flames from the oil die down, the villagers make their break for freedom You are starting to climb carefully down from the Wicker Man when you hear the crackling of burning wood. Looking down, you see with horror that the Wicker Man has caught alight and the fire is spreading rapidly. There is nothing else for it: you are going to have to jump! Launching yourself into space, you just hope that the ground isn't far away. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you suffer only minor bruising when you land (lose 2 STAMINA points). If you are Unlucky, you twist your ankle and skin your knees as you hit the ground (lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). The villagers are evading the enraged and bewildered Beast Men by fleeing into the hills. The Wicker Man, now well ablaze, topples forward when the wooden supports holding it up burn through; with a tremendous crash it collapses on top of the crowd of Beast Men, sending a great flurry of sparks up into the night sky You make the most of

your opportunity and run back to Firemane, knowing you have prevented a terrible atrocity from taking place and that you have saved the villagers from incineration (add 1 point to your HONOUR score).

Galloping away through the darkness of the hills, you find yourself approaching the smouldering remains of a ransacked village. A hastily erected wooden stockade stands in the middle, and from your vantage point you can see only one guard at its entrance. Do you want to tether Firemane here and sneak into the Beast Men's camp for further investigation, now that night has fallen (turn to **340**), or do you want to ride on, away from here (turn to **296**)?

85

Your perseverance is rewarded when you crest a rise and see the lights of a stone building beckoning to you through the darkness: Torrin's forge.

Seeing you soaked to the skin and shivering with cold, Torrin Silverblade hurries you into his home and sits you down beside the fire while he stables Firemane. You soon find a bowl of hot rabbit stew in your hands and, tucking in, you feel a lot better (restore up to 4 STAMINA points). 'It is a long time since I last saw any of the Order,' the Dwarf says, remembering his days as one of the Warriors of Telak. 'Tell me, how are things at the Citadel? Have you heard from the Demonkeep Outpost of late? And what brings you here on such a dreadful Close night?' You do your best to answer Torrin's questions and tell him about your quest and what has befallen you so far. Having heard

your tale, the Dwarf looks grave. 'Belgaroth must be stopped and, if anyone can do it, a Knight of Telak can! I have something that I feel you may have greater need of than I.' Walking to the far side of his workshop, Torrin drags the anvil to one side to reveal a hidden trapdoor. Opening this, he takes out a treasured possession, a coat of silvered chainmail. 'This chainmail is my finest piece of work,' Torrin explains, 'woven with charms of protection and resilience. Take it.' Eagerly you change your battered chainmail armour for this new coat. While you are wearing it, you may reduce any damage done against you in battle by 1 point but, because the chainmail is magical, you need make no change to your Attack Strength. (Regain 1 LUCK point for this new acquisition.) The sounds of the rain gradually fade, and you and your host prepare for sleep.

You are woken by a blood-curdling howl which cuts through the night. 'That was no wolf!' Torrin says, looking anxiously at you. It also sounded as if the beast was quite close. Do you want to leave the safety of the forge and investigate (turn to **295**) or will you wait and see what happens (turn to **19**)?

86

To prove to Lord Varen that you have been victorious in your hunt, you decide to take the boar's tusks back to Cleeve Manor, before setting off north through the forest on the return journey. As you are riding sedately through the leafless trees, you feel a gust of chill wind, and you shiver. Nor can you shake off the feeling that

you are not alone and that your progress is being watched. It is then that you hear the distant sound of chanting in the west, coming through the ancient woodland. The voice is far off, so you cannot make out what it is saying. If you want to investigate the chanting, turn to **365**. If you do not, turn to **17**.

87

From an old herbal, you recognize that the orange fungi are Ironbane. The spores of the plant corrode metal on contact – which would have been very dangerous for you if you had entered the clearing. However, the mushrooms could prove a valuable weapon if you could collect some safely. Do you want to try to gather some of the Ironbane fungus (turn to **250**), or will you ride round the clearing to avoid the fungi altogether (turn to **8**)?

88

You misjudge a jump and a tree-trunk smashes into Firemane, knocking him and you to the ground (lose 2 STAMINA points). You pick yourself up in time to see the Hill Giant running towards you, angrily swinging his club and bellowing ferociously.

HILL GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

If the Giant wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. If you roll a 5, the blow causes 3 points of damage to your STAMINA. If you roll a 6, you are knocked off your feet. It takes one Attack Round to get up again; meanwhile the Giant gets in an unopposed strike (lose 2 STAMINA points). If you win, turn to **173**.

89

You wave the amulet of plant control at the weeds and they retreat from you. Unsheathing your weapon, you rush at the Arch-Cleric, who prepares to defend himself with his twisted staff.

BRYAR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **185**.

90

You remember that, if the Cockatrice catches sight of its reflection in a mirror, it will die . . . Easier said than done! If you do not have a mirror or if you do not want to try this plan of attack, return to **27**, otherwise, *Test your Luck* twice. If you are Unlucky on either occasion, the beast attacks you (return to **27** and fight the monster, remembering that it has automatically won the first Attack Round already); if you are Lucky both times, the Cockatrice looks into the mirror and, seeing its reflection, drops dead. If you have the word 'Enorc' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **221**; if you haven't, turn to **168**.

91

This splendid helmet is surmounted by a polished eagle with wings outstretched at its crest. It was taken at the sacking of Ventarc during the Second Ruddlestone War, in 1805 Old Time, and yet time has not tarnished it. Return to **356**.

92

'I have made my judgement,' the Lord of the Forest intones. 'You have caused harm to these ancient wood-

lands and you are a danger to all who dwell here. Therefore I pronounce that you be given to the forest to pay for your crimes.' These words spoken, the Wodewose surround you and dispense justice. Your adventure is over.

93

Keeping well out of sight, you follow the procession of clerics to their innocuous-looking temple at the edge of the town. When all have entered, you wait for a few moments before following them inside. You find yourself in a long-deserted temple. Ancient wall-hangings, covered in strange, plant-like patterns, still adorn the building, but any other objects of worship are missing. At the far end of the room you find a stone staircase that ends at a large set of double doors. Surrounding the doors are thick, dark roots which break through the walls in many places. Carefully trying the doors, you discover that they are locked. If you have anything with which to disguise yourself, you could use it now. Do you want to knock on the doors to gain someone's attention, as they look far too thick and heavy to be broken down (turn to **172**), or will you leave the temple and Havalok altogether (turn to **219**)?

94

You take one step towards the macabre edifice and there, directly in front of you, stands a terrifying spectre. The apparition makes a grasp for you with decayed hands reaching from under its burial shroud, while its jaw drops open and lets out a rasping howl,

no doubt warning others in the tomb of your presence. You must deal with the Haunt swiftly. If you have the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill, and you wish to use it, turn to **190**. Otherwise, you will have to fight the apparition; turn to **376**.

95

Entering the northern tumulus, you walk down a sloping passage cut into the mound until you reach an area of darkness which the light from your lantern cannot penetrate. An intense cold, even colder than the Close air, also radiates out of this pool of blackness. Do you want to risk entering this section of the tunnel (turn to **21**) or would you rather retrace your steps and leave the cairn (turn to **316**)?

96

The bird disappears through the archway, deserting its master – or is it? You struggle on, blocking blows from Belgaroth's vicious Runesword while trying to find a chink in your enemy's armour. Suddenly a horde of Chaos Knights runs into the chamber, warned of their leader's plight by the bird. You are quickly surrounded and overcome, Belgaroth himself dealing the death-blow.

'Enter,' says the voice, and the doors are opened. The initiates lock them again and, so as not to draw attention to yourself, you follow the passage that leads eastwards for as far as you can see The tunnel seems to be endless. You must have walked several kilometres away from the town before the passageway opens out into a small antechamber. Peering through an archway, you find yourself looking into a vast hall, the walls and ceiling of which are covered with thick, root-like growths At the far end of the chamber is a raised stone platform, standing on which are the Clerics of Lein, while a great throng of initiates fills the hall in front of them You are surprised and shocked to see that, as well as many commoners among the initiates, there are also nobles and high-ranking members of the various religious orders of Ruddlestone. As you enter the hall, the Arch-Cleric, bald and bearded and wearing green robes adorned with twisting bramble-like designs, is addressing the assembled sect: 'And so, brothers and sisters of the Darkthorn, I, Bryar, Arch-Cleric of our order, thank you, for our purpose is coming to fruition. The ancient forest is weakening and, with it, the elemental powers that control it Soon it will pose no threat to our ally, the Dread Lord, and a forest of the Darkthorn shall rise up in its place. All praise the Darkthorn!'

'All praise the Darkthorn!' the throng reply

So it is the clerics who are behind the destruction of the forest with their foul weeds and nutrient-stealing brambles! They must be stopped – but how? It must

be the Arch-Cleric who holds the power here; if you were to defeat him, you might weaken the power of the Darkthorn itself. Disguised as you are, you make your way through the throng unhindered, as far as the stone platform. Drawing your weapon, you leap on to the dais, ready to grab the sect's high priest. Seeing you, the Arch-Cleric raises his hands and mutters a dark incantation. The ground heaves and thick black roots burst through the stone floor between you and the priests. The fibrous stems grow rapidly upwards for several metres, intertwining until they have formed into a gigantic, plant-like humanoid covered in vicious thorns. Two emerald orbs glow with an evil awareness and, with its trunk-like legs still firmly rooted in the ground, the manifestation of the Darkthorn reaches for you with knotted hands. You are going to have to defend yourself against this dark elemental spirit. Will you:

Draw your weapon and do battle?	Turn to **143**
Use the *Holy Strike* Special Skill (if you can)?	Turn to **239**
Use the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill (if you can)?	Turn to **260**
Use a Cleric's Talisman (if you have one)?	Turn to **28**
Use the potion Witherwell (if you have it)?	Turn to **41**

98

Riding through the town, you soon reach the central guard-post. Dismounting, you enter and ask a guard

to take you to his captain. 'Captain Vair died this morning,' the man says. 'He was killed while trying to defend the south wall against the Chaos Warriors' attack. Since losing our leader, morale among the men is low, and many have resigned themselves to defeat.' You cannot let Carass fall to Belgaroth's evil legion. You tell the guard to gather together all those members of the town militia who can be spared, and within half an hour you are addressing the exhausted and battle-weary soldiers. First of all you find out what has happened here. It was two days ago that the Chaos Warriors made their attack, the assault being led by the Juggernaut, the tower you saw on the south side of the town. It is an awesome war-machine, armed with many siege weapons including a destructive battering-ram, and the walls were soon breached. Some of the soldiers believe the tower to be driven by Demons and will not go near it. You formulate a plan: If you could break through the enemy lines and board the Juggernaut, perhaps you could find a way to destroy it and so remove the enemy's main advantage. The soldiers all agree that this is an excellent strategy. If you have the *Battle Tactics* Special Skill and you want to use it, turn to **201**. If you do not, turn to **382**.

99

As you are deciding what to do next, all of a sudden you hear a voice speaking inside your head. *Brave knight,* it says, *listen carefully, for my spirit is swiftly departing from this world. The clerics are in league with the Usurping Serpent. The forest is in danger. Waste no more time here. Do not . . . I was foully slain . . . a Demon.* Then the spirit of Herluin the Sage is gone. Turn to **166**.

100

Keeping to the main corridors and staircases, you manage to infiltrate the tower without attracting the attention of Belgaroth's guards. You soon find yourself in a huge feast-hall with a high vaulted ceiling. In the centre of the room is a long wooden table with chairs all round it, one, larger than the others, bearing morbid carvings. Dark banners carrying the motifs of a metal gauntlet holding a black sword and a skull above a black tower hang from the walls of the chamber – the arms of Belgaroth's Chaos Knights and the Fortress of the Skull. The place is deserted and an eerie whine fills the feast-hall as a draught blows in through cracks in the mortar holding the stones of the walls together. A broad flight of steps leads up out of the room, and you make for this. If you have the word 'Ronnoc' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **54**; otherwise, turn to **14**.

101

You burst out of the room and hurtle down the spiral staircase to the trapdoor. Flinging it open, you drop to the ground and then run full pelt until you think your

heart will burst with the exertion. You throw yourself behind the remains of a wall just as the pressure of the steam, building up inside the boiler, causes it to explode! The grim edifice is torn apart by the blast and a great ball of fire erupts from the siege-engine, flying high into the sky. Burning wreckage and rubble from the tower rain down all round you but, miraculously, you are not hit. What is left of the devastating war-machine is now a raging inferno – the Juggernaut is no more. With their siege-engine destroyed, Belgaroth's troops panic and, totally demoralized, flee in disarray.

When you stagger back to the guard post a great cheer goes up from the crowd of citizens and militiamen gathered there. Your victory has won them the day and saved Carass (regain 1 LUCK point and add 1 point to your HONOUR score). Undoubtedly you have also set Belgaroth's plans back somewhat. Unfortunately, you have to turn down the citizens' kind offers of hospitality as you had planned to get beyond Carass before nightfall. However, the townspeople insist on giving you a new sword if you have no weapon, as well as enough Provisions for 5 meals and a purse containing 20 Gold Pieces. You also receive the attentions of a physician (restore up to 5 points of STAMINA). Those members of the militia who are left are more than willing to fight for you should you want them to, if you are recruiting your own force to take on Belgaroth's troops (write down the word 'Ecrof' on your *Adventure Sheet* if you want to take them with you).

Leaving Carass, you turn off the road and head south, following a track into the hills in the direction of Caer Skaal. If you have the word 'Ecrof' written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **306**. If you do not, turn to **2**.

102

The start of the track into the woods is marked by two stone posts; it does not look as if the path has seen much traffic recently. The landlady also told you that the villagers leave Herluin alone and that some say he talks to the woodland creatures. As you guide Firemane along the path between the trees, you become aware of the fact that the further you go, the less birdsong you can hear. At last you enter a clearing, which is completely silent, where you find the sage's simple round stone cell, built as two storeys. Disturbingly, you see that no smoke is rising from the chimney on a cold Close day such as this. You knock on the cell's sturdy door but get no reply. You knock again and call out to the sage, but to no avail. Trying the door, you discover that it is unlocked. You sense that something is very wrong here. Will you enter the cell (turn to **26**) or leave the wood and Wendeford as quickly as possible (turn to **49**)?

103

A Banshee is an undead spirit that has been trapped on this plane in such a hideous form as punishment for some horrific crime committed when it was alive. As you pronounce the incantation, the Cailleach is ripped from this world to its final resting place with a hellish scream. (Write down the word 'Eehsnab' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Now, if you came here from paragraph 175, turn to **316**. If you came from paragraph 163, turn to **202**.

104

At the shaman's death, the imprisoned villagers suddenly become aware of what is going on and in desperate panic try to free themselves. However, many are exhausted or too weak to be of much help to themselves. If they do not get free soon, either the Wicker Man will catch alight or the Beast Men will break through the ring of fire surrounding you. Taking hold of a pole, you start to climb the precarious structure. If you suffer from the Fear of Heights, *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you fail, after climbing several metres you are overcome by dizziness and, losing your grip, fall from the funeral pyre outside the blazing barrier (turn to **265**). If you succeed, or if you are not afflicted with this fear, turn to **192**.

105

Hurriedly, you make the necessary arcane gestures to banish the ghost. The dead knight lets out a baleful shriek, and both it and its phantom mount fade away before your very eyes. Turn to **356**.

106

Dazed, you turn as a figure drops from an opening in the ceiling. It is a man dressed in the garb of a labourer and wearing a dyed green hood that covers his face completely, with just two eye-holes cut in it. In one hand the man is holding a chain with a spiked ball on one end of it. Yelling, he attacks you. For the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because of the blow on your head.

HOODED ATTACKER SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

Every time your opponent wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 1–4, the spiked ball does the usual 2 STAMINA points of damage. However, on a roll of 5–6 the weapon hits you hard and causes 3 points of damage to your STAMINA. If you reduce the man's STAMINA to 2 points or less, you can either try to question him as to why he attacked you (turn to **235**) or finish him off (turn to **354**)

107

Suddenly your mind is filled with terrible thoughts and evil desires. Although you try to resist the corrupting influence of the Chaos Rune, it is all in vain. Your armour blackens and tarnishes under the rune's tainting power, as does your heart. You will become Belgaroth's new champion and lead his inhuman hordes against the Citadel. Ruddlestone is doomed!

108

You are unable to break the vines holding you. The root-like growths shape themselves into a grotesque, thorny humanoid, several metres tall, whose emerald eyes glow with evil malevolence The manifestation reaches for you with great tendrilled hands. Your blood shall give the Darkthorn new strength.

109

The passage opens into a huge vaulted chamber in which countless coffins are resting. You are horrified to see that every one of the caskets has been smashed open and desecrated. As you survey this scene of devastation, a glowing, ghostly shape begins to materialize in the middle of the vault If you have the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill, and you wish to use it, turn to **63**. Otherwise, will you flee from this chamber (return to **243** and choose somewhere else to explore), or will you prepare to fight (turn to **304**)?

110

At the far end of the hall a grotesque, bloated Beast Man, covered in thick matted fur and with two goat-like horns growing from his head, is sprawled on a carved wooden chair. The creature is clad only in a loin-cloth and two armoured shoulder-pads, while round its neck hangs a Chaos Talisman. This is the Beast Men's chaotic leader, Murgrim the Cruel Well does he deserve that name, for at his command countless settlements have been put to the torch and the blood of hundreds of innocents spilt. At the moment he is enjoying torturing a group of prisoners who hang, suspended by their wrists from an iron chain, over a large fire. The chain passes through a pulley, fixed to a roof-beam, and its other end is wound round a wooden drum. Murgrim is gradually letting the capstan off a notch at a time, slowly lowering the prisoners towards the flames. In a far corner of the hall is a large cage, completely covered by a black drape. Drawing your weapon, you run across the hall. Grabbing a double-headed battle-axe, the Chaos Beast Lord rises from his chair and prepares for combat

MURGRIM	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **242**

111

Among a heap of scrolls and charts you find a piece of vellum with a message written on it in black ink in an untidy scrawl. It reads as follows:

The clerics continue to pursue their dark designs, weakening the elemental forces of the forest by their

actions. The fools! They are upsetting the natural order in the land. I have discovered that their temple is somewhere near Havalok. But I fear that they have a spy in Wendeford – Master Graye, the miller. I must summon help to stop their evil machinations.

This note gives you another line of enquiry to follow. Do you want to look for the miller (turn to **74**) or will you ignore Herluin's suspicions and continue searching his cell (turn to **274**)?

112

Having dismounted and tethered Firemane to a tree stump, you make your way to the source of the glinting. Standing between the trees, half hidden in the undergrowth, is the moss-covered stone statue of an armoured warrior. The quality of the stonework has been slightly worn by the passage of time, but you can still make out the attention to detail paid by the sculptor. The realism of the warrior's sword and armour, and the tension in the muscles of the figure, could almost make you believe that the statue was once a real man who had been turned to stone. Resting on the warrior's arm is a shield which catches the sunlight on its battle-scarred surface; on the shield is the faded design of a Dragon, painted gold. Pulling away weeds and tall grasses from its base, you can just make out two inscriptions carved into the stone. The first is in the Common Tongue but the second is in some strange runic script you do not recognize.

HERE STANDS A MONUMENT TO CANDRAZ

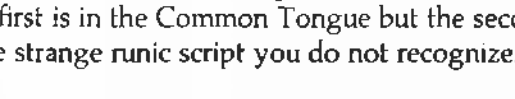

THE BOLD WHO DIED IN THIS THE FOURTH

YEAR OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VAXILLIA THE

JUST. MAY THE DRAGON KEEP SAFE HIS OWN

Before continuing through the forest do you want to try to take the shield (turn to **55**) or will you leave it where it is (turn to **353**)?

113

You strike out at the double, but for every blow you land it lands one of even greater force. There is nothing you can do as the monster steadily beats you to the ground. The last thing you ever see is your own face, horribly distorted and smiling, as the fatal blow strikes you. Your adventure is over.

114

With a shout, you kick your heels into Firemane's flanks. The horse whinnies and leaps forward into the crowd. Driving your mount forward, you charge past the startled protesters. As you flee, however, you are struck by a pike (lose 2 STAMINA points). Soon you are well past the angry mob, but you acted dishonourably towards the starving people (lose 1 HONOUR point). Wasting no more time, you continue southwards; turn to **200**.

115

Hurriedly you help Torrin to secure and barricade all the entrances to the forge. Two windows are left unprotected, so you take up positions next to them. Roll one dice and add 1 to the number rolled to find out how many Hellhounds try to enter through the window you are guarding. Because you are defending a small opening, you may increase your Attack Strength by 1 point during the Hellhounds' assault, and only one monster can attack you at a time. Each beast has the attributes: SKILL 7, STAMINA 6; at the end of each Attack Round, on a roll of 1 or 2 on one dice you are burnt for 1 additional STAMINA point of damage. Before you fight each of the demonic dogs, you may use one – only one – of the following (if you have them): the *Holy Strike* Special Skill (which does the monster 2 STAMINA points of damage), one dose of Holy Oil, fire a crossbow once, or throw a dagger (*Test your Skill*, deducting 2 from your SKILL score if you do not have the *Target* Special Skill; if you succeed, the dagger does 2 STAMINA points of damage). This battle will be a hard one. If you defeat all your opponents, turn to **24**.

116

'Ssso, mortal. You may be able to overcome my minions, but you will never destroy me. I wasss exsspelled from my grave by the foul sssicknesss that isss in the land. Now none can ssslay me.' You were right. It is the power of Chaos that has restored the Necromage and mutated his body while in the sarcophagus. The sorcerer stalks towards you, ready to

use his decaying hands as weapons. If you have the Fear of Spiders, for the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because of the Necromage's arachnid form.

CADAVER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If the Undead Lord wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn immediately to **56**. If you win, turn to **199**.

117

You stand with your sword poised mere centimetres from the champion's throat and claim victory as yours. 'Very well,' says Stronn. 'I would trust such a warrior as you to lead my men into battle. I only ask that you give us a little time to ready ourselves for such an important campaign.' You agree to meet Stronn and his mercenary band at the deserted outpost of Harnwatch in one day's time. (Write the word 'Ecrof' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Secure in the knowledge that at least you will now have others fighting for you against the Dread Lord's forces, you prepare to leave Havalok. Turn to **314**.

118

Taking the orb from your pack, you raise it above your head, hoping somehow to release its power. Belgaroth gives a short laugh at the sight of the artefact and, raising his palms in your direction, unleashes a dark bolt of energy at you. The Crystal Orb once belonged to a Black Sorcerer and it amplifies the effects of any dark magicks used in its presence. As a

result, Belgaroth's bolt strikes you with devastating effect, charring the flesh from your bones. Your adventure is over.

119

The book is written in a language that you do not understand. If you have the *Arcane Lore* Special Skill, turn to **203**; if you do not, turn to **66**.

120

Belgaroth whistles shrilly and the Night-mare desists from its attack. The beast flies up to the flat-topped tower; the Dread Lord mounts his demonic winged steed and, although you run up the staircase, you are too late to stop the warmonger taking to the air and making his escape. By the time you reach the roof he is out of range of bows and spears. Belgaroth must be fleeing in order to lead his army against the Citadel. You cannot let him get away, but how on Titan are you going to pursue him now? If you have a Golden Feather, you know what to do with it. Convert the name you have to say into a number, using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26. Add the numbers corresponding to the letters in the name together, multiply the total by the number of times you have to say the name, then turn to that paragraph. If you do not have a Golden Feather and do not know what to do here, turn to **210**.

121

Hurriedly you search the man's body; however, you find nothing but a small charm carved out of a dark

wood in the shape of a raven, a bird of ill-omen. On the bodies of the other two murderers you find 3 Gold Pieces. As night has fallen, you decide that it is time to head for Havalok. Turn to **241**.

122

As you cross the hall, you hear a terrible moan; fearfully, you spin around to discover its source. Sitting in the larger chair, slumped over the table in a pool of blood, is a semi-transparent figure that glows with a faint phosphorescence. The figure raises its head and sits upright. Horrified, you recognize your dead friend and fellow Templar, Sir Connor of Achenbury. The terrible injuries he suffered at the hands of the Orc Wolf-Riders are all too apparent and several arrows still protrude from his blood-soaked tunic. Connor's ghost turns to face you and his dead eyes give you a piercing stare. 'I bring you a warning,' he intones. You stand frozen to the spot and listen to what your dead friend has to say. 'There is a traitor, known only as the Raven, among those who claim fealty to the king. The Raven will betray you. Speak the traitor's true name to reveal the truth . . .' Connor's ghost fades away, his message passed on. Regain 1 LUCK point for receiving this warning and write down the word 'Rotiart' on your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **14**.

You pay the old woman (deduct 5 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*) and she gestures for you to go through a curtained doorway. At the end of a short corridor is an ornate wooden door; on it is the symbol of an eye inside a triangle, made out of polished brass. You open the door and step into the chamber beyond. You find yourself standing in a large room laid with a plush red carpet with the same esoteric symbols you saw outside the shop embroidered into it; it is lit by candles positioned at regular intervals round the mahogany-panelled walls. Sitting opposite you, on a gilded high-backed chair, is a beautiful, pale-skinned young woman with long black hair, wearing flowing robes and a circlet of silver round her head as well as numerous silver charms on necklaces. Hanging on the wall behind her chair are two wall-hangings representing two Cards of Divination: the Cup of Fortune and the High Priestess, meaning hidden secrets. On the wall above the chair is a larger version of the brass triangle and eye – the symbol of the Third Eye. Sweet-smelling smoke rises from two incense-burners that hang from the ceiling on either side of the chair, and to the woman's left is a stone bowl containing a pool of water. The effect of the decorations and objects in the room is to create an atmosphere of mystery and magic. 'I have been expecting you, Templar,' the woman announces without warning. 'I am the Mistress of the Sight, a diviner granted the powers of clairvoyance by the gods, just as my mother before me and her mother before her. I know of your quest and may be able to help you gain vital information.

Through the scrying pool you could try to spy on the Dark Tyrant and his forces, or perhaps you would prefer to see your own future in the cards. The choice is yours.' Will you spy on Belgaroth (turn to **36**) or find out what the cards have to reveal (turn to **277**)?

124

You are inside a room that spans the whole width of the Juggernaut. As you step through the door, you are hit by a tremendous blast of heat. A number of chained slaves are shovelling fuel into the huge, demonic iron mouth of a furnace; they are encouraged to work harder by an armour-clad Ogre overseer carrying a bullwhip. The searing heat in the chamber is so oppressive that you break out in beads of sweat, while several of the prisoners look as if they are about to collapse from exhaustion. You must do what you can to help these poor people, so you attack the Ogre.

OGRE OVERSEER SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

Because of its armour, you must reduce the damage done to the Ogre by your weapon by 1 point. If the Ogre wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6 the whip wraps round your weapon and, though it does you no harm, it pulls the weapon out of your grasp; you must fight on with your SKILL reduced by 3 points. If you win the battle, you may recover your weapon and, having freed the grateful prisoners and told them the way to escape, leave the furnace-room. Turn to **311**.

125

The feast over, you retire to a luxurious room for the night; you wake up at sunrise, rested and invigorated (restore up to 4 STAMINA points and add 1 day to the Time Elapsed). A guide and escort of two soldiers are already waiting for you when you descend from your room. Firemane has been saddled and has also recovered from the previous day's ride. It does not take long for you to reach the edge of the forest and, leaving tilled fields behind, you enter the ancient, shadowy tangle of trees. Your guide keeps you on an almost completely overgrown path until you reach a fork in the track, then he stops. 'This is the last place where the monster was seen,' he says. 'It turned on a soldier and left him terribly wounded. We will go no further. From here you're on your own.' You stare at the two soldiers, but they try to avoid your gaze and shift uneasily in their saddles. With an exasperated sigh you decide which route to take. If you have the *Tracking* Special Skill, turn to **309**. If you do not, will you take the left (turn to **385**) or the right fork (turn to **291**)?

126

Following the tunnel into the caves, eventually you enter a low cavern. As you make your way across it, you hear a loud hissing sound and your lantern illuminates a mass of slithering bodies. Dozens of snakes cover the chamber floor and many look as if they could be poisonous. Do you suffer from the Fear of Snakes? If you do, turn to **252**; otherwise, turn to **300**.

127

'So you're the traitor, Lord Taris Varen!' you shout before the bird has time to leave the chamber. Belgaroth freezes, and you stagger away from him to catch your breath. The raven lets out an agonized squawk and drops to the ground as if stunned. What you witness next is terrible to behold. The raven grows in size and changes shape, its legs becoming longer and its tail retracting into its body as Lord Varen resumes his natural human form. Belgaroth granted him the Enchantment of Transformation, giving him the ability to shapechange at will. However, because you have broken the spell, Varen no longer has control over the charm and the transformation does not go as smoothly as it should. Standing in front of you is a hideous mutant. Varen has regained his human form except that, in place of his right arm, a huge black wing sprouts from his shoulder and his left leg is that of a bird, while his head is part-human, part-raven, with an ugly black beak. 'I'll kill you for this, *croak*!' Varen squawks as he stumbles towards you, consumed by an enraged madness. As you prepare to fight the mutant, you glimpse Belgaroth making his escape through the archway.

RAVEN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you kill the vile traitor, turn to **176**.

128

Well now you know what killed Herluin. He must have tried to summon the Demon in order to find out more about Belgaroth and the Chaos Knights. Return to **166**.

129

Remembering your gift from the Guardian Elves, an idea forms in your mind. It is just a hunch but, as the doors are made of wood, maybe the sap from the mysterious ancient forest will have some effect. Uncorking the ornate bottle, with its glass reliefs of leafy stems, you pour the oozing milky-white liquid on to the doors. The sap slowly soaks into the old dead planks and, as it does so, something incredible happens. With a stretching sound, fresh green shoots burst from the doors as the dark wood remembers that it was once a living tree. Creaking loudly, the doors contort, individual planks forming into gnarled trunks as the raw elemental energy surging from the sap gives the ancient wood renewed life. The growing doors split apart as they break through the walls of the castle, leaving the way into Belgaroth's throne room, and the inner sanctum of the Order of the Knights of Chaos, open.

The throne room is circular, lit by torches round the walls, with the Rune of Chaos laid into the floor of the chamber in polished black granite. Banners of the Fortress of the Skull and the Chaos Knights adorn the walls, and on the far side of the room is a high-backed throne of black wood. In the centre of the room stands a ring of black-armoured knights who are completely silent and motionless. At their head, standing before the throne, is a huge man clad in full, shining black, platemail armour. His horned helmet has been fashioned to look like a skull, while bands of metal across his breastplate resemble a ribcage. The armour is also

covered with spikes and demonic sigils, picked out in red tracery, while a long cloak the colour of night is fastened round the knight's shoulders. This can only be Belgaroth, the Dread Lord, himself. When you made your peculiar entrance, the warlord seemed to be talking to a large black bird perched next to his throne. However, he now turns and the burning coals of his eyes fix you with a stare full of hatred and fury. With a wordless command from their liege, the Elite Order of the Knights of Chaos, resurrected from the dead, turn as one and advance towards you across the throne room. If you know five Words of Power and dare to utter them here, speak them backwards now. If you do not know such an incantation, or if you do not want to use it, turn to **276**.

130

The ride south is uneventful since the road passes through cultivated fields, then on to barren moorland. To the east lies the sprawling expanse of ancient woodland that is so bound up in legend. It is said that objects made from wood taken from its trees retain some of the elemental magical energies of the forest and that Elves, as well as stranger creatures, dwell within its depths, keeping it from harm. The road gradually swings towards the trees and you enter a narrow wooded stretch. Suddenly a rope that was spanning the road is jerked up from under its cover of leaves on the ground and is pulled taut. You are galloping straight towards it. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll if you do not have the *Ride* Special Skill. If you succeed, you duck under the rope just in time; turn to **205**. If you fail, turn to **78**.

131

Carefully you reach into the coffin and slide the ring from the knight's finger. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you take the ring without disturbing the mould. If you fail, you knock the body while removing the ring and a second spore-cloud is released (lose 2 STAMINA points unless you have the word 'Eugalp' written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, in which case you must lose 4 STAMINA points). Add the Shield Ring to your possessions. There is nothing else for you here, so you leave the crypt. Turn to **245** and choose another option.

132

As Firemane trots across the clearing, scores of the orange fungi burst open, releasing their spores into the air. Before you know it, you have inhaled a great lungful of the spores and you begin to cough violently (lose 2 STAMINA points). Quickly you steer Firemane

towards the edge of the clearing. However, more worryingly, as the spores come into contact with your armour, the metal starts to corrode, turning to rust. You have fallen foul of a fungus known as Ironbane. Roll one dice: this is the number of pieces of armour, weapons or metal objects, such as your lantern (but not including Gold Pieces), that both you and Firemane are carrying that turn to rust. Cross pieces of equipment totalling that number off your *Adventure Sheet*. Away from the spore cloud, you lead Firemane round the edge of the treacherous clearing. Turn to **8**.

133

Refusing to help the people of Ennox was a selfish and dishonourable act (lose 1 HONOUR point). Jeering, the villagers drive you out of town, waving pitchforks and hurling rotten vegetables in your direction. Turn to **332**.

134

The landlady tells you that years ago the surrounding hamlets and farmsteads were terrorized by a monstrous wild boar which lived within the borders of the Forest of Lein. Eventually it was tracked down by Felder the Hunter and his pack of legendary hounds, was trapped in a staked pit and slain. Now will you ask her where you can find Herluin the Sage (turn to **362**) or ask her about any local rumours (turn to **268**), or will you leave the Bristling Boar and Wendeford (turn to **49**)?

135

You explain to the old woman that you mean her no harm, and she soon calms down. 'I thought you'd come 'ere to turn me out of me 'ome,' she says, 'but seeing as 'ow you 'aven't, perhaps you'd take shelter for the night.' You gratefully accept the crone's invitation, and she provides you with a meal of spit-roast rabbit (regain up to 3 STAMINA points). As you eat, the old woman rambles on about her life in these lonely hills and tells you that she can concoct potions to cure almost anything. 'I could rid you of your worst fears even, although for that I'd need special ingredients: the moss from a dead man's scalp taken by moonlight, the tongue of a Cockatrice and a Banshee's tooth.' If you suffer from a fear and want to take the old crone up on this offer, turn to **51**. If you do not, you turn in for the night and, at dawn, leave the cave and its strange occupant (add 1 day to the Time Elapsed and turn to **379**).

Your quest is of great importance, and if you are worthy to attain Aelfgar then some perils you will face will be lessened. However, if we are to help you, we must know that you intend the forest only good.' If you have a twisted staff, turn to **315**. If you do not, turn to **194**.

137

The track that leads into the southern mound looks both well used and as if something has travelled along it recently. Now, having lit your lantern, will you enter the mound to the:

North?	Turn to **95**
South?	Turn to **175**
East?	Turn to **339**
West?	Turn to **350**

138

His Elite Knights may be dead once more, but the Dread Lord still lives. Standing before his throne is Belgaroth, the Dark Tyrant, the Usurping Serpent, the Iron Fist, the Warmonger of Caer Skaal, Lord of Havoc and servant of the Dark Lords of Chaos. 'So, you are the Templars' champion,' Belgaroth says with a guttural snarl. His voice alone fills you with foreboding. 'You have caused me much aggravation, but your progress to my fortress has been observed every step of the way. Do not think that I am unprepared. You will merely be the first of thousands to die – or will you turn from Telak and join my Knights of Chaos?' What can he mean? Is Belgaroth a fool? You would never betray your holy order or your kingdom – at

least, not of your own free will. A thought suddenly crosses your mind. Your eyes drop to the floor and you realize in horror where you are standing: in your struggle with the undead Chaos Knights, you have strayed into the pattern of the Chaos Rune set into the flagstones. Belgaroth mutters a few words under his breath, invoking its power. Roll one dice and add 7 (add 2 more points if you are carrying a moon shield). If the total is less than or equal to your HONOUR score, turn to **218**. If the total is greater than your HONOUR score, turn to **107**.

139

Having made a few discreet enquiries, eventually you find yourself outside the impressive headquarters of the Mercenaries' Guild, the best place to recruit an army. The tall stone building itself looks like a small fortress, the entrance being barred by a portcullis. After you have rung the bell next to the door, a hunchbacked figure appears at the window above the portcullis and asks you your business. You explain your desire to assemble an army of brave fighters and are soon standing before the Guildmaster, Nasra Stronn, and a crowd of rough-looking, battle-scarred ruffians. 'So, you want to hire an army, but you haven't got the money to pay us,' Stronn booms. The mercenaries burst into raucous laughter.

'But your bravery and heroism would go down in legend,' you say. 'This is no petty dispute between rival lords but a battle against the very forces of Evil and Chaos, the outcome of which will determine

136

You have avenged the death of your friend, Connor the Templar (add 1 to your HONOUR score) The Orcs possess nothing of any use to you, so you set off again. With a thud, a white arrow embeds itself in a tree next to you. The shaft is engraved with runes that you cannot read but which you know are Elven in origin Six slender, white-haired figures almost melt out of the forest, their bows trained on you. These are the Guardian Elves of the Forest of Lein who patrol and tend the ancient woodland. 'Stranger,' says one of the Elves, 'what are you doing so far into the forest?' The Guardian Elves of Lein are unerring servants of Good so you have nothing to lose in telling them of your encounter with the Orcs, your quest and your search for Aelfgar. 'Come with us,' says the Elf. Dismounting, you lead Firemane through the trees, following the Elves.

You have not gone far when you find yourself standing at the edge of a grove of trees which is beautiful beyond description On the far side of the lush lawn, which is covered with bright flowers even at this time of year, stands a six-sided plinth of pure white stone, engraved with what you suspect are prayers. You are greeted by a female Elf who possesses an almost unearthly beauty, long flowing white hair, pale skin and large, deep-green eyes The leader of the Elf patrol relays to her what you have told him, then she addresses you. 'Templar, I am Elaina, Sorceress-Priestess of the Guardian Elves of Lein. The times are troubled indeed and our beloved forest is sickening.

the fate of the kingdom, if not of the Old World itself! Think of the honour and prestige. Such rewards are worth far more than mere gold.'

The mercenaries are silent. After a moment's thought, Stronn speaks again: 'I still don't understand why the Warriors of Telak aren't prepared themselves – but that's not my concern. All right, we'll join your crusade if you can prove your own skill as a warrior. You must best our champion in combat.' Will you agree to these terms and fight (turn to **53**), or will you leave the Mercenaries' Guild, and Havalok itself, and continue on your quest (turn to **314**)?

140

At first the creatures recoil at the sight of the talisman, but then their attitude of fear becomes one of fury and the plant-like humanoids leap at you. You have no choice but to draw your weapon and defend yourself. Turn to **18**.

141

Hurriedly, you make the signs and mutter the words that will banish your supernatural assailant. As you complete your incantation, the ghostly hand drops the dagger to the ground and dissolves into the cold night air. If you wish, you may take the dagger (if you do so, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*). The Assassin's Dagger is a favourite weapon of vindictive practitioners of the occult. Someone obviously knows about your quest and does not want you to complete it, but you have halted their evil scheme, for now at least

(regain 1 LUCK point). The rest of the night passes without incident, and at dawn you are on your way again (add 1 day to the Time Elapsed and restore 2 STAMINA points). Turn to **285**.

142

At the foot of the escarpment on the eastern side of the castle, hidden behind scrubby bushes and boulders, you find a small cave mouth and, beyond that, a rocky tunnel leading into the hill beneath the fortress. Perhaps the tunnel was made by the crusaders, a century ago. Whoever dug it out, it should take you into the castle dungeons. Do you want to explore the passageway further (turn to **167**) or would you rather return to the gatehouse and enter that way (turn to **363**)?

143

You rain blow after blow upon the monster, but to no effect: all you manage to do is prevent it striking you. Suddenly some of the thorns fly from its body directly at you. Roll one dice and add 2. This is the number of thorns that hit you, each one inflicting 1 STAMINA point of damage. Unable to injure the creature in the usual way, will you now use:

The *Holy Strike* Special Skill?	Turn to **239**
The *Banish Spirit* Special Skill?	Turn to **260**
A Cleric's Talisman?	Turn to **28**
The potion Witherwell?	Turn to **41**

If you can use none of these, the Darkthorn grabs you with one huge tendrilled hand and crushes the life out of you. Your adventure ends here.

144

The silver-tipped spear sails past Belgaroth's head. Laughing cruelly, he releases his dark bolt of energy. It slams into your chest, knocking you from your mount's back, into oblivion.

145

You try to throw yourself out of the path of the crushing hoofs but are just too late. The horse hits you in the back, knocking you to the floor (lose 3 STAMINA points). Ignoring you, the ghostly knight urges its mount towards the king, raising its weapon, ready to strike. You must act quickly. Will you:

Use the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill, if you have it?	Turn to **105**
Use the *Holy Strike* Special Skill, if you have it?	Turn to **303**
Attack the ghost?	Turn to **255**

146

As you dash under the Juggernaut to get to the ladder there is a rumbling sound above you and a mass of red-hot ash drops down a chute, hitting the ground with a shower of sparks. Some of this waste from the siege-engine hits you and you cry out in agony as you are terribly burnt (lose 5 STAMINA points). Turn to **220**.

147

As the horseman approaches, you see that he is wearing the livery of the Lord of Cleeve Manor. When he

is within ear-shot he reins in his horse and calls out to you. 'I have been sent by my lord to offer you the hospitality of Cleeve Manor and to request your aid,' he says. 'My lord has heard of your quest and thought that you would appreciate a more restful night. There is also a more serious matter, for which we would be most grateful of your help. The tenants on the manor's lands are being terrorized by a rogue boar from the forest. Our best soldiers have tried to kill it, but all have failed. Some say that the beast is enchanted and cannot be slain. Will you help us?' A night in a bed would certainly be very refreshing, and you have pledged to keep order in the kingdom. However, such an expedition will take up valuable time. Will you go with the messenger to Cleeve Manor (turn to **325**) or will you press on and try to reach Havalok before nightfall (turn to **191**)?

148

The villagers cheer at your announcement. You must act tonight so as to save time and protect Assart from the cursed twilight existence of the undead. If you have the *Battle Tactics* Special Skill and want to try to organize the villagers into a small fighting force, turn to **224**. If you do not have that Special Skill, or if you do not want to use it, turn to **5**.

149

Hacking your way among the enemy, you suddenly break through their lines and are confronted by a scene that makes your blood boil with fury! The bodies of your companions litter the ground in front of one of the Beast Man warriors The creature is almost three metres tall, with a wolf-like head, dagger-length fangs and a row of long spines projecting from the top of its skull and down its back It has huge muscular arms that end in great clawed hands; in one of them it is gripping the broken axle-shaft of a war-chariot with one wheel still attached and ending in a vicious curved blade. Iron chains are bound round the Beast Man's torso, and hanging from a belt are the heads of previous opponents In the midst of its battle-frenzy, the foul Chaos spawn swings its weapon at you.

BEAST MAN CHAMPION SKILL 12 STAMINA 14

If the Champion hits you with the sickle-blade from the war-chariot, the implement will inflict 3 points of damage to your STAMINA If you defeat this terrifying adversary, turn to **236**.

150

You explain to the villagers that the Templars are not 'snoopers' but protectors of the citizens of Ruddlestone. In fact, at this very moment you are on an arduous mission to defend the kingdom and its people from an evil tyrant whose return would bring bitter war and destruction.

'There's already corruption in the land,' the spokesman replies. 'Many of our crops have failed this year because of the blight brought to these parts by a terrible monster. Everyone lives in fear of it, for its breath either paralyses or kills anything it touches. If you're our protector, you'll root out the Cockatrice and slay it!' Again his companions mumble in agreement. Will you agree to help these people (turn to 73) or will you leave Ennox and press on with your primary quest (turn to 133)?

151

Picking up a large stone, you throw it just outside the circle of light thrown by the torches. Hearing the noise, the guard suddenly becomes alert. You throw another stone, and the Beast Man leaves his post to investigate. Quickly you creep towards the opening in the stockade. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, the guard does not hear you (turn to 247). If you fail, you do not move quietly enough and the guard hears you (turn to 386).

152

Hearing shouts of 'Make way for the Watch!' you find yourself surrounded by a patrol of the town guard who overcome the felons and clap them in irons. Having heard your explanation, the Captain of the Watch thanks you profusely for your help in catching the thieves and says that all the stolen goods will be returned to their rightful owners (add 1 point to your HONOUR score). He also gives you a reward of 8 Gold Pieces and says that you will always be welcome in

Havalok. However, time is pressing and you can remain here no longer. Turn to 45.

153

The carvings on the walls around you suddenly distort and transform into hundreds of screaming human faces. Their anguished features fill your vision and their wailing all but deafens you. These are the poor souls held in perpetual torment by the Necromancer's dark powers to be his slaves. Then everything is as it should be again. However, you are disturbed by this experience and while you remain in the Sepulchre you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point. Turn to 243.

154

You charge towards the prophets, and immediately the crowd are upon you. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–2, turn to 183; 3–4, turn to 298; 5–6, turn to 64.

155

You cannot help but sit down in the chair and rest your weary body. Clasps immediately snap shut, trapping your wrists and ankles, while another closes round your neck and one round your waist. Instantly you are jolted free from the mind-dulling effect of the voices, but it is too late. There is nothing you can do as hidden mechanisms in the chair are triggered and whirr into action. Sharp blades and pointed spikes emerge from the device and move ever closer to your immobile body. You will soon discover why this device is called the Throne of Agony.

156

You manage to keep your seat in the saddle and guide your steed round the hazard. You soon catch up with the desperate man and cut him down easily. Turn to **121**.

157

As you chase after the High Priest, a manic Initiate bars your way. Armed with a long, black thorn, she is intent on revenge. You must fight her.

INITIATE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If the battle lasts six Attack Rounds or less, you continue after Bryar; turn to **287**. If it takes longer, turn to **364**.

158

'There has only been the matter concerning the Great Boar. I know about nothing else,' says Lord Varen, 'except, of course, that the forest is a mysterious place, controlled by ancient elemental forces and by Elves.' Turn to **82**.

159

Dusk falls as you ride south. Gradually, you become aware of a sound coming from somewhere in the distance ahead of you. As it gets louder you can hear shouts, war-chants, terrible roaring sounds and the thunder of hoofs on the ground. Then you can see them coming over a rise: Belgaroth's army. Charging towards you is a horde of Orcs, some mounted on wolves; also Trolls, Ogres, black-clad warriors,

demonic Hellhounds and savage Beast Men. Ahead of them ride the Chaos Knights of Caer Skaal, their steeds mighty war-horses. Behind them, riding a demonic winged horse with blood-red eyes, is a shadowy figure whom you know to be the warmongering Dread Lord Belgaroth himself. Under the veil of night the Usurping Serpent is leading his army towards the Citadel. You cannot hope to overcome such incredible odds. It will not be long before Ruddlestone is crushed beneath the Iron Fist.

160

The strange liquid tastes strongly of wild garlic, but it also seems to have healing properties (restore up to 4 points of lost STAMINA). Now will you read the letter (turn to **377**) or leave the mill (turn to **49**)?

161

Rummaging through the debris, you uncover a locked iron box. If you have a small iron key and want to open the box, turn to **232**. If you do not have such a key but you find one later, make a note of this paragraph so that you can return here if you wish to open the box. For now, turn to **274**.

162

As you rise to your feet, Belgaroth strides towards you across the throne room. 'I shall crush you, Templar!' he spits vehemently. 'Then there will be no one to stop me and the prophecy will never be fulfilled!' You just have time to ready your weapon while the Dread Lord unsheathes his great black Runesword. Charged with the powers of darkness, a blow from the Runesword will inflict 3 points of damage to your STAMINA and it will also drain 1 HONOUR point as it taints you with the foul infection of Chaos If your HONOUR score reaches zero, you will have been totally corrupted and will come under Belgaroth's control, to become his new champion

BELGAROTH SKILL 12 STAMINA 17

You must reduce any damage you cause the Dread Lord by 1 point because of his heavy plate armour. When you do strike him, he does not bleed; instead, his wounds ooze a vile green slime: every fibre of his undead being is corrupted. As soon as you reduce Belgaroth's STAMINA score to 7 points or less, if you have the word 'Reggad' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **238**; otherwise, turn to **251**.

163

With a soul-rending scream, a hideous spectre flies at you out of the darkness, tearing a deep gash in your sword-arm with a clawed hand (lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Standing in front of you is a ghastly undead creature which looks like a shrivelled and stooped old woman with long matted hair and,

strangely, only one large nostril and a single tooth As the hideous creature howls mournfully, you look into its red-rimmed eyes which are filled with blazing fury and indescribable sorrow. You are now facing the terrible Banshee, known as the Cailleach, that haunts the Cairns of Dunar (Make a note of the number of this paragraph.) If you have the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill and wish to try to use it now, turn to **103**. If you do not have it, turn to **345**.

164

Although you have stopped the ethereal Wyrd, the Mistress has obviously been shaken by the experience. 'Dark powers are at work here Not only does the Usurping Serpent have physical guards, he also has servants among the other planes. I pray that you can overcome such terrible odds, but I am afraid that there is nothing more I can do for you.' The young woman sits down, shivering. 'Now go.' You do not want to cause her further distress, so you leave 'The Mind's Eye'. Turn to **248**

165

With a heaving groan, the floor of the chamber falls away into a now clearly visible fiery pit many metres deep, leaving only a pinnacle of rock beneath the badge of the Templars on which you are standing. The height makes you feel dizzy and you have to concentrate hard on keeping your balance There is a beating of wings and three Imps fly out of the pit; they have bat-like wings and barbed tails. As they swoop down to attack you, jets of flame shoot from

their mouths. You must fight all the Fire Imps at the same time, with your Attack Strength reduced by 2 points because of your vertigo.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FIRE IMP	9	4
Second FIRE IMP	8	4
Third FIRE IMP	7	5

If you defeat all three, turn to **222**.

166

The owl continues to fix you with a piercing stare. You see that a large book has been left lying open on the desk, and next to it is another volume, bound in red leather, that may be of interest You may now choose to carry out two of the following actions. (You will be told to return to this paragraph after each choice.) However, once you have performed two of them, you must turn immediately to **15**. Will you:

Read the large open book?	Turn to **119**
Take a look at the red book?	Turn to **392**
Make a thorough search through the wreckage in the cell?	Turn to **274**
Leave immediately?	Turn to **49**

167

Tying Firemane's reins to a stunted tree hidden among the shrubs, then lighting your lantern, you set off along the tunnel. The ground slopes upwards until you find yourself inside a small cave. On the other side of the cave is the entrance to another tunnel, but it is blocked by a padlocked iron gate. Coming from

the darkness beyond the gate, you can hear something large moving about and grunting in the distance; there is also a strong animal smell. Because the gate is locked and you have no key, some other means of opening it will have to be found if you want to proceed further. Ironbane, if you have some, will rust the lock and the gate itself, letting you pass. A grenade, if you have one, used successfully will blow the lock apart, allowing you to open the gate. Otherwise, you will have to break the gate open with your weapon. If you have a smashing weapon, such as a mace or a war-hammer, you make short work of the problem. However, a pointed or edged weapon requires greater effort to break the lock (lose 1 STAMINA point through your exertions). If you use one of the above methods to get past the gate, turn to **294**. If you decide against this route after all, turn to **363**.

168

Cutting off one of the Cockatrice's claws to take back with you as proof of your victory, you leave the caves and return to Ennox. There, you find the group of villagers waiting outside the local tavern, the Wild Goose, the sign of which depicts a farmhand chasing just such a fowl. They are startled to see you with evidence of your conquest. 'We didn't think you'd actually go through with it,' says their spokesman, 'but you have our thanks. Maybe the Templars really are our guardians after all.' Add 1 to your HONOUR score for ridding Ennox of the Cockatrice and restoring the people's faith in your order. As a sign of their thanks, the people give you 2 meals' worth of Provisions and

ask if they can help you in any way in your quest. You realize that these farmers are not great fighters and have recently suffered enough hardship, so you ask them if they know anything concerning the Elf-Spear, Aelfgar. 'Legend tells of a weapon of great power lying in one of the burial mounds of the ancient kings, the Cairns of Dunar, half a day's ride south-west of here across the moors. However, I warn you, the Cairns are also said to be haunted by the Cailleach, a terrible undead monster.' Do you want to make this added diversion to the burial mounds (turn to **323**) or, knowing that time is fast running out, will you stay on the road heading south (turn to **332**)?

169

The mists part momentarily to reveal jagged rocks at the base of the gorge, hundreds of metres below. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you succeed, you manage to control your vertigo; turn to **245**. If you fail, you panic and your head begins to spin. You lose all sense of balance and topple from Firemane's saddle, over the parapet of the bridge. Your death plunge lasts several seconds, before your body is smashed to pieces on the rocks below.

170

You are unable to keep your seat when Firemane rises up on his hind legs. You land on top of one of the calthrops and its vicious metal spikes dig into your back (lose 2 STAMINA points). By the time you have recovered yourself, the man has disappeared into the encroaching darkness and you decide against further pursuit. Searching the murderers' bodies, you find 3

Gold Pieces but nothing more. As night has fallen, you decide that you must now make for Havalok. Turn to **241**.

171

Ducking behind the mound, you can see your next move. It is only a few strides to the cauldron full of oil and, putting all your weight behind it, you manage to tip the vessel over. Its contents gush down the slope and collect round the base of the mound. In the confusion that ensues, a torch falls into the river of oil; it goes up instantly, forming a wall of fire between the Beast Men and the mound and leaving you and the villagers unharmed, but with the furious shaman trapped with you With the other Beast Men roaring encouragement, the shaman attacks. Fight the battle as normal but if he wins the first Attack Round, the shaman blasts a bolt of dark energy at you which causes 5 points of damage to your STAMINA. After that, he tries to rake your flesh with his talons.

BEAST MAN SHAMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **104**.

172

You bang on the doors, and after a few moments you hear someone unlocking them from the other side, then they open just a crack. Are you wearing a green cloak and hood? If so, turn to **307**; if not, turn to **225**.

173

Quickly searching the body of the Giant, you find

nothing of interest or value, so you spur Firemane onwards. If you have the word 'Ecrof' written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **306** If you do not, turn to **2**.

174

Gently you tug at the stalk of one of the plants – when it snaps in your grasp and the mushroom sends a cloud of spores into the air. Roll one dice and divide the number by 2 (rounding halves up) This is the number of pieces of armour, weapons or metal objects, such as your lantern, you are carrying at the moment (not including Gold Pieces or any weapons carried by Firemane) that are destroyed by the Ironbane. Cross pieces of equipment totalling that number off your *Adventure Sheet*. You decide it is not worth trying to collect the Ironbane, so you quickly remount and leave the clearing. Turn to **8**

175

Creeping into the darkened passage, you are assailed by a stench of decay and putrefaction. Following the tunnel a little further, you round a bend and come upon a circular chamber littered with bones and filth, and smelling like an animal's den Hearing your approach, the inhabitant of the mound turns, dropping the human arm it was gnawing when you arrived, and lets out a soul-shredding wail The grotesque thing standing before you looks like a shrivelled and stooped old woman with long matted hair and, strangely, only one large nostril and a single tooth. As the hideous creature howls mournfully, you look into a pair of red-rimmed eyes filled with blazing fury and indescribable sorrow. You are now facing the terrible Banshee, known as the Cailleach, that haunts the Cairns of Dunar. (Make a note of the number of this paragraph.) If you have the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill and wish to try to use it now, turn to **103** If you do not have it, turn to **345**

176

Sprinting through the archway, you race up a flight of stone steps and on to the crumbling battlements of Caer Skaal after Belgaroth. Night has fallen and lightning crackles from raging stormclouds overhead. You know that something of a supernatural nature is taking place Belgaroth stands, not far from you, at the top of another flat-roofed tower with a staircase ascending it round its outside The warmonger has his arms raised to the turbulent skies as if in supplication Against the dark clouds you can make out an even darker shape

approaching at great speed on feathery red-tipped wings. The midnight-black winged horse is one of the demonic steeds of the Wild Hunt – a Night-mare! Seeing you, Belgaroth shouts a command to the Night-mare and, beating the air with fiery-tipped hoofs, it closes in on you, ready to tear you apart with its razor-edged teeth. There is time to use a crossbow once, if you have one. The *Holy Strike* Special Skill, if used against the beast, will cause 2 points of damage to its STAMINA and 1 point of damage to its SKILL.

NIGHT-MARE SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you reduce the demonic Night-mare's STAMINA to 6 points or less, turn to **120**.

177

This breastplate has saved many a warrior from otherwise certain death. While you wear it you may reduce by 1 point any damage done against you in battle. However, this piece of armour is also quite heavy, so you must also reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point during combat. Now return to **356**.

178

Your opponent topples backwards at your death-dealing blow and falls with a crash into the gears and clanking mechanisms of the Juggernaut, jamming its workings. There is a terrible groaning, then something buckles, sending cogs and metal shafts flying from their mountings. In the confusion, warriors and guards are running everywhere, but ignoring you. Just to make sure that the Juggernaut will be completely destroyed, you locate the safety valve on the boiler and jam it shut. Having begun the destruction of the war-machine you must flee. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **101**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **233**.

179

You manage to hold your breath before the sleep-inducing pollen can affect you. Lunging at the man, you deliver him a fatal blow and he slumps to the floor, dead. You hurry outside and wait for the pollen to disperse before re-entering the mill to investigate further. Turn to **354**.

180

As the final word begins to form on your lips, sweat breaks out on your brow and you realize that you cannot contain the eldritch power writhing within you. A surge of elemental Chaos, generated as a reaction to your charm, rushes into your body as you stumble over the last word. In a searing explosion of pain, tensed muscles go into spasm and sinews snap Your adventure ends here.

181

Gasping for breath and exhausted by your struggle, you climb back into the saddle and press on through the night and the torrential rain. To the east you can make out a low range of hills, but there is still no sign of the village or the forge. Do you want to try to find shelter in the hills (turn to **327**), or will you push on in hope of reaching your desired destination (turn to **85**)?

182

You walk for several kilometres along the uneven tunnel floors until you reach a large cave chamber with no other exits: a dead-end. By the time you have trudged back to the junction, you are quite tired (lose 1 STAMINA point). Having rested briefly, you take the right-hand passage (turn to **126**).

183

Feeling a sharp pain, you look down to see the prophet representing the threat of death pulling his scythe from your leg (lose 2 STAMINA points). You cannot hope to fight off all the mob, so you make your escape. Turn to **114**

184

Dusk falls as you come in sight of the smouldering remains of a ransacked village In the twilight haze you can just see that a hastily erected wooden stockade stands at its centre. However, as you near the site you hear a terrible din Coming over the hill towards you a mass of beast-headed creatures suddenly appears. The noise is made by them banging weapons against shields and making animal hootings, grunts and bellows. Firemane snorts in excitement at the prospect of battle. Driven by a maniacal bloodlust, the bestial warriors charge your small force. The Beast Men's Battle Strength is 10. (If you took four days or less to get this far, deduct 2 points from the Beast Men's Battle Strength.)

Now *Engage in Battle* To do this, roll two dice and add

your army's Battle Strength. Now roll two dice and add the Beast Men's Battle Strength. If the totals are the same, deduct 1 point both from your army's Battle Strength and from that of your opponents, then *Engage in Battle* again. If the totals are not the same, the side which is at a disadvantage (has the lower total) must deduct 2 points from its Battle Strength, then you return to the top of this paragraph. If your Battle Strength ever falls to zero or below, turn at once to **207** (make a note of this). If your enemy's Battle Strength ever falls to 2 or below, turn at once to **149**. For now, however, if your force has the advantage, turn to **149**. If your force has the disadvantage, turn to **67**.

185

The evil servant of the Darkthorn falls to his knees at your fatal blow and grabs your tunic. 'So, this is how it ends,' he gasps. 'You may have thwarted the Clerics of the Darkthorn, but Belgaroth lives again. You and all your order are now as good as dead. Curse you, Templar! From this moment onwards, fear and dread shall rule your life!' Then he is dead.

A sudden chill overcomes you and your mind is filled with irrational fear. Roll one dice. If you roll 1 or 2, record the Fear of Spiders on your *Adventure Sheet*; on a roll of 3 or 4, write down the Fear of Snakes; and on a roll of 5 or 6, record the Fear of Heights. You may have defeated an ally of the evil warlord, but you have paid dearly for it. (Add 1 to your HONOUR score.) Next to Bryar's body lies his twisted staff; it is a curious object and you may take it if you wish. If you were captured by Master Graye the Miller, turn to **213**. If you were not, having composed yourself you now take stock of your bearings until, after walking several kilometres westwards, you reach the outskirts of Havalok and return to the deserted temple's entrance. Turn to **219**.

186

Kneeling before the altar, you feel a surge of energy pass clean through you. Regain up to 4 STAMINA points, 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point. For a moment your hands are surrounded by fire but you feel no heat; then the flames vanish. You have been granted Khrizat's Gift: you may conjure a small magical ball of fire which will do 4 STAMINA points of damage when aimed against an enemy. However, you may use this gift only once. Having been blessed, you leave the shrine. Turn to **23**.

187

Cautiously you creep across the floorboards towards another shadowy doorway in the wall opposite. As you peer into the gloom there is a swishing sound from above and something hard and heavy hits you on the back of your head. If you are wearing a helmet, turn to **25**; if you are not, turn to **370**.

188

The mummers are all dressed in the traditional colourful rag robes of their profession and are re-enacting the popular story of a knight's battle with a fire-breathing dragon and a spiteful old hag in their own comical style. Each of the mummers is wearing a piece of costume that identifies him as a certain character. One has a knight's helmet and another is wearing a pantomime horse's head, while a third has his or her face covered by a witch-mask. The most remarkable costume, however, is that of the dragon. It is worn by two people operating a mechanism that makes the dragon's wings flap and its jaws snap open and shut. A short blast of flame bursts from the creature's nostrils, causing the crowd to gasp once again. Caught up in this display, the audience do not notice another of the mummers dancing among them, relieving them of their purses – but you do. You cannot let this felony go unchallenged, so you shout out, 'Stop thief!' The pickpocket looks around in horrified surprise, then makes off through the crowd. You follow in hot pursuit but find your way blocked by the dragon. The thing spins around to face you and a jet of fire shoots from its nostrils. *Test your Luck* If you are Unlucky, turn to **208**. If you are Lucky, the flames miss you, but only just, and you find yourself in combat with the mummers' dragon (turn to **328**)

189

You are unable to make any sense of the wizard's jottings and so, deciding not to waste any more time searching in Savant's laboratory, you leave and take the tunnel back to the portcullis Turn to **212**.

190

Without even thinking, you make the appropriate gestures and utter the words to dismiss the Haunt. The evil guardian spirit screams in pain as it is sucked into the earth at your feet. Turn to **289**.

191

You are within sight of the walls of Havalok when dusk is falling. Riding on in the fast-falling light, you pass a copse of trees at the edge of the road. Suddenly a dark shape drops out of the branches of one tree as you pass by under it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **38**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **346**.

192

Clinging on to the Wicker Man with one hand, you start to open the cages and free the prisoners. As you climb higher, a volley of spears and other projectiles is launched at you from the seething throng of Beast Men, who are howling with rage. Roll one dice. On a roll of 1–3, a spear thuds into your back, causing you to fall from the structure and land outside the ring of fire (turn to **265**). On a roll of 4–6, turn to **84**.

193

Beyond the door you find yourself in a room filled with what is undoubtedly the clutter of a scholar. There is a loud bang, and a cloud of dirty smoke billows through an archway on the far side of the room. Coughing and spluttering, a thin, middle-aged man, wearing scorched and well-worn robes and with an untidy beard and shock of hair, staggers into the

chamber. 'Oh, excuse me,' he says, 'just a minor technical hitch. I'm sure if I heat the crucible before adding the . . . Oh, but you don't want to hear about that.' The man beams at you jovially: 'Now, what can I do for you?' You mention the sign you saw on the door. 'Ah yes, of course,' says Pyritees. 'Follow me.' Leading you into his laboratory, the alchemist shows you the potions he has for sale. Those you are most interested in are listed below; if you buy any potions, amend your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly.

Witherwell – This concoction acts on any plant like acid, causing it to wither and die. Cost: 4 Gold Pieces.

Antitoxin – An antidote to the poison of venomous creatures such as snakes and spiders. There is enough for two doses. Cost: 3 Gold Pieces.

Healing Draught – This elixir has the effect of restoring STAMINA points equal to half your *Initial* score (rounding fractions up). Cost: 3 Gold Pieces.

Revelation – Drinking this potion briefly heightens your psychic and spiritual awareness as if you had the *Commune* Special Skill. Cost: 6 Gold Pieces.

When you have made your purchases, Pyritees says, 'I don't suppose you could help me with a problem I'm having? It won't take long.' If you want to help the alchemist, turn to **227**. Alternatively, you could leave the laboratory and try to recruit a small army (turn to **139**) or leave Havalok without any further ado (turn to **314**).

194

You cannot prove to the Elves that you mean the forest no harm. They wish you well in your quest but swiftly escort you away from their sacred grove, before vanishing again among the trees. You know that you will not be able to find the grove again because of the Elven magic that protects it, so you hurry on your way. Turn to **278**.

195

You enter the bell-tower through a small door at its base and climb a spiral stone staircase to the top. Here you find a square room with an arched opening in each wall. A large iron bell is swinging on its frame in the centre of the chamber, tolling sombrely. The only occupants of the belfry are several large bats, hanging upside down from the rafters. Do you want to try to stop the bell tolling (turn to **234**), or would you rather leave the tower and search elsewhere (return to **31** and choose another option)?

196

Your heart pounding in your chest, you utter the terrible syllables of the incantation. As you speak the five Words of Power, you feel their awesome might twisting through every fibre of your being. But do you have the physical strength to control the energies you are about to release? Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **229**. If the total is greater than your STAMINA score, turn to **180**.

197

'Wait, good people,' you call out over the hubbub. 'What is it that you want?'

'We have travelled from village to village, gathering those worthy of our cause to us,' says the first prophet. 'We seek to petition the king, that he may give food to the starving and healing to the sick, for is he not the divine representative of our gods on this Earthly Plane? The end is nigh. Our priest-king need only see the truth, and the land shall be healed. But it is the likes of you who keep the truth from him!' You are going to have to say something quite amazing to deter the mob. *Test your Skill*, adding 1 to the dice roll. If you succeed, turn to **348**. If you fail, turn to **261**.

198

The door is unlocked and, once through, you slam it shut behind you. You walk along a short passageway until you come upon a T-junction. To the left, after a few metres, the corridor ends abruptly. To the right you can see a heavy iron portcullis, beyond which a

flight of stone steps leads upwards. Do you want to turn left and make a thorough investigation of the dead-end (turn to **335**), or will you turn right and inspect the portcullis (turn to **212**)?

199

The Necromage lets out a deathly shriek as, with your killing blow, his rotten flesh drops from his bones, which dissolve into slime. Soon all that is left of the diabolical undead sorcerer is a pool of fetid sludge. With Cadaver dead, the tormented souls under his control are free, and his undead army stops in its tracks and crumbles to dust. You have won this victory for the people of Assart! Regain 2 LUCK points and add 1 to your HONOUR score. Now all that remains for you to do is to leave the sepulchre and return to Assart. If you have the word 'Reggad' written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **249**. If you haven't, turn to **374**.

200

The afternoon winds on as you and Firemane head south. While you ride along, undisturbed, you consider the different paths that you could take that may lead to success in your quest. The most direct form of action will be to make your way to Caer Skaal as quickly as possible. However, if you are going to have to face Belgaroth's Chaos Knights and Warriors, it may be wise to try to recruit your own small force as you proceed. Aranandus's words about the Forest of Lein also interest you; you know that the vast expanse of woodland is a mysterious place, protected by ancient elemental

powers, powers which may be able to help you in your quest. There is also another option open to you: to find the legendary Elf-Spear, Aelfgar. Stories abut this mystical weapon pre-date the Crusade against Chaos. Forged by the Elves of Lein, centuries ago, it is rumoured to be imbued with the power of the gods themselves. Legends tell how it has been wielded many times against the forces of darkness and has saved the land from eternal night. To find Aelfgar would be a momentous undertaking but could prove to be the way to victory.

Night falls and, having tethered Firemane to a tree stump, you settle down for the night in the shade of a copse just off the road. With a gentle breeze blowing through the leaves of the trees you are soon lulled to sleep. If you have the *Commune* Special Skill, turn to **75**. If you do not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **75**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **228**.

201

Rallying the town's militia, you lead them out against the enemy. On the other side of a great gaping hole in the south wall stands the forbidding edifice that is the Juggernaut. Scrambling over piles of debris and rubble, you run up a flight of steps to the battlements, followed by your band of brave soldiers whom you deploy along the walls. The Chaos Warriors are swarming up tall ladders to the top of the walls. With a stifled cry, a beleaguered sentry falls at the hands of a black-clad human. The Chaos Warrior steps over the sentry's body and prepares to swing his two-handed sword at you.

CHAOS WARRRIOR SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

On a successful hit, the warrior's weapon will cause 3 STAMINA points of damage While fighting in such a restricted position on the battlements, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point If your adversary's Attack Strength is ever 22, the force of the blow he lands causes you to lose your balance and knocks you over the battlements to your doom If you win, turn to **50**.

202

Dusk has fallen by the time you leave the burial mounds. If you do not have the word 'Eehsnab' written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **163**. If you do, you spend the night in peace, not far from the cairns, and next day you set off feeling refreshed (restore 2 STAMINA points and add 1 day to the Time Elapsed) Rather than return to Ennox, you set off eastwards

across the moors to rejoin the road leading south, in an attempt to make up for lost time (turn to **60**)

203

Although you do not understand the actual words, your hours spent studying ancient treatises over the years mean that you can work out the gist of what you are reading. It appears to be a spell, and there is something about 'summoning' and 'assistance'. If you want to keep reading, turn to **66**; otherwise, return to **166**.

204

Swiftly you make the proper arcane holy signs and utter the words of banishment The spectre stops, a miasma of dark energy playing about her insubstantial form, then she starts to laugh cruelly. Morgwyn is using the power of dark sorcery to protect herself. A jagged bolt of black lightning streaks from one taloned hand and slams into your body (lose 4 STAMINA points). If you are still alive, you draw your weapon and prepare for combat. Turn to **29**.

205

You are immediately surrounded by a band of ruffians, dressed in rough clothes of brown and green They are armed with an assortment of weapons, ranging from staves to daggers, and they look a motley bunch. There is a one-eyed cut-throat, a woman wearing metal-studded leather armour, a renegade monk and their leader, a tall man whose face is hidden by a hood. 'A Templar, eh?' he says in a refined accent 'Rich pickings indeed.' And with that the outlaws attack. If you are still mounted, you may fight the outlaws one at a time and add 1 to your Attack Strength for the duration of the battle. If you have been unhorsed, you must fight all your opponents simultaneously

	SKILL	STAMINA
CUT-THROAT	6	5
BANDIT	7	6
RENEGADE MONK	6	7
WOLFSHEAD	8	7

If you defeat the robber band, turn to **246**

206

'Aelfgar.' Varen says with a distant look on his face. 'The legendary spear wielded by Sir Rhyaddan against Belgaroth's forces during the Crusade against Chaos. I know that in accounts written after the battle, the whereabouts of Aelfgar becomes a mystery. However, I do believe I heard once of a weapon from legend resting in the Cairns of Dunar. I am afraid that is all I know.' Turn to **82**.

207

One by one, your brave fighters fall before the savage Beast Men's attack. You dispatch many of the foul Chaos spawn until, eventually, you too are overwhelmed by the enemy. Although you die heroically, Ruddlestone is still doomed.

208

The scorching flames hit you fair and square, sending you staggering back in agony (lose 4 STAMINA points). While you are stunned, the dragon – or, rather, the people inside the costume – charge towards you. Turn to **328**.

209

Firemane takes a flying leap over a particularly large boulder and lands awkwardly on the far side. As the horse stumbles, you are unable to keep your seat in the saddle. You are thrown over your mount's neck and hit the ground painfully (lose 2 STAMINA points). You remount quickly so as not to lose your quarry and charge off after it. Turn to **256**.

210

Chaos Knights and Warriors are storming on to the battlements from all directions. You watch in despair as Belgaroth vanishes into the night and you are surrounded by his army. You are soon overwhelmed and your crushed body is hurled from the battlements.

211

As you leap into the saddle, your ghostly attacker makes a final lunge at you. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, you parry the blow and escape without injury. If you fail, the dagger sinks into your back (lose 2 STAMINA points) before you are able to ride off into the night. Only after you have put several hours of hard riding between you and the spirit assassin do you stop again for what remains of the night. (Add 1 day to the Time Elapsed and write down the word 'Reggad' on your *Adventure Sheet.*) At dawn you are on your way again; turn to **285**.

212

The portcullis, although very heavy-looking, does not appear to be locked in position. You could use Ironbane on it, if you have some (turn to **372**), or try raising the portcullis with your bare hands (turn to **259**).

213

Walking westwards through the forest, you soon emerge close to the outskirts of the town of Havalok. And standing near by, cropping the grass, is Firemane.

Your steed must have followed you and your captors from Wendeford to the clerics' temple. Thanking the gods for such a loyal companion, you show Firemane your appreciation. Having remounted, you decide that there is no time to visit Havalok itself, so you press on with your quest.

Two roads lead away from Havalok. The westerly road eventually forks, one branch leading south to the village of Ennox. You know that the Dwarf blacksmith Torrin Silverblade has his forge near Ennox. In his youth, Torrin was a Warrior of Telak, but now he is renowned for the quality of the armour he makes which, some say, has magical properties. He could well provide you with a valuable defence against the attacks of your enemies. However, to find his forge would mean making a long detour to the village of Ennox. Do you have time to make such a journey? If you think you have, and you want to visit Torrin, turn to **283** If you would rather head more directly south towards Caer Skaal, skirting the Forest of Lein, turn to **130**.

214

You push against the heavy stone lid and with a grating noise it slides open Lying in the sarcophagus is what remains of a tall man Draped over his skeleton is the uniform of a knight, bearing the insignia of a Golden Dragon. An unpleasant grey mould covers the bones; when you opened the coffin, a cloud of spores flew into the air. You cannot avoid inhaling a lungful, and you start coughing violently The spores of the poisonous mould affect your breathing and you must lose 3 STAMINA points. If you have the word 'Eugalp' written on your *Adventure Sheet* you must lose 6 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point instead, because the leper's wasting disease is aggravated by the spore-cloud When the cloud has cleared, you look into the sarcophagus to see if the dead knight has anything that may be of use to you His weapons of war have long since rusted and are of no use to you However, on one bony finger you notice a gold ring inscribed with the picture of a shield. Do you want to take the ring, at the risk of releasing another cloud of spores from the asphyxiating mould (turn to **131**), or will you leave the crypt and search elsewhere (turn to **243** and choose again)?

215

Searching the rooms of the Elders' Meeting House, you come upon something interesting in what was once the treasury. Under a thick layer of dust, an old journal lies open on a desk. The last entry in it is dated 'The Third day of Locking, Two Hundred and Sixteen Years After Chaos' and reads as follows:

It is two months since the vile Necromage, Cadaver, was laid to rest, but still we are beset by all manner of torments and agonies. Creatures of the night stalk the streets of our once proud village and the Great Bell has begun to toll again. I fear our doom to be decreed. There is no hope for us now

Disturbed by this message, written by a long-dead hand, you leave the meeting house to continue your exploration of the village Return to **31** and choose another option.

216

It is the densely growing bracken that stops you spotting a forester's trap, constructed, no doubt, to catch the rogue boar The covering of branches gives way under your horse's weight and you both fall into the pit. Fortunately it is not staked but, as he falls, Firemane knocks you into the side of the pit and traps your leg under his body (lose 3 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Your mount pulls himself free of the trap with ease and you climb up after him, slightly less easily. Once you have remounted, you are on your way again through the forest. Turn to **291**

217

Dusk has fallen by the time you leave the burial mounds. You spend the night in peace and the next day set off refreshed (restore 2 STAMINA points and add 1 day to the Time Elapsed). You reach the cave after several hours' riding, and the crone quickly sets about brewing your potion In another hour it is

ready. Without hesitation you gulp down the foul-smelling, thick, black liquid The potion makes you feel slightly sick, but at the same time it fills you with renewed confidence and determination. Lose 2 STAMINA points, but restore 1 LUCK point and 1 SKILL point, and cross off any fear you may have recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*. Thanking the old crone, you mount Firemane and head south. Turn to **332**

218

Your inherent goodness and the purity of your purpose protect your will from the corrupting power of the Chaos Rune. Belgaroth hesitates for a moment, sensing that his own supremacy may be threatened. The Dread Lord now appears to be concentrating. What is he

preparing? You had better make the most of this opportunity to attack Belgaroth. What will you use to attack him?

A Black Crystal Orb?	Turn to **118**
Aelfgar, the Elf-Spear?	Turn to **262**
A crossbow?	Turn to **299**
The *Holy Strike* Special Skill (if you have it)?	Turn to **79**
Your weapon?	Turn to **20**

219

Remounting your trusty steed, you make your way through the South Gate, out of Havalok. Two roads lead away from Havalok. The westerly road eventually has a branch leading south to the village of Ennox. You know that the Dwarf blacksmith Torrin Silverblade has his forge near Ennox. In his youth, Torrin was a Warrior of Telak, but now he is renowned for the quality of the armour he makes – which, some say, has magical properties. He could well provide you with a valuable defence against the blows of your enemies. However, to find his forge would mean making a long detour to the village of Ennox. Do you have time to make such a journey? If you think you have, and you want to visit Torrin, turn to **283**. If you would rather head more directly south towards Caer Skaal, skirting the Forest of Lein, turn to **130**.

220

You reach the ladder without further mishap and, unnoticed, climb quickly up it. The trapdoor is not locked; pushing it open, you find yourself in a small

dark chamber at the base of the tower. There is an iron-bound door in the wall of the room and a spiral staircase leads upwards into the Juggernaut. You can feel heat coming from behind the door and you hear a deep roaring sound. Do you want to open the door (turn to **124**) or ascend the staircase (turn to **311**)?

221

Cutting out the Cockatrice's tongue, you return to the crone's cave. 'A terrible Banshee, called the Cailleach, haunts the Cairns of Dunar, half a day's ride south-west of here across the moors. You'll have to kill it in the flesh and get the last ingredient for yer potion,' the old hag cackles. If you want to go after the Banshee and its tooth, turn to **323**. If you would rather forget the whole idea now, you decide to waste no more time in this area and to head southwards again; turn to **332**.

222

Once again, everything is as it was when you entered the chamber. You move towards the gilded doors, but there is yet another surprise in store for you. Hearing footsteps behind you, you turn to see yourself standing on the other side of the mosaic. However, as you watch, your double undergoes a horrifying transformation. First it begins to grow in size, then terrible sores appear on its skin; they burst open, revealing decaying flesh beneath. Its hands become cruel talons and unholy fires burn within its eyes. At the same time your double's armour and weapon tarnish, and its tunic

becomes a grave-shroud. What will you do? Will you attack the horror (turn to **113**) or wait to see what happens (turn to **58**)?

223

The hellspawn reels under the force of your righteous power and, as it recovers from your blast, you draw your weapon, ready to fight The Demonic Slayer can be harmed only by magical weapons. If you do not have one, you will soon meet the same fate as Herluin under the creature's onslaught. Your opponent's claws are so sharp, they will cut through armour and flesh alike, so any bonuses you may have against an opponent's damage will have no effect!

DEMONIC SLAYER SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you destroy the horror, turn to **128**.

224

You give the forester your instructions and by the time dusk is falling you have your makeshift army ready, armed with crude weapons and farm implements – your old commander at the Demonkeep Outpost would have been proud of you! Carrying torches and singing to keep their spirits up, the villagers follow you west to Myrton, while you ride at their head on Firemane, who is excited at the prospect of battle. You soon come in sight of the derelict ruins which are lying under a thick pall of mist The air is heavy with the smell of death and you can hear the tolling of a bell. Emerging from the enshrouding mist are the bodies of the dead returned to life. With a shout you

lead your army against them in an attempt to break through their lines. Roll one dice. If the result is odd, turn to **358**; if it is even, turn to **275**.

225

Rough hands grab you and pull you through the doors. Before you know what is going on, someone pushes a sweet-scented cloth into your face and you inhale deeply. Everything goes black . . . Turn to **59**.

226

You stroll nonchalantly up to the guard, ready to spin it some yarn about wanting to join Belgaroth's forces. As soon as the Beast Man observes your livery bearing the badge of the Templars, it snarls and leaps at you. Turn to **386**, but disregard the instructions about using a crossbow.

227

Pyritees takes you over to a workbench on which is laid out a piece of parchment with a grid drawn on it. In the squares of the grid have been placed the various solutions and compounds needed for an alchemical experiment. At the end of each row and column a number has been written, except at the bottom of two columns: there is also one empty square. Pyritees explains that a friend of his in Shekin has sent him the formula for a life-extending elixir, including details of the ingredients required and their respective quantities. Unfortunately, as a result of one of the alchemist's all too frequent 'accidents', the letter that came with the formula was destroyed before the experiment was fully set up. Now all Pyritees has are the weights of the combined compounds in each row and column, except for two, and one missing ingredient. (Take a look at the illustration opposite this paragraph.) The ingredients – ether-mist trapped in glass spheres, dew from the Forest of Lein, volcanic ash from Hellsbreath Peak, and lumps of sulphur-rock – each represent one of the four elements. If you could work out the weight of each element, from the combined weights, you might be able to work out the missing ingredient If you could do this, you would also be able to work out the two missing numbers from the two columns If you manage this, add the two missing weights together, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you cannot solve the problem, you leave the alchemist's laboratory and either try to recruit a small army (turn to **139**) or leave Havalok (turn to **314**).

228

Feeling a sharp pain in your side, you wake up with a start Hovering above you is a dagger, its hilt glinting in the moonlight and its blade dripping with blood – your blood! Lose 2 STAMINA points A ghostly white hand clutches the dagger and is poised, ready to strike again What will you do to defend yourself? Will you use the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill, if you have it (turn to **141**), or unsheathe your weapon, ready to fight it (turn to **43**)?

229

As you declaim the final word of the charm, the knights drop their weapons and clutch their heads with gauntleted hands They stagger about, reeling under the eldritch forces that are assailing their undead bodies Some fall to the floor and lie perfectly motionless. As you watch, foul green slime oozes out of their helmets and through gaps

in their armour, which starts to dissolve Roll one dice and add 5 to the number rolled (add 1 further point if you have the *Holy Strike* Special Skill) to see how many of the Chaos Knights succumb to your attack (there are twelve in all) The words spoken, they lose their power and may not be used again. You will have to fight any knights not destroyed by the charm, one at a time. Each Chaos Knight has SKILL 10 and STAMINA 12 When fighting the knights, you must reduce any damage you do by 1 point because they are protected by their black armour. If a knight hits you, roll one dice. If the number rolled is odd, the knight's weapon causes 3 STAMINA points of damage rather than 2. If you manage to destroy or defeat all your knightly opponents, turn to **138**.

230

At the close of the month of Dark in the year 185 After Chaos, the battle-weary crusaders laid siege to the fortress of Caer Skaal Among them was the young warrior-priestess, Shamar With her finely crafted crossbow she shot down many of Belgaroth's nightmarish flying creatures that were preventing the brave warriors from reaching the castle walls – until she was hit by a dark balefire, launched from a catapult inside the fortress The crossbow has six bolts that go with it, three of which are made from a blessed magical alloy so that they will also harm undead and Demons. When you are given the option of using the crossbow, *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the number rolled if you do not have the *Target* Special Skill. If you succeed, the bolt will hit, doing 2 STAMINA points of damage. If you fail, it misses. Now return to **356**.

231

As you lift the sword from the slab the dead do not awaken and nothing else untoward happens. You are holding the ancient magical blade, Shadowbane, a weapon woven with a blessed enchantment to harm the undead. If you take the sword, whenever you are in combat against one of the undead you may add 1 point to your Attack Strength and inflict 3 STAMINA points of damage upon it after a successful hit (against all other opponents Shadowbane does the usual 2 STAMINA points of damage). Regain 1 LUCK point for this find. Leaving the burial mound, passing once again through the chilling darkness you will lose a further 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point unless you are carrying the moon shield or Shadowbane Turn to **316**.

232

Inside the box is an orb of black crystal Such rare crystals are sometimes used by sorcerers to store spells Having been locked away, it could be very valuable – or very dangerous Return to **274**.

233

As you make for the door in order to leave the boiler-room, a black-clad Hobgoblin steps in front of you, blocking your exit. It has seen what you have done and will try at all costs to stop you.

HOBGOBLIN FANATIC SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If this fight lasts more than four Attack Rounds, turn to **4**. If it lasts four Attack Rounds or less, turn to **101**.

234

You have no trouble silencing the bell: you smash it to pieces with your weapon; by doing so you have slightly weakened the evil powers at work here From now on, while you are in Myrton, you may reduce the SKILL of any undead creature you have to confront by 1 point Regain 1 LUCK point for this good fortune. However, something else is less happy at your stopping the death-knell. One of the bats drops from its roost and, exposing two elongated fangs, attacks you. You are going to have to kill the Vampire Bat before you can leave the tower!

VAMPIRE BAT SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the bloodthirsty guardian of the belfry, you notice a battered, but usable, lantern standing in one corner of the room. If you do not have a lantern, you may take this one; then you descend the tower safely and leave it, to search elsewhere. Return to **31** and choose another option.

235

You pull the hood off the man's head and demand that he tell you why he attacked you. 'Curse you, Templar!' he shouts. 'I shall never betray the sect!' And with that he pulls something out of a pocket and flings it in your face. The air is suddenly filled with a cloud of sweet-smelling Sleeping Grass pollen. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **179**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **83**.

236

Such a victory was exactly what your army needed. The Beast Men are not stunned by their champion's defeat, because their insane bloodlust drives them on; but it gives your men the confidence, determination and strength to defeat their opponents. It looks as if you are winning. If you have Lord Varen's soldiers among your force, turn to **35**. If you haven't, turn to **302**.

237

You mutter the arcane phrases and make the necessary gestures – but to no effect. The horror you are now facing is not an undead spirit but a Demon from the Everlasting Abyss. It strikes you, its huge talons tearing

right through your armour and into your body (lose 3 STAMINA points). Turn to **13**.

238

As you fight on against your mighty foe, you feel a sudden cold stab of pain in your chest. The last thing you see before you lose consciousness is Belgaroth looking down at you as the Assassin's Dagger hovers above you, its blade dripping with blood. At last it has caught up with you and fulfilled its purpose.

239

The beast reels under your righteous blast, giving you time to perform another action. Will you:

Attack it with your weapon?	Turn to **143**
Use the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill?	Turn to **260**
Use a Cleric's Talisman?	Turn to **28**
Use the potion Witherwell?	Turn to **41**

240

Shouting aloud the battle-cry of the Templars, you hear the voices in your head turn to screams, then they are gone. Relieved, you start to leave the macabre torture-chamber. With a clang, a branding-iron strikes a pillar just in front of your face. You spin around as a length of chain rises from the floor into the air. This can mean only one thing: you are being attacked by a Poltergeist. Spiteful and malevolent spirits, Poltergeists are invisible and immaterial and so cannot be hit by weapons. If you have the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill, you can use your talent to send the Poltergeist to the Ethereal Plane (turn to **198**). If you do not, you will have to defend yourself against the ghost as it hurls torture implements at you.

POLTERGEIST SKILL 9

It will take you five Attack Rounds to reach the door exiting the torture-chamber, during which time you will have to fend off the Poltergeist's attack. When the five Attack Rounds are up, and if you are still alive, turn to **198**.

241

You find that the gates of Havalok have been securely shut for the night. However, as soon as the guard sees that it is an elite Templar Knight of Telak who seeks entry to the town, he hurries down and unbars the gate, letting you into Havalok. You find a room and a hot meal for the night, at a cost of 3 Gold Pieces, at the Red Herring, a large inn, popular among the

adventuring fraternity. Having eaten, you retire for the night. As you are preparing for sleep, through your window you suddenly catch sight of a blazing ball of light shooting across the blackened sky, a fiery tail trailing behind it. The comet soars onwards until it disappears over the hills on the distant horizon. It is a well-known fact that a comet is a sign of impending disaster, and you have just witnessed such a portent. It is some time before sleep eventually overcomes you.

You rise early, feeling refreshed after an untroubled night's rest (restore up to 2 points of STAMINA and add 1 day to the Time Elapsed). Having left the Red Herring, you get ready to explore the town. Havalok is not a large town but, as time is pressing, you still do not want to spend too long here. In Havalok you should be able to find some useful equipment that you may need later in your quest, and surely here would be a good place to try to recruit a small army with which to oppose Belgaroth's forces, if that is what you intend to do. If you want to visit the markets, turn to **334**. If you want to try to recruit an army, turn to **139**.

242

Hastily you free the prisoners and usher them out of the hall At that moment you hear a voice inside your head: *Brave warrior, free me* Something is speaking to you telepathically, in a calm warm voice that fills you with a sense of well-being.

You turn your attention to the draped cage. Taking one corner of the black cloth, you pull it away For a moment you are blinded by a dazzling light and fling up an arm to shield your eyes. When you grow accustomed to the brilliance, you peer between the iron bars Trapped inside the cage is a gigantic bird looking somewhat like an eagle in shape and form, but far larger and with a crest of feathers rising from its head and along its neck Each of the bird's feathers glows with a golden radiance which lights up the entire hall, and you can feel the creature's powerful aura of goodness.

Thank you, good knight, it says *I am the Celastrix, perhaps you have heard of me from your legends?* You nod, awe-struck The Celastrix, so legend says, is a messenger of the gods, a magical bird of divine origin *In times past, when people were closer to their gods, I visited this Earthly Plane regularly, relaying messages to and from my masters. Centuries have passed in your world since last I came here, but now the situation demands it. Disorder and Chaos are on the rise and so I was sent to this plane to offer divine aid. However, I was caught by these vile Beast Men through dark sorcery, for the Dark Tyrant fears the dead king's prophecy If you release me, I will offer you my help.*

Searching Murgrim's body, you find a bunch of keys and, sure enough, one opens the lock on the cage. Free of its prison, the Celastrix stretches its wings then flies up to the ceiling, picking you up in its talons. *Now let us leave this place.* The bird smashes through the wooden roof of the hall and, beating its great wings, soars away from the camp across the night sky. Your aerial journey is soon over when the Celastrix drops to the ground and deposits you near Firemane. Before it flies off again, the huge bird plucks a feather from its breast and drops it at your feet. *When you need my help, simply burn this feather and call my name three times.* With that, the divine messenger flies away over the hills and disappears beyond the horizon. Taking the bird's golden feather, you remount Firemane and ride off to the south. Regain 1 LUCK point and add 1 to your HONOUR score for defeating another of Belgaroth's allies and for releasing the Celastrix. Turn to **296**.

243

A passage leads from the steps into a square chamber which has the same ornamentation as the exterior of the sepulchre. Three archways lead further into the tomb. If you have the *Arcane Lore* Special Skill, turn to **16**. If you haven't, you must decide which passageway to follow. You have entered from the east so will you go:

South?	Turn to **361**
West?	Turn to **391**
North?	Turn to **109**

244

The men are playing a game called 'Dragon's Hoard'. As you watch, you soon manage to work out the rules. The board on which the game is played has been divided into a grid of 25 squares and on some of these squares have been placed Gold Pieces. There are also two playing pieces on the board, one carved and painted to resemble an armoured warrior, the other a fearsome-looking Red Dragon. The labourers roll two dice, then consult a table on one side of the board: it tells them how many squares each piece can move in that round. They then move the warrior, while the soldier moves the dragon closer to try and catch them. Each time the labourers land on a Gold Piece, they remove it from the board and add it to a pile in front of them. However, as a result of the dice roll, the soldier is able to move his dragon so that it lands on the same square as the warrior. The labourers groan and hand over their pile of coins, and the soldier removes the others from the board. As the two men slouch away, the man-at-arms asks if you would like a game. If you do not want to play 'Dragon's Hoard', turn to **40**.

If you do, the man explains the rest of the rules to you. The warrior and dragon start at opposite corners of the board. The aim of the warrior is to collect as many Gold Pieces as possible and then escape. Escaping can be done at any time by moving back to the warrior's start square. However, any coins left on the board then go to the dragon. Also, if the dragon lands on the warrior's square, the dragon wins and claims all

DICE ROLL		
2	2	0
3-4	2	1
5-6	1	2
7	1	1
8-9	2	1
10-11	1	2
12	0	2

the Gold Pieces The table of dice rolls shows how many moves the warrior can make in a turn and how many squares closer the dragon can move. Movement can only be made horizontally or vertically, not diagonally. In order to play, you have to put down a stake, equalling the soldier's, of 6 Gold Pieces. If you cannot afford this, or do not now want to play, turn to **40**. If you do, then the board is laid out as above Use counters for the warrior and dragon, then start by rolling the dice. Whoever wins the game claims his or her winnings as soon as it is over, and you leave. Turn to **40**.

245

Having crossed safely, you follow the track that leads from the gorge south-eastwards through the rocky

hills. This boulder-strewn wilderness makes a complete contrast to the sheltered paths of the forest. A cold wind whips across the bleak grey highlands, making you shiver at its chill touch. The landscape becomes even more odd-looking as the track leads you between the half-buried bones of some leviathan from a bygone age. And then you see it Set into the side of a rocky hillock are two great stone doors, flanked by the statues of two armoured warriors: the Shrine of the Templars. You dismount and approach the doors. A deep, booming voice makes you start, echoing out across the barren hilltops: 'Who seeks entrance to the sacred Shrine of the Templar Knights of Telak the Swordbearer?' You give your name and await a response. If your HONOUR score is **11** or greater, turn to **330**. If it is less than **11**, turn to **257**.

246

You search the outlaws' bodies and find a total of 8 Gold Pieces and a silver locket You may take any of their weapons if you wish to, remembering the restriction on the number you can carry or use at any one time. There is a quarterstaff, a dagger and two swords, none of which is magical When you are finished here, you set off south again with Firemane. Turn to **332**.

247

Inside the stockade is a wooden hall, decorated with human heads impaled on stakes round the edge of its roof. Is there no end to these creatures' barbarism? Chained to a post in front of the doors of the hall is a two-headed, wolf-like creature which at present is sucking the marrow from a human leg-bone. However, as soon as you step forward, the monster glances up and growls, baring its teeth. You will have to get past this creature if you are going to enter the hall. Will you throw the animal some food (turn to **342**) or will you attack it with your trusty weapon, which has proved its worth in many battles (turn to **331**)?

248

Exploring the market, it does not take you long to find the articles you believe will be of use to you on the journey ahead. You may buy any of the things on the list (deducting the correct number of Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*).

Rope	1 Gold Piece
Lantern	1 Gold Piece
6 Crossbow bolts	3 Gold Pieces
Extra Provisions	1 Gold Piece each meal
Breastplate	5 Gold Pieces
Mirror	2 Gold Pieces
Healing Salve	4 Gold Pieces
War-hammer	6 Gold Pieces
Flask of Holy Oil	7 Gold Pieces
Spear	3 Gold Pieces
Ziridian Charm	4 Gold Pieces

If you do not have a lantern, you must buy one here. The crossbow bolts are of any use only if you already have a crossbow. The breastplate will reduce any damage you suffer in battle by 1 point, but because it is quite heavy you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point while wearing it. The Healing Salve may be used at any time except during combat and will restore up to 6 points of lost STAMINA. While using the war-hammer in combat you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point, but any successful hit against an opponent will inflict 3 STAMINA points of damage. The Holy Oil is a very valuable item. If thrown over an undead spirit, it will have the same effect as the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill. It can also be used against other undead and Demons as if you had the *Holy Strike* Special Skill. There are two doses of oil in the flask. If you have the Spear *Weapon* Special Skill you will be able to use the spear in hand-to-hand combat; the spear does 2 STAMINA points of damage. If you buy the Ziridian Charm, the next two times you are instructed to *Test your Luck* you may take the result as being Lucky without having to lose any LUCK points.

As you are leaving the market, you pass a building which has a brass plaque inscribed with the words 'Aureus Pyritees – Alchemist, Purveyor of Potions and Elixirs' attached to the door. Do you want to:

Enter this building?	Turn to **193**
Now try to recruit an army?	Turn to **139**
Leave Havalok altogether?	Turn to **314**

249

As you climb the steps leading out of the sepulchre,

you sense an evil presence close by What can it be? Surely all the Necromage's creatures have been destroyed? Hovering at the top of the steps is your nemesis The Assassin's Dagger has tracked you down at last, following the psychic trail you have left like a fingerprint on the ether. The blade glints dully in the moonlight in the grasp of the ghostly hand If you have some Holy Oil, you cast it over your supernatural assailant and the spirit dissolves into the night air, dropping the dagger (cross the Holy Oil and the word 'Reggad' off your *Adventure Sheet*; you may also take the dagger if you wish, and then turn to **374**). If you do not have any way of banishing the spectral hand, you must fight it once again.

ASSASSIN'S DAGGER SKILL 10

After four Attack Rounds, or if you win two consecutive Attack Rounds, you work yourself into a position in which you can escape from the sepulchre Racing up the last few steps, you slam the heavy stone doors behind you, trapping the Assassin's Dagger inside. Turn to **374**

250

You dismount and tear off a square of cloth from your tunic to put the mushrooms in. Bending down at the edge of the clearing, you reach gingerly towards the fungi. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **266**. If you fail, turn to **174**.

251

Belgaroth is beginning to weaken under your attack; out of the corner of your eye you notice that the large black bird that was sitting on the back of the Dread Lord's throne is flapping from its perch towards an archway that leads out of the throne room. If you have the word 'Rotiart' written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn at once to **360**. If you haven't, turn to **96**.

252

At the sight of all these snakes you start to panic. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you succeed, you manage to overcome your phobia and face the serpents, but while you are fighting them you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points (turn to **300**). If you fail, you run out of the caves in terror and, remounting Firemane, ride away from Ennox (lose 1 HONOUR and 1 LUCK point for your cowardly behaviour, and turn to **332**).

253

The crossbow zips through the air, straight into the fleeing scoundrel's heart. His lifeless body drops to the ground (regain 1 LUCK point). Turn to **121**.

254

One of the warriors standing next to you drops dead and you turn on his killer, a hairy, goat-headed creature. One long horn protrudes from its skull, which it

lowers as it runs at you with the intention of goring you

GOREHORN SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If the Beast Man wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, roll one dice. If the number rolled is odd, the chaotic gores you with its horn, causing 4 points of damage to your STAMINA. If you win, deduct 1 point from the Beast Men's Battle Strength, then *Engage in Battle*. If you have the advantage, turn to **149**; otherwise, turn to **207**.

255

Drawing your magical, blessed sword, you prepare to defend yourself against this ghostly adversary.

SPECTRAL KNIGHT SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the spirit, turn to **356**.

256

You manage to stay in the saddle as you and your steed negotiate difficult terrain. Suddenly, in a small clearing, the boar stops and turns to face you. The rogue beast is at least three metres long from snout to tail; it is covered in short, dark hair, with darker bands along its back. It snarls, revealing its huge yellow tusks and sharp teeth. With a bestial roar the animal runs at you. If you have a crossbow or a lance, you may use one of these weapons once before having to draw your weapon. Deduct from the boar's STAMINA score any damage you have already inflicted upon it, then fight the battle which follows in the usual way.

GREAT BOAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you kill the beast, turn to **86**

257

The voice addresses you, saying, 'You are not worthy to enter this place. Only the bravest and most honourable may share the secrets of the Templars' You know that there is nothing you can do to enter the shrine and so, greatly disheartened and having wasted a day's travel getting here, you turn Firemane towards the west and set off at a gallop through the hills towards Caer Skaal (lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **23**)

258

Awenydion starts feeling the bumps on your head and tells you how you will have a large family and be well loved by the citizens of Ruddlestone Then, suddenly,

he freezes and his eyes glaze over. It is as if he has gone into a trance. When he speaks, you sense that it is not he who is controlling his tongue: 'Brave knight, the forces of darkness and Chaos seek your ruin. Beware the beasts that are men, and heed well the words of the warrior of stone. Time is running out. Hurry now to the Fortress of the Skull.' Awenydion has been granted the Third Eye by his gods, and they have given you a warning through him (regain 1 LUCK point). Turn to **125**.

259

Unfortunately, this method creates a lot of noise when the portcullis rattles up into the walls, with metal grating on stone, and it is not long before you hear the sound of armoured guards running down the steps in front of you. Several ugly Orcs and black-clad Chaos Warriors appear at the portcullis, which is hurriedly raised, and you are soon overpowered by the guards. You die quickly but valiantly.

260

Your mystic talent has no effect on the creature! The Darkthorn is an elemental spirit, not an undead one. The thing lashes out at you with a vine-like growth, which knocks you off your feet (lose 2 STAMINA points). What will you do next? Will you:

Attack with your weapon?	Turn to **143**
Use the *Holy Strike* Special Skill?	Turn to **239**
Use a Cleric's Talisman?	Turn to **28**
Use the potion Witherwell?	Turn to **41**

261

You try to calm the crowd by telling them that you are on an urgent mission, but your oratory skills are not good enough to appease the seething mob. 'Avenge yourselves with the death of this accursed Templar!' the incensed prophet yells. You have no choice but to try to escape. With a shout, you kick your heels into Firemane's flanks. The horse whinnies and leaps forward into the crowd. Driving your mount forward, you charge past the startled protesters. As you flee, however, you are struck by a pike (lose 2 STAMINA points). Soon you are well away from the angry mob; but you acted dishonourably towards the starving people (lose 1 HONOUR point). Wasting no more time, you continue southwards; turn to **200**.

262

As you grip the Elf-Spear's shaft you feel its power flowing into your arm, strengthening your muscles. Belgaroth screams upon seeing the weapon that caused his death a century ago. Before you can hurl it at him, the Dark Tyrant raises his hands and unleashes a dark bolt of energy at you. It slams into your body, throwing you back across the room (lose 5 STAMINA points). If you are still alive, turn to **162**.

263

The sun is low in the sky by the time you reach the Cairns of Dunar, and you can sense the presence of evil in the area. The site is made up of four tumuli constructed round a central ring of stones with one at roughly each point of the compass. A dark hole in the

side of each mound provides access to whatever is waiting inside. If you do not want to search the barrows – which you can do only if you have a lantern – you can leave the Cairns of Dunar by turning to **202**. If you have the *Tracking* Special Skill, turn to **137**. If you do not, having lit your lantern, which mound will you enter first? The one to the:

North?	Turn to **95**
South?	Turn to **175**
East?	Turn to **339**
West?	Turn to **350**

264

Several vines suddenly shoot out of the undergrowth and wrap themselves round your ankles, dragging you to the ground with a thump (lose 1 STAMINA point). You hack at the plants until you manage to free yourself, but now the man is nowhere to be seen, and the surrounding brambles cover up his tracks. Puzzled by what you have just seen, you return to Firemane and leave the Forest of Lein behind you. Turn to **17**.

265

The Chaos spawn are on you in an instant. Driven by insane bloodlust, the Beast Men do not even bother to add you to the funeral pyre but simply cut you down where you stand, before setting a torch to the Wicker Man and its prisoners. The Dark Gods will be well pleased tonight.

266

Taking great care you push the soil away from a cluster of the fungi and gently lift them from the earth into your ready-made pouch. With the cloth securely tied with a piece of vine, you put the fungi in your backpack. If you ever use the Ironbane against an armoured opponent, roll one dice before combat begins. On a roll of 1 or 2, the spores destroy your adversary's armour so it loses any protection it may have against your blows. On a roll or 3 or 4, your opponent's weapon, provided it is made of metal, is

destroyed, so your enemy will have to fight you with his SKILL score reduced by 3 points. On a roll of 5 or 6, the Ironbane destroys both the armour and the weapon. However, this new weapon may be used only once. Turn to **8**

267

Connor manages to swallow the liquid and recovers sufficiently to tell you what has befallen him: 'I was ambushed . . . Archers . . . There were three of them . . . riding wolves . . . And their banners bore the gauntlet and sword symbol of Belgaroth's forces . . .' You tell Connor quickly of your quest and swear by Telak's golden sword that you will do all you can to avenge him. The knight manages a weak smile and then, although his breath is coming in short bursts, he speaks again: 'Yesterday I encountered two Chaos Warriors raiding a farm on the southern edge of the forest. Before I slew them, I overheard part of a conversation. They said that Belgaroth has gained the support of the Chaos Beast Lord, Murgrim the Cruel, and his horde of Chaos Beast Men. One of them also said that the Beast Men have captured the Bird of Light and mentioned something about a prophecy.' Connor suddenly cries out in pain. 'I'm afraid there is nothing more you can do for me . . . Go now and do your duty.' Turn to **72**.

268

The landlady makes the most of any opportunity for a good gossip and readily tells you all the rumours that are going about in these parts. 'They do say that there

is upset in the land,' she tells you conspiratorially. 'Only last Earthday, Serlo, the gravedigger, saw the ghost of a priest in the graveyard, and at the end of Hiding the moon itself was the colour of blood. There's also talk of druids carrying out dark rites in the forest and robber bands roaming the countryside. It's not safe any more.' Next, will you ask her where you can find the sage (turn to **362**), ask her about the inn's name (turn to **134**), or will you waste no more time here and leave Wendeford (turn to **49**)?

269

The corrosive spores of the fungus begin to work straight away. (Cross the Ironbane off your *Adventure Sheet*.) The iron body of the Golem rapidly turns to rust and falls apart before your very eyes. Soon all that is left of this ultimate killing machine is a heap of red powder. Now roll one dice. On a roll of 1 or 2, turn to **347**; otherwise, turn to **50**.

270

You whisper Cadaver's name and the great black door swings open. A blast of air escapes from the tomb chamber beyond, causing you to gag at the reeking stench. Stepping through the grim portal, you descend a flight of steps into a high-ceilinged, cavern-like chamber. Stalactites hang down and the alcoves in the walls hold gruesome statures of Demons and the undead. Standing in the middle of the room is a huge stone sarcophagus, its lid covered in strange glowing writing. As you step towards the tomb, green fire begins to play about the crack of its lid. Slowly the heavy stone slab rises into the air, then slides to the floor with a hollow boom. What you witness next is like something out of your worst nightmare. A decomposing body, still wearing the robes of a sorcerer, sits up in the stone coffin and turns to face you. A sinister smile forms on its decaying lips and a rasping hiss rises from its throat. However, more horribly, you see, protruding from the corpse's torso below its arms, are four huge spider's legs, covered in bristly black hairs. Trailing strands of a thick gelatinous substance, the Necromage climbs out of his sarcophagus, while you remain rooted to the spot, petrified. 'Well, Deathsss-head, it sseemss we have a vissitor.' When the undead sorcerer speaks, a human skull, glowing with faint phosphorescence, rises from the coffin and stares at you with two jaundice-yellow eyes, its jaws clicking incessantly.

'Bite and tear, bite and tear,' the snapping skull jibbers as it flies towards you. The *Holy Strike* Special Skill

will inflict 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point of damage upon this adversary. Whether you use this power or not, you are going to have to fight the Necromage's servant, Deathshead.

DEATHSHEAD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **116**.

271

You keep to the main passageways and staircases that riddle the walls of the tower, trying to avoid discovery, in order to find the Usurping Serpent himself. Turning a corner, you come face to face with a Chaos Warrior patrol! You prepare to fight, but one of the warriors has already sounded the alarm and soon the patrol is joined by a horde of Orcs, Goblins and other soldiers. You are soon overwhelmed. Ruddlestone is doomed!

272

As you move to attack the Arch-Cleric, the weeds wrap themselves round your legs, hampering your movements. For the duration of the battle you are about to fight, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points. You lunge at Bryar with your weapon while he defends himself with his twisted staff.

BRYAR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **185**.

273

Materializing in the middle of the chamber is a large coiled serpent. A long forked tongue flicks in and out

between its fanged jaws, and two horns sprout from its head. You must fight this monster – but with your Attack Strength reduced by 2 points because of your phobia.

HORNED SERPENT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 13

If you destroy the slithering horror, turn to **222**.

274

Under the gaze of the owl, you start to search through the debris of broken bookcases and scattered papers. Roll one dice. On a roll of 1, turn to **305**; if you roll 2, turn to **52**; if you roll 3, turn to **111**; and on a roll of 4, turn to **161**. If you roll 5 or 6, you find nothing of value. Repeat this action two more times. If you roll a number that you have rolled before, you find nothing. After three rolls of the dice, you can find nothing else, so you conclude your search. Taking any objects that you have found and want to keep, you decide what to do next (return to **166**)

275

Charging out of the mist come three terrifying Undead Horsemen, waving scythes. The flesh is falling from their bodies and their steeds are skeletal creatures, their skin stretched taut over their bones There is no time to use a crossbow or a lance or any mystic skills before they all attack you at once

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HORSEMAN	7	7
Second HORSEMAN	6	7
Third HORSEMAN	7	6

For the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points unless you do have the *Ride* Special Skill. If you are victorious, the villagers continue to battle against the dead army while you go after the Necromancer. Turn to **31**

276

Courageously, if somewhat foolishly, you engage the Chaos Knights in combat. Each of these foul undead warriors is almost your equal, and these are not creatures of honour They surround you and the mighty blows of their weapons smash your body to the floor

277

The Mistress lays out her elaborately decorated Cards of Divination, face down, in a mystical pattern, then turns them over one by one to interpret their meaning. 'Darkness shrouds your path, death surrounds you and the way may be perilous. Dark powers are coming to the fore, but there are those who would help you The Lord of the Forest awaits your coming and the prisoners of the Wicker Man require your aid. Do not tarry, for the Dread Lord increases in strength with each passing day and creatures of Chaos come to join his evil horde' The consultation over, you decide not to delay here any longer and so leave the diviner's abode Turn to **248**.

278

The day draws on as you ride through the ancient woodland Having crossed a river, the further you

travel the stronger grows the sense of mystery that pervades your consciousness. You also feel increasingly that you are being watched, which is quite unsettling. Every time you look around you detect a slight movement in the undergrowth but nothing to be seen causing it. It is then that you hear the sound of something large moving among the trees, a little way off to your left It could be a forest creature, such as a bear. Do you want to try to discover what is making the noise (turn to **69**) or will you ignore it and continue on your present path (turn to **324**)?

279

With a gargantuan effort you manage to snap the vines and fling yourself from the slab, snatching your backpack from the surprised cleric holding it Rapidly the fibrous stems grow upwards for several metres, intertwining until they have formed into a gigantic, plant-like humanoid covered in vicious thorns. Two emerald orbs glow with an evil awareness and, with its trunk-like legs still firmly rooted in the ground, the manifestation of the Darkthorn reaches for you with knotted hands You are going to have to defend yourself against this dark elemental spirit Will you:

Draw your weapon and do battle?	Turn to **143**
Use the *Holy Strike* Special Skill (if you can)?	Turn to **239**
Use the *Banish Spirit* Special Skill (if you can)?	Turn to **260**
Use a Cleric's Talisman (if you have one)?	Turn to **28**
Use the potion Witherwell (if you have it)?	Turn to **41**

280

'Although you have committed crimes against the forest, your intentions are of the greatest good and ultimately you seek peace for these ancient woodlands,' says the Lord of the Forest. 'Therefore I pronounce that you may pass freely through these lands in your search for the Elf-Spear.' Forest maidens return your weapon and hand back Firemane's reins to you. The Wodewose watch you depart, then dissolve into the undergrowth. However, you know that they will still be keeping an eye on your movements while you remain in the great forest.

When night falls you are still within the confines of the Forest of Lein. Having tethered Firemane, you settle down to sleep. You are woken by the sound of pounding hoofs. Galloping straight towards you and clearly visible in the darkness is a knight, riding a fiery steed. The warrior is dressed in orange and carries a shield bearing the image of a flame. In one hand he wields a blazing fire-sword. The horse's mane and tail seem to be on fire, while wisps of scintillating flame

fly from its hoofs. You must face the fiery warrior in combat.

KNIGHT OF THE FLAME	SKILL 12	STAMINA 12

If you are hit by the fire-sword, you must lose 3 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2. If you are victorious in your struggle against the knight, turn to **33**.

281

The band of musicians are playing The Ballad of Sir Rhyaddan the Crusader. The song tells of the heroic knight's adventures at the time of the Crusade against Chaos. The minstrels are very skilled and you pause to listen to the lilting melody and words:

> 'Then firm was his resolve,
> His will strong, his spirit true.
> Riding t'wards the sunrise,
> Ever onward through the land,
> Ever onward, sword in hand.'

Now turn to **40**.

282

Buffeted by the wind, the Celastrix suddenly rises almost vertically. You tip over backwards, losing your grip on the bird's crest. The next second you are clutching at thin air as you plummet earthwards. The Celastrix turns and tries to catch up with you as you fall, but it is not fast enough. Your adventure ends here.

283

Galloping along the road that leads westwards across the desolate moorland, it is several hours before you reach a signpost directing travellers south to the village of Ennox. Taking this route, you pass no one else on the road, and the sky grows overcast with heavy grey clouds Dusk falls and still you are not in sight of Ennox or Torrin's forge You ride on, determined to find shelter before it starts to rain, and soon you come upon a gibbet, a macabre landmark in this otherwise barren wilderness The corpse hanging from it looks as if it has been here for several weeks: its flesh is rotted and in places its skin has split, exposing yellowed bone. The gibbet creaks ominously as the body hanging from its frayed noose swings in the breeze. There is a rumble of thunder overhead and the skies open, catching you in the downpour. After a sudden loud crack a bolt of lightning streaks down from the clouds, hitting the gibbet just as you are passing underneath it. In a vivid explosion of light, the rope snaps and the body falls on top of you, knocking you from your mount on to the sodden ground (lose 1 STAMINA point) Horrified, you push the corpse away from you and pick yourself up out of the mud. Suddenly the body springs to its feet and its diseased yellow eyes flick open The Lich has been animated by the corruption that is infecting the land and you must fight it If you have the *Holy Strike* Special Skill and wish to use it, turn to **65**. If you do not, you draw your weapon and engage in combat in the driving rain.

LICH SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

After three Attack Rounds, if the battle is not over you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because the road has turned to mud and you are fighting in it up to your ankles. If you win, turn to **181**.

284

Dismounting, you tether Firemane and quickly formulate a plan to rescue the villagers. It must be the shaman's Chaos magic that is preventing the prisoners from saving themselves, so, if you could stop him, you could break his hold on the villagers' minds. Keeping low and making use of any cover you can find, you creep past the Beast Men towards the Wicker Man. *Test your Skill* three times. If you fail on any of the rolls, you are spotted; turn to **265**. If you succeed on every roll, turn to **171**.

285

It is mid-morning when you enter a pleasant valley, at the bottom of which nestles the settlement of Wendeford. To the west lies an area of woodland, while on the distant horizon you can make out the dark edge of the Forest of Lein. The road on which you are travelling runs on southwards, out of the village, to Havalok; but you feel you may gleam information here that could be of use to you on your quest. For a start, you know that the reclusive sage, Herluin, lives not far from the village. Do you want to try to find out more here in Wendeford (turn to **317**) or, as time is precious, will you ride straight through (turn to **49**)?

286

Suddenly it dawns on you what you have to do. Laying down your weapon, you kneel before the horror and bow your head: the double, you realize, is a manifestation of the dark side of your nature. All the hatred, anger, malice, envy and pride that lurk deep

inside you stand before you now, multiplied and exaggerated out of all proportion. However, by submitting to the double, you are admitting that the negative qualities it displays are part of you Knowing and facing one's own weaknesses is a sign of strength and courage. The double raises its weapon to slay you – then vanishes Now you understand: everything you have encountered in the shrine has been in your own mind, nothing but illusions. If you have fought any battles here, restore any STAMINA points you may have lost in combat.

The golden doors swing open, allowing you to enter the inner sanctum At the end of a short hall stands a stone altar with golden drapes and, behind that, the massive golden statue of a heavily armed warrior: Telak the Swordbearer, God of Courage and patron of your holy order. Lying on the altar is the object of your quest: Aelfgar the Elf-Spear. It is a marvellous weapon, one metre in length, its tip made from the purest silver and its shaft fashioned from wood from the Forest of Lein. Eleven bands of Elven runes, picked out in silver, surround the shaft, and as you take the spear in your hands they glow with divine energy If you have the Spear *Weapon* Special Skill, you may use Aelfgar in combat and add 1 to your Attack Strength while wielding it. The Elf-Spear will also injure undead and Demons. Offering a prayer of thanks to Telak, you feel that a great weight has been lifted from you. (Cross any fear you may have off your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point.) Do you have a shield? If you have, turn to **344**; if you haven't, turn to **23**.

287

A split second after you nip into the secret passage the temple roof caves in, blocking the way back and burying alive all those still trapped inside. As you run along the damp tunnel, it slopes upwards until you burst through a fern-shrouded opening and find yourself in a clearing in the forest. The trees in this area are stunted and mis-shapen, while the undergrowth is being throttled by weeds and brambles. Bryar is standing, a few metres from you, holding his twisted staff which has a weasel's skull fixed to the top. Before you can react, he waves the staff in the air and the weeds surrounding the clearing shoot towards you. If you have a Cleric's Talisman, turn to **89**; if you do not, turn to **272**.

288

'Gladly,' Varen says. 'If that is how I can help destroy the corruption that is infecting our land, then that is what I must do However, my men will need time to prepare, so it would be best if you continue your quest, and my soldiers will join you later' You agree to meet at the deserted outpost of Harnwatch, two days from now (Write the word 'Ecrof' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Turn to **82**

289

The flickering light from your lantern casts eerie shadows on the morbid carvings that adorn the walls of the sepulchre when you descend into its depths. If you have the *Commune* Special Skill, turn to **153**. If you do not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **243**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **153**.

290

Standing in front of the large double-doors, the aura of the enchantments binding them is tangible and fills you with dread. You are sure something of a magical nature will be required to open these doors and that without such an item you will be unable to pass through them. As you do not carry any Chaotic artefacts you will need something else. If you have some sap from the Forest of Lein, now may be the time to use it (turn to **129**). If you haven't any, turn to **388**.

291

You come across clear signs that the boar travelled this way not long ago, in the direction leading away from you and further into the ancient woodland. Quickly you set off after your prey. *Test your Skill*, adding 1 to the dice roll if you do not have the *Tracking* Special Skill, but subtracting 1 from the dice roll if you have a Hunting Charm. If you are successful, turn to **343**. If you fail, turn to **30**.

292

The wicked hag throws some dust in your eyes that makes your reactions sluggish (reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for this combat), before lunging at you with her bone dagger.

CRONE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you win, you settle down in the cave to sleep. You wake up the next day, eager to be on your way (restore 2 STAMINA points and add 1 day to the Time Elapsed). Searching the cave, you decide to leave the crone's sorcerous brews and possessions well alone, but you do find two rabbits hanging up (enough for one meal each) and you take them with you. Remounting Firemane, you rejoin the road and ride towards Ennox. Turn to **379**.

293

While you have been dealing with two of your opponents, the third murderer attempts to make his escape. You will have to stop the rogue. If you have a crossbow, you may use it now; if you are successful in its use, turn to **253**. If you fail, or if you do not have a crossbow (or you do not wish to use it), you will have to pursue the felon on Firemane; turn to **3**.

294

Making your way cautiously along the passage, it is not long before you step through an archway into a high-roofed chamber. The stone floor is littered with straw and bones of many creatures, some human. Set into the ceiling, some metres above your head, is a large grille through which you can see the deep blue of the night sky. A small wooden door in the wall opposite leads out of the chamber. However, as you step into the pit you disturb its occupant. With a roar a gigantic, Dragon-like creature emerges from a gloomy corner of the pit. It is wingless and its rough hide is scaly Its enormous jaws are lined with razor-sharp teeth, but the monster's eyes do not hold the glint of intelligence of dragonkind. Its great tail lashes around, blocking the way back If you want to avoid having to fight the beast, you can make a run for the far door. If you do this, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you dash across the pit and, opening the door, run through it (turn to **329**); if you are Unlucky, the monster strikes you with a great clawed foot (lose 2 STAMINA points) and you have to turn and fight.

REPTILIAN SKILL 10 STAMINA 15

If you slay this mighty beast, you step over its prone body and, opening the wooden door, leave the pit. Turn to **329**.

295

Opening the door, you step into the night. Everything is still, with nothing seemingly out of the ordinary. Walking further, you suddenly freeze, hearing up ahead sounds of panting that are approaching rapidly Then you see them: scores of blazing red eyes appear out of the darkness as in horror you see the pack of huge, midnight-black dogs bearing down on you across the moor. It would be foolish to try to face the whole pack in such an exposed position, so you turn on your heels and run back towards the forge. Torrin stands at the open doorway yelling for you to hurry. Roll two dice; the total is the distance you have to cover before you reach safety. Now roll two dice again. If the total is less than the distance you have to cover, turn to **359**; if it is greater than that distance, turn to **398**. If the two numbers are the same, *Test your Luck*: if you are Lucky, turn to **398**; if not, turn to **359**.

296

After you have put several kilometres between you and the Chaos Beast Men's camp, you stop to rest. When you wake up again, you find that you have slept well into the next day (restore 2 STAMINA points and add 1 day to the Time Elapsed). The desolate landscape of the Banarask Hills is unchanging as you ride on under the cold grey sky for several hours. And then you see it: on a hilltop stand the dark ruined towers of Caer Skaal, the Fortress of the Skull. From here you can see its grim keep, still intact after surviving the onslaught of the besieging crusaders a century ago Black flags fly from its crenellated turrets, the sight of which fills you with unease Before you can reach the forbidding castle, you must first cross the ancient battlefield on which the final battle of the Crusade against Chaos was fought It was on this field that Belgaroth was felled in battle by Sir Rhyaddan the Crusader, along with his Chaos Knights The battlefield is shrouded in a thick pall of mist, and here and there you can make out the indistinct shapes of broken weapons, war-engines and the skeletal remains of armoured warriors You half expect the bodies of the fallen to rise up against you as you ride out across the ancient battle-site.

A large raven sits perched on the branch of a lone gnarled and leafless tree near by. Seeing you, it gives a hoarse croaking cry then flaps off through the mists towards the fortress. A moment later you hear the sound of hoofs galloping towards you. Trailing tendrils of vapour, a black horse with its rider emerges out of

the mists. The knight is covered from head to foot in shining black spiked plate armour. His helmet is horned and decorated with weird patterns inlaid with red tracery, as is the rest of his armour. The Chaos Knight levels his black lance and spurs his steed on towards you without saying a word You must overcome Belgaroth's champion in a deadly joust. If you do not have a lance, or if you do have one but don't have the *Lance* Special Skill, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle, and by 1 further point if you do not possess the *Ride* Special Skill.

CHAOS KNIGHT CHAMPION	SKILL 12	STAMINA 12

If the Chaos Knight wins two Attack Rounds, you are unhorsed (lose 4 STAMINA points of damage rather than the usual 2) and you must fight on with your normal weapon and your Attack Strength reduced by 2 points. If you are using a lance and you win two Attack Rounds before the Chaos Knight does, you unhorse him and may increase your Attack Strength by 2 points. If you win this deadly contest, turn to **351**.

297

What will you use to defend yourself against these strange creatures?

A Cleric's Talisman?	Turn to **140**
The potion Witherwell?	Turn to **349**
Your weapon?	Turn to **18**

298

You feel a clammy hand grip your leg and, looking down, you see that the leper, who embodies plague and pestilence in the land, has touched you. As he is swallowed up by the crowd you hear him say in a harsh whisper, 'So my fate shall be yours.' You have been cursed with the leper's terrible wasting disease. (Lose 3 STAMINA points, 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point; also write down the word 'Eugalp' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Turn to **114**.

299

As you prepare your crossbow, Belgaroth lets fly a bolt of dark energy from his hands; it slams into your body, causing you to drop the crossbow and throwing you back across the room into the wall (lose 5 STAMINA points). Turn to **162**.

300

Drawing your weapon, you defend yourself against these venomous adversaries. Fight them as if they were a single opponent.

SNAKES	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

Unless you are able to drink the potion Antitoxin, each time the snakes strike you successfully, you must lose 4 STAMINA points because of their poisonous bites. If you win, you have managed to clear yourself a way across the cavern. Turn to **27**.

301

Your reactions are not quick enough and you are hit by one of the cart's shafts (lose 3 STAMINA points). By

the time you have picked yourself up, your quarry are long gone and not even the *Tracking* Special Skill will enable you to pursue them further, as there is no trail to follow on the hard cobbles. Lose 1 LUCK point. Returning to the square and Firemane, you find the Watch leading the dragon mummers away to the town cells. You explain to them that, unfortunately, the rest of the gang have escaped, and then leave (turn to **45**).

302

Just when it looks as though victory is yours, you hear the animal roars and cries of a band of chaotic reinforcements making for the twilight battlefield from the direction of the decimated village. Do you want to fight on (turn to **207**), or will you command your men to retreat and you yourself try to break through the enemy lines on Firemane, to continue with your mission (turn to **322**)?

303

Your blast of holy energy hits the ghost, apparently to no effect. The spirit cannot be truly evil: it is merely a portent, possibly a sign of what is to come. The knight turns to face you and prepares to attack (turn to **255**).

304

Just as you are unsheathing your weapon, the apparition cries out, 'No!' You pause, then see that the ghost is that of an ageing priest. Sensing its goodness, you listen as it speaks to you: 'My name is Guildas and I

was once the priest of Myrton. I have been dead for many decades, as has the foul Necromage. There is sickness in the land and this has caused his return. While he lives, none here may rest in peace. A courageous knight lies to the south and may have weapons that would help you defeat the undead lord who reigns here. To find the Necromage, speak his name before the Door of Skulls. Now go and free the poor souls enslaved by him.' With that, the ghost fades from view. If you ever find yourself in front of the Door of Skulls, and you know the Necromage's name, convert it into a number using the code, A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26. Total the numbers which correspond to the letters in his name, then multiply the total by five and turn to the paragraph with that number. Without further hesitation, will you look for the knight's tomb by going south (turn to **361**) or will you follow the western passage (turn to **391**)?

305

Inside a shattered earthenware pot you find a small iron key and a hunting charm that has been carved from a piece of bone to resemble a wild boar. Some people believe that such a charm gives a hunter a better chance of successfully tracking prey. Return to **274**.

306

It is not far from here to the ruined outpost of Harnwatch, where you have arranged to meet your army. The outpost has been deserted since the Crusade against Chaos, a century ago. All that remains of it

now is a crumbling stone stockade. Waiting, hidden inside its walls, is your force of brave warriors. Before you engage the enemy in battle, you must determine your army's Battle Strength, which at present is zero. Consult the table below and total up the points given for each fighting unit you have comprising your army:

Lord Varen of Cleeve Manor's soldiers	4 points
Nasra Stronn's Mercenaries from Havalok	5 points
The villagers of Assart	3 points
Carass's Town Militia	4 points

This total is your Battle Strength. If you have the *Battle Tactics* Special Skill, you may add 2 more points to your Battle Strength.

There is no time to lose, so, your army ready, you set off into the Banarask Hills towards the Fortress of the Skull. If you have taken more than six days to get this far, turn to **355**. If you have taken six days or less, turn to **184**.

307

'Password!' a voice hisses from behind the doors. If you know the password, convert it into a number, using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26. Add the number corresponding to the letters in the password together then turn to the paragraph with the same number as the total. If you do not know the password, turn to **225**.

308

If you are going to search for Aelfgar, you must know where it is – but do you know how to get there? If you do, you will have found three clues that give you directions to the Elf-Spear's resting-place. There is a number hidden somewhere in each clue. Put the three numbers together in sequence, in the order in which you found them, to give you a fourth three-digit number, and turn to that paragraph. If you do not have all the clues, you will have to abandon your quest for Aelfgar and head south (turn to **48**).

309

Although the track is several days old, you can still tell that a very large animal has passed along the right-hand path. However, along the path to the left you can just make out some faint humanoid footprints leading both towards the fork and away from it. Now, will you take the left (turn to **385**) or the right track (turn to **291**)?

310

With a tremendous splintering crash, a huge black shape smashes through a window near you, showering you with shards of broken glass, and lands in a crouch in the centre of the room. The beast is midnight-black in colour and is as large as a wolf. Snarling, the Hellhound turns to face you, baring its black teeth, then it springs There is no time to use your powers against it Once again you are fighting for your life, while Torrin tries to secure the window.

HELLHOUND SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

As well as its savage bite and sharp claws, the demonic creature has another attack: it can also shoot gouts of flame out of its mouth After each Attack Round, roll one dice. If you roll 1 or 2, the monster's fiery breath burns you for 1 additional point of STAMINA damage. If you kill the Hellhound, turn to **115**

311

The staircase takes you up to another chamber with another iron-bound door. From behind this door comes a steady rhythmic clanking and grating. Do you want to open this door (turn to **61**) or will you climb the staircase to the next level (turn to **357**)?

312

Seeing his creation destroyed, the priest panics and tries to flee You want to know what has been going on here, so you chase after the man. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **394** If you are Unlucky, turn to **264**

313

You find a crack between one section of wall and the floor, and a loose brick When you push the brick, the wall swings open to reveal a short passageway, which ends in an ornately carved oak door; inscribed on it is a strange magical symbol, but there is no lock or handle. You have heard of such spell-locks and you know that you will be unable to force entry here. The only way through is to decode the number hidden in the symbol.

If you can work out what the number is, turn to the paragraph with that number. If you are unable to break the spell-lock, you will have to return to the portcullis; turn to **212**.

314

Leading Firemane towards the South Gate, you pass through a square where a crowd of people seem to be enjoying some spectacle or other As you get closer, you see that a crude stage has been set up in the square and over this is stretched a moth-eaten banner with the words 'Oddfellow's Mummers' painted across it. Occasional gasps of amazement and peals of laughter rise from the crowd as they watch the show being put on by the travelling players. Do you want to pause for a moment to watch the mummers (turn to **188**) or do you prefer to make for the South Gate (turn to **45**)?

315

Showing Elaina the Arch-Cleric's staff, you tell her how you vanquished the Darkthorn and its servants 'By this heroic action you have helped in part to restore the elemental powers of the forest and halt the sickness affecting it. Erillia, the Elf Mother, will bless you for this, and you certainly deserve our aid' The sorceress-priestess takes an ornate bottle from an Elf and hands it to you 'This bottle contains some of the very life-blood of Lein: sap taken from the trees in this ancient forest Keep it safe and use it wisely, and the prophecy will be fulfilled' Before the Elves lead you away from their sacred grove and vanish back into the

undergrowth, they also give you an Elven Amulet. Filled with hope once more, you hurry on your way. Turn to **278**.

316

Which of the mounds will you explore now: the northern mound (turn to **95**); the southern one (turn to **175**); the eastern one (turn to **339**) or the western one (turn to **350**); or will you leave the Cairns of Dunar (turn to **202**)?

317

Wendeford's only inn is the Bristling Boar, and you decide that this would be as good a place as any in which to acquire information. Inside, the bar is dark and musty, although the clientele seems friendly enough. 'Well, what can we do for you?' asks the rotund landlady. If you want to buy a drink, a tankard of ale will cost you 1 Gold Piece and will restore up to 2 points of STAMINA. What will you ask the landlady?

Where you can find Herluin the Sage?	Turn to **362**
About any local rumours?	Turn to **268**
About the inn's name, if you are curious?	Turn to **134**

318

You have no time to prepare any other defence as Belgaroth unleashes the dark bolt at you. It hits you squarely in the chest, knocking you from the back of the Celastrix. Over the rushing of the wind you can

hear the Dread Lord's evil laughter in your ears as you plunge to your death.

319

The villagers are very understanding of your reasons and they wish you well in your quest, but you leave Assart under a veil of fear and despair. Undoubtedly you have doomed the village to death and just as surely you have broken the Oath of the Templars, bringing shame and infamy on your holy order (lose 2 HONOUR points). At the edge of the forest, not far from the village, you discover a woodman's abandoned hut and decide to sleep here for the night. If you have the word 'Reggad' written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **371**. Otherwise, that night your dreams are filled with images of horrific undead. You wake up the next morning only partially refreshed and set off quickly southwards. Regain 1 STAMINA point and add 1 day to the Time Elapsed. Turn to **48**.

320

As you draw your weapon, you feel a tingling sensation in the finger on which you are wearing the ring. Distracted for a moment, you look down and see a shield of golden light flicker into existence on your arm; this is powerful magic indeed. Whenever you find yourself in combat, while you are wearing the Shield Ring this magical shield will appear and protect you from an enemy's blows (reduce your opponent's Attack Strength by 1 point). Add 1 LUCK point and return to **391** to fight the skeletal dog.

321

Reversing the Demon Summoning Spell will not be easy while the raging Demonic Slayer is in the room with you! *Test your Skill* and add 1 to the roll. If you are successful, you manage to read part of the spell backwards while avoiding the creature's attack. If you fail, the Slayer hits you while your guard is down (lose 3 STAMINA points). You must repeat this process until you have made the roll successfully three times. If you achieve this, turn to **128**. If you fail two consecutive rolls, the Demon knocks the book out of your hands; turn to **13**. You can abandon this line of defence whenever you want to by turning to **13**.

322

With a shout, you kick your heels into Firemane's sides and rush straight at the enemy lines. You fell several of the Beast Men in your charge and break through their ranks before the reinforcements arrive. Your soldiers scatter and flee southwards, towards

Harnwatch. The exhausted chaotics follow only a short way before stopping and raising a great hooting cheer, believing they have routed your troops. You ride in a wide circle round the Beast Men's camp, avoiding any unwanted attention. From your vantage point you can see the stockade quite clearly among the ruined houses. You cannot see any people, and there appears to be only one guard at the stockade's entrance. Do you want to tether Firemane here and sneak into the Beast Men's camp for further investigation, now that night has fallen (turn to **340**), or do you want to ride on, away from here (turn to **296**)?

323

A bitterly cold wind is howling over the moors as you and Firemane journey across the desolate heath. After two hours' ride you see a single standing stone rising up out of the otherwise featureless landscape. Known as the Maiden, the stone once had the carving of a young woman on it, but this has been almost completely eroded by time and the weather. If you have the *Commune* Special Skill, turn to **380**. If you haven't, *Test your Luck*: if you are Lucky, turn to **380**; if you are not, turn to **263**.

324

The sun is sinking towards the horizon as dusk approaches, and under the trees a grey twilight permeates every nook and hollow. Firemane steps warily over tree boles and exposed roots and you start to think about making camp for the night You bring your steed to a halt in a small clearing that is littered with fallen leaves and with a fungus-covered log lying at its edge. As you dismount, you hear a rustling sound and stare in startled amazement as the leaves draw themselves together into a shape that then stands upright; the figure now looks like a man covered from head to toe in leaves. At the same time, the 'log' starts to unfold with a creaking sound and, looking like a humanoid with bark for skin and with fungus growing out of it, gets to its feet The leaf-man stretches out an arm towards you and you recover your amazed state Will you move to defend yourself (turn to **297**) or wait for these strange humanoids to make the first move (turn to **76**)?

325

Cleeve Manor is served by a small hamlet, including a smithy, and is surrounded by a number of small farms. You arrive at dusk and, as soon as you have dismounted, you are taken to the great hall by the steward of the manor, while Firemane is led away to be stabled Inside, the hall is a picture of bustle and activity. Long trestle tables are being laid with food and drink and a large woman is supervising the cooking of venison on a spit in the middle of the room, while a minstrel band starts playing a popular tune In

one corner of the hall, a man-at-arms is playing some kind of board game with two labourers. Large tapestries cover the walls of the hall; above the lord's table on the raised dais at the end of the room hang decorative shields and the coats-of-arms of several noble families, while at the opposite end of the chamber are mounted the trophies of hunting expeditions. The steward explains that the feast to be held here will begin very shortly. Before it does so and while you are waiting, he will be happy to show you round the hall. Do you want to:

Study the tapestries?	Turn to **341**
Watch the board game?	Turn to **244**
Look more closely at the trophies?	Turn to **68**
Listen to the minstrels?	Turn to **281**

326

Reaching the edge of the stockade safely, you hide in the shadows. The Beast Man on guard has the head of a boar, and spittle drools over its large yellow tusks. It is armed with a halberd and round shield, and torches are burning on either side of the entrance it is guarding. The sharpened stakes of the stockade look far too tall and treacherous to climb, so how will you get in? Will you:

Attack the guard?	Turn to **386**
Try to distract it and sneak past?	Turn to **151**
Bluff your way in?	Turn to **226**

327

Not far into the hills, you find the entrance to a large cave: the perfect place to shelter. As you lead Firemane

towards it, however, you see that the cave mouth has been crudely decorated by someone, or something, with animal skulls and skins. Then an old hag appears at the opening; she is wearing ragged robes and necklaces of teeth and is yelling at you angrily and waving her arms frantically. Do you want to attack the crone (turn to **292**), or do you prefer to speak to her and calm her down (turn to **135**)?

328

Using up the last of its fire-breath, the dragon lets out a blast of flame directly at the crowd, who flee in panic, so giving the other mummers a chance to escape. The dragon-costumed players then run at you, trying to batter you with its wings and bite you with the rather too realistic jaws.

MUMMERS' DRAGON SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, you do not actually kill the people in the costume but merely disable the contraption they are wearing and leave the mummers unable to escape (turn to **387**).

329

You find yourself walking along the stone-faced corridor. With a sucking sound, something drops on to the ground behind you and you recognize the jelly-like creature as an Iron-Eater. These amoeboid animals are not carnivores but instead, as their name suggests, feed on metal. Moving carefully forward, you hear another creature detach itself from the ceiling of the passage above you.

IRON-EATER SKILL 4 STAMINA 5

Roll as usual for the first Attack Round. If the Iron-Eater loses the Attack Round, it misses you, hitting the floor, and can easily be dispatched with one blow. If the creature wins, it lands on top of you and starts to feed: cross off one piece of armour from your *Adventure Sheet*, and lose any bonuses that go with it. Then fight the battle in the usual way. If you win an Attack Round, you manage to knock the Iron-Eater off; if not, it destroys another item of armour. Once you have defeated the giant amoeba, turn to **47**.

330

The voice addresses you, saying simply, 'Enter.' The great stone doors swing open and you step between them into the shrine. You walk along a pillared corridor, lit by a golden glow from the ceiling, past statues of knights and warriors, standing to attention or at prayer, your footsteps on the stone floor the only sound. The corridor ends at a large circular chamber, the floor of which is a mosaic showing the badge of the Templars. In front of you is another set of double doors, but these are plated with gold and adorned with two huge dragon carvings. The beauty and majesty of the place fill you with awe and wonder. Even as you are marvelling at the intricacies of the decoration of the shrine, something is happening in the centre of the room. If you suffer from the Fear of Spiders, turn to **366**. If you are afflicted with the Fear of Snakes, turn to **273**. If you have the Fear of Heights, turn to **165**. If you suffer from none of these fears, turn to **222**.

331

Horrified, you now see that the monster is foaming at both of its mouths – it is rabid! Slavering at the prospect of having you as a tasty meal, the Chaos Hound springs at you, straining at its chain.

RABID CHAOS HOUND SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

During every Attack Round, each of the monster's heads will attack you, so you must treat it as two opponents. On the fifth Attack Round, turn to **39**. If you win the fight before the fifth Attack Round and if you were bitten at least once by the hound, you must lose an additional 2 STAMINA points from its rabid bite (4 points if you have the word 'Eugalp' written on your *Adventure Sheet*). If you are still alive, you enter the hall (turn to **110**).

332

Eventually you rejoin the main road heading south, and by late afternoon you come in sight of the edge of the great Forest of Lein. Not far along the track you reach the village of Assart, built in a huge clearing inside the border of the forest. As you ride into the village you see a group of people in fierce debate. 'But if we don't do something we're all as good as dead!' a young, scholarly-looking man is saying desperately.

'What can we do?' a burly forester replies. 'There are too many of them, and more come each night. There are those who would be willing to fight if we had a strong leader to take us into battle.'

'Failing that, we need someone who would be prepared to go there alone and kill the Necromancer,' an old woman declares. She suddenly catches sight of you and adds, 'Someone like a Templar.' You ask the group what the problem is, and the old wisewoman tells you about the Necromancer and the ghost village. 'Not far from here, to the west, lies what's left of the village of Myrton. It's been deserted for years and most of it's in ruins now – but no one's ever been there because of the stories. A Necromancer lies buried there and people do say that the place is haunted. But now it looks as if the tales are true, for last Moonsday night the dead of Myrton rose from their graves and attacked our village, carrying off three people. They've been back every night since, their number increasing all the time, so we have to lock ourselves in our homes. Four more were taken last night. It seems as if the Necromancer is back and is building himself an army of the undead.' It

certainly does, but you cannot help thinking that Belgaroth's corruption and Chaos may be the source of this problem. 'Everyone in Assart's afraid,' the woman continues, 'and no one dares go to Myrton itself, not even during the day. Will you help us?' Will you help the people of Assart (turn to **148**) or, still having several days' travel ahead of you, will you go directly for what you think is the root of the problem (turn to **319**)?

333

Chaos Knights and Warriors are storming on to the battlements from all directions. Using your lantern, you set fire to the feather and call the name of the Celastrix three times. A brilliant light immediately appears on the southern horizon and soars across the night sky towards you. The dazzling bird, its radiance lighting up the battlements, alights on the roof of the tower and allows you to climb on to its back, while Belgaroth's hordes cower in fear. *Hold on tight, my friend,* you hear its warm tones say within your mind. Gripping on to the divine bird's crest of feathers, you hang on when the Celastrix beats its great wings and rises into the sky. Riding on the back of a huge bird is

not easy, as it climbs steeply into the wind. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll if you suffer from the Fear of Heights but subtracting 2 from the dice roll if you have the *Ride* Special Skill. If you succeed, turn to **396**. If you fail, turn to **282**.

334

As you lead Firemane along the main street that leads to Havalok's market, you pass a shop decorated with esoteric symbols. An elaborately painted sign over the front informs you that this is 'The Mind's Eye'. Would you like to enter this unusual establishment (turn to **367**), or will you go to the market (turn to **248**)?

335

Test your Skill, subtracting 2 from the dice roll if you have the *Tracking* Special Skill. If you succeed, turn to **313**. If you fail, you find nothing, so you double back to the portcullis; turn to **212**.

336

Havgar was a legendary hero from the times before the founding of your order. Single-handedly he vanquished a tribe of Giants, killing the chief with one blow from his huge, spiked club. Havgar's mace breaks bone and stone with equal ease and will do 3 STAMINA points of damage. However, because of its weight, unless you have a *Weapon* Special Skill in using a Mace you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point when fighting with it (make a note of this in the Weapon box of your *Adventure Sheet*). Now return to **356**.

337

All the opened graves seem to be empty; no doubt their occupants are among the undead army attacking Assart. However, you find that the rotted wooden coffin at the bottom of one grave has been left undisturbed. The epitaph on the tombstone reads: *Guildas, Priest of Myrton. Left this life aged 75 years.* As you are reading this inscription, there is a terrible splintering sound and a grotesque mandibled head bursts through the lid of the coffin. This is followed by a slime-covered, worm-like body which swiftly wraps itself round your legs as the creature tries to bite you with its mandibles. Normally restricted to eating the remains of the dead, the smell of hot blood and living flesh has drawn the Grave-Worm out to hunt.

GRAVE-WORM SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you kill this feeder on the dead, you decide not to waste any more time but head for the sepulchre. Turn to **94**.

338

Dusk falls as you ride south through the bleak highlands. However, just as you are considering making camp for the night, you breast a rise, to see a bizarre ritual taking place. A horde of beast-headed, inhuman creatures is gathered at the foot of a small mound on which stands a huge wicker structure; it is made out of cages of wooden poles, lashed together in the shape of a giant man. The Wicker Man is packed with live human prisoners who are doing nothing to try to escape, as if they were under a hypnotic spell. The Beast Men are making a terrific din, braying, roaring, bellowing and banging weapons against their shields. Some hold torches aloft and all are watching a smaller figure who is chanting and carrying out a peculiar dance between the feet of the wicker structure This figure is dressed in weird-patterned robes and has a pair of antlers growing out of its hideous, bestial skull. It looks as if the captured villagers inside the funeral pyre formed by the Wicker Man are about to be sacrificed by the shaman to the Dark Lords of Chaos Will you try to rescue the villagers (turn to **284**) or will you ride on towards Caer Skaal (turn to **399**)?

339

Inside the barrow is a circular chamber which contains nothing of any use to you. However, it is home to a nest of Giant Spider's eggs which have just hatched. The Spiderlings drop on you from the roof of the chamber and bite you before you can brush them off and escape. This strain of spider also happens to be venomous. Roll one dice and add 2. This is how many

points of damage to your STAMINA the Spiderlings' injected poison does. If you have some Antitoxin, you may halve the damage done (rounding fractions down). If you have a Fear of Spiders, you run from the mound, screaming in terror, ready to flee the cairns altogether (turn to **202**). If you do not have such a fear, turn to **316**.

340

You enter the village unnoticed and make silently but swiftly for the stockade. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **326**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **393**.

341

Most of the tapestries carry the usual designs of fabulous beasts and knights on horseback, but there is one that stands out from all the others. It covers half of one wall and shows a man with a pack of hounds fighting a huge wild boar. The steward explains that the tapestry depicts part of the legend of the Great Boar of Lein, when the monster was finally caught and killed by a brave hunter. Almost hidden among the embroidered trees of the forest, watching the scene, you pick out a group of men and women who seem to be covered from head to toe in leaves. Turn to **40**.

342

You throw 2 portions of your Provisions, one for each head, as far from the doorway as possible but still within reach of the chained beast (cross these off your *Adventure Sheet*). The creature pounces on the food and starts to gulp it down. You run past it, through the doors and into the hall. Turn to **110**.

343

Your skills do not fail you. You burst into a clearing where a monstrous boar is rooting among the leaf debris, doubtless looking for acorns. This creature must be the Great Boar of Lein. Seeing you, it turns and flees into the forest; however, before it leaves the clearing you have time to use a crossbow once, if you have one. Then you are off after the beast. As you gallop through the trees in pursuit of your quarry, your steed jumps over fallen branches and rocky mounds. If you have the *Ride* Special Skill, turn to **256**. If you haven't, *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, turn to **256**; if you fail, turn to **209**.

344

What design does your shield carry? Is it that of a:

Griffin?	Turn to **369**
Golden Dragon?	Turn to **395**
Rampant Lion?	Turn to **81**
Flame?	Turn to **186**

If your shield does not bear any of these emblems, nothing more happens, so you leave the shrine (turn to **23**).

345

Screaming, the ghastly spectre lunges at you with frightening speed and tries to slash you with its clawed hands.

CAILLEACH SKILL 12 STAMINA 12

The Banshee's spine-chilling howl proves a very off-

putting distraction to you during this combat. At the start of each Attack Round you must *Test your Skill*. If you fail in the dice roll, the creature's soul-rending shrieks transfix you with fear and you will automatically lose the Attack Round. If you defeat this grisly undead horror, turn to **383**.

346

A pair of feet slam into your chest, knocking you from the saddle, and you land awkwardly on the road with your assailant on top of you (lose 2 STAMINA points). For a moment you wrestle with the man before you manage to throw him off. Quickly you jump to your feet and draw your weapon as two more figures emerge from the copse, holding cudgels. The first attacker pulls a long knife from his tunic and advances towards you. 'We're goin' to slit yer throat, Templar!' he spits, then the murderers are upon you. You must fight them all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MURDERER	7	6
Second MURDERER	6	8
Third MURDERER	7	7

As soon as you have dispatched two of your opponents, turn immediately to **293**.

347

While Belgaroth's men are distracted by having to fight the town militia, you scramble across the wreckage between the ruins of the south wall and the Juggernaut. Hearing a shrill whinnying behind you,

you turn to see a great War-horse, its black armour bearing the device of Belgaroth's Chaos army, charging towards you. Although riderless, the beast's evil intent is the same as that of its masters. Neighing, the horse rears up on its hind legs and tries to strike you with its iron-shod hoofs. Once again you are forced into retaliation.

WAR-HORSE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **50**.

348

'Have faith,' you say. 'At this very moment I am on a quest to rid the kingdom of this sickness and to save Ruddlestone from bitter war and certain destruction. The Knights of Telak are not petty rogues and saboteurs. We seek only peace and hope for the people of Ruddlestone and, with courage, we shall overcome this threat to the security of our country.' You continue for several minutes in this vein, your speech slowly restoring the people's confidence in your order. When at last you stop talking, the crowd cheers and parts to let you pass, while the prophets bow and wish you well on your quest. Turn to **200**.

349

You throw the potion over the two plant-like humanoids and they emit a shriek as they instantly begin to dissolve. Soon nothing is left of the bizarre creatures after the wind disperses their dry and brown residue across the forest floor. Free now to go, you continue on your way. Turn to **368**.

350

A blood-curdling howl suddenly rings out over the cairns, making you freeze for a moment. What on Titan could make such a mournful cry? Without waiting to find out, you hurry into the tumulus. A series of stones lines the sides of the tunnel leading into the burial place and, because of the occasional bone breaking through the earth, you guess that they mark long-forgotten graves. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, you trip over a partially exposed ribcage and hit your head on one of the stones (lose 2 STAMINA points). If you are Lucky, you suffer no such accident. At the end of the tunnel, a pyramid of human skulls half hides a circular black shield bearing a white crescent-moon motif. If you take this shield (remember you can carry only one shield at a time), you may reduce any opponent's Attack Strength by 1 point in battle. Returning to the stone circle, you decide where to go next. Turn to **316**.

351

Having used all your skills of horsemanship and weapon mastery to defeat Belgaroth's champion, you are filled with new hope (regain 1 LUCK point). You

ride on across the sterile plain towards Caer Skaal, Firemane's breath appearing as clouds of steam in the cold air. As you near the castle, you notice that the broken battlements are in the course of being rebuilt. The Dread Lord is strengthening the fortress's defences, preparing for war! Scanning the forbidding walls, you see no sign of any guards. Perhaps Belgaroth did not expect to be challenged on his own soil, or maybe he just did not expect any enemy to get this far. Caer Skaal is surrounded on three sides by a steep escarpment and the other approach is protected by the imposing gatehouse. However, on closer inspection the gate has been left wide open, with the gatehouse itself seemingly completely deserted. A half-filled, trench-like ditch, a relic, no doubt, of the time of the Crusade, runs almost straight to the gate. Do you want to use the ditch as cover and enter the fortress this way (turn to **363**), or do you want to look for another way in (turn to **142**)?

352

With a shout you leap into the clearing. At once the man jumps to his feet and turns to face you. Before you can reach him, he pulls a phial from his robes and, uncorking it, pours its contents on the ground Dark tendrils immediately break through the cracked earth and with unnatural speed shoot up into the air. As you watch, the thick stems and woody growths take on humanoid form and in a matter of moments a grotesque creature is standing in front of you. Its body is covered in sharp thorns and its head is flat and broad, with large tooth-like growths protruding from its mouth. Its eyes are translucent emerald orbs, and green veins pulse all over its body The Thornbeast lifts one leg and pulls a root-like foot out of the ground. It does the same with the other, then begins to move towards you across the clearing. You draw your weapon and prepare to defend yourself against this plant-like monster.

THORNBEAST	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you defeat the creature, write down the word 'Nroht' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 312.

353

Hearing a movement in the undergrowth ahead of you, you suddenly catch sight of the boar. It is a monstrous creature with vicious-looking tusks and stiff bristles running the length of its back. Then it is off Urging Firemane forward, you set off after your quarry. As you gallop through the trees in pursuit of the boar, your steed jumps over fallen branches and rocky

mounds. If you have the *Ride* Special Skill, turn to **256** If you do not, *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **256**; if you fail, turn to **209**.

354

At your feet lies the body of Master Graye, the miller of Wendeford You cannot understand why he tried to ambush you, so you set about searching the mill to find some answers. In the miller's living quarters you find enough food for two meals, a pouch containing 6 Gold Pieces, a bottle full of some thick yellow liquid that smells of herbs and a letter with a green wax seal that has been broken. As well as his green hood, you also find a cloak made of the same dyed cloth. (Write down the word 'Rellim' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Having decided what you want to take with you, will you now read the letter (turn to **377**), drink some of the liquid in the bottle (turn to **160**), or leave the Wendemill and the village (turn to **49**)?

355

Dusk falls as you march into the hills. Gradually you are becoming aware of a sound coming from somewhere in the distance ahead of you and, as it gets louder, you can hear shouts, war-chants, terrible roaring sounds and the thunder of hoofs on the ground. Then you see them coming over a rise: Belgaroth's army. Charging towards you and your small force is a horde of Orcs, some mounted on wolves; also Trolls, Ogres, black-clad warriors, demonic Hellhounds and savage Beast Men. Ahead of them ride the Chaos Knights of Caer Skaal, their steeds mighty war-horses. Behind

them, riding a demonic winged horse with blood-red eyes, is a shadowy figure whom you know to be the warmongering Dread Lord Belgaroth himself. Under the veil of night the Usurping Serpent is leading his army towards the Citadel. You cannot hope to overcome such incredible odds It will not be long before Ruddlestone is crushed beneath the Iron Fist

356

As the ghost is sent on its way to its final astral destination, it cries out, 'Beware! Belgaroth livesss . . .' Then it is gone.

The king thanks you for delivering him from the spirit but, once you have recovered, he urges you to be on your way. 'The dead knight was a portent, maybe of what was, what is, or what is to come. Since Belgaroth himself has returned to our world, your mission becomes of the utmost urgency and importance. Equip yourself from the armoury, but go with all haste.'

Bidding the king and his council farewell, you leave the audience chamber and make for the Citadel's ancient, and much renowned, armoury. Inside the vast cellar beneath the castle Werne the Armourer and his team of weaponsmiths, metallurgists and engineers are busy making and repairing weapons for the Knights of Telak. Werne, a broad, well-built man stripped to the waist and wearing a leather apron, puts down the tongs he has been using and leads you to a large iron door at one end of the armoury He unlocks it with a key selected from a large bunch hanging from his belt and leads you inside. 'This,' he says, 'is where we keep

the more precious weapons. Some once belonged to the crusaders and heroes of the past.'

Looking around the vault, you see row upon row of racks, heavy with gleaming weapons and polished armour. With Werne's help you pick out several weapons and pieces of armour that may be of use to you. From the list of items below choose a maximum of two to take on your quest (record them in the appropriate boxes on your *Adventure Sheet*), then turn to the paragraphs listed by them to find out more about your choice. (Remember: you can only use one weapon at a time and carry another on your steed, Firemane. If you wish to take two weapons from the armoury, you must discard your own magical sword.)

Havgar's Mace	Turn to **336**
Paladin's Lance	Turn to **9**
The Crossbow of Shamar the Shield-Maiden	Turn to **230**
The Axe of Lothar of Crun	Turn to **71**
The Griffin Shield	Turn to **32**
Dwarven Breastplate	Turn to **177**
The Helmet of Ventarc	Turn to **91**
Iron Gauntlets	Turn to **389**

Once you have chosen your equipment, turn to **80**.

357

The stone steps wind upwards for quite some way. When at last they come to an end, you find yourself standing inside a large guardroom Fortunately, most of the warriors who would normally be here are outside fighting. However, two Chaos Warriors are still here. They immediately rush at you, wielding their deadly weapons

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CHAOS WARRIOR	9	8
Second CHAOS WARRIOR	8	9

If you win, you survey the guardroom. A plain wooden door on your right goes out of here, and a short flight of steps leads up to a trapdoor in the ceiling. Judging by how far you have already climbed up the tower, you guess that the trapdoor opens on to the roof, and you have no reason for going up there! So, will you descend the spiral staircase and open the door on the floor below (turn to **61**) or open the plain wooden door in this room (turn to **390**)?

358

Suddenly you find yourself facing a skeletal warrior dressed in remnants of chainmail armour and wielding a barbed longsword. The warrior has retained all its fighting knowledge even in death. There is no time to use a crossbow or lance or any mystic skills before you engage in combat.

UNDEAD CHAMPION SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you are using an edged or pointed weapon against the skeleton, a successful strike will be turned by its bones and do only 1 point of damage to its STAMINA. Smashing and crushing weapons, such as an axe, mace or war-hammer, will do normal damage. If you vanquish this opponent, the villagers fight on while you go after the Necromancer. Turn to **31**.

359

Although you run as if the Demon-Lord Myurr himself were after you, you cannot outrun the Hellhounds. The hellish creatures leap on you and pull you to the ground. Your adventure ends here.

360

What was it Connor's ghost said about the traitor? 'The Raven will betray you.' Of course, the black bird is a huge raven. Could it be that this is in fact the traitor in another guise? 'Speak the traitor's true name to reveal the truth.' If you think you know the identity of the Raven, convert the traitor's name into a number, using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 and so on, to Z = 26. Total the numbers which correspond to the letters in the traitor's first and last names, then turn to the paragraph with that number. If the paragraph makes no sense, you are wrong in your assumption; turn to **96**. If you have no idea who the Raven is, turn to **96**.

361

Entering a chamber at the end of the tunnel, you behold a scene of destruction and desecration. The crypt is full of stone coffins but every single one of them has been broken open, and the bodies inside are missing – every one, that is, except for a sarcophagus resting on a plinth at the end of the chamber. Do you

want to open and search this last coffin (turn to **214**), or would you rather leave this crypt and search elsewhere in the sepulchre (turn to **243** and make another choice)?

362

'That old recluse!' the landlady exclaims, surprised. 'What do you want with him?' You tell her that you are just seeking his advice on a certain matter. 'Well, if it's about curing warts or when the next eclipse is, don't bother. He's got no patience for time-wasters.' You persist, and she tells you that Herluin has his cell in the woods to the west. If you want to follow her directions and go in search of the sage, turn to **102**. Otherwise, you can either ask the landlady about any local rumours that may be going around (turn to **268**), ask her about the inn's name (turn to **134**) or leave Wendeford and continue southwards (turn to **49**).

363

Leaving Firemane, you duck down into the ditch and creep along the muddy trench, hidden by clumps of grass growing over its edge. Ten metres from the fortress wall, having made sure that the way ahead is clear, you swiftly move from cover towards the open archway. The dark towers and parapet of the gatehouse are decorated with grotesque statues and carvings of

bestial winged creatures which seem to leer at you as you pass beneath them. Entering the outer courtyard of the fortress, you see the rotting skeletons of catapults and ballistas used against the besieging forces of the Warriors of Telak. Disused stables and out-houses stand in ruins as they have done for years. There is no sign of life . . . or is there? Hearing a grating sound behind you, you turn in time to see several of the gargoyles from the gatehouse animate and launch themselves into the air on great leathery wings. You manage to draw your weapon just before the Gargoyles swoop down to attack you with rending claws and talons. If you do not have a magical weapon, you will be unable to make any impression on these evil creatures' stony hides and will quickly perish horribly. If you do have such a weapon, you must fight the Gargoyles two at a time, with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point as the creatures can fly out of reach of your blows.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GARGOYLE	9	10
Second GARGOYLE	9	11
Third GARGOYLE	10	9
Fourth GARGOYLE	9	10

If you destroy all your ferocious attackers, turn to **384**.

364

With a tremendous crash the roof of the temple caves in, burying alive all those still trapped inside, including you, under tonnes of rubble and earth. Your adventure is over.

365

You guide Firemane through the undergrowth as quickly as possible. As you get closer to the owner of the voice, you notice that the number of briars and weeds growing round the trees is increasing and that the other plants of the forest look unhealthy and stunted in their growth. Eventually you reach the source of the chanting. You dismount and crouch down, hidden by the undergrowth. A man, dressed in long green robes, is kneeling in the middle of an area of cleared ground, his hands pressed flat to the earth. As he continues his strange chant, cracks begin to appear across the ground as if the very life-giving nutrients of the soil were being drained away. At the same time, you can almost sense the weeds growing round the edge of the clearing. What is going on here? Do you want to burst into the clearing and interrupt the man, who may be a priest of some kind (turn to **352**), or will you leave the forest and head back to Cleeve Manor (turn to **17**)?

366

A huge, grotesque, bloated, black body, sprouting eight hairy legs, materializes in the middle of the chamber and, clicking its mandibles, scuttles towards you. You are turned almost to stone as you stare into the cold black orbs that are the creature's eyes. A monster from legend has returned to challenge you – Veracna, Queen of Spiders. During this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by **2** points because of the terror you feel at confronting the Giant Spider.

VERACNA	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you are victorious, turn to **222**.

367

A bell rings as you open the door and step into a cramped room, furnished with drapes. Standing behind a counter is a wizened old woman 'You'll be wanting to see the Mistress of the Sight then?' she says. 'It'll cost you five Gold Pieces for a consultation.' Are you willing to pay this fee and meet the Mistress of the Sight (turn to **123**), or would you rather leave and continue on your way to the market (turn to **248**)?

368

You find yourself in a large clearing with a roof formed by a canopy of branches Emerging from among the trees and out of the undergrowth come more of the strange plant-like people you have already encountered They look as if they are clothed entirely in leaves, moss, bark, bracken and fungus, but you know now that these are not clothes. Some of the men and women have long green hair plaited with ivy and other plants They are all watching you intently, and you feel the same scalp-tingling sensation you had in the forest when you thought you were being watched These man-like creatures are the Wodewose, also referred to in folklore as the Green Men They are primal spirits of the woods, ancient elemental beings of nature. Two of the Wodewose hold your arms while your weapon is taken from you You are then led to the far side of the clearing and made to kneel on the ground in front of a screen of branches The branches are drawn apart and you find yourself facing a huge figure, seated on a great chair that seems to be rooted in the earth The figure is a giant of a man, wearing a robe of leaves His beard and hair are green and matted with moss, and his skin is grey and cracked like bark, covered with knotty brown veins. The giant's eyes are ringed like the stumps of branches, and when he speaks his voice is like the creaking of branches in the wind. 'I am the Lord of the Forest,' he says. 'You have trespassed in the forest and your progress has been observed. This woodland comes under my protection and I cannot allow it to be harmed by careless humans. However, before I pass

judgement on you, you may speak and defend your actions.' Quickly you relate the events that have taken place so far on your adventure and explain the nature of your quest.

Read through the following list of actions that you may have carried out to date in the forest or possessions you may have acquired, and total the number of points for all that apply:

For trespassing in the forest	+ 3 points
For hunting a wild boar in the forest	+ 2 points
For having some of the fungus Ironbane	+ 2 points
For having a Cleric's Talisman	− 1 point
For having a twisted staff	− 1 point
For having the potion Witherwell	+ 4 points
For having an Elven Amulet	− 1 point
For fighting Orc Wolf-Riders	− 1 point
For fighting a Tree Man	+ 4 points
For killing one of the Wodewose	+ 5 points

Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to the number of points you have scored, turn to **92**. If the total is higher, turn to **280**.

369

As you kneel at the altar, the tiredness and pain in your body ease and you feel invigorated. Restore your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level. Having been blessed, you leave the shrine (turn to **23**).

370

The sharp crack on your skull sends you reeling (lose 2 STAMINA points). Roll four dice. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **106**. If your total is greater than your STAMINA, turn to **59**.

371

You awaken with a start when the moon is high in the sky, convinced you heard the hut door creak. The door is indeed open and there in front of you . . . Oh no, it cannot be! Is this a dagger you see before you? The ghostly hand glides towards you, poised and ready to strike. Once again you find yourself fighting the spectral Assassin's Dagger. If you have some Holy Oil, you cast it over your supernatural assailant and the spirit dissolves into the night air, dropping the dagger (cross the Holy Oil and the word 'Reggad' off your *Adventure Sheet*; you may also take the dagger if

you wish). The rest of the night passes without incident; however, you are too het-up to get any proper sleep. First thing next morning you set out, going south. Add 1 day to the Time Elapsed and turn to **48**.

If you do not have any way of banishing the spectral hand, you must fight it once more.

ASSASSIN'S DAGGER SKILL 10

After four Attack Rounds, or if you win two consecutive Attack Rounds, you work yourself into a position from which you can escape from the hut. You run out, slamming the door behind you and trapping the Assassin's Dagger inside while you flee on Firemane. Several kilometres on, you stop but are unable to sleep for the rest of the night. At dawn you are more than ready to be off and soon you are again on the road leading south. Add 1 day to the Time Elapsed and turn to **48**.

372

The spores of the fungus start to corrode the metal bars of the portcullis as soon as they come into contact with them and in moments all that is left is a heap of red powder. Climbing the steps, you find yourself inside what you conclude must be the keep of the fortress. The sound of warriors preparing for battle echoes down the dark passageways. Belgaroth must be intending to mobilize his forces tonight! You must move quickly if you are to stop him. *Test your Luck* twice. If you are Lucky both times, turn to **100**. If you are Unlucky at all, turn to **271**.

373

You sprint into the clump of trees and duck down in a fern-covered hollow, hardly daring to breathe. Crouching among the bracken, you wait until you decide it is safe to leave. You jump up with a cry as the dagger sinks into your sword-arm (lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). You are going to have to escape on horseback, but before you can reach your steed you will have to fight the Assassin's Dagger again.

ASSASSIN'S DAGGER SKILL 10

After four Attack Rounds, or if you win two consecutive Attack Rounds, you manage to reach Firemane and, leaping on to his back, escape into the night. You only stop again after you have put several hours of hard riding between you and your ghostly adversary. (Add 1 day to the Time Elapsed and write down the word 'Reggad' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) At dawn you are on your way again; turn to **285**

374

Outside the charnel-house, you gulp in great lungfuls of air to rid yourself of the clinging stench of death and decay. Returning to Assart, you are given a hero's welcome. The villagers' means are not great, but they still give you a purse containing 5 Gold Pieces and

Provisions enough for 3 meals, while the local wise-woman tends your wounds. Restore STAMINA points equal to half your *Initial* score (rounding fractions up). Then it is time for rest

Not many hours have passed before you are woken by cock-crow, and you prepare to set off again (add 1 day to the Time Elapsed). As you mount Firemane, Ben, the forester, offers the villagers' thanks once more and adds that, if there is anything they can do to help, you need only ask. If you wish to, you can recruit some of the villagers to fight with you against Belgaroth's forces; you agree to meet them at the ruined outpost of Harnwatch that night, so that they have time to recover from the previous night's struggle (write the word 'Ecrof' down on your *Adventure Sheet* if you have not done so already) Now, if you want to follow the road south towards Caer Skaal, turn to **48**. However, if you prefer to set off in search of Aelfgar, the legendary Elf-Spear, turn to **308**.

375

With a tremendous splintering crash, a huge black shape smashes through a window and hurtles straight into you, showering you with broken glass and knocking you to the ground. The midnight-black dog is as large as a wolf and its cavernous mouth is just centimetres from your face. It snarls, and the smell of its fetid breath makes you gag With a roar, a ball of fire bursts out of the monster's mouth into your face. You scream in pain as the flames burn you and, opening your eyes, you find that the savage attack has damaged your

sight (lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Throwing the Hellhound from you, you get to your feet as the monster springs at you again. There is no time to use your powers against it. Once again you are fighting for your life, while Torrin tries to secure the window

HELLHOUND SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

As well as its savage bite and sharp claws, the demonic creature has another attack: it can also shoot gouts of flame from its mouth After each Attack Round, roll one dice If you roll 1 or 2, the monster's fiery breath burns you for 1 additional point of STAMINA damage If you kill the Hellhound, turn to **115**.

376

In order to harm this undead guardian spirit you will have to be wielding a magically charged weapon. If you are not fighting with such a weapon, the Haunt

tears through both flesh and armour with its skeletal claws, draining away your very life-force. If this is not the case, once again you find yourself opposing a servant of the powers of Evil. If you use the *Holy Strike* Special Skill against the spirit, you may reduce its STAMINA score by 2 points and its SKILL score by 1 point.

HAUNT SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

The spectre's insubstantial form finds your armour no resistance so, unless it is magical, you must ignore any bonuses you receive from wearing it. If you defeat the Haunt, turn to **289**

377

You unfold the letter and begin to read:

Master Graye,

News has reached us that the Templars have sent a warrior to defeat our ally and we must act to prevent this from happening. An Assassin's Dagger has been dispatched but, should this knight survive such an attack, we rely on you to inform us of their progress and to stop the accursed Templar, if you can.

The sect meet again at the allotted time but the word of entry has been changed. It is now 'Wolfsbane'.

Bryar, Arch-Cleric of the Darkthorn

Will you now drink some of the liquid (turn to **160**) or will you leave the mill and Wendeford (turn to **49**)?

378

The Ballad of Sir Rhyaddan the Crusader spoke of Aelfgar resting in the Shrine of the Templars. Of course – you just hope that it is still there. The whereabouts of the Shrine, however, has always been a closely guarded secret. It is said in the legends of your holy order that only the most worthy have any chance of finding the place and, even then, they may not be admitted. The ballad said, 'T'wards the sunrise,' eastwards; 'Through the forest old,' surely the ancient Forest of Lein; and 'High upon a barren peak,' in the hills somewhere. Beyond the forest lies the eastern edge of the Banarask Hills . . . that must be where the Shrine lies.

Leading Firemane away from the road, you set off into the great untamed expanse of woodland that is older than Ruddlestone itself. Leafless branches like skeletal fingers reach out across your path through the bracken. Suddenly you catch sight of a riderless horse between the trees. Directing Firemane towards the steed, you see that its fine saddle and harness are those of a knight, and they bear the insignia of the Templars. It does not take you long to find the rider – and you are horrified when you see who it is. Slumped against a tree is your old friend, Sir Connor of Achenbury. The two of you served together at the Demonkeep Outpost and, like you, he too entered the order of the Elite Knights of Telak. His tunic is torn and bloodstained

and several arrows protrude from his chest. Hearing you approach, Connor manages to lift his head and open his eyes. 'Ah, a friendly face . . . It has been a long time. I only wish we were meeting again in happier circumstances . . . Orc Wolf-Riders . . . carrying the banner of Caer Skaal . . .' Connor is failing fast. If you have a Healing Draught or a tot of Aranandus's Restorative Potion that you would like to give to your dying friend, turn to **267**. If you haven't, turn to **72**.

379

By mid-morning you reach the lonely village of Ennox. A number of farms and other buildings huddle together round the village square, in the middle of which stands a stone cross. You can see that parts of the surrounding fields are blackened and blighted. As you ride into Ennox, a group of villagers turns to look at you with hostile expressions on their faces. 'So, a Templar,' one of them sneers. 'What 'ave we done to deserve the attentions of the likes of you? As if things weren't bad enough with the blight. We don't need your sort snooping around 'ere.' The man's fellows mutter their agreement. Something tells you that your presence isn't welcome here. You have no quarrel with these people, so will you ride on through and leave them in peace (turn to **332**), or will you stop and argue in defence of your order (turn to **150**)?

380

Just at the edge of hearing you detect a soft, tinkling voice calling to you. When you strain to listen, the

voice becomes more audible and a shimmering figure begins to materialize next to the standing stone. Sensing a strong aura of goodness, you watch as the apparition of a beautiful woman, almost Elven in appearance and swathed in flowers, speaks to you: 'Before dark magic imprisoned me within this stone, I was a Fey Sorceress of some power. It is not my destiny to be released by you, worthy knight, but for now the paths of our fates cross and I may offer you aid. The Bird of Light must be freed if you are to defeat the Usurping Serpent, and the Champion of the Templars must be overcome . . .' Having spoken, the ghostly woman fades from sight. Pondering her words, you ride on once more. Turn to **263**.

381

Of course, where else would you look for the deceased Necromancer but the graveyard! Many of the graves are open, and the cemetery is dominated by a grim-looking sepulchre that is decorated with carvings of skeletons and has the image of a huge skull on its granite doors. These doors stand open, revealing a flight of stone steps that lead down into the gloom of the mausoleum. Of course, you would not dream of descending into the darkness without some means of lighting your way, would you? If you do not own a lantern, you leave the graveyard to search for one in the village; turn to **31**. In the mausoleum, you sense, is where you will find the Necromancer. Do you want to enter the sepulchre straight away (turn to **94**) or would you prefer to examine some of the opened graves first (turn to **337**)?

382

While the last of Carass's militia make their final stand on the southern wall, you set off alone to try to penetrate the besiegers' lines; the town's fate rests on your achieving your goal Hacking your way past several Chaos Warriors, you see a clear way through the breached walls to the Juggernaut. Then, with a crash, part of a building a few metres away from you collapses and its burning roof falls in, as a gigantic figure smashes through a wall, sending bricks and broken wooden beams flying into the street. As the dust clears, you find yourself confronted by what at first looks like a two-and-a-half-metre-tall walking suit of armour. However, there are no gaps in the armour and through the slit of the visor you can see a red glow suggesting that barely controlled magical energies are powering the metal warrior. The Iron Golem is a deadly fighting machine, almost impervious to weapons and hell-bent on your destruction If you have some Ironbane and wish to use it now, turn to **269**; otherwise you must fight it

IRON GOLEM SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

Any damage you inflict on the Golem will be reduced by 1 point because of its sturdy construction. However, on a successful hit, its metal fists will pound you for 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you ever roll a double when calculating your Attack Strength, you break your weapon against the Golem, such is the force of your blow and the hardness of its body; you must fight on with your Attack Strength reduced by 3 points. If the Golem wins two consecutive Attack

Rounds, it manages to pick you up and throw you against a wall; roll one dice and lose that many STAMINA points. If you are victorious in this mighty contest, roll one dice. On a roll of 1 or 2, turn to **347**; otherwise, turn to **50**.

383

Write down the word 'Eehsnab' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Now, if you have the word 'Enorc' already written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **12**. If you haven't and you came here from paragraph **175**, turn to **316**. If you came here from paragraph **163**, turn to **202**.

384

You hurry through an archway and beneath a raised portcullis into the inner courtyard of Caer Skaal. This area is in sharp contrast to the outer part of the castle. From buildings around the bailey you can hear great numbers of warriors preparing weapons, armour and steeds for battle. Belgaroth must be intending to mobilize his forces tonight! You will have to move quickly if you are to stop him. Without further hesitation, you enter the keep which looms in front of you like a grim sentinel against the darkening sky. *Test your Luck* twice. If you are Lucky both times, turn to **100**. If you are Unlucky at all, turn to **271**.

385

Guiding Firemane through the undergrowth, you encounter a large fallen tree, blocking the path. By the time you have taken a detour round it, you have lost the path. You ride on through the ancient woodland

with a deep sense of unease. You are sure that you are being watched and, when you turn your head to look around, you spot a sudden movement in the dense bracken Eventually the trees part and you find yourself at the edge of a small clearing. The floor of the clearing is covered with orange mushrooms. If you have the *Arcane Lore* Special Skill, turn to **87**. If you do not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **87**. If you are Unlucky, to go on you will either have to ride round the edge of the clearing (turn to **8**) or straight across it (turn to **132**).

386

You have time to use a crossbow once here, before attacking the Chaos Beast Man

CHAOS BEAST MAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If the battle lasts more than six Attack Rounds, turn to **39**. If you defeat the guard in six Attack Rounds or less, turn to **247**.

387

You chase after the other mummers and catch sight of the group running down a narrow back-street. You turn the corner just in time to see the mummers push an empty wagon, that was standing in the road, in your direction. The cart comes thundering down the alleyway towards you. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **62**. If you fail, turn to **301**.

388

Your attempts to break open the doors are entirely futile and only serve to summon Caer Skaal's guards.

Trapped in the antechamber, you finally succumb to their onslaught. You were so close to the completion of your quest, but at the last stage you have failed.

389

Werne explains that these iron gauntlets were made by his tutor, the armourer Rastin. Every joint in the gauntlets matches those of the human hand so that they will not restrict movement in any way. Return to **356**.

390

Opening the door, you enter the Juggernaut's armoury. Dark-bladed swords and pole-axes rest in racks lining the walls, along with bows and black-feathered arrows. You decide against taking any weapons that belong to an army of Chaos, but something else does catch your eye. A wicker basket in one corner is full of spiked iron spheres with wicks protruding from their metal casings: grenades. These vicious explosive devices have been developed by alchemists and are known for their destructive power – not to mention their unreliability. If you ever want to use a grenade, you should light the fuse with your tinderbox, or a nearby fire source, then hurl it at your target. When you use a grenade, roll one dice: on a roll of 1, the grenade is a dud and will not go off; a roll of 2–5 means that it hits its target, doing 1 dice worth of damage; however, on a roll of 6, the thing explodes prematurely, causing *you* 1 dice worth of damage! You can carry up to four grenades with you. Leaving the armoury, you descend to the floor below and open the heavy iron-bound door there (turn to **61**).

391

The sickly-sweet smell of decay grows stronger as you make your way along the passage and the tunnel soon opens into a small, bare chamber, littered with bones of both human and animal origin. On the opposite side of the room is a huge door of black granite, its surface covered with skulls that have been carved in high relief on the stone. This is all you have time to take in before your attention is distracted by a rattling sound. Some of the bones covering the floor are starting to move jerkily towards one another. Suddenly the bones leap into the air and join together, forming the complete skeleton of a large dog. Snarling, the charnel-house guard springs at you. If you have the *Holy Strike* Special Skill, you may use this righteous attack against the dog (reduce its STAMINA by 2 points and its SKILL by 1 point). If you have a Shield Ring, turn to **320**.

SKELETAL DOG SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

Edged weapons, such as swords, will be deflected by the skeleton's bones and will do only 1 point of damage to its STAMINA. Smashing and crushing weapons are not affected in this way. If you destroy the undead dog, turn to **42**.

392

The volume is a bestiary; thumbing through its pages, you come across a section about the rare mythological beast called the Cockatrice. You read on with interest. Also known as the 'king of serpents', the Cockatrice is said to come from a hen's egg hatched by a toad. It is

a strange combination of a large cockerel, a bat and a snake, and is a fearless carnivore. A distant relative of the Basilisk, the Cockatrice is renowned for its poisonous breath which paralyses anything it touches. However, the monster does have one major weakness: if it should catch sight of its own reflection in a mirror the creature will die. The text is accompanied by a woodcut of one of these monsters. Now return to **166**.

393

Rounding the corner of a stone building, you come upon a patrol scouting through the ruins for survivors. The two Rat Men have large eyes and ears, and beneath their leather armour you can see that they are covered in short fur, while rat-like tails trail behind them. Drawing their short swords they run at you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAT MAN	5	6
Second RAT MAN	6	5

If you win, turn to **326**.

394

When you are just within arm's reach of the man, several vines suddenly shoot out of the undergrowth, just missing your ankles, and proceed to tie themselves in knots. You grab the hem of the man's robe and he spins around to face you. The cleric prepares to defend himself with a long, black thorn.

CLERIC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **46**.

395

As you kneel at the altar, you hear a deep, rumbling voice inside your head saying, 'Truly you are a Knight of Telak.' You feel filled with new life and hope, ready for whatever the remainder of your journey may bring. You have received Telak's Blessing. Restore your STAMINA, SKILL and LUCK scores to their *Initial* levels and add 1 point to your HONOUR score. Having been blessed, you leave the shrine. Turn to **23**.

396

With the cold night air buffeting your face, you peer into the night. Below you are the swiftly dwindling turrets of the Fortress of the Skull and the barren rocky peaks of the Banarask Hills. Then, ahead of you, you see the Dread Lord on his hellish mount. As you draw closer, the Night-mare turns and gallops, shrieking, through the sky towards you. You can see that Belgaroth is preparing to cast another bolt of dark energy at you. You must act quickly. If you have the Elf-Spear, Aelfgar, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the number of bands of runes on the spear's shaft. If you do not have the legendary weapon, turn to **318**.

397

Although you ride south-eastwards for several kilometres through the forest, you soon lose the trail left by the Wolf-Riders (deduct 1 point from your LUCK). Time is running out and your quest for the Elf-Spear must come before any desire for vengeance you may have. You resolve to avenge Connor's death on Belgaroth himself and so, filled with new determination, you spur Firemane onwards. Turn to **278**.

398

Reaching the doorway, you fling yourself through it. Torrin slams the door behind you, quickly bolting and barring it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **310**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **375**.

399

For consigning the villagers to their fate, lose 2 HONOUR points and 2 LUCK points! Riding away from the scene through the twilight, you find yourself approaching the smouldering remains of a ransacked village. A hastily erected wooden stockade stands in the middle, and from your vantage point you can see only one guard at its entrance. Do you want to tether Firemane here and sneak into the Beast Men's camp for further investigation, now that night has fallen (turn to **340**), or do you prefer to ride on, away from here (turn to **296**)?

400

The silver-tipped spear streaks through the air and pierces the Dread Lord's breastplate, sinking into his black heart. Belgaroth lets out a blood-curdling scream of horror and surprise as a silvery glow envelops Aelfgar; then, with a terrible sucking sound, Belgaroth's body collapses in on itself. His death-scream is lost beneath the sound of a rushing wind: a vortex is forming in the sky at the point where the Dread Lord died, drawing air into its centre and opening a doorway to another world. With a shrill cry the demonic Nightmare disappears into it. *Let us leave now,* the Celastrix says in your head then, beating its powerful wings, begins to drag you away from the centre of the rapidly widening vortex. Beneath you, the towers and battlements of the dark fortress are being torn apart by the force of the vortex: great lumps of stone and masonry are hurtling upwards from the castle into the heart of the whirlwind. With a deafening sound, the

ground buckles and cracks and the entire fortress is dragged into the air. While the Celastrix is flying away from the spiralling vortex, you look back over your shoulder and witness the final destruction of Caer Skaal as it is drawn through the gateway between the planes and you catch sight of the nightmarish dimension into which it has been drawn: jagged black mountains rising from plains covered entirely with bones, volcanoes spouting columns of fire into a blood-red sky and the pitiful screams of lost souls ringing out across the Realms of the Damned. You turn away in horror, and the vortex closes with a deep resounding boom which echoes across the hills. Nothing has been left either of Belgaroth's Fortress or of his evil hordes to show that they ever existed. The spot where Caer Skaal stood has been cleansed of every trace of Chaos. You suddenly become aware of an insubstantial figure, floating in the sky in front of you. The man has a long grey beard and on top of his regal head he wears a crown, while his tunic and kingly robes bear the holy emblem of the Knights of Telak. His voice is powerful and resonates in your mind:

> 'When the earth in sickness lies
> And the year, in twilight, dies,
> The Usurping Serpent's iron hand
> Shall crush the life from this fair land.
>
> Ever will his vengeance burn
> Till the Bird of Light's return
> And Lein Wood the fortress see –
> The Dread Lord will then vanquished be.

'Thanks to you, brave knight, the prophecy has been fulfilled,' says the ghost, 'and, with my evil brother's death, the source of the corruption in the kingdom is gone. Ruddlestone and the king are safe once more and all will soon be made whole again. You are a truly noble and honourable warrior. My blessings go with you.' With that, your vision of King Chivalras IX dissolves into the night. Riding on your winged mount towards the Citadel, you know that, thanks to your bravery, your homeland has been saved for a second time from the tyranny of Belgaroth, the Dread Lord, and his Knights of Doom.

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EALING

Dedicated to the Kiriyama family,
especially Kiyoshi-san,
who made this book possible

The Most Revered Treatise of
MAGE HUNTING

In the course of my long career as a pursuer of foulness and instigator of demons, I have found the following methods to be effective. Two or more in combination should be sufficient to contain even the most potent mages.

Defeating a Mage

1. Dressing a sorcerer in soiled cloth will tie him to earth.
2. A bullet of purest silver will pierce a mage's skin.
3. A sword which has been touched by the mage's blood may wound him.
4. Tying a wizard with rope of human hair will restrain him and prevent him from using sorcery.
5. A mage cannot protect himself against his own sorcery.

Detecting a Mage

1. Wizards do not eat fish.
2. Mages must always wear some red cloth close to their body, or they will be deprived of half their power.
3. Small birds will sicken and die if a sorcerer is near.
4. If asked from whence they come, mages never tell the truth.
5. If submerged in water, a sorcerer's body will swell to twice its normal size.

Protecting a Mage

1. If the holy symbol is drawn in the earth and a stone cast into the circle, it will fall in the quarter showing the direction of the nearest mage.
2. If a compass needle is dipped in wizard's blood, it will always show the direction of the wizard, and the speed at which it moves shows how near he is.
3. Every 100th footprint left by a mage is that of a cat.
4. A hound which is fed for a week on nothing but goat's meat may sniff out the scent of a wizard.
5. The flames of a fire lit in the open on the 13th day of the new moon will point in the direction of the nearest wizard.

Have a care, for wizards are impervious to normal earthly weapons, and may use their powers of trickery to deceive a pursuer, no matter how stout of heart. Any man who accepts the gift of a cloak from a wizard will be in that wizard's power. Use your wits and may good prevail!

INTRODUCTION

There are magehunters aplenty, men who have sworn to rid the lands of the foul practitioners of the evil arts. But you are The Magehunter, the best at your craft. Under the patronage of Margrave Mechtner, scourge of evil, you have brought countless sorcerers to justice – and to death by fire! Others may swear by their blessed relics and gimmicks, but you got where you are today through talent alone.

Before beginning your most challenging quest to date, you must determine your strengths and weaknesses. On pages 18/19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* on which you may record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

It is best either to make photocopies of the *Adventure Sheet* or to record your scores in pencil, as it is unlikely that you will succeed at the first attempt.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one dice. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one dice, add 6 and enter the total in the LUCK box.

These are the *Initial* scores for your three main attributes. For reasons that will be explained below, all these scores will change during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of them, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes, or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may not exceed their *Initial* scores, except on some very rare occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

You SKILL score reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and your agility. Your STAMINA score reflects how healthy and physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky you are. In all these cases, the higher your score, the better!

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter enemies which must be fought. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first empty Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for every potential adversary are given each time you have an encounter which may end in combat. The sequence for combat is then:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is the opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1, above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so deduct 2 points from its STAMINA score. (You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage – see below.) Now proceed to step 6.
5. The creature has wounded you, so deduct 2 points from your own STAMINA score. (Again you may use LUCK at this stage – see below.)
6. Make the appropriate adjustments either to your opponent's or to your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your adversary has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

In some paragraphs you will be given the option of escaping from a fight if things are going badly for you. However, if you do run away, your opponent automatically gets in one free attack on you (deduct 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. (Note that you may use LUCK to minimize this wound in the normal way – see below.) You may Escape only if this option is specifically given to you in the relevant paragraph.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battle or when you find yourself in a situation in which you could be either lucky or unlucky, you have to call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business, and if you are *unlucky*, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. You will soon come to realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will then discover the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, you always have the option of using your LUCK in battle, either to inflict more severe damage on an opponent you have just wounded or to reduce the seriousness of a wound your opponent has just inflicted on you.

If you have just won an Attack Round, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound on your opponent and may deduct 2 extra points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere scratch and you must restore 1 point to its STAMINA (so that, instead of inflicting the usual 2 points of damage, you have now caused only 1)

If you have just lost an Attack Round and have been wounded, you may *Test your Luck* to try to lessen the effect of the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full impact of the blow; restore 1 point of STAMINA (so that, instead of causing 2 points of damage on you, it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have had to take a more serious blow; deduct 1 *extra* point from your STAMINA.

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score every time you *Test your Luck* regardless of the outcome.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give you instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary. If you ever have to fight a battle with your bare hands (for example, if you have lost your sword), you must temporarily subtract 2 from your Attack Strength for the duration of the combat.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight many foes and undertake arduous tasks. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero, you have been killed and must start again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating emergency food rations, known as Provisions. You start the game with enough Provisions for five meals. You may rest and eat at any time, except when engaged in combat. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly lucky or created your own luck by some action. Details are

given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value – unless you are specifically told that it can.

Equipment

You are not one of those magehunters who carries around a veritable wagonload of weapons and devices – but all the same there are some things that are *essential*. Your clothes are made of undyed cloth and leather, as this slightly reduces the effectiveness of sorcery used against you (contact with undyed cloth also weakens mages). For weaponry, you choose a pistol, with its ammunition: a box of powder and three bullets – one of them silver. For hand-to-hand combat, your long, basket-hilted broadsword has served you well in many a duel.

Mirrors are useful items in dealing with wizards; you have 12, which you keep in the many pockets of your leather jerkin. You also have a compass needle. Note down all these items in the Equipment box of your *Adventure Sheet*. You often use a rope of human hair to bind mages.

You are not especially wealthy: roll one dice and note that you possess this number of silver pieces in the Money box of your *Adventure Sheet*.

Companion

In the course of the adventure you may acquire a companion. If you do, you may need to note down this person's SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores: use the box marked Companion on your *Adventure Sheet*. Also, be careful to note down any equipment they may have in the lower part of your Equipment box. Usually you will have access to any equipment a companion may be carrying – but, if you are separated, you will lose it!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial
Skill=

SKILL
Initial
Skill=

SKILL
Initial
Skill=

MONEY:

EQUIPMENT LIST:

NOTES:

COMPANION'S
PROVISIONS REMAINING

COMPANION:

SKILL
Initial
Skill=

STAMINA
Initial
Stamina=

SWITCH ☐

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
Stamina=

Skill=
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Skill=
Stamina=

BACKGROUND

The chase nears its end. Your quarry is desperate. You hope that no more innocents will be sacrificed in his attempts to escape justice. Your lungs are burning, but you run along the earth track as fast you can, praying that in the gloomy twilight you will not be tripped by a stray root. Then, silhouetted in the gate of the cemetery, you see your enemy, Mencius. He leans on one of the pillars for support, his cloak flapping in the night breeze like a giant black carrion bird. His head turns and he sees you – and an unearthly screech rends the air. He casts around like a cornered fox, but you have fenced him in with your circle of mirrors. He has nowhere to go but the cemetery in which the body of his mother lies. Here his sorcerous power is crippled, and he knows it. He flaps his arms in a last attempt to fly and manages to rise a metre off the ground before a silver bullet from your pistol brings him crashing to earth.

Panting hard, you cover the last fifty metres to where Mencius sprawls. He raises a contemptuous face to you. 'I curse you to the end of eternity,' he snarls. 'And I will have my revenge.' You have heard many such threats before, and you're still alive, so you waste no time in replying but bind him quickly with your rope made of human hair. If you can return him to the Margrave's castle before dawn, he can be destroyed on the morrow.

Fate is not with you, however. On the return journey, your horse stumbles and Mencius, bound and slung across the saddle, cackles maleviolently. Surely his magic could not have caused the upset, but you are unnerved nevertheless. Your horse is lame, and you have to lead it the rest of the way.

When you arrive at the castle it is nearly mid-day. Worse tidings await you: Mechtner, the old Margrave who sponsored your cause and lent his considerable power to the hunt for wizards, died in the night. Your arrival is hardly noticed amid the funeral preparations, and you cannot be sure that your urgent instructions to the guards leading Mencius down to the dungeon will be followed properly.

As a bondsman of the Margrave you must attend his successor, the feckless young Reinhardt, at the funeral rites. After your success in bringing Mencius to justice, it promises to be a disgusting day.

Now turn to paragraph 1.

1

The funeral is held immediately. By tradition, the heir of the deceased wears red mourning clothes, while everyone else must wear undyed cloth. This is no hardship for you, as you always dress in undyed cloth and rough leather. You take your place in the funeral cortège and slowly follow the coffin on its journey to the castle chapel. The rites last for several hours, and the company then returns to the great hall, where a last meal will be eaten to honour the dead Margrave. After the second course, young Reinhardt, clad in ceremonial scarlet, makes his excuses and leaves. You wish that you, too, could leave this dismal feast, but courtesy forbids it.

Suddenly the castle starts to shake. There are screams, and you leap to your feet, swaying, as the floor heaves beneath your feet. A block of masonry crashes down, and mourners dive under the stout oak table for protection. If you are willing to risk a breach of etiquette and head for the dungeons, turn to 87. If you stay where you are, turn to 234.

2

You show your drinking companion the wound, and he sucks in his breath. He ushers you out of the tavern and along the street to a small building. Inside, he talks for a while to a sharp-eyed fellow. If you have a bullet wound, turn to 298. If Reinhardt has the bullet wound, turn to 381.

3

Reinhardt screeches in protest as you are carried off, but it's no use. That'll serve him right for never helping you fight! Note down 'abandoned' next to the word Companion on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 251.

4

The sparse, sun-bleached vegetation is a far cry from the dark, wet forests of your homeland. After a bare half-hour of walking, sweat is already trickling down your face. Luckily, you can quench your thirst at the nearby river. Some time in mid-morning, you see smoke rising into the sky from up ahead. Advancing cautiously, you spy a small village. The buildings seem to be made of baked mud, and the inhabitants are wearing strange clothes, but at least they are human, and they seem peaceful. The two of you make your way to the village, spreading your arms and begging for food and assistance. To your consternation, the villagers just stare, bewildered, then start jabbering in a language you have never heard before. If you persist, trying to get the people to understand you, turn to 206. If you retrace your steps, turn to 369.

5

A shaft of blinding light runs along your sword blade. There's a hiss from the Book of Craft, and a stinging sensation. Lose 1 point from your STAMINA. If you have reduced the Scintillating Globe to zero STAMINA points, turn to 215; otherwise, return to 286 and continue the fight.

6

You start asking if anyone has seen someone who looks similar to you, since Reinhardt looks far more like you than do any of these swarthy people. You quickly strike lucky. An old man explains that the person you are following passed through the town and he is fairly sure that the stranger was on his way to the capital, Kallamehr. The old man remarks that the man spoke Kal better than you do, which strikes you as a little odd – but, all the same, it's good to pick up the trail. The man is happy to tell you some more about Kallamehr. Turn to 348.

7

You swing your broadsword, hoping at least to knock him down, even if his sorcerous power will prevent you from wounding him. To your surprise, your blade catches him unawares, slicing into his chest at the third

rib and cutting as deeply as his heart. His chant gurgles to a stop, and he topples. If you have a Shauca Scar, turn to 225. Otherwise, turn to 384.

8

It's almost impossible to gain any useful information without being able to speak the language of these people, but you do attract considerable attention with your attempts. Finally you wander the streets desolately, looking for *something* that may help you. It's no use. Note down the word 'fame' on your *Adventure Sheet* if it is not there already, then mark a cross and turn to 241.

9

You collect some dry wood and build a pyre; there is plenty of tinder, and the job is easy. Mencius's body is soon consumed by a roaring blaze. As you watch the flames, you plan your next move. Turn to 336.

10

Crab meat is tasty and nutritious, if you want to eat some of the dead crab, turn to 359. Otherwise, decide whether to continue along the beach to the left (turn to 64) or travel in the opposite direction (turn to 220).

11

Searching through the nest, you amass a veritable treasure hoard: 67 Gold Pieces, seven pieces of jewellery and a diamond as large as one of your bullets (note down your gains on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now you must face the tricky task of descending from the lofty peak. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 94. If you are Unlucky, turn to 278.

12

Twice you have had to suck snake's venom from your body, and once you had to do the same with poison from some demonic insect summoned by the mage Orayan (whom you later had the pleasure of seeing burned at the stake). You know the method, it's just a matter of keeping your wits about you and doing it correctly. Roll two dice. If the result is less than your SKILL, turn to 192. If the result is equal to or greater than your SKILL, turn to 212.

13

To your surprise, the door at the top of the steps opens, and Reinhardt appears and hurries towards you. He is delighted to see you and starts telling you how kind and generous his hosts have been, how they rescued him from the dangers of the wilderness and showered him with gifts. Ushering you into the great hall of the tower, he presses several presents on you: a smart black belt, a jewelled shortsword and an embroidered cloak. If you accept the gifts, turn to 77. If you refuse, turn to 213.

14

As you feel your way forward, you step on a section of floor which slowly sinks down a few centimetres. There is a click and the sound of rock moving against rock . . . and a huge slab of stone crashes down on to you. Your hopes of success are squashed for ever.

15

Grabbing Reinhardt by the scruff of his neck, you leap backwards into the fast-flowing river. The creature snarls but dare not follow you, weighed down as it is with armour. You are carried along for several hundred metres – you notice the place where you arrived pass by – before you can drag yourselves out of the river. You collapse on the bank, letting the hot sun dry your clothes, before proceeding. Turn to 245.

16

With a great deal of sign language and the few phrases at your disposal, you manage to convey that

you are trying to find a sorcerer. You strike lucky quite quickly – a white-bearded old man nods emphatically. You learn that the man you seek is outside town, and the white-beard offers to guide you there. On the journey you try to make conversation with the old man, but you constantly come up against the barrier of language. After walking into the hills for a couple of hours, you arrive at a familiar sheltered valley, with a cave mouth. The white-beard calls out 'Khasim' and says something to you that you can't understand – except that it includes the word 'sorcerer'. When there is no reply, the old man bids you wait and disappears into the cave. He returns soon afterwards, his face as white as a sheet and his whole body trembling. Shooting nervous glances all around, he gestures urgently for you to follow him. If you go with him, turn to 196. If you decide to strike out on your own, turn to 357.

17

Searching the bodies of your fallen enemies, you find a bunch of keys, apparently made of glass or crystal. You hurry back to the cell and free Reinhardt. Now will you go back up the tunnel (turn to 240) or continue along it (turn to 179)?

18

Something catches your eye – a pile of clothes lying close to the bank of the river. When you pick them up, you realize that it is your own undershirt and breeches of undyed linen. You must be on the trail of your quarry! One strange thing is: rips have appeared in the

fabric, as if it has been torn asunder. Still, it can be repaired, and it's surely preferable to what you're currently dressed in. Note down 'undyed clothes' on your Equipment List and turn to 110.

19

You ram the bullet home, take aim and shoot. Your aim is true, but Mencius's magic is stronger. The bullet ricochets off his body, as if it had struck the finest steel, and embeds itself in the wall. Mencius doesn't even flinch. Turn to 91.

20

You are an experienced magehunter, so you act without conscious thought. In the time it takes to draw two breaths you wet your sword blade with the wizard's blood, then swing it at his neck. His invulnerability to earthly weapons is destroyed by the touch of his blood, and you cleave his head from his body. Looking down at your sword, you notice that it is rather different. Your practical steel broadsword seems to have been transformed into a fancy rapier with a bejewelled hilt. You feel strangely different and you notice for the first time that your clothes are now red. You retrieve your rope of human hair from Mencius's corpse. Your immediate problem concerns what to do with Mencius's body. After you deal with that, you can begin to search for the young Margrave and find a way back home. Will you:

Bury the body?	Turn to 131
Burn the body?	Turn to 345
Throw the body in the river below?	Turn to 200

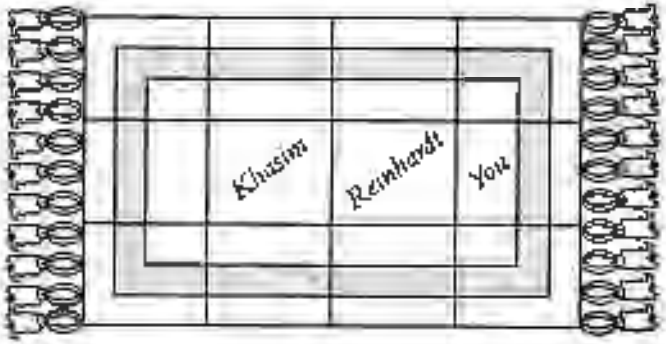

This diagram shows the flying carpet. Khasim is sitting in the position marked with his name. You are sitting at the rear of the carpet, with Reinhardt in front of you. Conduct the fight between the two of you as normal, but with the following additional rules: whoever *loses* an Attack Round will be forced back. Roll one dice and consult the following chart to see in which direction they are pushed back.

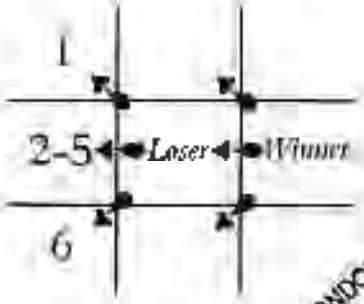

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The winner must then follow up by moving to the square in front of the loser, as indicated by the arrows on the diagram (if the winner is to the left of the diagram then simply reverse the positions). If the loser is pushed back over the edge of the carpet, he will fall off. If either of you enters the square containing Khasim, the whole carpet will shake. You must then roll two dice for you and two dice for Reinhardt; in each case, the result must be less than or equal to the SKILL score of that character for him to be safe. If the result is greater than your or Reinhardt's SKILL, then you (or Reinhardt) have fallen off the carpet. Keep track of where you and Reinhardt are on the carpet by using counters or pencil marks. In each Attack Round, you do not have to use all your SKILL in the attack. You can choose (*before* you roll the dice) how much SKILL you will use. Reinhardt will always attack you with all his SKILL. LUCK can be used as usual to change the result. If you defeat Reinhardt without anyone falling off the carpet, turn to 209. If Reinhardt falls off, turn to 72. If *you* fall (or both of you fall), turn to 60.

22

Al-Bakbuk waves away your money, but he seems pleased at the offer. He gives you a parting gift of a glass to remember him by (note down 'Al-Bakbuk's glass' on your *Adventure Sheet*) and advises you, if you are ever in the city Kallamehr, to seek out his brother, Al-Haddar, the famous storyteller. Now will you:

Go shopping?	Turn to 248
Try to pick up the trail?	Turn to 322
Head for the city of Kallamehr?	Turn to 348

23

The remaining courtiers close in on you. You can't hope to fight them all, so your only chance is to flee. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 292. If you are Unlucky, turn to 197.

24

The rope of human hair is too precious for you to abandon it here, so you tie the wizard's hands with one end, then cut off the remainder. Although he will probably be able to get free, you should have enough time to escape. Leaving the cave, you face a choice. If you wish to go south-west, the direction indicated by the mage, turn to 218. If you would rather travel in a different direction, turn to 327.

25

After a tiring climb, you get a view stretching for several kilometres in all directions. To the north, you can make out nothing but increasingly higher mountains. To the south, in the distance, you can see the faint glimmer of the sea. Following the direction of the road, you can make out a city, apparently larger than the town from where you have just been expelled. If you choose to walk along the road, turn to 76. If, instead, you make for the coast, turn to 393.

His magical blast will hit you every round even if your Attack Strength is greater. In the first round you must lose 1 point from your STAMINA; then, as the power of the magic amulet is overcome, in every subsequent round you must lose 2 points of STAMINA. If you reduce Mencius to 2 or fewer points of STAMINA, turn to 124 if you have the word 'reflect' on your *Adventure Sheet* or to 174 if you don't.

30

The thing flies slowly, so you have time to cock your pistol, take careful aim and fire (cross 1 bullet off your *Adventure Sheet*). The majestic creature crashes to earth. You hurry over to where it lies and confirm that it is no longer breathing. If you return to the ruins and search for the monster's lair, turn to 311. If you make your way to the sea, turn to 264.

31

You mention the name of Al-Nashshar to a few passers-by, but they just shrug and walk away. Frustrated by your failure to find him, you follow the main thoroughfare through the city until you come to a large square, overlooked by an imposing tower which is perched on the cliff overlooking the sea. In the square, the city's principal market is in full swing. If you have the word 'trail' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 349. Otherwise, turn to 267.

32

Composing yourself once more, you toss the stone into the circle. It strikes the exact centre, then bounces

in an unexpected direction. A strong reading! Tracing a line from the centre, through the stone, you work out the direction you will have to travel by making for a distinctive cluster of rocks high up on the mountainside. Despite the punishing glare of the sun, the two of you make good time, discovering a mountain path which leads in roughly the right direction. Turn to 52.

33

You gingerly open the box. It's empty. 'I want my property back,' says Mencius. 'Bring it to the Rangor Tower before nightfall and I will make your death mercifully short.' So saying, he strides off. It doesn't seem like much of an offer. If you want to go straight to the Rangor Tower now, turn to 312. Otherwise, note down the number '312' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Now you know where Mencius is; if you are given the option to go to the place where Mencius is, you may turn to 312. Now turn to 241.

34

For an instant the globe flares up brightly, almost blinding you. Then you are surrounded by utter blackness. All feeling disappears, first from your limbs, then from your body. Is this death? A memory is nagging at you, but you cannot place it ... until light bursts upon your eyes – torchlight. You are in a cell. A crack sunders the floor. Somehow you have returned to the Margrave's castle. However, you have failed in your mission. You must live with that failure for the rest of your days.

slightly, pointing along the mountainside towards a saddle. If you follow the direction in which the flames pointed, turn to 229. If you climb the mountain to get a better view, turn to 395.

38

The creature fights both with its claws and with its vicious bite. As it fights, it continues to grunt at you in an eerie, half-human voice.

GOLDEN LION-LORD SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

If you reduce the Lion-lord to 3 or fewer points of STAMINA, turn to 157.

39

'My story is a warning to mind one's own business and trust in Hazah. Those who meddle in the affairs of the powerful will suffer a terrible fate. Know, then, that in the time of the former ruler of Kallamehr, the Caliph Carolina, the country was beset by a terrible disaster. A wicked sorcerer from another world, Bythos by name, conspired with Sige the Silent, on the Grand Council, to conquer the whole land and overthrow Hazah's sacred ruler. While the army guarded the northern borders against the threat of invasion from Bei-Han, Bythos's army of country folk, whose souls he held in thrall, swept towards the city from the east. Who could halt their advance? Brave Ramedes, hero of Kallamehr, was the only possible saviour, but he was away on one of his many voyages of adventure. Just when all hope seemed to have fled, however, he returned and . . .' Al-Fakik's head falls forward on to

his chest. Moments later a rasping snore emerges. You prod him awake, and he leaps up with a start. 'Be off with you, rascal!' he shouts. 'Think you can steal my money, eh?' He snatches up a knife and brandishes it in front of your face. If you make a hasty exit, turn to 205 if you have the word 'trail' on your *Adventure Sheet*; otherwise, mark a cross on it and turn to 241. Your only other option is to fight him.

AL-FAKIK SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 386.

40

The guards look you up and down with undisguised contempt, and for a moment you think they are going to challenge you, but there is no need to worry – they gesture for you to pass through the gates. Soon you are among bustling streets, full of strange, dark people. You notice that most are wearing clothes of silk – which would strain even the Margrave's purse. Their chatter is incomprehensible: if you are to get anywhere, you will have to find a means of communicating with them. If you start looking for Mencius immediately, turn to 198. If you spend a little time getting settled in, turn to 293.

41

You hurry back to the room in which you talked with the thief. You burst into the room, but he has already left with his spoils. If you hide, waiting for him to come back, turn to 390. If you search the room and take something of equal value to what you lost, turn to 228.

42

You are not equipped for such a titanic magical battle. Mencius seems more potent than ever, hurling spell after spell at his opponent. You sidle around behind him to attack, but he notices you out of the corner of his eye. Almost casually, he flings a bolt of fire at your head, consigning you to oblivion.

43

Green smoke seeps from the ground and fills the room. Coughing and spluttering, you abandon the spell and fling wide the door . . . just as a squad of guards arrives. The sergeant has you seized by his men. You are dragged before the Chamberlain, who seems to have emerged as the new ruler of the domain. Unfortunately, you have never got on particularly well with this fellow.

'We caught him red-handed performing the Arts of the Evil One,' announces the sergeant who arrested you, 'and this was found in his possession,' he adds, passing Mencius's Book of Craft to the Chamberlain.

He flips a couple of pages with distaste. 'Do you have anything to say before sentence is passed?' he enquires, arching his eyebrows. You protest that you were attempting to pursue the mage who kidnapped Lord Reinhardt, but you trail off as it seems obvious the Chamberlin is deaf to your words. 'It is well known that those exposed to the practice of sorcery are often drawn by its allure. Despite your past meritorious conduct, there can be no exceptions. You will be executed at dawn.'

44

You finish off the Spider Mage with a thrust to the heart. Exhilaration floods you: another sorcerer has fallen to the greatest foe of evil! Quickly searching through his lair, you are surprised to find a silver representation of the Holy Symbol. When you pick it up, you find a prayer written on the back *in your language*! Sadly, mages show no fear of a Holy Symbol, but it may be of use nevertheless. Note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*, then mark a cross and turn to 241.

45

The Skeletons close in, blades whirling. From the chamber above comes a mocking laugh; it is Mencius, into whose trap you have fallen. But Kurt, snarling ferociously, leaps at the Skeletons massed in front of the stairs. They fall back, cowed by your loyal hound's fierceness. If you can only fight your way through to the stairs . . .

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	6	5
Second SKELETON	6	5

While you are fighting these two Skeletons one at a time, the others are pressing in. Kurt falls, finally cut to pieces by the bronze blades. If you have a companion with you, he, too, falls (note down the word 'lost' on your *Adventure Sheet*). If you defeat the Skeletons in 8 Attack Rounds or less, turn to 392. If you do not, turn to 270.

26

Pushing the corpses to one side, you force Reinhardt to the back of the alcove and flatten yourself against the wall, hoping to get the jump on your enemy. The sounds draw closer; you choose your moment and, sword flashing, you leap. A head is sliced from a body and your follow-up thrust badly injures another, but it's no use. Six opponents face you – six merciless killers who are used to the dark. You fight like a cornered wolf, knowing that this is your last stand. You take three more of the subterranean subhumans before finally succumbing to the odds. It is a glorious lost battle, but Mencius has escaped your grasp.

27

Your sense of direction is quite good, so you set off straight towards the city, reasoning that, as you get close, you are bound to come upon roads. Sure enough, before the day is over you have struck upon a fairly broad highway – and some of the inhabitants of this strange land. Their loose, colourful clothing is as strange as the guttural noises which pass for their language. However, the five you meet – apparently merchants by trade – seem to take a liking to you and offer you food, which you devour eagerly. You spend the night in their camp, a little suspicious; next morning, however, you awaken, unharmed, and your cheerful hosts once again offer you food and drink. By gestures, you make it clear that you are making for the city. So are they, it turns out. Over the next couple of days' travel, you pick up a few names and phrases in

their language, but upon reaching the city you are barely more able to express yourself than before. As you pass through the gates of Kallamehr, remarking upon the unusually bold architecture, the leader of the five merchants presents you with a wineskin and bids you farewell (note the wineskin on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 200.

28

'This is no use,' says Reinhardt. 'Look where your precious magehunting methods have got us – precisely nowhere!' He then sets off, walking away. For a moment you consider abandoning him here and returning to the town, but good sense prevails. You hurry after him as quickly as you can in the stifling heat. The two of you continue until nightfall, having seen no sign of civilization. Check your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have the word 'bandage' written down, turn to 53. If you do not, turn to 84 if the 'Switch' box is ticked or to 321 if it isn't.

29

Mencius can still protect himself, but he is vulnerable to your weapon.

MENCIUS SKILL 5 STAMINA 8

Fight Mencius as normal. However, he is not using a sword; instead, he will attack you with magic. If your Attack Strength is greater than his, it means you have managed to strike him and may inflict damage as normal. If your Attack Strength is less than or equal to his, it means that you were unable to find an opening.

35

First you must acquire a dog. In the marketplace in the middle of town you find a bustling maze of stalls, and a short search reveals an animal trainer with a suitable hound for sale. Despite your shortcomings when it comes to language, it's quite easy to communicate that you want the dog. The merchant in charge of the stall indicates that he requires 5 Gold Pieces for the animal. Five Gold Pieces! It's a fortune, more than a hundred times the value of the hound. If you have the money and want to buy the dog, turn to 338. If you can't or won't pay, turn to 184.

36

Glad of your resolution to keep your pistol primed, you drop the silver bullet down the barrel, ram it home, aim and shoot. The shot hits him full in the chest. He staggers and stares down at the wound. Then, with a banshee howl, he tenses his whole body. The bullet shoots out of the wound back at you, hitting you in the upper arm (lose 3 points from your STAMINA). He seems slightly dazed by his effort, but you have no way of knowing how soon he will recover. You realize that this is in fact Mendius, somehow transferred into another body. If you try to finish him off now, turn to 247. If you take the chance to flee, turn to 376.

37

Collecting what loose wood and tinder you can find, you build a fire out in the open. Once it is lit, you watch the flames carefully. They appear to flicker

46

Smoke suddenly begins to pour from your ruby ring, coalescing into the shape of a huge and frightful, man-like being. Before you can react, the creature picks you up and flies you over to the ship, dropping you in a heap in front of the brightly clad figure. You still cannot see his face, just a pair of sharp eyes regarding you with malicious humour. He says a few words to you in a language you don't recognize, then clicks his fingers. The huge creature from the ring disappears. Turn to 300.

47

You soon discover that the current ruler of Kallamehr is Asiah Albudur. Her palace lies in the middle of the city, near an imposing statue of a woman carrying a sword in each hand. If you apply for an audience with Asiah Albudur, to warn her about the menace of Mencius, mark a cross on your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to 197 if you have the word 'bath' on your *Adventure Sheet*, or to 162 if you haven't. If you simply wish to make enquiries, turn to 284 if you have the word 'early' written down or to 356 if you haven't.

48

'By the way,' says your unusual host, 'my name is Khasim the Unworthy. Anything that is within my power to help you in your mission, I will do.' If you have the shackles key, turn to 180. If you have a Shauca Scar, turn to 367. Otherwise, turn to 396.

49

The tunnel continues past a row of doors with barred openings; a face is pressed against the bars of the first. Edging closer, you recognize Reinhardt! The look of blank desperation on his face makes your scalp prickle. Turn to 109.

50

'Mencius!' you exclaim.

'Oh, so you don't know about that,' says your unlikely benefactor. He clicks his fingers again, and the huge

man-like creature appears again. 'Genie, a mirror!' he commands. In an instant, a mirror appears in front of your face. You find yourself staring at Reinhardt's reflection. 'A side-effect of entering this bubble of existence,' the comically dressed character continues. 'Your bodies were switched. Mencius is now in your body, in Kallamehr. By the way, I'll have my ring back, if it's all the same to you.' He clicks his fingers again and the ring floats out of your pocket and into his hands (cross the ruby ring off your *Adventure Sheet*). Now turn to 368.

51

You urge Kurt to sniff around and pick up a trail. Within minutes he has found a scent and is tugging at the leash. He leads you along a side street to a flight of stairs by the side of a tumble-down building; they lead down into some kind of cellar. Cautiously, you

follow Kurt down into a dark chamber, faintly illuminated by chinks of light from holes in the ceiling. Your sixth sense warns you of imminent danger and you look up. Flattened against the ceiling is a wiry, bald man with sunken eyes. Kurt snarls, and the man drops from the ceiling on to you. His movements remind you of a spider but, as you fight, you quickly discover that he is vulnerable to your weapon.

SPIDER MAGE SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

Kurt will also attack each round, causing 1 point of damage to the Spider Mage. If you reduce him to 1 point of STAMINA, he begs for mercy. If you spare him, turn to 339; otherwise, turn to 44.

51

The path finally passes through a sheltered valley, its cool air a welcome relief from the blistering sun. At the far end a plume of smoke emerges from a hole in the rock. Below it, a dark opening suggests a cave. You approach the cave mouth warily, peering into its inky blackness. You can't be sure, but a faint sound seems to be coming from the cave, possibly a human voice. Abruptly it stops. You move into the opening, trying to determine whether it was really a faint glimmer of light you saw. Sure enough, a dancing light appears, easily recognizable as a torch. Preparing yourself for action, you wait expectantly. The torch-bearer turns out to be an old man, dark of skin, and with a cloth wrapped round his head. He jabbers at you, then stands, puzzled, when you respond by asking him who he is. After a while he holds up his hand for you to wait, and trots back into the darkness, returning a few minutes later with a book. Setting the torch into a wall-sconce, he flips over the pages of the book. When he finds the place he needs, he starts to mutter and gestures with his free hand. He is a sorcerer, casting some kind of spell! If you attack immediately, turn to 81. If you prefer to wait to see what happens, turn to 324.

53

You settle down for the night. Reinhardt, no doubt exhausted by the day's walk, starts snoring immediately. You lie down, but somehow sleep evades you. You cannot help but scan the starry sky, searching in vain for a familiar constellation. You slip into a half-sleep, in which you watch through half-closed eyes as four hooded, cloaked figures steal surreptitiously towards you. It is only when they are bending over Reinhardt's sleeping form, and you catch the glint of a weapon, that you realize they are not part of a dream. You leap up, grabbing your sword, and surprise one of them with a thrust that pierces his chest. Then you turn your attention to the others. Fight them in turn.

SHROUDED SKULKER SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you are still fighting the Skulker after four Attack Rounds, make sure you have made a note of his current SKILL and STAMINA, then turn to 307. If you defeat the Skulker in four rounds or less, fight the next two opponents, one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
Second SKULKER	7	6
Third SKULKER	8	6

If you defeat both the Skulkers, turn to 160.

54

'There was no time for Jaddar to load another magic arrow before Al-Azrad, in the form of a snake, was upon him. The battle was mighty indeed . . .'

Al-Haddar has told his tale so vividly and with such expressive gestures that you feel you are living the story. Now he starts to wrestle you, calling, 'Who will win, the snake or the man?'

AL-AZRAD THE SNAKE SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

Fight as normal; however, you cannot die in this fight. If you defeat the snake, recover 2 points of STAMINA for every three lost, and turn to 294. If you lose, turn to 151.

55

Your drinking companion is eager to teach you his language. You learn that his name is Al-Bakbuk, and he displays a keen interest in conversing. When the time comes to leave the tavern, Al-Bakbuk offers you the hospitality of his home. Over the next few days you slowly acquire a limited vocabulary and the ability to string a few words together (note down 'basic kal' on your *Adventure Sheet*). Al-Bakbuk is quite lavish with his generosity, but you know that you will have to bid him farewell sooner or later. If you leave him without offering a gift, turn to 315. Otherwise, you can offer him money (turn to 22), or, if you have it, a piece of jewellery (turn to 372) or a ruby ring (turn to 161).

56

The two of you step on to the carpet and sit down. You feel a little foolish sitting there, until the carpet floats up into the air! It floats gently for a moment, then Khasim says, 'To Kallamehr!' and you shoot off with the speed of a diving falcon. Turn to 93.

57

Note down the word 'trail' on your *Adventure Sheet*. How will you find such a capricious youth as Reinhardt? If you have 'basic kal' or 'kal', you may search for a storyteller (turn to 323). Otherwise, turn to 205.

58

After a while you lose sight of the smoke, but you do happen upon a mountain path which seems to be going in the right direction. Following it into a shady valley, you catch sight of the smoke plume once again. It is issuing from a hole in the rock wall, at the base of which is a cave mouth. From the cave steps a strange man, clad in loose, crimson robes of some fine material,

and with a cloth of emerald green wrapped round the top of his head. When he sees you, he pauses, then tentatively calls out some unrecognizable phrase. When you reply by asking him where he comes from, he peers at you in bewilderment. Then he beckons you to follow him and disappears into the cave. By the time you reach the cave mouth, he has been swallowed up in the inky blackness. After a minute or so, however, he returns, carrying a book in one hand and a guttering torch in the other. The torch he sets in a bracket on the wall, then he thumbs through the book. Alighting on a page, he starts to mutter, and he gestures with his free hand. He is a sorcerer, casting some kind of spell! If you attack him immediately, turn to **99**. If you wait to see what happens, turn to **262**.

59

You are just preparing an effective way of tackling him when strong hands seize you. Some of the tent-dwellers must have been suspicious of your actions. On hearing the uproar, the magician emerges from his tent and starts talking with the others in a language you don't recognize – it is not the local tongue, and certainly not your own. Then, brandishing a long black staff, he faces you. The tent-dwellers release you. Staring at the magician this close, you realize that he is not Mencius. Nevertheless you must fight him.

SABA SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you defeat him, the tent-dwellers allow you to go on your way – apparently their code of honour is satisfied. Turn to **245**.

60

You plummet towards the distant earth, your body twisting as you fall and pressure building to agony in your chest and ears. The ground races towards you and . . . Turn to **224**.

61

'I can help you in several ways,' says Khusum. 'First, I can give you some protection from his magic.' He hands you an amulet with a chain to go round your neck (note down the *Magic Amulet* on your *Adventure Sheet*). 'I don't guarantee that it'll protect you completely, but it should help against a direct attack. Secondly, I can advise you to be careful. Because our world is so rich in magic, Mencius's power is growing daily. He will no doubt already have gained some knowledge of Kallamehr. Finally,' he says, unfurling a short, luridly patterned carpet, 'I can get you to Kallamehr quickly and secretly . . . We fly in thirty minutes!' Turn to **353** if you have any of the following noted down on your *Adventure Sheet*: turban, Vizier's Robe, Al-Bakbuk's Glass, or Kurt. If you have none of them, turn to **188**.

62

Falling . . . falling . . . falling – again you experience the nausea of body swap. Now it is you whose face is pressed against the bars of a tiny cell. 'Get me out of here!' you hiss urgently at Reinhardt.

'No chance!' the cur replies. 'I'd have to fight the guards! I'm getting out of here.' He hurries off along the tunnel to the right. You never see him again. You discover your own fate quite soon: the creatures who have captured you use you as a slave for the few years of your miserable life that remain. Your quest ends far below the surface, as a slave of the Dark Elves.

63

If you were stung by the scorpion, turn to 181. If you managed to defeat it without being stung, turn to 248.

64

You follow the beach for about a kilometre, noticing an increasing quantity of shingle. You round a headland, looking out across a wide bay. The beach continues a short distance, ending at steep cliffs. A little way out to sea, a small boat is sailing in towards the coast beyond the cliffs. If you turn back the way you came, turn to 289. If you press on and try to scale the cliffs, turn to 114.

65

A smug look crosses the bestial features of the thing as you attack, only to be replaced by surprise and outrage as you strike a good blow. Then you are embroiled in a desperate battle.

DEMON OF THE RING SKILL 12 STAMINA 16

If you defeat the Demon, note down the word 'Genie' and turn to 169.

66

Ramming the silver bullet home, you aim carefully and shoot. The bullet hits Mencius full in the forehead. He staves back at you, the gleaming bullet embedded in his head like a third eye. His features contort with rage – or is it agony? – and the bullet shoots back out of his head, leaving a hole, then the edges of the hole retract themselves. Mencius stands quite still. His eyes are staring madly at you, but you avoid his gaze. 'Enough! I had thought to make your death interesting, but now I will deny you even that privilege!' says Mencius. He raises his hands above his head and shrieks like a wolf. Then he dashes them down, releasing a fizzing blast of magical power at you. If you have a Magic Amulet, turn to 289. If you haven't, turn

67

to 186. Erase the following items from your *Adventure Sheet*: pistol, 3 bullets, box of powder, broadsword, undyed clothes, mirrors, compass needle and silver pieces. Erase *all* your Provisions. In addition to anything you acquired since passing through the magic portal, you now have the following: rapier, fine red clothes, jewellery, rope of human hair and 10 Gold Pieces. Lose 3 points from your SKILL and 6 points from your STAMINA (this loss is permanent until you are told specifically that it is restored). If you try to find a way to switch bodies with Reinhardt, turn to 276. Or you can prepare to move; turn to 175.

68

By following the river, you make your way back to the town. Although you've disposed of one wizard, your principal foe still remains. It seems that your best chance may be to make for the largest city in the area, for you know that Mencius prefers crowds. A few enquiries around town soon elicit the name of the city. Turn to 348.

69

The body of the Demon explodes in a sheet of flame, then shoots straight up in a column of smoke until nothing is left of it. You are back where you started, but at least you have learnt something of the local language. You also have a lead: Al-Bakbuk told you about the city of Kallamehr, which will draw Mencius like a magnet; if you are to track him down, you must search for him there. First, you make your way back to the town. Al-Bakbuk is overjoyed at seeing you again and demands that you tell him your story. You explain what happened, offering him the now useless (but still precious) ruby ring by way of a goodbye present. Turn to 372.

70

The spell comes easily to you. As you cast it, Mencius's eyelids droop and his breathing slows. Finally he stands there, unmoving, his head bowed. You take a step closer and his head snaps up, his eyes glaring at you malevolently. 'Stick to what you're good at!' he snarls. Turn to 91.

71

While easing the pressure on the sorcerer, you slip the rope up round his neck. He realizes the implication of

76

Up ahead, a dust cloud signals the approach of riders. As they close on you, it becomes possible to distinguish two horses. The riders are dressed in some kind of armour made of overlapping scales. When they get near, they pull up and call out to you. If you have 'kai' or 'basic kai' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 211. Otherwise, turn to 399.

77

You should have remembered the elementary rules of magehunting. 'Reinhardt' throws back his head and laughs – a laugh of pure evil. 'You moron!' he cries. 'I switched bodies with that worm Reinhardt as a side effect of the nexus. I said I would have my revenge, and so I shall – you will serve me until the end of your days.' Your will trickles away like the last grains of sand in an hourglass. Mencius has trapped you. You are his slave now.

78

You find a quiet back-alley and scratch the Holy Symbol in the dirt. After composing yourself for a while, you pick up a pebble and toss it into the circle. Now that you have some idea as to which direction to follow, you walk along the alley to its end and arrive at ... the town wall. According to your divination, the sorcerer is to be found outside the town. Hurrying to the gate, you leave the strange settlement, moving in the direction indicated by the pebble. After several hours, the light fades; you have still detected no trace of Mencius. You settle down for a hard night. Your

body aches and you quickly drift off to sleep. If you have a wizard's pouch, turn to 286. If you have a Shauca or Sneeka Scat, turn to 150. Otherwise, turn to 341.

79

The Skeletons close in, blades whirling. From the chamber above comes a mocking laugh: it is Mencius, into whose trap you have fallen. Swinging the sacred mace, you reduce two Skeletons to piles of bones. The next wave are more cautious. If only you can hack your way through them to the staircase.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	6	5
Second SKELETON	6	5
Third SKELETON	6	5

Fight the Skeletons one at a time. If you defeat them in 10 Attack Rounds or less, turn to 392. If you do not, turn to 270.

80

You make your way along the road for two days; by foraging you manage to find enough food for basic survival. Finally you arrive at the city, passing through an impressive arch to enter its narrow streets. Turn to 100.

81

How will you attack the wizard? (You should choose an option only if you have the appropriate item.) Do you:

Strike him with a rapier?	Turn to 237
Shoot him with a pistol?	Turn to 330
Strike him with a broadsword?	Turn to 7
Bind him with rope of human hair?	Turn to 155

Or, if you choose not to attack the wizard after all, turn to 341.

82

Cross off 2 Provisions from your *Adventure Sheet* without recovering any STAMINA. At last you see a building up ahead. You are so exhausted you simply burst through the door without knocking. Inside, the groups of tables and chairs suggest an inn. Sure enough, a corpulent, bald fellow scurries out of a back room with a plate of food, which you eagerly devour, and a cup of wine, which you drain in a single draught. Recover 2 points of STAMINA. No one else is staying at the inn, so the innkeeper treats you like royalty. After a night's sleep and another excellent meal, you feel far better. The innkeeper asks you for 2 Gold Pieces for your food and board (turn to 295 if you can't or won't pay; otherwise, erase them from

this and eyes you fearfully. He looks a pitiful, powerless figure – but, as you well know, mages are a tricky lot. You try to think of a way of getting round the language barrier, but for that you will need free hands – for obvious reasons this is not possible. If you have a shackles key, turn to 355. If you have a Shauca Scar, turn to 104. Otherwise, turn to 265.

72

Reinhardt is gone – surely no one could survive a fall from that height? Note down the word 'missing' on your *Adventure Sheet*; also erase any items Reinhardt was carrying.

'I am sorry about the death of your countryman,' says Khasim, 'but we must nevertheless dispose of Mencius.' Since you were not using weapons, you recover 2 points of STAMINA for every 3 you lost in the fight. Turn to 93.

73

Note down 'fame' on your *Adventure Sheet*. In the tavern, Al-Bakhuk wastes no time in telling everyone all about your achievement. Most seem sceptical, but all the same you are quickly surrounded by an admiring crowd. Unfortunately, one of them, a thug of a man with large muscles and narrow eyes, takes the opportunity to challenge you to a fight.

MUSCULAR THUG SKILL 6 STAMINA 9

If you reduce the thug to 1 point of STAMINA, turn to 137.

74

Choosing your subjects with care, you make discreet enquiries concerning recent newcomers to the city. You learn about all sorts of strange arrivals, but one in particular seems to match Mencius's current appearance. His clothing is described as outlandish, and his hair-colour also fits. Going by the name of Saba, he has established himself rapidly in the city by means of his regular performances of magic in the bazaar – an area of the city made up of tents and frequented by lower-class merchants. If you continue to make enquiries, turn to 136 if you have the word 'early' written on your *Adventure Sheet* or to 233 if you don't. If you hurry on to the bazaar in search of Saba, turn to 364.

75

In the pockets of your fine red clothes you discover 10 Gold Pieces and some jewellery that you guess must be worth far more. On the ground near you is a key. You recognize it as the key to the shackles used to restrain Mencius. You pick it up and put it in your pocket. Erase all equipment from your Equipment List except the following: rapier, fine red clothing, shackles key. Erase *all* your Provisions. For treasure, you have 10 Gold Pieces plus jewellery. Lose 3 points from your SKILL and 6 points from your STAMINA (this loss is permanent until you are told specifically that it is restored). If your ankle hurts, turn to 187. Otherwise, turn to 336.

your *Adventure Sheet*). You leave the inn and press on over a mountain pass. From here, it seems, the way leads downwards. Your spirits rise as you make your way down the mountainside. Turn to 365

83

'So?' asks Al-Fakik. 'What do you want me to do about it?'

You didn't expect such rudeness from the fellow. If you ask him for a story, turn to 301. If you tell him his brother sent you, turn to 111. Otherwise, if you have the word 'trail' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 205. If you haven't, mark a cross on it and turn to 241.

84

Although you are used to the hard life, you have reckoned without the frailties of the body you now inhabit. As you lie down on the parched earth you become aware that every muscle in your body is aching, and the sickening pain of the bullet wound in your stomach fills you with nausea. Reinhardt, in his own body, has been complaining steadily for the last few hours; you had ceased bothering to listen to his moaning. Now you wish you had. You lie in agony on the cruel ground, staring up at unfamiliar stars. You have pushed the frail shell you inhabit beyond its limits. Your life starts to ebb away . . . the stars slowly dim . . . for ever.

85

Your rope may be useful for binding mages, but it's not an effective weapon. As you close to loop it round

his arms, your enemy laughs in your face. 'I cursed you to the end of eternity,' he says. 'Now prepare to meet it!' A gout of flame leaps from his hands, striking you before you can react. You retain consciousness for too many seconds.

86

Unslinging the rope from your belt, you loop it round him and pull tight before he can think to resist. 'Please spare me,' he pleads. 'I have nothing worth stealing.' You tighten the rope, and he squeals in pain. It seems that the rope not only binds him, it can hurt him too. Turn to 299.

87

You rush along the cold stone corridor, dodging falling stones. The vibrations intensify as you run and a crack appears in the floor in front of you. You teeter on the brink, then leap across. Half jumping, half falling, you descend the stairs to the dungeons. A wisp of green smoke is seeping from the furthest cell, and you can hear a voice, raised in some occult incantation. The ground shakes beneath your feet, but you sprint to the cell door and crane your head to see within. Mencius stands with arms raised, his shackles lying at his feet, and the rope of human hair dangling uselessly from his arms. Reinhardt stands, staring, to one side; he is transfixed, with the key to the shackles still in his hand. A guard cowers in the corner of the cell; green smoke is seeping from the ground. Mencius starts to spin and, with a deafening crack, the ground splits open. The spinning sorcerer, and the transfixed Reinhardt, move slowly toward the yawning abyss. If you prepare your pistol to shoot Mencius, turn to 166. If you rush him, to try to disrupt his spell, turn to 190.

88

With a final blast of energy Mencius demolishes his opponent, but he is clearly weakened by the effort – his first thought is of escape. When he finds himself boxed in by the power of the circle of mirrors, he raises his arms and lets out a shriek. If you have a pistol and a silver bullet, turn to 268. Otherwise, turn to 186.

89

By sign language, you make it plain that you are

hungry. Your new friend quickly summons an attendant, and within a few minutes a large bowl of food is sitting before you. At least, you assume it's food, for the brownish gloop and white stuff are like nothing you've seen before. You taste the gloop, and almost choke – it's so pepperyl You are hungry, however, so you shovel it down, mixing it with the bland white stuff to reduce the spiciness. Recover 4 points of STAMINA (this will not restore STAMINA lost by travelling through Mencius's magic portal). Now do you want to learn some of the language (turn to 93), do some shopping (turn to 248) or visit a healer to deal with a bullet wound (turn to 2)?

90

The sand is firm and springy beneath your feet, providing the ideal walking surface. You pass by the strange sand dune, wondering how it comes to be so close to the breaking waves. You discover soon enough. The hillock shakes, and an enormous crab emerges and scuttles towards you. You may turn and flee; turn to 340. Otherwise, you stand and fight.

GIANT CRAB SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the crab, turn to 10.

91

You have lost your chance. Mencius completes his spell. No devastating magical blast leaps from his hands to strike you down; instead, he starts to grow. Then, as you look around, you realize that actually it is you who are shrinking. At the same time, hair starts

to sprout all over your body. A tail grows from the base of your spine. Within seconds the transformation is complete. Mencius laughs and picks you up. 'My pet rat,' he laughs. 'Somehow it seems such an apt fate . . .'

92

You remove the rope from the mage carefully, ready for action in case he tries something. He seems equally cautious and, when he does move, it is very slowly. He mimes to you very clearly, pointing to the fallen book and then to his tongue, gesturing as if speaking. He does this several times, then spreads his arms and smiles. If you leave him where he is and make your way out of the cave, turn to 255. If you allow him to retrieve the book and begin his spell once again, turn to 398.

93

The journey lasts but a few minutes. Thanks to the carpet beneath you and the clouds which surround you, you see nothing of the country over which you are travelling. Finally you spiral downwards, landing gently on a flat roof in a large city.

'I covered our approach with a charm of invisibility, but if I remain here for any length of time Mencius may detect me and flee,' says Khasim. 'So I will wish you the luck of Hazah, and depart.' So saying, he floats up into the air once more. The carpet dwindles in the distance at an unbelievable speed. You rest a moment to steady your legs, then descend by some stone steps to the busy street. Turn to 200.

94

Somehow you manage to claw your way down the mountain face, pausing to rest at a convenient ledge. As you catch your breath, a ship heaves into sight round the mountain. You blink. A ship? Sure enough, a wooden two-master is drifting through the air towards you, coming gently to a halt opposite your ledge. A short figure dressed in brightly coloured garb, its face shrouded by a large cowl, hops to the rail and slides a plank out towards you. If you walk along the plank, turn to 201. If you don't, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 164. If you are Unlucky, turn to 328.

95

As you hack the evil bird out of the air, its oily black feathers cascade down round you. You just place your foot on the first step leading to the door of the Omnipresent Tower when a voice from behind calls you back. It is Hanif Al-din Hasan, the loyal vizier of the Caliph of Khorasan. His clothing is torn and dirty, and his dust-begrimed face bears a partly healed wound.

"'In the name of Hazah, before you enter the tower, assist me,' he pleads. 'I have fled from Khorasan, where an evil sorcerer has replaced me with a sorcerous creature that resembles me exactly. If you will aid me, I can return to the palace, slay the impostor and set matters aright.'"

You may not have another chance to enter the tower. Instead, you should offer the vizier something to help him. Check your *Adventure Sheet*. Provided you have

it, you may give him any one of the following items: Holy Symbol, Book of Craft, ruby ring, wizard's pouch, gold hex, vizier's robe, magic amulet, pistol and bullets, serrated knife or a sword. Cross off the item you give him, then turn to 382.

96

Reinhardt is little help to you, but you manage to collect some tinder and sticks and make a fire. As the flames rise, you watch carefully to see which way they point. It's hard to tell exactly, but they seem to be pointing along the mountainside, upstream. If you follow the direction indicated, turn to 350. If you climb up the mountainside to get a better view, turn to 388.

97

After a while, Kurt leads you to a jumbled pile of rocks. In the middle, he drags you towards a large stone. Under it you find a hidden opening. Turn to 281.

98

You climb the stairs tentatively and knock loudly on the brass-studded door, which promptly swings open. Entering, you find yourself in a great hall decorated with furniture of great cost; there is no sign of anyone. Turning, you see yourself reflected in a mirror. Than something strange about the reflection makes you pause. You quickly raise your right arm. The reflection doesn't! Instead, it throws back its head, laughs, then starts chanting and gesturing. Turn to 303

99

How will you attack the wizard? (You should choose an option only if you have the appropriate item.) Do you:

Strike him with a rapier?	Turn to 237
Shoot him with a pistol?	Turn to 330
Strike him with a broadsword?	Turn to 7
Bind him with rope of human hair?	Turn to 391

If you choose not to attack the wizard after all, turn to 262.

100

The city comprises a dazzling variety of buildings, most of which are unlike any you've seen before. The people show a similar variety- although hair and skin tend to be dark coloured, there are people here of all heights and sizes, rich and poor, gentle and fierce-looking. There are even some strange creatures who don't seem to be human at all. All this variety doesn't make your task any easier. If you have a ruby ring, turn to 57. If you haven't but you do have a scar (Sneeka or Shauca) or the word 'abandoned' written down, turn to 199. Otherwise, turn to 241.

101

All feeling disappears, first from your limbs, then from your body. Is this death? A memory is nagging at you, but you cannot place it . . . until light bursts upon your eyes – torchlight. You are in a cell. A crack sunders the floor. Reinhardt is standing on one side. Somehow you have returned to the Margrave's castle. Reinhardt is delighted to be back home, and in his own body, but for you the homecoming is far from joyful. You have defeated Mentiss, true, but at a terrible cost to yourself. For the rest of your life you must wear the prematurely aged body of your hated enemy. Was the sacrifice worth it? Reinhardt rewards you amply, but somehow you can't help feeling that you missed too many chances. With your body and your confidence shattered, your magehunting days are over. An early retirement is all that the future has in store for you.

102

You dispatch the thief quickly and quietly. Casting your eyes round the room he led you into, you spot a fine crystal goblet with inlaid gems. If you take it, note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*. As you leave the room, a man leading a donkey stares at you curiously. Ignoring him, you hurry off into town. Your attempt to follow Reinhardt clearly requires more ability at communication than you have at present: you must learn a little of the local language. Turn to **189** if you have already been to the tavern or to **293** if you haven't.

103

Using a stout stick which you find near by, you start to scrape the Holy Symbol into the dry earth of the hillside. For this method to work correctly, you must

be perfectly composed. Once the symbol is complete, you choose a suitable stone, offer up a prayer, and toss the stone into the circle. It bounces once, rebounding in an unexpected direction. Tracing a line from the centre of the symbol through the stone, you work out the direction you will have to travel, by aiming for a distinctive cluster of rocks high on the mountainside. Hoping that Mencius isn't too far away, you set off. Walking in this heat is tiring work, particularly with you in such a weakened state. You make good time, however. Beyond the rocky outcrop you come upon a mountain path which seems to lead in the right direction. Turn to **52**.

104

'Let him go free!' a familiar voice calls. Reinhardt is standing a little way down the tunnel. 'He rescued me when you abandoned me to the Shauca,' he says

petulantly. You look at the mage again, then loosen the rope a little. Very slowly, he reaches out to touch the Shauca Scar, recites a little chant, and the scar disappears (erase it from your *Adventure Sheet*). Is this a trick? He points to the fallen book. If you let him pick it up and continue his spell, turn to 398. If you tighten the rope and strangle him to death, turn to 236.

105

Now you have a dog (note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*) but, since it hasn't been fed on goat's meat, it won't be much help in tracking Mencius. If you try to make enquiries in the town, turn to 316. Otherwise, you will have to ascertain the mage's direction by drawing a Holy Symbol (turn to 78).

106

In order to obtain enough goat meat to feed your dog, you will have to pay 2 Gold Pieces, if you don't already have somewhere to stay, you will have to pay another 2 Gold Pieces for food and lodging for yourself. If you can't or won't pay, turn back to 267. If you buy the goat meat, cross 2 Gold Pieces off your *Adventure Sheet*. Then, if you have somewhere to stay, turn to the appropriate paragraph. If you haven't, cross off another 2 Gold Pieces and decide whether you will be low while feeding the dog (turn to 170) or continue to search the city (turn to 261).

107

There's something very unusual about Mencius: not only is his hair streaked with grey, but also his skin has aged. Apart from the wound in his head, blood is also flowing from the bullet-wound in his belly. Although the silver bullet pierced his skin, you know that his sorcerous power must have drawn the edges of the wound together. It seems that Mencius has no power left, for how else could the wound have reopened? You untie the rope of human hair, keeping it handy in case the mage shows any signs of regaining his magic. Now, what to do about the wound? If you stanch it, turn to 379. If you remove the silver bullet first, turn to 219.

108

You find yourself staring at Reinhardt! For a moment you think the fellow must have some kind of portrait, but then you realize: it's a mirror. Somehow you are occupying Reinhardt's body. But if you are in Reinhardt's body, the corpse you left back at the river must have been Reinhardt. And its former occupant, the evil wizard Mencius, is now roaming the land in your likeness! The pieces fall into place – the strange clothes you are wearing, the transformation of your broadsword into a delicate rapier. Once more you search through your pockets, confirming what you already know to be true: you have Reinhardt's possessions. Your magehunting gear is now in the possession of the very person it's designed to capture! The young fellow has waited patiently while you checked your belongings, but now you have a very different task – you must hunt down a truly deadly mage. You convey to him that you no longer need his help. He ushers you out of the room and into the busy street.

Shortly after you wave goodbye to him, you discover that he has picked your pockets. Maybe you shouldn't have revealed their contents in front of him. He has taken all your money, your jewellery and your ruby ring (erase them from your *Adventure Sheet*). If you want to try to find the thief and reclaim your property, turn to 41. If you prefer to start looking for Mencius straight away, turn to 198. If you want to try to get more used to this strange land you're in, turn to 293 if you haven't yet been to the tavern, and to 189 if you have.

113

Green smoke seeps from the ground. You start to spin, but somehow your eyes remain focused on the ground at your feet. The stone splits open; a crack yawns in front of you. You move towards it and fall headlong into darkness. As you tumble endlessly through the nothingness of other dimensions, you have plenty of time to reflect on the foolishness of untrained attempts at the Evil Arts. Your magehunting career ends here.

114

Drawing closer to the cliffs, you spy a narrow path leading up and over them. Following this brings you to a fishing village. The village folk greet you a little warily as you enter, but then they offer you food and drink (recover 2 points of STAMINA). Your enquiries are met with blank stares, but they eventually put you on a fishing boat. The fisherman, a bluff seaman cut from the same cloth as many you have met in your previous adventures, amuses you by teaching you knots (most of which you already know). After a short

journey, the boat arrives at the large city of Kallamehr. Bidding the friendly fisherman goodbye, you make your way into its mazy streets. Turn to 100.

115

With a mighty blow you leap at the lion and strike its head from its body. But a cackle comes from near by. You turn your head, and black wings blot out the sun . . . Turn to 151.

116

Your next problem is to feed the dog for a week on goat's meat. Luckily, the animal sellers here sell live goats, so you can be sure of getting the right animal. Unfortunately, a goat costs 3 Gold Pieces. You will also need 2 Gold Pieces to live on for that week and, as you have already discovered, prices in this land are exorbitant. The goat seller will accept jewellery or a crystal goblet, if you have either, in lieu of the 3 Gold Pieces. If you buy the goat using money or jewellery, cross the payment off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 193. If you buy the goat using a crystal goblet, cross it off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 272. If you don't buy the goat, turn to 105.

117

You can help yourself to food from the inn's kitchens (make a note of up to 4 Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*, if you do this). Leaving the inn, you proceed along a path up the mountainside, finally heading over a mountain pass. From here you make your way down. Turn to 365.

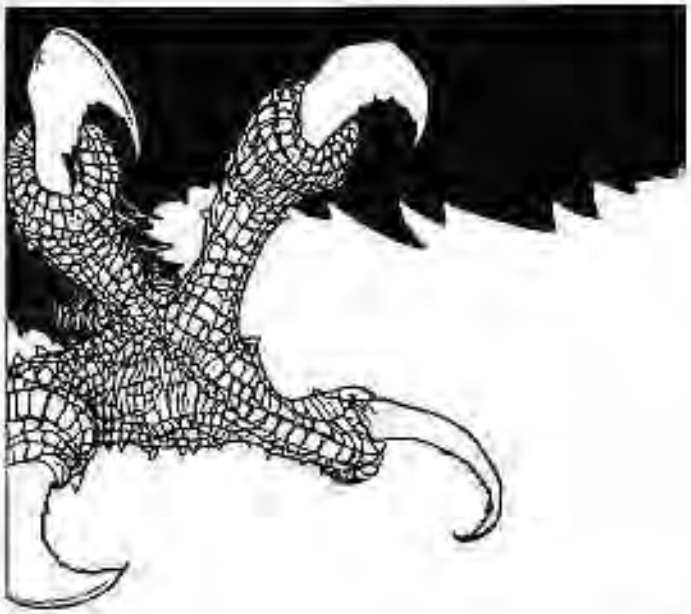

118

Making your way to the top of a hill to spy out the land, you observe the coast, some distance away, and by it the unmistakable signs of a city. You are just preparing to descend when a sudden gust of wind almost knocks you off your feet. Then the sun is blotted out, and you hear a tremendous sound, like the flapping of the canvas sails of a hundred and one ships. Descending upon you is an enormous bird of prey, its talons outstretched.

BIRD of PRODIGIOUS SIZE SKILL 7 STAMINA 15

If the bird wins two attacks in succession, make sure that you have noted its current STAMINA in the Encounter box, then turn to 352. If you defeat the enormous creature, turn to 27.

119

It doesn't take you long to find a storyteller. On a street corner a dishevelled old man dressed in patchwork clothes is addressing a motley crowd of street urchins, poor traders and drunks. His story goes something like this:

'One day Burah-Bashar went to a feast. He was wearing his everyday clothes and, when he went in, nobody spoke to him and nobody offered him a seat. So Burah-Bashar went home and put on his best clothes, then returned to the feast. The host welcomed him warmly, showed him to a good seat and offered him the best dishes.

'Burah-Bashar put his coat among the food and said,

109

'Get me out of here!' Reinhardt hisses urgently. 'The guards along the tunnel have a key.' Even though you hate the ungrateful wretch, his father treated you with nobility so, in memory of Mechtner, you charge back along the tunnel, surprising the two guards you passed earlier.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DWELLER IN DARKNESS	8	6
Second DWELLER IN DARKNESS	7	6

Fight them one at a time. Because of the poor light, you must fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point. If you defeat the guards, turn to 17.

110

Further down the river, you join up with a path – obviously well frequented. A few minutes later, you reach a town. At least, you assume it's a town. Where you come from, towns don't have walls round them, or towers with tops shaped like onions. The path leads to a gate in the wall, guarded by swarthy fellows bearing wickedly curved swords. They look human – just – which reassures you a little. If you try to enter the town, turn to 40. If you pass by, turn to 231.

111

Cross off the bullet (or diamond) you fired from your *Adventure Sheet*. Your marksmanship doesn't fail you: you hit the enemy full in the chest. The figure lets out a scream of shock as it is flung over the side of the ship, continuing to wail as it falls down, down, to break on the rocks below. The ship now starts to shake and, with gathering speed, rockets towards a rock face, on which it smashes into splinters. Note down the number '333' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Next time you *Test your Luck*, make a note of the paragraph you are at, then turn to paragraph 333. Now turn to paragraph 365.

112

At mention of his brother, Al-Fakik hops backwards and looks you up and down through bloodshot eyes. His manner changes abruptly to one of fawning solicitude. 'Yes, yes, yes, of course I'll help you! New to this land? Don't worry, I'll sort things out for you.' He bustles you out of his hut and points towards a large building. 'Look for the large man with a monkey on his shoulder: his name is Saleem. Mention Harun al-Harun to him. May Hazah bless your way.' So saying, he scurries back into his hut. If you go in search of Saleem, turn to 394. Otherwise, if you have the word 'trail' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 205. If you haven't, mark a cross on it and turn to 241.

"Eat, Coat!" The other guests were amazed and asked him what on earth he thought he was doing. He replied: "When I came in my old clothes, nobody looked at me or offered me anything. But when I came back in these clothes, you gave me fine food and drink. So these things were for my clothes, not for me!"

There is a faint ripple of amusement from the crowd. If you want to question the storyteller, you will have to drop some money in his bowl. Cross off the amount you give to the storyteller, then turn to 370. Otherwise, if you have the word 'trail' written down, turn to 205; if not, mark a cross and turn to 241.

120

The bird gets a good grip on you once more and descends to the pinnacle of a mountain crag, where it has constructed a huge nest. Inside the nest, the bird's young await their feed: you! The bird releases you and you seize your chance; you must fight all the birds.

	SKILL	STAMINA (current)
BIRD of PRODIGIOUS SIZE	7	
First YOUNG BIRD	4	7
Second YOUNG BIRD	4	6
Third YOUNG BIRD	5	8

Fight the birds one at a time. If you defeat all the birds, turn to 21.

121

You have no idea what the woman is saying, so you shake your head in mute incomprehension. There is silence while the woman stares at you. Then she clicks her fingers. Turn to 197.

122

Sure enough, the prince released the man from his chains and helped him escape. The prince's kindness was repaid, however, with treachery. Conjuring the dark spirits which served him, the ungrateful sorcerer transformed the prince into a mountain lion, then disappeared to distant parts. The prince desperately tried to find someone who would help him, but of course everyone ran away whenever he approached. So he wandered the land, finally reaching a mighty desert. Far away in the distance, across the shifting sands, he thought he could see a tower. He remembered tales which spoke of a wizard who dwelt in a tower, so he set his nose in that direction and started to walk. He had not gone far when a crack appeared in the ground in front of him. From it emerged a mighty Efreet, one of the Genie of the Marid. The prince quaked in fear.

'"You have crossed my path, so I must kill you," said the frightful Efreet. "But before I do, I will tell you a tale of my brother, so that you may understand my actions."' Turn to 371.

123

You put some distance between you and the cave, running back the way you came. When you reach the river, you are desperately thirsty, so you slide down the bank. Unfortunately, you are so tired that you can't prevent yourself plunging into the fast-flowing stream. You are carried some way down-river before your flailing strokes bring you close enough to the bank to haul yourself out of the water. You rest for a while before continuing in search of your most important need: some food! Turn to 245.

124

With a look of desperation in his eyes, Menelus takes to the air, flapping his arms frantically. You are reminded of the way he looked the first time you captured him, though the circumstances now are rather different. Again he casts about, trying to escape, but he cannot penetrate the circle of mirrors so quickly. Like a bird of prey, he settles on one of the rafters. 'I still have enough power to blast you, you hell-cursed worm.' So saying, he raises his arms once again. His shriek, like the wailing of a thousand damned souls, makes your scalp prickle. This will be his most powerful blast yet, and your amulet has no more power. Turn to 186.

125

'Oh, it's you!' comes a familiar voice. You turn and see Reinhardt, standing further along the tunnel. 'Khasim rescued me from the Shauca after you abandoned me, a typical . . .' his voice trails off. 'Khasim!' he exclaims. He is staring at the dead wizard. Turn to 236.

126

With much sign language and the limited expressions at your disposal, you manage to convey that you are trying to find a sorcerer. You strike lucky quite quickly – a white-bearded old man nods emphatically. You learn that the man you seek is outside town, and the white-beard offers to guide you there. On the journey you try to make conversation with the old man, but you constantly come up against the barrier of language. After walking into the hills for a couple of hours, you arrive at a sheltered valley. The white-beard calls out, 'Khasim,' and says something to you that you can't quite understand – except that it includes the word 'sorcerer'. From a cave opening comes another old man, this one wearing the same strange cloth hat you had noticed on several of the townsfolk. After a short

conversation with him, your guide bids you farewell and turns to make his way out of the valley. You turn in bemusement to the hat-wearing cave-dweller. Turn to 308.

127

You thank the wizard, and he offers you something: it's a five-sided gold coin, covered with illegible symbols. It may be useful, so you put it in your pocket (note down 'gold hex' on your *Adventure Sheet*), and make your way out of the tunnel. The wizard indicated that the city of Kallamehr lies to the south-west. Turn to 27.

128

You check the river, then scan the mountainside above you, but you can see nothing. However, the strange feeling makes you nervous, so you pull Reinhardt to his feet and set off again. Turn to 245.

129

A sword is useless against a mage unless it has first been wetted with his blood. Your wild swing barely unbalances your enemy. 'I cursed you to the end of eternity,' he says. 'Now prepare to meet it!' A questing gout of flame leaps from his hands, striking you before you can react. You remain conscious for too many seconds.

130

Do you understand 'kal' or 'basic kal'? If you do, turn to 6. If you do not, you can try to learn something

about the town (turn to 293, unless you have already been to the tavern; in this case, turn to 189) or you can avoid wasting time and try to communicate using gestures (turn to 232).

131

Mencius is concentrating so hard on his spell that he doesn't realize what you are doing. No sooner has the magical bolt left his hands than the dizzying sensation of body switch hits you. In the next split second you have time to notice the look of absolute helplessness in Mencius's eyes as he realizes that he has no time to reverse the switch. The spell erupts in a cascade of scintillating colours and Mencius's body is blown into a thousand and one pieces. Then the scene before you is swallowed up in blackness, absolute blackness. Check your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have a shackles key or the word 'lost' written down, turn to 260. If you haven't, and the box marked 'Switch' is ticked, turn to 400; otherwise, turn to 309.

132

You scoop out a shallow grave, drag the corpse into it and pile earth and stones on top. After all this exertion you are panting, so you rest in the shade. You certainly feel different – far more tired than you would expect. You drift off to sleep . . . and awaken as the sun is sinking, casting long shadows over the hills. Before the light is gone, you check your possessions. To your surprise, there is no sign of your pistol or mirrors (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 75.

133

'Put me back in my own body!' he demands. 'I'm sick of being in this old man's shell, and my stomach hurts all the time.'

'You have my sympathy,' Khasim replies, 'and I will attend to your injuries straight away. However, the body switch is beyond my power to reverse. I suspect that it is inherently unstable, so an opportunity should arise in good time.'

Reinhardt lets out an exasperated 'Huh!' and looks away. Khasim takes a tiny jar of powder out of a small pouch, recites a short chant, and places his hand on Reinhardt's stomach. Reinhardt drifts off to sleep. In the Companion box of your *Adventure Sheet*, erase any current entries for STAMINA and SKILL and enter the values SKILL 6, STAMINA 12. If you have a Shauca Scar, erase it. **Turn to 61.**

134

Mark a cross on your *Adventure Sheet*. After the show, you follow the magician, taking care that he can't see you. He makes his way to a tent on the far side of the tent district. You check as many footprints as you can see clearly, but none are those of a cat. You wait for a short time after he enters his tent, then peer in carefully. The magician seems to be eating a light meal. If Kurt is with you, turn to 177. Otherwise, you can prepare to ambush him (turn to 59) or you can give up and try something else (turn to 242).

135

With your lungs bursting, you run, desperately looking around to see if the Shambler is following you. Luckily its huge legs are not built for speed, so you outdistance it. If you have the shackles key or a Sneeka Scar, turn to 377. Otherwise, turn to 274.

136

Further enquiries reveal no one else that sounds like Mencius. Mark a cross on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you decide to head for the bazaar, turn to 364. Otherwise, turn to 241.

137

The fellow takes a step backwards, pausing for breath. If you finish him off, turn to 226. If you spare him, turn to 360.

138

Climbing the steps behind you are Reinhardt and an old man in a cloth hat. But you have no time for happy reunions. You become aware of a presence in the great hall: a figure has just descended the staircase in the opposite wall. It's you! Or, rather, it is Mencius in your body. He starts slightly as he sees you.

'Ha! Come to reclaim your flesh?' he taunts. 'Over your dead body!' So saying, he begins weaving a sorcerous spell.

You prepare to attack, but the old man pushes past you. 'Fool!' he cries. 'His strength is greater than ever. I will hold him off.' So saying, he starts to chant and gesture. Seconds later, an explosion of magical force erupts as the two wizards cast spells of fearful destructive power at each other. If you stay to help, turn to 42. If you flee, cross the Gold Hex off your *Adventure Sheet* if you had it, then turn to 376.

139

You set off up the mountain, cursing the relentless sun. After barely half an hour, Reinhardt is complaining of tiredness. Since he is badly injured, and is stuck in the prematurely aged body of the sorcerer, you relent and find a little shade in which to rest. As you lie there, you feel a strange dizziness, and your scalp prickles. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 152. If you are Unlucky, turn to 171.

140

The creature's body splashes, lifeless, into the river and is carried away by the current. You rest briefly, then set off again. By now, long shadows are streaking the land. After another hour of walking it has grown too dark to continue. You find a sheltered spot, build a fire to keep you warm, and pass a restless, hungry night, hoping that no more evil creatures are waiting in the dark to ambush you. Lose 1 point from your STAMINA. Next morning you face a choice: you may continue in the same direction (turn to 4) or retrace your steps (turn to 369).

141

Ramming the diamond down the barrel, you aim carefully and squeeze the trigger. The charge hits Mencius full in the forehead. He stares back at you in utter astonishment, then his body crumples. As you

watch in revulsion, it starts to decompose, shrinking rapidly and giving off a malodorous green gas. Finally the gas coalesces round the diamond, seeming to disappear into it. All that is left is the gem. Cautiously picking it up, you peer into its sparkling depths. Is that tortured figure within really the essence of Mencius? While you are staring into the diamond, the scene before you is swallowed by absolute blackness. If you have the shackles key or the word 'lost' written down, turn to 260; otherwise, turn to 101.

142

Next morning, you are almost surprised to awaken unharmed. You look around for the tracks made by last night's attackers, and are pleased to discover that they are clearly visible. You follow them for a short distance to a jumbled pile of rocks. The tracks lead out from under a heavy stone. Peering under it, you discover an opening. If it hadn't been for your skill in tracking, you would have missed it. Turn to 281.

143

By now you are unbelievably tired. On the way back, you keep your eyes peeled and manage to spot another hairy Shambler while still some distance away. Turn to 377

144

It seems pleased by your gesture and adopts a less threatening stance. However, it keeps its exquisite eyes locked on you as you edge round it and make your way out of the ruins. Turn to 264.

145

Your language ability is rather limited but you reason that, since most of the people here are dark of hair and skin, a foreigner such as yourself would stand out. You enquire about people who resemble you, soon learning about a newcomer to the city. You can't follow the complex explanation that accompanies this information, but a kind woman guides you through the streets and points you towards a ramshackle district which seems to be made entirely of tents. You slip in among the tents, with a wariness honed by the possibility that you are getting near Menelus. A crowd is assembling in a large, open space in the middle of the encampment, watching some kind of entertainment. You draw closer and peer over the heads of the onlookers at a crude stage. With a gasp, you realize that you are watching a magic show; a performer in heavy make-up is producing a string of silk scarves from every part of his body and flinging them on to a table already laden with rabbits, fruit, cups, balls and even a little yellow bird in a cage. Though the make-up is thick, the build, hair-colour and facial shape all match. Surely this is Menelus! If you wait in ambush and attack the magician when he finishes his show, turn to 343. However, if you prefer to follow him discreetly, turn to 134.

146

You scoop out a shallow grave, drag the corpse into it and pile earth and stones on top. Then you turn your attention to finding Reinhardt. Turn to 336.

147

Al-Bakbuk is overjoyed to receive the jewellery and precious things from you. He hugs you warmly, kissing you on both cheeks, then hurries off to present you with a parting gift, which turns out to be an intricately embroidered robe. 'This trivial item may assist you,' says Al-Bakbuk, 'as it is the robe of a retired Vizier of the Caliph's court. People will treat you with respect while you are wearing this robe.' Although you have little idea what a 'vizier' or a 'caliph' may be, you accept the gift gracefully (note down the 'vizier's robe' on your *Adventure Sheet*). Al-Bakbuk also advises you, when you reach Kallamehr, to seek out his brother, the storyteller Al-Haddat. You summon the Genie and, with a flash, you appear in the streets of Kallamehr. Note down the word 'early' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 100.

148

A huge attendant closes in from either side and grabs you by the arm. If you offer no resistance, turn to 279. Otherwise, you must fight the courtiers.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First COURTIER	6	8
Second COURTIER	5	7

Fight both the courtiers at the same time. Each will make a separate attack against you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which one you will attack. Fight against your chosen target as normal. Against the other opponent, roll for Attack Strengths as normal, but you may not wound him: you are simply attempting to parry his strike. If you defeat the courtiers, turn to 23.

149

There is the strangest sensation of falling upwards as you keep on staring deep into Reinhardt's eyes. Your quick wits realize what is happening – the spell which switched your bodies *is* reversible! You now know how to switch bodies. Whenever your scalp prickles, you can change bodies with Reinhardt or Mencius. You will not be given this as an option, but you may chose to switch anyway. To switch, add together the digits of the paragraph you are at, then add the result to the paragraph you are at. For example, you are now at paragraph 149. If you wish to switch bodies with Reinhardt, add the digits (1 + 4 + 9 = 14), add this total to the current paragraph (14 + 149 = 163) then turn to that paragraph (in this case 163). If, on the other hand, you wish to break eye-contact with Reinhardt and prevent the transfer, turn to 310.

150

The chase nears its end . . . your lungs are bursting . . . Mencius turns his head and sees you . . . a silver bullet from your pistol brings him crashing down . . . 'I curse you to the end of eternity . . . to the end of eternity . . . to the end of eternity . . . to the end . . .'

You wake up, to find yourself lying in a comfortable bed. Leaning over you are Reinhardt and the old man who tried to cast a spell on you earlier. Cross the scar off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 48.

151

You wake up, to find Al-Haddar sprinkling rose water on your face. 'I told you that my stories were all true,' he grins, 'and evidently you got rather involved in it. Perhaps tomorrow night we will take the story further; but for now it seems it must end here.' Turn to 244.

152

Glancing around, you happen to catch Reinhardt's eye. You lock stares, and the dizziness grows stronger. There is a feeling like falling through the air, and you find yourself staring into Reinhardt's eyes – but now Reinhardt is back in his own body! A sharp pain in your stomach confirms that you are now in the body of Mencius! Reinhardt is delighted to be restored to his natural state. In the box marked 'Companion' on your *Adventure Sheet*, write '5' next to SKILL and '8' next to STAMINA. Then tick the box marked 'Switch' in the bottom right-hand corner. This box shows that you have switched bodies with your companion. Unless you switch back, you will use the SKILL and STAMINA scores of your companion. Write any equipment you gain while in this body in the bottom part of the Equipment box, so that you can keep track of who has what.

You now know how to switch bodies. Whenever your scalp prickles, you can change bodies with Reinhardt or Mencius. You will not be given this as an option, but you *may* choose to switch anyway. To switch, simply add together the digits of the paragraph you are at, then add the result to the paragraph you are at. For example, if you were at paragraph 139, you would add the digits (1 + 3 + 9 = 13), then add this total to the paragraph you were at (13 + 139 = 152) and then turn to paragraph 152. Back in his own body, Reinhardt is eager to be off again. Turn to 388.

153

You summon the Genie and obtain from him some fabulously jewelled daggers, which you lavish upon the palace functionaries. The Genie abruptly tells you that this was your last wish; then he disappears, taking the ruby ring with him (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Note down the word 'fame' then turn to 351.

154

The wizard opens a large book and starts to chant. Your eyelids begin to feel like lead weights, and you drift into slumber.

You awaken to find yourself lying on a comfortable bed. With a sudden shock you realize you can now understand the local language. (Note down 'kal' on your *Adventure Sheet* – if you already have 'basic kal', erase the word 'basic'.) The wizard notices that you have woken and comes over to you.

'Do you understand now?' he asks.

'Perfectly,' you reply. Turn to 48.

155

Unslinging the rope from your belt, you loop it round the sorcerer and pull tight before he can think to resist. The book drops from his hand and he mouths further strange sounds. You tighten the rope and he squeals in pain. It is unusual that he can be hurt so easily, but it may be a ruse. If you try to strangle him with the rope, turn to 299. If you try to find a way to question him, turn to 71.

156

Reinhardt is hard pressed by the second highwayman, but so far he seems to have kept out of the way of his opponent's sword. As you finish off the first, he turns to look at you, mouthing 'Help!' despairingly. Your scalp prickles and you experience a vertiginous sensation of falling. Turn to 168.

157

Using the stubby wings on its back, the creature rises into the air and, flapping furiously, flies off inland. Will you:

Shoot it with a pistol (if you have one)?	Turn to 30
Make your way to the coast?	Turn to 264
Search the ruins?	Turn to 311

158

Al-Haddar decides to throw a feast in your honour, inviting several of his friends to join him. The fine food and lively conversation go on for several hours, and Al-Haddar entertains you with a continuous stream of funny stories. If you do *not* have the word 'trail', and you do have both the word 'kal' and either a vizier's robe or Al-Bakbuk's glass, turn to 397. Otherwise, if you have the word 'trail', or if you don't have the other items, turn to 244.

159

With Mencius dead, you can devote your attention to trying to understand the strange land to which his spell carried you. The continuing heat is hotter than the hottest summer you can remember, and you have yet to see a tree like the cool, dark pines of your homeland; these are all stumpy, twisted monstrosities. Perhaps the inhabitants of this land follow the same pattern? You soon have an opportunity for comparison. After joining a well-frequented path, you come upon a town – at least you assume it's a town. You are not accustomed to towns with walls round them, or towers of yellow clay with tops shaped like onions, for that matter. The path leads to a gate in the wall, guarded by reassuringly human soldiers. As you approach, you realize that you were half right – they are several centimetres shorter than you, with rather cruel faces and hooked noses. Their skin is tanned by the blazing sun, and their clothes are unlike any you have ever seen. You approach warily, but the guards take little notice of you. Soon you find yourself in bustling

streets full of strange, dark people. You notice that most are wearing clothes of silk which would strain even the Margrave's purse. You also hear their chatter: an incomprehensible guttural gabble that makes your head ache. If you start making enquiries about Reinhardt straight away, turn to 230. If you spend a little time getting settled in first, turn to 293.

160

Finally three corpses lie before you. Examining them, you are shocked to discover that they are not human – their skin is as black as night, their green eyes slanting, and their ears large and pointed. You take one of the serrated knives with which they fought (note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*). Exhausted by the fight, you slump to the ground. Now, at last, you can sleep. Luckily, Reinhardt seems to be wide awake. You just hope he can keep an eye out for more trouble. Turn to 242.

161

You take out the ruby ring. It is looking a little grubby, so you give it a polish on your sleeve. There is a flash like the discharge of a pistol, the acrid smell of sulphur, and a huge, monstrous figure is standing before you. Al-Bakbak rushes into the room and, on seeing the enormous creature, hurls himself to the ground, wailing pitiably. The demonic thing speaks, in a voice like rolling thunder, 'Ask, and I shall obey.' Will you,

Attack the evil creature?	Turn to 65
Ask it to take you to Reinhardt?	Turn to 342
Ask it to teach you the language?	Turn to 387

162

To obtain an audience, you require a vizier's robe; otherwise you will have to bribe the various functionaries at the palace. Tactful enquiries reveal that this will require either 25 Gold Pieces or any one of the following: a diamond, a piece of jewellery, a crystal goblet, a ruby ring, or a lapis lazuli brooch. If you know the secret of the ring and you still possess it, you may use that. Otherwise, if you have a vizier's robe or if you wish to make the bribe, cross the appropriate payment off your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to 352. If you want to choose another option altogether, turn to 241.

163

A sharp pain in your stomach jolts you awake from your dizzy hypnosis. Reinhardt lets out a cry of

triumph at being back in his own body. In the box marked 'Companion' on your *Adventure Sheet*, write '5' next to your SKILL and '8' next to STAMINA. Then tick the box marked 'Switch' in the bottom right-hand corner. This box shows you that you are now in your companion's body. Unless you switch again, you will use the SKILL and STAMINA scores of your companion. Write any equipment you gain while in this body in the bottom part of the Equipment List, so that you can keep track of who has what. Now that he has his body back, and you are stuck inside the feeble shell of Mencius, Reinhardt is keen to continue the divination. Turn to 32.

164

The figure chuckles to himself, and performs a mock bow to you, then pulls the plank back. The ship edges closer to the ledge. If you have a ruby ring, turn to 46. Otherwise, your only chance of escape from this dismal crag is to jump aboard the ship. Turn to 239.

165

The creature expires with a piteous cry; though hideous, it was as much a victim as you. Saleem is beset by people collecting their winnings, so when the boat once more slides to one side you rush out. You get clear of the arena safely, and return to check out Al-Fakik's hut. It's empty – the treacherous rascal has fled. You must search elsewhere. If you have the word 'trail' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 225. Otherwise, mark a cross there and turn to 241.

166

You prime your pistol as quickly as you can, but the two reach the crack before you can ram the bullet home. A wild, resonant cry of triumph from Mencius splits the air, and the pair vanish into the crack. You rush to the edge and peer down. Two figures are receding into the inky blackness, then they disappear abruptly. From now on, you resolve, you'll keep your pistol primed at all times – never mind the danger. Turn to 320.

167

There is a flash, followed by a strange sensation of falling through darkness. Then you find yourself standing in a large, richly decorated chamber. In front of you, a stern-featured woman, dressed in silken finery and sitting on an imposing throne, speaks to you. If you have 'basic kal' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 325. If you do not, turn to 121.

168

You find yourself staring at Reinhardt – but now it really is Reinhardt in his own body. You have scant seconds to comprehend what has happened before a sword flashes in front of your face. You have switched bodies! In the box marked 'Companion' on your *Adventure Sheet*, if you don't already have any values noted, write '5' next to SKILL and '8' next to STAMINA. Then tick the box marked 'Switch' in the bottom right-hand corner. This box shows that you have switched bodies with your companion. Unless you switch back, use the SKILL and STAMINA scores of your companion.

Write any equipment you gain while in this body in the bottom part of the Equipment box, so that you can keep track of who has what. However, you have access to any equipment carried by Reinhardt as long as he is with you. You now know how to switch bodies. Whenever your scalp prickles, you can change bodies with Reinhardt or Mencius. You will not be given this as an option, but you may choose to switch anyway. To switch, simply add together the digits of the paragraph you are at, then add the result to the paragraph you are at. For example, if you were at paragraph **156**, you would add the digits (1 + 5 + 6 = 12), then add this to the paragraph you were at (12 + 156 = 168), and then turn to paragraph **168**.

Now fight the second highwayman.

Second HIGHWAYMAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **249**

169

The body of the Demon explodes in a sheet of flame, then becomes a column of smoke, which shoots out the window. Al-Bakbuk is awe-struck. Referring to the thing you killed as 'genie', he congratulates you warmly, suggesting that you accompany him to the tavern for a round of celebratory drinks. If you go with him, turn to **73**. If you do not, turn to **255**.

170

You live a monk-like existence while feeding and training your dog. You decide to call the dog Kurt, since he reminds you of a favourite uncle of yours (note down 'Kurt' on your *Adventure Sheet*). Then mark four crosses on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **241**.

171

With a great effort of will you snap your drooping head upright. You must act quickly. Will you attack the wizard (turn to **81**), or flee (turn to **288**)?

172

Hunger gnaws at your stomach, sapping your strength: lose 4 points from your STAMINA. If you continue to climb the mountains, turn to **82**. If you turn back the way you came, turn to **277**.

173

Examining the corpse, you find that it has jet-black skin and pointed ears. You shiver – a sensation of evil which sometimes comes over you when you are in the presence of mages assails you now. You continue along the tunnel until you reach a fork. If Kurt is with you, turn to **230**. If you (and any companion you may have) are wearing a cloak, turn to **389**. Otherwise, turn to **329**.

174

With a look of desperation in his eyes, Mencius takes to the air, flapping his arms frantically. He flies higher up the tower, and you charge after him, trying to get within range in order to strike a death blow. You follow him all the way up the tower, then through a trapdoor on to the roof. From there you can only

watch helplessly as he heads out over the sea. You cannot follow him that way. Who knows where he will end up? One thing is sure: he has escaped you. You must start all over again, tracking him to the end of this accursed world. Do enough years of life remain to you to accomplish that? Only time will tell.

175

You have no idea where you are. You left the Margrave's castle in late autumn, but now the heat of the sun shining from a clear sky is almost unbearable. The terrain here is unfamiliar – you don't even recognize the trees and shrubs. How do you propose to track Mencius? Do you:

Follow the river downstream?	Turn to 283
Light a fire?	Turn to 96
Draw a Holy Symbol?	Turn to 313
Climb to the mountain top?	Turn to 139

176

Kurt leads you unerringly through the countryside until you arrive at a secluded valley. He drags you to a cave mouth and starts barking loudly. After a while, an old man emerges, his head swathed in the same strange cloth hat you had noticed on several of the townsfolk. Turn to 508.

177

Kurt is sniffing around by the tent with a casual aimlessness that doesn't seem very appropriate to the presence of a mage. In the tent, you notice that the

magician is chewing on a dried fish. That confirms it – he is not a mage! Pulling back from the tent, you almost bump into one of the tent-dwellers, who eyes you critically. You murmur a hasty apology and leave. Turn to 242.

178

You slump down on to the hard earth, painfully aware of your lack of food. Lose 1 point from your STAMINA. You sink into a fitful sleep, staring up at the unfamiliar stars of this god-cursed land. Next morning, your empty stomach is even more painful. Turn to 289.

179

After some distance the tunnel gives out into a huge underground chamber. Here the light is brighter, and you are surprised to notice that there are buildings. The inhabitants are mostly creatures with jet-black skins, dressed in weird clothing, who strut about like monarchs. Here and there you can see other creatures, including some humans, working as slaves. Near by, another larger tunnel leads away from the chamber. One of the dwellers below is riding a huge beetle towards the tunnel. Seizing the moment, you chase after it and leap up on to the shiny black carapace. The rider whirls, drawing a dagger, and defends himself.

DWELLER BELOW SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

As you fight, the beetle trundles along the tunnel. If you have a companion, he makes it on to the beetle's back but doesn't help you in the fight. If you win, turn to 344.

180

'My mission is to hunt down and destroy Menous . . . and all other sorcerers,' you declare, fixing his eyes with a challenging stare.

'What? Even the good ones?' enquires Khasim, raising an eyebrow. 'Ah, but I forget, you are not from our world of Titan. Perhaps where you come from, all the wizards *are* evil. Anyway, I hope you'll spare me long enough for me to help you rid our land of Menous.' That, at least, you can agree to. Turn to 61.

181

Now that the intensity of battle is over, you start to feel the pain caused by the venom as it gets to work on your muscles. You are alone in an unknown wilderness. You must act quickly if you are to stay alive. Do you:

Try to suck the poison from the wound?	Turn to 12
Bathe in the river?	Turn to 332
Yell for help?	Turn to 280

182

After mentioning the name of Al-Haddar, you easily find his house on a quiet street near the west gate. When you enquire within, you meet the storyteller himself, a powerful-looking man with drooping jowls.

You explain what you are doing in the city and he welcomes you warmly, offering you the hospitality of his house. After introducing you to his beautiful wife, Dunyazad, he claps his hand three times, summoning a servant to bring drinks and dainty sweetmeats. He explains that, although he doesn't know anything that may be directly relevant to your search, he does have a large stock of stories. 'Sometimes my stories can help a person with their difficulties,' he explains, 'for none of them are imaginary – all are true – and the truth is a powerful thing.'

If you accept Al-Haddar's hospitality and remain in his house, turn to 158. If you would like to do some more searching elsewhere before night falls, note down the number '158' – you may return to Al-Haddar's whenever you are given the option to go to the place where you have arranged to stay. If you have the word 'trail' written down, turn to 205; otherwise, turn to 241.

183

Dogs fed on goat's meat usually hate the smell of a sorcerer and will attack without urging. Kurt, however, seems strangely reluctant. If you decide to talk to the wizard, turn to 362. If you prefer to use another method of attack, choose one of the following (you must possess the item to use it):

A rapier	Turn to 237
A broadsword	Turn to 7
A rope of human hair	Turn to 86
A pistol	Turn to 330

184

The stallholder quickly lowers the price to 2 Gold Pieces. If you buy at the new price, cross the money off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 116. If you can't pay, you must find a different way of tracking Mencius. If you make enquiries in the town, turn to 318. If you use a Holy Symbol, turn to 78.

185

What kind of bullet are you loading into your pistol? Take the letters that spell out the type of bullet, and substitute the numbers from the following chart. Then add all the numbers together and turn to the paragraph with that number.

A	D	E	I	L	M	N	O	R	S	V
5	7	4	27	3	42	20	33	13	10	9

186

The magical energy bolt strikes you full force, exploding your body into its constituent atoms. For scant moments consciousness remains, and you hear again Mencius's words: 'I curse you to the end of eternity . . .'

187

You have no idea where you are. When you left the Margrave's castle, the weather was late autumn, cool and wet, but here the sun burns you more fiercely than in summer. You recognize none of the terrain, not even the kinds of trees and shrubs that are growing near by. How will you track Mencius? Do you

Follow the river downstream?	Turn to 245
Draw a Holy Symbol?	Turn to 103
Climb to the mountain top?	Turn to 395
Light a fire?	Turn to 57

188

Khasim's comment about flying remains a mystery for a while, but he does point out that Mencius has been in Kallamehr for a few hours at most, so you will arrive hard on the villain's heels (note down 'early' on your *Adventure Sheet*). After you have rested a while longer, Khasim picks up the carpet and escorts you out of the cave into the valley. If you have a shackles key, turn to 56; otherwise, turn to 227.

189

Back at the tavern, you meet the same fellow you encountered the previous time; he seems to be something of a regular. Once again he is happy to buy a drink or two for you. Turn to 55.

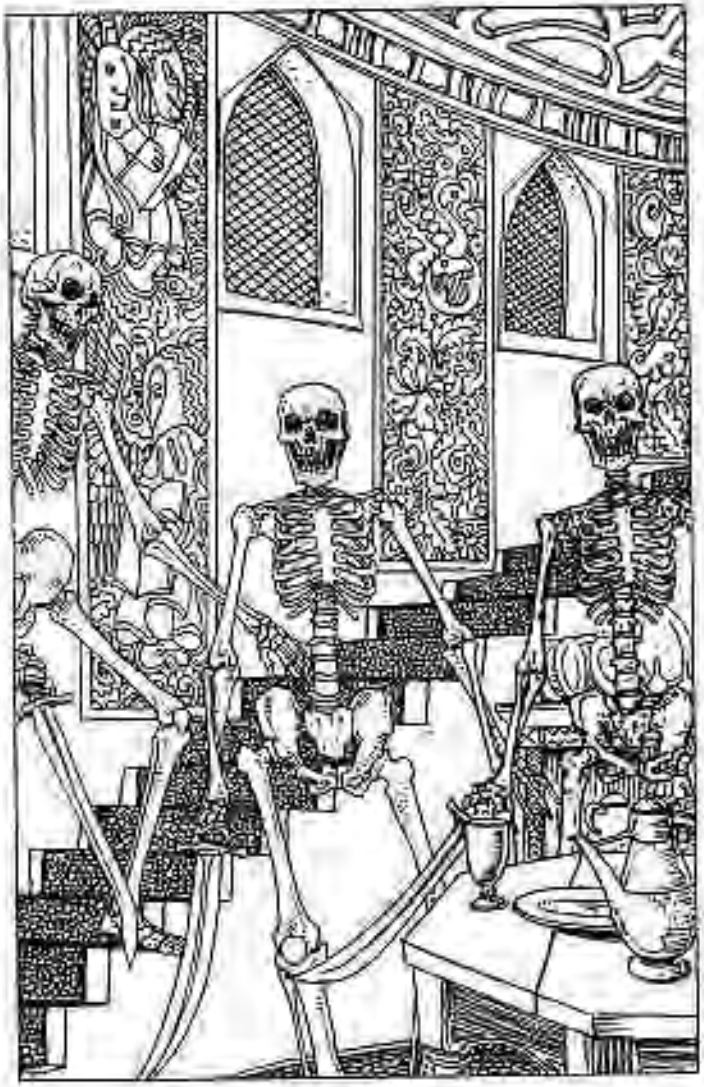

190

The Skeletons fall back, leaving a path for you to the stairs. They stand, grinning soullessly back at you as you make your way between them. From the chamber above, a mocking voice wafts down. 'So, you've had the good manners to bring my book back to me!' Turn to 392.

191

The pain is intense, but you manage to cleanse your body of some of the poison. Lose 2 further points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you are very weak. Turn to 242.

192

Erase the tick from the 'Switch' box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Reinhardt is furious at having been tricked into switching back into Mencius's body, and he leaps at you.

'Beware! You'll upset the carpet!' cries Khasim, but his call is unheeded. If you have Kurt with you, turn to 235. If you haven't, turn to 21.

193

You live in a dirty room, somewhat envious of your dog's regular diet of goat meat. You name your dog Kurt (note him down on your *Adventure Sheet*) after your maternal uncle, whom he resembles. Over the course of the week you explore the town a little, learning some more about these strange people (note down 'basic kal' on your *Adventure Sheet* if it is not

there already). If you wish to do some shopping for essential supplies during the week, turn to 248. Otherwise, turn to 304.

194

You are just wondering where you should go next when a jaunty figure strides up to you, grinning all over its too-familiar face. It's Mencius, flaunting his borrowed body. There are people all around, so you hope that he will be loath to attract attention to himself with serious magic; all the same, your eyes dart around for possible avenues of escape. 'I promised revenge, and I shall have it,' he says in your own language, but with a friendly smile on his face and an easy lilt in his voice. 'It will be my pleasure to extinguish your soul utterly, and it will be especially easy, as this magic-rich world has amplified my powers threefold. As a small gesture of my contempt for your abilities, by the way, allow me to present you with this.' So saying, he hands you a box. Your scalp prickles as you imagine what may lie within. If you have a Book of Craft, turn to 33; otherwise, turn to 275.

195

It's easier to descend than to ascend, but you have to take care not to slip. Still, after a short time you are back at the foot of the mountain, following the river downstream. If you have a ruby ring, turn to 159. Otherwise, turn to 245.

196

The old man continues glancing about nervously until

you are safely back in town. Before parting from you, he suggests that you make for Kallamelu, the biggest city in the area. It seems likely that Mencius would head for the largest town, the better to hide and cook up his evil schemes. Turn to 348.

197

Before you can move, you are seized and dragged along an ornate corridor, which gives on to a courtyard with a particularly beautiful ornamental pool and fountain. A wooden block stands in the middle of the courtyard, and you struggle even harder when you recognize the meaning of the reddish brown stains and the nick marks on it. But it is all in vain: in your weakened state you are no match for the burly courtiers. You are unceremoniously pushed down on to the block and an ugly man wielding a large, curved sword approaches. The rest is darkness.

198

How do you plan to track the wizard? Will you:

Draw a Holy Symbol?	Turn to 78
Make enquiries in the town?	Turn to 328
Train a dog?	Turn to 35

199

You wander through the streets, amazed at the number of people bustling around. As you penetrate deeper into the city, getting closer to the sea cliff, you are frequently accosted by hawkers pressing their wares on you and by beggars trying to part you from your loose change. Brushing them aside, you enter a large market square, over which broods an imposing tower, clinging to the very edge of the cliff. You stare up at it. Is it your imagination, or does some malevolent presence return your gaze from one of the upper windows? You have faced more formidable situations, however, so you push through the marketplace and ascend the steps leading up to the tower's brass-studded door. Opening the door, you find yourself in the great hall. There is not a soul in sight, then a voice behind you calls your name. Check your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have a wizard's pouch, turn to 337. Otherwise, turn to 138.

200

You kick the headless body down the slope, and throw the head after it. It doesn't quite reach the river, so you scramble down the slope. Near the bottom, you slip and twist your foot painfully. Stepping carefully, you cover the final metres and push Mencius into the fast-flowing stream. He is carried fifteen metres, then becomes tangled under a stray branch. As you limp along the bank, you notice something strange: Mencius's body has not swelled up, despite being immersed in water. Your ankle hurts, so you check it out. Strangely, there is a scar running along the side of your foot. You don't remember ever being injured there . . . but you do remember the Margrave's foolish young son cutting his foot open while playing with his rapier. That would explain the rapier and red clothes! Somehow you have switched bodies with Reinhardt! That means Reinhardt must have ended up in your body . . . or in Mencius's! If the latter is true, then the most evil sorcerer of them all is now free, and is roaming this country in the body of his greatest foe! You claw your way back up the slope and rest for a few hours. Before nightfall you check your possessions. Turn to 75.

201

When you are halfway along the plank, the flying ship's colourful captain gives it a sharp twist, cackling madly as you tumble off it. With the mountainside rushing past you ever faster and a painful pressure building in your lungs, you can only await a sudden and final impact with the ground . . . Turn to 224.

202

With a final blast of energy Mencius demolishes his opponent. But he is clearly weakened by the effort – his

first thought is of escape. With a look of desperation in his eyes, Mencius takes to the air, flapping his arms frantically. He flies higher up the tower, and you charge after him, trying to get within range in order to strike a death blow. You follow him all the way up the tower, then through a trapdoor on to the roof. From there you can only watch helplessly as he heads out over the sea. You cannot follow him that way. Who knows where he will end up? One thing is sure: he has escaped you. You must start all over again, tracking him to the end of this accursed world. Do enough years of life remain to you to accomplish that? Only time will tell.

203

You take the rope off the mage cautiously, keeping your eyes on him but avoiding his gaze. He doesn't try anything, standing still and calm as you back away. He spreads his arms slowly and smiles. Turn to 253.

204

There is shouting from outside the room, then some men rush in. They separate you from the pickpocket

and drag you out of the room. You have no idea as to the thief's fate, but you are hustled to the town gate and forcibly ejected. You are out in the wilds once more. A road stretches from the town, but you can't be sure where it leads. If you follow the road, turn to 76. If you want to climb a hill to get a better view of the land, turn to 25.

205

You wander along a bustling thoroughfare, unsure where to start your search, wondering where you might find Reinhardt. Being a lord himself, and an arrogant one at that, he may well try to contact the ruler of this city; so you start looking for a castle or a lord's mansion. You accost a few city folk, drawing curious stares but little concrete help. Finally, however, from a vantage point near the sea cliff, you catch sight of a tower, further along the cliffs. Could that be the place? You walk along the road towards the tower, then enter a large marketplace, full of traders of every description. You push through the crowds towards the tower – and arrive at the foot of a flight of steps. If you have a Book of Craft, turn to 98. Otherwise, turn to 13.

206

By repeatedly pointing at your mouth, you manage to convey your hunger and the villagers respond by offering you some food. Their honey cakes and light wine are no banquet, but they taste far better than the last food you had – at Mechtner's funeral. While eating, you try to explain to the villagers that you are

looking for Mencius, but they cannot comprehend you. Finally one of them has an idea. After your meal, he leads you out of the village and along a mountain path. In a sheltered valley a plume of smoke emerges from a hole in the rock; below it a cave mouth yawns. The villager leads you into the cave and calls out. After a while a light appears and an old man bearing a torch approaches. He is wearing loose robes and for some reason has a cloth wrapped round his head. He recognizes the villager and the two of them talk for a while. Finally the old man disappears into the recesses of the cave, returning with a book. He dismisses the villager then, after setting his torch in a wall sconce, he flips through the pages of the book. When he finds his place, he begins to read, muttering and gesturing with his free hand. He is a sorcerer, and he is casting some kind of spell! If you attack immediately, turn to 81. If you wait to see what happens, turn to 324.

207

'Mencius is dead,' you protest. 'I disposed of his corpse.'

'But he had switched bodies with his companion as a side-effect of entering this bubble of reality.' It feels as if he has punched you in the stomach. Mencius is still

alive! And Reinhardt, the impetuous young lord who freed the wizard, has paid for his foolishness with his life. 'By the way, you have something of mine. I'll have it back, if you *don't* mind too much!' your host says, clicking his fingers. The ruby ring floats up into the air and over to his hand (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 368.

208

You gaze deeply into Mencius's eyes, and concentrate on switching bodies. There is a period of disorientation. Then you find yourself staring at the body you have just vacated. Mencius's lips curl in a contemptuous snarl. He draws a sword and casually hacks down a passerby. Too late you understand his plan. As horrified screams arise from all sides, he fixes your eyes with an unavoidable stare, using his magical powers to force the body switch. You find yourself standing with a bloody sword in your hand, surrounded by a hundred hostile witnesses. Mencius seems tired by the exertion of forcing the body swap, but he manages a cheery wave as you are seized by twenty hands and dragged off. At the palace, you are tried before Kallamehr's ruler, Aaish Albudur. After hearing the facts of the case, she wastes no time in passing sentence. Turn to 197.

209

Since you were not using weapons, you both recover 2 points of STAMINA for every 3 points lost in the fight (if you lost 2 points, you recover 1 point). Reinhardt is dazed, but he should do as you say – for the moment at least. Turn to 93.

210

Your companion notices the claw hanging from your belt, and he seems rather surprised. He takes it from you, saying 'Shauca' repeatedly, and shows it to the other drinkers. Soon you are surrounded by an admiring crowd, all jabbering incomprehensibly. Unfortunately one of them, a vicious looking fellow with bulging muscles and foul breath, takes the opportunity to challenge you to a fight.

MUSCULAR BRUISER SKILL 6 STAMINA 9

If you reduce the bruiser to 1 point of STAMINA, turn to **137**.

211

You can't quite follow what it is the men are demanding, but you do catch the number 5 and what you are fairly sure is the local word for 'gold pieces'. One man's outstretched hand makes the meaning clear. If you pay the 5 Gold Pieces, cross them off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **80**. If you refuse to pay, turn to **399**.

212

Just as you start to suck at the poison, a spasm of pain racks your body. You try to spit out the venom, but swallow involuntarily. Your end is swift. Your journey finishes here.

213

'It doesn't matter,' 'Reinhardt' spits, a new edge appearing in his voice. 'I shall have my revenge anyway.' He starts to chant and gesture at you. Turn to **305**.

214

... like a candle snuffed out, the blinding light of the sun is replaced by absolute darkness. The sensation of falling is gone, and now there is no pain. Then, with an unpleasantly familiar feeling, your feet alight on solid ground. A guttering torch burns in a wall-bracket. You are in a cell. A crack sunders the floor. Somehow you have returned to the Margrave's castle. However, you have failed in your mission. You must live with that failure for the rest of your days.

215

There's a loud crack and the globe detonates, spraying sparks all around. Your scalp prickles with static. Add 1 to your LUCK. If you have a shackles key or a Scar (Sneeks or Shauca), you may either return to the town (turn to 360) or press on (turn to 285). Otherwise, turn to 28.

216

For a long time, Reinhardt had done nothing but grumble as you walked. For the last hour, however, he has been silent. You tell him that he can rest, and he collapses like a sack of cabbages. There is no food to fill the yawning void in your stomach. Lose 1 point from your STAMINA. You drift off to sleep, staring up at the unfamiliar stars of this strange land.

Next morning, Reinhardt is dead. Too late, you realize that the frail body he inhabited was not only old and weak, but also badly injured. You are too hungry to mourn and too weak to dig a proper grave. You check

his clothing and are surprised to find the key that he had used to free Mercius from his shackles. For some reason – perhaps guilt – he had been carrying the instrument by which he brought about his own downfall (note down the shackles key on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 285.

217

The vizier beams when he takes the robe from you. 'Hazah be praised!' he exclaims. 'With this robe Good will surely prevail! And now I must repay your kindness.' He puts on the robe then claps his hands three times. With a resounding crash the ground splits open, a huge Efreet, with a face that would frighten an army of a thousand men, emerges and bows low before the vizier. 'Fetch the sacred mace of Taur!' shouts the vizier. The Efreet bows once more, then leaps back down the crack from which it emerged. In the blink of an eye it reappears, bearing in its arms a mighty steel club, intricately decorated with a pattern of writhing Dragons. The vizier presents this mace to you and commands his awesome servant to begone. The Efreet leaps down the chasm, which closes above its head. Note the sacred mace on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you use it in battle you may add 4 to your Attack Strength. Gain up to 4 points of LUCK and turn to 361.

218

You find a crystal goblet inlaid with jewels which looks to be worth a fair amount, so you pocket it and leave (note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*). On the way out, you pass a man leading a donkey; he stares

at you intently, but you pay him no attention and press on. If you wish to start searching for Mencius straight away, turn to **198**. If you prefer to spend time getting used to these people's ways, turn to **189** if you have already been to the tavern or to **293** if you haven't.

219

Examining the wound, you can see the dull gleam of the silver bullet, lodged in Mencius's gut. Without proper tools, you'll just have to use your fingers! As you probe into the cavity, Mencius's body jerks in spasms of unconscious pain. As quickly as you can, you get a grip on the bullet with your thumb and finger and ease it out. Pocketing the blood-stained silver bullet (note it down on your Equipment List), you rip up Mencius's robe to make a wad of cloth. It's

a crude way to bandage a wound but, tied in place, it seems to work.

Mencius soon comes round, and stares up at you, bleary-eyed. 'What sorcery is this?' he demands. 'You look exactly like me!' His eyes contain none of the infernal malice you are used to, only bewilderment. The truth hits you like a charging bison – Mencius has switched bodies! The poor wretch before you is really Reinhardt, whose body you now inhabit. You tell him what has happened, and he begs you to set things right. Turn to **67**

220

At the far end of the bay is a promontory. The slope is not very steep, so you scale it, getting a good view of the coastline for several kilometres. The only distinctive feature is the city which you can see at the limit of your vision.

You spend another night in the open, en route to the city; but this time the gentle lapping of the waves lulls you to sleep, and you are undisturbed. To maintain your STAMINA you must consume 1 Provision (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). If you don't have any Provisions, you must lose 4 points from your STAMINA. Next day you enter the city. Turn to **100**.

221

What impulse led you to free the man? You are a magehunter, after all, sworn enemy of all sorcerers. Still, there is something, well, different about this one. He says a few words to you in a strange, guttural tongue. You reply with your name, and ask him for

his, but he just shrugs. He holds up his hands in a gesture of surrender, then points to the book. When you fail to respond, he picks it up, flips the pages and begins chanting again. Turn to 262.

221

The Gold Hex spins lazily through the air towards Mencius, landing at his feet and rolling a little way before coming to a stop. Mencius barely pauses in his spell. Then a cloud of purple smoke billows forth from the hex and an old man wearing a cloth hat suddenly appears. Mencius stops his chanting and stares, open-mouthed. The old man, whom you recognize as the wizard you encountered in the valley, immediately starts to cast a spell of his own. Soon the two are embroiled in a magical duel from which you hasten to take cover. Despite his initial shock, it soon becomes obvious that Mencius is the stronger of the two. If you have the word 'reflect' written down, turn to 88; otherwise, turn to 202.

223

You lock eyes with Reinhardt and feel the disorientation of the body swap. If there is a tick in the 'Switch' box on your *Adventure Sheet*, erase it – you are now back in Reinhardt's body. If there is no tick in the box, tick it now – you are in Mencius's body. Turn to 28.

224

After a while the dizziness passes and you turn your attention once more to tracking the wizard. Turn to 32.

225

On a sudden impulse, you fling the coin at your opponent. It strikes him and bounces off uselessly, barely distracting him (cross the gold hex off your *Adventure Sheet*). Then there is a flash, and a cloud of purple smoke appears, in the midst of which stands the wizard you spared earlier. It seems your generosity is to be rewarded, since he wastes no time in casting a spell at your enemy, who you now realize to be Mencius, somehow escaped from his corpse and ensconced in an all-too-familiar body. The two start blazing away at each other with magical pyrotechnics, and it dawns on you that Mencius's already fearful power has grown. If you stay to assist, turn to 42. If you take this opportunity to flee, turn to 376.

226

You plunge your sword into his chest. There is a gasp from the tavern folk. Several of them grab weapons and surround you, while another races out of the tavern. There are too many of them to fight, so you surrender peacefully, hoping that someone will be able to clear up the misunderstanding. Soon some guards arrive and drag you off to a large building. Barely aware of what is happening to you, you stand trial for murder, accused in a language you can't understand. You are found guilty; the sentence: death.

227

Reinhardt complains when Khasin lays the carpet on the ground and tells him to get on it. It's true that you too feel a little foolish but, if you don't trust

Khasim a little, you won't be able to get anywhere. Finally you are all on the carpet, sitting down. With barely a jolt the carpet floats up into the air. Reinhardt lets out a shriek of fear but, without giving him a chance to speak, Khasim says, 'To Kallamehr!' and you shoot off with the speed of a diving falcon, the air buffeting your face and making your scalp prickle. Turn to 93.

228

'With his dying blow, the Genie Prince hurled his vanquisher out of the window of the tower. Before he landed on the soft sand, Al-Ra'ad Al-Kasif with a piteous wail expired, and was seen no more in this world. His killer, meanwhile, turned back towards the tower, but he found his way blocked by three opponents: a venomous, hissing snake, a snarling mountain lion, and a fluttering raven. A voice sounded from behind the brass-studded door of the tower. "You must fight the most dangerous of these three if you

wish to enter the tower."' Which of the three will you choose?

The raven?	Turn to 354
The lion?	Turn to 115
The snake?	Turn to 254

229

You have walked for just a few hundred metres when you notice a cave mouth in the mountainside, well concealed on either side with rocks. No sooner have you spotted it than out of it scuttles a huge scorpion, its metre-long carapace gleaming in the sunshine. You have heard of such creatures, but never knew they could grow to such a size.

GIANT SCORPION SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

In every Attack Round, the Scorpion may attack twice. The first attack is with its claws; conduct the battle as normal. The second attack is with its sting. Compare Attack Strengths as normal. If your Attack Strength is higher, you have not wounded the Scorpion, merely parried its sting. If its Attack Strength is higher, you lose no STAMINA yet, but note down that you have been stung. If you fail to defeat the Scorpion within 4 rounds after being stung, you will die. If you defeat the Giant Scorpion, turn to 63.

230

Kurt, who had previously sniffed suspiciously at the dead Dweller Below, now growls warningly at the left-hand passage. Glad of his help, you creep warily along the right-hand tunnel. Turn to 179.

231

Skirting the town walls and keeping out of sight of the guards on the gate, you continue on your way. The sun's glare still punishes you, and your breathing is now coming hard – the air feels thick and coarse in your lungs. You are concentrating so hard on simply remaining conscious that you are caught by surprise when the attack comes. A huge, shaggy shape with legs like tree-trunks and lidless eyes like water-filled saucers rears up in front of you and swats you to the ground with a single sweep of its razor-sharp claw. Lose 1 point of STAMINA.

SHAGGY SHAMBLER SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

You may *escape* the Shambler if you struggle to your feet and flee straight away (turn to 135). Otherwise, you must fight. If you win, turn to 334.

232

You accost a few townspeople, trying to get your meaning across. The first three don't even try to listen to you but hurry off in disgust. The next one listens but finally gives up, unable to understand. You try your best with the next, pointing at yourself, since you realize that Reinhardt looks far more like you than any of these silk-swathed folk. The stranger is a wiry, sharp-nosed individual who seems keen to try to help, in fact, he ushers you into a nearby building, out of the bustling street. When you try to explain again by pointing at yourself, the man holds an object up in front of you. If you have a Book of Craft, turn to 385. Otherwise, turn to 108.

233

Further enquiry reveals that Saba is not the only foreigner matching Mencius's current description to have arrived recently in Kallamehr. A street urchin tells you about a strange-looking person who somehow managed to obtain an audience with the city's ruler, Asiah Albudur; shortly afterwards, this person was granted permission to live in the Rangor Tower, overlooking the market – a building which has stayed empty since the death of the city's previous ruler. Mark a cross on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you go straight to Rangor Tower, turn to 312. Otherwise, you may go to the bazaar to check on Saba (turn to 364) or choose another option (turn to 241).

234

After a few minutes the quaking subsides. Frightened funeral guests emerge cautiously from their hiding

places. Guards are dashing about in all directions, and a single question is on everyone's lips: 'Where is Reinhardt?' The alarm is raised. A guard rushes in to say that the new Margrave was last seen in the dungeons. Fearing the worst, you lead a squad of guards to Mencius's cell. Sure enough, there is no sign of the wizard. A huge crack sunders the floor of his cell, and an unconscious guard lies, sprawled near the door. When he comes to, the guard explains what happened. The new Margrave was talking with the wizard, who seemed to be promising him something. Then Reinhardt untied the rope round Mencius's wrists and unlocked his shackles. The wizard shouted out some words, and the castle started to shake. Mencius spun around, and green smoke filled the air. The last thing the guard remembers is the floor splitting open and the two men disappearing. Turn to 320.

235

Your loyal hound jumps forward to protect you, snarling at Reinhardt then worrying at his arm. Reinhardt, coward that he is, shrinks away from the dog in fear, his anger quickly evaporating.

'Have patience,' Khasim urges him. 'You will be back in your own body soon enough.' Turn to 93.

236

'You didn't have to kill him!' Reinhardt pipes up. 'He saved my life.'

'Killing mages is my job,' you remind him grimly. Turn to 384.

237

Flimsy though it is, the rapier can still impale as effectively as any sword. Your tiger-swift thrust catches the wizard in the chest and, to your surprise, not only pierces his skin, but runs him through! His hands flap vainly at the sword, but he is dead, and he knows it. His body seems to fold up as it collapses. You retrieve the rapier. If you have a Shauca Scar, turn to 125. Otherwise, turn to 384.

238

You check on Reinhardt, staring deep into fear-stricken eyes. For a moment you think you have fallen off the carpet, then you remember the unpleasant sensation of the body switch. If the 'Switch' box on your *Adventure Sheet* is ticked, turn to 192. But if it is not ticked, turn to 303.

239

The clownish figure walks over to you. You still can't make out his face, just a pair of mischievous, glinting eyes. He says a few words to you in a language you don't understand, then clicks his fingers. Turn to 300.

240

You haven't gone more than ten metres when you hear sounds coming from the tunnel ahead. There must be more Dwellers Below on their way! If you hide in the alcove in order to ambush them, turn to 26. If you turn around and hurry back down the tunnel, turn to 179.

241

If you have three crosses marked on your *Adventure Sheet* and do not have the word 'home' written there, cross off the word 'early', if you have it, and turn to 194. If you have the word 'fame' underlined on the *Sheet*, turn to 383. If you have the word 'fame' but it is not underlined, underline it now. If you have five or more crosses on your *Adventure Sheet*, write down the word 'fame' if it is not there already. Otherwise you should choose which of the following actions you wish to take. Will you,

Approach the authorities (you must have 'kal')?	Turn to 47
Make enquiries and hunt for clues . . .	
. . . if you have 'kal'?	Turn to 74
. . . if you have 'basic kal'?	Turn to 145
. . . otherwise?	Turn to 8
Look for a storyteller (you must have 'kal' or 'basic kal')?	Turn to 323
Use magehunting methods?	Turn to 373
Go to the market?	Turn to 267

If you have somewhere to stay, you may turn to that paragraph. Or, if you know where Mencius is, you may go there now if you wish.

242

The parched land through which you are trudging resembles nowhere you've seen before. Your home was a cool haven of majestic forests, mountains and pastures and, compared to that, this place is hell. If it weren't for the cool water of the nearby river, you feel sure you would die of heat prostration. After several hours, you see smoke rising into the sky from somewhere ahead. Taking advantage of what little cover the terrain affords, you creep up to a small village. The buildings seem to be made of baked mud, and their inhabitants are wearing strange clothes – but they are reassuringly human, and they seem peaceful enough. You enter the village, spreading your arms wide and asking for help. The villagers stare at you in amazement, then start to jabber in a language you have never heard before. Turn to 206.

243

A crackling tongue of lightning licks along your sword blade. There's a pop from the wizard's pouch, a sharp pain, and the unpleasant smell of singed flesh. Lose 1 point from your STAMINA. If you have reduced the Scintillating Globe to zero STAMINA points, turn to 215; otherwise, return to 286 and continue the fight.

244

You spend a restful night in Al-Haddar's house. Your STAMINA is restored to its full value (remember, you cannot recover points lost by passing through the magic portal). Next morning you awaken late and realize that it is high time for you to resume your search. If you know where to go, turn to the appropriate paragraph. Otherwise, if you have the word 'trail' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 205. If you haven't, mark two crosses, then turn to 241.

245

As you follow the river, your mind starts trying to catch up with what has happened to you. You notice that even the air smells unusual, and the clamminess of your skin is unnerving. Mencius's spell has obviously propelled you far from the Margrave's domain. You try to remember everything you know about the far-flung reaches of the world. Unfortunately, geography was never your strong suit. Beyond some lurid tales of the hot southlands, where men's skin is bright red and the earth is yellow, you are at a loss. If you have a Book of Craft, turn to 110. Otherwise, turn to 18.

246

With another flash the Genie reappears and, seconds later, Al-Bakbuk is attired in finery fit for a king and his home is filled with jewellery and carpets of the most exquisite quality. Add 1 to your LUCK score. Now, will you summon the Genie to take you to Reinhardt (turn to 342), or summon the Genie to take you to Kallamehr (turn to 147)?

247

To kill him, you will have to wet your sword with his blood and strike his head from his body. Keeping your eyes on the stunned mage, you slide your sword along the floor to the puddle of blood which dripped from Mencius's wound. Then you swing the sword back, preparing to make a final swing. At the last moment, Mencius's eyes snap open. Your sword curves around. Mencius shoots straight up in the air, letting out the cry of the damned as your blade cuts into his foot. But he is still alive, and his power has grown beyond anything you could have imagined. Summoning an enormous ball of tiny, writhing flames, he rains destruction down upon you. Your adventure ends here.

248

The market contains many things which may be of use to you. However, prices here are outrageous. You may buy items only if you have enough money – if you do, cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have some jewellery, you may use it to buy any *one* article. Cross it off your *Adventure Sheet* if you use it in this way.

You may buy more than one of any item if you wish. You may also buy things and give them to a companion, if you have one. Ten Silver Pieces (sp) are worth one Gold Piece (gp).

Candles, 12	1sp
Cloak, fine silk	18gp
Clothing, undyed	2gp
Dagger	2gp
Gloves, leather	4gp
Lantern	3gp
Mirror, small	5sp
Provisions (each meal)	5sp
Rope, hemp, 10 metres	7gp
Sword (heavy, wide and curved)	40gp

If you have a crystal goblet, you can offer it in exchange for one item. If you do this, turn to 272. Once you have made your purchases, if you have 'Kurt' written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 304. If you have a ruby ring, turn to 130. Otherwise, continue your search by turning to 198.

249

You can take the highwayman's horse. If Reinhardt is dead, you can retrieve all the possessions from his body (in addition, you can find the key from Mencius's shackles – note the shackles key on your *Adventure Sheet*). Otherwise, he too can take a horse. On the bodies of the highwaymen you find 47 gold pieces. With the help of the horses you make good time along the road. A few hours after your encounter, you

arrive at the coastal city of Kallamehr, passing through an imposing gate. Turn to 100.

250

It's hard work climbing up the mountainside in the punishing heat of the sun, but eventually you make it. This hill is prominent and, despite the heat haze, you can see for many kilometres. Your eyes follow the silver ribbon of the river at whose banks you arrived. It is joined by several mountain streams and, some way off, it passes through a town. You can't make out people at this distance, but there are definitely buildings of some kind. On the distant horizon a glimmer betokens the sea, or perhaps a mighty river or lake. As your eye follows it around you realize that it must be the sea. You can make out a dark area there which may be a city. Turning around further, you look down at a range of low hills. Only a few kilometres distant, you see a thin plume of smoke. Do you:

Climb back down to the river and follow it downstream?	Turn to 195
Head for the coast and the city?	Turn to 374
Make your way towards the plume of smoke?	Turn to 58

251

You are sick with vertigo, gripped firmly in its claws. After flying for some minutes, you observe another flying creature approaching rapidly. As it nears, you see that it is a flying serpent, with a body of iridescent scales, borne aloft by wings of gauzy membrane.

Clearly, it is the enemy of the bird carrying you, and it swoops to attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BIRD of PRODIGIOUS SIZE	7	(current) *
WINGED SERPENT	8	9

Work out the battle between the two creatures. However, the bird's grip on you loosens sufficiently for you to be able to attack one or the other each round if you wish. Roll for your own Attack Strength. If it is higher than your opponent's Attack Strength, you injure it as usual. If it is less than or equal to the opponent's Attack Strength, you suffer no wound. However, each Attack Round you should roll one dice and consult the following table:

Result	*Effect*
1–3	No effect.
4–5	A stray blow strikes you – lose 1 point from your STAMINA.
6	The bird lets go of you – turn to 60.

If the bird loses the fight, turn to 60. If the serpent loses the fight, turn to 120.

252

The Genie of the Ring appears before you. At your command, he produces for you any of the items available in the market (you may refer back to the list in paragraph 267 if you wish). Then, announcing that this was your last wish, he disappears, taking your ring with him (cross the ruby ring off your *Adventure Sheet*). Mark a cross on it and turn to 241.

253

The wizard's gesture arouseseyour suspicions, so you back out of the cave quickly. No magical bolts emerge to strike you, fortunately. You hurry away from the valley, glad to be out of danger. You are tired and hungry, however. You decide to rest near a thick, prickly bush. As you sit down, you feel something hard in your pocket. It's a five-sided coin, apparently made of gold, with strange symbols covering both sides. How did it get there? Was it the wizard's doing? Note down 'gold hex' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Add 1 point to your LUCK score and turn to 118.

254

'You leap forward and slice the serpent in twain. Then a screech comes from over your head. You look up to see a black shape hurtling down at you . . .' Turn to 151.

255

You try to impress on Al-Bakbuk the importance of your mission and finally, reluctantly, he accepts that you must leave. He presents you with a parting gift of a glass (note down 'Al-Bakbuk's glass' on your *Adventure Sheet*) and advises you, if you are ever in the city of Kallamehr, to seek out his brother, the storyteller Al-Haddar. Now will you:

Go shopping?	Turn to 248
Try to pick up the trail?	Turn to 130
Head for the city of Kallamehr?	Turn to 348

256

You mention the name of Al-Fakik to several passers-by and, having obtained directions from an old woman, you finally arrive at a ramshackle hut in the docks region. This is hardly the safest district you have ever visited, nor does Al-Fakik's dwelling inspire much confidence. There's no door, so you push aside the drape in the entrance and peer in. Your eyes take a short while to accustom themselves to the darkness. When they do, you find your gaze returned by someone with a fat face and hair sticking out at improbable angles.

'What do you want, then?' a peremptory voice demands. Will you:

Tell Al-Fakik his brother sent you?	Turn to 212
Tell him about your search?	Turn to 83
Ask him for a story?	Turn to 302

257

Green smoke seeps from the ground. You start to spin, but somehow your eyes remain focused on the ground at your feet. The stone splits open; a crack yawns before you. You move towards it and fall headlong into darkness. Seconds pass and lengthen into minutes. Time has no meaning in this blackness.

Then light bursts upon your eyes. You are standing on a mountain ledge. You feel weary, unnaturally tired. The weight of years seems to have settled on your shoulders. You have been aged ten years by sorcery (reduce your *initial* SKILL by 2 and your *Initial*

STAMINA by 4). Lying on the ledge before you is the crumpled body of Mencius. Dead eyes stare up at you from a head on which the hair is streaked with grey. Blood oozes from a savage wound in his stomach. There is no sign of Reinhardt, but near the body you find a key – the key to Mencius's shackles (add it to your Equipment List). Before you search for him you must dispose of the mage's body. Do you:

Bury it?	Turn to 246
Burn it?	Turn to 9
Throw it in the river?	Turn to 358

258

Having disposed of the Skulker, you spend a precious moment ridding him of his large cloak (note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*), before setting off after the other two. Unfortunately it's dark, and you lost sight of them while still embroiled in the fight. You dash around, trying to find some sign of them, but in vain. Finally you sink to the ground, exhausted, and drift into sleep. Turn to 142

259

You soon discover that it's almost entirely impossible to communicate with these people – they simply can't

understand a word you say. If you decide to get more accustomed to the town, turn to 189 if you have already been to the tavern or to 293 if you haven't. Otherwise, you can try to track Mencius by drawing a Holy Symbol (turn to 78) or by using a dog (turn to 35).

260

All feeling disappears, first from your limbs, then from your body. Is this death? A memory is nagging at you, but you cannot place it . . . until light bursts upon your eyes – torchlight. You are in a cell. A crack sunders the floor. Somehow you have returned to the Margrave's castle, but it is a hollow victory- you have defeated your greatest enemy, but at the cost of Reinhardt, the son of your greatest ally, and your rightful lord. If only you could have found some way of keeping him from dying . . .

261

Note down the number '319'. From now on, whenever you make a cross on your *Adventure Sheet*, mark a circle as well. When you have four circles, you can turn to 319. For now, mark a cross (and a circle) then turn to 241.

262

Your eyelids start to feel heavy, and your head droops on to your shoulder . . .

You wake to find yourself lying on a comfortable bed, staring up into the wizard's brown eyes. 'Forgive me for hypnotizing you,' he says. 'It was necessary in order to cast the spell which places our language in your mind.' You start to reply, then realize the implications of what he has said. Note down the word 'kal' on your *Adventure Sheet* (if you already have 'basic kal', erase 'basic'). He continues, 'I have also learnt something which may be of use to you. The foe you pursued through the dimensional portal into our land has eluded you. The corpse you left back at the river was that of your lord – by switching bodies, the Chaos Mage Mencius has escaped. His power is such that I can sense his presence in this land – and day by day he is growing stronger!' This news is terrifying.

You have never heard the term 'Chaos Mage', but you sense that the man to whom you are speaking is of a different kind from those you have dedicated your life to exterminating. He holds up the ruby ring you found earlier. 'I took the liberty of removing this from you – it is a Trickster item which could cause you much harm.' Cross the ruby ring off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 48.

263

Apart from the lingering heat, this is no worse than many other places where you have had to sleep rough in your travels. You find a reasonably sheltered spot and make a small fire. You fall asleep, staring up at the night sky, hunting in vain for some comfortingly familiar pattern of stars. Next morning you are up at dawn. Turn to 289.

264

You climb over the dunes to a sandy beach. Gulls are wheeling in the sky and waves roll lazily up the sand. Some distance away to your left, two long strands of dune grass wave lazily atop a low hillock, close to the water's edge. Will you:

Head along the coast to your left?	Turn to 90
Approach the dune?	Turn to 314
Make your way along the coast to your right?	Turn to 220

265

Reinhardt, who hung back with his usual cowardice while you were in danger, now suggests the idea of scratching drawings on the wall of the cave. While you hold the sorcerer, he scratches away, and the wizard soon picks up the idea. Reinhardt's picture of Menrius (or, rather, your old body!) is none too flattering, yet it's accurate enough. It elicits no response from the wizard. Further attempts at depicting the Margrave's castle and the pine-clad hills of your homeland prompt nothing more than puzzlement and shrugged shoulders. Finally a crude representation of a town yields a nod from the sorcerer. He gestures with his hands in a direction which you would guess to be south-west.

Without knowing his language, there's no more you can get out of the wizard. Will you now:

Kill him?	Turn to 299
Leave him bound?	Turn to 24
Free him?	Turn to 203

266

'Catch the treacherous rogue who brought me here! I want him flayed alive – you hear me? Flayed alive!' Reinhardt has lost little of his arrogance, it seems. He appears to have learnt no humility, despite the fact that it was his foolishness which caused this mess in the first place. Luckily, Khasm seems more concerned with your wound. Brushing aside Reinhardt's blustering, he takes a tiny jar of powder out of a small pouch, recites a short chant, and places his hand on your stomach. A wave of well-being comes over you. For the first time since you switched bodies with Reinhardt, the pain from your bullet wound completely disappears. In the Companion box of your *Adventure Sheet*, erase any current entries for STAMINA and SKILL and enter the values SKILL 6, STAMINA 12. Also erase the 'Shauca Scar', if you have it on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 62.

267

Kallamehr's marketplace is full of aggressive traders, desperate to foist their wares off on you. You can find anything you want, but obtaining it quickly is another matter. You also start to grow a little suspicious of the quality of some of the wares on sale. You can also try to obtain money by selling any precious objects you may have acquired. However, you realize that you are not going to get the best price here. You are looking for a quick sale and haggling with masters of their craft. Note that 10 Silver Pieces (sp) are worth 1 Gold Piece (gp).

To Buy		To Sell	
Candles, 12	1sp	A horse	20gp
Backpack	1gp	A ruby ring	20gp
Cloak, fine silk	10gp	A Gold Hex	55p
Clothing, undyed	4gp	A shauca claw	3gp
Dagger	1gp	A vizier's robe	40gp
Gloves, leather	3gp	Al-Bakbuk's glass	1gp
Horse	40gp	A crystal goblet	5gp
Lantern	2gp	A diamond	100gp
Mirror, small	5sp	Jewellery (per piece) (roll one dice then multiply result by 10)	10–60 gp
Provisions (each meal)	8sp	A magic amulet	10gp
Rope, hemp, 10 metres	7gp	A serrated knife	1gp
Sword, (heavy and curved)	30gp	A lapis lazuli brooch	5gp

If you have a dog and wish to obtain goat meat, turn

to 106. If you possess a ruby ring, and you know its secret, you may use it. When you have bought all you need, mark a cross on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 241.

268

You had taken care to load the pistol while the battle was raging, so now you simply have to aim and shoot. Your aim is true: the bullet strikes Mencius full in the forehead. Even his sorcerous power cannot heal such a wound. You watch as realization enters his dying eyes. His mouth moves, but the world is spared his dying words. He crumples. You look in triumph at his dead body, reflecting that it would have been good if you could have kept the body for its true owner. Then the scene before you is swallowed by absolute blackness. Check your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have a shackles key or the word 'lost', turn to 160. Otherwise, turn to 102.

269

'Mencius! Mencius! Mencius!' you shout. The old man cowers in fear, but he seems to understand you all right. 'Kallamehr,' he says, pointing in a direction you judge to be the south-west. If you tie him up before leaving, turn to 24. If you thank him for his help, turn to 127.

270

The Skeletons press in on you relentlessly, blades whirling. You manage to hack down a couple of them, but the end is inevitable. From the chamber above a mocking laugh echoes down to you. It is your enemy,

celebrating the defeat of his greatest foe. Now his evil will spread unchallenged. Your story ends here.

271

You close your eyes tight to try to rid yourself of the uncomfortable feeling, and after a while it clears. You rest for another few minutes, then continue. Turn to 388.

272

You complete the transaction and make your way out of the market. Suddenly you are seized from all sides. The merchant holds up the crystal goblet, and the sharp-eyed fellow with the donkey points at you and nods. You are held fast. After a bewildering sequence of incomprehensible meetings and arguments, a large, bald, sword-wielding muscleman appears, stripped to the waist. Your arm is tied to a wooden frame and you watch in helpless horror as the swordsman raises his sword high above his head and brings it down. Instantly, agony shoots from your arm all through your body. The world starts to swim around you and, mercifully, you faint. When you awaken, the horror of your situation dawns on you. You are a cripple in a strange land. Soon after the loss of your hand you go down with brain fever, which incapacitates you for weeks on end. By the time you recover it is too late – Mencius has seized control of Kallamehr, his power growing stronger by the day. Your career as a magehunter ends in abject failure.

273

The tunnel continues past a row of doors with barred openings. The doors are all locked shut. You peer into

the first but can make nothing out. You carry on along the tunnel; turn to 179.

174

Too late, you think of Reinhardt. He is not with you now, so you can only assume that he has been killed by the shaggy creature. Now all you can hope to do is bring Mencius to justice. You dab at the cut, opened by the monster's blow. It's painful, but you've suffered worse (note down Shauca Scar on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 377.

175

You open the box gingerly. Inside is your pistol, box of powder, and a lead bullet (note them on your *Adventure Sheet*). 'I will see you again,' says Mencius, 'but for now I had better hurry back to my tower.' So saying, he hurries off. If you follow him, turn to 312. Otherwise, turn to 241.

176

You concentrate hard, staring into Reinhardt's eyes. Nothing happens. You take his hand and try again. Still there is no result. Whatever spell caused you to switch bodies, it's not that easily reversed. Turn to 175.

177

You found no food on the way to the mountains – there is none on the way back. You soon lose the strength to walk, sinking to the unforgiving ground. You die here, unmourned, food for carrion.

178

Unfortunately you're no mountaineer. After descending a mere fifty metres, a piece of rock shifts under your feet; caught off balance, you claw desperately at the rock face, but in vain. As you fall, the mountain face rushes past your wildly twisting body, and the pain of pressure builds in your chest. The ground rushes up towards you . . . Turn to 224.

179

The courtiers drag you along a number of corridors and down flights of stairs, finally depositing you in a tiny, lightless cell. Here you languish for several days, wondering whether you will ever see sunlight again. Finally guards drag you from your cell and throw you out of the palace gates. If you have the word 'early' on your *Adventure Sheet*, cross it off. If you left a human companion outside the palace, there is now no sign of him – note down the word 'missing' on your *Adventure Sheet*. However, if you left Kurt here, he runs up to you, apparently none the worse for a few days alone in the city. If you now have one or more crosses on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 241; otherwise, turn to 100.

180

Your first attempt is no more than a croak but, as panic takes hold, you fill your lungs and let rip. You shout until you are hoarse, all the time feeling the poison creeping through your body. Luckily you are not moving, so its painful progress is slow. As dizziness grips you and your vision fades, you think you

see an old man wearing some sort of green cloth wrapped round his head as a strange hat. Then you sink into a fuzzy world of pain . . . Turn to 341.

281

You creep warily down the tunnel. A faint luminescence comes from the walls, and you can barely make out the way ahead. After several metres the tunnel opens up a little. A dark figure, sitting against the wall, leaps up as you draw near and challenges you in a language of unearthly resonance. The figure carries a sword with an ugly-looking serrated blade.

DWELLER IN THE DARK SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

You must fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 2 points because of the darkness. If you win, turn to 173.

282

Transformed into a large raven, Al-Azrad took to the skies. Jaddar was furious: his enemy had escaped him once more. But he was famous for his determination. Making careful note of the direction in which the raven flew, he pressed on through the forest. Soon after leaving the trees, he came upon a small hut in front of which sat a hunchback. This twisted fellow nevertheless greeted him heartily and, in answer to Jaddar's questions, replied that he had seen a raven flying north towards the Omnipresent Tower. Jaddar, seeking to learn more about the Tower, received in answer from the hunchback the following tale:

"'There was once a foolish prince who befriended a wicked man. Even though he knew the man was an unbeliever who practised the black arts, the prince often enjoyed his company. Finally the scoundrel was arrested by one of the king's officers, and locked up in a dungeon. The prince, worried that the wicked man might tell of their association, implicating him in his crimes, went down to the dungeons. What plan was forming in his reckless young mind?"' If you think that the prince killed the wicked man, turn to 326. If you think he freed him, turn to 122.

283

You haven't walked far before Reinhardt collapses, complaining that he tripped because of the wretched body he now inhabits, so you agree to a brief rest. Five minutes later, a slight dizziness overcomes you and your scalp prickles. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 296. If you are Unlucky, turn to 128.

284

The officials at the palace are quite talkative and they ask you many questions, which you deflect skilfully. In response to your questions, you learn that they know of no other foreigners like yourself in the city. There are quite a number of wizards, they say, but none which poses a threat to the security of the city. Mark a cross on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 241.

285

After an hour or so's walking next day, your nose picks up the faintest trace of salt-spray – you must be near the sea! At the top of a low rise you can make out some ruins, which on closer inspection resemble some of the old ruins of your homeland. Wandering among them, you are surprised by a creature as strange as any you've seen summoned by your sorcerous enemies. It is fully six metres in length, with a golden body and the head of a lion, but sprouting a pair of wings. As you start in surprise, the thing grunts at you, its voice surprisingly reminiscent of a human's. If you attack the creature, turn to 58. If you treat the thing with respect, turn to 144. If you hold your ground warily, your weapon in hand, turn to 375

286

You awaken late- the sun is up and shining down on you brightly. And yet . . . a sixth sense is telling you that something is not quite right Something else woke you . . . something close . . . something strange. There it is! A dancing ball of pale light, floating in the air Fascinated, you watch it approach. Tiny bolts, like lightning, start to spit from the ball Suddenly it darts towards you. You barely have a chance to ready yourself

SCINTILLATING GLOBE SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you make a successful attack on the globe, turn to 346. If your STAMINA is reduced to 2 or less by the globe, turn to 34.

287

You return along the beach as far as the body of the Giant Crab. Approaching it, you get the eerie feeling that it is moving. Then you realize that the crab is indeed dead but is covered with slithering, transluscent shapes. Apparently devoid of sense-organs, these jelly-like eels nevertheless are clearly aware of your presence. They slither across the sand, cutting off your retreat. Close up, they possess no distinguishing features – they are just metre-long, worm-like lumps of sentient gristle. You will have to fight your way through ten of them to make your escape. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First JELLYWORM	4	2
Second JELLYWORM	3	3
Third JELLYWORM	4	2
Fourth JELLYWORM	4	3
Fifth JELLYWORM	3	2
Sixth JELLYWORM	4	2
Seventh JELLYWORM	4	2
Eighth JELLYWORM	4	3
Ninth JELLYWORM	3	2
Tenth JELLYWORM	4	2

If you win through, you escape along the beach. Turn to 220.

288

You charge out of the cave and into the valley. If you have a shackles key, turn to 123. Otherwise, turn to 366.

289

The blast strikes you head on, flinging you backwards. Lose 1 point from your STAMINA. Khasim's magic amulet has protected you from the full force of the blast. Seizing the opportunity, you dash forward, colouring your weapon with the splash of blood which fell from Mencius's brow. Mencius shrieks once more and prepares to release another blast. But you are on him first. If you have the Book of Craft, turn to 29; otherwise, turn to 331.

290

You make a dive for Mencius, but the crack in the floor widens and an unearthly force sucks you towards it. You hover on the brink as Mencius plunges down. Then Reinhardt desperately grabs for you. You both

fall headlong into blackness. Seconds pass and lengthen into minutes. Time no longer seems to be passing. All around is black. Feeling disappears from your limbs, then from your body. The sensation of falling is gone.

Light bursts upon your eyes like a shaft of ice. You are standing on a mountain ledge. Out of the corner of your eye you see a figure toppling from the ledge. You rush to the edge but are too late – the figure rolls down the scree slope and plunges into a fast-flowing river. You watch for some seconds, but see no sign of him surfacing. A groan from behind brings you spinning around. Mercius is lying in a heap on the ground. His jet-black hair is now streaked with grey and a trickle of blood dampens his brow. If you waste no time in killing him, turn to 20. If you examine him while he is unconscious, turn to 107. If you bring him round, turn to 363.

291

The crazy figure shrugs and disappears from view. Moments later, the ship moves away, and you are left alone on the ledge. Turn to 363.

292

The courtiers block off your route to the door, so you can see only one avenue of escape: the intricately latticed window. You charge at it, smashing it and sailing through the air, to splash in an ornamental pond below. Lose 1 point from your STAMINA. Before the alarm can be raised, you sprint across the courtyard and out through the palace gate, under the noses of the surprised guards. If you have a companion or Kurt, you quickly meet up with them and disappear into the back streets. Note down the word 'bath' on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have one or more crosses on your *Sheet*, turn to 241; otherwise, turn to 100.

293

There must be a tavern of some kind round here, but can you recognize it? In your land, taverns advertise their trade with signs – often pictures of a pitcher brimful of beer. There are no such signs here, however. Finally you see a man staggering out of an ornate stone building with the unmistakable swagger of a drunkard. You hurry in, to view the strangest bar scene you've ever beheld. The customers are seated on rugs, being served by scantily clad men and women. They are drinking their brew from cut glass. As you enter, their eyes all turn to you, and the room grows hushed. For a moment panic grips you, but then the conversation resumes. You sigh in relief, remembering countless similar experiences in country taverns of your homeland. You take a seat and are quickly befriended by a huge, bearded local. He seems unworried at your lack of language ability and starts to teach you some of the basic words, clicking his fingers at frequent intervals to replenish both his glass and the one he provides for you. It's not beer, but a sweet, light wine which does wonders for your exhaustion.

What is your plan now? If you or a companion have a bullet wound and wish to visit a doctor, turn to 2. If you have a Shauca Claw, turn to 210. If you want to concentrate on acquiring some knowledge of the language, turn to 55. If food is your main need, turn to 89. Or you may prefer to buy some other essential supplies, turn to 248.

294

'So finally the snake lay dead. Jaddar cut off its head and put it in his pouch, then turned his head homeward. Three days and three nights he travelled, full of joy that once again he would see the city he loved. On the fourth day, however, he saw a dejected figure on the road before him. Approaching closer, he saw it was a vizier who had entertained Jaddar as a guest on many occasions and had supported his cause. The vizier's clothes were torn and dirty and, as soon as he saw Jaddar, he began to wail: "Evil, treachery, blasphemy against the will of Hazah!" Jaddar asked him what was the matter; from him he learned that there was a new Emir in the city, a man of evil moods and doubtful faith. "Oh give me a sword, that I may fight against this injustice!" the vizier pleaded. Jaddar willingly gave him his own sword and magic bow in hand, accompanied him back to the city. On the way, the vizier told Jaddar a story.' Turn to 371.

295

The innkeeper wastes no times in argument. Snatching up a butcher's cleaver, he leaps at you.

INCENSED INNKEEPER SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you defeat the innkeeper, turn to 117

296

Glancing around, you happen to catch Reinhardt's eye. You lock stares, and the dizziness grows stronger. There is a feeling like falling through the air, and you find yourself staring into Reinhardt's eyes – but now Reinhardt is back in his own body! A sharp pain in your stomach confirms that you are now in the body of Mencius! Reinhardt is delighted to be restored to his natural state. In the box marked 'Companion' on your *Adventure Sheet*, write '5' next to SKILL and '8' next to STAMINA. Then tick the box marked 'Switch' in the bottom right-hand corner. This box shows that you have switched bodies with your companion. Unless you switch back, you will use the SKILL and STAMINA scores of your companion. Write any equipment you gain while in this body in the bottom part of the Equipment box, so that you keep track of who has what. You now know how to switch bodies. Whenever your scalp prickles, you can change bodies

with Reinhardt or Mencius. You will not be given this as an option, but you may choose to switch anyway. To switch, simply add together the digits of the paragraph you are at, then add the result to the paragraph you are at. For example, if you were at paragraph 283, you would add the digits (2 + 8 + 3 = 13), then add this total to the paragraph you were at (13 + 283 = 296) and then turn to paragraph 296. Now that he has his body back, Reinhardt is eager to track Mencius and find a way back to his own land. He drags you to your feet and you set off again. Turn to 245.

297

With a thunderclap, the Genie appears.

'Kill him!' you shriek, pointing at the gesturing figure. The Genie wastes no time in attacking your enemy, and the two are soon embroiled in an all-out battle – ravening bolts of magical energy repeatedly blast the Genie, who responds with juddering punches against the mage's magical barrier. If you seize the moment to flee, note down the word 'genie' and turn to 376. If you stay to help, turn to 42.

298

You steel yourself for the pain but are relieved, if a little surprised, when the physician treats your injury with herbs that sting slightly, then bandages it tightly. In the Companion box of your *Adventure Sheet* erase the STAMINA score and replace it with 10; erase the SKILL score and replace it with 6. Note down the word 'bandage'. You leave the tavern in high spirits – your benefactor insists on returning for another drink or three. That's fine with you, as the tavern is relatively cool. Out in the streets, the sun beats down on your head, making your scalp prickle. Turn to 55.

299

Tugging the rope up round the man's neck, you start to tighten it. He is surprisingly weak and, after a rasping gurgle, goes limp. You continue tightening the rope, just to be on the safe side, then release his pathetic corpse. If you have a Shauca Scar, turn to 225. Otherwise, turn to 384.

300

'I can't be bothered to learn your language,' he says, 'so I taught you mine.' Sure enough, you can now understand him perfectly (note down 'kal' on your *Adventure Sheet*). 'I'll probably help you,' he continues, 'as this fellow Mencius is a bit of a nuisance, and you seem to have burst from the same bubble as he.' If you have a ruby ring and a Book of Craft, turn to 207. If you have just a ruby ring, turn to 50. If you don't have a ruby ring, turn to 368.

301

Al-Fakik spits on the rough floor. 'It'll cost you,' he says. 'Two gold in advance.' If you pay him, cross the money off and turn to 39. If you do not, you can tell him his brother sent you (turn to 112) or leave him in peace (turn to 205 if you have the word 'trail' written down; otherwise, mark a cross and turn to 241).

302

After a while you lose sight of the smoke, but you do happen upon a mountain path which seems to be going in the right direction. Turn to 52.

303

Tick the 'Switch' box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Reinhardt is jubilant to be back in his own body again and lets out a shout of pure joy. Khasim almost falls off the carpet in surprise, but he soon catches on to what has happened. Turn to 93.

304

You are ready to start tracking Mencius. Kurt seems eager to start and you have to keep him on a tight

leash. You quickly leave the town and head out into the countryside. If you have a wizard's pouch, turn to 97; otherwise, turn to 176.

305

What will you do to defend yourself before this apparition completes his spell? Will you:

Shoot him with a pistol and a silver bullet (if you have one)?	Turn to 36
Strike him with a sword?	Turn to 129
Attack him with rope of human hair (if you have it)?	Turn to 85
Toss a gold hex (if you have one)?	Turn to 223

Or you may use the secret of the ring, if you know it.

306

With a clap of thunder, the mighty Genie appears. He quickly clears a path through the advancing Skeletons to the flight of stairs, scattering their bones like matchsticks. The Skeletons continue to press in, and your enchanted servant finishes the last of them with a broad sweep of his arms. 'Master, that was your last wish! Now I will have my freedom,' the Genie declares, then he disappears. The ruby ring has gone from your finger (erase it from your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 392.

307

The two cloaked figures whom you are not fighting lift Reinhardt's sleeping form and drag him away into the darkness. You are too busy holding off your

enemy to do anything about it. Continue fighting the Shrouded Skulker. If you win, turn to 258.

308

The man, who must be some kind of hermit, ushers you a little way into his cave. He asks if he can help you, to which you reply that you are looking for a sorcerer. 'I am a sorcerer,' he says. If you attack him straight away, turn to the paragraph which contains your method of attack (you must have the appropriate item). Will you:

Strike him with a rapier?	Turn to 237
Strike him with a broadsword?	Turn to 7
Urge Kurt to attack him?	Turn to 183
Bind him with rope of human hair?	Turn to 86
Shoot him with a pistol?	Turn to 330

Or, if you choose not to attack him after all, turn to 362.

309

All feeling disappears, first from your limbs, then from your body. Is this death? A memory is nagging at you, but you cannot place it . . . until light bursts upon your eyes – torchlight. You are in a cell. A crack sunders the floor. Reinhardt is standing by your side. Somehow you have returned to the Margrave's castle. The two of you make your way through its passages. In the Great Hall, you are seized by guards and brought before the chamberlain, who seems to have installed himself as the new Margrave. He eyes you suspiciously. 'Congratulations, magehunter. You have

recaptured the mage Mencius, slayer of our beloved former Margrave, Reinhardt. Since it is almost dawn, we will burn him immediately.' Both you and Reinhardt start to protest, but to no avail. After all, Reinhardt *is* in Mencius's body. Your victory over Mencius is hollow – however much you may dislike Reinhardt, he is the son of your greatest ally. You watch him burn, turning over and over in your mind the missed chances that might have kept him alive.

310

Reinhardt screeches with disappointment as you break away; too late, he realizes that he has missed the chance of being reunited with his own body and that, if either of you had wished to make the transfer, it would have happened. You thank your quick wits for working out faster than Reinhardt what was happening, and continue with the divination. At least now you have the encouraging thought that it's possible for you to return to your own body. All you have to do is find and subdue Mencius first! Turn to 32.

311

In the shadow of a huge pillar you find a wide tunnel leading downwards. You grope your way into the murky interior, stumbling over something. It turns out to be an exquisitely wrought necklace, with a dazzling array of jewels set in gold. (Note down this piece of jewellery on your *Adventure Sheet*.) If you press on into the darkness, in search of more treasure, turn to 24. If you make your way to the sea, satisfied with your spoils, turn to 264.

312

The Rangor Tower, overlooking the marketplace, that is where your pursuit of Menous leads. You can see why he would want to make it his lair. As it is built on the very edge of the cliff, it is impossible to fence the mage in with a circle of mirrors. As you stare up at the tower, it seems to exude a quality of permanence, as if

it is somehow more than real. You mount its steps and cautiously push open the brass-studded door. The Great Hall inside is empty. You walk warily across it towards the staircase in the opposite wall, surprised to see that the opulent carpet is covered with tiny bones. You have walked no more than six paces when the trap is sprung. The door slams shut, and a horde of living Skeletons, wielding bright bronze scimitars, arise from the tiny bones. If you have the Book of Craft, turn to 190. If you have the ring and know its secret, you may use it – unless you have the word 'genie' written down, in which case nothing happens. If you have Kurt, turn to 45. Otherwise, turn to 270.

313

You start to draw the Holy Symbol in the sandy soil of the hillside, using Reinhardt's fancy rapier. When it is finished, you pick up a smooth stone and offer up a prayer. For this method to work, you must be completely calm. But a slight dizziness overcomes you, your scalp prickles; your eyes are locked with Reinhardt's. If you break eye-contact and carry on with the ritual, turn to 224. If you continue staring, turn to 149.

314

There's something strange about the two strands of grass. As you approach, they wave more excitedly, then point in your direction. Curious, you approach closer – then you notice that on the end of each strand is an eye! The hillock quivers and shakes, and an enormous crab heaves itself out of the sand. With the speed of its spider-like legs it charges at you.

GIANT CRAB SKILL 9 STAMINA 20

For its first attack only, add 2 to the Giant Crab's Attack Strength. If it succeeds in this attack, it has grasped you in its pincer – you must fight with a temporary reduction of 2 to your Attack Strength until you kill the crab. If you win, turn to **20**.

315

Al-Bakbuk waves goodbye, suggesting that if you are ever in Kallamehr you should seek out his brother, the storyteller Al-Fakik. As a parting gift he gives you a cloth hat (note down 'turban' on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now will you:

Go shopping?	Turn to **248**
Try to pick up the trail?	Turn to 322
Head for the city of Kallamehr?	Turn to **348**

316

'Sure enough, the prince drew his dagger and plunged it into the wicked man's breast. Then he watched in horror as the wizard's eyes opened wide to stare at him. With a sickening pop, the eyeballs flew out of

their sockets, circled the prince's head twice, then flew right into his mouth and down his throat! The wizard's body slumped to the ground, but he was not dead. With his eyes inside the prince, he could take over the prince's body at any time. When the prince became king, a new era of evil fell upon the land, and the blessing of Hazah left its people . . .' Turn to 151.

317

Your eyes lock with Reinhardt's, and once again you experience the dizziness of body switch (erase the tick from the 'Switch' box on your *Adventure Sheet*). Reinhardt is furious to be back in Mencius's body and immediately starts raging at you. Your drinking companion can't understand what the problem is but waits patiently until you're ready to go on into the tavern. On entering, Reinhardt calms down a little. Turn to 55.

318

If you have a wizard's pouch, and 'basic kal' is written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 16. If you don't have the pouch but do have 'basic kal', turn to 126. Otherwise, turn to 259.

319

Finally the week is up. You decide to call your dog Kurt, after an uncle of yours whom he resembles. Note down 'Kurt' on your *Adventure Sheet* and erase the circles. If you know where Mencius is, you may go there now. Otherwise, turn to 241.

320

With the new Margrave gone, the castle is in uproar. Reinhardt was Mechtner's only child and no one knows which of the many distant relatives is next in line. Several retainers try to take command, and factions emerge. Ignoring the developing power struggle, you set your mind to the task of recovering Reinhardt and recapturing Mencius. Helping yourself to a horse from the stables, you ride out to the ruined monastery in which Mencius had been hiding when you tracked him down. A thorough search uncovers a spell book, written in the Old Language but comprehensible to you (note down the Book of Craft on your *Adventure Sheet*). You have devoted your life to stamping out sorcery but now, it seems, you must learn some. For a week you study the book, until finally you discover the spell Mencius must have used to escape from the cell. According to the book, it creates a 'nexus', a gateway between 'realms of existence'. It is a very dangerous spell, and moreover it adds ten years to the age of the wizard who casts it. Nevertheless, it seems that the only way for you to follow Mencius will be to try to cast the spell. If you make the attempt, roll one die. On a roll of 1 or 2, turn to 257. On a 3 or 4, turn to 43. On a 5 or 6, turn to 113. If you decide not to cast the spell, preferring to wait and see if Mencius returns, turn to 347.

321

As you slump to the ground, Reinhardt cries out; he clutches at his stomach and moans. In the evening gloom, his face seems to be the colour of whey. You

try to sleep, but Reinhardt's moaning keeps you awake. Finally it stops, and you slide into unconsciousness.

Next morning, Reinhardt is dead. You check his clothing and are surprised to find the key that he had used to free Mencius from his shackles. For some reason – perhaps guilt – he had been carrying the instrument by which he brought about his own downfall (note down the shackles key on your *Adventure Sheet*). You dig a shallow grave for his body and say a brief prayer. Turn to 285

322

If you have a ruby ring, turn to 150. Otherwise, turn to 198

323

You should only seek out a storyteller you have not met before. Which storyteller will you look for

Al-Fakik?	Turn to 256
Al-Haddar?	Turn to 182
Al Nashshar?	Turn to 31

Or, if you will settle for the first one you run into, turn to 119.

324

Your eyelids start to feel heavy and your head presses on your neck like a lead ball . . . you are falling asleep. If you wish to resist the spell, roll three dice. If the result is less than or equal to, your STAMINA, turn to 171. If the result is greater than your STAMINA, or if you don't wish to resist the spell, turn to 341.

325

With a jolt, you realize that you are back in your own body. Your SKILL and STAMINA scores are returned to their *initial* values. However, *all* your possessions have gone. Erase all possessions, and in their place write down the following: red clothing, pistol, box of powder, one lead bullet, 25 Gold Pieces, 2 Provisions. Note the words 'home' and 'early'. If you previously had a shackles key, note the word 'lost'. The woman you are facing seems to be accusing you of something, though you can't be sure exactly what. Still, it seems best to apologize profusely and hope that she will let you off. Since sideways glances reveal huge, muscle-bound men waiting on either side of you and eyeing you with undisguised contempt, you prostrate yourself, explaining in your limited language that you are a mere foreigner, ignorant of this land and its customs. She waves her hand imperiously. Turn to 148.

326

The vizier thanks you for your assistance. 'I go now to try to free the city. May Hazah be with you in your battle.' So saying, he strides off, leaving you to face the Omnipresent Tower. Turn to 361.

327

Assuming that the word of a sorcerer is inherently untrustworthy, you decide that it's better to go in the opposite direction. Accordingly, you set your sights northward and hurry away from the cool valley. Turn to 357.

328

The figure chuckles to himself, then pulls the plank back. If you have a ruby ring, turn to 46. Otherwise, if you have a pistol you may prime it (note what kind of bullet you are loading – you may shoot the diamond you found, if you like) and shoot the figure (turn to 222); or you can jump over to the ship (turn to 239) or wait where you are (turn to 291).

329

Either passage seems as good as the other, so you hurry along the left-hand tunnel. After a few metres you are startled by a sudden movement close by. Turning, you see a hidden alcove in which are two more Dwellers in Darkness, their weapons at the ready. You have no chance to defend yourself. Taken by surprise, your adventure ends here.

330

With practised ease you draw your pistol, ram the bullet home, cock it and shoot. In the enclosed space the detonation is deafening, the muzzle flash leaves you temporarily blinded. After a few seconds it clears. The wizard lies in an untidy heap on the ground, his

chest a smoking ruin. There's no doubt about it: he's dead; you can add another mage to your list of conquests. Delete the silver bullet from your Equipment List. If you have a Shauca Scar, turn to 125. Otherwise, turn to 384.

331

Mencius can still protect himself, but he is vulnerable to your weapon. His SKILL is 2 points less than your *Initial* SKILL (since he is not using a weapon); his STAMINA is your *Initial* STAMINA. Fight him as normal. However, he is not using a sword – instead he will attack you with magic. If your Attack Strength is greater than his, it means you have managed to strike him and may inflict damage as normal. If your Attack Strength is less than or equal to his, it means that you were unable to find an opening. His magical blast will hit you every round even if your Attack Strength is greater. In the first round you must lose 1 point from your STAMINA; then, as the power of the magic amulet is overcome, in every subsequent round you must lose 2 points of STAMINA. If you reduce Mencius to 2 or fewer points of STAMINA, turn to 124 if you have the word 'reflect' on your *Adventure Sheet* or to 174 if you don't.

332

You run down the slope, racked with pain from the poison, and plunge into the fast-flowing stream. The cool water soothes you a little, but the poison is still spreading. Before you can do anything else, the venom paralyses your limbs. Your misadventures end here.

333

In the blink of an eye you find yourself facing a wild-eyed ragamuffin, dressed in ill-fitting rags. On either side of him stand two faceless, robed figures who are continually pulling him one way and another. 'You cheeky rascal,' he splutters at you. 'You *dare* to push your luck after dispatching the Reaver in such a cavalier fashion? I'll have to make another one now. Get back to your own world, you give me a headache.' Lose 2 points from your LUCK. Also, you are automatically Unlucky in the roll you just made. Now turn back to the paragraph you came from and continue.

334

What *was* that thing? You stoop to examine the corpse of the huge hairy monstrosity. You've never seen anything remotely like it, even in books. After a fight like that, you feel you deserve some kind of a trophy. You cut off one of the creature's claws (note down Shauca's Claw on your *Adventure Sheet*). You push on, following a path up into the hills. After another couple of hours' walking, you reach a vantage point from which you can see the lay of the land. Behind you is the town you passed. The river continues past it, snaking round the hills. Ahead of you is the sea, and off to your right you can make out a coastal city. Will you,

Go back to the town?	Turn to 143
Head for the coast?	Turn to 393
Make for the city?	Turn to 27

335

You scratch the Holy Symbol on the dusty ground, drawing a curious crowd of street urchins. You toss the stone, then sight along the direction indicated. It leads to the rear of an ornate building of white stone with delicately fluted columns. You slip in through a rear entrance, finding yourself in the precincts of a huge bath-house. Portly, naked bathers lounge around in steaming water; you have no way of knowing which, if any, is a mage. Before you can proceed any further, the bath-house's bouncers, two fat, bald men in absurd silk bloomers, block your way.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BOUNCER	5	8
Second BOUNCER	6	7

Fight the bouncers one at a time. If you win, you face a bath-house full of angry bathers, so it's best to leave while you can: mark a cross on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 241.

336

When you left the Margrave's castle it was autumn, but now the sun is shining fiercely. Wherever this strange place may be, it's certainly hot. Since you have no idea of the locality, you must fall back on first principles in order to follow Reinhardt. What would the foolish young lord do? You pace up and down, running through all you know about Reinhardt; it's not very much. Suddenly you notice a glint of metal at your feet. Reaching down, you find a gold ring, with an inlaid ruby, which had been buried in the dirt. Add 1 to your *Initial* and current LUCK. Note down 'ruby ring' on your Equipment List. If you follow the river downstream, turn to 159. If you climb to the mountain top, turn to 230.

337

It's Reinhardt! Somehow he has managed to find his way to the city. But you waste no time in celebrating a reunion that could hardly be described as happy: Mancho must be found and destroyed! You hustle Reinhardt down the steps and into the marketplace. Turn to 269.

338

You hand over 5 Gold Pieces to the stallholder (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 218.

339

You are surprised to learn that the Spider Mage can speak your language. 'Spare me, please!' he begs, whining desperately. 'I can help you. I am a traveller of the planes – I know the secrets of the spheres.' You are inclined to doubt such grandiloquent self-praise, but you motion for him to continue, keeping your sword ready

just in case. 'You are from the same bubble as Mencius,' he goes on. You prick up your ears. 'The Chaos Mage has made his lair in the Omnipresent Tower. This place exists throughout the dimensions, even in the Realms of Tales Told . . .' You notice a sudden furtive movement. While distracting you with his babble, the mage has grabbed a concealed dagger from his robes. But you are far too experienced to fall for such a trick. Before he can lunge, you dash the dagger from his hands. Turn to 44.

340

You run, but you are at a disadvantage of two legs against eight. The crab gains on you, grabs you in its pincer and lifts you into the air.

GIANT CRAB SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

In your desperate fight for survival, you suffer a temporary deduction of 2 from your Attack Strength, as the crab has a grip on you. If you defeat the crab, turn to 10.

341

The chase nears its end . . . your lungs are bursting . . . Mencius turns his head and sees you . . . a silver bullet from your pistol brings him crashing down . . . 'I curse you to the end of eternity . . . to the end of eternity . . . to the end of eternity . . . to the end . . .'

You wake up, to find yourself lying in a comfortable bed, staring up into brown eyes.

'Forgive me for hypnotizing you,' says their owner. 'It was necessary in order to cast the spell which places our language in your mind.' You start to reply, then realize the implications of what he has said. Note down the word 'kal' on your *Adventure Sheet* (if you already have 'basic kal', erase 'basic'). He continues. 'I have also learnt something about your mission. The foe you pursued through the dimensional portal into our land – the Chaos Mage, Mencius – is a great danger. His power is such that I can sense his presence in this land – and day by day he is growing stronger!' This is a most confusing development. This man is clearly a sorcerer, yet he is like no other you have ever met. In your years as a magehunter you have found you can almost feel the malice exuded by a mage. Could it be that there are some wizards who are not evil? Surely not, since magic is the gift of the evil one. And yet . . . Turn to 48.

342

There is another blinding flash, and you are standing on the very spot where you arrived in this strange

land. The Demon-creature laughs a laugh of pure malice, points to the spot at which you disposed of Menclus's body, and says, 'Foolish mortal! Reinhardt died here. The former owner of this body now wears another. But since Reinhardt is dead, I will gladly speed your journey to his side!' So saying, the thing attacks.

DEMON OF THE RING SKILL 12 STAMINA 20

If you defeat the Demon, turn to 69.

343

Mark a cross on your *Adventure Sheet*. After the show, you see which tent the magician returns to then sneak up behind it. If Kurt is with you, turn to 177, otherwise, turn to 59.

344

With a final swing, you dispose of the creature, its body toppling off the back of the beetle. The enormous insect continues along the tunnel at a remarkable pace, but the ride is surprisingly smooth. Shrouded in darkness, you have no way of telling the time, but you

guess that well over an hour passes before you are disgorged into another chamber. This is rather smaller than the first, but nevertheless it contains several buildings. You see two of the black-skinned dwellers below, but luckily they pay no attention to you. As you don't know how to control the beetle, it just continues straight through the middle of the chamber and along a tunnel opposite. This begins to slope upwards, while narrowing. You pass an alcove, and a startled ebony face looks up at you, then starts to give chase. Ahead, you see that the ceiling of the tunnel is abruptly getting lower. Taking a risk, you leap down in front of the beetle and run, pell mell, for the narrower section of the tunnel. You reach safety just in time. The beetle plunges forward and comes to a sudden halt, wedged tight; it blocks the tunnel, its legs flailing, foiling your pursuer for the moment. You hurry up the slope before the beetle can get free. After a short while you reach the end of the tunnel, where a set of steps are cut in the wall leading up to a patch of sunlight. You emerge from a hollow tree into daylight, looking across at a large, walled city, straddling a sea cliff. A ten-minute walk brings you within its walls. Turn to 100.

345

You collect some dry wood and build a fire; there is plenty of tinder, and the job is easy. Mencius's body is soon being consumed by a roaring blaze. You sit by the fire and rest, since you are unaccountably tired. You drift off to sleep, waking as the red orb of the sun slides behind the hill opposite. Checking your possessions, you are surprised to find no sign of your pistol or mirrors. Turn to 75.

346

Roll one dice. If the result is an odd number, turn to 243. If the result is an even number, check your *Adventure Sheet*: if you have a Book of Craft, turn to 5. If you haven't, turn to 167.

347

You wait for a month, during which time the situation grows steadily worse. You realize that none of the factions trusts you, since you refuse to commit yourself. The Chamberlain, with whom you have never got on particularly well, seems to be emerging as the new ruler of the domain. One morning you awaken to find soldiers searching your room. Finding Mencius's spell book, they drag you before the Chamberlain.

'As you suspected, sire,' announces the sergeant who arrested you, 'we found this work of the Evil One in his possession,' and he passes Mencius's Book of Craft to the Chamberlain.

He flips a couple of pages with distaste. 'Do you have anything to say before sentence is passed?' he enquires, arching his eyebrows. You protest that you were hoping to pursue the mage who kidnapped Lord Reinhardt, but you trail off as it seems obvious the Chamberlain is deaf to your words. 'It is well known that those exposed to the practice of sorcery are often drawn by its allure. Despite your past meritorious conduct, there can be no exceptions. You burn at dawn.'

348

The city of Kallamehr lies on the coast, several days' journey distant. Luckily a road leads there: following it, you are able to travel safely by night and sleep in what shade you can find during the day to escape the blazing sun. Finally the walls of the city rear up ahead of you – sand-coloured ramparts completely different from the drab, grey granite of the Margrave's castle. Close to the gates, you join a stream of other travellers making their way into the city. Turn to 100.

349

You wander through the market, constantly assailed by traders eager for your custom. Ignoring them, you find yourself drawn to the tower. You approach it, staring up the flight of stairs which leads to the door. If you have a Book of Craft, turn to 98. Otherwise, turn to 13.

350

It's hot, it's really hot. The sun is beating down on you as you walk, and Reinhardt wheezes and gasps for air, staggering along behind you. You make your way along the mountainside, finally entering a gully; the cool relief of the shade is like a banquet to a starving man. After a while the gully opens out into a valley down which flows a river, presumably the same one you saw earlier. You make your way down to the river's edge and refresh yourself with the cool water.

Your only warning of attack is a savage yell. You whirl, to face a creature from nightmare: fanged bestial features snarl in a green-hued face and a wickedly curved sword slashes at you.

GREEN NIGHTMARE SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

Reinhardt clutches his head in horror – he is so panic-stricken he is useless to you. You may *Escape* if you wish by grabbing your companion and leaping into the river. However, if you do this, the creature will automatically injure you (you may reduce this attack using LUCK in the usual way). If you *Escape*, turn to 15. If you defeat the monster, turn to 140.

351

The audience is for one person only so, if you have a companion, or Kurt, they must wait for you outside the palace. You are led into a magnificent audience chamber in which Asiah Albudur sits regally on a throne, attended by huge men with oiled muscles and sour expressions. She peers at you short-sightedly

You prostrate yourself before her, then, rising to your knees, tell her all about the peril of Mencius. She listens to your story, then pauses for long seconds before declaring: 'What babble is this? Why should I fear some wizard? I have six of my own to protect me!' She waves her hand imperiously. Turn to 148.

352

Seizing you in its talons, the bird wheels into the sky. If you have a dog, or Kurl, written on your *Adventure Sheet*, cross them off. If you have a shackles key, a Sneeka Scar or a Shauca Scar, turn to 251. Otherwise, turn to 3.

353

Khasim's cryptic remark remains a mystery for thirty minutes, during which time he urges you to rest and prepare for the journey. He points out that Mencius has been in Kallamehr for a couple of days already, but that you will be able to evade detection on entering the city. Finally, he bids you prepare for departure. He carries the carpet out of the cave into the fresh air of the valley. If you have a shackles key, turn to 56. Otherwise, turn to 227.

354

'You swing at the flapping black bird, twisting to avoid its swoops. The snake and the lion both fade into nothingness.'

RAVEN SKILL 7 STAMINA 4

Fight the raven as normal; however, you may not die. If your STAMINA is reduced to zero or less, turn to 151. If you defeat the raven, turn to 93.

355

You stare at the wizard for a while, and he stares curiously back at you. For a long moment there is silence. You can't help feeling that this man's eyes lack the evil ambition of the mages you have encountered before – but then maybe he's just clever. Without being able to communicate, there's little you can do. If you change your mind and strangle him after all, turn to 299. If you take a gamble and release him, turn to 92.

356

The palace officials are slightly suspicious of you, but you are careful in your enquiries and soon they relax a little. You discover that, only a day or two earlier, a foreigner meeting the description you give them obtained an audience with Asiah Albudur. As a result

of that audience, he was granted permission to live in the Rangor Tower overlooking the market, a building which has been deserted since the death of the previous ruler. Clearly this was an extraordinary turn of events. You are now fairly sure where Mencius is hiding: the Rangor Tower. If you go there now, turn to 312. Otherwise, note down the number '312' on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you are given the option to go to the place where you know Mencius is, you may turn to this paragraph. Now, if you want an audience with Asiah Albudur, turn to 197 if you have the word 'bath' written down, or to 162 if you do not. Otherwise, mark a cross on your *Sheet*, then turn to 241.

357

You are travelling through land which becomes increasingly mountainous. Ahead of you, snow-capped peaks rise above the horizon. As you climb, the temperature becomes more bearable, but the quality of the air deteriorates. You see no intelligent life, just several strange species of animals. Check your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have 2 or more Provisions, turn to 82. If you have fewer than 2 Provisions, turn to 172.

358

You kick the body down the slope. Water affects wizards in strange ways. It makes their bodies swell up to twice their normal size. And if they are dead, their swelling bodies dissolve rapidly. Maybe a village downstream will have bad-tasting water for a day or so, but it shouldn't harm them. You watch the body as it is carried along by the current. There is no sign of it swelling! Unable to believe your own eyes, you slither down the slope and race along the steep bank. You follow the corpse for many metres, but it remains the same size. That can mean only one thing: the body was not that of Mencius! Your opponent has eluded you somehow. Turn to 187.

359

Regain up to 4 points of STAMINA. Now decide whether to go along the beach to the left (turn to 64) or to the right (turn to 220).

360

Your gesture brings forth a round of applause from the crowd. They raise you shoulder high and carry you round the tavern. Everyone wants to be your companion. For the next few days you are a celebrity. You stay at various people's houses, partaking of fine foods. They dress you in clothes of silk (note these down on your *Adventure Sheet*) and you pick up a little of their language (note down 'basic kal' on your *Adventure Sheet* if it is not there already). After a week, when you finally persuade your hosts that you have urgent business, they shower you with gifts. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level (this will *not* restore points lost by travelling through the Magic Portal). You should also add the following to your list of possessions: lapis lazuli brooch, turban, green leather boots, short sword with enamelled scabbard. Now you must continue your search. If you have a ruby ring, turn to 130. If you haven't, turn to 126.

361

Evil lurks inside this tower; you know it in your bones. If you have six or more mirrors and wish to place them in a circle round the tower, cross them off your *Adventure Sheet* and note down the word 'reflect'.

Restore your STAMINA to its full value (do not recover points lost by travelling through the Magic Portal). You stride up the steps and warily push open the brass-studded door. Within, the opulently furnished Great Hall is empty, so you walk towards the staircase in the opposite wall. You step on something hard and are surprised to see that many tiny bones are scattered over the rich red carpet. Behind you the door slams shut and, from the bones, a horde of living Skeletons arise, wielding bright bronze scimitars. If you have the Book of Craft, turn to 190. Otherwise, if you have the sacred mace, turn to 79. If you do not, turn to 270.

362

The old man pauses, wrinkles his nose and peers at you suspiciously. He asks you something you can't quite understand, though it includes the word 'Mencius'. He knows something! After a long explanation, mainly using sign language, he gets you to understand that he can teach you his language properly if you wish. You realize he must be talking about some sort of magic spell. If you agree to this, turn to 154. If instead you demand that he tell you where Mencius is, turn to 269.

363

As a precaution, you wet your sword's blade with some of Mencius's blood, so that it can harm the sorcerer. You notice that your sword has changed – your practical steel broadsword is now a fancy, bejewelled rapier. A few slaps across the face bring Mencius round.

He groans again, then looks up, bleary-eyed, at you. 'What are you doing, you fool?' he snarls. 'How dare you lay hands on me.' You show him the rapier, poised to strike. Fear pales his face as he stares, first at the rapier, then at you. He gasps. 'What sorcery is this? You look exactly like me!'

His words make you look down at yourself. No longer are you wearing rough garments of undyed cloth and leather. In their place are expensive clothes of red silk. Also, your body seems somehow slimmer. Of a sudden it strikes you – Reinhardt was wearing red! You have somehow been magically transferred into his body! Then this Mencius before you is in fact Reinhardt. And, occupying your body, Mencius is . . . where? Reinhardt groans, and you realize that the bullet-wound you inflicted on Mencius has re-opened without magery to close it. Reinhardt is in pain. You staunch the wound as best you can, then turn your attention to planning. Turn to 67

364

At the bazaar, you creep among the tents until you reach a central, cleared area. Here a crowd is watching Saba perform on a makeshift stage. His clothing is

certainly outlandish, but it doesn't resemble anything from your own land. Saba, heavily made up, is currently making a profusion of silk scarves appear from various parts of his body, flinging them on to a table that is already laden with rabbits, fruit, cups, balls and even a little yellow bird in a cage. His build seems to be right, and his hair-colour and facial shape match, but you cannot be certain that this is Mencius because of his heavy make-up. If you wait in ambush and attack the magician when he finishes his show, turn to 343. If you prefer to follow him discreetly, turn to 134. Otherwise, you may give up on Saba; mark a cross and turn to 241.

365

You continue to descend, taking great care. Finally you come across a mountain village, full of strange, rough-skinned barbarians. Though crude, they look after you for a while, then help you travel to the next village. This way, leapfrogging from village to village, you make your way towards the coast. You slowly acquire some familiarity with the language (note down 'basic kal' on your *Adventure Sheet* if it is not already there). The villages get progressively larger, and finally you arrive at the sea coast, where you enter a town.

Here you manage to obtain sea passage round the coast to the main city, which, you have learnt is called Kallamehr. So it is that you finally alight from the ship in the strangest city you have ever seen, the perilous maze that is Kallamehr. Turn to 100.

366

You look back over your shoulder, but Reinhardt didn't make it out. You put some distance between you and the cave, running back the way you came. When you reach the river, exhaustion catches up with you and you sink to the ground and instantly fall asleep.

When you wake up, it is dawn. You have no idea how long you have slept, but you do know that you are ravenously hungry; lose 1 point of STAMINA. You will have to find some food soon, or starve. Your best chance is to follow the river and hope to find a settlement. As you climb wearily to your feet, there's a loud squeak from your clothing, and a furry, weasel-like head peers out at you. This is too much! You try to throw the pesky animal away, but it has other ideas: it sinks its teeth into the flesh of your hand, gripping hard as you shriek in pain. Finally it lets go

and leaps nimbly away, disappearing down a hole. Cursing the sharp-fanged rodent, you wrap some cloth round your injured hand. Luckily the bite is not very severe (note down 'Sneeka Scar' on your *Adventure Sheet*). You follow the bank of the river downstream. **Turn to 110.**

367

'Yes!' a familiar voice pipes up. 'There's something you must do for me!'

Sure enough, it's Reinhardt. Somehow he must have evaded the Shambling Shauca and been rescued by this wizard. If the box marked 'Switch' on your *Adventure Sheet* is licked, turn to **266**; otherwise, turn to **133**.

368

'Do you have any experience of disposing of this kind of villain?' he asks.

You laugh. 'It's my life's work,' you tell him.

'Good. then I have only one piece of advice for you – star-bright, I am born in the heart of the mountain, but my true home is on the brow of beauty. I am a key to your

success.' Baffled, you ask the cryptic captain what he means. 'Some call me the Riddling Reaver,' he explains. 'Though to be honest I do more riddling than reaving. Haven't you ever heard it said that the journey is more important than the destination; that finding a solution to a problem is more important than the solution itself?'

You think back over your career as a magehunter. All that ever mattered to you was defeating evil – nothing gives you more satisfaction than burning a mage. 'No, I can't say I have,' you reply.

The Riddling Reaver, apparently offended by your frank admission, grumpily directs you to a cabin, then attends to his ship's duties. The journey is smooth and uneventful. In the ship's cabin you find a first aid kit, which you may use if you are injured – roll one dice to find out how many points of STAMINA you recover. A few hours later, shrouded in dense fog, the ship comes to a stop. The Reaver ushers you off the deck, on to a cliff top. Without so much as a farewell, he returns to his strange vessel and sets sail once more. The fog starts to clear and, a short distance away, lies a city. Since the Reaver brought you here, you can only assume that Mencius lies within its walls, so you make haste, passing into its mazy streets. Add 2 to your LUCK score and turn to **100**.

369

Hungry as you are, you make your way back along the route you came by, until you reach the place where you arrived and the remains of the fire you lit yesterday. Now you may follow the river downstream (turn to 245) or climb the mountain to get a better view of the terrain (turn to 388).

370

The old storyteller thanks you for your money and, in answer to your enquiries, starts another story. 'One of Burah-Bashar's friends was notoriously mean, although he was rich, he never gave anything to anybody. One day, this miser was walking near the river with his friends when he slipped and fell in. "Help!" he shouted, "I can't swim!"

'His friends ran to help, and one crouched on the bank, stretched out his hand and called, "Give me your hand – I'll pull you out!" The miser continued to bob up and down and call for help, but he didn't give his friend his hand. Another of his friends tried the same thing, but again the miser failed to give him his hand. Then Burah-Bashar said, "Take my hand and I will pull you out!" The miser took his hand and Burah-Bashar pulled him out of the water. Burah-Bashar explained: "When you say 'Give!' to him, he does nothing, but when you say 'Take!' he takes!"'

You ask the storyteller again if he has seen any foreigners in the city, but he just launches into yet another Burah-Bashar story. If you have the word 'Trail' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 205. If you do not, mark a cross on it and turn to 241.

371

'My tale concerns a true prince among the Genii, his name Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif, who dwelt in the Omnipresent Tower in days gone by. From this place he could visit any land that struck his fancy, and he was welcomed at the courts of the mighty, both Genie and mortal. But an enemy, jealous of his power, resolved to put an end to him. Coming upon the tower by stealth, he tricked Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif into wasting his power, then attacked him while he was weak.'

AL-RA'AD AL-KASIF SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

Conduct the battle between yourself and Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif the Genie Prince as normal. However, note that you cannot die: if your STAMINA is reduced to zero or less, turn to 291. If you defeat Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif, turn to 228.

372

Al-Bakbuk is overjoyed to receive the precious gift from you. He hugs you warmly, kissing you on both cheeks, then hurries off to present you with a parting gift, which turns out to be an intricately embroidered robe (cross the jewellery or ruby ring off your *Adventure Sheet*). 'This trivial item may assist you,' says Al-Bakbuk, 'as it is the robe of a retired Vizier of the Caliph's court. People will treat you with respect while you are wearing this robe.' Although you have little idea of what a 'vizier' or a 'caliph' may be, you accept the gift gracefully (note down the vizier's robe on your *Adventure Sheet*). Al-Bakbuk also advises you, if

you are in Kallamehr, to seek out his brother, the storyteller, Al-Haddar. Now will you:

Go shopping?	Turn to 248
Try to pick up the trail?	Turn to 322
Head for the city of Kallamehr?	Turn to 348

373

This is a teeming city in a strange land. Who knows how many mages infest it? Since you don't have any of Mencius's blood, you have little choice of methods. If you have Kurt with you and wish to use him, turn to 51. Otherwise, you may draw a Holy Symbol (turn to 335). If you prefer to try something else, return to 241 and choose another option.

374

You estimate that it will take you several days to reach the city. You set off at an easy pace, knowing that for such a journey it's best to avoid over exertion. Unfortunately, the land you are travelling through is almost devoid of edible vegetation. If you have no Provisions, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You see no signs of habitation or human life at first, then you come across a road – a promising sign, and something which should speed your journey considerably. Turn to 76.

375

The thing grunts once more – the resemblance to a human voice is uncanny, though you can make out no recognizable words. Then it circles you once . . . and attacks! Turn to 38.

376

You half run, half tumble down the steps of the tower and, after glancing back to make sure you aren't pursued, lose yourself in the bustle of the market. Your heart pounds frantically against your rib cage, but you find a quiet back street and, breathing deeply, compose yourself. You now know where Mencius is to be found. Write the number '312' on your *Adventure Sheet* and erase the word 'trail'. If you are given the choice of going to the place where Mencius is, you may turn to this number if you wish. Now mark four CROSSES on your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to 241.

377

Before long you are back at the town. However bad the gate guards are, they can't be worse than the hairy horror. Now you understand why these people put walls round their towns. Turn to 40.

378

The Genie appears in a clap of thunder, and you are gratified to see that Mencius falters. You command the Genie to attack. Mencius defends himself with blasts of power, tearing ragged holes in the magical creature. You take shelter from the battle, but it soon becomes evident that Mencius is winning. If you have the word 'reflect' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 88; otherwise, turn to 202.

379

You tear strips of cloth from Mencius's robe and fashion a makeshift bandage. Next, in order to tie him to earth, you take off your jacket of undyed cloth . . . but it is no longer undyed. It is a fine red jerkin, carefully stitched in the latest style. You have no recollection of changing clothes. Now that you look, your sword has also changed, into a fancy, bejewelled

rapier. As you ponder this mystery, Mencius stirs. At his first words, 'What sorcery is this?', the awful truth dawns on you: Mencius has switched bodies. This is Reinhardt before you, imprisoned in the mage's weakened form! When he discovers what has happened, Reinhardt loses his usual bluster, begging you to set things right. Turn to 67.

580

The journey back to the town seems to take a very short time. You feel sure that Mencius cannot be here, otherwise the ritual with the Holy Symbol would not have led you outside the town walls. Where would he go? You know that he likes cities – places bustling with people who can be tricked and manipulated. The nearest city to this town is Kallamehr and it doesn't take you long to discover how to get there. Turn to 348.

381

Watching the physician work on Reinhardt, you are surprised at his methods. Rather than cauterizing the wound with a red-hot bar, he cleans it thoroughly then rubs it lightly with leaves, before wrapping a bandage round Reinhardt's stomach. Reinhardt, who has been silent all the time you were in the tavern, now seems to cheer up. Note down 'bandage' in the Companion box of your *Adventure Sheet*, and change the SKILL score to 6 and the STAMINA score to 10. Your benefactor insists on returning to the tavern, and Reinhardt goes along with this. Turn to 55.

382

Note that if you gave the vizier a sword and if you have no other weapon, you will fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 2 points. If you gave the vizier a vizier's robe, turn to 217; otherwise turn to 326.

383

'You really know how to draw attention to yourself,' a familiar voice whispers to you. You look around. There is no one near you who might have spoken. 'Of course, I tend to be a little more discreet in my activities,' the voice continues. You still have no idea where it is coming from, but you recognize the sarcastic tone – it is Mencius! Your sixth sense, which has saved you on countless occasions, directs you to a run-down house, a little way ahead of you. Mencius's mocking voice continues to echo in your skull as you leap through the open window. Your instinct was right. Mencius himself stands there, chanting and gesturing. Turn to 91.

384

You search the wizard's body and find a small pouch containing a number of strange things: feathers, bones, tiny jars of powder and so on. Note down the wizard's pouch on your *Adventure Sheet*. Further along the tunnel, you come upon the wizard's home. There is more strange magical paraphernalia here, but nothing that strikes you as useful. However, a pan of stew hangs over a fire, reminding you how hungry you are. The stew is far too spicy, but in your current condition you could eat anything, so you wolf it down gratefully. After a short rest you face a choice of ways. You can retrace your steps to the place where you arrived and follow the river in the hope of finding civilization (turn to 245, unless you have 'basic kai' or 'Kurt' written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, in which case turn to 68) or you can continue along the valley (turn to 118).

385

For some reason the young fellow is showing you your own reflection in a mirror; either he has misunderstood you or this is some strange local custom. You try to explain once more, but he beckons you closer as if to share a secret. 'Kallamehr! Kallamehr!' he says in a voice full of mystery and hidden meaning. Suddenly you feel a slight movement, and you realize what his game is – he's trying to pick your pocket! With reflexes born of a hundred fights, you leap backwards, drawing your broadsword in a single fluid motion. In turn, he pulls out a wickedly curved knife and slashes at you with it.

PICKPOCKET SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you defeat the pickpocket in four or fewer Attack Rounds, turn to **102**. If you are still fighting after four Attack Rounds, turn to **204**.

386

You can retrieve your 2 Gold Pieces. Apart from these, Al-Fakik has nothing of value in his hut – nothing that you can find, at any rate. If you have the word 'trail' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **205**. Otherwise, mark a cross on it and turn to **241**.

387

'I obey!' the creature announces, clapping its hands and vanishing. Al-Bakbuk gets to his feet.

'Truly you are blessed!' he cries. 'You are the master of a Genie – one of the Efreet Servants of Hazah.' With a

start, you realize you can now understand him perfectly (erase the word 'basic' from your *Adventure Sheet*). You now know the secret of the ring. If you wish to use it, when you are told that you may, add up the digits making up the paragraph you are at (for example, this paragraph is 387; 3 + 8 + 7 = 18) then subtract the result from the paragraph in order to find the new paragraph number you should turn to. Now will you:

Summon the Genie to reward Al-Bakbuk?	Turn to 246
Summon the Genie to take you straight to Reinhardt?	Turn to 342
Continue without summoning the Genie?	Turn to 315

388

Exhausting though it is, you drag yourself up the mountainside in the glare of the sun. Luckily, you seem to have arrived on the tallest hill in these parts and you soon have a fine view of the surroundings. Finally you arrive at the summit. Although your vision is limited by the heat haze, you can see for many kilometres in all directions. Your eye follows the silver ribbon of the river at whose bank you arrived. It is joined by several mountain streams and, some way off, passes through a town. At this range you can't see people, but the signs of habitation are unmistakable. On the distant horizon a glimmer betokens either the

sea or a mighty lake or river. As your eye follows it around you realize it must be the sea. You can make out a dark area there – you wouldn't swear to it, but it could be a city. Turning further around, you look down at a range of low mountains and foothills. Only a few kilometres distant, you see a thin plume of smoke ascending. Could it be a village? Do you:

Climb back down to the river and follow it downstream?	Turn to 195
Head for the coast, and the 'city'?	Turn to 27
Make your way towards the plume of smoke?	Turn to 302

389

One passage seems as good as another, so you hurry along the left-hand tunnel. After a few metres a voice similar to the previous one calls out to you from close by. Startled, you realize that there is a hidden alcove in which two more dwellers in darkness are sitting. Keeping your head shrouded by the cloak's hood, you grunt and hurry on, hoping your bluff will work. Certainly, no alarm is raised and there is no pursuit. If you have a serrated knife, turn to 273; otherwise, turn to 49.

390

You hide behind a drape and wait. Time passes. You doze lightly, finally being woken by the sound of voices and someone entering the room. You spring out, weapon at the ready, to find yourself facing an old man and woman. They stare at you in surprise, backing away from your naked blade. Apparently the thief showed you into someone else's room! You put your sword away, apologize to the couple, and beat a hasty retreat. Having wasted time waiting, you should now start looking for Mencius. Turn to 198.

391

Unslinging the rope from your belt, you loop it round the sorcerer and pull it tight before he can think to resist. The book drops from his hand, and he mouths further strange sounds. You tighten the rope and he squeals in pain. It is unusual that he can be hurt so easily, but it may be a ruse. If you strangle him to death, turn to 299. If you change your mind and free him instead, turn to 221.

392

You hurry up the flight of stone steps to the chamber above. Here Mencius is waiting for you. Once again you are facing an enemy, pitting your wits and determination against his black arts. But this time his power is greater than that of any mage you have ever faced. As if to flaunt this, he is hovering a metre or so above the floor of the chamber, waiting for you to make the first move. What will you do? If you have the word 'narcolepsism' and wish to use it, turn to 70. If you have a pistol and wish to shoot Mencius, turn to 185. If you have a gold hex and wish to throw it, turn to 222. If you have a ruby ring, you may use its secret unless you have the word 'genie' written down, in which case nothing happens. If you can perform none of these actions, turn to 91.

393

Before long, night falls. You are still in the middle of nowhere, but you have slept rough before. If you have a Book of Craft, turn to 263. If you do not, but you do have a shackles key, a Sneeka Scar or a Shauca Scar, turn to 178. Otherwise, check your *Adventure Sheet*. If the box marked 'Switch' in the Companion section is ticked, turn to 84. If it is not ticked, turn to 226.

394

The building is an informal arena. Spectators sit on raised wooden stands and watch the progress of a fight, conducted in the circular area and fenced in with what look like small boats. You can't see the fight from where you are, so you climb up the stands. There's a scream from the arena, followed by a cheer, as the current match ends. The contestants leave the arena before you can get a clear view. You do spot Saleem, however, and are surprised to see that his monkey is wearing clothes. Greeting him politely, you say the name of Harun al-Harun. He lets out a bellow of rage and fastens two huge, hairy hands round your neck. Before you can resist, he has flung you down into the arena. 'Here's your next competitor!' roars the monkey-loving Saleem.

Your attempts to climb up the boats and escape are foiled by the spectators at the top, who are now eagerly betting on the match. Then one of the boats slides to one side and out strides a creature composed entirely of spikes, with wicked black eyes buried in a foul-featured face.

SPIKE FIEND SKILL 10 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **165**

395

It's hard work climbing up the mountain in the punishing heat of the sun, but eventually you make it. This hill is prominent and, despite the heat haze, you can see for kilometres. Your eye follows the silver ribbon

of the river at whose bank you arrived. It is joined by several mountain streams and, some way off, it passes through a town. You can't make out any people at this distance, but there are definitely buildings of some kind. On the distant horizon a glimmer betokens the sea, or perhaps a mighty river or lake. As your eye follows it around, you realize that it must be the sea. You can make out a dark area there which may be a city. Turning around further, you look down at a range of low hills. Only a few kilometres distant, you can see a thin plume of smoke. Will you:

Climb back down to the river and follow it downstream?	Turn to 195
Head for the coast, and the 'city'?	Turn to 27
Make your way towards the plume of smoke?	Turn to 302

396

'Yes!' Reinhardt pipes up. 'There's something you must do for me.' If the box marked 'Switch' on your *Adventure Sheet* is ticked, turn to **266**; otherwise, turn to **133**.

397

As the feast draws to an end and the guests leave, you prepare to retire, but Al-Haddar beckons you near. If you have a companion, you notice that he is snoring happily.

'Now is a good time for stories,' your host says quietly. You thought he had spent the whole evening telling stories, and you say so, but Al-Haddar chuckles. 'Those were the kind of story my beloved brother, Al-

Bakbuk the Prattler, likes – but my *real* stories are a different matter.' He ushers you into a comfortable drawing room, settles down on a pile of cushions, and starts his tale. 'Many years ago, in a certain city far away, there lived an upright man whose name was Jaddar. He had made a name for himself by catching criminals, especially those who dabbled in magic in order to cheat their victims. At the time of my story, Jaddar had spent a whole year chasing a villain by the name of Abdul Al-Azrad whom he had pursued from city to city, crossing mountains, seas and deserts. He finally caught up with Abdul Al-Azrad in a forest and, hurrying closer, prepared to shoot the fiend with his magic bow. But Abdul Al-Azrad was a wily wizard. Just as the magic arrow was loosed from Jaddar's bow, he transformed himself into an animal, avoiding the missile. Which do you think Al-Azrad turned himself into, a snake or a bird?'

If you say a snake, turn to **54**. If you say a bird, turn to **282**.

398

He picks up his book and starts again on his spell. You try to imitate the sounds and remember the gestures, and you drift into slumber, having successfully

committed the spell to memory. Note down the word 'narcolepsiam' on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 341.

399

The horsemen have little patience with you. Drawing cruelly curved swords, they wheel their horses and attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HIGHWAYMAN	7	8
Second HIGHWAYMAN	6	7

If you are alone, fight them one at a time (if you win, turn to 80). If you have a companion, he is forced to fight the second highwayman. If the box marked 'Switch' has never been ticked, just fight the first highwayman and, if you win, turn to 256. Otherwise, carry out your fight against the first highwayman and your companion's fight against the second highwayman simultaneously (remember, if he has nothing to use as a weapon, your companion with his Attack Strength reduced by 2 points). If you defeat the first highwayman, you may engage the second; but if you do so, your companion will stop fighting. If your companion dies, the second highwayman will wait until your opponent also dies before attacking you. If both highwaymen are killed, turn to 249.

400

All feeling disappears, first from your limbs, then from your body. Is this death? A memory is nagging at you, but you cannot place it . . . until light bursts upon your eyes – torchlight. You are in a cell. A crack sunders the floor. Reinhardt is standing at one side.

Somehow you have returned to the Margrave's castle. You and Reinhardt make your way through its passages while you explain how you killed Mencius, until you come to the Great Hall. Here, it looks as if a battle is about to be waged. The chamberlain, backed by a contingent of the castle guards, is shouting at the captain, who has a squad of soldiers, weapons at the ready. As you and Reinhardt walk the length of the hall, however, they fall silent. Reinhardt seats himself on the great chair, and one by one the guards and soldiers kneel. Finally only the chamberlain and the captain are left. Then they too kneel.

'I, Reinhardt, Margrave of this land, have returned. There will be no more bickering among my retainers. From now on, you will devote your energies to the proper upkeep of this realm .... and to the assistance of the Magehunter, to whom I pledge my full and undying support.'

Reinhardt has indeed learnt from his experience. From this day forward, he will be true to his word. Not only does he throw his full weight behind your pursuit of evil, but he rewards you with great wealth and privilege. Now and again you wonder about Khasim, Al-Bakbuk and his brother, and the fantastical land of Kallamehr. As Reinhardt matures into a stern but fair lord, from time to time he reminisces with you in the language that you two, uniquely, share. He even offers you a permanent position as his chief retainer. You, of course, respectfully decline: you have better things to do. Let all mages and servants of evil quake in their boots – *the Magehunter is on your trail!*

ALLANSIA

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

The world of Titan is an extremely dangerous place. Mankind and its allies huddle in fortified settlements, for beyond the castle walls the wild lands stretch across three continents. Out in the wastelands, Orc tribes war with each other for dominance. Savage monsters roam at will in search of food. Evil sorcerers ready their inhuman armies for battle. No one, surely, would venture out into such inhospitable places – unless the rewards were so great a hero couldn't possibly refuse!

DEATHMOOR

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

The request, brought by carrier pigeon, is clear. An experienced adventurer is desperately needed in the distant city of Arion for a mission of deadly importance – an adventurer like YOU. When you arrive at the court of King Jonthane, the urgency of the mission becomes clear. Telessa, the beautiful Princess Royal, is missing, believed kidnapped. She must be rescued, and she must be rescued fast.

Unfortunately, in his haste, King Jonthane has already given the quest to another, your deadly rival Fang-zen of Jitar! You know that the only person suitable for this heroic task is you. Can you prove that you are the one to rescue the princess – and more importantly find her, wherever she may be held, before she can be harmed? Hurry, for time is running out!

KNIGHTS OF DOOM

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

For years the brave Knights Templar of the Demonkeep have kept the peace in Ruddlestone. But now an ancient evil has reawakened in the land: the sorcerer Belgaroth has returned from the dead and will use his powers to bring chaos and terror to this peaceful kingdom.

To ensure his plans succeed, the evil sorcerer has enlisted the services of the Knights of Doom. One heroic knight – YOU! – must creep through a land plunged into war, penetrate the enemy lines and overcome the deadliest foe of them all!

THE TROLLTOOTH WARS

Steve Jackson

It started with an ambush. When Balthus Dire's bloodlusting Hill Goblins mount their raid on the Strongarm caravan, little do they realize what dramatic consequences their actions will have. For that caravan carries Cornelwort, a mystical herb from Eastern Allansia, destined for none other than the evil sorcerer, Zharradan Marr! War – between two forces well-matched for evil – is soon to ensue . . . Will Balthus Dire's chaotics or Zharradan Marr's undead prove victorious? The answer is here, in the first Fighting Fantasy novel.

DEMONSTEALER

Marc Gascoigne

It started with a burglary. Borne aloft on the back of an immense bat, a sinister thief breaks into the tower of the sorcerer Yaztromo. Guided by long-dead voices, he manages to make off with an ancient scroll whose secrets could spell doom and destruction for all Allansia!

Chadda Darkmane is soon on the trail of the thief. But as the quest grows ever longer, his nagging doubts about the power of sorcery turn into nightmares. The trail leads far beyond northern Allansia, to the Pirate Coast and the twisting alleyways of Rimon, where Darkmane's nightmares become flesh! For the thief has used the ancient scroll to summon others to help him in his sorcerous task. Demons who are not bound by the constraints of earthly forms – who feast on the human spirit.

A few brave companions accompany Darkmane, but will they be enough – and in time – to stop the thief from unlocking the final secret of Yaztromo's scroll? *Demonstealer*, the second Fighting Fantasy novel in a series that began with *The Troll-tooth Wars*, holds all the answers.

SHADOWMASTER

Ian Livingstone

Chaos stalks the wild lands of northern Allansia. Cruel bandits raid the villages, ransacking and looting as they go. Now, though, the attacks are in search of a treasure far more valuable than gold. Driven by their inhuman leader, they are in pursuit of the key that will unlock the very mysteries of life and earth itself!

The sorcerer Yaztromo, for so long the self-appointed guardian of the lands around Darkwood Forest, cannot stand idly by while his countrymen are put to the sword. With Chadda Darkmane close at hand, Yaztromo embarks on a quest to discover the source of the raids and the sinister reason behind them.

What they discover is that when Chaos rules, nothing can ever be as it seems. Fair hides foul, insanity hides inner order, and darkness lurks deep within the light. Can Yaztromo and Darkmane defeat these illusions to discover the real master of the shadows? Only *Shadowmaster*, the third Fighting Fantasy novel, can tell you!

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Magehunter

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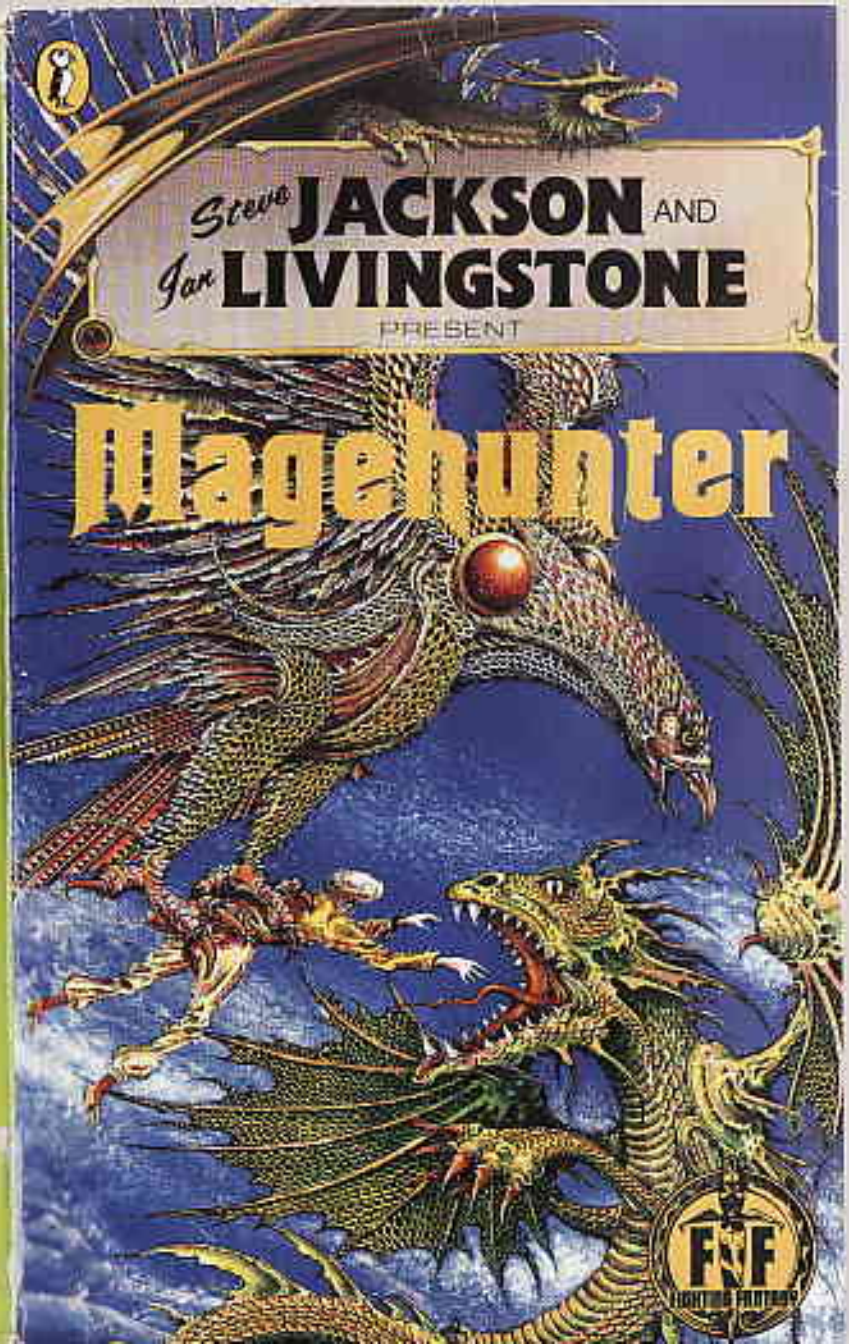

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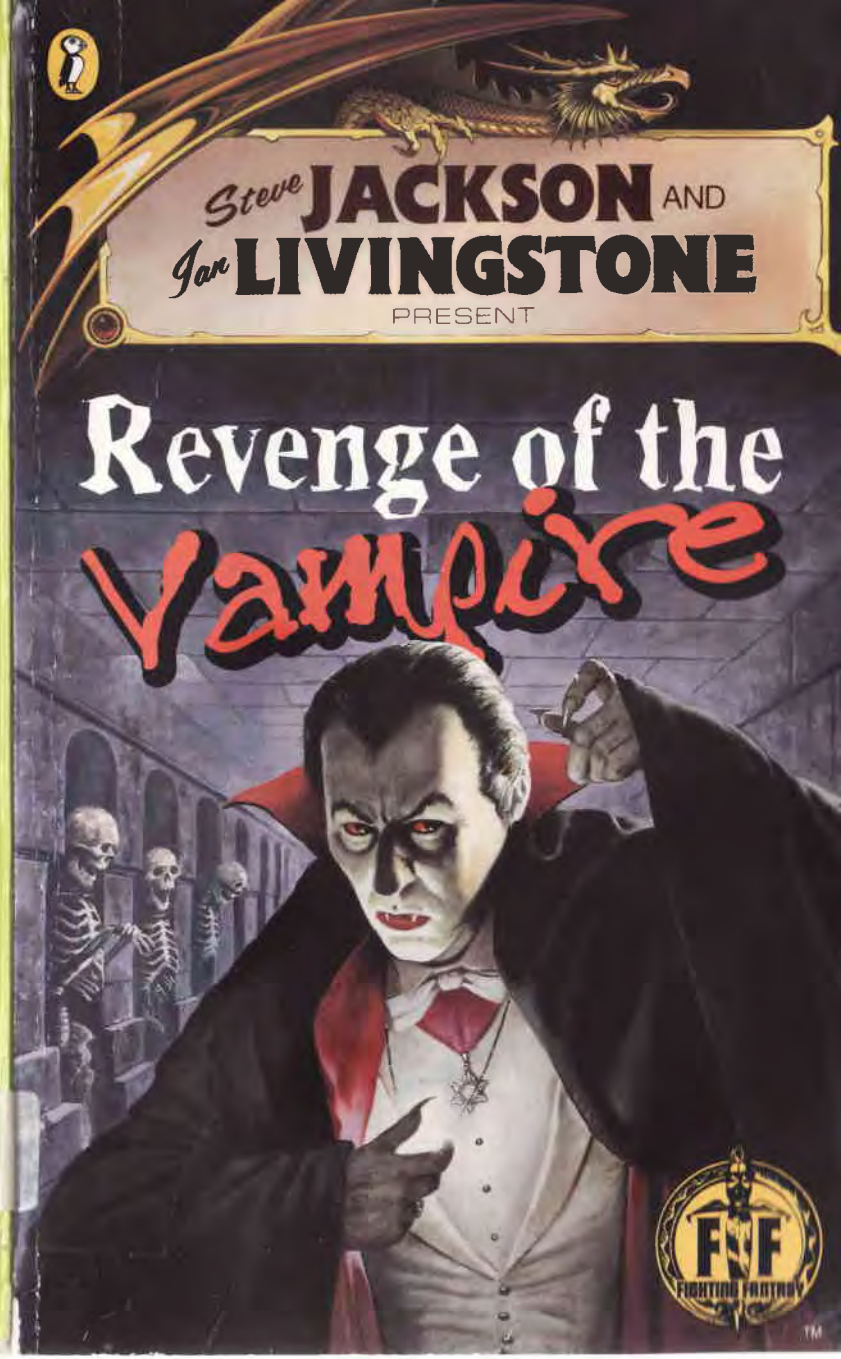

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Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1995
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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Filmset in Monophoto Palatino
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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first discover your strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to work out your initial SKILL, STAMINA, LUCK and FAITH scores. On pages 22–3 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA, LUCK and FAITH scores. You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future attempts to complete the adventure.

Skill, Stamina, Luck and Faith

Skill

Roll one dice. Add 6 to this number and enter the total (it will be between 7 and 12) in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Stamina

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total (between 14 and 24) in the STAMINA box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Luck

Roll one dice. Add 6 to this number and enter this total (again, between 7 and 12) in the LUCK box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Faith

Roll one dice. Add 3 to this number and enter this total (it will be between 4 and 9) in the FAITH box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure, and FAITH will also change from time to time. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores.

Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA, LUCK and MAGIC points, the totals of these may never exceed their *Initial* value, except on very rare occasions when you will be specifically told so.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher it is, the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are (and whether you will be able to avoid hazards and perils during your adventure). Luck is very much a fact of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore! Your FAITH scores indicates your purity of heart and belief in the forces of goodness. A high FAITH score may enable you to force some evil creatures to flee from you when they sense your faith and valour; but it also means that they are more likely to notice you and

react to you in a hostile way! You will learn more about the importance of FAITH as you make your way through this adventure.

Magic

During your adventure you may find certain magic items, although at first you may neither realize that they are magical nor know exactly what it is that they do. Should you find such objects, the relevant paragraphs will explain how to use them or what you may attempt to do with them. To begin here, however, you are not a wielder of magic but a brave warrior, and you must overcome your enemies by your wits and courage, and by the use of your sword!

Battles

As your adventure progresses you will often find yourself in a situation where you have to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if it is not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle in the way described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll two dice for the creature and add its SKILL

score to the total rolled. This is the creature's Attack Strength.

2. Roll two dice for yourself and add this to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.

3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it, so proceed to Step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you, so proceed to Step 5. If both Attack Strengths are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1, above.

4. You have wounded the creature: subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see below). Proceed to step 6.

5. The creature has wounded you: subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see below).

6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK see below).

7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to step 1. This sequence continues until either your STAMINA score or that of the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero or below (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one opponent in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will

tell you whether you must fight the creatures singly or all together.

If you are instructed to fight them one at a time, the battle proceeds exactly as described above. However, as soon as you defeat the first creature listed you must immediately begin to fight the second creature listed, and you must continue fighting until all your enemies are slain (or until you are). You may not pause between fighting your opponents for any reason (such as taking some step to restore lost STAMINA points).

If you are instructed to fight all the creatures at once, the procedure is different. In step 1 of the combat sequence above, you must calculate the Attack Strength for each of the creatures facing you. In step 3, if the Attack Strength of *any* of your opponents is higher than yours, you must go at once to step 5. If you have the highest Attack Strength of all, go to step 4 and you may choose which of your opponents to strike. Again, the battle goes on until either of you or all your enemies are slain.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given when the situation occurs), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

instructed to *Test your Skill*, 'adding 2 to the number rolled'. What this means is that when you roll two dice you must add 2 to the total; if you had rolled a 4 and a 3, for example, your modified total would be 4 + 3 + 2 = 9. You then compare this final total with your SKILL to discover the outcome of *Testing your Skill*.

Testing your Spot Skill

This is a special case of *Testing your Skill*, and it applies when you may or may not spot (discover) something hidden or concealed. The procedure here is exactly the same as for *Testing your Skill*, but the relevant paragraph will instead instruct you to *Test your Spot Skill*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina, Luck and Faith

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change often during your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give an instruction to increase or decrease your SKILL score. Your SKILL score cannot exceed its *Initial* level unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary. You may have the chance during this adventure to get your hands on an item, such as a magical weapon, which will increase your Attack Strength. If you manage to acquire two such weapons, you cannot gain bonuses to your Attack Strength for both of them – you cannot use two Magic Swords at the same time! Likewise, certain kinds of armour will give a bonus to

your Attack Strength – but obviously you cannot wear more than one suit of armour at a time!

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will go up and down frequently during your adventure as you fight enemies and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA score may drop dangerously low, and battles become particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for 12 meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when fighting. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your current STAMINA score and deduct 1 from the Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on your *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. You have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value, unless you are specifically instructed otherwise in a paragraph.

There will be times during your adventure when you will be told that you *must* eat a meal. When you have to do this, deduct 1 point from the Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*, but you do *not* regain any lost STAMINA for doing this. If you are told to eat a meal but you don't have any provisions left, you must subtract 2 points from your current STAMINA score.

During your adventure, however, you should be able to acquire extra Provisions to add to the store you

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs of this book you will be told that you must *Test your Luck* and you will find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on a creature you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of a wound your opponent has just caused you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract 2 extra points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound is a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (so that, instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you now score only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are

Lucky, you manage to avoid the full strength of the blow; restore 1 point of STAMINA (so that instead of doing 2 points of damage, it does only 1). If you are Unlucky, you take a more serious blow: subtract 1 *extra* point from your current STAMINA total.

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*. If your LUCK score ever reaches zero, you will automatically be Unlucky whenever you are forced to *Test your Luck*. So be careful out there!

Testing your Skill

At times you will find yourself in a situation where your physical strength, your reflexes and agility may affect whether you are able to avoid a hazard or perform some action (such as climbing a difficult and treacherous surface). When this is the case, you may be instructed to *Test your Skill*.

The procedure for this is as follows: roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your current SKILL score, you have been successful. If the number rolled is greater than your current SKILL score, you have failed. The relevant paragraphs will tell you what success and failure mean when you *Test your Skill*. However, you do *not* have to subtract any points from your SKILL score for *Testing your Skill* in this way. This is a crucial difference from *Testing your Luck*!

Sometimes you may face a difficult task in which your SKILL is tested to the full; for example, you may be

begin with. This will enable you to maintain STAMINA throughout the adventure. However, you cannot carry more than 12 Provisions at any one time!

Luck

Your LUCK score will also change during the adventure as you *Test your Luck*. Additions to your *Luck* score may be awarded when you have been especially fortunate, and similarly you may be told to *reduce* your LUCK when you make an important mistake; details of such events are given in the appropriate paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically told this.

Apart from *Testing your Luck*, you will also be given some opportunities for 'spending' LUCK. You will be asked whether you wish to deduct 1 point from your

current LUCK score in order to improve your chances of a successful outcome – for example, you can often modify a dice roll that you are told to make by spending a point of your LUCK (in this case, you must decide whether to spend the LUCK point *before* you roll the dice). Of course, LUCK points are precious and you cannot afford this luxury very often. Making the right choice about whether to spend a LUCK point in this way can be important for success in this adventure.

Faith

Your FAITH may be shaken by certain perils during your adventure, but it may also be increased when you are victorious in some very dangerous battles or when you find some special objects or relics of Good. Your FAITH score *can* be increased above its *Initial* value. You will find out exactly how FAITH works when you meet certain creatures during your adventure, and you will be instructed about this in the relevant paragraphs.

Blood Points

During your adventure you will have a limited number of opportunities to perform actions which will weaken your ultimate enemy. Learning old lore about Count Heydrich, destroying some of the items he owns, and acquiring powerful relics of Good will help you to overcome him when at last you confront him! Also, because your enemy gains strength with time, you lose Blood Points when you waste time or are delayed

during your adventure. Your Blood Points tally is 10 at the outset, and you must record changes to it in the Blood Points box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You must do all you can to raise the Blood Points score as high as possible, since the lower it is, the more powerful will your nemesis be when you finally meet. It is possible for your Blood Points score to fall below zero if you are greatly delayed; if this happens, you should record negative numbers. But try to avoid this at all costs!

Equipment

You start your adventure with some simple, basic equipment that you will need for the adventure ahead, but you may find extra items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour; you also carry a shield. You have a backpack (a simple rucksack or haversack) on your back to hold your Provisions and any treasures or other items you

may find. You also carry a lantern which you can use to light your way, should you find yourself literally in the dark.

You may also find treasure, in the form of Gold Pieces or valuable objects along the way; you should make a note of these in the Treasure box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You may have opportunities for trading treasure for equipment, help or information in this adventure, so be honest about keeping an accurate record of how much treasure you obtain!

Special Hazards: Curses, Plagues and Poisons

You may also find yourself the victim of some wretched affliction or other during your adventure for you are facing evil and dangerous enemies. If you are poisoned or cursed, or if you pick up some terrible affliction from the bite of an infected creature, you will be in serious danger. You may even die swiftly if you cannot find an antidote, some healing, or magical help; on other occasions you may be condemned to a lingering death, growing slowly weaker (but at least you will have time to look for help) The relevant paragraphs will instruct you as to the adverse effects you will suffer if you are afflicted. You will do well to protect yourself against such dangers by finding (or perhaps purchasing) help and information in advance about the hazards you may have to face. Lose no opportunity of gaining antidotes to poisons and plagues, and information about them, and magical protections.

Hints on Play

Your journey will be perilous and you may well fail on your first attempt. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will prove invaluable when you make further forays in this adventure, and it will enable you to progress more rapidly to unexplored regions. Making a map is especially important in this adventure. You will be exploring a very large area, and sometimes you may wish to backtrack in order to check areas behind you or to revisit one or two places of particular value or note. It will be much easier to follow instructions and make appropriate choices, where to go and what to do, if you draw a rough sketch map during this adventure.

Be wary about *Testing your Luck*, unless a paragraph tells you that you must do this! When it comes to fights, you should *Test your Luck* only to keep yourself alive if an opponent's blow would otherwise kill you (so far as reducing your STAMINA loss from your opponent's blows is concerned). The other occasion when you should not think twice about using LUCK is in the final combat against your dire enemy in this adventure – if you've got enough LUCK left to use. Don't *Test your Luck* in order to try to do extra damage upon an enemy unless this is really necessary! LUCK points are precious!

Keep an eye open for ways to trade your treasure for equipment and help during your adventure. Gold Pieces are of little use: you cannot eat them, use them in combats or cast spells with them. But they will buy

you food, weapons, even magic – if you can find someone to trade with!

You will soon realize that paragraphs make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the paragraphs you are instructed to go to. Reading other paragraphs lessens the excitement and surprise during play. The only true way to success in this adventure involves minimizing risk; any player, no matter how weak his or her attributes, should be able to struggle through to glory in the end.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead – for this one, you may well need it!

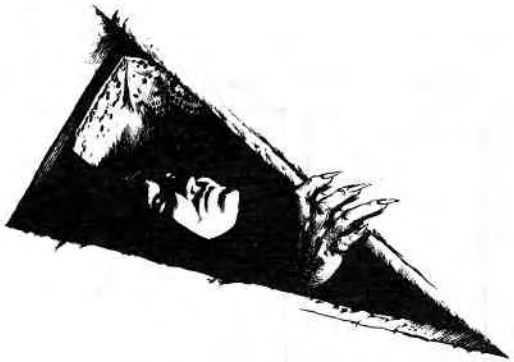

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL *Initial* *Skill=* 3 11	SKILL *Initial* *Skill=*	SKILL *Initial* *Skill=*
FAITH: *Initial* *Faith=* 5	BLOOD POINTS: *Initial* *BPs=10*	PROVISIONS:
TREASURE:	EQUIPMENT:	

ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=* 5	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

There is little call for the services of a warrior at this time of year in the town of Gummport, it seems. The eastern coastline of the Old World has been all too peaceful for some months. The people there grow fat and lazy, and they're not your type of folk at all. Bored and restless, you sit in a tavern in a miserable little village outside the town, wondering whether to return to Allansia or to seek more interesting and dangerous lands in the Old World. Then your eyes turn, as everyone else's do, to an old man who's been helped to a table beside a crackling log fire. He is tall, thin and stooped, with a livid scar running down his neck, and his hands shake a little as he puts a blackthorn stick down beside the wooden chair into which he lowers himself painfully. He doesn't take off his heavy brown cloak and even next to the fire he seems cold. As his face glows in the reflected firelight, you see that his eyes are opaque and milky: the old man is blind. He seems to be entirely alone, for he was helped to his seat by the landlord's son, and now no one sits with him. In the tavern, a couple of shifty-eyed, rat-faced men – evil-looking sorts – are already gazing at him, and you guess they see him as a soft target. He may well end up in a back alley with a knife in his back if they get their way. Scowling at them so that they back away like the cowards they are, you walk over with the last of your meal and sit down beside him.

He is glad of your company and is happy to talk to you. After you have introduced yourself, he says his name is Henrik van der Termlen, from Mauristatia – as if his accent didn't give that away. He is on his way to visit a friend, a fellow scholar in one of the monasteries which throng the shores of Lake Libra. 'It will be good to see old Sewarth again,' he says, 'although I wish the matter concerning us was not so evil, and time not so short.'

He falls quiet, and sips his ale.

You ask him why he is travelling alone in these rough lands. 'I was not alone until yesterday,' he says quietly. 'But then Otto, my old friend and servant, did not wake from his bed. His body was cold and his face frozen into a terrible scream.' His hands fidget as if he was running them over his old friend's face again. 'He was murdered, poisoned. Clearly my enemy does not want me to reach my destination.'

For a moment you consider the possibility that he might be mad but he hasn't far to go and you feel sorry for him, so you offer to accompany him to the safety of the monastery. His face breaks into a smile. 'You are a good friend, I think,' he says happily. 'I will be glad of your company. I am tired and need to sleep now; however, I shall see you here in the morning. Though you have not asked, I have a little gold with me, and you will be rewarded for your kindness.' Before you can protest, he gets up and shuffles towards the bedrooms of the tavern, his stick tapping against the wall. You finish your supper and turn in yourself.

In the morning, there is no sign of Henrik at breakfast, so you go to his room. You knock twice on the door, but there is no reply. Uneasily, you open the door and, entering, you are appalled at what you see. The old man has been killed. A heavy-bladed knife protrudes from the crumpled body lying on the blood-soaked bed. Horrified, you reel away and your foot catches on a small wooden box sticking out from under the bed; as you trip over, the lid falls open and some papers and gold pieces spill on to the floor.

You pick up the papers and look at them: they are notes addressed to Sewarth and, though you don't mean to pry, you can't help glancing through them. Much of what is written here makes little sense to you, but it is clear that Henrick has been hunting an evil fugitive from Mortvania whose name is Count Reiner Heydrich: Henrik documents his terrible life and his eventual slaying. The man was a monster: Henrik tells of the murders of hundreds of peasants by impaling, the draining of their blood and much worse. Then your eyes take in the following words.

> *. . . though Heydrich was slain, he could not be destroyed for ever. Somewhere, his life force is contained in a magical artefact which will protect him, although I have not yet learned what this is. I do know that destroying it will be vital, otherwise the Vampire will be invulnerable. He longs for revenge after he was vanquished in Mortvania. Now, he can become far stronger than ever he was in that wretched land.*

You are stunned. Henrick was a Vampire hunter, it seems! The last of the notes begs Sewarth to research the Soul Jewel and discover its nature. These must be copies of letters sent by Henrik to the scholar-monk. If the latter replied, Henrik doesn't have the letters with him.

What should you do now? Henrik is past human aid. You are angry at the cowardly murderers who slew a helpless blind man, but you do not know who they are and you cannot find them and bring them to justice. All you can do now is to take these papers to Sewarth and hope that Henrik's research will come to fruition. A Vampire – the most feared of all the undead, a leecher of life and blood, an appalling evil! Yes, you will take Henrik's letters to the monk. That, at least, you can do.

You hesitate as you look at the gold on the floor. If you leave it, in all likelihood the thieves of the tavern will soon take it. You have a choice at the start of your adventure. If you want to leave here at once and head for Lake Libra, turn to paragraph **1**. If you decide to take the gold, turn to paragraph **51**.

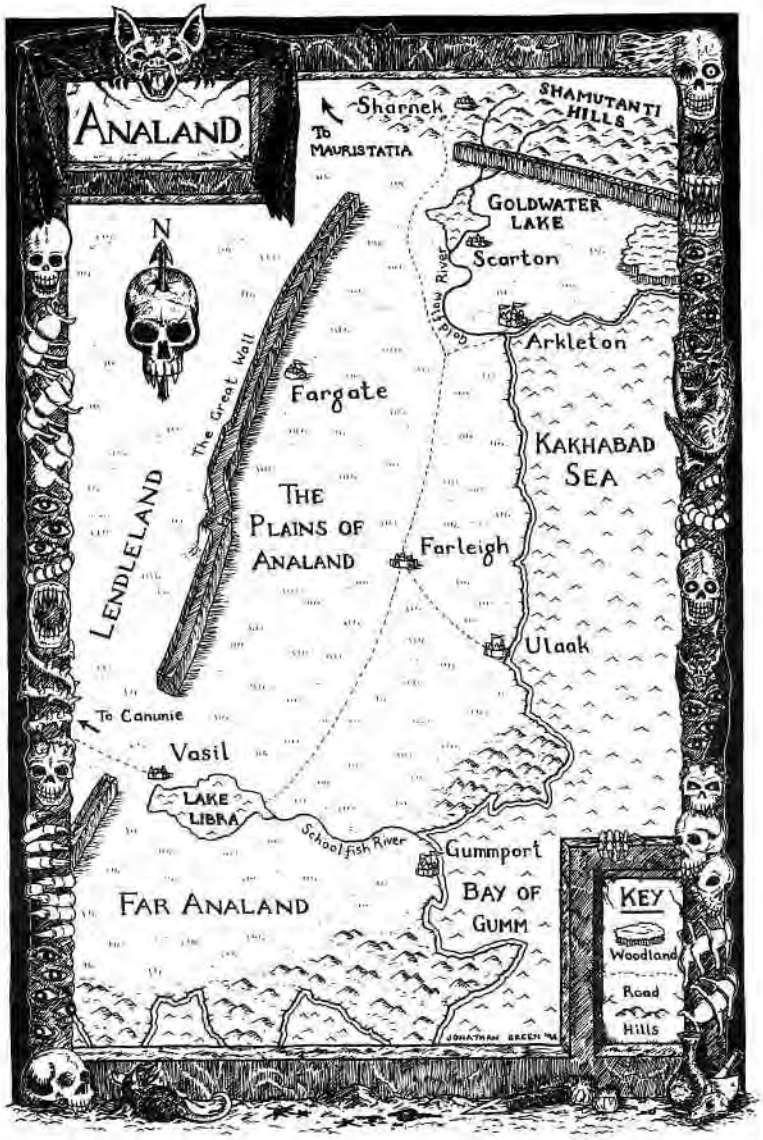

1

Leaving the village behind you, you make for Lake Libra, following the riverside road. You get a lift on a cart from a friendly farmer, and soon find yourself at the lakeside, the papers tucked safely inside your shirt. Then you realize that many monastic settlements throng the lakeside, and you do not know which one Sewarth lives in! So you knock at the front door of the first monastery you come to and ask the young monk who opens it if he knows where Sewarth can be found. He shakes his head, but then he says that the monks of the Hamaskian Monastery will know. There, the monks of the god of learning will tell you where to find Sewarth – for a small donation. If you have 1 Gold Piece and are willing to pay them, they tell you where Sewarth is to be found. If you can't – or won't – pay, then you have to keep asking around and you are delayed; lose 1 Blood Point. Turn to **351**.

2

You hear a flapping, scraping sound behind you and, looking around, you see a huge black bat grinning at you! Its flight is cumbersome in these enclosed passages, and it has to draw its wings round itself, but it is making its way towards you and can it can move faster than you can. The thing has evilly glowing red eyes, long sharp teeth and wickedly curved claws as long as your fingers. You will have to fight it here.

HORNED VAMPIRE BAT SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you decide that it is high time you got out of this place. You reckon that Sewarth must be dead –

he learned too much. On the way out, you spot the gleam of gold at the bony feet of one of the skeletal monks. Taking this would be dishonourable – the gold must have been buried with the monk, perhaps as an offering to one of the gods. If you want to take the 7 Gold Pieces that are here, you must lose 1 FAITH point. Make your decision, then head on upwards. Turn to **125**.

3

Healers who can treat afflictions such as yours are rare in these lands. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you meet a traveller who has herbs and unguents which can cure you of one affliction; you will have to pay him 10 Gold Pieces for this. If you are Unlucky, you do not find a healer. Either way, you will lose another 2 Blood Points because of the delay. If you cannot pay, or if you are Unlucky, you can *Test your Luck* once or twice more in the same way. If you are still not healed (of both your afflictions, if you have both), you transform into one of the Count's servants, and

your adventure ends here. If you are healed, or if you decide to give up and make for Mortus Mansion, turn to **198**.

4

Shevala leads you to what looks like a large pothole close to two large rocks; you light your lantern and make your way downwards. Looking back, you see Carollar striding off angrily towards a cave entrance in the side of Crab Peak, but you have no time to worry about her now. You enter a maze of passageways, stopping from time to time to listen for any sound of the monster you seek. You come across two skeletons in a side cave, and you can make out the gleam of metal among the bones. If you want to investigate this, turn to **63**. If you prefer to press on, turn to **177**.

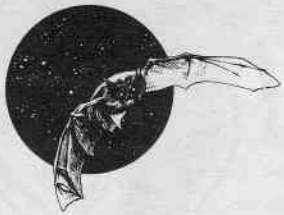

5

You head east until you come to a secluded house hidden behind very thick, high hedges. A pair of rusted iron gates, half open, give access to a pathway, and just inside the gates are some run-down stables. You go through the gates. If you want to explore the stables, turn to **376**. If you prefer to make straight for the house, turn to **98**.

13

Following the trail, you stumble across the bloody corpse of a young monk. You feel sick and begin to wonder as to the wisdom of continuing until you hear another voice screaming in the distance. You rush to see if you can save this person's life. You are too late, for when you reach his cell the monk has already been slain by the ghastly, corrupted thing which stands, slavering and slobbering, in front of you, blood all over its arms and body. It is vaguely human, but its flesh is a sickly grey colour and its bloodshot eyes bulge out of their sockets. Tufts of wire-like black hair stick out of its blotchy scalp and exposed flesh. The monster leaps at you, hoping to add another victim for its midnight feasting!

GHOUL-MONK SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

As soon as the Ghoul-Monk wounds you three times, turn to **84**. If it hits you even once, but you still manage to defeat it, turn to **116**. If you win without being wounded at all, turn to **172**.

14

As you enter the cavern, you are blinded by brilliant sheets of flame searing through the cavern. The spark-creature ignited the gas you could smell! You are almost roasted alive. You must lose 8 STAMINA points, and now the creature is advancing towards you. If you are still alive, you have to fight it, and you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength because of the state of shock you are in and the blinding effects of the flash of fire. Turn to **204**.

elsewhere in the monastery, turn to **265**. If you have learned of some other part of the monastery and you want to know how to get there, convert that location into a number using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26. Add the numbers corresponding to the letters in the location then turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not turn to a paragraph which begins, 'Something I found puzzles me', you have made the wrong choice; you should turn back to this paragraph and makes a fresh choice about where to go next.

9

Before your astonished eyes, the Count's body turns into a cloud of mist which flies towards the darkness of the right-hand archway in the distance. You chase the fleeing Vampire for all you are worth. *Test your Spot Skill.* If you are successful, turn to **106**. If you fail, turn to **165**.

10

No one here has ever heard of Crab Peak. Your only hope is to find someone passing through the hamlet who has heard of the place. Roll one dice. If you roll a 1, you find a traveller who tells you where Crab Peak is; turn to **310**. If you roll any other number, you waste one day of precious time; lose 2 Blood Points. If you have Bloodbane, did you roll a 6 on that dice? If you did, you must subtract 1 from both your Current and *Initial* STAMINA scores. You can continue waiting and asking for as long as you like, but if you get bored by failure and decide to make for Count Heydrich's mansion house instead, turn to **89**.

11

A magical glow swirls round the door with the shield on it, but you are not apprehensive. The usual sense of evil filling the crypts is absent here. You push the door open and discover a long corridor and five doors, each bearing a shield design. Materializing before you is the ghost of a knightly figure, tall and stern, who looks you over appraisingly.

'No evil enters here,' the ghost announces. 'Any undead creature would be destroyed instantly by the magic guarding the tombs of the Knights of the Thorn.' He seems to peer right into you – even through you – for a moment. 'You come to destroy the evil here,' the shade declares approvingly. 'And not before time!' What looks almost like a smile flickers on his face. 'I will allow you to pass into one, and only one, of the tomb rooms here, to take whatever may be of help to you.'

You must choose which tomb to enter. Whose tomb room will you enter?

The first Knight's?	Turn to **113**
The second Knight's?	Turn to **171**
The third Knight's?	Turn to **224**
The fourth Knight's?	Turn to **292**
The fifth Knight's?	Turn to **314**

12

You are turned into a smoking pile of ash by the magical barrier which stands in your way. Your adventure ends here.

6

'Spare me!' the crone cries, sinking to her knees and clasping her hands together. 'I'll give you my treasure, oh yes! It's all in there,' she snivels, pointing to the archway. 'I can tell you the magical words to speak in order to pass through it safely. Yes! Otherwise you will be killed by its terrible power! I will give you all the gold I have!' If you are determined to kill her off, you can do so easily; turn to **64**. If you decide to parley with her, turn to **124**. If you decide not to kill her but to tie her up and gag her so that she can't be a menace to you, you can find rope here to do so (turn to **168**).

7

You are standing at the top of the southern passage, looking southwards. There are doors to your left and

right, and one directly ahead of you at the end of the passage. You should explore an area where you have not been before. Will you:

Open the right-hand door?	Turn to **85**
Open the left-hand door?	Turn to **29**
Open the door in front of you?	Turn to **55**
Backtrack to the west passage?	Turn to **175**

8

You learn from Marcus that it was Endrell who told him about the other monks' departures; they themselves didn't tell him where they were going. You also tell Marcus of the history of Mortvania – which you know to be the homeland of the Vampire whom Sewarth and Henrik were corresponding about, and which you found in Endrell's room. Marcus is beginning to look very fidgety and worried himself. He blurts out that Endrell is often away from his bedroom at night, and that he, Marcus, has seen strange, dark shapes flitting about the monastery during the night. He is clearly worried senseless. 'You might try exploring the library,' he says. 'Or Sewarth's room, of course. That is locked. The library is just north of this room; Sewarth's rooms are directly south of here.' You cannot persuade him to accompany you.

It is time to explore elsewhere. If you want to make for Sewarth's rooms, turn to **135**. If you want to head for the library, turn to **375**. If you want to leave this east wing of the building and head westwards, turn to **197**. If you want to leave this east wing and search

rushes straight past you, screaming something about a scarred monster-man following him. If you want to ignore this mayhem and find somewhere to stay, turn to **285**. If you would rather find a place where you can crouch down, hide and wait to see what happens, turn to **94**.

20

The Ghouls here are tough opponents by virtue of sheer numbers. Before wielding your sword, you could try weakening them with other attacks. Blackfire will destroy half of them (subtract 2 from their SKILL and 5 from their STAMINA) or acid will destroy one of the Ghouls (subtract 2 from their STAMINA). You can use only one special attack before the Ghouls come to life and you have to fight with your sword.

GHOUL PACK SKILL 9 STAMINA 13

If you are struck three times by the Ghoul pack, turn at once to **84**. If you win, you make for the door ahead; turn to **350**.

21

Acid is utterly useless against the Megaghoul – it, after all, uses acid as a weapon itself! Its iron claws rip along your side just after you have hurled the acid at it, and you must lose 2 STAMINA points. You are forced to fight with your sword; turn to **270**.

22

You push open the small door and find yourself in a little room in which a saddler is at work. He is

lovingly polishing a beautiful, wine-coloured leather saddle. The man has his back to you; he is muscular and young, with long brown hair. The windowless room is lit by a strange, ornate wall-lantern which gives out a very disconcerting red radiance. As you enter, the man turns around. His eyes are blank, his face expressionless. 'Tell the Count his work will be done,' he says in a monotone. He seems to think you must have come from the mansion house. What will you do now? Will you take the lantern away (turn to **286**), try to talk to the man (turn to **79**) or decide that you are wasting valuable time in the coach-house and make for the main mansion house (turn to **46**)?

23

To your dismay, the west door in this room is now opening and pair of Zombies are shambling in from a nearby guard-room. You must fight the Zombies and Sandar two at a time (Sandar and one Zombie first of all). It is impossible now to go on making grabs for Sandar's amulet in this frantic mêlée, so you must now fight with your sword.

15

You have just left a hapless and innocent human being to his death. Lose 1 FAITH point. You return to the trail; turn to **148**.

16

You shake the sleeping woman and splash some water on her face. She wakes up slowly and you reassure her that you are not one of the castle's evil occupants. She says that she is a warrior herself, Vantiane from Gallantaria, on her way to the port of Arkleton in search of employment. She remembers walking into a mist along the road, then the swooping of wings – and nothing beyond that. She is weakened, but you give her some food (subtract 1 from your Provisions) and she rummages around in the room, coming up with her leather armour, shield and sword, which were stowed away under the sofa. Vantiane will help you in the next three combats you get into. While she is with you, you can add 2 to your Attack Strength because she fights at your side. After three combats have taken place (or when you leave the mansion house, if this is sooner), she will bid you farewell and make for Arkleton. You return to the main passage outside this room; turn to **399**.

17

Your horse is still willing, but he is slower than last night and he cannot keep up with the fleeing Count. You ride on slowly until dawn, then stop to take breakfast. You must now eat a meal. If you have a Codex with you, you know how many pages it has; turn to the paragraph with that number. If you do not have this book, turn to **279**.

18

When you step into the magical barrier, you feel as if you have been plunged into boiling oil and are being fried alive. Screaming with pain, you collapse; lose 10 STAMINA points! If you are still alive, you reawaken after some hours of unconsciousness (lose 1 Blood Point). Worse still, some scavenging rats have made off with half of your food (divide your Provisions total by two, rounding fractions up). Just be thankful they didn't nibble at you! Turn to **76**.

19

You have more long days ahead of you; during your journey, you must eat 6 meals to supplement what you can beg. However, you may buy food to replace used provisions (1 Gold Piece buys enough for 2 meals). If you have a longbow, you can take some potshots at rabbits for your supper. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, you hunt well enough to add 3 to your Provisions. If you fail, you may add only 1 to your Provisions. If you have no gold and you need food badly, you can work at log-chopping and similar demeaning tasks to earn money. One day's work earns 1 gold piece, but you must lose 1 Blood Point for each day you spend working.

Eventually you round the western edge of the northern Great Wall and, as night falls, find yourself in the village of Sharnek. Behind you, a rider races up and

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE	7	7
Second ZOMBIE	7	7

If you win, you decide to explore the house. Turn to **114**.

24

You have made a wise choice in your query (gain 1 LUCK point). Doktor Verruckte, for so he introduces himself, is eager to bore you rigid with incomprehensible details concerning his strange and unappetizing experiments in capturing the essence of life, and the undead, and using them for all manner of obscure purposes. 'Now, you know, bringing the dead back to life, well, that's difficult,' he drones on. 'But I, the great Doktor Verruckte, am engaged in the great work of bringing the *un*dead back to life – or back to unlife, I suppose you might say.' He giggles at his feeble joke. From what he says, you learn that he is trying to bring the Count's sister back to life, to join her brother in his infernal doings! You want him to say more, but he now grows quiet and yawns prodigiously. 'Time for my nap,' he says, pushing you towards the door. You can go quietly (turn to **7**) or attack him (turn to **278**).

25

Having destroyed the horror, you tend to the man, first removing his gag in order to hear what he has to say for himself. Mortus Mansion contains too many enemies for you to untie him immediately. He tells

you that this name is Malkan, that he is apprentice to a healer of Arkleton, and that foolishly he wandered too close to the mansion, looking for rare curative herbs and plants. He came with his brother, Simeon, who – like himself – was overwhelmed by a pack of Ghouls, which rushed out of the mansion grounds and attacked them. Malkan fears that Simeon has been eaten by the flesh-eating Ghouls, and his grief-stricken expression persuades you that this is not some tall tale and you decide to untie him. As he rises unsteadily to his feet, you see that he is thin and is certainly no fighting man. You give him instructions for getting out of the mansion, and tell him to flee for safety. You promise that, if you find his brother, you will do your best to free him. He is deeply grateful to you. If you have any afflictions (Lung Rot or Latent Vampirism, say), he can cure one of them for you, but only one: he is too weak, and anyway is just a novice healer, to do any more. Gain 1 FAITH point for freeing the young healer. Now you can climb the stairs into the darkness (turn to **50**), retreat and explore elsewhere in the east wing (turn to **399**), or make for the west wing (turn to **144**).

26

You don't bother to knock; you just smash the door down. The room itself is almost completely dark, but just enough light comes in from the corridor for you to see what is in here. There is a coffin on the bed, and a figure lies recumbent inside it. But there is also a watchful, powerfully built man with studded leather armour and a very sharp sword standing guard over his master, and he moves at once to attack you. You have to fight for your life now!

IGOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 14

If Igor has an Attack Strength of 20 or better when he wins an Attack Round, you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA for his attack – he is very powerful. If you win, turn to **244**.

27

You light the red lamp and its baleful light illuminates the passageway. The shrouded forms moan, tossing and turning inside their cocoons, then settle back in their wretched slumber. You make for the door ahead of you. Turn to **350**.

28

As you approach the door, there is a sudden flash of light in front of you, as if a warning was being given. You suspect that the door may have some form of magical trap set upon it. You have three choices here. If you have some, you may pour Oil of Disenchantment on the door to dispel the trap. If this is your choice, you know the number etched on the vial of oil;

add 102 to that number, then turn to the paragraph with this higher number. Alternatively, you can just open the door and hope for the best; if you want to do this, turn to **102**. Of course you can just forget about this door altogether, set off along the passage and open the left-hand door (turn to **393**) or the right-hand door at the end (turn to **11**).

29

The Count's writing room lies behind the door. You rummage swiftly through the papers on the writing desk, but they are blank. There are no clues to be found here, but on the west wall are three portraits. In the centre is one of the Count himself; his dark, brooding eyes seem almost to be surveying the room. You don't want to look at this too closely. The other two portraits show a man and a woman. If you have a History of Mortvania, you know the volume number. Multiply that number by 45, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. Otherwise, search elsewhere; turn to **7**.

30

The wolves snarl and growl, but they dare not attack you! You inch past the baying pack to the back door

of the mansion house and push hard at it to escape them. Turn to **207**.

31

As you leap the fissure, you must *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **153**. If you fail, turn to **99**.

32

Old Grundy is bad-mannered, bad-tempered and grumpy. It also seems that you will have to buy him a ridiculous amount of ale and several old mutton pies for his supper before he's ready to talk. This generosity will cost you 2 Gold Pieces. If you're ready to pay and listen to the old bore drone on, turn to **81**. Otherwise, you set off for the mines; turn to **134**.

33

'You may stay here with us until Sewarth returns,' Endrell announces, and you are shown to a room with only a pallet bed and some very rough blankets. You are given hard bread, thin soup and a jug of water for supper, then you settle down to sleep. Turn to **74**.

34

If you have been to Crab Peak, turn to **58**. If you have not been there, turn to **117**.

35

The door is locked, so you have to force it open. *Test your Skill*. If you fail, you smash it down clumsily and land heavily; lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are successful, you come to no harm. Inside the room is a

disturbing sight: a corpse lies, strapped down, on what could be an embalming table. Certainly, the room smells strongly of preservatives and there is a tray of flasks and urns containing various coloured and malodorous liquids. Oddly, though the body does not move, foggy breath appears to be drifting up from its blue-lipped mouth. If you want to explore this more closely, turn to **54**. Alternatively, you can leave this alone and go somewhere you haven't been before; will you:

Open the door at the end of the corridor?	Turn to **208**
Explore the eastern side of the house?	Turn to **193**
Leave and set out on your way?	Turn to **300**

36

The sword turns on you and slays you outright! It would never allow a latent Vampire to wield its magic, and it strikes you down with all the magical power it contains. Your adventure ends here.

37

You hammer on the door for all you are worth. When Grundar, Harquar's shambling bodyguard, appears, you

scream at him that something has just got in through the upstairs window and is attacking his master. Grundar, unfortunately, is slow on the uptake; he cups a hand to his ears and listens, but hears nothing. He looks at you very disbelievingly. You finally manage to drag him out into the street and show him the dissolved window. He furrows his brow and lumbers upstairs with you, but by now it's too late: Hanquar's body lies on his bed, covered in a sheet of slime that is dripping on to the floor. Grundar looks even more dumbfounded than usual.

'Go and get the Watch,' you yell at him. He's used to taking orders and lumbers off to find a guardsman on night patrol in Farlingh. This give you some precious time to search the place before he comes back – though it may be embarrassing if you get yourself caught in the act. If you decide to take the risk, turn to **141**. If you would rather not, you wait meekly for the Watch to arrive and give them your story. It's hard to believe, but they have no evidence against you. They send you out of town, though, so you will have to leave, going either north-eastwards (turn to **19**) or to some other area (turn to **304**).

38

'The Count is dozing in the crypts, of course,' the old man snarls. 'Everyone knows that.' He looks at you in a highly suspicious manner and before you can react, he flings a vial of acid at you. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. You will have to fight him now; turn to **278**.

39

A shape is forming in the mist! A bat-like creature, semi-transparent and seemingly composed of gas rather than a solid object, glides soundlessly down towards you. The 'eyes' of the thing glow a baleful green, and it whips a long, stingered tail out at you. You must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength when fighting this aerial spectre. If you do not have a Magic Sword, when you strike the monster it will lose only 1 STAMINA point, as it is resistant t[illegible]on-magical weapons.

BAT-SPECTRE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, you mal[illegible] our way safely through the mist to the clear air o[illegible] trail beyond. Turn to **148**.

[illegible]40

Have you been to [illegible]he witches? If you have not, do you know whe[illegible]u can find them? If you do, you know the nam[illegible] the place where they can be found. Change tha[illegible]e to a number using the code A = 1, B = 2, C [illegible] . . . Z = 26. Add the numbers corresponding to [illegible]etters of the place together to get a total, then t[illegible]o the paragraph with the same number as that t[illegible] If you do not know where to find the Vampire, [illegible] cannot succeed in this adventure, which ends here.

If you have been [illegible]o see the witches, do you have a red crystal heart? If you do not have it, then again you have failed; your adventure ends here. If you do have it, you still need to know the name of Reiner Heydrich's final hiding-place. If you do know it, change

the name to a number using the code A = 1, B = 2, etc. Add the numbers corresponding to the letters of the place together and add five to get a total. Turn to the paragraph with the same number as the total. If you do not know where to find the Vampire, you cannot succeed in your goal, and your adventure ends here.

41

You take the risk and brea[illegible]to the bookcases, but you find no clues. A prolon[illegible]earch turns up nothing; lose 1 Blood Point. H[illegible]er, just as you are about to give up and leave [illegible]otice the corner of a sheet of paper sticking out [illegible]book. The scrawled notes on the paper were clea[illegible]itten in great haste. You can make out the w[illegible]agical gem-hidden secret. Now indestructible. W[illegible]ever have believed . . . has infiltrated here . . . [illegible]ust no one. Copy notes and keep BELOW.' It [illegible]s on you that you have found no other notes, [illegible]ary or records of research; they must have b[illegible]oved. But, somewhere below the monastery, [illegible]clues are hidden. Where might that be, you w[illegible]r. You can now explore the east wing further [illegible] to **265**) or else make for the west wing (turn to [illegible]

42

As you stoop to examine the first [illegible]mb, for an instant the hands of the corpse seem to reach out, as if begging for help. But then the body is still again, and you cannot be sure whether your senses fooled you. For an instant a whisper seems to echo round the

chamber: the single word 'curse'. You gaze at the stone, and you know it to be the source of both the evil and the curse – whatever that may be. You should now examine the stone (turn to **180**). If you really do not want to do that, you can return to the surface (turn to **145**) or backtrack and take the left-hand turning behind you (turn to **363**), but if you do either you must lose 1 FAITH point!

43

The taller and uglier of the crones, Shevala, takes you to one side, away from the hate-filled gaze of the other crone, and whispers to you. 'My sister has been turned to stone,' she snarls. 'She,' pointing to Carollar, 'led her to the Basilisk's lair! It's her fault. I cannot return Xalvanar to life. That can only be done by slaying the Basilisk. Do that for me and bring me its head. Then I can craft an enchantment to bring my sister back. Do this for me, and then together we will slay Carollar. You can have the treasure she has in her cave.' If you are ready to agree to Shevala's plan, turn to **4**. If you are not, you can talk to Carollar (turn to **195**) or try some other strategy (turn to **72**).

44

As you despatch his sister, the Vampire in the coffin utters a terrible scream of fury and sits bolt upright. Its eyes are suffused with blood, and clots of blood cake its mouth. It has been regaining its strength in its coffin! It springs forward and attacks you with all the strength left to it. It will use a do-or-die strategy now, trying to reach your throat with its fangs and nails.

This means that its Attack Strength is reduced (this is already taken into account in its SKILL score below) but, if it strikes you, you must lose 3 STAMINA points and then you have to roll one dice. If you roll a 6, the Vampire strikes an immense blow and you must lose 6 STAMINA points – and, what is worse, you must roll two more dice at once. If the total rolled is greater than your Current STAMINA score, you will die immediately from massive shock! Furthermore, how many actions did you perform before entering the archway that lead to this room? Divide the number of actions by two, then round any fractions down, to get a new total. Add that total to the Count's STAMINA score as shown below.

REINER HEYDRICH	SKILL 11	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **400**.

45

As the gem strikes the stone, it seems to draw power from the evil of the monolith: the heartbeat within it grows swifter! You have made a terrible mistake; lose 5 Blood Points. What's more, as you strike the gem against the stone a wave of intense pain shoots though your arm and you feel as if you have just rammed your hand right into a stone wall. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA, and now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you suffer no further ill-effects. If you are Unlucky, you must also lose 1 SKILL point because of the damage to your hand and arm. What will you do now? If you have a magic sword, you could strike the stone with this (turn to **342**). If you have some Oil

of Disenchantment, you know the number on the top of the vial. If you want to use it, turn to the paragraph with that number. Otherwise, you can only backtrack to the left-hand passage (turn to **363**) or make for the surface (turn to **145**).

46

Uncertainly, you approach the front door of the mansion. It is a well-constructed building with thick stone walls and slit windows with iron bars across to prevent entry. The east and west wings of the house stand on either side of you, barely visible through the mist. You are pondering whether to knock on the door or smash it down when it opens of its own accord! Beyond it is a single, long, narrow hallway, with doors at the far end (to the north) and on either side. There is no sign of anything, living or undead, but the hallway is carpeted in thick, deep-red pile, and small ornaments and busts stand in wall-alcoves. Will you:

Open the eastern door?	Turn to **349**
Open the western door?	Turn to **144**
Open the northern door?	Turn to **253**

47

It takes some time to quieten the monk down – lose 1 Blood Point – but eventually he responds and tells you what he knows. A great Ghoul stormed through the cells of the junior monks, Marcus has been murdered and Endrell is missing. Of the other Elders there is still no sign. A grim, hardened warrior confirms the monk's belief that the Ghoul from the crypts of the

monastery – his skill at following a trail shows that it must have come from there. The monk also saw a large, bat-like shape swoop down towards the monastery before the Ghoul attacked, and some people mutter something about the wolves baying in the area, which is most unusual, for there is precious little forest cover near by. This sounds worse by the minute, and you really must try to pursue the coach now. If you have at least 8 Gold Pieces, turn to **276**. If you do not have this much, or if you won't pay, turn to **203**.

48

You sense the presence of undead guards behind the secret door. You pick a stone up off the floor and throw it gently a short distance ahead; then you stand in the corner and wait. The door opens and a ghoulish form appears; you strike at it from behind and manage a lucky blow to its spine! It loses 4 STAMINA points (which have been subtracted from its total below). Gain 1 LUCK point! As the pair of Ghouls emerge, you can fight them one at a time in this corner.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GHOUL	8	3
Second GHOUL	8	7

If you are struck four times by the Ghouls, turn at once to **84**. If you win, turn to **215**.

49

As you approach the mansion, the skies grow dark and cloudy. A supernatural mist hangs round the forbidding stone walls that are looming into view.

Drawing your sword, you advance towards the great iron gates of the dismal edifice. The gates are barred, and above them stone gargoyles leer down at you. The sound of fluttering wings makes you look up, and you see bats flying from the gateposts to the house itself. Will you:

Try to force the iron gates open?	Turn to **147**
Try to climb the walls?	Turn to **185**
Walk round the walls and look for another entrance?	Turn to **213**

50

You light your lantern and ascend the steps. The room at the top is a sealed black mausoleum, shrouded in black curtains and drapes; a single coffin lies, sealed, in the middle of the room. If you want to smash the coffin, turn to **60**. If you want to retreat and explore elsewhere in the east wing, turn to **399**. If you want to head for the west wing, turn to **144**.

51

You pick 6 Gold Pieces up off the floor and bundle the papers into your pocket, then you head downstairs to leave the tavern. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **1**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **105**.

52

At the bar you ask politely where Harquar may be found, and the landlord replies with obvious distaste, 'Who's asking after him, then?' You give your name and add that you have come from Lake Libra, where there has been some trouble. The landlord clearly doesn't like the sound of that much, but he despatches his lackey of a barman into the press of overdressed and noisy merchants and scribes who patronize this place. After a short time, you are directed to go to a far corner where a fat man swathed in rich, pastel-coloured silks sits slurping a bright blue drink. Harquar stretches out a pudgy paw towards you and orders you to sit down in a high-pitched squeak. You don't like the look of him at all. He blathers about nothing in particular for ages and is really a time-waster. Finally, exasperated, you announce that most of the monks of the Halls of the Stars have been destroyed by a Vampire and that either he can help you find out why and give you some help, or else you are leaving. At once he looks serious and says, 'Come and see me tomorrow morning. I have a house with a blue roof, next to Orchead Square.'

If you are prepared to wait, and waste a whole night, lose 1 Blood Point. You can stay in an inn (which costs 1 Gold Piece) or sleep rough (you must eat a meal). If you have Bloodbane, the delay causes you to lose 1 point from both your *Initial* and Current STAMINA. Turn to **369**. If you won't wait, it's too late to buy any equipment now. You can either leave, going north-eastwards (turn to **198**), or make for

mostly simple farming folk – and you can find barns to sleep in at night and the occasional bowl of soup and crust of bread. However, during this lengthy time of travel you must eat four meals to supplement what you manage to beg (subtract 4 from your Provisions), otherwise you will have to work for your supper now and again (subtract 2 Blood Points). If you have Bloodbane, you must subtract 2 from both your *Initial* and Current STAMINA scores. Finally, you find yourself trudging towards the farming hamlet of Stunkaster. The night is growing foggy and the air is very damp. If you have Lung Rot, you must lose 2 points from your STAMINA. You hear a woman's voice crying out piteously; she is moaning, 'Murder! Murder!' If you want to find out what's going on, turn to **328**. If you want to go straight on into Stunkaster, you soon arrive at the village inn; turn to **226**.

58

'But you cannot hope to destroy him,' Siegfried adds miserably. 'You have found the witches, but you did not find Reiner's soul gem. You will be too late.' You have failed and your adventure ends here.

59

The stablemen grab heavy pitchforks to defend themselves against your attack. You must fight them both together here.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First STABLEMAN	7	7
Second STABLEMAN	7	6

If you win, attacking these men was an evil thing to do. After all, they were only ordinary working men and hired hands; lose 1 FAITH point. You take 2 Gold Pieces from one of them, then you saddle your horse for the chase. Turn to **17**.

60

You slash at the black wood of the coffin with your sword, but this is a trap set for the unwary! The Count sleeps in coffins that have been left open, and this sealed one is not one of his resting places. As you strike down, whirring metal blades fly up from the brass handles on either side of the coffin and from the plaque set into its top. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, you suffer no more than flesh wounds – but several of them; lose 4 STAMINA points. If you fail, your sword arm suffers a deep wound in addition to numerous flesh wounds; lose 5 STAMINA points and 1 point from your SKILL. Angry at your misfortune, you retire and find somewhere else to explore; do you want to search in the east wing (turn to **399**) or the west wing (turn to **144**)?

61

You feel you must do some exploring now; you are losing time. So, will you:

Look for Marcus, if you haven't spoken to him yet?	Turn to **356**
Go to Endrell's room, if you haven't done so already?	Turn to **132**
Explore the monastery further?	Turn to **232**

another place away from Farleigh (turn to **304**); or you could follow Harquar to his house (turn to **246**).

53

This is the magic sword 'Imperator', and it is a mighty weapon indeed. It adds 1 to your Attack Strength in all combats, but it adds 2 to your Attack Strength against all undead. It also has three special powers which you should use with great care. First, it can – once and once only – deliver an especially powerful strike against any Vampire or Vampyre. You must decide when to use this power before you roll dice for Attack Strengths. If you have the higher Attack Strength, Imperator will inflict 8 points of damage upon your enemy. If you have the lower Attack Strength, this special attack is dissipated and lost, and you cannot attempt it again. Secondly, Imperator will automatically dispel and negate any one (and only one!) spell cast against you. You can choose which spell attack this will be, and you can then ignore instructions about lost STAMINA, SKILL, etc., caused by the spell attack. Thirdly, the sword contains a reservoir of healing and restoring magic. If you have any afflictions (Lung Rot, say), the sword cures them all. If you have lost any SKILL points through attacks from the undead or their like, Imperator will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level. Gain 2 LUCK points for this wonderful find! Then the knight's ghost ushers you out of the tomb, and you make for the door halfway along the passage beyond the tombs, and open it. Turn to **393**.

54

You don't want to get too close to the body, but you poke about at the tray and find a pot of thick, gluey resin and a vial of strong acid. You may take these if you like. Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **137**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **179**.

55

A sign on this door reads, 'Laboratory. DO NOT ENTER.' If you don't want to disturb the occupant, turn to **7** to explore elsewhere. Otherwise, you can either knock on the door and wait for a response (turn to **126**) or simply force the door open and go in (turn to **313**).

56

'Something I found puzzles me,' you say to Marcus. You admit that you have entered Sewarth's room, and explain what you found. 'BELOW – he wrote that in capitals. What was he referring to?'

Marcus looks pale and very fearful. 'He must mean the crypts,' he mutters, 'where the dead monks are interred. He must have hidden something there.' Marcus tells you that the entry to the crypts can be found through the kitchens, next to the dining hall, in the west wing of the monastery. If you want to make for the west wing now, turn to **197**. If you prefer to explore elsewhere in the east wing, turn to **265**.

57

An endless plain stretches ahead of you in central Analand. The people hereabouts are friendly enough –

62

To climb the railings, you must *Test your Skill*. If you do not have any rope, you must add 2 to the numbers rolled on the dice. If you are successful, you clamber over the railings and enter the courtyard; turn to **136**. If you fail, you fall off half-way up; lose 1 STAMINA point. You can continue *Testing your Skill* until you succeed, or you can abandon the attempt and make for the front door instead (turn to **46**).

63

Among the bodies, you find 4 Gold Pieces, and a flask of oil. The rusted chainmail armour the bodies once wore is useless now, as are the brittle and rust-flecked metal helmets of the long-dead knights. But you also find a curious key, which looks as if it had been made out of bone and then sprayed with molten silver. Take the Skeleton Key, and make a note of the fact that it has 13 notches cut along its length. Then you hear something heavy moving immediately behind you

and, before you can stop yourself, you turn around and find yourself looking a huge Basilisk right in the eye! *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, you will be turned to stone and your adventure ends here. If you are Lucky, turn to **177**.

64

You have despatched one of Count Heydrich's vile and evil minions. Gain 1 FAITH point! You find a pair of keys on her body which, you guess, will open the locked door you found in one of the passages here. Exploring the rest of the witch's den turns up nothing of value. If you want to go and open that locked door now, turn to **239**. If you want to hazard going through the archway, despite the magical barrier set upon it, turn to **264**. Otherwise, you return to the main passage. You can now head for the surface (turn to **145**) or go to the cavern at the very end of the passage below ground if you haven't been there before (turn to **206**).

65

When you open the door quietly, a vivid shaft of blue-white light streams out of the small, hot chamber. A figure is seated with its back to you, and the cloaked and robed figure holds a long glass tube in its metal gauntlets. As you gaze at it, the figure places one end of the tube in an intense blue flame coming from a sizeable bronze lamp. On the table at which the figure is working are numerous intricate glass vessels and pipes and a small number of sealed vials of liquids and oils. If you want to enter here, turn to **158**. If you'd rather not do so, turn to **399**.

66

A wolf pack comes racing into the clearing and circles round you, before their pack leader rushes in for the kill! Fight the wolf pack as if it were one opponent.

WOLF-PACK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, you can perform one action, such as eating a meal or drinking some liqueur, before a final wolf is upon you! This one is clearly bigger than the others. Its paws also have an almost hand-like appearance, and its face is not quite the right shape for a wolf. The green glittering eyes are full of malice, however, and the teeth protruding from its slavering muzzle are sharp and keen.

WEREWOLF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

Check your current STAMINA score both at the beginning and at the end of the fight with the Werewolf. If, at the end of the fight, it is half or less of what it was at the start of the fight, turn to **183**. Otherwise, turn to **242**.

67

The 'Rat and Bat' is not an agreeable place but the food is plentiful, even if doesn't taste very good. The clientele aren't pleasant company, either: most of them seem to be as thick as they are smelly. You fill your stomach and retire to your room to get some badly needed sleep. This is going to delay you; lose 1 Blood Point. You begin to doze off. *Test your Spot Skill.* If you are successful, turn to **159**. If you fail, turn to **174**.

68

Your arrow passes harmlessly between two of the Skeleton's bones! Immediately the guards come alive and attack you. Turn to **104**.

69

Endrell isn't aware of your presence until you leap down the few remaining steps and strike at him with your sword! He is off-guard; *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you wound him before he can react. He loses 2 points from his STAMINA and you regain 1 LUCK point! Whether you succeed or fail, you must now fight the furious monk.

ENDRELL	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **103**.

70

You book yourself a room and eat a hearty breakfast. You are very tired from riding all night, and you need to sleep. If you decide to go straight to sleep, turn to **379**. If you would rather search the coaching inn without delay, turn to **122**.

71

Chiselled stone steps lead downwards into utterly dark, infernal depths. You come at last to a plain stone landing, where you can hear and smell the occupants before you can see them. Another Ghoul pack is feasting on the bones of the dead here, snarling and growling as they feed. They sense your approach

and are ready when you reach them. You have no alternative but to fight; you can fight the entire group as if they were a single opponent.

GHOUL PACK	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If the Ghouls strike you three times, turn at once to **84**. If you win, turn to **149**.

72

Whatever you attempt here, the witches intend to destroy you. You will have to fight for your life! Turn to **267**.

73

Drifting along the passageway towards you is a wispy, spectral figure; it is vaguely human, with shrivelled features and bony limbs. The creature gives out a physical chill, and it scrabbles for your throat like a blind thing. You could flee this combat; if you want to run away, turn to **145**. If you prefer to stand and fight, the Witch-wraith is resistant to non-magical weapons. If you do not have a magic sword, you must roll one dice whenever you strike it. If you roll 1–4, the creature loses only 1 STAMINA point instead of the usual two.

WITCH-WRAITH	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you win, did the creature strike you at all? If it did, roll one dice. If you roll 1 or 2, the life-draining power of the wraith inflicts grievous harm on you: you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL! And is this the worst of the horrors to be found in this chill and deadly

place? If you want to continue onwards, turn to **206**. If you prefer to backtrack and take the left fork, turn to **363**. If you decide to return to the surface, turn to **145**.

74

Sleep doesn't come easily: the bed is very hard and it gets cold at nights. The blankets may be rough but they don't keep you warm – they actually help to keep you awake, they're so ticklish. You toss and turn fitfully. Will you:

Try to get back to sleep?	Turn to **326**
Find Endrell to talk some more, if you haven't done so already?	Turn to **132**
Find Marcus to talk further, if you haven't done so already?	Turn to **356**
Get up and explore the monastery?	Turn to **232**

75

You don't sense the presence of a pair of Ghouls lurking behind the secret door, but you are aware of the possibility of a trap, so when they leap out you are not taken by surprise. You have to fight the Ghouls together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GHOUL	8	7
Second GHOUL	8	7

If you are struck four times by the Ghouls, turn at once to **84**. If you win, turn to **215**.

76

Beyond the archway is a chamber so small that its walls seem to press in on you. The witch must have slept in a hammock, which you find heavily infested with lice. You pick up a locked box and flip back the gilded fastenings. Inside you find a pair of metal gauntlets, which fit you well; they are magical and will add 1 to your Attack Strength in combats! You also find two potion bottles. One, you realize from careful sniffing and testing, is a Potion of Stamina. This restores lost STAMINA points equal to half your *Initial* total (round fractions up). You can drink it at any time, except during combat. The other bottle you simply cannot identify; you will have to find a herbalist or alchemist to identify it for you, or just take a risk and swig it some time – but not until matters are desperate! You will be offered the option of consuming this unknown potion later when it becomes relevant. This unknown potion has a series of scratches along the glass – 11 in all (make a note of this number). Last of all, you find a single scroll. Unrolling it, you see it is the witches' pact with Heydrich, and it is written in blood! The details are too revolting for you to want to remember them, but at the very end of the pact there is a reference to a dreadful-sounding place: the Ghoul-crypts. Heydrich has gone here to resurrect ancient allies from part of a great necropolis known as the Graveyard of Vampires. With this army of undead at his call, he plans to overwhelm the Old World. The witches have been offered rulership of Analand in return for their help in preserving his soul gem, the red crystal heart which makes him invulnerable –

unless it can be destroyed. You pocket your treasures and leave. Now you can make for the cave at the end of the passage, if you have not been there before (turn to **206**), head for the surface (turn to **145**), or unlock the door in the passage, if you haven't done so already (turn to **239**).

77

As you swallow the potion, your mouth feels as if it is on fire! For a moment you think you must have swallowed a mouthful of pepper: a burning pain fills your lungs and stomach, and you desperately gulp cold air in – and exhale. What you breathe out is a wall of fire, which hits the waterfall and instantly generates a cloud of superheated steam. Standing where you are, you are almost steamed alive! Deduct 8 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, all you can do is descend using climbing boots and a rope, if you have them (turn to **196**), or dive in and hope for the best (turn to **263**).

78

Igor was a dangerous enemy because of his sword – this is a magic sword, which will add 1 to your Attack Strength in combat. Gain 1 LUCK point. You also find a gold ring set with seven moonstones, which is worth 10 Gold Pieces. Gain 2 Blood Points for disposing of one of Heydrich's most valued servants! You return to the passage outside the room. You should now explore somewhere you have not been before. If you want to make for the southern door, turn to **131**. To explore the east wing, turn to **399**; for the west wing, turn to **144**.

79

You can get absolutely no sense out of the man. He just keeps repeating, 'Tell the Count the work will be done soon.' You are about to give up on him when you hear footsteps approaching. You duck behind the door and wait. The footsteps come to a halt right outside the door. If your FAITH score is 7 or lower, turn to **119**. If your FAITH score is 8 or higher, turn to **221**.

80

You explain what happened in Endrell's chambers. You say that you meant the monk no harm, and that you fought only in self-defence. You beg Marcus to come and look at the Mortvanian book you found, but he does not believe you. He forces you out of his room and shuts and bolts his door. You're on your own now and must explore the monastery without delay. Turn to **232**.

81

'Ye want to take care at the Dome,' Old Grundy says as he puffs at his stinking old pipe. 'Get rockfalls from above down the airhole, like. And when yer gets past the flitch of bacon, take the left-hand path towards the pillars. Go right, and there's a dead end. Some men got ate up there by cave eels; there's a whole nest of 'em down there. Be careful in the poached egg chamber, there's lots of gas thereabouts. If there be anything under the old mines, look below the cascade. There's a sheer drop there, down to whatever lies below, like.' You thank Grundy for his help and reel away from the stinking miasma of pipe smoke, gratefully breathing in big gulps of fresh air outside the inn. You follow the directions he gave you towards the mines, but you must lose 1 Blood Point for the delay. Turn to **134**.

82

Sandar looks down at the destroyed Zombies with an expression of utter horror. He begins to shake and you have to sit him down and give him some water and wine before he can speak. He is indeed the missing Elder of the monastery you have come from, and he is appalled when you tell him what happened there. 'I knew some evil had come upon us. I warned Sewarth not to meddle with such evil, it was tempting fate,' he laments. 'I can't remember anything at all from the past – what day is it?' You tell him. 'The last three weeks are a complete blank,' he says miserably. 'That wretched amulet!' Further talk reveals that Sandar remembers nothing about Heydrich, the Vampire you are pursuing. He can scarcely even remember what is

in the house. He sits, slumped and sweating with fear. You suspect that Heydrich must have abducted and kept him here for some purpose – initially, to find out what was known by the monks, perhaps, and later on as a plaything to amuse himself with. However, you avoided killing him and that was a noble act. Gain 1 FAITH point. You can take Sandar back to the hamlet and safety and then go on your way (turn to **89**) or you can explore the house (turn to **114**).

83

Throwing a small missile at such long range is difficult. *Test your Skill*, adding 3 to the total rolled. If you are successful, the Count is splashed by the acid and loses 2 STAMINA points; if you roll a total of 2 or 3 on the dice, you manage to hit him fair and square, and he loses 4 STAMINA points! Make a note of any losses to the Count's STAMINA on your *Adventure Sheet*. Now, you can fire a longbow, if you have one (turn to **397**), use Blackfire, if you have some (turn to **231**), or rush towards the Vampire with your sword bared (turn to **273**). If you fail, he hurls a volley of magical darts at you and they burn their

way into your flesh; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. The pain gives you a jolt and you rush at him; turn to **273**.

84

The poisoned claws of the Ghoul paralyse you! It slobbers with joy as it reaches out to your flesh. Your adventure ends here!

85

The door here is locked. You can smash it down if you want to; turn to **109**. Alternatively, you can try to pick the lock. *Test your Skill*; unless you have a flask of oil to lubricate the lock, you must add 2 to the total rolled. If you are successful, turn to **184**. If you fail, you can either try to smash the door down (turn to **109**) or give up and search elsewhere (turn to **7**).

86

The wolves soon overcome the poor wretch and gorge themselves on a midnight feast of flesh. When they are sated, you go over and inspect the bodies. One of the men has 6 Gold Pieces in a pouch, which you can take. You must lose 1 Blood Point for the

delay while waiting, and 2 FAITH points for your callous indifference to the man's fate. You will have to behave more honourably in future, or you will have no hope of overcoming Heydrich the Vampire! Return to the trail; turn to **148**.

87

Only one road leads eastwards away from the monasteries of Lake Libra, so you gallop along it. By good fortune, after you have ridden for an hour you come upon a coach which has stopped at the roadside with a broken axle; asking the coachman, you find out that the black coach you are pursuing was seen heading eastwards along this road barely half a hour ago. Regain 1 LUCK point. Your horse seems delighted to get a decent gallop, and it's almost dawn by the time he begins to flag. Now you see a coaching inn by the roadside, not far ahead. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, turn to **146**. If you fail, turn to **189**.

88

You enter the Count's dining hall. Silver plates, cutlery and tureens adorn the lace cloth on the rosewood

table which dominates this spacious chamber, and fine thornwood chairs ring it. A single door leading to the kitchens can be seen at the eastern end. A large tigerskin rug is draped over the floor – despite your misgivings, it isn't about to come to life and leap on you. However, the dining-room door slams shut behind you and locks itself, and suddenly all the cutlery and crockery on the table flies up into the air and swarms towards you, beating and thumping you! Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. *Test your Spot Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **248**. If you fail, lose another STAMINA point through being battered by a 'foe' you cannot fight off! *Test your Spot Skill* repeatedly until you either succeed or succumb to the unseen blows.

89

As you set off on your way, the skies darken and peals of thunder can be heard coming from the north. Dark clouds scud across the sky and the wind lashes into your face. You almost have to close your eyes against the dust and dirt being blown into your face, so the first you know about the impending danger is when a Giant Raven pecks at your neck! Fortunately it is only a glancing blow; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are walking, fight normally. If you are on horseback, it is hard for you to control your horse and

swing a sword at the same time: subtract 1 from your Attack Strength. If you wish to, you can dismount and fight normally, but you must lose 2 more STAMINA points as the Ravens attack you while you are getting to the ground.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT RAVEN	7	6
Second GIANT RAVEN	7	6

If you win, did you fight on horseback for the entire combat? If you did, turn to **162**. Otherwise, turn to **118**.

90

Your snooping has aroused Endrell's suspicions, and he has given you a poisoned drink. You fail to wake up; your adventure ends here.

91

You find a magnificent suit of chainmail armour in the tomb room. This adds 1 to your Attack Strength in all combats – and it has another magical quality. Once, and only once, you may drain the magic out of the armour and draw it into yourself. When you do this, you may add 10 to your Current STAMINA score, but the armour loses its magic (and you lose the bonus to your Attack Strength). Gain 1 LUCK point for this excellent find!

Delighted with your prize, you turn around, to find the knight's ghost smiling in the doorway. 'A wise choice,' he says approvingly. 'That was the armour I wore, long ago. Wear it well. Because of your wisdom,

I will allow you to make a second choice.' You may now enter one more tomb. Will it be that of:

The first Knight?	Turn to **113**
The third Knight?	Turn to **224**
The fourth Knight?	Turn to **292**
The fifth Knight?	Turn to **314**

92

It is the middle of the night, and setting out for the mansion is not a wise idea when you are still very sleepy and more than a little shaken by the shock of your attack. You are not far from the village when you are overwhelmed by fatigue, and you cannot take another step. You stumble into a grassy hollow, pull your blanket over you, and fall asleep. You wake up on a cloudy, dark morning, stiff and hungry. You feel weak and lethargic; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, and now you must eat a meal. Worse still, you feel a sharp pang on your neck. To your horror, you discover that one of the vampire bats of the mansion has been feasting on your blood during the night! No wonder you feel so weak. You are suffering now from Latent Vampirism. You had best get this cured swiftly, otherwise you will become one of the Count's minions! Turn to **49**.

93

You prise open the lock and slip into the darkened room. Using your lantern, a quick examination shows that all the furniture here has been covered with drapes and a couple of bookcases and chests have

been chained and padlocked. Someone seems to think that Sewarth isn't coming back for a very long time – yet you were told he would be away for only a day or two. You are growing steadily more suspicious now. It will be time-consuming to explore this room, but if you wish to do so turn to **41**. Otherwise, you can search elsewhere in the east wing (turn to **265**) or head for the west wing (turn to **197**).

94

The Count has sent his hunter after you! The creature comes into view in the gloom. It is man-like and carries a huge wooden club, studded with chunks of metal. It wears only black sacking and appears to have been cobbled together from bits of various bodies. The monster stands an arm's length taller than you and is immensely muscular and strong. It seems to be sniffing at the ground around, as if trailing someone. But you have the advantage of surprise here. If you have a longbow, you can fire an arrow at the creature, so subtract 2 points from the monster's STAMINA total

when you meet it. If you don't have a longbow, you still gain a slight advantage by leaping out of cover, so you can add 2 to your Attack Strength in the first Attack Round. Turn to **190**.

95

The Vampyre's bite goes deep into your throat. You are bleeding profusely, and from now on you will automatically lose 1 STAMINA point each and every Attack Round (in addition to any other damage from her attacks) until the combat ends and you can staunch and bind the wound. Worse still, you have Latent Vampirism! You need to get this cured swiftly – if you can! If you already have this affliction, the bite of the Vampyre pierces your windpipe and you are instantly killed. Now return to the paragraph you came from and resume the fight – but if the Vampyre has an Attack Strength of 21 again during the combat, you will be killed outright, and your adventure will end in a fate far worse than death, for you will rise from the grave as one of Heydrich's undead servants!

96

You liberate the ghostly essence of the creature trapped within! You are in desperate danger now. The Vampire-Ghost sealed inside the flask attacks at once. If you do not have a magic sword, you cannot harm this creature, and you will be slain here.

VAMPIRE-GHOST SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, you gain 1 FAITH point for defeating such a terrible enemy. Did the Vampire-Ghost strike you even once? If it did, you must roll one dice, and, if you roll any number other than 6, you must lose 1 SKILL point because of the life-draining blow of the infernal thing. You don't want to risk another combat of this type, so you leave at once and search elsewhere. Turn to 7.

97

With a great effort you force open the door and find yourself in a cavernous room where a single stone tomb is all you can see. It has a sculpted surface depicting a slim and beautiful woman with long, lustrous hair. The tomb appears to be sealed, and you have no way of opening it; somehow you have the feeling that the tomb is empty anyway. You can now either go through the illuminated archway far to the north (turn to **12**) or try the other southern door, if you haven't done so already (turn to **152**). Alternatively, you can leave the crypts and return to the entrance hall of Mortus Mansion to get your bearings and find somewhere else to search (turn to **271**).

98

'Oh, *that*,' he says, looking greatly amused. 'I can give you something for that. I will give it to you without charge, if you will tell me how you came by such a malady.' You don't want to reveal all the details, so you make up a tale about encountering a great bat flying near a monastery – but he wheedles out of you the name of the monastery. He gives you a strange stare as he offers you a herbal mixture as a cure. If you want to drink it, turn to **228**. If you don't fancy taking the risk, turn to **268**.

99

You stumble as you land and you go sprawling on the rock-hard floor. Meanwhile the witch has conjured a blast of fiery smoke from her cauldron; lose 3 STAMINA points. Worse still, a clawed reptilian horror has emerged from it to slither across the rock and block your path to her. The green scaly brute isn't especially large or menacing, but you will have to slay it before you can fight the witch herself.

CAULDRON LIZARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

While you are fighting this guardian, the witch is invoking a lengthy spell. If you kill the lizard before the fourth Attack Round, turn to **153**. If the lizard is still alive after three Attack Rounds, turn to **111**.

100

Roban gives you 5 Gold Pieces and buys you some food for your journey ahead; add 3 to your Provisions. He wishes you well and, while he doesn't want to pry, asks if there is any other help you need. You hesitate for a moment, then you say that you have come from a monastery where there has been much trouble; you are seeking the cause of that trouble. This is true, of course, but it doesn't give too much away. You mention the names of the Elders of the monastery, and he rubs his chin thoughtfully. 'There are no monks or monasteries here,' he says, 'but there is a scholar here who, I believe, spent some time at Lake Libra and who may well know something of use to you. His name is Harquar, and you can find him at the Golden Goose. He's quite sociable for a scholar.' You thank Roban for his help. Now, will you:

Buy some supplies or equipment?	Turn to **283**
Try to find out if there is a sage or scholar here who may be helpful to you?	Turn to **373**
Continue on your way north-eastwards?	Turn to **198**
Make for the Golden Goose tavern?	Turn to **123**
Leave the village altogether?	Turn to **304**

101

You clamber up into the branches of a tree, and the howling wolf pack soon appears from the distant forest and snuffles around at its foot. Wolves aren't good tree-climbers, however, and you are safe here. If you have a horse with you, though, the wolves attack and eat it. The wolves do not leave until daybreak; you lose 1 Blood Point for the delay and, because you can't rest or sleep, you must eat a meal and still lose 2 STAMINA

points from fatigue. When the wolves have departed, you can return to the main trail. Turn to **148**.

102

A terrible yelping scream, like some horror from the Abyss, howls all round you – and you soon see why: a horror from the Abyss has indeed been summoned to deal with you! A huge hound, as long from snout to barbed tail as you are tall, stands before you, breathing fire and acid. Its paws are the size of a horse's hoof, and its teeth are as long as daggers. Its snarl freezes the very blood in your veins! You have just a little time to run after the monstrosity has materialized in mid-air in front of you. You can get to the first door along the passage and open it safely, slamming it behind you to keep the horror out. If you choose to do this, turn to **222**. If you want to make a dash for the door at the far end of the passage, you'll have to run like a hare with a gale blowing behind it if you're going to make it. If you want to try, turn to **266**. If you decide to stand and fight, turn to **322**.

103

The corridor leads into a maze of catacombs and passageways. The skeletons of long-dead monks gaze at you from alcoves in the walls, and bones, dust and cobwebs are everywhere. You hardly know where to begin exploring down here. This is going to take you quite some time. Roll one dice and divide the number by 2, rounding fractions up; this is the number of Blood Points you lose during your extended search. Eventually you see a silver tube gleaming in an alcove, and

cautiously you take it down. Inside are some carefully copied notes, made by Sewarth himself. You sit down to read by the light of your lantern, your heart beating fast.

> 'Heydrich knows of our letters. I believe he has even corrupted this place with his influence. But is it Endrell, Marcus or Sandar he has tainted? All of them avoid me now, yet none is a vampire himself – I am sure of that. Heydrich must have corrupted his victim with the lure of power, or hypnotized him into his service. I must send word to Henrik regarding the Soul Gem the Vampire now has; until it is found, he will be invulnerable, it will be absolutely impossible to slay him. I know who crafted it, and what magic was used – I have recorded these facts in my Codex, which I have hidden carefully. And I know where Heydrich has made his home in these lands.'

Alas, the map that was sketched below these notes is illegible – it is smeared and smudged. However, you are sure that, wherever the monster may be, he lies to the north-east from here, but you cannot tell exactly where. But at least you have learned of some secret of his, a magically crafted gem, so gain 2 Blood Points. Of the precious Codex, which could tell you so much, there is no sign. Turn to **2**.

104

You must fight the animated Skeleton Horde as if it were one opponent.

SKELETON HORDE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 13

If you win, you can take the left-hand turning (turn to **164**) or walk straight ahead (turn to **202**).

105

Halfway down the stairs you bump into the landlord and he sees blood on your sleeve! His eyes widen and he pushes past you into the old man's room. You run out of the tavern as he starts bellowing, calling out the town militia. As you run towards the edge of the village, a couple of burly warriors from the guard yell at you to halt. If you decide to stop and tell them the truth about what happened, turn to **160**. If you prefer to keep on running, turn to **1**.

106

As the mist-cloud drifts into the archway, you notice a sudden flare of silvery light round the edges of the left-hand archway opposite. This makes you suspicious! Will you now enter the darkness of the right-hand archway (turn to **217**) or the left-hand archway (turn to **284**), or will you perform some other action (turn to **192**)?

107

You push open the door of an unused guest room. If you wish to do so, you can make a brief search; *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you find 3 Gold Pieces in a pouch carelessly left behind. If you are Unlucky, you find nothing. If you don't want to *Test your Luck*, you don't have to do so. Now you must search the east wing further (turn to **265**) or make for the west wing (turn to **197**).

108

As you approach the stables, the dark coach with its horseman bolts from inside. The horses gallop away like the wind. You race for your own horse, but two burly stablemen stand in your way. ''Ere, we fed and watered 'im,' one of them says. 'Ate almost his own weight, he did, greedy devil.' You stare, dismayed, at a very smug, fat-bellied and probably slow horse. 'Cost yer a gold, that will.' If you have a Gold Piece and are prepared to pay to get your horse back, turn to **17**. If you haven't any gold left or if you won't pay, you could fight the stablemen; turn to **59** if you choose to do this. If you choose not to take your horse, do you have a Codex with you? If you have, you know how many pages it has; turn to the paragraph with the same number. Otherwise, turn to **279**.

109

This door contains a vicious trap, for one of the Count's best-guarded secrets lies behind it. Whirring metal blades fly from the door frame and cut deep into your arms and legs; lose 4 STAMINA points, and you must now *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you suffer no worse consequences. If you are Unlucky, you must lose 1 point from your SKILL because of the damage to your weapon arm. Turn to **184**.

110

You follow a long and winding passage with miners' marks scratched on the walls, but as you do not know their secret signs you cannot decode them. As the passage widens, holes in the walls wide enough to stick an arm into begin to appear. Some have rotted timbers still stuck inside them, but others are hollow. As you use your lantern to peer into the gloom ahead, the mottled head of a Rock Eel strikes with amazing speed out of one of the holes and tries to sink its jaws into you. The thing has four very sharp front teeth, and if it bites you it will hang on like a limpet! As you strike at the Eel, other heads and jaws shoot out through the holes and attack you! Fight the Eel pack as if it were one opponent. If you are struck twice, enough Eels have got their teeth into you to slow you down and make it hard for you to move, so you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength for the remainder of this fight.

ROCK EEL PACK SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you see many more of the Rock Eels ahead and your lantern throws a beam wide enough to show that you have blundered into a dead end. All you can do is retrace your steps and take the other bridge across the chasm behind you. Turn to 307.

111

The witch completes her spell, and you feel yourself weaken. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is equal to or greater than your FAITH score, you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength until you vanquish her. If

the total is less than your FAITH score, you must subtract 1 point from your Attack Strength until you defeat her. Turn to **153**.

112

You remember to push the bedroom door shut before you jump into the wardrobe, and you are fortunate. Endrell enters, noticing nothing amiss; he yawns, lies down and is soon asleep. You tip-toe out of the room and he doesn't wake up. Regain 1 LUCK point. Now, will you:

Return to your room and go back to sleep?	Turn to **326**
Look for Marcus to talk with him, if you haven't done so already?	Turn to **356**
Explore elsewhere in the monastery?	Turn to **232**

113

This tomb room contains a single stone sarcophagus and, still lying on the tomb, a fine scabbard set with jewels. The scabbard is magical, and you can draw your sword from it with astonishing speed! In the first – and only the first! – Attack Round of any combat, when you attack

with a sword, you may add 2 to your Attack Strength. Now you must leave. The knight's ghost ushers you out of the tomb, and you make for the door half-way along the passage beyond the tombs and open it. Turn to **393**.

114

Doors lead to the east and the west from this room. If you want to open the door to the east, turn to **193**. If you want to head west, turn to **238**.

115

One of the witches seems to be intrigued by you, while the others look at you with hate-filled eyes. Turn to **43**.

116

The claws of the horror are encrusted with filth and rotting flesh, and as it strikes you it poisons your blood. You now have Bloodbane (make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*). This will weaken you slowly over time, so you will have to find help and healing within a few days. Turn to **172**.

117

'You must first find the soul gem the witches of Crab Peak crafted for Reiner,' the ghost tells you. 'Until you have that, you cannot destroy Reiner.' Siegfried gives you instructions for finding Crab Peak, far to the west. You have no time to waste. Siegfried dismisses you with a wave of the hand and you are returned to your own world and find yourself outside Mortus Mansion. Turn to **57**.

118

Your horse (if you had one) has bolted! From now on, you have to go on foot. This loses you time; lose 1 Blood Point. Also, if you have Bloodbane, you must subtract 1 from each of your Current and *Initial* STAMINA scores. Turn to **162**.

119

The saddler turns to the unseen person outside the room and mutters, 'Tell the Count the work will soon be done.' The footsteps retreat into the distance. Gain 1 LUCK point for avoiding a very unpleasant encounter! Now you may take the lantern (turn to **286**) or decide to leave the coach-house and make for the main mansion house (turn to **46**).

120

The letters contain a couple of diagrams of mystical wards which Sewarth and Harquar had experimented on. One of these looks very like the pattern you can see glowing faintly in the archway. You follow the instructions in the letter for removing the barrier and, to your delight, it winks out of existence! Gain 1 LUCK point. Turn to **76**.

121

The fiery horror can burn for only a very short time, then it will be destroyed. For two Attack Rounds, however, it is able to fight you. If you have the higher Attack Strength, when it tries to strike you it misses. If it has the higher Attack Strength, it will damage you with a dreadful mixture of acid, fire and superheated metal; if the monster strikes you, you must lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive when the monster dies, turn to **294**.

122

You find a young chambermaid taking fresh linen and bedding out of a cupboard; you ask her if there are any rooms she has been told not to enter. She giggles a little and says that the gentleman in room number five doesn't want to be disturbed on account of the young lady with him, who isn't *really* his wife. You interrupt to say that this doesn't interest you. Looking thoughtful, she says that she isn't to go into – and then she stops dead and her eyes glaze over. It is as if she has a mental block and cannot speak about something. Intrigued, you don't press the point but walk away. However, you hang around in the corridors and observe that she puts clean bedding outside all the rooms bar two: the fifth room and one at the far end of the corridor. You wait for the young girl to leave, and now you have a simple choice. You can enter that farthest room (turn to **26**) or go back to your own room and get some rest (turn to **379**).

123

The Golden Goose is a flashy place frequented by the well-to-do, and the guard standing at the door to keep riff-raff out looks like a half-Troll. Certainly he doesn't care much for the look of you. You will have to bribe him with 1 Gold Piece to get in. If you pay up, turn to **52**. If you can't or won't pay, will you:

Buy some supplies or equipment?	Turn to **283**
Leave Farleigh and set off north-eastwards after Heydrich?	Turn to **198**
Leave Farleigh for some other area?	Turn to **304**

124

'All my gold, yes, and my magic too! I've got a lovely pair of gauntlets for you, dearie, that I have. All in there! Just don't kill me!' She tells you the magical key words which she says will bypass the magical ward on the archway. The cowardly witch slobbers and drools and cries to herself. You know the witches are in league with him, so you ask her about Count Heydrich, the Vampire you seek. But she grows terrified and will not speak of him beyond muttering a few words. 'The heart,' you hear her whisper. 'The heart!' You force the truth out of her: her sister has the crystal heart of Count Heydrich. The three witches together enchanted the thing to restore him to life – or to undeath, to be more accurate – and in return Heydrich has offered them the rulership of southern Analand, 'after he has brought back –' and then she will say no more. You can now kill her (turn to **64**) or tie her up and leave her here while you explore this place. If you do the latter, *Test your Spot Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **168**. If you fail, turn to **386**.

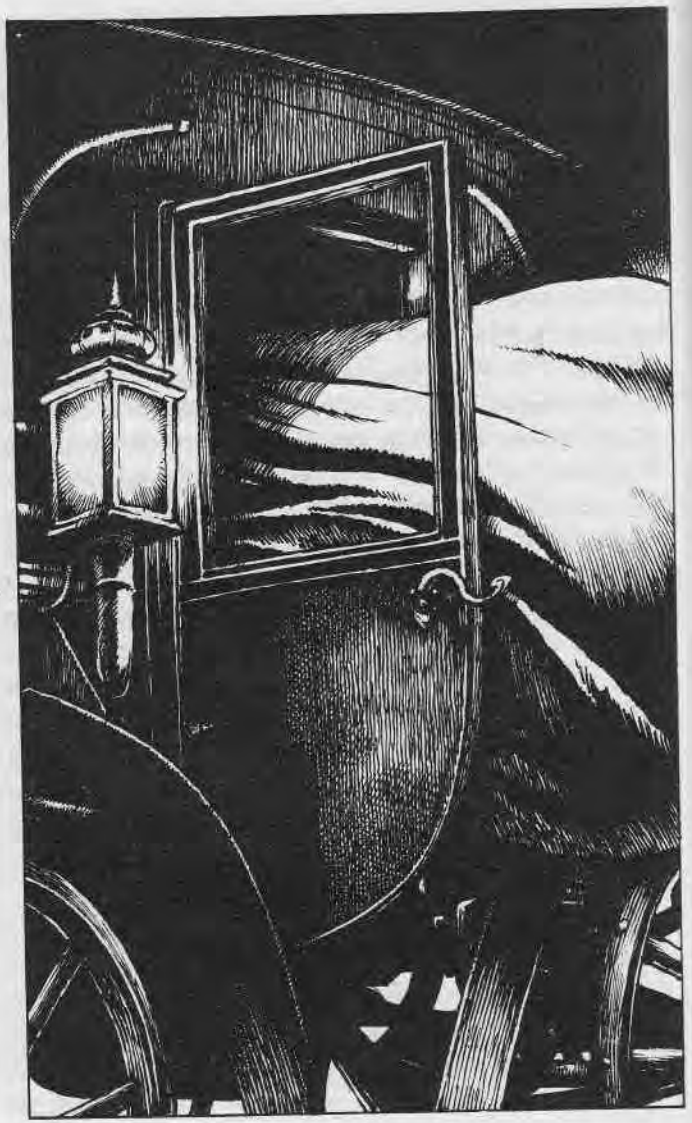

125

As you leave the kitchen, a chilly draught tells you that the front doors to the monastery are open. There is no sign of any monk, but the southern door in the west wing is open and the corpse of a monk has been dragged to the doorway; blood has seeped along almost the whole passageway. You gape at the terrible sight, then you hear the sound of horses whinnying outside. You rush to the door in time to see a black coach with its driver pulling on the reins of four black stallions, as a caped figure disappears into the coach! If you want to attack the occupant of the coach, turn to **214**. If discretion makes you decide not to do this, turn to **371**.

126

You knock on the door. There is no reply from inside the room and nothing happens for a few seconds. Then, extraordinarily, the figure of a tiny Imp emerges from the wooden surface of the door, as if it were surfacing from a pond. It has a pin in its right hand which it pokes into your face! Lose 1 STAMINA point. Then the Imp vanishes. You can now explore elsewhere (turn to **7**) or force the door open (turn to **313**).

127

If your FAITH score is 8 or higher, when the monster approaches it shrinks back in fear of you. You can now go on to the house (turn to **166**) or return to the trail of the Vampire (turn to **89**). If your FAITH score is 7 or below, you must fight.

MORTVANIAN ZOMBIE SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, you find a single Gold Piece in the hay. Now you can go up to the house (turn to **166**) or think better of it and head off north-eastwards after the Count (turn to **89**).

128

Shaking and startled, you finally overcome your evil opponent. Gain 2 Blood Points for slaying one of the Count's servitors! The young man stirs and groans: you bind his wound and help him to a sitting position. He mumbles, 'She was so beautiful,' but he seems to be rambling so that you can't get any sense out of him. You help him into Stunkaster and take him to the small tavern where, by good fortune, it turns out that he is the son of the landlord. Gain 1 LUCK point. You are given free board and lodgings for the night. Turn to **226**, but ignore the instruction about payment in that paragraph.

129

You should know better than to enter the kitchens, where four of the Count's Zombie servants are busy chopping up food with heavy meat cleavers. They turn and look at you with vacant expressions on their slowly disintegrating faces. Roll one dice and add 4. If the total is less than your FAITH score, the Zombies back away from you as you approach, allowing you to explore the kitchens; turn to **324**. If the total is equal to or greater than your FAITH score, the Zombies attack you at once. They are slow, however, and you

may flee this combat if you want to. If you decide to run, turn to **399**. If you decide to stand and fight, fight the Zombies as if each pair was a single opponent.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE PAIR	7	8
Second ZOMBIE PAIR	8	8

If you win, turn to **324**.

130

The Revenant is destroyed by the magic you employ. Before you lies the entrance to the crypts of Mortus Mansion. If you are carrying some letters and wish to consult them now, you know how many pages they comprise. Multiply that number by ten, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not have these letters, you have a simple choice: you can either enter the crypts now (turn to **187**) or search elsewhere in the mansion (turn to **7**); but make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* that you can return to the entrance to the crypts later on by turning to **187**.

131

This door is locked. If you want to open it, you can either smash it down (if you do this, turn to **194**, or try to pick the lock. If you want to pick the lock, you must *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll, because this is not a simple task. If you have a flask of oil to lubricate the lock mechanism, though, you do not have to add 2 to the total rolled. If you are successful, turn to **235**. If you fail, turn to **194**.

132

You leave your bedroom and make your way, along the passages, to where you were taken when you first arrived. You knock at the door of the study room, but there is no answer. You try the door, and find it open. Peering inside, you see that the bed here has not been slept in. There is no sight of Endrell. Will you:

Go back to your room and go back to sleep?	Turn to **326**
Search this room?	Turn to **186**
Try to find Marcus and talk to him, if you haven't done so already?	Turn to **356**
Explore the monastery further?	Turn to **232**

133

Holding the Basilisk's head as your prize, you take it to the waiting Shevala. She cackles with glee, dumps the horrible relic in a cauldron, and sets about an enchantment. You remind her that she agreed to help you kill Carollar and take her treasure; but the vile witch simply spits in your face and tells you to do

your worst! If you want to attack Shevala, turn to **201**. If you decide to go and deal with Carollar herself, turn to **277**. If you want to retreat from the area but keep a watch on it, turn to **245**.

134

A long, winding path leads down to the old lead mines. Stepping carefully over the debris of rock and leaves blown in from outside, you descend into the entrance cave. Rotted pit-props and the drip of water from above warn you that the place is hardly safe to walk in, but you must press onwards. Ahead of you, to your left, is a domed chamber with many rocks on the floor and a chink of daylight beaming down; the glint of metal is visible in the middle of the rock clutter. If you want to explore the domed chamber, turn to **167**. If you want to go straight on past it, turn to **275**.

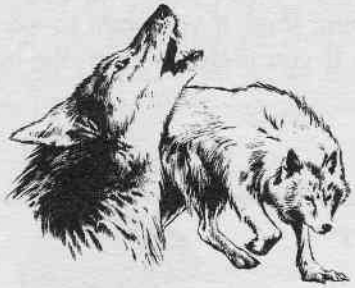

135

The door here is locked. You don't want to rouse the entire monastery by smashing it down, so you try to pick the lock with your knife. *Test your Skill.* If you are

successful, you open the door; turn to **93**. If you fail, you can explore elsewhere in the east wing (turn to **265**) or make for the west wing instead (turn to **197**).

136

Your feet crunch on the gravel in the courtyard, betraying your presence. Howls rend the air not far ahead of you, and the forms of great wolves lope into sight through the mist. Their breath frosts in the cold air, and their eyes glow red with malice and hunger! If you have a werewolf amulet, you know how many gems are set into it; turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not have this artefact, you will have to fight the wolves. Fight the wolf pack as if it were one opponent.

WOLF PACK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

If you win, you find yourself at the back door of the mansion house. Beside it is what appears to be a wood-chopping shed. If you want to explore the shed, turn to **188**. If you prefer to open the back door, turn to **207**.

137

You must now explore somewhere you haven't been before. Will you:

Open the door at the end of the corridor?	Turn to **208**
Explore the eastern side of the house?	Turn to **193**
Leave and go on your way?	Turn to **300**

138

As you ready yourself to attack the Count, a network of magical force winds itself tightly round him. Clearly he is drawing energy from the pictures of the Vampire Elders round the chamber. They must be magical, channelling the essence of the Elders into him. Of course! Now it make sense to you. Heydrich is not summoning an army of Vampires, as you were told. Rather, he is drawing into himself all the undead energies of the sleeping Vampires here, to turn him into a super-Vampire, utterly indestructible and impossible to resist. The Vampire is already staring at you through blood-red eyes, You must possess the red crystal heart from the witches if you are to destroy him. If you do not have this, you cannot overcome the vampire, and your adventure ends here. If you have this artefact, you know how many facets it has. Subtract ten from the number of its facets, then multiply this lower number by four to arrive at a final total. (For example, if the heart has 40 facets, you would turn to paragraph 120: 40 – 20 is 30; multiplying 30 by 4 gives 120.) Turn to the paragraph with the same number as this final total.

139

The room on the other side of the door is in darkness, and you fumble to light your lantern in order to see beyond the thick satin drapes hanging behind the door. A sweet, rich perfume wafts from inside the room. You light your lantern and are just pushing through the curtains when they are drawn aside by eager female hands. You are greeted by two deathly pale young women, clad in ornate black gowns, their fingernails long and red-painted and their ruby-red lips parted to show long, canine teeth! Fresh blood drips from their lips: they have eaten recently – but they want your blood, too. You have blundered into the room containing the Count's enslaved Vampyres! You can fight them one at a time in the doorway.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPYRE	9	10
Second VAMPYRE	9	9

If either Vampyre has an Attack Strength of 21 at any time, make a note of this paragraph number, then turn at once to **95**. If you win, turn to **353**.

140

As you approach the stables, a dark horse bolts from inside with a cloaked figure riding it; the horse gallops away like the wind. You race for your own horse, but two burly stablemen stand in your way. ''Ere, we fed and watered 'im,' one of them says. 'Ate almost his own weight, he did, greedy devil.' You gaze in dismay at a very smug, flat-bellied and probably slow horse. 'Cost yer a gold, that will.' If you have a Gold Piece

and are prepared to pay to get your horse back, turn to **17**. If you haven't any gold left or if you won't pay, you could attack the stablemen; turn to **59** if you choose to do this. If you prefer not to take your horse, turn to **203**.

141

You rummage through the papers lying about in Harquar's study, looking for anything that may be of help. To your amazement, you find a letter in Henrik's handwriting and, tied up with it, some notes. You don't have any time to read them now, so you stuff them inside your shirt to read later. You have taken 15 sheets of paper, so make a note of this number. You could also snaffle 8 Gold Pieces from a desk drawer if you want to. If you do this, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **157**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **212**. If you don't want to take the gold, turn to **157**.

142

You open a door to a servant's empty room. It smells of stale clothing and sweat and is dirty and unpleasant. You don't bother wasting your time exploring here, so

you return to the passage outside. Find somewhere you have not investigated yet. Will you?

Open the southern door?	Turn to **131**
Explore elsewhere in the east wing?	Turn to **399**
Explore the west wing?	Turn to **144**

143

You swig the potion down. You feel as if you have just drunk a mixture of liquid pepper and chillies, and your inside is on fire! You feel gas rising into your mouth and an enormous gout of flame bursts forth. The Megaghoul is enveloped in flame – but even the magic of your potion doesn't kill it outright. It lumbers towards you, an undead fireball, its superheated iron claws reaching out for you! Turn to **121**.

144

You push open the door on the west side of the main entrance hall of Mortus Mansion. This part of the house is well guarded, as you are about to discover.

The large and almost bare chamber you enter has a door opposite you in the west wall, and standing in front of it is a raggle-taggle pack of Ghouls. Roll one dice and add 3 to the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH score, some of these Ghouls will edge away as you approach and will flee the combat to come; you can deduct 1 from the SKILL and 3 from the STAMINA of the Ghoul pack you must fight. If the total is greater than your FAITH, you must fight the whole pack of Ghouls as a single opponent.

GHOUL PACK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

If you are struck three times by Ghouls, turn at once to **84**. If you win, you open the western door and go through it. Turn to **175**.

145

Have you slain the second witch, Carollar? If you haven't, you must go to her cave and find her; turn to **277**. If you have overcome her, but you have not been to Count Heydrich's mansion house to the north-east, then you must go there now; turn to **219**. If you have done both these things, then you know the name of the place you must find next. Change the letters of that name to numbers using the code A = 1, B = 2

and so on, then add the numbers together and add five to the new total. Turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you don't know the name of that place, you cannot pursue the Vampire further and your adventure ends here.

146

You rode swiftly indeed. You see a black coach being pushed into the stables outside the coaching inn. He must be here! Gain 1 Blood Point. Turn to **189**.

147

You grunt and heave with all your might until the gates seem to be on the point of giving – then they suddenly fly open, and a gravel path lies in front of you. However, the stone Gargoyles on top of the gateposts are swooping down to attack you! You must fight them together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GARGOYLE	8	7
Second GARGOYLE	7	7

If you win, turn to **299**.

148

Exhausted, you reach the village of Farleigh at last. You are desperate for sleep and food. If you have a merchant with you, he will pay for a room at the Goblin Hunter, the best inn in the place. If you have arrived alone, you will have to pay 1 Gold Piece to stay here. If you don't have any money, or if you

won't pay, you can sleep rough, but you *must* eat a meal. If you arrived on horseback, by now your mount is getting fatigued and restless and is in no fit shape for further travel; you can sell him here for 5 Gold Pieces. After resting, will you:

Talk to the merchant whose life you saved?	Turn to **216**
Buy some supplies or equipment?	Turn to **283**
Try to find out if there is a sage or scholar here who may be helpful to you?	Turn to **373**
Continue on your way north-eastwards?	Turn to **198**
Make for another area, away from Farleigh?	Turn to **304**

149

Pushing past the fallen Ghouls, you notice a door, opposite the stairs you arrived by, and force it open. Again, you find yourself striding along a passage with wall-alcoves on either side. These are bigger than any you have seen before, and a wooden door is set flush into the back of each. Examining them more closely, you see that each door has a hardened crystal viewing lens set into it, and you soon discover that beyond each door is a room with a single coffin in it, shrouded in black. A magical red glow suffuses the rooms. The coffins are open, and each contains a sleeping figure. You scarcely need to be told that these are Vampires – Vampire Elders, in fact, sleeping the sleep of ages here, banished to eternal slumber by the Knights of the

Thorn. However, even as you gaze at them, the figures grow restless. They look like dreamers lost in a disturbing reverie, and their bodies toss and turn. A low groan escapes the lips of one of the monsters. Clearly something is happening to them: perhaps they are being awoken even as you watch! You look around frantically for a way forward. At the end of the passageway you find another door, much heavier and thicker than the rest. It is locked, and you will have to smash it down! Turn to **161**.

150

The letters include a sketch map of the crypts! This shows that there is a passage which descends westwards and then turns north. At the point where it turns north, there is a secret door on the west side. Further on, the passage winds to the west and ends at a door. There's also a side-turning to the north along this western passage, ending at another door – and the symbol of a skull and crossbones tells you that it is not wise to enter here! Beyond the western door the map is marked only in large letters: '? LAIR!' You decide to enter the crypts and follow the passage to the point where the secret door should be. If your FAITH score is 8 or higher, turn to **48**. If it is 7 or below, turn to **75**.

151

It is getting dark as you approach the brooding granite mass of Crab Peak. An extraordinary, isolated outcrop of rock with almost sheer sides, the peak of the crag is broken into two distinct and claw-like formations which do indeed resemble the pincers of a crab. It strikes you that the land here is very barren, unlike Analand's normal fertile uplands; grass and vegetation are stunted and rank. Fragmented boulders, some of great size, are scattered around on the peak; it looks as if the wizards' duel shattered them and scattered them all over this desolate upland. By great good fortune, as you approach from the cover of these scattered rocks you spot two crones in tattered black cloaks, standing arguing and screaming at each other in the distance. Between them is the stone statue of a third hag, and the two gesture at it and keep on screaming at each other. You think you can see the entrance to a cave in the craggy outcrop behind them. They are speaking in a strange tongue that you don't understand. Will you:

Attack the crones?	Turn to **267**
Go up and speak with the crones?	Turn to **344**
Wait behind cover and wait to see what happens?	Turn to **245**

152

You open the door to the tomb-chamber of Count Reiner Heydrich! The stone lid of the tomb itself opens with a grinding sound as you enter, and the Count clutches at the edge of the tomb with long-fingered nails, sitting upright even as you rush to

attack. With one bound, the black-cloaked figure leaps out to face you. If you have a red crystal heart, you know how many facets it has. Double that number and add 20 to reach a final total. Turn to the paragraph with that total. Otherwise, roll two dice and add 2. If the total is higher than your FAITH score, turn to **209**. If the total is lower than or equal to your FAITH score, turn to **258**.

153

The witch makes a grab for the poisoned dagger in her cloak, but it goes skittering away from her across the floor! Gain 1 LUCK point. However, she does have a long skewering knife to attack you with. If you do not have a magic sword, you cannot harm her, and you will die here. If you have a magic sword, fight on!

CAROLLAR SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, gain 1 FAITH point! Exploring the cavern, you find a rock which can be rolled away to reveal an alcove beyond. Turn to **220**.

154

You climb into the wardrobe and hold your breath – then you curse yourself: you have forgotten to close Endrell's bedroom door! As he comes in, he is clearly suspicious. You are just wondering whether to step out of your hiding place and apologize when he raises a wooden staff circled with ten metal bands, which he is carrying, spins around, and points directly at you – he can see where you are! From the tip of the staff, glowing greenish-yellow darts of magical power streak

through the wardrobe door, splintering and smashing the wood, and hammer into your chest. You feel as if some animal with razor-sharp claws had gored you and you cry out in pain. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. Now you will have to fight the furious monk.

ENDRELL SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you win, you know you will have to explore the monastery quickly. Something must be wrong here: this was no peaceable scholar – he fought like a crazy man. Will you now try to find Marcus, the other Elder monk (turn to **356**), or explore elsewhere in the monastery (turn to **232**)?

155

The Codex gives you more information about Count Reiner Heydrich than you had dared hope for. It tells you that he bought a mansion house in the plains to the east, and that he is using it as his lair for the time being. The Soul Gem was crafted by three witches living in the shadows of the Great Wall itself, and at the moment they possess it. Sewarth did not learn why they crafted this terrible thing, nor the nature of their deal with the Vampire. However, specific mention is made of a place called Crab Peak, and the witches live near by. The last few pages of the book are desperately ominous. Sewarth's notes refer to an unknown place where Heydrich hopes to raise a veritable army of Vampires to serve him. You shudder at the thought; such a force would be impossible to resist – the whole land would be overwhelmed. Sewarth's

maps in the Codex pinpoint the mansion house and show roughly where the witches are to be found. If you want to set off for the mansion house, turn to **279**. If you prefer to make for the witches, turn to **57**.

156

You force the door at last, the frame giving way as the wood splinters and cracks. The room behind the door is shrouded in black and red silk clothes, and a familiar sight greets you in the middle of the otherwise bare room: one of the Count's coffins! Unfortunately, one of the Count's Vampyre maidens is also here, protecting the resting-place of her master. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than your FAITH score, turn to **229**. If the total is equal to or greater than your FAITH, turn to **251**.

157

The Watch arrives to find you apparently standing guard over the place. They take your statement – which they find hard to believe, but at least there is a large puddle of slime as evidence. Clearly they regard you as an outsider who has brought trouble to the village, and they want you out. You have to set off to the north-east (turn to **198**) or perhaps make for some other area (turn to **304**).

158

As soon as you enter, the figure turns towards you and you are not surprised when only a skull with glowing red eye-sockets presents itself to you as the cowl of its cloak turns towards you. The Glassblower

is a lethal enemy, one of Heydrich's feared Skeletal Stranglers. You have got yourself into desperate trouble here.

THE GLASSBLOWER SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

In each of the first three Attack Rounds, the undead thing will snatch up a filled glass vessel from the table and try to smash it against your body. If it has the higher Attack Strength, it is successful and you will have to lose 4 STAMINA points through being doused in corrosive acid. If you have the higher Attack Strength, you manage to deflect the improvised weapon before it can damage you. After three Attack Rounds, the creature will grab your throat and begin to strangle you and you must lose 1 STAMINA point automatically, each and every Attack Round, until you manage to slay the thing. You must still work out Attack Strengths as normal. If you have the higher Attack Strength, you can strike and damage the monster. If it has the higher Attack Strength, your blow is parried. If you win, turn to **296**.

159

You are about to sink into sleep when you hear the floorboards creak outside your room. You grab your sword and manage to pull on your leather armour just before the door is smashed open by a pair of burly, dark-haired men, armed with clubs. You back up into a corner of the room to fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RUFFIAN	7	7
Second RUFFIAN	7	7

After you have slain your first enemy, if you reduce the second ruffian's STAMINA to 3 points or less without killing him outright, turn to **240**. If you kill him, turn to **333**.

160

The militia arrest you for the murder of old Henrik – after all, you have his gold in your pocket, and everyone saw you talking to him last night: obviously you planned to kill him for his gold and sneak off at dawn! Your adventure ends here.

161

Time is very precious and you are very close to the Count now! To knock down the door, you must *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the total rolled. If you succeed, turn to **237**. If you fail, lose 1 Blood Point, then try again. You have to go on trying until you succeed, losing 1 Blood Point for every failure.

162

There must be still quite some way to go to Heydrich's mansion house, if Henrik's sketch map is anything like accurate. After a long day's journeying, you must now eat another meal. You decide to put in another hour or so of travel before the last day of the daylight fades – and you notice that the road ahead of you is growing

very misty and foggy. Strangely enough, the woodland to either side of the road does not appear to be covered by the thick mist at all. You don't like the look of this. Will you:

Continue ahead through the mist?	Turn to **223**
Go to your right through the woods?	Turn to **272**
Go to your left through the woods?	Turn to **308**

163

You destroy the Count's most treasured and important resting-place! You gain 10 Blood Points, but now you must also *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you suffer no ill-effects. If you fail, you are splashed by some of the Vampire essences infusing the coffin. This will weaken you subtly when you have to fight a Vampyre or Vampire. If such a monster attempts to hypnotize you, you must add 2 to any total you are told to roll on the dice, so make a note of this now on your *Adventure Sheet*! You leave the chamber and head along the passage towards the two doors, one half-way down on your left, and the other at the far end on your right. If you want to open the first of these doors, turn to **393**. If you want to open the other one, turn to **11**.

164

The side-passage ends at a black wooden door with silver banding, but between you and the door are several wall-alcoves housing Ghoul-like figures. You cannot see them distinctly because they are shrouded in opaque cocoons, like grisly undead insects, waiting to spring out and strike you down should you enter this passage. If you have found a lantern with coloured lenses, you know it shows images just like these. If you light it here, it will keep the undead in abeyance. If you have the lantern, you know what colour light it casts. Convert that colour to a number by changing the letters of the colour to numbers using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 and so on. Add the numbers together to get a total then turn to the paragraph with the same number. Otherwise, all you can do is prepare to attack these creatures (turn to **20**) or think better of it and go back to the main passage, heading further into the Ghoulcrypts (turn to **202**).

165

The mist-cloud has entered the darkness of the right-hand archway. Will you follow it (turn to **217**) or enter the left-hand archway (turn to **284**) or perform some other action (turn to **192**)?

166

You knock loudly on the front door, and soon a grey-haired, tall man in a rich brown-and-yellow robe opens the door to you. He hardly needs to ask why you are here, but ushers you into his study. There is nothing particularly unusual about the place; the furniture is

comfortable, though. When he pours two glasses of wine, you take the glass nearer him, just in case! He does not tell you his name but waits to hear your story. If you have Bloodbane, turn to **98**. If you want to ask about his magical or healing skills generally, turn to **268**.

167

A quick search reveals that the metal is only the rusted iron of miners' picks and spades, useless to you. You were unwise to stand under this unstable sinkhole and a rockfall tumbles down on you! *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you manage to get your shield above your head in time to avoid all but glancing blows. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA but gain 1 LUCK point. If you fail, heavy rocks and stones crash down on top of you and you must lose 4 STAMINA points. Turn to **275**.

168

As you are looking for some rope to tie her up with, you see Shevala's hand suddenly disappear inside her stinking robe, then draw out a vial. You grab her hand just in time and snatch the Potion of Stamina away as she is about to drink it! Gain 1 LUCK point. You can drink this potion at any time (except during combat) and it will restore STAMINA points equal to half your *Initial* total, rounding fractions up. You tie up the witch and gag her for good measure. You also take some keys from her; you guess that these must unlock the door you passed in the passage. If you want to go and open that door now, turn to **239**. If you want to go through the archway, despite the magical barrier on it, turn to **264**. If you want to return to the surface, turn to **145**. If you want to explore the passage outside this cavern to its very end, not having done so before, turn to **206**.

169

You know where to go: to the Ghoulcrypts. But do you know where they are? If you do, then you also know how many Knights of the Thorn are buried there. Multiply that number by four, then subtract one, to get a final total. Turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you don't know where the Ghoulcrypts are, turn to **387**.

170

The red gems set in the Strangler's eye-sockets rise from the collapsing pile of bones and whirr angrily in mid-air. You have time to perform one swift action here: you cannot eat a meal, but you may drink liqueur or a Potion of STAMINA, if you have these. Then the gems fly at you and try to burrow their superheated substance into your flesh! *Test your Skill* twice. Each time you fail, one of the gems strikes you and you must lose 4 STAMINA points from the burning inflicted on you! If you are still alive, you can now take the lantern (turn to **286**) or head for the mansion house (turn to **46**).

171

You need a skeleton key to open the complex lock on this door. If you have one, you will know how many notches are marked on it. Multiply this number by seven, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you don't have this key, you can make another choice. Will you open the tomb room of:

The first Knight?	Turn to **113**
The third Knight?	Turn to **224**
The fourth Knight?	Turn to **292**
The fifth Knight?	Turn to **314**

172

You stand, shaking, over the body of the ghastly fiend you have just destroyed. Passing through the remaining rooms, you find one young monk who hasn't fled or been killed; he is almost paralysed with shock, his face pale and sweating. He manages to gesture to the north but can say nothing. He must mean that the beast came from that direction, so you rush back into the main corridor. There are two northern doors there, one to your left and the other to your right. Will you now open the left-hand one (turn to **236**) or the right-hand one (turn to **225**)?

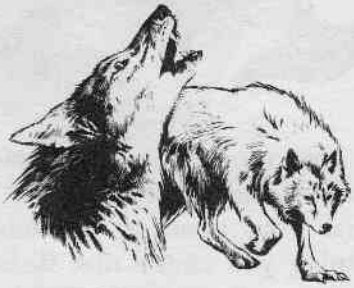

173

The Doktor's bedroom is a filthy and disorganized shambles. Plates of half-eaten food and piles of dirty clothes lie around everywhere. However, you do find some bread and cheese which doesn't seem to have been gnawed (add 2 to your Provisions), 3 Gold Pieces, a pair of brass flasks and a silver one. The silver flask is labelled 'Blackfire' and has the number 130 etched on it (make a note of this). One brass flask is

labelled, 'Doktor Verruckte's Most Excellent Patent Skill Restorative' and the other simply 'Essence'. Neither is tightly sealed, and if you want to use them, you must drink them now. If you want to drink the Skill Restorative, turn to **241**. If you prefer to drink the contents of the other flask, turn to **395**. If you would rather not drink either, you return to the passage outside this room to search elsewhere; turn to **7**.

174

The door to your room is smashed down and two burly, dark-haired thugs rush into the room! You manage to grab your sword at the same time as a heavy club strikes you in the ribs; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Because you do not have your armour on, you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength when fighting both these villains together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RUFFIAN	7	7
Second RUFFIAN	7	7

After you have slain one enemy, if you reduce the other ruffian to 3 STAMINA points or less without killing him outright, turn to **240**. If you kill him, turn to **333**.

175

You are standing in a short section of the passage, which soon turns to the south. There is a door on the north side of this passage before the turning. If you want to open the door to the north, turn to **274**. If you want to make for the south passage, turn to **7**. If you want to return to the entrance hall, turn to **271**.

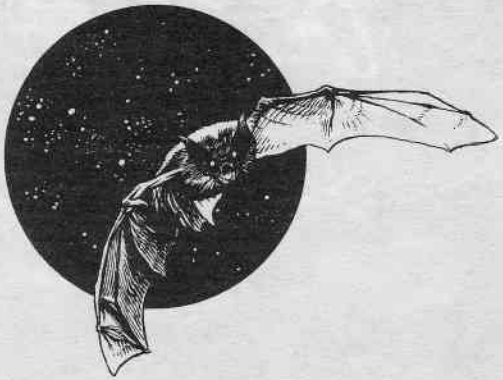

176

You drink the potion and at once your head feels as if it is on fire – and so does your stomach! You gasp for air then suddenly belch up a huge gout of flame which races across the chasm. This is not at all what Heydrich was expecting. He is caught by the edge of the fiery cloud, for your attack was not perfectly aimed, but he loses 4 STAMINA points (make a note to adjust this when you get to him). He is dazed and slow, and you race across the rock bridge to attack him with your sword! Turn to **138**.

177

The Basilisk is upon you! The lizard's length is twice your height, and it has powerful clawed forefeet and vicious fangs. If you have a Silver Mirror, you can look away from the Basilisk and fight looking at its reflection. You must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength, but in every Attack Round you may roll one dice. If you roll 1 or 6, the Basilisk stares into the mirror and is turned to stone! If you do not have a Silver Mirror, you must fight looking away from the Basilisk to avoid its deadly, petrifying gaze, and hack wildly and hope; subtract 2 from your Attack Strength. The only good point is that, while this creature is much larger and tougher than most of its kind, it does not breathe poison as so many do.

HUGE BASILISK	SKILL 8	SKILL 10

If you win, gain 1 LUCK point – few people fight such monsters and survive! You cut off the head of the brute and ascend once more to the surface. Turn to **133**.

178

Your vial of acid destroys half the Skeletons, though you will have to fight the rest. Turn to **104**, and subtract 5 from the STAMINA of the Skeleton Horde in that paragraph.

179

The corpse suddenly begins to strain and heaves on the table, then it expels a cloud of stinking gas all over you as you finish checking the contents of the tray. Roll four dice and add 2 to the total rolled. If the new

total exceeds your current STAMINA score, you now have Lung Rot from breathing the toxic gas. This disease will severely weaken you if you have to enter wet, misty or foggy areas, and you should try to find a cure for it as quickly as possible! Now, you should explore somewhere you haven't been before. Will you:

Open the door at the end of the corridor?	Turn to **208**
Explore the eastern side of the house?	Turn to **193**
Leave and be on your way?	Turn to **300**

180

The stone is cold, smooth and massive. What are you going to do with it? If you want to pour some Oil of Disenchantment on it, you know the number inscribed on the vial; turn to the paragraph with that number. If you want to try breaking a heart-shaped gem on it, you know how many facets the gem has. Halve that number, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. Otherwise, all you can try to do is to strike the stone with a magic sword, if you have one. If you want to try this, turn to **342**. If you don't have a magic sword, you guess that you cannot affect this stone, and if you have neither a heart-shaped gem nor the magical oil, you cannot achieve anything here; you will have to backtrack to the left-hand passage (turn to **363**) or return to the surface (turn to **145**).

181

You find yourself in a room containing many ledgers, scrolls and documents, scattered all over the place.

After a swift examination, you find some ledgers of books bought and borrowed from the library of the monastery. Looking at some recent entries, you find that both Sewarth and Endrell have been borrowing books on Mortvania and the undead, a fact which intrigues you. You also turn up 2 Gold Pieces in a pouch tucked into a desk drawer. Regain 1 LUCK point. You guess that the library is probably next door, so it should be the northern door; if you want to go there, turn to **375**. If you want to search elsewhere in the east wing, turn to **265**. If you prefer to head for the west wing of the monastery, turn to **197**.

182

You are standing at the end of the east passage, looking south. There is a door on your left and another one, facing you, at the end of the south passage. You should explore somewhere you haven't been before. Will you:

Open the door to your left?	Turn to **368**
Open the door facing you?	Turn to **131**
Explore somewhere else in the east wing?	Turn to **399**
Leave and explore the west wing?	Turn to **144**

183

The bites of the Werewolf have inflicted Lycanthropy on you and in due course you will become a Werewolf yourself! You must get a cure for this. You remember dimly that belladonna can cure this affliction. You could search in the forest for this plant if you want to

(turn to **295**) or you could head back to the main trail and hope to find help in the next village you come to (turn to **148**). However, before you do either, you notice that the Werewolf has a golden amulet round its neck. Inspecting it, you see that it is set with 30 small bloodstones. If you want to take this, make a note of the number of gems.

184

Behind the locked door is a room containing fragile glass jars that have been crafted in a very elegant but disturbing manner. Each jar has a thick glass bulb at its base, resting on a claw-shaped metal support; tapering above it is a long, curved, fluted neck. Each jar is stoppered with a cork, bound by a metal clasp and a red wax seal. There must be several dozen of these large vessels standing around against the wall of the otherwise bare room. Most are empty, but a few contain traces of grey ash or dust inside the bulb. Five of them contain a blue-grey mist in addition to the fine layer of dust, and sparks like tiny balls of lightning flicker in the mist. A palpable sense of evil lingers in this room and the hairs on the nape of your neck rise in alarm. You can leave here and explore elsewhere (turn to **7**) or you can smash one of the containers to see what happens (turn to **247**).

185

The walls are high and are topped by spear points. *Test your Skill*; if you do not have any rope with you, you must add 2 to the number rolled. If you are successful, you manage to clamber over the wall; turn to **299**. If you fail, you get most of the way up the wall then you fall back off it; lose 2 STAMINA points. You can continue *Testing your Skill* in this way until you succeed, but if you get bored with this approach you can try to force the main gates (turn to **147**) or look for another way in (turn to **213**).

186

There isn't much here for you to look through, but underneath Endrell's bed you find a locked wooden chest. If you want to pry it open with your knife, turn to **290**. Otherwise, you leave this room. Will you now:

Return to your room and go back to sleep?	Turn to **326**
Look for Marcus, if you haven't spoken to him yet?	Turn to **356**
Explore the monastery further?	Turn to **232**

187

You descend some steps leading westwards into the crypts. The passage turns north and, as you step along it, you are ambushed from behind! A secret door behind you has opened, and a pair of Ghouls leap out. Claws rake your back; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You have to fight the Ghouls together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GHOUL	8	7
Second GHOUL	8	7

If you are struck four times by the Ghouls, turn at once to **84**. If you win, turn to **215**.

188

You find a stake and a mallet in the woodshed, which you can take if you don't already have some. Among the clutter, you also find some rope and a rather disgusting-looking meat pie; you can scrape the mould off the pie and eat it if you are desperate for food. It counts as one meal, but when you eat you must roll four dice. If your roll is less than your Current STAMINA, you regain STAMINA points as normal for eating a meal (and you will also regain 1 LUCK point for not getting food poisoning!). If the total is equal to or greater than your Current STAMINA, you will suffer food poisoning and must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA instead. Now you make for the back door. Turn to **207**.

189

You unsaddle your horse and request that he be fed and watered, then you enter the coaching inn. You ask the landlord if a man wearing a black coat has just arrived and taken rooms. He looks at you quizzically then says in a dull voice, 'Ain't no one come yer this morning'.' When you ask again, he repeats the same line. *Test your Spot Skill.* If you are successful, turn to **230**. If you fail, will you now:

Book into the inn?	Turn to **289**
Look for somewhere else to stay and sleep?	Turn to **323**
Leave, but keep watch over the inn from a distance?	Turn to **394**

190

The Corpse Golem is a very dangerous opponent indeed. If it has an Attack Strength of 20 or more, it will strike you even if you have the higher Attack Strength (in such a case you both strike each other). If it ever has an Attack Strength of 22, it hits you a massive blow and you must lose 4 points from your STAMINA!

CORPSE GOLEM	SKILL 10	STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **262**.

191

As you haul yourself through the window of Harquar's bedroom, the first thing you see is the fat man lying, motionless, on his bed. The tendrilled, jelly-like thing has spread its slimy tentacles over his face and they are suffocating him. Harquar initially had 9 STAMINA points, but he will have lost one every time you failed when Testing your Skill during your climb. You must destroy the Vampiric Jelly before it destroys Harquar.

VAMPIRIC JELLY SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

Work out Attack Strengths for yourself and the monster as usual. Whenever it wins an Attack Round, it does not harm you, but you fail to get in an effective blow with your sword. Every Attack Round, whether you have the higher Attack Strength or not, Harquar loses 1 STAMINA point. If you defeat the thing before Harquar's STAMINA is reduced to zero, turn to **254**. If you do not, turn to **392**.

192

You can perform as many actions as you like before entering one of the archways. Eating a meal (you can force down only one now) takes two actions, but anything else (drinking a potion or some herbal liqueur or using a magical item, say) takes one action each. Make a note of the number of actions you take. Now you have to enter one archway or the other. Will it be the right-hand archway (turn to **217**) or the left-hand one (turn to **284**)?

193

You rummage through a small bedroom and then wander on into the kitchen. You can take food from here (add 4 to your Provisions) and you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you find a pouch with 5 Gold Pieces in a desk drawer, but if you are Unlucky you find nothing. You can now explore the west side of the house if you haven't already done so (turn to **238**) or you can leave the house (turn to **300**).

194

Unfortunately, your exertions do not go unobserved. Behind you, one of the Count's lurking undead guards comes racing to attack you. The grey flesh and rotting stench of the thing, let alone the gnawed bone it was feasting on, tells you that it is a Ghoul – but no ordinary one. This brute is far stronger and more dangerous than most of its kind.

HUGE GHOUL SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If the Ghoul manages to strike you three times, turn at once to **84**. If you win, turn to **235**.

195

The younger of the hags whispers conspiratorially to you: 'Shevala thinks I caused her sister to be turned to stone. It isn't true, but she's going to kill me. Help me slay her now, and you can have all the treasure she has in her cave!' If you agree to this, turn to **291**. If you refuse, then you can go back to Shevala and agree to her plan (turn to **4**) or try some other strategy (turn to **72**).

196

Your boots are really designed for hill climbing, but they do provide some extra grip here. You fasten the rope round the biggest rock you can find, then lower yourself down the abyss, keeping as far away from the weight of the water as you can. Your boots crunch on the wet rock, and you are almost at the end of your rope when you find yourself standing on a rock ledge. Turn to **317**.

197

As you head west past your own bedroom, the doors to the dining hall are to your right and the main doors to your left. Beyond them, there is another door to your left; gently opening it, you find a silent, empty bedroom. Further along there are three doors, two to the north and one to the south. Will you open the first door to the north (turn to **225**), the second door to the north (turn to **236**) or the door to the south (turn to **381**)?

198

More wearying days of travel lie ahead of you. You can cadge food along the way, but you must supplement the hospitality of local people with your own food. You must eat four meals, but you can also buy food to replenish your backpack (1 Gold Piece buys enough for 2 meals here). Finally you arrive at the outskirts of the village of Fendringham. Mortus Mansion is only an hour's walk from here, but it is now late afternoon. If you want to stay at a tavern overnight, this will cost you 1 Gold Piece: if you have

money and are prepared to pay, turn to **67**. If you want to press on towards the mansion turn to **49**.

199

It takes you two Attack Rounds to get near him, and the old man is a lot swifter and nimbler than he looks. Two metal spheres project from the side of the lectern at which he is perched and they fire a stream of barbed bronze bolts at you. Roll two dice; the total is the number of STAMINA points you must lose through being speared by this endless volley of bolts. You wonder now whether your strategy was a good one. You can run away if you wish. If you do, you will be hit by more bolts (roll one dice and lose that many STAMINA points). If you survive, turn to **7** to explore elsewhere. If you want to continue fighting him, turn to **278**.

200

The Count stares at you in fear and rushes past you, through the open door and away to the north. His passage is so swift that you can hardly keep up with him. He reaches the glowing archway and races straight into it. The surface of the blue magical barrier ripples, as if someone had dropped a stone into a pond, after he has passed through it. Sparks of magical fire roar round the edges of the barrier. You have a split second to decide; if you want to follow him, jump through NOW! Turn to **359**. Otherwise, you back away. You can open the other door to the south, if you haven't done so already (turn to **97**), or you can leave the crypts and return to the entrance hall of

Mortus Mansion to get your bearings and find somewhere else to search (turn to **271**).

201

You strike at the older crone with your sword. If you do not have a magic sword, you cannot harm her and she will destroy you. Otherwise, fight on!

SHEVALA SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

In the first two Attack Rounds, Shevala will attack by using spells: she fires small bolts of lightning into your body. If she has the higher Attack Strength, you must lose 4 STAMINA points from her attack. If you have the higher Attack Strength, you will strike her and her spell will be ruined. From the third Attack Round onwards, she fights with a poisoned dagger. If she strikes you, roll one dice. If you roll 4 or higher, you must lose 3 STAMINA points because of the venom on her blade. If you win, you can take 3 Gold Pieces from the witch's body. You decide to confront the other witch; turn to **277**.

202

A few paces in front of you is a plain wooden door, where the passage bends round to the right. You peer further along the passage and can see two more doors, one to your left, half-way down the passage, and one to your right at the very end. The first of these doors is also plain, while the third one – at the end of the passage – has a shield design on it showing a broken thorn dripping blood against a white background. Which door will you open?

The door in front of you? Turn to **28**
The door half-way down the passage? Turn to **393**
The door with the shield design at the end of the passage? Turn to **11**

203

You follow the road leading eastwards away from the lakeside settlement. You spend a long time walking: you must eat two meals and you lose 2 Blood Points. If you have Bloodbane, you must deduct 1 point from both your *Initial* and Current STAMINA scores. You stop at a coaching inn and ask after the black coach. People talk to you with strange, glazed expressions and they deny they have seen anything of the sort. Something in their manner makes you suspicious, and when they deny with particular vehemence that the coach continued eastwards you are sure you are on the right track after all! Turn to **279**.

204

The Cave Wisp is a very difficult opponent. It attacks you by firing sprays of sparks and, while you only need two strikes to destroy it, it is extremely hard to hit!

CAVE WISP SKILL 11 STAMINA 4

If you win, you press ahead and come to the waterfall at the end of the cavern. Water tumbles down from a stream or lake far above and pours down over rock ledges and down a jagged chasm which clearly descends some way. As far as you can see, this is the

only route down to the realms below the mines, so you must descend here. The rocks are very slippery and ordinary climbing will be very difficult. If you have some climbing boots and rope, turn to **196**. If you have a mystery potion, it may help you here – it might even make you fly (and drift down safely). If you want to use it here, you know how many scratches there are on the glass vial. Multiply that number by seven and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you decide just to dive in and hope for the best, turn to **263**.

205

'I feel I should give them to Sewarth in person,' you say. 'They must be important if the man carrying them was killed because of them.'

Endrell raises his eyebrows but makes no objection. 'Very well, then, you must wait until Sewarth returns,' he says grudgingly. 'We can offer you such hospitality as we possess.' You are shown to a plain bedroom with a hard pallet bed and a couple of blankets which seem to have been woven from the roughest wool in all Titan. After some bread, a bowl of thin soup and a mug of water, you pull the blankets over you and settle down to sleep. Turn to **74**.

206

Though the creature you pursued into these depths is a witch, the cavern you now enter looks more like the domain of a necromancer. The bodies of twenty, perhaps more, small and stunted, Dwarf-like creatures are entombed here in various stages of decay. Some are little more than piles of bones, but others still have rotting flesh clinging to their skeletons. They are all standing or lying in stone coffins, which are strewn round the chamber as if thrown haphazardly by the hand of some unimaginably large giant; but in the very middle of the cavern stands a mottled brown monolith, a smooth stone with veins of yellow and rust. Your hair stands on end; the stone is giving off a sensation of evil, decay and wrongness that you can feel.

What will you do? If you do not want to enter here, you can backtrack to the left-hand branch, if you haven't explored it before (turn to **363**), or make for the surface (turn to **145**). If you decide to enter, will you examine the tombs (turn to **42**) or the stone (turn to **180**)?

207

You push open the back door and find yourself in a long, narrow hallway. You have entered from the north, and there are doors to the east, the west and the south. The southern door must be the front door, so there is little point in opening that. Will you open the east door (turn to **349**) or the west door (turn to **144**)?

208

The Count clearly doesn't spend all his time sleeping in coffins, you discover, as you force the lock on a bedroom door. The sumptuous silks and cottons of his bedcovers are valuable but far too heavy to carry. However, you can take the gold tassels on the four-poster bed and sell them for 5 Gold Pieces in a market! Also there is a flask of the Count's favourite herbal brandy here. This is a fine restorative – you can drink it at any time (except during a combat) and it will restore 4 lost STAMINA points. Gain 1 LUCK point. However, there are no clues to the Vampire's whereabouts, and the bed certainly does not seem to have been slept in for some time. You should now explore somewhere you haven't been before. Will you:

Open the door in the corridor leading westwards?	Turn to **35**
Explore the eastern side of the house?	Turn to **193**
Leave and head on your way?	Turn to **300**

209

The Count's bloodshot eyes glow with infernal power! His hypnotic powers are affecting your mind. You are slowed, weakened; you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength when fighting him. Turn to **258**.

210

You open the door to a smelly servant's room. Unfortunately the smelly – and powerfully built – servant is in it. His leather armour is well padded and his sword looks extremely sharp. Igor growls angrily at your intrusion and attacks at once!

IGOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 14

If Igor has an Attack Strength of 20 or better when he wins an Attack Round, you must lose 3 STAMINA points as a result of his blow – he is extremely strong. If you win, turn to **78**.

211

Roll two dice and add the numbers rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your FAITH score, turn to **312**. If the total is greater than your FAITH score, turn to **156**.

212

When they arrive, you are searched by the Watch, who discover the gold. They aren't interested in the papers, but they throw you in jail for a week – and they take every last Gold Piece you have as a fine for burglary! Lose 10 Blood Points. If you have Bloodbane, you will die during this imprisonment from the effects of the disease and your adventure ends here. If you are still alive, you are ridden out of town along the north-eastern road. Turn to **198**.

213

On the east side of the building, you come upon a hole in the wall. It is ragged and uneven, and through the hole you can see the grey stone of the mansion house itself. You squat down and wriggle through the hole. Unfortunately it is a trap, deliberately placed here to snare the unwary. When you are almost through, a guillotine-like blade drops from the far side of the wall above the hole.

Your adventure ends here!

214

Bravely – but foolishly – you race to the coach and strike out at the figure through the door of the coach as he closes in. You strike him, but without a magical weapon you cannot harm him. He grabs hold of the blade in his hands without even cutting himself, and brings it down, pommel first, in a mighty blow on your skull. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. You are too stunned and concussed even to get a good look at him, but you remember his mocking laughter

as he slams the coach door. Lose 1 LUCK point, but gain 1 FAITH point for your bravery! Turn to **371**.

215

The chamber of the Ghouls is devoid of anything of interest or value. You continue northwards along the passage until it turns to the west again. In the distance it ends at a door, and there is a northern side-turning to another door. If you want to open the door to the north, turn to **288**. If you want to open the door to the west, turn to **347**.

216

What is the merchant's name? If you know it, convert the letters of his name into numbers using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26. Add together the numbers corresponding to the letters in his name, then double the total. Turn to the paragraph with this number. If you don't know his name, return to **148** and make another choice.

217

Alas! The cunning Count only appeared to enter the darkness here. He was actually teleported elsewhere – and you have walked into an utterly destructive magical trap in the darkness. Your body is turned to a pile of fine ash. You were so close to glory, but your adventure has to end here!

218

Though several telescopes have been mounted here, the dome itself has been fashioned as an observatory, for as you stare through the glass you can see the stars of the night sky clearly magnified. Marvelling at this, you notice a dark, distinctly bat-like shape glide down from the east and swoop close to the ground by the west wing of the monastery. As it descends into darkness, you cannot make out exactly where it went. If you want to go to the west wing of the monastery in order to follow its progress, turn to **197**. If you want to search the library, not having done so before, turn to **281**. If you want to search elsewhere in the east wing, turn to **265**.

219

If you have Latent Vampirism or Lycanthropy, turn to **259**. If you have neither of these afflictions, turn to **198**.

220

You have entered the witch's bedchamber. Lice-infested and rotting hay is spread around in what looks more like a nest than a bed. But you also find treasure:

jewellery and trinkets worth 15 Gold Pieces. And you find a black wooden casket, inscribed with runes and symbols and clasped with fastenings of gold. Half afraid, you open it. Inside, nestling in a bed of fine red silk, is a heart-shaped gem within which a baleful fire seems to burn and pulse like the rhythm of a heartbeat. The crystal is very intricate; it has 90 facets (make a note of this). If you want to destroy this wretched thing, you soon find out that nothing seems to harm it; trying to smash it is useless. You will have to find out how to destroy it somehow. But, for now, you know that this thing is associated with the Vampire you seek. Gain 5 Blood Points! You also know that you must leave swiftly. If you want to make for the mansion house, not having been there before, turn to **198**. If there is any other place you would like to visit, you know the name of that place. Change the letters of its name into numbers, using the code A = 1, B = 2 and so on. Add together the numbers corresponding to the letters to arrive at a total, add five to that new number, and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not know the name of this place, and you have already been to the mansion, then you are lost! You will not be able to find Heydrich before his terrible plan comes to fruition. Your adventure ends in failure.

221

A skeletal hand reaches round the doorway with amazing speed and unerring accuracy and grips your throat with steely-hard claws. As you struggle to free yourself, the glow in the eyes of this black-cloaked skeleton grows brighter and brighter! This horror with glowing red eye-sockets is unlike anything you have met before. Every Attack Round it strangles you and you must lose 2 STAMINA points automatically. However, you must work out Attack Strengths as normal. If you have the higher Attack Strength, you can damage the Skeletal Strangler. If you have the lower Attack Strength, your blow is ineffective.

SKELETAL STRANGLER SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn at once to **170**.

222

The howls of the Demon Hound are still echoing in your ears as you slam the door shut behind you, your heart thumping wildly in your chest. Then the monster stops and all is quiet for a brief moment, until you hear the sound of rapid footsteps coming along the passage. The sound of a great weight, or of a bolt being rammed home, can be heard, as can the laughter of one of the Count's servants. Trying to force the door open, you cannot. You are sealed in the Ghoul-crypts now, and you do not have the mighty sword which would have given you a chance of victory against Heydrich. If you do not have a magic sword, your quest is hopeless, for now you cannot find one, and without one the Count cannot be harmed – your

adventure ends here. Even with a magic sword your chances are slim indeed – but there is no turning back! Turn to **71**.

223

As you inch forward, the mist grows thicker and yellower. The air is clammy and almost stifling. If you have Lung Rot, you lose 4 STAMINA points through breathing this polluted air. If your FAITH score is 7 or higher, turn to **39**. If your FAITH score is 6 or less, turn to **148**.

224

This tomb room is empty, save for the fine stone tomb of the long-dead knight within it. You gain nothing by your choice. The knight's ghost ushers you out of the tomb, and you make for the door half-way along the passage beyond the tombs, and open it. Turn to **393**.

225

You force your way through the door and find yourself in the kitchens. There is an open trapdoor in the floor here, and the stench of decay drifts upwards from below. You light your lantern and set off down the stone steps towards the corridor you can see below you. If you have slain a monk in the monastery, turn to **103**. If you have not done so, turn to **293**.

226

You must pay 1 Gold Piece for food and board. If you can't (or won't) pay, you must sleep rough. You *must* eat a meal, and if you have Lung Rot you will lose 2 STAMINA points for staying out on such a wet, foggy night.

In the morning, you ask about the location of Crab Peak. The local people, looking very unhappy, tell you that the place is cursed and evil. Long ago in the past, two mighty wizards fought a duel to the death there; the curses uttered with their dying breaths as they slew each other turned the place into one of magic, evil and treachery. No one goes there now, not even the patrols which normally guard the southern border of the Great Wall to protect the local people from Lendleland prowlers. However, they tell you that it is a day's hard walk to the north-east. Before you set off, you can if you like buy some Provisions; 1 Gold Piece will buy you enough for 3 meals. Turn to **151**.

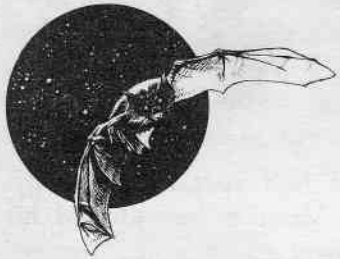

227

What are you going to say? Will you ask about:

Getting help for your afflictions, if you have any?	Turn to **332**
The Count and his whereabouts?	Turn to **38**
The man's experiments?	Turn to **24**

228

You are cured of Bloodbane. You may restore your *Initial* (but not your Current!) STAMINA to its original value. Regain 1 LUCK point, and turn to **268.**

229

The Vampyre retreats away from you fearfully! She must be one of the Count's more cowardly servants. You now have a choice: you can simply retreat from here if you do not wish to fight her, closing the door and heading back to the main passage; turn to **202**. If you choose to attack her – and you cannot reach the coffin without doing so – you can get in an early strike so that she loses 2 STAMINA points. Then you will have to fight; turn to **251**.

230

The landlord isn't speaking normally. You wonder whether the Vampire has affected his mind – they have the power to hypnotize people, after all! Will you now:

Book into the inn?	Turn to **289**
Look for somewhere else to stay and sleep?	Turn to **323**
Leave but keep watch over the inn from a distance?	Turn to **394**

231

The Count has prepared a protection against Blackfire; he knows its magical secrets and has used magic to conjure a protective barrier against your attack. The flames flicker harmlessly round him. His perfectly white teeth are bared, first in a feral snarl, then in a grin of triumph. He hurls a volley of magical darts at you; they streak across the chasm and burn their way into your flesh. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. The pain jolts you into action and you rush at him; turn to **273**.

232

You gaze up and down the passages briefly to get your bearings. From outside your bedroom door, passages lead east and west. Eastwards are the rooms of the Elder monks and some other chambers you don't know about. To the west, the doors to the dining hall face the main doors, and further along there are more doors – again, you do not know where these may lead to. If you want to explore to the east, turn to **265**. If you want to head westwards, turn to **197**.

233

Alas for you! The Count has brought his terrible Mortvanian Demon Steed with him from his native land, and this evil black brute breathes fiery, choking smoke over you as it materializes behind you when you set foot in the stables. You have to fight for your life. If you have Lung Rot, you must lose 3 STAMINA points from the creature's reeking breath. Whether you have that affliction or not, you have to subtract 2 from your Attack Strength because of the obscuring, weakening effect of the red-eyed monster's breath.

DEMON STEED	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, you reel back into the main coach-house. You should now investigate where you haven't been before. Will you:

Explore the coach?	Turn to **364**
Open the single door?	Turn to **22**
Leave and make for the main mansion house?	Turn to **46**

234

At the far end of a rocky cave with a fissure running across the middle of its floor Carollar is standing, stirring a steaming cauldron and screaming an incantation. As soon as she sees you, she raises her hands and the contents of the cauldron crackle and spark. Flares of fiery smoke leap up from it, and to your horror you can see the claws of some kind of monster beginning to drag themselves out of the boiling fluids! If you have a longbow, you can fire arrows at the witch; turn

to **305**. If you have some acid and want to throw it at her, turn to **398**. Alternatively, you can leap the fissure and attack her with your sword (turn to **31**).

235

You step through the open doorway into a spacious, sumptuously decorated room. Wooden stairs on the eastern wall lead up, and heavy black velvet drapes line the walls. What catches your attention, though, is the young man, gagged and trussed, writhing in a chair at the foot of the stairs. His simple grey robes have the rune of Good inscribed over his heart. He groans as you enter and wriggles furiously. Obviously he is trying to tell you something. Is this a trap, you wonder. You can't reach the stairs without passing close by him. Will you go and help him (turn to **256**), back out and explore elsewhere in the east wing (turn to **399**), or make for the west wing (turn to **144**)?

236

You are in a chapel, with prayer mats and small idols of the gods of Titan, lit by flickering candles. If you want to stay here awhile, to pray for guidance or look for help or clues, turn to **252**. Otherwise, you can leave and try the south door if you haven't already done so (turn to **381**) or the north door further to the east (turn to **225**).

237

At last you have found Count Reiner Heydrich himself! But getting close to him will be another matter since he is standing far away from you, in a huge chamber with a central fissure running across it. A narrow rock bridge crosses it, but this route is guarded by a monstrous, green-skinned, Ghoul-like thing wearing an iron mask, which hides all its face, and steel gauntlets that drip poison and hissing acid. The Count himself is wearing his red-lined, black silk cloak, and his hands are clutching an amulet round his neck. Thin waving lines – some form of magic or power – are flowing into his body; they originate in a set of portraits round the walls, pictures of the Vampire Elders in the tombs you have just passed. Behind the Count are two archways, but for all that you can see, they contain only inky blackness. The Count lifts his hands in triumph, but he gestures for his Ghoul-guardian to attack rather than attacking you himself. You wonder why that may be . . . You have choices to make here. If you want to attack the Count's bizarre, Ghoul-like thing, turn to **330**. If you want to try to jump across the chasm (you cannot get to the bridge without killing the Ghoul), turn to **280**.

238

Passing through a bare, stinking chamber where the Zombies came from, you open a door into a corridor. There are doors too on the western side of this passage and at the far end. *Test your Spot Skill.* If you are successful, turn to **287**. If you are unsuccessful, will you open the western door (turn to **35**) or the door at the end of the corridor (turn to **208**)?

239

You find the witch's treasure trove. The avaricious crone must have slain many travellers on the borders of her lands, and she has hidden her ill-gotten gains here. You find trinkets, coins and knick-knacks worth a total of 20 Gold Pieces. There are also two excellent sealed and preserved cheeses which you can take for food (add 3 to your Provisions). However, you find no magic, which is disappointing. You guess that any magic the crone had must be hidden behind that magical barrier in her lair. If you want to return there and risk going through the archway, turn to **264**. Alternatively, you can explore the cave at the very end of the passage, if you haven't done so before (turn to **206**), or you can leave and head for the surface (turn to **145**).

240

'Don't kill me!' the miserable cowardly thug snivels. He sinks to his knees and clutches you round the legs, sobbing. If you decide to spare him, turn to **282**. If you want to kill him, you can do so easily, since he has dropped his weapon; turn to **333**.

241

If you have lost any SKILL points during this adventure, for whatever reason, they are all fully restored! Unfortunately, there is a side-effect to drinking this potion: it was concocted using the essences of Wraiths and Spectres, and if you meet an undead of either type, you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength when fighting them (make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now you can drink the Essence, if you haven't already done so and you wish to try it (turn to **395**), or you can leave and search elsewhere in the passage outside the Doktor's laboratory (turn to **7**).

242

The Werewolf has a golden amulet round its neck set with 30 small bloodstones. If you want to take this, make a note of the number of gems it has. Now, you continue through the woods and return to the main trail. Turn to **148**.

243

For the first three Attack Rounds of your coming fight against the Count, you must roll two dice and add the numbers together. If this total is ever lower than your FAITH score, the Vampire hypnotizes you and you must submit to his will, so ending your adventure! Now turn to **365**.

244

You take Igor's sword; this is a magic sword, and you may add 1 to your Attack Strength when using it, so gain 1 LUCK point as well. Igor has a gold ring set with seven small moonstones. This is worth 10 Gold Pieces, and you should also make a note of the number of gems in the ring. You make a hurried

search of the room and find a locked trunk under the bed; it contains 6 Gold Pieces and a book. The book is entitled, simply, 'Sewarth's Codex', and it has 155 pages (make a note of this number). You decide to look at this later, because first you have to worry about a coffin with a Vampire in it. The man lying there is pale-faced, with long, dark hair tapering to a widow's peak above his dark eyebrows. Though he does not move, his bloodshot eyes are open and a cruel smile is fixed on his darkly handsome face. His hands are clasped over his chest, his long fingernails immaculately manicured.

Grasping your sword, you drive it into his chest. A little blood seeps from the wound, but as you withdraw the blade the stains disappear! The grin of the Vampire seems even wider now. You pull back the curtains to let the early morning sunlight into the room, but even as the light reaches his body he smiles again. Finally, in desperation, you cut off his head with your sword – and, by its own volition, the grinning head moves slowly back to the body and attaches itself once more! The Vampire is truly invulnerable. However, you can at least destroy his coffin here, and you have the Codex; gain 4 Blood Points! So what will you do now? Will you:

Try to rouse people in the inn to do something about the Vampire?	Turn to **261**
Go back to your room and read the Codex?	Turn to **306**
Go back to your room and sleep?	Turn to **379**

245

The old women continue their furious arguing for some time, then walk away from one another. The older and uglier of the two walks up to a large rock and lays her hands on it. The boulder simply rolls to one side, revealing a passage which leads down into the subterranean gloom. She enters, and the rock rolls back above the entry point. The younger one hobbles to Crab Peak itself and goes into a tiny cave entrance in the side of the great rock. If you want to follow the older crone, turn to **329**. If you want to follow the younger one, turn to **277**.

246

You leave the Golden Goose and hang about outside; minutes later, the fat sage emerges and waddles off towards Orchead Square. He unlocks his front door and, if you were thinking of forcing an entry, you change your mind when you see the size of the enormous bodyguard lurking in the hallway. Reason tells you you should go back to an inn to get some rest and food but, for no good reason you can think of, you stay here for a few minutes longer. Outside an upstairs window of the house, where a light inside shows that someone has just lit a lamp, a misty haze

begins to form. As you peer at it, the mist takes the shape of a bizarre, tendrilled creature which strikes the window with a disgusting 'plop'. The horror simply dissolves the glass away and flaps into the room beyond. Will you:

Climb up the wall to get to the upstairs room?	Turn to **341**
Hammer on the front door of the house?	Turn to **37**
Leave, and come back tomorrow to see what has happened?	Turn to **369**
Decide you don't like this at all and leave Farleigh, heading north-eastwards?	Turn to **198**
Leave Farleigh for another area altogether?	Turn to **304**

247

Which type of jar will you smash? Will you break:

An empty jar?	Turn to **269**
One containing dust or ash only?	Turn to **301**
One with mist and sparks inside it?	Turn to **96**

248

Using your shield to try to protect your head against the rain of blows, out of the corner of your eye you see something bizarre happening on the dining table. One of the tureens has tipped over and a shapeless pile of rotting innards is emptying itself on to the table! This disgusting remnant is jerking about with the same rhythm as that of the knives, plates and servers that are assaulting you! As you look at it, the 'creature' is beginning to take a Zombie-like shape. You attack it with your sword.

PROTO-ZOMBIE SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

Each Attack Round you have to fight this thing, you must lose 1 STAMINA point automatically through being assailed. Furthermore, the mass of flesh goes on growing until you destroy it. The Proto-Zombie gains 1 STAMINA point each Attack Round until you reduce its STAMINA to zero or below. It does not attack you itself; if you lose an Attack Round to it, you fail to strike it. If you manage to defeat this peculiar opponent, you can either open the door to the east and enter the kitchens (turn to **129**) or return to the main passage outside (turn to **399**).

249

You have no time to lose. With a wave of his hand, Siegfried gives you the blessings of the gods and returns you to your own world. You are standing outside Mortus Mansion, and your final goal lies to the north-west. Turn to **169**.

250

You don't really have much in the way of grounds for suspicion, but you say you are surprised not to have been told where Sewarth is, or exactly how long he will be away. Marcus scratches his brow with worry. 'He left without telling anyone why,' he says. Questioning him, you learn that it was Endrell who told Marcus about the departure of the other Elders; they didn't tell him themselves. Marcus is clearly worried. You decide that you don't want to confront Endrell with this, so you pump Marcus for more information. All he has himself are misgivings, but he does say that he has noticed that Endrell is often not in his bedroom at nights. You have your own suspicions about Endrell now, so you decide to do some exploring in the monastery. Turn to **232**.

251

The Vampyre attacks with her long fangs and razor-sharp nails!

VAMPYRE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If the Vampyre has an Attack Strength of 21 in any Attack Round, make a note of this paragraph number then turn to **95**. If you win, turn to **338**.

252

Neither searching nor beseeching the gods of Titan gets you anywhere. You just waste time; lose 1 Blood Point. As you leave, if you have slain a monk here, turn to **331**. If your hands are clean, turn to **381**.

253

Opening the back door of the mansion house, you see a gravel courtyard outside. There is a wooden hut of some kind near by, but you also think you can hear low growls and a mournful howl coming out of the mists that surround you. If you want to go out and explore, turn to **136**. If you think better of it, you can open the eastern door in the hallway (turn to **349**) or the western door (turn to **144**).

254

You summon Harquar's dim-witted bodyguard and send him to fetch a healer; after swallowing some herbal preparations, Harquar feels much better. 'You have saved my life,' he says rather uncertainly. He's obviously still in shock. You decide to come right out and tell him your whole story: that you are pursuing a Vampire, your meeting with Henrik, and all that has happened to you.

Harquar looks first astounded, then grim. 'So Henrik has been murdered, and the Halls of the Stars destroyed,' he muses. 'I may be the only one left. Henrik had followed Heydrich from Allansia to the Old World, you know. He knew Sewarth from many years ago and begged his help in tracking down Heydrich's one weakness. In his turn, Sewarth asked me to keep a watch on the mansion house Heydrich had bought here. It's a bad place. The local people have always kept well away. Many years ago, a nobleman went mad there and slew his whole family so the place is full of ghosts, vengeful things. Everyone was very

surprised when an unknown count from another land bought it. But it would make an excellent cover for such an evil man: anything untoward happening in the area would be put down to the old ghosts, not to him. I found it difficult to recruit any reliable scouts and spies in the area, frankly, and I've not been able to keep track of the Count's movements.' You are disappointed by this news. Turn to **315**.

255

The man flicks through the pages of the Codex, nodding his head now and again and muttering, 'Hmm.' At last he tells you that the Codex records in a complex code the location in the Ghoulcrypts of a powerful magical sword which you should try to find. 'The sword of the fifth Knight of the Thorn,' he says. 'They were a body of dedicated warriors who sought, many long years ago, to root out the undead in the Crypts. They slew many but failed in their final goal. However, they did seal the Crypts – but Heydrich has found entry, and you will have to follow him. The sword is vital to you; you can hardly hope to overcome him without it.'

The man gets up slowly and walks over to a cupboard, from which he extracts a silver flask. He tells you that this contains a special preparation: an antidote to the paralysing effect of Ghoul's claws. You can drink this at any time, except during combat, and if you would normally be paralysed (and killed) by a Ghoul in either of your two following combats with any type of Ghoul, you can ignore the paralysis; it does not affect

you. You thank him for his gift and listen carefully to his instructions on how to reach the Bluestone mines. 'One final thing,' he says. 'You might consider talking to old Grundy. He was the foreman in the mines for many years, before they were abandoned and the undead began to stalk the lower depths once more. He knows the many hazards of the mines.' If you want to find the old miner and talk to him, turn to **32**. If you prefer to set off for the mines immediately, turn to **134**.

256

Test your Spot Skill. If you are successful, turn to **336**. If you fail, turn to **389**.

257

'Most interesting,' Endrell murmurs, scanning the papers briefly, then studying some of them more carefully. 'I think you should wait for Sewarth to return. He will want to talk to you about this man Henrik, I am sure. Not that any of this means much to me, I'm afraid.'

'May I look at those?' the younger man asks. Endrell shakes his head and hands the papers back to you, telling you to hold on to them until Sewarth returns. *Test your Spot Skill.* If you are successful, turn to **302**. If you fail, turn to **33**.

258

The Count strikes at you with powerful fists, and he will also try to bite you on the throat! If you do not

have a magic sword, you cannot harm him, and you will die here; your adventure is over. If he strikes you with an Attack Strength of 23, he kills you outright! Finally, you can adjust his STAMINA score as follows: divide your Blood Points score by five (rounding fractions up) to get a number. Subtract that number from his STAMINA given below.

REINER HEYDRICH SKILL 11 STAMINA 15

If you reduce the Count's STAMINA to 4 points or below, turn to **200**.

259

Your malady is getting worse! Lose 2 Blood Points, and you must subtract 1 point from your SKILL and 1 point from both your *Initial* and Current STAMINA. You desperately need to find help quickly. If you want to make for Mortus Mansion and look for help either there or on the way, turn to **198**. If you want to search for a healer in these remote parts of Analand, turn to 3.

260

Cracks appear along the length of the stone and it seems to be splitting from top to bottom even while

you look at it. A dreadful shriek of dismay and rage fills the cavern, and the stone explodes. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, you manage to duck away from the worst of the hail of stone and rock fragments; lose 3 STAMINA points but gain 1 LUCK point. If you fail, you get hammered by an avalanche of exploding stone and rock. Lose 8 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you pick yourself up dazed, and look around. The bodies have crumbled to dust. The ancient magical blight holding the souls imprisoned here has been destroyed, and above you the cursed and barren ground will regain its natural fertility. Gain 1 FAITH point! Now you should explore the left-hand passage behind you, if you have not already done so (turn to **363**), or return to the surface (turn to **145**).

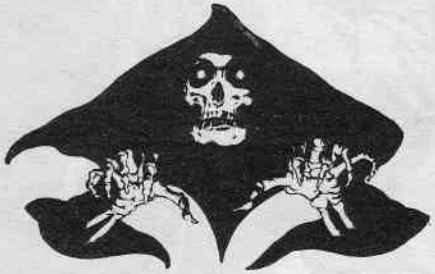

261

Your frantic appeals for help and your warnings are simply ignored by everyone. They look at you as if you were mad and go out of their way to avoid you. Clearly Heydrich has affected everyone's mind here. Frustrated and angry, you can either settle down to read the book you have found (turn to **306**) or get some rest (turn to **379**).

262

You stand over the remains of the gruesome monster in the middle of a growing throng of excited villagers. Pushing through them is a man with a hard-lined face, short black hair, steely grey eyes and plain brown robes. He waves people out of his way with a hawthorn stick, and they part to let him through. He takes you by the arm and stares you in the eyes with an unflinching gaze. 'Come and eat,' he says simply. 'You were fortunate to survive such a hunter. Fortunate, and brave.'

You go with the long-striding man to an austere house where a silent servant brings bowls of hot soup, cheese, fruit and fresh-baked bread. 'You are pursuing the Count,' the man says in a matter-of-fact way. 'I have sensed his flight here. It will not be long before he brings his plans to fruition.' Then he coughs horribly, and covers his mouth with a handkerchief. You realize that, despite initial appearances, he is very ill. When he has recovered, he stares at you again in his disturbing way; there is something very sinister about him, of that there can be no doubt. If you want to trust him and go on talking with him, turn to **357**. If you don't care for his company, you can leave and begin your search for the Ghoulcrypts alone; turn to **319**.

263

Test your Skill. If you are successful, you touch a rock ledge on your way down and grab on to it. However, your arms are severely strained by the weight of

foam-flecked water roaring down on top of your body; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and turn to **317**. If you fail, your body is dashed to pieces on jagged rocks far, far below. Your adventure ends here.

264

If you want to utter any magical words the crone told you, turn to **325**. If you want to read through any papers or books you have for some clues, this will take time; turn to **352** if you decide to do this. If you prefer just to step straight through the magical barrier, turn to **18**.

265

In the east wing of the monastery there are several doors. There is one to the north, which must lead into a sizeable room, judging by distances. To the south, there are two pairs of doors facing each other, to the east and west. You know the first door to the west is Endrell's room, and you guess that the one facing it must be Marcus's room. The others you do not know about. Finally, there is a door to the south. You should explore somewhere you have not visited before. Will you open:

The door to the north?	Turn to **375**
The door to Marcus's room, if you haven't spoken with him already?	Turn to **356**
The second door to the west?	Turn to **107**
The second door to the east?	Turn to **181**
The door to the south?	Turn to **135**

266

You have almost reached the far door when the fast-striding hound finally catches up with you. With a great leap, the thing hurls itself at your back and its great paws hammer against your spine; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the total rolled. If you are successful, you manage to throw the ghastly thing aside and dive through the door, slamming it shut behind you; turn to **11**. If you fail, you are forced to fight; turn to **322**.

267

You have a mighty battle on your hands. If you do not have a magic sword, you cannot harm the witches and your adventure ends here. If you do have a magic sword, you must fight the witches together. In the

first two Attack Rounds, Shevala will attack you with a poisoned dagger while Carrolar casts spells at you, firing small bolts of lightning into your body. You must lose 4 STAMINA points from each of these spell attacks. Thereafter, both will fight with their daggers. If you are struck by a dagger, roll one dice. If you roll 4 or higher, you must lose 3 STAMINA points from the strike because of the poison.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SHEVALA (First Witch)	9	11
CAROLLAR (Second Witch)	10	10

If you win, turn to **297**.

268

'I have many interests,' your host says warily. 'Especially philosophy and the life of the soul after death. This in particular intrigues me,' he adds as if giving a lecture. Then he lunges forward towards you, almost rising out of his chair, making you shrink back in surprise. 'I am especially interested in the transmigration of souls,' he shrieks, 'and in spirit possession!'

Then you see it: the glow of something round his neck, an amulet perhaps, hidden beneath his robes. The madman leaps to his feet and draws a sinuous dagger from the folds of his robes. Poison drips from the blade. You cannot escape, and you will have to fight him.

SANDAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 13

If Sandar strikes you, you will lose 3 STAMINA points rather than the usual two, because of the poison on his dagger. You may fight him normally, or you can try to snatch the amulet from round his neck. If you do, you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength. If you have the higher Attack Strength, you tug the amulet away; turn to **348**. Otherwise, if three Attack Rounds pass and you have still not taken the amulet away from him, you must turn at once to **23**.

269

You smash the container, but nothing happens. You can now smash one with dust inside if you like (turn to **301**) or one with mist and sparks (turn to **96**) or you can leave and search elsewhere (turn to **7**).

270

The Megaghoul has not been appointed the Count's final guardian for nothing. When it has the higher Attack Strength, you must roll one dice and consult the table below to see how much damage its blow has done you. If it strikes you four times or more, turn at once to **84**.

MEGAGHOUL SKILL 10 STAMINA 13

Dice Roll	Damage
1	Lose 2 points from your STAMINA
2–4	Lose 2 points from your STAMINA + 1 point for acid damage
5–6	Lose 2 points from your STAMINA + 1 point for acid damage + 1 point for poison damage

If you win, turn to **294**.

271

Returning to the main entrance hall, you can now enter the east wing, if you have not done so before (turn to **349**), or the west wing, if you haven't done so before (turn to **144**), or leave the mansion house altogether (turn to **40**).

272

The woods are very dark. Even the light from your lantern seems to penetrate the gloom of the densely packed trees scarcely at all. You can hear a very faint howling sound, which is getting louder and nearer even as you try to press onwards. Will you:

Try to get back to the road?	Turn to **339**
Climb a tree and try to stay out of trouble?	Turn to **101**
Wait and draw your sword?	Turn to **66**

273

The Vampire is already channelling power into his hands in order to cast another spell at you. You must get across the rock bridge without delay! *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the number rolled. If you are successful, you reach Count Heydrich quickly enough to begin fighting hand-to-hand. If you fail, he casts his spell, and a cone of frozen ice-shards slams into you as you approach him; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, and you must subtract 2 from your Attack Strength for the first three Attack Rounds because of the chill and numbing effect of the spell. Turn to **138**.

274

An intense sensation of evil hits you like a blast of cold air as you open the door. This cold stone chamber is wholly bare, and to the west, chiselled stone steps lead downwards. A single figure stands here. In the gloom, you might well take it for a Zombie or a Ghoul, but it is the Grand Revenant which bars the way to Heydrich's subterranean lair and is a terrible enemy. Magic has infused its bones with immense strength and ferocity, and there is no escaping it now. You must fight for your life.

GRAND REVENANT SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **372**.

275

You hurry on downwards, through a cavern with bright red-orange stripes in the grey limestone, somewhat resembling a side of bacon, if rather more colourful! Ahead of you is a yawning chasm and two rock platforms cross it to more caverns beyond; both of them look strong and safe to cross. If you want to take the right-hand platform, turn to **110**. If you want to take the left-hand platform, turn to **307**.

276

By great good fortune you come across a simple farmer leading a horse back to his farmstead. 'Darned thing escaped again. He loves running away, the wretch. Must have been all the noise of folks getting up at nights that roused him,' the old farmer grumbles. The horse looks distinctly perky and frisky, not the usual

farm workhorse at all. If you want to, you can buy the horse, but it's going to cost you every Gold Piece you have, no matter how much that is. If you're ready to pay up, turn to **87**. If you won't hand over all your gold, turn to **203**.

277

You approach the cave entrance but can make out only darkness. Lighting your lantern, you edge your way into a space and then you see a passage leading further into the rock crag opposite, so you head towards it. As you do, there is a dull 'pop' above you and you look up to see some large fungi on the ceiling which have just released a cloud of choking spores over you! *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, you manage to get out of their way before the spores reach the level of your head; turn to **370**. If you fail, you must lose 2 STAMINA points through coughing and choking (if you have Lung Rot, you must lose 4 STAMINA points; turn to **343**.

278

With a wave of your hand the old man conjures up a pair of Imps. You have to fight them together before you can get at him.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First IMP	7	5
Second IMP	7	6

If you manage to overcome the Imps, the old man now fights with a long, shatterproof glass rod, dripping acid. You will be fortunate to survive this combat!

DOKTOR VERRUCKTE SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, you search the laboratory but find nothing you can use. The script on the book the man was reading has disappeared, leaving only blank pages. You can either climb the stairs and search further (turn to **173**) or leave and explore elsewhere (turn to **7**).

279

Not far from the coaching inn the road leads north-eastwards and you have a long journey ahead of you. You ask everyone you meet about the coach, and from time to time someone tells you he has seen the infernal carriage. You can only hope that you are still on the right track. If you have a horse, you need to eat two meals during your travels. If you are on foot, you must eat five meals. If you have Bloodbane, you must deduct 2 more points from your *Initial* and Current STAMINA scores. Eventually you find yourself in a small hamlet, where you may buy supplies if you have any money to pay for them. You can buy Provisions; 1 Gold Piece will buy enough for 3 meals. If you want to sell your horse (if you have one!), a farmer will give you 4 Gold Pieces for him. It's daylight robbery, but you have little choice. No one here will sell you a

horse, though: they're in short supply, except for clapped-out nags that no one in their right mind would want to own. If you want to ask about healing or scholars or any magician who may be living in the area, turn to **334**. If you want to press on, turn to **89**.

280

You are brave – and very foolhardy. The chasm is both wide and deep. *Test your Skill*, adding 3 to the total rolled. If you succeed, turn to **361**. If you fail, your body is smashed to pieces on the jagged rocks far below and your adventure ends here.

281

On a sudden whim, you start looking for anything on Mortvania or Vampires. You find a small section of books on the undead, and – interestingly – a number of books are definitely missing from this section, given the gap in the shelves. Several books must have been borrowed. There isn't any kind of ledger of borrowings here, however. Will you now:

Go up to the dome?	Turn to **218**
Explore the east wing further?	Turn to **265**
Explore the west wing?	Turn to **197**

282

You demand to know who sent the thugs to attack you. The grovelling wretch says that a huge brute of a man, someone the villagers had never seen before, came to Fendringham the night before last and told the thugs to expect you. 'Gave us ten gold each to

deal with yer, 'e did,' the man says. ''E was a rum 'un. Dressed in summat wot looked like a big black sack, and 'e 'ad these 'orrible scars all over 'is face.' The man shudders at the memory. Then his face changes into a mask of devilish cunning, as if he was possessed, and before you can react he whips a knife from behind the calf of one leg and drives the blade into your stomach. The weapon carries a deadly poison; you must lose 2 STAMINA points from the blow. Now roll four dice and add the numbers rolled. If the total is greater than your STAMINA score, you are killed outright and your adventure ends here. If the total is less than your STAMINA score, you must still deduct 4 additional points from your STAMINA because of the agonizing venom. If you are still alive, you strike the man down with your sword. Now, will you:

Barricade yourself in the room and go to sleep?	Turn to **333**
Go to the bar and demand to know more about the man who paid to have you killed?	Turn to **384**
Leave the inn and make for Mortus Mansion?	Turn to **92**

283

You can buy many items in Farleigh; this is a market village, after all. Make your purchases from the list below and alter your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly.

Food (2 Provisions)	1 Gold Piece
10 metres of rope	1 Gold Piece
Garlic (one string)	1 Gold Piece

Belladonna (Lycanthropy cure)	5 Gold Pieces
Herbal cure for Lung Rot	4 Gold Pieces
Herbal cure for Bloodbane	4 Gold Pieces
Ghoulbane, 1 vial	3 Gold Pieces
Silver stake and mallet	5 Gold Pieces
Climbing boots for hill-climbing	4 Gold Pieces
Potion of Stamina	7 Gold Pieces
Potion of Luck	4 Gold Pieces
Flask of herbal liqueur	2 Gold Pieces
Anti-venom (1 vial)	4 Gold Pieces
Silver mirror	3 Gold Pieces
Magic sword	15 Gold Pieces
Longbow and quiver of arrows	5 Gold Pieces

Belladonna will cure Lycanthropy, if you have it; consuming Belladonna means you will have to lose 2 STAMINA points from the effects of the poison, however. If you have Bloodbane, and you cure it now, you may restore your *Initial* STAMINA score to its full value. Ghoulbane can be smeared on a sword and will allow you to add 2 points to your Attack Strength in a combat against any kind of Ghoul. One vial contains enough for three applications, one application lasts for a single combat. You can smear it on your sword immediately before any fight with a Ghoul of any kind. A Potion of Stamina, when drunk, restores lost STAMINA points equal to half your *Initial* STAMINA score, rounding fractions down. A Potion of LUCK restores 1–3 lost LUCK points (roll one dice and divide the number rolled by 2, rounding fractions up). A flask of liqueur restores 4 STAMINA points when drunk. Anti-venom will protect you from poison for *one*

combat or encounter – the first after you have drunk it. If a paragraph instructs you to lose STAMINA from poison and you have drunk Anti-venom, you lose no STAMINA. All these liquids can be drunk at any time, except during combat. A magic sword adds 1 to your Attack Strength during combat. A longbow will allow you to fire arrows at enemies from a distance; some paragraphs will offer you the option of using it when appropriate. When you have made your purchases, you can ask around to find a sage or scholar, if you haven't already done so (turn to **373**), or you can continue on your way north-eastwards (turn to **198**). Alternatively, if you want to make for another place whose name you know, turn to **304**.

284

You have made the right choice. Shrouded in the darkness beyond the archway is the last coffin of your hated enemy, but you see a slight figure bending over it. She stands up straight and faces you, fear written large on her face. She is very beautiful, though eerily pale, with long, black hair framing her face. 'Thank all the gods of good,' she purrs, 'you have slain the monster!' Will you ask her to tell you her story (turn to **309**) or will you attack her (turn to **391**)?

285

You were unwise to ignore the warning. As you trudge through the village, a hulking figure comes flailing at you from behind. It is man-like and carries a huge, wooden club, studded with chunks of metal. It wears only black sacking and appears to have been cobbled together from bits of various bodies. The monster stands an arm's length taller than you and is immensely muscular and strong. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to avoid the monster's first blow. If you are Unlucky, it strikes you with the benefit of surprise and you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to **190**.

286

As you move towards the lantern, the workman suddenly becomes agitated. He picks up a heavy iron bar that is hooked and serrated at one end, and he looks at you very threateningly. If you want the lantern, you're going to have to fight this very muscular and powerful-looking man. If you decide to fight him, turn to **335**. Alternatively, you can decide to leave the coach-house and make for the main mansion house instead (turn to **46**).

287

Clearly the east wall of this corridor is not flush with the entrance hall. Searching carefully, you find a secret door on the east side of the passage. If you want to open it, turn to **318**. Alternatively, you can open the western door (turn to **35**) or the door at the end of the corridor (turn to **208**).

288

You have blundered into a deadly trap! As the door opens, spears fly along the corridor from the south and hammer into your back. You are propelled forward into the deep, spike-filled pit behind the door. Your adventure ends here!

289

You must pay 1 Gold Piece to stay here. If you wish to pay this, turn to **70**. If you cannot, or aren't prepared to pay, you must look for somewhere else to stay and rest (turn to **323**) or you may leave and keep watch over the inn from a safe distance (turn to **394**).

290

Forcing open the chest, you find some brass-bound volumes. One in particular catches your eye: *A History of Mortvania, Vol. 8.* Flicking through its pages, you see that many notes have been made in the margins. Unfortunately, you hear steps coming towards the room! Looking around, you see that you can hide yourself in the wardrobe if you wish to avoid whoever is coming. If you want to do this, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **112**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **154**. If you are prepared stand your ground and meet the approaching man, turn to **385**.

291

You strike at the older crone with your sword. If you do not have a magic sword, you cannot harm her and she will destroy you. Otherwise, fight on!

SHEVALA SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

In the first two Attack Rounds, Shevala will attack by using spells: she fires small bolts of lightning into your body. If she has the higher Attack Strength, you must lose 4 STAMINA points from her attack. If you have the higher Attack Strength, you will strike her and her spell will be ruined. From the third Attack Round onwards, she fights with a poisoned dagger. If she strikes you, roll one dice. If you roll 4 or higher, you lose 1 additional STAMINA point because of the venom on her blade. If you win, *Test your Spot Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **311**. If you fail, turn to **355**.

292

This tomb room is empty, save for the fine stone tomb of the long-dead knight within it. You gain nothing by your choice. The knight's ghost ushers you out of the tomb, and you make for the door half-way along the passage beyond the tombs, and open it. Turn to **393**.

293

You can hear someone muttering to himself – it is Endrell's voice! 'Must have escaped,' he is cursing. 'He will have killed to eat – it's too late to worry now. I must get everything out of here and go to the Master.' Then the voice stops and you stand deadly still, but you can see a light coming towards you from the corridor below. If you want to stay where you are and challenge Endrell, turn to **316**. If you opt to attack him, turn to **69**.

294

Having felled the Count's guardian, you are standing on the opposite side of the narrow bridge to the

villainous, saturnine Vampire. He seems to be growing in strength even as you look at him. How will you assail him? If you want to throw Blackfire at him, turn to **231**. If you want to drink a mystery potion, you know the number of scratches on the potion vial. Multiply that number by sixteen to arrive at a new total, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you want to throw acid at the Count, turn to **83**. If you want to fire an arrow from a longbow at the Vampire, turn to **397**. If you want to race across the rock bridge and attack him, turn to **273**.

295

You are no botanist, and scouring a forest for a plant you probably can't recognize, at night, is not a wise move. Lose 1 Blood Point for the delay, and you must now eat a meal. Now return to the main trail. Turn to **148**.

296

The creature used, or attempted to use, most of the filled vessels that were here, and there is little left for you to take. There is one heavy flask labelled 'Oil of Disenchantment', and it has a number inscribed into the wax seal on it; the number is '260', so make a note of this. You can have no way of knowing what the oil does, of course (it may remove enchantments – or it could be a miserable disappointment when you find out what it does do!). You will be offered the chance to use this oil later on. There are also some notes from a 'Dr Verruckte', instructions for preparing 'essence containers', whatever they are, and an order to deliver them to the west wing of the building. If you want to make for the west wing of the building now, turn to **144**. If you want to explore a part of the east wing which you have not seen before, turn to **399**.

297

Gain 1 LUCK point and 1 FAITH point for achievement! Exploring the area, you find a cave entrance in the side of Crab Peak. You explore the passage and caves inside, but in one area a cluster of fungi on the roof releases showers of choking spores over you. Lose 2 STAMINA points through coughing and choking (lose 4 STAMINA points if you already have Lung Rot). You find a large cavern with a steaming cauldron hissing and spitting fire: the witches' lair! Exploring this cavern, you find a rock which can be rolled away to reveal a small alcove. Just as you are about to see what lies beyond, a pair of tall, dark-haired men with stout leather armour and well-polished swords come striding into the cavern behind you. 'Just our luck,' one of the bandits grins, 'we'd been watching those witches for weeks, trying to sneak in here when they were out. Now this idiot comes along and kills them for us, and we get to take all their treasure!' They draw their swords and attack you. You can back up against a wall and fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BANDIT	7	7
Second BANDIT	7	6

If you win, you can take 3 Gold Pieces and enough food for 2 meals from them. You roll back the rock you were on the point of examining. Turn to **220**.

298

You feel bewildered and disorientated. You are standing on a hazy, insubstantial surface, surrounded by barren plains and mists. Before you stands a single glowing figure, tall, fair-haired and grave in appearance. 'He is gone to the Ghoulcrypts,' the spectre declares sadly. 'You will have to follow him there.' You stand still, trying to get your breath back. You have no idea who this figure is until he introduces himself. 'I am Siegfried, Reiner's brother and his nemesis. When he was brought back into existence, the magic also called me back from my own resting-place. We are inseparable: he is the darkness, I am the light. But I am still trapped here and can do nothing to stop him. I do know where he is, however, and I can help you. Pass beyond the northern Great Wall to the margins of the Shamutanti Hills and seek the village of Sharnek. Find the Gatekeeper. He has stood guard for many long years over the secret places, and he will be glad that his long wait is over. When you find the Ghoulcrypts, you must seek the tomb of the fifth and last Knight of the Thorn there. Not only the Vampire Elders are buried in that place; the tombs of their five greatest enemies, those fabled Knights, stand there also. In that fifth tomb you will find a great weapon to aid you against Reiner. This time, you must destroy him utterly.' If you have a red crystal heart, turn to **249**. If you do not have this, turn to **34**.

299

Through the gloom and mist you can make out the shape of the mansion house in front of you. To your

right, however, there is a coach-house and a set of stables. If you want to explore the stables and coach-house, turn to **321**. If you prefer to make straight for the main house, turn to **46**. If you want to prowl around in the grounds and explore generally, turn to **378**.

300

If you overcame Sandar in battle, turn to **89**. If you did not, turn to **367**.

301

You smash the container, and an intense chill emanates from it and freezes you to the bone. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. You decide it will not be wise to smash any more flasks, so you leave to search elsewhere. Turn to **7**.

302

You notice that Endrell is showing some anxiety about Marcus seeing the notes; clearly he doesn't want the younger man to see what has been written in them! Turn to **33**.

303

The Blackfire destroys all the skeletons instantly. You step out with a spring in your stride: will you now follow the left-hand passage (turn to **164**) or continue straight ahead (turn to **202**)?

304

Change the letters of the place you want to go to into numbers, using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 and so on, and add together the numbers corresponding to the letters, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not turn to a paragraph beginning 'An endless plain stretches ahead of you . . .' you have made the wrong choice; return to paragraph **148** and select a place to go to that you have not visited before.

305

Your longbow is of no use, alas, for the witch can be harmed only by magical weapons. Your useless arrow sails across the cavern and lands at her feet. But a shower of burning smoke covers you and you must lose 3 STAMINA points. Now you can either throw acid at her, if you have some (turn to **398**), or rush and attack her with your sword (turn to **31**).

306

You are eager to read Sewarth's Codex – which must have been the reason Heydrich went to the monastery: to steal this book away and guard its secrets. But you have hardly read the first page when your fingers slip from the page in utter exhaustion. After all, you have ridden all night, and you are desperately tired. Turn to **379**.

307

With a sigh of relief you reach the far end of the rock bridge and see fluted pillars of sculpted stone ahead of you. You approach them carefully and discover that they are massive stalactites. There is plenty of room to pass between them, so you push on ahead and downwards, following the passage as it descends into a huge cave with many more, if less spectacular, stalactites growing down from the ceiling. These have bulbous globes on their tips, yellow-orange centres and a milky surround. There is an unpleasant smell in this chamber, not unlike that of rotten eggs. Far to the north, in the darkness, you can hear rushing water. You can also see a small constellation of sparks gliding lazily towards you through the air. If you want to enter the cavern, turn to **14**. If you want to back out, turn to **374**.

308

Sounds of yelling and snarling can be heard coming from the woods to your left. You creep silently towards the source of the noise and come upon a man

trying to keep at bay a pair of heavy-muzzled, thick-furred wolves that are circling him and snarling. Beside the man lie the body of a warrior and three wolf corpses too. The man doesn't look much of a warrior and is clearly desperately frightened. He has only a knife for self-defence and the wolves look set to finish him off easily. If you want to go to his aid, turn to **396**. If you decide not to fight the wolves but continue through the woods and return to the trail beyond the mist patch, turn to **15**. If you decide to hang around and see what happens, turn to **86**.

309

The woman, who tells you that her name is Anna, says she is the slave of the hated Count. He hypnotized her and took her away from her home, and he has kept her here for many months. Her voice is soothing and you are inclined to trust her, but you are eager to finish off the Vampire – and she wants to keep on pouring out her tale! At last you push past her and advance on the coffin. Too late! The woman's long fangs are beginning to show, and her nails suddenly reach out and claw at your neck; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. She is in fact Katarina Heydrich, Reiner's Vampyre sister, and now you have to fight her!

KATARINA HEYDRICH SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **44**.

310

Crab Peak, you know, lies in the shadow of the Great Wall. By heading north-west from where you are now,

you will surely bump into someone closer to the area, who will be able to tell you where it can be found. Turn to **57**.

311

Carollar is smiling in a very unpleasant manner. You realize that this is not just because you have killed her rival – she's going to attack you! You have time for one brief action. You have no time to eat a meal, but you can drain a flask of herbal liqueur or use a magical item, if you have such things. Then you will have to fight the treacherous crone. Turn to **355**.

312

From behind your back a spectral figure comes flying at you; it is one of the many undead which haunt the crypts. The Wraith has a chill aura about it and, if it strikes you, you will be in serious trouble!

WRAITH SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, and if the Wraith struck you at least once, roll one dice. If you roll 1–4, the Wraith drained you of 1 point of SKILL! Turn to **156**.

313

The laboratory here is a bizarre clutter. Vessels of bronze, iron and glass seem to have been thrown around randomly, though they are connected by many glass and brass pipes which run all over the place. Oily foul-smelling fluids bubble and simmer in flasks suspended over oil-burning lamps. Strings of rank weeds and grasses, bundled together, hang from iron rails suspended from the ceiling. Vats hold coloured liquids, and there is even one filled with what looks unpleasantly like rendered fat. Steam gushes from odd mechanical contrivances which clank and whirr. Wooden steps lead upwards into darkness at the eastern end of the room. Seated high above this mechanical pandemonium and poring over a huge book is a white-haired old man with an implausibly long nose, on the end of which perch huge eyeglasses. He looks up at you irritably. 'What is it?' he snaps. 'I'm very busy. I've got the Ghoul essences to get ready for next week, and the fat-digesting machines got clogged up this morning. What do you want?'

You hardly know what to make of all this. If you want to attack the man, turn to **199**. If you prefer to talk to him, turn to **227**. If you decide to retreat and search elsewhere, turn to **7**.

314

Surprisingly, the room on other side of this door has no tomb in it, just a stone statue of a huge knight, mightily muscled and strong-faced. You gaze at the beautifully sculpted figure for a moment before you

realize that the sword in the man's right hand is not made of stone at all: it is of metal! Excitedly you prise it away from the stone hand which grips it only loosely. If you have Latent Vampirism, turn to **36**. If you have Lycanthropy, turn to **366**. If you have neither affliction, turn to **53**.

315

'Together, however, the three of us did manage to piece together one of the Vampire's final secrets. Three witches of Analand constructed a crystal heart: while this infernal object is still in existence, Heydrich cannot be destroyed. We also learned where the crones can be found; it's at a place named Crab Peak, in the shadow of the Great Wall. It lies far to the west of here. There was something else, however.' Harquar ponders for a moment.

'There is a deeper secret Heydrich possesses, for surely he would not allow himself to remain in the witches' power. We came to believe that he has some deeper retreat, some far-away source of power of his own. He has just used the witches to bring himself back to strength before he calls upon this power, whatever it may be. My guess is that you will find out what it may be only by entering Mortus Mansion, as his home is called. Should you make for the witches, however, beware their strength. Together they could destroy you utterly. You should try to vanquish them one at a time, if at all possible. As for me, I think I should seek refuge where the Vampire cannot send any more *things* after me.'

Harquar now gives you some correspondence that passed between himself, Sewarth and Henrik. There are 15 pages of these (make a note of this) and they will give you some clues about Mortus Mansion which may come in useful later. Gain 2 Blood Points. You consider what Harquar has told you. You ought now to make either for the witches (turn to **57**) or for Mortus Mansion itself (turn to **198**).

316

You startle Endrell as he approaches. You say, lamely, that you were looking for food in the kitchen, you saw the open trapdoor and you were curious. He seems flustered and says that he thought he heard an intruder in the catacombs. He seems only too happy to find some food for you in the kitchens and brews two herbal nightcaps for himself and for you. He escorts you back to your room, then has a young monk virtually stand guard outside it. You decide to do some more snooping tomorrow. Turn to **90**.

317

You edge forward along a winding passage with a low ceiling. Flickering blue light glimmers ahead and the passage straightens, the walls grow smoother and the floor easier to walk along. On either side of you are three wall-alcoves, and inside each is a skeletal figure. In the distance you can see that the passage continues and there is a side-turning to your left. You have a pretty good idea that the skeletal figures

will come to life and attack you as you approach them, so what are you going to do? Will you:

Throw Blackfire at the skeletons, if you have some?	Turn to **303**
Fire an arrow at the nearest one, if you have a longbow?	Turn to **68**
Throw some acid at the skeletons, if you have any?	Turn to **178**
Grip your sword tightly and attack the first skeleton?	Turn to **104**
Just walk straight ahead?	Turn to **327**

318

The door opens into a pitch-black area. By the light of your lantern, you can see a large wooden table with a coffin on it; the coffin is lined with a coating of earth. Black and red silks are hung on the walls and draped round the coffin itself. You can't see anything or anyone inside the room, but you have a strong sensation of evil, and your skin is clammy with fear. The sense of danger is strong! If you want to enter and destroy the Vampire's coffin, turn to **388**. If you think better of it, you can retreat and open the western door in the corridor (turn to **35**) or the door at the far end of it (turn to **208**).

319

The man is clearly disappointed at your decision to depart. Now you will have to wander around alone, looking for any crypt entrances outside the village. First, you have to find somewhere to stay for the night; this will cost 1 Gold Piece. If you don't have

this, or if you won't pay, then you must eat a meal and you sleep fitfully outdoors; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.

In the morning, you can buy some Provisions if you wish to; 1 Gold Piece buys enough for 2 meals, and you can buy as much food as you can carry. After endless searching round the outskirts of the village, all you have turned up is the entrance to some long-abandoned mines. If there are any crypts below them, no one is saying so, but the villagers are a furtive lot and have little to say anyway. You must lose 2 Blood Points for this delay in searching. It's time to go down into the depths! Turn to **134**.

320

If you have the sword Imperator, turn to **365**. If you do not have this sword, you can fight normally (turn to **243**) or use a silver mirror to fight with (turn to **345**).

321

The doors of the coach-house creak open. Inside, in barely lit gloom, you can see a dark coach which you recognize as one that sped away from the monastery. A large pair of swing doors leads into the stables proper, while a smaller door leads into a separate room. Will you:

Explore the coach?	Turn to **364**
Open the pair of doors?	Turn to **233**
Open the small door?	Turn to **22**

322

The Demon Hound spits fire and acid at you, as well as biting and hammering at you with its stone-hard hoofs. If you do not have a magic sword, you cannot harm it and your adventure ends here. Otherwise, you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength when fighting this horror for the spray of flame and acid it directs at you makes it difficult to see the thing properly – let alone strike at it!

DEMON HOUND	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, you can open one of the two doors. The one with the magical trap which summoned the Demon Hound is immovably jammed shut now and you cannot open it. This leaves you with the choice of opening the door half-way along the passage (turn to **399**) or opening the door with the shield motif at the end of it (turn to **11**).

323

You find a farmstead, a kilometre or so away from the coaching inn, where you can rest in a barn – you're very tired as you've ridden through the night. You must now eat a meal. You can buy some Provisions from the farmer's wife if you have some money – 1 Gold Piece will buy you enough for 3 meals (add 3 to your Provisions) and you may buy as much food as your backpack can carry, if you are able to pay. Alter the Provisions and Treasure boxes on your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly. Then you settle down for some badly needed sleep. Turn to **379**.

324

You can take supplies from the kitchens: enough food for 4 meals (add 4 to your Provisions) and a flask of oil, normally used for cooking, which may prove useful to you later on. This oil can't be used to replenish a lantern, however. You now return to the main passage in the east wing; turn to **399**.

325

Shevala told you to utter words which in fact enhance the magical trap here. All that remains of you after you step into the magical barrier is a half-melted sword and a pair of steaming boots. Your adventure ends here.

326

You fall asleep eventually and don't wake up until after noon. During the day, you are politely prevented from exploring much of the monastery and your questions are evaded with equal courtesy. You are told that Sewarth and Sandar are still away. Lose 2 Blood Points. If you have already spent at least two nights in the monastery, turn to **61**. If you have slept here for only one night, turn to **74**.

327

Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or greater than your FAITH score, turn to **104**. If it is less than your FAITH score, you escape and take the left-hand turning in the passage (turn to **164**) or march straight ahead (turn to **202**).

328

Groping your way through the fog, you find a farm girl standing over the body of a youth that has been dumped beside some straggling thorn bushes. 'The bandits! They have killed Frederick,' she says miserably. You look down at the body. The young man still seems to be breathing, so you bend forward to inspect the body more closely. You see a nasty wound on his neck, and you wonder what . . .

Then the woman is attacking you, clawing at you with long nails, trying to sink her fangs into your throat! You must fight for your life here!

VAMPYRE SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If the Vampyre has an Attack Strength of 21 in any Attack Round, make a note of this paragraph number, then turn to **95**. If you win, turn to **128**.

329

You prise away the rock and make your way quietly underground. There is a faint phosphorescent glow from wall fungi here, and you don't need your lantern. The passages you enter are oddly sculpted, as if by some long-lost race of subterranean dwellers; they twist at odd angles, and the floor is slightly rippled and irregular. Keeping your eyes peeled, you come to a side door, which you find to be locked and which you cannot open. In front of you is a junction, one passage leading ahead and the other branching away to your left. If you want to go straight on, turn to **377**. If you prefer to bear off to the left, turn to **363**.

330

You can fight the monster normally with a sword; turn to **270** if you choose to do this. If you want to hurl Blackfire at the monster, you already know the number inscribed on the vial of Blackfire; multiply this number by three to get a new total, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you have a mystery potion which you have not identified and you want to try using it here, you know how many scratches are on the flask. Multiply this number by thirteen to get a total, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you want to throw acid at the horror, turn to **21**.

331

'There he is!' you hear Marcus cry as you leave the chapel. 'He murdered Endrell!' The Elder must have summoned help from the people of the lakeside, for two burly men, armed with swords and wearing stiff leather jerkins and carrying shields, are coming along the corridor towards you. You realize that trying to argue is pointless. You are forced to fight these enemies together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MILITIAMAN	7	7
Second MILITIAMAN	7	6

If you win, Marcus has fled and you must now move swiftly! You can try the south door here (turn to **381**) or the other door to the north in this west wing (turn to **225**).

332

You mumble something about needing help with your problem, and the man look faintly disappointed. 'Is that all?' he mutters. He gets down from his raised desk and rummages through some flasks, pouring liquids together to form a most unappetizing, greenish-brown slime, which he decants into a dusty goblet. 'Drink that,' he says briskly. You manage to force the stomach-turning filth down your throat. It really is disgusting stuff, but you are cured of all the afflictions you have! Gain 1 LUCK point. The man is growing impatient with you and wants you to leave now. You can either leave and search elsewhere (turn to **7**) or attack him (turn to **278**).

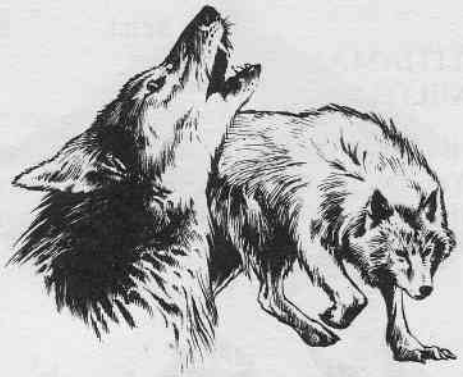

333

You barricade the door and settle down to an anxious sleep. Fortunately there are no more disturbances. Next morning, you eat a hearty breakfast and set off for Mortus Mansion. Turn to **49**.

334

The occupants of this hamlet are mercenary wretches. 'Give us a gold and I'll tell you what you want to know,' is all that any of them will say. If you are willing to pay up, turn to **358**. If you can't – or won't – pay, turn to **89**. You could also spend a day working here, doing manual labour, in order to earn a Gold

Piece if you want their help. If you do this, you must lose 1 Blood Point for the delay, and you will lose 1 point from both your *Initial* and Current STAMINA scores if you have Bloodbane. Then you should press onwards by turning to **89**.

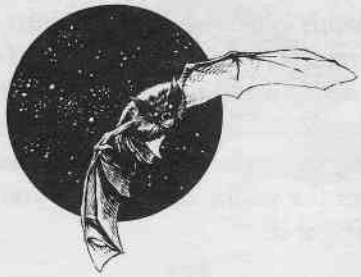

335

The thick-set man fights with extraordinary ferocity, swinging his iron bar at you!

SADDLER SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you win, you make take his lantern. It won't be of any use to light your way, for the lantern has red lenses and the radiance from it is baleful and doesn't illuminate anything clearly. There is a pattern echoed on the glass lenses, showing vaguely human figures shrouded in cocoons; you have no idea what these images mean. You return to the main coach-house. You can now open the double wooden doors if you haven't done so already (turn to **233**), explore the coach, if you haven't done so (turn to **364**), or make for the mansion house itself (turn to **46**).

336

As you are about to remove the gag from the young man's mouth, his eyes turn in the direction of the stairs at the same moment as a huge monster, clad in gleaming metal and yet with a body of rotting flesh, hurls itself down the steps from the darkened room above. This is a Ghoul, but one unlike any other you have seen. Bands of metal are sunk into its arms and legs, and from its hand protrude knife-long metal blades. It looks as if an insane creator had used fused metal into the Ghoul's body to strengthen it – and it is a formidably powerful opponent. Fortunately, given the warning of the young man's gaze, you are balanced and ready to fight it!

STEEL GHOUL SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **25**.

337

There are so many books and documents in this library, and you don't really know what you are looking for. *Test your Spot Skill.* If you are successful, turn to **281**. If you are unsuccessful, you lose time in a fruitless search; lose 1 Blood Point. You can now go up to the dome (turn to **218**), explore elsewhere in the east wing (turn to **265**) or leave and go to the west wing (turn to **197**).

338

Having slain the Vampyre, you tip the coffin over and smash the wood. Gain 4 Blood Points! From the depths of the Ghoulcrypts for a moment a great groan of anguish rises up. Perhaps the wretched Count now knows that you are here and that his end is nigh – you hope. Now you return to the main passage and press forward into the depths of the Ghoulcrypts. Turn to **202**.

339

With the sound of wolves closing all round you, can you keep calm and retrace your steps? *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, you manage to get back to the trail – but you are in the mist now, so turn to **39**. If you fail, you stumble and twist an ankle; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. The howling creatures are upon you! Turn to **66**.

340

You enter a comfortable living room. Padded smoking-jackets hang on pegs on the walls, and the Count's favourite armchair nestles comfortably beside a large table with glasses, bottles and decanters on it. Unfortunately, on the wall directly above the door is a trophy of the Count's Mortvanian hunting days. The head of a huge black bear comes to life the moment you enter, and the wooden plaque on which it is set flies down from the wall! The animated head snarls and growls, and the bear's teeth are quite capable of inflicting serious injury upon you if you do not destroy this magical creation swiftly!

BEAR TROPHY	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, you can take two flasks of herbal liqueur from the table. Each one can be drunk at any time, except during combat, and will restore 4 lost STAMINA points. Now you can return to the passage outside to explore elsewhere. Turn to **399**.

341

You must *Test your Skill*. Unless you have some rope which you can throw up and loop round one of the gargoyles by the windowsill and so haul yourself up, you must add 2 to the total rolled on the dice. Each time you fail, you get part-way up, only to fall; lose 1 STAMINA point. You can keep on trying until you succeed; when you do, turn to **191**, but make a note of how many attempts you had to make. If you get bored with continual failure, you decide to hammer on the front door instead (turn to **37**).

342

How can you hope to break a huge stone with a sharp weapon such as a sword? *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, your sword simply shatters and you no longer have a magic sword. If you are Lucky, the blades does not break, but you quickly realize the error of your ways. Unfortunately, the stone does not care for being struck in this way. Out of the shadows behind you a pair of Giant Spiders come skittering from their rocky lairs to attack you! You must fight them together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT SPIDER	7	8
Second GIANT SPIDER	7	8

When you have killed one of the spiders, the second one will fire silky strands of spider's web at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you will not be caught, but if you are Unlucky, you will be caught up in the web and you must deduct 1 point from your Attack Strength for the rest of this fight. If you win, you decide that you can do nothing further here; you can either backtrack to the left-hand passage (turn to **363**) or head for the surface (turn to **145**).

343

As you advance along the deeper passage, you hear a crackling noise in the distance. A stone door opens at the end of the passage and a vile, hunched thing comes flying towards you. Gnarled and wrinkled, the creature looks like a small, shrivelled old man, but it has leathery wings and the face of a demon. It holds a small stone wand from which black acid drips on to the floor. Before you can get to the witch, you have her Demonling to deal with!

DEMONLING SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If the Demonling hits you, roll one dice. If you roll a 1, you are splashed by the acid and must lose 3 STAMINA points. If you roll a 6, you get a faceful of the vicious, corrosive acid; lose 4 STAMINA points. You are also blinded for a short time; subtract 2 from your Attack Strength for the next two Attack Rounds. If you win, turn to **234**.

344

As you approach, the witches break off their argument and gaze at you suspiciously. They both draw daggers dripping with venom from the folds in their cloaks. What are you going to say for yourself? Will you:

Ask about the statue?	Turn to **115**
Ask about a magical item of some kind?	Turn to **383**
Ask if you can help them in some way?	Turn to **43**
Try some other strategy?	Turn to **72**

345

You turn your eyes away from the hypnotic gaze of the Vampire and thus save yourself from the dominating effects of his eyes. However, you must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength when fighting him. Now turn to **365**.

346

Villagers and other monks are already streaming towards the monastery, attracted by the sound and the sight of the fleeing coach. The bodies of several monks are brought out by men with ashen faces. One monk from a neighbouring monastery mutters something about Ghouls, and people are beginning to look uneasy and afraid. It seems that only one of the young monks from the monastery is left alive. If you want to try to talk to him, roll one dice and add 4. If the total rolled is less than your FAITH score, turn to **47**. If it is higher than your FAITH score, it's time to go. If you have at least 8 Gold Pieces, turn to **276**. If you have less than this amount, turn to **203**.

347

You open the door and gaze, open-mouthed, at the sheer scale of the room in front of you. Seemingly endless, it is filled with stone tombs and mournful statues. In an archway to the north is a glowing azure barrier of light; far to the south there are two more great archways, each with a huge wooden door and bronze plaques and handles. It comes as no surprise when you see what looks like a small army of undead beginning to advance on you from the south. If you can't face fighting the Ghouls, Zombies (and perhaps worse) heading your way, you can slam the door shut and run like mad back to the entrance hall, where you will be able to take your bearings and find somewhere else to search (turn to **271**), but you cannot return here afterwards. However, if you decide to stay, you have enough time for four actions before the undead reach you. If you have a longbow, you can fire arrows (firing a single arrow counts as one action). *Test your Skill* each time you fire, and every time you are successful you can subtract 2 points from the STAMINA of the Ghoul Pack. If you have some acid, you can throw this at them; this takes one action. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, you can subtract 4 points from the STAMINA of the Ghoul Pack. If you have Blackfire, you can throw the vial at the undead. This takes one action, and the magical wall of fire created will destroy the Ghoul Pack utterly (you can then fire arrows or throw acid at the Zombie Pack when you confront them). After performing four actions, you must fight!

GHOUL PACK SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you are struck four times by the Ghoul Pack, turn at once to **84**. If you win, turn to **380**.

348

The man's eyes glaze over as if some enchantment or spell had been lifted from him; however, as you snatch the glowing gold amulet away from his throat, it burns your hand with a fiery, evil magic. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. What's more, the west door in this room is now opening and a pair of Zombies are shambling in from a nearby guard-room. You must fight the Zombies together, but after 2 Attack Rounds Sandar will have recovered some of his senses and will fight on your side. When that happens, you may add 2 to your Attack Strength because of his assistance.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE	7	7
Second ZOMBIE	7	7

If you win, turn to **82**.

349

You push open the door to find a long, narrow passageway, richly carpeted as before, leading eastwards. In the distance, it swings away southwards, but before that there are four wooden-panelled doors set off from it, two on either side. Will you:

Open the first door to the north?	Turn to **88**
Open the second door to the north?	Turn to **65**
Open the first door to the south?	Turn to **139**
Open the second door to the south?	Turn to **340**
Go to the end of the passage and turn south?	Turn to **182**

350

The door here is locked and you have no key to open it with. You can break it down, but this will take time and you will make a lot of noise in the process. If you want to smash the door down anyway, turn to **211**. Otherwise, you must return to the main passageway and explore deeper into the Ghoulcrypts; turn to **202**.

351

Sewarth, you learn, is one of the Elders of the Halls of the Stars and lives in a small building with a splendid

glass dome. Gossip tells you that the monks of this place are rather eccentric, even by monkish standards, and keep themselves to themselves. They have a reputation for very odd and obscure studies, and no one is certain exactly what it is they do most of the time. You approach the monastery and rap the small gargoyle door-knocker on the front door. A weedy young man in grey robes opens the door a fraction, and clearly he doesn't much like the look of you. You manage to stick one foot in the door and wave Henrik's papers in his face, saying that they must be delivered to Sewarth urgently. 'Wait a moment,' the youth says, determinedly forcing the door shut despite the obstacle of your foot.

Inside a minute, two rather older monks are staring at you round the reopened door. You explain yourself, and one of them says, 'Very well, you'd better come in. Sewarth is away at the moment, but perhaps we can help.' They admit you into their hallway and lead you into a spartan room. You explain how you came by the papers you are carrying.

'I am Endrell,' the taller and older of the monks says, 'and this is Marcus. We are two of the four Elders here. Our colleagues, Sewarth and Sandar, are away for a short time, though we expect Sewarth back soon. May I look at the papers you have brought?'

If you are happy to hand over the papers to him, turn to **257**. If you don't want to do this, turn to **205**.

352

You look through any papers you may have; lose 1 Blood Point for the delay. If you have some letters from Harquar's house, you know how many sheets of paper there are in them. Multiply that number by eight, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. Otherwise, you can only step straight into the portal (turn to **18**), speak the words Shevala told you (turn to **325**) or decide to leave. If you leave, you can make for either the locked door (turn to **239**), the cavern at the very end of the passage, if you haven't been there before (turn to **206**), or the surface (turn to **145**).

353

You can take trinkets and baubles worth 6 Gold Pieces from the Vampyres. In their over-decorated, rather lurid chamber you find a third woman sleeping on one of the silk-covered beds; there are bite marks on her throat. Now, she may be a Vampyre too, for all you know; they do feed on one another when desperate. But she may be an innocent victim, kidnapped perhaps, and it would be a cowardly and terrible thing to leave her here at the mercy of the Count's evil servants.

What will you do? If you decide to try and wake her, turn to **16**. If you want to leave, you can return to the main passage; turn to **399**.

354

You have just abandoned a group of helpless, innocent young monks to a very unpleasant fate; lose 1 point of FAITH for your cowardice. Now you can explore the westernmost north door, if you haven't done so already (turn to **236**), or the other northern door (turn to **225**).

355

Carollar attacks you with her envenomed dagger. If she hits you, roll one dice. If you roll 4–6, you must lose 1 additional STAMINA point as the poison works its way into your system!

CAROLLAR SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **297**.

356

You don't know for certain where Marcus's rooms are, but luckily you guess correctly: his study room is just across the corridor from Endrell's. You knock gently on the door and hear a bolt being drawn back. The door opens just a fraction and the monk's clearly frightened face peers out at you. Surprised by his look, you say that you very much want to talk to him, for you are worried about Sewarth. He nods and lets you in. If you found a book in Endrell's room and you have fought Endrell, multiply the number of that volume by the number of metal bands on Endrell's staff, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you only glimpsed the book, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the volume number of the book. Failing that, turn to **250**.

357

'I am known by some people as the Gatekeeper,' the man says cautiously. 'I know the way into the crypts. They are far below the old Bluestone mines to the north of the village. Do you have Sewarth's Codex with you, by any chance?' If you have this book, you know how many pages it contains. Add 100 to that number to get a total, and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you don't have this book, or if you don't want to let this man know that you have it, take your leave of him and turn to **319**.

358

The villagers tell you that a strange, eccentric fellow is living at the eastern boundary of the hamlet. 'Forget 'is name. Zandar, Sender, somefink like that. Anyway, he mended that lame leg old Snotman had – remember?' The others nod their heads in remembrance. 'He might be able to help yer if yer got some kind of disease or something. Bet yer he meddles in magic, too. Them funny old strangers often do, like.' There are vague whispers about 'furriners' from the group here. At the mention of diseases, some of them look at you a bit askance and you decide it's probably time to go. You can seek out this eccentric old healer if you wish (turn to **5**); otherwise you continue north-eastwards in pursuit of your quarry (turn to **89**).

359

The Count has used a magical portal to transport himself far away, flying across the planes to his final hideaway. When you strike the barrier, fire flickers round your body as you suffer some of the ill-effects it was designed to inflict on anyone who entered it other than the Vampire; lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **298**.

360

The dark-haired, pretty, slender, pale-skinned woman in the left-hand portrait is Katarina Heydrich, the Count's sister. The book warns you that she was a dangerous magician, probably a Vampire like her brother; she is believed to have been destroyed – but then so was Reiner himself! The tall, powerful, blond man in the third picture is Siegfried Heydrich, the Count's brother. The history book tells you that, as a ghost, he haunted his brother's wretched castle in Mortvania and sought to bring about his downfall. It seems strange that Reiner should have his portrait here, given that the two were deadly enemies. You ponder this mystery for a moment, but can't figure it out. You decide to explore elsewhere. Turn to **7**.

361

The Vampire hesitates for a moment, astounded by your heroic leap! You can attack him before he has the wits to use a magical assault against you. Gain 1 LUCK point, then turn to **138**.

362

Your oil dispels the trap, but it is now all used up, so remove it from your Possessions. You push open the door and find yet another of Count Heydrich's coffins. This one is arrayed in silks of red and black; however, it is surrounded by a network of glass and bronze flasks and tubes which pass into and out of the walls of the chamber. Hazy blue gas and drops of pale, yellowish-red fluids trickle out of the tubes into the interior of the coffin, where they settle in a thick mist, obscuring the base of the coffin. If you want to destroy this, you may be taking your life in your hands – but, then, what are you here for in any case? If you want to destroy the coffin, turn to **163**. Alternatively, you can back out and head along the passage outside, opening the left-hand door half-way down (turn to **393**) or the right-hand door at the end (turn to **11**).

363

You can hear the sound of muttering ahead of you, so you edge towards a cave entrance and peer round the

corner. The old witch, Shevala, is talking to herself in her disgusting den. The place is cobwebbed and filthy, and repulsive sights are on display everywhere: sheaves of dried bat's wings, plaited rat-tails, shrunken heads, great bell-jars full of cloudy liquids containing eyes, feet and worse – this lair is everything you feared it would be. On the far side of the room is an ornate archway, and what lies behind it is obscured by a glowing blue haze of magical energy. The witch herself is frantically scrabbling through the pages of a grimoire. 'Must be here . . . *she* won't help me . . . a thousand curses on the basilisk that turned my sister to stone!' At any rate, now you know about the stone statue you saw the witches arguing over. You draw your sword and prepare to confront her.

As you enter, a pair of red, glowing eyes look up balefully at you from just behind the cave entrance: Shevala has a guardian, a hideously deformed Goblin. Unfortunately for you, the vicious little wretch carries a poisoned dagger, like his mistress, and he's wiry and tougher than most Goblins. You will have to fight the Goblin first, then the witch. If you are struck by either, roll one dice. If you roll 4 or less, you must lose 1 additional STAMINA point, thanks to the poison.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GOBLIN	6	6
SHEVALA	9	11

If you reduce Shevala to 2 STAMINA points or less without killing her outright, turn to **6**. If you kill her, turn to **64**.

364

You open the doors of the ornately decorated black coach. The inside is black and red silk upholstery, and behind the seating in a recess is a coffin containing a thin film of black soil. You climb in, intending to pull out the coffin and smash it; destroying the Vampire's coffin will surely weaken him! As you do, however, the silk sheets, curtains and pillows seem to come alive. They turn into hideous great slabs of rotting flesh, and clawed hands clutch at you from the bizarre Zombie-Coach! You must subtract 1 from your Attack Strength fighting it, for you are trapped in an enclosed space.

	SKILL	STAMINA
ZOMBIE COACH	7	10

If you win, the coach falls apart round you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you escape in time. If you are Unlucky, the roof panelling collapses on to your head and you must lose 1 STAMINA point. But you drag the coffin out and smash it. Gain 3 Blood Points! Now you should explore an area you haven't visited yet. Will you:

Open the pair of doors?	Turn to **233**
Open the single door?	Turn to **22**
Leave and make for the mansion house itself?	Turn to **46**

365

The Count has spent some time enhancing his strength, and he is the most powerful enemy you will ever have encountered. He has existed for many years and his strength and powers of recuperation are far beyond those of any mortal. Divide your Blood Points score by five, rounding any fractions up (so, if you have 21 Blood Points, the figure will be 5). You may subtract this figure from the Count's STAMINA score which is given below. If you have the sword Imperator and if your FAITH score is 8 or 9, you may subtract 1 point from the Count's SKILL; if your FAITH is 10 or higher, you may subtract 2 from his SKILL. Finally, you may add 1 point to your Current LUCK score for possessing each of the following: the *History of Mortvania*, Sewarth's Codex and a sheaf of letters from Harquay (you've picked up some helpful tips on fighting Vampires from your casual reading!). If you have no magic sword, you will automatically lose this fight. Now, pray to the forces of good on Titan, and do the best you can! The Count fights with his fists, which strike you with the force of hammers.

REINER HEYDRICH SKILL 15 STAMINA 30

When the Count's STAMINA is reduced to 10 points or less, he will change his fighting tactics: he will try to attack you with his fangs. You may subtract 2 from his Attack Strength but, if he bites you, roll one dice. If you roll a 5, he will inflict twice the normal damage on you (you must lose 4 STAMINA points). If you roll a 6, he has gashed your throat badly and you will die after four more Attack Rounds, unless you can

overcome him and pause to staunch the bleeding! If you reduce the Count's STAMINA to 4 points or less without killing him outright, turn to **9**. If you kill the Count outright, turn to **382**.

366

The sword rejects you! Your hands burn from the pain of the sword's magical attack on you; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The knight's ghost ushers you out of the tomb, and you make for the door half-way along the passage beyond the tombs, and open it. Turn to **393**.

367

As you lead Sandar back to the hamlet, he suddenly remembers something. He recalls hearing the Vampire talking to a servant, and he overheard them referring to a particular place. 'It was a mountain or a hill, I think . . . Crab Peak, that was it! The dark man was very excited about that. He said something like, "In time. We must have it back in time." I suppose he meant something he intends to use for some evil purpose or other.' Sandar rubs his forehead and suddenly looks desperately tired. You practically have to carry him the last few paces to the outskirts of the hamlet. You prevail on the charity of the folk here to look after him, and set off on your way. If you want to continue north-eastwards to Heydrich's mansion house, turn to **89**. If you want to go to Crab Peak, do you know where it is? If you do, it's because you have a book that tells you. You should know how many pages that book has; double the number of pages, then

turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you want to go to Crab Peak and don't know where it is, you can do some asking around, but that is likely to take you some time. If you decide to do this anyway, turn to **10**.

368

Have you found a ring set with moonstones? If you have, you know how many stones there are in the ring. Multiply that number by 30, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you haven't found this ring, turn to **142**.

369

In the morning, when you arrive at Harquar's house, you find it surrounded by excited villagers and a detachment of the town guard. The sage has been murdered, and there is no way you are going to get into the house. Wild tales of flying monsters that shattered the bedroom window high above you are rife; but Grundar, the sage's bodyguard, hasn't been able to give any coherent account of what happened to his master. You can now buy some equipment if you want to (turn to **283**); alternatively, you can leave by heading north-eastwards (turn to **198**) or you can set out for some other area (turn to **304**).

370

Making your way as quietly as you can along the next passage, you find a stone door flush with the end of it. You push the door open; turn to **234**.

371

The black coach vanishes in the darkness. Somehow you have to pursue it in order to find out where the creature which has brought death and mayhem to the monks has gone. If you want to make one final check inside the monastery before giving chase, turn to **346**. If you prefer to pursue the coach at once, do you have at least 8 Gold Pieces? If you have, turn to **276**. If you do not have this much, turn to **203**.

372

The undead monster collapses to the ground – and, even as you watch, it begins to get back to its knees! It can be destroyed permanently by one of two things only: Oil of Disenchantment or Blackfire. If you have either of these, you know the numbers associated with them. Divide the number etched on the flask of magical oil by two, and turn to the paragraph with that number, *or* turn to the paragraph with the same number as that on the label on the vial of Blackfire. If you have neither of these items, you cannot overcome this monstrous guardian and you are forced to run while the horror is still getting back to its feet (but make a note of the fact that, if you find either of these items, you can return to fight the Grand Revenant again by turning to **274**). You slam the door shut behind you. If you now want to make for the southern passage, turn to **7**. If you want to return to the entrance hall, turn to **271**.

373

You spend quite a bit of time asking around in the taverns of Farleigh, where the merchants and travellers

are more concerned with enjoying themselves than with talking about sages; lose 1 Blood Point. Eventually, however, a young apprentice declares that it must be Harquar whom you are seeking, and that he can be found in the Golden Goose. You make for the tavern; turn to **123**.

374

Discretion was certainly the better part of valour this time! The cave is suddenly filled with sheets of flame as the sparks ignite the gas you could smell. Then all is quiet again, but the spark-creature is still bobbing around in the cave. You decide to move forward and confront it. Turn to **204**.

375

You push open the door to an extensive library which lies below the great dome of the monastery. A spiral staircase leads up to a balcony running round the dome, and there are endless bookshelves and racks of musty, dusty old documents bound up with ribbon and waxed string. If you want to explore the library for any clues you might find, turn to **337**. If you want to climb up to the dome, turn to **218**. If you decide that exploring here will take up too much time, you can leave and explore elsewhere in the east wing (turn to **265**) or make for the west wing of the monastery (turn to **197**).

376

There is no sign of any black coach in the gloomy stables – which is something of a relief. You poke idly around in some half-rotted hay and are about to leave when a sickly stench assails your nostrils. Looking back, you see a rotting corpse shambling towards you. Half of its gangrenous flesh has already peeled away from its bones, but it reaches out with filth-encrusted bony hands to strangle the life out of you! It is not moving swiftly, though, and you can run away from the house and avoid combat if you wish to do so; if you do this, turn to **89**. If you stay and fight the monster, turn to **127**.

377

If your FAITH score is 7 or higher, turn to **73**. If it is 6 or less, turn to **206**.

378

Only rank grass and some straggling shrubs and bushes grow in the grounds of the mansion house. The thick pall of mist hangs everywhere, making it difficult to see even your feet in front of you. If you have Lung Rot, the mist chokes you; lose 2 STAMINA points. There are some iron railings at the back of the mansion house which prevent you entering a gravelled rear courtyard. All you can do is go to the front door (turn to **46**) or try to climb over the railings and explore the courtyard at the back (turn to **62**).

379

By the time you wake up it is almost dark! The Vampire will surely be up and about again soon. You

pick up all your equipment and make for the stables. If you have a ring with gems in it, multiply the number of gems by 20, then turn to the paragraph with that number. If you don't have any such ring, turn to **108**.

380

The Ghouls are destroyed – but now you have to race a horde of swarming Zombies! Though they are not skilful, there are so many of them that they may wear you down by sheer force of numbers!

ZOMBIE PACK SKILL 7 STAMINA 16

If you win, gain 1 LUCK point and 1 FAITH point. Now, will you:

Go through the azure-lit archway?	Turn to **12**
Open the right-hand door to the south?	Turn to **97**
Open the left-hand door to the south?	Turn to **152**

381

You hear a groaning sound coming from behind the door to the south. Just as you are wondering whether it's a good idea or not to open it and find out what is

happening, the door is flung open and a young monk with wild, staring eyes and his mouth frozen in a scream comes hurtling through the doorway. He flees for the main doors before you can stop him. The door that has just been opened leads into a long passageway with many monks' cells off it, and the doors of some are open. A trail of blood leads into the distance. If you want to follow this, turn to **13**. If you decide not to do so, but to explore elsewhere, turn to **354**.

382

Dreadful wailing and sounds of lamentation come from one of the archways as you strike down the Vampire at last. Racing out of the darkness comes a long-haired, pale woman: Reiner's sister Katarina, a Vampire herself! You may perform one action (for example, drinking a potion or liqueur) before she gets to you, then you have to fight for your life against her rage and fury!

KATARINA HEYDRICH SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **400**.

383

The witches attack you at once. Turn to **267**.

384

You drag the protesting landlord from his bed and demand to be told all he knows about the scarred man who came offering money to have you killed. The landlord obviously knew all about it, because he now looks shifty and guilty. He is afraid of you and begins to blurt out the whole story. He says that the man came from the east – which is the direction in which Mortus Mansion lies. When you point that out to him, he shudders and says that everyone is very afraid to stray into the area. 'Visitors come from there only rarely, and then it is generally an eccentric old man, who comes to buy food in the village. 'Very tall, he is, with long grey hair and funny eyeglasses. Calls himself Doktor Verruckte.' The description doesn't sound much like the Count; it may well be interesting to find this man . . . You protest that a guest at the inn ought to be able to sleep in peace. The landlord guiltily offers you food and provisions to make up for the inconvenience. You can fill your backpack without charge, and you also get back the Gold Piece you paid him. Gain 1 LUCK point! Now you are shown to another room and settle to sleep. Turn to 333.

385

You replace the book and push the chest back under the bed, then you hurriedly sit down in the one uncomfortable chair here. When Endrell reaches the open door, he hesitates then advances into the room, looking angrily at you, a thick staff in his hands. You plead that you cannot sleep and beg an extra blanket to stave off the cold. Endrell seems to be placated and gruffly arranges for a

junior monk to find extra bedding. You are escorted back to your room and are given a herbal nightcap to help you sleep. You can tell that Endrell has stationed a monk outside your door to stop any further nocturnal snooping. Eventually you get back to sleep. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **326**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **90**.

386

Just too late, you see the crone raise the flask to her lips! Add 6 points to her STAMINA score; she has drunk a Potion of Stamina that she had hidden on her body! She fights with renewed fury, and this time it is a fight to the death. If you win, turn to **64**.

387

All you can do is to travel out of your way until you find a scholar who may know. This means a long detour to Arkleton, where you spend days trying to find help. You have to eat a total of 8 meals during this time (but you can buy food here; 1 Gold Piece buys enough for 2 meals). Finally you find a scholar who tells you where you could search: you should make for the village of Sharnek, beyond the northern Great Wall. However, the delay means that you must lose 10 Blood Points! Turn to **19**.

388

As you enter, a smoky form begins to materialize above the coffin. The figure is small, no bigger than stunted goblin, which it vaguely resembles. It wields sharp brass knives in its claws and hisses with hatred at you. Small wings unfold on its back and it flies at you and rakes you with the envenomed knives it carries!

DEATH IMP SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you win, but the Death Imp struck you during your fight, roll three dice. If the total is the same as, or higher than, your Current STAMINA score, you must lose more STAMINA because of the effects of the poison. Roll one further dice and add 1 to the number rolled; this is the number of additional STAMINA points you must lose. If you are still alive, you can smash the coffin here. Gain 4 Blood Points! Now you can open the west door in the corridor outside (turn to **35**) or the door at the end of the corridor (turn to **208**); alternatively, if you think it is time to leave the house, turn to **300**.

389

You do not notice the young man's upwards glance until it is too late. A mass of metal and undead flesh slams into you, knocking you off your feet, as the monster hurls itself downstairs at you. The gruesome thing looks as if someone has fused metal into the body of a Ghoul to toughen it – which is exactly what has happened. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA for being knocked down, and you must subtract 2 from

your Attack Strength in the first Attack Round while you regain your feet and balance. Fortunately, this Ghoul strikes with long, metal claws and does not paralyse, as Ghouls often do. Nevertheless it is very strong and difficult to defeat!

STEEL GHOUL SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **25**.

390

The horror is engulfed in flame; it screams in a nightmarish, piercing voice which seems to fill the entire cavern. Unfortunately, even the magic of Blackfire doesn't kill it outright. It lumbers towards you, an undead fireball, its superheated iron claws reaching out for you! Turn to **121**.

391

A wise choice indeed, for the woman is Katarina, the Count's evil sister, as much a Vampire as he is! She attacks at once with long, clawed nails and fangs.

KATARINA HEYDRICH SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **44**, but you may subtract 1 from the SKILL and 4 from the STAMINA of the Count given in that paragraph.

392

Harquar is dead. You are left in the room with a decomposing puddle of slimy jelly and the corpse of the fat sage; it's not a pleasant sight. Then the sage's bodyguard comes into the room with his master's tankard of midnight cocoa; he takes one look at you with your drawn sword, and his dead master. The jelly doesn't really register in the servant's mind, not surprisingly when you see his heavy forehead and close-set eyes. He draws a sword and sets about you, despite your protests.

BODYGUARD SKILL 9 STAMINA 13

If you win, you have no time to search the place. No one's going to believe your story about a flying jelly, especially as the thing has now melted into a thick pile of slime, and you have just killed Harquar's bodyguard.

You have to get out of town. You can leave, going north-eastwards (turn to **198**) or set off for some other destination (turn to **304**).

393

The door here opens readily and a chill draught of air wafts up to you from some depth far below. Your breath frosts on the air, it is so cold. You are wondering whether to go on this way when you are suddenly hammered on the back by what feels like a solid wall – which it is, for the wall opposite the door has suddenly shot forward and thrown you into the darkness! You must lose 1 STAMINA point for the buffeting. The door behind you slams shut and, as you try to force it open, you realize that the wall opposite is now flush with the door, sealing you in. Turn to **71**.

394

There isn't much cover for keeping watch on the inn, so you have to hide yourself as best you can in a roadside gully. However, you are desperately tired from riding through the night, and you soon fall asleep. You wake up later, stiff and uncomfortable; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA, and you must now eat a meal. Turn to **379**.

395

This powerful potion has an entirely unpredictable effect. Made from the vital energies of living creatures and the essence of certain of the undead, it may have a positive or a negative effect on you. Roll one dice – but, before you do so, you can decide how many LUCK points (if any) you wish to spend. Every LUCK point you sacrifice adds 1 to the number rolled, thus increasing final total; but you cannot spend more than 2 points of LUCK in this way. Make your decision *before* you roll the dice, then consult the table below to see what has happened to you.

Total	Effect
1	Lose 2 SKILL points
2	Lose 1 SKILL point
3–4	You feel mildly sick. Lose 1 STAMINA point
5	You are strengthened. Add 1 point to both Current and *Initial* STAMINA
6–7	You are strengthened! Add 1 point to your SKILL (but this cannot exceed 12) and add 1 point to both your Current and *Initial* STAMINA
8	You feel like a new person! Add 2 points to your SKILL, Current and *Initial* STAMINA scores. SKILL cannot exceed 13 or *Initial* STAMINA 25 because of these gains

If you want to drink the alleged SKILL restorative, having not already done so, turn to **241**. Otherwise, you leave for the passage outside the Doktor's rooms to explore elsewhere. Turn to **7**.

396

You must fight the wolves one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF	6	7
Second WOLF	6	7

If you win, the man is deeply grateful to you. He tells you that he is a merchant, making for the market village of Farleigh, which lies to the north-east along the road. 'I brought a bodyguard with me,' he says sadly, looking at the dead warrior. 'We left the road when we saw that mist. Didn't like the look of it at all.' Roban, as he introduces himself, asks you if you will help him bury the man and then accompany him to Farleigh. He says he will pay you for your protection when he arrives at the village. If you are prepared to help him bury his friend, this takes time. You will lose 1 Blood Point, but you will gain 1 FAITH point for this action. Then you set off once more, with Roban in tow. Turn to **148**.

397

Your attack is useless. Only magical weapons can harm the Vampire. Your arrow drops at his feet; he hurls a volley of magical darts at you and they burn their way into your flesh; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. The pain jolts you into rushing at him; turn to **273**.

398

Work out Attack Strengths for yourself and the witch (she has a SKILL of 10). If you have the higher Attack Strength, you fling the acid at her and she reels back, screaming with pain. She loses 3 STAMINA points (remember to subtract this from her total when you fight her). Your acid is now used up. You can fire your longbow at her, if you have one (turn to **305**), or jump the fissure and attack her with your sword (turn to **31**).

399

You go to the middle of the east–west corridor in the east wing of Mortus Mansion to take your bearings. You are standing facing east. There is a door in the north wall in front of you and another behind you; there are two doors facing them in the south wall too. At its eastern end, the passage turns south. At its western end, a door returns you to the hallway at the main entrance. You should explore an area you have not entered before. Will you:

Open the north door behind you?	Turn to **88**
Open the north door in front of you?	Turn to **65**
Open the south door behind you?	turn to **139**
Open the south door in front of you?	Turn to **340**
Go to the end of the passage and then turn south?	Turn to **182**
Go back to the main entrance hall?	Turn to **271**

400

You may have killed the Vampire brother and sister, but you still have to destroy them! Glancing at the crystal heart, you see that it will fit into the amulet set round Reiner's neck. You grind the gem into the metal of the amulet and, as you force it against the silver, it cracks into a shower of fragments. For the briefest of seconds, the Vampire's terrible eyes open wide, a frozen scream of fear on his face. A last trickle of blood dribbles from the side of his mouth, and his head lolls to one side like a rag doll's. You gather up the coffins you find in secret chambers hidden behind concealed doors inside the cave and build a funeral pyre for the Vampires, but you dare not set it alight until you have found a narrow set of steep stone stairs behind a secret door in the room behind the left-hand archway. Then you begin your ascent, leaving the blazing corpses behind you.

After an interminable length of time spent staggering up the steps, you emerge into a small cave with a narrow entrance that leads to a valley. As you totter out into the fresh air, a shepherd runs away, screaming, claiming that a terrible Demon has risen from the depths! If you could see yourself – streaked with smoke, bloodied and wounded, wild-eyed – you might not think his words so silly. And if you had not succeeded in your quest at last, he would have been right. You have elimated one of Titan's most ancient evils, and you are ready to take your place among the ranks of its legendary heroes!

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ISBN10:1-84046-802-5
ISBN13:978-1840468-02-1

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Printed in the UK

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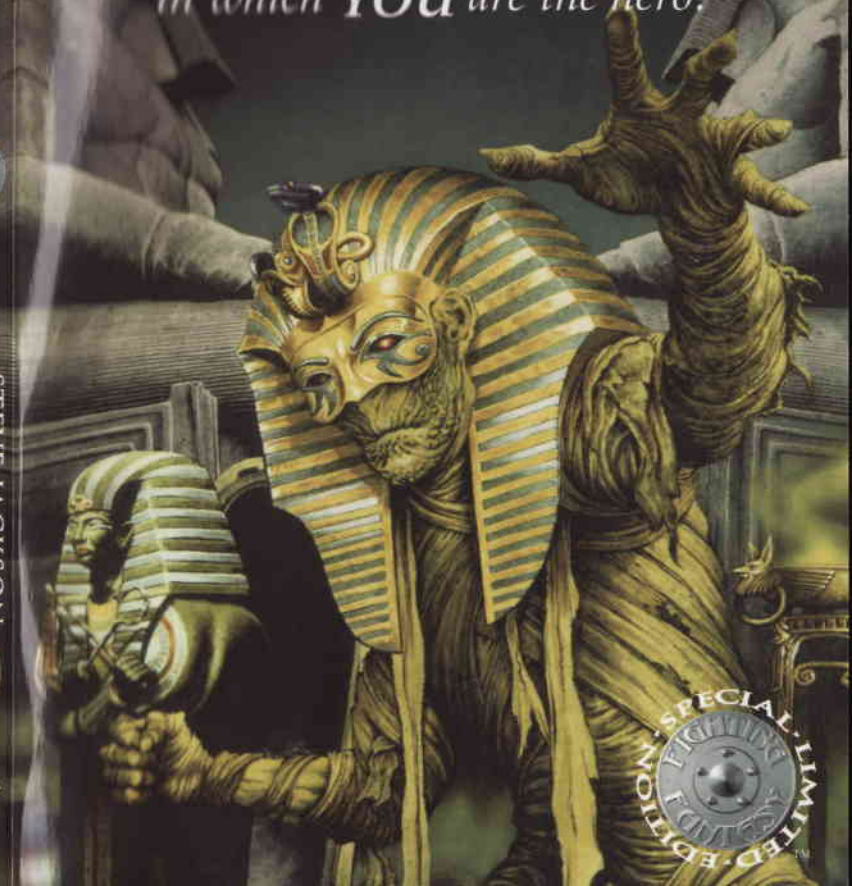

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CURSE OF THE MUMMY

BY JONATHAN GREEN
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Wizard Books

This edition published in the UK in 2007 by Wizard Books,
an imprint of Icon Books Ltd., The Old Dairy,
Brook Road, Thriplow, Cambridge SG8 7RG
email: wizard@iconbooks.co.uk
www.iconbooks.co.uk/wizard

First published by the Penguin Group in 1995

Sold in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia by
Faber and Faber Ltd., 3 Queen Square, London WC1N 3AU
or their agents

Distributed in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia by
TBS Ltd., Frating Distribution Centre, Colchester Road,
Frating Green, Colchester CO7 7DW

Published in Australia in 2007 by Allen & Unwin Pty. Ltd.,
PO Box 8500, 83 Alexander Street, Crows Nest, NSW 2065

Distributed in Canada by Penguin Books Canada,
90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700, Toronto, Ontario M4P 2Y3

ISBN-10: 1-84046-802-5
ISBN-13: 978-1840468-02-1

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Printed and bound in the UK by Cox & Wyman Ltd., Reading

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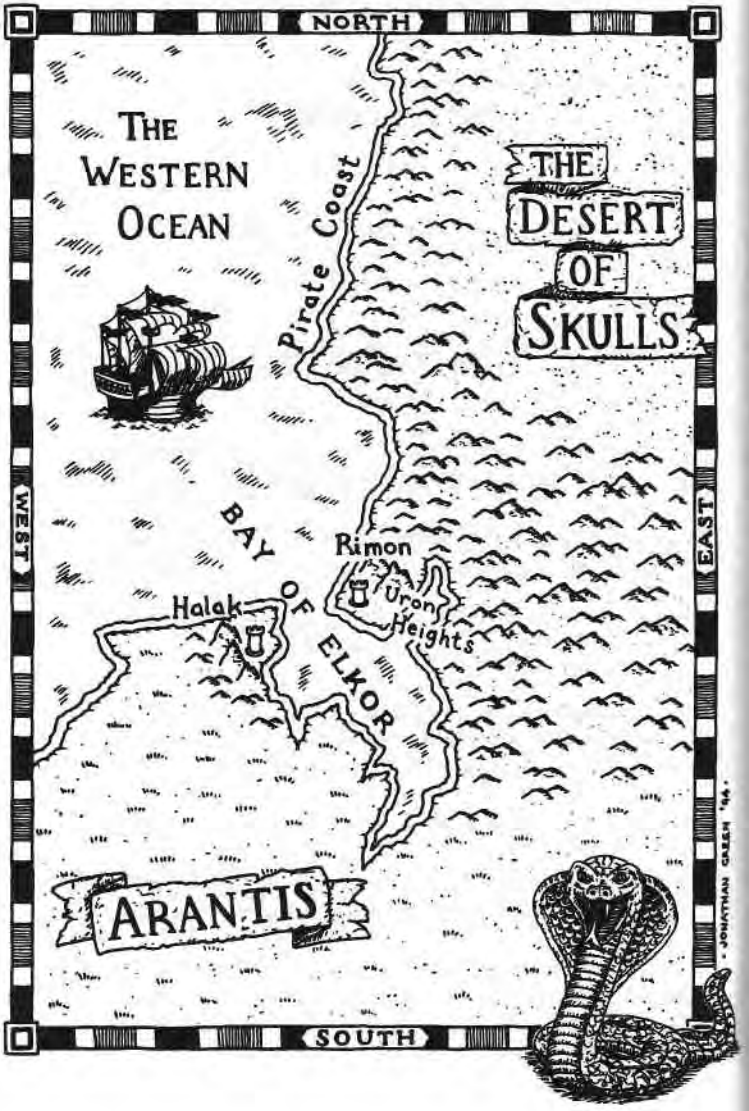

INTRODUCTION

You are about to embark on a perilous journey that will take you from Rimon, the capital of the Pirate Coast, through the arid wilderness beyond, up to the very fringes of the Desert of Skulls itself. Before you launch into your adventure, you must first determine your strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to work out your initial scores. On pages 16–17 is an *Adventure Sheet*, which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. You are advised either to mark them in pencil or make photocopies of the blank sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

To determine your *Initial* SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores:

- Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.
- Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.
- Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

SKILL reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility; the higher the better. STAMINA represents your strength; the higher it is, the longer you will survive. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky a person you are.

SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure, so keep an eraser handy. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, but never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may receive additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you, and you yourself may choose to draw your sword against an enemy you chance across. In some situations you may be given special options, allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first empty *Encounter Box* on your *Adventure Sheet*. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled. This total is **its** Attack Strength.

2. Roll two dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score. This total is **your** Attack Strength.

3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If the opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows – start a new Attack Round from step 1, above.

4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from **its** STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see 'Using Luck in Battles' below). Proceed to step 6.

5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from **your** STAMINA score. You may use LUCK to minimize the damage (see 'Using Luck in Battles' below). Proceed to step 6.

6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die you must start all over again by creating a new character.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

Sometimes you will find yourself under attack from more than one person or creature in combat. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will be

able to fight each in turn; at other times you will have to fight them all at once! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. When you are instructed to fight your opponents one at a time, the combat is again resolved normally – except that when you defeat an enemy the next one steps forward to fight you! If you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in normal battle. Against any additional opponents you roll the dice for your Attack Strength in the normal way; if your Attack Strength is greater than your opponent's, you will not inflict a wound. Just regard this as though you have parried an incoming blow. However, if your Attack Strength is lower than your opponent's you will have been wounded in the normal way. Of course, you will have to settle the outcome of each additional adversary separately.

Luck

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. At various times during your adventure you may use LUCK to make an outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The way you *Test your Luck* is as follows:

Roll two dice. If the number rolled is *less than* or *equal to* your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalised.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. So the more you rely on LUCK, the more risky this procedure becomes.

Using Luck in Battles

In battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict a more serious wound on an opponent or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent: you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, subtract an extra 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score (i.e. 4 instead of 2 normally). But if you are Unlucky, your blow only scratches your opponent and you deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA (instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you now score only 1).

If the opponent has just wounded you: you can *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct only 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, your wound is serious and you must deduct 1 extra STAMINA point (i.e. a total of 3 points from your own STAMINA).

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

At various times during your adventure you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for this is exactly the same as that for *Testing your Luck*: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current SKILL score, you have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during the adventure. It will drop as a result of wounds received through combat, or by falling foul of traps and pitfalls; and it will also drop after you perform any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero or below, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start all over again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating meals or Provisions. You start the game without any Provisions, but during your adventure you will be able to obtain meals. You must keep track of how many meals' worth of Provisions you have remaining by filling in the details in the Provisions box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Each time you eat a meal you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, but remember to deduct 1 meal from your Provisions box. You may rest and eat Provisions at any time except when engaged in battle.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly Lucky or created your own Luck by some action. Details are given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may not exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

Poison

You have spent many years adventuring in the dangerous lands of southern Allansia. As a result, you have been exposed to various poisons on many occasions and, in defence, your body has built up some immunity to their effects. Throughout your latest adventure you will no doubt be exposed to the bites and stings of venomous creatures, or you will encounter enemies who have no qualms

about using poisoned weapons against you. Although you can recover STAMINA lost to the effects of poison (as explained above), the build-up of toxins in your body may still prove fatal. Whenever you are told to increase your POISON score, record it carefully on your *Adventure Sheet*. You begin your adventure with a poison score of zero. Should your POISON total ever equal or exceed 18, the toxins coursing through your bloodstream will kill you and your adventure will end there and then. The only way to reduce your POISON score is by the use of certain potions and charms, or in certain exceptional circumstances.

Equipment

You have begun your adventure with very little equipment indeed: just a sword, a backpack to hold your Provisions and treasure, and 5 Gold Pieces. To begin with, you do not have a lantern or any Provisions. Note down the Gold Pieces in the appropriate box on your *Adventure Sheet*; everything else goes in the Equipment box, as will any other useful items you may find or purchase on your travels.

Alternative Dice

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly throughout the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL *Initial* *Skill =*	STAMINA *Initial* *Stamina=*	LUCK *Initial* *Luck=*
POISON	PROVISIONS	GOLD PIECES

EQUIPMENT AND TREASURE

NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

Facing its twin, Halak, on the other side of the mouth of the Bay of Elkor, Rimon is the capital of the Pirate Coast. With their ramshackle mazes of streets and twisting alley-ways, the two ancient towns, perched on the steeply sloping sides of twin mountain peaks, are a haven for buccaneers and renegades: even the feared pirate captain Garius of Halak has his secret hideout somewhere along the coast. It was a crew of these scurvy pirates who attacked the merchantman on which you had gained passage, travelling north from Kaynlesh-Ma and making for Port Blacksand. Your vessel was sunk and all on board were left to the mercy of the sea.

After several days you were washed ashore – as far as you know, the only survivor of the wreck – with only your sword and enough money to keep you from starvation for just a few days. Finding yourself not far from Rimon, you made your way to the town, hoping to find work guarding a caravan heading north, but you missed the last one to leave for several weeks by only a day. So instead you decided to find gainful employment that might earn you your passage on another ship heading for Port Blacksand.

Then you saw a notice nailed to a wall in the Adventurer's Guild. The notice read: 'Brave warrior required for dangerous mission into hills around the Desert of Skulls. Great rewards guaranteed. Apply Jerran Farr, The Monkey's Paw'. You made some discreet enquiries about this possible employer and discovered that he is an archaeologist of some notoriety; he does not enjoy a very good reputation among the adventuring fraternity of Rimon and is considered by most to be no better than a tomb-robber. However, times are hard, so you decided you had nothing to lose and made your way to the Monkey's Paw, a seedy drinking-house in one of the poorer parts of Rimon.

Entering the bar, you find the clientele as shady-looking as you would expect, and the landlord looks as if he would cut your throat as soon as serve you a drink. You mention Jerran Farr's name, and with a grunt the landlord directs you to a man sitting at a table by himself. Jerran Farr, a moustached man in his mid-thirties, looks as if he too has known his fair share of hardship; he is tanned from days of toil in the baking lands at the edge of the Desert of Skulls and his sleeveless leather jacket, like the rest of his clothes, is worn and dusty and he wears a battered wide-brimmed hat to keep off the sun. Having made your introductions, you sit down opposite the man.

'Have you heard of the Curse of Akharis?' Jerran asks. You shake your head. 'Then I will tell you of the legend. Centuries ago, before the drowning of Atlantis by the gods, the three major continents of Titan – Allansia, the Old World and Khul – were all joined together as one massive continent which early records call Irritaria. At this time, at the southern edge of what we now know as the Desert of Skulls, there existed a

small desert kingdom called Djarat. The people of Djarat, who worshipped a whole clutch of animal-headed gods, carried out the practice of mummifying their dead rulers before burying them in great tombs in the mountains, along with fabulous riches. Akharis was the last of the rulers of Djarat to be buried before the parting of the lands. He favoured Sithera, the Goddess of Evil, above all the other gods of Djarat and was the cruellest tyrant the kingdom had ever known. He demanded human sacrifices for his goddess and was said to commune with dark spirits and bring the mummies of his ancestors back to life. When at last he died, poisoned by one of his enemies, he was aged one hundred and fifty-six. As he lay, dying, Akharis called on Sithera, saying that one day he would return and all would suffer under his curse: plagues of flies, snakes and scorpions would come upon the land, the daytime sky would be as black as at night, and the cities would be swallowed by the desert. Legend says he was buried, surrounded by piles of priceless treasures, in one of the most astonishing tombs ever constructed, one which included many terrible death-traps.'

'Interesting as all this is, what does it have to do with you wanting to hire a brave warrior for a dangerous mission?' you ask the archaeologist.

'Let me explain,' Jerran continues. 'Five days ago I was working at a site on the edge of the rocky hills bordering Rimon when a man staggered into my camp. He was terribly dehydrated, suffering from sunstroke, and he looked as if he had been in a battle. I

gave him water and tried to make him as comfortable as possible. As soon as he had recovered a little, he told me what had happened to him. He was part of a group of explorers who had been investigating the lands at the edge of the desert. He told me that at a ruined temple by an oasis they uncovered an inscription that revealed the location of the lost tomb of Akharis with all its treasures. They set out to find it at once, but they had not gone very far when they were ambushed by a group of people, swathed in red robes that bore the emblem of a golden cobra. The rest of his party were either captured or killed and he was left for dead. When it was safe, he started the difficult journey back to Rimon to warn the people what was happening, but he only made it as far as my camp. He died the next morning.'

Absorbed by Jerran's tale, you ask, 'So who were these red-robed attackers?'

'Members of the Cult of the Cobra,' he replies. 'This cult was the priesthood that worshipped Sithera in Djarat and they were Akharis's most loyal followers. It has always been their aim to find Akharis's tomb and resurrect their long-dead master, so that he could call down his curse upon the land and reclaim his kingdom. The secret sect has been revived in the last decade and it looks as if the Cult of the Cobra have at last found his tomb and are preparing for their king's return. They must be stopped, or all will suffer the Curse of Akharis. I need one brave warrior to accompany me and infiltrate the cult without their knowing, to thwart their evil plans. If you will help me – and should we

succeed – the treasures of the tomb will be our reward.'

'Of course I will help you carry out your plan,' you say. The possible riches to be found in the tomb could make you wealthy beyond your wildest dreams – but, more important than that, the cult must be stopped from bringing such an evil back into the world. There is no time to lose. You both leave the Monkey's Paw immediately to prepare for your quest.

The pair of you have not gone far along a narrow back street on your way towards the markets of Rimon when a figure, covered from head to toe in fine red robes, drops silently from the top of a wall to the ground in front of you, and a harsh, hissing voice behind you says, 'Not so fast, Jerran Farr.'

Turn to paragraph 1.

1

You spin around, to see two more people dressed in the same manner as the first, only their eyes visible between the swathes of red cloth. Their robes bear the emblem of a rearing golden cobra: they must be members of Akharis's evil cult. Each of the cultists is armed with a long curving sword, and an assortment of other silent death-weapons hangs from their belts. 'They must have discovered that the explorer survived their attack and they followed his trail to my camp,' Jerran whispers under his breath, 'and from there they must have followed me to Rimon. What shall we do?'

Will you:

Draw your sword and run at the cultists' leader?	Turn to **185**
Draw your sword and stand your ground?	Turn to **68**
Try to escape?	Turn to **259**

2

As you run for the exit from the inner sanctum of the Temple of Sithera, the roof gives way and you are crushed under tonnes of rubble. Your adventure ends here.

3

The treasure snake slumps to the ground, leaving it safe for you to search its chamber. In fact there is no gold or gems here – it was all the Scitalis's illusion. However, in one corner of the room is a small earthenware pot, decorated all over with hieroglyphs. When you

translate them with your papyrus scroll, they turn out to be prayers asking for everlasting life. Taking the lid off the jar, all you find inside is a bundle of preserving bandages. You are not sure what it is or what purpose it serves, but if you want to take the earthenware jar add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. Leaving the Scitalis's room, will you head along the adjoining passage you passed earlier, if you have not already done so (turn to **370**), or retrace your steps past the Decayer's room and follow the new branch (turn to **63**)?

4

Suddenly you see that the river ahead disappears under a rock-face in front of you. You have no choice but to hold your breath and hope for the best . . .

You come to the surface, gasping for air, and are surprised to find yourself in a flooded room. *Test your Luck*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you are Unlucky, your provisions have all been ruined by your river journey (remove them all from your *Adventure Sheet*). You are able to wade towards an archway that leads out of the chamber, only waist-deep in the water. Beyond it, you find yourself in an expanse of flooded

corridors and passageways and begin to explore them. Coming to an intersection, you have to choose your route ahead. Will you go to the left (turn to **48**), to the right (turn to **195**), or straight on (turn to **124**)?

5

You have not travelled many kilometres before you reach the top of a ridge of a line of hills and find yourself looking out over a wide valley. The land drops steeply down to the sand-covered valley floor and there, only a few hundred metres away, lie the fallen pillars and broken walls of a temple, half buried by the desert. At last you have found it! In front of the temple is a sparkling oasis, surrounded by palm trees, its clear waters looking very inviting after your days of hot and dusty travel. Here, you hope, you will discover the location of Akharis's tomb. Where will you make for first: for the oasis (turn to **164**) or the ruins (turn to **346**)?

6

With a rumbling groan the stone door swings open. Your light illuminates a small, square chamber which is empty, except for a low stone altar in front of a life-size carving of a ram-headed man. Full of curiosity, you enter, when a voice suddenly speaks to you in a language you do not understand. 'Then I grant you the Wisdom of Khunam,' the voice concludes. Just like the rest of the speech, that last sentence was not spoken in Allansian, but it was comprehensible! You have been blessed by one of the gods of Djarat. If anyone, or anything, talks to you in ancient Djaratian, you will be able to understand the language and communicate in it. To do this, if you are ever spoken to in Djaratian, add 30 to the paragraph you are reading at the time and turn immediately to the new paragraph. For now, regain 1 LUCK point. There is nothing more for you at the Shrine of Khunam, god of knowledge and learning, so you proceed deeper into the tomb. Turn to **374**.

7

You move the piece sideways to the left, and Nemset moves White Two, two squares foward. Black One is now free to move. Will you move Black One (turn to **80**) or Black Two again (turn to **243**)?

8

After meandering through barren, rocky hills, the track descends through a boulder-strewn pass and divides, one branch continuing north-eastwards, while the other leads directly towards a line of several high peaks in the east. Looking at Jerran's map, you see that the route you are now on goes towards the temple, while the new path to the right should take you to the Shaman at Spirit Rock. Will you continue north-eastwards (turn to **146**) or take the right-hand fork (turn to **79**)?

9

It is not long before you come to the top of another flight of stone steps; at their base, you enter a large, rubble-strewn chamber, its ceiling some ten metres above you. Turn to **202**.

10

You dodge the man's charge, then draw your sword to defend yourself. He unsheathes his rusted weapon and turns on you, shouting, 'Die, Demon! You cannot prevail against the honour of Don Huan Fernandez, Knight of Vastille!' With that, the two of you engage in combat.

FERNANDEZ SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you reduce your opponent's STAMINA score to 3 points or less, turn immediately to **253**.

11

The path you are following leads towards a narrow, steep-sided gorge, the land on either side of it rising up to the cliff-tops. If you have Cranno's Warning written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **310**. Otherwise, turn to **298**.

12

The walls of the tunnel here are constructed from chiselled blocks of stone. Not far along the passage, you come to a place where the ceiling opens into a shaft travelling upwards, back towards the upper levels of the tomb. The tunnel also continues ahead of you. Do you want to try to climb up into the shaft in order to explore it further (turn to **352**), or do you prefer to carry on along the tunnel, in the hope of reaching your goal (turn to **299**)?

13

'I judge you worthy to enter the City of the Dead,' the Sphinx says. 'The Cult of the Cobra have taken Akharis's mummified body to the Temple of Sithera on the far side of the Necropolis, where they intend to raise him to life once more. Now go on your way.' Without hesitation, you leave the entrance hall through a second set of double doors.

You find yourself standing at a vantage point overlooking the vast Necropolis. As far as your eye can see are the stone tombs of Djaratian rulers and nobles, as well as shrines to their beast-headed gods, eldritch fires burning round the city making it all visible. The ruined Necropolis is obviously in use again. To your left lie several low stone buildings that do not appear to be tombs; to the right, in the distance, you can see what appears to be a collection of simple dwellings, possibly the ruined remains of a village. However, the edifice that dominates the complex is a great black pyramid towering over the Necropolis; a voice inside your head tells you that this is the Temple of Sithera. What will you do now?

Explore the low stone buildings?	Turn to **56**
Investigate the ruined village?	Turn to **197**
Make straight for the Temple of Sithera?	Turn to **92**

14

The door opens easily. You enter an empty room, leading into an inner sanctum. In the centre of the sanctum stands a rectangular column and resting in a niche in its side is an exquisite golden image of a crocodile-headed man, probably a god, no more than thirty centimetres high, dressed in Djaratian garb. There is no sign of any guards, so will you take the statue (turn to **255**) or leave the shrine undisturbed and return to the tunnel (turn to **284**)?

15

Between them, the merchants have some very interesting items for sale: they are listed below with their prices. If you decide to buy anything, do so, then turn to the relevant paragraph to find out more about your new acquisition.

Oil of Lotus – 4 Gold Pieces	Turn to **155**
Two Yokka Eggs – 6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **291**
Sandworm's Tooth – 6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **328**
Alabaster Scarab – 7 Gold Pieces	Turn to **41**
Crystal Pyramid – 5 Gold Pieces	Turn to **209**

When you have finished here, you leave the market and set out on your quest; turn to **242**.

16

The passage ends at a flight of steps. Descending these, you are surprised to find yourself in a partially flooded network of tunnels. As this is the only way onwards, you wade into the water; it only comes up to your waist, so at least your provisions will remain dry. The flooding is caused by the once great river, which used to run through the desert kingdom of Djarat before its destruction but which now flows underground. Further along the tunnel you come to an intersection. Will you go straight on (turn to **217**), turn left (turn to **124**) or right (turn to **234**)?

17

You fall only a few metres and fortunately suffer nothing worse than cuts and bruises (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). If you want to attempt the ascent of Spirit Rock again, turn to **391**. If you prefer to abandon your search for the Shaman and set off in search of the temple again, turn to **178**.

18

There are two ways you can use fire as a weapon. The first is to fight using a torch, if you have one. If you do this, turn to **138** and fight as normal, but with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point; if you win an Attack Round, you will cause 4 points of damage to the Mummy's STAMINA rather than the usual 2, since your weapon ignites its bone-dry bandages. The second method is to throw a fire source, such as a lamp, a Yokka Egg or a burning skin of oil at the Mummy. For each one you attack in this way you must *Test your Skill*; if you succeed, the Mummy bursts into flames and is destroyed. You may try this method as many times as you have fire sources to use. Once you have used up all your fire sources, or when you give up this method of attack, note down how many of the Mummies you have already killed and turn to **138**.

19

The scarab symbol slides easily into the wall. Will you press the snake next (turn to **157**) or the vulture (turn to **230**)?

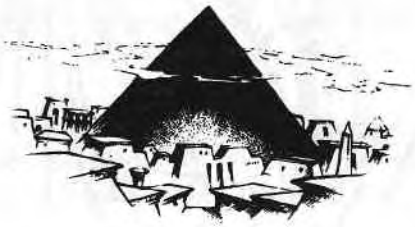

20

So now you know the location of Akharis's tomb! Without further delay, you begin to make your way out of the temple ruins so as to continue your journey eastwards. Walking between the columns, you suddenly catch a glimpse of a red-robed figure dashing behind a crumbling wall. Could it be . . .? You give chase and, rounding the corner, see the man standing, ten metres away, his scarlet robes bearing the golden image of a cobra. Swiftly you draw your sword, ready to deal with the evil cultist. However, before you can get any closer, the man strikes the sandy bank by him several times with the staff he is holding in his hands. Immediately you hear an angry buzzing as a cloud of desert wasps flies out of a hole in the bank, their nest having been disturbed. You watch as the hornet-like insects swarm towards the cultist, then suddenly stop, hovering in mid-air. The cultist has his fingertips pressed to his temple and appears to be concentrating deeply. The wasps mass together into a cloud which rapidly takes on the form of one of the insects, only many times larger. The swarm, looking like a gigantic wasp with a tapered abdomen and a sting half a metre long, turns on its massive wings and moves towards you threateningly. You are going to have to deal with the swarm; there is no way of escaping it. Will you defend yourself with your sword (turn to **222**) or will you use an alternative weapon (turn to **108**)?

21

You pull the stakes out of the ground so that the Dracon can free itself from the net. 'At last,' the

creature growls in a haughty tone. 'I suppose I owe you my thanks. I don't know how I ever managed to get into such a predicament in the first place. I only lay down for a nap and then those impudent trappers had the effrontery to try to capture me. No doubt I was bound for the animal traders' markets of Rimon and then into the private zoo of some upstart human noble. If there's one thing I cannot tolerate, it's a complete lack of manners.'

Four men on horseback suddenly appear between the boulders. Seeing you with their prize free, they dismount and draw their weapons. The leader of the group, stripped to the waist and with a shaven head, runs at you with a stiletto dagger grasped in one hand. You join battle with the leader while the Dracon takes on his accomplices.

TRAPPER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

The blade of the trapper's dagger is coated with a poison that normally induces sleep. However, it will have no such effect on you, due to your high immunity to toxins. The first time the trapper wins an Attack Round you must add 1 to your POISON total, as well as deducting the usual 2 points of damage to your STAMINA. If you win, turn to **125**.

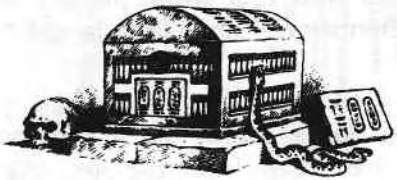

22

It is well known that snakes fear fire, so if you have some means of clearing a path with fire, such as a skin of oil or a torch, you can use this method to reach the box easily without being bitten (turn to **186**). If you have no such items to clear the way, or if you do not wish to waste any materials necessary for such a plan, you will have to make a run for it through the asps' nest (turn to **99**).

23

As you walk towards the right-hand exit, the guards' bones rise jerkily from their posts and advance towards you. They will reach the archway before you do, so, if you want to avoid clashing with the guards, you could change direction and run through the other exit (turn to **371**). If you are intent on passing through this archway, you will have to fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETAL GUARD	8	6
Second SKELETAL GUARD	7	6

If you win, turn to **229**.

24

The terrain grows progressively more tortuous as you make your way towards the ruined temple. At midday you rest briefly, to avoid being out in the open during the hottest part of the day; but by mid-afternoon you are walking between steep cliffs and high

stacks of rock. Gradually the sound of a struggle reaches your ears from somewhere to the west between the rocks. If you want to investigate, turn to **372**. If you would rather ignore the disturbance, turn to **226**.

25

You can attack the mummified animals with fire in one of two ways. The first method is to use a torch as a weapon, if you have one. To do this, turn to **163** and fight the creatures as normal but with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point since you are using an unusual weapon; however, every successful strike you make against a creature will cause 4 points of damage to its STAMINA rather than the usual 2. The second way is to throw a fire source, such as a lamp or burning skin of oil, at a creature. For each animal, *Test your Skill* and, if you are successful, your opponent will burst into flames and be destroyed. Any you fail to destroy, or if you run out of fire sources, you will have to fight; turn to **163**. If you kill all the beasts in this way, turn to **147**.

26

You give a single loud blast on the horn and it echoes off the distant hills and across the endless sands. The two Warriors look startled – then suddenly you are aware of two more of the creatures behind you. The bone horn is one used by the Xoroa to summon help and warn the colony of danger! The mutuated ant-men close in on you from all sides. You must fight all four at the same time!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First XOROA	10	11
Second XOROA	10	10
Third XOROA	11	9
Fourth XOROA	10	11

If you somehow survive this battle, turn to **331**.

27

'To reach the deeper sections of the tomb, you will have to enter the Fangs of Sithera. The only way to escape is to locate the door-release, hidden in a corner of the room.' If you ever find yourself in the Fangs of Sithera, halve the number of the paragraph you are reading at the time, then turn to the paragraph with this new number. Now return to **286**.

28

As the Black Lion slumps to the ground, a great cheer goes up from the onlookers. Jerran is not badly wounded but, because you were distracted by having to fight the deadly beast, the cultist has got away. You will now have to try to head him off on the way to the tomb (turn to **242**) or give up the chase and visit the markets, to prepare for your quest (turn to **112**).

29

'And now my final question,' says the Sphinx. 'How many hazards must a dead person face on his or her journey through the underworld?' If you know the answer, turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not, you say just anything; turn to **361**.

30

The pillar-filled hall is deserted. At the far end a pair of cedar-wood doors stand ajar. Peering through them, you see another passage leading left and right. Which way will you go: to the left (turn to **87**) or to the right (turn to **254**)?

31

The night is numbingly cold and you are barely able to sleep at all. In the morning you feel worse than you did when you settled down the night before (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). As the feeling returns to your limbs with the rising sun's warming rays, you consult Jerran's map; it shows you that you must now head directly north for the temple. Turn to **5**.

32

Your body feels as if it is being crushed, and you look down to see that you are trapped within the constricting coils of an enormous golden cobra. It raises its head until it is level with your face, and watches you with glittering eyes. And then it strikes. Your adventure is over.

33

Full of trepidation, you step over the blood-stained sand and round the great carcasses and enter the tomb. Turn to **204**.

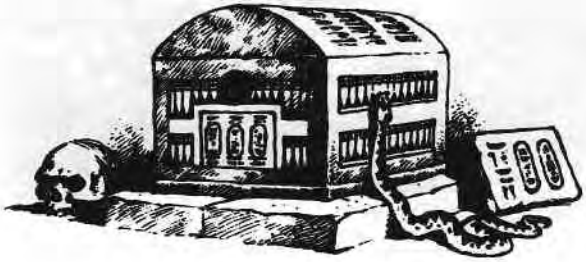

34

The key turns in the lock and the ornate stone door swings open. You are at the top of a wide stone staircase; descending it, you enter a vast, high-ceilinged chamber. The blue roof is dotted with stylized yellow stars, while the walls are covered in plaster which has been painted with scenes of the dead king's life. In one frieze he venerates his dark goddess, in another he dictates his harsh law, and in another he communes with vile, demonic creatures. Several archways lead out of this main chamber, allowing you glimpses of fabulous golden treasures and caskets brimming with sparkling jewels.

However, your attention is drawn to Akharis's huge stone sarcophagus and the enormous serpent wrapped round it. Covered in red, black and yellow scales, the gigantic snake must be at least twenty metres long! As your light falls on to its body, the serpent's ancient, reptilian eyes flick open. Slowly it raises its head and starts to uncoil itself, its hard skin grating against the stone of the coffin as it rubs across it. With fangs as long as your arm, dripping with venom, the Great Serpent attacks.

GREAT SERPENT SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If the serpent wins an Attack Round, you must lose 3 STAMINA points and gain 2 POISON points from its terrible bite. If the monster wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to **193**. If you kill the over-grown reptile, turn to **88**.

35

You leap through the archway just as the statue crashes to the floor behind you, completely blocking the way back into the chamber! You will never be able to move the colossus, so you descend deeper into the tomb. Turn to **216**.

36

With the cultist dead, the glowing sphere she was using to light her way fades. Ignoring this, you look around to see what else you can find. The cultist was recovering a small earthenware jar, which (as you learn when removing its lid) contains a peculiarly shaped, mummified object. If you want to take this jar, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. You find nothing else of use to you, but then you notice that the sphere is still pulsing with faint light. If you want to pick it up, turn to **159**. If you do not, you leave the chamber; turn to **9**.

37

A quarter of an hour later, a group of four men on horseback appears between the boulders, one stripped to the waist and with a shaven head, apparently the leader. Dismounting, they approach the Dracon, which roars in defiance and fear. Unperturbed, the bald man walks up to the monster and plunges a stiletto dagger into its side. The creature soon stops struggling and falls, unconscious. The four men pull up the stakes and, having bound the Dracon's feet together, drag it on to a wooden sled pulled by two of the horses and, remounting, ride away southwards. There is nothing

for you to do here but return to the trail and set off again eastwards. Turn to **250**.

38

Pulling the iron wand from your backpack, you strike Akharis with it. At once he is surrounded by a shimmering black aura – and he seems to revel in it. You are wielding the Sceptre of Oset, which the ancient Djaratian people hid from the Cult of the Cobra because it was imbued with evil power. Rather than weakening the Mummy, it has strengthened him! Remember to add 1 point to Akharis's SKILL and 3 points to his STAMINA when you come to fight him. Now turn to **215**.

39

Walking towards the mounds, you catch sight of two bizarre-looking creatures among the boulders. From the waist up they appear to be human, except that their eyes are silver and, instead of outer ears, two flexible, ant-like feelers extend forward from the top of their heads. However, their lower bodies and legs are those of a giant ant! Coloured a light reddish brown and standing about one and a half metres tall, these creatures are Xoroa. As well as being able to see in the dark, Xoroa have an acute sense of smell and they can easily pick up your scent, which is rather strong after days of sweaty travel through the scorching wilderness. The two Workers start to make a series of frantic clicks and hums, then they scuttle towards an opening in one of the mounds. Suddenly two more Xoroa appear from between the boulders. These creatures are

larger than the Workers, standing almost two metres tall, and their skin is slightly darker coloured. Both are holding javelins, and one also carries a sling. Quickly the Xoroa Warrior lets fly a stone directly at you. Roll one dice. If the number rolled is odd, turn to **263**; if it is even, turn to **357**.

40

The passage turns sharply to the left and you can see a light being cast from round the corner. Carefully poking your head round the turning, you see a red-swathed figure bending over a hole in a derelict room. It is one of the cultists! Round her lie the charred outlines of three humanoid creatures, although their fanged, skull-like visages still remain. The cultist is lifting something out of the hole. Do you want to rush in and attack (turn to **212**), wait and watch for a moment (turn to **116**) or, seeing that this is a dead-end, return along the passage and go the other way (turn to **9**)?

41

The scarab, carved from a lump of veined alabaster, is actually an ancient lucky charm. Whenever you are instructed to *Test your Luck*, you may deduct 1 from the dice roll. Now return to **15**.

42

It is no good. You search desperately for a means of escape but can find none. Deep underground, Akharis's burial chamber acquires a new occupant as you are buried alive under the sand!

43

Peering round the edge of the arch, you look into a small chamber which is faced with stone; its walls are covered in hieroglyphs and carvings of animal-headed people. Standing in front of a statue of a bull-headed man that reaches up to the ceiling is a red-robed figure: the cultist you chased into the tomb! Will you enter the chamber and attack him immediately (turn to **191**) or wait to find out what the cultist is doing (turn to **340**)?

44

Nandibears have no need of treasure, so they usually remove it from their homes. However, you do find part of a human skeleton, still wearing what was once a red robe; on one bony finger is a gold ring, fashioned to look like a coiled cobra. If you want to take the Cobra Ring, make a note of it on your *Adventure Sheet*. You also find a few Gold Pieces lying among the carcasses (roll one dice to learn how many). Finding nothing else of value, you leave the Nandibear's lair and rejoin the trail leading north-westwards (turn to **337**).

45

Slowly, using the Papyrus Scroll, you are able to translate the hieroglyphs copied into the diary. The inscription reads:

> *And all those who would despoil the shrine of Cracca, Lord of Rivers and Ferryman of the Gods, beware the wrath of the crocodile-headed one.*

Turn to **226**.

46

The force of your blow sends Akharis reeling back into the one brazier left standing. Instantly the magical fire ignites his wrappings and the Mummy bursts into flames. Howling, Akharis's burning undead body stumbles forward and topples down the steps. In moments, all that is left of the evil creature is a pile of ashes. Akharis is truly dead at last.

But even though you have succeeded in your quest, will you be able to escape and live to tell the tale? For the first time, you notice, behind the broken remains of the statute of Sithera, an alcove which contains some of the cult's magical artefacts. Will you waste no more precious moments and flee the temple (turn to **2**), or will you see if you can use the artefacts to help you get out (turn to **232**)?

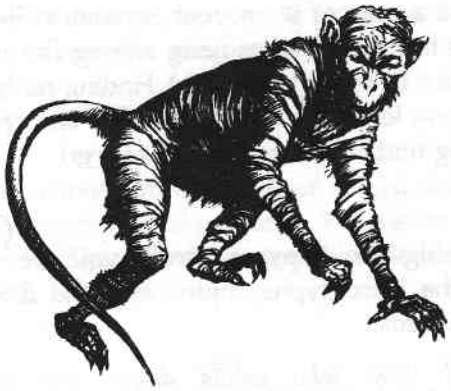

47

'That is correct,' Lopar murmurs. 'Now sit, and I shall tell you what I know of the Cult of the Cobra and the

Curse of Akharis.' You sit opposite the dog-headed Shaman and listen to his tale. 'The Cult of the Cobra are followers of Sithera, the ancient Djaratian Goddess of Evil. Sithera is, in fact, the Demon Prince Sith in the guise of a four-armed woman with a snake's head. The Djaratians worshipped many of our gods and demi-gods in the form of animal-headed humans, such as the cat goddess Meerar whom they knew as Seket, Goddess of Joy. The Djaratians also believed strongly in the power of charms. The Cult of the Cobra practise the curse-magic of their long-dead high priests, and you will no doubt need amulets and talismans to protect you from their spells.' You ask Lopar how he knows so much about the sect and the history of Djarat. 'I was not always as I appear now,' he says, sombrely. 'When I was a foolish young scholar with a lust for knowledge, searching in the desert I stumbled upon some of the ruins of that once great civilization. I filled my mind with everything and anything I could discover about the race, but I pried too far and disturbed the resting place of a high priestess of Sithera. Inadvertently I released her spirit into the world and suffered her cruel vengeance, before I managed to banish her spectre. However, if you do not stop the Cult, and if Akharis should be returned to this world, the fate of hundreds of innocent people will be much worse than mine. Do all you can to thwart their nefarious plans!' If you have any items in your possession that you wish to ask Lopar about, turn to **194**. Otherwise, the Shaman says to you: 'Now lie down beside this fire and sleep. You still have a long way to go before you meet your destiny.' Turn to **76**.

48

Swimming towards you are two huge reptiles, each four metres long. When they are very close to you, the crocodiles open their jaws wide and attack, intent on satisfying their voracious appetites. In the narrow passageway, fight the creatures one at a time. However, because you are fighting waist-deep in water, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 for the duration of this battle.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CROCODILE	8	7
Second CROCODILE	7	8

The crocodile is sacred to Akharis's cult because it is such an efficient killer. There are more crocodiles guarding these flooded corridors so, if you win this battle and come to this spot again, roll one dice. If you roll 1–3, you will meet only one crocodile; on a roll of 4–5, you will meet two more; and if you roll a 6 you will meet nothing. Turn to **287**.

49

As you hit the ground, the Yokka Eggs in your backpack break. At once they hatch, releasing the fiery birds. For each egg you break, deduct one dice worth of damage from your STAMINA as the blazing creatures bathe your body in flames. If you survive, turn to **202**.

50

Keeping your back against one of the tall pillars, you are able to fight the Caarth one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
CAARTH WARRIOR	10	10
CAARTH SORCERER	9	8

The first time you are hit by either of the Caarth, you must add 1 to your POISON score, as well as losing the usual 2 points from your STAMINA, because of the venom with which the evil Snakemen coat their weapons. If you win and you did not suffer any damage from the Caarth, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **231**. If you did suffer some damage, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, turn to **158**; otherwise, turn to **231**.

51

Unsheathing your weapon, you charge at the undead horde. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **138**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **176**.

52

The Cyclops falls to the ground, dead. If Fernandez attacked you when you last met, turn to **261**. If he did not, turn to **96**.

53

You become engrossed in the game, forgetting your worries for a while. Soon the board looks like this:

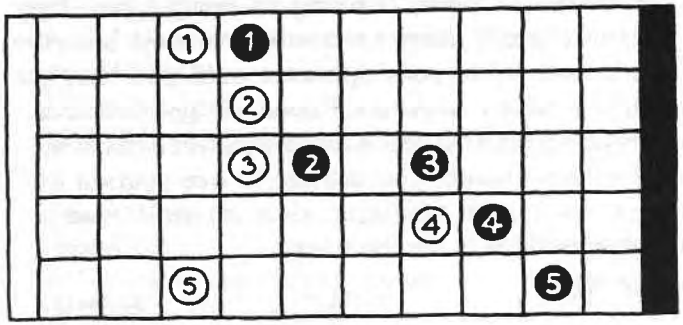

As you can see, the piece, Black One, is trapped at the moment by White One and White Two. It is your turn; which piece will you move?

Black Two?	Turn to **7**
Black Three?	Turn to **156**
Black Four?	Turn to **205**
Black Five?	Turn to **184**

54

Where will you go now: through the other door, if you have not already been there (turn to **393**), or along the new passage leading away from this junction (turn to **239**)?

55

Before you can get to your feet, you feel the cultist's hands round your throat (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). The cultist is trying to strangle you! Fight the battle which follows in the normal way; however, you cannot injure your opponent until you have got free. If you win an Attack Round, do not deduct any points from his STAMINA score. If you win two consecutive Attack Rounds, you manage to free yourself from the cultist's grip and, from then onwards, you can injure the cultist in the usual way.

CULTIST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **214**.

56

An eerie silence pervades this area of the city. Inside the buildings you find rooms containing stone tables and benches covered with rusty tools and broken clay pots. In the heart of the complex you enter one room

that has been used recently: scraps of linen lie, discarded, on the floor and a dark fluid has stained the crumbling slab. It is then you realize the purpose of these rooms: these are the embalming chambers to which the bodies of the dead were brought to be preserved. You are especially interested in two jars, half-full of strange liquids. One is sweet-smelling, while the other stinks foully and is syrupy. Do you want to:

Drink some of the sweet-smelling liquid?	Turn to **82**
Drink some of the reeking syrup?	Turn to **173**
Rub some of the syrup on your skin?	Turn to **219**
Leave the embalming chambers?	Turn to **147**

57

You react immediately, sprinting through the gorge away from the landslide, although you are still hit by a few small rocks (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Turn to **89**.

58

Gazing into the depths of the crystal orb, you concentrate all your mental energies into searching for something within it. *Test your Skill,* adding 1 to the dice roll. If you succeed, turn to **358**. If you fail, turn to **313**.

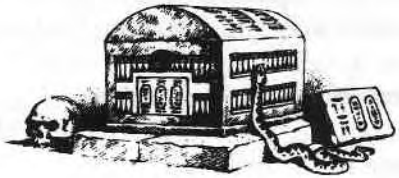

59

When the Death Spider bites you, it also injects its poison into your bloodstream, paralysing you. The Demon drags your body on to its web and goes on biting you until you are dead. Its dire task complete, the Death Spider, along with its web and your corpse, dematerializes, returning to the Realms of the Damned, where your soul will be extracted and tortured for all eternity!

60

The lapis lazuli set into the breastplate glows with an inner light and above you hovers a great spirit falcon,

its wings scintillating with azure flames. The bird of prey swoops down on the phantasmal creature and tears at the beast with its ghostly talons, while the snake-heads strike at the falcon. Within seconds the battle is over and the jackal-spirit is banished back to the Demonic Planes. Its duty done, the falcon also vanishes.

Suddenly you feel the priestess's gaze upon you. Her eyes burn with a crimson fire, and under her cruel stare you feel the strength ebbing from your body. If you have an Eye-shaped Amulet, turn to **151**. If you do not, turn to **344**.

61

Finding itself being overwhelmed by your superior fighting skill, the Dracon leaps out of reach of your weapon and takes to the air on its stubby wings. As it flies away, it continues to hurl insults at you until it is out of earshot. Alone again, you continue on your quest. Turn to **250**.

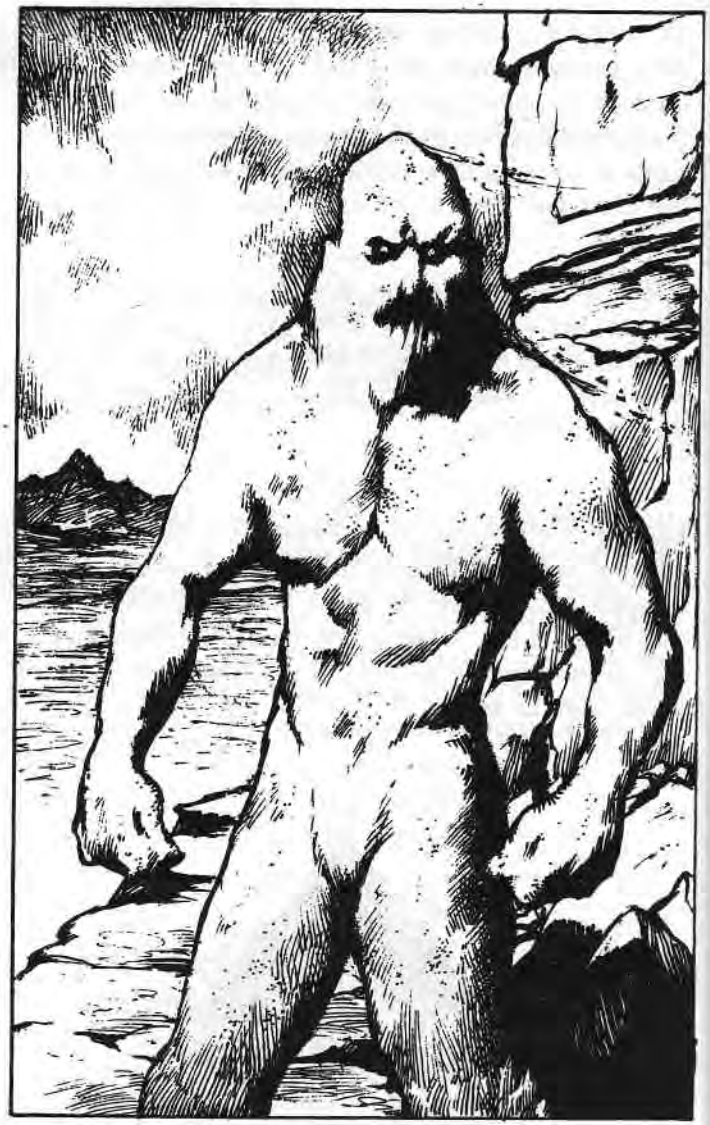

62

These desolate highlands seem to be devoid of life in any form; you make your way further to the east under the glare of the blazing sun, but there is still no sign of the cultist. The route you are following climbs upwards until you are walking along a narrow path bounded on your right by a steep, rocky slope and on your left by a precipice. Without warning, a surprisingly cold wind begins to blow in from across the desert, swirling the sand round about you. As you watch, the spiralling current of air and sand becomes a focused column and forms a recognizable shape. Standing on the track in front of you is a humanoid, over two metres in height and composed entirely of the substance of the desert. With great clenched fists and a malevolent red glow in its eye-sockets, the Sand Golem advances on you. What will you use against this magical creation:

Your sword?	Turn to **143**
Firepowder or a Yokka Egg?	Turn to **81**
The statuette of a god?	Turn to **378**
A Sandworm's Tooth?	Turn to **308**
A Carved Bone Horn?	Turn to **220**

63

Passing the door from the Decayer's chamber, and the entrance to this level of the tomb, you soon come upon a stone door, without a handle, in the left-hand wall. You try pushing against the door but can find no way of opening it. Then you notice an inscription carved round the door. If you want to stop for a while

and translate the message using the papyrus scroll, turn to **198**. Otherwise, you will have to press on as you can find no way of opening the door (turn to **374**).

64

Unstoppering the bottle, you throw its contents over the Mummy. Akharis howls with pain as the purifying waters eat into his undead body like acid! Roll one dice: this is how much damage the Waters of Life cause the Mummy (make a note of the number of points of STAMINA loss you have already inflicted on Akharis). Turn to **215**.

65

Buried under the piles of bones you unearth the remains of a backpack that you presume belonged to the unfortunate human. Looking inside the backpack, you find a small notebook. Opening it, you discover that it is a diary or journal. From what you can make out, its owner was among the band of explorers, one of whom tumbled into Jerran Farr's camp eight days ago; the diary contains information about their progress to the temple, but you also read something else of interest. On their journey the group came upon some ruins which they believed to be Djaratian. On one section of wall they found an inscription in a strange picture script; it is reproduced in the diary. There is nothing else of interest, but before leaving you decide to take the Rasaur's two eggs with you, each of which will provide a meal in itself (add 2 to your Provisions). Turn to **226**.

66

You try wedging your backpack between the roof and one corner of the room, but to no effect. Next you try your sword, but this snaps under the inexorable pressure of the descending ceiling. Finally you lie down and brace yourself against the floor, pushing against the ceiling with your legs, but even this desperate measure makes no difference. The Fangs of Sithera claim their first victim in several thousand years.

67

You raise the stone easily. Beneath it you find a shallow storage pit. In this are some decayed provisions and a peculiar, wand-like object, made of iron, that has remained untarnished in this dry atmosphere; its end is fashioned in the shape of a clawed hand. If you want to take the iron wand, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. Whether you do or not, you will now have to leave the village. Where will you make for now: the Temple of Sithera (turn to **92**) or the low stone buildings, if you haven't been there already (turn to **56**)?

68

Fortunately, since you are standing back-to-back in the narrow street, only one cultist can attack each of you at a time. You prepare to defend yourself against the leader.

CULTIST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat your opponent, turn to **214**.

69

The tangle of flooded corridors you are in now leads off in all directions. Peering down new intersecting tunnels, you see that yet more passageways lead off from these. Which way will you go?

First left, first right, second right?	Turn to **217**
First right, first left, then straight on?	Turn to **162**
Second right, then straight on?	Turn to **182**
Second left, first right?	Turn to **301**

70

Using the incredible strength of your willpower alone, you break the control of the Path of Fear. The terror of the waking nightmare was all in your mind. Now the corridor is empty once more and you can continue on your way, but you have been permanently scarred by the experience. Reduce both your *Initial* and current SKILL by 1 point. Turn to **16**.

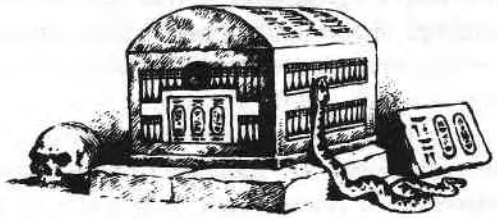

71

Peering through the archway, you find yourself looking into a small chamber faced with stone; its walls are covered in hieroglyphs and carvings of animal-headed

people. On the opposite side of the room is a statue of a bull-headed man that reaches up to the ceiling. Your flickering light casts eerie shadows across the walls and you decide that there is nothing here of any importance to your quest, so you continue along the tunnel. Eventually the passage turns right again, bringing you to the top of another flight of stone steps. You have no choice but to descend, wondering how far down into the earth this tomb leads. Turn to **216**.

72

Muscles tensed, you spring forward and manage to get hold of the statue. Where you were standing a moment ago is now the opening into a pit of bubbling acid! Pulling yourself to safety, you put the Malachite Amulet round your neck and waste no time in getting out of the room. Turn to **247**.

73

No matter what you try to use against the statue, your attempts to stop it are futile. A massive stone foot is raised and then smashed down with tremendous force, with you underneath it. Your adventure ends here.

74

Unrolling the scroll, you see that it is covered in incomprehensible hieroglyphic picture-script, written in black ink and arranged into five columns. You can make no sense of the hieroglyphs, so you roll the scroll up again and tuck it into your backpack. Return to **339**.

75

Walking along the sand-strewn tunnel, the passageway eventually turns ninety degrees to the left, then continues as before. As you progress further you see that ahead of you, to the right, part of the tunnel wall has caved in, revealing the entrance to a roughly circular tunnel. As you approach, you can hear scuttling and scraping sounds coming from the hole. A huge, glossy-brown, oval-bodied beetle enters the passageway, rolling a large ball of compacted earth and stones in front of it. Then the Giant Scarab stops, sensing your presence, and clicks its mandibles menacingly. You have invaded the beetle's territory and are blocking its path. With one tremendous push, the Scarab sends the ball of earth hurtling directly at you. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **246**. If you fail, turn to **172**.

76

You wake up as the sun is rising over the eastern hills. You are lying in the middle of a dusty track that wends its way north-westwards through the wilderness. Behind you, many kilometres away on the horizon, you can see the silhouette of Spirit Rock. Lopar has helped you once more on your quest (regain 1 LUCK point and 2 STAMINA points). With renewed vigour you proceed on your way.

Under Glantanka's unrelenting gaze you travel on through the heat of the day. The uneven path leads you further into the wilderness that fringes the Desert of Skulls. You follow the route north-westwards across

boulder-strewn hills and through narrow valleys. As you pass through one rocky gully you notice a large hole at its base, leading underground. Do you want to stop and investigate this entrance into the earth (turn to **324**) or will you continue on your way without hesitation (turn to **226**)?

77

You squeeze through the small hole and crawl along a tunnel on your belly for a few metres. The tunnel suddenly slopes steeply downwards and you find yourself sliding into the depths of the temple. The tunnel eventually opens into a bare chamber and you are deposited on the hard stone floor. An archway leads out of this chamber and further into the temple, so this is the way you will have to go. Turn to **347**.

78

You know you cannot harm the Sentinel of the Shrine unless you are in contact with a piece of the material from which it is formed. However, while retrieving this item you are vulnerable to attack and must automatically lose the first round of combat. After that you can fight on as normal.

GOLDEN SENTINEL	SKILL 11	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **368**.

79

As the sun reaches its highest point, you rest for a few minutes in the shade of a great slab of rock. (You may eat Provisions here if you wish.) The whole landscape

looks as if a Giants' game of knuckle-bones has been played here. The only signs of life in this scorching wilderness are the occasional lizard, running over the rocks in search of beetles, and a lonely bird of prey soaring on the warm thermals above you in the cloudless azure sky. The only sound is made by a cool breeze blowing through the valley . . . but it isn't the only sound! You are suddenly aware of a low growling coming from somewhere among the rocks behind you. Do you want to investigate the source of this noise (turn to **294**), or will you hurriedly move on eastwards again (turn to **250**)?

80

It is a close thing, but Nemset's piece just beats yours to the opposite end of the board. You concede defeat and prepare to leave the tomb. Turn to **322**.

81

There is a sudden blinding flash and, as your eyes recover, you are startled by the sight now in front of you. Under the intense heat of the explosion produced by your attack the sand that the Golem was composed of has completely vitrified. Standing on the path in front of you know is a motionless glass statue. You give the Golem one great push and it plummets over the edge of the precipice, smashing into hundreds of pieces when it hits the rocks below. Regain 1 LUCK point for your quick thinking and turn to **183**.

82

You gulp the liquid down and discover that it is wine infused with medicinal herbs. The wine is used to

clean the corpse before it is mummified, but on you it has a restorative effect (regain up to 4 STAMINA points and increase your Attack Strength by 1 point during your next battle). Now will you:

Drink some of the foul-smelling syrup?	Turn to **173**
Rub some of the syrup on your body?	Turn to **219**
Leave the embalming chambers?	Turn to **379**

83

Yokka Eggs are warm to the touch; with one of these clutched to you while you sleep you will not need to light a fire. The night passes peacefully without any disturbances (restore 2 STAMINA points). In the morning, having consulted Farr's map again, you take a route north towards the temple; turn to **5**.

84

You reach out a hand to pick up a fistful of jewels but jump back in surprise as the treasure pile rears up in front of you. You blink several times and the illusion disappears. The room is actually home to a Scitalis, a large, brightly coloured snake which traps its prey with illusions of treasure. You are going to have to fight the deceiving serpent, but at least you can take some comfort from the fact that its bite is not poisonous – it does not need to be!

SCITALIS SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **3**.

85

What will you use: a Bronze Rattle (turn to **168**), an Iron Wand (turn to **38**) or the Book of the Dead (turn to **245**)? If you have none of these items, turn to **215**.

86

'The great Cranno, hero of a hundred tragedies, has no time to help lesser mortals when he has a dozen soliloquies to rehearse. Now leave this place.' Will you do as the man says (turn to **8**) or attack him (turn to **134**)?

87

You wander along the featureless tunnel – one corridor is very like another in this labyrinthine tomb. Eventually, having led you around to the right, the passage does reveal something of interest. To your left is the entrance to another passage, but it has been crudely blocked with lumps of rock. It may take a while but you think you can clear the obstruction. Do you want to:

Clear the entrance by hand?	Turn to **166**
Use Firepowder, if you have some, to clear it?	Turn to **390**
Continue along the passage?	Turn to **154**

88

With the serpent dead, will you open the sarcophagus immediately (turn to **376**), or do you want to search Akharis's treasure-rooms first (turn to **179**)?

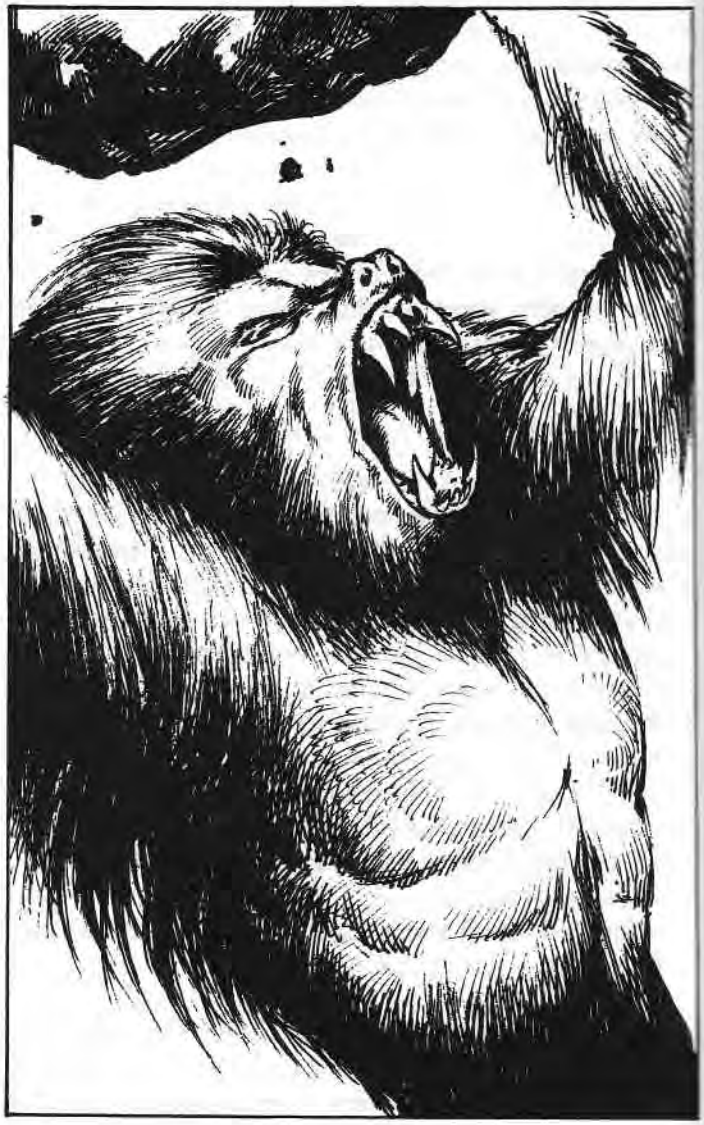

89

As the dust clears, you hear a terrible shriek and look up at the rocky ledges above you. On both sides of the gorge, among the rocks, is a group of six baboons. They are almost as large as men, covered in bristly fur and with vicious-looking, sharp teeth. They are leaping up and down, snarling and howling cruelly. One, larger than the rest, is standing on its hind legs and holding a boulder over its head. It must have been these creatures which caused the landslide. Sensing that the baboons will attack at any moment, you unsheathe your sword – and not a moment too soon, as the two nearest apes leap towards you, ready to tear you to pieces with their clawed hands. Fight them both together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BABOON	7	5
Second BABOON	6	6

If you kill the vicious creatures, turn to **316**.

90

As you reach the top of yet another ridge you pass an outcrop of rock, and suddenly your goal becomes visible. At the edge of a vast mesa that stretches to the east and north, rising up between two of the sandy hills is a tall pinnacle of rock, its sides almost vertical. A massive boulder, which appears to be precariously balanced, rests on its flat top. The boulder is covered in swirling patterns formed by veins of some crystalline substance. There is a strong aura of elemental energy about the place and a voice inside your

head tells you that this must be Spirit Rock. A thin trail of smoke rises into the air from the top of the boulder, and you can just make out a small cave entrance at its base where it rests on the pinnacle. The Shaman must live at the top of the rock and, from all appearances, you assume that he is there at the moment. However, the only way you are going to gain access to the cave is to scale the pinnacle. If you are determined to seek the Shaman's aid and want to make the dangerous climb, turn to **152**. If you would rather abandon this approach and set off in search of the temple once more, turn to **178**.

91

'By Assamarra, God of the Sands, I command you to begone!' As soon as you have spoken these words, the wind picks up again, but this time it blows the Golem's insubstantial, shifting form apart, scattering the sand throughout the wilderness. The deity of deserts and arid places himself has aided you. Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **183**.

92

Making your way along the processional avenue of the Necropolis, you see the black pyramid looming up in front of you. However, before you reach the temple,

you pass through other areas of the city that may be of interest. To your left, extending towards the distant edge of the cavern are the tombs of Djaratians, while to the right are shrines to their gods. Do you want to proceed by making for:

The tombs?	Turn to **149**
The shrines?	Turn to **295**
The Temple of Sithera?	Turn to **395**

93

You fall more than twenty metres down the side of the pinnacle, hitting rocky outcrops and ledges on the way down. You land heavily among the boulders at the base of Spirit Rock, seriously injured; you are covered in cuts and bruises; you have several cracked ribs and have sprained your left ankle (deduct 7 points from your STAMINA, 2 points from your SKILL and 1 point from your LUCK). You are no longer in any condition to climb the rock so, having tended to your wounds, you set off, hobbling in great pain, for the temple. Turn to **178**.

94

The Decayer bursts into flames on contact with the source of your fire and is soon consumed by fire. You carefully avoid the undead creature as it stumbles about in the chamber, screeching, and deftly move towards the door. Turn to **148**.

95

'Your second question. In reaching the Necropolis you have ferried yourself across the Sacred Lake. But tell me this: who is the Ferryman of the Gods and Lord of Rivers?' Convert the name of the deity that is the answer into numbers, using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26. Add the numbers together then turn to the paragraph with the same number as the total you have calculated. If you get it wrong, or if you do not know the answer, turn to **262**.

96

'Thank you, my friend,' says the old knight. 'You are a truly noble and honourable warrior. Between us we have rid the land of one of the foul giant brethren. Let us drink a toast together. Gordo!' he calls. 'Where are you, man?' Fernandez's cowardly manservant emerges from his hiding place and approaches his master. 'Give me the bottle of Old Sarnak's we've got,' the old man tells him. 'Here, my friend,' he says, passing you the bottle, 'this will revitalize your spirits.' You take a swig of the fortified wine and immediately feel its effects. Restore up to 4 STAMINA points and add 1 point to your Attack Strength for the next combat you are involved in. While Gordo tends Don Huan's wounds, you waste no more time in returning to your original route to the temple. Turn to **226**.

97

At last you find yourself face-to-face with the ancient evil that you came all this way to destroy. Remember to deduct any points of SKILL or STAMINA damage you may have already caused the Mummy, then do battle with Akharis, who tries to beat you into oblivion with his powerful fists.

AKHARIS	SKILL 13	STAMINA 25

If you overcome your inhumanly strong, ultimate opponent, turn to **336**.

98

A short figure suddenly appears in the open doorway. The man is dressed in plain grey robes and is wearing a mask with grotesquely exaggerated features. 'I am the great Cranno, master of a thousand roles, possessor of a thousand guises!' the little man booms. Will you:

Ask Cranno for his help?	Turn to **304**
Attack him?	Turn to **134**
Leave the theatre?	Turn to **8**

99

Roll one dice and add 1 to the total; this is the number of snakes which bite you as you pick your way over their writhing mass. For each bite, deduct 1 point from

your STAMINA and, for every two bites suffered, add 1 to your POISON score as well! If you survive the venomous asps, turn to **186**.

100

Ahead of you a broad set of steps leads up out of the water and deeper into the tomb. At last you have found a way out of the flooded maze! Regain 1 LUCK point. Back on dry land, so to speak, you follow the short passage that leads away from the steps to a T-junction. To the left you can see that the tunnel ends at a stone door, while to the right it continues into darkness. Will you go to the left (turn to **165**) or to the right (turn to **12**)?

101

'There are many,' Rhehotep replies seriously. 'If you are to reach Akharis's burial chamber, you will have to confront the Guardian of the Dead and overcome it. Also, beware of Amentut, should you encounter him. He was Akharis's Vizier and is loyal even in death.' Return to **286**.

102

Unfortunately, this bizarre character does not believe the account you give of yourself. 'Why, you lying cur!' he roars. 'Where is the knightly apparel that one on a quest should wear? No, you must be some rogue who preys on helpless travellers. Or are you in fact a shape-changing Demon, sent by that confounded sorcerer Zanmethees to torment me?' The old man is clearly not thinking rationally. With a shout, he kicks

his heels into his nag's sides and levels his lance at your chest. Continue as if you were conducting one round of combat to determine the Attack Strength of yourself and the madman, but do not deduct any STAMINA points (he has a SKILL of 7). If you have the higher Attack Strength, turn to **10**. If his is higher, turn to **211**.

103

What will you use against the Mummies: fire (turn to **18**) or any charms you may have (turn to **241**)? If you have none of these, you will have to use your sword (turn to **51**).

104

You have chosen wrongly in your combination. Rather than the wall opening, a great block of stone pushes out from the wall, behind the bull-god's statue. Looking up in horror, you see the great stone colossus topple forward and at the same instant you start to run. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **35**; if it is greater, turn to **122**.

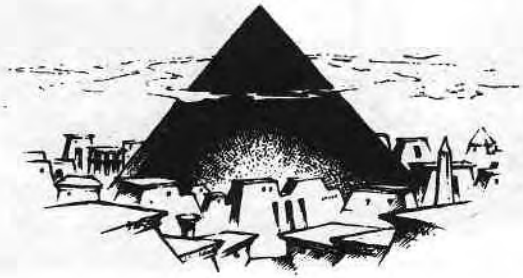

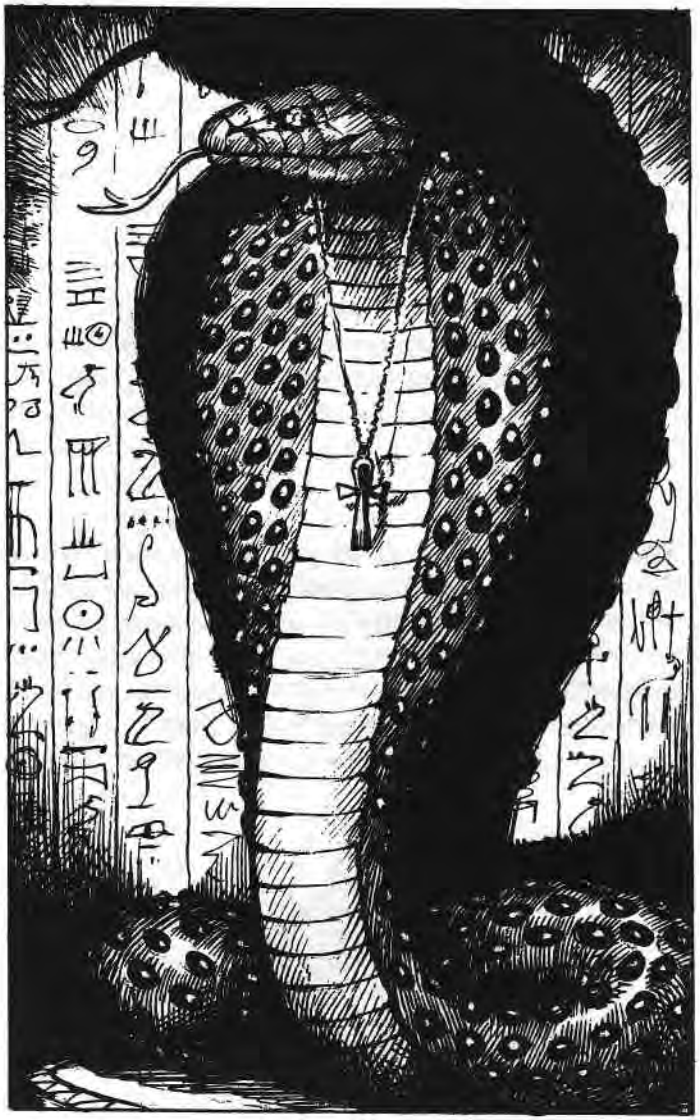

105

You soon come to an archway in the right-hand wall. Beyond it is a flagstoned chamber, decorated with yet more wall-paintings. However, your attention is drawn to a magnificent golden statue of a rearing cobra on the far side of the room. The statue, standing on a finely chiselled plinth, is two metres tall and its jewelled eyes sparkle in the flickering light. Hanging from the cobra's head is an amulet set with a piece of malachite, which may be of use against the cult's curse-magic. Do you want to enter the room, with the intention of retrieving the amulet (turn to **136**), or would you prefer to pass it by and continue along the tunnel (turn to **247**)?

106

As you flee, you hear the Dracon break free of the net and launch itself into the air. Your heart pounding, you are suddenly knocked to the ground. As you lie in the dust, trying to catch your breath, you feel blood oozing from a gash on your back (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). The Dracon lands and stalks towards you. 'Well, puny human,' it snarls, 'let us see what you can do with that lump of iron you call a weapon!'

DRACON SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

The Dracon continues to deride your skill and mock you as you fight; as a result, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If you reduce the creature's STAMINA to 5 points or less, turn at once to **61**.

107

The diabolical creature, conjured from the underworld of Djaratian myth, leaps at you, snarling. Your earthly weapon is useless against the demonic spirit, which soon overcomes you. Your body will be sacrificed to Sithera so that Akharis may live again.

108

If you have a torch, turn to **240**. Otherwise, you may use weapons such as Firepowder or a Yokka Egg against the swarm, but in the end you will have to resort to using your sword (turn to **222**).

109

You notice a crack at the base of the sarcophagus and marks on the floor as if something heavy has been pushed across it. Desperately, you push against the immense stone coffin in the hope of revealing an escape route. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **290**. If it is greater, turn to **171**.

110

Using your sword, you slice the top off the plant and, removing the spines, bite into its juicy flesh. The bitter taste makes you wince and, before you know what you are doing, you have swallowed some of the liquid. As well as being protected by its spines, the Barbthorn has a second defence against would-be diners: it is poisonous. (Add 2 to your POISON total and deduct 3 points from your STAMINA.) Spitting out the rest of the plant, you hurry on your way, leaving the toxic Barbthorn behind. Turn to **11**.

111

If you cleared a path to the box using fire, the flames have now died down and you will either have to employ the same means again (remember to cross off from your *Adventure Sheet* whatever you use to clear a path through the asps), in which case you will be unharmed, or you will have to run for it. If you choose the second option, roll one dice and deduct the total from your STAMINA score, due to the snake bites; for every 2 STAMINA points you lose, add 1 to your POISON score! If you survive, or if you clear a safe path using fire, turn to **54**.

112

Quickly exploring Rimon's markets, you soon discover what the many stalls have to offer. Jerran Farr hands you a bag containing 30 Gold Pieces and leaves it to you to decide what may be most useful on your quest. Read through the list of items described below and, if you buy anything, deduct the appropriate number of Gold Pieces and record the item on your *Adventure Sheet*. You may buy only one of any item on this list unless you are told otherwise.

Rope and Grapple – a length of rope with a metal hook attached at one end. Cost: 3 Gold Pieces.

Provisions – you may buy any number of meals. Cost: 1 Gold Piece per meal.

Lantern and Oil – each use of the lantern consumes one skin of oil. Cost: 2 Gold Pieces for the lantern plus one skin of oil. Additional skins: 1 Gold Piece per skin.

Healing Draught – each tot of this elixir restores STAMINA points equivalent to half your *Initial* score (rounding fractions up). There are three tots in the bottle. Cost: 5 Gold Pieces.

Anti-Poison – when drunk, this potion will reduce your POISON total by 4 points. Cost: 4 Gold Pieces.

Brass Telescope – this finely crafted telescope is one of the most incredible examples of the metalworker's art that you have ever seen. Cost: 5 Gold Pieces.

Firepowder – an alchemical compound wrapped in a paper parcel with a taper protruding from one end. When lit, within a few seconds the package will explode (roll one dice to find out how many points you may deduct from the STAMINA of any creature in contact with it). You may throw the package at an opponent at the start of a battle by successfully *Testing your Skill*. Cost: 4 Gold Pieces.

Torch – a length of wood with oil-soaked rags wrapped round one end. Useful as either a light source or a flaming weapon. You may buy a maximum of three torches. Cost: 1 Gold Piece per torch.

Several merchants, who look as if they have done very well for themselves from the trade, try to tempt you into inspecting their slightly more unusual – and more expensive – wares. If you have some money left and want to have a look at what they have to offer, turn to **15**. Otherwise, you leave the market and set off on your quest (turn to **242**).

113

You stop half-way along the corridor and begin to search for the entrance to the hidden room that Rhehotep spoke of. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you succeed, turn to **323**. If you fail, turn to **145**.

114

Even if Don Huan Fernandez did attack you at your first meeting, the eccentric old man is just a witless fool, and leaving him to a cruel death at the hands of the Cyclops is not an action befitting a hero such as yourself (lose 1 LUCK point). Turn to **226**.

115

With grim determination, you stagger across the chamber, sweating profusely. When you are past the fires you collapse, exhausted (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Unable to go on for the moment after the strength-sapping heat of the Path of Flames, you sit down and rest. Ten minutes pass before you feel ready to set off once more. Getting to your feet, you march along the tunnel until you reach a door, covered in gold-leaf, to your left. Do you want to try this door (turn to **14**) or will you keep to your present path (turn to **284**)?

116

The cultist is holding a small earthenware jar, inscribed with hieroglyphs, in her hands. Now you can also see where the light in the room is coming from, for resting next to the cultist is a glowing white sphere.

As she turns to leave the room, she sees you and, picking up the sphere, hurls it at you. The blazing ball hits you in the chest and you feel its white-hot heat scorching your body (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). Wielding her curved sword, the cultist runs at you.

CULTIST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **36**.

117

The monster's nocturnal wanderings are not difficult to trace, and after an hour you reach a wide cave mouth in the hilly uplands. Knowing Nandibears to be solitary predators, you approach without fear of meeting the creature's mate. Entering the cave, your nostrils are assailed by a strong animal odour and the smell of rotting meat. The monster's lair is littered with half-chewed bones and shattered skulls. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **44**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **380**.

118

Not sure what else to do, you hurl the jar on to the ground, smashing it to pieces and crushing the mummified bundle it held beneath your foot. Akharis's Mummy doubles up in agony as you do so. Of course, the preserved package must be one of Akharis's major internal organs, removed by the priests of Sithera centuries ago, as part of the embalming process. For every earthenware jar you have that you can destroy, deduct 1 point from Akharis's STAMINA; for every two

jars smashed, you can also deduct 1 SKILL point from the Mummy. Now, while Akharis is weakened, will you:

Attack him with fire?	Turn to **330**
Use the Waters of Life, if you have them?	Turn to **64**
Use a charm against him?	Turn to **85**
Try to remove his death-mask?	Turn to **293**
Try to destroy the sarcophagus?	Turn to **257**
Use your sword?	Turn to **97**

119

You do not have to wait long before you notice a disturbance down in the valley. From nowhere, it seems, a sandstorm suddenly blows up but, as quickly as it appeared it dies down again; once the sand has settled, you see a red-robed figure standing at the entrance to the tomb. It is the same cultist you encountered at the temple! He looks around for a moment then disappears into the tomb. Swiftly you descend into the valley and dash across the sand, hoping to get there before the Giant Lizards notice you. *Test your Skill,* adding 2 to the dice roll. If you are successful, turn to **348**. If you fail, turn to **306**.

120

Before you leave the cavern, you set fire to the Demon's carcass and its web. Regain 1 LUCK point for defeating such a powerful opponent. Climbing back up the slope, you can either enter the pillared hall (turn to **30**) or return to the passage before that and turn left (turn to **254**)?

121

Before you can reach her, the priestess casts a spell. At once thick, green smoke begins to pour out of one of the braziers and in its midst you can see a phantasmal shape forming. The demonic spirit has the body of a huge jackal, with two dog-like heads sprouting from its shoulders. Behind them a mass of serpent bodies writhe up along its back and two scorpion tails lash menacingly behind it. Do you have a Falcon Breastplate? If you have, turn to the paragraph which is the same number as the number of feathers on the falcon; if you haven't, turn to **107**.

122

After days of trudging through the desert, your legs are just not strong enough to get you out of the chamber in time. You are only a metre from the archway when the statue crashes down on top of you, crushing the life out of your body.

123

In panic you sprint through the gorge – but, unfortunately, not quickly enough. Several rocks hit you and knock you to the ground, stunned (deduct 6 points from your STAMINA). Turn to **89**.

124

The tunnel you are following is soon joined by several others from the left and right. Will you go straight on (turn to **249**), take the first to the left (turn to **182**), the second to the left (turn to **272**), the third to the left

(turn to **195**), the first to the right (turn to **301**) or the second to the right (turn to **69**)?

125

You land the fatal blow as the Dracon brings down one of the other men. The other two trappers fling themselves on to their mounts and gallop away, screaming in terror. 'It seems I owe you my thanks again,' says the creature, 'and as a sign of my gratitude I shall give you a gift.' The great beast bounds up the side of a boulder, launches itself into the air on its stubby wings, and disappears from view. You do not have to wait long, however, before the Dracon returns, holding in its mouth an object which it drops at your feet. The article is half a metre long and looks like a T-shaped cross whose top arm consists of a loop. It is made of solid gold and has twelve precious stones set into it. It must be very valuable. 'I hope you find this acceptable,' the Dracon says, 'and thank you again, human.' With that, the golden creature flaps its wings and rises into the sky, leaving you alone again to continue on your quest. Turn to **250**.

126

Wondering what else to do, you cast the powders into the magical flames of the brazier. Thick, choking, green smoke pours from the brazier and you can see, forming within it, a grotesque, demonic apparition.

The powders were used by the cult's High Priestess to commune with creatures of the Pit. However, before the summoned hellspawn can kill you, the temple roof caves in, burying you alive.

127

In one corner of the room you find a rounded granite catch. You pull it and the doorway in front of you slowly rises. Not waiting for it to open fully, you throw yourself through the gap as the spiked roof meets the floor of the chamber behind you. You have escaped the Fangs of Sithera! Regain 1 LUCK point. Picking yourself up, you look around. A few metres away is a T-junction; looking to the right, you can see a painted door, while to the left the passage is swallowed up in the darkness. Will you go to the left (turn to **105**) or to the right (turn to **315**)?

128

Carved from a single piece of bone, the horn is well made but is otherwise quite unremarkable. Return to **339**.

129

Nemset is just too good for you – but then, she is an expert and you are just a novice – and victory is soon hers. Turn to **322**.

130

The passage soon ends at the entrance to a ruined room – and now you cannot believe your eyes. Reflected in the light you are carrying is a huge pile of jewels and gold coins! There is no way onwards through the room, so will you enter and take some of the treasure (turn to **84**), leave the room and make your way along the adjoining passage, if you have not done so already (turn to **370**), or retrace your steps back along the tunnel past the door by which you entered this part of the tomb (turn to **63**)?

131

Keeping the hills to your right, you trek across the hot sands of a desert which stretches as far as you can see to the north. After almost an hour's journeying, you catch sight of several hillocks of sand, each with a large opening at its summit, close to the edge of the hills. Could these possibly be entrances to Djaratian tombs, although they are much closer than you would have expected? Do you want to investigate the mounds (turn to **39**) or will you keep well clear of them and proceed along the outskirts of the desert (turn to **189**)?

132

As you stride confidently along the avenue, the two guards see you and, before you can attempt any bluff, charge at you. They are grotesque to look at, with human bodies but savage, bestial heads, and hands gripping cruel pole-arms! Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TEMPLE GUARD	8	8
Second TEMPLE GUARD	8	7

If you win, you enter the black pyramid; turn to **347**.

133

'I believe that there is some such item in a hidden room close to here. Leaving this chamber, turn left, then right, and the secret entrance is around there.' If you later find yourself in this passage, you may look for the entrance to the hidden room by deducting 100 from the paragraph you are reading at the time then turning to this new paragraph. 'There is also a charm that may be of use to you in the chamber of the Golden Cobra,' Rhehotep adds. Return to **286**.

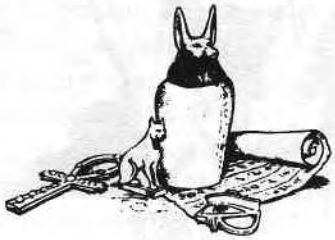

134

At a single word from the strange man, a huge Sabre-toothed Tiger bounds through the doorway and across the sand to attack you before you can reach its master.

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **237**.

135

You think that fire may be an effective method of attack against the Decayer. If you have some means of setting the skeleton on fire, such as a torch, Yokka Eggs or a skin of oil, and you want to try this, turn to **94**. If you do not, or if you do not wish to waste a fire source (you cannot use your light, if you have nothing else, so leaving yourself in the darkness), turn to **258**.

136

Creeping towards the huge golden cobra, you prepare yourself for any devious traps that may have been set. As you step on to the last flagstone in front of the statue, it gives way beneath you. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **72**; if you are not, turn to **206**.

137

The Scorpion dextrously evades your defences, grabs you in one of its claws and its sting whips forward. Its normally fatal poison is injected into your bloodstream, but fortunately you have built up a resistance to such toxins (add 4 to your POISON total and deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). Now return to **242** and continue your battle with the monster.

138

The Mummy horde numbers fifteen in total. With their atrophying hands outstretched in front of them, the powerful undead advance towards you. Fortunately, because Mummies are slow-moving, you can fight them one at a time. Each Mummy has SKILL 9 and STAMINA 12. (Remember to reduce the total by any you may have already destroyed.) If any individual battle lasts longer than nine Attack Rounds, turn to **236**. If you manage to overcome all the shambling undead, turn to **367**.

139

If you have a Carved Bone Horn, you could try blowing into it to scare off the Xoroa (turn to **26**). If you have anything else you may want to use, such as a Yokka Egg or Firepowder, turn to **218** and use it before you fight the two Warriors. If you have none of the above, you will have to rely on cold steel once more (turn to **218**).

140

Moving across to the archway, you direct your light into the room beyond. At the foot of a few steps, the floor of the chamber is completely covered by the glistening bodies of hundreds of asps, a small but venomous species of snake! Only six metres away, an iron box sits on top of a stone plinth. If you want to attempt to cross the room to the iron box, turn to **22**. Otherwise, you have no choice but to leave this place; turn to **54**.

141

The scarab slides easily into the wall, as does the snake after it. A grinding sound begins behind the wall and you watch expectantly for the door to open. Turn to **104**.

142

You have no idea where you are in the flooded maze. Roll one dice. If you roll:

1	Turn to **369**
2	Turn to **124**
3	Turn to **272**
4	Turn to **69**
5 or 6	Turn to **48**

143

Because of its insubstantial, shifting form, blows from your weapon pass straight through the Sand Golem and will cause it only 1 STAMINA point of damage (2 STAMINA points after a successful *Test for Luck*). However, hits from the magical creature are like punches from an iron gauntlet covered in sandpaper and will still inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage on you!

SAND GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you reduce your opponent's STAMINA to zero, you break the spell animating the Golem, and it becomes a harmless heap of sand once more (turn to **183**).

144

Something tells you to pull the Ankh out of your backpack and brandish it in front of the statue. The Ankh glows with power in your grasp. The statue's piercing gaze falls on the ancient artefact and it stops in its tracks. Then the stone limbs stiffen once more and the eldritch light of its eyes fades. Screaming with

fury, the cultists run towards you, intent on avenging themselves by your demise. But the transformation of the statue is not over yet. With a terrible cracking sound, fissures appear all over Sithera's image and pieces of it break off and fall to the floor of the chamber. At the same time, great rifts form across the walls of the dark temple and huge chunks of masonry crash down all round you. The whole temple is starting to collapse! The cultists forget about you and, more concerned over their own plight, try to flee from the crumbling building. Just as you are thinking of following suit, two rotting hands reach out and grab you round the neck. Unravaged by fire, Akharis lives again! Breaking free of the Mummy's grip, you must now fight Akharis again.

AKHARIS SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you reduce Akharis's STAMINA score to 4 points or less in five Attack Rounds or fewer, turn to **46**. If you do not, before your battle is even over the temple roof falls in, crushing you under tonnes of rock.

145

Try as you may, you cannot find any hidden entrance, and you start to think that the old ghost must have been mistaken or confused after so many centuries. In the end, in frustration, you give up the search. Return to **213**.

146

Trudging through the desolate landscape, you are alone except for a solitary bird riding the warm thermals above the hills. After an hour, you hear the sound of hoofs in the distance behind you. Turning around, you can make out a cloud of dust approaching from the south-west. As its gets closer you can see that riding towards you on a gaunt, haggard steed is a tall, thin man wearing scraps of armour and carrying a battered wooden shield and a wooden lance. He is accompanied by a short, round man riding a mule. You cannot avoid these two peculiar characters, so you wait for them to come up to you.

'Halt, stranger!' the tall man hails you. He is wearing a dented helmet and is sporting a drooping grey moustache and a pointed beard; he also looks well on in years 'What are you doing in this region?' he asks, almost accusingly. You tell him that you are on a vital mission and that time is of the essence. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **342**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **102**.

147

Where will you go now: towards the Temple of Sithera (turn to **92**) or to the village (turn to **197**)?

148

The door is not locked, and on the other side is a regularly cut passageway leading both to left and to right. The walls are covered with stylized carvings of figures, human and semi-human, worshipping demonic idols. You decide not to gaze for too long at some of the scenes, so you move on swiftly. Will you go to the left (turn to **180**) or to the right (turn to **63**)?

149

Many of the tombs have been broken open and looted, while others are no more than piles of rubble. More disturbingly, however, you notice that the majority of those charnel-houses broken into have also had their sarcophagi smashed open – and the bodies are hissing. You begin to feel very uneasy, wandering among the empty burial sites, and you decide to get away from here as quickly as possible.

It is then that you hear dreadful moaning as a chorus of dead voices announce their presence. Blocking your way back is a horde of shambling, bandaged horrors. Some still look quite human, while others have become decayed, mouldering, bandage-wrapped skeletons. Will you face the Mummies and try to force a way through their ranks (turn to **303**), or will you flee (turn to **238**)?

150

Lopar unrolls the Papyrus Scroll and scans the columns of picture script. 'Ah,' he says, 'do you know what you have here?' You shake your head. 'This is a copy of the hieroglyphic alphabet that was used, centuries ago, by the people of Djarat.' The Shaman explains to you how to translate the hieroglyphs into Allansian. If you ever come across any of this hieroglyphic script, you will be able to translate it by subtracting 20 from the number of the paragraph you are on at the time, then turning to the new paragraph number. Now return to **194**.

151

The amulet you are wearing protects you from the Evil Eye which the High Priestess is trying to use against you. Before she can try anything else, you run at the devious woman. Turn to **350**.

152

The sun is low in the sky by the time you begin your ascent. In this light, Spirit Rock takes on a deep red hue and the veins of crystal sparkle as they catch the sun's last rays. If you have a rope and grapple, turn to **333**. Otherwise, turn to **391**.

153

You have entered what appears to be a throne-room. An ornate golden chair, inlaid with precious stones, stands on a raised platform between two arches. Carved in the wall next to the left-hand arch is the figure of a cat-headed woman, and the exit to the right has that of a man with a savage beast's head. Propped beside the throne are the skeletal remains of two Djaratian guards, doubtless buried along with their king millennia ago. You are determined to press on, since you feel that you haven't much further to go. Will you leave the throne-room via the right-hand archway (turn to **23**) or the left-hand one (turn to **260**)?

154

Making your way onwards through the tomb, you come to another junction. Will you veer off and follow the new passage that leads to the right (turn to **213**), or will you stick to this corridor (turn to **190**)?

155

Extracted from the White Lotus flower, this oil is clear and sweet-smelling, and is non-combustible. There is also not very much of it. Now return to **15**.

156

You have chosen badly. By moving Black Three you free White Four, which rapidly reaches the other end of the board. You have lost. Turn to **322**.

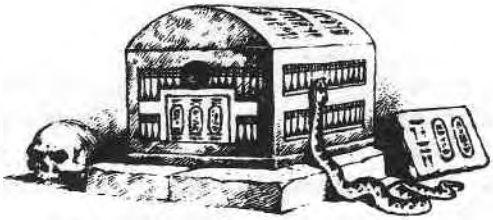

157

You press the next symbol and then the third. You can hear a grinding of stone on stone and wait for the door to open. Turn to **104**.

158

As you recover from the latest test of your mettle, you begin to itch all over and, looking at your hands, you can see scales forming on your skin! This mutation must be an effect of the poison on the Caarth's weapons! The irritation gradually dies down and, as you will no doubt soon discover, your affliction may have its advantages. If you ever suffer damage from edged weapons, such as swords or daggers, roll one dice; on a roll of 5 or 6, you may reduce that damage by 1 point, thanks to the hard scales covering your body. Turn to **231**.

159

Taking the sphere in your hands, you suffer no ill-effects. You sense that you can see something inside it, so you rub its surface to see if you can uncover anything. Suddenly you feel dizzy and disorientated. Your vision swims and the room spins round you until you are no longer sure that you are still in the same place. You close your eyes to try to stop the whirling and then, feeling steadier, open them again. Turn to **347**.

160

Mummies cannot move quickly because of their constricting bandages, so will you run at them with your sword drawn (turn to **51**) or, if you can, will you use something else against them first (turn to **103**)?

161

'I am sorry, but I cannot give you what you desire,' says the dog-headed Shaman. 'Now lie down beside this fire and let sleep take you.' Turn to **76**.

162

You are at a crossroads in the tunnels. Will you go left (turn to **195**), right (turn to **287**) or straight on (turn to **100**)?

163

The mummified animals stalk, prowl and slither towards you. In the confines of the corridor only two can attack you at the same time. (Any you have already destroyed come from the top of the list.)

	SKILL	STAMINA
JACKAL MUMMY	5	5
TIGER MUMMY	8	8
COBRA MUMMY	6	4

If you win but the cobra bit you at all, add 1 to your POISON score. Setting fire to the mummies with your light, they are turned to ashes in a few seconds; turn to **147**.

164

After days of wandering through the dust and heat of the desert hills, it makes a pleasant change to walk across a carpet of foliage between the trees at the edge of the pool. The cool waters of the oasis look even more tempting and refreshing now. Do you want to pause to drink here (turn to **187**), or will you leave the lush watering-hole to explore the temple ruins straight away (turn to **346**)?

165

When you push your weight against it, the stone door opens with ease into a set of store-rooms. Several recessed pantries lead off from a main corridor which is decorated with paintings of servants bearing offerings. Inside the alcoves are all kinds of food offerings, from loaves of bread and pitchers of wine, to dried

meat and stuffed figs. After several thousand years, most of the food left for Akharis to consume in the afterlife has spoiled. However, if you want to spend some time searching, you could probably find some items that, preserved by the dry air of the tomb, are still edible. If you want to look for provisions, turn to **210**. Otherwise there is nothing else here, so you leave and follow the other passage (turn to **12**).

166

The process of removing the rocks from the blocked entrance is very tiring as well as time-consuming. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA then roll one dice. If you roll an odd number, turn to **227**. If the number rolled is even, turn to **319**.

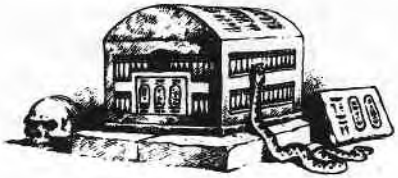

167

'What help do you require?' the man asks. Will you ask whether he can aid you in any way on your quest (turn to **339**) or ask him what he knows of the Shaman (turn to **389**)?

168

Shaking the rattle, you advance on the Mummy – who merely punches you in the stomach, causing you to drop the charm. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and turn to **215**.

169

Your feet touch the tunnel floor and you are safely over the chasm. Having rested for a minute, you set off again, until you come to a junction. Will you now go to the left (turn to **40**) or to the right (turn to **9**)?

170

Having constructed your fire, you settle down to sleep. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, the night passes peacefully (restore 2 STAMINA points) and in the morning, having consulted Jerran's map once more, you head north towards the temple (turn to **5**). If you are Unlucky, turn to **375**.

171

After all you have had to face, your muscles are just too weak to achieve the mighty task you need them for. As the burial chamber fills with sand, you have to abandon your attempt and consign yourself to death. In minutes the chamber is full and your adventure is over.

172

Before you can throw yourself out of the way, the mud-ball rolls into you, knocking you to the ground. Several of the stones embedded in it gash your arms and legs (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). As you struggle to stand up, the beetle attacks.

GIANT SCARAB BEETLE SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

For the first Attack Round of this battle reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point as you are still getting to your feet. If you defeat the overgrown insect, turn to **351**.

173

You take a swig from the jar and swallow quickly. You immediately double up in pain as a terrible burning

sensation assails your stomach. The plants the pungent syrup is made from are toxic (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and add 2 to your POISON score). Now do you want to try rubbing some of the syrup on your body instead (turn to **219**) or drinking some of the sweet-smelling liquid (turn to **82**), or will you leave the embalming chambers (turn to **379**)?

174

Scrambling down from the safety of the rocky ledge, you walk slowly towards the beast. Hearing your footsteps, the Dracon turns its head in your direction and lets out a terrifying roar. You notice that, with the creature's struggling, the stakes holding the net down are coming loose. Do you want to:

Show the beast you mean it no harm and keep walking towards it?	Turn to **196**
Draw your sword and prepare to defend yourself?	Turn to **382**
Make a run for it while you still can?	Turn to **273**

175

'Very well,' the Sphinx intones. 'Here is your first question. Who designed and built the tomb of the evil one whom you seek?' If you know the name that is the answer to the Sphinx's question, convert it into a number using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 and so on; then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not know the name, turn to **262**.

176

Before you can reach the Mummies, a cold shiver passes over you. The statue of Sithera is glowering down at you malevolently. Suddenly, a cultist leaps into your path wielding a huge, curved blade! You must fight him.

ELITE CULTIST SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

If the battle lasts more than six Attack Rounds, more cultists surround you; turn to **338**. If the battle lasts six rounds or fewer, and you win, turn to **138**.

177

Opening the darkwood door, you enter a square room, on the far side of which an archway leads into a second, darkened chamber from which you can hear a hissing noise and the slithering of scaly bodies.

However, before you will be able to reach that chamber you will have to defeat the guardians of this outer one. Dressed in faded Djaratian robes, two horrifying figures are advancing towards you. In the flickering light you can make out their skeletal human bodies, and you recoil at the sight of their serpent heads, still covered in patches of snake-skin, and their glowing red eyes. If you would rather slam the door shut again and escape from here immediately, turn to **54**; otherwise, you will have to fight Sithera's minions at the same time as they attack with taloned hands.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEMONIC SERVANT	8	7
Second DEMONIC SERVANT	7	7

If you succeed in winning two consecutive Attack Rounds against either of these hellspawn, the spell animating its body will be broken and it will collapse into a pile of bones. If you defeat the Demonic Servants, turn to **140**.

178

The sun sets over the western horizon and you settle down to rest between some rocks. The night is warm and you are soon fast asleep . . .

You wake up with a start, hearing the snuffling sound made by some large creature near by. You have just unsheathed your sword when the beast comes into view between the boulders. In the moonlight the creature looks like a cross between a bear and an ape, but it is larger than either. Smelling you, the Nandibear turns to face you and lets out a blood-curdling howl. It has decided that tonight it will feast on its favourite food – human brains!

	SKILL	STAMINA
NANDIBEAR	9	11

If you manage to kill this ferocious monster, turn to **244**.

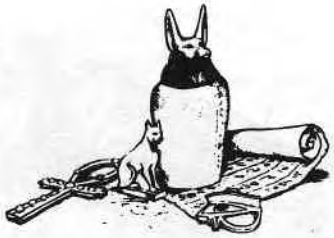

179

There are riches here beyond your wildest dreams! Mesmerized by the treasure hoard before you, you are only dimly aware of a rushing sound coming from the main chamber. At last you look around – and see with horror that the burial chamber is filling with sand, pouring down from holes in the ceiling. It is already knee deep as you wade back towards the door, where you find that it has closed again and that there is no handle on this side! In a matter of minutes the room will be completely filled with the sands of the desert above, burying you alive. Greed has proved to be your downfall!

180

The passage continues for quite a way without changing direction. At last you come to a black-painted

door in the right-hand wall of the passage; a silver handle protrudes from it. Do you want to try to open this door (turn to **228**) or walk further along the passage (turn to **296**)?

181

If you have some Firepowder or a Yokka Egg, you can use either of them to distract the Cyclops; *Test your Skill* if you do this and, if you are successful, reduce its STAMINA score by the appropriate amount before fighting it (turn to **248**). If you do not have any such special items, you will have to be satisfied with throwing rocks at the beast. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, roll one dice. If you roll a 6, turn to **199**; if you roll any other number, deduct 2 points from the Cyclops' STAMINA before fighting it; turn to **248**. Even if you fail, you still attract the monster's attention, even though you do not wound it; turn to **248**.

182

Eventually you reach a T-junction. Will you now go to the left (turn to **48**) or to the right (turn to **124**)?

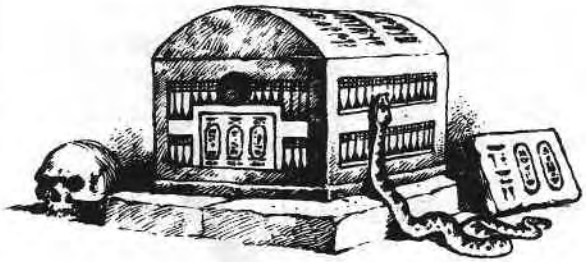

183

There can be no doubt that the Golem was an emissary of the Cult of the Cobra, sent to stop you reaching the tomb. As the day grows hotter, you redouble your efforts and force yourself onwards, determined to thwart the evil sect's plans. At last you find yourself gazing over the top of a great rift in the hills. At the bottom of the steep-sided, sand-blown valley you can clearly see a dark rectangular opening in the side of a cliff, surrounded by large, carefully cut blocks of stone bearing carved reliefs which are unmistakably Djaratian. You have found the Tomb of Akharis! However, you may still not be able to enter safely, since from your vantage-point you can see two giant, four-legged lizards standing close to the entrance. Both are saddled and harnessed, but there is no sign of whoever or whatever has ridden them here. Do you want to approach the tomb immediately (turn to **276**) or will you wait to see whether any further developments ensue (turn to **119**)?

184

You manage to trap White Four securely, but White Two is left unchallenged and in three moves the game is all over: Nemset has won. Turn to **322**.

185

Yelling, you run at the leader of the cultists. At the last moment he deftly sidesteps out of your way, and you end up sprawling in the dirt. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **363**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **55**.

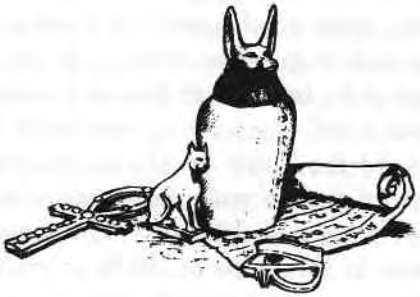

186

Standing on the plinth, clear of the snakes, you study the box and find that it has a simple, hinged lid. It is

only after you have opened the iron casket that you discover a problem: lying in the bottom of the box is a long, rolled-up papyrus scroll and crawling all around and over it are several deadly scorpions, each as big as a man's hand. If you want to take the scroll, *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you lift it out safely; turn to **200**. If you fail, you disturb the scorpions and have to endure their stings! Roll one dice and divide the result by two (rounding fractions up), then add this number to your POISON score; turn to **200**. Alternatively, you may decide against retrieving the scroll and so attempt to leave the room; turn to **111**.

187

Kneeling down at the water's edge, you cup your hands together and, having dipped them in the pool, gulp down a great mouthful. Almost instantly your stomach is seized by a terrible burning pain. The water of the oasis is poisoned! You writhe around in agony for several minutes before the acute pain passes, but you are left feeling weak and nauseous (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and add 2 to your POISON score). Once you feel able to continue again, you leave the treacherous oasis to explore the ruined remains of the temple. Turn to **346**.

188

You run full pelt at one of the slabs of rock and hit it with a painful crack, dislocating your shoulder! Doubled up in agony, you can do nothing to halt the slow but steady descent of the roof. Your adventure ends here.

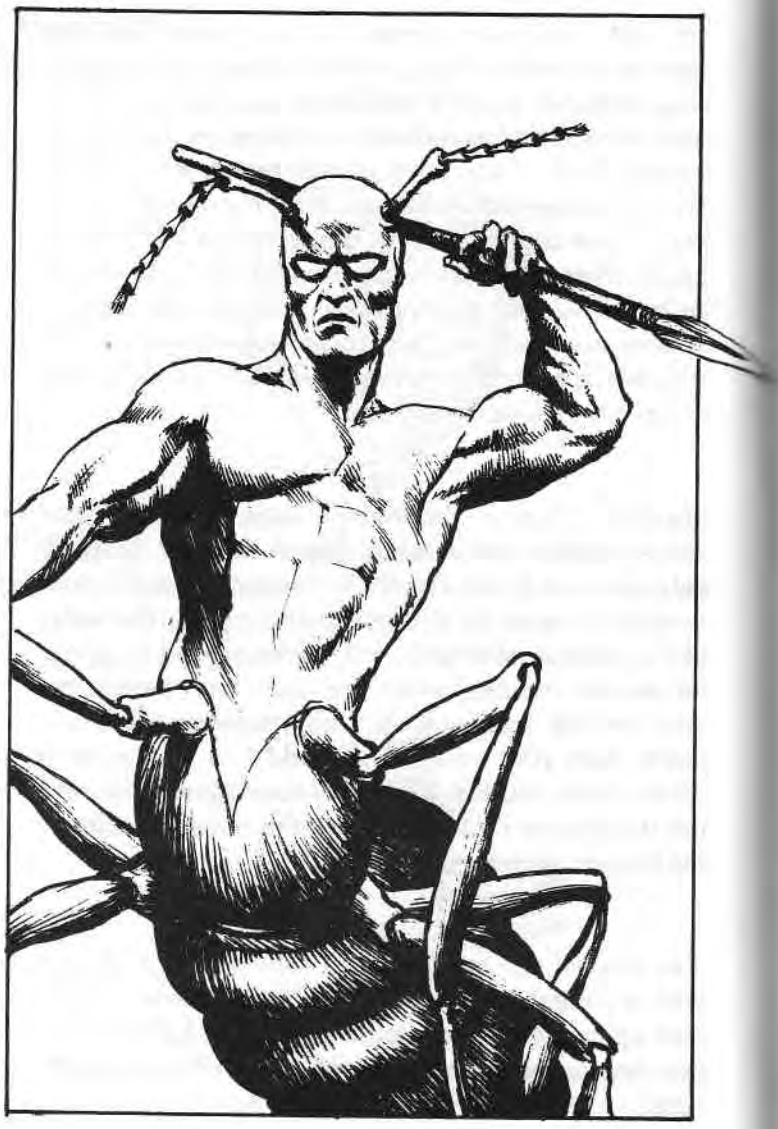

189

You have not gone much further when suddenly a bizarre creature appears over the crest of a sand-dune in front of you. Its head and torso are human, but from the waist down its lower body and legs are those of a giant ant! The Xoroa, for that is what you are now facing, stands two metres tall and is coloured a deep reddish brown all over. The creature's eyes are silver and, instead of outer ears, two flexible, ant-like feelers extend forward from the top of its head. This Xoroa Warrior has been patrolling the area round its colony and it makes angry clicking sounds at your intrusion. Armed with a short spear, the guard attacks instantly.

XOROA WARRIOR	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **331**.

190

The further you progress, the more cracks and fissures you notice covering the floor of the tunnel. Just as you are considering turning back, the tunnel floor gives way and, yelling, you fall through utter darkness for several seconds. Your cry is cut short by the shock of hitting water. Surfacing, you allow your body to be carried along by the fast-moving current of a subterranean river. Turn to **280**.

191

Your sword drawn, you run into the room uttering a shout. At the last instant, the cultist turns and prepares to defend himself with the staff he is carrying.

CULTIST SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, a swift search of the cultist's clothes reveals nothing of use to you except two meals' worth of provisions (add these to your *Adventure Sheet*). Still no wiser as to the cultist's actions, you search the chamber but discover nothing. All you can do now is continue along the tunnel; eventually it turns right again, bringing you to the top of another flight of stone steps that lead still deeper into the tomb. You have no choice but to descend; turn to **216**.

192

The talisman starts to feel hot. Holding it up by its chain, you see that the sun is glowing brightly. There is a sudden flash, then a blazing beam of light shoots from the amulet into the undead horde with devastating effect. Several of the Mummies immediately burst into flames as their bone-dry wrappings ignite under the heat of the beam. Roll one dice and add 2. Make a note that this is the number of Mummies you have already destroyed. The talisman's power is expended, but Akharis's servants have already suffered the wrath of the sun god! Now will you attack the remaining undead with fire (turn to **18**) or your sword (turn to **51**)?

193

Catching you off guard, the serpent evades your feeble blows and strikes swiftly. In an instant its mouth has closed round you and the monster swallows

you whole! Trapped inside its stomach, you quickly suffocate before its powerful digestive acids begin their work.

194

The Shaman can tell you more about an object only if you have a number associated with it. If you do have such an item, multiply the appropriate number by thirty, then turn to the paragraph whose number is the same as the total. After you have discovered more about your object, you will be returned to this paragraph. When you have finished showing Lopar your items, he says to you, 'Now lie down beside this fire and let sleep take you.' Turn to **76**.

195

The only sound in the tunnels is the gentle lapping of the water against the walls. Rounding a corner, you come to a large intersection. Which way will you go now?

First left?	Turn to **301**
Second left?	Turn to **234**
First right?	Turn to **69**
Second right?	Turn to **217**
Straight ahead?	Turn to **142**

196

Raising your hands in a gesture of peace, you move closer to the Dracon, telling it that you mean it no harm. You are somewhat surprised when the beast snarls in reply, 'Well, get this infernal net off me then!'

Will you do as the creature demands (turn to **21**) or leave it bound (turn to **382**)?

197

At present you are wandering through the deserted streets of a Djaratian workmen's village where the people who laboured to build the Necropolis once lived. Their basic dwellings are in ruins now and there is nothing of use to you here. However, as you are returning to the central avenue through the City of the Dead you come upon a craftsman's workshop, still almost intact. Looking inside, you notice an iron ring attached to a flagstone in the middle of the room. If you want to try to lift the flagstone, turn to **67**. Alternatively, you can leave the workmen's village and explore the low stone buildings, if you haven't already done so (turn to **56**), or make for the Temple of Sithera (turn to **92**).

198

The inscription reads: *Twice upon the door to knock, thrice upon the door unlock.* If you know how many times you must knock upon the door, turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not, you will have to press on further into the tomb, turn to **374**.

199

Unbelievably, your rock hits the Cyclops on its temple in just the right place to kill it outright! Regain 1 LUCK point. Turn to **52**.

200

Unrolling part of the scroll, you see that it is covered in picture-writing and illustrations in the Djaratian style. Scanning the first few columns of hieroglyphs, and utilizing your growing knowledge of the ancient Djaratian language, you translate them to discover their meaning. It appears that the scroll you have in your hands is an ancient Djaratian 'Book of the Dead', a guide to the journey through the underworld containing spells to aid dead people making the journey and information such as the fact that they must face thirteen hazards on their journey. This could prove very useful. Rolling up the scroll again, you put it in your backpack. Turn to **111**.

201

Your sixth sense screaming danger, you throw yourself forward just as the floor gives way beneath you. You land heavily just on the far side of the pit-trap, winded but alive. The bottom of the deep, sheer-sided pit is filled with cruelly pointed metal spikes! You had a close escape indeed! You continue on your way extremely cautiously. The passage soon turns to the right and, following it, you come upon an archway, surrounded by carvings, in the left-hand wall. If you followed a cultist into the tomb, turn to **43**. If you did not, turn to **71**.

202

Hearing a clicking sound, you look along the length of the room. At its far end, standing in front of a grand set of double doors, are two terrifying creatures. They appear to be a cross between humans and gigantic scorpions, with the heads and torsos of men but the bodies and deadly stings of desert arachnids. Carrying polearms, these are the demonic Accursed, once human but now servants of the Demon Prince. If you are to gain access to the third level of the tomb, you will have to vanquish them in battle. Because of their great size, fight the Accursed one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ACCURSED	10	10
Second ACCURSED	9	11

If either of the Accursed wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 5 or 6, instead of hitting you with their polearms, they strike you with their stings (add 1 to your POISON score as well as losing 2 points from your STAMINA). If you overcome the demonic guards, turn to **153**.

203

Evading the Mummy's flailing arms, you grab the death-mask and pull it from Akharis's head, flinging it to the ground. At once the Mummy howls with pain and its movement seems to become slower. Your action has cost Akharis 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points of damage (remember to make a note of the number of points of damage Akharis has already

suffered). You now have no choice but to fight the Mummy. Turn to **97**.

204

You find yourself walking along a rectangular passageway cut into the rock of the cliff. Daylight entering from outside illuminates the tunnel for only a short way – beyond that there is nothing but darkness. If you have a permanent light-source, say a lantern, torch or lamp, turn to **307**. If you have no means to light your way, turn to **233**.

205

This is a foolish move which leaves the way clear for White Four. Nemset wins the game in just two moves. Turn to **322**.

206

Your reflexes are not quick enough. Helplessly you plunge into the pit, the bottom of which is filled with bubbling acid. No one escapes from the Venom of the Cobra!

207

You have almost reached the cave entrance when you fall. There is no way you could survive a fall from such a height. When you hit the ground, your body is smashed to pieces on the boulders at the foot of Spirit Rock. Your adventure is over.

208

Keeping out of sight of the guards, you creep round the side of the pyramid and soon discover an alternative way into the temple. There is a small hole, halfway up the side of the pyramid several metres above you. You could easily scramble up to it – but it could be a trap. Do you want to risk it and climb up to the hole (turn to **77**), or will you use the main entrance after all (turn to **132**)?

209

The small pyramid has been carved out of a piece of quartz crystal; it refracts the light from the sun inside it into a myriad colours. Now return to **15**.

210

Your search is quite fruitful and you manage to accumulate enough food for 4 meals (add these to your *Adventure Sheet*). Preparing to leave the offerings chambers, you turn back towards the stone door. With a

cracking sound, fragments of plaster start flaking off one of the wall-paintings. You watch, startled, as a life-size figure from the mural begins to emerge from the wall, assuming a three-dimensional form as it does so. The Djaratians believed that figures of servants painted in the tombs would magically come to life to serve the dead king. This is exactly what is happening now as the food store's guardian prepares to deal with a thief – you!

TOMB GUARDIAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you kill the servant, at your final blow the guardian crumbles into a heap of plaster-dust, allowing you to leave. Turn to **12**.

211

You try to leap out of the way but the lance strikes you in the middle of your chest, pushing you to the ground (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). Unsheathing his rusted weapon, the man bears down on you, shouting, 'Die, Demon! You cannot prevail against the honour of Don Huan Fernandez, Knight of Vastille!' For the first Attack Round, reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because you are lying on the ground.

FERNANDEZ SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you reduce your opponent's STAMINA score to 3 points or less, turn immediately to **253**.

212

Because you have the element of surprise, the cultist is prevented from using any trickery against you, and you gain an unopposed strike. Then the cultist snarls and turns on you.

CULTIST SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **36**.

213

Trudging through the deathly stillness of the tomb, you wonder what other surprises and horrors await you before your quest comes to an end. The tunnel turns right and you continue to walk along it for several metres. Turn to **254**.

214

As your opponent falls, so does Jerran's. Before you can stop him, the third cultist turns tail and flees towards the markets. What will you do now? Will you pursue the cultist and try to stop him before he can warn the rest of the sect (turn to **394**), leave Rimon immediately, with the intention of heading the cultist off on the way to the tomb (turn to **242**), or ignore the cultist and visit the markets to prepare for your quest (turn to **112**)?

215

You now have only three options open to you, since Akharis is upon you. You can either attack him with your sword (turn to **97**), try to remove his death-mask (turn to **293**) or try to destroy the sarcophagus (turn to **257**).

216

As you descend the steps you are amazed at the amount of heat, transmitted through the sand and rock of the desert above, in the tomb. Through your constant exertions, beads of sweat start to break out on your skin. The staircase leads into a low-ceilinged, square chamber, on the far side of which is a fine wooden door with gilded handles.

However, resting against the wall to the left of the door is a grotesque, mouldering, human skeleton, still wrapped in rotting clothes. The air round the corpse is heavy with disease and decay, and sunk deep in their sockets are two vacant, sickly yellow eyes. Cautiously you step towards the door and immediately the skeleton comes to life and lurches jerkily towards you, its claws raised. You are going to have to fight the foul Decayer! Will you use your sword (turn to **258**) or some other weapon (turn to **135**)?

217

All the tunnels look very much alike. Coming to a junction, will you now take the first to the left (turn to **301**) or the second to the left (turn to **182**), or turn to the right (turn to **272**)?

218

You have strayed inside the boundary of the land round a Xoroa colony which the two Warriors you are now facing have been guarding. You must fight the ant-men at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First XOROA WARRIOR	10	11
Second XOROA WARRIOR	10	10

If you manage to defeat both of them, turn to **331**.

219

The syrup is used by embalmers to toughen and preserve the body as part of the mummification process. Rubbing it on your skin toughens it so that from now on you may reduce any external physical injuries you may suffer, say in battle, by 1 STAMINA point. However, this toughening makes your skin less flexible and so hampers movement (reduce both your current and *Initial* SKILL by 2). Now will you:

Drink some of the syrup?	Turn to **173**
Drink from the other jar?	Turn to **82**
Leave this place?	Turn to **379**

220

Putting the horn to your lips, you blow hard. A resonating blast echoes across the hills but does nothing to stop the Golem's advance. A gritty fist strikes you in the face (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Swiftly you draw your sword, ready to retaliate. Turn to **143**.

221

Just in case the undead Vizier's insane loyalty should bring him back to life once more, you set fire to his corpse. Having done so, you do not delay in leaving

the treasure chamber, but on your way out you grab a handful of gems, worth between 3 and 8 Gold Pieces (roll one dice and add 2 to the number rolled) and a Bronze Rattle – a sacred device used in religious ceremonies. Now turn to **105**.

222

Desperately you hack at the swarm with your sword, trying to prevent the wasps from stinging you. Fight the insects as if they were one opponent.

SWARM	SKILL 9	STAMINA 7

Because the swarm is made up of many creatures, it will be difficult to injure, so for the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point. If the swarm wins an Attack Round, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and add 1 to your POISON score. If you win, turn to **302**.

223

'So, you managed to retrieve the Serpent's Eye from the tomb,' the priestess says with a voice like velvet. 'In that case, obey my will. Kneel!' You are unable to resist. The evil artefact round your neck makes you susceptible to the will of the Demon Prince's minions. You remain motionless as the life-force is drawn from your body so that Akharis may live again.

224

There is nothing remarkable about the key, and Cranno tells you he has never found a lock that it fits. Return to **339**.

225

Time will wait no longer. As you watch, the ghost of Rhehotep fades. 'May the good gods of Djarat go with you, brave adventurer . . .' is the last thing you hear him say before his spirit departs this world at last. Turn to **154**.

226

Dusk falls and still you have not sighted the temple. Here, on the fringes of the Desert of Skulls, the nights are as freezing as the days are scorching. If you have a Yokka Egg, turn to **83**. Otherwise, do you want to build a fire to keep you warm, assuming you have some means of lighting one (turn to **170**), or would you rather not risk attracting the attentions of any nocturnal hunters (turn to **31**)?

227

As you clear away the rubble, you are interrupted in your labours by the arrival of one of the tomb's wandering guards. With lifeless, rotting flesh, long dank hair and tatters of Djaratian garments clinging to its decaying flesh, the Tomb Stalker stumbles towards you, moaning. If you do not want to fight the deathly guard, you can stop clearing the passageway and run back along the tunnel, following it past the cedar-wood doors (turn to **254**). Otherwise, you will have to fight.

TOMB STALKER SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If the Tomb Stalker wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, it will grab your neck in its powerful hands

and strangle you, causing damage equal to the roll of one dice! Each Attack Round after this, you must strike successfully to free yourself from its grip or take the same extra damage again. If you overcome the undead guard, turn to **319**.

228

The door opens into an antechamber which is decorated with painted reliefs of the Djaratians at war with various nations and desert tribes. Beyond this room, through an archway, is another, smaller one. In the centre of this second room stands a plain alabaster pedestal on which, glinting in the light you are carrying, you see a small figurine of a cat made from jet. As you consider taking this treasure, you become aware of the two life-size statues of men, armed with spears, standing one either side of the archway. Do you want to enter the inner chamber and take the cat (turn to **251**) or will you leave this room and return to the passage outside (turn to **296**)?

229

Entering the passageway, there is a sudden drop in temperature and you cannot help feeling that your light does not penetrate the darkness as well as it should. Without warning, a huge claw sinks into your back, tearing your flesh to the bone. Screaming in pain, you stare, horrified, as a great ball of fire comes hurtling down the corridor and engulfs you. From amid the flames, a spear-wielding corpse thrusts its weapon between your ribs, and all around cruel faces laugh at your distress. Can this really be happening? *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **70**. If you fail, turn to **32**.

230

You press the vulture symbol next and then the snake. There is a moment of tense anticipation as you wonder whether you have made the right choice, then the wall swings open. Stepping through the secret door, you find yourself in a short corridor which ends after only ten metres at a bizarre portal carved to resemble a gaping serpent's mouth. Between the fangs, pin-pricks of silver light swirl within a black void. There is no sign of the cultist, and the portal is the only way forward, so will you enter it (turn to **347**) or retrace your steps to the original tunnel, which turns right and leads you deeper into the tomb down a flight of steps (turn to **216**)?

231

As you search the Snakemen's bodies, you wonder what they are doing in the tomb. The Giant Lizards

you encountered must have been their mounts. It is likely that the Caarth were investigating goings-on here because of the proximity to their lands and the connection with the Demon Prince, Sith, whom they worship. These two can only have been scouts from a larger party, as they are carrying nothing of use to you in terms of provisions or treasure.

Leaving the dead Caarth, you make your way to the far side of the pillared hall and leave through an archway, which is the only exit. You enter another short passage which ends at a T-junction. Both routes look exactly the same, so far as you can see by your light, so will you take the left- (turn to **396**) or the right-hand tunnel (turn to **75**)?

232

In the alcove is a crystal orb, resting on a golden stand, an alabaster bowl containing brightly coloured powders, and a flask, fashioned in the form of a viper, containing some black liquid. What will you try to use to aid your escape?

The crystal orb?	Turn to **58**
The coloured powders?	Turn to **126**
The viper's venom?	Turn to **297**

233

You proceed carefully along the tunnel into the all-enveloping blackness. Slowly edging forward, you find yourself at the top of a flight of steps and begin to make your way down. Totally blind in the darkness,

you do not see the missing steps and, losing your footing, fall the rest of the way down the steep, very long staircase. Lying at the bottom of the steps, stunned, you are only dimly aware of the sound of footsteps and a sibiliant hissing before a poisoned blade is plunged into your heart. You perish horribly in the darkness. Your adventure is over.

234

You pass under a section of roof covered with thick slime and, as you do so, some drips on to you. Unfortunately the vile gunk is acidic (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Now where will you go?

Left, then left again?	Turn to **182**
Left, then straight on?	Turn to **195**
Straight on?	Turn to **369**

235

Crouching low against the top of the cliffs, you encounter no hostile denizens of these parts and, once past the gorge, you follow a stony track down towards the lower ground and rejoin your original path. Turn to **90**.

236

While you battle on, the other Mummies slowly surround you and grab you with their decaying hands. Unable to move, you are totally helpless as the High Priestess casts her spell, draining your life-force to resurrect Akharis. Your adventure is over.

237

Throwing aside his mask, the man runs down the steps from the platform and falls to his knees beside the prone body of his dead pet, tears streaming down his face. Then he turns to you and, between great sobs, manages to splutter, 'I'm sorry. Oh please have mercy. I don't mean anyone any harm; I just like to be left in peace.' Seeing the man in such a state, you are filled with remorse and leave the ruined theatre before you cause Cranno any more grief. Turn to **8**.

238

You turn tail and run into the labyrinthine depths of the tomb district. Rounding a corner, you almost run straight into another group of Mummies, then a third group emerges from a side-street. Surrounded, you do your best to fend off the lumbering undead but, even with fire as a weapon, you are eventually overcome by the sheer force of their numbers. Your adventure is over.

239

You have not travelled far along the passage when you come to a junction: another low corridor leads away to the left. Do you want to follow this new tunnel (turn to **305**) or would you prefer to stick to your present route (turn to **254**)?

240

While you are lighting the torch, the wasps can sting you unopposed (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and add 1 to your POISON score). However, wielding the blazing torch, you will be able to harm the swarm more effectively.

SWARM SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

Because you are using an unusual weapon, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If the swarm wins an Attack Round, as well as losing 2 STAMINA points you must add 1 to your POISON score. If you overcome the swarm, turn to **302**.

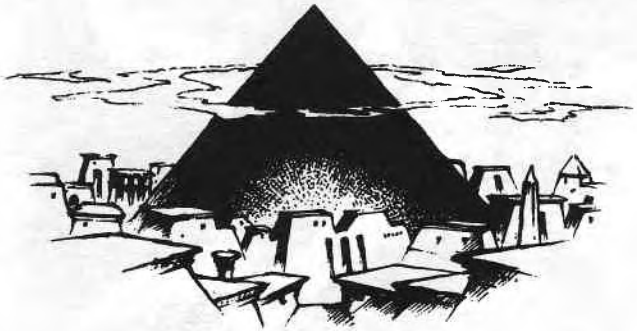

241

If you are wearing a Sun Talisman, multiply the number of light rays projecting from it by eight, then turn to the paragraph with the same number as the total. Anything else you may have has no effect on these undead; so will you fight them with fire (turn to **18**) or with your sword (turn to **51**)?

scorpion and strike its claw. Releasing its grip on Jerran's body, the grotesque creature turns to attack you.

GIANT SCORPION SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

Each claw can attack independently, so conduct this fight as if you were up against two opponents, each with a SKILL of 10. If at any time the Scorpion's Attack Strength is 22, turn at once to **137**. If you win, turn to **345**.

243

It is a close-run thing, but you just beat Nemset to the end of the board. You have won! 'I congratulate you, adventurer,' Nemset says graciously. 'For your success you deserve a prize.' The ghost directs you to a golden casket inside the tomb. Opening it, you find an amulet on a golden chain, representing the sun, with twenty-four stylized rays of light projecting from it. There is also a small, decorative glass bottle, full of water, etched with the Djaratian symbol for life. 'Take the Sun Talisman and the Waters of Life,' says the princess, 'and may they help you thwart the evil one.' If you ever want to drink the Waters of Life (but not when you are in the middle of a combat), make a note of the paragraph you are reading at the time, then turn to **355**. For now, add your new possessions to your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **322**.

244

The rest of the night passes without incident, and in the morning you are able to inspect the body of the

Nandibear. The creature still lies where it fell and you can make out its tracks among the rocks. Its lair cannot be far away, and you wonder what treasures could be hidden there. If you want to follow the Nandibear's tracks in the hope of finding its lair, turn to **117**. If you would rather not make this diversion from your journey, turn to **337**.

245

Unfurling the scroll, you scan the columns of hieroglyphs for a spell to help you. As you do so, Akharis grabs you and hurls you to the floor (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). Dropping the scroll, you prepare to fight; turn to **215**.

246

You side-step swiftly so that the mud-ball rolls past you harmlessly. Angrily, the beetle scuttles forward to attack.

GIANT SCARAB BEETLE SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you overcome the overgrown insect, turn to **351**.

247

Proceeding along the tunnel, you are startled to hear the sound of rushing water in the distance. The noise increases in volume until you come to the edge of a precipice. Shining your light into the darkness, you see that the crevasse is several metres wide and that the tunnel continues on the other side. Your illumination also picks out the craggy sides of the chasm but does not reach as far as the water you can hear roaring

below. Somehow you will either have to get across to the other side of the crevasse or risk jumping into the underground river. Will you:

Attempt to jump across the chasm?	Turn to **292**
Use a rope and grapple, if you have one, to swing across?	Turn to **271**
Jump into the river?	Turn to **386**

248

Yelling, you charge at the Cyclops and, before it can react, sink your blade into its leg. Bellowing with pain and rage, the monster forgets Fernandez and turns all its fury on you.

CYCLOPS	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **52**.

249

The tunnel comes to an end in a flooded room. Manacled to a wall is a human skeleton and hanging from its neck is an obsidian pendant, which you may take if you wish. Leaving the room, you return to the intersection. Will you take the first to the right (turn to **195**), the second to the right (turn to **272**), the third to the right (turn to **182**), the first to the left (turn to **69**), the second to the left (turn to **301**) or go straight ahead (turn to **142**)?

250

You trudge on through the heat of the day, further into the rugged hills. The only vegetation that grows

in this hot region is the occasional scrubby bush and fleshy, green, thick-stemmed succulent covered in spines. You notice one of these plants growing close to the track you are following. Some species are very nutritious, but you do not know if this is such a one. Do you want to cut yourself a piece of the plant to eat (turn to **110**) or will you continue on your way (turn to **11**)?

251

You pass through the archway between the statues unhindered and lift the jet figurine from the pedestal without triggering any lethal device. It is only when you approach the archway again that the nature of the trap here becomes clear. Creaking, the two statues move from their sentry-posts of centuries and advance towards the tomb robber who would steal the treasure they guard. Standing in the archway, you may fight the statues one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First STATUE	8	8
Second STATUE	8	9

If you win, the second statue shatters as you lay your final blow. Stowing the Jet Cat in your backpack, you leave the room and continue along the passageway in search of further treasures. Turn to **296**.

252

Lying at the bottom of the sarcophagus, among a few scraps of stained, torn bandages, is an amulet in the form of a stylized eye (you may take it if you wish). So where can Akharis's body be? The Cult of the Cobra must have moved it from the tomb and taken it elsewhere. Having braved the tomb's dark depths, you are overwhelmed with dejection, fearing that your perilous journey may have been a complete waste of time! You are roused from your state of self-pity by a rushing sound. Looking up, you see in horror that the burial chamber is filling with sand which is pouring down from holes in the ceiling. The door slams shut and there is no handle on the inside! The last trap has been sprung and, if you cannot find a way out soon, you are going to be buried alive. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **109**. If you fail, turn to **42**.

253

'Retreat! Retreat!' the old man yells, acknowledging your superior swordsmanship and breaking off his attack. Pulling on his steed's reins, Fernandez gallops away north-eastwards into the hills, followed by Gordo on his mule. Bewildered by the old man's irrational actions, you watch as the two figures dwindle into the distance before continuing your journey on foot. Turn to **24**.

254

Following the passage, you find yourself in a small square room with a door in each of its four walls. As you stand in the middle of the room, considering which way to go next, there is a loud grating sound and four great slabs of stone drop down, blocking all the exits! You run over to one blocked doorway and hammer on it with your fist. As if things were not bad enough already, now you hear a deep rumbling sound and the roof of the chamber begins to descend as great metal spikes emerge from holes cut into it. You were not quick enough in leaving this room, so now you will die by the Fangs of Sithera! What are you going to do to prevent such a grisly fate? Will you:

Ram one of the doors?	Turn to **188**
Try to jam the descending ceiling?	Turn to **66**
Search for a release mechanism?	Turn to **362**

255

As soon as you touch the statue, a magical transformation takes place and the golden image grows until it is two and a half metres tall. The huge crocodile-head looks down at you then raises a great golden fist, ready to beat you into the ground. Do you have a Gold Piece or something else made of gold among your possessions? If you have, turn to **78**. If you haven't, turn to **275**.

256

Looking through the telescope, you are amazed by how close distant features appear. In the east, a single high pinnacle of rock juts up from among the hills into the sky. A massive boulder seems to be balanced on top of it and you can make out shining, swirling patterns on its surface. Surely this must be Spirit Rock! Turning to the north, your eye is caught by the reflection of the sun on water. Surrounding the oasis is a group of palm trees and next to it, lying in tumbled ruins, is the temple you seek. Turn to **235**.

257

To reach the sarcophagus, you will first have to get past Akharis himself. The foul Mummy reaches out for you with bandaged talons. (Remember to deduct any points of damage you have already inflicted on Akharis.)

AKHARIS SKILL 13 STAMINA 25

As soon as you have fought four rounds of combat, you get past the lurching undead horror and run up

the dais steps to the sarcophagus. But how will you destroy it? There are several large cracks across the coffin, but you feel sure that striking it with your sword will have little effect. If you have some Firepowder you could use, turn to **373**. Otherwise, you decide to try to push the great stone coffin off the dais, hoping that the fall will break it. Roll four dice; if the total is greater than your STAMINA score, you are not strong enough to carry out such a herculean feat (turn to **97**). If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, you succeed in pushing the sarcophagus off the dais so that it hits the floor with devastating results (turn to **373**).

258

Reeking of death and putrefaction, the undead Decayer advances towards you, fearless of your weapon.

DECAYER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

Unknown to you, while you were fighting you have been infected by the near-invisible, disease-ridden spores released by the Decayer (so, if you win, add 4 to your POISON score); turn to **148**.

259

'Run for it!' you shout to Jerran, and the two of you charge the lone cultist behind you. Knocking him to the ground, the way along the street ahead is clear as far as the markets. Once among the crowds, you should be able to lose your pursuers easily. Suddenly you hear a humming sound as two throwing-stars fly from the cultists' hands and strike you and Jerran in the back (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You

stumble to the ground and the cultists are upon you. Turn to **68**.

260

As you walk towards the left-hand exit, the guards' bones rise jerkily from their posts and advance towards you. They will reach the archway before you do, so, if you want to avoid clashing with the guards you could change direction and run through the other exit (turn to **229**). If you are intent on passing through this archway, you will have to fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETAL GUARD	8	6
Second SKELETAL GUARD	7	6

If you win, turn to **371**.

261

'You are no Demon,' he says, looking slightly bewildered. 'Perhaps that black-hearted scoundrel Zanmethees did not send you.' You assure Fernandez that he did not and, convinced at last, the old knight apologizes profusely for his previous behaviour. In order to make amends he offers you a purse containing 6 Gold Pieces. If you accept this gift, add the treasure to your *Adventure Sheet*. Now that the Cyclops is dead, the cowardly Gordo, Fernandez's manservant, emerges from his hiding place to tend his master's wounds; you waste no more time in returning to your original route towards the temple. Turn to **226**.

262

The Sphinx speaks again, but still you do not know what to say in reply. There is a tense moment of silence, then the great creature roars, bounding towards you across the hall. Bewildered, you unsheath your sword to defend yourself. Unfortunately, your earthly weapon has no effect against this agent of the gods of Djarat, whereas its terrible claws soon tear you apart. Your adventure is over.

263

The stone whistles past your head, missing it by just a few centimetres. Unperturbed, the mutated ant-men move in to the attack. Will you draw your sword to defend yourself (turn to **218**) or will you look for something else to use against the Xoroa (turn to **139**)?

264

The blast is just too much for the ages-old tunnel; the roof caves in on top of you and crushes the life out of your body.

265

The small round bottle is full of what appears to be swirling black smoke, giving it its colour. The glass stopper is sealed with hard-baked clay. If you ever want to break the seal and open the bottle, turn to **398** (make a note of this). Now, however, return to **339**.

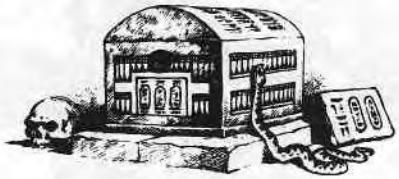

266

You weaken under the priestess's relentless stare. Deduct 6 points from your STAMINA and 2 points from your SKILL. However, somehow you manage to keep moving and stagger towards the dais in order to attack the priestess. Seeing you approach, she breaks her concentration and you are released from the strength-sapping gaze. Turn to **350**.

267

The fireball misses your head by mere centimetres, exploding into a pillar. Before they can try anything else, you run at your reptilian attackers with your sword drawn; turn to **50**.

268

You slide to a stop close to a large web, which is made up of a tangle of shimmering, sticky, silver strands, in a high cavern. You scramble quickly to your feet as the web's maker descends from the roof of the cave. Facing you is a massive grey-black spider, almost five metres across. Instead of having the head of an arachnid, as you would expect, its hairy body is surmounted by a demonic head with a malevolent travesty of a human face, and wearing a Djaratian head-dress. As the diabolical creature stalks towards you, there is no doubt in your mind that your opponent is a Death Spider.

DEATH SPIDER SKILL 12 STAMINA 9

The Death Spider will try to bite you when it attacks. If it wins an Attack Round, as well as losing 2 STAMINA points you must roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your POISON score, turn to **59**. If it is greater, add 1 to your POISON total and continue your battle. If you win against this awesome adversary, turn to **120**.

269

There are two ways in which you can fight the Mummies with fire. The first is to use a torch, if you have one, as a weapon. If you do this, turn to **325** and fight as normal; however, if you win an Attack Round, your weapon will inflict 4 STAMINA points of damage rather than the usual 2. (If you choose this course of action, you must also reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because you are using an unfamiliar weapon.)

The second method involving fire is to throw a fire source – such as a lamp, a Yokka Egg or a burning skin of oil – at the corpse. Roll one dice and add 2: this is the number of undead you will have to get past. For each Mummy you attack in this way, *Test your Skill*; if you succeed, the Mummy perishes in flames. If you destroy all your opponents this way, you break through the Mummies' ranks and run to the shrines (turn to **295**) or the Temple of Sithera (turn to **395**). If you fail to stop all the Mummies this way, or if you run out of fire sources, turn to **325** but ignore the instruction there to roll dice.

270

You take the sandstone statuette from your backpack and show it to the Shaman. He explains that the deity it represents is Assamarra, the now almost forgotten God of the Sands. Return to **194**.

271

After a few vain attempts, you manage to secure the grapple over a rocky outcrop above the tunnel entrance opposite and, gripping the rope for dear life, you swing across the crevasse. Turn to **169**.

272

Suddenly there is a commotion in the water round you: you are being attacked by several vicious Snapperfish. Roll one dice, add 6 and divide the total by 2 (rounding fractions up) to see how many you have to fight. Each Snapperfish has SKILL 6 and STAMINA 2, and the bite from such a creature does 3 points of

damage to your STAMINA on a roll of 4–6 on one dice. If you survive your encounter, you go on. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–3, turn to **287**; if you roll 4–6, turn to **69**.

273

Desperately you sprint away through the boulders. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you escape safely; turn to **250**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **106**.

274

The surface of the gaming-table is divided into fifty squares and at either end is a row of counters; one set is black and one set white. The whole set-up looks like this:

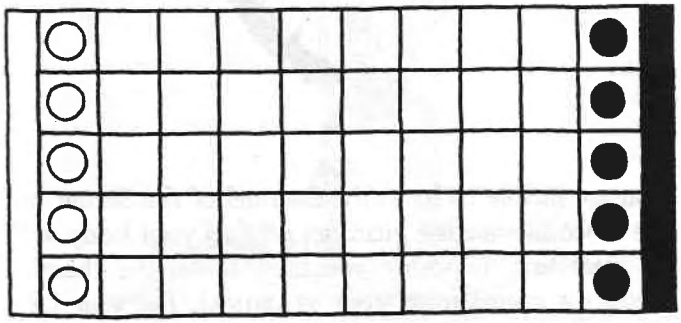

Nemset explains that the idea of the game is to get one of your pieces to the other end of the board; the first person to do so wins the game. Pieces can move one or two squares forward at a time but in no other direction. However, if, on your turn, your way is blocked by a piece directly in front of yours, you may

move your piece just one square into an empty space on either side (but not backwards); this is the only time when you can move sideways. A good tactic is to try to trap your opponent's pieces so that they cannot move. Nemset chooses to play white and directs you where to move her pieces, while you are black. White goes first. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you succeed, turn to **53**. If you fail, turn to **129**.

275

You are unable to harm the Sentinel of the Shrine, but the crocodile-headed guardian pounds your body with its great fists, knocking you back across the chamber (deduct 5 points from your STAMINA). *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to open the door and escape from the shrine (the Sentinel does not follow you once you are outside its chamber); turn to **284**. If you are Unlucky, the metal giant blocks your way out of the sanctum and exacts the punishment reserved for all thieves. Defenceless against its attacks, your adventure ends here.

276

You descend into the valley and cautiously creep towards the entrance of the tomb, trying to avoid the attentions of the lizards. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you are successful, turn to **348**. If you fail, turn to **306**.

277

You scramble down the slope until you are standing in the sandy arena in front of the platform. The façade of the low building is decorated with the busts of people – or possibly of gods – standing in recessed alcoves.

'Who dares trespass in the Theatre of the Gods?'

The booming voice makes you jump almost out of your skin in surprise. The words echo around among the empty tiers of seats, but the voice itself seems to be coming from a dark doorway in the front of the building. What will you do now? Will you:

Answer, apologizing for trespassing?	Turn to **366**
Answer, demanding that the owner of the voice show himself?	Turn to **98**
Say nothing and approach the doorway?	Turn to **321**
Leave the Theatre of the Gods and continue your quest?	Turn to **8**

278

Will you now make your way to Sithera's forbidding temple (turn to **395**) or will you first explore the tombs of the Djaratians, if you have not already done so (turn to **149**)?

279

You miss your footing and slip. Automatically you reach out for something to hold on to, but the stone you grab is loose and comes away from the face of the pinnacle. There is nothing you can do to stop yourself falling. If you failed your first *Test Your Skill* roll, turn to **17**. If you failed the second, turn to **93**. If you failed the third, turn to **207**.

280

The sheer rock walls on either side of the river are covered with phosphorescent lichen, so you are able

to assess your progress by its dim glow as you are carried downstream. You suddenly become aware of something moving towards you in the water ahead – then the Snapperfish attack. Although only a little larger than a man's hand, the Snapperfish is a savage carnivore with powerful jaws and needle-like teeth. The bite from one of these creatures does 3 points of damage to your STAMINA on a roll of 4–6 on one dice! Partially submerged in the fast-flowing river, you can fight these vicious predators one at a time, but with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point.

	SKILL	SKILL
First SNAPPERFISH	6	2
Second SNAPPERFISH	6	2
Third SNAPPERFISH	6	3

If you kill all the fish, turn to **4**.

281

You are at the lower end of a long, vaulted passage which ascends steeply ahead of you. The walls of the Grand Gallery are carved with reliefs depicting a mighty king meeting the gods in the afterworld. At its top you enter a high-ceilinged chamber, on the far side of which is a great stone door, ornately carved and with a magnificent gold lock, flanked by two huge statues of a Djaratian king. The statues' expressions have been exquisitely fashioned, but their cold eyes and the cruel smiles turning the corners of their stern mouths bring a chill to your spine. This must be Akharis – even these carved images of him fill you with dread; it is as if the evil king knows that his return to power is imminent and considers your attempt to stop it to be futile.

Then you notice the blazing red eyes in the gloom of a corner of the anteroom. With a roar, a massive, shaggy-haired black beast leaps out of the shadows and paws the ground in front of you. The monstrous, dog-like creature snarls and bares its gleaming fangs. Facing you is the Guardian of the Dead of Djaratian myth, menacing protector of burial places and executioner of any trespassers who would desecrate the tombs of the kings.

GUARDIAN OF THE DEAD	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you manage to overcome this mighty opponent, turn to **364**.

282

Wiping the lizard's blood from your sword, you survey the cavern. On the far side you can see a mound of loose earth with a hollow in the top, in which rest two sandy-coloured eggs. Around the nest are scattered the bones of wild dogs and even pieces of a human skeleton. If you want to search the debris, turn to **65**. Otherwise, you have no option but to leave the Rasaur's cave; turn to **226**.

283

There is nothing lying on top of the column – but, as you are about to leave, you experience a weird sensation: your body feels warm and you become aware of a peculiar vibration, accompanied by a deep thrumming sound. The whole sensation is not unpleasant, and you almost feel as if you are being revitalized – and you are! This is the power of the magical geometry of the pyramid which allows the bodies of the dead to be preserved so well and for so long. However, you are not dead, so the effects of the pyramid's regenerative power are all the more beneficial. Roll one dice (if you have a Crystal Pyramid, add 1 to the number rolled). If you roll 1–2, turn to **327**; 3–4, turn to **392**; 5 or above, turn to **341**.

284

The tunnel emerges in a square chamber which is painted with scenes of the dead king's journey through the underworld. In the wall opposite stands an ornate darkwood door; to the left and right, corridors lead elsewhere, the one to the left ending abruptly at another door. As you listen in the stillness of the tomb, a faint whispering sound comes from beyond the door in front of you. Where will you go now?

Through the door in front of you?	Turn to **177**
Through the door to the left?	Turn to **393**
Along the passage to the right?	Turn to **239**

285

The world solidifies round you again – but to your horror you see that you are still in the crumbling temple. Lopar does not have the power to teleport you from such a great distance away! You have saved Allansia from the Curse of Akharis but, as the temple falls in over you, your adventure, and your life, ends here, entombed in the Necropolis of the ancient Djaratian kings.

286

'You would need two hundred and eighty-six blocks of stone altogether,' you say. The ghost, obviously hearing you in ancient Djaratian, stops its muttering

and looks directly at you. 'Of course,' the old man says slowly, 'that's right! Thank you, stranger. Tell me, who is it who has released me from my torment?' You tell the ghost your name, and in return he introduces himself as Rhehotep, the architect who designed and built the tomb, along with many of its death-traps. 'I was misled and ambitious. When the tomb was completed, I was buried alive in this room so that I could never reveal its secrets. I was working on that problem before I was killed, and I have been unable to rest ever since. Thanks to you, I may now depart to the Field of Reeds, where the sun never sets; but before I go, how may I help you in return?' Hurriedly you tell Rhehotep about your quest. You may question Rhehotep on two of the subjects listed below (you will be sent back to this paragraph after each choice). When you have made two choices, turn to **225** at once.

Guards and monsters in the tomb.	Turn to **101**
Traps you may encounter.	Turn to **27**
Charms you might need.	Turn to **133**
The Cult of the Cobra.	Turn to **334**
Akharis.	Turn to **365**

287

Totally lost, you wander dejectedly about in the water-filled corridors. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **100**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **369**.

288

Which symbol will you press next, the scarab (turn to **141**) or the snake (turn to **104**)?

289

With one mighty wrench you snap the chains free from the pillars. Before the two cultists can react, you swing the chains at them and knock them both out! Then you grab your sword and backpack. Most of the cultists are still unaware of what is going on. Do you want to attack them (turn to **338**), or would you rather attack the Mummies in order to reach the High Priestess and stop the ritual (turn to **160**)?

290

With every muscle aching under the strain, you heave against the granite block of the sarcophagus – and it gives! A dark hole appears below the coffin and soon you have opened a gap big enough to squeeze through. You find yourself at the top of a flight of steps which disappear into the darkness below. You run down it as the sand starts to pour into the secret tunnel, and find yourself standing at the edge of a subterranean lake in a huge natural cavern. Phosphorescent moss is growing on its walls and stalactites hang down from the ceiling, many metres above you. Far off in the distance you can see a great wall, on the other side of which you can just make out the tops of ancient Djaratian buildings. Moored at the edge of the lake is a long, narrow boat. This is Akharis's funerary

barque and your means of crossing the Sacred Lake. Unmooring the barque, you climb aboard and, taking an oar in your hands, guide the boat over the still waters. On the other side of the lake, you step out by a great gate, set into the wall above a flight of steps. The gate creaks open and you enter the grand entrance hall beyond. Torches round its walls immediately flare into life and you step back in surprise. Sitting in the centre of the hall is a gigantic creature with the body of a lioness but the head of a woman. Surely this is the legendary Sphinx! In a growling voice the Sphinx addresses you in ancient Djaratian. If you can understand it, you know what to do. If you don't, turn to **262**.

291

In the language of the Pygmy tribesmen of the jungles of southern Arantis, 'yokka' means 'sun'. According to their lore, Yokka Eggs are laid by the fabulously rare Yokka Birds: the birds fly down from the sun to lay their eggs on the cool earth and what hatches from

these eggs resembles a ball of fire. You may throw an egg at an opponent at the start of a battle and, if you *Test your Skill* sucessfully, it will hit, break open and release the Yokka Bird, which will burn your enemy, causing damage to his STAMINA equal to one dice roll, before it flies away into the sky. Now return to **15**.

292

You take a run-up at the chasm and, when you reach its edge, you leap forward into the air. Roll two dice and add 6 to the total rolled. If the new total is less than or equal to your STAMINA, turn to **169**. If it is greater, turn to **332**.

293

Leaving your sword sheathed, you run at the Mummy in an attempt to remove the glittering death-mask. Fight the following combat in the usual manner but with your Attack Strength reduced by 3 points. Also, if you win an Attack Round you do not wound Akharis, you merely manage to avoid his blows; of course, if he wins an Attack Round, you suffer the usual damage.

AKHARIS SKILL 13

If at any time your Attack Strength is 3 or more points greater than your opponent's, turn to **203**. You can give up this method of attack at any time and instead try to destroy the sarcophagus (turn to **257**) or simply resort to attacking Akharis with your sword (turn to **97**).

294

Climbing over the boulders, you peer over a rocky ledge and are startled by what you see. Lying entangled in a net, which has been staked down, is a huge creature, almost six metres in length; it has the body of an enormous lion and massive clawed feet. As it struggles to free itself from the net, you see that its large head is leonine but its teeth are more like those of a dragon. Its mane is golden, as is the rest of its sleek and powerful-looking body, and a pair of small, leathery wings sprout from its shoulder – a Dracon! The trapped beast has not noticed you yet, so will you leave here before it does (turn to **250**), remain in your hiding place and wait to see what happens (turn to **37**), or climb down between the boulders and approach the Dracon (turn to **174**)?

295

All the shrines have been either plundered or desecrated – except for one. Amid the destruction one, small, tomb-like structure has been left untouched. Nearing the building, you sense a strong aura of Goodness washing over you like a refreshing wave. What could be inside to create this atmosphere of calm? You could open the door of the tomb and enter it (turn to **317**) or leave here without further delay (turn to **278**).

296

After several minutes' walking, you come to a point where a side-passage comes in from the left to join the one you are following. Will you take this new tunnel

(turn to **370**) or continue on your present route (turn to **130**)?

297

You gulp down the liquid and feel a surge of energy shoot through your body. (Restore STAMINA points up to half your *Initial* STAMINA score, rounding fractions up.) The viper's venom was like a Potion of Strength! Your muscles charged with new power, you flee the temple. Turn to **2**.

298

Between the towering cliffs you find yourself in cooling shade. However, you have not gone far along the gorge when you hear the sound of rock bouncing off rock, then an ominous rumbling noise. Looking up, you see, hurtling down at you from the cliffs, a boulder which in turn has started a landslide. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **57**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **123**.

299

At last you have found it! In front of you, illuminated by your light, is Akharis's burial chamber and, in its exact centre, his great sealed stone sarcophagus. Excitedly, you run into the vaulted chamber. With a deep, resonating boom, a monolithic block of granite drops down from the roof of the tunnel, sealing off the only way out. Too late you realize what is wrong with the burial chamber: its walls are rough-hewn and undecorated, as is the sarcophagus. You heave the stone coffin open and, just as you feared, find it empty. This

burial chamber is a fake: a trap to lure the unwary. There is no way out!

300

The heat is unbearable and, before you are half-way across the chamber, you lose consciousness. As the strength of the flames intensifies, your adventure comes to an end.

301

With each corridor looking much like the last, you soon become disorientated. At the next junction will you go:

Left, then right?	Turn to **383**
Right, then left?	Turn to **272**
Right, then right again?	Turn to **217**
Right, and then straight on?	Turn to **48**

302

At last the spell holding the swarm together in its wasp-form is broken by your spirited attack and the remaining insects disperse. As you pause for a moment to recover from your latest battle, you can see no sign of the cultist; however, you have the feeling that you will meet him again before your journey is done. Looking at Jerran's map, you calculate the general position of the tomb of Akharis and the distance you will have to travel to reach it. With renewed determination you set off in an easterly direction, away from the temple.

Eventually the sand-covered plain meets the barren hills to the east again and the way onward looks to be hard going. However, not far to the north-east the mouth of the valley opens on to the fringes of the Desert of Skulls itself. From Jerran's map it looks as if you could take this route to reach Akharis's tomb and, although it may take slightly longer, the going will probably be easier. Which route will you choose: the desert one (turn to **131**) or the path through the hills (turn to **62**)?

303

What will you use against the Mummies: your sword (turn to **325**) or fire (turn to **269**)?

304

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **167**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **86**.

305

Everywhere you look, the hard granite walls of the tomb are covered in carved reliefs depicting the life of the evil Akharis. One particular stretch you pass shows slaves being put to death in front of a huge image of Sithera as a giant, four-armed woman with a snake's head. Absorbed in studying these ghastly carvings, you almost miss an archway to your right. Shining your light into it, you see a long, pillared hall. Do you want to enter it and explore further (turn to **30**) or will you keep walking along this passage (turn to **377**)?

306

The great beasts detect your movement and lumber into your path. The aggressive creatures attack instantly. You will have to defeat these huge reptiles before you can enter the tomb, since they are now blocking the way in to the entrance.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT LIZARD	8	9
Second GIANT LIZARD	8	8

If either of the lizards wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a 6, the beast hits you with its tail, which knocks you over as well as inflicting 2 points of damage to your STAMINA. It takes you one Attack Round to get up again, during which time the monster gets in an unopposed strike. If you win, turn to **33**.

307

Having lit your light, you make your way along the passage, able to see about ten metres ahead of you. The tunnel soon ends at the top of a steep flight of steps, cut out of the rock, that leads down into the darkness.

A tunnel leads onwards, but this one is faced with stone. Following this new passageway, you soon emerge in a long, pillared hall. You cannot see its end, and in the flickering light you can just make out the ceiling, high above you. Your light also picks out intricate Djaratian carvings covering the pillars and walls; they depict priests and servants carrying offerings, all looking towards the interior of the tomb. You pause in awe at the skill of the ancient Djaratians whose achievements have lasted for centuries. Suddenly the whole chamber is lit up in a burst of vermilion fire as a flaming ball flies past your head. In shocked surprise you face your attacker. Standing next to a pillar in the distance is a figure wearing voluminous robes of linen and muslin. In one scaly hand it holds a curved sword and you see that its head, far from being human, is that of a snake! In horror you realize that you are facing one of the Caarth, the legendary Snake People of the Desert of Skulls! The Caarth raises its free hand and another fireball forms in its palm as a second Snakeman, wielding a cruelly jagged blade, steps out from behind a pillar a few metres away. As the warrior advances towards you, the sorcerer releases the fireball. Work out Attack Strengths for both you and the Caarth sorcerer (who

has a SKILL of 10) but do not deduct any STAMINA points. If your Attack Strength is higher, turn to **267**. If the sorcerer's Attack Strength is higher, turn to **335**. If they are the same, calculate them again.

308

Wielding the Sandworm's tooth, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point as you engage the Golem in battle because you are used to using a sword. However, this unusual weapon will not make any difference against the insubstantial magical creature as it will pass straight through the Sand Golem's shifting form and so will cause it only 1 STAMINA point of damage (2 STAMINA points after a successful *Test for Luck*). However, hits from the magical creature are like punches from an iron gauntlet covered in sandpaper and will still inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage on you!

SAND GOLEM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you reduce your opponent's STAMINA to zero, you break the spell animating the Golem, and it becomes a harmless heap of sand once more (turn to **183**).

309

The priestess's relentless stare bores into you and you collapse at the foot of the dais. A smile forms on the woman's lips as you continue to weaken until you are totally drained of your life-force, which will be fed to Akharis's undead spirit to give him life once more.

310

Remembering the actor's words about the primitive inhabitants of these parts, you can well imagine that this gorge would make a perfect place from which to ambush unwary travellers. Will you carry on directly through the gorge regardless (turn to **298**), or will you detour to one side and climb up to the cliff-top in order to avoid the route between them (turn to **387**)?

311

You hang for a moment by your arms from the lip of the hole, then you let go. You fall at least ten metres before hitting the sand-covered floor of the chamber below (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). If you are carrying any Yokka Eggs, *Test your Luck*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you are Lucky, turn to **202**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **49**. If you do not have any Yokka Eggs, turn to **202**.

312

The sandstone statuette, half a metre tall, is of a regal-looking man, bare-chested and wearing a simple cloth round his waist. On his head is a tall, cylindrical crown with nine bands round it. In one hand he holds a long staff. Return to **339**.

313

The orb reveals no guidance and so, deciding you have no more time to lose, you flee from the temple. Turn to **2**.

314

Nothing untoward happens, so now will you press the scarab followed by the vulture (turn to **157**) or the vulture and then the scarab (turn to **104**)?

315

The door is unlocked and, pushing it open, you are almost blinded. You are standing at the entrance to a large room with marbled walls, and it is full of fabulous treasures. The countless gold and silver artefacts reflect the illumination shed by your light, making a quite dazzling display. Adjusting your eyes to this brilliance after the gloom of the endless tunnels, you gaze in awe at the goblets, statues, gilded chariots, royal furniture and caskets brimming with yet more wondrous items. You could spend some time searching this room for possible charms, or just for some choice treasure (turn to **359**), or you can leave and follow the passage back past the T-junction (turn to **105**).

316

Observing that you have killed two of its companions, the largest baboon screams in fury and hurls its boulder at you. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, you dodge the missile. If you fail, the rock hits you a glancing blow and knocks you over (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and reduce your Attack Strength by 2 for the first Attack Round in the ensuing battle). The Great Baboon bounds down the cliff to demonstrate to you what happens to anyone who strays into the territory of its tribe. Your blade still covered in the blood of its fellows, you engage the furious animal in combat.

GREAT BABOON SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, the remaining baboons recognize your superiority in battle and escape up into the cliffs, hooting with fear. You are left to pass through the gorge unhindered, although you sense their eyes on you for as long as you are walking between the towering cliffs. Once you are through the gorge, the land levels out again and you head east. Turn to **90**.

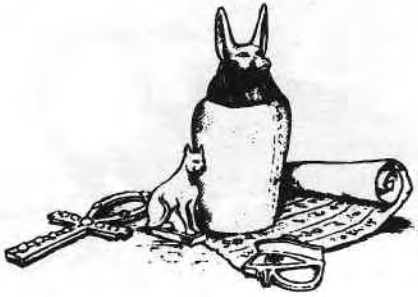

317

You push the door open with ease and enter a lavishly furnished burial-chamber. The charms of Good protecting this tomb have saved it from the ravages of the evil ones. Lying on an ornate Djaratian couch is a body wrapped from head to toe in constricting bandages which have preserved it perfectly. As you approach, the Mummy does not move. You cannot help thinking that you may be able to gain further assistance here – but how? If you have some Oil of Lotus, turn to **384**. Otherwise, you will have to go out of this tomb, leaving everything in place (turn to **278**).

318

The floor immediately gives way beneath you and, with nothing to grab, you cannot stop yourself plunging into the spike-filled pit . . . with fatal results. Your adventure comes to a gruesome end in the Tomb of Akharis.

319

The rocks out of the way at last, you can enter the passage. For as far as you can see there is nothing remarkable about it, certainly nothing to justify sealing it off. The passage soon comes to a dead end in a bare, small, square chamber. You suddenly become aware of a phosphorescence in the middle of the room and, as you watch, the ghostly figure of a short, middle-aged man, with an anxious expression on his face, materializes in front of you. He is dressed just like some of the people in the carvings on the walls of the tomb, and is mumbling something over and over to himself in a language you do not understand but which you presume to be ancient Djaratian. Unable to communicate with the ghost, you sense no aura of Evil round it – but nor do you detect any great presence of Goodness. The chamber is totally empty, so there is nothing left for you to do but leave the ghost to its mumblings. Turn to **154**.

320

'Mortal,' the Sphinx growls, 'all who would enter the Necropolis must first be judged worthy; therefore you must answer my three riddles correctly. If you should lie or prove ignorant, your punishment will indeed be terrible. But first, tell me, why do you seek to enter the City of the Dead?' In reply, will you tell the Sphinx all about your quest to stop Akharis (turn to **175**), or will you simply say that you are an adventurer exploring the ruins of the lost civilization (turn to **361**)?

321

A short figure suddenly appears in the doorway. The man is dressed in plain grey robes and is wearing a mask with grotesquely exaggerated features. 'No one trespasses in the Theatre of the Gods without facing the wrath of Cranno the Great!' he booms. Then, at a single word from the strange man, a huge Sabre-toothed Tiger bounds through the doorway and across the sand to attack you before you can reach its master.

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **237**.

322

'Farewell, brave adventurer,' says the ghost. 'Remember, Akharis gains strength from his coffin.' As you leave her tomb, the spirit of Princess Nemset adds, 'May the gods of Djarat favour the noble-hearted.' Turn to **278**.

323

It is very well hidden, but eventually you do discover the hair-line crack that gives away the position of the door; not far from it, one section of carving is slightly more pronounced. Pressing your hand against it, the door creaks open and you enter a very small room. Resting on a slab are several objects of interest: one is a small, earthenware jar containing a mummified package; the second is a fabulous breastplate made from gold and lapis lazuli in the form of a falcon, each of its sixty feathers carefully fashioned; and the third is a tiny sarcophagus, only fifty centimetres long. You may take either or both the earthenware jar and the Falcon Breastplate – but then what will you do about the sarcophagus? Will you open it (turn to **381**), or would you rather leave it alone and be on your way (turn to **254**)?

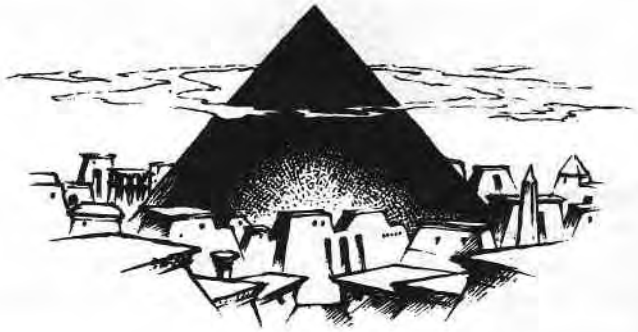

324

The hole is actually the entrance to a natural tunnel. The air inside it is hot and dry. The tunnel does not go very far before opening into a small cavern. At this time of day the sun's rays penetrate even this subterranean chamber. Suddenly you hear the grating sound of scales on stone and the scratching of claws. You spin around, to see a large, reptilian creature with a long, dragon-like head and fang-filled mouth running at you from out of the shadows on six crocodile legs. A black tongue snakes out from between the Rasaur's jaws as it dashes towards you. You must fight this carnivorous reptile.

RASAUR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If the Rasaur wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 4 to 6, it will hit you with its tongue, on the end of which is a poison gland (deduct 1 further STAMINA point and add 1 to your POISON score). If you win, turn to **282**.

325

The Mummies move forward stiffly to attack the one they believe has defiled their resting-places. Roll one dice and add 2 to the number rolled; this is the number of Mummies you must get past in order to reach freedom. Because they are so slow-moving, you can fight them one at a time. However, if any

individual battle should last more than nine Attack Rounds, turn to **399** immediately. (Any Mummies you have already destroyed come from the top of the list.)

	SKILL	STAMINA
ANCIENT MUMMY	7	9
FESTERING MUMMY	8	8
DENU OF TEZRA	8	10
LORD SARROTH	9	12
ZOTH-LAR	9	11
CROWNED MUMMY	8	11
DECAYED MUMMY	7	10
PTAHNEM THE MIGHTY	10	12

If you should defeat all the Mummies, you make good your escape to the shrines (turn to **295**) or the black pyramid (turn to **395**) before they can come back to life!

326

The translation of the inscription on the wall above the map is as follows:

The dead king's body was carried from the City of Tezra thirty kilometres to the edge of the hills wherein lie the alabaster quarries. South of the Pillars of Antep the evil one rested for three days within the temple before being carried to his tomb. The infernal king ordered its construction decades before, and within its depths were countless traps and unspeakable horrors to ensure his eternal sleep was undisturbed.

Their duties finished, the priests and embalmers left the rift in the hills between the Gold Tunnels and the Oasis of Iash but only one returned alive, the rest having all suffered the Curse.

Now return to **346**.

327

You feel invigorated and ready to face any new challenges. Restore your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level, reduce your POISON score by 4 points and regain 1 LUCK point. Climbing down from the pillar, you leave the chamber; turn to **16**.

328

Sandworms' teeth, serrated along one edge, are fashioned into strong ivory daggers by the nomads of the Desert of Skulls and are prized possessions. Now return to **15**.

329

Plunging your hands into the petals, you send a cloud of pollen into the air and inhale a great lungful. Unfortunately the pollen of the Bloodfire Rose is highly poisonous; however, your increased immunity means that all you suffer is watering eyes and a violent wheezing fit which leaves you feeling drained – but it is better than death! Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and add 3 to your POISON total. All you find as a result of your efforts is an earthenware pot, decorated with prayers for protection in the afterlife. Looking inside it, you find something wrapped in mummifying bandages and soaked in embalming fluids. You can think of no use for such an object but, if you want to take it with you, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. Leaving the long-dead kings alone once more, will you try the other door out of the main chamber (turn to **177**) or leave via the other corridor (turn to **239**)?

330

You watch in satisfaction as the Mummy is consumed by fire. The flames rage for several seconds but then rapidly die down and go out. Horrified, you see that Akharis is totally unharmed! To prevent such a death, his Mummy has been protected with fire-warding spells and potions. As you stand, stupefied, Akharis lashes out with a mighty fist (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Turn to **215**.

331

You quickly put as much distance as possible between yourself and the mounds. Fortunately the remainder of your trek across the desert is without incident and eventually you find yourself heading back into the hills to search for Akharis's tomb. Turn to **62**.

332

The strength of your jump is not great enough to carry you to the other side of the crevasse. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **386**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **353**.

333

You manage to make your way safely to the cave entrance at the base of the great boulder. After a few metres the rough-hewn tunnel opens out into a vast chamber in the centre of the massive boulder. A fire burns in the middle of the chamber, the smoke rising up through a hole in the roof. Sitting, cross-legged, on the far side of the fire is the figure of a man, his head bowed. 'Who seeks Lopar, the Shaman of Spirit Rock?' the man asks from the shadows. Sensing the man's aura of Goodness you announce yourself. 'And what is your purpose in seeking me?' he asks. Quickly you explain your quest to Lopar. When he looks up suddenly, by the flickering firelight you see that his head is that of a dog. Woven into his fur are various beads and feathers, and his hands resemble paws. 'Knowledge can be a dangerous thing in the hands of the ignorant,' the Shaman says sagely. 'Having braved Spirit Rock, you must prove that you are worthy to receive my wisdom by solving my riddle.' Startled, you listen to Lopar's conundrum:

> 'No army can stand against my might,
> I am greater than the wind or sea.
> All succumb just as day follows night.
> High mountains turn to dust before me.'

If you know the answer to the riddle, convert the letters of the answer into numbers using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26. Add the numbers together, then turn to the paragraph whose number is the same as the total. If the paragraph makes no sense, or if you cannot solve the riddle, turn to **161**.

334

'The members of the vile cult are led by the High Priestess of Sithera, a devious and cunning woman possessed of dark powers and cruel magics. Avoid them if you can.' Return to **286**.

335

The sorcerer's magical attack slams into your body, surrounding you for a moment in vermilion fire (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). In agony you prepare to defend yourself against these reptilian attackers; turn to **50**.

336

Against all the odds, you have done it – after countless centuries, Akharis is dead! Regain 1 LUCK point. All that remains is for you to burn his undead remains and then . . . A terrible groaning sound, coming from high above you, and gasps of terror from the cultists cause you to look up at the statue of Sithera. Just when you thought it was all over, the great statue's eyes are glowing with a sinister light and the colossus is coming creakily to life. The statue sweeps a taloned arm at you which you manage to dodge before it can hit you. Your non-magical weapon will have no effect on the animated statue, so what can you possibly use to defeat it? If you have an ankh among your possessions, you will know how many precious stones it has set into it. Multiply this number by twelve, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not have an ankh, turn to **73**.

337

Under Glantanka's unrelenting gaze you travel on through the heat of the day. The uneven path leads you further into the wilderness that fringes the Desert of Skulls. You follow the route north-westwards across boulder-strewn hills and through narrow valleys. As you pass through one rocky gulley you notice a large hole at its base, leading underground. Do you want to stop and investigate this entrance into the earth (turn to **324**) or will you continue on your way without hesitation (turn to **226**)?

338

Although you manage to cut down several of the cultists, you are hugely outnumbered, and the rest soon have you under restraint again. There is nothing you can do now as the High Priestess drains you of your life-energies, which she will use to resurrect her master, Akharis! Your adventure is over.

339

You give Cranno a brief outline of your mission without revealing too many important details. 'Indeed I may,' he says, removing the mask and revealing himself to be middle-aged, grey-haired and balding. He leads you through a doorway into the stone building; you find yourself in a long room, full of pieces of faded scenery and other theatrical props. 'You know, I used to be one of the greatest actors Allansia has ever seen,' Cranno says. 'I have played all the great parts: Duke Merion of Kallamehr, Quor the Sorcerer, Vorga the Pirate-lord. You understand I mean

no harm really, what with the mask and dramatic performance. I just prefer to spend my retirement away from unappreciative audiences.' You are startled to see a huge Sabre-toothed Tiger pad over to the actor and lick his hand. 'Don't mind Cleomina,' Cranno adds. 'She's perfectly loyal. Anyway, about my aiding you. I've collected a number of interesting pieces; I would gladly swap some trinket you may possess for two of these items.' Cranno would like any one of the following: a Brass Telescope, a Healing Draught, some Oil of Lotus or a Crystal Pyramid. In return, you may choose two items from the list below if you decide to trade. Having chosen your items, turn to the paragraph relevant to each object to find out more about your new possessions.

Papyrus Scroll	Turn to **74**
Carved Bone Horn	Turn to **128**
Old Lamp	Turn to **354**
Statuette of a god	Turn to **312**
Large Bronze Key	Turn to **224**
Sealed Black Bottle	Turn to **265**

When you have finished here, you thank Cranno for his help and leave the ruined Theatre of the Gods (turn to **8**).

340

The cultist is busy doing something in front of the wall of the chamber next to the statue. Suddenly a section swings open and the man steps through into darkness. You run into the room but, before you can reach the secret door, it slams shut with a hollow boom. You try to force the slab of stone open again

by pushing against it and using your sword as a lever, but all to no effect. There must be some hidden catch or lever that will open the secret door. Then you see it: on the front of the slab, surrounded by hieroglyphs, three symbols have been carved out of the wall on squares of stone that look as if they can be pressed inwards. The three symbols are a snake, a scarab beetle and a vulture. If you do not want to take the risk of trying to open this door, you follow the original tunnel, which turns to the right before coming to a flight of stone steps that take you deeper into the tomb (turn to **216**). If you do want to attempt to open the secret door, which symbol will you press first:

The snake?	Turn to **314**
The scarab?	Turn to **19**
The vulture?	Turn to **288**

341

The power of the pyramid converges on the spot where you are standing, filling you with new strength and relieving you of all stresses. Restore your STAMINA, SKILL and LUCK to their *Initial* scores, and reduce your POISON score to zero. Under the effect of the mystic energy, the blade of your sword actually sharpens, so that from now on you may add 1 to your Attack Strength in battle. With renewed determination you leave the chamber to continue your quest; turn to **16**.

342

'I, too, am on a quest of the utmost importance,' he says, grandly. 'I am Don Huan Fernandez, a knight of

Vastille, and this is my manservant, Gordo.' The tubby man nods and wipes the sweat from his forehead with a grimy handkerchief. 'I have sworn to rid these wild and desperate lands of the foul giants who dwell here, preying on the honest village-folk of this province,' he continues. 'Tell me, have you seen any such monsters in your wanderings?' When you shake your head Don Huan looks downcast and disappointed. 'Fear not. I am sure that my quest will soon be over and, with its completion, I shall win my lady's hand. Fare you well!' With that, the eccentric knight gallops off again towards the north-east, with the mule bearing his manservant trotting along behind, leaving you to continue your journey on foot. Turn to **24**.

343

You come to an abrupt halt against the sticky tangle of a gigantic web. You struggle to free yourself from the gelatinous strands but to no avail. Feeling as helpless as a trapped fly, you can do nothing when a shadowy black shape descends from the roof of the cave on to the web. The last thing you feel in this world is the demonic Death Spider sinking its fangs into your body.

344

The Evil Eye spell being cast by the High Priestess drains the energy from your muscles; in desperation you try to force yourself to keep moving and reach the woman. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **266**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **309**.

345

As the Giant Scorpion twitches its last, you run over to help Jerran. He is barely alive. 'This is the end for me,' he gasps, 'but you must go on. Stop the Cult of the Cobra, and beware the Curse of Akharis.' With that, the brave archaeologist dies. The next morning you bury Jerran Farr, marking the grave with his old, battered hat. Offering a prayer to the gods for his departed soul, at the same time you swear to do all you can to stop the evil sect and prevent Akharis's return. Taking Jerran's map with you, you set off again, heading north.

By mid-morning your path is becoming gradually steeper as it leads you into the rocky foothills of the mountains which border the Desert of Skulls. You continue to follow the dusty trail as it turns towards the north-east. A few kilometres on, standing at the top of a ridge, you see that several semi-circular tiers of stone seats have been cut out of the base of the hillside in front of a raised platform and a low, rectangular stone building. Close to the seemingly deserted site lie fallen pillars and the remains of walls. Do you want to descend the hillside and investigate the ruins (turn to **277**) or would you rather continue on your way (turn to **8**)?

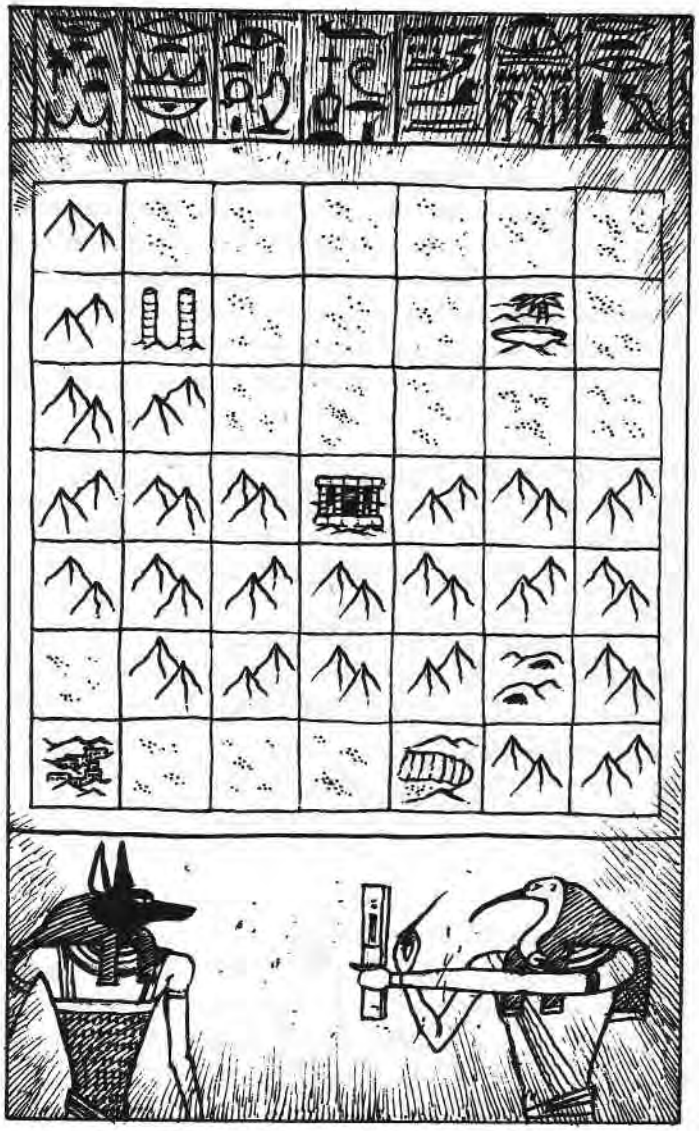

346

All that remains of the temple are sections of crumbling stone walls and the occasional colonnade of rounded pillars. Broken statues of strange, animal-headed deities protrude from heaps of drifted sand, while worn carvings adorn fallen stone slabs. An unnatural stillness pervades this place and the only sound you can hear is the desert wind keening through the ancient columns. Wandering among the ruins, you come to a part of the temple that is not in ruins. Entering the building, you discover that its interior is dimly lit by daylight streaming in through cracks in the roof. The walls of the temple are covered with stylized paintings of human and semi-human figures. A repeated theme appears to be that of a king praying, making offerings, or conversing with an assortment of gods and goddesses.

At last you come to a chamber in which, carved on one wall, is a map of the area round the temple at the edge of the Desert of Skulls; although it is recognizable as such, there are also several obvious differences. Pictures of buildings and other sites have been carved as part of the map and at the top of the wall there is a Djaratian inscription. You study the illustration to try to work out the location of Akharis's tomb. If you can, you will know how many kilometres it is to Akharis's tomb (turn to the paragraph with the same number to continue your adventure). Otherwise, your adventure ends here, as you have no idea where to start looking for the tomb. Soon you and many others will suffer the Curse of Akharis!

347

You find yourself in a long entrance hall. In front of you is a tall archway and on either side of it is a carved relief of Sithera, Goddess of Evil, ten metres high! Two cultists, their red robes bearing the motif of a rearing golden cobra, suddenly run through the archway, their curved swords drawn. As you prepare to fight, you feel something strike you in the back and the world goes black . . .

Slowly you come to and take in your predicament. You are chained between two great pillars, your arms stretched out on either side of your body. You have been captured by the Cult of the Cobra! You have no idea how long you have been unconscious, but you have recovered in time to witness the ritual that will end in Akharis's resurrection! You are being held prisoner at one end of a vast chamber inside the Temple of Sithera. At the other end is a huge, ten-metre tall statue of the snake-headed goddess, her four taloned arms raised menacingly. Beneath the statue, on a raised dais, lies a large stone sarcophagus inside which is the mummified body of Akharis! The Mummy is huge and wears an ornate death-mask which covers most of the dead king's rotting face. At the base of the dais stand two large braziers, the magical fires of which fill the chamber with an unearthly glow. Standing between the braziers is a strikingly beautiful woman with black hair cut in the style of the ancient Djaratians. She is dressed in the robes of a Djaratian priestess, and in one hand she holds a staff, the top of which is carved to resemble a cobra's head. She is

chanting an incantation in ancient Djaratian, and it is repeated by the crowd of cultists who stand between you and the dais. You are also horrified to see that a mass of Mummies, in various states of decay, are blocking the way to the High Priestess. These must be the Mummies of those loyal to Akharis, returned to life by the evil cult. You must stop this ritual! Standing slightly in front of you, on either side, are two cultists who are totally caught up by the ceremony in front of you. One holds your sword and the other has your backpack. But how are you to get free? In desperation you drag at the chains and feel one give slightly. The chains must have been here for centuries and they have weakened over time. If only you are strong enough . . . Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA, turn to **289**. If it is greater, turn to **388**.

348

Before the lizards can react to your presence you have run past them and through the dark portal. Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **204**.

349

Having been granted the Wisdom of Khunam, you understand perfectly what the ghost is saying. '. . . If the first level of the pyramid is made up of one block of stone, and the second level is made up of nine blocks, how many blocks would be needed to make a pyramid six levels high? If the first level . . .' The ghost is repeating the problem over and over without ever arriving at the solution. If you know the answer, you

could try calling it out (turn to the paragraph with the same number as the answer). If you do not know the solution, or if you do not want to waste any more time here, turn to **154**.

350

Swinging your sword, you try to strike the High Priestess and so prevent her using her evil curse-magic against you again. To defend herself, the woman raises her cobra staff, which suddenly twists in her hands and comes to life! If the Priestess wins an Attack Round and hits you with the staff, as well as deducting the usual 2 points from your STAMINA you must add 1 to your POISON total!

HIGH PRIESTESS	SKILL 9	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **397**.

351

You decide against exploring the Scarab's burrow as you will not find any Djaratian treasures up there; you would be more likely to find the beetle's mate or maggot-like young. Squeezing past the great insect's body and cleaning your sword of the thick yellow mess that clings to it, you make your way along the passage; this turns left again, before ending at yet another flight of stone steps. You descend them, even though they take you even deeper into the tomb. Turn to **216**.

352

Finding hand-holds in the crevices between the blocks of granite gives you no difficulty and, having climbed

several metres, your light illuminates another corridor leading away from you. Do you want to pull yourself up out of the shaft to investigate this new passage (turn to **281**), or would you prefer to descend once more to the tunnel below and follow that (turn to **299**)?

353

Your jump misses the entrance to the tunnel and you smash into the rock-face below it. As you fall towards the river down the side of the crevasse, your head hits a projecting outcrop, which knocks you senseless. Unconscious in the fast-flowing river, you soon drown. Your adventure is over.

354

Rubbing the lamp fails to summon any supernatural spirits, but you do discover that there is still some oil left inside it. Return to **339**.

355

You unstopper the bottle and gulp down its contents. The water is cool and refreshing and has incredible revitalizing effects on you (restore STAMINA points equivalent to half your *Initial* score, 2 SKILL points and 2 LUCK points, and reduce your POISON total by half). Cross the Waters of Life off your *Adventure Sheet*, then return to the paragraph you just came from.

356

You walk up to the platform and inspect the ancient chest. Seeing no sign of any hidden traps, you carefully lift off its lid. You are surprised to discover that the chest is full of dried crimson flower petals, which could be hiding something. Do you want to rummage through the petals in case they are (turn to **329**), or will you leave this chamber and go through the other door (turn to **177**) or along the passage (turn to **239**)?

357

The stone hits you squarely on the side of the head. The blow leaves you dazed and with a painful bruise on your temple (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and reduce your Attack Strength for the next battle you fight by 1 point). Meanwhile, the mutated ant-men move in to attack. Will you draw your sword to defend yourself (turn to **218**) or will you look for something else to use against the Xoroa (turn to **139**)?

358

You are sure that you can see an image forming in the centre of the orb: it is a figure with beads and feathers woven into its fur, and the dog-like face confirms that you have contacted Lopar, the Shaman of Spirit Rock! You call out to Lopar, and he looks in your direction. Somewhat surprised, he greets you and you hurriedly tell him of your success in your quest and of your present predicament. 'Then we must get you out straight away,' Lopar says anxiously. 'I will try to teleport you out – but I must warn you that you are a long distance away and I may not have the strength to lift and carry you over such a distance.' The Shaman's expression changes to one of deep concentration and the world round you grows hazy. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **400**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **285**.

359

You cannot believe how many riches there are in this chamber. With half of what is here you could probably buy the whole of Rimon! It is only at the last moment that you hear your attacker's approach. Spinning around and drawing your sword in the same motion, you confront your would-be assailant.

Standing before you is a terrifying apparition: it is the corpse of an old man, clothed in scarlet and gold robes, but there is not a single drop of moisture left within it! Sunken eyes stare at you from a face dried tight over the man's skull. In places the desiccated skin has torn so that yellowed bone is visible, making the undead horror appear even more dreadful. Amentut was Akharis's Vizier, so loyal that the king demanded he be buried alive with his master, so that Amentut might serve him in the afterlife. One such duty is the protection of his lord's treasure-rooms – and you have been caught red-handed!

AMENTUT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If the undead Vizier wins an Attack Round, roll one dice; if you roll a 6, Amentut clutches your skin and drains part of your life-force away. Deduct 1 point from both your *Initial* and current STAMINA scores and 1 point from both your *Initial* and current SKILL scores as you physically age! Amentut feeds on this life-force himself, so add 1 to his STAMINA score if he manages to do this. If you defeat the horror, turn to **221**.

360

As soon as Lopar sees the golden T-shaped cross, he gasps in amazement. 'My friend, you have here one of the most highly venerated and powerful artefacts of the ancient Djaratians. This is the Ankh, the Key of Life. Guard it well, for it may be precisely what you need to defeat the Cult and Akharis, should he return!' Now return to **194**.

361

'You lie!' the Sphinx roars and leaps at you. Your earthly weapon has no effect on this agent of the gods of Djarat. You are knocked flat by the beast, which then proceeds to tear you limb from limb so that you perish quickly, if horribly!

362

Test your Luck and *Test your Skill*. If you are both Lucky and successful, turn to **127**. Otherwise, you cannot stop the relentless descent of the spiked roof, and you suffer a horrible death in the Fangs of Sithera.

363

You manage to get to your feet before the cultists attack. Separated, Farr takes on one of the red-robed assassins, while the other two advance on you. You must fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CULTIST	7	7
Second CULTIST	7	6

As soon as you have killed one of the cultists, turn to **214**.

364

The great beast slumps to the ground and breathes its last. You are sure that beyond the ornate door lies Akharis's burial chamber, but do you have a key to fit the golden lock? If you have, turn to the paragraph with the same number as that of the hieroglyphs inscribed on the key. If you haven't, no amount of force will make the great stone door budge, so at the last hurdle you have failed in your quest.

365

You ask Rhehotep how you may be able to destroy the mummified body of Akharis. 'Such undead are susceptible to fire,' the architect explains. 'It is also rumoured that his death-mask is imbued with life-giving energies. Destroy that, and you may destroy his earthly body.' Return to **286**.

366

A short figure appears in the open doorway, dressed in plain grey robes and wearing a mask with grotesquely exaggerated features. 'What do you want of the great Cranno?' the little man booms. Will you:

Ask if he can aid you in your quest?	Turn to **339**
Ask him what he knows of the Shaman?	Turn to **389**
Attack the man?	Turn to **134**
Leave the ruined theatre?	Turn to **8**

367

As the last Mummy falls, you find yourself at the foot of the raised dais – in front of you stands the High Priestess of the Cult of the Cobra! Most of the cult have been left confused by your attack and are running around in panic and chaos, but their leader remains cold and calculating. You have interrupted the Ritual of Resurrection and now must prepare to face the fury of Sithera's acolyte. Are you wearing a Malachite Amulet? If so, turn to **223**. If you aren't, turn to **121**.

368

The image of Cracca, Lord of Rivers and Ferryman of the Gods, falls at last and instantly changes back into a thirty-centimetre-tall statue. Now drained of its magical energies, the golden image is harmless and you may add it to your possessions if you wish. There is nothing else of value in the shrine, so you leave; turn to **284**.

369

Constantly wading through waist-high water while holding your light and sword aloft is very tiring (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). The tunnel veers sharply to the left and then left again. At the next junction, will you go left (turn to **383**), right (turn to **195**) or keep straight on (turn to **142**)?

370

Not far down the tunnel, you discover that the roof has caved in, blocking it completely and smashing a hole through the floor of the passage into a chamber below. What will you do now? If you have a rope and grapple, you could lower a light down through the hole (turn to **385**) or climb down the rope yourself into the chamber (turn to **202**). If you do not have a rope, you could risk lowering yourself through the hole (turn to **311**). Alternatively, you can retrace your steps and turn either left, if you have not already done so (turn to **130**), or right (turn to **63**)?

371

The corridor gradually slopes upwards until, ducking under a low archway, you emerge in a high, pyramidal chamber, its four walls coming together at a point several metres above you. In the wall opposite is the entrance to another tunnel, but in the centre of the room a few steps go up to the top of a small, squat pillar. Do you want to climb the steps to the top of the pillar (turn to **283**) or would you rather leave this chamber (turn to **16**)?

372

Scrambling over the rocks, you come upon an open space in the boulder-strewn wilderness. Lying on the ground on his back is Don Huan Fernandez and standing over him is a grotesque, three-metre-tall humanoid. Its lumpy skin is coloured a sandy brown and it is naked except for a loincloth made of animal hides. In one huge hand it carries a great wooden club embedded with chunks of flint, but it is its face that fills you with dread. The monstrosity has just one large eye in the centre of its forehead and an ugly horn sprouting from the top of its skull. Fernandez is fending off the Cyclops with what remains of his shattered lance. Lying close by is the motionless body of Fernandez's steed, while you can see his cowardly manservant hiding in a crevice in the rocks. You do not give much for the old knight's chances of surviving this battle. Will you:

Draw your sword and run to his defence?	Turn to **248**
Try to distract the Cyclops?	Turn to **181**
Leave Fernandez to his fate?	Turn to **114**

373

The sarcophagus shatters in an explosion of stone shards. Some of the lumps of rock hit you (lose 3 STAMINA points) but Akharis comes off worse. The sarcophagus was what partly restored the Mummy's strength, but you have robbed him of those life-giving energies; reduce his STAMINA score by 6 points when you come to fight the weakened Akharis. However, your adversary is now almost upon you. Will you

attack him with the Waters of Life, if you have them (turn to **64**), or with your sword (turn to **97**), or will you try to remove his death-mask (turn to **293**).

374

As you make your way along the tunnel, you become aware that the temperature of the air in the tomb is rising rapidly until you begin to feel uncomfortably hot. After descending a short flight of roughly cut steps, the corridor curves to the right and now is lit by an orange glow, so that you no longer need your light to see by. As you turn the corner you have to shield your face from the light and heat! Ahead of you the passage enters a square chamber, where it becomes a bridge over a fiery pit. Roaring flames leap up on either side of the path and you see everything through a heat-haze. However, this is the only way ahead, so you must brave the Path of Flames. Walking across the stone bridge, you begin to feel dizzy as the heat intensifies. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **115**. If it is greater, turn to **300**.

375

A low growling awakens you in the middle of the night, and in seconds you are on your feet, your sword drawn. With a snarl two jackals, attracted by the light of your fire, leap at you. Fight them together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First JACKAL	6	5
Second JACKAL	5	5

If you defeat the animals, you manage to get a few more precious hours of sleep before dawn, when you set off to the north for the temple. Turn to **5**.

376

Pushing with all your strength against its lid, you open the sarcophagus – only to discover that Akharis's mummified body is not here! However, his guardian spirit or 'Ka' is. Like a glittering silhouette of a man, with no distinct features, the Ka sits up in the otherwise empty stone coffin and reaches for you, determined to acquire your life-force for Akharis.

KA	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

Despite its insubstantial form, the Ka can still be injured by your weapon. If you defeat the guardian spirit, turn to **252**.

377

The floor of the tunnel begins to slope gradually downwards, while the ceiling remains at the same height. There are no steps and the tunnel is getting steeper, the loose sand covering the stone floor making it treacherously slippery underfoot. Suddenly you lose your footing and tumble, head over heels, down the slope. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, turn to **343**. If you are Lucky, turn to **268**.

378

Brandishing the statuette in front of the Golem has no effect, but can you invoke its power? If you know the name of the deity whose image you hold in your

hand, convert the letters of the name into numbers using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 ... Z = 26. Add the numbers together then turn to the paragraph whose number is the same as the total. If you do not know the god's name, you have no choice but to draw your sword, since the Golem is upon you (turn to **143**).

379

Abandoning the peculiar potions, you make your way towards the exit from these chambers. Turning a corner, you find your way blocked by three bizarre creatures: a jackal, a tiger and a cobra, but they have been mummified. If you want to attack the bestial guardians with your sword, turn to **163**. If you would prefer to use fire, turn to **25**.

380

As Nandibears regularly remove treasure from their homes, having no need of it themselves, all you manage to find are a few Gold Pieces lying among the carcasses (roll one dice to see how many). Finding nothing else of value, you leave the monster's lair and rejoin the trail heading north-westwards towards the temple. Turn to **337**.

381

Inside the sarcophagus is the partially bandaged, mummified body of a monkey. Its eyes suddenly flick open and, screeching, it leaps out of the sarcophagus at you, biting your arm (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Quickly you draw your sword and try to fend off the agile creature.

MUMMIFIED MONKEY SKILL 6 STAMINA 4

If you win, looking inside the sarcophagus again you find a large golden key, its head inscribed with thirty-four hieroglyphs that spell out the royal names of Akharis. Taking the key, and any other items you fancy, you leave the hidden room; turn to **254**.

382

'How disrespectful!' the creature snarls angrily. 'You humans have no manners at all. Clearly I shall have to teach you a lesson.' With a tremendous heave, the Dracon drags the stakes out of the ground and frees itself from the net. Roaring, the monster stalks towards you, ready to slash you with its huge claws and bite you with its oversized teeth.

DRACON SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

The Dracon derides your skill and mocks you as you engage in combat; as a result, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If you reduce the creature's STAMINA to 5 points or less, turn at once to **61**.

383

You eventually find yourself back at the steps where you entered the flooded maze! After all your efforts you have not got anywhere (lose 1 LUCK point.) Turning back towards the maze, will you now go to the left (turn to **124**), to the right (turn to **234**) or keep going straight ahead (turn to **217**)?

384

Some intuitive feeling tells you to anoint the Mummy with the oil. As soon as you do so, a shimmering light appears next to the couch and forms into the glowing, blue-white figure of a Djaratian woman wearing fine clothes and a falcon-shaped head-dress. Then the ghostly lady speaks to you in dulcet tones: 'Stranger, why do you wake me from my sleep of eternity?' You feel compelled to be truthful, so you relate your mission to her. 'I am Princess Nemset, daughter of Horari, twenty-fourth king of Djarat,' the ghost says, 'and I will help you in your task to destroy the Evil One. But first, I long to play my favourite game, Tenet, again.' Nemset points to a table whose surface is divided into a grid and with playing pieces set up on it. 'If I teach you the rules, will you play against me?' the Princess asks sweetly.

Will you grant her request (turn to **274**) or, fearing that time is running short, will you tell her that you must leave at once (turn to **322**)?

385

Your light illuminates part of a large, rubble-strewn chamber, the sand-covered floor of which is at least ten metres below you. You will be able to climb down your rope safely into the chamber, if you wish (turn to **202**). If you do not want to, you must retrace your steps back to the original tunnel and turn either left, if you have not already done so (turn to **130**), or right (turn to **63**).

386

You hit the water with a tremendous splash and, momentarily stunned by its chill, are carried along by the fast-flowing underground river. Turn to **280**.

387

You half walk and half climb towards the cliff-tops. In a few places you slip, sending a cascade of stones down into the gorge, but eventually you reach the top safely. You must now eat a meal or lose 2 STAMINA points. Looking down at the landscape from your lofty vantage-point, you can see clearly as far as the edge of the hills to the Desert of Skulls and as far south as the Bay of Elkor. If you have a Brass Telescope and wish to use it, turn to **256**. Otherwise, turn to **235**.

388

You strain against the chains but your arduous adventure has exhausted you too much for you to be able to

break them. The ritual reaches its climax and the High Priestess turns to face you. 'And now, Lord Akharis, Destroyer of Cities and Favoured of Sithera,' the High Priestess intones, 'take this mortal's life-energies and live again!' Your adventure ends here.

389

'The Shaman of the Wilderlands has his abode at Spirit Rock, a league to the east. But be warned, the lands beyond here are home to all manner of primitive and inhuman tribes.' You thank Cranno for his information (make a note of Cranno's Warning on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now will you ask him whether he can aid you on your quest (turn to **339**), or will you leave the theatre without further delay (turn to **8**)?

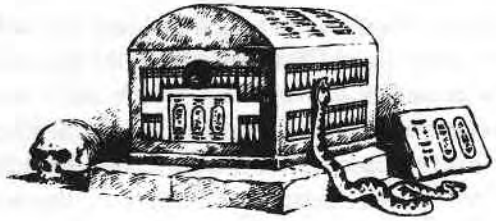

390

Wedging the paper package in the middle of the blockage, you light the fuse then run for cover towards the turning in the passageway. Before you can even reach it, the Firepowder explodes with a deafening boom. Dust showers down from cracks in the ceiling and the walls shudder under the force of the explosion. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **319**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **264**.

391

Choosing a route up the side of Spirit Rock which seems to offer you the greatest number of hand- and foot-holds, you climb towards the cave entrance, fifty metres above you. *Test your Skill* three times. If you are successful every time, turn to **333**. If you fail any of the rolls, turn at once to **279**.

392

Restore both your STAMINA and SKILL to their *Initial* scores, and regain 2 LUCK points. You can also reduce your POISON total by 8 points. Feeling refreshed and rejuvenated, you leave the room along the new corridor; turn to **16**.

393

You enter a long room which is lined on both sides with the statutes of Djaratian kings. At the end of the room is a raised platform on which rests an ornate gilded chest, its lid adorned with falcon heads at each corner. You can see nothing else. If you want to take a closer look at the chest, turn to **356**. Otherwise, you leave the chamber and are faced with the choice of going through the other door (turn to **177**) or along the new passageway (turn to **239**).

394

You and Farr chase along the back street after the cultist but lose him among the hustle and bustle of an animal market. Then you catch sight of a red-robed figure, on the opposite side of the square, moving away from you. As you elbow your way through the crowd, you see a trader's cage swing open and, with a roar, its occupant leaps into the crowd. As the throng of people vanishes, you and Farr find yourselves alone in the middle of the square, facing the newly escaped Black Lion. Angry at having been locked up in a confined space and confused by its unnatural surroundings, the beast strikes Farr with one great paw, knocking him to the ground. You have no choice now but to try to stop the enraged animal.

BLACK LION	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **28**.

395

Before you stands the forbidding black pyramid that is the Temple of Sithera! Your quarry and your fate lie within. At the foot of the pyramid, an avenue of pillars leads up to a large, dark opening, in front of which you can see two guards dressed in Djaratian garb. Will you boldly walk up to the entrance (turn to **132**) or look for another way into the temple (turn to **208**)?

396

You cannot have gone more than twenty metres along the passage when you feel a slab shift under your foot as you take your next step. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **201**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **318**.

397

The High Priestess of the Cult of the Cobra falls to the dais with a dying cry: 'Oh Sithera, aid us now!' Then she breathes no more. You have succeeded in preventing the Priestess from completing the Ritual of Resurrection (regain 1 LUCK point)! Hearing angry shouts, you turn to see the now reorganized cultists advancing towards you. While you are wondering how you are going to get out of this situation alive, the cult suddenly stop, their attention focused on the dais behind you. With a lump in your throat, you turn to see that the eyes of the great statue of the goddess are glowing with a sinister light. A bandaged hand then rises above the lip of the stone coffin and grips the edge, followed by another, and the decomposing body of Akharis rises from the sarcophagus. The Mummy stands, almost two metres tall, and the long-dead Djaratian king pierces you with a look of pure hatred! Akharis's evil goddess must have intervened and used her dark powers from the Demonic Plane to complete the resurrection of her loyal servant. You must stop this horror or Akharis's curse will still be fulfilled. The Mummy moans balefully and lumbers stiffly towards you. You are going to have to act quickly to destroy Akharis. Will you:

Use fire against the Mummy?	Turn to **330**
Use the Waters of Life (if you have them)?	Turn to **64**
Try to use some earthenware jars (if you have any)?	Turn to **118**
Use some other charm?	Turn to **85**

Try to remove Akharis's death-mask? Turn to 293
Try to destroy the sarcophagus from which he was raised? Turn to 257
Attack the Mummy with your sword? Turn to 97

398

Having broken the seal, you unstopper the bottle. Immediately the swirling black smoke flows out of the bottle and forms into a vaguely humanoid-shaped cloud. You are just aware of a pair of darkly glinting eyes before the malevolent Nanka envelops you completely and flows back into the bottle, taking you with it! Your adventure ends here.

399

As you fight, the other undead surround you, their bandaged fists pounding into your body relentlessly until you can put up no further resistance. Your adventure is over.

400

With a final, terrible, thundering roar, the Temple of Sithera crashes to the ground – but you have already gone . . . The world solidifies round you again, and you find yourself in the familiar surroundings of Lopar's cave inside Spirit Rock. The Shaman looks drained after casting the teleportation spell that brought you here, but you can also sense his relief. You are suddenly overcome by exhaustion, now that you are able to relax properly for the first time in days.

Eventually Lopar speaks: 'Your bravery, skill and quick wits have foiled Akharis's return to power and, for that, hundreds of unknowing people owe you a debt that can never be paid. But now you must rest. Lie down beside the fire and sleep.' And sleep you do, secure in the knowledge that you have thwarted the nefarious plans of the Cult of the Cobra and saved all Allansia from the Curse of the Mummy.

More Fighting Fantasy by Wizard Books

The Warlock of Firetop Mountain
Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

Deep in the caverns beneath Firetop Mountain lies an untold wealth of treasure, guarded by a powerful Warlock – or so the rumour goes. Several adventurers like yourself have set off for Firetop Mountain in search of the Warlock's hoard. None has ever returned. Do you dare follow them?

Your quest is to find the Warlock's treasure, hidden deep within a dungeon populated with a multitude of terrifying monsters. You will need courage, determination and a fair amount of luck if you are to survive all the traps and battles, and reach your goal – the innermost chambers of the Warlock's domain.

1 84046 387 2

The Citadel of Chaos
Steve Jackson

Deep inside the Citadel of Chaos, the dread sorcerer Balthus Dire is plotting the downfall of the goodfolk of the Vale of Willow. His battle plans are laid, his awesome army equipped, and attack is surely imminent.

Summoned by a desperate plea for help, YOU are the Vale of Willow's only hope. As star pupil of the Grand Wizard of Yore and a master sorcerer yourself, you must strike at the very heart of Balthus Dire's nightmare world. Though you command many powerful spells, the quest may be deadly, for who knows what creatures lie in wait in the Citadel of Chaos?

1 84046 389 9

Deathtrap Dungeon
Ian Livingstone

Down in the dark twisting labyrinth of Fang, unknown horrors await you. Devised by the devilish mind of Baron Sukumvit, the labyrinth is riddled with fiendish traps and bloodthirsty monsters, which will test your skills almost beyond the limit of endurance.

Countless adventurers before you have taken up the challenge of the Trial of Champions and walked through the carved mouth of the labyrinth, never to be seen again. Should you come out of the labyrinth alive, you will be wealthy beyond your dreams. Do YOU dare enter?

1 84046 388 0

Creature of Havoc
Steve Jackson

Evil is festering in Trolltooth Pass. The necromancer Zharradan Marr is close to stealing the secrets of Elven magic which would make him invincible. Nothing could then prevent his legions of Chaos from taking over the whole of Allansia ...

But what do you know or care about all this? In this unique adventure, YOU are the Creature of Havoc, a monstrous beast with a taste for fighting. Ruled only by hunger and rage, you have no knowledge of your past or destiny. If you survive, you may begin to control your bestial nature and learn your true purpose, but success is by no means certain, for the traps and terrors of Trolltooth Pass are many ...

1 84046 391 0

City of Thieves
Ian Livingstone

Terror stalks the night as Zanbar Bone and his bloodthirsty Moon Dogs hold the prosperous town of Silverton to ransom. YOU are an adventurer, a sword for hire, and the merchants of Silverton turn to you in their hour of need.

Your mission takes you along the dark, twisting streets of Port Blacksand to seek the help of the wizard Nicodemus. But Blacksand is riddled with thieves, assassins and foul creatures. Should you survive, you must journey to the most terrible place of all – the tower stronghold of the Night Prince himself, Zanbar Bone!

1 84046 397 X

Crypt of the Sorcerer
Ian Livingstone

An ancient evil is stirring in the bowels of the earth, and the land is blighted. After being entombed for one hundred years, the necromancer Razaak has been re-awoken and is poised to fulfil his promise of death and tyranny. His army of undead are at large across Allansia bringing death and destruction to all who resist.

It is up to YOU to find the only weapon to which Razaak is vulnerable – his own magic sword! Only then might you survive the dangers that await you in his evil lair – the Crypt of the Sorcerer!

1 84046 396 1

House of Hell
Steve Jackson

Stranded miles from anywhere on a dark and stormy night, your only hope of refuge is the strange, ramshackle mansion you can see in the distance …

But entering the House of Hell hurls you into an adventure of spine-chilling and blood-curdling terror. The dangers of the torrential storm outside are nothing compared to the nightmarish creatures that await you within its gruesome walls.

Be warned! You must try to keep your fear under control – collect too many FEAR points and you will die of fright. Can you make it through the night without being scared – to death?

1 84046 417 8

Sorcery! 1: The Shamutanti Hills
Steve Jackson

Based on the best-selling Fighting Fantasy gamebook system, *The Shamutanti Hills* is Book One in Steve Jackson's *Sorcery!* series. Your epic quest will take you across the mysterious hills to the cityport of Kharé, but only if you outwit the creatures, traps and wizardry you encounter along the way.

Play as either a warrior or as a wizard. If you choose wizardry, your survival will depend on your knowledge of the *Sorcery! Spell Book*'s darkest secrets. With many other unique features to discover, *Sorcery!* is a true challenge for novice and veteran adventurers alike.

1 84046 430 5

Eye of the Dragon
Ian Livingstone

In a tavern in Fang, a mysterious stranger offers YOU the chance to find the Golden Dragon, perhaps the most valuable treasure in all of Allansia. But it is hidden in a labyrinth beneath Darkwood Forest and is guarded by the most violent creatures and deadly traps.

To begin your quest YOU must drink a life-threatening potion, and to succeed you must find maps, clues, artefacts, magic items, jewels and an imprisoned dwarf.

1 84046 642 1

Talisman of Death
Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

The once-peaceful world of Orb is in terrible danger. Dark forces are at work to unleash the awesome might of the Evil One – and only YOU can stop them.

YOUR mission is to destroy the Talisman of Death before the Dark Lord's minions reach you. But beware! Time is running out...

1 84046 566 2

Sword of the Samurai
Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

The land of Hachiman is in grave danger. The Shogun's control is slipping. Bandits roam the land freely and barbarian invaders have begun to raid across the borders. All this because the Dai-Katana – the great sword Singing Death – has been stolen from the Shogun.

YOU are the Shogun's champion, a young Samurai. Your mission is to recover this wondrous sword from Ikiru, the Master of Shadows, who holds it hidden deep in the Pit of Demons.

1 84046 732 0

Bloodbones
Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

Bloodbones Lives!

The dreaded pirate-lord Cinnabar, scourge of the twelve seas, plagued the seafarers of the Old World in a bloody reign of terror until a brave adventurer put an end to his evil. But now he is back from the dead, seeking revenge, with the dark powers of voodoo at his command.

YOU have your own score to settle – Cinnabar murdered your family when you were a child. Only YOU can end the horrific slaughter by destroying the pirate captain and his crew of cut-throats. Come hell or high water Bloodbones must be stopped!

1 84046 765 7

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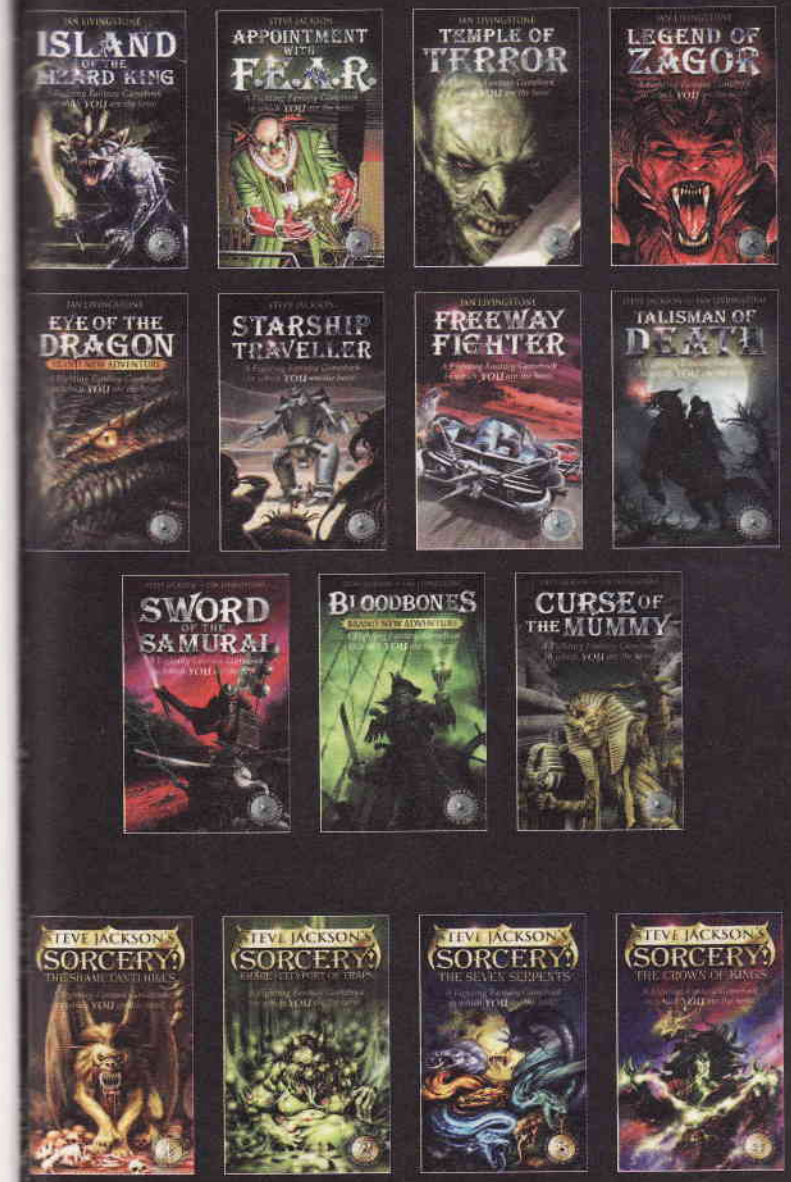

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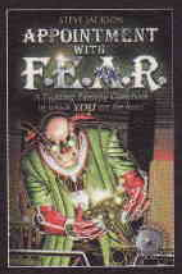

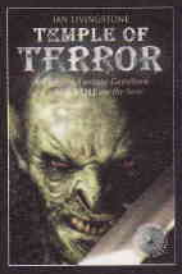

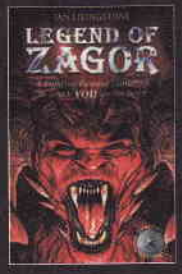

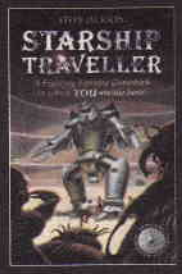

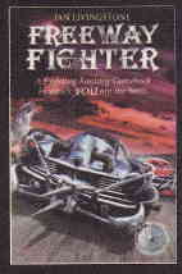

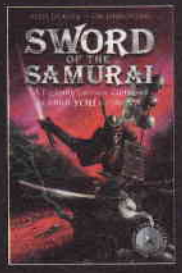

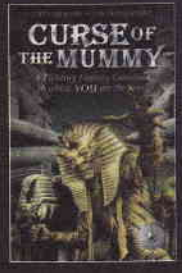

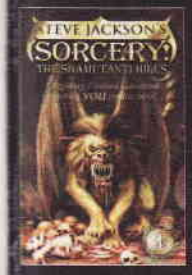

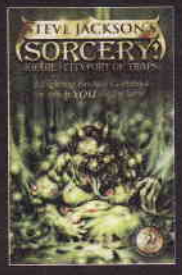

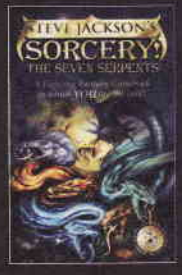

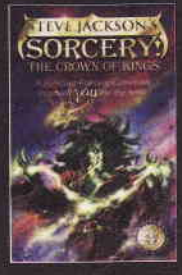

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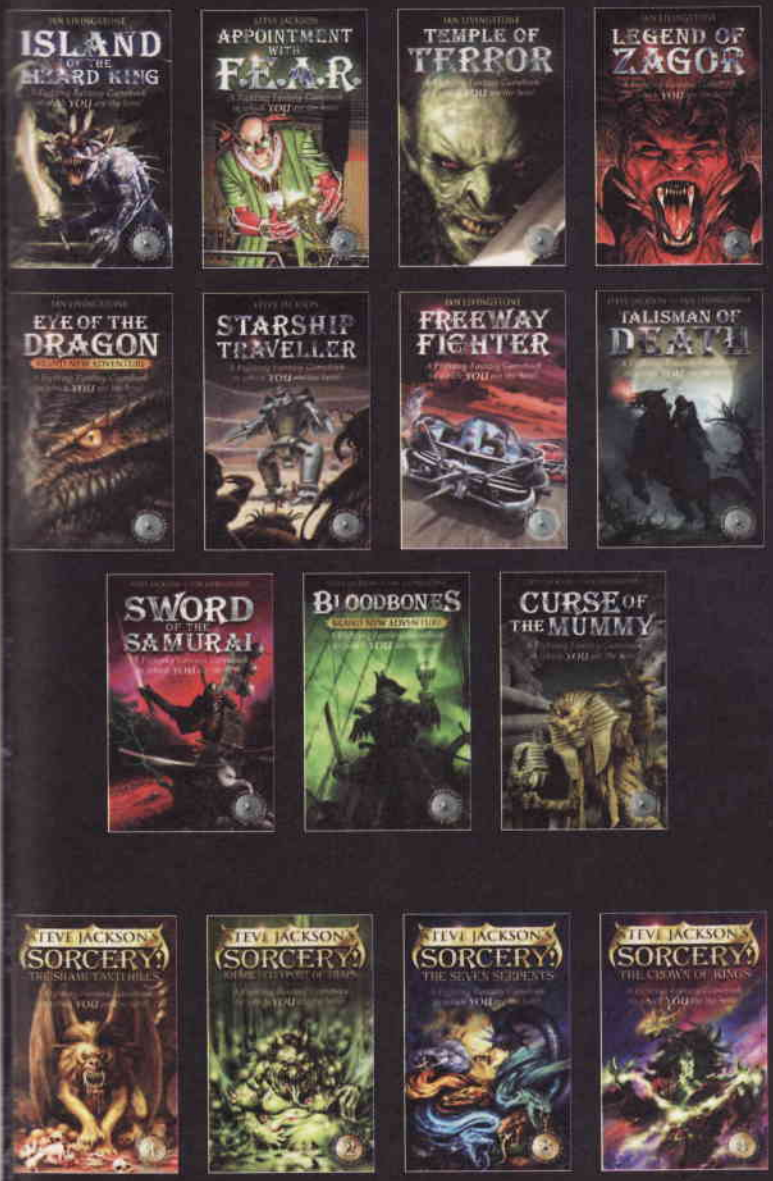

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ISBN10:1-84046-802-5
ISBN13:978-1840468-02-1

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STEVE JACKSON AND IAN LIVINGSTONE

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CURSE OF THE MUMMY

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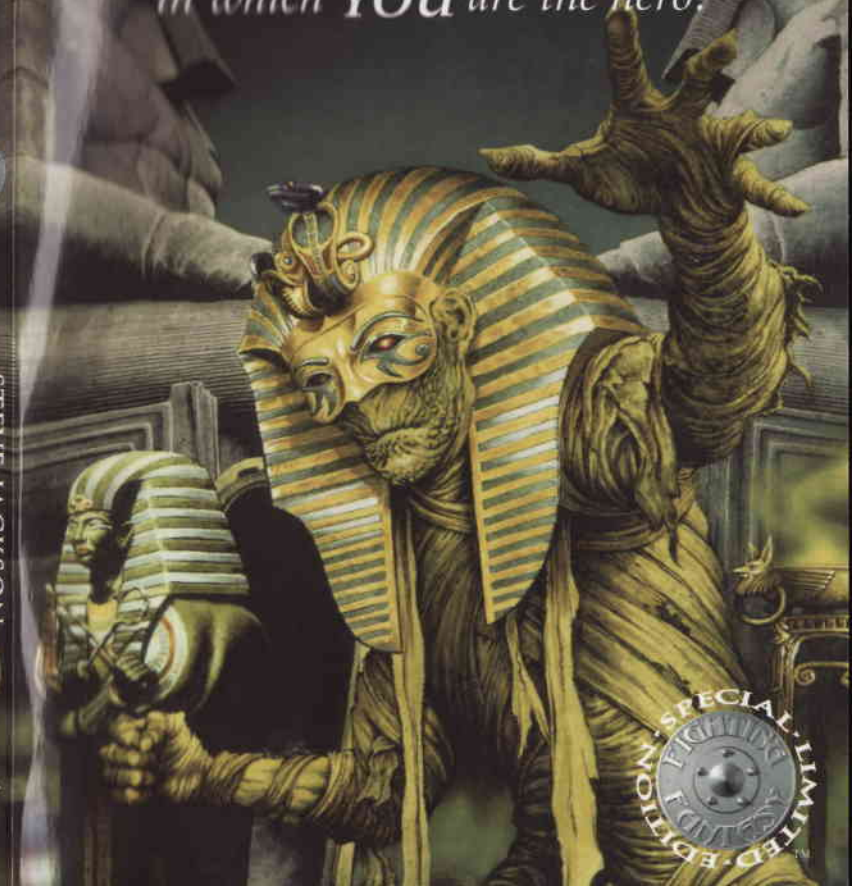

SPECIAL·LIMITED·EDITION

1

Still laughing, the ruffians advance towards you. Apart from the Half-Ogre, there is a well-built bearded man, missing most of his teeth, and a leaner rogue with two ugly red scars running down the right-hand side of his face. Will you:

Try to escape?	Turn to **135**
Charge one of the pirates?	Turn to **357**
Stand firm and prepare to fight the rogues?	Turn to **74**

2

On your trek through the jungle you come upon two strange plants. One is a large bush with serrated-edged leaves and the other is a palm-like tree, the fronds of which are striped orange and black. The leaves of the Blade Bush are strong enough to be used as weapons so if you have lost your sword you may break off a Blade Leaf to use instead. The Tiger Palm is known to help in the healing of wounds. You may take some of the fronds which when applied to injuries after one battle will restore up to half the STAMINA points lost in that battle. Having taken what you want, turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

3

The Troll possesses nothing that might help you in your quest. Leaving the body lying in the filthy water, you set about trying to find a way out of this stinking hole. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **171**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **193**.

4

After your encounter with the soul-chilling spirit you just want to leave the room as quickly as you can. Slamming the door to the cabin shut behind you, will you:

Open the right-hand door?	Turn to **202**
Go down into the hold?	Turn to **26**
Leave the ship?	Turn to **72**

5

Studying the *Arcanum*, it soon becomes apparent that it is Erasmus the Wizard's Book of Spells. You find several charms which you think you might be able to learn. However, you only have time to learn one from the following list.

Fortune's Favour – casting this spell restores up to 3 LUCK points.

Trueskill – once cast, the next time you have to *Test your Skill* you can avoid the roll and take it as if you were successful.

Voodoo Vexer – whenever you are attacked by Zombies, casting this spell will repel 1–3 of them (roll one dice and halve the result, rounding fractions down) so you do not have to fight them.

Insect Repellent – if ever you are bothered by insects, regardless of their size, this spell will keep them away from you so that you can avoid combat.

Each time you cast a spell you must reduce your STAMINA score by 2 points. Now will you:

Look at the *Mythica*?	Turn to **47**
Examine the potions more closely?	Turn to **217**
Leave the cell?	Turn to **385**

6

Taking flight, you hear a sharp crack behind you and then find yourself falling forwards as the Half-Ogre's whip wraps around your ankles and your feet are pulled from beneath you. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Dropping his whip, the Half-Ogre moves in to attack you with his club.

HALF-OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If the Half-Ogre wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, the blow from his club knocks you off your feet. This means that you spend the next round of combat getting up again, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for that Attack Round. If you kill the Half-Ogre, turn to **328**.

7

'You're too late,' gasps Ramatu with his dying breath. 'The ritual is complete; Cinnabar is invulnerable.' And then he is dead. You have rid the world of the evil Ramatu, Quezkari's servant – congratulations! Regain 1 LUCK point. There is no time to lose, Cinnabar must be on his way back to the Port of Crabs right now! As you prepare to leave the temple in pursuit of the Pirate-Lord you catch sight of the altar at the base of Quezkari's statue. On it is a fetish of the dark god-spirit and a sparkling, fist-sized pearl. Do you want to:

Pick up the fetish?	Turn to **210**
Take the pearl?	Turn to **388**
Leave the temple immediately?	Turn to **188**

8

The ward you have chosen is in fact a Spirit Jewel, which has the power to drain the unearthly energies of denizens of the Ethereal Plane. When you finally confront Quezkari reduce his SKILL score by 3 points and his STAMINA by 6 and regain 1 LUCK point. Hissing in anger, the Arch-Spirit advances on you. Turn to **177**.

9

Beneath a brightly painted banner, bearing his name, sits the Amazing Armarno. The man has the look of a Lendlelander about him, with sallow skin, slanting eyes and a long, thin moustache. He is performing a trick with three playing cards and has attracted a small crowd of curious onlookers. Two of the cards are black, one is white, and the aim of the game seems to be to guess which of the cards is the white one when they have been shuffled and laid face down on the small table in front of the man. To play the game you have to place a stake of 2 Gold Pieces to win a potential prize of 10 Gold Pieces, although at the moment no one seems to be having much luck against Armarno. If you want to play, turn to **32**: if not you can either move on to the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**) or Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), or leave the Gambling Pits altogether (turn to **207**).

10

Coming to the edge of an escarpment you find yourself looking out over the sparkling waters of a large lagoon, linked to the sea by a narrow channel on the far side. And sure enough, at anchor in the bay is the *Virago* itself, flying the skull and crossbones. Hearing a noise behind you, you look round to see four scurvy-looking characters advancing on you, weapons at the ready. 'You'll not be getting away this time,' sneers one of them and then the pirates charge at you. Fight them two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
IORGA THE BEAR	9	10
BEASTFACE	8	8
THE BOSUN	9	9
ONE-EYED LAGAN	10	7

If you defeat all your assailants, you decide that you have nothing to gain by trying to board the *Virago* and so set off for the Temple of Quezkari where you are sure the ritual to resurrect Cinnabar is to be completed. Turn to **115**.

11

The old wisewoman explains that to consult the spirits about your future you must give up some of your life-blood. If you agree to this, turn to **160**. If not, you will either have to choose that Madame Galbo heals your wounds (turn to **179**) or that she prepares a compound that might be of use to you on your quest (turn to **261**).

12

You hurl the powdered mixture in the undead pirate's face (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). The corpse's face distorts, not in pain but with laughter. 'You're going to need more than parlour tricks to stop Jolly Roger,' the macabre creature chuckles horribly. Turn to **147**.

13

The tunnel soon ends at a closed door. From beyond it, you hear the sound of something large moving around and there is an almost overpowering musky animal odour. Boldly, you fling open the door. The monster that is trapped inside the room immediately turns to face you. It looks like a huge predatory cat with a fiery red coat and mane, a ridge of spikes growing from its spine, and huge fangs. Lashing behind the beast are several long, snake-like tails, each ending in a stinging barb. This is truly a cat-o'-nine-tails! You are somehow going to have to get past this monster if you are to find the Pirates of the Black Skull. Do you want to attack it with your sword (turn to **78**) or will you try to distract the beast by throwing it some food (turn to **162**)?

14

You make your offering to the God of Pride (deduct the Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*). You automatically feel filled with renewed confidence and a sense of optimism. Vinar's blessing has been conferred upon you. Restore up to 2 LUCK points. Turn to **209**.

15

Captain Velyarde engages in combat with a lithe, well-dressed pirate while you find yourself challenged by a man built like a gorilla, and carrying a battle-axe. Hobbes, the *Virago's* First Mate, is a veteran of countless sea battles.

FIRST MATE HOBBES SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **298**.

16

To try to avoid unwanted attention and in order to remain as inconspicuous as possible, you decide to wait until nightfall before investigating potential locations for the pirates' base. Add 2 Hours. Where will you begin your search? Around the docks (turn to **67**), at the ruined lighthouse on the promontory to the southeast of the port (turn to **146**), in the taverns and inns of the city (turn to **150**), in the sewers beneath the port (turn to **355**), at the cemetery outside the city walls (turn to **83**), or in the Temple Quarter (turn to **181**)?

17

You are passing a shop window containing a display of old maps and scrolls when you suddenly remember the cryptic message you overheard in the Gambling Pits, referring to Bone Island. Pausing, you take a closer look at the shop. Above the decorative window is a sign painted with the words: 'Mundi Pelago – Cartographer. Accurate and Attractive Maps and Charts.' Surely a mapmaker would be as good a person as any to ask about an island. Do you want to enter the shop (turn to **288**), or will you go on your way (turn to **334**)?

18

The stench of sulphur is too much for you and you misplace your next step. You land in the boiling mud and, before you can drag yourself out of the pool, manage to swallow some of it! Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **194**.

19

'Have it your own way,' Snide declares before leaving. Nobody comes to your cell that night, so you do not have an opportunity to bluff your way out of this predicament and the door is far too sturdy to break down. By the time you do get out of this dungeon you will be far too late to stop the Pirates of the Black Skull. Thanks to a grave injustice, you have failed in your mission.

20

Leaving the pygmies' lifeless bodies you continue further along the passageway, only to discover that it reaches a dead-end at a rock fall. It looks like the cave-in happened fairly recently. Do you want to see if you can shift some of the stones and force a way through the rock fall (turn to **140**) or would you rather return to the entrance to the temple and choose an alternative route (turn to **166**)?

21

Leaving the bats' chamber you continue along the tunnel. Suddenly your lantern illuminates a horrifying scene: a mouldering human skeleton hangs impaled on a row of spears that jut out from one wall of the tunnel. Too late you wonder if you may have strayed too far this time. The next second there is a whooshing, whistling sound and you react instantly. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **196**. If you fail, turn to **138**.

22

'You must be joking!' laughs the guard. 'Now clear off before I forget I'm having a good day.' Do you want to persist in trying to enter the Old Fort (turn to **49**) or

will you leave, if somewhat reluctantly, and go elsewhere (add 1 Hour and turn to **334**)?

23

Seeing you wielding the bone sword, Zyteea calls out, 'Nightdeath, aid us now!' Instantly, the blade glows with magical fire! You strike the thing with your curious weapon and it lets out a shrill cry of pain. Dropping the tribesman, the shadowy beast turns on you. Without further hesitation you attack the conjured voodoo spirit.

SPIRIT-BEAST	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **277**.

24

As he leads you through the trees, Balinac tells you about his master. Apparently he was a wizard named Erasmus who lived in a secluded cell on the island. Originally the wizard came from a place called Halak in Allansia but he left the city to escape from the hustle and bustle of everyday life. You soon come to a small stone building in a clearing in the jungle, partially submerged in the earth. Inside, the place is in a state of disrepair and there is no sign of Erasmus. You ask Balinac where his master is and are surprised and confused by his reply: 'Master dead. Killed by voodoo man from skull face in the mountains. Balinac not go there.' Loping over to a straw-filled wooden box, Balinac says, 'Magical wine here. Master had magic books too,' and he points to a desk in one corner of the room. On it lie two weighty tomes, one entitled

the *Mythica* and the other the *Arcanum*. There might well be something here that could help you in your quest. Do you want to:

Examine the potions?	Turn to **217**
Study the *Mythica*?	Turn to **47**
Read the *Arcanum*?	Turn to **5**
Leave the cell and Balinac?	Turn to **385**

25

You step through the door and all too late notice a movement in the shadows either side of you. A heavy cosh hits you across the back of your head and you lose consciousness immediately. Turn to **158**.

26

The hold is illuminated by a phantasmal glow and as you look around you, the ghostly figures of the dead crew emerge from the shadows to surround you. Unable to escape, you wait for the undead's next move. The spectral sailors part and their cursed captain enters the ring. His eyes blaze like ship's lanterns and he wields a very real-looking, rusty cutlass in one hand. 'If you want to leave this ship,' he says in a booming voice like slamming crypt doors, 'you must best me, Captain Velyarde, in single combat. Unsheathe your weapon and prepare to fight!' With that, the ghost wildly attacks.

CAPTAIN VELYARDE SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **395**.

27

Before you even reach Dead Men's Gate, a mass of figures emerge from out of the darkness and you are set upon by a crowd of pirates and black-robed Devotees. Soon overpowered, you are coshed over the head and knocked out. Turn to **158**.

28

Your attackers are Mask Zombies, created through dark voodoo rituals to be guards and servants in Quezkari's temple. The Zombies thrust at you with their flint-spears as you unsheathe your own weapon.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MASK ZOMBIE	8	6
Second MASK ZOMBIE	8	6

If you win, turn to **265**.

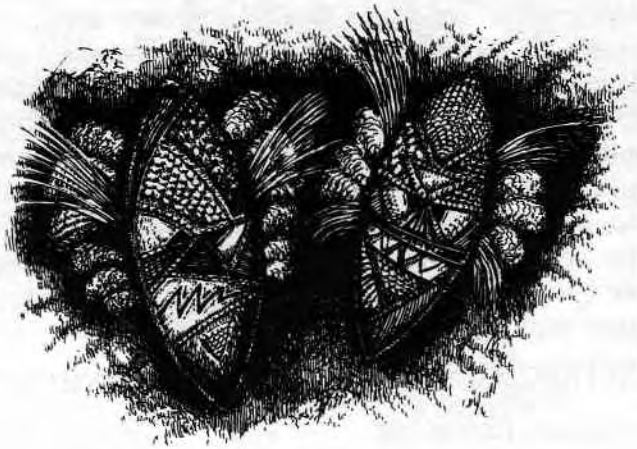

29

Despite being exquisitely made and incredibly detailed, there does not seem to be anything unusual about the ship. Of course, you could always try smashing the bottle to examine the model more closely, although this would probably make a lot of noise and possibly alert others on the ship to your presence. If you want to smash the bottle, turn to **293**. If not, will you:

Look at the globe?	Turn to **349**
Open the chest?	Turn to **316**
Examine the desk?	Turn to **134**
Leave the cabin?	Turn to **233**

30

Your battle over, you suddenly find yourself surrounded by Mask Zombies. Unable to take on all of the Voodoo Priest's undead slaves you soon find yourself restrained and dragged from the Scarachna's web-lair. Hauled into the inner sanctum of the temple, you are brought before Ramatu, the High Priest of Quezkari. At one end of the chamber is a statue of the voodoo death-god, just as in the shrine back in the Port of Crabs, only this one is even larger and more macabre. The High Priest himself is an intimidating figure. He wears crimson and scarlet robes, no doubt dyed in blood, a feathered headdress like that of Quezkari and a necklace of shrunken human heads. On his chest is the tattoo of a huge black skull, and in one hand he is holding an up-turned human skull full of a foul green liquid.

'Intruder,' he says, speaking for the first time, 'you have trespassed within the Temple of the Dark One. As punishment, you must drink the Ichor of Quezkari!' Held in the tight grip of the Mask Zombies your mouth is forced open and the foul liquid is poured down your throat and you are made to swallow. Immediately you are assailed by all manner of phantasmal creatures; cruel jeering spirits and grotesque half-human things. *Test your Skill*. If you fail, turn to **62**. If you succeed, turn to **248**.

31

Gulping down the potion, you grab hold of the portcullis with both hands and heave! Disregard the bonus the potion normally adds to your Attack Strength and turn to **99**.

32

You do not have to wait long for your turn. (Deduct 2 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*.) Eagle-eyed, you watch closely as the man shows you where the white card is and then places all the cards face down on the table. He deftly switches their positions at an incredible speed, but you keep concentrating on the white card. When he finally stops, you point to the card you are sure is the white one. With a smile, Armarno turns it over and reveals it to be black. You have a sneaking suspicion that the Amazing Armarno is conning you. Do you want to challenge the trickster about this suspected fraud (turn to **258**), play another game, just to be sure (turn to **118**) or will you move on from this stand (turn to **223**)?

33

Running hell-for-leather, you round a corner and run straight into more of Cinnabar's pirates. You are soon overcome. Receiving a blow to the back of your head from a heavy cosh, you lose consciousness... Turn to **158**.

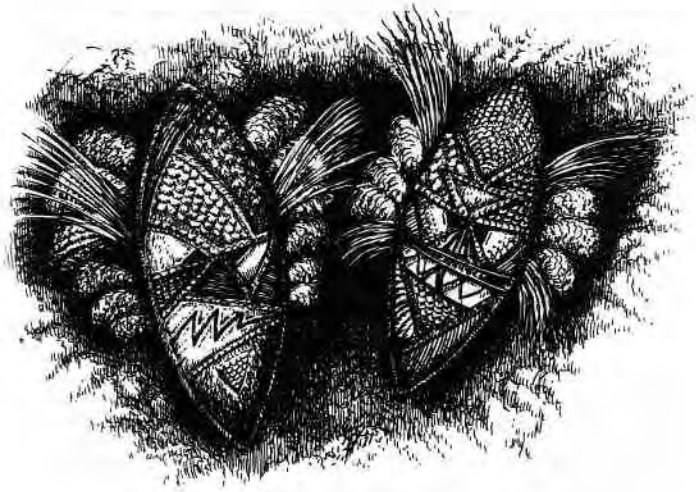

34

Your weapon is taken from you and you are taken to a pit into which you are lowered while a bamboo gate on the other side is raised. Instantly, a snarling Jaguar springs into the pit and lashes out at you with its claws. Unarmed, you must wrestle the predatory cat with your SKILL reduced by 2 points for this fight.

JAGUAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

However, if you win two consecutive Attack Rounds, or reduce the Jaguar's STAMINA to 2 points or less,

turn to **394**. If the cat reduces your STAMINA score to 3 points or less first, the Jaguar is held at bay and you are rescued from the pit and have your weapon returned (turn to **194**).

35

You manage to dodge the pan of scalding water as it sails past your head. But now you are going to have to deal with the enraged Bladderwrack. A meat cleaver gripped tightly in one podgy hand, the cannibal cook charges at you, his rolls of fat wobbling disgustingly.

BLADDERWRACK THE COOK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you defeat the cook, turn to **285**.

36

Pulling back the pirate flag you prise open the nailed lid of the coffin. You gasp and take a step back on seeing that the coffin is still occupied. Lying within is the body of a pirate still wearing a tricorn hat and ragged waistcoat. The dead man's hands are crossed on his chest, and in its rigour mortis-locked fingers the corpse clutches a golden talisman fashioned to look like a scorpion. The most peculiar thing about the pirate's corpse is that despite being trapped within a sealed coffin and left in an abandoned room, apart from having a rather unhealthy grey pallor to its skin, it does not look like it has really begun to decay at all. What will you do now? Do you want to take the Scorpion Talisman from the corpse (turn to **89**), or would you rather leave this unsettling place (turn to **166**)?

37

There is a rustling amongst the frond-like leaves of a tree in front of you and suddenly you find yourself looking into two yellow eyes, with black slits for pupils. You stop and stare as an angular green face emerges from amidst the vegetation. You are facing a tiny humanoid with cat-like eyes and spindly, twig-like limbs. The little creature is wearing a startling headdress of parakeet feathers, a grass skirt and is holding a javelin in one bony hand. The tiny humanoid puts its head on one side and smiles broadly at you before holding out its empty hand towards you. How will you respond to this action? Will you:

Offer the creature some food?	Turn to **348**
Give the creature an item from your backpack?	Turn to **122**
Attack the creature?	Turn to **307**
Ignore the creature and go on your way?	Turn to **384**

38

Rubbing the serrated edges of the teeth against the rope, with the bracelet on your wrist, you soon cut through the strands. You free yourself just before the water filling the pit covers your head. Climbing out of a potentially watery grave, you find your backpack and sword dumped nearby – nothing has been taken (regain 1 LUCK point). Without further delay, hurriedly you head off after the pirates. You soon find yourself at the edge of a huge natural cavern, inside which the sea has formed a large bay. At the far end of the cave is an entrance large enough to admit a sailing vessel. And sure enough, moored to a jetty at the edge of the water, is a great galleon. The ship flies the skull and crossbones flag common to all pirate vessels and instead of a figurehead, you are disturbed to see a human skeleton bound to the bowsprit. Before you see the name *Virago* painted on its side you know that this is Cinnabar's galleon which was supposed to have sunk. You can see the Pirates of the Black Skull milling around on the deck, but there is no-one left on the jetty – the *Virago* must be ready to sail. Keeping yourself hidden in the shadows of the cave, you watch as the anchor is raised and Cinnabar's galleon starts to make its way out to sea. Then you see a way to stop your quarry escaping you. A porthole in the side of the ship has been left open and a knotted rope hangs down from the deck next to it. Quickly you make a dash for the jetty and, remaining unspotted, climb the rope, slipping silently in through the opening.

You find yourself inside a small, disused storeroom. You decide to lay low here for a while before exploring the ship. Stowed away on board you watch through the porthole as the *Virago* leaves the Port of Crabs behind under cover of darkness. When you are sure the coast is clear you creep out of the room into a corridor. To your right is a door with the brass plaque 'Captain' fixed to it. At the far end of the corridor a staircase descends into the galleon. Another passage runs off from the first to your left, with a door at its far end and two unmarked doors to the left and right. Will you:

Open the far door?	Turn to **191**
Open the door to the left?	Turn to **127**
Open the door to the right?	Turn to **141**
Open the door marked 'Captain'?	Turn to **97**
Descend the staircase?	Turn to **211**

39

Inhaling great lungfuls of the smoke you start to think that you can see skeletal faces hovering around you, filling you with a sense of enormous unease. You sweep at the apparitions with your sword, but to no avail. These are horrors of your own imagining and cannot be harmed by physical weapons. Afflicted by this terrible, paranoid fear, while you remain in the temple you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point. Turn to 185.

40

As you approach the gate, out of the corner of your eye you notice a movement in a darkened alleyway. Instantly, two figures step out into the street in front of you. One is a gaunt-looking character, holding a cruel sabre and with a frayed noose around his neck. The other is an attractive Khulian woman with her long, shining, black hair twisted into a plait, wearing finely-made leather armour and wielding a thin sword. You recognise the first of your assailants from tales you have heard on your travels. He is the notorious pirate Silas Gallows. His companion is Wu-Lin, a mercenary who joined Cinnabar's crew not long before the pirate-lord was killed. Both bear the insignia of the Pirates of the Black Skull. 'So here we are at Dead Men's Gate,' chuckles Silas Gallows, 'and soon there's gonna be one more corpse in Corpse Way!' Wu-Lin says nothing but advances towards you, her gleaming blade raised. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SILAS GALLOWS	7	7
WU-LIN	8	6

If you win, not wanting to meet any more of Cinnabar's cronies, you hurry out of the city. Turn to **119**.

41

'Ho ho, yes that'll do nicely,' chuckles the castaway, and proceeds to tell you that the treasure is hidden in a system of caves west of his camp. 'Mind you,' Scrimshaw adds, 'Blackscar's hoard is cursed. Those

are pearls that were his eyes. Any thief who tries to steal it will get all they deserve. Don't say I didn't warn you.' With that the mad old man skips off, pleased with his present, ignoring you completely. Will you now set off to find Blackscar's treasure (turn to **110**) or look for signs of Cinnabar's pirates (turn to **208**)?

42

You are enticed towards the Bazaar by its colourful stalls, as well as the sounds and smells of far-off countries. You ignore the rolls of silk and the baskets of spices but are attracted to a brightly decorated stall covered in a variety of unusual items. Talking with the vendor, you discover that the man is a Talismonger – a trader in artefacts that are allegedly magical. However, by the look of some of the objects, you do wonder if they really are charged with esoteric power. The magical items the Talismonger has on offer are listed below with their prices. You may buy as many of them as you want, as long as you have enough Gold Pieces.

Ivory Lion Charm	7 Gold Pieces	Turn to **301**
Shark's Teeth Bracelet	5 Gold Pieces	Turn to **170**
Magical Compass	9 Gold Pieces	Turn to **59**
Potion of Giant-Strength	8 Gold Pieces	Turn to **374**
Lock of Elvin's Hair	6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **165**
Carved Darkwood Armband	4 Gold Pieces	Turn to **399**

Once you have made your purchases, turn to **200**.

43

The combination of the noise from your battle and the shrieks of the bats amplified by the echoing chamber cause several of the stalactites to crack and fall from the roof. You are immediately caught in a rockfall. Roll one dice, add 2 to the roll and deduct the total from your STAMINA score. If you survive the cave-in will you risk going further into the caves (turn to **21**) or turn back and give up on finding Blackscar's treasure (turn to **279**)?

44

You suddenly realise what the Witchdoctor is up to: he is trying to cloud your mind with magic. Concentrating hard, you step into the chalk circle, breaking Malu's spell. Almost on top of the man, you cannot avoid combat as he springs to his feet and lunges at you with his wand.

MALU THE WITCHDOCTOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If the Witchdoctor strikes you, the wand drains 3 points of STAMINA from you rather than the usual 2. If you kill Cinnabar's servant, turn to **366**.

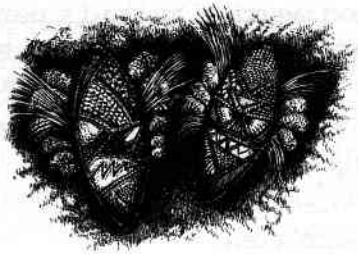

45

Although you cut down several of the Zombies, ultimately there are too many of them for one warrior to vanquish alone. Your adventure is over.

46

Grasping you with its powerful limbs, the Octopus employs its favourite tactic of squeezing the life from its prey. Lose an additional point of STAMINA. Held in the monster's vice-like grip, unless you can break free by winning the next Attack Round, you will suffer the crushing damage again, which will increase by a further point each time. Return to **280** and continue your struggle with the Octopus.

47

The well-thumbed tome is actually a book of myths and legends. Flicking through it your eye is caught by one page in particular, which has the name 'Quezkari' written at the top. You read with interest about the evil voodoo spirit and find a section describing wards used to protect against Quezkari's power. The text refers to a Spirit Jewel and a magical bone weapon rumoured to be hidden in a cave system somewhere on the island! Now do you want to:

Examine the potions?	Turn to **217**
Study the *Arcanum*?	Turn to **5**
Leave Erasmus's cell?	Turn to **385**

48

Continuing along the passageway, you follow it as it turns right and reaches a junction. The passage you are in soon comes to a dead-end in a chamber in which is the bizarre statue of some kind of lizard. The new tunnel bends round to the left after a few metres so you cannot see what lies along it. Will you enter the statue room (turn to **88**) or take the new path (turn to **295**)?

49

At once the guard pulls a chain which sets off a jangling of bells inside the fort. Almost immediately, the gates open and what seems like half the City Guard pour out to surround you. Turn to **236**.

50

When you have completed your tale, the Queen speaks: 'Your cause is a noble one but we have had dealings with the cult of Quezkari ourselves. How do we know that you are not lying to us in order to ensnare us to the Evil One? We must be sure. You must take the Test of the Warrior.' If these people are to trust you, and you gain their help, you can't deny Queen Zyteea's decree. You are led to a pool of

bubbling mud. Sulphurous fumes rise from it and a tree trunk has been laid across the middle. You are then blindfolded and told to walk across the log! Judging your position by touch alone and your head spinning from the fumes, you take your first step. *Test your Skill* twice, adding 1 to the roll each time. If you pass both tests, turn to **259**. If you fail either of them, turn to **18**.

51

Do you have the word 'Regnad' written on your *Adventure Sheet*? If so, turn to **310**. If not, turn to **287**.

52

Choosing somewhere you've not been yet, where will you continue your search?

The docks?	Turn to **67**
The ruined lighthouse?	Turn to **146**
The taverns and inns?	Turn to **150**
The sewers?	Turn to **355**
The cemetery?	Turn to **83**
The Temple Quarter?	Turn to **181**

53

The jungle in front of you suddenly appears to move and then a huge, lizard-like shape melts out of the greenery. The Giant Chameleon focuses on you with its bizarre, rotating eyes and moves jerkily towards you. Riding on its back is a humanoid chameleon-like creature wielding a short spear. The gigantic lizard hisses and its scales take on a variety of brilliant hues

– a sure sign that it is angry and about to attack. Once again you are fighting for your life!

GIANT CHAMELEON SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If the Giant Chameleon's Attack Strength is over 20 or 21, and it wins the Attack Round, turn to **133**. If you kill the lizard, the Chameleonite riding it escapes into the jungle, its camouflaged skin keeping it safe from detection. Add the word 'Depacse' to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down earlier.

54

You tread water for several hours, but no ships come in sight. Exhausted, the sea finally claims you for its own.

55

You have wasted enough time here already, so you prepare to leave the Silent Donkey. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **218**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **25**.

56

'Stranger,' says one of the warriors, in a language you can understand, 'leave our village. You are not welcome here.' If you do as the warrior commands, turn to **164**. If you want to persist in trying to enter the tribespeople's village, turn to **206**.

57

Following the passageway right past the T-junction, you pass between walls crudely daubed with images of Quezkari and other voodoo deities dealing out death in its various forms to humans. Feeling the floor shift, you immediately know what is happening: a balance trap has been triggered and the floor is tilting up to reveal a deep, spiked pit underneath it. Your only hope is to leap over the treacherous gap now opening up before you. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **308**. If you fail, turn to **240**.

58

You slowly become aware of a fluttering sound in the air behind you. You spin round to see a huge fanged bat flapping towards you. It is the spirit of the vanquished Jolly Roger. The vampire has returned to feast on your blood so that it might restore itself to true unlife. You are going to have to fight the bat if you are to escape from this chamber.

BLOODTHIRSTY BAT SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If the bat scores two successive hits against you, it rips at your throat with its distended fangs causing you to lose 3 STAMINA points, rather than the usual 2. If you

defeat Jolly Roger's undead spirit for a second time you flee the chamber without a second thought. Turn to **166**.

59

The Talismonger tells you that the lodestone inside the compass is attracted to large deposits of gold – a must for any would-be treasure hunter. It is only after you have handed over your money that you wonder why the Talismonger hasn't used the compass himself to make *his* fortune. Return to **42**.

60

As the rest of the crew repel the other Crabs, the ship starts to list to one side. The crustaceans must have actually holed the hull. With the *Fortune* so badly damaged, you will not be able to pursue Cinnabar and can only look forward to a future as crab food. Your adventure is over.

61

How many Gold Pieces are you offering? If it is less than 5 Gold Pieces, turn to **22**; otherwise, turn to **195**.

62

The hallucinations continue and become too much for you. With a hysterical scream, you lose your mind through fear. With no longer any will of your own, you become one of those whom you have so desperately tried to destroy – a devotee of the Black Skull and a servant of Evil. Your adventure is over.

63

You are half way across the bridge when one of the rotten planks from which it is comprised suddenly splinters and gives way under your weight. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **273**. If you fail, turn to **317**.

64

Despite having a wooden leg, the old rogue moves quite quickly and disappears around a corner before you can catch up with him. As you are about to round the corner yourself, you suddenly start to have misgivings about your latest course of action. Will you continue to follow the pirate (turn to **282**) or go back the way you have just come (turn to **266**)?

65

Wandering over the barren terrain you keep an eye out for any sign of Cinnabar's cronies or evidence of buried treasure. *Test your Luck* twice. If you are Lucky both times, turn to **110**. If you are Unlucky either time, turn to **208**.

66

There is no sign of another human soul having been washed up on the island so, sadly, you assume that you were the only survivor of the Behemoth's attack. Even the famed bounty-hunter Conyn is gone. Mourning the loss of the *Fortune*, you continue to wander south along the shore-line. Rounding a sandy promontory you are surprised by what you see before you. Ten metres away, a primitive human-like creature, with strongly muscled arms and covered in red hair, is tearing open some of the crates washed up from the wreck. The creature looks up, hearing you approach, and growls. Will you:

Prepare to defend yourself?	Turn to **95**
Make a run for it into the jungle?	Turn to **125**
Try to communicate with the creature?	Turn to **358**
Offer the primitive something?	Turn to **183**

67

The docks are quiet at this time of night. You decide that if the pirates' hideout was located around the docks, the entrance would have to be in the harbour wall somewhere. Descending to the wooden jetties, you start your search. *Thud*. What was that? *Thud*. There it is again. You stand perfectly still, your ears straining to pick up any sound. Then you hear the rattling of a chain being dragged across the wooden planks close by. *Swoosh!* A large anchor suddenly flies out of the dense mist, in a sweeping arc, towards you.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **321**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **230**.

68

The tropical environment of the island is very different to the northerly, wind-lashed Port of Crabs. The day drags on as you stagger through the jungle, your clothes soaked with sweat. Entering a low valley, you come upon a scene of utter devastation. In a large clearing lies what is left of a tribespeople's village. The place has been razed to the ground and a deathly silence hangs over the place. Do you want to quickly pass through the ruined village (turn to **197**) or would you rather pause here and explore it (turn to **117**)?

69

As soon as you have stepped underneath the portcullis it drops down, blocking the way out! There is nothing in the cave of any use to you, so you set about trying to get out again. There is no chain or lever inside the cave to raise the portcullis, so you decide that you will have to resort to brute force. If you have a Potion of Giant-Strength, you may drink it now (turn to **31**). If you do not have the potion, or you do not want to use it, turn to **120**.

70

You open the door and find yourself in the pirates' shrine to their dark god, dominated by a hideous statue of the skeletal Quezkari, but the place is empty. You are too late! Cinnabar and his crew have already

left this place and, unable to follow them, you have failed in your quest.

71

You gasp in shock as you hit the freezing water and disappear beneath the surface of the pool. Feeling your way forwards under the water, you find an opening in the rock wall. Swimming through it you emerge inside another cave. Glowing crystals placed around the cavern provide light to see by, which is reflected off glinting gold coins and the facets of precious jewels. You have never seen such a fabulous hoard. Lying, almost discarded, to one side of the treasure pile is a curious sword-like weapon carved from bone! Do you want to:

Take a closer look at the bone weapon?	Turn to **306**
Collect some of the gold and jewels?	Turn to **123**
Leave Blackscar's 'cursed' treasure untouched?	Turn to **279**

72

Filled with an overwhelming sense of foreboding, you hurriedly return to the deck and depart the *Sea Maiden*. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **153**.

73

The Octopus sinks back under the waves, its foul blood staining the water purple. Confident that it will now be safe to explore the cave, you do just that but, to your disappointment, find no other tunnels leading

from it. The pirates' hideout obviously isn't here. Turn to **350**.

74

Swinging their cudgels, the pirates engage you in combat.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	7	7
Second PIRATE	6	7

If you win, the Half-Ogre steps forward to fight you. Will you face your opponent (turn to **187**) or try to escape (turn to **6**)?

75

The undead pirate smashes the gem from your hand and it shatters on the stone floor of the chamber. Cross the Blue Gem off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **147**.

76

Overcome with fear you fling open the door and rush out of the room. You have been badly shaken by your experience (lose 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point). Will you now:

Open the left-hand door?	Turn to **353**
Enter the hold?	Turn to **26**
Leave the *Sea Maiden*?	Turn to **153**

77

The two monsters snap, slash and hurl themselves at each other as you watch, transfixed. Run the fight

between the ape and the lizard, rolling for Attack Strengths and deducting STAMINA points, as you would if you were fighting either of the creatures.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GREAT APE	8	10
TERRIBLE LIZARD	7	11

As soon as one of the colossi has defeated the other, turn to **205**.

78

With a roar, the mutant bounds towards you. You have no choice but to fight the monster.

NINE-TAILS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

The cat attacks by trying to slash you with its great claws and bite you with its huge fangs. However, if the monster hits you, roll one dice. If you roll 6, the beast has hit you with its barbed tails instead: roll one dice and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA score. You may *Test your Luck* to avoid this damage if you wish. Keep track of how much STAMINA you lose in this way. If you survive this battle, turn to **235**.

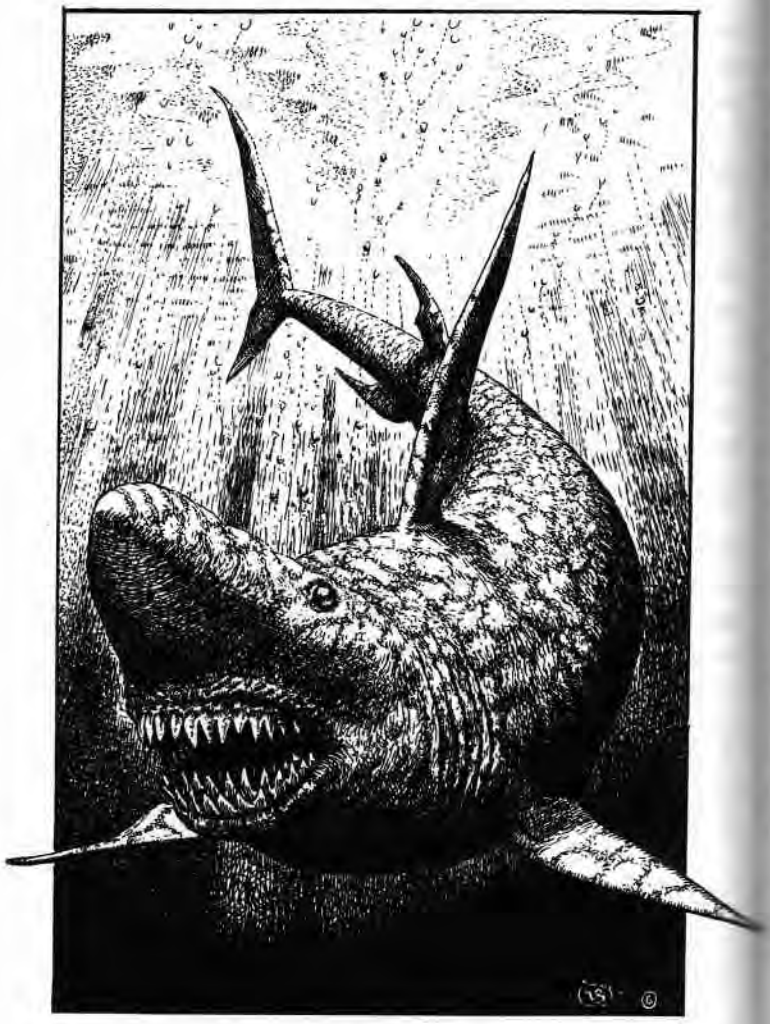

79

Scrambling up the galleon's rigging, you find yourself trapped, unless... Cutting a rope free, you grab hold of the end and leap into mid-air. Swinging down towards the pirates you flail about with your sword to keep them at bay. There is a cry of pain from one of the buccaneers and you see a red-haired woman clutching the stump where her hand used to be. You sail past the infuriated pirates over the edge of the *Virago*. Letting go of the rope, you drop several metres before hitting the water. The galleon continues on its course, leaving you stranded in the middle of the Western Ocean, as the crew watch you, laughing. Or are they really looking at you? They actually seem to be watching something behind you. 'Have a good swim!' shouts one of them. Turning round in the water you see the tell-tale triangular fin and, ducking your head under the waves, you see the Great White Shark closing in on you, jaws wide open. You just have time to draw your sword before it is on you.

GREAT WHITE SHARK SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

Fighting underwater is difficult and as a result you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for the duration of this battle. Also, unless you defeat the Shark in less Attack Rounds than your current SKILL score you will drown! If you kill the Great White, turn to 186.

80

The tunnel winds its way into the hill until it opens into a high-ceilinged chamber, with stalactites

pointing down from the cave roof. A piercing squeaking starts up as, disturbed by the light from your lantern, three large bats flap down from their roosts to drive you off. As the creatures batter you with their wings, you catch a glimpse of their greatly enlarged front teeth. You must fight the Vampire Bats.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPIRE BAT	5	4
Second VAMPIRE BAT	5	5
Third VAMPIRE BAT	5	4

While you are fighting one of the screeching bats, those remaining land on you and suck your blood, each causing 1 STAMINA point of damage per Attack Round. If you kill all three, turn to **148**.

81

The Arrow of Providence is a popular game of chance in the Gambling Pits. It is made up of a large circular board divided into twelve sections, each painted with a legend. An arrow-like pointer has been attached to the centre of the board so that it can be spun. To play the game will cost 2 Gold Pieces but you will be playing for a potential jackpot of 10 Gold Pieces. If you want to play, turn to **346**. If you do not want to have a go, you leave the Arrow of Providence (turn to **260**).

82

Deep down you know that the nightmares you are witnessing are not real and manage to convince yourself that they are merely illusions. At once the phantasms vanish. However, Ramatu is obviously

expecting you to be overcome by fear and, surrounded by Zombies, you are in no position to stop him. In a brilliant piece of acting, you let out a loud scream and collapse on the floor. Satisfied that he has broken your will, Ramatu dismisses the Mask Zombies and returns to his blasphemous rituals. When you are sure the coast is clear, you leap to your feet and run at the High Priest, yelling. If you have the word 'Dehsams' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **324**. If not, turn to **139**.

83

Keeping to shadowy doorways wherever possible, you make your way swiftly along Corpse Way towards Dead Men's Gate. Do you have any of the following words written on your *Adventure Sheet*: 'Etarip', 'Rohcna', 'Yeknod' or 'Desruc'? Count up the number of words you have noted down from the list above and if you have:

None of the words.	Turn to **119**
One or two of the words.	Turn to **40**
Three or four of the words.	Turn to **27**

84

Your reactions are not quick enough and the gobbet of silk hits you, sticking fast. Before you can cut yourself free, a second strand squirts from the monster's jaws and your sword-arm is fixed to your side. In no time at all, you are trapped inside a cocoon of silk, trussed up in a tree and left in the spider-scorpion's larder until it feels like a snack. Your adventure is over.

85

As you are hacking your way through the dense undergrowth you unwittingly disturb the sensitive carpet of vines surrounding the vase-like trunk of a Giant Pitcher-Plant. A strong tendril suddenly whips out of the jungle and you find yourself fighting for your life against the carnivorous plant.

TENDRIL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If the tendril wins three consecutive Attack Rounds, turn immediately to 383. If you defeat the tendril without this happening, turn to 343.

86

Poison darts shoot out of the walls just above your head, missing you by millimetres. You were lucky this time but from now on you'll have to be more careful. Turn to 48.

87

Caught unawares, you are unable to avoid the effects of the Witchdoctor's magic: your mind becomes confused and addled. The man takes advantage of your befuddled state and springs at you, using his wand as his weapon.

MALU THE WITCHDOCTOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

For the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points. If the Witchdoctor strikes you, the wand drains 3 points of STAMINA from you

rather than the usual 2. If you kill Cinnabar's servant, turn to 366.

88

The bronze iguana-like creature, green with age, stands three metres tall on its hindlegs with its mouth open and has sparkling diamonds for eyes. Apart from the worrying bloodstains on the floor, there is nothing else of interest here, so will you leave the chamber and take the other tunnel (turn to 295) or first try to prise the diamonds from their sockets (turn to 176)?

89

Prising the dead pirate's fingers open, you try to take the talisman from the corpse. Suddenly the dead man's eyes flick open and a cruel smile twists its drawn lips, revealing the elongated points of the pirate's incisors. You leap backwards in fright, feeling badly shaken (lose 1 LUCK point). You are going to have to act quickly. Will you draw your sword (turn to 147), look for something else to use from your backpack (turn to 108) or attempt to flee (turn to 276)?

90

'Ah, Bone Island,' muses Conyn. 'I've heard rumours about the place. Talk of voodoo and buried treasure, but I didn't know of its location until now.' Before directing his crew to set a course for Bone Island, Conyn turns to you. 'There are two different routes we can take. The quicker one should allow us to catch up with the *Virago* but will take us through the Crab Reefs, which are notorious for the gigantic crustaceans said to dwell there. However, if we avoid the reefs our journey will take longer. Which way do you think we should go? Through the Crab Reefs (turn to **267**) or around them (turn to **297**)?'

91

You pass several recessed, grilled doors through which are cramped, dank cells, their only inhabitants creeping, slithering things and the yellowed bones of former prisoners. At the end of the passage you enter a large cave-like chamber with more doors leading from it. However, standing on guard are two peculiar figures. Their flesh is grey and withered and their faces are covered by primitive tribal masks. Each holds a spear and on seeing you they move towards you. Will you fight the guards (turn to **28**) or run for it back down the tunnel and past the T-junction (turn to **57**)?

92

Boldly, you speak the word, 'Leviathan'. Turn to **269**.

93

You draw your sword and thrust it in the old man's face, but this merely makes him laugh all the more. Sniggering like the simpleton he is, Scrimshaw sprints away into the hills, leaving you to explore them without his help. Turn to **65**.

94

You hare off through the jungle, the Great Ape's bellowing cries fading into the echoing distance behind you. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

95

Seeing you draw your sword, the creature goes berserk. Baring its teeth, it leaps at you snarling 'Balinac kill!' You have no choice but to fight the primitive Balinac.

BALINAC SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you kill the apeman, you search through the crates and find nothing but rotting foodstuffs. Balinac has no possessions so you decide to set off into the jungle in the hope of still stopping Cinnabar's pirates. Turn to **125**.

96

'Nightdeath, aid me now!' you cry and the bone blade bursts into flame. Screeching, Quezkari attacks. The

voodoo death-god is actually a powerful, evil spirit – a manifestation of the souls of all those transformed into Zombies by the evil Ramatu and those killed by Cinnabar. If you have a Wristband of White Feathers, the courage of the Usai people is with you as you fight (add 1 to your Attack Strength).

QUEZKARI SKILL 13 STAMINA 18

Each time Quezkari wounds you his dark powers drain 3 STAMINA points from you, unless you are protected by the Ivory Lion Charm, in which case you only lose the usual 2. If you overcome all the odds and defeat the all-powerful spirit, turn to **400**.

97

As you suspected, the door opens into the Captain's cabin. Fortunately, however, there is no sign of anyone being here at the moment. The cabin is plushly decorated with mahogany panelling and thick velvet drapes. The room is lit by an oil lamp hanging from a beam and an empty birdcage swings from the rafters, but there are four things that really attract your attention: a globe of Titan, a large oak chest, Cinnabar's desk and an ornate ship in a bottle. If you don't want to take a closer look at any of these, turn to **233**. If you do, which will it be?

The globe?	Turn to **349**
The chest?	Turn to **316**
The desk?	Turn to **134**
The ship in a bottle?	Turn to **29**

98

The fortune-teller remains silent as you drop your money into his pot. Without looking up, he turns over the first card at the top of the deck. On it is painted the picture of a black skull! You immediately feel a chill in your veins and a forbidding atmosphere of evil pressing down on you. In anger and fear you draw your sword and strike the man. At your blow, the rags collapse in a heap – there is no sign of anyone ever having been there! (Lose 2 LUCK points and add the word 'Desruc' to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Panicked, you turn and flee through the Temple Quarter, only stopping again when you have put many streets between you and the wise men. Add 1 Hour and turn to **334**.

99

You manage to raise the portcullis far enough to get out of the cave and then make for the door instead. Carefully, you open the second door. How long has it taken you to get this far? If it has taken 9 Hours or more, turn to **70**. If it has taken 8 Hours or less, turn to **333**.

100

Madame Galbo's cottage is an unassuming building in the quiet Mandrake's Lane, although somewhat disturbing is the votive totem, made from a dead bird's carcass, nailed to the door. You knock three times and, hearing a croaky 'Enter!', push open the door. You immediately find yourself in a herbalist's paradise; bunches of herbs hang from the low rafters of the room, which is filled with a profusion of potted

plants. The greenery and humidity of the chamber make you feel like you are in the depths of a tropical rainforest. Sitting behind a cluttered table is a dark-skinned old woman with a crumpled face and thick curly black hair – Madame Galbo. The wisewoman is busy preparing a concoction in a pestle and mortar. As you enter the room, there is a great squawking and flapping at your feet as a large black cockerel hops out of your way. 'Don't mind Rabab,' says Madame Galbo of her familiar. 'Now what can I do for you?' You sense that you can trust this woman so you tell her of your search for the Pirates of the Black Skull. 'The followers of the Dark One have many guises and set many traps to ensnare the unwary. If you are to confront them you will need my help for I have an understanding of the ways of voodoo and can do something to counteract it. But assistance comes at a price – four Gold Pieces.' If you can afford this amount, and you are prepared to pay for the wise-woman's help, turn to **382**. If not, you will have to leave Madame Galbo's cottage to look elsewhere for a means of defeating Cinnabar's cronies (turn to **239**).

101

The Silent Donkey is situated on a dingy back street within the Claws. Several suspicious characters watch you enter the inn but none try to stop you. Creeping up the creaky wooden staircase, you come to the first room on the first floor – room 101. The key turns in the lock and, opening the door, you step into a room furnished with only a table and chair. But what you see there sends an icy chill down your spine. On

the table rests a human skull, painted black and decorated with a headdress of brightly coloured bird's feathers. The Black Skull! This is a bad omen. There is nobody here so this must have all been a set-up by Cinnabar's cronies to delay you! The skull fills you with foreboding but it still intrigues you. If you want to take it with you, turn to **244**; if not, turn to **55**.

102

The bolt hits you in the thigh making you stumble and fall onto the wooden planks. Lose 2 STAMINA points, and in the battle to come for the first Attack Round reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points as you try to get up again. Turn to **182**.

103

The Old Fort, residence of the Governor of the Port of Crabs, stands at the top of the hill on which most of the Old Town Quarter of the city is built. You climb the hill and arrive outside the grim stone building. The whole edifice looks like it could withstand an army's onslaught for weeks, even though it is now several centuries old. As you approach the guard at the gate, he asks you your business, and you demand an audience with Governor Montargo. 'Oh yeah?' sneers the guard. 'I can't let just anyone in 'ere, can I. It's more than my job's worth.' If you want to try bribing him, decide how many Gold Pieces you will offer the guard and then turn to **61**. Alternatively you could threaten him with cold steel (turn to **49**). If you don't want to try either of these options you will have to leave (add 1 Hour and turn to **334**).

104

The crystal explodes in a blaze of light, blasting shards of rock around the chamber, but incredibly you manage to get away fairly unscathed! (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) There is nothing more you can do here so you leave the crystal room. Record the word 'Dehsams' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **329**.

105

The second blow knocks you off your feet. Before you can get up again, the Anchor Man quickly loops the heavy chain round your ankles and throws the anchor far out into the harbour. You are immediately dragged from the pier, into the sea, and pulled underwater as the anchor rapidly sinks towards the floor of the harbour. Only just controlling the urge to panic, you try to free yourself from the chain. Roll two dice and add 12. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **340**; if it is greater, turn to **249**.

106

You shake the wand at the unearthly creature, but to no effect. As you are doing this Quezkari lashes out at you with a taloned hand (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice now but to retaliate with your sword. Turn to **177**.

107

Unable to escape, you face a slow, agonizing death at the hands of Cinnabar's sadistic torturer. You have failed in your quest and your adventure is most definitely over.

108

If you have any of the following you have time to try to use one of them against the risen pirate. Will you choose:

Zombie Dust?	Turn to **12**
A skeleton artefact?	Turn to **356**
A broken balustrade?	Turn to **189**
A blue gem?	Turn to **75**
A witchdoctor's wand?	Turn to **212**

If you do not have any of the above items, or choose not to use any of them, turn to **147**.

109

As you elbow your way through the bustling crowds, above the hubbub you hear a gruff voice say in a harsh whisper, 'The *Virago* sails for Bone Island at midnight.' Looking round you see two knavish-looking characters part company and go their separate ways among the throng. You will not be able to follow them now. The *Virago* was the name of Cinnabar's ship and what was that about an island? This careless talk could be an important clue (write down the word 'Dnalsi' on your *Adventure Sheet*). Will you now move on to Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

110

Eventually you come to a wide cave entrance at the foot of a rocky escarpment. Inside, a tunnel leads off into the darkness. You will need to use your lantern if

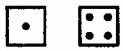

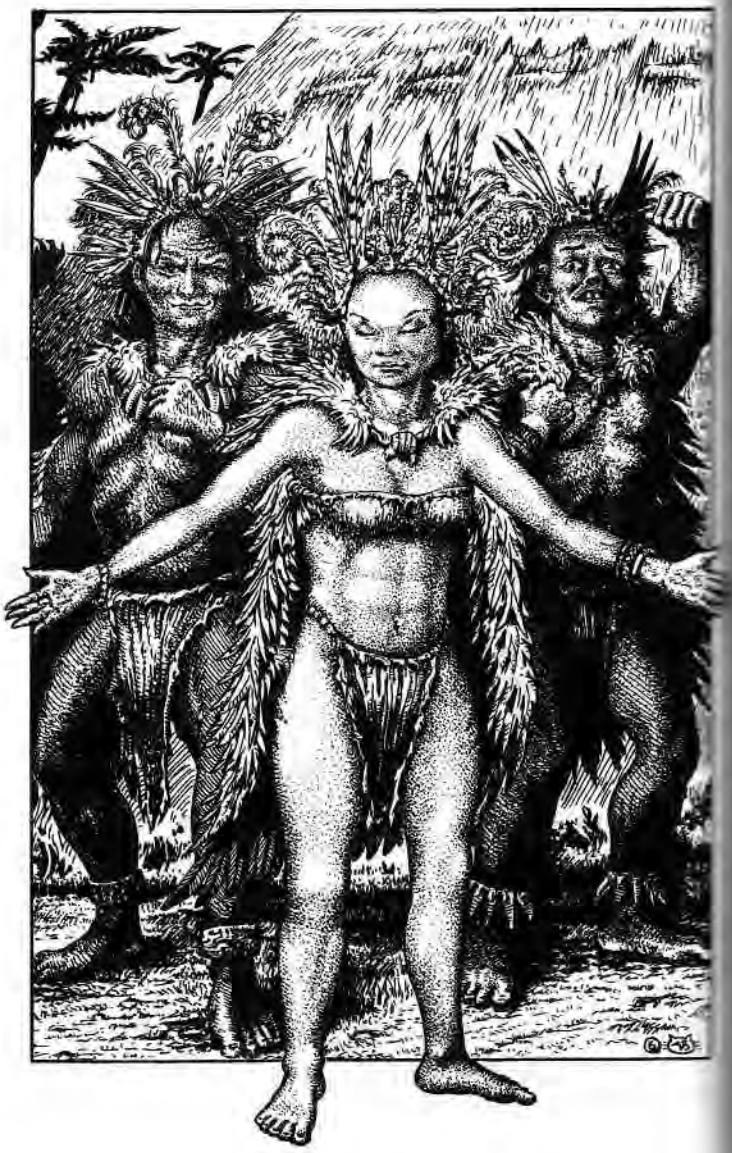

you are to enter the caverns. If you want to do just that, turn to **80**. If not, you decide to head northeast, back into the island's interior (turn to **279**).

111

(Add 1 Hour to your total.) As you are walking along Traders Street away from the market, you cannot help but notice a roguish figure standing on the corner of Lobster Alley. The man is gaunt and scrawny, in his later years, and with several days' growth of stubble. He also has an eye-patch, a wooden stump for a leg beneath his right knee and wears a long coat and tricorn hat. A monkey, with its own tiny waistcoat, is scampering around the man's shoulders. As you walk past the pirate, you make eye contact and he beckons to you with a glance before turning and hobbling away up the alley. Will you follow the man (turn to **64**) or go on your way (turn to **143**)?

112

The Scarachna's sting lashes forwards and strikes you, sending its toxic venom coursing through your body. (Lose 6 STAMINA points.) If you survive this attack, turn back to **201** and continue your battle.

113

You are led to the largest hut in the village where you are brought before a lithe, beautiful woman dressed like the other warriors, only with a more elaborate headdress. 'I am Queen Zyteea of the Usai tribe,' she says in a tongue you understand. 'What are you doing on this island?' You decide you have nothing to lose

by telling Queen Zyteea the truth and so relate your story to her. If you have the word 'Sitnam' recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 224; otherwise, turn to 50.

114

You slip down the slope and suffer cuts and bruises. Roll one dice and subtract the number rolled from your STAMINA score. If you roll a 6 you also lose 1 SKILL point. Turn to 219

115

You soon leave the jungle, with its strange sounds and rank smells of rotting vegetation, and find the ground rising as you head into the foothills of the mountains. As the sun climbs higher in the sky so you climb higher into the mountains. If you have the word 'Depacse' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 335. If not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 283. If you are Unlucky, turn to 335.

116

Managing to control your fear and stay calm, you gaze in fascination at the apparition materialising before you. The ghost looks like the woman carved as the figurehead for the ship. 'Help usss...' wails the ghost. 'The captain must be bested if we are to be freed. Help usss...' And then she is gone. Puzzled, you leave the room and:

Open the other door?	Turn to 353
Leave the ship?	Turn to 72
Descend to the hold?	Turn to 26

117

Searching through the wreckage of the devastated buildings, you find nothing that has not been broken or destroyed. The curious thing is that there are no bodies among the destruction and no sign of the villagers in the surrounding jungle. Puzzled, you set off again south. Turn to 197.

118

(Deduct another 2 Gold Pieces from your total.) This time you are positive you have the right card – but when Armarno turns it over, it is black again! He has to be deceiving you! Now will you challenge the fraudster (turn to 258), leave his table (turn to 223) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to 207)?

119

Just outside the city walls lies the cemetery. Its pillared entrance is decorated with disturbing statues

and the fog merely adds to the eerie atmosphere of the place. Creeping between the weathered tombstones and mausoleums, you suddenly hear the crack of a twig somewhere off to your left and almost jump out of your skin. Spinning round, you are sure you catch a glimpse of something disappearing behind a grim sepulchre. You are not alone in the cemetery. Something else is also prowling around here during the hours of darkness. Peering round the corner of a crypt you see two men, who look like sailors, walking away from you through the mist, carrying a heavy-looking chest between them. Where can they be going? And what are they up to? If you have a Crab Doubloon, turn to **175**. If you do not, will you:

Follow the two men to see where they go?	Turn to **312**
Launch a surprise attack on them?	Turn to **284**
Ignore them and leave the cemetery (add 1 Hour) to search elsewhere?	Turn to **52**

120

Taking hold of the portcullis, you heave with all your might. Roll three dice and add 6 to the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **99**. If it is greater, turn to **204**.

121

'That is correct. Congratulations,' says Calabrius, with a forced smile, and reluctantly hands you a bag containing 10 Gold Pieces. (Add these to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point.) With your

confidence having been granted a boost, will you now look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

122

Choose one of the items you are carrying and cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. The creature eyes your gift with avid curiosity, turning it over and over in its hands. Fixing you with its glittering eyes it grins and says something in a twittering language you cannot understand. The capricious humanoid then disappears back into the jungle as abruptly as it first appeared, taking its treasure with it. You have just encountered a Rainforest Sprite and for giving it a gift you have received its blessing. (Restore 2 LUCK points.) Now turn to the paragraph with the same number as that which you noted down previously.

123

As soon as you touch the treasure you feel a tingling sensation in your fingertips. Looking down in horror, you see that your hands are turning to gold and you are no longer able to move them! There is nothing you can do as the transformation proceeds to affect your arms and soon your entire body. The next person to enter this chamber will marvel at the realism of the golden statue standing here.

124

Cinnabar lunges at you. Caught off guard you do not parry his thrust and, in shocked surprise, you feel the cold steel of his blade sink into your heart. You end your adventure and your life here, slain by the murderer of your family.

125

Once you are within the boundary of the jungle it is as if you have been transported into another world. A green twilight permeates everywhere under the canopy of the trees and you are surrounded by strange sounds and smells. An oppressive, prickly heat pervades the jungle, making the going harder than usual. Make a note of the number 385 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to **192**.

126

Your opponents slump to the ground and you turn round to deal with the treacherous pirate. The old rogue is already fleeing as fast as he can along the alley. You run after him but, hearing your approach, the man spins round and lets fly a dagger. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **173**. If you fail, turn to **213**.

127

You enter a small dark room and are immediately assailed by the heady smell of burning herbs. Through the smoke you make out a large man, sitting inside a chalk circle, wearing only a loincloth, macabre necklaces and a headdress of brightly

coloured feathers. This must be Cinnabar's Witch-doctor, Malu. In one hand he holds a primitive wand, and the bodies of small, dead animals surround him. At your arrival, Malu snaps out of the trance-like state he was in and mutters something incomprehensible under his breath. Suddenly your head starts to spin. *Test your Skill*, adding 1 to the dice roll. If you succeed, turn to 44. If you fail, turn to 87.

128

The blazing ball drops towards the deck and, before you can get out of the way, smashes into your body. You double up in agony from the scorching. (Lose 5 STAMINA points.) Seeing a second such missile hurtling towards the ship, you take cover behind the mast. Turn to 232.

129

Folklore has it that in the past pirates would kill one of their crewmen at the place where they buried their treasure or at a location they wanted kept secret, so that in death the ghost would guard it, unsleepingly. This is obviously what Cinnabar did here. Confidently, you speak the password: 'Crossbones.' Holding your breath, you await Jack A-Lantern's reaction.

'You may paasss...' hisses the pirate-ghost and sinks into the earth in front of you. Not waiting to be told twice, you hurry along the passageway, which ends in a flight of steps that descend under the cemetery. At the end of a short passageway you come to a

T-junction. Will you go left (turn to 221) or right (turn to 13)?

130

If you have a Magical Compass, turn to 172. If not, will you threaten the castaway to make him tell you about the treasure (turn to 93) or will you ignore him and explore the hills alone (turn to 65)?

131

An undead sailor falls before you, felled by the mace of a tall figure, clad entirely in spiked armour. The silent Chaos Champion joined Cinnabar's crew to help him serve his dark masters better by spreading evil throughout all Ruddlestone.

CHAOS CHAMPION	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you strike the warrior, roll one dice: on a roll of 1–3 your blow only causes the champion 1 STAMINA point of damage due to the protection of his armour. If the warrior strikes you, also roll one dice: on a roll of 5–6 his heavy mace causes you 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you defeat the Chaos Champion, turn to 298.

132

Although you struggle valiantly to free yourself, ultimately you cannot. In minutes the tide raises the level of the seawater in the pit above your head and in a matter of a few more minutes, you have drowned. Your adventure ends here in a watery grave.

133

With a horrible squelching sound, the Chameleon's disgusting tongue, as long as its body, shoots out of its mouth and hits you. The sticky pad holds you fast as the Chameleon retracts its tongue, bringing you into its mouth. The monster bites down, injuring you severely (lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). If you are still alive, return to 53 and continue your battle.

134

The desk drawers are locked and, as there is no sign of a key, you try to force one. Eventually you manage to break open a drawer but at the same time trigger a blade that springs out of the desk into your wrist, cutting you badly (lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Having staunched the bleeding, you go through the contents of the drawer. All you find are papers relating to the layout of Cinnabar's hideout in the Port of Crabs, which are of no use to you now. Will you now leave the room (turn to 233) or look at the globe (turn to 349), the chest (turn to 316) or the ship in a bottle (turn to 29)?

135

You turn on your heels and run! You hear a sharp crack behind you and then find yourself falling forwards as the Half-Ogre's whip wraps around your ankles and your feet are pulled from beneath you. (Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point, for being so cowardly!) In an instant the pirates are on you. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	7	7
Second PIRATE	6	7

During the first Attack Round you are trying to get to your feet again, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points. If you win, turn to 187.

136

Raising the whalebone effigy, you sense a thickening of the air around you and a dimming of the light, as if a cloud had crossed the face of the sun. In turn Quezkari seems to grow in stature. Your use of the Skeleton Artefact has aided his materialization on this Plane. (When you have to fight Quezkari, remember to add 1 point to his SKILL and 3 points to his STAMINA.) There is only just time to draw your sword before the unearthly spirit is upon you. Turn to 177.

137

You hurriedly drag the Devotee's bodies to the side of the street before searching them. The two men have no possessions on them except for the sacrificial daggers. The hilts of these are made of ebony, carved to resemble human skulls, and on the backs of their right hands is the now so familiar image of a grinning black skull. The Devotees must have been out looking for victims to sacrifice to the bloodthirsty Quezkari – or maybe they were hunting you! But their presence could also indicate that the pirates' hidden base, or at least a temple to Quezkari, is close by. Will you continue your search here (turn to 396) or now look

elsewhere to avoid meeting any more Devotees (turn to 52)?

138

You are not fast enough. Your spear-punctured body will remain as a grim warning to all those who would seek the cursed treasure of Blackscar.

139

As you draw your sword against Ramatu, he prepares to retaliate by casting a spell.

RAMATU SKILL 11 STAMINA 11

Consult the table below each time the High Priest wins an Attack Round to see which attack he uses and the damage it causes.

Attack Round	*Attack and Damage*
1st	Magical Darts: roll one dice and lose that many STAMINA points.
2nd	Quezkari's Curse: lose 1 SKILL point, 1 LUCK point and 3 STAMINA points.
3rd	Bloodfire: Ramatu blasts you with jets of flaming blood, lose 4 STAMINA points.
4th onwards	Screaming Dagger: lose 2 STAMINA points and reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the rest of the battle due to the dagger's off-putting shrieks.

If you defeat the High Priest, turn to 7.

140

It is backbreaking work but after twenty minutes you have managed to clear a sizeable pile of stones from the cave-in, creating an opening into the tunnel beyond. It is only as you are partially through the hole you have cleared that the unstable tunnel roof gives way once more, crushing you under several tonnes of rock and earth. Your adventure ends here.

141

Opening the door and stepping through it, you find yourself in an obsessively tidy and disturbing room. The place looks like a laboratory. On the walls are detailed drawings of human and animal anatomy. Several shelves are packed with glass jars containing preserved body parts and even a human brain. A leather-bound journal resting on a desk is embossed in gold leaf with the name 'Doctor Malefact', the ship's surgeon and Cinnabar's notorious torturer. Do you want to search the Doctor's laboratory further (turn to 313) or would you prefer not to linger here in case you are discovered (turn to 233)?

142

You are accepted as a fellow warrior by the Usai and as a sign of this are given a Wristband of White Feathers, as worn by the other warriors of the tribe (regain 1 LUCK point). Queen Zyteea invites you to stay in the village that evening to share in their feast and you happily accept. Marlin's log was totally wrong about the inhabitants of Bone Island. Rather than being cannibals they are actually peaceable, intelligent, civilised people. With the moon now high in the night's sky, you dine on exotic fruits and spit-roast gazelle (restore up to 4 STAMINA points). As you eat, Zyteea tells you that the Usai people live in fear of Ramatu, the High Priest of Quezkari who lives in a temple in the mountains. He sends dark voodoo spirits against the tribespeople, carrying off warriors to become his Zombie slaves. Suddenly there is a scream from a tribesman on guard at the edge of the village. Everyone rushes to see what the disturbance is. The guard is suspended in mid-air and struggling as if in the grasp of some great creature. For a moment you think you see the shadowy outline of whatever is attacking the man. It is only momentary but you get the impression of a horny hide, large tusks, clawed hands and hairy, hooved legs, as if the thing were an amalgam of several different wild animals. The near-invisible Spirit-Beast roars and you run at it with your weapon drawn. If you are using a bone sword, turn to 23. If not, turn to 234.

143

Ignoring the pirate, you leave the markets of the Port of Crabs. (Make a note of the word 'Etarip' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) If you have the word 'Dnalsi' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **17**. If you do not, turn to **334**.

144

You dodge the silk strand, throwing yourself out of the way at the last second. Having wasted its spit attack, the Scarachna drops down from the trees and advances on you, trying to bite you with its mandibles and sting you with its tail.

SCARACHNA SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If the Scarachna wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. If you roll a 6, turn to **380**. If you reduce the Scarachna's STAMINA to 7 points or less, turn immediately to **292**.

145

Inside a shattered casket you find a corked Bottle of Rum still intact. Drinking the rum will restore 4 STAMINA points. Now return to **300** and choose another option.

146

Leaving the city, unnoticed, by the Kakhabad Gate you make your way through the darkness to Mallan's Point. The moon shines down from a cloudless sky, illuminating the crumbling tower that was once the port's lighthouse in more prosperous and peaceful times. But the moon is not the only light visible. Close

to the edge of the cliff beyond the ruin you can see a flickering light. If you want to investigate this light, turn to **184**. If you would rather approach the lighthouse, turn to **220**.

147

As you unsheathe your weapon the pirate's grinning corpse rises from the coffin. 'Well, well,' the dead man says in a cracked voice, 'it's been so long since I've had a drink, poor old Roger could die of thirst, so he could.' With fangs bared and talon-hands raised, the vampiric pirate advances towards you.

JOLLY ROGER SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you kill the undead pirate, record the word 'Eripmav' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **319**.

148

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **21**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **43**.

149

The tunnel ends at a semicircular room on the far side of which is an ornately carved stone door flanked by two Zombie-like creatures with strange tribal masks covering their faces. As soon as you enter the chamber, the mindless guards shamble towards you. Will you engage in combat (turn to **226**) or flee from here (turn to **329**)?

150

You visit many of the seediest drinking establishments in the city, including The Cat and Cockroach, Angar's Mutiny and the Barnacle Tavern. However, your enquiries and investigations attract the attentions of those whose interest you did not want to arouse. Having just left yet another smoky bar-room, you suddenly find yourself confronted by a group of pirates and black-robed devotees – all followers of Quezkari. They have been alerted to your mission by your endless enquiries. Realising the danger you are in from Cinnabar's cronies, you run for it, as there are far too many for you to fight by yourself. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **241**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **33**.

151

Continuing along the passageway, eventually you reach the entrance to a vast, well-lit chamber. At one end of the cavern a man, dressed in black, flowing robes and with a headdress of crow's feathers, is chanting a spell over the corpse of a tribesman lying on a large, stone slab. Surrounding the Voodoo Priest and filling much of the chamber is a horde of Mask Zombies. Fascinated, you watch as the tribesman's corpse becomes pallid and withers. The Priest then places a tribal mask, which glows with an eldritch light, on its head and instantly the Zombie sits up. Then the Priest looks up, directly at you! With a screeching cry he points in your direction and his undead servants shamble forwards. There is only one exit from the chamber not blocked by the Zombies so will you run for it (turn to **201**) or stand and fight (turn to **45**)?

152

Cinnabar slumps to the deck: you have overcome him at last. But what is this? His wounds closing before your very eyes, Cinnabar rises to his feet again, seemingly unharmed! 'Don't you understand?' he mocks. 'The ceremony was completed. I am invulnerable and I shall be invincible! And do you know why?' Cinnabar is boasting now: 'My heart is no longer inside my body!' If you have a Fetish, turn to **398**. If not, turn to **124**.

153

As the *Fortune* sails away from the *Sea Maiden*, you watch as the ghost ship fades into thin air and the green mist disperses on the wind. At the same time the sky brightens once more. Suddenly there is a cry from the crow's nest: 'Captain Conyn! Galleon off the starboard bow!'

All eyes look out to sea. There on the horizon, sailing away from you, is the unmistakable shape of Cinnabar's pirate ship, the *Virago* – and the *Fortune* is gaining on it! Your quarry is in reach at last. Without warning, the sea before your vessel becomes a boiling froth. Out of this turbulence rises a gargantuan, fish-like head, jaws open wide. The whale-like Behemoth blots out the sun as its mouth descends on the *Fortune*, teeth like stalactites bearing down on you. The scene on board the *Fortune* is one of utter panic. Desperately the crew is trying to steer the ship out of the way of the monster, which is big enough to swallow it whole! The great jaws crash down on the *Fortune*, closing around the hold, breaking masts and spars as if they were matchwood. You are thrown across the deck and into the churning sea. Roll three dice: if the total is greater than your STAMINA score, turn to 344; if it less, turn to 300.

154

Gulping down the sweet liquid, you begin to feel more dexterous and clear-headed. You've just drunk a Potion of Skill (restore your SKILL score to its *Initial* level). Turn back to 217 and choose another option.

155

You find yourself dragged before Cinnabar once again, only this time it is on the deck of the pirate-lord's ship. 'So you escaped from our little trap,' the undead captain says, calmly. 'Well it won't happen again. I think this time you deserve the attentions of the good Doctor Malefact. Doctor?'

At Cinnabar's invitation, a small, elderly man with a balding pate and thick-lensed spectacles steps towards you, scalpel raised and a wicked glint in his eyes. You don't want to imagine what he has planned for you! You must try to escape. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to 250. If you fail, turn to 107.

156

Pocketing your 2 Gold Pieces (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*) Mundi takes a leather-bound tome from a bookcase and quickly thumbs through it. 'Ah, yes. Here we are,' he says, stopping at a particular page. 'This is a copy of the legendary Captain Marlin's log from his exploring days with the *Prancing Porpoise*. On one of his many voyages recorded in this journal, he mentions, in passing, a tropical island inhabited by cannibals, which he named Bone Island. There is no map but he does say that it lies 370 leagues east of the Port of Crabs. That's all I can tell you, I'm afraid,' says the Dwarf. 'If you ever go there, maybe you could make a few sketches that I could use to draw up a map of the place myself.' Thanking Mundi Pelago for his help, you go on your way. Turn to 334.

157

The trap sprung, poison darts fly out of holes in the walls hitting you. Roll one dice and add 2: this is the number of darts that hit you, each one causing 1 STAMINA point of damage. Intending to be more careful in future, you stagger onwards, feeling like a human pincushion. Turn to 48.

158

You come to tied to a stone altar before a hideous, bony likeness of the voodoo death-god, Quezkari. You only just have time to take in the fact that you are in a large underground chamber packed with pirates and Devotees, before a black-robed priest plunges his sacrificial knife into your heart! Your very blood will be used to help bring your enemy back to life! Your adventure is over.

159

Like a great felled tree, the Anchor Man topples onto the jetty with a crash. (Make a note of the word 'Rohcna' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) A rapid search of his body uncovers 6 Gold Pieces and a grubby piece of old parchment. On it is written one word: 'Leviathan'. What can it mean? You continue your search for secret entrances a while longer but discover nothing, so you give up looking here. Add 1 Hour and turn to 52.

160

Holding out your arm, you allow Madame Galbo to open a vein with a thin knife so that she can collect some of your blood in a crucible (lose 3 STAMINA

points). Just as you feel that you are about to faint, you hear the old wisewoman tell you that she is finished. Coming round, you watch as Madame Galbo heats the blood over a small flame, together with another strange liquid that smells strongly of sulphur. Clouds of steam form in the air above you and then, within them, form wraith-like faces. The old woman now sits swaying gently from side to side, with her eyes closed. 'Spirits,' she intones, 'what does the future hold for the vengeance-seeker? Tell us!'

An unnerving whispering moan fills the air and the spirits Madame Galbo has summoned speak: 'The Isle of Bones... That is where they must go... The spell-weaver's books hold the key... The mask holds the power... The heart of the idol... The Spirit of Darkness comes...' And then the voices fade.

Madame Galbo looks strained after the summoning so, bidding her farewell, you leave the cottage. Turn to **239**.

161

Evading your blows the two tentacles seize you in their slippery coils. There is nothing you can do as you are dragged into the sea and under the water. Through the churning murk you see the Giant Octopus that has made this cave its home. It is pulling you towards its snapping, beaked mouth. In desperation you manage to free you sword-arm, although one of the creature's tentacles still has you in its tightening grip. You are going to have to fight for your life.

GIANT OCTOPUS SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

As you are fighting the Octopus underwater you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If the battle lasts for more Attack Rounds than your current SKILL score, turn to **190** straight away. If you defeat the creature in the same number of Attack Rounds as your current SKILL or fewer, turn to **379**.

162

You throw one portion of your Provisions into a far corner of the room (cross 1 meal off your *Adventure Sheet*). The mutant cat pounces on them and begins to devour them greedily. However, as soon as you enter the room, with a roar the beast bounds towards you. You have no choice but to fight the monster.

NINE-TAILS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

The cat attacks by trying to slash you with its great claws and bite you with its huge fangs. However, if the monster hits you, roll one dice. On a roll of 5 or 6, it has hit you with its barbed tails instead: roll one dice and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA score. You may *Test your Luck* to avoid this damage if you wish. Keep track of how much STAMINA you lose in this way. If you survive this battle, turn to **235**.

163

You hand over the money (deduct 10 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*) and the soldiers part to let you through. As you go Snide adds, 'But remember, if you should pass my way again...' Without further hesitation you hurry on, barely suppressing your anger at such an insult. Turn to 287.

164

You eventually settle down with your back to a tree and your sword at your side, just in case. You are woken in the middle of the night by a loud buzzing. Hovering above you are three, oval-shaped beetles, each one as big as your head, with large mandibles and shimmering emerald bodies. Being carnivorous, the insects attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First JUNGLE BUG	5	5
Second JUNGLE BUG	4	4
Third JUNGLE BUG	5	4

If you kill all the flying beetles, you manage to get back to sleep and at dawn are on your way again. If you have the word 'Noogal' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 327. If not, turn to 115.

165

Taken from the head of one of the race of little people known as Elvins, who dwell in the Shamutanti Hills of Kakhabad and worship the Trickster God Lord Logaan, this lock of hair will bring you good fortune. Whenever you are instructed to *Test your Luck* from now on, you may deduct 1 from the dice-roll. Return to 42.

166

Back in the outer entrance chamber of the temple, choosing a way you haven't gone yet, will you pass through the left-hand arch (turn to 216), the central arch (turn to 392) or the right-hand arch (turn to 255)?

167

The clink of coins in his pot makes the blind man turn his head in your direction. 'Welcome, fellow traveller on life's highway,' he says in cheerful greeting. 'Give me your hand and I will tell you what waits within that unknown isle – the future.' Somewhat uncertainly, you stretch out your hand to the seer, who, after groping the air, clasps it in a vice-like grip. 'Ahhh,' he breathes, 'a brave soul that fights for truth and justice. May Cheelah smile upon your endeavours. Let Luck and Chance guide you on your path. Farewell.' Is that all you get for 2 Gold Pieces? The Master of Destiny releases your hand and says no more. Will you now make an offering to the bearded guru (turn to 393) or the mute fortune-teller (turn to 98), or will you go on your way (add 1 Hour and turn to 334)?

168

At around noon the next day the previously clear sky suddenly, and inexplicably, darkens. As the *Fortune* sails on under the leaden sky another ship comes into view off the port bow. It appears to be in a state of terrible disrepair and is surrounded by a pall of sickly, green mist. Conyn looks at the vessel through his telescope and his face becomes ashen. You ask him what is troubling him. 'It is the *Sea Maiden* – a ghost ship,' he explains. 'Folklore has it that its crew and captain are cursed to sail the twelve seas for all eternity. We should avoid it at all costs!' You are now curious about the *Sea Maiden*. If you want to try to persuade Conyn to approach the ghost ship, turn to **390**. If not, turn to **153**.

169

Sure enough, in one cell you find five, half-starved tribespeople, whom you release. Having thanked you profusely for freeing them, they return the favour by giving you any information they can that may help you. They know nothing about the Pirates of the Black Skull but do know the Mask Zombies' secret: the masks themselves imbue the Zombies with Quezkari's power, and if removed the undead become severely weakened. Knowing this, if you ever find yourself in combat with Mask Zombies, rather than fighting them in the usual way, you can try to remove their tribal masks. To do this very specific task you will have to reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points but as soon as you win an Attack Round you grab the Zombie's mask and cast it aside; the Zombie loses

2 STAMINA points and 3 SKILL points. If you had not saved the tribespeople, their fate would have been to be turned into Mask Zombies too. The prisoners also overheard the temple's High Priest telling one of his acolytes about a code or something and used the phrase, 'Back two, forward two. Back two, forward two.' Regain 1 LUCK point for this knowledge and then turn to 57.

170

The bracelet is made from leather embedded with the razor-sharp teeth of a shark, thirty-eight in all, which point outwards. It is an unusual item, which at the moment does not seem to exhibit any magical potential – but it may prove useful. Return to 42.

171

At last you come upon a rusted iron ladder set into one wall of a tunnel, which leads up to a manhole cover. Clambering out into the street above, you take in great lungfuls of fresh sea-air, glad to be rid of the vile stench of the sewers. Add 1 Hour and turn to 52.

172

You are suddenly reminded of the Talismonger's words about the Magical Compass you bought and take it out of your backpack. Looking at it, you see that the needle is pointing westwards. If you want to head in the direction the compass is pointing, turn to 110. If you would rather just explore the hills, turn to 65.

173

You duck just in time to avoid being hit by the dagger. You then close on the old pirate. Turn to 318.

174

Turfed out into the street, feeling insulted and frustrated, you set off to look elsewhere. Add 1 Hour to your total, and the word 'Regnad' to your *Adventure Sheet*, and then turn to 334.

175

You are attracted to something lying in the soil of a freshly dug grave, glinting in the moonlight. Bending down, you pick it up – it is another doubloon, also with two heads. Crivens had such a coin and was a

member of Cinnabar's crew, and now you have two men carrying a chest full of them through a deserted cemetery at night! They must have something to do with the Pirates of the Black Skull. You decide to follow these smugglers. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **247**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **284**.

176

Clambering onto the statue, you force your sword into an eye-socket. You are suddenly aware of a hissing sound and see that purple smoke is pouring out of the iguana's mouth. Being so close to it you cannot avoid your head being surrounded by the cloud of gas. You pass out and fall onto the chamber floor. Death soon follows.

177

What sort of weapon are you using? If it is made of bone and you know how to awaken the power within it, convert the letters in its name into numbers using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 up to Z=26, add the numbers together and then turn to that paragraph. If you do not know how to release the weapon's magical energies or you are not using a bone sword, turn to **345**.

178

Drinking the 'Infusion of Fate' has the same effect as downing a Potion of Fortune. (Add 1 to your *Initial* LUCK score and raise it to this new level.) Return to **217** and do something else.

179

Madame Galbo applies herb compresses to your wounds, which knit together and heal within a matter of minutes! (Restore your STAMINA and SKILL scores to their *Initial* levels and regain 2 LUCK points.) 'Now you must be on your way,' orders the old wisewoman. Turn to **239**.

180

Still shaking, you uncork the bottle of Antidote and take a swig (reduce the amount left by one tot). The tremors soon subside and the fever also passes, leaving you able to go on your way. Turn to **262**.

181

An eerie silence pervades the streets of the Temple Quarter, creating a disconcerting atmosphere. Creeping, cat-like, along the roads, you are suddenly surprised by two figures that step out of the shadows in front of you. Dressed in black habits, and with sacrificial daggers raised, the Devotees advance towards you. Drawing your sword, you prepare to do battle. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEVOTEE	6	6
Second DEVOTEE	7	6

If the battle lasts longer than ten Attack Rounds, turn at once to **264**. If not, and you win the battle, turn to **137**.

182

The evil Cinnabar draws a gleaming cutlass from its scabbard and with a roar engages you in combat. At the same time, the pirate-lord's mangy parrot flies from its perch on his shoulder. 'That's right, Jezebel,' laughs Cinnabar, 'go for the eyes!'

CINNABAR	SKILL 12	STAMINA 16

As you are being distracted by the parrot you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for this battle. Also, each Attack Round roll one dice: if you roll a 5 or 6, Jezebel pecks you and scratches you with her claws (lose 1 additional STAMINA point). If you manage to defeat the murderer of your family, turn to 152.

183

If you offer the primitive some food, turn to 222. If you give it a Flask of Grog or a Bottle of Rum, turn to 268. If you offer it something else, turn to 246.

184

Creeping cautiously towards the cliff edge you see that the light is actually that from a lantern, held by a woman who is looking out to sea with her two companions, a man and a pug-faced Man-Orc. Following the direction of their gazes, you make out a stout ship sailing towards the treacherous, jagged rocks, which line this stretch of coast. The light is guiding the ship to its doom! These three must be Wreckers, felons who deliberately cause shipwrecks for their own gain, scavenging the booty washed up from the sunken vessels. You must stop them or another ship will fall

prey to their cruel intentions! Fortunately, they are still unaware of your presence here. Running at the nearest scoundrel, sword drawn, you wound him before he has a chance to defend himself. Fight the Wreckers all together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WRECKER	7	5
Second WRECKER	6	7
Third WRECKER	8	7

If you win, turn to **369**.

185

Passing through the sweet-scented cloud, you follow the passageway until you reach a wooden door in the right-hand wall, barred from the outside. Listening at the door you can hear a scratching and snuffling sound. Do you want to open the door (turn to **311**) or go on without hesitation (turn to **151**)?

186

Having jumped ship you are now stranded in the middle of the Western Ocean with no sight of land anywhere. The turquoise waters stretch in every direction as far as the horizon. If you have the word 'Enutrof' recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **257**. If not, turn to **54**.

187

Dropping his whip, the Half-Ogre moves in to attack you with his club.

HALF-OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If the Half-Ogre wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, the blow from his club knocks you off your feet. This means that you spend the next round of combat getting up again, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for that Attack Round. If you kill the Half-Ogre, turn to **328**.

188

You rush out of the temple into blazing sunshine. If you can catch up with Cinnabar maybe you'll be able to stop him before he leaves Bone Island. Running as fast as you can, you hurry down through the hills to the lagoon. Lose 1 STAMINA point due to this strenuous exercise. You reach the bay as evening approaches, just in time to see the *Virago* disappearing towards the horizon on the open sea. After all your efforts you are too late! If you have the word 'Nediam' written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **352**. If not, turn to **263**.

189

Raising the splintered shaft of wood in one hand you are amazed when the undead pirate cowers back hissing in fear. You quickly press home your advantage and plunge the stake into the corpse's chest, transfixing the creature's heart. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **319**.

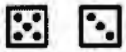

190

As you struggle valiantly against the Giant Octopus beneath the waves, eventually the air in your lungs runs out. Still submerged beneath the surface you gasp for breath, inhaling great lungfuls of salty brine. Whether you die by drowning or are devoured by the Octopus first, the end result is the same. Your adventure is over.

191

You step through the doorway into the watery light of dawn: you are on the deck of the *Virago*. Milling about in front of you are the crew and standing at the fo'c'sle is Cinnabar himself, a mangy parrot perched on his shoulder. Suddenly the evil captain looks round and, seeing you, screams to his pirates to capture you. There are far too many of them to take on by yourself so you do the only thing you can: you have no choice but to jump ship. The way to the side of the ship is blocked by the ruffians so you run for the rigging. Three pirates immediately step into your path.

	SKILL
First PIRATE	6
Second PIRATE	5
Third PIRATE	7

Do not fight the Pirates in the usual way. Instead, calculate Attack Strengths for yourself and the first

Pirate. If his is higher, you are captured, turn to **155**. If yours is, you have barged past him: move on to the next Pirate and repeat the process until you have either been captured (turn to **155**) or evaded all three of the rogues ranged against you (turn to **79**).

192

Yammering cries, the shrieks of strange birds and the chittering of insects fill the jungle with a constant cacophony. But what was that? Something else is close by. Roll two dice. If you roll:

2	Turn to **53**
3	Turn to **371**
4	Turn to **320**
5	Turn to **2**
6	Turn to **245**
7	Turn to **332**
8	Turn to **37**
9	Turn to **85**
10	Turn to **198**
11 or 12	No encounter

Each encounter, apart from number 11 or 12, can occur only once. If you roll an encounter that has already taken place, roll again. If you roll 11 or 12, turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down before coming here. Ensure that you cross off each encounter as you choose it.

193

As you are trudging through the sludge and septic muck of the tunnels, a huge serpentine creature bursts

from the foul water in front of you. The Sewer Snake must be almost five metres long, and is coloured a disgusting grey-brown. It attacks immediately.

SEWER SNAKE SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win, you go on until you eventually find a way out of the sewers. Add 2 Hours and turn to 52.

194

'You have done very well,' says the tribespeople's Queen, 'but you have not done well enough to prove to us that your intentions are honourable. You must leave our village.' Before you go, however, Zytees does tell you that her warriors have seen a ship anchored in the lagoon on the eastern side of the island. (Add the word 'Noogal' to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Leaving the village you head off into the jungle once more (turn to 164).

195

'That'll do nicely,' smarms the guard, pocketing your gold and opening the gate. 'This way,' he says, leading you into the Old Fort. You soon find yourself outside a grand set of double doors. The guard knocks on the doors and having received the reply, 'Enter!' he opens them, letting you pass into Governor Montargo's audience chamber. Sitting behind a large oak desk, in a high-backed chair, is a dignified but bored-looking man, with close-cropped grey hair and wearing the uniform of a military commander. 'Well?' he demands, impatiently.

'Lord Montargo,' you begin, 'I am here to inform you of a terrible threat to the security of your city. The Pirates of the Black Skull are intending to return their evil captain, Cinnabar, to life through the dark practices of voodoo.'

'What nonsense! Cinnabar was killed six months ago by Conyn, the bounty hunter. The scoundrel's body was lost to the sea. How do you seriously expect me to believe that he can now be brought back to life?'

'I am telling you the truth!' you exclaim. 'I have seen evidence of the pirates' activities myself. We must find out where they are hiding. Do you want the Port of Crabs to become threatened by Cinnabar and those like him?'

'Enough! I am not interested in your wild goose chases and I do not have to listen to your paranoid ramblings. There is no threat to the city. Guards!' Four uniformed soldiers immediately burst into the audience chamber. 'My guest is just leaving.' The guards go to frog-march you away. Will you resist them (turn to 236) or allow yourself to be escorted out of the chamber (turn to 174)?

196

The spears just miss your back as you hurl yourself forwards. Picking yourself up from the tunnel floor, you reassess the situation. This place is proving to be more dangerous by the minute. Do you want to continue (turn to 228) or turn back and leave the caves (turn to 279)?

197

The trees soon begin to thin and in no time at all you find yourself at the edge of an expanse of marshland. The swamp is formed by a river delta where it meets the sea. As it is the only way onwards, you set off across it, wary of predatory swamp creatures. The going is quite easy through the marsh and, as dusk falls, you have almost reached dry land again. With the ground underfoot becoming firmer with every step you hear a loud buzzing getting closer too. And then the huge insect is there in front of you, its proboscis glistening with poison as it jabs at you. You must fight the Giant Mosquito.

GIANT MOSQUITO SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the insect and lost *any* Attack Rounds to it, turn at once to **299**. If you managed to suffer no wounds in the fight, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **262**.

198

You step through clinging fronds into a clearing in which a titanic struggle is taking place. There, in front of you, two colossi of the sweltering jungle – a huge grey-furred ape and a vicious, carnivorous lizard – are fighting over disputed territory. The Great Ape's fists are pounding the Terrible Lizard's scaly hide whilst the saurus snaps at the ape with its deadly

jaws. Suddenly caught in the thick of things, what will you do?

Side with the ape against the lizard?	Turn to **215**
Join in battle against the ape?	Turn to **337**
Try to skirt past the two monsters without getting involved?	Turn to **304**
Watch the fight to its conclusion?	Turn to **77**

199

You also uncover a peculiar, eight-sided Blue Gem in a silk-lined box (add this to your *Adventure Sheet*). Having completed your search, you decide that it is time to find out what is going on here and so head in the other direction past the T-junction. Add 1 Hour to your total and turn to **13**.

200

If you bought the Ivory Lion Charm, turn to **227**. If not, you can either look for more practical equipment around the markets (turn to **351**) or leave to continue your quest (turn to **111**).

201

Evading the grasping hands of the Zombies you rush past them and along the new tunnel. Your heart racing with adrenalin, you skid to a halt on entering another cave. The Zombies are quite a way behind you now, but there is something far worse ahead. A fissure in the cave roof is open to the outside world and much of the chamber is a tangle of sticky webs. Crawling down from the crack on the glistening

threads is a creature you had hoped never to meet again – the Scarachna! Since last you encountered the hybrid, the spider-scorpion has regained its strength and this time it is determined not to let you get away.

SCARACHNA SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If the monster wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, turn to **112**. If you ever lose two Attack Rounds in succession, turn to **336**. If you are still fighting after twelve Attack Rounds, turn to **237**. If you have killed the spider-scorpion within twelve Attack Rounds, turn to **30**.

202

You are inside a room full of nautical instruments and old charts. With a bang, the door slams shut behind you. You watch, terrified, as sextants and other objects rise into the air and the ship's compass in the room goes haywire. Then the wailing begins... *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **116**. If you fail, turn to **76**.

203

Hissing menacingly, the snakes slither towards you. Fight them as if they were a single opponent.

SNAKES SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

The snakes have venomous bites and, if you lose an Attack Round, will cause 4 STAMINA points of damage (unless you have some Poison Antidote: taking one tot will keep the damage at 2 points). If you win, turn to **331**.

204

You cannot move the heavy, iron gate. If you are still able to use a Potion of Giant-Strength, turn to **31**. If not, turn to **243**.

205

With one of the jungle monsters dead, you are going to have to fight the other as it prepares to defend its territory once again. If the Great Ape won, turn to **330** to fight it, deducting any STAMINA points it lost in its battle with the saurus. If the Terrible Lizard won, turn to **278**, deducting any STAMINA points it lost in its battle with the ape.

206

'You were warned, stranger,' the warrior intones and two of them immediately attack. Fight them simultaneously.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TRIBESMAN	8	7
Second TRIBESMAN	8	8

If you kill the warriors, the enraged villagers prepare to exact their revenge. If you hang around here you are sure to be killed so you flee, losing them in the jungle. Turn to **164**.

207

Pushing through the bustling hordes of gamblers, you suddenly feel something pushed into your hand. Quickly looking about you, you think you see an old woman hurrying away but she is soon lost in the

crowds. You have been given a sealed envelope. You wait until you are outside before breaking the wax-seal and opening the envelope. Inside are a letter and an iron key. The letter reads as follows:

If you are determined to defeat the Pirates of the Black Skull, go to room 101 at the Silent Donkey.
A Friend.

The key must be the one to the room in the inn. If you ever want to follow up this contact, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the room, but for now add 2 Hours to your total and turn to **334**.

208

You have no success in your search so you decide that your best option is to head northeast back into the island's interior. Turn to **279**.

209

Leaving the Grand Temple, you prepare to go on your way. During the day, the Street of Holies is packed with beggars, supplicants and worshippers. As you descend the temple steps, you hear two voices raised above the noise of the bustling crowds. One is shouting, 'Words of Wisdom! Words of Wisdom!' while the second is calling out, 'Let the Master of Destiny guide you on life's journey!' Looking round, you see three men sitting cross-legged beside the road. Each is dressed differently, in the manner of certain religious groups, but in front of each of them is a small offering pot. The closest of the men, with long hair and an even longer beard, smiles at you and says, 'Two Gold

Pieces is all we ask, and then we will reveal to you the mysteries of the cosmos and what Fate has in store for you.' Do you want to make a donation to one of the wise men (turn to 270) or will you leave the Temple Quarter to look elsewhere for information (add 1 Hour and turn to 334)?

210

Taking the fetish in your hands does not produce any ill effects so, thinking it could be useful later, you stow the grim little idol in your backpack. Will you now grab the pearl (turn to 388) or leave the temple without further delay (turn to 188)?

211

Descending the stairs you are enticed onwards by the smells of cooking. Entering a large, warm room in the hold, you find yourself in the pirates' kitchen and the cook doesn't appear too pleased at being interrupted. Bladderwrack the Cook is a huge, blubbery man, stripped to the waist and sweating disgustingly. Although his recipes for the crew are conventional fare, it is known that his own tastes are more cannibalistic, and a necklace of finger bones attests to this fact. Seeing that you are not one of the pirates, Bladderwrack picks up a pan of boiling water and hurls it at you. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to 35. If you fail, turn to 339.

212

The corpse pirate lets out a gurgling laugh as you wave the powerless wand at it. The undead horror lashes out at you with its ragged fingernails, clawing your face. (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) Turn to 147.

213

The dagger sinks into your shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 318.

214

The mass of fighting bodies parts and there stands your quarry before you. Having fought your way past his lackeys, you are face-to-face with Cinnabar, old Bloodbones himself, at last. But he is no longer the undead horror you encountered beneath the Port of Crabs – he is now the debonair, handsome pirate-lord he was before his death. Springing like a panther, you sprint across the deck to reach Cinnabar. At the same time the pirate captain raises a small crossbow and fires. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to 375. If you fail, turn to 102.

215

With you joining the fight against the Terrible Lizard, the Great Ape soon prevails. With one last blow from the ape's huge fists, the saurus falls to the ground either dead, or unconscious. The ape fixes you with its beady black eyes. Rearing up on its haunches it bellows and begins beating its chest. Will you prepare to defend yourself (turn to 330), or will you run for it (94)?

216

You have not travelled very far along the passageway beyond the left-hand archway when the corridor turns left into a small, dark, rough-hewn chamber. Curiously, pieces of shipping tackle seem to have been abandoned here, including a ship's wheel, but the object which intrigues you most lies in the middle of the floor. It is a plain wooden coffin, draped with a Jolly Roger. There is no way out of the chamber other than the way you came in, so will you:

Search the chamber for any useful items?	Turn to 314
Open the flag-draped coffin?	Turn to 36
Retrace your steps and pass through the central archway?	Turn to 392
Go back and choose the right-hand archway?	Turn to 255

217

The box contains several empty bottles, no doubt drunk by Balinac. However, there are two with their seals still intact that are labelled. Do you want to:

Drink the 'Essence of Expertise'?	Turn to 154
Drink the 'Infusion of Fate'?	Turn to 178
Study the *Mythica*?	Turn to 47
Read the *Arcanum*?	Turn to 5
Leave the wizard's cell?	Turn to 385

218

With your fingers round the handle of the door, you freeze, hearing a floorboard creak outside the room. Is there somebody there – somebody up to no good? Silently, you unsheathe your sword, just in case, and open the door but do not step through it. Instantly, two black-robed figures leap into the doorway, coshes raised. Determined to stop you succeeding in your quest, the Devotees of Quezkari attack. In the narrow doorway you can fight these acolytes of evil one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEVOTEE	6	7
Second DEVOTEE	6	6

If you win, a rapid search of the fanatics' bodies reveals nothing of value to you so you quickly leave the inn. Add 1 Hour and the word 'Yeknod' to your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **287**.

219

Reaching the edge of the cave you can now see that a narrow ledge, just a few metres above the crashing waves, leads into the gloomy depths beyond. Do you want to continue into the cave (turn to **354**) or would you rather give up on this course of action and return to the cliff-top (turn to **322**).

220

To your surprise, you find a sturdy door in the base of the tower, the only way in. Being as quiet as possible, you try the door but discover that it is locked. What will you do now?

Attempt to break down the door?	Turn to **326**
Investigate the flickering light?	Turn to **184**
Leave the lighthouse (add 1 Hour) and look elsewhere for the pirates?	Turn to **52**

221

You find yourself exploring the pirates' hideout, a collection of meeting rooms, storerooms and sleeping chambers, but all appear to be deserted! Do you want to remain here and make a thorough search of the hideout (turn to **305**) or would you rather return to the T-junction and follow the tunnel in the opposite direction (turn to **13**)?

222

The Balinac snatches the food from you and wolfs it down (cross off 1 meal from your Provisions), allowing you to pass. Turn to **125**.

223

Will you now look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**) or Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

224

While you are recounting recent events, a tribesman approaches Zyteea and you recognise him as the one you saved from the Praying Mantis. He whispers something to his Queen and when you are finished she says, 'Toombei tells me that you saved his life and that you are a noble warrior. Therefore you are welcome here.' Turn to **142**

225

As you rummage about inside the dead pirate's coffin, you disturb a number of Blood Maggots that were lurking there. Each of the eyeless grubs latches onto your flesh with its barbed mouthparts. Roll one dice. This is how many of the maggots bite you. Lose the same number of STAMINA points. Having managed to pull the horrid creatures from your ravaged flesh, you hastily depart the vampire's chamber. You have no desire to remain there any longer. If you have the word 'Eripmav' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **58**. If not, turn to **166**.

226

Armed with pole-arms, the Mask Zombies are dangerous enemies.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MASK ZOMBIE	8	7
Second MASK ZOMBIE	8	6

If you overcome your adversaries, turn to **291**.

227

'If you're worried about voodoo, you should go and see Madame Galbo,' says the Talismonger and tells you how to find her cottage in Mandrake's Lane. If, in future, you are given a chance to visit Madame Galbo, you may do so by turning to **100** (make a note of this paragraph number on your *Adventure Sheet*). But for now, you can either look for more practical equipment around the markets (turn to **351**) or leave to continue your quest (turn to **111**).

228

Not much further on, the tunnel comes to an end before a blank rock wall at the foot of which is a murky pool. There is no sign of any treasure and there appears to be no way on... unless it's through the pool! But then you don't know how deep the pool is or for how long you may have to hold your breath. Will you dive into the water (turn to **71**) or now turn back (turn to **279**)?

229

Leaping between the man and the Mantis you ready your sword. Its forelegs raised ready to strike and snapping its mandibles, the monstrous insect attacks.

GIANT PRAYING MANTIS	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

The Mantis is covered in armour-like chitin so blows against it will only inflict 1 point of damage (2 points if you use LUCK in this battle and are Lucky, but no points if you are Unlucky). If you win, turn to **368**.

230

Crump! The heavy iron anchor hits you in the side, the force of the blow knocking you to the floor. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Looking into the fog you can make out a shadowy figure advancing towards you. Desperately, you try to unsheathe your weapon. Turn to **231**.

231

The swathes of mist part and a tall, barrel-chested man, built like an ox and with muscles like ship's cables, stands before you. In his hands he holds a heavy iron chain on the end of which swings the anchor. 'Stranger, let me introduce myself. I'm the Anchor Man,' growls the pirate assassin, 'and now it's time to die.' As the thug prepares to use the anchor against you like a morning-star, you spot the black skull tattooed on the back of his right hand.

ANCHOR MAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

Every time the Anchor Man strikes you, roll one dice: on a roll of 5–6, the anchor causes you 3 STAMINA points of damage rather than the usual 2. If you are lying on the floor, if you win the first Attack Round you do not injure the pirate (do not deduct any STAMINA points) but you manage to unsheathe your sword and fend off the assassin, so giving you time to get to your feet. From then onwards, you can fight as normal. If you win two consecutive Attack Rounds against the Anchor Man, turn at once to **271**. If he wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to **105**. If you defeat the assassin, turn to **159**.

232

The fireball crashes into the deck, smashing a hole in the rotten planks, but still the phantom vessel skims onwards over the sea. The *Virago* cannot out-run Velyarde's craft and before the pirates really know what is going on, the undead crew of the *Sea Maiden*, followed by yourself, are boarding the galleon. Battle immediately ensues as the undead sailors avenge themselves on Cinnabar's cronies. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–2, turn to **15**; 3–4, turn to **131**; 5–6, turn to **298**.

233

Choosing somewhere you haven't already been, will you:

Descend the staircase?	Turn to **211**
Open the far door?	Turn to **191**
Open the door marked 'Captain'?	Turn to **97**
Open the door to the right?	Turn to **141**
Open the door to the left?	Turn to **127**

234

Although you attack valiantly, your weapon proves ineffective against the conjured horror. With one sweep of a tiger-like paw, the Spirit-Beast hurls you into the side of a hut, cracking several of your ribs. (Lose 5 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point.) Dropping the body of the dead tribesman, the thing goes on a rampage, crushing buildings and killing villagers that are in its path. Eventually the Usai manage to drive the Spirit away, thanks to the spells of the tribe's shaman, but not before it has devastated their village. When morning comes there is much relief all round. Disheartened that you were unable to help Queen Zyteea and her people you set off for the Temple of Quezkari in the mountains (lose 2 LUCK points and turn to **115**).

235

Exhausted after such a titanic struggle, you take a few minutes to recover from the fight. If you have some Poison Antidote and the beast stung you at all with its tails, you may recover half the STAMINA points lost in this way by drinking one tot. Now that you are no longer being threatened by a ravening monster, you take time to look around the room you are in. It is a spartan affair, containing just a few pieces of broken furniture, but on the other side of it is a door leading onwards. You also notice an entrance to a cave with the iron portcullis that barred it raised. Obviously the pirates let the Nine-Tails out into the main room to stop anyone from following them. The mutant itself was captured by Cinnabar on one of his voyages and

brought back to the Port of Crabs to guard the entrance to his innermost sanctum. Do you want to open the door (turn to 323) or would you rather investigate the cat's cave first (turn to 69)?

236

Overcome by the guards, you soon find yourself languishing in a stinking prison cell. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) Eventually a stern-faced figure appears at the grille in the cell door. It is the head of the City Guard, Captain Snide. 'Enjoying your stay?' he says with a mocking sneer. 'Well let's say ten Gold Pieces and you can go on your way.' Will you pay the sadistic Captain the bribe, if you can afford to (turn to 254), or will you wait and attempt to get out by yourself when the coast is clear (turn to 19)?

237

With your battle against the Scarachna still raging, the Mask Zombies catch up with you. Three of them start to attack you while you are still fighting the spider-scorpion! You must now fight all four opponents at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MASK ZOMBIE	7	6
Second MASK ZOMBIE	8	6
Third MASK ZOMBIE	7	5

If you somehow manage to defeat all your opponents, turn to 30.

238

Conyn and his crew remain on board the *Fortune* as you leap across the gap between the two ships and onto the ill-fated *Sea Maiden*. It appears to be deserted so you decide to descend below decks to explore further. Creeping along an empty corridor, you hear a frantic squeaking and out of the gloom scampers a horde of ghostly rats, fangs gleaming and eyes glowing red – and you are directly in their way. Will you flee while you still have the chance (turn to 72) or stand your ground (turn to 289)?

239

Add 1 Hour to the time you have taken on your quest so far. Leaving Mandrake's Lane, you consider where to start looking for the pirates' hideout. Will it be:

The Temple Quarter?	Turn to 181
The Port of Crabs' inns and taverns?	Turn to 150
The ruined lighthouse?	Turn to 146
The docks?	Turn to 67
The sewers under the city?	Turn to 355
The cemetery?	Turn to 83

240

Losing your balance at the last moment, you fall headfirst into the ten-metre deep pit full of gleaming spear-length iron spikes. The traps inside the Temple of Quezkari were not designed to be survived.

241

Somehow, you manage to evade capture by running through the alleyways and backstreets of the port. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) If it is still daylight, turn to 334. If night has already fallen, turn to **52**.

242

Along the shoreline you find several coconuts and a bunch of bananas, all in all enough food for 3 meals. Return to **300** and choose another option.

243

The portcullis had to be heavy to stop the Nine-Tails getting out so you have no hope of lifting it. Trapped in the cave, there is no way that you will be able to continue on your quest.

244

Picking up the skull, you are suddenly filled with an almost overpowering sense of fear and paranoia. You have suffered a terrible curse (lose 2 LUCK points and 1 SKILL point)! Involuntarily, you drop the skull, smashing it on the floor. Turn to **55**.

245

There is a movement in the bushes in front of you and a tall, flightless bird bursts into your path. The creature has an axe-shaped bill and, squawking, it attacks, trying to peck you, and kick you with its huge clawed feet.

AXEBILL	SKILL 9	STAMINA 13

If you kill the bird, wondering what other surprises the fauna of the island has in store, you set off again through the boiling jungle. Turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you wrote down.

246

The creature grabs your gift and, having sniffed it, hurls it away into the sea (cross the object off your *Adventure Sheet*). It then proceeds to growl menacingly. Will you quickly offer it some food (turn to **222**), a Flask of Grog or Bottle of Rum (turn to **268**), or will you prepare to defend yourself (turn to **95**) or run for it into the jungle (turn to **125**)?

247

The smugglers eventually stop outside an old tomb over-grown with moss and ivy. Pushing open the granite door, they disappear inside. You wait a few minutes before lighting your lantern and passing through the portal yourself. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) Your lantern reveals a passageway leading away into the gloom. As soon as you step over the threshold, another light becomes visible at the other end of the corridor and starts to move towards you. Gliding along the passage is the apparition of an old man with sunken eye-sockets and talon-like fingernails clogged with grave-dirt. The sight of the glowing spectre fills you with a sense of dread and your blood runs cold when you see that the lantern it carries has been fashioned from a human skull. From the tales you have heard told of the Port of Crabs, you know that this must be the ghostly Jack A-Lantern. The ghost does not attack you but instead comes to a halt a few metres from you. Its jaw drops open and the apparition utters one word: 'Paasswoord...' Do you know a password? If so, now is the time to say it. Convert the letters of the password into numbers using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 and so on: then add up the numbers and turn to the paragraph, which is the same as the total. If you do not know a password or the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, turn to **269**.

248

Roll three dice, unless you have an Ivory Lion Charm, in which case just roll two. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **82**. If it is greater, turn to **62**.

249

The pressure in your lungs becomes unbearable and, before you can free yourself from the chain, you open your mouth. Freezing brine rushes into your air passages and you drown. The Anchor Man has succeeded. Your adventure is over.

250

Seizing the opportunity while your captors are distracted by Malefact, you twist free of their grasp and leap to your feet. The good Doctor and your two captors attack at once. Fight them all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
DOCTOR MALEFACT	7	6
GARBOIL	6	8
STRAKE	7	7

If you win within 15 Attack Rounds, you make your break for freedom (turn to **79**). If not, you are surrounded and taken prisoner again (turn to **107**).

251

The spell animating it broken, the Golem collapses into a heap of gold and jewels. The bone weapon served you well in your fight with Blackscar's cursed hoard and its edge was not dulled by the Golem's

hard body, so you decide to keep hold of it (note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*. Whenever you are in combat with Undead, spirits or magical creatures using this weapon, you may add 1 point to your Attack Strength.) With your new weapon, will you now leave the caves straight away (turn to **279**) or first take some of the treasure after all your efforts to find it (turn to **123**)?

252

While you are making your search you are bitten by a venomous Redback Spider (lose 3 STAMINA points). Having completed your search you decide that it is time to find out what is going on here and so head in the other direction past the T-junction. Add 1 Hour to your total and turn to **13**.

253

Leaving the room you come face-to-face with three of the *Virago's* crew in the corridor. In the confines of the passage you are grabbed and dragged through the far door. Turn to **155**.

254

You hand over the money through the grille (deduct the 10 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*) and with a clattering of bolts, Snide unlocks the cell door. As you go, the corrupt Captain calls out to you, 'But remember, if you should cross my path again...' Turn to **287**.

255

Passing under the archway, you find yourself following another tunnel even deeper into the mountain. Then there is a click as your foot touches a fixed stone and for a split second you wonder if you have made a mistake. Reacting instantly, you throw yourself forward to avoid the trap. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **86**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **157**.

256

The water does not come higher than your waist. You are half way across, in the midst of the stream, when the water begins to froth and boil. You feel the pinpricks of tiny, sharp teeth biting (lose 2 STAMINA points) and look down into the water to see that a shoal of Piranhas has decided to make you its next meal.

PIRANHAS SKILL 6 STAMINA see below

To calculate the Piranhas' STAMINA score, roll one dice and add 6. This is the total number of the voracious fish attacking you. Each fish has 1 STAMINA point. If you defeat the frenzied feeders, you are able to finish crossing the river and climb out onto the opposite bank. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

257

Treading water, you catch sight of a vessel in the distance. Waving your arms furiously, you succeed in attracting the crew's attention. The sailors immediately set a course to pick you up. The ship comes alongside and you are hauled on board. Fortunately your oilskin backpack has kept all your Provisions and possessions safe and dry. You are greeted by a handsome man whose face is tanned from exposure to the elements and scarred on one side. 'Welcome to the *Fortune*,' he says. 'I am her captain and a bounty hunter by trade. My name is Conyn.' What, Conyn the bounty hunter – the man who killed Cinnabar? 'The very same,' he admits proudly. 'But tell me, who are you and how come we find you alone in the middle of the ocean?'

You relate your tale to a credulous Conyn over some fine Femphreyan port in his quarters, and by the time your story is done his expression has lost its former cheeriness. 'Will you help me stop Cinnabar?' you ask.

'Of course I shall,' says Conyn, resolutely, 'but how are we to find him? Do you know where the *Virago* was headed?' If you do, you should have two coordinates. Subtract the easterly distance from the southerly one and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the result. If the paragraph you turn

to makes no sense, or you have no idea where to go, there is nothing you can do to follow Cinnabar and so you cannot stop him. You have failed in your quest!

258

'You accuse me of *cheating*?' exclaims Armarno, incensed. 'I have never been so insulted in all my days. Just because *my* hand is faster than *your* eye!' Angered by the trickster's words, you jump to your feet and, in doing so, knock over the table. The three cards fall onto the floor – they are all black! Armarno must have palmed the white. You were right all along. Cursing the man, you prepare to unsheathe your sword but stop, feeling a strong hand on your shoulder. The gruff voice of a Troll growls in your ear: 'I said, no fighting.' Before you can stop them, the two Trolls snatch your sword from you and between them deposit you weaponless, and with your pride bruised, in the street outside. Without your sword, you will have to fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 3 points until you can get hold of another weapon. Disgruntled, you leave to search elsewhere (add 2 Hours and turn to 334).

259

You cross the log safely and once you are on the other side the blindfold is removed and you are taken before Queen Zyteea again. 'You have passed the first part of your test,' she says. 'For the second and final part will you choose the Challenge of the Cat (turn to 34) or the Challenge of the Shell (turn to 290)?'

260

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 109. If you are Unlucky, will you move on to Calabrius's Calculator (turn to 294), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to 9), or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to 207)?

261

Madame Galbo takes three substances from some of the jars in front of her on the table and mixes them together in her mortar. 'Wraith Grass seeds, powdered human bones, and dried Basilisk's blood combine to make a potent defence against those unfortunates resurrected from their graves to walk the world as Zombies.' The old wisewoman gives you the resulting powdery compound in a stoppered gourd. Madame Galbo explains that there is enough Zombie Dust for four uses. You may use the powder once for each encounter you have with Zombies. Each time you use it, one of these undead creatures will be repelled so you can treat the outcome as if you had killed it. Make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to 239.

262

Safely out of the marsh at last, you settle down to sleep under the stars. After your encounter with the mosquito the night passes peacefully and you wake the next day feeling refreshed. (Regain 2 STAMINA points.) Keen to find the pirates, you set off again at a brisk pace and soon enter a range of low, scrub-covered hills. Progressing further, you hear laughter coming from behind one outcrop. Climbing to the top you look down and are surprised to see a roughly made shelter. Dancing around in front of it, chuckling to himself, is a skinny old man with a long, straggly white beard and large straw hat. His clothes are tattered and torn and he looks like he might originally have come from the Old World. Looking up he sees you and calls out, 'Ho, stranger! Lovely weather for the time of year.' The man then bursts out laughing again: he is obviously totally mad! 'You'll be looking for Blackscar's treasure then.' What is the old lunatic whittering on about? Do you want to press him about the treasure (turn to 360), talk to him, hoping to find out more about the island and its inhabitants (turn to 381), or leave the insane castaway and explore the hills (turn to 65)?

263

You fall to your knees on the sand with your head in your hands. Stranded on Bone Island there is nothing you can do to stop Cinnabar returning to the Port of Crabs and succeeding with his wicked scheme.

264

As you are fighting, several other Devotees round a corner and it is not long before you are restrained. There is a sudden, sharp blow to the back of your head and you blackout... Turn to **158**.

265

As the last Zombie slumps to the floor, you hear a voice calling for help in a strange tongue, but one that you understand, from one of the cells. Do you want to help whoever is imprisoned here (turn to **169**) or would you rather not waste any more time here and continue your search of the temple to find Cinnabar (turn to **57**)?

266

You turn round and come face-to-face with two black-robed figures, their faces hidden by the hoods of their habits. Wielding heavy coshes, the Devotees advance on you. You will have to fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEVOTEE	7	5
Second DEVOTEE	6	6

If you win, turn to **126**.

267

In no time at all the *Fortune* is heading southeast across the Western Ocean. While on the voyage you rest and recover some of your strength. (Restore up to 4 STAMINA points.) After a day you are approaching

the Crab Reefs. Conyn's helmsman skilfully directs the vessel through the treacherous waters and it looks like the *Fortune* is going to get through unscathed. Then at the last minute disaster strikes! There is a terrible grating sound as the *Fortune's* hull scrapes across something in the channel and comes to a halt. At the same time, several pairs of enormous pincers emerge from the sea. The ship is under attack from Giant Crabs. You attack the nearest of the huge crustaceans clambering up the vessel's side.

GIANT CRAB	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you kill the Crab, turn to **370**.

268

The primitive grabs the container and gulps down its contents. A smile slowly curls its lips and the creature addresses you. 'Thank you,' it mutters. 'It is good wine. Master had good wine. Magical wine. Made Balinac see strange things and feel dizzy. Balinac take you to Master's cell. You come?' If you want to go with the primitive, turn to **24**. If not, you set off alone into the jungle (turn to **125**).

269

'Intruder!' screams the pirate-ghost and flies at you, shrieking. You draw your weapon but every time you strike the horror, your blade passes straight through it, whereas you feel the spectre's claws tearing at your flesh like cruel knives. There is no way you can defeat the ghost. An unpleasant death awaits you and your adventure is most definitely over.

270

You pause while you try to decide which of these wise men to consult. The long-haired man is wearing a loose-fitting orange robe and is seated on a board of long iron nails, with apparently no discomfort. The second seer, the self-proclaimed Master of Destiny, is bald and wears a grey robe covered with mystic symbols. You now also notice that he is blind. The last figure is swathed from head to toe in festering rags and in front of him sits a deck of cards. He says nothing. The only way you are going to get anything out of these characters is if you make them an offering of 2 Gold Pieces. Which will it be?

The bearded guru?	Turn to **393**
The sightless seer?	Turn to **167**
The speechless fortune-teller?	Turn to **98**

271

Under your relentless onslaught, the pirate stumbles backwards, getting his feet caught up in the heavy chain, and falls onto the hard, wooden planks, dropping the anchor. Quickly, seizing the opportunity, you give the anchor a shove, pushing it off the jetty and into the water. The anchor sinks rapidly, pulling the Anchor Man into the harbour. Unable to free himself from the tangled chain, the panicking pirate disappears from view under the dark waters, never to surface. (Make a note of the word 'Rohcna' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) You continue your search for secret entrances a while longer but find none, so you give up looking here. Add 1 Hour and turn to **52**.

272

The ledge crumbling away behind you, you race onwards as the crashing of rocks echoes through the cavern. Ahead of you a great crack appears across the path and before you even have a chance to leap over it, the entire section you are on gives way, plunging you to your death.

273

As you drop through the broken slats of the bridge you grab at the rough ropes that hold it all together. You manage to grab hold of a knotted cord halting your abrupt drop but jarring your shoulder. (Lose 1 STAMINA point.) You hang over the yawning gulf beneath you for a moment, recovering from the shock, before hauling yourself back up onto the bridge and cautiously continuing along the rest of the way. At last you step off the bridge, entering the cliff-face through the skull's open mouth. You find yourself in a high-ceilinged, torch-lit tunnel, which cuts its way deep into the mountain. It is not long before the tunnel opens out into a large, square chamber. Hideous painted carvings adorn the walls here but there is nothing else of interest in the room. However, three archways in the opposite wall lead onwards into the temple. Will you proceed through the archway to the left (turn to **216**), through the one in the centre (turn to **392**), or by passing under the archway to the right (turn to **255**)?

274

As you stroll boldly into the village you are immediately surrounded by several warriors. If you have a Darkwood Armband, turn to **56**. If not, turn to **113**.

275

The door opens and you step through into a large, circular room. At its centre is a magnificent sight: the biggest crystal you have ever seen stands on a plinth, glowing with an inner light. However, covering the floor around the plinth are countless writhing snakes, and despite the mystical beauty of the crystal, an incipient sense of evil permeates this place. You are sure the artefact has something to do with the power of Quezkari on the island. If you want to try to destroy the huge crystal, turn to **203**. If not, you will have to leave and return to the passage, turn to **329**.

276

Turning your back on the undead pirate was a bad idea. It is on you in a flash and sinks its unnaturally developed fangs into the bad of your neck (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice now but to defend yourself with your sword. Turn to **147**.

277

The Usai are full of gratitude for you now that you have rid them of the High Priest's Spirit-Beast. Queen Zyteea explains that the evil wizard summoned it to destroy another village on the island and that it had also 'haunted' them for several nights. Looking at the bone weapon Zyteea says, 'I am sure that with Nightdeath in your hands you will be able to vanquish both Ramatu and Cinnabar. But to help you further I give you this Bolarang.' She hands you a peculiar looking wooden cross with struts of equal length that end in curved points. The Bolarang is used like a throwing dagger but always returns to its owner once thrown. Before a fight you may use this weapon against one opponent: *Test your Skill* and, if you succeed, reduce their STAMINA by 2 points. At dawn, with the tribespeople's praises ringing in your ears, you leave the village. Zyteea also told you that her warriors had seen a ship anchored in the lagoon to the southeast, so will you head in that direction (turn to **10**) or into the mountains to find the Temple of Quezkari (turn to **115**)?

278

No sooner than the ape is lying dead on the floor of the clearing, the Terrible Lizard turns on you with a primeval roar.

TERRIBLE LIZARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you win, leaving the two corpses of the colossi behind you, you continue on your way. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

279

Leaving the hills behind you, you set off northeastwards, towards the centre of the island again. Your route takes you through the easternmost part of the marsh once more, back in the direction of the dense jungle. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–4, make a note of the number 397 and turn to **192**. If you roll 5–6, turn to **359**.

280

The water inside the cave now begins to boil and from the turmoil rises a hideous grey-green monstrosity. Reaching for you with sucker-lined tentacles, the Giant Octopus intends to pull you into its snapping, beaked mouth and devour you. Once again you find yourself fighting for your life.

GIANT OCTOPUS SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If the Octopus ever scores two successful hits in succession, turn to **46**. If you kill it, turn to **73**.

281

Barrels and crates from the *Fortune* are among the items washed up among the driftwood, and could contain something of use to you. Roll one dice. If the number you roll is odd, turn to **387**; if it is even, turn to **145**.

282

You turn the corner and find the old man standing in front of you. 'So nice of yer ta join us,' laughs the pirate. 'As they says, old Crivens always gets his man.' There is a sudden swishing sound and you

receive a sharp blow to the back of your head. Instantly you lose consciousness. Turn to 158.

283

Almost no vegetation grows in the dusty, windswept highlands. Entering a steep gully you are horrified to see that it is lined with stakes on which are human skulls, picked clean by vultures. At the top of the gully you find yourself at the edge of a precipitous gorge, at the bottom of which, one hundred metres below, is a fast-flowing river. The stakes mark out the path to a rope bridge slung across the chasm, which leads directly into the side of a cliff into which has been carved a massive skull with a feathered headdress. In the distance, surrounded by rocky crags, you can also make out a stepped stone building. You know that you have found the Temple of Quezkari! You have no option but to cross the rope bridge. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 378. If you are Unlucky, turn to 63.

284

Hearing you, the two smugglers drop the chest and draw cutlasses from their belts. You will have to fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SMUGGLER	8	7
Second SMUGGLER	7	8

If you win, turn to 373.

285

The cannibalistic cook disposed of, you manage to collect enough food for 4 meals before you leave the kitchen (note these down in the Provisions box on your *Adventure Sheet*) and sample some of Bladderwrack's broth (restore up to 4 STAMINA points). As there is no other way on, returning to the top of the staircase you decide which door to go through. Will it be:

The far door?	Turn to 191
The door to the left?	Turn to 127
The door to the right?	Turn to 141
The door marked 'Captain'?	Turn to 97

286

You brandish the green jade statuette before the unearthly creature but nothing happens. Quezkari lashes out at you with a taloned hand (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice now but to retaliate with your sword. Turn to 177.

287

Night has already fallen by the time you start to look for the pirates' hidden base. At least that should make your activities more covert and less conspicuous. If you have reason to go to Mandrake's Lane, now is the time to do so. If not, where will you look first for the pirates: around the docks (turn to 67), at the ruined lighthouse on the promontory to the south-east of the port (turn to 146), in the sewers beneath the port (turn to 355), in the taverns and inns of the city (turn to 150), at the cemetery outside the city walls (turn to 83) or in the Temple Quarter (turn to 181)?

288

A bell above the door rings as you enter what looks like nothing more than a quaint, tidy workroom. Framed maps are hung on the walls and a bespectacled Dwarf is poring over a chart at his work-desk. As you enter, he looks up and asks if he can help you. You inquire as to whether he has heard of Bone Island. 'Hmm, I'm not sure. My memory's not what it was, you know,' says the Dwarf with a twinkle in his eye. Do you want to see if you can prompt his memory with a couple of Gold Pieces (turn to 156) or will you leave the cartographer's (turn to 334)?

289

The ship's rats pour past you but do not attack! (Restore 1 LUCK point.) As the squeaking fades, you continue along the corridor. You soon reach the top of a staircase that leads down into the hold but before that are two doors. Thick green mist pours from under

the door to the right while the one to the left emanates a bone-numbing cold. Will you:

Open the left-hand door?	Turn to 353
Open the right-hand door?	Turn to 202
Go down the staircase?	Turn to 26

290

In a clear, sandy area between the huts rests the largest shell you have ever seen: it is boulder-shaped and at least three metres across. 'This is the shell of a Giant Cowrie, which live in a lagoon to the south,' Zyteea explains, 'and you must lift it.' Putting your arms around the huge mollusc's shell you heave with all your might. Roll four dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, you succeed in your task (turn to 142). If the total rolled is greater, you fail to lift the shell (turn to 194).

291

With the zombies disposed of, you can now see that the intricate carving on the stone door is quite clearly a puzzle of some sort, which must be linked to the opening mechanism somehow. If you want to solve the puzzle to open the door, turn to 372. If not, you leave the semicircular chamber and follow the corridor in the opposite direction (turn to 329)

292

Finding you more of a challenge than its usual prey, the Scarachna desists from its attack and retreats back into the jungle canopy, leaving you free to continue your trek unhindered. If you were stung at all by the monster you may use one tot of Poison Antidote (if you have some) to restore up to half the STAMINA points you lost in this way.

It is about time you decided exactly where you are going. At present you are travelling in an easterly direction. Consulting your map of Bone Island again, will you continue eastwards (make a note of the number 164 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **192**), head southeast (turn to **397**) or change course totally and go southwards (turn to **68**)?

293

Having smashed the bottle, and been cut by a shard of glass (lose 1 STAMINA point), you wait for a minute in case the sound of breaking glass has attracted anyone's attention. No pirates burst into the cabin so you proceed to examine the wreckage of the ship. Inside its fragile hull is a scroll. Unrolling the parchment you see that it is a map of a place called Bone Island (see the illustration opposite this page). Written at the bottom of the map are the words, '460 leagues south'. Taking the map with you, you decide that it is time to leave Cinnabar's cabin. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **233**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **253**.

294

Calabrius's Calculator is a large, mechanical contraption, made up of countless cogs, levers and crankshafts. The main feature of the machine, however, is a large panel with five windows in it, behind which are five drums with numbers embossed on them. Standing next to the calculating device is its operator, a wizardly-looking man who you assume is Calabrius. 'Step up, step up. Who will accept the challenge of Calabrius's Calculator? Only two Gold Pieces and you could win ten!' the man calls out. You imagine that this challenge involves solving some kind of puzzle generated by the machine. If you want to accept Calabrius's challenge (turn to **364**). If not, you can look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**) or now leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**).

295

The new tunnel leads you through an archway and into a great cavern. The path you are on curves around the side of an abyss, descending slightly as it does so. Peering over the ledge you can just make out the jagged stalagmites on the bone-littered cavern floor. Bravely, you step onto the path. Instantly you feel it giving way beneath your feet and start to run. Roll two dice, four times. If on any of the rolls you get a double, turn to **272**. If you never roll a double, turn to **363**.

296

The sturdy lighthouse door is locked, but using the Skeleton Key, you enter the crumbling tower. Inside you find what was obviously the Wreckers' den. Several empty crates have been arranged around a barrel, which acts as a table, and bedrolls lie in one corner. On the barrel are a candle, two dice, enough Provisions for three meals, and a partially burnt letter. Picking up the charred parchment, you read what you can:

has been changed. It is no longer 'Leviathan', it is now 'Crossbones'. Destroy this letter at once. Should you encounter the snooper, do what is necessary. We meet at the allotted time at

The rest of the message no longer exists. This is a valuable clue (regain 1 LUCK point). Taking whatever else you want, you notice a trapdoor in another corner of the room. Do you want to:

Open the trapdoor?	Turn to **338**
Return to the cliff to explore the cave?	Turn to **391**
Leave Mallan's Point?	Turn to **309**

297

It takes two days for the *Fortune* to sail around the perilous Crab Reefs. During this time you are able to rest and recover your strength (restore up to 6 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Eventually, with the reefs behind you, the crew set a course for Bone Island. Turn to **168**.

298

'Curse you!' shouts a red-haired woman, leaping into your way. You recognise the fiery woman as Mirel the Red, Cinnabar's second-in-command. It was she who recovered the pirate-lord's body and brought him back to this world. 'Thanks to you I now have this,' she spits, revealing a hook in place of her left hand, 'but I shall make you pay for your crime ten-fold!'

MIREL THE RED SKILL 11 STAMINA 10

Mirel the Red is a skilled swordswoman. Should you manage to overcome her, turn to **214**.

299

You suddenly begin to feel feverish and start shaking. The Mosquito must have been carrying an accelerated, and potentially deadly, strain of malaria. If you have a Poison Antidote, turn to **180**. If not, turn to **367**.

300

Tossed about by the waves created by the thrashing Behemoth, you hit your head on a broken spar and everything goes black...

You come to on a sandy beach with the surf lapping around you and the sun beating down on your sodden body. About you has been washed up the wreckage of the *Fortune*. You have no idea for how long or how many leagues you have been carried by the ocean currents, but you feel weary and hungry (reduce your current STAMINA score by half). Fortunately you still have your backpack, with all your possessions, and Provisions, intact. Unsteadily you get to your feet. You are on the western side of an island, and ahead of you is the edge of a jungle. Beyond the trees, in the far distance, you can make out some mountainous terrain and the same to the south. Taking out the map you found on Cinnabar's ship, you compare it to the landscape. As far as you can tell, they are the same – this must be Bone Island! Now you are here, maybe you still have a chance to stop

Cinnabar, but perhaps you should first find out more about your surroundings. Will you:

Climb a tree and survey the area?	Turn to 325
Search the wreckage that has been washed ashore?	Turn to 281
Look for other survivors?	Turn to 66
Search for food?	Turn to 242
Set off into the jungle?	Turn to 125

301

Carved from a single piece of ivory, this charm resembles the head of a noble lion. It originates from a tribe of primitives who believe that it will protect whoever possesses it from the dark powers of voodoo. Return to 42.

302

You reveal the golden talisman to the unearthly spirit and for a moment Quezkari appears to hesitate. Then, with a snake-like hiss, it swoops down at you. You have no choice now but to retaliate with your sword. Turn to 177.

303

The Gambling Pits lie within the area of the city known as the Claws – the poorest and most dangerous part of the port. The Pits themselves are housed in a vast, stone building with a large, iron-studded oak door. This entrance is flanked by two Troll guards. As you walk past them, and through the door, they give you a cursory glance and one says roughly, 'Remember, no fighting.' Inside, the Gambling Pits lie under a thick cloud of pipe-weed smoke and are packed with the unsavoury and roguish clientele you would expect. Mingling with the crowds, you check out the different games that are on offer. After a brief look round, you discover three that interest you. Which will you investigate further: the Arrow of Providence (turn to 81), Calabrius's Calculator (turn to 294), 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to 9), or will you leave the Gambling Pits (turn to 207)?

304

The two battling monsters are blocking your way out of the clearing. As they fight, you try to sneak past, without attracting their attention. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 342. If you are Unlucky, turn to 386.

305

Your first assumption, that the place is deserted, proves to be correct. Unhindered, you begin to search the rooms more thoroughly. Rummaging through chests and overturning boxes, you find a sword (which will be useful if you have lost yours), enough Provisions for five meals and a total of 10 Gold Pieces. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 199. If you are Unlucky, turn to 252.

306

Picking up the weapon, you see that it has a keenly honed edge and curious lettering etched on one side of its large, curved blade. Hearing a sound like pebbles being tumbled on a beach, you look round and stare wide-eyed in surprise at the sight before you. The treasure pile itself has animated, taking on a humanoid form, and is striding towards you. With the bone sword in your hand you feel particularly adept at hand-to-hand combat (increase your Attack Strength by 1 point for this battle). Encouraged, you prepare to take on the magically created Golem, which watches you with eyes that are pearls.

TREASURE GOLEM SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 251.

307

You draw your sword and lunge at the twittering creature. The Rainforest Sprite hisses at you and jabs past your guard, with its sharp-pointed javelin, which is also coated with venom from Poison Arrow Frogs. (Lose 3 STAMINA points.) Before you can engage the creature in combat it disappears back into the surrounding greenery as suddenly as it first appeared, jabbering away in its own unintelligible language. As well as injuring you, the sprite has also laid a curse upon you. (Lose 1 LUCK point.) Now turn to the paragraph you noted down previously.

308

Agilely you throw yourself over the pit and land in a forward roll on the other side. Up on your feet again, you step under another macabrely carved archway into a rough-hewn corridor, which runs both left and right. Which way will you go? Left (turn to **149**) or right (turn to **329**)?

309

The salt sea breeze behind you, you return to the Port of Crabs itself, sneaking back into the city to continue your hunt for the pirates. (Add 1 Hour to the Time Elapsed.) Where will you go now?

To the docks?	Turn to **67**
To the taverns and inns?	Turn to **150**
Into the sewers?	Turn to **355**
To the cemetery?	Turn to **83**
To the Temple Quarter?	Turn to **181**

310

As you progress through the streets of the port, you feel, with an increasing sense of unease, that you are being followed. Could it be loyal followers of the Black Skull who are on your tail? Rounding a corner, you soon have your answer. Blocking your way is a group of uniformed soldiers led by the Captain of the City Guard. Behind you, several more armed men emerge from darkened alleyways, so that you are surrounded. The stern-faced Captain Snide steps forward and announces, 'I hereby place you under arrest for disturbing the peace.' But this is absurd!

What have you done to antagonise the City Guard? Everything you are doing is to help the people of Ruddlestone and the Port of Crabs. 'Of course,' Snide adds, 'a small payment of say ten Gold Pieces would see you clear of any charges.' It would seem that the government of this city is corrupt to the core! If you want to pay Snide this extortionate amount to go free, and can afford it, turn to **163**; if not, turn to **236**.

311

Opening the door you enter a small room with a straw-covered floor, and face the full fury of the beasts imprisoned within. The result of some perverse voodoo ritual, one is a large-fanged, bristle-backed pig, the other a mutated two-headed cockerel. Not distinguishing the difference between you and their incarcerators, the enraged animals attack on sight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
HELLHOG	7	6
DEVILFOWL	6	5

If you kill the beasts, you hurry on along the corridor. Turn to **151**.

312

You sneak after the men who are totally oblivious of your presence. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 247. If you are Unlucky, turn to 284.

313

As you look through the racks of scalpels and other surgical instruments, you discover the partially dissected body of a cat. However, as you reach over the carcass to open a drawer, the cat's head hisses and bites your hand! Lose 2 STAMINA points. In a state of shock you jump back from the table but the cat is lifeless once more. Shaken, you decide to leave the Doctor's quarters. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 233. If you are Unlucky, turn to 253.

314

As you search the chamber you find yourself wondering who put all of this junk here and why. Amongst the detritus you find a broken oil-lantern, an old tarpaulin and a splintered piece of balustrade, possibly from a ship's forecastle. In other words, nothing of any value. Now will you:

Open the flag-draped coffin?	Turn to 36
Return to the other chamber and choose the central arch?	Turn to 392
Go back and choose the right-hand archway?	Turn to 255

315

With the threat of a voodoo cult springing up in the city, you decide you have a valid reason for going right to the top and getting the help of the Overpriest himself. The Overpriest holds court within the most magnificent temple in the city – the Grand Temple of Vinar. Entering the pillared marble hall, leading into the temple, you join the queue of hopeful petitioners who would seek an audience with his Excellency the Primate of the God of Pride. At last it is you who stands before the pulpit, next to the doors leading to the Overpriest's inner sanctum. A pasty-looking priest stares down at you with barely suppressed contempt. 'I'm sorry but his Excellency is otherwise engaged in the Ritual of the Sixth Hour at this time,' says the underling. 'He will not be able to see you now. Come back again tomorrow.' Two armed priests, wearing ceremonial armour, cross their halberds in front of you. You plead with the cleric but nothing will change his mind – not even the mention of voodoo. There is no way you will be granted access to the Overpriest. As you are turning to leave, the priest calls out in a patronising tone, 'Wouldn't you care to make an offering to Vinar?' If you choose to toss some Gold Pieces into the treasury at the foot of

the pulpit, make a note of the number of coins and turn to 14. If not, turn to 209.

316

The chest is not locked and raising the lid, you find it full of fine, and no doubt stolen, clothes and tapestries. Under the luxurious garments you find a large, stoppered Bottle of Rum. (If you want to take the rum, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*: drinking it will restore up to 4 STAMINA points.) Now will you examine the globe (turn to 349), the desk (turn to 134) or the ship in a bottle (turn to 29)? Alternatively, you could leave the Captain's cabin (turn to 233).

317

You grab for the ropes holding the bridge together but your reactions are not quick enough. You fall for several seconds into the yawning gulf of the gorge before plunging into the river below. Unfortunately for you, boulders lie just under the surface of the raging torrent. You crack your head on one and, unconscious, you drown, claimed by the hungry white water. Your adventure is over.

318

The pirate unsheathes a long knife with which to defend himself. 'You ain't taken Old Crivens yet,' he spits, vehemently. 'Come any closer and I'll slit yer gizzard!' Ignoring the old man's threats, once again you engage in battle.

CRIVENS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

While you are fighting its master, the the villain's pet monkey does its best to distract you, climbing all over you and biting you. As a result, for the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point and every Attack Round roll one dice: if the number rolled is even you must lose 1 STAMINA point as the monkey has just bitten you. If you are victorious in this battle, turn to 377.

319

At your killing stroke the vampire crumbles to dust before your very eyes. There is now nothing to stop you claiming the Scorpion Talisman as your own: it must be worth at least 10 Gold Pieces! (Add this item to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Do you now want to search Jolly Roger's coffin (turn to 225) or would you rather leave this macabre chamber (turn to 166)?

320

Coming to the edge of a clearing, you see a tribesman being attacked by the grotesque form of a Giant Praying Mantis. The native is obviously no match for the insect and is in dire need of help – but what have you heard about the islanders? Will you run to the tribesman's defence (turn to 229) or go on your way without getting involved (turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down earlier)?

321

The anchor misses your chest by a hair's breadth. Looking into the fog, you can make out a shadowy figure advancing towards you. Drawing your weapon, you prepare for combat. Turn to 231.

322

You manage to ascend to the cliff-top without coming to any further harm and consider your next course of action. Will you now search the lighthouse, if you haven't already done so (turn to 296), or leave Mallan's Point (turn to 309)?

323

Carefully, you open the second door. How long has it taken you to get this far? If it has taken 9 Hours or more, turn to 70. If it has taken 8 Hours or less, turn to 333.

324

By destroying the Crystal of Esoteric Energies you have weakened the High Priest's own magical powers.

Unable to cast his spells at you he pulls a golden dagger with an obsidian blade from his robes with which to attack you.

RAMATU	SKILL 10	STAMINA 9

As you fight, the dagger lets out an ear-piercing shriek, which you find very disconcerting (reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle). If you win against the High Priest of Quezkari, turn to 7.

325

Shinning up a tall tree growing at the edge of the beach, you look out over a panorama of lush, steaming jungle to the higher ground beyond. From your vantage point you also make out a river running southwest from the mountains to a swamp, and on the eastern side of the island you can see a large lagoon. Feeling a stinging sensation you look down to see a parasitic growth covering the trunk of the tree creeping onto your leg. You must defend yourself against the carnivorous plant.

LEECH VINE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

As you are fighting whilst clinging to the branches of a tree, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point during this fight. Also, if you roll a double, you fall out of the tree suffering one dice worth of STAMINA damage, but in doing so you evade the parasite. If you win, or fall out of the tree, return to 300 and choose another option.

326

You give the door a mighty kick but all you succeed in doing is rattling the bolts – and attracting the attention of the Wreckers who have been shining their light out to sea to lure ships onto the hull-ripping rocks along this stretch of coast. Wielding knives and cudgels, the Wreckers run at you. Fight them all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WRECKER	7	7
Second WRECKER	6	7
Third WRECKER	8	7

If you win, turn to 369.

327

You can now either head southeast towards the lagoon (turn to 10) or northeast into the mountains (turn to 115).

328

The last of the pirates falls and with some relief you sheathe your sword. It looks as if the pirates have beaten Dregg within an inch of his life and he is failing fast. You do your best to make the old man comfortable and he opens his eyes. 'Thanks, stranger,' he gasps, 'but I'm a goner now. They're up to something you know.' You ask him who he's talking about. 'Cinnabar's crew, the Pirates of the Black Skull.' Looking at the hands of Dregg's assailants, you see that each bears the tattoo of a grinning black skull. 'I've seen them meeting up again around the taverns

in the city; Silas Gallows, Keelhaul Jack, old Crivens, even Malu the Witchdoctor. They're planning something all right. Rumour says Mirel the Red found Cinnabar's body and that he's not rightly dead. But he's not rightly alive either, see. It's all that voodoo and black magic they meddle in. Not right so it isn't.' Dregg coughs weakly: 'He's coming back. We'll all be doomed! Stranger, beware the Black Skull. Bloodbones is coming back!' And then he is gone. Laying the old man down, you ponder his last words and what your next action should be. So Cinnabar is not really dead. In that case you may still be revenged. But what did Dregg mean when he said that Cinnabar is not really alive either? Dregg has given you several clues about your enemy and where you should start your search for him. The old man mentioned that the Pirates of the Black Skull were gathering again in the Port of Crabs so they may have a hidden base somewhere in the city, but of course at present you have no idea where it may be.

You now have several options open to you. You could visit some of the taverns and inns yourself, in the hope of finding out more (turn to 150), or you could visit the notorious Gambling Pits, a possible source of information and a way of increasing your Gold Pieces (turn to 303). Alternatively, it might be a good idea to equip yourself better at the markets before you set out on your quest (turn to 365), or you could try to find out more about the Black Skull and the cult of Quezkari (turn to 315). Then again you may do well to get the help of the authorities against Cinnabar (turn

to 103), although Governor Montargo has certainly allowed the port to remain a safe haven for buccaneers and freebooters. Of course you could abandon your search for further information and instead look for the pirates' hidden base (turn to 16).

329

The tunnel winds ever onwards under the mountain. The monotony of the passageway is finally broken when you come to an alcove in the left-hand wall. In the alcove is a bowl of smouldering incense and flower petals. The aromatic smoke billows out into the corridor and as you smell it you begin to feel lightheaded. You will have to walk through the smoke to proceed any further but, as you do so, will you breathe in deeply (turn to 39) or hold your breath (turn to 185)?

330

Baring its blunt yellow teeth and screaming its rage, the Great Ape prepares to defend its territory once again.

GREAT APE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, you continue on your way through the forest. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

331

You clear a path to the crystal through the snakes and, swinging your blade in a mighty arc, strike the glowing rock. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **104**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **376**.

332

As you trek through the jungle you come upon a fast-flowing river. To continue on your way you can either attempt to wade across the river (turn to **256**), or try to find another way to cross (turn to **347**).

333

You find yourself at the back of a vast hall which is packed with black-robed Devotees and scurvy-looking pirates! Ducking down behind a stack of crates you see that at the other end of the great chamber is a huge, grotesque effigy. The thing has a skeletal human body with an over-sized skull. Around the grinning skull is a feathered-headdress and in each hand is a blazing torch. Surely this statue is a likeness of the cruel voodoo death-god, Quezkari! Standing before the statue is a man you recognise. He still wears the fine gold-braided, scarlet coat of a nobleman and a large tricorn hat but his flesh is now a sickly greenish-grey and pus oozes from great gashes and holes in his skin. The pirate-lord's fine black hair and beard is now a straggly mess and his jaundice-yellow eyes stare wildly from shadowy sockets. Cinnabar! Then the rumours were true: Mirel the Red did find her captain's body. With the help of Quezkari's Devotees, and their dark, forbidden

practices, he has been brought back to life. The pirate-lord addresses the throng. 'Pirates of the Black Skull, tonight we sail for Bone Island. There the ritual to complete my resurrection will take place and then, invulnerable, and with the power of Quezkari at our disposal, we shall return to this vermin-hole and exact our revenge. The Port of Crabs will be ours!' A great cheer of approval rises from the amassed followers of Quezkari and your blood runs cold. Although you have no love for the port, should Cinnabar take it over, no lawful city anywhere along the coast will be safe from buccaneers and freebooters. He must be stopped!

Suddenly you feel a strong hand on your shoulder and you spin round to see two ugly rogues standing behind you. You soon find yourself dragged before the undead pirate-lord in front of Quezkari's statue. In seconds he has pronounced his sentence and as you are taken away, he addresses his crew again: 'We sail with the tide at midnight!' Following their captain, the pirates swiftly file out of the shrine. Meanwhile, you are taken to a pit at one end of the chamber and tied by your wrists to metal rings in the wall at the bottom of the pit. The pirates then abandon you to join their fellows. It is then that you notice a small hole in the bottom of the wall, through which water is starting to enter the pit. The hole links the pit with the sea. As the tide rises, so the pit fills with water, and soon you will be totally submerged. The water is already up to your waist. You pull on the rings but they are securely embedded in the wall and the rope

shows no sign of breaking either. How are you going to get out of this? If you have a Shark's Teeth Bracelet, turn to the paragraph, which is the same as the number of teeth on the bracelet. If you do not, turn to 132.

334

Choosing a location you haven't already visited, where do you want to go now in your search for information?

The taverns and inns of the city?	Turn to 150
The notorious Gambling Pits?	Turn to 303
The markets?	Turn to 365
The Temple Quarter?	Turn to 315
To see Governor Montargo himself?	Turn to 103

If you are done with looking for information, or you have some idea where they might be hiding, you could start looking for the pirates' secret base (turn to 51).

335

Passing a rocky outcrop at the edge of a cliff, a strange, reptilian humanoid suddenly leaps at you as if from nowhere. Camouflaged against the boulder by its colour-changing skin, the hunting Chameleonite bounds towards you with its short spear raised.

CHAMELEONITE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, your opponent's body plunges from the cliff edge onto the rocks below. Unhindered, you are able to proceed along the cliff path. Turn to 283.

336

Under the Scarachna's constant onslaught you stumble backwards into its web. Held fast by the sticky strands you can do nothing as the hybrid sinks its fangs into your body, paralysing you and binding you with silk, to be left until it is ready to devour you!

337

With you fighting on its side against the Great Ape, the saurus soon overcomes its challenger. Turn to **278**.

338

Sliding back the bolts you lift the trapdoor and see, cowering in a shallow pit, a frightened, half-starved cat. In fear and anger, it leaps out of the hole, biting you and raking your flesh with its claws (lose 2 STAMINA points), before escaping into the night. The Wreckers must have kept the cat prisoner as part of some cruel torment or wager, no doubt. Now, will you descend the cliff to the cave entrance (turn to **391**) or leave the lighthouse and Mallan's Point altogether (turn to **309**)?

339

The pan hits you squarely in the chest and scalding hot water splashes all over you. Roll one dice and add 1. This is the total number of STAMINA points you lose. If you roll a 6 lose 1 SKILL point as well. A meat cleaver gripped tightly in one podgy hand, the cannibal cook charges at you, his rolls of fat wobbling disgustingly.

BLADDERWRACK
THE COOK SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the cook, turn to **285**.

340

Before your air runs out, you slip the chain from your ankles and swim back to the surface. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) Treading water, you recover your breath and, looking towards the jetty, you see that the Anchor Man has gone, thinking you dead. Back on dry land, you continue your search for secret entrances a while longer but discover nothing, so you give up looking here. Add 1 Hour and turn to **52**.

341

The rest of the crew having repelled the other attacking crabs, the *Fortune* sails free of the reef (turn to **168**).

342

Incredibly you manage to avoid falling foul of either the ape or the lizard as they snap, slash and hurl themselves at each other. Once on the other side of the clearing, you continue on your way. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

343

Having severed the Pitcher's only means of attack you are soon able to finish off the rest of the carnivorous plant, hacking its acid-filled vase open with your sword. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) Among the roots of the Giant Pitcher-Plant you find the remains of its previous meals. However, you also find a total of 7 Gold Pieces, a green jade monkey totem and a rusty cutlass. Taking whichever of these items you wish, you set off into the green depths of the jungle again, a little more warily this time Turn to the paragraph you noted down previously.

344

The Behemoth sucks in a great quantity of seawater along with the wreckage of the *Fortune*, its crew and yourself. You end your adventure drowned inside the stomach of a giant fish.

345

Quezkari is in reality a powerful evil spirit, invulnerable to non-magical weapons. Although you valiantly hold off the frenzied creature, ultimately you weaken under its onslaught and join the other souls of Quezkari's victims in eternal damnation.

346

You pay your 2 Gold Pieces (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*) and step up to the board. You get three spins of the arrow and over those three goes you must score a total of ten or more to win the jackpot. To spin the arrow, roll one dice and add 6: This is the

number of spaces round the board that the arrow moves. The next spin starts from this space. You may play the game as many times as you like, as long as you have enough money, but if you win the jackpot, you cannot play again. When you are finished here, turn to **260**.

347

It is some time before you find another way to cross the river, via a fallen, vine-clad tree trunk, and your body is beginning to feel the strain of trekking through the jungle. (Lose 1 STAMINA point.) Now return to **192** and roll two dice again, remembering that each encounter may not occur more than once.

348

Cross off one meal from your Provisions. The creature snatches the food from you and gobbles it down. Then it cheekily reaches out with its hand again! What will you do now?

Give the creature an item from your backpack?	Turn to **122**
Attack the creature?	Turn to **307**
Ignore it and go on your way?	Turn to **384**

349

It does not take you long to discover that the globe is hollow and opens. Inside is a cloth bag containing 24 Gold Pieces and a diamond necklace. Taking the treasure will you leave the cabin (turn to **233**) or first examine the chest (turn to **316**), the desk (turn to **134**) or the ship in a bottle (turn to **29**)?

350

Leaving the Octopus's lair, you manage to ascend to the cliff-top without coming to any further harm and consider your next course of action. Will you now search the lighthouse, if you haven't already done so (turn to **296**), or leave Mallan's Point (turn to **309**)?

351

Scouring the various stalls, you soon find a number of items that might be of use to you on your quest. You may buy any of the things on the list, as long as you have enough money (deducting the correct number of Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*).

Rope	1 Gold Piece
Extra Provisions	1 Gold Piece for each meal
Cutlass	8 Gold Pieces
Throwing Dagger	3 Gold Pieces
Chainmail Coat	6 Gold Pieces
Flask of Grog	3 Gold Pieces
Poison Antidote	4 Gold Pieces
Gas-Globes	6 Gold Pieces

The Cutlass does not carry any bonuses: it is just another weapon. You may use the Throwing Dagger

against an opponent before a combat: *Test your Skill*, and if you are successful you may deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you win the combat you can reclaim the dagger. The Chainmail Coat reduces any opponent's Attack Strength by 1 point, but while you are wearing it, you must add 1 to the dice-roll every time you have to *Test your Skill*. The Grog is very invigorating and will restore up to 4 STAMINA points; also for the duration of the next combat you are involved in after drinking the Grog, you may add 1 point to your Attack Strength – but only for that one battle. The Poison Antidote is effective against toxins and venoms of many kinds and there is enough for three uses. There are three Gas-Globes, which look like small glass spheres filled with a swirling mist. You may use a Gas-Globe before going into battle: the globe simply has to be smashed on the ground in front of an enemy who will then be enveloped by a sense-numbing cloud which has the effect of reducing their Attack Strength by 2 points. However, the Gas-Globes will not affect Undead, Demons or magical creatures. When you have finished here, do you want to look around the Bazaar for more exotic items (turn to **42**) or leave the markets (turn to **111**)?

352

You collapse on the sandy shore, utterly crestfallen. So near and yet so... What was that sound? It was like the blowing of the wind in a ship's sails, but there is not even so much as a breeze. You look up and there, gliding into the lagoon, is a battered, storm-wracked

vessel – the *Sea Maiden*. As soon as you are within earshot, the ghostly Captain Velyarde calls to you from the deck: 'Do not worry my friend. Cinnabar has not thwarted us yet. Come, join us.'

In no time at all you are on board: the *Sea Maiden* sets off at once. The ghost ship travels at an incredible rate of knots, flying over the waves as it chases after the *Virago*. During the exhilarating voyage, Velyarde explains his crew's continued presence on the Earthly Plane: 'It was Cinnabar's pirates who slaughtered my crew and I, damning us for all eternity. Now there is a chance to be revenged and restore the cosmic order.' And then in mid-ocean the pirates' galleon comes into view. As you watch, a ball of burning pitch shoots from the *Virago* at the *Sea Maiden*, and it is dead on target. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **232**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **128**.

353

Opening the door, you step into a freezing cabin. Icicles hang from the beams and your breath turns to mist in the cold air. Then the room's occupant attacks. An ill-defined, misty human form springs at you from the cabin and tries to grab you with its frozen hands. You draw your sword and defend yourself as the wraith-like creature moans, 'Cooold! So cooold!'

CHILLER SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

While you fight the Chiller you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because of the icy cold. Also, for every further 2 rounds the battle lasts you must reduce your Attack Strength by a further point. If you repel the ghost, turn to **389**.

354

Watching your footing, you inch into the shadows. The water inside the cave suddenly begins to churn and two slimy, sucker-lined tentacles burst from the sea and reach for you. Quickly drawing your sword, you prepare to defend yourself.

TENTACLES SKILL 7 STAMINA 4

If the Tentacles score two hits in succession, turn at once to **161**. If you defeat the tentacles without them scoring two successful hits in a row, turn to **280**.

355

The port's sewers empty into the open sea through an outlet in the harbour wall. Your lantern lit, you enter the sewer. Following one foul-smelling channel

after another, you wander through the labyrinthine sewers, finding no sign of any hidden base or nefarious goings-on. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) Trudging through the cold and damp you slowly become aware of a sloshing sound behind you. Pausing, you turn to face whatever is following you. From out of the shadows emerges an ugly, stooped humanoid creature, with distended arms and carrying a crude club. Seeing you, the Troll becomes excited. 'A Yooman! Just what Gunk needs to fill his belly!' Drooling saliva over his tusks, Gunk the Sewer Troll raises his club, ready to smash your skull open.

GUNK SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

While you are fighting Gunk, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because of the effect of the nauseating stench of the sewers. If you win, turn to **3**.

356

The undead pirate snatches the skeleton artefact from you and snaps it in half before you can stop it. Cross the item off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **147**.

357

The pirates are not expecting this reaction from you, and you are able to wound one of the rogues before they know what is going on. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	6	5
Second PIRATE	6	7

If you win, the Half-Ogre steps forward to fight you. Will you face your opponent (turn to 187) or try to escape (turn to 6)?

358

Saying your own name, you try to prompt a response from the primitive. 'Balinac wants food,' grunts the creature. Will you offer Balinac something (turn to 183), prepare to attack the creature (turn to 95) or flee into the jungle (turn to 125)?

359

Treading carefully, and keeping an eye open for any more overgrown mosquitoes, you are startled when three figures rise out of the clinging mire in front of you. They may once have been human but the creatures before you now are decomposing travesties, remnants of mud-sodden jerkins and breeches still hanging from their skeletal frames and each clutches a cutlass in its atrophying hands. You are facing only a few of the many who have lost their way and their lives in the swamp. Moaning balefully, the Zombie Pirates lurch at you. Fight them individually.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE PIRATE	6	6
Second ZOMBIE PIRATE	5	7
Third ZOMBIE PIRATE	7	6

If you defeat the shambling Undead, their bodies sink back into the swamp, leaving you to freely enter the jungle. Make a note of the number 397 and turn to **192**.

360

'I won't say any more unless you give old Scrimshaw a present,' the man says, giggling. He will accept any special items or artefacts you may have, including Grog or Rum, but not Provisions or Gold Pieces. If you agree to give Scrimshaw a present, cross it off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **41**. If not, or you are unable to, turn to **130**.

361

What will you choose? If you want to use a Blue Gem, turn to the paragraph which has the same number as there are sides to the jewel. If not, will you use a Skeleton Artefact (turn to **136**), a Witchdoctor's Wand (turn to **106**), a Monkey Totem (turn to **286**) or a Scorpion Talisman (**302**)? If you cannot or do not want to use any of the above you will have to use your weapon (turn to **177**).

362

The few items of furniture that remain inside this cabin are rimmed with frost and ice crystals cover the inside of a small, sealed porthole. As you search

the room you hear the voice of the wraith-ghost again. 'Leeeeave this plaace!' it screams. You shiver in fear, feeling ice water trickle down your spine and the blood curdle in your veins. (Lose 1 LUCK point and 1 SKILL point.) In terror you flee the haunted cabin. Turn to **4**.

363

Resounding booms echo around the cavern as the ledge falls away behind you onto the rocks below. And then around a bend you see another archway in the cave wall. With one final spurt of energy you throw yourself through it, into the passageway beyond. Having recovered your breath you choose whether to go right (turn to **57**) or left (turn to **91**).

364

'Ahh, a contestant!' Calabrius exclaims. 'Come forward, don't be shy. Now where's your money?' You hand the man your 2 Gold Pieces (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*). Calabrius moves to the side of the huge calculating device and pulls a lever. There is a lot of noisy clanking and the number drums spin round at great speed. Gradually, one by one, they come to a stop behind their windows, the last one revealing itself to be blank so that the panel looks like this:

1 9 25 57 –

'The Calculator has devised its cunning conundrum. This machine can baffle even the greatest minds in Ruddlestone. Can you work out what the next number

in the sequence should be?' Well, can you? If so, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the answer. If you cannot solve the puzzle or the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, meaning you have got the answer wrong, you will have to leave Calabrius's Calculator and look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to 81), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to 9) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to 207).

365

The port's sprawling markets lie within the Merchant Quarter, which runs from Farthing Lane to Money-lender's Street. You have two possible options now; either you can look for practical equipment around the markets (turn to 351) or you can visit the Port of Crabs' lively Bazaar with its more exotic – and expensive – wares (turn to 42).

366

The Witchdoctor's room is full of totems and votive offerings. Amongst his possessions are a Crocodile Amulet, a small whalebone Skeleton Artefact and his wand, which now seems to have lost its power. You may take any of these objects if you want before leaving Malu's den. When you are finished here will you:

Open the far door?	Turn to 191
Open the door to the right?	Turn to 141
Open the door marked 'Captain?'	Turn to 97
Descend the staircase?	Turn to 211

367

Your symptoms rapidly become worse as you quickly succumb to the malaria. An agonizing death awaits, but fortunately for you it will not be long in coming. Your adventure is tragically over.

368

The tribesman, who is very eloquent, thanks you profusely for saving his life and gives you a Nauk Fruit (equivalent to 1 meal) before hurrying off into the jungle. (Record the word 'Sitnam' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down.)

369

The light is snuffed out and the vessel the Wreckers were luring onto the rocks turns away just in time, heading back out towards the open sea. (Record the word 'Enutrof' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Searching the Wreckers' bodies you find a total of 5 Gold Pieces and a Skeleton Key. As you are considering what to do next, from your vantage point high on the promontory you spot a sizeable cave entrance on the shoreline where the cliff-base meets the sea. Could this be the location of the pirates' hideout? Will you:

Climb down the cliff to the cave?	Turn to 391
Return to the lighthouse and investigate it further?	Turn to 296
Leave Mallan's Point?	Turn to 309

370

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **341**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **60**.

371

Hacking through the jungle with machetes, three pirates emerge from the undergrowth into your path. The first has a neatly trimmed beard and wears a bandana. The second has an ugly scar running from the top of his head down his chest and the last looks like a man-sized monkey! 'It's the snooper!' exclaims Keelhaul Jack, surprised at seeing you still alive. 'Attack!' Between the trees you are able to fight Cinnabar's pirates one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
JANGO	7	6
KEELHAUL JACK	8	7
SIMA THE MONKEY MAN	7	7

If you win, a search of the pirates' bodies reveals 8 Gold Pieces and a small bottle of rum (drinking this will restore up to 2 STAMINA points). You may also take one of their swords if you have lost yours, then turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

372

Studying the carving you deduce that the inscription around it reveals how to open the door. If you can work out the number hidden in the puzzle, turn to the paragraph with that number. If you are unable to you

have no choice but to return to the junction and go the other way (turn to 329).

373

The smugglers dead, you look inside the chest. It is full of counterfeit coins and the villains themselves only possess 4 Gold Pieces. Although you search as well as you can in the mist and darkness, you are unable to discover where the smugglers were headed. There is nothing more you can do here so you leave the cemetery. Add 1 Hour and turn to 52.

374

There is only one dose of this potion but, when drunk, it has the effect of restoring your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level and adding 2 to your Attack Strength for the next battle you have to fight. Return to 42.

375

You dodge the bolt and prepare to attack (turn to 182).

376

The crystal explodes in a blaze of light, blasting shards of rock around the chamber, some of which hit you (roll one dice, add 2 and deduct that number of STAMINA points). If you are still alive, you leave the crystal room. Record the word 'Dehsams' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 329.

377

As Crivens' monkey scampers away, you make a quick search of the bodies of your assailants, each of which has the mark of the Black Skull on their right hand. The Devotees carry no possessions but the old pirate is a different case entirely. About his person Crivens has a purse containing 6 Gold Pieces and a very unusual coin indeed. Almost twice the size of a Gold Piece, its face bears the image of a crab – it is a doubloon. Turning it over, you are surprised to discover that the other side has also been stamped with the picture of a crab. Doubloons have not been minted in the Port of Crabs for two centuries and as a consequence are rare and of great value. The coin you hold in your hand however is obviously a counterfeit as it has two heads. From this you can only surmise that someone has been trying to mint their own doubloons, no doubt as a way to raise some money. (Add the Crab Doubloon to your *Adventure Sheet*.) You may also take Crivens' Throwing Dagger if you wish. If you do, you can use it against an opponent before having to fight them: *Test your Skill* and, if you are successful, you may reduce their STAMINA score by 2 points. You may reclaim the dagger after the fight. Dregg told you that Crivens was one of Cinnabar's old crew so they obviously know that you are on to them. You will have to be careful not to attract their attentions further. Hurriedly, if somewhat cautiously, you set off again, away from the markets. If you have the word 'Dnalsi' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 17. If you do not, turn to 334.

378

Although the ropes and planks of the bridge creak and groan at your passing, the whole thing holds and you enter the cliff-face through the skull's open mouth. You find yourself in a high-ceilinged, torch-lit tunnel, which cuts its way deep into the mountain. It is not long before the tunnel opens out into a large, square chamber. Hideous painted carvings adorn the walls here but there is nothing else of interest in the room. However, three archways in the opposite wall lead onwards into the temple. Will you proceed through the archway to the left (turn to **216**), through the one in the centre (turn to **392**) or by passing under the archway to the right (turn to **255**)?

379

Incredibly you manage to kill the creature in its own watery domain. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) You heave yourself out of the water and take a few minutes to recover your breath. Then, confident that it will now be safe, you explore the cave. However, to your disappointment, no other tunnels lead from it. The pirates' hideout obviously isn't here. Turn to **350**.

380

The spider-scorpion strikes you with its sting, injecting its virulent poison directly into your blood-stream. (Lose 6 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2.) If you are still alive, reeling from the effects of the toxin, you continue your battle against the Scarachna. Return to **144**.

381

The castaway is happy to have someone to talk to having been alone on the island for so many years. Scrimshaw tells you that he was one of the crew of the notorious Blackscar and was marooned by him once the legendary pirate had hidden his treasure. He also says that the island is home to a warrior-tribe who live in fear of an evil priest. If you want to now ask him more about Blackscar's treasure, turn to **360**, otherwise you can leave the old man and explore the hills alone (turn to **65**).

382

Somewhat uncertainly, you hand over the 4 Gold Pieces (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*). 'Sit down and rest your weary feet,' says Madame Galbo in a soothing voice, and you comply willingly. 'You seek the followers of Quezkari for you fear they will return their pirate-lord to life?' You nod to confirm the wisewoman's thoughts. 'Your fears are well founded, for I have spoken with the spirits. Even now, those loyal to the Black Skull and Cinnabar make blood offerings to the death-god to restore the Pillager so that he may continue his reign of terror on the twelve seas of Titan. A champion, such as you, must stop them, for theirs is the way of voodoo. Voodoo magic is the magic of wild, untamed places. It is the magic of the jungle, primal and savage. It is primitive, bestial and dark. If Cinnabar returns he will be unstoppable and will enslave all of this city to his bloodthirsty master. I can help you in one of three ways for you cannot delay here – time is short. Do you

want me to look into your future to help you (turn to **11**), heal your wounds (turn to **179**) or prepare you a compound that may be of use in your trial (turn to **261**)?'

383

The tendril manages to wrap itself around you and, before you can do anything to free yourself, it drags you into the vase of the Pitcher Plant. The vase is filled with a potent natural acid, which is how the plant digests its food – you have just become its next meal. Your adventure comes to an agonising end here.

384

The creature does not appreciate being ignored and jabbers away at you in its own unintelligible language, but does not attack, so you set off through the jungle once more. However, as you leave, and unknown to you, the spiteful Rainforest Sprite steals one item and one meal's worth of your Provisions from your backpack as you depart. Cross these things off your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to the paragraph you noted down previously.

385

Chopping your way onwards through the sweltering jungle, you become lulled into a false sense of security. Slowly you are alerted to the presence of something moving in the trees above you. You freeze and look up into the canopy. There, clinging to the branches by its eight legs, is a monstrous, red spider with a scorpion's tail and sting arched over its back.

The spider-scorpion hybrid instantly shoots a sticky silk-like substance from its mouth directly at you. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to 144. If you fail, turn to 84.

386

As you try to creep past, the lizard's lashing tail strikes you and the ape accidentally lands a crushing blow against your shoulder. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Once on the other side of the clearing, you continue on your way. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

387

Some of the wreckage from Conyn's ship is still half-submerged in the sea. As you scour the flotsam and jetsam you reach under the broken hull of a jolly boat and are bitten by an eel hiding there (lose 2 STAMINA points). The rest of your search proves fruitless, so you give up on this course of action. Return to 300 and choose an option you have not picked already.

388

On touching the pearl you feel a warm tingling sensation in your arm. Holding the pearl in both hands your whole body is filled with revitalizing energy. Restore both you STAMINA and SKILL scores to their *Initial* levels and regain 2 LUCK points. Blessed by the life-giving pearl which Ramatu stole from the Usai tribe, you can now either take the fetish as well (turn to 210) or leave the temple (turn to 188).

389

With a fading moan the blood-freezing spirit dissolves into the chilling mist that fills the cabin. Do you want to depart the cabin yourself (turn to 4), or do you want to explore the room first (turn to 362)?

390

The bounty hunter finally agrees to approach the vessel but will have nothing to do with the ship himself. As the *Fortune* nears the *Sea Maiden* you see that its sails are rotten and the planks it is constructed from are covered with algae. Only the ghost ship's figurehead of a beautiful young woman appears untarnished. You can see no one on deck, the only sound being the moan of the wind in the ship's sails and the creaking of the mast. Do you want to personally board the *Sea Maiden* to explore it further (turn to 238) or leave the vessel on its eternal voyage (turn to 153)?

391

In the darkness, and with the rocks constantly splashed by sea-spray, your descent is somewhat dangerous. *Test your Skill* three times. If you fail any of the rolls, turn to 114. If you pass all of the rolls, turn to 219.

392

The tunnel you find yourself in has been cut from the bedrock of the mountain itself. Creeping through the gloom you hear a skittering sound ahead of you. Then three stunted figures appear to coalesce from out of

the darkness. At first you think they are pygmies but then you realise that there is something horribly wrong. The pallid grey flesh, the sightless white eyes, the slack dead expressions – these pygmies are already dead and have been brought back to life by some unholy power. And you are going to have to fight them.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE PYGMY	6	5
Second ZOMBIE PYGMY	5	5
Third ZOMBIE PYGMY	6	4

The first and second pygmies attack you at the same time with their stabbing javelins whilst the third attempts to hit you with poison darts from its deadly blowpipe. Every other Attack Round, roll for the third pygmy's Attack Strength as well. If it is greater than yours it manages to hit you with one of its darts, causing you to lose an additional 2 points of STAMINA. Once you have defeated the first and second Zombie Pygmy you may then fight the third as normal. If you survive this encounter, turn to 20.

393

'Ah yes,' grins the guru, accepting your money happily (cross off the 2 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*), 'you are the curse-lifter, the ridder of evil, the seeker of truth, the righter of wrongs.' You have a feeling this is what the wise man tells all his punters. 'Beware, vengeance-seeker, for a watery grave awaits you between the Crab's claws and the under-tunnels hold nothing but death. Search out the

beacon and the woman of the taboo path.' Mystified, you ponder what to do next. Will you consult the blind seer (turn to 167) or the mute fortune-teller (turn to 98) for another 2 Gold Pieces, or would you rather now leave the Temple Quarter (add 1 Hour and turn to 334)?

394

Trapping the Jaguar in a headlock you beat the cat into submission. Victorious, you are pulled from the pit and have your weapon returned. Turn to 142.

395

At your final blow, your ghostly adversary reels and then rises up again, apparently unharmed and smiling, as are the other undead! 'Thank you, brave warrior,' says the captain in more human tones. 'Years ago we were damned to sail the twilight way by a foul-begotten pirate-lord. By besting me in battle, you have released us from our hellish curse. We shall be eternally grateful but now you must leave our ship, and quickly.' Not waiting for an explanation you rush back to the deck and disembark the *Sea Maiden*. (Add the word 'Nediam' to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point for lifting the curse.) Turn to 153.

396

Turning a corner you feel a sharp pinprick in the back of your neck. Putting your hand to the place, you pull a tiny dart from your skin. Its tip is stained with a dark liquid – pois... Turn to **158**.

397

Dusk is falling as you come to the outskirts of a group of mud huts in a large clearing in the jungle. You can see tribespeople going about their business within the village but how do you think they'd react to a stranger not native to Bone Island? Will you enter the village (turn to **274**) or give it a wide berth and camp for the night in the jungle (turn to **164**)?

398

Could it be? Hastily you pull the tiny grimacing idol from your backpack and know that you are correct in your assumptions by Cinnabar's reaction: his heart is actually enclosed inside the fetish of the voodoo death-god! 'What are you doing with that?' the pirate-lord gasps in horror. 'Look, I'll give you anything you desire; gold, jewels, why even the Port of Crabs if you so wish. Only spare me!' Cinnabar has shown himself to be the pitiful coward he really is. The only thing he owes you for the slaughter of your family is his death! Hurling the fetish onto the deck you smash it open and pierce Cinnabar's heart with the tip of your sword. With a spine-chilling wail, Cinnabar collapses in front of you. Immediately his flesh starts to decay, dissolving into a grey-green sludge as it drops from his bones, which in turn crumble to dust. Soon all that

is left of the foul pirate-lord are his clothes. The butcher known as Bloodbones is truly dead at last (regain 1 LUCK point).

Suddenly a cloud of thick, black smoke starts to pour from the shattered pieces of the broken fetish. The vapour coalesces and then solidifies before you into a terrifying form: the true source of Cinnabar's power is manifesting itself. Standing where the pirate fell is a grotesque creature with a withered, skeletal human body and a grossly over-large, skull-like head, adorned with a feathered headdress. At the death of his servant, Quezkari himself has come to seek your demise! Will you try to use something against the horror (turn to 361) or attack it with your weapon (turn to 177)?

399

The Darkwood Armband is carved to look like a snake with its tail in its mouth. Putting it on does not make you feel any different – at least not at the moment. Now return to 42.

400

At your killing blow, Quezkari's rapidly decomposing body is engulfed in flames. Looking about you, you see that, having lost their leader and witnessed the defeat of their 'god', the pirates are running around in disarray and have almost been suppressed by the undead crew of the *Sea Maiden*. Your attention is drawn back to Quezkari's corpse by the raging fire that has now spread to the deck and

mast of the *Virago*. 'Hurry, my friend!' calls Velyarde. 'We are done here.'

Fleeing the pirate vessel with the rest of Velyarde's crew, once you are back on board the ghost ship you watch from a safe distance as the galleon is consumed by flames and then finally sinks beneath the waves. Thanks to you, the cruel pirate-lord Cinnabar has been destroyed, along with his evil master Quezkari, and the Pirates of the Black Skull are no more. Your homeland is safe.

As the sun sinks towards the horizon, tingeing the Western Ocean a brilliant orange, you gaze out across the watery expanse deep in thought. You are stirred from your reverie by Captain Velyarde as he joins you at the prow. 'Before we must depart this world for good, may I pay you one last service for freeing us from our unending torment, by taking you to some port?' he asks.

'Yes,' you say in reply, 'Clam Beach. Take me home.'

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
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This edition published in the UK in 2006 by Wizard Books,
an imprint of Icon Books Ltd., The Old Dairy,
Brook Road, Thriplow, Cambridge SG8 7RG
email: wizard@iconbooks.co.uk
www.iconbooks.co.uk/wizard

Sold in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia by TBS Ltd.,
TBS Distribution Centre, Colchester Road,
Frating Green, Colchester CO7 7DW

This edition published in Australia in 2006 by
Allen & Unwin Pty. Ltd., PO Box 8500,
83 Alexander Street, Crows Nest, NSW 2065

Distributed in Canada by Penguin Books Canada,
90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700,
Toronto, Ontario M4P 2Y3

ISBN 10: 1 84046 765 7
ISBN 13: 978 1840467 65 9

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Printed and bound in the UK by
Cox & Wyman Ltd., Reading

For Steve and Ian, who started it all.
For Dave Holt, who kept the faith.
And for everyone else who ever wondered…

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 14-15 there is an *Adventure Sheet*, which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording the scores of your attributes. You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one dice. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one dice. Add 6 to the number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, all your scores will change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may never exceed their *Initial* scores, except on those very rare occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Your SKILL reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility. Your STAMINA score reflects

how healthy and physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky you are.

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you, and you yourself may choose to draw your sword against an enemy you chance across. In some such situations you may be given special options allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box found at the back of the book. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions, which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll both dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled, to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows: start a new Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).

5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. You may use LUCK to reduce the loss of STAMINA (see below).
6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die, your adventure ends and you must start all over again by creating a new character.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one person or creature in combat. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will be able to fight each in turn; and at other times you will have to fight them all at the same time! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. When you are instructed to fight your opponents one at a time, the combat is again resolved normally – except that once you defeat an enemy, the next steps forward to fight you! When you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against any additional opponents you throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way; if your Attack Strength is greater than your opponent's, in this instance you will not inflict any damage; you can regard it as if you have parried an incoming blow. If your Attack

Strength is lower than your adversary's, however, you will be wounded in the normal way. Of course, you will have to settle the outcome against each additional adversary separately.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for *Testing your Luck* works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the outcome will be in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this procedure will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on an opponent you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky you have inflicted a severe wound; deduct an extra 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow only scratches your opponent; and you deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA (i.e., instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you now score only 1).

Whenever you yourself are wounded in combat, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct only 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 extra STAMINA point (i.e., deduct a total of 3 points from your own STAMINA).

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your adventure. Occasionally, a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

At various times during your adventure, you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for this is exactly the same as that for *Testing your Luck*: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is

higher than your current SKILL score, you will have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure. It will drop as a result of wounds gained through combat, or by falling foul of traps and pitfalls, and it will also drop after you perform any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start all over again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating meals or Provisions. You start the game without any Provisions, but during your adventure you will be able to obtain meals. You must keep track of how many meals worth of Provisions you have left by filling in the details in the Provisions box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Each time you eat a meal you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, but you must remember to deduct 1 meal from your Provisions box. You may stop and eat Provisions at any time except when you are engaged in a battle.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly lucky or created your own luck by some action. Details are given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the

book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Time

During the first part of your adventure it is very important that you keep track of the passage of time. At various points you will be told to add one or more Hours to the total time you have taken so far on your adventure. This should be recorded in the Time Elapsed box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The reason why you must keep a careful track of time will become apparent as your adventure progresses.

Equipment and Gold

You begin your adventure carrying a sword, a lantern and tinderbox, and a backpack to hold your Provisions and Gold Pieces. To find out how many Gold Pieces you begin your adventure with, roll two dice and add 12 to the number rolled. Note this total down in the Gold Pieces box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Your sword and lantern should be noted in the Equipment box on your *Adventure Sheet*, as must any other useful items you may acquire on your quest.

Alternative Dice

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one dice, read only the first printed dice; if two, total the two dice symbols.

BLOODBONES ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK	GOLD	PROVISIONS REMAINING	TIME
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*			

ITEMS AND EQUIPMENT CARRIED

CODEWORDS

NOTES AND CLUES

BACKGROUND

It all started ten years ago when the evil pirate-lord Cinnabar murdered your family. At the time you were only twelve years old and lived with your family in the small fishing village of Clam Beach on the northern coast of Ruddlestone, half-way between the two major ports of the kingdom: Harabnab, home to all lawful adventurers and sailors, and the sinister Port of Crabs. Life in Clam Beach was not easy but it did have a peaceful security about it. And then the terrible day came.

It was a clear summer's day in Warming when the huge, forbidding, black galleon sailed into the bay, flying the dreaded flag of the skull and crossbones: pirates. The bloodthirsty cutthroats were soon racing up the beach towards the village. The fighting was swift and bloody. Soon most of the men folk of Clam Beach had been killed, your father and two brothers dying whilst trying to defend the village. In the end the village elders had no choice but to surrender to the marauding raiders and open the village's meagre treasure coffers. The cruel pirate captain came ashore from his ship to collect the booty himself. The sight of him filled you with awe and fear. The pirate was a tall, handsome man with a neatly trimmed, pointed black beard and his hair tied back in a ponytail. He was dressed in the clothes of a nobleman, with a fine scarlet coat, trimmed with gold braid, and wearing a large tricorn hat. At his waist hung a gleaming cutlass

and you could not help noticing that on the back of his right hand was tattooed the image of a grinning, black skull. When the raiders had finally gone, filled with feelings of hatred for those who had murdered your family, you asked Raguy, the village soothsayer, who the pirate captain was. 'That villain is one of the most evil men ever to sail the twelve seas of Titan!' was his vehement reply. 'He is one of the most feared pirate-lords of our age, a creature without remorse, a murderer, and a follower of the bloodthirsty voodoo death-god Quezkari, whose mark is the black skull. His name is Cinnabar, but because of the terrible atrocities he commits he is also known as Bloodbones.' From that moment you vowed that, one day, you would have your revenge on the evil Cinnabar.

Your mother became ill soon after that dreadful day and three years later she died. On your sixteenth birthday you left Clam Beach and made your way to Harabnab, gaining the position of cabin boy on a ship travelling to the distant continent of Allansia. So it is that for the last six years you have sailed all across the globe, but you never forgot the promise you made to yourself a decade ago. Over many voyages you have tried to learn as much as you can about the rogue captain. You discovered that Cinnabar's galleon, the *Virago*, is frequently seen sailing in the waters around Nankunu Bay and that he has a hidden base somewhere close to the Port of Crabs. You also gleaned as much information as you could about the notorious city. And so, when you decided that you were at last ready to confront your enemy and the chance of

passage on a merchant ship sailing to the Port of Crabs came up, you leapt at the opportunity. Vengeance, you are sure, will soon be yours.

The Port of Crabs is haven to every pirate, buccaneer and freebooter who ply their trade off the coast of the kingdom of Ruddlestone in the Old World. As you stand at the prow of the merchantman, looking towards the land, you can make out the ramshackle jumble of buildings of the infamous city and the outline of the Old Fort that stands above it like some ancient, crumbling sentinel. The merchantman bumps against the stone jetty and you quickly disembark. Not only is the Port of Crabs one of the most dangerous cities in the Old World, but a thick fog is starting to roll in from the sea. It is late afternoon on a chill day in Unlocking and the docks are bustling with activity. Standing close to the quayside is a large, old stone building, which looks like it could withstand a battering from Hydana, God of the Deep, himself. Hanging over its sturdy oak door is a faded sign declaring that this is the Jolly Roger. This seems as good a place as any to begin your search for Cinnabar, so you enter the inn.

The spacious bar inside the Jolly Roger is packed with all manner of scurvy-looking sailors and other low-lifes. The landlord is as big as an ox and has a large anchor tattooed on one arm. No one takes any notice of you as you enter, so you approach the bar and order a tankard of ale (deduct 1 Gold Piece from your *Adventure Sheet*). You decide to question the landlord about Cinnabar first. Over your tankard of ale you

talk about the weather and the state of trade and then draw the innkeeper onto the subject of the pirate you seek. 'I hear the *Virago* plies these waters,' you say. 'I'm surprised we weren't attacked ourselves.'

'Not anymore it doesn't,' the landlord replies. 'Have you not heard? Cinnabar has been dead these last six months.'

Cinnabar dead? You have come all this way, after years of harbouring desires for revenge, only to find that the dread pirate-lord has already passed from this world! You ask the landlord how he died. 'Have you not heard? I would've thought that everyone as far as the Diamond Islands would know by now. It all happened last Hiding.' You listen attentively as the innkeeper relates the tale. It appears that Cinnabar and his crew were emptying the hold of a galley sailing from Harabnab to Arkleton, in distant Analand, when the renowned bounty hunter Conyn caught up with them in his ship, the *Fortune*. Unable to escape, Cinnabar and his men had to defend themselves against the crews of the galley and Conyn. Fierce fighting ensued with Cinnabar eventually falling at Conyn's hand, having suffered an incredible number of wounds, his body being lost to the sea. With their leader killed, the surviving members of his crew fled aboard the *Virago*, returning to the Port of Crabs. Soon after, Cinnabar's second-in-command, Mirel the Red, set off in the *Virago* amid terrible storms, purportedly to recover her captain's body. 'Many now believe that the pirate-lord's galleon sank as it has not been seen since,' the landlord says, concluding his story. You

thank him for his help and, in a bewildered daze, you make to leave the inn. You console yourself with the thought that at least the murderer of your family has at last been brought to justice.

As you leave the Jolly Roger you feel someone pulling on your jerkin. Turning round you discover that an old drunk, slumped at a table by himself, is the one trying to attract your attention. 'Just because he's dead doesn't mean he's at rest,' mutters the drunk. Curious about the drunk's words, you sit down opposite the old man and ask him what he means. 'Let's just say you don't want to go believing everything you hear. But I know what's going on. Oh yes, old Dregg knows. Cinnabar isn't *really* dead see, and he's coming back!' the old man says in a harsh whisper. Intrigued, you press Dregg to tell you more but he suddenly becomes serious and looks round the barroom uneasily. 'Not here. Meet me outside in ten minutes.' You nod in agreement and leave the Jolly Roger.

Tendrils of fog are now swirling around the boats in the harbour and oozing along the streets of the town. When the ten minutes are up you quickly return to the Jolly Roger and sneak down the side alley next to it. In the mist and shadows at the end of the narrow alleyway you can make out three figures standing over a fourth, cowering on the ground at their feet. Wasting no time, you draw your sword and dash towards them. Hearing your approach the three pirates turn to face you. The burly characters are ugly, scarred rogues and the biggest of them, who is easily

wielding a heavy wooden club in one hand and holding a bullwhip in the other, looks as if he has some Ogre blood in his lineage. At the pirates' feet lies Dregg, beaten, bruised and only just conscious. 'Here's the snooper,' growls the Half-Ogre. 'You're no match for us. By the time we've finished with you, you'll be feeding the shrimps. Or rather the shrimps'll be feeding *on* you.' The other two pirates burst into coarse laughter at their companion's joke. 'Yeah, you're fishbait!'

Turn to paragraph **1**.

WARLOCK
OF FIRETOP
MOUNTAIN
CITADEL
OF CHAOS
CITY OF
THIEVES
CRYPT
HOUSE
OF DEATH
CAVERNS
OF
SNOW WITCH
ARMIES OF
DEATH

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
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Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BLOODBONES LIVES!

he dreaded pirate-lord Cinnabar, scourge of the twelve
as, plagued the seafarers of the Old World in a bloody
gn of terror until a brave adventurer put an end to his
il. But now he is back from the dead, seeking revenge,
with the dark powers of voodoo at his command.

YOU have your own score to settle – Cinnabar
murdered your family when you were a child. Only
OU can end the horrific slaughter by destroying the
irate captain and his crew of cutthroats. Come hell or
high water Bloodbones must be stopped!

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Childrens Books
ISBN10:1-84046-765-7
ISBN13:978-1840467-65-9
9 781840 467659
Printed in the UK
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(incl. GST)
CAN. $3.95

ISBN 0-14-032412-7

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Battleblade Warrior

ISBN 014 032412 7

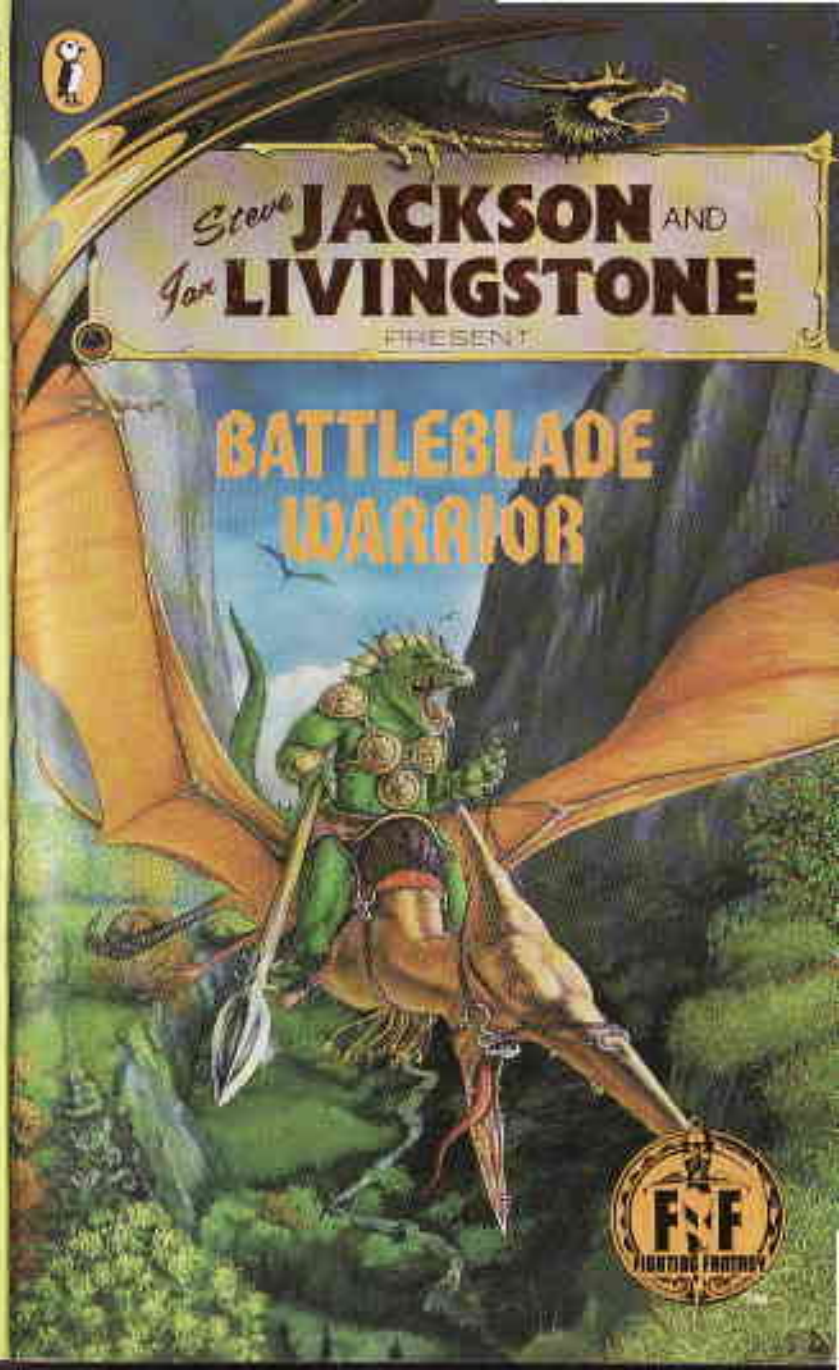

PUFFIN BOOKS

BATTLEBLADE WARRIOR

After six years of constant bombardment from the forces of the mighty Lizard Man Empire, your beloved city of Vymorna lies in ruins, yet its battered and war-weary troops still hold out. Fighting alongside your mother, Queen Perriel, you know the situation is desperate. It is surely a matter of time before the city must fall into the hands of evil . . . unless the divine powers come to its aid.

Then the great Lord Telak, god of courage, appears in a dream. YOU are the one chosen to carry out the mission to bring victory to your people. Only YOU can seek out the weapon which will aid you and your city against the dark forces. Your mission will take you through enemy lines and will be fraught with danger but you must succeed. YOU are Vymorna's last chance . . .

Two dice, a pencil and an eraser are all you need to embark on this thrilling adventure, which is complete with its elaborate combat system and a score sheet to record your gains and losses.

Many dangers lie ahead and your success is by no means certain. YOU decide which routes to follow, which dangers to risk and which adversaries to fight!

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by Marc Gascoigne

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Puffin Books

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1988
3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4

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Text copyright © Marc Gascoigne, 1988
Illustrations copyright © David Gallagher, 1988
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Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Filmset in Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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For Bob N., Maggie S., Kevin W. and Stephen K.,
and all the staff at Greylight Industries plc,
for all the fun they're giving me.

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YOUR CHARACTER

You are about to embark on a momentous quest that will decide the fate of not just yourself but a whole city, and possibly an entire country. Before embarking on your great adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. Use dice to discover your *Initial* scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly

during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes, or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores.

Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and your overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are; it may only be through good luck that you survive! Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the war-torn lands of Southern Allansia through which you will soon be travelling.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight an opponent of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the opponent anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each opponent are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is your opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your opponent, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.

4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either your opponent's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Opponent

If you are involved in a fight with more than one opponent, at the start of each Attack Round you must decide which single opponent to attack. After choosing one, roll both dice to determine the Attack

Strength of all the combatants individually. Resolve your own attack against your chosen opponent as usual. Next, compare your current Attack Strength with those of *all* your other opponents except the one you've just fought. Any opponent with a *higher* Attack Strength than yours will score a hit against you, with the usual loss of 2 STAMINA points. Remember: you can score hits *only* against the opponent you chose at the start of the round.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *Un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on an opponent you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound your opponent has just inflicted on you!

If you have just wounded the opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the opponent's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to your opponent's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage you have now scored only 1).

If your opponent has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky you have managed to avoid the full

damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

HINTS ON PLAY

Skill

As you are already a battle-hardened warrior with many fights behind you in defence of your besieged city, your SKILL score is above average. It will not change much during your adventure, and you may only change it if specifically instructed. As SKILL is a measure of combat prowess, it can be reduced, for instance by losing your weapon or by the effects of something like poison. Acquiring an enchanted weapon could increase your SKILL – but remember that you can only use one weapon at a time.

Stamina

Your STAMINA will change more frequently as your journey continues, as you suffer wounds and exhaustion and then, hopefully, recover. At various times you will be given opportunities to eat some of the supplies you carry with you. Eating 1 Provision restores up to 4 STAMINA points; you may eat only 1 Provision at a time, even though you may have more (you can carry up to 4 Provisions at any one time). Your STAMINA may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Luck

The eyes of the gods are upon you in your quest. Your patrons will attempt to help you, but their rivals will set deadly enemies and traps in your path to thwart their plans. You will need to use your LUCK wisely and sparingly if you are to survive and vanquish the forces of Evil. There may be occasions when your LUCK will improve and you can recover some points, but the score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Getting Started

Read the introductory tale, which begins on page 21, then turn to paragraph 1. It is recommended that you make notes and draw a map as you travel. There *is* a way of successfully completing the quest that involves only minimal risk of failure or death, but you will need all your SKILL – and LUCK – to find it. Be warned: the object of your quest is never fully revealed to you, so to be successful you must make use of the clues presented to you to deduce just what it is you need to find.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL *Initial* *Skill =*	STAMINA *Initial* *Stamina =*	LUCK *Initial* *Luck =*

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED	SPECIAL ITEMS
	PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
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VYMORNA BESIEGED!

As the might of the Lizard Man Empire smashed like an ocean breaker against its walls once more, the besieged city of Vymorna shuddered – but held. Along the ragged lines of its shattered walls desperate men and women fought, though they were dying on their feet. Their energy sapped by six years of starvation and malnutrition, the battered troops held firm through sheer will-power. For every pace the reptilian troops gained, the defenders vowed a hundred lizard corpses would lie. But the Lizard Men could bear such losses, and more, for the might of the Lizard King's armies was colossal. Soon, very soon, the evil humanoids would break Vymorna's last ring of defences, even if they had to dismantle the city stone by stone, brick by brick. The Empire of the Lizard Kings would not rest until all the lands of Southern Allansia were ensnared under its cruel dominion.

Inside the City

All this you know, for your mother is Queen Perriel, the lion-hearted woman who now commands Vymorna's defences. Your father, Alexandros the Second, was struck down by a poisoned javelin in a counter-attack to keep the reptilian hordes from the outer wall of the castle at the centre of the city. His

death made a warrior of your mother, but this, and years of constant bombardment, has changed her beyond belief. Where once she was beauty and grace, she is now thin-lipped sternness, her eyes red-ringed through lack of sleep and the side-effects of her sorcerous searches for supernatural aid. Night after night the Queen pleads with the gods and their servants for divine help against the overwhelming odds, and each night she receives no answer. It is as if there is a war in the heavens as well as on Titan, and the forces of Evil and Chaos are winning there, too.

Your father's death also made a warrior of you, and now you ride into battle alongside your mother. Between raids and wall duties you help tend the sick, arrayed in rows in the Great Hall of the castle. There are wounded warriors by the score, but also a great many women and children, injured by flying missiles or simply suffering from malnutrition. Food is now very scarce and strictly rationed, and it is only owing to good planning that it has lasted so long.

Troubled Dreams

What is perhaps worse than the lack of food is the constant lack of sleep. It would be hard enough to sleep, anyway, with the bombardment of rocks and exploding balls of sulphur, but each night the enemy conjure up spirits and demons, which howl around the towers of the castle until dawn. Their

screaming, often joined by sorcerous thunder and lightning, would keep all but the most desperately tired awake.

However on this night even you sleep. You spent most of the evening helping to put out a massive fire blazing in the south tower of the castle, started by a flaming brand, which had hurtled into the city from one of the many giant catapults stationed just out of reach of the city's archers. When the fire was out you didn't bother returning to your quarters in the main keep, but just found an empty corner, pulled your stained cloak over yourself and slept.

Dawn breaks and you awake, savouring the warmth of your corner and the light on your eyes before opening them. But the castle is somehow different. You lie still for a moment, before sitting up with a start. There's nothing but silence! Everywhere is quiet, so quiet you can hear your breath coming in short gulps as you rub the sleep from your eyes with your dirty fists to find yourself alone in a corner of the Inner Hall. All you can see are the bare, rubble-strewn flagstones, the first traces of weeds poking up between them as if stretching for the sunlight, which beams through the gaps in the shattered roof. 'By Telak's golden sword!' you exclaim aloud, using the oath your mother always forbade you to utter in those far-off days before the siege. The siege! you remember. The siege . . . and Mother! What in the name of all the heavens is going on?

'Indeed you may ask,' comes a voice from behind you. You spin round and look up in wonder. Atop the ruined wall above you stands a glowing figure, a hefty warrior armed for battle and clad in brilliant golden armour. About his feet stalks a lion, which must be fully grown though it is dwarfed by the radiant figure. 'Know you not who I am, my child? You called on me just a moment ago, though in truth I was here awaiting you,' the warrior intones in a voice that rumbles like thunder round a distant mountain. His gleaming emerald eyes stare deep into yours, flashing with supernatural power.

The Task of Telak

You drop to your knees, more out of amazement than respect, for you know now that the figure before you is Telak, the Swordbearer, Lord of Courage and patron of all who bear arms against Evil. 'My lord,' you stammer, 'what would you have of me?'

'Do not be afraid,' rumbles the heavenly voice, 'for you must listen carefully to what I tell you. The dark forces that oppose both of us are gathering for a final assault. Even as I speak, demonic legions begin to batter at the gates of my ethereal palace, just as they batter at the very doors of yours. What is needed is an Earthly victory against Evil, and soon, to divert the Lizard King's deathless masters away from my door so I can properly come to Vymorna's aid.

'Know you of a place called the Durtelakin, Telak's Mount? It is one of twin peaks in the Lion Heights, far to the north-east of Vymorna. You must go there and find a weapon which will aid you and your city against Evil. Seek out the man they call Laskar.' The golden warrior's voice fades, as if his attention were elsewhere, and the lion at his legs growls. 'I must depart to secure my own gates. Go, and serve me well. Wheresoever I can I will aid you, for you are a warrior now, and under my protection.'

The golden warrior and his lion fade away . . . and a rough hand is shaking you awake. Through the musty gloom of the Inner Hall you can see others rising and shaking themselves. From all around you comes the sound of coughing, stamping, chattering, mingled with the distant sounds of battle.

The Mission

'It is decided, then. All the omens are with you. You must depart as soon as you are able.' Your mother looks stern, but you know from her eyes that she is dreading your leaving on such a dangerous mission. Around the room, everyone shares Queen Perriel's mingled look of trepidation and resolve, but all nod their heads at the decision. 'You will leave a few hours before dawn, to give you the best chance of crossing through the enemy's encampment. In the darkness you may be able to pass through their lines, though I still fear for you.'

'I was chosen, Mother,' you state simply, and leave to prepare for your journey. Turn to 1.

1

Dawn is not far away. All night the bombardment of the city has continued, but somehow you managed to rest and relax a little in preparation for your journey. Now, with the moon set and the first few glimmers of light on the horizon, you are in the secluded room of your mother, Queen Perriel, making your final preparations for your journey. You are dressed in sturdy clothes, but with minimal armour so you can move quickly. You have a strong cloak to protect you from the elements and to keep you warm at night. There is a large rucksack filled with supplies (4 Provisions), and your trusty sword and hunting-knife.

While you are getting ready, the Queen goes to a chest and pulls three items from it. 'These belonged to your father,' she says, 'and I know he would want them to be put to good use.' You may take two of the objects by going to the appropriate paragraphs; make a note of those you choose on your *Adventure Sheet*. There are a bow and three silvered arrows (turn to 13), a bottle containing a pale liquid (turn to 388), and a small glass globe filled with a swirling cloud of dust specks (turn to 31).

2

At the bottom of the steps, you have arrived in another old and very dusty room, littered again with small pieces of rubble from its cracked ceiling and walls. In a far corner what may be a statue or perhaps a fountain casts grotesque shadows in the lantern-light. Do you take one of the dark passages that lead off to the left (turn to 255) and to the right (turn to 271), or do you examine the statue or fountain (turn to 35)?

3

Your hunting-knife slashes out and cuts away part of the web. Pulling yourself upright, you are faced by the Wasp Spider. You have no time to find your sword, and must defend yourself with your knife.

WASP SPIDER SKILL 6 STAMINA 2

If the Wasp Spider scores a hit against you, do not deduct the normal 2 STAMINA points. Instead, roll one die and lose as many STAMINA points as the result of your roll. The bite of the Wasp Spider is highly poisonous! If you succeed in beating the venomous Spider, turn to 356.

4

You walk to the top of the stairs and peer down. They seem very steep, and it is very dark down there. Then you draw back hurriedly, for you are sure you heard voices down there. Yes, there they are again: Lizard Men! You run for the other steps and leap up them quickly, hearing the clatter of the enemy's boots on the flagstones in the distance behind you. You come to a door, and once you have gone through, it slams shut behind you. In alarm you notice there is no lock, and gazing around you realize there is nothing to bar it with either. In blind terror you race down the corridor, pausing only long enough to notice that it is lined on either side by barred cells, until you reach another door at the far end. You kick at it – and it holds firm. It's locked! Your heart sinks. Will you continue trying to force it (turn to 321) or look for a key (turn to 264)?

5

You trip on a statue's arm and knock over your lantern. It goes out, plunging the room into pitch-darkness. You are surely doomed! You hear the strange shadow-creatures howl near by, but then they seem to be moving away from you. Their cries grow quieter until you are left in total silence again. Of course! If they are creatures of shadow, they won't be very strong without a light to give them substance! You paw about and find the lantern, and the two jets from the statue's eyes. Without lighting the lantern, you creep across the room, hoping that the Shadow Ghouls have definitely gone. You reach the far passage and head up it. When you feel you have put enough distance between yourself and the room you pause to calm your ragged nerves, and to light your lantern. You are alone; add 1 LUCK point. Walking on, you come to a new set of stairs, twisted and crumbling, which lead down. Turn to 152.

6

A horrendous grinding, crashing sound rends the air as your boat is torn in two. A split second before it is engulfed you dive into the water. Holding your breath, you try to swim away to surface safely, but the water is very turbulent as the galley sails above you. A great oar sweeps towards you, knocking the air from your lungs. Immediately you're gulping water and choking . . . drowning . . . dead.

7

Your tortured imagination can bear it no longer. Your nerve snaps and you turn and flee into the mist, but the voices and faces are all around you. You clutch your head and scream but no sound comes out. Dead faces loom out of the mist; swords and axes wielded by skeletal hands scythe the air around you. You fall to your knees in sheer terror. The roar of battle is all around. Metal clashes on metal and bone; screams and curses howl in your ears. The grinning death's-head faces of warriors long dead close in around you. Soon you will join their legion. Your quest is at an end.

8

You barge into the nearest tent, and are stopped in your tracks by a very rupulsive sight! A Lizard Woman is reclining in her tent amid the myriad smells emanating from the burning incense pots, the luxurious slime bath and her own foul body. You are quite overpowered, but you know you must do something before she can react. Will you turn and run from the tent (turn to 319), say something (turn to 254) or attack her (turn to 149)?

9

The following morning you rise with the dawn, feeling more refreshed and relaxed than you have in a very long while. Thoughts of the journey still ahead linger, though, and so it is with a sad smile that you bid farewell to White-eye and plunge into the thick jungle, hacking a path with your knife. The sun is soon high and it becomes desperately hot. The sweat drips from you as you slowly carve a path through the tangled undergrowth. By noon you have made good headway. As you travel you pick up more Provisions (up to the maximum of 4). After another hour or so you stop in the shade of a large tree and eat (deduct 1 Provision and recover STAMINA as usual). Suitably refreshed, you press on. Turn to 94.

10

An enormous green-skinned Hobgoblin leaps at you from the mêlée. Rabid and foaming at the mouth with blood-lust brought on by the battle, the foul creature yells a war-cry and swings his huge nail-studded mace at you!

HOBGOBLIN FANATIC SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If it scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to **306**. If you score two consecutive hits, or kill the Hobgoblin, roll a die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **322**; 3–4, turn to **187**; 5–6, turn to **192**.

11

You tell White-eye the whole story, leaving out nothing. He frowns with anxiety as he hears of the siege, looks deeply interested in the account of your dream, and seems at times thrilled and horrified by the tale of your quest so far. You feel comfortable here, and talk far into the night. Your narrative is disturbed by animal howls from outside the caravan, but the old man calms you. 'Don't fret: friends protect us. We cannot be harmed here.' You resume your tale. When it is finally at an end, White-eye leans forward in his chair and says, 'I have some news regarding this Laskar whom you seek. I do not

give freely, but I will gladly trade with you.' You cannot trade your father's things, but you may have something else to exchange. What can you trade?

Black lotus essence	Turn to **249**
Cloth o' gold	Turn to **49**
A mace	Turn to **129**
An Orc charm	Turn to **256**
A phial of purple liquid	Turn to **344**
A small panther idol	Turn to **389**

If you have nothing, or if you do not wish to trade, turn to **111**.

12

You steer your small boat for mid-stream. The sun is already making the air humid, and a thin haze of steamy mist sits on the cooler water. You could avoid the mist by steering for the north shore (turn to **295**) or continue in mid-stream (turn to **60**).

13

The bow is made from finely worked bone, and has a great many charms and sigils carved into it. Its three silvered arrows are turned to perfection, and you know that whenever you fire one you will be almost guaranteed of hitting and destroying your target. (Note down the bow and three arrows on your *Adventure Sheet;* every time you use an arrow you must cross it off.) If you have another item to choose, turn to **31** for the swirling globe or turn to **388** for the phial of liquid. If you now have your two items, turn to **361**.

14

You carefully push the dust-hardened curtain out of the way with your sword, revealing a circular chamber with an exit on its far wall. Cut into the walls on either side are dozens of narrow shelves, each one occupied by a body. These catacombs are very ancient, and many of the bodies have decomposed to skeletons, which look quite grisly in the flickering lantern-light. Gingerly you poke one of the cadavers, but nothing untoward happens. Do you move on (turn to **297**) or investigate further (turn to **351**)?

15

Did you think that creatures such as these would bow down in servitude to a priest of Telak? These are the servants of Chaos! Turn to **70**.

16

An incredibly hot sheet of flame explodes upwards into the sky, carrying with it the screams of dying Lizard Men. You turn away disgusted: surely it isn't right to fight in such a way? Lecarte, it seems, has no qualms – he's leaping up and down, cheering and yelling, with Snag capering round him. Leading Lecarte's horse by the reins, you set off on foot for Capra. Turn to **89**.

17

Covered by your cloak, you lie in the soft undergrowth and wait for sleep to come. The moon rises between the trees as you lie listening to the croaks, whistles and chirps of the jungle's nocturnal inhabitants until you fall asleep. Turn to **219**.

18

You scurry along the trench, keeping your head down to avoid being spotted. Suddenly you hear a loud, brash laugh from above you. You peer up, to see a huge Two-headed Lizard Man looking down at you from the side of the trench, brandishing a long, curving sword. There's no chance to use your bow, if you have it. You can leap out and attack him (turn to **30**), or grab his foot and try to pull him down into the trench (turn to **62**).

19

You land with a bump a moment later and your lantern goes out. You reach out for it and recoil! You touched something scaly that wriggled under your hand! Leaping back flat against the wall, you find your lantern again, and hastily light it. Oh, Telak! Snakes – black, viper-like snakes. Your mind races in panic as your horrified eyes scan the room. There is a large pile of rags and rubbish in the corner nearest you, and a passage leading off from the wall opposite you. Will you try to reach the exit (turn to **179**) or the rags (turn to **110**)?

20

The Krell you are chasing drops your sword and scampers off, swinging up into the branches with dextrous ease. It swings there, chattering and screaming, mocking you in a playful fashion. You retrieve your sword, gather up your things and move on. Turn to **221**.

21

'Come on!' shouts the man, pulling you with him as if you had no choice in the matter. You glance back over your shoulder. The Lizard Men have stopped at the edge of the copse, as if afraid to venture into it. A little further in, you come to a clearing. Tethered here are a horse and a small pony, both apparently grazing. As you approach them the pony lifts its head and you halt. It is not a pony at all but a Sabre-toothed Tiger! 'Easy, Snag,' says the stranger. 'Look, fresh lizard!' If you have your father's bow, turn to **284**; otherwise, turn to **98**.

22

You hail the travellers, greeting them cordially. There is no reply: they sit motionless on their mounts, who regard you with cold, lizard eyes. A chill breeze springs up, and you give a quick shudder. 'What's the matter? Have you lost your tongues?' you cry. Turn to **247**.

23

Through sheer momentum you have bludgeoned a way through the enemy lines, and many of your fellow warriors are with you. Pausing only to slash stray Swamp Goblins and panicked Lizard Men out of your way, you race on. A frightened riding lizard skitters across your path and you manage to grab its bridle and stop it. The enemy are regrouping behind you. If you are to escape you must go now. Do you want to try to ride the lizard (turn to 59) or escape on foot (turn to 144)?

24

They seem to be waiting, too, sitting motionless on their steeds. The peculiar lizards look at you both with cold, emotionless eyes. You shudder, and Katya does, too, as a chill of foreboding grips your body. And then, without a word or sign from their riders, the lizards start to move slowly towards you. Turn to 247.

25

Gathering all your strength, you give a sudden surge and burst from the web. In its anger the Wasp Spider stings you as you jump up, knocking it flying into the undergrowth. Roll one die: deduct as many STAMINA points as the result of the roll – the bite of the Wasp Spider is highly poisonous and often deadly. If you survive the sting you rest awhile, before staggering in the direction of the river to wash and refresh yourself. Turn to 356.

26

The massive Lizard Man Champion looks down at you from his bloodied perch, sneers an ugly sneer, and leaps to join battle with you. He is using his giant axe as his main weapon, but also attacks with a huge pointed dagger (treat it as a second opponent with the same SKILL value as the axe – if you lose to it, you take damage; otherwise you hold it off).

LIZARD MAN CHAMPION	SKILL 12	STAMINA 18

If he scores three hits against you, turn to 96. If by some good fortune you defeat, or kill, the Champion, turn to 166.

27

Keeping the dark, forbidding tangle of the jungle always on your right hand, you decide to head northwards. Away to the west is the southern extent of the Axehead Plain; as you gaze out over it you notice that something is burning on the horizon. Could it be Vymorna? No, it's too far north, you decide; it must be somewhere else under attack. You peer further south but cannot pick out the city from the haze. Will you keep heading north (turn to 331), or change your mind and head directly east (turn to 175)?

28

Howling for vengeance for his treachery you leap at Laskar. The old man looks momentarily frightened, but parries your blow easily, knocking you aside. The Lizard Men surround you, their swords raised for the final blows, which you know must come. Your adventure is over.

29

You run down the rough-walled passage before emerging in a much wider, very dusty tunnel that leads off both to the left and to the right. After some consideration you choose to go right and follow the passage as it leads down a shallow slope and into a large room. The room is empty of life, but features a row of large stone slabs that look (from the red patches splattered on them) as if they were used for dissecting bodies or some similarly gruesome activity. Around the walls lie the shards of smashed pots and vases, but most seem to be filled with ashes – you dare not think of what! Passages lead off straight ahead (turn to 357) and to the left (turn to 385).

30

The Lizard Man swings his sword at you as you clamber out of the trench, scoring an instant hit (deduct 2 STAMINA points).

TWO-HEADED LIZARD MAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, you may sneak away among the tents of the Lizard Man camp (turn to 294).

31

The globe contains fragments of crystal from petrified glow-worms. All you need do is shake the globe, which will light up, slowly fading after about five minutes. If you have another item to choose, turn to 388 for the phial of liquid, or turn to 13 for the bow and arrows. If you already have two items, turn to 361.

32

The ruins turn into those of the ancient docks of Vymorna. All around you are warehouses and boatyards, once bustling with trade, now shattered and empty. You move on. Will you keep to the alleyways (turn to 203), or sneak through the warehouse ruins (turn to 261)?

33

There is no sign of anyone who might have built the platform, nor any indication of why it should be here at all. A rickety rope-bridge overgrown with vines and creepers leads off between the trees to another platform a fair distance away. You are steeling yourself to cross it when you notice a knotted creeper hanging down from higher up one of the immense trees. Will you take the bridge (turn to 199) or climb the rope (turn to 243)?

34

The Tyrannosaurus Rex sees the Triceratops and bellows its rage. Leaping down the slope it grabs its huge opponent and attacks.

		SKILL	STAMINA
TYRANNOSAURUS REX	3 attacks	14	19
TRICERATOPS	2 attacks	12	18

You may fight the battle out if you wish, but by the time it is over you are well away from it. Turn to **76**.

35

It is a fountain, with a small statue of Telak pouring water into a shallow bowl. The water that trickles out, though, seems very dark. You catch some in your hand and examine it in the light of your lantern. Oh, Telak! It isn't water at all – it's *blood*! What evil has poisoned this place? You hurry from the room – you may go left (turn to **255**) or right (turn to **271**).

36

With howls of war-cries and the clash of metal on metal, battle is joined. You should fight it out. The Lizard Men attack in twos, and their opponents are Snag, Lecarte and yourself. The combatants each have the following profile:

		SKILL	STAMINA
LIZARD MEN	each	8	7
LECARTE		11	14
SNAG		12	8

Snag can make two attacks, but only on the same opponent. Any Lizard Men not involved in a fight will attempt to fire arrows into one of the battles. First, determine which battle they are aiming at, then roll one die. If you roll a 1, the arrow hits a Lizard Man; if you roll a 6, the arrow hits you or one of your allies. For each hit, deduct 1 STAMINA point. Eventually the skirmish will be over. If you win you may head for the relative safety of Capra. Turn to **89**.

37

You sneak up to the dozing aviator – and hit him across the head with the flat of your sword! He falls to the floor and lies still. Your troubles aren't over yet, though, as the Pterodactyl saw what happened and has taken fright. It's squawking and screeching fit to bust. Shouts come from the tents behind you. You must escape quickly. Will you leap on to the Pterodactyl and fly out of the camp (turn to **387**)? Or would you rather put your trust in a riding lizard (turn to **146**)?

38

You rest awhile, letting your panic subside and getting your breath back, before moving on. You prise open the door to reveal a short corridor, which leads to yet another door – does this place never end? You creep the length of the corridor and listen at the door, but hear nothing except the sound of gently running water. You force the door and almost slip sideways, for this room is at a very bizarre angle. More importantly, the door opposite you is behind a large gout of dark water, which is flowing through wide cracks in the wall and ceiling. Carefully, trying to avoid the flow, you move to the door. Turn to **82**.

39

Voices and faces surround you, swirling in the mist. You grit your teeth and try to stand firm. The battle rages on. With wide eyes and an ever-increasing sense of terror you stare at the ghostly warriors, all bedecked in ancient armour, their fleshless skulls grinning like death's heads as they fight on. You must do something about this. Will you command these visions to depart in the name of Telak (turn to **299**), in the name of your illustrious ancestors (turn to **232**), or stay where you are and watch (turn to **7**)?

40

Roll two dice. If you roll equal to or below your SKILL score, turn to **339**. If you roll above your SKILL score, turn to **109**.

41

The passageway, strewn with dust and rubble like so much of this underground maze, continues for a while, and then turns to the right. At the corner, though, you stop, for the tunnel ends in a wall of rubble – a dead end. Will you attempt to dig through the wall (turn to **128**), or would you rather retrace your steps and take the exit on the left (turn to **125**), or try the tunnel (turn to **67**)?

42

This healing draught will cure some of your wounds. Each time you take it (you may do so twice), roll one die, add 2 to the number you roll and recover as many STAMINA points. Bear in mind that your STAMINA score may not exceed its *Initial* level. You may take the draught at any time, providing you are not doing something strenuous like fighting or running, and that you are not restrained, tied up or in any way kept from making a normal action. Now return to the paragraph you came from.

43

The huddled shapes stand upright, revealing themselves to be three Rat Man engineers. They squeak a challenge and draw their shortswords. Luckily the trench is so narrow you need fight only one at a time. The first one leaps for you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAT MAN	5	6
Second RAT MAN	6	6
Third RAT MAN	6	5

If you defeat the Rat Men, you may move on to the right (turn to **206**), or to the left (turn to **277**).

44

After your 'visitor', you spend a restless night. You are determined to stay awake until dawn, but you find you keep dropping off to sleep. When you wake again the sun is already climbing in the morning sky. You scramble down from the tree and head off towards the river to wash and refresh yourself. Turn to **356**.

45

Oh, crikey! You clutch your stomach and turn blue, trying to stop the feeling that a rat is gnawing you from the inside! Guursh is deadly! Roll one die and lose as many STAMINA points as the result of your roll. If there is a chance that you're still alive after making such a drastic mistake, turn to **161**.

46

Your kick catches Laskar in the jaw, knocking him flying. You grab for the sword and one of the jewels. Note down which one you choose on your *Adventure Sheet* (you may only choose from those you threw on the floor):

Diamond	Turn to **371**
Emeralds	Turn to **228**
Jets	Turn to **173**
Ruby	Turn to **293**

47

The press of battle buffets you this way and that. And then, from out of the sky, a large leathery shape swoops across the battlefield. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **184**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **147**.

48

Laskar finds all kinds of equipment for you. Choose what you do not already have from the following list and write it on your *Adventure Sheet*: a sword, a lantern plus supply of oil and some flints to light it with, a length of rope, 4 Provisions. Fully equipped, you allow Laskar to lead you back to the ravine. Rather than climbing to the edge, though, he takes you by a wide sloping path down the side of the huge cut. The going is hard, and before long the track is so steep and rocky that you must rope yourselves together. Eventually you reach the base of the ravine and stand looking out across the ruined city with its once-beautiful buildings now lying at strange angles, twisted and cracked by their fall. Laskar leads you through the city, bringing you to where a huge depression leads down into the earth. The roof of a covered courtyard has fallen in, and several dark and forbidding passages lead off it. Laskar points one out. 'That one leads down to another courtyard from where you will find passages leading to the crypts, the royal palace and chief temple. I have not been further than the courtyard.' You embrace the old man and he departs to climb up to the temple on the north side of the

ravine and await your successful emergence from the underground complex. Will you descend into the darkness (turn to **289**), or pause awhile (turn to **367**)?

49

White-eye peers at the cloth, picks at it with a long fingernail, rubs it between his palms – then blows his nose on it! You object most strongly, but he calms you, saying that it is just a worthless piece of ordinary cloth dyed a golden colour and shows you the dye that has come off on his hands. Turn to **11** and choose again.

50

It is a fountain, with a small statue of Telak pouring water into a shallow bowl. The water which trickles out now, though, seems very dark. You catch some in your hand and examine it in the light of your lantern. Oh, Telak! It isn't water at all – it's *blood*! What evil has poisoned this place? You hurry from the room. Turn to **271**.

51

All day you wait, swapping nervous stories with Lecarte. Finally, as the sun is setting, the sound of hoofs comes from the west. In addition to those whom you fought earlier, there are six more Lizard Men – quite a force to be taken on by two adventurers and a tiger! The warriors ride up and head straight for the copse. This is it – there is no escape now. Turn to **36**.

52

Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **180**. If you roll more than your SKILL score, turn to **115**.

53

But you will need more than luck now that you are being chased by half a dozen Lizard Men, all mounted on riding lizards very much like yours. You spur your steed, and race away from the enemy lines. The chase is on! Turn to **177**.

54

You creep between the trees, starting at every rustle. After only a few steps you come to a small grassy clearing, dotted with bushes holding brightly coloured flowers and fruit. Surely this is too good to be true? you think. It simply *must* be a trap! You may wish to enter the clearing (turn to **279**), or perhaps you would rather return to your original path (turn to **257**).

55

Aaaarrghh! Over the edge you go. You land on a large pile of broken floorboards and other trash. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, you must deduct as many STAMINA points as the result of your roll. If you roll 5–6, you were lucky and avoided injury. After resting down there for a moment, you pull yourself out of the collapsed cellar, and move on. Turn to **32**.

56

You wake up with a jolt and go rigid as all the hairs on the back of your neck stand up. Something large is crawling along the branch towards you, dragging something behind it! You freeze, wishing you could sink back into the tree-trunk against which you are pressed. The thing gets larger, and you can hear the faint rasping of its breath. Will you attack it (turn to **225**), make a light (turn to **143**), or just stay still and hope that somehow it fails to notice you (turn to **352**)?

57

Suddenly there are Lizard Men everywhere, all slashing and cutting with their weapons. You don't stand a chance. Falling to the ground, the precious blood draining from your body, the last thing you hear is Laskar's laughter, an embodiment of pure Evil.

58

Steeling yourself for a trap, you thrust in your hand and grab a small, hard object. Slowly, nervously, you withdraw it, expecting every second something nasty to happen. It's a small idol, carved from some strange metal, depicting a panther-headed god like the larger figures dotted around the overgrown temple. You tuck it away in your rucksack, and press on. Turn to **245**.

59

The riding lizard is jittery, but you are an expert on horseback and the technique seems much the same. You grab the reins and swing yourself up into the small saddle. You kick your legs and with a screech it hares away. Maybe you are not such an expert after all – the Lizard is *very* difficult to control as it gallops about on only two legs! Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **260**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **91**.

60

A strange, soft lapping sound comes from within the mist. And then, without warning, a galley is upon you! Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **6**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **136**.

61

The rickety caravan is packed to the rafters with an incredible assortment of items. Bats hang from hooks, glass jars full of amazing things line the shelves, strange tapestries are piled thick on the floor. Candles in the corners flicker and dance as if animated, throwing wondrous shadows. The old man speaks: 'Welcome, young one, to the home of White-eye. I am a trader. I deal in anything and everything: advice, rare items from near and far, healing, heart's-ease, food and rest. I give and I receive, a fair exchange. Now, tell me your story and you can stay here for the night . . .' Do you want to tell him (turn to **11**), or would you rather not (turn to **108**)?

62

With a growl the Lizard Man slips over the edge of the trench. A sickening sound follows and his broken body lies still. Luckily for you, he fell on his sword; add 1 LUCK point. You continue along the trench, following it for some way before it ends in a set of rough wooden steps. You clamber up them and peer over the top. Turn to **294**.

63

All at once you are at the clearing. Dark shapes mounted on larger ones mill about in confusion, trapped by your simple barriers. You toss your taper high over their heads and turn and run. As you fly through the trees a vast sheet of flame springs up behind you, mingled with the screams of the dying Lizard Men. At a safe distance you stop and look back, feeling disgusted at what you have done. Always taught to fight fair, you feel you have somehow cheated. Lecarte rides up, all smiles. 'Come, my friend, let's go.' Offering you his big hand he helps you up into the saddle behind him and you set off for Capra, with Snag capering around your mount's legs. Turn to **89**.

64

You freeze instantly. That last cry was too artificial! Silently drawing your sword, you stand in the shadows and wait. With a whooping cry, a band of dark-skinned warriors clad in panther skins swings down at you from the trees, long knives slashing the air. You are ready for them, though, and leap to the attack. There are five warriors, and they attack two at a time. Each time a warrior falls another takes his place.

PANTHER WARRIORS	each	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you take two consecutive hits or your STAMINA score is reduced to 4 or less, turn to **381**. If you defeat the warriors, turn to **155**.

65

With a screaming bellow, a huge Stegosaurus lumbers through the ranks towards you, the Lizard Man on its back howling a blood-curdling war-cry.

STEGOSAURUS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

Roll one die every round. If you roll 6, you are hit by a sling-stone flung by the Lizard Man rider. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. If you score two consecutive hits against the Stegosaurus, or defeat or kill it, you can flee from it. Roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to 187; 3–4, turn to 144; 5–6, turn to 47.

66

'Oho!' comes a deep rumbling voice. You feel yourself hoisted aloft by the collar and slowly turned round until you are staring into the decidedly ugly features of a large Orc. 'A yooman! A yooman!' he yells. The funeral collapses in uproar.

The Shaman yells, 'A sacrifice! A gift to Lord Hashak! Yeah!' Will you try to fight (turn to 265) or surrender peacefully (turn to 343)?

67

The narrow tunnel seems to have been formed when part of the roof collapsed into a passage. Before you venture in you poke it with your sword to check that it is safe; it seems so, though a few particles of dust are dislodged. You wriggle in; it doesn't lead very far. At the other end it opens out into a room. You wriggle a little further, the floor beneath you crumbles, and you fall into the room. Turn to 19.

68

This small alcove was obviously used to store water, wine or something similar, for there are several smashed pots in it. They are of an interestingly ancient design, but don't appear to hold anything of interest. You poke around for a bit but nothing comes to light. Now you may investigate the other alcove (by going to 168), or leave the room (turn to 274).

69

The Commander and one of the Swamp Goblins leap to the attack, while the others hastily attempt to put out the flaming pitch and join the battle. They will engage you only if you defeat the first two.

	SKILL	STAMINA
COMMANDER	7	9
First SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Second SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Third SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5

If you defeat them, turn to **193**.

70

Wiping the sweat from your clammy hands, you grip the pommel of your sword and prepare for battle. You may fight the nightmarish creatures in twos. However, if you should score a hit, their revolting bony frames are so strong that your sword will only cause them to lose 1 STAMINA point.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ISHKARIM	9	8
Second ISHKARIM	8	9
Third ISHKARIM	7	8
Fourth ISHKARIM	8	10

If you defeat them all, you may take the jewel and leave by the small door to the stairs (turn to **87**).

71

You hear a tremendous thumping sound from the trench, and try to stay as low as you can. A huge riding lizard, along with its Lizard Man rider, leaps the trench and travels on. After dusting yourself down you creep on (turn to **104**).

72

The hours go by. The days go by. No help comes. Soon the vultures will be picking meat from your bones. Your adventure is over.

73

You creep nearer, crouching close to some low bushes a little way from the figures. At the top of the low hill you see the group of Orcs all lining up to pay their last respects to what seems to have been a very eminent (but now very dead) old Orc. You slip surreptitiously on to the end of the line. No one pays you much attention; everyone seems very upset and solemn. The dear departed was obviously well loved by these Orcs, as many are weeping openly. The line shuffles on and you get closer and closer to the funeral bier. It is at this moment that you remember sitting with your tutor back in Vymorna, sharing a laugh over the fact that Orc tradition declares that mourners must leave their teeth-marks in the body of the dead! How are you going to get out of this one? Will you attack the nearest Orc (turn to **265**), pretend to bite (turn to **250**), or actually bite the corpse (turn to **392**)?

74

What a magnificent place! Columns stretch out on both sides, disappearing into the shadows, but ahead of you – well, what a sight! The walls are lined with weapons and shields, and carved with murals depicting many great deeds. At their centre, though, stands a magnificent altar to Telak, and upon it stands a small plinth holding a magnificent ruby! Could this be the Eye of Telak? You glance warily around you, peering into the shadows. To one side of the altar there is a small door, obviously leading to the stairs up to the temple where you are to meet Laskar. Will you approach the altar (turn to **229**) or leave by the small door (turn to **87**)?

75

Your equipment and weapons are tossed out to the warriors, and then you are trussed up and carried off to a distant platform high in the trees. There you lie until sunset, immobile and desperately thirsty. As the moon rises you try to relax and sleep but you are very afraid. From beneath you comes the padding of many feet through the undergrowth. You roll to the edge of the platform and peer over. There are a myriad shapes moving about in the moonlight – panthers, dozens of them. Footsteps sound on the platform behind you, something gives you a small push and you fall. The panthers look at you, delicious hunger in their eyes. Claws lash out. Your quest is over.

76

Congratulating yourself, you stride on across the rocky landscape. By the time the sun is starting to set you have descended again to a flat, dusty plain dotted with occasional trees, with the ever-present tangle of jungle away to your right. By now you should really be looking for somewhere safe to spend the night, but nowhere presents itself. And then . . . surely not? A light up ahead, between the trees. You creep closer. Of all the things to find in this forsaken wilderness: a caravan, a gypsy caravan! It stands in the shade of a clump of scrubby trees, an old horse sleepily grazing the rough grass near by. Will you approach the caravan (turn to **268**) or would you rather wait and watch (turn to **366**)?

77

You duck back into the anteroom and cower in the shadows to plan your next move. Suddenly you hear footsteps on the stairs from Telak's temple. The door is flung open and a party of Lizard Men emerge. You have no chance against them – you struggle as they grab you and drag you into the temple before Laskar, but it's no use. The old man turns with a grin of pure malice on his face. One of

the Lizard Men hands Laskar a bundle wrapped in cloth. He greedily unwraps it to reveal a gorgeous longsword, obviously the Arm of Telak. 'Now, fool! Do you have the Eyes?' demands the old man in a crazed voice. You reach into your pack and retrieve whatever gemstones you found on your travels. (If you have no gems, turn to 57.) With a disdainful gesture you scatter them across the floor. Laskar dives for them with a mad shout and you lash out at him. Roll two dice. If you roll your SKILL score or less, turn to 46. If you roll more than your SKILL score, turn to 57.

78

A brass-bound door opens to reveal a small passage, which in turn leads to a large room. The chamber is empty of life, but features a row of large stone slabs that look (from the deep red patches splattered on them) as if they were used for dissecting bodies or some similarly gruesome activity. Around the walls lie the shards of smashed pots and vases, but most seem to be filled with ashes – of what, you dare not contemplate! Passages lead off straight ahead and to the right. After peering down both you decide to go right. Turn to 385.

79

'We've got several options,' Lecarte tells you. 'We could make a run for Capra, but the Lizard Men might catch us, especially since we have only one horse. Alternatively, we could wait for them to return and fight them off. Or we could try something else; I have a fire-making substance that I acquired from an old trader of Kallamehr. If we could lure the Lizard Men into a trap and set it off we could wipe 'em off the face of Titan! Now, I'm not sure whether that plan would work at all, so the decision is up to you.' Will you run for it (turn to 120), stay and fight (turn to 51) or set a trap (turn to 349)?

80

You march on, now keeping your eyes peeled for any threat. After an hour passes without incident, you stop and eat some Provisions (if you have any). Your supplies may be getting low. If you want to hunt out some more Provisions, turn to 54; if you would rather trek on, turn to 257.

81

Being careful not to trip over the loose rocks, you lead the raging Tyrannosaurus Rex back to the edge of the ridge. If you can get him there before he attacks you, he should distract the Triceratops! As you reach the edge he makes one final lunge for you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 34. If you are Unlucky, turn to 132.

82

You kick open the door, step through the dark water and trudge up a sloping passageway, leaving wet squelchy footprints behind you. The passage curves round to the right and then the path forks. You may take the right fork (turn to 244) or the left (turn to 395).

83

Keeping your head bowed so that your hood covers your features, you lift the chariot for the mutant Lizard Man to refit the wheel. The impatient priest jumps in without thanking you, and cracks his whip for the mutant to pull along again. As the mutant passes you and catches sight of your face, his eyes widen in alarm. You wink at him as he scurries off, his cruel master's whip cracking across his shoulders. Add 1 LUCK point. You move on. Turn to 319.

84

They seem to be waiting too, sitting motionless on their steeds. The peculiar lizards look at you with cold, emotionless eyes. You shudder, as a chill of foreboding grips your body. And then, without a word or movement from their riders, the lizard mounts start slowly to move towards you. Turn to 309.

85

'Well, at least take something, even if it's only a good-luck charm.' You pore over the big man's wares, which include a pot of black lotus incense; a dazzling square, which Lecarte claims is cloth o' gold; a small idol in the shape of a squat man with a panther's head; a finely worked mace; a jagged copper Orc charm; and a phial of purple liquid. Choose one, then turn to 223.

86

You peer over the top of a barrel. A curious sight greets your eyes. A small chariot being pulled by a stunted, mutant Lizard Man has shed a wheel and its passenger, a haughty-looking old Lizard Man priest, is beating the unfortunate creature. You can't understand the words he's saying, but he's obviously furious, alternately shading his eyes from the sunlight and lashing out with a crop. The priest gives an exasperated sigh and gazes around him, obviously looking for someone to assist him. You duck down again, but were you fast enough? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **134**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **105**.

87

The door opens easily enough, leading to a narrow, rough-hewn passageway which slopes up for some distance. Eventually it ends in a small, smooth-walled chamber. Another leads off to your left, but you're more interested in the stairs, which spiral up to Laskar and freedom! Turn to **301**.

88

You grab for your sword and lash out with it, striking at the foul bird as the wind whistles around you!

PTERODACTYL SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you score three hits against the overgrown bird it will drop you – turn to **131**.

89

You reach Capra's welcoming walls and are soon safe behind its thick wooden stockade. It was once a small trading settlement, but now it is crammed to bursting with nomads and farmers afraid of constant attacks by the Lizard Man raiding bands. The townsfolk are stunned by the news of Vymorna, and do all they can to make you feel welcome. All you really want to do is get some rest, but you end up sitting in the Council House for much of the night telling of the siege. Eventually, though, even the anxious relatives clamouring for news of people in the city can see you need some sleep, and leave you alone. Turn to **202**.

90

The door holds. You hear the sound of feet ringing on the stairs behind you. You throw your whole weight against the door again, but to no avail: it won't budge. The other door flies open, and all of a sudden you are being faced by four callously grinning Lizard Men. You must fight them two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LIZARD MAN	8	7
Second LIZARD MAN	7	7
Third LIZARD MAN	9	7
Fourth LIZARD MAN	7	8

If you defeat all four opponents, turn to **38**.

91

More by luck than judgement you manage to steer the lizard in the right direction, away from the battle. You leap through the straggling ranks of Lizard Men. In front of you, beyond the last series of barricades and a few amazed soldiers, there is only open country, and freedom. You urge your mount forward, pleading with it to jump the barricades. Roll one die. If you roll 1–5, turn to **263**. If you roll 6, turn to **260**.

92

The sudden light is blinding – but the enormous Black Panther recovers first. Wicked claws slash at you; deduct 2 STAMINA points.

BLACK PANTHER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the savage creature, turn to 44.

93

You creep from the castle as the first rays of light are touching the tallest towers. Away to the west you can hear battle being joined as a group of defenders make a suicidal attack on the Lizard Man lines in the hope that they will divert attention away from you. You sneak through the ruined houses down to a conduit, which leads through the lower walls. Soon you'll have to decide whether you are going to head for the plains or the river, but first you must get clear of the city walls! You scuttle through the trenches, hunched in your cloak, until the path divides into two. Will you take the right (turn to 206) or the left path (turn to 296)?

94

Throughout the day Ariella, the sun goddess, blazes down on you. Every step you take is accompanied by a startling screech or growl. You continue to head east, through the ferociously tangled undergrowth. Around noon you have a run-in with a small panther, though the creature scampers away – you don't know who was more terrified, you or it! [**] As the sun starts to sink behind you, you are pleased to hear the sound of the river alongside you, although you can't see it. As you walk on, the ground becomes damp and marshy, and soon you have trouble finding a dry path; you weave this way and that around large, swampy pools and find your feet sinking into the saturated ground. You can try to make camp where you are (turn to 278), or go on a little way in the hope of finding more solid ground (turn to 378).

95

You make it, but only just! As you walk down the dark corridor you can still hear the rubble you dislodged bouncing off the wall of the well as it falls into the depths. The passageway ends in five shallow steps, which lead up to another rotting door. From behind it, as you listen, you can hear creaking, like a door blowing in the wind, perhaps. You listen again, but the noise seems to have stopped. You push the door and it gives, but opens with a very loud groan that will guarantee you're not going to surprise the occupants of this room! Turn to 153.

96

Battered and bruised, blinded by blood pouring from a slash across your forehead, you stagger about in a daze. Someone – or something – batters into you and sends you flying into the midst of the battle. Turn to **144**.

97

You continue on your way, hacking at the tangled undergrowth. The sun rises; the night's animals creep back to their dens to sit out the scorching day in cool shadows. Different creatures screech and chatter in the branches above you. Soon you are bathed in sweat, wishing you could stop, but always pressing on. Turn to **204**.

98

You accompany the strange man as he lays an ambush for the Lizard Men. You can only watch as he picks off two Lizard Men with his arrows. Then, from the low branch of a nearby tree, the Sabre-toothed Tiger leaps down at the inhuman enemy. The mounts of the remaining Lizard Men shy away, turn and run. Snag chases them for a short while, then gives up and returns to the scene of the battle. It sniffs the Lizard Man corpses for a moment before turning up its nose and trotting back to its master. Turn to **240**.

99

A wide-winged Pterodactyl bearing a Lizard Man pilot swoops down to attack, screeching with delight at having found a new prey! Each time it dives at you, the Lizard Man attempts to poke you with his javelin. Treat them as separate opponents. If the creature and its rider have not killed you after six rounds, they will fly away. If you manage to kill it, the beast will flop down to the ground, allowing the Lizard Man to leap off and attack you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
PTERODACTYL	7	9
LIZARD MAN	6	7

If you survive this attack, you may continue on your journey (turn to **164**).

100

From behind your hiding-place another large Orc strides up. You breathe a gentle sigh of relief, but keep your head down. The Orc is greeted by another: ''Ello, cuzzin Skaldak. Dat's a bad sniffle yoo got dere.'

'Eh?' replies Skaldak. 'It weren't me oo sneezed. It cum from dat bush dere!' You hear their footsteps getting closer to you. So much for LUCK! Turn to **66**.

101

The key fits easily, but requires a lot of forcing to spring the ancient lock. Finally it gives way with a satisfying click, and the box opens to reveal a massive gleaming diamond lying on a base of rotting purple cloth. You gasp in amazement at its size – it must be worth a fortune! Recovering yourself, you secrete the gem in your rucksack, and move on to explore the other room. Turn to 312.

102

You stagger on. The mist is thicker, if anything, than it was before. The ground becomes littered with small white stones and pebbles, which make it increasingly difficult to walk. There's another howl, this time from behind you. Whatever it is, either it circles you – or you are walking round in circles! The rocks crunch beneath your feet and you look down in horror. They are not pebbles: you are walking on bones, a field of small white bones! Shapes loom in the mist around you, accompanied by more heart-chilling howling. Your every instinct is to run, but where to? Will you run (turn to 195) or stay where you are (turn to 39)?

103

You resume your journey, heading due east now. This terrain is very empty, with little sign of life. The land begins to rise. You make camp among a few trees half-way up a rocky hillside, listening to the howls of nocturnal creatures hunting way off in the dark night. In the morning you continue travelling, seeing for the first time the broad band of jungle ahead of you on the horizon. Turn to 377.

104

This part of the trench has obviously seen some fairly recent fighting, as bloodied bodies lie sprawled in the mud. It seems that a unit of men from the city were holding an important junction against a large force of Orcs and Hobgoblins, but eventually succumbed to superior numbers. There is no sign of anyone around now, though, and you may choose which path to take. You may go left (turn to 18), right – almost certainly down to the river (turn to 380) – or take the central trench (turn to 277).

105

'Grgll'garr! Kffthkr'll!' The old priest has seen you, and is plainly ordering you to help, as his useless servant is now fully occupied in cowering at his scaly feet. You realize that your hood and cloak, together with all the mud plastered over you, must make the short-sighted priest think you are another mutant Lizard Man! There is no time to flee. Will you aid the priest (turn to **283**) or attack him (turn to **157**)?

106

You race down the passage, the fire's heat warming the back of your neck as clouds of smoke billow from the room. The passageway joins a wider tunnel and you run down it, coughing and choking. You run out into a large room and stop to catch your breath – and examine your find. There are several table-like slabs of stone here, obviously used for some grisly purpose, for they all bear the dark brown splatters of ancient blood-stains. You pause by one and carefully unwrap the bundle, shaking it to make sure that no snakes are still hiding in its folds. Inside the bundle, wrapped up in oil-cloth to keep it free from tarnish, is a magnificently decorated sword, engraved and bejewelled, but with something

missing from the end of its hilt. What could this be but the Arm of Telak? (Add 2 LUCK points and note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*.) You gaze at the wondrous weapon for a while, before wrapping it up again and strapping it to your back for safety. Now you may leave this chamber by heading left (turn to **385**) or going straight on (turn to **357**).

107

You scull your small craft along the southern side of the river, just out of reach of the branches of the trees overhanging the bank. As you think about them, you realize that you are sailing along the northern edge of the infamous mangrove swamps of Silur Cha, home to the Lizard Man invaders currently pulling down your beloved Vymorna stone by precious stone. The trees begin to look dark and forbidding, holding hidden dangers for you. Will you sail on your present course (turn to **359**) or push out for mid-stream (turn to **12**)?

108

'Why keep silent, young one? You need not fear me, for I serve no one but myself, and mean no harm to anyone because of it. And no one could ever harm me because of it, either. I have made sure of that.' The old man gazes deep into your eyes, and you feel your angry spirit diminishing. You tell White-eye the story of your journey and the siege, and of your hopes and dreams, and more. You talk and talk, feeling somehow compelled to continue. And finally there is nothing more to tell, and you slump in the chair, feeling tricked by this wizened old gypsy. You are not sure what to do; half of you wants to attack him (turn to **285**), while the other half wants to relax and indulge the old man (turn to **391**).

109

The boats draw near. Each holds two grinning Swamp Goblins – they obviously expect an easy victory! You may fight a boatload at a time; each of the three boats holds two Goblins.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Second SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5
Third SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Fourth SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5
Fifth SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Sixth SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5

If you defeat all six Swamp Goblins, turn to **275**.

110

Waving your sword wildly, you attempt to clear a path to the rags. Fight the snakes as one opponent.

TOMB VIPERS	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat them, you manage to get to the pile of rags and clear them of their slithering inhabitants. You grab a large handful of rags, set fire to them and throw them towards the doorway to create a pathway. You grab a second handful, and feel something long and hard wrapped up in the cloth. Hastily tucking it under your arm, you cast more burning rags towards the door, and then make a run for it. You leap the flames, reach the doorway, and fling yourself down the corridor, your heart going fit to burst! Turn to **106**.

111

'Ah, well,' says White-eye, 'so we can't do business. Never mind. Rest now, for it will be light soon enough and you have a long journey still ahead of you.' You take his advice and lie down and close your eyes, but sleep evades you for some time. Just what does the old man know? Eventually, though, you sleep. Turn to **9**.

112

A towering Lizard Man warrior crashes into you, swinging a large flint-edged sword and parrying your blows with a crudely made shield

LIZARD MAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If the Lizard Man scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to **162**. If you score two consecutive hits against him, or kill your opponent, roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **192**, 3–4, turn to **322**, 5–6, turn to **187**.

113

The messenger, who tells you her name is Katya, agrees to accompany you, but says that her horse is in no shape to be ridden. You set off on foot, leading the ailing beast behind you. That night, you make camp with the dark canopy of the jungle only half a day's walk away on the horizon. The two of you, glad of the company, sit around the fire talking late into the night before sleeping. In the morning you wake to find that Katya's horse has died during the night. You continue your journey on foot. Turn to **272**.

114

You lie stunned in the long grass, temporarily winded by your fall. Looking around you notice a copse only a short way away. Will you attempt to make a run for the trees (turn to **341**), or stand and face the enemy (turn to **189**)?

115

Aiieee! Your hand slips and you slide down the vine, burning several layers of skin off your hand (deduct 1 SKILL point). You land in a heap, disturbing a cloud of flies and butterflies, which buzz around your head before flitting away. You pick yourself up, dust yourself down as best you can and walk on, promising you won't try anything so foolish in the future! Turn to **170**.

116

You creep nearer to the immense siege engine. There seem to be three engineers, Swamp Goblins, commanded by a very officious-looking Lizard Man. They are preparing to fire, lighting huge bales of straw and wood dipped in a cauldron of steaming green pitch. What will you do now? You could sneak away again (turn to **363**), wait for the soldiers to be fully occupied and then leap to the attack (turn to **69**), or if you have your father's bow you could fire one of the special arrows at the pitch (turn to **222**).

117

The ground is very spongy and damp. You sink into it up to your ankles, but luckily no further. After only a few dozen careful paces the ground hardens again and you can go on as before. Turn to **194**.

118

You creep closer, sticking to the bushes. Orcs are lining up to pay their last respects to the body lying on the large funeral bier at the top of the hillock. As you are watching the line shuffle along, a very large Orc comes and stands in silent contemplation right by the bush in which you are hiding! The bush is very prickly, scratching your face and tickling your nose. Suddenly you just know it: you're going to sneeze! Here it comes. Oh, no! Atishoo! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **100**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **66**.

119

You pull back the remains of the curtain – and come face to face with another Giant Slug! If you are ever going to get out of this room you will have to attack it.

GIANT SLUG SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you defeat it you may enter this alcove (turn to **68**), or leave the room and continue your exploration (turn to **274**).

120

Lecarte looks doubtful, but you set off anyway. The horse is laden with large panniers and bundles of goods, and as a result you make little headway. The shadows lengthen as the sun nears the horizon, but there is still no sign of Capra. Then, from behind you, comes the unmistakable rumbling of hoofs. Looking back, you can count the dark shapes heading straight for you: as well as all the Lizard Men who escaped you earlier, there are another six, quite a force to be taken on by two adventurers and a tiger. Will you continue to run from them (turn to 135), or turn and fight (turn to 36)?

121

With a snort the startled Lizard Man wakes up, sees you, and draws a cruelly curving dagger.

LIZARD MAN PILOT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to 368.

122

The ground rises to a small hillock dotted with sparse patches of bushes and trees. At the crest of the hill a motley group stands gathered around a large funeral bier. Looking closely you can see that, despite the veils and dark clothes, the mourners are all Orcs! To one side a bizarrely dressed shaman leaps and capers, throwing bones and entrails to the winds in honour of the dead. In your disguise you could creep closer still and take a better look. While you are deciding, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 73. If you are Unlucky, turn to 198.

123

You come face to face with a dead end as the trench stops in a blank wall. This part must be still under construction. Overhead a huge Pterodactyl wheels above the battlefield, shrieking a ghostly cry. You scurry back to the junction and this time take the left branch. Turn to 18.

124

You creep round, flat against the wall for the most part, avoiding the rubble and broken fittings. Luckily the Slug seems to be intent on eating the remains of a large tapestry. You reach the rotten curtain covering the first alcove. Will you dart inside (turn to 211) or attack the repellent creature (turn to 375)?

125

The archway leads through to another, very large chamber. You raise your lantern and peer in – and stop in amazement. As far as the eye can see stretch row upon row of petrified stone warriors. Their armour and weapons are detailed and lifelike, though very ancient and foreign in design. So lifelike are they, in fact, that you could almost swear that they were looking back at you! Will you enter and explore (turn to **160**), or retrace your steps and take either the narrow tunnel (turn to **67**) or the right-hand archway (turn to **41**)?

126

You have no chance of fleeing from such teeming numbers! Fight them as one opponent.

WHARF RAT PACK SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

After five rounds of combat you may escape, if you wish, and turn to **203**.

127

You strike the chest with your sword, try to prise it open with your knife, throw it against the wall, even kick it about a bit but nothing seems even to dent it! You root about in the debris for a key, but find nothing. In disgust you toss the chest into a corner and continue on to the other room. Turn to **312**.

128

You dig for some time, but make no progress. You have moved a fair-sized pile of rocks and debris from the wall, but you seem no nearer to breaking through it. In disgust you give up, collect your things and return to the crypt. You must now choose between going left (turn to **125**) or wriggling down the tunnel (turn to **67**).

129

'What need have I of weapons? I am a man of peace and my friends protect me. Furthermore, I will not trade in weapons of war. I will not trade for this.' White-eye gives you a look that says, 'You should have known better!' Turn to **11** and choose again.

130

It is about half an hour before dawn when you ride out through the shattered main gate of Vymorna with the troop of soldiers who are going to provide an armed escort as far into the enemy lines as they can. The ruins of the outer walls are quiet, save for the feasting of the ever-present vultures and crows. Slowly, picking your way around ruined houses and streets where you used to play, you ride towards the flat, blood-stained plain where the main engagement is to take place. As you leave the ruins behind you peer out across to the sprawling enemy lines. From every side rise soldiers of Evil. They cheer a heart-stopping war-cry, and battle is joined! Turn to **220**.

131

Down, down you fall, the wind whistling through your cape. With an almighty splash you hit the river. For a moment you struggle, before breaking the surface again and gulping in air. You are only a few paces from the shore, and soon you are hauling yourself out. You rest awhile, taking in your surroundings. A little over fifty paces away, a guard stands with his back to you, watching over a host of small boats. If you could steal one you could row up-river with little danger. You might rush the guard (turn to **313**), distract him by throwing something like a pebble (turn to **174**), or sneak around him through the remains of the old dockside buildings (turn to **158**).

132

The Tyrannosaurus Rex is upon you! In vain you try to fend off the cruel snapping jaws, but no matter how hard you fence you cannot win. Soon you will know what few others have known – the inside of a Tyrannosaurus Rex! Your adventure is over.

133

Laskar is still gloating over having you right where he wants you, when a heavily armed band of Lizard Men enter from the back of the temple, presumably having come along the same route as you. Their commander crosses to the old man, carrying a long object wrapped in rags. He speaks with Laskar, who exclaims in your tongue, 'Ha! The Arm of Telak. Now we shall see whether the legends are as true as some believe! You!' – directing his attention to you – 'Give me the gemstones you found on your little, er, excursion!' You have no option but to hand over whatever gems you found on your travels. (If you found none, turn to **57**.) You toss the gem or gems on to the floor. Laskar dives for them, a mad gleam in his eye. In a last desperate attempt to be free, you lash out at him with your foot. Roll two dice. If you rolled equal to or less than your SKILL score, turn to **46**. If you rolled higher than your SKILL score, turn to **57**.

134

Keeping your head down very low, you wait for the noise to die away, before peering out again. The coast is clear and you may move on. Turn to **319**.

135

You kick the horse into action but already the Lizard Men are gaining on you. The lights of Capra appear ahead at last, and Lecarte sounds his horn. You are gratified to hear one answer him from the walls of the settlement. Arrows start to whistle around you and you begin to weave about. It will take you twenty rounds to reach the safety of Capra. For each round roll one die. If you roll 6, you are hit by an arrow and must deduct 2 STAMINA points. If you get to Capra alive, turn to **89**.

136

The galley scrapes by, its huge wake soaking you and threatening to capsize your puny craft. As it sails off into the distance – to deliver more supplies and troops for the siege, no doubt – you begin bailing out the water. All your Provisions are ruined (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*), but otherwise things are all shipshape, and you can sail on. Turn to **376**.

137

You slip round, flat against the wall to avoid being seen by the repulsive creature. In the corner of the room you come across a small metal-bound door. You may go through the door (turn to **355**), or continue round the edge of the room (turn to **329**).

138

You clamber over, around and among the statues, which creak and rock beneath you. Looking down, you see that the one on which you are standing is of your patron, Telak – and that its eyes are made of solid jet. The Eyes of Telak? Of course! You bend down in the flickering light of your lantern and prise out the gems. In the corner of your eye, though, you see the shadows waver and coalesce. Something's watching you! You look up, and can't believe what you can see. Silhouetted against the far wall are evilly shaped shadows, slanting eyes and toothy mouths cut out of them as if the shadows were the creatures. You glance around – the shadows *are* the creatures! You leap up, grabbing your sword. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **200**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **5**.

139

You leap behind some large rocks as four riders thunder by, swathed in hoods and cloaks despite the heat. You are going to call to them, but then see they are mounted on four-legged riding lizards. No humans would ever be riding such beasts, you think with a smile. The riders head away south, while you continue to head east, more wary of danger now. Turn to **257**.

140

You hesitate a moment, and your eyes widen as you see a large Lizard Man march briskly across to Laskar, talk for a moment, salute and then march back out of your sight. It is a trap! Do you have the Arm of Telak (turn to 373) or not (turn to 77)?

141

Lecarte rubs disgusting greeny-brown muddy stuff into your face and hands from a small pot he finds among one of his bundles, and gives you a rough jerkin and leggings to wear under your cloak. 'From a distance,' he assures you, 'you'll pass for a non-human, as long as you don't talk to anyone and don't get too close.' It is now time for you to depart. Turn to 223.

142

The priest gazes deep into your eyes, and you gaze back. Surely you have seen such eyes before, gazing at you from a Black Panther's face! Could it be that these people are shapechangers, were-men? The priest solemnly picks up your pack and hands it to you, and orders that you be lowered to the ground. Your arms are untied and you are escorted back to where you were first captured. As he turns to go, the priest looks at you, nods, and turns away. Within seconds there is no trace of the Panther Warriors. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to 155.

143

Do you have anything with which to make a light, something of your father's, perhaps? If you do, turn to 92. If you do not, you can stay absolutely still (turn to 352) or you can attack the creature (turn to 225).

144

Somehow you find yourself cut off from your own side, surrounded by the enemy. All around you mill Trolls, Ogres, Lizard Men, Mutant Orcs and more. For a moment you stagger about in a daze, then a heavy blow smashes across the back of your head. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 162.

145

A horse trots up. Its rider is wearing the uniform of a messenger or scout, and is carrying a bow and a longsword. Both horse and rider seem very tired and dusty from the trail. Will you attack them (turn to 384), or greet them peacefully (turn to 396)?

146

The riding lizard is very sure-footed and is soon striding off through open country on its strong hind legs. With your heart still pounding in your chest with excitement, you realize you are free of the city! Add 1 LUCK point, and turn to 53.

147

Two huge claws grasp your shoulders and wrench you from the ground, high up into the sky. For a moment your mind revolves in sheer panic, but you soon calm yourself, and work out what to do. Will you attack the creature with your sword (turn to 88) or wait and see what happens to you (turn to 270)?

148

You creep round the animal pens, noticing with delight that apparently they are not guarded. It should be an easy task to steal one of the riding lizards (turn to 350). Or would you rather continue on your way out of the Lizard Men's camp (turn to 237)?

149

The disgusting creature leaps at you, bellowing like a wild boar. She has no weapon, but her fingernails are sharpened into talons. In the confusing fumes of the incense you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this fight.

LIZARD WOMAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you defeat her, turn to 280.

150

You hang on to your perch for a while longer, enjoying the breeze. Eventually, though, you must climb down. As you lower yourself through the branches, you notice that there is a clump of long vines hanging from the tree. You are suddenly tempted to swing on one, but would it be safe? Do you want to try (turn to 52) or would you rather climb down to the ground (turn to 170)?

151

Slashing away at the vines, you give yourself a nasty shock as you reveal a large panther-head carved out of some kind of dark rock. These people obviously worshipped a huge panther-god. Between the snarling jaws of the statue, there is a deep, dark hollow. You peer into it, but can see nothing. Will you take a chance and reach into it (turn to **58**), or leave this place (turn to **245**)?

152

This chamber is smaller and more upright than the last. Its walls are lined with shelves, each piled high with musty, rotting ceremonial robes. It seems to be some sort of a dressing-room – the temple to Telak must be very near here. As you search through them, you find some robes in good enough condition to wear. Decide whether you want to wear the robes, and then leave the room by the small door opposite, following the narrow winding passage which leads down to another similar door. You pause and press your ear to the door, but you hear nothing. With your sword at the ready, you push open the door. Turn to **74**.

153

The door opens to reveal a vast hall, its far end shadowy in your flickering lantern-light. You can just make out a large pair of double doors set in the far wall, and a pair of tattered curtains covering two small alcoves on the right wall. More importantly, though, you can also make out the huge grey slug-like creature, which is chomping at one of the curtains! What will you do:

Attack the creature	Turn to 375
Slip round the room's left wall	Turn to 124
Slip round the room's right wall	Turn to 137

154

You pick your way up the stairs, which lie at a terrible, twisted angle, causing you several anxious moments as you drag yourself along. By the top you are walking half on the floor and half on the wall! A small door is set in the wall at the top of the steps, its frame shattered and smashed. You listen at the door but hear nothing except your own heartbeat. Will you enter the room (turn to 311), or would you rather return down the stairs and take the other passage (turn to 353)?

155

You trek onwards, expecting to feel the sting of blow-pipe darts with every step, as the ground rises into the foothills of the Lion Heights. By mid-afternoon the ground is rising steadily and the climb is getting steeper. You stop to eat some Provisions in the shade of a large thorn-bush. As you are sitting munching a large, sweet fruit, you hear a heavy flapping of wings. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 186. If you are Unlucky, turn to 99.

156

In your delusions, you dream of water bathing your face, of standing beneath an ice-cool waterfall . . . You wake in a darkened room, the wizened face of a man staring down at you. You start and try to sit up, but he quietens you, replacing the damp cloth on your forehead. You sleep again. When you wake again, it is still dark, and the old man is still sitting beside you. 'Ah, my young friend,' he purrs. 'Awake at last. Good. I think you should be able to get up now.' He waves a hand towards a pile of your clothes and equipment. 'I found your things scattered in the sand, near where, ummm . . .' His voice trails off in sadness. You try to sit up, and find, to your surprise, that you can. You look at yourself: you are very thin and your skin is peeled and burnt, but otherwise you seem to have made a good recovery (you may replace all but 2 of your lost STAMINA points). Looking around, you discover that you are inside a cluttered caravan. Turn to 61.

157

Your luck has run out, it seems. The priest peers closely at you, despite the savage sun making him squint. He sees immediately that you are a human, shrieks a curse, and leaps to the attack with his crop!

LIZARD MAN
PRIEST SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you defeat the priest, turn to **319**.

158

You sneak along through the rubble, nearer and nearer to the boats. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **181**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **313**.

159

You dive through the door. There is no floor! Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **386**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **55**.

160

You tiptoe through the room of stone warriors, hardly daring to breathe. You feel a thousand pairs of dead eyes on you, but every time you wheel and stare at the figures you see nothing but stone. What you could do with such a force of soldiers! you muse. You leave through the archway at the far end of the chamber, following a wide, dusty passage which leads down and away to the right. Eventually the corridor ends in a largish room. At its centre stand three large stone slabs that appear to have been used for some gruesome practice, for they all bear the dark brown splatters of ancient blood-stains. Beyond speculating as to what went on here there is nothing of interest, and you press on. Will you take the left exit (turn to **385**) or the right (turn to **357**)?

161

You feel very, very ill. The Orcs are all laughing and singing, and showing no ill effects from the repellent stuff, but you feel absolutely dreadful. You wander off and lie down for a bit, your head reeling . . . You wake in a heap on a grassy hillside. Your mouth feels as though a rat has nested in it and you can't focus your eyes! You stand up somehow, and stagger wildly off down the hill to bathe your face in a stream. You feel very groggy, and have a splitting headache. You must temporarily reduce your SKILL score by 2 points. You will recover when you meet this symbol [**] in the text, but not before. You arrange your equipment as best you can and stagger on, now heading east; your path is wooded, with trees all around. At the far end of the woods you pause for breath, but then hear the unmistakable sound of horse's hoofs, getting closer. Turn to 185.

162

You wake up face down in blood-stained mud, lying sprawled with a number of decaying corpses in the bottom of a trench. Your chest hurts from a deep gash, and there is blood in your hair and a huge bump on your head, but otherwise you seem to be all right. Turn to 333.

163

'Oh, yeh! Kuzbag's kid! My, 'aven't yoo grown, eh? 'Ow's yer dad?' Before you can answer, luckily, the shaman bellows for everyone to raise a toast to their dear departed chieftain. It strikes you that everyone here has already drunk several dozen toasts, but mugs are passed round, and one is thrust into your hand. You peer in and recoil. It's Guursh, the dreaded Orc ale! Will you refuse to drink (turn to 66), pretend to drink (turn to 210), or drink it all (turn to 45)?

164

There must be a force of Lizard Men near by, you decide – but surely they can't know that you are in the area? You hurry onwards, climbing higher up into the hills. The day begins to wane and you are still climbing. The trees are getting sparser, and the climb is getting harder. Evening comes but you press on, certain that you are close to your goal. You come to a rocky escarpment and start to ascend it. All at once a tremendous howling roar comes from above you. You look up in panic, and see an immense golden tiger dancing in the air above you. Something in the back of your mind tells you that it is an illusion, but your imagination tells you that it is real, and very, very terrifying! Do you remember the stories of the panther-gods of the jungle tribes? Roll two dice; if you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, you defeat your fear (turn to 239). If you roll more than your SKILL score, deduct 1 STAMINA point and test again, and again, until you succeed or are literally scared to death!

165

The narrow, rough-hewn passage slopes down for some considerable distance and ends at a narrow doorway. You listen but hear nothing. Carefully, sword at the ready, you push open the door and peer into the room. What a magnificent place! Columns stretch out on both sides, disappearing into the shadows, but ahead of you . . . well, what a sight! The walls are lined with weapons and shields, and carved with murals depicting many great deeds. At their centre, though, stands a magnificent altar to Telak, and upon it stands a small plinth holding a magnificent ruby! Could this be the Eye of Telak? Will you approach the altar (turn to 229) or return to the stairs (turn to 253)?

166

Staggered and shocked by your victory, the ranks of Lizard Men fall back in disarray. Turn to 213.

167

Suddenly you are surrounded by Lizard Men! So much for your brilliant plan! You drop the taper and draw your sword. The reptilian warriors grin and close in on you. Suddenly they shrink back as a horn sounds from the trees, answered by an animal howl. With a yell Lecarte and Snag leap into the clearing. 'Would I let you handle this on your own? And miss all the fun?' Lecarte grins. Turn to 36.

168

This alcove is disappointing, holding nothing but piles of wooden trash – broken and rotten chairs, maybe. You turn to leave and something catches your eye, a glint of lantern-light on metal. Peering back into the room you notice a small crack in the wall. Is there something in there? You squint into the crack: yes, definitely. Something metallic. Will you reach in and grab it (turn to 188), investigate the other alcove, if you have not done so already (turn to 68), or leave the room and continue your exploration (turn to 274)?

169

The sun is setting, and suddenly the jungle is a very cold and unfriendly place. You must find somewhere to sleep before it becomes too dark to see. You could climb up into the branches of a low tree (turn to **218**), or settle down in some soft bushes in the undergrowth (turn to **17**).

170

The day warms as you journey onward and the jungle comes alive. Birds call, monkeys scamper in the trees, everywhere is strangely beautiful. A new call, one you have never heard before, sounds way up ahead, and is answered by a roar: some overzealous parrot eaten by a crafty jaguar, no doubt. But on the other hand . . . Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **64**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **320**.

171

The path curves gently down between rows of ancient statues before opening out into a large antechamber littered with debris. Opposite are a pair of solid double doors. You cross to them and listen carefully, but hear nothing. Gingerly, you

push them open and peer into the darkness. The next chamber is similar to the last, but larger and in better condition. In each corner stands the life-sized statue of a warrior, with two more flanking the doors at the far end of the room. You pick your way across the room, and almost jump out of your skin in fright as the two door Guardians cross spears to bar your way! The one to the right is missing most of its head and the other has lost its left arm, but both are animated by Evil and are quite capable of taking you on. The head on the floor by the right warrior's feet booms out: 'None shall enter here! None shall enter here!' It's just like an old heroic saga, you think to yourself, hefting your sword. The Guardians attack together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARDIAN	6	4
Second GUARDIAN	5	5

If you defeat both of them, turn to **269**.

172

A grotesque, subhuman Ogre shambles across towards you, swinging an immense jawbone as a club.

OGRE SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If it scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to **306**. If you score two consecutive hits, or kill the Ogre, roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **65**; 3–4, turn to **208**; 5–6, turn to **382**.

173

The two coal-black gems fit into the hilt of the sword where they rattle loosely. You leap for Laskar, swinging wildly with Telak's sword. He looks terrified, but somehow parries your blow with his staff. Where is the immense power this sword is meant to have? you wonder. An arrow thuds into your arm, and another into your leg. You fall to the ground and a Lizard Man's sword swings towards your neck. Your adventure is over.

174

You toss a rock towards the far side of the quay. Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **181**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **313**.

175

You plunge into the green leafy darkness of the jungle. Little light penetrates here, but eventually you grow accustomed to it. Your eyes start picking out hanging vines, birds high up in the lofty trees, monkeys swinging and chattering with one another. It is the cries of the creatures that are most surprising. From up ahead a peculiar roaring echoes through the trees. Will you go on (turn to **330**), or retrace your steps and head north (turn to **27**)?

176

The band consists of four mounted riders, cloaked and hooded despite the scorching heat, riding four-legged lizard mounts. There's no chance for either of you to hide now, even if you wanted to. The mysterious riders slow and trot to a halt at a wary distance from you. You cannot see their faces and there is no indication of who or what they are. Will you greet them (turn to **22**), attack them (turn to **247**), or wait for them to make a move (turn to **24**)?

177

The grassy plain across which you are riding stretches on for an eternity, with no help in sight. You race on, wondering how long your panting mount can keep up this furious pace. You crane your head around and look behind you: the Lizard Men are gaining on you! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **347**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **399**.

178

You creep along, flattened against the wall. As the Orc sneaks round the other side of the building, you let out a sigh of relief and turn to hurry away. Slam! Straight into the chest of the other Orc! He looks down at you with his little piggy eyes and growls. You must fight him.

MARSH ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you defeat him, turn to **32**.

179

You dive for the door but fall short. The snakes are all around you, hissing at the prospect of fresh meat! Fight them as if they were one opponent.

TOMB VIPERS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

If you win, you beat a way to the door and escape from this room of nightmares. Turn to **29**.

180

You swing across the glade and land on what appears to be a wooden platform, woven from branches and perched high up in the trees. A narrow walkway leads off it. Will you follow it (turn to 33), or swing down to the ground on the rope and continue your journey on foot (turn to 170)?

181

You reach the boat with ease. Hastily throwing your equipment into a corner, you push the small craft out into the river. You're free of Vymorna! Add 2 LUCK points. The Vymorn River is broad and slow-moving. Its name means 'Dark Waters', for it carries black silt washed down from the Lion Heights far to the east – which is where you are headed. Which course will you follow as you row up-river? Will you hug the north bank (turn to 314), the south bank (turn to 107), or travel mid-stream (turn to 12)?

182

You creep carefully up the steps, which are twisted and buckled. They curve slightly to the right as you climb. When you are nearly at the top you hear a noise from behind you, back in the room, which makes you pause. You listen carefully, and hear strange, guttural voices. Lizard Men! You run up the last few steps, through the door at the top and slam it behind you. To your alarm you notice that there is no lock, and gazing around, you can see nothing to bar it with either. In blind terror you race down the corridor, pausing only to notice that on both sides it is lined with barred cells. There is another door at the far end. You kick it – and it holds firm. It's locked! Your heart sinks. Will you try to force it again (turn to 321), or look for a key (turn to 264)?

183

You pull back the remains of the curtain – and come face to face with another Giant Slug! If you are ever going to get out of this room you will have to attack it.

GIANT SLUG SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you defeat it you may enter the other alcove, if you have not done so already (turn to 68), or leave the room and continue your exploration (turn to 274).

184

You are buffeted by giant gusts of wind, and then hear the man next to you scream in terror as he is dragged aloft by a Pterodactyl. You stare after the unfortunate man for a moment, and then return your attention to the battle just as an immense blood-spattered Troll barges his way towards you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
TROLL WARRIOR	9	9

If your opponent scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to **162**. If you score two consecutive hits against him or kill him, turn to **333**.

185

The sound of hoofs comes closer and closer, but they slow to a gentle trot as they approach the trees. Will you leap out and challenge the rider (turn to **302**), or wait and see what happens (turn to **145**)?

186

You leap into the cover of the trees as a huge Pterodactyl bearing a Lizard Man pilot swoops low overhead. If you have your father's bow and arrows you may attempt a shot (turn to **318**). Otherwise you can only watch the beast fly off into the distance, before moving on (turn to **164**).

187

Two gibbering Swamp Goblins, both dressed in the livery of the Lizard King's army, leap for you brandishing tiny jagged knives. You must fight both at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5
Second SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5

If they score two consecutive hits against you (either singly or between them), turn to **162**. If you score two consecutive hits against either of them, or kill both outright, roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **208**; 3–4, turn to **172**; 5–6, turn to **65**.

188

Gritting your teeth to steady your jangling nerves, you reach into the crack. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **215**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **346**.

189

The Lizard Men ride up – all eight of them! They grin arrogantly at you as you stand, sword drawn to face them. They kick their mounts and advance towards you, curved blades at the ready. There is no escape. Your adventure is at an end.

190

In the morning Laskar asks you to follow him from the cavern, making no mention of last night's activities. You climb high up into the hills until suddenly the old man stops and points down over the edge of a vast ravine. You look to where his arm indicates, and find yourself staring at an entire city, which lies across the floor of the ravine. 'Kharnek, city of warrior-kings, now accursed,' he says. 'I've spent all my life in studying its secrets, but there have always been places that have defeated me. Down there, in the depths of the royal palace, are the deathless ones, the warriors who will sleep no more. I am too old for combat, but you, well, I think you will be safe. Down there somewhere, the legends have always said, are the Arm and the Eyes of Telak, the great hope from your dreams. I am certain that the Arm is a huge bejewelled sword, but I do not know what form the Eyes take. When you are ready, we will descend to the upper levels. You will enter there and do what you have to do. I will climb up and meet you at the temple high on the far wall.' He indicates it with a bony finger. 'There is a stair which leads up to it from behind the main chapel to Telak, I believe. Now,' says Laskar, turning to go, 'let us see what you will need.' Turn to 48.

191

White-eye leans over and whispers, as if being overheard. 'I have heard that Laskar is a changed man, that he gives allegiance to another master from yours. Go along with him only as far as you must,

and be prepared for treachery! Now, man-child, sleep.' You lie back, puzzling over what you have heard and dreading what you still have to do. Eventually, sleep comes to you. Turn to 9.

192

A hail of arrows lands all around you. Men fall, the cruel barbed shafts pinning them to the blood-caked earth. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, none of the arrows hit you. If you roll 5–6, though, deduct 2 STAMINA points as one wings your shoulder. The press of battle returns and another opponent leaps towards you. Roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to 208; 3–4, turn to 47; 5–6, turn to 333.

193

You pour the pitch and bales of straw and wood all over the siege engine, and toss a blazing torch on to it. It burns satisfyingly rapidly. At least that's one catapult that won't be bombarding your beloved Vymorna any more. Add 1 LUCK point. Turn to 363.

194

Noon passes into afternoon, and you continue to hack your way through the tightly packed vegetation. As the sun starts to cool you can stop and eat some Provisions. If you have none, you may search for more (turn to 374), unless you would rather continue walking (turn to 169).

195

You turn and flee but the voices and faces are all around you. You clutch your head and scream but no sound emerges. Dead faces loom out of the mist; swords and axes wielded by skeletal hands scythe the air. You fall to your knees in sheer terror. The roar of battle is all around. Metal clashes on metal and bone; screams and curses howl in your ear. The grinning death's-head faces of warriors long dead close in around your whimpering frame. Soon you will join their legion. Your quest is at an end.

196

The passage leads only a few paces before opening out into another badly damaged room. Religious relics, pots, robes and boxes lie smashed across the floor. As you gaze around, though, your eye lights on a chest sitting in a corner, almost completely unscarred. Do you investigate further (turn to 335), or would you rather leave this room and move to the other (turn to 312)?

197

The emeralds flip out of the crown. Rather strangely, both have flat backs, but when you hold them up together you see why – they are two halves of the same huge stone. Congratulating yourself on the discovery, you secrete them in your rucksack (note them down on your *Adventure Sheet*) and move on. Turn to 310.

198

'Aha!' comes a rumbling voice in your ear. ''Ello, bit shy are yer? Cum to pay yor larst respeks, too? Cum on then, Cuzzin!' A very large and ugly Orc reeking of alcohol slaps you on the back and ushers you forward up to the top of the hill. 'We're all family 'ere, y'know. No standin' on ce-ree-mon-ee or shyness.' Will you go along with this for the moment (turn to **287**), or try to escape by kicking the Orc somewhere you hope he still has some feeling left and run away (turn to **230**)?

199

You creep over the bridge and find yourself on a larger platform, from which lead a great number of covered hollows. You peer into one, and find it laid out like the inside of a hut, with straw bedding and furs placed on the floor. Then you stiffen – a sliver of cold metal has just been placed against your neck! You duck and kick out, sending a warrior flying off the edge of the platform to fall to his doom. However, there are five other warriors and they are ready for you. Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **292**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **324**.

200

You trip and knock over your lantern, but luckily it stays lit. The sinister Shadow Ghouls creep across towards you, flickering in the light. You must fight all three at once!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SHADOW GHOUL	8	4
Second SHADOW GHOUL	8	5
Third SHADOW GHOUL	7	5

If you defeat the creatures, turn to **337**.

201

You spur your mount on, but it is worn out from the chase and gives way under you. As you fall, your leg gets trapped under its body and you cry out in pain. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. By the time you have extricated yourself from the tangles of the saddle and stirrups it is too late to run. Turn to **189**.

202

Before the first silver fingers of dawn are in the sky you are up and about, preparing to continue your journey. Despite the dewy mist that clings to everything, you must be off quickly. From what the townsfolk have told you, the best route seems to be to head north and then slowly veer due east. Lecarte helps you get ready. While he helps you pack your things (including 2 Provisions the townsfolk found somewhere), he tells you he has another plan. 'Howsabout you adopt a disguise? Make yourself less human-looking, eh?' Will you decide to go on in disguise (turn to **141**), or reject the idea (turn to **85**)?

203

You come to the wide wharf. Most of the old dockland was destroyed by the bombardment, and the Lizard Men have now erected a makeshift quayside. There is a single guard every fifty paces or so, each watching over a cluster of small boats, which are used to ferry men and materials out to the large galleys moored in the centre of the river. If you could distract one, you should be able to grab a boat and head up-river. Will you attack in a headlong rush (turn to **313**), throw something to distract the guard (turn to **174**), or try to sneak up on him (turn to **158**)?

204

It's no good – you simply must rest after your rough night. You collect more Provisions and sit down in the shadows at the edge of a small sunlit clearing to eat. Turn to **307**.

205

You make it – but only just! Obviously you are not much good at jumping, you decide! The passage is narrow, sloping slightly upwards to end in a small door much like the one through which you recently passed. After much creaking resistance, you pull it open, to reveal a largish chamber lined with murals depicting legendary events. An altar is situated to one side, but seems to have lain unused for centuries, if the build-up of ancient spiders' webs is anything to go by. At the far end is an archway covered by an archaic rotting curtain. Turn to **14**.

206

Picking your way over grisly bodies, you sneak off along the trench. The floor of the trench seems to rise, for you are soon having to crouch further and further down to stay below the edge. A screeching, stomping noise makes you halt in your tracks as it gets nearer and nearer. Will you peer over the edge of the trench to see what it is (turn to 231), or keep your head down (turn to 71)?

207

You slip carefully down the steep slope, but your feet dislodge small stones, which bounce noisily down ahead of you. The Triceratops stops eating and lumbers towards you with a bellow.

TRICERATOPS SKILL 12 STAMINA 18

The Triceratops has two attacks; treat the second attack as if you were being attacked by a second opponent with the same SKILL score. If you defeat the creature, turn to 76.

208

'Ha! Yes indeed, ha!' There before you is a creature much like a stunted Two-headed Lizard Man – a Calacorm! Muttering to itself about what it's going to do to you, it leaps towards you. The Calacorm has two attacks; treat the second attack as if you were being attacked by a second opponent with the same SKILL score.

CALACORM SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If it scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to 306. If you score two consecutive hits against it, or kill it, roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to 47; 3–4, turn to 333; 5–6, turn to 213.

209

You reach the trees, shouting appalling curses at the man, who reveals himself to be wild-eyed and tough-looking, dressed in furs and leathers. 'You stupid son of a bristle-beast, you shot my mount! Now what am I going to do?' you scream, quite livid with anger. The man calmly peers out at your pursuers, then turns towards you. Turn to 21.

210

You lift the earthenware mug to your lips and make the ritual slurping sounds. You think you've got away with it, but your Orc companion, having finished his mug in one go, helpfully lifts the base of your cup for the gruesome liquid to flow into your mouth. You have no option now but to drink! Turn to 45.

211

You lift the curtain and creep towards the other alcove, but the Giant Slug has seen you and slithers forward, its huge maw drooling saliva and slime. Ready your sword and turn to 375.

212

Your shot rings true and one of the Swamp Goblins falls lifeless into the water. The other boats draw near, though, and you must fight them, a boatful at a time. This is not going to be an easy battle.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Second SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5
Third SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5
Fourth SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Fifth SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5

If somehow you defeat all the raiders, turn to 275.

213

You see a chance, a weakness in the enemy lines. Screaming for everyone to follow you, you make a mad dash straight at the ranks of heavily armed warriors ahead of you. Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 23. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to 288.

214

Shouting wildly to Lecarte to 'Get the heck out of here!', you race for the trees with your taper. Rushing through the darkness you head for the clearing – and the Lizard Men. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 63. If you are Unlucky, turn to 167.

215

Your hand closes on the object and you pull it out. It is a gleaming key that would fit a Z-shaped lock. You slip it into your pocket, praising your good luck and hoping it will come in useful. Now you may explore the other alcove, if you have not done so already (turn to 119), or leave the room and continue your explorations (turn to 183).

216

The door flies open and you dart through, along another short corridor and to another door. As you reach it you kick it open, leap into the room beyond and slam the door. You pause for a moment to collect yourself, close your eyes and take a deep breath. Then you open them! Your feet are getting wet. You gaze around in panic – the room is leaking! Blood-red water is pouring into the room through cracks in the walls and ceiling. Blood-red water? Oh, Telak! It *is* blood – the room is *bleeding*! What sort of corrupt evil has infested this place to cause this? As your mind reels you are distinctly aware of thumps against the door. It flies open, and four Lizard Men stride in. Momentarily confused by the strange angle of the room, and its disturbing contents, they quickly recover and leap to the attack. You must fight them two at a time; because of the conditions, you must all fight with 2 deducted from your Attack Strength.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LIZARD MAN	8	10
Second LIZARD MAN	9	9
Third LIZARD MAN	8	8
Fourth LIZARD MAN	9	9

If you defeat the Lizard Men, turn to **82**.

217

Immediately there are dozens of swords and notched arrows pointing at your neck, and each weapon is held by a coolly grinning Lizard Man. It was a trap! Laskar turns, a look of delighted malice on his twisted face. 'Ha! So you are here, you young dupe! Do you have with you the Arm of Telak?' Well, do you have the sword (turn to 248) or not (turn to 133)?

218

You pull yourself up into the spread branches of a tree, brush off a few spiders and bugs, and settle down to sleep, wrapped in your cloak and listening to the chirping of the nocturnal insects. Turn to 56.

219

You awake with a start and try unsuccessfully to sit up. You struggle, but find you cannot move anything except your eyelids, as you are trapped inside a huge, matted spider's web. You curse and wriggle, but to no avail. Then you see the Spider! It is easily the same size as your head, covered in black and orange stripes like those of a wasp. It wriggles down until it is perched on your chest, and stares at you. Will you struggle to pull yourself free (turn to 235), strain to reach the dagger at your belt (turn to 370), or lie still (turn to 291)?

220

Screaming with one voice, the hordes of Evil race across the battle-plain. Carrion-crows and vultures rise into the air above them, screeching in anticipation. The first shock waves ripple through the lines as the sides meet, and for a moment everything is utter confusion. You were warned to stay near the rear of the force, but now you must face an opponent – though in the confusion you won't know who it is until you are confronting them! Turn to one of the following: 10, 112, 172, 187, 322 or 382.

221

Reminding yourself to be more vigilant in future, you march on, hacking your way through the jungle's tangled undergrowth. The going becomes easier as you find the rhythm again, but you will never be used to having to slash a path for yourself. Turn to 94.

222

Varooomm! Your arrow strikes the virulent pitch, which explodes in an immense cloud of flame and decimates the area. You hurry away from the smouldering ruins of the siege engine, congratulating yourself on a job well done. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to 363.

223

As you depart, Lecarte leans over and embraces you, and whispers in your ear: 'Search out Whiteeye. He'll help you, I'm sure of it. But don't mention I told you so, all right?'

'What about you, Lecarte?' you ask. He tells you he's going to head further west, searching for news of his father. You bid him farewell and set off again. Are you going to head north (turn to **300**) or east (turn to **251**)?

224

You have time to fire one arrow. It flies true and hits its target in the amorphous head region. The creature screams, and lunges for you.

GIANT SLUG SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the Giant Slug, turn to **362**.

225

Your mind racing, you realize there's no room to swing a sword up here, and carefully unsheathe your knife. You are just about to strike when the moon comes out from behind a cloud, affording you a glimpse of the creature. It's an enormous Panther, black as night, and it is dragging the body of a small deer up into the tree to eat. As you gaze at it, you realize the creature is staring at you! The moonlight

glints on your knife, and then on the claws of the Panther.

BLACK PANTHER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win the battle, turn to **44**.

226

The emeralds flip out of the crown. Rather strangely, both have flat backs, but when you hold them together you see why: they are two halves of the same huge stone. Congratulating yourself on your acquisition you secrete them in your rucksack and move on. Make a note of your find on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **78**.

227

Katya leaps behind the rocks and scrambles out of sight, and you are not far behind. The riders thunder up to where you are hiding. Both of you freeze, but then Katya glimpses something and screams: 'Caarth!' Surely not! The dreaded Snakemen of the Desert of Skulls *can't* be raiding this far east! Katya springs up, her sword already in her hand, as the riders turn and gallop towards you. You stand too, ready for battle. Turn to **247**.

228

The two gems slot into the hilt perfectly, and power courses through your veins! The emerald Eyes of Telak gleam with holy energy. Waving the sword above your head, you cry, 'Telak be with me!' and leap for Laskar. Turn to **400**.

229

You pause before the magnificent altar, offering a prayer of thanks to Telak. The jewel is a huge ruby suspended from a glittering chain, and resting on a carved plinth. The piece is exquisite; how it could have remained untouched here in this place of Evil is a miracle. You gaze deep into the ruby, marvelling at the fire that flickers at its heart. And then the clicking starts, like the tapping of a huddle of blind beggars, like the creaking of a windmill in a gale. From both sides it comes – and something, no some *things* – are moving in the shadows. Then the – the *things* step out from the shadows, in all their insane glory. Skeletal, spider-like bodies are topped by bizarre travesties of human features, long dead and long enslaved by Chaos. These are the Ishkarim, demonic guardians created by the Demon Lords to watch over their most important treasures. As the ice-cold gaze of their dead eyes takes in your features you shudder, your heart sinking in your chest. But still, if you have come this far . . . Are you wearing a priest's robe (turn to 15) or not (turn to 70)?

230

You hurry away before the Orcs can react, slipping through the trees and bushes. You run and run, putting a great distance between yourself and the grotesque funeral. When you reach the far end of the woods you pause for a moment and stand there, panting. Suddenly your ears prick up, as they pick up the sound of horse's hoofs, coming closer. Turn to **185**.

231

A giant Running Lizard snarls down at you, a heavily armoured Lizard Man perched in a saddle on its back is poking at you with a javelin.

RUNNING LIZARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

For every round of combat you fight, roll one die. If you roll 1, the rider manages to hit you with his javelin. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. If you kill the Lizard, turn to **104**.

232

'In the name of Alexandros the Second, my father, and in the name of Alexandros the First, my sacred forefather, I command you to be gone!' you shout into the wind. Nothing happens for a long moment, and then the noise of battle begins to fade. A ghostly warrior materializes before you.

'Forgive us. For many long years we have awaited the command of a captain from Vymorna so that we may turn to our rest. We hear now and obey at last. Our battles are over.' The spirit salutes you and fades slowly away into the mist. You shudder, waiting for your nerves to calm, before moving on and marching east. The sun finally breaks through the mist and soon the sky is clear. You pause at noon to eat some Provisions (deduct 1 meal from your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to **257**.

233

You are pushed out of White-eye's caravan into the darkness, and spend an uncomfortable night huddled under a bush. Next morning the caravan is gone, though you didn't hear it leaving. You move on, hacking your way east into the jungle. It's very hot and humid, and by noon you are sweating like a pig on a spit-roast. Turn to **204**.

234

You come to the front of a large ruined warehouse. Quickly, will you run around the building to the right (turn to **266**), to the left (turn to **178**), or will you enter the building (turn to **159**)?

235

Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **25**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **291**.

236

During the night you wake, and for a moment wonder where you are. In the dull glow of the dying fire you can see Laskar crouched cross-legged, muttering and swaying. You can't hear any words, but it looks as though he is praying. You lie back and slip once more into sleep. Turn to **190**.

237

Sneaking around the pen between the fence and some ramshackle tents, you come across a small Lizard Man sitting near a tethered Pterodactyl, snoozing in the hot sun. Obviously the pilot of the beast, he is dressed in supple leathers and wears a peculiar hat like a skull-cap on his head. You must creep past him if you are to continue. Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **121**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **37**.

238

Each of the three boats – narrow, sleek and low in the water – carries two Swamp Goblins. Small darts from their blow-pipes start to fall in the water around you. You can take evasive action (turn to **40**); shoot at them from a distance with your bow, if you have one (turn to **212**), or sail right at them and prepare to attack (turn to **109**).

239

You pull yourself over the edge of the escarpment, to find yourself staring into the lively eyes of a wizened old man. You flinch back as he pushes his staff towards you, then grin and use it to pull yourself up. 'Laskar?' you ask.

'The same. Welcome, I have been expecting you.' The man is very old and looks shabby, but sprightly and quick-witted. He leads you up the rocky hillside to a large and very cosy cavern. Over a tasty rock-rabbit stew he tells you how he knows of you. 'My – or should I say our – master came to me in a vision three nights ago, though he is hard-pressed, and bade me aid you in your quest. This I willingly do. In the morning we have much to do, so for now you should take as much rest as you can.' He refuses to answer any questions tonight, and commands you to sleep. Eventually you give in and do so. Turn to 236.

240

Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* of how many of the eight Lizard Men escaped you. 'They'll be back with reinforcements,' says the man, as you watch them ride away.

'That's all very well,' you reply, 'but who on Titan *are* you?' He introduces himself as 'the one and only' Julius Lecarte, adventurer and trader, roaming Southern Allansia with Snag, his pet Sabre-toothed Tiger, in search of his explorer father, Tadeus, who disappeared several years ago. You haven't heard of his father, you tell him, but go on to relate the tale of your adventures so far. 'We should really head for Capra, about half a dozen leagues from here,' he tells you. 'They're holding out against the raiders for now and they're still able to provide a safe haven for a fugitive. When Vymorna falls, though, it'll take all of the Axehead Plains with it, worse luck. Now, about these Lizard Men of yours . . .' Turn to 79.

241

The Goblins are well behind you but the river is now rough with white-water rapids, which are making headway difficult. Will you keep going (turn to 364), or pull over to the bank (turn to 317)?

242

You creep carefully between the trees to where the birds were wheeling. Ugh! Up ahead is a most grisly sight. The body of a lightly armoured warrior, obviously an explorer or adventurer, is pinned to the trunk of a tree by arrows and spears. Worse, his chest has been slashed by a huge set of claws that could only belong to something like a very large tiger! The explorer's pack holds some dried rations, which count as 2 Provisions and which you may take with you if you wish (make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* if you decide to do so). After all, you morbidly reflect, he won't be needing them where he's gone. Turn to **80**.

243

You pull yourself up into the tree. There's a small hollow in the branches, and lying in it is a large man-sized bundle wrapped up in leaves and vines. Will you investigate this strange object (turn to **394**), or climb back down and take the bridge (turn to **199**)?

244

The passageway narrows until it is just wide enough for you to squeeze down. The smooth walls turn rough and you seem to be heading deep into the mountainside! Suddenly the tunnel stops in a small, dusty chamber. There is nothing in the chamber, and no exits lead from it. Thank Telak you weren't trapped in here by the Lizard Men. You shudder, and squeeze your way back to the junction to take the other way. Turn to **395**.

245

The sun scorches your neck and arms again as you cut your path away from the temple, glad that you brought your trusty hunting-knife with you. Turn to **204**.

246

The door creaks open after a lot of pushing to reveal a small, rubble-strewn corridor, which leads off into the darkness. Will you go on (turn to **276**), or retrace your steps and explore behind the curtain (turn to **14**)?

247

The riders throw back their hoods and you gasp in amazement. They are Snakemen, cruel raiders from the western desert lands! Katya faints clean away, her fears confirmed. You prepare to fight them but there's no contest against four such warriors. They stake you and the prone body of Katya out in the sun and ride away, never having said a word. The hot sun rises higher and higher in the sky. After only a few minutes, you are desperate for shade and water. For a while you manage to croak some feeble cries for help, but soon your throat is so dry no sound comes. The hours go by. Night comes and goes. Around noon on the fourth day Katya dies. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **156**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **72**.

248

Laskar grabs the bundle from you and unwraps it, his eyes lighting up greedily. 'Now, you innocent fool! Do you have the Eyes too?' demands the old hermit in a crazed voice. You reach into your pack and retrieve whatever gemstones you found on your travels. (If you have no gems, turn to **57**.) With a disdainful gesture you scatter them across the floor. Laskar dives for them with a mad shout and you lash out at him. Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **57**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **46**.

249

'Some very rare black lotus,' you declare solemnly. He looks at you, then at the lotus, then back at you, then erupts in a fit of giggling. He reaches behind him and opens a large sack to reveal it absolutely brimming with black lotus flowers!

'I'm sorry. It may be worth a king's ransom in the frozen north, but here it's more plentiful than grass, and I have enough to beautify the ugly girls of half a continent!' Turn to 11 and choose again.

250

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 325. If you are Unlucky, turn to 66.

251

The sun rises, but the mist remains, hanging languidly in the damp air. It is very, very quiet, and rather spooky. Will you keep heading east (turn to 354), or go north instead (turn to 300)?

252

The Black Panther flops down on to the branch like a city cat wanting to be stroked, only an arm's length from you, and proceeds to rip apart and eat the deer. You shiver in the darkness, hardly daring to breathe, as it crunches and hacks at the carcass with worrying dexterity. After two hours or so, the great

beast stands and tidily pushes the bones of its meal off the branch. It stretches, arching its back, and strides off into the darkness. As it reaches the edge of the moonlight, though, it turns and sniffs the air, and stares right at where you are hiding. It fixes your eyes with its own, blinks once, nods its head slightly, and then leaps away into the night. You have had a lucky escape. Should you ever encounter a creature with such eyes again you may turn, if you wish, to paragraph 142 instead of to those to which you are directed. Make a note of that number on your *Adventure Sheet*, and then turn to 44.

253

You hurry back up the narrow passageway to the chamber with the stairs. Pausing just a moment to get your breath back, you head on up the stairs. Turn to 301.

254

You jabber something along the lines of, 'Oh, my lady, your most humble servant apologizes for his rude intrusion!' Bowing low before the astonished creature, you step backwards, making to leave the tent. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you leave the tent safely (turn to 319). If you are Unlucky, she reacts angrily and attacks you (turn to 149).

255

A set of crumbling steps leads up to a large door marked with strange, arcane symbols. You listen carefully at the door and hear a sound like metal coins being rubbed together. You ready your sword, take a deep breath, and kick the door. There is a massive thump, but the door remains closed. From inside the room comes a crashing sound. You kick the door again and again, but nothing will budge it. Then, to your horror, the door is flung open with a resounding crash. There, in front of you, is a terrifying sight. Framed in the doorway stands a Warrior-king from lost ages past. He has been dead a long time, but something has resurrected him and set him to guard this ancient room. He carries a long javelin, poised ready to thrust at you, and on his head sits a jagged crown studded with emeralds. You must fight him.

WARRIOR-KING SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you defeat this ancient hero, turn to **326**.

256

'Aha!' White-eye declares. 'Now this *is* interesting! Who would ever have thought that such a pretty thing could be made of lead? Yes, I'll take this, with many thanks.' Turn to **191**.

257

You trudge on. Every few seconds, it seems, you wipe the perspiration from your forehead, but a few moments later it is back. The ground slowly rises, becoming rougher and more broken. After a while you are having to scramble around large boulders and clamber up steep inclines. From ahead of you there sounds the bellowing roar of some large beast. You have no choice but to journey on. Unexpectedly you find yourself at the top of a rise; the ground slants sharply down into a depression. And down there, grazing, is a Triceratops, a truly enormous three-horned armoured dinosaur. You can't really hope to sneak past it, surely, but perhaps you would like to try (turn to **207**)? Or maybe you would rather walk along the ridge in search of a detour (turn to **327**)?

258

The rubble gives way and you are falling. In a panic you grab out and manage to connect with a slat of wood hanging over the edge. And then that gives way and you fall to your doom.

259

As it loses the evil spark that animated it, the ancient body crumples to the floor, shattering into fragments of brown dust. All that is left is a rusting suit of antique armour and a tarnished crown holding two emeralds. Do you prise out the gemstones (turn to **197**), or would you rather leave and continue your exploration (turn to **310**)?

260

At the last minute, the beast shies nervously away, rearing up in fright. Unused to such an action, you fall backwards from the saddle and land heavily, the wind knocked out of you. You look up into a forest of spear- and sword-points, and you know the Lizard Men will not accept your surrender. Your quest is at an end before it ever really started.

261

You push through the ruined doors of a huge warehouse – and immediately regret it! The floor of the building is swarming with rats: huge, black, shabby Wharf Rats, which are making short work of a stray dog. Will you fight your way through them (turn to **315**), or try to escape (turn to **126**)?

262

Your heart sinks as you watch the arrow fall short and land harmlessly in some bushes. There is no time to prepare and fire another one. Desperate action is called for. Will you run forward to light the trap with a taper (turn to **214**), or try to flee the copse on foot (turn to **340**)?

263

With a victorious shout you burst free of the enemy lines and run off towards the open plains. A few Lizard Men and Trolls give chase, but they are swiftly caught and dealt with by your fellows. As you sprint away, you hear their war-cries spurring you on. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **53**.

264

You glance about frantically, the footsteps making you panicky and confused. There is nowhere to hide in here . . . and then you see it, a large metal ring with a key attached to it, lying half-hidden amid some dusty trash a few paces away. You grab it, fumble with the lock, and then it's open! You escape. Turn to **216**.

265

This Orc is huge, brown-skinned and brawny. What's more, the shaman is so angry at having a 'yooman' at his ceremony that he joins in too! The other Orcs are too drunk to join in, but you must fight these two.

	SKILL	STAMINA
ANGRY ORC	6	9
SEETHING SHAMAN	6	5

If you somehow defeat the two livid humanoids, turn to **230**.

266

You flatten against the wall, but from behind you there comes a clattering sound. The two Orcs are upon you! You must fight both of them at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MARSH ORC	6	7
Second MARSH ORC	6	6

If you defeat them both, turn to **379**.

267

The slope turns into steep steps. With your sword in one hand and your lantern in the other, arms outstretched for balance, you carefully clamber down the twisting steps until you reach a fair-sized chamber. Its walls are carved with intricate patterns, which seem to detail legendary events from ancient history. There is also a small altar, decorated with sunbeams and other symbols of the sun goddess The room is littered with debris and dust, but apart from the odd spider weaving yet another cobweb there is nothing of interest to you here. There are two exits from this room: a wide archway covered by a large rotting curtain (turn to **14**), and a small metal-bound door, which hangs half off its hinges, to your right (turn to **246**).

268

You creep up to the gaudy caravan and rap on the frame beside the curtained door. From inside you hear sounds of something bustling about, and then the curtain is pulled back. A very brown, wizened old face with milky-white eyes peers out at you, bearing a welcoming grin. The old man snorts in a peculiar fashion, and beckons you to enter, saying, 'Ah, there you are! Come in! Come in! Don't stand out there all day!' Surprised, you climb the small steps and enter. Turn to 61.

269

The statues are finally shattered and smashed – but at quite a high cost to your sword, which is notched and blunted. Reduce your Attack Strength by 1. You listen at the door, and hear creaking, like a door blowing in the wind. You listen again, but the noise has stopped. Gripping your sword, you push open the door. Turn to 153.

270

The wind whistles about you, but all you can think of is the pair of gigantic claws digging into your shoulders. The smell is pretty foul, too, like the inside of a hen-house. And then the claws open, and you are falling. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 231. If you are Unlucky, you fall, fall, fall. Your adventure is over before it ever really began.

271

The passage is buckled and twisted, leading away for a short distance before it forks to the left. Straight ahead, the passage narrows and a thin set of steps twists up. The left-hand passage is littered with fallen rocks, but levels off after only a few paces. Will you continue ahead (turn to 154) or fork left (turn to 353)?

272

The land is rough and hilly, and the weather very warm, but Katya, your travelling companion, is cheering you up with her talk of life in Coppertown and the northern parts of the Axehead Plains. As you ride, you gaze out over the baking land. Away to the north a small dust cloud is getting larger by the minute. Someone – or something – is riding towards you at high speed. Katya hasn't met anyone on the road for two days, and doesn't know who it could be. Will you keep to your path (turn to 176) or find somewhere to hide before the riders arrive (turn to 227)?

273

The Black Panther sees you, snarls, and the moonlight glints on its claws as it leaps at you.

BLACK PANTHER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the great beast, turn to 44.

274

You carefully pull open one of the towering double doors and slip through. A wide corridor leads away into the darkness, twisted at such an angle that you have great trouble walking along it. It is also littered with rubble, and the left-hand wall looks very unsafe. The passage turns right after twenty paces or so, and down some well-worn steps. You creep down carefully, managing to avoid the worst rubble. Now you come to a T-junction. Will you take the left passage (turn to 312) or the right (turn to 196)?

275

You have been so busy fighting off the Swamp Goblins that you have failed to notice the white waves, which you are now fighting to row against. You have come to an area of white-water rapids, where many keel-splitting rocks lurk just beneath the surface. Will you push harder against the flow and continue up-stream (turn to 364), or steer a tack for the side (turn to 317)?

276

And then . . . *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 281. If you are Unlucky, turn to 304.

277

The trenches divide again. To the right there are signs that it is a new construction, for the earth is fresh and dark. The noise of battle is getting closer. Will you take the right (turn to 123) or the left trench (turn to 18)?

278

You hack down a large bundle of branches and wide leaves, and lay them out like a mat on the damp ground. As you work, the sun sets and the cool jungle dusk is suddenly upon you. As darkness falls, the only sound you can hear is the lapping of the water just an arm's length away. And then, from the water . . . Turn to 372.

279

You find some fleshy orange and yellow fruits that prove edible (you may replenish up to 2 Provisions). While you are picking them, you also happen across a very beautiful flower – a black lotus, long fabled for its scent and rarity. If you wish, you may pick it and take it with you before returning to the path. Turn to 257.

280

The repulsive body of the Lizard Woman crashes into her fragrant mud-bath. You gaze around the tent. It is decorated in appalling taste, but sitting on an occasional table constructed from an enormous crocodile skull is a small pot bearing the legend 'Black Lotus from Kaynlesh-Ma'. You may take it, if you wish (note it on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 319.

281

Just in time, you stop yourself from falling as the floor gives way to reveal a deep hole, an old well, perhaps. Rubble bounces down into the measureless depths. You could retrace your steps and leave the larger room by the other exit (turn to 14). Otherwise you must jump the well. Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to 334. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 95.

282

Cutting away the plants, you find a pile of smooth, worked stones. No, not a pile – a wall. It seems that people actually lived and built in the midst of this dense jungle. Will you investigate further (turn to 342), or set off again on your journey (turn to 97)?

283

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 83. If you are Unlucky, turn to 157.

284

You and the strange man set an ambush for the eight Lizard Men pursuing you. You may use as many arrows as you have left and kill one Lizard Man with each arrow. Your companion picks off two more with his arrows. Then, from the low branch of a nearby tree, the Sabre-toothed Tiger leaps down at the inhuman enemy. The mounts of the remaining Lizard Men shy away, turn and flee. Snag chases after them for a while without catching any, then gives up and returns to the scene of the battle. It sniffs the Lizard Man corpses for a moment before turning up its nose and trotting back to its master. Turn to **240**.

285

White-eye simply steps back from you and makes a weird clicking noise with his tongue. From the flickering candles in every corner of the room flames shoot towards the ceiling and coalesce into a glowing light, which flows around your head. A screaming whistle grows in your head as the Guardian Spirit engages you in mind combat.

GUARDIAN SPIRIT STAMINA 16

Fight as normal, but instead of comparing SKILL with one die roll, the opponents in a mental fight roll two dice and add the result to their STAMINA score to find their Mental Attack Strength. The opponent with the lower score loses two STAMINA points as in a normal fight. If you defeat the Guardian Spirit it will fade away into nothingness. Turn to **328**.

286

The rubble gives way beneath your feet and suddenly you are falling into a hole. You flail about in panic, and manage to catch hold of a plank of wood hanging from the side – which gives way, and you plummet down the ancient well to your doom.

287

The foul, alcohol-sodden Orcs greet you as one of their own, giving you plenty of smelly hugs and prods. None of them seems to be in any state to realize that you are in disguise. One very deaf old Orc leans over to you and bellows in your ear. ''Oose sprogling are yoo, then? I naint seen yoo before!' The party goes deathly quiet. Who will you say you are:

Your real name?	Turn to **66**
Shagbad, child of Skurfric?	Turn to **360**
Ugrat, child of Kuzbag?	Turn to **163**

288

With a shock of impact that sets your arm ringing, a massive Cave Troll in Lizard Man livery careers into you, stopping you in your tracks. Battle is joined.

CAVE TROLL SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you defeat this powerful enemy, turn to 23.

289

Immediately it is very cool – and very dark. You light your lantern and peer about you. The passage is decorated with rows of statues, now toppled and smashed. The floor beneath your feet may once have been a flight of steps, worn smooth to a shallow slope, which climbs down into another covered courtyard. From here lead off two passages, both dark and uninviting. Will you take the one to the right (turn to 171) or to the left (turn to 267)?

290

The ground becomes more rolling and grassy. You leap a small rocky stream and bound off towards a copse. Would you rather avoid the trees (turn to 201) or head straight for them (turn to 303)?

291

The web twists tighter and tighter around you until you are completely immobile. The only parts you can move are your eyes, which slowly widen in sheer terror as the Wasp Spider begins to feed. Your adventure ends here.

292

You grab your rucksack, dive for the liana, swing down and hit the ground at a run, expecting every moment to feel the dull thud of arrows into your back. There are howls of anger but nothing follows you. By mid-afternoon, when you stop to pick more fruit for your Provisions, you are well away from the area. You are annoyed that your rucksack is empty, but at least you have something to carry your supplies in (cross off everything except your sword, knife and rucksack from your *Adventure Sheet*). While you are eating, you hear a loud flapping coming from through the trees. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 186. If you are Unlucky, turn to 99.

293

The ruby slips into the hilt of your sword, glowing dully in the semi-darkness. With a howl for vengeance you leap for Laskar. The old man looks momentarily horrified, but parries your blow easily with his staff! Where is the fabled power of the weapon? An arrow thumps into your shoulder, another into your leg. You drop to the ground and the Lizard Men close in, swords raised for their final blows. Your quest is at an end.

294

You are now deep inside the enemy camp, and you must be even more vigilant. Looking back, you can see a tremendous battle raging away on the western side of Vymorna. Close by, though, a large catapult is bombarding the city with blazing bales. Will you sneak on (turn to **363**), or try to find some way to put this siege engine out of action (turn to **116**)?

295

Suddenly an angry shout comes from the direction of the north bank and instinctively you dive for the bottom of the boat. Arrows thud into the wood. Roll one die. If you roll 1–2 you are hit by an arrow: deduct 2 STAMINA points. By the time you peer out again your boat has floated past the danger. In the centre of the river a huge galley sculls by, and disappears into the haze again. Thanking your stars that you chose to hug the bank, you row on. Turn to **376**.

296

Stepping over fresh bodies, you sneak along the trenches. The route divides, but you keep on heading in what you hope is the same direction. You meet another junction; as you stand deciding which way to go, a noise comes from the right-hand trench. Will you stay back in the shadows and listen to find out who it is (turn to **338**), or leap out and challenge them (turn to **43**)?

297

You step into the next chamber – and find more of the same: rows and rows of bodies, all neatly arranged in racks. Your nerves begin to ache with the effort of remaining calm as you carefully tiptoe through into the third chamber. Here some upheaval has thrown rotting corpses and bare skeletons across the floor, where they lie in a grotesque tangle. Shuddering, you pick your way across the room. Turn to 323.

298

Your arms are strong and manage to pull your boat clear of the current. You beach the small craft against the north shore and remove all your equipment. You may stop here and eat some Provisions while you take in your surroundings. You are on the edge of the jungle: you may either plunge straight into the jungle and head east (turn to 175), or you could head north along the fringes of the jungle before turning east further on (turn to 27).

299

'Telaakk! Teellaaaaaghkk!' echoes back at you, but in voices tinged with sardonic laughter. 'Courage! Swords! Pride! All bring DEAAATHHHHH!' Turn to 7.

300

The country north of Capra is gently rolling downs, but a deep, morning mist hides most of it. It is cool, and just a tinge spooky, too! Still, in the quiet you should be able to hear anyone approaching you. You trudge north. By mid-morning the mist still shows no sign of lifting. And then, from up ahead, a bell starts to toll. You pause, thinking you imagined it. No, there it goes again! That's funny, you think, no one in Capra mentioned any settlements along this route. You decide to investigate. Are you in disguise (turn to 122) or not (turn to 369)?

301

The staircase spirals on up, though thankfully its condition is not too bad. Eventually, after a taxing climb, you reach the top, where your way is barred by another small metal-bound door. You sneak through, into a dingy anteroom. Through an archway you can see into the temple. Laskar is standing, his back towards you, as if contemplating the small altar before him. Will you enter and join him (turn to 217) or wait a moment so as not to disturb him (turn to 140)?

302

As the horse reaches your tree, you leap out with a cry. It is a woman, obviously human, and dressed in a dusty messenger's uniform. She is startled, and goes to draw her sword. Will you attack her (turn to 384) or lower your weapon and greet her (turn to 396)?

303

You are nearly at the copse, and you seem to be escaping from your pursuers. And then, against all the odds, there's the rush of an arrow from the trees and your mount falls from under you! You tumble to the ground, cursing your luck. A man appears from behind a tree, a bow in his hand, and peers at you as if working out whether or not you survived. You pick yourself up and dust yourself down, unable to believe what has happened! Will you stand to face the Lizard Men (turn to **189**) or run for the trees (turn to **209**)?

304

The rubble gives way and suddenly you fall into a hole that has opened up beneath your feet. You flail wildly and manage to catch hold of a plank of wood hanging from the side. Then that gives way and you fall down the ancient well . . . to your doom.

305

You turn round and head back in what you are certain is the direction of Capra. The mist is very confusing, though, and you are not at all sure that you are going in the right direction. The howling starts again, this time to the south of you, though you cannot decide how far away. Every part of you is saying 'RUN!' and you are barely controlling your fear. Hold it! Haven't you passed those bushes before? Are you walking in circles now? You could continue walking (turn to **102**), or stop here and hope the mist eventually lifts (turn to **398**).

306

Your sword shatters, smashed into several pieces by a vicious blow from your opponent. You reach for the dagger at your belt, but another blow connects with your head. An arrow thuds into your wrist and you drop your dagger. The third blow comes and you fall face down in the blood-red mud.

307

The afternoon sun is very warm, but it's quite pleasant in the shade. Just a brief pause, you promise yourself, unbuckling your sword and laying it beside you. You close your eyes. The trees rustle in the breeze, though you don't feel it on your face. You open one eye, to see your sword, still in its scabbard, apparently moving across the grass under its own steam! You spring to your feet. All around you, swinging in the branches, are hordes of small six-limbed monkeys – Krells! As you move they start chattering excitedly, and the noise is deafening! The one dragging away your sword is just about to swing off into the trees. Will you leap and attack it with your knife (turn to 332), shoot it with an arrow from your father's bow, if you have it (turn to 390), or simply chase after the creature making a threatening noise (turn to 20)?

308

The panther-god figurine clunks on to the platform, and all the warriors gasp the same word: 'Sku-Rachi!' They kneel, their heads pressed to the floor in a gesture of total subservience. All, that is, save the priest, who picks up the figurine, examines it closely, and draws his knife. You must fight him, and with your Attack Strength reduced by 2 because you are unarmed.

WARRIOR PRIEST SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the priest, turn to 336.

309

As one, the riders throw back their hoods. Snakemen! The legendary rulers of the Desert of Skulls. What are they doing so far east? Four Caarth against one human is no contest, and soon you are feeling their rough scaly hands staking you out under the hot sun. The Snakemen ride away, never having uttered a single word, and leave you to the circling vultures. You lie out under the burning rays of the sun, at first calling weakly for help but soon becoming so parched you cannot utter a word. You feel yourself becoming delirious, but manage a prayer to Telak. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **156**. If you are Unlucky, you will not survive, and your adventure must end here.

310

You push open the door at the far end of the room, and find yourself looking down a flight of crumbling stairs. You carefully pick your way down, and follow the passage that leads from them to an old and dusty room, again littered with small pieces of rubble from its cracked ceiling and walls. In a far corner, what appears to be a statue or may be a fountain casts grotesque shadows in the lanternlight. You may examine this (turn to **50**), or leave by the dark passage which leads off opposite (turn to **271**).

311

You push away the remains of the door and peer into the room, which is angled so steeply that it is almost completely on its side and is full of statues and idols. They lie piled high, scattered across the floor like bodies in the aftermath of a battle. There is an exit on the far left wall. You may enter the room to which it leads (turn to **138**), or retrace your steps (turn to **353**).

312

After you have gone ten paces or so, the corridor opens out into an almost level-floored chamber only a few paces across. A stone bench is set into the wall on either side of you, and opposite you steps lead down into the darkness. You may rest here and eat some Provisions (check your *Adventure Sheet*), if you wish. Turn to **2**.

313

A guard looks up and sees you. You look back at him, and then you both grab for your weapons and rush to attack!

LIZARD MAN GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, turn to **181**.

314

Keeping close to the northern shore, you paddle against the gentle current of the slow-moving river. The river-bank is sparsely vegetated at first, but the trees become thicker as you come closer to the jungle. There is no sign of any more Lizard Men, but you keep a wary eye open anyway. Turn to **295**.

315

The Wharf Rats squeak in terror, and scuttle back into the rubble. You are amazed, but you will not stick around for too long in case they come back. Turn to **203**.

316

You hastily dive down behind a convenient pile of barrels. There is a clamour of voices very near by: a high-pitched squeaking and a deep growling, both speaking the guttural Lizard Man language. Will you keep your head down (turn to **134**), or give in to your curiosity and have a peep (turn to **86**)?

317

The current becomes very strong alongside the river-bank, whipping the water into a small whirlpool that threatens to wreck your flimsy craft. Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **364**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **298**.

318

The Pterodactyl plummets to the ground, but unfortunately the Lizard Man leaps clear, and races towards you in anger.

LIZARD MAN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8

If you defeat the Lizard Man, turn to **164**.

319

Shuddering at your close shave, you pick your way through the maze of tents, baggage carts and piles of stores, which make up the Lizard Men's camp. You're nearing its edge and, with luck, will soon be free of the siege. Now if only you had a mount, you could put a great distance between yourself and the enemy in a very short time. Just as you are thinking this, you notice a set of pens up ahead holding a variety of animal mounts! Do you want to investigate further (turn to **148**), or would you rather creep round it (turn to **237**)?

320

With a howl, a band of warriors clad in panther skins swing down at you from the trees, brandishing long knives fashioned like tiger claws Before you have time to react your arm is nicked by one of the knives. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You recover, draw your sword, and leap to the attack. There are five warriors in all, and you must fight them two at a time. Each time a warrior falls another takes his place; they all have the same SKILL and STAMINA scores.

PANTHER WARRIORS	each	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you take two consecutive hits or your STAMINA score drops to 4 or less, turn to **381**. If you defeat the warriors, turn to **155**.

321

Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **90**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **216**.

322

Disgustingly deformed, a mutant Lizard Man pulls its stunted, misshapen body from the mud and leaps to the attack!

MUTANT
LIZARD MAN SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If it scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to **162**. If you score two consecutive hits against it or kill it, roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **208**; 3–4, turn to **192**; 5–6, turn to **172**.

323

You reach the other side of the room, although every moment you expect a ghastly skeletal hand to clutch at you, an animated skull to bite at you! The next chamber is in even worse condition than the last one, with bones and rubble scattered everywhere. There are three exits: an arch to the left (turn to **125**), another arch to the right (turn to **41**), and a small tunnel that leads away directly ahead of where you came in (turn to **67**).

324

The warriors smother you, pushing you to the ground so that they can bind you with tough vines. You are marched through the jungle until you come to a very large tree, whereupon a vine is attached to your waist and you are dragged up into the branches. Despite your initial shock at being so high above the ground, and the obvious danger of your predicament, you are intrigued by the platforms and rope-bridges which the warriors have built up in the tree-tops. A tall, white-haired elder, obviously, from his dress, the high priest or shaman, approaches you and stares deep into your eyes. If you have stared into another creature's eyes recently you will know of a section to turn to He then takes your rucksack and shakes it out on to the floor and paws through it Do you have a panther idol? If you do, turn to **308**; if you do not, turn to **75**.

325

No one seems to notice. You make what you think are convincingly disgusting lip-licking noises, and keep your head down as if in deep thought. But now is the time when everyone meets the assembled relatives. Would you rather try to make a break for freedom (turn to **66**), or not (turn to **287**)?

326

As it loses the evil spark that animated it, the ancient body crumples to the floor, shattering into fragments of brown dust. All that is left is a rusting suit of antique armour and a tarnished crown holding two emeralds. You may prise out the gemstones (turn to 226), or perhaps you would rather leave and continue your exploration (turn to 78).

327

The ridge circles around the depression, heading for a thick clump of trees. The first trees are young saplings, but soon you come to larger, thick-trunked trees. You brush against one of them, and almost leap out of your skin as it moves and an enormous Tyrannosaurus Rex rises from among the trees! Your heart sinks into your boots. What can you do? Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, you must attack the creature (turn to 132). If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, you may be able to try something else (turn to 81).

328

'You hot-headed young fool!' thunders White-eye. 'There was no need for such violence. You have taken something that was mine, and destroyed it, too! Now I claim something of yours in fair exchange. What will you trade me for the life of a living being?' The old man looks so angry you feel desperately ashamed for what you have done, but all you can do is reach into your pack and give him two items, if you have any, or if you have nothing he will accept all your Provisions. 'Now leave immediately!' he rages at you. Deduct 1 LUCK point and turn to 233.

329

The far corner of the room is crumbled and battered, and a trail of loose dirt shows where the Slug probably entered. You tiptoe round the edge of the rubble, keeping an eye open for a second monster, until you come to the double doors. The Slug has finished the first set of curtains, and is now slithering towards those hanging over the second alcove. Will you attack the creature (turn to 375) or leave the room to continue your exploration (turn to 274)?

330

After several hours of hacking your way through the jungle you seem to be making very little progress, and your morale is falling rapidly. Eventually, though, you come to where the land dips. Ahead of you is more thick jungle, but running alongside it is a shallow depression, several leagues long, which is marshy and damp. Will you continue through the jungle (turn to **397**) or follow the depression (turn to **117**)?

331

The sun is higher in the sky, and you are becoming very weary. You were not cut out for such long treks by your courtly upbringing! You would very much like to stop and rest awhile, but up ahead a scraggy bunch of vultures seems to be circling above something hidden from sight by the trees. Will you see what has attracted their attention (turn to **242**) or continue your march (turn to **80**)?

332

The Krell swings down into the lower branches, screeching and swiping at you. Two more of the creatures spring down to aid it, and suddenly you have a battle on your hands. You must fight all three at once.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First KRELL	5	4
Second KRELL	6	5
Third KRELL	5	6

If you defeat these three, the rest will run off and you can retrieve your precious sword before moving on. Turn to **221**.

333

And suddenly the roar of battle ceases, and the ranks of warriors part. Atop a mound of human bodies, right at the centre of the fighting, is the Lizard Man Champion. Nearly three metres tall, four-armed and splattered with gore, the immense creature is swinging a barbaric war-axe and a huge knife larger than your own sword. The Champion howls insanely, drunk with blood-lust, calling on any brave warrior to challenge him to a fight. Will you step forward to take him on (turn to **26**), or take advantage of the distraction to break through the lines (turn to **213**)?

334

The rubble gives way and suddenly you fall into the hole. You flail wildly and manage to catch hold of a plank of wood hanging from the side. Then that gives way and you plummet down the ancient well . . . to your doom.

335

The chest rattles – there's something inside it! Examining it closely, you notice it has a Z-shaped lock. If you have a key of that shape, turn to **101**. If you would rather try to smash it open, turn to **127**.

336

You dive for your sword and rucksack, grab a vine and swing down from the platform. You hit the ground running, expecting a hail of darts to thump into your back with every step. However, nothing follows you but a few angry howls and shrieks, and as the ground begins to rise into the foothills of the Lion Heights you feel safe enough to slow your pace to a trot. By mid-afternoon the ground is rising steadily and the trail is becoming steeper. You stop to eat some Provisions in the shade of a large thorn-bush. As you are munching a large, sweet fruit you hear the sound of heavy flapping wings. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **186**. If you are Unlucky turn to **99**.

337

As the creatures die they fade away into nothing, leaving you alone in the room of statues. You retrieve the jet eyes and your lantern, and leave the room. The passage leads off at a very acute angle, and you find yourself walking more on what used to be the wall than on the floor. Turn to **152**.

338

You hang back in the shadows and watch excitedly as three stooped, hooded figures creep by. Will you attack them (turn to **43**) or wait for them to disappear before taking the right trench (turn to **206**) or the left (turn to **277**)?

339

You manage to evade the boats, but they give chase. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, you are hit by as many blow-pipe darts. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each, before you leave the Goblins behind. Turn to **241**.

340

You leap on to the horse and urge it with your spurs to gallop away, but too late: the Lizard Men are upon you! Turn to **36**.

341

As you reach the copse, a hand shoots out and grabs you, whirling you around. A dagger is held to your throat and wild eyes stare into yours. 'Eh? You're human!' The man, dressed in furs and with straggling hair and beard, seems very surprised. 'What you doin' ridin' a lizard? I could've killed you!' You quickly gabble out the story of your escape from the city, and that the Lizard Men are chasing you. The man peers out from behind the tree, taking in the sight of your pursuers, before returning his attention to you. Turn to **21**.

342

You continue to cut a path along the river-bank, finding more traces of what must have been quite a substantial settlement many years ago. You follow the curve of the river for some distance, and then find yourself in a wide grassy clearing. Gazing around, you suddenly realize that you are in the open courtyard of a stone temple, most of which is covered in vines and undergrowth. Large columns lie buried under rampant vegetation, and crumbling stone walls support bushes and small trees. The place is very quiet and feels almost sacred as though it had never lost its spiritual atmosphere. Will you investigate further (turn to **151**) or move on (turn to **245**)?

343

You are summarily searched and trussed up. You still have your trusty hunting-knife tucked into your belt, but you decide to wait for a more opportune time to escape. The funeral continues, and the Orcs start to pass around the Guursh, the skull-splitting Orcish ale, one of the most intoxicating and revolting substances on Titan. Carefully twisting your wrists this way and that, you manage to cut the rope that binds you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **230**. If you are Unlucky, you are noticed and must fight the Orcs (turn to **265**).

344

White-eye opens the phial and sniffs the purple liquid. His eyes widen and glaze over; a strange smile crosses his lips as a look of sheer happiness transforms his face. He becomes calm again, shaking his head as if to clear his mind. 'Yes, I will take this. Thank you,' he says. You wonder whether *you* should have tried the stuff before now, but it is too late. Turn to **191**.

345

You stop yourself just in time as the floor gives way to reveal a deep hole, an old well perhaps. Rubble bounces away down into the measureless depths. You could retrace your steps into the room (turn to **153**). Alternatively, you could try to jump. Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **258**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **205**.

346

Roll one die – as many hairy spiders bit you as the result of your roll when you grabbed for the shiny object. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each bite. Luckily, though, you had the presence of mind to keep hold of the object as you felt the tiny teeth pricking you. It is a small key, shaped like a Z. You secrete it in your pack; it may come in useful later. Now you may explore the other alcove (turn to **119**) or leave the room (turn to **183**).

347

An arrow whistles past your left ear! Oh, Telak, you think, they're getting close enough to hit me! The ground beneath your mount's sure feet becomes more rolling. As the lizard leaps a small stream you notice a copse just up ahead of you. Will you ride for the copse (turn to **303**), or continue on past it (turn to **201**)?

348

The body of the repulsive creature sinks back into the swamp with a sucking sound, and you spend an uncomfortable night perched too close for comfort to the water's edge. The morning dawns bright and glorious, and you wake face down in the soft mud having succumbed finally to your tiredness, regardless of any danger. For a few moments you wonder why you were afraid to sleep – then the red stain on the surface of the water near by reminds you. You wash, and move on. At least there is no trouble eating in the jungle; you can collect up to your total of 4 Provisions as you walk along. It should just be possible now to see the Lion Heights and Telak's Mount from the top of a tree; you may care to climb up (turn to 393), or perhaps you would rather continue on your way (turn to 170).

349

You spend the rest of the afternoon hastily binding branches together to build crude barricades to confuse the riders and direct them into the centre of the copse. Here Lecarte builds a huge bonfire of wood soaked in oil mixed with something he tells you is called, 'Flashpowder: Sulis Vitae from Sardath. Trust me!' As the sun sets you hear galloping hoofs, and a band of warriors on riding lizards thunder out of the dusk. There are all the Lizard Men who escaped, plus a further six – a very large band to be taken on by two adventurers and a Sabre-toothed Tiger! They plunge into the copse towards your light. As the Lizard Men enter one

side of the copse, Lecarte and yourself are waiting on the other. Lecarte blows his horn to distract the enemy while you let loose a flaming arrow into the darkness. Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to 262. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 16.

350

But the mounts *are* guarded after all, for as you unhitch one a bell clangs and you hear a shouted challenge! You leap on to the back of the lizard and hare away to the north. Turn to 146.

351

You nervously peer into an alcove, but find only rotten bones. It is the same story in the next alcove, and the next. If these corpses were buried with any jewels or fabulous treasures they were taken a long time ago, you decide. You will not find Telak's missing parts here. You tiptoe on. Turn to 297.

352

Heart pounding and lungs bursting through trying not to breathe, you stay as still as you possibly can. The moon slips from behind a cloud and suddenly you can see two eyes, two large cat's eyes. As you get used to the gloom you realize that the beast is an immense Black Panther, dragging a small deer up into the tree to eat! Will you attack it (turn to **273**) or stay as still as you can in the hope that it will go away (turn to **252**)?

353

The high-vaulted corridor leads past murals depicting the many glorious deeds of Telak Swordbearer to a set of wide steps, at the top of which are great double doors, marked with many of Telak's symbols. Carefully, you listen at the doors, but hear nothing. With your sword ready in your hand, you push open one of the doors and step in . . . What a magnificent place! Columns stretch out into the shadows on both sides. The walls are lined with weapons and shields, and carved with murals depicting many great deeds. At their centre stands a

magnificent altar to Telak, which bears a small plinth holding the largest ruby you've ever seen! Could *this* be the Eye of Telak? You glance warily around you, peering into the shadows. To one side of the altar there's a small door, obviously leading to the stairs up to where you must meet Laskar. Will you approach the altar (turn to **229**), or leave by the small door (turn to **87**)?

354

You march on, rather enjoying being out in the open countryside despite the sinister mist, which is allowing your imagination to work overtime. The ground is now rolling and grassy, but broken in places by patches of sand and the occasional stream, and dotted with many clumps of thorn-bushes. Suddenly, though, you stop dead as a peculiar howling drifts down to you on the wind. It seems to have come from somewhere up ahead . . . or to your right . . . or to your left. Will you continue on your way (turn to **102**) or retrace your steps (turn to **305**)?

355

You push the door and it gives, but creaks very loudly. In a panic you dive through before the Slug can react, and find yourself slipping down a flight of stone steps just beyond the door. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 345. If you are Unlucky, turn to 286.

356

You cut a track to the river-bank, and wash the sleep and sweat from your face. You check your equipment, and eat some more Provisions. None of the plants around here seems to be edible, but you are guaranteed to find more on your journey. As you are glancing around at the bushes, though, you notice something potentially more interesting: a strange pile of overgrown rocks. Do you investigate (turn to 282), or set off again on your journey (turn to 97)?

357

The corridor goes only a short way, leading to a huge brass-bound door. You listen at the door and hear a sound like metal coins being rubbed together. You ready your sword, take a deep breath, and kick the door. There is a massive thump, but the door remains closed. From inside the room comes a crashing sound. You kick the door again, and again, but nothing will budge it. Then to your horror the door is flung open with a resounding crash. There, in front of you, is a terrifying sight. Framed in the doorway stands a Warrior-king from lost ages past. He has been dead a long time, but something has resurrected him and set him to guard this ancient room. He carries a long javelin, poised ready to thrust at you, and on his head sits a jagged crown studded with emeralds. You must fight him.

WARRIOR-KING	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you defeat this ancient hero, turn to 259.

358

Then you see them – four riders, cloaked and hooded despite the heat, and mounted on four-legged lizards. They slow down to a canter as they approach, and stop at a wary distance from you. Their faces are hidden by their hoods. Will you greet them (turn to **383**), attack them (turn to **309**) or wait for them to make the first move (turn to **84**)?

359

You hear the regular splash of many oars as a large Lizard Man galley sculls towards you in mid-stream. As it approaches your position you duck under the overhanging trees lining the southern bank, and it sails past without anyone noticing you. You let a sigh of relief whistle out through your teeth. Then, out of the corner of your eye, you see the snake. It must have dropped from one of the trees, and now it's slowly slithering its way towards you across the bottom of the boat. You try to lift it out with the flat of your oar before it gets too close. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, you remove it successfully. If you roll 5–6, it bites your hand. Deduct 1 STAMINA point before it is flipped out on to the bank. Then you paddle on. Turn to **376**.

360

'Never 'eard of yer!' the Orc snarls, peering closer. ''Ere! Youse nain't an Orc, youse a yooman!'

'A *yooman*?' goes the cry. A much younger Orc spins you round, looks at you closely, and draws his club! You have a fight on your hands. Turn to **265**.

361

You have several options as far as routes and your method of travelling are concerned. After long discussions with Vymorna's most learned experts (those who are still alive, at any rate), it was agreed that you could leave the city with a band of warriors who would try to force their way through the enemy lines and enable you to flee from the besieged city on foot, heading north and then east to your goal. Alternatively, you could take the same route but attempt to leave the city in secret, sneaking through the enemy lines just before dawn. Finally, you could sneak down to the docks and attempt to steal a boat, which would take you a fair distance up the River Vymorn before you head east to your goal. Will you try to break out by force (turn to 130), sneak away before dawn (turn to 93), or try to steal a boat (turn to 158)?

362

The revolting corpse flops down, oozing colourless ichor on to the dusty floor. You may now check the first alcove (turn to 68), the second alcove (turn to 168), or leave the room (turn to 274).

363

You hurry along between the tents, keeping your head down. As you come to a well-worn path through the camp, you hear the sound of marching feet coming along it. You must not be caught out here in the open. Will you duck into a tent (turn to 8) or look for somewhere else to hide (turn to 316)?

364

The water becomes rougher, and a wave swamps the boat, throwing you overboard. The last thing you remember is the almighty crash of your boat hitting some submerged rocks . . . You wake face down in sand, on the northern bank of the river, with fragments of your ill-fated craft scattered around you. Near by the rapids continue to rage. You get up and check your equipment. Your cloak is in a sorry state and, if you had any Provisions left, they are ruined (cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*), but everything else seems to be intact. You rest while you decide which direction to take. You could head directly east, hacking your way through the jungle until you reach the Lion Heights (turn to 175), or you could head north along the edge of the jungle before turning east, which would be a longer journey but would mean you spend less time in the jungle (turn to 27).

365

You must fight the two Marsh Orcs together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MARSH ORC	6	7
Second MARSH ORC	6	6

If you defeat them, turn to 379.

366

You settle behind a tree from where you can see the caravan. Nothing happens, though, and eventually you fall asleep. You awake suddenly to find a wizened old being smiling down at you. You start in fright, but he calms you, saying, 'Come, man-child. Let us go indoors out of the night and find you a better place to sleep!' Intrigued and amazed, you follow him. Turn to **61**.

367

As you wait, plucking up the courage to enter the darkness, you are horrified to see Laskar reach the far side of the ruins – and be surrounded by Lizard Men! The creatures march away with the hermit, and another band has been dispatched in your direction. This is all the incentive you need to duck down into the hole and begin your journey through the darkness. Turn to **289**.

368

The Pterodactyl screeches in panic as it sees its beloved pilot fall to the ground. From away behind you, among the tents, you hear shouts and footsteps. You must get out of here right away. Will you leap on to the back of the Pterodactyl (turn to **387**) or will you try for a riding lizard (turn to **146**)?

369

The ground rises to a small hillock dotted with sparse patches of thorn-bushes and trees. At the crest of the hill a motley group stands gathered around a large funeral bier. Looking closely you can see that, despite the veils and other dark clothes, the mourners are all Orcs! To one side a bizarrely dressed shaman leaps and capers, throwing bones and entrails to the winds in honour of the dead. You could creep closer still and take a better look, or just trek on. While you are deciding, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **118**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **66**.

370

Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **291**. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **3**.

371

The diamond slips into the hilt of your sword, glowing dully in the semi-darkness, With a howl of vengeance you leap for Laskar. The old man looks momentarily horrified, but parries your blow easily with his staff. Where is the fabled power of the sword? An arrow thumps into your shoulder, another into your leg. You drop to the ground and the Lizard Men close in, swords raised for their final blows. Your quest is at an end.

372

And then, from the water, bursts the most repulsive creature you have ever seen. It's a sickly white all over, like the soft underbelly of a crocodile, and indeed the Swamp Mutant shares many of the crocodile's characteristics. It rears up on strong hind legs and snaps at you with a mutated alligator head. All you can do is to bring your sword up to meet its first attack.

SWAMP MUTANT SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

If you defeat the monstrous creature, turn to **348**.

373

You duck back into the shadows, fumbling for the sword. You are certain that a gemstone should fit into the hilt of the weapon. If you haven't found any gems on your travels, turn to **28**. If you have found some, which will you try to fit into the hilt of the sword, hoping they will be the Eyes of Telak:

The diamond?	Turn to **371**
The emeralds?	Turn to **228**
The jets?	Turn to **173**
The ruby?	Turn to **293**

374

You find some fleshy orange and yellow fruits, which prove edible (these count as 2 Provisions). While you are searching about in the undergrowth you also come across a beautiful flower – a black lotus, long fabled for its scent and rarity. You may take it with you, if you wish, before returning to the path and continuing your journey. Turn to **169**.

375

The Giant Slug sees you, and starts to lumber across the rubble towards you. It is a truly repulsive creature, dripping slime and spittle from its mouth as it ripples along. As it is a very slow-moving creature, you may have time to loose an arrow at it. If you have a bow, turn to **224**. Otherwise you will have to fight it using your sword, although, because of its thick skin, your blows will only do it 1 STAMINA point of damage.

GIANT SLUG SKILL 6 STAMINA 12

If you defeat it, turn to **362**.

376

Giving thanks to Telak for ensuring your safety (though it was a very close shave), you paddle on up-river. The Vymorn sweeps north in a wide, slow-moving curve, and you have no trouble guiding your small craft along. The river curves again, heading east. You paddle along keeping an eye open both sides for any sign of trouble. After an hour or so the river is joined by a tributary flowing from the south; the Lizard River flows from the depths of Silur Cha. As you pass the place where it joins the Vymorn you give thanks that you are not having to go up *that* waterway. It is at this moment that you notice three boats heading towards you from the southern shore. Turn to **238**.

377

The land is rough and hilly, and the weather very warm. You have lost track of the days since you left Vymorna, but pray that your family and friends are holding on. Away to the north a small dust cloud is getting larger by the minute. Someone – or something – is riding towards you at high speed. Will you keep to your path (turn to **358**) or find somewhere to hide before the riders arrive (turn to **139**)?

378

You trudge on, but find little dry ground. It is getting dark. The sun set in a blaze of fire a good fifteen minutes ago, and the swampy jungle is now cool and eerily quiet. You push aside great clumps of reeds, following the twisting path of dry ground, which seems to be leading you deeper and deeper into a maze. And then, although you were half expecting it . . . Turn to 372.

379

You duck down hurriedly as a heavily armoured Lizard Man strides by. He stops suddenly, and sniffs the air for an almost unbearably long moment. Has he seen you – or smelt you? Then he moves on, and you breathe again. Turn to 32.

380

Scurrying down conduits cut through the walls and then along trenches between the walls, you come to the built-up dockland area of the ruined outer city. This part of Vymorna has suffered less destruction than much of the besieged city, and seems not to be as heavily occupied by enemy troops. You creep up what used to be a gaily decorated alleyway between two roofless buildings, remembering with sadness the families who once lived here. The alley widens into a winding cobbled lane, which leads, via slopes and steps, down in the direction of the quayside. At that moment a shout comes from behind you. Two ragged Orcs, obviously scavenging among the ruins, race towards you. You have two simple options: will you stand and fight (turn to 365) or run for it (turn to 234)?

381

The warriors overcome you, pushing you to the ground so that they can bind you with tough vines. You are marched through the jungle until you come to a very large tree, whereupon a vine is attached to your waist and you are dragged up into the branches. Despite your initial shock at being so high above the ground, and the obvious danger of your predicament, you are intrigued by the platforms and rope-bridges that the warriors have built up in the tree-tops. A tall, white-haired elder, from his dress obviously the high priest or shaman, approaches you and stares deep into your eyes. If you have stared into another creature's eyes recently you will know of a paragraph to turn to. He takes your rucksack and shakes it out on to the floor and paws through the contents. Do you have a panther idol (turn to **308**) or not (turn to **75**)?

382

You slip in something red and unthinkable, and fall to your knees. A tall, heavily armoured Lizard Man, covered in gore, leaps at you, swinging a cruelly spiked war-flail at your head. You duck but the strands catch your arm. Deduct 1 STAMINA point, before you can return the blows.

LIZARD MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If he scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to **162**. If you score two consecutive hits against him, or kill him, roll one die. If you roll 1–2, turn to **208**; 3–4, turn to **65**; 5–6, turn to **10**.

383

You hail the travellers, greeting them cordially. There is no reply; they sit motionless on their peculiar mounts, who regard you with their cold reptilian eyes. A chill breeze springs up and you give an involuntary shudder. 'What's the matter, friends? Have you lost your tongues?' you smile. Turn to **309**.

384

The messenger screams in panic, and then draws her sword and joins battle.

MESSENGER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you defeat her, turn to 103.

385

The corridor slopes down, but, more peculiarly, twists in such a way that it angles sideways as well. It is very cool and dry down here, but also very musty, as though something once fresh has started to go off. You come to another room and peer in through the archway. This chamber is quite bizarre, for carved into all the available wall space are small niches. And standing in each niche is a skull and an ornate glass jar. Beneath each skull a metal plate is affixed to the wall. The skulls of ten thousand beings must be in here, you think, as you gaze in wonder. You peer closer at a niche, only to find that the skulls are not human at all. They are fluted, more as you imagine an Elf's skull to look, except that they also bear very exaggerated canine teeth! The jars next to each skull contain a nasty surprise for you, too, for each holds a small, wrinkled grey

lump of flesh that might just be a brain! You can't make out what's written on the small metal plates – though there is definitely something there – for the symbols have become faded and illegible over the ages. This room is unsettling, especially for somewhere supposed to be a haven of Goodness. Two passages lead out of it: one flight of steps leads up to the left (turn to 182) and another flight down to the right (turn to 4).

386

Somehow you manage to stop yourself from falling. Most of the floor has gone, leaving a deep drop into the cellar beneath. You hide to one side of the doorway as an armoured Lizard Man strides past. Peering out after him, you are just in time to see him disappear among the ruins. There is no sign of the Marsh Orcs, thank Telak. Turn to 32.

387

The Pterodactyl leaps skyward in a tremendous rush of wings, with you hanging on to its back. It soars high over the camp, and starts to head off towards the battlefield! The stupid reptile thinks it is going to fight! You grab its neck and try to steer it away from the battle, but all it does is go into a very steep dive, and you slip from its neck. As you fall through the air you have a moment to reflect on what a stupid move you have just made! Turn to **131**.

388

The pale liquid is a healing balm, which you may take when you need it most. When you wish to use its soothing powers make a note of the paragraph you are currently at, then turn to **42**. If you have another item to choose, turn to **31** (for the swirling globe) or turn to **13** (for the bow and arrows). If you now have your two items, turn to **361**.

389

'So you have met Lecarte, have you?' White-eye asks. 'Well, no, I traded this because it brought me bad luck, and I will not take it back.' Turn to **11** and choose again.

390

The enchanted arrow flies true and the Krell is pinned to the branch, dead. Seeing their friend's fate, the rest of the creatures leap screaming and chattering into the trees. You manage to retrieve your sword and belt, and buckle it back round your waist before moving on. Turn to **221**.

391

'I have news of this Laskar whom you seek,' says White-eye. 'I do not give freely, but I will gladly trade with you.' You cannot bring yourself to trade any of your father's things, but you may have something else to exchange. What can you trade?

Black lotus	Turn to **249**
Cloth o'gold	Turn to **49**
A mace	Turn to **129**
An Orc charm	Turn to **256**
A phial of purple liquid	Turn to **344**
Small panther idol	Turn to **389**

If you have nothing, or do not wish to trade, turn to **111**

392

You bite into the body and almost choke. Dead Orc tastes absolutely terrible! You feel your stomach heave, but somehow you manage to keep from vomiting. Deduct 2 STAMINA points! 'And now, yoo young 'uns, 'tis time to meet yore elder relatives.' The younger Orcs line up to greet the more aged guests, and you seem expected to join them. Will you go along with them (turn to 287), or try to make a break for it (turn to 66)?

393

You haul yourself up a tree into the topmost branches, and from there you peer cautiously out over the jungle. It is a fabulous sight, like a green sea with the wind blowing it in waves. The forest rises up into the hills, less than a day's journey away. A pair of huge birds are flapping their way over the hills – eagles, perhaps. The south is covered in an evil yellow mist and your view is obscured, while the west is lost in a heat haze. To the north the jungle continues as far as the eye can see. Will you clamber down and continue your journey now (turn to 170), or stay up here in the swaying branches a little longer (turn to 150)?

394

You pull off the leaves near one end of the bundle, and give an involuntary shriek as a grinning skull leers out at you. It is a body, probably wrapped up in the leaves to preserve it, and crawling with maggots and spiders. Ugh, you shudder! Deduct 1 LUCK point, before climbing down and scrambling along the bridge. Turn to 199.

395

The corridor curves gently upwards and leads to a small chamber, from which stone stairs spiral upwards; a narrow passage leads off to the right. That must be the way to the chapel of Telak. Will you go along the passage (turn to 165) or take the stairs (turn to 301)?

396

The messenger looks very relieved to have found another human on the road, and you notice she is very tired and dusty. She tells you her story – how she has been sent by the people of Coppertown far to the north to ask for aid against roving war-bands of Lizard Men and Mountain Trolls. Her face falls when you tell her of Vymorna's fate, and she appears devastated. You stand in silence for some minutes, before you dare make a move. Will you take her along with you (turn to 113), or bid her farewell and set off again alone (turn to 103)?

397

You know immediately that you have made a mistake as a huge fleshy jaw clamps tight around you. It belongs to a giant Venus Fly-Trap, and it has just caught you. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You are now trapped inside the carnivorous plant, and all you can do is hack away at it with your knife. The plant will digest you in six rounds unless you can cut your way out. Roll one die for each of the six rounds and add the results of the die rolls together. If you score 20 or more points in six rounds the creature will die. If you score less than 20 points, it will digest you and your adventure will end here! If you cut yourself free from the plant, turn to **194**.

398

The hairs on your neck bristle and a chill shudder racks your body. Shapes loom and dance in the mist – big, bulky shapes. Will you turn and run back the way you came (turn to **195**) or stand your ground (turn to **39**)?

399

A black-feathered arrow thuds into your shoulder and you cry out in pain. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. If your STAMINA score is 6 or less, you lose your grip on the reins and fall from your riding lizard (turn to **114**). Otherwise you ride on (turn to **290**).

400

The blade cuts deep into the old man, slicing cleanly as the power guides your arm. The traitor dies, gurgling and choking. You step astride his body, the look in your eyes daring anyone to challenge you. The evil Lizard Men hesitate, unsure of just how much power you now have. You raise your sword aloft and in confirmation of your powers the air begins to shimmer. Coalescing from nothing, a thousand warriors materialize around you, golden weapons at the ready. The Lizard Men murmur in terror as the ancient soldiers begin to slice through their ranks. You turn away in disgust, but the sickening slaughter is soon over. With you at their head, the warriors step back into rank. You march away into the west, towards Vymorna, the power of your master, Telak Swordbearer, blazing through every atom of your body. With a force like this, charging into battle with the sun behind you, you will free Vymorna from the clutches of Evil and Chaos!

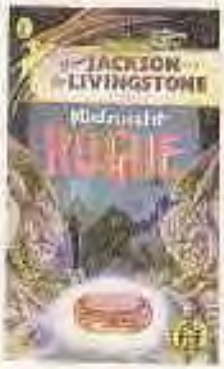
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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1988
3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, England
Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first find out your own strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages 16–17 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of the adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet*, using a pencil, or to make photocopies of the page for use in this adventure.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number, then enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet* (your score will be between 7 and 12 inclusive).

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled, then enter this total in the STAMINA box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so your score will lie between 14 and 24).

Roll one die, add 6 to this number, then enter this total in the LUCK box on the *Adventure Sheet* (so this score will be between 7 and 12 inclusive).

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate

record of these scores and the changes to them; for this reason, you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these additions cannot raise any score above its *Initial* value, except on very rare occasions, and you will be instructed accordingly when this is to happen.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness, and your ability to take blows in combats; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the exciting fantasy world you are about to explore!

Magic

During your adventure, you will probably find many magic items – although you may not realize at first that they are magical and you will not be certain what they do. You may also be taught to use various spells; but, to begin with, you are a warrior, and you must succeed in your great adventure by using your wits and, when necessary, your sword!

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First, record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add your own SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows: start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK score here to do additional damage (see below, *Using Luck in Battles*). Proceed to step 6.
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2

points from your own STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK, this time to reduce the damage the creature does to you (see below, *Using Luck in Battles*). Proceed to step 6.

6. Make the appropriate changes to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1 to 6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will have to fight them all together; sometimes you will fight each in turn, one after the other.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given on the relevant pages), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck* and

works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score, whether the outcome was successful or unsuccessful! Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

If things go so badly that your LUCK is reduced to 1 or zero, you will automatically be Unlucky whenever you are forced to *Test your Luck*. So, don't be too hasty or prodigal in resorting to *Testing your Luck*.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and you will then be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you *always* have the *option* of using your LUCK, either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded or to minimize the effects of a wound that the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature you are fighting, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's

STAMINA score (so that you subtract a total of 4 points, rather than the usual 2). However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA score (i.e., instead of your blow causing the usual 2 points of damage, the creature's STAMINA is reduced by only 1 point).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full force of the blow and may restore 1 point of your own STAMINA (i.e., instead of the creature's blow causing 2 points of damage against your STAMINA, it is reduced by only 1 point). But if you are Unlucky, then you have taken a more serious blow and must subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point (you have to deduct a total of 3 points from your STAMINA rather than the usual 2).

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL; but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time – you cannot claim two SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords! Your SKILL score cannot exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight creatures and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA score may drop dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when fighting, but you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your current STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*. A separate Provisions Remaining Box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely! Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed.

Luck

Your LUCK score will also change during the adventure as you *Test your Luck;* additions to your LUCK score may also be awarded after you have been especially fortunate. Details are given on the relevant pages of this book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA scores, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically noted on a page.

Equipment

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you will find other items during your travels: there may be quite a few items, but they will fit into your backpack. You are armed with a Sword and are dressed in leather armour. You also carry a Shield. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures or other items you may find. You also carry a lantern which you can use to light your way when necessary.

Hints on Play

Your journey will be perilous, and you may well fail on your first attempt. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will prove invaluable later on, enabling you to progress more rapidly to unexplored sections in future adventures.

Not all areas contain treasure: many will contain merely traps and creatures which you will no doubt

fall foul of. You will doubtless make wrong turnings during your quest; while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will there find what you are searching for.

Be very cautious about taking the option to *Test your Luck* unless the page tells you that you must do this! Generally, when it comes to fights you should *Test your Luck* only to keep yourself alive if a creature's blow might otherwise kill you. Don't *Test your Luck* for trying to obtain extra damage upon your enemy unless this is really necessary! LUCK points are precious!

You will quickly realize that the paragraphs make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only those paragraphs that you are instructed to read. Reading other pages will only cause confusion and may well lessen the excitement during play.

The one true way to success in this adventure involves minimizing risk; any player, no matter how weak his or her initial dice-rolls, should be able to come through successfully to the final glory.

May the luck of the Gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial	*Initial*	*Initial*
Skill =	*Stamina* =	*Luck* =

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

TREASURE

PROVISIONS

NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =
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BACKGROUND

Vanestin of Pollua . . . a mage. You don't know him, but he has requested your presence, and his messengers were gracious. They had even made all the arrangements: coach fares paid, money for meals and indulgences along the way . . . whatever it is that he wants, he knows how to treat a valiant warrior. And now that you are with him, you can see from his beautiful home that he is a man of means and, surely, of power and influence. After greeting you, he has breathed simply one word to begin his proposition to you: a name . . .

. . . His origins may be unknown, but his is a name whispered in secret places, and it has come to your ears before: *Mordraneth*. Dark mage, a man of guile and cunning, one who has mastery of arcane secrets shunned by good magicians, a dealer in death and destruction who smiles as he slays. The Elves have spoken of him with fear, and you have drunk Skullbuster – that fearsome brew – with a grizzled Dwarf veteran who slapped you on the back with the only arm he had left after an encounter with Mordraneth. You weren't certain what to expect from the man who uttered his name simply to test your reaction, but you weren't expecting *this*.

You keep your reactions to yourself as he gazes at you; you take the time to study him. Vanestin is a

powerful man, tall and strong, lean and still young. Not what you might have expected in a wizard! You sit in his sumptuous chamber, overlooking the harbour in Pollua, sipping his fine wine. You raise your eyebrows at the name but say nothing Vanestin looks hard at you, and then proceeds with his story.

'You've heard of him, of course. A servant of Evil and Chaos, a mage of no mean skill, and possessed of a fiendish cunning. To defeat his purpose, we need your skill and courage. If you will accept the task I offer . . .' Now he stops pacing the room, sits down, and his voice has a keener edge to it.

'Two weeks ago, agents of Mordraneth kidnapped a wizard here, Alsander, who was occupied in magical research into Mordraneth's schemings. I last saw Alsander a few days before he disappeared, and he was excited and worried then. He warned me that Mordraneth was using magical energies to draw power in some way from the realms of the dead, and he urged me to consult with him again when he had had a little more time to study the problem. Alas, when I called upon him he was gone, with all his notes.

'But by magical scrying, we have found where Alsander is, and he is still alive. Your task is not as desperate as you may have thought when I spoke Mordraneth's name. We do not require you to slay him; we need you to bring Alsander back to us.' He pauses to offer you more wine, and he sees that you are a little disappointed – what a scalp Mordraneth's would be to boast about! Vanestin is quick to counter that.

'If you can rescue Alsander, you may gain the knowledge and power to overcome Mordraneth himself. I can't think of anyone more capable to undertake it.' You smile at his flattery. 'Interested?' He hardly needs your nod.

'Mordraneth has tried to fool us, but for once his ruse has failed. From our spies we know that the evil one is in Allansia . . . but we have also discovered that Alsander is imprisoned elsewhere. Mordraneth expects us to come for him, in the belief that he has Alsander with him. Well, we won't disappoint him. A ship has already sailed for Allansia with warriors and mages aboard. Just a diversion, of course, although we've made sure that his spies have heard of it as a serious mission. But you, my friend, will be making for the real quarry.

'Mordraneth has hidden Alsander on the Isle of Despair, a small island just off the eastern coast of the Island of Scars. Deep within the Iron Crypts he has hidden him. Why he has not slain him, I do not know – but this I do know: we need desperately to find out what Alsander had discovered, and we *must* get him back alive. And you are the warrior to do it. One brave hero can penetrate defences secretly and silently, where a group would raise too many alarms and thereby fail. And a wizard would be useless there; no magic works within the Iron Crypts save that which Mordraneth himself uses. No; it is a brave and fearless warrior we need. A small ship, the *Petrel*, is waiting.

'Will you accept this quest? If you don't, then my magic will ensure that you will remember nothing of what I have said when you leave. I cannot afford any idle gossip . . .' but he is smiling, for he has seen your hand move to your scabbard at the prospect of the adventure. 'Gold and glory, my friend, I can promise you both in abundance! Let us drink to it – but not too much. The tide will be favourable in but a few hours!'

NOW TURN OVER!

1

Fair weather and a good easterly breeze have sped you along your way. You should reach the Isle of Despair in but a day or two. Garaeth, the ship's captain, has been well paid, and you had no problems arranging for him to pick you up after you have completed your quest. But now dark clouds are gathering and a gale is picking up. The captain gives orders for battening down the hatches, and prepares to run before the wind. The first heavy drops of rain splatter down on the wooden deck. As you prepare to go below, a cry goes up from a crewman and your gaze follows his pointing finger; a huge black bird with a wing-span of yards – and outstretched talons – is plummeting down from the leaden sky, straight towards you! If you want to flee, turn to **55**. If you wish to stay and fight the menace, turn to **127**.

2

Mordraneth's magical creations can sometimes create *fear* in you; when this happens, your skill in combat will be undermined. You may use the 'Dispel Fear' spell at any time to negate all the effects fear has on you (but this will not protect you against a later attack of fear, should you be subjected to one). If you are in combat and wish to cast this spell, you can do so; however, you cannot do anything else in that Attack Round, and your opponent will score a free hit against you, doing the usual 2 points of damage. Return to **188**.

3

You are now fighting the young guard, who does not look very strong but who is very nimble and agile, so his speed makes him a dangerous enemy!

GUARD SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **282**.

4

Beyond the east door is a dank, unlit passageway. The air is stale, and an unpleasant smell lingers in it; this gets stronger as you make your way towards the thick wooden door with iron bands which stands at the end of the passage. You listen at the door, but hear nothing. As you prepare to move in, the door opens from the other side, and before you stands the biggest Troll you've ever seen! He is HUGE, and he carries a massive club. You cannot run away, for he can easily outrun you and will strike you down from behind. You must fight him.

TROLL SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **226**.

5

Your 'Speed' spell allows you to run amazingly quickly and you just escape the enclosing walls. As they crunch together, you just make it to the black passageway at the end of the chamber. Turn to **296**.

6

The door opens into a cluttered, filthy and reeking chamber, the lair of two Rat Men. Gleefully they grab their swords, which are stained with filth, and attack you. The smell here is so repulsive that, for the duration of this combat *only*, your SKILL score is 2 points less than normal, due to your nausea. (Do *not* change the SKILL score on your *Adventure Sheet*; this is only a temporary alteration.) Fight the Rat Men one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAT MAN	5	5
Second RAT MAN	5	6

If you win, turn to 57.

7

The passageway turns north and then widens before opening out into a rock-strewn chamber, into which daylight streams; you can see the clouds and sky beyond. There is a clutter of straw and twigs in the far corner of the chamber. Do you want to enter the chamber (turn to 354) or go back south and west, retracing your steps (turn to 314)?

8

The statue crushes the gem and sprinkles gem dust on you. You gain 1 LUCK point. The statue gestures towards the stairs, ushering you upwards and onwards. You ascend to a passageway beyond. Turn to 287.

9

You sleep comfortably and soundly, and you regain 2 STAMINA points. In the morning, you may either return to the trail and set off north-west (turn to 339) or open the trapdoor and investigate what is below (turn to 157).

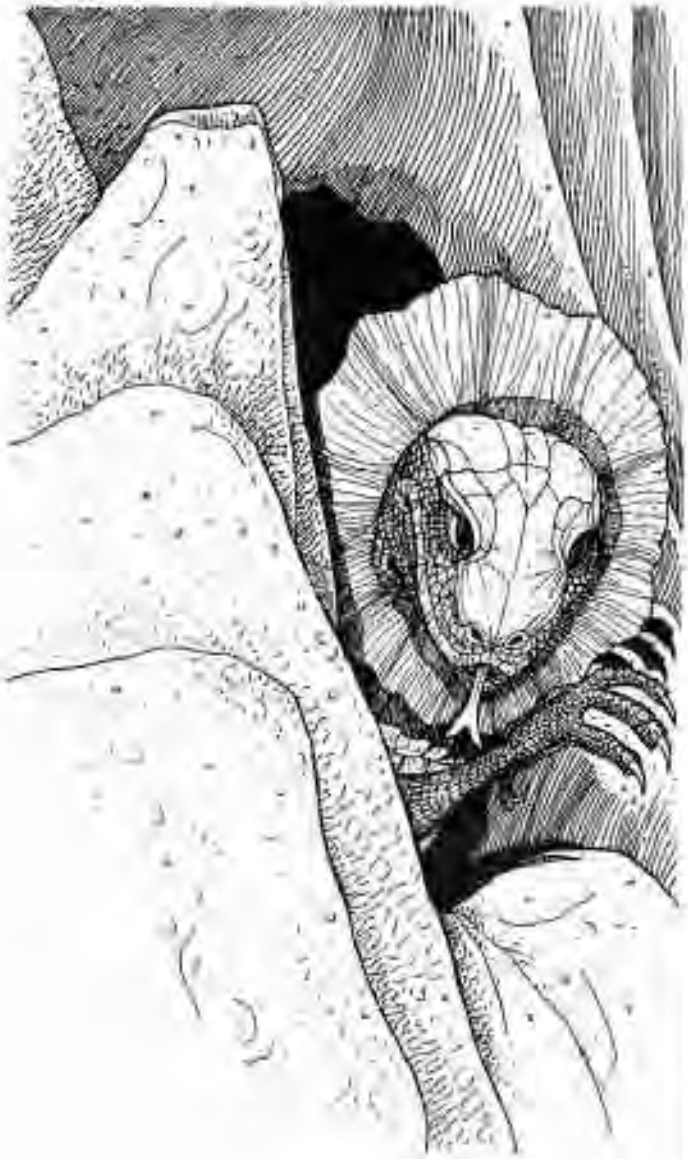

10

Just before mid-day you notice that the trail ahead is petering out and the hills are getting very steep indeed. This can't be the right way! Suddenly, a weird croaking voice sounds from your left: 'Greetingsssss! Have you lost your way?' You spin round to see a very large grey lizard with a yellow ruff of skin-folds around its neck, poking out its head from behind a rocky outcrop at you. Do you want to:

Attack the lizard?	Turn to **360**
Stay where you are and say 'hello' or something similar?	Turn to **86**
Run away back south?	Turn to **54**

11

You take a swing at your enemy with your sword, galvanized by fear of what the effect of his spell might be. You don't hit him, but you do force him to duck, ruining his concentration so that his spell-casting is spoiled. Cursing you, he draws from his belt a vicious double-thonged flail with wicked strips of jagged metal studded into the thick leather! You will have to overcome him in physical combat now; turn to **321**.

12

Obviously, whatever is in the chest must be of value, given the nature of its guardian; so you move closer to examine the chest. You try to open it; now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **399**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **164**.

13

. . . You regain consciousness. Your vision slowly clears, and you realize you are lying on your stomach with someone smacking you on the back as you cough up . . . nothing! You slowly turn your head to see a thin-faced young man with piercing green eyes and wearing grey robes. 'An illusion,' he says, 'but effective. Since you believed you were drowning, getting what you thought was water out of your lungs seems to have helped.' He notices your look of surprise at meeting anyone helpful here! 'I'm Parazan, Mordraneth's apprentice. The man's mad; if you can overcome him, good luck to you. I'm escaping now! I hope this helps,' and as he disappears into thin air you notice the golden flask he has left behind. If you want to open the flask and sip its contents now, turn to **165**. If you want to keep the flask for later, add the Golden Flask to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*, and turn to **387**.

14

You duck behind the vegetation, and the Hobgoblins don't see you. They exchange some heavy blows, and then one runs the other through with its sword. It gloats in celebration of the kill, then moves to the cottage door. The wounded Hobgoblin manages to draw a dagger and groan, its last act being to fling the weapon and pierce the other in the back. They're both dead. Turn to **135**.

15

Now, will you take the light, airy passage (turn to **319**) or open some iron gates and walk down the frosty passage beyond (turn to **331**)?

16

At the *start* of a combat, you may cast the 'Fire Globe' spell at your opponent instead of using your sword. When you cast the spell, a small ball of orange fire will shoot from the palm of your hand and fly at your enemy, automatically hitting him and inflicting 6 points of damage. You may use this spell only in the first Attack Round of a combat. Return to **188**.

17

Beyond the door is a torch-lit passage which leads westwards and then bends round to the south. You notice that it is not dusty but clean, so you deduce that many people may pass along it regularly. There may be many foes here, but perhaps also someone who might be helpful if you are lucky and careful . . . Soon you come to a T-junction, and here you can either take the eastern passage (turn to **228**) or the western passage (turn to **97**).

18

Do you have a bunch of keys? If you do, turn to **211**. If you don't, you cannot open the securely locked door, so you decide to head off south instead; turn to **227**.

19

You try the Ebony Key in the lock . . . but when you turn it, it simply disappears – and the door *still* won't open! (Cross the key off your Equipment list – it is lost to you now.) Turn to **243**.

20

The Ogre's chamber is clean and well furnished – by ogrish standards. You take the 3 Gold Pieces from the large table (add these to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*) and look around. On a smaller table by his rough straw bed the Ogre has some hard bread and cheese – a little mouldy, but edible if you pare away the hard rind. There are sufficient Provisions for two meals here, and you may take this food (add 2 to your Provisions list). There is also a pewter ale tankard on the floor which you may pick up and put in your backpack if you wish (if you do, add this to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*).

The Ogre stirs and you spin around. You didn't quite finish him off! With a dying grunt he lunges forward and presses with all his might on a panel in the stone wall before expiring. You watch, horror-struck and immobile, as a grille of VERY thick iron bars crashes down from the ceiling in the southern passage, blocking your way back. You cannot hope to bend these massive bars or squeeze between them, and pressing the panel again has no effect. Now there can be no retreat . . . cursing, you head for the other door and set off to the west. Turn to **280**.

21

No sooner have you won your tough fight than you hear loud voices coming from the south – more Natives, and *lots* of them! Even you cannot hope to fight a score or more of these men. You run at full speed back towards the north. This leaves you almost exhausted; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. You have no time to stop and eat a meal so, if this loss reduces your STAMINA points to zero, then you collapse with exhaustion on the trail; the Natives catch up with you and slay you to avenge their friends. Your adventure ends here.

If you get away alive, you are back at the crossroads. Looking north, you see that the skull marking the way north is covered with blood and, as you look at it, its jaws open and blood spurts out on to the ground! Horrified, you make up your mind to head west. Turn to **181**.

22

You row like one possessed and get to the shore, outpacing the crab. But this takes a lot of effort, so you must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to **102**.

23

You cast the spell and race away. You easily outrun the squeaking horde, and very soon make it to the end of the sewer. Turn to **152**.

24

Searching through the skulls you find nothing, but as you handle them a faint sound begins to arise: a soft moaning, like a creature in pain. Then blood starts to well up in the eye-sockets of the skulls! You step back in horror and get out of the room, slamming the door behind you to shut out the keening wails. Deduct 1 LUCK point. Now you must open one of the other doors, either the one in the north wall (turn to 377) or the one in the west wall (turn to **205**).

25

You charge into the room, to discover three Orcs sitting round a table, drinking ale and gambling with dice. The Orcs curse and draw their weapons. However, you have gained surprise over them, so you can lash out at one of them before they can strike at you. Turn to 185 to fight them – and you may subtract 2 STAMINA points from the score of the first Orc you fight because of your initial blow.

26

Looking around, you see that there is just one passageway from this chamber – leading south – but surely there is something useful to be found in all this debris? You sift through all the bloodied bones and feathers and find nothing of any note, then you look up at the ledge. It's a good 18 feet up, and the rock surface is very sheer. You'd have no chance of climbing this normally. Do you have a grappling iron *and* a 15-foot length of rope? If you do, turn to 162. If you don't, you must take the south passage, so turn to 42.

27

Roll one die; if the result is a 1, turn to 370. Otherwise, turn to 344.

28

A grim sight unfolds before your eyes as you look round the door. Fierce heat radiates from a huge metal brazier filled with white-hot coals, from which a number of branding-iron handles are projecting. Tables carry brass vessels, clawed pincers and pliers; even more horrid items are scattered all round the room. You have also been seen by the room's occupant, a misshapen creature with green-brown skin and huge muscular limbs covered in wiry tufts of black hair. But he just grins at you, showing the yellowed stumps of rotten teeth, and gestures you in. You can either attack him (turn to 92) or go in and talk with him (turn to 220).

29

As you show the snakes the Snake Glove, they rise up and sway, and then collect together in a huge writhing spiral in the centre of the room. Slowly they wind together and form a wriggling column of scaly forms, which is transformed into a staff like the one shown on the glove! You take the staff in your hands, and as you hold it you regain 4 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. You know that this will drain the staff of its power, so you leave it here. Now, you may take either the azure (turn to 272) or the ochre (turn to 77) passageway at the end of this chamber.

30

Mordraneth's Fire Globe fizzes through the air and envelops you in burning flame before you can finish casting your own 'Fire Globe' spell! Your spellcasting is ruined, and you cannot use your 'Fire Globe' spell again. Deduct 6 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you run pell-mell up the right-hand set of steps as Mordraneth prepares another spell. You can almost reach him with your sword, but not quite yet! Turn to 351.

31

You cannot make it in time, and the Skeletal Illusion strikes you in the back. Lose 2 points from your STAMINA. Then your enemy appears in front of you! Turn to 397.

32

You cross the long chamber, but the heat is so powerful that in places the rocks are glowing, and it drains you of strength. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. But at last you get to the orange passage, where it is cooler. Turn to 362.

33

Since the Orc is obviously friendly, you start to talk, and ask him what he knows about torturers and any prisoners about the place. 'Yer,' he says, 'there's ole wossisface, the 'arf-ogre. Good enturrtainer, 'e is. Lessus watch sometimes. Last week we 'ad an advenchoorer in and 'e impaled 'im on barbed 'ooks.' The Orc rubs his hands with pleasure at the memory. It has already occurred to you that, if you're not careful, it could be *you* next. You decide you don't want to hear any more of this, so you

set off along the passageway, westwards; turn to **97**.

34

Do you have an Ebony Key? If you do, turn to **386**. If you don't, turn to **171**.

35

Beyond the door is a narrow passage leading north, which comes to a dead end. You can either retrace your steps back through the storeroom to the main north passage (turn to **284**) or investigate the dead end (turn to **365**).

36

You enter the huge chamber in which stand tombs and mausoleums made of grey stone, with exquisite embellishments. You feel yourself becoming hypnotized by the singing, and you want to stay and listen to it for ever, it seems so timelessly beautiful. You could stay here for ever . . . and, hardly aware of the life-draining embraces of the wraiths that arise from the shadows to surround you, this is precisely what happens. The songs turn to screams and you hear the terrible cries of torment from tortured souls. Your mind will become part of Mordraneth's pitiless magic, and you have failed in your quest.

37

You don't move – but he does. The illusion melts away, so that you can see the black-robed Dark

Priest for what he is . . . but not before a spell of magical cold has wrapped you in numbing blackness. Deduct 6 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, he moves in to finish you off with his mace. Turn to **367**.

38

The trail splits; you can either head north, where you can see hilly terrain and bracken in the distance (turn to **238**), or you can continue west along what appears to be a fairly well-used mud track (turn to **349**).

39

The Sprite thanks you for your mercy; in return for sparing his life he gives you a small pouch with three tiny bags of 'Luck Powder'. Add these to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. Each of these bags contains a sprinkling of magical dust which, if shaken on your hands, will restore 1 LUCK point. You may use this magic to restore lost LUCK points at any time except during a combat. Shame-facedly, the Sprite promises not to disturb you again.

You wake next morning fairly refreshed by your sleep and regain 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **103**.

40

Trying to bend the iron railings is a very hard test of your abilities. Roll two dice and add 3 to the number you roll. If the total is less than or equal to your

current SKILL score, then you have succeeded in bending the bars apart and you can squeeze through them (turn to **326**). If the total is greater than your current SKILL score, turn to **312**.

41

The Orcs admire the bone dice. 'Luvverly bit uv work,' one of them says as he gulps down another pint of Brain Damage. 'Fancy a little gamble then?' If you have some Treasure and are willing to gamble on a dice game, turn to **291**. If you have no Treasure, or are unwilling to gamble, turn to **180**.

42

You head south, back to an east-west passageway. To the east, a pall of black smoke blocks your path. The choking fumes make that way impassable, so you must head west and then follow that passageway as it bends southwards. Turn to **218**.

43

The sleeper is now fully awake. Irrespective of what you say, he looks at you with deep suspicion, and says, 'You're not one of us! I know all the Master's men!' He draws his sword; you're going to have to fight him.

GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **357**.

44

Having overcome your formidable enemy, you take some keys from his belt and release the prisoner from the cell in which he is being kept; from the darkened cell, full of filthy straw and lice, you lead a weak old man, his white hair and beard streaked with dirt. If you have any Provisions or a magical 'potion of healing', you *must* give him one or the other now, for you have a feeling that his magic will increase your chances of escape from here, and he will need all his strength to use it. He thanks you for your kindness. Turn to **140**.

45

Do you have a crowbar? If you do, turn to **141**. If you don't, turn to **396**.

46

At last you are fighting with your sword against the evil Arch-mage! But he is swift and deadly as a warrior too, and uses his sword well. His green eyes glitter in the flaring light of the smouldering braziers

as he attempts to slay you. Will you triumph or be slain at the last?

MORDRANETH SKILL 10 STAMINA 17

If you win, turn to 400.

47

Your magical Ring of Fire Resistance minimizes the damage you take, so you have to deduct only 1 STAMINA point. You're nearly half-way up, but you can see your enemy preparing another attack! Turn to 351.

48

What will you use against the rats? Will you get out:

A white gem?	Turn to 317
A block of incense?	Turn to 64
A silver feather?	Turn to 232
An ivory statuette?	Turn to 93

49

You reckon that you can pry open the lid of the chest with a crowbar – but, as you jam the hook of the crowbar under the lid and make your first attempt, the resistance of the chest is terrific. You can be sure that it will take a great deal of strength, and some STAMINA loss, to get this chest open – and you cannot even be certain of success. You can try again to open it (turn to 316) or give up the attempt, return to the main passage, and open the door at the southern end of it (turn to 124).

50

In the room beyond the small door you quickly spot a trapdoor in the floor which is half covered by a tatty rug, and heavily barred from your side. The room is sparsely furnished: a bed with clean bedding, a chair and a table on which stands a small portable incense-burner. Do you have any blocks of incense? If you do, turn to 234. If you don't, turn to 305.

51

The passageway winds on to the west and seems to come to a dead end – but you can make out faint rays of daylight through the wall at the end of it! Clearly, someone slipped up when installing this illusion here! Cautiously you poke at the wall, and find that you can step through it safely. As you do, you see that there is a passageway going south which you could take (if you do, turn to 42); alternatively, you could follow a narrow passageway that goes north into a daylight-filled chamber, from which you can hear a low cawing noise and the sound of something being horribly ripped apart (turn to 385).

52

As you enter, an unexpected event makes you jump in alarm. On the west wall of the chamber is an etched stone face, a hideous and gnarled visage with cruel fangs. Your medallion flares briefly with white light; the closed eyes of the stone face open, and smooth jet-black eyes turn to look at you! This experience makes you feel like getting out fast; fortunately, you can try a door in the east wall of this chamber (turn to 313) or another in the south wall (turn to 121).

53

You make good progress, but eventually it grows dark, and you know there will be no moonlight to guide you, so you must stop and rest. The best shelter you can find is a rock overhang; so you bivouac there, after collecting a few dry twigs and the like to spread around your resting place in order to give you warning of any approaching marauder in the night. Nothing disturbs you, but you manage no more than a fitful doze. Still feeling rather weary, you arise at dawn as the first rays of sunshine stretch across the pale blue, cloudless sky to greet you, and you set off along the trail once more. Turn to 339.

54

Running quickly back towards the south, you reach the turning to your right and head west along it; but you are very tired from running so fast and must deduct 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 349.

55

You are too slow to evade the diving bird; you will have to fight it after all. What's more, the sharp yellow-tipped black talons of the bird tear at your back as you turn and try to run; you lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 127.

56

'I do not know of such a place,' he says sadly, 'but I believe there is some kind of evil shrine to the south-west. Perhaps this is what you seek.' Now you may either ask him about the scroll, if you have it (turn to 302), or take your leave and head off southwards (turn to 250).

57

The Rat Men's room is quite disgustingly dirty and littered with debris; you can see nothing of obvious value or interest lying around here. Nor are there any doors or passages leading from the room, save for the one you entered by. If you wish to make a thorough search of the room, turn to 259. If you prefer to get out now and head back southwards, turn to 303.

58

The stairs continue upwards for some distance, and time passes as you slog on, so you must eat a meal here. You are growing weary from your exertions, and you know that soon you should find somewhere safe to rest and sleep. But you can hardly do this on the stairs! Your footfalls echo gently on the stone steps, and strange whisperings and chitterings flit among the ghostly cobwebs on the mould-streaked walls. You must have a light source to move safely up the stairs (your lantern, or a Magic Sword if you have one).

At last you reach a landing at the top of the stairs. There is a rotten-looking wooden stepladder standing here, covered in mould, and in the ceiling you see a wooden trapdoor. You look around, but there is no other way out, and going back down the stairs is pointless. Gingerly you ascend the ladder. You're going to have to open the trapdoor, so you summon up all your strength and push hard. Roll one die. If the score is 1 or 2, turn to **265**. If the score is 3 or higher, turn to **375**.

59

You enter a gloomy, dirty and rather small room in which two bored Orcs are sitting at a table gnawing at a roast Dwarf joint. They look cruel and mean, and have their swords ready to hand. They attack at once; in the doorway, you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	4
Second ORC	5	6

If you win, turn to **264**.

60

The young man laughs with incredulity. 'Oh yeah? And I'm a goblin's granny!' Before you can react, he nicks your arm with his dagger. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Now you must fight him, so turn to **3**.

61

Alsander looks weary and pale after teaching you his spells. 'I have just enough strength to teleport home,' he whispers. 'Oh, I nearly forgot . . . how to get to the Empire of Illusions. There's a secret door over there,' and he points to the centre of the south wall. 'Go through it and follow the passageway. I must warn you: there are two evil Dark Elves down there, and beyond their lair is a teleport device which will take you to Mordraneth's deepest lair. If you can slay him, the illusions will disappear, and you'll be able to find a way out. Use the magic I have taught you wisely, for you can use each spell but once!' Then he murmurs a few words, and his body shimmers and is gone, teleported back to Pollua.

You make your preparations and set off to confront the Dark Elves. Turn to **281**.

62

You drag yourself up on to the plateau. Crawling across the rock to stay out of the howling wind, you finally reach a brown passage, and at last you can stand up, dust yourself off, and press onwards. Turn to **247**.

63

You race up the stone steps, but Mordraneth is able to attack you with a spell before you can get to him. You see a ball of fire shooting towards you, leaving a thin plume of black smoke hanging in the air. Are you wearing a bronze ring? If you are, turn to **126**. If you aren't, turn to **190**.

64

The incense makes no difference to the swarming rats. Deduct 1 STAMINA point through wasting time retrieving the item while the rat-pack was biting; now you realize your mistake and run away. Turn to 251.

65

Now, you can either search the scattered piles of debris in this room (turn to 343) or leave this place and set off west along the passageway (turn to 97).

66

The cowled figure sprays a volley of blue whirling icy darts from his fingers and they fly through the air at you. Roll one die and add 1 to the total; this number is the number of STAMINA points you lose as these icy, numbing missiles strike you. Now the evil figure whirls a vicious metal-studded black flail to finish you off with. Turn to 321.

67

Do you have a silver feather? If you do, and you want to offer it to him, turn to 83. If you want to offer some other item, turn to 235.

68

You dodge past the statue and race up the stairs. Behind you, you hear no sounds of the statue following you. You breathe a sigh of relief and ascend to the passageway beyond. Turn to 287

69

As you attack, the illusion vanishes! The man, no longer in chains, is clad in dark flowing robes and he wields a heavy ebony mace. You are in combat with a fearsome enemy, a Dark Priest! Turn to 367.

70

You beach your boat – but hardly are you out of the water on to the pebbled shore when an angry giant comes rushing at you from the north. His massive muscles are knotted with rage, and his fists – the size of hams – clutch a massive oaken club. 'You killed Edwina!' he roars, and you realize he must be referring to his pet crab. There is a trail to the west, but the giant is already upon you: you're going to have to fight him. Turn to **240**.

71

The old man is barely conscious and is clearly very weak; his lips are cracked and dry and his skin is ashen. You give him some food and water to revive him; subtract 1 from your Provisions list. Slowly he gains strength and at last is able to speak. He tells you that he is a herbalist who has come to the island seeking rare medicinal herbs. The two Hobgoblins had captured him and were arguing over which of them was to kill him! He thanks you for your help, but says that there is little he can do in return, since

the Hobgoblins ate his food and burned all his herbs. But he would like to help if he can. Will you:

Ask him the way to the Iron Crypts?	Turn to **56**
Ask him about the scroll (if you have it)?	Turn to **302**
Take your leave and retrace your steps towards the south?	Turn to **250**

72

Following the passage east, you ignore a turning to the south which you know only leads back to the goblin room, and you press on eastwards. Turn to **160**

73

You slay the Orcs, then look around their room; save for them and their inferior weapons and the dice and coins on the table, there does not seem to be much here. Will you:

Open the north door?	Turn to **346**
Open the east door?	Turn to **4**
Search the room?	Turn to **137**

74

None of the many keys on the bunch you took from the Troll will fit the door and you just can't open it! Will you now:

Try using the phial of White Oil, if you have it?	Turn to **138**
Give up and try the west door?	Turn to **358**
Give up and go south?	Turn to **283**

75

You enter a well-furnished room with carpets, paintings and fine ornaments, lit by ornate oil-lamps. On a fur-covered bed lies a man who is wearing chain-mail and has a scabbarded sword at his belt; he was obviously sleeping, but your entry has awakened him. Turn to 43.

76

You are now fighting a wily, strong half-Ogre! He advances on you brandishing a heated iron from the brazier, and you will need all your skill to beat him!

HALF-OGRE TORTURER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to 273.

77

The ochre passage has a rocky floor, and the air is dry and warm. You walk along carefully, in order to avoid stubbing your toes on the rocks which are scattered over the ground. You enter a long, narrow ochre chamber. At the far end of it you see a dark tunnel in which flares and gouts of red light flicker from time to time. You head towards this, but you are only half-way across the chamber when you hear a loud crunching sound, as if of moving stone. The walls are moving in to crush you! You see that even if you run flat out, you will be desperately fortunate to make the dark passageway in the distance before you are crushed to death. Will you:

Cast a spell?	Turn to 372
Use an item from your backpack?	Turn to 45
Run as fast as you can and hope?	Turn to 396

78

Before you can complete the casting of your spell, Mordraneth's own spell hits you; a ball of lightning, blue and sparking, fizzes through the air and hammers into your chest. Deduct 4 STAMINA points; also your own spellcasting is ruined; and you cannot use your spell again. Now, assuming you are still alive, you can take either the left-hand set of steps to the balcony (turn to **332**) or the right-hand set of steps up (turn to **63**).

79

As the whirling magical bolus whistles through the air towards you, your silver ring seems to absorb it into itself. The ring, which felt so dead and lifeless, must be able to absorb at least some kinds of magic – and may have just saved your life! Now you race to the top of the steps and you can fight the wizard. Turn to **46**.

80

You cannot fight the rat-pack; there are simply far too many of them. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA, and then you must flee down the sewer. Turn to **251**.

81

Do you have a crowbar? If you do, turn to **49**. If you don't, turn to **233**.

82

Beyond the door is a dark room, with satins and silks draped over a long table. Crossed knives with sharp, serrated blades decorate the walls, together with pinioned skulls. A powerful emanation of evil radiates from here, and you feel the hairs standing up on the nape of your neck; lose 1 LUCK point. You want to get away, so you open the door to the east in the Orc's room; turn to **123**.

83

The Birdman takes the silver feather with a strange, cawing cry of joy and puts it on a silver chain round his neck (cross the silver feather off the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). The Birdman has trouble speaking your language, but eventually you learn much from his stumbling words.

He tells you that an intense magical evil in the Iron Crypts is driving his people out of the mountain; but this feather – a magic which the Birdmen know how to use – will protect them. He says that the 'evil ones' have a prisoner deep within the Iron Crypts, and that there is a half-ogre torturer there also. Lastly, he warns you that there is a vicious predator to the west which has

just taken up residence: a Razorbeak Bird. The Birdman knows that this bird has stolen a magical item from a wizard recently, and that this might be helpful to you, but you'll have to kill the bird to get it – and that won't be easy! Thanking you for your gift, he flies off to join his fellows. Turn to **292**.

84

You are fighting a Stone Golem. It strikes at you with its hard stone fists, and it is not easy to parry or strike successfully with an ordinary sword. When you succeed in hitting your adversary, you must roll one die; on a roll of 1 or 2, your blow is ineffective and does no damage to the Golem.

STONE GOLEM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

If you win, you take the stairs up past the shattered Golem; turn to **287**.

85

You become confused as you travel along. You are lost, increasingly tired, and you must sit down and eat another meal or lose all but 1 STAMINA point. As you lean back against the rough wall for support, a pair of stone claws encircle your arms! You have fallen into the clutches of the Stone Shapeshifter, an ancient and evil rock-being which preys on those who wander in these subterranean realms. Your scream of horror is smothered as a wet stone protuberance wraps around your face, and you are slowly absorbed into the stone wall. Your quest

ends here, for the Stone Shapeshifter's evil patience has been rewarded once again.

86

The strange talking lizard seems friendly, and it wants your help. It tells you that a foul pair of predators, Giant Stormbirds, are in the habit of stealing its eggs. The lizard can't climb up to the birds' nest to drive them away. It wants you to kill the birds for it, and it promises you a reward – a fine rosy-pink pearl! Will you:

Say you've already killed one Stormbird?	Turn to **378**
Agree to help the lizard?	Turn to **256**
Refuse to help?	Turn to **119**

87

As you rush to the attack, the Hobgoblins forget their differences and turn to attack you! You must fight both of them *together*. Roll two dice and add your SKILL score; then roll two dice for each of the Hobgoblins every Attack Round and add their SKILL scores. The combatant with the highest Attack Strength is the one who will get in a successful strike during that Attack Round.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HOBGOBLIN	5	6
Second HOBGOBLIN	6	7

If you win, turn to **135**.

88

After a cursory look around, the Goblin departs. You wait for an hour, then another, then a third . . . but nothing happens. You really should have tried to lure the Goblin out! Now you will have to make your way out of the catacombs and back overland to the main trail leading north, and during this time you must eat *two* meals (make the necessary deduction from your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*). Turn to 53.

89

You win at the gambling game; roll one die: this is the number of Gold Pieces you win from the Orcs. Add your winnings to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*. The Orcs drown their sorrows in more of their foul beer; you take care to drink only a very little! Turn to 254.

90

The lock and hinges on this door are very rusty, and the door looks very solid. Will you:

Try smashing down the door?	Turn to 210
Try using an Ebony Key to open the door?	Turn to 275
Try using the bunch of keys to open the door?	Turn to 74
Try using the phial of White Oil to lubricate the lock and/or hinges of the door?	Turn to 138
Give up and try the west door?	Turn to 358
Give up and head south down the passage?	Turn to 283

91

Although there are valuables here – the carpets and furs – you can hardly carry them around with you. However, there are two other items of value. First, while the warrior's sword is inferior to your own, his chain-mail armour is certainly better than your leather armour! You can put this on (add it to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*), and it will add 1 point of SKILL to your total. This addition *will* grant you a higher SKILL score than your *Initial* level – *unless that Initial level was* 11 *or* 12 (you're so good it won't make any difference!). You also find a crowbar, and you may take this if you wish (if you do, add it to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). You leave this room and try the southern door in the next room; turn to 245.

92

You are now fighting a wily and strong half-Ogre! He advances on you wielding a barbed metal rod mounted on a short wooden pole-arm, and he is no mean opponent!

HALF-OGRE TORTURER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to 44.

93

As you produce the ivory cat statuette, it seems to glow and grow in size. The rats shrink back. It gets bigger and bigger, and the rats begin to flee, squeaking in terror, as a huge spectral cat chases them back down the sewer! You continue your journey without being troubled; turn to **152**.

94

You are in a spell combat with Mordraneth, for you are both casting 'Fire Globe' spells at each other! You must first roll two dice for each of you, then add your respective SKILL scores (Mordraneth's SKILL is 10), to determine who has the higher Attack Strength for this Attack Round. If you have the higher Attack Strength, turn to **222**. If Mordraneth has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **174**.

95

As the skeletal figure approaches, your medallion shines brightly; you take a swing at the figure with your sword – and it disappears into wisps of smoke, struck by your sword and the glittering white light cast by the medallion! But now the medallion grows dim and dull, and you suspect its powers are exhausted. Now, you can either follow the blue passageway (turn to **261**) or the violet passageway (turn to **150**).

96

You look around and pick up the 8 Gold Pieces the Dark Elves had (add this to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*), but beside this you see a better treasure still. Wrapped in large moist broadleaf wrappings are six small flat loaves of sweet wheybread – each one equivalent to a full meal! You may add 6 to your Provisions list on your *Adventure Sheet* for these. The rich smell of spices, the glitter of silks and other treasures do not tempt you, for you cannot carry these items. To the east of the room, you see an archway leading to a small circular

chamber and you approach to look at it. In the centre is a raised podium on which a swirl of rainbow colours eddies and flows . . . the teleport device Alsander told you of! Breathing in deeply, you step into the waves of light, and the room fades from your sight. Where will you arrive? To find out, turn to **229**.

97

The passageway goes on westwards, and then turns south again; once more it is clear that you are treading a well-frequented path. At the end of the passage you observe a wooden door with a handle bearing an ornate door-plaque of bronze and a silvered door-handle. Just before this, there is a side-passage to the east, at the end of which is a small door which has a sign affixed to it: 'DANGER! KEEP OUT!' Do you want to open the southern door at the end of the corridor (turn to **124**) or investigate the east door at the end of the side-passage (turn to **172**)?

98

You can see an obvious and definitely *not* concealed door at the end of the corridor – but you now also find a concealed door in the west wall of the passage, about ten yards away from it. Cautiously you open the secret door and pass along the narrow tunnel beyond. This tunnel is very dark, and you will need a light source to see by. It is dusty and damp, and the air is very stale. The tunnel winds to the west, then southwards, and then turns east again to an apparent dead end; you guess that there must be another secret door at the end of it. You burst through that door, which opens into the west wall of a room beyond. There are two Orcs in this room, sitting at a table and eating a joint of roast Dwarf; with the benefit of surprise, however, you slay one before he can even get up! Turn to **59**, and fight the second Orc there *only*.

99

You search the Orc's room, but find only empty crates and some packing, a bed and a table and a pair of rickety chairs. However, in one crate you do find a 15-foot length of rope, and you may take this if you wish (if you do, add it to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). Looking around, you see that there is only one exit, a door in the north wall, so you open it and move along the passage beyond. After a few yards you find that you can either continue on north (turn to **284**) or investigate a door at the end of a small side-passage to the east (turn to **304**).

100

Before you, in the south passage, stands a skeletal figure armed with a thonged flail! The Skeleton Man advances on you, so you will have to fight him.

SKELETON MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **241**.

101

In the morning, before departing you can ask Alkandi about the Message Scroll, if you have it. If you wish to do this, turn to the paragraph with the same number as that written on the scroll. As you are about to leave, the shaman tells you not to turn north when you get back to the crossroads, for his people have seen dangerous Hobgoblins in that direction. You thank him for his advice (add 1 LUCK point). You take your leave and head north to the crossroads (turn to **181**).

102

You beach your boat and look around. To the west is a trail leading towards the hilly interior of the island, and to the south there is a tall white cliff which bars your way. Appearing out of the wispy mist to the north looms a huge figure – a giant, almost sixteen feet tall, clad in green and his hair a tangle of kelp and shells that he wears for decoration. He is muscular and carries a massive club. 'Hello, human,' he booms. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **240**
Greet him in return?	Turn to **328**
Run away to the west?	Turn to **257**

103

You set off on a fine day, with the cries of seabirds in your ears, and before long you arrive at a crossroads. By the side of the path to the north, there stands a wooden pole with a skull atop it By the southern path, there is a bloodied fistful of bird's feathers on a pointed stick. There is nothing to mark the path which continues westwards. Will you:

Go north?	Turn to **327**
Go west?	Turn to **181**
Go south?	Turn to **128**

104

After a few minutes, you hear the sound of footsteps coming down the passage from beyond the railinged gates. Taking a careful peek, you observe a Goblin who is standing idly by them on the other side! You can either keep still and do nothing (turn to **88**); otherwise you may try making some slight noise while staying out of sight to see what happens (if you do this, turn to **348**).

105

Will you take out a pewter ale tankard (turn to **276**), a pair of bone dice (turn to **41**), or both items if you have both (turn to **276**)?

106

Now the passageway branches. You can continue on eastwards or you can take a side-turning to the north. Daylight gleams faintly from the northern passage, but you can also hear faint rending sounds that are not at all pleasant coming from that direction. If you wish to go east, turn to **253**. If you wish to go north, turn to **155**.

107

You open the door quietly and discover a comfortably appointed room lit with ornate wall-lamps. There are fine carpets, a large cushion, and wall-paintings decorating the room; lying on a fur-covered bed a man wearing a chain-mail vest is sleeping. A sword is scabbarded at his belt. Will you:

Leave him and open the southern door?	Turn to **245**
Kill him?	Turn to **290**
Wake him and try to talk with him?	Turn to **43**

108

The old man looks pitiful and defeated as he sees a fresh tormentor advancing on him – or so he thinks. Gently, you help him up. Do you have a bunch of keys? If you do, turn to 289. If you don't, turn to 369.

109

The snakes lunge forward to attack, and one bites through your leather leggings; the venomous fangs sink into your flesh. Other bites follow, and you fall, dying from the effects of the deadly poison. You have failed in your quest.

110

You have made it to the balcony much faster than the wizard expected, for your 'Speed' spell countered the Spell of 'Slowing' he placed on the steps.

Mordraneth reaches for his sword, but you are very fast and you strike him, causing 2 points of damage. Turn to 46 to finish the fight, and deduct 2 points from Mordraneth's STAMINA score as given in that paragraph!

111

The huge Dragon disappears – another of Mordraneth's illusions! By now, you're hardly aware what is real and what is not – but such a spectacular illusion must surely be close to the lair of the evil wizard himself . . . you cross the chamber and press on, down the violet passage beyond. Turn to 150.

112

You move along the grey passageway, and the air strikes chilly and dank. Horribly, behind you the passageway starts to shrink away to nothing, closing up behind you, and you have to run to avoid being swallowed up by it. You run into a chamber which is the colour of yellowed, leprous bone, and you see tombs and great sepulchres stretching out before you. Steps lead down to crypts with barred doors of bronze and brass The place is bone-numbingly cold, and a low moaning starts to fill the air. Suddenly, before your horrified eyes, a spectral shrouded figure rises up from the cold stone and lunges at you with icy taloned claw-like hands. You will have to fight for your life! This is not an illusion!

SPECTRE SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

Each time the Spectre hits you, you must deduct 1 SKILL point; this loss is *permanent* until you find some magical way of remedying the loss If you win, turn to 189.

113

You feel that you could perhaps knock down the door, but this would require some hefty kicking and you might lose some of your STAMINA. You could also alert guards or monsters around the place. Do you want to try battering down the door (turn to 294), or do you want to return to the main passage and open the door at the end of it (turn to 124)?

114

You stand before a door marked with a black and amber cross. You decide to open it, to see what lies on the other side. Turn to 393.

115

The illusion just disappears at the very moment when you 'kill' it, and you realize what it was. But it was no mere illusion, for it had enough reality about it to harm you! The magic in this place is growing more dangerous . . . You step through the gap at the end of the passage. Turn to 203.

116

You run a good distance westwards to get away from the skeletal figure, but it does not seem to be pursuing you. You breathe a sigh of relief. Turn to 356.

117

Breathing heavily, you push away the body of the evil cleric with your foot; as you do so, a pouch he had at his belt spills out 5 Gold Pieces (add these to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*). As you look around, it dawns upon you how evil this place is; you sense an emanation of evil from the altar, and there are dread wall-paintings showing scenes of unspeakable horror. One in particular captures your attention: a black skull with livid red eyes, floating in the air above a rocky crevasse, gloating over the terrified ghostly forms of spirits of the dead. But there's no shelter to be found outside, so you will have to sleep here. You look around and discover a trapdoor beneath a carpet in front of the altar; you pull the Dark Priest's body over it to stop anything getting in, then settle down to sleep. Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 237. If you are Unlucky, turn to 279.

118

You set off north together and soon reach the giant's cave, which is set into a hillside sloping down to the shoreline. You enter and look around. There's some fine fish stew simmering, and he offers you a HUGE bowl of it! You eat with relish. The giant looks thoughtful and says, 'This is becoming an increasingly evil place. I'm not afraid, for I can look after myself, but you . . . you must be on some kind of quest here.' You nod, but say nothing, determined to give nothing away. 'I don't know if this will help you, but it might mean something,' he says, and he retrieves an old scroll which he had carefully hidden under a large pile of shells and conches. You read it:

> Singing in the wind is the harbinger of death,
> and the Stealer of Souls shall tear terrors from
> the minds of the damned to make his home.

It seems to make little sense to you, nor can you make out all of the date inscribed in one corner. The numbers are smudged, and only three are legible: 3 . . . 5 . . . 0 in that order. But you thank the giant; he tells you you can keep the scroll (add the Message Scroll to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet* and make a note of the date numbers – 350 – too). Soon it begins to rain heavily and you stay in the giant's cave for the night.

The next morning is sunny and clear; the giant wishes you well and gives you some salted fish, enough for three meals (add 3 to your Provisions).

You set off to the west, to seek the trail leading inland; turn to **257**.

119

'You wretched coward, how do you expect to gain glory and respect?', hisses the lizard contemptuously. It pronounces a curse upon you and then disappears. You must lose 1 LUCK point, and flee south in fear! Turn to **54**.

120

A dirty, cluttered room, crudely furnished and with doors leading in several directions, greets your eyes, but you have no time to take in all the details! There are two Goblins here, and they leap up to attack you. In the doorway, you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	6

If you win, turn to **300**.

121

Beyond the door, a torch-lit corridor extends southwards. You move softly along it, until you come to a door at the end. Even from a few yards away, you can hear guttural talk and raucous laughter from within, but you don't recognize the language. Will you:

Head back north?	Turn to 376
Open the door, sword in hand, to fight?	Turn to 25
Open the door, without your sword readied, to try and talk with whatever is inside?	Turn to 209

122

You take the dark tunnel to the west, using your light source to illuminate your way. You step into a high cavern with a vaulted roof; from a ceiling encrusted with stalactites water drips, nourishing thick growths of grey and white fungi which cluster on the floor. You can just make out a passage exiting to the west of where you stand. Do you want to continue on westwards (turn to 51) or try eating one or two of the fungi (turn to 345)?

123

The small room beyond is plainly furnished with chairs and a small table on which you see a decanter of white wine, some cheeses, and a fruit pie. You suddenly feel hungry! If you wish, you may eat a meal from what is on the table (regaining 2 STAMINA points), and you can take the cheese for another meal later (add 1 to your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*). There is a small door in the south wall of this room, and you decide to open this after checking for noise and hearing nothing. Turn to 50.

124

You open the door and walk into a large chamber constructed of bare stone with high walls, lit by torches which burn and spit, giving off blue light and faintly greenish smoke. This smoke is unpleasant, irritating your throat and nostrils. There is a half-open door in the east wall, from behind which a red glow spills into this room. There is another door in the west wall, and this is made of very stout black wood with massively thick iron banding and fittings. In the north-east corner of the room is a fountain with a thin jet of liquid spraying several feet into the air. Will you:

Drink some water from the fountain? Turn to 306
Toss a Gold Piece into the fountain and make a wish? Turn to 177
Open the west door? Turn to 375
Cross to the east door and look round it? Turn to 28

125

Passing along the rainbow passage, you feel an unfamiliar sense of goodness. Another illusion, perhaps? The passage leads into a high-ceilinged chamber filled with rainbow-coloured lights. Inside, there are three semi-transparent human figures, and also three passages which exit on the far side of the chamber: one yellow-green, one azure, and one a deep ochre colour. One of the shimmering figures drifts soundlessly towards you. 'Brave friend, not everything here has been corrupted by the wicked one. He has not overcome all of us. Let me give you a blessing to aid you,' and he stretches out his hands to touch your head. Will you:

Let the figure touch you? Turn to 398
Run to the yellow-green passage? Turn to 307
Run to the azure passage? Turn to 272
Run to the ochre passage? Turn to 77

126

Your magical Ring of Fire Resistance minimizes the damage you take; lose only 1 STAMINA point. But now you are close to the balcony, and you will be able to fight the wizard on equal terms as you move in. Turn to 46.

127

You are in combat with a Giant Stormbird; you must fight it alone, since the sailors are too far away and can't get to aid you through the rain and gale and lashing waves which spill on to the deck.

GIANT STORMBIRD SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you are slain by the Stormbird's slashing talons and cruel beak, your first adventure has ended here! If you win, turn to 167.

128

The trail grows more overgrown as it descends into thick, verdant vegetation: masses of bushes, ferns, vines and trailing roots . . . gaudy insects buzz lazily around in the air. It is very warm and humid, and you use up a lot of energy hacking your way through the undergrowth in overgrown parts of the trail. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.

Suddenly two men just seem to melt out of the bushes beside the trail and stand before you! They are dark-skinned and wear loincloths, and they carry spears. These they point towards you and gesture wildly – you have no idea what it is they're trying to tell you, but their spears are sharp! Will you:

Attack them?	Turn to **310**
Try to greet them in some way?	Turn to **168**
Offer them a Gold Piece?	Turn to **224**

129

You press on south, ignoring a turning to the east which only leads to the Goblins' room. Turn to **268**.

130

The Troll has 2 Gold Pieces in a pouch, and under the pillow of his bed you find another 2 Gold Pieces (add these to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*). On the table, among a jumble of cutlery and earthenware plates, jugs and bottles of brown liquid (which you wisely ignore), you find a bunch of keys. If you wish to take these, add them to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*.

By the time you have finished your search, acrid smoke is beginning to drift under the door in the west wall and a small cloud is beginning to coalesce. Escape to the west is obviously impossible, and you have to get out before you are suffocated by the thick smoke, so you must try the eastern door; turn to **260**.

131

Peering through the grille, you can just make out two slumped human bodies lying on a pile of filthy straw inside a dank, unlit cell. Will you try to open the door and help these people (turn to **18**) or turn back and go south (turn to **227**)?

132

You search through a litter of papers and bric-à-brac which fills the guard's room. There seems to be nothing valuable, but you do find a sheet of vellum covered with ornate, bold handwriting. It reads:

> I need to know by the end of today how the meddling wizard learnt to use magic I did not teach him, here in the Crypts. If he will not talk before the end of day, have the torturer put him to death by fire. Mehrabian will assist, and of course those dark, pointy-eared little fellows will want to watch. I have better things to do with my time.

It is signed, simply, 'M'.

Puzzling over this, you leave through the west door of the dining room. Turn to **17**.

133

The 'Restore Skill' spell allows you to recover lost SKILL points. You may cast this spell at any time except during combats, and you will be able to recover up to 3 lost SKILL points. Return to **188**.

134

Your goodly thought is reflected back upon you; as you utter words of blessing, the air seems almost to thaw slightly, and you hear what sounds like a collective sigh from the souls of the dead which hover here. Regain 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point. Now, you can either take the airy, light exit-passage

(turn to **319**) or the dark-brown, earthy way out (turn to **247**).

135

You head for the cottage, approach the open doorway and peer in. The windows are shuttered and little light penetrates inside – but in the room you can see someone tied to a chair; he tries to raise a hand but cannot sustain the effort, and groans heavily. He is clearly weak and in pain. Will you:

Look more closely round the room?	Turn to **215**
Go in and untie the man?	Turn to **183**
Ignore him and head back south?	Turn to **250**

136

You head north along the passage until you come to an eastward passage. Opposite this is a faintly carved wall-carving of some kind. Will you:

Look closely at the wall-carving?	Turn to **216**
Follow the passage north?	Turn to **184**
Take the passage east?	Turn to **72**
Retrace your steps back south?	Turn to **129**

137

You collect 6 Gold Pieces from the Orcs (add this to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*); if you gambled with them and lost, you can take back the money you lost (and the bone dice as well if you lost those too!). The dice the Orcs had are shoddy, and

their ale and rat-pasties are revolting. You can now either go back to the north (turn to **346**) or open the east door (turn to **4**)

138

You apply the oil to the lock and hinges, so long rusted. Cross the oil off the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. By a little tinkering with the lock you get something to click, and you can now open the door and look inside. The room is very small and dark, and is lined with shelves, almost all of which are empty. However, in a small wooden box on one shelf, you find three blocks of incense which smell sweet and fragrant even though they must have been here for years. You take these, so add them to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. You go back to the main passageway, and now you can try opening the western door (turn to **358**) or you can press on southwards (turn to **283**).

139

It occurs to you that the man's chain-mail armour was surely superior to your own leather armour; sadly, however, your final blow ripped away one side of it so that it is now useless. Cursing your misfortune, you leave the room and open the southern door in the next room; turn to 245.

140

You look for the man's clothes and find a set of ornately decorated wizard's robes on a peg in this room. You hand them to the old man, who gratefully exchanges them for the rags he was kept in.

'Thank you,' says the wizard. 'My name is Alsander.' As you had hoped, the wizard you were sent to rescue! Excitedly, you tell him who sent you, and your purpose here. Alsander listens intently, but then shakes his head sadly. 'Ah, cunning Mordraneth. Of course; he fooled Vanestin into a wild goose chase in Allansia. Now Vanestin and the other wizards won't be able to resist him when he lands in Pollua.' You look at Alsander, puzzled;

what can he mean? The wizard soon enlightens you.

'Mordraneth isn't in Allansia at all. He's here. He is scheming a monstrous evil, deep within the foundation of the Iron Crypts, in his Empire of Illusions, as he calls it. There he is harnessing a dreadful power, one to drive men to madness and death, in order to unleash it on Pollua to bring him still greater power. If he can achieve his goal, none could challenge him.'

This is dire news indeed . . . but an idea is beginning to form at the back of your mind. When first you were asked to rescue Alsander, you regretted losing the opportunity for glory which ridding the world of Mordraneth would bring. You ask Alsander to continue. Turn to 325.

141

You wedge the crowbar between the walls and run. The stout metal holds the walls apart for only a few seconds before it buckles and snaps, but it's just long enough. You make it to the dark tunnel as the walls clash together a few feet behind you. Turn to 296.

142

You leap and bound up the stairs at twice normal speed, totally confounding the wizard who was trying to prepare another spell. Now he reaches for his sword; while he does, you can strike at him, causing him the loss of 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **46** to continue the fight, and don't forget to subtract 2 points from Mordraneth's STAMINA score given there!

143

One of the sailors gives you a small jar of ointment (add this to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). He explains that on the Isle of Despair there may be insects which bite and spread disease, and this will help repel them. He commends you on your bravery and says he hopes his

gift will help you. You thank him, and collect your gear for the adventure to come. Turn to **249**.

144

The shaman looks disappointed, and soon after you are taken to a small, dirty hut where you will sleep. However, you are disturbed by a lizard which scuttles about on the earth floor all night and keeps waking you up; moreover, you can't find it to kill it! Lack of sleep means that you must lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **101**.

145

You can just make out the shape of a slim body which is limed over and encrusted with stalagmites. It will take you a couple of hours to chip away the chalky deposit and find out what lies beneath. If you wish to do this, turn to **266**. If you decide not to bother, but to press onwards, turn to **156**.

146

You search desperately for a way out and at last, behind the wall-hanging, you find a concealed door! You tug it open, and gulp down the cleaner air outside. As you are about to step through, you hear a small voice calling in the air to your left, 'Hey! Don't leave me here! I can be of help.' The smoke swirls around your feet . . . will you go on through the door and up the stairs beyond, shutting the door behind you (turn to **58**), or will you check carefully in that part of the room where you heard the voice (turn to **334**)?

147

Suddenly a brief vision passes before your eyes! In it, you see a door before you, marked with a black and amber cross, and beyond the door is an Orc holding a brass flask. You move forward and slay him – but then into the room steps a fearsome black-robed figure who unleashes a spell at you! Then the vision is gone. Was it a premonition? Or just an illusion? You make a note to be well prepared for combat should you come across such a door! You leave the Orcs' bedroom, enter the guardroom, and open the south door. Turn to 333.

148

You wade in, fighting on the side of one Orc against the other, who is soon killed. You take no damage in the battle. 'Fanks,' says the Orc you helped. 'I allus 'ated 'im – nah I can git me money back worrie stole offa me.' The Orc bends down to take a leather pouch from the body. Will you:

Leave this room and head west along the passage?	Turn to **97**
Attack the single Orc remaining?	Turn to **380**
Talk to the Orc?	Turn to **33**

149

The passageway is very dark, and you must use your light source to see by. Then, suddenly, the light source winks out and you can do nothing to restore it! You are enveloped in darkness, and a numbing chill creeps over you. You hear whispers

around you, and scuttlings and squeaks; then you hear a ghastly sound: the scraping of iron-hard claws on stone – or is it the sound of a meat cleaver being sharpened? It is getting closer, and a guttural chuckling accompanies it. You can feel the fear creeping into your bones, and you shiver. Darkness deeper than any night is sinking into your very marrow. Will you:

Cast a 'Dispel Illusion' spell, if you can?	Turn to 391
Cast a 'Dispel Fear' spell, if you can?	Turn to 200
Flee into the darkness, although you do not know where you are going?	Turn to 382

150

The violet passage soon opens into a large, cratered cavern, littered with rocks and cobwebs; you think you see a single exit in the distance, but it is obscured by a huge rock, several yards across. Then the rock moves – it is no rock at all! Yellow-black, hairy legs seem to spring out in all directions, and a bony black head rears up, showing razor-sharp mandibles. The wings on this mammoth Spider's back buzz and flutter, but it moves towards you on its great, springing legs. You sense that this is an illusion, but one of exceptional strength. Waves of fear radiate from the thing; you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL *temporarily* (during this combat) and lose 2 points of STAMINA due to this fear. If you

can, you have time to cast a 'Dispel Fear' spell, which negates these effects. As the Spider closes in, will you use a 'Dispel Illusion' spell (turn to 371) or fight the monster with your sword (turn to 175)?

151

You drag the entangling strands away from your throat and struggle on, but you have to lose 3 STAMINA points because of the effects of strangulation. Now, at last, you're on the balcony and you can fight the wizard with your sword. Turn to 46.

152

The passageway at the end of the sewer forks. You may follow either the yellow-green one (turn to 307) or one which is filled with rainbow-coloured light (turn to 125).

153

Inside the chest you find a small casket of fragrant sandalwood, inlaid with fine mother-of-pearl. This contains two items, wrapped in silk. One is a bronze ring; you do not know what this does. The other is a tiny platinum amulet with ornate marks etched very finely on it, on a silver filigree chain. You know intuitively that this has some magical power, but

you can't tell what this might be. You can carry, or wear, either or both of these items; if you do, add the Bronze Ring and/or the Platinum Amulet to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. Leaving this room, you go back to the passage, and open the door at the south end of it. Turn to **124**.

154

Before long, the passageway divides; to the north is a low tunnel which clearly opens into a dark chamber, from which a high-pitched squeaking sound, interspersed with a deeper noise almost like a growl, resounds down the tunnel. If you want to investigate the chamber at the end of that tunnel, turn to **385**. Or you can continue westwards; turn to **274**.

155

The daylight grows clearer as you make your way up the passageway towards the tunnel. Now you hear the noise more clearly, it sounds as if something or someone is being ripped limb from limb by some snarling monster. Undeterred, you decide to move in and find out just what's in there! Turn to **385**.

156

You trudge south along the passageway which seems to wind on interminably. Finally, you come to a T-junction, and from here you can head either east (turn to **285**) or west (turn to **356**).

157

Using your lantern, you descend the steeply cut stone steps to the winding limestone passages below. These twist and turn, and you seem to spend hours travelling with only faint sounds of dripping water for company. You must stop to eat a meal during your travels or deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Next, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **388**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **85**.

158

You must now *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **239**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **338**.

159

All you find for your trouble is a large centipede that scuttles out from under a rock and nips you with its poisonous bite. You crush it angrily under your heel, but you suffer the loss of 2 STAMINA points. Turn to 337.

160

The light in the passageway seems to grow a little brighter as you make your way along, and you observe that ahead it turns north. Peering round the bend, you see that the passage opens into a lit chamber. Inside the chamber is a table bearing gold which gleams in the light of an oil lamp fixed to the wall above, and there is a door in the west wall of the chamber. However, you can also hear someone – or something – lumbering about in there, out of sight. If you want to enter the chamber, turn to 225. If you would rather turn back down the passage and then set off towards the west, turn to 255.

161

Unfortunately, although the Orcs seem friendly at first, one of them is a bit less drunk than the others and it eyes you over as you sit sipping the foul ale they have given you. 'I ain't seen 'im befur,' it growls as it gobbles down a rat-pasty. 'I don't fink 'e's wiv our lot.' The other Orcs suddenly look nasty, and reach for their weapons. You must fight them, so turn to 185.

162

You swing the grappling iron up to the ledge and shin up the rope. The wind clutches at your clothes as you crouch, exposed to the elements outside. You try not to look at what the Razorbeak Bird was eating, and you check through the nest. You find a headband of black cotton, with a motif executed in silver thread on it; this depicts a spider with a staff superimposed diagonally across it. You may take this and wear it if you wish; if you do, add the Spider Headband to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. You clamber back down and set off southwards; turn to 42.

163

While the warrior's sword is inferior to your own, his chain-mail armour is definitely superior. (Add this to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*.) When you wear it, it will increase your SKILL score permanently by 1 point; this *does* allow you to exceed your *Initial* SKILL score, *unless* that was originally 11 or 12.

Pleased with your superior armour, and flushed with the success of the combat, you leave this room and open the south door in the adjoining room; turn to 245.

164

As you attempt to open the chest, a scything blade swings up from a crack in the stone floor and cuts deeply into your flesh. So severe is the wound that you must lose 1 point from your SKILL and 6 points from your STAMINA. If the injury is not enough to kill you, you give a scream of agony and pass out from pain and shock. When you come round, you can try again to open the chest (turn to **246**) or go back to the main passage and open the door at the southern end of it (turn to **124**).

165

You take just a sip of the liquid – and spit out rancid vinegar. A loud laugh echoes down the corridor. 'Oh, you poor fool! Don't you recognize an Archmage when you meet one? I'm going to have fun watching your slow death. I couldn't let you die that easily!' and the voice subsides into mocking laughter. You can see no-one but you know this is Mordraneth. You are filled with hatred for your tormentor, and you get up and struggle onwards; turn to **387**.

166

The Fire Globe surrounds you in burning flame and suffocating smoke! Suffer the loss of 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you race onwards, and make it to the balcony where Mordraneth stands. Turn to **110**.

167

Did you turn your back and try to flee before fighting the Stormbird? If you did, turn to **347**. If you made no attempt to run away, turn to **223**.

168

You advance with palms outstretched. The men realize you aren't hostile, so they lower their spears – a little! They guide you along the path and after an hour or so they usher you into their village. Turn to **208**.

169

You are fighting a Skeletal Warrior, who swings at you with great strength; his massive two-handed sword glints as it sweeps through the air in an arc towards you. May the gods grant you good luck in this dangerous combat!

SKELETAL WARRIOR SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **236**.

170

As the beetle-thing lunges at you, your medallion shines with pure white light, a beam of which hits the illusion, dispersing it into nothingness. You see the gap in the wall at the end of the passage, and decide to make for it. You are unnerved, and the shock of seeing the gruesomely convincing illusion has cost you 1 point of STAMINA, but you'll be less shockable in future . . . turn to **203**.

171

You cannot open this door by any means available to you. Frustrated, you set off in an easterly direction. Turn to **114**.

172

You try to open the eastern door, but it is locked. Do you have an Ebony Key? If you do, turn to **201**. If you don't, turn to **113**.

173

The snakes lunge forward to attack, and you feel a pair of fangs sink through your leather leggings into your flesh, then another bite . . . you hack at the reptiles with your sword, but it is useless, there are so many of them. You collapse from the venom, and death is near. You have failed in your quest.

174

Are you wearing a bronze ring? If you are, turn to **297**. If you are not, turn to **30**.

175

Are you wearing a headband? If you are, turn to **198**. If you aren't, turn to **394**.

176

The 'Luck' spell allows you to recover lost LUCK points. You can cast this spell at any time except during a combat, and you will be able to recover up to 3 lost LUCK points. Return to **188**.

177

As you think about making your wish, you notice that bubbles are forming on the surface of the Gold Piece. The liquid isn't water, it is acid! You move away from the fountain, and now you can either open the west door (turn to **373**) or look round the east door (turn to **28**).

178

As you prise the brick away, you reveal a small cavity behind it within which is a small, black, wooden box with clasps of brass. Will you:

Open the box? Turn to 374
Go back to the southern passage and open the door at the end of it? Turn to 227
Go back to the southern passage and look for the secret door the man mentioned? Turn to 98

179

You leap aside just as a spear hurtles past you, triggered by a trap linked to the door. The spear impales itself in the door opposite you; moments later, you hear sounds to the north, so you decide to set off southwards! Turn to 283.

180

'Vat's not very friendly,' growls a half-drunk Orc. His companions agree, but they are enjoying their beer and seem unsure whether to be aggressive or to get on with their drinking. Roll one die; on a roll of 1–3, the Orcs do get nasty and you will have to fight them, so turn to 185. On a roll of 4–6, the Orcs carry on drinking and accept your company after all; turn to 254.

181

Having reached the crossroads on the trail, you set off west along the unmarked path. You are heading into undulating low foothills, and your legs grow tired as you march. There are craggy peaks to the north, and the trail turns north-west towards them. It is late afternoon when you begin to grow hungry, and you must stop and eat a meal. The rays of the setting sun bathe the countryside in a warm glow and reflect back from some kind of small building, made of grey rock, to the west. You could reach it in an hour. You can either make for the building (turn to 379) or continue on the trail (turn to 53).

182

You soon find the giant's cave which is set into a hillside. A quick but careful check reveals that no other creature is here, but you can smell fish stew! You enter. There is enough fish stew for two meals (you can eat one or both of them here, but you cannot carry stew with you). After you have eaten, rested and recovered STAMINA points, do you want to return westwards to the trail (turn to 257) or search the cave (turn to 301)?

183

You stride in – triggering a tripwire trap: a weight strung from the ceiling falls and hits you hard across the shoulders; deduct 4 STAMINA points. 'Tried . . . to warn . . .' gasps the man, and slumps back in the chair. Groaning from the pain of bruised muscles, you untie him; turn to 71.

184

The passageway ends at a door facing you. Even from outside, you can detect a rather unpleasant, foetid smell. You hear a faint scratching and scrabbling coming from behind the door. You can either open the door and see what lies beyond it (turn to 6) or retrace your steps back south (turn to 303).

185

In this room, you must fight the Orcs two at a time until you have killed two and only one remains for you to finish off. Roll two dice for yourself and for *both* your opponents; add relevant SKILL scores; the combatant with the highest Attack Strength is the one who will land an effective blow during that Attack Round. Fortunately, the Orcs are somewhat drunk, so their SKILL scores are lower than usual.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	4	5
Second ORC	4	4
Third ORC	4	5

If you win, turn to 73.

186

The Birdman flies away before you can reach him. Outside, however, you see him glide down and make cawing calls and whoops; and other Birdmen are gathering, joining him . . . you'd better not hang around! Turn to 292.

187

Such a hard fight, and an adversary who used magic against you! Could it be . . . ? Surely not. Although you were told that only Mordraneth's own spells would work in the Iron Crypts, this must have been a minion instructed by Mordraneth. And your job is to find Alsander in any event . . . Will you:

Search the bodies?	Turn to 353
Try the east door in the Orc's room?	Turn to 123
Look through the south door the Dark Priest entered by?	Turn to 82

188

You may choose *three* spells only from the list below. To help you make a wise choice, you may wish to read all the spell descriptions. After being told about a spell, you will be sent back to this paragraph. When you have decided which three spells to learn, make a note of them, and the effects they have and when they can be used. Unless otherwise stated, each spell may be used only once. Then, turn to 61.

The spells you may choose from are:

'Dispel Fear'	Turn to 2
'Dispel Illusion'	Turn to 295
'Fire Globe'	Turn to 16
'Healing'	Turn to 336
'Luck' spell	Turn to 176
'Restore Skill'	Turn to 133
'Speed'	Turn to 213

189

Fearing further horrors like the Spectre, you look around in desperation. At the end of the huge hall of cold stone tombs you can make out three passageways and you must follow one. Will you take:

The green passage?	Turn to 395
The rainbow-coloured passage?	Turn to 125
The yellow-green passage?	Turn to 307

190

Mordraneth laughs as the Fire Globe smashes into you, causing you the loss of 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you keep on up the stairs to challenge his foul sorcery with your trusty sword, and you reach the balcony on which he stands! Turn to 46.

191

Ahead, you catch a glimpse of a wooden cottage nestling among some trees – but you are also sure you can hear the sound of clashing metal! As you stand and watch, two Hobgoblins appear from behind the cottage. They're fighting each other! Will you:

Leave them to it and retrace your steps back south?	Turn to **250**
Move in and attack them?	Turn to **87**
Stay where you are and try to keep out of sight?	Turn to **311**

192

In your sleep you have a peculiar dream, which you recall vividly when you wake up. In the dream you are standing before a stone statue of a man; as you look at it, wisps of smoke pour from its mouth and form a skeletal shape which strikes at you with yellowed claws. But a pure white light shines from the medallion around your neck, and you realize the thing is merely an illusion. One blow from your sword destroys it and it is but a harmless small cloud of smoke. You know this is a good omen; regain 1

LUCK point. When you set off again the next morning, you can either head east to the trail and then set off north-west again (turn to **339**) or open the trapdoor and see what is below (turn to **157**).

193

You retrace your steps towards the east, ignoring the way back – there's no escape in that direction, so you press on further east. Turn to **285**.

194

As you make your way back down the corridor, thick black smoke swirls towards you, and you smell the choking, reeking fumes. You rush back into the Troll's room and slam the door shut to keep the smoke out. Now, you can either search the room (turn to **130**) or open the eastern door (turn to **260**).

195

A spear hurtles out from the trap within, and you suffer a grazing cut. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. The noise of the spring firing the spear, and the sound it makes as it strikes the door opposite, are loud, and you think you can hear noises coming from the north, so you head off south smartly! Turn to **283**.

196

'Oh, right, Urzak sent you. Well, your instructions are simple. The prisoner is being troublesome and the Master wants the information out of him – how he's learnt to use magic down here without being taught by the Master himself. Get him to talk today and, if he won't, kill him off, very nastily indeed if at all possible. You know the way.' You realize he has taken you for a torturer come to deal with a prisoner! Will you:

Attack the young man?	Turn to **3**
Open the west door of the dining room and leave?	Turn to **17**
Say you don't know the way, and ask for directions?	Turn to **320**

197

You follow the red passage, and the air soon begins to grow hot. You are sweating, and even if you try to turn back, you remain in this wretched place; there seems to be no way of escape. You enter a long red chamber, and in the distance you see an orange passage. It is becoming very hot indeed, and you are beginning to feel faint. Do you have a Bronze Ring? If you do, turn to **263**. If you don't, turn to **32**.

198

As the Spider approaches you, a Staff of Light appears in the air before it, connected by a thin luminous thread to your headband. The Spider shrinks back; the Staff whirls into a vortex of light and surrounds the Spider, dissolving it into a pall of reeking black smoke. Turn to **269**.

199

You successfully cast your 'Speed' spell; but just as you finish doing this, Mordraneth's spell hits you; a ball of lightning crackles and spins through the air and strikes you. Deduct 4 STAMINA points. But at least you're running very fast now and Mordraneth won't be able to hit you so easily when you get into a swordfight! Will you take the left-hand set of steps up to the balcony (turn to **384**) or the right-hand set (turn to **142**)?

200

Your nerves are steadied after you have cast the 'Dispel Fear' spell, and the whisperings and faint cries do not affect you. You step forward, taking care to test your steps, and soon you see faint patches of coloured light which are passageway entrances. You can follow either the brown passage (turn to **362**) or the grey passage (turn to **112**).

201

The Ebony Key slips silently into the keyhole, and the door opens slightly. Beyond, there is nothing but pitch-darkness, and you must have a light source to see by. You can either enter the room (turn to **392**) or return to the main passage and open the door at the end of it (turn to **124**).

202

The southernmost door in this room flies open, and a cowled figure stands framed in the doorway. A livid blue scar bisects the left side of his expressionless face, and he waves his thin, almost skeletal, long-nailed fingers as he chants a spell.

You rush him with your sword. Roll two dice and add 1 to the number rolled; if the total is less than or equal to your current SKILL score, turn to **11**. If the dice-roll total is greater than your current SKILL score, turn to **66**.

203

As you step through, the 'wall' behind you reforms! You do not like the idea of trying to return that way; looking around you, you see you are in a passageway along which you can travel west (turn to **314**) or east and then north (turn to **7**).

204

You open the flask – which is tightly sealed – and a sweet, wholesome herbal aroma fills the air. This is a concentrated Potion of Healing and the flask contains two doses, each of which will restore 4 lost STAMINA points when drunk. You may drink from this flask at any time, except during combats. Add this to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*, but don't forget to make a note of the fact when you drink a dose from it!

Now, you must roll one die. If the roll is 1–2, turn to **100**. If the result is 3–6, turn to **156**.

205

Beyond the door, a passageway stretches out before you, ending at a T-junction. From here you can go either south (turn to **268**) or north (turn to **136**).

206

You reach the rock face and begin to climb up. It's a tricky, slippery surface, and you curse at the mosses which make it so hard to get good hand- and footholds. Roll two dice and check the total against your SKILL. If the total of the two dice is less than or equal to your SKILL, you make it to the nest; turn to **368**. If the dice-roll is greater than your SKILL, you fail in your attempt to climb and fall back. Deduct 2 STAMINA points caused by the fall. If you fall, you can attempt to climb again but each time you try you have to roll two dice and compare the total rolled against your SKILL, as before. If you want to abandon your mountaineering attempt and return south, turn to **119**.

207

You are fighting a Skull Crab, and you find it isn't easy trying to swing a sword while standing upright in a rowing-boat! You must subtract 2 *temporarily* from your SKILL score. (You do not have to change the SKILL score on your *Adventure Sheet*; this instruction applies only to this combat.)

SKULL CRAB	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you manage to kill the Skull Crab, you pick up the oars again and row safely to shore. Turn to **70**.

208

There are some thirty or so warriors in the village, with womenfolk and shy children who point and stare at you. You begin to feel uncomfortable – but then a richly dressed Native, bearing a ceremonial staff decorated with silver filigree and magnificent plumes, appears from the grandest of the mud-and-wattle huts and approaches you. Haltingly, he speaks in a language you can understand. 'I am Alkandi, High Shaman of the Kiaraboos, and we see you come in peace. You are not one of the Evil Ones. We welcome you with hospitality.' He takes you into his hut, and soon a fine meal is laid before you (restoring 3 points of lost STAMINA).

After you have eaten, the shaman looks at you a little craftily. 'Perhaps some trade between us would bond our friendship,' he says. If you have any Treasure and are willing to trade at least a little, turn to **329**. If you have no Treasure or are unwilling even to consider trade, turn to **258**.

209

You enter a room to find three Orcs sitting round a table, drinking and gambling. There is a door in the east wall of this room. As you enter, one Orc projects a well-aimed gob into a spittoon not far from

your feet, looks up, and says blearily to you, 'Wozzis? Wanna drink?' Obviously they are not openly hostile, but they do have swords at their sides and there are three of them. You can either attack them (turn to **185**) or sit down at their table for a drink (turn to **359**).

210

You try kicking the door down, but it is stuck fast. You also make a lot of noise doing this, and you hear footfalls to the north, coming fast towards you . . . so you set off south. Turn to **283**.

211

Inside the foul and filthy-smelling cell, you find that one of the prisoners is already dead. The other, a human, groans, barely conscious; he is clearly very sick. You can try offering him food and water to help revive his strength (turn to **242**), or you can leave him in this wretched place and head back into the main passage and go to the south (turn to **227**).

212

He looks at you meaningfully, twirling his dagger handle in the palm of his hand. Leaving without saying *something* is impossible, because the young man is looking very distrustful and ready to attack, and that dagger could fly at your back. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **3**
Say the people upstairs sent you?	Turn to **196**
Say you're a tradesman?	Turn to **60**

213

The 'Speed' spell allows you to run very fast, and also to dodge and weave, avoiding the blows of opponents in swordfights. If you are in a combat, you may cast this spell only at the *start* of it, not once it is in progress. The spell will last only long enough to affect *one* combat. However, during this combat you may deduct 2 from your opponent's SKILL score, because you are so hard to hit! Return to **188**.

214

As soon as you attack the Dragon, it disappears! Loud laughter resounds through the huge cavern. 'Well, you're brave, I'll give you that – although you are a fool. I think it's nearly time we met in person, don't you? Enough of these illusions and tricks; *your* soul will give me excellent material to work with. Come along, my puny young fool, along the passage now!'

Mordraneth! Your heart leaps to your throat as you realize the final great combat cannot be far away – or is this yet another lie, another illusion? You can but press on – along the violet passageway at the end of the cavern. Turn to **150**.

215

You look carefully around and make out a tripwire, a couple of inches above the floor, in the doorway. Gingerly, you step over it, and as you look up you see the heavy weight that would have fallen on you had you triggered the trap. Now you can untie the old man. Turn to **71**.

216

The carved and scratched marks on the smooth wall depict a horrible scene: a man in black robes stands over the body of an Elf, and his outstretched hands seem to be conjuring something from the head and heart of the body. At first this looks vague, almost a smoky cloud; but as you look more closely you begin to see the outline of a venomous spider with wings taking shape in the cloud. Fully formed, the spider strikes fear into your heart; somehow you know that this is a dreadful enemy! Deduct 1 point from your LUCK. Now, will you:

Take the north passage?	Turn to **184**
Take the east passage?	Turn to **72**
Take the south passage?	Turn to **129**

217

You lose money to the Orcs – roll one die: this is the number of Gold Pieces you lose. If you lose more than you had to start with, the Orcs take your bone dice as well! They drink heartily to celebrate their good fortune; you can either stay with them as they drink (if you do this, turn to **254**) or you can slip out through the door in the east wall (turn to **4**).

218

Just a little way past the southern twist in the passageway, you can see two doors next to each other, one on each side of the wall, to the east and the west. Will you:

Open the east door?	Turn to **90**
Open the west door?	Turn to **358**
Ignore the doors and carry on south?	Turn to **283**

219

Roll one die. If the roll is 1–3, turn to **107**. If the roll is 4–6, turn to **75**.

220

You sit down at a table with Mehrabian, the half-Ogre; and he pours out a bowlful of rancid, greasy, grey-green liquid in which blobs of a yellow fatty substance float. You wisely decline his offer of a bowl for yourself. He rubs his hands and greets you. 'So, you're the expert torturer, eh? Well, the ole buzzard 'asn't said nuffin', but I 'aven't 'urt 'im too much yet; just a few burns an' such, nuffin' broken. 'Course, I obeyed the Master's command to keep 'is 'ands chained up all the time, to stop 'im usin' 'is magic and suchlike.'

Mehrabian adds a few comments concerning the torture techniques he hopes you'll demonstrate; then he gets up and jingles a bunch of keys he carries on a leather thong at his belt. 'Less go gerrim,' he says, and moves over to a small barred door, hidden in shadow in the north-east corner of the room. You can either attack the half-Ogre (turn to **92**) or wait for him to come back with his prisoner (turn to **383**).

221

The snakes vanish! You can cross the chamber safely and take either the azure passage (turn to **272**) or the ochre passage (turn to **77**).

222

Your Fire Globe smashes into Mordraneth, for an instant engulfing him in red and yellow flame and a pall of smoke, before he finishes casting his own spell. (Make a note that, when you fight him hand to hand, you should deduct 6 STAMINA points from Mordraneth's total, because of the damage this spell has done to him.) You run flat out up the right-hand set of steps as Mordraneth prepares another spell, and you can almost get to him, but not quite yet . . . turn to **351**.

223

Captain Garaeth and his men congratulate you on your bravery. You may take Provisions from the ship's galley in order to recover any STAMINA points you may have lost in your combat with the Stormbird 'Well done,' Garaeth says, 'but this encounter troubles me. It is very rare to see such a bird in these latitudes Perhaps someone already knows of your coming and has attracted such a creature by magic.' This is not a good thought on which to settle down to sleep; but you get a good night's rest, and in the early morning you feel refreshed and ready to set out for the Isle of Despair. Turn to 143.

224

You give the Natives 1 Gold Piece (subtract this from your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*). They smile, pat you on the shoulder, and offer you water from a flask that one of them is carrying. This refreshes you; you regain 2 STAMINA points. Smiling and gesturing, they lead you to their village. Turn to 208.

225

You enter the lamp-lit chamber. Unfortunately, you bump right into the occupant, who was about to set off to bully a few Goblins! You gaze in open-mouthed surprise at each other for a moment, and then you take a swing with your sword as the quick-witted, ugly dark brute of an Ogre sets about you with his club.

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 20.

226

As the Troll falls under the weight of your killing blow, he snarls wordlessly at you then croaks, 'You can't get through . . . won't know pass . . .' then he shudders convulsively and lies still.

You look into the room beyond. The Troll's bed, with a table and chair, stands by the south wall, and a massive door of thick black wood banded with iron can be seen in the middle of the east wall. On the north wall there is a plain black cotton wall-hanging which is discoloured by a small growth of green mould at the top. On a second table in the middle of the room are some cluttered items which you'll have to approach if you want to investigate them. Will you:

Head back west?	Turn to 194
Search the room?	Turn to 130
Open the east door?	Turn to 260

227

You soon arrive at a door barring your way at the end of this southern passage. You hear no sound beyond, and the door opens easily, revealing light beyond. With sword drawn, you move cautiously through; turn to 59.

228

At the end of the passage is a closed door, the wood of which has many deep marks and cuts from which frayed wooden splinters hang. From outside, you can hear angry cries and the sound of clashing metal on the other side of the door. Do you want to push the door open and investigate the fight inside (turn to 262) or turn back and head west along the passage (turn to 97)?

229

You find yourself in a circular chamber, from which three passages lead off into the distance. The walls seem to shimmer and shift, as if they were only half-real or as if a heat haze were wavering in the air. The floor feels solid to your feet, but it looks just as half-real as everything else. You must surely now be

in the Empire of Illusions, for even the passages seem to shift location, and you have no idea where north and south, east and west lie. Each passage is also of a different colour, unlike this simple, bare, grey chamber. Will you take:

The red passage?	Turn to 197
The yellow passage?	Turn to 362
The black passage?	Turn to 149

230

The Skeletal Illusion advances to strike you down You must fight it!

SKELETAL ILLUSION SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 381

231

Your Ring of Fire Resistance ensures that you suffer little damage from the spell; deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Now you race up to the balcony! Turn to 110.

232

The feather is of no use against the swarming biting rats. Lose 1 STAMINA point because you have been bitten while wasting time retrieving the feather. You realize your blunder and run away; turn to 251.

233

There is nothing you can do to open this chest. Frustrated, you stride out of the room and make your way to the door at the south end of the main passage, and open it. Turn to 124.

234

The blocks of incense will fit into this burner which you may carry with you; except during a combat, you can burn a block at any time (remembering to subtract a block from the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet* when you do this). Each block of incense is a magical block of Incense of Blessing and, when you burn it and inhale the fumes, you will regain 3 STAMINA points. Turn to 305.

235

The Birdman shakes his head sadly; your gift is no use to him. Turn to 322.

236

After your triumph over the Skeletal Warrior, you take a quick look around. The chamber is very bare, lacking anything of interest, so you take the steps down. These steps twist and turn as they descend, but there are burning wall-bracketed torches to light your way. At last, you emerge at an archway cut into the wall of a chamber; you think that this is the north wall, but you cannot be certain. Pausing, you hear no sound, so you step into the room. Turn to 52.

237

Do you have a silver medallion? If you do, turn to 192. If you don't, turn to 9.

238

You trudge on; the light begins to fail. Not far away, you make out a small cave in the hills to the west of the path. It's too dangerous to sleep out in the open, so you approach the cave carefully and move in. It looks empty, so you light your lantern and peer into the gloom. The floor is littered with rocks, but not too wet. Do you want to settle down to sleep immediately (turn to 337) or check under the rocks on the floor first (turn to 159)?

239

You are awakened by the Sprite rummaging through your backpack! Angrily you grab him and put a stop to his thievery. He whimpers and begs you to spare his life; he even offers you magic if you will let him go. Do you want to break the little pest's neck (turn to 278) or tell him that you might spare his life after all (turn to 39)?

240

You are now fighting a huge, angry Sea Giant, and you're in big trouble!

SEA GIANT SKILL 10 STAMINA 17

If you win, you can go west along the trail (turn to 257) or north, in the direction the giant came from (turn to 182).

241

As your final lunge destroys the Skeleton Man, its bones fall in a heap to the ground. From the skull a plume of black smoke arises, taking the shape of a grinning vaporous rat! Red glowing eyes form and glare balefully at you. Then the smoke-wraith floats down to the floor and passes right through it! Unnerved by this, you pause to compose yourself then continue south. Turn to **156**.

242

You give the man some food and water (deduct **1** from your Provisions total) and he seems to revive briefly. He is still very ill, but at least your kind act makes him more comfortable, and he whispers a few words: 'Orcs . . . guards . . . south. You could surprise them . . . secret door in west before their door . . . but later, beyond, evil . . .' and then he is too weak to say more. He coughs horribly, and his last act is to point at a part of the wall behind him before, with a final gasp, he expires. You remain a few seconds in deep thought over the corpse.

Looking at the wall where he pointed, you observe one slightly loosened brick which is out of reach of the chained prisoners. Will you:

Investigate the loose brick?	Turn to **178**
Go back to the southern passage and investigate the door at the end of it?	Turn to **227**
Go back to the southern passage and look for the secret door the man mentioned?	Turn to **98**

243

Too late, you realize that the Troll must have meant a pass*word* when he spoke his last few words . . . the way through the eastern door must be blocked by magic – and you can't get through it! Worse, smoke is now billowing into the room, and as you look into the cloud of smoke you can see that the acid fumes are already eating away the body of the Troll! If that is what the smoke can do to a Troll, imagine what it will do to you! Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **146**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **271**.

244

Since you and Mordraneth are both spellcasting, you must first roll two dice for each of you, then add your respective SKILL scores (Mordraneth's SKILL score is 10), to determine the Attack Strength for both of you. Re-roll any tied scores. If you have the higher Attack Strength during this Attack Round, turn to **199**. If Mordraneth has the higher Attack Strength, turn to **78**.

245

You follow the passageway beyond the door until you come to another door. This is slightly ajar, and you peer round it into the room beyond. An oaken table stands in the middle of the room, with a large tablecloth covering it; on the table you see silver cutlery, fine porcelain and cut crystal, and bread, meats and fruit laid out ready to eat! There is no sign of anyone in the room, so you enter. You see that there are two other doors in the room, one in the east and one in the west wall. Will you:

Sit down and eat some food?	Turn to **324**
Open the east door?	Turn to **248**
Open the west door?	Turn to **17**

246

You cannot easily open the locked chest without a special item to help you. Do you have an Ebony Key? If you do, turn to **355**. If you don't, turn to **81**.

247

You follow the twisting, turning passageway until it ends at a door. You force the door open and enter a square plain stone chamber, which has the statue of a man on one wall and two passages opposite; one is blue, one violet. As you step in, wisps of smoke pour from the mouth of the stone statue and form a yellow skeletal figure which glides across the floor and extends its hooked, clawed talons to rip at your throat! Will you:

Fight the Skeletal Illusion?	Turn to **397**
Run for the blue passage?	Turn to **361**
Run for the violet passage?	Turn to **31**

248

You open the door into an untidy room with plain furnishings, where you see a young red-haired man sitting at a desk. As you enter, he leans back and twirls a dagger in the palm of his hand. 'You might have knocked,' he says reproachfully, fiddling with a cuff-button on his maroon jerkin. He's not making any hostile moves, but clearly he expects a reply! Will you:

Attack the young man?	Turn to 3
Say the people upstairs sent you?	Turn to 196
Say you're a tradesman?	Turn to 60

249

On this foggy morning, you make out the Isle of Despair, a short distance away to starboard. Captain Garaeth explains that there is no natural harbour here, and you must make your own way from now on. The crew lower a rowing-boat into the water and, taking all your equipment and Provisions, you lower yourself into the boat and row for the shore, as the *Petrel* glides slowly away into the gloom.

You are nearly ashore when a huge pair of grey pincers, trailing green and purple strands of seaweed, rise from the shallow water and snap at your oar! The streaked grey shell, beady eyes and hooked jaws of a giant Skull Crab emerge after them! Will you:

Fight the creature?	Turn to **207**
Throw some food at it?	Turn to **270**
Try to row to shore quickly and get away?	Turn to **22**

250

You make your way back to the crossroads. Now you can either turn west along an unmarked trail or go south past the bloodied feathers on a pointed stick, set into the ground. If you go west, turn to **181**. If you go south, turn to **128**.

251

You run frantically, with the rats chasing after you and nipping at your heels. Lose 2 points from your STAMINA through their bites. Turn to **152**.

252

The magical bolus wraps itself around your neck, strangling you! Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **151**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **308**.

253

You head on towards the east, and eventually you come to a turning to the south; but only a few yards

down it there is a wall of thick, acidic smoke which is too choking for you to pass through. You continue on to the east, then the passageway turns northwards. Beyond is daylight, and you can see a chamber at the end of the tunnel, strewn with rocks and branches. You cannot see anything hostile from where you stand, so you enter. Turn to **354**.

254

After a short while, all the Orcs fall into a drunken stupor; they are clearly going to be unconscious for some time. Do you want to:

Search the room?	Turn to **137**
Open the north door?	Turn to **346**
Open the east door?	Turn to **4**

255

The passageway winds along, and eventually you come to a T-junction; on the wall facing you is a wall-carving which is rather indistinct. Do you want to:

Stop and look carefully at the carving?	Turn to **216**
Take the north passage?	Turn to **184**
Take the south passage?	Turn to **129**

256

'The nest is just up there, to the north-east,' says the lizard; and indeed you can just make it out, on top of a rocky outcrop. There doesn't seem to be anyone at home, either! Perhaps you can climb up and ambush the birds as they return . . . so you set off for the nest. Turn to **206**.

257

You set off west along the trail. Misty drizzle begins to fall, and you feel wet, uncomfortable and miserable. At mid-day you must stop and eat a meal; as you take out some food, you find that the damp has seeped through your backpack and some of your food is spoiled. Reduce your Provisions by 2. Turn to **38**.

258

Did you offer a Gold Piece to the Natives you met first? If you did not, turn to **144**. If you did, the shaman regretfully accepts that you have no Treasure left, and says, 'It was generous of you to give my men what you did. In token of this, *I* will give *you* a gift in return.' He has a servant bring him a small silver box which he opens; from inside, he takes out and flourishes an Ebony Key which he gives you (add this to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). 'This was taken from a place below the mountains; it may unlock the way to treasures for you,' he says.

You thank him for his gift, and you sleep well in the small hut he provides for you. Turn to **101**.

259

It takes you some time to search through the muck and clutter, and you are weakened by the foul atmosphere. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. However, your search is rewarded. You find 2 Gold Pieces the Rat Men had hidden (add these to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*) and also a backpack – taken, no doubt, from some adventurer fallen victim to the Rat Men. Inside it, you find a grappling iron attached to a rotten, useless length of rope which you discard, and a blue silk glove in perfect condition! On the palm you notice an embroidered motif of two intertwined snakes coiled round a staff bearing runes. The glove fits your left hand perfectly, so you slip it on. Recover 1 LUCK point! Add both these items to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. You set off back south; turn to **303**.

260

The door won't open! You try forcing it and using the bunch of keys the Troll had, but all efforts are useless. Do you have an Ebony Key, *and* will you use it to try and open this door? If you have the key and want to use it here, turn to **19**. If you don't have it, or would rather not use it, turn to **243**.

261

The blue passage leads down, becoming a steeper and steeper decline. It opens into a huge trapezoidal chamber with a passageway exit in the far distance – and in this chamber sits a vast Blue Dragon! It lifts its head towards you, and lightning crackles in its throat. This is a truly terrifying enemy, and one you hardly expected to see here. It *must* be an illusion, surely . . . ? Will you:

Attack the Dragon with your sword?	Turn to **214**
Cast a 'Dispel Illusion' spell (if you can)?	Turn to **111**
Run back down the passage?	Turn to **341**

262

You open the door and look into a chaotic shambles of a room; crude wooden furniture has been tipped over and smashed jugs and torn papers lie about the place. Two Orcs are fighting each other with swords; each calls out to you for help against the other. Will you:

Leave them to it and head west along the passage?	Turn to **97**
Help one Orc against the other?	Turn to **148**
Fight both Orcs?	Turn to **363**

263

You slip on the Bronze Ring, if you're not already wearing it; while it still seems fairly hot, you're not damaged by the heat. You realize the ring is a magical Ring of Fire Resistance, and you get safely to the orange passage where the heat is less intense. Turn to **362**.

264

The Orcs have nothing but 1 Gold Piece which one carries in a pouch (take this and add it to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*). Their dirty, lice-ridden chamber smells awful, and you leave in haste; you can either open the easterly door here (turn to **315**) or the door to the south (turn to **333**)

265

You push open the trapdoor and haul yourself up into a room above. But as you do so, you miss a handhold and, while you get up safely, you make rather a lot of noise doing it.

A light flares in the room as a lamp is lit, and you hear the scrape of metal on stone; an Orc comes snarling towards you, picking up his sword from the floor beside his bed. You get to your feet just in time to fight him on equal terms.

ORC	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **99**.

266

After much determined and careful chipping, a skeletal shape begins to reveal itself. You see the glint of metal . . . you must now stop and eat a meal during a break from your work – or deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Eventually, you uncover most of a slim skeleton – an Elf, perhaps. You can make out the rotted remains of a backpack and a useless, rusted sword, and also a slender flask of white metal. If you decide to investigate the flask, turn to **204**. If you want to leave it unopened, turn to **156**.

267

Opening the door, you see a storeroom, full of clutter: half-rotted ropes, a pile of sacking, old wooden staves, and the like. There is also a pile of human-sized skulls on a wooden table in the centre of the room; there might be something hidden in that pile. Will you:

Search through the pile of skulls?	Turn to 24
Return to the goblin room and open the north door there?	Turn to 377
Return to the goblin room and open the west door there?	Turn to 205

268

You head south along the passageway, which then turns west and opens into a chamber lit with flaming braziers. Standing in the doorway, you can just make out steps that lead upwards at the far end of this chamber, and a large stone statue standing before them. The statue, sculpted in stone, is nearly ten feet tall, and has the head of a horned bull atop a man's body. It is not moving and, as you creep into the chamber, it does not react to you. Your heart beats strongly as you enter – will the statue attack? To find out, turn to 366.

269

You stumble across the rocky chamber and into the passageway beyond. Stone steps lead up to a well-lit chamber – the lair of Mordraneth himself, you guess. You stride into this huge, palatial chamber, resplendent with stone pillars, statues and wall-hangings, and lit by flaming braziers; you stand in a hallway with a balcony at the far end and stone steps on either side of you leading up to that raised

area. On the balcony stands Arch-mage Mordraneth himself, tall and dark, dressed in flowing black robes. A trace of crystalline dust glitters as it falls from his hands to the floor, and he mutters an incantation – he is going to attack you with a spell! Will you:

Cast a 'Speed' spell (if you can)?	Turn to **244**
Cast a 'Fire Globe' spell (if you can)?	Turn to **94**
Race up the left-hand set of stone steps?	Turn to **332**
Race up the right-hand set of stone steps?	Turn to **63**

270

You throw some food towards the crab, which grabs at it and misses. You now have time to row away while the dim-witted crab finds and gobbles down the food. Reduce your Provisions by 1. You row to the shoreline without further incident; turn to **102**.

271

You panic, looking desperately for a way out, but you can find none. You hammer at the eastern door, but your attempts grow more feeble as the acid smoke thickens and envelops you. You slump to the ground . . . and in a few hours your body will be nothing more than a pile of gleaming white bones. Your quest ends here.

272

You stride along the azure passage, and you come to a bridge over a deep, blue-tinged rock-chasm. You carefully test the solidity of the bridge before walking across it. On the other side is a black tunnel lit with gouts of red light which emanate from some distant fiery source. Filled with foreboding, you head for the dark tunnel, for this is the only exit. Turn to **296**.

273

You help the wizard to a chair and unlock his chains, if you haven't already done so. You must give him either something to eat (subtract 1 from your Provisions on your *Adventure Sheet*) or a magical 'potion of healing', for he is very weak. Turn to **140**.

274

Soon you encounter a small turning south off the main passage; looking along it, you see steps descending to a chamber lit by burning braziers. Within it stands a massive stone statue of a bull-headed man, motionless above the body of an Elf it has ripped almost in two! Avoiding this horror, you press on along the passage, which heads west and then turns south; turn to **218**.

275

The Ebony Key doesn't fit the lock, worse luck. Will you:

Try using the bunch of keys, if you have them?	Turn to **74**
Try using the phial of white oil, if you have it?	Turn to **138**
Give up and try the west door?	Turn to **358**
Give up and go to the south?	Turn to **283**

276

At the sight of the pewter ale tankard the Orcs freeze. ''Struth! That's ole Thunderguts's tankard! 'E'd never part wiv that! 'E must uv killed 'im!' The Orcs draw their weapons, and you'll have to fight them. Turn to 185.

277

You may have found the entrance to the crypt, but the iron bars are a definite physical obstacle to further progress! You can try to bend them by sheer strength if you wish (if you try this, turn to 40); alternatively, you can just wait, keeping out of sight, to see if anything comes along (turn to 104).

278

You grip the Sprite's neck in your powerful hands. As you do, a tiny silver charm about his throat breaks and tiny shards of metal fly out and lacerate your hands. Deduct 1 point from your SKILL and 2 points from your STAMINA. Turn to 103.

279

Your sleep is disturbed by an awful nightmare in which you are standing on a path above a sheer rock crevasse, fighting for your life. Flying around you, striking with its bloodied jaws, is a black skull, its eyes afire with an evil crimson glow. You feel with horror its hunger for your soul, as it seems to draw terrors and fears from within you as if to give them substance and make them real . . . You wake up sweating. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Although it's early morning, you cannot get back to sleep after this, and so you may either get back to the trail leading north-west (turn to 339) or open the trap-door in the floor and explore what lies below (turn to 157).

280

You open the west-side door and stride along the passageway beyond. It is darker here, and you must use your lantern to light your way. The air grows very damp and ahead you see that the passage leads into a long, fairly narrow cavern. To get across, you have to wade through a pool in the middle of it;

testing the water depth, you step cautiously across. However, when you're barely half-way across, an albino aquatic Cave Snake rears its head out of the water and strikes at you! You have to fight it at once, up to your waist in water and while trying to hang on to your lantern – which isn't easy. For this combat, you must *temporarily* lose 2 SKILL points. (*Don't* make any changes to your SKILL score on your *Adventure Sheet*; this is only a temporary change.)

CAVE SNAKE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **330**.

281

You find the secret door Alsander told you about without difficulty, and quietly push it open. The smooth passageway beyond is dark, but you can see light streaming from a gap under a door at the end of it. You move slowly up into position and kick the door open, hoping to surprise your enemies. You glimpse a richly furnished room, and the glint of gold and silk and fur catches your eye, but you have no time to take in details. The Dark Elves inside are too agile and swift to be surprised, and now you must fight them. Fight the Dark Elves one at a time as you stand in the doorway.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DARK ELF	8	6
Second DARK ELF	7	5

If you win, turn to **96**.

282

You can either search the room the guard was occupying (turn to **132**) or leave through the west door of the dining room (turn to **17**).

283

It is dark to the south, and you must have a light source to see by (your lantern or a Magical Sword if you have one!). Your footsteps crunch on chips of stone, and as you look down you see other footprints leading this way! Vigilantly, you walk quietly on. Soon you see a small side-passage to the east which ends at a wooden door with a small iron grille in it. You can investigate this door (turn to **131**) or continue south (turn to **227**).

284

You come to a T-junction in the dark passages, and you see gleams of light to both east and west. Will you go westwards (turn to **154**) or eastwards (turn to **7**)?

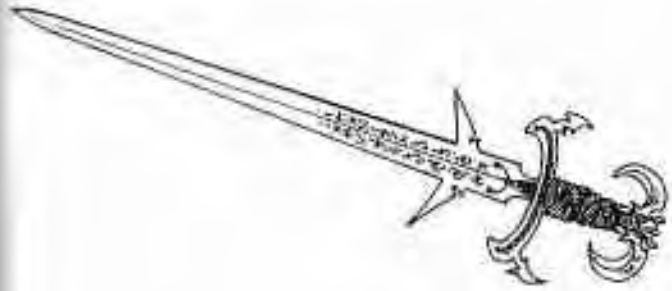

285

There is a smell in the damp air which grows stronger, the further you walk along: the smell of the crypt, the dread stench of death. The passageway opens into a darkened chamber; even with a lantern, you can see nothing inside it unless you enter. You may retrace your steps west if you wish (turn to 356) or you can enter the chamber (turn to 335).

286

You cannot get past the statue and up the stairs, so you must fight it after all. Turn to 84.

287

You ascend to an east-west passageway. It is dark, and you must use your lantern. You see that the western passage soon turns south; if you want to take this path, turn to 218. If you prefer to head west, turn to 106.

288

You search through the nest and find 3 Gold Pieces (add these to your *Adventure Sheet*). You clamber safely down from the nest, to see what reward the lizard has for you.

The lizard looks very pleased when you return. 'A thousand thanks! Here are rewards for you.' It opens a scaly paw and gives you a splendid rose pearl worth 12 Gold Pieces (add this to your Treasure) and a small Silver Medallion on a neck-chain, which has the palm of a hand etched upon it. 'I'm not sure exactly what this is for,' says the lizard, 'but it's some sort of magical protection against evil. I hope it will be of use to you.' You take this and wear it around your neck (add the Silver Medallion to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). To help you on your way, the lizard also gives you a small dose of a potion which will enable you to run quickly without getting fatigued. Thanking the lizard for his gifts, you quaff the potion and speed away south and then turn west to get back on the right trail. Turn to 349.

289

You slip one of the keys into the lock of the handcuffs and free the prisoner's hands. His eyes gleam with hope as he recognizes you for a friend. 'Step back,' he says grimly, 'I've been longing to do this.' He whispers a few words and conjures a small ball of fire in his hands, then sends this flying through the air; it grows in size and smashes into the back of the torturer, engulfing the half-Ogre in fire and making him scream in pain. The wizard totters back; it's up to you to finish the job he has begun. Turn to 76. You may deduct 6 points of STAMINA from the half-Ogre's total shown there because of the damage inflicted by this spell.

290

You creep over and dispatch the sleeping guard with a single blow, slitting his throat. However, this is a cowardly thing to do; to slay a fellow human being so cold-bloodedly – even if he was evil (and can you be certain that he *was*?) – is almost an evil act itself. Lose 1 point from your LUCK. Now, you can either search the room (turn to 91) or leave and take the southern door in the next room (turn to 245).

291

First, decide how many Gold Pieces you are willing to gamble, up to a maximum of 6 – the Orcs aren't rich and they will probably attack you if they see you have lots of Treasure! After you have decided this, roll two dice. If the total of the dice-roll is less than or equal to your current SKILL score, turn to 89. If the dice-roll total is higher than your current SKILL score, turn to 217.

292

After the Birdman has flown away, do you want to travel south and west, back the way you came (if you do, turn to 314), or go westwards along the other passage which leads from this roost (turn to 122)?

293

Inside the chest is a simple Silver Ring which bears strange runes and glyphs that you cannot decipher. You have no way of knowing what this ring's powers might be. If you want to carry it, or wear it, add the Silver Ring to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to 114.

294

You apply all your strength, and the door splinters in its frame. The effort costs you 2 STAMINA points, but now the door is open. Beyond, you can make out only inky blackness; you must have a light source to see by. You can either enter this dark, forbidding room (turn to 392) or return to the main passage and open the door at the end of it (turn to 124).

295

Among Mordraneth's illusions, some are of fearsome creatures which may appear real to your mind and which you must fight. You will be told whether a 'creature' is in fact an illusion; if this is the case, you can cast the 'Dispel Illusion' spell and destroy the creature automatically. However, you must do this as soon as you attack a creature; you cannot cast this spell once a hand-to-hand fight is in progress! Also, the spell is only completely effective against a *single* illusory creature; if you are being attacked by several at once, then you cannot be sure how effective the spell will be. Under these conditions, you will be asked whether you wish to use the spell and, if you do, you will be told what effects it has. Lastly, if you have the Platinum Amulet, you may use this spell (and *only* this spell) *twice*, rather than only once. Return to 188.

296

The black tunnel leads into a chamber crossed by two deep chasms. Gouts of flame spurt into the air from both, and clouds of burning gases hang in the air. On the other side of this infernal place you can make out two passages. You step carefully across the ground, in order to avoid the chasms and reach the passages, but then into the air rises a ghastly thing, malevolent and hideously evil: a jet-black flying skull with glowing red eyes from which blood wells and drips, hissing, into the fiery chasms below. You feel the elemental evil of this thing and its hunger for your soul! You are struck with fear; deduct 1 SKILL point for the duration of this combat, and lose 2 STAMINA points as well. Now you must fight this thing, which is no illusion!

DEATH SKULL SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **15**.

297

Mordraneth's Fire Globe crackles through the air and strikes you before you can finish casting your own spell; your spell is ruined and cannot be used again. Fortunately, with your magical Ring of Fire

Resistance you lose only 1 STAMINA point. You sprint up the left-hand set of steps and nearly get to the evil wizard before he can cast another spell at you – but not quite! Turn to **351**.

298

Your spell was useless; the walls are closing in fast! You can use an item from your backpack (turn to **45**) or run flat out and pray (turn to **396**).

299

Your greed has overcome your caution and good sense. The bracelet is an evil, magical thing, and it hates anyone less evil than its previous owner. It constricts and crushes the bones of your wrist. Shrieking with pain, you manage to wrench the thing off, but you lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points from the injury it has caused you. You throw the cursed thing down, and open the door to the east, to get away from the carnage in here; turn to **123**.

300

A quick search through the room and the goblin bodies reveals nothing of interest or value save for a pair of bone dice they were playing with. If you wish to take these, add them to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. There are three other doors in this worked stone chamber, and all appear to be easy to open. Will you take:

The north door?	Turn to **377**
The west door?	Turn to **205**
The south door?	Turn to **267**

301

Amongst a lot of clutter – shells and conches and driftwood – you find 5 Gold Pieces in a bag (add these to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*) and enough preserved food (salted fish) for 4 meals. Add this to your Provisions. You head south to get back to the trail; turn to **257**.

302

He looks over the scroll intently, but then sighs and hands it back to you. 'It is too abstruse for me to scry. Perhaps Alkandi could help you. He is the shaman of the tribesmen to the south. Approach them in peace and they will not harm you; they are good people.' You thank him and, since he looks better now and says he will take very great care in future, you bid him farewell. Add 1 LUCK point. As you are about to set off, you notice the glint of gold beneath the fallen body of one of the Hobgoblins.

You stoop down and pick up the 2 Gold Pieces you missed before! The extra Treasure (which you may add to your Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*) puts you in good spirits as you set off southwards again. Turn to **250**.

303

You set off back towards the south, and return to the junction where the wall-carving faces an eastward passage. Will you take the passage leading east (turn to **72**) or the passage leading south (turn to **129**)?

304

Hearing no sound behind the door, you open it and enter a small unlit room, which is cool and has shelves on which stand jars, bottles, and some earthenware pots. Checking these, you find that they contain foodstuffs. Most are too disgusting for you to eat (like toasted foot-corn flakeys and smoked dwarfburgers), but you do find a sealed jar of sweet fruit preserve – which would certainly give you energy! If you take this and store it in your backpack, you may add 1 to your Provisions. Now, you may either go back westwards and take the northern passage (turn to **284**), or open a door in the north wall of this small food store and see what lies beyond (turn to **35**).

305

You are tired now, and beginning to feel sleepy. Seeing how heavily the trapdoor is barred, and how comfortable the bed looks, you jam the chair under the handle of the door in the north wall of this room (where it wedges it shut splendidly) and settle down for some rest. You sleep well and wake refreshed; recover 2 STAMINA points.

After sleeping, you unbar the trapdoor and look down. Deciding you will have to investigate, you descend the unlit steep stone steps, using your light source to guide your way. Eventually you arrive at a landing; a flambeau blazes and spits green flame on the west wall and illuminates doors in the middle of the east and south walls. Will you:

Stay still and listen for noise?	Turn to **27**
Open the east door?	Turn to **219**
Open the southern door?	Turn to **245**

306

As you sip the liquid, your mouth fills with pain and you spit it out again. This is not water, this is weak acid, the smell of which was masked by the smoky atmosphere! Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Now, you can either open the west door (turn to **373**) or look round the half-open east door (turn to **28**)

307

The yellow-green passage soon opens into a chamber of the same colour with a sunken, earthen floor. Behind you the passage is constricting and there is no way back . . . but this chamber is full of hissing snakes which rear up and sway! On the other side of the chamber you see two exit passages, one of deep ochre and one of bright azure. You must get across somehow! Will you:

Cast a 'Dispel Illusion' spell (if you can)?	Turn to **221**
Hold out a hand wearing a glove, if you have one?	Turn to **29**
Run across the room to the ochre passage?	Turn to **173**
Run across the room to the azure passage?	Turn to **109**

308

The entangling bolus wraps tightly around your throat and strangles the life out of you. You feel the Arch-mage's mind probing yours for fears and terrors which he can put to use; as he does so, these terrors and phobias intensify in your own mind, and you are driven into madness . . . you have met a terrible end in your quest for glory!

309

You cannot hope to climb the rock surface laden as you are. You may retain your sword, leather armour (but not chain-mail armour!), and any rings you

may have, plus a headband, if you are wearing one; but you must throw away everything else you are carrying. Then you can haul yourself up to the top of the rock. Remove *all* other items from the list of Equipment and Treasure on your *Adventure Sheet*! Turn to **62**.

310

You will have to fight the two Natives *together*. Each Attack Round, roll two dice for yourself and for *each* of the Natives; add the total of the dice-roll to the relevant SKILL score (either yours or theirs); the combatant with the highest Attack Strength of the three will be the one who lands an effective blow during that Attack Round. Further, if you are hit by one of the native spears, you must roll a die; on a roll of 4–6, you will suffer 1 extra point of damage to your STAMINA from the organic poison which coats the spears.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First NATIVE	6	7
Second NATIVE	7	6

If you win, turn to **21**.

311

You must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **14**. If you are Unlucky, you have been spotted and must fight the Hobgoblins; turn to **87**.

312

You fail to bend the bars, and the strain causes you the loss of 2 STAMINA points before you finally give up. Cursing the creature who fashioned the sturdy iron, you decide to stay put for a while and take a rest. Turn to **104**.

313

As you put your hand upon the door, an electrical shock jolts through your arm; deduct 3 points from your STAMINA, and also lose 1 SKILL point *temporarily* (until *after* your next combat). Worse, the door disappears – it was just an illusion! As you turn away, you become aware that the stone face opposite is now generating black smoke from its nostrils and that its mouth is grinning! You decide to get away from the foul-smelling, acrid smoke and open the south door; turn to **121**.

314

You follow the tunnel west and pass a southerly turning which is filling with black, acrid smoke; you cannot enter it, so you continue on westwards. You come to another turning, this time leading north; although light is shining from it, you can hear a truly ghastly sound as some fiendish thing rips away at flesh and snarls as it does so. You hurry past, and

soon you come to a passageway leading south to some steps; peering down, you see a chamber lit by garish burning braziers. Inside the chamber there is a pile of stone rubble and a shattered statue; beside the rubble stands an intact statue, a bull-headed stone man, with a dead Elf lying at its feet, the torso almost torn in half! Is there nowhere safe in this terrible place? Avoiding these perils, you continue west to a point where the passage turns south and the dreadful rending and snarling noises fade into the distance. Turn to **218**.

315

You open the door to a small, cramped bedchamber which contains two lice-infested beds and a pile of stinking, greasy and dirty clothes. Straw litters the floor and a rickety table bears only a pair of evil-smelling dirty socks and a chamber pot. Roll one die; if the result is a 1, turn to **147**. If you roll 2–6, you decide to go back to the guard room and open the south door; turn to **333**.

316

With a massive heave, you manage to rip the lid off the chest, with wood-splinters flying and metal bands buckling and snapping. Lose 3 STAMINA points as a result of your terrific exertions; now you must stop and eat a meal after all this work – or deduct 2 more points from your STAMINA. But at least you have opened the chest, so you can look inside to discover your prize Turn to **153**.

317

The gem is of no use here. Lose 1 STAMINA point from bites sustained while you were wasting time retrieving it. Now you see sense and run away fast! Turn to **251**.

318

Mordraneth laughs as the Fire Globe smashes into you, causing you 6 points of STAMINA loss. If you are still alive, you keep on up the stairs to challenge his foul sorcery with the cold metal of your sword! Turn to **351**.

319

You move cautiously along the passage, but behind you a strong gust of wind almost blows you over, and then the wind grows stronger still! You cannot keep your feet and you are being swept forward by a maelstrom of swirling air . . . your body will be smashed to pieces on the rocks below! Your head swims with vertigo. In desperation, you clutch at an outcrop of rock and hang on, but the wrench to your arm costs you 2 STAMINA points. As you cling on

for dear life, a terror of the bottomless drop fills your heart until you manage to control it. Now you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **62**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **309**.

320

The man looks at you a little suspiciously, but then – to your relief – he shrugs his shoulders and says, 'Urzak's getting forgetful, it must be all those daft incantations he chants day and night. Just go by the west door and follow the passage to the junction, turn right, keep on to the door with the silvered door-handle, go in, and Mehrabian's room is on your left. He'll give you all the help you need.'

You thank him for his help and leave by the west door of the dining-room; turn to **17**.

321

You are now in hand-to-hand combat with the evil Dark Priest, overseer of this part of the dungeon, and you will not find him easy to overcome!

DARK PRIEST	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **187**.

322

The Birdman speaks haltingly; clearly, he is not able to speak the human tongue very well. In his low croaking voice he tells you this is an evil place and that his people are being driven away by creatures and evil magic, which are taking over the mountain,

creeping up from the Iron Crypts below. He thinks they have a prisoner of some importance, but knows no details. He becomes uncomfortable and will say nothing more; and he flies off. Turn to **292**.

323

'I repeat the request but once. Give me a gem!' the statue roars. You must either give it a gem, if you have one (if you do this, turn to **8**), or prepare yourself to fight the statue (turn to **84**).

324

You sit down at the table and enjoy the delicious food – this replenishes your strength, and you may restore 3 points of STAMINA. However, just as you are finishing your meal, the door to the east opens and a tall, slim, red-haired young man strolls out, picking at his fingernails with a very sharp-looking dagger. He looks at you with some surprise, although he makes no move to attack. He is clearly waiting for you to say something. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **3**
Ignore him and continue eating?	Turn to **212**
Ignore him and get up and leave through the west door?	Turn to **17**
Say the people upstairs sent you?	Turn to **196**
Say you're a tradesman?	Turn to **60**

325

'Mordraneth has found a magical way of stealing souls – more precisely, he has found a magical way

of stealing the images and emotions of terrifying things from the minds and spirits of the dead. Fear of darkness, fear of death, terror of the dark night when spectres and wraiths roam the world, fear of falling, phobias of many kinds. From these emotional energies and images he creates illusions which have enough power to drive those who witness them to madness or death. He has also found that he gets his best results with the souls of those freshly dead, preferably killed by himself. Hence, he will soon unleash his Illusionary Army on Pollua to wreak havoc, so that he will thus have more souls to steal. I will have to teleport to Pollua to give what warning I can. But it is only here he can be stopped. You are our only hope of stopping him now!' Alsander clutches your arm and gazes deep into your eyes. 'Thousands of innocents will be slain if you refuse to help. The Empire of Illusions is a dreadful place – but I can teach you a few spells to help you there!'

How can you refuse? Your praises will be sung for scores of years, should you succeed!

Alsander smiles, relieved. 'It's fortunate that I learnt a little of how Mordraneth has changed magical forces here, enough to modify some spells so I can use them myself. But time is short, and the Dark Elves may be here soon. I have only the time, and the strength, to teach you three spells before I go, and you will be able to use each one only once.' The wizard walks over to a small chest and puts on his robes. To choose your spells, turn to 188.

326

You head north along a limestone passageway, your eyes slowly adapting to the dim light provided by stubby growths of luminous mosses and lichens on the walls. There's just enough light to see by, and you're less likely to be spotted if you don't use your lantern. The passageway eventually bends round to the west and stops at a dead end. But the dead end is suspiciously smooth; as you carefully touch it, you realize that the 'rock' is just an illusion – there is a door here! Keeping your sword ready, you turn the door handle; it gives, so you walk through. Turn to 120.

327

You pass by the skull. As you walk away, a horrid wheezing laugh, as dry as gravedust, follows you. You look around, and see the skull is facing you now, its jaws open in a mocking grin! You move hurriedly away, and soon you are striding through overgrown scrubland and the ground is sloping downwards. You are heading into woodlands;

there are many pools of stagnant water, and clouds of buzzing insects swarm around. If you have a jar of ointment, you must apply this now (and cross off this item from the list of Equipment on your *Adventure Sheet*) and you will be protected; if you do not have the jar, you must deduct 3 points of STAMINA because of the effects of insect bites. Turn to **191**

328

'Sorry about Edwina,' the Sea Giant says, 'she's frisky today. I hope she hasn't hurt you? Good.' He looks around at the mist. 'It's going to rain. Would you care for food and shelter?' If you want to accept his offer, turn to **118**; if you decline and set off west along the trail, turn to **257**.

329

The shaman has a box brought to him by a servant, then he lays out its contents before you. He tells you the price of each item. You may buy whichever ones you want (if you have the price!); add the items to the list of Equipment on your *Adventure Sheet*, reducing your Treasure accordingly. You can't haggle

with him, he's too crafty for that. If you do not have enough Gold Pieces for everything you'd like to take, but you *do* have a rose pearl, Alkandi will give you items up to the value of 8 Gold Pieces in return for the pearl (and no haggling!). The items the shaman offers you are:

A silver feather	2 Gold Pieces
An ebony key	4 Gold Pieces
A small ivory statuette of a cat	3 Gold Pieces
A 15-foot length of rope	2 Gold Pieces
A small white gem	3 Gold Pieces
A phial of white oil	2 Gold Pieces

You may also buy Provisions here; 1 Gold Piece will buy you enough for two meals – but you cannot buy more than this because the food is perishable and will not stay fresh for long. When you have completed your purchases, the shaman has you shown to a comfortable hut, where you can sleep peacefully, so turn to **101**; but if you buy nothing, turn to **144**.

330

You complete your crossing of the pool and set off along the passageway beyond; it is still dark, so you must use your lantern. Water drips from the ceiling and thick hanging stalactites make progress slow and difficult. As the passageway bends to the south, a stalagmite formation on the floor catches your eye; it is clearly unusual in shape. If you want to stop and examine it more closely, turn to **145**. If you want to press on south, turn to **156**.

331

The icy-cold passage leads down to a veritable charnel-house. In the gloomy chamber, ice crystals seem to hang in the air above a forest of unburied skeletons which litter the cold stone floor. There are two exit-passages not far away, close to where you entered. Will you:

Take the light, airy way out?	Turn to **319**
Take the dark-brown, earthy exit-passage?	Turn to **247**
Stay and say a prayer for the souls of the dead here?	Turn to **134**

332

As you run up the steps, you realize that some magical force is retarding your progress; it feels like running through water! You grit your teeth and struggle on, and you'll get there in the end – but just now a smoking ball of fire is streaking from Mordraneth's hand to strike you down. Are you wearing a bronze ring? If you are, turn to **47**. If you aren't, turn to **318**.

333

A passageway leads south beyond the door, and this is dimly lit by torches in wall sconces. Following the short passage to the end, you see that it soon turns east; however, there is a plain darkwood door on the west side of the passage at the end, facing the east-turning main passageway. You cannot see to the end of that eastern passage yet. Will you try to

open the door to the west (turn to 34) or press on eastwards (turn to 364)?

334

Making a quick check, you discover a sliding panel in the wall beside the door, and you realize this is where the voice must have come from. You open it and draw out a glowing sword! You take the sword and hurry through the concealed doorway, closing it behind you, and move on up the stairs. However, you have inhaled some of the corrosive smoke into your lungs; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA.

You make your way up a few stairs to breathe the cleaner air, then pause to take a good look at the glowing sword. It is beautifully crafted, of finest steel, with amethysts and tourmalines in the pommel. It does not speak to you again, but it will glow brightly – whenever you will it to do so! Further, this is a Magical Sword; you may add 1 point to your SKILL score when using it, and this *will* allow you to exceed your *Initial* SKILL score (but this bonus applies *only* in combats). What's more, the sword uses power to heal you – after each combat, you may restore 1 point to your STAMINA score if you have been wounded *during that combat*. You cannot take this healing until after a combat is ended. You found a powerful ally in your struggle against the brooding evil of the Iron Crypts! Add the Magical Sword to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 58.

335

Now that you are very close to the entrance, you can see a round chamber littered with bones. Stone steps leading down into the floor are cut in the far end of the chamber. Turning towards you as you gaze in is a skeletal figure carrying a huge, ice-blue, two-handed sword. You can either flee to the west (turn to 116) or move in to attack it (turn to 169).

336

The 'Healing' spell is a powerful one which will allow you to recover lost STAMINA. You can cast this spell at any time, except during a combat, and you will be able to recover STAMINA points equal to one-half your *Initial* STAMINA score (rounding fractions down). Return to 188.

337

You must eat another meal before sleeping, or lose 2 STAMINA points. After you've eaten, you unroll your blanket and try to get some sleep. The wind howls outside and during the night a storm thunders overhead, but you snatch a few hours of sleep, enough for you to get reasonable rest. Turn to 10.

338

The Sprite has stolen something from your backpack! If you had up to 5 Gold Pieces, he has stolen all of them; if you had more than 5, he has generously left you the rest! If you had no Gold Pieces, he has stolen your rose pearl. Turn to 103.

339

You head along the trail towards the higher peaks You soon see that the trail leads to an entrance into the hillside rather than continuing into the mountains themselves. Moving closer, you can distinguish the motif of a skull set into the hillside above the entrance, crafted from iron plaques and spikes! This is obviously the way in to the dreaded Iron Crypts. Excitement runs through your body as you move as silently as you can towards the entrance, sword readied. Edging forward, you observe a passage leading down; there is a faint light from some luminous plants growing on the wet limestone walls, and your eyes soon get used to this, so you don't need to use your lantern. Cautiously, you move along the winding tunnel, and soon you come to a crude wooden door blocking your way. You try the handle carefully, and find you can open it with ease. Sword in hand, you enter the room beyond. Turn to **120**.

340

You try to dash past the statue. As you attempt this, it strikes out at you and hits you; deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. Now roll two dice. If the dice-roll total is less than or equal to your current SKILL score, turn to **68**. If the total is greater than your current SKILL score, turn to **286**.

341

A massive lightning bolt shoots down the tunnel after you and crashes into you. You scream in mortal agony as pain convulses your body and you smell burning flesh in your nostrils. As you collapse, dying, you feel Mordraneth's magic plucking at your mind to extract the terrors and fears you have experienced in this wretched place. Your torments have just begun, and you have failed.

342

As soon as you slay the eagle, the illusion simply disappears, and you find yourself lying on the ground, flailing at the empty air! A low-pitched chuckle fills your ears. 'Welcome to my Empire!' the voice gloats, 'although I don't think you will be here for long.' You see no one, and you find yourself in the middle of a brown passage. At one end, the passageway grows blacker; if you wish to go this way, turn to **149**. At the other, it grows green; if you wish to go this way, turn to **395**.

343

You find a leather pouch with 2 Gold Pieces on the body of one of the Orcs (add this to your Treasure). However, as you are checking around, Horace, the pet rat of one of the Orcs, nips out from behind some upturned furniture. Horace is a large and very mean rat, and he has a tooth abscess which is making him especially vicious today; he sinks his yellowed fangs into your leg. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. To add insult to injury, the sleek rodent scuttles off and hides behind a pile of furniture, and it isn't worth your time or energy to pursue him. You leave the room and head off westwards; turn to 97.

344

You hear nothing. Now open either the eastern door (turn to 219) or the southern door (turn to 245).

345

Eating strange fungi is not exactly an intelligent thing to do. Within a few moments you're as sick as a dog; deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. You have to sit and rest for a while before you can continue west; turn to 51.

346

As you open the door, clouds of heavy, thick black smoke roll down the corridor towards you. You shut the door and turn away, opening the east door in the Orcs' room. Turn to 4.

347

The ship's crew are glad to see you win – but they also saw you try to run away, and mutterings are heard about cowardice. If you need to eat one or more meals to restore lost STAMINA, you'll have to use your own Provisions to do so, so alter your Provisions accordingly. Turn to 249.

348

You hear a shout and the patter of nasty little goblin feet, then the sound of creaking railings. The goblin has called a friend along, and they opened the gates and now stand before you, their swords at the ready. It is futile to try talking to them, so you must fight them. Fight the goblins one at a time, as you are backed up in a side-tunnel.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	6
Second GOBLIN	6	5

If you win, the gates are open and you can now head along the passageway, keeping your sword unsheathed – there may be more goblins about! Turn to 326.

349

You make good progress along the trail, but as the sun begins to set you see no sign of a safe place to sleep; there are hills to the north, and only the continuing trail in the west . . . to the south there's a small copse of trees nestling against the rock face. You move up to take a look around. As you warily check the trees, a tiny, thin face with drooping, pointed ears and sharp little black eyes peers round a clump of bushes. 'Are you looking for somewhere to sleep?' the Tree Sprite asks shyly. You nod your head, and he races up a tree trunk and fumbles at something out of sight. Then he throws down a rope hammock! 'Get up in the trees,' he urges, 'there might be a wolf about – or worse.'

He dances away through the high branches and is gone. You take his advice, clamber up a tree, rig up the hammock, and settle into a sound sleep. Do you have any Treasure? If you do, turn to 158. If you don't, turn to 103.

350

Alkandi reads the scroll, and a worried frown crosses his brow 'I have sensed some magical evil in the night-time breezes lately; whisperings of tormented souls imprisoned by an evil creature. This may be the singing which the writer speaks of. I feel also that the spirits of the dead lie uneasy here, that old terrors are awakened by one who has come here. Perhaps this one is the Stealer of Souls mentioned. I can tell you no more, but take heed of the writer's words and beware of singing voices that lure you!' Pondering his words, you set off north towards the crossroads and, once there, you turn west along the unmarked trail. Turn to **181**

351

You still can't reach Mordraneth; as he chants, a whirling bolus of black threads materializes above his head and whirls through the air towards you. Are you wearing a silver ring? If you are, turn to **79**. If you aren't, turn to **252**.

352

All the rats vanish! You run towards the distant light. Turn to **152**.

353

The Orc has 1 Gold Piece which you may take (add this to your Treasure) but his flask has shattered on the ground and his oil is spilled The Priest's armour is ruined by a sword thrust, and you'd rather have your sword than his flail. But he does wear a gold bracelet. Will you:

Take the Dark Priest's bracelet?	Turn to **299**
Look through the south door in the Orc's room?	Turn to **82**
Try the door to the east in the Orc's room?	Turn to **123**

354

As you enter the chamber, a figure opposite you stirs: a strange creature with the body shape of a man, but one who has feathers, great wings for arms, talons for feet, and a beaked face. He looks at you suspiciously from his perch on a ledge which is open to the skies. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to 186
Talk with him?	Turn to 322
Offer him a gift of some kind?	Turn to 67

355

The Ebony Key shrinks a little in size to fit the small keyhole of the chest, which springs open. However, the Ebony Key immediately vanishes! Cross it off the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 153.

356

As you travel in a westerly direction, a faint singing can be heard on the air, as if a subterranean choir was at its devotions in the far distance. You see that the passage turns north and opens into a vaulted chamber from which the sound seems to be coming. You can either enter the chamber (turn to 36) or retrace your steps back east (turn to 193).

357

The carpets and furs in this room are valuable, but far too heavy to carry. However, looking around, you find a crowbar in one corner of the room, and

you may take this (add it to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now you must *Test your Luck*; if you are Lucky, turn to **163**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **139**.

358

You open the door effortlessly, but now you must *Test your Luck*! If you are Lucky, turn to **179**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **195**.

359

Do you have *either* or *both* a pewter ale tankard or a pair of bone dice? If you do, turn to **105**; if you have neither, turn to **161**.

360

You rush the lizard – which simply vanishes before you can get to it! Then a whispering voice pronounces a curse on you for attacking one who meant you no harm; deduct 1 point from your LUCK. You run off southwards in fear; turn to **54**.

361

You do not make it before the Skeletal Illusion strikes you in the back. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Then your adversary appears in front of you! Turn to **397**.

362

You are about half-way along the passage when you are suddenly snatched up into the air as the ceiling dissolves! The area is filled with airy, yellowish

light, and as you float in the air you become aware of a great eagle flying in to attack you. Surely it's an illusion . . . but your senses say it is real, and you can see blood on its talons and beak. You must fight it, and you have to subtract 2 points from your SKILL while doing so (this is a *temporary* loss, for the length of this combat only, as it isn't easy to fight floating in mid-air when you're not used to it!).

EAGLE-ILLUSION SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **342**.

363

You must fight both Orcs *together* in this chamber. Roll two dice for yourself then for *both* the Orcs each Attack Round. The combatant with the highest Attack Strength (dice-roll total plus current SKILL) is the one who will get in a successful strike during that Attack Round. Fortunately, the Orcs are both slightly wounded already.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	3
Second ORC	5	4

If you win, turn to **65**.

364

At the end of the passageway leading east, you stand before a door marked with a black and amber cross. You can either open the door (turn to **393**) or go back to the west and investigate the door you noticed before, opposite the turning east (turn to **34**).

365

As you approach the dead end, the 'wall' at the end seems to evaporate away, forming into a large eight-legged yellow beetle with black wings and barbed jaws from which acid drips and hisses on the stone floor. The insect springs soundlessly forward at you before you can run. Do you have a silver medallion? If you do, turn to **170**. If you don't, turn to **389**.

366

As you set foot in the chamber, the statue raises its right hand and grates out, 'Give me a gem.' Will you:

Attack the statue?	Turn to **84**
Give the statue a gem, if you have one?	Turn to **8**
Do nothing for the moment?	Turn to **323**
Try to run past the statue to the stairs?	Turn to **340**

367

You are confronted by a Dark Priest. You must fight for your life against this pitiless enemy, in this dark and terrible place!

DARK PRIEST SKILL 9 STAMINA 13

If you win, turn to **117**.

368

You clamber into the nest. There are two eggs here, and you espy gold glinting in the nest as well – but mother Stormbird is swooping down from the sky! You must fight her.

GIANT STORMBIRD SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **288**.

369

You cannot free the wizard, but at least you let him know you're a friend. You must fight the half-Ogre torturer; turn to **76**.

370

You hear the sound of snoring from behind the door to the east. You can either open it (turn to **107**) or open the south door instead (turn to **245**).

371

You cast your spell, and the spider shrinks back with a high-pitched, shrieking whine – but then it advances again; this illusion is so powerful that your spell has weakened it, but not destroyed it. You must now deal with it; turn to **175** and, if you must fight it, you may subtract 4 points of STAMINA from the spider's score thanks to the effects of your spell.

372

Choose the spell you're going to cast. Count up the number of letters in the name of the spell, and turn to the paragraph of that number. If a spell is described there, you will be safe; if not, ignore the paragraph you had turned to, and turn to **298** instead.

373

It is absolutely impossible to open this door! It is barred and clearly is magically locked, so you give up and look round the east door. Turn to **28**.

374

You open the box carefully, and inside you find a stoppered glass vial. The contents have long dried out, but there is some green residue left; after adding a little water, you have reconstituted a magical Potion of Healing! This will restore 4 STAMINA points when you drink it, which you can do at any time, except during combats. If you want to keep this for later, add it to the list of Equipment Carried on your *Adventure Sheet*, but cross it off when you do use it!

Pleased with your find, you decide to go back into the main corridor leading south and check the west

wall for the secret door the man in the cell told you about; turn to **98**.

375

You push open the trapdoor and haul yourself up. You are in a dark room, and you can hear snoring close to you. Quietly, you tiptoe across the room, avoiding obstacles, towards a peacefully slumbering Orc. Taking no chances, you dispatch him with one swift blow as he sleeps. Turn to **99**.

376

You head back to the north, but when you enter the chamber you find it is filling with thick black smoke that is pouring from the stone face on the wall! The smoke is choking and deadly. Hastily shutting the door behind you, you go back south; you must enter the room at the end of the passageway You can rush in with your sword in hand, ready to fight (turn to **25**), or you can enter without your weapon readied, trying a more peaceable approach (turn to **209**).

377

The door opens, revealing a passageway beyond; this ends at a T-junction. From here you can either go west (turn to **255**) or east (turn to **160**).

378

'Good,' says the lizard, 'so you won't have any trouble with the one that's left, will you?' There is no answer to this. Turn to **256**.

379

Struggling across rocky terrain, you arrive at the building just as twilight descends This is a small, simple structure, without windows, but with an open door facing west. It is too gloomy to see what is inside. You will have to enter, for you need safe shelter, so you light a lantern and move in.

A groan greets you as you enter. In the gloom you make out a man chained to a wall, on one side of what could be an altar. He reaches out a hand to you as you enter and begs your help, mumbling in an unknown tongue. Will you:

Attack him?	Turn to **69**
Approach and help him?	Turn to **390**
Stay where you are and look around you?	Turn to **37**

380

You are now fighting the single Orc remaining, who curses your treachery!

ORC SKILL 5 STAMINA 3

If you win, turn to **65**.

381

Now you may take the blue passageway (turn to **261**) or the violet one (turn to **150**).

382

You run blindly and blunder into a grey passage You are running in fear, and you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL (this is *temporary*, and lasts until you have finished your next combat) and lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **112**.

383

Mehrabian opens the door and drags out an old man, chained hand and foot. He is dirty, haggard and in pain, and below his eyes are dark circles of suffering. 'I won't talk,' he says weakly.

'Oh yes yer will, you ole bagger wind,' replies the half-Ogre, kicking the man to the ground. 'Gerrim up on the rack,' he tells you as he goes off to get a branding iron or two. You can either attack the half-Ogre (turn to **76**) or help the old man (turn to **108**).

384

This set of steps is protected by some kind of magical force which slows your progress; it might have taken ages to reach the balcony but for your own 'Speed' spell! But Mordraneth will clearly have time to loose off one more spell before you can get to him. He scatters more dust into the air as he chants, and a Fire Globe comes streaking through the air at you! Are you wearing a Bronze Ring? If you are, turn to **231**. If you aren't, turn to **166**.

385

You enter a chamber which has a high, rocky ledge at the north end on which a bird sits, ripping at some bloodied mess (you can make out a human-like rib cage). The bird isn't very big, but its beak looks razor-sharp and is long, cruelly pointed, and stained with blood. It squawks and flies to attack you!

RAZORBEAK BIRD SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **26**.

386

The Ebony Key slips into the lock and the door opens soundlessly, revealing a small room, featureless save for a sealed chest which stands on a central plinth. Do you want to enter this room and open the chest (turn to **293**) or leave it and head back east (turn to **114**)?

387

You move wearily along the corridor which terminates abruptly at a brown archway; beyond this you hear the sound of dripping water, and there is a foul stench here. Beyond the archway is a sewer – but there's nowhere else to go, so you wade into the scum and muck, and fight down your nausea. As you progress, you see glowing rainbow-coloured lights in the distance, and stride out to the welcome light; but you hear scrabbling sounds and squeaks that grow louder. Then the water seems to boil as a swarm of plague rats bursts forth and nips your legs and body! Will you:

Cast a 'Speed' spell, if you can?	Turn to **23**
Cast a 'Dispel Illusion' spell, if you can?	Turn to **352**
Fight the rats?	Turn to **80**
Search in your backpack for something to use against the rats?	Turn to **48**
Run towards the light as fast as you can?	Turn to **251**

388

At last your patient travels are rewarded. You turn a corner and, some fifty yards away, you see a pair of iron-railinged gates, set into limestone walls. You have reached your first goal – the entrance to the Iron Crypt! Turn to **277**.

389

Something in you senses that this creature is magical and unreal, but you'll still have to fight it!

BEETLE-ILLUSION SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

Each time the Beetle-Illusion bites you, you must roll one die; on a roll of 1–3, take one *extra* point of damage to your STAMINA, from the acid on its jaws. If you win, turn to **115**.

390

As you move towards him, a sphere of deepest blackness flies from the fingers of his outstretched hand and engulfs you in a chilling circle of marrow-freezing cold as the illusion of his appearance vanishes. Deduct 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, the Dark Priest, armour-clad and mace-wielding, moves in for the kill. Turn to **367**.

391

This was a foolish waste of a spell; the 'Dispel Illusion' spell works against only illusory *creatures*, and has no effect here. Turn to **382**.

392

By your light source, you see that just beyond the doorway is a small alcove which opens into an almost circular room with a high domed ceiling. The walls are streaked with slime and mould, and the air is damp and stale. In the centre of the room, on a stone pedestal, is a chest made of rosewood, heavily banded and bound with black iron. The chest also has a guardian!

You glimpse an extraordinary creature flying towards you. Its body is a sphere of slimy grey-green scales, and two glowing, slitted red eyes glare at you. There is a small central fanged mouth on the sphere-body, but this is clearly not what the monster attacks with: it has two sharply clawed pincers that trail at the ends of two black-flecked green tentacles hanging below the body. The Diadrone is a strong guardian, and you will have to fight it; it flies too fast for you to escape.

DIADRONE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **12**.

393

You enter a well-lit room where an Orc is standing at a table, pouring oil into an intricate brass vessel of some kind. Around the table stand a few chairs, but there is no other decoration, save for a crude bunk bed. Two other doors lead south and east from this room.

The Orc snarls and draws his sword, and you must

fight him; but what *really* worries you is that as you enter he shouts, 'Master! Master!' . . .

ORC SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn *immediately* to **202**, without taking any further actions *of any sort*! The Orc's master is about to arrive!

394

You are now fighting a Spider-Illusion, and if your sword is not a match for this dread creation, your adventure will end here!

SPIDER-ILLUSION SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **269**.

395

You follow the green passage, and it takes on an increasingly blue tint, gradually shading to royal blue. The passage seems to go on for ever . . . 'You'll die of fatigue,' gloats the ghostly voice, 'or will your end be swifter?' Suddenly you hear the rush of water ahead of you, and a huge wave comes roaring down the passageway towards you! You turn to run, but the water smashes over you and knocks you, winded, to the ground. Water fills your lungs and your frantic efforts grow weak as you drown. Turn to **13**.

396

The walls compress and you stumble and fall; they close in on you, and you are being crushed to death. You feel ribs crack, and then you see the face of a dark-haired man radiating evil. He gloats: 'So

powerful, the fear of enclosed spaces . . . an illusion which kills by trauma and shock . . . Farewell, foolish warrior. There will be none to stop me now.' Mordraneth's laughter is the last sound you will ever hear. Your quest ends here.

397

Do you have a silver medallion? If you do, turn to **95**. If you don't, turn to **230**.

398

The figure holds your head in its hands, and you feel energy pour into you. Regain 1 point of SKILL, 1 point of LUCK and 4 points of STAMINA; the LUCK point (and *only* the LUCK point) can take you above your *initial* LUCK score, if this applies here. But this effort drains the figure; slowly he fades away to nothingness. One of the other figures says softly, 'Now he is at peace. He has sacrificed his soul to give you strength to overcome the evil wizard. Do not fail his memory.' Filled with new hope, you press on. Will you:

Take the yellow-green passage?	Turn to **307**
Take the azure passage?	Turn to **272**
Take the ochre passage?	Turn to **77**

399

As you prod at the lid of the chest, a scything blade swings up from a crack in the stone floor – mercifully, on the side of chest opposite you! That was a close call! Now you may try to open the chest; turn to **246**.

400

As Mordraneth falls at your feet, a great sigh is audible all round you, as if from hundreds of thousands of souls freed from a dreadful imprisonment of endless torment. Around you colours shimmer and grow pale, leaving only bare grey stone as the evil one's illusions decay and fade. Beyond the balcony, you now make out a passage, leading upwards to the fresh, clean air of the open world under the heavens, and you believe you can almost smell the sea. Perhaps Captain Garaeth will already be waiting to take you back to Pollua, to the glory and rewards you have so richly earned. Sheathing your sword for the last time, you stride upwards to find out.

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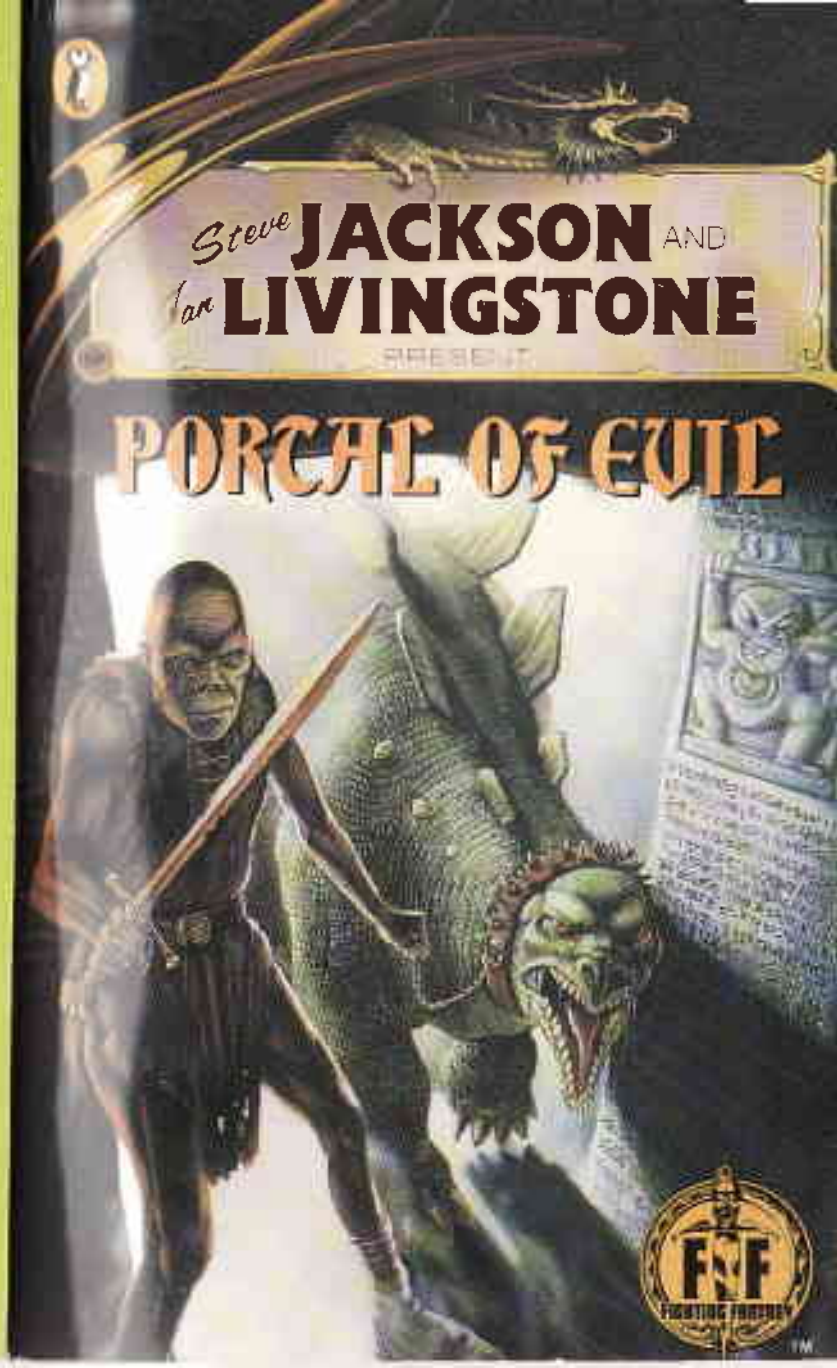

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Published by the Penguin Group
27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1989

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Illustrations copyright © Alan Langford, 1989
Map copyright © Leo Hartas, 1989

Filmset in 11/13pt Linotron Palatino by
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Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

Made and printed in Great Britain by
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Reading, Berks

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HOW TO VANQUISH THE PORTAL OF EVIL

Your Character

You are a warrior, a skilled and hardy adventurer. At the moment you are down on your luck: you have no money, and your backpack contains Provisions for only two meals. Your abilities, however, are more noteworthy and remarkable than ever. You will use dice to determine your exact attributes; on pages 14–15 there is an *Adventure Sheet* on which you will record your scores and the incidents of your adventure. Use a pencil, or make photocopies of the *Adventure Sheet*, as you will almost certainly need to make more than one attempt to defeat the threat of the Portal of Evil.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to this number and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the score and enter the total in the LUCK box.

These are your *Initial* scores and you must keep a permanent record of them. Any of your scores may change during your adventure, but they will exceed their *Initial* amounts only very rarely. You must keep a record of all changes to your scores – so write small or use an eraser.

Your SKILL score reflects your expertise in combat, your ability with weapons, and your dexterity. Your STAMINA is your health and fitness, and your ability to survive wounds and physical hardship. Your LUCK score shows how lucky you are.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL will not change much during your adventure, and you should change it only if given specific instructions to do so in the text. As SKILL is a measure of combat prowess, it can be reduced by losing your weapon or by the effects of poison, for instance; acquiring a magical weapon could increase your SKILL – but remember that you can use only one weapon at a time!

Stamina

Your STAMINA will change frequently during your adventure as you suffer wounds and then recover. At various times you will be given opportunities to eat meals and to acquire Provisions. Eating a meal normally restores up to 4 points of STAMINA, although there will be times, when you get very hungry, when you will need to eat a meal simply to avoid losing STAMINA; you may eat only one meal at a time, even though you may have more in your

backpack. Unless specifically stated, your STAMINA may never exceed its *Initial* score.

Luck

There will be times when the success or failure of your exploits will depend entirely on your LUCK. You will be instructed to *Test your Luck*; the procedure for this is as follows: roll two dice. If the total rolled is equal to or less than your LUCK score, you are Lucky. If the total is higher than your LUCK score, you are Unlucky. Whatever the outcome, you must deduct 1 point from your LUCK score every time you *Test your Luck*. As you will see, the more you use your LUCK, the less likely you are to be Lucky. There will be occasions when you will be able to recover some points of LUCK; however, unless specifically stated to the contrary, your score cannot exceed its *Initial* value.

Combat

During your adventure you will meet other people and creatures. Some of them will attack you; others you will decide to fight. The procedure for resolving battles is described below.

SKILL and STAMINA scores are given in the text for each adversary that you face. Write these numbers in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on the *Adventure Sheet*. Make a note also of any special abilities or instructions that are unique to this particular opponent. The combat sequence is then:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add the total rolled to its SKILL score. This is the Attack Strength of your enemy.
2. Roll two dice and add the total to your own current SKILL score. This is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is the higher, you have wounded your opponent: go to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher, it has wounded you: go to step 5. If the Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start a new Combat Round from step 1.
4. Deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA. You may be able to deduct extra points if you use your LUCK (see below) or if you have a special weapon.
5. Deduct 2 points from your own STAMINA. You may use your LUCK to reduce the seriousness of this loss (see below).
6. Make sure you have recorded on the *Adventure Sheet* all adjustments to the STAMINA and LUCK scores of either yourself or your opponent.
7. Begin the next Combat Round, starting again at step 1. This procedure continues until either you or your opponent has a STAMINA score of zero. If your opponent's STAMINA score reaches zero,

you have killed it and can continue with your adventure. If your own STAMINA score reaches zero, you are dead; you must start the adventure again from the beginning, first rolling the dice to create a new character.

You may from time to time be given the opportunity to escape from your opponent. If you decide to do this, the battle ends – but the enemy automatically wounds you once as you turn your back and flee. You must deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You can use your LUCK to minimize this wound, as for any other (see below).

Often you will have to fight more than one opponent at a time. Sometimes you will be told to treat them as a single opponent; at others, you will be able to fight them one at a time; and sometimes all of them will be able to attack you, while you defend yourself and may attack only one of them. Specific instructions will be given whenever you meet more than one opponent.

Using Luck in Combat

You can use your LUCK in combat to inflict a particularly serious wound, or to minimize a wound that has been inflicted on you.

Whenever you wound an opponent, you may *Test your Luck*: roll two dice. If the total rolled is equal to or less than your LUCK score, you have been Lucky. If the total is higher than your LUCK score, you are Unlucky. (Whatever the result, you must remember to deduct 1 point from your current LUCK score.) If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound: deduct 2 extra points from your opponent's STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, you have merely grazed it, and you deduct 1 point less than normal from its STAMINA.

If you have been wounded, you can *Test your Luck* in exactly the same way. (Remember to deduct 1 point from your LUCK, whatever the result.) If you are Lucky, the wound upon you was only a glancing blow, and you can deduct 1 point less than usual of STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, the wound is serious: deduct 1 extra point from your STAMINA.

Getting Started

The forests that cover the hills between Kleinkastel and the Cloudhigh Mountains are extensive and are populated by dangerous denizens. You are very unlikely to succeed in your mission at the first attempt. It is recommended that you make notes and draw a map as you explore. There is a way to succeed that involves little risk, even if you start with low *Initial* scores. There are many more routes that lead to failure and unpleasant fates.

Start by reading the Background section; then go on to the paragraph headed with the number 1. After that, go to whichever numbered paragraph you are instructed to turn to. Do not read paragraphs you have not been led to: this amounts to cheating – and will lessen your enjoyment.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

EQUIPMENT LIST

GOLD

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

Far to the east of the great port of Kelther, a line of snow-capped peaks divides the fertile lands from the deserts and wastes that make up the interior of the continent of Khul. To the humans who have settled along the streams that run from the northern half of the range, the peaks are known as the Cloudhigh Mountains. Half-way down the range a spur extending to the west marks the southward limit of human habitation – or, rather, it did until recently. From the southern half of the range, streams rush through narrow valleys between hills that are covered with impenetrable woodlands, and drain into an inland sea. The forest is home to wild beasts and to Goblins, whose name for the huge lake is Mlubz.

No humans had set foot in the forest within recorded history. Southern tribesmen and, in later centuries, armoured Neuburgers had shunned the inhospitable hills. A few years ago, however, a small band of trail-blazers set out from the frontier town of Kleinkastel and disappeared into the forest. Months later, two survivors returned – with gold nuggets. Gold – that soft, malleable metal, useless for making weapons or tools or even lodestones and yet, in a way, a magnet. Its matchless lustre attracts, not other metals, but human greed.

Within days, as if drawn by an invisible force, humanity began to invade the forest from north and south. Some came alone, with just a pickaxe and shovel; others came as families, or in entire tribes; some groups were as big as small armies. There were miners; and there were those who provisioned the miners, and others who swindled them; there were robbers of all sorts, from desperate outlaws to clerks and lawyers; finally, there were the Margrave's men, come to tax everyone else.

Bridges were slung across raging cataracts; giant trees were felled; battalions of man-eating Goblins were defeated and dispersed. Bands of outlaws roamed the hills, more deadly even than the forest creatures. In an effort to restore law and order, and to generate income, the Margrave of Kleinkastel declared the whole forest to be part of his demesne. Now his foot soldiers march across the hills, chasing bandits, selling mining licences, and dealing summarily with unlicensed miners. To the miners, the Margrave's soldiers are just one more irritation. Like the Goblins and the southern bandits, they interfere with the serious business of digging for gold. The most successful miners are already wealthy enough to defy the Margrave. They employ teams of less fortunate migrants to work the richest seams, located deep under the higher mountains, and they organize caravans to transport ore from the highland diggings through the forest to Kleinkastel, now a bustling boom town, where equally wealthy merchants wait to weigh, assay and buy

their loads. One of the most successful mine-owners is Gloten. Recently he sent out invitations to selected warriors, including yourself, to come to Kleinkastel and work for him as caravan guards. At the time you had better things to do than trudge back and forth through a hilly forest at the beck and call of a wealthy mine-owner, and you declined the offer.

Now, however, something is very wrong in the forest. Gloten has sent out messengers with another story: miners, and sometimes entire families, have gone missing from their villages; strange beasts, the like of which have never been seen before, are terrorizing the woodlands; and Gloten pleads for one of Khul's renowned warriors to come to Kleinkastel and investigate these mysterious occurrences. He declares that he will pay the warrior's own weight in gold in return for restoring normality to the forest. You could refuse neither the appeal for help nor the lure of such a reward.

With the last two coins you possessed, you have bought a map of the area (it is reproduced on the inside front cover of this book) and you have it safely stowed in your backpack, along with what remains of your Provisions – after your long journey from Kelther, you now have enough for only two more meals. You are wearing leather armour; your trusty sword hangs in its sheath at your belt. You reached the forest without incident; however, thanks to a rainstorm and the flooding of a ford, you

managed to miss the road that links Neuburg and Festham to Kleinkastel and found yourself in the depths of the woodlands. Last night you slept rough in the undergrowth; this morning, you came across a well-worn track, leading south-west, which you hope will lead you out of the forest and towards Kleinkastel, where you expect to find Gloten and offer your services to him for the promised fee. With luck, you will reach the little town before dusk.

Now turn to paragraph 1.

1

A line of blood-spots crosses the path. The blood is still warm and unclotted. Your hand goes to your sword-hilt as you scan the surrounding forest. You can hear nothing, but it is clear that a wounded animal has crossed the path – a very large animal, to judge by the extent of broken branches and trampled undergrowth that show where the creature crashed into the forest. You follow the trail between the trees and into a clearing, where you stop in amazement. The wounded animal is there – but it is not a bear or a wolf or any other woodland beast you have ever seen. It is like an enormous lizard, as big as an ox, with a sail-like frill running the length of its back and supported by spines. Its scaly hide shows several severe gashes. Stroking the monster's snout is an Elf woman. As you enter the glade, the monster snarls and the Elf woman raises her sword; but then, instead of attacking, they speak. *Both* of them say: 'Help us! Please help us!' Even as they speak, two soldiers come running into the clearing, swords drawn, and advance towards the wounded beast. Will you help to defend the monster (turn to **229**), or will you stand aside and await the outcome of the confrontation (turn to **375**)?

2

You find a broad-limbed tree that looks easy to climb, and you clamber up to the highest boughs in order to establish your whereabouts in the forest. If you want to eat a meal and regain lost STAMINA,

you can do so here, perched on a branch. Remember to note the changes on your *Adventure Sheet*.

From your vantage point, you survey the landscape; now you have to decide in which direction to travel. To the west the forest thins, and you can see a wide track leading towards Kleinkastel. If you want to go to the town next, turn to **143**. To the south the forest stretches into the distance like an endless green carpet. If you want to head south, turn to **155**. To the east the vegetation rises up the foothills of the Cloudhigh Mountains, and in the distance the peaks form a jagged, bleak horizon. Beneath the mountains are the mine-workings. If you want to take this direction, turn to **22**.

3

The more you twist and turn, the more you adhere to the glutinous slime. By the time the tongue curls round you and draws you into the Stegocephalian's fetid maw, you are completely helpless. At least you are asphyxiated before the monster's digestive juices begin to dissolve your body.

4

The stream bubbles down a series of small rapids as the ravine becomes deeper, cooler and darker. Jumping from rock to rock, you are becoming rather footsore, and you are pleased when you find that the ravine levels off and widens, and the stream runs into a sun-dappled pool. You stop at the edge of the pool; you cannot see a way to continue; unless you wade through the water, or cross it by jumping between the rounded boulders that are half-submerged in the pool. Will you turn back, trudge up the slippery stream-bed to the place where it veered sharply, and then climb the hillside path (turn to **358**); or will you rest in the shade of the overhanging cliff while you consider your next move (turn to **179**)?

5

You continue along the path, which takes you higher into the hills; there is a cool breeze, and very few trees rise out of the scrubby hillside vegetation. You look down to your right where the forest stretches away into the distance. Closer, at the foot of the slopes, you can see clearings in the woodland, some of them containing hamlets, or single huts. The path divides into two: one branch continues uphill, and you think that you can hear the sounds of fighting in that direction; if you take this path, turn to **319**. The other runs downhill, back into the forest; if you take this path, turn to **144**.

6

When all seven contestants have given their answers, Gloten opens his fist to reveal 2 Silver Pieces. You are one of four contestants who gave the wrong answer. The three winners step forward to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd. Gloten approaches the losers. Turn to **339**.

7

You try to shoo away the baby Pteranodon, but it refuses to move. Instead, it increases the frequency and volume of its screeching. You yell at it and stamp your feet, and eventually it hops away, still shrieking. You peep over the rock, to find that the two Slave Warrior guards are approaching, attracted by the noise you have been making. You must fight them. Turn to **262**.

8

You up-end your backpack and shake out your purse. All your belongings are lying on the grass. Do they include any Gold Pieces? If so, turn to **92**. If not, turn to **218**.

9

You prowl through the jungle towards the centre of the valley. You see no guards, but you do come across several long, low sheds that are deserted, but which you imagine have been used as barracks. The Warlord has kept very few of his soldiers in this lost world; but enough are left to guard his palace, as you find out when you reach the edge of the jungle. Staying out of sight, you circle the clearing in which the huge stone building stands. Every doorway has sentries posted at it; the closest you can approach without being seen is to sneak up among the empty outhouses. And finally you find an unguarded entrance: a wooden lattice covers a hole in the floor of an outbuilding. You lift this cover, and your feet encounter a steep staircase. You descend into a dark tunnel illuminated by occasional torches. It leads towards the main stone building; after you have followed it for some distance, it stops at a staircase. Will you go up, presumably towards the upper levels of the palace (turn to **378**), or downwards (turn to **201**)?

10

The Margrave is outraged at your suggestion, and orders his men to seize you. Gloten, however, insists that you are brought on to the platform rather than thrown at once into a dungeon. The crowd surges forward to look at you, and Gloten speaks out: 'This warrior knows how a miner likes to fight! Bring two pickaxe handles! We'll settle this here and now!' He shrugs off his rich cloak. His body is short

and stout, but his arms bulge with muscles. He throws you one of two wooden staves. You circle each other, and then close in. The crowd roars its approval.

GLOTEN SKILL 9 STAMINA 16

When the STAMINA of either you or Gloten is reduced to 4 points, you realize that the duel cannot last much longer. You have to decide how you want the fight to end. If you think it would be diplomatic to let Gloten win, you can do so without losing any more STAMINA. You simply pretend that Gloten's next few blows strike you hard, and then collapse and submit. Turn to 389. You can, instead, carry on fighting until the STAMINA of one of you is reduced to only 2 points, and that person submits to the other. When that happens, turn to 314.

11

There are fewer paths criss-crossing the forest as you continue eastwards, although the path you are on is still well defined. The woodland round you is dark and silent. You are beginning to wonder whether you have penetrated too far into the forest – and then you see two bodies lying on the path ahead. You approach cautiously. The dead creatures are Scurrellors, long-tailed, fur-covered humanoids who live in trees and are very rarely seen by ground-dwellers. These two had been on a hunting trip: each has a bow and an empty quiver, and a bag of game birds. They have been shot down with a crossbow: the metal bolts are still embedded in their green-leather clothing and soft brown fur. Will you search the bodies (turn to 151) or pass them by and continue along the path (turn to 230)?

12

Clouds of darkness close round you from all sides. You turn around and around under the grim gateway, desperately pushing your torch this way and that to fend off the enclosing shadow. But your torch cannot be everywhere at once, and the darkness deepens round you. Your torch is snuffed out; the black shadows wrap themselves round you and snuff out your life.

13

The little punt is trapped in the whirlpool caused by the monster's convulsions. It fills with bloody water and sinks. You cling to it with numbed fingers until the creature's writhing body crashes into it and breaks it apart. Dazed and helpless, you are barely able to keep afloat as you are carried downstream. You collide with submerged rocks and with the timbers of a jetty; roll two dice and deduct the total from your STAMINA. If you manage to survive this watery ordeal, you find yourself washed up on the eastern bank of the river. You pull yourself ashore and collapse in the undergrowth.

When you wake, you feel stiff but able to walk. Without a boat you cannot continue downriver; you begin the long walk upstream. Turn to 278.

14

The dark shadows recede, absorbed into the black stones of the Portal. Your vision clears: you pick up your possessions and peer into the cavern, which is still deserted. Then you turn to look through the other side of the Portal – and gaze open-mouthed at an impossible scene. Before you stretches a sunlit wilderness – a vast panorama of marsh and jungle, plains and forest, with snow-capped mountains lining a distant horizon. Your mind cannot comprehend how all this can exist in the depths of a gold mine; and then you realize that the Portal is a gateway to another world. This is not Khul: the sky is a different blue, the sun a different yellow. Some of the monstrous animals you have seen before, roaming the forest between the mines and Kleinkastel; this other world teems with them. Like mobile hills, armoured monsters lumber across the grasslands; flocks of sharp-beaked creatures soar in the skies. Somewhere in this landscape lurks the Warlord of the Slave Warriors.

You step forward and look back: from this side, the Portal is just a black cave-mouth in a hillside. Hoping to return, you conceal your burning torch in a nearby rocky cleft. Three paths lead away from the Portal; you ignore the middle way, which is the widest and most used. Will you choose to go to the left, through hilly country (turn to 239); or to the right, into the jungle (turn to 322)?

15

The stream has now become a wide river, curving through flat forestland of ancient green trunks that rise majestically, as far as the eye can see, out of dense brambly undergrowth. Your path clings to the western bank of the river, and eventually you find some evidence of habitation. An old wooden jetty juts out across the shallows. Moored to it are two boats: a flat-bottomed punt with a long pole, and a skiff with oars. A track leads from the jetty into the woods, where you see a hut. It occurs to you that boating downstream would be quicker and easier than walking. Will you take a boat (turn to **166**)? Or will you go to the hut and knock on the door (turn to **275**)?

16

Lignia has no weapon and no experience of combat. She offers no resistance to your blows. However, she has surprisingly hard skin, like the bark of a tree; despite all your advantages, you can inflict only 2 points of STAMINA loss on her each Attack Round. You cannot use LUCK in this situation; therefore, as Lignia has 12 points of STAMINA, it will take six combat rounds to kill her. As you attack her motionless body, you are uncomfortably aware that the leaves of the tree are rustling louder and louder, and the branches seem to be bending towards you. At the end of each Attack Round you must roll one die; if you roll a 6, turn to **279**. If you reach the end of six Attack Rounds without once rolling a 6, turn to **76**.

17

Even muzzled, and with all four paws enclosed in leather mittens, the huge bear is a formidable opponent. Standing on its hind legs, it is an arm's length taller than you, and its thick coat of hair is as protective as leather armour.

GIANT BROWN BEAR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 13

If you defeat it, you find nothing of interest in the cell. You leave, closing the door behind you, and continue along the corridor. Turn to **295**.

18

The rocky pinnacle is yours. You look inside the stone shelter: it is empty, clean and dry, and you decide to stay in it during the coming night. It will act as a hiding-place and as protection against the cold wind. In the light of the setting sun, you sit by the shelter to rest and reflect on your progress. You may eat a meal from your Provisions, if you want to, and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. You take a stroll round the summit to survey your surroundings. Turn to **123**.

19

The guard tosses and turns in his sleep as you creep past, but he does not wake. You pace down the stairs, circling downwards in the dark interior of the trunk, and finally you see a glimmer of grey light ahead. The stairs end, and a short tunnel winds between the tree's massive roots to the leaf-strewn forest floor. At the end of the tunnel stands an Elven Slave Warrior; he has heard you coming down the stairs and has drawn his sword in readiness. You must fight him.

ELVEN SLAVE WARRIOR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

If you win, you emerge from the bottom of the Elves' tree-home and decide to get away from it as quickly as possible. Turn to **150**.

20

By the flickering firelight you inspect the bodies of the Goblins. They are a battle-scarred pair: one has an eye-patch over an empty socket, the other has a hook in place of a left hand. They were professional thieves, to judge by the collection of trinkets and assorted coins that each has in his purse. You find a total of 6 Gold Pieces, which you can keep. You pull the bodies out of the hollow and return to sit by the fire until dawn. In the grey morning, before the sun has risen, you scatter the remaining embers, make your way back to the path and continue southwards. Turn to **36**.

21

You surrender to the Half-Goblin guard and wait with him as a group of warriors runs from the centre of the town to find you. They take you back to the little stone hut and push you inside – and this time they remember to lock the door. You can do nothing but wait. If you want to, you can eat a meal from your Provisions and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. Turn to **110**.

22

In spite of the jagged terrain and thick undergrowth, this part of the forest is a maze of small paths. Most of them run east–west, between the mineworkings in the mountains and Kleinkastel. Branches lead northwards into the hills and southwards into the heart of the forest. The highest peaks of the Cloudhigh Mountains can be seen above the treetops to the east, and you decide that this is the direction in which you will travel.

You have been walking for some time when you hear heavy footsteps behind you. You push on to a clearing, where you turn and see your pursuers emerging from the trees. There is a man in the background, but you have eyes only for the bizarre beast that is trotting towards you, uttering high-pitched squawks. It is the size of an ostrich but with no feathers and with claws instead of wings. The eyes in its beaked head glare down at you as it approaches. It is a Struthiomimus, and it became extinct millions of years ago – but here it is apparently very much alive, and intent on attacking you.

STRUTHIOMIMUS SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

After three rounds of combat, turn to 189.

23

The black shape moves towards you. 'Not good enough!' echoes its weird voice. 'Not a good enough answer. However – you have paid for your boat-

trip, and you deserve another chance to succeed. Come; step into the coracle.'

You feel weak and weary. As if sleepwalking, you paddle through the shallows and step into the little round craft. You curl up in the bottom, and as the coracle drifts away from the shore you hear the voice saying: 'You will do better next time . . .'

You wake up on a path in a forest. You feel refreshed. All your scores are at their *Initial* level. Your sword is at your side. In your backpack you have nothing but a map and enough Provisions for 2 meals. You look around; the scene is very familiar. You are sure that you have been here before. Turn to **1**.

24

Your jump takes you clear of the Giant Centipede's long body, but your feet collide with its erect tail. Your head strikes the wall of the gully, and you tumble to the ground in a senseless heap. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you regain consciousness just as the stinging tail and clicking mandibles are converging on your body. You lash out in desperation.

GIANT CENTIPEDE SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win, you step over the still wriggling legs and hurry into the jungle. Turn to **9**.

25

The river is now broad and slow-moving, and it is taking you in a southerly direction. As you drift along you have time to eat a meal from your Provisions if you want to (restore up to 4 points of STAMINA) and to gaze at the scenery. Both banks are still thickly forested, but the undergrowth appears to be less dense and to consist mainly of vines and creepers. If anything, the trees are even more massive than those in the forest further north, with wide, glossy leaves. You think that open glades in the forest are becoming more frequent as you travel further south. Eventually you notice that the flow of the river has become faster; at the same time, you see the first signs of humanoid life since you took the boat: there are wooden jetties ahead, one on each bank. You can now manoeuvre your boat to one side or other of the river, to reach one of the jetties; or you can stay in midstream. Will you:

Steer to the right, towards the west bank?	Turn to **382**
Continue in the centre of the river?	Turn to **104**
Steer to the left, towards the east bank?	Turn to **152**

26

The Noasaurus roars, revealing rows of jagged teeth, as you launch your attack.

NOASAURUS SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you manage to defeat it, you are not surprised to find that your struggle has attracted the attention of one of the Slave Warriors. You hardly have time to recover your breath before he advances towards you with mechanical movements. Turn to **135**.

27

The thunder of hoof-beats dies away behind you, and the forest is silent except for the lapping of the river. And then you see it: through the gaps between the widely spaced trees, you can make out sparkling water – a vast lake, or an inland sea, rippling southwards as far as the eye can see. To the north-east its coast is thick forest; to the south-west it is bordered by wide grasslands. You walk on and approach the tree-shaded shore. Bobbing on the water, tied to a post, is a coracle. You head towards it; and a shape appears in your path. Ten paces in front of you, between you and the coracle, stands a black figure – a silhouette – a completely dark shape,

squat but humanoid, its outline suggesting a compressed Dwarf, in tattered robes and a floppy hat. And all as black as a bottomless pit.

Suddenly the shape moves; and a voice seems to emanate from the air: 'Gold! Throw gold to me or I will not let you pass!' Will you:

Throw yourself at the shape in attack?	Turn to 306
Toss a Gold Piece towards the shape?	Turn to 77
Ignore the shape, and walk past it?	Turn to 345

28

As you continue to fight the Oviraptor, you step back to dodge its beak – and collide with the emaciated body of a Slave Warrior. Four of the expressionless soldiers have entered the cage, attracted by the noise of your fight, and are silently watching your struggle with the small dinosaur. Now they intervene: they fend off the Oviraptor, take you out of the cage, and knock you unconscious again. They carry you back to the Tyrannosaurus's pit, and throw you in. You are to be a meal for the monster, and this time there is no escape.

29

The Goblins snatch the scroll from you and run off into the forest. You sit on the edge of the jetty, watching the sunlight sparkle on the river's surface. Behind you, the rustling trees are full of birdsong, and across the wide river you catch glimpses of forest creatures flitting between the trees. You wait for the Goblins to return.

Several hours later, you have become very bored. You begin to wonder whether you have been tricked . . . perhaps the Goblins have no intention of coming back. If you decide that you have waited long enough, you can jump back into your boat, cast off from the jetty, and let the current take you downstream – turn to **104**. Or you can set off in much the same direction along the riverside path – turn to **50**. In either case, you have lost the letter – delete it from your *Adventure Sheet*. If you want to carry on waiting, turn to **198**.

30

Reluctantly, you unbuckle your swordbelt and drop it on the wooden platform. Then you look over the edge, to find that the rope-ladder now extends to the ground, so you go down it. You wander into the dell and unenthusiastically begin to inspect the damaged plants. With your bare hands you dig holes in which you replant uprooted saplings; you clear the lawns of branches that have been hacked off shrubs by passing soldiers; you replace turf in boot-marks; you pull rubbish out of the stream. After a while, you find yourself enjoying your work. You stand up to survey the results and see Lignia walking towards you, followed by a dozen Dryads. She is holding your sword at arm's length, and she returns it to you with a shudder. 'Take this thing!'

she says. 'I no longer fear that you will use it against me or my forest. Forgive my mistrust, but we have few friends now – even the Wood Elves have turned against us. And please accept these gifts: I sense that they will be important to you.' Two Dryads approach, each bearing a tiny bird in a small wooden cage. One bird has red plumage, the other blue. You put them in your backpack, and when you look up you are alone again. You leave the clearing and continue along the narrow forest path. Turn to **144**.

31

You pull the talisman from your backpack and let it hang by its thong. The wizard stares at it in disbelief, then stumbles backwards, his face white with horror and fear. 'I think I know where I have seen these markings before,' he whispers, 'and, if I am right, this thing is more fearsome than my worst imaginings. Come! Up this stairway to my library!'

In a bright, book-lined gallery, the wizard pores over dusty tomes. You cannot read the ancient script that he is studying. 'It is an old Goblin tongue,' he explains, 'and the Forest Goblins no longer speak it, still less write it. This book, old as it is, is merely a collection of fragments of songs and stories that are thousands of years older. And yes! As I thought – here is a description of a small stone tablet inscribed in the same manner as this talisman. It is apparently a replica, or representation, of something larger . . . I suspect that it will require several hours of study to decipher this old story – and it may be no more than a fable. If you do not want to waste your time, I can carry out this research later, after my return. We can leave now.'

If you urge the wizard to leave now, turn to **102**. If you want to wait while he studies his books, turn to **81**.

32

At the summit of the ridge, the track passes between two rocks. You take cover there to survey the landscape on the other side of the ridge. You are looking down into a circular, bowl-shaped valley. Jungle vegetation covers most of its area, but clearings and paths have recently been cut through the verdure, and in the very centre of the valley a huge clearing surrounds a palace. This massive building is so new that its stone blocks are painfully white in the glaring sun. Wooden outbuildings cluster against its

high walls. This must be the headquarters of the Warlord who controls the Slave Warriors through the power of the Portal. Looking along the rim of the valley, you see patrols of tireless Slave Warriors. Within the valley, however, there are no signs of movement. A gully, into which you can just squeeze, runs down into the valley from your hiding-place. There is no other way to enter the valley without walking into the open – and a Slave Warrior patrol is approaching along the ridge. Will you wriggle into the gully (turn to **156**); or will you step out of hiding, adopt a stiff stance and an unblinking gaze, and hope that the Slave Warriors take you for one of their own kind (turn to **247**)?

33

The man holds his knife to your throat while a dozen or so roughly dressed men and women, armed with an assortment of knives, axes and staves, emerge from the undergrowth round the clearing and congregate round you. Turn to **216**.

34

You retreat from the woman's enraged onslaught, trying to explain that you mean her no harm, and colliding with silk-upholstered chairs and tripping backwards over velvet floor-cushions. The woman wields her length of chain with the skill of a seasoned gladiator, and you must deduct 3 points from your STAMINA as you back away from her. If you survive this attack, the woman suddenly stops. She is staring at the doorway. You turn to see a Dwarven Slave Warrior with a bunch of keys at his belt; he is the gaoler. The woman snarls at him, but his gaze remains fixed on you. He turns, presumably to go and seek assistance to deal with you. You must stop him, so you throw yourself across the room to fight him.

DWARVEN SLAVE WARRIOR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you defeat the gaoler, the woman smiles at you and pats her hands together in polite applause. Turn to **276**.

35

The enthusiastic mood of the hunters turns to anger as they argue with you, insisting that you must face the Triceratops alone. Your failure to do so mystifies them, and brands you as a coward. Perhaps, after all, you are not fit to be a warrior of the People. The hunters take away your spear and thrust a shortsword into your grasp before forcing you, at spearpoint, towards the dinosaur. You will have to fight it; and with only a shortsword, your SKILL is reduced by 1 point for the duration of this fight. The Triceratops scuffs the grass and prepares to charge. As the beast lowers its head and thunders towards you, you despair of ever defeating it.

TRICERATOPS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 18

Your sword makes little impact on the leathery, knobbly hide – deduct only 1 point from the Tricera-

tops's STAMINA each time you wound it. Its horns and its thick, muscular tail are formidable weapons – deduct 3 points from your STAMINA each time it wounds you. If you are still alive after five rounds of combat, you are relieved to hear the war-cries of the other hunters as they join in the attack. Surrounded, the Triceratops is soon overwhelmed and slaughtered. Turn to **390**.

36

The trees of the forest are now so thinly spread that you feel conspicuous as you stride southwards through the grass that grows everywhere between the trees and on which herds of animals imperturbably graze. You hear the river to your left, and on your right you glimpse distant sun-baked plains beyond the trees.

You hear hoof-beats. There is little cover, and you are spotted by the riders – five Southerners in flowing robes, galloping towards you on horned, cloven-footed ponies. Will you stand and wait for them to reach you (turn to **294**)? Or will you run, hoping either to outdistance them or to find a refuge (turn to **134**)?

37

Consciousness returns. You are in the forest. Your body aches all over. Your eyesight seems weak; you think you must be lying on the ground, looking up at the trunks of trees that appear discoloured and distorted. You move your legs to stand up; you hear a scuttling noise from under your body and find yourself being propelled across a clearing and under a bush. You move your arms . . . and two huge pincers swim into view in front of your eyes. The Portal has transformed you into a Giant Scorpion. You will end your life scurrying across the forest floor, preying on small woodland creatures; meanwhile the Warlord's armies will continue their conquest of Khul.

38

The soldier looks at the barrels, peering inside some and kicking the ends of others. The one next to yours disintegrates under the impact of an armoured boot. But the soldier fails to look in your barrel and, as he stamps out of the tavern, you climb out of the barrel. You find a back door; next to it is a stack of unlit torches, bound reeds soaked in pitch. You can take one, putting it in your backpack as you slip through the door.

You find yourself on a narrow track, overshadowed by forest trees; you head eastward and, out of sight of the village, you rejoin the main path you had been on before you entered the village. Turn to **11**.

39

You pull yourself through the narrow slit, and slide in darkness down a short slope, landing in a foul-smelling pile of rotting meat and other rubbish. The slit was obviously the drain through which waste from the beast's enclosure is sluiced. You stagger across the fetid heap, and your outstretched hands touch a wall. You feel your way along it and discover a narrow aperture. Forcing your way through this, you find yourself wedged between two high walls; a little grey light reaches you from a long way above. You shuffle along sideways, until eventually you emerge at a torch-lit landing; stairs lead up and down; as you fear meeting your captors if you go up, you decide to step warily down the stairs. Turn to 78.

40

You are within range of the Dwarf's boat-hook, and you have to defend yourself against it. If the Koallit is still alive, it will wrap its tail round your legs and peck at your knees with its pointed beak; this will reduce your SKILL by 2 points while you are fighting the Dwarf, and cause you to lose 1 point of STAMINA each combat round.

DWARF BOATMAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If you win, you can untie the boats, step into one of them, and let it carry you on your way downstream. If you choose to do this, make a note of which boat you use – the punt or the skiff – and turn to 227. If you would rather leave the boats and continue on foot down the riverside path, turn to 79.

41

As you stand at the side of the path you notice that the ancient oak tree whose branches are sheltering you from the sun has a hole in its trunk. Peering into the dark centre of the tree, you can just make out an irregular heap of twigs and dry leaves – and something shiny. If you want to reach into the tree to pull out the heap, turn to 194. If you decide not to do this, you continue to await the arrival of the marching men. Turn to 363.

42

Standing in the middle of a circle of taut bows, you ask the Wood Elves what they want of you – but they remain silent. You are not afraid: Wood Elves are not usually unfriendly to humans. Another band of Elves enters the clearing; and you realize, from her bearing and her costume, that the leader is the Queen of the tribe. You bow as she approaches. She is stern and unsmiling, and asks you your business. You explain that you are searching for the source of the evil that has arisen in the forest. 'Then we can help you,' she says. 'You should travel east, and up into the mountains; but tomorrow we will escort you there. Tonight you must rest with us.' You thank her for her kind offer, and accept it – in fact you have little choice, as a dozen arrows are still aimed at you. 'Forgive our suspicions,' adds the Queen. 'These days it is hard to know whom to trust.' The Elves form a marching column, with you at its centre, and move off into the forest. You are walking along woodland paths, but the trees seem misty and your footsteps are muffled. If you have a Potion of True Seeing, turn to 335; if not, turn to 217.

43

You are hurled against a jagged boulder. Bones smash in every part of your body. Your corpse is carried away by the torrent.

44

The Slave Warriors see you, and stop. They turn and march away along the ridge. Your acting skills deserve applause. You are now free to enter the valley, and you slide down a dusty slope and into the shelter of the jungle. Turn to 9.

45

You step through the door and hurry away from the building. A strange noise – a series of soft pops overlaid with a sizzling hum – makes you look back. You witness the effect of Igneolite: when lit, it bursts forth in a cloud of dust that covers stone – and transforms it. You see the individual blocks of the building's stone walls and slate roof melting, flowing together and re-hardening into one seamless, featureless shape. The building has turned into a gigantic smooth boulder, with the alchemist and his gold sealed into the hollow interior. Igneolite is clearly a powerful substance; you are sure that you will find a use for the small sack of it that you have in your pack. You decide to investigate the mine entrance near by; turn to 106.

46

You guess that this ragged specimen is one of the Slave Warriors whom the Spinosaurus mentioned. You hope he will not see you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 162. If you are Unlucky, turn to 193.

47

Horfak stops talking and steps back as you advance. 'You dare to interrupt me?' he hisses. 'And you dare to threaten violence to your Warlord, to the Emperor of all Khul? Your attack is futile. Feel the power of the Portal!' He gestures with his arms, and the black lightning crackles and seems to descend from the ceiling, enclosing you. Pain stabs into your head; your limbs feel heavy. Reduce your SKILL by 2 points for the duration of this fight. Horfak draws a two-handed sword, and a laugh bubbles from his twisted lips as he swings the blade in murderous arcs, black lightning coursing along his arms. Strengthened by the evil power of the Portal, Horfak is a fearsome foe.

HORFAK	SKILL 10	STAMINA 20

If you defeat him, turn to 170.

48

'Well done, brave warrior. The wizard will be happy to welcome you. Please step into the coracle – it will take you to the wizard's home.' The dark shadow vanishes.

You paddle through the shallows and sit down inside the little round craft, which begins to drift away from the shore. A mist creeps across the surface of the water, obscuring the sun. Soon you are no longer able to see the shoreline. After some time, a shape looms out of the mist ahead of you. It

is a tiny island, no more than fifty paces across. The coracle draws towards it, and you see that its surface is piled high with rusty weapons: swords, spears, shields, bows. The coracle bumps against a post that stands in the water; the post once supported a notice-board, but the inscription is so old that you cannot read it. You wonder what you are supposed to do.

If you decide to throw your sword on to the rusty heap on the island, turn to **357**. If you decide to keep your weapon, turn to **205**. If you have no weapon, turn to **97**.

49

You understand only a little of the language of this mixed tribe of warriors, but it is clear that you are their prisoner. They take you up the hill and into the walled village. Here you are locked inside a small stone hut. Soon the door is thrown open, and a human woman enters. She speaks to you in an archaic dialect of your own tongue. 'Greetings, Otherworlder. My name is Witta. I will explain your situation. The gateway in the Sacred Cave used to be kind to us: once every century or two, someone from Otherworld would find it and come to us. My grandfather was the most recent arrival; a Neuburger by birth and a forester by trade, he found the gateway while exploring the caverns beneath the Cloudhigh Mountains. We call ourselves the People; here, all races are one tribe, and live in peace, unlike the tribes of Otherworld. But since Horfak arrived, the gateway glows with evil; none but hordes of Slave Warriors enter our land through it, and Horfak orders the Slave Warriors to destroy our dwellings and make captives of us. I have more to tell – but first, you must eat. I will fetch food.' She leaves – and forgets to lock the door! Will you wait for her to return (turn to **360**); or will you make a dash through the door (turn to **72**)?

50

As you stride southwards alongside the rushing waterway, you find the forest thinning as the ground becomes rocky; soon you are clambering up and down crags and ravines. The path climbs higher and higher until you lose sight of the river below. Now above the tops of the forest trees, you zigzag through massive boulders on your way up a steep hill. Finally you reach the summit. It is a bare, windswept crag, cold in the red light of the setting sun. Ahead of you there is a shelter made of piled rocks and stones; next to it, motionless, a cloaked figure sits facing south. Its back is to you. Will you call out, or cough politely, to announce your presence (turn to **373**)? Or will you attempt to sneak up quietly and attack the figure (turn to **171**)?

51

Horfak steps back as you advance. 'You dare to threaten violence to your Warlord, to the Emperor of all Khul? Your attack is futile. Feel what the Portal can do!' Black lightning streams from the tip of his sword and surrounds you in a web of flickering

53

The heap of broken furniture *is* a nest. Inside it is a large egg – and, scattered about, a total of 10 Gold Pieces. You can take the egg, or the coins, or both, and put them in your backpack – but not without a fight. The tower shudders as two huge talons grasp the parapet of the belvedere, and a nightmarish creature emits a scream of rage as it sees you. It is a Pteranodon, a long-extinct flying saurian. It stalks towards you, its scaly wings outstretched almost across the full width of the room, its toothless beak wide enough to swallow you whole. You will have to fight it.

PTERANODON SKILL 5 STAMINA 8

If you kill it, you climb over its body and return to the empty first-floor room of the tower. Turn to **109**.

54

The Ankylosaurus is quick-footed despite its massive bulk. As you attack, it turns and swings its tail towards you. The end of its tail consists of a knobbly ball of bone, as big as a barrel and with long spines. If the Ankylosaurus succeeds in striking you, you must deduct 6 points of STAMINA; not many creatures could survive such a blow.

ANKYLOSAURUS SKILL 4 STAMINA 22

As you fight, you leap and run about the dinosaur, trying to stay clear of its murderous tail. If you survive long enough to inflict three wounds on the

animal, it tires of the conflict, and ambles away downhill. You are able to continue your uphill trek. Turn to **32**.

55

You clamber on to the seat and sink into the pile of cushions. This is a very comfortable throne. You rest your head against the high, carved back and place your hands on the upholstered arms. The arms feel a little loose; you inspect them and find that they are hinged – you could lift them. Will you:

Leave the chair and wait for Gloten?	Turn to **211**
Try to lift both of the arms together?	Turn to **173**
Try to lift the right arm, then the left?	Turn to **126**
Try to lift the left arm, then the right?	Turn to **296**

56

You have spoken the correct number. 'Very good! Well done!' says the enchanted door as you open it and step on to a thick branch. Clinging to twigs as you realize that you are in the topmost branches of the Elves' tree-home, you make your way to a narrow, rickety stairway that slopes downwards, criss-crossing from branch to branch. As you climb down it, you pass openings in the massive trunk and wooden buildings set among the branches, and you can see that all the Elves have been turned into Slave Warriors, and are silent and motionless. They do not hear you pass, and your staircase ends on one of the tree's broad lower limbs. You hear a groan, and you decide to investigate. Turn to **249**.

57

The stream runs along the bottom of a valley, and as you follow its course the sides of the valley grow steeper and higher until you find yourself in a deep gorge. The cliffs that rise vertically from both banks of the swiftly flowing brook block out most of the daylight. You are on the west bank, where a narrow path runs alongside the watercourse. At the next bend in the river your path is squeezed between the cliff and the water – and at that point there is a large cave in the cliff face. You cannot cross the stream here, so you must either continue along the path, past the cave-mouth (turn to **246**), or attempt to climb out of the ravine (turn to **365**).

58

You turn away from the Noasaurus's questing snout and start to creep towards the nearest tree. This seems to infuriate the huge animal; it roars and lunges at you, raking your back with its claws and knocking you to the ground. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you pick yourself up and see the Noasaurus strutting away as a Slave Warrior, attracted by the noise, advances towards you with his sword at the ready. Turn to **135**.

59

The wizard's metal horse skims the canopy of the forest, sparks from its hoofs scorching the topmost leaves. You travel north in this manner until the green carpet below you is pierced by the stony outcrops of the foothills of the Cloudhigh Mountains.

The wizard brings his machine to earth in a clearing. 'If you walk east from here,' he says, 'I think you will soon find yourself in the thick of the trouble, if that is what you're seeking. But if I can persuade the Margrave and the mine-owners and the townspeople to forge an alliance to fight the evil, we will need warriors such as you. Can I not convince you to come with me to Kleinkastel?' If you insist on setting off into the forest, you bid farewell to the wizard, watching his machine rise into the air once more and fly into the distance, before you plunge into the green undergrowth. Turn to **22**. If you agree to accompany the wizard, you stay seated on the metal horse as it lifts into the air. Turn to **398**.

60

Your torch stays alight. The echoing footsteps are now almost at the open door of the ice room, but you have melted two holes in the frozen sheet that covers the closed door. With your free hand you hammer on the ice; cracks zigzag across it; and then the whole curtain of ice shatters and falls like a pane of glass. Three Slave Warriors are crossing the room towards you; with desperate strength you push against the door. It opens and you fall through the doorway; a descending blade catches your arm, and you cry out in pain, but you turn, slam the door, brace your shoulder against it and secure it by sliding home the iron bolts. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA for your wound. The Slave Warriors hurl their thin bodies against the door, heedless of self-injury; you sit with your back against the other side of the door, safe for the moment. You have time to eat a meal from your Provisions and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. In front of you stretches a corridor lined with torches. You pick yourself up and walk towards the far end of it. Turn to **372**.

61

You join the excited crowds heading for the Market Square. You overhear gossip: the town aldermen, the Margrave and his lieutenants, and the chief priests from the temples have been in conclave for days . . . a mysterious wizard has arrived to join their deliberations . . . there will be an announcement at the public meeting today.

Kleinkastel's dignitaries are gathered together on a platform in the Square. Spectators point out for your benefit the most important ones: the Margrave, tall and young; the elderly priests; the merchants and the mine-owners, among them Gloten, who addresses the crowd. 'You all know,' shouts the short, stout mine-owner, 'that I have long been worried about events in the forest. I hope that among you are some brave warriors who have responded to my

previous appeals. The Margrave now shares my fears; and we have recent news that the situation is even worse than we had thought. An ancient evil, a gateway between our world and another, has come to life. With its help, a Warlord has arisen and commands an ever-growing army of Slave Warriors. We must unite to form an army of our own; and, to buy time, we must find a Champion who will try to find and defeat the Warlord. The Champion will be chosen by tournament. Contestants for this position, to the platform, please!'

Will you enter the tournament (turn to **190**), or will you set out for the forest immediately (turn to **268**)?

62

As you stroll across the clearing, enjoying the feel of soft grass beneath your feet, you become aware of movements in the midst of the grove of trees. You approach cautiously; one by one a dozen delicate, graceful forms step from among the trees. They look like tall young women or young female Elves, but their skin is dark brown, their hair is green and their bodies are covered with leaves. They are Dryads, tree-spirits that until now you thought existed only in legends. They form a line to block your way, and wordlessly point to the edge of the dell. It seems they want you to leave. Will you:

Leave the dell, skirt round it, and continue along the forest path? Turn to **144**

Go to the edge of the dell and climb the tree with the platform in it? Turn to 366

Run at the Dryads, to force a way through their line? Turn to 297

63

A flame flickers back to life on the smoking tip of your torch. A tendril of darkness curls round it, trying to quench it; but it stays alight, and the shadows begin to retreat. Your two lights flame up more strongly. The cold releases its icy grip on your body. You have survived the Portal's final attack. Turn to 14.

64

You stamp on the embers of the fire and scatter the ashes. You lie on the warm earth, your head resting on your backpack and your sword unsheathed at your side. You fall asleep; and during the night you dream. You have a feeling of being suffocated beneath a warm, black blanket; you want to struggle but you cannot move. You wake up, shaking, and look skywards – but the stars are concealed by a vast pair of gently moving wings. Only two lights are to be seen: the glittering red eyes of the monstrous Vampire Bat that is gliding down to feast on your blood. You grasp your sword and thrust upwards as the leathery wings enclose your body and the bat's fangs seek your throat.

VAMPIRE BAT SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you survive, you stay awake for the rest of the night. At dawn, you return to the path and continue southwards. Turn to 36.

65

The woman raises her right hand, makes a sign in the air and addresses you in a language you do not understand. You reply in your own tongue; she understands, and smiles at you. 'You must be a recent addition to the ranks of my subjects,' she says in an archaic dialect of your own tongue. 'I am your Queen, Anxis the Hunter; obey me, and help me take my revenge on the verminous Horfak. I must escape from these chains; I must have a weapon. Both can be achieved if together we prepare an ambush for my gaoler. I will shout until he comes; you stay by the door and take him as he enters the room.' You take up your position; Anxis starts to scream.

Very soon, a Dwarven Slave Warrior with a bunch of keys at his belt appears in the doorway. As he enters, you grab him from behind – and Anxis, with a ghastly grin on her face, strangles him with her chains. 'Horfak's chamber is above,' says Anxis as she unlocks her manacles and picks up the Dwarf's shortsword. 'He wants me for his consort. Pah! I would rather wed a jellyfish. All he will get from me is naked steel. Come! Let us finish the loathsome scum!' If you have met Dirlin, turn to 138; if not, turn to 334.

66

By the time your fight is over, there is a lull in the battle for the hill. Your intervention has prevented the Troglodytes from overwhelming the Goblins, and they have scattered into the mountains, leaving the hillside littered with the bodies of their fallen comrades and an even greater number of slain Goblins. Only two Goblin warriors remain in sight, standing at the base of the glittering hilltop statue. If you want to investigate this idol, you can try to sneak to the top of the Goblins' warren in order to spring a surprise attack on the two near the statue – turn to 172; or you can advance towards them openly, dragging the bodies of the Troglodytes you have defeated in order to show that you have helped the Goblins – turn to 343. If you are not interested in the statue, you retrace your steps along the hillside path and descend into the forest – turn to 144.

67

You run between the Spider and the Goblin, who falls to the ground, gasping for breath. The Spider stops and swivels to face you. It jerks its claw-tipped front legs in the air. Its mandibles open and close, making sounds that are distressingly like human speech. Its body is as big as an ox, and its crooked legs tower above you. It attacks.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 220.

68

You are inside a semi-circular palisade enclosing a flat area of dirt before the cliff that rises ahead of you. Scattered across the enclosure are derelict wooden sheds. A well-trodden track leads from the gate in the palisade to a hole in the face of the cliff. The hole is the entrance to the Horfak and Dirlin mine workings – and also to the source of the Slave Warriors and the other weird creatures that have been terrorizing the forest inhabitants. As you watch from behind a hut, another group of scarecrow-like Slave Warriors shuffles out of the mine entrance and heads for the gates. With them is a glowering, armoured beast with a low belly and a mountainous back crested with bony plates. When they have gone, you approach the dark hole. A torch flames in a bracket. You take it and, if you have a miner's helmet and a candle-stub, you put on the helmet and light the built-in lamp. Then you enter the tunnels. The mine is disused and deserted; some passages are blocked by fallen rocks. Only one trail looks well worn; you follow it deeper and deeper into the mountainside. It leads you, finally, to a rough hole at the end of a narrow tunnel. You step through, into a natural cavern. In the centre of this cavern stand three huge blocks of black stone, one laid as a lintel across the other two to form a massive gateway. Turn to 397.

69

You pick up a small stone and throw it at the figure – and are amazed to see the stone veer to one side, as if caught by a strong gust of wind. It circles the stationary old man and seems to pick up speed as it hurtles straight back towards you. You dodge out of its path, but the stone follows you and strikes you in the stomach with tremendous force. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you are writhing on the sand, trying to recover your breath, when you again hear the disembodied voice of the black shadow. 'Such bad manners! And such foolishness, too. It is inadvisable to throw stones at a wizard.' You look up at the old man, who still has not moved a muscle. 'Are you a wizard?' you manage to gasp. Turn to 175

70

You fight your way towards the Warlord, who is trying to steer his chariot through the mêlée to the Sacred Cave. You leap up alongside him, push him out of the chariot, then jump down to the ground beside him. He turns to face you – and you recoil in horror. His head, swaying on his shoulders like a huge balloon, is a bulbous misshapen lump of flesh. His face is stretched and distorted, the features lost among rolls of blotched and flaking skin. You are separated from the main battle by the bulk of the chariot, and in the comparative calm the Warlord taunts you. 'You dare to face me? Fool! I am Horfak! My strength alone could defeat you; with the Portal, I am invincible. Feel my power!' He waves a hand, and the air vibrates; bolts of black lightning crackle along his arms as he unsheathes his two-handed sword. If you are wearing the mad god's mirrored helmet, or have another mirror, you can interrupt Horfak's gloating and place the mirror in front of his face – turn to 330. Otherwise, you waste no more time, but attack – turn to 51.

71

Your little craft manages to stay afloat. The monster's convulsions lessen and finally cease as the huge body sinks to the bottom of the river. You are battered, dazed and drenched. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you find yourself lying in the keel, with fetid water sloshing over you. The boat is wallowing, and you force yourself to concentrate on bailing out as much water as you can. When you look around, you realize that you have drifted back to the centre of the river, and you continue to float downstream. Turn to 25.

72

You run through the doorway and out into a narrow street. There are folk all around you, going about their daily business; as you hurry through the lanes between the stone huts, you realize that the People are such a mixture of types that you can easily blend into the crowd. You head for one of the gates in the town's wall, where you find that escape will not be quite as easy as you had thought. The gate is guarded: a Goblin-faced being as tall as a man bars your way with a mace. 'Everyone's to stay in town

for the ceremony tonight,' he says, as far as you can understand. 'Here! You're a stranger! Who are you?' Behind him, the wooden gates are open, and the open countryside beckons; the streets round the gate are deserted, but you can hear a hue and cry beginning in the centre of the town – your escape from the hut has been discovered. The Half-Goblin hears the noise too, and eyes you with increasing suspicion. To get through the gate, you must fight him; if you decide to do this, turn to 367. If you give yourself up without a fight, turn to 21.

73

'What's this piece of old parchment?' sneers the officer, snatching the scroll from your hand. As he reads it, his expression remains unchanged – but his face gradually turns white. He gulps, rolls up the warrant, hands it back to you, salutes, and says through gritted teeth: 'Please accept my apologies. My men and I are at your disposal.' You reply that all you require is a rest and a meal, and to be allowed to remain in the village while the troopers search it. The officer orders a couple of soldiers to bring you a table, a chair and some rations, and you eat a pleasant meal in the village square, restoring up to 4 points of STAMINA if you need to. Then you go to find out what, if anything, the soldiers have discovered in the village. Turn to 327.

74

You have many questions that you would like to ask: What are the Slave Warriors? Where is this evil Portal? – but it is clear that the Elf, imprisoned in the body of the badly wounded Spinosaurus, is almost exhausted. Gasping for breath, it manages to continue: 'The Margrave in Kleinkastel, the mine-owners, the King of the Goblins, even the Wood Elves – none of them know how bad things are here. Gartax was a miner; he had the sense to get people out of his village before the Slave Warriors arrived. Now he and his followers live in the forest, trying to organize some kind of resistance. He's camped not far from here – half a league to the south-east. He can explain what's going on. Now I must rest. Thanks for your help, warrior.'

You return to the path. Will you now continue along it, south-westwards, towards Kleinkastel (turn to 143)? Or will you strike out eastwards, straight into the wild and wooded foothills of the Cloudhigh Mountains (turn to 22)? Or will you enter the forest in a south-easterly direction, hoping to find Gartax (turn to 263)?

75

You take a few steps backwards, and then run at the Giant Centipede. You leap upwards just before the creature's clicking mandibles touch your legs. Roll one die twice. If the total is less than your current SKILL, turn to 337; if the total is the same as, or greater than, your SKILL, turn to 24.

76

At last, Lignia lies motionless at your feet, and the branches of all the nearby trees are suddenly still. Lignia shed no blood; even as you watch, the wounds that you have inflicted begin to heal, and a slight rustling of leaves begins again. You decide to leave as quickly as possible; the rope-ladder has unrolled to the ground, and you use it to descend from the treetop platform. By the time you reach the bottom of the tree, its branches are writhing towards you with renewed enthusiasm; you assume Lignia is recovering her strength. You are now once again on the ridge that circles the idyllic garden dell. Will you continue your journey by walking straight through the middle of the dell (turn to **318**); or will you walk round the edge of it to reach the far side (turn to **144**)?

77

The Gold Piece sparkles as it turns in the air. The strange black being makes no move either to catch the coin or to dodge it. The coin meets no resistance; it does not strike the dark figure; it simply disappears into the blackness as if it had been thrown down a deep well. Turn to **225**.

78

The staircase is lit by torches. You reach the bottom, which seems to be a dead end: a short corridor leads from the foot of the stairs to a blank stone wall. You wonder if a secret door is hidden here. On the wall hangs a handwritten sign, part of which appears to be in code:

TIDSIV FUUS!
KEY IS UNDER MAT!

You search the floor of the corridor, back towards the stairs; you cannot see a mat of any sort. But the corridor is wider than the stairs, and there is a pool of shadow next to, and underneath, the staircase; and you can make out the edge of something that might be a piece of cloth – or even a mat. Will you look under the staircase (turn to **341**); or will you say the words 'under mat', in the hope that they are magic passwords (turn to **386**)? If you want to try a different password of your own choice, write down the words you will say before turning to **184**.

79

The path continues beside the river for many miles and then branches off from it and takes you deep into the forest. You stumble and trip through the bushes and creepers that stretch across the path almost as if they had been placed there to obstruct you. A voice with an unfamiliar accent cries out for help somewhere ahead. You run forward – and tumble into a pit lined with sharpened stakes. Goblins crowd round the lip of the pit, pulling on the ropes, and your broken body is hoist upwards in a net. Human stew for supper tonight!

82

The Korven overhead shriek in frustration as you escape into the forest. You find a path and follow it, without meeting anyone or anything, until the forest begins to thin, and you hear running water. Through the trees you glimpse a stream. A pathside sign reads 'Deadpan Wharf', and as you turn the next corner you see warehouses, jetties and barges huddled between the forest and fast-flowing water. This once-sleepy supply point is now alive with macabre activity: silently, tirelessly, mechanically, Dwarf Slave Warriors are loading boxes into barges. You sneak through the trees to the doors of one of the warehouses, and peer in. It is empty, except for rows of long oblong boxes. You hear footsteps approaching, so you decide to hide in one of the boxes. You lift up the lid – and a Slave Warrior slowly sits upright in the box. You draw your sword – but, as you do so, other boxes begin to open, with pale bony fingers clawing out of the darkness, blank-eyed faces turning towards you from all sides. Dwarven Slave Warriors meet you as you run for the doors. Your adventure ends here.

83

You conclude that Kleinkastel is a town of skinflints and cowards. Some of the wealthy citizens that you accost look down their noses at you as they brush past, while others back away as if afraid that you are a thief. You are becoming almost delirious with hunger, and the increasing desperation of your pleas only serves to alarm the people you address.

No one will help you. It looks as if you will have to suffer the loss of 4 points of STAMINA, and then continue your day in a weakened state – turn to **61**. Or you can try to steal enough money to buy a meal – turn to **304**.

84

As you trudge up the slope you realize that this mine is not as deserted as it had first appeared. The mine entrance is a simple opening in the hillside, buttressed with timbers; from within it you hear a continuous high-pitched twittering noise. The one-storey building, made of large blocks of stone, is big and rambling. It has only one door that you can see, and a number of slit-like windows through which you can see a flickering light. Before you reach the building, the door is thrown open and a bizarre figure runs out. He is a human, you think, tall and thin but stooped with age. His tufts of white hair and thick round eye-glasses give him a comical appearance, but his strangest feature is his right arm, which from shoulder to fingertips is made entirely of metal rods and wires. It clatters as he waves and shouts at you. 'At last! A fellow human! Greetings – I've seen none but those accursed Slave Warriors for weeks now, and my work is nearing completion. Please help me – I'm an old man, and this metal arm is more decorative than useful, I'm afraid.'

Will you agree to help the old man? If so, turn to **385**. If you refuse, you can go on to the mine entrance (turn to **106**), or return to the main path (turn to **5**).

85

One by one, knives, hatchets, spears and axes hurtle through the air towards you and bury their blades in the wooden board you are standing against. The warriors of the People are displaying all their skill tonight: their weapons shave your skin and impale your clothing, but not a single one wounds you. Turn to **174**.

86

For untold hours you lie senseless, half-covered by ice-cold river water and exposed to the burning sun. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you eventually regain consciousness.

You are lying, face down, in mud. Every muscle in your body aches as if you are being tortured on the rack. Your head pounds. You drag yourself out of the water, on to firmer ground. Amazingly, you still have your sword and your backpack, although the contents of the pack have been lost: delete all Provisions, equipment and Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*. You are on the west bank of the river. It is daylight, but you cannot guess how long you have been here – hours? days? You rest until you feel able to move, then you head south through the forest – turn to **36**.

87

You are unable to withstand the shape-changing power of the Portal. Through a red mist of pain, you watch in horror as your limbs distort and your body bulges and contracts. As you sink into merciful unconsciousness, your last sight is of the caged birds: as their tiny bodies crumple and then expand again, the one with red feathers suddenly becomes blue; the blue one acquires red plumage. Turn to 37.

88

You cannot escape from this fight; if you try to retreat, the Struthiomimus will run you down within minutes.

SLAVE WARRIOR SKILL 6 STAMINA 9

If you win, you can stay in the clearing to search the body (turn to **160**) or leave immediately, following the eastward path (turn to **264**).

89

You step through the Portal, and you are once again in the cavern, deep below the Cloudhigh Mountains. With one last glance at the sunlit jungles of the lost world, you set off into the mine-workings, hoping to make your way back to Kleinkastel. Your future plan is to lead a team of volunteers back to the mine to try and destroy the Portal by looping ropes round it and pulling the stones apart. You have to admit to yourself that it seems a hopeless mission. You turn a corner and come upon a tunnel full of Goblin Slave Warriors. They are milling about purposelessly – until they see you. Then they attack. You are outnumbered, overwhelmed and killed.

You have failed in your quest: Horfak the Warlord is dead, but the Portal has the power to maintain the Slave Warriors in their grim parody of life. Many people will give their lives as the Margrave's army fights its way inch by inch into the forest and eventually into the mines. The Slave Warriors will fight to the very end; and the last few will block the entrance to the cavern of the Portal – its evil will live on, waiting to be discovered by the next greedy being who digs too deep under the mountains.

90

'So the bigwigs in Kleinkastel have decided to do something at last! Or at least Gloten has. He's the sharpest of the mine-owners – he started out himself as a miner, just like us. I believe your story. I'm Gartax. These are some of my people. The rest are in camp, to the south. We have to go back there now. Come with us – a trained sword will be useful.' You accompany Gartax at the head of his short column of rough and ready troops. Bit by bit he tells you his story.

Gartax and his people lived in villages in the foothills of the Cloudhigh Mountains. Alarmed by a sudden influx of ferocious and abnormal beasts and by the disappearance of villagers, Gartax and his followers took to the forest. Now, Gartax tells you, entire settlements are being found deserted. Silent, pale-skinned soldiers, the Slave Warriors, infest the

area – and some of them are recognizable as mining folk who disappeared weeks ago. Others are tribesmen from the south, and some are Goblins. Gartax had intended to create a woodland army to resist these invaders, but their numbers increase daily and Gartax's only aim now is to lead his followers safely out of the forest. Finally, Gartax falls silent.

Will you ask for information about Gloten (turn to **362**)? Or ask if there is anyone else who can help (turn to **185**)?

91

You tie one end of your rope round one of the uprooted floorboards, which you then place across the gap in the floor. You drop the coil of rope through the gap and, hand over hand, you begin to descend, grasping the rope between knees and ankles as you go. You see that these upper branches of the Elves' tree-home are a maze of ramps and stairs that link the wooden dwellings. As you abseil past open windows and doorways, you glimpse some of the Elves: each is stationary and silent and, now that the Queen's illusion spell has dissipated, it is clear that all the Wood Elves are Slave Warriors, having been enthralled by the evil power that you hope to find and defeat.

You reach the end of the rope, but you have not yet reached the ground. You scramble on to one of the tree's broad lower limbs, and as you stand there indecisively, you hear a groan. It seemed to come from inside the tree's trunk. Will you investigate (turn to **249**), or attempt the jump to the ground (turn to **293**)?

92

'What a paltry sum!' guffaws the bandits' leader. 'Just our luck to come across the most destitute warrior in the whole of Khul. I'll tell you what, my friend: this gold of yours isn't enough to make you rich, and it matters to us still less. Let's have a little game. Let's wager these Gold Pieces on one throw of our swords – I'm sure you've seen the way we gamble in camp. Or, if you won't do that, let's have a decent fight. Kran here is our best swordsman – you can fight him for your money, and your other possessions, and your life. What do you say?'

If you want to gamble for your money in a game of chance, turn to **331**. If you choose to duel to the death with the bandit Kran, turn to **164**.

93

You remain motionless as the Noasaurus's snout sways towards you, nostrils snuffling; you manage to keep still even when the beast's fetid mouth nuzzles your face. But one of the Slave Warriors notices that the Noasaurus has discovered something interesting at the edge of the grove, and the huge creature turns and struts away as the Slave Warrior, sword at the ready, advances with mechanical steps. Turn to **135**.

94

The Stegocephalian is vast and its skin is as tough as boiled leather, but its only weapon is its tongue.

STEGOCEPHALIAN SKILL 3 STAMINA 19

If you survive until you have inflicted enough wounds to reduce the creature's STAMINA to 12 or less, the Stegocephalian realizes that it is not worth getting its tongue perforated just for one meal of human being. It flicks its tongue and you fly out of the cave, landing with a painful bump (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA) on the path next to the stream. If you are still alive, the restrictions on your SKILL no longer apply, and you can charge back into the cave to finish your battle with the Stegocephalian. If you do this, and win, turn to **377**. If you have had enough fighting and decide to continue along the path, turn to **15**.

95

You thrust your hand into the cold liquid and your fingers grab a glittering chunk of gold-bearing ore. It does not move. No matter how hard you pull, the nugget will not budge; it is as if it is set in cement. You withdraw your arm. If you reach in again to try and pick up a smaller nugget, turn to **186**. If you give up fishing for nuggets, and return to the other room to help Azudraz, turn to **316**.

96

The silvery light from the ring on your finger is dim and flickering, but it is a thing of brightness and beauty that your mind clings to as you are engulfed in wave after wave of intimidating vileness. Roll one die three times. If the total is higher than your current STAMINA score, turn to **340**; if the total is the same or lower, turn to **105**.

97

Your coracle begins to drift away from the island of rusty weapons and it is soon swallowed by the mist. After a while, you see another, larger island appearing out of the haze. The sun breaks through and shines on wooded slopes. The coracle glides into a bay, where you see a figure waiting for you on the beach. It is a tiny old man – perhaps an old Dwarf or Goblin – wearing a tattered cloak and a floppy hat. The coracle runs aground on the sand. The figure does not make the slightest movement; you peer at it and decide that it is human, an old man – unless it is a very life-like statue. As you step ashore, he stares at you, or at the sea beyond you, without moving. Will you ask him if he's a wizard (turn to **175**), or throw a pebble at him to see if he's real (turn to **69**)?

98

Only the Slave Warriors hear your cries. The one that was carrying you kicks you in the torso and, while you are winded, knocks you on the head again. You lose consciousness immediately, and are unaware of being thrown into the pit and eaten by the Tyrannosaurus.

99

The tower looks abandoned and derelict. It stands in a clearing which the forest has begun to re-possess. Solidly built of blocks of stone, it has four storeys, of which only the topmost has started to crumble. Ivy clings to its pitted walls. There are no openings – not even an arrow-slit – in the ground floor. A flight of stone steps leads up to the only doorway, in the first floor. Higher up, there are narrow windows, indicating the position of the second storey; and you can see that the top storey was a belvedere with wide arches supporting a domed roof that has started to collapse.

You climb the steps and look through the doorless entrance. Arrow-slits provide a little light. There is one large room, dry, dusty and empty. It looks like a good place to spend the night. A trapdoor is set into the centre of the floor. If you decide to lift it and inspect the cellar, turn to **129**. If not, turn to **359**.

100

The narrow path takes you up a ridge, and as you reach the top you stop in amazement. You are looking down into the most beautiful garden you have ever seen. It is a large bowl-shaped dell, clear of trees except for a fringe of woodland round its circumference and a graceful spinney at its centre. A stream flows from a waterfall at the edge of the dell to a small lake near the central group of trees. Dense patches of shrubs and flowers decorate the lush grass which carpets the ground. You cannot believe that such a place could occur naturally in the middle of a wild forest. You notice also that the garden has been damaged. Booted feet have trodden down the grass, and plants have been cut with swords. And then you see the rope-ladder, only half unrolled, hanging against the trunk of a nearby tree; looking up into the branches, you notice a wooden platform. Will you cross the clearing (turn to **62**), or will you climb the tree to reach the platform (turn to **366**)?

101

Before you can reach the edge of the clearing, you hear a ferocious shriek and the rattle of claws. You turn, to see the huge bird hurtling towards you, flapping its tiny wings in anger. Not a moment too soon, you draw your sword.

PHORORHACOS SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

After three rounds of combat, you notice out of the corner of your eye that the man with the knife is

standing near by, hands on hips. He speaks. 'Enough! Enough, Agrid! Hold still that beak of yours for a moment. And you, stranger, put up your sword. You are a well-matched pair for a duel, and you will only wound each other badly if you carry on.' The bird hesitates; you have a chance to deliver a fatal blow. Will you strike (turn to 351)? Or will you, too, pause in your attack (turn to 393)?

102

The wizard leads the way up a staircase to the roof. Stumbling between slate-covered slopes, you finally catch up with the wizard on a flat expanse of tiles. The little old man is standing next to a misshapen statue of a horse. It is made of bronze and gleams brilliantly. 'Not as elegant as a Pegasus, I admit,' says the wizard, 'but rather more reliable – and it is all my own work. Now jump on behind me, and don't forget to hold on to the handles!'

The wizard settles in the front saddle, and moves some of the glass rods that bristle from the horse's mane. Sparks sizzle from under the metal hoofs – and the machine is airborne. It rises through the thick mist that surrounds the wizard's residence, and then you are out in the sunlight, with the blue expanse of the lake beneath you (and, you notice, no sign either of any mist or of any islands in the lake!).

The wizard turns to you. 'I'm going to Kleinkastel to try to organize some co-ordinated action against

this rising evil. You should come too, we'll need doughty warriors. But I'll put you down in the forest if you'd prefer it.'

Will you go with the wizard to Kleinkastel (turn to **398**) or ask to be left in the forest (turn to **59**)?

103

The statue of the Goblin god towers above you, and you are now able to see that the brilliant scintillation has nothing to do with jewels – there are thousands of pieces of reflective glass embedded all over the surface of the statue. Pieces of mirror litter the ground at your feet; if you want to, you can pick one up and put it in your backpack. You hear a noise and turn to see two Goblin warriors tiptoeing from behind the statue. They see you at the same time, but before you or they can act, a wild howling fills the air as the Troglodytes emerge from within the mound and begin to climb towards the statue. Like the Goblins, you move back to the base of the statue to await the Troglodytes' assault. Turn to **203**.

104

Your little boat is swept along by the current and buffeted by sudden eddies. You cling to your seat; to your right, the forested bank continues as usual, but as you career past the left bank you see that it rises steeply, with sheer cliffs topped with a treeless crag. Abruptly, you are past the boulder-strewn base of the cliff and you find that your river is joining with another, even wider and faster, that floods in from an easterly direction Together, the waters of the two rivers continue southwards in a torrent. Your boat is tossed about like a cork. And then you reach the rapids: the river cascades over half-submerged rocks. You can do nothing but hope that you will reach calmer waters quickly, before the boat smashes against one of the granite boulders. If your boat is a skiff, turn to **178**. If it is a punt, turn to **214**.

105

Like a rock standing in the midst of gale-swept waves, your mind survives the Portal's onslaught. The pulses of power finally ebb away. You are still free; but you have not yet felt the full force of the ancient evil. The Portal has failed to turn you into a Slave Warrior; you are a reject, unfit for use in the Warlord's army. Your mind is too strong to be overruled; instead, the Portal will transform your body. You find that you cannot move from the shadow under the Portal. You are a prisoner, trapped by invisible walls. You do not know what to expect next. You lay out whatever possessions and equipment you may have in front of you; as you do so, you feel your flesh being touched. Invisible hands pluck at your body, squeeze and twist your limbs, as if gauging the amount of force required to alter your shape. You cry out in pain as the pressure increases. If you have two cage-birds with you, turn to **302**. If not, turn to **167**.

106

Peering into the blackness of the hillside tunnel, you see that a rockfall has blocked the passage, only a few paces from the timber-framed entrance. Between the entrance and the tumbled rocks there is a narrow doorway, and it is from here that the continuous twittering emanates. If you decide to go through the doorway, turn to **371**. There is nothing else of interest on this bleak hillside, so the only alternative is to rejoin the main path – turn to **5**.

107

Gloten is astonished. 'You are not only a diplomat and a warrior,' he says. 'It is clear that you are also either remarkably perceptive or very clever – or both. Before we meet the Margrave to discuss your mission, come with me to my house.'

You accompany the mine-owner to his mansion on the outskirts of the town. His servants show you into an audience-chamber, where you are left alone. Apart from tapestries and a few couches, the only item of furniture in the room is an enormous armchair. It is as big as a throne, and you assume that it is Gloten's chair. While you are waiting for Gloten to return, will you:

Sit patiently on a couch?	Turn to **211**
Sit in Gloten's armchair?	Turn to **55**
Search the armchair?	Turn to **347**

108

The bear looks at you with suspicion as you stand in the doorway. You step forward, and the animal begins to growl and rub its covered paws against the leather muzzle that surrounds its snout. You fear that the noise it is making will be heard by a guard. Will you step back, close and bolt the door, and continue along the corridor (turn to **295**); or will you approach the bear and make signs asking for silence (turn to **208**); or will you attack the bear (turn to **17**)?

109

It is now dark, and you decide to make camp in a corner of the first floor of the tower. You are very hungry, and in need of some sustenance. You must eat one meal from your Provisions or lose 4 points of STAMINA.

Your sleep is undisturbed and you wake at dawn. You leave the tower and return to the path, following it southwards. Turn to **36**.

110

Eventually the door of your prison opens and Witta escorts you out of the hut. It is evening and the streets are illuminated by flaring torches. You are taken to a large open space at the edge of the town; a tiled canopy, supported on timber pillars, extends from the battlements of the town wall and covers the entire area. All the townspeople are gathered under this roof, and they greet your appearance with a buzz of conversation. The People are a mixture of every type of humanoid you have encountered on Khul, as well as some that you have never seen before. Witta explains: 'The man with the scaly skin, looking a bit like a lizard, is the Shaman of this town. The others, dressed like him in coloured robes and feathered head-dresses, are shamans from the outlying towns and domains. They are waiting for you to begin the Ordeal. You must stand against that wooden board; the warriors will throw weapons, testing their skill; with luck, they will all miss you. If you flinch, you fail the Ordeal – the heads of previous failures can be seen hanging from the rafters. If you keep still, you will have proved your bravery and will be accepted into the People.'

All eyes are on you as you lean back against the scarred surface of the board and await the thud of the first weapon. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **85**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **233**.

111

You begin to think that Kleinkastel is a town of skinflints and cowards. Some of the wealthy citizens that you accost look down their noses at you as they brush past, while others back away as if fearing that you are a thief. But in the end a very important-looking merchant, short and stout and dressed in rich furs, stops to scrutinize you. Without a word, he hands you a small purse. You open it to find 3 Gold Pieces within; when you look up to thank your benefactor, you find that he has gone. You immediately spend 1 Gold Piece on a hearty breakfast, thus avoiding any loss of STAMINA, and return to the bustling streets in good spirits. Turn to **61**.

112

You sit with your back against the rock and watch the baby Pteranodon as it gulps down one of your precious meals. It flaps its wings, then settles on your knee to bask in the sunshine. You can tell by the tightening grip of its talons that it is growing stronger by the minute. You push it away and stand up to peer over the rock; but the Pteranodon has become quite attached to you, and it flutters up to perch on your shoulder. The two Slave Warrior guards are, or were, aged Gnomes. They see the Pteranodon and begin to advance towards your hiding-place. You prepare yourself for a fight – but the Pteranodon saves you the trouble. With a terrifying scream it launches itself into the air and swoops towards the Slave Warriors, snapping at

them with its beak and raking them with its talons. Two old Gnomes, even when armed with knives and controlled by the iron will of the Warlord of the Portal, are no match for a playful young Pteranodon. They retreat down the rocky hillside, pursued by the screeching pterosaur. The gate is left unguarded and you walk through it. Restore 1 point of LUCK if you need to. Turn to 68.

113

'You may have no money,' says the bandit leader, 'but you've got some spirit. Maybe we can have some fun after all. You want to keep your sword? Well, let's see if you can use it. Our best swordsman is Kran here. You can fight him – for your sword, and the rest of your stuff, and your life. After all, you won't need any sword or belongings once you're dead, will you?' If you are willing to go through with this duel to the death, turn to 164.

If you aren't, you must surrender your sword: reduce your SKILL by 4 points until you acquire another weapon. The bandits take everything you own, then ride away. Turn to 27.

114

You land on your feet and roll forward on to your hands. You feel shaken, but you are not hurt. You check that all the equipment in your backpack is intact, and then you decide to get away from the Elves' tree as quickly as possible. Turn to 150.

115

There is no sound or movement within the cave. If you want to take a look inside, turn to 329. If you prefer to hurry away from the cave and continue following the path beside the stream, turn to 15.

116

You wave the food in the air, hoping that the Ankylosaurus will detect its scent, and then you throw it down the slope. The huge animal blinks, looks at the food strewn across the hillside, looks back at you, and then finally lifts its great body and turns. With surprising speed it runs down the rocky slope, causing a minor avalanche, and finally skids to a halt to gobble up the food. You are able to continue your uphill trek. Turn to 32.

117

The black shape shimmers like heat haze. After a moment of silence, its ethereal voice comes again: 'And why, searcher for wizards, should the wizard be interested in talking to you? A wizard's time is valuable, you know.'

If you have a scroll containing a letter from the King of the Forest Goblins to the wizard, you can produce it and explain how you came to obtain it. If you do this, turn to 48.

If you describe the strange things you have seen and heard of in the forest, and say that you would like to help combat the spreading evil, turn to 252.

118

Having climbed down the rope-ladder, you walk along the ridge that encircles Lignia's dell. When you reach the far side, you turn back to look across the beautiful garden towards the platform in the treetop. Lignia is standing there, tracing a pattern in the air with her thin brown fingers. You turn again to continue your journey, and see an upright wooden stake in your path. You step forward and pluck it out of the ground. It is a stout staff, a little longer than a sword, and made of the hardest timber you have ever seen. One end has been carved to form a handle, with a weighty pommel, so that it balances in your grasp just like a well-made rapier; the 'blade' is lined with rows of razor-sharp thorns, and terminates in a large spike. It is a truly deadly weapon, although it contains no metal at all. It seems to be a gift from Lignia. You may now restore the SKILL points that you lost while you had no weapon. You walk away from the dell. Turn to 144.

119

As you stumble through the forest, you concentrate on expanding your muscles, hoping to loosen the ropes that bind your hands and arms. The effort is very tiring, and you begin to trip over tree-roots and blunder into bushes. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. Success depends on your determination and the strength in your arms. Add together your SKILL and STAMINA. Roll one die seven times and add together the scores. Compare the two totals. If the die rolls are equal to or less than your combined SKILL and STAMINA, you succeed in shrugging off your bonds. You choose a moment when your captors are distracted by a noise in the woods to slip away unnoticed. You still have your sword and your backpack. You wander aimlessly through the forest until you are sure that there is no pursuit. Turn to 2. If the total of the die rolls is higher than your combined SKILL and STAMINA score, you are unable to free yourself. Despite all your efforts, you are still a prisoner when your captors arrive at their camp Turn to 333.

You pull the hunting-horn from your backpack, fill your lungs with air, and put the horn to your lips. The Troglodytes recoil as a strident blare fills the skies, echoing back from the mountains and rolling across the roof of the forest. As it fades, the Troglodytes recover their courage and move in for the kill; but you can see dots circling in the blue distance above you, like specks of dust in a ray of sunlight. And as you parry the clubs of the first attackers to reach you, the Eagles arrive, plummeting like stones from unimaginable heights, spreading their vast wings at the last second with discordant shrieks, as their talons sink into the Troglodytes' flesh. Feathers and flashing eyes and cruel beaks surround the Troglodytes, who try to fight back, and then flee. Meanwhile the biggest of the Eagles hovers above you and you throw your arms round its claws. It carries you up, past the appalling face of the Goblin god; as you fly past, you see the stone eyes move! A voice in your head is offering you thanks, and as you feel extra strength surge through your sword-arm you know that the statue has rewarded you for your help in protecting it. Add 1 point to your *Initial* SKILL.

The eagle swoops down to the hillside path, and you jump to the ground, shouting your gratitude. You retrace your steps downhill and enter the forest. Turn to 144.

121

The bandit leader hurls the swords into the air. They land with a clash of steel, and you and the bandits crowd round them to see how they have landed. 'Equal!' shouts the leader. 'We play again! I will add another 5 Gold Pieces to the sack. What will you put in, friend?'

You have no more money to wager, so you must contribute one of your other possessions, or your sword. Make a note of what has been put in the sack, and roll one die six times. If you roll more odd numbers than even, turn to **157**; if more even than odd, turn to **248**. If the numbers are equal again, don't turn at all! – go back to the top of this paragraph and increase the stakes yet again. If you have no more possessions to put in the sack, the bandit leader will not add his 5 Gold Pieces either, but the game will continue until you roll an unequal number of odd and even die-rolls.

122

You tear yourself free from the Slave Warrior's grip and run. The Tyrannosaurus snarls deafeningly as you race round the rim of its pit, then you set off down a narrow corridor. With a steady rhythm of footsteps, the Slave Warriors run in pursuit. One side of the corridor is a blank wall; the other, you glimpse as you run past, consists of a series of barred cages. The corridor ends at a descending staircase; next to it, the last cage has a closed door, secured with a bolt. Will you go down the stairs (turn to **78**), or will you draw the bolt and try to hide in the cage (turn to **265**)?

123

To the south the hill drops precipitously; far below you at the base of the cliff you can see rushing waters. Two rivers – the one you boated down and another, from the east – merge at this point and tumble in a white froth over rock-strewn rapids. Further on, the waters slow and the wide river disappears into the forest. In the distance, beyond the forest, you think you can just make out a sheet of still water. To the west, across the mouth of the tributary that you floated down, the forest appears less dense. Above the trees that line the opposite bank, the crumbling parapet of a tower is silhouetted against the red-streaked sky. As you watch, a bizarre creature, huge and bat-winged, lands on the broken stonework. There is no way across this river, nor, when you look east, is there any hope of crossing the other tributary that flows into the rapids. Beyond it, the forest lies like a carpet across the flatland and the rising foothills beyond. In the distance, the peaks of the Cloudhigh Mountains are touched with the fire of the dying sun. You shiver, then crawl into the shelter to sleep. Turn to **312**.

126

The arm-rest is heavy, and the hinge is stiff, but as you pull upwards you can feel movement beneath you, which encourages you to continue. As you yank the arm to an upright position, the chair tilts backwards at terrifying speed, and spear-heads thrust through the cushions to propel you down the chair-back, as if down a child's slide, into the pit that has opened behind the chair. As you tumble down the abyss, you see the chair begin to right itself as the trapdoor begins to close, shutting out all light. Your adventure ends here.

127

The torch falls from Azudraz's metal hand and drops on to the pile of crumpled paper at the place where the various fuses meet. Within seconds, the centre of the room is ablaze; thick smoke fills the air, and all you can see are the eager lines of fire running towards the sacks of Igneolite. You drop to the floor and cover your head, expecting an explosion; but each sack, as the flame reaches it, bursts with a gentle pop, sending up a cloud of glowing dust which coats the stonework. When the flames have died and all the sacks have burst, you inspect the walls. You have been imprisoned: Igneolite melts and remoulds stone in an instant. The entire building has been turned into a seamless curtain of smooth rock. Doors and windows have disappeared. Eventually, you may be able to dig a tunnel and escape; but this adventure ends here.

128

You fall through whip-like sprays of leaves and hit the ground awkwardly, on your back. If you have a large egg in your pack, you find that it has broken – and the baby Pteranodon inside it is dead. If you have two tiny cage-birds in your pack, you find that the cages are crushed and the birds have been killed. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA, for the severe bruises you received as you landed.

If you have survived these misfortunes, you decide to get away from the Elves' tree as quickly as possible. Turn to 150.

129

The trapdoor has an iron ring which you tug upwards, to reveal a wooden ladder leading down into the darkness of the basement. You climb down and stand in the musty silence while your eyes become accustomed to the meagre light from above. This cellar has been used for storage, but it appears to have been ransacked and looted. Boxes, barrels and sacks lie, broken open, all over the earth floor – which, you notice, has been recently disturbed. As you explore the dark corners, you hear a snuffling noise behind you. You turn to see the floor moving! Soil is being pushed up from underground, and a strange star-shaped snout protrudes to sniff the air. The whole creature emerges: it is an Armoured Mole, a blind subterranean carnivore with scaly plates like those of an armadillo protecting its body.

This one is a giant – as big as a large dog – and its pointed teeth and powerful claws make it a dangerous opponent. Its star-shaped nose has scented you. It moves towards the corner in which you stand. If you decide to try to confuse the creature's senses by knocking over boxes and spilling foodstuffs out of barrels, turn to **209**. If you would rather fight it, turn to **273**.

130

You tear the blindfold from your eyes and cry out in horror as you see the monstrosity that is clinging to your chest. It is a Saltsucker from the southern deserts, and it will graze harmlessly on the salt on your skin – as long as you keep still. Your violent movement has alarmed it, and it will attempt to wrap its tentacles tightly about your limbs while gnawing your body with its beak-like mouth.

SALTSUCKER SKILL 4 STAMINA 5

Because your feet are bound and you are encumbered by the Saltsucker's tentacles, you must reduce your SKILL by 2 for the duration of this fight. The Saltsucker's beak is pressed against your body: it will inflict 2 points of STAMINA damage on you each Attack Round, regardless of who wins the round. In each Attack Round that you win, you inflict 2 points of STAMINA damage on the creature; each round that the Saltsucker wins, it winds another tentacle round your limbs, reducing your SKILL by a further point. If you win, you look about you and see that half the contestants are still standing motionless,

with Saltsucker tentacles all over their faces. You have not proved to be among the more courageous. Turn to 339.

131

Nothing you can say convinces the officer that you have any good reason to be in the forest. 'As I am sure you are well aware,' he says, 'this forest and the surrounding hills form part of the Margrave's demesne, and a person such as you has no right to be here – unless, of course, you have the Margrave's authority, or unless you are a miner. But let me warn you: if you want to claim to be a miner, you will have to be able to produce a Mining Licence. I doubt if you have such a thing. Of course, I can issue one to you; the fee is 5 Gold Pieces.' Will you agree to pay 5 Gold Pieces for a Mining Licence? If so, turn to 222. If not, turn to 394.

132

Gartax is overjoyed. He calls a meeting of all the camp's inhabitants and, as you meet them one by one, it is clear that their spirits are lifted by your presence. As an experienced fighter, you are able to suggest several defensive techniques that Gartax had not thought of – placing trip-wires in the forest round the camp and concealing archers in the trees – as well as organizing some last-minute tuition in swordsmanship.

The camp's cook brings you a hearty meal, and you have just finished it (restore up to 4 points of STAMINA if necessary) when the attack begins, heralded by the tinkling of bells attached to the trip-wires. All in the camp rush to the defensive positions you have arranged for them. You take your position on the perimeter; you can hear movement in the forest.

Will you advance into the trees to try to spy on the enemy (turn to 280)? Or will you hold your position in the defensive line and wait for the attack (turn to 370)?

133

Racked with pain, you stand rigid, every muscle clenched. The two tiny birds are unable to withstand the shape-changing power of the Portal, and you see their bodies crumple into shapeless bundles and then expand again – and the one which had red feathers now has blue plumage, while the blue one is now red. This transformation exhausts the efforts of the invisible hands that grip your body, the pressure eases and then disappears. You have survived; but the Portal will not let you go. It has failed to twist your mind or your body; now it will try to obliterate you. Pulsating clouds of inky blackness, darker than the deepest unlighted abyss, collect round the lintel of the Portal and begin to roll down towards you. Shadows creep towards you from both sides. You need light to keep the darkness at bay; how many lights do you have to burn? If you have only the *one* torch that you picked up at the mine entrance, turn to 12. If you can hold up *two*

lights – by adding an extra torch from your own equipment, or by wearing a miner's helmet with a lit candle-stub in its lamp as well as holding one torch – turn to 283. If you have enough torches to hold one in each hand as well as wearing a lit miner's helmet – *three* sources of light – turn to 307.

134

You sprint through the trees, hoping to find a patch of denser woodland through which you will be able to travel faster than the ponies. But the hoof-beats sound louder and louder, and then they are right behind you, and you are struck a tremendous blow which knocks you senseless to the grass. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you recover and pull yourself upright. Turn to 294.

135

In the centre of the grove, the man and the Dwarf, although wounded, are managing to hold off the remorseless attacks of two of the Slave Warriors. The third, silent and expressionless, faces you, but does not attack immediately. His sword is pointed at your chest, and he seems to be giving you an opportunity to surrender. If you decide to sheathe your weapon and put up your hands, turn to 328; if you choose to attack the Slave Warrior, turn to 260.

136

The old Goblin knows quite a few words of your language, and when he has rested for a while he thanks you endlessly for saving his life. To keep him quiet, you give him a meal from your Provisions (deduct this from your *Adventure Sheet*) which he devours ravenously. As he finishes you ask him why he is out alone and unarmed in the forest.

'Important diplomatic mission,' he says. 'Can't do it now. Too weak. You know of the Wizard? The Wizard of the Lake? That's why no weapon. Wizard won't have weapons on his island. Got to take a letter to him. From my master, the King of the Forest Goblins. Need the Wizard's help to fight the Slave Warriors. All our people disappearing, coming back like zombies, attacking everyone. Need help. Humans, too. But I can't finish this journey. Will you deliver the letter?' The Goblin pulls an inscribed sheet of hide from inside his jerkin. It doesn't smell very pleasant, but it appears to be an official document. If you agree to take it, note down the fact on your *Adventure Sheet*. You then continue your journey downstream along the clifftop path. Turn to 399.

137

You dip a corner of your cloak into the tank. Nothing happens. You pull it out again. It is wet. The liquid has no particular smell. You put your tongue to the wet patch of your cloak – the liquid tastes like water. Will you put your arm into the tank to retrieve a nugget (turn to 95), or will you return to Azudraz in the other room and continue to help him move nuggets (turn to 316)?

138

You manage to persuade Anxis that Dirlin would be a valuable ally. You lead her back to Dirlin's cell, where you use the gaoler's keys to unchain the great bear's legs. Both Anxis and Dirlin are afire with lust for revenge on Horfak, but you find time to gobble down a plateful of food that had been left for Dirlin (restore up to 4 points of STAMINA) before the two of them lead the way along the corridor and up a flight of stairs. You emerge into a wide corridor: you are in front of a big wooden door guarded by two of the largest Slave Warriors you have yet seen. One is half Orc, half Cave Giant; the other was in the Margrave's elite infantry regiment. 'This is the entrance to Horfak's chamber,' says Anxis. 'Let us dispose of these two buffoons. Attack!' Anxis launches herself at one of the guards, while Dirlin tackles the other; they draw their opponents away along the corridor, leaving you facing the big wooden door. You take a deep breath, and prepare to face Horfak. You push open the door, and walk through. Turn to 395.

139

As you approach the river's eastern bank, you make out a maelstrom of swirling waters beneath the overshadowing trees. The boat begins to rock alarmingly, but you cannot prevent it being dragged towards the centre of the disturbance, where the water is bubbling and splashing as if in a cauldron. From the prow of your little craft you can see something moving below the seething surface – and suddenly from the boiling waters erupts a massive reptilian head. It is almost as big as the boat, and it sways towards you on a serpentine neck. The creature is an Elasmosaurus; you are to be its next meal, unless you act quickly. Many yards away, its muscular tail thrashes the water into a froth, and you realize that the monster will capsize the boat at any moment. You draw your sword and manage to stand up as the huge head swings towards you. The Elasmosaurus is covered with thick scaly skin; your only chance is to try to drive your sword into its mouth or eye as it comes close. Roll one die twice, and add 2 to the sum of the scores. If the total is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **266**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **396**.

140

You are standing on the edge of the jungle, about to start up the bare hillside towards the township of stone huts, when you are ambushed From right and left, a motley collection of warriors emerges from the vegetation. Some of them are Goblins, others are Dwarfs, Elves, Orcs, and remarkable

hybrids of several races; most are human, or near-human, but from very diverse peoples – one is tall and dark-skinned, another short and fair, a third is covered in hair, like an ape. All of them have weapons, and they are closing in. You have only a moment in which to decide: will you surrender (turn to 49) or run (turn to 383)?

141

Standing close to you, the dark figure seems thin and flimsy enough to be blown away by the breeze. Even as near as this, you can make out no features of the thing's face, body or clothing – just deep blackness. Its hand touches your forehead, but you feel nothing at all – and then you fall, unconscious. Lose 2 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you wake up a few seconds later. You are lying on the beach. Your head aches. The scene has not changed: the black shape stands between you and the coracle that bobs on the water. Turn to 225.

142

You crawl out of sight of the Slave Warrior guards, and approach the fence. It is made of thick timbers, each of which is twice your height and whittled to a point at the top. There are no gaps between the timbers, which are held together with huge iron nails. The structure is far too strong for you to be able to break through it – but at least you can be sure it is strong enough to bear your weight as you begin to climb it. You manage to find enough toe-holds, and are soon within reach of the top of the fence. Your hands grasp two of the pointed stakes, and you pull yourself up till you are astride the top – and then you grimace in agony as the acidic slime with which the points have been coated begins to eat into the flesh of your hands. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You lose your grip, and fall sideways. Roll one die to determine which side of the fence you fall to: if you roll an odd number, turn to 228; if you roll an even number, turn to 80.

143

The track leads you out of the forest, and you can make out the town of Kleinkastel nestling in a hollow between gentle grassy slopes. The old town, no more than two crossed streets and a jumble of tall, thin houses protected by an ancient fortified wall, has been surrounded by new suburbs. Spacious mansions belonging to the merchants and mine-owners alternate with patches of wretched shanty town. The gold rush has caused a frenzy of new building, but the most impressive edifice is still the Margrave's castle, its turrets out-topping even the grandest of the new villas. As you enter the town, you are amazed at the throng of people.

You realize that, with evening approaching, you will have to find a bed for the night. If you have some money, turn to 271. If you have no money, turn to 181.

144

Coming down from the hillside, you plunge into the dark shadows of the trees, and you struggle southwards through the undergrowth, deeper into the forest. Somewhere in this wilderness lurks the evil power that you seek: the power that transforms ordinary beings into shrivelled, faceless, mindless slaves; the power that summons obsolete monsters from ages past. You suspect that the evil has been awakened by the delving of the gold-hungry miners; and you worry that you have missed the correct mine, that you have already travelled too far. However, the paths that you are now crossing still run from east to west, and you assume that there are still mines to be found to the east. You resolve to continue that way in the morning – but now it is dusk, and you have found a clearing in which to sleep. Your eye is caught by a nearby tree that towers above the rest of the forest; as you watch, you see lights appear among the branches. When you look down again, you find yourself surrounded by slender, green-clothed bowmen. They are Wood Elves, and they are notching arrows to their bows. Will you run (turn to 300), or will you talk to them (turn to 42)?

145

You are still exchanging blows with the Half-Goblin guard when a group of warriors runs towards the gate from the centre of the town. They rush to help their comrade defend himself against the escaped prisoner, and you are overcome by a rain of cuts, hacks and slashes. Your adventure ends here.

146

Illuminated by orange rays from the setting sun, the forest comes alive with evening birdsong and the bellows, roars and shrieks of strange wild animals. You cut a way through the creepers and find a dry hollow in which to camp. You light a fire and relax. You are very hungry, and need sustenance. You must eat one meal from your Provisions, or lose 4 points of STAMINA. It is now almost dark: time for sleep. Will you extinguish your fire, to conceal your whereabouts (turn to 64)? Or will you stoke it up with branches to burn all night in order to deter the forest animals (turn to 257)?

147

When all seven contestants have given their answers, Gloten opens his fist to reveal 2 Silver Pieces. You are one of four contestants who gave the correct answer. You step forward to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd.

'The last part of the tournament,' announces Gloten, 'will be a test of skill and swordsmanship. We have four brave warriors here, so let us organize

two bouts, the winners to go on to a final duel to find our Champion.'

You are not sure that this is a good plan, and it is clear that your fellow-contestants are also displeased. By the end of the tournament all the contestants will probably be too badly wounded to venture into the forest! You notice that Gloten's servants are armed with wooden pickaxe handles. Will you suggest to Gloten that these would be less damaging than swords, and therefore should be used in the tournament (turn to 52)? Or will you decide that the quickest way to prove yourself as Champion is to challenge Gloten (turn to 10) or the Margrave (turn to 235) to a pickaxe-handle duel?

148

You hold the flaming tip of the torch against the wall of ice; drips of water threaten to extinguish the spluttering flame, and all the time the footsteps are approaching. You must melt the ice and escape through the door before the Slave Warriors arrive! Grimly, you take the risk of pushing the precious flame even closer to the dripping ice. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 60; if you are Unlucky, turn to 192.

149

'Me and poor old Hirnic worked for Horfak,' says the Dwarf. 'He wasn't a bad boss, but he drove us hard: he was never satisfied; he always wanted to dig deeper, he never could get enough gold. When some of the lads dug their way into that cavern and found the Portal, Horfak took me and Hirnic down to take a look. Hirnic went in first, and then me – we both found ourselves here, in this world full of giant lizards! Then, after a while, Horfak came through – but he'd changed. The Portal had done something to him. He seemed bigger, stronger; and his face was horrible. It's got worse since then, too; he's a monstrosity. He's banned all mirrors from his citadel; I reckon he'd get a real shock if he looked in one now. Anyway, since then the Portal's been somehow *alive*; throbbing with evil power. Anyone who comes through it now goes through the trial you had; most of them turn into Slave Warriors. I reckon that Portal's been there a long time, waiting for someone as greedy as Horfak, but in the meantime letting through the few others .who find it. There's a tribe of all sorts of folk here – humans, Dwarfs, Elves, Goblins – who reckon their ancestors came through the Portal. Like I say: I was the last to get through in one piece – until you!'

You ponder the Dwarf's words as you head for the end of the valley – turn to 348.

150

You run across the clear ground that surrounds the Elves' towering tree-home and plunge into dense undergrowth. You turn to look back and are appalled to see that the entire Wood Elf tribe is on the move. An endless line of ragged, mindless slaves, some leading bizarre reptilian creatures, emerges from between the roots of the great tree. The Queen, at the head of the column, turns and gestures with her fingers; suddenly surrounded by a misty illumination, the Wood Elves are restored to a more normal appearance. Then the Queen leads the column north-westwards, towards Kleinkastel. By the time they have all gone, the forest birds are announcing the approach of dawn. You are ravenous: eat a meal from your Provisions or lose 4 points from your STAMINA. You set off eastwards, determined to find the source of the evil that has transformed so many of the forest's inhabitants. Turn to **221**.

151

One of the Scurrellors has a purse containing a Gold Piece, which you can take. You glance around at the forest, and realize with a start that there are two more Scurrellors perched in the branches, almost invisible against the green and brown of the trees. Knives drawn, they jump to the ground and move to attack you from two sides. They chatter and squeak at you in a language you do not understand. You will have to fight them, or escape into the forest. If you decide to run through the trees, turn to **338**. If you stand and fight, turn to **215**.

The boat bumps against the timbers of the jetty, and you cast a loop of rope over a bollard as you clamber on to the planking. Two paths lead from the jetty: one follows the riverbank downstream, and the other leads to a small house made of timber and stone. There is a lingering smell of smoke; some of the window-frames of the house are blackened, as if by fire. Then you notice the bodies: some are ragged, skeletal humanoids, others are gaudily dressed Goblins. A battle has been fought here; as you watch, the surviving victors come rampaging through the door of the house. They are three Goblins, shouting and cheering and waving their shortswords. They have draped themselves with loot from the house: brocades and furs, jewellery and ornaments. With them, bridled, muzzled and on a leash, is a ferocious-looking creature. Standing on its hind legs, it is taller than the Goblins, and its flailing tail, horned snout and clawed limbs combine to make the Oviraptor a vision of menace. The Goblins see you and start to free the beast's muzzle. Will you:

Advance towards the house?	Turn to **387**
Wait on the jetty?	Turn to **308**
Jump back into the boat, cast off, and allow the current to take you downstream?	Turn to **104**

153

You prise a lump of stone from the floor and begin to use it to pound the chains that link the iron bands round Dirlin's ankles. Dirlin protests that the noise will bring the gaoler; you point out that, if the gaoler comes, you will be able to fight him for the keys. Sure enough, the gaoler, a Dwarven Slave Warrior, appears in the doorway, sees you, and turns to seek assistance. You launch yourself at him.

DWARVEN SLAVE WARRIOR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you defeat him, you find his keys hanging at his belt. You free Dirlin, and the giant bear-man leads the way to Horfak's chamber. When you reach it, you find the door guarded by two Slave Warriors. Dirlin tackles the one that is a cross between an Orc and a Cave Giant, while you advance on the one who was once in the Margrave's elite infantry regiment.

SLAVE WARRIOR GUARD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

If you win your fight, you turn to see that Dirlin has drawn his opponent away, along the corridor, and is still involved in a furious battle. You turn back to the door, take a deep breath, and prepare to face Horfak. You push open the door, and walk through. Turn to 395.

154

The soldier looks at the barrels, peering inside some and kicking the ends of others. He kicks the one in which you are hiding, and it disintegrates under the impact of his armoured boot to reveal you, crouching in the midst of the wreckage. 'Sergeant!' bellows the soldier. 'Captured a prisoner!' Three more soldiers run into the tavern, and you are escorted at sword-point out into the street. Turn to 255.

155

You set off southwards, trying not to deviate from your chosen course. The forest seems empty of living things, and your progress is impeded only by the woodland itself. You have to cut your way through brambles, scramble up and down ridges, and wade across rushing streams.

Finally you come to a stream that you cannot cross on foot. You will have to follow its course until you come to a fording-place. Will you walk upstream, in a north-easterly direction (turn to 326)? Or do you prefer to go downstream, towards the south-west (turn to 57)?

156

Out of sight of the Slave Warrior guards, the gully widens as it twists and turns downhill. Soon you are able to walk upright between its overhanging banks, and you are congratulating yourself on finding such an easy entrance to the Warlord's domain when you meet the gully's inhabitant – a Giant Centipede. It is as long as you are tall, with savagely sharp mandibles at its front end and a scorpion-like sting rising above its back. It waits, twitching its feelers. You are reluctant to attack it, because you fear that the patrolling Slave Warriors might hear the noise. Just beyond the Giant Centipede, the gully opens out and the jungle begins. You seem to have only two choices: to return up the gully to the top of the ridge and try to impersonate a Slave Warrior (turn to **247**); or to attempt to jump over the Giant Centipede and run into the jungle (turn to **75**)?

157

The bandit leader hurls the swords into the air. They land with a clash of steel, and you and the bandits crowd round them to see how they have landed. 'The unmarked blades are showing,' announces the bandit leader. 'This sack, and everything in it, is yours. My thanks for an entertaining encounter. Now that we've lost this wager, it seems to me that it would have been more profitable and just as much fun to have killed you and taken everything you own. But that would not be honourable now. Farewell!'

He mounts his pony, drops the sack at your feet and leads his men away. You empty the contents of the sack into your backpack (make any necessary alterations on your *Adventure Sheet*) and continue on your way. Turn to **27**.

158

You take the small sack of powder from your backpack and approach the Portal. You struggle against the evil emanation that pulses from the ancient stones, but you succeed in placing the Igneolite at the base of one of the two upright megaliths. You are torn between a desire to destroy the Portal as quickly as possible and a curiosity to know what lies beyond it. Will you thrust a flame into the top of the sack now (turn to **332**), or will you step into the shadow of the Portal (turn to **289**)?

159

Everything goes wrong. The merchant is so large that he is scarcely shaken by your shoulder-charge. When you make a grab for his purse, he grasps your wrist – and then starts yelling for help. Within seconds you are surrounded by indignant townsfolk, and within an hour you are chained to the wall of a damp, dark cell in the dungeons beneath the Margrave's castle. If anyone bothers to remember that you're there, you will eventually be dragged out, tried in the Margrave's court, and executed.

160

With some reluctance, you tug at the filthy rags covering the Slave Warrior's corpse. Then you hear a ferocious squawk and a stampede of footsteps, and before you can move the Struthiomimus crashes into you. As you attempt to pick yourself up, the creature kicks you and snaps at you with its beak to force you away from the body of its master. You retreat from the clearing, rubbing your bruises. Deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. You continue eastward along the path. Turn to **264**.

161

You crouch behind a boulder and watch as the tide of battle ebbs and flows. The Goblins make a heroic stand round the circumference of their hilltop settlement, but finally they are all slain, and the surviving Troglodytes disappear through the small doorways into the interior of the warren. Silence returns. On top of the mound, inside which the Troglodytes are presumably rampaging and looting, the grotesque statue sparkles. Attracted by the thought of glittering gemstones, you continue along the path and up the hillside towards the Goblins' mound. You are approaching one of the rough doorways that lead into the darkness of the Goblins' warren. Will you enter it (turn to **298**), or will you pass it by and climb across the top of the mound towards the base of the statue (turn to **103**)?

162

The Slave Warrior fails to notice you, and leaves the tent. The sounds of battle fade, and soon the only noises you can hear are the groans of wounded camp-dwellers and the unnervingly regular footsteps of the victors. Eventually even these sounds cease. By this time you have managed to extricate one hand from the ropes that bind you, and you unsheathe your sword and cut yourself free.

The camp is a scene of devastation and butchery. The Slave Warriors have not left any survivors, but the camp-dwellers fought to the last man, woman and child, and many of the attackers are lying dead alongside their victims.

If you want to, you can undertake the unpleasant task of searching the ruined camp and the corpses – turn to **254**. Alternatively, you can leave the camp and wander into the green depths of the forest – turn to **2**.

163

You pull your sword from its scabbard and advance. The giant ape roars and charges towards you. Drawn up to its full height, with its arms extended the same distance again above its head, and the black cloak flying behind it as it lopes towards you, the creature looks like a demon from the lowest depths.

CARNIVOROUS APE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 13

If you manage to survive this encounter, turn to **18**.

164

Kran looks strong and fit. After a few feints and parries it is clear that he is also a skilled swordsman. This will be a difficult engagement.

KRAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 14

If you manage to stay alive, you will eventually reduce Kran's STAMINA to 2 points or less. When this happens, Kran staggers and falls to his knees on the grass. His wounds are severe, and he is barely able to lift his sword. Will you show mercy? If you hold your sword-point to Kran's throat, and ask the bandit leader to acknowledge his champion's defeat, turn to **261**. If you finish Kran off with one final sword-thrust, turn to **368**.

165

As you approach the grove of trees, you hear sounds of fighting. You advance under the fronds of leaves, and witness a mêlée in progress. Near the smoking embers of their camp-fire, a man and a Dwarf are standing with their backs against the largest tree in the grove, defending themselves against the attacks of three Slave Warriors. None of the combatants notices you, but you are seen by a creature that, to judge by its studded collar and leash, belongs to the Slave Warriors. It steps from behind a tree and moves towards you – it is a Noasaurus, a man-high carnivore standing on two powerful legs, with claws on its two front limbs. If you decide to retreat from the copse and walk towards the end of the valley, turn to **348**; if you decide to stay where you are, turn to **224**.

166

As you start to untie the mooring-ropes, you hear footsteps approaching. You look up to see a Dwarf marching down the track from the hut. He is hefting a vicious-looking boat-hook. In front of him flutters a strange bird; you recognize it as a Koailit, a small white parrot-like bird with a sharp beak and extraordinarily long tail-feathers which it can use to cling to branches. The Dwarf is very angry. 'I don't care if you're a bandit, or one of the Margrave's bunch, or even one of them shrivel-faced horrors,' he shouts, 'you're not taking my boats without a fight! Polly – go for his legs!' The Koailit squawks and dives at you as you pull your sword out to defend yourself.

KOAILIT	SKILL 6	STAMINA 3

After two rounds of combat, turn to **40**.

167

Every part of your body burns with agonizing pain. As you feel the very bones shifting under your writhing skin, you scream, and scream, and scream – and drop into merciful unconsciousness. Turn to **37**.

168

You run between two wooden huts. The safety of the forest is only a few paces away when two soldiers step round a corner ahead of you. You crash into them and, before you can pick yourself off the ground, your pursuers catch up with you and entangle you in ropes and chains. You will be taken to the Margrave's dungeons in Kleinkastel and, although eventually you will convince your captors that you are innocent of any crime, this adventure ends here.

169

Gartax cannot find words to express his gratitude to you, and he is ashamed that he has no treasure with which to reward you. You assure him that his thanks are reward enough – but you also suggest that he might give you some Provisions to sustain you on your travels. He readily agrees, and soon your backpack is bulging with bread, cheeses and salted meats – enough for five meals. Note these on your *Adventure Sheet*.

All the camp-dwellers gather to wave goodbye as you stride off into the depths of the forest. Turn to 2.

170

You stand over the corpse of the Warlord. The palace is silent. You wander through a door and find yourself facing two Slave Warriors. Their movements seem disjointed and even slower than usual – but they are still controlled by the Portal, and they lurch into the attack when they see you. You retreat, and find another exit from Horfak's chamber, and eventually you leave the palace. The People of this strange prehistoric land, led by their Queen, Anxis, are fighting back against the enfeebled Slave Warriors. As you hurry towards the Portal, you pass several bands of warriors, and you tell each the news of Horfak's death. They all hail you as a hero; but you know that Horfak's great Slave Warrior armies are in Khul, and that by killing Horfak you have defeated only the lesser part of the evil partnership. You make for the cave that contains the Portal. Turn to 369.

171

Making no sound upon the bare rock, you step towards the silhouetted figure. Its black cloak flaps in the wind, but the figure itself sits quite still. You begin to wonder if it is dead, or senseless. Deciding to take no chances, however, you plunge your sword into its back. Roaring, the figure erupts into life, spinning around to face its attacker. You stare into the strangely intelligent face of a massive Carnivorous Ape. It is wounded but, maddened with pain, it will fight to the death.

CARNIVOROUS APE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 18.

172

Leaving the path, you circle the hill until you are facing the back of the huge hilltop idol. Every inch of its surface sparkles, and you are sure that it must be encrusted with gems; but when you reach the Goblins' mound you are at last able to see that the statue's scintillation is caused by nothing more valuable than reflective glass – thousands of small mirrors have been embedded in its surface. In your disappointment your attention wanders, and you fail to notice that a wounded Troglodyte has been inching towards you. Its spiked club rakes the back of your legs, causing you to lose 2 points from your STAMINA, then it lurches upright. You must fight it.

TROGLODYTE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 3

If you win, you turn from your fight to find that the noise has attracted the two Goblins who were at the foot of the statue. They march you at sword-point back to their vantage point; before they can question you, however, a wild howling fills the air: the surviving Troglodytes have regrouped and are attacking again. Turn to **203**.

173

No matter how hard you pull, you cannot lift both of the arm-rests at the same time. You decide to try them one at a time – but before you can do so, you hear footsteps approaching. You jump down from the chair and practise your innocent look. Turn to **211**.

174

The last weapon parts your hair as it thuds into the wood above your head. The Ordeal is over, and you have not moved a muscle throughout it. The Shaman gives a signal and the crowd erupts into cheering. The warriors come to retrieve their weapons and shake your hand. You are carried on their shoulders to the seat of honour next to the Shaman, and the townsfolk bring out plates and pots; everyone joins in the feast to celebrate your success. Restore 1 point of LUCK if you need to, as well as up to 4 points of STAMINA. Witta translates the Shaman's after-dinner speech: tomorrow, as is usual when the People accept a new warrior, there will be a ceremonial dinosaur-hunt in which you are to strike the death-blow. After that, the warriors of the People will march against the hated Warlord Horak, who is vulnerable at last, having sent most of his Slave Warriors back to Khul through the Sacred Cave. At midnight the Shaman administers the ceremonial – and rather painful – tattoo: the Sign of the Spear on your forehead shows that you are now a warrior of the People. At last Witta shows you to your new home, which is a stone hut like your earlier prison – but now you have the door-key! Will you sleep, and wait for the dinosaur-hunt (turn to **350**); or will you try to slip away from the town under cover of night (turn to **291**)?

175

The figure remains motionless, and then disappears! Equally suddenly, it reappears – and this time it is definitely not a statue. The little old man smiles, walks towards you and speaks. 'A wizard? I have some knowledge of ancient things and unusual practices. Some people call it wizardry. What of you? You are clearly a warrior. Not a Goblin, but a human – and not from the south, either. Few of any other kind ever come here. You people from the north have your own gods, your own wise men – what do you want with me? What could bring you here?'

If you have a message from Gartax for the wizard, you may give it now, and tell Gartax's story; or, if you have a letter for the wizard from the King of the Forest Goblins, you may give the wizard the scroll. If you do either of these things, turn to **353**. Other-

wise, all you are able to do is tell the wizard about a plague of unusual creatures roaming the forest, and depopulated settlements, and rumours of strange warrior bands terrorizing the whole area from the Cloudhigh Mountains to the western edge of the forest. Turn to **234**.

176

Drawing your sword, you run across the glade and step between the giant bird and the exhausted man. You stare into the beast's cold eyes and raise your sword to strike – and then you feel a knife-point against your spine. Behind you, the man chuckles: 'Our little ruse worked, Agrid. This warrior shows true nobility in intervening to protect the weak and helpless – I think I acted the victim's part very convincingly. Now, warrior – put up your sword. Surrender!'

Will you sheathe your sword and surrender (turn to **292**); or will you swing round and attack the man (turn to **204**)?

177

You approach the door, and a voice says: 'Don't touch!' You step back as the voice continues: 'Don't be alarmed. I'm not actually a talking door; I'm an Elven enchantment and I just sort of hover round the door and keep it locked from the inside. I'll open it if you say the right number.' You ask what the right number is. 'I can't tell you that!' says the voice. 'I'm not allowed to say any numbers at all, just in case. But life's been very dull since all the Elves were turned into Slave Warriors, so I'll give you a clue. If numbers were letters, my number would be in "Left", but not in "Little Soft Felt Elf". Is that any help? I'm afraid you only get one chance to say the right number.'

If you want to try to unlock the door this way, make a note of this paragraph number so that you can return here if your guess is wrong. Then turn to the number that you think will unlock the door. If you guess wrong, return to this paragraph.

You have to find another way out of this prison. With some difficulty, you pull up a couple of floorboards. You peer down into the darkness, then recoil as you realize that you can see branches waving in the breeze far below you. This hut is in the highest limbs of the Elves' tree-home. You must try to climb down. A length of rope would be very useful – if you have one, turn to **91**. If you do not have any rope turn to **309**.

178

The little skiff crashes down the rock-strewn stairway of the rapids, its keel striking boulders with timber-shattering, bone-juddering force. A skiff is not constructed to take this kind of treatment: the keel shatters into fragments against a huge rock. You are thrown into the air, along with the wreckage of the boat. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **244**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **43**.

179

You sit by the pool, debating whether you can use the mottled, sun-baked boulders as stepping-stones to the far bank. Making your mind up, you put your boots in your backpack and dip your toes into the cool water. It is very refreshing; you shuffle closer to the edge and submerge your feet and shins. And then, as the boulder nearest to you rises out of the water, your ankles are encircled by a tightening loop of rubbery muscle. The 'boulder' is the tip of the shell of a Giant Watersnail, a foul creature that resembles its land-living counterpart on Khul but is more dangerous because of the powerful tentacles that surround its mouth. It is trying to pull you into the depths of the pool, towards its beak-like mouth, and you cannot extricate your feet from its grasp. You must fight it. Reduce your SKILL by 2 points, because your legs are trapped; reduce your SKILL by a further point at the end of each Attack Round as you are dragged further into the water.

GIANT WATERSNAIL SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If you defeat it, turn to **281**.

180

Flat-bottomed boats are not designed to cope with rough conditions, and the death-throes of an Elasmosaurus are the equivalent of a storm at sea. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **71**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **13**.

181

It is impossible to find a bed for the night. The town's inns barely have room for all the paying guests! As darkness falls, you are reduced to searching for sheltered doorways in which to huddle. You find a clean, dry corner next to a buttress of the town wall; you lie down; despite the discomfort, you doze.

You wake with a jolt. It's still dark. Someone is prodding you with a stick. You make out two strange shapes: a small humanoid and a two-legged animal that resembles a giant featherless bird. The humanoid – he is a Dwarf – speaks. 'Give me everything! Everything you've got! Give me that backpack! Hurry it up! Or else Gluda here will rip you to shreds!'

If you decide to surrender your backpack to this Dwarf thief, turn to **299**. If you want to make a fight of it, turn to **342**.

182

'I should have guessed it!' sighs Lignia. 'Another human brings an accursed metal blade to ravage the trees of my woodland. Approach no closer!' She begins to whisper and trace a pattern in the air. You are sure she is casting a spell against you. Will you:

Interrupt her, protesting that you mean no harm to the forest?	Turn to **236**
Attack her?	Turn to **16**
Wait to see the result of her incantation?	Turn to **381**

183

In increasing darkness you wander round the room, feeling for secret doors or hanging ropes. You find absolutely nothing. A ray of moonlight creeps in through a window but provides no help in your search. Then, as you are about to give up, you notice a glimmering shape where the moon's glow crosses the centre of the room. And, as you watch, a ladder takes shape, glittering and insubstantial, stretching from floor to ceiling. You touch it with your sword – and your sword passes through it as if through empty air. This ghostly ladder is clearly the handiwork of a wizard – or an illusionist. If you try to climb it, turn to **290**. If you think it would be wiser to go back downstairs and get some sleep, turn to **109**.

184

You stand before the stone wall and intone your password. If you say 'Apfis nev!' turn to **256**; if you say anything else, turn to **386**.

185

Gartax shakes his head, and his shoulders slump. 'Our only hope is to get out of the forest before the Slave Warriors corner us. I don't expect any help. The Margrave's soldiers are too busy extorting taxes out of honest folk; the big mine-owners are safe in Kleinkastel and haven't a clue what's going on here. If you want to do something useful, find the Wizard of Lake Mlubz – that's the Goblins' name for the inland sea that's at the far southern end of the forest. It's said this Wizard has been there for centuries, longer even than the Goblins themselves. If anyone knows what's behind these evil events, it's the Wizard. I've met him, just the once; if you tell him what I've told you, and ask for help in my name, I'm sure he'll do everything he can. The lake's not hard to find: just go south until you come to a stream that's too wide and deep to jump or wade across, and then follow it down to the place where it flows into the lake.

'And now there's no more time for talk! We've arrived!' Turn to **310**.

186

You plunge your arm into the tank once more and your hand closes round a small gold-specked rock. You tug it, but it will not move. You try to twist it, to move it from side to side – all to no avail. And when you finally give up, you discover that you cannot open your fist. Your fingers will not move; in fact your entire arm is set solidly in the liquid. No matter how hard you strain your muscles, you cannot remove your arm from the tank. Azudraz has certainly invented an effective method for storing gold; no one will ever be able to steal it from this tank! If you have the Sword of Gravalan, turn to **210**. If not, turn to **352**.

187

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the Goblins watch in silence as you set off down the southward path alongside the river. Turn to **50**.

If you are Unlucky, the Goblins chase after you when you turn away from them to walk towards the path. One of them slashes your arm with his blade: deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. You whirl round to face your attackers. Turn to **282**.

188

Roll one die five times. If the total is higher than your current STAMINA score, turn to **340**; if the total is the same or lower, turn to **105**.

189

In the midst of the deadly interplay of sword, claws and beak, you become aware of a remarkable noise – a low, booming, repetitive bellow that distracts you from your fight. The Struthiomimus hears it too; with a squawk, it turns away from you and trots back to the man standing at the edge of the clearing. You see from the man's grey pallor, with his bony limbs poking through tattered clothes and his expressionless, pinched face, that he is one of the enslaved humanoids that have been terrorizing this area. It is he who is producing the weird noise, attracting the creature to him. He places a rope round its long neck and then draws a notched scimitar. He advances towards you.

If you have a Ring of Zombie Warding, turn to **349**. If not, turn to **88**.

190

You are one of a dozen warriors who push through the crowd and climb on to the platform to volunteer for the tournament. Gloten shoos away all the dignitaries except the Margrave. 'Attendants!' he calls. 'Bring ropes and blindfolds and the animal boxes. Bind each contestant's ankles, and blindfold each face – but leave the sword-arm free. Place a box in front of each contestant.' Turning to you and the other volunteers, he goes on: 'This first test is of courage, my brave warriors. Have you the courage to remain quite still once the animal is released from its box? And at what point does courage become sheer foolhardiness? Let us see who can remain motionless the longest. Release the animals!'

You cannot see. You cannot move your feet. You can hear a slithering, rasping noise, and then something touches your leg. You control the urge to strike out. Something long and muscular winds itself round your waist. You hear shrieks of loathing and the sounds of fighting as other contestants leap to defend themselves. Feelers with rubbery suckers probe your clothing and adhere to your skin. A heavy body bumps against your legs as the creature climbs higher. A tentacle reaches your throat, and winds round your neck. You remember Gloten's words about foolhardiness. The creature is climbing up the front of your body. Is it time to act? If you force yourself to remain still, turn to **285**. If you tear off the blindfold and grab your sword, turn to **130**.

191

If the answer that you gave was: 'You are the wizard's shadow,' turn to **48**. If you gave any other answer, turn to **23**.

192

With a hiss, your flame dies. You cry out in despair. Frantically, you hold the glowing tip of the torch between your cupped hands, and blow on the red glow, again and again, trying to breathe life into the fire. A little smoke rises; or is it just steam? No – it *is* smoke: you have rekindled a tiny flame which

grows stronger as you watch. Now you can continue to melt the wall of ice – but you realize that no longer is there any noise or sound of footsteps. The Slave Warriors – three of them – have already entered the room. One of them is standing behind you. Turn to 328.

193

The scarecrow-like warrior notices you, and fixes you with his blank, unblinking eyes. You struggle helplessly. He leans over you and appears to ponder for a moment before skewering his sword into your chest. Silently, he watches you die.

194

You insert your hand into the hole, grab as much of the pile as you can, then, just as you are pulling your hand out of the tree, something inside the trunk grasps your forearm between sharp teeth. You shake your hand free and yank it out of the hole. The creature's teeth have drawn blood, but the wound is not serious. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA. To your chagrin, you find that the shiny article in the heap of leaves is a small hand-mirror, which you can put in your backpack if you want to. You are about to throw the twigs and leaves into the undergrowth when you notice that among them is a sprig of Swords-ease, a very rare medicinal herb that, if swallowed immediately before a battle, enables the body to repair wounds almost as soon as they are inflicted. You may chew this sprig once, before any one fight, and you will find that your opponent reduces your STAMINA by only 1 point each time he wounds you. Add 1 point to your LUCK for this fortunate find. The sound of marching men is closer. Turn to 363.

195

As the guard slumps to the paving-stones and the shouts of other warriors echo more loudly through the streets, you sprint through the gate and down the hillside. Plunging into the darkness of the jungle, you know you are safe from pursuit, but you keep running.

You emerge on to a broad plain. In the distance ahead of you, there is a ridge of low hills, which you make for. After some time, you come to a wide, well-used track which you think is the main road leading to the Portal. You cross it hurriedly, not wishing to meet a squad of Slave Warriors, and climb the ridge. You look down into a grassy valley, dotted with clumps of trees, that widens towards your left and is narrower between high ridges on your right. You walk down into the valley, and find a path that runs along it. You assume that travelling leftwards will take you back towards the Portal, so you turn right, towards the narrow end of the valley. Turn to 348.

196

Just as you feel that your aching muscles cannot bear your weight any longer, your fingers touch grass instead of rock. You have reached the top of the cliff. You lever your body upwards and collapse on a patch of greensward, a natural clearing in the forest that elsewhere grows to the cliff's edge. A path crosses the clearing. You hear movement in the undergrowth, but you cannot conceal yourself. You keep very still. A Goblin, frail and limping, lurches out of the forest and along the path. Only a few paces behind him is the biggest Giant Spider you have ever seen, clicking its mandibles and rattling its eight furry legs. On this clear terrain, the Spider will catch up with the Goblin within seconds. If you keep still, the Spider will pounce on the Goblin, bite him, enfold him in sticky strands of web, and drag him into the forest. You can then continue your journey downstream along the clifftop path. If you want to do this, turn to 399. If you would rather draw your sword and attack the Spider, turn to 67.

197

On the other side of the bridge, the other two contestants are trying to cut each other's rope. Roll two dice for each of them, and add the results to their SKILL scores (given below) to determine which one falls into the moat.

OSTBAR: SKILL 9 TRELLA: SKILL 8

Now only two of you remain dangling beneath the bridge. Roll dice again to determine an Attack

Strength for yourself and the winner of the above combat. If your Attack Strength is the lower, your rope is cut and you splash into the moat. Gloten spares a word for you before going to congratulate the winner – turn to 339. If you cut your opponent's rope, you are the winner; you are hauled up on to the bridge and cheered by all the townsfolk – turn to 259.

198

By the time the Goblins return, the warm sun and the murmur of the river have lulled you to sleep. This is unfortunate, as the Goblins have brought with them most of the rest of their tribe. They plan to tell their King that they fought a desperate battle with you in order to rescue his letter. And, to make their story convincing, they intend to take your dead body to the King's court. Finding you dozing on the jetty makes their task very easy.

199

'The Goblin war-chief made his base on the other side of the Portal, in the forgotten land. He thought he was safe there, believing that anyone from this world who passed beneath the Portal would be enslaved or, if his will was too strong for slavery, would be transformed into an animal or, in the last resort, simply exterminated by the power of the Portal. But the Goblins found a hero: one of their own race who was brave and strong and who, by chance, found the means to pass safely through the Portal. He took with him two animals – and many flaming torches, for the Portal was deep underground. And it seems that, after the Portal failed to enslave him, it could not change him into an animal either, because he had two other creatures with him, and this dissipated the Portal's power; nor could it destroy him, because he was surrounded by light. Once through the Portal, the hero found the war-chief and slew him; returning through the Portal, he ordered that it be sealed below ground for ever. I would guess that the recent mine-workings have undone the concealment that the Goblins undertook all those thousands of years ago. Another great evil-doer has found the Portal; another warlord has arisen. But at least we have some clues about how to find and destroy him. Now we must depart!'

Turn to 102.

200

You examine the bodies of the Slave Warriors. They wear no armour or uniform, and their clothes are filthy and tattered. Their skin is pale, and their faces are almost blank. Some of them have actually lost their facial features, having a short lipless slit instead of a mouth, two small holes instead of a nose, and deeply set eyes without brows or lids or lashes. Each of them wears a stone talisman on a leather thong round the neck; the stone is carved with unintelligible hieroglyphics. You find one of these strange soldiers still alive, although dying. You notice that his talisman is shrouded in black shadow. You remove it from round his neck; it seems almost a living thing. You can place it in your backpack (remember to note it on your *Adventure Sheet*) and then either set off on your travels immediately, striding into the depths of the forest (turn to 2), or return to Gartax's camp (turn to 169). If you want to hang the talisman round your own neck, turn to 384.

201

Taking a torch from the wall of the tunnel, you descend into darkness. The short flight of stairs leads you down into a wide passage. You pass dark openings which, on investigation, you find are mainly disused storerooms. You seem to be in the cellars of the palace. You are sure you are nearing the area beneath the centre of the building – but the passage ends at a small wooden door. Cautiously, you draw the bolts; you depress the latch, and pull open the door – and the flickering light of your torch reveals a room of icicles. Your breath steams as you enter a polar scene: layers of ice cloak all surfaces, columns and sheets of ice connect floor and ceiling. You begin to shiver uncontrollably – reduce your SKILL by 2 points until you leave this room. Creeping from behind a wall of ice comes the cause of the cold: a Glaciator, a creature which maintains its own body's temperature by extracting warmth from the air. If it stays in one place, its surroundings soon freeze. This one needs a new source of warmth – your body will suffice. It rears up on four back limbs and advances, its other limbs outstretched to smother you against its wide, flat underside.

GLACIATOR SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 242.

202

With your help, the Dwarf overcomes his opponent with ease. Meanwhile, the man and the other Slave Warrior both collapse and die from their wounds. You help the Dwarf to bury the body of his comrade, and the two of you sit together by the smoking fire and share in silence the meal that the Dwarf had been preparing when the Slave Warriors attacked. Restore up to 4 points of STAMINA if you need to. Finally, the Dwarf asks you who you are. You explain that you have come from Khul to find and finish off the Warlord who, through the power of the Portal, controls the armies of Slave Warriors. You describe how you survived the journey through the Portal.

'I have to admit,' grunts the Dwarf, 'that I'm impressed. Apart from Slave Warriors and animals, you're the first person to come through that accursed gateway since Horfak – and he's the Warlord you're looking for. Go to the end of the valley and take the right-hand path; that'll lead you to his citadel. He's sent most of his foul troops back through the Portal to ravage Khul; but you'd still best look out for guards.'

You thank the Dwarf for his information. Will you now go towards the end of the valley (turn to **348**); or will you ask how the mine-owner Horfak came to be the Warlord of the Portal, and how the Dwarf came to this lost world (turn to **149**)?

203

Ten Troglodytes have survived the earlier battle and are now converging on the hilltop statue to finish off the two remaining Goblins – and you. You stand alongside the Goblins in the shadow of their god's idol. Its staring eyes and its eight outstretched arms do not deter the Troglodytes, although they are troubled by the flashes of light reflected from the mirrors all over its body. You are certain, however, that this alone will not be enough to even the odds. It looks as though this could be your last fight – unless you have Gloten's Dwarven hunting-horn. If you have it, turn to **120**. If not, turn to **392**.

204

The man backs away from you and yells for help. From between the trees all round the clearing a mob of men and women converges on you. There are about a dozen of them, armed with knives, axes and staves, and you cannot defend yourself against all of them. Your adventure ends here.

The coracle might as well be anchored to the shore; it will not move. You become very exasperated – and then you glimpse a movement. Appearing from the other side of the island of rusty weapons is another coracle. As it drifts towards you, you see that it contains a wounded warrior – an Elf. Although barely able to stand, he flourishes a long slim blade and, as his boat bumps into yours, he attacks. He is an experienced swordsman, but as his STAMINA is very low you expect an easy victory. It is not to be. When he strikes you, you are wounded as normal; but when you land a blow on him, you are horrified to find that the wound appears on *your* body. What is more, the longer you fight, the less wounded your opponent seems to become. You cannot win; and eventually you are lying, wounded in a dozen places, waiting for the death-blow to fall. Instead, the Elf, now completely recovered, speaks. 'I apologize, human. I, too, failed to surrender my sword, and I fought the wounded warrior who attacked me then. He left me as you found me, but now I can escape at last.' His coracle drifts away; yours stays by the island.

Your fate is to remain, weak and wounded, until the wizard has another visitor who refuses to disarm. You will escape eventually, but this adventure ends here.

206

You scramble up the boulder-strewn hillside, hearing the beat of wings as the Korven take to the air behind you. You find a crack between two enormous rocks and turn to fight the Korven one at a time.

KORVEN SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

If you win, you find that the other Korven are reluctant to continue to attack you in such a confined space. You have time to look around, and you discover that the gap between the boulders is the end of a dry stream-bed. You can crawl through the gap into a narrow gully – almost a tunnel – that leads uphill. As you do this, two of the surviving Korven strike. They land on your back, lacerating your flesh and sawing through the straps of your backpack. You force your way into the gully and safety; however, you have lost 3 points from your STAMINA – and your backpack, along with everything in it, has gone. If you are still alive, you have no choice but to follow the course of the gully. When it becomes too narrow, you emerge to find that the Korven have flown away. Turn to 68.

207

Your other limbs are all engulfed in glutinous slime, but your sword-arm is free. You extract your sword from its scabbard and begin to jab clumsily at the black tongue. Because it is almost impossible to move, you must deduct from your SKILL score the number that you rolled on the die, to take account of the difficulty of your position. As you strike with your sword, the Stegocephalian responds by trying to roll up its tongue – with you inside. Turn to 94.

208

You step warily towards the bear, and put your finger to your lips. The bear understands, and quietens. It pushes a covered paw against the muzzle, repeatedly: it wants you to take the muzzle off. With some reluctance, you undo the buckles that secure it; and the bear does not bite you – it speaks! 'A thousand thanks, friend, whoever you are. I am Dirlin, and I was once a man, and the partner of another, named Horfak, who is now the ruler of this place. He discovered that foul gateway into this strange world. When he entered the Portal, it came alive with awful power. Horfak insisted that all our miners must go through it; those who objected were dragged through, screaming, by others who had already been changed into Slave Warriors. I was pushed under, but my will was too strong; so the Portal changed my body instead, and Horfak imprisoned me here. From time to time he visits me and gloats. Now I want my revenge; but these chains on my ankles are locked, and only the gaoler has the key. Find him, take the keys, and free me, I implore you!'

You explain briefly that your mission is also against Horfak and the Portal. Will you leave Dirlin and look for the gaoler (turn to 295); or will you stay with him and try to break the chains with chunks of stone (turn to 153)?

209

You run about as best you can in the darkness, scrambling over piles of boxes, kicking over barrels, and upending sacks of rotting vegetables. The Armoured Mole is confused: it can neither hear you nor smell you because of all the other noises and odours that are filling the cellar. You reach the ladder and climb up it, slamming the trapdoor behind you. You are back in the empty first-floor room of the tower. Turn to **359**.

210

With your one free hand you manage to pull the Sword of Gravalan from its scabbard and twist the hilt. You plunge the rapidly heating blade into the tank. It soon seems that this desperate act has made things worse: the sword becomes as fixed as your arm, and it is heating the liquid to an unbearable temperature. You watch helplessly as steam rises from the bubbling surface. Your arm is being boiled – but at last you can move it a little; inch by inch, you pull it and the sword out of the liquid. You sit against the wall and inspect your red, blistered arm – deduct 3 points from your STAMINA. If you have survived this ordeal, you force yourself to carry on; you return to the other room to help Azudraz. Turn to **316**.

211

Gloten enters the room. 'I'm sorry I've kept you waiting, my perspicacious friend. How did you detect my dwarfish origins, eh? I've been looking for a special item that I'd like you to have, but I can't find it anywhere. Only one place to look now: the strongbox. Watch this!' He clambers on to the seat of the chair, and proceeds to pull at the arm-rests, lifting first one and then the other with some difficulty. The front of the chair's plinth, which had looked like a solid block of wood, swings open to reveal a cavity. In it is a wooden box.

Soon Gloten has the box open and is rummaging through a dazzling heap of coins and gems. He pulls out – a battered old hunting-horn. 'Don't look so disappointed,' Gloten says. 'This will be of more use to you than a sackful of jewels. It's a family heirloom, obviously of dwarfish workmanship. Take it; sound it when you are in dire peril. The eagles swore an oath to my forefathers that they would aid anyone who sounds this horn. They will come only once. Now – let us prepare for your mission.'

Turn to **259**.

212

You manage to hide only just in time. As you crouch inside the barrel, you hear footsteps crossing the tavern floor. A voice shouts: 'Nothing much left in here, sergeant! Not even a drop of ale.' The reply from the street is: 'Have a good look round, trooper,

all the same You never know what or who you might find.' It is clear that a troop of the Margrave's soldiers are searching the village. The trooper approaches the barrels behind the bar. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 38. If you are Unlucky, turn to 154.

213

The warriors of the People carry you and the body of the Triceratops in triumph to their hilltop town. Dinosaur steak tastes surprisingly good. You spend the rest of the day feasting, resting and basking in the adulation of the townspeople. You may restore up to 6 points of STAMINA.

The following morning you and the Shaman lead all the fighters of the People to the Sacred Cave; you settle down to lie in wait on a hillside overlooking the road that leads to the Warlord's headquarters. Your scouts run back with the news that the enemy is approaching; soon you can hear the marching feet and see the cloud of dust that they are raising. A long column of Slave Warriors comes into sight; among the skeletal forms is a chariot, drawn by Elven Slave Warriors, whose occupant must be the Warlord – a giant of a man with a bulbous head. A second team of Slave Warriors pulls a wheeled cage containing the proud figure of a tall human woman. The People cannot contain their anger. 'Anxis!' they cry. 'Our Queen! We will release you!' – and they hurl themselves into battle. Anxis is heavily guarded; your comrades are attacking the strongest part of the Slave Warrior army. Will you help them (turn to 344); or will you ignore everything that distracts you from confronting the Warlord himself (turn to 70)?

214

Again and again the punt jars as its flat bottom scrapes across the rocks, but somehow its timbers hold together as the foaming river bumps you down the stony stairway. You are thrown from side to side, and drenched in ice-cold water. However, you manage to hang on. As the punt enters deeper water it begins to leak and break up, but before it sinks it comes to ground on a bank of the river. You stagger out of the wreckage and collapse, battered and exhausted. Turn to 86.

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215

You stand with your back against the trunk of an enormous oak and await the attack. There is room for both Scurrellors to fight you at once, but only one advances; as it approaches, its knife weaving patterns in the air, you realize why: the tip of its tail has begun to crackle with energy and is burning everything it touches. The second Scurrellor stays well out of range. You therefore fight the Scurrellors one at a time. You fight as normal, but in addition at the end of each round of combat you must roll one die; if the result is a 6, the Scurrellor's tail has struck you, and you must deduct 4 points from your STAMINA.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SCURRELLOR	5	9
Second SCURRELLOR	5	8

If you defeat them both, you continue along the path. Turn to **230**.

216

The man turns his back on you with a shrug, and addresses his followers. 'You men, there! Bring some ropes! Bind this prisoner! It's time we returned to camp. We'll take the prisoner with us. Then we'll find out what this warrior's really doing here.'

And so, a little while later, you start a southward march. Your hands are tied together, and your arms

are pressed against your body by coils of heavy rope. A sack over your head makes it hard to see where you are going. A rope connects you to the belt of one of your captors, and you are pulled along at the end of the line of marchers. You are dragged deeper and deeper into the forest.

You think you may be able to loosen your bonds by continually flexing and relaxing your muscles. If you decide to try this, turn to **119**. If you'd rather not, turn to **333**.

217

The narrow path passes a wooden hut. The marching column halts, and the Elf Queen opens the hut's door and invites you to enter. 'Rest here tonight,' she says, 'and tomorrow some of my Elves will take you to your destination.' You enter the hut, and the door closes behind you. There is just one windowless room, containing only a straw mattress, on which you sit. You can eat a meal from your Provisions at this point, and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. There seems nothing to do in the darkness but go to sleep and await the morning – if you do this, turn to **376**. If you want to leave the hut and explore your surroundings, turn to **177**.

218

'No money?' yells the bandit leader. 'No gold? What kind of incompetent adventurer do you call yourself? We'll take everything – the whole lot. Well, you can keep the backpack – empty, of course. And hand over that sword, too!'

You cannot stop the bandits taking all your possessions – erase all equipment and Provisions from your *Adventure Sheet*. If you refuse to part with your sword, turn to **113**.

If you give them your sword as well, you must reduce your SKILL by 4 points until you acquire another weapon; the bandits will ride off with their booty. Turn to **27**.

219

You jump to your feet – and a Slave Warrior's bony arms encircle your waist as you try to run. You have only one chance to shake loose his grip before you are surrounded by the other Slave Warriors. Roll one die twice. If the total rolled is equal to, or less than, your SKILL, turn to **122**; if the total exceeds your SKILL, turn to **305**.

220

You pull your sword-blade out of the bulbous carcass of the Giant Spider and move out of reach of its still-twitching limbs. You turn to look at the Goblin. He is in a pitiable state. He is old and lame, and his once fine clothes are in tatters. Blood from a multi-

tude of slight wounds trickles down his face, arms and legs. You are surprised to see that he carries no weapon. He seems too exhausted to move. Will you stay with the Goblin until he recovers a little, and offer him some Provisions? If so, turn to **136**. If you have no Provisions to offer, or if you decide that you should continue your journey without delay, you leave the Goblin and continue heading downstream along the clifftop path. Turn to **399**.

221

The forest is full of noises: the tramp of marching feet, the roars of animals. Armies are on the move; you keep under the cover of the undergrowth, as the paths that cross the forest are full of Slave Warriors. You see squads of humans, Goblins, Elves and Dwarfs, as well as other nameless creatures that the forest has hidden until now – all are blank-eyed, expressionless, mindless thralls, silent except for the sound of their footsteps and the weird cries of the scaly creatures that accompany them. They are marching to the west – towards Kleinkastel and the rich settlements beyond.

Your eastward path branches. You come out of the forest to read the signpost. One wooden arm points north, and is inscribed 'Horfak and Dirlin Mines'; the other points east, saying 'Cleever Mine and Throke Mine'. Which path will you take: north – turn to **356**; or east – turn to **258**?

222

You hand over 5 Gold Pieces, but protest that you don't know anything about mining. 'I really couldn't care less about that,' says the officer. 'My concern is raising revenue for the Margrave's treasury. Wait here while I draw up the documents.' While the officer signs and seals your Mining Licence, his soldiers are searching the huts of the village. He returns and hands you the paper, and you ask whether you are permitted to stay and find out what, if anything, the soldiers find. 'Do as you please!' says the officer. 'You're a miner now; you've every right to be here.' Turn to **327**.

223

Within an hour of dawn the streets are crowded. All the inhabitants of Kleinkastel seem to be congregating in the Market Square. Swallowing your pride, you walk up to the more prosperous-looking passers-by and ask each of them for a Gold Piece with which to buy a meal. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **111**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **83**.

224

You keep still. The Noasaurus continues to step towards you, although it does not yet show any sign of aggression. It worries you, however, because you fear that it will draw the attention of at least one of the Slave Warriors to you. The creature is now only a sword's length away: will you attack it (turn to **26**); move away from it (turn to **58**); or remain motionless (turn to **93**)?

225

The disembodied voice whispers again: 'Thank you! That will suffice as payment for your boat-trip. And now please be kind enough to tell me – what is your business here?'

You decide that it would be best to make some kind of reply. Will you say:

'I am searching for a wizard who it is said can be found at this end of the forest.' Turn to 117

'I am a wandering warrior and my adventures have brought me here by chance.' Turn to 23

226

The Oviraptor may be small but it has a sharp beak and powerful claws. It shrieks as it hurls itself at you.

OVIRAPTOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you defeat it in four or fewer rounds of combat, you can leave the cage by squeezing through the slit at the base of the back wall – turn to 39. If it is still alive after four Attack Rounds, it continues to attack you – turn to 28.

227

You push off from the bank and sit down in the swaying boat. When you reach the centre of the stream, you find that the cross-currents cease, and the flowing waters take you gently in a south-westerly direction. You relax and enjoy the trip as the river gradually veers to the south and you drift peacefully past the vast slumbering forests that crowd the banks.

You hear splashing and, looking ahead, you see a commotion in the water near the left bank, where the surface is otherwise calm. Will you manoeuvre the boat eastwards, towards the left-hand bank, to get closer to the disturbance (turn to 139)? Or will you let the boat continue to drift with the current in the middle of the river (turn to 25)?

228

You fall forward and crash to the ground on the compound side of the fence. Roll one die: if you roll a 4, 5 or 6, you twist your leg as you land – deduct 2 more points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you pick yourself up and look around. Turn to 68.

229

One of the soldiers runs to attack the monster and the Elf woman, while you intercept the other. He seems to be in no mood to talk, and attempts to barge past you. You fight.

SOLDIER SKILL 5 STAMINA 8

If you survive long enough to reduce his STAMINA to 3 points or less, he turns and runs away into the forest. Turn to 320.

230

A little further on, the path forks. If you take the wider of the two branches, which leads north-east and uphill towards the mountains, turn to **277**. If you take the smaller branch, south-eastwards into the forest, skirting the hills, turn to **100**.

231

You stumble backwards, fending off the spiked tips of half a dozen clubs, and find time to glance at the Goblins. Both have been felled before they could finish their incantation, and you are alone against ten Troglodytes. Surrounded, you are soon clubbed to the ground. Your adventure ends here.

232

As you walk forward, sword swinging, your leather armour spattered with the blood of the vanquished Oviraptor, you present an awesome sight. The Goblins huddle together, fingering their swords uncertainly. You have to decide how you will deal with them. If you have a letter from the King of the Forest Goblins, you could show it to them in the hope that it will impress them and persuade them to leave you in peace. If you do this, turn to **336**. If you charge, yelling and brandishing your sword, straight at the Goblins, turn to **282**. If you pretend to ignore the Goblins and saunter towards the riverside path, turn to **187**.

233

Knives, hatchets, spears and axes hurtle through the air towards you in succession and bury their blades in the wooden board against which you stand. The warriors of the People are not on their best form tonight: among the shower of weapons that shave your skin and impale your clothing are some that strike too close, wounding you. Roll one die: the result of the die-roll is the number of points of STAMINA you lose. If you are still alive, turn to **174** – unless you rolled a 6, in which case turn to **311**.

234

The wizard's frown deepens. He stamps his foot in irritation. 'I have been so anxious about my privacy that I have ignored these events taking place only a few miles away. I did not take heed of the rumours I heard. Now I must act, and I hope I am not too late. Grasp my hand!'

You grip the wizard's wrist; everything goes black, and then you find yourself standing alone in a torch-lit cellar. The wizard walks in bearing a tray of food, and as you eat (restore up to 4 points of STAMINA) he searches among the racks of swords and shields that line the walls. 'None of them is made of iron,' he says, 'and so they don't interfere with the use of my . . . unusual gifts. And this is the weapon for you! The Sword of Gravalan! It is bronze, but as strong as steel. It will serve you as an ordinary blade; but, in addition, if you twist this part of the hilt the tip of the sword will instantly

become white-hot. You may do this three times. Each time the heat will last long enough to finish off one opponent. The heat will double the effect of wounds that you inflict, and you may find it also has other uses. The blade stays dark even when hot. Take it! And now, before we leave, do you have any more news for me?'

Restore your SKILL to its *Initial* value. If you have a stone talisman on a leather thong, turn to **31**. If not, turn to **102**.

235

The Margrave is outraged at your suggestion, and orders his men to seize you. Gloten protests, but the Margrave is incensed that a mere adventurer should challenge him to a duel, and insulted by the suggestion that he should use such a plebeian weapon as a pickaxe handle. He instructs the soldiers of his bodyguard to escort you out of the town. You are banished, on pain of death.

Fuming at the injustice of this sentence, you are determined to prove your worth. You set off into the forest. Turn to **22**.

236

Lignia breaks off her chanting, and her thin fingers cease their complex figures. 'It is very easy for you to claim friendship with the forest,' she says, 'but the contrary evidence is there, hanging from your belt. Prove your harmlessness, warrior: surrender your weapon! And then go down into my garden and expend some of your war-like energies in fruitful labour; repair the wounds inflicted on my charges by your fellow soldiers.' Will you agree to these instructions (turn to **30**); or will you refuse and insist on leaving (turn to **325**)?

237

You open the door to reveal a room much larger than a prison cell. The stone floor is strewn with soft rugs; glowing tapestries cover the walls; cushions and rugs lie in profusion across intricately carved pieces of furniture; streamers of velvet and silk hang from silver chandeliers. In the midst of all this luxury stands a woman; tall, dark-skinned and haughty, she glares at you as you enter her room. She is beautiful and richly dressed; yet her slim limbs have hints of muscle that belie the softness of her surroundings, and her flashing eyes make you rather glad that she is restrained – her ankles and wrists are manacled in heavy iron chains. If you bear the Sign of the Spear on your forehead, turn to **65**; if not, turn to **324**.

238

With your hands raised to show that you are holding no weapon, you move closer to the ape. You point down the hill and say: 'Go away from here. Leave this place. Return to the forest. Do you understand? Go down the hill. Go!'

The ape rubs its muzzle with the palm of a huge hand. Its face clears, and it looks at you shrewdly. 'It is a powerful restorative for the mind,' it says, 'to hear a few simple sentences of human speech. I will relinquish this hilltop to you, my friend, with pleasure. It is a sorrowful location. The views, by the way, are quite magnificent. I will take my leave. I trust my appearance has caused you only a little

distress; I can assure you that any anxiety this bestial form has engendered in you must be as nothing compared to the anguish it brings me. Good evening to you.' The giant ape lopes away down the hill. Turn to 18.

239

The sound of marching feet on the main path behind you makes you hurry along the narrow track into the sun-baked hills. You find a rocky ravine that takes you out of sight of the Portal's entrance, and you follow it downhill. It widens into a broad, flat, grassy valley, dotted with clumps of woodland. Some of the trees are very unusual, like giant ferns; all the animals are strange to you, although not all resemble giant lizards – some are furry, some hairy, looking a bit like the wild animals of Khul. In the distance, the valley narrows again; you are now in the widest part of it; to your right, you see a thin column of smoke rising out of a copse of trees. Will you investigate the source of the smoke (turn to 165), or will you continue towards the far end of the valley (turn to 348)?

240

It takes you hours to carry all the cages from the narrow chamber to the path outside the mine entrance, where you arrange them in lines with their doors facing the down-sloping forest. Then you open the doors, and one by one the birds soar into the sky, their colours flashing in the sunlight. The last one flies away, but remains near by, circling over the treetops and, as you watch, all the other birds return, swooping out of the sky. You gaze upwards, entranced, as the blue sky becomes a kaleidoscope of twittering colours; their separate songs merge at last into a harmonious crescendo, and you understand that the birds, or perhaps the deity that watches over them, are offering you their thanks. They fly away into the forest. Restore 1 point of LUCK if you need to. Turn to 5.

241

Gartax is reluctant to talk about Gloten's treasure. However, you make it clear that you expect such information as the price for your help against Gartax's enemies. He tells you that the treasure is in Gloten's house, in the very room in which Gloten receives visitors. The mine-owner's vast armchair – more like a throne – sits on a solid plinth in which there is a concealed compartment. In order to open the secret door, it is necessary to sit on the seat, and then lift the arm-rests in the correct order: first the left and then the right. Inside the compartment is a chest full of gems and gold coins. 'And now there's no time for more talk!' says Gartax. 'We have arrived!'

Turn to 310.

242

Drips of ice-cold water drop on your head: now that the Glaciator is dead, the underground room is beginning to warm again. Through the ice that coats the walls you can make out a second door; you assume that the Glaciator was brought here from Khul to guard this entrance to the heart of the palace. You hammer at the sheet of ice but you cannot break it; it is as thick as your fist, and must be melted. However, you cannot wait for a natural thaw: echoing along the passage is the steady tread of a squad of Slave Warriors, attracted by the noise of your fight with the Glaciator. You will have to try to use the flame of your torch to melt the curtain of ice (turn to **148**) – unless you have the Sword of Gravalan with at least one heat-charge remaining in it; in this case, turn to **315**.

243

'So! A human!' says Lignia. 'And a warrior, too, unless I am mistaken. But a warrior without a sharp blade of metal – a very rare species indeed. Why are you wandering through this forest?'

You tell Lignia that you are investigating the cause of the recent disturbances in the area, and you relate some of your recent adventures. 'Your cause is worthy,' says Lignia, 'but it is not my immediate concern. You may leave in peace, but do not cross my garden. Go!' Will you attack Lignia (turn to **16**); or will you follow her instructions by descending from the tree and skirting the dell (turn to **118**)?

244

You are hurled into the raging torrent and swept downstream. Swimming is impossible; the most you can do is to gulp air whenever a swirl of current lifts you out of the icy water. Numb and helpless, you plunge headlong through the endless cataracts.

Roll one die. The number that you roll is the number of rocks that you smash into as you are swept through the rapids. For each rock that you strike, roll one die: a 1 or 2 causes 1 point of STAMINA loss; a 3 or 4 means you lose 2 points; a 5 or 6 and you lose 3 points. Even if you are still alive, you are unconscious before you reach the calmer waters at the bottom of the rapids. Turn to **86**.

245

The jumble of stone blocks was once a village. The jungle creepers have not yet begun to cover the ruins, so you assume that the destruction occurred recently. There is no sign of fighting, but the stone huts have been torn down deliberately; ashes and patches of scorched earth show where fires were built to burn the huts' furnishings. One building, set apart from the village at the end of a narrow path into the jungle, has escaped the destruction. As you approach it, you see that it is a big building – a temple. The doors are hanging open on broken hinges; you look inside.

The interior has been devastated: torn wall-hangings and broken statues litter the floor. The idol on the altar has not been damaged; the seated

statue stares down at you with a hundred eyes, each one a coloured gemstone. With a click, its wide mouth opens and, from inside it, a long wooden scoop extends towards you. Although you have never seen this particular deity before, you have been in enough temples to know that the scoop is a mechanism for receiving offerings. If you place a Gold Piece on the scoop, turn to **124**; if you climb on to the altar to prise out the statue's jewelled eyes, turn to **274**; if you leave the temple and head for the hilltop settlement, turn to **140**.

246

A trail of mud runs across the path from the stream to the dark cave-mouth. It looks as if the cave has an inhabitant, and you decide that you would rather not find out what it is. You tiptoe past the gaping hole. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **115**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **329**.

247

You step out from the shelter of the rocks. The squad of Slave Warriors is only a stone's throw away, approaching steadily. You try to mimic their regular, mechanical movements and expressionless stare. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **44**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **270**.

248

The bandit leader hurls the swords into the air. They and with a clash of steel, and you and the bandits crowd round them to see how they have landed. 'We win!' yells the bandit leader. 'The marked blades are showing!' He grabs the sack and stuffs it into a saddlebag. He and his men mount their ponies, and are about to ride off when the leader turns to you again. 'Thank you for the game. This has been an entertaining and profitable encounter. I would hate to see you going hungry – here, take this!'

He takes a Gold Piece from his purse and throws it to you. You catch it; the bandits ride away. With a sigh, you shoulder your pack and continue on your way. Remember to deduct your losses from your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to **27**.

249

You walk along the broad limb until you reach the centre of the tree. The trunk is as wide as a house, and there is a cleft in the bark that is big enough to squeeze through. You look inside: it is a sentry-post, and the groan came from a young Elf, apparently in the throes of a nightmare while asleep on duty. His facial features look like those of a normal Elf, and his clothes are still quite clean and tidy. You assume that he has only recently been impressed into the ranks of the Slave Warriors. As you expect, he wears a stone talisman round his neck; he seems to be struggling to pull it off as he

dreams. Behind him, a staircase carved out of the interior of the trunk winds downwards. Will you tiptoe past the sleeping guard and go down the stairs (turn to 19); or will you try to remove the talisman from round the guard's neck (turn to 313)?

250

Your plan succeeds. You shoulder-charge the merchant and, as he staggers, you grab his purse and wrench it from his belt. You run to the end of the alley and merge with the crowd before the merchant can recover his wits or his breath. The purse contains 10 Gold Pieces. You immediately use one of them to buy a hearty breakfast, and thus you avoid losing any STAMINA.

As you leave the tavern, you almost fall over a group of tiny children. They are thin and dirty and dressed in rags. They ask you for money. If you give them the remaining 9 Gold Pieces from the stolen purse before setting off through the town, remember to deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*, and turn to 61. If you ignore their pleas, turn to 355.

251

The hunters present you with a long spear, and with it you advance towards the Triceratops, which lifts its three-horned, crested head and begins to bellow, warning you to stay away; as you stalk closer still to its nest of eggs, it scuffs the grass and prepares to charge. As the beast lowers its head and thunders towards you, you despair of ever defeating it.

TRICERATOPS SKILL 8 STAMINA 18

Your spear is useful in fending off the animal's charges – during this fight, increase your SKILL by 2 points; but it has little impact on the leathery, knobbly hide – deduct only 1 point from the Triceratops's STAMINA each time you wound it. Its horns and its thick, muscular tail are formidable weapons – deduct 3 points from your STAMINA each time it wounds you. If you are still alive after five rounds of combat, you are relieved to hear the war-cries of the other hunters as they join in the attack. Surrounded, the Triceratops is soon overwhelmed and slaughtered. Turn to 390.

252

'The wizard certainly shares your concern; he has of late heard disquieting reports about perils threatening humans, and Goblins, and beasts, in the forests to the north.' The thin voice pauses; the black shape moves restlessly. 'Your desire to render assistance is noble – but have you sufficient wit to be of any use in these testing matters? Let us try a simple test. Study the dark shape of me, and answer this: I am stunted now, but will be fully grown by sunset. I am always here on fine days. Whose am I, and what am I?'

Write down the answer that you give, and turn to 191.

253

You step through the Portal, and you are once again in the cavern, deep below the Cloudhigh Mountains. You look for the sack of Igneolite – it is still there, resting innocuously against the Portal's black stone. With one last glance at the sunlit jungles of the lost world, you thrust your flaming torch into the fine powder, then retreat to the edge of the cavern. The sack bursts open, and a cloud of dust settles all over the black blocks of carved stone. For a few seconds a loud sizzling fills the cavern – and the surface of the Portal bubbles and writhes as the stone is melted, re-congealing instantly into a smooth, featureless lump of fused rock. There is a moment of silence; then an indescribable, brain-curdling noise as of the rending of the substance of the universe, a scream fading into infinite distance. You know that the Portal is destroyed. As you make your way out of the mine, you come across groups of Slave Warriors: most of them are dead, but a few – those most recently converted – are recovering their wits. You try to comfort them, but you are anxious to return to Kleinkastel. Turn to 400.

254

The attackers have looted the camp and taken away everything of value – not just coins and gems, but also weapons, armour, food, and even the pack-animals. As you search the bodies, you observe that, to a greater or lesser extent, all the Slave Warriors exhibit strange and unhuman features. They wear no armour or uniform, and their clothes are filthy and tattered. Their skin is pale, and their faces are almost blank. Some of them have actually lost their facial features, having a short lipless slit instead of a mouth, two small holes instead of a nose, and deeply set eyes without brows, lids or lashes. Each of them wears a stone talisman on a leather thong round the neck; the stone is carved with unintelligible hieroglyphics. You find one of these strange soldiers still alive, although dying. You notice that his talisman is shrouded in black shadow. You remove it from round his neck; it seems almost a living thing. You can put it in your backpack and then wander into the forest – turn to 2. Or you can hang it round your own neck – turn to 384.

255

You are held under guard in the village square and, before long, an officer arrives on horseback. Jumping from his saddle, he brushes dust from his blue cloak and gleaming armour as the troopers salute and the sergeant explains about your capture. The officer strolls over to you. 'A vagrant, eh?' he drawls. 'Explain your business in this area – and make it a good explanation, for your own sake.'

Do you have a warrant from the Margrave? If so, you show it to the officer – turn to 73. Otherwise, turn to 131.

256

You wait. A crack appears between two of the huge stone blocks; it widens and, as you squeeze through the gap, you hear the regular tread of Slave Warriors' feet on the stairs. On the other side of the stone wall you find yourself in the middle of a deserted corridor; you hastily push the block back into place. Now you can no longer hear the sounds of pursuit. To your right, the corridor ends at a wooden door; it has strong iron bolts, but they are not drawn across the door. When you try to pull the door open, however, you find that it will not open, no matter how hard you tug. The latch feels strangely cold. In the other direction, the corridor, lined with torches, stretches into the distance. You walk towards this other end. Turn to 372.

257

You collect armfuls of dry twigs and several dead branches and trunks of trees, and pile them on to the embers of your camp fire. Within minutes the hollow is full of light and heat from the bonfire you have built. The logs will stay alight all night. You go to sleep with your head resting on your backpack and your sword unsheathed at your side.

You wake suddenly, and open one eye. By the dancing light of the flames you see a stealthy hand reaching for your sword. You grab your weapon and jump to your feet. Two Goblins face you, their shortswords at the ready.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	4
Second GOBLIN	6	4

You must fight both at once. In each round of combat, both Goblins attack you but you can attack only one of them – choose which one at the start of each round. Any Goblin with an Attack Strength higher than yours wounds you; you can wound only the one you have chosen to attack. If you kill them both, turn to 20.

258

The path takes you out of the forest and into lightly wooded hills. You pass beneath the branches of a tree and hear a raucous shriek; you look up to see a colony of four Korven perched above you. They spread their wings and glide to the ground in front of you, blocking your way. Korven are reclusive forest-dwellers; you have heard of them, but have never seen them before. They are small humanoids, resembling evil-faced Goblins, with claws instead of feet and feathered wings instead of arms. You observe that even they have been captured and enslaved – each wears a stone talisman on a leather thong round its long neck. You cannot defeat four of them together. Will you turn off the path and head for the thick woodlands to your right (turn to **82**); or will you turn off the path to your left, up into the rocky hills, hoping to find a defensible position (turn to **206**)?

259

During the evening, apothecaries examine your body for wounds and prepare remedies which you swallow before retiring to the Margrave's guest chamber. You awake next morning invigorated: if any of your scores are below their *Initial* levels, restore them to their full amount.

The townspeople gather again, and again you are at the centre of a public ceremony. The Margrave presents you with a warrant ordering his subjects to allow you free passage and to furnish you with any help you may require; Gloten gives you a purse containing 10 Gold Pieces and, 'from the Wizard', a phial containing a Potion of True Seeing. And the townspeople bring you Provisions – you manage to cram enough for five meals into your backpack. (Note these changes on your *Adventure Sheet*.)

'All we know,' says Gloten, 'is that, somewhere underground, someone has discovered an ancient portal to another world and is using its evil power to create an army of Slave Warriors out of enslaved forest-dwellers. This Warlord is probably to be found beyond the Portal, in the strange world from which unnatural beasts have issued to plague our countryside. If you can defeat the Warlord, your reward will be as generous as your deeds are glorious. Remember: not only the weak are at risk – Horfak and Dirlin, two of the wealthiest mine-owners, are among those missing.'

You thank Gloten; if you have no sword, you borrow one from a soldier; and you set off into the forest. Turn to **22**.

260

A Slave Warrior is an unnerving opponent. His movements appear slow, but he wastes no effort and never tires. No expression ever crosses his face: not even the cruellest wound causes a flicker of emotion in the blank depths of his eyes.

SLAVE WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, you look towards the centre of the grove, where the mêlée is coming to an end. The man and one of the Slave Warriors seem to be badly hurt; the Dwarf is prevailing against his opponent. If you decide to leave now and travel to the end of the valley, turn to **348**; if you stay to help defeat the remaining Slave Warriors, turn to **202**.

261

For several seconds the bandit leader stares at you grimly. Then he grins widely and begins to clap his hands together. The other bandits join in the applause as Kran pulls himself to his feet and offers you his scimitar.

'Well fought! Both of you, well fought!' says the bandit leader. 'Stranger, you have proved your courage and have entertained us well. You may keep your sword. You may keep everything. Pick it all up – it's all yours!'

Kran's comrades help him into his saddle, and the bandits ride away. You collect your possessions, then continue on your way southwards. Turn to **27**.

262

Looking closely at the sentries, you can see that only the dregs of the Slave Warrior army are being left behind on guard duty. The two guards are, or were, aged Gnomes, and they look far too old to fight. However, they are controlled by the will of the Warlord of the Portal, and they attack with knives in their shaking hands. You can easily fight them one at a time. If you have a Ring of Zombie Warding, it affects the Slave Warriors – the SKILL of each of them is reduced by 1 point.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GNOME SLAVE WARRIOR	5	4
Second GNOME SLAVE WARRIOR	4	4

If you defeat the Gnome Slave Warriors, you walk through the gate in the high fence. Turn to **68**.

263

You hack a way up overgrown slopes, slide down treacherous banks, and splash across tree-shadowed streams. You join a narrow path which soon leads you to a clearing, in the centre of which a solitary tree spreads its shade. You step into the clearing, uncomfortably aware that the surrounding forest is unnaturally quiet. As you reach the central tree, you hear the rustle of branches from the far side of the glade, and you see a man run into the open, closely pursued by a creature from a nightmare. It is a Phororhacos, a vicious flightless bird, much taller than a human, with a huge curved beak and glittering eyes surmounted by a crest of feathers. The man looks frail and tired; he is limping and is armed with only a small knife. With an ululating cry the cruel bird chases him relentlessly as he tries to back away.

If you want to come to the man's rescue, turn to **176**. If you would rather avoid getting involved, and return to the cover of the forest, turn to **101**.

264

On your left, rising above the trees, the bare brown hillsides are pockmarked with mine entrances. You reach a village, an unplanned cluster of cabins, home for the miners and their families. But the village seems to have been abandoned; there is no sound, and doors and shutters hang loose on their hinges, revealing dark silent interiors. You pause at

the edge of the village, and you can hear a noise from the path behind you. It is the tramp of marching feet, and the guttural sound of men's voices, speaking in the local dialect. Will you wait on the path for the men to arrive (turn to 41); or will you quickly find a hiding-place in the village (turn to 125)?

265

You can hear the Slave Warriors approaching, but they are not yet in sight. You pull back the bolt, open the door and enter the cage, pulling the door shut behind you. A wooden partition divides the cage; if you stay in front of the partition, you can be seen from the corridor, so you hurry behind it. You find that the back of the cage is not empty. You are sharing it with an Oviraptor, a small beaked dinosaur rearing up on its hind legs, no taller than a Dwarf. You look for another exit from the cage; apart from the door at the front, the only way out is to squeeze through a horizontal slit that runs along the bottom of the back wall. The Oviraptor does not allow you much time for thought; it attacks. Will you escape through the narrow slit, suffering the loss of 2 points of STAMINA as the Oviraptor lacerates your departing body (turn to 39); or will you stand and fight the creature (turn to 226)?

266

Your sword slides into the creature's eye-socket, and the momentum of its attack forces the blade deep into its cranium. The Elasmosaurus is mortally wounded, but it will not die quietly. It writhes in frenzy, lashing its tail and neck from side to side, tossing your little boat into the air and filling it with blood-reddened water. All you can do is hang on to the side while trying to sheathe your sword once more.

If you are using a skiff, turn to 71. If your craft is a punt, turn to 180.

267

You follow the path towards the Goblins' statue-topped hill. You dodge between bushes and boulders, trying to remain concealed even though there is not much cover on the hillsides at this altitude. You move out from behind a clump of gorse, and come face to face with two Troglodytes. They lift their snouts, squinting and snuffling and shielding their eyes with their paws. They exchange a few gruff syllables, then attack, one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TROGLODYTE	5	9
Second TROGLODYTE	6	7

You can escape, with the loss of 2 points from your STAMINA as a spiked club catches your shoulder, by running back along the hillside path and down into the forest – turn to 144. If you stay to fight, and win, turn to 66.

268

As you make your way through the outskirts of Kleinkastel, you pass stalls and craftsmen's workshops. You may buy Provisions, at a cost of 1 Gold Piece per meal, up to a maximum of five meals. If you do not have a sword, you may buy one at a cost of 5 Gold Pieces. (Remember to make a note of any changes on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Once you have completed your purchases, you leave the town and head eastwards into the forest. Turn to **22**.

269

Cautiously you push up the trapdoor and look around. This level also consists of one large room; it seems to have been the living-quarters of whoever inhabited the tower. All that remains of the furniture is a bed and a chest; the chest contains robes embroidered with arcane symbols. Smaller items have been removed – you find hooks on the walls where pictures once hung. Under the bed you find the stub of a thick candle, which you put in your backpack. There is a window in each of the four walls. Looking west, you see that the forest thins, and beyond there is scrubby steppe, ending in the far distance at mountains silhouetted against the sunset. Northwards, the river down which you boated disappears into the forest. To the east, the foreground is dominated by a rocky eminence on the far bank of the river; stained pink by the setting sun, it is surmounted by a stone hut. At the foot of the crag the river joins another waterway, and their combined flow foams down ferocious rapids as they speed south. In that direction, beyond the forest, you can see a vast expanse of still water, lit by the sun's last rays. You can see no way to reach the top storey of the tower. If you decide to stay in the dark and look for one, turn to **183**. If you decide to return to the first-floor room, turn to **109**.

270

The Slave Warriors continue to march along the ridge towards you. You dare not try to enter the valley – they would know that you were not one of them and could capture you as you attempted to push into the jungle. You continue with your pretence, marching slowly in front of the Slave Warrior patrol. They are gaining on you, but you dare not run. You see another squad marching towards you from the other direction. As you are caught between the two groups, you realize that none of them has been fooled by your play-acting. You are surrounded. Turn to **328**.

271

The third inn that you visit, a small establishment within the old walls and in the shadow of the castle, has room for you. It costs 1 Gold Piece, which you pay gladly, to spend the night on a straw mattress in an attic.

You sleep well and wake in the morning feeling very hungry. If you do not eat, you will lose 4 points from your STAMINA! You can avoid this by eating one meal from your Provisions, if you have any. Alternatively, if you have money, you can obtain an

excellent breakfast from the innkeeper at the cost of another 1 Gold Piece. If you have neither Provisions nor money, you must either deduct 4 STAMINA points or go out and beg for food in the streets. Make all necessary adjustments to your *Adventure Sheet*, and then turn to **61** – unless you are going to beg for food, in which case turn to **223**.

272

Your backpack is moving! You look inside: the Pteranodon's egg is vibrating violently. You lift it and place it on the ground. Cracks appear on the shell; a beak appears; then the egg bursts apart and a tiny Pteranodon stares up at you. It spreads its wings, hops up and down, and then opens its beak and lets out an ear-splitting screech. It is hungry. If you give it a meal from your Provisions, turn to **112**. If you have no Provisions, or do not wish to waste any on a baby pterosaur, turn to **7**.

273

Snuffling as it scurries along, the Armoured Mole heads unerringly towards you.

ARMOURED MOLE SKILL 4 STAMINA 10

Because of the darkness and the confined space, your SKILL is reduced by 2 points for the duration of this fight. If you defeat the mole, you may continue your search of the cellar. You find nothing of value, but there is enough unspoilt food to provide you with Provisions for two meals. You can take these if you wish – note them on your *Adventure Sheet*. You

climb out of the cellar into the relatively light and airy first-floor room. Turn to 359.

274

The wooden tongue withdraws into the statue's mouth, which clicks shut. You are standing on the altar, trying to pull out one of the gems on the idol's face, when you see a movement in the darkness at the back of the temple. 'Desecration!' a voice echoes round the roof. 'Can the Mad God never rest?'

You run, but a vast multi-fingered hand blocks your way; you see a huge foot on each side of the altar. You look up and cry out in terror as a hundred eyes glare down at you from a head that touches the roof. You feel yourself pulled upwards towards the great face with its glittering array of eyes. Closer . . . you are embedded in the god's cold skin. You struggle to turn, to look down at the temple floor.

You have been transformed: the Mad God now has another eye, and you will see for him until the end of time.

275

The door opens before you have time to knock on it twice. From the darkness inside the hut, four eyes gleam at you. Two of them belong to a grim-looking Dwarf; the other two, even more belligerent, are those of a white parrot-like bird sitting on the Dwarf's shoulder, its long tail-feathers curled round his neck. The Dwarf is holding a long-poled boat-hook which he pushes up to your throat. 'I'm the boatman,' he says. 'What are you after?' You ask for passage downriver. You say that you will pay in coin or in hard work. The Dwarf is not interested. 'What's the use of money? There's nothing to buy any more. And I don't want to take off down that river. Now if you've got some grub – why, I'd sell you one of me boats for a decent meal. We haven't eaten in days, have we, Pol?'

If you want to give him some of your Provisions in return for a boat, turn to 323. If not, the Dwarf stands guard over his boats as you continue your journey along the riverside path. Turn to 79.

276

In this moment of calm, you tell the woman again that you mean her no harm. She replies in an archaic dialect of your own tongue. 'You kill my enemies; you are therefore my friend. I have seen only enemies since I was brought to this foul place. I am Anxis the Hunter, Queen of the People. Quickly, unlock these manacles; give me that creature's sword. That's it; hurry! You must help me to finish Horfak the Tyrant. The People had lived at peace in this land for thousands of years – and then Horfak arrived through the Sacred Cave, bringing death and destruction to our world. The gateway from your world has become an evil thing; all beings coming here through it since Horfak have been half-dead things under his command, like this Dwarf here. Horfak built this palace in the middle of

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SLAVE WARRIOR	5	7
Second SLAVE WARRIOR	4	7

As you desperately parry their blows, you hear the hopeless cries of the camp-dwellers as the Slave Warrior army launches its attack. If you win this fight, you see more of your skeletal opponents stalking through the forest towards you. You make a run for it; eventually, although you have lost your bearings, you are sure you have shaken off your pursuers. Turn to **2**.

281

The body of the Giant Watersnail sinks slowly to the bottom of the pool. With shaking hands, you put your boots back on – and look up sharply as you hear noises above you. Slave Warriors – dozens of them – are staring down at you from the ridges that enclose the pool. You turn to scramble back up the course of the stream, but other Slave Warriors, careless of their unfeeling bodies, are throwing themselves down the steep slopes to cut off your escape. Others tumble down behind you. You are soon surrounded and, although you fight, you are outnumbered. Turn to **328**.

282

The Goblins have no stomach for this fight, and are slow and disorganized. You find that you can fight them one at a time: you fight the first Goblin until you wound him, whereupon he drops back to nurse his injury and you face the second Goblin; when he is wounded, you face the third, and so on.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	4
Second GOBLIN	6	4
Third GOBLIN	6	3

If you survive until you have inflicted wounds on the Goblins amounting to a total of 8 points of STAMINA, the Goblins surrender at this point. They throw their loot to the ground and run off into the forest. You can pick up 6 Gold Pieces.

You can now either return to your boat, cast off from the jetty, and let the current take you downstream (turn to **104**), or walk in the same general direction along the riverside path (turn to **50**).

283

Clouds of darkness close round you from all sides. Your lights seem as dim as distant stars seen through fog; and as the torch that you are holding aloft in your right hand is snuffed out, the cloak of blackness begins to wrap itself round your body. Shuddering in the grip of the unearthly cold, you attempt to relight the torch. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **63**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **374**.

284

The torch falls from Azudraz's metal hand and drops on to one of the paper fuses. Tongues of flame run in one direction towards one of the sacks of Igneolite and, in the other, towards the mass of crumpled paper where all the fuses meet. You cannot put out the fire; you must leave the building. Turn to **45**.

285

Dozens of pairs of dry, leathery lips nuzzle your face. You manage to remain motionless. After what seems like an eternity, the suckered tentacles relax and the heavy weight of the creature's body slithers down your legs. You remove the blindfold and stare at the hideous monstrosity that has been crawling all over you.

'Well done!' says Gloten. 'Seven of you have passed that test. The animal is a Saltsucker, and perfectly harmless as long as you keep still. The second part of the tournament will test your wits. One of you at a time, please; and, Margrave, your assistance would be appreciated. Thank you. Now then; as you probably know, in Kleinkastel's coinage, 2 Brass Pieces are worth 1 Silver Piece, and 2 Silver Pieces are worth 1 Gold Piece. I have six coins, worth a total of 3 Gold Pieces. I will give two coins to one of you; two coins to the Margrave; and I will keep two coins myself. The Margrave's coins are of two different types; my coins are both of the same type. What type of coins have I got?'

The coins you have been given are both Brass Pieces. Will you answer 'Silver Pieces' (turn to **147**) or 'Gold Pieces' (turn to **6**)?

Under the stars you search the grasslands until you find the pile of round boulders. You sense the presence of animals grazing on the plains, but you wriggle down out of sight and into a comfortable position. You sleep; and you wake to find the sun high in the sky. As you stretch your limbs, you realize with some amusement that you are not in a pile of boulders at all: the hard round shapes are large eggs. You have spent the night in a nest. Your smile fades as a shadow falls across you, and you look up into the angry eyes of the nest's guardian – an adult Triceratops. Its three-horned head is as long as you are; each of its four legs is as tall as you. It is the size of a small house. You must fight it.

TRICERATOPS SKILL 8 STAMINA 18

Your weapon has little impact on the leathery hide – deduct only 1 point of STAMINA each time you wound it. Its horns and tail are formidable weapons – deduct 3 points from your STAMINA each time it wounds you. If you are still alive after six rounds of combat, you are relieved to hear shouts: the town's ceremonial hunt has arrived, and the warriors salute your bravery as they join in the attack. Surrounded, the Triceratops is soon overwhelmed and slaughtered. Turn to **390**.

287

You run between two wooden huts and on into the safety of the forest. The sounds of pursuit soon die away behind you, and you rest in the forest for some time. Then, keeping out of sight of the village, you cut a trail eastwards, and eventually rejoin the main path that you had been on before you entered the village. Turn to **11**.

288

As you cling to the rock with the tips of your fingers and toes, you feel your strength failing. You reach for the next hand-hold, but slither down the cliff and land on the riverside path. The number you have just made a note of is the number of STAMINA points you must lose. If you are still alive, you have no choice but to drag yourself along the path, in front of the mouth of the cave. Turn to **246**.

289

You take a deep breath and step into the blackness between the towering uprights. Your previous mental torment was nothing compared to this: you are assailed by a malignant will that invades your mind, sweeping aside your flimsy objections and denials as it pursues your frantic spirit deeper and deeper into the recesses of your brain. Only the strongest of wills can survive the onslaught of the Portal's coercive power. A Ring of Zombie Warding will help. If you have one, turn to **96**; if not, turn to **188**.

290

You reach out to feel the silvery filaments that outline the sides of the spectral ladder. Your fingers touch – nothing; but a searing pain rips through your body and you cannot move your hands from the moonlit object. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The pain passes; you shake your head, look again at the ladder – and it is now clearly made of real, solid wood. You test a rung – it takes your weight. You mount to the ceiling, where you find a concealed trapdoor. You push it open and climb through to the tower's top storey.

You are in a belvedere, a once-beautiful viewing platform with graceful open arches supporting a high-domed roof. The stonework is deteriorating: chunks of the roof and the parapet are missing. The shattered remains of the furniture have been gathered together in a corner. The heap looks almost like an enormous bird's nest – and just as you start to approach it you hear the flapping of huge wings. If you decide to leave at this point, you can descend to the first-floor room – turn to **109**. If you prefer to wait for the nest's owner, turn to **53**.

291

As a warrior of the tribe, you are free to do as you please. Several of the townsfolk see you leave your hut, but they merely call out greetings to you. The gate in the town wall is guarded, but the sentry unbolts the doors for you and claps you on the back as you go through. You stumble down the hill and into the jungle. Dawn is still hours away, and you make slow progress in the darkness. You emerge at last on to a broad plain. In the distance ahead of you, there is a ridge of low hills, which you head for. You pass a pile of boulders that you think you could shelter in, and perhaps get some sleep, until daybreak; but you press on. After some time you come to a wide, well-used track which you reckon is the main road leading to the Portal. You cross it quickly, not wishing to meet a squad of Slave Warriors, and climb the ridge beyond it. You look down into a grassy valley, dotted with clumps of trees, that narrows towards your right – the direction that leads away from the Portal. A cluster of rocks forms a shelter in which you could rest until dawn; will you stay here, and walk up the valley in the morning (turn to **348**); or will you return to the pile of boulders (turn to **286**)?

292

'You have made a wise choice, my friend,' says the man, as about a dozen roughly dressed men and women, armed with axes and staves, converge on you from all sides of the clearing. 'Now then: why are you here in the forest?'

You describe your incredible meeting with the talking Spinosaurus, and explain that you are looking for Gartax. The man is not impressed. 'Gartax? He's no more than a brigand, from what I've heard, and the rabble that follow him are worse. You haven't answered my question: you're a trained fighter – what are you doing in this part of the world?'

If you reply that you are on your way to Kleinkastel in response to Gloten's appeal for help in investigating the mysterious occurrences in the forest, turn to **90**. If you say that you're a free-booting adventurer who just happened to be in the area, turn to **216**.

293

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **114**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **128**.

294

The dark-skinned horsemen surround you. The saddles and bridles of their ponies are decorated with coloured ribbons, and the Southerners' robes are covered with silk sashes and ornate bandoliers of throwing knives. They are bandits; each holds a curved scimitar. From your previous adven-

tures you have learnt to understand a little of the Southerners' tongue and so are able to follow him when their leader speaks: 'Look at this! A real person for a change. These are hard times for a gang of honest thieves, my friend. The pickings have been poor of late – there's no one in the forest but frightened Goblins and those grey-faced shrivelled-up Zombies. But maybe our luck's changed! Let's have a look at what you've got in that backpack. Come on, empty it out – and empty your purse too!'

Will you obey his instructions (turn to **8**), or will you draw your sword and fight (turn to **391**)?

295

As you continue along the corridor, you pass more open doors and empty cells. Then you reach another bolted door. This one has no spy-hole. Will you unbolt the door and enter (turn to **237**); or continue along the corridor (turn to **364**)?

296

The arm-rest is heavy and the hinge is stiff, but you manage to pull the left arm of the chair to an upright position. Nothing happens. You pull on the right arm; as you do so, you feel movement in the base of the chair. Looking down, you see that the front of the plinth on which the chair stands has opened outwards; as you jump down from the seat, you see that the plinth is hollow. It contains a wooden box. You are about to pull the box out of its hiding-place towards you when you hear footsteps approaching. You must not be discovered as a thief. Frantically, you wrench at the arm-rests, trying to pull them back down. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you succeed in restoring the chair to its original appearance. Turn to **211**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **317**.

297

With surprising speed, some of the Dryads run to head you off while others move to cut off your retreat. You find yourself at the centre of a circle of unsmiling elfin brown faces. You try to fight your way out, but you find that Dryads have very tough skin, and your attack serves only to anger them. They close in, their thin fingers tearing at your body and gouging your face and throat. You have no chance to escape.

298

You squeeze through the doorway into a narrow tunnel that twists and turns sharply before widening into a large chamber. It is completely dark, but you can hear something moving in the chamber. It is a Troglodyte, and it can see very well in the dark. It attacks. You cannot see your opponent or the way out of the underground chamber – reduce your SKILL by 3 points for the duration of this fight.

TROGLODYTE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 8

If you win, you locate the dim glimmer that indicates the way out of the chamber, and you emerge, blinking, into daylight. You can either climb to the

top of the mound – turn to **103**; or return to the hillside path and descend into the forest – turn to **144**

299

While the Dwarf examines the contents of your backpack, you stare in amazement at the strange creature called Gluda. It looks a bit like a lizard – but it walks on its hind legs and stands as tall as its Dwarf keeper. Its front legs are like short arms, with claw-tipped fingers, while its powerful back legs have even larger claws. It opens its mouth, revealing yellow fangs, and speaks! 'What are you staring at, mud-brain?'

'Don't mind him, Gluda,' says the Dwarf. 'You've got to expect people to look at you a bit now that you've . . . changed. What about this backpack? Not worth the leather it's made of. Let's have that sword instead – or I'll set Gluda on you.' He throws your backpack towards you, and you catch it. If you refuse to surrender your sword, turn to **342**. If you give the Dwarf your sword, he will leave you and you can go back to sleep, but you must reduce your SKILL by 4 points when in combat until you acquire another weapon – turn to **380**.

300

Wood Elves are renowned archers. Before you can reach the edge of the clearing, an arrow embeds itself in your calf. You collapse, clutching your leg. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. The Wood Elves seem determined that you should not escape. You struggle to your feet to ask them their purpose. Turn to **42**.

301

However much you twist and turn, you cannot reach your scabbard. Your limbs are covered in glutinous slime, and it is all you can do to prevent the creature's tongue rolling you up into a helpless bundle. You struggle and kick, and you hope that as you are drawn near the Stegocephalian's face you will be able to land a blow on one of its huge luminous eyes. This will be a desperate fight. Deduct from your SKILL score the number that you rolled on the die, to take account of your helpless position; then deduct a further 4 points from your SKILL because you are fighting without a sword. If this reduces your SKILL to less than 1 point, turn to **3** Otherwise, turn to **94**.

302

In the midst of your agony you hear a frantic twittering. In their cages on the floor by your feet, the two tiny birds are fluttering in panic. You realize that the shape-changing power of the Portal is being dissipated, spread across three living beings. But the

pressure on your body is increasing, and the pain is almost more than you can bear. You grit your teeth and knot your muscles, determined to hold your body's shape.

Roll one die twice. If the total is higher than your current SKILL score, turn to **87**; if the total is the same as, or lower than, your SKILL, turn to **133**.

303

All the huts are similar in both construction and their contents. They are simple wooden buildings with only one or two rooms each. Each contains only a few rugs, straw mattresses, and pots and pans. Food, clothing and valuables have been taken away – if not by the villagers themselves when they left, then by gangs of Goblins, bandits or soldiers. Among the items that remain are a length of stout rope, a bundle of torches (dried rushes bound together and soaked in wax and pitch) and a miner's helmet. This last object looks very like a warrior's helm, but with the addition of a lantern fixed at the front; the lantern has a little door that opens to reveal that the inside surface of the lamp is brilliantly reflective metal which magnifies the light cast by the lantern's flame. The source of the flame would normally be a short candle – but this is missing. If you have a candle-stub with you, you will find that it fits perfectly, and that the miner's helmet will provide you with light in dark places, while leaving both your hands free. You may keep any or all of the items that you find in the village (make any additions to your *Adventure Sheet*); you then leave, continuing along your eastward path. Turn to **11**.

304

Lacking the pickpocketing skills of a sneak thief, you will have to attempt a straightforward purse snatch. You select your victim: a portly merchant, puffing along a quiet alley. You must barge into him, tear his purse from his belt, and run from the scene of the crime as fast as your legs can carry you. Roll two dice. If the total is less than your SKILL score, turn to **250**. If the total is equal to or higher than your SKILL, turn to **159**.

305

Trapped in a Slave Warrior's bony embrace, you can only wriggle your limbs helplessly as you are carried to the edge of the pit. Then the Slave Warrior lets go. You drop to the stone floor of the pit. Roll one die – the result is the number of points of STAMINA that you lose in your fall. If you are still alive, you are lying alongside one of the Tyrannosaurus's feet – it is almost as long as you are tall. You pull yourself upright: your head reaches to the top of the monster's thigh. You look up and see that the walls of the pit are twice your height; the Tyrannosaurus's great head is higher still, and the beast is looking down at you with keen interest. It decides to kill you and eat you. You must try to defend yourself, but this will not be a normal fight. Any weapon that you use has almost no effect; the dinosaur's hide is as tough as a coat of mail. All you can do is scurry about the floor, dodging the monster's stamping feet and snapping jaws, and trying to reach a narrow slit at the bottom of part of the wall that is the only exit from the pit. Roll one die. The result is the number of times that you must roll two dice and compare the result with your SKILL; each time the result of the dice-roll exceeds your SKILL, deduct 4 points from your STAMINA as you are crushed against the wall by the Tyrannosaurus's leg or raked by its teeth and claws. If you survive, turn to **39**.

306

You run towards the black humanoid shape and, as it stands motionless, you hurl yourself at it. Your outstretched hands meet no resistance and darkness surrounds you as you fall headlong *into* the blackness of the being's body. It consists of nothing; it is a void, a bottomless pit, into which you fall for ever more.

307

Clouds of darkness close round you from all sides. Your lights seem as dim as distant stars seen through fog; but the darkness cannot quite quench them, cannot quite surround you with the absolute blackness of death. A coldness sits in the centre of your body and benumbs every sense; visions of destruction and decay float before your eyes. But your lights remain aflame, and at last they begin to flicker a little more strongly. The shadows begin to retreat. You have survived the Portal's final attack. Turn to **14**.

308

Like a monstrous flightless bird, the horned Oviraptor charges towards you as you stand with drawn sword at the end of the jetty. The Goblins stay by the house to watch the fight.

OVIRAPTOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win, you can jump into your boat, cast off from the jetty, and allow the current to take you downstream – turn to **104**. Alternatively, you can advance towards the three Goblins – turn to **232**.

309

You are in the topmost part of the Elves' tree-home, and during the first part of your descent there are enough branches to provide plenty of hand-holds. You also make use of some of the ramps and steps that the Elves have built to link their dwellings. The illusion that the Elf Queen cast on you has now dissipated, and every Elf that you glimpse as you tiptoe past open doorways and windows has clearly been enslaved and turned into a Slave Warrior. It seems that all the Wood Elves are now in thrall to the evil power that you hope to find and defeat.

Lower down the tree, there are fewer branches, and no helpful Elvish constructions. You are forced to jump from limb to limb, and eventually you fall. Roll three dice; if the total exceeds your SKILL, the difference between them is the number of points of STAMINA that you must deduct as you crash through the tree's branches on your way to the forest floor. If you are still alive when you hit the ground, turn to **293**.

310

The camp, which occupies a large clearing, is a collection of old tents and rickety wooden shelters huddling around a central enclosure where pack-animals are tethered. Sentries stand guard outside the circle of shelters, while others sit in the branches of the surrounding trees. They look tense and tired, but Gartax's return cheers everyone in the camp. You can see at once that very few of the people are

trained fighters, although each of them, down to the youngest child, carries some sort of weapon: a flail, a pitchfork or a broom-handle.

Gartax invites you to his tent, where he tells you that he believes an attack to be imminent and confesses that he is doubtful whether he has enough armed warriors to defend the camp. He begs you to stay until his people are ready for the final stage of their trek out of the forest. Will you stay with Gartax and help to defend the camp? If so, turn to **132**. Or will you insist on continuing your journey, and walk away into the depths of the forest (turn to **2**)?

311

Too many sharp blades have nicked your limbs; too many minor wounds are pulsing with pain all over your body. You cannot bear the thought of standing still, helplessly rigid, as the laughing warriors take turns to hurl badly aimed death at you. An axe hurtles towards your head – and you duck. The crowd is suddenly silent; the warriors turn to the Shaman, who gives a signal. You have failed the Ordeal. With grim faces, the warriors resume throwing their weapons – but now you are a target to be hit, not missed. There is no escape. Soon your head is decorating the eaves of the town's meeting-place.

312

At dawn, you stand on top of the stone shelter and look again in all directions. You confirm your fears: you can continue your southward journey only by reboarding your boat and braving the rapids. You are very hungry, and you must eat to maintain your strength. Consume one meal from your Provisions, or deduct 4 points from your STAMINA.

Now you must decide. Will you retrace your steps and return to your boat, untie it from the jetty, and allow yourself to be carried downstream by the current? If so, turn to **104**. Or will you abandon the boat and head north on foot, trekking upstream on the eastern bank of the river that you boated down yesterday? If so, turn to **278**.

313

As gently as you can, you take hold of the talisman's leather cord and pull it over the head of the sleeping Elf. He cries out once, and then his body slumps. You fear that he is dead; after you shake him, however, he wakes suddenly and starts back as he catches sight of the talisman hanging on its cord. He snatches it from your hand and dashes it to the floor. He takes a deep breath then says: 'A thousand thanks, my friend. Just in time you have saved me from perpetual slavery, an existence worse than any death. All my tribe are lost, subject to the tyrant Warlord and that dread Portal below the earth. I must warn the humans in Kleinkastel: our Queen

plans to continue the illusion spell that conceals the true nature of the Wood Elves. She will march the entire tribe to meet the free humans, as if in friendship, and then at the Warlord's bidding the Wood Elves will strike. Follow me; there is another sentry at the foot of these stairs. He will suspect me less than you.'

You follow the Elf down through the darkness; when you emerge from the bottom of the tree into the open forest, you find an Elven Slave Warrior lying senseless on the leaf-strewn ground. The Elf you saved has disappeared towards Kleinkastel, and you decide to do likewise, but in the opposite direction. Turn to 150.

314

If you have defeated Gloten, you find that he is not a good loser. He refuses to shake your hand and claims that he was not on his best form today, on account of a slight fever. He insists that despite your performance you must still prove yourself in the tournament. Turn to 52.

If you are the loser, turn to 389.

315

You twist the hilt of your sword, and the room fills with steam as you apply the blade to the wall of ice. Puddles grow on the flagstones as your sword slices through the ice, and the door is soon revealed. You push it open, step through, and close it behind you. As you secure it by sliding iron bolts into place, you hear the Slave Warriors enter the ice room; they cannot follow you now. You have time to eat a meal from your Provisions and restore up to 4 points of STAMINA. In front of you stretches a corridor lined with torches. You walk towards the far end of it. Turn to 372.

316

You find the old alchemist struggling with a pile of small sacks. 'There you are!' he says. 'I was beginning to think you'd got stuck somewhere!' His laughter has a manic ring which disquiets you. 'When you've shifted all those nuggets, you can give me a hand with these little sacks. Give me a hand! That's a good one! Hee-hee-hee!' It takes you only a few more minutes to load all the nuggets into

the tank. 'This is the second stage of the storage process,' Azudraz explains. 'The powder in these sacks is an invention of mine which I call Igneolite. It will stop anyone getting into this building. If you'll carry on placing sacks all round the walls of both rooms, I'll organize the central fuse. Igneolite goes to work when touched by fire. But when we and the gold are safely tucked away in here, who will look after the birds?' Azudraz begins to weep.

You are becoming convinced that he is insane. As he starts to connect the sacks together with paper fuses, you take one of the small packages of Igneolite and put it in your backpack. Then you have to decide: will you leave now (turn to **45**) or will you continue to assist the old alchemist with his scheme (turn to **361**)?

317

Gloten enters the room, to find his secret treasure cache opened and you struggling with the levers that control the mechanism. He calls for his servants, and you are soon surrounded. 'Brave and clever as you are,' he declares, 'you are clearly an unprincipled and ungrateful wretch. You have abused my hospitality. I should turn you over to the Margrave and his brutal form of justice; but you are a strong warrior, and you deserve better than to rot in a dungeon. Get out of my house; get out of Kleinkastel. Go into the forest, where you may be able to redeem yourself by combating this rising evil. No doubt you will die, but at least it will be an honourable death.'

There is nothing for you to do but obey. Turn to **268**.

318

You stroll across the clearing, enjoying the feel of soft grass beneath your feet. You reach the grove of slender trees, and you stop in surprise as one by one a dozen delicate, graceful forms run from between the trees and form a circle round you. They are tall, with dark brown skin, green hair, and green clothes made of leaves. They look like Lignia, younger; they are Dryads, tree-spirits, and they seek revenge for your attack on their guardian. Their unsmiling elfin faces close in on you. You try to fight your way out, but Dryads, like Lignia, are tough creatures. Your attacks have little effect, and soon their thin fingers are tearing at your body and gouging your face and throat. There is no escape.

The uphill path rounds a bend, and you are looking at the scene of a battle. The next hill, a little higher than its neighbours, has been raised higher still by the addition of an artificial mound on its summit. The mound itself is crowned with an enormous statue of a ferociously ugly being which you recognize as a Goblin deity. The eight-armed statue, seated but in a warlike pose, glitters in the sunlight as if its surfaces were covered with gems. The mound has doorways near its base, and is evidently the home of a tribe of Goblins; they are on the hillside, defending their home against a band of Troglodytes. These attackers are like no creatures you have seen before, and you suspect that they may come from the same source as the long-extinct reptilian animals you have been encountering; clearly, they live underground, as their skin and hair are colourless, and their huge blank eyes are not accustomed to sunlight. They walk upright and use spiked clubs, but they are not truly humanoid: their legs are scaly, and terminate in claws like a bird's, while their heads have bony crests. They are bigger than the Goblins, and they are winning the battle. Will you wait where you are until the fighting is over (turn to **161**), or will you advance towards the fray (turn to **267**)?

320

The monster and the Elf woman have fought off the other soldier, whom you see limping away between the trees. The monster is very badly wounded, and seems to be near death. It is not surprising that you have never seen anything like it before: it is a Spinosaurus, an animal that became extinct millions of years ago. You ask the Elf woman where it came from, but it is the Spinosaurus itself that replies. 'I can speak for myself, warrior,' it says. 'I was once an Elf, although I myself find it hard to believe. My entire hunting party was captured by a horde of cursed Slave Warriors. They took us underground, and put us one by one through the dread Portal. All my comrades were overcome, their willpower broken, and they became mindless slaves of the Portal, or of whoever controls it. I resisted; I would not let my mind be wiped clean. I lost consciousness and, when I awoke, I was – as you see me. There are others like me. Many have gone mad This foul body I inhabit is, I believe, of a sort that is common on the other side of the Portal; but only the Portal's slaves may go there. No one knows the extent of this evil – except perhaps Gartax. But you must be gone; the forest is a deadly place now.'

Will you hurriedly rejoin the path and continue towards Kleinkastel (turn to **143**); or will you try to find out more about Gartax (turn to **74**)?

321

Intent on dodging the acidic grubs that leap from the Metamaggot's body as you attempt to slice it into fragments, you fail to notice that the noise of your struggle has attracted spectators. You glance up from your fight to see that a troop of the Margrave's soldiers have entered the tavern. They move in to dispose of the Metamaggot, and then take you prisoner. You are escorted outside at sword-point. Turn to **255**.

322

You enter the tangled vegetation of the jungle just in time; you can hear the sound of marching feet on the main path behind you. Surrounded by vast trees, many of them strange, fern-headed cylinders of mossy wood, you marvel at the bizarre creatures that dart across your path: giant insects, spiked and horned reptiles, and some furry and hairy animals that resemble those of Khul. The path forks: the right branch leads to a collection of tumble-down stone buildings; the left branch leads up a hill from which the jungle plants have been cleared, and on top of which you can see a settlement of stone huts, surrounded by a stone wall. Will you take the right-hand path (turn to **245**) or the left-hand path (turn to **140**)?

323

You open your backpack and give the Dwarf enough food for a good meal. (Deduct 1 Provision from your *Adventure Sheet*.) The Dwarf begins to push chunks of dry bread into his mouth with machine-like speed and regularity. When he slows down he remembers to crumble some of the food for his pet bird. Between mouthfuls he manages spurts of conversation. 'Been here since the early days of the gold-diggings. Never known it so quiet. Time was, we had nothing to worry about but the Goblins and a few raiders from down south. Now there's beasts in the woods bigger than I've ever seen, and things that come up to the door of a night and talk with human voices – but they're not human. And them mad fighters with the shrivelled-up faces and staring eyes! I keep myself locked in here. But if you want to go off down the river, that's your look-out. Take whichever boat you like, and watch out for the rapids – the skiff'll break up for sure on the rocks, and you'll be lucky to get over in one piece even in the punt.'

You thank him for the advice and go to untie a boat. Make a note of which one you take. Turn to **227**.

324

With the grace of a dancer, the woman steps towards you, her ankle-chains clinking and a half-smile on her lips. She stands in front of you and raises her arms; suddenly with a clash of metal she strikes her manacles together and, with a low, cat-like roar, she attacks, using the loop of chain as a flail aimed at your head. You jump back, perplexed. The noise of her attack could attract unwanted attention. Will you leave this room, bolt the door once more, and continue along the corridor (turn to **364**); or will you stay in the room, retreating from the woman's attacks while trying to calm her (turn to **34**)?

325

At the edge of the platform, you look down to see the rope-ladder rolling itself upwards towards you. You cannot descend from the platform. Behind you, Lignia has recommenced her incantation. Will you wait until she finishes it (turn to **381**); or will you silence her by attacking her (turn to **16**)?

326

As you follow it towards its source, the stream becomes a trickle and eventually disappears in an overgrown dell. Ahead of you the terrain is hilly, and the forest undulates towards the mountains, which now seem close. You stand under the canopy of a tree, uncertain whether to go on or turn back. Raindrops drip through the leaves on to your hair and clothing. And then you remember: no rain is falling. You look up; the liquid is issuing from large purple blooms at the top of the tree. A drop falls on to your outstretched hand: it is sticky, and it stings. You are beneath the branches of a carnivorous Graptor Tree; the liquid is poisonous and slows

your reactions. The earth moves beneath your feet, and woody fingers of root reach through the soil to encircle your legs and draw nutrients from your flesh. You must fight these moving roots; because of the poison, you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL each Attack Round until the fight is over.

GRAPTOR TREE SKILL 5 STAMINA 9

If you win, you can crawl away from the overhanging branches and recover from the effects of the poison. Your SKILL returns to normal. Will you now retrace your steps along the bank of the rivulet and follow it downstream (turn to 57) or advance through the forest towards the wooded hills (turn to 22)?

327

As you wander about the village and chat with the soldiers, it becomes clear that they do not know exactly what they are searching for. Some say Goblins, others bandits and renegade miners, while the sergeant seems intent on finding what he calls 'unnatural and abominable beasties'. A small reptilian creature is found and slaughtered; an argument breaks out over a sty full of pigs, with some soldiers wanting to take them home for bacon, while others insist on killing them at once in case they are possessed by demons. All the soldiers are very disgruntled because they can find no gold or other valuables.

Eventually they march off into the forest. Do you continue your eastward journey (turn to 11); or do you decide to stay in the village a little longer and search it quickly yourself (turn to 303)?

328

Something heavy strikes your skull. A pain explodes inside your head; and then you feel nothing at all as you fall into unconsciousness. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, eventually you wake up. Your head throbs; you feel sick. You are moving, lurching from side to side. You are being carried – you must be over someone's shoulder, as your head seems to be swinging very close to marching feet. You make no sign that you have come to your senses, and you try surreptitiously to look from side to side. You are being carried along a gloomy corridor by one of a squad of Slave Warriors. They reach a wide, light area, where you are thrown on to the stone floor. You wince with pain, but manage to stifle a cry. You look sideways, across the floor, and see massive reptilian eyes staring at you from a nightmare head as big as a cart and only a few yards away. It is the head of a Tyrannosaurus, the most feared of all dinosaurs; its mouth gapes to reveal rows of long thin fangs, each the size of a sword – and as sharp. You are close to the rim of the pit, a pikestaff's depth, in which it is kept; the Slave Warriors are about to throw you in as a snack for the monster. Will you try to jump up and run away (turn to 219); or shout for help (turn to 98); or continue pretending to be unconscious (turn to 305)?

329

There is a liquid noise in the depths of the cave, and a wide black membrane flaps towards you, unrolling like a glistening carpet. It slaps against you with such speed that for a moment you are sure you will be knocked into the water; but the black surface is covered with thick gum, and you stick to it. You are pulled into the darkness of the cave, where you see two huge round eyes and, beneath them, a gaping mouth. The black membrane is the creature's tongue; you are its breakfast. This huge toad-like monster is a Stegocephalian; you have never seen anything like it before. You struggle to free your sword-arm before you can be folded between the loose-skinned jaws. Roll one die. Make a note of the number that you roll. If you roll a 6, turn to **3**. If you roll 4 or 5, turn to **301**. If you roll 1, 2 or 3, turn to **207**.

330

'What's this?' Horfak hisses as you push the mirror in front of his eyes. 'You have the audacity to bring this thing . . .' His voice fades as he stares at his own reflection. He moves a hand up to his face and touches the distended flesh. A low moan issues from his swollen lips, and his body seems to shrink as he stumbles backwards. The black lightning falters and then disappears from his arms. Horfak clutches his great head between his hands, and shouts into the air: 'What have you done to me? You

didn't tell me it would get worse! I won't be part of you any more. Leave me! Get out of my brain! No! No – not that! No –' Horfak's voice is cut off and his body stiffens. His eyes stare ahead and his limbs begin to move in the mechanical manner of the Slave Warriors. Horfak has been taken over by the Portal. You hear the People cheer as the Slave Warriors, no longer helped by Horfak's will, become slower and easier to fight; you face what remains of Horfak.

HORFAK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win this fight, the victorious People hail you as their hero. But you know that the Portal still exists. To save Khul you must try to destroy it. You make for the Sacred Cave. Turn to **369**.

331

The game is very simple: the bandits take your sword, and scratch a mark on the flat of one side of the blade. The bandits' own swords are already marked in the same way. Their leader will hold all six swords in his two hands and hurl them into the air. Before doing so, he drops your Gold Pieces into a large sack.

'We count the number of marked sides that land uppermost,' he says, 'and the number of unmarked sides. If there are more marked sides, we keep the sack – and what's in it. If there are more unmarked, you keep it and the money inside it.' You ask what happens if there are the same number of marked and unmarked sides. 'Why, we play again!' shouts the bandit leader. 'We increase the stakes, we put more in the sack, and we play again!'

Roll one die six times. If you roll more odd numbers than even, turn to **157**; if more even than odd, turn to **248**; if you roll three odd and three even, turn to **121**.

332

You put your torch to the top of the sack, then step back as a cloud of Igneolite powder surrounds the huge stone blocks. You hear a hissing, bubbling noise as the dust begins to turn the Portal into molten rock – but then flashes of black lightning crackle round the stones, and the Igneolite powder drifts to the ground. A figure appears on the other side of the stone gateway – humanoid, but with a huge, bulbous blob of a head. Its voice echoes round the cave. 'A foolish attempt. I am Horfak, Warlord, and soon to be Emperor of all Khul. I am the Portal's chosen vessel of power: while I live, the Portal cannot be destroyed. Come! Come through the Portal; come and join my invincible army. Put down your weapon; put down your flame; put down your possessions. Enter; and surrender to my will.'

You try to resist, but cannot. You end your life as a Slave Warrior.

333

The camp, which occupies a large clearing, is a collection of old tents and rickety wooden shelters huddling round a central enclosure where pack-animals are tethered. Sentries stand guard outside the circle of shelters, while others sit in the branches of the surrounding trees. They look tense and tired.

You are taken to the animal fodder tent and, still bound, are thrown on to a heap of straw. You try to make yourself comfortable. You doze.

You are woken by the sounds of conflict. The camp has been attacked. You can make out nothing except that the battle is fierce – and going against the defenders. Suddenly a sword slices through the canvas of your prison. A warrior strides in and surveys the interior of the tent. He is thin and grey-complexioned, and is dressed in rags. He says nothing, and you notice that his face is blank – almost literally featureless, as if his nose and mouth had shrunk. If you want to try to attract his attention, turn to **193**. If you decide to keep still, turn to **46**.

334

You follow Anxis into the corridor and up a flight of stairs. You emerge into a wide corridor: you are in front of a big wooden door guarded by two of the largest Slave Warriors you have yet seen. 'This is the entrance to Horfak's chamber,' says Anxis. 'All we have to do is dispose of these two buffoons, and then he is ours! I'll take this one that looks like a cross between an Orc and a Cave Giant; you deal with the musclebound military type.' With a ferocity that would unnerve any opponent other than a Slave Warrior, Anxis launches herself at the huge guard. You advance on the other, who was once in the Margrave's elite infantry regiment.

SLAVE WARRIOR GUARD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

If you win the fight, you turn to see that Anxis has drawn her opponent away and is still involved in a furious battle. You turn back to the door, take a deep breath, and prepare to face Horfak. You push open the door, and walk through. Turn to **395**.

335

The Elves make no move to stop you as you reach into your backpack and find the phial of potion. You drink the bitter liquid, look around – and almost fall to your death as you stagger with shock. The narrow path along which the Elves' column marches is indeed winding between the forest trees – but the path is a magical, silvery ribbon that snakes upwards, through the treetops, towards the upper branches of the tall tree with lights in its branches. For a few moments you are lost in the wonder and beauty of the scene; then you turn to the Elf behind you and stifle a gasp of horror and fear. The appearance of the Elves is an illusion; the potion allows you to see them as they really are: thin, pallid, ragged

travesties of Elves, with blank eyes and mechanical movements, each wearing a shadow-shrouded stone talisman round his neck. They are all Slave Warriors. But you cannot escape now – the jump to the forest floor would mean your death. You must pretend that you are still deceived by their illusion, and escape at the first opportunity. Turn to **217**.

336

Waving your sword in the Goblins' general direction, you use your other hand to fumble in your pack, eventually extricating the letter from the Goblin King. Displaying the unfurled scroll at arm's length, you approach the Goblins.

At first they are suspicious. It seems that only one of them knows how to read. They talk among themselves and become very excited – but you know only a few words of their language and you cannot understand what they are saying. Using signs and hand-movements, they tell you that they want you to wait here while they take the letter to show to their leader. If you let them borrow the letter, turn to **29**. If you refuse to part with the letter, the Goblins become very angry. You can attack them (turn to **282**) or simply turn on your heel and walk away towards the riverside path (turn to **187**).

337

Your jump takes you clear of the Giant Centipede's long body and erect tail. Before the creature can turn, you run out of the gully and into the jungle. Turn to **9**.

338

The Scurrellors chase you, and you feel a knife-blade slice across your back. Lose 2 points from your STAMINA. In the forest you can outdistance your pursuers on the ground, but they take to the trees, jumping and swinging from branch to branch, and are able to keep up with you as well as pelt you with a steady rain of nuts and twigs. Eventually they tire of this activity, and you stop running. You try to orientate yourself: you think you have been running in a south-easterly direction. You are on a narrow trail that will take you further in the same direction, so you continue along it. Turn to **100**.

339

Gloten shakes your hand. 'Not bad, my friend,' he says, 'but not good enough. You are not to be the chosen Champion. But I implore you to stay with us; there is much to be done, and an army to be recruited. We need brave adventurers such as you.'

You are bitterly disappointed that you have failed in the tournament, and you are determined to prove your worth. You reply that you always travel and fight alone, and that you would not be of any help as

part of an army. As you stride towards the town gate, you make up your mind that, Champion or not, you will enter the forest to hunt for the Warlord of the Slave Warriors. Turn to 268.

340

Your will snaps. You scream in anguish and despair as you feel your memories being stripped away . . . and then you feel nothing at all. You cease to exist. You are a Slave Warrior, a mindless minion of the Warlord of the Portal.

341

You approach the darkness under the stairs. The edge of cloth that you saw looks less and less like a piece of carpet. Loose threads hanging from it are moving, as if in a draught of air – but you cannot detect a draught. And then the whole thing begins to slide towards you, and you see that it is a Dourma, a rare subterranean creature that you have heard described on Khul. It is nothing more than a flat expanse of flesh, with hundreds of tendrils on both sides; those on the underside serve as legs and feelers, while those on the upper surface have evolved into borers, cutters and suckers with which the Dourma kills, dissects and ingests its prey. It scuttles towards you, attracted by the heat of your body, and you prepare to defend yourself. You do not fight it for long, however; a squad of Slave Warriors has followed you down the stairs. Taking advantage of your distraction, they capture you, knock you senseless again, and carry you back to be a meal for the Tyrannosaurus. This time there is no escape.

342

Whatever Gluda was before she was . . . changed, she is now a Dromaeosaurus, one of the smallest of the long-extinct carnivorous dinosaurs. As you draw your sword the Dwarf steps back, and you face your terrible opponent's grasping talons, rending claws and fang-filled mouth.

DROMAEOSAURUS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you succeed in reducing Gluda's STAMINA to 2 points, she and the Dwarf will run away, leaving you in possession of both sword and backpack. There is nothing for you to do now but settle down again on the hard ground, and drift back into sleep. Turn to 380.

343

The two Goblin warriors eye you with suspicion as you approach; by the time you have dragged the dead Troglodytes to the hilltop mound, however, they understand that you have helped them by killing their enemies. They hold up their short-swords in salute, and you wave to them in reply. On the top of the mound, the grotesque statue towers above the Goblins, and you can now see that its scintillation is caused not by precious jewels but by mirrors – thousands of fragments of reflective glass have been embedded in the statue's surface. You are disappointed, but you climb the mound and join the Goblins at the base of the idol. Shards of mirror are scattered on the ground; if you want to, you can

pick one up and place it in your backpack. The Goblins are grateful to you and indicate that they will reward you for your help; but before they can do so, a wild howling fills the air as the surviving Troglodytes return to the attack. Turn to **203**.

344

Nothing can stand between the People and their Queen. With you at their head, they hack a path to the cage. While your comrades repel waves of Slave Warriors, you cut through the wooden bars and release Queen Anxis. One of her subjects throws her a sword and, with a howl of glee, she hurls herself into the fray. Soon all the remaining Slave Warriors are slain, and the People are celebrating, singing and dancing – but the Warlord has escaped.

In the Sacred Cave, the Portal still pulses with evil life; through it you can see into the cavern, deep underground in Khul, where Slave Warriors stand on guard. The torch that you left has been removed, as has any Igneolite that you might have hidden next to the Portal. The Warlord is in Khul, leading his slave armies on a campaign of destruction. Kleinkastel will be only the first of many towns to fall. You are a hero among the People of the forgotten world, but you have failed in your mission.

345

You start to walk past the black figure but, as you do so, it moves, like a ripple passing across still water, and it extends towards you an arm that is paper-thin but as dark as night. You hear a voice like a whisper in your brain: 'If you will not pay in gold, I will take my fee by other means.' The arm reaches for you. Will you attack the strange figure (turn to **306**), or stand still and let it touch you (turn to **141**)?

346

You defend yourself furiously, but begin to suffer some serious blows. Deduct 4 points from your STAMINA. If you survive this attack, you stumble backwards, fending off the spiked tips of half a dozen clubs, and you glance at the Goblins. One is already lying motionless at the feet of a Troglodyte, while the other has been bludgeoned to his knees and is surrounded by three more of the brutal creatures. A club strikes the death-blow; but even as he collapses, the Goblin mouths the last syllable of his incantation – and the ground trembles beneath your feet. The vast statue is moving; you look upwards, and see the eight stone arms begin to swing towards the ground. Chunks of masonry fall round you as the idol's head leans forward, its great staring eyes now moving, searching for prey. The statue has come to life. The Troglodytes are frozen with fear and, as the monstrous hands descend, four of them are plucked from the ground and squeezed to death while being swept aloft. You start

to run; looking back, you see that none of the Troglodytes had the wits to escape as you did. On unsteady feet you retrace your steps along the hillside path and return to the forest. Turn to 144.

347

There seems to be nothing unusual about Gloten's huge chair. The intricate carvings contain no hidden meanings, and the plinth on which it stands appears to be solid. Beneath the cushions on the seat you find a small mirror, which you can put in your backpack.

You are tempted to sit down in the chair. If you wish to do so, turn to 55. Otherwise you have nothing to do but await Gloten's return – turn to 211.

348

The path in the valley follows the course of a stream. Where the valley ends, with stony ridges converging to tower above you, the stream runs down into a narrow ravine. Following the stream, you splash along the cool dell, hidden from the sun by the overarching cliffs and the branches of enormous ferns. At a point where the stream and the ravine turn sharply to the left, a track branches from it and zigzags up the face of the right-hand slope. Will you follow the stream (turn to 4) or the uphill path (turn to 358)?

349

You extend your hand, revealing the inscribed surface of the silver ring. A cone of white light spreads from your hand and envelops the Slave Warrior who stops, frozen. Then he moves, as if pushing against a wall, and the cone of light begins to fade. The Slave Warrior looks like a Zombie, but he is not of the undead; the ring's effect on him is limited, but it has slowed him, allowing you an opportunity to act. Will you use this breathing-space to attack the warrior (turn to 379) or will you run out of the clearing along the eastward path (turn to 264)?

350

You awake at dawn, roused by the shouts of your fellow-warriors as they prepare for the dinosaur-hunt. Out on the streets, you find young townsfolk – men, women, and all the other races that make up the mixed tribe of the People – sharpening their weapons, daubing their faces with war-paint, and adorning their hair and clothes with multi-coloured ribbons and feathers. Soon you are part of the exuberant procession that leaves the town, descending the hill and skirting the jungle, and that then marches out across the open grasslands in search of a dinosaur.

Dinosaurs are not hard to find. The scouts are soon scurrying back to the main hunting party to report that they have spotted a suitably challenging target. You are brought to the front of the column to look it over. It is a Triceratops: each of its four legs is as tall

as a man, and its head is equally long. Standing guard over a clutch of its eggs, the huge horned herbivore is the size of a small house. The warriors indicate that you must advance to fight it alone. Will you do so (turn to **251**); or will you challenge the customs of the People by refusing to attack the dinosaur (turn to **35**)?

351

You swing your sword and sever the bird's neck. As the great body crashes to the ground in a flurry of feathers, the man draws his knife from his belt. 'You verminous wretch!' he screams at you. 'You've murdered Agrid! He used to be the best miner down Dirlin's pit! I don't know what you're doing here but I intend to find out. Now – surrender or die!'

Will you sheathe your sword and surrender (turn to **33**); or will you attack the man with the knife (turn to **204**)?

352

You wait for a few minutes, then try once again to extract your arm. It is no use; your arm is as fixed as the nuggets on the floor of the tank. You realize now why Azudraz has only one arm – he must have lost the other conducting experiments with this strange liquid. There is a hatchet resting against the wall. It is just within your reach. Whatever you do, your adventure ends here.

353

'From these reports,' muses the wizard, 'it seems that the gravest threat to all living things in the forest is the appearance of these eldritch warriors: humans, Goblins, Elves, Dwarfs, all transformed into mindless, murderous reavers. They are clearly not exactly like Zombies; nevertheless, for a warrior such as yourself, this might prove useful.' He extends his hand, and on his upturned palm appears a silver ring. It has no jewel, but instead a flattened face on which is engraved a series of delicate letters. 'Take it!' says the wizard. 'Wear it on a finger. The letters are an abbreviation of a spell to ward off Zombies. It may help you when you face one of these mind-enslaved warriors. Now, then: tell what you have seen for yourself in your wanderings.'

You tell the wizard about the unusual creatures you have come across, and the stories you have heard about talking animals and depopulated settlements. Turn to **234**.

354

'What's this?' Horfak hisses as you push the mirror in front of his eyes. 'You dare to bring this thing . . .' His voice fades as he stares at his own reflection. He moves a hand up to his face and touches the distended flesh. A low moan issues from his twisted lips, and his whole body seems to shrink as he stumbles backwards. The lines of black

lightning falter, then disappear. Horfak drops the mirror and clutches his great head between his hands. He shouts into the air: 'What have you done to me? You didn't say it would get worse! I won't be part of this any more! I won't be a part of you! Leave me! Get out of my brain! No! No – not that! No –' Horfak's voice is cut off, and his body goes rigid. His eyes stare straight ahead, and then his limbs begin to move in the mechanical manner of the Slave Warriors. Horfak himself has been taken over by the Portal. It forces him to draw his two-handed sword, and advance towards you.

HORFAK SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you defeat him, turn to **170**.

355

You are a scoundrel as well as a thief. Evil-doers have little to fear from you – you're joining their side! You may keep your ill-gotten Gold Pieces, but the gods frown on you: reduce *all* your *Initial* scores by 1 point. Now turn to **61**.

356

You are approaching the centre of the evil. Scurrying uphill between bushes and boulders, you hide from the bands of Slave Warriors who march past you, down into the forest. Some of the mind-enslaved humans are in an appalling condition: as thin as skeletons, their skin grey and flaking, their faces featureless except for dark, staring eyes. Many of these war-parties include captured animals, huge reptilian creatures armed not only with teeth and claws but also with spikes, horns, armoured plates of bone, and clubbed tails. You reach another large rock, and peer over it. The path enters a compound which is surrounded by a high fence of pointed stakes. Above the gate are the names 'Horfak and Dirlin'. Outside the fence and next to the gate stand two guards. You sit behind the rock to consider your next move. Do you have an egg in your backpack? If you do, turn to **272**. If you do not, turn to **388**.

357

With a dull clang your sword lands on a pile of old blades, sending up a cloud of reddish-brown dust. Reduce your SKILL by 4 points until you acquire another weapon and turn to **97**.

358

As you climb out of the shadowed ravine and up the steep, barren, rocky hillside, the heat of the sun is like a weight laid across your neck and shoulders. The uphill path seems to go on for ever, zigzagging across the slope. You drag yourself round another bend, past a huge boulder, and then stop. Basking in the sun's rays, and completely blocking the path, is one of the gigantic reptiles that inhabit this strange land. This one is an Ankylosaurus, an armoured monster as big as a barn. It glares at you; it has no intention of moving. You consider its horned head, the iron-hard scales of its back, the spikes that run along its flanks, and the idly swinging club of bone at the end of its powerful tail. You cannot continue unless you can make it move. Will you attack it (turn to 54); or, if you have Provisions, will you toss some food down the slope to entice the beast to move (turn to 116)?

359

Hugging one wall of the empty first-floor room is a stone staircase that leads to a trapdoor in the ceiling. You assume that this provides access to the second storey of the tower. If you decide to climb the staircase and push up the trapdoor, turn to 269. If not, turn to 109.

360

Witta returns with a plate of food. If you want to eat it, you can restore up to 4 points of STAMINA if you need to. She continues her story. 'Horfak is unlike other men. The gateway in the Sacred Cave has changed him horribly. He is bigger and stronger than ordinary men, and his will controls the Slave Warriors. And ever since he arrived here, his face has been changing into ever more loathsome shapes. He has become mad: he has ordered all mirrors to be destroyed, as he cannot bear to see his own features, even accidentally; and he claims kingship of this world and over all the People. Our Queen, Anxis, defied him; he has taken her captive. Now, at last, he has sent his armies out of our land, through the Sacred Cave; we are thankful, but I fear for the tribes of Otherworld. We are suspicious of you because, since Horfak, nothing good has come through the gateway in the Sacred Cave. Tonight, however, you will be tested in the Ordeal, and we will discover your worth.' She picks up the plate, and leaves. This time she remembers to lock the door. You have no choice but to wait in your prison. Turn to **110**.

361

The work is soon completed: the small sacks of Igneolite are placed at regular intervals, resting against the walls of the two rooms in the stone building; from each sack runs a strip of paper to act as a fuse. You realize that Azudraz has arranged the fuses so that they meet in the centre of his workroom. You are about to suggest that he should run the fuse-paper through the door and light it from outside the building, when you see him advancing, with a flaming torch, towards the central fuse. 'And now, my loyal friend,' he exults, 'we will keep all our gold, for ourselves, for ever!' You try to stop him, and he attacks you, using the torch as a weapon. It inflicts 2 points of STAMINA loss whenever he wounds you with it. Each time he does so, roll one die; if you roll a 6, your clothing catches alight; once it has done so, you must deduct an additional 1 point from your STAMINA each combat round until the fight ends.

AZUDRAZ	SKILL 5	STAMINA 8

If you survive and defeat the mad alchemist, he drops the torch. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **284**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **127**.

362

'Gloten? It cheers me up just to think of the fellow. He's a wealthy man now, of course – they say he could match the Margrave himself, coin for coin and gem for gem. But he's laboured for his riches, not like some of those thieving merchants down from Neuburg. Through the trees, do you see the mountains in the east? Gloten's done his share of grubbing under them – and now he owns some of the best gold-bearing soil in the whole of Khul. I know a few secrets about old Gloten – like where he keeps

his personal hoard of gems. And I know something else he doesn't like spread about: the fact that he's a Dwarf. It's true. Every other mine-owner and gold-merchant in Kleinkastel is as human as I am, and Gloten knew they wouldn't accept a Dwarf into their circle. So he shaved off his beard and bought himself some built-up boots – and the only people who know are we miners who've dug alongside him. A word of advice: if you ever want anything from Gloten, challenge him to a pickaxe-handle fight. He can't resist it. Let him win, mind! And then tell him he's got the strength of a Dwarf! Then he'll do anything for you.'

You thank Gartax for the advice. Do you ask him about the secret of Gloten's treasure (turn to 241)? Or ask Gartax if there is anyone else who can help him and his followers (turn to 185)?

363

A troop of the Margrave's infantry marches towards you along the path. They are led by a sergeant who halts his men next to you and asks you your business. Without waiting to hear your reply, he barks: 'Never mind about that. I've got no time to listen to your excuses. I've got to search this here village. You come with us.' You are escorted into the village at sword-point. Turn to 255.

364

A flight of stairs ascends from the left-hand side of the corridor, but you pass it in order to peer round the next corner. You see another length of corridor; there are no cells, and the walls are blank, but at the end there is an open door, and beyond it, a well-lit room. You start to walk towards the door. A low, slow voice calls out, 'Who's there?' and through the doorway plods a Dwarven Slave Warrior with a bunch of keys at his belt. You assume he is the gaoler. He stares at you, then turns and marches swiftly back into the room. You give chase. You reach the doorway in time to see the Dwarf running up a set of stairs. You follow him and emerge into a wide corridor. The Dwarf has disappeared; you are in front of a big wooden door guarded by two of the largest Slave Warriors you have yet seen. You have found the Warlord's chamber – and now you must fight his bodyguards. One is half Orc, half Cave Giant; the other was in the Margrave's elite infantry regiment. They advance on you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SLAVE WARRIOR	6	14
Second SLAVE WARRIOR	9	12

If you defeat them, you must now push open the door and face the Warlord himself. Turn to 395.

365

There are fissures in the face of the cliff that serve as hand- and foot-holds; but the cliff is both high and steep, and the climb will tax your strength and staying power. Add together your SKILL and STAMINA; roll one die six times. If the total of the die-rolls is equal to or less than your SKILL and STAMINA combined, turn to **196**. Otherwise, deduct your SKILL and STAMINA total from the die-roll total, make a note of the result, and turn to **288**.

366

You clamber upwards from branch to branch until you reach the rope-ladder; you use this to complete your ascent to the wooden structure that you could see from the ground. It is a platform constructed out of whole branches lashed together with creepers. You reach the platform and peer over the edge. At first sight it looks empty; then a strange being steps forward from next to the tree's trunk. She is very tall and thin, with wrinkled brown skin and brown hair. Her clothes are made of brown leaves and, when you look closely, you are sure that at least some of the leaves are attached to her – as if they had grown from her arms and fingers and head. She looks old and stern, but her voice is gentle and sorrowful. 'Come up, stand with me on my guard-post. I am Lignia; my duty is to protect the forest. What of you?'

You pull yourself on to the platform. If you have a weapon, turn to **182**. If not, turn to **243**.

367

You launch yourself at the Half-Goblin guard.

HALF-GOBLIN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

You fight four rounds of combat. If you defeat the guard within this time, turn to **195**. If not, turn to **145**.

368

Bandits from the south have a strict code of honour, part of which is to fulfil a promise. On the other hand, another part of it is to avenge the death of a slaughtered comrade. As you tug your sword from Kran's crumpled corpse, the other bandits attack you, screaming curses. It is four against one; you cannot win this fight.

369

The torch that you hid in a cleft near the cave entrance is still there. It has burnt away almost to nothing, but a glowing fragment remains. You blow on it and manage to coax a flame into life. You enter the cave. Before you stands the Portal, its black stones glowing with malignant force. You have passed through it once, and it cannot harm you directly now; but you know that if you return to Khul, vast armies of Slave Warriors stand between

you and Kleinkastel. If you have left a sack of Igneolite resting against the foot of one of the megaliths, turn to **253**; if not, turn to **89**.

370

For a few minutes the forest is silent. Then an army of scarecrows lurches into the clearing. Once they were miners, and southern tribesmen, and Goblins; now they are mindless Slave Warriors, thin and pallid, wearing filthy rags, with no sounds coming from their lipless shrunken mouths and no expression in their staring eyes.

The camp-dwellers are petrified with fear. You scream at them to start fighting, and as the bowstrings twang the battle for Gartax's camp begins.

It is a long and bloody business. The attackers are as untrained as most of the defenders, and you find that by running from one mêlée to another you can use your expertise to push back the zombie-like horde whenever it threatens to break into the camp. The defensive line holds, but the Slave Warriors do not retreat. The swordplay continues until all the attackers are dead: a wall of corpses round the camp. Many of Gartax's people are wounded, and some are dead; you personally have come through without a scratch.

If you decide to search the bodies of some of the attackers, turn to **200**. If not, turn to **169**.

371

You enter a narrow chamber carved out of the rock. By the light from the doorway behind you, you see that one side of the room is lined with long shelves, and that the shelves are occupied by hundreds of caged birds. There are more cages than you can count, and each has one, two or three little birds fluttering and trilling inside. Next to you is a sack of seeds and a tub of water, but the little metal cups for food and water inside the cages are all empty. You notice two particularly small cages: each contains a tiny bird, one with red plumage, the other blue. Both cages would fit inside your backpack, and you can feed these two birds and then pack them in with your other possessions if you want to. You then either leave the mine (turn to **5**), or you decide that you will undertake the laborious task of releasing all the birds from their cages (turn to **240**).

As you walk along the corridor, it becomes clear that you are entering a section of the cellars that has been built as a prison. You pass several open doors and, when you look inside the small rooms, you see that they are designed to hold captives. Each has only a narrow bed and a single chair for furniture; chains hang from iron rings set into the walls. You come to a closed door; you uncover the spy-hole and peer through. The prisoner in this cell is an enormous Brown Bear – the biggest you have ever seen. It is muzzled, and its paws are enclosed in leather covers, presumably to prevent it scratching anything; but the strangest thing about it is that it is wearing the costume of a circus clown: a pointed hat, a satin tunic, and ballooning pantaloons, all decorated with coloured frills and pompoms. You look up: on the plaster of the cell's ceiling you can make out the words: *I always said you were a bit of a clown! Ha ha!* Will you unbolt the cell door and walk in (turn to **108**); or will you continue along the corridor (turn to **295**)?

373

For some seconds after your shout has been carried away by the wind, the seated figure remains motionless. Then, slowly, it stands and turns. Facing you across the barren hilltop is a massive Carnivorous Ape. You notice first its pointed teeth and its long arms corded with muscle; then you start to wonder why the beast is wearing a black cloak. In its eyes you detect a strange intelligence and deep melancholy. You are hardly surprised when it begins to speak. 'A human! Was a human. What's a human? Hairy, hairy, beastly. Eat 'em raw! Trickle of blood, down the chin, hairy. Where's the chin? Was a human, human.' The huge ape continues in this manner for some time.

You can make no sense of it, but you decide that with dusk approaching you do not want to share this hilltop with a demented Carnivorous Ape. Will you attack it (turn to **163**) or speak to it and ask it to go away (turn to **238**)?

374

The extinguished torch drops from your numbed fingers. You twist and turn in a frenzy, trying to fend off the chill tendrils of shadow with your one remaining flame. But you cannot face in every direction at once, and the darkness deepens round you, smothering you in the cold blackness of death and decay. Like your torch, your life is snuffed out.

375

One of the soldiers attacks the wounded monster while the other defends himself against a desperate onslaught from the Elf woman. Within a few minutes the battle is over, the only survivor one of the soldiers. He notices you and raises his sword again, but you hold up your hands to show that you do not intend to fight.

'Pity about Sig,' says the soldier. 'Still, we managed to deal with this horrible beast. Can't imagine why that Elf was so bothered about it. Stranger in these parts, are you? I should clear off sharpish if I was you. There's weird monsters of all sorts wandering about the forest these days. Some of them can talk, they do say, and come out with some cock-and-bull story, trying to make out they're ordinary folk that have been changed into unnatural monsters by some stone gateway underground. I ask you, who'd believe a tale like that? They're all obviously possessed by demons. We do our best to hunt them down, but there seems to be more of them about than ever. Anyway, I can't hang around here, got to rejoin my unit.'

The soldier tramps off, and you return to the path. Will you continue south-westwards towards Kleinkastel (turn to 143), or will you turn left off the path and explore the forest towards the east (turn to 22)?

376

During the night, you hear the door open. You keep still, pretending to be asleep, as two Elves, moving with the mechanical stiffness that reveals them to be Slave Warriors, enter the room. They are carrying a blanket that shines with a luminous glow in the darkness, and they drape it over you and then leave. The blanket is very welcome: it is warm and comfortable. But you cannot stop worrying about the fact that the Elves looked like Slave Warriors; and the blanket is almost too relaxing. You find it hard to move your limbs. With a huge effort, you throw the luminous thing off the bed. You realize that it was magical; you are helplessly weak, but gradually, as you sit shivering on the bed, you recover your strength. Your limbs will feel shaky for several days, however: deduct 1 point from your *Initial* SKILL for the rest of this adventure. You must try to get out of this hut. Turn to 177.

377

Although your eyes are accustomed by now to the gloom inside the cave, it is difficult to make out whether it contains anything other than the massive carcass of the beast you have just slain. You pick up a few sticks, and drop them quickly when you realize that they are the bleached bones of the monster's past meals. You notice something gleaming, and discover a Gold Piece; after a while you find another. The search is taking too long. You emerge from the cave and resume following the path beside the stream. Turn to **15**.

378

The short flight of stairs ends at a closed door. You push this open, to reveal a long, wide, empty corridor. You are in the Warlord's palace. You can hear no sounds at all. You tiptoe along the corridor in the direction that you hope leads to the centre of the building. You cross other corridors, equally silent and empty. You pass open doors that show large, bare rooms. You turn a corner – and come face to face with two Slave Warriors, on guard in front of a closed door. These Slave Warriors are big; they are the Warlord's bodyguards. Before succumbing to the power of the Portal, one was from the Margrave's elite infantry, and the other was half Orc, half Cave Giant. You know it will be a difficult fight, and you are debating whether or not to retreat when the door opens to reveal the Warlord – and you are rooted to the spot by the hideous appearance of his distorted, bloated head, swaying like a vast balloon on his wide shoulders. In that instant the Slave Warriors strike, and the Warlord assails you with mental attacks as his guards drive home their advantage. You cannot escape. Your adventure ends here.

379

Your blow crashes into the Slave Warrior's unprotected torso. He merely staggers backwards, uttering no sound. Then he is free of the ring's influence and raises his scimitar. You see the Struthiomimus pacing around in the clearing, and you realize that if you try to run away now the warrior can instruct the creature to catch you. You must fight.

SLAVE WARRIOR SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you win, you can stay in the clearing to search the body (turn to **160**), or leave immediately along the eastward path (turn to **264**).

380

At the base of the town wall darkness still reigns, but the pointed rooftops of Kleinkastel are gilded with the first rays of the morning sun. You wake up groaning, your body cold and stiff. You are also very hungry. If you do not eat, you will lose 4 points from your STAMINA. You can avoid this by eating one meal from your Provisions, if you have any. Deduct either one meal or 4 STAMINA points from the scores on your *Adventure Sheet*, and turn to **61**.

If you cannot or will not do this, there is only one alternative: you must try to beg for food in the streets. Turn to **223**.

381

Lignia's chant ceases; her hands freeze in mid-air. You wait for something to happen. You become aware of slight movements on your clothing and equipment. Your hand flies to your sword, but as you grasp the hilt it turns to red dust. There is nothing left of the blade except a scabbard full of rust. Reduce your SKILL by 4 points while you are without a weapon. You open your backpack; everything made of metal has been destroyed, including the miner's helmet, if you had one, and any coins you may have had. The Ring of Zombie Warding, if you had it, has crumbled into fragments. To make matters worse, your metal buttons and buckles have disappeared; you have to hold your clothes round you with your hands. 'Use vine-stems to secure your clothing,' Lignia advises. 'You will be better off without metal – it has always been a source of great misery for all the humanoid races. My ladder has unrolled itself, and now you must leave. Do not venture into my garden dell, but go round it, and continue your journey.' Will you obey this order (turn to **144**), or are you so angry that you feel you must attack Lignia (turn to **16**)?

382

The boat bumps against the timbers of the jetty. You throw a loop of rope over a bollard as you climb on to the planking. An overgrown path leads away from the jetty, into the forest. You force a way along the path, and soon you can see, between the trees, a stone tower. The path turns to the left and continues southwards through the forest; a side-track leads towards the tower.

Dusk is approaching; soon you will need to make camp for the night. Will you go to the tower to see if it can provide shelter (turn to **99**)? Or will you continue along the path and look for a suitable bivouac in the forest (turn to **146**)?

383

You spin to your left, where a narrow trail leads back into the depths of the jungle, and you run. A thrown spear grazes your thigh – deduct 2 points from your STAMINA. If you survive this wound, you succeed in making your escape.

You run until all sounds of pursuit have disappeared, and you find that you have crossed the strip of jungle and emerged on to a broad plain. In the distance, ahead of you, there is a ridge of low hills, which you head for. After some time you come to a wide, well-used track which you suppose is the main road leading to the Portal. You cross it hurriedly, not wishing to meet a squad of Slave Warriors, and climb the ridge. You look down into a grassy valley, dotted with clumps of trees, that narrows at both ends. To your right, a path leads away from the direction of the Portal, along the valley bottom; to your left, you see a thin column of smoke rising from a copse. Will you investigate the source of the smoke (turn to 165); or will you turn right, towards the end of the valley (turn to 348)?

384

You pull the leather thong over your head and, as you feel the weight of the dark-shadowed talisman rest against your chest, you realize that you have made a terrible mistake. The talisman is a conduit for a power that was old before mankind learnt to use wooden clubs – an infinitely evil power that you cannot hope to resist alone and unprepared. Your personality is snuffed out; you will join the Slave Warriors in mindless thrall to the Portal.

'My name is Azudraz,' says the old man as you follow him into the stone building. 'You've probably heard of me: the greatest alchemist this side of Buruna. Six months ago I allowed myself to be dragged up into this wilderness to work for one of these mine-owners – Horfak, his name was, though I haven't seen him since he first employed me. He wanted me to invent a perfectly secure method for storing gold; and now, at last, I've done it! It's a two-stage process. The first step is to take all these gold nuggets and drop them into the tank that I've built in the next room. I've managed to carry some of them; but you'll do the whole lot in no time with two arms and this wheelbarrow.'

You pile gold-speckled rocks into the barrow and wheel it through an archway into a room which is dominated by a vast metal tank. Pipes of glass and metal snake into and round the tank and each other, and a wooden ramp takes you up to the rim. The tank is full of clear, colourless liquid; its floor is littered with nuggets. You tip the barrow, and watch the load sink through the liquid to form a glittering heap. The tank is wide, but not very deep, and you are tempted to reach into it to retrieve a nugget for yourself. Will you do so (turn to **95**)? Or will you first test the liquid by dipping a piece of your clothing into it (turn to **137**)?

386

Nothing happens. You wait in front of the stone wall, but no secret door appears. And then you hear footsteps on the stairs: it is the regular tread of Slave Warriors' feet. There is only one place to hide – in the dark shadow under the staircase. Turn to **341**.

387

As you charge off the jetty towards the house, you realize that you have made a terrible mistake. The ferocious Oviraptor has been freed and is obviously keen to sink its talons into your flesh and rend your body into bite-sized chunks with its rows of teeth. This dinosaur alone would be a formidable opponent, but in this open space in front of the house there is ample room for the three Goblins to encircle you. They do so. You cannot retreat. You cannot hope to defeat them all. The Oviraptor will not understand if you try to surrender. Your adventure ends here.

388

You have only two choices: to march up to the gates and fight the Slave Warrior guards (turn to **262**), or to attempt to climb over the spike-topped paling (turn to **142**).

389

Only one thing puts Gloten in a better mood than fighting, and that's winning. You have impressed him. He announces to the assembled townspeople that only a superlative warrior could last so long against Gloten and his favourite weapon. He cancels the remainder of the tournament and tells the crowd that you are to be their Champion. You are deafened by cheers and applause. You shake Gloten's hand and wonder whether you should murmur some complimentary phrase. You could tell him, for instance, that he fights with the strength and courage of a Dwarf. If you do this, turn to **107**. If you think it would be better to keep silent, you go with Gloten to prepare for your solo mission. Turn to **259**.

390

Your fellow-warriors perform a war-dance round the carcass of the Triceratops. The tribal bard improvises verses to commemorate your bravery. When the celebrations have quietened, you hold a council of war. At the moment you are very close to the road that runs between the Portal, known to the People as the Sacred Cave, and the tyrant Warlord's headquarters. The Shaman is sure that the Warlord intends to leave his headquarters tomorrow, taking his remaining Slave Warriors with him back to Khul; the Shaman's plan is to set an ambush at the Sacred Cave, with the aim of killing the Warlord and rescuing Anxis, Queen of the People.

You can see no fault in this strategy, but you are impatient of any delay; you suggest that you could attempt a solo mission to infiltrate the Warlord's headquarters today; the warriors tell you that beyond the ridge at the far side of the grassy plain there is another path that leads along a valley towards the Warlord's base. Will you return in triumph with your fellow-warriors and prepare with them for tomorrow's ambush (turn to **213**)? Or will you set out alone to cross the ridge and follow the path to the Warlord's headquarters (turn to **348**)?

391

Before your sword is out of its scabbard you are in a whirlwind of flying knives, slashing swords, and kicking hoofs. You don't stand a chance.

392

As the Troglodytes move in for the kill, you glance at the two Goblins; they too seem to know that they cannot hope to survive a battle against so many enemies. You watch in despair as they calmly put down their swords, turn towards the looming statue, and raise their arms in supplication to their god. They begin to murmur an incantation. And then the Troglodytes are upon you, and you can do nothing but parry their clubs. Roll one die twice. If the total of the two rolls is 6 or less, turn to **346**. If the total is 7 or more, turn to **231**.

393

'Listen, stranger,' says the man. 'You are obviously a mighty warrior – which, I must confess, I certainly am not; nor are any of my fellows who are concealed about this glade. But between us we can defeat you, and therefore I urge you to surrender now If you are in this forest with good reason, you have nothing to fear from us. Now sheathe your sword, or it will go badly for you.'

The man pulls the knife from his belt. Do you believe his story about there being men concealed in the forest? If you decide to surrender, turn to **292**. If you decide to attack the man, turn to **204**.

394

'If you are not prepared to make a contribution to the Margrave's treasury,' the officer pronounces, 'then you are clearly no better than a vagrant, and I shall class you as such in my official report. I will take you back to Kleinkastel for interrogation. Sergeant! Take this vagrant away!'

The sergeant and several soldiers approach, carrying ropes. If you are going to escape, you must do it now. There are troopers at both ends of the village, guarding the path, so you will have to run into the forest by dodging between the village cabins. You cannot tell which of the huts have soldiers lurking near by. So you just run. Throw one die. If you throw an even number, turn to **168**. If you throw an odd number, turn to **287**.

395

You step into a vast, empty hall. In the centre of the room is a table, and leaning over it is a large figure. Drawing closer, you see that the table is covered with a map of Khul; but you recoil in horror as the figure ceases its study of the map, looks up and stares at you. This is the tyrant Warlord of the Portal: a giant of a man, and normal enough up to his neck; but his head seems to have grown out of all proportion to the rest of him: it is swollen, distorted and discoloured, like a huge rotting vegetable, the eyes, nose, mouth and ears small and misplaced among the mounds and rolls of decaying flesh. 'I am

Horfak,' whispers the abomination. 'I see through the eyes of all my Warriors. I have observed you before. No doubt you think you have come to kill me. Fool! My strength alone could defeat you; with the Portal, I am invincible. See!' He waves a hand, and you feel the air vibrate. A living lattice of black lightning-bolts criss-crosses the walls and ceiling. 'No one can enter or leave now,' Horfak announces and goes on to describe his victorious campaigns on Khul.

You are bored with his gloating. If you have the mad god's mirrored helmet, or another mirror, you can place it in front of Horfak's face – turn to 354; if not, you waste no more time, but attack – turn to 47.

396

Your sword skids across the saurian's snout and snaps as it jars against a protruding plate of bone. The tail, as thick as a barrel and as long as a tree-trunk, sweeps out of the water and descends on your boat, smashing it into fragments. Stunned, you fall into the foaming whirlpool, where you are easily snapped up by the monster.

397

You have found the Portal. You stare up at it, rooted to the spot by an overwhelming sense of alien evil. Every inch of the surface of all three black stone slabs is covered with intricate hieroglyphics that seem to writhe in the flickering light. You try to decipher them; although you recognize none of the symbols, your mind is filled with appalling images. A darkness that is darker than the darkness of underground tunnels seems to hover round the edges of the megalithic slabs. You shudder as you feel the Portal probing into your mind. Somehow you know that this monstrous gateway is old; as old as the rock walls that have hidden it for aeons, older by far than the humanoid races of Khul. You shake your head. You know you must try to destroy it. If you have a sack of Igneolite, turn to 158. Otherwise, turn to 289.

398

The wizard's flying machine swoops over the treetops, until suddenly the forest ends and you are soaring above fields and orchards beyond which rise the rooftops of Kleinkastel. The wizard adjusts the crystals of the horse's mane, and the machine turns in a long descending curve, coming to earth in a clearing just inside the thick forest. Both you and the wizard jump from your saddles, whereupon the metal horse rises into the air in a shower of sparks and disappears from view. 'We part here,' says the wizard, 'and although we will not meet in the town, we will continue to work towards the same purpose. I will go there now, alone; my business is with my fellow-mages, and the town elders, and the Margrave. Stay here one hour, then come to the town. By then, I hope, I will be in conclave, and you will have to kick your heels waiting for the results of my deliberations. Put yourself forward at the first opportunity if you desire the glory of leading the fight against the evil menace. And – I almost forgot – here are 2 Gold Pieces; you may need to find food and shelter overnight.' The old wizard hobbles away along the path that crosses the clearing.

An hour later, you follow him. Turn to 143.

399

The pathway continues with a slight downhill slope, taking you through stretches of dense forest and grassy clearings. You are able to catch glimpses of the stream below; you notice that, as you progress, the cliffs become less steep and the ravine less deep. Finally the cliffs peter out, and your path joins the one that runs along the bank of the stream. Turn to 15.

400

You blink in the daylight at the mine entrance, and descend into the forest, where you find the same thing: all the Slave Warriors are either dead or they are no longer slaves. You keep going until you reach the edge of the forest, and Kleinkastel is in sight across the meadows. The landscape before you has been transformed: farmland has been dug up and turned into fortified earthworks and networks of trenches; siege-engines litter the fields.

As you approach Kleinkastel, the town's bells begin to ring; the Forest Gate swings open, and the Margrave rides out at the head of a small column of wounded knights. You tell him that the Slave Warriors are all gone. 'Praise the gods!' he breathes. 'These are the only soldiers left who are fit to fight. You have saved the town.'

Later, at a private meeting, Gloten and the Margrave invite you to attend a public ceremony at which you will receive your own weight in gold, as well as other riches. But, strangely, you decline their offer; gold seems to have lost its attraction – at least for now. You accept a chest of gems, and a good pack-horse, and you slip quietly away from Kleinkastel. Many others leave the area, too. The Cloudhigh Mountains lie undisturbed again.

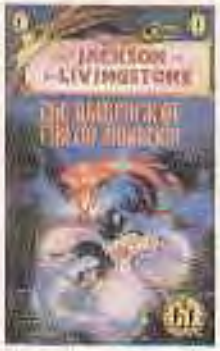
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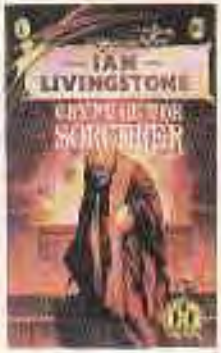
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lines. Pain stabs into your head; your limbs feel heavy. Reduce your SKILL by 2 points for the duration of this fight. A laugh bubbles from Horfak's twisted lips as he moves forward, swinging his blade in murderous arcs. Strengthened by the power of the Portal, Horfak is a fearsome foe.

HORFAK SKILL 10 STAMINA 20

If you defeat him, you hear a victorious shout from the People. As Horfak fell, the Slave Warriors faltered; now they are fighting on, but they are slow and ineffective, as if deprived of energy. Soon they are all slain. The People celebrate and hail you as their hero; but you know that the Portal still exists, and that to save Khul you must try to destroy it. You make for the Sacred Cave. Turn to 369.

52

Gloten shakes his head. 'In the right hands, these lengths of wood are no gentler than swords,' he says. 'However, I agree we must not produce a winner who is too wounded to be our Champion. We will cancel the combat.' The crowd hisses its disapproval. 'Silence!' roars Gloten. 'I have an alternative. To the moat!'

The other contestants are: Ostbar, of the Margrave's bodyguard; Einbol, a Dwarf miner; and Trella, a Wood Elf. The crowd follows you, Gloten and the other contestants to the moat, overshadowed by the castle and the town wall. A narrow footbridge arcs from the street to the ramparts. 'Tie their ankles again!' orders Gloten. 'And dangle them on ropes, upside down, two on each side of the bridge, all within sword's reach of each other. Now, when I give the word, draw your swords – and each try to cut the others down. This will be a real test of swordsmanship! The one who stays dry will be our Champion! Draw swords!'

You find yourself hanging upside down above the green water of the moat. On the same side of the bridge is Einbol, and you decide to try to cut his rope first. Einbol has 7 points of SKILL. Roll dice as for combat; the contestant with the higher Attack Strength succeeds in cutting the rope of the other, who falls into the slimy water below and is pulled out by jeering townsfolk. If you are the unfortunate loser, you find Gloten waiting at the side of the moat – turn to 339. If you win, turn to 197.

80

You fall backwards and crash to the ground on the outside of the fence. Roll one die; if you roll a 4, 5 or 6, you twist your leg as you land – deduct 2 more points from your STAMINA. If you are still alive, you pick yourself up and find that the noise of your fall has attracted the two Slave Warrior guards. You must fight them. Turn to **262**.

81

While the wizard consults crumbling scrolls and worm-eaten volumes, you gaze out of the windows at green slopes descending to a rocky shore. Bored, you browse along the shelves, but find few books written in languages you are familiar with. You find an illustrated book of Goblin recipes: revolted, you return to staring at the countryside.

Finally, the wizard stops taking notes and explains what he has found. 'The danger we face is greater than anyone can imagine. This evil has arisen before – many thousands of years ago, when only the Goblins lived for hundreds of miles around. Underground, a source of evil was discovered: a gateway to another place, a forgotten, ancient world of giant and unnatural beasts. This Portal had, perhaps, existed since time began, allowing a few wandering animals and humanoids to pass through. The evil in the Portal was quiescent, waiting – and one day a Goblin war-chief, proud and powerful, found the Portal, entered it, and was held fast by the evil force. The war-chief and the Portal took strength from each other, and together they enslaved the population, creating an army of merciless thralls. Each wore a stone like the talisman you have shown me. But the Goblin war-chief was defeated! There are clues to help us.'

Turn to **199**.

Part story, part game, this is a book with a difference – one in which YOU become the hero!

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A PUFFIN BOOK

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Ian Livingstone

DEATHTRAP DUNGEON

A thrilling fantasy adventure in which YOU are the hero! Complete with combat system and score sheet.

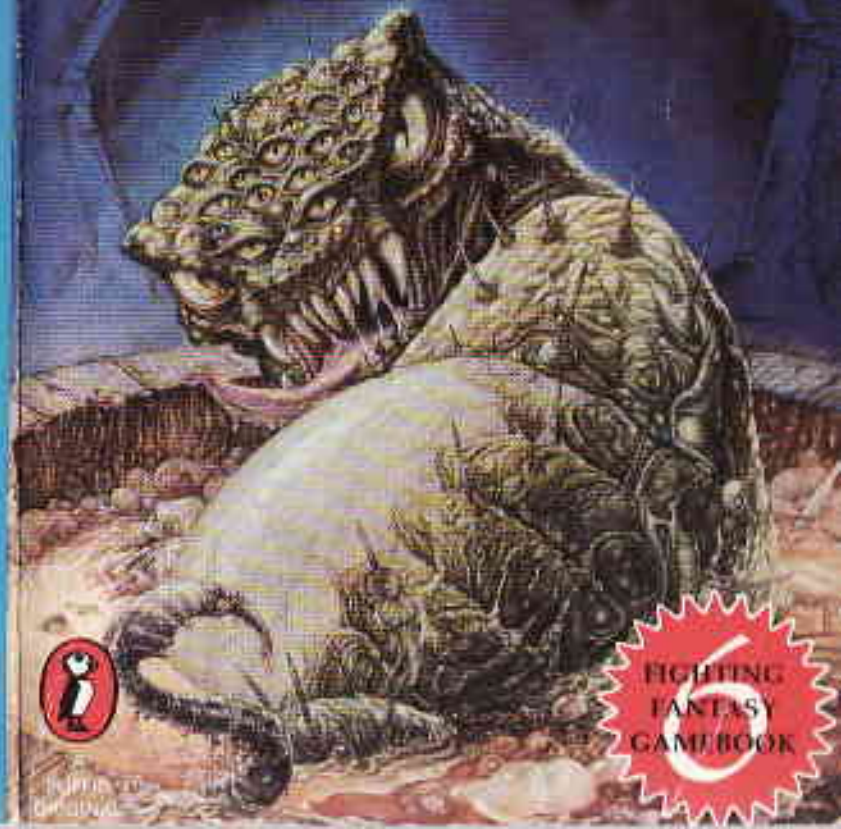

FIGHTING FANTASY GAMEBOOK 6

PUFFIN BOOKS

DEATHTRAP DUNGEON

Down in the dark, twisting labyrinth of Fang, unknown horrors await you. Devised by the devilish mind of Baron Sukumvit, the labyrinth is riddled with fiendish traps and bloodthirsty monsters, which will test your skills almost beyond the limit of endurance. Countless adventurers before you have taken up the challenge of the Trial of Champions and walked through the carved mouth of the labyrinth, never to be seen again. Do YOU dare enter?

Tempted by the promise of a fabulous prize – and the lure of the unbeaten challenge – YOU are one of six seasoned fighters prepared to take on the labyrinth. Only one of you may win through – the rest will perish. But which of you will it be?

Two dice, a pencil and an eraser are all you need to embark on this thrilling adventure of sword and sorcery, complete with its elaborate combat system and a score sheet to record your gains and losses.

Many dangers lie ahead and your success is by no means certain. Powerful adversaries are ranged against you and often your only choice is to kill or be killed!

Other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks published in Puffin are: *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, *The Citadel of Chaos*, *The Forest of Doom*, *Starship Traveller*, *City of Thieves* and *Island of the Lizard King*.

Ian Livingstone

DEATHTRAP DUNGEON

Illustrated by Iain McCaig

Puffin Books

Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
Penguin Books, 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U S A
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N Z) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1984
Reprinted 1984

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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Set in 11/13 pt Linotron Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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For Jacques and Octavie Gelaude

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HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF DEATHTRAP DUNGEON

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a backpack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.
The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps

1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a Battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure (except when engaged in a Battle). Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e. the characteristic may be restored once during an adventure. Make a note on your *Adventure Sheet* when you have used up a potion.

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through Deathtrap Dungeon and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. There are many 'wild-goose chase' passages and while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

It will be realized that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read. Reading other entries will only cause confusion and may lessen the excitement during play.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED	GOLD
	JEWELS
	POTIONS
	PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

Despite its name, Fang was an ordinary small town in the northern province of Chiang Mai. Situated on the banks of the River Kok it made a convenient stopover for river traders and passengers throughout most of the year. A few barges, rafts and sometimes even a large sailboat could usually be found moored at Fang. But all that was long ago, before the creation of the Trial of Champions. Now once a year the river is crammed with boats as people arrive from hundreds of miles around, hoping to witness the breaking of an ancient tradition in Fang and see a victor in the Trial of Champions.

On 1 May each year, warriors and heroes come to Fang to face the test of their lives. Survival is unlikely, yet many take the risk, for the prize is great – a purse of 10,000 Gold Pieces and the freedom of Chiang Mai forever. However, to become Champion is no easy task. Some years ago, a powerful baron of Fang called Sukumvit decided to bring attention to his town by creating the ultimate contest. With the help of the townspeople, he constructed a labyrinth deep in the hillside behind Fang, from which there was only one exit. The labyrinth was filled with all kinds of deadly tricks and traps and loathsome monsters. Sukumvit had designed it in meticulous detail so that anybody hoping to face its challenge would have to use their

wits as well as weaponskill. When he was finally satisfied that all was complete, he put his labyrinth to the test. He picked ten of his finest guards and, fully armed, they marched into the labyrinth. They were never seen again. The tale of the ill-fated guards soon spread throughout the land, and it was then that Sukumvit announced the first Trial of Champions. Messengers and news-sheets carried his challenge – 10,000 Gold Pieces and the freedom of Chiang Mai forever to any person surviving the perils of the labyrinth of Fang. The first year, seventeen brave warriors attempted 'The Walk', as it later came to be known. Not one reappeared. As the years passed and the Trial of Champions continued, it attracted more and more challengers and spectators. Fang prospered and would prepare itself months in advance for the spectacle it hosted each May. The town would be decorated, tents erected, dining-halls built, musicians, dancers, fire-eaters, illusionists and every sort of entertainer hired, and entries registered from hopeful individuals intent on making 'The Walk'. The last week of April found the people of Fang and its visitors in wild celebration. Everybody sang, drank, danced and laughed until day broke on 1 May, when the town thronged to the gates of the labyrinth to watch the first challenger of the year step forward to face the Trial of Champions.

Having seen one of Sukumvit's challenges nailed to a tree, you decide that this year you will attempt 'The Walk'. For the last five years you have been

attracted to it, not for the rewards, but for the simple fact that nobody has ever yet emerged victorious from the labyrinth. You intend to make this the year in which a Champion is crowned! Gathering up a few belongings, you set off immediately. Two days' walk takes you west to the coast, where you enter the cursed Port Blacksand. Wasting no time in that city of thieves, you buy your passage on a small boat sailing north to where the River Kok meets the sea, and from there you take a raft up-river for four days, until finally you arrive in Fang.

The Trial begins in three days' time, and the town is in an almost hysterical mood of excitement. You register your entry with the officials and are given a violet scarf to tie around your arm, informing everyone of your status. For three days you enjoy Fang's greatest hospitality and are treated like a demigod. During the long merriment, you almost forget your purpose in Fang; but the evening before the Trial, the magnitude of the task ahead begins to dominate your thoughts. Later, you are taken to a special guest-house and shown to your room. There is a splendid four-poster bed with satin sheets to help you rest. But there is little time left for sleep.

Just before dawn a trumpet call awakens you from vivid dreams of flaming pits and giant black spiders. Minutes later, there is a knock on your door, and a man's voice rings out saying, 'Your challenge begins soon. Please be ready to leave in ten minutes.' You climb out of bed, walk over to the window and open the shutters. Already people are thronging the

streets, moving quietly through the morning mist – spectators on their way to the labyrinth no doubt, hoping to find good vantage points from which to watch the competitors. You turn away and walk over to a wooden table on which your trusty sword lies. You pick it up and cut the air with a mighty sweep, wondering what beasts its sharp edge may soon have to meet. Then you open the door into the corridor. A small man with slanted eyes greets you with a low bow as you emerge from your bedroom. 'Please follow me,' he says. He turns to his left and walks quickly towards the stairs at the end of the corridor.

Leaving your guest-house, he darts down narrow alleyways between houses, and you have to walk quickly to keep up with him. Soon you come into a wide dirt road lined with cheering crowds. When they see your violet scarf, they cheer even louder and start showering you with flowers. The long shadows cast by the people in front of you shrink as the bright yellow sun rises higher in the morning sky. Standing there in front of the noisy and vibrant crowd, you feel strangely alone, aware of your coming ordeal. Suddenly you feel a tug on your shirt and see your small guide eagerly beckoning you to follow him. Ahead you see the looming hillside and the dark mouth of a tunnel disappearing into its inner depths. As you get closer, you notice two great stone pillars on either side of the tunnel entrance. The pillars are covered with ornate carvings: writhing serpents, demons, deities, each

seeming to scream a silent warning to those who would pass beyond them.

You see Baron Sukumvit himself standing by the entrance, waiting to greet the contenders in the Trial of Champions. You count five others standing proudly in line, their violet scarves displayed for all to see. There are two bare-chested Barbarians dressed in furs. They stand completely motionless, legs straight and slightly apart, arms thrust forward to rest on the hilts of their long, double-headed battleaxes. A sleek, elven woman with golden hair and feline green eyes is adjusting the cross-belt of daggers wrapped around her leather tunic. Of the two remaining men, one is covered from head to foot in iron-plate armour with a plumed helmet and a crested shield; the other is cloaked in black robes, only his dark eyes showing between the swathes of his black face-scarves. Long knives, a wire garrotte and other silent death-weapons hang from his belt. The five contenders acknowledge your arrival with almost imperceptible nods of the head, and you turn to face the exultant crowd for the last time. Suddenly a hush falls over the crowd as Baron Sukumvit steps forward holding six bamboo sticks. You draw one from his outstretched hand and read the word 'Fifth'. Then the Trial begins.

The Knight is first. He salutes the crowd before disappearing into the tunnel, and is followed half an hour later by the elf. Next goes a Barbarian and then the dark assassin. Now it is your turn to salute the crowd. Holding your violet scarf aloft, you take one final deep breath of cool fresh air before turning to pass between the stone-pillared gateway into Sukumvit's corridors of power, to face unknown perils on 'The Walk' through the mighty baron's Deathtrap Dungeon.

NOW TURN OVER

1

The clamour of the excited spectators gradually fades behind you as you venture deep into the gloom of the cavern tunnel.

Large crystals hang from the tunnel roof at twenty-metre intervals, radiating a soft light, just enough for you to see your way. As your eyes gradually become accustomed to the near darkness, you begin to see movement all around. Spiders and beetles crawling up and down the chiselled walls disappear quickly into cracks and crevices as they sense your approach; rats and mice scurry along the floor ahead of you. Droplets of water drip into small pools with an eerie plopping sound which echoes down the tunnel. The air is cold, moist and dank. After walking slowly along the tunnel for about five minutes, you arrive at a stone table standing against the wall to your left. On it there are six boxes, one of which has your name painted on its lid. If you wish to open the box, turn to **270**. If you prefer to continue walking north, turn to **66**.

2

The Scorpion manages to hold you in its pincers long enough to flick its segmented tail forward over its head and sting you with its poisonous barb. The effect is fatal and you slump to the ground in the Arena of Death, wondering whether Throm will win through.

3

The Gnome shakes his head and says, 'I am afraid you have failed the Trial of Champions. Baron Sukumvit's Deathtrap Dungeon will keep its secrets for another year, as you will not be allowed to leave here. You are appointed my servant for the rest of your days, to prepare and modify the dungeon for future contestants. Perhaps in another life you will succeed . . .'

4

In the total darkness you do not see the pipe's downward turn. You slip and, unable to get a grip on the slimy pipe, slide over the edge. Your screams echo down the pipe as you fall the fifty metres to the bottom. You have failed the Trial of Champions.

5

You crawl along the floor and find yourself in the lair of a tribe of TROGLODYTES. As you creep past them, your scabbard bangs against a rock on the floor. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **185**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **395**.

6

Knowing that the Manticore will fire the spikes in its tail at you, you run for cover behind one of the pillars. Before you reach it, a volley of spikes flies through the air and one of them sinks into your arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you waste no time and attack the Manticore with your sword before it has time to unleash more of its deadly spikes.

MANTICORE	SKILL 11	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **364**.

7

Before you have time to reach a doorway, the boulder is upon you. You cry out in pain and terror as it crushes you to the floor. Your adventure ends here.

8

The Mirror Demon grabs you by the wrist. Immediately it starts to pull you towards the mirror. Its strength is incredible, and, despite all your efforts, you cannot prevent it from pulling you relentlessly towards the mirror. When it touches the mirror, it seems to disappear straight through it. With horror you see your own arm disappear, followed by the rest of your body. You are now in a mirror world of another dimension, from which you can never return.

9

The Hobgoblins have nothing of any use to you on them, so you decide to open the bag on the floor. Inside you find a corked earthenware jug. You uncork it and sniff the liquid inside. It smells sharp and acrid. If you wish to drink some of the liquid, turn to **158**. If you wish to dip a piece of cloth in it, turn to **375**.

10

Still running as fast as you can, you reach into your backpack and pull out the wooden tube. You plan to lie under the surface of the water, breathing through the tube With luck, the Troglodytes will assume that you will be swept to your death downriver as the torrent disappears into the depths of the mountain. You seize the tube between your teeth and lower yourself into the water Holding on to one of the underwater bridge pillars, you keep perfectly still for ten minutes. When you finally think the Troglodytes have gone, you rise to the

surface and look around. There is nobody to be seen, so you climb out of the river and cross the bridge to the northern bank Any remaining Provisions you may have are now sodden and inedible. Cross them off your *Adventure Sheet*. You continue to walk through the vast cavern until at last you see a tunnel in the far wall. You walk down it until you come to a heavy wooden door, which is locked. If you have an iron key, turn to **86**. If you do not have a key, turn to **276**.

11

You look down and see the crumpled bodies of the Flying Guardians lying motionless on the floor. You start to prise out the idol's emerald eye with the tip of your sword At last it comes free, and you are surprised by its weight. Hoping that it may be of use later, you put it in your backpack. If you now wish to prise out the right eye, turn to **140**. If you would rather climb down the idol, turn to **46**.

12

The door opens into a large, candle-lit room filled with the most extraordinarily lifelike statues of knights and warriors. A white-haired old man dressed in tattered rags suddenly jumps out from behind one of the statues and starts to giggle. Though he looks like a fool, the sparkle in his eyes makes you think there is more to him than is apparent. In a high-pitched voice he says, 'Oh good, another stone for my garden. I'm glad you have come to join your friends Now, I'm a fair man and so I'll ask you a question. If you answer correctly, I'll let you go free – but if your answer is wrong, I'll turn you to stone!' He starts to chuckle again, obviously pleased with your arrival. Will you:

Wait for his question?	Turn to **382**
Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **195**
Make a run for the door?	Turn to **250**

13

The tunnel makes a sudden turn to the left and heads north for as far as you can see. The footprints you are following start to peter out as the tunnel becomes gradually drier. Soon you are beyond the dripping roof and the pools on the floor. You notice the air becoming hotter and you find yourself panting even though you are walking quite slowly. In a small recess on the left-hand wall you see a section of bamboo standing on its end. Lifting it down, you see it is filled with a clear liquid. Your throat is

painfully dry and you feel a little dizzy from the heat in the tunnel. If you wish to drink the liquid, turn to 147. If you do not want to risk drinking the liquid and would rather continue north, turn to 182.

14

The tunnel leads into a dark chamber covered in thick cobwebs. Clawing your way through them, you trip over a wooden casket. If you wish to try to open the casket, turn to 157. If you would rather continue north, turn to 310.

15

A tickling sensation runs down your spine as you crawl carefully out of the room. Back in the tunnel you heave a sigh of relief, throw the skull back into the room and slam the door shut. Pleased with your good fortune, you set off west once again. Turn to 74.

16

You just have time to hear the Gnome say, 'Three skulls' before a white bolt of energy shoots out from the lock into your chest, knocking you unconscious. Roll one die, add 1 to the number and reduce your STAMINA by the total. If you are still alive, you come to and are told by the Gnome to try again. You chose the wrong gems last time, so you won't try that combination again.

A	B	C	
Emerald	Diamond	Sapphire	Turn to 16
Diamond	Sapphire	Emerald	Turn to 392
Sapphire	Emerald	Diamond	Turn to 177
Emerald	Sapphire	Diamond	Turn to 287
Diamond	Emerald	Sapphire	Turn to 132
Sapphire	Diamond	Emerald	Turn to 249

17

You are not strong enough to force open the heavy door. The water is now waist-high and you are exhausted from your efforts. The water level rises quickly and you find yourself floating ever upwards until your face is pressed against the ceiling. You are soon completely immersed and unable to hold your breath any longer. Your adventure ends here.

18

Luckily for you, the cobra's fangs sink into your leather wristband. The snake recoils quickly, ready to strike again, as the Dwarf tells you to have another try. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 55. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to 202.

19

You cannot resist the Medusa's beguiling gaze as she looks into your eyes. You feel your limbs begin to stiffen and you panic helplessly as you turn to stone. Your adventure ends here.

20

Only your incredible strength could withstand the poisonous spider's bite. However, you are weakened and you notice your hand trembling as you pocket the Gold Piece. Reduce your SKILL by 1 point. You curse the person who dropped the backpack and set off north again. Turn to 279.

21

The wound has had no effect on the Bloodbeast, and it continues to attack you as furiously as before. Continue your combat and as soon as you win your next Attack Round, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 97. If you are Unlucky, turn to 116.

22

Although you are slightly uneasy in each other's company, knowing that there can only be one winner in the Trial of Champions, you are both content to share in the benefits of a temporary alliance You begin to tell each other of your exploits so far, of the monsters and traps encountered and the dangers overcome. Walking along, you soon come to the edge of a wide pit It is too deep and dark to see the bottom. The Barbarian offers to lower you to the bottom with his rope, saying he has a torch which he can light for you to use Will you:

Accept the Barbarian's offer?	Turn to 63
Offer to lower him down if he is so eager to investigate the pit?	Turn to 184
Suggest that you both jump over the pit instead?	Turn to 311

23

The paper bears a simple warning written in dried blood: 'Beware the Trialmasters' You replace the paper on its nail and run back down the tunnel to rejoin the Barbarian Turn to **154**.

24

Set back in an arched alcove in the tunnel wall you see an ornate wooden chair carved in the shape of a demon-like bird of prey. If you wish to sit in the chair, turn to **324**. If you would rather keep going north, turn to **188**.

25

Although the temperature in the tunnel is higher than you could normally tolerate, the liquid from the bamboo pipe keeps you alive Turn to **197**.

26

The pill makes you feel dull and lethargic. Lose two SKILL points. The Dwarf tells you that you can now progress to the second stage of the test He reaches for a wicker basket and tells you that there is a snake inside it He tips up the basket and the snake drops on to the floor; it is a cobra and it rears up into the air ready to strike. The Dwarf says he wants to test your reactions. You must grasp the cobra bare-handed below its head, avoiding its deadly fangs You crouch down on the floor, tensing yourself for the moment at which to seize it Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **55**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **202**

27

You step up to the frightened man and cleave the chain with your sword. He drops to his knees and bows, thanking you over and over again. He tells you that four years ago he entered the Trial of Champions but failed. He fell down a pit and had to be rescued by a Trialmaster, one of Baron Sukumvit's dungeon administrators. He was offered a choice between death or servitude in Deathtrap Dungeon as the Trialmaster's minion. Choosing the latter, he worked like a slave until he could stand it no longer and tried to escape. Alas, he was unsuccessful and was captured by the Trialmaster's wandering Orc guards. To teach him a lesson, they cut off his hand and condemned him to a year's imprisonment in this cell. You ask him whether he has any information that might be of use to you. He scratches his head. 'Well, I haven't exactly done very well in here myself,' he says, 'but I do know that you need to collect gems and precious stones if you hope to get out. I don't know why, but there it is.' Without another word, the ragged prisoner dashes out of the room, turning left into the tunnel. You decide to keep heading north and turn right into the tunnel. Turn to **78**.

28

The Dwarf's chainmail coat is of finest-quality iron, obviously made by a master armourer. You strip it from his body and place it over your head. Add 1 SKILL point. There is nothing else of use to you in the chamber, so you decide to investigate the new tunnel. Turn to **213**.

29

The tunnel leads north for some distance before coming to a dead end. The mouth of a chute protrudes from the tunnel's eastern wall. It seems to be the only way out. You decide to risk it and climb into the chute. You slide gently down and come out in a room, landing on your back. Turn to **90**.

30

Taking a step forward, you leap towards the far edge of the pit. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **160**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **319**.

31

The Gnome smiles and says, 'Good. Now, have you a sapphire in your possession?' If you do have a sapphire, turn to **376**. If you do not, turn to **3**.

32

You soon come to another junction in the tunnel One branch leads east, but the wet footprints you have been following continue north and you decide to follow their trail Turn to 37.

33

It was a mistake to reach into the hole with your sword arm. It is covered with round sucker marks and feels as if it has been crushed Lose 3 SKILL points. You peer into the hole and see the bleeding tentacle stump hanging limply. You carefully pull out the grappling iron and leather pouch, in which you find a tiny brass bell You pack away your new possessions and head north. Turn to 292.

34

You try to force the point of your sword under the emerald eye. Much to your surprise, the emerald shatters on contact, releasing a jet of poisonous gas straight into your face. The gas knocks you out and you release the rope, bounce down the idol and crash on to the stone floor. Your adventure ends here.

35

The tunnel continues west for several hundred metres, finally ending at some steps leading up to a closed trapdoor. You climb the steps slowly, hearing muffled voices above you. In the dim light you can see that the trapdoor is not locked. If you wish to knock on the trapdoor, turn to 333. If you wish to burst through the trapdoor with your sword drawn, turn to 124.

36

You run faster than you have ever run in your life before, but still the boulder is catching up on you. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than both your SKILL and STAMINA scores, turn to 340. If the total is greater than either your SKILL or STAMINA scores, turn to 7.

37

The passage opens out into a wide cavern which is darker but much drier. Ahead you see the footprints gradually fade, then disappear. There is a large idol in the centre of the cavern, standing approximately six metres high. It has jewelled eyes, each as big as your fist. There are two giant stuffed bird-like creatures standing on either side of the idol. If you wish to climb the idol to take the jewels, turn to **351**. If you wish to walk through the cavern to the tunnel in the opposite wall, turn to **239**.

38

The man stands by silently while you gulp the water and wolf down the bread. A sharp pain grips your stomach and you fall to your knees The old man looks at you scornfully and says, 'Well, if you will eat poisoned food, what do you expect?' Lose 3 STAMINA points. He shuffles off, leaving you writhing in pain on the floor. If you are still alive, you eventually regain enough of your strength to continue west. Turn to **109**.

39

You manage to evade the outstretched legs of the diving Giant Fly. Stepping back, you draw your sword and prepare to fight the hideous insect as it turns to attack you again.

GIANT FLY SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **111**. You may *Escape* by running back into the tunnel to head north. Turn to **267**

40

You call out to the Dwarf that you are ready to fight the MINOTAUR. The wooden door rises slowly and you see the fearsome beast, half man, half bull, step into the arena. Steam blows from its nostrils as it works itself up into a rage, ready to attack. Suddenly it rushes forward, swinging its double-headed axe.

MINOTAUR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **163**.

41

You walk slowly over to the alcove, carefully checking the floor for any more hidden traps. You see that the goblet contains a sparkling red liquid. Will you:

Drink the red liquid?	Turn to **98**
Leave the goblet and walk back to search the Barbarian (if you have not done so already)?	Turn to **126**
Leave the chamber to continue west?	Turn to **83**

42

The cobra's fangs sink deep into your wrist and you feel its poison starting to creep through your body. Lose 5 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, the Dwarf has no mercy but tells you to try again. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **55** If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **202**.

43

The tunnel turns sharply to the right and continues north for as far as you can see. There is a door in the left-hand wall which is ajar. You hear someone cry for help from the other side of the door. If you wish to open it, turn to **200**. If you would rather continue north, turn to **316**.

44

You are only a few metres from the doorway when you hear the old man behind you utter some strange words. Instantly your muscles harden and you feel your skin becoming taut. You start to panic, but there is nothing you can do to stop the petrifaction of your body. Your adventure ends here.

45

The razor-sharp disc thuds into your back with terrible effect. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you struggle to pull the disc from your back as the Ninja throws yet another one at you. Turn to **312**.

46

You lower yourself carefully down the idol and, wasting no more time in the cavern, run forward to the tunnel in the northern wall. Turn to **239**.

47

Have you got a hollow wooden tube? If you have, turn to **10**. If you have not, turn to **335**.

48

Only your immense strength and grim determination keep you from falling unconscious to the floor. You grit your teeth and press on resolutely. Turn to **197**.

49

You peep round the corner and see two small creatures running away from you. Both are dressed in baggy clothes and wear pointed floppy hats They are mischievous LEPRECHAUNS. If you wish to follow them, turn to **205**. If you would rather walk back to the last junction to head north, turn to **241**.

50

You wake to find Throm pulling the ring off your finger. He puts it on the floor and crushes it with the head of his battleaxe. Then, grunting to show his disapproval of you, he strides off east. You stand up slowly and stagger off after him. Turn to **221**.

51

The Hobgoblins are unprepared for your attack, and you are able to kill the first one before he can draw his sword. You turn to face the remaining Hobgoblin, who snarls at you with hatred.

HOBGOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **9**.

52

As you open the book, it begins to disintegrate and the pages turn to dust in your hands. You manage to keep a few fragments and read the handwritten script. The book appears to be about monsters, and from what you can make out it contains a full description of a monster called the Bloodbeast. It is a horrific bloated creature with tough, spiny skin and facial blisters which burst open to become mock eyes, evolved to hide the Bloodbeast's only weak spot – its real eyes. Bloodbeasts usually dwell in pools of fetid slime which give off a poisonous gas. This gas is so strong that it can easily knock people unconscious. The Bloodbeast, although too bulbous to haul itself out of its slime pool, has a long and

vicious tongue which it wraps around its victims before it drags them into its pool. As the victim's flesh starts to decompose in the vile slime, the Bloodbeast will feed from it. You tell Throm about the grotesque Bloodbeast, but he merely shrugs his shoulders and tells you to get going If you have not done so already, you may open the black book – turn to **138**. Otherwise you must continue north with Throm – turn to **369**.

53

The Bloodbeast is too bulbous to climb out of its pool, but its long tongue whips out and tries to wrap itself around your leg. Fortunately, you have fallen beyond its reach. The air at ground level does not contain any of the poisonous fumes, but you wake with a pain in your throat. You cover your mouth with your sleeve so that you can breathe through it, and decide what to do. If you wish to run round the pool towards the tunnel, turn to **370**. If you wish to attack the Bloodbeast with your sword, turn to **348**.

54

The lasso loosens itself and you are able to shake it free of the idol's neck. It falls to the floor with a loud clatter. You quickly coil the rope up again and put it in your backpack. Wasting no more time in the cavern, you run forward to the tunnel in the northern wall. Turn to **239**.

55

With lightning speed, you thrust your hand out and grip the cobra just below its open mouth. You lift it up and, arm outstretched, dangle it in front of the Dwarf. He doesn't flinch but says in his calm expressionless way, 'Please put the cobra back in the basket and prepare for the final part of the test. Follow me.' You do what he says and follow him back into the chamber, where Throm is pacing up and down, obviously ill at ease. You wave to him while the Dwarf opens a second secret door and tells you to walk on through and wait for him. Again you comply, and you find yourself in another circular room, although this one resembles a small arena. The floor is covered with sand, and a small balcony runs around the arena wall. Opposite the secret door by which you entered is an ominous-looking wooden door. Suddenly you hear a shout, and you look up to see the smiling Dwarf standing on the balcony. He throws two pieces of paper down to you. On one of them, the words NO CROP IS are written; on the other, RUIN MOAT. In his ever-calm voice he says, 'If you rearrange the letters of the words, you will find the names of two creatures. You may choose which one to fight in my Arena of Death.' If you can identify the creature by rearranging the letters NO CROP IS, turn to **143**. If you can identify the creature by rearranging the letters RUIN MOAT, turn to **40**. If you cannot identify either of the creatures, turn to **347**.

56

You see that the obstruction is a large, brown, boulder-like object. You touch it with your hand and are surprised to find that it is soft and spongy. If you wish to try to climb over it, turn to **373**. If you wish to slice it open with your sword, turn to **215**.

57

Although you check the chest carefully for any hidden devices, you are unable to see the trap inside it. As you lift the lid, an iron ball hanging on a cord swings back, shattering the glass capsule fixed inside the lid. A cloud of poisonous gas is instantly released into the air and you stagger back coughing and spluttering. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **198**.

58

You step slowly between the poles, taking care not to touch any of them. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **80**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **246**.

59

Ahead in the far distance you hear the sound of slow footsteps coming towards you. Unsure of who or what might be approaching, you look around for a place to hide. You find a large crack in the tunnel wall which lies in shadow. If you wish to stand your ground with your sword drawn, turn to **341**. If you would rather hide in the shadows, turn to **283**.

60

The tunnel ends at a large oak door. Throm wastes no time in testing the handle and is somewhat surprised to find the door unlocked He pushes it open and walks into a torch-lit chamber Sitting alone on an ornate chair is a DWARF, who bids you enter the chamber As you do so, the oak door swings shut behind you 'Adventurers, you have done well to get this far,' says the Dwarf in a deep voice. 'However, as you both know, there can only be one winner in the Trial of Champions As Trial-master, it is my duty to Baron Sukumvit to let only the most able continue Therefore. I must devise a test of wits and strength to eliminate one of you. Please do not attempt to dispose of me. It would be utterly pointless, for, as you can see, there is no obvious way out of this chamber and only I know where the hidden exit lies. Now if you would care to decide between you who will go first, I shall make the necessary preparations.' You look at Throm, suddenly angry that your effective partnership might come to an end He leans over and whispers in your ear that you should try to kill the Dwarf and worry about the exit later. If you wish to join Throm in attacking the Dwarf, turn to **179** If you would rather persuade Throm to go through with the Dwarf's test, turn to **365**.

61

Despite the terrible ringing sound in your ears, you hear footsteps coming down the tunnel. Your loud screams have attracted a tunnel guardian. Standing over you is a HOBGOBLIN. His face bears a sickly smile as he presses the point of his sword against your neck. You are unable to defend yourself and prevent the Hobgoblin from running you through. Your adventure ends here.

62

The Gnome jumps in the air, yelling, 'Well done – nobody has ever managed to find all three gems before! Now get ready for the final test, which I will explain once and once only. As you can see, the lock on this door has three slots, labelled A, B and C, each of which is built to accept a specific gem. You have to put one of your three gems in each of the slots in the correct order. If you manage this at the first attempt, fine. However, if you put the gems in the wrong slots, you will be blasted by a bolt of energy from the lock, causing you injury. Anyway, as I said, I am allowed to help you a little. If you place one gem in its correct slot but get the other two wrong, I shall shout, "One crown and two skulls." If you place all three gems incorrectly, I shall shout, "Three skulls." You will be allowed to try again and again until you either succeed or die. Are you ready?' You signal your readiness with a nod of the head, and walk forward to place the three gems in the slots. Decide which gems you will place in the labelled slots on the next page:

A	B	C	
Emerald	Diamond	Sapphire	Turn to **16**
Diamond	Sapphire	Emerald	Turn to **392**
Sapphire	Emerald	Diamond	Turn to **177**
Emerald	Sapphire	Diamond	Turn to **287**
Diamond	Emerald	Sapphire	Turn to **132**
Sapphire	Diamond	Emerald	Turn to **249**

63

You tie the rope around your waist and take hold of the lighted torch given to you by Throm, as your Barbarian ally calls himself. Taking hold of the slack rope, Throm lowers you slowly over the edge of the pit and down into the dark depths below. You can see by the light of the torch that the sides of the pit are extremely smooth. You drop about twenty metres before hitting the bottom of the pit. There you see another tunnel heading north and you call up to Throm and tell him of your discovery. He calls back, saying that he is going to tie the rope around a protruding rock on the edge of the pit and will come down and join you. You hear him climbing down and soon you are together again. Throm retrieves his rope by shaking it off the rock, and you set off north along the new tunnel. Turn to **194**.

64

As soon as you put the ring on your finger, your whole body starts to shake. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **115**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **190**.

65

Have you drunk a Potion found inside a black leather book? If you have, turn to **345**. If you have not drunk it, turn to **372**.

66

After walking down the tunnel for a few minutes, you come to a junction. A white arrow painted on one wall points west. On the floor you can see wet footprints made by those who entered before you. It is hard to be sure, but it looks as though three of them followed the direction of the arrow, while one decided to go east. If you wish to head west, turn to **293**. If you wish to head east, turn to **119**.

67

You grab one of the underwater bridge pillars and cling to it, holding your breath. Meanwhile the Troglodytes reach the river bank and decide that you must have been swept to your death downriver as it disappears into the depths of the mountain By now your lungs are bursting for air *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky, turn to **146**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **219**

68

You walk down the passage and soon find yourself standing at the edge of a deep, dark pit. The passage continues east on the other side of the pit You think you could probably jump over the pit, but you are not sure. There is a rope hanging down from the ceiling over the centre of the pit. Will you:

Throw your shield over the pit and jump after it?	Turn to **271**
Jump over the pit carrying all your possessions?	Turn to **30**
Reach for the rope with your sword to enable you to swing across the pit?	Turn to **212**

69

Ivy does not notice you opening the door. You slip out of her room, close the door quietly behind you and find yourself at the end of another tunnel. Turn to **305**.

70

You just manage to dive to the side before the boulder smashes into the tunnel floor, splitting the stone. As you dust yourself off, you suddenly notice daylight at the end of the tunnel. You run forward towards a beautiful sight of blue sky and green trees. Running out of the tunnel, you expect to be greeted by cheering crowds, but are horrified at what you do see. There is no hero's welcome from the people all around you. All are dead. You are in fact standing in a cold chamber littered with armoured skeletons and bodies – the exit to victory was just an illusion! Only the corpses of past adventurers are real. You run back towards the tunnel, but hit an invisible barrier. You are trapped and destined to end your days in the chamber of the dead.

71

Once again you reach for the parchment, only this time it is lying amidst a pile of broken bones. Unfolding it, you see a map of a room with a drawing of a hideous creature inside it. Beneath the monster is a rhyme which reads:

> 'Should you meet the Manticore,
> Of its tail beware.
> Shield yourself against the spikes
> Flying through the air.'

You fold up the piece of parchment and put it in your backpack. Repeating the rhyme over and over to yourself, you walk across to the alcove. Turn to **128**.

72

The Mirror shatters, sending fragments of glass flying everywhere. The Mirror Demon's four faces cry out in agony, and cracks appear all over them. Then they too shatter and fall to the floor in a pile of broken glass. Unfortunately, you cut your sword arm badly while smashing the mirror. Although your strength is unaffected, your weaponskill is diminished. Lose 2 SKILL points before continuing your journey north. Turn to **122**.

73

If you have not done so already, you may walk back to search the Barbarian – turn to **126**. Otherwise, leave the chamber to continue west – turn to **83**.

74

The tunnel takes a sharp right turn and you find yourself in a sort of gallery lined with mirrors for some twenty metres. A human skeleton appears to be pulled halfway through the mirror along the right-hand wall. Suddenly a grotesque being with four arms and four screaming faces emerges from the mirror, barring your way ahead. It walks slowly towards you, each arm outstretched to grab you. It is a MIRROR DEMON from another dimensional plane, come to take your spirit. Will you:

Make a wish (if you are wearing a Ring of Wishes?)	Turn to **265**
Try to smash the mirrors?	Turn to **300**
Attack the Mirror Demon with your sword?	Turn to **327**

75

You rub the liquid into your wounds, but they do not heal. Staring into the empty bottle, you wonder what exactly the liquid was. If you have not done so already, you may open the red book – turn to **52**. Otherwise, you must continue north with Throm – turn to **369**

76

You step round the great bulk of the dead Rock Grub and peer into the darkness of its borehole. You can only see a few metres, but are able to make out that it inclines slightly and is wet from the secreted slime of the Rock Grub. If you wish to explore the borehole, turn to **317**. If you would rather walk west along the tunnel, turn to **117**

77

You stagger through the open doorway into another tunnel, at the end of which is the welcome sight of daylight Much to your surprise, you see the Gnome lying dead halfway down the tunnel. A crossbow bolt protrudes from the side of his head The Gnome, in his bid for freedom, has fallen foul of Baron Sukumvit's final trap. You walk past him and out into brilliant sunshine. Turn to **400**

78

There is an open pipe in the right-hand wall, about a metre in diameter. It is too dark to see far down it. You shout into it and hear your voice echoing down the iron pipe until eventually the sound fades away. If you wish to crawl down the pipe, turn to **301**. If you would rather continue north, turn to **142**.

79

You grip the arms of the chair tightly, half expecting a surge of energy or pain to rush through your body. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **106**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **383**.

80

You take your time and manage to step over the last pole without having touched any of them. You hurry on east, still following the two pairs of footprints. Turn to **313**.

81

The only furniture in the Goblin's room is a table, two chairs and a cupboard on the wall. There are two closed doors, one in the west wall and the other in the north wall. Will you:

Open the cupboard?	Turn to **307**
Open the west door?	Turn to **263**
Open the north door?	Turn to **136**

82

As the Pit Fiend slams its body against the wall, you let go of the rope and drop safely to the floor. You run towards the double doors and are relieved to feel them swing open as you push on them You let them swing shut behind you and head north along the tunnel. Turn to **214**.

83

The passage soon leads to a junction You notice more footprints on the floor, possibly as many as three pairs, heading north from the south passage You decide to follow them. Turn to 37

84

Roll two dice. If the total is more than eight, turn to 152. If the total is eight or less, turn to 121.

85

Before you are able to do anything else, the old man mumbles a few strange words into the air. You feel your muscles harden and your skin go taut. You start to panic, but there is nothing you can do to stop the petrifaction of your body. Your adventure ends here.

86

The key turns in the lock and the door opens into a four-way intersection of the tunnel. There is nothing to be seen either to east or to west apart from the now familiar ceiling crystals giving off their dim light. Suddenly you hear a voice calling you, 'This way, this way You are on the right track.' It seems to be coming from somewhere directly ahead of you. Your curiosity gets the better of you and you decide to walk towards the beckoning voice. Turn to 187.

87

The door opens into a large room. Turn to 381.

88

As soon as they see you, the TROGLODYTES raise their bows and run to surround you. To your horror, their leader then steps forward and declares that you are their prisoner and must subject yourself to trial by their ancient rite, the Run of the Arrow. If you are willing to take part in the Run of the Arrow, turn to 343. If you would rather try to fight your way out, turn to 268.

89

Back on solid ground once again on the cavern floor, you try to shake the rope off the idol's neck *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **54**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **261**.

90

As soon as you stand up, you are confronted by the most repulsive sight you have ever laid eyes on. There in front of you, wallowing in a circular pool of fetid slime, is a bulbous creature too horrible to be believed. Its body is green and covered all over with fearsome-looking spikes. Its face is a mass of crimson blisters, one of which suddenly bursts to reveal yet another of its many sinister, all-seeing eyes. A narrow path runs around the edge of the pool and leads into another tunnel in the far wall. If you have previously read details about the loathsome BLOODBEAST in a leather-bound book, turn to **172**. If you have not read this book, turn to **357**.

91

The Orc's morning star thuds into your arm, knocking your sword to the floor. You must fight them bare-handed, reducing your SKILL by 4 for the duration of the combat. Fortunately, the tunnel is too narrow for both Orcs to attack you at once Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	5
Second ORC	6	4

If you win, turn to **257**.

92

Summoning all your strength, you deal the Mirror Demon one final blow with your sword With an ear-splitting sound, cracks begin to run across its faces and limbs. Its many mouths cry out in the agony of its death throes before the Demon shatters completely and falls to the ground in a pile of tiny fragments. You heave a huge sigh of relief and then hurry on past. Turn to **122**.

93

The door opens into a small dark room, which is empty apart from a sturdy wooden chest lying on a shelf on the far wall. The floor is thick with dust, and you can clearly see fresh footprints leading from the door to the chest and back again. You wonder whether one of your rivals is still ahead of you on 'The Walk', or whether the chest has only recently been placed on the shelf by one of the Trialmasters. If you wish to enter the room and open the chest, turn to **284** If you would rather keep walking down the tunnel, turn to **230**

94

Taking a deep breath, you lean over the pit and plunge your forearm into the mass of wriggling worms. They are cold and clammy and feel extremely nasty, but at least they are harmless and you are able to seize the dagger by the hilt. You give it a hard tug and it comes away from the crack in which the tip was embedded. Admiring its beauty, and wondering whether it might once have belonged to some luckless contestant, you put the opal-studded dagger firmly in your belt and leave the cavern Turn to **174**

95

The iron ring is attached to a small trapdoor. It lifts up easily, and inside a small compartment you find a finely crafted shield made of the purest iron. Marvelling at its splendour,you strap it on to your arm. Add 1 SKILL point. You walk towards the double doors and push them open. Turn to **248**.

96

Your second blow also fails to smash the mirror. The Mirror Demon reaches out, grabs your wrist and starts pulling you towards the mirror. Its strength is incredible, and, despite all your efforts, you cannot resist. With every second you come closer to the mirror. When the Mirror Demon touches the mirror, it seems to disappear straight through it. With horror you see your own arm disappear through the mirror too, and the rest of your body soon follows. You are now in a mirror world of another dimension, from which you can never return.

97

Unknown to you, the Bloodbeast has only one weakness: its real eyes. More by chance than by design, you plunge your blade deep into one of them, and the Bloodbeast immediately slumps back into its pool. After a few massive convulsions, it sinks beneath the oily surface of the pool. Not waiting to see whether it will recover, you run into the tunnel, anxious to get away from the Bloodbeast's toxic chamber as fast as possible. Turn to **134**.

98

Lifting the goblet releases a sprung catch, and a dart shoots out of the wooden table leg. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **105**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **235**.

99

Smiling, you tell Ivy that you think she and Sourbelly look very alike. Then, while she stares admiringly at the painting, you pick up a broken stool, creep up behind her and smash her over the back of the head with it as hard as you can. To your immense relief, she slumps unconscious to the floor. If you wish to search her room, turn to **266**. If not, leave by the door in the east wall. You find yourself standing at the end of a tunnel. Turn to **305**.

100

Only a few metres further down the passage, you see another closed door in the left-hand wall. The letter X is scratched into its centre panel. Putting your ear to the door, you listen intently but can hear nothing. If you wish to open the door, turn to **87**. If you would rather keep walking north, turn to **217**.

101

The river current is quite strong and, encumbered by your armour and backpack, you are unable to swim against it Within seconds you are swept under the bridge Standing on the river bank, the Troglodytes look on laughing and jeering as you drift to your death down-river in the depths of the mountain.

102

You enter a room which is small and completely empty As soon as you are inside, the door slams shut behind you. Suddenly a voice booms out of nowhere, shouting, 'Welcome to Deathtrap Dungeon, the ingenious killer labyrinth of my master. Adventurer, I trust you will pay your respects to my master by shouting out his name?' Will you shout:

Hail, Sukumvit?	Turn to **133**
Sukumvit is a worm?	Turn to **251**

103

You breathe in the poisonous gas and start to choke Lose 3 STAMINA points If you are still alive, turn to **77**.

104

Reacting quickly, you manage to jump over the outstretched tongue and run into the tunnel, leaving the Bloodbeast wallowing in its pool to await another victim. Turn to **134**

105

Your reflexes are sharp and you quickly jump aside The dart whistles past, only just missing you, and thuds into the opposite wall. You see the goblet lying on the floor and the red liquid running away in rivulets over the grey stone. At least the goblet may be of use, so you put it in your backpack If you have not done so already, you may walk back to search the Barbarian – turn to **126**. Otherwise, leave the chamber to continue west – turn to **83**.

106

Squeezing the arm of the chair triggers a secret panel which springs into the air. You find a glass phial lying in a cavity. You pick it up and read the label: 'Doppelganger Potion – one dose only This liquid will make your body take on the shape of any nearby being ' You place the strange potion in your backpack and continue north. Turn to **188**

107

You come to an arched doorway set in the right-hand wall of the tunnel The heavy stone door is closed, but there is an iron latch and a round handle If you wish to try the door, turn to **168**. If instead you wish to continue along the tunnel, turn to **267**.

108

There is a large panel of glass in the left-hand wall of the tunnel Through it you can see a bright, torch-lit room teeming with GIANT INSECTS of every possible description. Bees, wasps, beetles, ticks – even the mites are over six centimetres long. The noise is threatening In the middle of the room, a jewelled crown lies on top of a small table What looks like a large diamond is set in the middle of the crown. Will you:

Break the glass and try to snatch the crown?	Turn to **394**
Continue west?	Turn to **59**
Return to the junction to head north?	Turn to **14**

109

You arrive at another junction in the tunnel If you wish to keep heading west, turn to **43**. If you wish to go north, turn to **24**

110

The tunnel soon takes another sharp right turn Following it east, you arrive at a strange obstruction: a line of twelve wooden poles across the tunnel They are fixed to the walls about half a metre off the floor and spaced a metre apart. If you wish to step between the poles, turn to **58**. If you wish to walk across the top of the poles, turn to **223**.

111

You wipe the vile yellow slime from the blade of your sword and walk quickly to the door, back into the tunnel and head north. Turn to **267**.

112

Apart from two portions of your Provisions which were saturated and are now inedible, all your other possessions remain intact. You repack them carefully inside your backpack and set off north again Turn to **356**.

113

The wooden ball whistles past the skull, hitting the far wall with a loud 'crack'. If you wish to try again with the other ball, turn to **371**. If you have already thrown twice, or do not wish to throw again, you may decide to close the door and continue west along the tunnel – turn to **74**.

114

The Caveman is wearing a leather wristband with four small rats' skulls hanging from it. If you wish to put it on your own wrist, turn to **336**. If you would rather set off north again, turn to **298**.

115

Your body continues to vibrate intensely and you feel as if you are about to pass out But your strength is great, and you manage to withstand the tremendous shock to your system. Finally you calm down and begin to feel the ring's beneficial powers working on you. Add 3 STAMINA points. You see Throm looking at you anxiously, so you reassure him that you are fully recovered. He strides off east and you follow him eagerly. Turn to **221**.

116

You cannot believe that the Bloodbeast is unaffected by its new wound. You hesitate a moment too long and it lunges forward, cracking your skull with its jaws. Then it drags you into its pool, where you will be predigested and later consumed by the hideous creature

117

After a long walk down the tunnel, you come to a dead end. A large mirror reaching from the ceiling to the floor hangs on the end wall, and in the dim light you can just about make out your own reflection. If you wish to take a closer look in the mirror, turn to **329**. If you would rather make the long walk back to the last junction in the tunnel in order to head east, turn to **135**.

118

Despite the stalactites crashing all around, you manage to dash through the archway without injury. You look round and see Throm thundering towards you, one arm held over his head for protection. He dashes into the tunnel and leans against the cold wall, panting heavily. He apologizes for starting the rock-fall and offers you his hand to shake. You tell Throm that maybe he should use sign language in future, even for laughing! You both smile and head east once more. Turn to **60**.

119

Ahead you can see a large obstruction on the tunnel floor, although it is too dark to make out exactly what it is. The wet footprints you have been following carry on towards the obstruction. If you want to continue east, turn to **56**. If you would rather go back to the junction and head west, turn to **293**.

120

Lying in a hole about a metre deep, you see a grappling iron and a leather pouch. If you wish to reach down for them, turn to **228** If you would rather ignore them and continue north, turn to **292**

121

The Dwarf looks at the dice. 'Not very good at playing the odds, are you?' he sneers. 'I regret you must suffer a penalty before you can continue.' From out of his pocket he produces two pills. One is stamped with the letter S and the other stamped with the letter L. He asks you to choose one and swallow it. If you wish to swallow the pill stamped with the letter S, turn to **26**. If you wish to swallow the other pill, turn to **354**.

122

In front of you are two flights of stone steps separated by a banister of rat skulls. You may climb either the left-hand flight of steps – turn to **176** – or the right-hand flight – turn to **384**.

123

The necklace is an amulet of strength. Add 1 SKILL point and 1 STAMINA point and continue your quest north. Turn to **282**.

124

You throw the trapdoor open and run up the steps into a bright, lantern-lit room. Two GOBLINS are sharpening their short swords on a stone set in the middle of the floor. You catch them momentarily off guard, but they quickly recover and both rush forward to attack you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	4
Second GOBLIN	5	5

Both Goblins will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Goblin as in a normal battle. Against the other you must throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but even if your Attack Strength is greater you will not wound it. You must just count this as though you have defended yourself against its blow. However, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If you win, turn to **81**.

125

You tiptoe towards the door while Ivy prattles on. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **69**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **139**.

126

The pouch on the Barbarian's belt is empty apart from some strange-looking dried meat wrapped in a cloth. Will you:

Eat the dried meat?	Turn to **226**
Leave the meat and walk over to the alcove (if you have not done so already)?	Turn to **41**
Leave the chamber and head west?	Turn to **83**

127

The only possible way out of the hall as far as you can see is by using the chute in the northern wall You decide to give it a go and climb into the chute. You slide gently down and emerge into another room, landing on your back. Turn to **90**.

128

At the back of the alcove are some steps leading down into a cellar. Cobwebs brush your face as you descend The cellar ceiling is quite low, and the floor is strewn with rubbish and debris In the middle of the wall opposite you is an archway which leads into another crystal-lit tunnel. There are large mushrooms growing on the rubbish to your right. If you wish to step through the archway, turn to **35** If you wish to stop to eat some of the mushrooms, turn to **233**.

129

You tie the rope to the grappling iron and hurl it over the top of the wall. Its hooks dig into the stone and you begin to haul yourself up Peering over the top of the wall, you see an enormous dinosaur-like monster thrashing about in a sand-covered pit. Its tough hide is a mottled green colour, and it stands some ten metres tall on its muscular hind legs Rows

of razor-sharp teeth line its gigantic jaws, which open and close with bone-snapping power. There is a large double door in the wall on the far side of the pit, which appears to be the only way out of this section of the dungeon. Will you:

Lower yourself down on the rope into the pit to fight the PIT FIEND?	Turn to **349**
Throw your bone monkey charm into the pit (if you have one)?	Turn to **361**
Try to hook the PIT FIEND with the grappling iron while sitting on top of the wall?	Turn to **167**

130

The Hobgoblins stop their fight immediately. They do not understand what you are saying and snarl at you viciously. Then they draw their short swords and run forward to attack you. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HOBGOBLIN	7	5
Second HOBGOBLIN	6	5

If you win, turn to **9**.

131

The crossbow bolts fly over your head and thud into the opposite wall; fortunately, you are still crouching on the floor. Now that the trap has been sprung, you can leave the room by the door through which you entered. Back in the tunnel you head on west. Turn to **74**.

132

You just have time to hear the Gnome say, 'One crown and two skulls', before a white bolt of energy shoots out from the lock into your chest and knocks you unconscious. Roll one die, add 1 to the number and reduce your STAMINA by the total. If you are still alive, you come to and are told by the Gnome to try again. You know you placed one gem in the correct slot, but which one? You sigh and tentatively try a new combination.

A	B	C	
Emerald	Diamond	Sapphire	Turn to **16**
Diamond	Sapphire	Emerald	Turn to **392**
Sapphire	Emerald	Diamond	Turn to **177**
Emerald	Sapphire	Diamond	Turn to **287**
Diamond	Emerald	Sapphire	Turn to **132**
Sapphire	Diamond	Emerald	Turn to **249**

133

Once again, the mysterious voice calls out, only this time its tone is full of contempt and derision. 'So, we have a snivelling weed in our midst, do we?' sneers the voice. 'My master has a special gift for you, loathsome creep.' Suddenly water starts pouring into the room through a hole in the ceiling. It soon rises above your ankles, and there is no apparent way of escape. You wade back to the door. It is firmly locked, but in desperation you try ramming it with your shoulder. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **178**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **17**.

134

The tunnel leads into a large room, its ceiling supported by several marble pillars. As you enter the room, you suddenly see a strange beast to your right. It has the body of a lion with dragon-like wings attached to it, but its head is like that of an old bearded man If you have read the poem written on the Skeleton Warrior's parchment, turn to **222**. If you have not read this poem, turn to **247**.

135

Passing the Rock Grub's borehole on your left, you soon arrive at the junction. You take a quick look down the tunnel leading south, but do not see anybody approaching. Quickening your step, you hurry on east. Turn to **68**.

136

The door opens into another tunnel, which rises gently into the distance. After walking uphill for a while, the tunnel levels out and you soon arrive at a door in the right-hand wall, to which a withered hand is nailed. If you wish to open the door, turn to **210** If you would rather continue north, turn to **78**.

137

Walking along the tunnel, you are surprised to see a large iron bell hanging down from the ceiling. If you wish to ring the bell, turn to **220**. If you would rather walk round it and continue west, turn to **362**.

138

The book's pages are sealed together, but a small hole has been cut out in the middle of them, just large enough to hold a small corked bottle containing a clear liquid. You show it to Throm, who holds up his hand, indicating that he does not want you to come anywhere near him with it; his distrust of things unknown is strongly evident. Will you:

Drink the liquid?	Turn to **397**
Rub the liquid into your wounds?	Turn to **75**
Open the red book (if you have not done so already)?	Turn to **52**
Leave the bottle and book to continue north with Throm?	Turn to **369**

139

As you try to escape, Ivy whirls round and picks up a broken stool. She is angry and attacks you ferociously. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you manage to draw your sword and fight back.

IVY	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **201**.

140

You try to force the point of your sword under the emerald eye. Much to your surprise, it shatters on contact, releasing a jet of poisonous gas straight into your face. The gas knocks you out and you fall backwards, bouncing down the idol to land on the stone floor. Your adventure ends here.

141

The Mirror Demon is almost on top of you when, summoning all your strength, you strike one final blow against the mirror with your sword. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **72**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **96**.

142

There is a new branch in the tunnel on your left, and ahead you see two bodies lying on the floor. You stop and peer down the new tunnel, but seeing no doors or creatures you decide against walking down it. With your sword drawn, you walk over to where the bodies lie. Turn to **338**.

143

You call out to the Dwarf, telling him to send in the SCORPION because you are ready to fight. Slowly the wooden door rises, and a huge, grotesque black Scorpion squeezes underneath it and enters the room. You draw your sword in readiness and prepare to fight the sinister creature with its huge pincers and deadly sting

GIANT SCORPION SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

The Scorpion attacks you with both pincers, and you must treat each pincer as a separate creature as though you were fighting two creatures. Both pincers have a SKILL of 10 and will attack you separately in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack one pincer as in a normal battle. Against the other pincer you must throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it even if your Attack Strength is greater; you must count this as though you have just fended off its blow Of course, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If, during any of the Attack Rounds, the Scorpion's Attack Strength totals 22, turn to **2**. If you manage to kill the Scorpion without it scoring an Attack Strength of 22, turn to **163**.

144

Still smiling, the old man looks at you and says quietly, 'Wrong.' Turn to **85**.

145

The Dwarf is expecting your move. Furthermore, you are not as fast as you should be because of your recent ordeal, so he easily evades your punch, saying, 'I could kill you now if I wished, but I yearn for a hand-to-hand fight.' Then he throws down his crossbow and draws an axe from his belt. Despite your fatigue, you think only of vengeance.

DWARF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 because of your condition. If you win, turn to **28**.

146

The pain in your lungs forces you to rise to the surface for air. Fortunately, none of the Troglodytes see you and they all disperse. You climb out of the river and cross the bridge to the northern bank. Any remaining Provisions you may have are now inedible. You continue to walk through the vast cavern until at last you see a tunnel in the far wall. You walk down it until you come to a heavy wooden door which is locked. If you have an iron key, turn to **86**. If you do not have a key, turn to **276**.

147

The water in the bamboo pipe is welcomingly refreshing. Add 1 STAMINA point. It also contains a magical solution which will enable you to be exposed to melting-point temperatures without harm. Discarding the bamboo, you start off north again in good spirits. Turn to **182**.

148

There is nowhere to go except down the steps towards the barking dogs. You reach the bottom and, with your sword drawn, face the two huge black GUARD DOGS, which leap at you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GUARD DOG	7	7
Second GUARD DOG	7	8

If you win, turn to **175**. You may *Escape* after killing the first Guard Dog by running east down the tunnel. Turn to **315**.

149

You let go of the rope and hear it fall to the bottom of the pit. The Barbarian curses, promising to kill you if your paths should cross again. You step back and take a running jump. You land safely on the far side of the pit and continue west. Further down the tunnel, you step on a floor stone which tilts forward, triggering a trap which releases a boulder loosely set in the ceiling. You look up just as it is about to crash on top of you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **70**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **353**.

150

Having had the sense not to put your sword arm into the hole, the effects of the tentacled arm are not too serious. Lose 1 SKILL point. You reach back into the hole and pull out the grappling iron and the leather pouch. Inside the pouch you find a tiny brass bell. You pack away your new possessions and continue north. Turn to **292**.

151

As you touch the idol's emerald eye you hear a creaking sound below you. Looking down, you are shocked to see the two stuffed birds flying off. Their wings flap in jerky movements, but they are soon above you and look set to attack. Fight the FLYING GUARDIANS one at a time, but reduce your SKILL by 2 during this combat because of your restricted position.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FLYING GUARDIAN	7	8
Second FLYING GUARDIAN	8	8

If you win, turn to **240**.

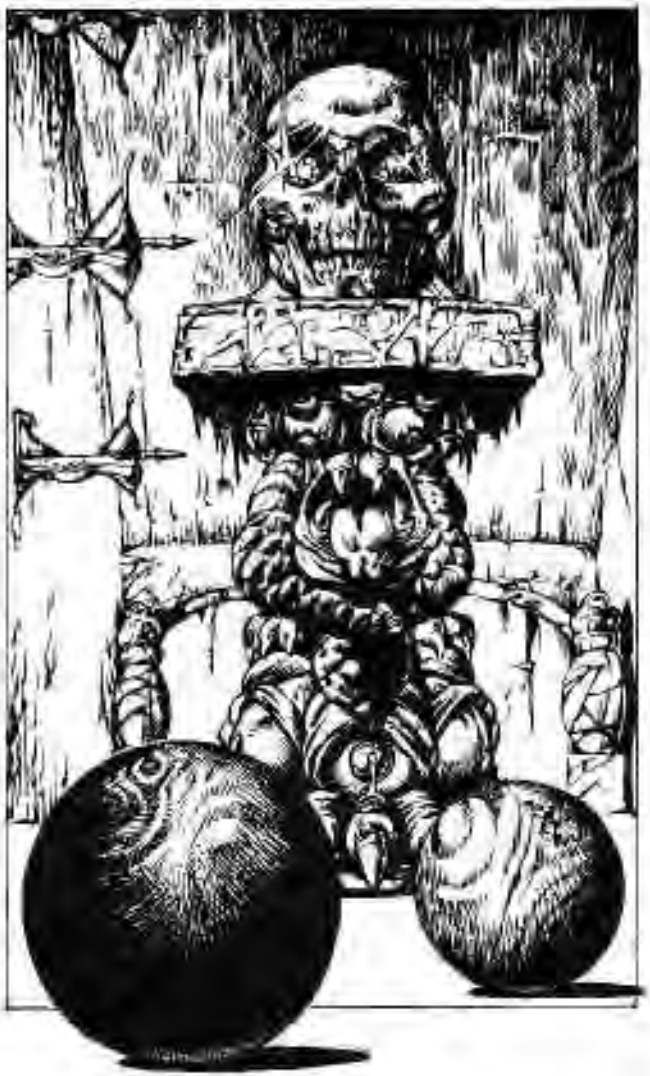

152

The Dwarf congratulates you for guessing correctly. He tells you that you must now progress to the second stage of the test. He reaches for a wicker basket and tells you that a snake is held within it. He tips up the basket and the snake drops on to the floor; it is a cobra, and it rears up in the air ready to strike. The Dwarf tells you that he wishes to test your reactions. Bare-handed, you must grasp the cobra below its head, avoiding its deadly fangs. You crouch down on the floor, tensing yourself for the moment to seize it. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **55**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **202**.

153

The door opens into a small room in which there is a human skull with jewelled eyes resting on top of a marble plinth. A row of loaded crossbows is fixed to the left-hand wall, and two small wooden balls lie on the floor just inside the door. Will you:

Walk into the room and pick up the skull?	Turn to **390**
Throw a wooden ball at the skull from the doorway?	Turn to **371**
Close the door and continue west, taking the wooden balls with you?	Turn to **74**

154

Running down the tunnel, you soon catch up with the Barbarian and tell him that the eastern passage comes to a dead end. He nods his head in silent understanding and sets off towards the west with you at his side. Turn to 22.

155

The words of her poem flash through your mind: 'When corridor doth water meet, do not make a quick retreat . . .' Of course, it is here that she wants you to dive into the water. Now you must decide what to do. If you wish to dive into the water, turn to 378. If you would rather walk back down the tunnel, turn to 322.

156

The small plate slides open easily, and you find yourself peering into a room with a deep pit in the floor behind the door. On the opposite wall there are two iron hooks, on one of which hangs a coil of rope. If you wish to open the door, jump over the pit and take the rope, turn to 208. If you would rather continue north along the tunnel, turn to 326.

157

The casket opens easily, and inside there is a black velvet bag containing a large pearl. Add 1 LUCK point. After putting the pearl in your pocket, you press on through the cobwebs. Turn to 310.

158

You lift the jug to your lips and take a swig of the liquid It burns so much that you drop the jug and grab your throat in agony. You have swallowed acid! Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 275.

159

Your reactions are still slow because of the poison in your system, and although you try to jump over the outstretched tongue, your legs let you down. The sticky tongue wraps itself around your leg, flipping you over, and starts to pull you towards the pool. Your sword has slipped out of your hand and you start to panic If you have a dagger, turn to 294. If you do not have a dagger, turn to 334.

160

Your armour and sword weigh you down, but you just manage to land safely on the far edge of the pit You waste no time and head east Turn to 237.

161

You push past the two Leprechauns and head off north, the noise of jeering and laughter ringing in your ears. Further up the tunnel you stop to rest and check your belongings. If you had any gems, they are now gone; the Leprechaun who landed on your back stole them from your backpack. You curse the thieving Leprechauns and set off north again. Turn to **29**.

162

Removing the box lid by the light of the tunnel, you find an iron key and a large gem. It is a sapphire. Add 1 LUCK point. Placing the items carefully in your backpack, you set off north once again. Turn to **142**

163

The Dwarf calls down from the balcony, congratulating you on your victory. He throws a sack down into the arena and tells you to relax and regain your strength for the final part of the test. Then he walks off, saying he will return in about ten minutes. You open the sack and find a jug of wine and a cooked chicken. If you wish to eat and drink the Dwarf's offerings, turn to **363**. If you would rather just sit down and await his return, turn to **302**

164

As you walk along, droplets of water again start falling from the tunnel ceiling. You see wet footprints, made by the same boots that you followed earlier, heading west. The footprints lead to a closed iron door in the right-hand wall of the tunnel, but do not seem to go any further. If you wish to open the door, turn to **299**. If you would rather keep going west, turn to **83**

165

There is a slot in the padlock into which you place the coin. Immediately the lock clicks apart, and you are able to unchain the stilts. You place them on your shoulder and once again set off north. Turn to **234**.

166

As you touch the emerald eye of the idol, you hear a creaking sound below you. Looking down, you are shocked to see the two stuffed birds taking flight. Their wings flap in jerky movements, but they are soon above you and look set to attack. Fight the FLYING GUARDIANS one at a time, but reduce your SKILL by 3 during this combat because of your restricted position.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FLYING GUARDIAN	7	8
Second FLYING GUARDIAN	8	8

If you win, turn to **11**.

167

You swing the grappling iron around your head and hurl it at the beast below. The Pit Fiend's huge jaws snap tight over the grappling iron, then it jerks its head back. Still holding the rope, you are pulled off the wall and tumble to the bottom of the pit. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **203**.

168

Lifting the latch and pushing the heavy stone door open, you find yourself in a large cavern. The light is dim and murky, but as your eyes begin to adjust, you see that the walls are covered in green algae and running with moisture. The floor is strewn with straw. The atmosphere is warm, damp and fetid, and a soft humming sound fills the air You step gingerly through the straw towards a corner of the cavern, where there appears to be a shallow pit. Peering warily into the pit, you are disgusted to see a mass of pale writhing worms, some as much as half a metre long. Utterly nauseated, you are about to turn away when you notice that their undulating bodies are swarming round a dagger, its point held fast in a crack in the pit floor. The hilt is cased in black leather studded with opals, and the blade is fashioned from a strange reddish-black burnished metal you have never seen before. You long to touch the dagger, but this would mean plunging your hand in among the writhing worms. Do you reach for the dagger – turn to **94** – or back away in disgust and leave the cavern – turn to **267**?

171

The door swings open into a small room, but before you know what is happening, you find yourself falling through thin air – there was a pit behind the door which you did not see. You land heavily at the bottom and wince with pain. Lose 4 STAMINA points. The pit walls are roughly chiselled and have plenty of toe- and finger-holds, so you are able to clamber out quite easily. You curse your own eagerness and tell yourself to be more careful in future when entering rooms. Inside the room you see two iron hooks on the wall opposite the door. A coil of rope is hanging on one of them. You put it in your backpack, jump back over the pit to leave the room and head north. Turn to **326**.

172

Remembering the description of the vile Bloodbeast and the warning about toxic gas rising from its pool, you cover your mouth with your sleeve and step forward with your sword drawn, wary of the Bloodbeast's tongue. As you step round the side of its pool, it rolls forward and flicks out its tongue, but you are ready for it and cleave it with one swipe of your sword. The beast howls in pain and stretches forward frantically, trying to clasp you between its blood-filled jaws. You start hacking at its hideous face in an attempt to pierce its real eyes.

BLOODBEAST SKILL 12 STAMINA 10

As soon as you win your second Attack Round, turn to **278**.

173

The cool water is refreshing and comes from a source which has been sprinkled with Pixie dust. Add 1 STAMINA point and 2 SKILL points. If you have not done so already, you may either drink from the other fountain – turn to **337** – or continue north – turn to **368**.

174

As you make your way back to the doorway, the buzzing sound increases in intensity, and you look around desperately to discover where it is coming from. Glancing up in the nick of time, you see the huge and grotesque black shape of a GIANT FLY emerging from a recess high up in the cavern wall. As it gets closer, you realize that it is at least one and a half metres long. Its opaque wings vibrate, making the sickening buzzing noise you can hear, and its six black hairy legs are poised to grasp your body. Below its multi-faceted eyes is a long, shiny, black proboscis, which darts in and out venomously. You have stolen the Giant Fly's treasure from her brood of maggots, and you must take the consequences. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **39**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **350**.

175

Attached to the collar of one of the Guard Dogs is a metal capsule. You prise off the top and find a small tooth inside. It is a Leprechaun's tooth which will bring you good fortune. Add 2 LUCK points. You put the tooth in your pocket and set off east along the tunnel. Turn to **315**.

176

Treading carefully, you slowly make your way up the steps. You soon reach the top without mishap. Continue along the new tunnel. Turn to **277**.

177

You just have time to hear the Gnome yell, 'Three crowns!', before the lock clicks open. As the heavy door swings slowly outwards, the Gnome rushes towards it, hurling the glass ball at your feet. Green gas escapes from the broken glass, and you try to avoid inhaling it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **243**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **103**.

178

The door cannot withstand the furious battering you are giving it. The centre panel cracks and splinters, enabling you to kick a hole in it large enough for you to squeeze through. Wet but happy to have survived your ordeal, you set off north again. Turn to **344**.

179

As you rush towards the Dwarf, he pulls two hand darts from his belt and he throws them at you and Throm, hitting both of you in the leg. You are both instantly paralysed by the poison on the tip of the dart Lose 2 STAMINA points. As though glued to the floor, you can only watch as the Dwarf retrieves his dart from your thigh. He asks you whether you are willing to enter his contest now. You strain to nod your head. Slowly, the effects of the poison wear off and mobility returns The Dwarf beckons you to follow him, telling Throm to await his return. He opens a secret door in the chamber wall and you follow him into a small circular room. He closes the door behind you and hands you two bone dice, telling you to throw them on the floor You roll a six and a two, a total of eight. The Dwarf asks you to roll again, but this time you must predict the total: will it be the same, or higher or lower than eight? If you wish to guess that it will be the same, turn to **290**. If you wish to guess that it will total less than eight, turn to **191**. If you wish to guess that it will total more than eight, turn to **84**.

180

As you make a lunge at the Bloodbeast, you suddenly start to feel faint. The gas rising up from the pool is highly toxic and you slump to the floor unconscious. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **53**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **272**.

181

The tunnel leads into a marble-floored hall with pillars rising right up to the ceiling. As you cross the floor, your footsteps echo through the hall. The hairs on the back of your neck start to prickle as you sense unseen eyes watching you. Unknown to you, one of your rivals is hiding behind a pillar. It is the NINJA, the deadly assassin dressed in black robes. Without a sound, he steps out from behind the pillar and throws a star-edged disc at your back. Instinctively, an inner voice tells you to duck. *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **312** If you are Unlucky, turn to **45**.

182

The temperature continues to rise and you find yourself dripping with sweat. As you struggle on, the heat intensifies until it feels like white heat and becomes so unbearable that you begin to pass out. If you drank the liquid from the bamboo pipe, turn to **25** If you did not stop to drink, turn to **242**.

183

You climb on to your stilts and take a few tentative steps across the floor. Your confidence grows, and you soon feel able to tackle the walk across the slime. Smoke rises from the base of the stilts as the slime starts to burn them away. You plod stolidly on and finally reach firm ground again. Unfortunately, the stilts are still covered in slime and you are forced to dump them. Setting off north, you come to a junction If you wish to go west, turn to **386**. If you wish to continue north, turn to **218**.

184

The Barbarian, who tells you he is called Throm, ties the rope around his waist, giving you the free end. As he lights the torch, you see a look of distrust in his eyes. Slowly, he climbs over the edge of the pit while you brace yourself and take the strain of the rope. As you lower him little by little, you see the smooth sides of the pit illuminated by Throm's torch. He finally reaches the bottom and calls up to you, saying that there is another tunnel running north. He tells you to secure the rope around a rock protruding from the edge of the pit and lower yourself to the bottom. If you wish to stay with the Barbarian and head north down the lower tunnel, turn to **323**. If you wish to abandon him by jumping over the pit to head west, turn to **149**.

185

The Troglodytes are too involved in their tribal dancing to hear the clatter of your sword, and you crawl past. When you think you are far enough away, you stand up and run across the cavern floor. Ahead you see an underground river running east to west through the cavern with a wooden bridge crossing over it. Hearing a noise, you glance back and realize you have been spotted. The Troglodytes are chasing you. If you wish to run over the bridge, turn to **318**. If you wish to dive into the river, turn to **47**.

186

Slowly and carefully, you begin to climb the idol. You are about to grab hold of its large ear when suddenly your foot slips. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **260**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **358**.

187

The tunnel bends sharply to the right, and around the corner you see a little old man with a long beard, cowering behind a large wicker basket. The basket is tied to a rope, the other end of which disappears into the ceiling. The old man sounds very worried as he says, 'Do not attack me, stranger. I pose no threat to you. I am here simply to help you. If you would be so kind as to offer me some sort of remuneration, I will gladly haul you up in the basket to the upper level. And believe me, that is where you ought to be.' If you wish to give the man something from your backpack for his services, turn to **360**. If you would rather walk past him down the tunnel, turn to **280**.

188

The tunnel starts to slope downwards and finally comes to an end at a deep pool enclosed by the tunnel wall. If you can remember the spirit girl's poem, turn to **155**. If you have not seen the spirit girl, turn to **224**.

189

The Orc's morning star sinks agonizingly into your left thigh. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You stagger backwards, but manage to regain your balance in time to defend yourself. Fortunately, the tunnel is too narrow for both Orcs to attack you at once. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	5
Second ORC	6	4

If you win, turn to **257**.

190

Your body vibrates wildly and you are unable to stop yourself passing out. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **50**.

191

Roll two dice. If the total is less than eight, turn to **152**. If the total is eight or higher, turn to **121**.

192

Walking along the tunnel, you notice an iron grille in the floor. If you wish to stop and lift it up, turn to **120**. If you prefer to keep walking, turn to **292**.

193

The acid burns through your stomach wall, eating its way into your vital organs. You collapse unconscious, never to recover. Your adventure ends here.

194

On a stone ledge in the tunnel wall you see two dusty leather-bound books. Throm grunts his contempt for the written word, urging you to leave the books and hurry on. Will you:

Open the red leather book?	Turn to **52**
Open the black leather book?	Turn to **138**
Continue north along the tunnel?	Turn to **369**

195

You draw your sword and rush towards the old man. He raises his left arm and suddenly you hit and bounce off an invisible shield. 'Do not be foolish, my powers are great,' the old man says calmly. 'If you do not believe me, watch this.' From out of nowhere a flying fist appears, which smashes into your face before you can duck. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You shake your head and rub your jaw. You appear to have no alternative but to try to answer his question. Turn to **382**.

196

You raise your shield in front of you just in time to protect yourself from a volley of spikes released from the Manticore's tail and aimed straight at your heart. They sink into your shield and you remain unharmed. Swiftly you draw your sword and advance on the Manticore.

MANTICORE	SKILL 11	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **364**.

197

Mercifully, the temperature now starts to drop rapidly, and soon it feels almost cool again. On the left-hand side of the tunnel is a closed door. It has a small iron plate in it, which might possibly slide open. Will you:

Try to open the door?	Turn to **171**
Try to slide the iron plate?	Turn to **156**
Continue north up the tunnel?	Turn to **326**

198

Once the gas has cleared, you walk back to the chest and look inside. There is a pendant chain lying in the bottom of it, but somebody has already removed the stone from its setting. This annoys you so much that you throw the chain on to the floor and storm out of the room and up the tunnel. Turn to **230**.

199

The crossbow bolts are far too many to evade. Roll one die to determine the number of bolts that sink into your body, and lose 2 STAMINA points for each one. If you are still alive, you must rest here a long time to recover from your wounds. Lose 1 LUCK point. When you eventually feel strong enough to carry on, you leave the room and continue west along the tunnel. Turn to **74**.

200

The door opens into a small room with a straw-covered floor In the centre of the room there is a large draped cage standing some two metres high. There is a cord fixed to the top of the drape which runs up through an iron ring in the ceiling and hangs down to the floor If you wish to pull the drape up, turn to **321** If you would prefer to leave the room and head north along the tunnel, turn to **316**.

201

You search through the cupboards and boxes in Ivy's room, but you find nothing except for an old bone. A door lies in the east wall of the chamber and you decide to leave, taking the old bone with you if you wish. You now find yourself standing at the end of another tunnel. Turn to **305**.

202

The cobra's reactions are quicker than yours, and its hooded head shoots forward to bite you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **18**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **42**

203

You stagger to your feet and draw your sword. You are only just in time, for the fearsome beast is closing in on you fast. This is going to be one of the toughest fights of your life.

PIT FIEND	SKILL 12	STAMINA 15

If you win, turn to **258**.

204

There is an unseen pressure plate on top of the plinth, and as soon as the skull is put back on it, the device is sprung. Immediately the crossbows release a shower of bolts across the room. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **131**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **199**.

205

Running after the Leprechauns, you hear more laughter, only now it is behind you. You look round and see six more Leprechauns emerging from behind a hidden door in the tunnel wall. Suddenly, yet another Leprechaun drops on your back from a ledge fixed to the ceiling. Shaking him off your back, you draw your sword, whereupon the Leprechauns laugh even louder. If you wish to attack them, turn to **306**. If you would rather try to walk past them, turn to **161**.

206

The stalactites continue to fall all around you, but you haven't enough strength to do more than crawl towards the archway. Suddenly you feel an arm around your waist picking you up, and realize in your semi-conscious state that Throm is carrying you. He lays you down in the safety of the tunnel and tends your wounds. You decide to eat some of your Provisions to help regain your strength, and you also give one portion to Throm in gratitude for his rescuing you. He apologizes for starting the rock-fall and offers you his hand to shake. Despite the pain, you manage a smile and shake his hand. When you have finally recovered, you stand up and head east, with Throm leading the way. Turn to **60**.

207

You take off your shirt and tear it in half. You wrap a piece around each foot to give yourself some sort of protection against the corrosive slime, and dash across it in giant leaps. On the firm ground beyond the slime, you frantically try to rip the burning shirt off your feet with your sword. However, some of the slime has eaten its way through to your ankle. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Setting off north again, you come to a junction. If you wish to go west, turn to **386**. If you wish to continue north, turn to **218**.

208

The door swings open into the room, and you step back and jump over the pit You put the rope in your backpack and jump back over the pit to leave the room and head north Turn to **326**.

209

You are dismayed to find that not only are all your remaining Provisions saturated and inedible, but one of the treasures you found is missing. Cross off one item on your Equipment List, or one of your jewels or potions. You carefully repack your remaining possessions and set off north again Turn to **356**.

210

You enter a room in which a man in tattered clothing is standing chained to the wall by his left arm. You see that his right hand is missing and realize that his must be the hand nailed to the door Pleading for mercy, he cowers back from you as far as his chains will allow. If you wish to cut him free from his chains, turn to **27**. If you would rather leave the room to head north, turn to **78**

211

You manage to free yourself from Ivy's grip and draw your sword Picking up a broken stool as a weapon, she advances towards you.

IVY	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **201**.

212

Gripping the rope firmly, you step back to take a running jump. However, in the dim light you do not notice that someone has cut the rope almost in two just a little way above the section you are holding. As you swing out across the pit it suddenly breaks, and you scream with fear as you plunge headlong to the depths below. Turn to **285**.

213

The tunnel soon divides into two. You hear a buzzing sound coming from the western branch. If you wish to walk west to investigate who or what is making the noise, turn to **108**. If you would rather continue north, turn to **14**.

214

Walking along, you see a red line painted across the tunnel floor and notice a sign on the wall which reads: 'No weapons beyond this point'. If you wish to abandon any weapons before continuing north, turn to **389**. If you would rather ignore the notice and carry on north, turn to **181**.

215

Your sword easily pierces the thin outer casing of the giant spore ball. A thick brown cloud of spores bursts out of the ball and envelops you. Some of the spores stick to your skin and start to itch terribly. Great lumps come up on your face and arms, and your skin feels as if it is on fire. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Frantically scratching your itching lumps, you step over the now deflated spore ball and head east Turn to **13**.

216

Recognizing the snake-like head of the Medusa, you close your eyes to avoid her deadly stare that would turn you to stone. If you wish to enter her cage with your eyes closed to dispose of her with your sword, turn to **308**. If you would rather retreat out of the room with your eyes closed to continue north, turn to **316**

217

The passage slowly starts to climb, leading you relentlessly northwards. You do not come across a single junction. There are no doorways or even an alcove to investigate, and you become less guarded as you plod on. After a while you become so nonchalant that you fail to notice a thin tripwire stretched low across the passage. It is only when your foot catches it and you hear a distant rumble that you realize your mistake. The rumbling sound swells to an almost deafening level, and suddenly out of the gloom of the tunnel ahead you see a massive boulder rolling towards you, gathering speed with every second. Dropping your shield if you have one (lose 1 SKILL point), you turn to flee the oncoming boulder Turn to **36**

218

You soon arrive at a double door in the left-hand wall You listen at the door but hear nothing You try the handle, it turns and you open the left door slightly and peer through the crack. An armed warrior is lying face down on the floor of a bare room with smooth walls and a low ceiling. He is presumably dead, for he makes no movement even when you call out to him. A large jewel, perhaps a diamond, lies just beyond his outstretched arm. If you wish to enter the room and take the jewel, turn to **65** If you would rather continue north, turn to **252**

219

The pain in your lungs forces you to rise to the surface for air. Unfortunately, one of the Troglodytes sees you and yells to his comrades. You watch helplessly as the bowmen take aim, and a hail of arrows falls on you with fatal impact. Your lifeless body floats down-river, down into the hidden depths of the mountain.

220

A dull 'bong' sounds from the bell like a death toll. Everything around you starts to vibrate, and you grit your teeth as your head too starts to shudder. Your whole body is trembling and you fall to the floor. You quiver and shake, writhing convulsively on the floor as the vibrations intensify. Lose 2 SKILL points and 2 STAMINA points. You search desperately for a way of stopping the bell. Will you:

Scream as loud as you can?	Turn to **61**
Try to deaden the bell with your boot?	Turn to **346**

221

The tunnel leads into a damp, high-ceilinged cavern with a rock-strewn floor. Long dripping teeth-like stalactites hang down threateningly, their constant dripping creating milky pools on the floor. The tunnel carries on through an archway carved in the shape of a demonic mouth. If you wish to search the chamber, turn to **374**. If you would rather head straight for the archway, turn to **60**.

222

You recognize the beast – it is a MANTICORE. Taking heed of the poem's warning, you watch out for its tail which sprouts a profusion of sharp spikes, thick and hard as iron bolts, at its tip. If you have a shield, turn to **196**. If you are not carrying a shield, turn to **6**.

223

You step confidently on to the first pole and stride across to the next. As you land on the third pole, it immediately releases a shower of sharp splinters, each several centimetres long. Lose 2 LUCK points. They fly out in all directions at great speed, and you cannot avoid being hit. Roll two dice for the number of splinters that sink into your flesh. Each one reduces your STAMINA by one point. If you are still alive, you manage to scramble over the remaining poles and sit down to the painful task of removing the splinters from your body. After resting for a while, you set off east again. Turn to **313**.

224

There does not appear to be any way of travelling further north. You turn around and walk back down the tunnel, passing the wooden chair. You soon arrive at the junction and turn right to head west. Turn to **43**.

225

You react quickly and manage to cleave the Bloodbeast's outstretched tongue with one swipe of your blade. The beast screams in pain and hurls itself forward to try and clasp you between its blood-filled jaws. This will be a fight to the death.

BLOODBEAST SKILL 12 STAMINA 10

As soon as you win your first Attack Round, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **97**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **21**.

226

The meat contains herbs which will increase your strength. Add 3 to your STAMINA score. You may either walk over to the alcove if you have not done so already – turn to **41** – or leave the chamber to continue west – turn to **83**.

227

Still smiling, the old man looks at you. 'Wrong,' he says quietly. Turn to **85**.

228

You reach down into the hole. Suddenly your blood runs cold as you feel something warm and sticky wrapping itself around your arm. You manage to pull your arm out of the hole, but a hideous tentacled limb with unbelievably strong suckers is clinging to your arm. By the time you manage to cut yourself free, your arm is trembling with pain. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **150**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **33**.

229

As soon as your head goes under the blue light, you hear the sound of muffled voices. The faces are no longer laughing, but have changed their expressions to ones of despair and anguish. A young girl's sad face hovers in front of you, and she begins to whisper a poem. Transfixed you listen intently, believing that she has a special message for you as she recites:

'When corridor doth water meet,
Do not make a quick retreat.
Take a breath and jump deep in
If your Trial you hope to win.'

Memorizing the spirit girl's poem, you step through the shaft of light and quickly head on north. Turn to **107**.

230

The tunnel starts to widen, and ahead you see it open into a huge cavern from where you can hear the sound of many high-pitched voices. You creep up to the entrance and take a look inside. There are about twenty tiny people with long noses and ears running in a circle around a large golden effigy. Will you:

Walk up and talk to them?	Turn to **88**
Try to creep past them?	Turn to **5**
Drink a Doppelganger Potion (if you have one)?	Turn to **385**

231

You find a pool behind the dead Hobgoblins and take great gulps of the cool water as fast as you can. This neutralizes the acid and slowly you begin to recover. Still in pain, you stand up and set off north. Turn to **110**

232

If you are unarmed, turn to **286** If you still have your weapons, turn to **320**.

233

You break off a large piece of the mushroom and bite into it eagerly. Immediately your stomach feels bloated and you can even see it beginning to bulge below your belt. Your whole body starts to expand, bursting out of your clothes with a loud ripping sound. You grow bigger and bigger, and soon your face is pressed against the ceiling. The mushrooms you have eaten are much sought after by wizards for their growth potions, but to you they spell doom. You are too large ever to leave the cellar, and your adventure ends here.

234

A little farther on you come to a section of the tunnel which is covered with thick green slime. It looks threatening, so you decide to test it first with a piece of cloth. The slime's corrosive jelly burns the cloth instantly, leaving no trace. If you are carrying a pair of stilts, turn to **183**. If you do not have them, turn to **207**.

235

You have no time to react before the dart thuds into your thigh. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **73**.

236

The fist retracts and prepares to strike again. With your free hand you draw your sword and try to cut the handle of the door. Although you do not recognize it, you are being attacked by the fluid form of an IMITATOR.

IMITATOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

As soon as you win your first Attack Round, turn to **314**.

237

The tunnel makes a sudden left turn and continues north for as far as you can see. You soon arrive at a closed wooden door in the left-hand wall. If you wish to open the door, turn to **12**. If you would rather keep going north, turn to **100**.

238

As you fall, you manage to grab the rope with your hands. Slowly you haul yourself over to the far side and scramble up on to the floor. You lift the helmet off the pole and put it on your head. It has been made by a highly skilled ironsmith. Add 1 SKILL point. Not wishing to risk walking back across the tightrope, you decide to crawl along it. Safely back on firm ground, you step through the archway and head north up the tunnel. Turn to **291**.

239

Not much farther down the tunnel you come to a closed door on your left. Putting your ear to the door, you listen intently but hear nothing. If you wish to open the door, turn to **102**. If you wish to keep walking north, turn to **344**.

240

You look down and see the crumpled bodies of the two Flying Guardians lying motionless on the floor. You start to prise out the idol's emerald eye with the tip of your sword. At last it comes free and you are surprised by its weight when it falls into your hand. Hoping it may be of use later, you put it in your backpack. If you now wish to prise out the right eye, turn to **34**. If you would rather climb down the idol, turn to **89**.

241

A brown velvet curtain is draped over an archway in the eastern wall of the tunnel. If you wish to pull back the curtain and walk through the archway, turn to **393**. If you would rather continue north, turn to **291**.

242

You shake your head, trying desperately to stop yourself from blacking out, but the heat is too much for you and you fall unconscious to the floor. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **48**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **366**.

243

Covering your nose and mouth with your hand to avoid breathing in the gas, you follow the Gnome through the open door. You enter another tunnel, at the end of which is the welcome sight of daylight. Much to your surprise, you see the Gnome lying dead halfway down the tunnel. A crossbow bolt protrudes from the side of his head. The Gnome, in his bid for freedom, has fallen foul of Baron Sukumvit's final trap. You walk past him and out into brilliant sunshine. Turn to **400**.

244

He takes your Gold Piece and tells you that in a northern tunnel there is a wooden chair carved in the shape of a demon bird. In the arm of the chair is a secret panel which contains a potion in a glass phial. 'It's a Doppelganger Potion, if I remember right. Good luck. I hope we meet again outside these infernal tunnels.' The man shuffles off and you continue your journey. Turn to **109**.

245

You have no choice but to open the door, as the wall is too smooth to climb. Taking a deep breath, you turn the handle and enter a sand-covered pit. There, standing some ten metres tall on its huge hind legs in front of large double doors in the opposite wall, is an enormous dinosaur-like monster. It has a tough, mottled green hide and a mouth lined with razor-sharp teeth. Its jaws open and close with bone-snapping power, and even you cannot help trembling as you approach it with your sword drawn.

PIT FIEND	SKILL 12	STAMINA 15

If you win, turn to **258**

246

Despite being as careful as possible, your leg brushes against one of the poles It immediately releases a shower of sharp splinters, each several centimetres long. Lose 2 LUCK points. They fly out at great speed and in all directions, and you cannot avoid being hit Roll two dice for the number of splinters that sink into your flesh. Each splinter reduces your STAMINA by one point. If you are still alive, you sit down to the painful task of removing the splinters from your body before setting off east. Turn to **313**.

247

The beast before you is the dreaded MANTICORE. The tip of its tail sprouts a profusion of sharp spikes, thick and hard as iron bolts. Suddenly it flicks its tail, sending a volley of spikes flying towards you. Roll one die. This is the number of spikes that sink into your body. Lose 2 STAMINA points for each spike. If you are still alive, you stagger forward to attack the Manticore with your sword before it has time to unleash any more of its deadly spikes.

MANTICORE	SKILL 11	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **364**.

248

The doors open into a tunnel running north. You close the doors behind you and set off once again. Turn to **214**

249

You just have time to hear the Gnome say, 'One crown and two skulls', before a white bolt of energy shoots out from the lock into your chest, knocking you unconscious. Roll one die, add 1 to the number and reduce your STAMINA by the total. If you are still alive, you come to and are told by the Gnome to try again. You know you placed one gem in the correct slot, but which one? You sigh and tentatively try a new combination.

A	B	C	
Emerald	Diamond	Sapphire	Turn to **16**
Diamond	Sapphire	Emerald	Turn to **392**
Sapphire	Emerald	Diamond	Turn to **177**
Emerald	Sapphire	Diamond	Turn to **287**
Diamond	Emerald	Sapphire	Turn to **132**
Sapphire	Diamond	Emerald	Turn to **249**

250

As you run for the door, the old man calls out behind you, 'Do not run, nobody escapes me. Stop, or I shall turn you to stone this instant!' Will you:

Keep on running?	Turn to **44**
Turn to attack him with your sword?	Turn to **195**
Tell him you will answer his question?	Turn to **382**

251

Once again the mysterious voice calls out, only this time, to your great surprise, in a far less threatening tone, 'Good, my master likes those who show spirit. Take this gift to help you. It will grant you one wish, but one wish only. Farewell.' A gold ring magically appears out of nowhere and lands at your feet with a gentle tinkle. You pick it up and put it on one of your fingers. The door opens and you step back into the tunnel to continue north. Turn to **344**.

252

The tunnel continues north for quite a distance before coming to a dead end. The mouth of a chute protrudes from the western wall, and it appears to be the only alternative to turning back. You decide to risk it and climb into the chute. You slide gently down and emerge into a room, landing on your back. Turn to **90**.

253

You take the bone out of your backpack and throw it down the stairs. The barking grows louder, changing to snarls and growls when the bone lands on the floor. You walk slowly down the steps with your sword drawn and see two huge black GUARD DOGS fighting over the bone. You run quickly past them and on down the tunnel. Turn to **315**.

254

You draw your sword and advance slowly towards the huge, slimy Rock Grub.

ROCK GRUB	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **76**. You may *Escape* after two Attack Rounds by running west down the tunnel. Turn to **117**.

255

As you run round the narrow path, you suddenly start to feel dizzy. The gas from the pool is taking effect: your vision starts to blur and you lose your balance. You are only half aware of the Bloodbeast's tongue as it wraps itself around your leg and drags you into the pool of slime. After being predigested by the vile slime, the hideous Bloodbeast will consume you at its leisure.

256

Remembering the old man's advice, you search the arm of the chair for a secret panel. You find an almost invisible crack in the arm, which you start to press and squeeze. Suddenly a tiny panel springs out of the arm and you see a glass phial lying in a cavity. You pick it out and read the label: 'Doppelganger Potion – one dose only. This liquid will make you assume the shape of any nearby living being.' You place the strange potion in your backpack and continue north. Turn to **188**.

257

Inside one of the Orcs' pockets you find one Gold Piece and a hollow wooden tube. You put your findings in your backpack and set off west. Turn to **164**.

258

You are exhausted and sit down for a rest on the tail of the dead beast. Looking down at your feet, you suddenly notice an iron ring poking up through the sand. If you wish to pull the ring, turn to **95**. If you would rather leave the pit via the double doors, turn to **248**.

259

Ignoring the pain, you run on. Ahead you see an underground river running east to west through the cavern, with a wooden bridge crossing over it. You look behind and see the Troglodytes in hot pursuit. If you wish to run over the bridge, turn to **318**. If you wish to dive into the river, turn to **47**.

260

You just manage to grab the idol's earlobe and regain your footing. You scramble over its face and sit down on the bridge of its nose. You draw your sword and consider which jewelled eye to prise out first. If you wish to prise out the left eye, turn to **166**. If you wish to prise out the right eye, turn to **140**.

261

Despite all your efforts, you cannot get the lasso off the idol's neck. Finally you give up and abandon it to whoever may come after you. There is nothing else of interest in the cavern, so you walk over to the northern wall and enter the tunnel. Turn to **239**.

262

The door opens into another tunnel running north. Ahead you see two stone fountains, one on either side of the tunnel, carved in the shape of cherubs. Water spouts from their mouths and cascades into small bowls at their feet. Will you:

Drink at the fountain on your left?	Turn to **337**
Drink at the fountain on your right?	Turn to **173**
Continue your walk north?	Turn to **368**

263

The door opens into another tunnel. Walking west, you soon arrive at a door in the north wall. If you wish to open the door, turn to **153**. If you would rather continue west, turn to **74**.

264

Ahead in the dim light you see two HOBGOBLINS fighting, punching and kicking each other furiously. There is a leather bag lying on the floor, and it seems to be this that they are fighting over. Will you:

Try to talk to them?	Turn to **130**
Attack them with your sword?	Turn to **51**
Try to slip by them unnoticed?	Turn to **355**

265

You rub your magic ring and wish for the Mirror Demon to be transported back to its own world, never to return. Still advancing towards you, it starts to shimmer and fade away. Then it vanishes completely, and you are able to continue your quest north. Turn to **122**.

266

You search through the cupboards and boxes in Ivy's room, but you find nothing except an old bone, which you may take with you if you wish. Leaving the chamber by the east door, you now find yourself standing at the end of another tunnel. Turn to **305**.

267

The tunnel ends shortly at a junction. Looking left and right, you see a narrow passage disappearing into the dim distance. If you wish to head west, turn to **352**. If you wish to go east, turn to **68**.

268

You leap forward and try to grab the leader to use as a hostage. However, the Troglodytes are ready for your move, and six of their bowmen immediately shoot their arrows at you. Their aim is deadly accurate and all six arrows find their mark. Lifeless, you fall to the floor. The Troglodytes have ended your journey abruptly.

269

You empty the contents of the jar into your hand and apply them to your wounds. Their healing powers take immediate effect and you feel yourself growing stronger. Add 3 STAMINA points If you have not done so already, you may either eat the rice and drink the water – turn to **330** – or leave the hall, taking just the diamond with you – turn to **127**

270

The lid of the box lifts off easily. Inside you find two Gold Pieces and a note written on a small piece of parchment addressed to you. After placing the gold in your pocket, you read the message, which says: 'Well done At least you have the sense to stop and take advantage of the token aid given to you. Now I can advise you that you will need to find and use several items if you hope to pass triumphantly through my Deathtrap Dungeon. Signed Sukumvit.' Memorizing the advice on the note, you tear it into tiny pieces and continue north along the tunnel. Turn to **66**

271

Just as you are about to release the shield and throw it over the pit, it slips from your fingers and rolls away. You are unable to catch it before it falls over the edge of the pit, clattering down its sides to the bottom. The loss of your shield reduces your fighting ability – lose one SKILL point. Cursing your own clumsiness, you step forward, leap across the pit and land safely on the other side. You waste no time but head off east. Turn to **237**.

272

Although the Bloodbeast is too bulbous and heavy to climb out of its pool, its long tongue stretches and wraps itself around your leg. Still unconscious, you are dragged into its pool of slime. After being predigested by the vile slime, the hideous Bloodbeast will consume you at its leisure.

273

The wooden ball smashes into the skull, knocking it off the plinth and on to the floor. Much to your surprise, the crossbows do not release their deadly bolts. You step into the room cautiously and pick the skull up off the floor You recognize the yellow jewelled eyes as topaz, and eagerly pluck them from their sockets You put them in your backpack, wondering whether or not a trap still awaits you in the room. Will you:

Get down on all fours and crawl out of the room holding the skull? Turn to 15
Replace the skull on the plinth before leaving the room? Turn to 204

274

You step nervously on to the rope, not daring to look down. Halfway across, you start to panic and lose your footing. Roll two dice If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to 238. If the total is higher than your SKILL, turn to 359

275

Thick smoke rises up from the floor where the acid has fallen from the broken jug. You crawl along the floor desperately trying to find drinkable water in the shallow pools of the dripping tunnel. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 231. If you are Unlucky, turn to 309.

276

As you try to charge down the door with your shoulder, you hear the shrieking voices of the Troglodytes coming down the tunnel. You are trapped and draw your sword. The Troglodytes approach you, their bows drawn, and a hail of arrows strikes you with fatal impact. Your lifeless body slumps to the ground in the depths of Deathtrap Dungeon.

277

The tunnel takes a sharp right turn and then, a hundred metres ahead, comes to a junction. Looking left, you see two bodies lying on the floor. You decide to go and investigate. Turn to 338

278

Your blade strikes one of the Bloodbeast's real eyes with devastating effect. It slumps back into its pool, thrashing about in a frenzy. You seize your opportunity and run round the side of the pool to the tunnel exit. Turn to 134.

279

You arrive at a junction in the tunnel. A new branch leads west, but the wet footprints you have been following continue north. You decide to keep following the footprints. Turn to 32.

280

The tunnel continues east for quite a long way before reaching a junction. The walls, ceiling and floor of the tunnel leading south are covered with a thick green slime. You decide it would be safer to head north. Turn to 218.

281

With one swipe of your trusty blade you behead the Boa Constrictor. You uncoil its massive body from around the Elf and try to resuscitate her. Her eyes open a little, but you can see that there is no hope. She looks at you and smiles, then says in a whisper, 'Thank you. I know it's too late for me, but I will tell you what I have learned. Your way out lies ahead, but you need gems to unlock the final door. One of them is a diamond, but I do not know what the others are. Alas, I have not found a diamond, but would urge you to look for one. Good luck.' Her eyes close and she slumps down on to the cold floor. You watch sadly as she breathes her last. Knowing she would not mind, you take two of her daggers and search her leather backpack. Inside you find some unleavened bread, a mirror and a bone charm in the shape of a monkey. If you wish to eat the bread, turn to 399. If you would rather just take the mirror and charm and return to the tunnel to head north, turn to 192.

282

The tunnel soon ends at a junction Standing there alone and wondering which way to go is one of your rivals. It is one of the Barbarians You call out to him, but at first he does not answer, he merely stares at you coldly, his hands firmly gripping his axe You walk up to him and ask which way he is heading. He grunts his reply, saying that he is going west, and you may go with him if you wish. If you would like to head west with the Barbarian, turn to **22** If you would rather decline his offer and head east alone, turn to **388**.

283

You have to squeeze yourself deep into the crack to conceal yourself completely. From this cramped position you are unable to see the owner of the feet that shuffle slowly by. A minute later all is quiet again, so you pull yourself back out into the tunnel and head west. Turn to **109**.

284

Have you drunk a potion found in a black leather book? If you have, turn to **398**. If you have not swallowed this potion, turn to **57**.

285

You land heavily on your back, but luckily your backpack cushions your fall. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. The darkness is almost pitch black at the bottom of the pit, and you crawl along the floor, groping in front of you. Suddenly your hand touches something cold, hard and smooth. The object is small and round, but you cannot figure out what it is. You place it in your backpack, hoping to see what it is once out of the pit. You continue to crawl forward and soon reach the pit wall. It is too smooth to climb, and you have to cut hand- and toe-holds in it with your sword. This takes a long time, but finally you climb out of the pit on the east side. You immediately check out the object in your backpack, and discover that you have found an orb of blood-red ruby. You are absolutely delighted and head off east in high spirits, whistling softly under your breath. Turn to **237**.

286

It was obviously a mistake to drop your weapons earlier, but at least you can now take those of the dead Ninja. You select one of his long knives and his long curved sword. Its steel cutting edge is exceptionally hard, and you cannot help but admire its awesome beauty. Add 4 SKILL points and turn to **320**.

287

You just have time to hear the Gnome say, 'One crown and two skulls', before a white bolt of energy

shoots out from the lock into your chest, knocking you unconscious. Roll one die, add 1 to the number and reduce your STAMINA by the total. If you are still alive, you come to and are told by the Gnome to try again. You know you placed one gem in the correct slot, but which one? You sigh and tentatively try a new combination.

A	B	C	
Emerald	Diamond	Sapphire	Turn to **16**
Diamond	Sapphire	Emerald	Turn to **392**
Sapphire	Emerald	Diamond	Turn to **177**
Emerald	Sapphire	Diamond	Turn to **287**
Diamond	Emerald	Sapphire	Turn to **132**
Sapphire	Diamond	Emerald	Turn to **249**

288

You look to your left and see Throm standing over the Cave Troll he has slain. Blood is pouring out from a deep cut in his shoulder, but it does not seem to worry him. You search the bodies of the Cave Trolls, but find nothing apart from a bone ring on a leather cord hanging round the neck of one of them. The ring is engraved with a symbol which Throm recognizes. He explains that it must have belonged to druids of the north and that an ancient talisman such as this will increase your powers if your body is able to accept it. Throm will not touch it, and advises you to leave it well alone. If you wish to put the ring on, turn to **64**. If you would rather continue east with Throm, turn to **221**.

289

The drape rises to the top of the cage and there, to your horror, you see the face of an aged woman whose hair is a mass of seething snakes. It is the dreaded MEDUSA! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **216**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **19**.

290

Roll two dice. If the total is eight, turn to **152**. If the total is any number other than eight, turn to **121**

291

The tunnel continues north a long way before turning sharp right. Around the corner you come to a dead end. Only the mouth of a wooden chute in the wall offers any hope of further progress. You decide to take a chance and climb into the chute. You slide gently down and emerge into a room, landing on your back. Turn to **90**.

292

A door comes into view in the left-hand wall of the tunnel You listen carefully at the door but hear nothing. The door is not locked and the handle turns easily. If you wish to open the door, turn to **93**. If you would rather keep walking along the tunnel, turn to **230**.

293

Following the three sets of wet footprints along the west passage of the tunnel, you soon arrive at a junction. If you wish to continue west, following two sets of footprints, turn to **137**. If you wish to head north, following the third set of footprints, turn to **387**.

294

You pull the dagger from your belt with your free hand and hack at the Bloodbeast's tongue. The beast screams in pain and rolls forward as far as it can to try and clasp you between its blood-filled jaws. You must fight it from the floor with your dagger. Reduce your SKILL by 2 during this combat because you are not fighting with your sword.

BLOODBEAST	SKILL 12	STAMINA 10

As soon as you win your first Attack Round, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **97**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **21**.

295

Running towards the archway, you stumble over a rock and lose your footing. You land sprawled on the floor, and before you have time to get up again, a stalactite crashes down on top of you, its pointed tip piercing your leg. Lose 5 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **206**.

296

Ahead you see that the tunnel turns a corner, beyond which it continues north. You stop before the corner, startled by the sound of high-pitched voices whispering and sniggering. If you wish to draw your sword and look round the corner, turn to **49**. If you would rather walk back to the junction to head north, turn to **241**.

297

Losing your hard-earned possessions is becoming a bit of a problem. Lose 1 LUCK point. Without even pausing to thank you, Ivy pushes you out of her chamber through a door in the east wall, and you find yourself standing at the end of another tunnel. Turn to **305**.

298

You see a backpack propped up against the tunnel wall. You wonder if it belongs to one of your rivals If you wish to look inside the backpack, turn to **304** If you would rather continue north, turn to **279**

299

The door opens into a large chamber, where you are shocked to see one of your rivals, who has obviously met a sudden gory death. It is one of the Barbarians, and he is impaled on several long iron spikes which are fixed to a frame that has sprung out of the floor A lot of rubbish and debris litters the floor, concealing a hidden trip-wire which he must have stepped on and thus released the spiked frame. In the far wall is an alcove, in which you can see a silver goblet standing on a small wooden table. Will you:

Walk over to search the Barbarian?	Turn to **126**
Walk towards the alcove?	Turn to **41**
Close the door and continue west?	Turn to **83**

300

You swing your sword against the mirror with all your might, but to no effect: the mirror does not break, and the Mirror Demon keeps advancing. If you wish to try and smash the mirror again, turn to **141**. If you would rather attack the Mirror Demon instead, turn to **327**.

301

The pipe is wet and slimy, but you crawl on into the dank darkness, slithering and sliding as you go. Suddenly your hand touches something hard and square which feels as if it is made of wood. It rattles as you shake it, and you decide you must be holding a box. If you wish to crawl back out of the pipe and examine your find, turn to **162**. If you would rather press on further down the pipe, taking the box with you to examine later, turn to **4**.

302

After about twenty minutes the Dwarf reappears on the balcony. He calls down to you, saying, 'Well, I do have an interesting problem on my hands. Prepare to fight your next opponent.' The wooden door rises once again and you are surprised to see a familiar face. It is Throm! He is cut and badly bruised, and doesn't seem to recognize you. He is clearly delirious as he staggers forward with his axe raised to attack you. The Dwarf laughs and says, 'The cobra bit him, but he has the strength of an ox and managed to carry on, even though most men would have died. Now you must fight him to decide finally which of you will continue the Trial of Champions.' You shout abuse at the Dwarf, protesting against the cruelty of such a contest. He merely laughs, and you have no option but to defend yourself against poor Throm.

THROM SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

Despite his wounds, Throm is immensely strong. If you win, turn to **379**.

303

With your free hand, you reach into your backpack and take out the jug. Uncorking it with your teeth, you pour the acid over the door, which is in fact the fluid form of an IMITATOR. A jet of smoke rises from it with a loud hissing sound as the acid immediately starts to burn the Imitator. It melts rapidly and you are able to step away unharmed. Having no other choice, you somewhat apprehensively turn the handle of the other door. Turn to **262**.

304

There is a single Gold Piece lying in the bottom of the backpack. As you reach for it, you suddenly feel a light tickling movement on the back of your hand. You withdraw your hand slowly, trying to control your mounting panic, and are horrified to see a BLACK WIDOW SPIDER. Before you can shake it off, it sinks its poisonous fangs deep into your wrist. Lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **20**.

305

The tunnel ends at a flight of stone steps leading downwards. From the floor below you can hear the sound of barking dogs. Have you got an old bone with you? If you have, turn to **253**. If you have not, turn to **148**

306

Before you can take a single step towards the Leprechauns, one of them throws some sparkling dust at you. You are immediately frozen to the spot, unable to move a muscle You watch helplessly as the Leprechauns rummage through your backpack and run off with all your possessions, leaving your backpack empty. Lose 2 LUCK points. About an hour later the freezing effect of the dust wears off and feeling returns to your limbs. You are angry at your loss and stomp off north, determined to have your revenge. Turn to **29**

307

The cupboard contains a wooden mallet and ten iron spikes, which you put in your backpack while wondering which door to open If you wish to open the west door, turn to **263** If you wish to open the north door, turn to **136**.

308

The Medusa shrieks as you enter her cage, keeping your eyes firmly closed and slashing your sword wildly from side to side. You feel the blade sink deep into her side and hear a loud thud as she slumps heavily to the ground. You open your eyes again and shudder at the sight of the prostrate figure of the Medusa. Her gown is fastened by a large brooch bearing a single bright red gem It is a garnet, and you prise it out of its setting, put it in your pocket and leave the room to head north Turn to **316**.

309

You scramble frantically around the floor in search of a pool of water, but do not find one. The acid burns with a searing pain deep down in your throat Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, *Test your Luck* If you are Lucky, turn to **231**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **193**.

310

You reach the far wall of the chamber and see two doors If you wish to open the door to your left, turn to **339**. If you wish to open the door to your right, turn to **262**.

311

The Barbarian reluctantly agrees to your alternative suggestion. You both step back and take running jumps over the pit. Landing safely on the other side, you continue down the tunnel. The Barbarian, who is leading the way, suddenly stumbles on a floor stone which tilts forward, triggering a boulder loosely set in the ceiling. It crashes down on top of him, knocking him to the floor and crushing his skull. You must continue your quest alone. Turn to **325**.

312

The razor-sharp disc whistles past your head and bites deep into one of the pillars. Turning to face your would-be assassin, you prepare yourself as he advances, his long sword drawn.

NINJA	SKILL 11	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **232**.

313

The tunnel ends at a junction. The footprints you have been following turn north and you decide to stay with them. Turn to **32**.

314

Your sword cleaves the handle and, being separated from its parent body, you watch the membrane shrivel away and drop on to the floor. Having no other choice, you somewhat apprehensively turn the handle of the other door. Turn to **262**.

315

The tunnel veers sharply to the left and comes to an end at a high wall in which there is a door. You hear a ferocious roar from the other side of the wall and you wonder what gargantuan beast could make such a noise. If you have a coil of rope and a grappling iron, turn to **129**. If you do not have these items, turn to **245**.

316

The tunnel continues for quite a distance before you reach a junction. If you wish to head west into the new tunnel, turn to **296**. If you would rather continue north, turn to **241**.

317

Tapping the side of the borehole with your sword, you tread your way blindly through the sticky slime. You follow its twisting and turning course for what seems an age and begin to wonder where it might lead. Suddenly you hear a slithering sound up ahead. You freeze with fear, your eyes desperately trying to pierce the pitch-black darkness. Before you realize what is happening, you are gripped round the neck by the powerful mandibles of another Rock Grub. It is the mate of the Rock Grub you killed and has been attracted by the smell of blood on your sword. It squeezes harder until your neck snaps like a small twig. Your adventure ends here.

318

After crossing the bridge, you run across the cavern floor. At last you see a tunnel in the far wall, which you race down until you reach its end at a heavy wooden door. The door is locked. If you have an iron key, turn to **86**. If you do not have a key, turn to **276**.

319

Your armour and sword weigh you down more than you think. In mid-air you realize with horror that you are not going to reach the other side of the pit. You crash into the side of the pit, some two metres below the rim, and tumble head over heels to the bottom. Turn to **285**.

320

You decide to search the Ninja and find a cloth bag in the folds of his robes. Inside it is a flask of water, some rice wrapped in a palm leaf, a jar of ointment and a beautiful diamond. Will you:

Eat the rice and drink the water?	Turn to **330**
Rub some of the ointment into your wounds?	Turn to **269**
Take only the diamond and leave the hall?	Turn to **127**

321

You pull the cord and watch the drape as it rises up the sides of an iron cage. The woman's voice urges you to be quick, telling you that the room is booby-trapped so that the floor will fall away in one minute because of your extra weight. If you still wish to help her, turn to **289**. If you would rather leave the room and head north up the tunnel, turn to **316**

322

You pass the wooden chair and soon get back to the junction, turning right to head west. Turn to **43**

323

After tying the rope around the rock, you lower yourself slowly to the bottom of the pit. Throm retrieves his rope by shaking it off the rock, and you set off together down the new tunnel. Turn to **194**

324

Have you talked to the crippled servant of the Trialmasters? If you have, turn to **256**. If you have not, turn to **79**

325

You stand up and carry on down the tunnel. Suddenly you see daylight at the end of the tunnel. You run forward towards the most beautiful sight you have seen for a long time, a clear blue sky and green trees. You walk as fast as you can towards the end of the tunnel and emerge expecting to see the welcoming sight of cheering people. But there is no hero's welcome from the people all around you. They are all dead. You are standing in a cold chamber littered with armoured skeletons and bodies. The exit to victory was just an illusion. Only the corpses of the past adventurers are real. Utterly dejected, you walk back towards the tunnel, but hit an invisible barrier. You are trapped in this ghoulish place and destined to end your days in the chamber of the dead.

326

Ahead you see that the tunnel turns sharply to the left. You turn the corner and almost bump straight into two fierce-looking ORCS, armed with morning stars and wearing leather armour. You are totally unprepared, and as you draw your sword, one of them swings its morning star at you. Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to **91**. If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to **189**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **380**.

327

The Mirror Demon, being solely intent on grabbing your arm, makes no attempt to defend itself.

MIRROR DEMON SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If, during any Attack Round, the Mirror Demon's Attack Strength is greater than your own, turn to **8**. If you manage to defeat the Mirror Demon without it ever winning an Attack Round, turn to **92**.

328

You gaze round Ivy's room. Seeing a painting of another Troll hanging on the wall, you ask her if he is any relation. Suddenly her mood and expression change. She loosens her grip on you and smiles, saying, 'Oh yes. That is my dear beloved brother, Sourbelly. He has done very well for himself down south in Port Blacksand. He is now an Imperial Guard in Lord Azzur's elite troop. I'm very proud of him.' Ivy stares at the painting and continues to praise her brother. If you wish to slip out of the chamber through the door in the east wall, turn to **125**. If you would rather continue the conversation, turn to **99**.

329

You step up to the mirror and are amused by your distorted reflection. Your head looks as large as a pumpkin and your face is exceedingly strange. Suddenly, without warning, a terrible pain pounds through your head and you try to look away from the mirror, but you are unable to. Some evil force is keeping your eyes glued to your own reflection. You grip your head with your hands and realize with horror that it is expanding. You can withstand it no longer and, blacking out with the pain, you fall unconscious to the floor, never to wake.

330

The Ninja's rations are basic but welcome. Add 1 STAMINA point. If you have not done so already, you may either rub some of the ointment into your wounds – turn to **269** – or leave the hall, taking just the diamond – turn to **127**.

331

Touching the parchment has precisely the effect you had feared. The skeleton lurches forward and, rising from its chair in a series of jerky movements, raises its sword to strike you. Lunging sideways, you draw your sword to defend yourself.

SKELETON WARRIOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **71**.

332

Your gem drops into the pool with a dull 'plop'. As you wait for something to happen, you start to feel faint. The gas rising from the pool is toxic, and you slump to the floor unconscious. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **53**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **272**.

333

You hear footsteps and suddenly the trapdoor is thrown back. For a few seconds you are completely blinded by the bright light from the room above and do not see the Goblin thrusting his spear downwards, or hear his sadistic laughter as the point pierces your neck. Your adventure ends here on the stone steps of the tunnel.

334

You try to wrench the tongue from your leg with your bare hands, but fail. Slowly you are dragged into the pool of slime, where you will be predigested and later consumed by the hideous Bloodbeast.

335

Still running as fast as you can, you dive into the river. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **67**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **101**.

336

The wristband was made and cursed by a Hag. It slows down your reactions and dulls your senses. Reduce your SKILL by 4 points. You kick the tunnel wall in anger and stomp off north. Turn to **298**.

337

The cool water is refreshing, but comes from a source which has been cursed by a Hag. Add 1 STAMINA point and lose 2 LUCK points. If you have not done so already, you may either drink from the other fountain – turn to **173** – or continue north – turn to **368**.

338

The bodies are those of two Orc guards. At least one of your rivals in the Trial of Champions must still be ahead of you. A quick search of the bodies produces nothing apart from a necklace of teeth hanging around the neck of one of the Orcs. If you wish to wear the necklace yourself, turn to **123**. If you would rather set off north without the necklace, turn to **282**.

339

As you touch the door handle, it goes soft in your hand, and when you try to pull your hand away, you find it is glued to the handle. A giant fist then forms in the centre of the door panel and shoots forward, punching you in the stomach. Lose 1 STAMINA point. If you have a jug of acid, turn to **303**. If you do not, turn to **236**.

340

Your fear gives you a new surge of energy and somehow your tired legs manage to keep you in front of the boulder. Ahead on your right you see the welcome sight of a doorway. You lunge at the door and mercifully it flies open. The boulder thunders past and you are left lying exhausted on the floor of a large room. Turn to **381**.

341

A crippled man with shackled feet shuffles into sight carrying a wooden tray laden with bread and water. He looks tired and miserable and, quite unmoved by the sight of you, tries to walk past. Will you:

Talk to him?	Turn to **367**
Take the bread and water off his tray?	Turn to **38**
Offer him some of your provisions (if you have any left)?	Turn to **169**

342

Your reactions are slow because of the poison in your system, and although you try to jump over the outstretched tongue, your legs will not lift you high enough. The sticky tongue wraps itself around your leg and starts pulling you towards the pool. You are dragged to the ground and are unable to unsheathe your sword. If you have a dagger, turn to **294**. If you do not have a dagger, turn to **334**.

343

In their twittering voices, the Troglodytes explain the rules of Run of the Arrow. They will shoot an arrow into the distance, and you will be allowed to walk unharmed to the point where it lands. However, you must walk barefoot, and you can see that the floor of the cavern is littered with sharp stones. As soon as you reach the arrow, the Troglodytes will start to chase you, and if they catch you, they will kill you. Suddenly one of the Troglodytes releases an arrow high into the air. It lands a long way away, and immediately the Troglodytes urge you to walk towards it. As you walk slowly towards the arrow, you hear the Troglodytes screaming excitedly behind you. On reaching the arrow, you look round to see the Troglodytes wave their arms in the air and set off after you. You start running as fast as you can, your feet bleeding from the cuts inflicted by the sharp stones and rocks. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Ahead you see an underground river running east to west across the cavern floor, with a wooden bridge crossing it. If you wish to run over the bridge, turn to **318**. If you wish to dive into the river, turn to **47**.

344

The tunnel twists and turns but keeps steadily north. Ahead you see a thin shaft of blue light streaming down from the ceiling to the floor. It sparkles and shimmers, and you can see images of laughing faces in the light. If you wish to walk through the light, turn to **229**. If you would rather walk round the light, turn to **107**.

345

You are about to enter the room when the Potion of Trap Detection begins to work and you are filled with a terrible premonition of danger. The room is set with a deadly trap. You decide not to go in and continue north along the tunnel. Turn to **252**.

346

You pull your boot off your foot and force yourself to reach up and hold it against the bell. Slowly the bell stops vibrating and the pain in your body gradually eases. You manage to stand up, but you do not release your boot from the bell until it becomes completely still. You put your boot back on your foot and then continue your journey west. Turn to **362**.

347

The Dwarf shakes his head, saying, 'All brawn and no brain is not enough to master the Trial of Champions. I regret you have failed. You will not be allowed to leave in case you impart its secrets to others. However, you have done well to get so far and I will appoint you my servant for the coming years to prepare the dungeon for its new contestants.'

348

You lunge at the Bloodbeast, trying to avoid the tongue which flicks out to grab your leg. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **225**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **159**.

349

You lower yourself down the rope into the pit with one hand, using the other to grip your sword. The Pit Fiend is one of the most fearsome beasts you have ever seen, and you know this is to be one of the hardest fights of your life.

PIT FIEND SKILL 12 STAMINA 15

If you win, turn to **258**.

350

The Giant Fly dives down and seizes you with four of its legs. It climbs quickly back to the roof of the cavern and you find yourself dangling helplessly in its grasp. Then, to your horror, it suddenly releases its grip and you fall ten metres to the floor, landing heavily. Roll one die and deduct the number from your STAMINA score. If you are still alive, you draw your sword just in time as the Giant Fly swoops down to try and recapture you. Turn to **39**.

351

The idol is very smooth and will be difficult to climb. Do you have any rope? If you do, turn to **396**. If you do not, turn to **186**.

352

Ahead you hear the sound of rocks being ground and crushed. The noise grows louder and suddenly you realize that the wall on your right is starting to collapse. Terrified, you watch as a large, hideous worm-like creature with a gaping mouth and extraordinarily powerful mandibles slithers through a hole in the wall. Its great jaws continue to crunch the rock as it turns its head slowly from side to side, feeling the cool air in the tunnel It appears to be totally blind, but seems to know of your presence, perhaps sensing the heat of your body. It starts to slither towards you with its mandibles wide apart to attack. If you wish to fight the ROCK GRUB, turn to **254**. If you would rather run back down the tunnel to the junction to head east, turn to **68**.

353

Before you have time to get out of the way, the boulder smashes into your shoulder. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **325**.

354

The pill makes you feel as though the whole world is against you. Lose 2 LUCK points. The Dwarf tells you that you can now go on to the second stage of the test. He reaches for a wicker basket which, he informs you, contains a snake. He tips up the basket and the snake drops out on to the floor. It is a cobra and it rears up in the air, ready to strike. The Dwarf tells you that he wishes to test your reactions. You must grasp the cobra bare-handed below its head, avoiding its deadly fangs. You crouch down on the floor, tensing yourself for the moment at which to seize it. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL, turn to **55**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **202**.

355

You creep up behind the fighting Hobgoblins and, leaping out of the shadows, push them into the wall as you run by. You look back to see them sprawled on the floor and chuckle to yourself as you hurry on north. Turn to **110**.

356

There is an opening on the left-hand side of the tunnel wall. You are standing at the entrance of a large cavern, from which you hear a girl's voice crying for help. You can just make out the shape of a human figure rolling about on the floor at the back of the cavern. If you wish to enter the cavern and investigate, turn to **170**. If you would rather continue north along the tunnel, turn to **192**.

357

The Bloodbeast flops around awkwardly in its pool, and the smell of the poisonous fumes makes you retch as gas bubbles break the surface and contaminate the atmosphere. Will you:

Run round the side of its pool towards the tunnel?	Turn to **255**
Throw a gem into its pool (if you have one)?	Turn to **332**
Attack it with your sword?	Turn to **180**

358

You lose your balance and tumble headlong to the floor. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You decide against trying to climb the idol again, and run forward to the tunnel in the northern wall. Turn to **239**.

359

You fall off the rope and tumble head over heels into the chasm. You smash your head on a rocky outcrop, and by the time you hit the bottom of the chasm you are already dead.

360

After paying off the old man, you climb into the wicker basket and watch as he tilts his head back and shouts, 'Pull it up, Ivy!' The rope goes taut and the basket rises jerkily off the ground. As you are hauled higher and higher, the old man calls out to you, saying, 'You'll like Ivy, she's a nice girl. We call her Poison Ivy!' He starts to laugh uncontrollably and you wonder somewhat apprehensively just who is hauling you up. The basket goes through the ceiling and you find yourself in a small chamber, face to face with an ugly old female TROLL. Her face is hairy and covered with warts. With a huge hand she reaches forward and hauls you out of the basket, which she then lets fall to the floor below. She grabs you round the throat and says in a husky voice, 'I want paying too!' Will you:

Offer her something from your backpack?	Turn to **297**
Try to talk your way out of giving her anything?	Turn to **328**
Attack her with your sword?	Turn to **211**

361

The Pit Fiend's jaws snap at the monkey charm and pluck it out of the air. Suddenly its jaws spring open again, forced apart by the charm, which has expanded to fill its mouth. While the Pit Fiend thrashes around in the pit, trying to get rid of the charm, you lower yourself down into the pit to reach the double doors. In its mad rage, the Pit Fiend tries to crush you against the side of the wall with its massive body. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **82**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **377**.

362

The tunnel veers sharply to the right and continues north for as far as you can see. You hear a tremendous commotion in the distance, growling and snarling and howling. You draw your sword and set off in the direction of the noise. Turn to **264**.

363

The food and drink are excellent, and you feel much better. Add 2 STAMINA points. Fully satisfied, you sit down and await the Dwarf's return. Turn to **302**.

364

As you are wiping the Manticore's blood from your sword, you are surprised to see a small man with a large nose suddenly jump out from behind one of the marble pillars. He is dressed in a tight-fitting green tunic and looks quite harmless, although you are wary of the way he is holding an opaque glass ball with a shimmering green light. 'Greetings,' he says cheerfully. 'My name is Igbut the Gnome, and I am the Trialmaster for your final test. Needless to say, my magical powers are great, so you should not try to attack me. You may have learnt during your quest that gems play an essential part in the Trial of Champions. The iron door in front of you is the victory exit, but there is only one way of opening it. Three gems have to be put into the lock mechanism, in a particular order, for the door to open. Each gem radiates a unique energy which will trigger the mechanism – if you do it correctly, that is. I will help you to a degree, but first we need the correct gems. Have you an emerald?' If you possess an emerald, turn to 31. If you do not possess an emerald, turn to 3.

365

You tell Throm that there is no point in killing the Dwarf as you will never find your way out of the chamber alone. You argue that an opportunity of tricking the Dwarf might arise later, once you have found the exit from the chamber, so you intend to go through with the Dwarf's test. You tell the Dwarf that you are ready and he beckons you to follow him, telling Throm to wait for his return. A secret door opens in the chamber wall and you follow the Dwarf into a small circular room. He closes the door behind you and hands you two bone dice, telling you to throw them on to the floor. You roll a six and a two: a total of eight. The Dwarf asks you to roll them again, but this time you must predict whether the total will be the same as, or less or more than eight. If you wish to guess that it will be the same, turn to **290**. If you wish to guess that it will total less than eight, turn to **191**. If you wish to guess that it will total more than eight, turn to **84**.

366

The temperature continues to rise steadily, far beyond the limits of human tolerance. Lying on the near-molten floor of the tunnel, you fail to regain consciousness. Your adventure ends here.

367

He looks at you warily when you tell him you are a contestant in the Trial of Champions. You ask him what he is doing in the tunnels, and he replies rather reluctantly that he is a servant of one of the Trialmasters, Baron Sukumvit's appointed controllers of sections of his dungeon. After chatting for a while, he admits that he would like to escape, but no one is allowed to leave the dungeon in case they reveal the secrets of its construction. He tells you that he hopes one day to bribe his way out, and that for one Gold Piece he will tell you where some treasure is hidden. If you wish to pay for the old man's advice, turn to **244**. If you would rather just wish him well and continue west, turn to **109**.

368

Leaning against the left-hand wall of the tunnel, you see a pair of bamboo stilts. They are securely chained, and you see a label attached to a padlock which reads: 'The price of these stilts is one Gold Piece. Place the coin in the slot to release the lock.' If you wish to buy the stilts, turn to **165**. If you would rather keep walking north, turn to **234**.

369

The tunnel turns sharply to the right, continuing east for as far as you can see. Throm stops and tells you to halt as well. He turns his head slowly from side to side, listening 'I hear footsteps coming down the tunnel towards us,' he whispers. 'Draw your sword.' You both crouch down to hide in the shadows, and not a minute too soon, for a moment later you see the silhouette of two armed figures approaching. Throm jumps up and dashes forward, screaming a loud battle-cry There are two CAVE TROLLS in front of you. Throm attacks the first one with his battleaxe, and you run to his aid and attack the second Cave Troll.

CAVE TROLL	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **288**.

370

As you run round the side of the pool, the Blood-beast flicks out its long tongue once again. Roll two dice. If the total is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **104**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **342**.

371

You take aim and hurl the wooden ball at the skull. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is the same as or less than your SKILL score, turn to **273**. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **113**

372

You finally reach the warrior's body, but as soon as you touch the jewel, both it and the warrior vanish into thin air. You hear the door slam behind you, followed by a sudden ominous rumbling above you. You look up and see the ceiling start to lower. You run to the door to try to escape, but it is locked and there is no handle on the inside. The ceiling gradually drops, until you are forced to lie on the ground, trying to halt the ceiling's progress with your hands and feet. But it is a hopeless task, and you are crushed to death in the stone vice.

373

You clamber on to the soft boulder, half expecting to be engulfed by it at any moment. Getting over it is difficult, as your limbs sink into its soft casing, but eventually you manage to struggle over it. Relieved to be back on firm ground, you head east. Turn to **13**.

374

You walk around the cavern, but find nothing of interest. Throm calls out behind you, saying that he has found a leather pouch under a pile of rocks. Opening the pouch he laughs out loud as a tiny mouse runs through his fingers and scurries off into a crevice between two boulders. Suddenly you hear the sound of cracking rock above you, and look up to see stalactites breaking off the roof. Throm's booming laugh, which still echoes through the chamber, has made the stalactites vibrate and break off. You yell at Throm to run through the archway as the stalactites start to crash to the floor. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **118**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **295**.

375

Acrid smoke rises from the jug as you lower the cloth into it. The liquid is unmistakably acid. You recork the jug and place it in your backpack, hoping it may be of use later. You sheathe your sword and press on northwards. Turn to **110**.

376

The Gnome, still smiling, says excitedly, 'Excellent! Just one to go. Do you possess a diamond?' If you have found a diamond, turn to **62**. If you have not found a diamond, turn to **3**.

377

The huge beast slams its body against your arm, and you lose your grip on the rope. Crying out in pain, you tumble to the bottom of the pit. Lose 5 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **203**.

378

Somewhat nervously, you take a deep breath and dive into the dark pool. The northern wall does not project very far beneath the surface of the water, and you decide to take the risk and swim under it. You soon start gasping for air, and are forced to swim upwards. You try not to think that you may be trapped in an old submerged tunnel and are very relieved when you surface into cool air. You are on the other side of the wall, and can see the tunnel rising out of the water and continuing north into the distance. You wade out of the water and check the contents of your wet backpack. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **112**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **209**.

379

Exhausted by your long duel, you fall to your knees. As you stare at Throm's still body, a bitter loathing for the Dwarf fills your heart. Somehow you will avenge Throm. Engulfed in your hatred, you do not notice the Dwarf enter the arena until he is standing right in front of you, a loaded crossbow aimed at your chest. 'I know what you are thinking,' he says

calmly, 'but remember that only I know the way out of here. Get up, it's time for you to leave.' Once on your feet, the Dwarf indicates that you should walk ahead of him. Back in the chamber, he crosses over to the northern wall and pushes against one of its stones. A door-like section of the wall swings out, opening into another crystal-lit tunnel. With his crossbow still aimed at your chest, the Dwarf smiles, saying, 'Good luck.' If you wish to walk straight into the tunnel, turn to **213**. If you would rather take a punch at the Dwarf, turn to **145**.

380

The Orc's morning star crashes into your shield and bounces off harmlessly. The tunnel is too narrow for both of them to attack you at once, so you are able to fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	5
Second ORC	6	4

If you win, turn to **257**.

381

You look round the room and see nothing of interest apart from an alcove in the west wall and a stone chair in the middle of the room. Sitting in the chair is the skeleton of an armed warrior, possibly a contestant from years gone by. The skeletal fingers of its right hand are gripped round a piece of parchment. If you wish to take the parchment from the skeleton, turn to **331**. If you would rather walk over to the alcove, turn to **128**

382

The old man points at one of the statues, and you recognize it immediately. It is the knight who started the Trial of Champions, the agonized look on his face locked in stone for eternity. The old man smiles, saying, 'This man weighs 100 pounds plus half his weight. How much does he weigh?' What will you answer?

100 pounds?	Turn to **144**
150 pounds?	Turn to **227**
200 pounds?	Turn to **391**

383

Much to your surprise, nothing extraordinary happens to you while you are sitting in the chair. There is nothing else to do but continue north up the tunnel. Turn to **188**.

384

The fourth step suddenly gives way under your weight. Your leg sinks into a deep hole, and before you have time to pull it out, you feel a pain in your foot as unseen sharp teeth sink into it. The high-pitched squeaking you hear below is being made by rats. They are starved, and rip into your foot, hungry for your flesh. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You regain your balance and manage to pull your leg out of the hole. Three rats are still hanging on to your foot with their teeth. Kicking frantically, you smash their heads against the banister until they let go. You then wrap crude bandages torn from your shirt around your bleeding foot and climb the steps to set off north again. Turn to 277.

385

You pour the contents of the glass phial into your mouth and swallow the clear liquid. Although you do not feel any immediate change, you hope that the potion will create the illusion that you are a TROGLODYTE just like the ones in front of you. Taking a deep breath, you step boldly into the cavern. The Troglodytes continue their tribal dance, believing you to be one of them. You walk past them casually and head north. Unfortunately, the effects of the potion are short-lived. Suddenly you hear a shriek behind you as one of the Troglodytes spots you, and you are forced to run across the cavern floor. Ahead you see an underground river running east to west through the cavern and a wooden

bridge crossing over it. If you wish to run over the bridge, turn to 318. If you wish to dive into the river, turn to 47.

386

You walk no more than three metres west before you hit an invisible barrier. It starts fizzing and crackling, and you are thrown back. You have hit an energy screen. Lose 1 STAMINA point. There is no alternative but to walk back to the junction and head north. Turn to 218.

387

Ahead you hear the thud of heavy footsteps approaching. Out of the gloom steps a large, primitive being dressed in animal hide and carrying a stone club. On seeing you, he grunts and spits on the floor, then raises his club and lumbers on towards you, looking anything but friendly. You draw your sword and prepare to fight the CAVEMAN.

CAVEMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 114.

388

The tunnel soon comes to a dead end. A piece of paper, brown and curled with age, is pinned to the end wall. If you wish to pull it off the wall to see whether there is a message written on it, turn to **23**. If you would rather hurry back down the tunnel to join the Barbarian, turn to **154**.

389

Without your weapons you are more vulnerable, and the loss of your sword leaves you feeling almost naked. Lose 4 SKILL points. Wondering whether you have made the right decision, you follow the tunnel north. Turn to **181**.

390

You crouch down beside the plinth below the crossbows' line of fire. You reach up and pull the skull off the plinth, expecting your action to trigger off the crossbows Much to your surprise, nothing happens. Add 1 LUCK point Still crouching, you pluck the jewelled eyes out of the skull. You recognize the yellow stones as topaz, and place them in your backpack. Looking at the row of crossbows, you wonder whether a trap still awaits you in this room. Will you:

Crawl out of the room holding the skull?	Turn to **15**
Replace the skull on the plinth before crawling out of the room?	Turn to **204**

391

Still smiling, the old man looks at you and says, 'Well done, Stranger. You have answered correctly. I wish you good fortune during the rest of the Trial of Champions, and, to this end, I shall increase your powers.' He then mutters a few more unintelligible words and you feel a powerful surge soar through your body. Add 1 to each of your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. You bid the old man farewell and leave his room to continue north along the passage Turn to **100**.

392

You just have time to hear the Gnome say, 'Three skulls', before a white bolt of energy shoots out from the lock into your chest, knocking you unconscious. Roll one die, add 1 to the number and reduce your STAMINA by the total. If you are still alive, you come to and are told by the Gnome to try again You didn't get any of the gems right, so you won't try that combination again.

A	B	C	
Emerald	Diamond	Sapphire	Turn to **16**
Diamond	Sapphire	Emerald	Turn to **392**
Sapphire	Emerald	Diamond	Turn to **177**
Emerald	Sapphire	Diamond	Turn to **287**
Diamond	Emerald	Sapphire	Turn to **132**
Sapphire	Diamond	Emerald	Turn to **249**

393

You enter a cold room divided by a deep chasm. A rope is stretched taut across the chasm to the far side, where a magnificent winged helmet rests on top of a pole. If you wish to walk across the tightrope to reach the helmet, turn to **274**. If you would rather return to the tunnel to continue north, turn to **291**.

394

You smash the glass with the hilt of your sword, making a hole big enough to climb through. Immediately the Giant Insects start swarming and jumping towards you. Wasting no time, you clamber into the room, grabbing one of the lit torches to defend yourself. The fire keeps most of the Insects at bay, but by the time you have snatched the crown and climbed back into the corridor, some will certainly have stung you. Roll one die and add 2 to the total. This is the number of stings you have suffered and you must reduce your STAMINA by 1 for each sting. The Giant Insects do not chase you, preferring the bright light of the room they are in. You examine the crown, and see with disgust that it is merely painted iron, and the 'diamond' is just glass and totally worthless. You throw it on the ground in a rage and wonder which way to go next If you wish to head west, turn to **59** If you would rather return to the junction to head north, turn to **14**.

395

On hearing the noise of your scabbard, one of the Troglodytes raises the alarm. You stand up and run as fast as you can through the cavern. One of their bowmen lets fly an arrow as you run. It pierces your shoulder with deadly accuracy. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **259**.

396

You make the rope into a lasso, whirl it above your head and throw it at the idol's head, smiling happily as it falls around its neck. You then tighten the noose and start to climb, hauling yourself up the rope. You are soon at the top of the idol, sitting on the bridge of its nose and holding on to the rope. You draw your sword and wonder which jewelled eye to prise out first. If you wish to prise out the left eye, turn to **151**. If you wish to prise out the right eye, turn to **34**.

397

The liquid is a magical potion which will enable you to detect hidden traps. Add 2 LUCK points. If you have not done so already, you may open the red book – turn to **52** , otherwise, you must continue north with Throm – turn to **369**.

398

Although you cannot see any visible trap, you have a strong feeling that the chest contains a hidden danger. The Potion of Trap Detection is working well. You stand to one side of the chest and lift the lid with your sword, holding it at arm's length. As the lid rises, an iron ball hanging on a cord swings back and breaks a glass capsule fixed inside the lid, instantly releasing a gas. Fortunately, you have time to jump back without inhaling the poisonous fumes. Once the gas has cleared, you walk back to the chest and look inside it. There is a pendant chain lying in the bottom, but somebody has taken the stone from its setting. You feel so annoyed that you throw the chain on to the floor and storm out of the room up the tunnel. Turn to **230**.

399

The bread contains secret elven healing herbs. Add 3 STAMINA points. Feeling sad yet strong, you pack away the mirror and the charm and leave the cavern to head north. Turn to 192.

400

As soon as you appear at the tunnel exit, a large crowd of people begins to cheer and shout. You walk down a path lined with jubilant people towards a small rostrum, and there, sitting under a colourful bamboo umbrella, is Baron Sukumvit. He looks astonished, as if he never expected anybody to come through his Deathtrap Dungeon alive. Now the secret of Fang is known. As the Baron rises from his chair, you climb the steps to the rostrum, bow down before him and watch as his cold eyes stare at you in utter disbelief. You smile grimly as he offers you his outstretched hand. To the deafening noise of the cheering people of Fang, Baron Sukumvit opens the chest containing your prize of 10,000 Gold Pieces. Then he places a laurel crown on your head and proclaims you the Champion of Deathtrap Dungeon.

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ISBN13:978-1840468-02-1

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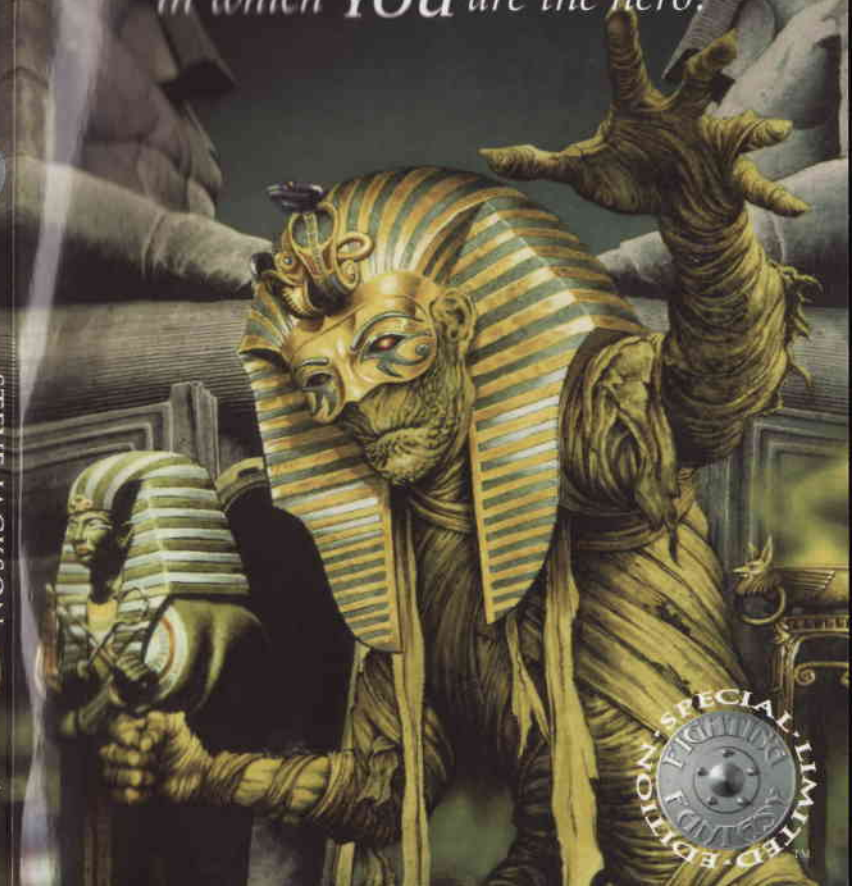

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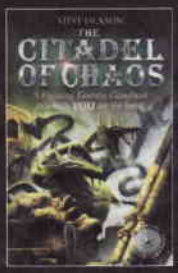

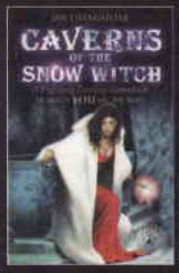

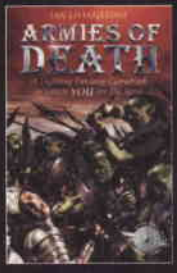

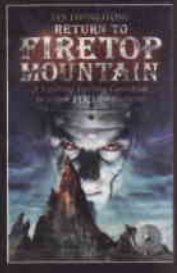

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CURSE OF THE MUMMY

BY JONATHAN GREEN
ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN McKENNA

Wizard Books

This edition published in the UK in 2007 by Wizard Books,
an imprint of Icon Books Ltd., The Old Dairy,
Brook Road, Thriplow, Cambridge SG8 7RG
email: wizard@iconbooks.co.uk
www.iconbooks.co.uk/wizard

First published by the Penguin Group in 1995

Sold in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia by
Faber and Faber Ltd., 3 Queen Square, London WC1N 3AU
or their agents

Distributed in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia by
TBS Ltd., Frating Distribution Centre, Colchester Road,
Frating Green, Colchester CO7 7DW

Published in Australia in 2007 by Allen & Unwin Pty. Ltd.,
PO Box 8500, 83 Alexander Street, Crows Nest, NSW 2065

Distributed in Canada by Penguin Books Canada,
90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700, Toronto, Ontario M4P 2Y3

ISBN-10: 1-84046-802-5
ISBN-13: 978-1840468-02-1

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Printed and bound in the UK by Cox & Wyman Ltd., Reading

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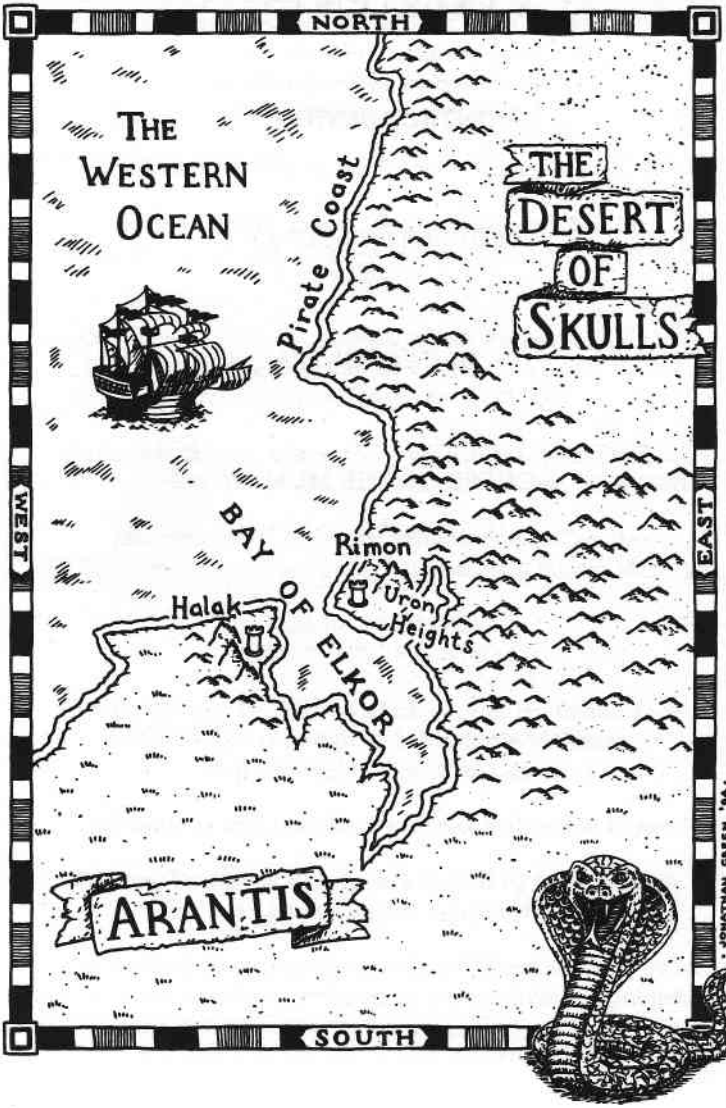
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INTRODUCTION

You are about to embark on a perilous journey that will take you from Rimon, the capital of the Pirate Coast, through the arid wilderness beyond, up to the very fringes of the Desert of Skulls itself. Before you launch into your adventure, you must first determine your strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to work out your initial scores. On pages 16–17 is an *Adventure Sheet*, which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. You are advised either to mark them in pencil or make photocopies of the blank sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

To determine your *Initial* SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores:

- Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.
- Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.
- Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

SKILL reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility; the higher the better. STAMINA represents your strength; the higher it is, the longer you will survive. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky a person you are.

SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure, so keep an eraser handy. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, but never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may receive additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you, and you yourself may choose to draw your sword against an enemy you chance across. In some situations you may be given special options, allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first empty *Encounter Box* on your *Adventure Sheet*. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled. This total is **its** Attack Strength.

2. Roll two dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score. This total is **your** Attack Strength.

3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If the opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows – start a new Attack Round from step 1, above.

4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from **its** STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see 'Using Luck in Battles' below). Proceed to step 6.

5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from **your** STAMINA score. You may use LUCK to minimize the damage (see 'Using Luck in Battles' below). Proceed to step 6.

6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die you must start all over again by creating a new character.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

Sometimes you will find yourself under attack from more than one person or creature in combat. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will be

able to fight each in turn; at other times you will have to fight them all at once! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. When you are instructed to fight your opponents one at a time, the combat is again resolved normally – except that when you defeat an enemy the next one steps forward to fight you! If you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in normal battle. Against any additional opponents you roll the dice for your Attack Strength in the normal way; if your Attack Strength is greater than your opponent's, you will not inflict a wound. Just regard this as though you have parried an incoming blow. However, if your Attack Strength is lower than your opponent's you will have been wounded in the normal way. Of course, you will have to settle the outcome of each additional adversary separately.

Luck

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. At various times during your adventure you may use LUCK to make an outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The way you *Test your Luck* is as follows:

Roll two dice. If the number rolled is *less than* or *equal to* your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalised.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. So the more you rely on LUCK, the more risky this procedure becomes.

Using Luck in Battles

In battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict a more serious wound on an opponent or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent: you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, subtract an extra 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score (i.e. 4 instead of 2 normally). But if you are Unlucky, your blow only scratches your opponent and you deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA (instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you now score only 1).

If the opponent has just wounded you: you can *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct only 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, your wound is serious and you must deduct 1 extra STAMINA point (i.e. a total of 3 points from your own STAMINA).

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

At various times during your adventure you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for this is exactly the same as that for *Testing your Luck*: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current SKILL score, you have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during the adventure. It will drop as a result of wounds received through combat, or by falling foul of traps and pitfalls; and it will also drop after you perform any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero or below, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start all over again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating meals or Provisions. You start the game without any Provisions, but during your adventure you will be able to obtain meals. You must keep track of how many meals' worth of Provisions you have remaining by filling in the details in the Provisions box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Each time you eat a meal you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, but remember to deduct 1 meal from your Provisions box. You may rest and eat Provisions at any time except when engaged in battle.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly Lucky or created your own Luck by some action. Details are given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may not exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

Poison

You have spent many years adventuring in the dangerous lands of southern Allansia. As a result, you have been exposed to various poisons on many occasions and, in defence, your body has built up some immunity to their effects. Throughout your latest adventure you will no doubt be exposed to the bites and stings of venomous creatures, or you will encounter enemies who have no qualms

about using poisoned weapons against you. Although you can recover STAMINA lost to the effects of poison (as explained above), the build-up of toxins in your body may still prove fatal. Whenever you are told to increase your POISON score, record it carefully on your *Adventure Sheet*. You begin your adventure with a poison score of zero. Should your POISON total ever equal or exceed 18, the toxins coursing through your bloodstream will kill you and your adventure will end there and then. The only way to reduce your POISON score is by the use of certain potions and charms, or in certain exceptional circumstances.

Equipment

You have begun your adventure with very little equipment indeed: just a sword, a backpack to hold your Provisions and treasure, and 5 Gold Pieces. To begin with, you do not have a lantern or any Provisions. Note down the Gold Pieces in the appropriate box on your *Adventure Sheet*; everything else goes in the Equipment box, as will any other useful items you may find or purchase on your travels.

Alternative Dice

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly throughout the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

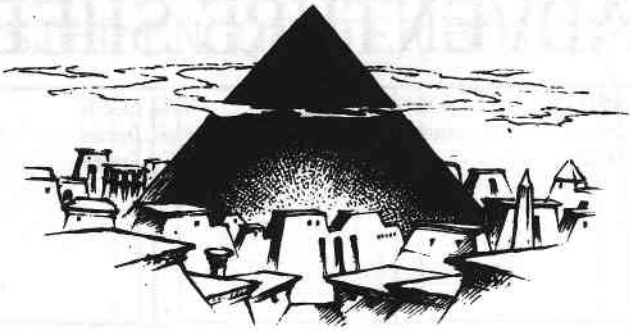

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial	*Initial*	*Initial*
Skill =	*Stamina=*	*Luck=*

POISON	PROVISIONS	GOLD PIECES

EQUIPMENT AND TREASURE

NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =
Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =
Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =
Skill = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =	*Skill* = *Stamina* =

BACKGROUND

Facing its twin, Halak, on the other side of the mouth of the Bay of Elkor, Rimon is the capital of the Pirate Coast. With their ramshackle mazes of streets and twisting alley-ways, the two ancient towns, perched on the steeply sloping sides of twin mountain peaks, are a haven for buccaneers and renegades: even the feared pirate captain Garius of Halak has his secret hideout somewhere along the coast. It was a crew of these scurvy pirates who attacked the merchantman on which you had gained passage, travelling north from Kaynlesh-Ma and making for Port Blacksand. Your vessel was sunk and all on board were left to the mercy of the sea.

After several days you were washed ashore – as far as you know, the only survivor of the wreck – with only your sword and enough money to keep you from starvation for just a few days. Finding yourself not far from Rimon, you made your way to the town, hoping to find work guarding a caravan heading north, but you missed the last one to leave for several weeks by only a day. So instead you decided to find gainful employment that might earn you your passage on another ship heading for Port Blacksand.

Then you saw a notice nailed to a wall in the Adventurer's Guild. The notice read: 'Brave warrior required for dangerous mission into hills around the Desert of

Skulls. Great rewards guaranteed. Apply Jerran Farr, The Monkey's Paw'. You made some discreet enquiries about this possible employer and discovered that he is an archaeologist of some notoriety; he does not enjoy a very good reputation among the adventuring fraternity of Rimon and is considered by most to be no better than a tomb-robber. However, times are hard, so you decided you had nothing to lose and made your way to the Monkey's Paw, a seedy drinking-house in one of the poorer parts of Rimon.

Entering the bar, you find the clientele as shady-looking as you would expect, and the landlord looks as if he would cut your throat as soon as serve you a drink. You mention Jerran Farr's name, and with a grunt the landlord directs you to a man sitting at a table by himself. Jerran Farr, a moustached man in his mid-thirties, looks as if he too has known his fair share of hardship; he is tanned from days of toil in the baking lands at the edge of the Desert of Skulls and his sleeveless leather jacket, like the rest of his clothes, is worn and dusty and he wears a battered wide-brimmed hat to keep off the sun. Having made your introductions, you sit down opposite the man.

'Have you heard of the Curse of Akharis?' Jerran asks. You shake your head. 'Then I will tell you of the legend. Centuries ago, before the drowning of Atlantis by the gods, the three major continents of Titan – Allansia, the Old World and Khul – were all joined together as one massive continent which early records call Irritaria. At this time, at the southern edge of what we now know as the Desert of Skulls, there existed a

small desert kingdom called Djarat. The people of Djarat, who worshipped a whole clutch of animal-headed gods, carried out the practice of mummifying their dead rulers before burying them in great tombs in the mountains, along with fabulous riches. Akharis was the last of the rulers of Djarat to be buried before the parting of the lands. He favoured Sithera, the Goddess of Evil, above all the other gods of Djarat and was the cruellest tyrant the kingdom had ever known. He demanded human sacrifices for his goddess and was said to commune with dark spirits and bring the mummies of his ancestors back to life. When at last he died, poisoned by one of his enemies, he was aged one hundred and fifty-six. As he lay, dying, Akharis called on Sithera, saying that one day he would return and all would suffer under his curse: plagues of flies, snakes and scorpions would come upon the land, the daytime sky would be as black as at night, and the cities would be swallowed by the desert. Legend says he was buried, surrounded by piles of priceless treasures, in one of the most astonishing tombs ever constructed, one which included many terrible death-traps.'

'Interesting as all this is, what does it have to do with you wanting to hire a brave warrior for a dangerous mission?' you ask the archaeologist.

'Let me explain,' Jerran continues. 'Five days ago I was working at a site on the edge of the rocky hills bordering Rimon when a man staggered into my camp. He was terribly dehydrated, suffering from sunstroke, and he looked as if he had been in a battle. I

gave him water and tried to make him as comfortable as possible. As soon as he had recovered a little, he told me what had happened to him. He was part of a group of explorers who had been investigating the lands at the edge of the desert. He told me that at a ruined temple by an oasis they uncovered an inscription that revealed the location of the lost tomb of Akharis with all its treasures. They set out to find it at once, but they had not gone very far when they were ambushed by a group of people, swathed in red robes that bore the emblem of a golden cobra. The rest of his party were either captured or killed and he was left for dead. When it was safe, he started the difficult journey back to Rimon to warn the people what was happening, but he only made it as far as my camp. He died the next morning.'

Absorbed by Jerran's tale, you ask, 'So who were these red-robed attackers?'

'Members of the Cult of the Cobra,' he replies. 'This cult was the priesthood that worshipped Sithera in Djarat and they were Akharis's most loyal followers. It has always been their aim to find Akharis's tomb and resurrect their long-dead master, so that he could call down his curse upon the land and reclaim his kingdom. The secret sect has been revived in the last decade and it looks as if the Cult of the Cobra have at last found his tomb and are preparing for their king's return. They must be stopped, or all will suffer the Curse of Akharis. I need one brave warrior to accompany me and infiltrate the cult without their knowing, to thwart their evil plans. If you will help me – and should we

succeed – the treasures of the tomb will be our reward.'

'Of course I will help you carry out your plan,' you say. The possible riches to be found in the tomb could make you wealthy beyond your wildest dreams – but, more important than that, the cult must be stopped from bringing such an evil back into the world. There is no time to lose. You both leave the Monkey's Paw immediately to prepare for your quest.

The pair of you have not gone far along a narrow back street on your way towards the markets of Rimon when a figure, covered from head to toe in fine red robes, drops silently from the top of a wall to the ground in front of you, and a harsh, hissing voice behind you says, 'Not so fast, Jerran Farr.'

Turn to paragraph 1.

1

You spin around, to see two more people dressed in the same manner as the first, only their eyes visible between the swathes of red cloth. Their robes bear the emblem of a rearing golden cobra: they must be members of Akharis's evil cult. Each of the cultists is armed with a long curving sword, and an assortment of other silent death-weapons hangs from their belts. 'They must have discovered that the explorer survived their attack and they followed his trail to my camp,' Jerran whispers under his breath, 'and from there they must have followed me to Rimon. What shall we do?'

Will you:

Draw your sword and run at the cultists' leader?	Turn to **185**
Draw your sword and stand your ground?	Turn to **68**
Try to escape?	Turn to **259**

2

As you run for the exit from the inner sanctum of the Temple of Sithera, the roof gives way and you are crushed under tonnes of rubble. Your adventure ends here.

3

The treasure snake slumps to the ground, leaving it safe for you to search its chamber. In fact there is no gold or gems here – it was all the Scitalis's illusion. However, in one corner of the room is a small earthenware pot, decorated all over with hieroglyphs. When you

translate them with your papyrus scroll, they turn out to be prayers asking for everlasting life. Taking the lid off the jar, all you find inside is a bundle of preserving bandages. You are not sure what it is or what purpose it serves, but if you want to take the earthenware jar add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. Leaving the Scitalis's room, will you head along the adjoining passage you passed earlier, if you have not already done so (turn to **370**), or retrace your steps past the Decayer's room and follow the new branch (turn to **63**)?

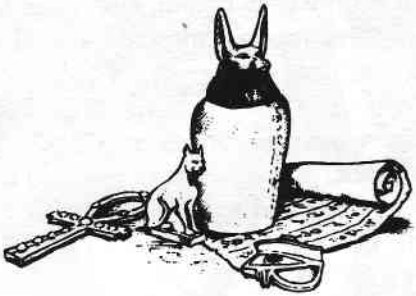

4

Suddenly you see that the river ahead disappears under a rock-face in front of you. You have no choice but to hold your breath and hope for the best . . .

You come to the surface, gasping for air, and are surprised to find yourself in a flooded room. *Test your Luck*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you are Unlucky, your provisions have all been ruined by your river journey (remove them all from your *Adventure Sheet*). You are able to wade towards an archway that leads out of the chamber, only waist-deep in the water. Beyond it, you find yourself in an expanse of flooded

corridors and passageways and begin to explore them. Coming to an intersection, you have to choose your route ahead. Will you go to the left (turn to **48**), to the right (turn to **195**), or straight on (turn to **124**)?

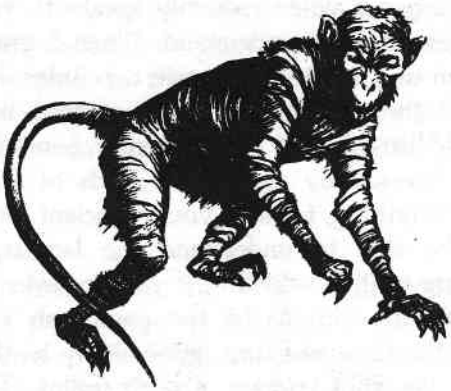

5

You have not travelled many kilometres before you reach the top of a ridge of a line of hills and find yourself looking out over a wide valley. The land drops steeply down to the sand-covered valley floor and there, only a few hundred metres away, lie the fallen pillars and broken walls of a temple, half buried by the desert. At last you have found it! In front of the temple is a sparkling oasis, surrounded by palm trees, its clear waters looking very inviting after your days of hot and dusty travel. Here, you hope, you will discover the location of Akharis's tomb. Where will you make for first: for the oasis (turn to **164**) or the ruins (turn to **346**)?

6

With a rumbling groan the stone door swings open. Your light illuminates a small, square chamber which is empty, except for a low stone altar in front of a life-size carving of a ram-headed man. Full of curiosity, you enter, when a voice suddenly speaks to you in a language you do not understand. 'Then I grant you the Wisdom of Khunam,' the voice concludes. Just like the rest of the speech, that last sentence was not spoken in Allansian, but it was comprehensible! You have been blessed by one of the gods of Djarat. If anyone, or anything, talks to you in ancient Djaratian, you will be able to understand the language and communicate in it. To do this, if you are ever spoken to in Djaratian, add 30 to the paragraph you are reading at the time and turn immediately to the new paragraph. For now, regain 1 LUCK point. There is nothing more for you at the Shrine of Khunam, god of knowledge and learning, so you proceed deeper into the tomb. Turn to **374**.

7

You move the piece sideways to the left, and Nemset moves White Two, two squares foward. Black One is now free to move. Will you move Black One (turn to **80**) or Black Two again (turn to **243**)?

8

After meandering through barren, rocky hills, the track descends through a boulder-strewn pass and divides, one branch continuing north-eastwards, while the other leads directly towards a line of several high peaks in the east. Looking at Jerran's map, you see that the route you are now on goes towards the temple, while the new path to the right should take you to the Shaman at Spirit Rock. Will you continue north-eastwards (turn to **146**) or take the right-hand fork (turn to **79**)?

9

It is not long before you come to the top of another flight of stone steps; at their base, you enter a large, rubble-strewn chamber, its ceiling some ten metres above you. Turn to **202**.

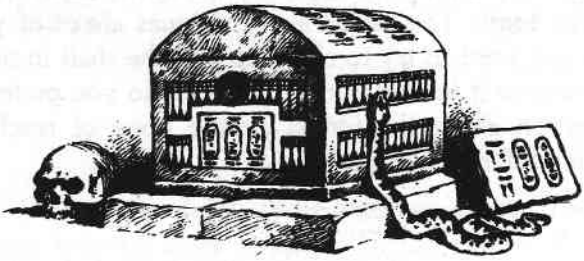

10

You dodge the man's charge, then draw your sword to defend yourself. He unsheathes his rusted weapon and turns on you, shouting, 'Die, Demon! You cannot prevail against the honour of Don Huan Fernandez, Knight of Vastille!' With that, the two of you engage in combat.

FERNANDEZ SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you reduce your opponent's STAMINA score to 3 points or less, turn immediately to **253**.

11

The path you are following leads towards a narrow, steep-sided gorge, the land on either side of it rising up to the cliff-tops. If you have Cranno's Warning written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **310**. Otherwise, turn to **298**.

12

The walls of the tunnel here are constructed from chiselled blocks of stone. Not far along the passage, you come to a place where the ceiling opens into a shaft travelling upwards, back towards the upper levels of the tomb. The tunnel also continues ahead of you. Do you want to try to climb up into the shaft in order to explore it further (turn to **352**), or do you prefer to carry on along the tunnel, in the hope of reaching your goal (turn to **299**)?

13

'I judge you worthy to enter the City of the Dead,' the Sphinx says. 'The Cult of the Cobra have taken Akharis's mummified body to the Temple of Sithera on the far side of the Necropolis, where they intend to raise him to life once more. Now go on your way.' Without hesitation, you leave the entrance hall through a second set of double doors.

You find yourself standing at a vantage point overlooking the vast Necropolis. As far as your eye can see are the stone tombs of Djaratian rulers and nobles, as well as shrines to their beast-headed gods, eldritch fires burning round the city making it all visible. The ruined Necropolis is obviously in use again. To your left lie several low stone buildings that do not appear to be tombs; to the right, in the distance, you can see what appears to be a collection of simple dwellings, possibly the ruined remains of a village. However, the edifice that dominates the complex is a great black pyramid towering over the Necropolis; a voice inside your head tells you that this is the Temple of Sithera. What will you do now?

Explore the low stone buildings? Turn to **56**
Investigate the ruined village? Turn to **197**
Make straight for the Temple of Sithera? Turn to **92**

14

The door opens easily. You enter an empty room, leading into an inner sanctum. In the centre of the sanctum stands a rectangular column and resting in a niche in its side is an exquisite golden image of a crocodile-headed man, probably a god, no more than thirty centimetres high, dressed in Djaratian garb. There is no sign of any guards, so will you take the statue (turn to **255**) or leave the shrine undisturbed and return to the tunnel (turn to **284**)?

15

Between them, the merchants have some very interesting items for sale: they are listed below with their prices. If you decide to buy anything, do so, then turn to the relevant paragraph to find out more about your new acquisition.

Oil of Lotus – 4 Gold Pieces	Turn to **155**
Two Yokka Eggs – 6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **291**
Sandworm's Tooth – 6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **328**
Alabaster Scarab – 7 Gold Pieces	Turn to **41**
Crystal Pyramid – 5 Gold Pieces	Turn to **209**

When you have finished here, you leave the market and set out on your quest; turn to **242**.

16

The passage ends at a flight of steps. Descending these, you are surprised to find yourself in a partially flooded network of tunnels. As this is the only way onwards, you wade into the water; it only comes up to your waist, so at least your provisions will remain dry. The flooding is caused by the once great river, which used to run through the desert kingdom of Djarat before its destruction but which now flows underground. Further along the tunnel you come to an intersection. Will you go straight on (turn to **217**), turn left (turn to **124**) or right (turn to **234**)?

17

You fall only a few metres and fortunately suffer nothing worse than cuts and bruises (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). If you want to attempt the

ascent of Spirit Rock again, turn to **391**. If you prefer to abandon your search for the Shaman and set off in search of the temple again, turn to **178**.

18

There are two ways you can use fire as a weapon. The first is to fight using a torch, if you have one. If you do this, turn to **138** and fight as normal, but with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point; if you win an Attack Round, you will cause 4 points of damage to the Mummy's STAMINA rather than the usual 2, since your weapon ignites its bone-dry bandages. The second method is to throw a fire source, such as a lamp, a Yokka Egg or a burning skin of oil at the Mummy. For each one you attack in this way you must *Test your Skill*; if you succeed, the Mummy bursts into flames and is destroyed. You may try this method as many times as you have fire sources to use. Once you have used up all your fire sources, or when you give up this method of attack, note down how many of the Mummies you have already killed and turn to **138**.

19

The scarab symbol slides easily into the wall. Will you press the snake next (turn to **157**) or the vulture (turn to **230**)?

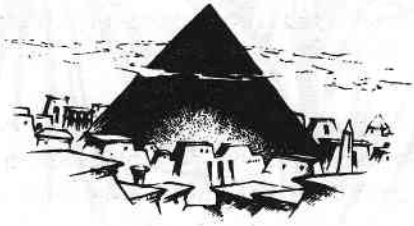

20

So now you know the location of Akharis's tomb! Without further delay, you begin to make your way out of the temple ruins so as to continue your journey eastwards. Walking between the columns, you suddenly catch a glimpse of a red-robed figure dashing behind a crumbling wall. Could it be . . .? You give chase and, rounding the corner, see the man standing, ten metres away, his scarlet robes bearing the golden image of a cobra. Swiftly you draw your sword, ready to deal with the evil cultist. However, before you can get any closer, the man strikes the sandy bank by him several times with the staff he is holding in his hands. Immediately you hear an angry buzzing as a cloud of desert wasps flies out of a hole in the bank, their nest having been disturbed. You watch as the hornet-like insects swarm towards the cultist, then suddenly stop, hovering in mid-air. The cultist has his fingertips pressed to his temple and appears to be concentrating deeply. The wasps mass together into a cloud which rapidly takes on the form of one of the insects, only many times larger. The swarm, looking like a gigantic wasp with a tapered abdomen and a sting half a metre long, turns on its massive wings and moves towards you threateningly. You are going to have to deal with the swarm; there is no way of escaping it. Will you defend yourself with your sword (turn to **222**) or will you use an alternative weapon (turn to **108**)?

21

You pull the stakes out of the ground so that the Dracon can free itself from the net. 'At last,' the

creature growls in a haughty tone. 'I suppose I owe you my thanks. I don't know how I ever managed to get into such a predicament in the first place. I only lay down for a nap and then those impudent trappers had the effrontery to try to capture me. No doubt I was bound for the animal traders' markets of Rimon and then into the private zoo of some upstart human noble. If there's one thing I cannot tolerate, it's a complete lack of manners.'

Four men on horseback suddenly appear between the boulders. Seeing you with their prize free, they dismount and draw their weapons. The leader of the group, stripped to the waist and with a shaven head, runs at you with a stiletto dagger grasped in one hand. You join battle with the leader while the Dracon takes on his accomplices.

TRAPPER SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

The blade of the trapper's dagger is coated with a poison that normally induces sleep. However, it will have no such effect on you, due to your high immunity to toxins. The first time the trapper wins an Attack Round you must add 1 to your POISON total, as well as deducting the usual 2 points of damage to your STAMINA. If you win, turn to **125**.

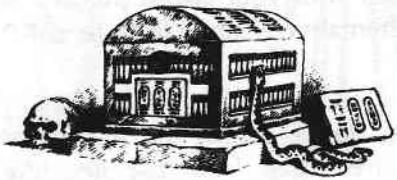

22

It is well known that snakes fear fire, so if you have some means of clearing a path with fire, such as a skin of oil or a torch, you can use this method to reach the box easily without being bitten (turn to **186**). If you have no such items to clear the way, or if you do not wish to waste any materials necessary for such a plan, you will have to make a run for it through the asps' nest (turn to **99**).

23

As you walk towards the right-hand exit, the guards' bones rise jerkily from their posts and advance towards you. They will reach the archway before you do, so, if you want to avoid clashing with the guards, you could change direction and run through the other exit (turn to **371**). If you are intent on passing through this archway, you will have to fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETAL GUARD	8	6
Second SKELETAL GUARD	7	6

If you win, turn to **229**.

24

The terrain grows progressively more tortuous as you make your way towards the ruined temple. At mid-day you rest briefly, to avoid being out in the open during the hottest part of the day; but by mid-afternoon you are walking between steep cliffs and high

stacks of rock. Gradually the sound of a struggle reaches your ears from somewhere to the west between the rocks. If you want to investigate, turn to **372**. If you would rather ignore the disturbance, turn to **226**.

25

You can attack the mummified animals with fire in one of two ways. The first method is to use a torch as a weapon, if you have one. To do this, turn to **163** and fight the creatures as normal but with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point since you are using an unusual weapon; however, every successful strike you make against a creature will cause 4 points of damage to its STAMINA rather than the usual 2. The second way is to throw a fire source, such as a lamp or burning skin of oil, at a creature. For each animal, *Test your Skill* and, if you are successful, your opponent will burst into flames and be destroyed. Any you fail to destroy, or if you run out of fire sources, you will have to fight; turn to **163**. If you kill all the beasts in this way, turn to **147**.

26

You give a single loud blast on the horn and it echoes off the distant hills and across the endless sands. The two Warriors look startled – then suddenly you are aware of two more of the creatures behind you. The bone horn is one used by the Xoroa to summon help and warn the colony of danger! The mutuated ant-men close in on you from all sides. You must fight all four at the same time!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First XOROA	10	11
Second XOROA	10	10
Third XOROA	11	9
Fourth XOROA	10	11

If you somehow survive this battle, turn to **331**.

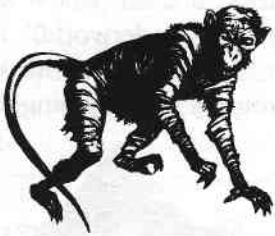

27

'To reach the deeper sections of the tomb, you will have to enter the Fangs of Sithera. The only way to escape is to locate the door-release, hidden in a corner of the room.' If you ever find yourself in the Fangs of Sithera, halve the number of the paragraph you are reading at the time, then turn to the paragraph with this new number. Now return to **286**.

28

As the Black Lion slumps to the ground, a great cheer goes up from the onlookers. Jerran is not badly wounded but, because you were distracted by having to fight the deadly beast, the cultist has got away. You will now have to try to head him off on the way to the tomb (turn to **242**) or give up the chase and visit the markets, to prepare for your quest (turn to **112**).

29

'And now my final question,' says the Sphinx. 'How many hazards must a dead person face on his or her journey through the underworld?' If you know the answer, turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not, you say just anything; turn to **361**.

30

The pillar-filled hall is deserted. At the far end a pair of cedar-wood doors stand ajar. Peering through them, you see another passage leading left and right. Which way will you go: to the left (turn to **87**) or to the right (turn to **254**)?

31

The night is numbingly cold and you are barely able to sleep at all. In the morning you feel worse than you did when you settled down the night before (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). As the feeling returns to your limbs with the rising sun's warming rays, you consult Jerran's map; it shows you that you must now head directly north for the temple. Turn to 5.

32

Your body feels as if it is being crushed, and you look down to see that you are trapped within the constricting coils of an enormous golden cobra. It raises its head until it is level with your face, and watches you with glittering eyes. And then it strikes. Your adventure is over.

33

Full of trepidation, you step over the blood-stained sand and round the great carcasses and enter the tomb. Turn to 204.

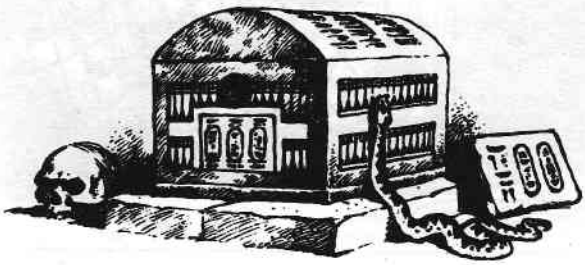

34

The key turns in the lock and the ornate stone door swings open. You are at the top of a wide stone staircase; descending it, you enter a vast, high-ceilinged chamber. The blue roof is dotted with stylized yellow stars, while the walls are covered in plaster which has been painted with scenes of the dead king's life. In one frieze he venerates his dark goddess, in another he dictates his harsh law, and in another he communes with vile, demonic creatures. Several archways lead out of this main chamber, allowing you glimpses of fabulous golden treasures and caskets brimming with sparkling jewels.

However, your attention is drawn to Akharis's huge stone sarcophagus and the enormous serpent wrapped round it. Covered in red, black and yellow scales, the gigantic snake must be at least twenty metres long! As your light falls on to its body, the serpent's ancient, reptilian eyes flick open. Slowly it raises its head and starts to uncoil itself, its hard skin grating against the stone of the coffin as it rubs across it. With fangs as long as your arm, dripping with venom, the Great Serpent attacks.

GREAT SERPENT SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If the serpent wins an Attack Round, you must lose 3 STAMINA points and gain 2 POISON points from its terrible bite. If the monster wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to **193**. If you kill the over-grown reptile, turn to **88**.

35

You leap through the archway just as the statue crashes to the floor behind you, completely blocking the way back into the chamber! You will never be able to move the colossus, so you descend deeper into the tomb. Turn to **216**.

36

With the cultist dead, the glowing sphere she was using to light her way fades. Ignoring this, you look around to see what else you can find. The cultist was recovering a small earthenware jar, which (as you learn when removing its lid) contains a peculiarly shaped, mummified object. If you want to take this jar, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. You find nothing else of use to you, but then you notice that the sphere is still pulsing with faint light. If you want to pick it up, turn to **159**. If you do not, you leave the chamber; turn to **9**.

37

A quarter of an hour later, a group of four men on horseback appears between the boulders, one stripped to the waist and with a shaven head, apparently the leader. Dismounting, they approach the Dracon, which roars in defiance and fear. Unperturbed, the bald man walks up to the monster and plunges a stiletto dagger into its side. The creature soon stops struggling and falls, unconscious. The four men pull up the stakes and, having bound the Dracon's feet together, drag it on to a wooden sled pulled by two of the horses and, remounting, ride away southwards. There is nothing

for you to do here but return to the trail and set off again eastwards. Turn to **250**.

38

Pulling the iron wand from your backpack, you strike Akharis with it. At once he is surrounded by a shimmering black aura – and he seems to revel in it. You are wielding the Sceptre of Oset, which the ancient Djaratian people hid from the Cult of the Cobra because it was imbued with evil power. Rather than weakening the Mummy, it has strengthened him! Remember to add 1 point to Akharis's SKILL and 3 points to his STAMINA when you come to fight him. Now turn to **215**.

39

Walking towards the mounds, you catch sight of two bizarre-looking creatures among the boulders. From the waist up they appear to be human, except that their eyes are silver and, instead of outer ears, two flexible, ant-like feelers extend forward from the top of their heads. However, their lower bodies and legs are those of a giant ant! Coloured a light reddish brown and standing about one and a half metres tall, these creatures are Xoroa. As well as being able to see in the dark, Xoroa have an acute sense of smell and they can easily pick up your scent, which is rather strong after days of sweaty travel through the scorching wilderness. The two Workers start to make a series of frantic clicks and hums, then they scuttle towards an opening in one of the mounds. Suddenly two more Xoroa appear from between the boulders. These creatures are

larger than the Workers, standing almost two metres tall, and their skin is slightly darker coloured. Both are holding javelins, and one also carries a sling. Quickly the Xoroa Warrior lets fly a stone directly at you. Roll one dice. If the number rolled is odd, turn to **263**; if it is even, turn to **357**.

40

The passage turns sharply to the left and you can see a light being cast from round the corner. Carefully poking your head round the turning, you see a red-swathed figure bending over a hole in a derelict room. It is one of the cultists! Round her lie the charred outlines of three humanoid creatures, although their fanged, skull-like visages still remain. The cultist is lifting something out of the hole. Do you want to rush in and attack (turn to **212**), wait and watch for a moment (turn to **116**) or, seeing that this is a dead-end, return along the passage and go the other way (turn to **9**)?

41

The scarab, carved from a lump of veined alabaster, is actually an ancient lucky charm. Whenever you are instructed to *Test your Luck*, you may deduct 1 from the dice roll. Now return to **15**.

42

It is no good. You search desperately for a means of escape but can find none. Deep underground, Akharis's burial chamber acquires a new occupant as you are buried alive under the sand!

43

Peering round the edge of the arch, you look into a small chamber which is faced with stone; its walls are covered in hieroglyphs and carvings of animal-headed people. Standing in front of a statue of a bull-headed man that reaches up to the ceiling is a red-robed figure: the cultist you chased into the tomb! Will you enter the chamber and attack him immediately (turn to **191**) or wait to find out what the cultist is doing (turn to **340**)?

44

Nandibears have no need of treasure, so they usually remove it from their homes. However, you do find part of a human skeleton, still wearing what was once a red robe; on one bony finger is a gold ring, fashioned to look like a coiled cobra. If you want to take the Cobra Ring, make a note of it on your *Adventure Sheet*. You also find a few Gold Pieces lying among the carcasses (roll one dice to learn how many). Finding nothing else of value, you leave the Nandibear's lair and rejoin the trail leading north-westwards (turn to **337**).

45

Slowly, using the Papyrus Scroll, you are able to translate the hieroglyphs copied into the diary. The inscription reads:

> *And all those who would despoil the shrine of Cracca, Lord of Rivers and Ferryman of the Gods, beware the wrath of the crocodile-headed one.*

Turn to **226**.

46

The force of your blow sends Akharis reeling back into the one brazier left standing. Instantly the magical fire ignites his wrappings and the Mummy bursts into flames. Howling, Akharis's burning undead body stumbles forward and topples down the steps. In moments, all that is left of the evil creature is a pile of ashes. Akharis is truly dead at last.

But even though you have succeeded in your quest, will you be able to escape and live to tell the tale? For the first time, you notice, behind the broken remains of the statute of Sithera, an alcove which contains some of the cult's magical artefacts. Will you waste no more precious moments and flee the temple (turn to **2**), or will you see if you can use the artefacts to help you get out (turn to **232**)?

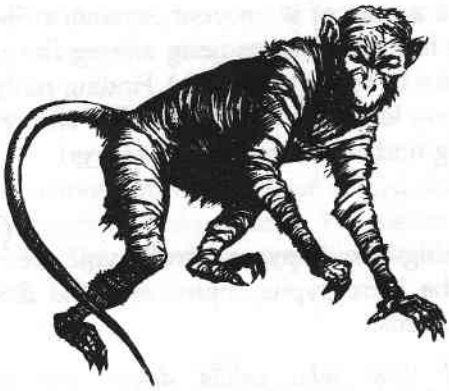

47

'That is correct,' Lopar murmurs. 'Now sit, and I shall tell you what I know of the Cult of the Cobra and the

Curse of Akharis.' You sit opposite the dog-headed Shaman and listen to his tale. 'The Cult of the Cobra are followers of Sithera, the ancient Djaratian Goddess of Evil. Sithera is, in fact, the Demon Prince Sith in the guise of a four-armed woman with a snake's head. The Djaratians worshipped many of our gods and demi-gods in the form of animal-headed humans, such as the cat goddess Meerar whom they knew as Seket, Goddess of Joy. The Djaratians also believed strongly in the power of charms. The Cult of the Cobra practise the curse-magic of their long-dead high priests, and you will no doubt need amulets and talismans to protect you from their spells.' You ask Lopar how he knows so much about the sect and the history of Djarat. 'I was not always as I appear now,' he says, sombrely. 'When I was a foolish young scholar with a lust for knowledge, searching in the desert I stumbled upon some of the ruins of that once great civilization. I filled my mind with everything and anything I could discover about the race, but I pried too far and disturbed the resting place of a high priestess of Sithera. Inadvertently I released her spirit into the world and suffered her cruel vengeance, before I managed to banish her spectre. However, if you do not stop the Cult, and if Akharis should be returned to this world, the fate of hundreds of innocent people will be much worse than mine. Do all you can to thwart their nefarious plans!' If you have any items in your possession that you wish to ask Lopar about, turn to **194**. Otherwise, the Shaman says to you: 'Now lie down beside this fire and sleep. You still have a long way to go before you meet your destiny.' Turn to **76**.

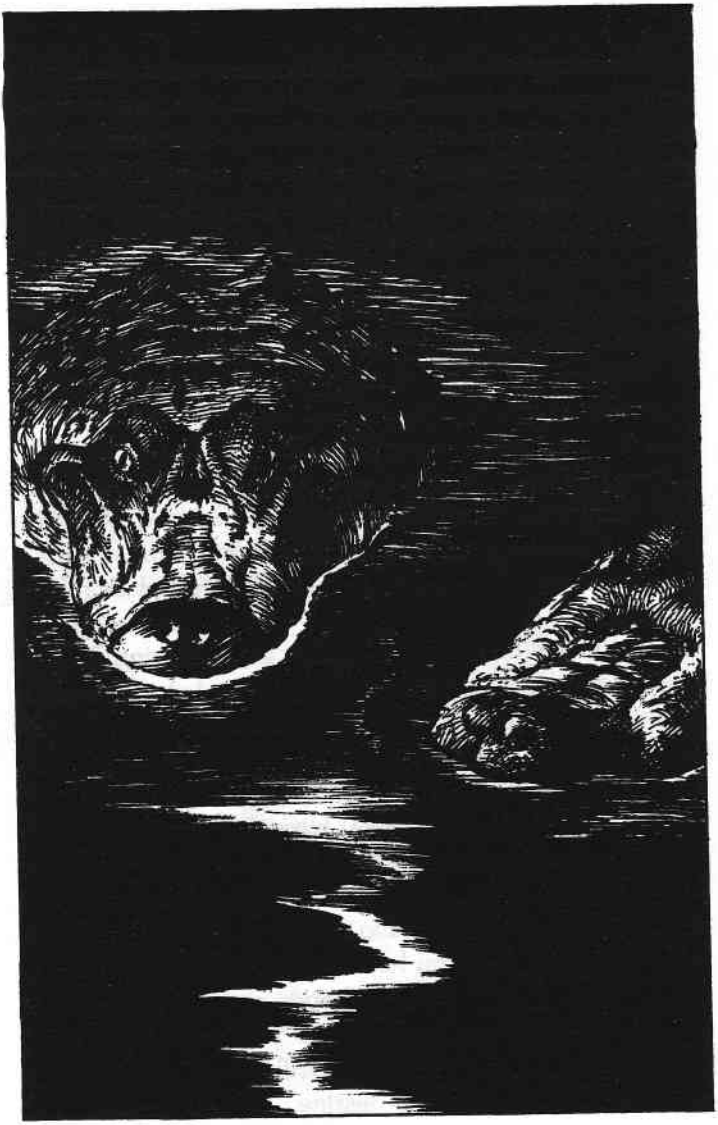

48

Swimming towards you are two huge reptiles, each four metres long. When they are very close to you, the crocodiles open their jaws wide and attack, intent on satisfying their voracious appetites. In the narrow passageway, fight the creatures one at a time. However, because you are fighting waist-deep in water, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 for the duration of this battle.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CROCODILE	8	7
Second CROCODILE	7	8

The crocodile is sacred to Akharis's cult because it is such an efficient killer. There are more crocodiles guarding these flooded corridors so, if you win this battle and come to this spot again, roll one dice. If you roll 1–3, you will meet only one crocodile; on a roll of 4–5, you will meet two more; and if you roll a 6 you will meet nothing. Turn to **287**.

49

As you hit the ground, the Yokka Eggs in your backpack break. At once they hatch, releasing the fiery birds. For each egg you break, deduct one dice worth of damage from your STAMINA as the blazing creatures bathe your body in flames. If you survive, turn to **202**.

50

Keeping your back against one of the tall pillars, you are able to fight the Caarth one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
CAARTH WARRIOR	10	10
CAARTH SORCERER	9	8

The first time you are hit by either of the Caarth, you must add 1 to your POISON score, as well as losing the usual 2 points from your STAMINA, because of the venom with which the evil Snakemen coat their weapons. If you win and you did not suffer any damage from the Caarth, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **231**. If you did suffer some damage, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, turn to **158**; otherwise, turn to **231**.

51

Unsheathing your weapon, you charge at the undead horde. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **138**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **176**.

52

The Cyclops falls to the ground, dead. If Fernandez attacked you when you last met, turn to **261**. If he did not, turn to **96**.

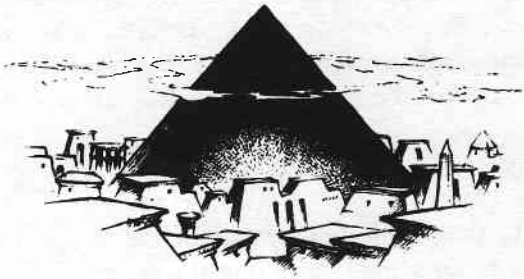

53

You become engrossed in the game, forgetting your worries for a while. Soon the board looks like this:

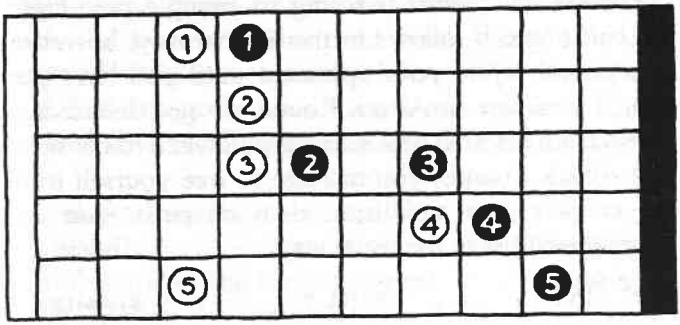

As you can see, the piece, Black One, is trapped at the moment by White One and White Two. It is your turn; which piece will you move?

Black Two?	Turn to **7**
Black Three?	Turn to **156**
Black Four?	Turn to **205**
Black Five?	Turn to **184**

54

Where will you go now: through the other door, if you have not already been there (turn to **393**), or along the new passage leading away from this junction (turn to **239**)?

55

Before you can get to your feet, you feel the cultist's hands round your throat (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). The cultist is trying to strangle you! Fight the battle which follows in the normal way; however, you cannot injure your opponent until you have got free. If you win an Attack Round, do not deduct any points from his STAMINA score. If you win two consecutive Attack Rounds, you manage to free yourself from the cultist's grip and, from then onwards, you can injure the cultist in the usual way.

CULTIST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **214**.

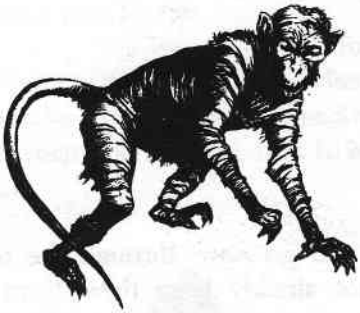

56

An eerie silence pervades this area of the city. Inside the buildings you find rooms containing stone tables and benches covered with rusty tools and broken clay pots. In the heart of the complex you enter one room

that has been used recently: scraps of linen lie, discarded, on the floor and a dark fluid has stained the crumbling slab. It is then you realize the purpose of these rooms: these are the embalming chambers to which the bodies of the dead were brought to be preserved. You are especially interested in two jars, half-full of strange liquids. One is sweet-smelling, while the other stinks foully and is syrupy. Do you want to:

Drink some of the sweet-smelling liquid?	Turn to **82**
Drink some of the reeking syrup?	Turn to **173**
Rub some of the syrup on your skin?	Turn to **219**
Leave the embalming chambers?	Turn to **147**

57

You react immediately, sprinting through the gorge away from the landslide, although you are still hit by a few small rocks (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Turn to **89**.

58

Gazing into the depths of the crystal orb, you concentrate all your mental energies into searching for something within it. *Test your Skill,* adding 1 to the dice roll. If you succeed, turn to **358**. If you fail, turn to **313**.

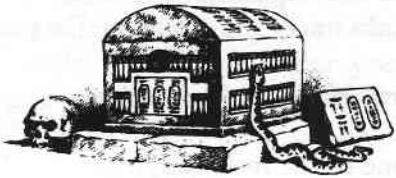

59

When the Death Spider bites you, it also injects its poison into your bloodstream, paralysing you. The Demon drags your body on to its web and goes on biting you until you are dead. Its dire task complete, the Death Spider, along with its web and your corpse, dematerializes, returning to the Realms of the Damned, where your soul will be extracted and tortured for all eternity!

60

The lapis lazuli set into the breastplate glows with an inner light and above you hovers a great spirit falcon,

its wings scintillating with azure flames. The bird of prey swoops down on the phantasmal creature and tears at the beast with its ghostly talons, while the snake-heads strike at the falcon. Within seconds the battle is over and the jackal-spirit is banished back to the Demonic Planes. Its duty done, the falcon also vanishes.

Suddenly you feel the priestess's gaze upon you. Her eyes burn with a crimson fire, and under her cruel stare you feel the strength ebbing from your body. If you have an Eye-shaped Amulet, turn to **151**. If you do not, turn to **344**.

61

Finding itself being overwhelmed by your superior fighting skill, the Dracon leaps out of reach of your weapon and takes to the air on its stubby wings. As it flies away, it continues to hurl insults at you until it is out of earshot. Alone again, you continue on your quest. Turn to **250**.

62

These desolate highlands seem to be devoid of life in any form; you make your way further to the east under the glare of the blazing sun, but there is still no sign of the cultist. The route you are following climbs upwards until you are walking along a narrow path bounded on your right by a steep, rocky slope and on your left by a precipice. Without warning, a surprisingly cold wind begins to blow in from across the desert, swirling the sand round about you. As you watch, the spiralling current of air and sand becomes a focused column and forms a recognizable shape. Standing on the track in front of you is a humanoid, over two metres in height and composed entirely of the substance of the desert. With great clenched fists and a malevolent red glow in its eye-sockets, the Sand Golem advances on you. What will you use against this magical creation:

Your sword?	Turn to **143**
Firepowder or a Yokka Egg?	Turn to **81**
The statuette of a god?	Turn to **378**
A Sandworm's Tooth?	Turn to **308**
A Carved Bone Horn?	Turn to **220**

63

Passing the door from the Decayer's chamber, and the entrance to this level of the tomb, you soon come upon a stone door, without a handle, in the left-hand wall. You try pushing against the door but can find no way of opening it. Then you notice an inscription carved round the door. If you want to stop for a while

and translate the message using the papyrus scroll, turn to **198**. Otherwise, you will have to press on as you can find no way of opening the door (turn to **374**).

64

Unstoppering the bottle, you throw its contents over the Mummy. Akharis howls with pain as the purifying waters eat into his undead body like acid! Roll one dice: this is how much damage the Waters of Life cause the Mummy (make a note of the number of points of STAMINA loss you have already inflicted on Akharis). Turn to **215**.

65

Buried under the piles of bones you unearth the remains of a backpack that you presume belonged to the unfortunate human. Looking inside the backpack, you find a small notebook. Opening it, you discover that it is a diary or journal. From what you can make out, its owner was among the band of explorers, one of whom tumbled into Jerran Farr's camp eight days ago; the diary contains information about their progress to the temple, but you also read something else of interest. On their journey the group came upon some ruins which they believed to be Djaratian. On one section of wall they found an inscription in a strange picture script; it is reproduced in the diary. There is nothing else of interest, but before leaving you decide to take the Rasaur's two eggs with you, each of which will provide a meal in itself (add 2 to your Provisions). Turn to **226**.

66

You try wedging your backpack between the roof and one corner of the room, but to no effect. Next you try your sword, but this snaps under the inexorable pressure of the descending ceiling. Finally you lie down and brace yourself against the floor, pushing against the ceiling with your legs, but even this desperate measure makes no difference. The Fangs of Sithera claim their first victim in several thousand years.

67

You raise the stone easily. Beneath it you find a shallow storage pit. In this are some decayed provisions and a peculiar, wand-like object, made of iron, that has remained untarnished in this dry atmosphere; its end is fashioned in the shape of a clawed hand. If you want to take the iron wand, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. Whether you do or not, you will now have to leave the village. Where will you make for now: the Temple of Sithera (turn to **92**) or the low stone buildings, if you haven't been there already (turn to **56**)?

68

Fortunately, since you are standing back-to-back in the narrow street, only one cultist can attack each of you at a time. You prepare to defend yourself against the leader.

CULTIST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat your opponent, turn to **214**.

69

The tangle of flooded corridors you are in now leads off in all directions. Peering down new intersecting tunnels, you see that yet more passageways lead off from these. Which way will you go?

First left, first right, second right?	Turn to **217**
First right, first left, then straight on?	Turn to **162**
Second right, then straight on?	Turn to **182**
Second left, first right?	Turn to **301**

70

Using the incredible strength of your willpower alone, you break the control of the Path of Fear. The terror of the waking nightmare was all in your mind. Now the corridor is empty once more and you can continue on your way, but you have been permanently scarred by the experience. Reduce both your *Initial* and current SKILL by 1 point. Turn to **16**.

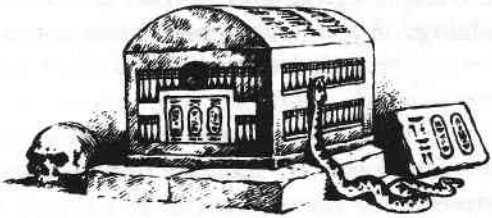

71

Peering through the archway, you find yourself looking into a small chamber faced with stone; its walls are covered in hieroglyphs and carvings of animal-headed

people. On the opposite side of the room is a statue of a bull-headed man that reaches up to the ceiling. Your flickering light casts eerie shadows across the walls and you decide that there is nothing here of any importance to your quest, so you continue along the tunnel. Eventually the passage turns right again, bringing you to the top of another flight of stone steps. You have no choice but to descend, wondering how far down into the earth this tomb leads. Turn to **216**.

72

Muscles tensed, you spring forward and manage to get hold of the statue. Where you were standing a moment ago is now the opening into a pit of bubbling acid! Pulling yourself to safety, you put the Malachite Amulet round your neck and waste no time in getting out of the room. Turn to **247**.

73

No matter what you try to use against the statue, your attempts to stop it are futile. A massive stone foot is raised and then smashed down with tremendous force, with you underneath it. Your adventure ends here.

74

Unrolling the scroll, you see that it is covered in incomprehensible hieroglyphic picture-script, written in black ink and arranged into five columns. You can make no sense of the hieroglyphs, so you roll the scroll up again and tuck it into your backpack. Return to **339**.

75

Walking along the sand-strewn tunnel, the passageway eventually turns ninety degrees to the left, then continues as before. As you progress further you see that ahead of you, to the right, part of the tunnel wall has caved in, revealing the entrance to a roughly circular tunnel. As you approach, you can hear scuttling and scraping sounds coming from the hole. A huge, glossy-brown, oval-bodied beetle enters the passageway, rolling a large ball of compacted earth and stones in front of it. Then the Giant Scarab stops, sensing your presence, and clicks its mandibles menacingly. You have invaded the beetle's territory and are blocking its path. With one tremendous push, the Scarab sends the ball of earth hurtling directly at you. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **246**. If you fail, turn to **172**.

76

You wake up as the sun is rising over the eastern hills. You are lying in the middle of a dusty track that wends its way north-westwards through the wilderness. Behind you, many kilometres away on the horizon, you can see the silhouette of Spirit Rock. Lopar has helped you once more on your quest (regain 1 LUCK point and 2 STAMINA points). With renewed vigour you proceed on your way.

Under Glantanka's unrelenting gaze you travel on through the heat of the day. The uneven path leads you further into the wilderness that fringes the Desert of Skulls. You follow the route north-westwards across

boulder-strewn hills and through narrow valleys. As you pass through one rocky gully you notice a large hole at its base, leading underground. Do you want to stop and investigate this entrance into the earth (turn to **324**) or will you continue on your way without hesitation (turn to **226**)?

77

You squeeze through the small hole and crawl along a tunnel on your belly for a few metres. The tunnel suddenly slopes steeply downwards and you find yourself sliding into the depths of the temple. The tunnel eventually opens into a bare chamber and you are deposited on the hard stone floor. An archway leads out of this chamber and further into the temple, so this is the way you will have to go. Turn to **347**.

78

You know you cannot harm the Sentinel of the Shrine unless you are in contact with a piece of the material from which it is formed. However, while retrieving this item you are vulnerable to attack and must automatically lose the first round of combat. After that you can fight on as normal.

GOLDEN SENTINEL	SKILL 11	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **368**.

79

As the sun reaches its highest point, you rest for a few minutes in the shade of a great slab of rock. (You may eat Provisions here if you wish.) The whole landscape

looks as if a Giants' game of knuckle-bones has been played here. The only signs of life in this scorching wilderness are the occasional lizard, running over the rocks in search of beetles, and a lonely bird of prey soaring on the warm thermals above you in the cloudless azure sky. The only sound is made by a cool breeze blowing through the valley . . . but it isn't the only sound! You are suddenly aware of a low growling coming from somewhere among the rocks behind you. Do you want to investigate the source of this noise (turn to **294**), or will you hurriedly move on eastwards again (turn to **250**)?

80

It is a close thing, but Nemset's piece just beats yours to the opposite end of the board. You concede defeat and prepare to leave the tomb. Turn to **322**.

81

There is a sudden blinding flash and, as your eyes recover, you are startled by the sight now in front of you. Under the intense heat of the explosion produced by your attack the sand that the Golem was composed of has completely vitrified. Standing on the path in front of you know is a motionless glass statue. You give the Golem one great push and it plummets over the edge of the precipice, smashing into hundreds of pieces when it hits the rocks below. Regain 1 LUCK point for your quick thinking and turn to **183**.

82

You gulp the liquid down and discover that it is wine infused with medicinal herbs. The wine is used to

clean the corpse before it is mummified, but on you it has a restorative effect (regain up to 4 STAMINA points and increase your Attack Strength by 1 point during your next battle). Now will you:

Drink some of the foul-smelling syrup?	Turn to 173
Rub some of the syrup on your body?	Turn to 219
Leave the embalming chambers?	Turn to 379

83

Yokka Eggs are warm to the touch; with one of these clutched to you while you sleep you will not need to light a fire. The night passes peacefully without any disturbances (restore 2 STAMINA points). In the morning, having consulted Farr's map again, you take a route north towards the temple; turn to 5.

84

You reach out a hand to pick up a fistful of jewels but jump back in surprise as the treasure pile rears up in front of you. You blink several times and the illusion disappears. The room is actually home to a Scitalis, a large, brightly coloured snake which traps its prey with illusions of treasure. You are going to have to fight the deceiving serpent, but at least you can take some comfort from the fact that its bite is not poisonous – it does not need to be!

SCITALIS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 3.

85

What will you use: a Bronze Rattle (turn to **168**), an Iron Wand (turn to **38**) or the Book of the Dead (turn to **245**)? If you have none of these items, turn to **215**.

86

'The great Cranno, hero of a hundred tragedies, has no time to help lesser mortals when he has a dozen soliloquies to rehearse. Now leave this place.' Will you do as the man says (turn to **8**) or attack him (turn to **134**)?

87

You wander along the featureless tunnel – one corridor is very like another in this labyrinthine tomb. Eventually, having led you around to the right, the passage does reveal something of interest. To your left is the entrance to another passage, but it has been crudely blocked with lumps of rock. It may take a while but you think you can clear the obstruction. Do you want to:

Clear the entrance by hand?	Turn to **166**
Use Firepowder, if you have some, to clear it?	Turn to **390**
Continue along the passage?	Turn to **154**

88

With the serpent dead, will you open the sarcophagus immediately (turn to **376**), or do you want to search Akharis's treasure-rooms first (turn to **179**)?

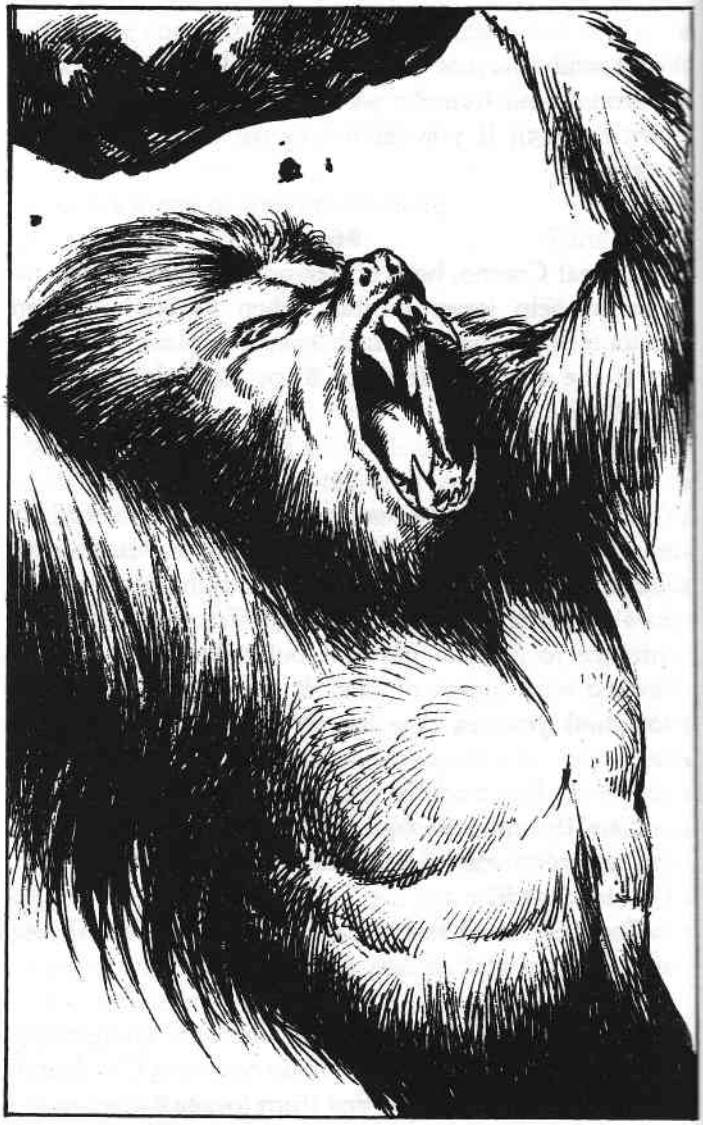

89

As the dust clears, you hear a terrible shriek and look up at the rocky ledges above you. On both sides of the gorge, among the rocks, is a group of six baboons. They are almost as large as men, covered in bristly fur and with vicious-looking, sharp teeth. They are leaping up and down, snarling and howling cruelly. One, larger than the rest, is standing on its hind legs and holding a boulder over its head. It must have been these creatures which caused the landslide. Sensing that the baboons will attack at any moment, you unsheathe your sword – and not a moment too soon, as the two nearest apes leap towards you, ready to tear you to pieces with their clawed hands. Fight them both together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BABOON	7	5
Second BABOON	6	6

If you kill the vicious creatures, turn to **316**.

90

As you reach the top of yet another ridge you pass an outcrop of rock, and suddenly your goal becomes visible. At the edge of a vast mesa that stretches to the east and north, rising up between two of the sandy hills is a tall pinnacle of rock, its sides almost vertical. A massive boulder, which appears to be precariously balanced, rests on its flat top. The boulder is covered in swirling patterns formed by veins of some crystalline substance. There is a strong aura of elemental energy about the place and a voice inside your

head tells you that this must be Spirit Rock. A thin trail of smoke rises into the air from the top of the boulder, and you can just make out a small cave entrance at its base where it rests on the pinnacle. The Shaman must live at the top of the rock and, from all appearances, you assume that he is there at the moment. However, the only way you are going to gain access to the cave is to scale the pinnacle. If you are determined to seek the Shaman's aid and want to make the dangerous climb, turn to **152**. If you would rather abandon this approach and set off in search of the temple once more, turn to **178**.

91

'By Assamarra, God of the Sands, I command you to begone!' As soon as you have spoken these words, the wind picks up again, but this time it blows the Golem's insubstantial, shifting form apart, scattering the sand throughout the wilderness. The deity of deserts and arid places himself has aided you. Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **183**.

92

Making your way along the processional avenue of the Necropolis, you see the black pyramid looming up in front of you. However, before you reach the temple,

you pass through other areas of the city that may be of interest. To your left, extending towards the distant edge of the cavern are the tombs of Djaratians, while to the right are shrines to their gods. Do you want to proceed by making for:

The tombs?	Turn to **149**
The shrines?	Turn to **295**
The Temple of Sithera?	Turn to **395**

93

You fall more than twenty metres down the side of the pinnacle, hitting rocky outcrops and ledges on the way down. You land heavily among the boulders at the base of Spirit Rock, seriously injured; you are covered in cuts and bruises; you have several cracked ribs and have sprained your left ankle (deduct 7 points from your STAMINA, 2 points from your SKILL and 1 point from your LUCK). You are no longer in any condition to climb the rock so, having tended to your wounds, you set off, hobbling in great pain, for the temple. Turn to **178**.

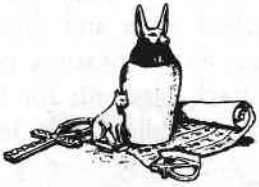

94

The Decayer bursts into flames on contact with the source of your fire and is soon consumed by fire. You carefully avoid the undead creature as it stumbles about in the chamber, screeching, and deftly move towards the door. Turn to **148**.

95

'Your second question. In reaching the Necropolis you have ferried yourself across the Sacred Lake. But tell me this: who is the Ferryman of the Gods and Lord of Rivers?' Convert the name of the deity that is the answer into numbers, using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26. Add the numbers together then turn to the paragraph with the same number as the total you have calculated. If you get it wrong, or if you do not know the answer, turn to **262**.

96

'Thank you, my friend,' says the old knight. 'You are a truly noble and honourable warrior. Between us we have rid the land of one of the foul giant brethren. Let us drink a toast together. Gordo!' he calls. 'Where are you, man?' Fernandez's cowardly manservant emerges from his hiding place and approaches his master. 'Give me the bottle of Old Sarnak's we've got,' the old man tells him. 'Here, my friend,' he says, passing you the bottle, 'this will revitalize your spirits.' You take a swig of the fortified wine and immediately feel its effects. Restore up to 4 STAMINA points and add 1 point to your Attack Strength for the next combat you are involved in. While Gordo tends Don Huan's wounds, you waste no more time in returning to your original route to the temple. Turn to **226**.

97

At last you find yourself face-to-face with the ancient evil that you came all this way to destroy. Remember to deduct any points of SKILL or STAMINA damage you may have already caused the Mummy, then do battle with Akharis, who tries to beat you into oblivion with his powerful fists.

AKHARIS	SKILL 13	STAMINA 25

If you overcome your inhumanly strong, ultimate opponent, turn to **336**.

98

A short figure suddenly appears in the open doorway. The man is dressed in plain grey robes and is wearing a mask with grotesquely exaggerated features. 'I am the great Cranno, master of a thousand roles, possessor of a thousand guises!' the little man booms. Will you:

Ask Cranno for his help?	Turn to **304**
Attack him?	Turn to **134**
Leave the theatre?	Turn to **8**

99

Roll one dice and add 1 to the total; this is the number of snakes which bite you as you pick your way over their writhing mass. For each bite, deduct 1 point from

your STAMINA and, for every two bites suffered, add 1 to your POISON score as well! If you survive the venomous asps, turn to **186**.

100

Ahead of you a broad set of steps leads up out of the water and deeper into the tomb. At last you have found a way out of the flooded maze! Regain 1 LUCK point. Back on dry land, so to speak, you follow the short passage that leads away from the steps to a T-junction. To the left you can see that the tunnel ends at a stone door, while to the right it continues into darkness. Will you go to the left (turn to **165**) or to the right (turn to **12**)?

101

'There are many,' Rhehotep replies seriously. 'If you are to reach Akharis's burial chamber, you will have to confront the Guardian of the Dead and overcome it. Also, beware of Amentut, should you encounter him. He was Akharis's Vizier and is loyal even in death.' Return to **286**.

102

Unfortunately, this bizarre character does not believe the account you give of yourself. 'Why, you lying cur!' he roars. 'Where is the knightly apparel that one on a quest should wear? No, you must be some rogue who preys on helpless travellers. Or are you in fact a shape-changing Demon, sent by that confounded sorcerer Zanmethees to torment me?' The old man is clearly not thinking rationally. With a shout, he kicks

his heels into his nag's sides and levels his lance at your chest. Continue as if you were conducting one round of combat to determine the Attack Strength of yourself and the madman, but do not deduct any STAMINA points (he has a SKILL of 7). If you have the higher Attack Strength, turn to **10**. If his is higher, turn to **211**.

103

What will you use against the Mummies: fire (turn to **18**) or any charms you may have (turn to **241**)? If you have none of these, you will have to use your sword (turn to **51**).

104

You have chosen wrongly in your combination. Rather than the wall opening, a great block of stone pushes out from the wall, behind the bull-god's statue. Looking up in horror, you see the great stone colossus topple forward and at the same instant you start to run. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **35**; if it is greater, turn to **122**.

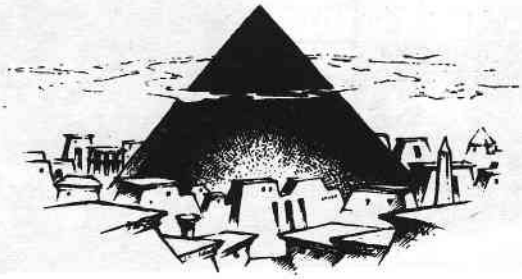

105

You soon come to an archway in the right-hand wall. Beyond it is a flagstoned chamber, decorated with yet more wall-paintings. However, your attention is drawn to a magnificent golden statue of a rearing cobra on the far side of the room. The statue, standing on a finely chiselled plinth, is two metres tall and its jewelled eyes sparkle in the flickering light. Hanging from the cobra's head is an amulet set with a piece of malachite, which may be of use against the cult's curse-magic. Do you want to enter the room, with the intention of retrieving the amulet (turn to **136**), or would you prefer to pass it by and continue along the tunnel (turn to **247**)?

106

As you flee, you hear the Dracon break free of the net and launch itself into the air. Your heart pounding, you are suddenly knocked to the ground. As you lie in the dust, trying to catch your breath, you feel blood oozing from a gash on your back (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). The Dracon lands and stalks towards you. 'Well, puny human,' it snarls, 'let us see what you can do with that lump of iron you call a weapon!'

DRACON SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

The Dracon continues to deride your skill and mock you as you fight; as a result, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If you reduce the creature's STAMINA to 5 points or less, turn at once to **61**.

107

The diabolical creature, conjured from the underworld of Djaratian myth, leaps at you, snarling. Your earthly weapon is useless against the demonic spirit, which soon overcomes you. Your body will be sacrificed to Sithera so that Akharis may live again.

108

If you have a torch, turn to **240**. Otherwise, you may use weapons such as Firepowder or a Yokka Egg against the swarm, but in the end you will have to resort to using your sword (turn to **222**).

109

You notice a crack at the base of the sarcophagus and marks on the floor as if something heavy has been pushed across it. Desperately, you push against the immense stone coffin in the hope of revealing an escape route. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **290**. If it is greater, turn to **171**.

110

Using your sword, you slice the top off the plant and, removing the spines, bite into its juicy flesh. The bitter taste makes you wince and, before you know what you are doing, you have swallowed some of the liquid. As well as being protected by its spines, the Barbthorn has a second defence against would-be diners: it is poisonous. (Add 2 to your POISON total and deduct 3 points from your STAMINA.) Spitting out the rest of the plant, you hurry on your way, leaving the toxic Barbthorn behind. Turn to **11**.

111

If you cleared a path to the box using fire, the flames have now died down and you will either have to employ the same means again (remember to cross off from your *Adventure Sheet* whatever you use to clear a path through the asps), in which case you will be unharmed, or you will have to run for it. If you choose the second option, roll one dice and deduct the total from your STAMINA score, due to the snake bites; for every 2 STAMINA points you lose, add 1 to your POISON score! If you survive, or if you clear a safe path using fire, turn to **54**.

112

Quickly exploring Rimon's markets, you soon discover what the many stalls have to offer. Jerran Farr hands you a bag containing 30 Gold Pieces and leaves it to you to decide what may be most useful on your quest. Read through the list of items described below and, if you buy anything, deduct the appropriate number of Gold Pieces and record the item on your *Adventure Sheet*. You may buy only one of any item on this list unless you are told otherwise.

Rope and Grapple – a length of rope with a metal hook attached at one end. Cost: 3 Gold Pieces.

Provisions – you may buy any number of meals. Cost: 1 Gold Piece per meal.

Lantern and Oil – each use of the lantern consumes one skin of oil. Cost: 2 Gold Pieces for the lantern plus one skin of oil. Additional skins: 1 Gold Piece per skin.

Healing Draught – each tot of this elixir restores STAMINA points equivalent to half your *Initial* score (rounding fractions up). There are three tots in the bottle. Cost: 5 Gold Pieces.

Anti-Poison – when drunk, this potion will reduce your POISON total by 4 points. Cost: 4 Gold Pieces.

Brass Telescope – this finely crafted telescope is one of the most incredible examples of the metalworker's art that you have ever seen. Cost: 5 Gold Pieces.

Firepowder – an alchemical compound wrapped in a paper parcel with a taper protruding from one end. When lit, within a few seconds the package will explode (roll one dice to find out how many points you may deduct from the STAMINA of any creature in contact with it). You may throw the package at an opponent at the start of a battle by successfully *Testing your Skill*. Cost: 4 Gold Pieces.

Torch – a length of wood with oil-soaked rags wrapped round one end. Useful as either a light source or a flaming weapon. You may buy a maximum of three torches. Cost: 1 Gold Piece per torch.

Several merchants, who look as if they have done very well for themselves from the trade, try to tempt you into inspecting their slightly more unusual – and more expensive – wares. If you have some money left and want to have a look at what they have to offer, turn to **15**. Otherwise, you leave the market and set off on your quest (turn to **242**).

113

You stop half-way along the corridor and begin to search for the entrance to the hidden room that Rhehotep spoke of. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you succeed, turn to **323**. If you fail, turn to **145**.

114

Even if Don Huan Fernandez did attack you at your first meeting, the eccentric old man is just a witless fool, and leaving him to a cruel death at the hands of the Cyclops is not an action befitting a hero such as yourself (lose 1 LUCK point). Turn to **226**.

115

With grim determination, you stagger across the chamber, sweating profusely. When you are past the fires you collapse, exhausted (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). Unable to go on for the moment after the strength-sapping heat of the Path of Flames, you sit down and rest. Ten minutes pass before you feel ready to set off once more. Getting to your feet, you march along the tunnel until you reach a door, covered in gold-leaf, to your left. Do you want to try this door (turn to **14**) or will you keep to your present path (turn to **284**)?

116

The cultist is holding a small earthenware jar, inscribed with hieroglyphs, in her hands. Now you can also see where the light in the room is coming from, for resting next to the cultist is a glowing white sphere.

As she turns to leave the room, she sees you and, picking up the sphere, hurls it at you. The blazing ball hits you in the chest and you feel its white-hot heat scorching your body (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). Wielding her curved sword, the cultist runs at you.

CULTIST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **36**.

117

The monster's nocturnal wanderings are not difficult to trace, and after an hour you reach a wide cave mouth in the hilly uplands. Knowing Nandibears to be solitary predators, you approach without fear of meeting the creature's mate. Entering the cave, your nostrils are assailed by a strong animal odour and the smell of rotting meat. The monster's lair is littered with half-chewed bones and shattered skulls. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **44**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **380**.

118

Not sure what else to do, you hurl the jar on to the ground, smashing it to pieces and crushing the mummified bundle it held beneath your foot. Akharis's Mummy doubles up in agony as you do so. Of course, the preserved package must be one of Akharis's major internal organs, removed by the priests of Sithera centuries ago, as part of the embalming process. For every earthenware jar you have that you can destroy, deduct 1 point from Akharis's STAMINA; for every two

jars smashed, you can also deduct 1 SKILL point from the Mummy. Now, while Akharis is weakened, will you:

Attack him with fire?	Turn to **330**
Use the Waters of Life, if you have them?	Turn to **64**
Use a charm against him?	Turn to **85**
Try to remove his death-mask?	Turn to **293**
Try to destroy the sarcophagus?	Turn to **257**
Use your sword?	Turn to **97**

119

You do not have to wait long before you notice a disturbance down in the valley. From nowhere, it seems, a sandstorm suddenly blows up but, as quickly as it appeared it dies down again; once the sand has settled, you see a red-robed figure standing at the entrance to the tomb. It is the same cultist you encountered at the temple! He looks around for a moment then disappears into the tomb. Swiftly you descend into the valley and dash across the sand, hoping to get there before the Giant Lizards notice you. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you are successful, turn to **348**. If you fail, turn to **306**.

120

Before you leave the cavern, you set fire to the Demon's carcass and its web. Regain 1 LUCK point for defeating such a powerful opponent. Climbing back up the slope, you can either enter the pillared hall (turn to **30**) or return to the passage before that and turn left (turn to **254**)?

121

Before you can reach her, the priestess casts a spell. At once thick, green smoke begins to pour out of one of the braziers and in its midst you can see a phantasmal shape forming. The demonic spirit has the body of a huge jackal, with two dog-like heads sprouting from its shoulders. Behind them a mass of serpent bodies writhe up along its back and two scorpion tails lash menacingly behind it. Do you have a Falcon Breastplate? If you have, turn to the paragraph which is the same number as the number of feathers on the falcon; if you haven't, turn to **107**.

122

After days of trudging through the desert, your legs are just not strong enough to get you out of the chamber in time. You are only a metre from the archway when the statue crashes down on top of you, crushing the life out of your body.

123

In panic you sprint through the gorge – but, unfortunately, not quickly enough. Several rocks hit you and knock you to the ground, stunned (deduct 6 points from your STAMINA). Turn to **89**.

124

The tunnel you are following is soon joined by several others from the left and right. Will you go straight on (turn to **249**), take the first to the left (turn to **182**), the second to the left (turn to **272**), the third to the left

(turn to **195**), the first to the right (turn to **301**) or the second to the right (turn to **69**)?

125

You land the fatal blow as the Dracon brings down one of the other men. The other two trappers fling themselves on to their mounts and gallop away, screaming in terror. 'It seems I owe you my thanks again,' says the creature, 'and as a sign of my gratitude I shall give you a gift.' The great beast bounds up the side of a boulder, launches itself into the air on its stubby wings, and disappears from view. You do not have to wait long, however, before the Dracon returns, holding in its mouth an object which it drops at your feet. The article is half a metre long and looks like a T-shaped cross whose top arm consists of a loop. It is made of solid gold and has twelve precious stones set into it. It must be very valuable. 'I hope you find this acceptable,' the Dracon says, 'and thank you again, human.' With that, the golden creature flaps its wings and rises into the sky, leaving you alone again to continue on your quest. Turn to **250**.

126

Wondering what else to do, you cast the powders into the magical flames of the brazier. Thick, choking, green smoke pours from the brazier and you can see, forming within it, a grotesque, demonic apparition.

The powders were used by the cult's High Priestess to commune with creatures of the Pit. However, before the summoned hellspawn can kill you, the temple roof caves in, burying you alive.

127

In one corner of the room you find a rounded granite catch. You pull it and the doorway in front of you slowly rises. Not waiting for it to open fully, you throw yourself through the gap as the spiked roof meets the floor of the chamber behind you. You have escaped the Fangs of Sithera! Regain 1 LUCK point. Picking yourself up, you look around. A few metres away is a T-junction; looking to the right, you can see a painted door, while to the left the passage is swallowed up in the darkness. Will you go to the left (turn to **105**) or to the right (turn to **315**)?

128

Carved from a single piece of bone, the horn is well made but is otherwise quite unremarkable. Return to **339**.

129

Nemset is just too good for you – but then, she is an expert and you are just a novice – and victory is soon hers. Turn to **322**.

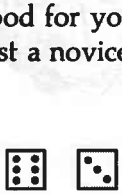

130

The passage soon ends at the entrance to a ruined room – and now you cannot believe your eyes. Reflected in the light you are carrying is a huge pile of jewels and gold coins! There is no way onwards through the room, so will you enter and take some of the treasure (turn to **84**), leave the room and make your way along the adjoining passage, if you have not done so already (turn to **370**), or retrace your steps back along the tunnel past the door by which you entered this part of the tomb (turn to **63**)?

131

Keeping the hills to your right, you trek across the hot sands of a desert which stretches as far as you can see to the north. After almost an hour's journeying, you catch sight of several hillocks of sand, each with a large opening at its summit, close to the edge of the hills. Could these possibly be entrances to Djaratian tombs, although they are much closer than you would have expected? Do you want to investigate the mounds (turn to **39**) or will you keep well clear of them and proceed along the outskirts of the desert (turn to **189**)?

132

As you stride confidently along the avenue, the two guards see you and, before you can attempt any bluff, charge at you. They are grotesque to look at, with human bodies but savage, bestial heads, and hands gripping cruel pole-arms! Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TEMPLE GUARD	8	8
Second TEMPLE GUARD	8	7

If you win, you enter the black pyramid; turn to **347**.

133

'I believe that there is some such item in a hidden room close to here. Leaving this chamber, turn left, then right, and the secret entrance is around there.' If you later find yourself in this passage, you may look for the entrance to the hidden room by deducting 100 from the paragraph you are reading at the time then turning to this new paragraph. 'There is also a charm that may be of use to you in the chamber of the Golden Cobra,' Rhehotep adds. Return to **286**.

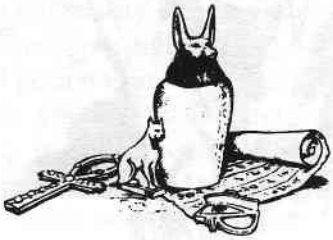

134

At a single word from the strange man, a huge Sabre-toothed Tiger bounds through the doorway and across the sand to attack you before you can reach its master.

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **237**.

135

You think that fire may be an effective method of attack against the Decayer. If you have some means of setting the skeleton on fire, such as a torch, Yokka Eggs or a skin of oil, and you want to try this, turn to **94**. If you do not, or if you do not wish to waste a fire source (you cannot use your light, if you have nothing else, so leaving yourself in the darkness), turn to **258**.

136

Creeping towards the huge golden cobra, you prepare yourself for any devious traps that may have been set. As you step on to the last flagstone in front of the statue, it gives way beneath you. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **72**; if you are not, turn to **206**.

137

The Scorpion dextrously evades your defences, grabs you in one of its claws and its sting whips forward. Its normally fatal poison is injected into your bloodstream, but fortunately you have built up a resistance to such toxins (add 4 to your POISON total and deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). Now return to **242** and continue your battle with the monster.

138

The Mummy horde numbers fifteen in total. With their atrophying hands outstretched in front of them, the powerful undead advance towards you. Fortunately, because Mummies are slow-moving, you can fight them one at a time. Each Mummy has SKILL 9 and STAMINA 12. (Remember to reduce the total by any you may have already destroyed.) If any individual battle lasts longer than nine Attack Rounds, turn to **236**. If you manage to overcome all the shambling undead, turn to **367**.

139

If you have a Carved Bone Horn, you could try blowing into it to scare off the Xoroa (turn to **26**). If you have anything else you may want to use, such as a Yokka Egg or Firepowder, turn to **218** and use it before you fight the two Warriors. If you have none of the above, you will have to rely on cold steel once more (turn to **218**).

140

Moving across to the archway, you direct your light into the room beyond. At the foot of a few steps, the floor of the chamber is completely covered by the glistening bodies of hundreds of asps, a small but venomous species of snake! Only six metres away, an iron box sits on top of a stone plinth. If you want to attempt to cross the room to the iron box, turn to **22**. Otherwise, you have no choice but to leave this place; turn to **54**.

141

The scarab slides easily into the wall, as does the snake after it. A grinding sound begins behind the wall and you watch expectantly for the door to open. Turn to **104**.

142

You have no idea where you are in the flooded maze. Roll one dice. If you roll:

1	Turn to **369**
2	Turn to **124**
3	Turn to **272**
4	Turn to **69**
5 or 6	Turn to **48**

143

Because of its insubstantial, shifting form, blows from your weapon pass straight through the Sand Golem and will cause it only 1 STAMINA point of damage (2 STAMINA points after a successful *Test for Luck*). However, hits from the magical creature are like punches from an iron gauntlet covered in sandpaper and will still inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage on you!

SAND GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you reduce your opponent's STAMINA to zero, you break the spell animating the Golem, and it becomes a harmless heap of sand once more (turn to **183**).

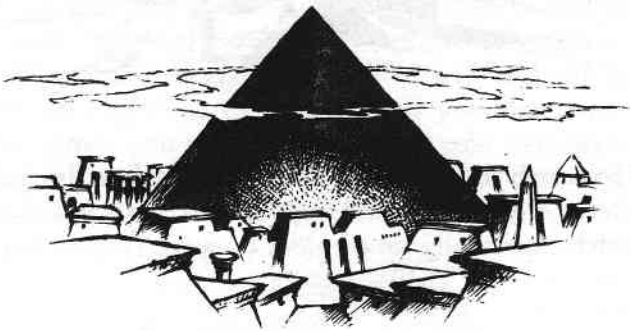

144

Something tells you to pull the Ankh out of your backpack and brandish it in front of the statue. The Ankh glows with power in your grasp. The statue's piercing gaze falls on the ancient artefact and it stops in its tracks. Then the stone limbs stiffen once more and the eldritch light of its eyes fades. Screaming with

fury, the cultists run towards you, intent on avenging themselves by your demise. But the transformation of the statue is not over yet. With a terrible cracking sound, fissures appear all over Sithera's image and pieces of it break off and fall to the floor of the chamber. At the same time, great rifts form across the walls of the dark temple and huge chunks of masonry crash down all round you. The whole temple is starting to collapse! The cultists forget about you and, more concerned over their own plight, try to flee from the crumbling building. Just as you are thinking of following suit, two rotting hands reach out and grab you round the neck. Unravaged by fire, Akharis lives again! Breaking free of the Mummy's grip, you must now fight Akharis again.

AKHARIS SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you reduce Akharis's STAMINA score to 4 points or less in five Attack Rounds or fewer, turn to **46**. If you do not, before your battle is even over the temple roof falls in, crushing you under tonnes of rock.

145

Try as you may, you cannot find any hidden entrance, and you start to think that the old ghost must have been mistaken or confused after so many centuries. In the end, in frustration, you give up the search. Return to **213**.

146

Trudging through the desolate landscape, you are alone except for a solitary bird riding the warm thermals above the hills. After an hour, you hear the sound of hoofs in the distance behind you. Turning around, you can make out a cloud of dust approaching from the south-west. As its gets closer you can see that riding towards you on a gaunt, haggard steed is a tall, thin man wearing scraps of armour and carrying a battered wooden shield and a wooden lance. He is accompanied by a short, round man riding a mule. You cannot avoid these two peculiar characters, so you wait for them to come up to you.

'Halt, stranger!' the tall man hails you. He is wearing a dented helmet and is sporting a drooping grey moustache and a pointed beard; he also looks well on in years 'What are you doing in this region?' he asks, almost accusingly. You tell him that you are on a vital mission and that time is of the essence. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **342**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **102**.

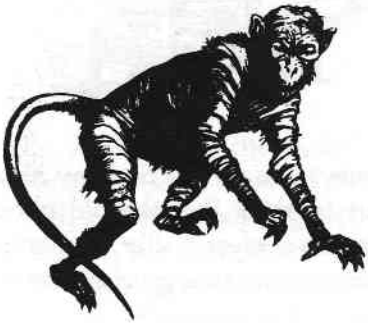

147

Where will you go now: towards the Temple of Sithera (turn to **92**) or to the village (turn to **197**)?

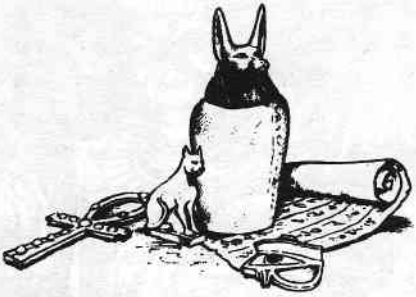

148

The door is not locked, and on the other side is a regularly cut passageway leading both to left and to right. The walls are covered with stylized carvings of figures, human and semi-human, worshipping demonic idols. You decide not to gaze for too long at some of the scenes, so you move on swiftly. Will you go to the left (turn to **180**) or to the right (turn to **63**)?

149

Many of the tombs have been broken open and looted, while others are no more than piles of rubble. More disturbingly, however, you notice that the majority of those charnel-houses broken into have also had their sarcophagi smashed open – and the bodies are hissing. You begin to feel very uneasy, wandering among the empty burial sites, and you decide to get away from here as quickly as possible.

It is then that you hear dreadful moaning as a chorus of dead voices announce their presence. Blocking your way back is a horde of shambling, bandaged horrors. Some still look quite human, while others have become decayed, mouldering, bandage-wrapped skeletons. Will you face the Mummies and try to force a way through their ranks (turn to **303**), or will you flee (turn to **238**)?

150

Lopar unrolls the Papyrus Scroll and scans the columns of picture script. 'Ah,' he says, 'do you know what you have here?' You shake your head. 'This is a copy of the hieroglyphic alphabet that was used, centuries ago, by the people of Djarat.' The Shaman explains to you how to translate the hieroglyphs into Allansian. If you ever come across any of this hieroglyphic script, you will be able to translate it by subtracting 20 from the number of the paragraph you are on at the time, then turning to the new paragraph number. Now return to **194**.

151

The amulet you are wearing protects you from the Evil Eye which the High Priestess is trying to use against you. Before she can try anything else, you run at the devious woman. Turn to **350**.

152

The sun is low in the sky by the time you begin your ascent. In this light, Spirit Rock takes on a deep red hue and the veins of crystal sparkle as they catch the sun's last rays. If you have a rope and grapple, turn to **333**. Otherwise, turn to **391**.

153

You have entered what appears to be a throne-room. An ornate golden chair, inlaid with precious stones, stands on a raised platform between two arches. Carved in the wall next to the left-hand arch is the figure of a cat-headed woman, and the exit to the right has that of a man with a savage beast's head. Propped beside the throne are the skeletal remains of two Djaratian guards, doubtless buried along with their king millennia ago. You are determined to press on, since you feel that you haven't much further to go. Will you leave the throne-room via the right-hand archway (turn to **23**) or the left-hand one (turn to **260**)?

154

Making your way onwards through the tomb, you come to another junction. Will you veer off and follow the new passage that leads to the right (turn to **213**), or will you stick to this corridor (turn to **190**)?

155

Extracted from the White Lotus flower, this oil is clear and sweet-smelling, and is non-combustible. There is also not very much of it. Now return to **15**.

156

You have chosen badly. By moving Black Three you free White Four, which rapidly reaches the other end of the board. You have lost. Turn to **322**.

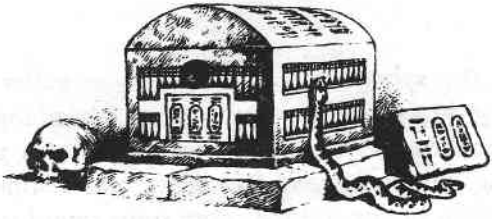

157

You press the next symbol and then the third. You can hear a grinding of stone on stone and wait for the door to open. Turn to **104**.

158

As you recover from the latest test of your mettle, you begin to itch all over and, looking at your hands, you can see scales forming on your skin! This mutation must be an effect of the poison on the Caarth's weapons! The irritation gradually dies down and, as you will no doubt soon discover, your affliction may have its advantages. If you ever suffer damage from edged weapons, such as swords or daggers, roll one dice; on a roll of 5 or 6, you may reduce that damage by 1 point, thanks to the hard scales covering your body. Turn to **231**.

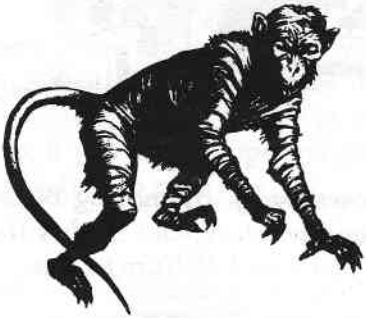

159

Taking the sphere in your hands, you suffer no ill-effects. You sense that you can see something inside it, so you rub its surface to see if you can uncover anything. Suddenly you feel dizzy and disorientated. Your vision swims and the room spins round you until you are no longer sure that you are still in the same place. You close your eyes to try to stop the whirling and then, feeling steadier, open them again. Turn to **347**.

160

Mummies cannot move quickly because of their constricting bandages, so will you run at them with your sword drawn (turn to **51**) or, if you can, will you use something else against them first (turn to **103**)?

161

'I am sorry, but I cannot give you what you desire,' says the dog-headed Shaman. 'Now lie down beside this fire and let sleep take you.' Turn to **76**.

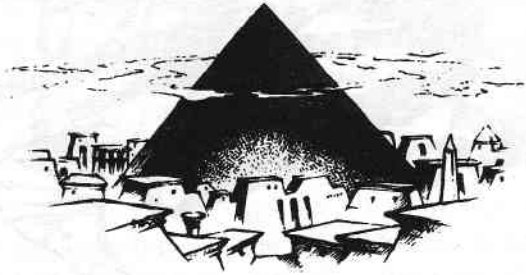

162

You are at a crossroads in the tunnels. Will you go left (turn to **195**), right (turn to **287**) or straight on (turn to **100**)?

163

The mummified animals stalk, prowl and slither towards you. In the confines of the corridor only two can attack you at the same time. (Any you have already destroyed come from the top of the list.)

	SKILL	STAMINA
JACKAL MUMMY	5	5
TIGER MUMMY	8	8
COBRA MUMMY	6	4

If you win but the cobra bit you at all, add 1 to your POISON score. Setting fire to the mummies with your light, they are turned to ashes in a few seconds; turn to **147**.

164

After days of wandering through the dust and heat of the desert hills, it makes a pleasant change to walk across a carpet of foliage between the trees at the edge of the pool. The cool waters of the oasis look even more tempting and refreshing now. Do you want to pause to drink here (turn to **187**), or will you leave the lush watering-hole to explore the temple ruins straight away (turn to **346**)?

165

When you push your weight against it, the stone door opens with ease into a set of store-rooms. Several recessed pantries lead off from a main corridor which is decorated with paintings of servants bearing offerings. Inside the alcoves are all kinds of food offerings, from loaves of bread and pitchers of wine, to dried

meat and stuffed figs. After several thousand years, most of the food left for Akharis to consume in the afterlife has spoiled. However, if you want to spend some time searching, you could probably find some items that, preserved by the dry air of the tomb, are still edible. If you want to look for provisions, turn to **210**. Otherwise there is nothing else here, so you leave and follow the other passage (turn to **12**).

166

The process of removing the rocks from the blocked entrance is very tiring as well as time-consuming. Deduct 1 point from your STAMINA then roll one dice. If you roll an odd number, turn to **227**. If the number rolled is even, turn to **319**.

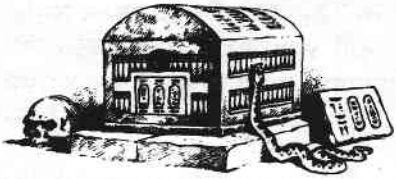

167

'What help do you require?' the man asks. Will you ask whether he can aid you in any way on your quest (turn to **339**) or ask him what he knows of the Shaman (turn to **389**)?

168

Shaking the rattle, you advance on the Mummy – who merely punches you in the stomach, causing you to drop the charm. Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and turn to **215**.

169

Your feet touch the tunnel floor and you are safely over the chasm. Having rested for a minute, you set off again, until you come to a junction. Will you now go to the left (turn to **40**) or to the right (turn to **9**)?

170

Having constructed your fire, you settle down to sleep. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, the night passes peacefully (restore 2 STAMINA points) and in the morning, having consulted Jerran's map once more, you head north towards the temple (turn to **5**). If you are Unlucky, turn to **375**.

171

After all you have had to face, your muscles are just too weak to achieve the mighty task you need them for. As the burial chamber fills with sand, you have to abandon your attempt and consign yourself to death. In minutes the chamber is full and your adventure is over.

172

Before you can throw yourself out of the way, the mud-ball rolls into you, knocking you to the ground. Several of the stones embedded in it gash your arms and legs (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). As you struggle to stand up, the beetle attacks.

GIANT SCARAB BEETLE SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

For the first Attack Round of this battle reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point as you are still getting to your feet. If you defeat the overgrown insect, turn to **351**.

173

You take a swig from the jar and swallow quickly. You immediately double up in pain as a terrible burning

sensation assails your stomach. The plants the pungent syrup is made from are toxic (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and add 2 to your POISON score). Now do you want to try rubbing some of the syrup on your body instead (turn to **219**) or drinking some of the sweet-smelling liquid (turn to **82**), or will you leave the embalming chambers (turn to **379**)?

174

Scrambling down from the safety of the rocky ledge, you walk slowly towards the beast. Hearing your footsteps, the Dracon turns its head in your direction and lets out a terrifying roar. You notice that, with the creature's struggling, the stakes holding the net down are coming loose. Do you want to:

Show the beast you mean it no harm and keep walking towards it?	Turn to **196**
Draw your sword and prepare to defend yourself?	Turn to **382**
Make a run for it while you still can?	Turn to **273**

175

'Very well,' the Sphinx intones. 'Here is your first question. Who designed and built the tomb of the evil one whom you seek?' If you know the name that is the answer to the Sphinx's question, convert it into a number using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 and so on; then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not know the name, turn to **262**.

176

Before you can reach the Mummies, a cold shiver passes over you. The statue of Sithera is glowering down at you malevolently. Suddenly, a cultist leaps into your path wielding a huge, curved blade! You must fight him.

ELITE CULTIST	SKILL 10	STAMINA 8

If the battle lasts more than six Attack Rounds, more cultists surround you; turn to **338**. If the battle lasts six rounds or fewer, and you win, turn to **138**.

177

Opening the darkwood door, you enter a square room, on the far side of which an archway leads into a second, darkened chamber from which you can hear a hissing noise and the slithering of scaly bodies.

However, before you will be able to reach that chamber you will have to defeat the guardians of this outer one. Dressed in faded Djaratian robes, two horrifying figures are advancing towards you. In the flickering light you can make out their skeletal human bodies, and you recoil at the sight of their serpent heads, still covered in patches of snake-skin, and their glowing red eyes. If you would rather slam the door shut again and escape from here immediately, turn to **54**; otherwise, you will have to fight Sithera's minions at the same time as they attack with taloned hands.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEMONIC SERVANT	8	7
Second DEMONIC SERVANT	7	7

If you succeed in winning two consecutive Attack Rounds against either of these hellspawn, the spell animating its body will be broken and it will collapse into a pile of bones. If you defeat the Demonic Servants, turn to **140**.

178

The sun sets over the western horizon and you settle down to rest between some rocks. The night is warm and you are soon fast asleep . . .

You wake up with a start, hearing the snuffling sound made by some large creature near by. You have just unsheathed your sword when the beast comes into view between the boulders. In the moonlight the creature looks like a cross between a bear and an ape, but it is larger than either. Smelling you, the Nandibear turns to face you and lets out a blood-curdling howl. It has decided that tonight it will feast on its favourite food – human brains!

NANDIBEAR SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you manage to kill this ferocious monster, turn to 244.

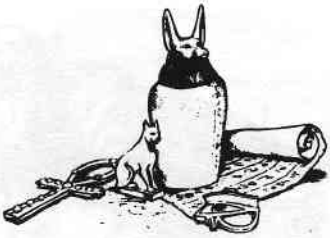

179

There are riches here beyond your wildest dreams! Mesmerized by the treasure hoard before you, you are only dimly aware of a rushing sound coming from the main chamber. At last you look around – and see with horror that the burial chamber is filling with sand, pouring down from holes in the ceiling. It is already knee deep as you wade back towards the door, where you find that it has closed again and that there is no handle on this side! In a matter of minutes the room will be completely filled with the sands of the desert above, burying you alive. Greed has proved to be your downfall!

180

The passage continues for quite a way without changing direction. At last you come to a black-painted

door in the right-hand wall of the passage; a silver handle protrudes from it. Do you want to try to open this door (turn to **228**) or walk further along the passage (turn to **296**)?

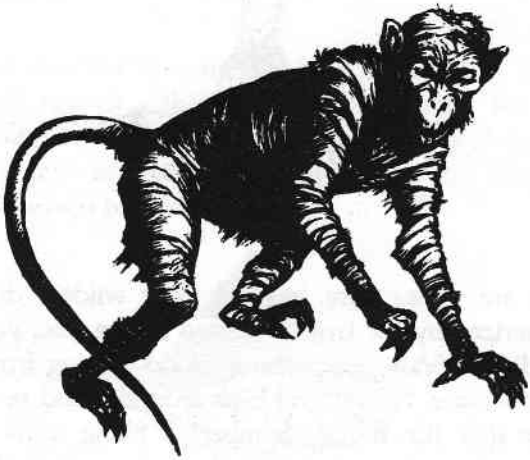

181

If you have some Firepowder or a Yokka Egg, you can use either of them to distract the Cyclops; *Test your Skill* if you do this and, if you are successful, reduce its STAMINA score by the appropriate amount before fighting it (turn to **248**). If you do not have any such special items, you will have to be satisfied with throwing rocks at the beast. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful, roll one dice. If you roll a 6, turn to **199**; if you roll any other number, deduct 2 points from the Cyclops' STAMINA before fighting it; turn to **248**. Even if you fail, you still attract the monster's attention, even though you do not wound it; turn to **248**.

182

Eventually you reach a T-junction. Will you now go to the left (turn to **48**) or to the right (turn to **124**)?

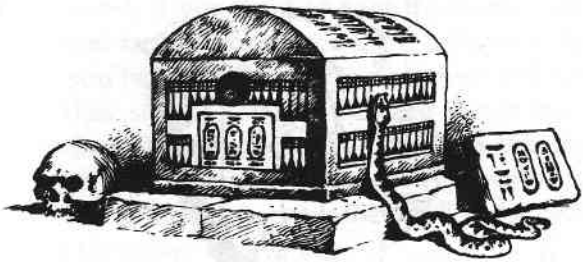

183

There can be no doubt that the Golem was an emissary of the Cult of the Cobra, sent to stop you reaching the tomb. As the day grows hotter, you redouble your efforts and force yourself onwards, determined to thwart the evil sect's plans. At last you find yourself gazing over the top of a great rift in the hills. At the bottom of the steep-sided, sand-blown valley you can clearly see a dark rectangular opening in the side of a cliff, surrounded by large, carefully cut blocks of stone bearing carved reliefs which are unmistakably Djaratian. You have found the Tomb of Akharis! However, you may still not be able to enter safely, since from your vantage-point you can see two giant, four-legged lizards standing close to the entrance. Both are saddled and harnessed, but there is no sign of whoever or whatever has ridden them here. Do you want to approach the tomb immediately (turn to **276**) or will you wait to see whether any further developments ensue (turn to **119**)?

184

You manage to trap White Four securely, but White Two is left unchallenged and in three moves the game is all over: Nemset has won. Turn to **322**.

185

Yelling, you run at the leader of the cultists. At the last moment he deftly sidesteps out of your way, and you end up sprawling in the dirt. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **363**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **55**.

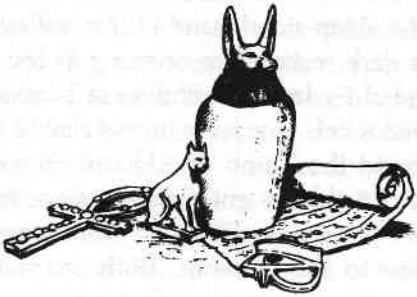

186

Standing on the plinth, clear of the snakes, you study the box and find that it has a simple, hinged lid. It is

only after you have opened the iron casket that you discover a problem: lying in the bottom of the box is a long, rolled-up papyrus scroll and crawling all around and over it are several deadly scorpions, each as big as a man's hand. If you want to take the scroll, *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you lift it out safely; turn to **200**. If you fail, you disturb the scorpions and have to endure their stings! Roll one dice and divide the result by two (rounding fractions up), then add this number to your POISON score; turn to **200**. Alternatively, you may decide against retrieving the scroll and so attempt to leave the room; turn to **111**.

187

Kneeling down at the water's edge, you cup your hands together and, having dipped them in the pool, gulp down a great mouthful. Almost instantly your stomach is seized by a terrible burning pain. The water of the oasis is poisoned! You writhe around in agony for several minutes before the acute pain passes, but you are left feeling weak and nauseous (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA and add 2 to your POISON score). Once you feel able to continue again, you leave the treacherous oasis to explore the ruined remains of the temple. Turn to **346**.

188

You run full pelt at one of the slabs of rock and hit it with a painful crack, dislocating your shoulder! Doubled up in agony, you can do nothing to halt the slow but steady descent of the roof. Your adventure ends here.

189

You have not gone much further when suddenly a bizarre creature appears over the crest of a sand-dune in front of you. Its head and torso are human, but from the waist down its lower body and legs are those of a giant ant! The Xoroa, for that is what you are now facing, stands two metres tall and is coloured a deep reddish brown all over. The creature's eyes are silver and, instead of outer ears, two flexible, ant-like feelers extend forward from the top of its head. This Xoroa Warrior has been patrolling the area round its colony and it makes angry clicking sounds at your intrusion. Armed with a short spear, the guard attacks instantly.

XOROA WARRIOR	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **331**.

190

The further you progress, the more cracks and fissures you notice covering the floor of the tunnel. Just as you are considering turning back, the tunnel floor gives way and, yelling, you fall through utter darkness for several seconds. Your cry is cut short by the shock of hitting water. Surfacing, you allow your body to be carried along by the fast-moving current of a subterranean river. Turn to **280**.

191

Your sword drawn, you run into the room uttering a shout. At the last instant, the cultist turns and prepares to defend himself with the staff he is carrying.

CULTIST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, a swift search of the cultist's clothes reveals nothing of use to you except two meals' worth of provisions (add these to your *Adventure Sheet*). Still no wiser as to the cultist's actions, you search the chamber but discover nothing. All you can do now is continue along the tunnel; eventually it turns right again, bringing you to the top of another flight of stone steps that lead still deeper into the tomb. You have no choice but to descend; turn to **216**.

192

The talisman starts to feel hot. Holding it up by its chain, you see that the sun is glowing brightly. There is a sudden flash, then a blazing beam of light shoots from the amulet into the undead horde with devastating effect. Several of the Mummies immediately burst into flames as their bone-dry wrappings ignite under the heat of the beam. Roll one dice and add 2. Make a note that this is the number of Mummies you have already destroyed. The talisman's power is expended, but Akharis's servants have already suffered the wrath of the sun god! Now will you attack the remaining undead with fire (turn to **18**) or your sword (turn to **51**)?

193

Catching you off guard, the serpent evades your feeble blows and strikes swiftly. In an instant its mouth has closed round you and the monster swallows

you whole! Trapped inside its stomach, you quickly suffocate before its powerful digestive acids begin their work.

194

The Shaman can tell you more about an object only if you have a number associated with it. If you do have such an item, multiply the appropriate number by thirty, then turn to the paragraph whose number is the same as the total. After you have discovered more about your object, you will be returned to this paragraph. When you have finished showing Lopar your items, he says to you, 'Now lie down beside this fire and let sleep take you.' Turn to **76**.

195

The only sound in the tunnels is the gentle lapping of the water against the walls. Rounding a corner, you come to a large intersection. Which way will you go now?

First left?	Turn to **301**
Second left?	Turn to **234**
First right?	Turn to **69**
Second right?	Turn to **217**
Straight ahead?	Turn to **142**

196

Raising your hands in a gesture of peace, you move closer to the Dracon, telling it that you mean it no harm. You are somewhat surprised when the beast snarls in reply, 'Well, get this infernal net off me then!'

Will you do as the creature demands (turn to **21**) or leave it bound (turn to **382**)?

197

At present you are wandering through the deserted streets of a Djaratian workmen's village where the people who laboured to build the Necropolis once lived. Their basic dwellings are in ruins now and there is nothing of use to you here. However, as you are returning to the central avenue through the City of the Dead you come upon a craftsman's workshop, still almost intact. Looking inside, you notice an iron ring attached to a flagstone in the middle of the room. If you want to try to lift the flagstone, turn to **67**. Alternatively, you can leave the workmen's village and explore the low stone buildings, if you haven't already done so (turn to **56**), or make for the Temple of Sithera (turn to **92**).

198

The inscription reads: *Twice upon the door to knock, thrice upon the door unlock.* If you know how many times you must knock upon the door, turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not, you will have to press on further into the tomb, turn to **374**.

199

Unbelievably, your rock hits the Cyclops on its temple in just the right place to kill it outright! Regain 1 LUCK point. Turn to **52**.

200

Unrolling part of the scroll, you see that it is covered in picture-writing and illustrations in the Djaratian style. Scanning the first few columns of hieroglyphs, and utilizing your growing knowledge of the ancient Djaratian language, you translate them to discover their meaning. It appears that the scroll you have in your hands is an ancient Djaratian 'Book of the Dead', a guide to the journey through the underworld containing spells to aid dead people making the journey and information such as the fact that they must face thirteen hazards on their journey. This could prove very useful. Rolling up the scroll again, you put it in your backpack. Turn to **111**.

201

Your sixth sense screaming danger, you throw yourself forward just as the floor gives way beneath you. You land heavily just on the far side of the pit-trap, winded but alive. The bottom of the deep, sheer-sided pit is filled with cruelly pointed metal spikes! You had a close escape indeed! You continue on your way extremely cautiously. The passage soon turns to the right and, following it, you come upon an archway, surrounded by carvings, in the left-hand wall. If you followed a cultist into the tomb, turn to **43**. If you did not, turn to **71**.

202

Hearing a clicking sound, you look along the length of the room. At its far end, standing in front of a grand set of double doors, are two terrifying creatures. They appear to be a cross between humans and gigantic scorpions, with the heads and torsos of men but the bodies and deadly stings of desert arachnids. Carrying polearms, these are the demonic Accursed, once human but now servants of the Demon Prince. If you are to gain access to the third level of the tomb, you will have to vanquish them in battle. Because of their great size, fight the Accursed one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ACCURSED	10	10
Second ACCURSED	9	11

If either of the Accursed wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 5 or 6, instead of hitting you with their polearms, they strike you with their stings (add 1 to your POISON score as well as losing 2 points from your STAMINA). If you overcome the demonic guards, turn to **153**.

203

Evading the Mummy's flailing arms, you grab the death-mask and pull it from Akharis's head, flinging it to the ground. At once the Mummy howls with pain and its movement seems to become slower. Your action has cost Akharis 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points of damage (remember to make a note of the number of points of damage Akharis has already

suffered). You now have no choice but to fight the Mummy. Turn to 97.

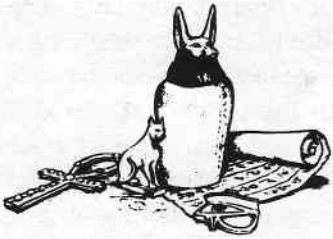

204

You find yourself walking along a rectangular passageway cut into the rock of the cliff. Daylight entering from outside illuminates the tunnel for only a short way – beyond that there is nothing but darkness. If you have a permanent light-source, say a lantern, torch or lamp, turn to 307. If you have no means to light your way, turn to 233.

205

This is a foolish move which leaves the way clear for White Four. Nemset wins the game in just two moves. Turn to 322.

206

Your reflexes are not quick enough. Helplessly you plunge into the pit, the bottom of which is filled with bubbling acid. No one escapes from the Venom of the Cobra!

207

You have almost reached the cave entrance when you fall. There is no way you could survive a fall from such a height. When you hit the ground, your body is smashed to pieces on the boulders at the foot of Spirit Rock. Your adventure is over.

208

Keeping out of sight of the guards, you creep round the side of the pyramid and soon discover an alternative way into the temple. There is a small hole, halfway up the side of the pyramid several metres above you. You could easily scramble up to it – but it could be a trap. Do you want to risk it and climb up to the hole (turn to **77**), or will you use the main entrance after all (turn to **132**)?

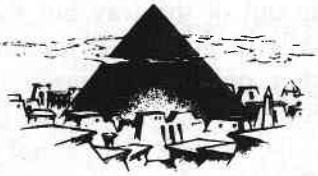

209

The small pyramid has been carved out of a piece of quartz crystal; it refracts the light from the sun inside it into a myriad colours. Now return to **15**.

210

Your search is quite fruitful and you manage to accumulate enough food for 4 meals (add these to your *Adventure Sheet*). Preparing to leave the offerings chambers, you turn back towards the stone door. With a

cracking sound, fragments of plaster start flaking off one of the wall-paintings. You watch, startled, as a life-size figure from the mural begins to emerge from the wall, assuming a three-dimensional form as it does so. The Djaratians believed that figures of servants painted in the tombs would magically come to life to serve the dead king. This is exactly what is happening now as the food store's guardian prepares to deal with a thief – you!

TOMB GUARDIAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you kill the servant, at your final blow the guardian crumbles into a heap of plaster-dust, allowing you to leave. Turn to **12**.

211

You try to leap out of the way but the lance strikes you in the middle of your chest, pushing you to the ground (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). Unsheathing his rusted weapon, the man bears down on you, shouting, 'Die, Demon! You cannot prevail against the honour of Don Huan Fernandez, Knight of Vastille!' For the first Attack Round, reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because you are lying on the ground.

FERNANDEZ SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you reduce your opponent's STAMINA score to 3 points or less, turn immediately to **253**.

212

Because you have the element of surprise, the cultist is prevented from using any trickery against you, and you gain an unopposed strike. Then the cultist snarls and turns on you.

CULTIST	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 36.

213

Trudging through the deathly stillness of the tomb, you wonder what other surprises and horrors await you before your quest comes to an end. The tunnel turns right and you continue to walk along it for several metres. Turn to 254.

214

As your opponent falls, so does Jerran's. Before you can stop him, the third cultist turns tail and flees towards the markets. What will you do now? Will you pursue the cultist and try to stop him before he can warn the rest of the sect (turn to 394), leave Rimon immediately, with the intention of heading the cultist off on the way to the tomb (turn to 242), or ignore the cultist and visit the markets to prepare for your quest (turn to 112)?

215

You now have only three options open to you, since Akharis is upon you. You can either attack him with your sword (turn to 97), try to remove his death-mask (turn to 293) or try to destroy the sarcophagus (turn to 257).

216

As you descend the steps you are amazed at the amount of heat, transmitted through the sand and rock of the desert above, in the tomb. Through your constant exertions, beads of sweat start to break out on your skin. The staircase leads into a low-ceilinged, square chamber, on the far side of which is a fine wooden door with gilded handles.

However, resting against the wall to the left of the door is a grotesque, mouldering, human skeleton, still wrapped in rotting clothes. The air round the corpse is heavy with disease and decay, and sunk deep in their sockets are two vacant, sickly yellow eyes. Cautiously you step towards the door and immediately the skeleton comes to life and lurches jerkily towards you, its claws raised. You are going to have to fight the foul Decayer! Will you use your sword (turn to **258**) or some other weapon (turn to **135**)?

217

All the tunnels look very much alike. Coming to a junction, will you now take the first to the left (turn to **301**) or the second to the left (turn to **182**), or turn to the right (turn to **272**)?

218

You have strayed inside the boundary of the land round a Xoroa colony which the two Warriors you are now facing have been guarding. You must fight the ant-men at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First XOROA WARRIOR	10	11
Second XOROA WARRIOR	10	10

If you manage to defeat both of them, turn to **331**.

219

The syrup is used by embalmers to toughen and preserve the body as part of the mummification process. Rubbing it on your skin toughens it so that from now on you may reduce any external physical injuries you may suffer, say in battle, by 1 STAMINA point. However, this toughening makes your skin less flexible and so hampers movement (reduce both your current and *Initial* SKILL by 2). Now will you:

Drink some of the syrup?	Turn to **173**
Drink from the other jar?	Turn to **82**
Leave this place?	Turn to **379**

220

Putting the horn to your lips, you blow hard. A resonating blast echoes across the hills but does nothing to stop the Golem's advance. A gritty fist strikes you in the face (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Swiftly you draw your sword, ready to retaliate. Turn to **143**.

221

Just in case the undead Vizier's insane loyalty should bring him back to life once more, you set fire to his corpse. Having done so, you do not delay in leaving

the treasure chamber, but on your way out you grab a handful of gems, worth between 3 and 8 Gold Pieces (roll one dice and add 2 to the number rolled) and a Bronze Rattle – a sacred device used in religious ceremonies. Now turn to **105**.

222

Desperately you hack at the swarm with your sword, trying to prevent the wasps from stinging you. Fight the insects as if they were one opponent.

SWARM	SKILL 9	STAMINA 7

Because the swarm is made up of many creatures, it will be difficult to injure, so for the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point. If the swarm wins an Attack Round, deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and add 1 to your POISON score. If you win, turn to **302**.

223

'So, you managed to retrieve the Serpent's Eye from the tomb,' the priestess says with a voice like velvet. 'In that case, obey my will. Kneel!' You are unable to resist. The evil artefact round your neck makes you susceptible to the will of the Demon Prince's minions. You remain motionless as the life-force is drawn from your body so that Akharis may live again.

224

There is nothing remarkable about the key, and Cranno tells you he has never found a lock that it fits. Return to **339**.

225

Time will wait no longer. As you watch, the ghost of Rhehotep fades. 'May the good gods of Djarat go with you, brave adventurer . . .' is the last thing you hear him say before his spirit departs this world at last. Turn to **154**.

226

Dusk falls and still you have not sighted the temple. Here, on the fringes of the Desert of Skulls, the nights are as freezing as the days are scorching. If you have a Yokka Egg, turn to **83**. Otherwise, do you want to build a fire to keep you warm, assuming you have some means of lighting one (turn to **170**), or would you rather not risk attracting the attentions of any nocturnal hunters (turn to **31**)?

227

As you clear away the rubble, you are interrupted in your labours by the arrival of one of the tomb's wandering guards. With lifeless, rotting flesh, long dank hair and tatters of Djaratian garments clinging to its decaying flesh, the Tomb Stalker stumbles towards you, moaning. If you do not want to fight the deathly guard, you can stop clearing the passageway and run back along the tunnel, following it past the cedar-wood doors (turn to **254**). Otherwise, you will have to fight.

TOMB STALKER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If the Tomb Stalker wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, it will grab your neck in its powerful hands

and strangle you, causing damage equal to the roll of one dice! Each Attack Round after this, you must strike successfully to free yourself from its grip or take the same extra damage again. If you overcome the undead guard, turn to **319**.

228

The door opens into an antechamber which is decorated with painted reliefs of the Djaratians at war with various nations and desert tribes. Beyond this room, through an archway, is another, smaller one. In the centre of this second room stands a plain alabaster pedestal on which, glinting in the light you are carrying, you see a small figurine of a cat made from jet. As you consider taking this treasure, you become aware of the two life-size statues of men, armed with spears, standing one either side of the archway. Do you want to enter the inner chamber and take the cat (turn to **251**) or will you leave this room and return to the passage outside (turn to **296**)?

229

Entering the passageway, there is a sudden drop in temperature and you cannot help feeling that your light does not penetrate the darkness as well as it should. Without warning, a huge claw sinks into your back, tearing your flesh to the bone. Screaming in pain, you stare, horrified, as a great ball of fire comes hurtling down the corridor and engulfs you. From amid the flames, a spear-wielding corpse thrusts its weapon between your ribs, and all around cruel faces laugh at your distress. Can this really be happening? *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **70**. If you fail, turn to **32**.

230

You press the vulture symbol next and then the snake. There is a moment of tense anticipation as you wonder whether you have made the right choice, then the wall swings open. Stepping through the secret door, you find yourself in a short corridor which ends after only ten metres at a bizarre portal carved to resemble a gaping serpent's mouth. Between the fangs, pin-pricks of silver light swirl within a black void. There is no sign of the cultist, and the portal is the only way forward, so will you enter it (turn to **347**) or retrace your steps to the original tunnel, which turns right and leads you deeper into the tomb down a flight of steps (turn to **216**)?

231

As you search the Snakemen's bodies, you wonder what they are doing in the tomb. The Giant Lizards

you encountered must have been their mounts. It is likely that the Caarth were investigating goings-on here because of the proximity to their lands and the connection with the Demon Prince, Sith, whom they worship. These two can only have been scouts from a larger party, as they are carrying nothing of use to you in terms of provisions or treasure.

Leaving the dead Caarth, you make your way to the far side of the pillared hall and leave through an archway, which is the only exit. You enter another short passage which ends at a T-junction. Both routes look exactly the same, so far as you can see by your light, so will you take the left- (turn to **396**) or the right-hand tunnel (turn to **75**)?

232

In the alcove is a crystal orb, resting on a golden stand, an alabaster bowl containing brightly coloured powders, and a flask, fashioned in the form of a viper, containing some black liquid. What will you try to use to aid your escape?

The crystal orb?	Turn to **58**
The coloured powders?	Turn to **126**
The viper's venom?	Turn to **297**

233

You proceed carefully along the tunnel into the all-enveloping blackness. Slowly edging forward, you find yourself at the top of a flight of steps and begin to make your way down. Totally blind in the darkness,

you do not see the missing steps and, losing your footing, fall the rest of the way down the steep, very long staircase. Lying at the bottom of the steps, stunned, you are only dimly aware of the sound of footsteps and a sibiliant hissing before a poisoned blade is plunged into your heart. You perish horribly in the darkness. Your adventure is over.

234

You pass under a section of roof covered with thick slime and, as you do so, some drips on to you. Unfortunately the vile gunk is acidic (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Now where will you go?

Left, then left again?	Turn to **182**
Left, then straight on?	Turn to **195**
Straight on?	Turn to **369**

235

Crouching low against the top of the cliffs, you encounter no hostile denizens of these parts and, once past the gorge, you follow a stony track down towards the lower ground and rejoin your original path. Turn to **90**.

236

While you battle on, the other Mummies slowly surround you and grab you with their decaying hands. Unable to move, you are totally helpless as the High Priestess casts her spell, draining your life-force to resurrect Akharis. Your adventure is over.

237

Throwing aside his mask, the man runs down the steps from the platform and falls to his knees beside the prone body of his dead pet, tears streaming down his face. Then he turns to you and, between great sobs, manages to splutter, 'I'm sorry. Oh please have mercy. I don't mean anyone any harm; I just like to be left in peace.' Seeing the man in such a state, you are filled with remorse and leave the ruined theatre before you cause Cranno any more grief. Turn to **8**.

238

You turn tail and run into the labyrinthine depths of the tomb district. Rounding a corner, you almost run straight into another group of Mummies, then a third group emerges from a side-street. Surrounded, you do your best to fend off the lumbering undead but, even with fire as a weapon, you are eventually overcome by the sheer force of their numbers. Your adventure is over.

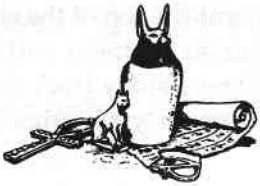

239

You have not travelled far along the passage when you come to a junction: another low corridor leads away to the left. Do you want to follow this new tunnel (turn to **305**) or would you prefer to stick to your present route (turn to **254**)?

240

While you are lighting the torch, the wasps can sting you unopposed (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and add 1 to your POISON score). However, wielding the blazing torch, you will be able to harm the swarm more effectively.

SWARM	SKILL 9	STAMINA 7

Because you are using an unusual weapon, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If the swarm wins an Attack Round, as well as losing 2 STAMINA points you must add 1 to your POISON score. If you overcome the swarm, turn to **302**.

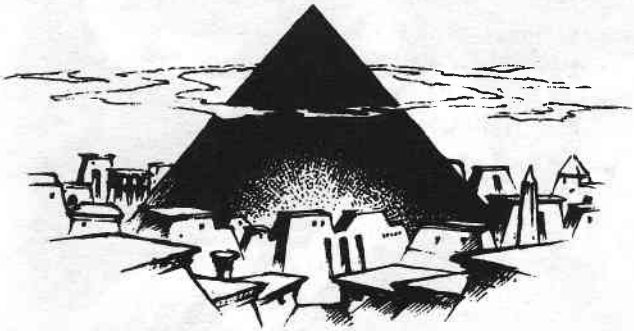

241

If you are wearing a Sun Talisman, multiply the number of light rays projecting from it by eight, then turn to the paragraph with the same number as the total. Anything else you may have has no effect on these undead; so will you fight them with fire (turn to **18**) or with your sword (turn to **51**)?

scorpion and strike its claw. Releasing its grip on Jerran's body, the grotesque creature turns to attack you.

GIANT SCORPION SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

Each claw can attack independently, so conduct this fight as if you were up against two opponents, each with a SKILL of 10. If at any time the Scorpion's Attack Strength is 22, turn at once to **137**. If you win, turn to **345**.

243

It is a close-run thing, but you just beat Nemset to the end of the board. You have won! 'I congratulate you, adventurer,' Nemset says graciously. 'For your success you deserve a prize.' The ghost directs you to a golden casket inside the tomb. Opening it, you find an amulet on a golden chain, representing the sun, with twenty-four stylized rays of light projecting from it. There is also a small, decorative glass bottle, full of water, etched with the Djaratian symbol for life. 'Take the Sun Talisman and the Waters of Life,' says the princess, 'and may they help you thwart the evil one.' If you ever want to drink the Waters of Life (but not when you are in the middle of a combat), make a note of the paragraph you are reading at the time, then turn to **355**. For now, add your new possessions to your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **322**.

244

The rest of the night passes without incident, and in the morning you are able to inspect the body of the

Nandibear. The creature still lies where it fell and you can make out its tracks among the rocks. Its lair cannot be far away, and you wonder what treasures could be hidden there. If you want to follow the Nandibear's tracks in the hope of finding its lair, turn to **117**. If you would rather not make this diversion from your journey, turn to **337**.

245

Unfurling the scroll, you scan the columns of hieroglyphs for a spell to help you. As you do so, Akharis grabs you and hurls you to the floor (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). Dropping the scroll, you prepare to fight; turn to **215**.

246

You side-step swiftly so that the mud-ball rolls past you harmlessly. Angrily, the beetle scuttles forward to attack.

GIANT SCARAB BEETLE SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you overcome the overgrown insect, turn to **351**.

247

Proceeding along the tunnel, you are startled to hear the sound of rushing water in the distance. The noise increases in volume until you come to the edge of a precipice. Shining your light into the darkness, you see that the crevasse is several metres wide and that the tunnel continues on the other side. Your illumination also picks out the craggy sides of the chasm but does not reach as far as the water you can hear roaring

below. Somehow you will either have to get across to the other side of the crevasse or risk jumping into the underground river. Will you:

Attempt to jump across the chasm?	Turn to **292**
Use a rope and grapple, if you have one, to swing across?	Turn to **271**
Jump into the river?	Turn to **386**

248

Yelling, you charge at the Cyclops and, before it can react, sink your blade into its leg. Bellowing with pain and rage, the monster forgets Fernandez and turns all its fury on you.

CYCLOPS	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **52**.

249

The tunnel comes to an end in a flooded room. Manacled to a wall is a human skeleton and hanging from its neck is an obsidian pendant, which you may take if you wish. Leaving the room, you return to the intersection. Will you take the first to the right (turn to **195**), the second to the right (turn to **272**), the third to the right (turn to **182**), the first to the left (turn to **69**), the second to the left (turn to **301**) or go straight ahead (turn to **142**)?

250

You trudge on through the heat of the day, further into the rugged hills. The only vegetation that grows

in this hot region is the occasional scrubby bush and fleshy, green, thick-stemmed succulent covered in spines. You notice one of these plants growing close to the track you are following. Some species are very nutritious, but you do not know if this is such a one. Do you want to cut yourself a piece of the plant to eat (turn to **110**) or will you continue on your way (turn to **11**)?

251

You pass through the archway between the statues unhindered and lift the jet figurine from the pedestal without triggering any lethal device. It is only when you approach the archway again that the nature of the trap here becomes clear. Creaking, the two statues move from their sentry-posts of centuries and advance towards the tomb robber who would steal the treasure they guard. Standing in the archway, you may fight the statues one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First STATUE	8	8
Second STATUE	8	9

If you win, the second statue shatters as you lay your final blow. Stowing the Jet Cat in your backpack, you leave the room and continue along the passageway in search of further treasures. Turn to **296**.

252

Lying at the bottom of the sarcophagus, among a few scraps of stained, torn bandages, is an amulet in the form of a stylized eye (you may take it if you wish). So where can Akharis's body be? The Cult of the Cobra must have moved it from the tomb and taken it elsewhere. Having braved the tomb's dark depths, you are overwhelmed with dejection, fearing that your perilous journey may have been a complete waste of time! You are roused from your state of self-pity by a rushing sound. Looking up, you see in horror that the burial chamber is filling with sand which is pouring down from holes in the ceiling. The door slams shut and there is no handle on the inside! The last trap has been sprung and, if you cannot find a way out soon, you are going to be buried alive. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **109**. If you fail, turn to **42**.

253

'Retreat! Retreat!' the old man yells, acknowledging your superior swordsmanship and breaking off his attack. Pulling on his steed's reins, Fernandez gallops away north-eastwards into the hills, followed by Gordo on his mule. Bewildered by the old man's irrational actions, you watch as the two figures dwindle into the distance before continuing your journey on foot. Turn to **24**.

254

Following the passage, you find yourself in a small square room with a door in each of its four walls. As you stand in the middle of the room, considering which way to go next, there is a loud grating sound and four great slabs of stone drop down, blocking all the exits! You run over to one blocked doorway and hammer on it with your fist. As if things were not bad enough already, now you hear a deep rumbling sound and the roof of the chamber begins to descend as great metal spikes emerge from holes cut into it. You were not quick enough in leaving this room, so now you will die by the Fangs of Sithera! What are you going to do to prevent such a grisly fate? Will you:

Ram one of the doors?	Turn to **188**
Try to jam the descending ceiling?	Turn to **66**
Search for a release mechanism?	Turn to **362**

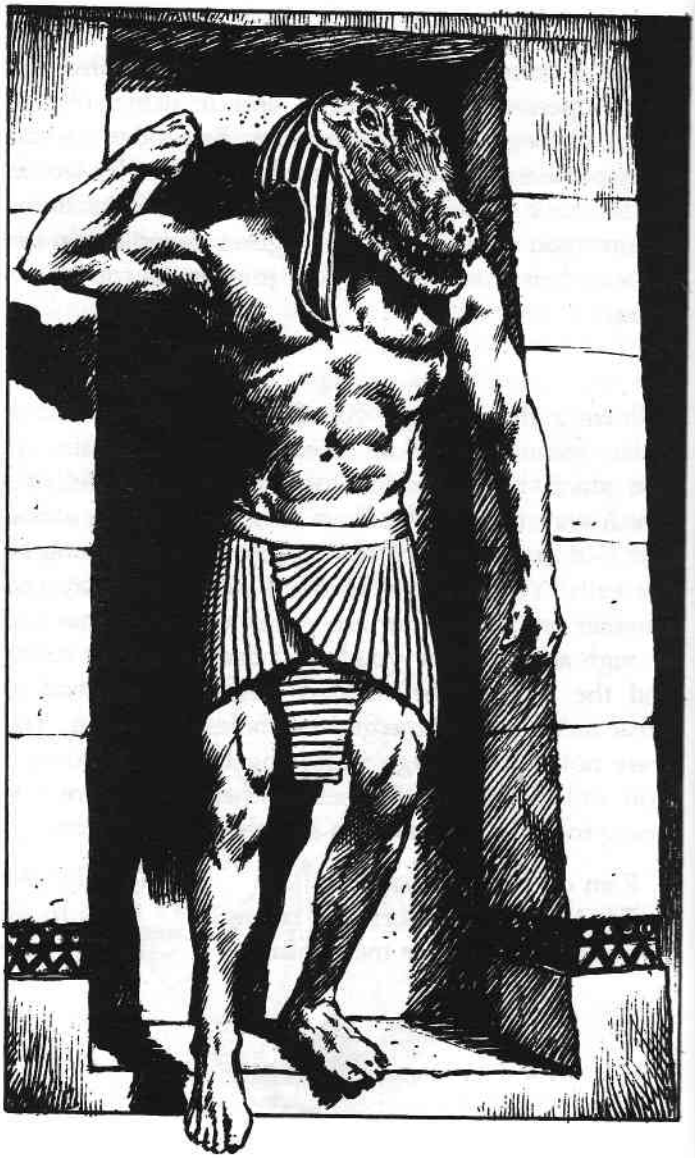

255

As soon as you touch the statue, a magical transformation takes place and the golden image grows until it is two and a half metres tall. The huge crocodile-head looks down at you then raises a great golden fist, ready to beat you into the ground. Do you have a Gold Piece or something else made of gold among your possessions? If you have, turn to **78**. If you haven't, turn to **275**.

256

Looking through the telescope, you are amazed by how close distant features appear. In the east, a single high pinnacle of rock juts up from among the hills into the sky. A massive boulder seems to be balanced on top of it and you can make out shining, swirling patterns on its surface. Surely this must be Spirit Rock! Turning to the north, your eye is caught by the reflection of the sun on water. Surrounding the oasis is a group of palm trees and next to it, lying in tumbled ruins, is the temple you seek. Turn to **235**.

257

To reach the sarcophagus, you will first have to get past Akharis himself. The foul Mummy reaches out for you with bandaged talons. (Remember to deduct any points of damage you have already inflicted on Akharis.)

AKHARIS	SKILL 13	STAMINA 25

As soon as you have fought four rounds of combat, you get past the lurching undead horror and run up

the dais steps to the sarcophagus. But how will you destroy it? There are several large cracks across the coffin, but you feel sure that striking it with your sword will have little effect. If you have some Firepowder you could use, turn to 373. Otherwise, you decide to try to push the great stone coffin off the dais, hoping that the fall will break it. Roll four dice; if the total is greater than your STAMINA score, you are not strong enough to carry out such a herculean feat (turn to 97). If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, you succeed in pushing the sarcophagus off the dais so that it hits the floor with devastating results (turn to 373).

258

Reeking of death and putrefaction, the undead Decayer advances towards you, fearless of your weapon.

DECAYER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

Unknown to you, while you were fighting you have been infected by the near-invisible, disease-ridden spores released by the Decayer (so, if you win, add 4 to your POISON score); turn to 148.

259

'Run for it!' you shout to Jerran, and the two of you charge the lone cultist behind you. Knocking him to the ground, the way along the street ahead is clear as far as the markets. Once among the crowds, you should be able to lose your pursuers easily. Suddenly you hear a humming sound as two throwing-stars fly from the cultists' hands and strike you and Jerran in the back (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). You

stumble to the ground and the cultists are upon you. Turn to **68**.

260

As you walk towards the left-hand exit, the guards' bones rise jerkily from their posts and advance towards you. They will reach the archway before you do, so, if you want to avoid clashing with the guards you could change direction and run through the other exit (turn to **229**). If you are intent on passing through this archway, you will have to fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETAL GUARD	8	6
Second SKELETAL GUARD	7	6

If you win, turn to **371**.

261

'You are no Demon,' he says, looking slightly bewildered. 'Perhaps that black-hearted scoundrel Zanmethees did not send you.' You assure Fernandez that he did not and, convinced at last, the old knight apologizes profusely for his previous behaviour. In order to make amends he offers you a purse containing 6 Gold Pieces. If you accept this gift, add the treasure to your *Adventure Sheet*. Now that the Cyclops is dead, the cowardly Gordo, Fernandez's manservant, emerges from his hiding place to tend his master's wounds; you waste no more time in returning to your original route towards the temple. Turn to **226**.

262

The Sphinx speaks again, but still you do not know what to say in reply. There is a tense moment of silence, then the great creature roars, bounding towards you across the hall. Bewildered, you unsheath your sword to defend yourself. Unfortunately, your earthly weapon has no effect against this agent of the gods of Djarat, whereas its terrible claws soon tear you apart. Your adventure is over.

263

The stone whistles past your head, missing it by just a few centimetres. Unperturbed, the mutated ant-men move in to the attack. Will you draw your sword to defend yourself (turn to **218**) or will you look for something else to use against the Xoroa (turn to **139**)?

264

The blast is just too much for the ages-old tunnel; the roof caves in on top of you and crushes the life out of your body.

265

The small round bottle is full of what appears to be swirling black smoke, giving it its colour. The glass stopper is sealed with hard-baked clay. If you ever want to break the seal and open the bottle, turn to **398** (make a note of this). Now, however, return to **339**.

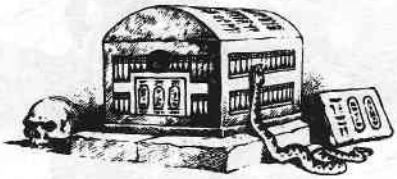

266

You weaken under the priestess's relentless stare. Deduct 6 points from your STAMINA and 2 points from your SKILL. However, somehow you manage to keep moving and stagger towards the dais in order to attack the priestess. Seeing you approach, she breaks her concentration and you are released from the strength-sapping gaze. Turn to **350**.

267

The fireball misses your head by mere centimetres, exploding into a pillar. Before they can try anything else, you run at your reptilian attackers with your sword drawn; turn to **50**.

268

You slide to a stop close to a large web, which is made up of a tangle of shimmering, sticky, silver strands, in a high cavern. You scramble quickly to your feet as the web's maker descends from the roof of the cave. Facing you is a massive grey-black spider, almost five metres across. Instead of having the head of an arachnid, as you would expect, its hairy body is surmounted by a demonic head with a malevolent travesty of a human face, and wearing a Djaratian head-dress. As the diabolical creature stalks towards you, there is no doubt in your mind that your opponent is a Death Spider.

DEATH SPIDER SKILL 12 STAMINA 9

The Death Spider will try to bite you when it attacks. If it wins an Attack Round, as well as losing 2 STAMINA points you must roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your POISON score, turn to **59**. If it is greater, add 1 to your POISON total and continue your battle. If you win against this awesome adversary, turn to **120**.

269

There are two ways in which you can fight the Mummies with fire. The first is to use a torch, if you have one, as a weapon. If you do this, turn to **325** and fight as normal; however, if you win an Attack Round, your weapon will inflict 4 STAMINA points of damage rather than the usual 2. (If you choose this course of action, you must also reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because you are using an unfamiliar weapon.)

The second method involving fire is to throw a fire source – such as a lamp, a Yokka Egg or a burning skin of oil – at the corpse. Roll one dice and add 2: this is the number of undead you will have to get past. For each Mummy you attack in this way, *Test your Skill*; if you succeed, the Mummy perishes in flames. If you destroy all your opponents this way, you break through the Mummies' ranks and run to the shrines (turn to **295**) or the Temple of Sithera (turn to **395**). If you fail to stop all the Mummies this way, or if you run out of fire sources, turn to **325** but ignore the instruction there to roll dice.

270

You take the sandstone statuette from your backpack and show it to the Shaman. He explains that the deity it represents is Assamarra, the now almost forgotten God of the Sands. Return to **194**.

271

After a few vain attempts, you manage to secure the grapple over a rocky outcrop above the tunnel entrance opposite and, gripping the rope for dear life, you swing across the crevasse. Turn to **169**.

272

Suddenly there is a commotion in the water round you: you are being attacked by several vicious Snapperfish. Roll one dice, add 6 and divide the total by 2 (rounding fractions up) to see how many you have to fight. Each Snapperfish has SKILL 6 and STAMINA 2, and the bite from such a creature does 3 points of

damage to your STAMINA on a roll of 4–6 on one dice. If you survive your encounter, you go on. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–3, turn to **287**; if you roll 4–6, turn to **69**.

273

Desperately you sprint away through the boulders. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you escape safely; turn to **250**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **106**.

274

The surface of the gaming-table is divided into fifty squares and at either end is a row of counters; one set is black and one set white. The whole set-up looks like this:

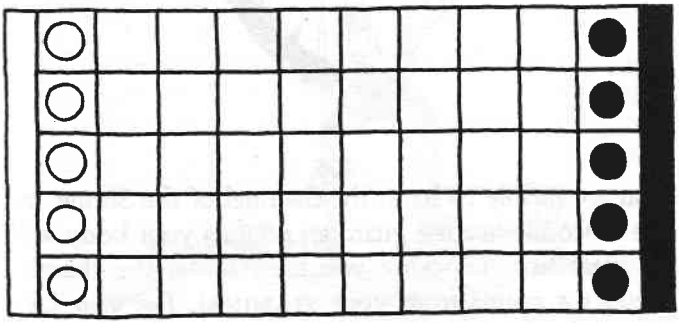

Nemset explains that the idea of the game is to get one of your pieces to the other end of the board; the first person to do so wins the game. Pieces can move one or two squares forward at a time but in no other direction. However, if, on your turn, your way is blocked by a piece directly in front of yours, you may

move your piece just one square into an empty space on either side (but not backwards); this is the only time when you can move sideways. A good tactic is to try to trap your opponent's pieces so that they cannot move. Nemset chooses to play white and directs you where to move her pieces, while you are black. White goes first. *Test your Skill*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you succeed, turn to **53**. If you fail, turn to **129**.

275

You are unable to harm the Sentinel of the Shrine, but the crocodile-headed guardian pounds your body with its great fists, knocking you back across the chamber (deduct 5 points from your STAMINA). *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to open the door and escape from the shrine (the Sentinel does not follow you once you are outside its chamber); turn to **284**. If you are Unlucky, the metal giant blocks your way out of the sanctum and exacts the punishment reserved for all thieves. Defenceless against its attacks, your adventure ends here.

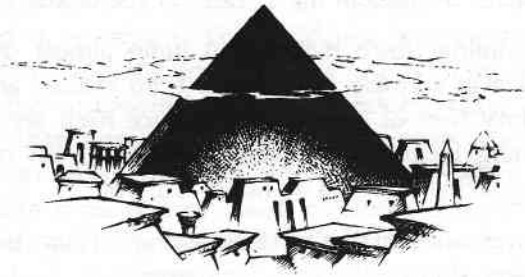

276

You descend into the valley and cautiously creep towards the entrance of the tomb, trying to avoid the attentions of the lizards. *Test your Skill,* adding 2 to the dice roll. If you are successful, turn to **348**. If you fail, turn to **306**.

277

You scramble down the slope until you are standing in the sandy arena in front of the platform. The façade of the low building is decorated with the busts of people – or possibly of gods – standing in recessed alcoves.

'Who dares trespass in the Theatre of the Gods?'

The booming voice makes you jump almost out of your skin in surprise. The words echo around among the empty tiers of seats, but the voice itself seems to be coming from a dark doorway in the front of the building. What will you do now? Will you:

Answer, apologizing for trespassing?	Turn to **366**
Answer, demanding that the owner of the voice show himself?	Turn to **98**
Say nothing and approach the doorway?	Turn to **321**
Leave the Theatre of the Gods and continue your quest?	Turn to **8**

278

Will you now make your way to Sithera's forbidding temple (turn to **395**) or will you first explore the tombs of the Djaratians, if you have not already done so (turn to **149**)?

279

You miss your footing and slip. Automatically you reach out for something to hold on to, but the stone you grab is loose and comes away from the face of the pinnacle. There is nothing you can do to stop yourself falling. If you failed your first *Test Your Skill* roll, turn to **17**. If you failed the second, turn to **93**. If you failed the third, turn to **207**.

280

The sheer rock walls on either side of the river are covered with phosphorescent lichen, so you are able

to assess your progress by its dim glow as you are carried downstream. You suddenly become aware of something moving towards you in the water ahead – then the Snapperfish attack. Although only a little larger than a man's hand, the Snapperfish is a savage carnivore with powerful jaws and needle-like teeth. The bite from one of these creatures does 3 points of damage to your STAMINA on a roll of 4–6 on one dice! Partially submerged in the fast-flowing river, you can fight these vicious predators one at a time, but with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point.

	SKILL	SKILL
First SNAPPERFISH	6	2
Second SNAPPERFISH	6	2
Third SNAPPERFISH	6	3

If you kill all the fish, turn to 4.

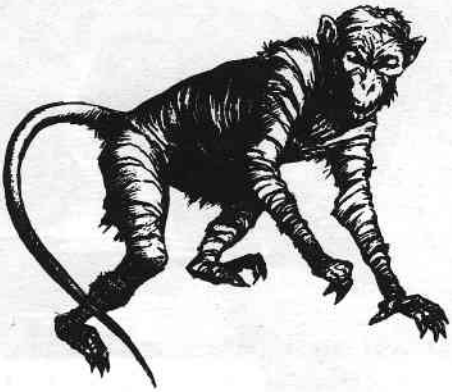

281

You are at the lower end of a long, vaulted passage which ascends steeply ahead of you. The walls of the Grand Gallery are carved with reliefs depicting a mighty king meeting the gods in the afterworld. At its top you enter a high-ceilinged chamber, on the far side of which is a great stone door, ornately carved and with a magnificent gold lock, flanked by two huge statues of a Djaratian king. The statues' expressions have been exquisitely fashioned, but their cold eyes and the cruel smiles turning the corners of their stern mouths bring a chill to your spine. This must be Akharis – even these carved images of him fill you with dread; it is as if the evil king knows that his return to power is imminent and considers your attempt to stop it to be futile.

Then you notice the blazing red eyes in the gloom of a corner of the anteroom. With a roar, a massive, shaggy-haired black beast leaps out of the shadows and paws the ground in front of you. The monstrous, dog-like creature snarls and bares its gleaming fangs. Facing you is the Guardian of the Dead of Djaratian myth, menacing protector of burial places and executioner of any trespassers who would desecrate the tombs of the kings.

GUARDIAN OF THE DEAD	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you manage to overcome this mighty opponent, turn to **364**.

282

Wiping the lizard's blood from your sword, you survey the cavern. On the far side you can see a mound of loose earth with a hollow in the top, in which rest two sandy-coloured eggs. Around the nest are scattered the bones of wild dogs and even pieces of a human skeleton. If you want to search the debris, turn to **65**. Otherwise, you have no option but to leave the Rasaur's cave; turn to **226**.

283

There is nothing lying on top of the column – but, as you are about to leave, you experience a weird sensation: your body feels warm and you become aware of a peculiar vibration, accompanied by a deep thrumming sound. The whole sensation is not unpleasant, and you almost feel as if you are being revitalized – and you are! This is the power of the magical geometry of the pyramid which allows the bodies of the dead to be preserved so well and for so long. However, you are not dead, so the effects of the pyramid's regenerative power are all the more beneficial. Roll one dice (if you have a Crystal Pyramid, add 1 to the number rolled). If you roll 1–2, turn to **327**; 3–4, turn to **392**; 5 or above, turn to **341**.

284

The tunnel emerges in a square chamber which is painted with scenes of the dead king's journey through the underworld. In the wall opposite stands an ornate darkwood door; to the left and right, corridors lead elsewhere, the one to the left ending abruptly at

another door. As you listen in the stillness of the tomb, a faint whispering sound comes from beyond the door in front of you. Where will you go now?

Through the door in front of you?	Turn to **177**
Through the door to the left?	Turn to **393**
Along the passage to the right?	Turn to **239**

285

The world solidifies round you again – but to your horror you see that you are still in the crumbling temple. Lopar does not have the power to teleport you from such a great distance away! You have saved Allansia from the Curse of Akharis but, as the temple falls in over you, your adventure, and your life, ends here, entombed in the Necropolis of the ancient Djaratian kings.

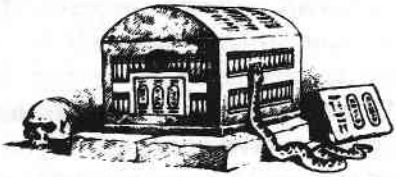

286

'You would need two hundred and eighty-six blocks of stone altogether,' you say. The ghost, obviously hearing you in ancient Djaratian, stops its muttering

and looks directly at you. 'Of course,' the old man says slowly, 'that's right! Thank you, stranger. Tell me, who is it who has released me from my torment?' You tell the ghost your name, and in return he introduces himself as Rhehotep, the architect who designed and built the tomb, along with many of its death-traps. 'I was misled and ambitious. When the tomb was completed, I was buried alive in this room so that I could never reveal its secrets. I was working on that problem before I was killed, and I have been unable to rest ever since. Thanks to you, I may now depart to the Field of Reeds, where the sun never sets; but before I go, how may I help you in return?' Hurriedly you tell Rhehotep about your quest. You may question Rhehotep on two of the subjects listed below (you will be sent back to this paragraph after each choice). When you have made two choices, turn to **225** at once.

Guards and monsters in the tomb.	Turn to **101**
Traps you may encounter.	Turn to **27**
Charms you might need.	Turn to **133**
The Cult of the Cobra.	Turn to **334**
Akharis.	Turn to **365**

287

Totally lost, you wander dejectedly about in the water-filled corridors. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **100**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **369**.

288

Which symbol will you press next, the scarab (turn to **141**) or the snake (turn to **104**)?

289

With one mighty wrench you snap the chains free from the pillars. Before the two cultists can react, you swing the chains at them and knock them both out! Then you grab your sword and backpack. Most of the cultists are still unaware of what is going on. Do you want to attack them (turn to **338**), or would you rather attack the Mummies in order to reach the High Priestess and stop the ritual (turn to **160**)?

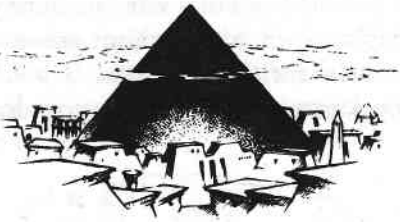

290

With every muscle aching under the strain, you heave against the granite block of the sarcophagus – and it gives! A dark hole appears below the coffin and soon you have opened a gap big enough to squeeze through. You find yourself at the top of a flight of steps which disappear into the darkness below. You run down it as the sand starts to pour into the secret tunnel, and find yourself standing at the edge of a subterranean lake in a huge natural cavern. Phosphorescent moss is growing on its walls and stalactites hang down from the ceiling, many metres above you. Far off in the distance you can see a great wall, on the other side of which you can just make out the tops of ancient Djaratian buildings. Moored at the edge of the lake is a long, narrow boat. This is Akharis's funerary

barque and your means of crossing the Sacred Lake. Unmooring the barque, you climb aboard and, taking an oar in your hands, guide the boat over the still waters. On the other side of the lake, you step out by a great gate, set into the wall above a flight of steps. The gate creaks open and you enter the grand entrance hall beyond. Torches round its walls immediately flare into life and you step back in surprise. Sitting in the centre of the hall is a gigantic creature with the body of a lioness but the head of a woman. Surely this is the legendary Sphinx! In a growling voice the Sphinx addresses you in ancient Djaratian. If you can understand it, you know what to do. If you don't, turn to **262**.

291

In the language of the Pygmy tribesmen of the jungles of southern Arantis, 'yokka' means 'sun'. According to their lore, Yokka Eggs are laid by the fabulously rare Yokka Birds: the birds fly down from the sun to lay their eggs on the cool earth and what hatches from

these eggs resembles a ball of fire. You may throw an egg at an opponent at the start of a battle and, if you *Test your Skill* sucessfully, it will hit, break open and release the Yokka Bird, which will burn your enemy, causing damage to his STAMINA equal to one dice roll, before it flies away into the sky. Now return to **15**.

292

You take a run-up at the chasm and, when you reach its edge, you leap forward into the air. Roll two dice and add 6 to the total rolled. If the new total is less than or equal to your STAMINA, turn to **169**. If it is greater, turn to **332**.

293

Leaving your sword sheathed, you run at the Mummy in an attempt to remove the glittering death-mask. Fight the following combat in the usual manner but with your Attack Strength reduced by 3 points. Also, if you win an Attack Round you do not wound Akharis, you merely manage to avoid his blows; of course, if he wins an Attack Round, you suffer the usual damage.

AKHARIS SKILL 13

If at any time your Attack Strength is 3 or more points greater than your opponent's, turn to **203**. You can give up this method of attack at any time and instead try to destroy the sarcophagus (turn to **257**) or simply resort to attacking Akharis with your sword (turn to **97**).

294

Climbing over the boulders, you peer over a rocky ledge and are startled by what you see. Lying entangled in a net, which has been staked down, is a huge creature, almost six metres in length; it has the body of an enormous lion and massive clawed feet. As it struggles to free itself from the net, you see that its large head is leonine but its teeth are more like those of a dragon. Its mane is golden, as is the rest of its sleek and powerful-looking body, and a pair of small, leathery wings sprout from its shoulder – a Dracon! The trapped beast has not noticed you yet, so will you leave here before it does (turn to **250**), remain in your hiding place and wait to see what happens (turn to **37**), or climb down between the boulders and approach the Dracon (turn to **174**)?

295

All the shrines have been either plundered or desecrated – except for one. Amid the destruction one, small, tomb-like structure has been left untouched. Nearing the building, you sense a strong aura of Goodness washing over you like a refreshing wave. What could be inside to create this atmosphere of calm? You could open the door of the tomb and enter it (turn to **317**) or leave here without further delay (turn to **278**).

296

After several minutes' walking, you come to a point where a side-passage comes in from the left to join the one you are following. Will you take this new tunnel

(turn to 370) or continue on your present route (turn to 130)?

297

You gulp down the liquid and feel a surge of energy shoot through your body. (Restore STAMINA points up to half your *Initial* STAMINA score, rounding fractions up.) The viper's venom was like a Potion of Strength! Your muscles charged with new power, you flee the temple. Turn to 2.

298

Between the towering cliffs you find yourself in cooling shade. However, you have not gone far along the gorge when you hear the sound of rock bouncing off rock, then an ominous rumbling noise. Looking up, you see, hurtling down at you from the cliffs, a boulder which in turn has started a landslide. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 57. If you are Unlucky, turn to 123.

299

At last you have found it! In front of you, illuminated by your light, is Akharis's burial chamber and, in its exact centre, his great sealed stone sarcophagus. Excitedly, you run into the vaulted chamber. With a deep, resonating boom, a monolithic block of granite drops down from the roof of the tunnel, sealing off the only way out. Too late you realize what is wrong with the burial chamber: its walls are rough-hewn and undecorated, as is the sarcophagus. You heave the stone coffin open and, just as you feared, find it empty. This

burial chamber is a fake: a trap to lure the unwary. There is no way out!

300

The heat is unbearable and, before you are half-way across the chamber, you lose consciousness. As the strength of the flames intensifies, your adventure comes to an end.

301

With each corridor looking much like the last, you soon become disorientated. At the next junction will you go:

Left, then right?	Turn to **383**
Right, then left?	Turn to **272**
Right, then right again?	Turn to **217**
Right, and then straight on?	Turn to **48**

302

At last the spell holding the swarm together in its wasp-form is broken by your spirited attack and the remaining insects disperse. As you pause for a moment to recover from your latest battle, you can see no sign of the cultist; however, you have the feeling that you will meet him again before your journey is done. Looking at Jerran's map, you calculate the general position of the tomb of Akharis and the distance you will have to travel to reach it. With renewed determination you set off in an easterly direction, away from the temple.

Eventually the sand-covered plain meets the barren hills to the east again and the way onward looks to be hard going. However, not far to the north-east the mouth of the valley opens on to the fringes of the Desert of Skulls itself. From Jerran's map it looks as if you could take this route to reach Akharis's tomb and, although it may take slightly longer, the going will probably be easier. Which route will you choose: the desert one (turn to **131**) or the path through the hills (turn to **62**)?

303

What will you use against the Mummies: your sword (turn to **325**) or fire (turn to **269**)?

304

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **167**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **86**.

305

Everywhere you look, the hard granite walls of the tomb are covered in carved reliefs depicting the life of the evil Akharis. One particular stretch you pass shows slaves being put to death in front of a huge image of Sithera as a giant, four-armed woman with a snake's head. Absorbed in studying these ghastly carvings, you almost miss an archway to your right. Shining your light into it, you see a long, pillared hall. Do you want to enter it and explore further (turn to **30**) or will you keep walking along this passage (turn to **377**)?

306

The great beasts detect your movement and lumber into your path. The aggressive creatures attack instantly. You will have to defeat these huge reptiles before you can enter the tomb, since they are now blocking the way in to the entrance.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT LIZARD	8	9
Second GIANT LIZARD	8	8

If either of the lizards wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a 6, the beast hits you with its tail, which knocks you over as well as inflicting 2 points of damage to your STAMINA. It takes you one Attack Round to get up again, during which time the monster gets in an unopposed strike. If you win, turn to 33.

307

Having lit your light, you make your way along the passage, able to see about ten metres ahead of you. The tunnel soon ends at the top of a steep flight of steps, cut out of the rock, that leads down into the darkness.

A tunnel leads onwards, but this one is faced with stone. Following this new passageway, you soon emerge in a long, pillared hall. You cannot see its end, and in the flickering light you can just make out the ceiling, high above you. Your light also picks out intricate Djaratian carvings covering the pillars and walls; they depict priests and servants carrying offerings, all looking towards the interior of the tomb. You pause in awe at the skill of the ancient Djaratians whose achievements have lasted for centuries. Suddenly the whole chamber is lit up in a burst of vermilion fire as a flaming ball flies past your head. In shocked surprise you face your attacker. Standing next to a pillar in the distance is a figure wearing voluminous robes of linen and muslin. In one scaly hand it holds a curved sword and you see that its head, far from being human, is that of a snake! In horror you realize that you are facing one of the Caarth, the legendary Snake People of the Desert of Skulls! The Caarth raises its free hand and another fireball forms in its palm as a second Snakeman, wielding a cruelly jagged blade, steps out from behind a pillar a few metres away. As the warrior advances towards you, the sorcerer releases the fireball. Work out Attack Strengths for both you and the Caarth sorcerer (who

has a SKILL of 10) but do not deduct any STAMINA points. If your Attack Strength is higher, turn to **267**. If the sorcerer's Attack Strength is higher, turn to **335**. If they are the same, calculate them again.

308

Wielding the Sandworm's tooth, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point as you engage the Golem in battle because you are used to using a sword. However, this unusual weapon will not make any difference against the insubstantial magical creature as it will pass straight through the Sand Golem's shifting form and so will cause it only 1 STAMINA point of damage (2 STAMINA points after a successful *Test for Luck*). However, hits from the magical creature are like punches from an iron gauntlet covered in sandpaper and will still inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage on you!

SAND GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you reduce your opponent's STAMINA to zero, you break the spell animating the Golem, and it becomes a harmless heap of sand once more (turn to **183**).

309

The priestess's relentless stare bores into you and you collapse at the foot of the dais. A smile forms on the woman's lips as you continue to weaken until you are totally drained of your life-force, which will be fed to Akharis's undead spirit to give him life once more.

310

Remembering the actor's words about the primitive inhabitants of these parts, you can well imagine that this gorge would make a perfect place from which to ambush unwary travellers. Will you carry on directly through the gorge regardless (turn to **298**), or will you detour to one side and climb up to the cliff-top in order to avoid the route between them (turn to **387**)?

311

You hang for a moment by your arms from the lip of the hole, then you let go. You fall at least ten metres before hitting the sand-covered floor of the chamber below (deduct 3 points from your STAMINA). If you are carrying any Yokka Eggs, *Test your Luck*, adding 2 to the dice roll. If you are Lucky, turn to **202**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **49**. If you do not have any Yokka Eggs, turn to **202**.

312

The sandstone statuette, half a metre tall, is of a regal-looking man, bare-chested and wearing a simple cloth round his waist. On his head is a tall, cylindrical crown with nine bands round it. In one hand he holds a long staff. Return to **339**.

313

The orb reveals no guidance and so, deciding you have no more time to lose, you flee from the temple. Turn to **2**.

314

Nothing untoward happens, so now will you press the scarab followed by the vulture (turn to **157**) or the vulture and then the scarab (turn to **104**)?

315

The door is unlocked and, pushing it open, you are almost blinded. You are standing at the entrance to a large room with marbled walls, and it is full of fabulous treasures. The countless gold and silver artefacts reflect the illumination shed by your light, making a quite dazzling display. Adjusting your eyes to this brilliance after the gloom of the endless tunnels, you gaze in awe at the goblets, statues, gilded chariots, royal furniture and caskets brimming with yet more wondrous items. You could spend some time searching this room for possible charms, or just for some choice treasure (turn to **359**), or you can leave and follow the passage back past the T-junction (turn to **105**).

316

Observing that you have killed two of its companions, the largest baboon screams in fury and hurls its boulder at you. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, you dodge the missile. If you fail, the rock hits you a glancing blow and knocks you over (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and reduce your Attack Strength by 2 for the first Attack Round in the ensuing battle). The Great Baboon bounds down the cliff to demonstrate to you what happens to anyone who strays into the territory of its tribe. Your blade still covered in the blood of its fellows, you engage the furious animal in combat.

GREAT BABOON SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you win, the remaining baboons recognize your superiority in battle and escape up into the cliffs, hooting with fear. You are left to pass through the gorge unhindered, although you sense their eyes on you for as long as you are walking between the towering cliffs. Once you are through the gorge, the land levels out again and you head east. Turn to **90**.

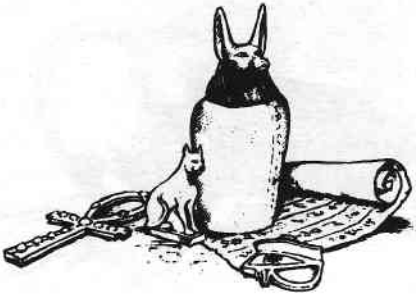

317

You push the door open with ease and enter a lavishly furnished burial-chamber. The charms of Good protecting this tomb have saved it from the ravages of the evil ones. Lying on an ornate Djaratian couch is a body wrapped from head to toe in constricting bandages which have preserved it perfectly. As you approach, the Mummy does not move. You cannot help thinking that you may be able to gain further assistance here – but how? If you have some Oil of Lotus, turn to **384**. Otherwise, you will have to go out of this tomb, leaving everything in place (turn to **278**).

318

The floor immediately gives way beneath you and, with nothing to grab, you cannot stop yourself plunging into the spike-filled pit . . . with fatal results. Your adventure comes to a gruesome end in the Tomb of Akharis.

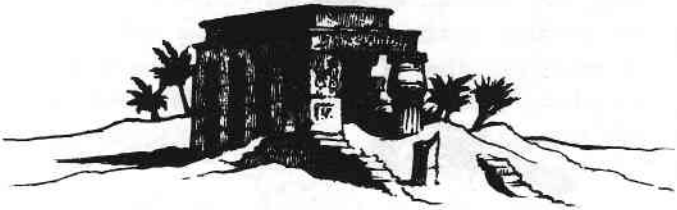

319

The rocks out of the way at last, you can enter the passage. For as far as you can see there is nothing remarkable about it, certainly nothing to justify sealing it off. The passage soon comes to a dead end in a bare, small, square chamber. You suddenly become aware of a phosphorescence in the middle of the room and, as you watch, the ghostly figure of a short, middle-aged man, with an anxious expression on his face, materializes in front of you. He is dressed just like some of the people in the carvings on the walls of the tomb, and is mumbling something over and over to himself in a language you do not understand but which you presume to be ancient Djaratian. Unable to communicate with the ghost, you sense no aura of Evil round it – but nor do you detect any great presence of Goodness. The chamber is totally empty, so there is nothing left for you to do but leave the ghost to its mumblings. Turn to **154**.

320

'Mortal,' the Sphinx growls, 'all who would enter the Necropolis must first be judged worthy; therefore you must answer my three riddles correctly. If you should lie or prove ignorant, your punishment will indeed be terrible. But first, tell me, why do you seek to enter the City of the Dead?' In reply, will you tell the Sphinx all about your quest to stop Akharis (turn to **175**), or will you simply say that you are an adventurer exploring the ruins of the lost civilization (turn to **361**)?

321

A short figure suddenly appears in the doorway. The man is dressed in plain grey robes and is wearing a mask with grotesquely exaggerated features. 'No one trespasses in the Theatre of the Gods without facing the wrath of Cranno the Great!' he booms. Then, at a single word from the strange man, a huge Sabre-toothed Tiger bounds through the doorway and across the sand to attack you before you can reach its master.

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **237**.

322

'Farewell, brave adventurer,' says the ghost. 'Remember, Akharis gains strength from his coffin.' As you leave her tomb, the spirit of Princess Nemset adds, 'May the gods of Djarat favour the noble-hearted.' Turn to **278**.

323

It is very well hidden, but eventually you do discover the hair-line crack that gives away the position of the door; not far from it, one section of carving is slightly more pronounced. Pressing your hand against it, the door creaks open and you enter a very small room. Resting on a slab are several objects of interest: one is a small, earthenware jar containing a mummified package; the second is a fabulous breastplate made from gold and lapis lazuli in the form of a falcon, each of its sixty feathers carefully fashioned; and the third is a tiny sarcophagus, only fifty centimetres long. You may take either or both the earthenware jar and the Falcon Breastplate – but then what will you do about the sarcophagus? Will you open it (turn to **381**), or would you rather leave it alone and be on your way (turn to **254**)?

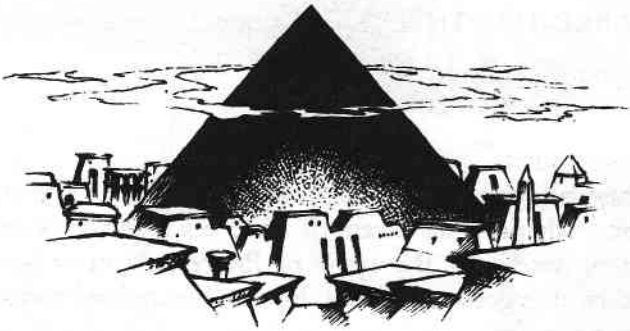

324

The hole is actually the entrance to a natural tunnel. The air inside it is hot and dry. The tunnel does not go very far before opening into a small cavern. At this time of day the sun's rays penetrate even this subterranean chamber. Suddenly you hear the grating sound of scales on stone and the scratching of claws. You spin around, to see a large, reptilian creature with a long, dragon-like head and fang-filled mouth running at you from out of the shadows on six crocodile legs. A black tongue snakes out from between the Rasaur's jaws as it dashes towards you. You must fight this carnivorous reptile.

RASAUR SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If the Rasaur wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 4 to 6, it will hit you with its tongue, on the end of which is a poison gland (deduct 1 further STAMINA point and add 1 to your POISON score). If you win, turn to **282**.

325

The Mummies move forward stiffly to attack the one they believe has defiled their resting-places. Roll one dice and add 2 to the number rolled; this is the number of Mummies you must get past in order to reach freedom. Because they are so slow-moving, you can fight them one at a time. However, if any

individual battle should last more than nine Attack Rounds, turn to **399** immediately. (Any Mummies you have already destroyed come from the top of the list.)

	SKILL	STAMINA
ANCIENT MUMMY	7	9
FESTERING MUMMY	8	8
DENU OF TEZRA	8	10
LORD SARROTH	9	12
ZOTH-LAR	9	11
CROWNED MUMMY	8	11
DECAYED MUMMY	7	10
PTAHNEM THE MIGHTY	10	12

If you should defeat all the Mummies, you make good your escape to the shrines (turn to **295**) or the black pyramid (turn to **395**) before they can come back to life!

326

The translation of the inscription on the wall above the map is as follows:

> *The dead king's body was carried from the City of Tezra thirty kilometres to the edge of the hills wherein lie the alabaster quarries. South of the Pillars of Antep the evil one rested for three days within the temple before being carried to his tomb. The infernal king ordered its construction decades before, and within its depths were countless traps and unspeakable horrors to ensure his eternal sleep was undisturbed.*
>
> *Their duties finished, the priests and embalmers left the rift in the hills between the Gold Tunnels and the Oasis of Iash but only one returned alive, the rest having all suffered the Curse.*

Now return to **346**.

327

You feel invigorated and ready to face any new challenges. Restore your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level, reduce your POISON score by 4 points and regain 1 LUCK point. Climbing down from the pillar, you leave the chamber; turn to **16**.

328

Sandworms' teeth, serrated along one edge, are fashioned into strong ivory daggers by the nomads of the Desert of Skulls and are prized possessions. Now return to **15**.

329

Plunging your hands into the petals, you send a cloud of pollen into the air and inhale a great lungful. Unfortunately the pollen of the Bloodfire Rose is highly poisonous; however, your increased immunity means that all you suffer is watering eyes and a violent wheezing fit which leaves you feeling drained – but it is better than death! Deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and add 3 to your POISON total. All you find as a result of your efforts is an earthenware pot, decorated with prayers for protection in the afterlife. Looking inside it, you find something wrapped in mummifying bandages and soaked in embalming fluids. You can think of no use for such an object but, if you want to take it with you, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. Leaving the long-dead kings alone once more, will you try the other door out of the main chamber (turn to **177**) or leave via the other corridor (turn to **239**)?

330

You watch in satisfaction as the Mummy is consumed by fire. The flames rage for several seconds but then rapidly die down and go out. Horrified, you see that Akharis is totally unharmed! To prevent such a death, his Mummy has been protected with fire-warding spells and potions. As you stand, stupefied, Akharis lashes out with a mighty fist (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Turn to **215**.

331

You quickly put as much distance as possible between yourself and the mounds. Fortunately the remainder of your trek across the desert is without incident and eventually you find yourself heading back into the hills to search for Akharis's tomb. Turn to **62**.

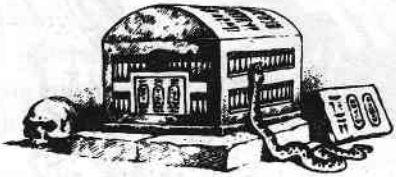

332

The strength of your jump is not great enough to carry you to the other side of the crevasse. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **386**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **353**.

333

You manage to make your way safely to the cave entrance at the base of the great boulder. After a few metres the rough-hewn tunnel opens out into a vast chamber in the centre of the massive boulder. A fire burns in the middle of the chamber, the smoke rising up through a hole in the roof. Sitting, cross-legged, on the far side of the fire is the figure of a man, his head bowed. 'Who seeks Lopar, the Shaman of Spirit Rock?' the man asks from the shadows. Sensing the man's aura of Goodness you announce yourself. 'And what is your purpose in seeking me?' he asks. Quickly you explain your quest to Lopar. When he looks up suddenly, by the flickering firelight you see that his head is that of a dog. Woven into his fur are various beads and feathers, and his hands resemble paws. 'Knowledge can be a dangerous thing in the hands of the ignorant,' the Shaman says sagely. 'Having braved Spirit Rock, you must prove that you are worthy to receive my wisdom by solving my riddle.' Startled, you listen to Lopar's conundrum:

> 'No army can stand against my might,
> I am greater than the wind or sea.
> All succumb just as day follows night.
> High mountains turn to dust before me.'

If you know the answer to the riddle, convert the letters of the answer into numbers using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26. Add the numbers together, then turn to the paragraph whose number is the same as the total. If the paragraph makes no sense, or if you cannot solve the riddle, turn to **161**.

334

'The members of the vile cult are led by the High Priestess of Sithera, a devious and cunning woman possessed of dark powers and cruel magics. Avoid them if you can.' Return to **286**.

335

The sorcerer's magical attack slams into your body, surrounding you for a moment in vermilion fire (deduct 4 points from your STAMINA). In agony you prepare to defend yourself against these reptilian attackers; turn to **50**.

336

Against all the odds, you have done it – after countless centuries, Akharis is dead! Regain 1 LUCK point. All that remains is for you to burn his undead remains and then . . . A terrible groaning sound, coming from high above you, and gasps of terror from the cultists cause you to look up at the statue of Sithera. Just when you thought it was all over, the great statue's eyes are glowing with a sinister light and the colossus is coming creakily to life. The statue sweeps a taloned arm at you which you manage to dodge before it can hit you. Your non-magical weapon will have no effect on the animated statue, so what can you possibly use to defeat it? If you have an ankh among your possessions, you will know how many precious stones it has set into it. Multiply this number by twelve, then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not have an ankh, turn to **73**.

337

Under Glantanka's unrelenting gaze you travel on through the heat of the day. The uneven path leads you further into the wilderness that fringes the Desert of Skulls. You follow the route north-westwards across boulder-strewn hills and through narrow valleys. As you pass through one rocky gulley you notice a large hole at its base, leading underground. Do you want to stop and investigate this entrance into the earth (turn to **324**) or will you continue on your way without hesitation (turn to **226**)?

338

Although you manage to cut down several of the cultists, you are hugely outnumbered, and the rest soon have you under restraint again. There is nothing you can do now as the High Priestess drains you of your life-energies, which she will use to resurrect her master, Akharis! Your adventure is over.

339

You give Cranno a brief outline of your mission without revealing too many important details. 'Indeed I may,' he says, removing the mask and revealing himself to be middle-aged, grey-haired and balding. He leads you through a doorway into the stone building; you find yourself in a long room, full of pieces of faded scenery and other theatrical props. 'You know, I used to be one of the greatest actors Allansia has ever seen,' Cranno says. 'I have played all the great parts: Duke Merion of Kallamehr, Quor the Sorcerer, Vorga the Pirate-lord. You understand I mean

no harm really, what with the mask and dramatic performance. I just prefer to spend my retirement away from unappreciative audiences.' You are startled to see a huge Sabre-toothed Tiger pad over to the actor and lick his hand. 'Don't mind Cleomina,' Cranno adds. 'She's perfectly loyal. Anyway, about my aiding you. I've collected a number of interesting pieces; I would gladly swap some trinket you may possess for two of these items.' Cranno would like any one of the following: a Brass Telescope, a Healing Draught, some Oil of Lotus or a Crystal Pyramid. In return, you may choose two items from the list below if you decide to trade. Having chosen your items, turn to the paragraph relevant to each object to find out more about your new possessions.

Papyrus Scroll	Turn to **74**
Carved Bone Horn	Turn to **128**
Old Lamp	Turn to **354**
Statuette of a god	Turn to **312**
Large Bronze Key	Turn to **224**
Sealed Black Bottle	Turn to **265**

When you have finished here, you thank Cranno for his help and leave the ruined Theatre of the Gods (turn to **8**).

340

The cultist is busy doing something in front of the wall of the chamber next to the statue. Suddenly a section swings open and the man steps through into darkness. You run into the room but, before you can reach the secret door, it slams shut with a hollow boom. You try to force the slab of stone open again

by pushing against it and using your sword as a lever, but all to no effect. There must be some hidden catch or lever that will open the secret door. Then you see it: on the front of the slab, surrounded by hieroglyphs, three symbols have been carved out of the wall on squares of stone that look as if they can be pressed inwards. The three symbols are a snake, a scarab beetle and a vulture. If you do not want to take the risk of trying to open this door, you follow the original tunnel, which turns to the right before coming to a flight of stone steps that take you deeper into the tomb (turn to **216**). If you do want to attempt to open the secret door, which symbol will you press first:

The snake?	Turn to **314**
The scarab?	Turn to **19**
The vulture?	Turn to **288**

341

The power of the pyramid converges on the spot where you are standing, filling you with new strength and relieving you of all stresses. Restore your STAMINA, SKILL and LUCK to their *Initial* scores, and reduce your POISON score to zero. Under the effect of the mystic energy, the blade of your sword actually sharpens, so that from now on you may add 1 to your Attack Strength in battle. With renewed determination you leave the chamber to continue your quest; turn to **16**.

342

'I, too, am on a quest of the utmost importance,' he says, grandly. 'I am Don Huan Fernandez, a knight of

Vastille, and this is my manservant, Gordo.' The tubby man nods and wipes the sweat from his forehead with a grimy handkerchief. 'I have sworn to rid these wild and desperate lands of the foul giants who dwell here, preying on the honest village-folk of this province,' he continues. 'Tell me, have you seen any such monsters in your wanderings?' When you shake your head Don Huan looks downcast and disappointed. 'Fear not. I am sure that my quest will soon be over and, with its completion, I shall win my lady's hand. Fare you well!' With that, the eccentric knight gallops off again towards the north-east, with the mule bearing his manservant trotting along behind, leaving you to continue your journey on foot. Turn to **24**.

343

You come to an abrupt halt against the sticky tangle of a gigantic web. You struggle to free yourself from the gelatinous strands but to no avail. Feeling as helpless as a trapped fly, you can do nothing when a shadowy black shape descends from the roof of the cave on to the web. The last thing you feel in this world is the demonic Death Spider sinking its fangs into your body.

344

The Evil Eye spell being cast by the High Priestess drains the energy from your muscles; in desperation you try to force yourself to keep moving and reach the woman. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **266**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **309**.

345

As the Giant Scorpion twitches its last, you run over to help Jerran. He is barely alive. 'This is the end for me,' he gasps, 'but you must go on. Stop the Cult of the Cobra, and beware the Curse of Akharis.' With that, the brave archaeologist dies. The next morning you bury Jerran Farr, marking the grave with his old, battered hat. Offering a prayer to the gods for his departed soul, at the same time you swear to do all you can to stop the evil sect and prevent Akharis's return. Taking Jerran's map with you, you set off again, heading north.

By mid-morning your path is becoming gradually steeper as it leads you into the rocky foothills of the mountains which border the Desert of Skulls. You continue to follow the dusty trail as it turns towards the north-east. A few kilometres on, standing at the top of a ridge, you see that several semi-circular tiers of stone seats have been cut out of the base of the hillside in front of a raised platform and a low, rectangular stone building. Close to the seemingly deserted site lie fallen pillars and the remains of walls. Do you want to descend the hillside and investigate the ruins (turn to **277**) or would you rather continue on your way (turn to **8**)?

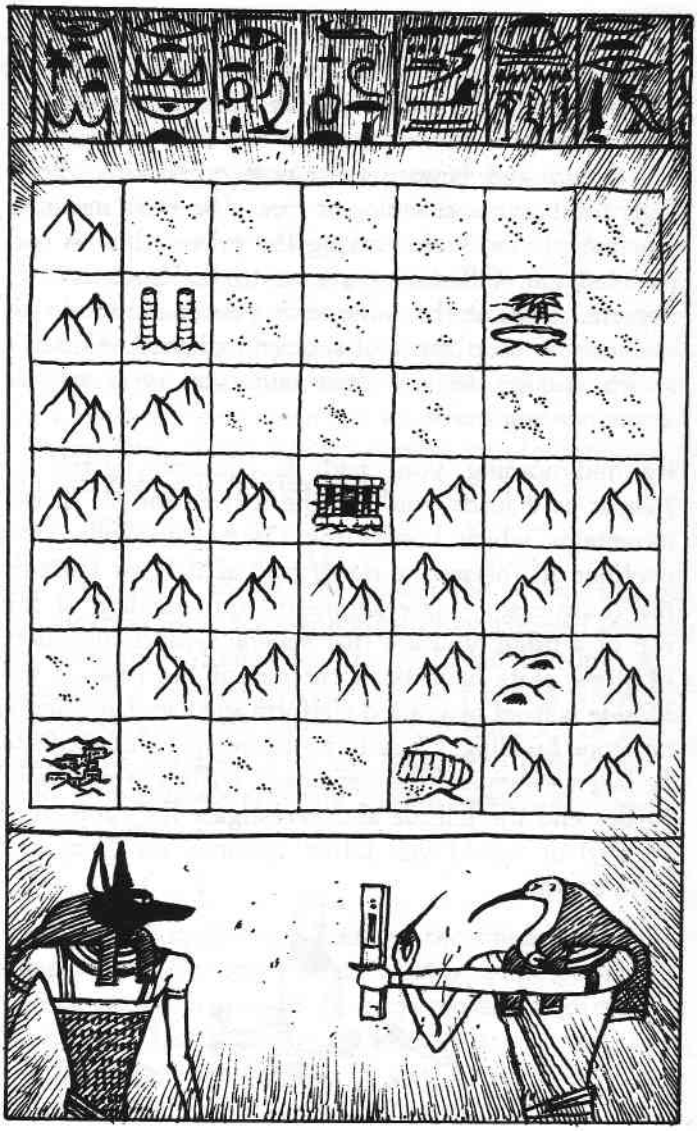

346

All that remains of the temple are sections of crumbling stone walls and the occasional colonnade of rounded pillars. Broken statues of strange, animal-headed deities protrude from heaps of drifted sand, while worn carvings adorn fallen stone slabs. An unnatural stillness pervades this place and the only sound you can hear is the desert wind keening through the ancient columns. Wandering among the ruins, you come to a part of the temple that is not in ruins. Entering the building, you discover that its interior is dimly lit by daylight streaming in through cracks in the roof. The walls of the temple are covered with stylized paintings of human and semi-human figures. A repeated theme appears to be that of a king praying, making offerings, or conversing with an assortment of gods and goddesses.

At last you come to a chamber in which, carved on one wall, is a map of the area round the temple at the edge of the Desert of Skulls; although it is recognizable as such, there are also several obvious differences. Pictures of buildings and other sites have been carved as part of the map and at the top of the wall there is a Djaratian inscription. You study the illustration to try to work out the location of Akharis's tomb. If you can, you will know how many kilometres it is to Akharis's tomb (turn to the paragraph with the same number to continue your adventure). Otherwise, your adventure ends here, as you have no idea where to start looking for the tomb. Soon you and many others will suffer the Curse of Akharis!

347

You find yourself in a long entrance hall. In front of you is a tall archway and on either side of it is a carved relief of Sithera, Goddess of Evil, ten metres high! Two cultists, their red robes bearing the motif of a rearing golden cobra, suddenly run through the archway, their curved swords drawn. As you prepare to fight, you feel something strike you in the back and the world goes black . . .

Slowly you come to and take in your predicament. You are chained between two great pillars, your arms stretched out on either side of your body. You have been captured by the Cult of the Cobra! You have no idea how long you have been unconscious, but you have recovered in time to witness the ritual that will end in Akharis's resurrection! You are being held prisoner at one end of a vast chamber inside the Temple of Sithera. At the other end is a huge, ten-metre tall statue of the snake-headed goddess, her four taloned arms raised menacingly. Beneath the statue, on a raised dais, lies a large stone sarcophagus inside which is the mummified body of Akharis! The Mummy is huge and wears an ornate death-mask which covers most of the dead king's rotting face. At the base of the dais stand two large braziers, the magical fires of which fill the chamber with an unearthly glow. Standing between the braziers is a strikingly beautiful woman with black hair cut in the style of the ancient Djaratians. She is dressed in the robes of a Djaratian priestess, and in one hand she holds a staff, the top of which is carved to resemble a cobra's head. She is

chanting an incantation in ancient Djaratian, and it is repeated by the crowd of cultists who stand between you and the dais. You are also horrified to see that a mass of Mummies, in various states of decay, are blocking the way to the High Priestess. These must be the Mummies of those loyal to Akharis, returned to life by the evil cult. You must stop this ritual! Standing slightly in front of you, on either side, are two cultists who are totally caught up by the ceremony in front of you. One holds your sword and the other has your backpack. But how are you to get free? In desperation you drag at the chains and feel one give slightly. The chains must have been here for centuries and they have weakened over time. If only you are strong enough . . . Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA, turn to **289**. If it is greater, turn to **388**.

348

Before the lizards can react to your presence you have run past them and through the dark portal. Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **204**.

349

Having been granted the Wisdom of Khunam, you understand perfectly what the ghost is saying. '. . . If the first level of the pyramid is made up of one block of stone, and the second level is made up of nine blocks, how many blocks would be needed to make a pyramid six levels high? If the first level . . .' The ghost is repeating the problem over and over without ever arriving at the solution. If you know the answer, you

could try calling it out (turn to the paragraph with the same number as the answer). If you do not know the solution, or if you do not want to waste any more time here, turn to **154**.

350

Swinging your sword, you try to strike the High Priestess and so prevent her using her evil curse-magic against you again. To defend herself, the woman raises her cobra staff, which suddenly twists in her hands and comes to life! If the Priestess wins an Attack Round and hits you with the staff, as well as deducting the usual 2 points from your STAMINA you must add 1 to your POISON total!

HIGH PRIESTESS SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **397**.

351

You decide against exploring the Scarab's burrow as you will not find any Djaratian treasures up there; you would be more likely to find the beetle's mate or maggot-like young. Squeezing past the great insect's body and cleaning your sword of the thick yellow mess that clings to it, you make your way along the passage; this turns left again, before ending at yet another flight of stone steps. You descend them, even though they take you even deeper into the tomb. Turn to **216**.

352

Finding hand-holds in the crevices between the blocks of granite gives you no difficulty and, having climbed

several metres, your light illuminates another corridor leading away from you. Do you want to pull yourself up out of the shaft to investigate this new passage (turn to **281**), or would you prefer to descend once more to the tunnel below and follow that (turn to **299**)?

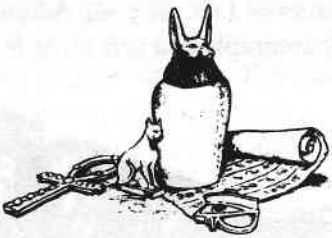

353

Your jump misses the entrance to the tunnel and you smash into the rock-face below it. As you fall towards the river down the side of the crevasse, your head hits a projecting outcrop, which knocks you senseless. Unconscious in the fast-flowing river, you soon drown. Your adventure is over.

354

Rubbing the lamp fails to summon any supernatural spirits, but you do discover that there is still some oil left inside it. Return to **339**.

355

You unstopper the bottle and gulp down its contents. The water is cool and refreshing and has incredible revitalizing effects on you (restore STAMINA points equivalent to half your *Initial* score, 2 SKILL points and 2 LUCK points, and reduce your POISON total by half). Cross the Waters of Life off your *Adventure Sheet*, then return to the paragraph you just came from.

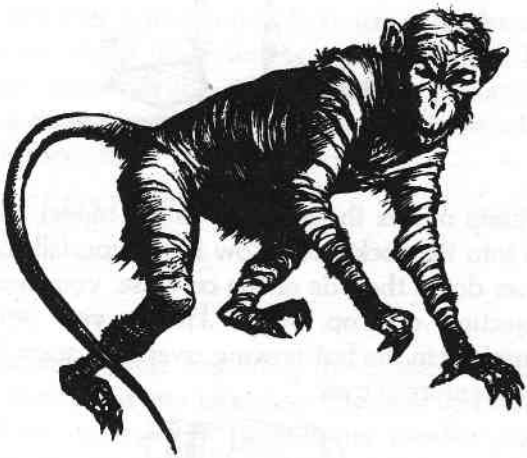

356

You walk up to the platform and inspect the ancient chest. Seeing no sign of any hidden traps, you carefully lift off its lid. You are surprised to discover that the chest is full of dried crimson flower petals, which could be hiding something. Do you want to rummage through the petals in case they are (turn to **329**), or will you leave this chamber and go through the other door (turn to **177**) or along the passage (turn to **239**)?

357

The stone hits you squarely on the side of the head. The blow leaves you dazed and with a painful bruise on your temple (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA and reduce your Attack Strength for the next battle you fight by 1 point). Meanwhile, the mutated ant-men move in to attack. Will you draw your sword to defend yourself (turn to **218**) or will you look for something else to use against the Xoroa (turn to **139**)?

358

You are sure that you can see an image forming in the centre of the orb: it is a figure with beads and feathers woven into its fur, and the dog-like face confirms that you have contacted Lopar, the Shaman of Spirit Rock! You call out to Lopar, and he looks in your direction. Somewhat surprised, he greets you and you hurriedly tell him of your success in your quest and of your present predicament. 'Then we must get you out straight away,' Lopar says anxiously. 'I will try to teleport you out – but I must warn you that you are a long distance away and I may not have the strength to lift and carry you over such a distance.' The Shaman's expression changes to one of deep concentration and the world round you grows hazy. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **400**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **285**.

359

You cannot believe how many riches there are in this chamber. With half of what is here you could probably buy the whole of Rimon! It is only at the last moment that you hear your attacker's approach. Spinning around and drawing your sword in the same motion, you confront your would-be assailant.

Standing before you is a terrifying apparition: it is the corpse of an old man, clothed in scarlet and gold robes, but there is not a single drop of moisture left within it! Sunken eyes stare at you from a face dried tight over the man's skull. In places the desiccated skin has torn so that yellowed bone is visible, making the undead horror appear even more dreadful. Amentut was Akharis's Vizier, so loyal that the king demanded he be buried alive with his master, so that Amentut might serve him in the afterlife. One such duty is the protection of his lord's treasure-rooms – and you have been caught red-handed!

AMENTUT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If the undead Vizier wins an Attack Round, roll one dice; if you roll a 6, Amentut clutches your skin and drains part of your life-force away. Deduct 1 point from both your *Initial* and current STAMINA scores and 1 point from both your *Initial* and current SKILL scores as you physically age! Amentut feeds on this life-force himself, so add 1 to his STAMINA score if he manages to do this. If you defeat the horror, turn to **221**.

360

As soon as Lopar sees the golden T-shaped cross, he gasps in amazement. 'My friend, you have here one of the most highly venerated and powerful artefacts of the ancient Djaratians. This is the Ankh, the Key of Life. Guard it well, for it may be precisely what you need to defeat the Cult and Akharis, should he return!' Now return to **194**.

361

'You lie!' the Sphinx roars and leaps at you. Your earthly weapon has no effect on this agent of the gods of Djarat. You are knocked flat by the beast, which then proceeds to tear you limb from limb so that you perish quickly, if horribly!

362

Test your Luck and *Test your Skill*. If you are both Lucky and successful, turn to **127**. Otherwise, you cannot stop the relentless descent of the spiked roof, and you suffer a horrible death in the Fangs of Sithera.

363

You manage to get to your feet before the cultists attack. Separated, Farr takes on one of the red-robed assassins, while the other two advance on you. You must fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CULTIST	7	7
Second CULTIST	7	6

As soon as you have killed one of the cultists, turn to **214**.

364

The great beast slumps to the ground and breathes its last. You are sure that beyond the ornate door lies Akharis's burial chamber, but do you have a key to fit the golden lock? If you have, turn to the paragraph with the same number as that of the hieroglyphs inscribed on the key. If you haven't, no amount of force will make the great stone door budge, so at the last hurdle you have failed in your quest.

365

You ask Rhehotep how you may be able to destroy the mummified body of Akharis. 'Such undead are susceptible to fire,' the architect explains. 'It is also rumoured that his death-mask is imbued with life-giving energies. Destroy that, and you may destroy his earthly body.' Return to **286**.

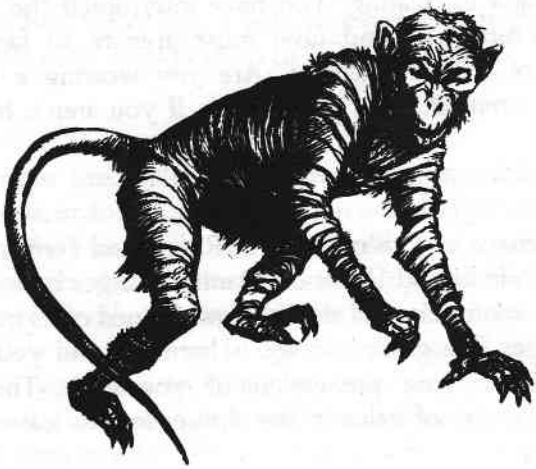

366

A short figure appears in the open doorway, dressed in plain grey robes and wearing a mask with grotesquely exaggerated features. 'What do you want of the great Cranno?' the little man booms. Will you:

Ask if he can aid you in your quest?	Turn to **339**
Ask him what he knows of the Shaman?	Turn to **389**
Attack the man?	Turn to **134**
Leave the ruined theatre?	Turn to **8**

367

As the last Mummy falls, you find yourself at the foot of the raised dais – in front of you stands the High Priestess of the Cult of the Cobra! Most of the cult have been left confused by your attack and are running around in panic and chaos, but their leader remains cold and calculating. You have interrupted the Ritual of Resurrection and now must prepare to face the fury of Sithera's acolyte. Are you wearing a Malachite Amulet? If so, turn to **223**. If you aren't, turn to **121**.

368

The image of Cracca, Lord of Rivers and Ferryman of the Gods, falls at last and instantly changes back into a thirty-centimetre-tall statue. Now drained of its magical energies, the golden image is harmless and you may add it to your possessions if you wish. There is nothing else of value in the shrine, so you leave; turn to **284**.

369

Constantly wading through waist-high water while holding your light and sword aloft is very tiring (deduct 1 point from your STAMINA). The tunnel veers sharply to the left and then left again. At the next junction, will you go left (turn to **383**), right (turn to **195**) or keep straight on (turn to **142**)?

370

Not far down the tunnel, you discover that the roof has caved in, blocking it completely and smashing a hole through the floor of the passage into a chamber below. What will you do now? If you have a rope and grapple, you could lower a light down through the hole (turn to **385**) or climb down the rope yourself into the chamber (turn to **202**). If you do not have a rope, you could risk lowering yourself through the hole (turn to **311**). Alternatively, you can retrace your steps and turn either left, if you have not already done so (turn to **130**), or right (turn to **63**)?

371

The corridor gradually slopes upwards until, ducking under a low archway, you emerge in a high, pyramidal chamber, its four walls coming together at a point several metres above you. In the wall opposite is the entrance to another tunnel, but in the centre of the room a few steps go up to the top of a small, squat pillar. Do you want to climb the steps to the top of the pillar (turn to **283**) or would you rather leave this chamber (turn to **16**)?

372

Scrambling over the rocks, you come upon an open space in the boulder-strewn wilderness. Lying on the ground on his back is Don Huan Fernandez and standing over him is a grotesque, three-metre-tall humanoid. Its lumpy skin is coloured a sandy brown and it is naked except for a loincloth made of animal hides. In one huge hand it carries a great wooden club embedded with chunks of flint, but it is its face that fills you with dread. The monstrosity has just one large eye in the centre of its forehead and an ugly horn sprouting from the top of its skull. Fernandez is fending off the Cyclops with what remains of his shattered lance. Lying close by is the motionless body of Fernandez's steed, while you can see his cowardly manservant hiding in a crevice in the rocks. You do not give much for the old knight's chances of surviving this battle. Will you:

Draw your sword and run to his defence?	Turn to **248**
Try to distract the Cyclops?	Turn to **181**
Leave Fernandez to his fate?	Turn to **114**

373

The sarcophagus shatters in an explosion of stone shards. Some of the lumps of rock hit you (lose 3 STAMINA points) but Akharis comes off worse. The sarcophagus was what partly restored the Mummy's strength, but you have robbed him of those life-giving energies; reduce his STAMINA score by 6 points when you come to fight the weakened Akharis. However, your adversary is now almost upon you. Will you

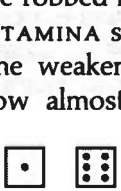

attack him with the Waters of Life, if you have them (turn to **64**), or with your sword (turn to **97**), or will you try to remove his death-mask (turn to **293**).

374

As you make your way along the tunnel, you become aware that the temperature of the air in the tomb is rising rapidly until you begin to feel uncomfortably hot. After descending a short flight of roughly cut steps, the corridor curves to the right and now is lit by an orange glow, so that you no longer need your light to see by. As you turn the corner you have to shield your face from the light and heat! Ahead of you the passage enters a square chamber, where it becomes a bridge over a fiery pit. Roaring flames leap up on either side of the path and you see everything through a heat-haze. However, this is the only way ahead, so you must brave the Path of Flames. Walking across the stone bridge, you begin to feel dizzy as the heat intensifies. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **115**. If it is greater, turn to **300**.

375

A low growling awakens you in the middle of the night, and in seconds you are on your feet, your sword drawn. With a snarl two jackals, attracted by the light of your fire, leap at you. Fight them together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First JACKAL	6	5
Second JACKAL	5	5

If you defeat the animals, you manage to get a few more precious hours of sleep before dawn, when you set off to the north for the temple. Turn to **5**.

376

Pushing with all your strength against its lid, you open the sarcophagus – only to discover that Akharis's mummified body is not here! However, his guardian spirit or 'Ka' is. Like a glittering silhouette of a man, with no distinct features, the Ka sits up in the otherwise empty stone coffin and reaches for you, determined to acquire your life-force for Akharis.

KA SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

Despite its insubstantial form, the Ka can still be injured by your weapon. If you defeat the guardian spirit, turn to **252**.

377

The floor of the tunnel begins to slope gradually downwards, while the ceiling remains at the same height. There are no steps and the tunnel is getting steeper, the loose sand covering the stone floor making it treacherously slippery underfoot. Suddenly you lose your footing and tumble, head over heels, down the slope. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, turn to **343**. If you are Lucky, turn to **268**.

378

Brandishing the statuette in front of the Golem has no effect, but can you invoke its power? If you know the name of the deity whose image you hold in your

hand, convert the letters of the name into numbers using the code A = 1, B = 2, C = 3 . . . Z = 26. Add the numbers together then turn to the paragraph whose number is the same as the total. If you do not know the god's name, you have no choice but to draw your sword, since the Golem is upon you (turn to **143**).

379

Abandoning the peculiar potions, you make your way towards the exit from these chambers. Turning a corner, you find your way blocked by three bizarre creatures: a jackal, a tiger and a cobra, but they have been mummified. If you want to attack the bestial guardians with your sword, turn to **163**. If you would prefer to use fire, turn to **25**.

380

As Nandibears regularly remove treasure from their homes, having no need of it themselves, all you manage to find are a few Gold Pieces lying among the carcasses (roll one dice to see how many). Finding nothing else of value, you leave the monster's lair and rejoin the trail heading north-westwards towards the temple. Turn to **337**.

381

Inside the sarcophagus is the partially bandaged, mummified body of a monkey. Its eyes suddenly flick open and, screeching, it leaps out of the sarcophagus at you, biting your arm (deduct 2 points from your STAMINA). Quickly you draw your sword and try to fend off the agile creature.

MUMMIFIED MONKEY SKILL 6 STAMINA 4

If you win, looking inside the sarcophagus again you find a large golden key, its head inscribed with thirty-four hieroglyphs that spell out the royal names of Akharis. Taking the key, and any other items you fancy, you leave the hidden room; turn to **254**.

382

'How disrespectful!' the creature snarls angrily. 'You humans have no manners at all. Clearly I shall have to teach you a lesson.' With a tremendous heave, the Dracon drags the stakes out of the ground and frees itself from the net. Roaring, the monster stalks towards you, ready to slash you with its huge claws and bite you with its oversized teeth.

DRACON SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

The Dracon derides your skill and mocks you as you engage in combat; as a result, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If you reduce the creature's STAMINA to 5 points or less, turn at once to **61**.

383

You eventually find yourself back at the steps where you entered the flooded maze! After all your efforts you have not got anywhere (lose 1 LUCK point.) Turning back towards the maze, will you now go to the left (turn to **124**), to the right (turn to **234**) or keep going straight ahead (turn to **217**)?

384

Some intuitive feeling tells you to anoint the Mummy with the oil. As soon as you do so, a shimmering light appears next to the couch and forms into the glowing, blue-white figure of a Djaratian woman wearing fine clothes and a falcon-shaped head-dress. Then the ghostly lady speaks to you in dulcet tones: 'Stranger, why do you wake me from my sleep of eternity?' You feel compelled to be truthful, so you relate your mission to her. 'I am Princess Nemset, daughter of Horari, twenty-fourth king of Djarat,' the ghost says, 'and I will help you in your task to destroy the Evil One. But first, I long to play my favourite game, Tenet, again.' Nemset points to a table whose surface is divided into a grid and with playing pieces set up on it. 'If I teach you the rules, will you play against me?' the Princess asks sweetly.

Will you grant her request (turn to **274**) or, fearing that time is running short, will you tell her that you must leave at once (turn to **322**)?

385

Your light illuminates part of a large, rubble-strewn chamber, the sand-covered floor of which is at least ten metres below you. You will be able to climb down your rope safely into the chamber, if you wish (turn to **202**). If you do not want to, you must retrace your steps back to the original tunnel and turn either left, if you have not already done so (turn to **130**), or right (turn to **63**).

386

You hit the water with a tremendous splash and, momentarily stunned by its chill, are carried along by the fast-flowing underground river. Turn to **280**.

387

You half walk and half climb towards the cliff-tops. In a few places you slip, sending a cascade of stones down into the gorge, but eventually you reach the top safely. You must now eat a meal or lose 2 STAMINA points. Looking down at the landscape from your lofty vantage-point, you can see clearly as far as the edge of the hills to the Desert of Skulls and as far south as the Bay of Elkor. If you have a Brass Telescope and wish to use it, turn to **256**. Otherwise, turn to **235**.

388

You strain against the chains but your arduous adventure has exhausted you too much for you to be able to

break them. The ritual reaches its climax and the High Priestess turns to face you. 'And now, Lord Akharis, Destroyer of Cities and Favoured of Sithera,' the High Priestess intones, 'take this mortal's life-energies and live again!' Your adventure ends here.

389

'The Shaman of the Wilderlands has his abode at Spirit Rock, a league to the east. But be warned, the lands beyond here are home to all manner of primitive and inhuman tribes.' You thank Cranno for his information (make a note of Cranno's Warning on your *Adventure Sheet*). Now will you ask him whether he can aid you on your quest (turn to **339**), or will you leave the theatre without further delay (turn to **8**)?

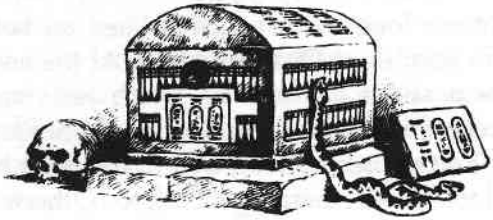

390

Wedging the paper package in the middle of the blockage, you light the fuse then run for cover towards the turning in the passageway. Before you can even reach it, the Firepowder explodes with a deafening boom. Dust showers down from cracks in the ceiling and the walls shudder under the force of the explosion. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **319**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **264**.

391

Choosing a route up the side of Spirit Rock which seems to offer you the greatest number of hand- and foot-holds, you climb towards the cave entrance, fifty metres above you. *Test your Skill* three times. If you are successful every time, turn to **333**. If you fail any of the rolls, turn at once to **279**.

392

Restore both your STAMINA and SKILL to their *Initial* scores, and regain 2 LUCK points. You can also reduce your POISON total by 8 points. Feeling refreshed and rejuvenated, you leave the room along the new corridor; turn to **16**.

393

You enter a long room which is lined on both sides with the statutes of Djaratian kings. At the end of the room is a raised platform on which rests an ornate gilded chest, its lid adorned with falcon heads at each corner. You can see nothing else. If you want to take a closer look at the chest, turn to **356**. Otherwise, you leave the chamber and are faced with the choice of going through the other door (turn to **177**) or along the new passageway (turn to **239**).

394

You and Farr chase along the back street after the cultist but lose him among the hustle and bustle of an animal market. Then you catch sight of a red-robed figure, on the opposite side of the square, moving away from you. As you elbow your way through the

crowd, you see a trader's cage swing open and, with a roar, its occupant leaps into the crowd. As the throng of people vanishes, you and Farr find yourselves alone in the middle of the square, facing the newly escaped Black Lion. Angry at having been locked up in a confined space and confused by its unnatural surroundings, the beast strikes Farr with one great paw, knocking him to the ground. You have no choice now but to try to stop the enraged animal.

BLACK LION	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **28**.

395

Before you stands the forbidding black pyramid that is the Temple of Sithera! Your quarry and your fate lie within. At the foot of the pyramid, an avenue of pillars leads up to a large, dark opening, in front of which you can see two guards dressed in Djaratian garb. Will you boldly walk up to the entrance (turn to **132**) or look for another way into the temple (turn to **208**)?

396

You cannot have gone more than twenty metres along the passage when you feel a slab shift under your foot as you take your next step. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **201**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **318**.

397

The High Priestess of the Cult of the Cobra falls to the dais with a dying cry: 'Oh Sithera, aid us now!' Then she breathes no more. You have succeeded in preventing the Priestess from completing the Ritual of Resurrection (regain 1 LUCK point)! Hearing angry shouts, you turn to see the now reorganized cultists advancing towards you. While you are wondering how you are going to get out of this situation alive, the cult suddenly stop, their attention focused on the dais behind you. With a lump in your throat, you turn to see that the eyes of the great statue of the goddess are glowing with a sinister light. A bandaged hand then rises above the lip of the stone coffin and grips the edge, followed by another, and the decomposing body of Akharis rises from the sarcophagus. The Mummy stands, almost two metres tall, and the long-dead Djaratian king pierces you with a look of pure hatred! Akharis's evil goddess must have intervened and used her dark powers from the Demonic Plane to complete the resurrection of her loyal servant. You must stop this horror or Akharis's curse will still be fulfilled. The Mummy moans balefully and lumbers stiffly towards you. You are going to have to act quickly to destroy Akharis. Will you:

Use fire against the Mummy?	Turn to **330**
Use the Waters of Life (if you have them)?	Turn to **64**
Try to use some earthenware jars (if you have any)?	Turn to **118**
Use some other charm?	Turn to **85**

Try to remove Akharis's death-mask? Turn to 293
Try to destroy the sarcophagus from which he was raised? Turn to 257
Attack the Mummy with your sword? Turn to 97

398

Having broken the seal, you unstopper the bottle. Immediately the swirling black smoke flows out of the bottle and forms into a vaguely humanoid-shaped cloud. You are just aware of a pair of darkly glinting eyes before the malevolent Nanka envelops you completely and flows back into the bottle, taking you with it! Your adventure ends here.

399

As you fight, the other undead surround you, their bandaged fists pounding into your body relentlessly until you can put up no further resistance. Your adventure is over.

400

With a final, terrible, thundering roar, the Temple of Sithera crashes to the ground – but you have already gone . . . The world solidifies round you again, and you find yourself in the familiar surroundings of Lopar's cave inside Spirit Rock. The Shaman looks drained after casting the teleportation spell that brought you here, but you can also sense his relief. You are suddenly overcome by exhaustion, now that you are able to relax properly for the first time in days.

Eventually Lopar speaks: 'Your bravery, skill and quick wits have foiled Akharis's return to power and, for that, hundreds of unknowing people owe you a debt that can never be paid. But now you must rest. Lie down beside the fire and sleep.' And sleep you do, secure in the knowledge that you have thwarted the nefarious plans of the Cult of the Cobra and saved all Allansia from the Curse of the Mummy.

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Grand Books UK £4.99
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Wizard Books

This edition published in the UK in 2006 by Wizard Books,
an imprint of Icon Books Ltd., The Old Dairy,
Brook Road, Thriplow, Cambridge SG8 7RG
email: wizard@iconbooks.co.uk
www.iconbooks.co.uk/wizard

Sold in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia by TBS Ltd.,
TBS Distribution Centre, Colchester Road,
Frating Green, Colchester CO7 7DW

This edition published in Australia in 2006 by
Allen & Unwin Pty. Ltd., PO Box 8500,
83 Alexander Street, Crows Nest, NSW 2065

Distributed in Canada by Penguin Books Canada,
90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700,
Toronto, Ontario M4P 2Y3

ISBN 10: 1 84046 765 7
ISBN 13: 978 1840467 65 9

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Illustrations copyright © 2006 Tony Hough
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For Dave Holt, who kept the faith.
And for everyone else who ever wondered…

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To Lobster Sands
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Cemetery
Transcribed by
Mundi Pelago 285 AC

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 14-15 there is an *Adventure Sheet*, which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording the scores of your attributes. You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one dice. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one dice. Add 6 to the number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, all your scores will change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may never exceed their *Initial* scores, except on those very rare occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Your SKILL reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility. Your STAMINA score reflects

how healthy and physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky you are.

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you, and you yourself may choose to draw your sword against an enemy you chance across. In some such situations you may be given special options allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box found at the back of the book. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions, which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll both dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled, to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows: start a new Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).

5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. You may use LUCK to reduce the loss of STAMINA (see below).

6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die, your adventure ends and you must start all over again by creating a new character.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one person or creature in combat. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will be able to fight each in turn; and at other times you will have to fight them all at the same time! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. When you are instructed to fight your opponents one at a time, the combat is again resolved normally – except that once you defeat an enemy, the next steps forward to fight you! When you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against any additional opponents you throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way; if your Attack Strength is greater than your opponent's, in this instance you will not inflict any damage; you can regard it as if you have parried an incoming blow. If your Attack

Strength is lower than your adversary's, however, you will be wounded in the normal way. Of course, you will have to settle the outcome against each additional adversary separately.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for *Testing your Luck* works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the outcome will be in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this procedure will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on an opponent you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky you have inflicted a severe wound; deduct an extra 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow only scratches your opponent; and you deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA (i.e., instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you now score only 1).

Whenever you yourself are wounded in combat, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct only 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 extra STAMINA point (i.e., deduct a total of 3 points from your own STAMINA).

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your adventure. Occasionally, a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

At various times during your adventure, you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for this is exactly the same as that for *Testing your Luck*: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is

higher than your current SKILL score, you will have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure. It will drop as a result of wounds gained through combat, or by falling foul of traps and pitfalls, and it will also drop after you perform any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start all over again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating meals or Provisions. You start the game without any Provisions, but during your adventure you will be able to obtain meals. You must keep track of how many meals worth of Provisions you have left by filling in the details in the Provisions box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Each time you eat a meal you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, but you must remember to deduct 1 meal from your Provisions box. You may stop and eat Provisions at any time except when you are engaged in a battle.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly lucky or created your own luck by some action. Details are given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the

book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Time

During the first part of your adventure it is very important that you keep track of the passage of time. At various points you will be told to add one or more Hours to the total time you have taken so far on your adventure. This should be recorded in the Time Elapsed box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The reason why you must keep a careful track of time will become apparent as your adventure progresses.

Equipment and Gold

You begin your adventure carrying a sword, a lantern and tinderbox, and a backpack to hold your Provisions and Gold Pieces. To find out how many Gold Pieces you begin your adventure with, roll two dice and add 12 to the number rolled. Note this total down in the Gold Pieces box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Your sword and lantern should be noted in the Equipment box on your *Adventure Sheet*, as must any other useful items you may acquire on your quest.

Alternative Dice

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one dice, read only the first printed dice; if two, total the two dice symbols.

BLOODBONES

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

ITEMS AND EQUIPMENT CARRIED

ADVENTURE SHEET

GOLD

PROVISIONS REMAINING

TIME

CODEWORDS

NOTES AND CLUES

BACKGROUND

It all started ten years ago when the evil pirate-lord Cinnabar murdered your family. At the time you were only twelve years old and lived with your family in the small fishing village of Clam Beach on the northern coast of Ruddlestone, half-way between the two major ports of the kingdom: Harabnab, home to all lawful adventurers and sailors, and the sinister Port of Crabs. Life in Clam Beach was not easy but it did have a peaceful security about it. And then the terrible day came.

It was a clear summer's day in Warming when the huge, forbidding, black galleon sailed into the bay, flying the dreaded flag of the skull and crossbones: pirates. The bloodthirsty cutthroats were soon racing up the beach towards the village. The fighting was swift and bloody. Soon most of the men folk of Clam Beach had been killed, your father and two brothers dying whilst trying to defend the village. In the end the village elders had no choice but to surrender to the marauding raiders and open the village's meagre treasure coffers. The cruel pirate captain came ashore from his ship to collect the booty himself. The sight of him filled you with awe and fear. The pirate was a tall, handsome man with a neatly trimmed, pointed black beard and his hair tied back in a ponytail. He was dressed in the clothes of a nobleman, with a fine scarlet coat, trimmed with gold braid, and wearing a large tricorn hat. At his waist hung a gleaming cutlass

and you could not help noticing that on the back of his right hand was tattooed the image of a grinning, black skull. When the raiders had finally gone, filled with feelings of hatred for those who had murdered your family, you asked Raguy, the village soothsayer, who the pirate captain was. 'That villain is one of the most evil men ever to sail the twelve seas of Titan!' was his vehement reply. 'He is one of the most feared pirate-lords of our age, a creature without remorse, a murderer, and a follower of the bloodthirsty voodoo death-god Quezkari, whose mark is the black skull. His name is Cinnabar, but because of the terrible atrocities he commits he is also known as Bloodbones.' From that moment you vowed that, one day, you would have your revenge on the evil Cinnabar.

Your mother became ill soon after that dreadful day and three years later she died. On your sixteenth birthday you left Clam Beach and made your way to Harabnab, gaining the position of cabin boy on a ship travelling to the distant continent of Allansia. So it is that for the last six years you have sailed all across the globe, but you never forgot the promise you made to yourself a decade ago. Over many voyages you have tried to learn as much as you can about the rogue captain. You discovered that Cinnabar's galleon, the *Virago*, is frequently seen sailing in the waters around Nankunu Bay and that he has a hidden base somewhere close to the Port of Crabs. You also gleaned as much information as you could about the notorious city. And so, when you decided that you were at last ready to confront your enemy and the chance of

passage on a merchant ship sailing to the Port of Crabs came up, you leapt at the opportunity. Vengeance, you are sure, will soon be yours.

The Port of Crabs is haven to every pirate, buccaneer and freebooter who ply their trade off the coast of the kingdom of Ruddlestone in the Old World. As you stand at the prow of the merchantman, looking towards the land, you can make out the ramshackle jumble of buildings of the infamous city and the outline of the Old Fort that stands above it like some ancient, crumbling sentinel. The merchantman bumps against the stone jetty and you quickly disembark. Not only is the Port of Crabs one of the most dangerous cities in the Old World, but a thick fog is starting to roll in from the sea. It is late afternoon on a chill day in Unlocking and the docks are bustling with activity. Standing close to the quayside is a large, old stone building, which looks like it could withstand a battering from Hydana, God of the Deep, himself. Hanging over its sturdy oak door is a faded sign declaring that this is the Jolly Roger. This seems as good a place as any to begin your search for Cinnabar, so you enter the inn.

The spacious bar inside the Jolly Roger is packed with all manner of scurvy-looking sailors and other low-lifes. The landlord is as big as an ox and has a large anchor tattooed on one arm. No one takes any notice of you as you enter, so you approach the bar and order a tankard of ale (deduct 1 Gold Piece from your *Adventure Sheet*). You decide to question the landlord about Cinnabar first. Over your tankard of ale you

talk about the weather and the state of trade and then draw the innkeeper onto the subject of the pirate you seek. 'I hear the *Virago* plies these waters,' you say. 'I'm surprised we weren't attacked ourselves.'

'Not anymore it doesn't,' the landlord replies. 'Have you not heard? Cinnabar has been dead these last six months.'

Cinnabar dead? You have come all this way, after years of harbouring desires for revenge, only to find that the dread pirate-lord has already passed from this world! You ask the landlord how he died. 'Have you not heard? I would've thought that everyone as far as the Diamond Islands would know by now. It all happened last Hiding.' You listen attentively as the innkeeper relates the tale. It appears that Cinnabar and his crew were emptying the hold of a galley sailing from Harabnab to Arkleton, in distant Analand, when the renowned bounty hunter Conyn caught up with them in his ship, the *Fortune*. Unable to escape, Cinnabar and his men had to defend themselves against the crews of the galley and Conyn. Fierce fighting ensued with Cinnabar eventually falling at Conyn's hand, having suffered an incredible number of wounds, his body being lost to the sea. With their leader killed, the surviving members of his crew fled aboard the *Virago*, returning to the Port of Crabs. Soon after, Cinnabar's second-in-command, Mirel the Red, set off in the *Virago* amid terrible storms, purportedly to recover her captain's body. 'Many now believe that the pirate-lord's galleon sank as it has not been seen since,' the landlord says, concluding his story. You

thank him for his help and, in a bewildered daze, you make to leave the inn. You console yourself with the thought that at least the murderer of your family has at last been brought to justice.

As you leave the Jolly Roger you feel someone pulling on your jerkin. Turning round you discover that an old drunk, slumped at a table by himself, is the one trying to attract your attention. 'Just because he's dead doesn't mean he's at rest,' mutters the drunk. Curious about the drunk's words, you sit down opposite the old man and ask him what he means. 'Let's just say you don't want to go believing everything you hear. But I know what's going on. Oh yes, old Dregg knows. Cinnabar isn't *really* dead see, and he's coming back!' the old man says in a harsh whisper. Intrigued, you press Dregg to tell you more but he suddenly becomes serious and looks round the barroom uneasily. 'Not here. Meet me outside in ten minutes.' You nod in agreement and leave the Jolly Roger.

Tendrils of fog are now swirling around the boats in the harbour and oozing along the streets of the town. When the ten minutes are up you quickly return to the Jolly Roger and sneak down the side alley next to it. In the mist and shadows at the end of the narrow alleyway you can make out three figures standing over a fourth, cowering on the ground at their feet. Wasting no time, you draw your sword and dash towards them. Hearing your approach the three pirates turn to face you. The burly characters are ugly, scarred rogues and the biggest of them, who is easily

wielding a heavy wooden club in one hand and holding a bullwhip in the other, looks as if he has some Ogre blood in his lineage. At the pirates' feet lies Dregg, beaten, bruised and only just conscious. 'Here's the snooper,' growls the Half-Ogre. 'You're no match for us. By the time we've finished with you, you'll be feeding the shrimps. Or rather the shrimps'll be feeding *on* you.' The other two pirates burst into coarse laughter at their companion's joke. 'Yeah, you're fishbait!'

Turn to paragraph **1**.

1

Still laughing, the ruffians advance towards you. Apart from the Half-Ogre, there is a well-built bearded man, missing most of his teeth, and a leaner rogue with two ugly red scars running down the right-hand side of his face. Will you:

Try to escape?	Turn to **135**
Charge one of the pirates?	Turn to **357**
Stand firm and prepare to fight the rogues?	Turn to **74**

2

On your trek through the jungle you come upon two strange plants. One is a large bush with serrated-edged leaves and the other is a palm-like tree, the fronds of which are striped orange and black. The leaves of the Blade Bush are strong enough to be used as weapons so if you have lost your sword you may break off a Blade Leaf to use instead. The Tiger Palm is known to help in the healing of wounds. You may take some of the fronds which when applied to injuries after one battle will restore up to half the STAMINA points lost in that battle. Having taken what you want, turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

3

The Troll possesses nothing that might help you in your quest. Leaving the body lying in the filthy water, you set about trying to find a way out of this stinking hole. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **171**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **193**.

4

After your encounter with the soul-chilling spirit you just want to leave the room as quickly as you can. Slamming the door to the cabin shut behind you, will you:

Open the right-hand door?	Turn to **202**
Go down into the hold?	Turn to **26**
Leave the ship?	Turn to **72**

5

Studying the *Arcanum*, it soon becomes apparent that it is Erasmus the Wizard's Book of Spells. You find several charms which you think you might be able to learn. However, you only have time to learn one from the following list.

Fortune's Favour – casting this spell restores up to 3 LUCK points.

Trueskill – once cast, the next time you have to *Test your Skill* you can avoid the roll and take it as if you were successful.

Voodoo Vexer – whenever you are attacked by Zombies, casting this spell will repel 1–3 of them (roll one dice and halve the result, rounding fractions down) so you do not have to fight them.

Insect Repellent – if ever you are bothered by insects, regardless of their size, this spell will keep them away from you so that you can avoid combat.

Each time you cast a spell you must reduce your STAMINA score by 2 points. Now will you:

Look at the *Mythica*?	Turn to **47**
Examine the potions more closely?	Turn to **217**
Leave the cell?	Turn to **385**

6

Taking flight, you hear a sharp crack behind you and then find yourself falling forwards as the Half-Ogre's whip wraps around your ankles and your feet are pulled from beneath you. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Dropping his whip, the Half-Ogre moves in to attack you with his club.

HALF-OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If the Half-Ogre wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, the blow from his club knocks you off your feet. This means that you spend the next round of combat getting up again, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for that Attack Round. If you kill the Half-Ogre, turn to **328**.

7

'You're too late,' gasps Ramatu with his dying breath. 'The ritual is complete; Cinnabar is invulnerable.' And then he is dead. You have rid the world of the evil Ramatu, Quezkari's servant – congratulations! Regain 1 LUCK point. There is no time to lose, Cinnabar must be on his way back to the Port of Crabs right now! As you prepare to leave the temple in pursuit of the Pirate-Lord you catch sight of the altar at the base of Quezkari's statue. On it is a fetish of the dark god-spirit and a sparkling, fist-sized pearl. Do you want to:

Pick up the fetish?	Turn to **210**
Take the pearl?	Turn to **388**
Leave the temple immediately?	Turn to **188**

8

The ward you have chosen is in fact a Spirit Jewel, which has the power to drain the unearthly energies of denizens of the Ethereal Plane. When you finally confront Quezkari reduce his SKILL score by 3 points and his STAMINA by 6 and regain 1 LUCK point. Hissing in anger, the Arch-Spirit advances on you. Turn to **177**.

9

Beneath a brightly painted banner, bearing his name, sits the Amazing Armarno. The man has the look of a Lendlelander about him, with sallow skin, slanting eyes and a long, thin moustache. He is performing a trick with three playing cards and has attracted a small crowd of curious onlookers. Two of the cards are black, one is white, and the aim of the game seems to be to guess which of the cards is the white one when they have been shuffled and laid face down on the small table in front of the man. To play the game you have to place a stake of 2 Gold Pieces to win a potential prize of 10 Gold Pieces, although at the moment no one seems to be having much luck against Armarno. If you want to play, turn to **32**: if not you can either move on to the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**) or Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), or leave the Gambling Pits altogether (turn to **207**).

10

Coming to the edge of an escarpment you find yourself looking out over the sparkling waters of a large lagoon, linked to the sea by a narrow channel on the far side. And sure enough, at anchor in the bay is the *Virago* itself, flying the skull and crossbones. Hearing a noise behind you, you look round to see four scurvy-looking characters advancing on you, weapons at the ready. 'You'll not be getting away this time,' sneers one of them and then the pirates charge at you. Fight them two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
IORGA THE BEAR	9	10
BEASTFACE	8	8
THE BOSUN	9	9
ONE-EYED LAGAN	10	7

If you defeat all your assailants, you decide that you have nothing to gain by trying to board the *Virago* and so set off for the Temple of Quezkari where you are sure the ritual to resurrect Cinnabar is to be completed. Turn to **115**.

11

The old wisewoman explains that to consult the spirits about your future you must give up some of your life-blood. If you agree to this, turn to **160**. If not, you will either have to choose that Madame Galbo heals your wounds (turn to **179**) or that she prepares a compound that might be of use to you on your quest (turn to **261**).

12

You hurl the powdered mixture in the undead pirate's face (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). The corpse's face distorts, not in pain but with laughter. 'You're going to need more than parlour tricks to stop Jolly Roger,' the macabre creature chuckles horribly. Turn to **147**.

13

The tunnel soon ends at a closed door. From beyond it, you hear the sound of something large moving around and there is an almost overpowering musky animal odour. Boldly, you fling open the door. The monster that is trapped inside the room immediately turns to face you. It looks like a huge predatory cat with a fiery red coat and mane, a ridge of spikes growing from its spine, and huge fangs. Lashing behind the beast are several long, snake-like tails, each ending in a stinging barb. This is truly a cat-o'-nine-tails! You are somehow going to have to get past this monster if you are to find the Pirates of the Black Skull. Do you want to attack it with your sword (turn to **78**) or will you try to distract the beast by throwing it some food (turn to **162**)?

14

You make your offering to the God of Pride (deduct the Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*). You automatically feel filled with renewed confidence and a sense of optimism. Vinar's blessing has been conferred upon you. Restore up to 2 LUCK points. Turn to **209**.

15

Captain Velyarde engages in combat with a lithe, well-dressed pirate while you find yourself challenged by a man built like a gorilla, and carrying a battle-axe. Hobbes, the *Virago's* First Mate, is a veteran of countless sea battles.

FIRST MATE HOBBES SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **298**.

16

To try to avoid unwanted attention and in order to remain as inconspicuous as possible, you decide to wait until nightfall before investigating potential locations for the pirates' base. Add 2 Hours. Where will you begin your search? Around the docks (turn to **67**), at the ruined lighthouse on the promontory to the southeast of the port (turn to **146**), in the taverns and inns of the city (turn to **150**), in the sewers beneath the port (turn to **355**), at the cemetery outside the city walls (turn to **83**), or in the Temple Quarter (turn to **181**)?

17

You are passing a shop window containing a display of old maps and scrolls when you suddenly remember the cryptic message you overheard in the Gambling Pits, referring to Bone Island. Pausing, you take a closer look at the shop. Above the decorative window is a sign painted with the words: 'Mundi Pelago – Cartographer. Accurate and Attractive Maps and Charts.' Surely a mapmaker would be as good a person as any to ask about an island. Do you want to enter the shop (turn to **288**), or will you go on your way (turn to **334**)?

18

The stench of sulphur is too much for you and you misplace your next step. You land in the boiling mud and, before you can drag yourself out of the pool, manage to swallow some of it! Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **194**.

19

'Have it your own way,' Snide declares before leaving. Nobody comes to your cell that night, so you do not have an opportunity to bluff your way out of this predicament and the door is far too sturdy to break down. By the time you do get out of this dungeon you will be far too late to stop the Pirates of the Black Skull. Thanks to a grave injustice, you have failed in your mission.

20

Leaving the pygmies' lifeless bodies you continue further along the passageway, only to discover that it reaches a dead-end at a rock fall. It looks like the cave-in happened fairly recently. Do you want to see if you can shift some of the stones and force a way through the rock fall (turn to **140**) or would you rather return to the entrance to the temple and choose an alternative route (turn to **166**)?

21

Leaving the bats' chamber you continue along the tunnel. Suddenly your lantern illuminates a horrifying scene: a mouldering human skeleton hangs impaled on a row of spears that jut out from one wall of the tunnel. Too late you wonder if you may have strayed too far this time. The next second there is a whooshing, whistling sound and you react instantly. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **196**. If you fail, turn to **138**.

22

'You must be joking!' laughs the guard. 'Now clear off before I forget I'm having a good day.' Do you want to persist in trying to enter the Old Fort (turn to **49**) or

will you leave, if somewhat reluctantly, and go elsewhere (add 1 Hour and turn to 334)?

23

Seeing you wielding the bone sword, Zyteea calls out, 'Nightdeath, aid us now!' Instantly, the blade glows with magical fire! You strike the thing with your curious weapon and it lets out a shrill cry of pain. Dropping the tribesman, the shadowy beast turns on you. Without further hesitation you attack the conjured voodoo spirit.

SPIRIT-BEAST	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to 277.

24

As he leads you through the trees, Balinac tells you about his master. Apparently he was a wizard named Erasmus who lived in a secluded cell on the island. Originally the wizard came from a place called Halak in Allansia but he left the city to escape from the hustle and bustle of everyday life. You soon come to a small stone building in a clearing in the jungle, partially submerged in the earth. Inside, the place is in a state of disrepair and there is no sign of Erasmus. You ask Balinac where his master is and are surprised and confused by his reply: 'Master dead. Killed by voodoo man from skull face in the mountains. Balinac not go there.' Loping over to a straw-filled wooden box, Balinac says, 'Magical wine here. Master had magic books too,' and he points to a desk in one corner of the room. On it lie two weighty tomes, one entitled

the *Mythica* and the other the *Arcanum*. There might well be something here that could help you in your quest. Do you want to:

Examine the potions?	Turn to **217**
Study the *Mythica*?	Turn to **47**
Read the *Arcanum*?	Turn to **5**
Leave the cell and Balinac?	Turn to **385**

25

You step through the door and all too late notice a movement in the shadows either side of you. A heavy cosh hits you across the back of your head and you lose consciousness immediately. Turn to **158**.

26

The hold is illuminated by a phantasmal glow and as you look around you, the ghostly figures of the dead crew emerge from the shadows to surround you. Unable to escape, you wait for the undead's next move. The spectral sailors part and their cursed captain enters the ring. His eyes blaze like ship's lanterns and he wields a very real-looking, rusty cutlass in one hand. 'If you want to leave this ship,' he says in a booming voice like slamming crypt doors, 'you must best me, Captain Velyarde, in single combat. Unsheathe your weapon and prepare to fight!' With that, the ghost wildly attacks.

CAPTAIN VELYARDE	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **395**.

27

Before you even reach Dead Men's Gate, a mass of figures emerge from out of the darkness and you are set upon by a crowd of pirates and black-robed Devotees. Soon overpowered, you are coshed over the head and knocked out. Turn to **158**.

28

Your attackers are Mask Zombies, created through dark voodoo rituals to be guards and servants in Quezkari's temple. The Zombies thrust at you with their flint-spears as you unsheathe your own weapon.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MASK ZOMBIE	8	6
Second MASK ZOMBIE	8	6

If you win, turn to **265**.

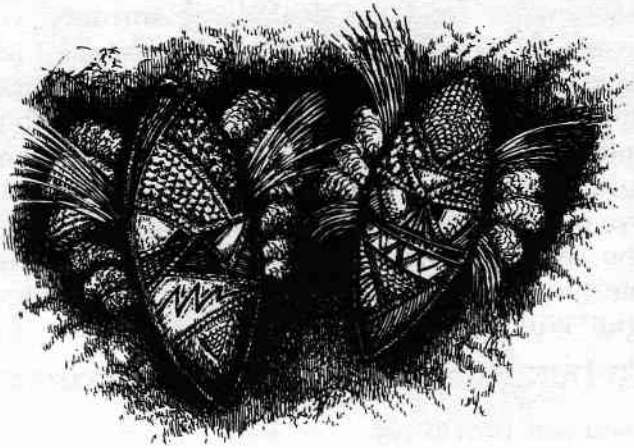

29

Despite being exquisitely made and incredibly detailed, there does not seem to be anything unusual about the ship. Of course, you could always try smashing the bottle to examine the model more closely, although this would probably make a lot of noise and possibly alert others on the ship to your presence. If you want to smash the bottle, turn to 293. If not, will you:

Look at the globe?	Turn to 349
Open the chest?	Turn to 316
Examine the desk?	Turn to 134
Leave the cabin?	Turn to 233

30

Your battle over, you suddenly find yourself surrounded by Mask Zombies. Unable to take on all of the Voodoo Priest's undead slaves you soon find yourself restrained and dragged from the Scarachna's web-lair. Hauled into the inner sanctum of the temple, you are brought before Ramatu, the High Priest of Quezkari. At one end of the chamber is a statue of the voodoo death-god, just as in the shrine back in the Port of Crabs, only this one is even larger and more macabre. The High Priest himself is an intimidating figure. He wears crimson and scarlet robes, no doubt dyed in blood, a feathered headdress like that of Quezkari and a necklace of shrunken human heads. On his chest is the tattoo of a huge black skull, and in one hand he is holding an up-turned human skull full of a foul green liquid.

'Intruder,' he says, speaking for the first time, 'you have trespassed within the Temple of the Dark One. As punishment, you must drink the Ichor of Quezkari!' Held in the tight grip of the Mask Zombies your mouth is forced open and the foul liquid is poured down your throat and you are made to swallow. Immediately you are assailed by all manner of phantasmal creatures; cruel jeering spirits and grotesque half-human things. *Test your Skill*. If you fail, turn to **62**. If you succeed, turn to **248**.

31

Gulping down the potion, you grab hold of the portcullis with both hands and heave! Disregard the bonus the potion normally adds to your Attack Strength and turn to **99**.

32

You do not have to wait long for your turn. (Deduct 2 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*.) Eagle-eyed, you watch closely as the man shows you where the white card is and then places all the cards face down on the table. He deftly switches their positions at an incredible speed, but you keep concentrating on the white card. When he finally stops, you point to the card you are sure is the white one. With a smile, Armarno turns it over and reveals it to be black. You have a sneaking suspicion that the Amazing Armarno is conning you. Do you want to challenge the trickster about this suspected fraud (turn to **258**), play another game, just to be sure (turn to **118**) or will you move on from this stand (turn to **223**)?

33

Running hell-for-leather, you round a corner and run straight into more of Cinnabar's pirates. You are soon overcome. Receiving a blow to the back of your head from a heavy cosh, you lose consciousness... Turn to **158**.

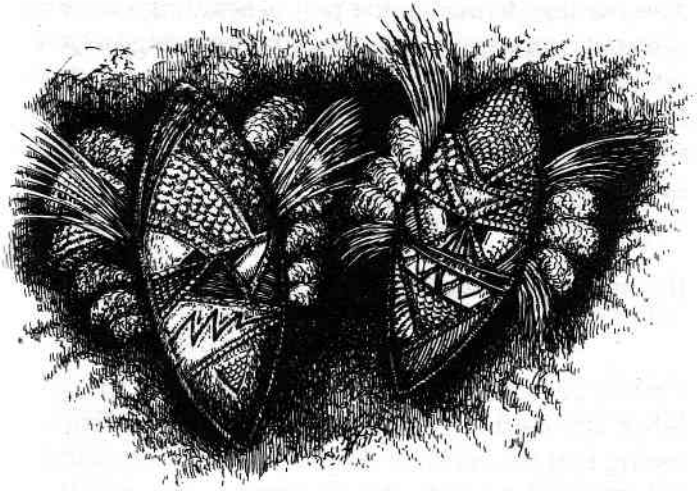

34

Your weapon is taken from you and you are taken to a pit into which you are lowered while a bamboo gate on the other side is raised. Instantly, a snarling Jaguar springs into the pit and lashes out at you with its claws. Unarmed, you must wrestle the predatory cat with your SKILL reduced by 2 points for this fight.

JAGUAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

However, if you win two consecutive Attack Rounds, or reduce the Jaguar's STAMINA to 2 points or less,

turn to **394**. If the cat reduces your STAMINA score to 3 points or less first, the Jaguar is held at bay and you are rescued from the pit and have your weapon returned (turn to **194**).

35

You manage to dodge the pan of scalding water as it sails past your head. But now you are going to have to deal with the enraged Bladderwrack. A meat cleaver gripped tightly in one podgy hand, the cannibal cook charges at you, his rolls of fat wobbling disgustingly.

BLADDERWRACK THE COOK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you defeat the cook, turn to **285**.

36

Pulling back the pirate flag you prise open the nailed lid of the coffin. You gasp and take a step back on seeing that the coffin is still occupied. Lying within is the body of a pirate still wearing a tricorn hat and ragged waistcoat. The dead man's hands are crossed on his chest, and in its rigour mortis-locked fingers the corpse clutches a golden talisman fashioned to look like a scorpion. The most peculiar thing about the pirate's corpse is that despite being trapped within a sealed coffin and left in an abandoned room, apart from having a rather unhealthy grey pallor to its skin, it does not look like it has really begun to decay at all. What will you do now? Do you want to take the Scorpion Talisman from the corpse (turn to **89**), or would you rather leave this unsettling place (turn to **166**)?

37

There is a rustling amongst the frond-like leaves of a tree in front of you and suddenly you find yourself looking into two yellow eyes, with black slits for pupils. You stop and stare as an angular green face emerges from amidst the vegetation. You are facing a tiny humanoid with cat-like eyes and spindly, twig-like limbs. The little creature is wearing a startling headdress of parakeet feathers, a grass skirt and is holding a javelin in one bony hand. The tiny humanoid puts its head on one side and smiles broadly at you before holding out its empty hand towards you. How will you respond to this action? Will you:

Offer the creature some food? Turn to 348

Give the creature an item from your backpack? Turn to 122

Attack the creature? Turn to 307

Ignore the creature and go on your way? Turn to 384

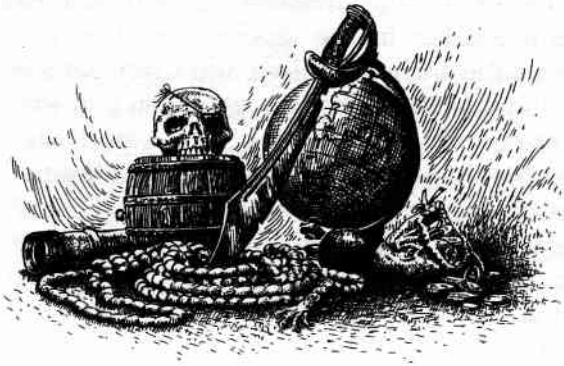

38

Rubbing the serrated edges of the teeth against the rope, with the bracelet on your wrist, you soon cut through the strands. You free yourself just before the water filling the pit covers your head. Climbing out of a potentially watery grave, you find your backpack and sword dumped nearby – nothing has been taken (regain 1 LUCK point). Without further delay, hurriedly you head off after the pirates. You soon find yourself at the edge of a huge natural cavern, inside which the sea has formed a large bay. At the far end of the cave is an entrance large enough to admit a sailing vessel. And sure enough, moored to a jetty at the edge of the water, is a great galleon. The ship flies the skull and crossbones flag common to all pirate vessels and instead of a figurehead, you are disturbed to see a human skeleton bound to the bowsprit. Before you see the name *Virago* painted on its side you know that this is Cinnabar's galleon which was supposed to have sunk. You can see the Pirates of the Black Skull milling around on the deck, but there is no-one left on the jetty – the *Virago* must be ready to sail. Keeping yourself hidden in the shadows of the cave, you watch as the anchor is raised and Cinnabar's galleon starts to make its way out to sea. Then you see a way to stop your quarry escaping you. A porthole in the side of the ship has been left open and a knotted rope hangs down from the deck next to it. Quickly you make a dash for the jetty and, remaining unspotted, climb the rope, slipping silently in through the opening.

You find yourself inside a small, disused storeroom. You decide to lay low here for a while before exploring the ship. Stowed away on board you watch through the porthole as the *Virago* leaves the Port of Crabs behind under cover of darkness. When you are sure the coast is clear you creep out of the room into a corridor. To your right is a door with the brass plaque 'Captain' fixed to it. At the far end of the corridor a staircase descends into the galleon. Another passage runs off from the first to your left, with a door at its far end and two unmarked doors to the left and right. Will you:

Open the far door?	Turn to **191**
Open the door to the left?	Turn to **127**
Open the door to the right?	Turn to **141**
Open the door marked 'Captain'?	Turn to **97**
Descend the staircase?	Turn to **211**

39

Inhaling great lungfuls of the smoke you start to think that you can see skeletal faces hovering around you, filling you with a sense of enormous unease. You sweep at the apparitions with your sword, but to no avail. These are horrors of your own imagining and cannot be harmed by physical weapons. Afflicted by this terrible, paranoid fear, while you remain in the temple you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point. Turn to 185.

40

As you approach the gate, out of the corner of your eye you notice a movement in a darkened alleyway. Instantly, two figures step out into the street in front of you. One is a gaunt-looking character, holding a cruel sabre and with a frayed noose around his neck. The other is an attractive Khulian woman with her long, shining, black hair twisted into a plait, wearing finely-made leather armour and wielding a thin sword. You recognise the first of your assailants from tales you have heard on your travels. He is the notorious pirate Silas Gallows. His companion is Wu-Lin, a mercenary who joined Cinnabar's crew not long before the pirate-lord was killed. Both bear the insignia of the Pirates of the Black Skull. 'So here we are at Dead Men's Gate,' chuckles Silas Gallows, 'and soon there's gonna be one more corpse in Corpse Way!' Wu-Lin says nothing but advances towards you, her gleaming blade raised. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SILAS GALLOWS	7	7
WU-LIN	8	6

If you win, not wanting to meet any more of Cinnabar's cronies, you hurry out of the city. Turn to **119**.

41

'Ho ho, yes that'll do nicely,' chuckles the castaway, and proceeds to tell you that the treasure is hidden in a system of caves west of his camp. 'Mind you,' Scrimshaw adds, 'Blackscar's hoard is cursed. Those

are pearls that were his eyes. Any thief who tries to steal it will get all they deserve. Don't say I didn't warn you.' With that the mad old man skips off, pleased with his present, ignoring you completely. Will you now set off to find Blackscar's treasure (turn to **110**) or look for signs of Cinnabar's pirates (turn to **208**)?

42

You are enticed towards the Bazaar by its colourful stalls, as well as the sounds and smells of far-off countries. You ignore the rolls of silk and the baskets of spices but are attracted to a brightly decorated stall covered in a variety of unusual items. Talking with the vendor, you discover that the man is a Talismonger – a trader in artefacts that are allegedly magical. However, by the look of some of the objects, you do wonder if they really are charged with esoteric power. The magical items the Talismonger has on offer are listed below with their prices. You may buy as many of them as you want, as long as you have enough Gold Pieces.

Ivory Lion Charm	7 Gold Pieces	Turn to **301**
Shark's Teeth Bracelet	5 Gold Pieces	Turn to **170**
Magical Compass	9 Gold Pieces	Turn to **59**
Potion of Giant-Strength	8 Gold Pieces	Turn to **374**
Lock of Elvin's Hair	6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **165**
Carved Darkwood Armband	4 Gold Pieces	Turn to **399**

Once you have made your purchases, turn to **200**.

43

The combination of the noise from your battle and the shrieks of the bats amplified by the echoing chamber cause several of the stalactites to crack and fall from the roof. You are immediately caught in a rockfall. Roll one dice, add 2 to the roll and deduct the total from your STAMINA score. If you survive the cave-in will you risk going further into the caves (turn to **21**) or turn back and give up on finding Blackscar's treasure (turn to **279**)?

44

You suddenly realise what the Witchdoctor is up to: he is trying to cloud your mind with magic. Concentrating hard, you step into the chalk circle, breaking Malu's spell. Almost on top of the man, you cannot avoid combat as he springs to his feet and lunges at you with his wand.

MALU THE WITCHDOCTOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If the Witchdoctor strikes you, the wand drains 3 points of STAMINA from you rather than the usual 2. If you kill Cinnabar's servant, turn to **366**.

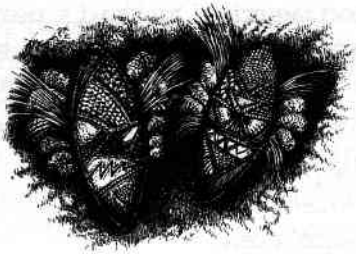

45

Although you cut down several of the Zombies, ultimately there are too many of them for one warrior to vanquish alone. Your adventure is over.

46

Grasping you with its powerful limbs, the Octopus employs its favourite tactic of squeezing the life from its prey. Lose an additional point of STAMINA. Held in the monster's vice-like grip, unless you can break free by winning the next Attack Round, you will suffer the crushing damage again, which will increase by a further point each time. Return to **280** and continue your struggle with the Octopus.

47

The well-thumbed tome is actually a book of myths and legends. Flicking through it your eye is caught by one page in particular, which has the name 'Quezkari' written at the top. You read with interest about the evil voodoo spirit and find a section describing wards used to protect against Quezkari's power. The text refers to a Spirit Jewel and a magical bone weapon rumoured to be hidden in a cave system somewhere on the island! Now do you want to:

Examine the potions?	Turn to **217**
Study the *Arcanum*?	Turn to **5**
Leave Erasmus's cell?	Turn to **385**

48

Continuing along the passageway, you follow it as it turns right and reaches a junction. The passage you are in soon comes to a dead-end in a chamber in which is the bizarre statue of some kind of lizard. The new tunnel bends round to the left after a few metres so you cannot see what lies along it. Will you enter the statue room (turn to 88) or take the new path (turn to 295)?

49

At once the guard pulls a chain which sets off a jangling of bells inside the fort. Almost immediately, the gates open and what seems like half the City Guard pour out to surround you. Turn to 236.

50

When you have completed your tale, the Queen speaks: 'Your cause is a noble one but we have had dealings with the cult of Quezkari ourselves. How do we know that you are not lying to us in order to ensnare us to the Evil One? We must be sure. You must take the Test of the Warrior.' If these people are to trust you, and you gain their help, you can't deny Queen Zyteea's decree. You are led to a pool of

bubbling mud. Sulphurous fumes rise from it and a tree trunk has been laid across the middle. You are then blindfolded and told to walk across the log! Judging your position by touch alone and your head spinning from the fumes, you take your first step. *Test your Skill* twice, adding 1 to the roll each time. If you pass both tests, turn to **259**. If you fail either of them, turn to **18**.

51

Do you have the word 'Regnad' written on your *Adventure Sheet*? If so, turn to **310**. If not, turn to **287**.

52

Choosing somewhere you've not been yet, where will you continue your search?

The docks?	Turn to **67**
The ruined lighthouse?	Turn to **146**
The taverns and inns?	Turn to **150**
The sewers?	Turn to **355**
The cemetery?	Turn to **83**
The Temple Quarter?	Turn to **181**

53

The jungle in front of you suddenly appears to move and then a huge, lizard-like shape melts out of the greenery. The Giant Chameleon focuses on you with its bizarre, rotating eyes and moves jerkily towards you. Riding on its back is a humanoid chameleon-like creature wielding a short spear. The gigantic lizard hisses and its scales take on a variety of brilliant hues

– a sure sign that it is angry and about to attack. Once again you are fighting for your life!

GIANT CHAMELEON SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If the Giant Chameleon's Attack Strength is over 20 or 21, and it wins the Attack Round, turn to **133**. If you kill the lizard, the Chameleonite riding it escapes into the jungle, its camouflaged skin keeping it safe from detection. Add the word 'Depacse' to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down earlier.

54

You tread water for several hours, but no ships come in sight. Exhausted, the sea finally claims you for its own.

55

You have wasted enough time here already, so you prepare to leave the Silent Donkey. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **218**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **25**.

56

'Stranger,' says one of the warriors, in a language you can understand, 'leave our village. You are not welcome here.' If you do as the warrior commands, turn to **164**. If you want to persist in trying to enter the tribespeople's village, turn to **206**.

57

Following the passageway right past the T-junction, you pass between walls crudely daubed with images of Quezkari and other voodoo deities dealing out death in its various forms to humans. Feeling the floor shift, you immediately know what is happening: a balance trap has been triggered and the floor is tilting up to reveal a deep, spiked pit underneath it. Your only hope is to leap over the treacherous gap now opening up before you. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **308**. If you fail, turn to **240**.

58

You slowly become aware of a fluttering sound in the air behind you. You spin round to see a huge fanged bat flapping towards you. It is the spirit of the vanquished Jolly Roger. The vampire has returned to feast on your blood so that it might restore itself to true unlife. You are going to have to fight the bat if you are to escape from this chamber.

BLOODTHIRSTY BAT SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If the bat scores two successive hits against you, it rips at your throat with its distended fangs causing you to lose 3 STAMINA points, rather than the usual 2. If you

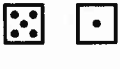

defeat Jolly Roger's undead spirit for a second time you flee the chamber without a second thought. Turn to **166**.

59

The Talismonger tells you that the lodestone inside the compass is attracted to large deposits of gold – a must for any would-be treasure hunter. It is only after you have handed over your money that you wonder why the Talismonger hasn't used the compass himself to make *his* fortune. Return to **42**.

60

As the rest of the crew repel the other Crabs, the ship starts to list to one side. The crustaceans must have actually holed the hull. With the *Fortune* so badly damaged, you will not be able to pursue Cinnabar and can only look forward to a future as crab food. Your adventure is over.

61

How many Gold Pieces are you offering? If it is less than 5 Gold Pieces, turn to **22**; otherwise, turn to **195**.

62

The hallucinations continue and become too much for you. With a hysterical scream, you lose your mind through fear. With no longer any will of your own, you become one of those whom you have so desperately tried to destroy – a devotee of the Black Skull and a servant of Evil. Your adventure is over.

63

You are half way across the bridge when one of the rotten planks from which it is comprised suddenly splinters and gives way under your weight. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **273**. If you fail, turn to **317**.

64

Despite having a wooden leg, the old rogue moves quite quickly and disappears around a corner before you can catch up with him. As you are about to round the corner yourself, you suddenly start to have misgivings about your latest course of action. Will you continue to follow the pirate (turn to **282**) or go back the way you have just come (turn to **266**)?

65

Wandering over the barren terrain you keep an eye out for any sign of Cinnabar's cronies or evidence of buried treasure. *Test your Luck* twice. If you are Lucky both times, turn to **110**. If you are Unlucky either time, turn to **208**.

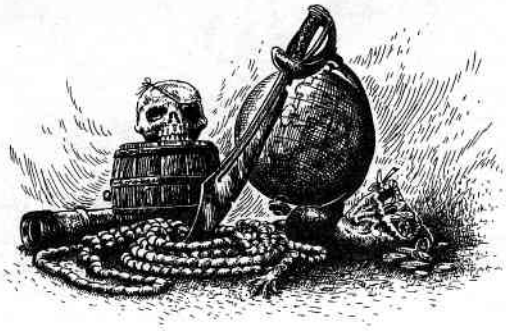

66

There is no sign of another human soul having been washed up on the island so, sadly, you assume that you were the only survivor of the Behemoth's attack. Even the famed bounty-hunter Conyn is gone. Mourning the loss of the *Fortune*, you continue to wander south along the shore-line. Rounding a sandy promontory you are surprised by what you see before you. Ten metres away, a primitive human-like creature, with strongly muscled arms and covered in red hair, is tearing open some of the crates washed up from the wreck. The creature looks up, hearing you approach, and growls. Will you:

Prepare to defend yourself?	Turn to **95**
Make a run for it into the jungle?	Turn to **125**
Try to communicate with the creature?	Turn to **358**
Offer the primitive something?	Turn to **183**

67

The docks are quiet at this time of night. You decide that if the pirates' hideout was located around the docks, the entrance would have to be in the harbour wall somewhere. Descending to the wooden jetties, you start your search. *Thud*. What was that? *Thud*. There it is again. You stand perfectly still, your ears straining to pick up any sound. Then you hear the rattling of a chain being dragged across the wooden planks close by. *Swoosh!* A large anchor suddenly flies out of the dense mist, in a sweeping arc, towards you.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **321**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **230**.

68

The tropical environment of the island is very different to the northerly, wind-lashed Port of Crabs. The day drags on as you stagger through the jungle, your clothes soaked with sweat. Entering a low valley, you come upon a scene of utter devastation. In a large clearing lies what is left of a tribespeople's village. The place has been razed to the ground and a deathly silence hangs over the place. Do you want to quickly pass through the ruined village (turn to **197**) or would you rather pause here and explore it (turn to **117**)?

69

As soon as you have stepped underneath the portcullis it drops down, blocking the way out! There is nothing in the cave of any use to you, so you set about trying to get out again. There is no chain or lever inside the cave to raise the portcullis, so you decide that you will have to resort to brute force. If you have a Potion of Giant-Strength, you may drink it now (turn to **31**). If you do not have the potion, or you do not want to use it, turn to **120**.

70

You open the door and find yourself in the pirates' shrine to their dark god, dominated by a hideous statue of the skeletal Quezkari, but the place is empty. You are too late! Cinnabar and his crew have already

left this place and, unable to follow them, you have failed in your quest.

71

You gasp in shock as you hit the freezing water and disappear beneath the surface of the pool. Feeling your way forwards under the water, you find an opening in the rock wall. Swimming through it you emerge inside another cave. Glowing crystals placed around the cavern provide light to see by, which is reflected off glinting gold coins and the facets of precious jewels. You have never seen such a fabulous hoard. Lying, almost discarded, to one side of the treasure pile is a curious sword-like weapon carved from bone! Do you want to:

Take a closer look at the bone weapon?	Turn to **306**
Collect some of the gold and jewels?	Turn to **123**
Leave Blackscar's 'cursed' treasure untouched?	Turn to **279**

72

Filled with an overwhelming sense of foreboding, you hurriedly return to the deck and depart the *Sea Maiden*. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **153**.

73

The Octopus sinks back under the waves, its foul blood staining the water purple. Confident that it will now be safe to explore the cave, you do just that but, to your disappointment, find no other tunnels leading

from it. The pirates' hideout obviously isn't here. Turn to **350**.

74

Swinging their cudgels, the pirates engage you in combat.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	7	7
Second PIRATE	6	7

If you win, the Half-Ogre steps forward to fight you. Will you face your opponent (turn to **187**) or try to escape (turn to **6**)?

75

The undead pirate smashes the gem from your hand and it shatters on the stone floor of the chamber. Cross the Blue Gem off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **147**.

76

Overcome with fear you fling open the door and rush out of the room. You have been badly shaken by your experience (lose 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point). Will you now:

Open the left-hand door?	Turn to **353**
Enter the hold?	Turn to **26**
Leave the *Sea Maiden*?	Turn to **153**

77

The two monsters snap, slash and hurl themselves at each other as you watch, transfixed. Run the fight

between the ape and the lizard, rolling for Attack Strengths and deducting STAMINA points, as you would if you were fighting either of the creatures.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GREAT APE	8	10
TERRIBLE LIZARD	7	11

As soon as one of the colossi has defeated the other, turn to **205**.

78

With a roar, the mutant bounds towards you. You have no choice but to fight the monster.

NINE-TAILS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

The cat attacks by trying to slash you with its great claws and bite you with its huge fangs. However, if the monster hits you, roll one dice. If you roll 6, the beast has hit you with its barbed tails instead: roll one dice and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA score. You may *Test your Luck* to avoid this damage if you wish. Keep track of how much STAMINA you lose in this way. If you survive this battle, turn to **235**.

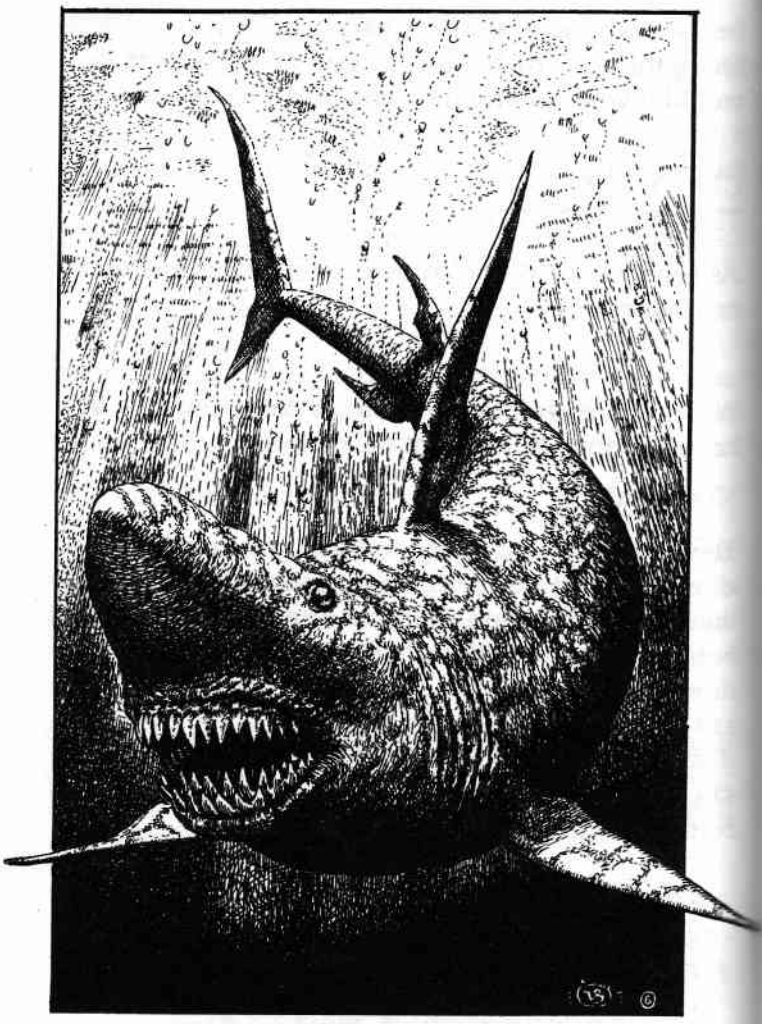

79

Scrambling up the galleon's rigging, you find yourself trapped, unless... Cutting a rope free, you grab hold of the end and leap into mid-air. Swinging down towards the pirates you flail about with your sword to keep them at bay. There is a cry of pain from one of the buccaneers and you see a red-haired woman clutching the stump where her hand used to be. You sail past the infuriated pirates over the edge of the *Virago*. Letting go of the rope, you drop several metres before hitting the water. The galleon continues on its course, leaving you stranded in the middle of the Western Ocean, as the crew watch you, laughing. Or are they really looking at you? They actually seem to be watching something behind you. 'Have a good swim!' shouts one of them. Turning round in the water you see the tell-tale triangular fin and, ducking your head under the waves, you see the Great White Shark closing in on you, jaws wide open. You just have time to draw your sword before it is on you.

GREAT WHITE SHARK SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

Fighting underwater is difficult and as a result you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for the duration of this battle. Also, unless you defeat the Shark in less Attack Rounds than your current SKILL score you will drown! If you kill the Great White, turn to 186.

80

The tunnel winds its way into the hill until it opens into a high-ceilinged chamber, with stalactites

pointing down from the cave roof. A piercing squeaking starts up as, disturbed by the light from your lantern, three large bats flap down from their roosts to drive you off. As the creatures batter you with their wings, you catch a glimpse of their greatly enlarged front teeth. You must fight the Vampire Bats.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPIRE BAT	5	4
Second VAMPIRE BAT	5	5
Third VAMPIRE BAT	5	4

While you are fighting one of the screeching bats, those remaining land on you and suck your blood, each causing 1 STAMINA point of damage per Attack Round. If you kill all three, turn to **148**.

81

The Arrow of Providence is a popular game of chance in the Gambling Pits. It is made up of a large circular board divided into twelve sections, each painted with a legend. An arrow-like pointer has been attached to the centre of the board so that it can be spun. To play the game will cost 2 Gold Pieces but you will be playing for a potential jackpot of 10 Gold Pieces. If you want to play, turn to **346**. If you do not want to have a go, you leave the Arrow of Providence (turn to **260**).

82

Deep down you know that the nightmares you are witnessing are not real and manage to convince yourself that they are merely illusions. At once the phantasms vanish. However, Ramatu is obviously

expecting you to be overcome by fear and, surrounded by Zombies, you are in no position to stop him. In a brilliant piece of acting, you let out a loud scream and collapse on the floor. Satisfied that he has broken your will, Ramatu dismisses the Mask Zombies and returns to his blasphemous rituals. When you are sure the coast is clear, you leap to your feet and run at the High Priest, yelling. If you have the word 'Dehsams' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **324**. If not, turn to **139**.

83

Keeping to shadowy doorways wherever possible, you make your way swiftly along Corpse Way towards Dead Men's Gate. Do you have any of the following words written on your *Adventure Sheet*: 'Etarip', 'Rohcna', 'Yeknod' or 'Desruc'? Count up the number of words you have noted down from the list above and if you have:

None of the words.	Turn to **119**
One or two of the words.	Turn to **40**
Three or four of the words.	Turn to **27**

84

Your reactions are not quick enough and the gobbet of silk hits you, sticking fast. Before you can cut yourself free, a second strand squirts from the monster's jaws and your sword-arm is fixed to your side. In no time at all, you are trapped inside a cocoon of silk, trussed up in a tree and left in the spider-scorpion's larder until it feels like a snack. Your adventure is over.

85

As you are hacking your way through the dense undergrowth you unwittingly disturb the sensitive carpet of vines surrounding the vase-like trunk of a Giant Pitcher-Plant. A strong tendril suddenly whips out of the jungle and you find yourself fighting for your life against the carnivorous plant.

TENDRIL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If the tendril wins three consecutive Attack Rounds, turn immediately to 383. If you defeat the tendril without this happening, turn to 343.

86

Poison darts shoot out of the walls just above your head, missing you by millimetres. You were lucky this time but from now on you'll have to be more careful. Turn to 48.

87

Caught unawares, you are unable to avoid the effects of the Witchdoctor's magic: your mind becomes confused and addled. The man takes advantage of your befuddled state and springs at you, using his wand as his weapon.

MALU THE WITCHDOCTOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

For the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points. If the Witchdoctor strikes you, the wand drains 3 points of STAMINA from you

rather than the usual 2. If you kill Cinnabar's servant, turn to 366.

88

The bronze iguana-like creature, green with age, stands three metres tall on its hindlegs with its mouth open and has sparkling diamonds for eyes. Apart from the worrying bloodstains on the floor, there is nothing else of interest here, so will you leave the chamber and take the other tunnel (turn to 295) or first try to prise the diamonds from their sockets (turn to 176)?

89

Prising the dead pirate's fingers open, you try to take the talisman from the corpse. Suddenly the dead man's eyes flick open and a cruel smile twists its drawn lips, revealing the elongated points of the pirate's incisors. You leap backwards in fright, feeling badly shaken (lose 1 LUCK point). You are going to have to act quickly. Will you draw your sword (turn to 147), look for something else to use from your backpack (turn to 108) or attempt to flee (turn to 276)?

90

'Ah, Bone Island,' muses Conyn. 'I've heard rumours about the place. Talk of voodoo and buried treasure, but I didn't know of its location until now.' Before directing his crew to set a course for Bone Island, Conyn turns to you. 'There are two different routes we can take. The quicker one should allow us to catch up with the *Virago* but will take us through the Crab Reefs, which are notorious for the gigantic crustaceans said to dwell there. However, if we avoid the reefs our journey will take longer. Which way do you think we should go? Through the Crab Reefs (turn to **267**) or around them (turn to **297**)?'

91

You pass several recessed, grilled doors through which are cramped, dank cells, their only inhabitants creeping, slithering things and the yellowed bones of former prisoners. At the end of the passage you enter a large cave-like chamber with more doors leading from it. However, standing on guard are two peculiar figures. Their flesh is grey and withered and their faces are covered by primitive tribal masks. Each holds a spear and on seeing you they move towards you. Will you fight the guards (turn to **28**) or run for it back down the tunnel and past the T-junction (turn to **57**)?

92

Boldly, you speak the word, 'Leviathan'. Turn to **269**.

93

You draw your sword and thrust it in the old man's face, but this merely makes him laugh all the more. Sniggering like the simpleton he is, Scrimshaw sprints away into the hills, leaving you to explore them without his help. Turn to **65**.

94

You hare off through the jungle, the Great Ape's bellowing cries fading into the echoing distance behind you. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

95

Seeing you draw your sword, the creature goes berserk. Baring its teeth, it leaps at you snarling 'Balinac kill!' You have no choice but to fight the primitive Balinac.

BALINAC SKILL 8 STAMINA **8**

If you kill the apeman, you search through the crates and find nothing but rotting foodstuffs. Balinac has no possessions so you decide to set off into the jungle in the hope of still stopping Cinnabar's pirates. Turn to **125**.

96

'Nightdeath, aid me now!' you cry and the bone blade bursts into flame. Screeching, Quezkari attacks. The

voodoo death-god is actually a powerful, evil spirit – a manifestation of the souls of all those transformed into Zombies by the evil Ramatu and those killed by Cinnabar. If you have a Wristband of White Feathers, the courage of the Usai people is with you as you fight (add 1 to your Attack Strength).

QUEZKARI SKILL 13 STAMINA 18

Each time Quezkari wounds you his dark powers drain 3 STAMINA points from you, unless you are protected by the Ivory Lion Charm, in which case you only lose the usual 2. If you overcome all the odds and defeat the all-powerful spirit, turn to 400.

97

As you suspected, the door opens into the Captain's cabin. Fortunately, however, there is no sign of anyone being here at the moment. The cabin is plushly decorated with mahogany panelling and thick velvet drapes. The room is lit by an oil lamp hanging from a beam and an empty birdcage swings from the rafters, but there are four things that really attract your attention: a globe of Titan, a large oak chest, Cinnabar's desk and an ornate ship in a bottle. If you don't want to take a closer look at any of these, turn to 233. If you do, which will it be?

The globe?	Turn to 349
The chest?	Turn to 316
The desk?	Turn to 134
The ship in a bottle?	Turn to 29

98

The fortune-teller remains silent as you drop your money into his pot. Without looking up, he turns over the first card at the top of the deck. On it is painted the picture of a black skull! You immediately feel a chill in your veins and a forbidding atmosphere of evil pressing down on you. In anger and fear you draw your sword and strike the man. At your blow, the rags collapse in a heap – there is no sign of anyone ever having been there! (Lose 2 LUCK points and add the word 'Desruc' to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Panicked, you turn and flee through the Temple Quarter, only stopping again when you have put many streets between you and the wise men. Add 1 Hour and turn to 334.

99

You manage to raise the portcullis far enough to get out of the cave and then make for the door instead. Carefully, you open the second door. How long has it taken you to get this far? If it has taken 9 Hours or more, turn to 70. If it has taken 8 Hours or less, turn to 333.

100

Madame Galbo's cottage is an unassuming building in the quiet Mandrake's Lane, although somewhat disturbing is the votive totem, made from a dead bird's carcass, nailed to the door. You knock three times and, hearing a croaky 'Enter!', push open the door. You immediately find yourself in a herbalist's paradise; bunches of herbs hang from the low rafters of the room, which is filled with a profusion of potted

plants. The greenery and humidity of the chamber make you feel like you are in the depths of a tropical rainforest. Sitting behind a cluttered table is a dark-skinned old woman with a crumpled face and thick curly black hair – Madame Galbo. The wisewoman is busy preparing a concoction in a pestle and mortar. As you enter the room, there is a great squawking and flapping at your feet as a large black cockerel hops out of your way. 'Don't mind Rabab,' says Madame Galbo of her familiar. 'Now what can I do for you?' You sense that you can trust this woman so you tell her of your search for the Pirates of the Black Skull. 'The followers of the Dark One have many guises and set many traps to ensnare the unwary. If you are to confront them you will need my help for I have an understanding of the ways of voodoo and can do something to counteract it. But assistance comes at a price – four Gold Pieces.' If you can afford this amount, and you are prepared to pay for the wise-woman's help, turn to **382**. If not, you will have to leave Madame Galbo's cottage to look elsewhere for a means of defeating Cinnabar's cronies (turn to **239**).

101

The Silent Donkey is situated on a dingy back street within the Claws. Several suspicious characters watch you enter the inn but none try to stop you. Creeping up the creaky wooden staircase, you come to the first room on the first floor – room 101. The key turns in the lock and, opening the door, you step into a room furnished with only a table and chair. But what you see there sends an icy chill down your spine. On

the table rests a human skull, painted black and decorated with a headdress of brightly coloured bird's feathers. The Black Skull! This is a bad omen. There is nobody here so this must have all been a set-up by Cinnabar's cronies to delay you! The skull fills you with foreboding but it still intrigues you. If you want to take it with you, turn to **244**; if not, turn to **55**.

102

The bolt hits you in the thigh making you stumble and fall onto the wooden planks. Lose 2 STAMINA points, and in the battle to come for the first Attack Round reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points as you try to get up again. Turn to **182**.

103

The Old Fort, residence of the Governor of the Port of Crabs, stands at the top of the hill on which most of the Old Town Quarter of the city is built. You climb the hill and arrive outside the grim stone building. The whole edifice looks like it could withstand an army's onslaught for weeks, even though it is now several centuries old. As you approach the guard at the gate, he asks you your business, and you demand an audience with Governor Montargo. 'Oh yeah?' sneers the guard. 'I can't let just anyone in 'ere, can I. It's more than my job's worth.' If you want to try bribing him, decide how many Gold Pieces you will offer the guard and then turn to **61**. Alternatively you could threaten him with cold steel (turn to **49**). If you don't want to try either of these options you will have to leave (add 1 Hour and turn to **334**).

104

The crystal explodes in a blaze of light, blasting shards of rock around the chamber, but incredibly you manage to get away fairly unscathed! (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) There is nothing more you can do here so you leave the crystal room. Record the word 'Dehsams' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **329**.

105

The second blow knocks you off your feet. Before you can get up again, the Anchor Man quickly loops the heavy chain round your ankles and throws the anchor far out into the harbour. You are immediately dragged from the pier, into the sea, and pulled underwater as the anchor rapidly sinks towards the floor of the harbour. Only just controlling the urge to panic, you try to free yourself from the chain. Roll two dice and add 12. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **340**; if it is greater, turn to **249**.

106

You shake the wand at the unearthly creature, but to no effect. As you are doing this Quezkari lashes out at you with a taloned hand (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice now but to retaliate with your sword. Turn to **177**.

107

Unable to escape, you face a slow, agonizing death at the hands of Cinnabar's sadistic torturer. You have failed in your quest and your adventure is most definitely over.

108

If you have any of the following you have time to try to use one of them against the risen pirate. Will you choose:

Zombie Dust?	Turn to **12**
A skeleton artefact?	Turn to **356**
A broken balustrade?	Turn to **189**
A blue gem?	Turn to **75**
A witchdoctor's wand?	Turn to **212**

If you do not have any of the above items, or choose not to use any of them, turn to **147**.

109

As you elbow your way through the bustling crowds, above the hubbub you hear a gruff voice say in a harsh whisper, 'The *Virago* sails for Bone Island at midnight.' Looking round you see two knavish-looking characters part company and go their separate ways among the throng. You will not be able to follow them now. The *Virago* was the name of Cinnabar's ship and what was that about an island? This careless talk could be an important clue (write down the word 'Dnalsi' on your *Adventure Sheet*). Will you now move on to Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

110

Eventually you come to a wide cave entrance at the foot of a rocky escarpment. Inside, a tunnel leads off into the darkness. You will need to use your lantern if

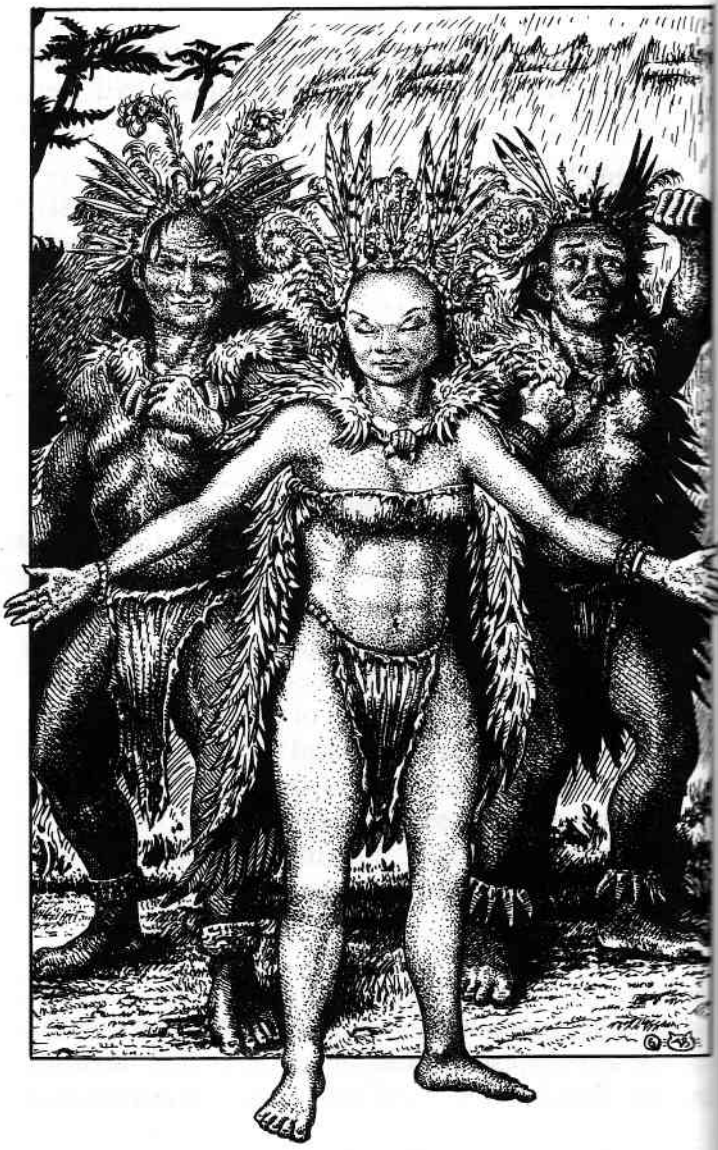

you are to enter the caverns. If you want to do just that, turn to **80**. If not, you decide to head northeast, back into the island's interior (turn to **279**).

111

(Add 1 Hour to your total.) As you are walking along Traders Street away from the market, you cannot help but notice a roguish figure standing on the corner of Lobster Alley. The man is gaunt and scrawny, in his later years, and with several days' growth of stubble. He also has an eye-patch, a wooden stump for a leg beneath his right knee and wears a long coat and tricorn hat. A monkey, with its own tiny waistcoat, is scampering around the man's shoulders. As you walk past the pirate, you make eye contact and he beckons to you with a glance before turning and hobbling away up the alley. Will you follow the man (turn to **64**) or go on your way (turn to **143**)?

112

The Scarachna's sting lashes forwards and strikes you, sending its toxic venom coursing through your body. (Lose 6 STAMINA points.) If you survive this attack, turn back to **201** and continue your battle.

113

You are led to the largest hut in the village where you are brought before a lithe, beautiful woman dressed like the other warriors, only with a more elaborate headdress. 'I am Queen Zyteea of the Usai tribe,' she says in a tongue you understand. 'What are you doing on this island?' You decide you have nothing to lose

by telling Queen Zyteea the truth and so relate your story to her. If you have the word 'Sitnam' recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 224; otherwise, turn to 50.

114

You slip down the slope and suffer cuts and bruises. Roll one dice and subtract the number rolled from your STAMINA score. If you roll a 6 you also lose 1 SKILL point. Turn to 219.

115

You soon leave the jungle, with its strange sounds and rank smells of rotting vegetation, and find the ground rising as you head into the foothills of the mountains. As the sun climbs higher in the sky so you climb higher into the mountains. If you have the word 'Depacse' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 335. If not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 283. If you are Unlucky, turn to 335.

116

Managing to control your fear and stay calm, you gaze in fascination at the apparition materialising before you. The ghost looks like the woman carved as the figurehead for the ship. 'Help usss...' wails the ghost. 'The captain must be bested if we are to be freed. Help usss...' And then she is gone. Puzzled, you leave the room and:

Open the other door?	Turn to 353
Leave the ship?	Turn to 72
Descend to the hold?	Turn to 26

117

Searching through the wreckage of the devastated buildings, you find nothing that has not been broken or destroyed. The curious thing is that there are no bodies among the destruction and no sign of the villagers in the surrounding jungle. Puzzled, you set off again south. Turn to 197.

118

(Deduct another 2 Gold Pieces from your total.) This time you are positive you have the right card – but when Armarno turns it over, it is black again! He has to be deceiving you! Now will you challenge the fraudster (turn to 258), leave his table (turn to 123) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to 207)?

119

Just outside the city walls lies the cemetery. Its pillared entrance is decorated with disturbing statues

and the fog merely adds to the eerie atmosphere of the place. Creeping between the weathered tombstones and mausoleums, you suddenly hear the crack of a twig somewhere off to your left and almost jump out of your skin. Spinning round, you are sure you catch a glimpse of something disappearing behind a grim sepulchre. You are not alone in the cemetery. Something else is also prowling around here during the hours of darkness. Peering round the corner of a crypt you see two men, who look like sailors, walking away from you through the mist, carrying a heavy-looking chest between them. Where can they be going? And what are they up to? If you have a Crab Doubloon, turn to **175**. If you do not, will you:

Follow the two men to see where they go?	Turn to **312**
Launch a surprise attack on them?	Turn to **284**
Ignore them and leave the cemetery (add 1 Hour) to search elsewhere?	Turn to **52**

120

Taking hold of the portcullis, you heave with all your might. Roll three dice and add 6 to the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **99**. If it is greater, turn to **204**.

121

'That is correct. Congratulations,' says Calabrius, with a forced smile, and reluctantly hands you a bag containing 10 Gold Pieces. (Add these to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point.) With your

confidence having been granted a boost, will you now look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to 81), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to 9) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to 207)?

122

Choose one of the items you are carrying and cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. The creature eyes your gift with avid curiosity, turning it over and over in its hands. Fixing you with its glittering eyes it grins and says something in a twittering language you cannot understand. The capricious humanoid then disappears back into the jungle as abruptly as it first appeared, taking its treasure with it. You have just encountered a Rainforest Sprite and for giving it a gift you have received its blessing. (Restore 2 LUCK points.) Now turn to the paragraph with the same number as that which you noted down previously.

123

As soon as you touch the treasure you feel a tingling sensation in your fingertips. Looking down in horror, you see that your hands are turning to gold and you are no longer able to move them! There is nothing you can do as the transformation proceeds to affect your arms and soon your entire body. The next person to enter this chamber will marvel at the realism of the golden statue standing here.

124

Cinnabar lunges at you. Caught off guard you do not parry his thrust and, in shocked surprise, you feel the cold steel of his blade sink into your heart. You end your adventure and your life here, slain by the murderer of your family.

125

Once you are within the boundary of the jungle it is as if you have been transported into another world. A green twilight permeates everywhere under the canopy of the trees and you are surrounded by strange sounds and smells. An oppressive, prickly heat pervades the jungle, making the going harder than usual. Make a note of the number 385 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to **192**.

126

Your opponents slump to the ground and you turn round to deal with the treacherous pirate. The old rogue is already fleeing as fast as he can along the alley. You run after him but, hearing your approach, the man spins round and lets fly a dagger. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **173**. If you fail, turn to **213**.

127

You enter a small dark room and are immediately assailed by the heady smell of burning herbs. Through the smoke you make out a large man, sitting inside a chalk circle, wearing only a loincloth, macabre necklaces and a headdress of brightly

coloured feathers. This must be Cinnabar's Witch-doctor, Malu. In one hand he holds a primitive wand, and the bodies of small, dead animals surround him. At your arrival, Malu snaps out of the trance-like state he was in and mutters something incomprehensible under his breath. Suddenly your head starts to spin. *Test your Skill*, adding 1 to the dice roll. If you succeed, turn to 44. If you fail, turn to 87.

128

The blazing ball drops towards the deck and, before you can get out of the way, smashes into your body. You double up in agony from the scorching. (Lose 5 STAMINA points.) Seeing a second such missile hurtling towards the ship, you take cover behind the mast. Turn to 232.

129

Folklore has it that in the past pirates would kill one of their crewmen at the place where they buried their treasure or at a location they wanted kept secret, so that in death the ghost would guard it, unsleepingly. This is obviously what Cinnabar did here. Confidently, you speak the password: 'Crossbones.' Holding your breath, you await Jack A-Lantern's reaction.

'You may paasss...' hisses the pirate-ghost and sinks into the earth in front of you. Not waiting to be told twice, you hurry along the passageway, which ends in a flight of steps that descend under the cemetery. At the end of a short passageway you come to a

T-junction. Will you go left (turn to **221**) or right (turn to **13**)?

130

If you have a Magical Compass, turn to **172**. If not, will you threaten the castaway to make him tell you about the treasure (turn to **93**) or will you ignore him and explore the hills alone (turn to **65**)?

131

An undead sailor falls before you, felled by the mace of a tall figure, clad entirely in spiked armour. The silent Chaos Champion joined Cinnabar's crew to help him serve his dark masters better by spreading evil throughout all Ruddlestone.

CHAOS CHAMPION SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you strike the warrior, roll one dice: on a roll of 1–3 your blow only causes the champion 1 STAMINA point of damage due to the protection of his armour. If the warrior strikes you, also roll one dice: on a roll of 5–6 his heavy mace causes you 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you defeat the Chaos Champion, turn to **298**.

132

Although you struggle valiantly to free yourself, ultimately you cannot. In minutes the tide raises the level of the seawater in the pit above your head and in a matter of a few more minutes, you have drowned. Your adventure ends here in a watery grave.

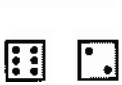

133

With a horrible squelching sound, the Chameleon's disgusting tongue, as long as its body, shoots out of its mouth and hits you. The sticky pad holds you fast as the Chameleon retracts its tongue, bringing you into its mouth. The monster bites down, injuring you severely (lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). If you are still alive, return to 53 and continue your battle.

134

The desk drawers are locked and, as there is no sign of a key, you try to force one. Eventually you manage to break open a drawer but at the same time trigger a blade that springs out of the desk into your wrist, cutting you badly (lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Having staunched the bleeding, you go through the contents of the drawer. All you find are papers relating to the layout of Cinnabar's hideout in the Port of Crabs, which are of no use to you now. Will you now leave the room (turn to 233) or look at the globe (turn to 349), the chest (turn to 316) or the ship in a bottle (turn to 29)?

135

You turn on your heels and run! You hear a sharp crack behind you and then find yourself falling forwards as the Half-Ogre's whip wraps around your ankles and your feet are pulled from beneath you. (Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point, for being so cowardly!) In an instant the pirates are on you. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	7	7
Second PIRATE	6	7

During the first Attack Round you are trying to get to your feet again, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points. If you win, turn to 187.

136

Raising the whalebone effigy, you sense a thickening of the air around you and a dimming of the light, as if a cloud had crossed the face of the sun. In turn Quezkari seems to grow in stature. Your use of the Skeleton Artefact has aided his materialization on this Plane. (When you have to fight Quezkari, remember to add 1 point to his SKILL and 3 points to his STAMINA.) There is only just time to draw your sword before the unearthly spirit is upon you. Turn to 177.

137

You hurriedly drag the Devotee's bodies to the side of the street before searching them. The two men have no possessions on them except for the sacrificial daggers. The hilts of these are made of ebony, carved to resemble human skulls, and on the backs of their right hands is the now so familiar image of a grinning black skull. The Devotees must have been out looking for victims to sacrifice to the bloodthirsty Quezkari – or maybe they were hunting you! But their presence could also indicate that the pirates' hidden base, or at least a temple to Quezkari, is close by. Will you continue your search here (turn to 396) or now look

elsewhere to avoid meeting any more Devotees (turn to 52)?

138

You are not fast enough. Your spear-punctured body will remain as a grim warning to all those who would seek the cursed treasure of Blackscar.

139

As you draw your sword against Ramatu, he prepares to retaliate by casting a spell.

RAMATU SKILL 11 STAMINA 11

Consult the table below each time the High Priest wins an Attack Round to see which attack he uses and the damage it causes.

Attack Round	*Attack and Damage*
1st	Magical Darts: roll one dice and lose that many STAMINA points.
2nd	Quezkari's Curse: lose 1 SKILL point, 1 LUCK point and 3 STAMINA points.
3rd	Bloodfire: Ramatu blasts you with jets of flaming blood, lose 4 STAMINA points.
4th onwards	Screaming Dagger: lose 2 STAMINA points and reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the rest of the battle due to the dagger's off-putting shrieks.

If you defeat the High Priest, turn to 7.

140

It is backbreaking work but after twenty minutes you have managed to clear a sizeable pile of stones from the cave-in, creating an opening into the tunnel beyond. It is only as you are partially through the hole you have cleared that the unstable tunnel roof gives way once more, crushing you under several tonnes of rock and earth. Your adventure ends here.

141

Opening the door and stepping through it, you find yourself in an obsessively tidy and disturbing room. The place looks like a laboratory. On the walls are detailed drawings of human and animal anatomy. Several shelves are packed with glass jars containing preserved body parts and even a human brain. A leather-bound journal resting on a desk is embossed in gold leaf with the name 'Doctor Malefact', the ship's surgeon and Cinnabar's notorious torturer. Do you want to search the Doctor's laboratory further (turn to 313) or would you prefer not to linger here in case you are discovered (turn to 233)?

142

You are accepted as a fellow warrior by the Usai and as a sign of this are given a Wristband of White Feathers, as worn by the other warriors of the tribe (regain 1 LUCK point). Queen Zyteea invites you to stay in the village that evening to share in their feast and you happily accept. Marlin's log was totally wrong about the inhabitants of Bone Island. Rather than being cannibals they are actually peaceable, intelligent, civilised people. With the moon now high in the night's sky, you dine on exotic fruits and spit-roast gazelle (restore up to 4 STAMINA points). As you eat, Zyteea tells you that the Usai people live in fear of Ramatu, the High Priest of Quezkari who lives in a temple in the mountains. He sends dark voodoo spirits against the tribespeople, carrying off warriors to become his Zombie slaves. Suddenly there is a scream from a tribesman on guard at the edge of the village. Everyone rushes to see what the disturbance is. The guard is suspended in mid-air and struggling as if in the grasp of some great creature. For a moment you think you see the shadowy outline of whatever is attacking the man. It is only momentary but you get the impression of a horny hide, large tusks, clawed hands and hairy, hooved legs, as if the thing were an amalgam of several different wild animals. The near-invisible Spirit-Beast roars and you run at it with your weapon drawn. If you are using a bone sword, turn to 23. If not, turn to 234.

143

Ignoring the pirate, you leave the markets of the Port of Crabs. (Make a note of the word 'Etarip' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) If you have the word 'Dnalsi' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 17. If you do not, turn to 334.

144

You dodge the silk strand, throwing yourself out of the way at the last second. Having wasted its spit attack, the Scarachna drops down from the trees and advances on you, trying to bite you with its mandibles and sting you with its tail.

SCARACHNA	SKILL 11	STAMINA 12

If the Scarachna wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. If you roll a 6, turn to 380. If you reduce the Scarachna's STAMINA to 7 points or less, turn immediately to 292.

145

Inside a shattered casket you find a corked Bottle of Rum still intact. Drinking the rum will restore 4 STAMINA points. Now return to 300 and choose another option.

146

Leaving the city, unnoticed, by the Kakhabad Gate you make your way through the darkness to Mallan's Point. The moon shines down from a cloudless sky, illuminating the crumbling tower that was once the port's lighthouse in more prosperous and peaceful times. But the moon is not the only light visible. Close

to the edge of the cliff beyond the ruin you can see a flickering light. If you want to investigate this light, turn to **184**. If you would rather approach the lighthouse, turn to **220**.

147

As you unsheathe your weapon the pirate's grinning corpse rises from the coffin. 'Well, well,' the dead man says in a cracked voice, 'it's been so long since I've had a drink, poor old Roger could die of thirst, so he could.' With fangs bared and talon-hands raised, the vampiric pirate advances towards you.

JOLLY ROGER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you kill the undead pirate, record the word 'Eripmav' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **319**.

148

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 21; if you are Unlucky, turn to 43.

149

The tunnel ends at a semicircular room on the far side of which is an ornately carved stone door flanked by two Zombie-like creatures with strange tribal masks covering their faces. As soon as you enter the chamber, the mindless guards shamble towards you. Will you engage in combat (turn to 226) or flee from here (turn to 329)?

150

You visit many of the seediest drinking establishments in the city, including The Cat and Cockroach, Angar's Mutiny and the Barnacle Tavern. However, your enquiries and investigations attract the attentions of those whose interest you did not want to arouse. Having just left yet another smoky bar-room, you suddenly find yourself confronted by a group of pirates and black-robed devotees – all followers of Quezkari. They have been alerted to your mission by your endless enquiries. Realising the danger you are in from Cinnabar's cronies, you run for it, as there are far too many for you to fight by yourself. *Test your*

Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 241. If you are Unlucky, turn to 33.

151

Continuing along the passageway, eventually you reach the entrance to a vast, well-lit chamber. At one end of the cavern a man, dressed in black, flowing robes and with a headdress of crow's feathers, is chanting a spell over the corpse of a tribesman lying on a large, stone slab. Surrounding the Voodoo Priest and filling much of the chamber is a horde of Mask Zombies. Fascinated, you watch as the tribesman's corpse becomes pallid and withers. The Priest then places a tribal mask, which glows with an eldritch light, on its head and instantly the Zombie sits up. Then the Priest looks up, directly at you! With a screeching cry he points in your direction and his undead servants shamble forwards. There is only one exit from the chamber not blocked by the Zombies so will you run for it (turn to 201) or stand and fight (turn to 45)?

152

Cinnabar slumps to the deck: you have overcome him at last. But what is this? His wounds closing before your very eyes, Cinnabar rises to his feet again, seemingly unharmed! 'Don't you understand?' he mocks. 'The ceremony was completed. I am invulnerable and I shall be invincible! And do you know why?' Cinnabar is boasting now: 'My heart is no longer inside my body!' If you have a Fetish, turn to 398. If not, turn to 124.

153

As the *Fortune* sails away from the *Sea Maiden*, you watch as the ghost ship fades into thin air and the green mist disperses on the wind. At the same time the sky brightens once more. Suddenly there is a cry from the crow's nest: 'Captain Conyn! Galleon off the starboard bow!'

All eyes look out to sea. There on the horizon, sailing away from you, is the unmistakable shape of Cinnabar's pirate ship, the *Virago* – and the *Fortune* is gaining on it! Your quarry is in reach at last. Without warning, the sea before your vessel becomes a boiling froth. Out of this turbulence rises a gargantuan, fish-like head, jaws open wide. The whale-like Behemoth blots out the sun as its mouth descends on the *Fortune*, teeth like stalactites bearing down on you. The scene on board the *Fortune* is one of utter panic. Desperately the crew is trying to steer the ship out of the way of the monster, which is big enough to swallow it whole! The great jaws crash down on the *Fortune*, closing around the hold, breaking masts and spars as if they were matchwood. You are thrown across the deck and into the churning sea. Roll three dice: if the total is greater than your STAMINA score, turn to 344; if it less, turn to 300.

154

Gulping down the sweet liquid, you begin to feel more dexterous and clear-headed. You've just drunk a Potion of Skill (restore your SKILL score to its *Initial* level). Turn back to 217 and choose another option.

155

You find yourself dragged before Cinnabar once again, only this time it is on the deck of the pirate-lord's ship. 'So you escaped from our little trap,' the undead captain says, calmly. 'Well it won't happen again. I think this time you deserve the attentions of the good Doctor Malefact. Doctor?'

At Cinnabar's invitation, a small, elderly man with a balding pate and thick-lensed spectacles steps towards you, scalpel raised and a wicked glint in his eyes. You don't want to imagine what he has planned for you! You must try to escape. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **250**. If you fail, turn to **107**.

156

Pocketing your 2 Gold Pieces (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*) Mundi takes a leather-bound tome from a bookcase and quickly thumbs through it. 'Ah, yes. Here we are,' he says, stopping at a particular page. 'This is a copy of the legendary Captain Marlin's log from his exploring days with the *Prancing Porpoise*. On one of his many voyages recorded in this journal, he mentions, in passing, a tropical island inhabited by cannibals, which he named Bone Island. There is no map but he does say that it lies 370 leagues east of the Port of Crabs. That's all I can tell you, I'm afraid,' says the Dwarf. 'If you ever go there, maybe you could make a few sketches that I could use to draw up a map of the place myself.' Thanking Mundi Pelago for his help, you go on your way. Turn to **334**.

157

The trap sprung, poison darts fly out of holes in the walls hitting you. Roll one dice and add 2: this is the number of darts that hit you, each one causing 1 STAMINA point of damage. Intending to be more careful in future, you stagger onwards, feeling like a human pincushion. Turn to 48.

158

You come to tied to a stone altar before a hideous, bony likeness of the voodoo death-god, Quezkari. You only just have time to take in the fact that you are in a large underground chamber packed with pirates and Devotees, before a black-robed priest plunges his sacrificial knife into your heart! Your very blood will be used to help bring your enemy back to life! Your adventure is over.

159

Like a great felled tree, the Anchor Man topples onto the jetty with a crash. (Make a note of the word 'Rohcna' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) A rapid search of his body uncovers 6 Gold Pieces and a grubby piece of old parchment. On it is written one word: 'Leviathan'. What can it mean? You continue your search for secret entrances a while longer but discover nothing, so you give up looking here. Add 1 Hour and turn to 52.

160

Holding out your arm, you allow Madame Galbo to open a vein with a thin knife so that she can collect some of your blood in a crucible (lose 3 STAMINA

points). Just as you feel that you are about to faint, you hear the old wisewoman tell you that she is finished. Coming round, you watch as Madame Galbo heats the blood over a small flame, together with another strange liquid that smells strongly of sulphur. Clouds of steam form in the air above you and then, within them, form wraith-like faces. The old woman now sits swaying gently from side to side, with her eyes closed. 'Spirits,' she intones, 'what does the future hold for the vengeance-seeker? Tell us!'

An unnerving whispering moan fills the air and the spirits Madame Galbo has summoned speak: 'The Isle of Bones... That is where they must go... The spell-weaver's books hold the key... The mask holds the power... The heart of the idol... The Spirit of Darkness comes...' And then the voices fade.

Madame Galbo looks strained after the summoning so, bidding her farewell, you leave the cottage. Turn to **239**.

161

Evading your blows the two tentacles seize you in their slippery coils. There is nothing you can do as you are dragged into the sea and under the water. Through the churning murk you see the Giant Octopus that has made this cave its home. It is pulling you towards its snapping, beaked mouth. In desperation you manage to free you sword-arm, although one of the creature's tentacles still has you in its tightening grip. You are going to have to fight for your life.

GIANT OCTOPUS SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

As you are fighting the Octopus underwater you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If the battle lasts for more Attack Rounds than your current SKILL score, turn to **190** straight away. If you defeat the creature in the same number of Attack Rounds as your current SKILL or fewer, turn to **379**.

162

You throw one portion of your Provisions into a far corner of the room (cross 1 meal off your *Adventure Sheet*). The mutant cat pounces on them and begins to devour them greedily. However, as soon as you enter the room, with a roar the beast bounds towards you. You have no choice but to fight the monster.

NINE-TAILS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

The cat attacks by trying to slash you with its great claws and bite you with its huge fangs. However, if the monster hits you, roll one dice. On a roll of 5 or 6, it has hit you with its barbed tails instead: roll one dice and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA score. You may *Test your Luck* to avoid this damage if you wish. Keep track of how much STAMINA you lose in this way. If you survive this battle, turn to **235**.

163

You hand over the money (deduct 10 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*) and the soldiers part to let you through. As you go Snide adds, 'But remember, if you should pass my way again...' Without further hesitation you hurry on, barely suppressing your anger at such an insult. Turn to 287.

164

You eventually settle down with your back to a tree and your sword at your side, just in case. You are woken in the middle of the night by a loud buzzing. Hovering above you are three, oval-shaped beetles, each one as big as your head, with large mandibles and shimmering emerald bodies. Being carnivorous, the insects attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First JUNGLE BUG	5	5
Second JUNGLE BUG	4	4
Third JUNGLE BUG	5	4

If you kill all the flying beetles, you manage to get back to sleep and at dawn are on your way again. If you have the word 'Noogal' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 327. If not, turn to 115.

165

Taken from the head of one of the race of little people known as Elvins, who dwell in the Shamutanti Hills of Kakhabad and worship the Trickster God Lord Logaan, this lock of hair will bring you good fortune. Whenever you are instructed to *Test your Luck* from now on, you may deduct 1 from the dice-roll. Return to 42.

166

Back in the outer entrance chamber of the temple, choosing a way you haven't gone yet, will you pass through the left-hand arch (turn to 216), the central arch (turn to 392) or the right-hand arch (turn to 255)?

167

The clink of coins in his pot makes the blind man turn his head in your direction. 'Welcome, fellow traveller on life's highway,' he says in cheerful greeting. 'Give me your hand and I will tell you what waits within that unknown isle – the future.' Somewhat uncertainly, you stretch out your hand to the seer, who, after groping the air, clasps it in a vice-like grip. 'Ahhh,' he breathes, 'a brave soul that fights for truth and justice. May Cheelah smile upon your endeavours. Let Luck and Chance guide you on your path. Farewell.' Is that all you get for 2 Gold Pieces? The Master of Destiny releases your hand and says no more. Will you now make an offering to the bearded guru (turn to 393) or the mute fortune-teller (turn to 98), or will you go on your way (add 1 Hour and turn to 334)?

168

At around noon the next day the previously clear sky suddenly, and inexplicably, darkens. As the *Fortune* sails on under the leaden sky another ship comes into view off the port bow. It appears to be in a state of terrible disrepair and is surrounded by a pall of sickly, green mist. Conyn looks at the vessel through his telescope and his face becomes ashen. You ask him what is troubling him. 'It is the *Sea Maiden* – a ghost ship,' he explains. 'Folklore has it that its crew and captain are cursed to sail the twelve seas for all eternity. We should avoid it at all costs!' You are now curious about the *Sea Maiden*. If you want to try to persuade Conyn to approach the ghost ship, turn to **390**. If not, turn to **153**.

169

Sure enough, in one cell you find five, half-starved tribespeople, whom you release. Having thanked you profusely for freeing them, they return the favour by giving you any information they can that may help you. They know nothing about the Pirates of the Black Skull but do know the Mask Zombies' secret: the masks themselves imbue the Zombies with Quezkari's power, and if removed the undead become severely weakened. Knowing this, if you ever find yourself in combat with Mask Zombies, rather than fighting them in the usual way, you can try to remove their tribal masks. To do this very specific task you will have to reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points but as soon as you win an Attack Round you grab the Zombie's mask and cast it aside; the Zombie loses

2 STAMINA points and 3 SKILL points. If you had not saved the tribespeople, their fate would have been to be turned into Mask Zombies too. The prisoners also overheard the temple's High Priest telling one of his acolytes about a code or something and used the phrase, 'Back two, forward two. Back two, forward two.' Regain 1 LUCK point for this knowledge and then turn to 57.

170

The bracelet is made from leather embedded with the razor-sharp teeth of a shark, thirty-eight in all, which point outwards. It is an unusual item, which at the moment does not seem to exhibit any magical potential – but it may prove useful. Return to 42.

171

At last you come upon a rusted iron ladder set into one wall of a tunnel, which leads up to a manhole cover. Clambering out into the street above, you take in great lungfuls of fresh sea-air, glad to be rid of the vile stench of the sewers. Add 1 Hour and turn to 52.

172

You are suddenly reminded of the Talismonger's words about the Magical Compass you bought and take it out of your backpack. Looking at it, you see that the needle is pointing westwards. If you want to head in the direction the compass is pointing, turn to **110**. If you would rather just explore the hills, turn to **65**.

173

You duck just in time to avoid being hit by the dagger. You then close on the old pirate. Turn to **318**.

174

Turfed out into the street, feeling insulted and frustrated, you set off to look elsewhere. Add 1 Hour to your total, and the word 'Regnad' to your *Adventure Sheet*, and then turn to **334**.

175

You are attracted to something lying in the soil of a freshly dug grave, glinting in the moonlight. Bending down, you pick it up – it is another doubloon, also with two heads. Crivens had such a coin and was a

member of Cinnabar's crew, and now you have two men carrying a chest full of them through a deserted cemetery at night! They must have something to do with the Pirates of the Black Skull. You decide to follow these smugglers. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **247**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **284**.

176

Clambering onto the statue, you force your sword into an eye-socket. You are suddenly aware of a hissing sound and see that purple smoke is pouring out of the iguana's mouth. Being so close to it you cannot avoid your head being surrounded by the cloud of gas. You pass out and fall onto the chamber floor. Death soon follows.

177

What sort of weapon are you using? If it is made of bone and you know how to awaken the power within it, convert the letters in its name into numbers using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 up to Z=26, add the numbers together and then turn to that paragraph. If you do not know how to release the weapon's magical energies or you are not using a bone sword, turn to **345**.

178

Drinking the 'Infusion of Fate' has the same effect as downing a Potion of Fortune. (Add 1 to your *Initial* LUCK score and raise it to this new level.) Return to **217** and do something else.

179

Madame Galbo applies herb compresses to your wounds, which knit together and heal within a matter of minutes! (Restore your STAMINA and SKILL scores to their *Initial* levels and regain 2 LUCK points.) 'Now you must be on your way,' orders the old wisewoman. Turn to **239**.

180

Still shaking, you uncork the bottle of Antidote and take a swig (reduce the amount left by one tot). The tremors soon subside and the fever also passes, leaving you able to go on your way. Turn to **262**.

181

An eerie silence pervades the streets of the Temple Quarter, creating a disconcerting atmosphere. Creeping, cat-like, along the roads, you are suddenly surprised by two figures that step out of the shadows in front of you. Dressed in black habits, and with sacrificial daggers raised, the Devotees advance towards you. Drawing your sword, you prepare to do battle. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEVOTEE	6	6
Second DEVOTEE	7	6

If the battle lasts longer than ten Attack Rounds, turn at once to **264**. If not, and you win the battle, turn to **137**.

182

The evil Cinnabar draws a gleaming cutlass from its scabbard and with a roar engages you in combat. At the same time, the pirate-lord's mangy parrot flies from its perch on his shoulder. 'That's right, Jezebel,' laughs Cinnabar, 'go for the eyes!'

CINNABAR SKILL 12 STAMINA 16

As you are being distracted by the parrot you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for this battle. Also, each Attack Round roll one dice: if you roll a 5 or 6, Jezebel pecks you and scratches you with her claws (lose 1 additional STAMINA point). If you manage to defeat the murderer of your family, turn to 152.

183

If you offer the primitive some food, turn to 222. If you give it a Flask of Grog or a Bottle of Rum, turn to 268. If you offer it something else, turn to 246.

184

Creeping cautiously towards the cliff edge you see that the light is actually that from a lantern, held by a woman who is looking out to sea with her two companions, a man and a pug-faced Man-Orc. Following the direction of their gazes, you make out a stout ship sailing towards the treacherous, jagged rocks, which line this stretch of coast. The light is guiding the ship to its doom! These three must be Wreckers, felons who deliberately cause shipwrecks for their own gain, scavenging the booty washed up from the sunken vessels. You must stop them or another ship will fall

prey to their cruel intentions! Fortunately, they are still unaware of your presence here. Running at the nearest scoundrel, sword drawn, you wound him before he has a chance to defend himself. Fight the Wreckers all together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WRECKER	7	5
Second WRECKER	6	7
Third WRECKER	8	7

If you win, turn to **369**.

185

Passing through the sweet-scented cloud, you follow the passageway until you reach a wooden door in the right-hand wall, barred from the outside. Listening at the door you can hear a scratching and snuffling sound. Do you want to open the door (turn to **311**) or go on without hesitation (turn to **151**)?

186

Having jumped ship you are now stranded in the middle of the Western Ocean with no sight of land anywhere. The turquoise waters stretch in every direction as far as the horizon. If you have the word 'Enutrof' recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **257**. If not, turn to **54**.

187

Dropping his whip, the Half-Ogre moves in to attack you with his club.

HALF-OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If the Half-Ogre wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, the blow from his club knocks you off your feet. This means that you spend the next round of combat getting up again, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for that Attack Round. If you kill the Half-Ogre, turn to **328**.

188

You rush out of the temple into blazing sunshine. If you can catch up with Cinnabar maybe you'll be able to stop him before he leaves Bone Island. Running as fast as you can, you hurry down through the hills to the lagoon. Lose 1 STAMINA point due to this strenuous exercise. You reach the bay as evening approaches, just in time to see the *Virago* disappearing towards the horizon on the open sea. After all your efforts you are too late! If you have the word 'Nediam' written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **352**. If not, turn to **263**.

189

Raising the splintered shaft of wood in one hand you are amazed when the undead pirate cowers back hissing in fear. You quickly press home your advantage and plunge the stake into the corpse's chest, transfixing the creature's heart. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **319**.

190

As you struggle valiantly against the Giant Octopus beneath the waves, eventually the air in your lungs runs out. Still submerged beneath the surface you gasp for breath, inhaling great lungfuls of salty brine. Whether you die by drowning or are devoured by the Octopus first, the end result is the same. Your adventure is over.

191

You step through the doorway into the watery light of dawn: you are on the deck of the *Virago*. Milling about in front of you are the crew and standing at the fo'c'sle is Cinnabar himself, a mangy parrot perched on his shoulder. Suddenly the evil captain looks round and, seeing you, screams to his pirates to capture you. There are far too many of them to take on by yourself so you do the only thing you can: you have no choice but to jump ship. The way to the side of the ship is blocked by the ruffians so you run for the rigging. Three pirates immediately step into your path.

	SKILL
First PIRATE	6
Second PIRATE	5
Third PIRATE	7

Do not fight the Pirates in the usual way. Instead, calculate Attack Strengths for yourself and the first

Pirate. If his is higher, you are captured, turn to **155**. If yours is, you have barged past him: move on to the next Pirate and repeat the process until you have either been captured (turn to **155**) or evaded all three of the rogues ranged against you (turn to **79**).

192

Yammering cries, the shrieks of strange birds and the chittering of insects fill the jungle with a constant cacophony. But what was that? Something else is close by. Roll two dice. If you roll:

2	Turn to **53**
3	Turn to **371**
4	Turn to **320**
5	Turn to **2**
6	Turn to **245**
7	Turn to **332**
8	Turn to **37**
9	Turn to **85**
10	Turn to **198**
11 or 12	No encounter

Each encounter, apart from number 11 or 12, can occur only once. If you roll an encounter that has already taken place, roll again. If you roll 11 or 12, turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down before coming here. Ensure that you cross off each encounter as you choose it.

193

As you are trudging through the sludge and septic muck of the tunnels, a huge serpentine creature bursts

from the foul water in front of you. The Sewer Snake must be almost five metres long, and is coloured a disgusting grey-brown. It attacks immediately.

SEWER SNAKE SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win, you go on until you eventually find a way out of the sewers. Add 2 Hours and turn to 52.

194

'You have done very well,' says the tribespeople's Queen, 'but you have not done well enough to prove to us that your intentions are honourable. You must leave our village.' Before you go, however, Zyteen does tell you that her warriors have seen a ship anchored in the lagoon on the eastern side of the island. (Add the word 'Noogal' to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Leaving the village you head off into the jungle once more (turn to 164).

195

'That'll do nicely,' smarms the guard, pocketing your gold and opening the gate. 'This way,' he says, leading you into the Old Fort. You soon find yourself outside a grand set of double doors. The guard knocks on the doors and having received the reply, 'Enter!' he opens them, letting you pass into Governor Montargo's audience chamber. Sitting behind a large oak desk, in a high-backed chair, is a dignified but bored-looking man, with close-cropped grey hair and wearing the uniform of a military commander. 'Well?' he demands, impatiently.

'Lord Montargo,' you begin, 'I am here to inform you of a terrible threat to the security of your city. The Pirates of the Black Skull are intending to return their evil captain, Cinnabar, to life through the dark practices of voodoo.'

'What nonsense! Cinnabar was killed six months ago by Conyn, the bounty hunter. The scoundrel's body was lost to the sea. How do you seriously expect me to believe that he can now be brought back to life?'

'I am telling you the truth!' you exclaim. 'I have seen evidence of the pirates' activities myself. We must find out where they are hiding. Do you want the Port of Crabs to become threatened by Cinnabar and those like him?'

'Enough! I am not interested in your wild goose chases and I do not have to listen to your paranoid ramblings. There is no threat to the city. Guards!' Four uniformed soldiers immediately burst into the audience chamber. 'My guest is just leaving.' The guards go to frog-march you away. Will you resist them (turn to **236**) or allow yourself to be escorted out of the chamber (turn to 174)?

196

The spears just miss your back as you hurl yourself forwards. Picking yourself up from the tunnel floor, you reassess the situation. This place is proving to be more dangerous by the minute. Do you want to continue (turn to **228**) or turn back and leave the caves (turn to **279**)?

197

The trees soon begin to thin and in no time at all you find yourself at the edge of an expanse of marshland. The swamp is formed by a river delta where it meets the sea. As it is the only way onwards, you set off across it, wary of predatory swamp creatures. The going is quite easy through the marsh and, as dusk falls, you have almost reached dry land again. With the ground underfoot becoming firmer with every step you hear a loud buzzing getting closer too. And then the huge insect is there in front of you, its proboscis glistening with poison as it jabs at you. You must fight the Giant Mosquito.

GIANT MOSQUITO	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the insect and lost *any* Attack Rounds to it, turn at once to **299**. If you managed to suffer no wounds in the fight, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **262**.

198

You step through clinging fronds into a clearing in which a titanic struggle is taking place. There, in front of you, two colossi of the sweltering jungle – a huge grey-furred ape and a vicious, carnivorous lizard – are fighting over disputed territory. The Great Ape's fists are pounding the Terrible Lizard's scaly hide whilst the saurus snaps at the ape with its deadly

jaws. Suddenly caught in the thick of things, what will you do?

Side with the ape against the lizard?	Turn to 215
Join in battle against the ape?	Turn to 337
Try to skirt past the two monsters without getting involved?	Turn to 304
Watch the fight to its conclusion?	Turn to 77

199

You also uncover a peculiar, eight-sided Blue Gem in a silk-lined box (add this to your *Adventure Sheet*). Having completed your search, you decide that it is time to find out what is going on here and so head in the other direction past the T-junction. Add 1 Hour to your total and turn to 13.

200

If you bought the Ivory Lion Charm, turn to 227. If not, you can either look for more practical equipment around the markets (turn to 351) or leave to continue your quest (turn to 111).

201

Evading the grasping hands of the Zombies you rush past them and along the new tunnel. Your heart racing with adrenalin, you skid to a halt on entering another cave. The Zombies are quite a way behind you now, but there is something far worse ahead. A fissure in the cave roof is open to the outside world and much of the chamber is a tangle of sticky webs. Crawling down from the crack on the glistening

threads is a creature you had hoped never to meet again – the Scarachna! Since last you encountered the hybrid, the spider-scorpion has regained its strength and this time it is determined not to let you get away.

SCARACHNA SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If the monster wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, turn to **112**. If you ever lose two Attack Rounds in succession, turn to **336**. If you are still fighting after twelve Attack Rounds, turn to **237**. If you have killed the spider-scorpion within twelve Attack Rounds, turn to **30**.

202

You are inside a room full of nautical instruments and old charts. With a bang, the door slams shut behind you. You watch, terrified, as sextants and other objects rise into the air and the ship's compass in the room goes haywire. Then the wailing begins... *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **116**. If you fail, turn to **76**.

203

Hissing menacingly, the snakes slither towards you. Fight them as if they were a single opponent.

SNAKES SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

The snakes have venomous bites and, if you lose an Attack Round, will cause 4 STAMINA points of damage (unless you have some Poison Antidote: taking one tot will keep the damage at 2 points). If you win, turn to **331**.

204

You cannot move the heavy, iron gate. If you are still able to use a Potion of Giant-Strength, turn to 31. If not, turn to 243.

205

With one of the jungle monsters dead, you are going to have to fight the other as it prepares to defend its territory once again. If the Great Ape won, turn to 330 to fight it, deducting any STAMINA points it lost in its battle with the saurus. If the Terrible Lizard won, turn to 278, deducting any STAMINA points it lost in its battle with the ape.

206

'You were warned, stranger,' the warrior intones and two of them immediately attack. Fight them simultaneously.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TRIBESMAN	8	7
Second TRIBESMAN	8	8

If you kill the warriors, the enraged villagers prepare to exact their revenge. If you hang around here you are sure to be killed so you flee, losing them in the jungle. Turn to 164.

207

Pushing through the bustling hordes of gamblers, you suddenly feel something pushed into your hand. Quickly looking about you, you think you see an old woman hurrying away but she is soon lost in the

crowds. You have been given a sealed envelope. You wait until you are outside before breaking the wax-seal and opening the envelope. Inside are a letter and an iron key. The letter reads as follows:

If you are determined to defeat the Pirates of the Black Skull, go to room 101 at the Silent Donkey.
A Friend.

The key must be the one to the room in the inn. If you ever want to follow up this contact, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the room, but for now add 2 Hours to your total and turn to 334.

208

You have no success in your search so you decide that your best option is to head northeast back into the island's interior. Turn to 279.

209

Leaving the Grand Temple, you prepare to go on your way. During the day, the Street of Holies is packed with beggars, supplicants and worshippers. As you descend the temple steps, you hear two voices raised above the noise of the bustling crowds. One is shouting, 'Words of Wisdom! Words of Wisdom!' while the second is calling out, 'Let the Master of Destiny guide you on life's journey!' Looking round, you see three men sitting cross-legged beside the road. Each is dressed differently, in the manner of certain religious groups, but in front of each of them is a small offering pot. The closest of the men, with long hair and an even longer beard, smiles at you and says, 'Two Gold

Pieces is all we ask, and then we will reveal to you the mysteries of the cosmos and what Fate has in store for you.' Do you want to make a donation to one of the wise men (turn to 270) or will you leave the Temple Quarter to look elsewhere for information (add 1 Hour and turn to 334)?

210

Taking the fetish in your hands does not produce any ill effects so, thinking it could be useful later, you stow the grim little idol in your backpack. Will you now grab the pearl (turn to 388) or leave the temple without further delay (turn to 188)?

211

Descending the stairs you are enticed onwards by the smells of cooking. Entering a large, warm room in the hold, you find yourself in the pirates' kitchen and the cook doesn't appear too pleased at being interrupted. Bladderwrack the Cook is a huge, blubbery man, stripped to the waist and sweating disgustingly. Although his recipes for the crew are conventional fare, it is known that his own tastes are more cannibalistic, and a necklace of finger bones attests to this fact. Seeing that you are not one of the pirates, Bladderwrack picks up a pan of boiling water and hurls it at you. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to 35. If you fail, turn to 339.

212

The corpse pirate lets out a gurgling laugh as you wave the powerless wand at it. The undead horror lashes out at you with its ragged fingernails, clawing your face. (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) Turn to 147.

213

The dagger sinks into your shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 318.

214

The mass of fighting bodies parts and there stands your quarry before you. Having fought your way past his lackeys, you are face-to-face with Cinnabar, old Bloodbones himself, at last. But he is no longer the undead horror you encountered beneath the Port of Crabs – he is now the debonair, handsome pirate-lord he was before his death. Springing like a panther, you sprint across the deck to reach Cinnabar. At the same time the pirate captain raises a small crossbow and fires. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to 375. If you fail, turn to 102.

215

With you joining the fight against the Terrible Lizard, the Great Ape soon prevails. With one last blow from the ape's huge fists, the saurus falls to the ground either dead, or unconscious. The ape fixes you with its beady black eyes. Rearing up on its haunches it bellows and begins beating its chest. Will you prepare to defend yourself (turn to 330), or will you run for it (94)?

216

You have not travelled very far along the passageway beyond the left-hand archway when the corridor turns left into a small, dark, rough-hewn chamber. Curiously, pieces of shipping tackle seem to have been abandoned here, including a ship's wheel, but the object which intrigues you most lies in the middle of the floor. It is a plain wooden coffin, draped with a Jolly Roger. There is no way out of the chamber other than the way you came in, so will you:

Search the chamber for any useful items?	Turn to 314
Open the flag-draped coffin?	Turn to 36
Retrace your steps and pass through the central archway?	Turn to 392
Go back and choose the right-hand archway?	Turn to 255

217

The box contains several empty bottles, no doubt drunk by Balinac. However, there are two with their seals still intact that are labelled. Do you want to:

Drink the 'Essence of Expertise'?	Turn to 154
Drink the 'Infusion of Fate'?	Turn to 178
Study the *Mythica*?	Turn to 47
Read the *Arcanum*?	Turn to 5
Leave the wizard's cell?	Turn to 385

218

With your fingers round the handle of the door, you freeze, hearing a floorboard creak outside the room. Is there somebody there – somebody up to no good? Silently, you unsheathe your sword, just in case, and open the door but do not step through it. Instantly, two black-robed figures leap into the doorway, coshes raised. Determined to stop you succeeding in your quest, the Devotees of Quezkari attack. In the narrow doorway you can fight these acolytes of evil one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEVOTEE	6	7
Second DEVOTEE	6	6

If you win, a rapid search of the fanatics' bodies reveals nothing of value to you so you quickly leave the inn. Add 1 Hour and the word 'Yeknod' to your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **287**.

219

Reaching the edge of the cave you can now see that a narrow ledge, just a few metres above the crashing waves, leads into the gloomy depths beyond. Do you want to continue into the cave (turn to **354**) or would you rather give up on this course of action and return to the cliff-top (turn to **322**).

220

To your surprise, you find a sturdy door in the base of the tower, the only way in. Being as quiet as possible, you try the door but discover that it is locked. What will you do now?

Attempt to break down the door?	Turn to **326**
Investigate the flickering light?	Turn to **184**
Leave the lighthouse (add 1 Hour) and look elsewhere for the pirates?	Turn to **52**

221

You find yourself exploring the pirates' hideout, a collection of meeting rooms, storerooms and sleeping chambers, but all appear to be deserted! Do you want to remain here and make a thorough search of the hideout (turn to **305**) or would you rather return to the T-junction and follow the tunnel in the opposite direction (turn to **13**)?

222

The Balinac snatches the food from you and wolfs it down (cross off 1 meal from your Provisions), allowing you to pass. Turn to **125**.

223

Will you now look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**) or Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

224

While you are recounting recent events, a tribesman approaches Zyteea and you recognise him as the one you saved from the Praying Mantis. He whispers something to his Queen and when you are finished she says, 'Toombei tells me that you saved his life and that you are a noble warrior. Therefore you are welcome here.' Turn to **142**

225

As you rummage about inside the dead pirate's coffin, you disturb a number of Blood Maggots that were lurking there. Each of the eyeless grubs latches onto your flesh with its barbed mouthparts. Roll one dice. This is how many of the maggots bite you. Lose the same number of STAMINA points. Having managed to pull the horrid creatures from your ravaged flesh, you hastily depart the vampire's chamber. You have no desire to remain there any longer. If you have the word 'Eripmav' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **58**. If not, turn to **166**.

226

Armed with pole-arms, the Mask Zombies are dangerous enemies.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MASK ZOMBIE	8	7
Second MASK ZOMBIE	8	6

If you overcome your adversaries, turn to **291**.

227

'If you're worried about voodoo, you should go and see Madame Galbo,' says the Talismonger and tells you how to find her cottage in Mandrake's Lane. If, in future, you are given a chance to visit Madame Galbo, you may do so by turning to **100** (make a note of this paragraph number on your *Adventure Sheet*). But for now, you can either look for more practical equipment around the markets (turn to 351) or leave to continue your quest (turn to **111**).

228

Not much further on, the tunnel comes to an end before a blank rock wall at the foot of which is a murky pool. There is no sign of any treasure and there appears to be no way on... unless it's through the pool! But then you don't know how deep the pool is or for how long you may have to hold your breath. Will you dive into the water (turn to **71**) or now turn back (turn to **279**)?

229

Leaping between the man and the Mantis you ready your sword. Its forelegs raised ready to strike and snapping its mandibles, the monstrous insect attacks.

GIANT PRAYING MANTIS	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

The Mantis is covered in armour-like chitin so blows against it will only inflict 1 point of damage (2 points if you use LUCK in this battle and are Lucky, but no points if you are Unlucky). If you win, turn to **368**.

230

Crump! The heavy iron anchor hits you in the side, the force of the blow knocking you to the floor. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Looking into the fog you can make out a shadowy figure advancing towards you. Desperately, you try to unsheathe your weapon. Turn to **231**.

231

The swathes of mist part and a tall, barrel-chested man, built like an ox and with muscles like ship's cables, stands before you. In his hands he holds a heavy iron chain on the end of which swings the anchor. 'Stranger, let me introduce myself. I'm the Anchor Man,' growls the pirate assassin, 'and now it's time to die.' As the thug prepares to use the anchor against you like a morning-star, you spot the black skull tattooed on the back of his right hand.

ANCHOR MAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

Every time the Anchor Man strikes you, roll one dice: on a roll of 5–6, the anchor causes you 3 STAMINA points of damage rather than the usual 2. If you are lying on the floor, if you win the first Attack Round you do not injure the pirate (do not deduct any STAMINA points) but you manage to unsheathe your sword and fend off the assassin, so giving you time to get to your feet. From then onwards, you can fight as normal. If you win two consecutive Attack Rounds against the Anchor Man, turn at once to **271**. If he wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to **105**. If you defeat the assassin, turn to **159**.

232

The fireball crashes into the deck, smashing a hole in the rotten planks, but still the phantom vessel skims onwards over the sea. The *Virago* cannot out-run Velyarde's craft and before the pirates really know what is going on, the undead crew of the *Sea Maiden*, followed by yourself, are boarding the galleon. Battle immediately ensues as the undead sailors avenge themselves on Cinnabar's cronies. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–2, turn to **15**; 3–4, turn to **131**; 5–6, turn to **298**.

233

Choosing somewhere you haven't already been, will you:

Descend the staircase?	Turn to **211**
Open the far door?	Turn to **191**
Open the door marked 'Captain'?	Turn to **97**
Open the door to the right?	Turn to **141**
Open the door to the left?	Turn to **127**

234

Although you attack valiantly, your weapon proves ineffective against the conjured horror. With one sweep of a tiger-like paw, the Spirit-Beast hurls you into the side of a hut, cracking several of your ribs. (Lose 5 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point.) Dropping the body of the dead tribesman, the thing goes on a rampage, crushing buildings and killing villagers that are in its path. Eventually the Usai manage to drive the Spirit away, thanks to the spells of the tribe's shaman, but not before it has devastated their village. When morning comes there is much relief all round. Disheartened that you were unable to help Queen Zyteea and her people you set off for the Temple of Quezkari in the mountains (lose 2 LUCK points and turn to 115).

235

Exhausted after such a titanic struggle, you take a few minutes to recover from the fight. If you have some Poison Antidote and the beast stung you at all with its tails, you may recover half the STAMINA points lost in this way by drinking one tot. Now that you are no longer being threatened by a ravening monster, you take time to look around the room you are in. It is a spartan affair, containing just a few pieces of broken furniture, but on the other side of it is a door leading onwards. You also notice an entrance to a cave with the iron portcullis that barred it raised. Obviously the pirates let the Nine-Tails out into the main room to stop anyone from following them. The mutant itself was captured by Cinnabar on one of his voyages and

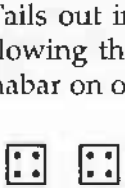

brought back to the Port of Crabs to guard the entrance to his innermost sanctum. Do you want to open the door (turn to 323) or would you rather investigate the cat's cave first (turn to 69)?

236

Overcome by the guards, you soon find yourself languishing in a stinking prison cell. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) Eventually a stern-faced figure appears at the grille in the cell door. It is the head of the City Guard, Captain Snide. 'Enjoying your stay?' he says with a mocking sneer. 'Well let's say ten Gold Pieces and you can go on your way.' Will you pay the sadistic Captain the bribe, if you can afford to (turn to 254), or will you wait and attempt to get out by yourself when the coast is clear (turn to 19)?

237

With your battle against the Scarachna still raging, the Mask Zombies catch up with you. Three of them start to attack you while you are still fighting the spider-scorpion! You must now fight all four opponents at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MASK ZOMBIE	7	6
Second MASK ZOMBIE	8	6
Third MASK ZOMBIE	7	5

If you somehow manage to defeat all your opponents, turn to 30.

238

Conyn and his crew remain on board the *Fortune* as you leap across the gap between the two ships and onto the ill-fated *Sea Maiden*. It appears to be deserted so you decide to descend below decks to explore further. Creeping along an empty corridor, you hear a frantic squeaking and out of the gloom scampers a horde of ghostly rats, fangs gleaming and eyes glowing red – and you are directly in their way. Will you flee while you still have the chance (turn to 72) or stand your ground (turn to 289)?

239

Add 1 Hour to the time you have taken on your quest so far. Leaving Mandrake's Lane, you consider where to start looking for the pirates' hideout. Will it be:

The Temple Quarter?	Turn to 181
The Port of Crabs' inns and taverns?	Turn to 150
The ruined lighthouse?	Turn to 146
The docks?	Turn to 67
The sewers under the city?	Turn to 355
The cemetery?	Turn to 83

240

Losing your balance at the last moment, you fall headfirst into the ten-metre deep pit full of gleaming spear-length iron spikes. The traps inside the Temple of Quezkari were not designed to be survived.

241

Somehow, you manage to evade capture by running through the alleyways and backstreets of the port. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) If it is still daylight, turn to 334. If night has already fallen, turn to 52.

242

Along the shoreline you find several coconuts and a bunch of bananas, all in all enough food for 3 meals. Return to 300 and choose another option.

243

The portcullis had to be heavy to stop the Nine-Tails getting out so you have no hope of lifting it. Trapped in the cave, there is no way that you will be able to continue on your quest.

244

Picking up the skull, you are suddenly filled with an almost overpowering sense of fear and paranoia. You have suffered a terrible curse (lose 2 LUCK points and 1 SKILL point)! Involuntarily, you drop the skull, smashing it on the floor. Turn to 55.

245

There is a movement in the bushes in front of you and a tall, flightless bird bursts into your path. The creature has an axe-shaped bill and, squawking, it attacks, trying to peck you, and kick you with its huge clawed feet.

AXEBILL	SKILL 9	STAMINA 13

If you kill the bird, wondering what other surprises the fauna of the island has in store, you set off again through the boiling jungle. Turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you wrote down.

246

The creature grabs your gift and, having sniffed it, hurls it away into the sea (cross the object off your *Adventure Sheet*). It then proceeds to growl menacingly. Will you quickly offer it some food (turn to 222), a Flask of Grog or Bottle of Rum (turn to 268), or will you prepare to defend yourself (turn to 95) or run for it into the jungle (turn to 125)?

247

The smugglers eventually stop outside an old tomb over-grown with moss and ivy. Pushing open the granite door, they disappear inside. You wait a few minutes before lighting your lantern and passing through the portal yourself. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) Your lantern reveals a passageway leading away into the gloom. As soon as you step over the threshold, another light becomes visible at the other end of the corridor and starts to move towards you. Gliding along the passage is the apparition of an old man with sunken eye-sockets and talon-like fingernails clogged with grave-dirt. The sight of the glowing spectre fills you with a sense of dread and your blood runs cold when you see that the lantern it carries has been fashioned from a human skull. From the tales you have heard told of the Port of Crabs, you know that this must be the ghostly Jack A-Lantern. The ghost does not attack you but instead comes to a halt a few metres from you. Its jaw drops open and the apparition utters one word: 'Paasswoord...' Do you know a password? If so, now is the time to say it. Convert the letters of the password into numbers using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 and so on: then add up the numbers and turn to the paragraph, which is the same as the total. If you do not know a password or the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, turn to **269**.

248

Roll three dice, unless you have an Ivory Lion Charm, in which case just roll two. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **82**. If it is greater, turn to **62**.

249

The pressure in your lungs becomes unbearable and, before you can free yourself from the chain, you open your mouth. Freezing brine rushes into your air passages and you drown. The Anchor Man has succeeded. Your adventure is over.

250

Seizing the opportunity while your captors are distracted by Malefact, you twist free of their grasp and leap to your feet. The good Doctor and your two captors attack at once. Fight them all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
DOCTOR MALEFACT	7	6
GARBOIL	6	8
STRAKE	7	7

If you win within 15 Attack Rounds, you make your break for freedom (turn to **79**). If not, you are surrounded and taken prisoner again (turn to **107**).

251

The spell animating it broken, the Golem collapses into a heap of gold and jewels. The bone weapon served you well in your fight with Blackscar's cursed hoard and its edge was not dulled by the Golem's

hard body, so you decide to keep hold of it (note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*. Whenever you are in combat with Undead, spirits or magical creatures using this weapon, you may add 1 point to your Attack Strength.) With your new weapon, will you now leave the caves straight away (turn to **279**) or first take some of the treasure after all your efforts to find it (turn to **123**)?

252

While you are making your search you are bitten by a venomous Redback Spider (lose 3 STAMINA points). Having completed your search you decide that it is time to find out what is going on here and so head in the other direction past the T-junction. Add 1 Hour to your total and turn to **13**.

253

Leaving the room you come face-to-face with three of the *Virago's* crew in the corridor. In the confines of the passage you are grabbed and dragged through the far door. Turn to **155**.

254

You hand over the money through the grille (deduct the 10 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*) and with a clattering of bolts, Snide unlocks the cell door. As you go, the corrupt Captain calls out to you, 'But remember, if you should cross my path again...' Turn to **287**.

255

Passing under the archway, you find yourself following another tunnel even deeper into the mountain. Then there is a click as your foot touches a fixed stone and for a split second you wonder if you have made a mistake. Reacting instantly, you throw yourself forward to avoid the trap. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **86**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **157**.

256

The water does not come higher than your waist. You are half way across, in the midst of the stream, when the water begins to froth and boil. You feel the pinpricks of tiny, sharp teeth biting (lose 2 STAMINA points) and look down into the water to see that a shoal of Piranhas has decided to make you its next meal.

PIRANHAS SKILL 6 STAMINA see below

To calculate the Piranhas' STAMINA score, roll one dice and add 6. This is the total number of the voracious fish attacking you. Each fish has 1 STAMINA point. If you defeat the frenzied feeders, you are able

to finish crossing the river and climb out onto the opposite bank. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

257

Treading water, you catch sight of a vessel in the distance. Waving your arms furiously, you succeed in attracting the crew's attention. The sailors immediately set a course to pick you up. The ship comes alongside and you are hauled on board. Fortunately your oilskin backpack has kept all your Provisions and possessions safe and dry. You are greeted by a handsome man whose face is tanned from exposure to the elements and scarred on one side. 'Welcome to the *Fortune*,' he says. 'I am her captain and a bounty hunter by trade. My name is Conyn.' What, Conyn the bounty hunter – the man who killed Cinnabar? 'The very same,' he admits proudly. 'But tell me, who are you and how come we find you alone in the middle of the ocean?'

You relate your tale to a credulous Conyn over some fine Femphreyan port in his quarters, and by the time your story is done his expression has lost its former cheeriness. 'Will you help me stop Cinnabar?' you ask.

'Of course I shall,' says Conyn, resolutely, 'but how are we to find him? Do you know where the *Virago* was headed?' If you do, you should have two coordinates. Subtract the easterly distance from the southerly one and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the result. If the paragraph you turn

to makes no sense, or you have no idea where to go, there is nothing you can do to follow Cinnabar and so you cannot stop him. You have failed in your quest!

258

'You accuse me of *cheating*?' exclaims Armarno, incensed. 'I have never been so insulted in all my days. Just because *my* hand is faster than *your* eye!' Angered by the trickster's words, you jump to your feet and, in doing so, knock over the table. The three cards fall onto the floor – they are all black! Armarno must have palmed the white. You were right all along. Cursing the man, you prepare to unsheathe your sword but stop, feeling a strong hand on your shoulder. The gruff voice of a Troll growls in your ear: 'I said, no fighting.' Before you can stop them, the two Trolls snatch your sword from you and between them deposit you weaponless, and with your pride bruised, in the street outside. Without your sword, you will have to fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 3 points until you can get hold of another weapon. Disgruntled, you leave to search elsewhere (add 2 Hours and turn to 334).

259

You cross the log safely and once you are on the other side the blindfold is removed and you are taken before Queen Zyteea again. 'You have passed the first part of your test,' she says. 'For the second and final part will you choose the Challenge of the Cat (turn to 34) or the Challenge of the Shell (turn to 290)?'

260

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 109. If you are Unlucky, will you move on to Calabrius's Calculator (turn to 294), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to 9), or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to 207)?

261

Madame Galbo takes three substances from some of the jars in front of her on the table and mixes them together in her mortar. 'Wraith Grass seeds, powdered human bones, and dried Basilisk's blood combine to make a potent defence against those unfortunates resurrected from their graves to walk the world as Zombies.' The old wisewoman gives you the resulting powdery compound in a stoppered gourd. Madame Galbo explains that there is enough Zombie Dust for four uses. You may use the powder once for each encounter you have with Zombies. Each time you use it, one of these undead creatures will be repelled so you can treat the outcome as if you had killed it. Make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to 239.

262

Safely out of the marsh at last, you settle down to sleep under the stars. After your encounter with the mosquito the night passes peacefully and you wake the next day feeling refreshed. (Regain 2 STAMINA points.) Keen to find the pirates, you set off again at a brisk pace and soon enter a range of low, scrub-covered hills. Progressing further, you hear laughter coming from behind one outcrop. Climbing to the top you look down and are surprised to see a roughly made shelter. Dancing around in front of it, chuckling to himself, is a skinny old man with a long, straggly white beard and large straw hat. His clothes are tattered and torn and he looks like he might originally have come from the Old World. Looking up he sees you and calls out, 'Ho, stranger! Lovely weather for the time of year.' The man then bursts out laughing again: he is obviously totally mad! 'You'll be looking for Blackscar's treasure then.' What is the old lunatic whittering on about? Do you want to press him about the treasure (turn to 360), talk to him, hoping to find out more about the island and its inhabitants (turn to 381), or leave the insane castaway and explore the hills (turn to 65)?

263

You fall to your knees on the sand with your head in your hands. Stranded on Bone Island there is nothing you can do to stop Cinnabar returning to the Port of Crabs and succeeding with his wicked scheme.

264

As you are fighting, several other Devotees round a corner and it is not long before you are restrained. There is a sudden, sharp blow to the back of your head and you blackout... Turn to **158**.

265

As the last Zombie slumps to the floor, you hear a voice calling for help in a strange tongue, but one that you understand, from one of the cells. Do you want to help whoever is imprisoned here (turn to **169**) or would you rather not waste any more time here and continue your search of the temple to find Cinnabar (turn to **57**)?

266

You turn round and come face-to-face with two black-robed figures, their faces hidden by the hoods of their habits. Wielding heavy coshes, the Devotees advance on you. You will have to fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEVOTEE	7	5
Second DEVOTEE	6	6

If you win, turn to **126**.

267

In no time at all the *Fortune* is heading southeast across the Western Ocean. While on the voyage you rest and recover some of your strength. (Restore up to 4 STAMINA points.) After a day you are approaching

the Crab Reefs. Conyn's helmsman skilfully directs the vessel through the treacherous waters and it looks like the *Fortune* is going to get through unscathed. Then at the last minute disaster strikes! There is a terrible grating sound as the *Fortune's* hull scrapes across something in the channel and comes to a halt. At the same time, several pairs of enormous pincers emerge from the sea. The ship is under attack from Giant Crabs. You attack the nearest of the huge crustaceans clambering up the vessel's side.

GIANT CRAB	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you kill the Crab, turn to 370.

268

The primitive grabs the container and gulps down its contents. A smile slowly curls its lips and the creature addresses you. 'Thank you,' it mutters. 'It is good wine. Master had good wine. Magical wine. Made Balinac see strange things and feel dizzy. Balinac take you to Master's cell. You come?' If you want to go with the primitive, turn to 24. If not, you set off alone into the jungle (turn to 125).

269

'Intruder!' screams the pirate-ghost and flies at you, shrieking. You draw your weapon but every time you strike the horror, your blade passes straight through it, whereas you feel the spectre's claws tearing at your flesh like cruel knives. There is no way you can defeat the ghost. An unpleasant death awaits you and your adventure is most definitely over.

270

You pause while you try to decide which of these wise men to consult. The long-haired man is wearing a loose-fitting orange robe and is seated on a board of long iron nails, with apparently no discomfort. The second seer, the self-proclaimed Master of Destiny, is bald and wears a grey robe covered with mystic symbols. You now also notice that he is blind. The last figure is swathed from head to toe in festering rags and in front of him sits a deck of cards. He says nothing. The only way you are going to get anything out of these characters is if you make them an offering of 2 Gold Pieces. Which will it be?

The bearded guru?	Turn to **393**
The sightless seer?	Turn to **167**
The speechless fortune-teller?	Turn to **98**

271

Under your relentless onslaught, the pirate stumbles backwards, getting his feet caught up in the heavy chain, and falls onto the hard, wooden planks, dropping the anchor. Quickly, seizing the opportunity, you give the anchor a shove, pushing it off the jetty and into the water. The anchor sinks rapidly, pulling the Anchor Man into the harbour. Unable to free himself from the tangled chain, the panicking pirate disappears from view under the dark waters, never to surface. (Make a note of the word 'Rohcna' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) You continue your search for secret entrances a while longer but find none, so you give up looking here. Add 1 Hour and turn to **52**.

272

The ledge crumbling away behind you, you race onwards as the crashing of rocks echoes through the cavern. Ahead of you a great crack appears across the path and before you even have a chance to leap over it, the entire section you are on gives way, plunging you to your death.

273

As you drop through the broken slats of the bridge you grab at the rough ropes that hold it all together. You manage to grab hold of a knotted cord halting your abrupt drop but jarring your shoulder. (Lose 1 STAMINA point.) You hang over the yawning gulf beneath you for a moment, recovering from the shock, before hauling yourself back up onto the bridge and cautiously continuing along the rest of the way. At last you step off the bridge, entering the cliff-face through the skull's open mouth. You find yourself in a high-ceilinged, torch-lit tunnel, which cuts its way deep into the mountain. It is not long before the tunnel opens out into a large, square chamber. Hideous painted carvings adorn the walls here but there is nothing else of interest in the room. However, three archways in the opposite wall lead onwards into the temple. Will you proceed through the archway to the left (turn to **216**), through the one in the centre (turn to **392**), or by passing under the archway to the right (turn to **255**)?

274

As you stroll boldly into the village you are immediately surrounded by several warriors. If you have a Darkwood Armband, turn to **56**. If not, turn to **113**.

275

The door opens and you step through into a large, circular room. At its centre is a magnificent sight: the biggest crystal you have ever seen stands on a plinth, glowing with an inner light. However, covering the floor around the plinth are countless writhing snakes, and despite the mystical beauty of the crystal, an incipient sense of evil permeates this place. You are sure the artefact has something to do with the power of Quezkari on the island. If you want to try to destroy the huge crystal, turn to **203**. If not, you will have to leave and return to the passage, turn to **329**.

276

Turning your back on the undead pirate was a bad idea. It is on you in a flash and sinks its unnaturally developed fangs into the bad of your neck (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice now but to defend yourself with your sword. Turn to **147**.

277

The Usai are full of gratitude for you now that you have rid them of the High Priest's Spirit-Beast. Queen Zyteea explains that the evil wizard summoned it to destroy another village on the island and that it had also 'haunted' them for several nights. Looking at the bone weapon Zyteea says, 'I am sure that with Nightdeath in your hands you will be able to vanquish both Ramatu and Cinnabar. But to help you further I give you this Bolarang.' She hands you a peculiar looking wooden cross with struts of equal length that end in curved points. The Bolarang is used like a throwing dagger but always returns to its owner once thrown. Before a fight you may use this weapon against one opponent: *Test your Skill* and, if you succeed, reduce their STAMINA by 2 points. At dawn, with the tribespeople's praises ringing in your ears, you leave the village. Zyteea also told you that her warriors had seen a ship anchored in the lagoon to the southeast, so will you head in that direction (turn to 10) or into the mountains to find the Temple of Quezkari (turn to 115)?

278

No sooner than the ape is lying dead on the floor of the clearing, the Terrible Lizard turns on you with a primeval roar.

TERRIBLE LIZARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you win, leaving the two corpses of the colossi behind you, you continue on your way. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

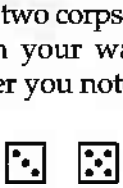

279

Leaving the hills behind you, you set off northeastwards, towards the centre of the island again. Your route takes you through the easternmost part of the marsh once more, back in the direction of the dense jungle. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–4, make a note of the number 397 and turn to **192**. If you roll 5–6, turn to **359**.

280

The water inside the cave now begins to boil and from the turmoil rises a hideous grey-green monstrosity. Reaching for you with sucker-lined tentacles, the Giant Octopus intends to pull you into its snapping, beaked mouth and devour you. Once again you find yourself fighting for your life.

GIANT OCTOPUS	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If the Octopus ever scores two successful hits in succession, turn to **46**. If you kill it, turn to **73**.

281

Barrels and crates from the *Fortune* are among the items washed up among the driftwood, and could contain something of use to you. Roll one dice. If the number you roll is odd, turn to **387**; if it is even, turn to **145**.

282

You turn the corner and find the old man standing in front of you. 'So nice of yer ta join us,' laughs the pirate. 'As they says, old Crivens always gets his man.' There is a sudden swishing sound and you

receive a sharp blow to the back of your head. Instantly you lose consciousness. Turn to 158.

283

Almost no vegetation grows in the dusty, windswept highlands. Entering a steep gully you are horrified to see that it is lined with stakes on which are human skulls, picked clean by vultures. At the top of the gully you find yourself at the edge of a precipitous gorge, at the bottom of which, one hundred metres below, is a fast-flowing river. The stakes mark out the path to a rope bridge slung across the chasm, which leads directly into the side of a cliff into which has been carved a massive skull with a feathered headdress. In the distance, surrounded by rocky crags, you can also make out a stepped stone building. You know that you have found the Temple of Quezkari! You have no option but to cross the rope bridge. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 378. If you are Unlucky, turn to 63.

284

Hearing you, the two smugglers drop the chest and draw cutlasses from their belts. You will have to fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SMUGGLER	8	7
Second SMUGGLER	7	8

If you win, turn to 373.

285

The cannibalistic cook disposed of, you manage to collect enough food for 4 meals before you leave the kitchen (note these down in the Provisions box on your *Adventure Sheet*) and sample some of Bladderwrack's broth (restore up to 4 STAMINA points). As there is no other way on, returning to the top of the staircase you decide which door to go through. Will it be:

The far door?	Turn to 191
The door to the left?	Turn to 127
The door to the right?	Turn to 141
The door marked 'Captain'?	Turn to 97

286

You brandish the green jade statuette before the unearthly creature but nothing happens. Quezkari lashes out at you with a taloned hand (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice now but to retaliate with your sword. Turn to 177.

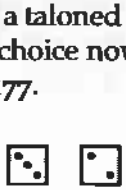

287

Night has already fallen by the time you start to look for the pirates' hidden base. At least that should make your activities more covert and less conspicuous. If you have reason to go to Mandrake's Lane, now is the time to do so. If not, where will you look first for the pirates: around the docks (turn to 67), at the ruined lighthouse on the promontory to the south-east of the port (turn to 146), in the sewers beneath the port (turn to 355), in the taverns and inns of the city (turn to 150), at the cemetery outside the city walls (turn to 83) or in the Temple Quarter (turn to 181)?

288

A bell above the door rings as you enter what looks like nothing more than a quaint, tidy workroom. Framed maps are hung on the walls and a bespectacled Dwarf is poring over a chart at his work-desk. As you enter, he looks up and asks if he can help you. You inquire as to whether he has heard of Bone Island. 'Hmm, I'm not sure. My memory's not what it was, you know,' says the Dwarf with a twinkle in his eye. Do you want to see if you can prompt his memory with a couple of Gold Pieces (turn to 156) or will you leave the cartographer's (turn to 334)?

289

The ship's rats pour past you but do not attack! (Restore 1 LUCK point.) As the squeaking fades, you continue along the corridor. You soon reach the top of a staircase that leads down into the hold but before that are two doors. Thick green mist pours from under

the door to the right while the one to the left emanates a bone-numbing cold. Will you:

Open the left-hand door?	Turn to 353
Open the right-hand door?	Turn to 202
Go down the staircase?	Turn to 26

290

In a clear, sandy area between the huts rests the largest shell you have ever seen: it is boulder-shaped and at least three metres across. 'This is the shell of a Giant Cowrie, which live in a lagoon to the south,' Zyteea explains, 'and you must lift it.' Putting your arms around the huge mollusc's shell you heave with all your might. Roll four dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, you succeed in your task (turn to 142). If the total rolled is greater, you fail to lift the shell (turn to 194).

291

With the zombies disposed of, you can now see that the intricate carving on the stone door is quite clearly a puzzle of some sort, which must be linked to the opening mechanism somehow. If you want to solve the puzzle to open the door, turn to 372. If not, you leave the semicircular chamber and follow the corridor in the opposite direction (turn to 329).

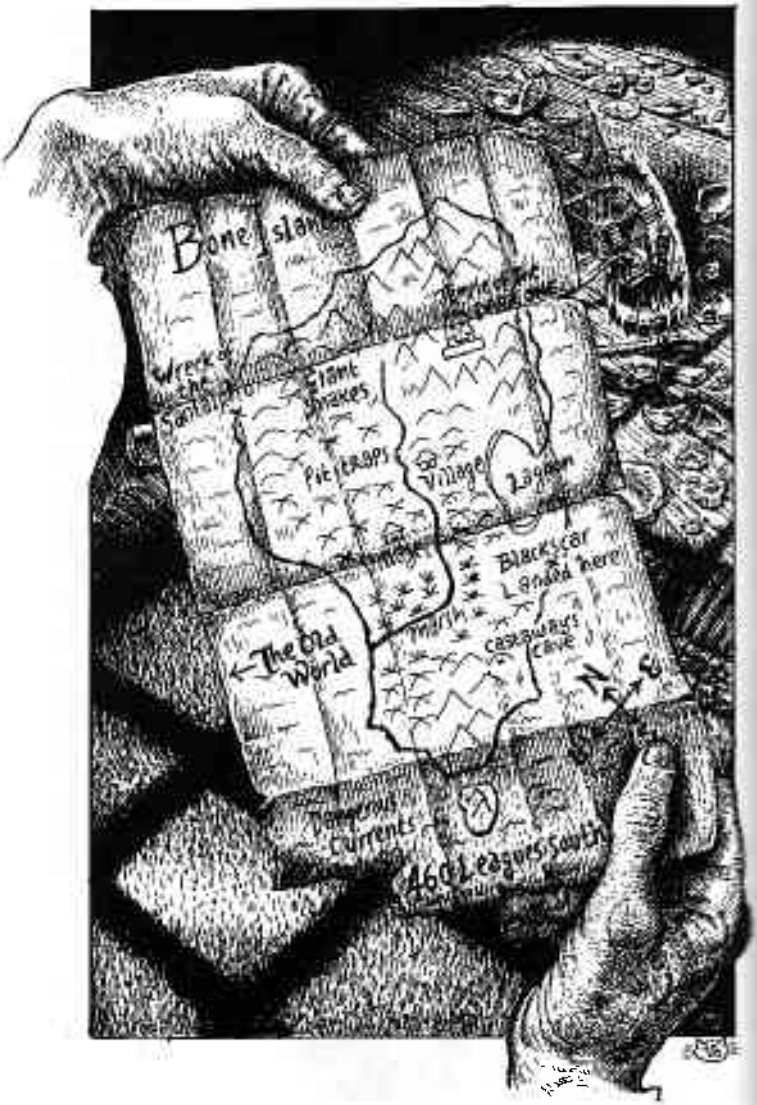
Bone Island
Wreck of the Santa Maria
Plank shrakes
Pit traps
Village
Lagoon
Blackscar Landed here
Castaways cave
The Old World
Marsh
N
E
Dangerous Currents
460 Leagues South

292

Finding you more of a challenge than its usual prey, the Scarachna desists from its attack and retreats back into the jungle canopy, leaving you free to continue your trek unhindered. If you were stung at all by the monster you may use one tot of Poison Antidote (if you have some) to restore up to half the STAMINA points you lost in this way.

It is about time you decided exactly where you are going. At present you are travelling in an easterly direction. Consulting your map of Bone Island again, will you continue eastwards (make a note of the number 164 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **192**), head southeast (turn to **397**) or change course totally and go southwards (turn to **68**)?

293

Having smashed the bottle, and been cut by a shard of glass (lose 1 STAMINA point), you wait for a minute in case the sound of breaking glass has attracted anyone's attention. No pirates burst into the cabin so you proceed to examine the wreckage of the ship. Inside its fragile hull is a scroll. Unrolling the parchment you see that it is a map of a place called Bone Island (see the illustration opposite this page). Written at the bottom of the map are the words, '460 leagues south'. Taking the map with you, you decide that it is time to leave Cinnabar's cabin. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **233**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **253**.

294

Calabrius's Calculator is a large, mechanical contraption, made up of countless cogs, levers and crankshafts. The main feature of the machine, however, is a large panel with five windows in it, behind which are five drums with numbers embossed on them. Standing next to the calculating device is its operator, a wizardly-looking man who you assume is Calabrius. 'Step up, step up. Who will accept the challenge of Calabrius's Calculator? Only two Gold Pieces and you could win ten!' the man calls out. You imagine that this challenge involves solving some kind of puzzle generated by the machine. If you want to accept Calabrius's challenge (turn to **364**). If not, you can look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**) or now leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**).

295

The new tunnel leads you through an archway and into a great cavern. The path you are on curves around the side of an abyss, descending slightly as it does so. Peering over the ledge you can just make out the jagged stalagmites on the bone-littered cavern floor. Bravely, you step onto the path. Instantly you feel it giving way beneath your feet and start to run. Roll two dice, four times. If on any of the rolls you get a double, turn to **272**. If you never roll a double, turn to **363**.

296

The sturdy lighthouse door is locked, but using the Skeleton Key, you enter the crumbling tower. Inside

you find what was obviously the Wreckers' den. Several empty crates have been arranged around a barrel, which acts as a table, and bedrolls lie in one corner. On the barrel are a candle, two dice, enough Provisions for three meals, and a partially burnt letter. Picking up the charred parchment, you read what you can:

has been changed. It is no longer 'Leviathan', it is now 'Crossbones'. Destroy this letter at once. Should you encounter the snooper, do what is necessary. We meet at the allotted time at

The rest of the message no longer exists. This is a valuable clue (regain 1 LUCK point). Taking whatever else you want, you notice a trapdoor in another corner of the room. Do you want to:

Open the trapdoor?	Turn to 338
Return to the cliff to explore the cave?	Turn to 391
Leave Mallan's Point?	Turn to 309

297

It takes two days for the *Fortune* to sail around the perilous Crab Reefs. During this time you are able to rest and recover your strength (restore up to 6 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Eventually, with the reefs behind you, the crew set a course for Bone Island. Turn to **168**.

298

'Curse you!' shouts a red-haired woman, leaping into your way. You recognise the fiery woman as Mirel the Red, Cinnabar's second-in-command. It was she who recovered the pirate-lord's body and brought him back to this world. 'Thanks to you I now have this,' she spits, revealing a hook in place of her left hand, 'but I shall make you pay for your crime ten-fold!'

MIREL THE RED SKILL 11 STAMINA 10

Mirel the Red is a skilled swordswoman. Should you manage to overcome her, turn to **214**.

299

You suddenly begin to feel feverish and start shaking. The Mosquito must have been carrying an accelerated, and potentially deadly, strain of malaria. If you have a Poison Antidote, turn to **180**. If not, turn to **367**.

300

Tossed about by the waves created by the thrashing Behemoth, you hit your head on a broken spar and everything goes black...

You come to on a sandy beach with the surf lapping around you and the sun beating down on your sodden body. About you has been washed up the wreckage of the *Fortune*. You have no idea for how long or how many leagues you have been carried by the ocean currents, but you feel weary and hungry (reduce your current STAMINA score by half). Fortunately you still have your backpack, with all your possessions, and Provisions, intact. Unsteadily you get to your feet. You are on the western side of an island, and ahead of you is the edge of a jungle. Beyond the trees, in the far distance, you can make out some mountainous terrain and the same to the south. Taking out the map you found on Cinnabar's ship, you compare it to the landscape. As far as you can tell, they are the same – this must be Bone Island! Now you are here, maybe you still have a chance to stop

Cinnabar, but perhaps you should first find out more about your surroundings. Will you:

Climb a tree and survey the area?	Turn to 325
Search the wreckage that has been washed ashore?	Turn to 281
Look for other survivors?	Turn to 66
Search for food?	Turn to 242
Set off into the jungle?	Turn to 125

301

Carved from a single piece of ivory, this charm resembles the head of a noble lion. It originates from a tribe of primitives who believe that it will protect whoever possesses it from the dark powers of voodoo. Return to 42.

302

You reveal the golden talisman to the unearthly spirit and for a moment Quezkari appears to hesitate. Then, with a snake-like hiss, it swoops down at you. You have no choice now but to retaliate with your sword. Turn to 177.

303

The Gambling Pits lie within the area of the city known as the Claws – the poorest and most dangerous part of the port. The Pits themselves are housed in a vast, stone building with a large, iron-studded oak door. This entrance is flanked by two Troll guards. As you walk past them, and through the door, they give you a cursory glance and one says roughly, 'Remem-

ber, no fighting.' Inside, the Gambling Pits lie under a thick cloud of pipe-weed smoke and are packed with the unsavoury and roguish clientele you would expect. Mingling with the crowds, you check out the different games that are on offer. After a brief look round, you discover three that interest you. Which will you investigate further: the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**), Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**), or will you leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

304

The two battling monsters are blocking your way out of the clearing. As they fight, you try to sneak past, without attracting their attention. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **342**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **386**.

305

Your first assumption, that the place is deserted, proves to be correct. Unhindered, you begin to search the rooms more thoroughly. Rummaging through chests and overturning boxes, you find a sword (which will be useful if you have lost yours), enough Provisions for five meals and a total of 10 Gold Pieces. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **199**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **252**.

306

Picking up the weapon, you see that it has a keenly honed edge and curious lettering etched on one side of its large, curved blade. Hearing a sound like pebbles being tumbled on a beach, you look round and stare wide-eyed in surprise at the sight before you. The treasure pile itself has animated, taking on a humanoid form, and is striding towards you. With the bone sword in your hand you feel particularly adept at hand-to-hand combat (increase your Attack Strength by 1 point for this battle). Encouraged, you prepare to take on the magically created Golem, which watches you with eyes that are pearls.

TREASURE GOLEM	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 251.

307

You draw your sword and lunge at the twittering creature. The Rainforest Sprite hisses at you and jabs past your guard, with its sharp-pointed javelin, which is also coated with venom from Poison Arrow Frogs. (Lose 3 STAMINA points.) Before you can engage the creature in combat it disappears back into the surrounding greenery as suddenly as it first appeared, jabbering away in its own unintelligible language. As well as injuring you, the sprite has also laid a curse upon you. (Lose 1 LUCK point.) Now turn to the paragraph you noted down previously.

308

Agilely you throw yourself over the pit and land in a forward roll on the other side. Up on your feet again, you step under another macabrely carved archway into a rough-hewn corridor, which runs both left and right. Which way will you go? Left (turn to **149**) or right (turn to **329**)?

309

The salt sea breeze behind you, you return to the Port of Crabs itself, sneaking back into the city to continue your hunt for the pirates. (Add 1 Hour to the Time Elapsed.) Where will you go now?

To the docks?	Turn to **67**
To the taverns and inns?	Turn to **150**
Into the sewers?	Turn to **355**
To the cemetery?	Turn to **83**
To the Temple Quarter?	Turn to **181**

310

As you progress through the streets of the port, you feel, with an increasing sense of unease, that you are being followed. Could it be loyal followers of the Black Skull who are on your tail? Rounding a corner, you soon have your answer. Blocking your way is a group of uniformed soldiers led by the Captain of the City Guard. Behind you, several more armed men emerge from darkened alleyways, so that you are surrounded. The stern-faced Captain Snide steps forward and announces, 'I hereby place you under arrest for disturbing the peace.' But this is absurd!

What have you done to antagonise the City Guard? Everything you are doing is to help the people of Ruddlestone and the Port of Crabs. 'Of course,' Snide adds, 'a small payment of say ten Gold Pieces would see you clear of any charges.' It would seem that the government of this city is corrupt to the core! If you want to pay Snide this extortionate amount to go free, and can afford it, turn to 163; if not, turn to 236.

311

Opening the door you enter a small room with a straw-covered floor, and face the full fury of the beasts imprisoned within. The result of some perverse voodoo ritual, one is a large-fanged, bristle-backed pig, the other a mutated two-headed cockerel. Not distinguishing the difference between you and their incarcerators, the enraged animals attack on sight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
HELLHOG	7	6
DEVILFOWL	6	5

If you kill the beasts, you hurry on along the corridor. Turn to 151.

312

You sneak after the men who are totally oblivious of your presence. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 247. If you are Unlucky, turn to 284.

313

As you look through the racks of scalpels and other surgical instruments, you discover the partially dissected body of a cat. However, as you reach over the carcass to open a drawer, the cat's head hisses and bites your hand! Lose 2 STAMINA points. In a state of shock you jump back from the table but the cat is lifeless once more. Shaken, you decide to leave the Doctor's quarters. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 233. If you are Unlucky, turn to 253.

314

As you search the chamber you find yourself wondering who put all of this junk here and why. Amongst the detritus you find a broken oil-lantern, an old tarpaulin and a splintered piece of balustrade, possibly from a ship's forecastle. In other words, nothing of any value. Now will you:

Open the flag-draped coffin?	Turn to 36
Return to the other chamber and choose the central arch?	Turn to 392
Go back and choose the right-hand archway?	Turn to 255

315

With the threat of a voodoo cult springing up in the city, you decide you have a valid reason for going right to the top and getting the help of the Overpriest himself. The Overpriest holds court within the most magnificent temple in the city – the Grand Temple of Vinar. Entering the pillared marble hall, leading into the temple, you join the queue of hopeful petitioners who would seek an audience with his Excellency the Primate of the God of Pride. At last it is you who stands before the pulpit, next to the doors leading to the Overpriest's inner sanctum. A pasty-looking priest stares down at you with barely suppressed contempt. 'I'm sorry but his Excellency is otherwise engaged in the Ritual of the Sixth Hour at this time,' says the underling. 'He will not be able to see you now. Come back again tomorrow.' Two armed priests, wearing ceremonial armour, cross their halberds in front of you. You plead with the cleric but nothing will change his mind – not even the mention of voodoo. There is no way you will be granted access to the Overpriest. As you are turning to leave, the priest calls out in a patronising tone, 'Wouldn't you care to make an offering to Vinar?' If you choose to toss some Gold Pieces into the treasury at the foot of

the pulpit, make a note of the number of coins and turn to 14. If not, turn to 209.

316

The chest is not locked and raising the lid, you find it full of fine, and no doubt stolen, clothes and tapestries. Under the luxurious garments you find a large, stoppered Bottle of Rum. (If you want to take the rum, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*: drinking it will restore up to 4 STAMINA points.) Now will you examine the globe (turn to 349), the desk (turn to 134) or the ship in a bottle (turn to 29)? Alternatively, you could leave the Captain's cabin (turn to 233).

317

You grab for the ropes holding the bridge together but your reactions are not quick enough. You fall for several seconds into the yawning gulf of the gorge before plunging into the river below. Unfortunately for you, boulders lie just under the surface of the raging torrent. You crack your head on one and, unconscious, you drown, claimed by the hungry white water. Your adventure is over.

318

The pirate unsheathes a long knife with which to defend himself. 'You ain't taken Old Crivens yet,' he spits, vehemently. 'Come any closer and I'll slit yer gizzard!' Ignoring the old man's threats, once again you engage in battle.

CRIVENS SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

While you are fighting its master, the the villain's pet monkey does its best to distract you, climbing all over you and biting you. As a result, for the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point and every Attack Round roll one dice: if the number rolled is even you must lose 1 STAMINA point as the monkey has just bitten you. If you are victorious in this battle, turn to 377.

319

At your killing stroke the vampire crumbles to dust before your very eyes. There is now nothing to stop you claiming the Scorpion Talisman as your own: it must be worth at least 10 Gold Pieces! (Add this item to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Do you now want to search Jolly Roger's coffin (turn to 225) or would you rather leave this macabre chamber (turn to 166)?

320

Coming to the edge of a clearing, you see a tribesman being attacked by the grotesque form of a Giant Praying Mantis. The native is obviously no match for the insect and is in dire need of help – but what have you heard about the islanders? Will you run to the tribesman's defence (turn to 229) or go on your way without getting involved (turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down earlier)?

321

The anchor misses your chest by a hair's breadth. Looking into the fog, you can make out a shadowy figure advancing towards you. Drawing your weapon, you prepare for combat. Turn to 231.

322

You manage to ascend to the cliff-top without coming to any further harm and consider your next course of action. Will you now search the lighthouse, if you haven't already done so (turn to 296), or leave Mallan's Point (turn to 309)?

323

Carefully, you open the second door. How long has it taken you to get this far? If it has taken 9 Hours or more, turn to 70. If it has taken 8 Hours or less, turn to 333.

324

By destroying the Crystal of Esoteric Energies you have weakened the High Priest's own magical powers.

Unable to cast his spells at you he pulls a golden dagger with an obsidian blade from his robes with which to attack you.

RAMATU SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

As you fight, the dagger lets out an ear-piercing shriek, which you find very disconcerting (reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle). If you win against the High Priest of Quezkari, turn to 7.

325

Shinning up a tall tree growing at the edge of the beach, you look out over a panorama of lush, steaming jungle to the higher ground beyond. From your vantage point you also make out a river running southwest from the mountains to a swamp, and on the eastern side of the island you can see a large lagoon. Feeling a stinging sensation you look down to see a parasitic growth covering the trunk of the tree creeping onto your leg. You must defend yourself against the carnivorous plant.

LEECH VINE SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

As you are fighting whilst clinging to the branches of a tree, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point during this fight. Also, if you roll a double, you fall out of the tree suffering one dice worth of STAMINA damage, but in doing so you evade the parasite. If you win, or fall out of the tree, return to 300 and choose another option.

326

You give the door a mighty kick but all you succeed in doing is rattling the bolts – and attracting the attention of the Wreckers who have been shining their light out to sea to lure ships onto the hull-ripping rocks along this stretch of coast. Wielding knives and cudgels, the Wreckers run at you. Fight them all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WRECKER	7	7
Second WRECKER	6	7
Third WRECKER	8	7

If you win, turn to 369.

327

You can now either head southeast towards the lagoon (turn to 10) or northeast into the mountains (turn to 115).

328

The last of the pirates falls and with some relief you sheathe your sword. It looks as if the pirates have beaten Dregg within an inch of his life and he is failing fast. You do your best to make the old man comfortable and he opens his eyes. 'Thanks, stranger,' he gasps, 'but I'm a goner now. They're up to something you know.' You ask him who he's talking about. 'Cinnabar's crew, the Pirates of the Black Skull.' Looking at the hands of Dregg's assailants, you see that each bears the tattoo of a grinning black skull. 'I've seen them meeting up again around the taverns

in the city; Silas Gallows, Keelhaul Jack, old Crivens, even Malu the Witchdoctor. They're planning something all right. Rumour says Mirel the Red found Cinnabar's body and that he's not rightly dead. But he's not rightly alive either, see. It's all that voodoo and black magic they meddle in. Not right so it isn't.' Dregg coughs weakly: 'He's coming back. We'll all be doomed! Stranger, beware the Black Skull. Bloodbones is coming back!' And then he is gone. Laying the old man down, you ponder his last words and what your next action should be. So Cinnabar is not really dead. In that case you may still be revenged. But what did Dregg mean when he said that Cinnabar is not really alive either? Dregg has given you several clues about your enemy and where you should start your search for him. The old man mentioned that the Pirates of the Black Skull were gathering again in the Port of Crabs so they may have a hidden base somewhere in the city, but of course at present you have no idea where it may be.

You now have several options open to you. You could visit some of the taverns and inns yourself, in the hope of finding out more (turn to 150), or you could visit the notorious Gambling Pits, a possible source of information and a way of increasing your Gold Pieces (turn to 303). Alternatively, it might be a good idea to equip yourself better at the markets before you set out on your quest (turn to 365), or you could try to find out more about the Black Skull and the cult of Quezkari (turn to 315). Then again you may do well to get the help of the authorities against Cinnabar (turn

to 103), although Governor Montargo has certainly allowed the port to remain a safe haven for buccaneers and freebooters. Of course you could abandon your search for further information and instead look for the pirates' hidden base (turn to 16).

329

The tunnel winds ever onwards under the mountain. The monotony of the passageway is finally broken when you come to an alcove in the left-hand wall. In the alcove is a bowl of smouldering incense and flower petals. The aromatic smoke billows out into the corridor and as you smell it you begin to feel light-headed. You will have to walk through the smoke to proceed any further but, as you do so, will you breathe in deeply (turn to 39) or hold your breath (turn to 185)?

330

Baring its blunt yellow teeth and screaming its rage, the Great Ape prepares to defend its territory once again.

GREAT APE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, you continue on your way through the forest. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

331

You clear a path to the crystal through the snakes and, swinging your blade in a mighty arc, strike the glowing rock. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 104. If you are Unlucky, turn to 376.

332

As you trek through the jungle you come upon a fast-flowing river. To continue on your way you can either attempt to wade across the river (turn to 256), or try to find another way to cross (turn to 347).

333

You find yourself at the back of a vast hall which is packed with black-robed Devotees and scurvy-looking pirates! Ducking down behind a stack of crates you see that at the other end of the great chamber is a huge, grotesque effigy. The thing has a skeletal human body with an over-sized skull. Around the grinning skull is a feathered-headdress and in each hand is a blazing torch. Surely this statue is a likeness of the cruel voodoo death-god, Quezkari! Standing before the statue is a man you recognise. He still wears the fine gold-braided, scarlet coat of a nobleman and a large tricorn hat but his flesh is now a sickly greenish-grey and pus oozes from great gashes and holes in his skin. The pirate-lord's fine black hair and beard is now a straggly mess and his jaundice-yellow eyes stare wildly from shadowy sockets. Cinnabar! Then the rumours were true: Mirel the Red did find her captain's body. With the help of Quezkari's Devotees, and their dark, forbidden

practices, he has been brought back to life. The pirate-lord addresses the throng. 'Pirates of the Black Skull, tonight we sail for Bone Island. There the ritual to complete my resurrection will take place and then, invulnerable, and with the power of Quezkari at our disposal, we shall return to this vermin-hole and exact our revenge. The Port of Crabs will be ours!' A great cheer of approval rises from the amassed followers of Quezkari and your blood runs cold. Although you have no love for the port, should Cinnabar take it over, no lawful city anywhere along the coast will be safe from buccaneers and freebooters. He must be stopped!

Suddenly you feel a strong hand on your shoulder and you spin round to see two ugly rogues standing behind you. You soon find yourself dragged before the undead pirate-lord in front of Quezkari's statue. In seconds he has pronounced his sentence and as you are taken away, he addresses his crew again: 'We sail with the tide at midnight!' Following their captain, the pirates swiftly file out of the shrine. Meanwhile, you are taken to a pit at one end of the chamber and tied by your wrists to metal rings in the wall at the bottom of the pit. The pirates then abandon you to join their fellows. It is then that you notice a small hole in the bottom of the wall, through which water is starting to enter the pit. The hole links the pit with the sea. As the tide rises, so the pit fills with water, and soon you will be totally submerged. The water is already up to your waist. You pull on the rings but they are securely embedded in the wall and the rope

shows no sign of breaking either. How are you going to get out of this? If you have a Shark's Teeth Bracelet, turn to the paragraph, which is the same as the number of teeth on the bracelet. If you do not, turn to 132.

334

Choosing a location you haven't already visited, where do you want to go now in your search for information?

The taverns and inns of the city?	Turn to 150
The notorious Gambling Pits?	Turn to 303
The markets?	Turn to 365
The Temple Quarter?	Turn to 315
To see Governor Montargo himself?	Turn to 103

If you are done with looking for information, or you have some idea where they might be hiding, you could start looking for the pirates' secret base (turn to 51).

335

Passing a rocky outcrop at the edge of a cliff, a strange, reptilian humanoid suddenly leaps at you as if from nowhere. Camouflaged against the boulder by its colour-changing skin, the hunting Chameleonite bounds towards you with its short spear raised.

CHAMELEONITE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, your opponent's body plunges from the cliff edge onto the rocks below. Unhindered, you are able to proceed along the cliff path. Turn to 283.

336

Under the Scarachna's constant onslaught you stumble backwards into its web. Held fast by the sticky strands you can do nothing as the hybrid sinks its fangs into your body, paralysing you and binding you with silk, to be left until it is ready to devour you!

337

With you fighting on its side against the Great Ape, the saurus soon overcomes its challenger. Turn to 278.

338

Sliding back the bolts you lift the trapdoor and see, cowering in a shallow pit, a frightened, half-starved cat. In fear and anger, it leaps out of the hole, biting you and raking your flesh with its claws (lose 2 STAMINA points), before escaping into the night. The Wreckers must have kept the cat prisoner as part of some cruel torment or wager, no doubt. Now, will you descend the cliff to the cave entrance (turn to 391) or leave the lighthouse and Mallan's Point altogether (turn to 309)?

339

The pan hits you squarely in the chest and scalding hot water splashes all over you. Roll one dice and add 1. This is the total number of STAMINA points you lose. If you roll a 6 lose 1 SKILL point as well. A meat cleaver gripped tightly in one podgy hand, the cannibal cook charges at you, his rolls of fat wobbling disgustingly.

BLADDERWRACK
THE COOK SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the cook, turn to **285**.

340

Before your air runs out, you slip the chain from your ankles and swim back to the surface. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) Treading water, you recover your breath and, looking towards the jetty, you see that the Anchor Man has gone, thinking you dead. Back on dry land, you continue your search for secret entrances a while longer but discover nothing, so you give up looking here. Add 1 Hour and turn to **52**.

341

The rest of the crew having repelled the other attacking crabs, the *Fortune* sails free of the reef (turn to **168**).

342

Incredibly you manage to avoid falling foul of either the ape or the lizard as they snap, slash and hurl themselves at each other. Once on the other side of the clearing, you continue on your way. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

START
LOSE 3 POINTS
3 POINTS
NO SCORE
2 POINTS
MISS A SPIN
LOSE 5 POINTS
5 POINTS
1 POINTS
MISS A SPIN
4 POINTS
LOSE ALL POINTS
DOUBLE YOUR SCORE
The ARROW OF PROVIDENCE

343

Having severed the Pitcher's only means of attack you are soon able to finish off the rest of the carnivorous plant, hacking its acid-filled vase open with your sword. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) Among the roots of the Giant Pitcher-Plant you find the remains of its previous meals. However, you also find a total of 7 Gold Pieces, a green jade monkey totem and a rusty cutlass. Taking whichever of these items you wish, you set off into the green depths of the jungle again, a little more warily this time. Turn to the paragraph you noted down previously.

344

The Behemoth sucks in a great quantity of seawater along with the wreckage of the *Fortune*, its crew and yourself. You end your adventure drowned inside the stomach of a giant fish.

345

Quezkari is in reality a powerful evil spirit, invulnerable to non-magical weapons. Although you valiantly hold off the frenzied creature, ultimately you weaken under its onslaught and join the other souls of Quezkari's victims in eternal damnation.

346

You pay your 2 Gold Pieces (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*) and step up to the board. You get three spins of the arrow and over those three goes you must score a total of ten or more to win the jackpot. To spin the arrow, roll one dice and add 6: This is the

number of spaces round the board that the arrow moves. The next spin starts from this space. You may play the game as many times as you like, as long as you have enough money, but if you win the jackpot, you cannot play again. When you are finished here, turn to **260**.

347

It is some time before you find another way to cross the river, via a fallen, vine-clad tree trunk, and your body is beginning to feel the strain of trekking through the jungle. (Lose 1 STAMINA point.) Now return to **192** and roll two dice again, remembering that each encounter may not occur more than once.

348

Cross off one meal from your Provisions. The creature snatches the food from you and gobbles it down. Then it cheekily reaches out with its hand again! What will you do now?

Give the creature an item from your backpack?	Turn to **122**
Attack the creature?	Turn to **307**
Ignore it and go on your way?	Turn to **384**

349

It does not take you long to discover that the globe is hollow and opens. Inside is a cloth bag containing 24 Gold Pieces and a diamond necklace. Taking the treasure will you leave the cabin (turn to 233) or first examine the chest (turn to 316), the desk (turn to 134) or the ship in a bottle (turn to 29)?

350

Leaving the Octopus's lair, you manage to ascend to the cliff-top without coming to any further harm and consider your next course of action. Will you now search the lighthouse, if you haven't already done so (turn to 296), or leave Mallan's Point (turn to 309)?

351

Scouring the various stalls, you soon find a number of items that might be of use to you on your quest. You may buy any of the things on the list, as long as you have enough money (deducting the correct number of Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*).

Rope	1 Gold Piece
Extra Provisions	1 Gold Piece for each meal
Cutlass	8 Gold Pieces
Throwing Dagger	3 Gold Pieces
Chainmail Coat	6 Gold Pieces
Flask of Grog	3 Gold Pieces
Poison Antidote	4 Gold Pieces
Gas-Globes	6 Gold Pieces

The Cutlass does not carry any bonuses: it is just another weapon. You may use the Throwing Dagger

against an opponent before a combat: *Test your Skill,* and if you are successful you may deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you win the combat you can reclaim the dagger. The Chainmail Coat reduces any opponent's Attack Strength by 1 point, but while you are wearing it, you must add 1 to the dice-roll every time you have to *Test your Skill.* The Grog is very invigorating and will restore up to 4 STAMINA points; also for the duration of the next combat you are involved in after drinking the Grog, you may add 1 point to your Attack Strength – but only for that one battle. The Poison Antidote is effective against toxins and venoms of many kinds and there is enough for three uses. There are three Gas-Globes, which look like small glass spheres filled with a swirling mist. You may use a Gas-Globe before going into battle: the globe simply has to be smashed on the ground in front of an enemy who will then be enveloped by a sense-numbing cloud which has the effect of reducing their Attack Strength by 2 points. However, the Gas-Globes will not affect Undead, Demons or magical creatures. When you have finished here, do you want to look around the Bazaar for more exotic items (turn to **42**) or leave the markets (turn to **111**)?

352

You collapse on the sandy shore, utterly crestfallen. So near and yet so... What was that sound? It was like the blowing of the wind in a ship's sails, but there is not even so much as a breeze. You look up and there, gliding into the lagoon, is a battered, storm-wracked

vessel – the *Sea Maiden*. As soon as you are within earshot, the ghostly Captain Velyarde calls to you from the deck: 'Do not worry my friend. Cinnabar has not thwarted us yet. Come, join us.'

In no time at all you are on board: the *Sea Maiden* sets off at once. The ghost ship travels at an incredible rate of knots, flying over the waves as it chases after the *Virago*. During the exhilarating voyage, Velyarde explains his crew's continued presence on the Earthly Plane: 'It was Cinnabar's pirates who slaughtered my crew and I, damning us for all eternity. Now there is a chance to be revenged and restore the cosmic order.' And then in mid-ocean the pirates' galleon comes into view. As you watch, a ball of burning pitch shoots from the *Virago* at the *Sea Maiden*, and it is dead on target. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **232**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **128**.

353

Opening the door, you step into a freezing cabin. Icicles hang from the beams and your breath turns to mist in the cold air. Then the room's occupant attacks. An ill-defined, misty human form springs at you from the cabin and tries to grab you with its frozen hands. You draw your sword and defend yourself as the wraith-like creature moans, 'Cooold! So cooold!'

CHILLER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

While you fight the Chiller you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because of the icy cold. Also, for every further 2 rounds the battle lasts you must reduce your Attack Strength by a further point. If you repel the ghost, turn to **389**.

354

Watching your footing, you inch into the shadows. The water inside the cave suddenly begins to churn and two slimy, sucker-lined tentacles burst from the sea and reach for you. Quickly drawing your sword, you prepare to defend yourself.

TENTACLES	SKILL 7	STAMINA 4

If the Tentacles score two hits in succession, turn at once to **161**. If you defeat the tentacles without them scoring two successful hits in a row, turn to **280**.

355

The port's sewers empty into the open sea through an outlet in the harbour wall. Your lantern lit, you enter the sewer. Following one foul-smelling channel

after another, you wander through the labyrinthine sewers, finding no sign of any hidden base or nefarious goings-on. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) Trudging through the cold and damp you slowly become aware of a sloshing sound behind you. Pausing, you turn to face whatever is following you. From out of the shadows emerges an ugly, stooped humanoid creature, with distended arms and carrying a crude club. Seeing you, the Troll becomes excited. 'A Yooman! Just what Gunk needs to fill his belly!' Drooling saliva over his tusks, Gunk the Sewer Troll raises his club, ready to smash your skull open.

GUNK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

While you are fighting Gunk, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because of the effect of the nauseating stench of the sewers. If you win, turn to 3.

356

The undead pirate snatches the skeleton artefact from you and snaps it in half before you can stop it. Cross the item off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 147.

357

The pirates are not expecting this reaction from you, and you are able to wound one of the rogues before they know what is going on. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	6	5
Second PIRATE	6	7

If you win, the Half-Ogre steps forward to fight you. Will you face your opponent (turn to 187) or try to escape (turn to 6)?

358

Saying your own name, you try to prompt a response from the primitive. 'Balinac wants food,' grunts the creature. Will you offer Balinac something (turn to 183), prepare to attack the creature (turn to 95) or flee into the jungle (turn to 125)?

359

Treading carefully, and keeping an eye open for any more overgrown mosquitoes, you are startled when three figures rise out of the clinging mire in front of you. They may once have been human but the creatures before you now are decomposing travesties, remnants of mud-sodden jerkins and breeches still hanging from their skeletal frames and each clutches a cutlass in its atrophying hands. You are facing only a few of the many who have lost their way and their lives in the swamp. Moaning balefully, the Zombie Pirates lurch at you. Fight them individually.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE PIRATE	6	6
Second ZOMBIE PIRATE	5	7
Third ZOMBIE PIRATE	7	6

If you defeat the shambling Undead, their bodies sink back into the swamp, leaving you to freely enter the jungle. Make a note of the number 397 and turn to **192**.

360

'I won't say any more unless you give old Scrimshaw a present,' the man says, giggling. He will accept any special items or artefacts you may have, including Grog or Rum, but not Provisions or Gold Pieces. If you agree to give Scrimshaw a present, cross it off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **41**. If not, or you are unable to, turn to **130**.

361

What will you choose? If you want to use a Blue Gem, turn to the paragraph which has the same number as there are sides to the jewel. If not, will you use a Skeleton Artefact (turn to **136**), a Witchdoctor's Wand (turn to **106**), a Monkey Totem (turn to **286**) or a Scorpion Talisman (**302**)? If you cannot or do not want to use any of the above you will have to use your weapon (turn to **177**).

362

The few items of furniture that remain inside this cabin are rimmed with frost and ice crystals cover the inside of a small, sealed porthole. As you search

the room you hear the voice of the wraith-ghost again. 'Leeeeave this plaace!' it screams. You shiver in fear, feeling ice water trickle down your spine and the blood curdle in your veins. (Lose 1 LUCK point and 1 SKILL point.) In terror you flee the haunted cabin. Turn to 4.

363

Resounding booms echo around the cavern as the ledge falls away behind you onto the rocks below. And then around a bend you see another archway in the cave wall. With one final spurt of energy you throw yourself through it, into the passageway beyond. Having recovered your breath you choose whether to go right (turn to 57) or left (turn to 91).

364

'Ahh, a contestant!' Calabrius exclaims. 'Come forward, don't be shy. Now where's your money?' You hand the man your 2 Gold Pieces (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*). Calabrius moves to the side of the huge calculating device and pulls a lever. There is a lot of noisy clanking and the number drums spin round at great speed. Gradually, one by one, they come to a stop behind their windows, the last one revealing itself to be blank so that the panel looks like this:

1 9 25 57 –

'The Calculator has devised its cunning conundrum. This machine can baffle even the greatest minds in Ruddlestone. Can you work out what the next number

in the sequence should be?' Well, can you? If so, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the answer. If you cannot solve the puzzle or the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, meaning you have got the answer wrong, you will have to leave Calabrius's Calculator and look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to 81), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to 9) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to 207).

365

The port's sprawling markets lie within the Merchant Quarter, which runs from Farthing Lane to Moneylender's Street. You have two possible options now; either you can look for practical equipment around the markets (turn to 351) or you can visit the Port of Crabs' lively Bazaar with its more exotic – and expensive – wares (turn to 42).

366

The Witchdoctor's room is full of totems and votive offerings. Amongst his possessions are a Crocodile Amulet, a small whalebone Skeleton Artefact and his wand, which now seems to have lost its power. You may take any of these objects if you want before leaving Malu's den. When you are finished here will you:

Open the far door?	Turn to 191
Open the door to the right?	Turn to 141
Open the door marked 'Captain?'	Turn to 97
Descend the staircase?	Turn to 211

367

Your symptoms rapidly become worse as you quickly succumb to the malaria. An agonizing death awaits, but fortunately for you it will not be long in coming. Your adventure is tragically over.

368

The tribesman, who is very eloquent, thanks you profusely for saving his life and gives you a Nauk Fruit (equivalent to 1 meal) before hurrying off into the jungle. (Record the word 'Sitnam' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down.)

369

The light is snuffed out and the vessel the Wreckers were luring onto the rocks turns away just in time, heading back out towards the open sea. (Record the word 'Enutrof' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Searching the Wreckers' bodies you find a total of 5 Gold Pieces and a Skeleton Key. As you are considering what to do next, from your vantage point high on the promontory you spot a sizeable cave entrance on the shoreline where the cliff-base meets the sea. Could this be the location of the pirates' hideout? Will you:

Climb down the cliff to the cave?	Turn to 391
Return to the lighthouse and investigate it further?	Turn to 296
Leave Mallan's Point?	Turn to 309

370

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **341**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **60**.

371

Hacking through the jungle with machetes, three pirates emerge from the undergrowth into your path. The first has a neatly trimmed beard and wears a bandana. The second has an ugly scar running from the top of his head down his chest and the last looks like a man-sized monkey! 'It's the snooper!' exclaims Keelhaul Jack, surprised at seeing you still alive. 'Attack!' Between the trees you are able to fight Cinnabar's pirates one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
JANGO	7	6
KEELHAUL JACK	8	7
SIMA THE MONKEY MAN	7	7

If you win, a search of the pirates' bodies reveals 8 Gold Pieces and a small bottle of rum (drinking this will restore up to 2 STAMINA points). You may also take one of their swords if you have lost yours, then turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

372

Studying the carving you deduce that the inscription around it reveals how to open the door. If you can work out the number hidden in the puzzle, turn to the paragraph with that number. If you are unable to you

have no choice but to return to the junction and go the other way (turn to 329).

373

The smugglers dead, you look inside the chest. It is full of counterfeit coins and the villains themselves only possess 4 Gold Pieces. Although you search as well as you can in the mist and darkness, you are unable to discover where the smugglers were headed. There is nothing more you can do here so you leave the cemetery. Add 1 Hour and turn to 52.

374

There is only one dose of this potion but, when drunk, it has the effect of restoring your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level and adding 2 to your Attack Strength for the next battle you have to fight. Return to 42.

375

You dodge the bolt and prepare to attack (turn to 182).

376

The crystal explodes in a blaze of light, blasting shards of rock around the chamber, some of which hit you (roll one dice, add 2 and deduct that number of STAMINA points). If you are still alive, you leave the crystal room. Record the word 'Dehsams' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 329.

377

As Crivens' monkey scampers away, you make a quick search of the bodies of your assailants, each of which has the mark of the Black Skull on their right hand. The Devotees carry no possessions but the old pirate is a different case entirely. About his person Crivens has a purse containing 6 Gold Pieces and a very unusual coin indeed. Almost twice the size of a Gold Piece, its face bears the image of a crab – it is a doubloon. Turning it over, you are surprised to discover that the other side has also been stamped with the picture of a crab. Doubloons have not been minted in the Port of Crabs for two centuries and as a consequence are rare and of great value. The coin you hold in your hand however is obviously a counterfeit as it has two heads. From this you can only surmise that someone has been trying to mint their own doubloons, no doubt as a way to raise some money. (Add the Crab Doubloon to your *Adventure Sheet*.) You may also take Crivens' Throwing Dagger if you wish. If you do, you can use it against an opponent before having to fight them: *Test your Skill* and, if you are successful, you may reduce their STAMINA score by 2 points. You may reclaim the dagger after the fight. Dregg told you that Crivens was one of Cinnabar's old crew so they obviously know that you are on to them. You will have to be careful not to attract their attentions further. Hurriedly, if somewhat cautiously, you set off again, away from the markets. If you have the word 'Dnalsi' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 17. If you do not, turn to 334.

378

Although the ropes and planks of the bridge creak and groan at your passing, the whole thing holds and you enter the cliff-face through the skull's open mouth. You find yourself in a high-ceilinged, torch-lit tunnel, which cuts its way deep into the mountain. It is not long before the tunnel opens out into a large, square chamber. Hideous painted carvings adorn the walls here but there is nothing else of interest in the room. However, three archways in the opposite wall lead onwards into the temple. Will you proceed through the archway to the left (turn to **216**), through the one in the centre (turn to **392**) or by passing under the archway to the right (turn to **255**)?

379

Incredibly you manage to kill the creature in its own watery domain. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) You heave yourself out of the water and take a few minutes to recover your breath. Then, confident that it will now be safe, you explore the cave. However, to your disappointment, no other tunnels lead from it. The pirates' hideout obviously isn't here. Turn to **350**.

380

The spider-scorpion strikes you with its sting, injecting its virulent poison directly into your blood-stream. (Lose 6 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2.) If you are still alive, reeling from the effects of the toxin, you continue your battle against the Scarachna. Return to **144**.

381

The castaway is happy to have someone to talk to having been alone on the island for so many years. Scrimshaw tells you that he was one of the crew of the notorious Blackscar and was marooned by him once the legendary pirate had hidden his treasure. He also says that the island is home to a warrior-tribe who live in fear of an evil priest. If you want to now ask him more about Blackscar's treasure, turn to **360**, otherwise you can leave the old man and explore the hills alone (turn to **65**).

382

Somewhat uncertainly, you hand over the 4 Gold Pieces (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*). 'Sit down and rest your weary feet,' says Madame Galbo in a soothing voice, and you comply willingly. 'You seek the followers of Quezkari for you fear they will return their pirate-lord to life?' You nod to confirm the wisewoman's thoughts. 'Your fears are well founded, for I have spoken with the spirits. Even now, those loyal to the Black Skull and Cinnabar make blood offerings to the death-god to restore the Pillager so that he may continue his reign of terror on the twelve seas of Titan. A champion, such as you, must stop them, for theirs is the way of voodoo. Voodoo magic is the magic of wild, untamed places. It is the magic of the jungle, primal and savage. It is primitive, bestial and dark. If Cinnabar returns he will be unstoppable and will enslave all of this city to his bloodthirsty master. I can help you in one of three ways for you cannot delay here – time is short. Do you

want me to look into your future to help you (turn to **11**), heal your wounds (turn to **179**) or prepare you a compound that may be of use in your trial (turn to **261**)?'

383

The tendril manages to wrap itself around you and, before you can do anything to free yourself, it drags you into the vase of the Pitcher Plant. The vase is filled with a potent natural acid, which is how the plant digests its food – you have just become its next meal. Your adventure comes to an agonising end here.

384

The creature does not appreciate being ignored and jabbers away at you in its own unintelligible language, but does not attack, so you set off through the jungle once more. However, as you leave, and unknown to you, the spiteful Rainforest Sprite steals one item and one meal's worth of your Provisions from your backpack as you depart. Cross these things off your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to the paragraph you noted down previously.

385

Chopping your way onwards through the sweltering jungle, you become lulled into a false sense of security. Slowly you are alerted to the presence of something moving in the trees above you. You freeze and look up into the canopy. There, clinging to the branches by its eight legs, is a monstrous, red spider with a scorpion's tail and sting arched over its back.

The spider-scorpion hybrid instantly shoots a sticky silk-like substance from its mouth directly at you. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to 144. If you fail, turn to 84.

386

As you try to creep past, the lizard's lashing tail strikes you and the ape accidentally lands a crushing blow against your shoulder. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Once on the other side of the clearing, you continue on your way. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

387

Some of the wreckage from Conyn's ship is still half-submerged in the sea. As you scour the flotsam and jetsam you reach under the broken hull of a jolly boat and are bitten by an eel hiding there (lose 2 STAMINA points). The rest of your search proves fruitless, so you give up on this course of action. Return to 300 and choose an option you have not picked already.

388

On touching the pearl you feel a warm tingling sensation in your arm. Holding the pearl in both hands your whole body is filled with revitalizing energy. Restore both you STAMINA and SKILL scores to their *Initial* levels and regain 2 LUCK points. Blessed by the life-giving pearl which Ramatu stole from the Usai tribe, you can now either take the fetish as well (turn to 210) or leave the temple (turn to 188).

389

With a fading moan the blood-freezing spirit dissolves into the chilling mist that fills the cabin. Do you want to depart the cabin yourself (turn to **4**), or do you want to explore the room first (turn to **362**)?

390

The bounty hunter finally agrees to approach the vessel but will have nothing to do with the ship himself. As the *Fortune* nears the *Sea Maiden* you see that its sails are rotten and the planks it is constructed from are covered with algae. Only the ghost ship's figurehead of a beautiful young woman appears untarnished. You can see no one on deck, the only sound being the moan of the wind in the ship's sails and the creaking of the mast. Do you want to personally board the *Sea Maiden* to explore it further (turn to **238**) or leave the vessel on its eternal voyage (turn to **153**)?

391

In the darkness, and with the rocks constantly splashed by sea-spray, your descent is somewhat dangerous. *Test your Skill* three times. If you fail any of the rolls, turn to **114**. If you pass all of the rolls, turn to **219**.

392

The tunnel you find yourself in has been cut from the bedrock of the mountain itself. Creeping through the gloom you hear a skittering sound ahead of you. Then three stunted figures appear to coalesce from out of

the darkness. At first you think they are pygmies but then you realise that there is something horribly wrong. The pallid grey flesh, the sightless white eyes, the slack dead expressions – these pygmies are already dead and have been brought back to life by some unholy power. And you are going to have to fight them.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE PYGMY	6	5
Second ZOMBIE PYGMY	5	5
Third ZOMBIE PYGMY	6	4

The first and second pygmies attack you at the same time with their stabbing javelins whilst the third attempts to hit you with poison darts from its deadly blowpipe. Every other Attack Round, roll for the third pygmy's Attack Strength as well. If it is greater than yours it manages to hit you with one of its darts, causing you to lose an additional 2 points of STAMINA. Once you have defeated the first and second Zombie Pygmy you may then fight the third as normal. If you survive this encounter, turn to 20.

393

'Ah yes,' grins the guru, accepting your money happily (cross off the 2 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*), 'you are the curse-lifter, the ridder of evil, the seeker of truth, the righter of wrongs.' You have a feeling this is what the wise man tells all his punters. 'Beware, vengeance-seeker, for a watery grave awaits you between the Crab's claws and the under-tunnels hold nothing but death. Search out the

beacon and the woman of the taboo path.' Mystified, you ponder what to do next. Will you consult the blind seer (turn to **167**) or the mute fortune-teller (turn to **98**) for another 2 Gold Pieces, or would you rather now leave the Temple Quarter (add 1 Hour and turn to **334**)?

394

Trapping the Jaguar in a headlock you beat the cat into submission. Victorious, you are pulled from the pit and have your weapon returned. Turn to **142**.

395

At your final blow, your ghostly adversary reels and then rises up again, apparently unharmed and smiling, as are the other undead! 'Thank you, brave warrior,' says the captain in more human tones. 'Years ago we were damned to sail the twilight way by a foul-begotten pirate-lord. By besting me in battle, you have released us from our hellish curse. We shall be eternally grateful but now you must leave our ship, and quickly.' Not waiting for an explanation you rush back to the deck and disembark the *Sea Maiden*. (Add the word 'Nediam' to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point for lifting the curse.) Turn to **153**.

396

Turning a corner you feel a sharp pinprick in the back of your neck. Putting your hand to the place, you pull a tiny dart from your skin. Its tip is stained with a dark liquid – pois... Turn to 158.

397

Dusk is falling as you come to the outskirts of a group of mud huts in a large clearing in the jungle. You can see tribespeople going about their business within the village but how do you think they'd react to a stranger not native to Bone Island? Will you enter the village (turn to 274) or give it a wide berth and camp for the night in the jungle (turn to 164)?

398

Could it be? Hastily you pull the tiny grimacing idol from your backpack and know that you are correct in your assumptions by Cinnabar's reaction: his heart is actually enclosed inside the fetish of the voodoo death-god! 'What are you doing with that?' the pirate-lord gasps in horror. 'Look, I'll give you anything you desire; gold, jewels, why even the Port of Crabs if you so wish. Only spare me!' Cinnabar has shown himself to be the pitiful coward he really is. The only thing he owes you for the slaughter of your family is his death! Hurling the fetish onto the deck you smash it open and pierce Cinnabar's heart with the tip of your sword. With a spine-chilling wail, Cinnabar collapses in front of you. Immediately his flesh starts to decay, dissolving into a grey-green sludge as it drops from his bones, which in turn crumble to dust. Soon all that

is left of the foul pirate-lord are his clothes. The butcher known as Bloodbones is truly dead at last (regain 1 LUCK point).

Suddenly a cloud of thick, black smoke starts to pour from the shattered pieces of the broken fetish. The vapour coalesces and then solidifies before you into a terrifying form: the true source of Cinnabar's power is manifesting itself. Standing where the pirate fell is a grotesque creature with a withered, skeletal human body and a grossly over-large, skull-like head, adorned with a feathered headdress. At the death of his servant, Quezkari himself has come to seek your demise! Will you try to use something against the horror (turn to 361) or attack it with your weapon (turn to 177)?

399

The Darkwood Armband is carved to look like a snake with its tail in its mouth. Putting it on does not make you feel any different – at least not at the moment. Now return to 42.

400

At your killing blow, Quezkari's rapidly decomposing body is engulfed in flames. Looking about you, you see that, having lost their leader and witnessed the defeat of their 'god', the pirates are running around in disarray and have almost been suppressed by the undead crew of the *Sea Maiden*. Your attention is drawn back to Quezkari's corpse by the raging fire that has now spread to the deck and

mast of the *Virago*. 'Hurry, my friend!' calls Velyarde. 'We are done here.'

Fleeing the pirate vessel with the rest of Velyarde's crew, once you are back on board the ghost ship you watch from a safe distance as the galleon is consumed by flames and then finally sinks beneath the waves. Thanks to you, the cruel pirate-lord Cinnabar has been destroyed, along with his evil master Quezkari, and the Pirates of the Black Skull are no more. Your homeland is safe.

As the sun sinks towards the horizon, tingeing the Western Ocean a brilliant orange, you gaze out across the watery expanse deep in thought. You are stirred from your reverie by Captain Velyarde as he joins you at the prow. 'Before we must depart this world for good, may I pay you one last service for freeing us from our unending torment, by taking you to some port?' he asks.

'Yes,' you say in reply, 'Clam Beach. Take me home.'

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
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MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

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STEVE JACKSON AND IAN LIVINGSTONE

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BLOODBONES

BY JONATHAN GREEN
ILLUSTRATED BY TONY HOUGH

Wizard Books

This edition published in the UK in 2006 by Wizard Books,
an imprint of Icon Books Ltd., The Old Dairy,
Brook Road, Thriplow, Cambridge SG8 7RG
email: wizard@iconbooks.co.uk
www.iconbooks.co.uk/wizard

Sold in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia by TBS Ltd.,
TBS Distribution Centre, Colchester Road,
Frating Green, Colchester CO7 7DW

This edition published in Australia in 2006 by
Allen & Unwin Pty. Ltd., PO Box 8500,
83 Alexander Street, Crows Nest, NSW 2065

Distributed in Canada by Penguin Books Canada,
90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700,
Toronto, Ontario M4P 2Y3

ISBN 10: 1 84046 765 7
ISBN 13: 978 1840467 65 9

Text copyright © 2006 Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone
Illustrations copyright © 2006 Tony Hough
Map copyright © 2006 Jonathan Green

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Printed and bound in the UK by
Cox & Wyman Ltd., Reading

For Steve and Ian, who started it all.
For Dave Holt, who kept the faith.
And for everyone else who ever wondered…

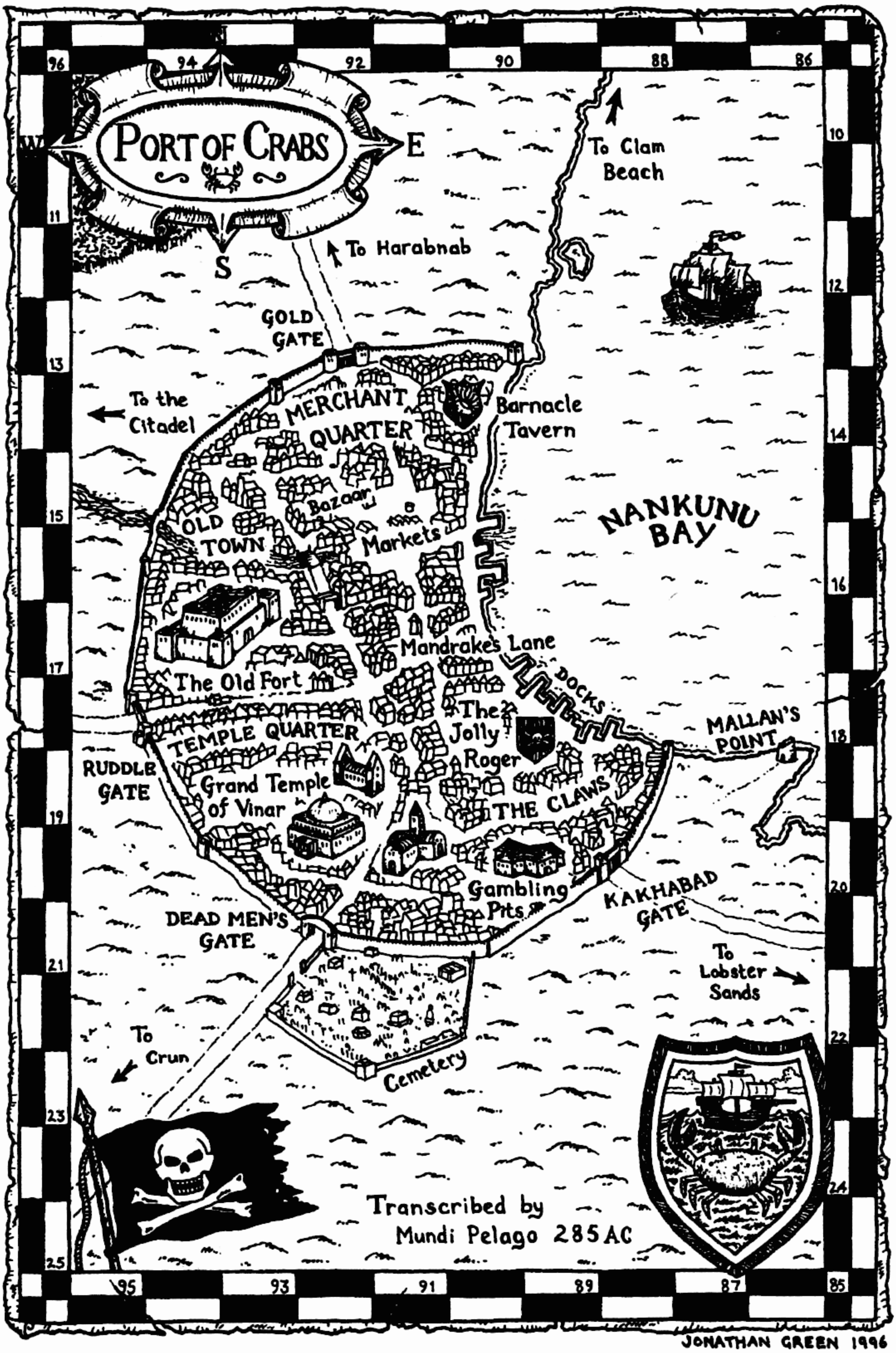
PORT OF CRABS
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To Harabnab
GOLD GATE
To the Citadel
MERCHANT QUARTER
Barnacle Tavern
Bazaar
OLD TOWN
Markets
NANKUNU BAY
Mandrake's Lane
DOCKS
The Old Fort
TEMPLE QUARTER
The Jolly Roger
MALLAN'S POINT
RUDDLE GATE
Grand Temple of Vinar
THE CLAWS
Gambling Pits
KAKHABAD GATE
DEAD MEN'S GATE
To Lobster Sands
To Crun
Cemetery
Transcribed by Mundi Pelago 285AC
JONATHAN GREEN 1996

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 14-15 there is an *Adventure Sheet,* which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording the scores of your attributes. You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one dice. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one dice. Add 6 to the number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, all your scores will change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may never exceed their *Initial* scores, except on those very rare occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Your SKILL reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility. Your STAMINA score reflects

how healthy and physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky you are.

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you, and you yourself may choose to draw your sword against an enemy you chance across. In some such situations you may be given special options allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box found at the back of the book. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions, which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll both dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled, to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows: start a new Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).

5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. You may use LUCK to reduce the loss of STAMINA (see below).

6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die, your adventure ends and you must start all over again by creating a new character.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one person or creature in combat. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will be able to fight each in turn; and at other times you will have to fight them all at the same time! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. When you are instructed to fight your opponents one at a time, the combat is again resolved normally – except that once you defeat an enemy, the next steps forward to fight you! When you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against any additional opponents you throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way; if your Attack Strength is greater than your opponent's, in this instance you will not inflict any damage; you can regard it as if you have parried an incoming blow. If your Attack

Strength is lower than your adversary's, however, you will be wounded in the normal way. Of course, you will have to settle the outcome against each additional adversary separately.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for *Testing your Luck* works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the outcome will be in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck,* you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this procedure will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck,* and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on an opponent you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky you have inflicted a severe wound; deduct an extra 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow only scratches your opponent; and you deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA (i.e., instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you now score only 1).

Whenever you yourself are wounded in combat, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct only 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 extra STAMINA point (i.e., deduct a total of 3 points from your own STAMINA).

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your adventure. Occasionally, a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

At various times during your adventure, you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for this is exactly the same as that for *Testing your Luck*: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is

higher than your current SKILL score, you will have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck,* do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill.*

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure. It will drop as a result of wounds gained through combat, or by falling foul of traps and pitfalls, and it will also drop after you perform any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start all over again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating meals or Provisions. You start the game without any Provisions, but during your adventure you will be able to obtain meals. You must keep track of how many meals worth of Provisions you have left by filling in the details in the Provisions box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Each time you eat a meal you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, but you must remember to deduct 1 meal from your Provisions box. You may stop and eat Provisions at any time except when you are engaged in a battle.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly lucky or created your own luck by some action. Details are given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the

book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Time

During the first part of your adventure it is very important that you keep track of the passage of time. At various points you will be told to add one or more Hours to the total time you have taken so far on your adventure. This should be recorded in the Time Elapsed box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The reason why you must keep a careful track of time will become apparent as your adventure progresses.

Equipment and Gold

You begin your adventure carrying a sword, a lantern and tinderbox, and a backpack to hold your Provisions and Gold Pieces. To find out how many Gold Pieces you begin your adventure with, roll two dice and add 12 to the number rolled. Note this total down in the Gold Pieces box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Your sword and lantern should be noted in the Equipment box on your *Adventure Sheet*, as must any other useful items you may acquire on your quest.

Alternative Dice

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one dice, read only the first printed dice; if two, total the two dice symbols.

BLOODBONES

SKILL
Initial
Skill =

STAMINA
Initial
Stamina =

LUCK
Initial
Luck =

ITEMS AND EQUIPMENT CARRIED

ADVENTURE SHEET

GOLD

PROVISIONS REMAINING

TIME

CODEWORDS

NOTES AND CLUES

BACKGROUND

It all started ten years ago when the evil pirate-lord Cinnabar murdered your family. At the time you were only twelve years old and lived with your family in the small fishing village of Clam Beach on the northern coast of Ruddlestone, half-way between the two major ports of the kingdom: Harabnab, home to all lawful adventurers and sailors, and the sinister Port of Crabs. Life in Clam Beach was not easy but it did have a peaceful security about it. And then the terrible day came.

It was a clear summer's day in Warming when the huge, forbidding, black galleon sailed into the bay, flying the dreaded flag of the skull and crossbones: pirates. The bloodthirsty cutthroats were soon racing up the beach towards the village. The fighting was swift and bloody. Soon most of the men folk of Clam Beach had been killed, your father and two brothers dying whilst trying to defend the village. In the end the village elders had no choice but to surrender to the marauding raiders and open the village's meagre treasure coffers. The cruel pirate captain came ashore from his ship to collect the booty himself. The sight of him filled you with awe and fear. The pirate was a tall, handsome man with a neatly trimmed, pointed black beard and his hair tied back in a ponytail. He was dressed in the clothes of a nobleman, with a fine scarlet coat, trimmed with gold braid, and wearing a large tricorn hat. At his waist hung a gleaming cutlass

and you could not help noticing that on the back of his right hand was tattooed the image of a grinning, black skull. When the raiders had finally gone, filled with feelings of hatred for those who had murdered your family, you asked Raguy, the village soothsayer, who the pirate captain was. 'That villain is one of the most evil men ever to sail the twelve seas of Titan!' was his vehement reply. 'He is one of the most feared pirate-lords of our age, a creature without remorse, a murderer, and a follower of the bloodthirsty voodoo death-god Quezkari, whose mark is the black skull. His name is Cinnabar, but because of the terrible atrocities he commits he is also known as Bloodbones.' From that moment you vowed that, one day, you would have your revenge on the evil Cinnabar.

Your mother became ill soon after that dreadful day and three years later she died. On your sixteenth birthday you left Clam Beach and made your way to Harabnab, gaining the position of cabin boy on a ship travelling to the distant continent of Allansia. So it is that for the last six years you have sailed all across the globe, but you never forgot the promise you made to yourself a decade ago. Over many voyages you have tried to learn as much as you can about the rogue captain. You discovered that Cinnabar's galleon, the *Virago*, is frequently seen sailing in the waters around Nankunu Bay and that he has a hidden base somewhere close to the Port of Crabs. You also gleaned as much information as you could about the notorious city. And so, when you decided that you were at last ready to confront your enemy and the chance of

passage on a merchant ship sailing to the Port of Crabs came up, you leapt at the opportunity. Vengeance, you are sure, will soon be yours.

The Port of Crabs is haven to every pirate, buccaneer and freebooter who ply their trade off the coast of the kingdom of Ruddlestone in the Old World. As you stand at the prow of the merchantman, looking towards the land, you can make out the ramshackle jumble of buildings of the infamous city and the outline of the Old Fort that stands above it like some ancient, crumbling sentinel. The merchantman bumps against the stone jetty and you quickly disembark. Not only is the Port of Crabs one of the most dangerous cities in the Old World, but a thick fog is starting to roll in from the sea. It is late afternoon on a chill day in Unlocking and the docks are bustling with activity. Standing close to the quayside is a large, old stone building, which looks like it could withstand a battering from Hydana, God of the Deep, himself. Hanging over its sturdy oak door is a faded sign declaring that this is the Jolly Roger. This seems as good a place as any to begin your search for Cinnabar, so you enter the inn.

The spacious bar inside the Jolly Roger is packed with all manner of scurvy-looking sailors and other low-lifes. The landlord is as big as an ox and has a large anchor tattooed on one arm. No one takes any notice of you as you enter, so you approach the bar and order a tankard of ale (deduct 1 Gold Piece from your *Adventure Sheet*). You decide to question the landlord about Cinnabar first. Over your tankard of ale you

talk about the weather and the state of trade and then draw the innkeeper onto the subject of the pirate you seek. 'I hear the *Virago* plies these waters,' you say. 'I'm surprised we weren't attacked ourselves.'

'Not anymore it doesn't,' the landlord replies. 'Have you not heard? Cinnabar has been dead these last six months.'

Cinnabar dead? You have come all this way, after years of harbouring desires for revenge, only to find that the dread pirate-lord has already passed from this world! You ask the landlord how he died. 'Have you not heard? I would've thought that everyone as far as the Diamond Islands would know by now. It all happened last Hiding.' You listen attentively as the innkeeper relates the tale. It appears that Cinnabar and his crew were emptying the hold of a galley sailing from Harabnab to Arkleton, in distant Analand, when the renowned bounty hunter Conyn caught up with them in his ship, the *Fortune*. Unable to escape, Cinnabar and his men had to defend themselves against the crews of the galley and Conyn. Fierce fighting ensued with Cinnabar eventually falling at Conyn's hand, having suffered an incredible number of wounds, his body being lost to the sea. With their leader killed, the surviving members of his crew fled aboard the *Virago*, returning to the Port of Crabs. Soon after, Cinnabar's second-in-command, Mirel the Red, set off in the *Virago* amid terrible storms, purportedly to recover her captain's body. 'Many now believe that the pirate-lord's galleon sank as it has not been seen since,' the landlord says, concluding his story. You

thank him for his help and, in a bewildered daze, you make to leave the inn. You console yourself with the thought that at least the murderer of your family has at last been brought to justice.

As you leave the Jolly Roger you feel someone pulling on your jerkin. Turning round you discover that an old drunk, slumped at a table by himself, is the one trying to attract your attention. 'Just because he's dead doesn't mean he's at rest,' mutters the drunk. Curious about the drunk's words, you sit down opposite the old man and ask him what he means. 'Let's just say you don't want to go believing everything you hear. But I know what's going on. Oh yes, old Dregg knows. Cinnabar isn't *really* dead see, and he's coming back!' the old man says in a harsh whisper. Intrigued, you press Dregg to tell you more but he suddenly becomes serious and looks round the barroom uneasily. 'Not here. Meet me outside in ten minutes.' You nod in agreement and leave the Jolly Roger.

Tendrils of fog are now swirling around the boats in the harbour and oozing along the streets of the town. When the ten minutes are up you quickly return to the Jolly Roger and sneak down the side alley next to it. In the mist and shadows at the end of the narrow alleyway you can make out three figures standing over a fourth, cowering on the ground at their feet. Wasting no time, you draw your sword and dash towards them. Hearing your approach the three pirates turn to face you. The burly characters are ugly, scarred rogues and the biggest of them, who is easily

wielding a heavy wooden club in one hand and holding a bullwhip in the other, looks as if he has some Ogre blood in his lineage. At the pirates' feet lies Dregg, beaten, bruised and only just conscious. 'Here's the snooper,' growls the Half-Ogre. 'You're no match for us. By the time we've finished with you, you'll be feeding the shrimps. Or rather the shrimps'll be feeding *on* you.' The other two pirates burst into coarse laughter at their companion's joke. 'Yeah, you're fishbait!'

Turn to paragraph **1**.

1

Still laughing, the ruffians advance towards you. Apart from the Half-Ogre, there is a well-built bearded man, missing most of his teeth, and a leaner rogue with two ugly red scars running down the right-hand side of his face. Will you:

Try to escape?	Turn to **135**
Charge one of the pirates?	Turn to **357**
Stand firm and prepare to fight the rogues?	Turn to **74**

2

On your trek through the jungle you come upon two strange plants. One is a large bush with serrated-edged leaves and the other is a palm-like tree, the fronds of which are striped orange and black. The leaves of the Blade Bush are strong enough to be used as weapons so if you have lost your sword you may break off a Blade Leaf to use instead. The Tiger Palm is known to help in the healing of wounds. You may take some of the fronds which when applied to injuries after one battle will restore up to half the STAMINA points lost in that battle. Having taken what you want, turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

3

The Troll possesses nothing that might help you in your quest. Leaving the body lying in the filthy water, you set about trying to find a way out of this stinking hole. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **171**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **193**.

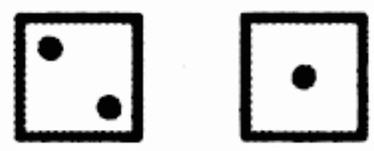

4

After your encounter with the soul-chilling spirit you just want to leave the room as quickly as you can. Slamming the door to the cabin shut behind you, will you:

Open the right-hand door?	Turn to **202**
Go down into the hold?	Turn to **26**
Leave the ship?	Turn to **72**

5

Studying the *Arcanum,* it soon becomes apparent that it is Erasmus the Wizard's Book of Spells. You find several charms which you think you might be able to learn. However, you only have time to learn one from the following list.

Fortune's Favour – casting this spell restores up to 3 LUCK points.

Trueskill – once cast, the next time you have to *Test your Skill* you can avoid the roll and take it as if you were successful.

Voodoo Vexer – whenever you are attacked by Zombies, casting this spell will repel 1–3 of them (roll one dice and halve the result, rounding fractions down) so you do not have to fight them.

Insect Repellent – if ever you are bothered by insects, regardless of their size, this spell will keep them away from you so that you can avoid combat.

Each time you cast a spell you must reduce your STAMINA score by 2 points. Now will you:

Look at the *Mythica*?	Turn to **47**
Examine the potions more closely?	Turn to **217**
Leave the cell?	Turn to **385**

6

Taking flight, you hear a sharp crack behind you and then find yourself falling forwards as the Half-Ogre's whip wraps around your ankles and your feet are pulled from beneath you. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Dropping his whip, the Half-Ogre moves in to attack you with his club.

HALF-OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If the Half-Ogre wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, the blow from his club knocks you off your feet. This means that you spend the next round of combat getting up again, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for that Attack Round. If you kill the Half-Ogre, turn to **328**.

7

'You're too late,' gasps Ramatu with his dying breath. 'The ritual is complete; Cinnabar is invulnerable.' And then he is dead. You have rid the world of the evil Ramatu, Quezkari's servant – congratulations! Regain 1 LUCK point. There is no time to lose, Cinnabar must be on his way back to the Port of Crabs right now! As you prepare to leave the temple in pursuit of the Pirate-Lord you catch sight of the altar at the base of Quezkari's statue. On it is a fetish of the dark god-spirit and a sparkling, fist-sized pearl. Do you want to:

Pick up the fetish?	Turn to **210**
Take the pearl?	Turn to **388**
Leave the temple immediately?	Turn to **188**

8

The ward you have chosen is in fact a Spirit Jewel, which has the power to drain the unearthly energies of denizens of the Ethereal Plane. When you finally confront Quezkari reduce his SKILL score by 3 points and his STAMINA by 6 and regain 1 LUCK point. Hissing in anger, the Arch-Spirit advances on you. Turn to **177**.

9

Beneath a brightly painted banner, bearing his name, sits the Amazing Armarno. The man has the look of a Lendlelander about him, with sallow skin, slanting eyes and a long, thin moustache. He is performing a trick with three playing cards and has attracted a small crowd of curious onlookers. Two of the cards are black, one is white, and the aim of the game seems to be to guess which of the cards is the white one when they have been shuffled and laid face down on the small table in front of the man. To play the game you have to place a stake of 2 Gold Pieces to win a potential prize of 10 Gold Pieces, although at the moment no one seems to be having much luck against Armarno. If you want to play, turn to **32**: if not you can either move on to the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**) or Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), or leave the Gambling Pits altogether (turn to **207**).

10

Coming to the edge of an escarpment you find yourself looking out over the sparkling waters of a large lagoon, linked to the sea by a narrow channel on the far side. And sure enough, at anchor in the bay is the *Virago* itself, flying the skull and crossbones. Hearing a noise behind you, you look round to see four scurvy-looking characters advancing on you, weapons at the ready. 'You'll not be getting away this time,' sneers one of them and then the pirates charge at you. Fight them two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
IORGA THE BEAR	9	10
BEASTFACE	8	8
THE BOSUN	9	9
ONE-EYED LAGAN	10	7

If you defeat all your assailants, you decide that you have nothing to gain by trying to board the *Virago* and so set off for the Temple of Quezkari where you are sure the ritual to resurrect Cinnabar is to be completed. Turn to **115**.

11

The old wisewoman explains that to consult the spirits about your future you must give up some of your life-blood. If you agree to this, turn to **160**. If not, you will either have to choose that Madame Galbo heals your wounds (turn to **179**) or that she prepares a compound that might be of use to you on your quest (turn to **261**).

12

You hurl the powdered mixture in the undead pirate's face (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). The corpse's face distorts, not in pain but with laughter. 'You're going to need more than parlour tricks to stop Jolly Roger,' the macabre creature chuckles horribly. Turn to **147**.

13

The tunnel soon ends at a closed door. From beyond it, you hear the sound of something large moving around and there is an almost overpowering musky animal odour. Boldly, you fling open the door. The monster that is trapped inside the room immediately turns to face you. It looks like a huge predatory cat with a fiery red coat and mane, a ridge of spikes growing from its spine, and huge fangs. Lashing behind the beast are several long, snake-like tails, each ending in a stinging barb. This is truly a cat-o'-nine-tails! You are somehow going to have to get past this monster if you are to find the Pirates of the Black Skull. Do you want to attack it with your sword (turn to **78**) or will you try to distract the beast by throwing it some food (turn to **162**)?

14

You make your offering to the God of Pride (deduct the Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*). You automatically feel filled with renewed confidence and a sense of optimism. Vinar's blessing has been conferred upon you. Restore up to 2 LUCK points. Turn to **209**.

15

Captain Velyarde engages in combat with a lithe, well-dressed pirate while you find yourself challenged by a man built like a gorilla, and carrying a battle-axe. Hobbes, the *Virago's* First Mate, is a veteran of countless sea battles.

FIRST MATE HOBBES SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **298**.

16

To try to avoid unwanted attention and in order to remain as inconspicuous as possible, you decide to wait until nightfall before investigating potential locations for the pirates' base. Add 2 Hours. Where will you begin your search? Around the docks (turn to **67**), at the ruined lighthouse on the promontory to the southeast of the port (turn to **146**), in the taverns and inns of the city (turn to **150**), in the sewers beneath the port (turn to **355**), at the cemetery outside the city walls (turn to **83**), or in the Temple Quarter (turn to **181**)?

17

You are passing a shop window containing a display of old maps and scrolls when you suddenly remember the cryptic message you overheard in the Gambling Pits, referring to Bone Island. Pausing, you take a closer look at the shop. Above the decorative window is a sign painted with the words: 'Mundi Pelago – Cartographer. Accurate and Attractive Maps and Charts.' Surely a mapmaker would be as good a person as any to ask about an island. Do you want to enter the shop (turn to **288**), or will you go on your way (turn to **334**)?

18

The stench of sulphur is too much for you and you misplace your next step. You land in the boiling mud and, before you can drag yourself out of the pool, manage to swallow some of it! Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **194**.

19

'Have it your own way,' Snide declares before leaving. Nobody comes to your cell that night, so you do not have an opportunity to bluff your way out of this predicament and the door is far too sturdy to break down. By the time you do get out of this dungeon you will be far too late to stop the Pirates of the Black Skull. Thanks to a grave injustice, you have failed in your mission.

20

Leaving the pygmies' lifeless bodies you continue further along the passageway, only to discover that it reaches a dead-end at a rock fall. It looks like the cave-in happened fairly recently. Do you want to see if you can shift some of the stones and force a way through the rock fall (turn to **140**) or would you rather return to the entrance to the temple and choose an alternative route (turn to **166**)?

21

Leaving the bats' chamber you continue along the tunnel. Suddenly your lantern illuminates a horrifying scene: a mouldering human skeleton hangs impaled on a row of spears that jut out from one wall of the tunnel. Too late you wonder if you may have strayed too far this time. The next second there is a whooshing, whistling sound and you react instantly. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **196**. If you fail, turn to **138**.

22

'You must be joking!' laughs the guard. 'Now clear off before I forget I'm having a good day.' Do you want to persist in trying to enter the Old Fort (turn to **49**) or

will you leave, if somewhat reluctantly, and go elsewhere (add 1 Hour and turn to **334**)?

23

Seeing you wielding the bone sword, Zyteea calls out, 'Nightdeath, aid us now!' Instantly, the blade glows with magical fire! You strike the thing with your curious weapon and it lets out a shrill cry of pain. Dropping the tribesman, the shadowy beast turns on you. Without further hesitation you attack the conjured voodoo spirit.

SPIRIT-BEAST	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **277**.

24

As he leads you through the trees, Balinac tells you about his master. Apparently he was a wizard named Erasmus who lived in a secluded cell on the island. Originally the wizard came from a place called Halak in Allansia but he left the city to escape from the hustle and bustle of everyday life. You soon come to a small stone building in a clearing in the jungle, partially submerged in the earth. Inside, the place is in a state of disrepair and there is no sign of Erasmus. You ask Balinac where his master is and are surprised and confused by his reply: 'Master dead. Killed by voodoo man from skull face in the mountains. Balinac not go there.' Loping over to a straw-filled wooden box, Balinac says, 'Magical wine here. Master had magic books too,' and he points to a desk in one corner of the room. On it lie two weighty tomes, one entitled

the *Mythica* and the other the *Arcanum*. There might well be something here that could help you in your quest. Do you want to:

Examine the potions?	Turn to **217**
Study the *Mythica*?	Turn to **47**
Read the *Arcanum*?	Turn to **5**
Leave the cell and Balinac?	Turn to **385**

25

You step through the door and all too late notice a movement in the shadows either side of you. A heavy cosh hits you across the back of your head and you lose consciousness immediately. Turn to **158**.

26

The hold is illuminated by a phantasmal glow and as you look around you, the ghostly figures of the dead crew emerge from the shadows to surround you. Unable to escape, you wait for the undead's next move. The spectral sailors part and their cursed captain enters the ring. His eyes blaze like ship's lanterns and he wields a very real-looking, rusty cutlass in one hand. 'If you want to leave this ship,' he says in a booming voice like slamming crypt doors, 'you must best me, Captain Velyarde, in single combat. Unsheathe your weapon and prepare to fight!' With that, the ghost wildly attacks.

CAPTAIN VELYARDE	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **395**.

27

Before you even reach Dead Men's Gate, a mass of figures emerge from out of the darkness and you are set upon by a crowd of pirates and black-robed Devotees. Soon overpowered, you are coshed over the head and knocked out. Turn to **158**.

28

Your attackers are Mask Zombies, created through dark voodoo rituals to be guards and servants in Quezkari's temple. The Zombies thrust at you with their flint-spears as you unsheathe your own weapon.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MASK ZOMBIE	8	6
Second MASK ZOMBIE	8	6

If you win, turn to **265**.

29

Despite being exquisitely made and incredibly detailed, there does not seem to be anything unusual about the ship. Of course, you could always try smashing the bottle to examine the model more closely, although this would probably make a lot of noise and possibly alert others on the ship to your presence. If you want to smash the bottle, turn to **293**. If not, will you:

Look at the globe?	Turn to **349**
Open the chest?	Turn to **316**
Examine the desk?	Turn to **134**
Leave the cabin?	Turn to **233**

30

Your battle over, you suddenly find yourself surrounded by Mask Zombies. Unable to take on all of the Voodoo Priest's undead slaves you soon find yourself restrained and dragged from the Scarachna's web-lair. Hauled into the inner sanctum of the temple, you are brought before Ramatu, the High Priest of Quezkari. At one end of the chamber is a statue of the voodoo death-god, just as in the shrine back in the Port of Crabs, only this one is even larger and more macabre. The High Priest himself is an intimidating figure. He wears crimson and scarlet robes, no doubt dyed in blood, a feathered headdress like that of Quezkari and a necklace of shrunken human heads. On his chest is the tattoo of a huge black skull, and in one hand he is holding an up-turned human skull full of a foul green liquid.

'Intruder,' he says, speaking for the first time, 'you have trespassed within the Temple of the Dark One. As punishment, you must drink the Ichor of Quezkari!' Held in the tight grip of the Mask Zombies your mouth is forced open and the foul liquid is poured down your throat and you are made to swallow. Immediately you are assailed by all manner of phantasmal creatures; cruel jeering spirits and grotesque half-human things. *Test your Skill*. If you fail, turn to **62**. If you succeed, turn to **248**.

31

Gulping down the potion, you grab hold of the portcullis with both hands and heave! Disregard the bonus the potion normally adds to your Attack Strength and turn to **99**.

32

You do not have to wait long for your turn. (Deduct 2 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*.) Eagle-eyed, you watch closely as the man shows you where the white card is and then places all the cards face down on the table. He deftly switches their positions at an incredible speed, but you keep concentrating on the white card. When he finally stops, you point to the card you are sure is the white one. With a smile, Armarno turns it over and reveals it to be black. You have a sneaking suspicion that the Amazing Armarno is conning you. Do you want to challenge the trickster about this suspected fraud (turn to **258**), play another game, just to be sure (turn to **118**) or will you move on from this stand (turn to **223**)?

33

Running hell-for-leather, you round a corner and run straight into more of Cinnabar's pirates. You are soon overcome. Receiving a blow to the back of your head from a heavy cosh, you lose consciousness... Turn to 158.

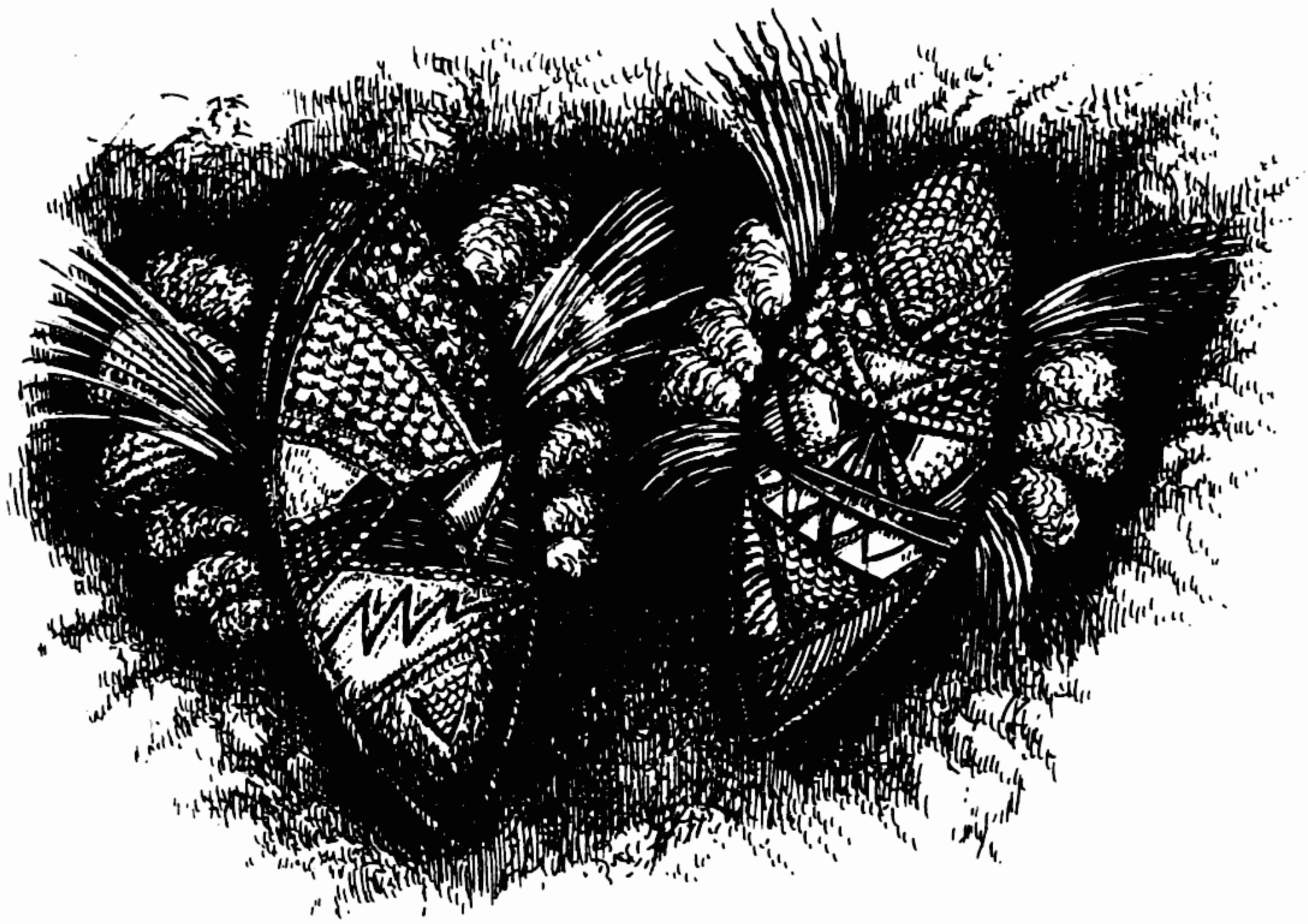

34

Your weapon is taken from you and you are taken to a pit into which you are lowered while a bamboo gate on the other side is raised. Instantly, a snarling Jaguar springs into the pit and lashes out at you with its claws. Unarmed, you must wrestle the predatory cat with your SKILL reduced by 2 points for this fight.

JAGUAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

However, if you win two consecutive Attack Rounds, or reduce the Jaguar's STAMINA to 2 points or less,

turn to **394**. If the cat reduces your STAMINA score to 3 points or less first, the Jaguar is held at bay and you are rescued from the pit and have your weapon returned (turn to **194**).

35

You manage to dodge the pan of scalding water as it sails past your head. But now you are going to have to deal with the enraged Bladderwrack. A meat cleaver gripped tightly in one podgy hand, the cannibal cook charges at you, his rolls of fat wobbling disgustingly.

BLADDERWRACK		
THE COOK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you defeat the cook, turn to **285**.

36

Pulling back the pirate flag you prise open the nailed lid of the coffin. You gasp and take a step back on seeing that the coffin is still occupied. Lying within is the body of a pirate still wearing a tricorn hat and ragged waistcoat. The dead man's hands are crossed on his chest, and in its rigour mortis-locked fingers the corpse clutches a golden talisman fashioned to look like a scorpion. The most peculiar thing about the pirate's corpse is that despite being trapped within a sealed coffin and left in an abandoned room, apart from having a rather unhealthy grey pallor to its skin, it does not look like it has really begun to decay at all. What will you do now? Do you want to take the Scorpion Talisman from the corpse (turn to **89**), or would you rather leave this unsettling place (turn to **166**)?

37

There is a rustling amongst the frond-like leaves of a tree in front of you and suddenly you find yourself looking into two yellow eyes, with black slits for pupils. You stop and stare as an angular green face emerges from amidst the vegetation. You are facing a tiny humanoid with cat-like eyes and spindly, twig-like limbs. The little creature is wearing a startling headdress of parakeet feathers, a grass skirt and is holding a javelin in one bony hand. The tiny humanoid puts its head on one side and smiles broadly at you before holding out its empty hand towards you. How will you respond to this action? Will you:

Offer the creature some food?	Turn to 348
Give the creature an item from your backpack?	Turn to 122
Attack the creature?	Turn to 307
Ignore the creature and go on your way?	Turn to 384

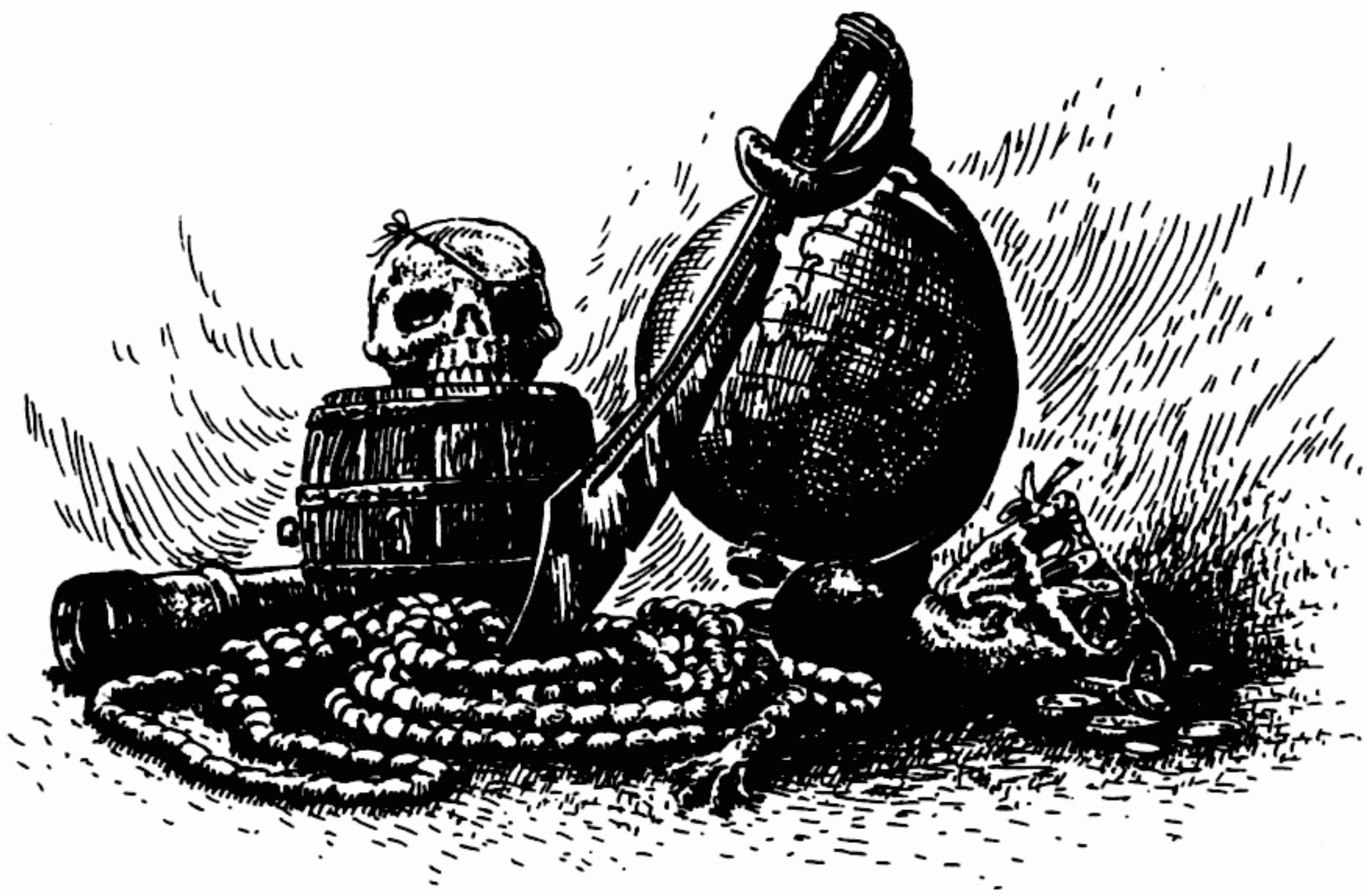

38

Rubbing the serrated edges of the teeth against the rope, with the bracelet on your wrist, you soon cut through the strands. You free yourself just before the water filling the pit covers your head. Climbing out of a potentially watery grave, you find your back-pack and sword dumped nearby – nothing has been taken (regain 1 LUCK point). Without further delay, hurriedly you head off after the pirates. You soon find yourself at the edge of a huge natural cavern, inside which the sea has formed a large bay. At the far end of the cave is an entrance large enough to admit a sailing vessel. And sure enough, moored to a jetty at the edge of the water, is a great galleon. The ship flies the skull and crossbones flag common to all pirate vessels and instead of a figurehead, you are disturbed to see a human skeleton bound to the bowsprit. Before you see the name *Virago* painted on its side you know that this is Cinnabar's galleon which was supposed to have sunk. You can see the Pirates of the Black Skull milling around on the deck, but there is no-one left on the jetty – the *Virago* must be ready to sail. Keeping yourself hidden in the shadows of the cave, you watch as the anchor is raised and Cinnabar's galleon starts to make its way out to sea. Then you see a way to stop your quarry escaping you. A porthole in the side of the ship has been left open and a knotted rope hangs down from the deck next to it. Quickly you make a dash for the jetty and, remaining unspotted, climb the rope, slipping silently in through the opening.

You find yourself inside a small, disused storeroom. You decide to lay low here for a while before exploring the ship. Stowed away on board you watch through the porthole as the *Virago* leaves the Port of Crabs behind under cover of darkness. When you are sure the coast is clear you creep out of the room into a corridor. To your right is a door with the brass plaque 'Captain' fixed to it. At the far end of the corridor a staircase descends into the galleon. Another passage runs off from the first to your left, with a door at its far end and two unmarked doors to the left and right. Will you:

Open the far door?	Turn to **191**
Open the door to the left?	Turn to **127**
Open the door to the right?	Turn to **141**
Open the door marked 'Captain'?	Turn to **97**
Descend the staircase?	Turn to **211**

39

Inhaling great lungfuls of the smoke you start to think that you can see skeletal faces hovering around you, filling you with a sense of enormous unease. You sweep at the apparitions with your sword, but to no avail. These are horrors of your own imagining and cannot be harmed by physical weapons. Afflicted by this terrible, paranoid fear, while you remain in the temple you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point. Turn to **185**.

40

As you approach the gate, out of the corner of your eye you notice a movement in a darkened alleyway. Instantly, two figures step out into the street in front of you. One is a gaunt-looking character, holding a cruel sabre and with a frayed noose around his neck. The other is an attractive Khulian woman with her long, shining, black hair twisted into a plait, wearing finely-made leather armour and wielding a thin sword. You recognise the first of your assailants from tales you have heard on your travels. He is the notorious pirate Silas Gallows. His companion is Wu-Lin, a mercenary who joined Cinnabar's crew not long before the pirate-lord was killed. Both bear the insignia of the Pirates of the Black Skull. 'So here we are at Dead Men's Gate,' chuckles Silas Gallows, 'and soon there's gonna be one more corpse in Corpse Way!' Wu-Lin says nothing but advances towards you, her gleaming blade raised. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SILAS GALLOWS	7	7
WU-LIN	8	6

If you win, not wanting to meet any more of Cinnabar's cronies, you hurry out of the city. Turn to **119**.

41

'Ho ho, yes that'll do nicely,' chuckles the castaway, and proceeds to tell you that the treasure is hidden in a system of caves west of his camp. 'Mind you,' Scrimshaw adds, 'Blackscar's hoard is cursed. Those

are pearls that were his eyes. Any thief who tries to steal it will get all they deserve. Don't say I didn't warn you.' With that the mad old man skips off, pleased with his present, ignoring you completely. Will you now set off to find Blackscar's treasure (turn to **110**) or look for signs of Cinnabar's pirates (turn to **208**)?

42

You are enticed towards the Bazaar by its colourful stalls, as well as the sounds and smells of far-off countries. You ignore the rolls of silk and the baskets of spices but are attracted to a brightly decorated stall covered in a variety of unusual items. Talking with the vendor, you discover that the man is a Talismonger – a trader in artefacts that are allegedly magical. However, by the look of some of the objects, you do wonder if they really are charged with esoteric power. The magical items the Talismonger has on offer are listed below with their prices. You may buy as many of them as you want, as long as you have enough Gold Pieces.

Ivory Lion Charm	7 Gold Pieces	Turn to **301**
Shark's Teeth Bracelet	5 Gold Pieces	Turn to **170**
Magical Compass	9 Gold Pieces	Turn to **59**
Potion of Giant-Strength	8 Gold Pieces	Turn to **374**
Lock of Elvin's Hair	6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **165**
Carved Darkwood Armband	4 Gold Pieces	Turn to **399**

Once you have made your purchases, turn to **200**.

43

The combination of the noise from your battle and the shrieks of the bats amplified by the echoing chamber cause several of the stalactites to crack and fall from the roof. You are immediately caught in a rockfall. Roll one dice, add 2 to the roll and deduct the total from your STAMINA score. If you survive the cave-in will you risk going further into the caves (turn to **21**) or turn back and give up on finding Blackscar's treasure (turn to **279**)?

44

You suddenly realise what the Witchdoctor is up to: he is trying to cloud your mind with magic. Concentrating hard, you step into the chalk circle, breaking Malu's spell. Almost on top of the man, you cannot avoid combat as he springs to his feet and lunges at you with his wand.

MALU THE WITCHDOCTOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If the Witchdoctor strikes you, the wand drains 3 points of STAMINA from you rather than the usual 2. If you kill Cinnabar's servant, turn to **366**.

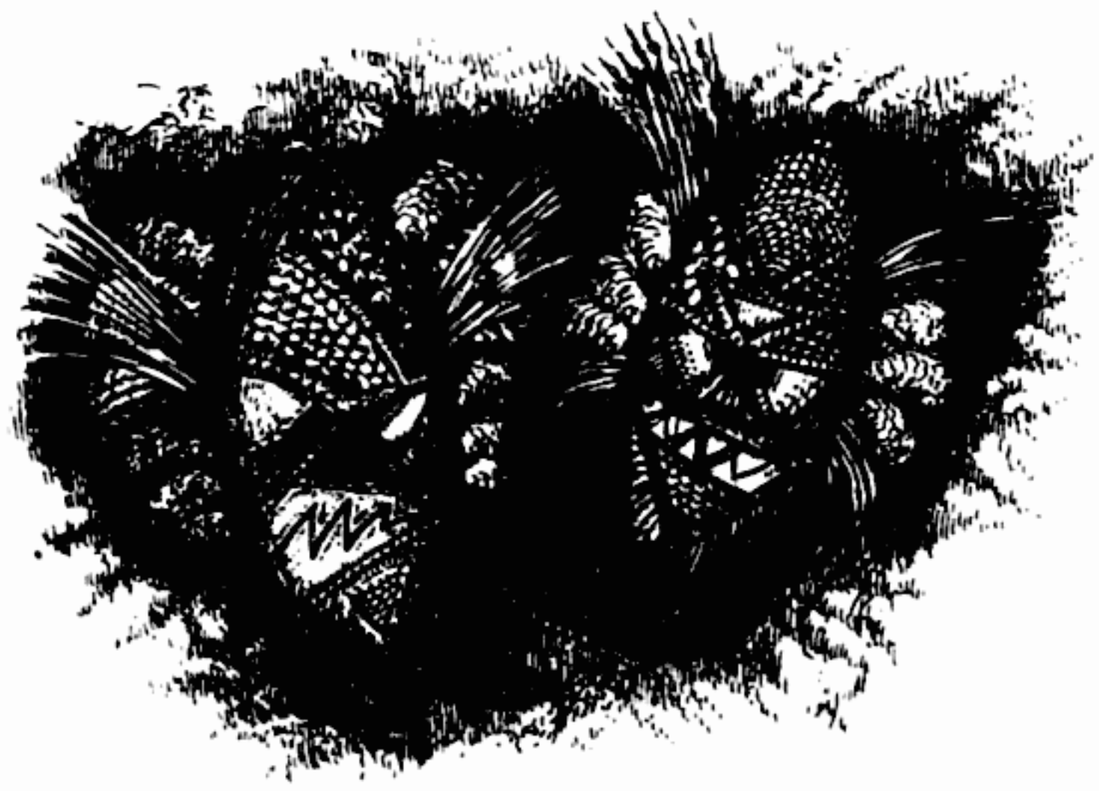

45

Although you cut down several of the Zombies, ultimately there are too many of them for one warrior to vanquish alone. Your adventure is over.

46

Grasping you with its powerful limbs, the Octopus employs its favourite tactic of squeezing the life from its prey. Lose an additional point of STAMINA. Held in the monster's vice-like grip, unless you can break free by winning the next Attack Round, you will suffer the crushing damage again, which will increase by a further point each time. Return to **280** and continue your struggle with the Octopus.

47

The well-thumbed tome is actually a book of myths and legends. Flicking through it your eye is caught by one page in particular, which has the name 'Quezkari' written at the top. You read with interest about the evil voodoo spirit and find a section describing wards used to protect against Quezkari's power. The text refers to a Spirit Jewel and a magical bone weapon rumoured to be hidden in a cave system somewhere on the island! Now do you want to:

Examine the potions?	Turn to **217**
Study the *Arcanum*?	Turn to **5**
Leave Erasmus's cell?	Turn to **385**

48

Continuing along the passageway, you follow it as it turns right and reaches a junction. The passage you are in soon comes to a dead-end in a chamber in which is the bizarre statue of some kind of lizard. The new tunnel bends round to the left after a few metres so you cannot see what lies along it. Will you enter the statue room (turn to **88**) or take the new path (turn to **295**)?

49

At once the guard pulls a chain which sets off a jangling of bells inside the fort. Almost immediately, the gates open and what seems like half the City Guard pour out to surround you. Turn to **236**.

50

When you have completed your tale, the Queen speaks: 'Your cause is a noble one but we have had dealings with the cult of Quezkari ourselves. How do we know that you are not lying to us in order to ensnare us to the Evil One? We must be sure. You must take the Test of the Warrior.' If these people are to trust you, and you gain their help, you can't deny Queen Zyteea's decree. You are led to a pool of

bubbling mud. Sulphurous fumes rise from it and a tree trunk has been laid across the middle. You are then blindfolded and told to walk across the log! Judging your position by touch alone and your head spinning from the fumes, you take your first step. *Test your Skill* twice, adding 1 to the roll each time. If you pass both tests, turn to **259**. If you fail either of them, turn to **18**.

51

Do you have the word 'Regnad' written on your *Adventure Sheet*? If so, turn to **310**. If not, turn to **287**.

52

Choosing somewhere you've not been yet, where will you continue your search?

The docks?	Turn to **67**
The ruined lighthouse?	Turn to **146**
The taverns and inns?	Turn to **150**
The sewers?	Turn to **355**
The cemetery?	Turn to **83**
The Temple Quarter?	Turn to **181**

53

The jungle in front of you suddenly appears to move and then a huge, lizard-like shape melts out of the greenery. The Giant Chameleon focuses on you with its bizarre, rotating eyes and moves jerkily towards you. Riding on its back is a humanoid chameleon-like creature wielding a short spear. The gigantic lizard hisses and its scales take on a variety of brilliant hues

– a sure sign that it is angry and about to attack. Once again you are fighting for your life!

GIANT CHAMELEON	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If the Giant Chameleon's Attack Strength is over 20 or 21, and it wins the Attack Round, turn to **133**. If you kill the lizard, the Chameleonite riding it escapes into the jungle, its camouflaged skin keeping it safe from detection. Add the word 'Depacse' to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down earlier.

54

You tread water for several hours, but no ships come in sight. Exhausted, the sea finally claims you for its own.

55

You have wasted enough time here already, so you prepare to leave the Silent Donkey. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **218**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **25**.

56

'Stranger,' says one of the warriors, in a language you can understand, 'leave our village. You are not welcome here.' If you do as the warrior commands, turn to **164**. If you want to persist in trying to enter the tribespeople's village, turn to **206**.

57

Following the passageway right past the T-junction, you pass between walls crudely daubed with images of Quezkari and other voodoo deities dealing out death in its various forms to humans. Feeling the floor shift, you immediately know what is happening: a balance trap has been triggered and the floor is tilting up to reveal a deep, spiked pit underneath it. Your only hope is to leap over the treacherous gap now opening up before you. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **308**. If you fail, turn to **240**.

58

You slowly become aware of a fluttering sound in the air behind you. You spin round to see a huge fanged bat flapping towards you. It is the spirit of the vanquished Jolly Roger. The vampire has returned to feast on your blood so that it might restore itself to true unlife. You are going to have to fight the bat if you are to escape from this chamber.

BLOODTHIRSTY BAT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

If the bat scores two successive hits against you, it rips at your throat with its distended fangs causing you to lose 3 STAMINA points, rather than the usual 2. If you

defeat Jolly Roger's undead spirit for a second time you flee the chamber without a second thought. Turn to **166**.

59

The Talismonger tells you that the lodestone inside the compass is attracted to large deposits of gold – a must for any would-be treasure hunter. It is only after you have handed over your money that you wonder why the Talismonger hasn't used the compass himself to make *his* fortune. Return to **42**.

60

As the rest of the crew repel the other Crabs, the ship starts to list to one side. The crustaceans must have actually holed the hull. With the *Fortune* so badly damaged, you will not be able to pursue Cinnabar and can only look forward to a future as crab food. Your adventure is over.

61

How many Gold Pieces are you offering? If it is less than 5 Gold Pieces, turn to **22**; otherwise, turn to **195**.

62

The hallucinations continue and become too much for you. With a hysterical scream, you lose your mind through fear. With no longer any will of your own, you become one of those whom you have so desperately tried to destroy – a devotee of the Black Skull and a servant of Evil. Your adventure is over.

63

You are half way across the bridge when one of the rotten planks from which it is comprised suddenly splinters and gives way under your weight. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **273**. If you fail, turn to **317**.

64

Despite having a wooden leg, the old rogue moves quite quickly and disappears around a corner before you can catch up with him. As you are about to round the corner yourself, you suddenly start to have misgivings about your latest course of action. Will you continue to follow the pirate (turn to **282**) or go back the way you have just come (turn to **266**)?

65

Wandering over the barren terrain you keep an eye out for any sign of Cinnabar's cronies or evidence of buried treasure. *Test your Luck* twice. If you are Lucky both times, turn to **110**. If you are Unlucky either time, turn to **208**.

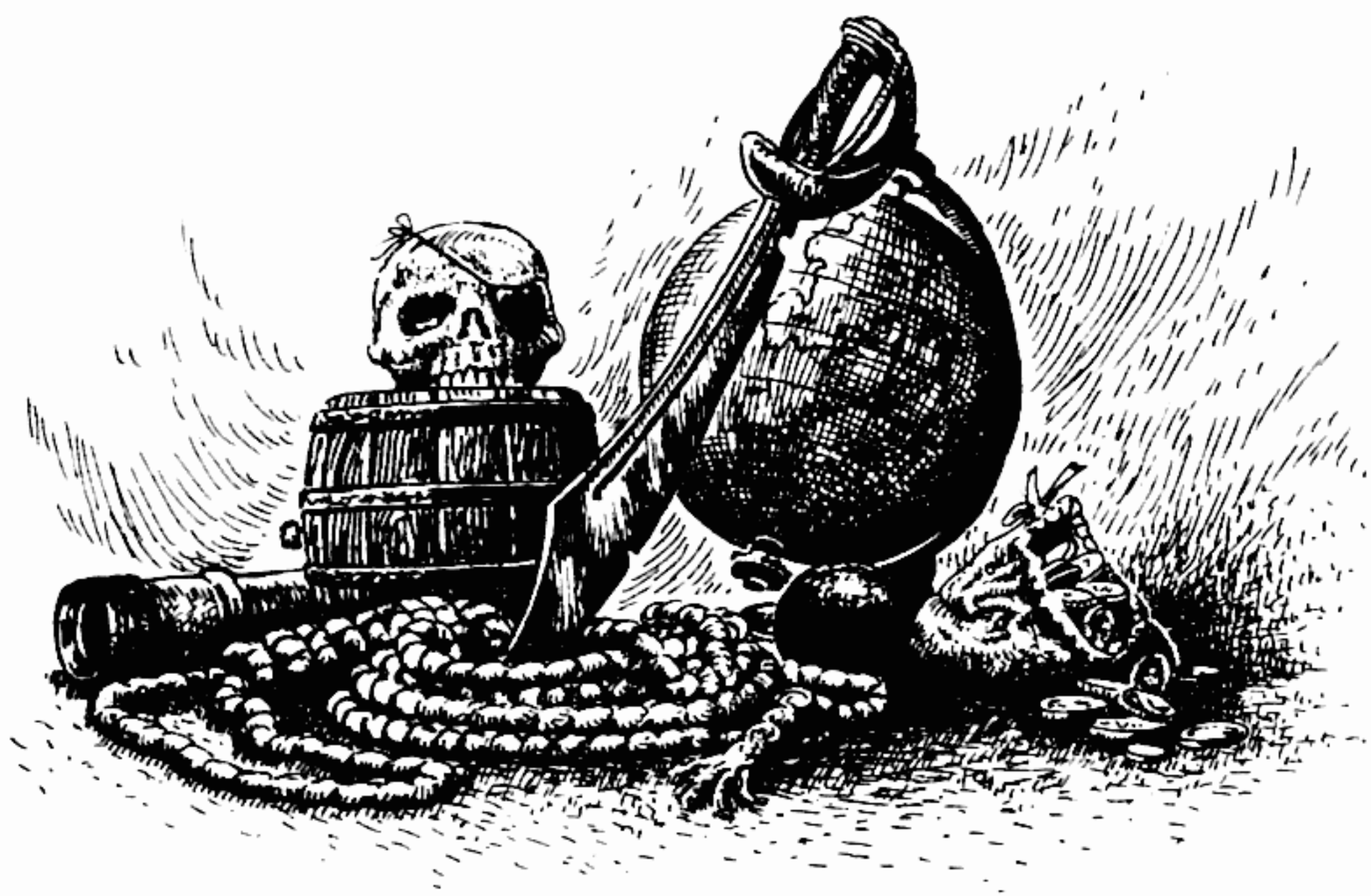

66

There is no sign of another human soul having been washed up on the island so, sadly, you assume that you were the only survivor of the Behemoth's attack. Even the famed bounty-hunter Conyn is gone. Mourning the loss of the *Fortune*, you continue to wander south along the shore-line. Rounding a sandy promontory you are surprised by what you see before you. Ten metres away, a primitive human-like creature, with strongly muscled arms and covered in red hair, is tearing open some of the crates washed up from the wreck. The creature looks up, hearing you approach, and growls. Will you:

Prepare to defend yourself?	Turn to **95**
Make a run for it into the jungle?	Turn to **125**
Try to communicate with the creature?	Turn to **358**
Offer the primitive something?	Turn to **183**

67

The docks are quiet at this time of night. You decide that if the pirates' hideout was located around the docks, the entrance would have to be in the harbour wall somewhere. Descending to the wooden jetties, you start your search. *Thud*. What was that? *Thud*. There it is again. You stand perfectly still, your ears straining to pick up any sound. Then you hear the rattling of a chain being dragged across the wooden planks close by. *Swoosh!* A large anchor suddenly flies out of the dense mist, in a sweeping arc, towards you.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **321**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **230**.

68

The tropical environment of the island is very different to the northerly, wind-lashed Port of Crabs. The day drags on as you stagger through the jungle, your clothes soaked with sweat. Entering a low valley, you come upon a scene of utter devastation. In a large clearing lies what is left of a tribespeople's village. The place has been razed to the ground and a deathly silence hangs over the place. Do you want to quickly pass through the ruined village (turn to **197**) or would you rather pause here and explore it (turn to **117**)?

69

As soon as you have stepped underneath the portcullis it drops down, blocking the way out! There is nothing in the cave of any use to you, so you set about trying to get out again. There is no chain or lever inside the cave to raise the portcullis, so you decide that you will have to resort to brute force. If you have a Potion of Giant-Strength, you may drink it now (turn to **31**). If you do not have the potion, or you do not want to use it, turn to **120**.

70

You open the door and find yourself in the pirates' shrine to their dark god, dominated by a hideous statue of the skeletal Quezkari, but the place is empty. You are too late! Cinnabar and his crew have already

left this place and, unable to follow them, you have failed in your quest.

71

You gasp in shock as you hit the freezing water and disappear beneath the surface of the pool. Feeling your way forwards under the water, you find an opening in the rock wall. Swimming through it you emerge inside another cave. Glowing crystals placed around the cavern provide light to see by, which is reflected off glinting gold coins and the facets of precious jewels. You have never seen such a fabulous hoard. Lying, almost discarded, to one side of the treasure pile is a curious sword-like weapon carved from bone! Do you want to:

Take a closer look at the bone weapon?	Turn to **306**
Collect some of the gold and jewels?	Turn to **123**
Leave Blackscar's 'cursed' treasure untouched?	Turn to **279**

72

Filled with an overwhelming sense of foreboding, you hurriedly return to the deck and depart the *Sea Maiden*. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **153**.

73

The Octopus sinks back under the waves, its foul blood staining the water purple. Confident that it will now be safe to explore the cave, you do just that but, to your disappointment, find no other tunnels leading

from it. The pirates' hideout obviously isn't here. Turn to **350**.

74

Swinging their cudgels, the pirates engage you in combat.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	7	7
Second PIRATE	6	7

If you win, the Half-Ogre steps forward to fight you. Will you face your opponent (turn to **187**) or try to escape (turn to **6**)?

75

The undead pirate smashes the gem from your hand and it shatters on the stone floor of the chamber. Cross the Blue Gem off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **147**.

76

Overcome with fear you fling open the door and rush out of the room. You have been badly shaken by your experience (lose 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point). Will you now:

Open the left-hand door?	Turn to **353**
Enter the hold?	Turn to **26**
Leave the *Sea Maiden*?	Turn to **153**

77

The two monsters snap, slash and hurl themselves at each other as you watch, transfixed. Run the fight

between the ape and the lizard, rolling for Attack Strengths and deducting STAMINA points, as you would if you were fighting either of the creatures.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GREAT APE	8	10
TERRIBLE LIZARD	7	11

As soon as one of the colossi has defeated the other, turn to **205**.

78

With a roar, the mutant bounds towards you. You have no choice but to fight the monster.

NINE-TAILS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

The cat attacks by trying to slash you with its great claws and bite you with its huge fangs. However, if the monster hits you, roll one dice. If you roll 6, the beast has hit you with its barbed tails instead: roll one dice and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA score. You may *Test your Luck* to avoid this damage if you wish. Keep track of how much STAMINA you lose in this way. If you survive this battle, turn to **235**.

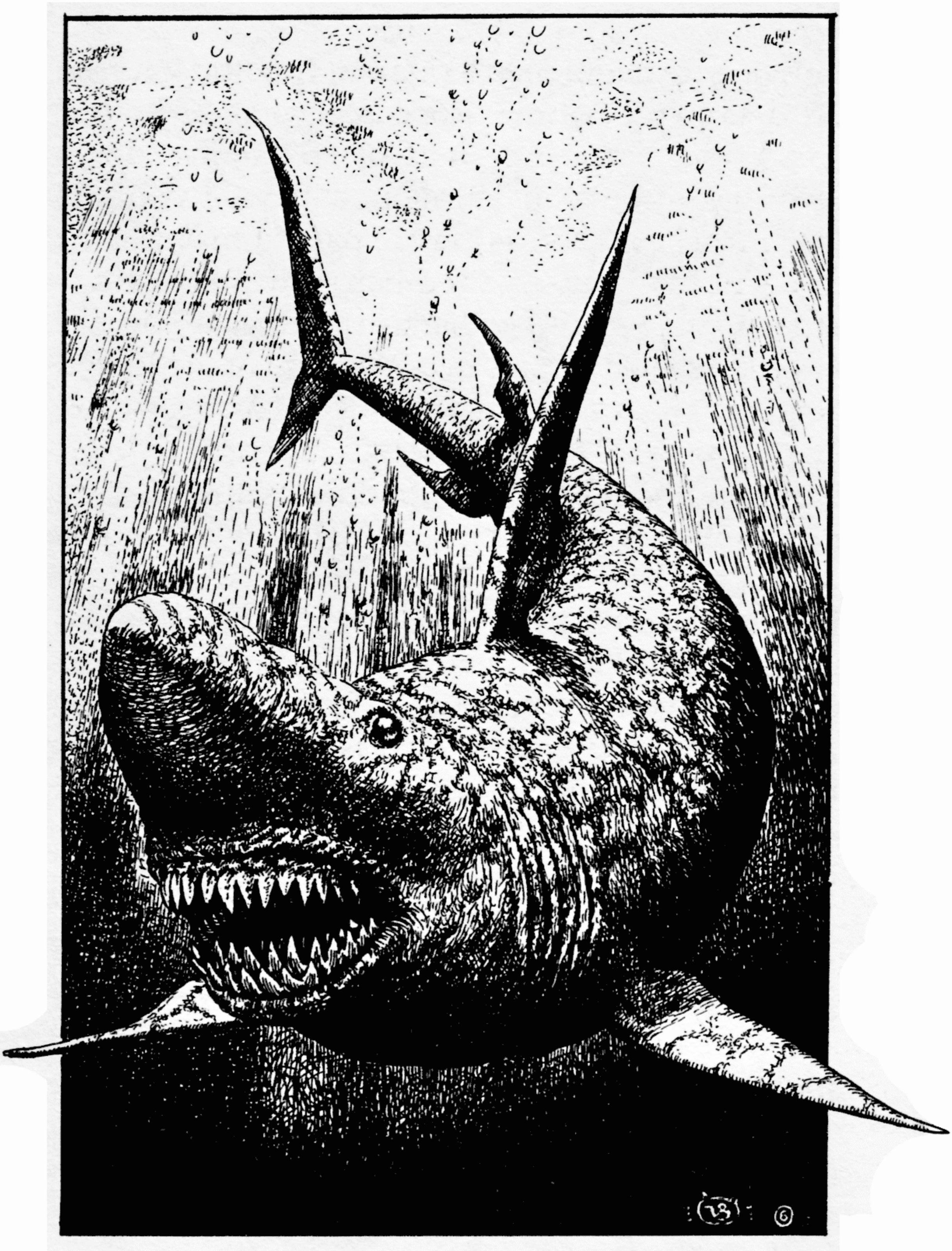

79

Scrambling up the galleon's rigging, you find yourself trapped, unless... Cutting a rope free, you grab hold of the end and leap into mid-air. Swinging down towards the pirates you flail about with your sword to keep them at bay. There is a cry of pain from one of the buccaneers and you see a red-haired woman clutching the stump where her hand used to be. You sail past the infuriated pirates over the edge of the *Virago*. Letting go of the rope, you drop several metres before hitting the water. The galleon continues on its course, leaving you stranded in the middle of the Western Ocean, as the crew watch you, laughing. Or are they really looking at you? They actually seem to be watching something behind you. 'Have a good swim!' shouts one of them. Turning round in the water you see the tell-tale triangular fin and, ducking your head under the waves, you see the Great White Shark closing in on you, jaws wide open. You just have time to draw your sword before it is on you.

GREAT WHITE SHARK SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

Fighting underwater is difficult and as a result you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for the duration of this battle. Also, unless you defeat the Shark in less Attack Rounds than your current SKILL score you will drown! If you kill the Great White, turn to **186**.

80

The tunnel winds its way into the hill until it opens into a high-ceilinged chamber, with stalactites

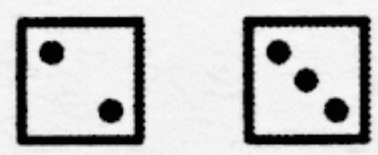

pointing down from the cave roof. A piercing squeaking starts up as, disturbed by the light from your lantern, three large bats flap down from their roosts to drive you off. As the creatures batter you with their wings, you catch a glimpse of their greatly enlarged front teeth. You must fight the Vampire Bats.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPIRE BAT	5	4
Second VAMPIRE BAT	5	5
Third VAMPIRE BAT	5	4

While you are fighting one of the screeching bats, those remaining land on you and suck your blood, each causing 1 STAMINA point of damage per Attack Round. If you kill all three, turn to **148**.

81

The Arrow of Providence is a popular game of chance in the Gambling Pits. It is made up of a large circular board divided into twelve sections, each painted with a legend. An arrow-like pointer has been attached to the centre of the board so that it can be spun. To play the game will cost 2 Gold Pieces but you will be playing for a potential jackpot of 10 Gold Pieces. If you want to play, turn to **346**. If you do not want to have a go, you leave the Arrow of Providence (turn to **260**).

82

Deep down you know that the nightmares you are witnessing are not real and manage to convince yourself that they are merely illusions. At once the phantasms vanish. However, Ramatu is obviously

expecting you to be overcome by fear and, surrounded by Zombies, you are in no position to stop him. In a brilliant piece of acting, you let out a loud scream and collapse on the floor. Satisfied that he has broken your will, Ramatu dismisses the Mask Zombies and returns to his blasphemous rituals. When you are sure the coast is clear, you leap to your feet and run at the High Priest, yelling. If you have the word 'Dehsams' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **324**. If not, turn to **139**.

83

Keeping to shadowy doorways wherever possible, you make your way swiftly along Corpse Way towards Dead Men's Gate. Do you have any of the following words written on your *Adventure Sheet*: 'Etarip', 'Rohcna', 'Yeknod' or 'Desruc'? Count up the number of words you have noted down from the list above and if you have:

None of the words.	Turn to **119**
One or two of the words.	Turn to **40**
Three or four of the words.	Turn to **27**

84

Your reactions are not quick enough and the gobbet of silk hits you, sticking fast. Before you can cut yourself free, a second strand squirts from the monster's jaws and your sword-arm is fixed to your side. In no time at all, you are trapped inside a cocoon of silk, trussed up in a tree and left in the spider-scorpion's larder until it feels like a snack. Your adventure is over.

85

As you are hacking your way through the dense undergrowth you unwittingly disturb the sensitive carpet of vines surrounding the vase-like trunk of a Giant Pitcher-Plant. A strong tendril suddenly whips out of the jungle and you find yourself fighting for your life against the carnivorous plant.

TENDRIL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If the tendril wins three consecutive Attack Rounds, turn immediately to **383**. If you defeat the tendril without this happening, turn to **343**.

86

Poison darts shoot out of the walls just above your head, missing you by millimetres. You were lucky this time but from now on you'll have to be more careful. Turn to **48**.

87

Caught unawares, you are unable to avoid the effects of the Witchdoctor's magic: your mind becomes confused and addled. The man takes advantage of your befuddled state and springs at you, using his wand as his weapon.

MALU THE WITCHDOCTOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

For the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points. If the Witchdoctor strikes you, the wand drains 3 points of STAMINA from you

rather than the usual 2. If you kill Cinnabar's servant, turn to **366**.

88

The bronze iguana-like creature, green with age, stands three metres tall on its hindlegs with its mouth open and has sparkling diamonds for eyes. Apart from the worrying bloodstains on the floor, there is nothing else of interest here, so will you leave the chamber and take the other tunnel (turn to **295**) or first try to prise the diamonds from their sockets (turn to **176**)?

89

Prising the dead pirate's fingers open, you try to take the talisman from the corpse. Suddenly the dead man's eyes flick open and a cruel smile twists its drawn lips, revealing the elongated points of the pirate's incisors. You leap backwards in fright, feeling badly shaken (lose 1 LUCK point). You are going to have to act quickly. Will you draw your sword (turn to **147**), look for something else to use from your backpack (turn to **108**) or attempt to flee (turn to **276**)?

90

'Ah, Bone Island,' muses Conyn. 'I've heard rumours about the place. Talk of voodoo and buried treasure, but I didn't know of its location until now.' Before directing his crew to set a course for Bone Island, Conyn turns to you. 'There are two different routes we can take. The quicker one should allow us to catch up with the *Virago* but will take us through the Crab Reefs, which are notorious for the gigantic crustaceans said to dwell there. However, if we avoid the reefs our journey will take longer. Which way do you think we should go? Through the Crab Reefs (turn to **267**) or around them (turn to **297**)?'

91

You pass several recessed, grilled doors through which are cramped, dank cells, their only inhabitants creeping, slithering things and the yellowed bones of former prisoners. At the end of the passage you enter a large cave-like chamber with more doors leading from it. However, standing on guard are two peculiar figures. Their flesh is grey and withered and their faces are covered by primitive tribal masks. Each holds a spear and on seeing you they move towards you. Will you fight the guards (turn to **28**) or run for it back down the tunnel and past the T-junction (turn to **57**)?

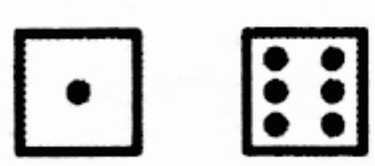

92

Boldly, you speak the word, 'Leviathan'. Turn to **269**.

93

You draw your sword and thrust it in the old man's face, but this merely makes him laugh all the more. Sniggering like the simpleton he is, Scrimshaw sprints away into the hills, leaving you to explore them without his help. Turn to **65**.

94

You hare off through the jungle, the Great Ape's bellowing cries fading into the echoing distance behind you. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

95

Seeing you draw your sword, the creature goes berserk. Baring its teeth, it leaps at you snarling, 'Balinac kill!' You have no choice but to fight the primitive Balinac.

BALINAC	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you kill the apeman, you search through the crates and find nothing but rotting foodstuffs. Balinac has no possessions so you decide to set off into the jungle in the hope of still stopping Cinnabar's pirates. Turn to **125**.

96

'Nightdeath, aid me now!' you cry and the bone blade bursts into flame. Screeching, Quezkari attacks. The

voodoo death-god is actually a powerful, evil spirit – a manifestation of the souls of all those transformed into Zombies by the evil Ramatu and those killed by Cinnabar. If you have a Wristband of White Feathers, the courage of the Usai people is with you as you fight (add 1 to your Attack Strength).

QUEZKARI	SKILL 13	STAMINA 18

Each time Quezkari wounds you his dark powers drain 3 STAMINA points from you, unless you are protected by the Ivory Lion Charm, in which case you only lose the usual 2. If you overcome all the odds and defeat the all-powerful spirit, turn to **400**.

97

As you suspected, the door opens into the Captain's cabin. Fortunately, however, there is no sign of anyone being here at the moment. The cabin is plushly decorated with mahogany panelling and thick velvet drapes. The room is lit by an oil lamp hanging from a beam and an empty birdcage swings from the rafters, but there are four things that really attract your attention: a globe of Titan, a large oak chest, Cinnabar's desk and an ornate ship in a bottle. If you don't want to take a closer look at any of these, turn to **233**. If you do, which will it be?

The globe?	Turn to **349**
The chest?	Turn to **316**
The desk?	Turn to **134**
The ship in a bottle?	Turn to **29**

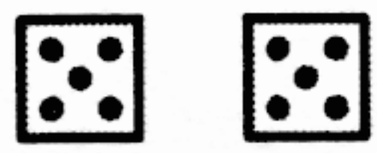

98

The fortune-teller remains silent as you drop your money into his pot. Without looking up, he turns over the first card at the top of the deck. On it is painted the picture of a black skull! You immediately feel a chill in your veins and a forbidding atmosphere of evil pressing down on you. In anger and fear you draw your sword and strike the man. At your blow, the rags collapse in a heap – there is no sign of anyone ever having been there! (Lose 2 LUCK points and add the word 'Desruc' to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Panicked, you turn and flee through the Temple Quarter, only stopping again when you have put many streets between you and the wise men. Add 1 Hour and turn to **334**.

99

You manage to raise the portcullis far enough to get out of the cave and then make for the door instead. Carefully, you open the second door. How long has it taken you to get this far? If it has taken 9 Hours or more, turn to **70**. If it has taken 8 Hours or less, turn to **333**.

100

Madame Galbo's cottage is an unassuming building in the quiet Mandrake's Lane, although somewhat disturbing is the votive totem, made from a dead bird's carcass, nailed to the door. You knock three times and, hearing a croaky 'Enter!', push open the door. You immediately find yourself in a herbalist's paradise; bunches of herbs hang from the low rafters of the room, which is filled with a profusion of potted

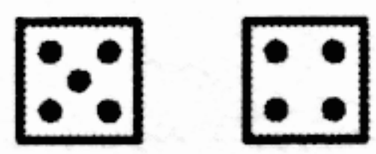

plants. The greenery and humidity of the chamber make you feel like you are in the depths of a tropical rainforest. Sitting behind a cluttered table is a dark-skinned old woman with a crumpled face and thick curly black hair – Madame Galbo. The wisewoman is busy preparing a concoction in a pestle and mortar. As you enter the room, there is a great squawking and flapping at your feet as a large black cockerel hops out of your way. 'Don't mind Rabab,' says Madame Galbo of her familiar. 'Now what can I do for you?' You sense that you can trust this woman so you tell her of your search for the Pirates of the Black Skull. 'The followers of the Dark One have many guises and set many traps to ensnare the unwary. If you are to confront them you will need my help for I have an understanding of the ways of voodoo and can do something to counteract it. But assistance comes at a price – four Gold Pieces.' If you can afford this amount, and you are prepared to pay for the wise-woman's help, turn to **382**. If not, you will have to leave Madame Galbo's cottage to look elsewhere for a means of defeating Cinnabar's cronies (turn to **239**).

101

The Silent Donkey is situated on a dingy back street within the Claws. Several suspicious characters watch you enter the inn but none try to stop you. Creeping up the creaky wooden staircase, you come to the first room on the first floor – room 101. The key turns in the lock and, opening the door, you step into a room furnished with only a table and chair. But what you see there sends an icy chill down your spine. On

the table rests a human skull, painted black and decorated with a headdress of brightly coloured bird's feathers. The Black Skull! This is a bad omen. There is nobody here so this must have all been a set-up by Cinnabar's cronies to delay you! The skull fills you with foreboding but it still intrigues you. If you want to take it with you, turn to **244**; if not, turn to **55**.

102

The bolt hits you in the thigh making you stumble and fall onto the wooden planks. Lose 2 STAMINA points, and in the battle to come for the first Attack Round reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points as you try to get up again. Turn to **182**.

103

The Old Fort, residence of the Governor of the Port of Crabs, stands at the top of the hill on which most of the Old Town Quarter of the city is built. You climb the hill and arrive outside the grim stone building. The whole edifice looks like it could withstand an army's onslaught for weeks, even though it is now several centuries old. As you approach the guard at the gate, he asks you your business, and you demand an audience with Governor Montargo. 'Oh yeah?' sneers the guard. 'I can't let just anyone in 'ere, can I. It's more than my job's worth.' If you want to try bribing him, decide how many Gold Pieces you will offer the guard and then turn to **61**. Alternatively you could threaten him with cold steel (turn to **49**). If you don't want to try either of these options you will have to leave (add 1 Hour and turn to **334**).

104

The crystal explodes in a blaze of light, blasting shards of rock around the chamber, but incredibly you manage to get away fairly unscathed! (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) There is nothing more you can do here so you leave the crystal room. Record the word 'Dehsams' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **329**.

105

The second blow knocks you off your feet. Before you can get up again, the Anchor Man quickly loops the heavy chain round your ankles and throws the anchor far out into the harbour. You are immediately dragged from the pier, into the sea, and pulled underwater as the anchor rapidly sinks towards the floor of the harbour. Only just controlling the urge to panic, you try to free yourself from the chain. Roll two dice and add 12. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **340**; if it is greater, turn to **249**.

106

You shake the wand at the unearthly creature, but to no effect. As you are doing this Quezkari lashes out at you with a taloned hand (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice now but to retaliate with your sword. Turn to **177**.

107

Unable to escape, you face a slow, agonizing death at the hands of Cinnabar's sadistic torturer. You have failed in your quest and your adventure is most definitely over.

108

If you have any of the following you have time to try to use one of them against the risen pirate. Will you choose:

Zombie Dust?	Turn to **12**
A skeleton artefact?	Turn to **356**
A broken balustrade?	Turn to **189**
A blue gem?	Turn to **75**
A witchdoctor's wand?	Turn to **212**

If you do not have any of the above items, or choose not to use any of them, turn to **147**.

109

As you elbow your way through the bustling crowds, above the hubbub you hear a gruff voice say in a harsh whisper, 'The *Virago* sails for Bone Island at midnight.' Looking round you see two knavish-looking characters part company and go their separate ways among the throng. You will not be able to follow them now. The *Virago* was the name of Cinnabar's ship and what was that about an island? This careless talk could be an important clue (write down the word 'Dnalsi' on your *Adventure Sheet*). Will you now move on to Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

110

Eventually you come to a wide cave entrance at the foot of a rocky escarpment. Inside, a tunnel leads off into the darkness. You will need to use your lantern if

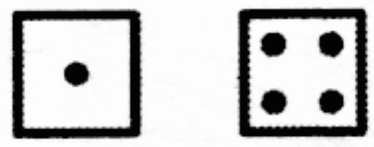

you are to enter the caverns. If you want to do just that, turn to **80**. If not, you decide to head northeast, back into the island's interior (turn to **279**).

111

(Add 1 Hour to your total.) As you are walking along Traders Street away from the market, you cannot help but notice a roguish figure standing on the corner of Lobster Alley. The man is gaunt and scrawny, in his later years, and with several days' growth of stubble. He also has an eye-patch, a wooden stump for a leg beneath his right knee and wears a long coat and tricorn hat. A monkey, with its own tiny waistcoat, is scampering around the man's shoulders. As you walk past the pirate, you make eye contact and he beckons to you with a glance before turning and hobbling away up the alley. Will you follow the man (turn to **64**) or go on your way (turn to **143**)?

112

The Scarachna's sting lashes forwards and strikes you, sending its toxic venom coursing through your body. (Lose 6 STAMINA points.) If you survive this attack, turn back to **201** and continue your battle.

113

You are led to the largest hut in the village where you are brought before a lithe, beautiful woman dressed like the other warriors, only with a more elaborate headdress. 'I am Queen Zyteea of the Usai tribe,' she says in a tongue you understand. 'What are you doing on this island?' You decide you have nothing to lose

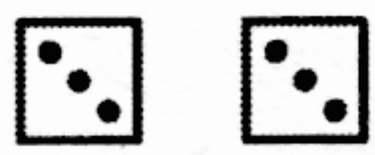

by telling Queen Zyteea the truth and so relate your story to her. If you have the word 'Sitnam' recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **224**; otherwise, turn to **50**.

114

You slip down the slope and suffer cuts and bruises. Roll one dice and subtract the number rolled from your STAMINA score. If you roll a 6 you also lose 1 SKILL point. Turn to **219**.

115

You soon leave the jungle, with its strange sounds and rank smells of rotting vegetation, and find the ground rising as you head into the foothills of the mountains. As the sun climbs higher in the sky so you climb higher into the mountains. If you have the word 'Depacse' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **335**. If not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **283**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **335**.

116

Managing to control your fear and stay calm, you gaze in fascination at the apparition materialising before you. The ghost looks like the woman carved as the figurehead for the ship. 'Help usss...' wails the ghost. 'The captain must be bested if we are to be freed. Help usss...' And then she is gone. Puzzled, you leave the room and:

Open the other door?	Turn to **353**
Leave the ship?	Turn to **72**
Descend to the hold?	Turn to **26**

117

Searching through the wreckage of the devastated buildings, you find nothing that has not been broken or destroyed. The curious thing is that there are no bodies among the destruction and no sign of the villagers in the surrounding jungle. Puzzled, you set off again south. Turn to **197**.

118

(Deduct another 2 Gold Pieces from your total.) This time you are positive you have the right card – but when Armarno turns it over, it is black again! He has to be deceiving you! Now will you challenge the fraudster (turn to **258**), leave his table (turn to **223**) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

119

Just outside the city walls lies the cemetery. Its pillared entrance is decorated with disturbing statues

and the fog merely adds to the eerie atmosphere of the place. Creeping between the weathered tombstones and mausoleums, you suddenly hear the crack of a twig somewhere off to your left and almost jump out of your skin. Spinning round, you are sure you catch a glimpse of something disappearing behind a grim sepulchre. You are not alone in the cemetery. Something else is also prowling around here during the hours of darkness. Peering round the corner of a crypt you see two men, who look like sailors, walking away from you through the mist, carrying a heavy-looking chest between them. Where can they be going? And what are they up to? If you have a Crab Doubloon, turn to **175**. If you do not, will you:

Follow the two men to see where they go?	Turn to **312**
Launch a surprise attack on them?	Turn to **284**
Ignore them and leave the cemetery (add 1 Hour) to search elsewhere?	Turn to **52**

120

Taking hold of the portcullis, you heave with all your might. Roll three dice and add 6 to the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **99**. If it is greater, turn to **204**.

121

'That is correct. Congratulations,' says Calabrius, with a forced smile, and reluctantly hands you a bag containing 10 Gold Pieces. (Add these to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point.) With your

confidence having been granted a boost, will you now look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

122

Choose one of the items you are carrying and cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. The creature eyes your gift with avid curiosity, turning it over and over in its hands. Fixing you with its glittering eyes it grins and says something in a twittering language you cannot understand. The capricious humanoid then disappears back into the jungle as abruptly as it first appeared, taking its treasure with it. You have just encountered a Rainforest Sprite and for giving it a gift you have received its blessing. (Restore 2 LUCK points.) Now turn to the paragraph with the same number as that which you noted down previously.

123

As soon as you touch the treasure you feel a tingling sensation in your fingertips. Looking down in horror, you see that your hands are turning to gold and you are no longer able to move them! There is nothing you can do as the transformation proceeds to affect your arms and soon your entire body. The next person to enter this chamber will marvel at the realism of the golden statue standing here.

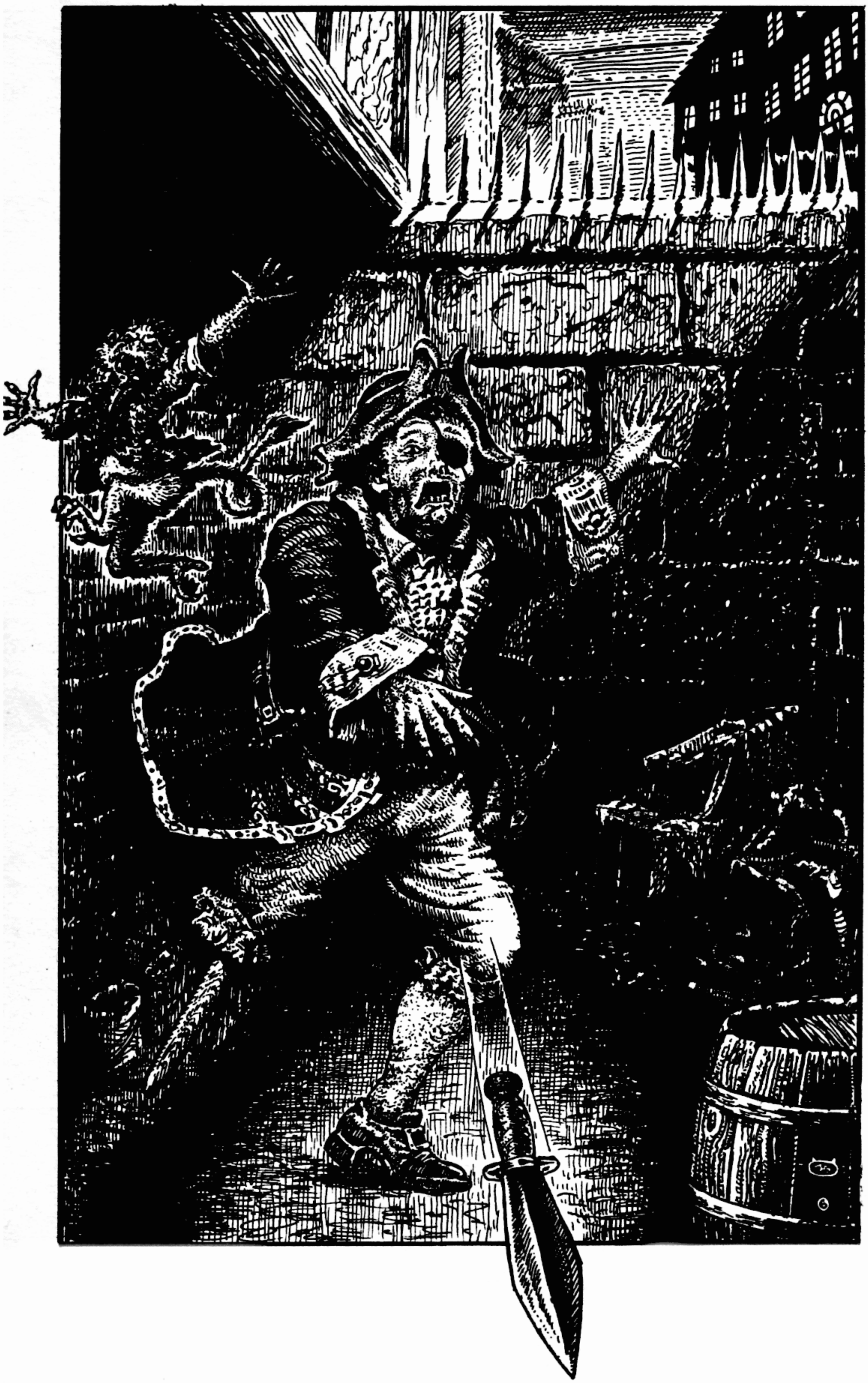

124

Cinnabar lunges at you. Caught off guard you do not parry his thrust and, in shocked surprise, you feel the cold steel of his blade sink into your heart. You end your adventure and your life here, slain by the murderer of your family.

125

Once you are within the boundary of the jungle it is as if you have been transported into another world. A green twilight permeates everywhere under the canopy of the trees and you are surrounded by strange sounds and smells. An oppressive, prickly heat pervades the jungle, making the going harder than usual. Make a note of the number 385 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to **192**.

126

Your opponents slump to the ground and you turn round to deal with the treacherous pirate. The old rogue is already fleeing as fast as he can along the alley. You run after him but, hearing your approach, the man spins round and lets fly a dagger. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **173**. If you fail, turn to **213**.

127

You enter a small dark room and are immediately assailed by the heady smell of burning herbs. Through the smoke you make out a large man, sitting inside a chalk circle, wearing only a loincloth, macabre necklaces and a headdress of brightly

coloured feathers. This must be Cinnabar's Witch-doctor, Malu. In one hand he holds a primitive wand, and the bodies of small, dead animals surround him. At your arrival, Malu snaps out of the trance-like state he was in and mutters something incomprehensible under his breath. Suddenly your head starts to spin. *Test your Skill*, adding 1 to the dice roll. If you succeed, turn to **44**. If you fail, turn to **87**.

128

The blazing ball drops towards the deck and, before you can get out of the way, smashes into your body. You double up in agony from the scorching. (Lose 5 STAMINA points.) Seeing a second such missile hurtling towards the ship, you take cover behind the mast. Turn to **232**.

129

Folklore has it that in the past pirates would kill one of their crewmen at the place where they buried their treasure or at a location they wanted kept secret, so that in death the ghost would guard it, unsleepingly. This is obviously what Cinnabar did here. Confidently, you speak the password: 'Crossbones.' Holding your breath, you await Jack A-Lantern's reaction.

'You may paasss...' hisses the pirate-ghost and sinks into the earth in front of you. Not waiting to be told twice, you hurry along the passageway, which ends in a flight of steps that descend under the cemetery. At the end of a short passageway you come to a

T-junction. Will you go left (turn to **221**) or right (turn to **13**)?

130

If you have a Magical Compass, turn to **172**. If not, will you threaten the castaway to make him tell you about the treasure (turn to **93**) or will you ignore him and explore the hills alone (turn to **65**)?

131

An undead sailor falls before you, felled by the mace of a tall figure, clad entirely in spiked armour. The silent Chaos Champion joined Cinnabar's crew to help him serve his dark masters better by spreading evil throughout all Ruddlestone.

CHAOS CHAMPION	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you strike the warrior, roll one dice: on a roll of 1–3 your blow only causes the champion 1 STAMINA point of damage due to the protection of his armour. If the warrior strikes you, also roll one dice: on a roll of 5–6 his heavy mace causes you 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you defeat the Chaos Champion, turn to **298**.

132

Although you struggle valiantly to free yourself, ultimately you cannot. In minutes the tide raises the level of the seawater in the pit above your head and in a matter of a few more minutes, you have drowned. Your adventure ends here in a watery grave.

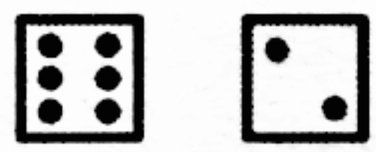

133

With a horrible squelching sound, the Chameleon's disgusting tongue, as long as its body, shoots out of its mouth and hits you. The sticky pad holds you fast as the Chameleon retracts its tongue, bringing you into its mouth. The monster bites down, injuring you severely (lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). If you are still alive, return to 53 and continue your battle.

134

The desk drawers are locked and, as there is no sign of a key, you try to force one. Eventually you manage to break open a drawer but at the same time trigger a blade that springs out of the desk into your wrist, cutting you badly (lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Having staunched the bleeding, you go through the contents of the drawer. All you find are papers relating to the layout of Cinnabar's hideout in the Port of Crabs, which are of no use to you now. Will you now leave the room (turn to 233) or look at the globe (turn to 349), the chest (turn to 316) or the ship in a bottle (turn to 29)?

135

You turn on your heels and run! You hear a sharp crack behind you and then find yourself falling forwards as the Half-Ogre's whip wraps around your ankles and your feet are pulled from beneath you. (Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point, for being so cowardly!) In an instant the pirates are on you. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	7	7
Second PIRATE	6	7

During the first Attack Round you are trying to get to your feet again, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points. If you win, turn to **187**.

136

Raising the whalebone effigy, you sense a thickening of the air around you and a dimming of the light, as if a cloud had crossed the face of the sun. In turn Quezkari seems to grow in stature. Your use of the Skeleton Artefact has aided his materialization on this Plane. (When you have to fight Quezkari, remember to add 1 point to his SKILL and 3 points to his STAMINA.) There is only just time to draw your sword before the unearthly spirit is upon you. Turn to **177**.

137

You hurriedly drag the Devotee's bodies to the side of the street before searching them. The two men have no possessions on them except for the sacrificial daggers. The hilts of these are made of ebony, carved to resemble human skulls, and on the backs of their right hands is the now so familiar image of a grinning black skull. The Devotees must have been out looking for victims to sacrifice to the bloodthirsty Quezkari – or maybe they were hunting you! But their presence could also indicate that the pirates' hidden base, or at least a temple to Quezkari, is close by. Will you continue your search here (turn to **396**) or now look

elsewhere to avoid meeting any more Devotees (turn to 52)?

138

You are not fast enough. Your spear-punctured body will remain as a grim warning to all those who would seek the cursed treasure of Blackscar.

139

As you draw your sword against Ramatu, he prepares to retaliate by casting a spell.

RAMATU SKILL 11 STAMINA 11

Consult the table below each time the High Priest wins an Attack Round to see which attack he uses and the damage it causes.

Attack Round	*Attack and Damage*
1st	Magical Darts: roll one dice and lose that many STAMINA points.
2nd	Quezkari's Curse: lose 1 SKILL point, 1 LUCK point and 3 STAMINA points.
3rd	Bloodfire: Ramatu blasts you with jets of flaming blood, lose 4 STAMINA points.
4th onwards	Screaming Dagger: lose 2 STAMINA points and reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the rest of the battle due to the dagger's off-putting shrieks.

If you defeat the High Priest, turn to 7.

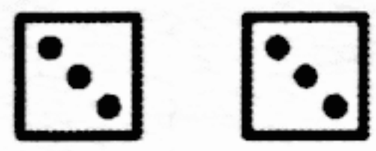

140

It is backbreaking work but after twenty minutes you have managed to clear a sizeable pile of stones from the cave-in, creating an opening into the tunnel beyond. It is only as you are partially through the hole you have cleared that the unstable tunnel roof gives way once more, crushing you under several tonnes of rock and earth. Your adventure ends here.

141

Opening the door and stepping through it, you find yourself in an obsessively tidy and disturbing room. The place looks like a laboratory. On the walls are detailed drawings of human and animal anatomy. Several shelves are packed with glass jars containing preserved body parts and even a human brain. A leather-bound journal resting on a desk is embossed in gold leaf with the name 'Doctor Malefact', the ship's surgeon and Cinnabar's notorious torturer. Do you want to search the Doctor's laboratory further (turn to **313**) or would you prefer not to linger here in case you are discovered (turn to **233**)?

142

You are accepted as a fellow warrior by the Usai and as a sign of this are given a Wristband of White Feathers, as worn by the other warriors of the tribe (regain 1 LUCK point). Queen Zyteea invites you to stay in the village that evening to share in their feast and you happily accept. Marlin's log was totally wrong about the inhabitants of Bone Island. Rather than being cannibals they are actually peaceable, intelligent, civilised people. With the moon now high in the night's sky, you dine on exotic fruits and spit-roast gazelle (restore up to 4 STAMINA points). As you eat, Zyteea tells you that the Usai people live in fear of Ramatu, the High Priest of Quezkari who lives in a temple in the mountains. He sends dark voodoo spirits against the tribespeople, carrying off warriors to become his Zombie slaves. Suddenly there is a scream from a tribesman on guard at the edge of the village. Everyone rushes to see what the disturbance is. The guard is suspended in mid-air and struggling as if in the grasp of some great creature. For a moment you think you see the shadowy outline of whatever is attacking the man. It is only momentary but you get the impression of a horny hide, large tusks, clawed hands and hairy, hooved legs, as if the thing were an amalgam of several different wild animals. The near-invisible Spirit-Beast roars and you run at it with your weapon drawn. If you are using a bone sword, turn to 23. If not, turn to 234.

143

Ignoring the pirate, you leave the markets of the Port of Crabs. (Make a note of the word 'Etarip' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) If you have the word 'Dnalsi' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **17**. If you do not, turn to **334**.

144

You dodge the silk strand, throwing yourself out of the way at the last second. Having wasted its spit attack, the Scarachna drops down from the trees and advances on you, trying to bite you with its mandibles and sting you with its tail.

SCARACHNA	SKILL 11	STAMINA 12

If the Scarachna wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. If you roll a 6, turn to **380**. If you reduce the Scarachna's STAMINA to 7 points or less, turn immediately to **292**.

145

Inside a shattered casket you find a corked Bottle of Rum still intact. Drinking the rum will restore 4 STAMINA points. Now return to **300** and choose another option.

146

Leaving the city, unnoticed, by the Kakhabad Gate you make your way through the darkness to Mallan's Point. The moon shines down from a cloudless sky, illuminating the crumbling tower that was once the port's lighthouse in more prosperous and peaceful times. But the moon is not the only light visible. Close

to the edge of the cliff beyond the ruin you can see a flickering light. If you want to investigate this light, turn to **184**. If you would rather approach the lighthouse, turn to **220**.

147

As you unsheathe your weapon the pirate's grinning corpse rises from the coffin. 'Well, well,' the dead man says in a cracked voice, 'it's been so long since I've had a drink, poor old Roger could die of thirst, so he could.' With fangs bared and talon-hands raised, the vampiric pirate advances towards you.

JOLLY ROGER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you kill the undead pirate, record the word 'Eripmav' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **319**.

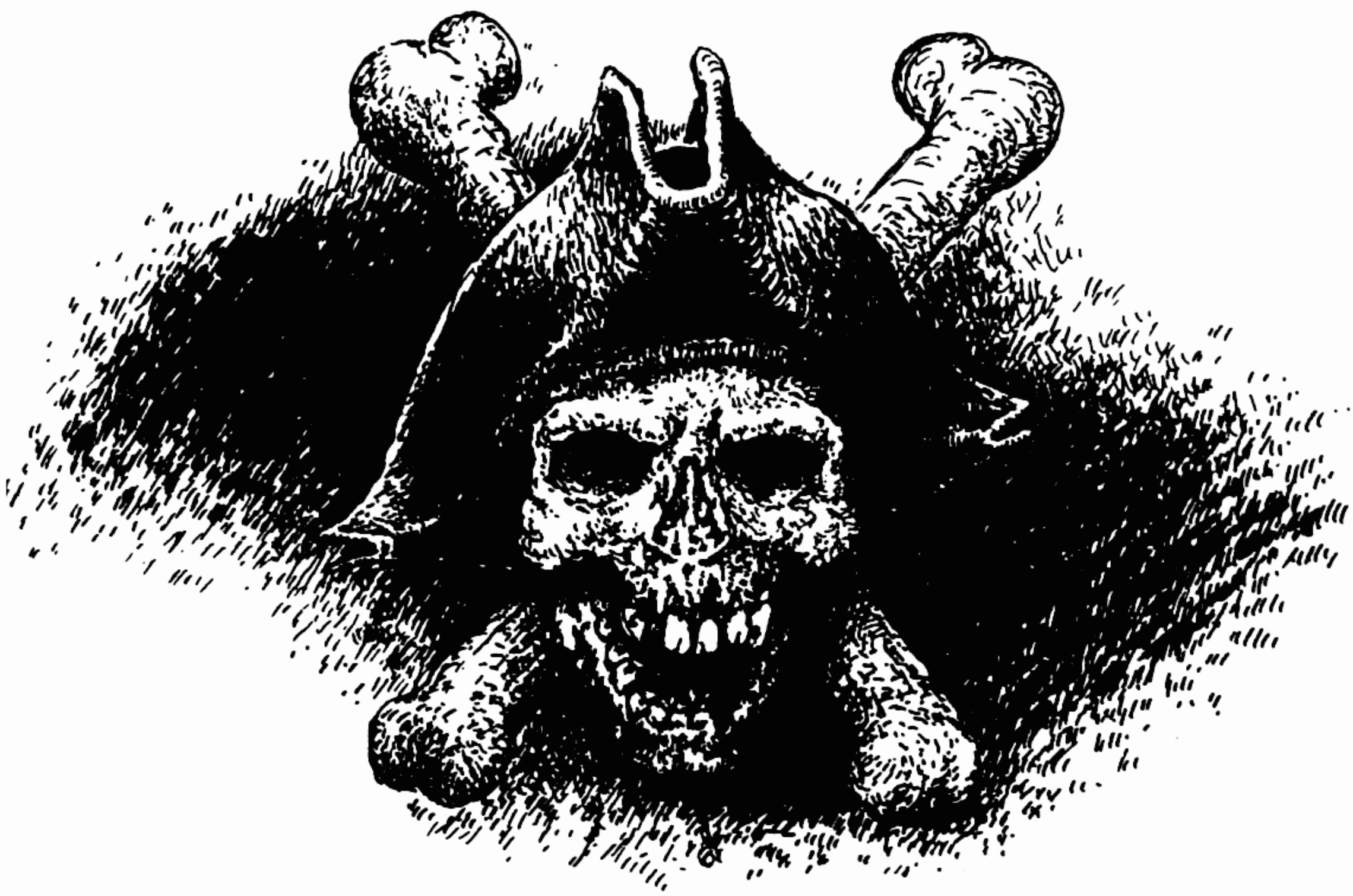

148

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **21**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **43**.

149

The tunnel ends at a semicircular room on the far side of which is an ornately carved stone door flanked by two Zombie-like creatures with strange tribal masks covering their faces. As soon as you enter the chamber, the mindless guards shamble towards you. Will you engage in combat (turn to **226**) or flee from here (turn to **329**)?

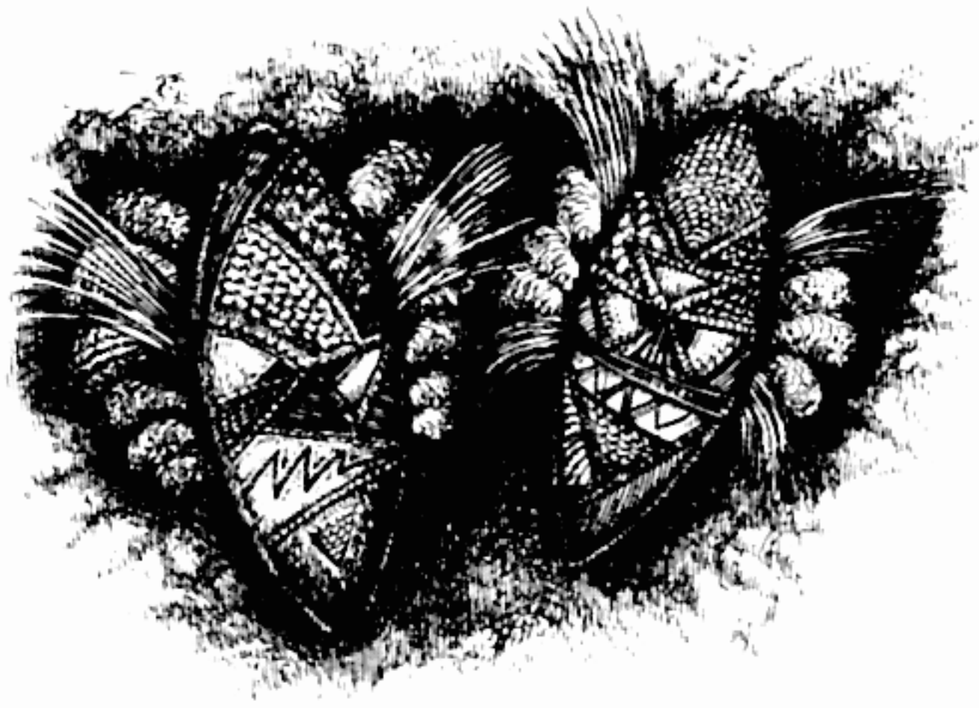

150

You visit many of the seediest drinking establishments in the city, including The Cat and Cockroach, Angar's Mutiny and the Barnacle Tavern. However, your enquiries and investigations attract the attentions of those whose interest you did not want to arouse. Having just left yet another smoky bar-room, you suddenly find yourself confronted by a group of pirates and black-robed devotees – all followers of Quezkari. They have been alerted to your mission by your endless enquiries. Realising the danger you are in from Cinnabar's cronies, you run for it, as there are far too many for you to fight by yourself. *Test your*

Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **241**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **33**.

151

Continuing along the passageway, eventually you reach the entrance to a vast, well-lit chamber. At one end of the cavern a man, dressed in black, flowing robes and with a headdress of crow's feathers, is chanting a spell over the corpse of a tribesman lying on a large, stone slab. Surrounding the Voodoo Priest and filling much of the chamber is a horde of Mask Zombies. Fascinated, you watch as the tribesman's corpse becomes pallid and withers. The Priest then places a tribal mask, which glows with an eldritch light, on its head and instantly the Zombie sits up. Then the Priest looks up, directly at you! With a screeching cry he points in your direction and his undead servants shamble forwards. There is only one exit from the chamber not blocked by the Zombies so will you run for it (turn to **201**) or stand and fight (turn to **45**)?

152

Cinnabar slumps to the deck: you have overcome him at last. But what is this? His wounds closing before your very eyes, Cinnabar rises to his feet again, seemingly unharmed! 'Don't you understand?' he mocks. 'The ceremony was completed. I am invulnerable and I shall be invincible! And do you know why?' Cinnabar is boasting now: 'My heart is no longer inside my body!' If you have a Fetish, turn to **398**. If not, turn to **124**.

153

As the *Fortune* sails away from the *Sea Maiden,* you watch as the ghost ship fades into thin air and the green mist disperses on the wind. At the same time the sky brightens once more. Suddenly there is a cry from the crow's nest: 'Captain Conyn! Galleon off the starboard bow!'

All eyes look out to sea. There on the horizon, sailing away from you, is the unmistakable shape of Cinnabar's pirate ship, the *Virago* – and the *Fortune* is gaining on it! Your quarry is in reach at last. Without warning, the sea before your vessel becomes a boiling froth. Out of this turbulence rises a gargantuan, fish-like head, jaws open wide. The whale-like Behemoth blots out the sun as its mouth descends on the *Fortune,* teeth like stalactites bearing down on you. The scene on board the *Fortune* is one of utter panic. Desperately the crew is trying to steer the ship out of the way of the monster, which is big enough to swallow it whole! The great jaws crash down on the *Fortune,* closing around the hold, breaking masts and spars as if they were matchwood. You are thrown across the deck and into the churning sea. Roll three dice: if the total is greater than your STAMINA score, turn to **344**; if it less, turn to **300**.

154

Gulping down the sweet liquid, you begin to feel more dexterous and clear-headed. You've just drunk a Potion of Skill (restore your SKILL score to its *Initial* level). Turn back to **217** and choose another option.

155

You find yourself dragged before Cinnabar once again, only this time it is on the deck of the pirate-lord's ship. 'So you escaped from our little trap,' the undead captain says, calmly. 'Well it won't happen again. I think this time you deserve the attentions of the good Doctor Malefact. Doctor?'

At Cinnabar's invitation, a small, elderly man with a balding pate and thick-lensed spectacles steps towards you, scalpel raised and a wicked glint in his eyes. You don't want to imagine what he has planned for you! You must try to escape. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **250**. If you fail, turn to **107**.

156

Pocketing your 2 Gold Pieces (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*) Mundi takes a leather-bound tome from a bookcase and quickly thumbs through it. 'Ah, yes. Here we are,' he says, stopping at a particular page. 'This is a copy of the legendary Captain Marlin's log from his exploring days with the *Prancing Porpoise*. On one of his many voyages recorded in this journal, he mentions, in passing, a tropical island inhabited by cannibals, which he named Bone Island. There is no map but he does say that it lies 370 leagues east of the Port of Crabs. That's all I can tell you, I'm afraid,' says the Dwarf. 'If you ever go there, maybe you could make a few sketches that I could use to draw up a map of the place myself.' Thanking Mundi Pelago for his help, you go on your way. Turn to **334**.

157

The trap sprung, poison darts fly out of holes in the walls hitting you. Roll one dice and add 2: this is the number of darts that hit you, each one causing 1 STAMINA point of damage. Intending to be more careful in future, you stagger onwards, feeling like a human pincushion. Turn to **48**.

158

You come to tied to a stone altar before a hideous, bony likeness of the voodoo death-god, Quezkari. You only just have time to take in the fact that you are in a large underground chamber packed with pirates and Devotees, before a black-robed priest plunges his sacrificial knife into your heart! Your very blood will be used to help bring your enemy back to life! Your adventure is over.

159

Like a great felled tree, the Anchor Man topples onto the jetty with a crash. (Make a note of the word 'Rohcna' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) A rapid search of his body uncovers 6 Gold Pieces and a grubby piece of old parchment. On it is written one word: 'Leviathan'. What can it mean? You continue your search for secret entrances a while longer but discover nothing, so you give up looking here. Add 1 Hour and turn to **52**.

160

Holding out your arm, you allow Madame Galbo to open a vein with a thin knife so that she can collect some of your blood in a crucible (lose 3 STAMINA

points). Just as you feel that you are about to faint, you hear the old wisewoman tell you that she is finished. Coming round, you watch as Madame Galbo heats the blood over a small flame, together with another strange liquid that smells strongly of sulphur. Clouds of steam form in the air above you and then, within them, form wraith-like faces. The old woman now sits swaying gently from side to side, with her eyes closed. 'Spirits,' she intones, 'what does the future hold for the vengeance-seeker? Tell us!'

An unnerving whispering moan fills the air and the spirits Madame Galbo has summoned speak: 'The Isle of Bones... That is where they must go... The spell-weaver's books hold the key... The mask holds the power... The heart of the idol... The Spirit of Darkness comes...' And then the voices fade.

Madame Galbo looks strained after the summoning so, bidding her farewell, you leave the cottage. Turn to **239**.

161

Evading your blows the two tentacles seize you in their slippery coils. There is nothing you can do as you are dragged into the sea and under the water. Through the churning murk you see the Giant Octopus that has made this cave its home. It is pulling you towards its snapping, beaked mouth. In desperation you manage to free you sword-arm, although one of the creature's tentacles still has you in its tightening grip. You are going to have to fight for your life.

GIANT OCTOPUS SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

As you are fighting the Octopus underwater you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If the battle lasts for more Attack Rounds than your current SKILL score, turn to **190** straight away. If you defeat the creature in the same number of Attack Rounds as your current SKILL or fewer, turn to **379**.

162

You throw one portion of your Provisions into a far corner of the room (cross 1 meal off your *Adventure Sheet*). The mutant cat pounces on them and begins to devour them greedily. However, as soon as you enter the room, with a roar the beast bounds towards you. You have no choice but to fight the monster.

NINE-TAILS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

The cat attacks by trying to slash you with its great claws and bite you with its huge fangs. However, if the monster hits you, roll one dice. On a roll of 5 or 6, it has hit you with its barbed tails instead: roll one dice and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA score. You may *Test your Luck* to avoid this damage if you wish. Keep track of how much STAMINA you lose in this way. If you survive this battle, turn to **235**.

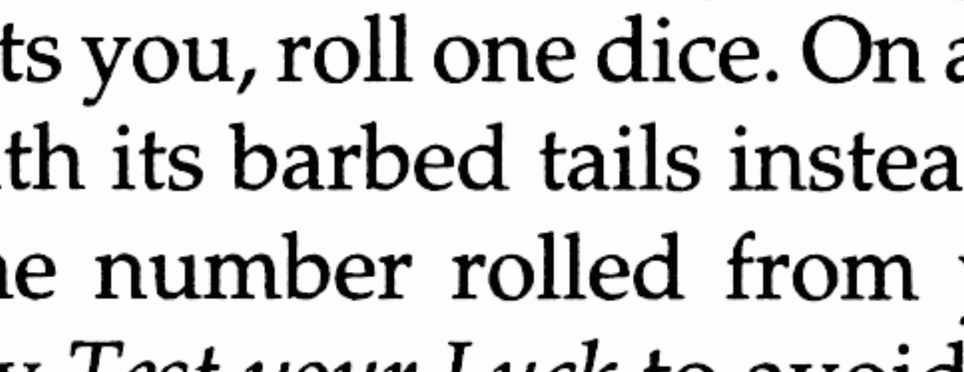

163

You hand over the money (deduct 10 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*) and the soldiers part to let you through. As you go Snide adds, 'But remember, if you should pass my way again...' Without further hesitation you hurry on, barely suppressing your anger at such an insult. Turn to **287**.

164

You eventually settle down with your back to a tree and your sword at your side, just in case. You are woken in the middle of the night by a loud buzzing. Hovering above you are three, oval-shaped beetles, each one as big as your head, with large mandibles and shimmering emerald bodies. Being carnivorous, the insects attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First JUNGLE BUG	5	5
Second JUNGLE BUG	4	4
Third JUNGLE BUG	5	4

If you kill all the flying beetles, you manage to get back to sleep and at dawn are on your way again. If you have the word 'Noogal' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **327**. If not, turn to **115**.

165

Taken from the head of one of the race of little people known as Elvins, who dwell in the Shamutanti Hills of Kakhabad and worship the Trickster God Lord Logaan, this lock of hair will bring you good fortune. Whenever you are instructed to *Test your Luck* from now on, you may deduct 1 from the dice-roll. Return to **42**.

166

Back in the outer entrance chamber of the temple, choosing a way you haven't gone yet, will you pass through the left-hand arch (turn to **216**), the central arch (turn to **392**) or the right-hand arch (turn to **255**)?

167

The clink of coins in his pot makes the blind man turn his head in your direction. 'Welcome, fellow traveller on life's highway,' he says in cheerful greeting. 'Give me your hand and I will tell you what waits within that unknown isle – the future.' Somewhat uncertainly, you stretch out your hand to the seer, who, after groping the air, clasps it in a vice-like grip. 'Ahhh,' he breathes, 'a brave soul that fights for truth and justice. May Cheelah smile upon your endeavours. Let Luck and Chance guide you on your path. Farewell.' Is that all you get for 2 Gold Pieces? The Master of Destiny releases your hand and says no more. Will you now make an offering to the bearded guru (turn to **393**) or the mute fortune-teller (turn to **98**), or will you go on your way (add 1 Hour and turn to **334**)?

168

At around noon the next day the previously clear sky suddenly, and inexplicably, darkens. As the *Fortune* sails on under the leaden sky another ship comes into view off the port bow. It appears to be in a state of terrible disrepair and is surrounded by a pall of sickly, green mist. Conyn looks at the vessel through his telescope and his face becomes ashen. You ask him what is troubling him. 'It is the *Sea Maiden* – a ghost ship,' he explains. 'Folklore has it that its crew and captain are cursed to sail the twelve seas for all eternity. We should avoid it at all costs!' You are now curious about the *Sea Maiden*. If you want to try to persuade Conyn to approach the ghost ship, turn to **390**. If not, turn to **153**.

169

Sure enough, in one cell you find five, half-starved tribespeople, whom you release. Having thanked you profusely for freeing them, they return the favour by giving you any information they can that may help you. They know nothing about the Pirates of the Black Skull but do know the Mask Zombies' secret: the masks themselves imbue the Zombies with Quezkari's power, and if removed the undead become severely weakened. Knowing this, if you ever find yourself in combat with Mask Zombies, rather than fighting them in the usual way, you can try to remove their tribal masks. To do this very specific task you will have to reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points but as soon as you win an Attack Round you grab the Zombie's mask and cast it aside; the Zombie loses

2 STAMINA points and 3 SKILL points. If you had not saved the tribespeople, their fate would have been to be turned into Mask Zombies too. The prisoners also overheard the temple's High Priest telling one of his acolytes about a code or something and used the phrase, 'Back two, forward two. Back two, forward two.' Regain 1 LUCK point for this knowledge and then turn to **57**.

170

The bracelet is made from leather embedded with the razor-sharp teeth of a shark, thirty-eight in all, which point outwards. It is an unusual item, which at the moment does not seem to exhibit any magical potential – but it may prove useful. Return to **42**.

171

At last you come upon a rusted iron ladder set into one wall of a tunnel, which leads up to a manhole cover. Clambering out into the street above, you take in great lungfuls of fresh sea-air, glad to be rid of the vile stench of the sewers. Add 1 Hour and turn to **52**.

172

You are suddenly reminded of the Talismonger's words about the Magical Compass you bought and take it out of your backpack. Looking at it, you see that the needle is pointing westwards. If you want to head in the direction the compass is pointing, turn to **110**. If you would rather just explore the hills, turn to **65**.

173

You duck just in time to avoid being hit by the dagger. You then close on the old pirate. Turn to **318**.

174

Turfed out into the street, feeling insulted and frustrated, you set off to look elsewhere. Add 1 Hour to your total, and the word 'Regnad' to your *Adventure Sheet*, and then turn to **334**.

175

You are attracted to something lying in the soil of a freshly dug grave, glinting in the moonlight. Bending down, you pick it up – it is another doubloon, also with two heads. Crivens had such a coin and was a

member of Cinnabar's crew, and now you have two men carrying a chest full of them through a deserted cemetery at night! They must have something to do with the Pirates of the Black Skull. You decide to follow these smugglers. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **247**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **284**.

176

Clambering onto the statue, you force your sword into an eye-socket. You are suddenly aware of a hissing sound and see that purple smoke is pouring out of the iguana's mouth. Being so close to it you cannot avoid your head being surrounded by the cloud of gas. You pass out and fall onto the chamber floor. Death soon follows.

177

What sort of weapon are you using? If it is made of bone and you know how to awaken the power within it, convert the letters in its name into numbers using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 up to Z=26, add the numbers together and then turn to that paragraph. If you do not know how to release the weapon's magical energies or you are not using a bone sword, turn to **345**.

178

Drinking the 'Infusion of Fate' has the same effect as downing a Potion of Fortune. (Add 1 to your *Initial* LUCK score and raise it to this new level.) Return to **217** and do something else.

179

Madame Galbo applies herb compresses to your wounds, which knit together and heal within a matter of minutes! (Restore your STAMINA and SKILL scores to their *Initial* levels and regain 2 LUCK points.) 'Now you must be on your way,' orders the old wisewoman. Turn to **239**.

180

Still shaking, you uncork the bottle of Antidote and take a swig (reduce the amount left by one tot). The tremors soon subside and the fever also passes, leaving you able to go on your way. Turn to **262**.

181

An eerie silence pervades the streets of the Temple Quarter, creating a disconcerting atmosphere. Creeping, cat-like, along the roads, you are suddenly surprised by two figures that step out of the shadows in front of you. Dressed in black habits, and with sacrificial daggers raised, the Devotees advance towards you. Drawing your sword, you prepare to do battle. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEVOTEE	6	6
Second DEVOTEE	7	6

If the battle lasts longer than ten Attack Rounds, turn at once to **264**. If not, and you win the battle, turn to **137**.

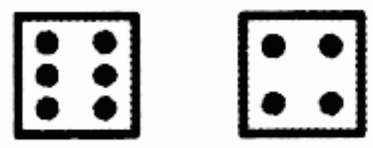

182

The evil Cinnabar draws a gleaming cutlass from its scabbard and with a roar engages you in combat. At the same time, the pirate-lord's mangy parrot flies from its perch on his shoulder. 'That's right, Jezebel,' laughs Cinnabar, 'go for the eyes!'

CINNABAR	SKILL 12	STAMINA 16

As you are being distracted by the parrot you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for this battle. Also, each Attack Round roll one dice: if you roll a 5 or 6, Jezebel pecks you and scratches you with her claws (lose 1 additional STAMINA point). If you manage to defeat the murderer of your family, turn to **152**.

183

If you offer the primitive some food, turn to **222**. If you give it a Flask of Grog or a Bottle of Rum, turn to **268**. If you offer it something else, turn to **246**.

184

Creeping cautiously towards the cliff edge you see that the light is actually that from a lantern, held by a woman who is looking out to sea with her two companions, a man and a pug-faced Man-Orc. Following the direction of their gazes, you make out a stout ship sailing towards the treacherous, jagged rocks, which line this stretch of coast. The light is guiding the ship to its doom! These three must be Wreckers, felons who deliberately cause shipwrecks for their own gain, scavenging the booty washed up from the sunken vessels. You must stop them or another ship will fall

prey to their cruel intentions! Fortunately, they are still unaware of your presence here. Running at the nearest scoundrel, sword drawn, you wound him before he has a chance to defend himself. Fight the Wreckers all together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WRECKER	7	5
Second WRECKER	6	7
Third WRECKER	8	7

If you win, turn to **369**.

185

Passing through the sweet-scented cloud, you follow the passageway until you reach a wooden door in the right-hand wall, barred from the outside. Listening at the door you can hear a scratching and snuffling sound. Do you want to open the door (turn to **311**) or go on without hesitation (turn to **151**)?

186

Having jumped ship you are now stranded in the middle of the Western Ocean with no sight of land anywhere. The turquoise waters stretch in every direction as far as the horizon. If you have the word 'Enutrof' recorded on your *Adventure Sheet,* turn to **257**. If not, turn to **54**.

187

Dropping his whip, the Half-Ogre moves in to attack you with his club.

HALF-OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If the Half-Ogre wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, the blow from his club knocks you off your feet. This means that you spend the next round of combat getting up again, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for that Attack Round. If you kill the Half-Ogre, turn to **328**.

188

You rush out of the temple into blazing sunshine. If you can catch up with Cinnabar maybe you'll be able to stop him before he leaves Bone Island. Running as fast as you can, you hurry down through the hills to the lagoon. Lose 1 STAMINA point due to this strenuous exercise. You reach the bay as evening approaches, just in time to see the *Virago* disappearing towards the horizon on the open sea. After all your efforts you are too late! If you have the word 'Nediam' written down on your *Adventure Sheet,* turn to **352**. If not, turn to **263**.

189

Raising the splintered shaft of wood in one hand you are amazed when the undead pirate cowers back hissing in fear. You quickly press home your advantage and plunge the stake into the corpse's chest, transfixing the creature's heart. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **319**.

190

As you struggle valiantly against the Giant Octopus beneath the waves, eventually the air in your lungs runs out. Still submerged beneath the surface you gasp for breath, inhaling great lungfuls of salty brine. Whether you die by drowning or are devoured by the Octopus first, the end result is the same. Your adventure is over.

191

You step through the doorway into the watery light of dawn: you are on the deck of the *Virago*. Milling about in front of you are the crew and standing at the fo'c'sle is Cinnabar himself, a mangy parrot perched on his shoulder. Suddenly the evil captain looks round and, seeing you, screams to his pirates to capture you. There are far too many of them to take on by yourself so you do the only thing you can: you have no choice but to jump ship. The way to the side of the ship is blocked by the ruffians so you run for the rigging. Three pirates immediately step into your path.

	SKILL
First PIRATE	6
Second PIRATE	5
Third PIRATE	7

Do not fight the Pirates in the usual way. Instead, calculate Attack Strengths for yourself and the first

Pirate. If his is higher, you are captured, turn to **155**. If yours is, you have barged past him: move on to the next Pirate and repeat the process until you have either been captured (turn to **155**) or evaded all three of the rogues ranged against you (turn to **79**).

192

Yammering cries, the shrieks of strange birds and the chittering of insects fill the jungle with a constant cacophony. But what was that? Something else is close by. Roll two dice. If you roll:

2	Turn to **53**
3	Turn to **371**
4	Turn to **320**
5	Turn to **2**
6	Turn to **245**
7	Turn to **332**
8	Turn to **37**
9	Turn to **85**
10	Turn to **198**
11 or 12	No encounter

Each encounter, apart from number 11 or 12, can occur only once. If you roll an encounter that has already taken place, roll again. If you roll 11 or 12, turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down before coming here. Ensure that you cross off each encounter as you choose it.

193

As you are trudging through the sludge and septic muck of the tunnels, a huge serpentine creature bursts

from the foul water in front of you. The Sewer Snake must be almost five metres long, and is coloured a disgusting grey-brown. It attacks immediately.

SEWER SNAKE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you win, you go on until you eventually find a way out of the sewers. Add 2 Hours and turn to **52**.

194

'You have done very well,' says the tribespeople's Queen, 'but you have not done well enough to prove to us that your intentions are honourable. You must leave our village.' Before you go, however, Zyteea does tell you that her warriors have seen a ship anchored in the lagoon on the eastern side of the island. (Add the word 'Noogal' to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Leaving the village you head off into the jungle once more (turn to **164**).

195

'That'll do nicely,' smarms the guard, pocketing your gold and opening the gate. 'This way,' he says, leading you into the Old Fort. You soon find yourself outside a grand set of double doors. The guard knocks on the doors and having received the reply, 'Enter!' he opens them, letting you pass into Governor Montargo's audience chamber. Sitting behind a large oak desk, in a high-backed chair, is a dignified but bored-looking man, with close-cropped grey hair and wearing the uniform of a military commander. 'Well?' he demands, impatiently.

'Lord Montargo,' you begin, 'I am here to inform you of a terrible threat to the security of your city. The Pirates of the Black Skull are intending to return their evil captain, Cinnabar, to life through the dark practices of voodoo.'

'What nonsense! Cinnabar was killed six months ago by Conyn, the bounty hunter. The scoundrel's body was lost to the sea. How do you seriously expect me to believe that he can now be brought back to life?'

'I am telling you the truth!' you exclaim. 'I have seen evidence of the pirates' activities myself. We must find out where they are hiding. Do you want the Port of Crabs to become threatened by Cinnabar and those like him?'

'Enough! I am not interested in your wild goose chases and I do not have to listen to your paranoid ramblings. There is no threat to the city. Guards!' Four uniformed soldiers immediately burst into the audience chamber. 'My guest is just leaving.' The guards go to frog-march you away. Will you resist them (turn to **236**) or allow yourself to be escorted out of the chamber (turn to **174**)?

196

The spears just miss your back as you hurl yourself forwards. Picking yourself up from the tunnel floor, you reassess the situation. This place is proving to be more dangerous by the minute. Do you want to continue (turn to **228**) or turn back and leave the caves (turn to **279**)?

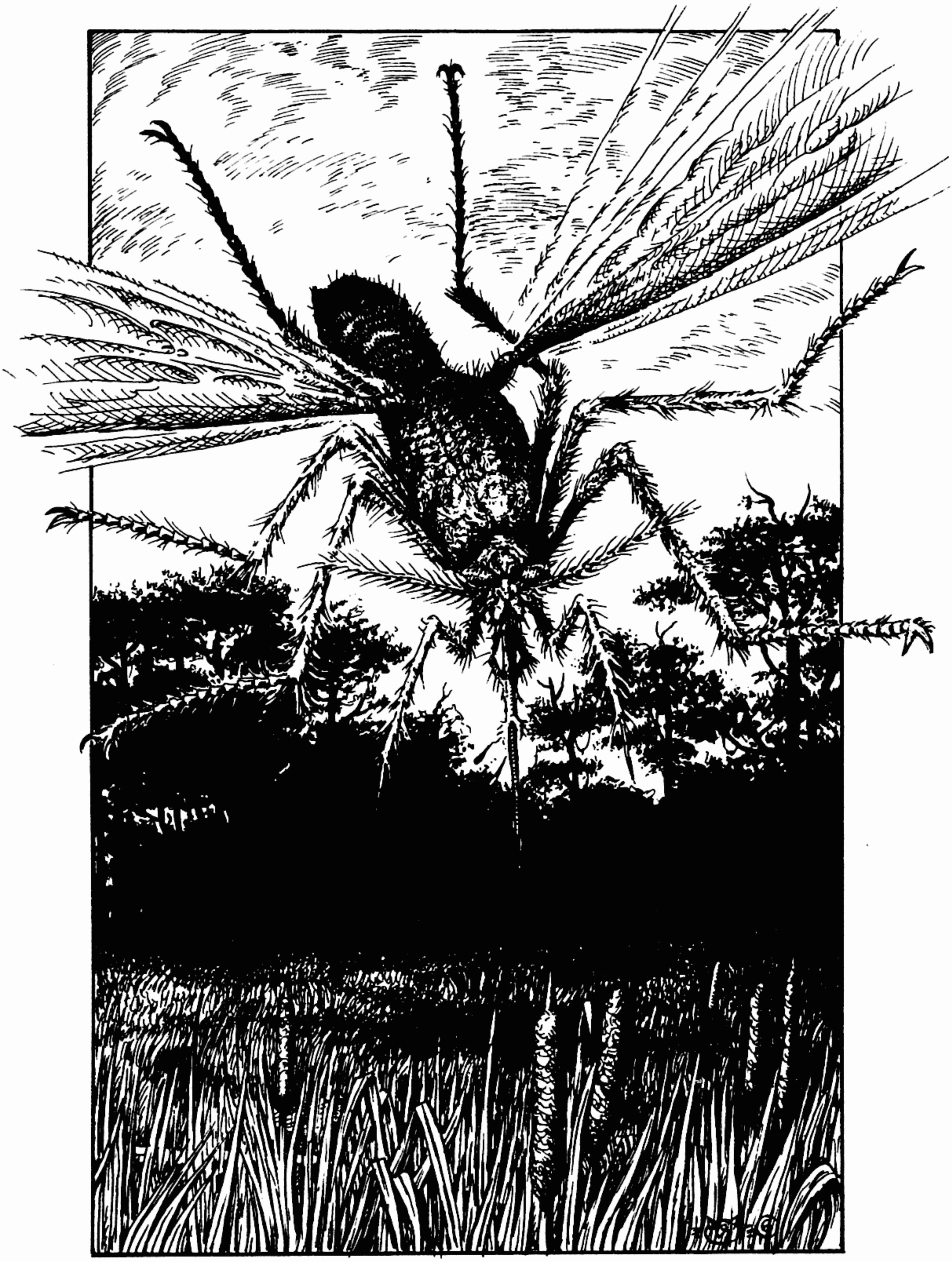

197

The trees soon begin to thin and in no time at all you find yourself at the edge of an expanse of marshland. The swamp is formed by a river delta where it meets the sea. As it is the only way onwards, you set off across it, wary of predatory swamp creatures. The going is quite easy through the marsh and, as dusk falls, you have almost reached dry land again. With the ground underfoot becoming firmer with every step you hear a loud buzzing getting closer too. And then the huge insect is there in front of you, its proboscis glistening with poison as it jabs at you. You must fight the Giant Mosquito.

GIANT MOSQUITO	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the insect and lost *any* Attack Rounds to it, turn at once to **299**. If you managed to suffer no wounds in the fight, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **262**.

198

You step through clinging fronds into a clearing in which a titanic struggle is taking place. There, in front of you, two colossi of the sweltering jungle – a huge grey-furred ape and a vicious, carnivorous lizard – are fighting over disputed territory. The Great Ape's fists are pounding the Terrible Lizard's scaly hide whilst the saurus snaps at the ape with its deadly

jaws. Suddenly caught in the thick of things, what will you do?

Side with the ape against the lizard?	Turn to **215**
Join in battle against the ape?	Turn to **337**
Try to skirt past the two monsters without getting involved?	Turn to **304**
Watch the fight to its conclusion?	Turn to **77**

199

You also uncover a peculiar, eight-sided Blue Gem in a silk-lined box (add this to your *Adventure Sheet*). Having completed your search, you decide that it is time to find out what is going on here and so head in the other direction past the T-junction. Add 1 Hour to your total and turn to **13**.

200

If you bought the Ivory Lion Charm, turn to **227**. If not, you can either look for more practical equipment around the markets (turn to **351**) or leave to continue your quest (turn to **111**).

201

Evading the grasping hands of the Zombies you rush past them and along the new tunnel. Your heart racing with adrenalin, you skid to a halt on entering another cave. The Zombies are quite a way behind you now, but there is something far worse ahead. A fissure in the cave roof is open to the outside world and much of the chamber is a tangle of sticky webs. Crawling down from the crack on the glistening

threads is a creature you had hoped never to meet again – the Scarachna! Since last you encountered the hybrid, the spider-scorpion has regained its strength and this time it is determined not to let you get away.

SCARACHNA SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If the monster wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, turn to **112**. If you ever lose two Attack Rounds in succession, turn to **336**. If you are still fighting after twelve Attack Rounds, turn to **237**. If you have killed the spider-scorpion within twelve Attack Rounds, turn to **30**.

202

You are inside a room full of nautical instruments and old charts. With a bang, the door slams shut behind you. You watch, terrified, as sextants and other objects rise into the air and the ship's compass in the room goes haywire. Then the wailing begins... *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **116**. If you fail, turn to **76**.

203

Hissing menacingly, the snakes slither towards you. Fight them as if they were a single opponent.

SNAKES SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

The snakes have venomous bites and, if you lose an Attack Round, will cause 4 STAMINA points of damage (unless you have some Poison Antidote: taking one tot will keep the damage at 2 points). If you win, turn to **331**.

204

You cannot move the heavy, iron gate. If you are still able to use a Potion of Giant-Strength, turn to **31**. If not, turn to **243**.

205

With one of the jungle monsters dead, you are going to have to fight the other as it prepares to defend its territory once again. If the Great Ape won, turn to **330** to fight it, deducting any STAMINA points it lost in its battle with the saurus. If the Terrible Lizard won, turn to **278**, deducting any STAMINA points it lost in its battle with the ape.

206

'You were warned, stranger,' the warrior intones and two of them immediately attack. Fight them simultaneously.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TRIBESMAN	8	7
Second TRIBESMAN	8	8

If you kill the warriors, the enraged villagers prepare to exact their revenge. If you hang around here you are sure to be killed so you flee, losing them in the jungle. Turn to **164**.

207

Pushing through the bustling hordes of gamblers, you suddenly feel something pushed into your hand. Quickly looking about you, you think you see an old woman hurrying away but she is soon lost in the

crowds. You have been given a sealed envelope. You wait until you are outside before breaking the wax-seal and opening the envelope. Inside are a letter and an iron key. The letter reads as follows:

If you are determined to defeat the Pirates of the Black Skull, go to room 101 at the Silent Donkey.

A Friend.

The key must be the one to the room in the inn. If you ever want to follow up this contact, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the room, but for now add 2 Hours to your total and turn to **334**.

208

You have no success in your search so you decide that your best option is to head northeast back into the island's interior. Turn to **279**.

209

Leaving the Grand Temple, you prepare to go on your way. During the day, the Street of Holies is packed with beggars, supplicants and worshippers. As you descend the temple steps, you hear two voices raised above the noise of the bustling crowds. One is shouting, 'Words of Wisdom! Words of Wisdom!' while the second is calling out, 'Let the Master of Destiny guide you on life's journey!' Looking round, you see three men sitting cross-legged beside the road. Each is dressed differently, in the manner of certain religious groups, but in front of each of them is a small offering pot. The closest of the men, with long hair and an even longer beard, smiles at you and says, 'Two Gold

Pieces is all we ask, and then we will reveal to you the mysteries of the cosmos and what Fate has in store for you.' Do you want to make a donation to one of the wise men (turn to **270**) or will you leave the Temple Quarter to look elsewhere for information (add 1 Hour and turn to **334**)?

210

Taking the fetish in your hands does not produce any ill effects so, thinking it could be useful later, you stow the grim little idol in your backpack. Will you now grab the pearl (turn to **388**) or leave the temple without further delay (turn to **188**)?

211

Descending the stairs you are enticed onwards by the smells of cooking. Entering a large, warm room in the hold, you find yourself in the pirates' kitchen and the cook doesn't appear too pleased at being interrupted. Bladderwrack the Cook is a huge, blubbery man, stripped to the waist and sweating disgustingly. Although his recipes for the crew are conventional fare, it is known that his own tastes are more cannibalistic, and a necklace of finger bones attests to this fact. Seeing that you are not one of the pirates, Bladderwrack picks up a pan of boiling water and hurls it at you. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **35**. If you fail, turn to **339**.

212

The corpse pirate lets out a gurgling laugh as you wave the powerless wand at it. The undead horror lashes out at you with its ragged fingernails, clawing your face. (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) Turn to **147**.

213

The dagger sinks into your shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **318**.

214

The mass of fighting bodies parts and there stands your quarry before you. Having fought your way past his lackeys, you are face-to-face with Cinnabar, old Bloodbones himself, at last. But he is no longer the undead horror you encountered beneath the Port of Crabs – he is now the debonair, handsome pirate-lord he was before his death. Springing like a panther, you sprint across the deck to reach Cinnabar. At the same time the pirate captain raises a small crossbow and fires. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **375**. If you fail, turn to **102**.

215

With you joining the fight against the Terrible Lizard, the Great Ape soon prevails. With one last blow from the ape's huge fists, the saurus falls to the ground either dead, or unconscious. The ape fixes you with its beady black eyes. Rearing up on its haunches it bellows and begins beating its chest. Will you prepare to defend yourself (turn to **330**), or will you run for it (**94**)?

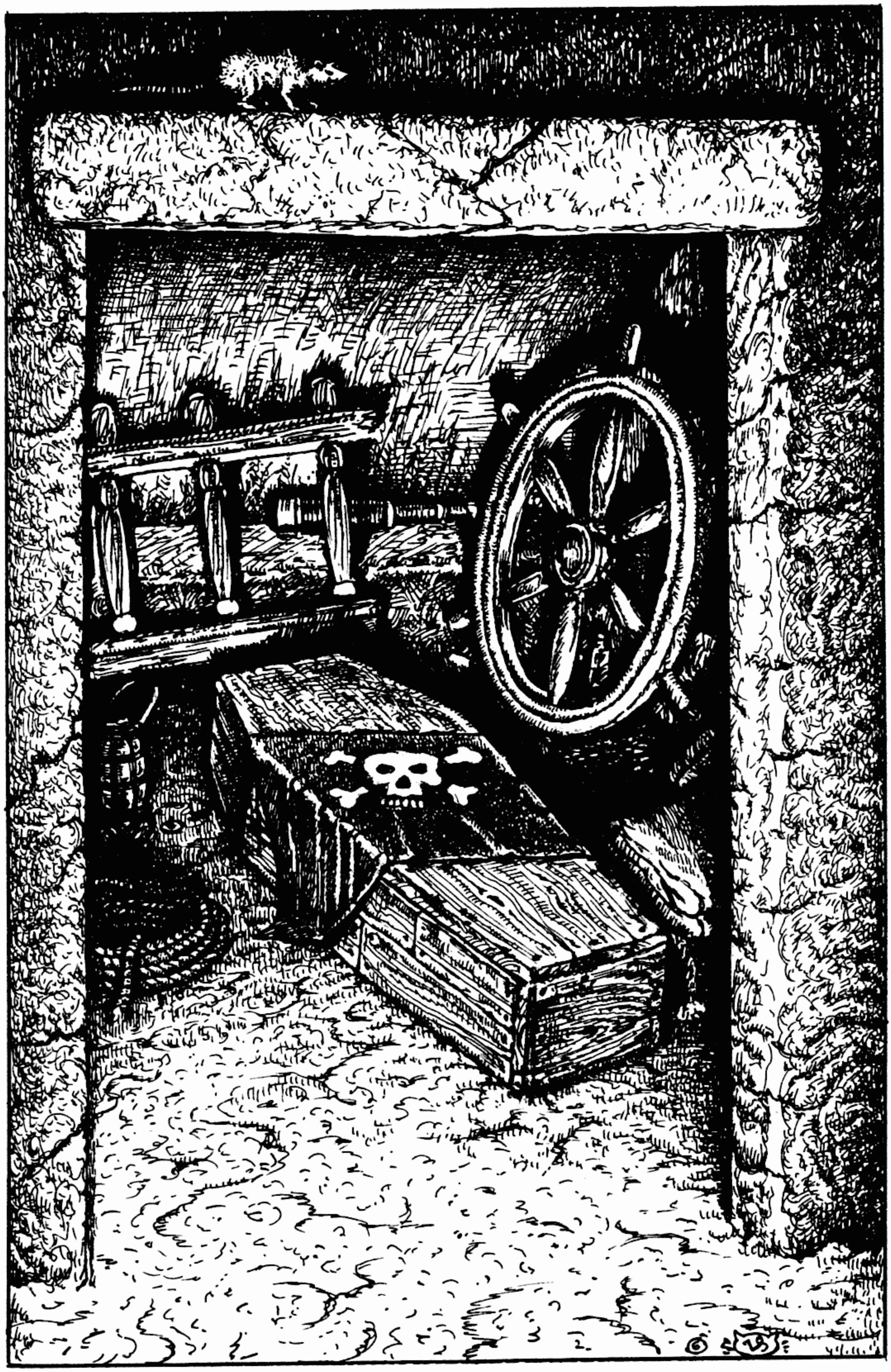

216

You have not travelled very far along the passageway beyond the left-hand archway when the corridor turns left into a small, dark, rough-hewn chamber. Curiously, pieces of shipping tackle seem to have been abandoned here, including a ship's wheel, but the object which intrigues you most lies in the middle of the floor. It is a plain wooden coffin, draped with a Jolly Roger. There is no way out of the chamber other than the way you came in, so will you:

Search the chamber for any useful items?	Turn to **314**
Open the flag-draped coffin?	Turn to **36**
Retrace your steps and pass through the central archway?	Turn to **392**
Go back and choose the right-hand archway?	Turn to **255**

217

The box contains several empty bottles, no doubt drunk by Balinac. However, there are two with their seals still intact that are labelled. Do you want to:

Drink the 'Essence of Expertise'?	Turn to **154**
Drink the 'Infusion of Fate'?	Turn to **178**
Study the *Mythica*?	Turn to **47**
Read the *Arcanum*?	Turn to **5**
Leave the wizard's cell?	Turn to **385**

218

With your fingers round the handle of the door, you freeze, hearing a floorboard creak outside the room. Is there somebody there – somebody up to no good? Silently, you unsheathe your sword, just in case, and open the door but do not step through it. Instantly, two black-robed figures leap into the doorway, coshes raised. Determined to stop you succeeding in your quest, the Devotees of Quezkari attack. In the narrow doorway you can fight these acolytes of evil one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEVOTEE	6	7
Second DEVOTEE	6	6

If you win, a rapid search of the fanatics' bodies reveals nothing of value to you so you quickly leave the inn. Add 1 Hour and the word 'Yeknod' to your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **287**.

219

Reaching the edge of the cave you can now see that a narrow ledge, just a few metres above the crashing waves, leads into the gloomy depths beyond. Do you want to continue into the cave (turn to **354**) or would you rather give up on this course of action and return to the cliff-top (turn to **322**).

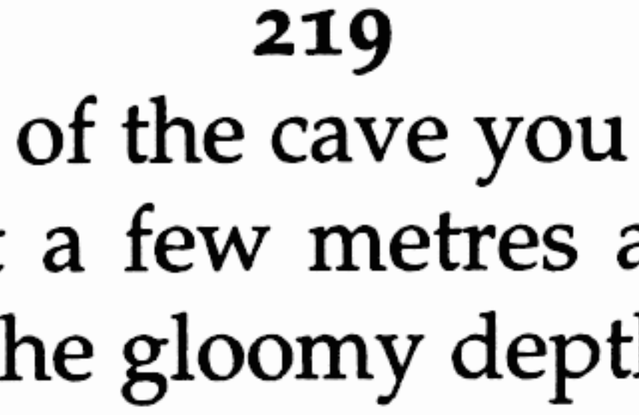

220

To your surprise, you find a sturdy door in the base of the tower, the only way in. Being as quiet as possible, you try the door but discover that it is locked. What will you do now?

Attempt to break down the door?	Turn to **326**
Investigate the flickering light?	Turn to **184**
Leave the lighthouse (add 1 Hour) and look elsewhere for the pirates?	Turn to **52**

221

You find yourself exploring the pirates' hideout, a collection of meeting rooms, storerooms and sleeping chambers, but all appear to be deserted! Do you want to remain here and make a thorough search of the hideout (turn to **305**) or would you rather return to the T-junction and follow the tunnel in the opposite direction (turn to **13**)?

222

The Balinac snatches the food from you and wolfs it down (cross off 1 meal from your Provisions), allowing you to pass. Turn to **125**.

223

Will you now look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**) or Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

224

While you are recounting recent events, a tribesman approaches Zyteea and you recognise him as the one you saved from the Praying Mantis. He whispers something to his Queen and when you are finished she says, 'Toombei tells me that you saved his life and that you are a noble warrior. Therefore you are welcome here.' Turn to **142**

225

As you rummage about inside the dead pirate's coffin, you disturb a number of Blood Maggots that were lurking there. Each of the eyeless grubs latches onto your flesh with its barbed mouthparts. Roll one dice. This is how many of the maggots bite you. Lose the same number of STAMINA points. Having managed to pull the horrid creatures from your ravaged flesh, you hastily depart the vampire's chamber. You have no desire to remain there any longer. If you have the word 'Eripmav' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **58**. If not, turn to **166**.

226

Armed with pole-arms, the Mask Zombies are dangerous enemies.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MASK ZOMBIE	8	7
Second MASK ZOMBIE	8	6

If you overcome your adversaries, turn to **291**.

227

'If you're worried about voodoo, you should go and see Madame Galbo,' says the Talismonger and tells you how to find her cottage in Mandrake's Lane. If, in future, you are given a chance to visit Madame Galbo, you may do so by turning to **100** (make a note of this paragraph number on your *Adventure Sheet*). But for now, you can either look for more practical equipment around the markets (turn to **351**) or leave to continue your quest (turn to **111**).

228

Not much further on, the tunnel comes to an end before a blank rock wall at the foot of which is a murky pool. There is no sign of any treasure and there appears to be no way on... unless it's through the pool! But then you don't know how deep the pool is or for how long you may have to hold your breath. Will you dive into the water (turn to **71**) or now turn back (turn to **279**)?

229

Leaping between the man and the Mantis you ready your sword. Its forelegs raised ready to strike and snapping its mandibles, the monstrous insect attacks.

GIANT PRAYING MANTIS	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

The Mantis is covered in armour-like chitin so blows against it will only inflict 1 point of damage (2 points if you use LUCK in this battle and are Lucky, but no points if you are Unlucky). If you win, turn to **368**.

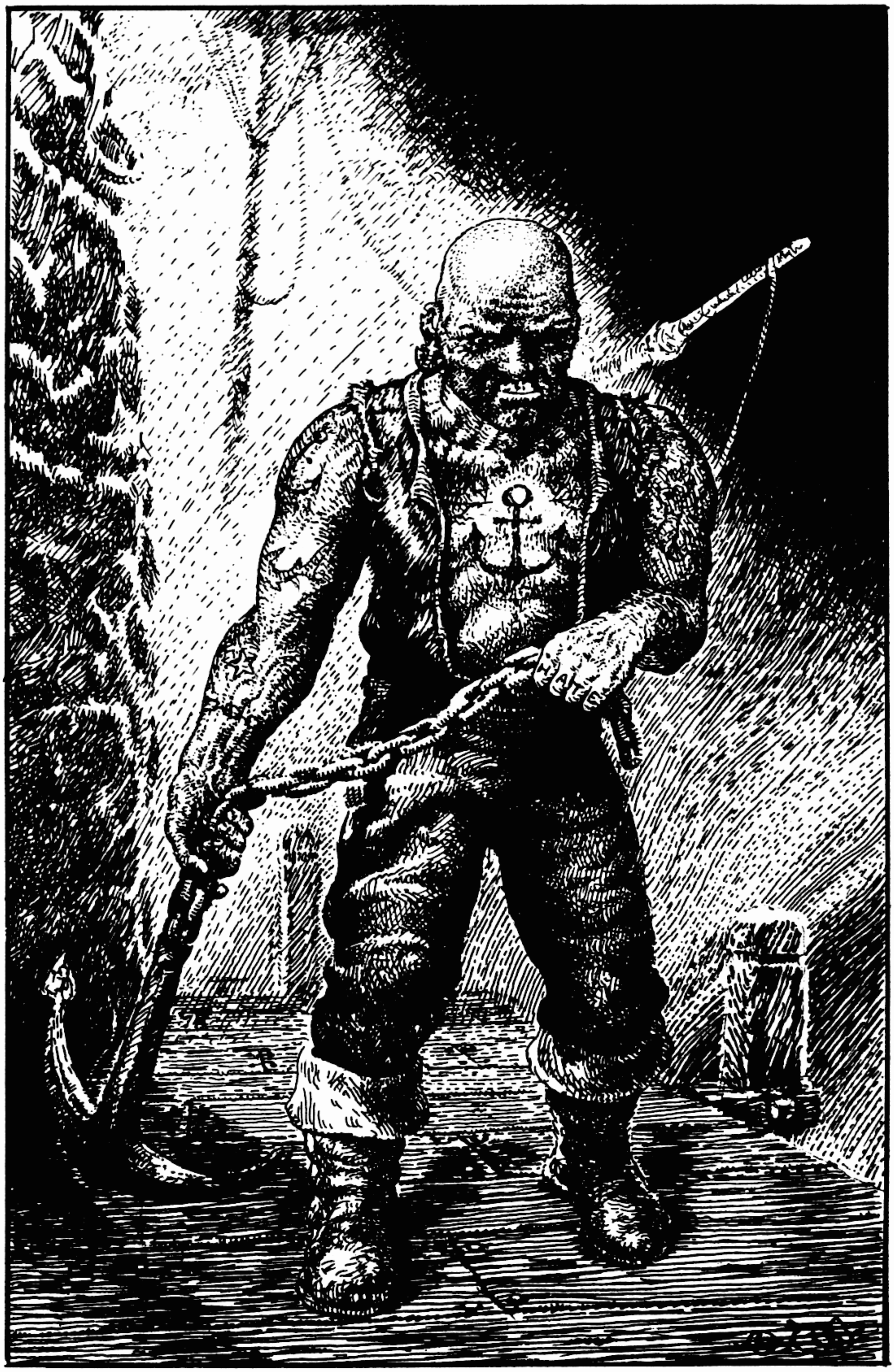

230

Crump! The heavy iron anchor hits you in the side, the force of the blow knocking you to the floor. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Looking into the fog you can make out a shadowy figure advancing towards you. Desperately, you try to unsheathe your weapon. Turn to **231**.

231

The swathes of mist part and a tall, barrel-chested man, built like an ox and with muscles like ship's cables, stands before you. In his hands he holds a heavy iron chain on the end of which swings the anchor. 'Stranger, let me introduce myself. I'm the Anchor Man,' growls the pirate assassin, 'and now it's time to die.' As the thug prepares to use the anchor against you like a morning-star, you spot the black skull tattooed on the back of his right hand.

ANCHOR MAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

Every time the Anchor Man strikes you, roll one dice: on a roll of 5–6, the anchor causes you 3 STAMINA points of damage rather than the usual 2. If you are lying on the floor, if you win the first Attack Round you do not injure the pirate (do not deduct any STAMINA points) but you manage to unsheathe your sword and fend off the assassin, so giving you time to get to your feet. From then onwards, you can fight as normal. If you win two consecutive Attack Rounds against the Anchor Man, turn at once to **271**. If he wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to **105**. If you defeat the assassin, turn to **159**.

232

The fireball crashes into the deck, smashing a hole in the rotten planks, but still the phantom vessel skims onwards over the sea. The *Virago* cannot out-run Velyarde's craft and before the pirates really know what is going on, the undead crew of the *Sea Maiden*, followed by yourself, are boarding the galleon. Battle immediately ensues as the undead sailors avenge themselves on Cinnabar's cronies. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–2, turn to **15**; 3–4, turn to **131**; 5–6, turn to **298**.

233

Choosing somewhere you haven't already been, will you:

Descend the staircase?	Turn to **211**
Open the far door?	Turn to **191**
Open the door marked 'Captain'?	Turn to **97**
Open the door to the right?	Turn to **141**
Open the door to the left?	Turn to **127**

234

Although you attack valiantly, your weapon proves ineffective against the conjured horror. With one sweep of a tiger-like paw, the Spirit-Beast hurls you into the side of a hut, cracking several of your ribs. (Lose 5 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point.) Dropping the body of the dead tribesman, the thing goes on a rampage, crushing buildings and killing villagers that are in its path. Eventually the Usai manage to drive the Spirit away, thanks to the spells of the tribe's shaman, but not before it has devastated their village. When morning comes there is much relief all round. Disheartened that you were unable to help Queen Zyteea and her people you set off for the Temple of Quezkari in the mountains (lose 2 LUCK points and turn to **115**).

235

Exhausted after such a titanic struggle, you take a few minutes to recover from the fight. If you have some Poison Antidote and the beast stung you at all with its tails, you may recover half the STAMINA points lost in this way by drinking one tot. Now that you are no longer being threatened by a ravening monster, you take time to look around the room you are in. It is a spartan affair, containing just a few pieces of broken furniture, but on the other side of it is a door leading onwards. You also notice an entrance to a cave with the iron portcullis that barred it raised. Obviously the pirates let the Nine-Tails out into the main room to stop anyone from following them. The mutant itself was captured by Cinnabar on one of his voyages and

brought back to the Port of Crabs to guard the entrance to his innermost sanctum. Do you want to open the door (turn to **323**) or would you rather investigate the cat's cave first (turn to **69**)?

236

Overcome by the guards, you soon find yourself languishing in a stinking prison cell. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) Eventually a stern-faced figure appears at the grille in the cell door. It is the head of the City Guard, Captain Snide. 'Enjoying your stay?' he says with a mocking sneer. 'Well let's say ten Gold Pieces and you can go on your way.' Will you pay the sadistic Captain the bribe, if you can afford to (turn to **254**), or will you wait and attempt to get out by yourself when the coast is clear (turn to **19**)?

237

With your battle against the Scarachna still raging, the Mask Zombies catch up with you. Three of them start to attack you while you are still fighting the spider-scorpion! You must now fight all four opponents at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MASK ZOMBIE	7	6
Second MASK ZOMBIE	8	6
Third MASK ZOMBIE	7	5

If you somehow manage to defeat all your opponents, turn to **30**.

238

Conyn and his crew remain on board the *Fortune* as you leap across the gap between the two ships and onto the ill-fated *Sea Maiden*. It appears to be deserted so you decide to descend below decks to explore further. Creeping along an empty corridor, you hear a frantic squeaking and out of the gloom scampers a horde of ghostly rats, fangs gleaming and eyes glowing red – and you are directly in their way. Will you flee while you still have the chance (turn to **72**) or stand your ground (turn to **289**)?

239

Add 1 Hour to the time you have taken on your quest so far. Leaving Mandrake's Lane, you consider where to start looking for the pirates' hideout. Will it be:

The Temple Quarter?	Turn to **181**
The Port of Crabs' inns and taverns?	Turn to **150**
The ruined lighthouse?	Turn to **146**
The docks?	Turn to **67**
The sewers under the city?	Turn to **355**
The cemetery?	Turn to **83**

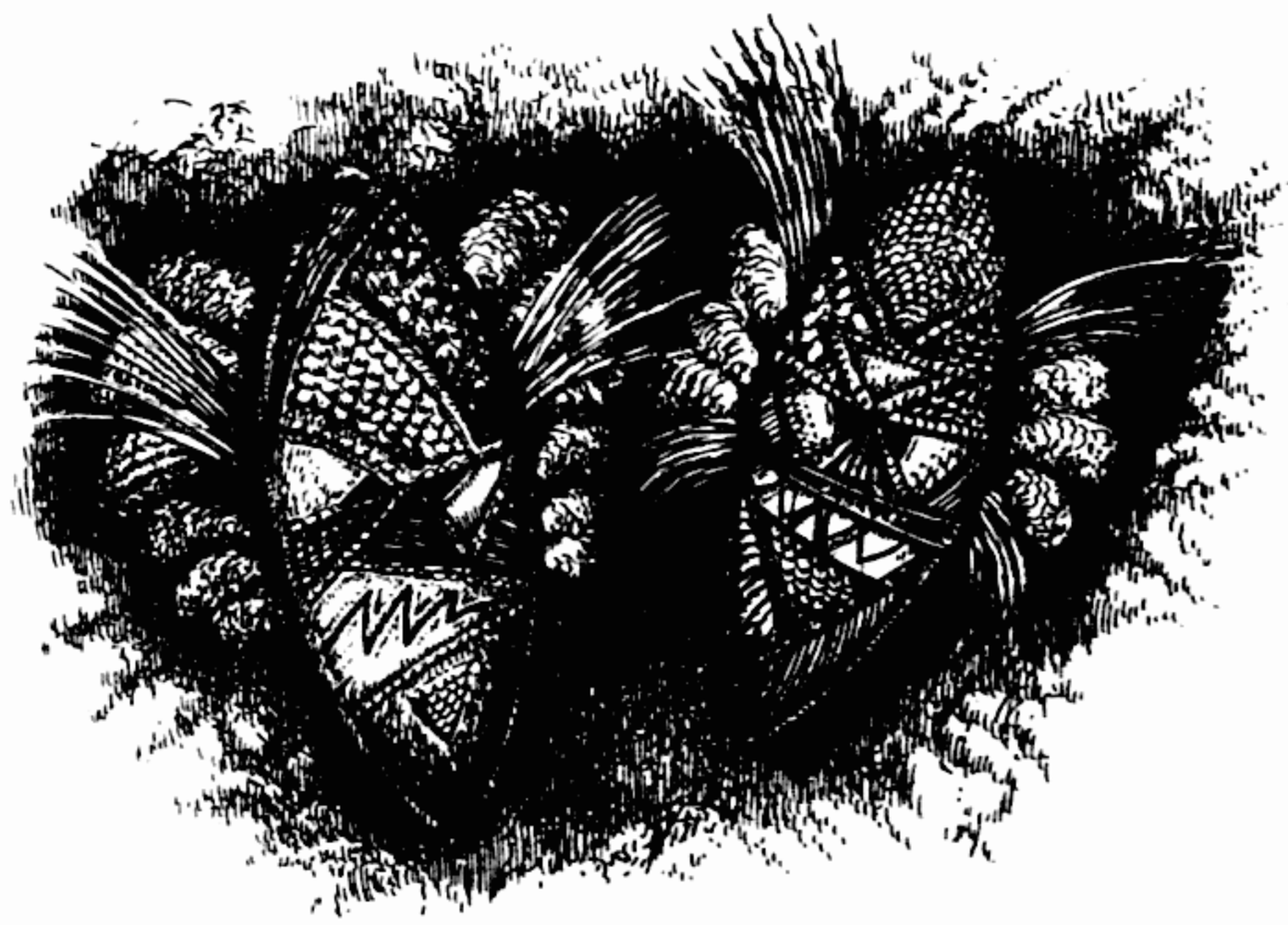

240

Losing your balance at the last moment, you fall headfirst into the ten-metre deep pit full of gleaming spear-length iron spikes. The traps inside the Temple of Quezkari were not designed to be survived.

241

Somehow, you manage to evade capture by running through the alleyways and backstreets of the port. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) If it is still daylight, turn to **334**. If night has already fallen, turn to **52**.

242

Along the shoreline you find several coconuts and a bunch of bananas, all in all enough food for 3 meals. Return to **300** and choose another option.

243

The portcullis had to be heavy to stop the Nine-Tails getting out so you have no hope of lifting it. Trapped in the cave, there is no way that you will be able to continue on your quest.

244

Picking up the skull, you are suddenly filled with an almost overpowering sense of fear and paranoia. You have suffered a terrible curse (lose 2 LUCK points and 1 SKILL point)! Involuntarily, you drop the skull, smashing it on the floor. Turn to **55**.

245

There is a movement in the bushes in front of you and a tall, flightless bird bursts into your path. The creature has an axe-shaped bill and, squawking, it attacks, trying to peck you, and kick you with its huge clawed feet.

AXEBILL SKILL 9 STAMINA 13

If you kill the bird, wondering what other surprises the fauna of the island has in store, you set off again through the boiling jungle. Turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you wrote down.

246

The creature grabs your gift and, having sniffed it, hurls it away into the sea (cross the object off your *Adventure Sheet*). It then proceeds to growl menacingly. Will you quickly offer it some food (turn to **222**), a Flask of Grog or Bottle of Rum (turn to **268**), or will you prepare to defend yourself (turn to **95**) or run for it into the jungle (turn to **125**)?

247

The smugglers eventually stop outside an old tomb over-grown with moss and ivy. Pushing open the granite door, they disappear inside. You wait a few minutes before lighting your lantern and passing through the portal yourself. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) Your lantern reveals a passageway leading away into the gloom. As soon as you step over the threshold, another light becomes visible at the other end of the corridor and starts to move towards you. Gliding along the passage is the apparition of an old man with sunken eye-sockets and talon-like fingernails clogged with grave-dirt. The sight of the glowing spectre fills you with a sense of dread and your blood runs cold when you see that the lantern it carries has been fashioned from a human skull. From the tales you have heard told of the Port of Crabs, you know that this must be the ghostly Jack A-Lantern. The ghost does not attack you but instead comes to a halt a few metres from you. Its jaw drops open and the apparition utters one word: 'Paasswoord...' Do you know a password? If so, now is the time to say it. Convert the letters of the password into numbers using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 and so on: then add up the numbers and turn to the paragraph, which is the same as the total. If you do not know a password or the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, turn to **269**.

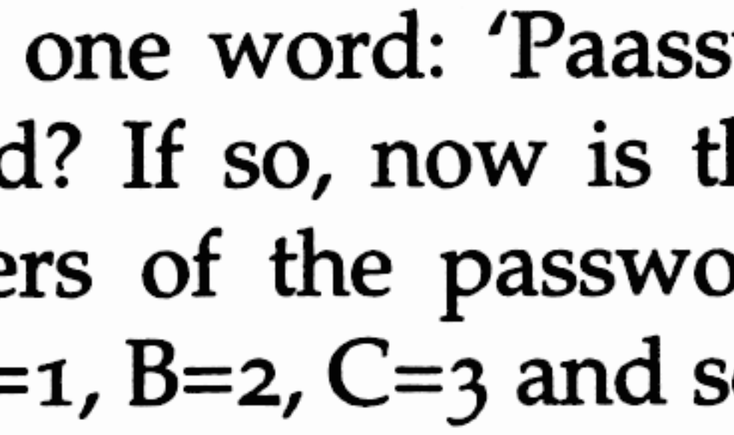

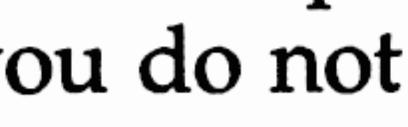

248

Roll three dice, unless you have an Ivory Lion Charm, in which case just roll two. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **82**. If it is greater, turn to **62**.

249

The pressure in your lungs becomes unbearable and, before you can free yourself from the chain, you open your mouth. Freezing brine rushes into your air passages and you drown. The Anchor Man has succeeded. Your adventure is over.

250

Seizing the opportunity while your captors are distracted by Malefact, you twist free of their grasp and leap to your feet. The good Doctor and your two captors attack at once. Fight them all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
DOCTOR MALEFACT	7	6
GARBOIL	6	8
STRAKE	7	7

If you win within 15 Attack Rounds, you make your break for freedom (turn to **79**). If not, you are surrounded and taken prisoner again (turn to **107**).

251

The spell animating it broken, the Golem collapses into a heap of gold and jewels. The bone weapon served you well in your fight with Blackscar's cursed hoard and its edge was not dulled by the Golem's

hard body, so you decide to keep hold of it (note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*. Whenever you are in combat with Undead, spirits or magical creatures using this weapon, you may add 1 point to your Attack Strength.) With your new weapon, will you now leave the caves straight away (turn to **279**) or first take some of the treasure after all your efforts to find it (turn to **123**)?

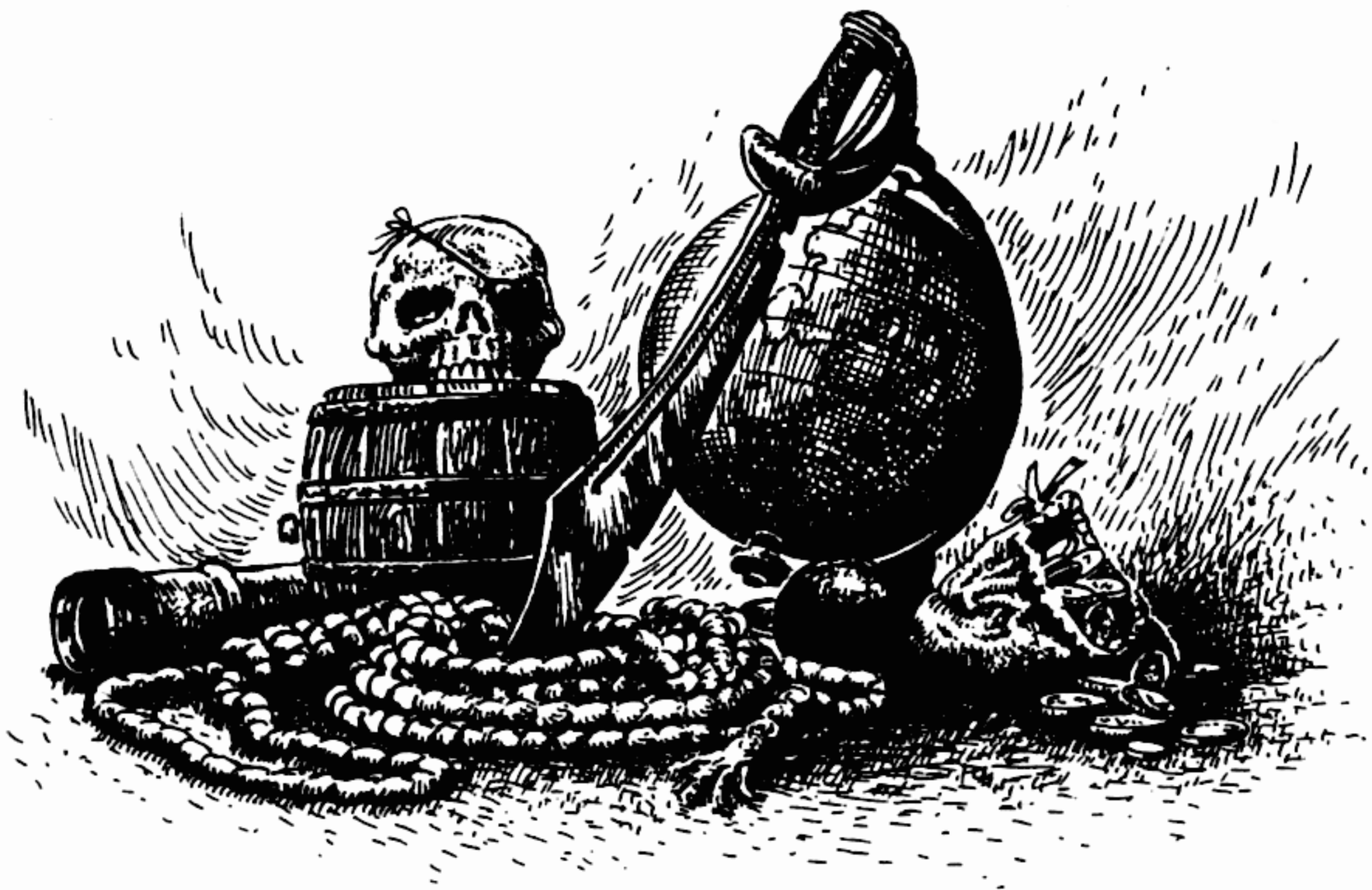

252

While you are making your search you are bitten by a venomous Redback Spider (lose 3 STAMINA points). Having completed your search you decide that it is time to find out what is going on here and so head in the other direction past the T-junction. Add 1 Hour to your total and turn to **13**.

253

Leaving the room you come face-to-face with three of the *Virago's* crew in the corridor. In the confines of the passage you are grabbed and dragged through the far door. Turn to **155**.

254

You hand over the money through the grille (deduct the 10 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*) and with a clattering of bolts, Snide unlocks the cell door. As you go, the corrupt Captain calls out to you, 'But remember, if you should cross my path again...' Turn to **287**.

255

Passing under the archway, you find yourself following another tunnel even deeper into the mountain. Then there is a click as your foot touches a fixed stone and for a split second you wonder if you have made a mistake. Reacting instantly, you throw yourself forward to avoid the trap. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **86**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **157**.

256

The water does not come higher than your waist. You are half way across, in the midst of the stream, when the water begins to froth and boil. You feel the pinpricks of tiny, sharp teeth biting (lose 2 STAMINA points) and look down into the water to see that a shoal of Piranhas has decided to make you its next meal.

PIRANHAS	SKILL 6	STAMINA see below

To calculate the Piranhas' STAMINA score, roll one dice and add 6. This is the total number of the voracious fish attacking you. Each fish has 1 STAMINA point. If you defeat the frenzied feeders, you are able

to finish crossing the river and climb out onto the opposite bank. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

257

Treading water, you catch sight of a vessel in the distance. Waving your arms furiously, you succeed in attracting the crew's attention. The sailors immediately set a course to pick you up. The ship comes alongside and you are hauled on board. Fortunately your oilskin backpack has kept all your Provisions and possessions safe and dry. You are greeted by a handsome man whose face is tanned from exposure to the elements and scarred on one side. 'Welcome to the *Fortune*,' he says. 'I am her captain and a bounty hunter by trade. My name is Conyn.' What, Conyn the bounty hunter – the man who killed Cinnabar? 'The very same,' he admits proudly. 'But tell me, who are you and how come we find you alone in the middle of the ocean?'

You relate your tale to a credulous Conyn over some fine Femphreyan port in his quarters, and by the time your story is done his expression has lost its former cheeriness. 'Will you help me stop Cinnabar?' you ask.

'Of course I shall,' says Conyn, resolutely, 'but how are we to find him? Do you know where the *Virago* was headed?' If you do, you should have two coordinates. Subtract the easterly distance from the southerly one and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the result. If the paragraph you turn

to makes no sense, or you have no idea where to go, there is nothing you can do to follow Cinnabar and so you cannot stop him. You have failed in your quest!

258

'You accuse me of *cheating*?' exclaims Armarno, incensed. 'I have never been so insulted in all my days. Just because *my* hand is faster than *your* eye!' Angered by the trickster's words, you jump to your feet and, in doing so, knock over the table. The three cards fall onto the floor – they are all black! Armarno must have palmed the white. You were right all along. Cursing the man, you prepare to unsheathe your sword but stop, feeling a strong hand on your shoulder. The gruff voice of a Troll growls in your ear: 'I said, no fighting.' Before you can stop them, the two Trolls snatch your sword from you and between them deposit you weaponless, and with your pride bruised, in the street outside. Without your sword, you will have to fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 3 points until you can get hold of another weapon. Disgruntled, you leave to search elsewhere (add 2 Hours and turn to 334).

259

You cross the log safely and once you are on the other side the blindfold is removed and you are taken before Queen Zyteea again. 'You have passed the first part of your test,' she says. 'For the second and final part will you choose the Challenge of the Cat (turn to **34**) or the Challenge of the Shell (turn to **290**)?'

260

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **109**. If you are Unlucky, will you move on to Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**), or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

261

Madame Galbo takes three substances from some of the jars in front of her on the table and mixes them together in her mortar. 'Wraith Grass seeds, powdered human bones, and dried Basilisk's blood combine to make a potent defence against those unfortunates resurrected from their graves to walk the world as Zombies.' The old wisewoman gives you the resulting powdery compound in a stoppered gourd. Madame Galbo explains that there is enough Zombie Dust for four uses. You may use the powder once for each encounter you have with Zombies. Each time you use it, one of these undead creatures will be repelled so you can treat the outcome as if you had killed it. Make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to **239**.

6

262

Safely out of the marsh at last, you settle down to sleep under the stars. After your encounter with the mosquito the night passes peacefully and you wake the next day feeling refreshed. (Regain 2 STAMINA points.) Keen to find the pirates, you set off again at a brisk pace and soon enter a range of low, scrub-covered hills. Progressing further, you hear laughter coming from behind one outcrop. Climbing to the top you look down and are surprised to see a roughly made shelter. Dancing around in front of it, chuckling to himself, is a skinny old man with a long, straggly white beard and large straw hat. His clothes are tattered and torn and he looks like he might originally have come from the Old World. Looking up he sees you and calls out, 'Ho, stranger! Lovely weather for the time of year.' The man then bursts out laughing again: he is obviously totally mad! 'You'll be looking for Blackscar's treasure then.' What is the old lunatic whittering on about? Do you want to press him about the treasure (turn to **360**), talk to him, hoping to find out more about the island and its inhabitants (turn to **381**), or leave the insane castaway and explore the hills (turn to **65**)?

263

You fall to your knees on the sand with your head in your hands. Stranded on Bone Island there is nothing you can do to stop Cinnabar returning to the Port of Crabs and succeeding with his wicked scheme.

264

As you are fighting, several other Devotees round a corner and it is not long before you are restrained. There is a sudden, sharp blow to the back of your head and you blackout... Turn to **158**.

265

As the last Zombie slumps to the floor, you hear a voice calling for help in a strange tongue, but one that you understand, from one of the cells. Do you want to help whoever is imprisoned here (turn to **169**) or would you rather not waste any more time here and continue your search of the temple to find Cinnabar (turn to **57**)?

266

You turn round and come face-to-face with two black-robed figures, their faces hidden by the hoods of their habits. Wielding heavy coshes, the Devotees advance on you. You will have to fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEVOTEE	7	5
Second DEVOTEE	6	6

If you win, turn to **126**.

267

In no time at all the *Fortune* is heading southeast across the Western Ocean. While on the voyage you rest and recover some of your strength. (Restore up to 4 STAMINA points.) After a day you are approaching

the Crab Reefs. Conyn's helmsman skilfully directs the vessel through the treacherous waters and it looks like the *Fortune* is going to get through unscathed. Then at the last minute disaster strikes! There is a terrible grating sound as the *Fortune's* hull scrapes across something in the channel and comes to a halt. At the same time, several pairs of enormous pincers emerge from the sea. The ship is under attack from Giant Crabs. You attack the nearest of the huge crustaceans clambering up the vessel's side.

GIANT CRAB	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you kill the Crab, turn to **370**.

268

The primitive grabs the container and gulps down its contents. A smile slowly curls its lips and the creature addresses you. 'Thank you,' it mutters. 'It is good wine. Master had good wine. Magical wine. Made Balinac see strange things and feel dizzy. Balinac take you to Master's cell. You come?' If you want to go with the primitive, turn to **24**. If not, you set off alone into the jungle (turn to **125**).

269

'Intruder!' screams the pirate-ghost and flies at you, shrieking. You draw your weapon but every time you strike the horror, your blade passes straight through it, whereas you feel the spectre's claws tearing at your flesh like cruel knives. There is no way you can defeat the ghost. An unpleasant death awaits you and your adventure is most definitely over.

270

You pause while you try to decide which of these wise men to consult. The long-haired man is wearing a loose-fitting orange robe and is seated on a board of long iron nails, with apparently no discomfort. The second seer, the self-proclaimed Master of Destiny, is bald and wears a grey robe covered with mystic symbols. You now also notice that he is blind. The last figure is swathed from head to toe in festering rags and in front of him sits a deck of cards. He says nothing. The only way you are going to get anything out of these characters is if you make them an offering of 2 Gold Pieces. Which will it be?

The bearded guru? Turn to **393**
The sightless seer? Turn to **167**
The speechless fortune-teller? Turn to **98**

271

Under your relentless onslaught, the pirate stumbles backwards, getting his feet caught up in the heavy chain, and falls onto the hard, wooden planks, dropping the anchor. Quickly, seizing the opportunity, you give the anchor a shove, pushing it off the jetty and into the water. The anchor sinks rapidly, pulling the Anchor Man into the harbour. Unable to free himself from the tangled chain, the panicking pirate disappears from view under the dark waters, never to surface. (Make a note of the word 'Rohcna' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) You continue your search for secret entrances a while longer but find none, so you give up looking here. Add 1 Hour and turn to **52**.

272

The ledge crumbling away behind you, you race onwards as the crashing of rocks echoes through the cavern. Ahead of you a great crack appears across the path and before you even have a chance to leap over it, the entire section you are on gives way, plunging you to your death.

273

As you drop through the broken slats of the bridge you grab at the rough ropes that hold it all together. You manage to grab hold of a knotted cord halting your abrupt drop but jarring your shoulder. (Lose 1 STAMINA point.) You hang over the yawning gulf beneath you for a moment, recovering from the shock, before hauling yourself back up onto the bridge and cautiously continuing along the rest of the way. At last you step off the bridge, entering the cliff-face through the skull's open mouth. You find yourself in a high-ceilinged, torch-lit tunnel, which cuts its way deep into the mountain. It is not long before the tunnel opens out into a large, square chamber. Hideous painted carvings adorn the walls here but there is nothing else of interest in the room. However, three archways in the opposite wall lead onwards into the temple. Will you proceed through the archway to the left (turn to **216**), through the one in the centre (turn to **392**), or by passing under the archway to the right (turn to **255**)?

274

As you stroll boldly into the village you are immediately surrounded by several warriors. If you have a Darkwood Armband, turn to **56**. If not, turn to **113**.

275

The door opens and you step through into a large, circular room. At its centre is a magnificent sight: the biggest crystal you have ever seen stands on a plinth, glowing with an inner light. However, covering the floor around the plinth are countless writhing snakes, and despite the mystical beauty of the crystal, an incipient sense of evil permeates this place. You are sure the artefact has something to do with the power of Quezkari on the island. If you want to try to destroy the huge crystal, turn to **203**. If not, you will have to leave and return to the passage, turn to **329**.

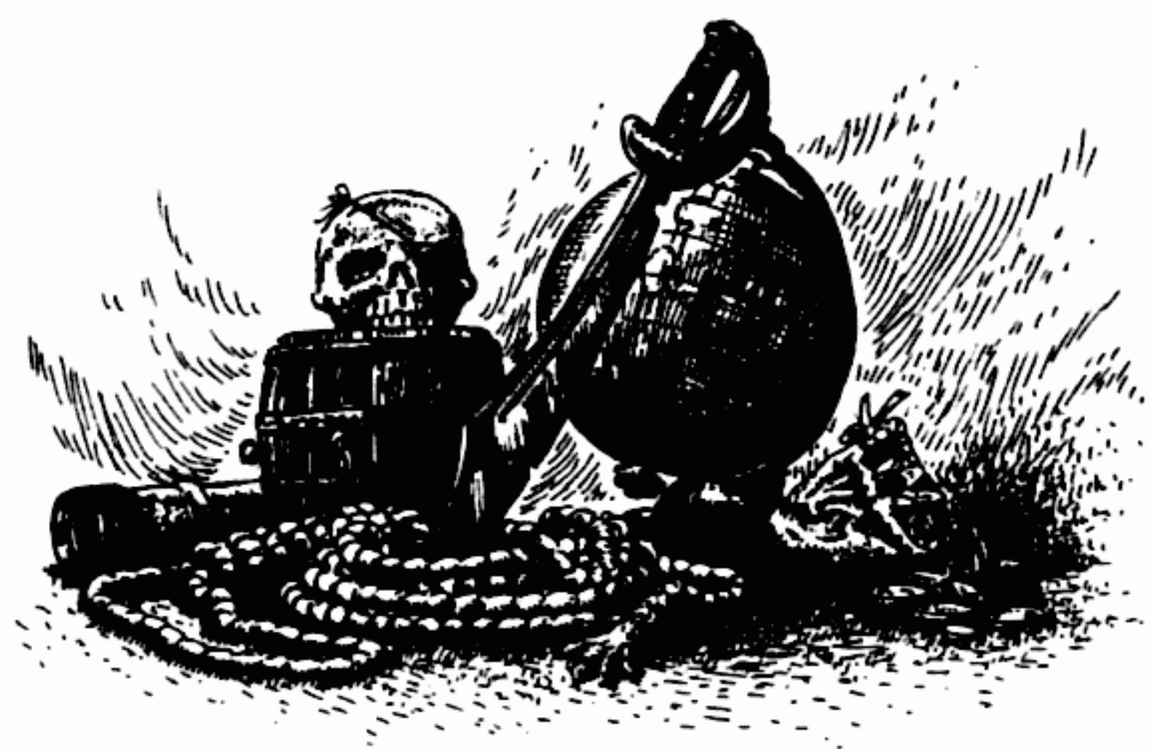

276

Turning your back on the undead pirate was a bad idea. It is on you in a flash and sinks its unnaturally developed fangs into the bad of your neck (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice now but to defend yourself with your sword. Turn to **147**.

277

The Usai are full of gratitude for you now that you have rid them of the High Priest's Spirit-Beast. Queen Zyteea explains that the evil wizard summoned it to destroy another village on the island and that it had also 'haunted' them for several nights. Looking at the bone weapon Zyteea says, 'I am sure that with Nightdeath in your hands you will be able to vanquish both Ramatu and Cinnabar. But to help you further I give you this Bolarang.' She hands you a peculiar looking wooden cross with struts of equal length that end in curved points. The Bolarang is used like a throwing dagger but always returns to its owner once thrown. Before a fight you may use this weapon against one opponent: *Test your Skill* and, if you succeed, reduce their STAMINA by 2 points. At dawn, with the tribespeople's praises ringing in your ears, you leave the village. Zyteea also told you that her warriors had seen a ship anchored in the lagoon to the southeast, so will you head in that direction (turn to **10**) or into the mountains to find the Temple of Quezkari (turn to **115**)?

278

No sooner than the ape is lying dead on the floor of the clearing, the Terrible Lizard turns on you with a primeval roar.

TERRIBLE LIZARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you win, leaving the two corpses of the colossi behind you, you continue on your way. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

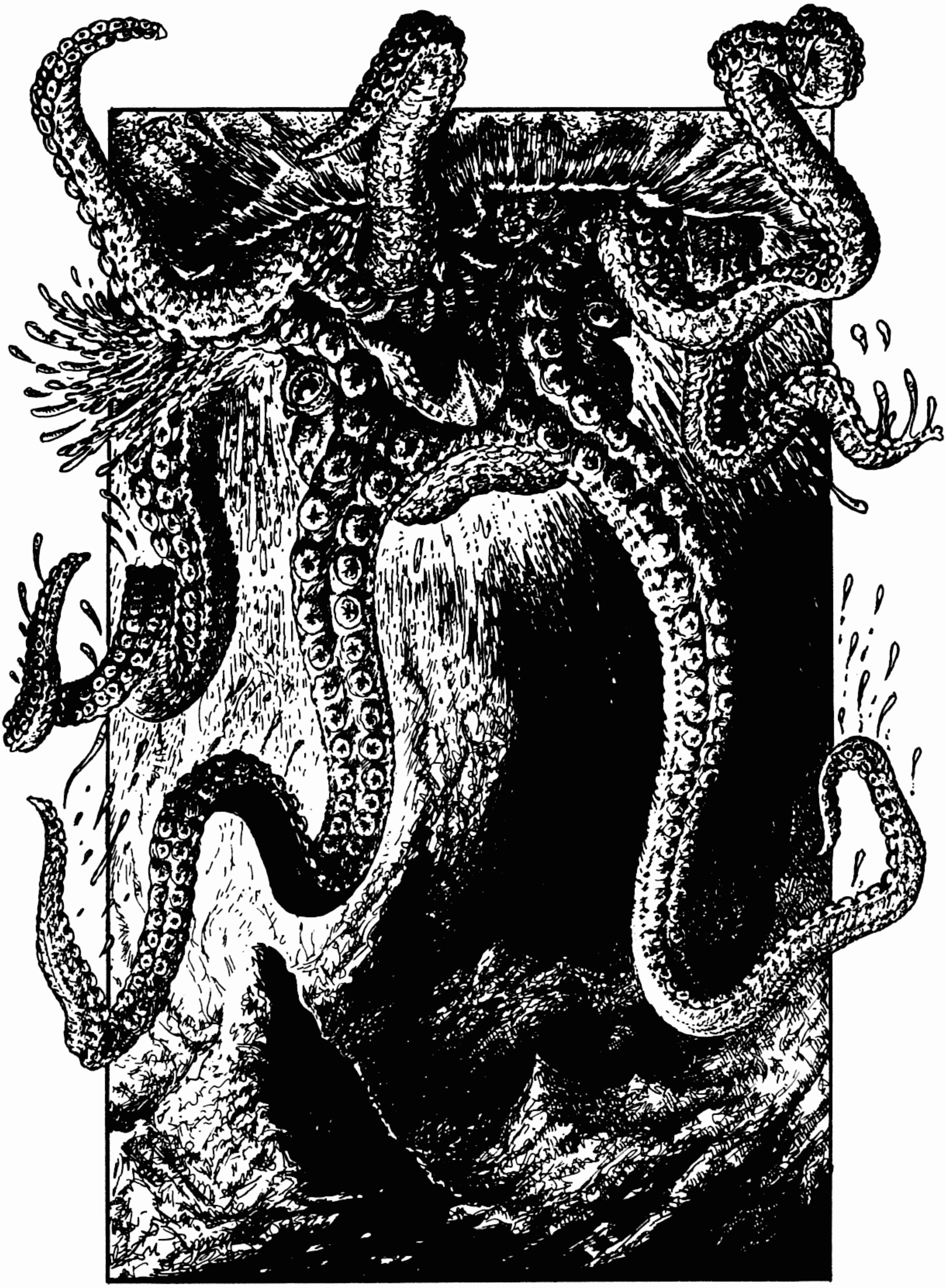

279

Leaving the hills behind you, you set off northeastwards, towards the centre of the island again. Your route takes you through the easternmost part of the marsh once more, back in the direction of the dense jungle. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–4, make a note of the number 397 and turn to **192**. If you roll 5–6, turn to **359**.

280

The water inside the cave now begins to boil and from the turmoil rises a hideous grey-green monstrosity. Reaching for you with sucker-lined tentacles, the Giant Octopus intends to pull you into its snapping, beaked mouth and devour you. Once again you find yourself fighting for your life.

GIANT OCTOPUS	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If the Octopus ever scores two successful hits in succession, turn to **46**. If you kill it, turn to **73**.

281

Barrels and crates from the *Fortune* are among the items washed up among the driftwood, and could contain something of use to you. Roll one dice. If the number you roll is odd, turn to **387**; if it is even, turn to **145**.

282

You turn the corner and find the old man standing in front of you. 'So nice of yer ta join us,' laughs the pirate. 'As they says, old Crivens always gets his man.' There is a sudden swishing sound and you

receive a sharp blow to the back of your head. Instantly you lose consciousness. Turn to **158**.

283

Almost no vegetation grows in the dusty, windswept highlands. Entering a steep gully you are horrified to see that it is lined with stakes on which are human skulls, picked clean by vultures. At the top of the gully you find yourself at the edge of a precipitous gorge, at the bottom of which, one hundred metres below, is a fast-flowing river. The stakes mark out the path to a rope bridge slung across the chasm, which leads directly into the side of a cliff into which has been carved a massive skull with a feathered headdress. In the distance, surrounded by rocky crags, you can also make out a stepped stone building. You know that you have found the Temple of Quezkari! You have no option but to cross the rope bridge. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **378**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **63**.

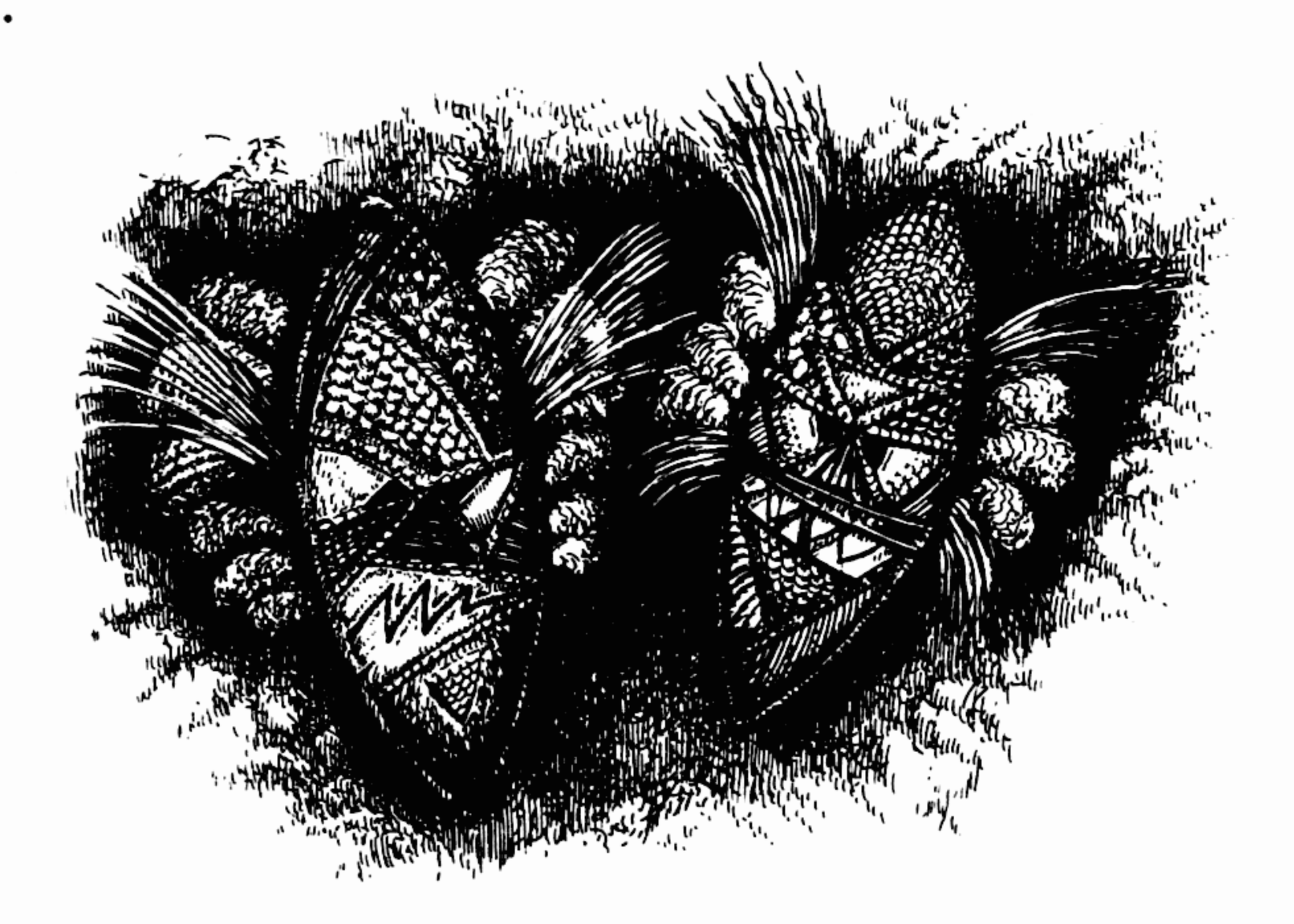

284

Hearing you, the two smugglers drop the chest and draw cutlasses from their belts. You will have to fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SMUGGLER	8	7
Second SMUGGLER	7	8

If you win, turn to **373**.

285

The cannibalistic cook disposed of, you manage to collect enough food for 4 meals before you leave the kitchen (note these down in the Provisions box on your *Adventure Sheet*) and sample some of Bladderwrack's broth (restore up to 4 STAMINA points). As there is no other way on, returning to the top of the staircase you decide which door to go through. Will it be:

The far door?	Turn to **191**
The door to the left?	Turn to **127**
The door to the right?	Turn to **141**
The door marked 'Captain'?	Turn to **97**

286

You brandish the green jade statuette before the unearthly creature but nothing happens. Quezkari lashes out at you with a taloned hand (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice now but to retaliate with your sword. Turn to **177**.

287

Night has already fallen by the time you start to look for the pirates' hidden base. At least that should make your activities more covert and less conspicuous. If you have reason to go to Mandrake's Lane, now is the time to do so. If not, where will you look first for the pirates: around the docks (turn to **67**), at the ruined lighthouse on the promontory to the south-east of the port (turn to **146**), in the sewers beneath the port (turn to **355**), in the taverns and inns of the city (turn to **150**), at the cemetery outside the city walls (turn to **83**) or in the Temple Quarter (turn to **181**)?

288

A bell above the door rings as you enter what looks like nothing more than a quaint, tidy workroom. Framed maps are hung on the walls and a bespectacled Dwarf is poring over a chart at his work-desk. As you enter, he looks up and asks if he can help you. You inquire as to whether he has heard of Bone Island. 'Hmm, I'm not sure. My memory's not what it was, you know,' says the Dwarf with a twinkle in his eye. Do you want to see if you can prompt his memory with a couple of Gold Pieces (turn to **156**) or will you leave the cartographer's (turn to **334**)?

289

The ship's rats pour past you but do not attack! (Restore 1 LUCK point.) As the squeaking fades, you continue along the corridor. You soon reach the top of a staircase that leads down into the hold but before that are two doors. Thick green mist pours from under

the door to the right while the one to the left emanates a bone-numbing cold. Will you:

Open the left-hand door?	Turn to **353**
Open the right-hand door?	Turn to **202**
Go down the staircase?	Turn to **26**

290

In a clear, sandy area between the huts rests the largest shell you have ever seen: it is boulder-shaped and at least three metres across. 'This is the shell of a Giant Cowrie, which live in a lagoon to the south,' Zyteea explains, 'and you must lift it.' Putting your arms around the huge mollusc's shell you heave with all your might. Roll four dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, you succeed in your task (turn to **142**). If the total rolled is greater, you fail to lift the shell (turn to **194**).

291

With the zombies disposed of, you can now see that the intricate carving on the stone door is quite clearly a puzzle of some sort, which must be linked to the opening mechanism somehow. If you want to solve the puzzle to open the door, turn to **372**. If not, you leave the semicircular chamber and follow the corridor in the opposite direction (turn to **329**).

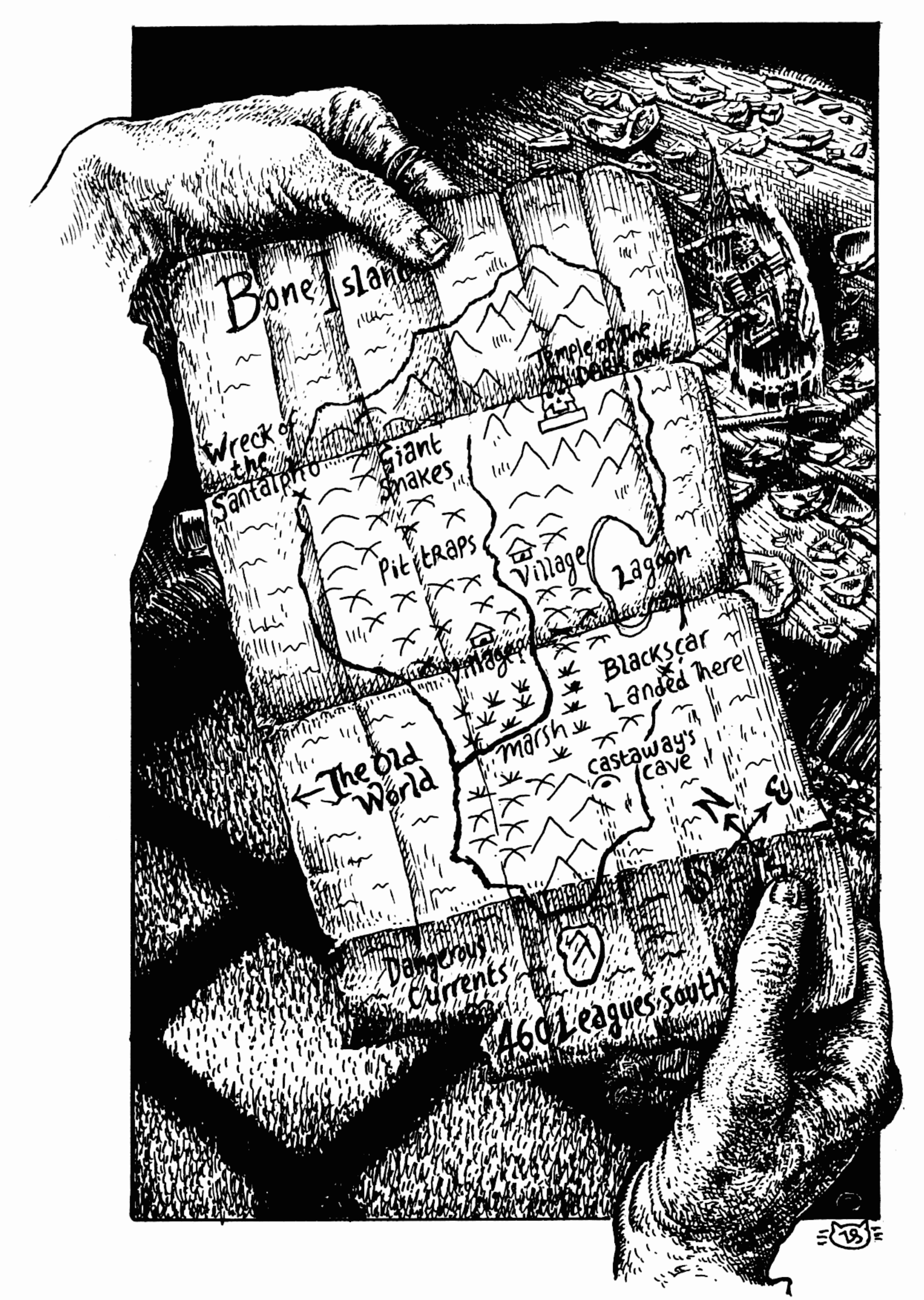
Bone Island
Temple of the Dark One
Wreck of the Santalpho
Giant Snakes
Pit Traps
Village
Lagoon
Village
Blackscar Landed here
Marsh
Castaway's cave
The Old World
Dangerous Currents
460 Leagues South

292

Finding you more of a challenge than its usual prey, the Scarachna desists from its attack and retreats back into the jungle canopy, leaving you free to continue your trek unhindered. If you were stung at all by the monster you may use one tot of Poison Antidote (if you have some) to restore up to half the STAMINA points you lost in this way.

It is about time you decided exactly where you are going. At present you are travelling in an easterly direction. Consulting your map of Bone Island again, will you continue eastwards (make a note of the number 164 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **192**), head southeast (turn to **397**) or change course totally and go southwards (turn to **68**)?

293

Having smashed the bottle, and been cut by a shard of glass (lose 1 STAMINA point), you wait for a minute in case the sound of breaking glass has attracted anyone's attention. No pirates burst into the cabin so you proceed to examine the wreckage of the ship. Inside its fragile hull is a scroll. Unrolling the parchment you see that it is a map of a place called Bone Island (see the illustration opposite this page). Written at the bottom of the map are the words, '460 leagues south'. Taking the map with you, you decide that it is time to leave Cinnabar's cabin. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **233**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **253**.

294

Calabrius's Calculator is a large, mechanical contraption, made up of countless cogs, levers and crankshafts. The main feature of the machine, however, is a large panel with five windows in it, behind which are five drums with numbers embossed on them. Standing next to the calculating device is its operator, a wizardly-looking man who you assume is Calabrius. 'Step up, step up. Who will accept the challenge of Calabrius's Calculator? Only two Gold Pieces and you could win ten!' the man calls out. You imagine that this challenge involves solving some kind of puzzle generated by the machine. If you want to accept Calabrius's challenge (turn to **364**). If not, you can look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**) or now leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**).

295

The new tunnel leads you through an archway and into a great cavern. The path you are on curves around the side of an abyss, descending slightly as it does so. Peering over the ledge you can just make out the jagged stalagmites on the bone-littered cavern floor. Bravely, you step onto the path. Instantly you feel it giving way beneath your feet and start to run. Roll two dice, four times. If on any of the rolls you get a double, turn to **272**. If you never roll a double, turn to **363**.

296

The sturdy lighthouse door is locked, but using the Skeleton Key, you enter the crumbling tower. Inside

you find what was obviously the Wreckers' den. Several empty crates have been arranged around a barrel, which acts as a table, and bedrolls lie in one corner. On the barrel are a candle, two dice, enough Provisions for three meals, and a partially burnt letter. Picking up the charred parchment, you read what you can:

has been changed. It is no longer 'Leviathan', it is now 'Crossbones'. Destroy this letter at once. Should you encounter the snooper, do what is necessary. We meet at the allotted time at

The rest of the message no longer exists. This is a valuable clue (regain 1 LUCK point). Taking whatever else you want, you notice a trapdoor in another corner of the room. Do you want to:

Open the trapdoor?	Turn to **338**
Return to the cliff to explore the cave?	Turn to **391**
Leave Mallan's Point?	Turn to **309**

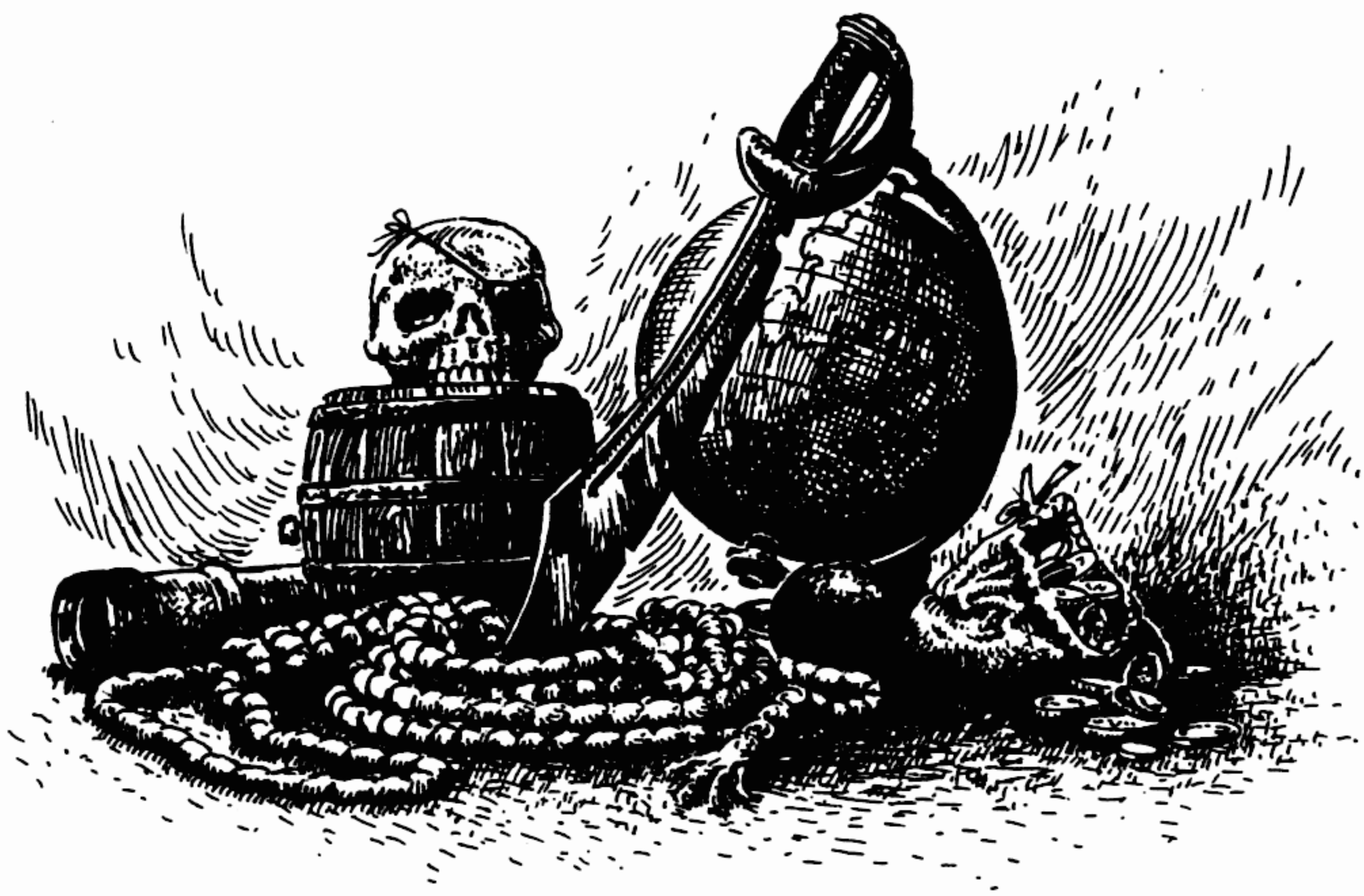

297

It takes two days for the *Fortune* to sail around the perilous Crab Reefs. During this time you are able to rest and recover your strength (restore up to 6 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Eventually, with the reefs behind you, the crew set a course for Bone Island. Turn to **168**.

298

'Curse you!' shouts a red-haired woman, leaping into your way. You recognise the fiery woman as Mirel the Red, Cinnabar's second-in-command. It was she who recovered the pirate-lord's body and brought him back to this world. 'Thanks to you I now have this,' she spits, revealing a hook in place of her left hand, 'but I shall make you pay for your crime ten-fold!'

MIREL THE RED SKILL 11 STAMINA 10

Mirel the Red is a skilled swordswoman. Should you manage to overcome her, turn to **214**.

299

You suddenly begin to feel feverish and start shaking. The Mosquito must have been carrying an accelerated, and potentially deadly, strain of malaria. If you have a Poison Antidote, turn to **180**. If not, turn to **367**.

300

Tossed about by the waves created by the thrashing Behemoth, you hit your head on a broken spar and everything goes black...

You come to on a sandy beach with the surf lapping around you and the sun beating down on your sodden body. About you has been washed up the wreckage of the *Fortune*. You have no idea for how long or how many leagues you have been carried by the ocean currents, but you feel weary and hungry (reduce your current STAMINA score by half). Fortunately you still have your backpack, with all your possessions, and Provisions, intact. Unsteadily you get to your feet. You are on the western side of an island, and ahead of you is the edge of a jungle. Beyond the trees, in the far distance, you can make out some mountainous terrain and the same to the south. Taking out the map you found on Cinnabar's ship, you compare it to the landscape. As far as you can tell, they are the same – this must be Bone Island! Now you are here, maybe you still have a chance to stop

Cinnabar, but perhaps you should first find out more about your surroundings. Will you:

Climb a tree and survey the area?	Turn to **325**
Search the wreckage that has been washed ashore?	Turn to **281**
Look for other survivors?	Turn to **66**
Search for food?	Turn to **242**
Set off into the jungle?	Turn to **125**

301

Carved from a single piece of ivory, this charm resembles the head of a noble lion. It originates from a tribe of primitives who believe that it will protect whoever possesses it from the dark powers of voodoo. Return to **42**.

302

You reveal the golden talisman to the unearthly spirit and for a moment Quezkari appears to hesitate. Then, with a snake-like hiss, it swoops down at you. You have no choice now but to retaliate with your sword. Turn to **177**.

303

The Gambling Pits lie within the area of the city known as the Claws – the poorest and most dangerous part of the port. The Pits themselves are housed in a vast, stone building with a large, iron-studded oak door. This entrance is flanked by two Troll guards. As you walk past them, and through the door, they give you a cursory glance and one says roughly, 'Remem-

ber, no fighting.' Inside, the Gambling Pits lie under a thick cloud of pipe-weed smoke and are packed with the unsavoury and roguish clientele you would expect. Mingling with the crowds, you check out the different games that are on offer. After a brief look round, you discover three that interest you. Which will you investigate further: the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**), Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**), or will you leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

304

The two battling monsters are blocking your way out of the clearing. As they fight, you try to sneak past, without attracting their attention. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **342**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **386**.

305

Your first assumption, that the place is deserted, proves to be correct. Unhindered, you begin to search the rooms more thoroughly. Rummaging through chests and overturning boxes, you find a sword (which will be useful if you have lost yours), enough Provisions for five meals and a total of 10 Gold Pieces. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **199**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **252**.

306

Picking up the weapon, you see that it has a keenly honed edge and curious lettering etched on one side of its large, curved blade. Hearing a sound like pebbles being tumbled on a beach, you look round and stare wide-eyed in surprise at the sight before you. The treasure pile itself has animated, taking on a humanoid form, and is striding towards you. With the bone sword in your hand you feel particularly adept at hand-to-hand combat (increase your Attack Strength by 1 point for this battle). Encouraged, you prepare to take on the magically created Golem, which watches you with eyes that are pearls.

TREASURE GOLEM	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **251**.

307

You draw your sword and lunge at the twittering creature. The Rainforest Sprite hisses at you and jabs past your guard, with its sharp-pointed javelin, which is also coated with venom from Poison Arrow Frogs. (Lose 3 STAMINA points.) Before you can engage the creature in combat it disappears back into the surrounding greenery as suddenly as it first appeared, jabbering away in its own unintelligible language. As well as injuring you, the sprite has also laid a curse upon you. (Lose 1 LUCK point.) Now turn to the paragraph you noted down previously.

308

Agilely you throw yourself over the pit and land in a forward roll on the other side. Up on your feet again, you step under another macabrely carved archway into a rough-hewn corridor, which runs both left and right. Which way will you go? Left (turn to **149**) or right (turn to **329**)?

309

The salt sea breeze behind you, you return to the Port of Crabs itself, sneaking back into the city to continue your hunt for the pirates. (Add 1 Hour to the Time Elapsed.) Where will you go now?

To the docks?	Turn to **67**
To the taverns and inns?	Turn to **150**
Into the sewers?	Turn to **355**
To the cemetery?	Turn to **83**
To the Temple Quarter?	Turn to **181**

310

As you progress through the streets of the port, you feel, with an increasing sense of unease, that you are being followed. Could it be loyal followers of the Black Skull who are on your tail? Rounding a corner, you soon have your answer. Blocking your way is a group of uniformed soldiers led by the Captain of the City Guard. Behind you, several more armed men emerge from darkened alleyways, so that you are surrounded. The stern-faced Captain Snide steps forward and announces, 'I hereby place you under arrest for disturbing the peace.' But this is absurd!

What have you done to antagonise the City Guard? Everything you are doing is to help the people of Ruddlestone and the Port of Crabs. 'Of course,' Snide adds, 'a small payment of say ten Gold Pieces would see you clear of any charges.' It would seem that the government of this city is corrupt to the core! If you want to pay Snide this extortionate amount to go free, and can afford it, turn to **163**; if not, turn to **236**.

311

Opening the door you enter a small room with a straw-covered floor, and face the full fury of the beasts imprisoned within. The result of some perverse voodoo ritual, one is a large-fanged, bristle-backed pig, the other a mutated two-headed cockerel. Not distinguishing the difference between you and their incarcerators, the enraged animals attack on sight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
HELLHOG	7	6
DEVILFOWL	6	5

If you kill the beasts, you hurry on along the corridor. Turn to **151**.

312

You sneak after the men who are totally oblivious of your presence. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **247**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **284**.

313

As you look through the racks of scalpels and other surgical instruments, you discover the partially dissected body of a cat. However, as you reach over the carcass to open a drawer, the cat's head hisses and bites your hand! Lose 2 STAMINA points. In a state of shock you jump back from the table but the cat is lifeless once more. Shaken, you decide to leave the Doctor's quarters. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **233**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **253**.

314

As you search the chamber you find yourself wondering who put all of this junk here and why. Amongst the detritus you find a broken oil-lantern, an old tarpaulin and a splintered piece of balustrade, possibly from a ship's forecastle. In other words, nothing of any value. Now will you:

Open the flag-draped coffin? Turn to 36
Return to the other chamber and choose the central arch? Turn to 392
Go back and choose the right-hand archway? Turn to 255

315

With the threat of a voodoo cult springing up in the city, you decide you have a valid reason for going right to the top and getting the help of the Overpriest himself. The Overpriest holds court within the most magnificent temple in the city – the Grand Temple of Vinar. Entering the pillared marble hall, leading into the temple, you join the queue of hopeful petitioners who would seek an audience with his Excellency the Primate of the God of Pride. At last it is you who stands before the pulpit, next to the doors leading to the Overpriest's inner sanctum. A pasty-looking priest stares down at you with barely suppressed contempt. 'I'm sorry but his Excellency is otherwise engaged in the Ritual of the Sixth Hour at this time,' says the underling. 'He will not be able to see you now. Come back again tomorrow.' Two armed priests, wearing ceremonial armour, cross their halberds in front of you. You plead with the cleric but nothing will change his mind – not even the mention of voodoo. There is no way you will be granted access to the Overpriest. As you are turning to leave, the priest calls out in a patronising tone, 'Wouldn't you care to make an offering to Vinar?' If you choose to toss some Gold Pieces into the treasury at the foot of

the pulpit, make a note of the number of coins and turn to **14**. If not, turn to **209**.

316

The chest is not locked and raising the lid, you find it full of fine, and no doubt stolen, clothes and tapestries. Under the luxurious garments you find a large, stoppered Bottle of Rum. (If you want to take the rum, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*: drinking it will restore up to 4 STAMINA points.) Now will you examine the globe (turn to **349**), the desk (turn to **134**) or the ship in a bottle (turn to **29**)? Alternatively, you could leave the Captain's cabin (turn to **233**).

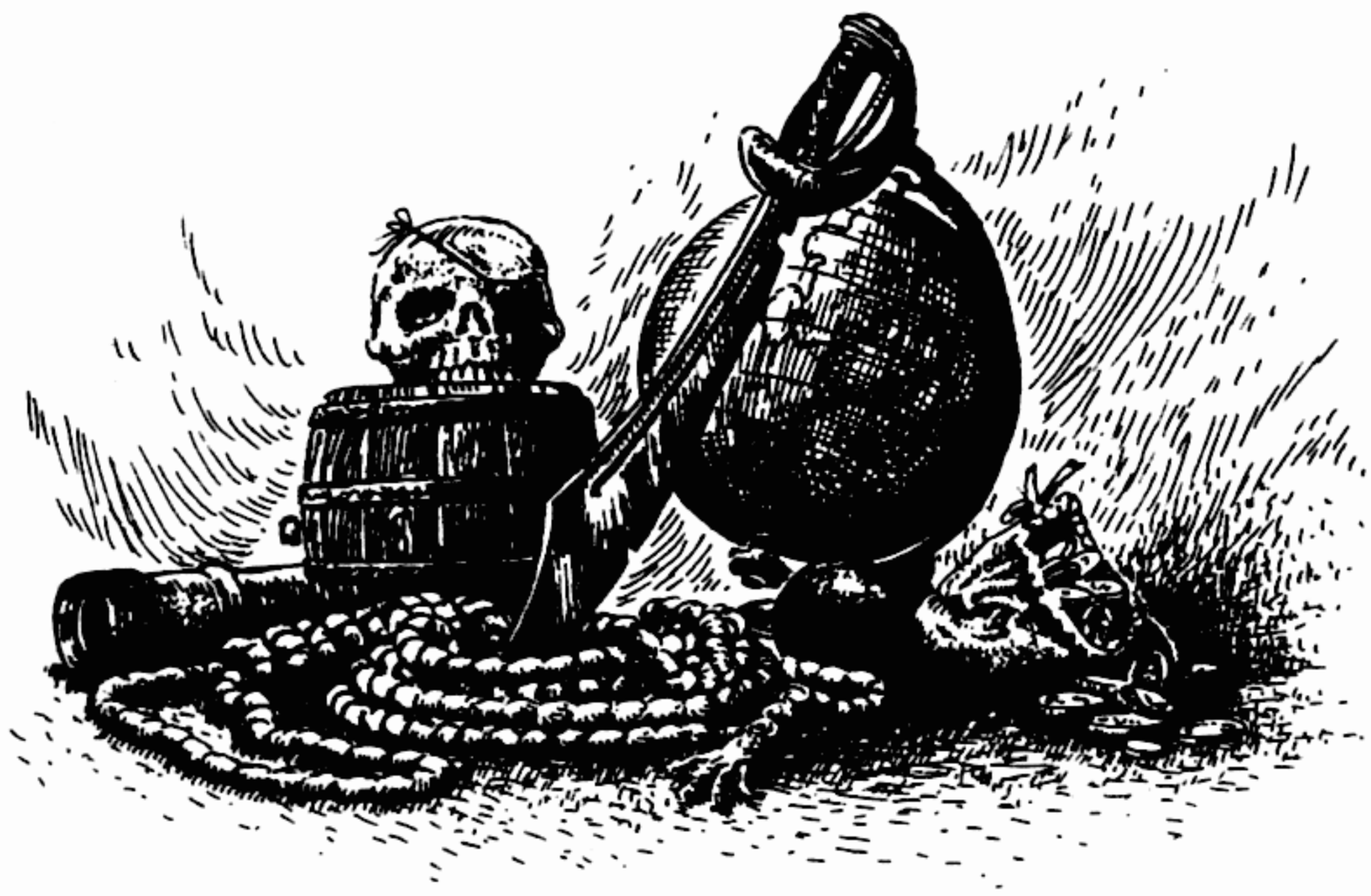

317

You grab for the ropes holding the bridge together but your reactions are not quick enough. You fall for several seconds into the yawning gulf of the gorge before plunging into the river below. Unfortunately for you, boulders lie just under the surface of the raging torrent. You crack your head on one and, unconscious, you drown, claimed by the hungry white water. Your adventure is over.

318

The pirate unsheathes a long knife with which to defend himself. 'You ain't taken Old Crivens yet,' he spits, vehemently. 'Come any closer and I'll slit yer gizzard!' Ignoring the old man's threats, once again you engage in battle.

CRIVENS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

While you are fighting its master, the the villain's pet monkey does its best to distract you, climbing all over you and biting you. As a result, for the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point and every Attack Round roll one dice: if the number rolled is even you must lose 1 STAMINA point as the monkey has just bitten you. If you are victorious in this battle, turn to **377**.

319

At your killing stroke the vampire crumbles to dust before your very eyes. There is now nothing to stop you claiming the Scorpion Talisman as your own: it must be worth at least 10 Gold Pieces! (Add this item to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Do you now want to search Jolly Roger's coffin (turn to **225**) or would you rather leave this macabre chamber (turn to **166**)?

320

Coming to the edge of a clearing, you see a tribesman being attacked by the grotesque form of a Giant Praying Mantis. The native is obviously no match for the insect and is in dire need of help – but what have you heard about the islanders? Will you run to the tribesman's defence (turn to **229**) or go on your way without getting involved (turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down earlier)?

321

The anchor misses your chest by a hair's breadth. Looking into the fog, you can make out a shadowy figure advancing towards you. Drawing your weapon, you prepare for combat. Turn to **231**.

322

You manage to ascend to the cliff-top without coming to any further harm and consider your next course of action. Will you now search the lighthouse, if you haven't already done so (turn to **296**), or leave Mallan's Point (turn to **309**)?

323

Carefully, you open the second door. How long has it taken you to get this far? If it has taken 9 Hours or more, turn to **70**. If it has taken 8 Hours or less, turn to **333**.

324

By destroying the Crystal of Esoteric Energies you have weakened the High Priest's own magical powers.

325

Unable to cast his spells at you he pulls a golden dagger with an obsidian blade from his robes with which to attack you.

RAMATU SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

As you fight, the dagger lets out an ear-piercing shriek, which you find very disconcerting (reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle). If you win against the High Priest of Quezkari, turn to 7.

325

Shinning up a tall tree growing at the edge of the beach, you look out over a panorama of lush, steaming jungle to the higher ground beyond. From your vantage point you also make out a river running southwest from the mountains to a swamp, and on the eastern side of the island you can see a large lagoon. Feeling a stinging sensation you look down to see a parasitic growth covering the trunk of the tree creeping onto your leg. You must defend yourself against the carnivorous plant.

LEECH VINE SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

As you are fighting whilst clinging to the branches of a tree, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point during this fight. Also, if you roll a double, you fall out of the tree suffering one dice worth of STAMINA damage, but in doing so you evade the parasite. If you win, or fall out of the tree, return to 300 and choose another option.

326

You give the door a mighty kick but all you succeed in doing is rattling the bolts – and attracting the attention of the Wreckers who have been shining their light out to sea to lure ships onto the hull-ripping rocks along this stretch of coast. Wielding knives and cudgels, the Wreckers run at you. Fight them all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WRECKER	7	7
Second WRECKER	6	7
Third WRECKER	8	7

If you win, turn to **369**.

327

You can now either head southeast towards the lagoon (turn to **10**) or northeast into the mountains (turn to **115**).

328

The last of the pirates falls and with some relief you sheathe your sword. It looks as if the pirates have beaten Dregg within an inch of his life and he is failing fast. You do your best to make the old man comfortable and he opens his eyes. 'Thanks, stranger,' he gasps, 'but I'm a goner now. They're up to something you know.' You ask him who he's talking about. 'Cinnabar's crew, the Pirates of the Black Skull.' Looking at the hands of Dregg's assailants, you see that each bears the tattoo of a grinning black skull. 'I've seen them meeting up again around the taverns

in the city; Silas Gallows, Keelhaul Jack, old Crivens, even Malu the Witchdoctor. They're planning something all right. Rumour says Mirel the Red found Cinnabar's body and that he's not rightly dead. But he's not rightly alive either, see. It's all that voodoo and black magic they meddle in. Not right so it isn't.' Dregg coughs weakly: 'He's coming back. We'll all be doomed! Stranger, beware the Black Skull. Bloodbones is coming back!' And then he is gone. Laying the old man down, you ponder his last words and what your next action should be. So Cinnabar is not really dead. In that case you may still be revenged. But what did Dregg mean when he said that Cinnabar is not really alive either? Dregg has given you several clues about your enemy and where you should start your search for him. The old man mentioned that the Pirates of the Black Skull were gathering again in the Port of Crabs so they may have a hidden base somewhere in the city, but of course at present you have no idea where it may be.

You now have several options open to you. You could visit some of the taverns and inns yourself, in the hope of finding out more (turn to **150**), or you could visit the notorious Gambling Pits, a possible source of information and a way of increasing your Gold Pieces (turn to **303**). Alternatively, it might be a good idea to equip yourself better at the markets before you set out on your quest (turn to **365**), or you could try to find out more about the Black Skull and the cult of Quezkari (turn to **315**). Then again you may do well to get the help of the authorities against Cinnabar (turn

to **103**), although Governor Montargo has certainly allowed the port to remain a safe haven for buccaneers and freebooters. Of course you could abandon your search for further information and instead look for the pirates' hidden base (turn to **16**).

329

The tunnel winds ever onwards under the mountain. The monotony of the passageway is finally broken when you come to an alcove in the left-hand wall. In the alcove is a bowl of smouldering incense and flower petals. The aromatic smoke billows out into the corridor and as you smell it you begin to feel light-headed. You will have to walk through the smoke to proceed any further but, as you do so, will you breathe in deeply (turn to **39**) or hold your breath (turn to **185**)?

330

Baring its blunt yellow teeth and screaming its rage, the Great Ape prepares to defend its territory once again.

GREAT APE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, you continue on your way through the forest. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

331

You clear a path to the crystal through the snakes and, swinging your blade in a mighty arc, strike the glowing rock. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **104**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **376**.

332

As you trek through the jungle you come upon a fast-flowing river. To continue on your way you can either attempt to wade across the river (turn to **256**), or try to find another way to cross (turn to **347**).

333

You find yourself at the back of a vast hall which is packed with black-robed Devotees and scurvy-looking pirates! Ducking down behind a stack of crates you see that at the other end of the great chamber is a huge, grotesque effigy. The thing has a skeletal human body with an over-sized skull. Around the grinning skull is a feathered-headdress and in each hand is a blazing torch. Surely this statue is a likeness of the cruel voodoo death-god, Quezkari! Standing before the statue is a man you recognise. He still wears the fine gold-braided, scarlet coat of a nobleman and a large tricorn hat but his flesh is now a sickly greenish-grey and pus oozes from great gashes and holes in his skin. The pirate-lord's fine black hair and beard is now a straggly mess and his jaundice-yellow eyes stare wildly from shadowy sockets. Cinnabar! Then the rumours were true: Mirel the Red did find her captain's body. With the help of Quezkari's Devotees, and their dark, forbidden

practices, he has been brought back to life. The pirate-lord addresses the throng. 'Pirates of the Black Skull, tonight we sail for Bone Island. There the ritual to complete my resurrection will take place and then, invulnerable, and with the power of Quezkari at our disposal, we shall return to this vermin-hole and exact our revenge. The Port of Crabs will be ours!' A great cheer of approval rises from the amassed followers of Quezkari and your blood runs cold. Although you have no love for the port, should Cinnabar take it over, no lawful city anywhere along the coast will be safe from buccaneers and freebooters. He must be stopped!

Suddenly you feel a strong hand on your shoulder and you spin round to see two ugly rogues standing behind you. You soon find yourself dragged before the undead pirate-lord in front of Quezkari's statue. In seconds he has pronounced his sentence and as you are taken away, he addresses his crew again: 'We sail with the tide at midnight!' Following their captain, the pirates swiftly file out of the shrine. Meanwhile, you are taken to a pit at one end of the chamber and tied by your wrists to metal rings in the wall at the bottom of the pit. The pirates then abandon you to join their fellows. It is then that you notice a small hole in the bottom of the wall, through which water is starting to enter the pit. The hole links the pit with the sea. As the tide rises, so the pit fills with water, and soon you will be totally submerged. The water is already up to your waist. You pull on the rings but they are securely embedded in the wall and the rope

shows no sign of breaking either. How are you going to get out of this? If you have a Shark's Teeth Bracelet, turn to the paragraph, which is the same as the number of teeth on the bracelet. If you do not, turn to **132**.

334

Choosing a location you haven't already visited, where do you want to go now in your search for information?

The taverns and inns of the city?	Turn to **150**
The notorious Gambling Pits?	Turn to **303**
The markets?	Turn to **365**
The Temple Quarter?	Turn to **315**
To see Governor Montargo himself?	Turn to **103**

If you are done with looking for information, or you have some idea where they might be hiding, you could start looking for the pirates' secret base (turn to **51**).

335

Passing a rocky outcrop at the edge of a cliff, a strange, reptilian humanoid suddenly leaps at you as if from nowhere. Camouflaged against the boulder by its colour-changing skin, the hunting Chameleonite bounds towards you with its short spear raised.

CHAMELEONITE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, your opponent's body plunges from the cliff edge onto the rocks below. Unhindered, you are able to proceed along the cliff path. Turn to **283**.

336

Under the Scarachna's constant onslaught you stumble backwards into its web. Held fast by the sticky strands you can do nothing as the hybrid sinks its fangs into your body, paralysing you and binding you with silk, to be left until it is ready to devour you!

337

With you fighting on its side against the Great Ape, the saurus soon overcomes its challenger. Turn to **278**.

338

Sliding back the bolts you lift the trapdoor and see, cowering in a shallow pit, a frightened, half-starved cat. In fear and anger, it leaps out of the hole, biting you and raking your flesh with its claws (lose 2 STAMINA points), before escaping into the night. The Wreckers must have kept the cat prisoner as part of some cruel torment or wager, no doubt. Now, will you descend the cliff to the cave entrance (turn to **391**) or leave the lighthouse and Mallan's Point altogether (turn to **309**)?

339

The pan hits you squarely in the chest and scalding hot water splashes all over you. Roll one dice and add 1. This is the total number of STAMINA points you lose. If you roll a 6 lose 1 SKILL point as well. A meat cleaver gripped tightly in one podgy hand, the cannibal cook charges at you, his rolls of fat wobbling disgustingly.

BLADDERWRACK
THE COOK SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the cook, turn to **285**.

340

Before your air runs out, you slip the chain from your ankles and swim back to the surface. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) Treading water, you recover your breath and, looking towards the jetty, you see that the Anchor Man has gone, thinking you dead. Back on dry land, you continue your search for secret entrances a while longer but discover nothing, so you give up looking here. Add 1 Hour and turn to **52**.

341

The rest of the crew having repelled the other attacking crabs, the *Fortune* sails free of the reef (turn to **168**).

342

Incredibly you manage to avoid falling foul of either the ape or the lizard as they snap, slash and hurl themselves at each other. Once on the other side of the clearing, you continue on your way. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

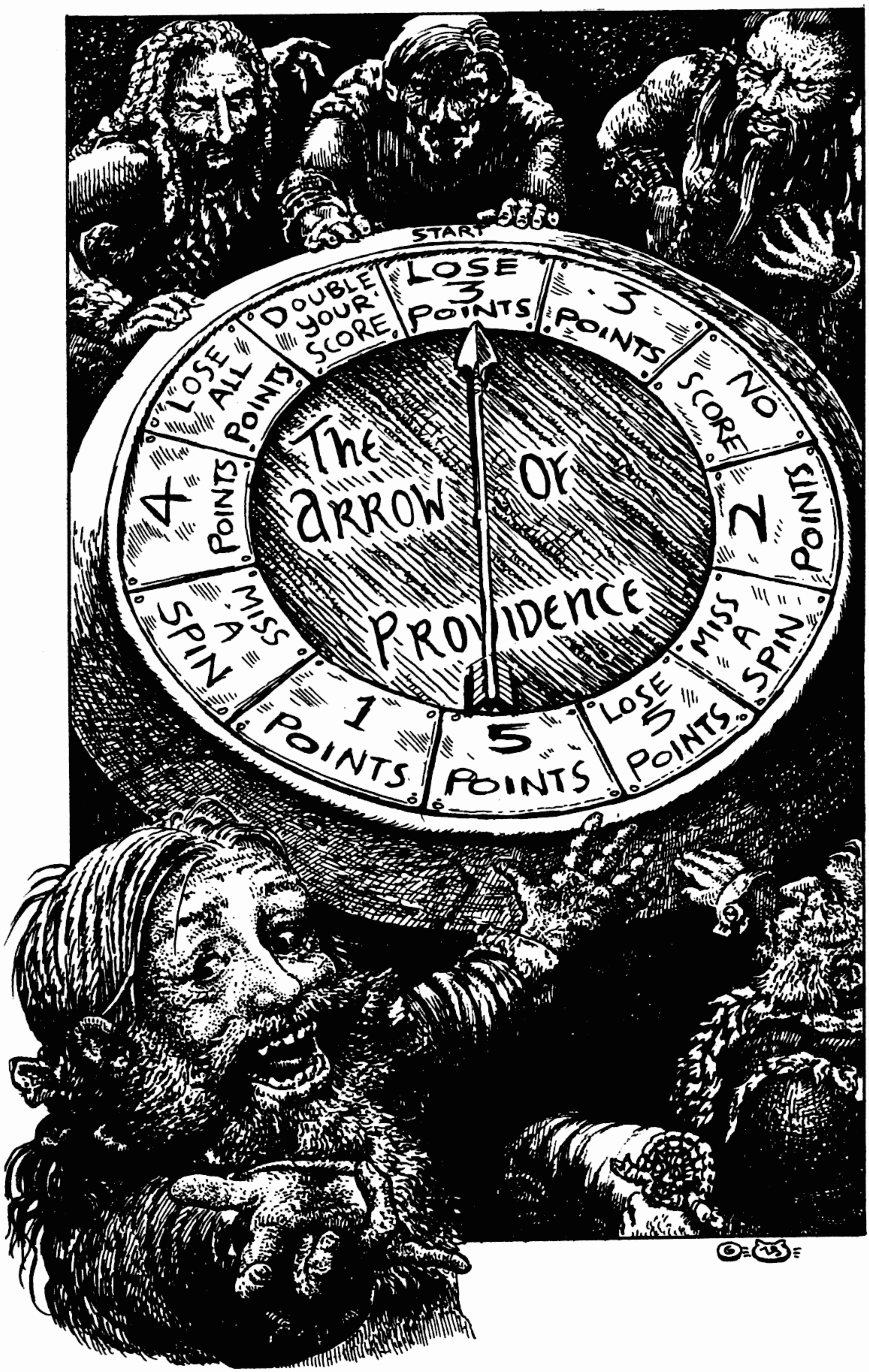
START
LOSE 3 POINTS
3 POINTS
NO SCORE
2 POINTS
MISS A SPIN
LOSE 5 POINTS
5 POINTS
1 POINTS
MISS A SPIN
4 POINTS
LOSE ALL POINTS
DOUBLE YOUR SCORE
The ARROW OF PROVIDENCE

343

Having severed the Pitcher's only means of attack you are soon able to finish off the rest of the carnivorous plant, hacking its acid-filled vase open with your sword. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) Among the roots of the Giant Pitcher-Plant you find the remains of its previous meals. However, you also find a total of 7 Gold Pieces, a green jade monkey totem and a rusty cutlass. Taking whichever of these items you wish, you set off into the green depths of the jungle again, a little more warily this time. Turn to the paragraph you noted down previously.

344

The Behemoth sucks in a great quantity of seawater along with the wreckage of the *Fortune,* its crew and yourself. You end your adventure drowned inside the stomach of a giant fish.

345

Quezkari is in reality a powerful evil spirit, invulnerable to non-magical weapons. Although you valiantly hold off the frenzied creature, ultimately you weaken under its onslaught and join the other souls of Quezkari's victims in eternal damnation.

346

You pay your 2 Gold Pieces (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*) and step up to the board. You get three spins of the arrow and over those three goes you must score a total of ten or more to win the jackpot. To spin the arrow, roll one dice and add 6: This is the

number of spaces round the board that the arrow moves. The next spin starts from this space. You may play the game as many times as you like, as long as you have enough money, but if you win the jackpot, you cannot play again. When you are finished here, turn to **260**.

347

It is some time before you find another way to cross the river, via a fallen, vine-clad tree trunk, and your body is beginning to feel the strain of trekking through the jungle. (Lose 1 STAMINA point.) Now return to **192** and roll two dice again, remembering that each encounter may not occur more than once.

348

Cross off one meal from your Provisions. The creature snatches the food from you and gobbles it down. Then it cheekily reaches out with its hand again! What will you do now?

Give the creature an item from your backpack?	Turn to **122**
Attack the creature?	Turn to **307**
Ignore it and go on your way?	Turn to **384**

349

It does not take you long to discover that the globe is hollow and opens. Inside is a cloth bag containing 24 Gold Pieces and a diamond necklace. Taking the treasure will you leave the cabin (turn to **233**) or first examine the chest (turn to **316**), the desk (turn to **134**) or the ship in a bottle (turn to **29**)?

350

Leaving the Octopus's lair, you manage to ascend to the cliff-top without coming to any further harm and consider your next course of action. Will you now search the lighthouse, if you haven't already done so (turn to **296**), or leave Mallan's Point (turn to **309**)?

351

Scouring the various stalls, you soon find a number of items that might be of use to you on your quest. You may buy any of the things on the list, as long as you have enough money (deducting the correct number of Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*).

Rope	1 Gold Piece
Extra Provisions	1 Gold Piece for each meal
Cutlass	8 Gold Pieces
Throwing Dagger	3 Gold Pieces
Chainmail Coat	6 Gold Pieces
Flask of Grog	3 Gold Pieces
Poison Antidote	4 Gold Pieces
Gas-Globes	6 Gold Pieces

The Cutlass does not carry any bonuses: it is just another weapon. You may use the Throwing Dagger

against an opponent before a combat: *Test your Skill,* and if you are successful you may deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you win the combat you can reclaim the dagger. The Chainmail Coat reduces any opponent's Attack Strength by 1 point, but while you are wearing it, you must add 1 to the dice-roll every time you have to *Test your Skill*. The Grog is very invigorating and will restore up to 4 STAMINA points; also for the duration of the next combat you are involved in after drinking the Grog, you may add 1 point to your Attack Strength – but only for that one battle. The Poison Antidote is effective against toxins and venoms of many kinds and there is enough for three uses. There are three Gas-Globes, which look like small glass spheres filled with a swirling mist. You may use a Gas-Globe before going into battle: the globe simply has to be smashed on the ground in front of an enemy who will then be enveloped by a sense-numbing cloud which has the effect of reducing their Attack Strength by 2 points. However, the Gas-Globes will not affect Undead, Demons or magical creatures. When you have finished here, do you want to look around the Bazaar for more exotic items (turn to **42**) or leave the markets (turn to **111**)?

352

You collapse on the sandy shore, utterly crestfallen. So near and yet so... What was that sound? It was like the blowing of the wind in a ship's sails, but there is not even so much as a breeze. You look up and there, gliding into the lagoon, is a battered, storm-wracked

vessel – the *Sea Maiden*. As soon as you are within earshot, the ghostly Captain Velyarde calls to you from the deck: 'Do not worry my friend. Cinnabar has not thwarted us yet. Come, join us.'

In no time at all you are on board: the *Sea Maiden* sets off at once. The ghost ship travels at an incredible rate of knots, flying over the waves as it chases after the *Virago*. During the exhilarating voyage, Velyarde explains his crew's continued presence on the Earthly Plane: 'It was Cinnabar's pirates who slaughtered my crew and I, damning us for all eternity. Now there is a chance to be revenged and restore the cosmic order.' And then in mid-ocean the pirates' galleon comes into view. As you watch, a ball of burning pitch shoots from the *Virago* at the *Sea Maiden*, and it is dead on target. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **232**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **128**.

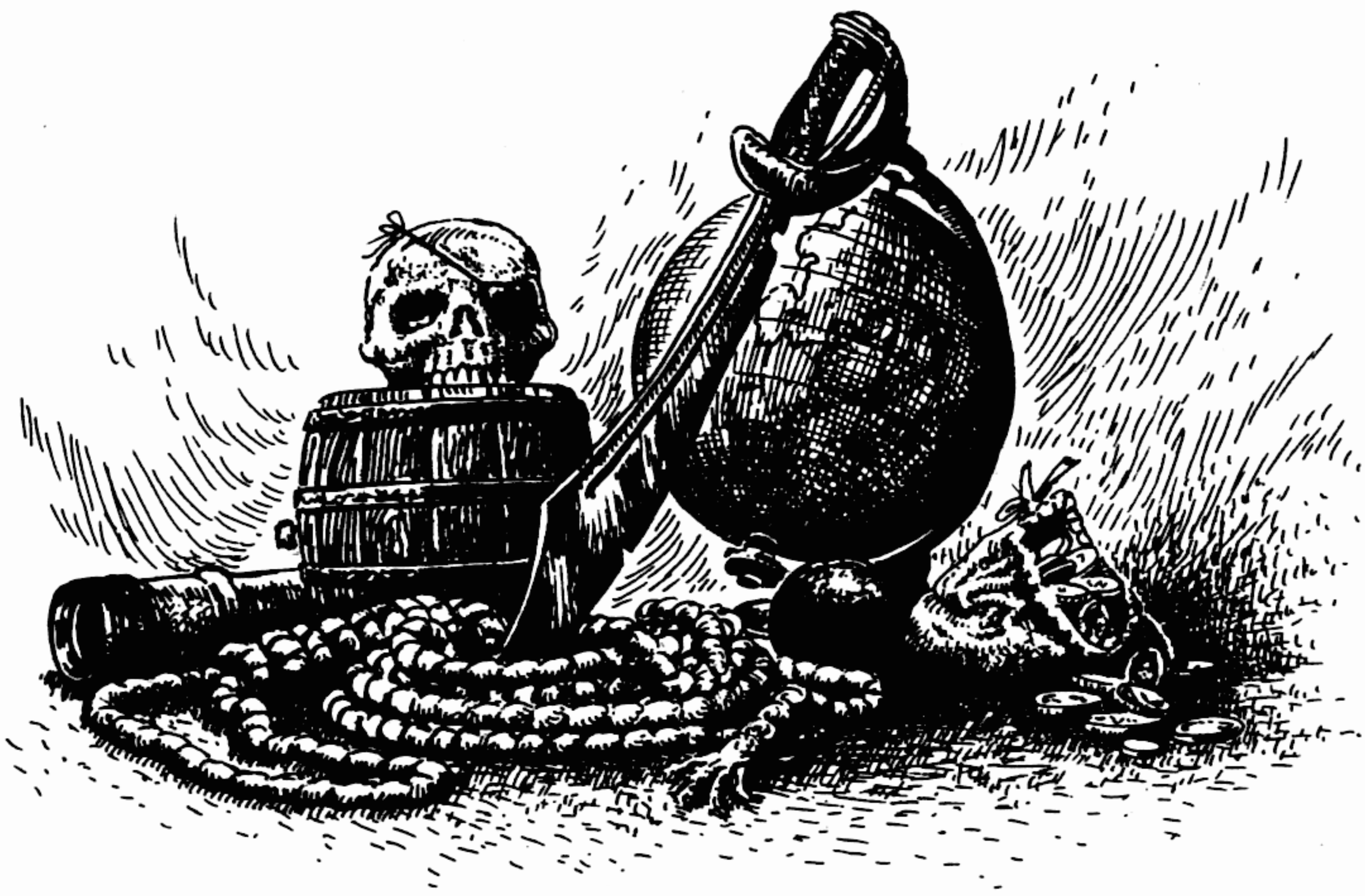

353

Opening the door, you step into a freezing cabin. Icicles hang from the beams and your breath turns to mist in the cold air. Then the room's occupant attacks. An ill-defined, misty human form springs at you from the cabin and tries to grab you with its frozen hands. You draw your sword and defend yourself as the wraith-like creature moans, 'Coold! So coold!'

CHILLER SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

While you fight the Chiller you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because of the icy cold. Also, for every further 2 rounds the battle lasts you must reduce your Attack Strength by a further point. If you repel the ghost, turn to **389**.

354

Watching your footing, you inch into the shadows. The water inside the cave suddenly begins to churn and two slimy, sucker-lined tentacles burst from the sea and reach for you. Quickly drawing your sword, you prepare to defend yourself.

TENTACLES SKILL 7 STAMINA 4

If the Tentacles score two hits in succession, turn at once to **161**. If you defeat the tentacles without them scoring two successful hits in a row, turn to **280**.

355

The port's sewers empty into the open sea through an outlet in the harbour wall. Your lantern lit, you enter the sewer. Following one foul-smelling channel

after another, you wander through the labyrinthine sewers, finding no sign of any hidden base or nefarious goings-on. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) Trudging through the cold and damp you slowly become aware of a sloshing sound behind you. Pausing, you turn to face whatever is following you. From out of the shadows emerges an ugly, stooped humanoid creature, with distended arms and carrying a crude club. Seeing you, the Troll becomes excited. 'A Yooman! Just what Gunk needs to fill his belly!' Drooling saliva over his tusks, Gunk the Sewer Troll raises his club, ready to smash your skull open.

GUNK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

While you are fighting Gunk, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because of the effect of the nauseating stench of the sewers. If you win, turn to 3.

356

The undead pirate snatches the skeleton artefact from you and snaps it in half before you can stop it. Cross the item off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **147**.

357

The pirates are not expecting this reaction from you, and you are able to wound one of the rogues before they know what is going on. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	6	5
Second PIRATE	6	7

If you win, the Half-Ogre steps forward to fight you. Will you face your opponent (turn to **187**) or try to escape (turn to **6**)?

358

Saying your own name, you try to prompt a response from the primitive. 'Balinac wants food,' grunts the creature. Will you offer Balinac something (turn to **183**), prepare to attack the creature (turn to **95**) or flee into the jungle (turn to **125**)?

359

Treading carefully, and keeping an eye open for any more overgrown mosquitoes, you are startled when three figures rise out of the clinging mire in front of you. They may once have been human but the creatures before you now are decomposing travesties, remnants of mud-sodden jerkins and breeches still hanging from their skeletal frames and each clutches a cutlass in its atrophying hands. You are facing only a few of the many who have lost their way and their lives in the swamp. Moaning balefully, the Zombie Pirates lurch at you. Fight them individually.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE PIRATE	6	6
Second ZOMBIE PIRATE	5	7
Third ZOMBIE PIRATE	7	6

If you defeat the shambling Undead, their bodies sink back into the swamp, leaving you to freely enter the jungle. Make a note of the number 397 and turn to **192**.

360

'I won't say any more unless you give old Scrimshaw a present,' the man says, giggling. He will accept any special items or artefacts you may have, including Grog or Rum, but not Provisions or Gold Pieces. If you agree to give Scrimshaw a present, cross it off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **41**. If not, or you are unable to, turn to **130**.

361

What will you choose? If you want to use a Blue Gem, turn to the paragraph which has the same number as there are sides to the jewel. If not, will you use a Skeleton Artefact (turn to **136**), a Witchdoctor's Wand (turn to **106**), a Monkey Totem (turn to **286**) or a Scorpion Talisman (**302**)? If you cannot or do not want to use any of the above you will have to use your weapon (turn to **177**).

362

The few items of furniture that remain inside this cabin are rimmed with frost and ice crystals cover the inside of a small, sealed porthole. As you search

the room you hear the voice of the wraith-ghost again. 'Leeeeave this plaace!' it screams. You shiver in fear, feeling ice water trickle down your spine and the blood curdle in your veins. (Lose 1 LUCK point and 1 SKILL point.) In terror you flee the haunted cabin. Turn to **4**.

363

Resounding booms echo around the cavern as the ledge falls away behind you onto the rocks below. And then around a bend you see another archway in the cave wall. With one final spurt of energy you throw yourself through it, into the passageway beyond. Having recovered your breath you choose whether to go right (turn to **57**) or left (turn to **91**).

364

'Ahh, a contestant!' Calabrius exclaims. 'Come forward, don't be shy. Now where's your money?' You hand the man your 2 Gold Pieces (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*). Calabrius moves to the side of the huge calculating device and pulls a lever. There is a lot of noisy clanking and the number drums spin round at great speed. Gradually, one by one, they come to a stop behind their windows, the last one revealing itself to be blank so that the panel looks like this:

1 9 25 57 –

'The Calculator has devised its cunning conundrum. This machine can baffle even the greatest minds in Ruddlestone. Can you work out what the next number

in the sequence should be?' Well, can you? If so, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the answer. If you cannot solve the puzzle or the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, meaning you have got the answer wrong, you will have to leave Calabrius's Calculator and look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**).

365

The port's sprawling markets lie within the Merchant Quarter, which runs from Farthing Lane to Moneylender's Street. You have two possible options now; either you can look for practical equipment around the markets (turn to **351**) or you can visit the Port of Crabs' lively Bazaar with its more exotic – and expensive – wares (turn to **42**).

366

The Witchdoctor's room is full of totems and votive offerings. Amongst his possessions are a Crocodile Amulet, a small whalebone Skeleton Artefact and his wand, which now seems to have lost its power. You may take any of these objects if you want before leaving Malu's den. When you are finished here will you:

Open the far door?	Turn to **191**
Open the door to the right?	Turn to **141**
Open the door marked 'Captain?'	Turn to **97**
Descend the staircase?	Turn to **211**

367

Your symptoms rapidly become worse as you quickly succumb to the malaria. An agonizing death awaits, but fortunately for you it will not be long in coming. Your adventure is tragically over.

368

The tribesman, who is very eloquent, thanks you profusely for saving his life and gives you a Nauk Fruit (equivalent to 1 meal) before hurrying off into the jungle. (Record the word 'Sitnam' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down.)

369

The light is snuffed out and the vessel the Wreckers were luring onto the rocks turns away just in time, heading back out towards the open sea. (Record the word 'Enutrof' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Searching the Wreckers' bodies you find a total of 5 Gold Pieces and a Skeleton Key. As you are considering what to do next, from your vantage point high on the promontory you spot a sizeable cave entrance on the shoreline where the cliff-base meets the sea. Could this be the location of the pirates' hideout? Will you:

Climb down the cliff to the cave?	Turn to **391**
Return to the lighthouse and investigate it further?	Turn to **296**
Leave Mallan's Point?	Turn to **309**

370

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **341**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **60**.

371

Hacking through the jungle with machetes, three pirates emerge from the undergrowth into your path. The first has a neatly trimmed beard and wears a bandana. The second has an ugly scar running from the top of his head down his chest and the last looks like a man-sized monkey! 'It's the snooper!' exclaims Keelhaul Jack, surprised at seeing you still alive. 'Attack!' Between the trees you are able to fight Cinnabar's pirates one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
JANGO	7	6
KEELHAUL JACK	8	7
SIMA THE MONKEY MAN	7	7

If you win, a search of the pirates' bodies reveals 8 Gold Pieces and a small bottle of rum (drinking this will restore up to 2 STAMINA points). You may also take one of their swords if you have lost yours, then turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

372

Studying the carving you deduce that the inscription around it reveals how to open the door. If you can work out the number hidden in the puzzle, turn to the paragraph with that number. If you are unable to you

have no choice but to return to the junction and go the other way (turn to **329**).

373

The smugglers dead, you look inside the chest. It is full of counterfeit coins and the villains themselves only possess 4 Gold Pieces. Although you search as well as you can in the mist and darkness, you are unable to discover where the smugglers were headed. There is nothing more you can do here so you leave the cemetery. Add 1 Hour and turn to **52**.

374

There is only one dose of this potion but, when drunk, it has the effect of restoring your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level and adding 2 to your Attack Strength for the next battle you have to fight. Return to **42**.

375

You dodge the bolt and prepare to attack (turn to **182**).

376

The crystal explodes in a blaze of light, blasting shards of rock around the chamber, some of which hit you (roll one dice, add 2 and deduct that number of STAMINA points). If you are still alive, you leave the crystal room. Record the word 'Dehsams' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **329**.

377

As Crivens' monkey scampers away, you make a quick search of the bodies of your assailants, each of which has the mark of the Black Skull on their right hand. The Devotees carry no possessions but the old pirate is a different case entirely. About his person Crivens has a purse containing 6 Gold Pieces and a very unusual coin indeed. Almost twice the size of a Gold Piece, its face bears the image of a crab – it is a doubloon. Turning it over, you are surprised to discover that the other side has also been stamped with the picture of a crab. Doubloons have not been minted in the Port of Crabs for two centuries and as a consequence are rare and of great value. The coin you hold in your hand however is obviously a counterfeit as it has two heads. From this you can only surmise that someone has been trying to mint their own doubloons, no doubt as a way to raise some money. (Add the Crab Doubloon to your *Adventure Sheet*.) You may also take Crivens' Throwing Dagger if you wish. If you do, you can use it against an opponent before having to fight them: *Test your Skill* and, if you are successful, you may reduce their STAMINA score by 2 points. You may reclaim the dagger after the fight. Dregg told you that Crivens was one of Cinnabar's old crew so they obviously know that you are on to them. You will have to be careful not to attract their attentions further. Hurriedly, if somewhat cautiously, you set off again, away from the markets. If you have the word 'Dnalsi' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **17**. If you do not, turn to **334**.

378

Although the ropes and planks of the bridge creak and groan at your passing, the whole thing holds and you enter the cliff-face through the skull's open mouth. You find yourself in a high-ceilinged, torch-lit tunnel, which cuts its way deep into the mountain. It is not long before the tunnel opens out into a large, square chamber. Hideous painted carvings adorn the walls here but there is nothing else of interest in the room. However, three archways in the opposite wall lead onwards into the temple. Will you proceed through the archway to the left (turn to **216**), through the one in the centre (turn to **392**) or by passing under the archway to the right (turn to **255**)?

379

Incredibly you manage to kill the creature in its own watery domain. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) You heave yourself out of the water and take a few minutes to recover your breath. Then, confident that it will now be safe, you explore the cave. However, to your disappointment, no other tunnels lead from it. The pirates' hideout obviously isn't here. Turn to **350**.

380

The spider-scorpion strikes you with its sting, injecting its virulent poison directly into your blood-stream. (Lose 6 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2.) If you are still alive, reeling from the effects of the toxin, you continue your battle against the Scarachna. Return to **144**.

381

The castaway is happy to have someone to talk to having been alone on the island for so many years. Scrimshaw tells you that he was one of the crew of the notorious Blackscar and was marooned by him once the legendary pirate had hidden his treasure. He also says that the island is home to a warrior-tribe who live in fear of an evil priest. If you want to now ask him more about Blackscar's treasure, turn to **360**, otherwise you can leave the old man and explore the hills alone (turn to **65**).

382

Somewhat uncertainly, you hand over the 4 Gold Pieces (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*). 'Sit down and rest your weary feet,' says Madame Galbo in a soothing voice, and you comply willingly. 'You seek the followers of Quezkari for you fear they will return their pirate-lord to life?' You nod to confirm the wisewoman's thoughts. 'Your fears are well founded, for I have spoken with the spirits. Even now, those loyal to the Black Skull and Cinnabar make blood offerings to the death-god to restore the Pillager so that he may continue his reign of terror on the twelve seas of Titan. A champion, such as you, must stop them, for theirs is the way of voodoo. Voodoo magic is the magic of wild, untamed places. It is the magic of the jungle, primal and savage. It is primitive, bestial and dark. If Cinnabar returns he will be unstoppable and will enslave all of this city to his bloodthirsty master. I can help you in one of three ways for you cannot delay here – time is short. Do you

want me to look into your future to help you (turn to **11**), heal your wounds (turn to **179**) or prepare you a compound that may be of use in your trial (turn to **261**)?'

383

The tendril manages to wrap itself around you and, before you can do anything to free yourself, it drags you into the vase of the Pitcher Plant. The vase is filled with a potent natural acid, which is how the plant digests its food – you have just become its next meal. Your adventure comes to an agonising end here.

384

The creature does not appreciate being ignored and jabbers away at you in its own unintelligible language, but does not attack, so you set off through the jungle once more. However, as you leave, and unknown to you, the spiteful Rainforest Sprite steals one item and one meal's worth of your Provisions from your backpack as you depart. Cross these things off your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to the paragraph you noted down previously.

385

Chopping your way onwards through the sweltering jungle, you become lulled into a false sense of security. Slowly you are alerted to the presence of something moving in the trees above you. You freeze and look up into the canopy. There, clinging to the branches by its eight legs, is a monstrous, red spider with a scorpion's tail and sting arched over its back.

The spider-scorpion hybrid instantly shoots a sticky silk-like substance from its mouth directly at you. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **144**. If you fail, turn to **84**.

386

As you try to creep past, the lizard's lashing tail strikes you and the ape accidentally lands a crushing blow against your shoulder. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Once on the other side of the clearing, you continue on your way. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

387

Some of the wreckage from Conyn's ship is still half-submerged in the sea. As you scour the flotsam and jetsam you reach under the broken hull of a jolly boat and are bitten by an eel hiding there (lose 2 STAMINA points). The rest of your search proves fruitless, so you give up on this course of action. Return to **300** and choose an option you have not picked already.

388

On touching the pearl you feel a warm tingling sensation in your arm. Holding the pearl in both hands your whole body is filled with revitalizing energy. Restore both you STAMINA and SKILL scores to their *Initial* levels and regain 2 LUCK points. Blessed by the life-giving pearl which Ramatu stole from the Usai tribe, you can now either take the fetish as well (turn to **210**) or leave the temple (turn to **188**).

389

With a fading moan the blood-freezing spirit dissolves into the chilling mist that fills the cabin. Do you want to depart the cabin yourself (turn to **4**), or do you want to explore the room first (turn to **362**)?

390

The bounty hunter finally agrees to approach the vessel but will have nothing to do with the ship himself. As the *Fortune* nears the *Sea Maiden* you see that its sails are rotten and the planks it is constructed from are covered with algae. Only the ghost ship's figurehead of a beautiful young woman appears untarnished. You can see no one on deck, the only sound being the moan of the wind in the ship's sails and the creaking of the mast. Do you want to personally board the *Sea Maiden* to explore it further (turn to **238**) or leave the vessel on its eternal voyage (turn to **153**)?

391

In the darkness, and with the rocks constantly splashed by sea-spray, your descent is somewhat dangerous. *Test your Skill* three times. If you fail any of the rolls, turn to **114**. If you pass all of the rolls, turn to **219**.

392

The tunnel you find yourself in has been cut from the bedrock of the mountain itself. Creeping through the gloom you hear a skittering sound ahead of you. Then three stunted figures appear to coalesce from out of

the darkness. At first you think they are pygmies but then you realise that there is something horribly wrong. The pallid grey flesh, the sightless white eyes, the slack dead expressions – these pygmies are already dead and have been brought back to life by some unholy power. And you are going to have to fight them.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE PYGMY	6	5
Second ZOMBIE PYGMY	5	5
Third ZOMBIE PYGMY	6	4

The first and second pygmies attack you at the same time with their stabbing javelins whilst the third attempts to hit you with poison darts from its deadly blowpipe. Every other Attack Round, roll for the third pygmy's Attack Strength as well. If it is greater than yours it manages to hit you with one of its darts, causing you to lose an additional 2 points of STAMINA. Once you have defeated the first and second Zombie Pygmy you may then fight the third as normal. If you survive this encounter, turn to **20**.

393

'Ah yes,' grins the guru, accepting your money happily (cross off the 2 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*), 'you are the curse-lifter, the ridder of evil, the seeker of truth, the righter of wrongs.' You have a feeling this is what the wise man tells all his punters. 'Beware, vengeance-seeker, for a watery grave awaits you between the Crab's claws and the under-tunnels hold nothing but death. Search out the

beacon and the woman of the taboo path.' Mystified, you ponder what to do next. Will you consult the blind seer (turn to **167**) or the mute fortune-teller (turn to **98**) for another 2 Gold Pieces, or would you rather now leave the Temple Quarter (add 1 Hour and turn to **334**)?

394

Trapping the Jaguar in a headlock you beat the cat into submission. Victorious, you are pulled from the pit and have your weapon returned. Turn to **142**.

395

At your final blow, your ghostly adversary reels and then rises up again, apparently unharmed and smiling, as are the other undead! 'Thank you, brave warrior,' says the captain in more human tones. 'Years ago we were damned to sail the twilight way by a foul-begotten pirate-lord. By besting me in battle, you have released us from our hellish curse. We shall be eternally grateful but now you must leave our ship, and quickly.' Not waiting for an explanation you rush back to the deck and disembark the *Sea Maiden*. (Add the word 'Nediam' to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point for lifting the curse.) Turn to **153**.

396

Turning a corner you feel a sharp pinprick in the back of your neck. Putting your hand to the place, you pull a tiny dart from your skin. Its tip is stained with a dark liquid – pois... Turn to **158**.

397

Dusk is falling as you come to the outskirts of a group of mud huts in a large clearing in the jungle. You can see tribespeople going about their business within the village but how do you think they'd react to a stranger not native to Bone Island? Will you enter the village (turn to **274**) or give it a wide berth and camp for the night in the jungle (turn to **164**)?

398

Could it be? Hastily you pull the tiny grimacing idol from your backpack and know that you are correct in your assumptions by Cinnabar's reaction: his heart is actually enclosed inside the fetish of the voodoo death-god! 'What are you doing with that?' the pirate-lord gasps in horror. 'Look, I'll give you anything you desire; gold, jewels, why even the Port of Crabs if you so wish. Only spare me!' Cinnabar has shown himself to be the pitiful coward he really is. The only thing he owes you for the slaughter of your family is his death! Hurling the fetish onto the deck you smash it open and pierce Cinnabar's heart with the tip of your sword. With a spine-chilling wail, Cinnabar collapses in front of you. Immediately his flesh starts to decay, dissolving into a grey-green sludge as it drops from his bones, which in turn crumble to dust. Soon all that

is left of the foul pirate-lord are his clothes. The butcher known as Bloodbones is truly dead at last (regain 1 LUCK point).

Suddenly a cloud of thick, black smoke starts to pour from the shattered pieces of the broken fetish. The vapour coalesces and then solidifies before you into a terrifying form: the true source of Cinnabar's power is manifesting itself. Standing where the pirate fell is a grotesque creature with a withered, skeletal human body and a grossly over-large, skull-like head, adorned with a feathered headdress. At the death of his servant, Quezkari himself has come to seek your demise! Will you try to use something against the horror (turn to **361**) or attack it with your weapon (turn to **177**)?

399

The Darkwood Armband is carved to look like a snake with its tail in its mouth. Putting it on does not make you feel any different – at least not at the moment. Now return to **42**.

400

At your killing blow, Quezkari's rapidly decomposing body is engulfed in flames. Looking about you, you see that, having lost their leader and witnessed the defeat of their 'god', the pirates are running around in disarray and have almost been suppressed by the undead crew of the *Sea Maiden*. Your attention is drawn back to Quezkari's corpse by the raging fire that has now spread to the deck and

mast of the *Virago*. 'Hurry, my friend!' calls Velyarde. 'We are done here.'

Fleeing the pirate vessel with the rest of Velyarde's crew, once you are back on board the ghost ship you watch from a safe distance as the galleon is consumed by flames and then finally sinks beneath the waves. Thanks to you, the cruel pirate-lord Cinnabar has been destroyed, along with his evil master Quezkari, and the Pirates of the Black Skull are no more. Your homeland is safe.

As the sun sinks towards the horizon, tingeing the Western Ocean a brilliant orange, you gaze out across the watery expanse deep in thought. You are stirred from your reverie by Captain Velyarde as he joins you at the prow. 'Before we must depart this world for good, may I pay you one last service for freeing us from our unending torment, by taking you to some port?' he asks.

'Yes,' you say in reply, 'Clam Beach. Take me home.'

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STEVE JACKSON and IAN LIVINGSTONE
THE WARLOCK OF FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

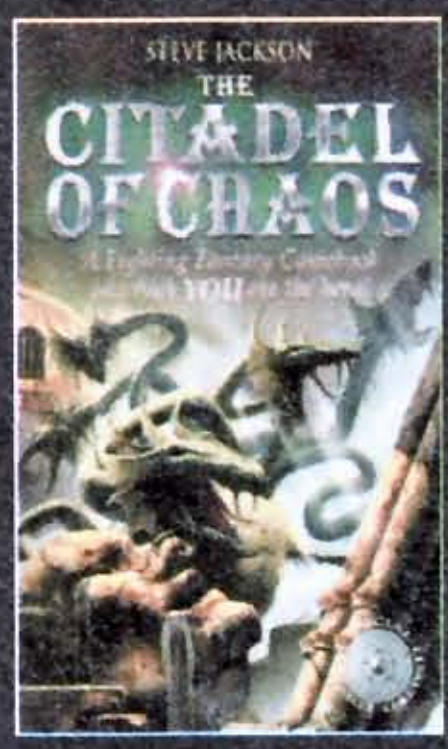
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THE CITADEL OF CHAOS

IAN LIVINGSTONE
DEATHTRAP DUNGEON

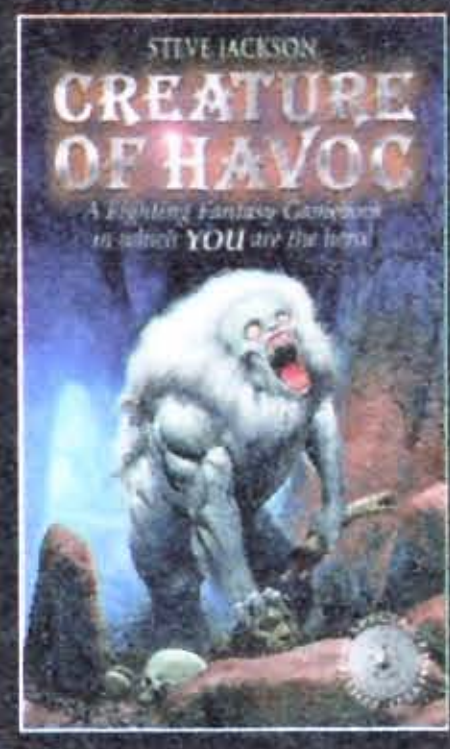
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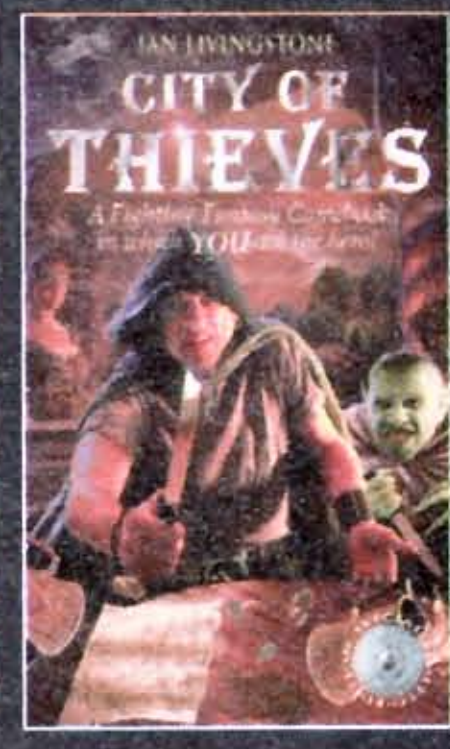
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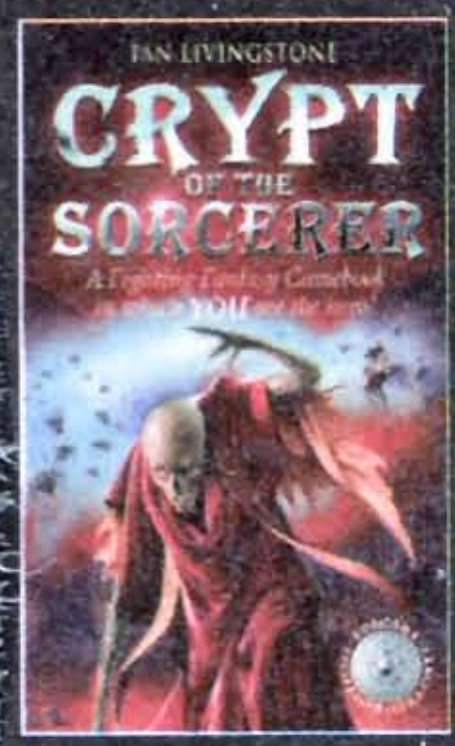
IAN LIVINGSTONE
CRYPT OF THE SORCERER

STEVE JACKSON
HOUSE OF HELL

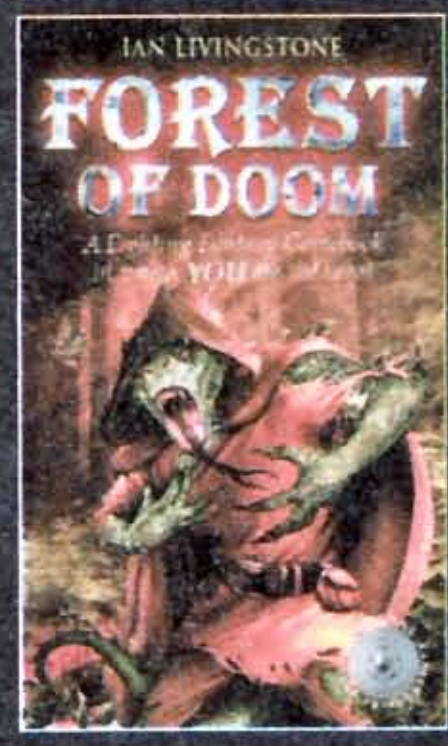
IAN LIVINGSTONE
FOREST OF DOOM

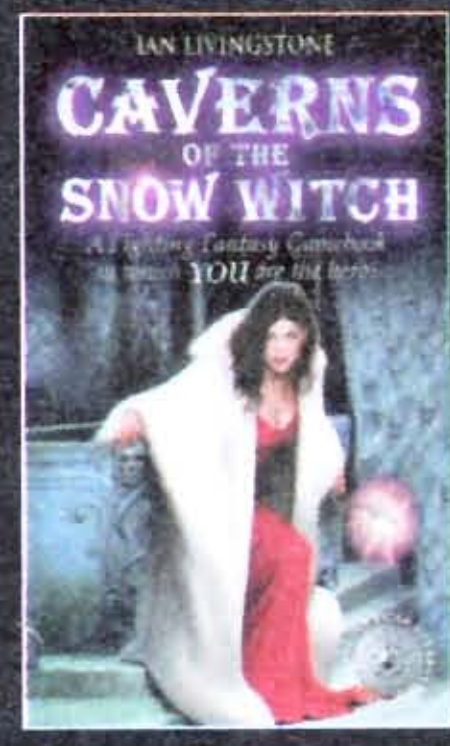
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CAVERNS OF THE SNOW WITCH

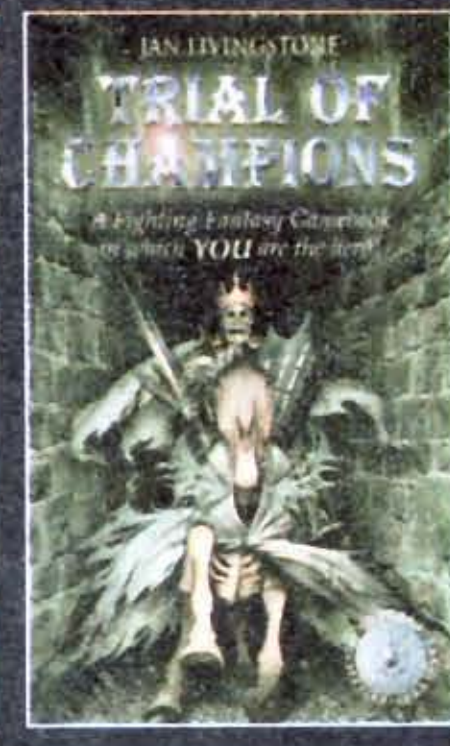
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TRIAL OF CHAMPIONS

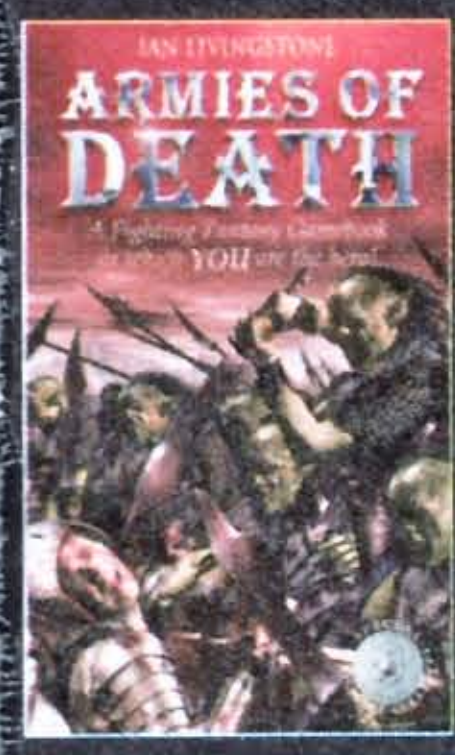
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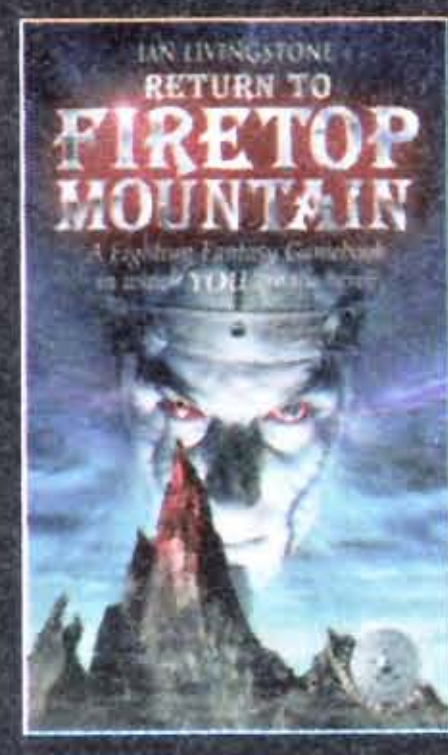
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RETURN TO FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

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ISLAND OF THE LIZARD KING

STEVE JACKSON
APPOINTMENT WITH F.E.A.R.

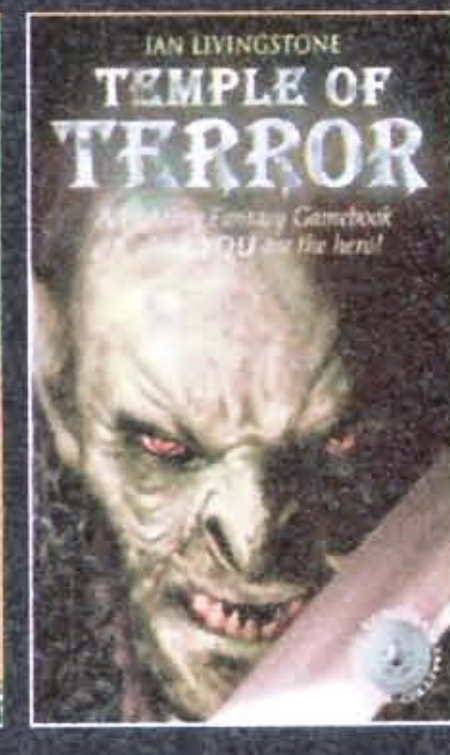
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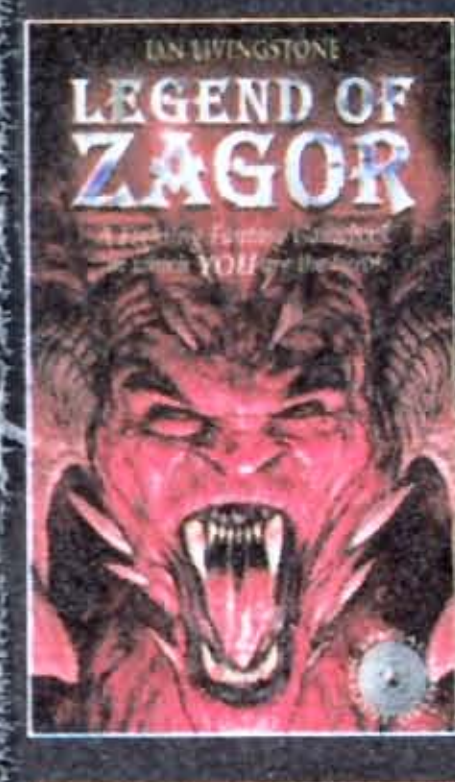
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LEGEND OF ZAGOR

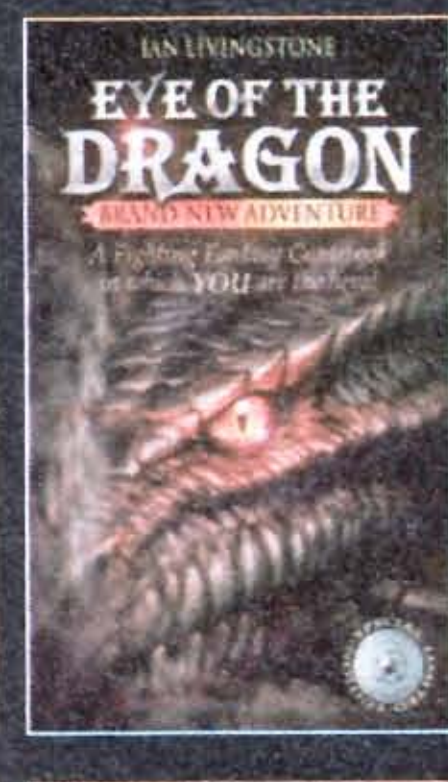
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EYE OF THE DRAGON
BRAND NEW ADVENTURE

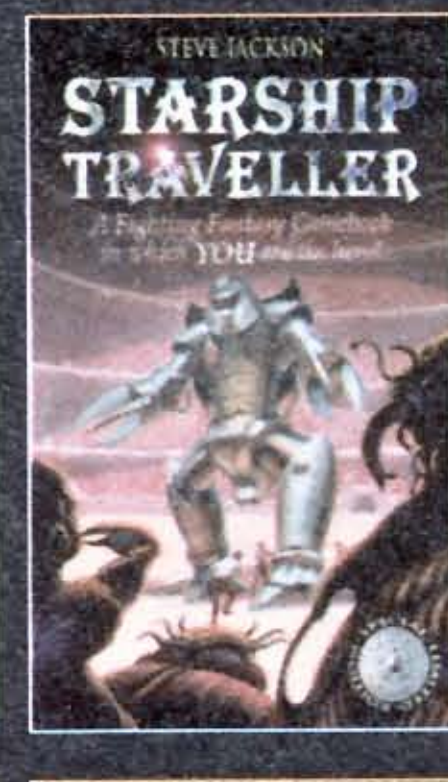
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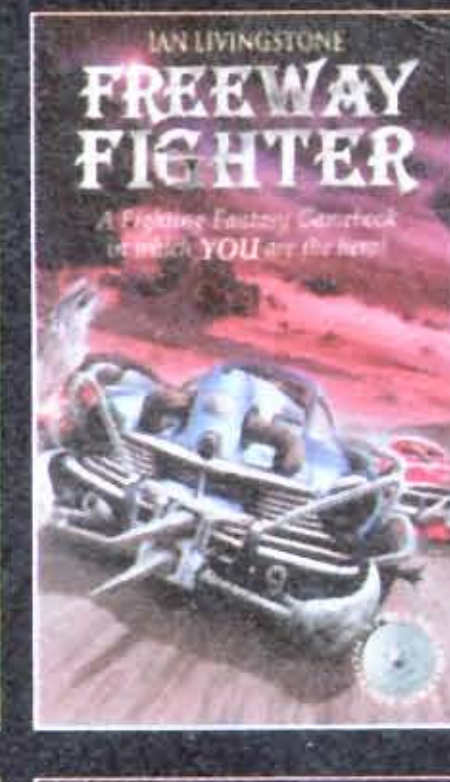
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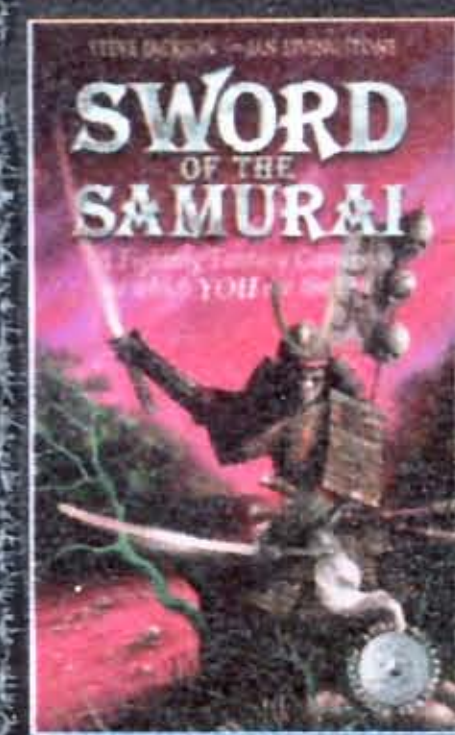
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SWORD OF THE SAMURAI

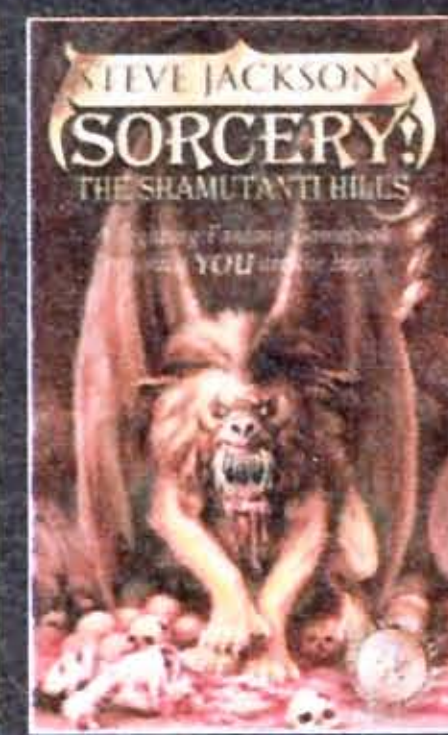
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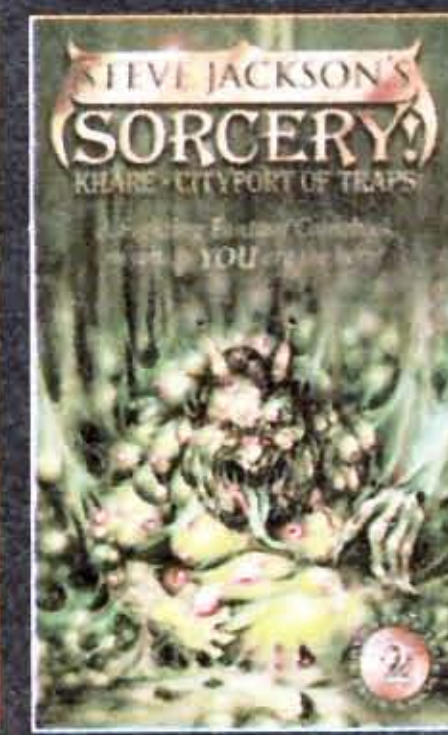
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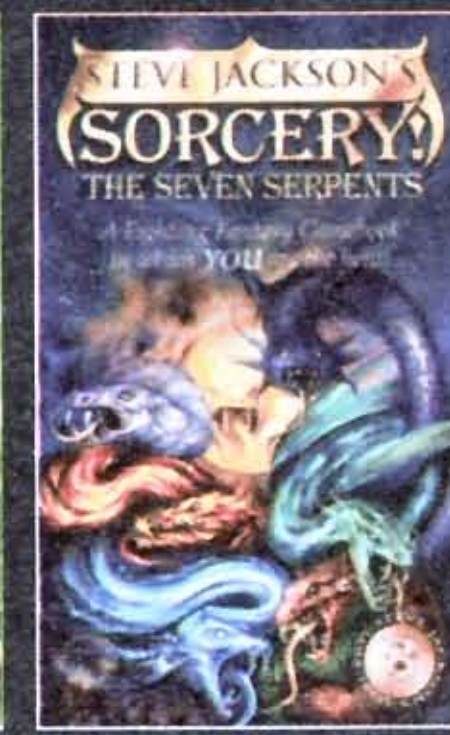
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THE SEVEN SERPENTS

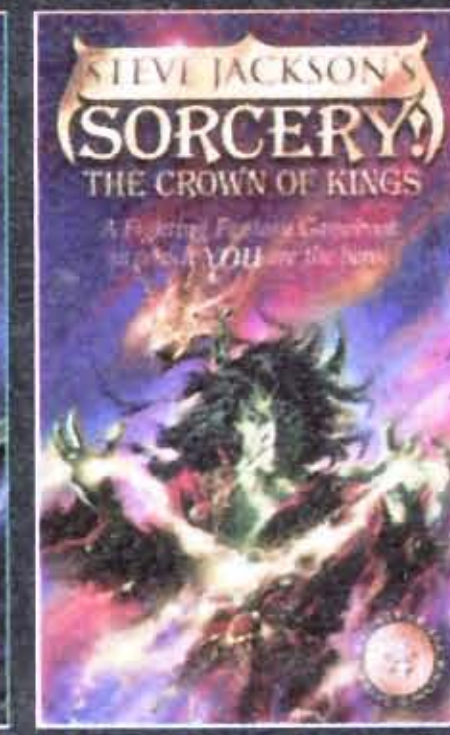
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THE CROWN OF KINGS

SPECIAL·LIMITED·EDITION

BLOODBONES LIVES!

The dreaded pirate-lord Cinnabar, scourge of the twelve seas, plagued the seafarers of the Old World in a bloody reign of terror until a brave adventurer put an end to his evil. But now he is back from the dead, seeking revenge, with the dark powers of voodoo at his command.

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ISBN10:1-84046-765-7
ISBN13:978-1840467-65-9
9 781840 467659

Printed in the UK

Wizard Books UK £4.99
Canada $10.00

Front cover illustration by Martin McKenna. Design and back cover illustration by HallidayBooks.com

BLOODBONES ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial
Skill =

STAMINA
Initial
Stamina =

LUCK
Initial
Luck =

GOLD

PROVISIONS REMAINING

TIME

ITEMS AND EQUIPMENT CARRIED

CODEWORDS

NOTES AND CLUES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

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1

Still laughing, the ruffians advance towards you. Apart from the Half-Ogre, there is a well-built bearded man, missing most of his teeth, and a leaner rogue with two ugly red scars running down the right-hand side of his face. Will you:

Try to escape?	Turn to **135**
Charge one of the pirates?	Turn to **357**
Stand firm and prepare to fight the rogues?	Turn to **74**

2

On your trek through the jungle you come upon two strange plants. One is a large bush with serrated-edged leaves and the other is a palm-like tree, the fronds of which are striped orange and black. The leaves of the Blade Bush are strong enough to be used as weapons so if you have lost your sword you may break off a Blade Leaf to use instead. The Tiger Palm is known to help in the healing of wounds. You may take some of the fronds which when applied to injuries after one battle will restore up to half the STAMINA points lost in that battle. Having taken what you want, turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

3

The Troll possesses nothing that might help you in your quest. Leaving the body lying in the filthy water, you set about trying to find a way out of this stinking hole. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **171**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **193**.

4

After your encounter with the soul-chilling spirit you just want to leave the room as quickly as you can. Slamming the door to the cabin shut behind you, will you:

Open the right-hand door?	Turn to **202**
Go down into the hold?	Turn to **26**
Leave the ship?	Turn to **72**

5

Studying the *Arcanum*, it soon becomes apparent that it is Erasmus the Wizard's Book of Spells. You find several charms which you think you might be able to learn. However, you only have time to learn one from the following list.

Fortune's Favour – casting this spell restores up to 3 LUCK points.

Trueskill – once cast, the next time you have to *Test your Skill* you can avoid the roll and take it as if you were successful.

Voodoo Vexer – whenever you are attacked by Zombies, casting this spell will repel 1–3 of them (roll one dice and halve the result, rounding fractions down) so you do not have to fight them.

Insect Repellent – if ever you are bothered by insects, regardless of their size, this spell will keep them away from you so that you can avoid combat.

Each time you cast a spell you must reduce your STAMINA score by 2 points. Now will you:

Look at the *Mythica*?	Turn to **47**
Examine the potions more closely?	Turn to **217**
Leave the cell?	Turn to **385**

6

Taking flight, you hear a sharp crack behind you and then find yourself falling forwards as the Half-Ogre's whip wraps around your ankles and your feet are pulled from beneath you. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Dropping his whip, the Half-Ogre moves in to attack you with his club.

HALF-OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If the Half-Ogre wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, the blow from his club knocks you off your feet. This means that you spend the next round of combat getting up again, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for that Attack Round. If you kill the Half-Ogre, turn to **328**.

7

'You're too late,' gasps Ramatu with his dying breath. 'The ritual is complete; Cinnabar is invulnerable.' And then he is dead. You have rid the world of the evil Ramatu, Quezkari's servant – congratulations! Regain 1 LUCK point. There is no time to lose, Cinnabar must be on his way back to the Port of Crabs right now! As you prepare to leave the temple in pursuit of the Pirate-Lord you catch sight of the altar at the base of Quezkari's statue. On it is a fetish of the dark god-spirit and a sparkling, fist-sized pearl. Do you want to:

Pick up the fetish?	Turn to **210**
Take the pearl?	Turn to **388**
Leave the temple immediately?	Turn to **188**

8

The ward you have chosen is in fact a Spirit Jewel, which has the power to drain the unearthly energies of denizens of the Ethereal Plane. When you finally confront Quezkari reduce his SKILL score by 3 points and his STAMINA by 6 and regain 1 LUCK point. Hissing in anger, the Arch-Spirit advances on you. Turn to **177**.

9

Beneath a brightly painted banner, bearing his name, sits the Amazing Armarno. The man has the look of a Lendlelander about him, with sallow skin, slanting eyes and a long, thin moustache. He is performing a trick with three playing cards and has attracted a small crowd of curious onlookers. Two of the cards are black, one is white, and the aim of the game seems to be to guess which of the cards is the white one when they have been shuffled and laid face down on the small table in front of the man. To play the game you have to place a stake of 2 Gold Pieces to win a potential prize of 10 Gold Pieces, although at the moment no one seems to be having much luck against Armarno. If you want to play, turn to **32**: if not you can either move on to the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**) or Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), or leave the Gambling Pits altogether (turn to **207**).

10

Coming to the edge of an escarpment you find yourself looking out over the sparkling waters of a large lagoon, linked to the sea by a narrow channel on the far side. And sure enough, at anchor in the bay is the *Virago* itself, flying the skull and crossbones. Hearing a noise behind you, you look round to see four scurvy-looking characters advancing on you, weapons at the ready. 'You'll not be getting away this time,' sneers one of them and then the pirates charge at you. Fight them two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
IORGA THE BEAR	9	10
BEASTFACE	8	8
THE BOSUN	9	9
ONE-EYED LAGAN	10	7

If you defeat all your assailants, you decide that you have nothing to gain by trying to board the *Virago* and so set off for the Temple of Quezkari where you are sure the ritual to resurrect Cinnabar is to be completed. Turn to **115**.

11

The old wisewoman explains that to consult the spirits about your future you must give up some of your life-blood. If you agree to this, turn to **160**. If not, you will either have to choose that Madame Galbo heals your wounds (turn to **179**) or that she prepares a compound that might be of use to you on your quest (turn to **261**).

12

You hurl the powdered mixture in the undead pirate's face (cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*). The corpse's face distorts, not in pain but with laughter. 'You're going to need more than parlour tricks to stop Jolly Roger,' the macabre creature chuckles horribly. Turn to **147**.

13

The tunnel soon ends at a closed door. From beyond it, you hear the sound of something large moving around and there is an almost overpowering musky animal odour. Boldly, you fling open the door. The monster that is trapped inside the room immediately turns to face you. It looks like a huge predatory cat with a fiery red coat and mane, a ridge of spikes growing from its spine, and huge fangs. Lashing behind the beast are several long, snake-like tails, each ending in a stinging barb. This is truly a cat-o'-nine-tails! You are somehow going to have to get past this monster if you are to find the Pirates of the Black Skull. Do you want to attack it with your sword (turn to **78**) or will you try to distract the beast by throwing it some food (turn to **162**)?

14

You make your offering to the God of Pride (deduct the Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*). You automatically feel filled with renewed confidence and a sense of optimism. Vinar's blessing has been conferred upon you. Restore up to 2 LUCK points. Turn to **209**.

15

Captain Velyarde engages in combat with a lithe, well-dressed pirate while you find yourself challenged by a man built like a gorilla, and carrying a battle-axe. Hobbes, the *Virago's* First Mate, is a veteran of countless sea battles.

FIRST MATE HOBBES SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **298**.

16

To try to avoid unwanted attention and in order to remain as inconspicuous as possible, you decide to wait until nightfall before investigating potential locations for the pirates' base. Add 2 Hours. Where will you begin your search? Around the docks (turn to **67**), at the ruined lighthouse on the promontory to the southeast of the port (turn to **146**), in the taverns and inns of the city (turn to **150**), in the sewers beneath the port (turn to **355**), at the cemetery outside the city walls (turn to **83**), or in the Temple Quarter (turn to **181**)?

17

You are passing a shop window containing a display of old maps and scrolls when you suddenly remember the cryptic message you overheard in the Gambling Pits, referring to Bone Island. Pausing, you take a closer look at the shop. Above the decorative window is a sign painted with the words: 'Mundi Pelago – Cartographer. Accurate and Attractive Maps and Charts.' Surely a mapmaker would be as good a person as any to ask about an island. Do you want to enter the shop (turn to **288**), or will you go on your way (turn to **334**)?

18

The stench of sulphur is too much for you and you misplace your next step. You land in the boiling mud and, before you can drag yourself out of the pool, manage to swallow some of it! Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **194**.

19

'Have it your own way,' Snide declares before leaving. Nobody comes to your cell that night, so you do not have an opportunity to bluff your way out of this predicament and the door is far too sturdy to break down. By the time you do get out of this dungeon you will be far too late to stop the Pirates of the Black Skull. Thanks to a grave injustice, you have failed in your mission.

20

Leaving the pygmies' lifeless bodies you continue further along the passageway, only to discover that it reaches a dead-end at a rock fall. It looks like the cave-in happened fairly recently. Do you want to see if you can shift some of the stones and force a way through the rock fall (turn to **140**) or would you rather return to the entrance to the temple and choose an alternative route (turn to **166**)?

21

Leaving the bats' chamber you continue along the tunnel. Suddenly your lantern illuminates a horrifying scene: a mouldering human skeleton hangs impaled on a row of spears that jut out from one wall of the tunnel. Too late you wonder if you may have strayed too far this time. The next second there is a whooshing, whistling sound and you react instantly. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **196**. If you fail, turn to **138**.

22

'You must be joking!' laughs the guard. 'Now clear off before I forget I'm having a good day.' Do you want to persist in trying to enter the Old Fort (turn to **49**) or

will you leave, if somewhat reluctantly, and go elsewhere (add 1 Hour and turn to **334**)?

23

Seeing you wielding the bone sword, Zyteea calls out, 'Nightdeath, aid us now!' Instantly, the blade glows with magical fire! You strike the thing with your curious weapon and it lets out a shrill cry of pain. Dropping the tribesman, the shadowy beast turns on you. Without further hesitation you attack the conjured voodoo spirit.

SPIRIT-BEAST	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **277**.

24

As he leads you through the trees, Balinac tells you about his master. Apparently he was a wizard named Erasmus who lived in a secluded cell on the island. Originally the wizard came from a place called Halak in Allansia but he left the city to escape from the hustle and bustle of everyday life. You soon come to a small stone building in a clearing in the jungle, partially submerged in the earth. Inside, the place is in a state of disrepair and there is no sign of Erasmus. You ask Balinac where his master is and are surprised and confused by his reply: 'Master dead. Killed by voodoo man from skull face in the mountains. Balinac not go there.' Loping over to a straw-filled wooden box, Balinac says, 'Magical wine here. Master had magic books too,' and he points to a desk in one corner of the room. On it lie two weighty tomes, one entitled

the *Mythica* and the other the *Arcanum*. There might well be something here that could help you in your quest. Do you want to:

Examine the potions?	Turn to **217**
Study the *Mythica*?	Turn to **47**
Read the *Arcanum*?	Turn to **5**
Leave the cell and Balinac?	Turn to **385**

25

You step through the door and all too late notice a movement in the shadows either side of you. A heavy cosh hits you across the back of your head and you lose consciousness immediately. Turn to **158**.

26

The hold is illuminated by a phantasmal glow and as you look around you, the ghostly figures of the dead crew emerge from the shadows to surround you. Unable to escape, you wait for the undead's next move. The spectral sailors part and their cursed captain enters the ring. His eyes blaze like ship's lanterns and he wields a very real-looking, rusty cutlass in one hand. 'If you want to leave this ship,' he says in a booming voice like slamming crypt doors, 'you must best me, Captain Velyarde, in single combat. Unsheathe your weapon and prepare to fight!' With that, the ghost wildly attacks.

CAPTAIN VELYARDE SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **395**.

27

Before you even reach Dead Men's Gate, a mass of figures emerge from out of the darkness and you are set upon by a crowd of pirates and black-robed Devotees. Soon overpowered, you are coshed over the head and knocked out. Turn to **158**.

28

Your attackers are Mask Zombies, created through dark voodoo rituals to be guards and servants in Quezkari's temple. The Zombies thrust at you with their flint-spears as you unsheathe your own weapon.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MASK ZOMBIE	8	6
Second MASK ZOMBIE	8	6

If you win, turn to **265**.

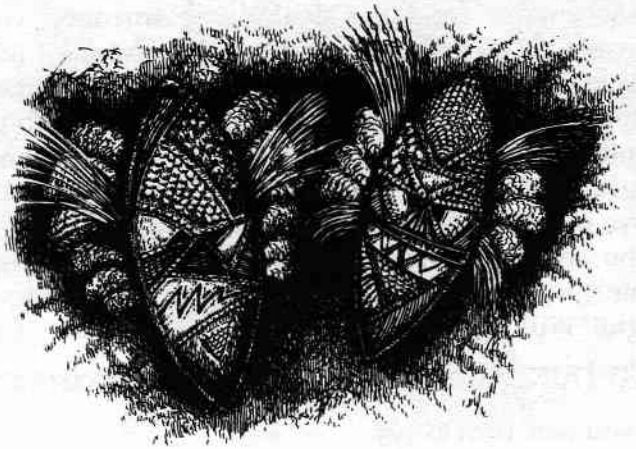

29

Despite being exquisitely made and incredibly detailed, there does not seem to be anything unusual about the ship. Of course, you could always try smashing the bottle to examine the model more closely, although this would probably make a lot of noise and possibly alert others on the ship to your presence. If you want to smash the bottle, turn to **293**. If not, will you:

Look at the globe?	Turn to **349**
Open the chest?	Turn to **316**
Examine the desk?	Turn to **134**
Leave the cabin?	Turn to **233**

30

Your battle over, you suddenly find yourself surrounded by Mask Zombies. Unable to take on all of the Voodoo Priest's undead slaves you soon find yourself restrained and dragged from the Scarachna's web-lair. Hauled into the inner sanctum of the temple, you are brought before Ramatu, the High Priest of Quezkari. At one end of the chamber is a statue of the voodoo death-god, just as in the shrine back in the Port of Crabs, only this one is even larger and more macabre. The High Priest himself is an intimidating figure. He wears crimson and scarlet robes, no doubt dyed in blood, a feathered headdress like that of Quezkari and a necklace of shrunken human heads. On his chest is the tattoo of a huge black skull, and in one hand he is holding an up-turned human skull full of a foul green liquid.

'Intruder,' he says, speaking for the first time, 'you have trespassed within the Temple of the Dark One. As punishment, you must drink the Ichor of Quezkari!' Held in the tight grip of the Mask Zombies your mouth is forced open and the foul liquid is poured down your throat and you are made to swallow. Immediately you are assailed by all manner of phantasmal creatures; cruel jeering spirits and grotesque half-human things. *Test your Skill*. If you fail, turn to **62**. If you succeed, turn to **248**.

31

Gulping down the potion, you grab hold of the portcullis with both hands and heave! Disregard the bonus the potion normally adds to your Attack Strength and turn to **99**.

32

You do not have to wait long for your turn. (Deduct 2 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*.) Eagle-eyed, you watch closely as the man shows you where the white card is and then places all the cards face down on the table. He deftly switches their positions at an incredible speed, but you keep concentrating on the white card. When he finally stops, you point to the card you are sure is the white one. With a smile, Armarno turns it over and reveals it to be black. You have a sneaking suspicion that the Amazing Armarno is conning you. Do you want to challenge the trickster about this suspected fraud (turn to **258**), play another game, just to be sure (turn to **118**) or will you move on from this stand (turn to **223**)?

33

Running hell-for-leather, you round a corner and run straight into more of Cinnabar's pirates. You are soon overcome. Receiving a blow to the back of your head from a heavy cosh, you lose consciousness... Turn to **158**.

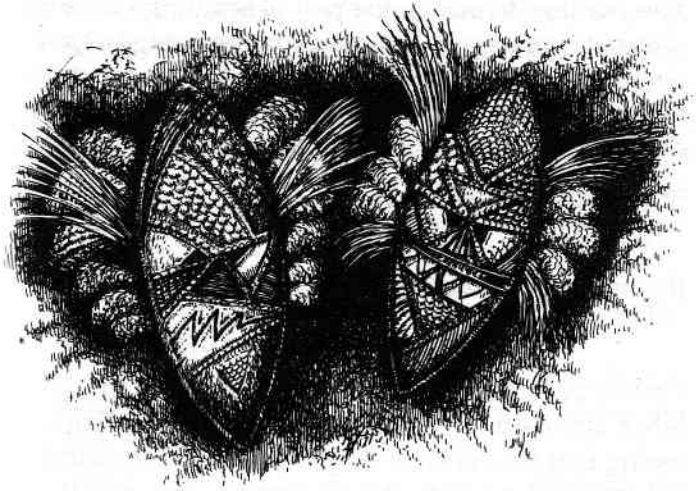

34

Your weapon is taken from you and you are taken to a pit into which you are lowered while a bamboo gate on the other side is raised. Instantly, a snarling Jaguar springs into the pit and lashes out at you with its claws. Unarmed, you must wrestle the predatory cat with your SKILL reduced by 2 points for this fight.

JAGUAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

However, if you win two consecutive Attack Rounds, or reduce the Jaguar's STAMINA to 2 points or less,

turn to **394**. If the cat reduces your STAMINA score to 3 points or less first, the Jaguar is held at bay and you are rescued from the pit and have your weapon returned (turn to **194**).

35

You manage to dodge the pan of scalding water as it sails past your head. But now you are going to have to deal with the enraged Bladderwrack. A meat cleaver gripped tightly in one podgy hand, the cannibal cook charges at you, his rolls of fat wobbling disgustingly.

BLADDERWRACK THE COOK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you defeat the cook, turn to **285**.

36

Pulling back the pirate flag you prise open the nailed lid of the coffin. You gasp and take a step back on seeing that the coffin is still occupied. Lying within is the body of a pirate still wearing a tricorn hat and ragged waistcoat. The dead man's hands are crossed on his chest, and in its rigour mortis-locked fingers the corpse clutches a golden talisman fashioned to look like a scorpion. The most peculiar thing about the pirate's corpse is that despite being trapped within a sealed coffin and left in an abandoned room, apart from having a rather unhealthy grey pallor to its skin, it does not look like it has really begun to decay at all. What will you do now? Do you want to take the Scorpion Talisman from the corpse (turn to **89**), or would you rather leave this unsettling place (turn to **166**)?

37

There is a rustling amongst the frond-like leaves of a tree in front of you and suddenly you find yourself looking into two yellow eyes, with black slits for pupils. You stop and stare as an angular green face emerges from amidst the vegetation. You are facing a tiny humanoid with cat-like eyes and spindly, twig-like limbs. The little creature is wearing a startling headdress of parakeet feathers, a grass skirt and is holding a javelin in one bony hand. The tiny humanoid puts its head on one side and smiles broadly at you before holding out its empty hand towards you. How will you respond to this action? Will you:

Offer the creature some food?	Turn to **348**
Give the creature an item from your backpack?	Turn to **122**
Attack the creature?	Turn to **307**
Ignore the creature and go on your way?	Turn to **384**

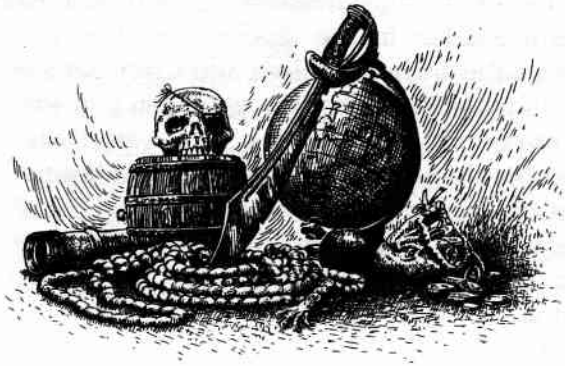

38

Rubbing the serrated edges of the teeth against the rope, with the bracelet on your wrist, you soon cut through the strands. You free yourself just before the water filling the pit covers your head. Climbing out of a potentially watery grave, you find your backpack and sword dumped nearby – nothing has been taken (regain 1 LUCK point). Without further delay, hurriedly you head off after the pirates. You soon find yourself at the edge of a huge natural cavern, inside which the sea has formed a large bay. At the far end of the cave is an entrance large enough to admit a sailing vessel. And sure enough, moored to a jetty at the edge of the water, is a great galleon. The ship flies the skull and crossbones flag common to all pirate vessels and instead of a figurehead, you are disturbed to see a human skeleton bound to the bowsprit. Before you see the name *Virago* painted on its side you know that this is Cinnabar's galleon which was supposed to have sunk. You can see the Pirates of the Black Skull milling around on the deck, but there is no-one left on the jetty – the *Virago* must be ready to sail. Keeping yourself hidden in the shadows of the cave, you watch as the anchor is raised and Cinnabar's galleon starts to make its way out to sea. Then you see a way to stop your quarry escaping you. A porthole in the side of the ship has been left open and a knotted rope hangs down from the deck next to it. Quickly you make a dash for the jetty and, remaining unspotted, climb the rope, slipping silently in through the opening.

You find yourself inside a small, disused storeroom. You decide to lay low here for a while before exploring the ship. Stowed away on board you watch through the porthole as the *Virago* leaves the Port of Crabs behind under cover of darkness. When you are sure the coast is clear you creep out of the room into a corridor. To your right is a door with the brass plaque 'Captain' fixed to it. At the far end of the corridor a staircase descends into the galleon. Another passage runs off from the first to your left, with a door at its far end and two unmarked doors to the left and right. Will you:

Open the far door?	Turn to **191**
Open the door to the left?	Turn to **127**
Open the door to the right?	Turn to **141**
Open the door marked 'Captain'?	Turn to **97**
Descend the staircase?	Turn to **211**

39

Inhaling great lungfuls of the smoke you start to think that you can see skeletal faces hovering around you, filling you with a sense of enormous unease. You sweep at the apparitions with your sword, but to no avail. These are horrors of your own imagining and cannot be harmed by physical weapons. Afflicted by this terrible, paranoid fear, while you remain in the temple you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point. Turn to 185.

40

As you approach the gate, out of the corner of your eye you notice a movement in a darkened alleyway. Instantly, two figures step out into the street in front of you. One is a gaunt-looking character, holding a cruel sabre and with a frayed noose around his neck. The other is an attractive Khulian woman with her long, shining, black hair twisted into a plait, wearing finely-made leather armour and wielding a thin sword. You recognise the first of your assailants from tales you have heard on your travels. He is the notorious pirate Silas Gallows. His companion is Wu-Lin, a mercenary who joined Cinnabar's crew not long before the pirate-lord was killed. Both bear the insignia of the Pirates of the Black Skull. 'So here we are at Dead Men's Gate,' chuckles Silas Gallows, 'and soon there's gonna be one more corpse in Corpse Way!' Wu-Lin says nothing but advances towards you, her gleaming blade raised. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SILAS GALLOWS	7	7
WU-LIN	8	6

If you win, not wanting to meet any more of Cinnabar's cronies, you hurry out of the city. Turn to **119**.

41

'Ho ho, yes that'll do nicely,' chuckles the castaway, and proceeds to tell you that the treasure is hidden in a system of caves west of his camp. 'Mind you,' Scrimshaw adds, 'Blackscar's hoard is cursed. Those

are pearls that were his eyes. Any thief who tries to steal it will get all they deserve. Don't say I didn't warn you.' With that the mad old man skips off, pleased with his present, ignoring you completely. Will you now set off to find Blackscar's treasure (turn to **110**) or look for signs of Cinnabar's pirates (turn to **208**)?

42

You are enticed towards the Bazaar by its colourful stalls, as well as the sounds and smells of far-off countries. You ignore the rolls of silk and the baskets of spices but are attracted to a brightly decorated stall covered in a variety of unusual items. Talking with the vendor, you discover that the man is a Talismonger – a trader in artefacts that are allegedly magical. However, by the look of some of the objects, you do wonder if they really are charged with esoteric power. The magical items the Talismonger has on offer are listed below with their prices. You may buy as many of them as you want, as long as you have enough Gold Pieces.

Ivory Lion Charm	7 Gold Pieces	Turn to **301**
Shark's Teeth Bracelet	5 Gold Pieces	Turn to **170**
Magical Compass	9 Gold Pieces	Turn to **59**
Potion of Giant-Strength	8 Gold Pieces	Turn to **374**
Lock of Elvin's Hair	6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **165**
Carved Darkwood Armband	4 Gold Pieces	Turn to **399**

Once you have made your purchases, turn to **200**.

43

The combination of the noise from your battle and the shrieks of the bats amplified by the echoing chamber cause several of the stalactites to crack and fall from the roof. You are immediately caught in a rockfall. Roll one dice, add 2 to the roll and deduct the total from your STAMINA score. If you survive the cave-in will you risk going further into the caves (turn to **21**) or turn back and give up on finding Blackscar's treasure (turn to **279**)?

44

You suddenly realise what the Witchdoctor is up to: he is trying to cloud your mind with magic. Concentrating hard, you step into the chalk circle, breaking Malu's spell. Almost on top of the man, you cannot avoid combat as he springs to his feet and lunges at you with his wand.

MALU THE WITCHDOCTOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If the Witchdoctor strikes you, the wand drains 3 points of STAMINA from you rather than the usual 2. If you kill Cinnabar's servant, turn to **366**.

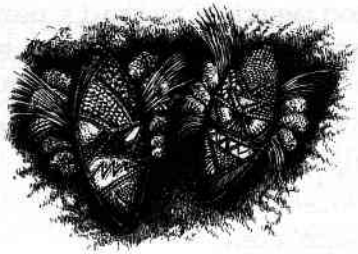

45

Although you cut down several of the Zombies, ultimately there are too many of them for one warrior to vanquish alone. Your adventure is over.

46

Grasping you with its powerful limbs, the Octopus employs its favourite tactic of squeezing the life from its prey. Lose an additional point of STAMINA. Held in the monster's vice-like grip, unless you can break free by winning the next Attack Round, you will suffer the crushing damage again, which will increase by a further point each time. Return to **280** and continue your struggle with the Octopus.

47

The well-thumbed tome is actually a book of myths and legends. Flicking through it your eye is caught by one page in particular, which has the name 'Quezkari' written at the top. You read with interest about the evil voodoo spirit and find a section describing wards used to protect against Quezkari's power. The text refers to a Spirit Jewel and a magical bone weapon rumoured to be hidden in a cave system somewhere on the island! Now do you want to:

Examine the potions?	Turn to **217**
Study the *Arcanum*?	Turn to **5**
Leave Erasmus's cell?	Turn to **385**

48

Continuing along the passageway, you follow it as it turns right and reaches a junction. The passage you are in soon comes to a dead-end in a chamber in which is the bizarre statue of some kind of lizard. The new tunnel bends round to the left after a few metres so you cannot see what lies along it. Will you enter the statue room (turn to **88**) or take the new path (turn to **295**)?

49

At once the guard pulls a chain which sets off a jangling of bells inside the fort. Almost immediately, the gates open and what seems like half the City Guard pour out to surround you. Turn to **236**.

50

When you have completed your tale, the Queen speaks: 'Your cause is a noble one but we have had dealings with the cult of Quezkari ourselves. How do we know that you are not lying to us in order to ensnare us to the Evil One? We must be sure. You must take the Test of the Warrior.' If these people are to trust you, and you gain their help, you can't deny Queen Zyteea's decree. You are led to a pool of

bubbling mud. Sulphurous fumes rise from it and a tree trunk has been laid across the middle. You are then blindfolded and told to walk across the log! Judging your position by touch alone and your head spinning from the fumes, you take your first step. *Test your Skill* twice, adding 1 to the roll each time. If you pass both tests, turn to **259**. If you fail either of them, turn to **18**.

51

Do you have the word 'Regnad' written on your *Adventure Sheet*? If so, turn to **310**. If not, turn to **287**.

52

Choosing somewhere you've not been yet, where will you continue your search?

The docks?	Turn to **67**
The ruined lighthouse?	Turn to **146**
The taverns and inns?	Turn to **150**
The sewers?	Turn to **355**
The cemetery?	Turn to **83**
The Temple Quarter?	Turn to **181**

53

The jungle in front of you suddenly appears to move and then a huge, lizard-like shape melts out of the greenery. The Giant Chameleon focuses on you with its bizarre, rotating eyes and moves jerkily towards you. Riding on its back is a humanoid chameleon-like creature wielding a short spear. The gigantic lizard hisses and its scales take on a variety of brilliant hues

– a sure sign that it is angry and about to attack. Once again you are fighting for your life!

GIANT CHAMELEON SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If the Giant Chameleon's Attack Strength is over 20 or 21, and it wins the Attack Round, turn to **133**. If you kill the lizard, the Chameleonite riding it escapes into the jungle, its camouflaged skin keeping it safe from detection. Add the word 'Depacse' to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down earlier.

54

You tread water for several hours, but no ships come in sight. Exhausted, the sea finally claims you for its own.

55

You have wasted enough time here already, so you prepare to leave the Silent Donkey. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **218**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **25**.

56

'Stranger,' says one of the warriors, in a language you can understand, 'leave our village. You are not welcome here.' If you do as the warrior commands, turn to **164**. If you want to persist in trying to enter the tribespeople's village, turn to **206**.

57

Following the passageway right past the T-junction, you pass between walls crudely daubed with images of Quezkari and other voodoo deities dealing out death in its various forms to humans. Feeling the floor shift, you immediately know what is happening: a balance trap has been triggered and the floor is tilting up to reveal a deep, spiked pit underneath it. Your only hope is to leap over the treacherous gap now opening up before you. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **308**. If you fail, turn to **240**.

58

You slowly become aware of a fluttering sound in the air behind you. You spin round to see a huge fanged bat flapping towards you. It is the spirit of the vanquished Jolly Roger. The vampire has returned to feast on your blood so that it might restore itself to true unlife. You are going to have to fight the bat if you are to escape from this chamber.

BLOODTHIRSTY BAT SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If the bat scores two successive hits against you, it rips at your throat with its distended fangs causing you to lose 3 STAMINA points, rather than the usual 2. If you

defeat Jolly Roger's undead spirit for a second time you flee the chamber without a second thought. Turn to **166**.

59

The Talismonger tells you that the lodestone inside the compass is attracted to large deposits of gold – a must for any would-be treasure hunter. It is only after you have handed over your money that you wonder why the Talismonger hasn't used the compass himself to make *his* fortune. Return to **42**.

60

As the rest of the crew repel the other Crabs, the ship starts to list to one side. The crustaceans must have actually holed the hull. With the *Fortune* so badly damaged, you will not be able to pursue Cinnabar and can only look forward to a future as crab food. Your adventure is over.

61

How many Gold Pieces are you offering? If it is less than 5 Gold Pieces, turn to **22**; otherwise, turn to **195**.

62

The hallucinations continue and become too much for you. With a hysterical scream, you lose your mind through fear. With no longer any will of your own, you become one of those whom you have so desperately tried to destroy – a devotee of the Black Skull and a servant of Evil. Your adventure is over.

63

You are half way across the bridge when one of the rotten planks from which it is comprised suddenly splinters and gives way under your weight. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **273**. If you fail, turn to **317**.

64

Despite having a wooden leg, the old rogue moves quite quickly and disappears around a corner before you can catch up with him. As you are about to round the corner yourself, you suddenly start to have misgivings about your latest course of action. Will you continue to follow the pirate (turn to **282**) or go back the way you have just come (turn to **266**)?

65

Wandering over the barren terrain you keep an eye out for any sign of Cinnabar's cronies or evidence of buried treasure. *Test your Luck* twice. If you are Lucky both times, turn to **110**. If you are Unlucky either time, turn to **208**.

66

There is no sign of another human soul having been washed up on the island so, sadly, you assume that you were the only survivor of the Behemoth's attack. Even the famed bounty-hunter Conyn is gone. Mourning the loss of the *Fortune*, you continue to wander south along the shore-line. Rounding a sandy promontory you are surprised by what you see before you. Ten metres away, a primitive human-like creature, with strongly muscled arms and covered in red hair, is tearing open some of the crates washed up from the wreck. The creature looks up, hearing you approach, and growls. Will you:

Prepare to defend yourself?	Turn to **95**
Make a run for it into the jungle?	Turn to **125**
Try to communicate with the creature?	Turn to **358**
Offer the primitive something?	Turn to **183**

67

The docks are quiet at this time of night. You decide that if the pirates' hideout was located around the docks, the entrance would have to be in the harbour wall somewhere. Descending to the wooden jetties, you start your search. *Thud*. What was that? *Thud*. There it is again. You stand perfectly still, your ears straining to pick up any sound. Then you hear the rattling of a chain being dragged across the wooden planks close by. *Swoosh!* A large anchor suddenly flies out of the dense mist, in a sweeping arc, towards you.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **321**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **230**.

68

The tropical environment of the island is very different to the northerly, wind-lashed Port of Crabs. The day drags on as you stagger through the jungle, your clothes soaked with sweat. Entering a low valley, you come upon a scene of utter devastation. In a large clearing lies what is left of a tribespeople's village. The place has been razed to the ground and a deathly silence hangs over the place. Do you want to quickly pass through the ruined village (turn to **197**) or would you rather pause here and explore it (turn to **117**)?

69

As soon as you have stepped underneath the portcullis it drops down, blocking the way out! There is nothing in the cave of any use to you, so you set about trying to get out again. There is no chain or lever inside the cave to raise the portcullis, so you decide that you will have to resort to brute force. If you have a Potion of Giant-Strength, you may drink it now (turn to **31**). If you do not have the potion, or you do not want to use it, turn to **120**.

70

You open the door and find yourself in the pirates' shrine to their dark god, dominated by a hideous statue of the skeletal Quezkari, but the place is empty. You are too late! Cinnabar and his crew have already

left this place and, unable to follow them, you have failed in your quest.

71

You gasp in shock as you hit the freezing water and disappear beneath the surface of the pool. Feeling your way forwards under the water, you find an opening in the rock wall. Swimming through it you emerge inside another cave. Glowing crystals placed around the cavern provide light to see by, which is reflected off glinting gold coins and the facets of precious jewels. You have never seen such a fabulous hoard. Lying, almost discarded, to one side of the treasure pile is a curious sword-like weapon carved from bone! Do you want to:

Take a closer look at the bone weapon?	Turn to **306**
Collect some of the gold and jewels?	Turn to **123**
Leave Blackscar's 'cursed' treasure untouched?	Turn to **279**

72

Filled with an overwhelming sense of foreboding, you hurriedly return to the deck and depart the *Sea Maiden*. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **153**.

73

The Octopus sinks back under the waves, its foul blood staining the water purple. Confident that it will now be safe to explore the cave, you do just that but, to your disappointment, find no other tunnels leading

from it. The pirates' hideout obviously isn't here. Turn to **350**.

74

Swinging their cudgels, the pirates engage you in combat.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	7	7
Second PIRATE	6	7

If you win, the Half-Ogre steps forward to fight you. Will you face your opponent (turn to **187**) or try to escape (turn to **6**)?

75

The undead pirate smashes the gem from your hand and it shatters on the stone floor of the chamber. Cross the Blue Gem off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **147**.

76

Overcome with fear you fling open the door and rush out of the room. You have been badly shaken by your experience (lose 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point). Will you now:

Open the left-hand door?	Turn to **353**
Enter the hold?	Turn to **26**
Leave the *Sea Maiden*?	Turn to **153**

77

The two monsters snap, slash and hurl themselves at each other as you watch, transfixed. Run the fight

between the ape and the lizard, rolling for Attack Strengths and deducting STAMINA points, as you would if you were fighting either of the creatures.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GREAT APE	8	10
TERRIBLE LIZARD	7	11

As soon as one of the colossi has defeated the other, turn to **205**.

78

With a roar, the mutant bounds towards you. You have no choice but to fight the monster.

NINE-TAILS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

The cat attacks by trying to slash you with its great claws and bite you with its huge fangs. However, if the monster hits you, roll one dice. If you roll 6, the beast has hit you with its barbed tails instead: roll one dice and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA score. You may *Test your Luck* to avoid this damage if you wish. Keep track of how much STAMINA you lose in this way. If you survive this battle, turn to **235**.

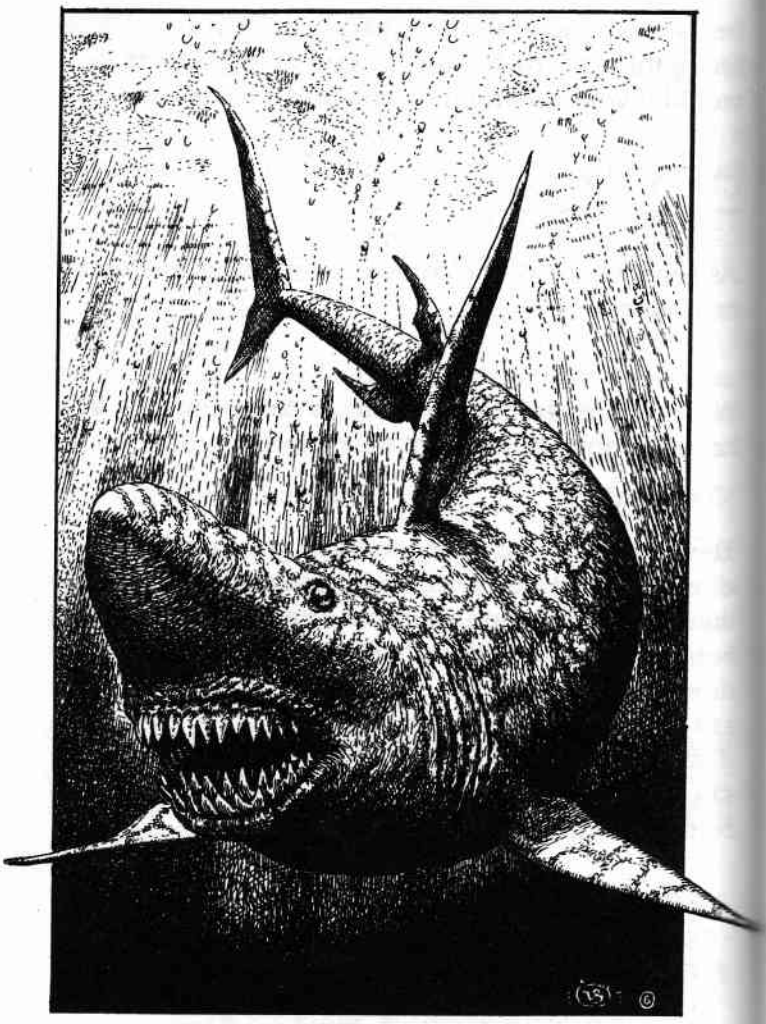

79

Scrambling up the galleon's rigging, you find yourself trapped, unless... Cutting a rope free, you grab hold of the end and leap into mid-air. Swinging down towards the pirates you flail about with your sword to keep them at bay. There is a cry of pain from one of the buccaneers and you see a red-haired woman clutching the stump where her hand used to be. You sail past the infuriated pirates over the edge of the *Virago*. Letting go of the rope, you drop several metres before hitting the water. The galleon continues on its course, leaving you stranded in the middle of the Western Ocean, as the crew watch you, laughing. Or are they really looking at you? They actually seem to be watching something behind you. 'Have a good swim!' shouts one of them. Turning round in the water you see the tell-tale triangular fin and, ducking your head under the waves, you see the Great White Shark closing in on you, jaws wide open. You just have time to draw your sword before it is on you.

GREAT WHITE SHARK SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

Fighting underwater is difficult and as a result you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for the duration of this battle. Also, unless you defeat the Shark in less Attack Rounds than your current SKILL score you will drown! If you kill the Great White, turn to 186.

80

The tunnel winds its way into the hill until it opens into a high-ceilinged chamber, with stalactites

pointing down from the cave roof. A piercing squeaking starts up as, disturbed by the light from your lantern, three large bats flap down from their roosts to drive you off. As the creatures batter you with their wings, you catch a glimpse of their greatly enlarged front teeth. You must fight the Vampire Bats.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPIRE BAT	5	4
Second VAMPIRE BAT	5	5
Third VAMPIRE BAT	5	4

While you are fighting one of the screeching bats, those remaining land on you and suck your blood, each causing 1 STAMINA point of damage per Attack Round. If you kill all three, turn to **148**.

81

The Arrow of Providence is a popular game of chance in the Gambling Pits. It is made up of a large circular board divided into twelve sections, each painted with a legend. An arrow-like pointer has been attached to the centre of the board so that it can be spun. To play the game will cost 2 Gold Pieces but you will be playing for a potential jackpot of 10 Gold Pieces. If you want to play, turn to **346**. If you do not want to have a go, you leave the Arrow of Providence (turn to **260**).

82

Deep down you know that the nightmares you are witnessing are not real and manage to convince yourself that they are merely illusions. At once the phantasms vanish. However, Ramatu is obviously

expecting you to be overcome by fear and, surrounded by Zombies, you are in no position to stop him. In a brilliant piece of acting, you let out a loud scream and collapse on the floor. Satisfied that he has broken your will, Ramatu dismisses the Mask Zombies and returns to his blasphemous rituals. When you are sure the coast is clear, you leap to your feet and run at the High Priest, yelling. If you have the word 'Dehsams' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **324**. If not, turn to **139**.

83

Keeping to shadowy doorways wherever possible, you make your way swiftly along Corpse Way towards Dead Men's Gate. Do you have any of the following words written on your *Adventure Sheet*: 'Etarip', 'Rohcna', 'Yeknod' or 'Desruc'? Count up the number of words you have noted down from the list above and if you have:

None of the words.	Turn to **119**
One or two of the words.	Turn to **40**
Three or four of the words.	Turn to **27**

84

Your reactions are not quick enough and the gobbet of silk hits you, sticking fast. Before you can cut yourself free, a second strand squirts from the monster's jaws and your sword-arm is fixed to your side. In no time at all, you are trapped inside a cocoon of silk, trussed up in a tree and left in the spider-scorpion's larder until it feels like a snack. Your adventure is over.

85

As you are hacking your way through the dense undergrowth you unwittingly disturb the sensitive carpet of vines surrounding the vase-like trunk of a Giant Pitcher-Plant. A strong tendril suddenly whips out of the jungle and you find yourself fighting for your life against the carnivorous plant.

TENDRIL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If the tendril wins three consecutive Attack Rounds, turn immediately to 383. If you defeat the tendril without this happening, turn to 343.

86

Poison darts shoot out of the walls just above your head, missing you by millimetres. You were lucky this time but from now on you'll have to be more careful. Turn to 48.

87

Caught unawares, you are unable to avoid the effects of the Witchdoctor's magic: your mind becomes confused and addled. The man takes advantage of your befuddled state and springs at you, using his wand as his weapon.

MALU THE WITCHDOCTOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

For the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points. If the Witchdoctor strikes you, the wand drains 3 points of STAMINA from you

rather than the usual 2. If you kill Cinnabar's servant, turn to 366.

88

The bronze iguana-like creature, green with age, stands three metres tall on its hindlegs with its mouth open and has sparkling diamonds for eyes. Apart from the worrying bloodstains on the floor, there is nothing else of interest here, so will you leave the chamber and take the other tunnel (turn to 295) or first try to prise the diamonds from their sockets (turn to 176)?

89

Prising the dead pirate's fingers open, you try to take the talisman from the corpse. Suddenly the dead man's eyes flick open and a cruel smile twists its drawn lips, revealing the elongated points of the pirate's incisors. You leap backwards in fright, feeling badly shaken (lose 1 LUCK point). You are going to have to act quickly. Will you draw your sword (turn to 147), look for something else to use from your backpack (turn to 108) or attempt to flee (turn to 276)?

90

'Ah, Bone Island,' muses Conyn. 'I've heard rumours about the place. Talk of voodoo and buried treasure, but I didn't know of its location until now.' Before directing his crew to set a course for Bone Island, Conyn turns to you. 'There are two different routes we can take. The quicker one should allow us to catch up with the *Virago* but will take us through the Crab Reefs, which are notorious for the gigantic crustaceans said to dwell there. However, if we avoid the reefs our journey will take longer. Which way do you think we should go? Through the Crab Reefs (turn to **267**) or around them (turn to **297**)?'

91

You pass several recessed, grilled doors through which are cramped, dank cells, their only inhabitants creeping, slithering things and the yellowed bones of former prisoners. At the end of the passage you enter a large cave-like chamber with more doors leading from it. However, standing on guard are two peculiar figures. Their flesh is grey and withered and their faces are covered by primitive tribal masks. Each holds a spear and on seeing you they move towards you. Will you fight the guards (turn to **28**) or run for it back down the tunnel and past the T-junction (turn to **57**)?

92

Boldly, you speak the word, 'Leviathan'. Turn to **269**.

93

You draw your sword and thrust it in the old man's face, but this merely makes him laugh all the more. Sniggering like the simpleton he is, Scrimshaw sprints away into the hills, leaving you to explore them without his help. Turn to **65**.

94

You hare off through the jungle, the Great Ape's bellowing cries fading into the echoing distance behind you. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

95

Seeing you draw your sword, the creature goes berserk. Baring its teeth, it leaps at you snarling 'Balinac kill!' You have no choice but to fight the primitive Balinac.

BALINAC SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you kill the apeman, you search through the crates and find nothing but rotting foodstuffs. Balinac has no possessions so you decide to set off into the jungle in the hope of still stopping Cinnabar's pirates. Turn to **125**.

96

'Nightdeath, aid me now!' you cry and the bone blade bursts into flame. Screeching, Quezkari attacks. The

voodoo death-god is actually a powerful, evil spirit – a manifestation of the souls of all those transformed into Zombies by the evil Ramatu and those killed by Cinnabar. If you have a Wristband of White Feathers, the courage of the Usai people is with you as you fight (add 1 to your Attack Strength).

QUEZKARI SKILL 13 STAMINA 18

Each time Quezkari wounds you his dark powers drain 3 STAMINA points from you, unless you are protected by the Ivory Lion Charm, in which case you only lose the usual 2. If you overcome all the odds and defeat the all-powerful spirit, turn to **400**.

97

As you suspected, the door opens into the Captain's cabin. Fortunately, however, there is no sign of anyone being here at the moment. The cabin is plushly decorated with mahogany panelling and thick velvet drapes. The room is lit by an oil lamp hanging from a beam and an empty birdcage swings from the rafters, but there are four things that really attract your attention: a globe of Titan, a large oak chest, Cinnabar's desk and an ornate ship in a bottle. If you don't want to take a closer look at any of these, turn to **233**. If you do, which will it be?

The globe?	Turn to **349**
The chest?	Turn to **316**
The desk?	Turn to **134**
The ship in a bottle?	Turn to **29**

98

The fortune-teller remains silent as you drop your money into his pot. Without looking up, he turns over the first card at the top of the deck. On it is painted the picture of a black skull! You immediately feel a chill in your veins and a forbidding atmosphere of evil pressing down on you. In anger and fear you draw your sword and strike the man. At your blow, the rags collapse in a heap – there is no sign of anyone ever having been there! (Lose 2 LUCK points and add the word 'Desruc' to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Panicked, you turn and flee through the Temple Quarter, only stopping again when you have put many streets between you and the wise men. Add 1 Hour and turn to **334**.

99

You manage to raise the portcullis far enough to get out of the cave and then make for the door instead. Carefully, you open the second door. How long has it taken you to get this far? If it has taken 9 Hours or more, turn to **70**. If it has taken 8 Hours or less, turn to **333**.

100

Madame Galbo's cottage is an unassuming building in the quiet Mandrake's Lane, although somewhat disturbing is the votive totem, made from a dead bird's carcass, nailed to the door. You knock three times and, hearing a croaky 'Enter!', push open the door. You immediately find yourself in a herbalist's paradise; bunches of herbs hang from the low rafters of the room, which is filled with a profusion of potted

plants. The greenery and humidity of the chamber make you feel like you are in the depths of a tropical rainforest. Sitting behind a cluttered table is a dark-skinned old woman with a crumpled face and thick curly black hair – Madame Galbo. The wisewoman is busy preparing a concoction in a pestle and mortar. As you enter the room, there is a great squawking and flapping at your feet as a large black cockerel hops out of your way. 'Don't mind Rabab,' says Madame Galbo of her familiar. 'Now what can I do for you?' You sense that you can trust this woman so you tell her of your search for the Pirates of the Black Skull. 'The followers of the Dark One have many guises and set many traps to ensnare the unwary. If you are to confront them you will need my help for I have an understanding of the ways of voodoo and can do something to counteract it. But assistance comes at a price – four Gold Pieces.' If you can afford this amount, and you are prepared to pay for the wise-woman's help, turn to **382**. If not, you will have to leave Madame Galbo's cottage to look elsewhere for a means of defeating Cinnabar's cronies (turn to **239**).

101

The Silent Donkey is situated on a dingy back street within the Claws. Several suspicious characters watch you enter the inn but none try to stop you. Creeping up the creaky wooden staircase, you come to the first room on the first floor – room 101. The key turns in the lock and, opening the door, you step into a room furnished with only a table and chair. But what you see there sends an icy chill down your spine. On

the table rests a human skull, painted black and decorated with a headdress of brightly coloured bird's feathers. The Black Skull! This is a bad omen. There is nobody here so this must have all been a set-up by Cinnabar's cronies to delay you! The skull fills you with foreboding but it still intrigues you. If you want to take it with you, turn to **244**; if not, turn to **55**.

102

The bolt hits you in the thigh making you stumble and fall onto the wooden planks. Lose 2 STAMINA points, and in the battle to come for the first Attack Round reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points as you try to get up again. Turn to **182**.

103

The Old Fort, residence of the Governor of the Port of Crabs, stands at the top of the hill on which most of the Old Town Quarter of the city is built. You climb the hill and arrive outside the grim stone building. The whole edifice looks like it could withstand an army's onslaught for weeks, even though it is now several centuries old. As you approach the guard at the gate, he asks you your business, and you demand an audience with Governor Montargo. 'Oh yeah?' sneers the guard. 'I can't let just anyone in 'ere, can I. It's more than my job's worth.' If you want to try bribing him, decide how many Gold Pieces you will offer the guard and then turn to **61**. Alternatively you could threaten him with cold steel (turn to **49**). If you don't want to try either of these options you will have to leave (add 1 Hour and turn to **334**).

104

The crystal explodes in a blaze of light, blasting shards of rock around the chamber, but incredibly you manage to get away fairly unscathed! (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) There is nothing more you can do here so you leave the crystal room. Record the word 'Dehsams' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **329**.

105

The second blow knocks you off your feet. Before you can get up again, the Anchor Man quickly loops the heavy chain round your ankles and throws the anchor far out into the harbour. You are immediately dragged from the pier, into the sea, and pulled underwater as the anchor rapidly sinks towards the floor of the harbour. Only just controlling the urge to panic, you try to free yourself from the chain. Roll two dice and add 12. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **340**; if it is greater, turn to **249**.

106

You shake the wand at the unearthly creature, but to no effect. As you are doing this Quezkari lashes out at you with a taloned hand (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice now but to retaliate with your sword. Turn to **177**.

107

Unable to escape, you face a slow, agonizing death at the hands of Cinnabar's sadistic torturer. You have failed in your quest and your adventure is most definitely over.

108

If you have any of the following you have time to try to use one of them against the risen pirate. Will you choose:

Zombie Dust?	Turn to **12**
A skeleton artefact?	Turn to **356**
A broken balustrade?	Turn to **189**
A blue gem?	Turn to **75**
A witchdoctor's wand?	Turn to **212**

If you do not have any of the above items, or choose not to use any of them, turn to **147**.

109

As you elbow your way through the bustling crowds, above the hubbub you hear a gruff voice say in a harsh whisper, 'The *Virago* sails for Bone Island at midnight.' Looking round you see two knavish-looking characters part company and go their separate ways among the throng. You will not be able to follow them now. The *Virago* was the name of Cinnabar's ship and what was that about an island? This careless talk could be an important clue (write down the word 'Dnalsi' on your *Adventure Sheet*). Will you now move on to Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

110

Eventually you come to a wide cave entrance at the foot of a rocky escarpment. Inside, a tunnel leads off into the darkness. You will need to use your lantern if

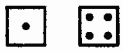

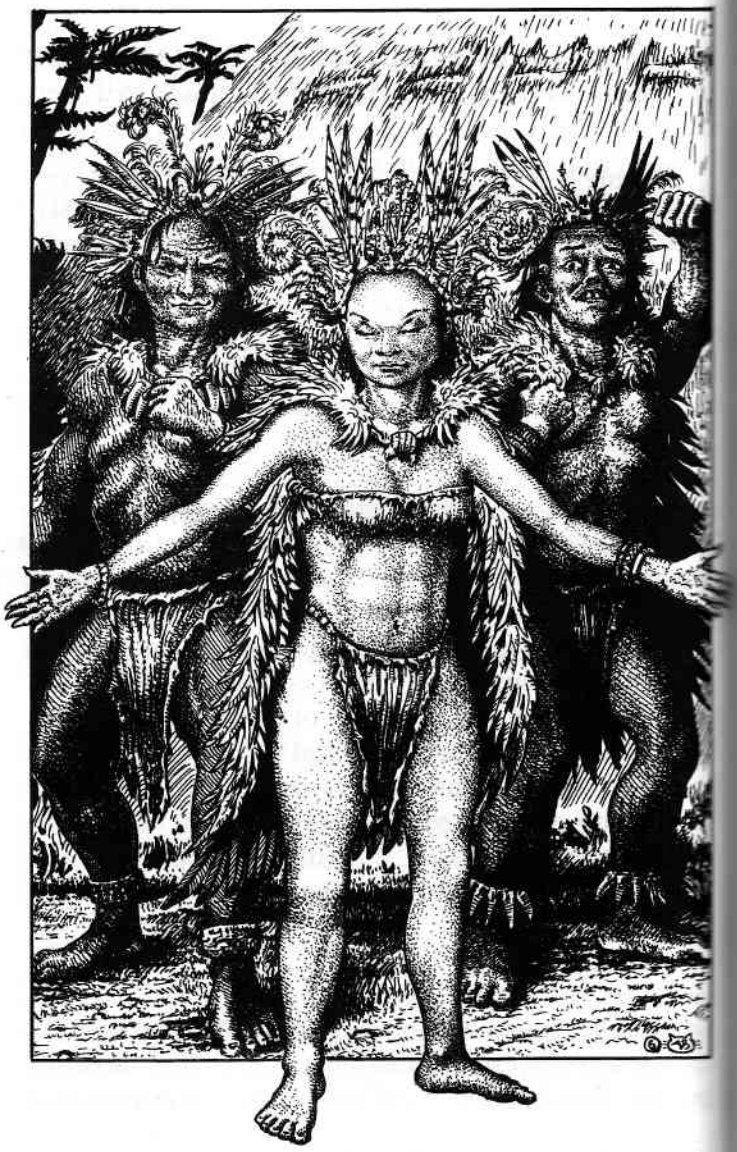

you are to enter the caverns. If you want to do just that, turn to **80**. If not, you decide to head northeast, back into the island's interior (turn to **279**).

111

(Add 1 Hour to your total.) As you are walking along Traders Street away from the market, you cannot help but notice a roguish figure standing on the corner of Lobster Alley. The man is gaunt and scrawny, in his later years, and with several days' growth of stubble. He also has an eye-patch, a wooden stump for a leg beneath his right knee and wears a long coat and tricorn hat. A monkey, with its own tiny waistcoat, is scampering around the man's shoulders. As you walk past the pirate, you make eye contact and he beckons to you with a glance before turning and hobbling away up the alley. Will you follow the man (turn to **64**) or go on your way (turn to **143**)?

112

The Scarachna's sting lashes forwards and strikes you, sending its toxic venom coursing through your body. (Lose 6 STAMINA points.) If you survive this attack, turn back to **201** and continue your battle.

113

You are led to the largest hut in the village where you are brought before a lithe, beautiful woman dressed like the other warriors, only with a more elaborate headdress. 'I am Queen Zyteea of the Usai tribe,' she says in a tongue you understand. 'What are you doing on this island?' You decide you have nothing to lose

by telling Queen Zyteea the truth and so relate your story to her. If you have the word 'Sitnam' recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 224; otherwise, turn to 50.

114

You slip down the slope and suffer cuts and bruises. Roll one dice and subtract the number rolled from your STAMINA score. If you roll a 6 you also lose 1 SKILL point. Turn to 219.

115

You soon leave the jungle, with its strange sounds and rank smells of rotting vegetation, and find the ground rising as you head into the foothills of the mountains. As the sun climbs higher in the sky so you climb higher into the mountains. If you have the word 'Depacse' on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 335. If not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 283. If you are Unlucky, turn to 335.

116

Managing to control your fear and stay calm, you gaze in fascination at the apparition materialising before you. The ghost looks like the woman carved as the figurehead for the ship. 'Help usss...' wails the ghost. 'The captain must be bested if we are to be freed. Help usss...' And then she is gone. Puzzled, you leave the room and:

Open the other door?	Turn to 353
Leave the ship?	Turn to 72
Descend to the hold?	Turn to 26

117

Searching through the wreckage of the devastated buildings, you find nothing that has not been broken or destroyed. The curious thing is that there are no bodies among the destruction and no sign of the villagers in the surrounding jungle. Puzzled, you set off again south. Turn to 197.

118

(Deduct another 2 Gold Pieces from your total.) This time you are positive you have the right card – but when Armarno turns it over, it is black again! He has to be deceiving you! Now will you challenge the fraudster (turn to 258), leave his table (turn to 223) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to 207)?

119

Just outside the city walls lies the cemetery. Its pillared entrance is decorated with disturbing statues

and the fog merely adds to the eerie atmosphere of the place. Creeping between the weathered tombstones and mausoleums, you suddenly hear the crack of a twig somewhere off to your left and almost jump out of your skin. Spinning round, you are sure you catch a glimpse of something disappearing behind a grim sepulchre. You are not alone in the cemetery. Something else is also prowling around here during the hours of darkness. Peering round the corner of a crypt you see two men, who look like sailors, walking away from you through the mist, carrying a heavy-looking chest between them. Where can they be going? And what are they up to? If you have a Crab Doubloon, turn to **175**. If you do not, will you:

Follow the two men to see where they go?	Turn to **312**
Launch a surprise attack on them?	Turn to **284**
Ignore them and leave the cemetery (add 1 Hour) to search elsewhere?	Turn to **52**

120

Taking hold of the portcullis, you heave with all your might. Roll three dice and add 6 to the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **99**. If it is greater, turn to **204**.

121

'That is correct. Congratulations,' says Calabrius, with a forced smile, and reluctantly hands you a bag containing 10 Gold Pieces. (Add these to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point.) With your

confidence having been granted a boost, will you now look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

122

Choose one of the items you are carrying and cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. The creature eyes your gift with avid curiosity, turning it over and over in its hands. Fixing you with its glittering eyes it grins and says something in a twittering language you cannot understand. The capricious humanoid then disappears back into the jungle as abruptly as it first appeared, taking its treasure with it. You have just encountered a Rainforest Sprite and for giving it a gift you have received its blessing. (Restore 2 LUCK points.) Now turn to the paragraph with the same number as that which you noted down previously.

123

As soon as you touch the treasure you feel a tingling sensation in your fingertips. Looking down in horror, you see that your hands are turning to gold and you are no longer able to move them! There is nothing you can do as the transformation proceeds to affect your arms and soon your entire body. The next person to enter this chamber will marvel at the realism of the golden statue standing here.

124

Cinnabar lunges at you. Caught off guard you do not parry his thrust and, in shocked surprise, you feel the cold steel of his blade sink into your heart. You end your adventure and your life here, slain by the murderer of your family.

125

Once you are within the boundary of the jungle it is as if you have been transported into another world. A green twilight permeates everywhere under the canopy of the trees and you are surrounded by strange sounds and smells. An oppressive, prickly heat pervades the jungle, making the going harder than usual. Make a note of the number 385 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to **192**.

126

Your opponents slump to the ground and you turn round to deal with the treacherous pirate. The old rogue is already fleeing as fast as he can along the alley. You run after him but, hearing your approach, the man spins round and lets fly a dagger. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **173**. If you fail, turn to **213**.

127

You enter a small dark room and are immediately assailed by the heady smell of burning herbs. Through the smoke you make out a large man, sitting inside a chalk circle, wearing only a loincloth, macabre necklaces and a headdress of brightly

coloured feathers. This must be Cinnabar's Witch-doctor, Malu. In one hand he holds a primitive wand, and the bodies of small, dead animals surround him. At your arrival, Malu snaps out of the trance-like state he was in and mutters something incomprehensible under his breath. Suddenly your head starts to spin. *Test your Skill*, adding 1 to the dice roll. If you succeed, turn to 44. If you fail, turn to 87.

128

The blazing ball drops towards the deck and, before you can get out of the way, smashes into your body. You double up in agony from the scorching. (Lose 5 STAMINA points.) Seeing a second such missile hurtling towards the ship, you take cover behind the mast. Turn to 232.

129

Folklore has it that in the past pirates would kill one of their crewmen at the place where they buried their treasure or at a location they wanted kept secret, so that in death the ghost would guard it, unsleepingly. This is obviously what Cinnabar did here. Confidently, you speak the password: 'Crossbones.' Holding your breath, you await Jack A-Lantern's reaction.

'You may paasss...' hisses the pirate-ghost and sinks into the earth in front of you. Not waiting to be told twice, you hurry along the passageway, which ends in a flight of steps that descend under the cemetery. At the end of a short passageway you come to a

T-junction. Will you go left (turn to 221) or right (turn to 13)?

130

If you have a Magical Compass, turn to 172. If not, will you threaten the castaway to make him tell you about the treasure (turn to 93) or will you ignore him and explore the hills alone (turn to 65)?

131

An undead sailor falls before you, felled by the mace of a tall figure, clad entirely in spiked armour. The silent Chaos Champion joined Cinnabar's crew to help him serve his dark masters better by spreading evil throughout all Ruddlestone.

CHAOS CHAMPION	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you strike the warrior, roll one dice: on a roll of 1–3 your blow only causes the champion 1 STAMINA point of damage due to the protection of his armour. If the warrior strikes you, also roll one dice: on a roll of 5–6 his heavy mace causes you 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you defeat the Chaos Champion, turn to 298.

132

Although you struggle valiantly to free yourself, ultimately you cannot. In minutes the tide raises the level of the seawater in the pit above your head and in a matter of a few more minutes, you have drowned. Your adventure ends here in a watery grave.

133

With a horrible squelching sound, the Chameleon's disgusting tongue, as long as its body, shoots out of its mouth and hits you. The sticky pad holds you fast as the Chameleon retracts its tongue, bringing you into its mouth. The monster bites down, injuring you severely (lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). If you are still alive, return to 53 and continue your battle.

134

The desk drawers are locked and, as there is no sign of a key, you try to force one. Eventually you manage to break open a drawer but at the same time trigger a blade that springs out of the desk into your wrist, cutting you badly (lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Having staunched the bleeding, you go through the contents of the drawer. All you find are papers relating to the layout of Cinnabar's hideout in the Port of Crabs, which are of no use to you now. Will you now leave the room (turn to 233) or look at the globe (turn to 349), the chest (turn to 316) or the ship in a bottle (turn to 29)?

135

You turn on your heels and run! You hear a sharp crack behind you and then find yourself falling forwards as the Half-Ogre's whip wraps around your ankles and your feet are pulled from beneath you. (Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point, for being so cowardly!) In an instant the pirates are on you. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	7	7
Second PIRATE	6	7

During the first Attack Round you are trying to get to your feet again, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points. If you win, turn to 187.

136

Raising the whalebone effigy, you sense a thickening of the air around you and a dimming of the light, as if a cloud had crossed the face of the sun. In turn Quezkari seems to grow in stature. Your use of the Skeleton Artefact has aided his materialization on this Plane. (When you have to fight Quezkari, remember to add 1 point to his SKILL and 3 points to his STAMINA.) There is only just time to draw your sword before the unearthly spirit is upon you. Turn to 177.

137

You hurriedly drag the Devotee's bodies to the side of the street before searching them. The two men have no possessions on them except for the sacrificial daggers. The hilts of these are made of ebony, carved to resemble human skulls, and on the backs of their right hands is the now so familiar image of a grinning black skull. The Devotees must have been out looking for victims to sacrifice to the bloodthirsty Quezkari – or maybe they were hunting you! But their presence could also indicate that the pirates' hidden base, or at least a temple to Quezkari, is close by. Will you continue your search here (turn to 396) or now look

elsewhere to avoid meeting any more Devotees (turn to 52)?

138

You are not fast enough. Your spear-punctured body will remain as a grim warning to all those who would seek the cursed treasure of Blackscar.

139

As you draw your sword against Ramatu, he prepares to retaliate by casting a spell.

RAMATU SKILL 11 STAMINA 11

Consult the table below each time the High Priest wins an Attack Round to see which attack he uses and the damage it causes.

Attack Round	*Attack and Damage*
1st	Magical Darts: roll one dice and lose that many STAMINA points.
2nd	Quezkari's Curse: lose 1 SKILL point, 1 LUCK point and 3 STAMINA points.
3rd	Bloodfire: Ramatu blasts you with jets of flaming blood, lose 4 STAMINA points.
4th onwards	Screaming Dagger: lose 2 STAMINA points and reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the rest of the battle due to the dagger's off-putting shrieks.

If you defeat the High Priest, turn to 7.

140

It is backbreaking work but after twenty minutes you have managed to clear a sizeable pile of stones from the cave-in, creating an opening into the tunnel beyond. It is only as you are partially through the hole you have cleared that the unstable tunnel roof gives way once more, crushing you under several tonnes of rock and earth. Your adventure ends here.

141

Opening the door and stepping through it, you find yourself in an obsessively tidy and disturbing room. The place looks like a laboratory. On the walls are detailed drawings of human and animal anatomy. Several shelves are packed with glass jars containing preserved body parts and even a human brain. A leather-bound journal resting on a desk is embossed in gold leaf with the name 'Doctor Malefact', the ship's surgeon and Cinnabar's notorious torturer. Do you want to search the Doctor's laboratory further (turn to 313) or would you prefer not to linger here in case you are discovered (turn to 233)?

142

You are accepted as a fellow warrior by the Usai and as a sign of this are given a Wristband of White Feathers, as worn by the other warriors of the tribe (regain 1 LUCK point). Queen Zyteea invites you to stay in the village that evening to share in their feast and you happily accept. Marlin's log was totally wrong about the inhabitants of Bone Island. Rather than being cannibals they are actually peaceable, intelligent, civilised people. With the moon now high in the night's sky, you dine on exotic fruits and spit-roast gazelle (restore up to 4 STAMINA points). As you eat, Zyteea tells you that the Usai people live in fear of Ramatu, the High Priest of Quezkari who lives in a temple in the mountains. He sends dark voodoo spirits against the tribespeople, carrying off warriors to become his Zombie slaves. Suddenly there is a scream from a tribesman on guard at the edge of the village. Everyone rushes to see what the disturbance is. The guard is suspended in mid-air and struggling as if in the grasp of some great creature. For a moment you think you see the shadowy outline of whatever is attacking the man. It is only momentary but you get the impression of a horny hide, large tusks, clawed hands and hairy, hooved legs, as if the thing were an amalgam of several different wild animals. The near-invisible Spirit-Beast roars and you run at it with your weapon drawn. If you are using a bone sword, turn to 23. If not, turn to 234.

143

Ignoring the pirate, you leave the markets of the Port of Crabs. (Make a note of the word 'Etarip' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) If you have the word 'Dnalsi' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **17**. If you do not, turn to **334**.

144

You dodge the silk strand, throwing yourself out of the way at the last second. Having wasted its spit attack, the Scarachna drops down from the trees and advances on you, trying to bite you with its mandibles and sting you with its tail.

SCARACHNA SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If the Scarachna wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. If you roll a 6, turn to **380**. If you reduce the Scarachna's STAMINA to 7 points or less, turn immediately to **292**.

145

Inside a shattered casket you find a corked Bottle of Rum still intact. Drinking the rum will restore 4 STAMINA points. Now return to **300** and choose another option.

146

Leaving the city, unnoticed, by the Kakhabad Gate you make your way through the darkness to Mallan's Point. The moon shines down from a cloudless sky, illuminating the crumbling tower that was once the port's lighthouse in more prosperous and peaceful times. But the moon is not the only light visible. Close

to the edge of the cliff beyond the ruin you can see a flickering light. If you want to investigate this light, turn to **184**. If you would rather approach the lighthouse, turn to **220**.

147

As you unsheathe your weapon the pirate's grinning corpse rises from the coffin. 'Well, well,' the dead man says in a cracked voice, 'it's been so long since I've had a drink, poor old Roger could die of thirst, so he could.' With fangs bared and talon-hands raised, the vampiric pirate advances towards you.

JOLLY ROGER SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you kill the undead pirate, record the word 'Eripmav' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **319**.

148

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **21**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **43**.

149

The tunnel ends at a semicircular room on the far side of which is an ornately carved stone door flanked by two Zombie-like creatures with strange tribal masks covering their faces. As soon as you enter the chamber, the mindless guards shamble towards you. Will you engage in combat (turn to **226**) or flee from here (turn to **329**)?

150

You visit many of the seediest drinking establishments in the city, including The Cat and Cockroach, Angar's Mutiny and the Barnacle Tavern. However, your enquiries and investigations attract the attentions of those whose interest you did not want to arouse. Having just left yet another smoky bar-room, you suddenly find yourself confronted by a group of pirates and black-robed devotees – all followers of Quezkari. They have been alerted to your mission by your endless enquiries. Realising the danger you are in from Cinnabar's cronies, you run for it, as there are far too many for you to fight by yourself. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **241**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **33**.

151

Continuing along the passageway, eventually you reach the entrance to a vast, well-lit chamber. At one end of the cavern a man, dressed in black, flowing robes and with a headdress of crow's feathers, is chanting a spell over the corpse of a tribesman lying on a large, stone slab. Surrounding the Voodoo Priest and filling much of the chamber is a horde of Mask Zombies. Fascinated, you watch as the tribesman's corpse becomes pallid and withers. The Priest then places a tribal mask, which glows with an eldritch light, on its head and instantly the Zombie sits up. Then the Priest looks up, directly at you! With a screeching cry he points in your direction and his undead servants shamble forwards. There is only one exit from the chamber not blocked by the Zombies so will you run for it (turn to **201**) or stand and fight (turn to **45**)?

152

Cinnabar slumps to the deck: you have overcome him at last. But what is this? His wounds closing before your very eyes, Cinnabar rises to his feet again, seemingly unharmed! 'Don't you understand?' he mocks. 'The ceremony was completed. I am invulnerable and I shall be invincible! And do you know why?' Cinnabar is boasting now: 'My heart is no longer inside my body!' If you have a Fetish, turn to **398**. If not, turn to **124**.

153

As the *Fortune* sails away from the *Sea Maiden*, you watch as the ghost ship fades into thin air and the green mist disperses on the wind. At the same time the sky brightens once more. Suddenly there is a cry from the crow's nest: 'Captain Conyn! Galleon off the starboard bow!'

All eyes look out to sea. There on the horizon, sailing away from you, is the unmistakable shape of Cinnabar's pirate ship, the *Virago* – and the *Fortune* is gaining on it! Your quarry is in reach at last. Without warning, the sea before your vessel becomes a boiling froth. Out of this turbulence rises a gargantuan, fish-like head, jaws open wide. The whale-like Behemoth blots out the sun as its mouth descends on the *Fortune*, teeth like stalactites bearing down on you. The scene on board the *Fortune* is one of utter panic. Desperately the crew is trying to steer the ship out of the way of the monster, which is big enough to swallow it whole! The great jaws crash down on the *Fortune*, closing around the hold, breaking masts and spars as if they were matchwood. You are thrown across the deck and into the churning sea. Roll three dice: if the total is greater than your STAMINA score, turn to 344; if it less, turn to 300.

154

Gulping down the sweet liquid, you begin to feel more dexterous and clear-headed. You've just drunk a Potion of Skill (restore your SKILL score to its *Initial* level). Turn back to 217 and choose another option.

155

You find yourself dragged before Cinnabar once again, only this time it is on the deck of the pirate-lord's ship. 'So you escaped from our little trap,' the undead captain says, calmly. 'Well it won't happen again. I think this time you deserve the attentions of the good Doctor Malefact. Doctor?'

At Cinnabar's invitation, a small, elderly man with a balding pate and thick-lensed spectacles steps towards you, scalpel raised and a wicked glint in his eyes. You don't want to imagine what he has planned for you! You must try to escape. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **250**. If you fail, turn to **107**.

156

Pocketing your 2 Gold Pieces (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*) Mundi takes a leather-bound tome from a bookcase and quickly thumbs through it. 'Ah, yes. Here we are,' he says, stopping at a particular page. 'This is a copy of the legendary Captain Marlin's log from his exploring days with the *Prancing Porpoise*. On one of his many voyages recorded in this journal, he mentions, in passing, a tropical island inhabited by cannibals, which he named Bone Island. There is no map but he does say that it lies 370 leagues east of the Port of Crabs. That's all I can tell you, I'm afraid,' says the Dwarf. 'If you ever go there, maybe you could make a few sketches that I could use to draw up a map of the place myself.' Thanking Mundi Pelago for his help, you go on your way. Turn to **334**.

157

The trap sprung, poison darts fly out of holes in the walls hitting you. Roll one dice and add 2: this is the number of darts that hit you, each one causing 1 STAMINA point of damage. Intending to be more careful in future, you stagger onwards, feeling like a human pincushion. Turn to **48**.

158

You come to tied to a stone altar before a hideous, bony likeness of the voodoo death-god, Quezkari. You only just have time to take in the fact that you are in a large underground chamber packed with pirates and Devotees, before a black-robed priest plunges his sacrificial knife into your heart! Your very blood will be used to help bring your enemy back to life! Your adventure is over.

159

Like a great felled tree, the Anchor Man topples onto the jetty with a crash. (Make a note of the word 'Rohcna' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) A rapid search of his body uncovers 6 Gold Pieces and a grubby piece of old parchment. On it is written one word: 'Leviathan'. What can it mean? You continue your search for secret entrances a while longer but discover nothing, so you give up looking here. Add 1 Hour and turn to **52**.

160

Holding out your arm, you allow Madame Galbo to open a vein with a thin knife so that she can collect some of your blood in a crucible (lose 3 STAMINA

points). Just as you feel that you are about to faint, you hear the old wisewoman tell you that she is finished. Coming round, you watch as Madame Galbo heats the blood over a small flame, together with another strange liquid that smells strongly of sulphur. Clouds of steam form in the air above you and then, within them, form wraith-like faces. The old woman now sits swaying gently from side to side, with her eyes closed. 'Spirits,' she intones, 'what does the future hold for the vengeance-seeker? Tell us!'

An unnerving whispering moan fills the air and the spirits Madame Galbo has summoned speak: 'The Isle of Bones... That is where they must go... The spell-weaver's books hold the key... The mask holds the power... The heart of the idol... The Spirit of Darkness comes...' And then the voices fade.

Madame Galbo looks strained after the summoning so, bidding her farewell, you leave the cottage. Turn to **239**.

161

Evading your blows the two tentacles seize you in their slippery coils. There is nothing you can do as you are dragged into the sea and under the water. Through the churning murk you see the Giant Octopus that has made this cave its home. It is pulling you towards its snapping, beaked mouth. In desperation you manage to free you sword-arm, although one of the creature's tentacles still has you in its tightening grip. You are going to have to fight for your life.

GIANT OCTOPUS SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

As you are fighting the Octopus underwater you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If the battle lasts for more Attack Rounds than your current SKILL score, turn to **190** straight away. If you defeat the creature in the same number of Attack Rounds as your current SKILL or fewer, turn to **379**.

162

You throw one portion of your Provisions into a far corner of the room (cross 1 meal off your *Adventure Sheet*). The mutant cat pounces on them and begins to devour them greedily. However, as soon as you enter the room, with a roar the beast bounds towards you. You have no choice but to fight the monster.

NINE-TAILS SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

The cat attacks by trying to slash you with its great claws and bite you with its huge fangs. However, if the monster hits you, roll one dice. On a roll of 5 or 6, it has hit you with its barbed tails instead: roll one dice and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA score. You may *Test your Luck* to avoid this damage if you wish. Keep track of how much STAMINA you lose in this way. If you survive this battle, turn to **235**.

163

You hand over the money (deduct 10 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*) and the soldiers part to let you through. As you go Snide adds, 'But remember, if you should pass my way again...' Without further hesitation you hurry on, barely suppressing your anger at such an insult. Turn to 287.

164

You eventually settle down with your back to a tree and your sword at your side, just in case. You are woken in the middle of the night by a loud buzzing. Hovering above you are three, oval-shaped beetles, each one as big as your head, with large mandibles and shimmering emerald bodies. Being carnivorous, the insects attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First JUNGLE BUG	5	5
Second JUNGLE BUG	4	4
Third JUNGLE BUG	5	4

If you kill all the flying beetles, you manage to get back to sleep and at dawn are on your way again. If you have the word 'Noogal' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 327. If not, turn to 115.

165

Taken from the head of one of the race of little people known as Elvins, who dwell in the Shamutanti Hills of Kakhabad and worship the Trickster God Lord Logaan, this lock of hair will bring you good fortune. Whenever you are instructed to *Test your Luck* from now on, you may deduct 1 from the dice-roll. Return to 42.

166

Back in the outer entrance chamber of the temple, choosing a way you haven't gone yet, will you pass through the left-hand arch (turn to 216), the central arch (turn to 392) or the right-hand arch (turn to 255)?

167

The clink of coins in his pot makes the blind man turn his head in your direction. 'Welcome, fellow traveller on life's highway,' he says in cheerful greeting. 'Give me your hand and I will tell you what waits within that unknown isle – the future.' Somewhat uncertainly, you stretch out your hand to the seer, who, after groping the air, clasps it in a vice-like grip. 'Ahhh,' he breathes, 'a brave soul that fights for truth and justice. May Cheelah smile upon your endeavours. Let Luck and Chance guide you on your path. Farewell.' Is that all you get for 2 Gold Pieces? The Master of Destiny releases your hand and says no more. Will you now make an offering to the bearded guru (turn to 393) or the mute fortune-teller (turn to 98), or will you go on your way (add 1 Hour and turn to 334)?

168

At around noon the next day the previously clear sky suddenly, and inexplicably, darkens. As the *Fortune* sails on under the leaden sky another ship comes into view off the port bow. It appears to be in a state of terrible disrepair and is surrounded by a pall of sickly, green mist. Conyn looks at the vessel through his telescope and his face becomes ashen. You ask him what is troubling him. 'It is the *Sea Maiden* – a ghost ship,' he explains. 'Folklore has it that its crew and captain are cursed to sail the twelve seas for all eternity. We should avoid it at all costs!' You are now curious about the *Sea Maiden*. If you want to try to persuade Conyn to approach the ghost ship, turn to **390**. If not, turn to **153**.

169

Sure enough, in one cell you find five, half-starved tribespeople, whom you release. Having thanked you profusely for freeing them, they return the favour by giving you any information they can that may help you. They know nothing about the Pirates of the Black Skull but do know the Mask Zombies' secret: the masks themselves imbue the Zombies with Quezkari's power, and if removed the undead become severely weakened. Knowing this, if you ever find yourself in combat with Mask Zombies, rather than fighting them in the usual way, you can try to remove their tribal masks. To do this very specific task you will have to reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points but as soon as you win an Attack Round you grab the Zombie's mask and cast it aside; the Zombie loses

2 STAMINA points and 3 SKILL points. If you had not saved the tribespeople, their fate would have been to be turned into Mask Zombies too. The prisoners also overheard the temple's High Priest telling one of his acolytes about a code or something and used the phrase, 'Back two, forward two. Back two, forward two.' Regain 1 LUCK point for this knowledge and then turn to 57.

170

The bracelet is made from leather embedded with the razor-sharp teeth of a shark, thirty-eight in all, which point outwards. It is an unusual item, which at the moment does not seem to exhibit any magical potential – but it may prove useful. Return to 42.

171

At last you come upon a rusted iron ladder set into one wall of a tunnel, which leads up to a manhole cover. Clambering out into the street above, you take in great lungfuls of fresh sea-air, glad to be rid of the vile stench of the sewers. Add 1 Hour and turn to 52.

172

You are suddenly reminded of the Talismonger's words about the Magical Compass you bought and take it out of your backpack. Looking at it, you see that the needle is pointing westwards. If you want to head in the direction the compass is pointing, turn to 110. If you would rather just explore the hills, turn to 65.

173

You duck just in time to avoid being hit by the dagger. You then close on the old pirate. Turn to 318.

174

Turfed out into the street, feeling insulted and frustrated, you set off to look elsewhere. Add 1 Hour to your total, and the word 'Regnad' to your *Adventure Sheet*, and then turn to 334.

175

You are attracted to something lying in the soil of a freshly dug grave, glinting in the moonlight. Bending down, you pick it up – it is another doubloon, also with two heads. Crivens had such a coin and was a

member of Cinnabar's crew, and now you have two men carrying a chest full of them through a deserted cemetery at night! They must have something to do with the Pirates of the Black Skull. You decide to follow these smugglers. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **247**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **284**.

176

Clambering onto the statue, you force your sword into an eye-socket. You are suddenly aware of a hissing sound and see that purple smoke is pouring out of the iguana's mouth. Being so close to it you cannot avoid your head being surrounded by the cloud of gas. You pass out and fall onto the chamber floor. Death soon follows.

177

What sort of weapon are you using? If it is made of bone and you know how to awaken the power within it, convert the letters in its name into numbers using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 up to Z=26, add the numbers together and then turn to that paragraph. If you do not know how to release the weapon's magical energies or you are not using a bone sword, turn to **345**.

178

Drinking the 'Infusion of Fate' has the same effect as downing a Potion of Fortune. (Add 1 to your *Initial* LUCK score and raise it to this new level.) Return to **217** and do something else.

179

Madame Galbo applies herb compresses to your wounds, which knit together and heal within a matter of minutes! (Restore your STAMINA and SKILL scores to their *Initial* levels and regain 2 LUCK points.) 'Now you must be on your way,' orders the old wisewoman. Turn to **239**.

180

Still shaking, you uncork the bottle of Antidote and take a swig (reduce the amount left by one tot). The tremors soon subside and the fever also passes, leaving you able to go on your way. Turn to **262**.

181

An eerie silence pervades the streets of the Temple Quarter, creating a disconcerting atmosphere. Creeping, cat-like, along the roads, you are suddenly surprised by two figures that step out of the shadows in front of you. Dressed in black habits, and with sacrificial daggers raised, the Devotees advance towards you. Drawing your sword, you prepare to do battle. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEVOTEE	6	6
Second DEVOTEE	7	6

If the battle lasts longer than ten Attack Rounds, turn at once to **264**. If not, and you win the battle, turn to **137**.

182

The evil Cinnabar draws a gleaming cutlass from its scabbard and with a roar engages you in combat. At the same time, the pirate-lord's mangy parrot flies from its perch on his shoulder. 'That's right, Jezebel,' laughs Cinnabar, 'go for the eyes!'

CINNABAR	SKILL 12	STAMINA 16

As you are being distracted by the parrot you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for this battle. Also, each Attack Round roll one dice: if you roll a 5 or 6, Jezebel pecks you and scratches you with her claws (lose 1 additional STAMINA point). If you manage to defeat the murderer of your family, turn to 152.

183

If you offer the primitive some food, turn to 222. If you give it a Flask of Grog or a Bottle of Rum, turn to 268. If you offer it something else, turn to 246.

184

Creeping cautiously towards the cliff edge you see that the light is actually that from a lantern, held by a woman who is looking out to sea with her two companions, a man and a pug-faced Man-Orc. Following the direction of their gazes, you make out a stout ship sailing towards the treacherous, jagged rocks, which line this stretch of coast. The light is guiding the ship to its doom! These three must be Wreckers, felons who deliberately cause shipwrecks for their own gain, scavenging the booty washed up from the sunken vessels. You must stop them or another ship will fall

prey to their cruel intentions! Fortunately, they are still unaware of your presence here. Running at the nearest scoundrel, sword drawn, you wound him before he has a chance to defend himself. Fight the Wreckers all together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WRECKER	7	5
Second WRECKER	6	7
Third WRECKER	8	7

If you win, turn to **369**.

185

Passing through the sweet-scented cloud, you follow the passageway until you reach a wooden door in the right-hand wall, barred from the outside. Listening at the door you can hear a scratching and snuffling sound. Do you want to open the door (turn to **311**) or go on without hesitation (turn to **151**)?

186

Having jumped ship you are now stranded in the middle of the Western Ocean with no sight of land anywhere. The turquoise waters stretch in every direction as far as the horizon. If you have the word 'Enutrof' recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **257**. If not, turn to **54**.

187

Dropping his whip, the Half-Ogre moves in to attack you with his club.

HALF-OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If the Half-Ogre wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, the blow from his club knocks you off your feet. This means that you spend the next round of combat getting up again, so you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for that Attack Round. If you kill the Half-Ogre, turn to **328**.

188

You rush out of the temple into blazing sunshine. If you can catch up with Cinnabar maybe you'll be able to stop him before he leaves Bone Island. Running as fast as you can, you hurry down through the hills to the lagoon. Lose 1 STAMINA point due to this strenuous exercise. You reach the bay as evening approaches, just in time to see the *Virago* disappearing towards the horizon on the open sea. After all your efforts you are too late! If you have the word 'Nediam' written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **352**. If not, turn to **263**.

189

Raising the splintered shaft of wood in one hand you are amazed when the undead pirate cowers back hissing in fear. You quickly press home your advantage and plunge the stake into the corpse's chest, transfixing the creature's heart. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **319**.

190

As you struggle valiantly against the Giant Octopus beneath the waves, eventually the air in your lungs runs out. Still submerged beneath the surface you gasp for breath, inhaling great lungfuls of salty brine. Whether you die by drowning or are devoured by the Octopus first, the end result is the same. Your adventure is over.

191

You step through the doorway into the watery light of dawn: you are on the deck of the *Virago*. Milling about in front of you are the crew and standing at the fo'c'sle is Cinnabar himself, a mangy parrot perched on his shoulder. Suddenly the evil captain looks round and, seeing you, screams to his pirates to capture you. There are far too many of them to take on by yourself so you do the only thing you can: you have no choice but to jump ship. The way to the side of the ship is blocked by the ruffians so you run for the rigging. Three pirates immediately step into your path.

	SKILL
First PIRATE	6
Second PIRATE	5
Third PIRATE	7

Do not fight the Pirates in the usual way. Instead, calculate Attack Strengths for yourself and the first

Pirate. If his is higher, you are captured, turn to **155**. If yours is, you have barged past him: move on to the next Pirate and repeat the process until you have either been captured (turn to **155**) or evaded all three of the rogues ranged against you (turn to **79**).

192

Yammering cries, the shrieks of strange birds and the chittering of insects fill the jungle with a constant cacophony. But what was that? Something else is close by. Roll two dice. If you roll:

2	Turn to **53**
3	Turn to **371**
4	Turn to **320**
5	Turn to **2**
6	Turn to **245**
7	Turn to **332**
8	Turn to **37**
9	Turn to **85**
10	Turn to **198**
11 or 12	No encounter

Each encounter, apart from number 11 or 12, can occur only once. If you roll an encounter that has already taken place, roll again. If you roll 11 or 12, turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down before coming here. Ensure that you cross off each encounter as you choose it.

193

As you are trudging through the sludge and septic muck of the tunnels, a huge serpentine creature bursts

from the foul water in front of you. The Sewer Snake must be almost five metres long, and is coloured a disgusting grey-brown. It attacks immediately.

SEWER SNAKE SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win, you go on until you eventually find a way out of the sewers. Add 2 Hours and turn to 52.

194

'You have done very well,' says the tribespeople's Queen, 'but you have not done well enough to prove to us that your intentions are honourable. You must leave our village.' Before you go, however, Zyteen does tell you that her warriors have seen a ship anchored in the lagoon on the eastern side of the island. (Add the word 'Noogal' to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Leaving the village you head off into the jungle once more (turn to 164).

195

'That'll do nicely,' smarms the guard, pocketing your gold and opening the gate. 'This way,' he says, leading you into the Old Fort. You soon find yourself outside a grand set of double doors. The guard knocks on the doors and having received the reply, 'Enter!' he opens them, letting you pass into Governor Montargo's audience chamber. Sitting behind a large oak desk, in a high-backed chair, is a dignified but bored-looking man, with close-cropped grey hair and wearing the uniform of a military commander. 'Well?' he demands, impatiently.

'Lord Montargo,' you begin, 'I am here to inform you of a terrible threat to the security of your city. The Pirates of the Black Skull are intending to return their evil captain, Cinnabar, to life through the dark practices of voodoo.'

'What nonsense! Cinnabar was killed six months ago by Conyn, the bounty hunter. The scoundrel's body was lost to the sea. How do you seriously expect me to believe that he can now be brought back to life?'

'I am telling you the truth!' you exclaim. 'I have seen evidence of the pirates' activities myself. We must find out where they are hiding. Do you want the Port of Crabs to become threatened by Cinnabar and those like him?'

'Enough! I am not interested in your wild goose chases and I do not have to listen to your paranoid ramblings. There is no threat to the city. Guards!' Four uniformed soldiers immediately burst into the audience chamber. 'My guest is just leaving.' The guards go to frog-march you away. Will you resist them (turn to 236) or allow yourself to be escorted out of the chamber (turn to 174)?

196

The spears just miss your back as you hurl yourself forwards. Picking yourself up from the tunnel floor, you reassess the situation. This place is proving to be more dangerous by the minute. Do you want to continue (turn to 228) or turn back and leave the caves (turn to 279)?

197

The trees soon begin to thin and in no time at all you find yourself at the edge of an expanse of marshland. The swamp is formed by a river delta where it meets the sea. As it is the only way onwards, you set off across it, wary of predatory swamp creatures. The going is quite easy through the marsh and, as dusk falls, you have almost reached dry land again. With the ground underfoot becoming firmer with every step you hear a loud buzzing getting closer too. And then the huge insect is there in front of you, its proboscis glistening with poison as it jabs at you. You must fight the Giant Mosquito.

GIANT MOSQUITO SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the insect and lost *any* Attack Rounds to it, turn at once to **299**. If you managed to suffer no wounds in the fight, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **262**.

198

You step through clinging fronds into a clearing in which a titanic struggle is taking place. There, in front of you, two colossi of the sweltering jungle – a huge grey-furred ape and a vicious, carnivorous lizard – are fighting over disputed territory. The Great Ape's fists are pounding the Terrible Lizard's scaly hide whilst the saurus snaps at the ape with its deadly

jaws. Suddenly caught in the thick of things, what will you do?

Side with the ape against the lizard?	Turn to **215**
Join in battle against the ape?	Turn to **337**
Try to skirt past the two monsters without getting involved?	Turn to **304**
Watch the fight to its conclusion?	Turn to **77**

199

You also uncover a peculiar, eight-sided Blue Gem in a silk-lined box (add this to your *Adventure Sheet*). Having completed your search, you decide that it is time to find out what is going on here and so head in the other direction past the T-junction. Add 1 Hour to your total and turn to **13**.

200

If you bought the Ivory Lion Charm, turn to **227**. If not, you can either look for more practical equipment around the markets (turn to **351**) or leave to continue your quest (turn to **111**).

201

Evading the grasping hands of the Zombies you rush past them and along the new tunnel. Your heart racing with adrenalin, you skid to a halt on entering another cave. The Zombies are quite a way behind you now, but there is something far worse ahead. A fissure in the cave roof is open to the outside world and much of the chamber is a tangle of sticky webs. Crawling down from the crack on the glistening

threads is a creature you had hoped never to meet again – the Scarachna! Since last you encountered the hybrid, the spider-scorpion has regained its strength and this time it is determined not to let you get away.

SCARACHNA SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If the monster wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 6, turn to **112**. If you ever lose two Attack Rounds in succession, turn to **336**. If you are still fighting after twelve Attack Rounds, turn to **237**. If you have killed the spider-scorpion within twelve Attack Rounds, turn to **30**.

202

You are inside a room full of nautical instruments and old charts. With a bang, the door slams shut behind you. You watch, terrified, as sextants and other objects rise into the air and the ship's compass in the room goes haywire. Then the wailing begins... *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **116**. If you fail, turn to **76**.

203

Hissing menacingly, the snakes slither towards you. Fight them as if they were a single opponent.

SNAKES SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

The snakes have venomous bites and, if you lose an Attack Round, will cause 4 STAMINA points of damage (unless you have some Poison Antidote: taking one tot will keep the damage at 2 points). If you win, turn to **331**.

204

You cannot move the heavy, iron gate. If you are still able to use a Potion of Giant-Strength, turn to **31**. If not, turn to **243**.

205

With one of the jungle monsters dead, you are going to have to fight the other as it prepares to defend its territory once again. If the Great Ape won, turn to **330** to fight it, deducting any STAMINA points it lost in its battle with the saurus. If the Terrible Lizard won, turn to **278**, deducting any STAMINA points it lost in its battle with the ape.

206

'You were warned, stranger,' the warrior intones and two of them immediately attack. Fight them simultaneously.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TRIBESMAN	8	7
Second TRIBESMAN	8	8

If you kill the warriors, the enraged villagers prepare to exact their revenge. If you hang around here you are sure to be killed so you flee, losing them in the jungle. Turn to **164**.

207

Pushing through the bustling hordes of gamblers, you suddenly feel something pushed into your hand. Quickly looking about you, you think you see an old woman hurrying away but she is soon lost in the

crowds. You have been given a sealed envelope. You wait until you are outside before breaking the wax-seal and opening the envelope. Inside are a letter and an iron key. The letter reads as follows:

If you are determined to defeat the Pirates of the Black Skull, go to room 101 at the Silent Donkey.
A Friend.

The key must be the one to the room in the inn. If you ever want to follow up this contact, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the room, but for now add 2 Hours to your total and turn to **334**.

208

You have no success in your search so you decide that your best option is to head northeast back into the island's interior. Turn to **279**.

209

Leaving the Grand Temple, you prepare to go on your way. During the day, the Street of Holies is packed with beggars, supplicants and worshippers. As you descend the temple steps, you hear two voices raised above the noise of the bustling crowds. One is shouting, 'Words of Wisdom! Words of Wisdom!' while the second is calling out, 'Let the Master of Destiny guide you on life's journey!' Looking round, you see three men sitting cross-legged beside the road. Each is dressed differently, in the manner of certain religious groups, but in front of each of them is a small offering pot. The closest of the men, with long hair and an even longer beard, smiles at you and says, 'Two Gold

Pieces is all we ask, and then we will reveal to you the mysteries of the cosmos and what Fate has in store for you.' Do you want to make a donation to one of the wise men (turn to 270) or will you leave the Temple Quarter to look elsewhere for information (add 1 Hour and turn to 334)?

210

Taking the fetish in your hands does not produce any ill effects so, thinking it could be useful later, you stow the grim little idol in your backpack. Will you now grab the pearl (turn to 388) or leave the temple without further delay (turn to 188)?

211

Descending the stairs you are enticed onwards by the smells of cooking. Entering a large, warm room in the hold, you find yourself in the pirates' kitchen and the cook doesn't appear too pleased at being interrupted. Bladderwrack the Cook is a huge, blubbery man, stripped to the waist and sweating disgustingly. Although his recipes for the crew are conventional fare, it is known that his own tastes are more cannibalistic, and a necklace of finger bones attests to this fact. Seeing that you are not one of the pirates, Bladderwrack picks up a pan of boiling water and hurls it at you. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to 35. If you fail, turn to 339.

212

The corpse pirate lets out a gurgling laugh as you wave the powerless wand at it. The undead horror lashes out at you with its ragged fingernails, clawing your face. (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) Turn to 147.

213

The dagger sinks into your shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 318.

214

The mass of fighting bodies parts and there stands your quarry before you. Having fought your way past his lackeys, you are face-to-face with Cinnabar, old Bloodbones himself, at last. But he is no longer the undead horror you encountered beneath the Port of Crabs – he is now the debonair, handsome pirate-lord he was before his death. Springing like a panther, you sprint across the deck to reach Cinnabar. At the same time the pirate captain raises a small crossbow and fires. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to 375. If you fail, turn to 102.

215

With you joining the fight against the Terrible Lizard, the Great Ape soon prevails. With one last blow from the ape's huge fists, the saurus falls to the ground either dead, or unconscious. The ape fixes you with its beady black eyes. Rearing up on its haunches it bellows and begins beating its chest. Will you prepare to defend yourself (turn to 330), or will you run for it (94)?

216

You have not travelled very far along the passageway beyond the left-hand archway when the corridor turns left into a small, dark, rough-hewn chamber. Curiously, pieces of shipping tackle seem to have been abandoned here, including a ship's wheel, but the object which intrigues you most lies in the middle of the floor. It is a plain wooden coffin, draped with a Jolly Roger. There is no way out of the chamber other than the way you came in, so will you:

Search the chamber for any useful items?	Turn to 314
Open the flag-draped coffin?	Turn to 36
Retrace your steps and pass through the central archway?	Turn to 392
Go back and choose the right-hand archway?	Turn to 255

217

The box contains several empty bottles, no doubt drunk by Balinac. However, there are two with their seals still intact that are labelled. Do you want to:

Drink the 'Essence of Expertise'?	Turn to 154
Drink the 'Infusion of Fate'?	Turn to 178
Study the *Mythica*?	Turn to 47
Read the *Arcanum*?	Turn to 5
Leave the wizard's cell?	Turn to 385

218

With your fingers round the handle of the door, you freeze, hearing a floorboard creak outside the room. Is there somebody there – somebody up to no good? Silently, you unsheathe your sword, just in case, and open the door but do not step through it. Instantly, two black-robed figures leap into the doorway, coshes raised. Determined to stop you succeeding in your quest, the Devotees of Quezkari attack. In the narrow doorway you can fight these acolytes of evil one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEVOTEE	6	7
Second DEVOTEE	6	6

If you win, a rapid search of the fanatics' bodies reveals nothing of value to you so you quickly leave the inn. Add 1 Hour and the word 'Yeknod' to your *Adventure Sheet*, then turn to **287**.

219

Reaching the edge of the cave you can now see that a narrow ledge, just a few metres above the crashing waves, leads into the gloomy depths beyond. Do you want to continue into the cave (turn to **354**) or would you rather give up on this course of action and return to the cliff-top (turn to **322**).

220

To your surprise, you find a sturdy door in the base of the tower, the only way in. Being as quiet as possible, you try the door but discover that it is locked. What will you do now?

Attempt to break down the door?	Turn to **326**
Investigate the flickering light?	Turn to **184**
Leave the lighthouse (add 1 Hour) and look elsewhere for the pirates?	Turn to **52**

221

You find yourself exploring the pirates' hideout, a collection of meeting rooms, storerooms and sleeping chambers, but all appear to be deserted! Do you want to remain here and make a thorough search of the hideout (turn to **305**) or would you rather return to the T-junction and follow the tunnel in the opposite direction (turn to **13**)?

222

The Balinac snatches the food from you and wolfs it down (cross off 1 meal from your Provisions), allowing you to pass. Turn to **125**.

223

Will you now look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**) or Calabrius's Calculator (turn to **294**), or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**)?

224

While you are recounting recent events, a tribesman approaches Zyteea and you recognise him as the one you saved from the Praying Mantis. He whispers something to his Queen and when you are finished she says, 'Toombei tells me that you saved his life and that you are a noble warrior. Therefore you are welcome here.' Turn to **142**

225

As you rummage about inside the dead pirate's coffin, you disturb a number of Blood Maggots that were lurking there. Each of the eyeless grubs latches onto your flesh with its barbed mouthparts. Roll one dice. This is how many of the maggots bite you. Lose the same number of STAMINA points. Having managed to pull the horrid creatures from your ravaged flesh, you hastily depart the vampire's chamber. You have no desire to remain there any longer. If you have the word 'Eripmav' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **58**. If not, turn to **166**.

226

Armed with pole-arms, the Mask Zombies are dangerous enemies.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MASK ZOMBIE	8	7
Second MASK ZOMBIE	8	6

If you overcome your adversaries, turn to **291**.

227

'If you're worried about voodoo, you should go and see Madame Galbo,' says the Talismonger and tells you how to find her cottage in Mandrake's Lane. If, in future, you are given a chance to visit Madame Galbo, you may do so by turning to **100** (make a note of this paragraph number on your *Adventure Sheet*). But for now, you can either look for more practical equipment around the markets (turn to **351**) or leave to continue your quest (turn to **111**).

228

Not much further on, the tunnel comes to an end before a blank rock wall at the foot of which is a murky pool. There is no sign of any treasure and there appears to be no way on... unless it's through the pool! But then you don't know how deep the pool is or for how long you may have to hold your breath. Will you dive into the water (turn to **71**) or now turn back (turn to **279**)?

229

Leaping between the man and the Mantis you ready your sword. Its forelegs raised ready to strike and snapping its mandibles, the monstrous insect attacks.

GIANT PRAYING MANTIS	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

The Mantis is covered in armour-like chitin so blows against it will only inflict 1 point of damage (2 points if you use LUCK in this battle and are Lucky, but no points if you are Unlucky). If you win, turn to **368**.

230

Crump! The heavy iron anchor hits you in the side, the force of the blow knocking you to the floor. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Looking into the fog you can make out a shadowy figure advancing towards you. Desperately, you try to unsheathe your weapon. Turn to **231**.

231

The swathes of mist part and a tall, barrel-chested man, built like an ox and with muscles like ship's cables, stands before you. In his hands he holds a heavy iron chain on the end of which swings the anchor. 'Stranger, let me introduce myself. I'm the Anchor Man,' growls the pirate assassin, 'and now it's time to die.' As the thug prepares to use the anchor against you like a morning-star, you spot the black skull tattooed on the back of his right hand.

ANCHOR MAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

Every time the Anchor Man strikes you, roll one dice: on a roll of 5–6, the anchor causes you 3 STAMINA points of damage rather than the usual 2. If you are lying on the floor, if you win the first Attack Round you do not injure the pirate (do not deduct any STAMINA points) but you manage to unsheathe your sword and fend off the assassin, so giving you time to get to your feet. From then onwards, you can fight as normal. If you win two consecutive Attack Rounds against the Anchor Man, turn at once to **271**. If he wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to **105**. If you defeat the assassin, turn to **159**.

232

The fireball crashes into the deck, smashing a hole in the rotten planks, but still the phantom vessel skims onwards over the sea. The *Virago* cannot out-run Velyarde's craft and before the pirates really know what is going on, the undead crew of the *Sea Maiden*, followed by yourself, are boarding the galleon. Battle immediately ensues as the undead sailors avenge themselves on Cinnabar's cronies. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–2, turn to **15**; 3–4, turn to **131**; 5–6, turn to **298**.

233

Choosing somewhere you haven't already been, will you:

Descend the staircase?	Turn to **211**
Open the far door?	Turn to **191**
Open the door marked 'Captain'?	Turn to **97**
Open the door to the right?	Turn to **141**
Open the door to the left?	Turn to **127**

234

Although you attack valiantly, your weapon proves ineffective against the conjured horror. With one sweep of a tiger-like paw, the Spirit-Beast hurls you into the side of a hut, cracking several of your ribs. (Lose 5 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point.) Dropping the body of the dead tribesman, the thing goes on a rampage, crushing buildings and killing villagers that are in its path. Eventually the Usai manage to drive the Spirit away, thanks to the spells of the tribe's shaman, but not before it has devastated their village. When morning comes there is much relief all round. Disheartened that you were unable to help Queen Zyteea and her people you set off for the Temple of Quezkari in the mountains (lose 2 LUCK points and turn to **115**).

235

Exhausted after such a titanic struggle, you take a few minutes to recover from the fight. If you have some Poison Antidote and the beast stung you at all with its tails, you may recover half the STAMINA points lost in this way by drinking one tot. Now that you are no longer being threatened by a ravening monster, you take time to look around the room you are in. It is a spartan affair, containing just a few pieces of broken furniture, but on the other side of it is a door leading onwards. You also notice an entrance to a cave with the iron portcullis that barred it raised. Obviously the pirates let the Nine-Tails out into the main room to stop anyone from following them. The mutant itself was captured by Cinnabar on one of his voyages and

brought back to the Port of Crabs to guard the entrance to his innermost sanctum. Do you want to open the door (turn to 323) or would you rather investigate the cat's cave first (turn to 69)?

236

Overcome by the guards, you soon find yourself languishing in a stinking prison cell. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) Eventually a stern-faced figure appears at the grille in the cell door. It is the head of the City Guard, Captain Snide. 'Enjoying your stay?' he says with a mocking sneer. 'Well let's say ten Gold Pieces and you can go on your way.' Will you pay the sadistic Captain the bribe, if you can afford to (turn to 254), or will you wait and attempt to get out by yourself when the coast is clear (turn to 19)?

237

With your battle against the Scarachna still raging, the Mask Zombies catch up with you. Three of them start to attack you while you are still fighting the spider-scorpion! You must now fight all four opponents at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MASK ZOMBIE	7	6
Second MASK ZOMBIE	8	6
Third MASK ZOMBIE	7	5

If you somehow manage to defeat all your opponents, turn to 30.

238

Conyn and his crew remain on board the *Fortune* as you leap across the gap between the two ships and onto the ill-fated *Sea Maiden*. It appears to be deserted so you decide to descend below decks to explore further. Creeping along an empty corridor, you hear a frantic squeaking and out of the gloom scampers a horde of ghostly rats, fangs gleaming and eyes glowing red – and you are directly in their way. Will you flee while you still have the chance (turn to 72) or stand your ground (turn to 289)?

239

Add 1 Hour to the time you have taken on your quest so far. Leaving Mandrake's Lane, you consider where to start looking for the pirates' hideout. Will it be:

The Temple Quarter?	Turn to 181
The Port of Crabs' inns and taverns?	Turn to 150
The ruined lighthouse?	Turn to 146
The docks?	Turn to 67
The sewers under the city?	Turn to 355
The cemetery?	Turn to 83

240

Losing your balance at the last moment, you fall headfirst into the ten-metre deep pit full of gleaming spear-length iron spikes. The traps inside the Temple of Quezkari were not designed to be survived.

241

Somehow, you manage to evade capture by running through the alleyways and backstreets of the port. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) If it is still daylight, turn to 334. If night has already fallen, turn to **52**.

242

Along the shoreline you find several coconuts and a bunch of bananas, all in all enough food for 3 meals. Return to **300** and choose another option.

243

The portcullis had to be heavy to stop the Nine-Tails getting out so you have no hope of lifting it. Trapped in the cave, there is no way that you will be able to continue on your quest.

244

Picking up the skull, you are suddenly filled with an almost overpowering sense of fear and paranoia. You have suffered a terrible curse (lose 2 LUCK points and 1 SKILL point)! Involuntarily, you drop the skull, smashing it on the floor. Turn to **55**.

245

There is a movement in the bushes in front of you and a tall, flightless bird bursts into your path. The creature has an axe-shaped bill and, squawking, it attacks, trying to peck you, and kick you with its huge clawed feet.

AXEBILL	SKILL 9	STAMINA 13

If you kill the bird, wondering what other surprises the fauna of the island has in store, you set off again through the boiling jungle. Turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you wrote down.

246

The creature grabs your gift and, having sniffed it, hurls it away into the sea (cross the object off your *Adventure Sheet*). It then proceeds to growl menacingly. Will you quickly offer it some food (turn to **222**), a Flask of Grog or Bottle of Rum (turn to **268**), or will you prepare to defend yourself (turn to **95**) or run for it into the jungle (turn to **125**)?

247

The smugglers eventually stop outside an old tomb over-grown with moss and ivy. Pushing open the granite door, they disappear inside. You wait a few minutes before lighting your lantern and passing through the portal yourself. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) Your lantern reveals a passageway leading away into the gloom. As soon as you step over the threshold, another light becomes visible at the other end of the corridor and starts to move towards you. Gliding along the passage is the apparition of an old man with sunken eye-sockets and talon-like fingernails clogged with grave-dirt. The sight of the glowing spectre fills you with a sense of dread and your blood runs cold when you see that the lantern it carries has been fashioned from a human skull. From the tales you have heard told of the Port of Crabs, you know that this must be the ghostly Jack A-Lantern. The ghost does not attack you but instead comes to a halt a few metres from you. Its jaw drops open and the apparition utters one word: 'Paasswoord...' Do you know a password? If so, now is the time to say it. Convert the letters of the password into numbers using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 and so on: then add up the numbers and turn to the paragraph, which is the same as the total. If you do not know a password or the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, turn to **269**.

248

Roll three dice, unless you have an Ivory Lion Charm, in which case just roll two. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to 82. If it is greater, turn to 62.

249

The pressure in your lungs becomes unbearable and, before you can free yourself from the chain, you open your mouth. Freezing brine rushes into your air passages and you drown. The Anchor Man has succeeded. Your adventure is over.

250

Seizing the opportunity while your captors are distracted by Malefact, you twist free of their grasp and leap to your feet. The good Doctor and your two captors attack at once. Fight them all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
DOCTOR MALEFACT	7	6
GARBOIL	6	8
STRAKE	7	7

If you win within 15 Attack Rounds, you make your break for freedom (turn to 79). If not, you are surrounded and taken prisoner again (turn to 107).

251

The spell animating it broken, the Golem collapses into a heap of gold and jewels. The bone weapon served you well in your fight with Blackscar's cursed hoard and its edge was not dulled by the Golem's

hard body, so you decide to keep hold of it (note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*. Whenever you are in combat with Undead, spirits or magical creatures using this weapon, you may add 1 point to your Attack Strength.) With your new weapon, will you now leave the caves straight away (turn to 279) or first take some of the treasure after all your efforts to find it (turn to 123)?

252

While you are making your search you are bitten by a venomous Redback Spider (lose 3 STAMINA points). Having completed your search you decide that it is time to find out what is going on here and so head in the other direction past the T-junction. Add 1 Hour to your total and turn to 13.

253

Leaving the room you come face-to-face with three of the *Virago's* crew in the corridor. In the confines of the passage you are grabbed and dragged through the far door. Turn to 155.

254

You hand over the money through the grille (deduct the 10 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*) and with a clattering of bolts, Snide unlocks the cell door. As you go, the corrupt Captain calls out to you, 'But remember, if you should cross my path again...' Turn to **287**.

255

Passing under the archway, you find yourself following another tunnel even deeper into the mountain. Then there is a click as your foot touches a fixed stone and for a split second you wonder if you have made a mistake. Reacting instantly, you throw yourself forward to avoid the trap. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **86**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **157**.

256

The water does not come higher than your waist. You are half way across, in the midst of the stream, when the water begins to froth and boil. You feel the pinpricks of tiny, sharp teeth biting (lose 2 STAMINA points) and look down into the water to see that a shoal of Piranhas has decided to make you its next meal.

PIRANHAS SKILL 6 STAMINA see below

To calculate the Piranhas' STAMINA score, roll one dice and add 6. This is the total number of the voracious fish attacking you. Each fish has 1 STAMINA point. If you defeat the frenzied feeders, you are able to finish crossing the river and climb out onto the opposite bank. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

257

Treading water, you catch sight of a vessel in the distance. Waving your arms furiously, you succeed in attracting the crew's attention. The sailors immediately set a course to pick you up. The ship comes alongside and you are hauled on board. Fortunately your oilskin backpack has kept all your Provisions and possessions safe and dry. You are greeted by a handsome man whose face is tanned from exposure to the elements and scarred on one side. 'Welcome to the *Fortune*,' he says. 'I am her captain and a bounty hunter by trade. My name is Conyn.' What, Conyn the bounty hunter – the man who killed Cinnabar? 'The very same,' he admits proudly. 'But tell me, who are you and how come we find you alone in the middle of the ocean?'

You relate your tale to a credulous Conyn over some fine Femphreyan port in his quarters, and by the time your story is done his expression has lost its former cheeriness. 'Will you help me stop Cinnabar?' you ask.

'Of course I shall,' says Conyn, resolutely, 'but how are we to find him? Do you know where the *Virago* was headed?' If you do, you should have two coordinates. Subtract the easterly distance from the southerly one and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the result. If the paragraph you turn

to makes no sense, or you have no idea where to go, there is nothing you can do to follow Cinnabar and so you cannot stop him. You have failed in your quest!

258

'You accuse me of *cheating*?' exclaims Armarno, incensed. 'I have never been so insulted in all my days. Just because *my* hand is faster than *your* eye!' Angered by the trickster's words, you jump to your feet and, in doing so, knock over the table. The three cards fall onto the floor – they are all black! Armarno must have palmed the white. You were right all along. Cursing the man, you prepare to unsheathe your sword but stop, feeling a strong hand on your shoulder. The gruff voice of a Troll growls in your ear: 'I said, no fighting.' Before you can stop them, the two Trolls snatch your sword from you and between them deposit you weaponless, and with your pride bruised, in the street outside. Without your sword, you will have to fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 3 points until you can get hold of another weapon. Disgruntled, you leave to search elsewhere (add 2 Hours and turn to 334).

259

You cross the log safely and once you are on the other side the blindfold is removed and you are taken before Queen Zyteea again. 'You have passed the first part of your test,' she says. 'For the second and final part will you choose the Challenge of the Cat (turn to 34) or the Challenge of the Shell (turn to 290)?'

260

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 109. If you are Unlucky, will you move on to Calabrius's Calculator (turn to 294), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to 9), or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to 207)?

261

Madame Galbo takes three substances from some of the jars in front of her on the table and mixes them together in her mortar. 'Wraith Grass seeds, powdered human bones, and dried Basilisk's blood combine to make a potent defence against those unfortunates resurrected from their graves to walk the world as Zombies.' The old wisewoman gives you the resulting powdery compound in a stoppered gourd. Madame Galbo explains that there is enough Zombie Dust for four uses. You may use the powder once for each encounter you have with Zombies. Each time you use it, one of these undead creatures will be repelled so you can treat the outcome as if you had killed it. Make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to 239.

262

Safely out of the marsh at last, you settle down to sleep under the stars. After your encounter with the mosquito the night passes peacefully and you wake the next day feeling refreshed. (Regain 2 STAMINA points.) Keen to find the pirates, you set off again at a brisk pace and soon enter a range of low, scrub-covered hills. Progressing further, you hear laughter coming from behind one outcrop. Climbing to the top you look down and are surprised to see a roughly made shelter. Dancing around in front of it, chuckling to himself, is a skinny old man with a long, straggly white beard and large straw hat. His clothes are tattered and torn and he looks like he might originally have come from the Old World. Looking up he sees you and calls out, 'Ho, stranger! Lovely weather for the time of year.' The man then bursts out laughing again: he is obviously totally mad! 'You'll be looking for Blackscar's treasure then.' What is the old lunatic whittering on about? Do you want to press him about the treasure (turn to 360), talk to him, hoping to find out more about the island and its inhabitants (turn to 381), or leave the insane castaway and explore the hills (turn to 65)?

263

You fall to your knees on the sand with your head in your hands. Stranded on Bone Island there is nothing you can do to stop Cinnabar returning to the Port of Crabs and succeeding with his wicked scheme.

264

As you are fighting, several other Devotees round a corner and it is not long before you are restrained. There is a sudden, sharp blow to the back of your head and you blackout... Turn to **158**.

265

As the last Zombie slumps to the floor, you hear a voice calling for help in a strange tongue, but one that you understand, from one of the cells. Do you want to help whoever is imprisoned here (turn to **169**) or would you rather not waste any more time here and continue your search of the temple to find Cinnabar (turn to **57**)?

266

You turn round and come face-to-face with two black-robed figures, their faces hidden by the hoods of their habits. Wielding heavy coshes, the Devotees advance on you. You will have to fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEVOTEE	7	5
Second DEVOTEE	6	6

If you win, turn to **126**.

267

In no time at all the *Fortune* is heading southeast across the Western Ocean. While on the voyage you rest and recover some of your strength. (Restore up to 4 STAMINA points.) After a day you are approaching

the Crab Reefs. Conyn's helmsman skilfully directs the vessel through the treacherous waters and it looks like the *Fortune* is going to get through unscathed. Then at the last minute disaster strikes! There is a terrible grating sound as the *Fortune's* hull scrapes across something in the channel and comes to a halt. At the same time, several pairs of enormous pincers emerge from the sea. The ship is under attack from Giant Crabs. You attack the nearest of the huge crustaceans clambering up the vessel's side.

GIANT CRAB	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you kill the Crab, turn to **370**.

268

The primitive grabs the container and gulps down its contents. A smile slowly curls its lips and the creature addresses you. 'Thank you,' it mutters. 'It is good wine. Master had good wine. Magical wine. Made Balinac see strange things and feel dizzy. Balinac take you to Master's cell. You come?' If you want to go with the primitive, turn to **24**. If not, you set off alone into the jungle (turn to **125**).

269

'Intruder!' screams the pirate-ghost and flies at you, shrieking. You draw your weapon but every time you strike the horror, your blade passes straight through it, whereas you feel the spectre's claws tearing at your flesh like cruel knives. There is no way you can defeat the ghost. An unpleasant death awaits you and your adventure is most definitely over.

270

You pause while you try to decide which of these wise men to consult. The long-haired man is wearing a loose-fitting orange robe and is seated on a board of long iron nails, with apparently no discomfort. The second seer, the self-proclaimed Master of Destiny, is bald and wears a grey robe covered with mystic symbols. You now also notice that he is blind. The last figure is swathed from head to toe in festering rags and in front of him sits a deck of cards. He says nothing. The only way you are going to get anything out of these characters is if you make them an offering of 2 Gold Pieces. Which will it be?

The bearded guru?	Turn to **393**
The sightless seer?	Turn to **167**
The speechless fortune-teller?	Turn to **98**

271

Under your relentless onslaught, the pirate stumbles backwards, getting his feet caught up in the heavy chain, and falls onto the hard, wooden planks, dropping the anchor. Quickly, seizing the opportunity, you give the anchor a shove, pushing it off the jetty and into the water. The anchor sinks rapidly, pulling the Anchor Man into the harbour. Unable to free himself from the tangled chain, the panicking pirate disappears from view under the dark waters, never to surface. (Make a note of the word 'Rohcna' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) You continue your search for secret entrances a while longer but find none, so you give up looking here. Add 1 Hour and turn to **52**.

272

The ledge crumbling away behind you, you race onwards as the crashing of rocks echoes through the cavern. Ahead of you a great crack appears across the path and before you even have a chance to leap over it, the entire section you are on gives way, plunging you to your death.

273

As you drop through the broken slats of the bridge you grab at the rough ropes that hold it all together. You manage to grab hold of a knotted cord halting your abrupt drop but jarring your shoulder. (Lose 1 STAMINA point.) You hang over the yawning gulf beneath you for a moment, recovering from the shock, before hauling yourself back up onto the bridge and cautiously continuing along the rest of the way. At last you step off the bridge, entering the cliff-face through the skull's open mouth. You find yourself in a high-ceilinged, torch-lit tunnel, which cuts its way deep into the mountain. It is not long before the tunnel opens out into a large, square chamber. Hideous painted carvings adorn the walls here but there is nothing else of interest in the room. However, three archways in the opposite wall lead onwards into the temple. Will you proceed through the archway to the left (turn to **216**), through the one in the centre (turn to **392**), or by passing under the archway to the right (turn to **255**)?

274

As you stroll boldly into the village you are immediately surrounded by several warriors. If you have a Darkwood Armband, turn to **56**. If not, turn to **113**.

275

The door opens and you step through into a large, circular room. At its centre is a magnificent sight: the biggest crystal you have ever seen stands on a plinth, glowing with an inner light. However, covering the floor around the plinth are countless writhing snakes, and despite the mystical beauty of the crystal, an incipient sense of evil permeates this place. You are sure the artefact has something to do with the power of Quezkari on the island. If you want to try to destroy the huge crystal, turn to **203**. If not, you will have to leave and return to the passage, turn to **329**.

276

Turning your back on the undead pirate was a bad idea. It is on you in a flash and sinks its unnaturally developed fangs into the bad of your neck (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice now but to defend yourself with your sword. Turn to **147**.

277

The Usai are full of gratitude for you now that you have rid them of the High Priest's Spirit-Beast. Queen Zyteea explains that the evil wizard summoned it to destroy another village on the island and that it had also 'haunted' them for several nights. Looking at the bone weapon Zyteea says, 'I am sure that with Nightdeath in your hands you will be able to vanquish both Ramatu and Cinnabar. But to help you further I give you this Bolarang.' She hands you a peculiar looking wooden cross with struts of equal length that end in curved points. The Bolarang is used like a throwing dagger but always returns to its owner once thrown. Before a fight you may use this weapon against one opponent: *Test your Skill* and, if you succeed, reduce their STAMINA by 2 points. At dawn, with the tribespeople's praises ringing in your ears, you leave the village. Zyteea also told you that her warriors had seen a ship anchored in the lagoon to the southeast, so will you head in that direction (turn to **10**) or into the mountains to find the Temple of Quezkari (turn to **115**)?

278

No sooner than the ape is lying dead on the floor of the clearing, the Terrible Lizard turns on you with a primeval roar.

TERRIBLE LIZARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you win, leaving the two corpses of the colossi behind you, you continue on your way. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

279

Leaving the hills behind you, you set off northeastwards, towards the centre of the island again. Your route takes you through the easternmost part of the marsh once more, back in the direction of the dense jungle. Roll one dice. If you roll 1–4, make a note of the number 397 and turn to **192**. If you roll 5–6, turn to **359**.

280

The water inside the cave now begins to boil and from the turmoil rises a hideous grey-green monstrosity. Reaching for you with sucker-lined tentacles, the Giant Octopus intends to pull you into its snapping, beaked mouth and devour you. Once again you find yourself fighting for your life.

GIANT OCTOPUS SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If the Octopus ever scores two successful hits in succession, turn to **46**. If you kill it, turn to **73**.

281

Barrels and crates from the *Fortune* are among the items washed up among the driftwood, and could contain something of use to you. Roll one dice. If the number you roll is odd, turn to **387**; if it is even, turn to **145**.

282

You turn the corner and find the old man standing in front of you. 'So nice of yer ta join us,' laughs the pirate. 'As they says, old Crivens always gets his man.' There is a sudden swishing sound and you

receive a sharp blow to the back of your head. Instantly you lose consciousness. Turn to 158.

283

Almost no vegetation grows in the dusty, windswept highlands. Entering a steep gully you are horrified to see that it is lined with stakes on which are human skulls, picked clean by vultures. At the top of the gully you find yourself at the edge of a precipitous gorge, at the bottom of which, one hundred metres below, is a fast-flowing river. The stakes mark out the path to a rope bridge slung across the chasm, which leads directly into the side of a cliff into which has been carved a massive skull with a feathered headdress. In the distance, surrounded by rocky crags, you can also make out a stepped stone building. You know that you have found the Temple of Quezkari! You have no option but to cross the rope bridge. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 378. If you are Unlucky, turn to 63.

284

Hearing you, the two smugglers drop the chest and draw cutlasses from their belts. You will have to fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SMUGGLER	8	7
Second SMUGGLER	7	8

If you win, turn to 373.

285

The cannibalistic cook disposed of, you manage to collect enough food for 4 meals before you leave the kitchen (note these down in the Provisions box on your *Adventure Sheet*) and sample some of Bladderwrack's broth (restore up to 4 STAMINA points). As there is no other way on, returning to the top of the staircase you decide which door to go through. Will it be:

The far door?	Turn to 191
The door to the left?	Turn to 127
The door to the right?	Turn to 141
The door marked 'Captain'?	Turn to 97

286

You brandish the green jade statuette before the unearthly creature but nothing happens. Quezkari lashes out at you with a taloned hand (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice now but to retaliate with your sword. Turn to 177.

287

Night has already fallen by the time you start to look for the pirates' hidden base. At least that should make your activities more covert and less conspicuous. If you have reason to go to Mandrake's Lane, now is the time to do so. If not, where will you look first for the pirates: around the docks (turn to 67), at the ruined lighthouse on the promontory to the south-east of the port (turn to 146), in the sewers beneath the port (turn to 355), in the taverns and inns of the city (turn to 150), at the cemetery outside the city walls (turn to 83) or in the Temple Quarter (turn to 181)?

288

A bell above the door rings as you enter what looks like nothing more than a quaint, tidy workroom. Framed maps are hung on the walls and a bespectacled Dwarf is poring over a chart at his work-desk. As you enter, he looks up and asks if he can help you. You inquire as to whether he has heard of Bone Island. 'Hmm, I'm not sure. My memory's not what it was, you know,' says the Dwarf with a twinkle in his eye. Do you want to see if you can prompt his memory with a couple of Gold Pieces (turn to 156) or will you leave the cartographer's (turn to 334)?

289

The ship's rats pour past you but do not attack! (Restore 1 LUCK point.) As the squeaking fades, you continue along the corridor. You soon reach the top of a staircase that leads down into the hold but before that are two doors. Thick green mist pours from under

the door to the right while the one to the left emanates a bone-numbing cold. Will you:

Open the left-hand door?	Turn to 353
Open the right-hand door?	Turn to 202
Go down the staircase?	Turn to 26

290

In a clear, sandy area between the huts rests the largest shell you have ever seen: it is boulder-shaped and at least three metres across. 'This is the shell of a Giant Cowrie, which live in a lagoon to the south,' Zyteea explains, 'and you must lift it.' Putting your arms around the huge mollusc's shell you heave with all your might. Roll four dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, you succeed in your task (turn to 142). If the total rolled is greater, you fail to lift the shell (turn to 194).

291

With the zombies disposed of, you can now see that the intricate carving on the stone door is quite clearly a puzzle of some sort, which must be linked to the opening mechanism somehow. If you want to solve the puzzle to open the door, turn to 372. If not, you leave the semicircular chamber and follow the corridor in the opposite direction (turn to 329).

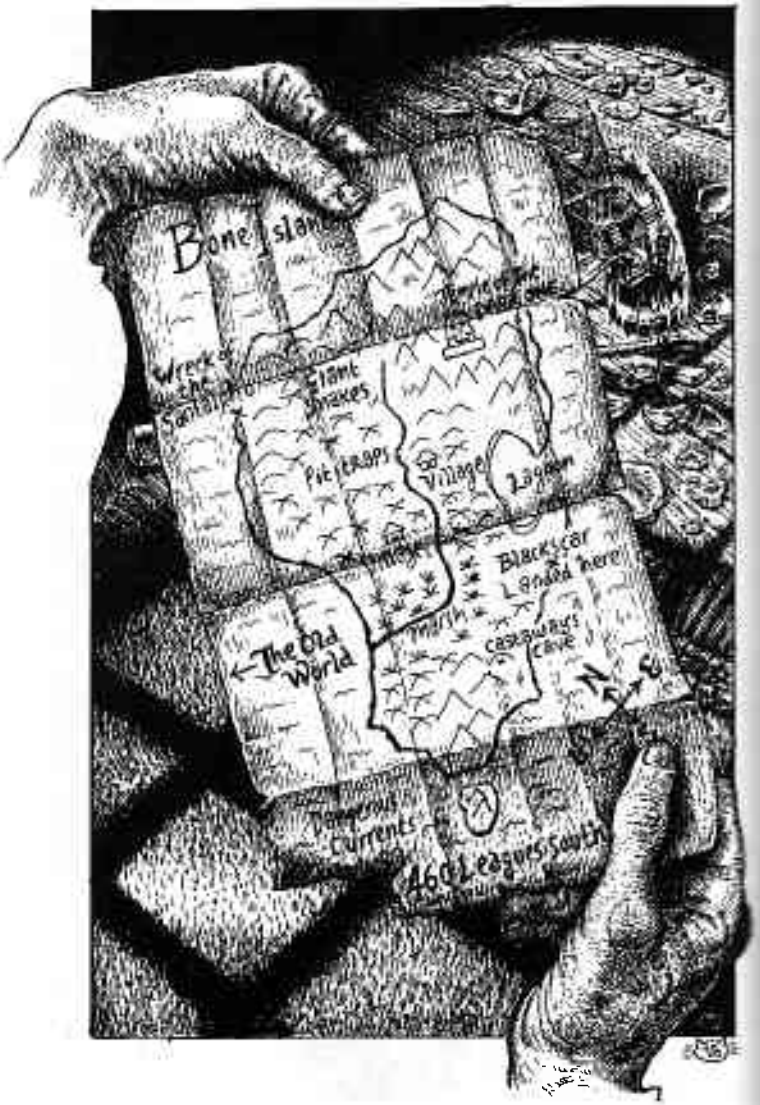

292

Finding you more of a challenge than its usual prey, the Scarachna desists from its attack and retreats back into the jungle canopy, leaving you free to continue your trek unhindered. If you were stung at all by the monster you may use one tot of Poison Antidote (if you have some) to restore up to half the STAMINA points you lost in this way.

It is about time you decided exactly where you are going. At present you are travelling in an easterly direction. Consulting your map of Bone Island again, will you continue eastwards (make a note of the number 164 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **192**), head southeast (turn to **397**) or change course totally and go southwards (turn to **68**)?

293

Having smashed the bottle, and been cut by a shard of glass (lose 1 STAMINA point), you wait for a minute in case the sound of breaking glass has attracted anyone's attention. No pirates burst into the cabin so you proceed to examine the wreckage of the ship. Inside its fragile hull is a scroll. Unrolling the parchment you see that it is a map of a place called Bone Island (see the illustration opposite this page). Written at the bottom of the map are the words, '460 leagues south'. Taking the map with you, you decide that it is time to leave Cinnabar's cabin. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **233**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **253**.

294

Calabrius's Calculator is a large, mechanical contraption, made up of countless cogs, levers and crankshafts. The main feature of the machine, however, is a large panel with five windows in it, behind which are five drums with numbers embossed on them. Standing next to the calculating device is its operator, a wizardly-looking man who you assume is Calabrius. 'Step up, step up. Who will accept the challenge of Calabrius's Calculator? Only two Gold Pieces and you could win ten!' the man calls out. You imagine that this challenge involves solving some kind of puzzle generated by the machine. If you want to accept Calabrius's challenge (turn to **364**). If not, you can look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to **81**), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to **9**) or now leave the Gambling Pits (turn to **207**).

295

The new tunnel leads you through an archway and into a great cavern. The path you are on curves around the side of an abyss, descending slightly as it does so. Peering over the ledge you can just make out the jagged stalagmites on the bone-littered cavern floor. Bravely, you step onto the path. Instantly you feel it giving way beneath your feet and start to run. Roll two dice, four times. If on any of the rolls you get a double, turn to **272**. If you never roll a double, turn to **363**.

296

The sturdy lighthouse door is locked, but using the Skeleton Key, you enter the crumbling tower. Inside you find what was obviously the Wreckers' den. Several empty crates have been arranged around a barrel, which acts as a table, and bedrolls lie in one corner. On the barrel are a candle, two dice, enough Provisions for three meals, and a partially burnt letter. Picking up the charred parchment, you read what you can:

has been changed. It is no longer 'Leviathan', it is now 'Crossbones'. Destroy this letter at once. Should you encounter the snooper, do what is necessary. We meet at the allotted time at

The rest of the message no longer exists. This is a valuable clue (regain 1 LUCK point). Taking whatever else you want, you notice a trapdoor in another corner of the room. Do you want to:

Open the trapdoor?	Turn to **338**
Return to the cliff to explore the cave?	Turn to **391**
Leave Mallan's Point?	Turn to **309**

297

It takes two days for the *Fortune* to sail around the perilous Crab Reefs. During this time you are able to rest and recover your strength (restore up to 6 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Eventually, with the reefs behind you, the crew set a course for Bone Island. Turn to **168**.

298

'Curse you!' shouts a red-haired woman, leaping into your way. You recognise the fiery woman as Mirel the Red, Cinnabar's second-in-command. It was she who recovered the pirate-lord's body and brought him back to this world. 'Thanks to you I now have this,' she spits, revealing a hook in place of her left hand, 'but I shall make you pay for your crime ten-fold!'

MIREL THE RED SKILL 11 STAMINA 10

Mirel the Red is a skilled swordswoman. Should you manage to overcome her, turn to **214**.

299

You suddenly begin to feel feverish and start shaking. The Mosquito must have been carrying an accelerated, and potentially deadly, strain of malaria. If you have a Poison Antidote, turn to **180**. If not, turn to **367**.

300

Tossed about by the waves created by the thrashing Behemoth, you hit your head on a broken spar and everything goes black...

You come to on a sandy beach with the surf lapping around you and the sun beating down on your sodden body. About you has been washed up the wreckage of the *Fortune*. You have no idea for how long or how many leagues you have been carried by the ocean currents, but you feel weary and hungry (reduce your current STAMINA score by half). Fortunately you still have your backpack, with all your possessions, and Provisions, intact. Unsteadily you get to your feet. You are on the western side of an island, and ahead of you is the edge of a jungle. Beyond the trees, in the far distance, you can make out some mountainous terrain and the same to the south. Taking out the map you found on Cinnabar's ship, you compare it to the landscape. As far as you can tell, they are the same – this must be Bone Island! Now you are here, maybe you still have a chance to stop

Cinnabar, but perhaps you should first find out more about your surroundings. Will you:

Climb a tree and survey the area?	Turn to 325
Search the wreckage that has been washed ashore?	Turn to 281
Look for other survivors?	Turn to 66
Search for food?	Turn to 242
Set off into the jungle?	Turn to 125

301

Carved from a single piece of ivory, this charm resembles the head of a noble lion. It originates from a tribe of primitives who believe that it will protect whoever possesses it from the dark powers of voodoo. Return to 42.

302

You reveal the golden talisman to the unearthly spirit and for a moment Quezkari appears to hesitate. Then, with a snake-like hiss, it swoops down at you. You have no choice now but to retaliate with your sword. Turn to 177.

303

The Gambling Pits lie within the area of the city known as the Claws – the poorest and most dangerous part of the port. The Pits themselves are housed in a vast, stone building with a large, iron-studded oak door. This entrance is flanked by two Troll guards. As you walk past them, and through the door, they give you a cursory glance and one says roughly, 'Remember, no fighting.' Inside, the Gambling Pits lie under a thick cloud of pipe-weed smoke and are packed with the unsavoury and roguish clientele you would expect. Mingling with the crowds, you check out the different games that are on offer. After a brief look round, you discover three that interest you. Which will you investigate further: the Arrow of Providence (turn to 81), Calabrius's Calculator (turn to 294), 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to 9), or will you leave the Gambling Pits (turn to 207)?

304

The two battling monsters are blocking your way out of the clearing. As they fight, you try to sneak past, without attracting their attention. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 342. If you are Unlucky, turn to 386.

305

Your first assumption, that the place is deserted, proves to be correct. Unhindered, you begin to search the rooms more thoroughly. Rummaging through chests and overturning boxes, you find a sword (which will be useful if you have lost yours), enough Provisions for five meals and a total of 10 Gold Pieces. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 199. If you are Unlucky, turn to 252.

306

Picking up the weapon, you see that it has a keenly honed edge and curious lettering etched on one side of its large, curved blade. Hearing a sound like pebbles being tumbled on a beach, you look round and stare wide-eyed in surprise at the sight before you. The treasure pile itself has animated, taking on a humanoid form, and is striding towards you. With the bone sword in your hand you feel particularly adept at hand-to-hand combat (increase your Attack Strength by 1 point for this battle). Encouraged, you prepare to take on the magically created Golem, which watches you with eyes that are pearls.

TREASURE GOLEM SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 251.

307

You draw your sword and lunge at the twittering creature. The Rainforest Sprite hisses at you and jabs past your guard, with its sharp-pointed javelin, which is also coated with venom from Poison Arrow Frogs. (Lose 3 STAMINA points.) Before you can engage the creature in combat it disappears back into the surrounding greenery as suddenly as it first appeared, jabbering away in its own unintelligible language. As well as injuring you, the sprite has also laid a curse upon you. (Lose 1 LUCK point.) Now turn to the paragraph you noted down previously.

308

Agilely you throw yourself over the pit and land in a forward roll on the other side. Up on your feet again, you step under another macabrely carved archway into a rough-hewn corridor, which runs both left and right. Which way will you go? Left (turn to **149**) or right (turn to **329**)?

309

The salt sea breeze behind you, you return to the Port of Crabs itself, sneaking back into the city to continue your hunt for the pirates. (Add 1 Hour to the Time Elapsed.) Where will you go now?

To the docks?	Turn to **67**
To the taverns and inns?	Turn to **150**
Into the sewers?	Turn to **355**
To the cemetery?	Turn to **83**
To the Temple Quarter?	Turn to **181**

310

As you progress through the streets of the port, you feel, with an increasing sense of unease, that you are being followed. Could it be loyal followers of the Black Skull who are on your tail? Rounding a corner, you soon have your answer. Blocking your way is a group of uniformed soldiers led by the Captain of the City Guard. Behind you, several more armed men emerge from darkened alleyways, so that you are surrounded. The stern-faced Captain Snide steps forward and announces, 'I hereby place you under arrest for disturbing the peace.' But this is absurd!

What have you done to antagonise the City Guard? Everything you are doing is to help the people of Ruddlestone and the Port of Crabs. 'Of course,' Snide adds, 'a small payment of say ten Gold Pieces would see you clear of any charges.' It would seem that the government of this city is corrupt to the core! If you want to pay Snide this extortionate amount to go free, and can afford it, turn to **163**; if not, turn to **236**.

311

Opening the door you enter a small room with a straw-covered floor, and face the full fury of the beasts imprisoned within. The result of some perverse voodoo ritual, one is a large-fanged, bristle-backed pig, the other a mutated two-headed cockerel. Not distinguishing the difference between you and their incarcerators, the enraged animals attack on sight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
HELLHOG	7	6
DEVILFOWL	6	5

If you kill the beasts, you hurry on along the corridor. Turn to **151**.

312

You sneak after the men who are totally oblivious of your presence. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 247. If you are Unlucky, turn to 284.

313

As you look through the racks of scalpels and other surgical instruments, you discover the partially dissected body of a cat. However, as you reach over the carcass to open a drawer, the cat's head hisses and bites your hand! Lose 2 STAMINA points. In a state of shock you jump back from the table but the cat is lifeless once more. Shaken, you decide to leave the Doctor's quarters. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 233. If you are Unlucky, turn to 253.

314

As you search the chamber you find yourself wondering who put all of this junk here and why. Amongst the detritus you find a broken oil-lantern, an old tarpaulin and a splintered piece of balustrade, possibly from a ship's forecastle. In other words, nothing of any value. Now will you:

Open the flag-draped coffin?	Turn to 36
Return to the other chamber and choose the central arch?	Turn to 392
Go back and choose the right-hand archway?	Turn to 255

315

With the threat of a voodoo cult springing up in the city, you decide you have a valid reason for going right to the top and getting the help of the Overpriest himself. The Overpriest holds court within the most magnificent temple in the city – the Grand Temple of Vinar. Entering the pillared marble hall, leading into the temple, you join the queue of hopeful petitioners who would seek an audience with his Excellency the Primate of the God of Pride. At last it is you who stands before the pulpit, next to the doors leading to the Overpriest's inner sanctum. A pasty-looking priest stares down at you with barely suppressed contempt. 'I'm sorry but his Excellency is otherwise engaged in the Ritual of the Sixth Hour at this time,' says the underling. 'He will not be able to see you now. Come back again tomorrow.' Two armed priests, wearing ceremonial armour, cross their halberds in front of you. You plead with the cleric but nothing will change his mind – not even the mention of voodoo. There is no way you will be granted access to the Overpriest. As you are turning to leave, the priest calls out in a patronising tone, 'Wouldn't you care to make an offering to Vinar?' If you choose to toss some Gold Pieces into the treasury at the foot of

the pulpit, make a note of the number of coins and turn to 14. If not, turn to 209.

316

The chest is not locked and raising the lid, you find it full of fine, and no doubt stolen, clothes and tapestries. Under the luxurious garments you find a large, stoppered Bottle of Rum. (If you want to take the rum, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*: drinking it will restore up to 4 STAMINA points.) Now will you examine the globe (turn to 349), the desk (turn to 134) or the ship in a bottle (turn to 29)? Alternatively, you could leave the Captain's cabin (turn to 233).

317

You grab for the ropes holding the bridge together but your reactions are not quick enough. You fall for several seconds into the yawning gulf of the gorge before plunging into the river below. Unfortunately for you, boulders lie just under the surface of the raging torrent. You crack your head on one and, unconscious, you drown, claimed by the hungry white water. Your adventure is over.

318

The pirate unsheathes a long knife with which to defend himself. 'You ain't taken Old Crivens yet,' he spits, vehemently. 'Come any closer and I'll slit yer gizzard!' Ignoring the old man's threats, once again you engage in battle.

CRIVENS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

While you are fighting its master, the the villain's pet monkey does its best to distract you, climbing all over you and biting you. As a result, for the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point and every Attack Round roll one dice: if the number rolled is even you must lose 1 STAMINA point as the monkey has just bitten you. If you are victorious in this battle, turn to 377.

319

At your killing stroke the vampire crumbles to dust before your very eyes. There is now nothing to stop you claiming the Scorpion Talisman as your own: it must be worth at least 10 Gold Pieces! (Add this item to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Do you now want to search Jolly Roger's coffin (turn to 225) or would you rather leave this macabre chamber (turn to 166)?

320

Coming to the edge of a clearing, you see a tribesman being attacked by the grotesque form of a Giant Praying Mantis. The native is obviously no match for the insect and is in dire need of help – but what have you heard about the islanders? Will you run to the tribesman's defence (turn to 229) or go on your way without getting involved (turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down earlier)?

321

The anchor misses your chest by a hair's breadth. Looking into the fog, you can make out a shadowy figure advancing towards you. Drawing your weapon, you prepare for combat. Turn to 231.

322

You manage to ascend to the cliff-top without coming to any further harm and consider your next course of action. Will you now search the lighthouse, if you haven't already done so (turn to 296), or leave Mallan's Point (turn to 309)?

323

Carefully, you open the second door. How long has it taken you to get this far? If it has taken 9 Hours or more, turn to 70. If it has taken 8 Hours or less, turn to 333.

324

By destroying the Crystal of Esoteric Energies you have weakened the High Priest's own magical powers.

Unable to cast his spells at you he pulls a golden dagger with an obsidian blade from his robes with which to attack you.

RAMATU	SKILL 10	STAMINA 9

As you fight, the dagger lets out an ear-piercing shriek, which you find very disconcerting (reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle). If you win against the High Priest of Quezkari, turn to 7.

325

Shinning up a tall tree growing at the edge of the beach, you look out over a panorama of lush, steaming jungle to the higher ground beyond. From your vantage point you also make out a river running southwest from the mountains to a swamp, and on the eastern side of the island you can see a large lagoon. Feeling a stinging sensation you look down to see a parasitic growth covering the trunk of the tree creeping onto your leg. You must defend yourself against the carnivorous plant.

LEECH VINE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

As you are fighting whilst clinging to the branches of a tree, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point during this fight. Also, if you roll a double, you fall out of the tree suffering one dice worth of STAMINA damage, but in doing so you evade the parasite. If you win, or fall out of the tree, return to 300 and choose another option.

326

You give the door a mighty kick but all you succeed in doing is rattling the bolts – and attracting the attention of the Wreckers who have been shining their light out to sea to lure ships onto the hull-ripping rocks along this stretch of coast. Wielding knives and cudgels, the Wreckers run at you. Fight them all at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WRECKER	7	7
Second WRECKER	6	7
Third WRECKER	8	7

If you win, turn to 369.

327

You can now either head southeast towards the lagoon (turn to 10) or northeast into the mountains (turn to 115).

328

The last of the pirates falls and with some relief you sheathe your sword. It looks as if the pirates have beaten Dregg within an inch of his life and he is failing fast. You do your best to make the old man comfortable and he opens his eyes. 'Thanks, stranger,' he gasps, 'but I'm a goner now. They're up to something you know.' You ask him who he's talking about. 'Cinnabar's crew, the Pirates of the Black Skull.' Looking at the hands of Dregg's assailants, you see that each bears the tattoo of a grinning black skull. 'I've seen them meeting up again around the taverns

in the city; Silas Gallows, Keelhaul Jack, old Crivens, even Malu the Witchdoctor. They're planning something all right. Rumour says Mirel the Red found Cinnabar's body and that he's not rightly dead. But he's not rightly alive either, see. It's all that voodoo and black magic they meddle in. Not right so it isn't.' Dregg coughs weakly: 'He's coming back. We'll all be doomed! Stranger, beware the Black Skull. Bloodbones is coming back!' And then he is gone. Laying the old man down, you ponder his last words and what your next action should be. So Cinnabar is not really dead. In that case you may still be revenged. But what did Dregg mean when he said that Cinnabar is not really alive either? Dregg has given you several clues about your enemy and where you should start your search for him. The old man mentioned that the Pirates of the Black Skull were gathering again in the Port of Crabs so they may have a hidden base somewhere in the city, but of course at present you have no idea where it may be.

You now have several options open to you. You could visit some of the taverns and inns yourself, in the hope of finding out more (turn to 150), or you could visit the notorious Gambling Pits, a possible source of information and a way of increasing your Gold Pieces (turn to 303). Alternatively, it might be a good idea to equip yourself better at the markets before you set out on your quest (turn to 365), or you could try to find out more about the Black Skull and the cult of Quezkari (turn to 315). Then again you may do well to get the help of the authorities against Cinnabar (turn

to 103), although Governor Montargo has certainly allowed the port to remain a safe haven for buccaneers and freebooters. Of course you could abandon your search for further information and instead look for the pirates' hidden base (turn to 16).

329

The tunnel winds ever onwards under the mountain. The monotony of the passageway is finally broken when you come to an alcove in the left-hand wall. In the alcove is a bowl of smouldering incense and flower petals. The aromatic smoke billows out into the corridor and as you smell it you begin to feel light-headed. You will have to walk through the smoke to proceed any further but, as you do so, will you breathe in deeply (turn to 39) or hold your breath (turn to 185)?

330

Baring its blunt yellow teeth and screaming its rage, the Great Ape prepares to defend its territory once again.

GREAT APE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, you continue on your way through the forest. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

331

You clear a path to the crystal through the snakes and, swinging your blade in a mighty arc, strike the glowing rock. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **104**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **376**.

332

As you trek through the jungle you come upon a fast-flowing river. To continue on your way you can either attempt to wade across the river (turn to **256**), or try to find another way to cross (turn to **347**).

333

You find yourself at the back of a vast hall which is packed with black-robed Devotees and scurvy-looking pirates! Ducking down behind a stack of crates you see that at the other end of the great chamber is a huge, grotesque effigy. The thing has a skeletal human body with an over-sized skull. Around the grinning skull is a feathered-headdress and in each hand is a blazing torch. Surely this statue is a likeness of the cruel voodoo death-god, Quezkari! Standing before the statue is a man you recognise. He still wears the fine gold-braided, scarlet coat of a nobleman and a large tricorn hat but his flesh is now a sickly greenish-grey and pus oozes from great gashes and holes in his skin. The pirate-lord's fine black hair and beard is now a straggly mess and his jaundice-yellow eyes stare wildly from shadowy sockets. Cinnabar! Then the rumours were true: Mirel the Red did find her captain's body. With the help of Quezkari's Devotees, and their dark, forbidden

practices, he has been brought back to life. The pirate-lord addresses the throng. 'Pirates of the Black Skull, tonight we sail for Bone Island. There the ritual to complete my resurrection will take place and then, invulnerable, and with the power of Quezkari at our disposal, we shall return to this vermin-hole and exact our revenge. The Port of Crabs will be ours!' A great cheer of approval rises from the amassed followers of Quezkari and your blood runs cold. Although you have no love for the port, should Cinnabar take it over, no lawful city anywhere along the coast will be safe from buccaneers and freebooters. He must be stopped!

Suddenly you feel a strong hand on your shoulder and you spin round to see two ugly rogues standing behind you. You soon find yourself dragged before the undead pirate-lord in front of Quezkari's statue. In seconds he has pronounced his sentence and as you are taken away, he addresses his crew again: 'We sail with the tide at midnight!' Following their captain, the pirates swiftly file out of the shrine. Meanwhile, you are taken to a pit at one end of the chamber and tied by your wrists to metal rings in the wall at the bottom of the pit. The pirates then abandon you to join their fellows. It is then that you notice a small hole in the bottom of the wall, through which water is starting to enter the pit. The hole links the pit with the sea. As the tide rises, so the pit fills with water, and soon you will be totally submerged. The water is already up to your waist. You pull on the rings but they are securely embedded in the wall and the rope

shows no sign of breaking either. How are you going to get out of this? If you have a Shark's Teeth Bracelet, turn to the paragraph, which is the same as the number of teeth on the bracelet. If you do not, turn to 132.

334

Choosing a location you haven't already visited, where do you want to go now in your search for information?

The taverns and inns of the city?	Turn to 150
The notorious Gambling Pits?	Turn to 303
The markets?	Turn to 365
The Temple Quarter?	Turn to 315
To see Governor Montargo himself?	Turn to 103

If you are done with looking for information, or you have some idea where they might be hiding, you could start looking for the pirates' secret base (turn to 51).

335

Passing a rocky outcrop at the edge of a cliff, a strange, reptilian humanoid suddenly leaps at you as if from nowhere. Camouflaged against the boulder by its colour-changing skin, the hunting Chameleonite bounds towards you with its short spear raised.

CHAMELEONITE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win, your opponent's body plunges from the cliff edge onto the rocks below. Unhindered, you are able to proceed along the cliff path. Turn to 283.

336

Under the Scarachna's constant onslaught you stumble backwards into its web. Held fast by the sticky strands you can do nothing as the hybrid sinks its fangs into your body, paralysing you and binding you with silk, to be left until it is ready to devour you!

337

With you fighting on its side against the Great Ape, the saurus soon overcomes its challenger. Turn to 278.

338

Sliding back the bolts you lift the trapdoor and see, cowering in a shallow pit, a frightened, half-starved cat. In fear and anger, it leaps out of the hole, biting you and raking your flesh with its claws (lose 2 STAMINA points), before escaping into the night. The Wreckers must have kept the cat prisoner as part of some cruel torment or wager, no doubt. Now, will you descend the cliff to the cave entrance (turn to 391) or leave the lighthouse and Mallan's Point altogether (turn to 309)?

339

The pan hits you squarely in the chest and scalding hot water splashes all over you. Roll one dice and add 1. This is the total number of STAMINA points you lose. If you roll a 6 lose 1 SKILL point as well. A meat cleaver gripped tightly in one podgy hand, the cannibal cook charges at you, his rolls of fat wobbling disgustingly.

BLADDERWRACK THE COOK	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you defeat the cook, turn to 285.

340

Before your air runs out, you slip the chain from your ankles and swim back to the surface. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) Treading water, you recover your breath and, looking towards the jetty, you see that the Anchor Man has gone, thinking you dead. Back on dry land, you continue your search for secret entrances a while longer but discover nothing, so you give up looking here. Add 1 Hour and turn to 52.

341

The rest of the crew having repelled the other attacking crabs, the *Fortune* sails free of the reef (turn to 168).

342

Incredibly you manage to avoid falling foul of either the ape or the lizard as they snap, slash and hurl themselves at each other. Once on the other side of the clearing, you continue on your way. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

343

Having severed the Pitcher's only means of attack you are soon able to finish off the rest of the carnivorous plant, hacking its acid-filled vase open with your sword. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) Among the roots of the Giant Pitcher-Plant you find the remains of its previous meals. However, you also find a total of 7 Gold Pieces, a green jade monkey totem and a rusty cutlass. Taking whichever of these items you wish, you set off into the green depths of the jungle again, a little more warily this time. Turn to the paragraph you noted down previously.

344

The Behemoth sucks in a great quantity of seawater along with the wreckage of the *Fortune*, its crew and yourself. You end your adventure drowned inside the stomach of a giant fish.

345

Quezkari is in reality a powerful evil spirit, invulnerable to non-magical weapons. Although you valiantly hold off the frenzied creature, ultimately you weaken under its onslaught and join the other souls of Quezkari's victims in eternal damnation.

346

You pay your 2 Gold Pieces (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*) and step up to the board. You get three spins of the arrow and over those three goes you must score a total of ten or more to win the jackpot. To spin the arrow, roll one dice and add 6: This is the

number of spaces round the board that the arrow moves. The next spin starts from this space. You may play the game as many times as you like, as long as you have enough money, but if you win the jackpot, you cannot play again. When you are finished here, turn to **260**.

347

It is some time before you find another way to cross the river, via a fallen, vine-clad tree trunk, and your body is beginning to feel the strain of trekking through the jungle. (Lose 1 STAMINA point.) Now return to **192** and roll two dice again, remembering that each encounter may not occur more than once.

348

Cross off one meal from your Provisions. The creature snatches the food from you and gobbles it down. Then it cheekily reaches out with its hand again! What will you do now?

Give the creature an item from your backpack?	Turn to **122**
Attack the creature?	Turn to **307**
Ignore it and go on your way?	Turn to **384**

349

It does not take you long to discover that the globe is hollow and opens. Inside is a cloth bag containing 24 Gold Pieces and a diamond necklace. Taking the treasure will you leave the cabin (turn to **233**) or first examine the chest (turn to **316**), the desk (turn to **134**) or the ship in a bottle (turn to **29**)?

350

Leaving the Octopus's lair, you manage to ascend to the cliff-top without coming to any further harm and consider your next course of action. Will you now search the lighthouse, if you haven't already done so (turn to **296**), or leave Mallan's Point (turn to **309**)?

351

Scouring the various stalls, you soon find a number of items that might be of use to you on your quest. You may buy any of the things on the list, as long as you have enough money (deducting the correct number of Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*).

Rope	1 Gold Piece
Extra Provisions	1 Gold Piece for each meal
Cutlass	8 Gold Pieces
Throwing Dagger	3 Gold Pieces
Chainmail Coat	6 Gold Pieces
Flask of Grog	3 Gold Pieces
Poison Antidote	4 Gold Pieces
Gas-Globes	6 Gold Pieces

The Cutlass does not carry any bonuses: it is just another weapon. You may use the Throwing Dagger

against an opponent before a combat: *Test your Skill*, and if you are successful you may deduct 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you win the combat you can reclaim the dagger. The Chainmail Coat reduces any opponent's Attack Strength by 1 point, but while you are wearing it, you must add 1 to the dice-roll every time you have to *Test your Skill*. The Grog is very invigorating and will restore up to 4 STAMINA points; also for the duration of the next combat you are involved in after drinking the Grog, you may add 1 point to your Attack Strength – but only for that one battle. The Poison Antidote is effective against toxins and venoms of many kinds and there is enough for three uses. There are three Gas-Globes, which look like small glass spheres filled with a swirling mist. You may use a Gas-Globe before going into battle: the globe simply has to be smashed on the ground in front of an enemy who will then be enveloped by a sense-numbing cloud which has the effect of reducing their Attack Strength by 2 points. However, the Gas-Globes will not affect Undead, Demons or magical creatures. When you have finished here, do you want to look around the Bazaar for more exotic items (turn to **42**) or leave the markets (turn to **111**)?

352

You collapse on the sandy shore, utterly crestfallen. So near and yet so... What was that sound? It was like the blowing of the wind in a ship's sails, but there is not even so much as a breeze. You look up and there, gliding into the lagoon, is a battered, storm-wracked

vessel – the *Sea Maiden*. As soon as you are within earshot, the ghostly Captain Velyarde calls to you from the deck: 'Do not worry my friend. Cinnabar has not thwarted us yet. Come, join us.'

In no time at all you are on board: the *Sea Maiden* sets off at once. The ghost ship travels at an incredible rate of knots, flying over the waves as it chases after the *Virago*. During the exhilarating voyage, Velyarde explains his crew's continued presence on the Earthly Plane: 'It was Cinnabar's pirates who slaughtered my crew and I, damning us for all eternity. Now there is a chance to be revenged and restore the cosmic order.' And then in mid-ocean the pirates' galleon comes into view. As you watch, a ball of burning pitch shoots from the *Virago* at the *Sea Maiden*, and it is dead on target. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **232**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **128**.

353

Opening the door, you step into a freezing cabin. Icicles hang from the beams and your breath turns to mist in the cold air. Then the room's occupant attacks. An ill-defined, misty human form springs at you from the cabin and tries to grab you with its frozen hands. You draw your sword and defend yourself as the wraith-like creature moans, 'Cooold! So cooold!'

CHILLER SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

While you fight the Chiller you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because of the icy cold. Also, for every further 2 rounds the battle lasts you must reduce your Attack Strength by a further point. If you repel the ghost, turn to **389**.

354

Watching your footing, you inch into the shadows. The water inside the cave suddenly begins to churn and two slimy, sucker-lined tentacles burst from the sea and reach for you. Quickly drawing your sword, you prepare to defend yourself.

TENTACLES SKILL 7 STAMINA 4

If the Tentacles score two hits in succession, turn at once to **161**. If you defeat the tentacles without them scoring two successful hits in a row, turn to **280**.

355

The port's sewers empty into the open sea through an outlet in the harbour wall. Your lantern lit, you enter the sewer. Following one foul-smelling channel

after another, you wander through the labyrinthine sewers, finding no sign of any hidden base or nefarious goings-on. (Add 1 Hour to your total.) Trudging through the cold and damp you slowly become aware of a sloshing sound behind you. Pausing, you turn to face whatever is following you. From out of the shadows emerges an ugly, stooped humanoid creature, with distended arms and carrying a crude club. Seeing you, the Troll becomes excited. 'A Yooman! Just what Gunk needs to fill his belly!' Drooling saliva over his tusks, Gunk the Sewer Troll raises his club, ready to smash your skull open.

GUNK SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

While you are fighting Gunk, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because of the effect of the nauseating stench of the sewers. If you win, turn to **3**.

356

The undead pirate snatches the skeleton artefact from you and snaps it in half before you can stop it. Cross the item off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **147**.

357

The pirates are not expecting this reaction from you, and you are able to wound one of the rogues before they know what is going on. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PIRATE	6	5
Second PIRATE	6	7

If you win, the Half-Ogre steps forward to fight you. Will you face your opponent (turn to **187**) or try to escape (turn to **6**)?

358

Saying your own name, you try to prompt a response from the primitive. 'Balinac wants food,' grunts the creature. Will you offer Balinac something (turn to **183**), prepare to attack the creature (turn to **95**) or flee into the jungle (turn to **125**)?

359

Treading carefully, and keeping an eye open for any more overgrown mosquitoes, you are startled when three figures rise out of the clinging mire in front of you. They may once have been human but the creatures before you now are decomposing travesties, remnants of mud-sodden jerkins and breeches still hanging from their skeletal frames and each clutches a cutlass in its atrophying hands. You are facing only a few of the many who have lost their way and their lives in the swamp. Moaning balefully, the Zombie Pirates lurch at you. Fight them individually.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE PIRATE	6	6
Second ZOMBIE PIRATE	5	7
Third ZOMBIE PIRATE	7	6

If you defeat the shambling Undead, their bodies sink back into the swamp, leaving you to freely enter the jungle. Make a note of the number 397 and turn to **192**.

360

'I won't say any more unless you give old Scrimshaw a present,' the man says, giggling. He will accept any special items or artefacts you may have, including Grog or Rum, but not Provisions or Gold Pieces. If you agree to give Scrimshaw a present, cross it off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **41**. If not, or you are unable to, turn to **130**.

361

What will you choose? If you want to use a Blue Gem, turn to the paragraph which has the same number as there are sides to the jewel. If not, will you use a Skeleton Artefact (turn to **136**), a Witchdoctor's Wand (turn to **106**), a Monkey Totem (turn to **286**) or a Scorpion Talisman (**302**)? If you cannot or do not want to use any of the above you will have to use your weapon (turn to **177**).

362

The few items of furniture that remain inside this cabin are rimmed with frost and ice crystals cover the inside of a small, sealed porthole. As you search

the room you hear the voice of the wraith-ghost again. 'Leeeeave this plaace!' it screams. You shiver in fear, feeling ice water trickle down your spine and the blood curdle in your veins. (Lose 1 LUCK point and 1 SKILL point.) In terror you flee the haunted cabin. Turn to **4**.

363

Resounding booms echo around the cavern as the ledge falls away behind you onto the rocks below. And then around a bend you see another archway in the cave wall. With one final spurt of energy you throw yourself through it, into the passageway beyond. Having recovered your breath you choose whether to go right (turn to **57**) or left (turn to **91**).

364

'Ahh, a contestant!' Calabrius exclaims. 'Come forward, don't be shy. Now where's your money?' You hand the man your 2 Gold Pieces (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*). Calabrius moves to the side of the huge calculating device and pulls a lever. There is a lot of noisy clanking and the number drums spin round at great speed. Gradually, one by one, they come to a stop behind their windows, the last one revealing itself to be blank so that the panel looks like this:

1 9 25 57 –

'The Calculator has devised its cunning conundrum. This machine can baffle even the greatest minds in Ruddlestone. Can you work out what the next number

in the sequence should be?' Well, can you? If so, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the answer. If you cannot solve the puzzle or the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, meaning you have got the answer wrong, you will have to leave Calabrius's Calculator and look at the Arrow of Providence (turn to 81), visit 'The Amazing Armarno' (turn to 9) or leave the Gambling Pits (turn to 207).

365

The port's sprawling markets lie within the Merchant Quarter, which runs from Farthing Lane to Money-lender's Street. You have two possible options now; either you can look for practical equipment around the markets (turn to 351) or you can visit the Port of Crabs' lively Bazaar with its more exotic – and expensive – wares (turn to 42).

366

The Witchdoctor's room is full of totems and votive offerings. Amongst his possessions are a Crocodile Amulet, a small whalebone Skeleton Artefact and his wand, which now seems to have lost its power. You may take any of these objects if you want before leaving Malu's den. When you are finished here will you:

Open the far door?	Turn to 191
Open the door to the right?	Turn to 141
Open the door marked 'Captain?'	Turn to 97
Descend the staircase?	Turn to 211

367

Your symptoms rapidly become worse as you quickly succumb to the malaria. An agonizing death awaits, but fortunately for you it will not be long in coming. Your adventure is tragically over.

368

The tribesman, who is very eloquent, thanks you profusely for saving his life and gives you a Nauk Fruit (equivalent to 1 meal) before hurrying off into the jungle. (Record the word 'Sitnam' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down.)

369

The light is snuffed out and the vessel the Wreckers were luring onto the rocks turns away just in time, heading back out towards the open sea. (Record the word 'Enutrof' on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Searching the Wreckers' bodies you find a total of 5 Gold Pieces and a Skeleton Key. As you are considering what to do next, from your vantage point high on the promontory you spot a sizeable cave entrance on the shoreline where the cliff-base meets the sea. Could this be the location of the pirates' hideout? Will you:

Climb down the cliff to the cave?	Turn to 391
Return to the lighthouse and investigate it further?	Turn to 296
Leave Mallan's Point?	Turn to 309

370

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **341**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **60**.

371

Hacking through the jungle with machetes, three pirates emerge from the undergrowth into your path. The first has a neatly trimmed beard and wears a bandana. The second has an ugly scar running from the top of his head down his chest and the last looks like a man-sized monkey! 'It's the snooper!' exclaims Keelhaul Jack, surprised at seeing you still alive. 'Attack!' Between the trees you are able to fight Cinnabar's pirates one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
JANGO	7	6
KEELHAUL JACK	8	7
SIMA THE MONKEY MAN	7	7

If you win, a search of the pirates' bodies reveals 8 Gold Pieces and a small bottle of rum (drinking this will restore up to 2 STAMINA points). You may also take one of their swords if you have lost yours, then turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

372

Studying the carving you deduce that the inscription around it reveals how to open the door. If you can work out the number hidden in the puzzle, turn to the paragraph with that number. If you are unable to you

have no choice but to return to the junction and go the other way (turn to 329).

373

The smugglers dead, you look inside the chest. It is full of counterfeit coins and the villains themselves only possess 4 Gold Pieces. Although you search as well as you can in the mist and darkness, you are unable to discover where the smugglers were headed. There is nothing more you can do here so you leave the cemetery. Add 1 Hour and turn to 52.

374

There is only one dose of this potion but, when drunk, it has the effect of restoring your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level and adding 2 to your Attack Strength for the next battle you have to fight. Return to 42.

375

You dodge the bolt and prepare to attack (turn to 182).

376

The crystal explodes in a blaze of light, blasting shards of rock around the chamber, some of which hit you (roll one dice, add 2 and deduct that number of STAMINA points). If you are still alive, you leave the crystal room. Record the word 'Dehsams' on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 329.

377

As Crivens' monkey scampers away, you make a quick search of the bodies of your assailants, each of which has the mark of the Black Skull on their right hand. The Devotees carry no possessions but the old pirate is a different case entirely. About his person Crivens has a purse containing 6 Gold Pieces and a very unusual coin indeed. Almost twice the size of a Gold Piece, its face bears the image of a crab – it is a doubloon. Turning it over, you are surprised to discover that the other side has also been stamped with the picture of a crab. Doubloons have not been minted in the Port of Crabs for two centuries and as a consequence are rare and of great value. The coin you hold in your hand however is obviously a counterfeit as it has two heads. From this you can only surmise that someone has been trying to mint their own doubloons, no doubt as a way to raise some money. (Add the Crab Doubloon to your *Adventure Sheet*.) You may also take Crivens' Throwing Dagger if you wish. If you do, you can use it against an opponent before having to fight them: *Test your Skill* and, if you are successful, you may reduce their STAMINA score by 2 points. You may reclaim the dagger after the fight. Dregg told you that Crivens was one of Cinnabar's old crew so they obviously know that you are on to them. You will have to be careful not to attract their attentions further. Hurriedly, if somewhat cautiously, you set off again, away from the markets. If you have the word 'Dnalsi' written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 17. If you do not, turn to 334.

378

Although the ropes and planks of the bridge creak and groan at your passing, the whole thing holds and you enter the cliff-face through the skull's open mouth. You find yourself in a high-ceilinged, torch-lit tunnel, which cuts its way deep into the mountain. It is not long before the tunnel opens out into a large, square chamber. Hideous painted carvings adorn the walls here but there is nothing else of interest in the room. However, three archways in the opposite wall lead onwards into the temple. Will you proceed through the archway to the left (turn to **216**), through the one in the centre (turn to **392**) or by passing under the archway to the right (turn to **255**)?

379

Incredibly you manage to kill the creature in its own watery domain. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) You heave yourself out of the water and take a few minutes to recover your breath. Then, confident that it will now be safe, you explore the cave. However, to your disappointment, no other tunnels lead from it. The pirates' hideout obviously isn't here. Turn to **350**.

380

The spider-scorpion strikes you with its sting, injecting its virulent poison directly into your blood-stream. (Lose 6 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2.) If you are still alive, reeling from the effects of the toxin, you continue your battle against the Scarachna. Return to **144**.

381

The castaway is happy to have someone to talk to having been alone on the island for so many years. Scrimshaw tells you that he was one of the crew of the notorious Blackscar and was marooned by him once the legendary pirate had hidden his treasure. He also says that the island is home to a warrior-tribe who live in fear of an evil priest. If you want to now ask him more about Blackscar's treasure, turn to **360**, otherwise you can leave the old man and explore the hills alone (turn to **65**).

382

Somewhat uncertainly, you hand over the 4 Gold Pieces (deduct them from your *Adventure Sheet*). 'Sit down and rest your weary feet,' says Madame Galbo in a soothing voice, and you comply willingly. 'You seek the followers of Quezkari for you fear they will return their pirate-lord to life?' You nod to confirm the wisewoman's thoughts. 'Your fears are well founded, for I have spoken with the spirits. Even now, those loyal to the Black Skull and Cinnabar make blood offerings to the death-god to restore the Pillager so that he may continue his reign of terror on the twelve seas of Titan. A champion, such as you, must stop them, for theirs is the way of voodoo. Voodoo magic is the magic of wild, untamed places. It is the magic of the jungle, primal and savage. It is primitive, bestial and dark. If Cinnabar returns he will be unstoppable and will enslave all of this city to his bloodthirsty master. I can help you in one of three ways for you cannot delay here – time is short. Do you

want me to look into your future to help you (turn to **11**), heal your wounds (turn to **179**) or prepare you a compound that may be of use in your trial (turn to **261**)?'

383

The tendril manages to wrap itself around you and, before you can do anything to free yourself, it drags you into the vase of the Pitcher Plant. The vase is filled with a potent natural acid, which is how the plant digests its food – you have just become its next meal. Your adventure comes to an agonising end here.

384

The creature does not appreciate being ignored and jabbers away at you in its own unintelligible language, but does not attack, so you set off through the jungle once more. However, as you leave, and unknown to you, the spiteful Rainforest Sprite steals one item and one meal's worth of your Provisions from your backpack as you depart. Cross these things off your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to the paragraph you noted down previously.

385

Chopping your way onwards through the sweltering jungle, you become lulled into a false sense of security. Slowly you are alerted to the presence of something moving in the trees above you. You freeze and look up into the canopy. There, clinging to the branches by its eight legs, is a monstrous, red spider with a scorpion's tail and sting arched over its back.

The spider-scorpion hybrid instantly shoots a sticky silk-like substance from its mouth directly at you. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **144**. If you fail, turn to **84**.

386

As you try to creep past, the lizard's lashing tail strikes you and the ape accidentally lands a crushing blow against your shoulder. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Once on the other side of the clearing, you continue on your way. Turn to the paragraph with the number you noted down previously.

387

Some of the wreckage from Conyn's ship is still half-submerged in the sea. As you scour the flotsam and jetsam you reach under the broken hull of a jolly boat and are bitten by an eel hiding there (lose 2 STAMINA points). The rest of your search proves fruitless, so you give up on this course of action. Return to **300** and choose an option you have not picked already.

388

On touching the pearl you feel a warm tingling sensation in your arm. Holding the pearl in both hands your whole body is filled with revitalizing energy. Restore both you STAMINA and SKILL scores to their *Initial* levels and regain 2 LUCK points. Blessed by the life-giving pearl which Ramatu stole from the Usai tribe, you can now either take the fetish as well (turn to **210**) or leave the temple (turn to **188**).

389

With a fading moan the blood-freezing spirit dissolves into the chilling mist that fills the cabin. Do you want to depart the cabin yourself (turn to **4**), or do you want to explore the room first (turn to **362**)?

390

The bounty hunter finally agrees to approach the vessel but will have nothing to do with the ship himself. As the *Fortune* nears the *Sea Maiden* you see that its sails are rotten and the planks it is constructed from are covered with algae. Only the ghost ship's figurehead of a beautiful young woman appears untarnished. You can see no one on deck, the only sound being the moan of the wind in the ship's sails and the creaking of the mast. Do you want to personally board the *Sea Maiden* to explore it further (turn to **238**) or leave the vessel on its eternal voyage (turn to **153**)?

391

In the darkness, and with the rocks constantly splashed by sea-spray, your descent is somewhat dangerous. *Test your Skill* three times. If you fail any of the rolls, turn to **114**. If you pass all of the rolls, turn to **219**.

392

The tunnel you find yourself in has been cut from the bedrock of the mountain itself. Creeping through the gloom you hear a skittering sound ahead of you. Then three stunted figures appear to coalesce from out of

the darkness. At first you think they are pygmies but then you realise that there is something horribly wrong. The pallid grey flesh, the sightless white eyes, the slack dead expressions – these pygmies are already dead and have been brought back to life by some unholy power. And you are going to have to fight them.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE PYGMY	6	5
Second ZOMBIE PYGMY	5	5
Third ZOMBIE PYGMY	6	4

The first and second pygmies attack you at the same time with their stabbing javelins whilst the third attempts to hit you with poison darts from its deadly blowpipe. Every other Attack Round, roll for the third pygmy's Attack Strength as well. If it is greater than yours it manages to hit you with one of its darts, causing you to lose an additional 2 points of STAMINA. Once you have defeated the first and second Zombie Pygmy you may then fight the third as normal. If you survive this encounter, turn to 20.

393

'Ah yes,' grins the guru, accepting your money happily (cross off the 2 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*), 'you are the curse-lifter, the ridder of evil, the seeker of truth, the righter of wrongs.' You have a feeling this is what the wise man tells all his punters. 'Beware, vengeance-seeker, for a watery grave awaits you between the Crab's claws and the under-tunnels hold nothing but death. Search out the

beacon and the woman of the taboo path.' Mystified, you ponder what to do next. Will you consult the blind seer (turn to 167) or the mute fortune-teller (turn to 98) for another 2 Gold Pieces, or would you rather now leave the Temple Quarter (add 1 Hour and turn to 334)?

394

Trapping the Jaguar in a headlock you beat the cat into submission. Victorious, you are pulled from the pit and have your weapon returned. Turn to 142.

395

At your final blow, your ghostly adversary reels and then rises up again, apparently unharmed and smiling, as are the other undead! 'Thank you, brave warrior,' says the captain in more human tones. 'Years ago we were damned to sail the twilight way by a foul-begotten pirate-lord. By besting me in battle, you have released us from our hellish curse. We shall be eternally grateful but now you must leave our ship, and quickly.' Not waiting for an explanation you rush back to the deck and disembark the *Sea Maiden*. (Add the word 'Nediam' to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point for lifting the curse.) Turn to 153.

396

Turning a corner you feel a sharp pinprick in the back of your neck. Putting your hand to the place, you pull a tiny dart from your skin. Its tip is stained with a dark liquid – pois... Turn to **158**.

397

Dusk is falling as you come to the outskirts of a group of mud huts in a large clearing in the jungle. You can see tribespeople going about their business within the village but how do you think they'd react to a stranger not native to Bone Island? Will you enter the village (turn to **274**) or give it a wide berth and camp for the night in the jungle (turn to **164**)?

398

Could it be? Hastily you pull the tiny grimacing idol from your backpack and know that you are correct in your assumptions by Cinnabar's reaction: his heart is actually enclosed inside the fetish of the voodoo death-god! 'What are you doing with that?' the pirate-lord gasps in horror. 'Look, I'll give you anything you desire; gold, jewels, why even the Port of Crabs if you so wish. Only spare me!' Cinnabar has shown himself to be the pitiful coward he really is. The only thing he owes you for the slaughter of your family is his death! Hurling the fetish onto the deck you smash it open and pierce Cinnabar's heart with the tip of your sword. With a spine-chilling wail, Cinnabar collapses in front of you. Immediately his flesh starts to decay, dissolving into a grey-green sludge as it drops from his bones, which in turn crumble to dust. Soon all that

is left of the foul pirate-lord are his clothes. The butcher known as Bloodbones is truly dead at last (regain 1 LUCK point).

Suddenly a cloud of thick, black smoke starts to pour from the shattered pieces of the broken fetish. The vapour coalesces and then solidifies before you into a terrifying form: the true source of Cinnabar's power is manifesting itself. Standing where the pirate fell is a grotesque creature with a withered, skeletal human body and a grossly over-large, skull-like head, adorned with a feathered headdress. At the death of his servant, Quezkari himself has come to seek your demise! Will you try to use something against the horror (turn to 361) or attack it with your weapon (turn to 177)?

399

The Darkwood Armband is carved to look like a snake with its tail in its mouth. Putting it on does not make you feel any different – at least not at the moment. Now return to 42.

400

At your killing blow, Quezkari's rapidly decomposing body is engulfed in flames. Looking about you, you see that, having lost their leader and witnessed the defeat of their 'god', the pirates are running around in disarray and have almost been suppressed by the undead crew of the *Sea Maiden*. Your attention is drawn back to Quezkari's corpse by the raging fire that has now spread to the deck and

mast of the *Virago*. 'Hurry, my friend!' calls Velyarde. 'We are done here.'

Fleeing the pirate vessel with the rest of Velyarde's crew, once you are back on board the ghost ship you watch from a safe distance as the galleon is consumed by flames and then finally sinks beneath the waves. Thanks to you, the cruel pirate-lord Cinnabar has been destroyed, along with his evil master Quezkari, and the Pirates of the Black Skull are no more. Your homeland is safe.

As the sun sinks towards the horizon, tingeing the Western Ocean a brilliant orange, you gaze out across the watery expanse deep in thought. You are stirred from your reverie by Captain Velyarde as he joins you at the prow. 'Before we must depart this world for good, may I pay you one last service for freeing us from our unending torment, by taking you to some port?' he asks.

'Yes,' you say in reply, 'Clam Beach. Take me home.'

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
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This edition published in the UK in 2006 by Wizard Books,
an imprint of Icon Books Ltd., The Old Dairy,
Brook Road, Thriplow, Cambridge SG8 7RG
email: wizard@iconbooks.co.uk
www.iconbooks.co.uk/wizard

Sold in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia by TBS Ltd.,
TBS Distribution Centre, Colchester Road,
Frating Green, Colchester CO7 7DW

This edition published in Australia in 2006 by
Allen & Unwin Pty. Ltd., PO Box 8500,
83 Alexander Street, Crows Nest, NSW 2065

Distributed in Canada by Penguin Books Canada,
90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700,
Toronto, Ontario M4P 2Y3

ISBN 10: 1 84046 765 7
ISBN 13: 978 1840467 65 9

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Illustrations copyright © 2006 Tony Hough
Map copyright © 2006 Jonathan Green

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Printed and bound in the UK by
Cox & Wyman Ltd., Reading

For Steve and Ian, who started it all.
For Dave Holt, who kept the faith.
And for everyone else who ever wondered…

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 14-15 there is an *Adventure Sheet*, which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording the scores of your attributes. You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one dice. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one dice. Add 6 to the number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, all your scores will change constantly during the adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may never exceed their *Initial* scores, except on those very rare occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Your SKILL reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility. Your STAMINA score reflects

how healthy and physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky you are.

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you, and you yourself may choose to draw your sword against an enemy you chance across. In some such situations you may be given special options allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box found at the back of the book. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions, which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll both dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled, to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows: start a new Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).

5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. You may use LUCK to reduce the loss of STAMINA (see below).
6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die, your adventure ends and you must start all over again by creating a new character.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one person or creature in combat. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will be able to fight each in turn; and at other times you will have to fight them all at the same time! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. When you are instructed to fight your opponents one at a time, the combat is again resolved normally – except that once you defeat an enemy, the next steps forward to fight you! When you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against any additional opponents you throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way; if your Attack Strength is greater than your opponent's, in this instance you will not inflict any damage; you can regard it as if you have parried an incoming blow. If your Attack

Strength is lower than your adversary's, however, you will be wounded in the normal way. Of course, you will have to settle the outcome against each additional adversary separately.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for *Testing your Luck* works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the outcome will be in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalized.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this procedure will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on an opponent you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky you have inflicted a severe wound; deduct an extra 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow only scratches your opponent; and you deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA (i.e., instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you now score only 1).

Whenever you yourself are wounded in combat, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct only 1 point from your STAMINA. If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 extra STAMINA point (i.e., deduct a total of 3 points from your own STAMINA).

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your adventure. Occasionally, a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

At various times during your adventure, you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for this is exactly the same as that for *Testing your Luck*: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is

higher than your current SKILL score, you will have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure. It will drop as a result of wounds gained through combat, or by falling foul of traps and pitfalls, and it will also drop after you perform any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start all over again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating meals or Provisions. You start the game without any Provisions, but during your adventure you will be able to obtain meals. You must keep track of how many meals worth of Provisions you have left by filling in the details in the Provisions box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Each time you eat a meal you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, but you must remember to deduct 1 meal from your Provisions box. You may stop and eat Provisions at any time except when you are engaged in a battle.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly lucky or created your own luck by some action. Details are given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the

book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Time

During the first part of your adventure it is very important that you keep track of the passage of time. At various points you will be told to add one or more Hours to the total time you have taken so far on your adventure. This should be recorded in the Time Elapsed box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The reason why you must keep a careful track of time will become apparent as your adventure progresses.

Equipment and Gold

You begin your adventure carrying a sword, a lantern and tinderbox, and a backpack to hold your Provisions and Gold Pieces. To find out how many Gold Pieces you begin your adventure with, roll two dice and add 12 to the number rolled. Note this total down in the Gold Pieces box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Your sword and lantern should be noted in the Equipment box on your *Adventure Sheet*, as must any other useful items you may acquire on your quest.

Alternative Dice

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one dice, read only the first printed dice; if two, total the two dice symbols.

BLOODBONES ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK	GOLD	PROVISIONS REMAINING	TIME
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*			

ITEMS AND EQUIPMENT CARRIED

CODEWORDS

NOTES AND CLUES

BACKGROUND

It all started ten years ago when the evil pirate-lord Cinnabar murdered your family. At the time you were only twelve years old and lived with your family in the small fishing village of Clam Beach on the northern coast of Ruddlestone, half-way between the two major ports of the kingdom: Harabnab, home to all lawful adventurers and sailors, and the sinister Port of Crabs. Life in Clam Beach was not easy but it did have a peaceful security about it. And then the terrible day came.

It was a clear summer's day in Warming when the huge, forbidding, black galleon sailed into the bay, flying the dreaded flag of the skull and crossbones: pirates. The bloodthirsty cutthroats were soon racing up the beach towards the village. The fighting was swift and bloody. Soon most of the men folk of Clam Beach had been killed, your father and two brothers dying whilst trying to defend the village. In the end the village elders had no choice but to surrender to the marauding raiders and open the village's meagre treasure coffers. The cruel pirate captain came ashore from his ship to collect the booty himself. The sight of him filled you with awe and fear. The pirate was a tall, handsome man with a neatly trimmed, pointed black beard and his hair tied back in a ponytail. He was dressed in the clothes of a nobleman, with a fine scarlet coat, trimmed with gold braid, and wearing a large tricorn hat. At his waist hung a gleaming cutlass

and you could not help noticing that on the back of his right hand was tattooed the image of a grinning, black skull. When the raiders had finally gone, filled with feelings of hatred for those who had murdered your family, you asked Raguy, the village soothsayer, who the pirate captain was. 'That villain is one of the most evil men ever to sail the twelve seas of Titan!' was his vehement reply. 'He is one of the most feared pirate-lords of our age, a creature without remorse, a murderer, and a follower of the bloodthirsty voodoo death-god Quezkari, whose mark is the black skull. His name is Cinnabar, but because of the terrible atrocities he commits he is also known as Bloodbones.' From that moment you vowed that, one day, you would have your revenge on the evil Cinnabar.

Your mother became ill soon after that dreadful day and three years later she died. On your sixteenth birthday you left Clam Beach and made your way to Harabnab, gaining the position of cabin boy on a ship travelling to the distant continent of Allansia. So it is that for the last six years you have sailed all across the globe, but you never forgot the promise you made to yourself a decade ago. Over many voyages you have tried to learn as much as you can about the rogue captain. You discovered that Cinnabar's galleon, the *Virago*, is frequently seen sailing in the waters around Nankunu Bay and that he has a hidden base somewhere close to the Port of Crabs. You also gleaned as much information as you could about the notorious city. And so, when you decided that you were at last ready to confront your enemy and the chance of

passage on a merchant ship sailing to the Port of Crabs came up, you leapt at the opportunity. Vengeance, you are sure, will soon be yours.

The Port of Crabs is haven to every pirate, buccaneer and freebooter who ply their trade off the coast of the kingdom of Ruddlestone in the Old World. As you stand at the prow of the merchantman, looking towards the land, you can make out the ramshackle jumble of buildings of the infamous city and the outline of the Old Fort that stands above it like some ancient, crumbling sentinel. The merchantman bumps against the stone jetty and you quickly disembark. Not only is the Port of Crabs one of the most dangerous cities in the Old World, but a thick fog is starting to roll in from the sea. It is late afternoon on a chill day in Unlocking and the docks are bustling with activity. Standing close to the quayside is a large, old stone building, which looks like it could withstand a battering from Hydana, God of the Deep, himself. Hanging over its sturdy oak door is a faded sign declaring that this is the Jolly Roger. This seems as good a place as any to begin your search for Cinnabar, so you enter the inn.

The spacious bar inside the Jolly Roger is packed with all manner of scurvy-looking sailors and other low-lifes. The landlord is as big as an ox and has a large anchor tattooed on one arm. No one takes any notice of you as you enter, so you approach the bar and order a tankard of ale (deduct 1 Gold Piece from your *Adventure Sheet*). You decide to question the landlord about Cinnabar first. Over your tankard of ale you

talk about the weather and the state of trade and then draw the innkeeper onto the subject of the pirate you seek. 'I hear the *Virago* plies these waters,' you say. 'I'm surprised we weren't attacked ourselves.'

'Not anymore it doesn't,' the landlord replies. 'Have you not heard? Cinnabar has been dead these last six months.'

Cinnabar dead? You have come all this way, after years of harbouring desires for revenge, only to find that the dread pirate-lord has already passed from this world! You ask the landlord how he died. 'Have you not heard? I would've thought that everyone as far as the Diamond Islands would know by now. It all happened last Hiding.' You listen attentively as the innkeeper relates the tale. It appears that Cinnabar and his crew were emptying the hold of a galley sailing from Harabnab to Arkleton, in distant Analand, when the renowned bounty hunter Conyn caught up with them in his ship, the *Fortune*. Unable to escape, Cinnabar and his men had to defend themselves against the crews of the galley and Conyn. Fierce fighting ensued with Cinnabar eventually falling at Conyn's hand, having suffered an incredible number of wounds, his body being lost to the sea. With their leader killed, the surviving members of his crew fled aboard the *Virago*, returning to the Port of Crabs. Soon after, Cinnabar's second-in-command, Mirel the Red, set off in the *Virago* amid terrible storms, purportedly to recover her captain's body. 'Many now believe that the pirate-lord's galleon sank as it has not been seen since,' the landlord says, concluding his story. You

thank him for his help and, in a bewildered daze, you make to leave the inn. You console yourself with the thought that at least the murderer of your family has at last been brought to justice.

As you leave the Jolly Roger you feel someone pulling on your jerkin. Turning round you discover that an old drunk, slumped at a table by himself, is the one trying to attract your attention. 'Just because he's dead doesn't mean he's at rest,' mutters the drunk. Curious about the drunk's words, you sit down opposite the old man and ask him what he means. 'Let's just say you don't want to go believing everything you hear. But I know what's going on. Oh yes, old Dregg knows. Cinnabar isn't *really* dead see, and he's coming back!' the old man says in a harsh whisper. Intrigued, you press Dregg to tell you more but he suddenly becomes serious and looks round the barroom uneasily. 'Not here. Meet me outside in ten minutes.' You nod in agreement and leave the Jolly Roger.

Tendrils of fog are now swirling around the boats in the harbour and oozing along the streets of the town. When the ten minutes are up you quickly return to the Jolly Roger and sneak down the side alley next to it. In the mist and shadows at the end of the narrow alleyway you can make out three figures standing over a fourth, cowering on the ground at their feet. Wasting no time, you draw your sword and dash towards them. Hearing your approach the three pirates turn to face you. The burly characters are ugly, scarred rogues and the biggest of them, who is easily

wielding a heavy wooden club in one hand and holding a bullwhip in the other, looks as if he has some Ogre blood in his lineage. At the pirates' feet lies Dregg, beaten, bruised and only just conscious. 'Here's the snooper,' growls the Half-Ogre. 'You're no match for us. By the time we've finished with you, you'll be feeding the shrimps. Or rather the shrimps'll be feeding *on* you.' The other two pirates burst into coarse laughter at their companion's joke. 'Yeah, you're fishbait!'

Turn to paragraph **1**.

WARLOCK
OF FIRE MOUNTAIN

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OF CHAOS

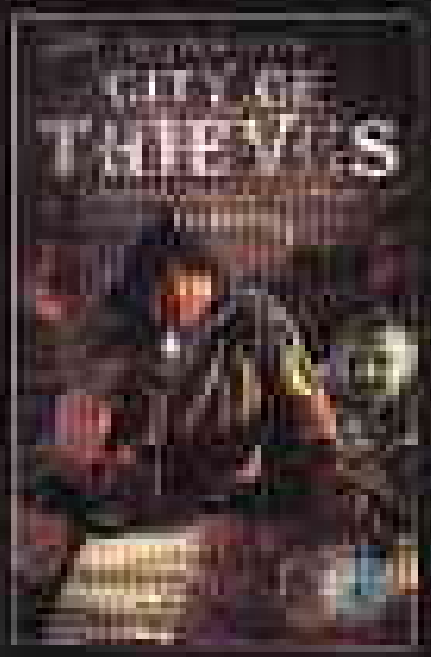
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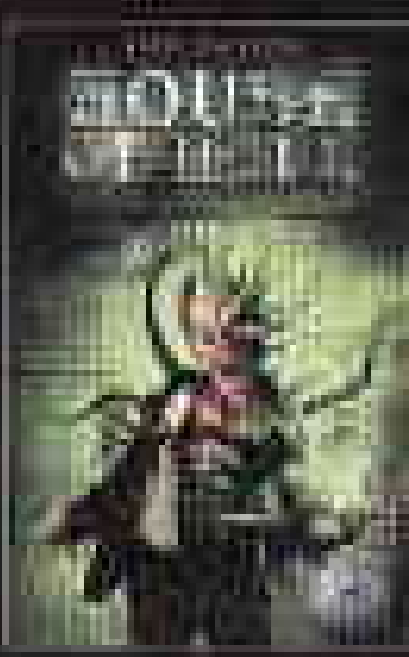

CAVERNS
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MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

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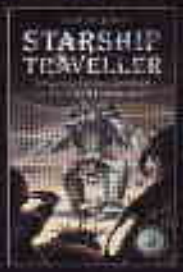

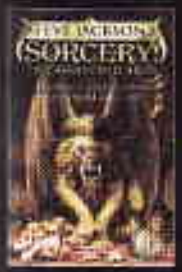

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ISBN13:978-1840467-65-9

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Grand Books UK £4.99
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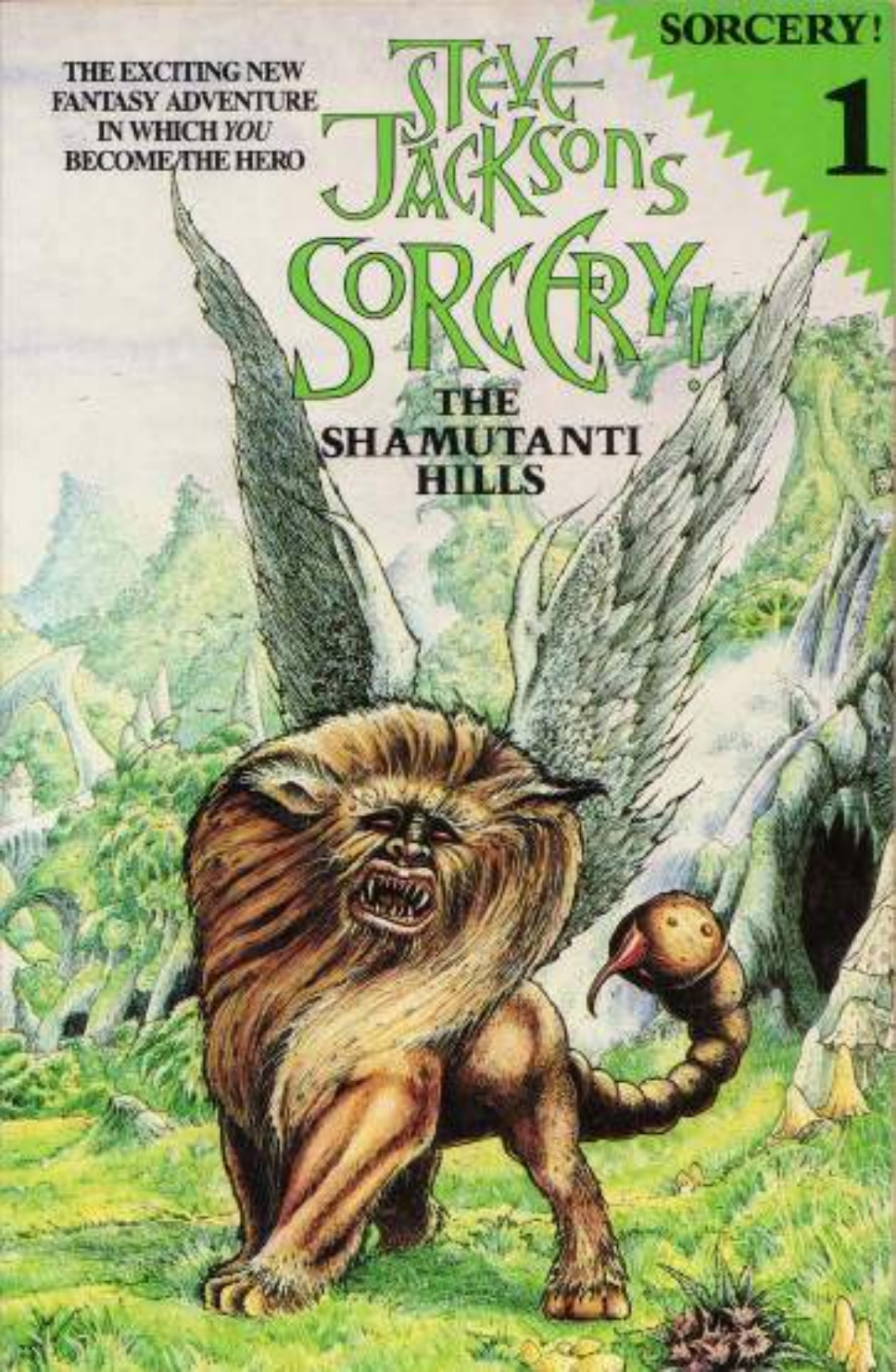

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Steve Jackson is an internationally known figure in the fantasy-games world. He is cofounder of Games Workshop Ltd., the largest British company specializing in such games. Its activities include publishing *White Dwarf*, a magazine devoted to science fiction and fantasy games, and organizing Britain's largest games convention, Games Day, which is held in London every September.

Mr. Jackson attended Altrincham School in Cheshire and went on to the University of Keele, where he studied biology and psychology; while at college, he founded the university's games society. After writing on a free-lance basis for the professional games magazine *Games & Puzzles*, he coauthored, with Ian Livingstone, *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, a fantasy book for children. He was the sole author of two other books in the same series, *The Citadel of Chaos* and *Spaceship Traveler*.

In addition to *The Shamutanti Hills*, the *Sorcery!* series comprises *The Spell Book* (also available from Penguin Books) as well as *Khare—Cityport of Traps*, *The Seven Serpents*, and *The Crown of Kings* (all to be published by Penguin).

IMMORTAL DANGER
by
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Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road,
Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published in Great Britain by
Penguin Books 1983
First published in the United States of America by
Penguin Books 1984

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 84-60574

Printed in the United States of America by
R.R. Donnelley & Sons Company, Harrisonburg, Virginia
Set in Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

You are about to embark on an epic adventure – a quest for the Crown of Kings. Your journey will take you from Analand, your home, across the unruly territories of Kakhabad to the Mampang Fortress wherein lies the treasured crown.

In this solo fantasy role-playing gamebook you may elect to become either a wizard or a warrior. If you choose to be a warrior, a simple combat system will allow you to fight the various creatures of Kakhabad quickly and conveniently. If you choose wizardry as your skill, you will learn to master a unique magic system found in no other fantasy role-playing game. As would a real Grand Wizard, you will have to *learn* your spells!

The spells available to you are found in the *Spell Book*, which is published separately, and you will prepare for your journey by memorizing these spells. you need not learn *all* the spells, for all forty-eight spells would be known only by a true Imperial Sorcerer. A basic knowledge of as few as six spells will be enough for you to start your journey.

Whether wizard or warrior, the journey ahead will be dangerous and you will be faced with tricks, traps, problems and clues – not to mention the host of evil creatures which will try to prevent you reaching your goal.

Through the multi-choice gamebook system, *you* will choose which paths to take, whether to fight or flee from combat and how you will solve problems. If death takes you, you will have to begin your adventure again. But if your skill is great and if luck – and your god – is with you, you may survive your overland journey to the Mampang Fortress.

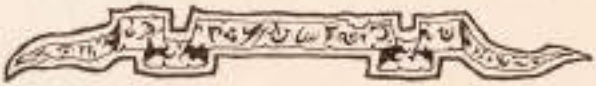

THE SIMPLE AND ADVANCED GAMES

Beginners may wish to start with the simple game, ignoring the use of magic. Rules for fighting creatures with swords and other weapons are given in each adventure book, using a combat system similar to that used in Puffin's *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, the original Fighting Fantasy Gamebook. By rolling dice, you battle creatures with weapons only.

More experienced players will wish to progress quickly on to the advanced game, in which your fighting ability is somewhat limited but your most powerful weapon will be your knowledge of magic, a much more powerful tool. In actual fact, the advanced game is fairly simple to learn. There is no reason why beginners should not proceed with the use of magic from the start. But learning spells will take some time and practice with the Spell Book, and the 'simple' option is given for players who wish to start their adventure with minimum delay.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF KAKHABAD

Before setting off on your journey, you must first build up your own personality profile. On pages 18 and 19 you will find an *Adventure Sheet*. This is a sort of 'current status report' which will help you keep track of your adventure. Your own SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will be recorded here, and also the equipment, artefacts and treasures you will find on your journey. Since the details will change constantly, you are advised to take photocopies of the blank *Adventure Sheet* to use in future adventures, or write in pencil so that the previous adventure can be erased when you start another.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. If you are playing as a *warrior* (the simple game), add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you are playing as a *wizard* (the advanced game), add only 4 to this number and enter the total. Wizards are worse fighters than warriors, but they more than make up for this by the use of magic spells.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been *Lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been *Unlucky* and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being *Lucky* or *Unlucky*. However, in battles you always have the *option* of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *Lucky*, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are *Unlucky*, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *Lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are *Unlucky*, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, you may be given instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

You start with enough Provisions for two meals. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions, and you may eat only one meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add points to your STAMINA score as instructed. Remember that you have a long way to go, so manage your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given whenever this occurs. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores can be restored to their *Initial* values by calling on your goddess (see later).

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

WIZARDS: HOW TO USE MAGIC

If you have chosen to become a wizard you will have the option, throughout the adventure, of using magic spells. All the spells known to the sorcerers of Analand are listed in a separate volume, *The Sorcery! Spell Book*, and you will need to study this before you set off on your adventure.

All spells are coded with a three-letter code and you must learn and practise your spells until you are able to identify a reasonable number of them from their codes. Casting a spell drains your STAMINA and each has a cost, in STAMINA points, for its use. Recommended basic spells will get you started quickly, but are very uneconomical; an experienced wizard will use these only if faced with choices of unknown spells or if he/she has not found the artefact required for a less costly spell.

Full rules for using spells are given in the *Spell Book*.

DON'T FORGET! You may not refer to the SPELL BOOK once you have started your adventure.

LIBRA – THE GODDESS OF JUSTICE

During your adventure you will be watched over by your own goddess, Libra. If the going gets tough, you may call on her for aid. *But she will only help you once in each adventure.* Once you have called on her help in the Sharnutanti Hills, she will not listen to you again until you reach Kharé.

There are three ways in which she may help you:

Revitalization: You may call on her at any time to restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* values. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

Escape: Occasionally, when you are in danger, the text will offer you the option of calling on Libra to help you.

Removal of Curses and Diseases: She will remove any curses or diseases you may pick up on your adventure. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

EQUIPMENT AND PROVISIONS

You start your adventure with the bare necessities of life. You have a sword as your weapon, and a backpack to hold your equipment, treasures, artefacts and provisions. You cannot take your *Spell Book* with you, as the sorcerers of Analand cannot risk its falling into the wrong hands in Kakhabad – so you may not refer to this book at all once you have started your journey.

You have a pouch around your waist containing 20 Gold Pieces, the universal currency of all the known lands. You will need money for food, shelter, purchases and bribery throughout your adventure, and 20 Gold Pieces will not go far. You will find it necessary to collect more gold as you progress on your way.

You are also carrying Provisions (food and drink) sufficient for 2 meals only. As you will find, food is an important commodity and you will have to be careful how you use it. Make sure you do not waste food; you cannot afford to run out of Provisions.

SORCERY! ADVENTURE SHEE

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

GOLD AND TREASURE	PROVISIONS

EQUIPMENT AND ARTEFACTS

BONUSES, PENALTIES, CURSES ETC.

CLUES AND NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

ll– *mina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*
ll– *mina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*
ll– *mina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*
ill– *mina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*

THE LEGEND OF THE CROWN OF KINGS

Centuries ago, in the time we now call the Dark Ages, whole regions of the world were undiscovered. There were pockets of civilization, each with their own races and cultures. One such region was Kakhabad, a dark land at the end of the earth.

Although several warlords had tried, Kakhabad had never been ruled. All manner of evil creatures, forced from the more civilized lands beyond the Zanzunu Peaks, had gradually crawled into Kakhabad, which became known as the Verminpit at Earth End.

Civilization and order had spread throughout the rest of the known world ever since the discovery of the Crown of Kings by Chalanna the Reformer, of Femphrey. With its help, Chalanna became Emperor of the largest empire in the eastern world. This magical Crown had mysterious powers, bestowing supernormal qualities of leadership and justice on its owner. But Chalanna's own ambitions were not of conquest. He wished instead to establish peaceful nation-states, aligned to Femphrey. Thus in his wisdom he passed the fabled Crown from ruler to ruler in the neighbouring kingdoms, and, with the help of its magical powers, one by one these lands became peaceful and prosperous.

The path was set. Each ruler would own the Crown of Kings for a four-year period in which to establish order within his kingdom and fall in with the growing Femphrey Alliance. So far the kingdoms of Ruddlestone, Lendleland, Gallantaria and Brice had taken their turns under the rule of the Crown. The benefits were immediate. War and strife were virtually unknown.

The King of Analand duly received the Crown of Kings amid great ceremony, and, from that day onwards, the development of Analand was ensured. No one quite knew how the Crown of Kings could have such an enormous uplifting effect on a whole nation. Some said it was divinely inspired; some that its power was merely in the mind. But

one thing was certain – its effects were unquestionable. All was well in Analand, until the night of the Black Moon.

The King was the first to discover that the Crown was missing. Carried off on that starless night by Birdmen from Xamen, the Crown was on its way to Mampang in the outlaw territories of Kakhabad. News came from the Baklands that the Crown was being carried to the Archmage of Mampang whose ambitions were to make Kakhabad his kingdom.

Although Kakhabad was a dangerous land, it was in itself little threat to the surrounding kingdoms. The lack of rule meant it had no army and its own internal struggles kept it permanently preoccupied. But with the Crown of Kings to establish rule, Kakhabad could potentially be a deadly enemy to all members of the Femphrey Alliance.

Such was the shame that fell on Analand for the loss of the Crown that all benefits from two years under its rule soon disappeared. Law, order and morale were breaking down. The King was losing the confidence of his subjects. Neighbouring territories were looking suspiciously across their borders. There were even whisperings of invasions.

One hope remained. Someone – for a military force would never survive the journey – must travel to Mampang and rescue the Crown of Kings. Only on its safe return would the dreadful curse be lifted from Analand. You have volunteered yourself for this quest and your mission is clear. You must cross Kakhabad to the Mampang Fortress and find the Crown!

THE LAND
MAURISTATIA
L. LUMLI
KHARE
THE BAKLANDS
BADDU-BAH PLAINS
KLATTA STEPPES
THE SHAMUTANTI HILLS
VANTI-BA
CANTOPARI GATE
ANALAND
CHAUBARY WOOD
BADDU-LEY
EARTH

AKHABAD
THE ZANZUNU PEAKS
TINPANG R.
ILKLALA
VISCHV
MAMPANG FORTRESS
HIGH XAMEN
LOW XAMEN
ST OF SNATTA
AVANTI WOOD
KHARMAK R.
SEA

1

You awake at sunrise. After dressing, you breakfast on bread and goat's milk and collect your belongings. Outside, the Outpost Settlement is stirring: the womenfolk emerge to wash and prepare their meals as the day's guard takes over.

Eyes follow you as you leave your hut and walk towards the Shamutanti Wall. The frontierspeople are well aware of your mission and a small crowd of well-wishers follows some distance behind you.

Before you stands the Cantopani Gate. Guarded constantly by Sightmaster Warriors, chosen for their powers of telescopic vision, the Gate is the final doorway between Analand and Kakhabad. Once more you check your pack.

Satisfied that your preparations are complete, you nod to the Sightmaster Sergeant. For the last time he glances at the look-out atop the gate, who signals the all-clear. The Sergeant orders the bolt to be withdrawn. A doorway opens up in front of you and you get your first view of the Shamutanti foothills, the first stage of your journey.

The Sightmaster Sergeant strides over and grasps your hand. 'I will not wish you a safe journey, for the way ahead will not be safe. Kakhabad is a treacherous land inhabited by devils. But this you already know.

'Take the path ahead to Cantopani, a small settlement of traders – although most are rogues and thieves – which you should reach within the hour. From Cantopani onwards there are three routes through Birritanti to Kharé, a cityport on the Jabaji river. From Kharé you must cross the Baklands, which are unknown. It is said that day and night in the Baklands are controlled not by the sun but by supernatural forces, and bear in mind also that, from Kharé onwards, your progress will be *watched*.'

His warnings do little to inspire confidence in you. He continues: 'But I have observed your training and you are indeed a worthy champion. I wish you luck and success with your quest. My thoughts, and the good wishes of all the peoples of Analand, will be with you. With Libra on your side may you live to lift the curse and depression which rack our kingdom.'

You shake his hand, thank him for his good wishes and step up to the

Gate. Resolutely, you pass through the doorway. The faces of the folk watching your departure reveal the hopes that rest with you and with the success of your quest.

With a wave, you turn and face the hills. The early morning air is crisp and the rising sun paints the hills in colours of natural beauty which conceal the devilry ahead.

Setting off determinedly, you follow the path. Your quest has begun! Turn to **178**.

2

As you draw your weapon, you hear a hissing noise and the body of a huge, two-tailed SERPENT materializes before your eyes. One of its tails is wrapped around your arm and now, with a flick, the creature sends you flying into the undergrowth. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You pick yourself up and face the creature. Resolve your combat:

SERPENT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, you may continue through the bush until you reach a point where the undergrowth thins and becomes a waist-high grassland. Turn to **105**.

3

Following the passage down for some distance, you reach a T-junction where you may turn left (turn to **63**) or right (turn to **26**).

4

The cage door is firmly locked. If you have a key with you, you may try using it on the door by subtracting 10 from the number on the key and turning to that reference, or you may try a spell:

COP	DOP	BAM	PEP	RAZ
443	409	320	429	360

Alternatively, you may try breaking the lock (turn to **142**).

5

You ask what sort of teeth the bag contains, but he will only tell you 'creature teeth' and he certainly will not trust you to look through the bag. He will charge you 3 Gold Pieces for the bag of teeth. Buy if you will, then turn to **280**.

6

As you tread carefully along the passage, dust falls from the low ceiling. Precarious wooden beams hold the walls back and you stumble and curse as your foot strikes one of the beams. Suddenly a pile of rubble falls from the ceiling in front of you and a cracking of wood stops you cold. The roof is collapsing! Will you turn and run back to the door (turn to **66**) or run on ahead (turn to **128**) to avoid the falling rocks?

7

Running ahead quickly, you are eventually out of range of the annoying little creatures. You follow the path for the rest of the afternoon until you reach a point where you can see that it is running into a hill village. Proceed by turning to **28**.

8

You settle down and relax on the bed. Outside the inn there is a commotion and you spring up as several Svinns burst into your room and surround you. Before you can react, two grasp your hands and you are marched from the inn to a hut at the edge of the village. Turn to **71**.

9

You may continue your journey either by following the path into the valley (turn to **164**) or by taking the high path up into the hills (turn to **157**).

10

Eventually the path peters out and ahead of you is a wood. A signpost, reading TO ALIANNA, points into the wood. Will you set off into the woods (turn to **150**) or return to the junction and continue heading northwards as you were before (turn to **46**)?

11

You pull out your bamboo pipe and begin to play. Somehow the unseen musicians adapt their tune to accommodate you and play away merrily for half an hour or so. You may add 3 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point for your restful encounter. Then you pick yourself up, leave the hut and make your way out of the village. Turn to **196**.

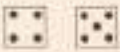

12

As they see you, they all point and gabble excitedly to one another. One of them rises into the air and flies across, hovering over you to take a closer look. Will you attempt to speak with him (turn to 113) or will you hold your ground and prepare to take defensive action (turn to 203)?

13

You follow a path leading sharply downhill into a narrow valley. You cross a stream on a wooden bridge and start to climb the next hill. Half-way up, you hear twigs break in the undergrowth and suddenly a large creature – about the size of a bear – stands before you. It has black and white fur, and a long bushy tail which trails out behind it. This animal bars your way and is snarling menacingly at you. Will you prepare to attack it (turn to 252) or try to edge round it peacefully (turn to 236)?

14

Outside the village you climb up into the woods. You find a suitable sheltered spot not far from another path. Will you camp for the night (turn to 108) or continue through the night (turn to 49)?

15

As the dying Ogre is heaving its last breath, you investigate the room. You try grinding some of the black rock as the creature was doing but you cannot turn the handle. However, two valuable gems have already been processed and are lying on the table. You may take these with you. Each is worth 10 Gold Pieces but if you wish to buy anything with them, you will not be given change. In other words, it will cost you a whole gem to buy an item costing, for instance, only 2 Gold Pieces. You may now leave the room and the cave, and return to the junction (turn to 144).

16

The passage slopes downhill and you soon reach a fork where you may go either right (turn to 174) or left (turn to 151).

17

'In this wood I have collected all sorts of magical artefacts,' she says. 'Release me from this cage and I will give you three useful items.' Will you try to free her (turn to 4) or search for the items anyway (turn to 213)?

18

You sit down and eat and admire the fine view of the surrounding hillside. If this is your first meal today, add 2 STAMINA points. If you have already eaten since leaving Analand, add only 1 STAMINA point. When you are ready to continue, turn to **168**.

19

The path winds up and over the hill and you stop and marvel at a grassy verge in which are growing some of the most beautiful and delicate flowers you have ever seen. Turn to **40**.

20

The creature is a SKUNKBEAR and, when you draw your weapon, it raises its tail, releasing a nauseating odour. The smell is horrendous, but you must fight:

SKUNKBEAR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

The effect of the smell is so powerful that you must deduct 2 points from your dice roll each time you roll for Attack Strength. If you beat the creature, turn to **193**.

21

You find a quiet place to rest outside the village. Away from the bustle of the festival of youth you are able to get a good night's sleep. The Minimite curls up near you. You may eat provisions before you go to sleep and add 2 STAMINA points (1 point if you have already eaten). Add 3 STAMINA points for the rest. Then turn to **67**.

22

Roll 1 die. This is the price, in Gold Pieces, that the merchant is asking for the pipe. If you will pay this price, purchase the instrument. Turn next to **280**.

23

A TROLL guard uses this hut as his sentry post. He patrols the area for ten minutes and then sits in his hut for twenty, throughout the day. With a little luck, you will pass by him during one of his twenty-minute rests. If you rolled a:

1 or 2	Turn to **245**
3 or 4	Turn to **69**
5 or 6	Turn to **99**

If you *Tested your Luck* and were Lucky, turn to **167**. If you were Unlucky, refer to your single die roll and proceed as instructed above.

24

The crashing shaft behind you makes you run faster along the black passage. Suddenly you gasp as your foot fails to touch the ground below and you fall downwards into a pit! You may cast a spell:

SUD	FAL	RIS	ZEN	SUS
290	**399**	**439**	**330**	**424**

If you know none of these spells, or prefer not to cast one, turn to **277**.

25

You plead with your goddess – but nothing happens! You try again, but she appears not to be listening. A short time later, your captors bundle you out of your cage and towards the large pot, warming over the fire. Three of them pick you up and heave you into the water, which is now uncomfortably warm. Then it happens . . .

Dark clouds rumble in low over the camp. When they are directly overhead they release a torrential downpour which douses the fire and cools your bath. Your bindings slide loose and you are able to scramble from the pot. Libra has not ignored you! The Head Hunters, sensing something supernatural, have scattered into the woods and you are now free to escape. But you may not call on Libra again in this part of your adventure to help you. Not until you reach the city of Kharé will she listen to you.

You collect your belongings and run off into the woods. Turn to **254**.

26

You turn down the passage and follow it cautiously for several minutes. You stop to listen and, in the distance, you can hear a low rumbling. You wait to see what happens. The rumbling gets louder and your hair stands on end as you see a large, rounded boulder rolling swiftly down the passage towards you! This rock is almost a perfect fit in the tunnel and its speed is increasing as you dither. Will you use your magic to help you:

GUM	BAM	WAL	FIX	SIT
367	446	323	343	391

Or will you try some other means of escape (turn to **83**)? You may call on Libra's help if you have not yet summoned her (turn to **53**).

27

By the bridge is a small wooden hut. As you approach, an ugly hunch-backed creature emerges and stands between you and the bridge, barring your way. In a gruff voice he speaks to you:

'Halt stranger. If you wish to pass
Two answers must you give Vancuss.'

The guardian of the bridge has dark, glaring eyes but looks no match for you physically, although you suspect he may have magical powers. Do you wish to try answering his questions (turn to **41**) or will you instead retrace your steps and take the other path down into the valley (turn to **38**)?

28

You walk into the village. Young Hill Dwellers pass you and stare at your strange clothes. Their own attire is rough by comparison and everyone wears their hair long, but piled up on their heads. You pass without incident into the centre of the village. Will you look for an inn for the night (turn to **211**) or find an ale-house and relax (turn to **266**)?

29

If you offer him an artefact which you have found on your travels, he will accept it, offer you a mug of ale and chat to you (turn to **191**). If you cannot offer him an artefact, you must leave immediately and head either for the inn (turn to **92**) or out of the village (turn to **21**).

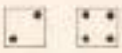

30

You rise early to leave Dhumpus. Turn to **208**.

31

Did you eat at all on the first day of your journey since you left Analand? If not, you are feeling very hungry and must lose 3 STAMINA points. Now turn to **246**.

32

You press on through the grass and, after half an hour or so, you reach the river-bank, well upstream of the village you were avoiding. You notice that your backpack feels lighter than normal and you take it off to examine it. Looking inside, you find that you have lost two items of equipment! You must cross off your *Adventure Sheet* any two artefacts that you have collected on your journey (but gold and/or Provisions only if you have nothing else to lose).

As you search for the missing items, the tops of the grasses bend towards you and wrap themselves around your bag, belt and boots. You realize you have been walking through PILFER GRASS which is able to pickpocket items from passing travellers. These two items are now lost for ever. Turn to **231**.

33

You explain that you are travelling to Kharé and ask him for advice on the way ahead. 'I myself have never left this village,' says the man, 'but you have two paths ahead. My advice, though, is not free. For 2 Gold Pieces I will tell you what I know.' If you accept his offer, pay him the money and turn to **225**. If you refuse and wish to press onwards, turn to **81**.

34

You pass along the main path through the village and stop outside a hut where several Hill Dwellers are sitting and eating. They are deep in discussion about something. Will you introduce yourself (turn to **86**) or ignore them and continue (turn to **106**)?

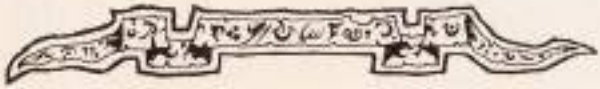

35

You stop at the edge of the village and prepare to bed down for the night. You may eat provisions if you have any. If you do so you may add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day (1 point if you have already eaten). You soon drift off but are awakened rudely by three Svinns who hold you to the ground, pinning your arms. They carry you to a small hut at the edge of the village. Turn to 71.

36

Did you eat at all yesterday? If not, you must lose 3 STAMINA points as you are now very hungry. Continue by turning to 147.

37

'I'm sure you would, I'm sure you would!' chuckles the little creature. 'But I will come anyway.' You try to swat it away but it is much too quick for you. Faced with no alternative, you continue down the hill with Jann who has hitched a ride on your shoulder. Turn to 111.

38

The path drops sharply downhill into the valley and then up the other side. The going is very tiring and you must lose 2 STAMINA points. Half-way up the hill is a clearing in which a small wooden hut stands. Throw one die and turn to 23 after you have done so. You may, if you wish, *Test your Luck* although you must do this before turning to 23.

39

The room is quite large and is evidently a storeroom of some kind. In one corner is a pile of black rocks, and more rocks are held in a bucket near by, these ones glistening dully in the flickering candlelight. In the centre of the room is a strange-shaped mechanical apparatus – perhaps a press or stone-cutter of some kind – and this is being operated by a large, powerful OGRE. He is dropping stones in at one end and turning a metal handle, which crunches the rock. As you enter, the Ogre stops and turns towards you, growling fiercely. Will you run from the room and out of the cave (turn to 144) or will you face the creature (turn to 285)?

40

You follow the path carefully downwards, trying to avoid breaking branches as you go. If you wish to stop along the way to eat Provisions, turn to 180. If you would rather press on, turn to 133.

41

The hunchback chuckles and asks his first question:

'A witch held in captivity
Lives in the woods. First tell to me
If you know of this cunning dame
How is she known; what is her name?'

What will your answer be:

Allina?	Turn to 238
Allanna?	Turn to 253
Alianna	Turn to 143

If you do not know her name, you may *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may guess one of the names above. If you are Unlucky or if you would prefer not to *Test your Luck*, turn to 59.

42

You walk up to the fire in the centre of the village and call out loudly. There is no response. As you wait for some sign of life you begin to feel dizzy. Too late, you realize that the fumes from the fire are overpowering you! You fight to keep consciousness, but without success, and you slump to the ground. Turn to 279.

43

The broadsword is a fine weapon and you are amazed at your bargain. You may use the sword to fight and may add 1 point to Attack Strength when in use. Turn to **126**.

44

The key opens the lock and you open the cage door to release her. She springs from the cage. 'Stranger, I am indebted to you,' she thanks you. 'And Alianna will reward you!' Do you want a magical item (turn to **248**) or an aid in combat (turn to **122**)?

45

Did you eat at all yesterday? If you ate at the inn or took Provisions, you suffer no penalty, but if you have not eaten during the day you are now hungry and must lose 3 STAMINA points.

There are two ways on from the village of Kristatanti. Choose your path by turning either to **125** or **226**.

46

You continue along the path for most of the afternoon until you reach a gate which is ajar. Turn to **234**.

47

The Goblin senses your defiance and rises, with a large stone club in his hand. You may fight him:

GOBLIN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

Turn to **186** if you win. Alternatively, you may cast a spell:

RAZ	BAM	TEL	ZAP	YAG
328	397	309	438	289

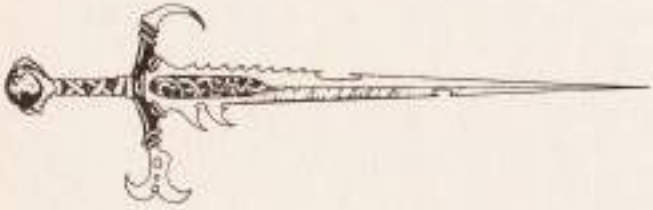

48

You chat to her and drink your – or rather *her* – tea. Suddenly a pain grips your stomach. You wince and cough and are horrified to find you are starting to seize up! Desperately you try to keep moving, but the paralysis drug takes effect. 'Ho, suspicious stranger!' she laughs. 'I can *count* on travellers suspecting my witchcraft!' You are powerless to watch as she goes through your bag looking for magical artefacts. If you have a page from a Spell Book, turn to 77. Otherwise she will take any two objects in your bag which you know are useful in magic spells and then she magically transports you and your miniature companion (together with the rest of your possessions) out into the woods where the drug eventually wears off (turn to 232).

49

You may rest if you wish to eat Provisions (if you have any) before your all-night trek. If you take a meal, you may add 2 STAMINA points if you have not already eaten today but only 1 STAMINA point if you have eaten anything. Then you set off. You soon leave the woods following an uphill path and you pause again at daybreak to get your bearings. You must lose 2 STAMINA points for travelling all night without sleep. Turn to 36.

50

Around the creature's neck is a collar which interests you. It is studded with green gems and looks quite valuable. You may take it if you wish and then you had better leave the village. Turn to 196.

51

You travel downhill along the valley for an hour, but then the path turns uphill again. The hill you are now climbing is not too steep and as noon approaches you are again on a descending path. You may stop and eat Provisions if you wish and may add 2 STAMINA points if you do. Further along the path in the afternoon, Jann – who has been chattering incessantly to you – warns you to stop. You are being watched. As you are now in a wood, you proceed cautiously. Suddenly the bushes part and a figure steps forward. Dressed in black, this tall man bars your way. Will you prepare to do battle (turn to 117) or try to talk with him (turn to 103)?

52

The little creature chatters loudly across the river to its friends. They are obviously not keen that you are refusing their welcome and you decide you had better prepare yourself for defensive action. Turn to 203.

53

You wait with bated breath. But your prayers are answered as the boulder slows down. It squeals and screeches as invisible brakes take a hold and eventually stop the deadly ball. After a moment, it begins to roll again – but in the opposite direction – and eventually it rolls out of view back up the passage. You decide to return to the main chamber, where you may take either the left-hand (turn to 16) or the right-hand passage (turn to 3). Remember you may not call upon Libra again during this adventure.

54

You follow the path for the rest of the afternoon until you stand on a hilltop. The path runs down the hill into a small village set on a river and you follow it down. Turn to 176.

55

The noise outside eventually subsides as darkness spreads over the village. You have a good night's sleep. Add 3 STAMINA points and turn to 67.

56

You search through the pockets of the bandits but find nothing there. Setting off again along the path you continue for half an hour until the way ahead becomes an uphill incline. You reach a fork which offers you two ways forward. Turn to 183.

57

Your brisk walk through the grass ends when your foot kicks a small sack of some kind. Bending down to pick it up, you find it is a pouch containing 12 Gold Pieces! You put this in your backpack. But as you do so, you find you have lost one item that you were carrying. Choose which item you have lost – it may only be gold or Provisions if you had nothing else to lose – and cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. As you search your pack for this missing object, you notice that the grass is bending towards you and trying to wrap itself round parts of your equipment! You are standing in a meadow of PILFER GRASS and, unless you are careful, it will attempt to steal any items it may pick from your pack. Since you are now aware of this, you may guard your belongings and continue. Turn to 159.

58

You follow the path for half the morning and reach a fork where you may either continue straight on (turn to 46) or turn westwards (turn to 10).

59

The hunchback waves his hand in the air and you feel a sharp pain surge through your body. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point and return to the junction to take the other path. Turn to 38.

60

The jewel is large and looks very valuable; it is set in a tarnished mount. His price is 10 Gold Pieces. Buy the jewel if you wish. Turn to 280.

61

You knock at the door of one of the huts. There is no reply. You may enter anyway (turn to 158) or try another hut (turn to 271).

62

You creep off to the edge of the village and settle down under a tree. You may eat Provisions if you wish which will add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day or 1 STAMINA point if you have eaten before. You try to sleep under the tree but you are woken continually by strange noises. Add 1 STAMINA point for getting some rest and leave at daybreak. Turn to 45.

63

You walk down the passage for several minutes. You slip on the dirt and below your feet the ground gives way! You plunge into a hidden pit and land on something soft. Your hand reaches out and touches something which slithers between your fingers. A snake pit! You are sitting on a mound of the deadly reptiles! Will you use your magic to help you:

ZEN	RIS	POP	LAW	FIL
366	417	303	433	344

Or will you look for another means of escape (turn to 165)? If you have not yet used your call to Libra, you had better do so now (turn to 273).

64

No one in the history of the Shamutanti Hills has found a way of escaping the Demon's Deluge and you are not likely to be the first. You are still trying desperately to think of a way out as the air leaves the cave and your lungs fill with water . . .

65

You continue along the path for several hours, taking you deeper into the valley. Presently, the sun begins to set, the air becomes cooler, and you start to consider whether to find a suitable site to camp for the night (turn to 76) or whether to continue onwards without sleep (turn to 224).

66

The door is locked (perhaps as some sort of safety device to seal off the upper parts of the mine from pit disasters – after all, the lives of worker Goblins are expendable), and you will not break through the solid rock. You may either try breaking the door down (turn to 228) or casting a spell:

HUT	HOW	GOP	DOP	DOM
329	423	310	373	350

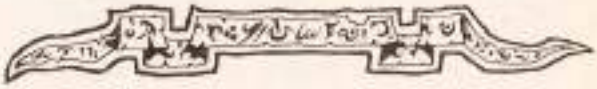

67

You rise early and leave soon after dawn with Jann still hovering around your head as you set off. Did you eat at all yesterday? If not, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points.

There are two paths ahead: one uphill to the east (turn to 135), and one downhill to the west (turn to 51). Which will you choose?

68

You press on, climbing up the hillside for several hours until you are not far from the top. Then you hear a faint sound of bustling activity. Tramping feet, grunting voices and the clanking of metal against rock make you stop and listen. You decide to leave the path and continue cautiously through the woods. A short distance onwards you hide behind a tree and survey a clearing ahead. A number of GOBLINS are in the clearing, in front of an open cave. It appears that they are mining the cave as they trudge in and out of the opening, carrying large bowls full of glistening rocks and dull metallic nuggets. From your position you may easily slip into the cave to see whether you can find anything of value (turn to 175), or you may ignore the mine and slip around the side to a path leading onwards and down the far side of the hill (turn to 13).

69

You creep by the sentry post unnoticed. Turn to 237.

70

Too late, you try to leap clear of the pitfall trap which has opened beneath you. You drop some three metres into the pit and collapse unconscious in a heap. Turn to 139.

71

You are thrown into the hut and the door is locked. You are their prisoner. You spend half an hour looking for a possible escape but there does not appear to be one. If you wish you may sit down and eat Provisions (add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today; 1 if you have already eaten), then you may either settle down to sleep for the rest of the night (turn to 109) or keep awake and on your guard in case anything should happen (turn to 140).

72

Examining the carvings on the axe, you can make out a message which reads: 'This axe was crafted in the Year of the Ox for Glandragor the Protector. Its powers may be realized only by its owner.' It also has the number 233 carved on it. If you keep it as a reserve weapon you must subtract 1 point from your Attack Strength roll when using it. Turn to 126.

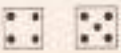

73

The smell gets sweeter as you pass on through the fields of Black Lotus flowers. You feel light-headed as you continue and you start to skip and jump with merriment. Jann, still on your shoulder, is likewise full of glee. Your head swims. Before you can stop yourself, you are feeling dizzy and falling to the ground. You fall into the flowers on to something hard. A surge of horror passes through you as you realize it is a skeleton! But the horror is short-lived as you lose consciousness. The sweet aroma of the Black Lotus is a deadly poison and you have breathed your last. You will rest for ever in the fields of the black death . . .

74

You approach the hut and call through the doorway. No reply. You pull back the drapes and step inside. The hut is obviously an abode of some kind, with pots, pans and clothes strewn about. In front of an open fireplace is a skin rug on the ground and you have not noticed that, as you look around, an eye opens on the skin's head.

Your back is towards the rug and you cannot see it rising up and taking on its natural shape – that of a WOLFHOUND – until it snarls menacingly and attacks. You will have to fight it:

WOLFHOUND	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 50. Or you may fight it with magic:

KIL	YAP	GOB	ZAP	BAG
315	402	425	335	440

75

You leave in search of the local inn. Turn to 134.

76

You find a suitable shelter in the rocks on the bank of the stream and bed down for the night. If you have not eaten since you left the Outpost Settlement, you may take some Provisions if you have any and add 2 STAMINA points. If you have already eaten, you will gain only 1 STAMINA point from the food.

Eventually you drift off to sleep, soothed by the babbling of the stream. A short while later you are awakened by a splashing noise. Looking out from your shelter you see a strange sight. Three small, thin, man-like creatures, glowing with a dull red luminescence, are throwing stones into the stream. Every so often they chirp with glee as a good shot sends a fish flying into the air. As if pulled by a magical force, each fish floats across the water and lands at their feet. Will you sit tight and hope they don't see you (turn to 281) or stand up and hail them (turn to 12)?

77

She comes across the Spell Book page and drops your pack. 'My book!' she cries. 'The missing page! Why did you not tell me you had my missing spell?' She scurries off into the kitchen and returns with a cup of liquid which she pours into your mouth. This antidote gradually takes effect, unfreezing your body. She slaps you gently to bring you round. Turn to 114.

78

'I can give you all sorts of aids for your journey,' she says. 'Are you aligned to the magical or physical arts?' Will you ask her for help with your spells (turn to 17) or your abilities at swordplay (turn to 240)?

79

The man shuffles nervously over and shakes your hand. 'Are you magical, stranger?' he asks. 'Are you not afraid of us? Or perhaps you are a healer who can cure us of this *plague*.' At his last word, you spring back, but it is too late. You have made contact with a plague carrier and from now onwards you will lose 3 STAMINA points each day until you either die or you find someone who can cure you of the plague. Deduct your points first thing in the morning. You are horrified at your discovery, back out of the hut and leave the village quickly. Turn to **220**.

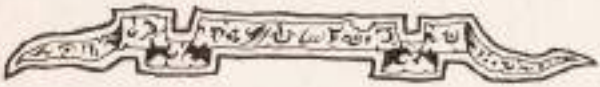

80

You enter the village cautiously, creeping round the huts, but the place appears to be deserted. A fire burns in the centre of the camp in a pit and a pile of logs stands near by. Will you look around the huts (turn to **189**) or call out to see whether you can attract someone's attention (turn to **42**)?

81

You pass along the main path through the centre of the village. There is a small inn offering food for sale at which you may stop (turn to **257**) or you may press on through the village (turn to **131**).

82

You creep past the caves. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **250**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **181**.

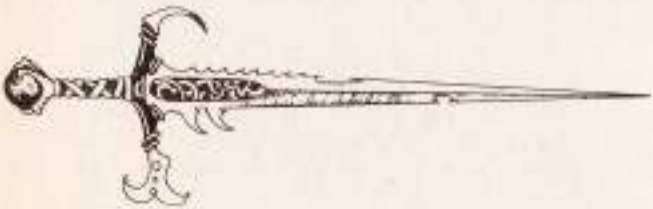

83

Unfortunately for you, there is no other way of escape. As you try to think of a plan the boulder is on you, flattening you on the floor. Yet again a Svinn champion has failed to rescue the chief's daughter . . .

84

You must deduct 2 STAMINA points for going without sleep. As you make your way onwards, there is a chance that your noises will attract night creatures. Turn to **123** to see whether you have any encounters, fight if necessary and then *return to this reference*. When you have done this, continue by turning to **31**.

85

You must take 3 STAMINA points' worth of damage as you cover your head and make your way through this downpour of acorns. Turn to **7**.

86

They stop and look at you. They invite you over but become agitated at the sight of your weapon. You may leave your weapon and join them (turn to **185**) or thank them for their offer of hospitality and press on (turn to **106**).

87

In addition, she hands you a bag containing 7 Gold Pieces. Then she chuckles. You turn to leave the house quickly, but she stops you with a hand on your shoulder. 'But Alianna does not give up her prized possessions without a fight!' You turn round to see her casting a spell of some sort over a chair. The chair begins to crack and creak, moving violently in front of you. It forms itself into a WOOD GOLEM which now advances towards you! Will you fight the creature?

WOOD GOLEM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **169**. Or you may cast a spell:

JIG	DOZ	HOT	KIN	MUG
339	383	297	410	287

88

You stand at the door and call inside. There is no reply. You draw back the drapes and enter the small hut. Cushions ring the room and, as you enter, a strange music played on invisible pipes fills the room. The tune is pleasant and relaxing and you sit down on the cushions. Do you have a musical pipe with you? If so, you may take it out and play along (turn to **11**). Otherwise, turn to **179**.

89

You leap ahead just in time as a pitfall caves in beneath you. You look back to see a gaping pit which you would have fallen into. Turn to **170**.

90

The lock breaks and she jumps from the cage. 'Stranger, I am indebted to you,' she says. 'Alianna will reward you.' Would you like as your reward a magical item (turn to **248**) or an aid in combat (turn to **122**)?

91

You bid the merchant farewell and leave the hut. If you have bought any artefacts from him, you are anxious to know what they are (turn to 126); but if you bought nothing from him, you may continue on your way (turn to 163).

92

The inn is not cheap. A bed for the night is 5 Gold Pieces and a meal is 4. If you eat, pay the price and add 2 STAMINA points (1 if you have already eaten today). If you want to sleep here, turn to 55. If not, you had better leave the village and find a place to bed down (turn to 21).

93

Roll two dice. If the number rolled is *less than* your SKILL score, you succeed in breaking the door open. If not, then you may try again. Whether or not you succeed, you must deduct 1 STAMINA point at each attempt. If you break the door open, turn to 39. If you decide to give up your attempts, you may return to the junction and leave the cave (turn to 144).

94

Surprisingly enough, although you can still feel the force on your arm, it does not hamper your progress and you can make your way onwards. In fact, the going seems to be easier, as if you are being led by some invisible guide who is coaxing you along the best route. Eventually, the going gets easier as the dense undergrowth thins and you are soon walking through a prairie with grass up to your waist. As you leave the heavy foliage, the grip on your arm is released. Add 1 LUCK point. Still you cannot see who, or what, was responsible for the guidance. Turn to 105.

95

You press onwards, out through Cantopani along the path leading to the Shamutanti Hills. However, you feel a little uneasy while passing the huts on the fringes of the village. Hissings from within and sly faces which disappear from the doorways as you pass make you feel decidedly unwelcome and you are glad to be leaving. At the edge of the town you pass a large boulder and as you do so, two rough-cut villagers spring out with swords drawn. BANDITS! They demand that you hand over your backpack. If you do as they ask, turn to **261**, but if you refuse, you will have to fight them – turn to **104**.

96

You sit down and the young man turns towards you eagerly. Eventually your presence is tolerated at the ale-house and the others get back to drinking and talking. You question the young man about the village. He becomes serious, looks at you grimly and says 'Snattacats!' You ask him what he means, but his reply is silence. Grimly he hangs his head. You try another line of conversation and suddenly he perks up and starts rambling on about his grandmother. The more you talk to him, the more you realize that you have chosen to sit next to the village idiot, hopelessly drunk. After an hour or so you leave the ale-house. Will you look for the inn to spend the night (turn to **211**) or leave the village and sleep rough (turn to **62**)?

97

You may take these Provisions with you. Now turn to **75**.

98

You emerge from the woods on to a river-bank. The path leads over a rough wooden bridge and along the bank. Turn to **231**.

99

As you pass by the sentry post, the Troll emerges from behind the hut, armed with a halberd, and sees you. You will have to fight him:

TROLL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 177. If you wish to fight with magic, you may choose:

WOK	SUN	LAM	KIL	DUM
386	363	432	414	317

100

You are lowered down through the blackness until eventually you reach the ground below. If you still have Jann, the Minimite, with you, turn to 286. Otherwise turn to 197.

101

You try the key but it does not fit. Turn back to 4 and make another choice.

102

You travel along a path leading upwards a little way until you reach a large natural waterfall. The only path to it leads past a small hut where a ruffian is collecting money. It seems that the price to pay for visiting this waterfall is 3 Gold Pieces. It is a beautiful sight, with large crystal stalactites hanging from the rocks all the way down. Will you pay the price and visit the waterfall (turn to 204) or return to the village and head for the inn (turn to 92) or onwards out of town (turn to 21)?

103

The stranger ignores your words and grips a sharp scimitar. Turn to 117.

104

The bandits growl and advance. You may fight them in turn:

First BANDIT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second BANDIT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **56**.

Alternatively, you may choose a spell:

FOF	JIG	BAM	LAW	YAZ
288	308	327	348	371

If you know none of these spells, draw your weapon and fight the bandits as above.

105

The going is easy through the grass. You happen across a parting where it seems someone has been before, making a trail which is heading in the general direction you wish to continue. Will you follow this path (turn to **57**) or do you mistrust it and wish to make your own way through the grass (turn to **32**)?

106

Further along the way you come across a couple of merchants' huts and you browse through the items for sale. If you wish, and if you can afford it, you may buy any of the following items:

A finely crafted sword	6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **194**
A woven skullcap	4 Gold Pieces	Turn to **247**
Provisions for three meals	6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **97**

If you have no money, you may ask them whether they know of any work that may be going (turn to **229**), or if you don't wish to deal with them at all, you may head for the inn for the night (turn to **134**).

107

For this potion, he demands 4 Gold Pieces and the price is not negotiable. If you wish to buy, pay him the money and take the flask. Otherwise you may refuse his offer. Turn to **280**.

108

You find a suitable spot in the woods to make your camp. If you have not eaten yet today, you may do so if you have Provisions and you will gain 2 STAMINA points. If you have already eaten today you will gain only 1 STAMINA point if you have a meal.

You settle down and sleep, but there is a chance that you may be discovered by night creatures who will disturb your rest. *Remember this reference* (you will have to return here afterwards) and turn to **123** to see whether you encounter anything. You may add 2 points to the die roll you will have to make as night creatures are less likely to approach a camp.

You may set off again the next morning. If you have had a peaceful night's sleep, add 2 STAMINA points. If you encountered any night creatures, you may add only 1 STAMINA point. You follow a path onwards which climbs steadily up a hill. Turn to **36**.

109

You may add 2 STAMINA points for your rest, but if you did not eat at all yesterday you must deduct 3 STAMINA points. You wake early the next morning. Turn to **222**.

110

You pick yourself up off the floor and look around. A shaft of light penetrates the pit and you are relieved to see a passage leading to the daylight outside. Your hand is resting on a furry object which at first you thought was some kind of creature, but now you are able to see that it is a dusty boot. Not far from it is another, and you collect the pair and dust them clean. You now own a pair of fur-skinned boots, which you may take with you. The fur is Borrinskin, and you put the boots in your backpack. Following the passage, you emerge from the mine into the woods by a pathway that runs downhill. Turn to **202**.

111

There seems to be a good deal of merriment in the village. 'It is the festival of the young,' whispers Jann. 'Once a year the children are allowed the freedom of the village. It is a time of great fun and pranks.' A number of children sit in the street ahead, drinking ale. A little too much, it seems, as they are laughing loudly. Ahead a young boy holds an old woman over his knee and is spanking her. A group of boys is fighting outside a hut with a sign which reads: 'Glandragor's Tavern'. A group of girls is standing at a signpost pointing to the 'Crystal Waterfall', tripping up their elders as they pass and giggling to each other. Would you like to avoid this festival and make for the inn (turn to **92**), visit the tavern (turn to **230**), head for the Crystal Waterfall (turn to **102**) or leave town straight away (turn to **21**)?

112

The little men carry you off and you soon arrive at the Head Hunter camp. There is much commotion as you are led into the centre of the settlement. Several natives rush off to fill a large pot with water to be heated over a fire – the implications of which you do not relish! Meanwhile, you are put into a bamboo cage, guarded by a strong warrior. Do you wish to pray to Libra for assistance? If so, turn to **25**. If not, turn to **242**.

113

The creature jumps in the air as you greet him and cautiously comes closer. Seeing that you mean no harm, he invites you to join with his companions. Will you join them (turn to **216**) or say that you would rather stay where you are and rest (turn to **52**)?

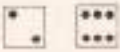

114

'Four days ago I was visited by a traveller such as yourself,' she explains. 'The rogue was leafing through my book when I caught him and as I challenged him he raced off, taking this page with him. He must have been a wizard of some power, considering the speed with which he vanished. I cast an Ageing Spell at him, but it seemed to do no good.' She thanks you for bringing it back and offers to show you how useful it is. She will rid you of the Minimite pest if you wish. If you want to get rid of Jann and regain your ability to use spells, add together the page number you have with the number on what must be the next page and turn to that reference number. If you have not recorded the page number, or if you wish to keep Jann, she allows you to leave and set off again along the path (turn to **232**).

115

You pay the 3 Gold Pieces and settle down for the night. You may add 2 STAMINA points for a refreshing night's sleep. Turn to **30**.

116

The meal is warm and nourishing. Add 2 STAMINA points. Don't forget to pay the price of the meal (1 Gold Piece); continue your journey. Turn to **131**.

117

You prepare to fight the tall ASSASSIN:

ASSASSIN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

Or you may cast a spell:

MUG	WOK	ZAP	KIL	FIX
368	452	305	393	342

If you fight and win, turn to **153**. Alternatively you may elect to spare his life when he is reduced to 3 STAMINA points or less, so long as you are clearly winning (i.e. your own STAMINA is at least 6), by turning to **187**.

118

You manage to creep around the creature and, although it snarls menacingly, it does not attack you. Turn to **193**.

119

You open the door. The hut is neatly laid out inside; obviously the touch of a fastidious woman. Chairs are around a table. A mattress lies in one corner and a large kitchen area indicates that whoever lives here is fond of cooking. You hear a cry from a corner hidden by a large cupboard, and as you move over to look you can see a large cage in which a young woman – and quite a pretty one at that – is imprisoned. 'Good stranger,' she pleads, 'let me out of this cage! I have been locked in here for two days by those mischievous Elvins. Can you please help me?' Will you help her (turn to 4), ask what's in it for you (turn to 78) or look around the hut for goods to steal (turn to 213)?

120

You return to the junction and can continue either by taking the other passage (turn to 149) or by returning to the cave entrance (turn to 144).

121

Seeing the death of their comrade, the other two Elvins chatter to each other, then rise into the air and nip off. Soon they have disappeared completely. After half an hour they have still not returned, so you gather your possessions together and decide to continue your journey. Turn to 224.

122

She hands you Ragnar's Armband of Swordmastery. While wearing this item you may add 2 points to your dice roll for Attack Strength if you are using a sword as a weapon. Your powers will be normal if you are using any other weapon. Now turn to 87.

123

Roll one die to see whether you encounter any night creatures:

Roll	*Creature*	SKILL	STAMINA
1	Giant Bat	5	5
2	Giant Bat	5	5
3	Wolfhound	7	6
4	Werewolf	8	9
5+	No encounter		

You must fight any creatures you encounter. The following spells may be used:

RAN	GUM	LAW	WIK	BIG
396	421	448	437	453

After checking your encounter, return to the previous reference.

124

'You cannot escape the Spirit of Mananka!' cries the face. 'And your mission is cursed!' You watch as the smoke contracts and disappears back inside the box. You wonder at the Spirit's curse, but there is little you can do. Until you find some way of ridding yourself of this curse, your STAMINA has been weakened. Each time you lose STAMINA points for any reason *except casting spells*, you must lose 1 *extra* STAMINA point. You may search for some means of ridding yourself of the Spirit's curse for, until you do, you are more vulnerable to dangers. You may now leave the hut and continue your journey onwards. Turn to 196.

125

You leave Kristatanti along a path which snakes out into the hills. All morning you follow it as it twists through the woods of gnarled trees until eventually you reach a clearing where another path joins from the east. A signpost at the junction indicates straight on to Dhumpus and westwards to Alianna. Will you continue onwards (turn to 54) or westwards (turn to 154)?

126

You may investigate your purchases by turning to the appropriate references as indicated: the potion (274); the broadsword (43); the pipe (249); the axe (72); the bag of teeth (190); and the jewel (152).

You will return here after investigating all your new acquisitions. To continue onwards, turn to 95.

127

You follow a meandering path around the side of a hill for most of the morning. You may stop and eat Provisions along the way if you wish and you will gain 2 STAMINA points if you do. As noon approaches you can see the path offering you two ways onwards. One path follows the hill downwards into a shallow valley and then climbs the next hill. Your other choice is a path which leads to a rope-and-wood bridge which spans the hills. Will you cross this bridge (turn to 27) or follow a course down the hillside (turn to 38)?

128

You dash on ahead but suddenly realize you are running into an unknown mine with perhaps your only exit sealed off behind you! If you wish to continue downwards, turn to 24. Otherwise you may turn round and head back for the door (turn to 66).

129

The driver is a cheerful fellow and prefers company to travelling alone. You may add 1 LUCK point for getting this lift. You travel for most of the morning at a pace not much faster than you could walk until he finally reaches a field where he is collecting vegetables. You may offer to help him for an hour or so in return for the lift (turn to 173) or you may leave him and continue your journey (turn to 46).

130

The door opens slowly until, at one point, a catch clicks and some ominous rumblings start. Behind you, a wall is rising through the floor to seal off your escape. A great splashing makes you whirl round and you gasp as you see hundreds of gallons of water come gushing around you from within the room! You are swept off the ground as the room and corridor fill. If you do not react quickly you will be drowned as the water fills all the available space. Will you cast a spell:

SUS	HUF	DIP	FOF	SUD
390	324	416	365	445

Or do you have another plan (turn to 64)? If you have not yet called on help from your goddess, you may do so now (turn to **260**).

131

You continue along the path, leaving the village behind. About half an hour later, you reach the start of the climb into the hills and continue upwards. Five minutes later, you reach a fork offering you two ways onwards. Turn to 183.

132

They release your hands, allowing you to choose a spell to impress them with:

KID	JAP	DUD	GOB	SIX
353	376	292	401	326

If you know none of these, turn to 218.

133

You continue along the trail and the undergrowth around you gets thicker. Suddenly there is a cracking beneath your feet and something gives way underfoot. You may *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, turn to **70**. If you are Lucky, turn to **89**. If you would prefer not to *Test your Luck*, turn to **70**.

134

The inn charges 3 Gold Pieces for a hearty meal and 3 Gold Pieces for a bed. If you can afford it, you may eat. The meal (Hillfox broth and rice) will restore 3 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today or 2 STAMINA points if this is not your first meal. If you wish to stay at the inn for the night, turn to **115**. If you cannot afford it or will not pay, you may leave the village in search of a suitable place to camp for the night (turn to **14**).

135

You travel along the path for some time. Passing out of a shrubby woodland a pleasant smell hits your nostrils. Off to the right is a field of beautiful black flowers. The path through the field leads on over the brow of the hill into a valley below. Jann believes this is the quickest path to Torrepani, the next village on your route. If you don't trust his judgement you may use a spell:

FIF	SUD	HUF	MAG	SUS
435	341	419	321	394

Or you may continue onwards (turn to **73**). Alternatively, you may retrace your steps and take the other route downhill from Birritanti (turn to **51**).

136

If this is your first meal today, add 2 STAMINA points. If you have already eaten, add only 1 STAMINA point. You rest for half an hour or so and then continue your journey. Turn to **65**.

137

You continue through the bush until you reach a point where the undergrowth thins and becomes a waist-high grassland. Turn to **105**.

138

The passage continues until you reach a large stone-cut door blocking your progress. Will you try the door handle (turn to **255**) or return to the junction and take the other passage (turn to **149**)?

139

When you regain consciousness, you are bound hand and foot. The excited jabberings of a small group of black-skinned HEAD HUNTERS around you make you fear for your life. You may try to cast a spell:

RIS	DUD	HOT	KID	WIK
357	406	333	450	379

Or you may wait to see what they intend to do with you (turn to **112**).

140

You remain diligently awake, watching the door, but no one comes during the night. Lose 2 STAMINA points for not sleeping and a further 3 STAMINA points if you did not eat yesterday. Turn to **222**.

141

The strange carvings are in a familiar language, but the quality of the shaft and head indicate that the axe is well used and may not last many more battles. The merchant wants 7 Gold Pieces for the weapon. You may pay his price and take the axe, or you may bargain. If you wish to bargain, roll two dice. A roll lower than 7 indicates you are a hard bargainer and he will accept this roll, in Gold Pieces, as his price. If you roll over 7, your bartering angers him and he insists on raising the price to this level. Buy if you will, then turn to **280**.

142

You draw your weapon and try to smash the lock. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If the roll is lower than your SKILL, you succeed in breaking the lock and releasing the woman (turn to **90**). If the roll equals or exceeds your SKILL, the lock remains intact. Each time you try, the blow blunts your weapon and you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL when you use this weapon. If you have two weapons, you may use the less favoured one so as to suffer no penalty when using your normal weapon. You must try at least once but, after this, you may stop at any time, give up and leave the house (turn to **278**).

143

The hunchback smiles.

'Your answer is correct and true.
Now you must answer question two:
Through villages three you now have passed
What was the first, second and last?'

How will you answer him?

Cantopani, Kristatanti and Dhumpus	Turn to 262
Kristatanti, Birritanti and Dhumpus	Turn to 253
Cantopani, Gorretanti and Dhumpus	Turn to 59

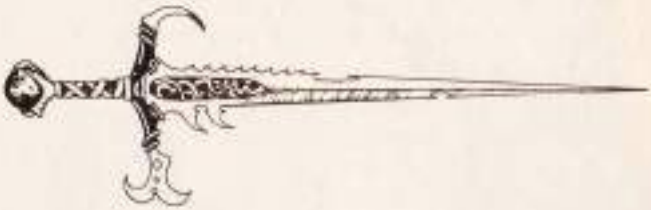

144

You emerge carefully from the cave, trying not to be spotted by wandering Goblins. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 259. If you are Unlucky, turn to 217.

145

Both boxes look like fairly uninteresting wooden cases, each fastened with a catch. Will you try opening the one on the left (turn to 251) or the right (turn to 258)?

146

The tea is refreshing and you may add 1 STAMINA point. Also add 1 LUCK point for making the right choice. You notice that the woman is cursing and her actions are becoming slower. She creeps slowly off into the kitchen and you see her gulping down another drink. Then she comes back and questions you about your journey. She is particularly interested in knowing whether you came across an old man. If you have with you a page from a Spell Book, turn to 184. If not, turn to 219.

147

The gentle upward slope becomes a steep climb and you must rest several times during the morning. Finally you reach the top and can look over the hill to see that the path leads into a small settlement of crudely made huts. You follow the path down and into the village. As you arrive, the villagers notice you and make for their huts, almost as if in fear. They are a sorry-looking bunch, short and squat with tough, leathery skin. Several of them are missing limbs and some are only able to drag themselves along with their hands. Will you try to talk with the villagers (turn to **61**) or continue onwards through the village (turn to **220**)?

148

Have you eaten since leaving the Outpost Settlement yesterday? If not, you are extremely hungry and must deduct 3 STAMINA points for going without food for the day.

You continue on your way and approach a rope bridge strung precariously between two boulders. You may either continue along the path on your side of the water (turn to **209**) or you may cross the river on the bridge and follow a path running over a small hill (turn to **19**).

149

The passage twists round to the right until it finally ends at a doorway. Will you try the door (turn to **268**) or leave the cave entirely (turn to **144**)?

150

You press on through the wood and soon come across another path which crosses it. You follow this path northwards until you come to a junction. A signpost at the junction points westwards to Alianna and straight on to Dhumpus. Will you head for Alianna (turn to **154**) or Dhumpus (turn to **54**)?

151

Some way down the corridor you hear whimpering and your torch lights up a frail shape. Hiding in the shadows is the young Svinn girl! You take her up and comfort her, and she clings to you for safety. Now all you have to do is escape! Turn to **195**.

152

The glittering jewel in its mount is cold to the touch but has an unusual sparkle. You put it in your pack. However, it is in fact an Ice Jewel and sometime later will melt away to worthless liquid. You have wasted your money. Turn to 126.

153

Looking through his pockets you find 3 Gold Pieces. You may now set off ahead, continuing along the path. Turn to 212.

154

Some way down the path you come across a hut in a rather picturesque setting, among trees with leaves of contrasting shades of green. Flowers decorate the walls of the hut and the door is painted in ornate designs. You approach the door and knock but there is no reply. Will you enter the house (turn to 119) or leave well alone (turn to 278)?

155

Searching the bodies, you find a miserable 2 Gold Pieces in their pockets. You may also take 8 teeth, which lie on the ground next to the first Goblin. Turn to 202.

156

You climb into the undergrowth from the path and plan a wide sweep around the village. The going is heavy as you climb through the vegetation. Bushes and tall grasses are constant obstacles which catch and scratch you. Suddenly you feel a strong hand on your arm which makes you whirl round – but you can see nothing gripping you! Will you try to continue (turn to 94) or prepare to defend yourself (turn to 241)?

157

The path winds upwards into the hills and you enter a wood. The afternoon sun glints through the trees, playing tricks on your eyes. Every so often you catch a glimpse of some strange-shaped animal or other watching you, only to find that it is the silhouetted branches and leaves caught at an odd angle. You reach a position where you may rest and eat Provisions if you wish (turn to 18). If you wish to continue, turn to 220.

158

Inside, the hut has no furniture. A small fire burns in the middle of the floor and against the far wall stands a family of three, cowering away from you. Will you hold out your hand in friendship (turn to 79) or cast a spell:

GAK	TOF	RAN	FAM	DOC
385	431	337	413	299

Alternatively you may leave the village (turn to 220).

159

Further along the path, you come across another object, this time a locket containing a small portrait of a woman, obviously pilfered from a previous traveller unaware of the grass's habits. You may take this with you. Eventually you reach the river-bank again, well past the village. Turn to **231**.

160

You pray to your goddess and, amidst the crashing of rubble, you can hear a great creaking as the door slowly opens. When it has opened wide enough, you nip through it into the room, just in time, as you hear a great crashing from the tunnel. Return to the junction – turn to **120**.

You have now called on Libra for help, your one and only time allowable in the Shamutanti Hills. Should you attempt to seek her assistance again between here and Kharé, she will ignore you (i.e. you may not choose this option if it is given in the text). You are on your own!

161

The meal is just being served. If you wish to sit down to eat, pay the 2 Gold Pieces and have your bowl of Skunkbear stew. You may add 3 STAMINA points if you eat. You will not be able to eat your own Provisions at the inn. If you wish to rest for the night, pay the 3 Gold Pieces. The bed you are given is not particularly clean, but is comfortable and you may add 5 STAMINA points for a good night's rest.

If you wished to eat, but not rest, turn to **62**. If you have stayed the night, turn now to **45**.

162

You must fight the Giant:

HILL GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **265**. Alternatively you may cast a spell:

YOB	KIL	DUM	BIG	YAZ
361	430	338	411	384

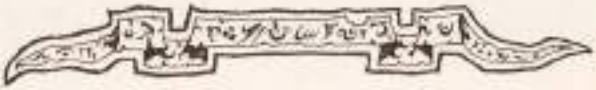

163

The villagers are becoming curious about you and you decide to make your way onwards. Following the path out of Cantopani you approach the Shamutanti Hills themselves. After half an hour or so, a fork in the path gives you a choice of two ways. Turn to **183**.

164

The path winds alongside a bubbling stream and you follow it onwards along the west bank. The valley you are in becomes narrower, but you soon come across a flat, grassy bank where you may stop and eat Provisions (turn to **136**). If you would prefer to continue, turn to **65**.

165

You may try to kill all the snakes in the pit with your weapon. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, *Test your Luck* again. You must keep trying until you are Lucky three times in succession. Each time you are Unlucky you are bitten by a snake for 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you are Lucky three times in succession, you manage to kill all the snakes and may turn to **206**.

166

Which spell will you choose?

NAP	SIX	BAG	LAW	KIL
332	295	313	380	427

If you do not know these spells, or prefer not to use one, you will have to use your weapon. Turn to **20**.

167

Turn to **245**.

168

You turn to your pack and pick it up. But you drop it again in fear as it moves in your hands! Something is inside it! Cautiously, you open the top and, as you do so, a green squirrel-like creature with a huge belly leaps out and into the woods. You curse and examine the contents, but it is too late: the little creature has eaten all your Provisions. You are angry at your own carelessness and set off briskly along the trail again. Turn to **210**.

169

Hurriedly, you leave the house and follow the path back to the junction where you may head north towards Dhumpus. Turn to **54**.

170

Your relief is somewhat premature, however, as you discover when you take your next step forward. Your foot triggers a release mechanism and three saplings snap up in front of you. Each is fitted with sharpened stakes which whip towards you at heart level. You are impaled on this fiendish device and your journey has ended here. Your head will soon join the others on the posts you have just passed . . .

171

The creature is a MINIMITE and calls itself Jann. It is very friendly and tells you you are looking down on Birritanti, the largest village in the Shamutanti Hills. Birritanti is a friendly village, where all travellers spend at least one night. Consequently, prices are a little on the high side. The Minimite would like to come with you. Will you allow it to stay on your shoulder and follow the path down into Birritanti (turn to **111**) or will you tell it you would rather travel alone (turn to **37**)?

172

You call into the hut but there is no reply. Parting the drapes, you look in. A low table and three stools are in the middle of the floor and two boxes stand on the table. Will you enter and investigate the boxes (turn to 145) or try one of the other two huts, the green one (turn to 88) or the brown (turn to 74)?

173

He is grateful for the help and offers you vegetables to take with you on your journey – enough for one meal – as payment. Then you leave him and set off along the path. Turn to 46.

174

Further along the corridor you come to a door. Will you try the door (turn to 130) or return to the junction and take the other passage (turn to 151)?

175

You creep closer, round the side of the hill, to the entrance of the cave. You seize your chance when all is quiet to nip inside and hide in the shadows. Following the passage cautiously, you come to a junction where you may fork to the left (turn to 138) or the right (turn to 149). Which will you choose?

176

As you follow the path downwards you pass a sign. You are entering the village of Dhumpus. Will you find an inn to rest for the night (turn to 134) or try to make contact with the villagers (turn to 34)?

177

You search the Troll's body and hut. Inside the hut you find a pouch containing 3 Gold Pieces. Around the Troll's neck is a small amulet made of twisted metal. This is a Lucky Charm – although it brought little luck to the Troll. While wearing this charm, you may subtract one point from your dice roll each time you *Test your Luck*. Turn to 237.

178

The path winds through fields of wild scrubland. The countryside is deserted and an eerie silence is broken only by the cawing of an occasional crow. The birds appear to pause in the air to examine you as they pass and you feel uneasy in their presence. You pass over a small hillock, from the top of which you can see the path continuing downwards into a small settlement of huts at the base of the Shamutanti Hills. You follow the path and, as you approach the village, noises and movements indicate that it is populated. As the path runs straight through the village, you have little choice but to follow it.

The round huts are made of a hard-baked, bright clay with thatched roofs. As you pass, eyes appear at dark doorways watching your movements. Suddenly a villager appears from one of the dwellings and stands before you. He is five feet tall with thick-set arms and thighs half clothed in tattered breeches. His eyes are wild and his long red hair and beard stand out on his face in a wiry tangle. 'Halt, stranger!' he commands. 'What business have you in Cantopani?' What is your response?

Tell him you are a trader	Turn to 264
Ask for directions onwards	Turn to 33
Tell him you are hungry and need Provisions	Turn to 198

179

You realize that a few more minutes of this music and you will be dropping off to sleep. But the effect is so relaxing that you cannot help yourself. Slowly you drift away. Turn to 279.

180

You pick a clearing where you may open your backpack and get out your Provisions. Your ears are peeled to the sounds around you and you are startled when a flock of Woodgulls fly up into the air near by. You may, if you wish, pack up your bags and continue your trek (turn to 133) or stay to finish your meal (turn to 272).

181

You step on a twig which snaps loudly. A stirring comes from within one of the caves and a noise indicates something is approaching. A large figure emerges in ragged clothes and you now face a GIANT, armed with a heavy club. Will you prepare to attack the creature (turn to 162) or attempt to talk with it (turn to 256)?

182

What will you give the man? If you have an axe, turn to the number carved on the axe. If you do not have an axe, you will now have to give him something else (turn to 29).

183

You ponder the two trails. As you consider the paths onwards, you hear weak cries from a large tree ahead of you. Cautiously, you step up to see an old man sitting on the lowest branch, apparently afraid to jump down to the ground, which considering his age is not surprising. He pleads with you to assist and you help him down. It transpires that he has been travelling from Dhumpus and is headed towards the Outpost Settlement in Analand. His journey had been safe enough until he was waylaid by Elvins, robbed, and left in the tree. In return for your kindness, he relates a rhyme which he feels may help you:

'See him though he sees you not;
The black-eyed creature creeps.
A guardian once, but now his lot:
The key to freedom keeps.'

He is not sure exactly what the rhyme signifies, but he knows that the Elvins are particularly keen on finding the key in question. He also presses on you his only possession: a page from a Spell Book (page number 102). The spell described is incomplete; you have only part of it. Looking at it, it appears to be some sort of pest-repelling spell. He then bids you farewell and heads off towards Cantopani.

You may now choose your way onwards. Will you take the high way up into the hills (turn to **157**) or the low way along the valley (turn to **164**)? Alternatively you may investigate a buzzing coming from around the tree (turn to **200**).

184

You describe the old man you encountered and her eyes light up. She asks whether you stole from him a page from a Spell Book and is overjoyed as you pull the page from your pack. Giggling with glee, she snatches it from you. Turn to **114**.

185

You sit and talk with them. They seem to be amongst the senior members of the village society and this has been a lucky encounter (add 2 LUCK points). They offer you food, which you may eat for a gain of 1 STAMINA point. As the conversation becomes lighter, you jokingly refer to the 'buffoons at Kristatanti', a comment which does not go down well with one of your hosts who happens to be from that village. In anger, he rises and challenges you. As you are on his own

territory this would not be a wise challenge to accept, so you back off. He chases you angrily through Dhumpus and you flee before him. On the edge of the village he gives up the chase and you may head onwards – but you realize with dismay that you have left your weapon behind! You must now continue weaponless and, unless you have a reserve in your pack, you must deduct 4 SKILL points until you find another weapon. Turn to **14**.

186

There is little in the room of value, but the dead Goblin wears a silver key around its neck with the number 111 on it. You may take this key with you and continue either onwards through the door ahead (turn to **239**) or back the way you came (turn to **120**).

187

He begs for mercy and, when you step back from the battle, he is overwhelmingly grateful. Picking himself up and nursing his wounds he tells you he is Flanker, an assassin and thief. He always picks on wayfarers for combat practice and thought you would be no match. He too is headed for Kharé and, in return for your mercy, he promises he will remain your friend. This will be a valuable asset in the cityport. When you reach Kharé you will meet Flanker again and he promises he will aid you. Turn to reference **79** in the second *Sorcery!* adventure to find out how he will help. He will not accompany you to Kharé and instead disappears into the woods. You have made a valuable contact here. Add 2 LUCK points and continue by turning to **212**.

188

Soon it becomes dark and you must decide whether to set up camp for the night (turn to **108**) or to continue without rest (turn to **49**).

189

All the huts have brightly coloured drapes hanging in their doorways, and each is a different colour. You may investigate one with a red doorway (turn to **172**), a green doorway (turn to **88**) or a brown doorway (turn to **74**).

190

The teeth in the bag are indeed from various creatures: several from Death-hounds, three from an Ape, four from a Goblin, two from a

Snattacat and a large molar from a Giant. You may take any or all of these, then turn to **126**.

191

You chat for some time. When you tell him you are heading for Kharé he tells you that you will have to pass through Torrepani and that you will find it a different place as the Svinns that live there seem to be in a permanent state of depression these days. Through Torrepani you have a day's travel to Kharé and the going is easy down the hills. You can add 2 STAMINA points for the ale and 1 LUCK point for the information. Jann, the Minimite, has been sipping at your ale and is now quite drunk. You try to creep off either to the inn (turn to **92**) or out of the village (turn to **21**) but you cannot lose the little creature.

192

You sit down and mutter some comment about the mud on the trails at this time of year. The old man grunts in agreement. Eventually the silence gives way to noisy chatter once more and you talk to the old man. He is a hill farmer on the outskirts of the village and sees much of what comes and goes in Kristatanti. He has heard of the capture of the Crown of Kings but has little interest in world affairs. You tell him a little of yourself and soon you are both laughing heartily as you exchange Goblin jokes. Eventually, he stands to leave. 'There are two ways onwards from Kristatanti, stranger,' he says. 'One will take you past Alianna's home – and you will need your wits about you if she is there. The other leads up into the hills to the Lea-Ki, domain of the great ones. I wish you the luck of Sindla on your journey. Perhaps this will help you on your way.' He hands you an apple-like fruit which he has grown on his farm. It is a nourishing Bomba and, if you eat this along with a normal meal, it will double your gain in STAMINA. You thank him and wish him a good night.

You may add 2 LUCK points for your encounter. Then you must decide whether to spend the night in the inn (turn to **212**) or wander off into the woods outside the village to sleep rough (turn to **62**).

193

You continue onwards, up the path for a couple of hours, down another valley and back up another hill. It is now late afternoon and you begin to think about where you will stay for the night. Ahead of you, however, is a small village set into the hill. Turn to **28**.

194

The sword has a specially sharpened blade and will inflict 3 STAMINA points' worth of damage instead of the normal 2. However, you will not be able to take this sword if you already have a sword unless you leave your old one behind. If you don't consider this new sword is as good as your old one, you may ask the merchant for your money back (*Test your Luck* – if you are Lucky he will give you a refund). Then turn to 75.

195

Behind you a roaring puts you on your guard. The walls of the corridor begin to shake and crumble and you are forced to venture further to avoid the collapse which is sealing off your exit. Ahead of you now, a narrow shaft of light gives you cause for hope. Perhaps this is another exit? The roaring sound gets louder as you step from the corridor into a large cavern. Suddenly you gasp as you back against the wall, shielding the child from the sight you have seen.

Standing before you on four legs is a huge MANTICORE – a hybrid creature with a lion's body and a scorpion's tail. Its face is that of an old man and as it sees you it rears back, flapping two great wings. Will you fight the creature (turn to 227) or cast a spell?

PEP	BAG	HOP	FOF	DOZ
302	389	345	415	325

196

Cautiously, you leave the village and follow the river upstream for an hour. Turn to 231.

197

You peer around in the blackness. The Svinns throw you down a torch and tinderbox to light your way. Lighting up the torch you can see you are in a large cavern. Two passageways lead onwards. Will you take the one on the right (turn to 3) or the left (turn to 16)?

198

He motions on ahead, telling you that you will find the village inn shortly on the right.

By choosing this option, you will now discover one of the rules of the game which you will otherwise only discover by trial and error. The

adventure is divided into *days* and each day you will need to eat one meal, otherwise you will lose STAMINA points due to undernourishment. Options will be given either to eat Provisions from your pack or to buy food at local inns during the day. If you go for a day without food, you will suffer. When night comes, you will be given the option to sleep or continue through the night. Likewise, if you miss a night's sleep you will also lose STAMINA points as you will be tired the next day, although taking a night's rest will usually replenish your STAMINA. But you will have to choose your times to eat and sleep carefully as sometimes a seemingly 'safe' place to rest and eat may hold hidden dangers!

You walk on ahead as the villager indicated. Turn to 257.

199

The key is old and rusty and a number is stamped into it. You can just make out the figure on the key: 54. You may put this in your backpack and then either leave the village quickly (turn to 196) or try the other box on the table (turn to 251).

200

As you look up, you can see a beehive around which a small swarm of bees are buzzing. You may climb up the tree to investigate (turn to 270) or ignore it and continue onwards (turn to 9).

201

The job is indeed unpleasant. The villager feeds you (add 2 STAMINA points) but you lose 3 STAMINA points for missing a night's sleep. You may, if you wish, use your magic to help you with the job:

BIG	DIP	PEP	FIL	ZAP
298	444	362	412	318

Otherwise turn to 263.

202

You leave the mine along the path downwards through the woods. Continuing for a couple of hours – it is now late afternoon – you are relieved to see a small village ahead of you, set into the hillside. Turn to 28.

203

Sensing your attitude, the creature pulls a short sword from its belt. It drops sharply out of the air and nips in at you, slashing at your arm with its weapon. Its speed astounds you and before you realize what has happened, the sharp sword has grazed your arm, inflicting 1 STAMINA point's worth of damage. You may fight this little ELVIN, but during the fight its speed adds two points to its dice roll when calculating Attack Strength:

ELVIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to 121. Alternatively you may cast a spell:

HOT	ZEL	WOK	BIG	YAZ
405	294	441	356	378

204

The ruffian takes your 3 Gold Pieces and hands you a piece of cloth to use as a towel. Along with two other villagers – and of course Jann the Minimite – you take off your clothes and bathe in the waterfall. You begin to glow and the cool water is not only refreshing but also invigorating. You are bathing in a waterfall with magical healing properties. You may restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* values for washing away your wounds. The waterfall will also cure you of any diseases you may have picked up (but not curses). Then you must return to the village where you pass the inn. Turn to 92.

205

Squealing loudly, the Minimite disappears from your shoulder. You are relieved to find that you will be able to make use of your magic once more. The old woman allows you to leave and you continue along the path. Turn to 232.

206

You are surrounded by dead snakes. Your luck held out, but your success will not. You have no means of climbing back up to the passage! The rest of your life will now be spent starving to death – although if you can stomach raw snake you will live a little longer . . . Your only remaining chance is if you have not yet called upon Libra (turn to 273).

207

You enter the cave and can hear a faint whistling which gets louder the deeper you go. A little deeper still into the cave you stumble and fall, and as you do so, the whistling stops. To your horror you realize you have tripped over an enormous foot and, in front of you, a GIANT is rubbing its eyes and looking towards you! It grabs a club and picks itself slowly up. You will have to fight it, either with a weapon:

HILL GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

(If you win, turn to **265**), or with a spell:

KIL	BIG	YAZ	YOR	DUM
430	411	384	361	338

208

You may leave the village along one of two paths. One winds up into the hills – turn to **147** if you wish to take this one. The other takes a downhill route into a wood – turn to **127** to follow this one.

209

You continue along a riverside path for several hours until you reach a wide bend. In the elbow of the bend ahead you can see a cluster of huts made out of thatched branches and twigs. A fire in the centre of the huts wafts smoke into the air, but not a sound comes from the village. Will you continue ahead into the village (turn to **80**) or leave the path and go up into the hills to try to avoid it (turn to **156**)?

210

The climb continues for two or three hours as the path twists this way and that up the hillside. Soon the air gets cold and the sun sets, making it difficult for you to see. However, the moon is full and will be able to light the way as it gets darker. Would you like to continue further, marching through the night (turn to **84**) or will you stop and make camp to get some sleep (turn to **283**)?

211

The village inn will charge you 3 Gold Pieces for a night's rest and 2 Gold Pieces for nourishing food. If you wish to buy either of these, turn to **161**. If the price is too high for you, turn to **62**.

212

Continuing along the path and round the side of a hill, you are now becoming increasingly irritated by the Minimite's chattering. You come across a small wooden hut where an old woman sits on the front step. As you pass she calls out to you, inviting you over. Will you see what she wants (turn to **243**) or ignore her and continue (turn to **235**)?

213

She curses as you search the hut. This curse, however, is no idle threat. The Curse of Alianna reduces your SKILL score by 2 points from now until such time as the curse is removed. Quickly you look through drawers and cupboards but succeed only in finding a pouch containing soft brown sand, and 2 Gold Pieces. You may take these with you, leave the house and set off again. Turn to **278**.

214

The sword has a fine cutting edge and has been honed by a master craftsman. Roll two dice. This is the price in Gold Pieces that the merchant requires for the sword. If you are prepared to pay this price you may purchase it. Whether or not you do, turn next to **280**.

215

Three Svinns chase you as you run down the hill. They tackle and grapple with you, finally pinning you down. Lose 2 STAMINA points for the struggle. They tie you into the rope basket and lower you down the pit. Turn to **100**.

216

The creatures are ELVINS, mischievous little half-humans. They live in a village not far up the river and they are fond of impish pranks. Every so often they will disappear and, as you search round nervously, reappear suddenly in front of you just to make you jump. They are able to turn their glow on and off at will, and another favourite trick is to extinguish their glow and drop down in front of you. More often than not, this means you trip over them, causing considerable merriment to all but you. Nevertheless, you keep your temper. You do appear to be hindering their progress and after an hour or so they tire of you and vanish into the woods along the riverside. You wait in vain for them to reappear and eventually decide to find another suitable shelter for the night to get some sleep. You awake again at sunrise and continue along the path. Turn to **148**.

217

You have been unlucky and are noticed by a small group of 3 Goblins who come at you armed with picks:

FIRST GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 4
SECOND GOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4
THIRD GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

Attack each in turn and, if you win, turn to 155. Or you may cast a spell:

HOP	ZAP	RAP	RAW	RAZ
428	407	358	381	442

218

They have taken your backpack and are sorting through it, taking any items they wish. Having done this, and regarding you as fairly harmless, they let you go.

To decide which items they want, go through all the items you possess one by one and *Test your Luck* on each. Each time that you are Lucky, the item in question is no use to them and you may keep it. Each time you are Unlucky they will steal this item from you and you must cross it off your Equipment List. Include your Gold – and your Provisions – as single items. You do not have to deduct LUCK points each time you *Test your Luck* here.

When they have ransacked your possessions, they let you go and you may leave the village. Turn to 196.

219

She asks you whether you have any items 'of a magical nature'. You are naturally a little suspicious and avoid the issue. Eventually she allows you to leave and continue your journey. Turn to 232.

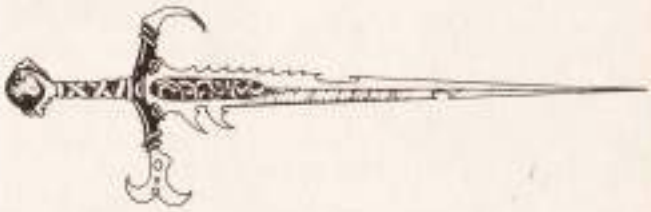

220

Some way down the hill you stop for a rest. You sit on a boulder to survey what lies ahead. The path leads downwards into a vale. Cradled between three hills is a village – and quite a large one at that. The sun is falling rapidly and you decide to head downwards towards this settlement. An overhanging branch touches your face and you hear a lively chirping. Hovering by your shoulder is a small creature the size of your thumb. It is child-like but very thin, with green skin, and it flits around you on transparent wings. It seems to be quite friendly and alights on your shoulder. You may talk to it (turn to **171**) or try to get rid of it with a spell:

SIX	WIK	HOP	GAK	WAL
387	336	451	300	306

221

The cave is not deep and appears to be empty. Rubble, mostly small pebbles, on the floor includes some large items such as a huge broken stool, a net with a very wide mesh and a large skull, human-shaped but well over normal size. All of this leads you to one conclusion: these caves are inhabited by Giants! You may take anything – or any part of anything – on the floor that you wish with you, but if you take the stool, you will not be able to carry anything else so you will have to leave all your other possessions except your weapon. Then you may leave and go either into the other cave (turn to **207**) or leave the caves and continue onwards (turn to **250**).

222

An hour after daybreak you hear noises outside. The door opens and five Svinns come in followed by an old man with grey hair and colourful robes. He announces himself as Proseus, the Svinn chief, and apologizes for having captured you. He nods to a menial who brings in bread and milk. You may eat this meal and add 2 STAMINA points.

The chief explains that you have a mission of the utmost importance ahead of you. His young daughter, his only heir, has been captured by marauders and is being offered as a sacrifice to a powerful cave demon. Several of his own men have tried to rescue the girl but so far with no success. 'We are a desperate people,' explains the chief. 'You must be our champion and rescue our heir. If you succeed you may choose your own reward.'

It is clear that, in spite of the chief's apparent good nature, you have little choice in this matter. You are taken out of the village and along a meandering path up another hill. On the top of the hill is a hole in the ground and the Svinns prepare a basket to lower you down into what must be a secret entrance to the demon's cave. Will you try a last attempt at escaping (turn to **215**) or are you thinking only of the rich treasures you may win (turn to **100**)?

223

As you move, the creature steps towards you, showing its sharp teeth. Realizing you cannot avoid it without a fight, you step forward. Turn to **252**.

224

You must lose 2 STAMINA points for continuing through the night without rest. Just before sunrise you pause briefly to take your bearings in the morning light. Turn to **148**.

225

He places the coins in a pouch around his waist. 'The low way leads through the Vale of the Elvin,' he tells you, 'and unless you are prepared for Elvin ways – for they are mischievous and magical – you had better avoid this path. The high way takes you up into the hills past the Schanker Mines.' He laughs, and adds: 'But you must keep your head if you take this path! Head onwards for Kristatanti, which you will reach in a day or two, for few villages in the Shamutanti Hills welcome strangers, and at Kristatanti you will at least find food and shelter. And beware the Black Lotus on your travels – its sweet aroma is deadly.' You thank him for his advice and press onwards. Turn to **81**.

226

You leave the village. Sitting against the wall on the way out is a blind beggar and, as you pass, he asks you for alms. He looks a sorry sight: skinny and sparsely clothed. His eyes are painted with a dark dye to indicate his blindness. You are considering whether to toss him a Gold Piece when an ox cart comes up the road. Seeing you are a stranger, the driver asks you if you would like a lift. Will you accept his offer (turn to **129**) or refuse and instead toss the beggar a Gold Piece (turn to **244**)?

227

Draw your weapon and fight:

MANTICORE	SKILL 12	STAMINA 18

Each time the creature inflicts a wound on you, you must roll one die. A roll of a 5 or 6 indicates a hit with its scorpion-like tail containing a poison which will cause 6 STAMINA points' worth of damage unless you successfully *Test your Luck* (if you are Lucky, the damage will be normal). If you roll a 1–4, the attack is normal. If you defeat the creature, turn to **456**.

228

You will have to heave with every ounce of strength in your body to force the door open. Throw one die three times. If the total thrown is less than your SKILL score, the door breaks open and you may escape (turn to **120**) – but you must lose 1 SKILL point. If the total thrown equals or exceeds your SKILL score, the door will not budge and you will be trapped in the cave-in unless you can call for help from your goddess Libra (turn to **160**).

229

One of the merchants has a friend who needs a cesspit in his back yard filling in and a fresh one digging. This will take you most of the night to do, but he will feed and pay you. If you wish to take up this offer, turn to **201**, but if not, you must look for the inn – turn to **134**.

230

You enter the tavern and call to the proprietor. Glandragor himself comes out. He is a kindly type and is always happy to talk to strangers. He is also a businessman, and a mug of ale will cost you 2 Gold Pieces. Will you pay up, drink your ale and talk to him (turn to **191**) or do you have something for him (turn to **182**)? If you cannot afford a drink, turn to **92**.

231

Further along the river is another bridge over which the path leads. You cross the bridge and start heading up into the hills. The path winds for some time, taking the gradient leisurely. Suddenly an acorn lands on your head and you hear a tittering coming from the trees above. Looking up you can see tiny figures high in the branches, flying from tree to tree. Another acorn falls, then another. You are being pelted by ELVINS! You may protect yourself with a spell:

ZIP	FOF	WOR	HOP	YAG
359	408	296	382	340

If you do not wish to use a spell, turn to **85**.

232

It is now late afternoon. You pass over the brow of the next hill and below you is a village. The path leads into this village and you have little choice but to enter Torrepani.

Torrepani is inhabited by the SVINNS, an aggressive-looking race of man-orcs. But as you enter the village, an air of depression hanging over the place becomes quite apparent. The Svinns take no notice of you and you sit down on a tree stump in the centre of the village surveying the miserable creatures. Will you head for the inn to spend the night (turn to **267**) or attempt to make contact with the villagers (turn to **282**)?

233

The old man's eyes light up as you produce the axe. 'Where did you get that?' he exclaims. You tell him the story and he takes it from you, overjoyed. Handing you a free mug of ale (you may add 2 STAMINA points for this) he is overwhelmingly grateful and wishes to tell you all he knows to help you. 'First of all,' he says, 'you should visit the Crystal Waterfall. It has great powers of healing and soothing. Here is a pass which will allow you past the guardian (you need not pay if you go). When you leave Birritanti you will reach Kharé through Torrepani. The Svinns live in Torrepani and no doubt their chief will try to persuade you to help find his daughter. She has been carried off by marauders and left as a sacrifice in a dark cave guarded by a deadly Manticore. After Torrepani you will reach Kharé within a day. In fact I am well connected in Kharé. If you have any problems in Kharé, just call for Vik, a friend of mine who has power and influence.' In Kharé,

VIK will be given as a spell option in some encounters. If given such an option, you may choose it to take advantage of Glandragor's connections. Glandragor also offers you a sword – a sturdy but ordinary one – as a replacement weapon and wishes you well as you leave. Add 3 LUCK points for finding Glandragor. You may head for either the Crystal Waterfall (turn to **102**) or the inn (turn to **92**).

234

The gate is open, but you are wary of continuing. This is no normal gate: it stands two or three times the size of any you have seen before. But the only way on is through it, so you continue – though carefully.

To the right, the hill rises sharply upwards and you can see two caves. Will you enter the right-hand cave (turn to **207**), the left-hand cave (turn to **221**) or will you continue past the caves along the path (turn to **82**)?

235

She shouts loudly after you and orders you back. She seems most indignant that you have chosen to ignore her and warns you that you will not go unpunished. Jann is curious and suggests you return to the hut. If you reconsider and see what she wants, turn to **243**. If you continue regardless, turn to **269**.

236

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **118**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **223**.

237

You continue up the hill. The climb is steep, but by mid-afternoon you have reached the top. Continuing over the hill, you travel down a gentle slope for the rest of the afternoon. Turn to **220**.

238

Your guess is incorrect. With a wave of the hunchback's hand you feel a sharp pain surge through your body. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point and return to the junction to take the other path (turn to 38).

239

The door opens on well-oiled hinges and you are in a pitch-black passageway. You may cast a spell if you wish:

SUS	FAR	FIX	BAG	HOW
372	349	422	398	454

Or you may grope down the passageway in the dark (turn to 6). You may decide against this passage and return through the room to the junction (turn to 120).

240

'I have in my house Ragnar's Armband of Swordmastery, which I will gladly give to you if you will free me,' she promises. Will you try to open the cage as she wishes (turn to 4) or doublecross her and search around for it anyway (turn to 213)?

241

If you wish to draw your weapon, turn to 2. If you would rather cast a spell, turn to 275.

242

A short while later, two Head Hunters return and take you from the cage. As they bustle you towards the pot, now steaming as the water heats, you receive a blow on the head. You slump unconscious and never re-awaken. You will provide the natives with fresh meat tonight . . .

243

The old woman invites you into her house and bids you sit down. She is lonely on her own in the woods and appreciates the company of others. Offering you a drink, she shuffles off into the kitchen and returns with two large cups of tea, and one tiny one. Jann is a little suspicious and tells you so. The old woman glares at him and expresses openly her disgust for Minimites. She has forgotten the pot and returns to the kitchen to fetch it. You may, if you wish, switch your cup of tea with hers (turn to 48) or you may wait for her to return and drink the one she has given you (turn to 146).

244

You toss him a Gold Piece. 'You are kind, traveller,' the beggar says. Feeling the coin he becomes excited. 'Why, this is a Gold Piece!' he exclaims. 'You are too generous to a poor sightless beggar. Generosity of this sort must not go unrewarded!' Taking a copper key from his pocket he gives it to you, insisting that you take it. 'Years ago I lived in Kharé,' he tells you. 'Kharé was my home and in the cityport I watched over prisoners in the gaol. But Kharé is an evil place, inhabited by all manner of creatures. Beware the Red-Eyes in Kharé or my fate will befall you and you too will have to turn to begging for a living. Kharé is also wary of strangers, but this key will help you should you be captured by the city guards.' The key has a number, 206, stamped into it. You thank the beggar and continue. Turn to 58.

245

You creep by the sentry post unnoticed. Turn to 237.

246

As the second day of your journey breaks, you march through the cool morning air of the hills, having now climbed several hundred feet. You reach the brow of a hill and stop in your tracks. To your left is a clearing in which several poles are firmly planted in the ground. Atop the poles are *heads* – some recently fixed, some semi-decayed – human heads, Goblin heads, and one or two heads of creatures you do not recognize, all with sewn-up eyes and mouths. A large X painted on a broad tree is obviously intended as a warning to venture no further. Ahead the path forks to the right and left, but you cannot be sure which path you are warned not to take! Will you continue your climb along the right-hand path (turn to 68) or take the left-hand path which winds down the side of the hill (turn to 40)?

247

The skullcap has been stolen from a priest of Daddu-Ley. It has no magical properties of its own but may be useful in spells. Turn to 75.

248

She hands you a small box. Opening the box you find it contains a miniature vial of glue, a pair of strange-looking nose plugs and four small pebbles – all useful in creating spells. Now turn to 87.

249

The pipe is made of bamboo and you blow it. It gives off a lively little note. You may take this with you. Turn to 126.

250

You leave Lea-Ki, the domain of the Hill Giants, and head onwards. It is late afternoon and you may choose either a path running down the hill (turn to 176) or a path running along the crest of the hill (turn to 188).

251

The box is empty. But as you look inside, smoke begins to swell up from its depths. The smoke builds up and rises from the box in front of you. Slowly, a face forms in the air; a thin, elf-like face. You watch, transfixed, and suddenly its eyes flick open. Their piercing stare reaches deep into your mind, and you are unable to move. 'Stranger,' the mouth speaks, 'you tamper with forces you know nothing of. I am aware of your quest. You cannot succeed!'

Will you use a spell:

FOG	MAG	RIS	RAN	GAK
455	403	293	377	354

Or will you try to escape from the room (turn to 124)?

252

Will you fight it with your weapon (turn to 20) or with a magic spell (turn to 166)?

253

Your guess is incorrect. With a wave of the hunchback's hand you feel a sharp pain surge through your body. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point and return to the junction to take the other path (turn to 38).

254

You race off into the woods in case the commotion attracts any other creatures. For half an hour you run before you stop to rest, when you realize that you are now hopelessly lost. Which direction will you take? Throw one die. If you throw a 1 or a 2, you continue uphill until you reach a path (turn to 68). If you roll a 3 or 4, you just head in the direction you were travelling (turn to 13) until you reach a path. If you roll a 5 or 6, you take a downhill course until you reach a well-trodden path (turn to 98).

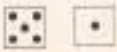

255

The door opens. The room inside is dirty and sooty with dust from the mines. It is square, and a door opposite leads onwards. Sitting behind a makeshift desk is a large, filthy GOBLIN who raises his head and sniffs the air as you walk in. His face is black with soot. 'Your smell is strange, intruder!' he challenges. 'You are not permitted here!' Will you prepare to fight him (turn to 47) or leave as he wishes (turn to 120)?

256

The creature roars and reaches down to grab you. Unable to avoid it, you feel yourself gripped between its great thumb and forefinger. The pain is excruciating as the creature squeezes but there is nothing you can do. The Giant crushes you to death . . .

257

The inn offers hot meals for sale and if you wish to stop and eat the charge will be 1 Gold Piece. Bread and goat's cheese are also available if you wish to buy food to take with you, and the price of two meals' worth is 2 Gold Pieces. If you wish to sit down and eat, turn to 116. If you wish to buy Provisions, do so and pay the 2 Gold Pieces. Or, if you wish to continue with or without new Provisions, turn to 131.

258

You flip open the top of the box and jump back quickly. Inside the box are 5 Gold Pieces and a key, but these are guarded by a vicious SCORPION. You may try if you wish to grab either the Gold Pieces or the key – but only one item at a time (i.e. Gold Pieces one by one). Each time you attempt a grab, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you succeed in grabbing an object. If you are Unlucky, you are stung by the Scorpion and must lose *half* your STAMINA (round *down* any odd STAMINA points). When you are finished with this box, turn to 199 if you took the key. Otherwise you may either try the other box (turn to 251) or leave the village (turn to 196).

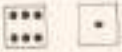

259

You manage to avoid the Goblins and sneak off along a downhill path into the woods. Turn to 202.

260

You are forced upwards against the ceiling as the water level rises. But Libra has not deserted you and an air pocket forms around your head. As you thrash about in the water, you are able to breathe easily and soon you relax, knowing you are safe. After several minutes, the water drains off, leaving you on the ground unharmed, although somewhat damp. The sealing wall disappears into the floor and you return to the large chamber to choose another passage. Will you take the right-hand path (turn to 3) or the left-hand path (turn to 16)?

261

As you unstrap the pack, one of the bandits grabs it from your hands while the other leaps at you and clouts you with the hilt of his sword. You fall to the ground dazed and the bandits make off with your belongings. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You have now lost anything you were carrying in the backpack including gold and Provisions (but not your sword). Eventually you pick yourself up and continue your journey. Turn to 131.

262

You are correct. The hunchback stands aside to let you pass. As you start across the bridge he wishes you well on your way. You march swiftly across in case he may have some other trap in store. But instead he calls out a clue which may be useful in the journey ahead.

He is a sly old creature and you must be careful to mark his words well:

'Beware the lair of the cave-demon's maze.
For traps as deadly as Medusa's gaze
Greet travellers who, of luck bereft,
Take passageways not to the left.'

You consider these words as you cross the valley. You may add 2 LUCK points for your success. On the other side of the bridge you follow the path over the hill and down the other side. It is now late afternoon. Turn to **220**.

263

You finish the job well and in good time and the villager pays you 3 Gold Pieces. You leave Dhumpus in the early morning light. Turn to **208**.

264

He grunts and motions for you to follow, taking you through the village to a large hut. Inside, you discover that the building is evidently a storage house and a quartermaster, somewhat plumper than your guide, is seated at a table. The villager explains you wish to do business and leaves you with the fat man, who bids you take a seat. The merchant has the following items for sale. If you are interested in any of them, turn to the reference indicated:

A herbalist's potion	Turn to **107**
A fine-edged broadsword	Turn to **214**
A musical pipe	Turn to **22**
An axe with strange carvings	Turn to **141**
A bag containing teeth	Turn to **5**
A fine, glittering jewel	Turn to **60**

If none of these interest you, turn to **163**.

265

Exhausted from the battle, you examine the Giant and its domain as you recover your breath. A pouch around its waist contains 8 Gold Pieces. You may also take any part of the creature that you think may be useful. A large loaf in the cave is too large for you to carry, but you may eat from it if you wish (turn to **284**). Otherwise turn to **250**.

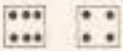

266

You find an ale-house and walk in. Gruff voices come from inside but, when you enter, the drinkers watch you suspiciously and the noise subsides. Several Hill Dwellers sit around a table. The owner of the house tells you that you are in the village of Kristatanti and that a mug of ale will cost you 1 Gold Piece. If you cannot afford this price you will have to leave the ale-house (turn to 62). Otherwise you may pay him, take your drink and sit down at the table next to an old, wrinkled man (turn to 192) or a younger man with sharp features (turn to 96).

267

The inn serves hot food for 3 Gold Pieces and you may eat here if you can afford it. If you have not yet eaten today, add 2 STAMINA points if you buy a meal (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). A bed for the night costs 5 Gold Pieces. If you will sleep here, turn to 8. If you would rather leave the village and sleep rough, turn to 35.

268

The door is locked. You may try charging the door down (turn to 93) or you may cast a spell:

DOM	PAP	HUF	HOW	DOF
351	311	374	449	291

269

Now screaming at you, she calls loudly into the air. A cracking to your left makes you wheel round, just in time to see a tree swaying as its trunk splits and it falls towards you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you spring aside just before it topples on you. If you are Unlucky, you are too late and the tree lands on you, crushing you and your miniature companion to death. If you survive, turn to 276.

270

The bees swarm around you but you are powerless to defend yourself as you must use your hands to grip the tree. Throw one die. If you throw a 1–4, then this is the number of STAMINA points you lose as the bees sting you. If you roll a 5 or 6, you are lucky and avoid being stung. When you reach the hive, you knock it down to the ground.

Cutting open the hive on the ground, you may take with you the wax and the honey. The honey will provide you with enough nourishment for one meal. Turn to 9.

271

You try knocking on another door. This time a voice calls 'Who is it?' and you enter. Turn to 158.

272

As you bite into your bread, a sharp pain in your leg makes you swing round. In a tree a short distance away, you can see the black face of a HEAD HUNTER leering at you as it lowers a blowpipe. You become dizzy and pass out as the poison takes effect. Your head will soon be joining the others on a pole at the last junction . . .

273

Before your eyes the snakes form a living ladder, stretching back up to the passage above! When it is formed, you may climb back up and return to the main chamber, where you may take either the right-hand (turn to 3) or the left-hand passage (turn to 16). Remember that you cannot call on Libra again now.

274

You open the stopper on the bottle of potion and take a sniff. Phew! The pungent odour of Blimberry juice hits your nostrils. Blimberry is a strange fruit which ordinarily would never be eaten by humans or animals (having such a foul smell). But its medicinal properties have been discovered by all species and it appears to be nature's healer. You may take this potion at any time, except in battle, to restore 3 STAMINA points. Or you may use the potion in sorcery. There is enough in the bottle for one dose. Turn to 126.

275

You snatch your arm back against the pull and, as you do so, a shape begins to form in front of you. You are now facing a large, two-tailed SERPENT which hisses menacingly at you. One of its tails is wrapped around your arm. Which spell will you use?

KIL	SUN	GOP	LAW	HOW
314	404	334	355	426

If you cannot, or choose not to, use any of these, you will have to arm yourself. Turn to 2.

276

As you pick yourself up, the old woman suddenly appears in front of you. 'You may not ignore the invitation of Gaza Moon!' she says, and she points a finger at you. A blue crackle from her hand takes you unawares as a lightning blast flies towards you. Will you defend yourself with a spell:

If you are a warrior you have no escape from the blast.

ZIP	GUM	LAM	FIL	SUS
322	434	418	304	392

If you know none of these, the blast hits you and charred remains are all that are left of you. The Sorceress Gaza Moon must not be ignored . . .

277

The fall is not too far, but there is a chance of injury. Throw two dice and compare the total with your LUCK score. If the total is *less than* your LUCK, you are unhurt. If the total *equals* your LUCK, deduct 1 STAMINA point for minor bruising. If the total *exceeds* your LUCK, deduct 3 STAMINA points as you have badly twisted your arm. If you throw a *double six*, then you have landed on your head, breaking your neck in the fall and your adventure ends here. Turn to 110 if you did not die.

278

You follow the path back up to the junction and continue towards Dhumpus. Turn to 54.

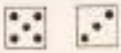

279

When you awake, you find yourself inside a hut with your hands bound. Seeing you stir, a creature by the door jumps to its feet. In fact it jumps *above* its feet and now hovers attentively in the air, watching you. Your guard is man-like but short and thin. You have been captured by ELVINS!

Elvins are impish creatures, more mischievous than malevolent. They love pranks and practical jokes. Soon several have gathered in your room. They ask whether you are a magician and, if so, will you show them some tricks. If you will perform for them, turn to 132. Otherwise turn to 218.

280

If you have investigated only one or two of his offerings, you may choose another from the list below. But if you have considered three artefacts already, you may not try a fourth and you must leave the merchant – turn to 91.

The herbalist's potion	Turn to 107
The broadsword	Turn to 214
The musical pipe	Turn to 22
The axe	Turn to 141
The bag of teeth	Turn to 5
The jewel	Turn to 60

281

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, they do not notice you – you go back to sleep and set off again at sunrise (turn to 148). If you are Unlucky, one of them sees you across the stream and points you out to the others – turn to 12.

282

You approach a group of Svinns deep in conversation and take a seat with them. They are discussing a friend, apparently killed in the night by an assassin's blade. Gradually you work your way into the conversation and you soon learn the reason for the depression which hangs over the village. The village chief's daughter has been captured by a band of marauders and offered as a sacrifice to a powerful cave demon. According to an ancient prophecy, a dreadful scourge will overrun the village if the chief's line ever ends – and his daughter is the chief's only heir.

You tell them of your own travels and the creatures you have met. They realize you are a truly heroic adventurer and become very interested in you. Suddenly one springs at you while another runs off into the village. You are held fast in a vice-like grip, but as you struggle more Svinns arrive. They march you off to a hut at the edge of the village. Turn to 71.

283

You settle down to make camp for the night. You may take Provisions here and, if you do so, you may add 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten since leaving Analand, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten on your journey. You may only eat if you have Provisions with you. As you curl up in your blanket to sleep, there is a chance that you may encounter a wandering night creature. *Remember this reference* (as you will return here afterwards) and turn to 123. Night creatures are less likely to approach you in your camp, so you may add 2 points to the die roll you will be required to make.

After your night's sleep you may add either 2 STAMINA points, if you encountered no night creatures, or 1 STAMINA point if your sleep was disturbed. Then you set off along the trail. Turn to 31.

284

The loaf is not particularly pleasant, but is fairly nourishing. You may make a meal of it and restore 2 STAMINA points. Then turn to 250.

285

You may either fight the Ogre with your weapon:

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 15. Alternatively you may cast a spell:

WOK	WAL	KIL	DIM	ROK
400	352	331	375	312

286

As you have no doubt already learned, Jann will not leave you. And while he is with you, your magic will not work. You may not use any spells until you rid yourself of this little pest. Now turn to 197.

287

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 87 and choose again.

288

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell creates an invisible force field around you. Try as they may, the Bandits cannot harm you or even get close to you. Realizing the power of your sorcery, they run back into the village, allowing you to continue. Turn to 131.

289

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 47 and choose again.

290

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. You fall down into the pit. Turn to 277.

291

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. The door shudders and the handle turns. On your guard, you watch as it opens, allowing you into the room inside. Turn to 39.

292

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You concentrate and slowly focus your mind on a large rock in the corner of the hut. Before their eyes, this rock turns into a glittering pile of treasure. They gasp, as they can see jewels, gold, silver and gems forming from nothing. They chatter excitedly and nod towards you, smiling happily. One of them ventures over to touch the treasure and, as he does so, you release the spell. The Elvins are impressed with your trick and return your backpack, soon allowing you to leave the village. Turn to **196**.

293

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this, and the spirit laughs as you try to cast it. Turn to **124**.

294

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **203** and choose again.

295

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and, with a flash, five replicas of yourself appear in front of the creature. It chooses one of these images to attack. Choose which of the images is the real you by noting down a number between one and six. Then roll one die to determine which image the creature goes for. If you roll the same number as you have chosen for yourself, it has been lucky and selected the real you! Turn to **20** to resolve the combat. If it does not choose the real you, you may escape from it and continue. Turn to **193**.

296

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, your spell will not work – turn to **85**. If you have a Gold Piece, you place it on your wrist and cast your spell. An invisible shield forms around it, large enough for you to hide behind. You are able to pass safely through the hail of acorns – but you lose your Gold Piece. Turn to **7**.

297

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You hold up your hand and cast the spell. A small burning fireball materializes in your palm and you fling it at the Wood Golem. The creature catches fire immediately and shrieks loudly. Alianna runs off for water to douse the fire before her house goes up, and you make a hasty exit. Turn to **169**.

298

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for it to take effect. Almost immediately, you start to expand. Your whole body begins to grow until you are almost three times your normal size. This allows you to finish the job quite quickly and you manage to get half a night's sleep. Add 2 STAMINA points, then turn to **263**.

299

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Blimberry juice with you? If not, you must return to **258** and choose again. If you can cast the spell over Blimberry juice, you do so and sprinkle the enchanted juice on to the villagers. At first this appears to burn them, but then the healing potion takes effect. This is a *plague village*; everyone in it has plague. You have just healed this family and they are on their knees, thanking you. You talk to them for some time and they give you one important warning: Beware the Black Lotus Flower. Eventually you leave. Turn to **220**.

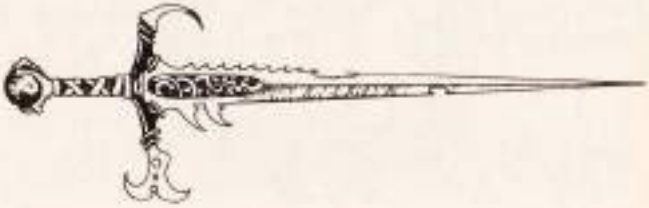

300

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. Return to **220** and choose again.

301

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Gold-Backed Mirror it requires. Draw your weapon and turn to **227**.

302

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. The creature advances and you cast your spell. You panic as nothing happens! You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Potion of Fire Water it requires. The Manticore whips round its tail and, although you try your best to evade it, the sting grazes your arm. Deduct 6 STAMINA points. If you will now draw your weapon and fight, turn to **227**. If you would prefer to cast another spell, turn to **364**.

303

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, you must return to **63** and choose again quickly. If you have any small pebbles, you cast the spell on them and toss them at the snakes. They explode on impact, killing several of the snakes and frightening the others. You throw three such missiles and have given yourself some breathing space. However, on consideration, there seems to be no way you can escape from the pit unless you are able to call on Libra. If you have not yet used her help, turn to **273**. Otherwise there is little you can do. Your journey has ended here . . .

304

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast your spell but nothing happens. The blast hits you in the chest, killing you instantly. Your journey ends here . . .

305

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for the lightning bolt to shoot at the assassin. But nothing happens! The Minimite screams at you, 'Don't waste your time on spells. Minimites are protected – though it is sometimes a curse – with a protection aura. You cannot cast spells when I am about!' You must return to 117 and fight the assassin.

306

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell – but nothing happens! The little creature chuckles. 'You are wasting your time with magic while I'm around,' it laughs. Turn to 171.

307

As you try desperately to make your spell work, the creature pounces. Its huge weight lands on you and its claws rip your clothes. That deadly sting comes over at you, but you are powerless to defend yourself. It pierces your chest. Shortly the poison will take effect. You have failed in your mission . . .

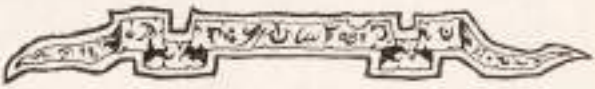

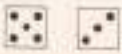

308

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a bamboo flute with you? If not, you should not be at this reference and must deduct a further 3 STAMINA points as the Bandits attack and turn back to **104**. If you have such a flute, you may take it from your bag, cast your spell and play. The angry faces of the Bandits turn to expressions of astonishment as they find their limbs jerking in time to the music, quite out of control. They drop their swords and are soon dancing merrily before you. Piping loudly, you direct them back to the village and, as they dance off, you continue your journey. Turn to **131**.

309

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell unsuccessfully, as you do not have the skullcap it requires. The Goblin seizes its chance and attacks you fiercely. Deduct another 3 STAMINA points and return to **47** to choose again.

310

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **66** and choose again. But hurry!

311

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **268** and choose again.

312

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the stone dust it requires. The Ogre swings its fist and knocks you back against a wall. Deduct another 2 STAMINA points, return to **285** and choose again.

313

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You have chosen a non-existent spell. Return to 166 and choose again.

314

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 275 and choose again.

315

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 74 and choose again.

316

Deduct 2 STAMINA points as you cast the spell. You cast it, not over yourself, but over one of the Elvins who seems to be in charge. The others stand agog as he suddenly duplicates until six replicas stand in front of them! The leader laughs – or rather all six of them laugh together – and the sight is most amusing. Soon all the Elvins are laughing and the leader and his replicas hold out their hands to shake with their comrades. Five of the other Elvins, of course, grasp thin air. The spell soon wears off and the creatures congratulate you, returning your backpack and allowing you to leave the village. Turn to 196.

317

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and the creature looks confused. It steps forwards and kicks the staff of the halberd, knocking it out of its hands. Cursing, it picks the weapon up, merely to drop it again! You may seize your chance and attack. While under the effect of the spell, the Troll will fight at:

TROLL SENTRY	SKILL 4	STAMINA 7

The spell will last for 4 Attack Rounds and will then wear off. Before each Attack Round after the fourth, roll one die. If the number is odd, the Troll cannot regain his halberd and will continue fighting with a SKILL of 4. If you roll an even number, it will regain its weapon and fight with a SKILL of 8. Turn to 177 if you win.

318

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and point your finger at the hole. With a flash, a burst of lightning flies from your fingertip and blasts the ground. Earth flies all around and, as you see when the air

clears, you have created a fine hole, a little rough around the edges, but nevertheless you have saved yourself a lot of work. You settle down to sleep for the rest of the night. You may recover the 3 STAMINA points you would have lost for missing a night's sleep. Turn to 263.

319

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell and wait for something to happen, but nothing does. You do not have a Giant's tooth which you may cast this spell on. Turn to 256.

320

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 4 and choose again.

321

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell, but nothing happens! The Minimite tells you not to waste your energy on spells while he is around. Will you continue (turn to 73) or return and take the other path (turn to 51)?

322

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast your spell but nothing happens. Unable to defend yourself, the blast hits you in the chest. You cry out in pain and drop to the ground. Your journey has ended here . . .

323

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell just in time, and your invisible wall blocks off the passage. The great boulder hits it with some considerable force, causing the whole cave to shake. It bounces off your barrier and rolls back up the slope. You must now continue either by returning to the last junction and taking the other fork (turn to 63) or by returning to the main chamber and taking the other passage (turn to 16).

324

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Galehorn it requires. Turn to 64.

325

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. The creature makes a half turn and prepares to swing its stinging tail at you. But as you cast the spell, it pauses briefly and shakes its head, as if something has hit it. Its movements become slow and you may now seize your chance to either attack it with your weapon (turn to 227) or cast an attacking spell (turn to 364). If you choose to attack, it will fight at half SKILL for the first 4 Attack Rounds.

326

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to 307.

327

There is no such spell as this. Deduct 5 points from your STAMINA and return to 104.

328

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you must deduct 3 extra STAMINA points as the Goblin attacks and return to 47. If you do have beeswax, you may rub it on your sword and return to 47. Fight the Goblin as normal, but you may double any damage you inflict on the Goblin while your sword has been magically sharpened. The effect will only last for this fight, and you have used up half your beeswax.

329

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You try in vain to cast the spell as you do not have the Galehorn it requires. As you recite your spell again and again, the ceiling collapses entirely. There is nothing you can do as you are buried for ever in the rubble . . .

330

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Your spell will not work as you do not possess the Jewel-Studded Medallion you need to complete it. You fall down into the pit. Turn to 277, where you will be required to make a dice roll. Since you have been fumbling unsuccessfully with your spell, you must add 3 points to the dice roll.

331

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 285 and choose again.

332

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Brass Pendulum it requires. You must draw your weapon and fight. Turn to 20.

333

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell is, however, ineffective. You cannot cast spells when your hands are bound! You have wasted your efforts. Turn to 112.

334

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 275 and choose again.

335

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell quickly and point towards the beast. A lightning blast shoots from your fingertip and catches the Wolfhound square in the forehead. It drops to the ground, dead. Turn to 50.

336

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast the spell but nothing happens. Turn back to 220 and choose again.

337

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 158 and choose again.

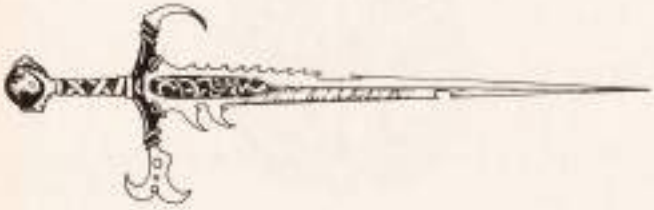

338

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and the club drops out of the Giant's hand. It grunts and reaches down to retrieve it. Taking another step, it again drops the club. Your spell is working! Twice more it does this until it eventually leaves the club on the floor and attacks you with its bare hands. You will have to fight it, but without its weapon:

HILL GIANT	SKILL 6	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **265**.

339

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not, the Wood Golem attacks for 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage – return to **87** and choose again. If you have a Bamboo Pipe, you pull it out of your backpack, cast your spell and play. The Golem stops and looks at you strangely. Its shoulders shrug and it shivers. It looks around and one leg starts twitching on the floor. Uncontrollably it takes a little leap forward, then hops back, landing neatly on its toes. It cannot understand what is happening! The bulky creature is doing a little dance in front of you! You keep it occupied while you back off towards the door. Turn to **169**.

340

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **231** and choose again.

341

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast your spell but nothing happens. Will you continue (turn to 73) or return and take the other path (turn to 51)?

342

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. Return to **117** and choose again.

343

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Unfortunately, you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling that this spell requires and your poor choice has left you no time to plan an alternative escape. The great boulder rolls over you, crushing you on to the floor. Your journey has ended here . . .

344

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this and, as you try to make it work, the snakes are upon you. This is the end of your journey . . .

345

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this and, while you have been trying unsuccessfully to cast it, the creature whips its tail round to sting you. You fall to the floor to avoid it. Will you now attack it with your weapon (turn to 227) or will you cast another spell (turn to 364)?

346

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell creates a large fireball in your hand, which you fling at the beast. It hits the Manticore in the side and the creature roars out in pain. You may turn to **420** to finish it off.

347

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot choose this spell as you do not have the Ring of Green Metal it requires. Turn to **307**.

348

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait. The Bandits pause, expecting something to happen . . . but nothing does! This spell works only on non-intelligent creatures. The Bandits leap at you and one gashes your arm with his sword, inflicting 2 STAMINA points of damage. Return to **104** either to cast another spell or to draw your weapon.

349

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the Orb of Crystal it requires. Deduct a further 2 STAMINA points as you try without success to make the spell work. Return to **239** and choose again.

350

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **66** and choose again.

351

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **268** and choose again.

352

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and, as the Ogre leaps to attack, it collides with something solid. You have stopped it with your invisible wall. You may now escape from the room while holding the Ogre at bay. On your way out you may grab a gem from the table – the Ogre's job was to grind the rocks mined from the mine into such gems. This gem is worth 10 Gold Pieces. You may use it to buy things and barter, but you will not be given change, no matter how little your purchase costs. Turn to **144**.

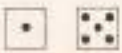

353

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You try the spell, but nothing happens as you do not have the Bracelet of Bone it requires. The Elvins are not impressed and quickly bind your hands again – only this time tighter, causing you some pain and the loss of another STAMINA point. Turn to 218.

354

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. 'Fool,' calls out the Spirit, 'I know that spell well. Do you not have the Black Facemask that it requires?' You do not have the mask and, in panic, you try to leave the hut. Turn to 124.

355

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Holding your hands up, you command the serpent to release you. It does so and backs off into the bushes. You watch it retreat until it slowly vanishes from sight. Turn to 137.

356

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and immediately begin to grow larger. Within moments you stand three times your normal size. The Elvin looks on with awe and hesitates, not sure whether to fight or fly. You may either attack it or *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the creature will fly off, its companions following it into the woods and allowing you to settle back down to sleep. You awake at sunrise – turn to 148. If you are Unlucky, the Elvin will continue its battle. If you end up fighting the creature, return to 203 and have your battle, but because of your size you may double your SKILL score.

357

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. In fact you discover that you are unable to cast a spell anyway, as your hands are bound (remember this in future). Turn to 112.

358

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the Green-Haired Wig it requires. The Goblins spring at you and attack. Lose 2 STAMINA points as the first Goblin slashes at you. Return to 217 but you may not choose another spell; you must draw your weapon and fight them.

359

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell and wait. Nothing happens. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Ring of Green Metal it requires. Turn to **85**.

360

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you may not cast this spell – return to **4** and choose again. If you have beeswax, you may wipe it on to your weapon to enhance its effect. Turn to **142** and try smashing the lock. But you may deduct 2 points from the dice roll you make against SKILL and, if you succeed in smashing the lock *on your first attempt*, you need not lose the SKILL penalty.

361

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth? If not, turn to **256**. If you have found one on your travels, you drop it on the floor and cast your spell on it. The great creature watches inquisitively, then you both jump back as a plume of smoke rises into the air. Out of the smoke steps another Giant, though this one will do your bidding. You command him to fight:

HILL GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11
MAGICAL GIANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

Resolve this battle. If the Hill Giant defeats your champion, you will have to finish the battle off yourself. If your Giant wins, he will then disappear and you may turn to **265**.

362

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Potion of Fire Water it requires. Return to **201** and choose again.

363

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Sun Jewel it requires. As you try to get it to work, the Troll leaps and slashes at your leg, causing 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. Return to 99, but you must now fight the Troll.

364

As the Manticore turns to face you, you may cast an attacking spell:

YOB	KIN	HOT	GOB	KIL
388	301	346	369	395

If you know none of these, draw your weapon and turn to 227.

365

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and an invisible force field forms itself around you, sealing you into a pocket of air. Although the water floods around you, you are quite safe. After several moments, the sealing wall lowers and the water drains off. You may continue by either returning to the junction and taking the other fork (turn to 152) or going back to the main chamber and taking the other passageway (turn to 3).

366

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Jewel-Studded Medallion it requires. While you are trying to cast it, the snakes have taken an interest in you. Roll one die. This is the number of STAMINA points that you lose when they bite you. If you roll a six, one of the bites has been poisonous and you must *Test your Luck* – if you are Lucky, you survive; if you are Unlucky, you die from the poison. If you are still alive, return to 63 and choose again.

367

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a vial of glue with you? If not you must think of another means of escape (turn to 83). If you have some glue, you cast your spell and fling the vial at the passage floor in front of the boulder. Sweating with anxiety, you breathe a sigh of relief as the huge rock rolls on to the glue and holds fast. The whole area shakes with the tremendous strain. You may now either go back to the junction in the passage and take the other fork (turn to 63) or return to the main chamber and take the other passage (turn to 16).

368

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait for something to happen, but nothing does. Return to 117 and choose again.

369

Do you have any Goblins' teeth with you? If so you may throw as many as you wish on to the ground and cast your spell. Deduct 1 STAMINA point per tooth. With a cloud of smoke, this number of Goblins now stand before you and you may command them to attack the Manticore. Resolve the battle (the Goblins will attack one after the other):

MANTICORE	SKILL 12	STAMINA 18
GOBLINS	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

Each time the Manticore hits a Goblin, roll one die. On a roll of 5 or 6, it will have stung with its poisonous tail, killing the Goblin. 1–4 is a normal hit. If your Goblins win, turn to 456. If the Manticore defeats all your Goblins, you may either finish the job with your sword (turn to 227) or cast another spell (turn to 420).

370

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to 307.

371

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You have chosen a spell you are not able to use as you do not have the Pearl Ring it requires. Lose another 3 STAMINA points as the Bandits attack and return to 104 to make another choice.

372

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and begin to get a strong feeling that there is danger ahead. A voice inside tells you not to go this way. Will you heed this warning and return to the junction or continue regardless? If you wish to continue, turn to 6. If you will turn back, turn to 120.

373

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait anxiously. The huge door creaks on its hinges and slowly opens, just in time for you to nip through before the ceiling collapses! Turn to 120.

374

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. This spell will not work as you do not have the Galehorn it requires. Return to **268** to try another choice.

375

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait for it to take effect. The Ogre lunges at you but suddenly stops and shakes its head, looking at itself, then at you, with a puzzled expression. It takes a step forward, then grunts and steps backwards, thoroughly confused. You may either fight it now in its incapacitated state (it will fight with a SKILL of 4 and a STAMINA of 7) and, if you win, turn to **15**. Alternatively you may leave the room (turn to **144**).

376

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this and the Elvins are not impressed as you unsuccessfully try to cast it. They bind your hands again, only this time tighter, causing you some pain. Turn to **218**.

377

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this, and the Spirit laughs as you try to cast it. Turn to **124**.

378

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Pearl Ring it requires. While you are trying to get it to work, the Elvin sweeps in and attacks again. Deduct another 3 STAMINA points. Return to **203** and choose again.

379

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. In fact you may not cast a spell anyway, as your hands are bound (remember this in future). Turn to 112.

380

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and hold your hands in the air. You command it to hold its ground. It is not too happy with you, but does not move and you are able to step round it. Turn to 118.

381

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 217 and choose again.

382

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 231 and choose again.

383

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and the creature stops. It takes a step forward but its actions have become sluggish under your spell. Return to 87 and fight it; for the first four Attack Rounds, the Wood Golem will fight with a SKILL of 4.

384

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell and wait for something to happen. Nothing does. You cannot use this spell without the Pearl Ring it requires. The Hill Giant watches you, then swings its club, clipping your side as you spring backwards. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 256.

385

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Black Facemask it requires. Return to 158 and choose again.

386

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, return to 99 and choose again. If you do have such a coin, you place it on your wrist and cast your spell. The coin sticks and you can feel an invisible shield bound to your wrist. You may now fight the Troll Sentry with extra defence:

TROLL SENTRY	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

Because of your shield, you may deduct 2 from the Troll's throw on Attack Strength. If you win, turn to 177. After the fight, you must lose the Gold Piece, which becomes useless metal.

387

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell – but nothing happens! You are puzzling this out, when the little creature chuckles. 'You are wasting your time using your magic while I'm around!' it says. Turn to 171.

388

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell and must turn to 227 to defend yourself with your weapon. If you do have a Giant's tooth, you place it on the floor and cast your spell. A cloud of smoke appears around the tooth and, as it clears, a large Giant stands in its place! You command the Giant to attack the Manticore and it turns towards the startled beast. Resolve this battle:

MANTICORE	SKILL 12	STAMINA 18
GIANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

Each time the Manticore hits the Giant, you must roll one die. A roll of 5 or 6 indicates a hit with the sting in its tail, which is poisonous, and will do 6 STAMINA points' worth of damage. A roll of 1–4 indicates normal damage. If your Giant wins, turn to 456. If the Manticore wins, you may either finish the job off yourself (turn to 227) or cast another spell (turn to 420).

389

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this, so nothing happens. You duck quickly as it swings its deadly tail round and tries to sting you. If you now wish to draw your weapon and fight, turn to 227. If you wish to cast another spell, turn to 364.

390

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait. From somewhere inside, a voice warns you that the situation is not good. Your only hope is to empty your backpack, open it out to fill with air, and hold it tightly over your face up to the ceiling. This you do. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to trap sufficient air to save you before the deluge fills the room. If you are Unlucky, you lose hold of the bag and must try another method of escape (turn to 64). If you were Lucky, the water eventually drains when the wall behind you lowers. You may return to the junction and take the other fork (turn to 151) or go back to the main chamber and take the other passageway (turn to 3). You may collect your belongings from the floor, but anything that would have been spoiled by the water (e.g. Provisions) is now lost for ever.

391

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. You have now left yourself no time to plan an alternative escape and, in a flash, the boulder is on you, crushing you beneath it. Your journey has ended here . . .

392

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell but nothing happens. The Minimite shrieks, cursing himself. He is protected from magic with an anti-magic aura, and most spells will not work in his presence. Unfortunately it is a little too late to learn this, as the lightning blast hits you. Your journey ends here . . .

393
Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast the spell but nothing happens. Return to **117** and choose again.

394
Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell, but nothing happens! The Minimite tells you not to waste your energy on spells while he is around. Will you continue (turn to 73) or return and take the other path (turn to 51)?

395
Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **364** and choose again.

396
Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **123** and choose again.

397
Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **47** and choose again.

398
Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **239** and choose again.

399
Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your fall is broken and you float gently down to the ground below, landing softly on your knees. Turn to **110**.

400

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, deduct 2 extra STAMINA points when the Ogre leaps at you and attacks while you fumble with your spell (return to **285**). If you do have a coin, you place it on your wrist and cast the spell. You can feel an invisible shield fixed to your wrist and you may now fight the Ogre at an advantage. Turn back to **285** and fight the Ogre, but you may deduct 2 points from the Ogre's throw when he rolls for Attack Strength each round. After the fight is over, you must lose the Gold Piece; it is transformed to a useless metal by the spell.

401

Do you have a Goblin's tooth with you? If not, you try in vain to cast the spell and the Elvins are not impressed, tying your hands and kicking you angrily (lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **218**). If you do have a tooth, you cast your spell over it (deduct 1 STAMINA point) and it forms into a Goblin before their eyes. At first they are apprehensive – they do not like Goblins – but they relax a little as you show them you have complete control over your creation. You can make it dance a jig, stand on its head and even sing (although this causes scores of protests – Goblins have the most tuneless voices imaginable). As a finale, you make it bow down before them and kiss their boots. As the Goblin disappears, the Elvins congratulate you. After a brief chat, they return your backpack and allow you to continue on your way. Turn to **196**.

402

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Green-Haired Wig it requires. As you try to cast it, the beast leaps at you and sinks its teeth into your forearm. Deduct 3 STAMINA points. You must now draw your weapon and fight it – return to 74 and resolve the battle.

403

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and an expression of pain comes over the Spirit's face. 'Retract that spell!' it screams. 'Or feel the wrath of Mananka!' But its threat is an idle one and the face is disappearing before you. The smoke is quickly collecting together and returning to the box. You are safe. If you have not done so already, you may try the other box (turn to 258). Otherwise you may leave the village (turn to 196).

404

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Sun Jewel it requires. While you are trying in vain to make it work, the Serpent strikes. Lose another 2 STAMINA points. Return to 275 and choose again.

405

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Flinging your hand forward and casting the spell, a shower of small fireballs burst into the air around the little Elvin. Several of them hit the creature, burning its wings and causing it to drop from the air like a flaming torch. Turn to 121.

406

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You will now learn an important rule: you cannot cast spells while your hands are bound! You have wasted your efforts. Turn to 112.

407

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and point at the first Goblin. A streak of lightning shoots from your finger and catches the creature square in the chest, killing it instantly. The other two stop in their tracks, deciding whether to continue the attack. Roll two dice for each of the remaining Goblins. If the number rolled for either (or both) of them is *equal to or higher than* their SKILL score, this means it will turn and flee into the woods. Otherwise it will continue its attack. Their scores are:

SECOND GOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4
THIRD GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If you have to fight either of these, and win, turn to **155**. If they both flee, turn to **202**.

408

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and suddenly the acorn hail ceases. The Elvins look on with wonder as their nuts bounce off an invisible shield. You move smartly onwards until the spell wears off. Turn to **7**.

409

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell at the lock. It begins to hum quietly and little clicks indicate that the tumblers are moving. Eventually it swings apart and you may open the cage. The woman thanks you. She will now reward you for your help. Would you like a magical item (turn to **248**) or an aid in combat (turn to **122**)?

410

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You fumble with your spell, which does not seem to work. The Wood Golem attacks and smashes you for 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Gold-Backed Mirror it requires. Return to **87** and choose again.

411

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait. Slowly, the ground moves further from you. You are growing larger! The Hill Giant watches in disbelief while you grow to his size. You may now fight the Giant:

HILL GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

But you may double your SKILL while you are under the influence of this spell. If you win, turn to **265**.

412

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **201** and make another choice.

413

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **158** and choose again.

414

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **99** and choose again.

415

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. The creature makes a half turn and swings its deadly tail. But as its sting whips towards you, it hits the invisible force field you have created and does you no damage. Will you now cast an attacking spell (turn to **364**) or draw your weapon and fight it (turn to **227**)?

416

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to **64**.

417

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. The snakes are now upon you and are beginning to attack. Roll one die. If you roll 1–5, this is the number of STAMINA points of damage you must sustain. If you roll a 6, the bites are poisonous and you are now spending your last minutes before the poison takes its deadly effect . . . If you have survived, turn back to 63 and choose again.

418

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast your spell but nothing happens. The blast hits you in the chest, killing you instantly. Your journey ends here . . .

419

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell but nothing happens. Will you continue (turn to 73) or return and take the other path (turn to 51)?

420

If you do not have enough STAMINA left to cast a spell, you may turn to 227 and fight the creature with your weapon. Otherwise, choose your spell:

ZIP	NIT	FIF	WAL	SUD
347	326	436	447	370

421

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the vial of glue you need to cast it. Meanwhile the night creature has attacked and inflicted 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. Return to 123 and choose again.

422

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling it requires. Deduct a further 2 STAMINA points as you try without success to make it work. Then return to 239 and choose again.

423

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell. From somewhere within, a voice speaks to you, telling you to cast the DOP spell to open

the door. This is your only hope unless you are strong enough to break down the door. Return to **66** and choose again.

424

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You fall down into the pit, but your body moves in the air as if to anticipate your landing. Turn to **277**, where you will be required to make a dice roll. Because of your spell, you may deduct 3 points from the dice roll and you may ignore the extra penalty on a roll of double 6.

425

Do you have any Goblins' teeth with you? If so, you may throw as many as you want on to the floor and cast your spell on them. You must deduct 1 STAMINA point per Goblin you create. Each Goblin will have a SKILL of 5 and a STAMINA of 5 and you may command an attack on the Wolfhound. If your creations kill the beast, turn to **50**; if not, finish it off yourself and turn to **50** if you succeed. If you do not have any Goblins' teeth, then you try in vain to cast the spell and the Wolfhound leaps at your throat, causing you 5 STAMINA points' worth of damage – you will have to fight it:

WOLFHOUND	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

Turn to **50** if you win.

426

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. The Serpent is ready to attack, but waits for you to move. From within, a feeling of peace comes over you as you look at the creature. You relax a little and the Serpent suddenly disappears once more; but you could swear it *winked* at you before it vanished. It still grips your arm, and pulls you. You decide to continue your journey. Turn to **94**.

427

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **166** and choose again.

428

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. The Goblins are quickly on you and attack you for 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. You may, if you wish, *Test your Luck* and if you are Lucky you avoid this attack. Return to **217** and fight them or cast another spell.

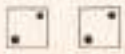

429

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Potion of Fire Water it requires. Return to 4 and choose again.

430

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to 256.

431

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and a protective force-field surrounds your body. You may turn to 79, but no harm will befall you as there will be no contact between you and any of the villagers.

432

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. While you are reciting it, the Troll springs at you, and a lucky blow knocks you to the floor. Before you can rise, the creature is on you, sinking its slimy teeth into your throat. Your journey has ended here . . .

433

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and, commanding the snakes, they back away from you. For the present, you are safe. But how may you escape from the pit? If you have not yet called on help from Libra, turn to 273. But if you have already used her help, there is little you can do but hold the snakes off until your STAMINA runs out – your journey has ended here . . .

434

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. You panic, but there is little you can do to avoid the deadly blast. Your journey is over . . .

435

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast your spell, but nothing happens. Will you continue (turn to 73) or return and take the other path (turn to 51)?

436

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to 307.

437

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 123 and choose again.

438

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and a bolt of lightning shoots from your fingertip at the creature, hitting it square in the chest. It reels and falls backwards, dead, on to the floor. Turn to 186.

439

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. You fall down into the pit. Turn to 277.

440

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 74 and choose again.

441

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, the spell does not work and the little Elvin zips down and cuts you again for 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage (return to 203 and choose again). If you have a coin, you place it on your wrist and cast the spell. An invisible shield forms around your forearm, and you may use this in defence. Return to 203 and fight the Elvin, but because of your shield you may deduct 2 points from the Elvin's dice roll for Attack Strength each round. After the fight, the Gold Piece is no longer usable.

442

Deduct 1 STAMINA point and cast your spell. Do you have any beeswax with you? If so, you have rubbed it on your sword and it now has been magically enhanced. Return to 217 and fight the Goblins but,

each time you hit a Goblin, you may double the damage you do. If you do not have beeswax, you *believe* your weapon has been sharpened, but it has not and will do only normal damage. If you have used this spell successfully before, you have now used all your beeswax. Otherwise you have used half your original portion.

443

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **4** and choose again.

444

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **201** and choose again.

445

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to **64**.

446

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. Unfortunately, there is no such spell as this and the time you have wasted on casting it leaves you no time to plan another escape. The boulder crushes you. Your journey has ended here . . .

447

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. The Manticore is in the opposite passage preparing to pounce at you. You cast your spell as it leaps and it roars loudly as it hits your invisible wall in mid-flight! Using your control, you fence it in securely, allowing you to grab the Svinn girl and run from the cave. Turn to **456**.

448

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. The creature stops in its tracks and you order it to return to the woods from where it came. Having escaped the creature you may return to your original reference.

449

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You wait for the spell to take effect and you begin to hear a voice from within. The mysterious voice is telling you that your safest bet is to avoid this door and leave the mine. If you take heed of this warning, turn to **144**. If you wish to continue trying the door, turn to **268** and choose again.

450

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the Bracelet of Bone it requires. In actual fact, you cannot cast *any* spell when your hands are bound (remember this in future). Turn to **112**.

451

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast the spell but nothing happens. Return to **220** and choose again.

452

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell but nothing happens. Return to **117** and choose again.

453

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and begin to grow to three times your normal size. The night creature stops in its tracks. You may, if you wish, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the beast takes flight and runs back into the woods. If you are Unlucky, or if you did not *Test your Luck*, the creature continues to attack but you may double your SKILL score as you attack it. Return to **123**.

454

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast this spell and consider both directions. Inside your mind, you begin to feel differently when you face through the door and when you face back into the room. Looking through the door, a hot sweat comes over your face, and looking back into the room at your entrance door, this feeling subsides and you feel calm. Will you press on ahead through the door (turn to **6**) or retrace your steps through the room (turn to **120**)?

455

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and a darkness descends over the room. The Spirit calls out to you, 'You cannot escape from me, mortal!' But under the cover of darkness, you have slipped out of the hut. You leave the village. Turn to **196**.

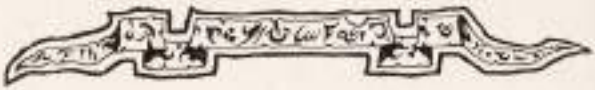

456

You leave the Manticore's chamber and follow the path to the source of the light. As you had hoped, a cave entrance allows you out on to the side of the hill. You and the Svinn girl find your way back to Torrepani. The Svinn chief is overjoyed to have his daughter back and the village erupts into celebration as their curse is now lifted. You are given the freedom of the village and decide to stay for the day to recuperate. You visit the Svinn healing-priest who will treat your wounds, cure any diseases and lift curses which you may have. Restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points to their *Initial* values. The priest may also rid you of the annoying little Minimite if he is still with you.

You sleep heavily that night and rise the next morning to continue on your way. Before you go, the Svinn chief meets you. He hands you two gifts: a pouch containing 10 Gold Pieces and a large key. 'I know you head for Kharé,' says the chief, 'but the city is evil and you must be on your guard. Two years ago a traveller passed through here from Kharé and gave me this key, saying he would never return. This is a key to the city gates and with it you will be able to enter the city unnoticed.' Once you get to Kharé's south gate, in the next adventure, you may turn to **12** if you wish to use this key.

You thank him and leave Torrepani. You have made friends here and may permanently increase your *Initial* LUCK score by 1 point. Soon the path is leading you on from the Shamutanti Hills down across rice fields towards a great walled city – the Cityport of Kharé – and on to the next stage of your quest . . .

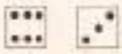

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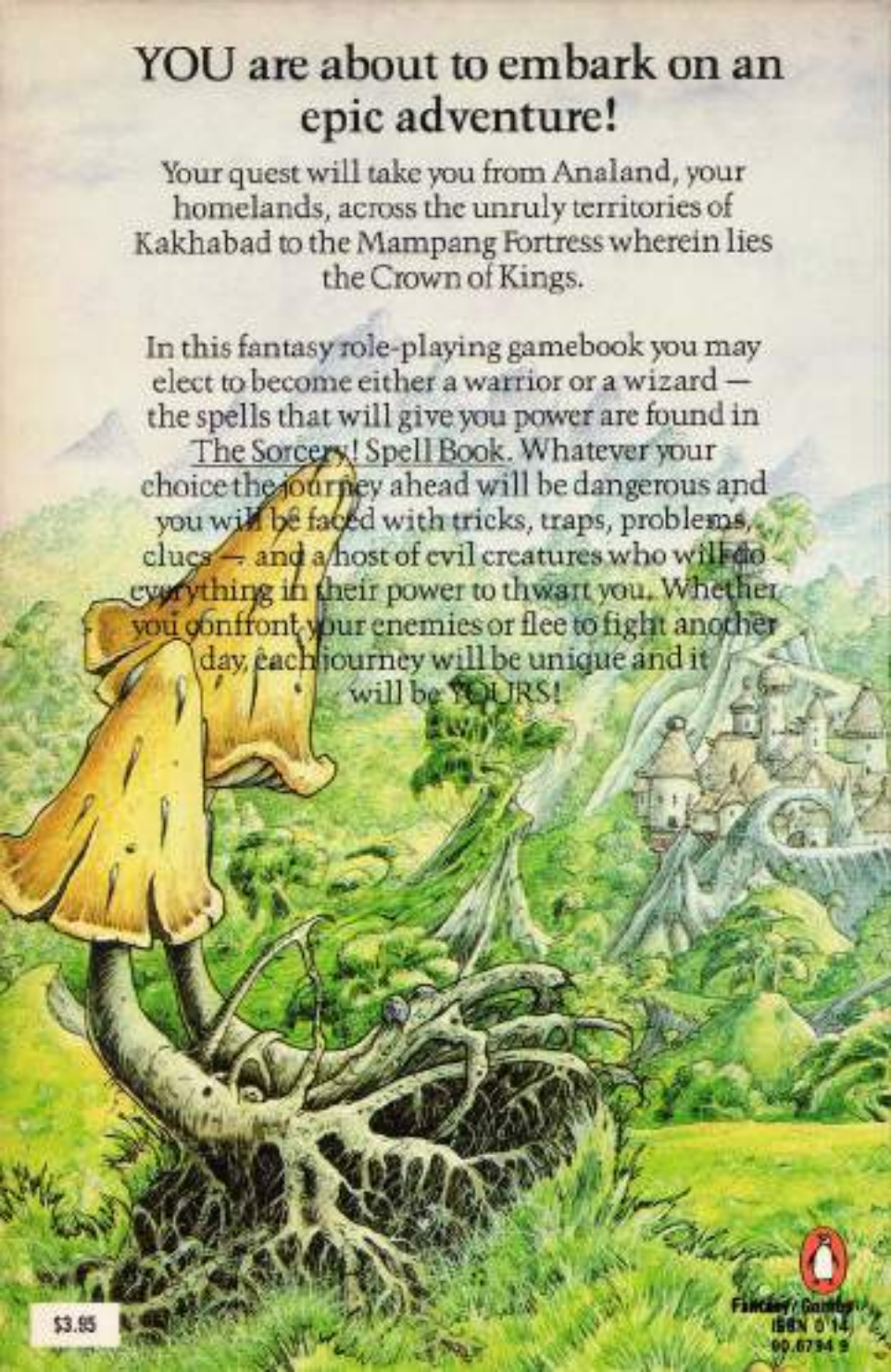

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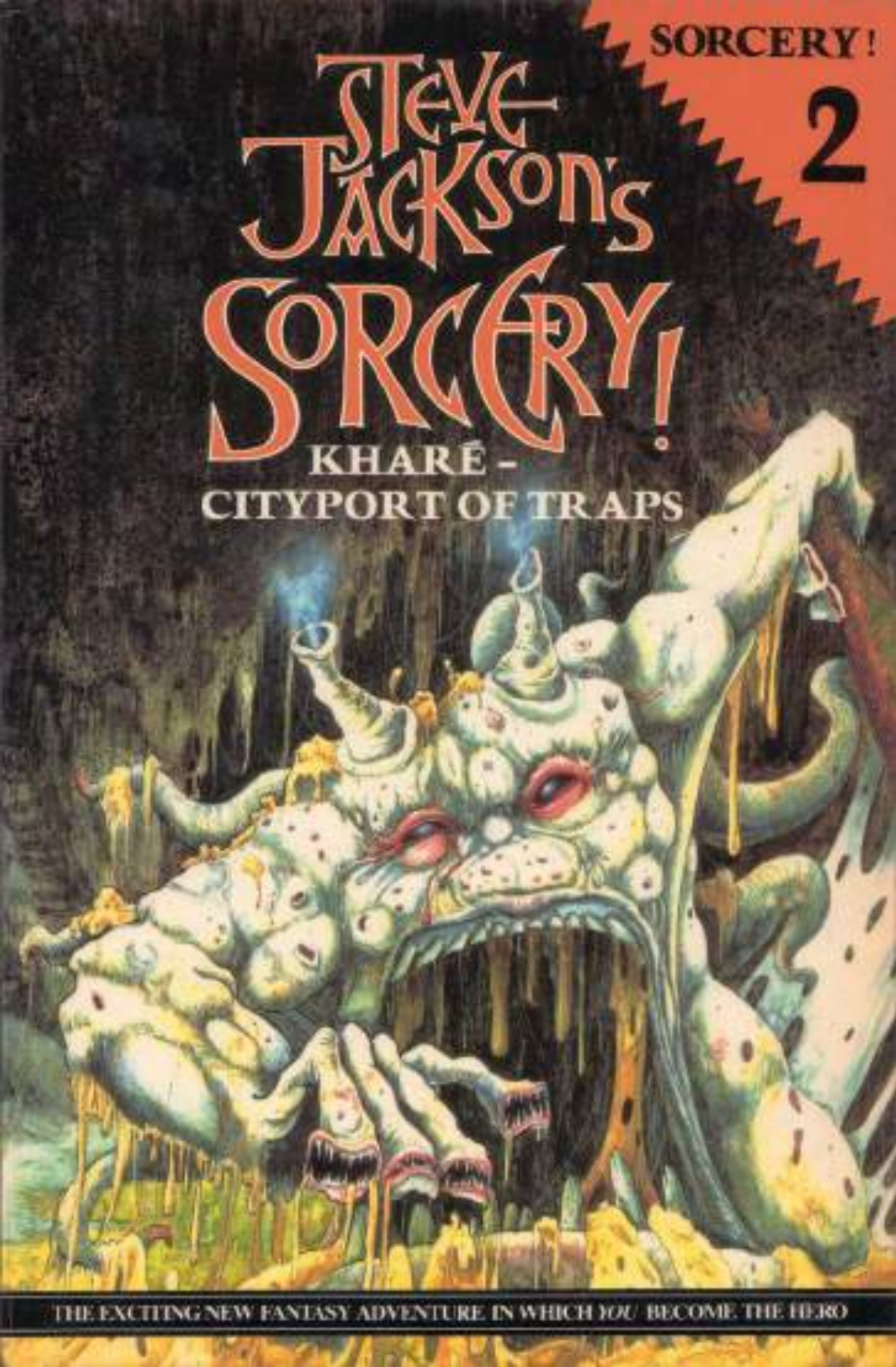

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Mr. Jackson attended Altrincham Grammar School in Cheshire and went on to the University of Keele, where he studied biology and psychology; while at college, he founded the university's games society. After writing on a free-lance basis for the professional games magazine *Games & Puzzles*, he coauthored, with Ian Livingstone, *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, a fantasy book for children, and was the sole author of two other books in the same series, *The Citadel of Chaos* and *Spaceship Traveler*.

In addition to *Kharé—Cityport of Traps*, the *Sorcery!* series currently comprises *The Shamutanti Hills* as well as *The Spell Book*, both available from Penguin Books. Penguin will also publish two future volumes in the series, *The Seven Serpents* and *The Crown of Kings*.

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Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published in Penguin Books
in Great Britain 1984
First published
in the United States of America
by Viking Penguin Inc. 1984

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 84-60817

Printed in the United States of America by
R.R. Donnelley & Sons Company, Harrisonburg, Virginia
Set in Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

Kharé – Cityport of Traps is the second adventure in the *Sorcery!* series, following *The Shamutanti Hills*. But *Sorcery!* has been designed so that each adventure is playable in its own right, whether or not readers have been through the previous ones.

If you are new to *Sorcery!* you may prefer to start your adventure from the very beginning. The first adventure, *The Shamutanti Hills*, is available with *The Sorcery! Spell Book* as a two-book slipcase set, published by Penguin Books.

Kharé is, however, a complete adventure within a city. New players will find all the information they need, together with an *Adventure Sheet*, at the beginning of this book. Readers who are now on the second stage of their journey will be able to skip over the rules section and plunge straight into the adventure: their characters, equipment and experience must be carried over from the previous adventure.

THE SIMPLE AND ADVANCED GAMES

Beginners may wish to start with the simple game, ignoring the use of magic. Rules for fighting creatures with swords and other weapons are given in each adventure book, using a combat system similar to that used in Puffin's *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, the original Fighting Fantasy Gamebook. By rolling dice, you battle creatures with weapons only.

More experienced players will wish to progress quickly on to the advanced game, in which your fighting ability is somewhat limited but your most powerful weapon will be your knowledge of magic, a much more powerful tool. In actual fact, the advanced game is fairly simple to learn. There is no reason why beginners should not proceed with the use of magic from the start. But learning spells will take some time and practice with the *Spell Book*, and the 'simple' option is given for players who wish to start their adventure with minimum delay.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF KAKHABAD

Before setting off on your journey, you must first build up your own personality profile. On pages 18 and 19 you will find an *Adventure Sheet*. This is a sort of 'current status report' which will help you keep track of your adventure. Your own SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will be recorded here, and also the equipment, artefacts and treasures you will find on your journey. Since the details will change constantly, you are advised to take photocopies of the blank *Adventure Sheet* to use in future adventures, or write in pencil so that the previous adventure can be erased when you start another.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. If you are playing as a *warrior* (the simple game), add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you are playing as a *wizard* (the advanced game), add only 4 to this number and enter the total. Wizards are worse fighters than warriors, but they more than make up for this by the use of magic spells.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). The sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves); you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been *Lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been *Unlucky* and you will be peralized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being *Lucky* or *Unlucky*. However, in battles, you always have the *option* of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *Lucky*, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are *Unlucky*, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *Lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are *Unlucky*, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, you may be given instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

If *Khare* is your first adventure, you start with enough Provisions for two meals. If you have played *The Shamutanti Hills*, the amount of Provisions you carry will already have been decided. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions, and you may eat only one meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add points to your STAMINA score as instructed. Remember that you have a long way to go, so manage your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given whenever this occurs. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores can be restored to their *Initial* values by calling on your goddess (see later).

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

WIZARDS: HOW TO USE MAGIC

If you have chosen to become a wizard you will have the option, throughout the adventure, of using magic spells. All the spells known to the sorcerers of Analand, and rules for using them, are given in *The Sorcery! Spell Book*, and you will need to study this before you set off on your adventure.

All spells are coded with a three-letter code and you must learn and practise your spells until you are able to identify a reasonable number of them from their codes. Casting a spell drains your STAMINA and each has a cost, in STAMINA points, for its use. Recommended basic spells will get you started quickly, but are very uneconomical; an experienced wizard will use these only if faced with choices of unknown spells or if he/she has not found the artefact required for a less costly spell.

Full rules for using spells are given in the *Spell Book*.

LIBRA – THE GODDESS OF JUSTICE

During your adventure you will be watched over by your own goddess, Libra. If the going gets tough, you may call on her for aid. *But she will only help you once in each adventure.* Once you have called on her help in Kharé, she will not listen to you again until you reach The Baklands.

There are three ways in which she may help you:

Revitalization: You may call on her at any time to restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* values. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

Escape: Occasionally, when you are in danger, the text will offer you the option of calling on Libra to help you.

Removal of Curses and Diseases: She will remove any curses or diseases you may pick up on your adventure. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

EQUIPMENT AND PROVISIONS

You start your adventure with the bare necessities of life. You have a sword as your weapon, and a backpack to hold your equipment, treasures, artefacts and provisions. You cannot take your Spell Book with you, as the sorcerers of Analand cannot risk its falling into the wrong hands in Kakhabad – so you may not refer to this book at all once you have started your journey.

If you have not been through The Shamutanti Hills, you have a pouch around your waist containing 20 Gold Pieces, the universal currency of all the known lands. If this is the second stage of your adventure, your quota of Gold Pieces will already have been decided. You will need money for food, shelter, purchases and bribery throughout your adventure. You will find it necessary to collect more gold as you progress on your way.

You are also carrying Provisions (food and drink). As you will find, food is an important commodity and you will have to be careful how you use it. Make sure you do not waste food: you cannot afford to run out of Provisions.

SORCERY! ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

GOLD AND TREASURE	PROVISIONS

EQUIPMENT AND ARTEFACTS

BONUSES, PENALTIES, CURSES ETC.

CLUES AND NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill– *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*
Skill– *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*
Skill– *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*
Skill– *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*

THE LEGEND OF THE CROWN OF KINGS

Centuries ago, in the time we now call the Dark Ages, whole regions of the world were undiscovered. There were pockets of civilization, each with their own races and cultures. One such region was Kakhabad, a dark land at the end of the earth.

Although several warlords had tried, Kakhabad had never been ruled. All manner of evil creatures, forced from the more civilized lands beyond the Zanzunu Peaks, had gradually crawled into Kakhabad, which became known as the Verminpit at Earthend.

Civilization and order had spread throughout the rest of the known world ever since the discovery of the Crown of Kings by Chalanna the Reformer, of Femphrey. With its help, Chalanna became Emperor of the largest empire in the eastern world. This magical Crown had mysterious powers, bestowing supernormal qualities of leadership and justice on its owner. But Chalanna's own ambitions were not of conquest. He wished instead to establish peaceful nation-states, aligned to Femphrey. Thus in his wisdom he passed the fabled Crown from ruler to ruler in the neighbouring kingdoms, and, with the help of its magical powers, one by one these lands became peaceful and prosperous.

The path was set. Each ruler would own the Crown of Kings for a four-year period in which to establish order within his kingdom and fall in with the growing Femphrey Alliance. So far the kingdoms of Ruddlestone, Lendieland, Gallantaria and Brice had taken their turns under the rule of the Crown. The benefits were immediate. War and strife were virtually unknown.

The King of Analand duly received the Crown of Kings amid great ceremony, and, from that day onwards, the development of Analand was ensured. No one quite knew how the Crown of Kings could have such an enormous uplifting effect on a whole nation. Some said it was divinely inspired; some that its power was merely in the mind. But

one thing was certain – its effects were unquestionable. All was well in Analand, until the night of the Black Moon.

The King was the first to discover that the Crown was missing. Carried off on that starless night by Birdmen from Xamen, the Crown was on its way to Mampang in the outlaw territories of Kakhabad. News came from the Baklands that the Crown was being carried to the Archmage of Mampang whose ambitions were to make Kakhabad his kingdom.

Although Kakhabad was a dangerous land, it was in itself little threat to the surrounding kingdoms. The lack of rule meant it had no army and its own internal struggles kept it permanently preoccupied. But with the Crown of Kings to establish rule, Kakhabad could potentially be a deadly enemy to all members of the Femphrey Alliance.

Such was the shame that fell on Analand for the loss of the Crown that all benefits from two years under its rule soon disappeared. Law, order and morale were breaking down. The King was losing the confidence of his subjects. Neighbouring territories were looking suspiciously across their borders. There were even whisperings of invasions.

One hope remained. Someone – for a military force would never survive the journey – must travel to Mampang and rescue the Crown of Kings. Only on its safe return would the dreadful curse be lifted from Analand. You have volunteered yourself for this quest and your mission is clear. You must cross Kakhabad to the Mampang Fortress and find the Crown!

THE LAND OF
MAURISTATIA
L. LUMLE
KHARE
THE BAKLANDS
BADDU-BAK PLAINS
KLATTA-BAK STEPPES
THE SHAMUTANTI HILLS
VANTI-BAK WASTES
CANTOPANI GATE
ANALAND
CRANBERRY WOOD
BADDU-LEY
EARTH END
KAKHA

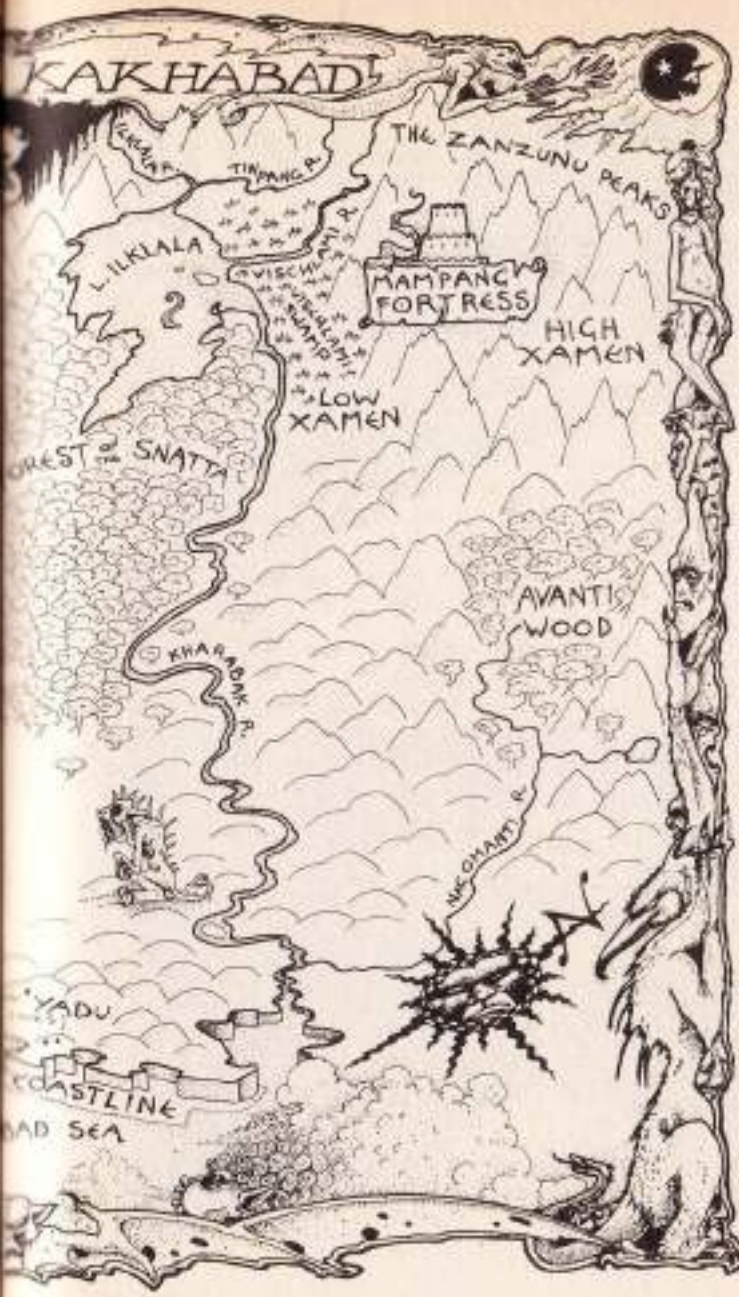
KAKHABAD
THE ZANZUNU PEAKS
TINPANG R.
LILKLALA
MAMPANG FORTRESS
HIGH XAMEN
LOW XAMEN
SNATTA
AVANTI WOOD
KHARABAK R.
NEGHARTI R.
YADU
CASTLINE
SEA

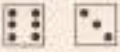

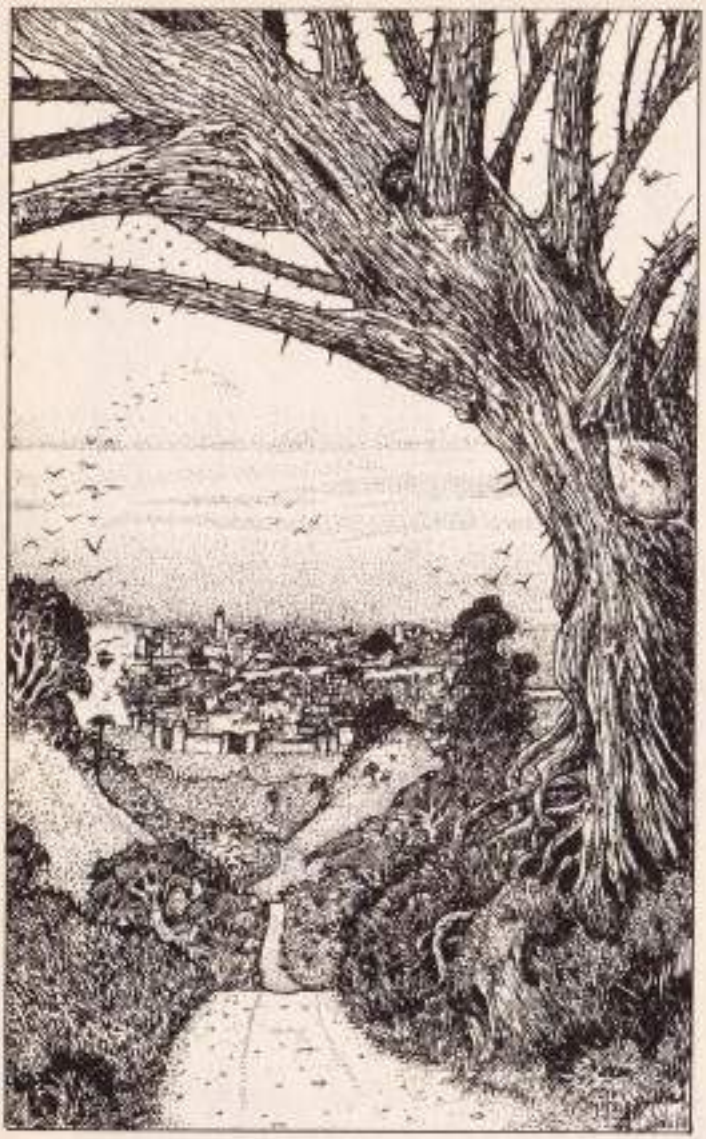

1

Kharé: the city of chaos – and gateway to the Baklands.

Below you, at the foot of the Shamutanti Hills, sprawls the walled cityport, slashed viciously by the great Jabaji River. Halfway down the hills, you pause to survey your destination. Legend has it that Kharé arose around the only ford across the Jabaji between Lake Lumlé and the sea. But this is an unlikely tale. More probable are the stories of river pirates camping in the area, waiting to ambush the small sailing vessels which carried their cargoes of fish between Lake Lumlé and the Kakhabad Sea. Whatever the reasons, Kharé grew.

As the camp became a village, and the village a city, Kharé became a magnet for the ne'er-do-wells of the Baklands and the Shamutantis. A multitude of malevolent creatures who would kill you for the laces from your boots drifted into the city. Their lawlessness gave rise to an elaborate system of traps devised by the inhabitants to protect themselves from the criminals who roamed the streets. This is how the city got its name: Cityport of Traps.

Your own goal lies well beyond Kharé which, knowing only its reputation, you would prefer not to pass through. But pass through you must, for elsewhere crossing the Jabaji is impossible. From your vantage point you can trace the fortified wall which surrounds the cityport. Two gates open Kharé to the rest of the world. Before you is the South Gate, your only way in. And on the far side of the city is the North Gate, leading on to the Baklands.

Time is passing, and time is precious. You stride off downhill at a brisk pace, and reach the gate within the hour. It is locked. If you have a large key, presented to you by the Svinn chief, you may turn to the reference given when you received this gift. If you do not have the key, you may either knock loudly for the guards (turn to 178) or cast a spell:

BAM	BIG	HUF	DOP	HOT
337	496	408	381	474

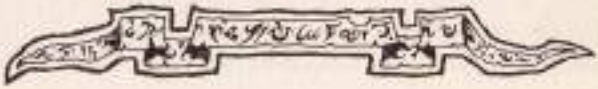

2

Where will you kiss next: the forehead (turn to 314); the left eye (turn to 163); the right cheek (turn to 334); the left cheek (turn to 88); the nose (turn to 296); or the lips (turn to 231)?

3

Two artisans look particularly interesting: an artist with no hands who is exhibiting a series of portraits, and a firemaster who is displaying ornate fires, all coloured in different hues. Which do you want to look at: the artist's works (turn to 18) or the firemaster's fires (turn to 96)?

4

The great bronze foot descends on to you. You try to spring out of the way . . . but too late. It crushes you into the ground. Your journey has ended here.

5

A pouch drops out of the cabinet to the ground by your feet. You open it and look inside, but it seems to be empty. You may take it with you, perhaps to hold gold if your own pouch is lost. You will soon discover that the pouch was not empty at all. As you opened it, a family of fleas sprang on to your arms and is now making itself a home around your body. But you will not notice this until their bites start itching some time later. Apart from the inconvenience, though, they are no real problem. You leave the tent and continue. Turn to 160.

6

The stallion bucks and leaps as it carries you off down the road. You try desperately to hold on but without success: it throws you through the air to land in a verge. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for landing awkwardly on your shoulder. You pick yourself up and dust yourself off. The horse disappears around the bend ahead and you can make your way back towards the fork. Turn to 237.

7

What will you take from your pack? Do you have any of the following: a black mask; a bow and arrows; a magical chain? If so, choose one of them, note that you are carrying it, and enter the crypt. Turn to 249.

8

You walk up to the statue, thinking it must be the work of an artist of great talent, as it looks very realistic. But then the 'statue' blinks, giving the game away; but your reactions will not be swift enough.

In a flash the creature's long arms shoot out towards you, clamp themselves on to your shoulders, and recoil, lifting you into the air and up to its face. It opens its jaws and sinks sharp teeth into your neck. You are dead before you realize what has happened! You have discovered one of Kharé's most deadly inhabitants – the MANTIS MAN.

9

Opposite the Chainmaker's hut is another, from which a pleasant smell is wafting. You may go over and see what's happening if you like (turn to 171). Otherwise you may continue down the road (turn to 294).

10

You find yourself in a dead-end passage. You will have to turn round and take another route. Which way will you go?

Continue straight as far as possible?	Turn to 298
Second right and continue as far as possible?	Turn to 174
First right and continue as far as possible?	Turn to 69

11

Your blow lands squarely in the chest of the foul, undead creature. The Living Corpse reels from its power, but though the blow would have felled any mortal being, it does not kill the monstrosity; instead it breaks its body up into six components and all six now surround you, clawing, biting, kicking and shoving. Your battle is now against a head, a torso, two arms and two legs, all of which are attacking you at the same time.

If you will continue to fight with your weapon, you will hack at the bits of body, whose scores are:

Roll	*Part*	SKILL	STAMINA
1	Head	3	1
2	Torso	2	1
3	Left Arm	3	1
4	Right Arm	3	1
5	Left Leg	2	1
6	Right Leg	2	1

Treat each part of the corpse's body as a separate opponent and roll to determine its Attack Strength. Then roll your own Attack Strength. Any part of the body which has a higher Attack Strength than you inflicts one hit. For your own attack, roll one die to determine which part of the body you will fight: your blow is aimed at the body part rolled (see the table above). If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the body part, you have put it out of action and it will not roll for its Attack Strength in subsequent rounds – but it will remain in the battle (so if you roll the same number again you have wasted the blow). If you defeat the creature, turn to 276.

You may, if you wish, cast a spell rather than fight:

POP	WOK	WAL	SIX	RES
442	450	373	435	357

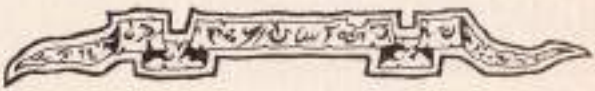

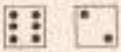

12

Taking the key from your pack, you carefully insert it into the lock. One by one the tumblers click. The door gives a little and you ease it open, peering cautiously inside. There is no one about.

You slip quickly inside and close the gate behind you. *Damn!* You have left the key in the lock outside (cross this off your *Adventure Sheet*). You tiptoe into the archway which covers the gate and hide in an alcove. There is no sound and you decide to venture out into the open. Your first cover is a building just inside the wall and you nip over to it. It is made of stone and the windows are barred. Looking inside you can see that the room is bare apart from a wooden bench, on which an old man is sitting. Will you enter the building and greet the man (turn to **169**) or leave and continue onwards (turn to **218**)?

13

He fires the arrow as you attack. Will it strike its mark? Throw one die to see where it hits:

1. It pierces your eye. You die instantly
2. It hits you in the chest. Lose 5 STAMINA points
3. It sinks into your leg. Lose 3 STAMINA points
4. It nicks your arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points
5. It cuts the wrist on your sword arm. Lose 1 STAMINA point and deduct 2 SKILL points
6. It misses

If you are still alive, resolve your battle:

MURDERER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **105**.

14

The man has seen how the fight is going. When you defeat the Bristle Beast, he slams the door shut. You try opening it but it is locked tight and you will not be able to enter. Turn to 133.

15

The guillotine blade rises and you breathe a sigh of relief. The innkeeper curses and disappears downstairs, allowing you to release your bonds. You leave the inn smartly. Add 1 LUCK point for the correct choice. Turn to 267. You may add 2 STAMINA points for your night's sleep.

16

You leave the crypt, carefully avoiding the shimmering circle by the door, and head off down the road out of Kharé. Turn to 127.

17

You try your best to follow the steps of the dancers, but without too much success. Nevertheless, you are enjoying yourself and may add 1 STAMINA point. But the dance begins to tire you, particularly as you are still carrying your backpack and weapon. The tune seems nowhere near ending. Will you last to the end of the tune? Count the number of artefacts you are carrying (include your weapon, your Provisions and your Gold as three artefacts) and throw two dice. If the number you roll is *higher than* that number, then you last out until the end of the dance without becoming over-exhausted. If you roll a number *less than* or *equal to* the number of artefacts you have, you

must lose 1 STAMINA point and roll again, repeating this procedure until you roll higher than your artefacts. The more you are carrying, the more exhausted you will become. If you roll unsuccessfully five times, you collapse to the ground and get pulled back to the edge of the dance by the crowd. Turn next to **201**.

18

The artist's portraits are of various nobles in Kharé. You wonder how he can possibly paint without hands and he explains that he has a magical paintbrush with which he can paint by will. He tells you that he is now actually using the paintbrush to paint inside his hut. Do you want to enter the hut to see his current creation (turn to **176**) or will you look instead at the firemaster's fires (turn to **96**)?

19

You brush against one particularly noisy chain and the sound brings the Chainmaker in through the other door. You recognize him as a SVINN, a man-orc from the village of Torrepani, and he is outraged at your intrusion. Turn to **119**.

20

The talisman is quite a find. While wearing this and *Testing your Luck*, you need not deduct a LUCK point if you are *Unlucky*. Return to **264**.

21

Gain 2 STAMINA points for your rest. You awake at sunrise the next morning. Did you eat at all yesterday? If not you must deduct 3 STAMINA points as you are now very hungry.

As you wake, you hear a sound at the door. The guards have returned. Presumably they are satisfied that you are no threat to the city and they shove you outside, followed by the old man. In something of a daze, you both stumble off down the road into Kharé, he a little ahead of you. You watch him and are reminded of your suspicions. You stop and check your pack. You should not have trusted the blackguard as he has stolen an artefact from you! Cross one item (of your choice) off your *Adventure Sheet* (if you have no artefacts, you must lose 1 item from your Provisions). You shout after him but he is some way ahead by now and has turned right at a junction. You will have to run to catch up. Turn to **81**.

22

Which spell will you try?

MUD	SIX	RAN	LAW	YOB
358	384	454	491	411

If you know none of these, you must fight the Statue (turn to **299**).

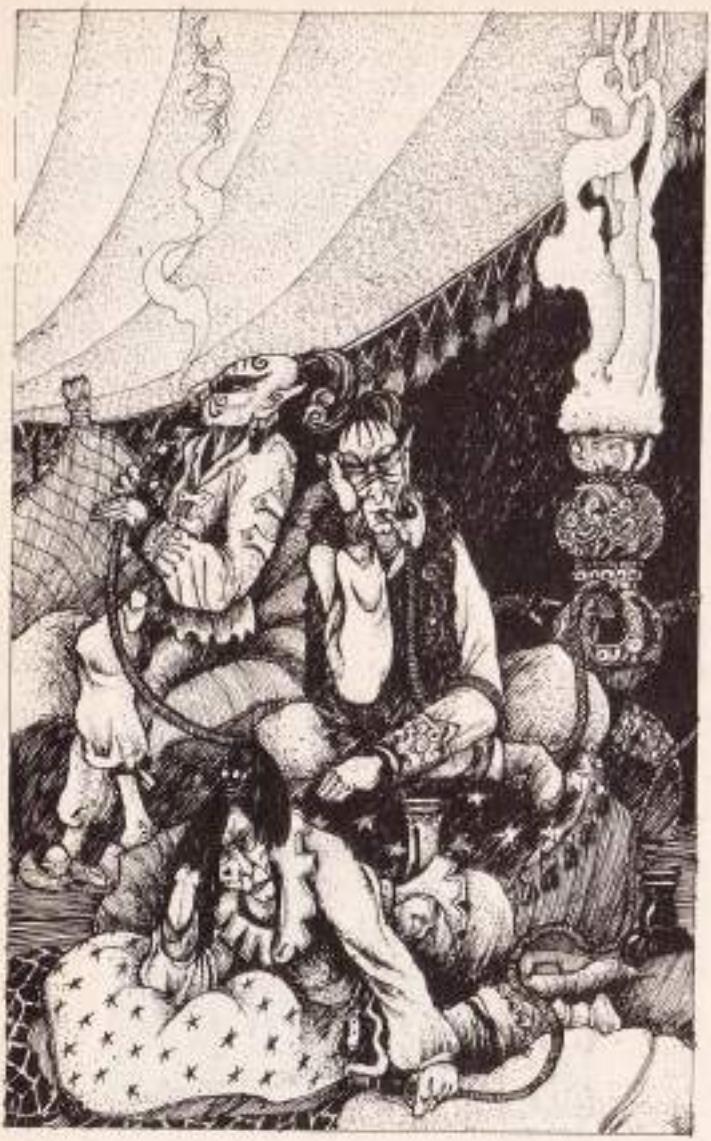

23

You follow the children up the road. Homes and hovels line the track and you are wary as you pass. Strange faces appear at the windows, watching you. From around the bend ahead, a troop of guards appears! Thinking swiftly, you dart into a hut by the roadside and close the door. The guards march past and you breathe a sigh of relief. But where are you?

You look around the dismal hut and jump as you see three ugly faces gawping at you! The room is untidy and contains little more than a straw mattress and a low table. The three creatures, a group of BLACK ELVES, are staring vacantly at you. A heavy, sweet smell hits your nostrils and explains their lethargy. They are puffing at a hookah containing Smoking Weed. One of them gathers himself together enough to talk to you and asks you to join them. What will you do?

Sit down with them and draw on the hookah?	Turn to 150
Apologize for disturbing them and leave?	Turn to 213
See if you can learn any information from them?	Turn to 242
Draw your weapon and challenge them?	Turn to 58

24

They move towards you and you nip down a side street to the left. They chase after you. They are quick runners and you will have to try to lose them. Will you turn:

First right, first left, first right?	Turn to 232
First right, next right, first left?	Turn to 41
First left, first right, next right?	Turn to 184

Or cast a spell:

JIG	KOK	YOB	NIF	YAZ
489	458	354	407	510

25

The Wheel of Fortune will cost you 1 Gold Piece per spin. To play this game, pay your Gold Piece, remember this reference (so you may return afterwards) and close the book. On some pages of the book, next to the printed dice, details of winnings are given. Flick through the book and open it at random. If no winning message appears, you lose. If a winning message appears, you win that number of Gold Pieces (5, 10 or 20). You may pay and play as often as you like until you win. When you win, you must leave the hall (turn to 39).

26

Which spell will you use?

RAP	ZIP	YAG	DUD	HUF
483	439	428	475	465

If you know none of these, you will have to offer them a bribe (turn to 157), otherwise they will move you on.

27

Inside the hut, bones litter the floor. Whoever, or whatever, lives here is evidently carnivorous. Judging by the size of some of the bones, this creature seems to be quite partial to humans. As the hut is otherwise deserted, you search through the rubble. The unfortunate victims' clothes are strewn about, and in the pockets you find 15 Gold Pieces. You also find a number of knuckle bones which have been strung together into a bracelet. You may take this and the Gold Pieces with you. Cautiously you leave the hut, after first making sure that no one is about. Turn to 37.

28

Further up the road, you reach a fork where you may continue either straight ahead or up to the left. A hut stands in the fork and a stallion is tied up outside it. You may take the track up to the left (turn to **300**), continue ahead (turn to **233**) or you may walk over to the horse (turn to **183**).

29

You open the box and look inside. It seems to contain all the creature's valuable possessions, few as they are. An elaborately carved mirror with a gold back is the most impressive item. The parchment scroll contains writings in a language which you do not understand, but you may take it with you anyway. 2 Gold Pieces are also lying in the box. You leave the hut quickly. Turn to **294**.

30

You pray to your deity. You hear a small click from the door and the Elvin whispers, 'Psst! It's worked! The door is open!' You may now leave whenever you wish, but you decide to wait until the guard has fallen asleep. You make a silent prayer of thanks to Libra – but remember that you may not call on her help again in this adventure. Turn to **206**.

31

You bend down to the idol's lips as the god gives its answer: 'The spell is known only by Sansas, First Noble of Kharé. But such knowledge will be of little use as Sansas is not in the city. He is sailing up the Jabaji towards Lake Lumlé.' You curse: your question has been useless, and was not the one to ask. You must now leave the Shrine of Courga and head for the North Gate. Turn to **109**.

32

You follow the track up past the huts until you reach a junction where you turn right. Turn to **297**.

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

33

From within the ropes of the ring, the ruffian's voice is announcing the challenger: 'All right, folks, we now have a challenger. In the white corner, let's hear your appreciation for Anvar the Barbarian!' Cheers come from the onlookers. 'And in the black corner, brawling champion of Kharé: the mighty Ogre, the one they call Skullsplitter – Cagou of Daddu-Ley!' Again, cheers come from the crowd as a great bald-headed brute steps into the ring. This should be quite a fight. The Barbarian is taller than the Ogre, but the Ogre's arms and legs are solid muscle. Wagers are being made in the crowd. You may, if you wish, bet on the outcome of the fight (turn to 190) or you may decide just to watch. You may wish to take up the champion's challenge yourself, as the prize for the winner is 15 Gold Pieces. Turn to 234 if you do not wish to bet.

34

He returns with two mugs of ale, deliberately placing one in front of you. 'The centre of Kharé is around the port,' he says, 'and it is a dangerous place to be at night. Many street wanderers get waylaid and captured for the slave ships, so make sure you are settled in an inn before sundown. And another thing . . . but come, drink your ale.' You have not yet started your drink. Will you sup and let him continue (turn to 236) or will you cast a spell?

HOP	FAR	TEL	SUS	RAN
361	387	498	414	355

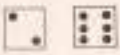

35

The smooth metal has no obvious weak spots. While you are trying to find one, the creature's great foot kicks at you and catches you in the side. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Return to 326 and choose again.

36

You look towards the guard on the gate who taunts you with a mocking smile. You have been tricked! You may try to cause trouble by exposing him as a cheat (turn to 126) or you may decide you had better keep quiet and cooperate (turn to 291).

37

As you leave the hut, you glance once more at the statue. Although you are not sure, you have the feeling that something has changed. Then it dawns on you that something *has* changed. Its head has moved round and is now pointing towards you! Will you run swiftly away (turn to 55), draw your weapon (turn to 76), or cast a spell?

HOW	TEL	FIX	LAW	ROK
492	401	394	461	348

38

Deathwraiths may only be harmed by silver weapons. If you have the bow with silver-tipped arrows, you may pull these out of your pack and turn to 147. If you do not have the bow and arrows, your only hope is to pray to Libra if you have not yet used her help in this adventure (turn to 87). Otherwise this will be your last fight in Kharé . . .

39

On the way out of the Gambling Halls, you pass a door marked 'Portal Room'. If you wish to investigate, turn to 112. If you'd rather just leave, turn to 197. If you now have more Gold than you came in with, you may add 2 LUCK points.

40

The creatures in the crowd around you become angry at your refusal to join in. They push you forward and you try to hold yourself back. 'Where's your spirit?' challenges one voice behind you, while another snarls: 'G'waan. It's only a bit of fun.' Will you still insist on declining the invitation to dance (turn to 230) or decide not to risk angering the crowd (turn to 17)?

41

You come to a stop outside a hut. The footsteps behind you are getting louder. You decide to nip into the hut. Turn to 324.

42

You are in a dead-end passage. You must turn round and head back. Which way will you go?

Straight ahead, second right, first left?	Turn to 10
Straight ahead, first right, second left, first right?	Turn to 77
Straight ahead, first left?	Turn to 174

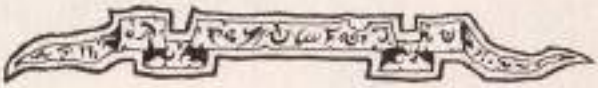

43

You look around the room. Herbs, vegetables and meats are lying on tables around the centre of the room and hanging from the walls. Evidently you are in a kitchen of some kind. At the far end of the room is a fire in a chimney and suspended over the fire is a pot containing a bubbling broth, the source of the smell which you picked up out in the road. Standing by the fire is an odd-looking creature. It has a humanoid torso and legs but its head is a solid blob of jelly and its eyes float loosely about in the 'front' of its face. Hanging down from its head on all sides are numerous long tentacles. These appear to be its hands (as it has no others) and it grips a ladle and stirring spoon. This strange creature holds your attention, but under one of the tables you have noticed a box, from which a scroll and a shiny mirror protrude. Your host is waiting for your reaction. Will you:

Try to talk to it?	Turn to **145**
Draw your weapon and attack?	Turn to **243**
Cast a spell?	Turn to **257**
Leave and continue on your way?	Turn to **294**

44

You try to grab the paintbrush but it twists and squirms out of your grip, darting back to the painting at every opportunity. You may draw your weapon and duel with it.

PAINTBRUSH SKILL 8 STAMINA 5

The brush will not actually attack you: its SKILL merely reflects its ability to dodge. If you do not break it (i.e. kill it) by the fifth Attack Round, it manages to finish the painting. Turn to **67**. If you do break it, you may now leave the hut (turn to **137**).

45

The bag contains 6 teeth from Dark Goblins. You pour them into your hand and to your delight there is an added bonus. A large Giant's tooth, which the Gnome did not know was there, is at the bottom of the bag. Return to **264**.

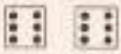

46

Continuing along the streets, you reach another junction, where you may either turn left (turn to 131), right (turn to 60), or carry straight on (turn to 139).

47

You enter the graveyard and walk along an overgrown path up to the door of the crypt. On the ground before the door is a shimmering circle of darkness which you will have to cross or jump over to get to the doorway. Will you walk up to the door (turn to 288), jump over the circle (turn to 258), or cast a spell?

ZIP	SUS	DOC	HOW	TEL
466	377	442	395	418

48

The priest cannot hide his disappointment. Apparently the people of Kharé are not trained in the science of mathematics, as you were in Analand. As he has agreed, he will grant you one wish. You ask him what he knows of the spell to open the North Gate of Kharé. 'I am unable to tell you the spell in its entirety,' he says, 'as only the First Noble of Kharé knows all four lines. But I can tell you one line, which is: "I bid you, portals, open wide."' His audience is amazed at your wisdom and they shout out their good wishes as you leave the chapel. Restore your LUCK score to its *Initial* level. Now turn to 265.

49

You release its reins and swing yourself up on to its back. It whinnies loudly and rears up into the air. Before you can react, it bolts off back down the road the way you came. You may hold on tightly and see where it takes you (turn to 268) or *Test your Luck* in an attempt to stop it and get off (turn to 220).

50

You creep round the edge of the square, keeping your eyes fixed on the monument. As you pass one doorway, hands grab your arms and neck. 'Looks like we have an intruder!' says a voice. 'We Red-Eyes don't like intruders. Off to the gaol with you!' They bundle you off down the side streets until you reach a large square building. You are taken inside and locked in a cell. Turn to **143**.

51

'Let's see,' he ponders. 'Who may know a line of the North Gate spell? Ah, yes. At the junction ahead, do not *not* carry straight on. Eventually, do not take a left turn. Yes . . . I think that's it. Good luck!' You are not quite sure what he has actually advised you to do and you consider his advice as you approach the crossroads. Remember he is a compulsive liar! Turn to **144**.

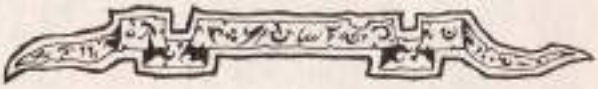

52

Where will you kiss next: the right eye (turn to **2**); the left eye (turn to **163**); the right cheek (turn to **334**); the left cheek (turn to **88**); the nose (turn to **296**); or the lips (turn to **141**)?

53

He calms down and admits that his hearing is not as sharp as it used to be. He is naturally suspicious of strangers in a place such as this. He begins to invite you in but then sees your weapon. If you wish to enter, you will have to hand him your weapon (turn to **229**). Otherwise he will not allow you in and you must leave (turn to **133**).

54

You pick up the hideous creature, carry it over to the coffin and dump it inside. You are exhausted from the battle and rest for a few moments. If you would like to eat Provisions, you may do so, adding 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today (1 STAMINA point if you have eaten already). Turn to **209**.

WIN 10 GOLD PIECES

55

As you move, the statue springs! Landing close to you, its hands shoot out and try to grab you. This creature is a deadly MANTIS MAN. If it catches you in its hands, it will draw you in and its sharp teeth will kill you instantly. However, you may attack its arms and, if you disable it, it will be helpless.

MANTIS MAN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

Its form of attack is to fling its arms out at you. At the start of each Attack Round, roll 2 dice before combat. If you roll a number *less than* the Mantis Man's SKILL, it has grabbed you and you have no hope of survival. If the number is *equal to* or *higher than* its SKILL, it has missed – roll again for Attack Strength as normal. If you survive, turn to 117.

56

You enter the hall. In spite of the time of day, a noisy crowd is inside. No one notices your entry as everyone is preoccupied with their games. The click of dice and the clatter of the Wheel of Fortune are the only sounds that can be heard above the hubbub. Do you wish to try your luck with the Wheel of Fortune (turn to 25), on the dice table (turn to 188), or will you leave the Gambling Halls of Vlada (turn to 39)?

57

The road leads onwards. You are nearing the centre of Kharé, and the homes and buildings are more densely located. As you are walking along one side of the road and watching the other, you are grabbed from behind and pulled into a building! You spin to face your attacker. He is a dark-skinned man with a stubbly beard. He is evidently surprised at your strength and releases you, holding up his hands to show that he means no harm. 'My friend, I am very sorry for giving you a fright,' he says. 'But I am a lonely man in this city of evil. You are a human like myself and I have not seen you in these parts before. Pray sit down with me and talk for awhile. I'll do you no harm.' He seems friendly enough, but there is a mischievous glint in his eye that you do not trust. You are in his home, which is furnished with a table, chairs and cupboards of wood, and woven tapestries hanging on the walls. Will you stay and talk with him (turn to 186) or do you wish to leave (turn to 173)?

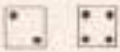

58

The others stagger to their feet and grope clumsily at their weapons. Resolve your fight with them (fight them one at a time):

First BLACK ELF	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5
Second BLACK ELF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 4
Third BLACK ELF	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

Smoking Weed makes co-ordination difficult. Each time a wound is struck by anyone who has indulged (including you), roll one die. If an even number is rolled, the hit is successful. If an odd number is rolled, the blow misses. If a 1 is rolled, the blow misses and the striker stumbles on to his own weapon, causing 2 STAMINA points of self-inflicted damage. If you defeat the creatures, turn to **251**.

59

He smiles slyly, looks over his shoulder to check he is not being watched and holds his hand out to you. You drop the coins into his palm (deduct 2 Gold Pieces). As they clink he coughs loudly to cover up the sound. With a whisper he tells you to wait a second. He closes the door on you. Turn to **225**.

60

The street eventually meets another. Turning left will take you into the centre of Kharé and you take this route. Turn to **165**.

61

A short distance ahead is a large house made of stones and mortar. It looks quite an important place. Do you wish to walk up to the front door (turn to **140**), creep round the back (turn to **208**), or walk past it further down the road (turn to **133**)?

62

A little way further along, you reach a sort of crossroads where a track crosses your road. To the left it runs up to another group of huts, while to the right it heads towards what seems to be a fair of some sort where coloured flags are waving and there is plenty of activity. Will you go left (turn to 32), right (turn to 322), or straight ahead (turn to 57)?

63

With great relief, you find that your own Gold is still safe within its pouch. Scuffles are breaking out in the crowd as the pickpocket's victims are challenging their neighbours. You decide to leave. Will you make your way over to the dance (turn to 261), head for the ring to see whether the champion has any challengers (turn to 33), or leave the festival (turn to 263)?

64

You leap out of the way just in time as the great foot descends towards you. But you land awkwardly on your weapon arm. You must deduct 1 SKILL point for the rest of this day (your arm will have recovered tomorrow). Turn to 93 and choose again.

65

The shiny surface appears to be a pool of shimmering black liquid. As you peer into it, footsteps come up behind you. 'So a stranger wonders about our Portals, eh?' cackles a voice. 'Well, that's where we dump our rubbish – and any unwanted strangers!' Before you can turn round, two hands shove you into the circle. Turn to 270.

66

You walk up to the door. A name-plate in the middle reads CHAINMAKER. The door is ajar and you enter. No one is inside, but another door is open to the back of the hut. The room you are standing in is draped in chains of all lengths and strengths and you can barely move round without touching them. Will you call out for the Chainmaker (turn to **280**) or have a quick look around the room while no one is about (turn to **215**)?

67

As the painting is completed, to your astonishment the image *moves* on its canvas. Looking directly at you, the painting moves its hands to grab the edges of the canvas, hauls itself off the board, and climbs down on to the ground. Before you stands a duplicate of yourself! You look at each other for a moment. A voice comes from outside and the artist commands the painting to attack you and grab your money. Resolve your combat with your double (it has the same SKILL and STAMINA as you have). If you win, you may leave the hut (turn to **137**). Alternatively, you may cast a spell. As the artist did not realize you were a sorcerer, he has endowed his creation with no magical powers:

DUD	SAP	ZEN	SUD	RAZ
356	385	508	364	339

68

You leave the inn and wander round the streets, trying to find a suitable place to rest for the night. Would you like to choose a dark alley behind the inn to sleep (turn to **94**) or will you stay awake all night (turn to **159**)?

69

You arrive in a dead-end passageway. But a light is shining into the passage from above. You look up and can see a hole in the top of the sewer – and a rope is hanging down with a bucket on the end of it! Perhaps you have found a disused well!

You leap up and grab the rope. You start your long shinny up the rope to the light above. This is a tiring climb and you must lose 2 STAMINA points; but you can add 2 LUCK points for finding a way out of the

sewers. At the top you find you are indeed returning to the surface through a well. You rest to catch your breath and then you may either continue ahead out of Kharé (turn to **319**) or back towards the cityport to investigate a building standing in a graveyard (turn to **83**).

70

You mouth a silent prayer to Libra. You feel no different, but she is with you in the battle that will take place. Your first successful attack on the champion will kill him instantly. Turn to **323** and resolve the battle. But remember that you have now used your one and only opportunity for help from your goddess in Kharé. You may not choose an option to pray to her again until you have left the cityport.

71

A small bracelet drops out of the cabinet. You pick it up and turn it over. It is made from the finger-bones of a dwarf and it may be useful for your spells. You put it in your pack and leave the tent. Turn to **160**.

72

He bends over to look at your choice. 'You jest!' he cries. 'The answer is most certainly not that rune. Stranger, if such is your wisdom, you will need more than the help of your goddess on this journey.' He wishes to continue with his work and you must leave his house. You collect your sword on the way out. Turn to **133**.

73

You try the door at the entrance and it swings open, creaking on its hinges. This sound is amplified by the hollow temple inside and it echoes eerily for several moments. Cautiously, you peer inside. The place seems to be deserted; you can hear no signs of activity. Stepping into the shrine and closing the door behind you, the sight that greets your eyes takes your breath away.

The walls are decorated with brightly coloured murals depicting scenes from the religious mythology of Kharé. Fine ornaments in precious metals are set in alcoves around the pews, and rich, woven tapestries cover every surface. A cunning trick of architecture catches the wind and an ethereal humming is a constant background noise. Four large stone gargoyles of winged demons watch over the shrine

from their mounts high in the eaves and at the far end of the room is the focal point of the temple: the altar.

Steps leading up to the altar seems to have been designed to emphasize the centrepiece of the shrine – a large golden idol fashioned in Courga's image.

Will you make sure there is no one about (turn to **168**), check the shrine for traps (turn to **224**), see if you can find anything precious worth stealing (turn to **205**), or investigate the idol (turn to **122**)? Alternatively you may cast a spell:

MAG	DOC	WOK	SUS	TEL
431	485	374	503	477

74

Is the beggar still alive? If so, turn to **207**. If he is not, you can continue on your journey after a short rest – turn to **148**.

75

You shove open the door and step forwards, your hand ready with your weapon. But a small vial of liquid was balanced on top of the door and has now landed on your head, spilling its contents. You reach up and rub your head. An oily liquid is matting your hair. When you look at your hand, it is covered in hair! Again you feel your head and this time you pull off a great tuft of hair. 'Serves you right, intruder,' gloats a voice from within the hut. 'Perhaps baldness will teach you some manners!' You reach up again to rub your head and with a shock your hand strokes a bald scalp! In fact the effects of this Potion of Baldness are only temporary. Once you have washed your head, the hair will grow again – but it will be some time before your full head of hair is restored! Turn to **43**.

76

You draw your weapon and, as you move, the statue springs to life! It lands before you on its spindly legs with its hands and arms still fixed in a praying position. With lightning speed its arms shoot forwards to try and grab you. This creature is a deadly MANTIS MAN and you must fight it:

MANTIS MAN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

The Mantis Man uses its whiplash-like arms in attack. It will try to catch you and draw you into its mouth, where sharp teeth will guarantee instant death. At the start of each Attack Round, throw two dice for the creature. If the number rolled is *less than* its SKILL, it has caught you and death is certain. If you roll *equal to* or *higher than* its SKILL, it has missed – roll for Attack Strength as normal. Your only hope is to attack its arms, for if you can injure an arm, it will be unable to attack (hence its low STAMINA). If you survive, turn to 117.

77

You arrive in a dead-end passage, knee deep in sewage. A bubbling in the liquid ahead of you makes you apprehensive and, as you watch, a shape rises out of the water. The smooth, flabby shape of a large SLIME EATER stands before you. It sees you and roars loudly, reaching out at you with its blubbery arms. You will have to fight the creature:

SLIME EATER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you defeat it, turn to 196. You may prefer to fight with magic:

GOB	JIG	TEL	YAP	DOZ
471	427	488	479	393

78

Where will you kiss next: the forehead (turn to 52); the left eye (turn to 163); the right cheek (turn to 334); the left cheek (turn to 88); the nose (turn to 296); or the lips (turn to 231)?

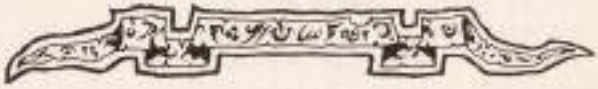

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

79

Flanker, the assassin you met near Torrepani, arrived in Kharé a day ahead of you. If you arrive at either of the references listed below, you may bump into him and talk with him. Memorize these references (you may not write them down: this is, if you like, equivalent to whether or not you recognize him). If you arrive at either of these references, turn to the corresponding follow-up reference to see what Flanker says.

If you arrive at **244**	Turn to **111**
If you arrive at **110**	Turn to **222**

80

They scoff at your meagre offering. 'Are we being offered a bribe, brothers, or is this traveller merely tossing us a beggar's alms?' asks the leader. He snatches your three coins and flips one each to the other two. 'If we are to look the other way for you,' he snarls, 'you had better make it worth our while. Give us another 5 Gold Pieces each!' If you pay up, turn to **113**. Otherwise you may only continue if you can use your magic to trick them. Turn to **26**.

81

You reach the junction ahead. This offers you three ways on. You are on the outskirts of the city and huts are grouped loosely about the tracks leading into the cityport. To the left a group of scruffy youngsters are walking away up the roadway with packs on their backs. Ahead, the road leads straight into the centre of Kharé and would appear to be the main road. To the right, you see the old man disappearing into a hut on the left-hand side of the track. Which direction will you choose:

Turn left?	Turn to 23
Continue straight ahead?	Turn to 138
Turn right?	Turn to 292

82

Your challenge is accepted. The crowd cheers you as you step into the white corner. You feel confident that you will be able to defeat the champion now he has been weakened in his last fight. But as you look over at him in the black corner, your heart sinks: trickery is afoot. The ruffian secretly casts a healing spell over his man, restoring him to full strength! You may use your own magic to help you:

DOC	VIK	GAK	YOB	GOD
405	362	497	451	425

Or you may call on help from Libra (turn to 70). If you wish to do neither of these, the fight will start – turn to 323.

83

Further up the road, you pass a small graveyard overhung with leafy branches. Gravestones are scattered in no particular order around an old crypt which stands in the centre. A sign above the doorway to the crypt reads: HERE RESTS LORD SHINVA – FIFTH NOBLE OF KHARÉ. Do you wish to enter the crypt (turn to 47) or do you think it would be safer to head out of the cityport (turn to 127)?

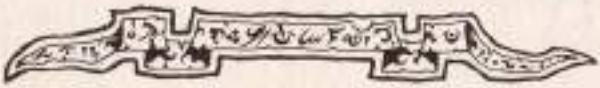

84

You soon arrive at another crossroads where you may either turn left (turn to 57) or carry straight on (turn to 322).

85

If you wish to grab the coin, you must *Test your Luck* (if you do not wish to waste your LUCK, leave the pond by turning to 28). The little silverfish will be outraged if you try to take its coin and will dart out and bite you. If you are Lucky, you manage to grab the coin, but the fish will bite you for 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you are Unlucky, you still get bitten, but you may try again by *Testing your Luck* (you lose 1 STAMINA point on each try as you are bitten again). When you eventually get the Gold Piece, or give up, you may continue by turning to 28.

86

Do you have enough money to afford a room? If so, pay the innkeeper 4 Gold Pieces and turn to **282**. If not, you will have to spend the night on the streets. Turn to **68**.

87

The creature advances to attack, and you can do little about it. Suddenly it looks over towards the shaft of light flooding in from the stairwell. Your eyes are accustomed to the blackness and, when you look over to the light, you cannot be sure what you are seeing. A radiant white female figure seems to stand, glowing in the light. She points back to the coffin. The Deathwraith is terrified of this figure and it returns to the coffin as if directed by some ghostly master. Its movements are becoming very sluggish: it appears that its life-force is being drained. With a last effort, it climbs inside the coffin. You glance back at the figure by the stairs. It has disappeared! Turn to **209**.

88

Where will you kiss next: the forehead (turn to **314**); the right eye (turn to **2**); the left eye (turn to **163**); the right cheek (turn to **334**); the nose (turn to **296**); or the lips (turn to **231**)?

89

Further along the road you come to a fork where you may continue either to the right or the left. The left fork heads out of the city, while the right one leads down a short street towards a large building upon which a signpost reads: THE GAMBLING HALLS OF VLADA. A great Bronze Statue stands in the fork and at its feet is a pot which contains many Gold Pieces. From what you can make out, this must be one of the gods of Kharé and this pot contains offerings from worshippers. Do you wish to continue out of the city along the left fork (turn to 104), take the right fork and visit the Gambling Halls of Vlada (turn to 56), or grab a handful of coins from the pot at the feet of the Statue (turn to 221)?

90

You call out to anyone who may be inside. A voice replies: 'Enter, my friend, but take care as you open the door!' You give the door a shove and step back quickly as a vial of liquid falls on to the floor from the top of the door. You walk forward into the hut. Turn to 43.

91

You toss the coin into the air and they squabble over it. You may ask them:

Where they have come from	Turn to 180
How you may reach the centre of the city	Turn to 289
Whether they have heard of anyone called Vik	Turn to 246

92

A small pouch drops out of the cabinet and lands on the floor. You open it up and inside you find two small throwing darts. You can attach the pouch to your waist to keep them handy in a battle. Each is enchanted with an explosion spell. You may use them in a fight to throw at your opponent before coming to grips. Each time you use one, throw two dice. If the total rolled is *less than* your SKILL, your throw is accurate and you hit your opponent. The dart will explode inflicting 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. If the dice roll is *equal to* or *exceeds* your SKILL, you have missed and the dart explodes harmlessly on the floor. Remember that you have only two of these darts. You take the pouch and leave the tent. Turn to **160**.

93

Which of these spots will you try: its belt (turn to **155**), its left knee (turn to **182**), or its right ankle (turn to **212**)?

94

You curl up in a corner and fall asleep. In the middle of the night, footsteps near by wake you up. Before you know what is going on, you feel a blow to your head and you slump to the ground, unconscious. Turn to **312**.

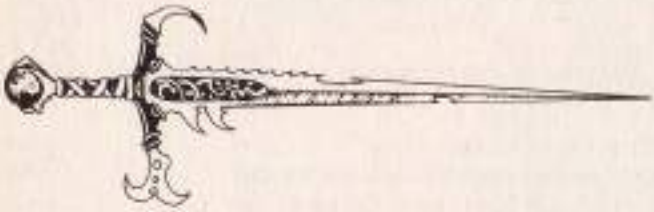

95

The man steps back and snaps a command at his pet. The BRISTLE BEAST bares sharp pointed teeth and springs at you. Resolve the fight:

BRISTLE BEAST	SKILL 5	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the creature, turn to 14. You may cast a spell if you wish:

YAZ	KIL	GUM	GAK	DIM
459	437	378	500	443

If you do not wish to fight this creature and anger the man, you may ask him to call off the Bristle Beast and offer him your sword – turn to 229.

96

You walk over and greet the firemaster. He smiles and hopes you are interested in his fires. He shows you the beauty of white, green, blue and black fire. He is able to create little fires of all these different colours by placing his special rocks, of corresponding colours, into the flames. You are most impressed, as his creations are certainly beautiful, but they would be of little use to you. 'Perhaps you would be interested in one of my special fires,' he says. 'Have a look inside.' If you wish to enter his hut, turn to 108. If you would rather look at the artist's paintings, turn to 18.

97

Will you use your magic (turn to 310) or will you fight the winged beasts (turn to 118)?

98

Through the small crowd, you can see two tiny creatures grappling with each other on the ground. The fight is between a Sprite and a Pixie. Half of the onlookers are cheering on the Pixie while the others are siding with the Sprite. No one is attempting to break the fight up. Will you try to break the fight up (turn to 302), aid one of the two creatures (turn to 321), or ignore the incident and continue on your way (turn to 153)?

99

Are you using a sword (turn to 151), an axe (turn to 125), or a bow and arrows (turn to 147)?

100

The meal – bristle-beast kidneys with a spinach-like vegetable – does not leave a particularly pleasant taste but you force a smile. The creature nods and offers you a mug of dirty liquid to wash it down. You intentionally spill the drink and your host bustles off to get a rag to mop it up. You now have your chance to steal the box. Turn to 29.

101

You listen at the idol's mouth as it replies to your question. 'The God of Pride is my own brother. He is called Fourga, although he has fallen from favour with our circle of deities and has not been worshipped by the people of Kharé for close on a century.' Is this information useful to you? You may now leave the temple. Turn to 109.

WIN 20 GOLD PIECES

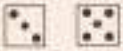

102

You wait up all night, but no guards come. Lying down on his bench, the old man eventually drifts off to sleep. You must lose 2 STAMINA points for missing your rest – and also another 3 STAMINA points if you did not eat yesterday.

The guards return shortly after sunrise. Apparently they are satisfied that you are no threat to the city and they release you and the old man. You both head on towards the city but he is a surprisingly brisk walker and has soon left you behind. You watch him turn right at a junction ahead. Turn to **81**.

103

You must either attack them with your weapon (turn to **192**) or you may cast a spell:

CAK	HOW	KIN	DUD	MUD
463	446	349	363	422

104

You carry on down the road until a strange sight makes you stop. A mound of earth and rocks, some eighteen inches tall, stands in the centre of the road. It forms a circle, about three feet across, and the surface is black and shiny. Do you want to investigate (turn to **65**) or will you ignore it and continue (turn to **319**)?

105

You go through the murderer's pockets and find 8 Gold Pieces. There is little else of value in the room, but you do find a jar marked 'Poison' which you may take. Another jar contains 'Essence of Bark' which also may be useful. Eventually you leave the building. Turn to **46**.

106

The horse bucks and kicks as it races erratically down the road. You do not manage to halt it, but you do manage to hang on without falling off. Turn to **268**.

107

You may use this artefact to help you locate the lines of the spell. If you follow its direction, it will take you immediately to the vicinity of the last person in this adventure who knows a spell line. When you wish to use it, turn to **319**. Return now to **264**.

108

You enter the hut. In the centre of the room, underneath an open chimney, a fierce fire is burning. Although the blaze is considerable, very little heat actually comes from it, and looking into it you can see a wooden chest resting on the embers in the centre of the flames – but it is not burning! If you are apprehensive, you may leave the hut and continue on your way (turn to **137**). Otherwise you may plot a way to see what treasures might lie in the chest. You could try stepping into the flames, as they are not hot (turn to **130**) or you can cast a spell:

ZIP	TEL	NIP	GOP	MAG
467	420	346	478	453

109

You leave the temple and head on. The large North Gate looms up in front of you. This gate is heavily guarded and you will have to make plans for dealing with the guards. Turn to **175**.

110

You enter 'The Wayfarer's Rest'. It is a noisy, bustling place and no one takes much notice as you enter. The innkeeper is behind the bar, trying to serve the numerous creatures all demanding their ale at the same time. The inn is evidently a local for the sailors of the port, as salty types and buxom wenches are laughing together and singing shanties around the tables. You manage to catch the innkeeper's attention. He is a surly, bald-headed man, used to dealing with the rabble from the docks and is surprised at your dress and obviously well-educated tone. 'And what be yer purpose in these 'ere parts?' he asks. You explain you would like a bed for the night, perhaps with some food, and ask the price. 'A room up top'll be 4 Pieces of Gold,' he says. 'And we'll feed yer t'the gills fer another 4.' If you wish to eat before you rest, turn to 331. If you just want to bed down and perhaps eat your own Provisions, turn to 282. If you cannot afford to eat or stay, turn to 68.

111

'Aha! My friend – and enemy!' laughs Flanker as he recognizes you. 'Like myself you also enjoy the fun of the fair! Come, tell me your adventures since we met; or should I say since we *clashed*.' You tell him of your encounters since arriving in Kharé and of your search for the spell lines necessary to open the North Gate. 'Hmmm. I wonder if I can help you,' he says. 'My friend Lortag the Elder lives not far from here. He is a sage and may know something of this spell you require.' If you already have one of the lines to the spell, you have already visited Lortag, so return to 244 and choose what to do at the fair. If you do not have any lines of the spell, you may let Flanker take you to his friend. He will take you back towards the South Gate and along a road where a well-kept house is standing. He will then leave you and you may walk up to the front door – turn to 140.

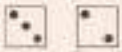

112

You open the door cautiously. Inside you can see a small room and on the floor in the centre of this room is a shimmering black circle, some three feet across. Before you have a chance to react, you are grabbed by a strong guard standing just inside the door. 'Another trouble-maker, eh?' says the guard, and he shoves you into the centre of the room. Expecting some sort of splash as you land in the black circle, you are surprised to find that it is not liquid at all. Turn to 270.

113

Their eyes light up as you pull 15 Gold Pieces from your pouch. 'Must be a noble of some import, eh, brothers?' chuckles the tall guard, taking your money. 'Do what you will then, traveller. We have better things to do, don't we?' He takes the other two off along the wall, leaving you to approach the gate. Turn to 271.

114

The Flayer snares you with its tentacles. You howl with pain – its tentacles are tipped with nasty stings which will inflict 3 STAMINA points of damage instead of the usual 2. Return to 243 and finish the battle, but each time the Flayer succeeds in its attack, its stinging tentacles will inflict this extra damage.

115

'Hmmm, let me see,' he says. 'No, I don't think that is right. I have already tried that rune and it makes no sense. Never mind. Thank you, anyway, for trying. You had better be on your way now. I have enjoyed our chat and wish you luck on your journey. Perhaps this will help you on your way. I believe you will need it if you are to gain any help from the creatures of Kharé.' He hands you a pouch containing what appears to be a handful of green fur. Pulling it out you find that it is a wig. You thank him and he shows you to the door, handing you your weapon on the way out. Turn to 133.

116

'Were you born yesterday, fool?' replies one of the creatures. Turning its head to look at you, it suddenly cries out: 'A stranger! Brothers, we have a stranger here! Shall we have some fun?' The others turn towards you, apparently 'looking' at you with their closed eyes. They grab you and push you towards the pool. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 290. If you are Unlucky, turn to 330.

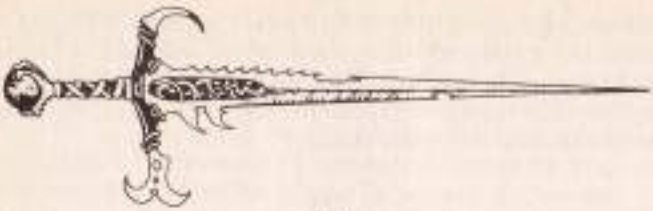

117

You take the Golden Locket from the creature. The locket itself is worth around 8 Gold Pieces (you may use it to pay for anything worth up to 8 Gold Pieces in value, but you will not receive change). Inside the locket is a small glowing Sun Jewel which burns brightly with a light of its own. Stow this away in your backpack, add 1 LUCK point for surviving the encounter, and continue your journey by turning to 137.

118

You draw your weapon and chop at the HARPIES as they fly down to attack. The beggar will be helping you with his stick, but he will be of little use since he is blind. Resolve this fight:

First HARPIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second HARPIE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
BLIND BEGGAR	SKILL 2	STAMINA 8

You may choose who fights whom during the battle, so long as everyone fights someone each round. If you kill the Harpies, turn to 74.

119

The Chainmaker grabs a length of chain from the wall. He swings it round over his head and advances towards you. Will you cast a spell?

RAZ	FIX	SAP	RAN	MUD
370	345	502	440	449

Or will you fight him?

SVINN CHAINMAKER SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If your STAMINA becomes reduced to 5 or less, the greater range of his chain will give him an advantage: if you roll equal Attack Strengths for the Chainmaker and yourself, this will count as if he has inflicted a hit on you. If you win, turn to **195**.

120

Passing through the streets, you reach another junction where you may either continue straight on (turn to **60**) or turn left (turn to **139**).

121

They watch you carefully as you pass. They are aware that you are ready for a fight but they show no signs of apprehension. Suddenly one of them shouts to the others and they all charge at you. You will have to fight them! Turn to **103**.

122

You step up to the idol. It stands about man-sized before you and an engraved plaque above its head catches your attention. You read it. It seems to be a message which will allow you to talk to the god. Do you wish to try? If so, turn to **252**. Otherwise you may leave the temple by turning to **109**.

123

You get down on your knees. You hear chuckling behind you, and a boot on your rump sends you sprawling forwards into the pool! The splash you are expecting does not happen. Turn to **270**.

124

You recite your spell and wait. A tingle runs down your back as a creaking noise comes from the gate. But rather than seeing the gate open in front of you, you see a ghost-like puff of smoke comes from a wooden box high up on the frame. It skips about in the air like a puppet and you are transfixed watching it. Suddenly it shoots down towards you and, before you can react, it has engulfed you! You cough and sweat, panicking as you realize that this is a SULPHUR GHOST, whose poisonous fumes are suffocating you! As you were warned, the North Gate of Kharé has its own defences, and the uninitiated attempt to open it only at the risk of their own lives. Yours has now been lost . . .

125

The creature approaches as you seize your weapon. Turn to **151**.

126

You call out to the other guards, telling them of the 2 Gold Pieces their companion has taken from you. They look suspiciously at the gate guardian, but he denies your claim angrily and slams his elbow into your stomach. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 291.

127

A little further up the road, you come to a well. A rope hangs down from a pulley deep into the well. You walk up to it and, as you approach, you can hear a woman's voice singing. It seems to be coming from the well itself and to be directed at you:

'My dear, your fortune can be told
If you will cross my palm with gold.'

Do you wish to toss a Gold Piece into the well? If so, turn to 217. If you'd rather not bother, continue by turning to 319.

128

The animal looks at you strangely. You try a few soothing words and it calms down, but gives no indication of a response. Eventually you give up with this one-way conversation. As it is now quite peaceful, you may try climbing on to its back (turn to 49) or you may leave it and continue your journey (turn to 237).

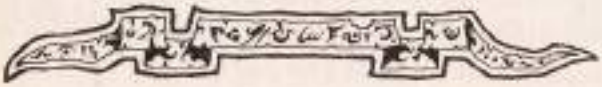

129

You fall to the floor and pass out, mouthing the words of your prayer. Some time later you open your eyes. The murderer lies dead on the ground. You have no idea of what has happened, but you are certain of one thing: this has been the work of your goddess. But you may not call on her again now until you leave the cityport. You are on your own. Turn to **105**.

130

You step cautiously into the fire. Although the flames do not burn you, the fire begins to sizzle and spit as you enter. As if this were a warning, the firemaster appears at the doorway. He is extremely angry that you should be attempting to steal from his chest and tosses a sooty powder into the fire. You shriek loudly as the fire heats up and you are standing in the middle of a blazing inferno! You leap from the fire with flames sprouting from your clothes. Lose 5 STAMINA points for your burns. You pat out the flames from your burning garments and the firemaster orders you out and on your way. Turn to **137**.

131

The street eventually meets another. Turning right will take you into the centre of Kharé and you choose this route. Turn to **165**.

132

You follow a narrow, winding street, which takes you past shops and stalls. It is still early and they will not be open for an hour or two yet, but there are stirrings from within the houses as the day's activities begin. A face appears at one window and seems to watch you pass, although its eyes are closed and you are not sure that you can actually be seen. Another similar creature stands at a doorway, washing in the street. It is thin and spindly, with a long face – and again its eyes are closed. More of these creatures – young males – are hanging about in a group a little further up. They are talking and kicking stones in the gutter. One of them 'sees' you and speaks to the others. This could be trouble. Do you wish to continue as normal and bid them a pleasant day as you pass (turn to 286); continue, but be ready to defend yourself if they attack (turn to 121); or take a side street and avoid them (turn to 24)?

133

A little further along the road you come to a tradesmen's area where potters, weavers and artists are showing their wares outside their huts. Will you stop and look (turn to 3) or continue (turn to 137)?

134

In a cupboard in one corner of the room you find two labelled glass containers. The first is labelled 'Blimberry Juice' and you recognize this as a medicinal healing potion. The other is a small vial containing a glue which the Chainmaker uses to hold some of his more delicate chains together. You may take these and either leave the hut (turn to 9) or keep searching. If you want to look for more treasures, *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky, turn to 235. If you are Unlucky, turn to 19.

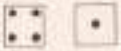

135

The way onwards leads up a street along which a market is being set up. Will you wait to see what is being offered (turn to **226**) or continue up the street (turn to **83**)? If you are short of cash, you may wish to enter a large building on the left with a sign outside reading THE GAMBLING HALLS OF VLADA (turn to **56**).

136

You have now seen how the champion fights. Do you wish to take up the next challenge to try and win the prize of 15 Gold Pieces? If so, turn to **82**. If not, you must now leave the festival (turn to **263**).

137

You continue along the road until you reach a Y-junction where you carry on northwards. Turn to **191**.

138

You continue along the road into a settlement of small huts. As you pass through these homes, ugly creatures who are going about their daily routines watch you. A little way on you come across a body lying face down in the gutter. At first sight this may be a beggar asleep, or some sort of creature in a drunken stupor. Will you investigate to see if it needs any help (turn to **256**) or ignore it and continue (turn to **239**)?

139

Further along the street, you pass a small chapel. From the noises inside, you would guess that a meeting of some sort is going on. Do you wish to investigate (turn to **187**) or continue on your way (turn to **165**)?

140

You stand in front of a solid oak-wood door, decorated with elaborate carvings. In the middle is a great brass knocker and you rap three times. Moments later, the door opens and an elderly man in a gown stands before you. A strange, spiky creature, like a large lizard, nestles next to his leg. You greet him apprehensively. He returns your greeting and appears to be not unfriendly. He will allow you to enter, but not with your weapon. Will you hand him your weapon (turn to **229**) or force your way in with it (turn to **95**)?

141

As you kiss the lips, the idol's eyes flick open. Its lips do not move, but a soft voice comes from its mouth. 'Stranger, you are not of my faith,' whispers the god. 'Nevertheless, you have completed the ritual and I will answer you one question.' What will you ask the god? Who has knowledge of the spell necessary to open the North Gate (turn to **31**)? What will fate have in store for you in the Baklands (turn to **266**)? What is the name of the god of pride (turn to **101**)? How may you best avoid the guards on the North Gate (turn to **193**)?

142

You recite your spell and wait. A tingle runs down your back as a creaking noise comes from the gate. But rather than seeing the gate open in front of you, you see a ghost-like puff of smoke come from a wooden box high up on the frame. It skips about in the air like a puppet and you are transfixed watching it. Suddenly it shoots down towards you and, before you can react, it has engulfed you! You cough and sweat, panicking as you realize that this is a SULPHUR GHOST, whose poisonous fumes are suffocating you! As you were warned, the North Gate of Kharé has its own defences, and the uninitiated attempt to open it only at the risk of their own lives. Yours has now been lost . . .

143

Your backpack and weapons are taken from you and you are locked in a cell, watched over by a Red-Eye guard. You have a cell-mate, a chirpy little ELVIN, who greets you and welcomes you to your new home. He comes from the Elvin valley in the Shamutanti Hills, and since he has been locked in the cell for months now, he is glad of some company. You ask him why he hasn't been able to escape, as Elvins are magical creatures, but he shakes his head, saying that he cannot get any of his spells to work in the gaol. He suspects that a Scramble Spell operates here to neutralize magic.

During your journey, you may have found a key which fits the lock of your cell. If so, you may wait until the guard falls asleep, then use it to escape. Turn to the reference with the same number as the key. If you do not have the key, your only other possible escape is to call on Libra if you have not yet used her help (turn to 30). Otherwise you will remain in Kharé's gaol for the rest of your life . . .

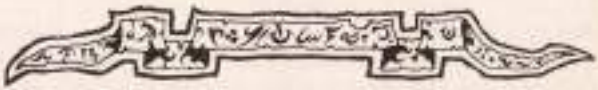

144

At the junction ahead you may either continue straight on (turn to 165) or turn right (turn to 120). Which road will you take?

145

The creature leans over a table and drops the ladle and spoon. Will you show it your weapon and demand that it gives you the box under the table (turn to 273) or try to hoodwink it by asking if you can buy food (turn to 283)?

146

The Bronze Statue watches as you toss your gold into the pot. It is torn between attacking you and looking into the pot at your offering. While it is making up its mind, you may escape down one of the streets. Will you take the road leading out of the city (turn to 104) or the right fork to the Gambling Halls of Vlada (turn to 56)?

147

You draw your bow and quickly unleash a bolt right at the hideous skull of your attacker. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL. If the number rolled is *equal to* or *less than* your SKILL, your aim was true. If the number is *higher than* your SKILL, you have missed.

You have chosen the only weapon which will harm the evil DEATHWRAITH you are facing. This undead creature can only be harmed by silver weapons and your arrows have silver tips. A hit with an arrow will inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage to it. Resolve your battle in the normal way, but each time you roll a higher Attack Strength than the creature, roll against your SKILL score as instructed above to see whether your aim is true. You have 10 arrows and if you do not kill the Deathwraith before your arrows are all used, it will kill you.

DEATHWRAITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you kill the creature, turn to 54.

148

You follow the road towards the North Gate. You are now leaving Kharé proper and you can see the Great Wall stretching across your path in the distance. One building remains between you and the gate and this looks to be a place of some magnificence. You continue and find that it is a large temple, standing off the road. It is indeed a sight to behold. Totems of the ancient gods line the short path to the temple doors. The building itself is pyramidal, reaching high into the sky. Friezes of gargoyles and sculptures in polished metals ring the temple at each level. Around the doorway, rock-sculptured images of unimaginable creatures seem to guard the entrance. Do you wish to enter the Shrine of Courga (turn to 73) or will you ignore it and continue to the North Gate (turn to 109)?

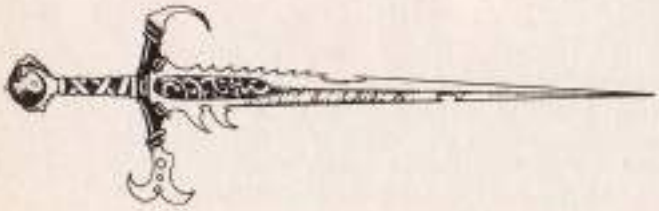

149

The general store offers various items for sale. The following seem of interest to you and you may buy any you wish:

A selection of gauntlets	5 Gold Pieces each
A bottle labelled 'Potion of Mystery'	2 Gold Pieces
Provisions	3 Gold Pieces per meal
A honeycomb of beeswax	2 Gold Pieces
A small vial filled with dust	3 Gold Pieces

Decide which you wish to buy and turn to **199**. If you don't want any of them, you may continue by turning to **170**.

150

You sit down with them on the edge of the mattress. They grin at you with dirty teeth and pass you a pipe. You take several puffs and sit back. The pipe passes round and soon all four of you are staring vacantly into the air. You begin to feel light-headed. But Smoking Weed has an unpredictable effect. Roll one die to see what happens to you:

1. The effect is pleasant and relaxing – gain 2 STAMINA points
2. You are overcome with a great feeling of confidence – gain 1 SKILL in your next fight
3. You feel sleepy and take a short doze for twenty minutes
4. You cannot resist an urge to do something irrational – give 1 Gold Piece to each of the Elves
5. A feeling of great paranoia swells up within you – deduct 1 STAMINA point immediately and reduce your SKILL by 1 in your next fight
6. You become violent and draw your weapon – turn to **58**

If you did not roll a 6, turn next to **242**.

151

You draw your weapon and face the creature. As the light catches its face, you can see the horrible skull of a DEATHWRAITH leering at you. Resolve your battle:

DEATHWRAITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

When you inflict your first hit on the creature, turn to **189**.

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

152

'Thank you for tossing down your wealth
For one more coin I'll grant you health.'

Do you wish to throw in another coin (turn to 295) or continue on your way (turn to 319)?

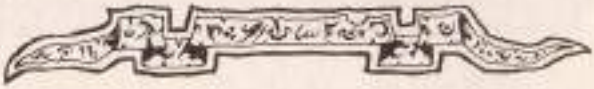

153

You leave the Dwarf village and continue. A little further on you come across a solitary thatched hut. A statue outside catches your eye. It depicts a man (of sorts) with rather long, spindly limbs. Its arms and hands are held together before it, as if it were meant to be praying. Although this in itself is odd, your attention is more taken with a gold locket which hangs around its neck. This looks too precious an artefact to be left hanging on an unprotected statue – it may be very valuable, possibly even magical. Will you:

Take a closer look at the statue?	Turn to 8
Enter the hut behind the statue?	Turn to 27
Ignore this temptation and continue?	Turn to 137
Cast a spell?	

MAG	FAR	GOB	FOF	SUS
482	413	359	429	472

154

Eventually a figure appears at the door and you recognize the face. The old man who you met in the guard room looks down at you. 'Aha, my friend!' he says. 'I see you have been caught in our Chainmaker's trap. You are lucky indeed that it is not he who has found you.' The old man agrees to help you out of the net if you will return the 3 Gold Pieces and the bottles of liquid that you have already stolen. You hand them to him and he frees you. 'You had better leave quickly,' he warns, 'before the Chainmaker returns.' You thank him for his help and leave the hut. Turn to 9.

155

You struggle with the belt, but cannot find any weakness there. The great Statue watches as you pull at the buckle and then claps its hand down upon you, squashing you against its body. Is your STAMINA 10 or more? If so, you survive the blow but must reduce your STAMINA to 5 points. If your STAMINA is below 10, the blow knocks you unconscious and the Bronze Statue will finish you off as you lie on the ground. If you are still alive you must do something quickly to halt the attack. Throw *all* your gold into the pot on the pedestal and turn to **146**.

156

You raise your hand and accept his challenge. 'And who is your god, stranger?' asks the priest. You tell him. 'Libra, the Goddess of Justice? I know nothing of her,' he says. 'You will find Slangg a much more powerful deity. Let us see whether Libra can help you with the challenge of Slangg. If you answer my question correctly, you may ask anything you wish. But if you cannot, you must renounce Libra and become a follower of Slangg. Do you agree?' You nod, and tell him to ask his question.

'Bigfoot the Elder walked south for three furlongs sowing oats, then east for two furlongs sowing corn, then north another five furlongs sowing wheat, and finally south-west for four furlongs sowing hay. Have you got that? Are you ready for the question?' When you are ready, turn to **301**.

157

How much will you offer?

1 Gold Piece each?	Turn to **80**
3 Gold Pieces each?	Turn to **287**
5 Gold Pieces each?	Turn to **113**

If you do not have at least 1 Gold Piece you can give to each of them, you will have to turn to **26** and cast a spell, otherwise you will get no further.

158

You cautiously leave the hut, first looking out into the street. There is no one about. You may now find your way on to the main street and continue. Turn to **89**.

159

You must lose 2 STAMINA points for staying awake all night. At daybreak you continue your journey. Turn to **267**.

160

You are nearing the centre of Kharé. The huts and dwellings are much more densely located and the roads are dirty. Creatures throng the streets and watch you as you pass. You come to a fork where you may either turn left (turn to **202**) or continue on towards the port area (turn to **165**). Which will you choose?

161

He knows nothing of the North Gate spell and is angry with you for disturbing his work. You must now either leave (turn to **9**), or you may attack him if you wish to search his room (turn to **119**).

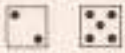

162

The bow and arrows, tinderbox and snake-bite antidote are simply as they seem and have no magical properties. The broadsword is difficult to use, but will cause more damage if you strike an opponent with it. If you have bought the broadsword, you may use it in battle. While using it you must deduct 1 from your Attack Strength dice roll, but if you inflict a wound with it, you can deduct 3 STAMINA points' worth of damage instead of the usual 2. You may now leave the market. Turn to 83.

163

Where will you kiss next: the forehead (turn to 314); the right eye (turn to 2); the right cheek (turn to 334); the left cheek (turn to 88); the nose (turn to 296); or the lips (turn to 232)?

164

You creep cautiously down the stairs. The walls are damp and there is a foul smell of decay in the air. The only sound you can hear is a drip coming from below. At the foot of the stairs, you can see that you are in a large, dark chamber, lit only by the shaft of light coming down the stairway. A coffin stands in the centre of the room and you walk closer to investigate. A creaking sound makes your heart stop! The coffin lid is moving! Spellbound, you watch it inch open, then a movement to your left catches your eye. From a dark alcove, a ghostly white figure is advancing towards you! The shock has startled you so much that you cannot collect yourself enough to cast a spell. Will you draw your weapon (turn to 99), or run back up the stairs and out of the crypt (turn to 16)?

165

Night is approaching and you have no wish to spend it in the streets of Kharé. You stop a passing woman and ask the way to a nearby inn. 'Head onwards to the port,' she tells you. 'There is an inn that way. But hurry, stranger, for night is approaching.' You thank her for her help and continue. Eventually you reach 'The Wayfarer's Rest' and step inside. Turn to 110.

166

This backpack is bigger than the one you currently own and you may replace yours with it. If you do so, the new one will hold more items, and if you are ever instructed 'If you wish to take this item with you, you must leave one behind', you may ignore this and take the new item without losing any of your old ones. Return to 264.

167

You have received a Lucky Talisman. As long as you have this item, you may deduct 1 point from your dice roll whenever you *Test your Luck*. If you already have a Lucky Talisman, the effect will not be doubled because you have two. You may now leave the tent and continue. Turn to 160.

168

You check every alcove for possible hiding-places and secret passages, but can find none. Do you wish to check the ornaments for anything worth stealing (turn to 205) or approach the altar (turn to 122)?

169

You try the door to the building. It is locked, but the key is in the lock. You turn the key and open the door, stepping inside. But as you do so, the door slams shut behind you and the key turns. You are a prisoner! Turn to 254.

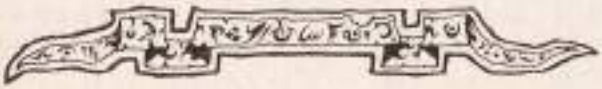

170

Will you now leave the area, following the road ahead (turn to 153) or go and join the crowd watching the street fight (turn to 185)?

171

You try the door. It is open, but you may wish to announce your entry. Will you ask for permission to enter (turn to 90) or shove the door open quickly to surprise anyone who might be inside (turn to 75)?

172

You creep round to the back of the house. As you approach the door it suddenly opens in front of you and an elderly man in a dark gown stands before you. His pet, a spiky-skinned lizard-like creature, is at his feet. He is angry and demands to know why you are trespassing in his garden. Nervously, you try to explain that you already tried the front door and thought no one was in. Is your story convincing? Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If you roll a number *equal to* or *less than* your SKILL, turn to 53. If the number is *higher than* your SKILL, turn to 194.

173

The man becomes angry. 'Ungrateful traveller!' he shouts. 'You may not refuse my hospitality. Join me in a mug of ale. Do this or you shall never leave this house!' Will you reconsider and accept his offer of ale (turn to 34) or will you fight, if necessary, to escape (turn to 223)?

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

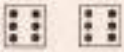

174

You find yourself in a dead-end passage. You must turn round and retrace your steps. Which way will you go?

First left, first right, first right, first left, first right?	Turn to 298
First right?	Turn to 42
Third left, first right?	Turn to 77

175

In front of the gate, the city guards are patrolling in threes. You stop at a tree and pick your moment to approach. When only one group of three stands between you and the North Gate, you step out towards them. They look at you scornfully. 'The gate is closed, simpleton,' says the tallest of the three. 'So turn around and head back into town.' You dare not fight them, as their comrades will soon be back. Will you offer them a bribe (turn to 157) or cast a spell (turn to 26)?

176

You enter the hut, which is decorated with more of the artist's works. Near the centre of the room is an easel and, working furiously at a painting (which is facing away from you), is a brush, seemingly guided by an invisible hand. You cross the room to look at the canvas. The picture it is painting is an image of *you*! Do you wish to wait for the painting to be finished, perhaps to buy it from the artist (turn to 67), will you stop the brush from finishing its work (turn to 44), or will you now leave the hut (turn to 137)?

177

You freeze as your hand feels your empty pouch. The pickpocket has made off with your money – you are now penniless! The crowd is becoming angry and you decide to leave. Will you head over to the dance (turn to 261), go and see whether the champion has any challengers (turn to 33), or leave the festival (turn to 263)?

178

A large, armoured guard with stocky limbs appears at the gate. 'Who wishes to pass?' he growls at you. You tell him you wish to enter to visit your father, giving a false name and claiming to be from Dhumpus. He instructs you to wait while he checks with his officer. You may either wait as he tells you (turn to 225) or quickly offer him a bribe of 2 Gold Pieces to let you in without question (turn to 59).

179

Several more inert bodies are thrown down into the hold. But none of the ship's crew appear. After several hours, noises from above indicate that the ship is leaving dock! You still have no escape-route! Slowly, the ship leaves harbour and your fate is sealed. You are destined to become a galley slave, and your quest for the Crown of Kings must be abandoned . . .

180

They tell you they have just left their lesson at a scholar's home, a little further up the track. He is their teacher. Turn to 329.

181

In a small box on the table against one wall you find 3 Gold Pieces. You may take these. You may now either leave the room (turn to 9) or continue your search. If you continue, you must *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky, turn to 134. If you are Unlucky, turn to 19.

182

You find a plate on its leg! Quickly, you fit your weapon into the gap around the plate and heave, prising it away from the body. Before the giant creature can react, the plate falls to the ground. As if a valve had been released, a jet of gas blasts from the Statue. The life-giving gas within the giant escapes! It sways and finally topples face down into the street. You have defeated it and are now 18 Gold Pieces the richer! Add 2 LUCK points for your good fortune.

Will you head onwards along the left fork out of the city (turn to **104**) or take the right fork to the Gambling Halls (turn to **56**)?

183

The horse snorts nervously as you approach, shifting uneasily. You may try to talk to it (turn to **128**), try to climb on its back (turn to **49**), or leave it alone and continue on your way (turn to **237**).

184

As you make your last turn, your heart sinks as you see you have turned into a blind alley. The footsteps behind you are getting closer. As the creatures turn the corner, you will have a fight on your hands. Turn to **103**.

185

The fight may now have finished during the time you spent at the general store. If so, you continue on your way. Roll one die. If you roll an odd number, turn to **98**. If you roll an even number, turn to **153**.

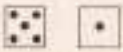

186

You both sit down and he asks you about yourself and about the world outside Kharé. You answer his questions, but he seems a little distant and you're not sure whether he is really interested or not. You ask him about Kharé. 'Ah, this is a treacherous place,' he starts. 'I can tell you plenty about the dangers of the cityport – but first, would you like some ale?' Will you have a drink with him (turn to 34) or would you rather be leaving (turn to 173)?

187

You step into the chapel as a woman and her child are leaving. 'He really is a holy man, mother,' the little one is saying. 'Salen's brother – the lame one – answered his questions yesterday and his leg was healed! He *ran* for the first time in his life!' You are intrigued and you enter the meeting hall. A large number of children and adults are sitting on the floor. At one end, on a platform, is a grey-haired man in white robes talking to the crowd. 'Does anyone else wish to take the test of Slangg?' he asks. 'If you can answer my question, he will grant you any wish. If you cannot, you must renounce your own god and worship Slangg, the God of Malice.' Do you wish to take up this challenge? If so, turn to 156. If not, you may leave the chapel and continue (turn to 165).

WIN 20 GOLD PIECES

188

You wander over to one of the dice tables to see what is being played. A dozen gamblers are playing 'Prediction'. You pick up the rules as you watch. The stakes are 1 Gold Piece per throw. You place your stake on any number between one and six. One die is thrown and if your number comes up you win 10 Gold Pieces. It seems that the odds are in your favour. If you wish to play, pay 1 Gold Piece and choose a number (you can hold your finger in one of the boxes below). Throw one die. If this number comes up, you win 10 Gold Pieces. If not, you lose. You may, if you wish, use your luck to help you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may, before you throw the gambling die, nominate any one of the numbers you have not chosen and, if this second number comes up, you may ignore it and roll the die again, thus increasing the chances of your chosen number coming up.

You may not place more than one bet on any roll, and you may only use your LUCK once on each bet. You may play five times, and then you must leave the halls, as you must not lose sight of your mission! Turn to **39** when you leave.

189

This powerful undead creature cannot be harmed by normal weapons and it gloats at you as your deadly blow passes through it! Continue the fight:

DEATHWRAITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

The next time you roll a higher Attack Strength than the Deathwraith, you will not harm it, but you may fend it off enough for you to make an alternative plan. When this happens, you may *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **38**. If you are Unlucky, you must continue the fight and you may *Test your Luck* again next time you roll a higher Attack Strength.

190

A wager-man passes by. You ask what odds he is offering. 'Feeling lucky, eh?' he chuckles. 'I'm giving 3 to 1 on the challenger, or 1 to 3 on the champion. Which do you fancy?' You may place any bet you like on either the Barbarian or the Ogre. For each Gold Piece you put on the Barbarian, you will get 3 back if he wins, but for every 3 Gold Pieces you put on the Ogre, you will get only 1 back if he wins (if you choose the winner, you will also get back your stake money). Place a bet if you wish, then turn to 234.

191

You reach a junction where several roads converge. You may continue ahead (turn to 297) or turn to the right (turn to 84).

192

They laugh as you draw your weapon. One of them opens his eyes and a beam of red fire shoots through the air at your wrist, burning you (lose 2 STAMINA points) and causing you to drop your weapon. They advance and surround you and you have no option but to surrender to them. They march you off (with your weapon) to a square building and take you inside. Another creature, similar but a little older, talks to them. It seems that this is their gaol and you are locked inside a cell. Turn to 143.

193

The god speaks to you through the idol's mouth. 'The North Gate guards are an unruly bunch. Woe betide you if you get involved with them! But they are unscrupulous and care more for their own advantage than the security of the city. You may be able to distract them with a spell. Otherwise offer them 3 Gold Pieces each to look the other way as you approach the gate.' You carefully note this information and leave the temple. Turn to 109.

194

The man does not believe your story. You can see he is becoming angry. To show you mean no harm, you offer him your weapon to hold while you talk, but he has already decided what he will do. Turn to 95.

195

You go through the Chainmaker's pockets and find 10 Gold Pieces – apparently chainmaking is a lucrative occupation in Kharé. He also has a neatly folded skullcap in his pocket which may be useful with your spells. On the way out you brush against a dull-coloured chain which catches your attention and you decide to take this with you. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to 203.

196

You had better leave here fast, as Slime Eaters usually feed in groups – the chances are that there are others in this passage. Which way will you go?

First left and then straight?	Turn to 298
First right, first left, second left, first right?	Turn to 174
First left, first right, second left?	Turn to 42

197

Outside, a street market is setting up. You may browse through the market stalls (turn to 226) or just follow the road on out from Kharé (turn to 83).

198

The early-morning sun is beginning to wake the streets of Kharé. You carry on along the road until you reach a square in the centre of which odd-looking creatures are hanging around a monument of some kind. You walk up for a closer look. The monument is a large arch housing something which must be quite important, judging by the way the onlookers are peering into it. The onlookers themselves are a strange bunch. They are thin and spindly, with long faces. And their eyes seem to be permanently closed! Will you take a closer look at the monument (turn to 204) or avoid the area and walk round to the other side of the square (turn to 50)?

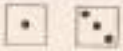

199

If you bought the Provisions, you may put these in your pack to eat later. The honeycomb of beeswax is just that. There is a fair amount of wax in the honeycomb. Should you use it in spells you will have enough for the rest of your quest. If you bought any of the gauntlets, turn to 210. If not, turn to 272.

200

There is a fair amount of beeswax on this honeycomb; enough to last you for the rest of your quest in any spells you may wish to use it for. Return to 264.

201

You leave the dance and may now either go over to the ring to see whether anyone is taking on the champion (turn to 33) or leave the festival (turn to 263).

202

Following the street, you eventually come to another junction where you may either carry straight on (turn to 131) or turn down another street to the right (turn to 139). Which will you choose?

203

The chain is quite a find. It is a magical self-locking chain and you may use it in battle. Whenever you reduce an opponent to 3 or less STAMINA points, you can cast this chain around the weakened victim. It will snare your target and lock itself around him, enabling you to step in and finish off the fight without fear of retaliation. Unfortunately, you do not know how to release the chain, so you may only use it once. However, once you have used it, you may *try* to find the hidden catch which will release it by *Testing your Luck* twice. If you are Lucky both times, you release it and may use it again. But the catch cannot be easily found and each time you use the chain, you must *Test your Luck* twice successfully afterwards to release it and be able to use it again. Now you must leave the hut. Turn to 9.

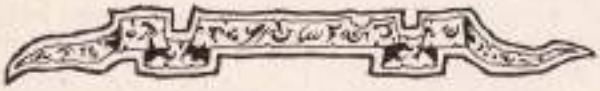

204

You walk up the steps to the monument and try to get a clear view of what is inside. 'Here, don't push! Be careful!' says one of the creatures. You apologize and peer in. You can see what appears to be a pool of shimmering water inside, although you are not quite sure whether it is really water or not. Will you bend down for a closer look (turn to **123**), ask one of the onlookers what it is (turn to **116**), or back off and leave the square (turn to **275**)?

205

Where will you begin? The temple is garnished with so many valuable artefacts that you are at a loss which to take with you. Sculptures, plates, candlesticks and shields of gold surround you. You step up to a table covered with a silk cloth on which are standing a crystal decanter and four golden goblets. You pick one up and turn it over in your hand. Suddenly you are aware that the humming of the wind has got louder. Looking around, the tapestries are flapping in a strong breeze although previously the air was still. You glance up at the gargoyles – and put the goblet back immediately! All four have turned towards you and are slowly coming to life, flexing their wings behind them. As you replace the goblet, things calm down and the gargoyles resume their positions. Turn to **122**.

206

When the guard eventually falls asleep, you open the cell door. You pick up your backpack and weapons and leave the gaol, running off down the road. The little Elvin escapes with you. He is most grateful to you for freeing him and rewards you by casting a Luck Spell on you. You may restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level. You continue along the back streets for a while and eventually you both part company. Turn to **135**.

207

'Stranger, I cannot thank you enough,' says the beggar. 'Ever since I was cursed with my sightless eyes I have been tormented by those wicked demons.' You talk to him a little longer while you both recover your breath. 'My story is a sad one of fortune to poverty,' he tells you. 'Three years ago I was the Seventh Noble of Kharé until the black-eyed curse befell me . . .' You stop him mid-sentence and ask whether he knows anything of the North Gate spell. 'Aye, that I do,' he continues, 'for I was entrusted with one of its lines. If your plan is to leave the cityport that way, perhaps this will help you. My memory is fading but I believe the line was: "By Courga's grace, and . . ."' he hesitates. 'And *someone's* pride. Damn! Who's pride was it? One of the gods. "By Courga's grace, and *someone's* pride". I'm sorry, stranger. My memory fails me. I cannot remember which of the gods it was. Perhaps you will find out in Courga's temple, a little further down the road. There you may talk with the God of Grace. But if you do, you risk your life! I can give you one clue: the left eye leads the way. More than that I cannot tell.' You thank him and prepare to leave. Before you go, he says: 'If you are heading out into the Baklands, perhaps this will help. It has been my prized possession for many years, but now I feel I will never use it – I will never leave Kharé – and it will undoubtedly help you on your journey.' He gives you a ring of silver, fashioned as a serpent which coils round your finger. He believes it is a talisman which will protect you from serpents. To find out its real power, turn to reference 130 in the next adventure. This ring is undoubtedly a valuable item. You thank him and collect your belongings, setting off down the road. Turn to 148.

208

You sneak round the side of the house, checking the windows. Through one window you can see an elaborate study, with the walls lined with books. Evidently the owner is a sage, scholar or wizard. Will you return to the front door (turn to 140) or try to sneak in through the back door (turn to 172)?

209

All is peaceful as you rest after your battle. But then a sound makes you look back towards the coffin. A figure is rising from it! But this time the figure is not that of the terrible Deathwraith, but of a very old man. 'Who is it?' he asks. 'Who has put an end to my torment?' Looking round the crypt, his eyes fall on you. 'Stranger, I am in debt to you,' he says. 'For too many years I have been cursed with the living death. Now at last can my soul die in peace. How may I repay you?'

You tell him of your intended journey out of Kharé and across the Baklands. He tells you you will never leave Kharé without the North Gate spell. He knows one line to the spell and tells it to you: 'One lock made out of Golem's hide.' When you tell him more of your quest, he wishes you luck. 'I cannot be of more help,' he says, 'except for one couplet which I can remember from the ancient days. I have a feeling it may be useful to you. It goes:

For sleeping of the sleepless ram;
Seek out the one they call The Sham.

I am not certain what the "sleepless ram" is, but bear this advice in mind.' You thank him for his help and leave the crypt. Gain 2 LUCK points and turn to 16.

210

The merchant was offering chainmail or leather gauntlets. Which did you buy? Chainmail (turn to 228) or leather (turn to 238)?

211

The blade drops and slices cleanly through your neck. Your adventure has ended here . . .

212

No weak spots appear here. But while you are searching, the creature lifts its foot and brings it down towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, turn to 4. If you are Lucky, turn to 64.

213

You leave the hut. The guards have disappeared down the road and you may continue. A little way up you pass a small pond. As you look into it, a small silver fish darts out from behind a stone and looks up at you. Bubbles come from its mouth. It appears to be *speaking* to you! It is hovering over a Gold Piece which presumably someone has tossed into the pond. Will you bend down closer to find out whether it *is* speaking to you (turn to 320), snatch the Gold Piece (turn to 85), continue on your way (turn to 28), or cast a spell:

HOW	MUD	LAW	MAG	DUD
456	351	375	470	338

214

With baited breath, you wait to see whether you have recited the spell correctly. You hear a creaking sound, which gets louder. Suspecting a trap, you look round, but there is nothing to fear: instead a crack of light appears down the centre of the gate! Turn to 511. You have succeeded in opening the gate and this part of your journey is almost over!

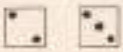

215

If you wish to search the room, you will have to *Test your Luck*, for you will inevitably cause the chains to rattle as you search the room and the Chainmaker may hear you. If you are Lucky, turn to **181**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **19**. If you do not wish to lose LUCK here, you may call out for the Chainmaker (turn to **280**) or leave the hut (turn to **9**).

216

'If you wish to find an inn for the night,' he says, 'then if I were you I would not *not* turn right at the junction ahead.' You thank him for his advice and puzzle over his answer as you approach the junction. Remember he is a compulsive liar! Turn to **144**.

217

You throw in your coin and wait for several seconds before you hear it plop into water at the bottom. The well is evidently very deep. The voice sings out again:

'If you'll toss one more coin to me
Two wishes will I grant for thee.'

Do you want to throw in another coin? If so, turn to **152**. If not, you may continue (turn to **319**).

218

You peer round the building and consider your options. A footstep behind you makes you whirl, but too late! Two hands grab your wrists and you look up into the leering face of an armoured guard. His powerful grip holds you tight. Forcing you forward and round the corner, he opens the door of the building and shoves you inside. The lock clicks behind you. Turn to **254**.

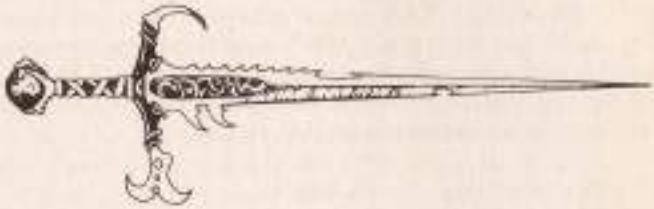

219

A rosy-red apple drops from the cabinet to your feet. This appears to be a handsome fruit and you place it in your backpack with your other provisions. However, you are unable to tell that the apple is thoroughly rotten inside. The next time you open your backpack to eat, you will find that it has infected your other Provisions and one meal's worth have been lost (if you have no Provisions at the moment, the rotten apple will merely make a mess inside your pack). You leave the tent and continue your journey. Turn to **160**.

220

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **106**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **6**.

221

There are 18 Gold Pieces in the pot. You scoop them out and open your pouch. A creaking noise makes you stop cold! The Statue is coming to life and its arm is sweeping down towards you! You leap out of the way, narrowly avoiding being hit by its palm, and roll on the ground. You stand up and find that the bronze giant has leapt from its pedestal and is advancing towards you. Will you cast a spell (turn to **22**) or face it with your weapon (turn to **299**)?

222

A familiar voice hails you from the other end of the room. 'Ahoy there, my fellow traveller!' says the voice. You turn and grin as you recognize the face of Flanker the Assassin. 'Friend, I cannot stay with you here,' he says – he was just leaving with two other dubious-looking characters. 'But how have things been with you since we last met? You'll find rest here – but are you short of cash? I've just had a run of luck at the Vlada Gambling Halls! Tonight I'm flush! Here, have enough for a drink and a room' – he gives you 5 Gold Pieces – 'Watch the ale here, though. One mug is refreshing, two will make you merry, but three will put you out for the night! Anyway, be seeing you again!' He rejoins his companions and they all leave with linked arms, skipping and singing. You assume he has had two mugs of ale! Return now to 110 and decide what to do next.

223

You step forward to leave. He grabs a bow from the wall, loads an arrow, and aims straight at you. 'You will not escape from Vangorn the Murderer!' he gloats, and draws the string back. You may draw your weapon and attack (turn to 13) or cast a spell:

LAW	DOF	WAL	SUD	GUM
493	366	383	509	455

224

You hunt for signs of any traps. As you walk up to the steps of the altar you stop at a large fancy circle woven into the carpet design. To confirm a suspicion you toss a small stone on to the circle, and smile to see it disappear. You have uncovered a portal which no doubt would have swallowed you had you stepped on to it. You will remember to avoid that spot. Will you now look for any items worth stealing (turn to **205**), search for any signs of life (turn to **168**), or step up to the altar (turn to **122**)?

225

He reappears moments later and, opening a doorway in the gate, lets you in. Motioning quickly to you, he tells you to follow him through the archway inside and along the wall. Suddenly you feel strong hands on your waist and your arms. You struggle, but you are held fast by three guards who bustle you off towards a large building just inside the gate. If you bribed the guard, turn to **36**. Otherwise turn to **291**.

226

Food, weapons and trinkets are for sale in the market. You may buy Provisions for your trip, at a cost of 3 Gold Pieces per meal's worth. Two weapons take your fancy: a bow with a quiver of silver-tipped arrows being offered at 5 Gold Pieces and a fine double-edged broadsword costing 4 Gold Pieces. Thinking of your journey across the Baklands, you are interested in a tinderbox for lighting fires (2 Gold Pieces) and a bottle of snake-bite antidote (3 Gold Pieces). Buy any of these you wish, or can afford, and turn to **162**.

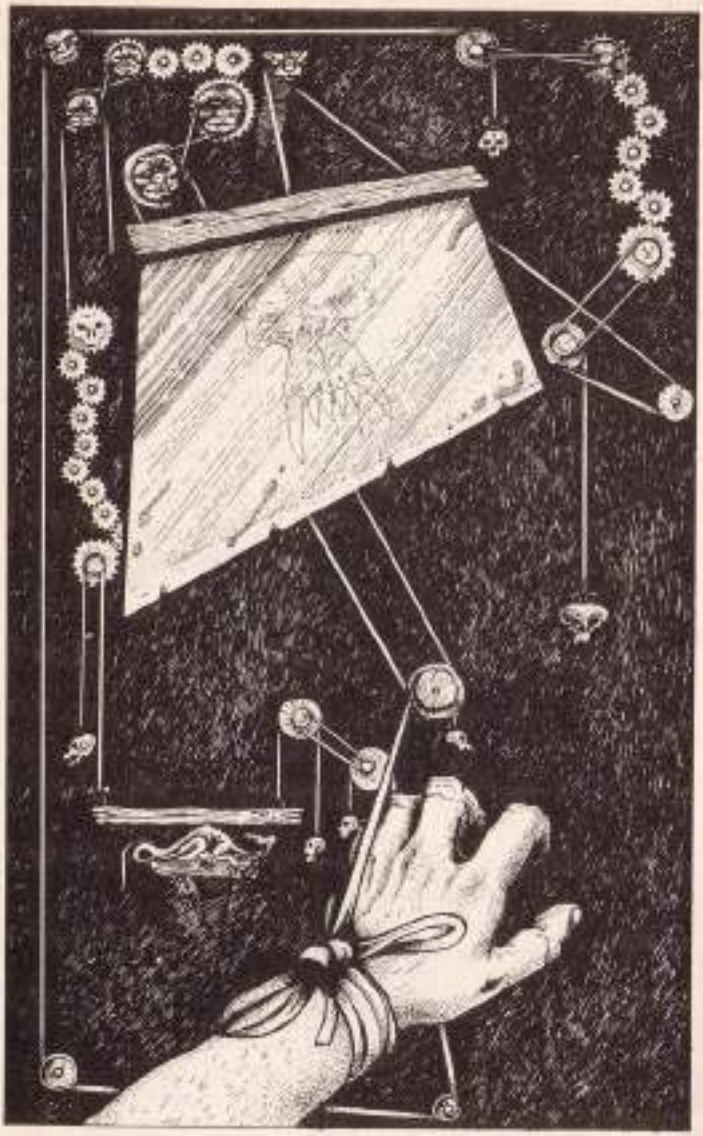

227

You have the strangest dream that you have been captured by a torturer with a sadistic imagination, who is plotting all sorts of horrific fates for you. You wake up with a fright, in a cold sweat.

It is just about sunrise and the early morning light coming through the window lights up your room. Above your head is a sight which makes you freeze! Your movement is restricted by tough leather ties which strap you into your bed and above your neck is the sharp, heavy blade of a guillotine! A chuckle from the bedside catches your attention, and you look over into the squinting eyes of the innkeeper. He laughs loudly. He is after meat for the day's stew, which you may be providing. Perhaps he does not like to kill others himself, or perhaps he just delights in a prolonged suffering, but whatever the reason, he has given you a chance of escape, with a rope fixed round your left wrist. He undoes the tie and you can feel a weight in your hand. You may pull or release the rope. One choice will mean your certain death; the other will raise the blade and allow you to sit up and unfasten your ties. The laughing innkeeper is obviously quite mad, and will give you no help. Will you pull the rope (turn to 211) or release it (turn to 15)?

228

With the chainmail gauntlet on you feel strangely confident, and your weapon feels lighter in your hand. You are convinced that your fighting ability will improve with this glove. However, this feeling is a magical illusion caused by the gauntlet and in fact your fighting skill will decrease (deduct 1 point from your Attack Strength rolls in your next fight). After this next fight you will realize the gauntlet's curse and throw it away. Remember this. Did you also buy the vial of dust? If so, turn to 247; if not, turn to 259.

229

He takes your weapon and leaves it by the door. He seems genuinely friendly, introducing himself as Lortag the Elder, a scholar and sage. You follow him into his study. Turn to 336.

230

You scramble back into the crowd away from the dance, with jeers and yells taunting you from the onlookers. A knee butts you viciously in the thigh, causing you to wince and effecting 2 STAMINA points of damage. Eventually you fight your way out of the crowd. Turn to 201.

231

You kiss the idol's lips. As you do so you hear a small click. Your eyes open wide at a sharp stabbing in the back of your throat. You try to call out but the fast-acting poison on the tip of the dart, which has been shot from the golden mouth into your own, silences you. You slump unconscious to the ground in a darkness from which you will not awake. Your journey has ended in this shrine. Such is the price of failing in the kissing ritual of Courga.

232

You find yourself at the end of a blind alley. Their footsteps are coming closer. A fight will be inevitable. You prepare yourself as they turn the corner. Turn to 103.

233

As you press on up the road, you notice that the huts are becoming smaller. The roadway bustles with Dwarves and other small fellows. It seems from the contemptuous looks you receive as you pass that they are not kindly disposed towards man-sized outsiders. You may stop at the general store in the centre of this area (turn to 149) or you may continue onwards (turn to 153). A little further up the street you notice a small crowd gathering round a scuffle between two creatures. If you wish to see what is going on, turn to 98.

234

The fight starts. You must resolve this battle between the Barbarian and the Ogre:

BARBARIAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
OGRE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

If you have placed a bet and the battle is going against your chosen winner, you may cast a spell to help him:

KID	JIG	SUN	DUM	YAG
469	369	416	507	460

After the battle, turn to 136, remembering to claim any winnings if you bet on the fight.

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

235

Once more you are Lucky and the Chainmaker does not hear you. But he does not leave his hut undefended. As you cross the room, a chain-linked net drops from the ceiling and entangles you. You struggle but this only makes you further entwined in the net. Will you wait to see what happens (turn to 154) or use a spell to try to free yourself?

PEP	HOW	YOB	WAL	RIS
494	481	388	353	415

236

You down the drink and lick the froth from your lips. 'As I was saying,' he continues, 'another thing to watch for is the Portal Traps on the far side of the Jabaji. The nobles live on the North Side and protect themselves with magical portals. If you should fall into one, who knows where you will wind up!' The tone of his voice changes and his eyes narrow: 'But you, my proud friend, will never reach the North Side. Vangorn the Murderer has claimed another victim!' He laughs loudly and you feel a stabbing pain in your stomach. You have been poisoned! You are minutes away from death unless you can cast a spell:

MAG	DOC	FOF	PEP	VIK
430	376	484	406	340

Or you can summon the aid of Libra, if you have not already done so in this adventure (turn to 129).

237

Will you take the left fork (turn to 300) or continue ahead (turn to 233)?

238

You have bought yourself a Gauntlet of Weaponry which is blessed with the magical power to help its owner in times of need. While you are wearing this gauntlet during a fight it will aid you, but only if your STAMINA has dropped below 5 points. If you are in a battle and your STAMINA is below 5, you may choose to re-roll *one* of your Attack Strength dice again (i.e. if you roll a five and a one, you may re-roll the one). Make a note of this.

Did you also buy the vial of dust? If so, turn to 247. If not, turn to 259.

239

Beyond this small outskirt settlement you come across a small field surrounded by a rough wooden fence. Half a dozen pigs are grubbing around in this field, well away from a group of creatures huddled round a fire. Will you climb the fence and approach them to see what is going on (turn to 307) or ignore them and continue (turn to 62)?

240

You enter the tent and a grubby, bearded man greets you. 'Welcome, welcome, my friend!' he says, somewhat over-enthusiastically. 'And let's see what prize you can win today. There are no losers at Honest Hanna's Cabinet of Fortune!' He takes you over to a large glass cabinet. Inside are all manner of items: jewellery, books, gold, pouches and food. A small Mite is sealed within the cabinet. 'Just 2 Gold Pieces, my friend, and we will see what my little pet will fetch for you!' If you wish to try your luck, give him 2 Gold Pieces and turn to **318**. If you suspect trickery and do not wish to try, you may leave and continue (turn to **160**).

241

You recite your spell and wait. A tingle runs down your back as a creaking noise comes from the gate. But rather then seeing the gate open in front of you, you see a ghost-like puff of smoke come from a wooden box high up on the frame. It skips about in the air like a puppet and you are transfixed watching it. Suddenly it shoots down towards you and, before you can react, it has engulfed you! You cough and sweat, panicking as you realize that this is a SULPHUR GHOST, whose poisonous fumes are suffocating you! As you were warned, the North Gate of Kharé has its own defences, and the uninitiated attempt to open it only at the risk of their own lives. Yours has now been lost . . .

242

You try desperately to start up a conversation, but the smokers are very vague and offer you little information of value. You ask them whether they know of a scholar of some kind in the area. They look dumbly at one another and one of them nods and motions with his hand down the road ahead of you. There is little point in continuing this conversation and you leave. Turn to **213**.

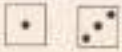

243

As you draw your weapon, the creature bellows loudly and rushes at you. You must fight this FLAYER, who attacks by whipping its head violently from side to side. As it does so, its long tentacles spin at you. If they catch you they will snare you. Resolve your battle:

FLAYER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

When it inflicts its first wound on you, turn to 124. If you defeat it without injury, you may take the box under the table. Turn to 29.

244

You press on round a bend in the road. A couple of hundred yards ahead you can see crowds of people – and creatures – sprawling across the roadway. Several tents have been erected which are joined by lines of colourful flags. You are approaching some sort of festival. You decide to continue to see what is going on.

You mingle with the crowd and pass round the various events. A group of musicians is playing a merry jig for a troupe of dancers. Elsewhere a Dwarf has a trained dancing bear on a lead. And from a marked-out ring under a canvas a ruffian is asking for challengers to take on his champion. Do you wish to:

Watch the dancers?	Turn to 261
Watch the dancing bear?	Turn to 269
Try your luck against the champion?	Turn to 33
Leave the festival?	Turn to 263

245

The poachers are a mixed bunch and ignore the fact that you are a stranger. You tell them a few stories and jokes and they are happy to share their pig with you. You are given a large slice of the pig's leg to eat, which you do. But in trying to eat this, you gulp down a first mouthful which is much too hot for you. You feel a burning in your stomach and you double up, holding your waist. This hot pig has burned your stomach: lose 1 STAMINA point now and you will not be able to eat anything else for the rest of the day (if you are given the option to eat, you may not choose it). You thank the group gathered around the fire and stagger off back to the road in pain. Turn to **62**.

246

They look at one another and shake their heads. They have never heard of Vik. One of them shouts, 'Another Gold Piece!' and they all join in, holding out their hands and demanding more money. Turn to **329**.

247

The dust inside the vial is not in fact dust, but grains of sand. You may replace the stopper and take this vial with you. Turn to **259**.

248

'Brothers and sisters!' he shouts. 'We have a new convert to the God of Malice!' As you have agreed, you must now renounce your faith in Libra and worship Slangg. This means that you will never again be able to call on aid from Libra. You are on your own in Kakhabad for the rest of your adventure. After taking your vows, you may leave the chapel. Lose 2 LUCK points and turn to **165**.

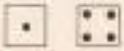

249

The door swings open and you jump inside. The small crypt is empty! But against the far wall is a narrow stone staircase that leads down to a lower level. Will you follow this downwards (turn to 164) or have you had enough of this place (turn to 16)?

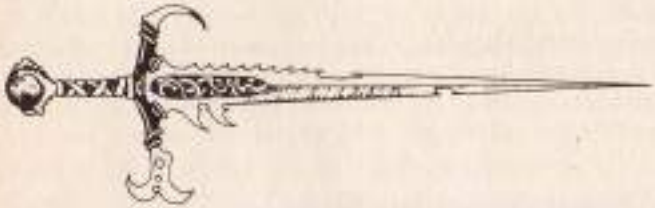

250

You take a deep breath and duck down into the foul sludge. When you come up for air, the deluge has gone and you can clamber out of your predicament. This experience has made you ill and you must deduct 3 STAMINA points. You clean yourself off as best you can and now you must try to find a way out. Will you:

Continue ahead, take the first right, then first right again?	Turn to 298
Continue ahead, take the first left, then left again?	Turn to 42
Continue ahead, take the first left and then straight on?	Turn to 174

251

Going through their pockets, you find 5 Gold Pieces. A noise outside startles you and you turn towards the door. Will you investigate (turn to 213) or ignore it and continue to search the room (turn to 305)?

252

As the message suggests, you must kiss the idol's face. Where will you kiss first: its forehead (turn to 324); its right eye (turn to 2); its left eye (turn to 284); its right cheek (turn to 334); its left cheek (turn to 88); its nose (turn to 296); or its lips (turn to 231)?

253

He buys you another mug of ale and you drink again with him. Add 2 STAMINA points as you are now getting quite light-headed and the two of you are laughing together. He knows the cityport well. You press him for more information on the holders of the spell lines, but apart from telling you that one of the people you seek fell recently out of favour with the Third Noble of Kharé (rumoured to be a Vampire) and is now cursed with living death, he knows little. You are interested in a story of one of his friends who tried to talk to Courga, one of the gods, and was killed in the temple for daring to kiss the god on the cheek. He tells you also of some of his adventures on the high seas. He offers another drink. Will you instead offer to buy him one (turn to 306) or tell him you must now be getting some sleep (turn to 86)?

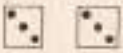

254

You are in a stone hut with barred windows. A bench against one wall is the only piece of furniture in the room and on this bench sits an old man. Dressed in dirty robes, he stands and greets you, holding out his right hand. You realize that this is his *only* hand as his left sleeve hangs limply by his side. 'And what brings you to this wicked place?' he asks. You tell him you are heading out of the city and he nods. 'Then I take it, stranger, that you are a sorcerer. Indeed, this was my profession before fate – with a little help from an Ogre in the Schanker Mines – put an end to my ambitions and my career.' He indicates his missing limb. 'Only a sorcerer would know the spell to pass through the North Gate.'

You look a little puzzled. 'You know the spell, do you not?' he asks. When you *still* look puzzled, his eyes widen and he shakes his head. 'Then I'd better explain . . .'

He goes on to tell you that the North Gate is wizard-locked to protect the city from Bakland raiders. The magical lock opens only when a particular magical incantation is recited before it. Only the First Noble of Kharé knows the spell in its entirety, although its four lines are know, one each, by four leading citizens. This prevents each one from opening the gate alone, which ensures the security of Kharé. You ask him about these 'leading citizens' but he knows little of them. He has heard, however, that one is a scholar.

You ask him also about this building and he reassures you. Guards will return in a day or so to release you once they have verified you are not an enemy of the cityport. Will you now wait for their return (turn to **260**) or cast a spell to free yourself?

ZAP	POP	FIX	DOP	FIL
371	504	486	432	344

WIN 10 GOLD PIECES

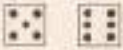

255

'That one!' he scoffs. 'Why, even my own pupils could see that that is not the right rune! Goodness me, I do believe you will have to rely on a lot of luck to get you through your journey!' He laughs loudly. You decide it is about time for you to leave. 'Before you go, my friend, I will give you something to give you the luck you will need. Here, take this.' He gives you a small oatmeal cake and tells you that, if you eat half of this cake, your luck is guaranteed at any time. In the journey ahead, if you are called on to *Test your Luck*, you may instead eat the cake. If you do so, you will automatically be Lucky without having to make a dice roll or deduct from your LUCK. The cake will work twice, once for each half. You thank him for his kindness and leave his house, collecting your weapon on the way out. Turn to 133.

256

You walk up to the limp body on the ground. Nobody in the street seems to be taking any notice of it and you bend down closer. You put your hand on its shoulder and shake it. No response. You hold its arms and turn it over. As its face swings round, you jump back aghast!

You are looking at a semi-decayed corpse! Its rotting head is half skull, half rotten flesh and you stifle a shriek of horror. As you turn away from the horrendous face, an evil smile spreads across what is left of its lips and it springs to its feet! It leaps on you, giving you no time to do anything but draw your weapon and attack it:

LIVING CORPSE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

You must fight this creature. When you have inflicted your first hit, turn to 11.

257

Which spell will you choose?

DIM	BAM	BAG	DUD	WOK
417	347	398	445	342

If you know none of these, you must draw your weapon and attack. Turn to 243.

258

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you clear the circle and land in the arch of the doorway (turn to 317). If you are Unlucky, your jump does not take you quite over the circle (turn to 288).

259

Did you buy the Potion of Mystery? If so, you may swallow the liquid (turn to 281). If you did not buy it, turn to 170.

260

You wait for the rest of the day but the guards do not return. As night falls, you must decide about food and sleep. Will you eat from your Provisions? If so, turn to 308. If not – or if you cannot – turn to 333.

261

Joining in with the crowd, you watch the dancers step and spin to the musicians' tune. The pitch builds up and the crowd joins in, clapping in time to the music. With admiration for the skill of the dancers, you too get carried away and begin to clap and stomp your feet. Add 1 STAMINA point for your enjoyment. The dancers twirl round the audience and grab one or two onlookers, pulling them into the dance, much to the merriment of the crowd. One of the dancers grabs you and pulls you into the circle. Will you join in with the dance (turn to 17) or will you pull away from your partner, not wishing to embarrass yourself (turn to 40)?

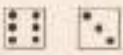

262

Roll one die, to see what they manage to steal from you:

1., 2. or 3. They take 3 Gold Pieces (or as many as you have if you have less than 3)
4., 5. They take all your Provisions
6. They take the *largest* item in your backpack

If you rolled a double six when *Testing your Luck*, they manage to free the straps on your backpack and take the whole thing, racing off down the road. You follow after them and find the discarded backpack, but you have lost all your possessions!

If you have now lost something of value, you may try casting a spell to recover it:

YEL	BAN	KID	SIX	GOB
448	396	404	506	426

Otherwise turn to **61**.

263

You leave the festival, but as you pass one of the tents, an interesting sign takes your eye: CABINET OF FORTUNE – TRY YOUR LUCK – A PRIZE FOR ALL – ONLY 2 GOLD PIECES. If you wish to see what is going on, turn to **240**. If not, turn to **160**.

264

'Good, good!' squeaks the Gnome. 'Let's see what sort of a bargain we can give you today.' The items he has on offer are listed below. You must select four items from your own Equipment (you may not choose Gold, Provisions or your weapon) and list them, allocating each a different number between 2 and 5. You may select two of his articles on offer. For each of your choices, roll one die. If you roll a

1. He is not interested in anything you are offering. He will instead accept any article still left on your Equipment List (i.e. one which you have not listed for barter).
2.–5. He will take the article you have offered, which corresponds to this number as instructed above.
6. He wants two items in exchange for his one. Roll again twice (ignoring 1s and 6s) to see what he wants.

If you wish to go for two of his articles and, on the second roll, you roll the number of something you have just given him, you are lucky and he throws this second item in, without asking you for anything else in exchange.

If you do not have enough Equipment, or you do not wish to use all your own possessions, you may cast a spell:

DOC	MAG	GOB	DUD	ZEN
419	360	386	490	457

The following are available. You may choose two:

Bamboo Flute (304) Bag of Goblin Teeth (45) Lucky Talisman (20)
Enchanted Compass (107) Large Backpack (166) Beeswax (200)

The references next to each object are for turning to if you acquire it. When you have finished with the little Gnome, turn to 158.

265

You find nothing. The bronze giant swats you off with a powerful blow, knocking you through the air. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Return to 326 and choose again.

266

You put your ear close to the idol's mouth to hear the god speak its answer. 'Stranger,' it says, 'there is no fate in store for you in the Baklands. You do not have enough information about the spell needed to open the North Gate. You had better retrace your steps and start your journey again.' This answer is indeed a disappointment. You may either begin this adventure again or head onwards to the North Gate in the hope that the god is mistaken (turn to 109).

267

Did you eat at all yesterday? If not, you are now famished and must deduct 3 STAMINA points. If you did eat, you suffer no penalty. Turn to 325.

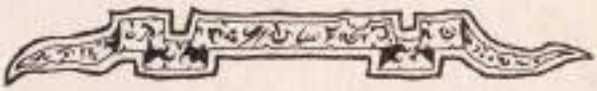

268

The horse gallops off down the road the way you came and you hang on desperately. It is heading towards a scattering of huts when a small scaly creature runs across the road in front of it, causing it to rear up. You slide off over the horse's backside and land on the ground. Luckily, you are unhurt. The horse whinnies and races off along a different track as you pick yourself up. Will you approach a hut on the left of the road (turn to **66**) or another on the right (turn to **171**)? If you would prefer, you may ignore these and continue past them (turn to **294**).

269

A crowd has gathered around the Dwarf and his bear. In one hand he holds a lead which is fastened to a ring through the bear's nose. By jerking this, he is able to make the bear stumble round in a sort of dance. In the other hand he holds a small pipe to his lips and is playing a lively tune. The bear is by no means a graceful dancer and the crowd is laughing loudly at its clumsy steps. You watch for several minutes. Suddenly a cry comes up from the audience: 'My gold is gone! *Pickpocket!* Beware the pickpocket!' You, and the rest of the crowd, spin round towards the voice. You can see a small creature darting off away from the crowd down the road and into one of the tents. There is little hope of his being caught. You turn back to the Dwarf and his bear just in time to see them vanishing! This show has been nothing but an illusion, created to distract the audience while the pickpocket steals gold. Other creatures in the crowd are checking their gold and several of them have been victims of the pickpocket. Do you still have your Gold? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **63**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **177**.

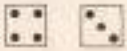

270

You float slowly down through the air, turning over and over . . . In the pitch blackness you cannot see a thing. Then, as if you were falling down a tunnel, you see a spot of light in the distance, which grows larger as you fall towards it. Eventually you emerge . . . to a fate that is almost worse than death!

Evidently you are in the sewers deep underneath Kharé. Tunnels disappear in all directions and the stench is unbearable. You have landed in a disgusting pile of unbelievable filth: slime, excrement, sludge, dung and dregs – and you are up to your neck in it! Before you can even try to crawl out of the quagmire, a splashing sound to your left draws your attention to a small opening in the wall right next to your ear. Coming pouring down this shute is a torrent of liquid sewage and pigswill. Within moments it will burst from the shute straight into your face! You must decide quickly: *will you duck to avoid it?* If you wish to duck, turn to **250**. If you could not bear to duck, turn to **327**.

271

You step up to the dark North Gate of Kharé. A few yards from the gate you stop dead as a phantom voice speaks to you. 'Halt, stranger!' booms the voice. You look around, but no one is near. It is the gate itself which is speaking to you! 'You may not pass through this gate, for it is wizard-locked. If you do not know the unlocking spell, your next step forward will mean your instant death!'

Do you know the four lines of the spell which will open the gate? If you do, arrange them in the correct order and speak them at the gate. Three numbers are hidden within the spell. If you write these down in order, the result will be a three-digit number. Turn to the reference with this number to see whether you have recited the spell correctly. If you do not know the four lines of the spell, you will have to start again, this time being careful to follow all the clues which will lead you to the keepers of the spell lines . . .

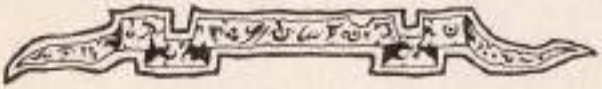

272

Did you buy the vial of dust? If so, turn to 247. If not, turn to 259.

273

Roll two dice. If the total is *higher than* your SKILL score, turn to 303. If you roll *lower than* or *equal to* your SKILL, turn to 323.

274

'Let me see that,' he says. 'Why do you think this rune is correct?' You explain that the others represent spots on a gambling die. This rune is the missing one. 'Of course!' he exclaims. He is very excited at your having solved his problem and enthusiastically agrees to help you in your quest. 'I know of only one line in the spell you require,' he starts, 'and it reads as follows: "So tumblers two sealed deep inside." I know not who keeps the other three lines, but they are all leading citizens. In this city, often the creatures know more than the men-folk, so this gift may be of use to you.' He hands you a small pouch with what appears to be a handful of green fur inside. You pull it out and find that it is a wig, which may be useful in your spells. Thanking him, you decide to press on, collecting your weapon on the way out. Restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level and turn to 133.

275

You back away from the monument and make your way cautiously around it to the far side of the square. Turn to 135.

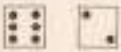

276

You step back and the broken fragments of the corpse's body flail about you ineffectually. Eventually they settle on the ground and re-unite, leaving the corpse looking as though it has been run over in a chariot race. A head appears at the doorway of a nearby hut and beckons you over. Some Gnomes have been watching the battle from their hut and they thank you for ridding their neighbourhood of the gruesome creature. Their children may now play in the street without danger.

They press upon you 5 Gold Pieces as a reward and ask whether there is anything they may do to help you. You tell them of your quest. They agree you will need to find the four spell lines to leave the cityport, and suggest you may get help from the priest straight ahead, on your way into the centre of town. They can also offer you items that may be useful with your spells and you may accept from them either a medicinal potion, or a bag containing three small round pebbles, or a vial of sand (a rare commodity so far from the sea). You may choose one of these. Then turn to **239**.

277

They taunt you to do something about it. You will have to force them to return the Gold to you. One of them casually blinks at the ground and as his eyelids open you can see his eyes – two burning red balls of flame! Will you prepare to attack them (turn to **103**) or leave them and continue (turn to **89**)?

278

There are no likely weaknesses here. The giant creature kicks backwards and knocks you through the air, so that you land awkwardly on the pedestal. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Return to **326** and choose again.

279

A piece of mouldy goat's cheese drops at your feet. The smell is awful. You can throw this away, or take it with you. If you wish to keep it, you must lose 1 STAMINA point for as long as it is in your possession. You turn angrily at the man, but he shrugs his shoulders and tells you it was purely a game of luck. You leave the tent and continue your journey. Turn to **160**.

280

As you wait you can hear shuffling beyond the far door. Eventually a figure appears and you recognize the Chainmaker as a SVINN – one of the man-orcs from the village of Torrepani. He addresses you gruffly and asks whether you are interested in buying his chains. Will you select an interesting-looking chain and ask how much he wants for it (turn to 332) or ask him if he can help you find the spell to open the North Gate (turn to 161)?

281

You gulp down the potion and wait for something to happen. Your head feels dizzy and you pass out, collapsing on to the floor. When you re-awaken and look around, your surroundings have changed and passers-by are looking at you with surprise. Turn to 294.

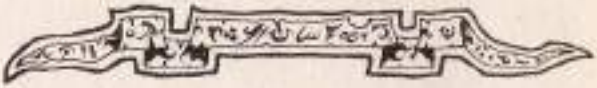

282

You wander upstairs to your room. The room is dark and you have been given no candle, so you grope around for the bed and sit on it. You may, if you wish, eat Provisions here which will restore 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). You lie back on your mattress and fall asleep. Turn to 227.

283

Its eyes narrow as it looks at you, sizing you up. A muffled sound comes from its head and words which you can barely make out reach you. It offers you a meal, but this will cost you 5 Gold Pieces. If you wish to continue your deception, you will have to buy a meal – gain 2 STAMINA points if this is your first today (or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten) – and turn to 100. If you do not wish to pay, or cannot afford it, you will either have to leave (turn to 294) or attack it. If you attack it with your weapon, turn to 243; if you wish to cast a spell, turn to 257.

284

Where will you kiss next: the forehead (turn to 314); the right eye (turn to 78); the right cheek (turn to 334); the left cheek (turn to 88); the nose (turn to 296); or the lips (turn to 231)?

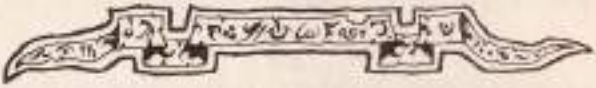

285

You toss him a coin and he thanks you for your kindness. You sit down for a moment to talk to him. Suddenly you are both alarmed by a screeching noise in the sky above you. 'No!' he cries. 'Not those god-cursed Harpies! Will they never cease their torments?' You look into the air and see two winged beasts hovering over you. They are ugly, dark-skinned creatures with sharp talons on the ends of their arms and legs. You both spring to your feet. You are not quite sure what to do, but the beggar grabs his stick and flails it about blindly in the air. 'They are after my gold!' he shouts to you. 'Have they no pity on a blind man? Oh, stranger, can you *see* the evil rascals? Can you help me?' One of the Harpies darts down from the sky and clips him on the head, knocking him over. Will you decide to help the old man (turn to 97) or do you prefer not to get into this fight and run off down the road (turn to 148)?

286

They scoff at your pleasantries. One of them trips you up and sends you sprawling in the street. As you fall, your pouch opens and Gold Pieces spill into the road (if you have no Gold, lose 2 STAMINA points for a bruised knee and turn to 89). The creatures spring over and around you, claiming to help you pick up your Gold, but actually putting it into their own pockets. Throw one die. This is the number of Gold Pieces that you manage to grab before they join in and this will be all you salvage of your gold. If you wish to *Test your Luck*, you may do so and, if you are Lucky, you can throw the die again and grab this many Gold Pieces from the creatures before they pocket them (obviously you cannot collect in total more Gold than you had originally). Will you challenge them to return the Gold they have stolen (turn to 277) or leave them alone and continue (turn to 89)?

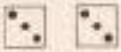

287

They look at each other, trying to decide whether they could get any more Gold out of you. 'All right, traveller,' says the tall one, 'but whatever you want to do, make it quick.' They take your offering and wander off away from the gate. You now have a short time in which to step up to the gate and try to open it. Turn to 271.

288

Your feet touch nothing on the circle and you fall down through it. It is a Portal Trap and you fall slowly downwards through the blackness. Turn to 270.

289

They tell you that you are heading the wrong way. You must turn back and take the other road onwards. Do you wish to do this? If so, turn to 233. If you would prefer to continue the way you are going, turn to 329.

290

You manage to squirm out of their grip. They turn towards you, looking for a fight. Will you cast a spell:

GAK	VIK	KIN	HOT	TEL
367	462	382	434	495

Or will you fight them with your weapon (turn to 309)?

291

They frogmarch you across to the building and shove you inside, locking the door behind you. You gather yourself together and look around. Turn to 254.

292

You follow the road to a group of huts. The old man nipped inside a large, dirty-looking hut on the left. You may follow him if you wish (turn to **66**) or you may instead enter a hut opposite, from which an interesting smell is floating across the road (turn to **171**). Otherwise you may continue, passing the huts (turn to **294**).

293

The Sprite is most grateful and asks how it may help you in return. You tell it of your mission and your wish to learn the spell to open the North Gate. It does not know anything about the spell, but can suggest someone who may be able to help. It leaps into the air and flutters its wings, telling you to follow. The little creature takes you off the road, between the Dwarfs' houses and across an expanse of scrubby wasteland. Eventually you approach another road and the Sprite leaves you, pointing to a large house of stone and mortar. You may add 1 LUCK point for the find. Will you approach the house? If so, you may go up to the front door (turn to **140**), creep round the back (turn to **208**) or continue down the road (turn to **133**).

294

Along the road ahead of you, you can hear the mixed sounds of a large crowd. Perhaps you are heading towards a market or fair of some kind. You arrive at a junction where you may either continue (turn to **244**) or turn to the left (turn to **328**). Which way will you choose?

295

'Pray throw me down another piece
And all your hurting soon will cease.'

Do you wish to throw down another coin (turn to 315) or continue on your way (turn to 319)?

296

Where will you kiss next: forehead (turn to 314); the right eye (turn to 2); the left eye (turn to 163); the right cheek (turn to 334); the left cheek (turn to 88); or the lips (turn to 231)?

297

You are now entering the centre of Kharé proper, and the buildings and homes are much more closely grouped together. Humans and creatures skulk in the streets. It is late afternoon and you had better start thinking about where you will spend the night. You are walking along at about the same pace as a youngster and the two of you start chatting. He is a strange fellow, who calls himself Slangg. He tells you he lives beyond the North Gate of Kharé. He also tells you remarkable stories about his mother being a Skunkbear, about how he eats nothing but rats' brains and that he is a personal servant to the First Noble of Kharé. You soon realize that he is a compulsive liar! *Everything he says is untrue.* Eventually you reach a junction near his destination. Before he leaves, you may ask him for advice. Will you ask him how you may most quickly reach the nearest inn (turn to 216), or whether he can direct you to one of the holders of the lines to the North Gate spell (turn to 51)?

298

You find yourself in a dead end. Will you:

Turn around and take the first right?	Turn to 77
Turn around, take the first left, then second left?	Turn to 42
Turn around, take the first left, then straight on?	Turn to 174

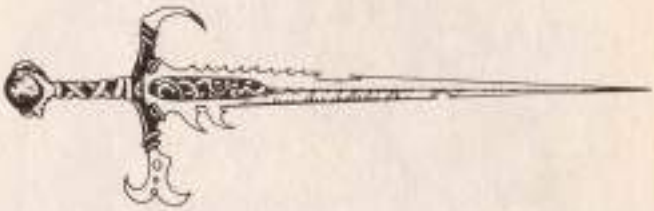

299

You draw your weapon and race towards the creature. It moves slowly. You are able to get in close and swing a hefty, blow up at its waist. Your weapon clangs loudly on the bronze and sends a painful shock through your arms. Lose 1 STAMINA point. The BRONZE STATUE swings its hand at you and although you leap out of the way, it catches you in the back and winds you. Lose another 2 STAMINA points. You must fight the Statue:

BRONZE STATUE	SKILL 10	STAMINA 15

When you strike your first blow, turn to 326.

WIN 20 GOLD PIECES

300

You follow the road, which narrows. A group of young Orclings are scurrying down towards you, shoving and hitting one another. Seeing you, they rush up and surround you, and ten little voices are pestering you: 'Hello. One Gold Piece?' Their hands are poking at you, held flat to receive your donation. Will you toss them a Gold Piece (turn to **91**) or ignore them and press onwards (turn to **329**)?

301

'The question is . . .' and here the priest pauses for effect. The tension mounts in his audience. 'The question is . . . What was his favourite colour?'

You protest strongly, as his question is most unfair, whereupon the crowd bursts into laughter. You smile sheepishly as you realize you have been caught by what must be one of his standard hoaxes. He is certainly quite a showman for a priest!

'All right then, Analander,' he starts. You are amazed. *How did he know you were from Analand?* He asks his question: 'In Bigfoot's family are 6 sons. Bigfoot is nearing the end of his life and he wishes to divide his wealth exactly among his sons. He gives 5 Gold Pieces to his second youngest son, 13 Gold Pieces to his eldest and 9 to the fourth youngest. Do you know how much the other sons received and how many Gold Pieces he possessed in all? Think carefully about your answer. When you have decided, call out your answer and turn to the reference corresponding to that number. If you cannot answer his question, turn to **248**.

302

Do you wish to cast a spell to break the fight up?

NIF	WIK	FIX	DOZ	GOD
391	379	447	410	400

Or do you want to step in and separate the two combatants (turn to 311)?

303

Your threat does not worry the creature. It steps towards you. You must attack it. Turn to 243 if you wish to fight with your weapon. Turn to 257 if you will cast a spell.

304

The flute has a pleasant tone and is otherwise quite normal. This may keep you amused in the next stage of your journey. Return to 264.

305

Underneath the mattress in the corner you find a mask made out of black wood, carved to resemble one of the gods worshipped by the Black Elves. You may take this with you. There is little else in the room and you leave the hut. Turn to 213.

306

He accepts your offer and you stagger off to the bar. You buy two mugs of ale (1 Gold Piece each – if you haven't enough money, you couldn't offer him a drink, so turn to 86). You both become very drunk. He sees a friend behind you and stands to wave at him. But rather than greet his friend, he pulls out a cudgel from his belt and brings it down on your head. You slump unconscious on the table. Turn to 312.

307

You stride across the field towards a group of odd-looking creatures gathered around a fire. Roasting on a spit over the fire is a large pig which they have killed. This may be a suitable place for you to rest and eat Provisions (do this if you wish and deduct 1 Provision point – add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). Otherwise you can befriend them and, when the pig is cooked, join in their feast for a free meal (turn to 245). If you are not interested in eating the pig, you may return to the road and continue (turn to 62).

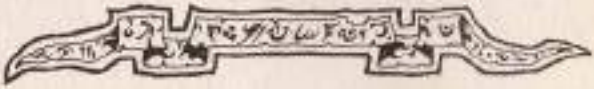

308

You may eat a meal and will thus gain 2 STAMINA points. However, if you do so, you will have to share your food with the old man as he is hungry and has given you valuable information. Give him one meal's worth of Provisions (if you have only enough Provisions for one meal, you will have to share it with him and will gain only 1 STAMINA point), then turn to 333.

309

As you draw your weapon, one of them opens his eyes. Behind his eyelids burn two balls of flame and, when he looks you in the eyes, a line of fire shoots into your face. You scream and hold your hands to your eyes, but it is too late. Permanent blindness is your penalty for tangling with the RED-EYES and you will not now be able to continue your mission.

310

Which spell will you use?

DIM	PEP	MAG	GOB	WOK
473	480	433	365	389

If you know none of these, you will have to use your weapon (turn to 118).

311

The crowd boos you as you step forward. You grab each of the little creatures and hold them apart. They are not at all grateful and instead both turn to attack you! Resolve this combat:

SPRITE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6
PIXIE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

They will both attack you at the same time. Roll for your own Attack Strength and roll once for each of the two creatures. If your Attack Strength is higher than either of theirs, you may choose which you will inflict the wound on. If one of their Attack Strengths is higher and the other lower, you will wound the lower, but be hit by the higher. If both their Attack Strengths are higher, they will both wound you. This will not be a fight to the death on their part (although they will try to kill you) – they will give up and drop out of the fight once their own STAMINA scores fall to 2. When this fight is over, the crowd disperses and you may continue. Turn to 153.

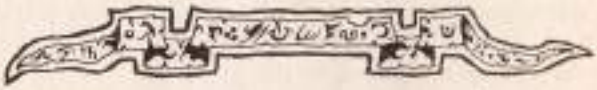

312

You open your eyes and feel a pain thundering in your head. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You raise your hand and rub the back of your neck as you take in your surroundings. The ground is rocking softly and either you have not yet recovered from the blow, or you are in a ship of some kind. The wooden pit you are in, with an opening at the top, suggests the latter. Other bodies are sprawled on the floor around you and you shake one awake. He is in the same state as you are, and rubs his head with his hand. You ask him where you are and together you come to the conclusion that you have been waylaid: captured to be crew on a slave galley. There is no hope of reaching the door high in the ceiling. Do you wish to cast a magic spell?

RAP	VIK	ZAP	ZEN	DUD
501	402	464	343	438

Or will you wait to see what happens to you (turn to 179)?

313

Your tone frightens the creature. It backs into a corner allowing you to step forwards and pick up the box. Turn to **29**.

314

Where will you kiss next: the right eye (turn to **2**); the left eye (turn to **163**); the right cheek (turn to **334**); the left cheek (turn to **88**); the nose (turn to **296**); or the lips (turn to **231**)?

315

'Just one more coin, that's all I ask
I'll give you help with any task.'

Will you throw down another coin (turn to **152**) or continue on your way (turn to **319**)?

316

You free yourself from the little urchins and continue up the track. A short distance further on you come across a largish home made of stones and mortar. This place looks quite important. Will you walk up to the front door (turn to **140**), creep around the back of the house (turn to **208**), or continue straight on (turn to **133**)?

317

You may now try to enter the crypt. Will you shove the door aside and rush in, to surprise anything that might be inside (turn to 249), delve into your pack to pull out something which may be useful (turn to 7), or cast a spell?

SUS	DOC	FOF	BIG	FAK
390	499	476	452	424

318

He takes your money and presses a small button on the side of the cabinet. With a squeal, the Mite leaps from its perch and flutters around over the prizes in the cabinet. Selecting one, it flies over to a shute at the front of the box and drops the prize in. This then drops out of the box at your feet. What have you received? Roll one die. If you roll a

1 Turn to 279	3 Turn to 167	5 Turn to 71
2 Turn to 5	4 Turn to 92	6 Turn to 219

You may wish to *Test your Luck* here to try to ensure you receive a valuable, rather than a worthless, prize. If you *Test your Luck* and you are Lucky, you may *choose* one of the six options from the table above instead of rolling the die. True, you don't know which are valuable and which are worthless, but as a hint, only one of numbers 1–3 is a valuable item, but two of numbers 4–6 are. So your chances are better if you choose a 4, 5 or 6.

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

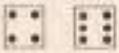

319

You are now leaving the centre of the city. The street turns into a dirt track which winds from Kharé past a small settlement of huts and out past a tall building. In the distance, you can see the Great Wall of Kharé and the North Gate. At a tree stump along the way you may stop and eat provisions. If you do so, add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). Just outside the group of huts, you come across a blind beggar who asks you for alms. Will you give him a Gold Piece (turn to 285) or will you press on towards the gate (turn to 148)?

320

You bend down close and put your ear to the surface of the water. The little silverfish spits at you and a drop of water lands on your cheek. If fishes could laugh, you would swear this fish was chuckling at you! Again it mouths bubbles at you. A sound comes over but the bubbles obscure it. It sounds a little like '*Bwrthhrs*'. But what can this mean? The fish swims back behind its rock and you may now either continue on your way (turn to 28) or try to pick up the coin (turn to 85).

321

The crowd is not happy with your intervention. You must choose your side: the Sprite or the Pixie, and resolve the battle:

SPRITE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6
PIXIE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

During each Attack Round, compare your Attack Strength with that of your chosen ally. Whoever has the higher will be the main fighter in that round (conduct this as normal), but if the remaining combatant (e.g. your ally, if yours was the higher Attack Strength) also has a higher Attack Strength than the opponent, an extra wound can be scored against the opponent.

After two Attack Rounds, if the opponent has not been defeated, a DWARF will enter the fight to try to even the sides up. The Dwarf will fight you while the other two fight and you must kill the Dwarf before you can return to aiding your ally.

DWARF	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you survive this fight, turn to **293** if you aided the Sprite, or **335** if you aided the Pixie.

322

You follow the road to another junction. You can hear the voices of a crowd off to the left and you turn in this direction towards a bend in the road. Turn to **244**.

323

Whoever won the last fight is now the new champion. Resolve your battle with either the Ogre or the Barbarian:

OGRE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12
BARBARIAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, you will be given the prize money (15 Gold Pieces). The ruffian will ask whether you wish to remain as his new champion. But you have more important things to do. Turn to **263**.

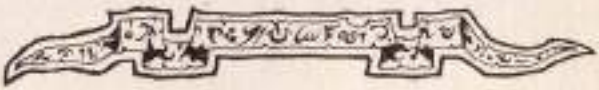

324

You enter the hut and your eyes widen. The room inside is covered from floor to ceiling in trinkets, some piled up on shelves, some hanging from the ceiling, others leaning against the wall. The hut is lined with weapons, pottery, jewellery, domestic objects, magical items, and so on. Sitting cross-legged on the floor is a small bearded GNOME, who rubs his hands and greets you as you come in. In a squeaky voice he invites you to sit and barter with him. If you wish to barter, you will have to be prepared to exchange some of the items from your Equipment for some of his; if you have no items to barter with you may not sit down. If you would like to see what he has to offer, turn to **264**. If you cannot, or will not, barter, turn to **158**.

325

You leave the inn. In the morning light you can see that it is set almost on the riverside and is a short distance from the Harbour Bridge, the only crossing of the Jabaji. You cross the great river. On the far bank, there is a fork in the road. Will you turn left (turn to **132**) or right (turn to **198**)?

326

You cannot harm this great metal creature and your blow glances off it. In fact the only way of defeating it is to find its single weak spot. If you have been watching carefully, you may have picked up a clue as to where this weak spot is. Where will you try?

The right leg?	Turn to **265**
The left ankle?	Turn to **278**
The right thigh?	Turn to **35**
Somewhere else?	Turn to **93**

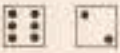

327

You hold your breath as the filthy liquid explodes from the shute all over your face. You are violently sick and you must deduct 3 STAMINA points. You climb out of the horrendous pile of sludge you are in and clean yourself off as best you can. Now you must try to find a way out. Will you:

Continue ahead, then first left, first right, first right, first left?	Turn to 10
Continue ahead, then second right, first right and continue?	Turn to 298
Continue ahead, then first right, first left, first right?	Turn to 77

328

You soon arrive at another junction where you may either continue on towards a small group of dwellings (turn to 32) or turn right (turn to 57).

329

As they close in around you, you can feel small hands mauling your backpack. They are trying to reach inside it to see if you have anything worth stealing! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 316. If you are Unlucky, turn to 262.

330

You struggle, but they hold you tight, forcing you over towards the pool. You strike one of them in the face, causing it to blink momentarily, but allowing you to see the small burning fireballs that these RED-EYES have for eyes. They shove you forwards into the pool. But the splash you were expecting does not occur. Turn to 270.

331

You pay the innkeeper for the food. He disappears into a back room and comes back with a large plate of steaming grub. 'There ye go,' he laughs, 'And there's more if ye'll be needin' it.' You take the plate and sit down at a table to eat your meal. Gain 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. As you are eating, a rough-looking sailor comes over and sits down

with you. He tries to make conversation, but you are more intent on eating. Then he offers to buy you a mug of ale and you decide to accept. You finish your meal and sup the ale. Gain 1 STAMINA point for the drink. You start to talk to him and he asks of your quest. You tell him you are trying to find the spell which will open the North Gate. 'Oi'd loike ter 'elp yer,' he says, 'but ter foind the loin yer needs, ye'll 'ave ter *kill the undead*, an that ain't moi oidear of a fair foight. 'Ow about s'more ale?' Will you accept his offer and continue the conversation? (turn to **253**) or would you rather get some sleep (turn to **86**)?

332

He sizes you up, trying to decide how much you can afford. If your SKILL score is 8 or more, you look like a fairly powerful – and therefore wealthy – traveller, and he will ask for 5 Gold Pieces. If your SKILL is less than 8 he sees you as an ordinary visitor and he will ask for only 2 Gold Pieces. You may, if you wish, try to make yourself seem humble by *Testing your Luck*. If you are Lucky, he will let you bargain him down 1 Gold Piece on his price. If you wish to buy, pay him and turn to **203**. If you do not wish to pay his price, you must either leave (turn to **9**) or you may attack him, and try to steal his chain later (turn to **119**).

333

You soon become sleepy. But how far can you trust the old man? Will you curl up on the floor and sleep for the night (turn to **21**) or will you stay awake, waiting for the guards and keeping an eye on your backpack (turn to **102**)?

334

Where will you kiss next: the forehead (turn to **314**); the right eye (turn to **2**); the left eye (turn to **163**); the left cheek (turn to **88**); the nose (turn to **296**); or the lips (turn to **231**)?

335

In a squeaky little voice, the Pixie thanks you for helping him. He asks if there is anything he could do in return. You tell him of your journey and ask whether he knows anything of the North Gate spell. Unfortunately he doesn't. But as you talk he does give you other information

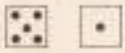

EDITORS

which may be useful. He tells you that you may learn more about the spell from a Priest who is very knowledgeable. You will meet him if you continue your journey and today he is trying to win converts to his faith in his chapel. He also warns you about the evils of the centre of Kharé – the dockland area – and advises that you watch your step, as Slaveseekers often prowl the area in the hope of kidnapping slaves as crew for their boats. A favourite ploy is to get a prospective slave senselessly drunk and then cart him off to their ship. You thank the Pixie for his advice and continue along the road. Turn to 153. You may add 1 LUCK point for the warning.

336

You follow him into his study, an elegant room lined floor to ceiling with books. You converse with him on the way and learn that he is a sage and scholar who now teaches local children. He seems to be a fairly peaceful fellow, quite out of character with the city he lives in. He explains he has had a good life and wishes to spend the rest of it doing what he can to help civilize the city. As it is apparent that he may be able to help you with your quest, you ask him if he knows anything of the spell needed to open the North Gate. 'Indeed, I know one line of the spell,' he says, 'and this I will gladly tell you if you can help me with a problem I am having.' You agree to help if you can. 'I have recently been trying to decipher some runes. I am working on an exercise but I am now stuck as I do not know which rune follows in the sequence. Which would you say should follow?' You have some knowledge of runes and study the problem carefully. Look at the sequence depicted in the illustration and choose the rune that you think should follow:

Turn to:

115 255 274 72

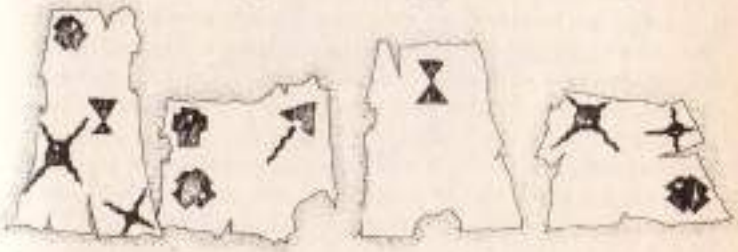

337

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 1 and choose again.

338

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell into the pond and create the illusion of a small pile of gold next to the Gold Piece. The fish does not react. You cannot tell whether it is taken in by your illusion or not. Do you wish to try snatching the real Gold Piece (turn to 85) or will you leave the pond and continue (turn to 28)?

339

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and your double closes in with the first blow (lose 2 STAMINA points). If you have some beeswax, spread it on your weapon and cast your spell. You must now resolve the battle with your double, who has the same SKILL and STAMINA scores as you had before casting the spell and being struck. If your weapon has been magically enhanced, it will do double damage (i.e. 4 STAMINA points instead of the normal two). If you win, you must leave the hut (turn to 137). The effect of the spell will last only for this fight.

340

There is no such spell as this. Return to 236 and choose again. If you did not expect VIK to be a spell, turn to 399.

341

The Goblin walks over to the hut and steps inside. A minute later, it comes out and signals to you that there is no danger. Do you wish to enter the hut (turn to 27) or will you now leave (turn to 137)?

342

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, your spell will not work. If you have a Gold Piece, you place it on your wrist and cast the spell. The coin radiates an invisible shield. During a battle, you may deduct 2 points from the creature's Attack Strength for the protection this shield gives you. You reach for your weapon. Turn to 243. Remember that after the battle the shield and the Gold Piece vanish.

343

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Jewel-Studded Medallion it requires. Turn to 179.

344

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 254 and choose again.

345

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. You may not use this spell as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling it requires. The Chainmaker steps in and lashes you with his chain. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Return to 119, draw your weapon and fight the Chainmaker.

346

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Yellow Powder it requires. Return to 108 and make another choice.

347

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 43 and choose your next course of action.

348

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Stone Dust it requires. However, you believe the statue has now been petrified and you step forwards. Turn to 8.

349

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you may not cast this spell – draw your weapon and turn to 192. If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, you may draw it out from your pack and cast the spell on it. Focusing it on the creatures, their images reflect in the mirror and exact replicas form in front of you. The original creatures are taken aback, and you command your replicas to attack. Although you may not have known it, these creatures are RED-EYES. Their eyes are closed, but when they open their eyelids, jets of flame shoot from them to burn anything in their path. So the battle is short but deadly: as each Red-Eye gazes at, and is gazed upon by, his opponent, it falls to the ground, scorched and very dead. If they stole any Gold you may recover it and continue your journey. Turn to 89.

350

'You offer me a *Goblin*!' says the Gnome, incredulously. 'What use will I have for a Goblin?' Your creation is worthless to him. Do you now wish to command the Goblin to attack (turn to 403) or will you tell it to disappear and settle down to barter with the Gnome (return to 264)?

351

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any grains of sand with you? If not, return to 223. If you do have any grains of sand, you may sprinkle these into the water and cast your spell. The pond will turn into a pool of quicksand. The little fish will undoubtedly die in the sludge, but you will be able to grab the Gold Piece before it sinks. Take the Gold if you wish and press onwards (turn to 28). Remember to cross the sand you have used off your Equipment List.

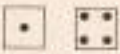

352

You climb from the ring and Vik makes his way over to you. The two of you chat for some time. You tell him of your adventures in the Shamutanti Hills and the return of Glandragor's axe. You ask him whether he knows anything of the spell lines needed to open the North Gate and he nods. How many spell lines do you have already:

None	Turn to 380
One	Turn to 409
Two	Turn to 372

353

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and an invisible wall forms in front of you. This would be very useful if you were being attacked, but is totally inappropriate to your present predicament. You have wasted your STAMINA. Turn to 154.

354

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth with you? If not, this spell will not work and you will have to face the creatures with your weapon. Turn to 192. If you have a Giant's tooth, you may drop it on the ground and cast your spell. A haze forms around the tooth from which steps a towering Giant. You command it to attack the creatures and it steps towards them. But your Giant has little chance against these RED-EYES. They merely have to blink at it and, as soon as their eyes open, streams of fire shoot towards your creation. The Giant puts up a valiant fight, but is no match for them. However, the delay does allow you to nip off through the back streets. After the Red-Eyes have killed your Giant, they follow in hot pursuit. Turn to 41.

355

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this and nothing happens as you clumsily try to cast it. Your host watches your pitiful conjurations and is getting impatient. You tell him to continue, and you drink from the mug. Turn to **236**.

356

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. As your double advances, you cast your spell and create a small pile of illusionary treasure. Your opponent is not in the least interested and starts the attack. You now have no other opportunity to cast spells. Resolve this battle. If you win, leave the hut and turn to **137**. Remember your double has the same SKILL and STAMINA as you had before casting the spell.

357

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You do not have the Holy Water you need to cast this spell, so it does not work. As you are trying to make it work, the body parts close in and attack you. Deduct 3 STAMINA points. Return to **11** and choose again.

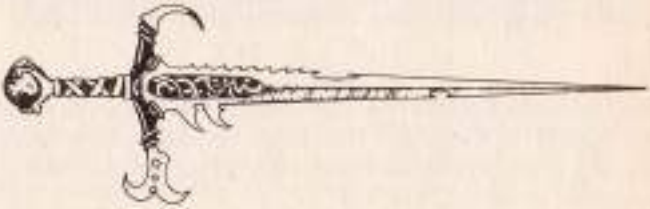

358

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, you may not use this spell and will have to fight the Statue – turn to 299. If you have some sand, you may throw it to the ground beneath the Statue's feet and cast your spell onto it. As the spell takes effect, the ground around the Statue's feet begins to bubble. The great giant begins to lose its balance as the spell creates a pool of quicksand beneath it! Uncertain of its footing, it holds its position and slowly sinks into the ground. When it has disappeared, you may choose your path forwards. Will you head along the left fork out of the cityport (turn to 104) or take the road to the right towards the Gambling Halls of Vlada (turn to 56)? Remember to cross the sand you have used off your Equipment List.

359

Do you have any Goblin teeth with you? If so, you may place one on the ground and cast your spell on it (if not, lose 1 STAMINA and return to 153 to make another choice). Deduct 1 STAMINA as you cast the spell on the tooth. A Goblin materializes in front of you. Do you want to send the Goblin to take a look at the statue (turn to 423) or to look in the hut (turn to 341)?

360

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell to detect the presence of any magical traps that may be a danger to you. There is no magic being used. If you wish to deal with the Gnome, return to 264. If you would prefer to leave, turn to 158.

361

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 34 and make another choice.

362

There is no such spell as this. Turn to 323 and fight your battle. If you were not expecting this to be a spell, turn to 436.

363

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create an illusionary mound of treasure in the road, promising this to the creatures. They scoff haughtily at you and one shouts out: 'You feeble-minded barnacle! Our eyes may be closed, but we are not blind. Your riches are naught but an illusion! Let's have this dimwit, friends!' They move towards you. You draw your weapon. Turn to 192.

364

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. You must fight your double with your weapon. Resolve the battle – remember your double has the same SKILL and STAMINA as you had before casting the spell – and leave the hut if you win. Turn to 137.

365

Do you have any Goblin teeth? If not, you may not use this spell – deduct 1 STAMINA point and turn to 118. If you have some Goblin teeth, you may drop as many as you want on the floor and cast your spell on them. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each tooth you use. Within moments, these teeth will turn into fully formed Goblins and you may command them to help you fight the winged creatures. Each Goblin will have 5 SKILL and 5 STAMINA points. Turn to 118 and fight the tormenting creatures. They will always attack you and the beggar, but you may choose which of your Goblins are attacking which creature (before you roll for Attack Strength). If a Goblin's Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature it is attacking, it will inflict a wound as normal. After the battle, any remaining Goblins will disappear.

366

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell. Behind Vangorn the door opens into the street. He does not flinch. Turn to 13.

367

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, this spell will not work and you will have to fight them with your weapon (turn to 192). If you have a Black Facemask, you may hold it up to your face and cast the spell. The creatures surrounding you back away in fear, allowing you to continue. Turn to 135.

368

You cast your spell on to the teeth and each forms into a Goblin, under your control. You send the Goblins running after the Orclings. But unfortunately, they have had too much of a head start on the Goblins and you cannot recover any of your possessions. You must continue up the road. Turn to 61.

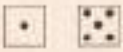

369

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not you cannot make this spell work – return to 234 and resolve the fight. If you have a Bamboo Flute, you may pull it out, play a tune and cast the spell. Whichever of the contestants you aim the spell at will stop fighting and start to dance uncontrollably. But when this happens the fight stops and all eyes turn angrily towards you for tampering with the contest. Someone in the crowd grabs your Flute and breaks it while the others push you out of the crowd. You will have to leave. Turn to 263.

370

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and must deduct another 2 STAMINA points as the Chainmaker's chain flays your back – return to 119 and draw your weapon to fight him. If you have beeswax, you may rub it quickly on your weapon and cast the spell on it. This spell will make your weapon razor-sharp. Each time you inflict a wound on the Chainmaker, you may deduct 4 STAMINA points instead of the usual 2. Return to 119 and fight him.

371

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Pointing your finger at the door, you unleash a flashing blast of lightning. The scorched door flies open, allowing you and the old man to escape. You both run off down the road to a junction ahead. The old man is surprisingly fast for his age and he reaches the junction before you. Turn to 81.

372

He advises you to carry straight on until you reach the port. You thank him and continue. Turn to 263.

373

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and an invisible wall forms in the air between you and the Living Corpse. The creature's various parts fly into the wall and bounce off. But the spell has a limited range and it is not long before they have flown around your defence and once again threaten you. Return to 11 and make another choice.

374

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, this spell will not work – turn to 468. If you have a coin, you may place it on your wrist and cast your spell. An invisible shield will form on your arm. It will stay in place as long as you are in this shrine and will aid you in any battles you may have, but then it (and the Gold Piece) will vanish. Now turn to 468.

375

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell into the pond, aimed at the fish. But the little creature quickly darts out of the way and the spell hits a little snail which was grazing on a rock beneath the fish. You may now control the snail – but this will be of little use to you! Do you want to grab the Gold Piece (turn to 85) or leave the pond (turn to 28)?

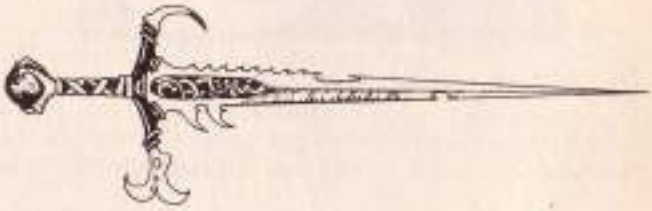

376

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any medicinal potions or Blimberry juice with you? If not, the spell will have no effect and the poison will take its toll – you will have come to the end of this adventure. If you have such a potion, you can drink it quickly and cast the spell on yourself. The potion will counteract the poison. You will rapidly recover your strength – you may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. The man watches as you do this. When you have fully recovered, you may leave the house. Turn to 223.

377

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and you may now enter the crypt in safety. Turn to 249. You may wish to take something out of your pack before you enter. If you want to do this, turn to 7.

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

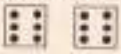

378

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a vial of glue? If not, the spell will not work and the creature bites your ankle (lose 2 STAMINA points) – return to 95 and fight the creature. If you have some glue, you may throw it at the Bristle Beast and cast your spell. The creature becomes stuck to the ground and it is now an easy matter for you to advance and finish it off. Turn to 14.

379

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this and nothing happens when you cast it. Return to 98 and make another choice.

380

Vik tells you how to reach the keeper of one of the spell lines. You may follow his directions back towards the South Gate until you reach the road where he says you will find a keeper (turn to 61) or you may continue the way you were heading (turn to 263).

381

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell on the lock of the gate. The tumblers turn and two bolts on the inside free the door. You push the gate open and slide inside. There is no one around and you survey the area. Your first cover is a building just inside the wall and you nip over to it. It is a stone building with barred windows. The inside is bare apart from a wooden bench on which an old man is sitting. Do you wish to enter the building and greet the man (turn to 169) or leave and continue onwards (turn to 218)?

382

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, this spell will not work and they close in as you try in vain to defend yourself – you will have to draw your weapon (turn to **192**). If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, you pull it quickly out of your pack, face it towards the group and cast your spell. The reflection creates a group of identical creatures and the two groups face each other, ready to fight. Meanwhile, you may escape from the scene – turn to **135**.

383

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and an invisible wall forms between the two of you. The Murderer releases his arrow and it bounces off your shielding wall. 'A Sorcerer!' says Vangorn. 'I have no quarrel with Sorcerers. You may leave, stranger.' He lowers his bow and steps away from the door to allow you to leave. Turn to **46**.

384

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and five images of yourself form around you. You hope the great Statue will be confused, but alas the creature is not taken in by your illusion and it swipes at you. The tip of its hand catches you and knocks you to the ground – deduct 1 STAMINA point's worth of damage. You grab for your weapon. Turn to **299**.

385

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell over your opponent, whose attack slows down. Your double appears listless and cannot concentrate on the fight. Resolve the battle, but during this fight deduct 3 points from your double's SKILL. Remember your double has the same SKILL (now 3 less) and STAMINA as you had before casting the spell. If you win this fight, leave the hut (turn to **137**).

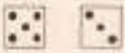

386

Do you have any Goblin teeth with you? If not, you may not cast this spell – return to 264 and choose again, but deduct 1 STAMINA point for your unsuccessful attempt. If you have some Goblin teeth, you may drop one on the ground and cast your spell on it. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Your spell causes the tooth to form into an ugly Goblin, who now stands before you waiting for your instructions. Will you tell it to attack the Gnome (turn to 403) or will you offer it for barter against the Gnome's wares (turn to 350)?

387

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. You cannot use it as you do not have the Orb of Crystal it requires. You are embarrassed at your pathetic attempts at sorcery and drink your ale, smiling sheepishly at your host. Turn to 236.

388

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth? If not, you have wasted your STAMINA as the spell will not work – turn to 154. If you have a Giant's tooth, you manage to throw it on the ground and cast your spell on it. A smoky vapour spurts from the ground around the tooth and, as it clears, a large, brutish Giant stands before you. You command it to break you free from the chains and it does so easily, disappearing when the task is completed. You may now leave the hut. Turn to 9.

389

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, this spell will not work (return to 310 and choose your next move). If you have a Gold Piece, you may place this on your wrist and cast your spell on it. An invisible shield, attached to your arm, will form and this will be a useful defence in your fight. Turn to 118 and fight the creatures, but this shield will protect you by allowing you to deduct 2 points from the Attack Strength of any creature attacking you. After the battle, the shield – and your Gold Piece – will disappear.

390

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and you will be protected from any traps for a short period. You may now either enter the crypt (turn to 249) or reach into your pack to pull out anything that may be useful (turn to 7).

391

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a pair of nose plugs? If so, put them on straight away. You cast your spell towards the fight. A horrendous stench swells up and hangs in the air. The crowd cough and hold their breaths as they run away from the scene and the fight stops immediately. If you do not have the nose plugs, the smell affects you, making you feel ill and causing 3 STAMINA points' worth of damage. You may now continue along the road. Turn to 153.

392

You remember the words of Glandragor: 'If you have any problems in Kharé just call for Vik, a friend of mine who has power and influence.' You shout out his name several times, asking for help. Some time later a face appears at the opening at the ceiling and snarls, 'Who asked for Vik?' You identify yourself and the face disappears, to return later with what must be the captain of the ship. You tell him your story. 'I must apologize to you,' says the captain, 'for my over-zealous crew. They could not have known that we had a friend in common. For Vik is indeed my friend. In fact I owe my life to him: he rescued me from the clutches of the Shield Maidens of Lumlé. Do not fear for your freedom.' A rope ladder drops into the hold and you are allowed to climb on to the ship's deck. You leave hastily. Turn to 487.

393

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell over the shambling creature and its already slow movements become even slower. You may now draw your weapon and fight it:

SLIME EATER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

While under your spell, for the first four Attack Rounds, it will fight you with a SKILL of 4. After this, its movements and its SKILL will return to normal. If you defeat the creature, turn to **196**.

394

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling which it requires. Turn to **55**.

395

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and, as it takes effect, you can sense the areas of danger ahead. Certainly the dark circle ahead of you is a danger and you should avoid it. The crypt itself can also be a danger and if you enter you should make sure you carry a special weapon. Your *safest* path is to leave the crypt, but this may not be your *best* choice. If you wish to leave, turn to **16**. If you wish to enter, turn to **249**. If you wish to take something from your pack before you enter, turn to **7**.

396

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. The Orclings have run off while you have been trying in vain to cast it. Turn to **61**.

397

You mumble a curse as they advance. Your sword is a less useful weapon than a hammer or an axe would be in this situation, and the thought puts you in mind of Glandragor's Tavern. What was it he told you? 'If you have any problems in Kharé just call for Vik . . .' As you back away from the group, you decide it may be worth a try. You tell them they may not harm you, as you are a friend of Vik's. At the mention of the name, they stop. Whispers pass among them: 'A friend of Vik's . . . Then we daren't touch this stranger . . . What if it's a bluff? . . . Can we risk it? . . .' Eventually, they step aside to let you pass and you can continue. Turn to **135**.

398

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 43 and choose your next course of action.

399

You remember the words of kind Glandragor in Birritanti. If only his friend Vik were here to help you! But in your agony, you have been mumbling out loud and at the mention of Vik's name, Vangorn rushes forwards and holds up your head. 'Do you know Vik?' he asks. You nod. He rushes off to his kitchen and comes bustling back with a tiny cup with some liquid in it. He forces it between your lips and there is little you can do to stop him. The pain is overwhelming and you pass out. Some time later you regain consciousness. You blink awake and find that Vangorn has seated you in a chair and is watching you attentively. He smiles as you come round and asks you how you know of Vik. You tell him the story of Glandragor's axe. 'Vik,' he tells you, 'is my brother. It is weeks since I have seen him, but I love him dearly. Any friend of Vik's is a friend of mine.' He asks you how you feel and whether you would like another sip of the antidote he has given you. But you are recovering fast. He apologizes continually for poisoning you. You wish to leave but ask whether he can be of any help in your quest. He gives you 5 Gold Pieces and a Black Facemask which may be useful for your spells. He also gives you a word of advice: 'If you come across the Bronze Statue, study it carefully. It has a single weakness only.' You thank him and leave. Add 2 LUCK points for your discovery and turn to 46.

400

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Jewel of Gold it requires. Return to 98 and make another choice.

401

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap? If not, you cannot cast this spell – turn to 55. If you have a skullcap, you place it on your head, cast your spell and remain on your guard, waiting for any telepathic messages. You begin to pick up intelligent thoughts coming from the statue! It is a living creature and is looking on you as its next meal! You back away from it around the hut. When you are out of sight, you may run off, heading back towards the road. Turn to 137.

402

There is no such spell as this. Return to 312 and choose again. If you did not expect this to be a spell, turn to 392.

403

The Goblin snarls at the Gnome and steps forwards to attack. 'Hah!' sneers the Barterer. 'So you think this little fellow will be more than a match for me, eh? Well think again, stranger!' He reaches behind him, takes the stopper off a small vial of liquid, and tosses it over the Goblin. In a second, the Goblin is frozen in position as a statue. 'Do you wish to see more of my power?' asks the little creature. You choose to leave immediately. Turn to 158.

404

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Bracelet of Bone it requires. As you fumble with the spell, the Orclings run off and you will never be able to catch them now. Turn to 61.

405

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any medicinal potions or Blimberry juice with you? If not, this spell will come to nothing. If you have a medicinal potion, you may drink it quickly and cast your spell. The effect is invigorating. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. But now you must resolve your fight. Turn to 323. Remember you have used up your potion.

406

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You are not able to use this spell as you do not have the Potion of Fire Water it requires. The pain in your stomach becomes more acute and you soon lose consciousness. Vangorn the Murderer has claimed another victim . . .

407

Deduct 1 STAMINA point and cast your spell. As you do so, a horrendous stench wafts through the air. The smell is so bad that it will make you ill (causing 3 STAMINA points' worth of damage) unless you have a pair of nose plugs which will protect you. The smell will keep your enemies at bay for some time while you nip off through the back streets, but as the spell wears off, they will follow you in hot pursuit. Turn to 41.

408

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell without the Galehorn it requires. Return to 1 and choose again.

409

Vik advises you to press on ahead and, at your first opportunity, turn left. If you turn either first or second right – he is not sure which – you should find someone who knows one of the lines. You thank him and continue. Turn to 263.

410

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell over both creatures and they begin to get sluggish. Their movements slow down and the fight fizzles out as they both realize magic is in the air. They, and the rest of the crowd, begin to look around to see who has spoiled the fun. You decide to leave smartly. Turn to 153.

WIN 20 GOLD PIECES

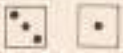

411

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth with you? If not, you cannot get this spell to work and while you are trying, the Statue knocks you over – lose 1 STAMINA point of damage and turn to 299. If you have a Giant's tooth, you can throw it on the ground and cast your spell on it to create a stocky Giant who will fight the Statue for you. Resolve the battle:

BRONZE STATUE	SKILL 10	STAMINA 15
GIANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If your Giant wins, it will disappear. You may then choose your next path: either out of Kharé (turn to 104) or into the Gambling Halls (turn to 56). If your Giant loses, you will have to finish the fight off yourself, but when you strike your first blow, turn to 326.

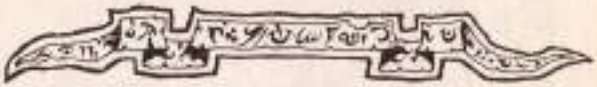

412

You recite your spell and wait. A tingle runs down your back as a creaking noise comes from the gate. But rather than seeing the gate open in front of you, you see a ghost-like puff of smoke come from a wooden box high up on the frame. It skips about in the air like a puppet and you are transfixed watching it. Suddenly it shoots down towards you and, before you can react, it has engulfed you! You cough and sweat, panicking as you realize that this is a SULPHUR GHOST, whose poisonous fumes are suffocating you! As you were warned, the North Gate of Kharé has its own defences, and the uninitiated attempt to open it only at the risk of their own lives. Yours has now been lost . . .

413

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You may not use this spell as you do not have the Orb of Crystal it requires. Do you now wish to take a closer look at the statue (turn to 8) or enter the hut (turn to 27)?

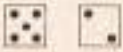

414

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for signs of how you may most safely proceed. Drinking the ale is evidently not a wise move, but your host is bending over you, waiting for you to drink. In a flash, you fling the mug of ale into his face and race for the door. You reach the door before he knows what has happened. Turn to **46**.

415

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to **154**.

416

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, you may not cast this spell – return to **234** and resolve the fight. If you have a Sun Jewel, you may cast your spell on it. The Jewel will glow intensely and you may use it to aid your favoured fighter. The spell will last for the first 3 Attack Rounds. During the first three rounds, if your fighter's opponent inflicts any wounds on your fighter, you may shine the jewel in his eyes. The blinding effect will reduce the damage to 1 STAMINA point instead of the normal two. Remember this will only work during the first three Attack Rounds; after this the fighting will be as normal. Now return to **234** and resolve the fight.

417

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell over the FLAYER and it stops. It turns away from you and wanders aimlessly around the room, bumping into things. While it is in this confused state, you may take the box under the table. Turn to **29**.

418

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, your spell will not work. If you have a skullcap, you may place it on your head and cast the spell. As it takes effect, you wait to receive telepathic messages from any creatures which may be near by. You receive no such messages. There are no living creatures in the vicinity. Will you now walk up to the door (turn to 288) or jump over the circle (turn to 258)?

419

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a medicinal potion or Blimberry juice with you? If not, you cannot use this spell (return to 264) and choose again. If so, you may drink the potion and cast your spell. As the magic takes effect, you begin to feel invigorated – a surge of strength passes through you. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Now return to 264 and arrange your deal with the Gnome. Remember you have used up your potion.

420

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, you cannot make this spell work (return to 108 and make another choice). If you have a skullcap, you may place it on your head and cast your spell. You probe the mind of the firemaster outside the hut. 'Will this traveller fall into my trap?' he is thinking. It seems that he expects you to try to enter the fire. Do you wish to step into the flames (turn to 130) or will you leave this place (turn to 137)?

421

You recite your spell and wait. A tingle runs down your back as a creaking noise comes from the gate. But rather than seeing the gate open in front of you, you see a ghost-like puff of smoke come from a wooden box high up on the frame. It skips about in the air like a puppet and you are transfixed watching it. Suddenly it shoots down towards you and, before you can react, it has engulfed you! You cough and sweat, panicking as you realize that this is a SULPHUR GHOST, whose poisonous fumes are suffocating you! As you were warned, the North Gate of Kharé has its own defences, and the uninitiated attempt to open it only at the risk of their own lives. Yours has now been lost . . .

422

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, your spell will not work – draw your weapon and turn to 192. If you have some sand, you may throw it to the ground around their feet and cast your spell on it. The ground begins to bubble as the quicksand you have created forms beneath the creatures. They lose their balance and fall over, become trapped and sink. They call out for help but within moments they have disappeared. Unfortunately, so has any Gold they stole. You may now continue by turning to 89. Remember you have now used up one of the portions of sand you may have found.

423

Your Goblin steps up to the Statue. A loud barking noise behind you makes you swing round. But it was only a dog who now runs off down the road barking at every creature it passes. You turn back to the Statue and gasp as you see your Goblin lying dead in front of the Statue, which has not moved at all! Do you want to take a closer look at the Statue (turn to 8), look inside the hut (turn to 27) or leave quickly (turn to 137)?

424

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 317 and make another choice.

425

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. You may not use this spell as you do not have the Jewel of Gold it requires. Turn to 323 and resolve your battle.

426

Do you have any teeth from Goblins? If not, deduct 1 STAMINA point, as your spell will not work without them, and continue up the road (turn to **61**). If you do have Goblin teeth, throw any number you wish onto the ground and cast your spell. Deduct as many STAMINA points as the number of teeth you use and turn to **368**.

427

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and, as you try to work it, the creature closes in and swipes at you, knocking you over for 2 STAMINA points of damage – return to **77** and conduct the battle. If you have a Bamboo Flute, you may cast your spell over the Slime Eater and play. The tune stops the bulky creature and it cocks its head to one side. Suddenly it leaps from the water, howling loudly and, as it lands, it starts what must be the nearest thing to a dance that a Slime Eater can perform! You can back off now while it is unable to attack you. Turn to **196**.

428

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **26** and make another choice.

429

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and a powerful force-field surrounds you. As long as this is in operation, no harm can befall you. You approach the Statue. Nothing happens. You look into the hut. It is empty apart from the debris on the floor. No one is around. The spell eventually wears off. Will you enter the hut (turn to **27**), approach the Statue to take the locket (turn to **8**) or leave (turn to **137**)?

WIN 10 GOLD PIECES

430

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait for it to take effect. The pain in your stomach increases until it is unbearable and you pass out. You will never awaken. Your spell would have protected you from magic, but this poison is not magical at all. You have failed in your mission . . .

431

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell. As long as you are inside the Shrine of Courga, you are protected from magic spells. Turn to **468**.

432

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell at the door and can hear the tumblers in the lock clicking. Giving the door a push, it swings open and you can escape. The old man leaves with you, thanks you for helping him escape, and hurries off down the road ahead of you. You soon reach a junction. Turn to **81**.

433

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell. While it is working, you are protected from any magical traps. Now turn to **118** and fight the creatures. This spell will last for the duration of the fight.

434

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and holds your hands towards the group. Two small fireballs form in the palms of your hands and you fling these at the creatures. One of the RED-EYES you are facing opens his eyes and a jet of fire shoots forward to intercept your fireballs. The clash sends your fireballs bouncing back towards you and you must leap out of the way to avoid them. You land under the monument in the pool beneath it – but the splash you were expecting does not occur. Turn to **270**.

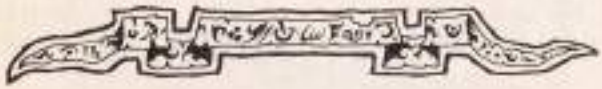

435

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and five identical images form around you to confuse the creature. But this illusion will only be effective against the creature's *Head* as the other body parts do not have an intelligence of their own. Return to 11 and resolve your fight. If in any Attack Round the Corpse's Head rolls a higher Attack Strength than you, roll one die. If you roll 1–5, the Head has attacked one of the images you have created. If you roll a 6, the Head has selected the real you and you must take normal damage.

436

From your corner, you overhear a voice in the crowd: 'Vik! Vik, my friend! How goes it with you?' You look over and see two people greeting each other. You call out to Vik, telling him you are a friend of Glandragor's. At this name, a smile breaks out over Vik's face. He says he will wait for you after the fight and wishes you luck. Add 2 LUCK for meeting him. Return to 82 and choose again. If you survive the fight, turn afterwards to 352 if you wish to talk to Vik.

437

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 95 and either fight the creature or choose another spell.

438

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create a small pile of treasure on the ground by your feet. You call up to the opening above you and a face appears. A member of the crew growls at you and asks what you want. A greedy smile spreads over his face as you show him the treasure. He looks around and lowers a rope ladder to allow you to climb up. When you reach the top you hand him the false riches and quickly leave the ship. Turn to 487.

439

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Ring of Green Metal it requires. Return to **26** and make another choice.

440

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **119** draw your weapon and fight the Chainmaker.

441

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, you try in vain to cast your spell but nothing happens and the dismembered body flies around you inflicting 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. If you have small pebbles, you may cast this spell over them. The spell will make each pebble explode on impact and disable – to the extent of 1 STAMINA point of damage – any part of the body that you hit. You may activate as many pebbles as you wish and throw each at a body part. To determine whether it hits or not, throw two dice. If the number you roll is *equal to* or *less than* your SKILL, then this pebble hits and damages that part of the corpse's body. If you roll *higher than* your SKILL, the pebble misses. Repeat this for each pebble you throw – and you may choose your target. Return to **11** and resolve your battle. You may use as many of your exploding pebbles as you wish but you must fight any body parts that remain after you have thrown your pebbles.

442

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Blimberry juice or a medicinal potion with you? If not, the spell will not work. If so, you may drink it down and cast your spell. Your strength will grow and your wounds heal as the magic takes effect. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Whether or not the spell has worked, you must now either walk up to the door (turn to **288**) or jump over the circle (turn to **258**). Remember you have used up your potion.

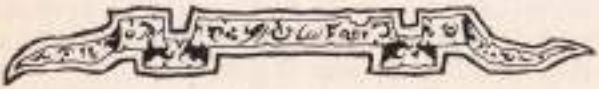

443

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait to see what effect it will have on the creature (as you know, this spell has unpredictable effects). The Bristle Beast stops dead in its tracks and looks at you. It moves a little sluggishly and seems to be deciding what to do next. Suddenly it leaps at you and knocks you over (lose 1 STAMINA point). But instead of pursuing the fight, it starts to run around in circles! Return to 95 and either fight the creature or choose another spell. If you decide to fight, you may deduct 1 SKILL point from it, as it is in this confused state.

444

You place the skullcap on your head and cast the spell. You concentrate on your host's mind and momentary thoughts pass through your own. One thing is certain; he wants you to drink the drink as it is drugged in some way. You may either drink the ale as he wishes (turn to 236) or make an excuse and stand to leave (turn to 173).

445

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on to the table and a small pile of gold materializes. The creature's eyes fix on this for a few moments, then it looks at you. From its manner, it appears to have seen through your illusion and is angry that you should have tried such a trick. It advances and your hand feels for your weapon. Turn to 243.

446

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for an indication of a safe choice which will recover any gold they may have stolen. Nothing happens. Are these creatures blocking your spell? Or is it merely that there is no safe course of action? The creatures advance. You draw your weapon. Turn to 192.

447

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. This spell will not work as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling it requires. Return to 98 and make another choice.

448

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Orclings disappear as you try to make it work (continue by turning to 61). If you have a skullcap, you place it on your head and cast the spell. You are able telepathically to tune into each of the Orclings. They are all running different ways, but you can select the one who has stolen your most valuable possession and follow it. You will eventually catch up with it and force it to hand back your property. Then you may return and continue your journey (turn to 61).

449

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any grains of sand with you? If not, this spell will not work and as you try in vain to cast it, the Chainmaker lashes you with his chain for 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage – return to 119, draw your weapon and fight. If you have grains of sand with you, you may cast these down at the feet of the Chainmaker and cast your spell over them. The ground begins to bubble and boil and the Chainmaker loses his balance. He is standing on a pool of quicksand and is sinking slowly into it! He takes off his jacket and spreads it out over the quicksand, trying to use it as a break to slow his sinking. You step over and pull the jacket away and he disappears under the surface. Turn to 195. You have used all your sand and you may only use this spell again if you have another supply of sand.

450

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece? If not, you may not use this spell and as you try to make it work, the body inflicts 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. If you have a Gold Piece you may place it on your wrist and cast your spell on it. It will form into an invisible shield which will help you in your fight. Return to 11 and fight the body, but you may deduct 2 points from each body part's Attack Strength because of the magical shield you are using. The shield – and the Gold Piece, of course – will vanish after the fight.

451

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth? If not, this spell will not work – turn to 323 and resolve your battle. If you have a Giant's tooth, you may cast your spell on it and create a magical Giant. The crowd gasps as the Giant appears and you explain to the ruffian that this Giant is your champion and he will fight in your place. Turn to 323 and resolve the fight between the champion and your Giant:

GIANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If your Giant wins, you may collect the prize money on his behalf.

452

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and immediately your body starts to grow, until you are almost Giant-sized. Unfortunately you will not now be able to fit through the crypt doorway! You may either leave the place (turn to 16) or wait for the spell to wear off before you enter (turn to 249).

453

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell around yourself and step into the flames. You feel nothing. You open up the chest in the middle of the fire and find 10 Silver Pieces and a Silver Mirror. You grab these and step out of the flames. You look at your treasures and, before your eyes, the objects turn from silver to gold! You have found 10 Gold Pieces and an elegant Gold-Backed Mirror. You quickly hide them in your pack as a voice calls from outside: 'Well, what do you think?' You remember that you are supposed to be considering the fire! You leave the hut telling him you are not interested, thank him for the demonstration, and walk on down the road. Turn to 137.

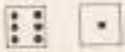

454

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this, and the Statue is almost on you. Draw your weapon and turn to 299.

455

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a vial of glue? If not, turn to 13. If you have a vial of glue, you may throw it at the Murderer and cast your spell on it. The vial will break and cover your opponent and your spell will set it solid, sticking his hands to the bow and his feet to the floor. You may leave through the door. Turn to 46.

456

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait for an indication of what will be the safest course of action. A feeling from within tells you that, although the fish has a nasty bite, it is nothing to be afraid of; there is no real danger here. You may put your head down to the fish (turn to 320), try to snatch the Gold Piece (turn to 85), or leave the pond (turn to 28).

457

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You may not choose this spell as you do not have the Jewel-Studded Medallion it requires. Return to 264 and choose again.

458

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Stone Dust it requires. While you are trying to get it to work, the creatures move towards you. You will have to draw your weapon. Turn to 192.

459

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell, but nothing happens. You cannot use this spell without the Pearl Ring it requires. As you try in vain, the Bristle Beast leaps at you with sharp jaws and bites your leg. Lose 3 STAMINA points and resolve the fight:

BRISTLE BEAST	SKILL 5	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 14.

460

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 234 and resolve the fight.

461

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast this spell at the statue and will it to move. You have guessed correctly! It is indeed a living creature and, under your command, it steps towards you. You order it to hand you the locket from around its neck, then step back and resume its pose. It follows your instructions. Turn to 117.

462

There is no such spell as this. Return to 290 and choose again. If you were not expecting this to be a spell, turn to 397.

463

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, your spell will not work – you must draw your weapon and turn to 192. If you have such a Facemask, you may hold it to your face and cast the spell. The creatures watching you suddenly cower in terror from you! They throw back any Gold they have stolen and back away, allowing you to continue. Turn to 89.

464

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell at the wooden wall and your companion hides his face as a bolt of lightning shoots from your fingertips and blasts the wood. Daylight appears through the hole in the boat's hull you have made and you breathe a sigh of relief – your aim has been above the water line. You can hear a commotion above on the deck, but before you can be recaptured, you climb through the hole on to the dockside. Turn to 487.

465

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Galehorn it requires. Return to 26 and make another choice.

466

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the ring of Green Metal it requires. Return to 47 and choose again.

467

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. This spell will not work as you do not have the Ring of Green Metal it requires. Return to 108 and make another choice.

468

Do you now want to:

Look for treasures worth stealing?	Turn to 205
Investigate the idol?	Turn to 122
Have a quick look round for traps?	Turn to 224
Make sure no one is about?	Turn to 168

469

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone? If not, this spell will not work – return to 234 and resolve the fight. If you have a Bracelet of Bone, you may put it on your wrist and cast the spell. You create the illusion that your favoured contestant has fallen over. The other fighter rushes over to take advantage and your fighter, since he has *not* really fallen over, may effect a quick attack. Deduct 2 STAMINA points from your fighter's opponent. But once this has happened, the illusion is broken and the fight will continue as normal. Return to 234 and resolve the fight.

470

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for any indication that magic may be involved. Nothing happens. There is no magic in the area. Return to 213 and choose your next move.

471

Do you have any Goblin teeth with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – deduct 1 STAMINA point and return to 77 to fight the Slime Eater with your weapon. If you have any Goblin teeth, throw as many as you wish in front of the Slime Eater and cast your spell on them. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each tooth you use and turn to 505.

472

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and focus on the hut, waiting for a reaction to tell you whether a trap is imminent. The hut seems to be harmless. If you wish to enter, turn to 27. The statue sets an alarm bell ringing in your mind, thanks to the spell. If you wish to investigate, turn to 8. Otherwise you may leave (turn to 137).

473

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell in the air at the HARPIES, but as they dart about, you cannot be sure that your aim will be accurate. You may, if you wish, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the spell will hit one of the creatures, confusing it so much that it will be no threat (toss a coin to see which Harpy is affected). If you are Unlucky, or if you do not wish to use your LUCK, the spell misses. Turn to **118** and fight the Harpies.

474

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You hold up your hands and two glowing fireballs form in the palms. You hurl these at the lock of the door. The scorching heat begins to burn the door and you hide away from the doorway – the fire will certainly attract attention. Sure enough, two guards appear, jabbering in a strange language, and try unsuccessfully to put out the fire. They run off for water, leaving you free to dart inside. Inside, you dash immediately for cover. There is a stone building with barred windows just inside the gate and you nip over to it. Looking in through the window, you can see it is bare inside except for a wooden bench on which an old man sits. Do you wish to enter the hut and greet the man (turn to **169**) or leave and continue onwards (turn to **218**)?

475

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You promise the guards something more valuable than a few Gold Pieces. Reaching into your backpack, you cast the spell silently on something inside (you choose what – but whatever it is will be lost to you). You pull out a handful of false treasure and their eyes widen. You offer them all this if they will allow you through to the gate. They agree and greedily snatch the treasure from you, dividing it up and stuffing it into their pockets. You are allowed through to the North Gate. Turn to **271**. But you had better be quick, as the guards will soon discover the treasure to be worthless!

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

476

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and an invisible force-field forms around you. This force-field will protect you *on your next choice of reference only* (after this it will disappear). Do you now wish to rush into the room (turn to **249**) or reach into your backpack for something that may be useful (turn to **7**)?

477

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, the spell will not work – turn to **468**. If you have a skullcap, you may place it on your head and cast the spell. If anything intelligent is around, you will be able to read its mind. But you receive no telepathic signals; there is probably no one about. Turn to **468**.

478

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. You must now leave the hut and continue on your way. Turn to **137**.

479

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you will have to return to **77**, draw your weapon, and fight the monster. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you may place it on your head and try to talk to the Slime Eater. You speak, and your voice comes out as a series of howls and roars. The language of the Slime Eater seems to be restricted to a small number of basic messages. It stops and listens to you, but then lurches forwards to attack. Fight the Slime Eater with your weapon:

SLIME EATER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **196**.

480

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Potion of Fire Water it requires. While you are trying to cast it, one of the HARPIES drops from the sky and slashes your arm with its talons. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 118 to fight them.

481

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for an indication of a way out of this chain net. The spell is working, but there is no easy way out of your predicament. Turn to 154.

482

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait for the warning if magic is involved here. There are no warnings. You are safe to assume nothing magical will happen. Return to 153 and make another choice.

483

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig? If not, you may not cast this spell – return to 26 and choose again. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you may place it on your head and cast the spell. As you speak to the guards, your words come out in a strange tongue. The guards are startled! They chatter to each other and turn towards you. 'Stranger you speak in Crolian, our own native tongue. Are you from Mauristatia?' You tell them you are and in the short conversation that follows, you persuade them to let you through to the North Gate. Turn to 271.

484

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait as a magical force-field forms around your body. Unfortunately, this is of little help to you as your problem is the fast-acting poison! The pain in your stomach is becoming acute and you are faced with certain death unless you are able to call on your goddess. Turn to 129 if you are able; otherwise your journey ends here.

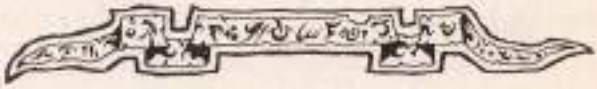

485

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Blimberry juice or medicinal potions? If not, you cannot use this spell (turn to **468**). If so, you may drink this liquid and cast your spell. Your strength builds up rapidly and your wounds heal. You may restore your STAMINA to its *initial* value. Then turn to **468**. Remember that you have used your potion.

486

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell but nothing happens. You cannot use it as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling it requires. Return to **254** and choose again.

487

From the ship you arrive on the near bank of the Jabaji in the docks area. Did you eat at all yesterday? If not, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points as you are now very hungry. You cross over the Jabaji on the Harbour Bridge ahead of you and on the far bank the road forks to give you two options onwards. Will you take the right fork (turn to **198**) or the left fork (turn to **132**)?

488

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, the spell will not work. If so, you may place it on your head and wait for telepathic messages from the slimy creature. Nothing happens. Probably the creature's brain is not capable of intelligent thoughts. But one thing is certain: it is out to attack you and while you have been conjuring up your spell, it has closed in. Draw your weapon and resolve this fight:

SLIME EATER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **196**.

489

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not, you may not use this spell and you will have to return to **24** and choose an escape route quickly. If you have such a Flute, you may pull it from your pack, cast your spell and play the instrument. Your pursuers stop. As if controlled by an invisible puppet-master, they begin to skip and hop uncontrollably in the street. You may use this opportunity to avoid them and continue your journey. Turn to **89**.

490

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You drop your backpack on the ground and turn away from the Gnome. Reaching inside it, you cast your spell and turn one of the articles you have inside your pack into an illusionary pile of treasure. You may choose which article you will use (if you have nothing, you may choose some Provisions or, failing that, you will not be able to create any treasure). You hold out your offering, telling him you want to be able to choose two of his items for this treasure. He considers the deal – and accepts. Return to **264** and choose your two artefacts.

491

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell at the Statue and command it to return to its position. With fingers crossed, you wait for it to step backwards. It ignores your spell and swings forward trying to catch you in its hand. You leap out of the way in the nick of time and grab your weapon. Turn to **299**.

492

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for 'inner advice' on the best way to avoid any danger that may be threatening. As the spell takes effect, you feel the urge to run from this place. Will you follow this advice (turn to **55**) or draw your weapon (turn to **76**)?

493

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and command the man to lay down his weapon. The Murderer merely laughs – this spell will work only on non-intelligent creatures! Turn to **13**.

494

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Potion of Fire Water it requires. Return to 235 and choose again.

495

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, the spell will not work and, while you are trying to make it work, they surround you – turn to 330. If you have a skullcap, you may place it on your head and cast your spell. You begin to pick up thoughts from the creatures and learn that they are RED-EYES. Although fairly normal with closed eyes, they are deadly if they open their eyes. Meanwhile, they are advancing and you will have to defend yourself with your weapon. Turn to 192.

496

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and immediately begin to grow in size and power. You step up to the closed South Gate and try to open it. You heave against the door, but cannot budge it. Eventually, you return to normal size, but your efforts have attracted attention within. Turn to 178.

497

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, this spell will not work. If you have a Black Facemask, you may pull it from your pack and cast the spell on it. But as you do so, the ruffian comes over. The crowd is booing you, since using magic in the fight is not allowed in the rules. The ruffian is terrified of you, but he will not let the fight commence if you are aided by magic. You will have to remove the mask. Turn to 323 and conduct your battle.

498

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, you look pretty foolish, trying in vain to cast the spell; you had better drink the ale as he suggests – turn to 236. If you do have a skullcap, turn to 444.

499

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any medicinal potions or Blimberry juice with you? If not, your spell will not work. If so, you may drink the liquid and cast your spell to regain your strength and restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Now you may either enter the crypt (turn to **249**) or first pull something from your backpack (turn to **7**).

500

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask? If not, your spell will not work and while you try to make something happen, the creature leaps on you and bites your ankle (lose 2 STAMINA points) – you must return to **95** and either fight or choose another spell. If you have the Facemask, you hold it in front of your face and cast the spell. The Bristle Beast shrieks in fear and its bristles stand on end! It faints with fright. Turn to **14**.

501

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, this spell will not work. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you may place it on your head and cast your spell. The other bodies in the hold are stirring and your spell will now allow you to talk to them in their own languages. But none of them can come up with a decent plan of escape. Turn to **179**.

502

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell at the Chainmaker. His attack stops and he stares at you. You step forwards but his reactions are lethargic. His will to win has gone. Return to **119** and fight the Chainmaker. For the fight you may reduce his SKILL to 5 as a result of this spell.

503

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and, in your mind's eye, a warning flashes. Before the altar is a dark circle woven into the carpet. You must avoid this. Turn to **468**.

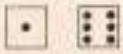

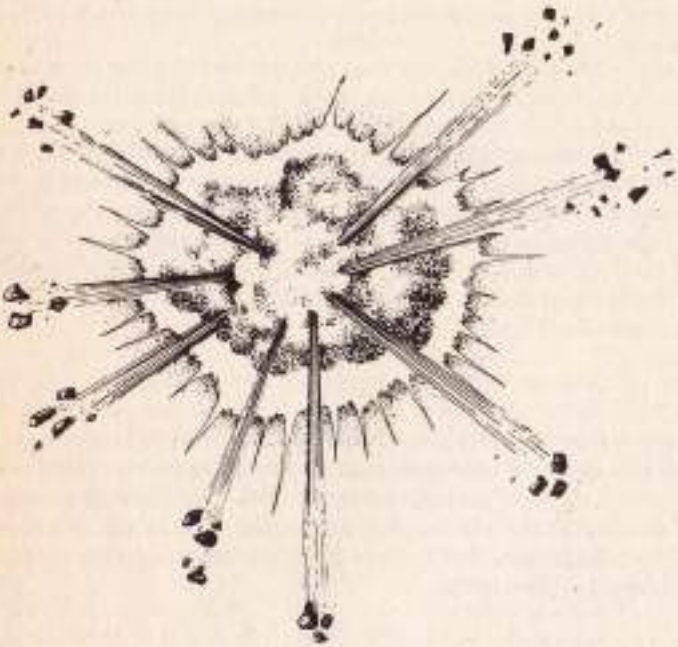

504

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Have you picked up any small pebbles on your journey? If not, you may not use this spell (return to **254** and choose again). If you have any pebbles, you may cast your spell on them and fling them at the bars on the window. They will explode on impact and destroy the bars. Three pebbles will be sufficient to let you and the old man escape (cross three pebbles off your Equipment List). You may both climb through the window and head on down the road towards Kharé. The old man is a brisk walker and soon leaves you behind. You arrive at a junction ahead. Turn to **81**.

505

As many Goblins appear as the teeth you used and you command them to attack the Slime Eater. But standing in water up to their waists, they are no match for the creature, who defeats them easily and turns to you. Draw your weapon and fight the monster:

SLIME EATER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **196**.

506

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and five extra images of you appear in front of the Orclings, forcing them to stop. If you had six or less items stolen, you have now recovered them. If you had more than six items stolen, you can only recover a maximum of six (you choose). Then you may continue. Turn to **61**.

507

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You may cast this spell to make either of the fighters clumsy and uncoordinated. While under the effects of this spell, a fighter may only roll *one* die (instead of two) to find its Attack Strength. This effect will last for 6 Attack Rounds. But as you are casting this spell from a distance and there are two contestants close together, there is a chance that you may cast it on to the wrong fighter or even both! Nominate the fighter that you wish to cast the spell at and then roll one die. If you roll a 1, 2 or 3 your aim is accurate. If you roll a 4 or 5, the spell hits the wrong person. If you roll a 6 the spell affects *both* fighters! Now return to **234** and resolve the battle.

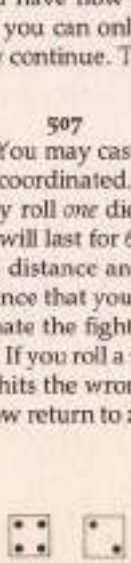

508

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell at your advancing opponent, but nothing happens! You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Jewel-Studded Medallion it requires. While you are trying to make it work, your opponent lands a first blow. Lose 2 STAMINA points and continue the fight with your weapon. Remember your opponent has the same SKILL and STAMINA as you had before casting the spell and being struck. If you win, you may leave the hut. Turn to 137.

509

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cannot cast this spell as it does not exist! Turn to 13.

510

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You may not use this spell as you do not have the Pearl Ring it requires. As you try to make it work without success, your pursuers close and you will have to draw your weapon. Turn to 192.

511

Slowly the gate opens in front of you. You have overcome the dangers of the deadly cityport and your journey is half over. Through the gate you can see the vast expanse of the Baklands laid before you. The great plains of Baddu-Bak are the next stage of your mission and your experience so far will be invaluable in guiding you through to Lake Ilklala.

You remember the words of the Sightmaster Sergeant as you left the Outpost Settlement: 'From Kharé you must cross the Baklands, which are unknown. It is said that day and night in the Baklands are controlled not by the sun but by supernatural forces . . . from Kharé onwards your progress will be *watched*.'

The chinking of armour behind you snaps you out of your thoughts; the guards must be returning. Casting a final glance back at the city, you step through the gate. Ahead of you, dark clouds are heavy in the sky. You are now in the Baklands . . .

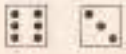

THE SORCERY SPELL BOOK

RULES FOR USING MAGIC

During your training you have been taught a number of spells and incantations which you use to aid you on your quest. The full list of spells follows these instructions.

Spells are identified by a three-letter word. Throughout the book you will be given the option of using spells to overcome problems and opponents. *The spells will be identified only by these three-letter words, so it is important that you memorize at least some of the codes.*

Thus, before you can start using your powers of sorcery, you will need to spend some time memorizing spells, as would a real wizard learning the magic arts. Obviously, you will not be able to memorize all forty-eight spells at once, but the more you use the book, the more familiar you will become with the most useful spells.

Try starting by memorizing between six and ten spells (the best ones to start with are given below) and relying on your swordsmanship to fight some of the creatures you encounter. It is possible, with a little luck, to complete your quest with these spells, but your task will become easier when you are capable of using more spells.

Some spells also require the use of an artefact, such as a piece of jewellery or a magic ring. If you try to use a spell without possessing the correct artefact, you will be wasting your STAMINA as the spell will not work.

Each time you use a spell – whether it is successful or not – it will draw on your reserves of energy and concentration. A cost, in STAMINA points, is given for each spell. Each time you use a spell, you must deduct the cost from your STAMINA score.

You may study the Book of Spells for as long as you want before embarking on an adventure, *but once you have set off, you may never again refer to it and must rely purely on your memory until your adventure is over.* Nor may you write the spells down for easy reference. In a real situation where you may be surprised by a creature, you would not have time to start flicking through your Spell Book trying to work out the best spell to cast!

The Six Most Useful Spells

Code	*Effect*	*Stamina Cost*
ZAP	Creates a lightning bolt which shoots from the fingertip	4
FOF	Creates a protective force-field	4
LAW	Enables creatures to be controlled	4
DUM	Makes creatures extremely clumsy	4
HOT	Creates a fireball which can be aimed at enemies	4
WAL	Creates a magic wall to defend against physical objects	4

ZAP and HOT are strong attacking spells, FOF and WAL are good general-purpose defensive spells, while LAW and DUM will be useful if you get into a tricky situation.

Note that these spells will often be more powerful than you need in a given situation – they are not cheap in terms of STAMINA points – but they are good all-rounders. As you get to know more spells from the Spell Book, you will be able to choose more economical spells which will be equally effective against certain perils.

Read through the list again, then cover up the 'Effect' column with your hand. How many can you remember? When you can remember them by heart, you can begin your quest.

HINTS ON USING SPELLS

As you familiarize yourself with the spells in this Spell Book, your skill and abilities in the adventure will improve.

Learning the six basic spells will allow you to start playing with minimal delay. These spells will get you out of most difficulties, but they are expensive (in terms of STAMINA points) and you will often find it necessary to rely on your limited powers of swordsmanship, particularly with weaker creatures, in order to avoid running dangerously short of STAMINA.

Other spells are more economical but will be given less often as options, thus relying more on your memory and skill as a wizard. The most economical spells of all are those which require magical artefacts, which must be found on your adventure.

Remember that there are heavy penalties for guessing spells! If you choose a spell code which does not represent a spell, or if you choose a spell for which you do not have the required artefact, you will lose extra STAMINA points. In some cases, death will be your penalty!

Not all the spells are used in this adventure.

You will soon begin to make your own discoveries about the spells themselves. There is a certain logic to the way they are arranged, the options that are given and their codes. But these discoveries you must make for yourself. Experience will make you more skilful with magic. All this is part of the art of sorcery.

ZAP

An extremely powerful weapon, this spell creates a blast of lightning which shoots from the caster's hand, which must be pointed in the desired direction. It is effective against virtually all living creatures which have no magical defences. But it takes great strength and concentration to use.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

HOT

The caster may direct this spell with his hands in any direction desired. As it is cast, a burning fireball shoots from the hands towards its target. It will be effective against any creature, whether magical or not, unless that creature cannot be harmed by fire. The fireball so created causes severe burns on impact, but extinguishes soon after hitting its target.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

FOF

This powerful spell creates a magical and physical barrier in front of the caster which is capable of keeping out all physical intruders and most magical ones. Its creation takes excessive mental concentration but the resulting force-field is both extremely strong and is under the control of its creator's will, who can allow one-way penetration, or can position it as desired.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

WAL

The casting of this spell creates an invisible wall in front of the caster. This wall is impervious to all missiles, creatures, etc. It is a very useful defensive spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

LAW

Casting this spell at an attacking creature allows the caster to take control of the attacker's will. The attack will cease and the creature will immediately come under the control of the caster. However, this spell works only on non-intelligent creatures and lasts only for a short time.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

DUM

When cast at a creature holding an object of some sort (e.g. a weapon), this spell will make the creature clumsy and uncoordinated. It will drop the object, fumble to pick it up, drop it again – in short the creature is unlikely to do the caster any harm with any objects while under the influence of this spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

BIG

When this spell is cast on the caster's own body, it will inflate the body to three times normal size. This increases the power of the caster and is especially useful against large opponents, but must be used with caution in confined spaces!

Cost 2 STAMINA points

WOK

A coin of some sort is necessary for this spell. The caster places the coin on the wrist and casts the spell on it. The coin becomes magically fixed on the wrist and acts as an invisible metal shield with an effective protection circle of just under three feet across. This will shield the user against all normal weapons. Afterwards, the coin is no longer usable as a coin.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

DOP

This spell may be used to open any locked door. Casting the spell works directly on the lock tumblers and the door may be opened freely. If the door is bolted from the inside, the bolts will be undone. The spell will not work on doors sealed by magic.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

RAZ

To perform this spell, beeswax is required. By rubbing the wax on any *edged* weapon (sword, axe, dagger, etc.) and casting this spell, the blade will become razor-sharp and do double its normal damage. Thus, if it normally inflicts 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage, it will now inflict 4.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SUS

This spell may be cast when the caster suspects a trap of some kind. Once cast it will indicate telepathically to the caster whether or not to beware of a trap and, if so, the best protective action. If caught in a trap, this spell may also be used to minimize its effects in certain cases.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

SIX

This spell is cast on to the caster's own body. Its effect is to create multiple images of the caster, all identical and all capable of casting spells and/or attacking, although each will perform identical actions as if reflected in a mirror. Most creatures faced with these replicas will be unable to tell which is the real one and will fight all six.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

JIG

When this spell is cast, the recipient gets the uncontrollable urge to dance. The caster can make any creature dance merry jigs by playing a small Bamboo Flute. If this flute has been found, the affected creature will dance for as long as it is played. This will normally give the caster time to escape – or he may continue playing and watch the show!

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GOB

This creation spell requires any number of teeth of Goblins. The spell may be cast on to these teeth to create one, two, or an army of Goblins. These Goblins can then be commanded to fight an enemy or perform any duties they are instructed to carry out. They will disappear as soon as their duties have been performed.

Cost 1 STAMINA point per Goblin created

YOB

Casting this spell requires the tooth of a Giant. When this spell is cast upon the tooth correctly, a Giant, some twelve feet tall, will be created instantly. The caster has control over the Giant and may command him to fight an opponent, perform some feat of strength, etc. The Giant will disappear when his duty is done.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GUM

Casting this spell, together with using the contents of a vial of glue, will cause the glue to become super-sticky, bonding in less than a second. Using the spell, the caster will be able to stick creatures to the floor or walls, although it is necessary to get the victim into contact with the glue from the vial. This can be done, for instance, by throwing it at the creature's feet, or by resting it on top of a slightly opened door, so that it falls when the door is opened.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

HOW

This spell is to be used in perilous situations when information about the safest way of escape is desired. When it has been cast, the caster will get an inclination towards one exit or, if a means of defence is present near by, will be directed towards it by a strange psychic force.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DOC

Medicinal potions carried and used by the caster will, under this spell, have their effects increased so that they will heal any wounded human or creature who drinks them. The potions may be used on the caster – the spell must be cast as potion is being administered – but they will not bring a being who has actually died back to life.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

DOZ

This spell may be cast upon any creature, reducing its movements and reactions to about a sixth of its normal speed. Thus the creature appears to move as in a dream sequence, making it much easier to evade or defeat.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DUD

By casting this spell, the caster can create an illusion of treasure in its many forms. Gold pieces, silver coins, gems and jewels can be created at will and these can be used to distract, pay off or bribe creatures. The illusory riches will disappear as soon as the caster is out of sight.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

MAG

This spell protects its caster from most magical spells. It must be cast quickly, before the attacking spell takes effect. It works by neutralizing the attacking spell which disperses harmlessly. This spell is thus a very powerful protective weapon, but it does not work against every spell.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

POP

A potent little spell, but one which calls for great mental concentration, this spell must be cast on small pebbles. Once charged with magic, these pebbles can be thrown and will explode on impact. Apart from being dangerous to anything within shatter distance, the pebbles make a loud bang when they explode.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FAL

This spell is useful if the caster is caught in a pit trap or falls from a considerable height. When cast, it makes the caster's body as light as a feather. The caster will float down through the air and land gently on the ground.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DIM

A good defensive spell, this can be cast at any creature attacking the caster. Its effect is to muddle the mind of its victim, temporarily confusing the creature. However, it must be handled with caution, as a creature so deranged may act irrationally and unpredictably.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

FOG

This spell may only be cast in a closed room with no windows. Once cast, the room turns pitch black in the eyes of all but the caster – even though torches and candles may still be burning. It renders blind any creatures within the room. Its effects are only temporary.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

MUD

As this spell is cast, the caster must sprinkle grains of sand on to the floor as desired (e.g. in front of a creature). The spell takes effect on the sand and the floor, creating a pool of quicksand. Any creature stepping on this quicksand will slowly be drowned in it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NIF

As this spell is cast, the air surrounding the caster becomes filled with a nauseating stench. This smell is so horrible that it will cause any creature which catches a whiff of it to vomit violently. It will thus weaken any adversary with a sense of smell. This includes the caster unless he is wearing a pair of nose plugs. The effect will be more pronounced in creatures with large noses.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

TEL

To activate this spell, the caster must wear a cloth skullcap. With the aid of this cap, the spell will allow the user to read the mind of any intelligent creature encountered, learning about its strengths, weaknesses, the contents of nearby rooms, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GAK

In order to use this spell, the caster must be in possession of a Black Facemask, which must be worn while the spell is being cast. It can be cast directly on to an opponent and has the effect of creating a terrible fear within his mind. Brave creatures will be less affected than cowardly ones, so the effect varies from a cold sweat and loss of nerve to the creature's being reduced to a quivering jelly cowering in the corner of a room.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SAP

The effect of this spell, which is only useful in combat, is to demoralize an opponent so that his will to win is lost. Any creature so demoralized will be easier to defeat – though victory is still not certain.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

GOD

This is a form of illusion which can only be performed if the caster is wearing a Jewel of Gold. When this spell is cast, any creatures or humans in the vicinity will take an immediate liking to the caster. This does *not* mean that they will not fight, if such is their duty, but they will be more likely to give information that they would not normally give. They may even help the caster in spite of their normally being hostile.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KIN

This creation spell is useful in battles. It requires the use of a Gold-Backed Mirror, which must be pointed at a creature as the spell is cast. It creates an exact replica of any creature being fought and his double is under the control of the caster, who can instruct it to fight the original creature. Both will fight with the same strengths and weaknesses – only luck will separate their fates. If the original creature dies, its double will disappear. It will also disappear if it is defeated.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

PEP

A Potion of Fire Water must be taken by the caster for this spell to be used. It will enhance the effects of the Fire Water to give the caster double or treble his or her own normal strength. Although the effects are temporary, they will normally be enough to aid in battle or to perform some feat of super-strength.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ROK

Stone dust is required for this spell. The dust must be thrown at a creature as the spell is being cast. Within seconds, the victim will start to petrify. As its movements become slower and eventually cease, it will start to turn grey. Some moments after the spell is cast, it will have solidified into a grey stone statue.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NIP

The caster must cast this spell on his or her own body. Under the influence of this spell, the caster becomes exceedingly quick and may run, speak, think or fight at three times normal speed. However, this spell will only take effect if the caster sniffs Yellow Powder before using the spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

HUF

In order to use this spell, the caster must possess the Galehorn, a trumpet-like instrument which plays a discordant note. The spell is cast on to the horn and it is blown in a particular direction. As the spell takes effect, a tremendous wind rushes from the trumpet. This wind is capable of blowing over man-sized creatures, or it can be used to blow things off shelves, over ledges, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FIX

Applicable to both animate and inanimate objects, this spell has the effect of holding an opponent or object where it stands, unable to move even if in mid-air. In order to cast this spell, however, the caster must be holding a Staff of Oak Sapling. Anything held fast by this spell will remain frozen until the caster leaves the vicinity.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NAP

Effective only against living creatures, this spell causes them to become drowsy and, within several seconds, to fall fast asleep. It is used in conjunction with a Brass Pendulum. The spell concentrates the creature's attention on the Pendulum, which the caster must swing slowly to and fro before the creature, in order to hypnotize it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZEN

In order to cast this spell, the caster must wear a Jewel-Studded Medallion around the neck. Casting this spell will then allow the caster to float in the air at any height desired. A magician hovering thus will remain suspended for as long as desired and may float around at will.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

YAZ

This spell will not work unless the caster is wearing a fine Pearl Ring. Casting the spell while wearing this ring renders the caster's body invisible to any reasonably intelligent creature. It may be used to give considerable advantage in battle or to escape from a dangerous situation. Any creature with ears will be able to hear the caster as he moves around the room. Less intelligent creatures will only be partially convinced, as this is a form of illusion spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SUN

This spell may only be cast upon the yellow Sun Jewel. Once cast, the Jewel begins to glow brightly. Its intensity is under the control of the caster, who can make it brilliant – in order to blind attacking creatures – or just light enough to act as a torch to see in dark rooms.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KID

In order to use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Bracelet of Bone. Once the spell is cast, the caster must concentrate on a particular illusion (e.g. the floor is made of hot coals, the caster has turned into a Demon, etc.) and this illusion will appear real in the eyes of its intended victim. This may allow time for escape or lower a creature's defences. The spell will not work on non-intelligent creatures. If the caster acts in such a way as to destroy the illusion (e.g. turns into a mouse and then goes on to strike the creature with a sword), its effect will be lost immediately.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

RAP

To use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Green-Haired Wig. In conjunction with this wig, the spell will allow the caster to understand the language of, and communicate with, creatures speaking a non-human tongue (e.g. Goblins, Orcs, etc.).

Cost 1 STAMINA point

YAP

This spell allows the caster to understand the language of, and communicate with, most animals. It will be ineffective unless the caster is wearing a Green-Haired Wig.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZIP

An invaluable aid in close battle, this spell is only usable when the caster is wearing a Ring of Green Metal, such metal having been mined from the Craggen Rock. When the spell is cast on to his ring, it enables the wearer to disappear, and reappear a short distance away. The transportation can be through some soft materials such as wood and clay, but is blocked by stone, metal and the like. It is a rather unreliable spell, though – occasionally it has disastrous results.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FAR

In conjunction with an Orb of Crystal, this spell will enable its caster to see, with certain limitations, into the future. The Orb must be held in the hands and the spell is recited while concentrating on the Orb. Very little control can be exercised on exactly what will be seen, but the normal tendency is to see near-future events.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

RES

When cast upon a dead human or humanoid creature (i.e. one with two arms, two legs, a head, etc.) while Holy Water is being sprinkled on the corpse, this spell brings it back to life. The resurrection takes some time to work – the body does not simply spring back on its feet – and the ex-corpse can be killed again as normal. For some time after this spell has taken effect, the resurrected creature is dull and dozy, but it may answer questions asked of it by the caster.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZED

Casting this spell is beyond the means of most minor conjurors because of the great powers of concentration necessary. In fact, in all known history, this spell has been cast only once. Its caster, a powerful Necromancer from Throben, was never seen again and thus its effects are unknown. The Necromancer's notes were subsequently found, but only indications as to its effects could be assumed. Suffice it to say that this is perhaps *the* most formidable spell in known magic lore – but no living magician knows its true effect.

Cost 7 STAMINA points

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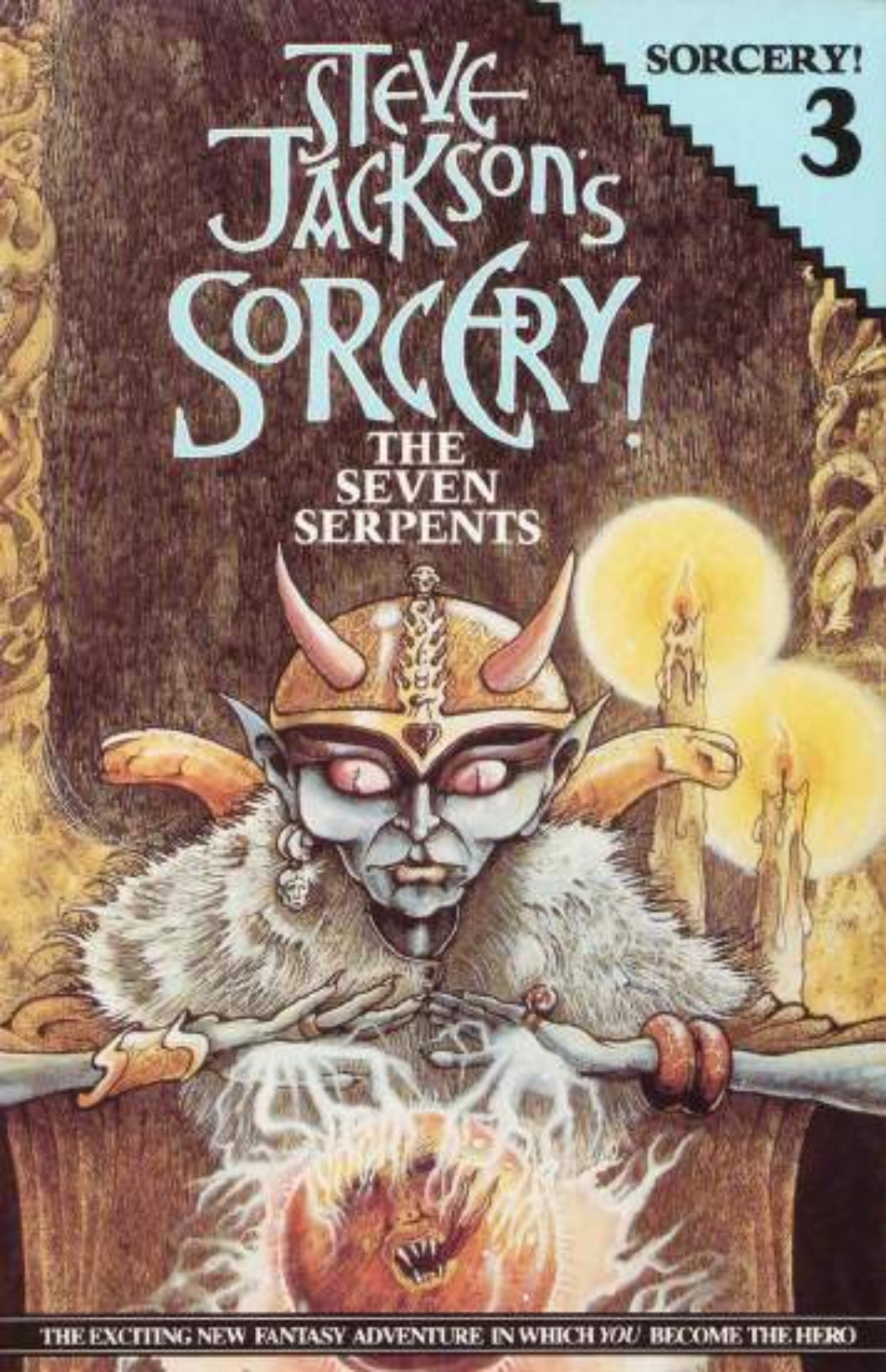

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Mr. Jackson attended Altrincham Grammar School in Cheshire and went on to the University of Keele, where he studied biology and psychology; while at college, he founded the university's games society. After writing on a free-lance basis for the professional games magazine *Games & Puzzles*, he coauthored, with Ian Livingstone, *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, a fantasy book for children, and was the sole author of two other books in the same series, *The Citadel of Chaos* and *Spaceship Traveler*.

In addition to *The Seven Serpents*, the *Sorcery!* series currently comprises *The Shamutanti Hills*, *Khare — Cityport of Traps*, and *The Spell Book*, all of which are available from Penguin Books. Penguin will also publish the next volume in the *Sorcery!* series, *The Crown of Kings*.

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Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published in Great Britain by
Penguin Books Ltd 1984
First published in the United States of America by
Viking Penguin Inc. 1984

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Printed in the United States of America by
R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company, Harrisonburg, Virginia
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INTRODUCTION

The Seven Serpents is the third adventure in the *Sorcery!* series, following *The Shamutanti Hills* and *Khare – Cityport of Traps*. But *Sorcery!* has been designed so that each adventure is playable in its own right, whether or not readers have been through the previous ones.

If you are new to *Sorcery!* you may prefer to start your adventure from the very beginning. The first adventure, *The Shamutanti Hills*, takes you from Analand, your homeland, out into the wilderness of Kakhabad, armed with a knowledge of magic to see you through your journey.

The Seven Serpents is, however, a complete adventure in itself. Set in the Baklands, a no man's land between the Cityport and the Fortress at Mampang, you must seek out and destroy the Seven Serpents. For these Serpents are the Archmage of Mampang's own messengers and they carry news of your mission back to him. But above all, you must survive!

New players will find all they need to undertake the journey as warriors. But if you would prefer the magic arts to the power of the sword, you will also need *The Sorcery! Spell Book* (reprinted at the end of this adventure) to learn your magic spells before you embark. Readers who are now on the third stage of their journey will be able to skip over the rules section and plunge straight into the adventure. Their characters, equipment and experience must be carried over from the previous adventure.

THE SIMPLE AND ADVANCED GAMES

Beginners may wish to start with the simple game, ignoring the use of magic. Rules for fighting creatures with swords and other weapons are given in each adventure book, using a combat system similar to that used in Puffin's *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, the original Fighting Fantasy Gamebook. By rolling dice, you battle creatures with weapons only.

More experienced players will wish to progress quickly on to the advanced game, in which your fighting ability is somewhat limited but your most powerful weapon will be your knowledge of magic, a much more powerful tool. In actual fact, the advanced game is fairly simple to learn. There is no reason why beginners should not proceed with the use of magic from the start. But learning spells will take some time and practice with the Spell Book (pages 199–218), and the 'simple' option is given for players who wish to start their adventure with minimum delay.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF KAKHABAD

Before setting off on your journey, you must first build up your own personality profile. On pages 18 and 19 you will find an *Adventure Sheet*. This is a sort of 'current status report' which will help you keep track of your adventure. Your own SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will be recorded here, and also the equipment, artefacts and treasures you will find on your journey. Since the details will change constantly, you are advised to take photocopies of the blank *Adventure Sheet* to use in future adventures, or write in pencil so that the previous adventure can be erased when you start another.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. If you are playing as a *warrior* (the simple game), add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you are playing as a *wizard* (the advanced game), add only 4 to this number and enter the total. Wizards are worse fighters than warriors, but they more than make up for this by the use of magic spells.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been *Lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been *Unlucky* and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being *Lucky* or *Unlucky*. However, in battles you always have the *option* of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *Lucky*, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are *Unlucky*, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *Lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are *Unlucky*, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, you may be given instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

If *The Seven Serpents* is your first adventure, you start with enough Provisions for two meals. If you have played the previous adventures of the series, the amount of Provisions you carry will already have been decided. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions, and you may eat only one meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add points to your STAMINA score as instructed. Remember that you have a long way to go, so manage your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given whenever this occurs. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores can be restored to their *Initial* values by calling on your goddess (see later).

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

WIZARDS: HOW TO USE MAGIC

If you have chosen to become a wizard you will have the option, throughout the adventure, of using magic spells. All the spells known to the sorcerers of Analand are listed in *The Sorcery! Spell Book*, which has been reprinted at the end of this book, and you will need to study this before you set off on your adventure.

All spells are coded with a three-letter code and you must learn and practise your spells until you are able to identify a reasonable number of them from their codes. Casting a spell drains your STAMINA and each has a cost, in STAMINA points, for its use. Recommended basic spells will get you started quickly, but are very uneconomical; an experienced wizard will use these only if faced with choices of unknown spells or if he/she has not found the artefact required for a less costly spell.

Full rules for using spells are given in the Spell Book.

DON'T FORGET! You may not refer to the Spell Book once you have started your adventure.

LIBRA – THE GODDESS OF JUSTICE

During your adventure you will be watched over by your own goddess, Libra. If the going gets tough, you may call on her for aid. *But she will only help you once in each adventure.* Once you have called on her help in the Baklands, she will not listen to you again until you reach the Mampang Fortress.

There are three ways in which she may help you:

Revitalization: You may call on her at any time to restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* values. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

Escape: Occasionally, when you are in danger, the text will offer you the option of calling on Libra to help you.

Removal of Curses and Diseases: She will remove any curses or diseases you may pick up on your adventure. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

EQUIPMENT AND PROVISIONS

You start your adventure with the bare necessities of life. You have a sword as your weapon, and a backpack to hold your equipment, treasures, artefacts and Provisions. You cannot take your Spell Book with you, as the sorcerers of Analand cannot risk its falling into the wrong hands in Kakhabad – so you may not refer to this book at all once you have started your journey.

If you have not played either of the previous adventures, you have a pouch around your waist containing 20 Gold Pieces, the universal currency of all the known lands. If this is the second or third stage of your journey, your quota of Gold Pieces will already have been decided. You will need money for food, shelter, purchases and bribery throughout your adventure, and 20 Gold Pieces will not go far. You will find it necessary to collect more gold as you progress on your way.

You are also carrying Provisions (food and drink). As you will find, food is an important commodity and you will have to be careful how you use it. Make sure you do not waste food: you cannot afford to run out of Provisions.

SORCERY! ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

GOLD AND TREASURE	PROVISIONS

EQUIPMENT AND ARTEFACTS

BONUSES, PENALTIES, CURSES ETC.

CLUES AND NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

THE LEGEND OF THE CROWN OF KINGS

Centuries ago, in the time we now call the Dark Ages, whole regions of the world were undiscovered. There were pockets of civilization, each with their own races and cultures. One such region was Kakhabad, a dark land at the end of the earth.

Although several warlords had tried, Kakhabad had never been ruled. All manner of evil creatures, forced from the more civilized lands beyond the Zanzunu Peaks, had gradually crawled into Kakhabad, which became known as the Verminpit at Earth End.

Civilization and order had spread throughout the rest of the known world ever since the discovery of the Crown of Kings by Chalanna the Reformer, of Femphrey. With its help, Chalanna became Emperor of the largest empire in the eastern world. This magical Crown had mysterious powers, bestowing supernormal qualities of leadership and justice on its owner. But Chalanna's own ambitions were not of conquest. He wished instead to establish peaceful nation-states, aligned to Femphrey. Thus in his wisdom he passed the fabled Crown from ruler to ruler in the neighbouring kingdoms, and, with the help of its magical powers, one by one these lands became peaceful and prosperous.

The path was set. Each ruler would own the Crown of Kings for a four-year period in which to establish order within his kingdom and fall in with the growing Femphrey Alliance. So far the kingdoms of Ruddlestone, Lendleland, Gallantaria and Brice had taken their turns under the rule of the Crown. The benefits were immediate. War and strife were virtually unknown.

The King of Analand duly received the Crown of Kings amid great ceremony, and, from that day onwards, the development of Analand was ensured. No one quite knew how the Crown of Kings could have such an enormous uplifting effect on a whole nation. Some said it was divinely inspired; some that its power was merely in the mind. But

one thing was certain – its effects were unquestionable. All was well in Analand, until the night of the Black Moon.

The King was the first to discover that the Crown was missing. Carried off on that starless night by Birdmen from Xamen, the Crown was on its way to Mampang in the outlaw territories of Kakhabad. News came from the Baklands that the Crown was being carried to the Archmage of Mampang whose ambitions were to make Kakhabad his kingdom.

Although Kakhabad was a dangerous land, it was in itself little threat to the surrounding kingdoms. The lack of rule meant it had no army and its own internal struggles kept it permanently preoccupied. But with the Crown of Kings to establish rule, Kakhabad could potentially be a deadly enemy to all members of the Femphrey Alliance.

Such was the shame that fell on Analand for the loss of the Crown that all benefits from two years under its rule soon disappeared. Law, order and morale were breaking down. The King was losing the confidence of his subjects. Neighbouring territories were looking suspiciously across their borders. There were even whisperings of invasion.

One hope remained. Someone – for a military force would never survive the journey – must travel to Mampang and rescue the Crown of Kings. Only on its safe return would the dreadful curse be lifted from Analand. You have volunteered yourself for this quest and your mission is clear. You must cross Kakhabad to the Mampang Fortress and find the Crown!

THE LAND O
MAURISTATIA
L. LUMLE
KHARC
THE BAKLANDS
BADDU-BAK PLAINS
KLATTA-BAK STEPPES
THE SHAMUTANTI HILLS
VANTI-BAK
CANTOPANI GATE
ANALAND
SHADDERY WOOD
DADDU-LEY
EARTHEN
KAKH

KAKHABAD
THE ZANZUNU PEAKS
TINPANG R.
ILKLALA
VISCHI R.
MAMPANC FORTRESS
HIGH XAMEN
LOW XAMEN
SNATTA
AVANTI WOOD
KHARADAK R.
NKOMATI R.
CASTLINE

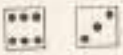

1

The dark storm clouds roll across the sky as you start your journey across the Baklands. This stage of your trip will be the most testing yet.

The Plains of Baddu-Bak are unknown to the map-makers of Analand. Although certainly uncivilized, the Baklands are inhabited by nomadic tribes and solitary creatures. You will find few friends here.

But you must march on regardless. The crunch of your footsteps on the rough trail rudely interrupts the eerie silence hanging in the air. Apart from the great wall of the Cityport behind you, the landscape is featureless, devoid of vegetation, creatures or any structural punctuation to the horizon. An hour later, the barren waste has changed not at all. But in the distance behind you, the faint callings of birds can be heard. The noise gets louder and you stop. They are gaining quickly on you.

A sudden thought makes you freeze. Xamen Birdmen? Surely not this far from their homelands. Crows? No: crows' calls are not as piercing as these shrieks. Then what? You turn to face your pursuers.

From nowhere a black shape drops from the sky! You duck just in time to avoid the sharp, outstretched talons of the attacking bird as it dives at your neck! You steady yourself and clutch your weapon. The bird has soared past you and up into the air to rejoin its group. Four dark NIGHTHAWKS now circle above you, ready to attack.

How will you deal with these creatures? You may draw your weapon (turn to 258) or use your magic (turn to 178).

2

The Horsemen gallop off to the north-east. A short while later, the leader stops and points out a group of carts and covered wagons, arranged in a circle, in the distance. 'We will take you to within walking distance of the caravan,' he says, 'but no further. For they are armed and wary of strangers.' At a trotting pace they take you to within a few hundred yards of the camp. You dismount and they leave. You may now approach the caravan. Turn to 137.

3

'Very well, traveller, do not heed our advice,' warns the voice. 'We will leave you to continue your journey, but we spoke the truth. You will never survive the journey to Low Xamen without this help. But if such is your wish, so be it.' If you wish to reconsider and recite the chant, turn to **297**. If you will stand by your decision you may now leave the area (turn to **133**).

4

After a brief rest, you can continue your journey. You will have to leave the swamplands soon for you are now in the shadow of the Zanzunu Peaks. Turn to **393**.

5

You try to get her talking about the Serpents but you can detect a note of hesitancy in her replies. She seems to be a little nervous about this subject. Nevertheless, she is able to tell you of some of the Serpents' weaknesses. The Fire Serpent is extinguished by sand; the Sun Serpent cannot abide water and the Water Serpent cannot tolerate oil. This is all very interesting, but more than that you cannot discover. Eventually you prepare to leave. Turn to **324**.

6

You spring to the left to avoid another crack. As you do so, the snake digs in its fangs, causing you to wince in pain and land awkwardly on your ankle. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You had better rid yourself of this little pest. Turn to **263**.

7

You watch for a little while as he plays his pipe and the snakes respond to his music. After watching the remarkable show, you decide to question him. Will you ask him whether he has anything he might like to exchange for something in your pack (turn to **121**) or will you ask him whether he knows anything about the Seven Serpents (turn to **161**)?

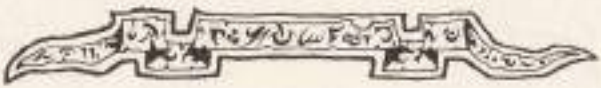

8

Excitedly, you open the Spell Book. But to your horror, you find it is a Spell Book from Analand! Somehow it has fallen into the wrong hands and wound up in Kakhabad, and this could be very dangerous for Analand. Each country's own sorcery is one of its most closely guarded secrets. There is no other alternative. The book must be destroyed at the earliest opportunity. Trying hard to keep your composure so as not to give your discovery away, you close the book. As soon as you are able, you will destroy the book – but you may first look through it to brush up your own knowledge of the spells. (You may if you wish spend five minutes revising the *Sorcery! Spell Book*, printed at the end of this adventure. At no other time are you permitted to look through this book once you have embarked on your quest.) Turn to **86**.

9

The crashings and rumblings subside. You jump to the left and narrowly avoid another falling rock but soon all is still. The danger has been averted. You may now either investigate the trapdoor (turn to **180**) or leave this place (turn to **309**).

10

As the storm passes, you consider your likely routes. Will you continue north-west (turn to **73**) or head north towards the forest (turn to **283**)? You may rest here and eat Provisions if you wish. If you take a meal you may add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten.

11

Which direction will you continue in:

North-west – a long trek?	Turn to **47**
To the north-north-west?	Turn to **15**
North-east?	Turn to **73**

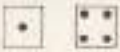

12

You carry on tramping across the plains, watching for signs of life. There are none. But a curious sound in the distance reaches your ears. It gets louder as you continue – a sort of distant screeching. But nowhere is there any likely source of the noise. You look about quizzically and gasp in horror as you see ahead a pair of disembodied eyes glaring at you! Their gaze is hypnotic, but you shake your head to break the spell. The screeching noise is now very close and as you blink your eyes, you can see its source. Ten yards ahead of you there is a disturbance in the air. A shimmering heat-haze is rising from a craggy boulder. As it rises, so does the pitch of the sound. Whatever it is has been distorting your view of the landscape ahead! Some way from the rock, the shimmering merges with the eyes and the shrill sound turns into a high-pitched mocking laugh, as if a coven of witches were jeering at you. You stare in fear.

As you watch, the shimmering rises above the eyes and a fearful shape forms. A dark-cowled creature with a skull-like head beckons you over with a single bony finger. Will you approach it as it wishes (turn to 104), will you run for cover in the rocks (turn to 185) or will you turn back and run from the scene as quickly as you can (turn to 174)?

13

As the sun climbs into the sky, the walk through the woods is a pleasant trip. Strange trees and bushes line the path and every so often you catch glimpses of birds singing in the branches. There may be some useful gatherings along the way. You pass, and may take with you, any of the following (but for each thing that you take, you will have to leave behind one of your current possessions): five small pebbles; a handful of green, leathery leaves with six lobes; some sand; enough nuts and berries for two meals; stone dust; feathers from a yellow bird. When you have decided and made your adjustments, turn to 117.

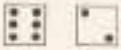

14

You reach for the flask and wait for the Serpent to attack. It circles in the air and dives down at you. You duck quickly and; as it flies overhead, you shake out the contents of the flask at the creature. You watch in amazement as the oil takes effect. Before the creature can even utter a sound, the oil has broken it up into harmless splashes of water, which now rain down on the lake! You have defeated the Water Serpent. Turn to 75.

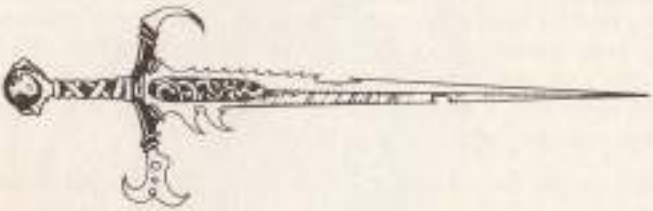

15

For a couple of hours you walk across the bleak steppes. A wind builds up and, to your consternation, it is blowing against you, making the going difficult. A boulder jutting out of the ground will give you some shelter if you wish to stop, rest, eat and wait for the wind to die down. Do you wish to stop here? If so, turn to 97. If you would prefer to continue regardless, turn to 107.

16

You settle down to sleep for the night. Add 3 STAMINA points for the rest and continue the next morning by turning to 230. If you did not eat at all yesterday, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points.

17

Ideal travelling provisions. Vittles are small pastry balls with tough dried meat inside. You have bought enough for four meals. Turn to 86.

18

You feel hot and prickly all over. The old Elf laughs at your discomfort. You are breaking out in red blotches all over your body! 'Don't worry,' he chuckles. 'This sometimes happens if you have not taken Whortle soup before. But the effects are merely temporary.' The other Elves are also laughing at your predicament. 'Cook!' he shouts. 'What say we give our friend a Gold Piece for the aggravation?' The cook agrees and hands you a Gold Piece. Turn to 231.

19

As you near the village, you are noticed and several of the villagers gather together to watch you approach. They are ugly creatures, strong and lanky. They wear animal skins, and two tall males hold hefty wooden clubs. These KLATTAMEN are a primitive race, adapted to living a semi-nomadic life on the steppes. As you enter the village, they look at you with expressions which you cannot read. They could be in awe of you; but there is also a sly gleam in their eyes. They motion for you to follow them to a roasting fire, where an animal is cooking on a spit. Will you accept their hospitality (turn to 204) or will you carry on walking through the village and on towards the forest (turn to 173)?

20

You collect your things and leave the clearing. For several hours you follow the path through the woods. But you are aware that the forest is thinning. You must be nearing the edge, which means that you will soon be able to see the waters of Lake Ilklala. It is early evening when you eventually reach the shores of the great lake. You look out across the vast expanse of still water which stretches to the horizon and your heart sinks. How will you cross the lake? There are no signs of people or boats, as far as you can see. You sit down to consider the problem. You might as well camp here for the night and make your plans in the morning. You may eat Provisions if you wish. If you do, add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. Then you can settle down to sleep. Turn to 264.

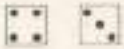

21

As you bend down towards the old ferryman, the swirling Air Serpent becomes agitated and darts about quickly trying to fix itself around your face. Its choking gas will harm you if you breathe it in for any length of time. Poking through the ferryman's clothes, you find a shrivelled snakeskin and, as you pick it up, the Serpent rises into the air as if in terror. An unearthly voice cries out, ordering you to put the skin back. What will you do? Will you replace the skin on condition that the Serpent leaves you alone (turn to 131) or will you rip it apart (turn to 34)?

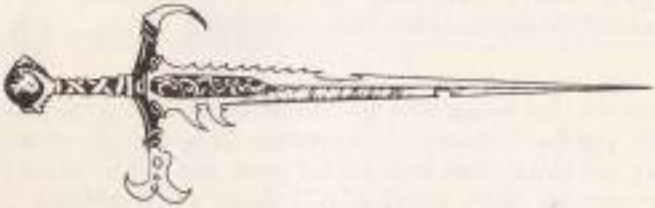

22

A smile spreads across the little creature's lips. 'Why, thank you for your gift,' it says. Its voice has changed to one which does not match its form at all, but is instead the voice of a woman in her middle years. 'Then it is true. You *are* of a lawful disposition. For none of Kakhabad would offer gifts to a complete stranger. But wait. Let me dispel this disguise.' Before your eyes she transforms herself from the small urchin into a tall woman dressed in purple robes. 'Allow me to introduce myself. I am Dintainta of the Steppes, although some call me The Sham. I know of your mission and I can help you. It is a credit to your wit and your courage that you have survived this far. But I warn you, much greater dangers lie ahead. At the Fortress of Mampang, beware the Sleepless Ram, for even your skill will be no match for its powers. You will overcome it by uncorking this vial in its presence.' She hands you a small glass vial. 'Guard this vial with your life and let no one release the gas within. One final word of advice. A short distance ahead you will confront the Earth Serpent. His powers are considerable, but these powers exist only when he is in contact with the earth. My thanks for your gift, and a safe journey.' Dintainta mumbles a few words and transforms herself back into her former self. With a wink at you, she sets off along her trail, while you turn back to yours. Turn to 114.

23

The well is old and dried up. To test it, you lower the bucket and pull it back up again. Hauling it over the side of the well, you peer inside – and spring back just in time to avoid being bitten by a golden snake which has coiled itself up inside! The bucket falls to the ground and the snake slithers out towards you. Will you draw your weapon to fight it (turn to 52) or cast a spell?

ZAP	RAP	FOE	HOT	YAP
355	339	397	407	461

24

From the Beetle's hole in the ground, you may collect some stone dust. Then you must decide which way to continue. A long trek lies ahead of you. Will you head north-west (turn to 137) or north-east (turn to 12)?

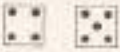

25

You stop in your tracks. In the foliage to the left is a pair of eyes. A furry face is watching you. To the right, another dark furry creature is staring. You look around and freeze! You are surrounded by at least a dozen SNATTACATS! The two in front of you close their eyes . . . and disappear. Will you draw your weapon (turn to 74) or will you cast a spell?

GOB	YAZ	GUM	FOF	FAR
358	398	451	383	423

26

'Of course,' says the old Elf. 'You must be tired after your journey, and night is fast approaching. Let me take you to an empty caravan where you can sleep for the night.' He leads you outside to a dirty trailer and hands you a blanket to wrap yourself in. Turn to 125.

27

You manage to pull out your weapon. The position is awkward, but you can use it to cut your way free:

STRANGLEBUSH	SKILL 5	STAMINA 8

The Stranglebush will not actually injure you (its SKILL merely reflects its defensive capabilities), so if its Attack Strength is higher than yours, you will not deduct STAMINA points. However, if you do not defeat it within five Attack Rounds, turn to 305. If you do defeat the plant, turn to 106.

28

You take the boat carefully up to the disturbance to see what is happening. But you can see nothing. Perhaps this is simply a natural occurrence where an underground spring or air passage breaks through the bed of the lake. You shrug and sit down again, ready to take the oars. Suddenly, the boat lurches violently in the water! The bubbling has moved and is now directly under the boat! You are thrown from your seat and must *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 118. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 281.

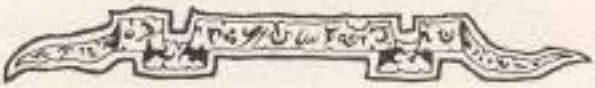

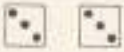

29

You reach down to pull out your weapon. As soon as your hand touches the shaft, a painful jolt passes right up your arm, causing you to pull away quickly. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You try without success to muffle a cry and the creature at the table turns slowly to face you. 'So!' cries out a squeaky voice. 'Fenestra has a visitor, eh? Who dares to venture unannounced into Fenestra's cave?' You introduce yourself, being careful to keep your mission a secret. Will you ask her:

For permission to leave?	Turn to **68**
For information about the forest?	Turn to **317**
What she knows about Lake Ilklala?	Turn to **252**

30

You cover your head and run downhill while the stones shower the ground all around you. Roll one die. This is the number of STAMINA points you lose as they fall on you. You may, if you wish, use your LUCK here. If you wish to *Test your Luck*, a *Lucky* roll will indicate that only the smaller stones fell on you and you may halve the STAMINA damage (round odd numbers up). The falling stones, however, roll under your feet, making it difficult to keep your balance. You slip, and land on the ground with a thump. Turn to **98**.

31

The bottle contains snake-bite antidote. It will immediately cure you of any snake venom you have been poisoned with. Turn to **86**.

32

As you draw out your weapon, the Deathwraith lets out a fearsome shriek and lunges at you. Resolve your battle with the creature:

DEATHWRAITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

You will find that your weapon inflicts normal damage on the creature. When you have reduced its STAMINA to three or less, turn to **205**.

33

The little creature grunts at your offering. 'I have one of these already,' it declares. 'Well, thank you, anyway, for your gift. But now I must be going. Goodbye.' It shuffles past you and continues along the way you have come. What is your reaction? Will you shrug, bid it good-day and set off in the opposite direction (turn to 114), shout after it and offer it something else (turn to 254) or are you angry at its bad manners and would like to teach it a lesson (turn to 327)?

34

Gripping the two ends of the snakeskin, you firmly snap them apart. A loud cry comes from the Serpent, which now hangs in the air separated into two parts. You rip up the halves until they remain as small flakes of skin. Above you, the Serpent has been similarly dispersed. All that remains are puffs of smoke which are soon scattered by the wind. You have found the Air Serpent's weakness! Turn to 213.

35

The last Horseman begs for mercy. You say you will spare its life if it aids you in your quest. 'Noble stranger,' it pants, 'I know you seek out the Seven Serpents. My only offering is in this respect. My knowledge of these creatures is limited, but our race knows one clue to their downfall. One of them – the Moon Serpent – has a weakness. He cannot tolerate the power of the flame.' As you consider this advice, the Horseman seizes its opportunity and gallops off across the plains. You search the other two and find 4 Gold Pieces and a pouch containing fine brown sand. After resting for a few moments, you may continue. Turn to 273.

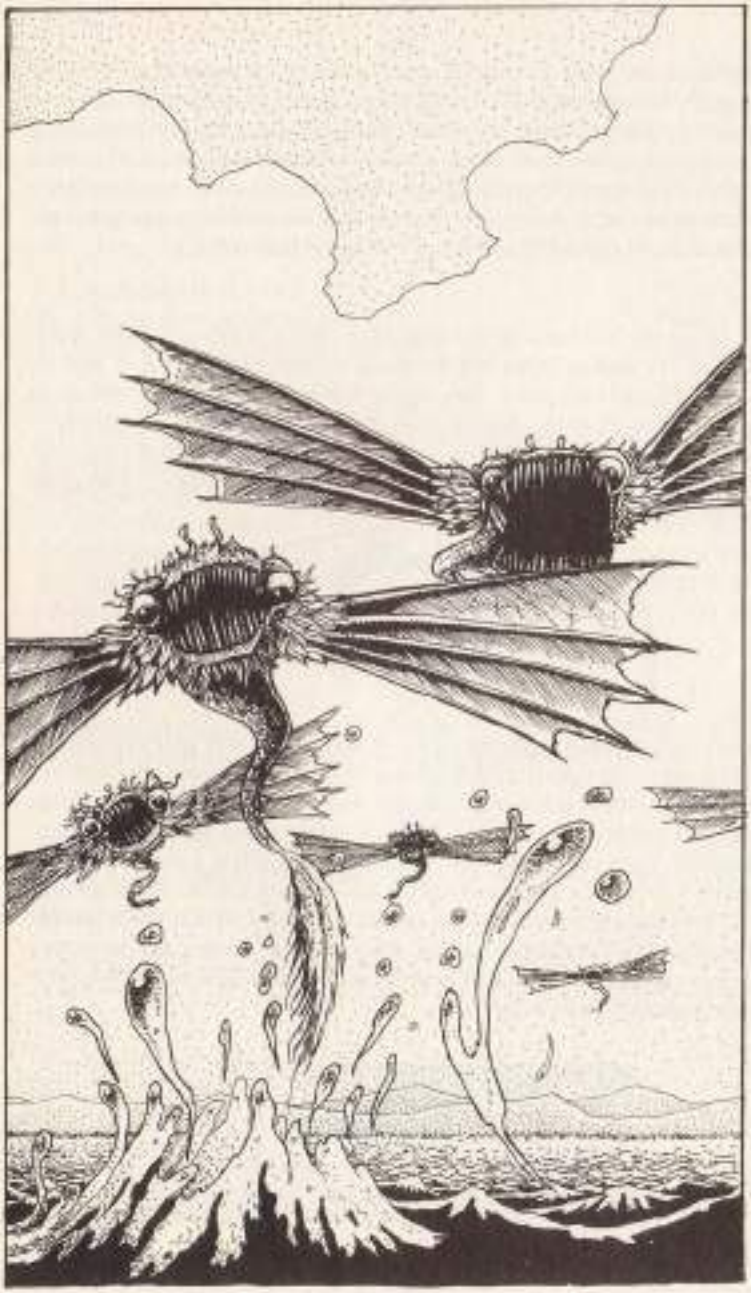

36

You take a wide detour around the bubbling water and then resume your course for the far shore of Lake Ilklala. A short distance ahead, another commotion in the water appears but this one is unavoidable. Leaping up from the water a small school of Flying Fish spring into the air and fly towards you. Although they are small creatures, their sharp teeth will rip your flesh and you must take defensive action. Will you cast a spell?

NIP	FIX	RAZ	WAL	PEP
403	373	360	426	449

Or will you fight them with your weapon (turn to 291)?

37

You explain your purpose and your quest for the Seven Serpents. At the mention of the Archmage's servants, a gasp comes up from the crowd. The old Elf holds up his hand for silence. 'So *you* are the reason why those evil creatures have come to the Baklands, spreading their terror!' He pauses to think for a minute, as if formulating a plan. Eventually he looks back at you, his eyes narrowing to slits. 'Well, perhaps we can help you, stranger. Follow me to this caravan over here. I think we might have something you will be interested in.' Will you follow him as he suggests (turn to 151), would you rather think about leaving this place (turn to 311) or would you like to cast a spell?

HOW	MAG	TEL	GOD	NAP
366	341	472	394	432

38

You are wasting your time trying to communicate with these creatures. Their language is little more than a series of grunts. One of the creatures picks up a stone and flings it at you, hitting your arm and causing 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. You had better either draw your weapon (turn to 188) or cast a spell:

YOB	KID	GAK	KIN	GOD
475	439	456	344	356

39

'So the Analander has the Serpent Ring!' hisses the Serpent as it hangs in the air. 'Then I must tell you this. The Archmage is not as he seems. He may be disguised in Mampang. But then you will never survive to reach the Fortress!' Return to 53.

40

You break through the chains and he climbs up the stairs slowly to accustom his eyes to the light. 'It's *wonderful*! And I thought I would never again see the daylight. Oh, how can I repay you? The Klattamen took all my treasures. But you may have whatever's left.' You consider and decide that the most useful thing he is likely to be able to offer is his knowledge of the Baklands. 'The Seven Serpents,' he starts as you tell him of your mission. 'So they're about once more. Well, they are no friends of mine. I'll tell you what I know, but that is not much. You know already that they are the Archmage's servants. They are all vulnerable. But I know only two weaknesses. The Moon Serpent cannot abide fire, that is for certain. And the Earth Serpent is powerless when not in contact with the ground. But that is all I know, my friend. That is all.'

Eventually, after a short chat, you leave the old man and continue. But unknown to you, the cold and damp in his cell have taken their toll. He has the Yellow Plague and during your stay with him you have contracted the disease. Until you can find some way of curing yourself, you will lose 3 STAMINA points per day (deduct these at the end of each day). After the second day, you will realize you are ill, but before this time you may not take any measures to cure yourself as you will not have realized that you are diseased. Now leave the temple by turning to 309.

41

You run quickly off down the path ahead. Invisible footsteps follow you, but eventually your pursuers give up their chase. You stop at a small clearing ahead to catch your breath. Turn to 20.

42

Gripping your weapon between your teeth, you climb the tree. The red snake watches carefully. Suddenly, when you are not far from it, it drops out of the tree and lands on the ground below. You watch it drop and curse the beast. But your foolish move has left you at the mercy of the Fire Serpent. Once more the tree bursts into flames, but this time you are at the centre of the fire. Your clothes catch fire and you drop to the ground, screaming loudly. Lose 2 SKILL and 6 STAMINA points for your burns and the fall. At the foot of the tree you may now face the Serpent and attack:

FIRE SERPENT	SKILL 13	STAMINA 12

If you defeat the Serpent, turn to **306**.

43

Back on the surface, the danger is by no means subsiding. Cracks are appearing in the ground, radiating out from the pit. One breaks open between your legs and you jump aside just in time to avoid being swallowed. A large boulder on the top of the hill is teetering on the point of rolling down towards you. And as if that wasn't enough, a small green snake is wrapping itself around your ankle and preparing to bite you. What will you do first? Try to find an area safe from the cracking ground (turn to **6**), try to push the boulder off in a different direction (turn to **115**) or get rid of the snake (turn to **263**)?

44

A sudden gust grabs your pack, yanks it from your hands and sends it tumbling across the ground. It swirls about in the wind and comes open! You watch in dismay as the contents empty themselves from the pack. Covering your eyes, you dive out after the backpack and try to collect all your artefacts. But this is not easy. Even as you try to grab them, the wind is blowing them around and out of your reach. But you will recover anything in the pack which is not breakable (so you will lose vials of liquid, mirrors, etc.), except anything paper (for instance, maps or parchment scrolls), which will be blown away. Sort out your Equipment List and return to your crevice to wait for the dust storm to die down. Then turn to **10**.

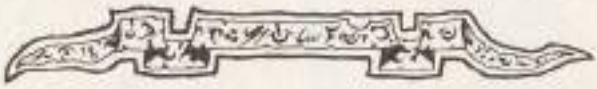

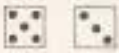

45

The Serpent's hiss is a mocking laugh. 'Puny human!' it hisses. 'Do you think you can stick me with that small pin?' It darts down at you and the battle commences:

MOON SERPENT	SKILL 13	STAMINA 10

If you kill the Serpent, turn to **62**.

46

The old Elf nods. He will take you to an empty caravan where you may sleep for the night, but the price will be 3 Gold Pieces. If you are prepared to pay this price, do so and follow him to the trailer (turn to **125**). If you do not wish to stay, you will have to leave the camp (turn to **294**).

47

It is mid-afternoon. Your long trek across Baddu-Bak is uneventful. You reach a spot where you may rest awhile and eat Provisions if you wish. If you would like to stop to eat, turn to **152**. If you would prefer to continue, turn to **95**.

48

For several hours you continue your trek across the barren Baklands. On the horizon, a solitary leafless tree appears and you head towards it. You may rest and take Provisions here and add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day.

A noise in the branches disturbs you. You look up and hear a voice calling your name! High up in the branches, the bare twigs have formed themselves into a human face – an old man's face. And it's mouthing a message. The message drifts towards you: 'You seek the whereabouts of Shadrack of Baddu-Bak, that I know. To find him you must detour eastwards from your trail towards the Fishtail Rock. He is expecting you.' A breeze catches and disturbs the branches. When they settle, the face has disappeared!

Will you head east as the face advised (turn to **150**) or continue on the northward trail (turn to **94**)?

49

You may either draw your weapon and threaten the ferryman into taking you across for free, or try to outwit him with a magic spell:

FOG	GOD	LAW	DOC	FIX
404	480	332	441	379

If you choose to draw your weapon, the ferryman will fight with you:

FERRYMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

Once he has been reduced to a STAMINA of 4 or less, he will surrender and agree to take you across (turn to 110).

50

How will the little creature react to your gift? Roll one die to decide.

If your gift is a spell artefact:

Die roll	
1	Turn to 33
2–4	Turn to 22
5–6	Turn to 290

If your gift is something else:

Die roll	
1–3	Turn to 33
4–5	Turn to 22
6	Turn to 290

51

The label on the vial certifies that the contents are waters from the holy springs in Daddu-Ley. Although you have no way of knowing this at the time, the water has not been blessed. It is ordinary river water and has no special powers at all. Turn to 86.

52

The battle commences:

GOLDEN SNAKE SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

The snake has a poisonous bite. If it inflicts any wounds on you before you kill it, roll one die to find out how many STAMINA points of damage the wound will cause. If you kill the snake, you may leave the area. Turn to **309**.

53

You prepare to cast your spell, keeping a careful eye on the Serpent. It darts this way and that, faster and faster until it is moving at an incredible pace. Watching the Serpent makes it difficult to concentrate on your spell and eventually you give up. You decide instead to use your weapon (turn to **103**), unless there is some alternative.

54

The battle commences:

EARTH SERPENT SKILL 12 STAMINA 14

If you defeat the Serpent, turn to **220**.

55

You find a sheltered spot and settle down. If you wish to eat Provisions you may do so and you can add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). As you stretch out to sleep, you are aware of strange noises coming from the forest ahead. Strange animal calls haunt the air. What dangers lie in store for you? No doubt you will find out tomorrow. You drift off to sleep. Turn to **235**.

56

You quickly pray, and hope that Libra will hear you before it is too late. The pressure is becoming unbearable! But then the squeezing eases off. Libra has heard you! The leaves of the Stranglebush turn from their deep green colour to a dirty brown, and wilt on their branches. Your prayer has been answered – but you have used your one and only opportunity to gain help from Libra during this stage of your journey. Turn to **106**.

57

You call out loudly and wait. After ten minutes you try again. But there is no response. The area seems to be deserted. Will you try walking along the shoreline to see if you can find any signs of life (turn to **241**) or will you wait to see whether anyone finds *you* (turn to **233**)?

58

Quickly, you run after the Serpent, trying your best to keep it in sight. Like a burning branch suspended in the sky, it lights the way for you, but its speed is greater than yours. A wind has picked up and, to your relief, this is blowing more against the Serpent than you, allowing you to make up some ground. The wind whistles and swirls and you shield your face from the gusts. A gritty taste in your mouth raises the alarm. You are running into a sandstorm! You stop and watch the Serpent, holding your hands up to guard your eyes. It appears to be fighting a losing battle with the storm. Moments later a great swirling sandy gust blows up and the Serpent is unable to avoid it. Its flame flickers and is extinguished by the sand. As this happens, it starts to fall, plummeting down from the sky with your rucksack. Fighting against the wind, you fight on into the storm to catch your pack before its contents are smashed. It is tossed about in the storm, but you position yourself underneath, ready to catch it. Then, without warning, the Serpent comes crashing down on top of you, knocking you to the ground. Turn to 287.

59

You read out the chant and the Serpent slows down. A pained expression comes over its face and it flaps its wings slowly. Its movements become sluggish and it hangs unnaturally in the air as if it should, by all rights, fall to the ground. But still it hangs there, slowly floating downwards. When it is within reach, you are able to attack it with your weapon:

SERPENT OF TIME	SKILL 3	STAMINA 14

If you defeat the creature, turn to 4.

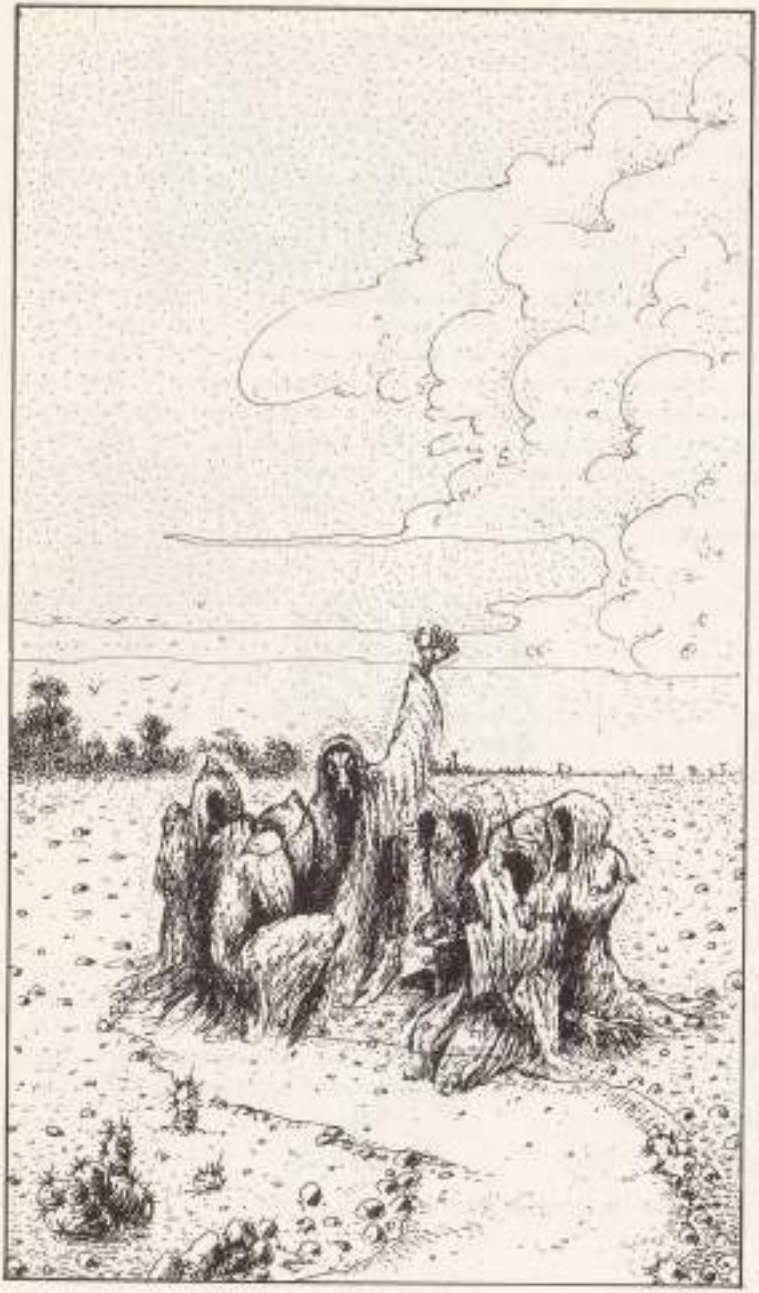

60

For several hours you march onwards until, in the distance, the line which forms the boundary of the Forest of the Snatta comes clearly into view. Overhead, the clouds rumble as they roll across the dark sky. You pause to consider how much further you must walk. The sudden sound of voices to your right startles you and you spin round. You rub your eyes and look again. Not twenty yards from where you stand, seven hooded shapes are squatting on the ground, playing some sort of game! Their bodies shimmer and you stare hard. You could swear that you can see *through* these bodies! And how could they appear from nowhere? For they were certainly not there seconds ago. One of them raises its head and turns towards you. Your eyes widen as the bony face of a long-dead skull opens its mouth. Its hollow voice whistles in the wind, calling your name: 'We have awaited your arrival. You have made good time, mortal. We are the Seven Spirits. We have been dispatched to warn you of the dangers ahead. Join us.'

Will you join them as you are invited (turn to 116), or will you turn from them and set off towards the forest (turn to 82)?

61

You back off and sweep round the caravan. You can see the camp guards following you round, but you are out of range of their arrows. When you reach the far side of the camp, you may continue. Turn to 269.

62

The darkness disappears as the Serpent dies. You watch it lying on the ground and, before your eyes, it shrivels, coiling into a ball. Moments later, all that remains is a small Crystal Orb, which you may take with you. Turn to 285.

63

You climb up on to the plinth and wander round the structure cautiously. It appears to be deserted. You call out, but there is no reply. Along one wall are some hieroglyphics which you may be able to decipher. In one corner you discover a trapdoor in the floor. Would you like to try to read the hieroglyphics (turn to 272), open the trapdoor (turn to 180) or keep looking (turn to 101)?

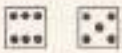

64

The Horsemen take turns carrying you across the plains until you reach a ridge. Their leader tells you to dismount. 'Just over that ridge lives Manata, in a hole in the ground. We have no wish to meet his pets and will take you no further.' You climb down and thank them for the ride. As they disappear behind you, you climb up the ridge. Turn to 176.

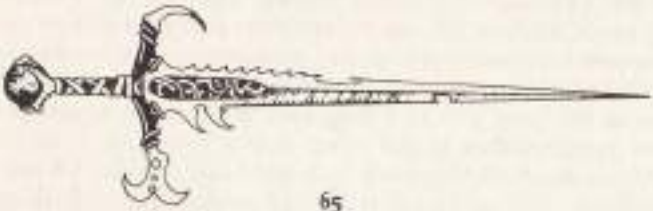

65

Behind you, the storm breaks. Again, the wind swells up, raising stones and earth with it. But you are on the fringe of the storm and will not feel its full wrath. Luckily, you have avoided it. Turn to 73.

66

You grab at the Serpent, trying to hoist it into the air. You will lift the Serpent if you *Test your Luck* successfully and then roll a number less than your SKILL score with two dice. But each time you try this and fail to lift the Serpent, it will strike at you, causing 3 STAMINA points of damage (as you are undefended). If you lift the creature, turn to 127. If you decide to stop trying, return to 263 and choose another attack.

67

Your choice will give you no advantage in fighting the Serpent. Draw your weapon and fight:

WATER SERPENT	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 75.

68

'Yes, yes, you must go. And quickly. For anyone who would threaten Fenestra is not welcome here. Begone!' You thank her and make your way back up to the door. Outside, you follow the path once more. Turn to 92.

69

The old Elf stands up and nods. He will take you to an empty caravan where you may sleep for the night, but the price will be 3 Gold Pieces. If you will pay this price, do so and follow him to the trailer (turn to 125). If you cannot afford it, or you prefer not to pay, you will have to sit down again, pretend you are not too tired yet and either join in conversation with them (turn to 275) or ask to see their wares (turn to 325).

70

As you leap forward, the Horsemen release their bolts and three arrows fly towards you. Roll one die for each arrow. A roll of 1 or 2 indicates you are hit by that arrow for 2 STAMINA points of damage. Then you may resolve your battle. But if at least two of the arrows hit you, you must deduct 2 SKILL points during this battle:

First HORSEMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7
Second HORSEMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Third HORSEMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

Fight the Horsemen one at a time, in any order you wish. Once you have killed two of them (if you survive this long) and you have wounded the third at least twice, you may, if you wish, allow him to surrender (turn to 35). If you choose to kill all three, turn to 154.

71

As your blow lands, the creature yelps and leaps backwards. It licks its wound and turns to face you. Its eyes narrow and its mouth drops open, a low growl coming from its throat. Suddenly, it pounces! You realize its special power when in mid-flight it turns into a flaming ball and lands on you! Conduct the second Attack Round. If your Attack Strength is higher than its, then you successfully avoid the Fox and wound it. If its Attack Strength is higher, it will wound and scorch you for 5 STAMINA points of damage. After this second Attack Round, it will return to its normal self. The energy required to turn on its flame power will cost it 1 STAMINA and 1 SKILL point. Continue the battle to the death (remember it had an original SKILL of 7 and STAMINA of 6), but each time you wound it, it will turn on its flame power during the next Attack Round (repeat the procedure as above). If you kill it, turn to 95.

72

He pleads with you: 'Have mercy, stranger! I will not harm you. Perhaps I can help you if you spare my life. What are you? A bandit? Here, have my gold! Or a warrior? Here, take this Chakram – its blade is deadly and its aim is true. Perhaps a wizard? I'll give you this magical powder for your spells. But leave me in peace!' You bend down to pick up his offerings. A money pouch contains 9 Gold Pieces. The Chakram is a sharp throwing disc. Before a fight starts, you may throw this at an enemy. When you do so, roll two dice. If you roll a number less than your SKILL, you will hit it for 2 STAMINA points of damage. His magical powder is yellow in colour and is contained in a small glass vial. You lower your weapon and speak to the man. You ask whether the Seven Serpents have been sighted in this area. 'Oh my, yes, yes. They flew over yesterday. In fact, one of them . . . er, one of them . . .' His voice trails off and his eyes widen. 'Oh *no, no! Aaaiiieeeee!*' You watch in amazement as he keels over backwards. Something has frightened him to death. Turn to 143.

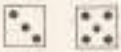

73

On and on you go, pausing briefly every now and again to scout out the land ahead. At one point you stop. Something is on the horizon! You squint ahead to try to make out the shape. It is definitely moving! You keep going and the shape becomes a little clearer. It is a small, two-legged creature about half your size and it has turned to come towards you. But it is moving at a remarkable rate! Do you want to continue to see what, or who, this is (turn to 162)? Otherwise you can head off in a different direction to avoid it (turn to 239).

74

Roll one die. This is the number of Snattacats that will spring to attack you. Each is identical, and they will attack you one at a time:

SNATTACAT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

These creatures can make themselves invisible at will. They will always be invisible when they start to attack and during the fight you must deduct 2 from your Attack Strength roll since you are fighting an invisible opponent. However, once you have inflicted a wound on a Snattacat, it will be dazed and the break in concentration will cause it to become visible again for one Attack Round (if it is not wounded again, it will make itself invisible). Your Attack Strength will be normal while you can see it. If you defeat all the Snattacats, turn to 160.

75

You catch your breath for a few moments, then set off towards the north shore of the lake. Half an hour later, you are pulling the boat up on to the marshy shore. You have crossed the lake. Turn to 147.

76

'I can tell you only that the Serpent of Time is the swiftest flier of the seven. And this Serpent can only be defeated by reciting a chant before it. But I have given this chant to the Marsh Goblins as they wish to kill the creature themselves. If you can find them, you may be able to persuade them to part with it. I hope this will be of help to you.' You thank her and prepare to leave. Turn to 324. If you wish instead to ask for her advice on crossing Lake Ilklala, turn to 132.

77

You struggle in vain to reach your weapon, as the Stranglebush tightens its grip. Gradually, the pressure increases. Turn to 305.

78

You eat your meal and rest for a few moments. Add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. A short while later you pack up to leave. Turn to 300.

79

'Ah, a *trader*, like ourselves, eh? Well, we like a good barter, don't we? Let's see what our friend has to offer.' The old Elf sits down and invites you to show them your wares. You may choose any artefact you wish to bargain for the food (except your weapon) and then you must test your bartering skills. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is lower than your SKILL, you manage to persuade them to accept it and you will be given a meal in exchange (turn to 163). If the number is equal to or greater than your SKILL, then they will not accept it and you may repeat the procedure with another artefact. If you cannot, or will not, strike a bargain, turn to 288.

80

Deduct one item from your Provisions. The Fox settles into your food, eating hungrily. With one eye, it watches you leave the rock and creep slowly off to continue your journey. Turn to 95.

81

You find the snake-bite antidote and hold it ready in one hand as the Serpent poises to strike. Turn to 67.

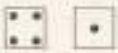

82

You turn away from them. 'Halt!' booms the ghostly voice. 'You shall not take another step northwards!' Will you stop as they command and wait to see what they have to say (turn to 116) or will you ignore them and continue walking (turn to 140)?

83

You march on. The featureless landscape offers little to attract your interest, but in the far distance you can make out the edge of the great forest you are heading towards. With luck you will reach it by nightfall. A chill wind sweeps across your path and makes you shiver momentarily. A short while later, another gust hits you with a force that almost knocks you over. Overhead, dark clouds are gathering and a rumbling noise rolls across the sky. But to the east and west you can see clear sky. *You* seem to be at the centre of the impending storm! Will you stop where you are and do what you can to make some shelter (turn to 308), carry on regardless (turn to 247) or head off in a north-westerly direction towards the clear sky (turn to 128)?

84

Seeing you go for your weapon, the Deathwraith lets out a fearsome shriek and lunges at you. Resolve your battle with this creature:

DEATHWRAITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

When you have reduced its STAMINA to 3 or less, turn to 205.

85

You head on across the plain, keeping your eyes and ears open for warnings of danger. Suddenly the ground beneath you rumbles! You lose your footing and fall over on to your back. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Unlucky*, you have broken one item of your equipment (the most delicate one); if you are *Lucky*, nothing breaks. As you pick yourself up, you see the ground in front of you breaking up and two long claws emerge. The hole becomes larger and out of it crawls a giant BADDU-BEETLE. It turns towards you and advances. How will you fight it? With magic (turn to 191) or with your weapon (turn to 286)?

86

If you have bought any more artefacts from Oolooh, discover what they are by turning to the reference with the same number as the item. When you have done this, you may leave the caravan. You are greeted outside by the old Elf. Will you ask him for shelter for the night (turn to 46) or do you now wish to leave the camp (turn to 294)?

87

You show him the contents of your backpack. Do you have any Borrinskin boots with you? If so, turn to 184. If not, turn to 142.

88

The Orb is of clear crystal. You peer into it but can see nothing. It is heavy and, if an emergency arises, it would make a handy and quite dangerous missile. If you throw the Orb at a creature, you must roll lower than your SKILL with two dice to hit your target. If you succeed in hitting the creature, it will inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage. But if you hurl the Orb, you must also roll one die to check whether it breaks or not. If the roll is odd, it will shatter on impact. Turn to 86.

89

'So the Analander has the Serpent Ring!' hisses the Serpent as it hangs in the air. 'Then I must tell you that the Archmage is not as he seems, for this will warn you of his presence in Mampang. But you will never survive to reach the Fortress!' Return to 103.

90

You jump to the other side of the fallen tree and watch the space where you assume your attacker to be. A shape materializes in front of you. A furry beast, about the size of a large dog, appears. Its black fur is slashed with yellow flashes and its snub snout gives it an ugly appearance. But its large mouth reveals the danger – razor-sharp pointed teeth! The creature looks a little dazed from your blow but it looks around at you. Seeing that *you* can see *it*, it rises to its feet and closes its eyes, as if in concentration. The shape fades; it is once more invisible. You are on your guard, but a rustling in the undergrowth behind it suggests that it is leaving you. Laying down your weapon you look at your arm. It is painful, but not too seriously injured. You nurse it for a few moments, then pick up your weapon and pack to continue. Turn to 25.

91

You step forward out of cover and face the Goblins. Your sudden appearance takes them by surprise. What will your next step be? Will you draw your weapon (turn to 194), try to talk with them (turn to 138) or cast a spell?

GOB	NIP	POT	RAP	NIP
459	332	484	396	347

92

A little further along, the path divides into three. Will you take the left-hand path (turn to 244), the right-hand path (turn to 274) or the centre path (turn to 146)?

93

The brass pendulum is exactly that: a small brass bob attached to a cord. Now turn to 86.

94

You have been travelling for nearly a day. Will you settle down and sleep for the night or do you wish to keep awake, in case danger approaches while you can find no shelter? If you choose to sleep, turn to 16. If not, turn to 122.

95

You continue on into the early evening until it is difficult to see. Will you settle down to sleep for the night (turn to 224) or walk on without rest (turn to 302)?

96

You must cast your spell quickly, as the Serpent is attacking:

MAG	FIG	KID	HOT	FOG
413	405	392	377	364

If you know none of these, you must either draw your weapon (turn to 45) or, if you have the means to make fire, turn to 155. But your attempts at sorcery allow the Serpent to strike first – lose 2 STAMINA points unless you know one of the spells above.

97

Sheltering behind the rock, you may take the opportunity to eat Provisions. If you do so, add 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today, or 1 STAMINA point if you have. After a little while, the wind begins to die down. As you are preparing to leave, a strange whistling noise catches your attention. It is coming from the other side of the rock and you peer round cautiously to see what is happening. A strange sight greets your eyes. Whether a living creature or a freak of nature, you cannot be certain, but a swirling twist of air stands in a cove formed by the rock. It is like a miniature whirlwind, some three feet tall and two feet across. Perhaps it is trapped in the cove and is unable to spin its way out, or perhaps this object is alive and is sheltering or hiding in the rock. Do you wish to try to talk to it (turn to 267), ignore it and leave (turn to 322) or cast a spell?

RAP	HUF	MUD	HOW	YAP
421	359	389	446	490

98

In fact, the thump that you were expecting does not quite happen. Instead, your heart flutters as the short fall you anticipated lasts longer than it should. The ground below you has opened up and you have fallen into a pit resembling – perhaps appropriately – a freshly dug grave! But your landing is soft and you lift yourself back on your feet. The pit is around nine feet deep and you may just about be able to jump up and grab the edge to pull yourself up. As you are considering what to do, a creaking sound below puts you on your guard. The earth shakes in the centre of the pit and a rocky protrusion breaks through the surface. You stare at the smooth-faced rock and step backwards as a hissing sound comes from it. Its surface changes from grey to red and steam rises from it. This rock is boiling hot! In a panic you jump up to grab the rim of the pit and haul yourself out. Your fingers catch the edge but, as you pull yourself up, something bites your hand! This is not a serious wound, but it causes 1 STAMINA point of damage and makes you lose your grip. What will your next move be? Will you try again to lift yourself out of the pit (turn to 211), wait to see what happens in the pit (turn to 276) or cast a spell?

BAG	MUD	FOF	DOC	FIX
418	371	486	348	406

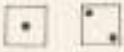

99

The four invisible cats approach. Although you cannot see them, you can hear their footsteps. The Snattacats will attack you one at a time. While they are invisible and hence difficult targets, you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength roll. However, as soon as you wound a Snattacat, this will cause it to break concentration and it will become visible for the next Attack Round. Resolve your battle. Each of the Snattacats is identical:

SNATTACAT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you defeat them, turn to 187.

100

You grab the pack and hold on. The Serpent flaps with its powerful wings and manages to lift both you and your pack into the air! It heads to the north and flies slowly off into the night. Meanwhile, you struggle to get a decent grip. It must be planning to take you towards Lake Ilklala! A blast of wind blows across the Serpent's path. This gust is so powerful that it all but douses the creature's flames and you are able to make out the Serpent's natural red body in the midst of the fire. But the blast was not a freak occurrence. You are now being taken by a tremendous wind, blowing you this way and that. A gritty taste in your mouth confirms your suspicions. You have flown straight into a sandstorm! You keep your eyes tightly shut, but you are aware that the Serpent is waging a tough struggle against the storm. You drop suddenly for an instant in the air until the creature resumes its grip. Again you drop, but this time for longer, and the fright forces you to open your eyes. Above you, the sand is damping the Serpent's fire and it is flapping frantically to keep aloft! You fall faster and faster! The Serpent's flame goes out and it follows you down, down, down through the air. With a great thump, you land on the ground. Turn to 287.

101

There seems to be little else of interest in the building. Will you try to read the hieroglyphics (turn to 272), investigate the trapdoor (turn to 180), go outside and have a look at the well (turn to 23) or leave the area (turn to 309)?

102

You wait for hours, peering across the dark Baklands. The strain of your ordeal is tremendous and your strength begins to fade. Soon you are unable even to think clearly and consciousness fades. The carrion crows above you, circling and cawing, will soon alight on the cross to ensure that you never awake. Your mission has ended.

103

As you pull out your weapon, the Serpent strikes! But something strange has happened. You saw it start to move; and you can see it now hovering, with blood dripping from its fangs – but you saw nothing in between! Slowly, pain arises in your arm. The pain steadily increases until it is unbearable and you cannot stop yourself calling out. Your mouth opens to call and your head turns to see your wound. To your horror you realize that you are moving and reacting at a fraction of your normal speed! A deep wound on your arm is bleeding, but the blood is seeping from it unnaturally slowly and each drop falls to the ground like a feather. When your shout of pain eventually comes from your lips it is a low growl. What is happening? Your head turns to look up at the Serpent. The creature is darting about in the sky watching you and waiting for its moment to pounce again. Suddenly its tongue is again licking bloody fangs. It has struck again! But this time, its bite was not to your arm. Instead the pain slowly comes from your neck. As the pain dawns on you, so consciousness fades. This is a wound from which you will not recover. The Serpent of Time has claimed another victim.

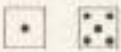

104

The sight in front of you appears to be a Deathwraith and you step forward cautiously. Deathwraiths are powerful, undead creatures. It is still beckoning you with its finger, but as you approach, it spreads its arms wide to clasp you. You must act quickly. What will you do:

Draw out a silver weapon?	Turn to 84
Draw out a normal weapon?	Turn to 32
Prepare to cast a spell?	Turn to 310

105

You wait for a while, but nothing comes. You decide instead to head on cautiously in the direction from which the Goblins came. Turn to 295.

106

You step out of the Stranglebush and brush yourself down. The path leads onwards, running slightly downhill. You pass through a small clearing where you stop and look. Through the trees you can see the next stage of your journey – Lake Ilklala. You must cross the lake to reach the foothills of Xamen, from where the uphill journey will take you to the Fortress at Mampang. But you are wasting time. You set off once more through the woods until you reach a fork. Will you take the left-hand path (turn to 119) or the right-hand path (turn to 274)?

107

Walking into the wind is extremely tiring. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Which way are you heading? To the north-west (turn to 149) or the north-east (turn to 73)?

108

He seems to take your refusal as some sort of insult and raises his pipe to his mouth. You may cast a spell:

PEP	JIG	FAR	SUS	RID
427	353	450	408	388

Or you may wait to see what happens (turn to **248**).

109

You have rightly deduced that this creature is one of the Serpents. Calling to it in the branches, you hold up the ring. The Serpent coils and hisses at you. 'So!' it says. 'You have found the Serpent Ring. I am bound by that ring to reveal to you a secret which will be useful to you. But after that I will kill you! Very well, Analander, I can tell you this: eat not from the larder of Throg if your journey should cause you to meet her. But you will never reach Throg's larder. I will see to that!' Now return to **123** to make your choice.

110

He disappears into the undergrowth and reappears a few moments later dragging a heavy boat. 'Give me a hand, idiot!' he barks, and together you pull the boat into the water and climb in. He throws you the oars and snaps, 'Take the oars, fool, and start rowing.' Somehow his manner has changed and his tone is more aggressive. Will you do as he says (turn to **293**) or are you not going to take orders from someone whose job it is to row *you* across (turn to **223**)?

111

'Ho there, stranger,' says their leader. 'We are Baklands Horsemen. What is your purpose in Baddu-Bak?' You tell them you are heading for the Forest of the Snatta and will cause them no harm. One of them whispers something about seeing whether you carry any valuables. Will you hold your ground and wait for their next move (turn to **257**) or draw your weapon (turn to **313**)?

112

The mumblings continue. The old Elf steps forward. 'All right then, stranger,' he says. 'Perhaps our wares may tempt you, for we are a trading caravan. Let us show you what we have to offer. Follow me.' You follow him out of the kitchen tent. Turn to 315.

113

You may either run off in a north-westerly direction (turn to 174) or take a wide detour round the creature and continue northwards (turn to 170).

114

Which way will you now head? To the north-west (turn to 149), or northwards (turn to 283)? You may rest and eat Provisions, if you wish, and if you do so you will gain 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten.

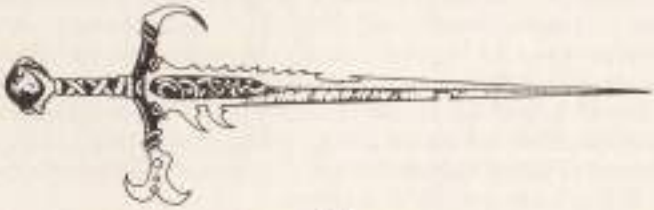

115

You climb up the incline towards the boulder, which is now dangerously close to losing its balance. The little snake on your leg strikes, digging in its fangs and making you wince in pain. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You pause to rub your wound and, as you do so, the ground cracks beneath you. You fall down into a crevice which closes slightly and traps your leg! Frantically you pull, but your leg is held fast, and your heart sinks as you feel your foot heating up. One of the glowstones has appeared beneath it! You must think quickly and either cast a spell:

ZAP	FAB	YOB	FOF	SUN
462	438	362	390	375

or call on help from Libra (turn to 158). If you can do neither of these, the only course of action left will not be pleasant. You may only free yourself by cutting off your leg! If you are forced to choose this option, turn to 186.

116

Who *are* these creatures? And who has sent them? Do they offer advice, or are they dangerous? The spirits rise as you approach. They glide silently through the air, passing right through one another as they mingle. You now stand in the centre of their ring and watch as they link hands to surround you. Again the ghostly voice speaks to you: 'Your caution is understandable. But fear us not. These are not our natural bodies but merely the shells through which we communicate with mortals. We wish to help. In these bodies we cannot touch you. But we can give you knowledge. There are dangers ahead the likes of which you cannot imagine. But we know a magical chant which will protect you from harm.' Do you wish to hear this chant? If so, turn to **166**. Otherwise you may ask them to reveal their true selves to you (turn to 323) or you may make plans for leaving (turn to 207).

117

Further along the path, you stop as a red-coloured snake slides across the path. It sees you and stops. The two of you stare at each other for a few seconds and the snake resumes its journey. Do you wish to leave the path and follow the snake (turn to **226**), or will you press on with your own journey (turn to **306**)?

118

Desperately you grab at the side of the boat and in the nick of time you find something to hold on to. The boat tosses about for a short while, then steadies itself. The waters go calm. An unnatural stillness hangs in the air. You have the feeling that something even more dangerous is about to happen. Turn to **303**.

119

The path winds tortuously through the forest. At one stage it skirts a hillock and a sound makes you stop. Some inner sense advises caution as you proceed and creep forward slowly around the hillock. On the far side is a wooden doorway. Sounds from within indicate that someone or something is definitely inside. Do you want to creep up to the door to see what is going on (turn to **171**) or will you tiptoe past and continue along the path (turn to **92**)?

120

You rise and collect your things together, listening carefully for any other suspicious sounds. You hear one! A soft, deep-throated growling is coming from something not more than a few feet from you. But there is nothing there! The growl grows into a roar and something fires itself through the air and fastens itself on your arm! Still you can see nothing; an invisible animal has gripped your arm with powerful jaws. The blood is seeping through your tunic. You pull out your weapon and bring it down heavily on what must be the head of the animal. It howls and releases its grip, allowing you to race off along the path. But you must deduct 3 STAMINA points for your injury. Turn to **271**.

121

He considers for a moment, then nods his head. 'Perhapsss we can do some businessss,' he says. He scrapes some earth away from the wall of the pit and pulls out a sack, offering you a vial of liquid. 'Thiss iss Holy Water from Daddu-Yadu,' he says. He will exchange it with you for any two items from your backpack (but not Gold or Provisions). Exchange if you wish and then leave by turning to **318**. If you wish to try to rob the Snake Charmer of the Holy Water and his Bamboo Pipe, you will have to pretend to leave and then leap on him with your sword from the top of the pit (turn to **218**).

122

You continue through the night. Lose 2 STAMINA points for going without sleep and another 3 STAMINA points if you did not eat at all yesterday. Continue by turning to **230**.

123

You approach the tree and stare up into the branches, searching for the snake. You catch a glimpse of red up there, but something is not quite right. The thick red band you have seen could not possibly belong to the small snake you were following. Then it happens . . . without warning, the upper part of the tree bursts into flame! A flash-fire billows out from the tree. Before you can take evasive action, flames lick at you. You cannot stop yourself crying out as the fire singes your hair and eyebrows. Roll one die. A roll of 1–4 indicates the singeing damage: deduct this number of STAMINA points. A roll of 5 or 6 affects your eyes: deduct 3 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. But just as suddenly as it began, the fire goes out, leaving a badly charred tree. The burnt foliage allows you to see up into the branches, where the snake is looking down at you. It has grown tenfold in size and two wings are folded on its back. Its sly eyes are watching you as if it were deciding its next trap. Will you draw your weapon and climb the tree to face it (turn to 42), or cast a spell?

HUF	NIF	HOT	FAL	ZAP
474	434	411	336	460

Or do you have something else in mind (turn to 197)?

124

The ring has a small pearl mounted in it. You paid a fair price for what is a fine piece of jewellery. If you ever wish to sell or barter it, it will be worth 10 Gold Pieces. Turn now to 86.

125

The inside of the trailer is fairly clean and you bed down for the night. You awake early next morning. Add 3 STAMINA points for your rest. Did you eat at all yesterday? If not, you must lose 3 STAMINA points as you are now hungry. As you still do not trust the Black Elves entirely, you decide to creep off in the early-morning light. Will you head on a long north-westward trek (turn to 47), march off in a north-north-westerly direction (turn to 15) or head north-eastwards (turn to 73)?

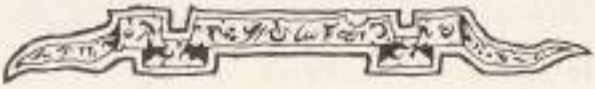

126

You reach out with your hand to feel the suction above the top of the whirlwind. The force is quite strong. Without warning, the whistling sound increases in pitch dramatically and the thing swirls at a tremendous speed. The force on your hand catches you unawares and you lurch forward. In a split second you are trapped! Whatever it is has sucked you inside so quickly that you lose consciousness before you realize what has happened. Your inquisitive nature has cost you your mission – and your life . . .

127

The Serpent roars and hisses as you lift it into the air. But once off the ground, its power is lost. The living earth settles and the Serpent itself shrinks once more to the size of the small snake. Grabbing it by the neck, it is an easy matter for you to destroy the beast. Turn to 220.

128

You march on smartly, trying to avoid the storm before it can build up. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If your roll is lower than your SKILL score, turn to 65. If the roll is equal to or higher than your SKILL, turn to 328.

129

As you hold up the ring, the Serpent hisses loudly, 'Foolish adventurer, your ring will not protect you from my wrath. Your death is certain. But by its power I must reveal to you my secret. Four guards protect the entrance to the Fortress of Mampang. But this information will do you no good, for you will never reach the High Fortress.' Now return to 143 to deal with the Serpent.

130

The Serpent Ring you were given will be an invaluable item in this part of your journey, for it has power over the Archmage's Serpents. If you confront the Serpents while wearing this ring, you can command them to reveal useful information. You can do this in the following way:

At certain references when you confront a Serpent (these references will all end in a number 3), you may command the Serpent to reveal its information by deducting 14 from the reference number you are on and turning to this reference. If you wish to do this, you must remember this instruction, as no option will be given in the text. If you do not have the Serpent Ring, you are forbidden from discovering this information and you should not be reading this reference now.

131

The Serpent agrees to your terms. You replace the skin and the creature flies down as if to re-enter its body. But instead of keeping its bargain, the Serpent nips across to you and wraps its wispy body around your face! You cough and gasp as your lungs take in the pungent gas. You struggle to free yourself from its grip, but it is no use: the Serpent is firmly locked in place. You slump down. Moments later you are unconscious; minutes later you will be dead. More fool you for trusting one of the Seven Serpents!

132

'Crossing Ilklala?' she asks. 'It can be crossed but only if you are able to summon the ferrymaster. I have here a whistle which you may blow to call him. For this whistle I will ask only 2 Gold Pieces. Or I will exchange it for anything you may have which will be useful to me.' You may exchange any of your spell artefacts for the whistle, but she is not interested in any non-magical items. Exchange, if you wish, and then turn to 324.

133

As you reach the forest, the air is becoming cooler and night is approaching. You must decide whether to camp on the outskirts of the forest for the night or to carry on without resting. If you wish to stop to eat and rest, turn to 55. If you would rather carry on through the night, turn to 159.

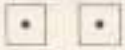

134

The little creature is asking for a gift as a token of friendship. Will you give it something? If you do, it must be something fairly valuable (not food or a useless object). If you choose to give it a gift, turn to **50**. If you do not wish to give valuable presents to complete strangers, you can refuse (turn to **210**).

135

You run forward but must jump aside quickly to avoid being hit by a falling pillar. A large rock lands on your shoulder and causes you another 2 STAMINA points of damage. The whole building is now shaking and your escape route has been cut off! Soon the roof will collapse on you! You must think quickly to find a way to avoid certain death. Will you:

Return to the hieroglyphics and keep reading?	Turn to **164**
Pray to Libra for assistance?	Turn to **320**
Pray to this new goddess for mercy?	Turn to **206**

136

You crouch down in a clump of reeds to wait for your visitors to arrive. A few minutes later, a small group of Marsh Goblins, ugly snub-nosed creatures with webbed hands, arrive in the clearing and stop. They are panting hard as if they are being chased. They jabber at one another, but you cannot understand their language. Will you wait until they have moved on (turn to **292**) or step forward and reveal yourself to them (turn to **91**)?

137

A few hundred yards ahead of you is a camp of covered wagons and carts, arranged in a circle. A fire burns in the centre, and you can see bodies moving around the camp. You walk towards the caravan. Your approach is noticed and an arrow flies through the air, landing to your left. Another lands to your right. Will you hold your hands in the air to show them you mean no harm (turn to 259) or retrace your steps and take a wide detour round the camp (turn to 61)?

138

You try a few words of greeting, but they cannot understand you. Instead they shout at you in a language you do not understand – unless you know an interpretation spell. Return to 91 and choose again.

139

The Bear rises on to two legs and advances. Its sharp teeth and claws are dangerous weapons. Resolve your combat:

WILD BEAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you defeat the creature, turn to 20.

140

As you suspected, their threatening tone was merely to frighten you. Their lifeless bodies posed no real threat to you. Several yards further on you glance behind at them. They have disappeared! You continue your path towards the next stage of your quest: the Forest of the Snatta. Turn to 133.

141

Stones and small rocks have been swept up in the dust storm. As you shelter in your crevice holding your head in your hands, you stand a chance of being injured by the swirling debris. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, you escape injury. If you are *Unlucky*, you must lose 2 STAMINA points for your injuries. Then you must wait until the dust storm subsides. Turn to 10.

142

He is not interested in anything in your pack and picks up his pipe once more. Do you wish to stay, watch him and perhaps ask him if he can help you (turn to 7) or will you now leave the pit (turn to 318)?

143

In an instant, your world goes black, as if the sun had been snuffed out like a candle. A hissing sound gets louder and louder and a glowing moon appears above you. The round shape suddenly uncoils itself and a great shimmering Moon Serpent hovers in the air above you on glistening wings. It is poised and ready to strike! Will you:

Draw your weapon?	Turn to 45
Cast a spell?	Turn to 96
Or do you have the means to make fire?	Turn to 155

144

You continue through the night. Eerie noises float across the countryside and you are glad you decided to continue. But as dawn approaches, your lack of sleep is affecting you. Lose 2 STAMINA points and another 3 STAMINA points if you did not eat at all yesterday. You march on. Turn to 11.

145

You climb down the stairs. 'I don't believe it! I don't believe my eyes! Another human!' stammers the man, excitedly. 'Oh, stranger, please release me from my shackles and let me live once again in the world of light!' He is chained to the wall by his ankle. The chain is thin and would shatter easily from a weapon's blow. But you are a little suspicious and ask him first of all how he came to be chained up beneath this place. 'It was Klattamen. Damned Klattamen!' he curses. '*They* were the ones who ransacked this temple, took everything of value and left me, Throff's own priest – my name is Shalla, by the way – chained up. A prisoner in my own temple!' His story seems genuine enough. Will you release him as he requests (turn to 40) or leave him there (turn to 262)?

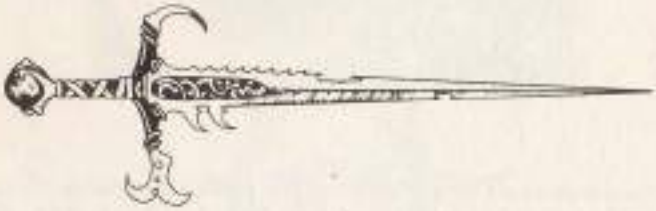

146

You reach a clearing where you can stop to rest and eat. If you wish to take Provisions here, you can add 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today or 1 STAMINA point if you have already had a meal. When you have finished, turn to 20.

147

You tie the boat up in a sheltered spot and wade through the Vischlami Swamp. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 182. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 253.

148

Carefully hiding your sand from the creature, you climb the tree. As it sees you climb, it drops from the branches on to the ground below. Quickly, you scamper down, before the creature can create its fire again. On the ground, you face each other, waiting for a move. In an instant, the Serpent bursts into flames and stretches its wings. Quickly, you throw your sand at it. The creature squeals and screams as the sand covers it. The flames go out. The wings disappear. Before you is the small yellow snake you were following originally! You draw out your weapon and finish it off:

SNAKE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you kill the snake, turn to 306.

149

The great forest ahead of you is now less than an hour's walk away; your trek across the Baklands is almost over. But ahead of you, barring your way, is a small village. Loosely grouped huts made from branches and foliage suggest that the inhabitants are fairly primitive. Do you want to enter the village (turn to 19) or will you take a north-easterly detour away from it (turn to 283)?

150

The Fishtail Rock comes into view a little further on. It is well named, with two peaks, as if a huge fish were half buried on the plain. A fire burns outside the entrance to a small cave. You call out to attract the occupant of this dwelling-place and an old man shuffles out. You recognize the face of the tree spirit! This must be Shadrack himself.

'I have been expecting you,' he says in greeting. 'I know of your journey from Kharé. Be it folly or bravery which takes you across the Baklands, I must warn you that none of Analand have crossed Kakhabad alone and survived. Come, let us chat by the warmth of the fire. I may be of some help to you. And for my part I wish to know what is happening in the Cityport.'

For some time you talk, telling him news of the outside world. He offers you a meal, which you may take, adding 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today (or 1 STAMINA point if you have). You are anxious to know of the messengers of Mampang.

'Ah, the Seven Serpents,' he starts. 'Indeed, they are in the Baklands, but I knew not that it was news of your journey that they carried back to Mampang. Let me tell you what I know of them, for they are no friends of mine.

'Legend has it that some twelve years ago, the Archmage of Mampang fought and slew a mighty Hydra which dwelt in the caves of High Xamen. So formidable a foe was this creature that the Archmage took its seven heads to Mampang where he used his black arts to resurrect them as seven winged serpents. They became his personal messengers and, as an act of faith, he assigned each to one of his own gods. In return, the gods bestowed their own powers on these foul creatures to aid the Archmage. The power of the sun was bestowed on the Sun Serpent, as was the moon on the Moon Serpent. Earth, water, fire and air became powers of four more Serpents and the last, the Serpent of Time, was given perhaps the greatest power. But each has its own weakness. Discover these weaknesses and you may defeat the creatures, but otherwise no mortal stands a chance against their powers. The Serpents keep knowledge of their own vulnerabilities as their closest secrets. I myself know only one: the Air Serpent may leave its body and become a puff of gas. But while in this state it will die unless it is able to re-enter its body within minutes. Destroy its unprotected body and you destroy the creature.'

It is now late. You may spend the night in Shadrack's cave and add 3 STAMINA points. Next morning you can set off again. Before you go, Shadrack offers you an ornate Galehorn to aid you on your journey. Will you now set off northwards (turn to **85**) or rejoin the main trail (turn to **230**)?

151

'Oh, yes,' he continues. 'We may be able to arrange for you to meet the Seven Serpents. And . . .' – he snaps his fingers behind his back – '. . . and sooner than you think! *Guards!*' In an instant, five strong Black Elves are holding you. You try to reach for your weapon, but you cannot move your arms. 'Yes,' laughs the old Elf. 'Let's arrange for our friend to meet the Seven Serpents!' The guards bind your hands and set to work making a tall wooden cross. They tie your arms and ankles securely to the cross, nail a black flag to the top, and set it firmly into the ground leaving you hanging high up in the air. You are powerless to prevent them. Below you, the Black Elves are laughing and jeering. 'Let the Archmage know who has delivered his enemy!' proclaims the old Elf. 'We will get our just reward!' A short while afterwards, the caravan packs up to leave, while you hang limply – and painfully – on your cross. Lose 4 STAMINA points. When they have gone, you may either wait to see what fate has in store for you (turn to **102**) or, if you are able, call on your goddess for help (turn to **243**).

152

You eat your food. If this is your first meal today, add 2 STAMINA points. If you have already eaten, add 1 STAMINA point. You sit on a bare rock and stare into the wilderness ahead of you, your thoughts fixed on the Forest of the Snatta, which you must pass through. You become aware of a scratching noise on the other side of the rock and lean forward. Two dark eyes are staring at you! With a sudden leap, a red-furred Fox jumps out of its hole and faces you. Evidently your food has attracted it. Will you throw it some food (turn to **80**), cast a spell (turn to **179**) or draw your weapon to attack it (turn to **256**)?

153

The suit of chainmail fits you perfectly. You may wear this from now on and it will help protect you in battles. You may add 1 SKILL point while you are wearing this armour and, if you are wounded in a battle, the Chainmail may help minimize the damage. Roll 1 die after each wound. If you roll a 5 or 6, the Chainmail will absorb most of the blow (deduct 1 STAMINA point only instead of the normal 2). If you roll a 1 to 4, the damage will be as normal. Turn now to **86**.

154

You pause to rest after the battle. While doing so, you go through the Horsemen's possessions. You find 4 Gold Pieces, a pouch containing fine brown sand and a mass of green fur. On further inspection, this turns out to be a wig. You may keep all of these and then set off once more. Turn to **273**.

155

Have you collected a tinderbox or flash-fire powder along your journey? Or any other means of making fire? If so, you may create a fire to burn the Serpent. Fire is the Moon Serpent's weakness. With fire as your weapon, you may fight it as:

MOON SERPENT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Serpent, turn to **62**.

156

You rush over to the trapdoor and heave it open. Steps lead downwards and, at the bottom . . . 'Aaaiiiiieeee!' Two voices shriek loudly. One is your own, but whose is the other? At the foot of the stairs is a thin, half-naked old man with long grey hair and a beard. 'Quickly!' he screams. 'Shout "Throff". And repeat it three times! Hurry!' You do as he asks and within moments the temple is still once more. You breathe a sigh of relief and turn to thank the old man. Turn to 145.

157

You creep up to it slowly until you are less than three feet away. It does not flinch, but remains in position, spinning quickly. You watch it for a short while, trying to make out what it is, but it is still a mystery. A small fly buzzes over the whirlwind and is sucked into it but it seems to be totally uninterested in its surroundings. Do you wish to touch it (turn to 126) or will you leave it be and continue your journey (turn to 322)?

158

Quickly, you mouth a silent prayer to your goddess. The pain in your foot becomes sharper (lose 3 STAMINA points) but you sigh in relief as the ground around you creaks and the pressure is released. Your goddess has come to your aid! Your foot frees itself and a small voice whispers in your ear: 'My loyal subject. I may save you this once in the Baklands but you are now on your own until the Fortress at Mampang. I leave you with this word of advice. Your present troubles are caused by the Earth Serpent. Destroy it by raising it into the air; for its power comes from the earth itself.' Do you now wish to leave this area as quickly as possible (turn to 165) or do you wish to look for the Earth Serpent (turn to 307)?

159

The going is slow as you pick your way through the forest in the dark. You begin by following a trail, but it is difficult to see in the moonless night and you soon lose the path. You may stop along the way to eat Provisions (add STAMINA points if you do: 2 points if you have not eaten today or 1 point if this is not your first meal). If you have not eaten during the day, you must lose 3 STAMINA points as you are now very hungry. You must also lose 2 STAMINA points for going without sleep. Eventually light returns with the dawn. You have not made good progress but after searching round for half an hour, you manage to find the path again. Turn to 13.

160

You rest for a moment and then decide it prudent to leave as quickly as possible. You set off, following the trail. Turn to 271.

161

At the mention of the Seven Serpents, his eyes narrow and he scowls at you. The tune he is playing becomes faster and his pet snakes slither towards you. Turn to 202.

162

You allow your visitor to approach. As it gets closer, you can see that it is a small, gnome-like creature with dark skin and ugly features. Its little legs move at an incredible rate and it helps itself along with a walking stick carved to resemble a serpent. It stops in front of you and you both look at each other. Silently you wonder whether this is a friend or a foe. 'Have it whichever way you like!' says the creature in a squeaky voice. 'If it's "friend", then show me your friendship. Give me a gift of greeting! Or if it's "foe", then begone! Get out of my way!' Will you treat the little creature as a friend (turn to 134) or foe (turn to 210)?

163

The Whortle soup is hot and nourishing. It is a creamy-grey vegetable soup. It sometimes has a strange effect on people who have not eaten it before. Roll one die. If you roll a 1–5, turn to 231. If you roll a 6, turn to 18.

164

You creep carefully over to the wall which bore the fateful inscription. But much of the writing has now been destroyed. However, the end of the message is still intact. It reads: '. . . Death will be certain unless the victim will chant the goddess's name thrice loudly.'

Do you remember the goddess's name? If so, repeat it three times loudly and turn to 9. If you cannot remember her name, you will have to either pray to Libra (turn to 320) or ask this goddess for mercy (turn to 206). *You can check the goddess's name at reference 189 – but you are on your honour to do this after you have repeated it.*

165

Ahead of you, perhaps an hour's walk away, are the fringes of the Forest of the Snatta, the next stage of your journey. After a brief rest, you collect yourself and set off towards it. Turn to 133.

166

'Very well,' whispers the voice. 'Listen carefully and repeat this incantation after me:

Arbil Madarbil
I offer a sign,
Arbil Madarbil
No idol of mine.

Though, Arbil Madarbil,
I worship you not,
Let fortune o'ersee me,
Let luck be my lot.'

Will you repeat this verse as the spirit suggests (turn to 297) or not (turn to 3)?

167

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky,* turn to 27. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to 77.

168

You quickly dart off into the reeds and are relieved to find that the Goblins are not interested in following you. Instead they set off in the direction they were originally heading. You continue under cover of the swamp. Turn to 295.

169

You look into the Orb and hold your Serpent Ring up to the trapped creature. 'A curse on you, human!' it hisses. 'I am trapped, but I will be freed. And when I am, your journey will have been wasted.' Again you hold up the ring and demand that the Sun Serpent reveals its secret. 'I am compelled to give you one piece of advice, and this is it: beware the breath of the Mucalytics. But I will tell you no more.' Return to 183.

170

You continue for several hours until the darkness of night spreads across the land. But shelter is nowhere to be found. Will you bed down for the night to rest and eat (turn to 225) or would you prefer to keep going through the night (turn to 255)?

171

You cannot see anything through the door. You will have to either leave the area (turn to 92), or open the door (turn to 265). If you wish to enter, you may want to cast a spell first:

TEL	DOP	POP	ZAP	FAR
425	469	399	409	354

172

You may either draw your weapon and battle the creature:

WATER SERPENT	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

Or you may look through your backpack for something to use (turn to 245). If you choose to fight the Serpent and you win, turn to 75.

173

The creatures appear to be most annoyed that you refuse their hospitality. They shout angrily after you in a series of grunts. But no one stops you. In fact they seem to be more engrossed in their own arguments than they are concerned with you! You walk on, leaving them squabbling senselessly with one another. Leaving the village, you are a short distance from the next stage of your journey: the Forest of the Snatta. Turn to 133.

174

As you run, the world blacks out in an instant, as if the sun were snuffed out like a candle. The screeching noise becomes a softer hissing sound as it fades into the distance. You glance behind to see a single glowing ball above you in the sky, which fades. As it dies, daylight returns. You stop and head off in a north-westerly direction until you see something that makes you stop. Turn to 137.

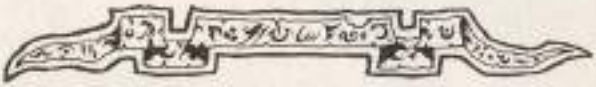

175

Your movement causes them to retaliate hastily. Three arrows shoot towards you at dangerously close range. Throw one die for each arrow. A roll of 1–3 is a hit, for 3 STAMINA points of damage. If all three hit you, you are seriously wounded – turn to **325**. If two, one or none of the arrows hit you, you may still cast your spell (after taking the STAMINA damage):

ROK	DIM	FAL	DOP	SAP
495	391	445	476	422

If you know none of these, turn to **70**.

176

A strange musical wailing sound reaches your ears as you approach a natural pit in the ground. You approach cautiously and peer over the edge. Down below is a thin, dark-skinned man squatting on the ground and playing a pipe. In front of him, half a dozen snakes are writhing in the air and watching him. Do you wish to shout down to him (turn to **200**) or leap down into the pit with your weapon at the ready (turn to **218**)? If you would prefer, you could sneak away quietly instead (turn to **318**).

177

The Horn is, in fact, an ornate Galehorn with the power of the wind. But its power is only available to those who have been trained in sorcery! Turn now to **86**.

178

Which spell will you use?

WAL	FOG	LAW	FIX	MUD
337	380	430	463	483

If you know none of these, you will have to draw your weapon. Turn to **258**.

179

Which spell will you cast?

GUM	NIF	FOG	HOT	YAP
497	400	468	349	416

If you know none of these, you may either throw it some food (turn to 80) or draw your weapon (turn to 256).

180

You grasp the trapdoor handle and test its weight. With a good heave you should be able to lift it. Using all your strength, you manage to lift it and then flip it over on its hinges. A few steps lead downwards and the smell below is disgusting. As the light floods in, you can see *something* down there, but you can't make out what. It could be something alive, but . . . 'Aaaaiiieeeee!' Two voices (one of them your own!) scream in fright as your eyes meet. At the foot of the steps is a skinny, half-naked old man with long wild hair and a beard. You step back to compose yourself after the shock. Do you want to climb down the stairs to see who this is (turn to 145) or leave the building (turn to 309)?

181

You protest, and the little creature looks on you in disbelief. 'Look, Analander, I've told you once, and I'm telling you again. I don't care if your pride *is* wounded! That's nothing to the wound I'll give you across your throat if you don't stand aside to let an old lady pass.' The creature reaches out with its stick and touches your weapon. It turns into a twisting snake! You knock it on to the floor. As you jump aside, the ugly little creature walks past. You watch it go in amazement. When it is some distance off, your weapon returns to normal. You pick it up and continue. Turn to 114.

182

Eventually the water becomes shallow and you step out on to marshy ground. You find a spot where you may rest and eat Provisions if you wish. If you wish to stop and eat, add 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today or 1 point if you have. As you get ready to leave, you hear a crashing in the distance, followed by cries. Something – or a group of somethings – is heading your way. Will you stay where you are but hide (turn to 136), run away in the opposite direction (turn to 270) or wait to see what happens (turn to 316)?

183

You are getting on well with her and decide to bring the conversation round to your mission. You ask her about the Seven Serpents. She stops talking and looks at you, her eyes widening. 'What interest have you in the Seven Serpents?' she asks. Dare you risk telling her the truth? You decide to play safe and tell her you have heard they are about and you would like to set eyes on these infamous creatures. 'I can lead you to one of the creatures,' she says, 'for I have a secret. I believe I can trust you with it. The Seven Serpents are no friends of mine, for each time they fly out into Kakhabad, they land in this forest, causing disturbances. The cursed Water Serpent killed my father during one such visit. This I shall never forget. My father did not know of its weakness, for the Serpent of Water cannot abide oil. Oil and water do not mix and for this reason I have a plentiful store. For I will avenge my father. But let me show you what I have in my Orb.' Realizing that you have found a useful ally, you explain to Fenestra that you must kill these creatures. She smiles. 'Then take this flask of oil with you on your journey. And may your goddess be with you if you meet the evil creature.' She hands you a flask of oil and turns to the Glass Orb on the table. Then she smooths her hands over the surface, mumbling under her breath. A shape begins to appear in the Orb. Your jaw drops as you make out the form of a winged serpent. 'Yes,' she says, 'I have here the Sun Serpent, lured down from the skies with a Rain Spell. I offered it shelter – for the Sun Serpent cannot tolerate water – and magicked it into my Orb. Eventually, the Water Serpent will come looking for its companion and when that happens, I will be ready. Look, you can talk to the creature if you wish.' She looks deep into the Orb with a look of disgust on her face. You may now ask her for advice on crossing Lake Ilklala (turn to 132), or ask her for any other advice she may have on the Serpents (turn to 76), or you may leave and rejoin the path (turn to 92).

184

'Oooh, yesss,' cries the Snake Charmer. 'Manata likesss shoesss. I wantss them!' He claims that he can give you valuable information if you will give him the shoes. You ask what sort of information. He whispers, 'The Sseven Sserpentsss.' Do you wish to take him up on his offer (turn to **228**) or would you prefer to hang on to the boots (turn to **108**)?

185

You run over to the rock and crouch in its folds, hiding from the undead creature. Its eyes follow you and again it laughs loudly. Holding its bony hands in front of it, it raises them slowly into the air. You wait in anticipation. Seconds later, a deep rumbling sound shakes the earth and you panic! The rocks around you are moving! You try desperately to spring from the rocks, but your leg has been caught in a fold. The rock is coming alive! Helplessly, you watch as a great Rock Demon rises from the ground and turns towards you! Will you draw your sword to defend yourself (turn to **268**) or cast a spell?

DUD	RAZ	ROK	ZAP	KIN
478	372	352	455	382

186

With outstanding bravery, you grit your teeth and let your blade do its work. You gasp as the task is completed and you are freed. But to what avail? You will certainly not be able to complete your mission with only one leg. You must now do everything in your power to survive on the way back to Kharé, where you may be able to find a doctor. But your mission must certainly end here . . .

187

After the battle, you decide to leave the area quickly, in case any other Snattacats visit this spot. You continue along the trail for a few minutes until you reach a suitable clearing where you can catch your breath. Turn to **20**.

188

The KLATTAMEN you have encountered are a fearless, yet foolhardy, bunch. Within their tribes, brawn is an attribute valued above brains. You draw your weapon and attack the creatures. Each is anxious to be the one who deals you the death blow; they all attack together. You must decide each Attack Round which of the Klattamen you are attacking and conduct the battle in the normal way. Roll Attack Strengths for the two remaining Klattamen. If either of them exceed your Attack Strength, then they will inflict a wound on you. Resolve this combat:

First KLATTAMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7
Second KLATTAMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6
Third KLATTAMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the Klattamen, turn to 251.

189

By using your intelligence, you begin to make some sense of the writing. Soon you have a good idea of its meaning and you read it aloud: 'This temple was built by the priests of Yadu in honour of Throff, goddess of the earth. Those who are not of the faith are forbidden from entering and shall be punished accordingly if they dare to speak the name of Throff in this temple . . .' You stop, realizing what you have done! According to this message, punishment will befall you as you have now spoken the goddess's name twice and you do not worship her as your god! All is silent. Has the goddess now left this place? A rumbling makes you fear otherwise. The ground is shaking! A cracking noise makes you look up in time to see a huge slab of marble falling directly on top of you! You leap aside just in time to avoid being crushed as the great stone smashes on the ground. But you land awkwardly, twisting your ankle – lose 2 STAMINA points. Do you want to rush for the entrance (turn to 135) or will you cast a spell?

FOF	ROK	FIX	MAG	NEP
429	369	481	335	412

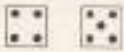

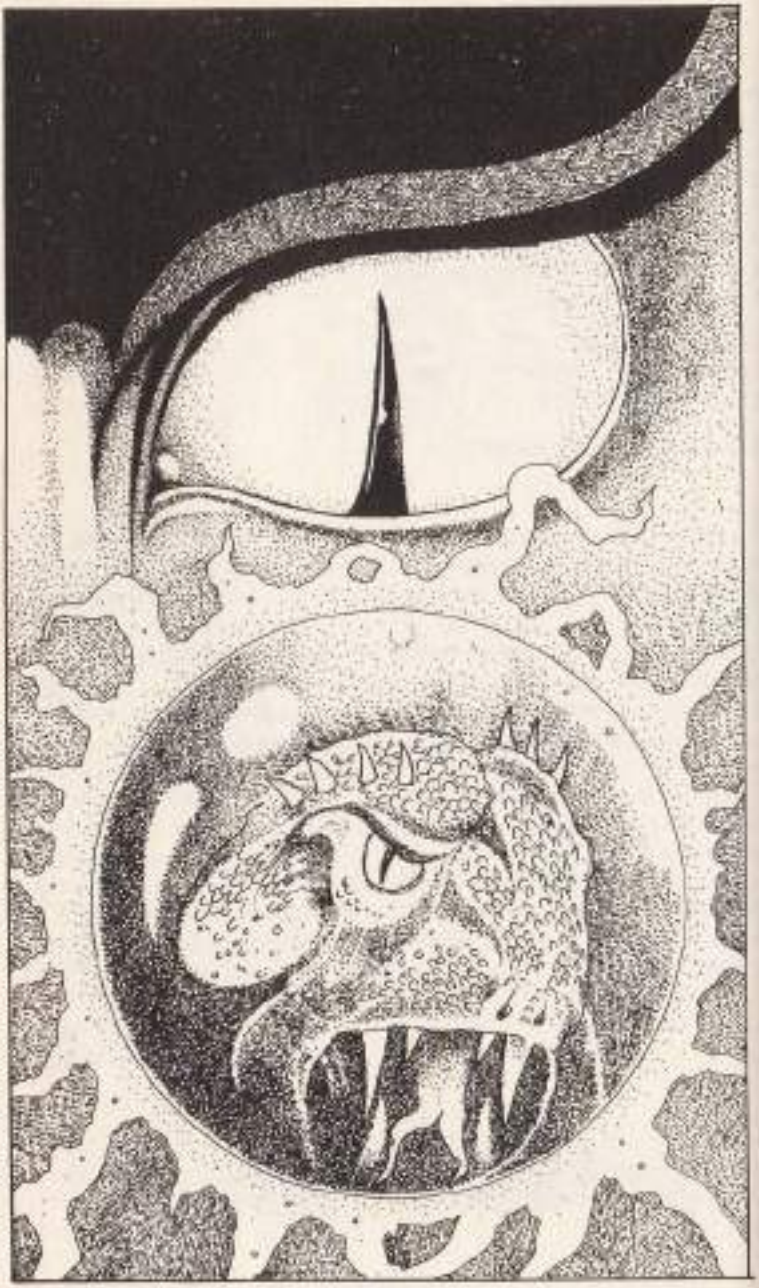

190

At the end of the passageway, a small room is lit by a single candle standing on a wooden table. The candlelight reveals a murky room, but one used as a place of residence, judging by the furniture scattered about. Seated at the table is a spindly creature whose attention is focused on a Glass Orb standing on a plinth. The creature is mumbling something at the Orb. Shapes and colours are swirling across its surface, but you cannot make out anything clearly. Will you politely disturb the creature to announce yourself (turn to **282**) or draw your weapon and attack (turn to **29**)?

191

Choose your spell quickly:

DUD	BIG	SUN	ZAP	MAG
370	440	334	488	345

If you know none of these, draw your weapon and turn to **286**.

192

A murmur spreads through the onlookers and they look towards you suspiciously. 'Perhaps our wealthy friend is not so wealthy after all,' says one of the Elves. 'Perhaps our food isn't good enough!' says another. The atmosphere is becoming decidedly hostile. Will you tell them you'd like to look around their camp first (turn to **112**) or tell them you are a trader and you wish to *trade* for their food (turn to **79**)?

193

You leave your pack and move along the tree, looking carefully for signs of whatever caused the noise. You see nothing. But a low growling sound comes from the area where you were resting. Still you see nothing. Your pack topples from the tree trunk on to the ground. Something is not quite right here. You are *certain* your pack was resting in a level position. It almost seems as though something has pushed it off. The low growling turns into a vicious roar. *Something* launches itself forward and fastens sharp teeth around your arm! You are being attacked by an invisible beast! You quickly pull out your weapon and bring it down heavily on the creature's head. It yelps and releases its grip, freeing your arm. You must lose 2 STAMINA points for this painful injury. Will you now run away from this place (turn to **271**) or do you wish to know more about your attacker (turn to **90**)?

194

As you draw your weapon, so do the Goblins. Resolve this battle:

First MARSH GOBLIN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second MARSH GOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5
Third MARSH GOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
Fourth MARSH GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

Fight the Goblins one at a time. If you kill all four, turn to **277**. If at any time you wish to run away from the battle, turn to **168**.

195

The lucky charm is a small golden snake which can be hung around your neck. In fact it is a particularly useful piece in that it will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level – but once only. You may either wear it now to restore your LUCK immediately, or save it until you feel it would be more useful. But once you have used it, it will not work again, although its gold content is worth 1 Gold Piece to you. Now turn to **92** to leave the Elf's home.

196

The Hewing Axe is a magical weapon, especially effective against the man-trap plants in the Forest of the Snatta. With this axe you will free yourself easily from the STRANGLEBUSH. Turn to **106**.

197

Do you have any of the following with you:

Sand?	Turn to **148**
A tinderbox?	Turn to **266**
Borrinskin boots?	Turn to **319**

If you have none of these, you must either return to **123** to choose again, or leave the area without delay (turn to **306**).

198

The old Elf stands up to take you to the store. 'My friend,' he says, 'it is years since we have heard stories as good as those. We are indeed traders and businessfolk. But as reward for the merriment you have given us, we will offer you our *best* prices.' When you reach the goods caravan, you may buy any items for sale at half the normal price. And as a special present, the old Elf will give you one item in the store as a gift. Now turn to **315**.

199

After packing up your camp, you pull out the little whistle and blow. No sound comes from it. You shake it vigorously and blow again, but there is still no sound. But it is not broken. It emits a high-pitched whistle, silent to the ears, but which can be heard by the ferryman. A few minutes later, he comes stumbling out of the undergrowth. 'All right, all right. Hold yer horses. I'm coming. Wot's yer rush?' He is a scruffy, unwashed individual, somewhat overweight but with a broad pair of shoulders. 'Right then,' he says, scratching himself across the chest, 'where to?' You tell him you wish to cross the lake, whereupon he bursts into laughter, slapping his knees with his hands. 'Of course yer wants to cross the lake!' he laughs. '*Everyone* wants to cross the lake. But I still asks "Where to" anyway. Just my little jest. Right then. That'll be 4 Gold Pieces. In advance, if yer don't mind.' Will you pay the man his fee (turn to 110) or, if you haven't that much money, try to fight or trick him (turn to 49)?

200

The man puts down his pipe. 'Sshhh. Ssssss, my slithery sistersss. Soundsss like someone'sss calling usss.' He looks up to see you and waves you down. 'A visitor! Join uss, stranger.' Will you climb down into the pit (turn to 301) or would you prefer to leave this man to his snakes (turn to 318)?

201

Your constitution is low and your foolhardy refusal to shelter from the storm was not a wise move. You begin to sneeze. Unless you receive proper treatment within the next few days, the pneumonia you have caught will seriously affect you. Tomorrow morning, the disease will have taken a grip and you must deduct 2 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points. Thereafter, every morning you must deduct another 1 SKILL point and 3 STAMINA points unless you are able to rid yourself of the disease. Nevertheless, you soldier on through the storm until it eventually subsides. Turn to 10.

202

One by one, the snakes dart at you, biting with their fangs. Fight them in sequence:

First SNAKE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 3
Second SNAKE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 1
Third SNAKE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4
Fourth SNAKE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 2
Fifth SNAKE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 2
Sixth SNAKE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 1

If you defeat all the snakes, you may turn to the Snake Charmer:

SNAKE CHARMER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you do not defeat the Snake Charmer within five Attack Rounds, turn to **312**. If you do, turn to **260**.

203

The parchment is worn and faded. A heading at the top reads 'Secrets of the Baklands', although most of the writing is illegible. By studying it carefully, you can just about make out two facts which may be useful. An old sorceress known as 'The Sham' may be worth visiting, as her powers and knowledge are considerable and she is not wholly aligned to the dark side of sorcery. She dwells ahead on the Klatta-Bak Steppes in an area that must be north-east of where you are now. She appreciates being given gifts, but the parchment gives a warning: she is not what she appears to be. Secondly, the parchment warns of the Forest of the Snatta. In this forest the plants are as deadly as the animals. But the most deadly of the plants are affected by Essence of Bark. The rest of the parchment cannot be deciphered. Turn to **86**.

204

You follow them to the fire where they offer you meat from the roasting animal, apparently some kind of wild boar. You may add 2 STAMINA points for this meal (1 only if you have already eaten). You try in vain to communicate with them, but their language is very basic, if indeed they have a language at all. They offer also a mug of tea-like broth to wash down your food. You are beginning to wonder what on earth they want with you if you cannot even speak to each other, when a sound behind you, followed by a hushed silence from the crowd, gives you your answer. You turn to see a well-built Klattaman, taller and stronger than the rest, standing behind you. He

looks at you and curls his lips into a low growl. In his hand he holds a club which he picks up and grips firmly. You rise to your feet and face this champion. A fight has been planned for you. Will you use your magic against this foe (turn to **229**) or draw your weapon (turn to **280**)?

205

The wounded creature steps back, clutching its arm. The shimmering haze returns once more to engulf the Deathwraith. It rises into the air and, as it does so, the apparition has disappeared. In its place stands a stout, balding man who whimpers and nurses his wounds. 'Enough!' he cries. 'Let me be! I did you no harm. Why do you attack me?' Your jaw drops at the sight. 'Leave Renfren alone. He never does any harm. Just a little merriment, that's all.' You are not amused at the man's practical jokes. Do you want to step in and finish him off (turn to **326**) or will you threaten him unless he gives you information (turn to **72**)?

206

You fall on your knees and pray for mercy, hoping the goddess will take pity on you. The rumblings subside and the dust begins to settle. Is she allowing you to take your freedom? In front of you, one of the wall-mounted statues starts to speak. It is a woman in leather armour with a bronze helmet – evidently a likeness of the goddess. Its words reach you: 'Mortal, you are not of my faith. Yet you invade my holy temple and then beg me for mercy. But I am a just god. I will allow you to escape with your life, on one condition. You must renounce Libra, your own goddess, and from now on worship Throff. Do this and I shall grant you your freedom. Otherwise you shall perish. The choice is yours.'

What will your answer be? Will you accept and worship Throff (if you do this you may never again call on Libra's help at any stage of your quest) to escape with your life (turn to **298**), or will you resist and take your chances with her wrath (turn to **238**)?

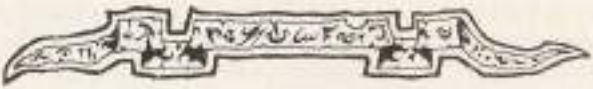

207

You draw your weapon and march forward with resolve. You aim to break their circle. As you step forward, the voice comes again: 'Stop, foolish creature. This warning shall be your last. As shall be your next step if you heed not my warning!' Will you ignore this warning and continue (turn to 140) or do you think you had better stop (turn to 232)?

208

You try a few words of greeting, but they seem not to understand you at all. Then they speak to you, but you can make no sense of their language, if you do not know an interpretation spell. Return to 316 and choose again.

209

'So *you* have the Serpent Ring, Analander!' the Air Serpent hisses. 'If such be the case, I am bound by its power to aid you with advice. But even the Serpent Ring will not protect you from my wrath! Very well: in the dark chamber of night, do not light your way with the blood candle. Such is my advice. But it will be of no use to you, for these next few moments will be your last on this earth!' Now return to 223 and choose your next course of action.

210

'So it's "foe", is it?' says the squeaky voice, before you have had a chance to open your mouth. 'Then do as I say. Get out of my way!' Will you stand aside and let the little fellow pass (turn to 114) or do you resent being ordered about like this (turn to 181)?

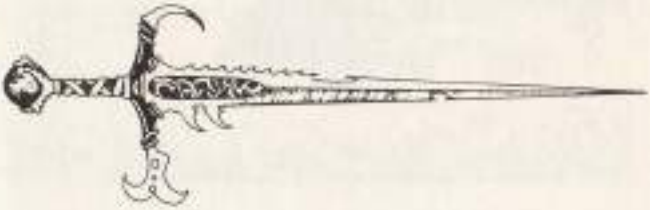

211

Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL. If the roll is lower than your SKILL, you manage to grab the edge and can begin pulling yourself out of the pit. Whatever it was on the rim of the pit will still be there, but if it bites you, you may this time bear with the pain until you reach the top. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, the creature bites only one hand (1 STAMINA point of damage). If you are *Unlucky*, it bites both (2 STAMINA points of damage). Eventually you climb up on to the surface. Turn to 43.

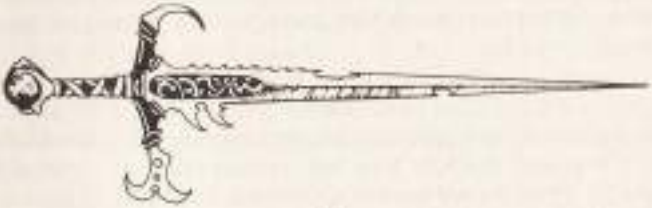

212

You pull out your vial of Bark Essence and take the stopper off. The branches react immediately, releasing their grip on you. You pour a little Essence on to your hands and rub it in. Seconds later, the bush has freed you completely. It seems that this STRANGLEBUSH attacks animals only. With the Bark Essence, it has mistaken you for a plant! Turn to **106**.

213

Having rid yourself of the Air Serpent, you set off. You take the oars of the boat and row yourself across the great lake. The going is not easy as the water is thick and heavy. In the centre of the lake you stop. Several yards ahead of you the water is bubbling up. Do you wish to see what this bubbling is (turn to **28**) or will you steer a wide course around to avoid it (turn to **36**)?

214

The trail leads onwards to a point where a tall tree has fallen across the way just at the point where another path joins your own. You stop at the tree to rest. You may take Provisions here and you can add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day. While you are sitting on the trunk, the forest noises keep you alert. Small animals rustle in the undergrowth, birds call; but one particular sound puts you on your guard. A soft plop, which seems to come from the tree trunk, cannot be matched to anything happening around you. Do you wish to investigate the sound (turn to 193) or will you instead continue onwards (turn to 120)?

215

Eyebrows rise and the Elves look at one another at the thought that you may be carrying Gold. 'Our pardon, noble traveller,' says the old Elf. 'We mistook you for a vagabond. We are always happy to offer our hospitality to those who can afford the price. Such is our business. Come, let me show you to the kitchen tent where you may eat and we may exchange news of the outside world. It is just beyond that caravan over there.' You follow him across the camp, with the rest of the Elves following several paces behind and muttering to themselves. Do you want to go to the kitchen tent (turn to 321) or are you already thinking about escaping from here (turn to 311)?

216

As your blow strikes the creature, a short jet of liquid spits from its mouth and lands on your leg. A burning sensation warns you: the Beetle's spit is an acidic liquid which will certainly eat flesh. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for the burn on your leg. Continue your fight, but each time you hit the Beetle, roll one die to see whether its acid spit hits you:

Roll	*Effect*
1	Hits you in the face. Lose 3 STAMINA points and the sight of your left eye.
2	Hits your sword arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point.
3	Hits your other arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points.
4	Hits your leg. Lose 1 STAMINA point.
5–6	Misses.

If you defeat the creature, turn to 24.

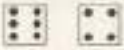

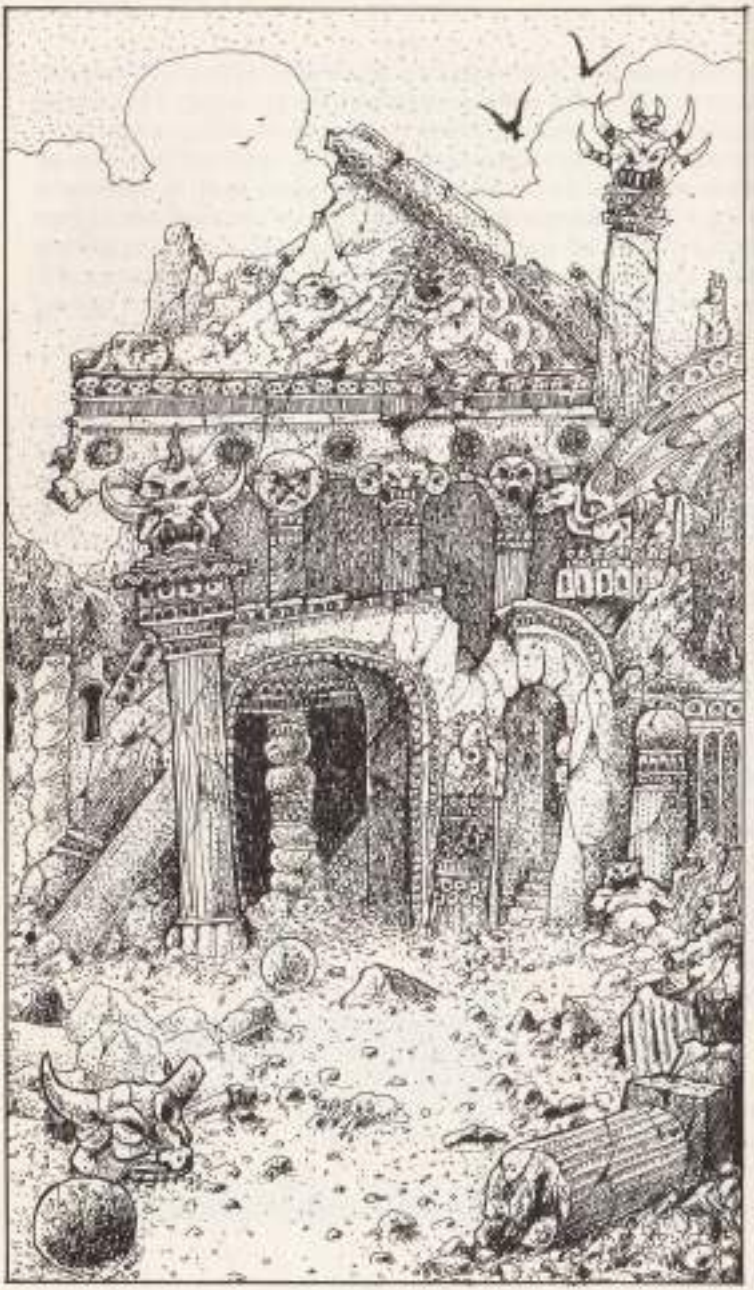

217

The going becomes more tiring in the late morning. You are walking up an incline which forms the natural boundary between the plains of Baddu-Bak and the Klatta-Bak Steppes. As the ground levels out once more you can see something in the distance ahead of you. Perhaps man-made or perhaps a freak of nature, this actually looks like a construction of some kind. As you get closer you can see more clearly what it is – or rather, what it *was*. A ruined building stands on a stone plinth, its columns cracked and broken. The elaborate carvings on the pillars suggest it was perhaps a temple of some kind, sited by a natural well which has now dried up. Do you want to investigate these ruins (turn to 63), check the well (turn to 23) or leave (turn to 309)?

218

You land in the pit screaming loudly to frighten the Snake Charmer. But instead of being frightened, his tune becomes faster. You are horrified as the snakes dart towards you, hissing menacingly. Turn to 202.

219

The dust storm rages around you and you dare not look out to see what is happening. For half an hour you sit and wait until finally the winds calm and the storm moves on. Turn to 10.

220

As the Serpent's power dies, so does the living earth. Everything is now still. You may rest for a short while to catch your breath, then set off again towards the forest. Turn to 165.

221

This whistle summons the ferryman of Lake Ilklala. Fenestra tells you how it works: 'The ferryman patrols the lake shore every morning and you will attract his attention by blowing this whistle.' First thing in the morning you may blow this whistle by turning to reference 199 if you are on the shores of Lake Ilklala. You thank Fenestra for the whistle and leave her home to rejoin the path. Turn to 92. You may add 3 LUCK points for finding this whistle.

222

The Rock Demon crashes to the ground. But the battle has been watched by the cowled spectre. Will you now advance towards this creature (turn to 104) or escape from this place (turn to 113)?

223

With your hand on your weapon, you order the ferryman to take the oars himself; you are not going to row his boat. You turn angrily towards him but stop in mid-sentence as you see a transformation taking place. Before your eyes, the ferryman is shrivelling as if the air were being let out of a balloon! From his collapsing form, a jet of gas rises into the air, swirling round and forming the shape of a winged serpent! Will you draw out your weapon (turn to 261) or cast a spell?

ZAP	KIN	SIX	DUM	HUT
363	419	482	464	350

Or will you instead investigate the body of the ferryman (turn to 21)?

224

You spend a miserable night, unsheltered and on your guard against attack. Nevertheless, you manage to get some sleep and you rise at dawn. Gain 2 STAMINA points for your rest. Did you eat at all yesterday? If not, deduct 3 STAMINA points as you are now very hungry. You may continue your journey by heading either to the north-east (turn to 15) or to the north-west (turn to 217).

225

You settle down and make camp for the night. If you have Provisions you may eat and if you do so you can add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. You cover yourself and curl up on the ground to sleep; it has been a tiring day. Ten minutes later you are fast asleep.

Suddenly you are startled and spring to your feet! A hissing coil of fire hovers above you in the air! Two sharp talons reach down and grab at your pack. The Serpent of Fire clutches your rucksack and beats its wings to lift it into the air. Will you dive on to your pack and hold on for dear life (turn to 100) or allow the Serpent to fly off with it, but follow along on foot (turn to 58)?

226

You step into the undergrowth and climb forward into the bushes. A flash of red ahead reassures you that you are heading in the right direction. But the snake seems to be moving a little slower than it could – almost as if it *wants* you to follow it. It stops at the foot of a tree and coils round the trunk. You watch as it slithers up the trunk into the branches. Its head drops down from the foliage to look for you. Do you walk up to the tree, ready for danger (turn to **123**), or are you convinced that there is nothing particularly interesting about this snake so you may as well head back to the path (turn to **306**)?

227

The Hewing Axe has a magical blade and will cut down trees with one blow. It may be used in battle, but if you use it as a weapon, you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength roll. Now turn to **86**.

228

'The bootsss!' he hisses. 'Give, give, give.' You hand them to him and he is silent. He looks slyly at you, but then agrees to keep his part of the bargain. You ask whether his snakes are anything to do with the Seven Serpents, but he shakes his head. 'Nooo, thesse are my sissterss. But the Seven Sserpentss passsed over two dayss ago. My sissterss know their plansss.' He can tell you the whereabouts of one of the Serpents. Do you wish to leave, following his directions (turn to **12**)? Otherwise you may climb out of the pit and continue in the direction you were going (turn to **318**).

229

Which spell will you use?

SAP	RES	DUD	GAK	LAW
340	402	494	420	457

If you know none of these, you will have to use your weapon. Turn to **280**.

230

You carry on along the trail and stop suddenly as you notice a movement in the distance to the west. Three shapes are moving rapidly across the plain throwing up a thick cloud of dust. They turn and head towards you. As there is no cover, you have no choice but to let them approach. They come closer and you can make out three riders on horseback. But as they draw near, you realize that the riders you saw were not riders at all: three Centaurs are approaching. You must think quickly how you will greet them. Will you be friendly (turn to 111) or adopt an aggressive approach (turn to 313)?

231

After the soup, a plate of bread and runny cheese is brought to you. The smell is awful! But with all eyes on you, you force down the stuff and wash the taste away with your herb tea. Gloister is a strange, cheese-like substance, which has the power to restore LUCK. You may restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level. You may also add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). The old Elf orders another cup of herb tea and the two of you chat, with the others looking on. Will you:

Try to amuse them by telling them jokes? Turn to 275
Tell them you are tired and would like to rest for the night? Turn to 69
Ask to see their wares if, as they appear, they are traders? Turn to 315

232

'A wise move, mortal; a very wise move.' The spirit's voice calms down. Now you must decide whether to demand that they reveal their magical chant (turn to 166) or ask them for some proof of their identities (turn to 323.)

233

For an hour, you wait. But apart from the occasional small animal which scurries out of the forest to take a drink, the area seems to be completely deserted. Would you like to wander along the shore to see whether you can find anyone (turn to 241), call out for help (turn to 57), or will you wait a little longer (turn to 304)?

234

'So you also use the mystic arts!' she exclaims. 'Then we certainly do have much in common.' You chat to her for some time, comparing spell notes. She has a good supply of spell artefacts and she will exchange these with you. You must give her two items which are used in your spells and will receive in return *one* spell artefact of your choice (she has all the items needed for the spells in the Spell Book). She is delighted to have found someone of similar profession. Turn to 183.

235

You spend an undisturbed night on the fringe of the forest. You may add 3 STAMINA points for your night's rest. But if you did not eat at all yesterday, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points. Three paths now lead into the depths of the forest. Which will you choose?

The left-hand path?	Turn to 13
The right-hand path?	Turn to 329
The middle path?	Turn to 214

236

The heat increases as more of the glowing rocks break through the surface. You are drenched in sweat and must deduct 1 STAMINA point for the pain. You had better now try to climb out of the pit. Turn to 211.

237

You set up your camp. You may eat Provisions if you wish before you sleep. Gain 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. You lie down to sleep for the night. Noises wake you continually during the night, but you get some sleep and rise at dawn to continue. Add 1 STAMINA point for your rest, but deduct 3 STAMINA points if you did not eat yesterday. Turn to 11.

238

You refuse her offer. The statue's expression turns to one of anger. 'Very well then, fool. If that is your choice, so be it!' Again the rumblings start, but this time with renewed vigour. A pillar falls on your leg, crushing it painfully. But your agony is shortlived as a slab of stone drops from the ceiling on to your chest. Your adventure has ended here in the Temple of Throff.

239

You can head out to the north-west (turn to 149) or you can take a wide detour around the creature and then continue northwards (turn to 283).

240

As you step away from their slain champion, you can feel the atmosphere in the crowd has changed. One of the creatures steps forward with another joint of meat from the roast for you to chew. But you have decided it wisest to leave the village as quickly as possible. You turn and walk away from the crowd towards the far side of their village. Turn to 173.

241

For half an hour you follow the shore westwards, but find nothing. You walk back and try the other way. Again you come across nothing that might help you get across. Do you wish to shout out in the hope of attracting someone's attention (turn to 57) or sit and wait to see whether any help might arrive (turn to 233)?

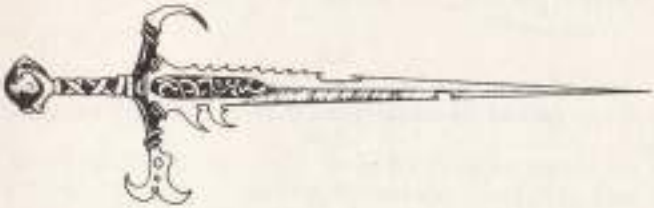

242

Your hand reaches down to pull out your weapon. As you touch it, a jolt passes up your arm, causing you to pull away quickly! You shake your arm painfully. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Cautiously, you reach down to try again. As soon as your hand touches the weapon, the same painful spasm shoots up your arm. Lose another STAMINA point. Something magical is preventing you from drawing your weapon! Will you carry on regardless (turn to 190) or would you prefer to turn round, leave this place and continue along the trail (turn to 92)?

243

You pray desperately to Libra for help and wait for a sign that the goddess has heard your plea. But no such sign comes and the aching in your limbs becomes almost unbearable. Carrion crows circle above you, squawking loudly and waiting to enjoy their next meal. One of them lands on the cross and pecks at your wrist. You are powerless to prevent it but you shout to frighten it off. It soon alights again and once more pecks at your wrist. You must lose 3 STAMINA points, for your strength is fading. The crow pecks again. But this time you do not shout. Your head turns towards the scrawny creature and a weak smile spreads across your lips. It seems not to be attempting to eat you, but instead to peck through your binding! Libra has not forsaken you! Moments later, your hand is free, allowing you to hold on while the bird pecks at your other ties. Soon you are released and the crow caws as it springs from the cross and flies up into the sky. With your last reserves of strength, you slide down the pole and rest, panting, at the base. But your ordeal has cost you dearly. Although the Black Elves have left your weapon and backpack at the base of the cross, they have taken all your other possessions. And you have called on Libra's help. You may not pray to her again in the Baklands. Nevertheless, you must continue your journey. Turn to 269.

244

Further along the trail you come across a clearing where you can rest. If you wish to eat Provisions here you may do so and add 2 STAMINA points (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten today). As you stand to leave, a cracking sound makes you turn quickly. Breaking through the undergrowth towards you is a tall, lumbering WILD BEAR! The creature bars your way forward and you will have to fight it. Will you draw your weapon (turn to 139) or cast a spell?

LAW	SIX	YAP	DUM	FIX
437	415	361	485	333

245

What will you find to use in your backpack?

A flask of oil?	Turn to 14
A lucky talisman?	Turn to 278
Snake-bite antidote?	Turn to 81

If you have none of these, you must return to 303 and make another choice.

246

You stand up and turn to run. But before you have taken a step, you howl in pain as something digs into your leg. Of course! The invisible something that tripped you up! It must have been a Snattacat drinking from the stream. Its sharp teeth will cause 2 STAMINA points of damage. Quickly, you strike out with your weapon at where you assume its head should be. The creature yelps and releases its grip. Your blow has also broken its concentration; the Snattacat materializes in front of you. You will have to fight it quickly before the others arrive:

SNATTACAT SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

The Snattacat has the ability to make itself invisible, which it will always do in a battle. While it is invisible, you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength rolls as it is difficult to fight. However, each time you wound it, you will break its concentration and it will become visible for the next Attack Round. When it is visible, attack it as normal. If you defeat the Snattacat within 6 Attack Rounds, turn to 41. If you do not defeat it in this time, the other Snattacats will join in – turn to 99.

247

Turning up the collar on your tunic, you set off towards the horizon. The wind swells and forceful gusts blow you roughly from one side to the other. Then it happens – the skies open up. A torrential downpour bursts from the clouds and in an instant you are soaked to the skin. Unsheltered from the wind and the rain, you have two concerns: firstly, anything you have in your backpack which would be destroyed by water *is* destroyed (maps, parchments, etc. – but not Provisions); secondly, you risk catching pneumonia as you continue through the biting wind, soaked to the skin. Roll three dice and compare the total with your STAMINA score. If the total rolled is less than your STAMINA, turn to **284**. If the total rolled is equal to or greater than your STAMINA, turn to **201**.

248

As the notes come from his pipe, your anxiety subsides. The tune is soft and peaceful and you become transfixed watching him play. His gentle music is soothing you to sleep! You realize you are falling under his hypnotic power. You settle down on the ground and, as you do so, the tune becomes a series of shrill whistles. Your hands are changing. Scales are appearing on your fingers! You rub your face and it is tough and leathery. A smile spreads across his lips as he gloats over his latest victim. You are destined to spend the rest of your life as one of the Snake Charmer's pets . . .

249

The Earth Serpent spies the ring. 'Enemy of Mampang!' it hisses at you. 'You have found the Serpent Ring! Then, as our gods decree, I must tell you this: offer no gold to Valignya if you value your life! But this knowledge will do you no good. Here is another offering!' The Serpent darts out at you and narrowly misses striking your arm. Now return to **263** to deal with the Serpent.

250

You struggle with the hieroglyphics, but it is no use. You can make no sense of them. Frustrated and angry, you may now either open the trapdoor (turn to **180**), keep searching around the ruins (turn to **101**) or go outside to investigate the well (turn to **23**).

251

Looking through the Klattamen's things you find nothing particularly exciting. One has a couple of Gold Pieces and the spine of a rat. Another has a pouch containing a weight of sand, which is tied to the end of a stick. Perhaps this is a weapon of some kind. The amulet hanging around the neck of the third must have been a prized possession. Set in the centre of the amulet is a glowing stone – a Sun Jewel – which gives off its own natural light. You may take any three of these.

Add 1 STAMINA point for this night's rest as your sleep was interrupted. And if you ate nothing yesterday, deduct 3 STAMINA points for your hunger. Now you must decide which direction to continue in. Will you head north-west (turn to **83**), north-north-west (turn to **283**) or straight ahead northwards (turn to **60**)?

252

'Fool!' she scoffs. 'Do you think I will help a stranger who was ready to hold a weapon against me? Take your leave. And quickly, for that jolt you felt was only a sample of my power.' Her gaze is fixed on you and her wide eyes light up, glowing like coals. You decide not to risk tangling with her and head back for the door. Outside you rejoin the path and continue on your way. Turn to **92**.

253

Giant leeches live in the swamps and you pick up three as you wade through the water. These will cause you 2 STAMINA points of damage, feasting on your blood, unless you have a tinderbox which you can use to burn them off before they are able to bite. Turn next to **182**.

254

You run along after it, fumbling with your possessions for something else to give. Choose something else – again, this must be something valuable, not worthless – and return to **50** to find out its reaction. But your generosity in offering *two* gifts is appreciated. Add 2 to the die roll.

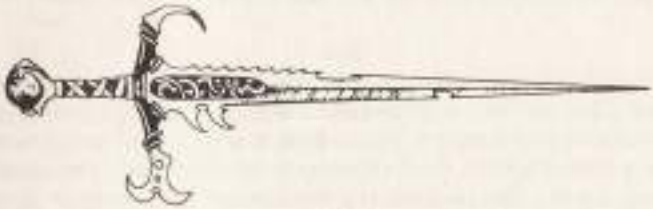

255

You continue walking north through the night. You may stop along the way to eat Provisions. If you wish to do this, you can add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day, or 1 if you have already eaten. But going without sleep will make you tired – deduct 2 STAMINA points. And if you did not eat at all during the day, you must deduct another 3 STAMINA points for your hunger. But you make good progress and encounter nothing. At dawn you are walking uphill as you enter the Klatta-Bak Steppes. From a vantage point you can survey the bleak countryside, but there are no features to guide you. Will you travel north-westwards (turn to **83**), north-north-westwards (turn to **283**) or continue northwards (turn to **60**)?

256

The fox snarls at you as you stand up, weapon at the ready. It is hungry and will kill to satisfy its appetite. Its fiery red fur bristles along its back. Resolve your fight with the creature:

FIREFOX	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

When you have inflicted your first wound on the creature, turn to 71.

257

The leader motions for the others to be silent. 'Quiet, pighead,' he orders. 'No one would be so foolish as to cross these plains alone if they were not protected in some way. Are you a sorcerer, friend?' You tell him you are, and offer to cast a Luck Spell over them if they will aid you. At this promise, they become quite excited, stomping their hooves on the ground and smiling at you. 'You have yourself a bargain,' says the leader. 'How may we be of service?' You ask them to help you on your way. 'We can take you a little further across the plains if you wish. But it is a long journey to any civilized place. To the north-west lives Manata, the Snake Charmer, and to the north-east, we may still find a caravan heading towards Kharé. We can take you to either of these. But first, our reward!' You mumble a few words and wave your fingers at them, telling them they are now blessed with luck. Horsemen are not the brightest of creatures, and they look at each other proudly. Where will you now have them take you? To the north-west (turn to 64) or to the north-east (turn to 2)?

258

You draw your weapon and wait for the creatures to attack. They circle quickly, picking up pace, until finally they dart down towards you in an attacking line. Their speed makes them difficult targets. Choose which you will fight and roll for Attack Strength. Roll also for the Attack Strengths of the Nighthawks. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your target, you have wounded it, but each Nighthawk rolling a higher Attack Strength than you will wound you. Resolve your combat:

First NIGHTHAWK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
Second NIGHTHAWK	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5
Third NIGHTHAWK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
Fourth NIGHTHAWK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 4

After three Attack Rounds, turn to 314.

259

You hold your arms up in the air and walk slowly forward. To your relief, no more arrows are released, although you can see bowmen, with shafts at the ready, covering your approach. A crowd is gathering to see who you are and you are soon close enough to make out what sort of people are watching you. You have come across a caravan of Black Elves, presumably traders of some kind. As you enter the camp, they eye you suspiciously. An old Elf, slightly stouter than the rest, steps forward. 'If you seek shelter or food,' he starts, 'then you waste your time with this caravan. What purpose have you wandering alone through the Baklands?' What will your reply be?

Will you claim to be a trader and ask to see their wares? Turn to 315

Will you tell him of your mission and ask about the Seven Serpents? Turn to 37

Will you tell him you *are* after food and shelter and that you will pay handsomely for their hospitality? Turn to 215

260

You search the pit, looking for any valuable possessions the Snake Charmer may have hidden. You find his Bamboo Pipe and, in a sack which was partly covered with earth, you find a bottle of Holy Water. You may keep these. Now you must set off on your journey once more. But were you bitten by any of the snakes while you were in the pit? Each of the snakes was poisonous. If any of them wounded you, the slow-acting poison will take effect. If you already have snake-bite antidote, you may take this to neutralize the poison. If you do not have this, you will die unless you can find some by the end of the day. The poison will weaken you such that any STAMINA penalties you take between now and dusk will inflict double damage (i.e. you will subtract double the STAMINA penalties). Leave the snake pit and continue your journey – turn to 318.

261

The creature facing you is the AIR SERPENT, who is a dangerous foe. Your blows will not harm it, as it is made of the air itself; but should you catch it twice in succession, you will disperse part of its body, making it difficult for it to re-form. The Serpent will attack you by trying to engulf your head with its body, thus making you breathe in its choking gas. Resolve the fight:

AIR SERPENT	SKILL 11	STAMINA 14

You will only harm the Air Serpent if you roll a higher Attack Strength twice in succession, in which case you can deduct 3 STAMINA points from the Serpent after this second attack. The Serpent's gas will only do 1 STAMINA point of damage to you, unless the Serpent rolls a higher Attack Strength twice (or more) in succession. In this case, the effects of the gas are multiplied: 1 STAMINA penalty in the first round, 2 STAMINA penalties in the second, 4 in the third, 8 in the fourth, etc. If you defeat the creature, turn to 213.

262

On your way out of the ruined temple, you may investigate the well (turn to 23); otherwise turn to 309 to leave the area.

263

You reach down to grab the creature. It darts at you to bite your hand, but you manage to swat it to the ground. Only then do you see the snake as it really is . . .

As it lies on the ground, its skin splits. From within, a dark brown serpent emerges. As if in some sort of reaction to its exposure to the air, the Earth Serpent grows rapidly before your eyes! It unfurls great wings and coils up before you, hissing menacingly. How will you fight it? With a spell?

DUM	HUF	DOZ	NAP	ZEN
367	351	491	443	471

With your weapon (turn to 54)? Or with your bare hands (turn to 66)?

264

You awake early the next morning. If you did not eat at all yesterday, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points for your lack of food. What have you decided to do about getting across the lake? Will you follow the shoreline looking for signs of life (turn to 241), call out to see whether you can attract someone's attention (turn to 57) or wait to see whether any help might arrive (turn to 233)?

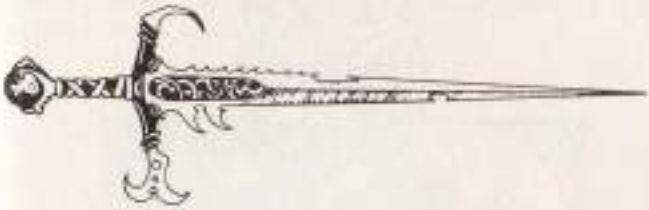

265

The door opens to allow you into a dark passageway. Following the passage downwards, you can eventually see a glowing light ahead of you. And you can hear voices. Will you creep along to the end to see what is happening (turn to 190) or draw your weapon and march on boldly (turn to 242)?

266

You pull out your tinderbox and try to make a fire. The Serpent watches you from the tree above, almost bemusedly. It is interested in your plan. But unfortunately this plan will have no effect against the Fire Serpent you face. The Serpent drops from the branches on top of you and you must fight it:

FIRE SERPENT	SKILL 13	STAMINA 12

If you defeat it, turn to 306.

267

You call out to the whirlwind. Although it gives a little 'kick' in the air, you cannot be certain whether this is a reaction to your voice or merely a chance movement. You call again: no reaction. Will you now approach it to investigate more closely (turn to 157) or leave (turn to 322)?

268

The battle commences:

ROCK DEMON	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

You are still caught in the folds of the rock and must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength dice roll until you free yourself. You will be able to free yourself if you can roll a number on two dice which is less than your SKILL. But each attempt to free yourself leaves you open to attack by the Rock Demon for an automatic wound of 2 STAMINA points. If you defeat the creature, turn to 222.

269

Night is soon upon you. You must shortly choose either to bed down for the night or continue through the night across the Baklands. If you wish to rest, turn to 237; if you will continue, turn to 144.

270

You quickly collect your things together and make off through the reeds away from whatever it is that approaches. Soon the noise is well behind you. Without leaving the swamp, you continue under cover of the vegetation. Turn to 295.

271

Leaving the fallen tree behind, you continue through the woods until you reach a fork in the path. Will you follow the path to the left (turn to 119) or to the right (turn to 329)?

272

Are you able to read the hieroglyphics? If you are lucky there will be similarities between its language and other ancient languages you have studied. *Test your Luck*, if you wish to try reading them. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 189. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 250. You may cast a spell if you wish, either before or after you *Test your Luck*, but before you turn to the next reference:

POP	WAL	GUM	SUS	DOC
489	417	374	401	465

If you do not wish to use your LUCK here, turn to 101 and make another choice.

273

A long trek now lies ahead of you across the Baddu-Bak Plains. In which direction will you head? To the north-west (turn to 176), north-north-east (turn to 137) or north-east (turn to 85)?

274

The trail leads through the woods. You follow it for a couple of hours. The path is downhill and you make good progress. You are walking alongside a stream when suddenly, for no apparent reason, you trip over. You feel that you have kicked something close to the water, but there is nothing there! You sit up and look around. You are horrified to see four dark pairs of eyes staring at you from behind a bush. The eyes move forward and you can see the creatures watching you. SNATTACATS! They are about the size of large dogs, with ugly snub noses. Their black fur is trimmed with yellow flashes. They step towards you – and disappear! You blink and look again, but they are nowhere to be seen. You listen carefully. Their footsteps cannot be disguised: they are advancing towards you. Will you spring to your feet and run off ahead down the path (turn to **246**), stand and face them with your weapon (turn to **99**) or cast a spell?

FAR	FOF	ROK	GUM	GOB
467	454	431	376	343

275

You hope that a couple of jokes will make them less hostile towards you. Your favourite jokes are Goblin jokes, as Goblins are well-known for their stupidity. You ask the old Elf why the Goblin wedding cake was made out of Skunkbear dung. He shrugs. You tell him: *to keep the flies off the bride!* The tent bursts into uproarious laughter, and the old Elf, with tears streaming from his eyes, claps you on the back. You tell them the one about the Goblin who never learned to spell his own name – because he thought only wizards could *spell*! Again, laughter resounds around the tent. You are the star of the show and the Elves' mischievous looks have now turned to friendly smiles. What do you wish to do next? You may either ask to visit their store to see whether they have anything of value to buy or trade for (turn to **198**) or ask for a place to rest for the night (turn to **26**).

276

The temperature becomes uncomfortable and beads of sweat appear on your forehead. The ground to your right breaks and another glowing rock emerges; then another to your left. You are now streaming with sweat and the heat is painful. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for your ordeal. Now you must decide whether to risk climbing out of the pit (turn to 211) or cast a spell:

BAG	MUD	FOE	DOC	FIX
418	371	486	348	406

277

Searching through the bodies, you find 6 Gold Pieces, a parchment scroll which you cannot understand, and enough nuts and berries for two meals. Then a noise startles you, coming from the same direction the Goblins were running from. Turn to 270. If you are playing as a warrior and have used no spells in this adventure, turn first to 330.

278

You hang the lucky talisman around your neck and prepare to fight the creature. Turn to 67.

279

'So *you* have the Serpent Ring, Analander!' the Serpent hisses. 'If such be the case, I am bound by its power to aid you with advice. But even the Serpent Ring will not protect you from my wrath! Very well: in the dark chamber of night, do not light your way with the blood candle. Such is my advice. But it will be of no use to you, for these next moments shall be your last on this earth!' Now return to 293 and choose your next course of action.

280

A general hubbub spreads through the crowd. They are getting excited at the thought of watching such a contest. Let the fight commence:

KLATTAMAN CHAMPION SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 240.

281

Over the side of the boat you fall, plunging down into the murky waters. You fight desperately to swim to the surface but, to your horror, something has hold of your leg and is pulling you downwards! Your lungs are bursting, but still the grip holds you under the surface. Your struggles are to no avail. Eventually you are unable to control yourself and a gasp fills your lungs with water. The unknown dangers of Lake Ilklala have claimed another victim.

282

You are about to open your mouth to greet the creature when a squeaky voice breaks the silence. 'All right, all right,' it says. 'Don't stand there stammering like a Half-Orc with the jitters. Come in and sit yourself down. I'm busy, but I'll be with you in a minute.' The voice is female; perhaps this woman is an Elf of some kind. She is engrossed in her Glass Orb, but in a few minutes she sits back and looks at you. 'So – a visitor. And a human too. I am Fenestra, Elf Sorceress. Now, *I* have an excuse for being here. This is my home. But you must be a long way from your home. What in Gredd's name are you doing in this forest?' She watches you intently as you explain your story, while being careful to leave out your true mission. Her eyes are too large for her face and they seem to glow softly of their own accord. The whole effect is quite disturbing. But she listens attentively and appears genuinely interested in your travels. You may ask her a question now. Will you ask her whether she has any magic which might be of use to you (turn to **234**), ask her how you may best cross Lake Ilklala (turn to **132**), or make some comment about 'strange happenings' to see whether you can steer the conversation towards the subject of the Seven Serpents (turn to **5**)?

283

Your long walk across the Baklands is coming to an end. In the distance you can see the wide fringe ahead of you that marks the boundary of the Forest of the Snatta. You climb up on to a rock to get a better view of what lies ahead. The green spread of the forest continues to the shores of Lake Ilklala, which you can just make out on the horizon. The rock you are standing on is a suitable place to eat Provisions. If you wish to do so, turn to **78**. If you do not wish to eat Provisions, turn to **300**.

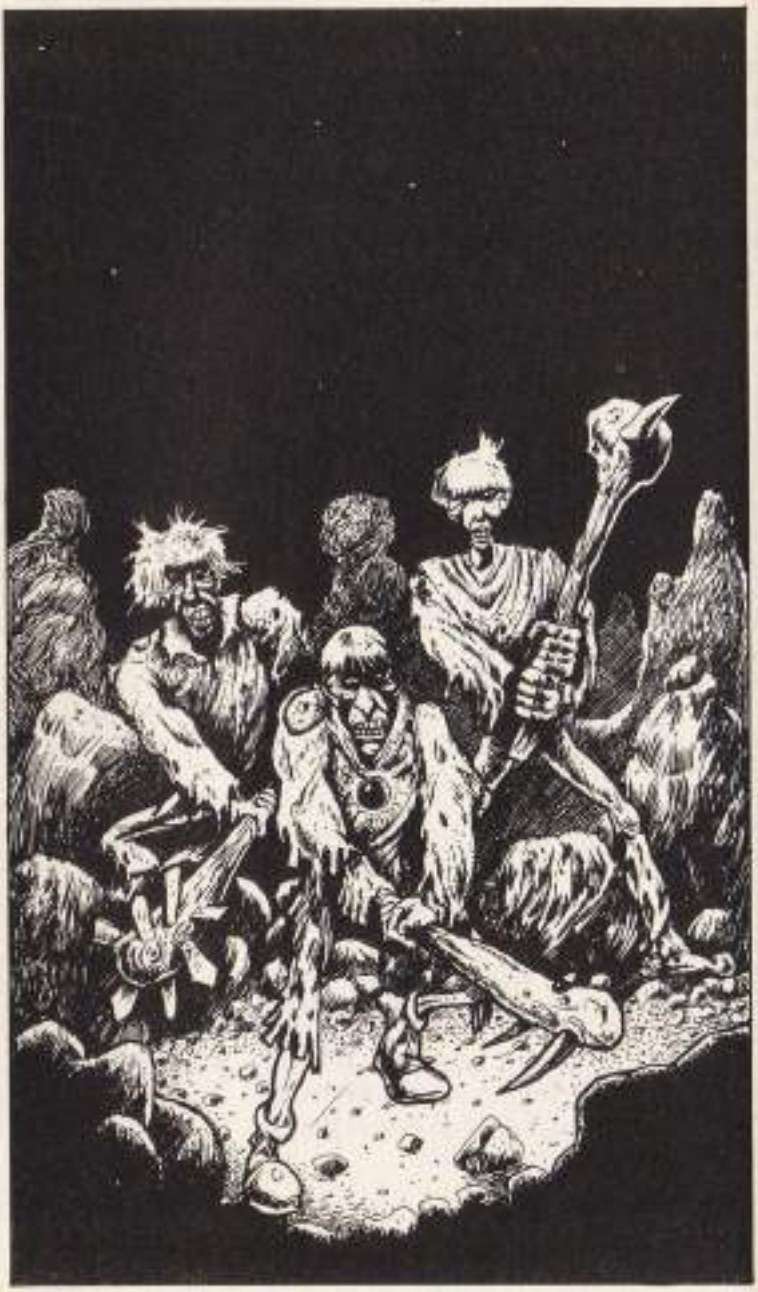

284

Luckily, your constitution is good. You will catch a mild cold but otherwise your health is unaffected. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for the rest of the day (add it back on tomorrow morning). Bravely you stride on through the storm until, at last, it subsides. Turn to **10**.

285

You may head onwards either due north (turn to **170**) or north-westwards. If you choose the latter direction, you will walk for several hours until a sight makes you stop (turn to **137**).

286

The two of you close in for battle:

BADDU-BEETLE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

After your first hit on the creature, turn to **216**.

287

You open your eyes and shake your head. Where are you? You are lying on the ground next to your backpack, with your tunic pulled up over you. What of the sandstorm? And the Fire Serpent? Everything is as it was when you went to sleep. Was it all just a bad dream? Then, if so, why does your head ache as if it had been pounded by a mallet? You look around – and leap from your position with a cry, just as a wooden club crashes down where your head has been! Three tall, spindly creatures with powerful arms and ugly faces are staring at you. They are dressed in animal skins and carry clubs as weapons. One has an amulet around his neck. Will you draw your weapon to fight them (turn to **188**), try to talk to them (turn to **38**) or cast a spell?

YOB	KID	GAK	KIN	GOD
475	439	456	344	356

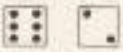

288

The old Elf becomes angry. 'The miserable Horntoad has nothing to offer!' he rages. 'But we will at least have some fun, won't we, friends?' He snaps his fingers and five burly Black Elves grab you. Holding tightly, they bundle you outside. 'Let's make an example of this wretch! A monument to the Caravan of Cesstar!' Three Elves disappear and return with two wooden poles. Fixing them together in a cross, they tie a black flag on top and fasten you securely to it by your wrists and ankles. They fix it into the ground, leaving you hanging painfully from the top. The pain causes you 4 STAMINA points of damage. An hour later, the caravan packs up camp and moves off, leaving you to the crows and the vultures. When they have gone, you may either wait to see what fate has in store (turn to 102) or, if you are able, call on your goddess for help (turn to 243).

289

'The Serpent Ring!' hisses the creature. 'Its power will not save your life, Analander, but I am bound by its power to aid you. I will tell you this: pay respect to Naggamanteh the torture master should you meet him. But that is all I am bound to tell.' Now return to 303 and choose your next course of action.

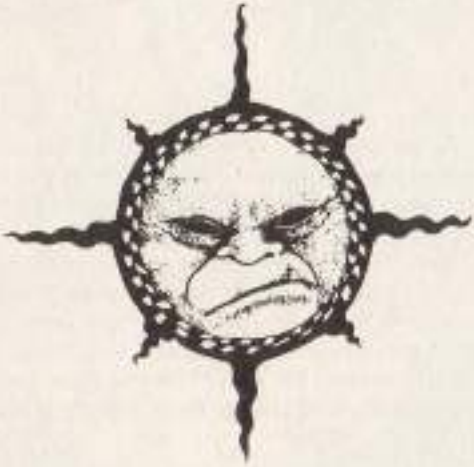

290

A wide smile spreads across the little creature's lips. 'How did you know?' it demands. 'How did you know I have been looking for one of these?' Your lucky choice has been a success. But something is not quite right. The creature's voice is changing as it speaks to you to that of a middle-aged woman. 'Such a friend should not be teased,' she says. And with these words, her form changes to that of a tall woman dressed in purple robes. 'I am Dintainta,' she starts, 'Dintainta of the Steppes. Though some call me The Sham. I know of your mission and I can help you. It is a credit to your wit and your courage that you have survived this far. But much greater dangers lie ahead. At the Fortress of Mampang, beware the Sleepless Ram, for even your skill will be no match for its powers. You will overcome it by uncorking this vial in its presence.' She hands you a small glass vial. 'Guard this vial with your life and let no one release the gas within. I will also tell you this: a short distance ahead you will confront the Earth Serpent. His powers are considerable, but these powers exist only when he is in contact with the earth. Perhaps this information will help you defeat the beast. Finally, I give you this in exchange for your gift.' She hands you her walking stick. 'My Serpent Staff is enchanted and will give you powers against the Serpents. And now I must leave you, as I must journey home before sundown.' She turns herself back into the ugly little creature you first encountered and sets off on her way. This has been a lucky encounter (you may add 2 LUCK points). Her Serpent Staff will weaken any of the Serpents you come across. You may deduct 2 SKILL points from any Serpents you fight while carrying this stick. You notice also that it has been carved from an Oak Sapling, so may be used in your spells. The creature has by now disappeared in the distance and you turn to make your way onwards. Turn to 114.

291

Treat the Flying Fish as a single creature:

FLYING FISH	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you defeat them, turn to 75.

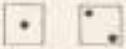

292

The Marsh Goblins pause in the clearing just long enough to catch their breath and then hurry off, still looking behind them as they go. You must now decide whether to wait again, perhaps to find out if anything was following the Goblins (turn to 105), or to leave the area (turn to 270).

293

You start rowing across the wide lake. The water is thick and heavy, making your journey quite a tiring exercise (deduct 1 SKILL point until you reach the shore). The ferryman is silent, watching you as you struggle with the oars. You speak to him, but he does not reply. His expression is vacant; his eyes glazed. Again you try to speak to him, but there is still no response. Something is not quite right here. You rest your oars and reach forward to shake him. As your hand touches his shoulder, to your horror the ferryman's body shrivels and slumps down, falling over the seat like a limp sack! At the same time, a hissing noise catches your attention. A jet of gas has escaped from the soulless body and hovers in the air in front of you. As it swirls around, it gradually forms the shape of a winged snake. When the shape has formed, it begins to circle in the air above you, dropping lower and lower towards you. A pungent, choking smell hits your nostrils and you must react quickly. Will you draw your weapon to fight the creature (turn to 261) or cast a spell?

ZAP	KIN	SIX	DUM	HUF
363	419	482	464	350

Or will you instead ignore the creature and see what has happened to the ferryman (turn to 21)?

294

The Black Elves watch as you leave the camp. To your great relief they allow you to go without trouble. Turn to 269.

295

You continue cautiously through the reeds and grasses until a loud rustling noise to your right makes you stop. The rustling turns into a loud hissing and a large snake-like head rises into the air above the vegetation. It swivels to the left and right as if looking for something. But when its eyes fall on you, steam hisses from between its fangs and it flaps its wings. It rises into the air and circles over you, preparing to strike. What will you do – draw your weapon (turn to 103) or cast a spell (turn to 53)?

296

The medicinal potions are not what you expected. The small vial that the sorceress has given you contains a liquid which will not work with spells. However, it is capable of curing any diseases you might pick up on your journey. Add 2 LUCK points for this find. Now turn to 92 to leave the Elf's home.

297

Word for word, you repeat the spirit's chant. Silence settles over the area – an unnatural silence. Will this strange luck deity show itself to you? Clouds move quickly, yet silently across the sky. Suddenly a loud crack breaks the stillness, followed by a bolt of lightning which sparks from the heavens to the ground where the Seven Spirits have been. They have disappeared! You call out for them in a threatening voice, but your threat cannot conceal the fear you are trying your best to mask. The spirit voice returns, but this time a mocking laugh fills the air. The voice circles round and round you, laughing loudly until it gradually fades. As it does so, a soft woman's voice calls to you, a voice which sounds familiar: 'They have tricked you! The evil spirits have been sent by the Archmage and you have fallen into their trap! In innocence you have thrice damned my name with their chant. I cannot help you in what is to follow.' As your goddess's voice fades, the laughter reappears. The spirit's face appears in front of you. Its mouth opens in a mocking grin and, as it does so, the face swells in size, growing until it is soon the size of your body. Still the face grins and the laughter rings in your ears. Ringing, laughing, mocking, laughing . . . you hold your hands over your ears to shut out the noise. The face is now twice your size and, as you look into its cavernous mouth, you are suddenly caught! A long, red, snake-like tongue darts from its throat. It wraps itself around you swiftly and you are jerked inside the mouth. Into the blackness you plunge.

You do not emerge from the spirit's throat. Whether your fate is death or a life in limbo will never be known. But one thing is certain. You will never again return to this plane of life.

298

You agree to her terms and bow down to her image on the statue. She will allow you to leave the temple without further injury, but the price is high. Never again during your quest for the Crown of Kings will you be able to call on help from Libra. You are on your own in Kakhabad! You may now leave the area. Turn to **309**.

299

You leave the caravan. Oolooh follows you to the door with a sour face. Outside, the old Elf and a small crowd are gathered. 'Bah!' shouts Oolooh. 'My time has been wasted! For this niggardly creature offers nothing for our treasures. See the Horntoad off, Cesstar!' Turn to **288**.

300

As you stand to leave, your foot dislodges a chunk of rock, which scuttles off down the slope. Half-way down, it stops unnaturally and *reverses direction*! It rolls towards you and you watch in amazement as it bumps painfully into your ankle (deduct 1 STAMINA point). You reach down to rub it and, as you do so, a rumbling shakes the ground and knocks you off balance. The peak of the rock explodes into the air, erupting like a volcano and spraying stones everywhere. Will you run to try to avoid the falling rocks (turn to **30**) or cast a spell?

DOZ	MAG	WOK	FOG	HUF
453	378	477	447	428

301

You climb down into the pit to talk to the Snake Charmer. He seems a little *too* friendly and you are not certain whether to trust him or not. The snakes are all watching you but have not moved. He asks about the artefacts you have collected on your travels and would like you to show him some. Will you open up your pack to show him what you have inside (turn to **87**) or will you refuse and instead ask him questions about himself (turn to **108**)?

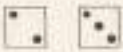

302

The moonless night makes your journey hard going as it is difficult to see anything around you. But the night passes and at dawn you are once again able to see your way clearly. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for continuing through the night and another 3 STAMINA points if you did not eat at all yesterday. Which direction do you now wish to continue in? Will you head north-east (turn to 15) or north-west (turn to 217)?

303

Without warning, the bubbling starts again, this time on the port side of the boat. Breaking through the surface of the water, a shape rises into the air. A snake-like coil rises from the lake on watery wings and hovers, dripping, in the air. This creature is made from water itself and it glares down at you, ready to strike. Will you cast a spell?

WOK	FOF	RAZ	MUD	HOT
436	493	414	473	385

Or will you fight it another way (turn to 172)?

304

Half an hour later there are still no signs of intelligent life around the lake shore. In fact, if you have arrived at this reference, it is likely that you will wait for a very long time for the means to cross Lake Ilklala. It is possible to cross the lake, but only if you can summon the ferryman. If you do not know how to summon him, this is as far as you will get in this adventure.

305

The Stranglebush is squeezing you tighter and tighter. Your struggles are wasted and it soon becomes difficult to breathe. You cannot move your arms, so you cannot cast a spell. If you are to survive this encounter, you have but one hope left: a prayer to Libra. If you have not yet called on your goddess in this adventure, turn to 56. Otherwise your journey has come to an end.

306

Getting back to the trail, you follow it until you reach a fork. Will you take the left fork (turn to 244) or the right fork (turn to 214)?

307

As you rise from the crevice, the small green snake once more wraps itself around your leg. The answer dawns on you! You must kill the little creature! Turn to **263**.

308

The rumblings get louder as you find a suitable crevice which will afford at least *some* shelter for you. You wait for the rain to start falling and prepare yourself using your leather tunic as a cover. But rain does not fall. Instead, the wind returns and this time in a swirling gale! Frantically, you grab hold of your belongings in case they are whipped away from you by the furious dust storm. You shield your eyes and face from its abrasive gusts, but the force is tremendous. Roll one die to see what fate befalls you:

Roll	
1–2	Turn to **44**
3–4	Turn to **141**
5–6	Turn to **219**

309

From here you may continue either due north (turn to **149**) or north-eastwards (turn to **15**). Which direction will you choose?

310

Which spell will you choose?

NAP	MAG	FIX	DIM	SUS
470	452	433	487	424

If you know none of these you will have to face the creature with a weapon. Will you use a normal weapon (turn to **32**) or a silver weapon (turn to **84**)?

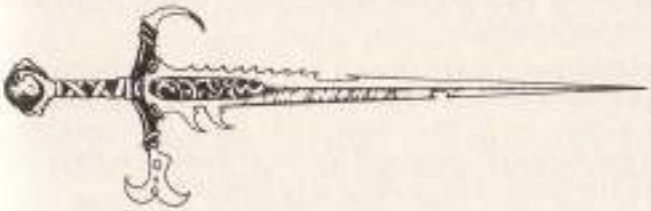

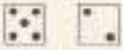

311

Your suspicions are aroused. You follow him carefully towards the caravan. Then your opportunity comes. You dart between two carriages and out of the camp. The Black Elves scream and several archers ready their bows and fire at you as you flee. Roll one die. This is the number of arrows that they unleash as you make your escape. For each arrow, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, the arrow misses. If you are *Unlucky*, the arrow will strike and wound you. The first three arrows (or less than three if you rolled a low number) will inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage. If you rolled higher than three, any subsequent arrows will only do 1 STAMINA point of damage as you will then be further away. Once you are out of range, you may choose your direction. Turn to **269**.

312

The man runs into a corner of the pit and puts his pipe to his lips. You rush towards him to finish him off, but as you advance, a strange feeling comes over you. Turn to **248**.

313

As you draw your weapon, they grab bows, notching arrows pointed at you. You stare at one another and you must now choose your next move. Will you drop your weapon and quickly cast a spell (turn to **175**) or throw yourself into their midst and attack (turn to **70**)?

314

The Nighthawks circle and prepare for another attack. Suddenly the formation breaks and their cries take on a different tone. *Something* has disturbed them and they seem to be in a state of confusion. But you can see nothing.

A moment later, a shape forms in the air in their midst. The Nighthawks shriek as a GOLDCREST EAGLE materializes and lashes out at them with its deadly beak. Your spirits rise at your good fortune. Goldcrest Eagles are raised and trained in Analand as birds of war. But what is this great Eagle doing so far from its home?

The Eagle snaps its razor-sharp beak through one of the Night-

hawks and plucks at another with its talons. The two remaining birds turn to the west and dart away to safety. With the threat dispersed, the Eagle drops down to land by you. Around its neck is a small tube containing a message, sealed with the Royal Seal of the King of Analand, which you unroll and read:

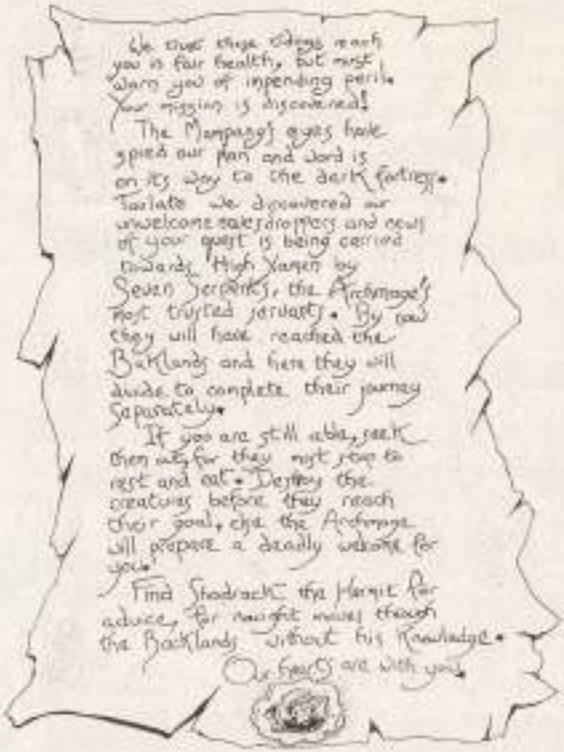

We have these things reach you in fair health, but must warn you of impending peril. Your mission is discovered!

The Mampang's eyes have spied our plan and word is on its way to the dark fortress. Twilight we discovered an unwelcome sale-drippers and news of your quest is being carried towards High Xanen by Seven Jerkins, the Archmage's most trusted servant. By now they will have reached the Backlands and here they will divide to complete their journey separately.

If you are still able, seek them out for they must stop to rest and eat. Destroy the creatures before they reach their goal, else the Archmage will prepare a deadly welcome for you!

Find Shadrach the Magic for advice, for naught moves through the Backlands without his knowledge.

Our hearts are with you.

You look back at the great bird which has brought this welcome warning, but it is no longer with you. Having delivered its message, it will no doubt be winging its way back to Analand, flying safely under a shroud of invisibility.

Studying the message again, you stuff it into your tunic. The instructions are wise. If your mission is to succeed, you must undoubtedly find and destroy the Archmage's messengers before word of your arrival reaches Mampang. Turn to 48.

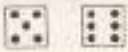

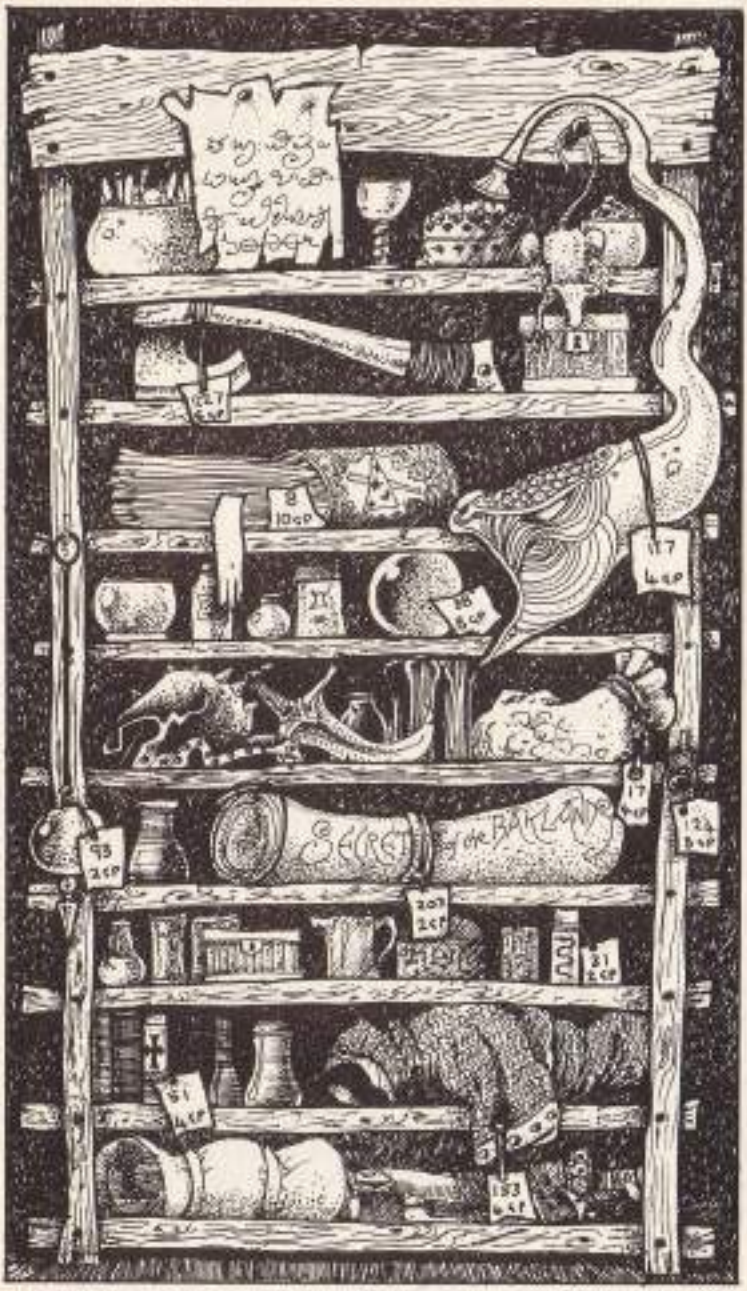
SECRET
BAKLANDS

315

The old Elf leads you into the centre of the camp where a large caravan stands. Its door is guarded by two armed Elves. 'Tell Oolooh we have a customer,' he orders one of the guards, who climbs into the caravan to report your arrival. A skinny black face appears at the door. 'And what sort of a bargain-hunter can we have happened across here in the middle of Baddu-Bak?' asks the face. 'Aha! A human! Well, come inside, come inside. Let's see what bargains we can strike with one another, eh? Come on, come on!' He waves you inside and you follow. Your eyes light up as you enter the caravan. It is a veritable treasure trove of valuables, magic items and equipment. Oolooh looks up at you over half-moon eyeglasses. He is flicking through a catalogue of some kind. 'And what is your art, stranger? Weaponry? Sorcery? Are you a craftsman? Or how about some fine treasures for gifts at the end of your journey? We have it all. And at fair prices, too!' You pause to look over his shelves while he chatters away at you. 'How about piece number 227, a fine Hewing Axe? Very useful if you are heading northwards. And only 6 Gold Pieces. Or piece number 93, a Brass Pendulum? Always hangs down, and no lodestone can deflect it. 2 Gold Pieces to you. Or a fine Pearl Ring – piece number 124 – a gift fit for a king? But that'll cost you 8 Pieces. Or a bag of Vittles . . . let's see . . . yes, piece number 17. Ideal provisions for long journeys. Only 4 Gold Pieces for the whole bag.'

If you have any Gold, you may buy from him anything you wish on his shelves. If you would prefer to barter, you may select anything (except your weapon) you have with you and offer it in exchange. Roll two dice for each of the items you are offering to test your bartering skill. If the number you roll is greater than your SKILL score, the Black Elf is not interested in that piece. If the roll is equal to your SKILL score, he will assign a value of 3 Gold Pieces to your offering. You may exchange it for anything priced at up to 3 Gold Pieces, or offer it

together with something else if you want something costing more than 3 Gold Pieces. If the roll is lower than your SKILL, then the Elf will value it at a higher price. He will accept its value as 3 Gold Pieces *plus* the difference (in Gold Pieces) between your SKILL and the die roll. For example, if your SKILL is 7 and you roll a 5, this item is worth 3 Gold Pieces *plus* the difference (2), that is, 5 Gold Pieces in exchange for anything he has to offer.

If you have nothing to offer, or do not wish to barter here, turn to **299**. If you do buy anything, you may find out what it is by turning to the reference with the same piece number as your purchase.

316

The noises get louder and louder until a group of three Marsh Goblins breaks through into your clearing. You stand and face each other. They are snub-nosed, ugly creatures with webbed fingers and they are evidently most surprised to see you. Do you wish to draw your sword (turn to **194**), talk to them (turn to **208**) or cast a spell?

GOB	NIP	POP	RAP	NIP
459	331	484	396	347

317

She scoffs: 'Do you think I would help one who planned to hold a weapon against me? I will tell you nothing. Begone! And quickly, before you once more feel Fenestra's power!' She looks towards you and her wide eyes begin to glow like coals. You decide it best not to risk seeing what she may have in mind for you and return to the door. Outside, you rejoin the path and continue your journey. Turn to **92**.

318

You continue along the trail in a north-westerly direction. Turn to **47**.

319

You pull your Borrinskin boots out of your pack and start to put them on. The Serpent slithers around in the branches above, watching you. Before you can put on the boots, it drops down from the tree and wraps itself around you! You manage to hurl it off, but you must now fight the creature:

FIRE SERPENT	SKILL 13	STAMINA 12

If you win the battle, turn to **306**.

320

You pray desperately to Libra and dodge the falling stones as you wait for her help. Another stone grazes your leg – lose 1 STAMINA point. You begin to hear a soft musical voice from within your head, calling out your name. The goddess is answering you! You listen: '. . . You are one of my most loyal subjects and I dearly want to help you in your mission. But even a god may not help if a prayer comes from the temple of another god. Indeed this is an *insult* to the gods. I know your prayer was innocent and for this I forgive you. But I cannot help you with this danger . . .'

You curse. Of course! It is blasphemy to call on one god from the temple of another. But while you curse, another stone lands on your head and knocks you reeling – lose 3 STAMINA points. How will you get out of here? Will you pray instead to the goddess of the temple (turn to **206**) or will you open the trapdoor (turn to **156**)?

321

At the kitchen tent you are introduced as a wealthy traveller who wishes to buy food. Their menu is simple. For 6 Gold Pieces, you will get a bowl of Whortle soup, followed by Cloister and bread, with a cup of herb tea. If you can afford this, pay your money and turn to 163. If you can't afford it, or if you don't wish to buy, turn to 192.

322

You leave the rock and head across the steppes. Will you head in a north-westerly direction (turn to 149) or a north-easterly direction (turn to 73)?

323

You command them to reveal their true selves to you. They stand in silence. You ask them to name their gods. Again, silence. But a transformation is taking place. Under their cowls, something is happening, but their faces are hidden so you cannot see what. You order them to show themselves! Slowly, each phantom lifts its hands to its hood. Together they flip back their cowls and the sight revealed makes you freeze in terror! Each spirit now has the head of a hissing serpent, darting and flashing in your direction! In blind panic you burst from the circle and run towards the forest, not daring to look backwards. The shock will cost you 1 SKILL point. When you are a safe distance from them, you slow down. Ahead of you is the next stage of your quest: the Forest of the Snatta. Turn to 133.

324

Before you leave, Fenestra offers to help you by giving you a gift. She can offer:

A medicinal potion	Turn to **296**
A lucky charm	Turn to **195**
A calling-whistle	Turn to **221**

You may choose one of these. Turn to the reference indicated to find that item's effect. Turn also to **221** if you collected a whistle earlier from Fenestra.

325

You drop to the ground in agony. The leader of the Horsemen strides over and kicks you with his hoof. Seeing that you are in no position to retaliate, he bends down and goes through your possessions, helping himself to all of them. The Horsemen leave you for dead. But you are not quite dead yet. After a short rest you may stagger on, but you have now lost all of your artefacts and your Provisions. Turn to **273**.

326

Mercilessly, you step over to deliver the final blow. Your opponent slumps to the ground. He will frighten unwary adventurers no more. You turn him over with your foot. As you touch him, something happens which makes you freeze. Turn to **143**.

327

You draw your weapon and shout at the ungrateful creature, telling it to give you back the gift. 'But I *never* give back my gifts,' it laughs. 'A gift is not a gift if it has to be given back!' This makes you angry and you rush at the creature. It makes a swift motion with one finger, pointing at your feet. Your boots seem to take on minds of their own and you trip over, falling head first on to the ground. Your forehead strikes a bare rock and you lose consciousness. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You wake up a short while later and the creature is nowhere in sight. Turn to **114**.

328

A crack of thunder above you confirms your fears. *The storm is following you!* You stop to look for any likely shelter, but there is none to be found. The storm is about to break and you have no alternative but to wrap yourself up and plod on through it. Turn to **247**.

329

The path is quite wide and looks well used. But there are no signs of who, or what, uses it. For most of the morning, you follow it through the woods until you reach an area where two paths converge. Further on from that, the path becomes much narrower. You are following a little-used trail – yet this is definitely the way towards Lake Ilklala. You squeeze between two bushes which have overgrown the path and find yourself tangled up in them. This is most annoying and you try to pull yourself free. A chill comes over you. You are getting tangled further! The bush itself seems to be wrapping around you! In a short time you will not be able to move – what will you do? Draw your weapon (turn to **167**) or cast a spell?

NIP	GOB	ROK	FIX	HOT
466	346	368	448	387

If you have any Essence of Bark with you, you may turn to **212**. If you have a Hewing Axe with you, turn to **196**.

330

The soft voice of a woman reaches your ears. You look around but can see no one. 'Be not afraid,' it whispers. 'You cannot see me but I am with you. I come to warn and advise you. For the scroll you have found is a valuable aid, but one which a warrior such as yourself could not hope to understand. Scribed on this parchment is a chant which will render powerless the Serpent of Time. Use it and you need not fear the creature. That is all I can tell you, except for this: if you encounter the Serpent, do not try to fight it with your weapon or magic. Instead hold up the scroll and recite the chant to the best of your ability.' The voice disappears and you unroll the parchment. You will find an illustration of this chant on the page facing reference **410**. If you encounter the Serpent of Time and can make any sense of this chant, it will suggest to you a reference number. Turn to this reference number instead of fighting the Serpent. Now return to **270** and continue.

331

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell and create a horrendous stench which swells up and engulfs the area. The Marsh Goblins' noses twitch and you wait to see their reactions. But to your dismay, these foul creatures *like* the stink you have created! But do *you* have any nose plugs? If not, the smell will make you ill for a few moments (lose 3 STAMINA points) and force you to leave the area – turn to **168**. If you have nose plugs, you will be safe from harm and you may choose either to fight the Goblins (turn to **194**) or run from them (turn to **168**).

332

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell, but nothing happens, as this spell will only work on non-intelligent creatures. Return to **49** and choose again.

333

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Bear attacks, causing 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to **139**. If you have such a Staff, you may hold it up and cast your spell. The Bear will stop immediately in its tracks, held immobile. You may take your time and continue your journey. Turn to **20**.

334

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel? If not, deduct 3 STAMINA points as the Beetle attacks while you are trying to make the spell work, and turn to **286**. If you have a Sun Jewel, your spell will cause it to glow brightly straight into the Beetle's eyes. You increase the brightness until the creature backs off. As you correctly deduced, it is an underground creature which cannot tolerate bright lights. The Beetle retreats into its hole and disappears underground. Turn to **24**.

335

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your spell will protect you from any magic in the area. But it is not magic which is causing the destruction of the temple. Again you must jump to avoid being hit by falling rocks, and again you land painfully. Lose another 2 STAMINA points and turn to **135**.

336

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and are protected for a short time from any damage you would normally sustain through falling. You may now either draw your weapon and climb the tree (turn to 42 but if you do so, you will not suffer the penalties described) or you may search for another means of attack (turn to 197).

337

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell creates a magical barrier in front of you. The Nighthawks cannot break through this wall, but they are easily able to fly around it. Your plan will not stop them. Turn to 258.

338

To your credit you have dispatched four of the Archmage's servants, a feat beyond the abilities of most mortals. However, the other three Serpents are now travelling ahead of you to Mampang to warn of your arrival. You will need your wits about you in the final stage of your mission. Turn to 498.

339

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, this spell will not work. If you do have a Green-Haired Wig, you place it on your head and cast the spell, talking to the little snake. The snake does not reply. You had better draw your weapon and fight it (turn to 52).

340

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Secretly, you cast your spell at the Champion and wait for it to take effect. Sure enough, his ferocity subsides and his expression changes from one of anger to a calmer, almost peaceful, look. But the fight must go on. Turn to 280 and resolve your battle with him, but you may reduce his SKILL by 3 points because of your spell.

341

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and this will protect you from any magical traps that the Elves may have in store for you. Now will you follow the old man (turn to 151) or plan an escape (turn to 311)?

342

Your achievement has been great. Conquering five of the Archmage's Serpents is a feat worthy of a true champion of Analand. However, the remaining Serpents are already flying on ahead of you to warn their master of your whereabouts, and your mission. But your own survival across the Baklands has built up your confidence and your stamina. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level and turn to **498**.

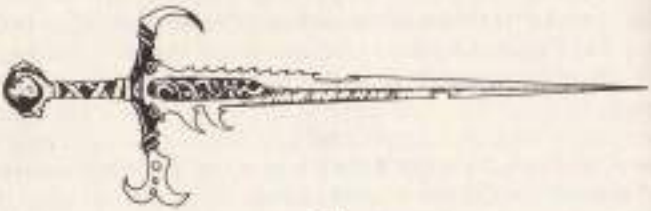

343

Do you have any Goblin's teeth with you? If not, your spell will not work and, whilst you try to cast it, two gashes appear on your arm as the Snattacats strike – deduct 3 STAMINA points, draw your weapon and turn to **99**. If you have any Goblin's teeth, you toss two of them on the ground and cast your spell on them (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Two Goblins appear before you and you command them to attack the Snattacats. But since their opponents are invisible, and Goblins are pretty stupid creatures, the Snattacats are easily able to kill them. Now you must either draw your weapon and fight them yourself (turn to **99**) or run away (turn to **246**).

344

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the creatures will attack as you try it in vain – lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **188**. If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, you may hold it up and start to cast your spell. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **381**; if you are *Unlucky* turn to **365**.

345

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and you are now safe from any magic which may be in the air. Unfortunately, there *is* no magic around you. Meanwhile, the Beetle attacks and catches you unawares. Deduct another 2 STAMINA points for your bruises and draw your weapon. Turn to **286**.

346

Do you have any Goblin's teeth with you? If not, your spell will not work – turn to **305**. If you have any Goblin's teeth, you may cast your spell on them to create Goblins who will aid you. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each tooth you use (each one will create a single Goblin). Any Goblins you create will help to disentangle you from the Stranglebush. To determine whether or not you manage to free yourself, throw one die and add to your roll the number of Goblins aiding you. If the total of the two is 6 or more, you free yourself (turn to **106**). If the total is less than 6, then the plant causes you 2 STAMINA points of damage and you may try again, losing two STAMINA points each time you are unsuccessful. Once you have started trying to free yourself, you may not create any more Goblins, so make sure you have enough to disentangle you!

347

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Yellow Powder with you? If not, this spell will not work; as you try to run off the Goblins grab you – draw your weapon and turn to **194**. If you have any Yellow Powder, you may sniff this and cast your spell to give you the power of swiftness – turn to **168** to run away from the area.

348

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any medicinal potions or Blimberry juice with you? If not, turn to **236**. If you have either of these, your spell will take its healing effect. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level and you had now better get out of this pit. Turn to **211**.

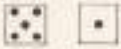

349

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and send a ball of flame flying towards the Fox. As your fireball hits, the flame bursts – but the Fox is unharmed! Draw your weapon and turn to 256.

350

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – turn to 395. If you have a Galehorn, you may cast your spell and blow on the horn. A tremendous blast of wind comes from the horn aimed straight at the Air Serpent you face. It tries desperately to avoid the gust, but is caught and its shape disappears as its wispy body is dispersed. You have defeated the creature! Turn to 213.

351

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, your spell will not work and while you try in vain to cast it, the Serpent strikes, causing 3 STAMINA points of damage – draw your weapon and turn to 54. If you have a Galehorn, you may cast your spell and blow the horn. A tremendous gust of air blasts from the horn which catches the Serpent's wings and lifts it into the air. Turn to 127.

352

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. If you have some, you can throw it on the Demon and cast your spell. However, since the Demon is already made of stone, your spell is ineffectual. Whether or not you had any stone dust, deduct 2 STAMINA points as a blow from the Rock Demon catches you unawares. Then draw your weapon and turn to 268.

353

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Pipe? If not, the spell will not work – turn to 248. If you have a pipe, you start to play and cast your spell. A smile spreads over the man's face. 'Sssoo, my ssisstersss,' he laughs. 'Our visssitor isss alssoo a musssician.' But his reaction is not what you'd expect from the spell; it is having no effect on him. For he is also a master of the magic pipe and his tune is reaching out to you. Turn to 248.

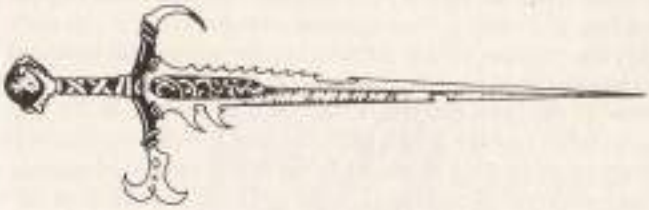

354

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have an Orb of Crystal with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 171 and choose again. If you have a Crystal Orb, turn to 492.

355

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and a lightning blast shoots from your finger at the snake. The little creature is vaporized. You may now leave the area. Turn to 309.

356

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel of Gold with you? If not, this spell will not work and you will be attacked as you fumble with it – lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 188. If you have a Jewel of Gold, you may wear it and cast your spell. The creatures stop advancing and their expressions turn from anger to interest. They lower their clubs and grunt at you. You cannot understand their language (if indeed it *is* a language) but you exchange a few words in sign language until they turn to go. You may now continue. Add only 1 STAMINA point for the night's rest as your sleep was disturbed, and deduct 3 STAMINA points if you ate nothing yesterday. Now you can collect your things and leave. Will you head north-west (turn to 83), north-north-west (turn to 283) or straight ahead northwards (turn to 60)?

357

You have defeated the Seven Serpents! You are indeed a worthy champion of Analand. Your success now means that you may continue your journey to the fortress at Mampang unannounced: the Archmage will not have been warned of your arrival or your mission. In view of this, you may start your next adventure in *The Crown of Kings* at reference 237 instead of reference 1. You may also increase your SKILL to 2 points above its *Initial* level (this now becomes your permanent *Initial* SKILL score). Your STAMINA can be restored to its *Initial* level. You may increase your *Initial* LUCK score by 1 point and restore your LUCK to this new level. Now turn to 498.

358

Do you have any Goblin's teeth with you? If not, your spell will not work and while you try to cast it, two gashes appear on your arms as the Snattacats strike – deduct 3 STAMINA points, draw your weapon and turn to 74. If you have Goblin's teeth, you toss two on the ground and cast your spell on them (deduct 2 STAMINA points). In a flash, two Goblins have appeared and you command them to attack the Snattacats. However, since they cannot *see* their opponents, their attacks will not help and the Snattacats are easily able to kill them. You must draw your weapon and turn to 74.

359

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot cast your spell – return to 97 and choose again. If you have a Galehorn, you cast your spell and blow through the horn. A whistling sound gets louder and louder until a blast of wind explodes from the horn towards the strange enigma before you. It strains to hold its position but the force of your blast sends it flying into the distance. You may now choose your way onwards. Turn to 322.

360

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, your spell will not work and while you fumble with it, the Flying Fish attack, causing 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to 291. If you have some beeswax, you may rub it on your weapon and cast the spell. Now turn to 291 and fight the creatures, but during this fight, your weapon will inflict double damage (4 STAMINA points instead of the normal 2).

361

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Bear attacks – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 139. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you may place it on your head, cast your spell and try to talk to the Bear. But there is only one message you can get from the creature: it is hungry and wants food! Return quickly to 244 and choose again.

362

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 115. If you can cast your spell over a Giant's tooth, the magic creates a burly Giant before you. You command the Giant to break apart the rock and free you. It struggles valiantly in spite of the burning heat underfoot. Within a few moments, it has managed to dislodge a rock and your leg comes free. Its job now done, the Giant disappears. Turn to 307.

363

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and a bolt of lightning shoots from your fingertip at the creature – and then right through it! This spell will not help you here. Turn to 395.

364

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and realize your wasted effort. You are already in darkness. Why should you want to cast this spell? The Serpent is amused at your blunder and it takes advantage of the situation, attacking swiftly. Lose 2 STAMINA points and draw your weapon. Turn to 45.

365

As you cast the spell, one of the creatures throws its club at the Mirror, knocking it out of your hands on to the ground. It lands awkwardly and shatters. The Mirror is now of no use and you will have to leave it behind. Draw your weapon and turn to 188.

366

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for its 'inner advice' to warn you of any impending danger. Sure enough, the old Elf is leading you into a trap. You may either go along with him and plan to nip off out of this place at a suitable time (turn to 311). Or you may instead tell them that you would like to buy Provisions from them, hoping that a little Gold will override their suspicions (turn to 215).

367

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your spell has no effect on the Serpent as it is designed to cause attackers to fumble with weapons and other objects. You will have to face it with your weapon. Turn to 54.

368

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – turn to 305. If you have some stone dust, you may sprinkle it over the STRANGLEBUSH and cast your spell. However, this spell will not work on plants and you will have to draw your weapon to try to cut yourself free. Turn to 167.

369

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. If you have some dust, you may cast your spell on it and throw it at something (anything you like). Whatever it is turns to stone, but this does not help your plight. Whether or not you could cast the spell, your preoccupation with it has distracted you and you do not notice a large rock fall. It lands on your back. Lose 3 STAMINA points and turn to 135.

370

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on a nearby rock and it turns into a small pile of treasure. The Baddu-Beetle, though, is not impressed and ignores your illusion. It swings a great claw and knocks you reeling. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You decide it best to fight on with your weapon. Turn to 286.

371

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, your spell will not work – turn to 236. If you have some sand, you may throw it on to the hot rock and cast your spell. Your magic creates a pool of quicksand around the rock and it begins to sink into the earth once more, bubbling and boiling. As it disappears you have a chance to lift yourself out of the pit. Turn to 43.

372

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, this spell will not work although you will *think* it has worked – turn to **268** to fight the Demon, but deduct 1 SKILL point as you will be slightly overconfident. If you have any beeswax, you must also turn to **268**, but the spell will sharpen your blade so that any successful hits will do 4 STAMINA points of damage instead of the normal 2.

373

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling with you? If not, your spell will not work and the fish will attack, causing 2 STAMINA points of damage (turn to **291**). If you have an Oak Staff, your spell will affect a small number of the Flying Fish, holding them suspended in the air. But the majority of the fish will still attack. Turn to **291** but you may deduct 1 SKILL point from the fish.

374

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any glue with you? If not, return to **272** and choose another course of action. If you have some glue, you may cast your spell and throw the vial of glue on to any object you like. This object then becomes stuck firmly in position. Cross the vial of glue off your Equipment List and return to **272** to choose again.

375

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have a Sun Jewel, this spell is no help to you in your predicament. Return to **115** and choose again.

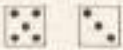

376

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a vial of glue with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you will be attacked by the Snattacats as you try to get it to work – deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 99. If you have a vial of glue, you may throw it at a Snattacat and cast your spell. But since the creatures are invisible, it will be a matter of luck whether it hits one or not. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, you manage to catch one of the advancing Snattacats and only three will attack; if you are *Unlucky*, you miss them. Now turn to 99 to fight them.

377

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and a burning fireball appears in your palm. The Moon Serpent pulls back and watches you carefully, waiting for your move. Quickly, you fling the fireball at it! It darts to one side, trying to avoid being hit, but the fireball strikes it. The Serpent squeals in agony. Turn to 62.

378

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for it to take effect, to protect you from any magical traps. Although something supernatural is indeed happening, your spell is not powerful enough to protect you from the forces at work here. Return to 300 and choose again.

379

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 49 and choose again. If you have an Oak Staff, you may cast the spell and freeze the ferryman where he stands, refusing to release him unless he agrees to ferry you across without charging you. Eventually he agrees. Turn to 110.

380

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for it to take effect. Nothing happens! This spell may only be used in a closed room, not in the open air. While you are waiting, one of the Nighthawks darts in and gashes your cheek with its beak. Deduct another STAMINA point. You had better draw your weapon before they attack. Turn to 258.

381

As you cast the spell, one of the creatures throws its club at the Mirror, knocking it from your hands on to the ground. You hold your breath but, as luck would have it, the glass does not break and you will be able to pick it up again at the earliest opportunity. Turn to **188**.

382

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Rock Demon hits you for 3 STAMINA points of damage as you wait for something to happen. If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, you hold it to face the Demon and cast the spell. In front of you stands an exact duplicate of the Demon and you command it to attack. Turn to **268** to conduct the battle. Remember that your duplicate Demon has the same SKILL and STAMINA as the original. While the two Demons are battling it out, you may attempt to free yourself each Attack Round. If your creation loses, you will have to finish off the battle yourself.

383

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create an invisible field around yourself which the Snattacats cannot penetrate. Eventually they give up trying to reach you and leave the area. Turn to **160**.

384

The spell takes effect. 'One moment,' says the old Elf. 'It is not often that we have visitors here. What say we extend our hospitality to our guest?' The crowd nod in agreement. 'Come, stranger, come and try a bowl of Whortle soup. One of our specialities!' You follow him to a kitchen tent. Inside, the cook brings you the soup. Turn to **163**.

385

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create a series of small fireballs which you hurl at the creature. Your aim is true, but your missiles extinguish themselves as soon as they come into contact with the Water Serpent. Turn to 172 and choose another method of dealing with it.

386

Although you have defeated one of the Serpents, the other six have escaped you and are now flying hard towards the Mampang Fortress to warn their master of your impending arrival. To your credit, you have survived the journey so far, but your failure to defeat the Serpents means you will need all your courage and wits about you in the final stage of your mission. Deduct 2 SKILL points, 1 STAMINA point and 2 LUCK points in view of this, and turn to 498.

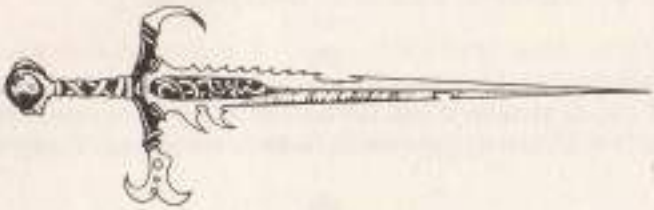

387

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create a fireball in the palm of your hand. But as you try to decide on a place to attack, you realize that this method of attack is too risky to yourself. Since the STRANGLEBUSH has wrapped itself all around you, there is nowhere you can effectively burn it without possibly burning yourself! You had better try instead to pull out your weapon. Turn to 167.

388

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone with you? If not, you cannot get the spell to work – turn to 248. If you have a Bracelet of Bone, you place it on your wrist and cast your spell. You concentrate on the illusion that the Snake Charmer's pets are escaping, slithering away out of the pit. The man drops his pipe and goes running after his snakes. This will delay him just long enough for you to look round the pit. But you will have to be careful; the real snakes are still there! Turn to 260.

389

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 97 and choose again. If you have some sand you may throw it on the ground underneath whatever it is in front of you and cast your spell. But nothing happens. The strange enigma in front of you is not actually touching the ground so is unaffected by the quicksand which you have created beneath it. Do you wish to investigate it more carefully (turn to 157) or ignore it and continue (turn to 322)?

390

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell takes effect and you are surrounded by a protective aura. However, it can do nothing to free your leg. Return to 115 and choose again.

391

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and it affects one of the Horsemen, who shakes his head and looks dumbly at the others. Now is your chance to leap to the attack. Turn to 70. But the Horseman under your spell (you choose which one) will not join in the fight and you may kill him easily once you have finished with the other two.

392

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone? If not, you cannot use this spell. But even if you have a Bracelet of Bone, your spell is not powerful enough to affect the Moon Serpent. Whether or not you can cast this spell, it does not work and the Serpent strikes. Lose 2 STAMINA points, draw your weapon and turn to 45.

393

Your long trek across the Baklands is almost over. Having left the Vischlami Swamps, you now stand at the Zanzunu foothills from where you will climb through Xamen to the Fortress at Mampang. But will your arrival be anticipated? How many of the Seven Serpents have you either killed or left trapped, unable to warn the Archduke of your mission?

No Serpents?	Turn to 496
One Serpent?	Turn to 386
Two Serpents?	Turn to 479
Three Serpents?	Turn to 444
Four Serpents?	Turn to 338
Five Serpents?	Turn to 342
Six Serpents?	Turn to 435
Seven Serpents?	Turn to 357

394

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel of Gold with you? If not, your spell will not work and you must follow the old Elf – turn to 151. If you have a Jewel of Gold, turn to 384.

395

The swirling shape closes in around you, trying to choke you! Deduct 2 STAMINA points and decide quickly what your next action will be. Will you draw your weapon and try to fight the creature (turn to 261), will you see if there is anything you can do to help the ferryman (turn to 21), or would you like to try another spell?

DUM	KIN	SIX	HUF	ZAP
464	419	482	350	363

396

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and must choose either to run away from the Goblins (turn to 168) or to draw your weapon and fight (turn to 194). If you have a Green-Haired Wig, turn to 410.

397

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create around you an invisible shield. The snake is not able to penetrate your shield and eventually it slithers off. You may now leave the area. Turn to **309**.

398

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Pearl Ring with you? If not, this spell will not work; you will not become invisible, but you will *believe* that you are – turn to **74** to face the Snattacats but deduct 2 points from your SKILL during this battle. If you have a Pearl Ring you may cast this spell and, under your cloak of invisibility, you may leave the area. Turn to **271**.

399

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles? If not, you cannot cast this spell. If you have any such pebbles, you may cast your spell over them and throw them at the door. They hit the door and explode with a loud bang, but the door itself is sturdy and remains unaffected. Return to **171** and choose again.

400

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell and a horrendous stench fills the air. The Fox sniffs the air. The smell reaches its nostrils and it howls in horror of the stink. With its tail between its legs, it turns and races off into the distance. But the smell will also affect you. Do you have any nose plugs? If not, the foul stench will make you ill and cause 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you do, you will not be affected. You may now leave. Turn to **95**.

401

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. As the spell takes effect, you get the strong feeling that the hieroglyphics conceal a trap – you would be well advised to avoid them. If you wish to open the trapdoor, turn to **180**. If you wish to look around a bit more, turn to **101**. If you ignore the warning and read the hieroglyphics anyway, turn to **189**.

402

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Holy Water necessary to perform this spell, it will do you no good, as its effect is to bring the dead back to life. So far, no one has died! But seeing you try to cast the spell angers the Klattaman Champion and he strikes you with his wooden club. The blow causes 3 STAMINA points of damage. You had better draw your weapon and turn to **280**.

403

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Your spell creates a disgusting stench which surrounds your boat. But, alas, this smell has no effect on the Flying Fish. Do you have any nose plugs with you? If not, the spell will affect *you* as the smell hits your nostrils and you must deduct 3 STAMINA points. Now draw your weapon and turn to **291**.

404

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. This spell will not work outdoors. Return to **49** and make another choice.

405

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. If you do have such a flute, you cast your spell and play the instrument. But to your dismay, the Serpent is unaffected by your spell (whether it works or not) and instead darts at you to attack. Lose 2 STAMINA points and draw your weapon (turn to 45).

406

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Staff of Oak Sapling you need for casting this spell, it will be of no use to you. As the heat increases you must deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 236.

407

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and send a flaming fireball hurtling towards the little snake. With a flash, the snake disappears, leaving a charred skeleton behind. You may now leave the area. Turn to 309.

408

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and a mental bell starts ringing in your head to warn you of this character. His music is enchanted! Your best bet is either to cooperate with him or to leave as quickly as possible. If you wish to cooperate, you may offer to show him what you have in your backpack (turn to 87). If you wish to leave, you may turn away from him and quickly leave the pit (turn to 318). Otherwise, you can simply listen to the tune he is playing (turn to 248).

409

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and point at the door, sending a bolt of lightning shooting towards the lock. With a loud crack, the door shudders and swings on its hinges. Turn to 265.

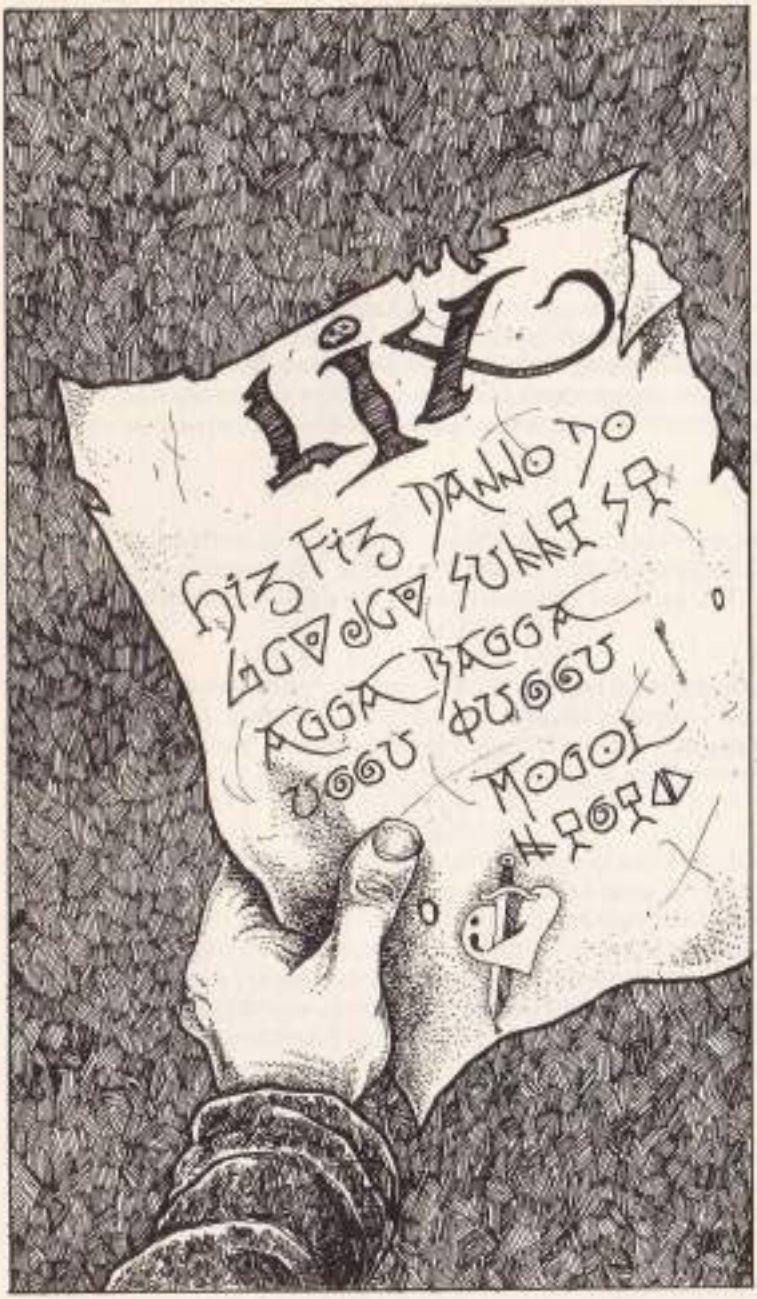

410

You place the Wig on your head, cast your spell and start to talk to the Goblins. Their incomprehensible jabberings begin to sound more meaningful and soon you are talking to them. You manage to establish that they are running from a great Serpent. They believe it has godly powers, but you explain it is likely to be one of the Archmage's messengers. They had been trying to drive the creature from the area with the help of a sacred scroll given to them by the sorceress from the Forest of the Snatta. But they could not read the scroll and couldn't decide what to do with it. You ask for a look at the scroll and one of them pulls it out. The language on the scroll is strange and the message is written in the form of a short magic spell or chant.

You study the chant and can begin to make some sense of it. Look at the message illustrated. It may suggest to you a reference number. When you come across the Serpent of Time, you will most likely die unless you can pick up a clue, in the form of this reference number, from this chant. If you face the Serpent of Time, turn to this reference (no option will be given) and, if you are correct, you will be able to defeat the creature.

You thank the Goblins for their information and promise to do what you can to destroy the Serpent. Turn to 295.

411

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create a fireball in the palm of your hand, hurling it upwards at the Serpent. The creature hisses as your missile bounces off, without damaging it at all. In fact you find you have to leap aside to avoid it! Will you now draw your weapon and climb the tree (turn to 42), choose another means of attack (turn to 197) or leave the creature alone and move on (turn to 306)?

412

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 189 and choose again.

413

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and you are now protected from magic. Unfortunately, the Moon Serpent attacks non-magically and it strikes you. Deduct another 2 STAMINA points and turn to 45.

414

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and, sensing your confusion, the Serpent strikes – deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 172. If you have some beeswax, you may wipe it on your weapon and cast the spell. Now turn to 172. If you choose to fight the creature, your weapon will do extra damage. As the Serpent is made of water, this will be 3 STAMINA points instead of the normal 2.

415

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create six identical images of yourself. The Bear stops and examines each one, trying to decide which to attack. It makes its choice, and to your horror, it has chosen the correct image! Draw your weapon and turn to 139.

416

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, this spell will not work and the Fox will attack (lose 2 STAMINA points, draw your weapon and turn to 256). If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you can place it on your head and use your spell to communicate with the creature. However, it is not interested in talking to you and can think only of food. It sees you as its next meal! Draw your weapon and turn to 256.

417

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create a magical barrier in front of you which nothing may penetrate. But your suspicions were misguided. Nothing happens which may have made your wall useful. Return to 272 and choose your next course of action.

418

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to 236.

419

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. But even if you have such a Mirror, you are horrified to find that the swirling Air Serpent you are facing casts no reflection! Turn to 395.

420

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, your spell will not work – the Klattaman strikes you with his club (deduct 2 STAMINA points) as a challenge and you must turn to 280 to fight him. If you have a Black Facemask, you hold it before your face as you cast the spell. The tall Klattaman starts to look worried. Moments later he is positively terrified! He turns to run from you and, amid hisses and jeers from the others, disappears into one of the huts. The onlookers look suspiciously at you and you decide it best to take your leave. Turn to 173.

421

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – return to 97 and choose again. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you place it on your head and wait for the spell to take effect. You try talking to the oddity. Nothing happens. Return to 97 and choose again.

422

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell at one of the Horsemen. He looks at his bow and drops it down on the ground. The other two stare at their companion, who now gazes vacantly into space. You seize your opportunity to attack:

First HORSEMAN	SKILL 1	STAMINA 7
Second HORSEMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Third HORSEMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

Fight the Horsemen one at a time, in reverse order. Once you have killed the first two, you may allow the last one to surrender if you wish. If you do so, turn to 35. If you want to finish them all off, turn to 154.

423

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have an Orb of Crystal with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Snattacats will attack you, causing 3 STAMINA points of damage – turn to 74. If you have an Orb of Crystal, you may hold it up and cast your spell on to it. Within the ball, you can discern shapes which you can eventually make out as yourself and a number of Snattacats approaching you! By reading the ball, you can know in advance where the creatures are coming from, and with this information, you are able to avoid them and continue onwards safely. Turn to 271.

424

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You wait apprehensively as the spell takes effect. The Deathwraith in front of you is not so much a trap as an illusion. But you feel strong indications of impending danger involving a reptile of some sort. You may challenge the creature in front of you with a normal weapon. Turn to 32.

425

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a scullcap with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. If you have a skullcap, you may place it on your head, cast your spell and wait for any indication the spell may give about this place. You receive no such psychic messages. Return to 171 and choose again.

426

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell in the nick of time, creating a solid invisible barrier between you and the attacking fish. The Flying Fish collide into your wall and drop back into the sea, unable to attack you. Turn to 75.

427

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Yellow Powder it requires. Meanwhile, the Snake Charmer has been playing. Turn to 248.

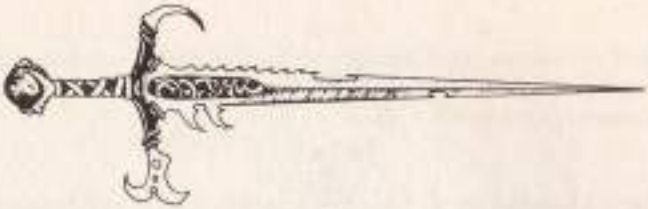

428

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and a shower of stones lands around you causing 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to 30. If you have the Galehorn, you can use the spell to create a tremendous wind which you hope will blow the falling rocks away from you. However, the wind will blow in one direction only and is not a great deal of use here. Turn to 30.

429

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and an invisible barrier forms around you. Falling stones bounce off your protective shield. Large rocks cause it to shudder, but it holds fast. Some time later, the spell wears off. Turn to 9.

430

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. The birds prepare to attack as you cast your spell. But when it affects them, they stop in the air as if waiting for some command. You order them to fly off southwards. They wheel in the sky and start to fly back towards the Cityport. But soon they stop as the spell wears off and they return to attack again. Turn to 314.

431

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust with you? If not, you try desperately to petrify the Snattacats but your spell will not work – deduct 3 STAMINA points as one attacks you, draw your weapon and turn to 99. If you have some stone dust, you may try to immobilize three of the Snattacats which are attacking you. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, your attempt is successful: the three invisible creatures are turned to stone statues, leaving only the fourth for you to fight. If you are *Unlucky*, you only manage to catch one of the creatures, leaving three for you to face. Draw your weapon and turn to 99.

432

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Brass Pendulum you need to cast it. You follow the old Elf towards the caravan. Turn to 151.

433

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling it requires. While you try to make it work, the Deathwraith slashes at you with its long fingers. It catches your cheek, inflicting 2 STAMINA points of damage. You quickly draw your weapon. Turn to 32.

434

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell and a foul, putrid stink swells up around you and rises up towards the creature. Do you have a pair of nose plugs with you? If not, the smell will overcome you and you must lose 3 STAMINA points through nausea. If you have nose plugs, you may put them in quickly and avoid any illness. But the smell does not affect the Serpent sitting up in the tree. Return to 123 and choose again.

435

You have crossed the Baklands and defeated six of the Archmage's servants – a feat truly worthy of a champion of Analand. But the last Serpent, undefeated, is now winging its way towards its master and will arrive at Mampang ahead of you to warn him of your mission. Nevertheless, your success so far has filled you with great confidence. You may restore your SKILL and STAMINA scores to their *Initial* levels. If the only remaining undefeated Serpent is the Sun Serpent, turn to 458. Otherwise, turn to 498.

436

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a coin with you? If not, this spell will not work. If you have a coin, you may place it on your wrist and cast the spell. The coin will transform itself into an invisible shield. Turn to 172. If you fight the Serpent, your shield will allow you to deduct 2 points from the creature's Attack Strength.

437

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and the Bear stops in its tracks at your command. You order it to turn and go, and it does so. Turn to 20.

438

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have an Orb of Crystal with you? If not you must return to 115 and choose again. If you have a Crystal Orb, your spell will have its effect. The Orb begins to swirl with colours and, as they clear, you can see a rocky crag. It is the area you are in! But cracks in the ground are healing up and the shower of stones is subsiding. The area is returning to normal. But what does this mean? This information certainly cannot help you at the moment. Return to 115 and choose again.

439

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and while you are trying to make it work the creatures attack – lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 188. If you have a Bracelet of Bone, you slip it over your wrist and cast your spell. Before their eyes, you turn into a great Horned Demon, belching smoke and flames from your nostrils. You guessed correctly. These primitive creatures are very superstitious and they have taken your transformation as a sign that their gods are displeased with them. You command them to hand over their possessions and then be gone. Terrified, they do as you ask. Turn to 251.

440

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. The Beetle stops as you cast your spell and grow in size before it. You may attack it now at double your normal SKILL. Turn to 286 and resolve your combat.

441

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any medicinal potions or Blimberry juice with you? If not, the spell will not work. If you have either of these, you may either use them on yourself, or offer to administer them to the ferryman. If you use them on yourself, you may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level, then return to 49 to choose your next course of action. If you offer them to the ferryman, he will agree to ferry you across the lake for nothing – turn to 110.

442

Using your spell, you penetrate the old Elf's mind. Clearly he is leading you into a trap if you follow him. But you can tell that they are traders and will be more than interested in Gold Pieces. Will you tell him that you are more interested in buying Provisions (turn to 215) or that you too are a trader and would like to see what they have to offer (turn to 315)?

443

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Brass Pendulum with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Serpent will attack for 3 STAMINA points of damage; you must then draw your weapon and turn to 54. If you have a Brass Pendulum, you begin to swing it, your spell focusing the Serpent's attention on the metal bob. But, alas, this spell is not powerful enough to overcome the will power of the great Serpent. It strikes the pendulum from your hand (this is now lost) and attacks. You must draw your weapon. Turn to 54.

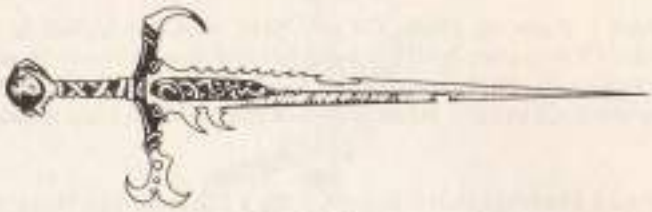

444

With three Serpents defeated, you can justifiably feel satisfied with your valiant attempt to prevent them warning their master of your arrival. But your effort has not been good enough and the Archduke will be making plans to welcome you in his own special way. In view of this, you must deduct 1 SKILL point. Now turn to 498.

445

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for it to take effect. While you are waiting another arrow shoots towards you. Roll one die. A 1–3 indicates a hit, for 2 STAMINA points of damage. The Horsemen load up their bows again. Your spell is useless in this situation! You had better attack them quickly. Turn to 70.

446

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. As you cast the spell, an inner voice tells you to beware of this enigma in front of you, for it is dangerous and has nothing to offer you. You are safe if you keep your distance, but you must not get too close. Turn to 157.

447

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell. But nothing happens! You cannot use this spell outdoors and, while you are trying to make it work, you are showered with stones. Lose 1 STAMINA point and turn to 30.

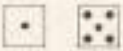

448

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have with you a Staff of Oak Sapling? If not, your spell will not work and you must turn to **305**. If you have such a Staff, you may cast the spell on the STRANGLEBUSH to hold it fixed in place while you work yourself free. Turn to **106**.

449

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Potion of Fire Water with you? If not, the spell does nothing and the fish attack (for 2 STAMINA points of damage) while you are trying to work it – turn to **291**. If you have a Potion of Fire Water, you may drink this and cast your spell. Immediately you feel a surge of strength fill your body, with power swelling your muscles. However, there are so many fish that your extra strength is not going to be a great deal of use here. Turn to **291** and resolve this combat.

450

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Crystal Orb it requires. As you try to make it work, his tune reaches you. Turn to **248**.

451

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a vial of glue? If not, this spell will not work and you must lose an extra 3 STAMINA points as the Snattacats attack – turn to **74**. If you have a vial of glue, you may throw it on the ground and cast your spell on it. But since the Snattacats are invisible, it will be a matter of luck whether any of them step on the glue and are held by it or not. Turn to **74** and follow the instructions. But you may, if you wish, *Test your Luck* here. If you are *Lucky*, the glue will catch one of the attacking Snattacats and hold it, so you will fight one less than the number you will be told to roll. If you are *Unlucky*, the Snattacats will all pass by your trap.

452

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait to see whether anything happens. The shimmering haze reappears and engulfs the creature once more. As it rises, the Deathwraith is being transformed and another shape now stands before you. A stout, balding man appears in its place, who looks at you nervously and smiles. The Deathwraith has been an illusion! You may now fight the creature:

BALDING MAN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 143. If you would prefer to spare the man's life, turn to 72 instead.

453

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your spell would be effective against an attacking creature, but it is useless against a shower of rocks! Turn to 30.

454

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell creates an invisible shield around you that the Snattacats cannot break through. You can continue unharmed through the area, leaving the creatures behind. The spell eventually wears off at a clearing where you may rest briefly. Turn to 20.

455

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell sends a flash of lightning from your fingertip towards the Demon. But since it is made of rock, the blast has no effect. Return to **185** and make another choice.

456

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, this spell will not work and the creatures will attack as you try to use it – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **188**. If you have a Black Facemask, you may hold it up before your face and cast your spell. The spell will create a fear in their minds which will be to your advantage in the battle which you will have to fight. Turn to **188** but you may deduct 2 points from the creatures' Attack Strength rolls while they are in this fearful state.

457

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Quietly you cast your spell and command the Klattaman to hold his ground. But your plan has not worked! This spell only works on non-intelligent creatures! Draw your weapon and prepare for battle. Turn to **280**.

458

Whether or not you realize it, the Sun Serpent has been captured and will not be able to escape to warn the Archduke of your mission. You may ignore the bonuses granted on the last reference and instead turn to **357**.

459

Do you have any Goblin's teeth with you? If not, you may not cast this spell – draw your weapon and turn to **194**. If you have any Goblin's teeth, you may drop as many as you wish on the ground and cast your spell (deduct 1 STAMINA point per tooth used). The teeth grow into armed Goblins which you may then command to attack. Your own Goblins have a SKILL of 5 and a STAMINA of 5. Turn to **194** and resolve the combat. Resolve the battle in the normal way on a one-against-one basis as far as possible, but any spare Marsh Goblins will attack you rather than your Goblin creations.

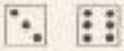

460

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and point a finger towards the creature, sending a bolt of lightning shooting towards it. However, since it is entwined in the branches of the tree, you cannot get a direct aim at it and your blast is absorbed by a branch. Return to 123 and choose another course of action.

461

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, this spell will not work – draw your weapon and turn to 52. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you may place it on your head and cast your spell. You call out to the little snake and it stops, looking up at you. 'Great beast with two legs,' it hisses. 'You wake me. Stay away. I bite.' You explain that you do not wish to harm it. 'Leave me,' it orders. Will you leave it, fight it or cast another spell? Return to 23 and choose again.

462

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You prepare your spell and cast it cautiously, as you are exposing yourself to what could be a dangerous situation. You aim your blast quite close to yourself, hoping that the lightning bolt will break up the ground. Your plan succeeds! Your leg comes free. Turn to 307.

463

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling it requires. While you are waiting for something to happen, two of the Nighthawks dart down at you and their sharp beaks gash your skin. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 258.

464

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. This spell *would* work, but it is not appropriate here as the Air Serpent you face is carrying no weapon. Turn to 395.

465

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any medicinal potions or Blimberry juice with you? If not, the spell will not work – return to 272 and choose again. If you have either of these, you may cast the spell and take one measure of the potion. Within moments you will begin to feel revitalized as the healing spell takes effect. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Then return to 272 and choose again.

466

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Yellow Powder with you? If not, your spell will not work. If you have any Yellow Powder, you must sniff some and you may then cast your spell. However, the STRANGLEBUSH is holding you firm and your actions, although speeded up to several times their normal rate, cannot disentangle you. Turn to 305.

467

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Crystal Orb with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and must draw your weapon – but the Snattacats will attack immediately (deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 99). If you have a Crystal Orb, you may use your spell to read the future. Looking into the Orb you can see yourself with the Snattacats and can thus see where they are advancing from. Using this information, you may avoid the creatures easily. Turn to 41.

468

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell. But nothing happens! This spell may only be cast indoors and is useless here. Meanwhile, the Fox springs at you and attacks: deduct 2 STAMINA points. Now you must draw your weapon and face it. Turn to 256.

469

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and the door opens. Turn to 265.

470

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Brass Pendulum it requires. As you try in vain to make it work, the Deathwraith slashes at you with its bony fingers, catching you across the cheek and inflicting 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. You had better draw your weapon and turn to 32.

471

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Serpent attacks for 3 STAMINA points of damage – turn to 54 and face it with your weapon. If you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion, you may wear it and cast the spell as the Serpent strikes. You begin to rise into the air and, by grabbing the Serpent, you may lift it up with you. Turn to 127.

472

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a cloth skullcap with you? If not, your spell will not work – follow the Elf and turn to 151. If you have a skullcap, turn to 442.

473

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any grains of sand with you? If not, this spell will not work and the Serpent strikes as you fumble with it – lose 3 STAMINA points and turn to 172. If you have any grains of sand, this spell will still not do you any good. The Serpent, being made of water, will not be trapped by quicksand, even if you can find some way of getting them in contact with one another. You have wasted your grains of sand and must now turn to 172.

474

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – draw your weapon and climb the tree (turn to 42). If you have a Galehorn, you may cast your spell and use the Galehorn to produce forceful blasts of wind. You may face the Fire Serpent with your weapon (turn to 42) and if you do so you will be immune from any special damage caused by its power of fire *and* you may add 2 SKILL points as you fight it (but only during this battle). Otherwise you may leave the creature alone (turn to 306).

475

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell and as you fumble with it one of the creatures lands a blow on you – lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 188. If you have a Giant's tooth, you toss it on the ground. You are about to cast your spell when one of the creatures grabs it from the dirt and puts it in its pocket! It seems to regard your tooth as a valuable object. Draw your weapon and turn to 188.

476

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for something to happen. Nothing does. Your spell is designed to open doors! Meanwhile, one of the Horsemen releases another arrow at you. Roll one die. A roll of 1–3 indicates a hit, for 2 STAMINA points of damage. Your only chance now is to charge at them while they reload their bows. Turn to 70.

477

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and while you are trying to cast it, you are hit by falling rocks for 2 STAMINA points of damage and must turn to 30. If you have a Gold Piece, you can cast your spell on it to form a magical shield which will protect you from the rock shower. Turn to 30. But using your shield, you will not lose any STAMINA points at that reference.

478

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your spell creates a small pile of treasure, but the Rock Demon does not even notice this distraction. Instead it swings its arm and catches you in the chest. Take 2 STAMINA points of damage and return to 185 to choose again.

479

You have survived the perilous journey across the Baklands, but you have only conquered two of the Archmage's servants. The other five Serpents are presently heading towards Mampang to warn him of your arrival. In view of this, you must deduct 1 SKILL and 1 LUCK point, for the next stage of your journey will be the most perilous of all. Turn now to 498.

480

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel of Gold with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – return to 49 and choose again. If you have a Jewel of Gold, you may wear it and cast the spell. As the spell takes effect, the ferryman's face softens. 'Ach, forget the money,' he says. 'I've nothing to spend it on here, anyway. Hold on there, I'll get the boat. I'll row yer across just for the company.' Turn to 110.

481

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – a falling rock glances off your arm (lose 2 STAMINA points) and you must turn to 135. If you have a Staff of Oak Sapling, you may use it to cast your spell. As the spell takes effect, the rocks and stones begin to hold their positions, held fast by your magic. Turn to 9.

482

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and six duplicates of yourself appear. You hope that this will confuse the Air Serpent you face, but your illusion is wasted. Within the narrow confines of the boat, all six duplicates must huddle together and it is a simple matter for the Serpent to swirl across the face of each. The *real* you is given away by your coughing. Turn to 395.

483

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell. But even if you do, the spell will do you no good, as the Nighthawks are not likely to get themselves trapped in a pool of quicksand. While you are concentrating, two of the birds dart down from the sky and their sharp beaks gash your skin (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Turn to 258.

484

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, you may not cast this spell and must instead draw your weapon and face the Goblins (turn to 194). If you have any small pebbles, you may cast your spell on these to turn them into lethal exploding missiles. Since the Goblins are so close, you cannot miss with your aim. You can kill them all and search their bodies (turn to 277).

485

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and the Bear continues its advance, swiping at you with a paw and gashing your arm for 2 STAMINA points of damage. This spell will make a creature clumsy if it is carrying something but will not affect a Bear attacking unarmed. Draw your weapon and turn to 139.

486

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell creates an invisible field around you which nothing may penetrate. But this force-field will not keep out the heat of the hot rock by your feet. Turn to 236.

487

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and the Deathwraith stops and shakes its head. It looks at you dumbly and then looks into the sky. Now is your chance to attack it. Draw your weapon and attack. While in its confused state, it will fight with:

DEATHWRAITH	SKILL 5	STAMINA 9

Each Attack Round you must throw one die. A roll of 1–4 means it will stay confused for the next Attack Round. A roll of 5 means it will return to normal (SKILL 9 and STAMINA 9) in the next Attack Round. A roll of 6 means it will return to normal in the next Attack Round *and* it manages to get in a lucky slash with its bony fingers for an extra 2 STAMINA points of damage. You may either decide to spare its life (turn to 205 when you have reduced its STAMINA to three or less) or finish it off (turn to 326).

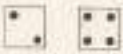

488

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and point your finger at the creature to unleash a powerful lightning blast at it. A bolt shoots from your fingertip straight at the creature. It bellows as the blast hits its mark, but rather than defeating the Beetle, your attack has instead only enraged it! Its tough, armoured body has not been harmed – and now it is very angry. Turn to **286** and conduct the battle, but during the first Attack Round, add 4 points to the Beetle's Attack Strength roll since it is now attacking you fiercely.

489

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, you may pick up one from the ground and cast your spell on it. The pebble is now charged and will explode on impact if you throw it. You may throw it wherever you like. Then return to **272** to choose your next course of action.

490

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to **97** and choose again. If you do have such a Wig, you can place it on your head and cast your spell. You try talking to the whirlwind-like enigma in front of you. But you receive no replies. Perhaps it cannot hear you. Turn to **157**.

491

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Although this spell would work on a lesser creature, its power is not great enough to overcome that of the Serpent. Return to **263** quickly and choose another spell.

492

You cast your spell and gaze into the Orb. You can see a dark, underground cavern with a table and chair at which a single human-like figure sits, gazing into a similar Crystal Orb! Something is swirling in this other Orb, but you cannot see what images are forming. What can this mean? Return to **171** and choose your next course of action.

493

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You create a protective shield around yourself. The creature strikes – and passes right through your invisible shield! You must quickly decide on another plan. Turn to **172**.

494

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Casting your spell on a nearby rock, it is transformed into a small pile of Gold Pieces. You wait for the Klattamen to realize. They notice the treasure, but are not at all interested! They are more excited about the prospect of a fight than about the Gold before them. Your spell has delayed the fight and the Klattaman Champion is angry. He swings his club and strikes you on the chest, winding you. This causes 2 STAMINA points of damage and you had now better draw your weapon. Turn to 280.

495

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the stone dust it requires. One of the Centaurs fires another arrow at you. Roll one die. A roll of 1–3 is a hit, for 2 STAMINA points of damage. After your poor attempt at sorcery, you will have to jump at them with your weapon. But hurry! They are already loading up their bows again. Turn to 70.

496

All Seven Serpents are now winging their way to the Archduke's Fortress to warn him of your arrival. Preparations will be made to ensure that you do not reach your goal. Although you have survived the long journey across Kakhabad, many perils await you at Mampang. Because of this, you must deduct 2 SKILL, 2 STAMINA and 3 LUCK points. Now turn to 498.

497

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any glue with you? If not, the Fox snarls and springs, knocking you over for 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage – draw your weapon and turn to 256. If you have a vial of glue, you throw it on the ground in front of the Fox. The creature comes over to sniff it and, as it does so, you cast your spell. As the creature's nose touches the glue, it binds tight, holding it firmly anchored to the ground by its snout. You may continue your journey. Turn to 95.

498

You are relieved once more to step on to firm ground. You stand and survey the way onwards. Ahead of you lies the last stage of your quest: the climb up the Zanzunus to the Fortress at Mampang. You are now entering what must be Low Xamen. The going is uphill, but the dangers should be minimal as the rocky crags of Xamen are inhabited only by Birdmen. Soon the Fortress should be coming into view . . .

You continue onwards and upwards for several hours until the light begins to fade. As the sun sinks down the Zanzunu skyline, its dying rays light up a sight which you will remember for the rest of your days.

The sunset shadows make your first sighting of the Fortress a fearful one. Its tall spires and sharp angles give it a most intimidating look. One thing is certain: entering the Mampang Fortress will undoubtedly be the most perilous stage of your journey.

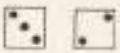

THE SORCERY SPELL BOOK

RULES FOR USING MAGIC

During your training you have been taught a number of spells and incantations which you use to aid you on your quest. The full list of spells follows these instructions.

Spells are identified by a three-letter word. Throughout the book you will be given the option of using spells to overcome problems and opponents. *The spells will be identified only by these three-letter words, so it is important that you memorize at least some of the codes.*

Thus, before you can start using your powers of sorcery, you will need to spend some time memorizing spells, as would a real wizard learning the magic arts. Obviously, you will not be able to memorize all forty-eight spells at once, but the more you use the book, the more familiar you will become with the most useful spells.

Try starting by memorizing between six and ten spells (the best ones to start with are given below) and relying on your swordsmanship to fight some of the creatures you encounter. It is possible, with a little luck, to complete your quest with these spells, but your task will become easier when you are capable of using more spells.

Some spells also require the use of an artefact, such as a piece of jewellery or a magic ring. If you try to use a spell without possessing the correct artefact, you will be wasting your STAMINA as the spell will not work.

Each time you use a spell – whether it is successful or not – it will draw on your reserves of energy and concentration. A cost, in STAMINA points, is given for each spell. Each time you use a spell, you must deduct this cost from your STAMINA score.

You may study the Book of Spells for as long as you want before embarking on an adventure, *but once you have set off, you may never again refer to it and must rely purely on your memory until your adventure is over*. Nor may you write the spells down for easy reference. In a real

situation where you may be surprised by a creature, you would not have time to start flicking through your Spell Book trying to work out the best spell to cast!

The Six Most Useful Spells

Code	*Effect*	*Stamina Cost*
ZAP	Creates a lightning bolt which shoots from the fingertip	4
FOF	Creates a protective force-field	4
LAW	Enables creatures to be controlled	4
DUM	Makes creatures extremely clumsy	4
HOT	Creates a fireball which can be aimed at enemies	4
WAL	Creates a magic wall to defend against physical objects	4

ZAP and HOT are strong attacking spells, FOF and WAL are good general-purpose defensive spells, while LAW and DUM will be useful if you get into a tricky situation.

Note that these spells will often be more powerful than you need in a given situation – they are not cheap in terms of STAMINA points – but they are good all-rounders. As you get to know more spells from the Spell Book, you will be able to choose more economical spells which will be equally as effective against certain perils.

Read through the list again, then cover up the 'Effect' column with your hand. How many can you remember? When you can remember them by heart, you can begin your quest.

HINTS ON USING SPELLS

As you familiarize yourself with the spells in this Spell Book, your skill and abilities in the adventure will improve.

Learning the six basic spells will allow you to start playing with minimal delay. These spells will get you out of most difficulties, but they are expensive (in terms of STAMINA points) and you will often find it necessary to rely on your limited powers of swordsmanship, particularly with weaker creatures, in order to avoid running dangerously short of STAMINA.

Other spells are more economical but will be given less often as options, thus relying more on your memory and skill as a wizard. The most economical spells of all are those which require magical artefacts, which must be found on your adventure.

Remember that there are heavy penalties for guessing spells! If you choose a spell code which does not represent a spell, or if you choose a spell for which you do not have the required artefact, you will lose extra STAMINA points. In some cases, death will be your penalty!

Not all the spells are used in this adventure.

You will soon begin to make your own discoveries about the spells themselves. There is a certain logic to the way they are arranged, the options that are given and their codes. But these discoveries you must make for yourself. Experience will make you more skilful with magic. All this is part of the art of sorcery.

ZAP

An extremely powerful weapon, this spell creates a blast of lightning which shoots from the caster's hand, which must be pointed in the desired direction. It is effective against virtually all living creatures which have no magical defences. But it takes great strength and concentration to use.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

HOT

The caster may direct this spell with his hands in any direction desired. As it is cast, a burning fireball shoots from the hands towards its target. It will be effective against any creature, whether magical or not, unless that creature cannot be harmed by fire. The fireball so created causes severe burns on impact, but extinguishes soon after hitting its target.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

FOF

This powerful spell creates a magical and physical barrier in front of the caster which is capable of keeping out all physical intruders and most magical ones. Its creation takes excessive mental concentration but the resulting force-field is both extremely strong and is under the control of its creator's will, who can allow one-way penetration, or can position it as desired.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

WAL

The casting of this spell creates an invisible wall in front of the caster. This wall is impervious to all missiles, creatures, etc. It is a very useful defensive spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

LAW

Casting this spell at an attacking creature allows the caster to take control of the attacker's will. The attack will cease and the creature will immediately come under the control of the caster. However, this spell works only on non-intelligent creatures and lasts only for a short time.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

DUM

When cast at a creature holding an object of some sort (e.g. a weapon), this spell will make the creature clumsy and uncoordinated. It will drop the object, fumble to pick it up, drop it again – in short the creature is unlikely to do the caster any harm with any objects while under the influence of this spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

BIG

When this spell is cast on the caster's own body, it will inflate the body to three times normal size. This increases the power of the caster and

is especially useful against large opponents, but must be used with caution in confined spaces!

Cost 2 STAMINA points

WOK

A coin of some sort is necessary for this spell. The caster places the coin on the wrist and casts the spell onto it. The coin becomes magically fixed on the wrist and acts as an invisible metal shield with an effective protection circle of just under three feet across. This will shield the user against all normal weapons. Afterwards, the coin is no longer usable as a coin.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

DOP

This spell may be used to open any locked door. Casting the spell works directly on the lock tumblers and the door may be opened freely. If the door is bolted from the inside, the bolts will be undone. The spell will not work on doors sealed by magic.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

RAZ

To perform this spell, beeswax is required. By rubbing the wax on any *edged* weapon (sword, axe, dagger, etc.) and casting this spell, the blade will become razor-sharp and do double its normal damage. Thus, if it normally inflicts 2 STAMINA points worth of damage, it will now inflict 4.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SUS

This spell may be cast when the caster suspects a trap of some kind. Once cast it will indicate telepathically to the caster whether or not to beware of a trap and, if so, the best protective action. If caught in a trap, this spell may also be used to minimize its effects in certain cases.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

SIX

This spell is cast on to the caster's own body. Its effect is to create multiple images of the caster, all identical and all capable of casting spells and/or attacking, although each will perform identical actions as if reflected in a mirror. Most creatures faced with these replicas will be unable to tell which is the real one and will fight all six.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

JIG

When this spell is cast, the recipient gets the uncontrollable urge to dance. The caster can make any creature dance merry jigs by playing a small Bamboo Flute. If this flute has been found, the affected creature will dance for as long as it is played. This will normally give the caster time to escape – or he may continue playing and watch the show!

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GOB

This creation spell requires any number of teeth of Goblins. The spell may be cast on to these teeth to create one, two, or an army of Goblins.

These Goblins can then be commanded to fight an enemy or perform any duties they are instructed to carry out. They will disappear as soon as their duties have been performed.

Cost 1 STAMINA point per Goblin created

YOB

Casting this spell requires the tooth of a Giant. When this spell is cast upon the tooth correctly, a Giant, some twelve feet tall, will be created instantly. The caster has control over the Giant and may command him to fight an opponent, perform some feat of strength, etc. The Giant will disappear when his duty is done.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GUM

Casting this spell, together with using the contents of a vial of glue, will cause the glue to become super-sticky, bonding in less than a second. Using the spell, the caster will be able to stick creatures to the floor or walls, although it is necessary to get the victim into contact with the glue from the vial. This can be done, for instance, by throwing it at the creature's feet, or by resting it on top of a slightly opened door, so that it falls when the door is opened.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

HOW

This spell is to be used in perilous situations when information about the safest way of escape is desired. When it has been cast, the caster

will get an inclination towards one exit or, if a means of defence is present near by, will be directed towards it by a strange psychic force.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DOC

Medicinal potions carried and used by the caster will, under this spell, have their effects increased so that they will heal any wounded human or creature who drinks them. The potions may be used on the caster – the spell must be cast as potion is being administered – but they will not bring a being who has actually died back to life.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

DOZ

This spell may be cast upon any creature, reducing its movements and reactions to about a sixth of its normal speed. Thus the creature appears to move as in a dream sequence, making it much easier to evade or defeat.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DUD

By casting this spell, the caster can create an illusion of treasure in its many forms. Gold pieces, silver coins, gems and jewels can be created at will and these can be used to distract, pay off or bribe creatures. The illusionary riches will disappear as soon as the caster is out of sight.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

MAG

This spell protects its caster from most magical spells. It must be cast quickly, before the attacking spell takes effect. It works by neutralizing the attacking spell which disperses harmlessly. This spell is thus a very powerful protective weapon, but it does not work against every spell.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

POP

A potent little spell, but one which calls for great mental concentration, this spell must be cast on small pebbles. Once charged with magic, these pebbles can be thrown and will explode on impact. Apart from being dangerous to anything within shatter distance, the pebbles make a loud bang when they explode.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FAL

This spell is useful if the caster is caught in a pit trap or falls from a considerable height. When cast, it makes the caster's body as light as a feather. The caster will float down through the air and land gently on the ground.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DIM

A good defensive spell, this can be cast at any creature attacking the caster. Its effect is to muddle the mind of its victim, temporarily

confusing the creature. However, it must be handled with caution, as a creature so deranged may act irrationally and unpredictably.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

FOG

This spell may only be cast in a closed room with no windows. Once cast, the room turns pitch black in the eyes of all but the caster – even though torches and candles may still be burning. It renders blind any creatures within the room. Its effects are only temporary.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

MUD

As this spell is cast, the caster must sprinkle grains of sand on to the floor as desired (e.g. in front of a creature). The spell takes effect on the sand and the floor, creating a pool of quicksand. Any creature stepping on this quicksand will slowly be drowned in it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NIF

As this spell is cast, the air surrounding the caster becomes filled with a nauseating stench. This smell is so horrible that it will cause any creature which catches a whiff of it to vomit violently. It will thus weaken any adversary with a sense of smell. This includes the caster unless he is wearing a pair of nose plugs. The effect will be more pronounced in creatures with large noses.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

TEL

To activate this spell, the caster must wear a cloth skullcap. With the aid of this cap, the spell will allow the user to read the mind of any intelligent creature encountered, learning about its strengths, weaknesses, the contents of nearby rooms, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GAK

In order to use this spell, the caster must be in possession of a Black Facemask, which must be worn while the spell is being cast. It can be cast directly on to an opponent and has the effect of creating a terrible fear within his mind. Brave creatures will be less affected than cowardly ones, so the effect varies from a cold sweat and loss of nerve to the creature's being reduced to a quivering jelly cowering in the corner of a room.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SAP

The effect of this spell, which is only useful in combat, is to demoralize an opponent so that his will to win is lost. Any creature so demoralized will be easier to defeat – though victory is still not certain.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

GOD

This is a form of illusion spell which can only be performed if the caster is wearing a Jewel of Gold. When this spell is cast, any creatures

or humans in the vicinity will take an immediate liking to the caster. This does *not* mean that they will not fight, if such is their duty, but they will be more likely to give information that they would not normally give. They may even help the caster in spite of their normally being hostile.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KIN

This creation spell is useful in battles. It requires the use of a Gold-Backed Mirror, which must be pointed at a creature as the spell is cast. It creates an exact replica of any creature being fought and his double is under the control of the caster, who can instruct it to fight the original creature. Both will fight with the same strengths and weaknesses – only luck will separate their fates. If the original creature dies, its double will disappear. It will also disappear if it is defeated.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

PEP

A Potion of Fire Water must be taken by the caster for this spell to be used. It will enhance the effects of the Fire Water to give the caster double or treble his or her own normal strength. Although the effects are temporary, they will normally be enough to aid in battle or to perform some feat of super-strength.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ROK

Stone dust is required for this spell. The dust must be thrown at a creature as the spell is being cast. Within seconds, the victim will

start to petrify. As its movements become slower and eventually cease, it will start to turn grey. Some moments after the spell is cast, it will have solidified into a grey stone statue.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NIP

The caster must cast this spell on his or her own body. Under the influence of this spell, the caster becomes exceedingly quick and may run, speak, think or fight at three times normal speed. However, this spell will only take effect if the caster sniffs Yellow Powder before using the spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

HUF

In order to use this spell, the caster must possess the Galehorn, a trumpet-like instrument which plays a discordant note. The spell is cast on to the horn and it is blown in a particular direction. As the spell takes effect, a tremendous wind rushes from the trumpet. This wind is capable of blowing over man-sized creatures, or it can be used to blow things off shelves, over ledges, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FIX

Applicable to both animate and inanimate objects, this spell has the effect of holding an opponent or object where it stands, unable to move even if in mid-air. In order to cast this spell, however, the caster

must be holding a Staff of Oak Sapling. Anything held fast by this spell will remain frozen until the caster leaves the vicinity.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NAP

Effective only against living creatures, this spell causes them to become drowsy and, within several seconds, to fall fast asleep. It is used in conjunction with a Brass Pendulum. The spell concentrates the creature's attention on the Pendulum, which the caster must swing slowly to and fro before the creature, in order to hypnotize it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZEN

In order to cast this spell, the caster must wear a Jewel-Studded Medallion around the neck. Casting this spell will then allow the caster to float in the air at any height desired. A magician hovering thus will remain suspended for as long as desired and may float around at will.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

YAZ

This spell will not work unless the caster is wearing a fine Pearl Ring. Casting the spell while wearing this ring renders the caster's body invisible to any reasonably intelligent creature. It may be used to give considerable advantage in battle or to escape from a dangerous situation. Any creature with ears will be able to hear the caster as he

moves around the room. Less intelligent creatures will only be partially convinced, as this is a form of illusion spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SUN

This spell may only be cast upon the yellow Sun Jewel. Once cast, the Jewel begins to glow brightly. Its intensity is under the control of the caster, who can make it brilliant – in order to blind attacking creatures – or just light enough to act as a torch to see in dark rooms.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KID

In order to use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Bracelet of Bone. Once the spell is cast, the caster must concentrate on a particular illusion (e.g. the floor is made of hot coals, the caster has turned into a Demon, etc.) and this illusion will appear real in the eyes of its intended victim. This may allow time for escape or lower a creature's defences. The spell will not work on non-intelligent creatures. If the caster acts in such a way as to destroy the illusion (e.g. turns into a mouse and then goes on to strike the creature with a sword), its effect will be lost immediately.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

RAP

To use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Green-Haired Wig. In conjunction with this wig, the spell will allow the caster to under-

stand the language of, and communicate with, creatures speaking a non-human tongue (e.g. Goblins, Orcs, etc.).

Cost 1 STAMINA point

YAP

This spell allows the caster to understand the languages of, and communicate with, most animals. It will be ineffective unless the caster is wearing a Green-Haired Wig.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZIP

An invaluable aid in close battle, this spell is only usable when the caster is wearing a Ring of Green Metal, such metal having been mined from the Craggen Rock. When the spell is cast on to his ring, it enables the wearer to disappear, and reappear a short distance away. The transportation can be through some soft materials such as wood and clay, but is blocked by stone, metal and the like. It is a rather unreliable spell, though – occasionally it has disastrous results.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FAR

In conjunction with an Orb of Crystal, this spell will enable its caster to see, with certain limitations, into the future. The Orb must be held in the hands and the spell is recited while concentrating on the Orb. Very little control can be exercised on exactly what will be seen, but the normal tendency is to see near-future events.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

RES

When cast upon a dead human or humanoid creature (i.e. one with two arms, two legs, a head, etc.) while Holy Water is being sprinkled on the corpse, this spell brings it back to life. The resurrection takes some time to work – the body does not simply spring back on its feet – and the ex-corpse can be killed again as normal. For some time after this spell has taken effect, the resurrected creature is dull and dozy, but it may answer questions asked of it by the caster.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZED

Casting this spell is beyond the means of most minor conjurers because of the great powers of concentration necessary. In fact, in all known history, this spell has been cast only once. Its caster, a powerful Necromancer from Throben, was never seen again and thus its effects are unknown. The Necromancer's notes were subsequently found, but only indications as to its effects could be assumed. Suffice it to say that this is perhaps *the* most formidable spell in known magic lore – but no living magician knows its true effect.

Cost 7 STAMINA points

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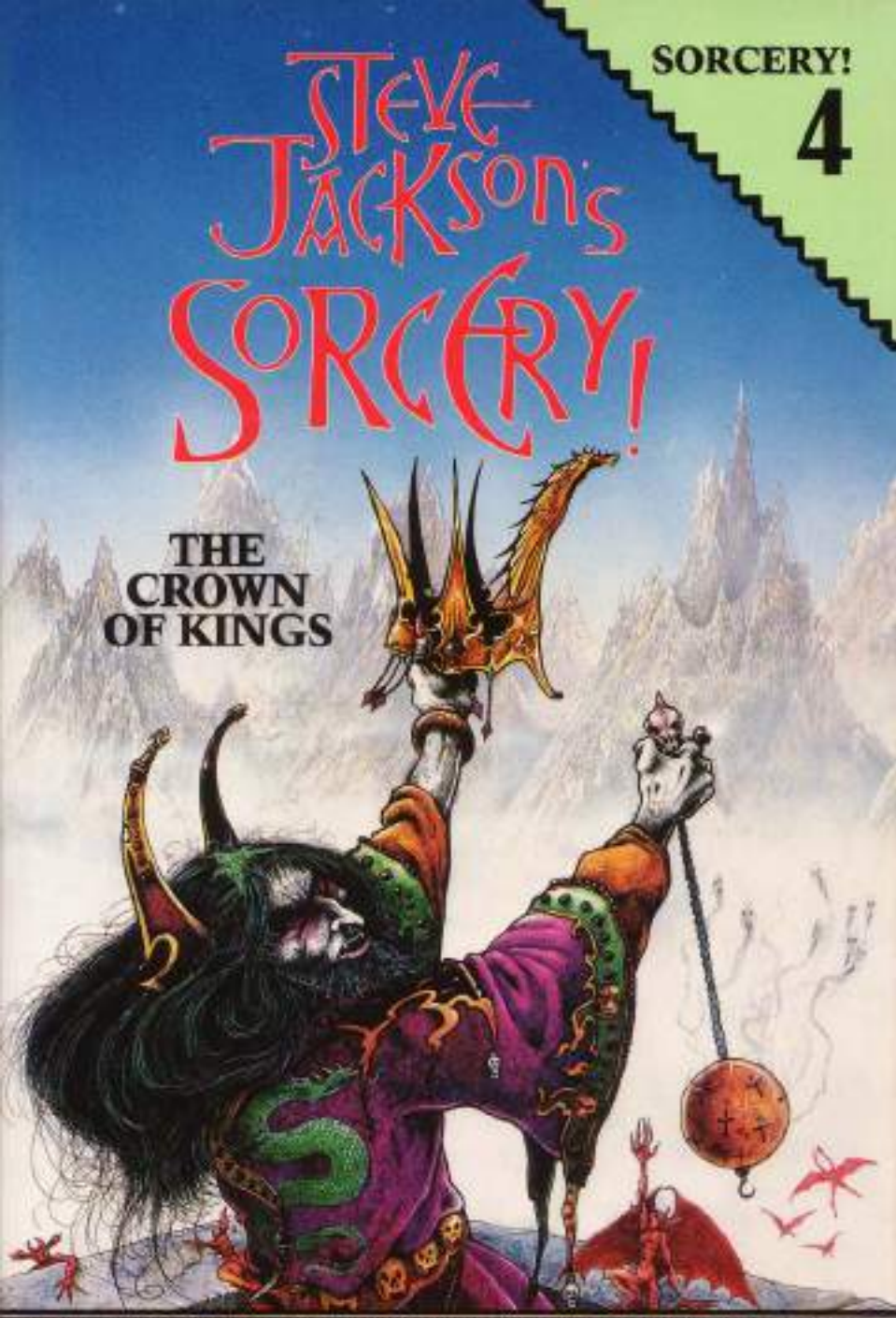

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First published in Great Britain by Penguin Books Ltd 1985
First published in the United States of America by Penguin Books 1985

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INTRODUCTION

The Crown of Kings is the fourth adventure in the *Sorcery!* series, following *The Shamutanti Hills*, *Khare – Cityport of Traps* and *The Seven Serpents*. But *Sorcery!* has been designed so that each adventure is playable in its own right, whether or not readers have been through the previous ones.

If you are new to *Sorcery!* you may prefer to start your adventure from the very beginning. The first adventure, *The Shamutanti Hills*, takes you from Analand, your homeland, out into the wilderness of Kakhabad, armed with a knowledge of magic to see you through your journey.

The Crown of Kings is, however, a complete adventure in itself. Set in the Fortress at Mampang, you must recover the Crown of Kings, which is guarded by the Archmage himself. But before you confront the evil Archmage, you must find your way into Mampang and then through the traps and terrors of the Fortress itself.

New players will find all they need to undertake the journey as warriors. But if you would prefer the magic arts to the power of the sword, you will also need *The Sorcery! Spell Book* (reprinted at the end of this adventure) to learn your magic spells before you embark. Readers who are now on the final stage of their journey will be able to skip over the rules section and plunge straight into the adventure. Their characters, equipment and experience must be carried over from the previous adventure.

THE SIMPLE AND ADVANCED GAMES

Beginners may wish to start with the simple game, ignoring the use of magic. Rules for fighting creatures with swords and other weapons are given in each adventure book, using a combat system similar to that used in Puffin's *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, the original Fighting Fantasy Gamebook. By rolling dice, you battle creatures with weapons only.

More experienced players will wish to progress quickly on to the advanced game, in which your fighting ability is somewhat limited but your most powerful weapon will be your knowledge of magic, a much more powerful tool. In actual fact, the advanced game is fairly simple to learn. There is no reason why beginners should not proceed with the use of magic from the start. But learning spells will take some time and practice with the Spell Book (pages 351–68), and the 'simple' option is given for players who wish to start their adventure with minimum delay.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF KAKHABAD

Before setting off on your journey, you must first build up your own personality profile. On pages 18 and 19 you will find an *Adventure Sheet*. This is a sort of 'current status report' which will help you keep track of your adventure. Your own SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will be recorded here, and also the equipment, artefacts and treasures you will find on your journey. Since the details will change constantly, you are advised to take photocopies of the blank *Adventure Sheet* to use in future adventures, or write in pencil so that the previous adventure can be erased when you start another.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. If you are playing as a *warrior* (the simple game), add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you are playing as a *wizard* (the advanced game), add only 4 to this number and enter the total. Wizards are worse fighters than warriors, but they more than make up for this by the use of magic spells.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been *Lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been *Unlucky* and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the *option* of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, you may be given instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful.

If *The Crown of Kings* is your first adventure, you start with enough Provisions for two meals. If you have played the previous adventures of the series, the Amount of Provisions you carry will already have been decided. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions, and you may eat only one meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add points to your STAMINA score as instructed. Remember that you have a long way to go, so manage your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given whenever this occurs. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores can be restored to their *Initial* values by calling on your goddess (see later).

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

WIZARDS: HOW TO USE MAGIC

If you have chosen to become a wizard you will have the option, throughout the adventure, of using magic spells. All the spells known to the sorcerers of Analand are listed in *The Sorcery! Spell Book*, which has been reprinted at the end of this book, and you will need to study this before you set off on your adventure.

All spells are coded with a three-letter code and you must learn and practise your spells until you are able to identify a reasonable number of them from their codes. Casting a spell drains your STAMINA and each has a cost, in STAMINA points, for its use. Recommended basic spells will get you started quickly, but are very uneconomical; an experienced wizard will use these only if faced with choices of unknown spells or if he/she has not found the artefact required for a less costly spell.

Full rules for using spells are given in the Spell Book.

DON'T FORGET! You may not refer to the Spell Book once you have started your adventure.

LIBRA – THE GODDESS OF JUSTICE

During your adventure you will be watched over by your own goddess, Libra. If the going gets tough, you may call on her for aid. *But she will only help you once in each adventure.* Once you have called on her help, she will not listen to you again.

There are three ways in which she may help you:

Revitalization: You may call on her at any time to restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* values. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

Escape: Occasionally, when you are in danger, the text will offer you the option of calling on Libra to help you.

Removal of Curses and Diseases: She will remove any curses or diseases you may pick up on your adventure. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

EQUIPMENT AND PROVISIONS

You start your adventure with the bare necessities of life. You have a sword as your weapon, and a backpack to hold your equipment, treasures, artefacts and Provisions. You cannot take your Spell Book with you, as the sorcerers of Analand cannot risk its falling into the wrong hands in Kakhabad – so you may not refer to this book at all once you have started your journey.

If you have not played any of the previous adventures, you have a pouch around your waist containing 20 Gold Pieces, the universal currency of all the known lands. If this is the second, third or final stage of your journey, your quota of Gold Pieces will already have been decided. You will need money for food, shelter, purchases and bribery throughout your adventure, and 20 Gold Pieces will not go far. You will find it necessary to collect more gold as you progress on your way.

You are also carrying Provisions (food and drink). As you will find, food is an important commodity and you will have to be careful how you use it. Make sure you do not waste food: you cannot afford to run out of Provisions.

SORCERY! ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

GOLD AND TREASURE	PROVISIONS

EQUIPMENT AND ARTEFACTS

BONUSES, PENALTIES, CURSES ETC.

CLUES AND NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

THE LEGEND OF THE CROWN OF KINGS

Centuries ago, in the time we now call the Dark Ages, whole regions of the world were undiscovered. There were pockets of civilization, each with their own races and cultures. One such region was Kakhabad, a dark land at the end of the earth.

Although several warlords had tried, Kakhabad had never been ruled. All manner of evil creatures, forced from the more civilized lands beyond the Zanzunu Peaks, had gradually crawled into Kakhabad, which became known as the Verminpit at Earth End.

Civilization and order had spread throughout the rest of the known world ever since the discovery of the Crown of Kings by Chalanna the Reformer, of Femphrey. With its help, Chalanna became Emperor of the largest empire in the eastern world. This magical Crown had mysterious powers, bestowing supernormal qualities of leadership and justice on its owner. But Chalanna's own ambitions were not of conquest. He wished instead to establish peaceful nation-states, aligned to Femphrey. Thus in his wisdom he passed the fabled Crown from ruler to ruler in the neighbouring kingdoms, and, with the help of its magical powers, one by one these lands became peaceful and prosperous.

The path was set. Each ruler would own the Crown of Kings for a four-year period in which to establish order within his kingdom and fall in with the growing Femphrey Alliance. So far the kingdoms of Ruddlestone, Lendleland, Gallantaria and Brice had taken their turns under the rule of the Crown. The benefits were immediate. War and strife were virtually unknown.

The King of Analand duly received the Crown of Kings amid great ceremony, and, from that day onwards, the development of Analand was ensured. No one quite knew how the Crown of Kings could have such an enormous uplifting effect on a whole nation. Some said it was divinely inspired; some that its power was merely in the mind. But

one thing was certain – its effects were unquestionable. All was well in Analand, until the night of the Black Moon.

The King was the first to discover that the Crown was missing. Carried off on that starless night by Birdmen from Xamen, the Crown was on its way to Mampang in the outlaw territories of Kakhabad. News came from the Baklands that the Crown was being carried to the Archmage of Mampang whose ambitions were to make Kakhabad his kingdom.

Although Kakhabad was a dangerous land, it was in itself little threat to the surrounding kingdoms. The lack of rule meant it had no army and its own internal struggles kept it permanently preoccupied. But with the Crown of Kings to establish rule, Kakhabad could potentially be a deadly enemy to all members of the Femphrey Alliance.

Such was the shame that fell on Analand for the loss of the Crown that all benefits from two years under its rule soon disappeared. Law, order and morale were breaking down. The King was losing the confidence of his subjects. Neighbouring territories were looking suspiciously across their borders. There were even whisperings of invasion.

One hope remained. Someone – for a military force would never survive the journey – must travel to Mampang and rescue the Crown of Kings. Only on its safe return would the dreadful curse be lifted from Analand. You have volunteered yourself for this quest and your mission is clear. You must cross Kakhabad to the Mampang Fortress and find the Crown!

THE LAND OF
MAURISTATIA
L. LUMLE
THE BAKLANDS
BADDU-BAK PLAINS
KLATTA-BAK STEPPES
KHARE
THE SHAMUTANTI HILLS
VANTI-BAK WASTES
CANTOPANI GATE
ANALAND
CRANBERRY WOOD
DADDU-LEY
EARTH END
KAKHA

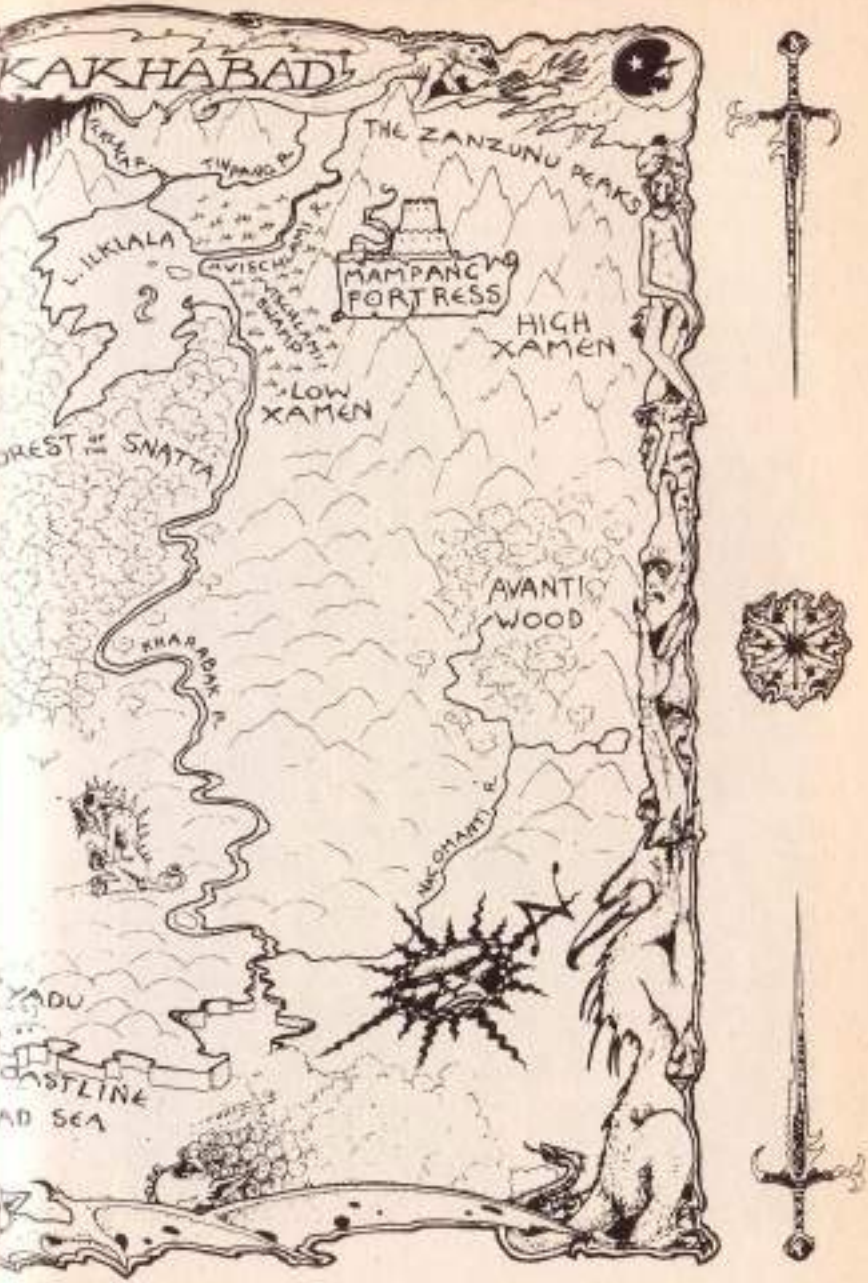
KAKHABAD
THE ZANZUNU PEAKS
TIVARO R.
LILKLALA
MAMPANG FORTRESS
HIGH XAMEN
LOW XAMEN
SNATTA
AVANTI WOOD
KHARABAK R.
MKOMANTI R.
ADU
ASTLINE
AD SEA

1

Like a gigantic claw clutching at the sky, the Mampang Fortress is a foreboding image etched into your mind. Although it is the goal of your mission, its appearance in the distance gives you no sense of relief at the approach of your journey's end. The feeling is rather one of apprehension and danger as you pick your way towards the great castle on high, which is partly obscured by the billowing clouds which shroud the uppermost peaks of the Zanzunus.

The going becomes harder as your trail climbs through Low Xamen. The Zanzunu foothills are evidently little used by creatures on foot, and the path is indistinct. Where the way is muddy you can make out hoof-marks along the trail; they are days, if not weeks, old. *But what sort of creature has made them?*

The sun fades behind dense clouds and the sky darkens. Perhaps a storm is brewing? A deep distant rumbling from the heavens confirms your suspicion. You had better prepare yourself. It is already late in the evening, so perhaps it would be wise for you to find a suitable place to camp for the night. There is plenty of shelter under the vegetation to avoid the rain, but you would feel safer in a cave of some sort if you are going to get some sleep.

You pause to consider which way would offer you the best chance of shelter. To the east and west, leaving the trail, the undergrowth would make the going heavy, with no real cover which you would be happy to sleep under. No, the path ahead to the north is really your only way forwards. Your eyes follow it. A few hundred metres ahead it turns to the right around a rocky ridge. With a bit of luck there may be a nook of some sort in the side of the ridge in which you will be able to shelter. You press on.

When you reach the bend in the path you are able to see what lies ahead. To your right you see exactly what you were looking for. Not one, but *three* caves are set into the rock! The nearest one has the smallest entrance, which probably opens into quite a shallow cave. The central cave looks large enough for you to light a fire inside, although the cave could be quite deep and therefore dangerous. The third cave is of a similar size but, looking at the trail, you notice that the hoof-prints lead off into this cave. Which cave will you try for shelter?

The smallest cave? Turn to 222
The middle cave? Turn to 136
The far cave? Turn to 534

2

Your next step is painful! Your leg has brushed against a sharp blade which gashes it. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and choose your next few steps from the following: 349, 180 or 249.

3

You select a jar labelled Ant Meatballs and pop a couple in your mouth. In spite of their name, they taste quite palatable! You turn to ask the Hobgoblin how they are made, but she is giving orders to the Minions and pays no attention to you. You begin to feel warm inside and your muscles glow. These strange balls have a peculiar effect which is most invigorating. You may restore your SKILL and STAMINA scores to their *Initial* levels! Now turn to 375.

4

The room you are in is at the top of the tower. A single window lights the room, which is bare except for a shiny plate on the floor behind the door. The remains of a meal are on the plate. Your immediate thought is worrying. *Are you alone in this room?* The answer, quite clearly, is *no*, and this is confirmed when you feel a slight tugging at your elbow.

'Are you all right? Have you been injured?' A squeaky little voice is addressing you. You whirl round. A smile spreads across your face as you recognize Jann, the Minimite you met just outside Birritanti! 'The gods be praised!' he says. 'My friend from Analand! Oh dear, I hoped this would not happen. I'm sure your capture is my fault.' Your smile drops as you remember how troublesome the little creature was. You were quite happy to rid yourself of the Minimite at the time and perhaps his reappearance will be bad, rather than good, fortune. Nevertheless, you certainly want to know how he came to be trapped in the Archmage's tower.

'Our departure was a sad occasion for me,' he starts. 'I felt I had found a good friend, and one who certainly needed my help in crossing Kakhabad. I came after you. I missed you in Kharé – for I will not venture into the cityport – and searched for you in the Baklands. Fenestra the sorceress is one of my good friends and she told me of your movements. I almost caught you at Lake Ilklala, but you crossed in the boat before me. I could not fly that far without rest and had to skirt the lake.' You notice the creature's wings – or lack of them. 'These black-faced, swill-bellied butchers!' he moans. 'They cut my wings! I was captured by the Red-Eyes and brought to this place. My wings were clipped to prevent me escaping.'

You ask Jann why the Archmage himself should want to bring you into his own tower. 'No, my friend, you have it wrong.' He shakes his head. 'This is not the Archmage's tower. This is a *prison* tower! The Archmage's most prized prisoners are kept here.' You are astonished. Will you tell him Farren Whyde's story (turn to **69**), or do you think you ought to try planning an escape (turn to **98**)?

5

You tell them a little of your journey, being very careful not to reveal its true purpose. They listen to you, enthralled, for She-Satyrs have a strong ambition to visit lands beyond their own. They talk constantly of their intended journeys far from home. But alas, their ambitions can never be fulfilled, as they may breathe only the rarefied air of the high mountains. To them, you are a source of wonder, and they quiz you endlessly about the places you have visited and the creatures you have met. They lay down their weapons and the three of you talk for some time. 'Let me put you right in one respect, traveller. You are passing through our domain, it is true. But you are no longer in Low Xamen. This is *High* Xamen.' This news is a shock to you. You must be nearer to the Fortress than you think! You look towards it, but it is hidden for the present among the clouds. If this news is true, your journey must almost be done. Lost in contemplation, you suddenly realize that the She-Satyrs are again throwing questions at you. The larger of the two stands up. 'We would like to know more – *everything* – of your journey. Please, do us the honour of coming with us to our village. Our sisters must hear of your adventures.' You consider for a moment. You do not want to waste valuable time in idle chatter, but it is possible that the She-Satyrs may be able to provide information about the Fortress. Will you accept their invitation (turn to **545**), or will you tell them that you must make the Mampang Fortress by nightfall, so you must continue your journey (turn to **260**)?

6

The heavy door is locked. Being solid metal, you do not fancy your chances at breaking it down. If you have a silver key, you may try it in the lock by turning to the reference corresponding to the number cast into the key. If the reference makes sense, the key fits; if not, it does not. Otherwise you can knock on the door by turning to **178**.

7

You both sit down on a hard wooden bench and he composes himself. 'I have no wish for all this violence and treachery,' he starts, 'for I am a man of peace. It's this god-cursed Mampang that causes all these problems. I cannot even trust visitors any more.' You assure him that you will do him no harm and he tells you his story. Turn to **79**.

8

You have three ways onwards, depending on whether or not you want to avoid the creatures within the courtyard. Ahead to your left is a group of guards whose rowdy behaviour leads you to suspect that they are off duty: if you want to head towards them, turn to **532**. Ahead to your right is another group of creatures which look vaguely familiar: to find out more, turn to **325**. If you wish to avoid both these groups, continue straight ahead by turning to **135**.

9

You think quickly. Will you tell them you have come to see whether they would like any food while they wait (turn to **275**), will you make out that you have travelled a great distance and ask them for news of the Fortress affairs (turn to **166**), or will you try to be polite and ask them how they and their families are (turn to **200**)?

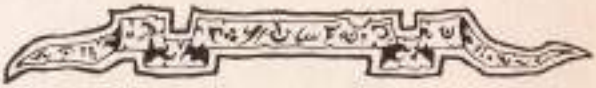

10

Did you spend last night in the cave with the hoof-prints outside? If so, turn to **247**. If not, turn to **113**.

11

The flask is slimy to the touch. You pick it up, keeping one eye on the creature. You shake it: there is a small quantity of liquid inside. But before you can uncork it and find out what is inside, the creature shambles forwards. Will you prepare to fight it (turn to **516**), or drop the flask and leave the room (turn to **96**)?

12

You have angered the Red-Eyes and given them the excuse they need for a fight. They draw out weapons and attack. You may attack either with your weapon (turn to **159**) or with a spell:

YAZ	KIN	RES	TEL	DOZ
664	748	708	639	720

13

Which candle will you use to light your way – the blood candle (turn to 38) or an ordinary candle (turn to 72)?

14

With your weapon at the ready, you grope around deeper into the cave, following the line of the wall. You find no hidden tunnels, nor any more jib-jibs in the back of the cave. The whole cave is perhaps three or four metres deep and is, thankfully, empty. But as you feel about, your hand touches something cold. You grasp hold of the object and bring into the light to get a closer look. You have found a dirty old bottle with a stopper firmly jammed into its neck. The glass is a dark brown colour and it is difficult for you to make out whether there is anything inside. The weight of the bottle indicates that it is empty, but there is a faint sound as you tip it up and down. Do you want to risk opening the bottle? If so, turn to 318. If not, turn to 99.

15

You stand up in the room, with your weapon at the ready. The shuffling sound is moving around towards the door and your skin chills as a dark, bulky shape is silhouetted in the doorway. Whatever it is has blocked the door! The next sound is a *pinging* noise like the twang of a bowstring. And the next sound is a scream – your own! For something has pierced your arm. You grasp hold of a shaft and draw it from your flesh. The shaft is not an arrow, as you first suspected, but a spine, like the spine of a giant porcupine. Another *ping* is followed by another scream as another spine pierces your leg. The last *ping* comes from a more accurate shot; its aim was true. This spine has passed through your throat. Your scream is more of a gurgle. Your mission has ended.

16

You can find nothing which will be particularly useful, but there is one idea which occurs to you. If you have a strong weapon, such as a sword or spear, you may try to wedge it between the floor and the ceiling, to try to hold the floor down. But the floor seems to be powered by some mechanism that is a good deal stronger than a mere weapon. Nevertheless, you may try this if you wish. And you had better hurry up! The floor's rise is already causing you to kneel down. If you wish to try wedging a sword, turn to 55. If you wish to use a spear, turn to 134. If you don't want to risk breaking either, turn to 269.

17

Your magic and your weapon will do you no good against such numbers so, as a last resort, you decide to try the hardwood spear. As you thrust it out, the guards gasp. You touch one of them with its tip. The guard slumps to the ground! This enrages one group, and five of them charge towards you. Using the spear as a bat, you fight all five guards. Eventually, all five fall to the ground, dead. But not before they have inflicted 4 STAMINA points of wounds on you. The others, watching this holy magic, are now decidedly nervous. Flushed with your new-found confidence, you advance to attack them. Minutes later, they all lie dead at your feet. The only one left is the little Gnome, whimpering in the corner. You pause to think: should you spare his life or not? The poor little thing looks so wretched . . . But no. He offered you no mercy; why should you spare him? You drive your spear through his throat. You may now leave the room and head for the double doors. Turn to 392.

18

'Off you go then,' he says, stepping aside to allow you into the room. You walk over to the left and open the door. There is a short passageway which ends at another door, and you open this one next. The room inside is a disgusting scene. Broken wood, weapons, bones and glass are scattered around the floor, and thick slime lies everywhere. Slumped in one corner is a bulky creature with blubbery skin. Its head is hideous, with a short trunk-like snout in the middle of its face. Your arrival has startled it and it climbs slowly to its feet. Two doors lead from the room; one directly opposite and the other in the wall to your left. The creature is now standing on its feet; it is the size of a bear and it is holding one hand up to its ear as if trying to hear what you are saying. But so far you have said nothing. Will you ignore it and rush towards one of the other doors (turn to 515) or will you pause and talk to it (turn to 480)?

19

The Ogre chuckles behind his hand. 'My question to you is: What is the name of my wife?' You get angry, claiming that there is no way you could possibly know that. But he is adamant. A deal is a deal. Will you comply with his wishes and let him have his way with you (turn to 285)? Or will you put up a fight (turn to 270)?

20

You give him the gold as you promised and he fingers it greedily. 'Very well. Since you have kept your side of the bargain, I will now keep mine. Step up to the large double Throben Doors leading to the inner keep and whisper "Alaralamalatana". The handle will turn. Make any mistake with this password and your mind will be lost.' You thank him for his advice and leave the room. Turn to 141.

21

Before you can find your choice in your pack, the creature is upon you. Turn to 296.

22

The Red-Eye who ran off will warn the Fortress of your presence. You have lost the advantage of secrecy which you had and must now stop using your special advantage of turning to alternative references whenever the person you meet is aware that an Analander is expected. Continue by turning to 171.

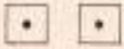

23

The Birdmen are angry. You are refusing their help. But you are adamant in your wish not to follow their companion into the room. The creatures draw their weapons and advance towards you. Will you face them with your weapon (turn to 462), or cast a spell?

GOD	NAP	DUM	YAZ	MUD
707	647	790	758	605

24

You tell Colletus about your discovery of the dead creature in the cave. 'Ah, the She-Satyrs!' he nods. 'Finding a cave in which to die in peace is one of their strange customs. The trembling disease is spreading through their race like the plague. Only yesterday I was speaking to Sh'houri herself about this disease. I am able to cure it, you see, for I am blessed with healing powers. They have promised me their protection if I will act as their medic. Of course I have agreed; for anyone so blessed must not keep his power selfishly. It must be made available to the poor and the sick everywhere.' You ask him if he will share this power with you, by healing the disease you may have contracted inside the cave, and he agrees. For a few moments, he lays his hands on your forehead. 'Indeed you did have the trembling disease,' he tells you. 'But I now have it here in my hands. You are cured!' You thank him for his help; your meeting with him has been a fortunate event. Do you now wish to continue the conversation by asking him about the Fortress (turn to 103) or would you like his help as a holy man (turn to 283)?

25

You try your best to reach the double doors before the statue can attack again, but it is no use. In your half-crippled state, you are no match for your opponent's tremendous speed. It slams into you again and knocks you – as luck would have it – over towards the doors ahead. But the blow has caused you quite some damage. Deduct 4 STAMINA points and turn to 224.

26

'I have not seen you around these parts before,' she says, 'but you must be one of the Archmage's officers. You are welcome to eat from my special store. I have just pickled some juicy dung-beetles. How does that sound to you?' The thought is not too appetizing. But you have taken the Hobgoblin in; she thinks you are someone else. Maybe she would be willing just to let you continue without eating any of her nauseating 'delicacies'. Turn to 137.

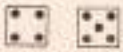

27

'Ah, would that you could, stranger,' she sighs. 'For my life would once again be worth living if my tormentors were dispatched to the gods. But why should you do this for me? I *can* make it worth your while, though I cannot tell you what I can offer, as no one must know they are in my possession. But, as far as an old, impoverished woman is able, I will reward you if you will do this for me.' If you wish to take up the old woman's offer, you must find the creatures she refers to as 'her tormentors' and kill all three. When they are all dead, deduct 100 from the reference you are on when you are searching the bodies and turn to this new reference to return to the beggar woman. Now leave her by turning to 8.

28

You feel around the walls for any signs of secret passageways, but find none. You do, however, find the answer to your puzzlement over the purpose of this room. Turn to 182.

29

'Why have I been disturbed?' demands the She-Satyr. 'Who is this? Ah, you have brought me a human for my amusement!' The other two creatures protest, but she will not listen to them. Guards are called and you are taken deeper into the cave to a large pit. The pit is wide but not deep and in the bottom is a large, hungry WOLF. 'Let's see what amusement our human can provide for us!' she laughs. And with a snap of her fingers, you are pushed into the pit. You must fight the Wolf:

WOLF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the Wolf, turn to **209**.

30

The confusion eventually clears as the spell wears off. Your feet once more touch the ground and you may take in your surroundings. You are outside the Fortress, high up in the mountains, standing on a narrow path through the rocks. Turn to **539**.

31

You hold your chosen object against the centre of the double doors, just above the lock, and wait for something to happen. Moments later, something does. Small pin-holes appear in the wood around your hand. And instantly, before you can react, sharp needles spring out of the door! You howl in pain as the needles pierce the flesh of your hand. Deduct 2 STAMINA points *plus* the number you roll on one die. If you are still alive, turn to **63**.

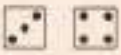

32

You speak your password. With bated breath you wait for something to happen. A tiny *click* sounds hopeful. You gather your courage and reach for the large handle. You turn it. The door opens! You have now managed to pass through two Throben Doors and you may enter the inner keep. Turn to 538.

33

You breathe a sigh of relief as you step out of the darkness and into a brightly lit room. Your eyes smart in the light and you are forced to close them momentarily to adjust. Hurried by relief, you step through the doorway, perhaps a little too quickly. Caution should have been your watchword.

As you step into the bright room, hands grab your wrists! Guards! You have been captured! The two sentries march you proudly over towards two doors in the left-hand wall. Their gruff voices cannot conceal their excitement as they bundle you in through one of the doors to present you to their captain.

Cartoum, Captain of the Guards, sits behind a wooden desk, which is covered in papers. You are surprised to find that he is no Beastman, as are the other guards. He is tall, slim and his long hair falls down to his shoulders. Although he is a human, he is not from Analand. Most probably he is a renegade from the lands to the east of Kakhabad. Will you face the captain to see what he has to say (turn to 508) or would you rather try to make a break for it before the door is closed behind you (turn to 154)?

34

The Red-Eyes have the power of heat vision. They do not use it often as it can be dangerous even to their own kind, so they keep it sealed behind their closed eyes. However, to defend themselves (and sometimes to cause a little mischief) they will not hesitate to use it. Every time you inflict a wound against a Red-Eye, you must roll one die to see whether its heat vision burns you. The more often they use this power, the more accurate they get. Thus, the first time they use it, a roll of *less than 6* will mean they have missed you. The second time they use it, you will need to roll less than 5 to avoid it. The third time you must roll less than 4 and so on. If a Red-Eye's heat vision burns you, you must roll one die to see how many STAMINA points you lose. If a Red-Eye's heat vision hits you twice, you will die. Now return to **225** to finish the battle.

35

The captain believes your story. He will escort you himself to the Archmage so that you may relate your message in person. The guards release your arms and you walk with the captain out of the room and across the light chamber towards a large door on the far side. Turn to **301**.

36

You continue along the path, which winds along the side of the mountain past two more similar giant nests. Thankfully, there are still no signs of whatever lives in them. But your relief is short-lived, for a flickering shadow appears around you. You look up towards the sun and can make out a large shape hovering in the air. Two great wings are beating to keep the creature aloft. You shield your eyes from the sun and are able to see more clearly what is watching you.

A human shape is held in the air by the huge feathery wings. Its mouth is a sharp, hooked beak and wild black hair blows in the wind. Its arms and legs all end in sharp talons, and the creature is watching you intently. Of course! This is the land of the BIRDMEN! These creatures are among the most hated and feared in all the Zanzunus! The Xamen Birdmen were responsible for your mission in the first place, as it was they who stole the Crown of Kings from the court in Analand! Do you want to seek shelter behind a bushy shrub on the side of the path (turn to 513), or will you instead hail the creature and try to talk to it (turn to 338)?

37

The door is not locked. It opens to reveal an odd-shaped room, forming a rough crescent. It is dark and lit only from a lancet window in the left-hand wall. The floor is rough stone and scattered with straw. A doorway is set towards the far end of the right-hand wall. But what really catches your attention is a festering smell of decay which hangs in the room. Will you enter and look around (turn to 114), or leave this room and try the other door (turn to 465)?

38

You take the candle from your pack and concentrate. Suddenly a flame flickers and appears at the wick – just in time, as the door behind you slams shut of its own accord! You are alone in the room, but your candle lights up some of the way. You gasp as you look at the floor! Sharp blades protrude through the wooden floorboards at irregular intervals! Your balance will have to be perfect as you pick your way through this deadly maze. Will you be able to keep your footing? Choose your next few steps by turning either to reference 288 or to 367.

39

In your weak state, your resistance is less than usual. Eating dirty food such as this is not the wisest of moves. You begin to feel ill and your stomach heaves. You excuse yourself from your host and move away quickly. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for being sick, and then turn to 8.

40

In the narrow confines of the doorway, the guards will attack you two at a time. The first pair moves in to fight:

First GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7
Second GUARD	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

You may choose which guard to attack each Attack Round. Fight your chosen opponent as normal, but roll also for the Attack Strength of the other guard. If his Attack Strength is higher than yours, he will inflict a normal wound on you. If his Attack Strength is lower, he has missed – but you will not wound him, as you have chosen to attack his companion. As soon as one of the guards dies, a guard from the other pair will move up to take his place:

Third GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
Fourth GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the guards, turn to 129.

41

You are naturally suspicious of such an important-looking door being open. It *looks* safe enough, but are you walking into a trap? You pick up a piece of branch lying in the hallway. It is a length of Oak Sapling, which you may keep with you if you wish. You touch the door with the branch. Nothing happens. You shove the door open a little further and then you realize the trap. A roaring flame and blast of heat flare up from behind the door, causing you to shield your face! The door opens directly into a burning inferno! Your heart sinks. There seems to be no way through here. Do you want to let the door close and try the ornate door, perhaps to return here later (turn to 54), or will you risk an all-or-nothing run through the inferno (turn to 541)?

42

'My name is Valignya,' he starts, 'First Assistant to the Lord Treasurer of Mampang. I collect taxes, and I collect gold. May I now have my Gold Piece?' He is becoming impatient. The Jaguar growls under his table. Will you give him the Gold Piece he is asking for (turn to 542), or continue to refuse (turn to 132)?

43

'A message for the Archmage?' he asks. 'I am Cartoum, Captain of the Archmage's Guards. Do not try to hoax *me* with your puny story. You have come to seek out our leader. Is this not true?' Will you admit that you have come to destroy Mampang (turn to 122), or will you continue with your lie (turn to 243)?

44

The room is undecorated and dirty. The only furniture is a table and two chairs, and there is nothing particularly unusual about them. The table does, however, have a drawer in it. You open the drawer and inside you find a single large key on a ring. You may take this with you and leave the room. The double doors at the end of the archway have a strong lock and your hope is that this key will open the lock. Making sure that there are no close sounds on the far side of the doors, you try the key. It fits! The lock turns and you are able to open the doors wide enough to get through. Turn to 467.

45

Their eyes light up as they see how wealthy you are. You hand one of them the 3 Gold Pieces. 'Very well,' he says. 'You are wise to ask for advice about the dangers within Mampang. For there are many who would attack and rob you of a wealth such as you carry. Many . . . *including us!*' And with those words, the Sightmasters draw their swords. Turn to 90.

46

You start to pick your way across the bridge. Several yards along, your foot slips! Your leg drops through the rope and you hang on desperately, to prevent yourself plummeting to your death. You do manage to hang on, but you must decide whether or not you wish to continue across the bridge. If you want to turn round, you can climb back and try the other path up the mountainside instead (turn to 339). If you will not be put off, you must roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 117. If the number exceeds your SKILL, turn to 151.

47

There is no other way onwards. Turn to 256.

48

Your answer stops them dead. Their mouths drop open. '*An Analander?* In Mampang? Surely not!' One of them turns to another and whispers something quickly. Too late you realize your blunder, as one of the Red-Eyes turns and runs quickly to the far side of the courtyard. He has most probably been told to warn the guards that an Analander is in the Fortress. Your advantage of surprise has been lost. If you defeated all seven Serpents in the Baklands, turn to 22. Otherwise turn to 171.

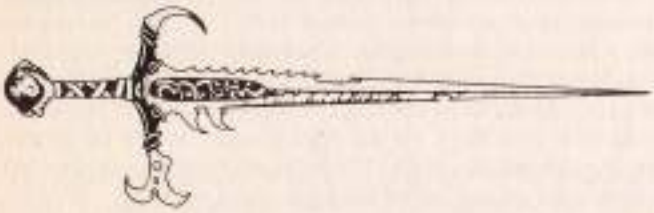

49

One by one, the heads of the other Mampang gods form on the Hydra's necks. A black face with large yellow eyes turns towards you and lowers its eyelids. When its eyes close completely, the dim light in the room is snuffed totally. Lunara, goddess of the moon, has cast her spell of darkness! In pitch blackness you can hear the great creature advancing towards you. Will you turn and run for the door (turn to 250), or allow it to advance and prepare yourself for battle (turn to 324)?

50

The effort of holding on to your perch is beginning to tell. Your fingers and arms are trembling with the strain. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If you roll a number *greater* than your SKILL, turn to 133. Otherwise turn to 273.

51

You search round the floor and find nothing particularly interesting. The flask that rolled to your foot contains a small quantity of a type of cooking oil – probably what the creature was drinking and what makes the floor of the room greasy and sticky. You may take this flask and the oil it contains with you if you wish, but if so, you must leave behind one item of equipment if you are carrying more than ten. Leave the room by turning to 96.

52

At last! Your hand touches the wall ahead of you and feels the outline of a door! You grasp the handle and turn it. Turn to 33.

53

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, the door will burst open (turn to 112). If the roll is higher than your SKILL, the door holds firm. Each time you try the door (including a successful attempt), you must deduct 1 STAMINA point for bruises. You may either keep trying until you open the door or give up at any stage, go back to the entrance-room and try the other door, explaining that you have made a mistake (turn to 18).

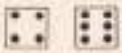

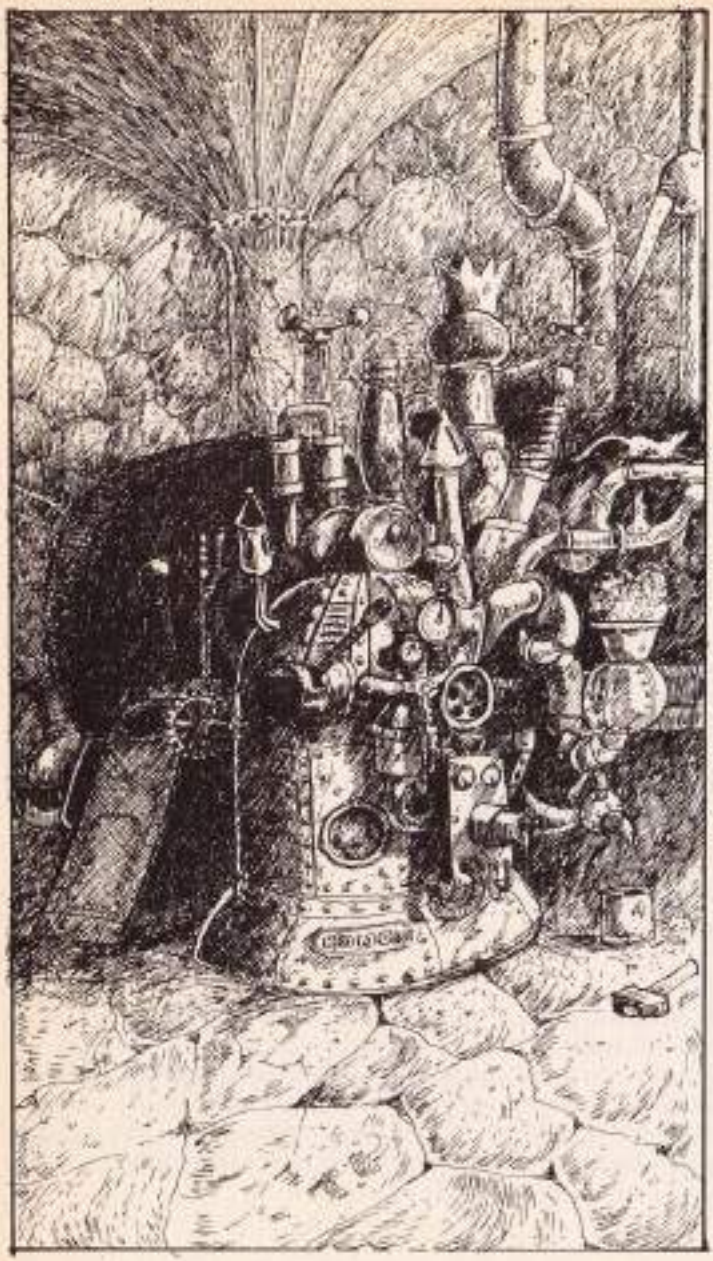

54

The carvings on the door itelf are interesting, but give you no useful information. Grasping the handle, you open the door. Inside, you find a bare room with a mechanical contraption of some sort standing alone in the centre of the floor. It is made of brass and iron, with wheels, bands and cogs linked together in a way that suggests some sort of machine designed to work metal. But it is still. If you wish to try to discover how it works, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **460**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **514**. If you do not wish to waste your time with it, turn to **81**.

55

You wait for the floor and the ceiling to get closer together and then hold your sword between them. The sword catches and bends. It is doing nothing to halt the trap! The sweat is running down your forehead and into your eyes as you watch in desperation. Finally, the matter is decided. With a sharp snap, your sword breaks in two! You have now lost this weapon and if it is your only one, you must deduct 3 SKILL points in any battles until you find another. But probably this will be no real cause for concern. Within the next few moments, you are likely to be crushed to death! Turn to **269**.

56

You draw your weapon and march forwards. The noise dies down as you enter the room. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **235**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **299**.

57

The creatures are only further excited by your attempts to avoid them. They run towards you and stop directly in your path. As you walk through, they trip you up. 'Clumsy oaf!' scorns one. 'Can you not see where you're going? How dare you kick my friend's foot here and not apologize. Apologize immediately – and *lick his boot clean!*' You pick yourself up and nod a silent apology. But sure as Libra you are not going to lick anyone's boot clean. The Red-Eye holds out his boot while the other two taunt you. Your anger rises and, in a temper, you twist the boot, bringing its wearer tumbling to the ground. This was a mistake. For this was the excuse that the Red-Eyes were looking for. Together, they open their eyes, directing their fiery stares at your arm. You howl in pain as six lines of fire burn your arm. The arm drops to the ground and with it fall your hopes. The pain is excruciating: you pass out. When you regain consciousness, you will find yourself on the ground next to your arm, alive, but unable to complete your mission . . .

58

Do you have anything you may be able to use against this creature? If so, turn to 152. If you simply want to run for the double doors as quickly as possible, turn to 363.

59

The trail curls behind a large boulder and continues. You are a little concerned about the fact that it is now leading you round the side of the mountain concealing the Fortress. A crevasse is preventing you from heading on towards Mampang. You must find some way across it. A short while further on, you find what may be your answer – a wooden bridge spanning the two sides of the crevasse. Will you try crossing this bridge (turn to 183) or would you prefer to continue along the trail (turn to 257)?

60

The Birdmen are taken aback by your offering. They have never seen such a spear before. While the three are engrossed in studying it, you are able to step quietly back through the door. Turn to 479.

61

You press a Gold Piece into her hand. The old woman begins to tremble. 'Why, this is a *Gold* Piece!' she stammers. 'The gods be praised! Never before has anyone been so generous to poor Javinne. A harvest of thanks on you, stranger. Javinne is your friend for life. But no! I must hide my joy. For if those god-cursed mongrels who have more than their fair share of what I lack learn of my good fortune, I will surely suffer. And it is too early to seek help from my friends from Schinn. No, I must keep this news a secret. I must hide.' Several things she has said have caught your attention. Before she shuffles off to hide, you may question her. Will you ask her about 'the mongrels who have more than their fair share of what she lacks' (turn to 302)? Would you like to know more about her friends from Schinn (turn to 372)? Or will you ask her how she lost her sight (turn to 388)?

62

The creature's flesh is cold! The body rocks on its seat and falls over backwards. This corpse is quite dead. And another surprise is in store. The body is not that of a man, but a female of some sort. And although its torso is human, its legs are hairy and end in hoofs. Its face is a strange blend of human and goat-like features, with two horns on its forehead.

You quickly recover from the shock and compose yourself. The rest of the cave seems to be empty and there is more than enough space to make yourself comfortable. If you wish to bed down for the night here, and perhaps eat some Provisions, turn to 293. If you would rather try one of the other caves, turn to 419.

63

You have survived the deadly defences of the courtyard door, but not for long. For the needles are coated with a quick-acting poison. In a few minutes, you will begin to feel groggy. Then you will pass out. The poison is effective and there is no antidote. Your journey has ended here.

64

The morning star bashes into the side of your head and knocks you reeling. Blood oozes from a nasty gash in your temple. Deduct 3 STAMINA points. When you have recovered sufficiently, you may enter the room. Turn to 251.

65

Courageously, you advance against the Hydra. Perhaps, if you can attack it before its heads have fully materialized, it will not be at its full strength. But deep down you are not optimistic. For how can you fight against the gods themselves? Another head appears. This one is green and scaly with a pointed nose and gills in its neck. It is Hydana, god of the waters. His mouth opens and a torrent of water bursts out at you, knocking you backwards to land painfully on your ankle. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and let the battle commence:

GOD-HEADED HYDRA SKILL 17 STAMINA 24

After the first Attack Round, turn to **458** if you wounded the Hydra, or **305** if it wounded you.

66

Valignya will accept from you anything which has some sort of ornamental value (a medallion, jewel, etc.). Choose something and offer it to him. He will accept it and you can then demand help in entering the inner keep. If you are able to offer him something, turn to **276**. If you have nothing to offer, return to **160** and choose again.

67

You dash forwards through the pass before any keen-eyed observer within the Fortress can spot you. As you do so, you notice two guards slumped on the floor asleep at their posts. An empty wine flagon tells the story. They are *drunk*! Will you ignore them and run on through the pass (turn to **342**), or do you think it would be wiser to run them through with your sword, just in case they should wake and spot you (turn to **289**)?

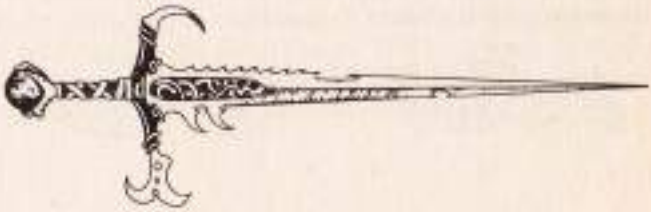

68

They look a little suspiciously at you, but talk to you nevertheless. 'Old Naggamanteh is sharpening his axe,' chirps up one of the Birdmen. 'For the Archmage has promised him new victims. But you know the old Cyclops . . . He won't be happy until he's torturing one an hour! The Archmage himself hasn't been seen for a time; locked himself away in his tower, he has. Some say he's expecting visitors. Anyway, enough.' You bid them good-day and leave the room. Turn to 479.

69

You tell Jann of the ageing weapons specialist who revealed the tower to you. The Minimite smiles. 'Farren Whyde is no "weapons specialist" at all,' he sniggers. 'This man was the Archmage himself in disguise! And what a crafty demon he is. He has persuaded you to enter his own prison and become his prisoner – almost of your own accord!' You cannot believe your ears. You have already met the Archmage – and you have let him go! This is valuable information. Should you once again meet Farren Whyde, you will know his secret. Deduct 111 from the reference you are at if you come across him again and turn to this new reference to expose him. Now you had better plan an escape from this tower. Turn to 98.

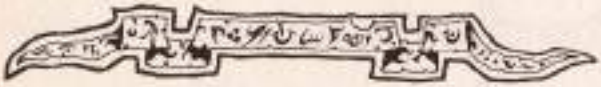

70

You may either investigate the door at the end of the passageway (turn to 144) but only if you have not investigated it previously, or you may leave the hallway. If you choose the latter, you can either turn left and try the large double doors (turn to 253), or you may walk up to the door across the archway (turn to 493).

71

You pull out your scroll and start to unravel it. But before you can do anything, the creature is speeding towards you. Turn to 296.

72

You take the candle from your pack and concentrate. Suddenly a flame flickers and appears at the wick – just in time, as the door behind you slams shut of its own accord! You are alone in the room, but your candle lights up some of the way. You gasp as you look at the floor! Sharp blades protrude through the wooden floorboards at irregular intervals! Your balance will have to be perfect as you pick your way through this deadly maze. Will you be able to keep your footing? Choose your next few steps by turning either to reference 87 or to 239.

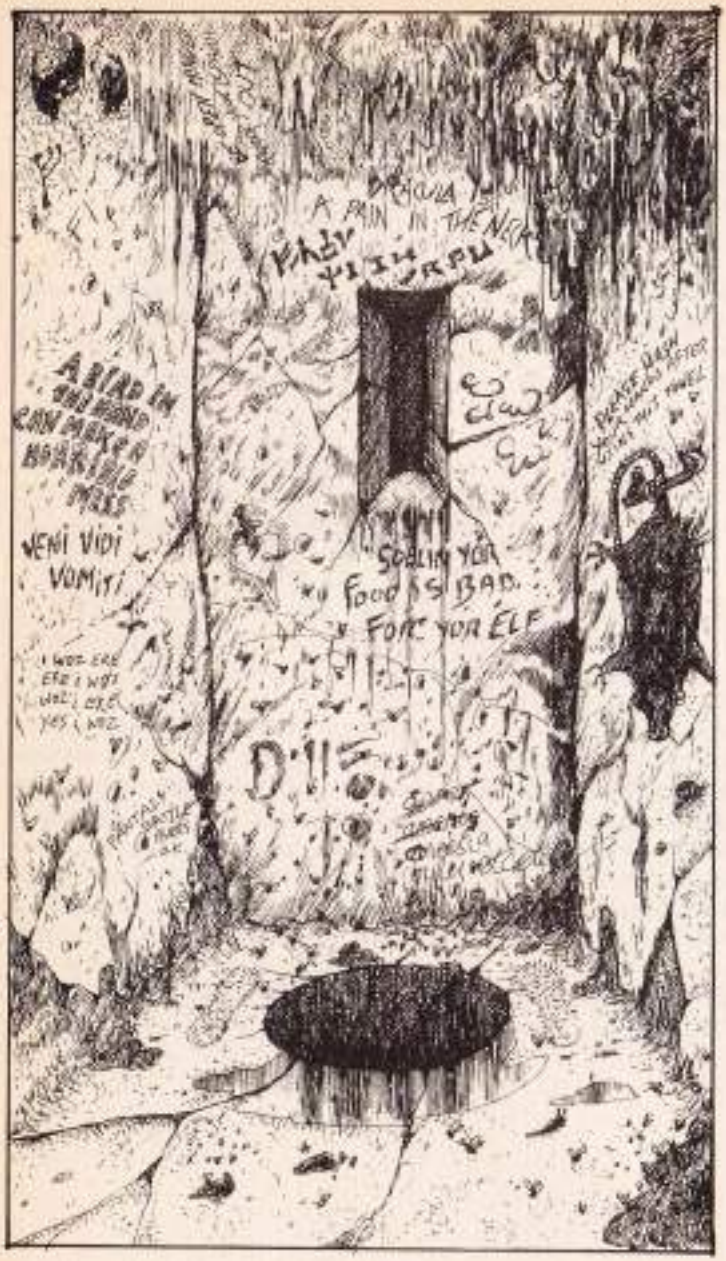
A PAIN IN THE NECK
VENI VIDI VOMITI
GOBLIN YER FOOD IS BAD FOR YOR ELF

73

You open the door slowly and peer into the room. It is dark, with only a sealed window, but as your eyes become accustomed to the light, you can see what sort of room you have entered. You are standing in the guards' *latrine*! When you take your first breath, your stomach rises. The smell is horrendous! The room is filthy, with hundreds of flies buzzing round a hole in the ground. You fight down the urge to vomit, but must lose 1 STAMINA point. You can continue searching around this room if you wish by turning to **186**. Otherwise you can step back into the passage and investigate the other door (turn to **144**) but only if you have not investigated it previously.

74

This was not a wise choice. For as you open the door and rush out into the hallway, you practically bump into the three Birdmen you were originally running from! The ones you left behind in the room also come after you, and you are now surrounded by Birdmen. They grab you quickly, before you have a chance to react, and bundle you off into the Fortress. Turn to **333**.

75

Over and over you tumble in weightless space before the spell begins to wear off and your surroundings become clearer. Below you is a figure who looks more than familiar. This figure is standing outside a wooden door set into a solid rocky tower. With a look of determination, the figure sets its shoulder and charges at the door. At that very moment, your own body descends from the air and merges with it. You brace yourself for the shock. Turn to **102**.

76

'Pah!' he says. 'Three Gold Pieces? Why, that is only one each. And anyway, I will have all your gold once you are marched to the cellars! Take the miserable Half-Orc away!' The guards grab you roughly and shove you through the door. But before you go, they toss your gold pouch and backpack to the captain. You are destined to spend the rest of your life in the dungeons of Mampang. Mercifully, the rest of your life will be short . . .

77

You are standing to leave the table when a voice speaks your name. 'Do not be so hasty to leave, my friend. Allow me to speak to you!' The voice is familiar. You look all around you, but see no one. But gradually an image forms in mid-air. The ghostly image is familiar but it is not until it is fully formed that you recognize it. *Shadrack!* You ask him what he is doing here. 'Have you forgotten my powers?' he laughs. You remember the face in the tree. 'I may be where I wish *when* I wish. But this distance is greater than I have travelled before, and it is very tiring to me. My stay will be brief. You have survived many dangers and have proved yourself a worthy champion of your kingdom. I for one wish your mission to be successful, but there are further dangers you must face. The Throben Doors must be opened and their secrets are held by the most cunning of the Archmage's followers: Valignya the miser, Naggamanteh the torture-master and one other. But I am unable to discover who is the last. Your allies are few. But seek out the Samaritans of Schinn for, like you, they seek an end to the Archmage's ambitions of power.'

You thank Shadrack for his warning and advice and ask him why he has travelled so far to give you this message. 'Two nights ago, the Archmage's guards arrived at my cave. Their ways with the power of pain are persuasive. I am an old man and could not resist their tortures. I was forced to tell what I knew of your journey. For providing the information, they rewarded me well; I have been staked, on a cross, outside my own cave ever since. My body gave up its life this morning. How else could I revenge myself on these torturers of old men? My spirit can travel much faster than their horses. I have arrived before them, to aid you however I can.'

Shadrack's image begins to fade. His powers are weakening. As he disappears, you vow your revenge on the murderers of the hermit. You stand up to leave. Will you storm back out of this place into the courtyard (turn to 141), or will you turn left and head for the room with the message over the door (turn to 428)?

78

Did you spend last night in the cave with the dead goat woman? If not, then turn to 153 and make another choice. If you did spend the night there, turn to 24.

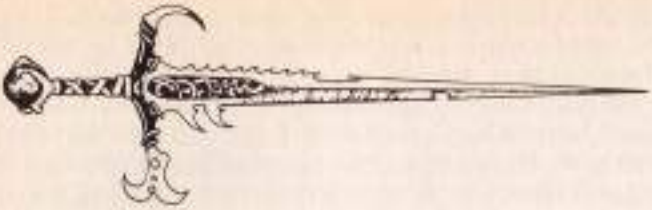

79

'I can assure you,' he says, 'that I am not a native of Mampang. Nor am I from anywhere in Kakhabad. My name is Farren Whyde and my kingdom is Ruddlestone, way to the west beyond the Zanzunus. My profession is the art of science and my speciality is in weaponry. In my own kingdom I was renowned for my discoveries. My most important discovery was a flash powder which would propel a missile further than any arrow could be fired. It was this cursed discovery which attracted the attentions of the Archmage. His allies, the hook-billed Birdmen, were sent after me. I was captured as I slept and brought to this hell-pit in these very clothes. Since that time his threats have kept me working on my project. But I fear that his own ambitions will see its use only for conquest, not for the defence of peace.'

You tell him a little of your own story, but only that the Archmage has similarly wronged your kingdom by stealing the Crown of Kings. The old man nods. 'I have heard of your Crown. The Archmage is said to keep it with him at all times.' You ask him where you can find the Archmage. 'Ah, now that is a secret I can help you with. Come with me!' He leads you over to a window and points out. 'The Archmage does not often visit the Mampang Fortress.' Your jaw drops. Has this journey been wasted? Farren Whyde continues: 'He considers this place unsafe from his enemies. He leads the world to believe that this is his home, but in fact it is *there*!' You follow his finger. It points out to the peaks of High Xamen – at nothing in particular.

You groan. Must you find your way safely out of the Fortress and start another journey? 'Do not despair, my friend. Let me show you another trick I have learned!' Farren Whyde cups his hands round his mouth and calls three words in a language you have never heard before. You watch dumbfounded as the enchanted words cast their spell.

Outside the tower you are in, a shimmering haze disturbs the air. As it rises slowly, the old man's story makes more sense. *Another* tower, concealed under its spell of invisibility, forms before your eyes! Farren Whyde looks at you proudly. '*There* is the Archmage's tower. That is where he stays!' You realize you must now reach this tower – and quickly, before the light fades. Will you ask the man for his advice (turn to **245**), or cast a spell?

DOC	YOB	FAR	SAP	HUF
587	626	742	774	658

80

The fat man applauds your skill. 'A worthy warrior,' he nods. The Jaguar limps off back under the table to lick its wounds. 'But warrior or not, you must still pay the price to enter this room.' This angers you and you ask him what right he has to demand gold from you. Turn to **42**.

81

You step back out into the main hallway to decide a way onwards. Will you investigate the large double doors (turn to **256**), or will you instead look for another way (turn to **47**)?

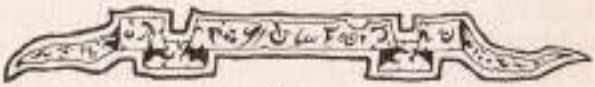

82

'Friend,' chirps the first Birdman, keeping his voice down. 'I can tell that you are concealing from us the real reason why you are here. But that is wise. Caution is wisdom in Mampang. But whether or not you came upon us by accident, you have made a lucky discovery. For we can help you more than you think with your mission. My name is Peewit Croo. We three are known as the *Samaritans of Schinn* and our goal is the overthrow of the Archmage. He is a power-crazed madman and his ambitions must be stopped! Find the Crown of Kings. If you do, we will all have our wishes. If we can help you, we will. If you need our help, blow on this. We will come to your aid if we can.' Peewit Croo hands you a small silver whistle which you place safely in your pack. You thank him and the other Samaritans and leave the room. They offer their best wishes as you do so. Add 2 LUCK points for this encounter, and turn to **479**.

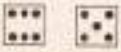

83

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 441. If you are Unlucky, turn to 314.

84

Your skills are worthy of the Battlemasters of the Academy at Chawberry, having fought so well against such a powerful beast. Again your weapon flashes and a head drops, but again two more heads grow to replace it. The effect is demoralizing and your concentration lapses momentarily. The creature strikes forward at you. Turn to 305.

85

The cutlass is not enchanted; the merchant is simply a good salesman, having rid himself of this piece of junk. If you use it in a battle, you must deduct 1 SKILL point, for its rusty blade will do less damage than a normal sword. Now turn to 473.

86

Desperately you try to fight down your nausea, but to no avail. You race from the room into the hallway and are violently ill. The thought occurs that someone may be able to hear you, but there is nothing you can do about it. Voices from the room at the end of the passage confirm that someone *has* heard you, but then the laughter that follows gives you some relief. Most probably the noise you are making is not an uncommon sound around the latrine. You compose yourself and may now choose your next action. But first you must lose 1 STAMINA point; you are feeling weakened by the experience. Turn to 70.

87

You inch your way slowly across the room. For your next few steps, choose either 488, 341 or 359.

88

You drop to the ground as quietly as possible and turn to step inside the door. *Aaaahh!* You jump with fright as you find yourself face to face with a guard in heavy armour! The guard is as surprised as you are and he bellows loudly. From outside and within, four guards come to surround you and you must now face all of them. If you attack them, turn to 40. If you would rather try a spell, you may choose one:

FOG	WOK	TEL	DUM	DIM
766	636	599	718	656

89

'Of course we will escort you,' chirps the Birdman. Two of them advance and open the door behind you. 'You will be safe with us,' he claims proudly. Looking outside, they find the way clear. You stand awkwardly between them as they walk down the hallway in a series of half-jumps. You are pressed tightly between their feathered bodies. Half-way down the hall, you realize that you are not merely sandwiched between them, you are tightly gripped! You struggle to free yourself, but to no avail. Turn to 333.

90

With swords drawn, the three Sightmasters are ready for battle. Will you draw your own weapon (turn to 110) or cast a spell?

FOG	SIX	MAG	TEL	NIP
739	657	699	588	627

If you have a hardwood spear which has been blessed by a holy man, you may try using it by turning to 313.

91

The door to the room is already open and you step inside. As you would expect, the walls are ribbed with shelves, on which hundreds of trinkets, artefacts, knick-knacks and treasures are displayed. A plump, yellow-skinned merchant sits behind a table in one corner and eyes you suspiciously. He seems to be undefended and you cannot see how he prevents his customers from stealing his wares. Do you have any money? If so, you may purchase some of his merchandise (turn to **494**). Otherwise, you may attempt to steal something. If you want to do this, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **116**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **267**. If you don't want to steal and you haven't any gold, leave the room and try the door at the end of the passageway (turn to **310**).

92

How did you come by this vial? Were you given it by a woman (turn to **241**), by a man (turn to **278**), or did you find it on your own (turn to **491**)?

93

The door opens to reveal dirty living-quarters. An unmade bed is in the corner and a table and chair are set against one wall. A jug is standing on the table, along with a metal bowl. A wooden box protrudes a few inches from underneath the bed. This could be the torture-master's home. But then again, perhaps it is not. There are virtually no possessions in the room. This could of course mean nothing, as an Ogre's possessions are limited anyway. Do you want to step inside and investigate further (turn to **272**), or will you leave this room and try the other door leading from the torture-chamber (turn to **236**)?

94

'You could be right,' he says, eyeing you slyly. 'Are you offering your services?' You nod. 'But how do I know whether or not you are the fighter you claim to be? If I am to hire you, first you must prove your worth. *Hashi, attack!*' At the sound of his voice, the Jaguar leaps up at you from under the table. You must resolve your combat with the cat:

JAGUAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you kill the beast, turn to 146. If you reduce it to 2 STAMINA points and decide to spare its life, turn to 80.

95

The creaking noise gets louder as you open the door wider. When it is half open, you can see that it leads into a short corridor. Two doors are set into the passage; one on the right and one at the end. But suddenly your ears prick up at the sound of voices! The creaking door is attracting someone's attention! You decide to close the door quickly and try another way. Will you try the large double doors (turn to 253) or the other door across the archway (turn to 493)?

96

Taking care on the floor you reach the door and try the handle. It opens into a hallway that widens at the far end. You follow it. Turn to 124.

97

You thank them for the ale and drink it down. To your relief, it seems to be ordinary ale and it is a welcome drink. You may add 2 STAMINA points as you drink it. Again, you thank them for the gift. 'Gift?' laughs the Red-Eye. 'We do not hand out gifts! We charge 2 Gold Pieces for our ale!' The others join in the laughter and press you for the payment. If you have 2 Gold Pieces, you may pay for your drink and turn to **425**. If you do not have 2 Gold Pieces, or you refuse to pay, turn to **12**.

98

Your situation looks hopeless. The door is sturdy and you have already seen the size of the lock on the door. The window is one possibility, but it is a long way up. A jump would certainly kill you. Perhaps you could plan to ambush one of the guards when you are brought your food? Will you:

Try to break the door?	Turn to **120**
Ask Jann his opinion?	Turn to **414**
Use something from your pack?	Turn to **259**

Or will you cast a spell?

NIP	WAL	ZEN	FAL	ZIP
673	767	696	604	725

99

If you have any food with you, you may now eat. If you have not yet eaten today, you will gain 2 STAMINA points for this meal. If you have already eaten you will gain only 1 STAMINA point. If you do not have any food with you, you gain no STAMINA points. Make the necessary adjustments on your Adventure Sheet and prepare to settle down to sleep for the night. Turn to **384**.

100

You inch your way slowly across the room. For your next few steps, choose either 52, 227 or 2.

101

You pass along the hallway and through the Mucalytic's room. At the end of the next passageway, you open the door to the entrance-chamber. The short, stocky creature that let you in is no longer there. You open the door to the courtyard and step outside. The way is clear to the large double doors and you follow the wall towards them. Turn to **392**.

102

The door bursts open and you fall headlong into the chamber inside. You roll over on the straw-covered floor and take in your surroundings. The room is not at all elegant, as you would have expected. It is simply a bare room. Two doors lead from it and you must now choose which to take. You may try either the one on the left (turn to **37**) or the one on the right (turn to **465**).

'The Fortress?' he asks. 'Why? You are not intending to visit it, are you? For if you are, you will be cursed with eternal damnation! The evil in Mampang is like a living thing, which devours all those who cross its threshold. You have no business in there. Repent your sins now, and join with me in offering our worship to Throff – the one on high! The one true mistress of all beings! The Goddess of the Earth! Fight the dark demons of Mampang and live in eternal truth! Now! Repent now!'

The old man is getting quite excited and you really do not want to get into an argument with such a fanatic. You explain that you *are* intending to fight the evil within Mampang, that is the purpose of your mission, and that you will succeed or die in the attempt. Colletus listens and shakes his head. 'None but the gods can succeed in destroying the dark forces within Mampang,' he says. 'When I was younger, like you, that was my own mission in life. But the cursed gods within Mampang dealt with me thus!' He touches his eyes. 'But I can sense that your will is strong. Nothing I can say will dissuade you from your mission, so I will help you by revealing a sample of what you will face within the Fortress. Here, watch me.' He turns to face the Groaning Bridge and holds up his hands. *Another* bridge, looking much stronger than the first, appears next to it. 'The Groaning Bridge is naught but an illusion,' he explains. 'Had you crossed the illusory bridge, its spell would have been broken half-way across and death would have been the reward for your courage. If your cause is as you say, then I can offer you three treasures to help you on your mission. I have two potions which may aid you. The first will restore your strength, and the other has been blessed in the name of the gods. My last gift is a cloth skullcap, which may also aid you. Now go. And may the luck of Cheelah go with you.'

You thank the holy man for his help. You would certainly have died had you tried the bridge without realizing its secret. He hands you his gifts: a medicinal potion, a brass vial of holy water and the skullcap. And his last words were no idle blessing. You may increase your *Initial* LUCK score by 1 point and restore your current LUCK to 8 (if it is currently higher than 8 anyway, ignore this bonus). Now you may cross the *real* bridge to the other side of the crevasse. Turn to 411.

104

One of the Sightmasters takes your backpack, while another helps you off with your own tunic and on with his. The tunic is warm and comfortable but, as the Sightmaster does up the ties, its tight fit is a little discomforting. Will you protest, asking them not to draw it so tight (turn to 282), or will you make some quip about having to lose some weight (turn to 231)?

105

The mutation you are waiting for slowly takes effect. Your right leg begins to ache and, before your eyes, it gradually changes shape! The foot shrinks and a pointed stump appears at the end. It is turning into a tail! This now leaves you with only one leg on which to walk, although your new tail will help as a crutch. You must reduce your *Initial* SKILL by 3 points and reduce your current SKILL to this level if it is higher. When you are ready to leave, you may hop out of a back door leading further into the keep. Turn to 448.

106

They are deeply insulted by your harmless remark, and your attempts to smooth over the tension are not too successful. The tallest Black Elf steps towards you, a sneer spreading across his lips. 'Let's teach this ugly pus-ridden human some manners, eh?', he snarls. The other two rise to their feet. You are about to have a fight on your hands. Will you use your weapon (turn to 510) or cast a spell?

MAG	HOW	POP	NAP	NIP
793	614	775	727	671

107

The Archmage's transformation is nearly complete. If you can attack the creature quickly, before it is fully formed, then you will stand a chance. If you are not quick, you will have little hope against a Netherworld deity such as this.

NETHERWORLD DEMON	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the creature within five Attack Rounds, turn to 351. If you do not defeat it, turn to 172.

108

The nest and golden egg are a mystery. Could they be useful if you come across Birdmen? Does the egg have any value? Or are they both simply luxurious ornaments? Will you find out? Turn now to 473.

109

As you approach the group, you can make out three creatures talking among themselves. Their shapes are familiar. They are thin, spindly types, dressed in ragged clothes. When you are even closer, you can see that they have large eyes, but they are keeping their eyes *closed*! Immediately, you are on your guard. RED-EYES! A warning bell rings in your mind as you remember your previous encounters with the Red-Eyes. You try to avoid the group by a detour away from them. But one of them has noticed you and is calling you. Obviously he is aware that you are trying to avoid them and he is mocking you. The other two look towards you and call you over. Will you approach as they wish (turn to **242**), or will you ignore them and continue regardless of their taunts (turn to **216**)?

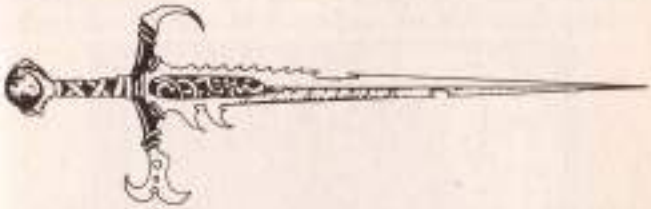

110

The Sightmasters surround you and attack together. Each Attack Round, you must choose which of the three you will fight and conduct your battle against this one as normal. Roll for the others' Attack Strengths in the normal way. If either Attack Strength is higher than your own, you will take a wound. Otherwise you will avoid their blows.

First SIGHTMASTER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 4
Second SIGHTMASTER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4
Third SIGHTMASTER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you defeat the Sightmasters, turn to **340**.

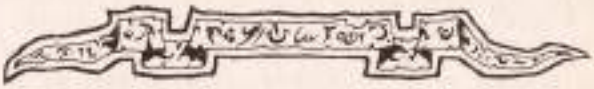

111

The door opens. You push it slowly – and a good thing too, as it has been booby-trapped. A heavy morning star hangs above the door in such a way that its deadly spiked ball would swing into the face of anyone who entered quickly. You avoid this trap, and step into a rather sinister-looking room. Turn to 251 to find out what sort of room you have entered.

112

You fly forwards headlong into blackness. You land on a hard floor lined with straw and look around. It is pitch-black and you can see nothing. But an ominous sound puts you on your guard. From one of the corners of the room, you can hear shuffling and scraping, as though someone were dragging a bundle of twigs across the floor. Will you arm yourself (if you can) and turn to 15? Or will you cast a spell?

DOZ	SIX	ROK	LAW	KID
682	594	672	783	644

113

The dawn has not quite broken when you rise to continue your journey. You have not yet formulated your plans for entering the Fortress, but you are sure it will not be easy. You may add 2 STAMINA points for last night's rest. But if you ate nothing yesterday, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points. You pack your things and set off for the gate.

The huge wooden gate towers above you as you approach. You are apprehensive about being spotted, but until the sun rises, this would be highly unlikely. The silhouetted outline of the Fortress against the early-morning sky is a haunting image and you cannot help but feel puny and helpless in comparison with its size.

You step up to a small door set into the gate. Will you knock on the door, knowing this will attract the guards? If so, turn to 304. Alternatively you may cast a spell:

MUD	DOP	ZEN	YAP	YAZ
791	643	736	749	667

114

Trying to be as quiet as possible, you step into the room. You glance around at the floor for any signs either of creatures or of objects, but find none. You quicken your steps, heading towards the door. Half-way there, you stop. A shape at the far end of the room has caught your attention. It is a large, bulky shape and it is making no movements. Will you step over to investigate (turn to **369**), or ignore it and continue towards the door (turn to **470**)?

115

You chat pleasantly during your meal and eventually you decide you must continue. You may add 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today but only 1 STAMINA point if you have eaten. Now turn to **8**.

116

You smile pleasantly at the merchant, who nods back and watches you intently. You will have no opportunity to steal anything secretly, so there is only one alternative – a snatch. You choose your moment. You grab a handful of trinkets from the shelf in front of you and race for the door. The merchant does not move. But when you reach the doorway he makes a sharp clicking sound with his teeth. Immediately, sharp iron spikes shoot across to bar the exit. But you are lucky: you just manage to beat the spikes. At least, you *almost* manage to beat the spikes. For as you jump through, the sharp points nick the hand which is clutching the merchandise. You howl with pain (deduct 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points) and draw your hand in quickly. You have still held on to one item. To find out what you have stolen, roll one die. If the number rolled is odd, turn to **382**. If the number rolled is even, turn to **417**.

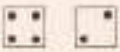

117

You manage to hold on as the bridge sways under your weight. When you reach the other side you breathe a sigh of relief and continue along the trail. Turn to 380.

118

The Birdmen are taken aback by your offering. They have never come across such a talisman before. While they are engrossed in studying it, you are able to step quietly back through the door. Turn to 479.

119

You manage to control your revulsion and work your way around the room, overturning stones and shifting bits of wood with your feet. If anything is in there, you will find it. Unless, that is, it is in the hole. For *no one* would search around in that disgusting hole. But your search is fruitless. There is nothing hidden in the latrine. At least, nothing you can *see*. For if you did but know it, you have found more than you bargained for in this room. The swarm of flies that has followed you round the room carries an unpleasant illness, which you have now contracted. For the time being, its effects are only slight. You must lose 1 STAMINA point and you must also lose 1 SKILL point *in battles only*. By the time you reach the Archmage – if you survive that long – its effects will be more noticeable. You must lose another STAMINA and another SKILL point when you first encounter him. After that, its effects will depend on whether or not you are able to find a doctor before the disease becomes fatal. You may complete your mission, but you may not survive long afterwards. Leave the room now by turning to 70.

120

The Minimite warns you that your efforts will be futile. Nevertheless, you are determined to try. You charge at the door as hard as you can. The little creature was right. This was a waste of time, and a painful one at that. Your shoulder gives a loud *crack* as you hit the door, and your worst fears are realized. You have done some serious damage to your shoulder. You try to move it but pain shoots across your chest. You must lose 4 STAMINA and 3 SKILL points until you can find some way of healing your injury. Turn to 476.

121

They are insulted that their hospitality has been refused. Will you reconsider and take their ale (turn to 97), back off and try to move away from them (turn to 57), or wait to see what happens next (turn to 12)?

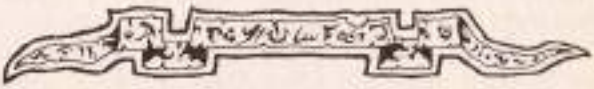

122

Your bold announcement does credit to your bravery, but not to your intelligence. For you are hardly in a position to issue threats! The captain and his guards laugh loudly. 'Take the miserable Half-Orc to the dungeons,' commands the captain. His guards obey. You will now spend the rest of your life in captivity. Mercifully, this will not be for long . . .

123

The beast inside must be taught a lesson. Its howling will not prevent *you* from resting in its cave! Do you wish to enter with weapon drawn (turn to 286), or will you cast a spell?

DOC	FAR	HOW	YAP	KIN
635	607	782	697	669

124

The passageway widens until you reach an open hallway which is evidently a main thoroughfare. Several passages open out into this area and the way onwards is a choice of two doors. Ahead are two heavy wooden double doors, standing some three metres high. Your caution is aroused by the fact that one of these doors is slightly ajar. The other door is a more ornate affair, a few yards to the left of the double doors. Carvings are set in its wooden timbers. Do you wish to investigate the large double doors (turn to 41), or will you instead try the smaller door (turn to 54)?

125

'From Kristatanti, eh?' laughs the Red-Eye. 'And you expect us to believe that? You are no more from Kristatanti than we are. If you were from Kristatanti, you would not wear your hair as you do. Their tradition is to wear their hair high up on their heads, held in place by pins and bones!' Will you admit that you are not from Kristatanti and that your home is Analand (turn to 48), or will you insist that you *are* from Kristatanti (turn to 291)?

126

You take out your Provisions and eat. If you have not yet eaten today, you may add 2 STAMINA points for the meal. If you have already eaten, you may add only 1 point. When you have finished, turn to 358.

127

You touch the door lightly and it swings back, allowing you into a rather dirty room. A table and chair are set in a corner of the room. Asleep in the chair, slumped across the table, is a strange, smooth-skinned creature in leather armour. It has a bald head – in fact there is not a trace of hair anywhere on its body – and its shoulders look wide and powerful. As you step inside, the creature snorts and wakes up. Seeing you, it leaps to its feet, reaches for an axe and in a roaring voice demands to know why you have disturbed its nap. Will you draw out your weapon and strike the creature to get in the first blow (turn to 360), apologize for disturbing it and try to calm it down (turn to 466), or raise your voice and yell back at the creature that you didn't know he was asleep (turn to 506)?

128

The Goblin champion roars loudly, and this noise serves as a war-cry to the others. As one, they join in the fight, surrounding you and battering you with kicks, bites and blows. You fight valiantly, but you are no match for such numbers. One heavy blow knocks you to the ground. A dozen sets of spiky teeth bite into your body. The pain is unbearable and you cry your last. Your mission has ended. You will provide the best meal these foul creatures have had in their miserable lives.

129

You quickly close the door in the gate behind you and step forwards. You are in a wide archway inside the main gate. The way ahead is blocked by another gate, almost as large as the main entrance. It is a large double door with a heavy brass handle and lock. To your left and right are two smaller doorways which may open into rooms in the main wall surrounding the Fortress, which is several metres thick. Which way will you proceed? Will you try the door to your left (turn to 206), the door to your right (turn to 493), or the double doors ahead (turn to 253)?

130

You describe the boots to the captain and promise them to him if he will release you. He appears to be interested, but then snaps his fingers. The guards bustle you through the doors, throwing your backpack – and your gold pouch – back to the captain as you leave. After all, why should he release you for these boots when he can steal them? They will be no use to you in the dungeon beneath Mampang, where you are destined to spend the rest of your days.

131

They try once more to persuade you to accept their advice and put on the tunic, but you will not be persuaded. One of them snaps angrily, 'We are wasting our time. Let us persuade this miserable human in our own way!' The others nod and draw their swords. Turn to **90**.

132

You may have a bargain in mind, that if he helps you into the inner keep, you would be willing to give him his Gold Piece. If you wish to do this, you will find that he is a bargaining man and you will have to strike a deal. You may offer him 1, 2 or 3 Gold Pieces. Choose your 'final offer' and roll one die. If you offer him 1 Gold Piece, you must roll a 5 or 6 for him to accept. If you offer 2 Gold Pieces, a roll of 3–6 means he accepts. If you offer 3 Gold Pieces, a roll of 2–6 means that he will accept your price. If he accepts, turn to **20**. If he does not accept, or if you have no gold to offer, or if you do not wish to offer him any gold anyway, turn to **160**.

133

Try as you might to hold on, you cannot force your muscles to keep their grip and you drop to the ground with a thump. The noise immediately attracts the attention of the guards, who wheel round to face you. Roaring loudly, they leap towards you, swords drawn. You step back into the doorway, hoping that this will give you some protection and hoping also that no more guards appear! You must resolve your combat with the guards. Since you are standing in the doorway, you may fight them one at a time:

First GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7
Second GUARD	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7
Third GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
Fourth GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the guards, turn to **129**.

134

Anxiously, you wedge the spear between the rising floor and the ceiling. You are both shivering and sweating at the same time as your weapon takes the strain and bows a little. You whisper an unheard prayer to your god as the wood creaks. Will the spear hold? Your question is answered a moment later. *Crack!* The weapon breaks in two from the pressure. Your heart sinks. Your hopes are dashed. You have now lost this spear. If this was your only weapon, you must deduct 2 SKILL points in any future battles until you find a replacement weapon. But this is hardly of any concern to you at the moment. You are about to be crushed to death! Turn to **269**.

135

You are approaching the far side of the courtyard. Two large wooden doors loom upwards and, to progress into the keep, you will have to pass through them. A few yards in front of the doors a peculiar-shaped metal post, as tall as two men, has been driven into a mound of earth. To the left is nothing. To the right, a smaller wooden door is set into the wall. Will you step up to the double doors and see whether you may be able to get through (turn to 397)? Do you want to investigate the metal pole (turn to 502)? Or will you walk over to the door in the corner of the wall (turn to 519)?

136

You step up to the cave entrance and peer inside. It doesn't smell particularly pleasant in there, but it seems to be safe enough. The thing that is a little worrying, though, is the depth of the cave. You cannot see the back: the cave just disappears into the blackness. If you feel you would be safer in one of the other caves, you may approach either the smallest cave (turn to 222) or the other cave (turn to 534). If you will venture inside this cave, turn to 507.

137

She shuffles over to you and leads you into a foodstore. 'Help yourself!' she offers. 'All this is good for stamina. All the troops are given some of my special recipes for added strength.' You try to explain that she has mistaken you; you merely wish to take a short cut into the keep. But she will have none of it and becomes angry; she finds your refusal offensive. Will you try some of her food to keep her happy (turn to 3) or will you reassert your wish to leave (turn to 297)?

138

The strange creature holds out his hand and mumbles a few words. A shape forms in the air and rests on his hand. As it becomes more distinct, your eyes widen. *The Crown of Kings!* You reach out for it, but he pulls it away. 'Not so fast there, human!' he laughs. 'We made a bargain. If I give the Crown to you, you must be gone and leave this place. And to ensure that you cause no harm on the way, you must leave behind your weapon.' Will you agree as he says (turn to 234)? If not, you may either draw your weapon and attack him (turn to 162), or cast a spell:

WOK	FIX	MAG	KID	GOB
650	786	687	706	730

139

You watch both sides of the pass as you approach, keeping your eyes peeled for signs of life. You stop when you hear a rasping noise ahead. Slumped on the floor, on the right-hand side of the passage, are two heavily armoured guards. They are not moving and appear to be asleep. One of them is gripping an upturned wine flagon in his hand and the contents are seeping out. They are *drunk*! You may try creeping past them. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 342. If you are Unlucky, turn to 264.

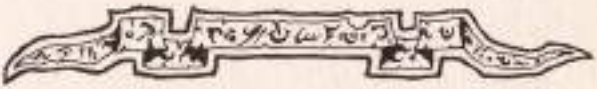

140

The door is unlocked and you open it. It leads into a dark passageway. You are considering whether or not to enter, when a noise from the courtyard behind you forces your decision. The sounds of marching become louder and louder. It is not well-disciplined marching, but one thing is for certain: a fair number of guards are approaching! You step through the doorway and close the door behind you. It is dark inside, but within a few moments, you are able to follow the passage. It leads more or less straight on, first winding to the left, then the right. Eventually you can see a door ahead of you. Turn to **357**.

141

You pass along the hallway and through the Mucalytic's room. At the end of the next passageway, you can hear voices in the room beyond. You open the door. 'There you are! I told you! The Analander! And when you capture the dog, remember to tell our master that it was I, Ridd the Gnome, who gave you this information.' You curse: the little Gnome has summoned guards to capture you. In his room are at least a dozen armed guards, and they rush towards you. Do you have a blessed hardwood spear with you? If so turn to **17**. If not, turn to **266**.

142

You start your battle with the guard. You have the advantage of surprise, but the guard has the advantage of *reinforcements*. As the struggle commences, the guard bellows loudly. Six more guards race into the room and, before you can react, they have pulled the two of you apart and are holding your arms pinned behind your back. A sergeant walks in and looks at the scene. His own guard is nursing a sore arm. The sergeant roars angrily at the guard for his incompetence, then looks at you. He nods to the two holding you captive and turns to leave the room. The sergeant's back is the last sight you see in the world as an unseen sword slides through your chest from behind. Your journey has ended . . .

143

The Ogre reflects for a moment. 'Uhhh, when I was new to this job I did have a particularly *nice* torture,' he starts. 'A Klattaman was caught thieving and wouldn't reveal where he'd hidden his ill-gotten gains. We put fat needles in his arms and scraped his bones first of all, then we put ground glass under his eyelids, then we cut the sinews at the back of his ankles. The killjoy told us where he'd hidden his thievings as soon as we started putting the needles in, but we ignored him. After all, we had to have our little fun, didn't we? What else did you say? The Archmage? He's in his tower, where he always is.' Now he has a question to ask you. Turn to **19**.

144

There are voices coming from within the room. You step up to the door and press your ear close, to hear what is going on and to discover how many are inside the room. There are probably only a couple of creatures inside, as you can only hear two voices. But suddenly, the door swings open! Before you can react, you are grabbed by the wrist and yanked into the room. 'I thought I heard something,' says a tall BLACK ELF to two others sitting round a table. 'An ugly, human creature. But look at the colour of its skin! Horrible! Ugh. Imagine having skin like that!' The other two laugh and all three of them look at you. Will you:

Laugh with them and try to befriend them?	Turn to 295
Challenge them for daring to insult you?	Turn to 536
Try to run from the room?	Turn to 335

145

The two guards immediately spring on you. Fight these two together. In each Attack Round, choose whichever you will direct your attention towards and conduct this fight as normal. The remaining guard will inflict a normal wound only if his Attack Strength is higher than yours (but you cannot wound him):

First GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7
Second GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you kill the guards, you may turn your attentions to the captain:

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you wish to spare the captain's life, you may turn to 347 when you reduce him to 6 STAMINA points. If you wish to continue the fight, turn to 391 when you have reduced him to 6 STAMINA points.

146

A tear appears in the corner of the fat man's eye as you deliver the final blow to his pet. 'That was unnecessary!' he sobs. 'My Hashi! What have you done?' You turn your attention to the man. You step over and grab his throat. You are a hired sword and you do not spare your victims' lives. You demand to know how to get inside the keep. You claim to have some business to attend to inside, and promise to come back if he wants to hire you. 'Very well, then,' he sighs. 'To enter the keep, step up to the doors and whisper this password to the lock: "Alaralaramalana". The handle will then turn to open the doors. Now release me!' You let him go and leave the room. Turn to 141.

147

Libra continues: 'I must tell you also some bad news, which may affect the success of your mission. Last night you spent the entire night in the same cave as a carrier of the *trembling disease*.' She then goes on to describe the effects of the disease. Turn to 247.

148

Do you have a silver whistle or holy water from the Tinpang River with you? If so, you may use either of these. If you wish to use the silver whistle, turn to 800. If you wish to use the holy water, turn to 537. If you have neither of these, turn to 351 and choose again.

149

They all exclaim in unison, 'From Kharé!' One of them smiles and grabs your wrist. 'We are from Kharé, my friend, though we left the cityport two seasons ago. Ah, how we would love you to tell us what is happening there now. Tell me, is the holy man of Slangg still performing his miracles?' You tell him of your own experience in the chapel of Slangg and they praise your wisdom. 'If you really went through the test of Slangg, you will know the holy man's name,' says one of the Red-Eyes. 'I am trying, but I cannot remember the great man's name myself. What is it?' The other two look at their companion strangely, but then it dawns on them what he is trying to do. This is a test for you. What will your answer be:

Courga?	Turn to 195
Salen?	Turn to 570
Vangorn?	Turn to 549
Tristan?	Turn to 327
You do not know.	Turn to 457

150

A sign over the door catches your attention. It reads 'Chamber of Night'. You pause for a moment before you try the door. What can the *Chamber of Night* hold in store? Night creatures? Sleeping gas? There is only one way you will find out. You turn the handle.

The door opens to a room as black as coal. Not a beam of light comes from the room. Even the dull light from the area where you now stand cannot penetrate its blackness. Do you have a candle which you can use to light your way through this room? If so, turn to 13. If not, turn to 308.

151

You are almost on the far side of the gully when your foot slips again. Desperately you try once more to clutch the rope bridge to prevent your falling. But this time you are not so lucky. The bridge quivers like a bowstring and your hand misses its grip! Down and down you plunge to your death in the river-bed below. You have come to the end of your journey – and so close to your goal . . .

152

You may try:

A Yellowfruit Skin	Turn to 21
A Parchment Scroll	Turn to 71
An Enchanted Compass	Turn to 252
A Glass Vial of Liquid	Turn to 92
None of these	Turn to 363

153

You remember the message and call out for Colletus. What will this mysterious person be like? Will he be there at all? Is he even still alive? You call his name again and, a few moments later, you hear footsteps on the rock. From over the edge of the chasm, a short distance further on, a shape appears. An old, bald-headed man in a long, dirty, brown robe walks towards you. 'Who is calling my name?' he asks. At first you remain quiet – it is fairly obvious who has been calling his name! But as he approaches, you notice that he is not heading towards you, but rather slightly to your left. The old man is *blind*! His eyes have been painted black and you remember the tradition in Kristatanti. You call him over towards you and he shifts direction quickly. 'Well?' he snaps. 'Who are you? And in which direction are you heading? And what do you want of a priest with the black-eye curse?' Will you ask him for information about the Mampang Fortress (turn to 103), would you like to call on his professional skills as a holy man (turn to 283), or will you ask him whether, as a holy man, he has powers of healing (turn to 78)?

154

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 412. If you are Unlucky, turn to 529.

155

You tell them you were raised in Kharé by a holy man from Dhumpus when your mother abandoned you. She took the faith of Slangg, the god of malice, and was ordered to leave you to your death as proof of her commitment. Thus your accent is a cross between the broad dialect of the cityport and the slower, more pronounced speech of the southlands. You tell them you are on your way to the Fortress at Mampang, for you have been summoned by the Archmage. At the mention of his name, your two inquisitors look at each other shiftily. There seems to be a look of fear in their eyes. 'Be on your way then, stranger,' says one of the creatures. 'We will not hinder your journey. Continue.' Evidently they fear the power of Mampang and you have intimated that you are connected with the evil that rests within. They allow you to pass. Turn to 441.

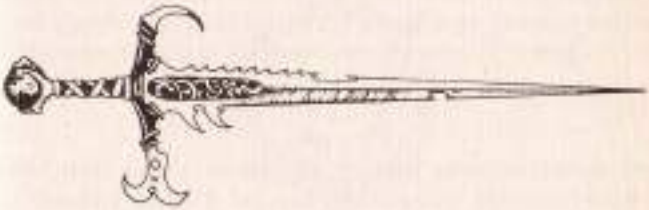

156

Trying desperately not to panic, you stand motionless while the floor rises. As you wait in hope, you are suddenly aware that your teeth are chewing hard and painfully on your lower lip! But the floor shows no signs of halting and your head is now only a foot or so from the ceiling. You had better try something more positive. Will you search the floor for something useful (turn to **168**), or look through your own belongings for something you can use (turn to **16**).

157

You bend down to the height of the lock and whisper your password. Has your memory served you correctly? No sound comes from the door. You gather your courage and prepare to grasp the handle. Turn to **344**.

158

Your mission, and your identity, are known to your host. Although you have concealed your journey thus far, it is now common knowledge that you have penetrated the Fortress's defences. Return to **198**.

159

Resolve your battle with the three Red-Eyes. They will all attack together. Choose which you will direct your own attack against and conduct this battle as normal. Roll Attack Strengths for the other two in the normal way: a higher Attack Strength than yours will inflict an automatic hit, but a lower result does not mean that you wound one of them, since you are not attacking them.

First RED-EYE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 3
Second RED-EYE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 2
Third RED-EYE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 3

When you have inflicted your first wound on the Red-Eyes, turn to **316**. If you defeat them, turn to **425**.

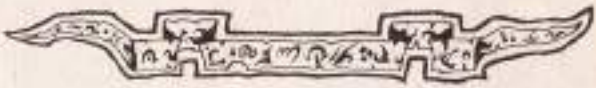

160

'I see we have a visitor who does not like to part with gold! Or perhaps our friend has something else to offer?' Will you offer him something else from your backpack (turn to **66**), draw your weapon and leap across the table at the fat man and his Jaguar (turn to **205**), or cast a spell?

DUD	SAP	NAP	NIP	FAR
652	693	621	763	735

161

You step into the room just in time, as three Birdmen turn round a corner and head towards you. You breathe a sigh of relief and turn round to lean back on the door. But as you do so, your heart stops! Out of necessity, you did not check the room before you entered. Now you can see where you are. There is an old Baklands expression which is appropriate here: 'Hiding from Snattacats in a Strangle-bush' . . .

Rising to their feet, and glaring at you over pointed beaks, are three *more* Birdmen! What will your reaction be? Will you try to talk to them (turn to 9), will you think desperately of a good excuse and leave as soon as possible (turn to 258), or will you just race out into the passage (turn to 74)?

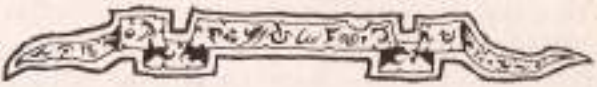

162

You pull out your weapon and advance towards him. He simply smiles. 'Do you think you could harm me with that oversized butter-knife?' he taunts. 'Put it down. For I can make it *my* ally if I so wish.' You ignore his threats. 'Very well, then. Have it whichever way you will . . .' He gestures in the air with his hands and your weapon feels heavy in your hand. You try to lift it and find that it is tugging itself free from you. It pulls hard and breaks your grip, flailing in the air, as if with a mind of its own! And then, to your horror, it turns to face you, cutting in the air to force you back against a corner. 'And now, to complete my little show,' the sorcerer continues, 'a rope trick!' Again he gestures with his hands. This time, a rope flies up into the air. Serpent-like, it hangs, awaiting his instructions. At his command, the rope flies towards you and wraps itself around your wrists. You have been captured! *'Guards!'* he calls. From a hidden doorway in one of the walls, three guards rush into the room and grab you. The guards bundle you off back through their door and up a narrow staircase into the top of the tower. A heavy lock is set in the door at the top. This is evidently a prison room of some sort. They unlock the door and fling you inside. Turn to 4. But remember that you have now lost your weapon. If you do not have another one with you, you must deduct 3 SKILL points in any future combats.

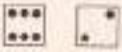

163

You may now either leave the room (turn to 96) or search for anything that may be useful to you (turn to 51).

164

The guards are disappointed. They offer to lend you 2 Gold Pieces if you are short although, if you win, you will have to pay back 4 Gold Pieces from your winnings. If you agree to this, turn to 481. If you are not interested, turn to 397.

165

Securing your possessions, you grab the rope firmly and once more check that it is well fastened to the rock above. You take a few steps backwards to get a good run at the crevasse. Swinging across the gully should be an easy matter. You run forwards and leap from the ledge. Then it's all over in an instant.

Even though you tested the rope thoroughly, it was not as safe as it appeared. This short cut to the Mampang Fortress was a trap designed to catch unwanted intruders such as yourself. In mid-air, the rope began to stretch quickly so that, when you arrived at the other side, you were not at a height to land on the ledge. Instead you slammed into the rocky mountainside with such force that you immediately knocked yourself out. Your fall deep into the crevasse has killed you, but at least you were not conscious when your death came . . .

166

Will they believe your story or not? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **68**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **370**.

167

You sit down at the table and rest. If you have any Provisions with you, you may eat a meal. If you do so, you can add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day or only 1 if you have already eaten. Have you visited anyone called Shadrack on your travels? If so, turn to **77**. If not, turn to **306**.

168

Quickly you drop to your knees and rummage through the straw and dust on the floor. You find plenty of small stones and broken bits of wood, but nothing which will really help you. And time is running out! The floor is rising steadily and would now be forcing you to stoop if you were standing up. A cold sweat breaks out across your forehead. You had better search your own backpack for something to use. Turn to **16**.

169

Have you already tried either of the other two caves? If you have not already tried the smallest cave, you may do so by turning to **222**. If you have not already tried the middle cave, you may do so by turning to **136**. If you have already tried both of them, then you had better settle for the one you have just looked inside – return to **534** and make another choice.

170

The Birdmen listen intently as you tell your story. They are fascinated by your adventures. 'Of course we'll help you,' one of them declares. 'In fact I have just the "seeker" you will need to locate the Crown. Come with me.' He walks into the back room. Will you follow him in as he motions (turn to 203), or remain where you are and ask him to bring it out (turn to 23)?

171

You try to reach the running Red-Eye, but his companions step in front of you. They draw their weapons and attack. You may attack either with your weapon (turn to 225) or with a spell:

SUN	ZIP	ZAP	POP	POP
745	584	695	660	590

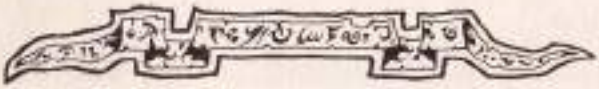

172

Your effort has been valiant, but in vain. The Demon now stands fully formed before you. You rush up to strike a blow with your weapon. A blast of fiery breath from the creature's great nostrils hits you full in the face. In agony, you hold your hands up to your face to stop the pain. Your hair is on fire; your face is scorched beyond recovery. You drop to the ground, defeated, as death takes you. Your journey has ended – so close, so very close, to your goal . . .

173

At the mention of the Crown, the Elves look at each other shiftily. 'Why? Who wants to know?' asks the tallest Elf. From the way they are looking at each other, you decide that you had better not pursue this line of questioning. You apologize for bringing up the subject and explain that you had only heard that it was on show within the Fortress and you had hoped to get a look at it. 'You are wasting our time, human,' the Elf continues. 'No one is allowed near the Crown save the Archmage himself. As long as those cursed Samaritans of Schinn are about, he would not dare put the Crown of Power on show.' You change the subject quickly. Turn to 377.

174

'If you have spent some time in contact with the trembling disease, then you will no doubt begin to feel its effects soon,' continues Sh'houri gravely. 'But all is not lost. Word has just reached us that Colletus the holy man is able to heal the disease. This is the tragedy of the situation. Had we known this two days earlier, then we could have saved the life of poor Sh'himbli. Nevertheless, stranger, he is not an easy man to find, although he has been seen on the way to that black Fortress. If you discover Colletus's whereabouts, you may summon him thus.' She cups her hands to her mouth and makes a whistling sound. If at some time in the future you think you know where the holy man is, repeat this sound by deducting 30 from the number of the reference you are at and turning to this new reference. If Colletus is there, he will appear to you. Sh'houri continues: 'And we thank you for the news of our sister.' The She-Satyrs want to give you some gift for the news you have brought. Sh'houri tells you first about the Mampang Fortress, the end of your journey. 'You must beware of the Fortress,' she starts, 'for it is a chaotic place. Keep your eyes open in front and behind if you wish to survive in there. The way through the Fortress takes you through the four *Throben Doors;* they are large sets of double doors, yet much more to those who try to pass through. Do not mistakenly believe that they are not protected, for they are deadly to all who try to open them unawares. They appear as heavy double doors, but nothing about their appearance gives any clue as to their real purpose.' She has noticed that you are listening intently, and is glad to have been able to give you some information of interest. As you stand to leave, she motions to one of the other creatures, who rushes off, to return later with a leather bag. Within the bag are several items which may be of use. She will allow you to take with you any of the items in the bag, but for each you must exchange one item of your equipment (but not food or gold). If you are playing as a warrior, turn to 564. If you are playing as a wizard, turn to 435.

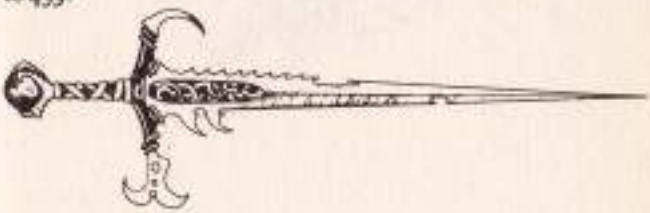

175

You inch your way slowly across the room. For your next few steps, choose either **349**, **554** or **2**.

176

As you approach the double doors, you keep your eyes peeled for any signs of activity. Through the doors, you can hear the early-morning sounds of the inhabitants preparing for the day ahead. But there is no sound coming from the short passageway in which you stand. You grasp the great brass handle and turn it. The doors are locked. Looking down the narrow slit between the doors, you can see that a heavy bolt holds them fastened. It looks as though you will need a key to open them, unless you can think of another way. Do you want to turn back and try the door on the right (turn to **206**), or will you try another plan (turn to **193**)?

177

The meal is fairly basic and not at all appetizing. Cornbread and grits do not exactly make a banquet. Nevertheless, you may add 2 STAMINA points for the food if this is your first meal today, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. Then you sit down and wait. Turn to 214.

178

Your knock is heard by someone inside the room. A voice bids you 'Come in!' and the tumblers in the lock turn. You open the door and step inside. As you do so, you fling yourself backwards instinctively! For above the door hangs a morning star, a vicious weapon consisting of a solid metal spiked ball hanging from a handle by a length of chain. As you opened the door, it took the ball outwards to swing back at your face! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 190. If you are Unlucky, turn to 64.

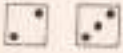

179

You open the door. As you rightly deduced, you have entered the kitchen. Servant MINIONS, small, nervous creatures with squeaky voices, are fussing around preparing food for the guards. The smell is not too pleasant. Today's menu is swine offal and lizard entrails. A larger creature, a HOBGOBLIN of some sort, stands in the middle of the kitchen, barking orders. As her Minions rush past, she whacks them on the head with a sapling branch. No one has noticed you. Will you announce yourself (turn to 422), or will you instead try to creep through the kitchen unnoticed (turn to 437)?

180

Your next step is painful! Your leg has brushed against a sharp blade which gashes it. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and choose your next few steps from the following: 249, 227 or 349.

181

'So, this arrogant worm refuses our help, eh?' snaps the Sightmaster angrily. 'Then let us show the wretch what dangers are to be faced in Mampang!' You have offended the Sightmasters. They draw their swords and grab at you. Turn to 90.

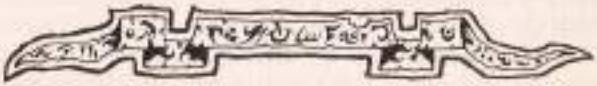

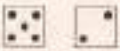

182

A noise from the doorway makes you spin round quickly. What you see makes you leap frantically towards the door. But you are too late. The heavy portcullis has already dropped in the doorway, barring your escape. *Of course*, you think. The answer is now obvious. This room is no one's living-quarters. It is a prison cell! And the heavy bars will not be budged either by your strength or your magic. You are a prisoner of Mampang and your journey is now over.

183

The wooden bridge seems to be quite strong. But you are not one to trust appearances and will not risk this bridge without first testing it carefully. You put a foot on to it, then your whole weight, holding tightly on to the rope handrail. As your weight is taken by the wooden links of the bridge, a strange sound seems to come from it: *Oooohhhh!* The soft moan makes you jump back on to the ground! *What was that?* As soon as you step off the bridge, the noise ceases. Again you try stepping on to it, and again the groaning sound comes. Trying a few steps towards the middle of the bridge, the sound is quite disturbing: *Oooohhh! Aaaahhh! Oooohh!* Although the moaning is somewhat unnerving, the bridge itself seems strong enough to take your weight. If you want to try crossing it, turn to 424. If you want to try another way across the crevasse, you may either return to the swing-rope and try that (turn to 323) or follow the trail along a bit further to see whether there is another way across (turn to 257).

184

A sudden pain shoots through your forehead. You feel around for signs of anything and notice a bump in the centre, growing larger and larger! Shortly, you have a sharp horn growing in the centre of your forehead. The meatballs have had their effect. Although this horn is a little unsightly, it will be useful in battle if you do not have a weapon to use. If you are disarmed and must fight without a weapon, you need only deduct 1 SKILL point as a penalty and ignore whatever SKILL penalty you have previously incurred. Leave the kitchen by turning to 448.

185

You try the key in the lock. It turns awkwardly, as if the tumblers have not quite caught. Turn to 344.

186

You hold your breath and step further into the room. You move towards the hole in the ground and peer into it. Your presence disturbs the flies and they swarm into the air around you. Indescribable filth is down the hole and the sight makes your stomach heave. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 119. If you are Unlucky, turn to 86.

187

The Hobgoblin throws off her apron and stands before you ready for battle. She grabs a meat-cleaver and threatens you. Will you fight her with your weapon (turn to 281) or cast a spell?

DOC	DUD	KIN	MAG	KID
602	726	755	690	668

188

You stand defiantly, weapon at the ready, and accuse them of a number of shameful misdemeanours involving members of their families. The two become angry; their tempers rise. But the tension is finally broken by one of the creatures who laughs out loud. 'Well, Sh'haarzha, we have certainly found a spirited one here! Do you think the sisters would like to meet this character? I think so, don't you?' The other She-Satyr nods and they both order you to follow them to their village. Will you go along with them (turn to 545), or set off with them, but take advantage of the first opportunity to run away and continue your journey (turn to 456)?

189

You must be quick to climb the stairs and reach the Archmage before the guards are alerted. Panting heavily, you arrive at the secret door at the top of the stairs. But how can you open the door? You try your password again and the door opens. But you are expected! Rough hands grab you as you open the door. Shouts go up and you find yourself in the grip of a tall, grimy guard. Around the doorway are other guards. You were not expecting to be discovered this quickly! Turn to **430** to face the guards.

190

Just in time you managed to avoid the full impact of the morning star. It swings past your ear and catches you across the temple. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for the graze and enter the room. Turn to **251**.

191

You apologize for your blunder and explain that it was 'just a little human joke'. You will have to remember to be careful with Black Elves, as their sense of humour does not include being able to laugh at themselves. They calm down and you are able to speak to them. Do you want to ask them how to get further into the Fortress (turn to **377**), or whether they know anything which will help you find the Crown of Kings (turn to **213**)?

192

The man is terrified at your threats. He agrees to tell you anything you want to know. He is not at all like the other creatures of Mampang. You allow him to tell his story. Turn to **79**.

193

You may wish to cast a spell here:

DOC	HOW	ZIP	FAR	RAP
776	649	741	640	761

Alternatively, you may want to hold something you found on your travels against the door to try to open it (turn to **32**).

194

The door opens slowly and you step into a dimly lit room. A tiled stone floor is slightly greasy underfoot and there does not appear to be much in the way of furniture inside. An oily smell hangs in the room. On the far side of the room, a faint crack of light outlines a doorway. Do you want to head straight across for this door (turn to 96), or will you investigate the room (turn to 523)?

195

'Ha!' exclaims the Red-Eye. 'Just as I suspected. This thick-skulled impostor is not from Kharé at all! Imagine thinking that was the holy man's name!' Your attempts at trickery have been found out. Turn to 12.

196

Throwing caution to the wind, you grab the handle and turn it. Although the handle turns in your grip, the door does not open! It is locked! You curse and turn to face the creature, which is now almost on top of you. Turn to 296. If you have a key to use in the lock, return to 224 to try it. If you key is correct, you will know what to do.

197

They immediately snap to attention and pretend to be busy, polishing their weapons and armour. One of them thanks you for the advice and you turn to leave the room. Turn to 479.

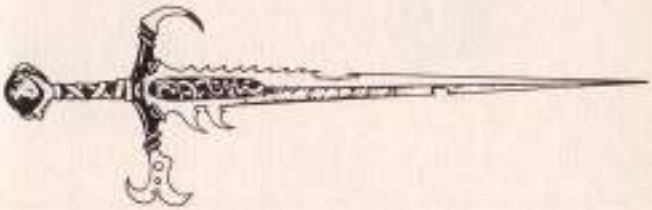

198

The door opens into an office of some kind. Straw again lines the floor, but charts and maps are pinned to the walls. Some of these are charts of the heavens, and there is a strange contraption pointing out of the window at the sky. Sitting behind the table across the room is a scrawny-looking fellow with spiky black hair. He looks up at you over half-moon glasses and smiles a sinister smile. Could this be the Archmage himself?

'And who do we have here, then?' he asks. 'As if I did not know. *The Analander!* I wondered whether you would make it this far. My congratulations on your skill and your courage. You are indeed a worthy enemy. But here is where your luck runs to an end. For now you face no cowardly Black Elf, no brainless Klattaman.' You state defiantly that your journey will not end until the Crown of Kings has been returned to its rightful guardians in Analand. 'Ah yes,' he says. 'The Crown of Kings. What say I give it to you now and you be gone? I for one am anxious to remove the cursed thing from here.' This is a strange offer. Will you accept and ask him for the Crown (turn to **138**)? Would you prefer to draw your weapon and fight him (turn to **162**) or cast a spell?

MAG	KID	GOB	FIX	WOK
687	706	730	786	650

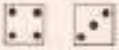

199

'My favourite weapon?' He stares dully into the air. 'Ummm, I suppose I like my whip. Yes, my whip! I'm very good with this. I can take out a blackfly's back teeth from four metres with my whip. Do you want to see?' You don't, and you press on with the next part of your question, about the Crown. But you are out of luck. 'Never heard of it,' he shrugs. Now it is his turn to ask you a question. Turn to 19.

200

They look at each other strangely. The situation is puzzling. A human comes bursting into their room as if being chased by a Spectre, then starts asking about their families! They cannot make sense of it. Confused, one of them steps forwards and, in a twittering voice, says, 'Our blessed mothers are well. But what business is this of yours?' Will you take advantage of their confusion, apologize for the intrusion and ask permission to leave (turn to 527), or apologize for offending them and continue the conversation (turn to 429)?

201

The captain listens with interest to your story. He is undecided whether or not you are telling the truth. How good are your powers of persuasion? Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If the total is equal to or less than your SKILL, turn to 35. If the total is higher than your SKILL, turn to 423.

202

With your weapon poised to strike, you rush at the creature, screaming a loud war-cry. *It does not react!* Your weapon smashes into the side of its skull and its head splits open. Still the creature has not reacted! Now feeling quite safe from any danger, you reach out to touch the body. Turn to 62.

203

You walk across the room and follow him into the dark room beyond. 'It's in here somewhere,' he is twittering. But as you step into the darkness, you feel a blow on the head. You lose consciousness. Turn to 333.

204

You show him the hardwood spear and explain how you came across it. 'Ah, Sh'houri and her band,' he smiles. 'An unruly lot, and prone to outbursts of violence, of that you can be sure. But it is not evil which rules their hearts – though at times it is not far away! Pass me the spear. I will bless it as you wish.' Colletus places the spear on the ground and lays on his hands to bless it. From now on, this blessed spear will aid you in your battles against some of the creatures of Mampang. You thank Colletus and then bring the conversation round to the Fortress at Mampang. Turn to 103.

205

You leap across the table and grab the man by the throat. His pet snarls at you, but you threaten Valignya with his life if he does not call off the Jaguar. Nervously, he does so. You demand to know how you may get through into the inner keep. Turn to 276.

206

The door is not locked, but its hinges are rusty and, as you inch it open, it makes a creaking sound. Will you burst through it, weapon at the ready, to surprise whatever is inside (turn to 416)? Or would you prefer a more cautious approach and continue inching the door open, trying to keep the noise to a minimum (turn to 321)?

207

Your heart is thumping as you open the door and you slam it shut behind you to keep the Marbled Ram out.

You pause to collect your thoughts. You are about to come face to face with the Archmage. Your mission is almost done! If only you can take the dark lord of Mampang and rescue the Crown . . . The door opens on to the foot of a spiral staircase. You climb the stairs way up into the tower until you reach a door at the top. The door is unlocked. You open it. You are expecting an elegant study, well decorated and lined with books. What you see is exactly the opposite. Turn to 321.

208

The silver pieces are worth more than the gold you paid for them. But they will prove to be more trouble than they are worth. The pouch that the merchant would not sell you is capable of magically generating more of these coins, so he has lost nothing. Outside of their pouch, the coins will burn through anything you put them in. You will not notice this until afterwards, when you have lost them. A short while after you have placed them in your backpack, they will have burnt a hole in your pack and and dropped out. You will also have lost one item from your backpack. Cross off the *Third* item on the Equipment List – and the coins – and turn to 473.

209

'A fine battle!' declares Sh'houri, Queen of the She-Satyrs, as you are raised from the pit. 'Now, what was it you wanted this human to tell me?' Will you tell her about your journey across Kakhabad (turn to 371), or will you tell her about your encounter with Sh'himbli – but only if you know who Sh'himbli is (turn to 354)?

210

You confront the snivelling creature before you. You have learned the Archmage's secret and you tell him so. Farren Whyde steps back, aghast. His whimperings cease. His expression changes as his eyes narrow. 'So!' he exclaims. 'The Analander knows our secret. Our foe is more competent than any of us had imagined. I offer my admiration for your skill. Such skill should be well rewarded. You have come for the Crown of Kings. No doubt you would like to set eyes on it.' The old man moves towards the desk and opens a drawer. From within, he pulls a shining golden crown and lays it on the desk. *The Crown of Kings!* You recognize instantly the treasured Crown and your eyes widen in awe of its beauty. At last it is within your grasp!

But while your concentration is focused on the Crown, you have taken your eyes off Farren Whyde, and a transformation is taking place. You wheel round towards the old man. Farren Whyde, dressed in his long undergarments, lies on the ground, still as death. Standing over the old man, a fearsome creature is forming before your very eyes. Your thoughts of the Crown disappear and you must quickly decide what to do. For the creature forming before you is a NETHER-WORLD DEMON of some sort, with a huge, bullish face, hooted feet, and a black, hairy body. Smoke curls from its nostrils. You must attack, quickly, before it forms fully. Will you draw your weapon and attack (turn to 107) or will you cast a spell?

ZEN	RES	ZAP	GAK	HOT
798	628	683	717	582

211

'A visitor!' exclaims the torture-master as you enter the room. 'And, I feel, one with a sense of fun! No one comes into this room unless they wish something from Naggamanteh. I will offer you a bargain. Ask of me what you require. If I can help I may. Then I will ask you a question. If you cannot answer, then you shall be my amusement for the rest of the day. What say you?' If you will accept his offer, turn to 361. If you refuse, turn to 557.

212

The Birdmen are taken aback by your offering. They have never seen such a beautiful collar before. While the three are engrossed in studying it, you are able to step quietly back through the door. Turn to 479.

213

At the mention of the Crown, the Black Elves' faces drop and they glance at one another quickly. 'So *you* are the Analander who has come to steal our master's Crown!' their leader says. 'We had expected a much more fearsome enemy! The Archmage will reward us handsomely for your head. Cannu! Blindi! Let us claim our reward! Attack the human!' Quick as a flash, the three Elves attack. Will you draw your weapon (turn to 510) or cast a spell?

HOW	NIF	NAP	POP	MAG
614	671	727	775	793

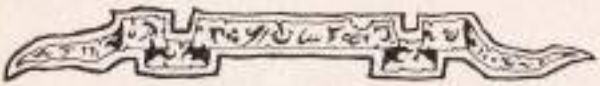

214

At last, a commotion outside gives you hope. The lock rattles and four guards enter the room. You rise to your feet. A sergeant steps forwards and addresses you. 'Analander,' he starts, 'I have special instructions from the Archmage himself.' Already your mind is planning how to break free from your escort as you enter the Archmage's chambers and leap on him. But the Archmage's instructions are not as you expect. The sergeant continues: 'The Archmage considers that you are too dangerous an enemy to Mampang to be allowed to live. You are to be executed immediately!' You are crestfallen. In a state of shock, the blood drains from your face and the room spins. You slump to the floor in an unconscious state. The guards are merciful. They carry out their order immediately without waiting for you to regain consciousness. Your journey ends here.

215

He falls silent as you pay your respects. You have appealed to his sense of professional pride. 'No one has ever complimented me before like that,' he sighs. 'What your business is here, I do not know. But those kind words deserve thanks. You wish to know about the Throben Doors? Well, I will tell you this. If you leave this room through the door on the left you will eventually arrive at a Throben Door. This door is open. But when you open the door, you will seemingly step into a pit of hell-fire. Ignore this, for it is naught but an illusion, and will burn only those who believe in its existence. But you must plunge in at your first opportunity. Any hesitation or dawdling will destroy your belief in the flame as an illusion – let nothing sidetrack you. That is all I will tell you. And tell not a soul that Naggamanteh revealed its secret to you.' You thank him for his advice and leave the room. He seems to have forgotten all about asking you a question in return. If you follow his advice and find a large double door, then when you step through it into the fire beyond, turn to **399** instead of the reference mentioned, because you know its secret. Continue now by turning to **230**.

216

As you would expect from thugs such as these, they walk towards you to intercept your course. Sensing that you are trying to avoid them, you have now become a victim and they are determined to cause trouble. One of the Red-Eyes opens his eyes, and a flash of fire sears through the air into the ground ahead of you. Will you change direction to approach them (turn to 242), or continue regardless (turn to 57)?

217

You sit down with her and the two of you start your meal. She breaks hard crusts from the loaf and hands them to you. You crunch the stale bread and wash it down with the water from her flask. Is your STAMINA score greater than 8? If so, turn to 115. If it is less than 8, turn to 320.

218

'Save your lies for those simple-minded enough to believe them!' scowls the Red-Eye. The three are angry at you for trying to deceive them. Will you try to walk away from the group (turn to 57), or will you wait to see what happens next (turn to 12)?

219

The creatures are ugly, black-skinned chaotics of some kind. You search through their belongings and find nothing particularly interesting. On the wall behind them is a long horn, which is presumably for them to sound the alarm. It is really too long for you to carry, but if you wish to take it, you may do so if you leave behind three items from your Equipment List. Apart from that, you find only 2 Gold Pieces in their pockets and a meal's worth of Provisions. You may either take the Provisions with you or pause to eat them now. If you choose to eat them now, you may add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. Continue when you are ready by turning to 342.

220

Gingerly you reach forwards and grasp the handle. Expecting the worst, you are relieved to find that the handle, at least, is not trapped. You turn it. The click from within sounds normal. The door is not locked. With a nervous gulp, you swing the door open, releasing the handle. No spikes or explosions or shocks! The door is perfectly normal. Beyond the door is a spiral staircase leading upwards. You step through the doorway and peer up the stairs. At the top is a wide door which is heavy-set and edged with brass. This seems to be your only way through, so you set off up the stairs. The upper door is a grand affair, and is presumably the entrance to some sort of important room. Could this lead to the confrontation you have been waiting for? Turn to **198**.

221

The little creature stands aside, and you open the door. It leads down a short passageway to a door at the far end. This door is locked. If you wish to break down the door, turn to **53**. If you want to try a spell, choose one:

RAZ	YAP	DOP	ZAP	RAP
630	795	702	662	750

If you would rather not go this way, you may turn back, tell the little creature you have taken the wrong door, and go through the other one (turn to **18**).

222

You step up to the small cave mouth and kneel down to look inside. Although you will be able to crawl into the cave, the entrance will be a tight squeeze. But as your eyes become accustomed to the darkness, you can see that there will be enough room for you to fit comfortably. The back of the cave is black, so you are unable to tell whether or not the cave is completely empty. You get down on all fours and poke your head into the cave.

Ooooowoooow! A shrill howling comes from inside the cave and all but deafens you! Instinctively you jerk your head out again, away from the danger. The noise sounded as though it came from a hound of some sort. You spring to your feet and draw out your weapon, ready to face whatever is inside. But nothing emerges from the cave. When your courage has returned, you must make a decision. Will you enter the cave and face whatever is inside (turn to 123), or instead try the middle cave (turn to 136) or the far one (turn to 534)?

223

As the shadows flit backwards and forwards across the room, your balance sways. Your calf comes down alongside one of the blades, cutting your leg. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and choose to turn to either 367 or 484.

224

The tall double doors are closed. You scramble up to them and must decide quickly what to do. Time is short. The ramming statue is picking up speed towards you already. Will you turn the handle and step through the doors (turn to 196), or will you try to avoid the creature speeding towards you (turn to 415)?

225

Resolve your battle with the two Red-Eyes. They will both attack together. Choose which you will direct your own attack against and conduct this battle as normal. Roll for the second's Attack Strength in the normal way. A higher Attack Strength than yours will inflict an automatic hit, but a lower Attack Strength does not mean that you wound it, since you are not attacking it.

First RED-EYE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 3
Second RED-EYE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 2

When you have inflicted your first wound on the Red-Eyes, turn to 34. If you defeat the Red-Eyes, turn to 425.

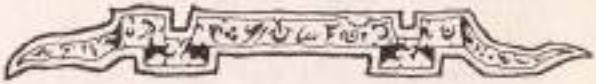

226

He has on his shelves some of the artefacts that you may need for the spells listed in your Spell Book. Furthermore, he will let you have two artefacts for 8 Gold Pieces, three for 10 and any others you may wish to buy will cost you only 1 Gold Piece each. He can offer you: A Jewel of Gold, Yellow Powder, A Gold-Backed Mirror, an Orb of Crystal and a Jewel-Studded Medallion. Decide which and how many you will buy, then turn to 473.

227

Your next step is painful! Your leg has brushed against a sharp blade which gashes it. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and choose your next few steps from the following: 410, 349 or 249.

228

You scramble up the rock-pile to view what lies ahead. On your way up your foot slips. You twist your ankle and must lose 1 STAMINA point. But on the other side of the rock fall is an even more welcome sight than you had hoped for. The landslip has occurred at a point where the crevasse had become narrower and the fallen rocks now form a sturdy bridge towards Mampang. You scramble across to the other side of the crevasse without incident. You are now in Mampang itself and are very close to your goal. Turn to 551.

229

Eventually your visions cease and the world once more takes form around you. As the spell wears off, you are aware of your surroundings. The prison tower has vanished. You are in an underground cavern which seems strangely familiar. Your memory returns when you recognize a sound you had hoped never to hear again. Turn to reference 195 of Book 1 of the *Sorcery!* series.

230

You have a choice of two doors leading from the torture-room. They are both in the wall ahead of you, leading further into the inner chambers. Will you take the door in the corner on the left (turn to **236**) or the other door to its right (turn to **93**)?

231

Your quip causes them to laugh loudly. You tell them that no one could possibly recognize you wearing this tunic as it is squeezing you into a totally different shape. You must now look like an Ogre's thigh-bone! Again, this causes laughter. But the tunic is beginning to feel painful. Turn to **282**.

232

What can you offer the captain? Do you have 3 Gold Pieces to tempt him with? If so, turn to **76**. If you have a locket, found along your journey, turn to **290**. If you have any Borrinskin Boots, turn to **130**. If you have none of these, turn to **385**.

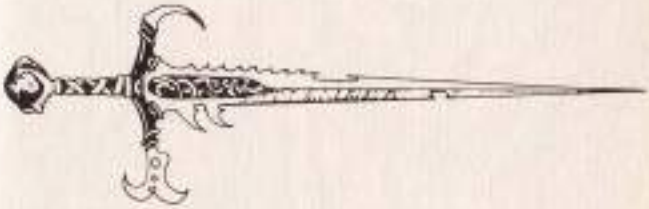

233

You walk towards what you take to be a bundle of rags lying on the ground. But to your surprise, your approaching footsteps bring the shape to life. You have woken up a creature of some sort, sleeping underneath the rags. A head raises itself, squinting in your direction, but without opening its eyes. A dirty, misshapen body stands up and scratches itself, trying to sort some order out of the rags it is dressed in. Its toothless mouth grins a gummy smile as you approach and its squeaky voice addresses you: 'Spare an old woman a Copper Piece, enough to buy a crust of bread. Bless you for helping a blind woman whose days are coming to an end.' A *beggar*, you think, and a blind one at that. Sometimes the blind can see more than a hawk-eyed Sightmaster. You consider whether or not you will talk to this woman. Do you wish to toss her a Gold Piece and stop for a chat (turn to **61**), will you chat to her anyway, but not part with any gold (turn to **287**), or will you ignore the beggar and continue across the courtyard (turn to **8**)?

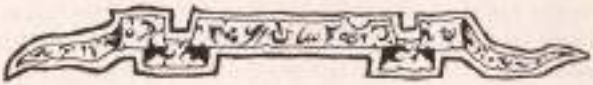

234

You place your weapon on the ground and kick it over to him as he asks. 'You poor fool!' he exclaims. 'How can you have survived so long in Kakhabad with such trust of strangers? *Guards!*' From a hidden door along one of the walls, three burly guards enter the room behind you and grasp your wrists. 'Our friend here has given up his weapon without a struggle. Very wise. Show the Analander how grateful we are!' The guards bundle you off back through their door and up a narrow staircase into the top of the tower. A heavy lock is set in the door at the top. This is evidently a prison room of some sort. They unlock the door and fling you inside. Turn to **4**. But remember that you have now lost your weapon. If you do not have another one with you, you must deduct 3 SKILL points in any future combats.

235

The Goblins stare at you as you walk across the centre of the room. Some of them look at one another to see whether any of them is willing to make the first move. But none of them is. You reach the door on the other side without incident. Turn to 426.

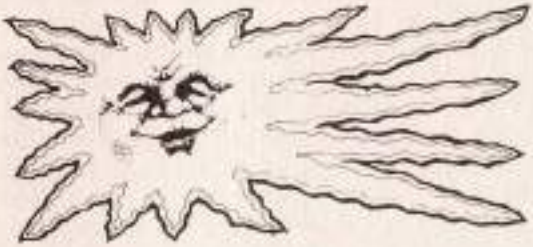

236

You open the door and step out into an arched cloister. The cloister runs round a sort of yard. You follow it round, turning the first corner and looking for a suitable way onwards. At the mid-point of the second wall, a passageway leads out from this courtyard back into the main building. Doors lead off on both sides of this passageway and, at the far end, there is another door. Towards the end of the passage, on the right-hand side, a sign swings in the gentle breeze. It reads: 'NYLOCK – Merchant – Open'. Before that, another door reads: 'Inner Sanctum'. If you wish to try the earlier right-hand door, turn to 140. If you wish to see what the merchant has for sale, turn to 91. If you wish to continue down this passage and leave through the door at the end, turn to 310.

237

The seven Serpents had been carrying a message of your arrival back to the Archmage at Mampang. Since you have defeated all seven of the Archmage's messengers, no news of your mission has reached the Fortress. If, during your adventure, you come across a creature or group of creatures who recognize you as 'The Analander', you may ignore the particular reference you are on at the time and turn to a new reference in which you will find that you are *not* recognized. To get to the new reference, deduct 40 from the reference you are on. If you did not kill all the Serpents in Book 3, you should not be reading this message! Now turn to 1 to begin your adventure.

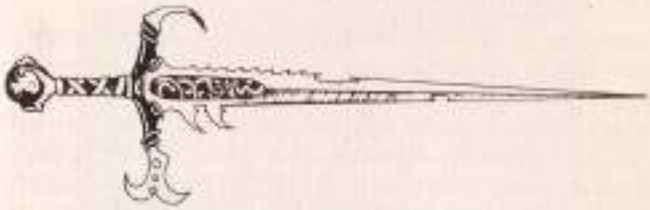

238

The fat man snaps his fingers and, from behind a curtain in the corner of the room, emerges a slim, dark-skinned girl with flowing black hair. Her face is half-covered with a silky veil and she carries a tray. On the tray are a silver tea-pot and two silver cups. The serving-girl pours two cups and leaves the room. The fat man offers you one. You accept and the two of you drink your tea. A little caution would have been wise here; perhaps the clue was that this tea was ready for your arrival. For the tea you have just finished was drugged. The greedy miser wants your gold at any cost. After you have lost consciousness, you will be robbed, killed and dumped outside the Fortress. Your mission has ended.

239

You step carefully between the blades. The flickering candlelight makes it difficult for you to see the room clearly, but your next few steps are safe. To take a few more steps, choose to turn to either **262**, **359** or **488**.

240

Remembering your promise to Javinne, you look around for the beggar woman. She has moved across the courtyard towards the large double gate at the far side. You gather up some evidence from the bodies to substantiate your claim and run over to her. She is overjoyed at your news; small tears force themselves through her closed eyelids. 'You do not know what it will mean to me to have been freed from these tormentors,' she sobs. 'You have made an old woman very happy. And for this you must be rewarded. Take this pendant. Although it has done little for me, it is blessed with luck.' When you first put the pendant on, you can increase your *Initial* LUCK score by 1 and restore your LUCK to this new level.

She continues: 'And I will also offer advice. Ahead of you is one of the Throben Doors. Do not attempt to open it without discovering the password. Would that I knew it and could tell you, but alas I do not. The password is known by Valignya, but to reach him you must first pass by the Mucalytics. Take care with them.' She also gives you a small pouch. Looking inside, you find a small stoppered flask made of shiny metal. 'This flask,' says Javinne, 'contains a few drops of Holy Water from the Tinpang River. Its healing properties are well known. I have no use for it – it can do nothing for my curse – but you may find it useful.' You thank Javinne and continue towards the doors. Turn to 135.

241

You draw out your vial and grab the stopper. It is stuck! The creature is now heading towards you and accelerating fast. In desperation, you fling the vial at the statue and, as luck would have it, you score a direct hit! The vial shatters on its head! Immediately, the creature stops dead in its tracks and totters on its legs. It seems to be struggling with something. The liquid within the vial has a pungent, acidic smell, which fills the air and seems to be having some effect on the statue. Steam rises from the creature's neck and it loses its footing. One leg slips, causing it to fall to the side. This is enough for you. You race for the doors at the far end of the room while the creature is incapacitated. You reach the doors safely but, when you look back at the creature, your blood chills. The Marbled Ram is rising to its feet! The effects of the liquid are wearing off! Turn to 224.

242

'What have we here?' asks one of the Red-Eyes. 'Courga take my eyes if this overfed oaf is a native of Mampang. Where are you from, fathead, and what is your purpose here?' What will your reply be? Will you claim to be:

From Analand? Turn to 48
From Kristatanti? Turn to 125
From Kharé? Turn to 149

If you don't wish to get caught up in a conversation with them, you can ignore them and continue (turn to 57).

243

The captain becomes angry. He motions to the two guards holding you and they shove you forwards into the desk. But you are nimble-footed. As you are flung over the desk, you kick backwards with your feet, catching the shins of both guards! They howl in pain and release their grip. Your arms are free! Will you now draw your weapon and prepare to fight your captors (turn to 145), or cast a spell?

GOD	FAR	DIM	ZIP	JIG
747	722	679	593	642

244

Slowly, you rise from behind your rock, watching them carefully. You apologize for trespassing on their territory and tell them that you did not realize that they claimed this area of Low Xamen as theirs. As you speak, their expressions change, and they look at one another in amazement. 'Your tongue is strange, human. Are you not of Kakhabad? For never have we heard the language spoken in such a way.' What will your answer be? Will you tell them that you are from Analand, away to the south (turn to 5), or do you think it best not to let them know (turn to 155)?

245

'I can offer you a little help,' he says, 'but whether or not you will be able to make use of it I do not know. Outside of this door, to the left, is a solid wall. A secret doorway is hidden in the wall. It is released by a password, but it is well protected against all unauthorized people. The passageway behind the door runs down stairs to the outside of the Fortress. When the Archmage *did* live here, this was his private escape-route. I know what you are thinking. *Does he know the password?* Alas I do not. For if I did, I would certainly have escaped long ago. Your only other alternative is to work your way back through the Fortress and find your own way outside.' You thank him for his information and hurry outside. Will you turn left and investigate the stone wall (turn to 546), or head downstairs to make your way back through the Fortress (turn to 486)?

246

You hand 3 Gold Pieces to one of the Sightmasters. 'You are wise to ask for our advice,' starts the Sightmaster. 'For there are many dangerous races living within the Fortress.' You wait for further advice, but you get none. You protest that this information was hardly worth 3 Gold Pieces. The Sightmasters laugh. Will you challenge them and demand your money back (turn to 90), or would you rather not cause a fuss and leave them alone, even though you have just been robbed of 3 Gold Pieces (turn to 322)?

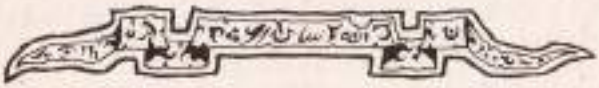

247

The dead creature that you encountered in the cave was a She-Satyr. It had died from an extremely contagious disease which, through spending the night in the cave, you picked up. It is an unpleasant malady called the *trembling disease*. The ailment takes a full day to take effect but, so long as you remain uncured, it will affect you in two ways. Firstly, from now on you may not *regain* any STAMINA points; the disease prevents the body from recovering strength. Secondly, it befuddles the brain under pressure, making concentration difficult. From now on, if you wish to choose a spell from the options given in the text, you must throw one die. Imagine that the options are

numbered 1–5 from left to right: you can only choose the spell corresponding to the number you roll. You are calling for more concentration than your mind can cope with under the effects of the trembling disease, and the results are unpredictable. If the number rolled is a 6, then you may ignore these instructions and choose whichever spell you wish for that particular encounter. You would be well advised to seek a cure for the trembling disease! Now turn to 213.

248

The box is heavy and you strain to tug it out from under the bed. The lid has rusty hinges and is difficult to open. To your dismay, you find it empty. However, while you are struggling with the box, your previous doubts about the purpose of the room are answered. Turn to 182.

249

Your next step is painful! Your leg has brushed against a sharp blade which gashes it. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and choose your next few steps from the following: 175, 227 or 410.

250

You race for the entrance. In the blackness you catch your foot on a rock and trip over. You land hard and bang your knees on the rocky floor. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. But you scramble back to your feet and reach the door, slamming it firmly shut behind you. You must now try the other door across the hallway. It opens.

As your eyes adjust to the light, you can see that the room is circular and, thankfully, empty. There is no furniture inside, nor are there any windows. The walls are smooth and stony, with long scratches stretching from floor to ceiling at several points round the edge of the door. On the far side, you see what you are looking for – the foot of a staircase. Will you enter the room and look around (turn to 355), or head across the room for the staircase (turn to 381)?

251

The large room inside is a fearful sight. The walls are black and festooned with chains; what it lacks in furniture it makes up for in traps, cages, racks and innumerable other amusements designed for the torture of hapless victims. In one corner of the room stands a brutally ugly OGRE, with a patch over one eye and a whip in his hand. As you step into the room, a smile curls across his face. 'So!' his voice booms at you. 'The Analander! The master's Serpents did not lie. We have been expecting you. You have saved us a great deal of trouble by coming here of your own accord. You would have wound up in this room anyway. But no doubt not of your own choosing . . .' He laughs hard and deep and cracks his whip as if to emphasize his joke. What will your reaction be? Will you draw a weapon to fight him (turn to **270**), will you offer him a rich reward if he will help you (turn to **373**) or will you cast a spell?

TEL	ZIP	POP	SUN	NIF
592	619	794	752	709

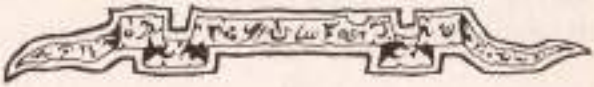

252

The compass gives you a reading. North is directly ahead, in the direction of the large double doors. Meanwhile, the creature is charging. Turn to **296**.

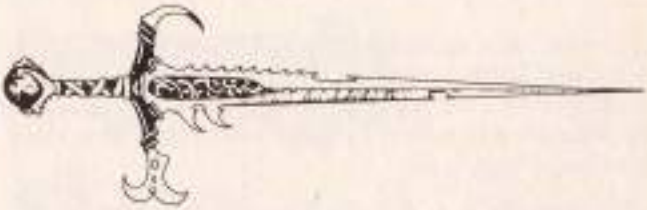

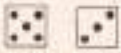

253

As you approach the double doors, you keep your eyes peeled for any signs of activity. Through the doors, you can hear the early-morning sounds of the inhabitants preparing for the day ahead. But there is no sound coming from the short passageway in which you stand. You grasp the great brass handle and turn it. The doors are locked. Looking down the narrow slit between the doors, you can see that a heavy bolt holds them fastened. It looks as though you will need a key to open them, unless you can think of another way. Do you want to go back to the door on the right (turn to 206) or the door on the left (turn to 493) in search of the key? Or do you have another plan (turn to 193)?

254

Their gruff voices plead with you to join in but you continue on your way regardless. One of them comes running over to try his best to persuade you, but to no avail. Eventually, he gives up and allows you to continue. Turn to 397.

255

Before you can react, the statue is on top of you. Its head butts you in the rump and sends you flying into the wall behind. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for the blow and collect yourself together quickly. For the creature has turned towards you again and is ready for another charge. Turn to 58.

256

You are naturally suspicious of such an important-looking door being open. It *looks* safe enough, but are you walking into a trap? You pick up a length of wood lying in the hallway and touch the door. Nothing happens. You shove the door open a little further and then you realize the trap. A roaring flame and blast of heat flare up from behind the door, causing you to shield your face! The door opens directly into a burning inferno! Your heart sinks. There seems to be no way through here. Do you want to let the door close and try the ornate door, perhaps to return here later (turn to 336), or will you risk an all-or-nothing run through the inferno (turn to 541)?

257

Continuing around the side of the mountain, you walk for another ten minutes or so. Your hopes sink as you see that a rock fall has covered the trail between two great boulders. The way ahead is blocked. But you may be able to climb over the rock fall, and if you do so, turn to 228. If, on the other hand, you would prefer to turn back and try one of the other ways across the crevasse, you can either return to the swing-rope (turn to 323) or the wooden bridge (turn to 59).

258

What will your excuse be? Will you ask them whether they would like any food while they wait (turn to 275)? Or will you try to bluff them by telling them to look lively as the Captain of the Guards is doing a tour of inspection (turn to 197)?

259

Do you have a silver whistle? If so, this may be of help to you and you may blow it by turning to 274. If you do not have a silver whistle, you will find none of your possessions much use and you will have to try something else. You may either ask the Minimite for his advice (turn to 414), try breaking down the door (turn to 120), or you may plan an ambush on the guard when he comes to bring your food (turn to 476).

260

They are shocked, and somewhat offended, that you refuse their hospitality. You try to explain that time is of the essence in your journey, but they seem not to hear you and look at one another angrily. Will you bid them farewell and set off on your way (turn to 314), or will you instead *Test Your Luck* and leave your fate to fortune (turn to 83)?

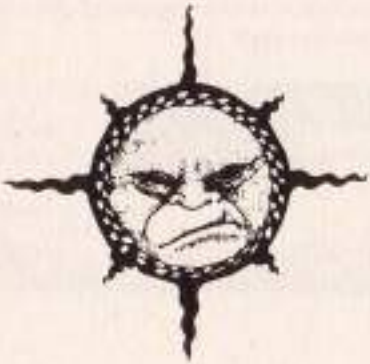

261

Within moments, your face starts to change. Your skin turns jet black and hair sprouts all over your face and hands. When the change is complete, you could easily be mistaken for one of the guards. In view of this, you will not be recognized in future. Whenever you come across an encounter in which you are recognized and described as 'The Analander', ignore the reference, deduct 40 from its number, and turn to this new reference. You will find a reference which is similar, but in which you are not recognized. Leave the kitchen now by turning to 448.

262

You inch your way slowly across the room. For your next few steps, choose either 87, 488 or 52.

263

You leave the room and step out into the passageway behind the door. You wonder whether the commotion will have alerted the stocky little creature who let you in. But then you remember his words about 'tormenting' the Mucalytics. Perhaps this sort of thing is quite commonplace. From where you are, you can see two options. To your left is an empty room with no door – empty, that is, except for a table and chair. It looks like a suitable place to rest and perhaps eat some Provisions. But the raised portcullis above the doorway is a little worrying. Ahead is another door, above which is a sign: 'Enter Only Those Who Will Pay the Price'. Where will you go next? Into the empty room to rest (turn to 167), or ahead to try the door (turn to 428)?

264

Your footsteps crunch on the ground, and one of the guards snorts and sits up. His eyes flick open! As he sees you, he panics into action, bellowing loudly and waking up his companion. The two leap to their feet and stagger about. They are still feeling the effects of the wine! One of them picks up his sword and steps towards you, while the other grabs for a long horn hanging on the wall. You must quickly attack the first guard and prevent the other from reaching the horn. The element of surprise, plus the drunken state of your opponent, gives you a great advantage here; one blow will be enough to cut him down:

GUARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 2

If you kill him within two Attack Rounds, turn to 387. If you do not kill him within two Attack Rounds, turn to 487.

265

You step back to gather your thoughts. Should you ignore the warning? Or should you look for another way onwards? Perhaps the other door outside? Suddenly a noise startles you. It seemed to come from outside. You had better find a place to hide just in case this is one of the Archmage's guards. The gloomy corner at the end of the room is your best bet and you creep further into the darkness. The bulky shape that you noticed earlier may provide cover. But you are still not sure what it is. The shape remains a mystery as you walk up to it. As you get nearer you can notice certain things about it. It appears to be inanimate, since it remains motionless. Perhaps it is a bundle of rubbish in a huge sack? The sack is slightly shiny, resembling a hide of some kind, perhaps like a *reptile's skin*? You stop in your tracks as the realization dawns on you. At the same time, the shape rises . . . Turn to 499.

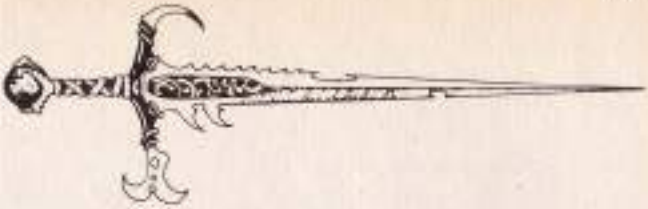

266

You fumble with your weapon to defend yourself but it is too late. The guards surround you and pin your arms behind your back. You swear at the miserable little Gnome, now beaming proudly, as you are frogmarched out of the room. You have been captured and you will not now succeed in your mission.

267

You smile pleasantly at the merchant, who nods back and watches you intently. You will have no opportunity to steal anything secretly, so there is only one alternative – a snatch. You choose your moment. You grab a handful of trinkets from the shelf in front of you and race for the door. The merchant does not move. But when you reach the doorway he makes a sharp clicking sound with his teeth. Immediately, sharp iron spikes shoot across to bar the exit. You leap through the doorway and, as you jump, the sharp points nick the hand which is clutching the merchandise. You howl with pain (deduct 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points) and draw your hand in quickly. He has foiled your snatch and you are now locked outside his room with an injured hand. You decide to open the door ahead at the end of the corridor. Turn to 310.

268

The cave extends deep into the rock and becomes gradually gloomier, with only the dim light from the entrance to help you. Your hand is following the left-hand wall. Your foot kicks something soft. Instinctively, you spring backwards! That was not a rock – that was something *animal*! Your fears are confirmed when a shuffling and a growling noise arise from the spot. Suddenly a blow catches you square across the chest and knocks you sprawling backwards! You curse. You were standing between this creature and the entrance! Although you could not see it, it could see you clearly! You must deduct 2 STAMINA points for the blow, which has partially winded you.

As you run back to the entrance, the roaring beast pursues you, and in the light you can see what it is. The distinctive black and white fur and long, bushy tail are unmistakable. You have stumbled across the lair of a great SKUNKBEAR! Will you run from the cave and escape the creature (turn to **469**), will you draw your weapon and attack it (turn to **490**), or will you instead cast a spell?

DOZ	KIN	ZEN	DUD	YAP
638	611	686	788	757

269

Slowly the floor continues to rise, causing you further agonies in your hopeless situation. You must now lie outstretched on the ground and you close your eyes to the sight of the rocky ceiling inching closer and closer . . . In a last desperate attempt, you raise your arms to press against the ceiling as if your own strength could halt the floor's progress. But it is no use.

You are not destined to die like a fly swatted against the ceiling in the Floortrap Chamber. The purpose of the trap is more cunning than that. For the Archmage can gain no useful information from *dead* enemies. Much better to frighten them witless and *then* interrogate them. With the ceiling inches from your chest, and the heat of your own panting breath reflecting back into your nostrils, another noise sounds from above. This one is again mechanical and similar to the floor's motor, but is one which you are truly relieved to hear. A crack appears along the centre of the ceiling and the light floods in! Turn to **561**.

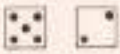

270

The Ogre advances, cracking his whip. This is his idea of sport! With his other hand, he grabs an axe. Resolve your battle with him:

OGRE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

He will constantly try to catch you with his whip during the fight. Roll one die for him before you start each Attack Round. A roll of 1 means that he has snared you with his whip and you must deduct 3 SKILL points for the next three Attack Rounds while you fight to free yourself. If you defeat the torture-master, turn to 230.

271

They seem to accept your explanation, although they are not certain whether or not you are telling the truth. 'Well, even if that is the truth,' says the Red-Eye, 'I'm sure there is one Kristatanti tradition that you will not have rebelled against. Your kind are fond of their ale. A drunken lot, you are. Perhaps you'd like a swig of this!' He pulls out a flask of ale from his pocket and offers it to you. Will you accept his offering (turn to 97), or will you tell him that you *have* given up this Kristatanti tradition (turn to 121)?

272

Do you wish to check the walls for secret passages (turn to 28), or will you pull the box from under the bed and open it (turn to 248)?

273

You manage to keep your grip, but the strain is considerable. No more guards come through the door, and you are having second thoughts about whether or not to drop to the ground and try for the entrance. You look back at the guards. And then your hopes fade . . .

Having decided that the disturbance at the pass was of no concern to them, they have turned back towards the door. And there you are, perched above the door like a hunter's trophy! The guards roar with rage and draw their swords. There is nothing you can do. They stand beneath you, waiting for you to drop. You cannot either draw your weapon or cast any spells, for releasing either hand would make your fall certain. The guards jab you with their swords. Your cause is hopeless. You will be captured and imprisoned forever within the dungeons at Mampang. Your mission is over.

274

You walk to the window and blow the whistle. A shrill, warbling sound comes out. You blow again. Searching the skies, you await the help of Peewit Croo and the other Samaritans. Sure enough, your call is answered! In the sky, circling round from the Fortress, three Birdmen are flapping towards you. A sudden thought chills you. *Can they see the tower?* But your fears are eased when they respond to your waving and hover by your window. Peewit Croo smiles. 'You have the Crown? You have thwarted the Archmage's plans?' You shake your head sadly. The Birdmen are outraged. 'Do you know what risks we are taking by even coming here?' he screams. 'If we are spied, our cause is lost – and all for a miserable Analander with high hopes but no real skills at all!' He is furious, but calms down a little when you tell him of the information you have gained. 'All right, Analander,' he agrees. 'We will take you from this tower even though it may cost us our lives. I hope for your sake as well as ours that we are not being watched. But I am not taking that Pixie, whether or not he is a friend of yours. Those mischievous creatures are naught but trouble.' You turn to look at Jann, who waves you on your way. Without wings, he considers his life to be ended anyway – and your cause must not be lost. You say your goodbyes and grasp Peewit Croo's talons.

The Birdmen carry you down to the base of the tower and drop you by the secret exit from the Fortress. Wishing you well, they fly off quickly to avoid capture. Will you enter the tower again (turn to 358) or will you rest to take Provisions (turn to 126)?

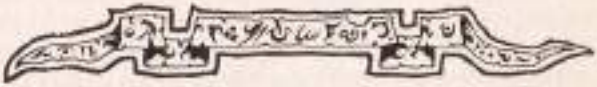

275

The three look at you suspiciously. They have just had their midday meal! One of them pulls a sword from under the table and nods at his companions. Prepare yourself for battle. Will you use your weapon (turn to 462), or will you cast a spell?

NAP	GOD	MUD	DUM	YAZ
647	707	605	790	758

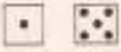

276

'All right!' he agrees. 'I will tell you the password you will need to pass through the Throben Doors.' You stop him and demand that you must have *proof* that it is the right one. A quick flash of disappointment flickers over his face, and you smile. You have guessed right. He would have tried to trick you. 'You are a shrewd one, and no doubt,' he says. 'But I will do as you say.' He opens a drawer in the table and pulls out a book. Handwritten on its pages are diagrams of the courtyard and sketches of the lands of High Xamen. It is the drawings of the courtyard that take your attention. He points to a representation of the double doors. Written in ink next to the doors is a meaningless word: 'Alaralatanalara'. 'And that,' he says, 'is the password. Whisper it to the lock on the gates and the handle will turn. Now be gone, and leave me in peace.' You leave the miser's room. But after such an encounter you are not feeling at your most honest. You cannot resist pocketing a small pouch lying on his desk. Outside of the room you open the pouch. Your guess was right. Inside are 10 Gold Pieces. Add 2 LUCK points for the snatch and turn to 141.

277

'You were very wise to leave the cave,' continues Sh'houri, 'or even now you might have been feeling the effects of the trembling disease.' The She-Satyrs want to give you some gift for the news you have brought. Sh'houri tells you first about the Mampang Fortress, the end of your journey. 'You must beware of the Fortress,' she starts. 'For it is a chaotic place. Keep your eyes open in front and behind if you wish to survive in there. The way through the Fortress takes you through the four *Throben Doors*; they are large sets of double doors, yet much more to those who try to pass through. Do not mistakenly believe that they are not protected, for they are deadly to those who try to open them unawares. They appear as heavy double doors, but nothing about their appearance gives any clue as to their real purpose.' She has noticed that you are listening intently, and is glad to have been able to give you some information of interest. As you stand to leave, she motions to one of the other creatures, who rushes off and returns with a leather bag. Within the bag are several items which may be of use. She will allow you to take with you any of the items in the bag, but for each you must exchange one item from your Equipment List (but not food or gold). If you are playing as a warrior, turn to **564**. If you are playing as a wizard, turn to **435**.

278

You quickly hurl the vial at the speeding creature before it can reach you. The glass shatters, spraying liquid all over the statue. But to your dismay, it has no effect at all! Now the statue is almost upon you. Turn to **296**.

279

Do you have any of the following with you? If so, you may offer one to the Birdmen:

A wooden spear	Turn to **60**
A studded dog-collar	Turn to **212**
A lucky talisman	Turn to **118**

If you have none of these items, return to **511** and choose again.

280

The door continues to creak as it opens, but you manage to keep the noise minimal. Through it, you can see a short passage. There is a door on the right of the passage, which you may investigate by turning to **307**. At the end of the passage is another door, which you may investigate by turning to **144**, but only if you have not investigated it previously.

281

You must fight the Hobgoblin cook until you reduce her to a STAMINA of 3 or less, when she will run off into the kitchen and hide:

HOBGOBLIN COOK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you manage to beat her off, you may leave the kitchen (turn to **448**).

282

'It is indeed a tight fit!' laughs the Sightmaster. 'For that is its design. What is the use of a Holding Jacket if it does not fit snugly?' The three of them laugh, while you try to flex your arms. Their words have alarmed you – a *Holding Jacket*! These are used to march prisoners between cells! Too late you have discovered their trap. The treacherous Sightmasters have captured you. Your journey and your mission end here.

283

'You have come all this way to look for a holy man?' he asks. 'Then you have found one. Indeed I am the only lawful priest in these parts for many days' journey. What can I do for you?' He seems genuinely flattered that you have made such a journey to see him. Do you have a hardwood spear with you? If so, turn to **204**. If not, you may ask him for any information he may be able to give you about the Mampang Fortress (turn to **103**).

284

The rumbling continues. You lose your footing and stumble forwards and it is only then that you realize what is happening. For that stumble was no clumsiness on your part. *The floor is moving!* Quickly you glance towards the archway. The dark staircase has disappeared. You can see only a solid wall within the arch! You wheel round to consider your other way of escape but, as if in answer to your question, the door slams firmly shut. Only now can you understand the scratchings on the walls. The floor is rising up towards the ceiling. You are about to be crushed to death! Will you search through the straw on the floor in the hope of finding something that may help you (turn to **168**), will you wait to see what happens in case the floor does not rise all the way (turn to **156**), or will you search your own equipment for something to use (turn to **16**)?

285

Your fate is assured. The torturer will have no mercy. Your death will be slow and painful.

286

As you enter the cave, the howling starts again. It is horrendously loud. You give several thrusts into the blackness to warn whatever is inside that you are armed. You touch nothing. Pushing yourself right inside, you slash about with your weapon. It hits the side of the cave walls, but nothing else. Suddenly, the howling stops and you feel something brush against your ankle! A scurrying noise catches your attention and you watch as a small ball of fur, no bigger than a cabbage, races out of the cave on two short, stumpy legs.

You breathe a sigh of relief and chuckle. This must have been a JIB-JIB. Although this has been your first sighting of such a creature, you have heard about them from the scholars of Analand. Possessing neither teeth nor claws, Jib-Jibs defend themselves with their tremendous voices, which deceive would-be attackers into thinking they are facing dangerous beasts! You watch the harmless little creature scurrying into the undergrowth.

But what of your intended home for the night? The cave itself seems to be ideal. Its narrow entrance will easily be defended and, although you are not able to stand up inside, there is room for you to be comfortable. You have not yet discovered how deep the cave is, but there is no sound coming from the back. Do you now wish to eat a meal (turn to 99), do you want to reassure yourself that there is nothing else in the back of the cave (turn to 14), or will you just settle down to sleep for the night (turn to 384)?

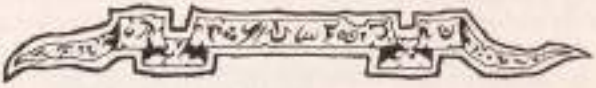

287

You apologize to the woman but explain that you do not have a Copper Piece. 'Then you and I are as wretched as each other,' she says. 'Is my profession yours also?' Thinking quickly, you tell her it is. A smile comes to her lips and she reaches into her rags. 'A fellow beggar! Then we must have a beggar's banquet.' She pulls out a loaf of bread and a flask of water and bids you sit down to eat with her. You are a little unsure whether or not to do as she wishes, as this is neither the most appetizing nor the cleanest food you have seen. If you want to refuse her offer, turn to 8. If you are hungry, you may sit down with her and eat (turn to 217).

288

You step carefully between the blades. The flickering candlelight makes it difficult for you to see the room clearly, but your next few steps are safe. To take a few more steps, choose to turn to either 440 or 352.

289

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you manage to kill both guards without either waking up (turn to 219). If you are Unlucky, turn to 264.

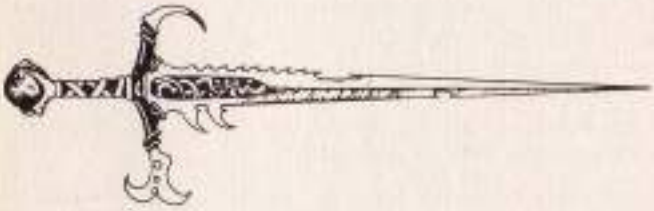

290

You mention the locket to him and describe the portrait painted within. The captain's jaw drops. 'Let me see it!' he demands. You get him to agree to release your hands and you fish for the locket in your bag. Realizing its significance, you concoct a story, telling him how it was given to you in Kharé by a beautiful woman who gave you instructions to pass it to a Captain Cartoum, with her love. A tear appears in the corner of the captain's eye and he waves the guards away so that he may talk to you in private. You continue your story and he listens earnestly, believing every word. In return for bringing this locket, he agrees to help you. He pulls a key from his pocket and hands it to you. The key has the number 17 cast into it. This key will open the next Throben Doors you come to, at the foot of the Archmage's tower. When you arrive at the next set of Throben Doors, you may use this key by deducting its number from the reference you are on and turning to this new reference. Now you may leave the captain, pining for his lost sweetheart. Turn to 463.

291

You tell them that it was against Kristatanti traditions such as this that you rebelled when you decided to leave the village. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 271. If you are Unlucky, turn to 218.

292

'Not thirsty? Then perhaps you would prefer a little nourishment?' He claps his hands and the curtains in the corner of the room rustle. A dark-skinned serving-girl with long, flowing, black hair steps into the room carrying a silver tray. On the tray is a bowl of hot soup and she brings it over to you. The aroma of the soup reaches your nostrils and your mouth waters. Its spicy smell is delicious! The soup tastes as it smells and you slurp it down quickly. 'That is more like it,' smiles the fat man. 'Now we shall have our little talk.' You sit down to talk to him, but something is not quite right. Your head begins to spin. The soup has been drugged! Your host smiles again. For the miser wants only one thing from you – your gold! In a moment or two you will lose consciousness, and then he will rob you, kill you and dump your body outside the Fortress. Your journey is over.

293

You find a comfortable area to bed down for the night. If you have any Provisions, you may now eat a meal and, if you do so, you may add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. Soon darkness comes, and with it the rumble of thunder in the distance. You settle down for the night. Turn to 384.

294

Their gruff voices plead with you to join in but you continue on your way regardless. One of them comes running over to try his best to persuade you. As he gets close, he stops dead in his tracks. 'The Analander!' he growls as he recognizes your features. 'Here! Guards! Help me capture the slippery worm!' The other guards spring to attention and come over to see what the commotion is. You have been expected in the Fortress ever since the arrival of the first Serpent. The guards have been alerted and your description has been given. These three guards mean to capture you. You will have to battle them either with your weapon (turn to 449) or with a spell:

TEL	POP	HOW	FOG	KAZ
670	784	711	613	732

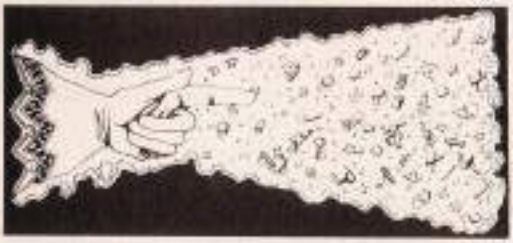

295

You quip something like, 'At least you don't lose yourself in the dark.' There is a pregnant silence as you speak, and then one of the Black Elves bursts out laughing. The other two join in. You breathe a sigh of relief. Following up your success, you ask how the black-skinned creatures keep from bumping into each other at night. The creatures fall silent. Evidently they don't find your little joke too amusing. You can either back off towards the door and try to exit from the room (turn to 335) or you can try to keep a conversation going with them. If you wish to do this, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 191. If you are Unlucky, turn to 106.

296

You try your best to avoid the creature's blow, but it is no use. Its head slams into your side and hurls you against the wall. Your skull cracks against the marble and you slump lifelessly to the floor. So near your goal, you have been stopped by perhaps the Archmage's most dangerous servant, the Sleepless Ram.

297

'Officer or not,' she grunts indignantly, 'your manners are bettered by a Red-Eye. How dare you refuse my offer? Your men would give their weapons for a chance to eat from my special larder. Do not insult me thus. Or face the consequences!' Will you change your mind and choose something to eat to keep her happy (turn to 3), or will you face whatever consequences she has in store for you (turn to 187)?

298

You follow the path along to the rope bridge. Examining it, you find it looks strong enough to hold you, but it sways about dangerously as you step on to it. The gully that it spans is deep and a fall from the bridge would certainly kill you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 117. If you are Unlucky, turn to 46.

299

As you reach the centre of the room, a bellowing noise comes from a midget Goblin slumped against a wall. This seems to spur the others into action and one of them rises to its feet and hobbles towards you. This one has two arms of different sizes; its right arm is huge and muscular. This imbalance is mirrored by its legs; its left leg is twice the girth of its right. It stands directly in your path and bares it teeth. Turn to 332.

300

You whisper your password to the lock on the door. Nothing unusual happens, but you are confident that you have remembered the password correctly and your hand reaches for the handle. Turn to 344.

301

As he is about to open the door, a guard hails him. The two of them meet in the centre of the room and exchange frantic whispers. There is evidently an emergency of some kind. The captain returns to you. 'It is the mutants,' he says. 'They are a rowdy lot and things have got a little out of hand. I must go straight away. But here is a key which will open the Throben Doors at the foot of the Archmage's tower. Give it to him before you leave.' The captain bustles off. The key he has given you has the number 17 cast into it. When you reach the Throben Doors and wish to use the key, deduct this number from the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. You may now enter the room ahead of you by turning to 580.

302

She talks about her foes with disgust in her voice. 'Those hell-spawned *Sight-monsters!*' she spits. 'Or whatever they are called. They are as thin as saplings, with eyes the size of Bomba fruits. From the lands to the south they come. Why they should choose Mampang as their home is anyone's guess. I expect they have been exiled from their own lands, for they are a mean bunch, and that's for sure. And unquestionably loyal to the Archmage. He is said to have offered them expanses of Analand, to the south of the Shamutantis, in exchange for their loyalty and their help. I, for one, would shed no tears if they all dropped from the fly-plague for, ever since my accident, they have delighted in tormenting me.' Would you like to offer to rid her of her tormentors (turn to 27), will you ask her about the accident she has talked about (turn to 388), or will you ask her how you can best enter the keep (turn to 535)?

303

As he has told you, the two candles are self-lighting. The blood candle will last longer than the normal one. Now turn to 473.

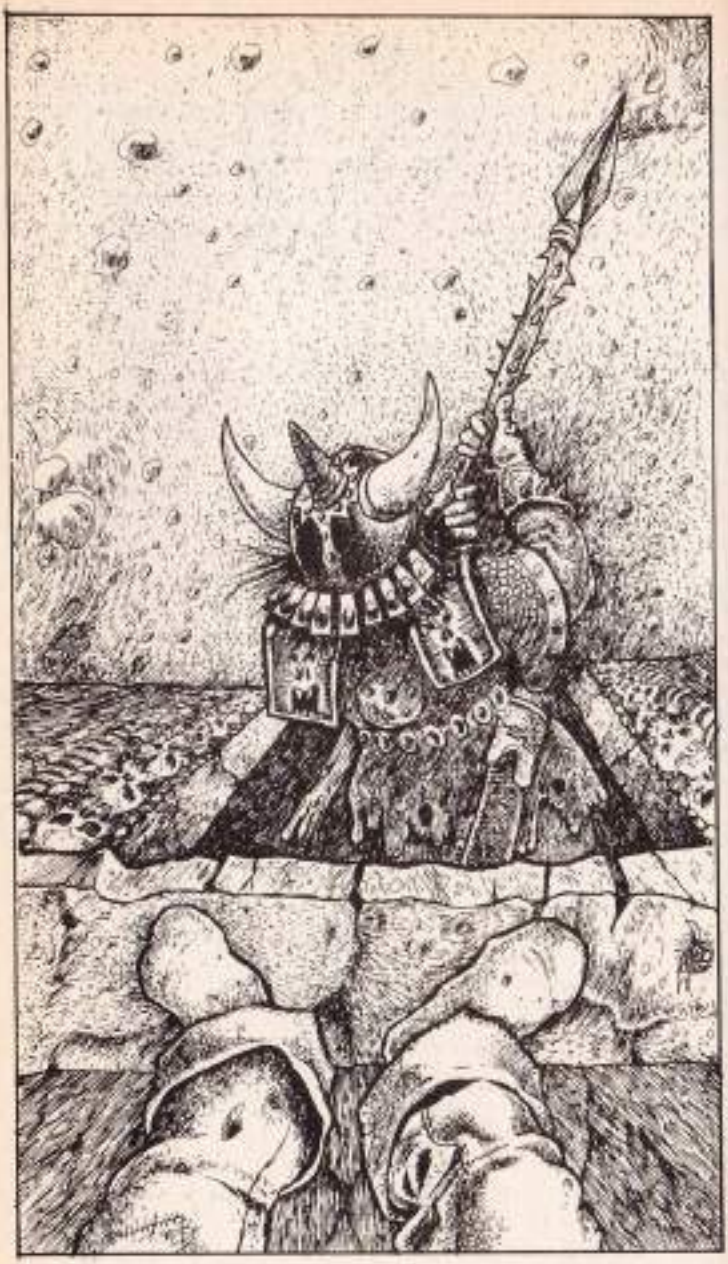

304

You consider how you may be able to gain entrance to the Fortress. There are a number of bushes scattered around which you could hide behind if the guards could be enticed out. There is also another possible plan. Above the small door is a thick metal band on the gate. You decide quickly. You will rap on the door and perch up on the metal band. When the guard comes out, you will drop down and nip through the door. It could work . . .

You try out the perch. Hmmm. It will take some strength to support yourself while waiting for the guard, but you may be able to do it. You position yourself and then thump on the door with your foot. Seconds later, the door opens. A spiked helmet pokes out below you and a dark, hairy face grunts. The guard is surprised at finding no one about. He opens the door wider and steps outside. Should you drop on him and attack? No, this is probably not a good idea, as the guard looks to be a powerful creature. The wind rustles one of the bushes and the guard goes over to investigate. He growls something loudly and looks around, but he hasn't seen you yet. Will you drop from your perch and nip inside the door (turn to **88**), or will you wait to see what the guard does (turn to **496**)?

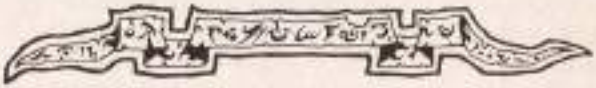

305

The Hydra's great tail flashes round like a whip and catches you across the chest. You prepare for the impact, expecting to be sent flying across the room, but the blow never touches you. Instead, the tail passes right through you! But how can this be? That blow would have been enough to fell a mighty champion; but you felt nothing. Then the implications dawn on you. *This Hydra is no living creature – it is merely an illusion!* The pieces fit. The smell of decay as you entered. No sign of life from the creature as you approached. You close your eyes and look again. Sure enough, the scene in the room is as it was when you entered. The dead Hydra's carcass lies harmlessly in the corner of the room.

Its spell broken, the creature will do you no harm. You are free to try the door in the wall. But if this is a room of magic, will the door also be protected? Turn to **220**.

306

You stand to leave the room and you must choose whether you will turn right and head back out towards the courtyard (turn to 141), or left and head towards the door with the sign (turn to 428).

307

The door is ajar, and you listen at it closely. There is no one inside. But your nose has picked up a most unsavoury smell coming from inside the door. Do you wish to open the door and investigate the smell (turn to 73), or will you try the door at the end of the hallway instead (turn to 144) but only if you have not investigated it previously.

308

You step into the blackness. Your foot rests safely on the floor. A creaking noise comes from behind and you are startled by the bang of the door slamming shut. You can see nothing! You must now grope your way across the room, looking for a door. To take your next few steps, choose one of the following references, either 175, 227 or 410.

309

You call out to hail whoever it is that is sitting in the cave. There is no reaction. Again you try and the response is the same. Either this person is totally deaf, or there is something strange going on here. You decide to investigate, keeping your hand on your weapon. Your hand reaches out to touch his shoulder and, as it does so, you jump! Turn to 62.

310

The door opens into a passageway. To the right, the way leads onwards and the passage widens. To the left, it reaches a dead end. You decide to turn right and follow the passage. Turn to 124.

311

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 280. If you are Unlucky, turn to 95.

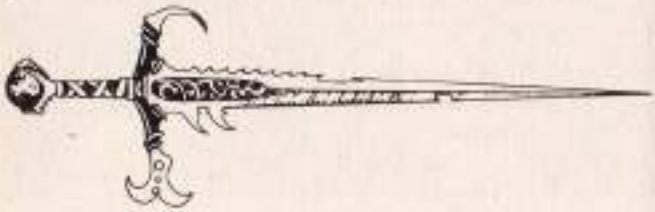

312

You whisper your password to the lock in the door. Nothing particularly unusual happens. Now you must grasp the handle and try to swing the door open. Turn to 344.

313

You hold your spear with both hands and jab it at them to keep them at bay. You are not well practised at spear techniques, but somehow you feel strangely confident. One of the Sightmasters rushes at you and, as if it had a will of its own, your spear switches round to defend you against the charge. The Sightmaster screams in agony as the point pierces its eye! It drops to the ground clutching its face. The second Sightmaster is enraged at seeing its companion so wounded and leaps forwards with its sword. Again your spear catches the Sightmaster in mid-flight, this time running it through the chest. The third creature turns to run. You fling your spear. It shifts direction in the air and catches the Sightmaster in the back. You step forwards to check the first Sightmaster, but its screamings have now ceased. The three of them lie dead. Now turn to 340.

314

'Halt!' cries one of the She-Satyrs. 'You may not leave unless we wish it.' Your stride breaks into a run and you continue along the trail. Both creatures fling their wooden spears at you as you flee. Roll two dice once for each creature. If you roll 6 or less for either of them, the spear hits you for 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you roll a *double* for either, the spear hits you in the back and its point drives through your chest and kills you. However, the She-Satyrs do not follow you and you may continue your journey if you have survived this encounter. Turn to 441.

315

You await the effects of the meatballs anxiously. Suddenly, pain rocks your head. It rises in intensity until it causes you to cry out loud! Your head is splitting! You tear at your hair. But there is no escape. Perhaps if your skull had been larger you could have made good use of the oversized brain growing within your head. But, being constrained by your skull, the effect is deadly, cutting off the blood supply to your brain. The pain causes you to black out. You never recover . . .

316

The Red-Eyes have the power of heat vision. They do not use it often as it can be dangerous even to their own kind, so they keep it sealed behind their closed eyes. However, to defend themselves (and sometimes to cause a little mischief) they will not hesitate to use it. Every time you inflict a wound against a Red-Eye, you must roll one die to see whether its heat vision burns you. The more often they use this power, the more accurate they get. Thus, the first time they use it, a roll of *less* than 6 will mean they have missed you. The second time they use it, you will need to roll less than 5 to avoid it. The third time you must roll less than 4, and so on. If a Red-Eye's heat vision burns you, you must roll one die to see how many STAMINA points you lose. If a Red-Eye's heat vision hits you twice, you will die. Now return to **159** to finish the battle.

317

You speak the word softly to the wall and wait for it to move. Nothing happens. You wait and consider what to do next. Suddenly you hear a sound! But to your dismay, it is not the sound of the doorway opening; it is the sound of a troop of foot-soldiers. As the old man warned, the secret door is protected. An alarm has sounded in the guardroom! Turn to **430** to face the guards.

318

Holding the bottle well away from you, you pull at the stopper. It is fixed firmly in place and will not budge. Again you try and, this time, it slips a little in the neck of the bottle. Giving it another twist, you manage to remove it with a soft pop.

Looking inside, you can see a small piece of parchment. It is an awkward job to pull the parchment from the bottle but, using a twig, you manage to draw it out. You unroll it and try to read it. The writing is in a language that you do not understand and you puzzle over it fruitlessly for a few minutes before giving up. You may take this with you on your journey if you wish, to try to find someone who can interpret it for you. When you *first* meet someone whom you would like to ask about this parchment, deduct 20 from the reference number you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. If that person knows how to translate the parchment, the text will make sense. If that person does not know how to translate it, the text will be meaningless to your situation. Now turn to **99**.

319

Do you want to step through the door (turn to **127**) or will you instead tug on the bell-pull (turn to **560**)?

320

Your caution was well founded. Who knows what germs the dirty food is carrying? *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **115**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **39**.

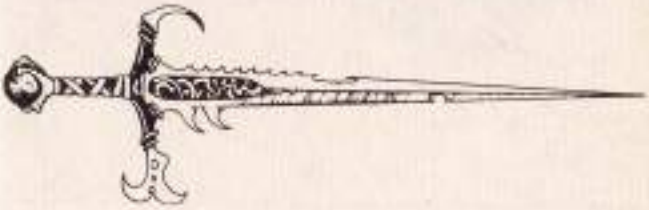

321

The room inside is sparsely decorated. It is a bed-chamber of some sort. Narrow window-slits in the bare stone walls provide a little light, although the sun has nearly left the sky. There is a desk in the room, but it is cheaply made. The room seems empty; no one is about. You step into the room. A sound comes from behind the door, followed by sobbing. You wheel round quickly. Standing behind the door, with a large brass pot in one hand, is a balding, plump man, dressed in long undergarments. 'It's no use,' he whimpers. 'I just cannot bring myself to do it!' Presumably he is talking about using his pot to knock you senseless as you entered. What will you do now? Will you calm the man down and try to talk to him (turn to 7) or will you threaten him for daring to contemplate ambushing you (turn to 192)?

322

Ahead of you, on the far side of the courtyard, are two great wooden doors which you surmise must lead the way into the keep. You head towards them. Turn to 135.

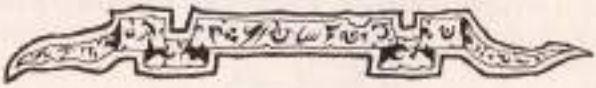

323

You pull down on the rope. It seems to be strong enough to take your weight. You may either swing across the crevasse on the rope (turn to 165), or cast a spell:

PEP	HOW	DOC	KIN	HUF
612	785	704	797	724

324

The sliding sound as the Hydra drags itself across the floor becomes louder as it advances. Briefly, the light returns to the room and you see a sight which astounds you. The moon goddess has opened her eyes, lifting her spell. The Hydra itself is *on top of you!* For a brief moment you panic, expecting sudden death, but then a realization of what is actually happening dawns on you. The Hydra surrounds you, its head flailing about in attack, but you can feel nothing. You are not harmed. There can only be one explanation: *this Hydra is no living creature – it is merely an illusion!* The pieces fit: the smell of decay as you entered; no sign of life from the creature as you approached. You close your eyes and look again. Sure enough, the scene in the room is as it was when you entered. The dead Hydra's carcass lies in the corner of the room.

Its spell broken, the creature will do you no harm. You are free to try the door in the wall. But if this is a room of magic, will the door also be protected? Turn to 220.

325

You walk determinedly across the courtyard. As you get closer to the group ahead, you recognize their shapes. *SIGHTMASTERS!* Their large eyes are a sure giveaway. But what are Sightmasters doing here? You remember the Sightmaster Sergeant's good wishes as you left the Outpost Settlement. These creatures, with powers of ultravision, are closely allied to the Analand Crown. You are astonished to see them in a place such as this. Could they be spies, sent to infiltrate Mampang? Or are they traitors, aligned to the powers of darkness? They seem to have recognized your origins too, and no doubt you both are thinking along the same lines. You eye them suspiciously as you approach. One of them beckons you over. Will you approach as he wishes (turn to **568**), or ignore them and continue walking (turn to **322**)?

326

'You are a native of the cityport!' caws one of the Birdmen. 'Hah! We have had some fun in that place, comrades, have we not! Come: sit down with us and share some bread and dried worms.' You agree to sit down with them and eat some of their bread, but you are not too keen on the worms. They cackle at your reluctance and pull out a loaf. You may join them in a meal and add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first food of the day (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). Eventually, you stand and leave. Turn to **479**.

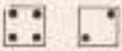

327

'What?' shrieks your inquisitor. 'What sort of a name is that for a holy man in Kharé? That is more like a name from the language of the Wild Wood Men of Avanti. A guess – a poor guess which we are expected to believe. Pah! What shall we do with the impostor, fellows?' Your choice was not a good one. Turn to 12.

328

Taking out your food, you settle down to enjoy your meal. But before you take your first bite, a noise coming from deeper inside the cave catches your attention. *What was that?* It sounded like *something* inside the cave with you! You put down your food and clutch at your weapon. And then you discover exactly what you are sharing the cave with. A black furry shape, streaked with white, steps out of the darkness. A SKUNKBEAR! And a hungry one, at that. Will you face it with your weapon (turn to 490), throw your food at it and run out of the cave (deduct 1 Provision and turn to 469) or cast a spell?

KIN	DUD	DOZ	YAP	ZEN
611	788	638	757	686

329

You fling yourself out of the way just in the nick of time. The creature thunders past you and into the marble wall behind, with a blow hard enough to kill an armoured Troll. But this tremendous impact has not even disturbed it and it turns again to face you. Turn to 58.

330

You stand to one side of the door and listen, hoping that whoever has just stood up is not planning to leave the room. '. . . Varack has heard about the night watch,' says a rasping voice. '. . . the Samaritans of Schinn! That's what he thinks. But me, I'm not so sure. Those damned Samaritans! This isn't their style. They don't need to worry about guards. Not unless they're armed with arrows – that's for sure. But even so, it's worrying. There are dozens of those blasted Birdmen around here. How d'you know which you can trust? I'd kill 'em all if it was up to me. Anyway, I'm away to check the gate. I thought young Hyangi was right; I heard a knock as well.'

Footsteps from the room head towards the door. Will you wait until they're close, then smash the door open into whoever is coming (turn to 446), leap into the room to surprise them (turn to 553), or try to hide quickly (turn to 396)?

331

As your hand touches the sword, you hear a faint humming in the air, and you feel an overwhelming force seize you. Turn to 451.

332

You must resolve your combat with this creature:

GOBLIN MUTANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you defeat the Goblin within six Attack Rounds, turn to 497. If you do not, turn to 128.

333

You have been captured, and your future looks bleak. Your captors take you downstairs into a dungeon beneath the Fortress and throw you into a cell. Without weapon or equipment, and with your hands bound, your position is hopeless. You have failed in your mission.

334

The situation seems hopeless. But an idea dawns on you as you remember the genie given to you by Sh'houri. Quickly you reach into your pack and pull it out. The Minimite looks worried as you pull it out, but for the time being you are ignoring him. You grasp the stopper firmly and give it a yank. It comes out with a pop. You wait to see what happens next.

Almost immediately, a pure white smoke begins to creep its way out of the neck of the bottle. It swirls in the air and seems to hang above your hand. A disembodied voice speaks: 'I have been summoned to the material plane. Who is it that calls me?' You are unsure whether or not this genie is friendly, but you announce yourself and ask whether it is able to help your situation. 'A human!' the voice exclaims. 'It is long, very long, since I served a human. Yes, I can release you from your prison; and more than that. But I may serve you once only. Consider your request carefully.' You think over your problem. The genie is offering you wise advice. A simple escape would be helpful, but not prudent, as you might simply wind up outside the tower and then have to battle your way in once again. No, you have a better request.

You ask the genie to take you back to the Archmage! With this request you kill two birds with one stone, both escaping and confronting your enemy at the same time. The genie's voice answers you. 'Hmmm. *Back* to the Archmage? Are you sure this is what you want? Very well then. So be it!' You are a little worried about the cautionary tone in its voice. Have you said the wrong thing? What is wrong with going back to the Archmage? But there is no time to think about this. Before your eyes, the genie has grown in size! Its swirling shape now fills the room. It has cast its spell and you are tossing and turning on a weightless cloud, unable to see anything. Turn to **631**.

335

You turn and run from the room, closing the door. The Black Elves do not follow you; instead you can hear mocking laughter coming from the room behind you. You feel ashamed to have shown such cowardice, and must deduct 1 SKILL point, but only for your next battle. Now turn to 566.

336

The room is exactly as you left it, the mechanical contraption motionless in the centre of the room. You have no other choice but to take your chances with the burning inferno. Turn to 541.

337

You start to concentrate, to prepare a spell. But Jann keeps on breaking your concentration. 'I tell you, you are wasting your time!' he says. 'No spells will work when I am around.' You tell him you are trying to find a spell which will not be affected by his defensive aura. 'There are few who know spells which Minimites have not been protected against,' he smiles, 'and I have no wish for you to waste your strength.' Do you have 'strength to waste', as he puts it? If your STAMINA is 8 or more, turn to 356. If it is less than 8, turn to 389.

338

The Birdman looks down at you as you try a few pleasantries. It opens its mouth to speak . . . But instead of a reply, a piercing call comes from the creature and it drops from the sky towards you, talons poised to strike. You leap aside to avoid its attack, but it catches your shoulder and tears your flesh. Lose 2 STAMINA points for the wound. It seems that the Birdman is not interested in conversation, and you will have to fight it. You may either draw your weapon (turn to 450), or cast a spell:

YAP	HOT	FIX	ZEN	SAP
661	598	701	778	716

339

You pick your way along the rocky path, which is now rising steeply, and at times you have to *climb* rather than walk along it. The journey is extremely tiring and you must stop to rest several times along the trail. One thing is a little worrying: you seem to have picked up the hoof-marks again. But this time, they are fresh, recently trodden into the fresh mud after the storm. Mountain goats, perhaps?

The Mampang Fortress in the distance at first sight does not seem to be getting any closer, but you are definitely getting nearer. You round a narrow bend and stop dead in your tracks, as a missile whizzes past you and bounces off a rock! Instinctively, you drop down to shelter by a boulder. *What was that?* In a moment, your question is answered. Standing above you are two tall creatures holding wooden spears at the ready. Long, shaggy hair falls from their heads down to their waists. Their torsos are human, and *female*. From what you can see of their faces, they appear to be a bizarre hybrid of human and goat, with two stumpy horns protruding from their foreheads. Their lower bodies confirm this view. Their legs are goat-like and hoofed. *The hoof-prints!* Each holds a wooden spear. Have you come across any of these creatures before? If so, turn to 378; if not, turn to 522.

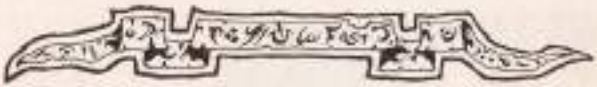

340

Your first concern is that the battle may have attracted the attention of the other creatures in the courtyard. You look around. Some interest has been aroused, but skirmishes such as this are commonplace in Mampang. The inhabitants of the courtyard resume their activities. You search through the pockets of the Sightmasters and find their ill-gotten gains: 20 Gold Pieces (plus your own 3 if you handed them over). One of them carries a backpack and in it you find two pouches, one containing sand and the other containing a vial of glue. The backpack also contains enough Provisions for 3 meals. A glint of green on one of their fingers reveals a Ring of Green Metal. Most of these possessions have no doubt come from hoodwinked travellers. Turn to 135.

341

Beads of sweat appear on your forehead. The going is difficult as the candlelit shadows sway across the room. But so far you have not touched any of the blades. To take your next few steps, choose between turning to **262**, **239** or **52**.

342

Safely inside, you consider your best plan. Night is coming and you are feeling tired. You had better find a sheltered spot to bed down for the night and get some rest. You explore the inside rim of the mountain and find a suitable small cave which appears to be empty.

You may eat Provisions here before you get some sleep. If you do, you may add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. Then you can settle down to sleep.

Your dreams that night are vivid and frightening. Perhaps this is the influence of Mampang. Several times you awaken in a cold sweat, and you toss and turn constantly. Are you still faithful to your goddess, Libra? If so, turn to **439**. If you have chosen or have been forced to renounce your faith, turn to **10**.

343

You speak the word softly to the wall and wait for it to move. Nothing happens. You wait and consider what to do next. Suddenly you hear a sound! But to your dismay, it is not the sound of the doorway opening – it is the sound of a troop of foot-soldiers. As the old man warned, the secret door is protected. An alarm has sounded in the guardroom! Turn to **430** to face the guards.

344

You reach forwards and grasp the handle. You feel a tingle pass briefly through your body, but feel no other ill effects. You look at your hand. *What are you doing this for?* You step backwards and look around at the courtyard. *Where are you? What are you doing here? WHO are you?* You puzzle over these strange thoughts, trying desperately to find the answers. But you will never solve these mysteries. For the Throben Door you have just tried to enter has its own defence against intruders. Any unauthorized person trying to enter is subject to the same treatment. *Your mind has been wiped blank!* All knowledge of your self and your mission has been erased for good. Your quest has ended . . .

345

Keeping its head bowed, the creature shuffles off down the corridor. You wait impatiently, but soon it returns with a bowl of broth. You may take this soup and, if this is your first meal of the day, add 2 STAMINA points. If you have already eaten, you may add only 1 STAMINA point. Then choose which way you will continue. Another door is adjacent to, and just inside, the entrance to its room. If you wish to go through this door, turn to 573. Alternatively you may walk a few paces back down the corridor and enter the door in the right-hand wall that you saw earlier (turn to 517).

346

The creature roars loudly as your blow strikes. It steps backwards away from you and its tail rises in the air. Turning its backside towards you, the Skunkbear releases its special weapon: a horrendous stench fills the enclosed cave. You gag and fight to hold down the feeling of nausea which grips you. Meanwhile the Skunkbear moves in to attack. Continue the fight, but you must deduct 2 SKILL points during the rest of the battle. If you score a successful attack on the creature, you may escape from the cave by turning to 469. If you continue the fight, turn to 558 if you win.

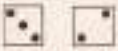

347

The captain thanks you for your mercy and promises that you will be rewarded for sparing his life. He steps behind his desk and opens the drawer. You wait to see how you will be rewarded. Your gift is not what you had expected. From inside the drawer, the captain pulls out a small hand crossbow, already loaded with a deadly dart. The bowstring sings as the dart shoots towards you and embeds itself in your chest. Its tip is treated with fast-acting poison. Your journey has ended here.

348

You unhook the lock and lift up the top of the pillory. The broad-nosed man steps back, rubbing his neck and wrists. He thanks you but is concerned not to let his escape attract attention. He points to a group of guards playing a game of some sort against the wall. Your eyes follow his finger across the courtyard. Suddenly, you feel a heavy blow on the back of your head and you slump to the ground. Turn to 418.

349

Your next step is painful! Your leg has brushed against a sharp blade which gashes your leg. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and choose your next few steps from the following: 249, 410 and 227.

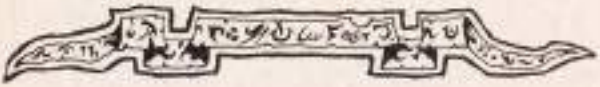

350

You squat down in the alcove to eat your food. It is perched up on the side of the rock and you can see part of the way ahead. The trail leads down across a rocky plateau and then finally climbs another bare crag towards the Fortress. Although you cannot see the gates of Mampang, you can see the tips of its spires hidden behind the crag. You are almost there.

You look around your resting-place. The remains of a fire in one area suggests that someone has been there before. And on the wall of the alcove is a message written in dye. You move over to see what it says. The language is your own and the message appears to be a warning of some kind. A mystic symbol – a religious diamond with a cross in its centre – heads the writing, which reads:

> *Heed this warning! Proceed no further towards the curse that is Mampang. Every step you take in its direction takes you one step nearer eternal damnation. For I, Colletus, have been there and back and know the truth of its ways. If you do not turn back, you may find me at the Groaning Bridge. You must save your own soul before it is too late.*
>
> *Colletus*

How recent the message is you cannot be sure, but its warning is certainly a little worrying. Nevertheless, you could not possibly give up your journey at this stage. You gather your things together and set off. You may add 2 STAMINA points for the meal you have just eaten. Leave your resting-place now by turning to 539.

351

The hideous Demon drops to the ground. Its shape shrivels and disappears before your eyes, returning to its god-forsaken home. You are now alone in the room with the Crown of Kings and the body of Farren Whyde. You check the old man. He is dead. You walk over to the desk to touch the Crown. In spite of being made from solid metals, it is remarkably light. You wrap it carefully and place it in your pack. Now you must return it to Analand. Will you leave the room and step carefully down the stairs (turn to 434)? Will you open your pack and look for something to use (turn to 148) or will you cast a spell?

ROK	RES	NAP	LAW	SIX
637	743	591	781	703

352

Your nervousness shows as you tiptoe carefully across the room. At one point the candle flickers and your foot comes down alongside one of the blades! The sharp edge slits your calf and you fight desperately to regain your balance. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for the wound and take your next few steps by turning either to 223 or 484.

353

She places one hand on your brow and another on the back of your neck and fixes her concentration on you. 'This is good, very good,' she smiles. 'One such as you does not belong in this place. I can tell you have a mission, though I know not what it is. But I feel reassured that my mentioning the Samaritans of Schinn has not endangered their cause.' Do you have any illnesses or diseases at the moment? If so, turn to 489. If not, turn to 436.

354

You tell Sh'houri of your encounter with Sh'himbli the previous day in the cave. She nods her head. 'I think we all suspected as much,' says Sh'houri grimly. 'Sh'himbli was cursed with the dire trembling disease when she was last seen at the village. Knowing how contagious it was, she did the honourable thing by leaving the village to die in a private place. Such is the way of our race. We thank you for this news. But I fear we have some bad news for you. The trembling disease is *very* contagious. If you spent the night in her cave, I am sure you will have caught it.' Did you spend the night in the cave? If so, turn to 174. If not, turn to 277.

355

The floor of the room is covered in dust and straw. You kick through this and occasionally your foot touches something solid. Mostly these are stones, but one particular object feels light. You bend down and pick up a facemask! It is black in colour and is carved to resemble a grotesque face. Placing it in your pack, you continue to disturb the straw to see whether you can find anything else of value. But suddenly, you stop in your tracks. Your foot has kicked a much heavier stone and immediately a deep rumbling noise comes from under the floor. Turn to 284.

356

'Tell me of your strongest spells,' says the Minimite, 'and I will tell you whether or not they will penetrate my defences.' You run through your most tiring spells and the little creature shakes his head at every one until you reach the last. 'The ZED spell!' he shrieks. 'You know the ZED spell! If this is true, then I think we may have our solution. This spell is certainly too powerful for me to stop.' You are astounded. No one knows the powers of the ZED spell. How does the Minimite know so much about it? Turn to 374 to listen to his story. Otherwise turn to 427 to cast your spell.

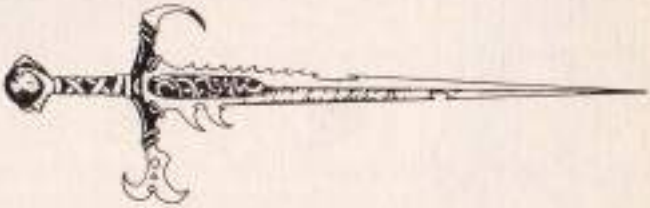

357

The door opens to reveal dirty living-quarters. An unmade bed is in the corner and a table and chair are set against one wall. A plate and a metal mug stand on the table, along with a bowl. A wooden chest is under the table. This could be the home of one of the Archmage's servants. But then again, perhaps it is not. There are virtually no possessions in the room. Perhaps this means nothing, as most of the inhabitants of Mampang seem to own little anyway. Do you want to check the walls for secret passages (turn to **28**), or will you pull the box from under the table and open it (turn to **248**)?

358

You feel around the wall of the Fortress, looking for the hidden doorway which will allow you back into the tower. A noise behind you makes you whirl round, startled. You can see nothing, but cries of battle are definitely coming from somewhere. There is a great crashing sound in the grass further along the wall. Something has dropped from the sky. You look up and can see a battle taking place high up in the air. Birdmen are attacking Birdmen. Another Birdman falls near by and your worst fears are realized. The Samaritans have been discovered! Birdmen archers high up on the Fortress walls are firing at your allies, who do not stand a chance against the arrows. Your rescue call has exposed them! There is nothing you can do to help your comrades and you fear now for your own safety, as the Birdmen will no doubt be scouting the area when they have killed off all the Samaritans. You find the doorway and step inside. Turn to **189**.

359

The room seems to shift in the candlelight, but this is a natural trick of the flickering light. You manage to keep your balance and step safely across the room. To take your next few steps, choose to turn to either **52**, **488** or **262**.

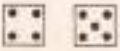

360

You take out your weapon and quickly strike the creature with it. It roars in agony and collapses to the floor. You cannot believe your eyes! Your blow was powerful, but not enough to fell such a strong-looking adversary. When it does not move, you bend down to investigate. As far as you can tell, the creature is *dead*! Your attack has finished it off! You look through its clothing, but find only 4 Gold Pieces. You must now decide your best way onwards. You can either return to the door along the corridor and try that (turn to 517), or you can try another door just inside the creature's room, set in the left-hand wall (turn to 573).

361

You agree to his terms. What will your first question to him be? Will you ask him casually about some of the tortures he has enjoyed in the past and then ask where you may find the Archmage (turn to 143)? Will you ask him his favourite weapon and then ask whether he knows anything of the Crown of Kings (turn to 199)? Or will you compliment him on such a fine torture-chamber and then ask whether he knows anything of the Throben Doors (turn to 215)?

362

You examine the lock holding the pillory shut. It looks quite strong – but nothing that a hefty blow wouldn't sort out. You may either smash the lock with your weapon (turn to 505), or cast a spell:

FAR	PEP	KID	DOC	ZAP
645	700	729	768	674

363

You panic and run for the doors as quickly as possible. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 512. If you are Unlucky, turn to 296.

364

Your decision was wise. A third guard appears moments later and calls out gruffly to the other two. The first guard makes a noise like a knocking sound on a door and points into the distance. Perhaps they are wondering why there seems to be no activity from the area of the pass. One of them staggers about comically, imitating a drunkard, and the other two laugh. While their attention is away from you, you consider whether this would be an opportune time to drop down and nip inside. Your muscles are tiring rapidly. Will you sneak through the doorway now (turn to 474) or wait (turn to 432)?

365

Looking around the room, you find little of interest. The Birdmen carry swords as weapons. If you need a weapon, you may take one of these. Each carries 2 Gold Pieces – a week's pay – so you may collect all six coins. One of them also carries some bread and a pouch containing something that looks like *dried worms*! You may take the bread with you (there is enough for two meals), but you decide to leave the worms. If you are hungry, you may eat a meal now, and add 2 STAMINA points if this is today's first meal (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). Then turn to 479.

366

You sit down on a rock just inside the cave where you cannot be spotted from outside. If you are carrying any food with you you may prepare a meal (turn to 328). If you have no Provisions, you may as well settle down and prepare your bed (turn to 574).

367

The room seems to shift in the candlelight, but this is a natural trick of the flickering light. You manage to keep your balance and step safely across the room. To take your next few steps, turn to either 440 or 223.

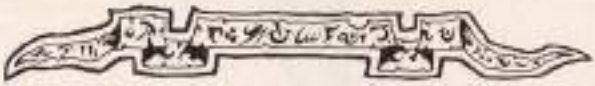

368

You run as fast as you are able. Ahead is a large boulder which should afford at least some shelter from the landslide. You race forwards and squat down behind it, panting hard. Above you, the landslide is picking up momentum. Rocks are crashing around you, and several smaller ones bounce painfully off your head and back. A creaking noise raises the alarm, but you are too late to react to prevent fate from taking your life. The creaking you heard was the boulder, rolling back towards the crevasse as the landslide beats it into motion. You manage to avoid being crushed to death as it rolls away from you, but this only leaves you exposed to the landslide. Your journey has ended here.

369

The shape remains a mystery as you walk up to it. As you get nearer you notice certain things about it. It appears to be inanimate – at least, it remains motionless. Perhaps it is a bundle of rubbish in a huge sack? The sack is slightly shiny, resembling a hide of some kind, perhaps like a *reptile's skin*? You stop in your tracks as the realization dawns on you. At the same time, the shape rises . . . Turn to 499.

370

One of the Birdmen immediately sees through your story. 'You've not travelled any distance!' he squawks. 'This fellow is an impostor!' The other two rise to their feet and you must face the Birdmen. Will you draw your weapon (turn to 462), or will you cast a spell?

MUD	NAF	DUM	YAZ	GOD
605	647	790	758	707

371

You begin your story at Kharé and tell her how the guards took you captive. Your search for the four spell lines fascinates her, and other She-Satyrs sit and listen to your tales. For two hours you keep them enthralled. They are horrified as you tell of your encounters with the seven Serpents and are sad at the death of Tek Kramin, the boatman of Lake Ilklala. As a character, he was infamous throughout Kakhabad. When you finally tire of telling your stories, the She-Satyrs are disappointed. 'We must not weary our friend,' says Sh'houri. You explain that you have enjoyed the meeting but must be on your way towards the Fortress.

'I cannot understand your wish to visit that place,' Sh'houri continues. 'It is a lawless and dangerous keep. It is a wonder that even one so powerful as the Archmage can survive in Mampang. But it is said that he is well protected from the chaotic rabble surrounding him. Four strong doorways close the way to the inner keep, the *Throben Doors*. None but his most trusted servants may pass through them. If you are planning to visit the Archmage himself, you must beware of the Throben Doors, as they are deadly to those who know not of their existence. They appear as heavy double doors but nothing of their aspect gives any clue as to their real purpose.' She has noticed that you are listening intently, and is glad to have been able to give you some information of interest. As you stand to leave, she motions to one of the other creatures, who rushes off and returns with a spear and a leather bag. Both are handed to you. 'This is a fine hardwood spear,' announces Sh'houri, 'which I believe you will find helpful on your travels. It will be doubly so if you are able to find Colletus the holy man and persuade him to bless it. If you discover Colletus's whereabouts, you may summon him thus.' She cups her hands to her mouth and makes a whistling sound. If at some time in the future you think you know where the holy man is, repeat this sound by deducting 30 from the number of the reference you are on and turning to this new reference. If Colletus is there, he will appear to you. Sh'houri continues: 'Colletus will persuade you not to try to reach the Fortress, as he curses its evil. Tell him you are planning to destroy it and he will agree to help. Also, in this bag are some things that may help you. But our possessions are few. We must ask that you exchange anything that you want for something of your own.'

Within the bag are several items which may be of use. If you are playing as a warrior, turn to 564. If you are playing as a wizard, turn to 435.

372

'Woe betide my soul!' she moans. 'I did not mean to mention the Samaritans to a stranger. I have betrayed them!' You calm her down by saying that they are common knowledge within the Fortress. She has given nothing away. You tell her you would like to meet these creatures, for you may find that your cause is the same. 'I cannot be sure that you are telling the truth,' she says, 'as I cannot see your face. Allow me to sense your honesty and I may tell you more. But do not try to deceive Javinne, for her hands can feel the truth.' The old woman wants to place her hands on your head and neck to 'sense the truth' in you. This is not a pleasant prospect, as you are not certain you can trust her, and you have no idea whether she may be carrying any contagious diseases. Will you allow her to lay her hands on you? Turn to 353 if you are prepared to undergo this test. If you would rather not, you may change the subject and ask her about how she lost her sight (turn to 388), or how you may enter the keep (turn to 535).

373

How much are you willing to offer him for his help – 5 Gold Pieces (turn to 452), 10 Gold Pieces (turn to 531) or 13 Gold Pieces (turn to 478)? If you can offer none of these, draw your weapon and turn to 270.

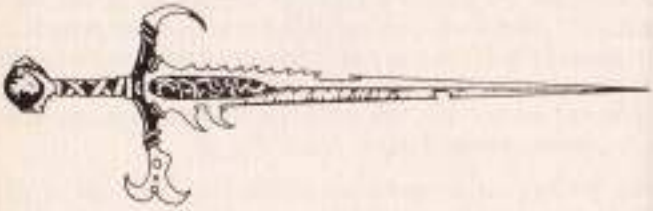

374

'If the truth be known,' Jann begins, 'we Minimites know much more about the arts of sorcery than most magic-users themselves. We have outlawed the use of magic within our own race, for our experiences were bad. Whether it is the magic itself or our own characters, we do not know. But sorcery and ambitions of power went hand in hand with our people. Eventually it split us up into a race of nomadic individuals, avoiding each other like the plague. And all because of sorcery.' The Minimite sighs for a moment, then returns to the subject at hand. 'It is thought that the ZED spell originated from Throben. This is not true. It was originally designed here in Mampang by the sorcerer-priests of Chronada, god of time. One of my own race stole the secret and brought it to the Minimites. When our people dispersed, the spell's secret was taken by its thief to Throben, then given to a Necromancer in exchange for . . . er . . . favours. It is the ultimate secret of travel – travel across distances, and travel *through time*! But it carries its own dangers. It demands perfect concentration. If you can achieve this concentration, then you may send yourself forwards and backwards through time and space. But before you cast this spell, you must concentrate hard on wherever you wish to go. You must have this image firmly in your mind, or the spell will work randomly. As with the Throben Necromancer, you may arrive at any place in any time! This is all I know about the ZED spell; how to cast it is a secret I have not learned. Nor have I any wish to do so.' Now turn to 402.

375

The Hobgoblin turns back towards you to see how you are doing. She spies the jar in your hand and shrieks! 'Oh, no!' she wails. 'Not *that* jar! Of all the choices to make!' You explain that the Ant Meatballs are delicious and compliment her on her skills as a cook. 'No, no! You do not understand!' she explains. 'Those are not *Ant Meatballs*. Look!' The label on the jar has ripped and hangs half off. When she folds the torn piece back into its proper position, the blood drains from your cheeks. You are eating from a jar of *Mutant* Meatballs!

Mutant Meatballs were concocted originally by an apothecary from Throben aligned to a rebellious Prince of Brice. On discovering their effects, they designed a plan of conquest. These potent little balls taste delicious, but are quite deadly. They wreak horrible mutations on whoever tastes them. The Prince of Brice planned to seize the throne, his troops manned by experimental mutants, bred for their bizarre powers. And you have just eaten a handful of the balls! Slowly, you will begin to mutate. What will happen to you? The effects are never predictable, usually harmful, sometimes fatal and sometimes useful. Roll two dice and consult the folowing table to see what happens to you:

Roll	*Turn to*	*Roll*	*Turn to*	*Roll*	*Turn to*
2	562	6	455	10	261
3	544	7	433	11	184
4	524	8	409	12	315
5	501	9	105		

376

It looks at you shiftily and shrugs its huge shoulders to indicate that there is nothing in its room. There doesn't *look* to be much in the room. Will you believe it and leave (turn to 550), or threaten it with your weapon (turn to 482)?

377

You explain that you are having a little trouble getting inside the Fortress proper and wonder whether they may be able to help you. 'Nah, you'll never get through,' says one. 'Not if you expect just to walk straight through the Throben Doors. You'll have to find a key for this one.' He motions outside. 'But if you're charming enough to the guards across the way . . .' The other two glare at their companion, whose tongue has been a little too loose. The three of them start to argue in their own language and you decide this would be a suitable time for you to leave. Turn to **566**.

378

You remember the dead creature in the cave; these two are similar. This knowledge may be of some help, if they have lost their comrade. Or then again, maybe you should keep quiet, as your sleeping-place may have been a sacred tomb of some sort. Do you want to call to your two attackers and tell them of your find (turn to **413**), or will you keep quiet and wait to see how they react to you first (turn to **522**)?

379

You choose your password carefully and whisper it at the lock just below the handle. Will your choice be correct? You take a deep breath and prepare to try the handle. Turn to **344**.

380

The trail winds up the mountainside and you follow it until a sight ahead makes you stop. To the left, higher up the rocky cliffs, is a strange structure made out of twigs, branches and moss. This looks like a huge bird's-nest perched on a ledge. Do you want to climb up the side of the mountain to investigate it (turn to 530), or will you ignore it and continue along the path (turn to 36)?

381

You step inside and walk towards the archway. As far as you can tell, the steps lead straight up into the tower. After two steps, you hear an ominous sound. A rumbling is coming from the floor beneath your feet! You quicken your pace, but already things are happening. Turn to 284.

382

You have grabbed a small bird's-nest, inside which is a golden egg. But you have no clue as to what the egg or the nest are or do. Nevertheless, you may take them with you. You must now leave the area quickly, before the merchant can summon guards. You nip down to the door at the end of the passageway. Turn to 310.

383

You quickly glance round to make sure no one is watching. No one is paying any attention to you. You step up to the mound and climb up to the base of the pole. Will you reach for a sword (turn to 331) or an axe (turn to 509)?

384

The storm breaks during the night, waking you several times. You are thankful for the shelter your cave affords. Rain pelts down, and muddy puddles form in the cave entrance. But by morning, the rain has stopped and the sun is fighting its way through the low-hanging clouds. You rise early and prepare yourself for the day. Judging the distance as best you can, you should reach the Fortress by the end of the day. If your STAMINA is below its *Initial* level, you may add 2 STAMINA points for the rest. If you did not eat at all yesterday, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points, as you are now hungry. If you wish, you may take with you some stone dust and three small pebbles which you can pick up from the cave. Now you must leave your cave and set off on your journey.

As you climb through the foothills of Low Xamen, you notice how few animals are about. Certainly animals would hide from you, but there are no *signs* of wildlife. Perhaps the terrain is too treacherous. The going is undoubtedly becoming harder and, by the late morning, you are climbing steeply. Ahead, the narrow trail splits to offer you two ways onwards. To the right, the path continues to wind up the mountainside, while to the left, a narrow rope bridge spans a gully and joins another path. Both lead upwards in the direction you are heading. Which will you choose:

To the right?	Turn to 339
To the left?	Turn to 298

385

The captain tries to question you, but you are tight-lipped and stubborn. Eventually he tires of you and instructs the guards to take you to the dungeons. Naggamanteh, he thinks, will have no trouble persuading you to talk. Your mission has ended. No one escapes from the Mampang dungeons.

386

The creature steps slowly forwards, holding up its hands as if to indicate that it means no harm. You stop it a few feet away and turn your ear towards it to hear what it has to say. It speaks. You can now make out the words of its message – but as it breathes, you catch a whiff of its breath. The smell is horrendous! You cough and choke. Its breath is like poison gas! In fact, the Mucalytic's breath *is* a form of poison gas, and you have just taken a lungful – a fatal dose. You crash to the ground, dead, at the creature's feet.

387

You must now leap over and kill the other guard, who is taking the horn off the wall. There is no time to cast a spell:

Second GUARD SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you kill this guard, turn to 219.

388

'My story is a sad one,' she starts. 'Many seasons ago, in my youth, I was skilled in the arts of healing. My master was a healer-priest from Daddu-Yadu who had been shipwrecked and washed ashore on the Earthend beaches. Being youthful and ambitious, I decided to bring my skills to Mampang, where I imagined the rewards would be greatest. But this was against the wishes of my master who wished me to travel south and use my learning to aid the lawful kingdoms. Ah, would that I had listened to the wisdom of his words! But the promise of fortune dissuaded me and I lived in prosperity at Mampang for many years. My undoing came when the Archmage recruited a new type of troop to his army. *The Mucalytics!* These creatures were a miserable lot, but totally without fear. They are almost deaf and may speak only in a whisper, and one was brought to me in the hope of a cure. But I could not undo the curse set upon these wretches by the gods themselves! Try as I would, I could not restore their voices nor improve their ears. My punishment was an "accident" which resulted in this!' And she holds her hands up to her eyes. You sympathize with her, and her head bows in sorrow. You may now either change the subject, and ask her how best to enter the keep (turn to 535) or leave her be and continue on your way (turn to 8). Or will you ask her about 'the mongrels who have more than their fair share of what she lacks' (turn to 302)?

389

You describe to Jann all the spells you are capable of casting. 'I'll leave it to you if you're feeling so headstrong,' declares Jann, indignantly. 'But if you take my advice, you'll leave magic well alone!' If you'll follow his advice, you may either plan an ambush on the guard (turn to 476) or wait to see whether anyone is interested in you (turn to 214). If you *are* feeling headstrong and you want to try some magic, turn to 427.

390

With a mixture of grunts and instructions, he tells you to turn round and follow the passageway as far as you can. If you go through a metal door at the end, you will be on your way through to a Throben Door. But he has no idea how you will get through this gateway and has never himself been that far into the Fortress. If you decide to follow his instructions, turn to 6. If you do not want to take his advice, you may go through a door adjacent to the entrance to his room (turn to 573).

391

You decide wisely that the captain is still too strong to be spared. If you wish to spare his life when you have reduced him to 3 STAMINA points, turn to 445. If you have decided that this will be a fight to the death, turn to 463 when you kill him.

392

You step up to the large double doors. Will you try to open them with a key (turn to 185) or a password (turn to 498)?

393

As you approach the pillory, you can see that someone is being held captive within it. The bedraggled shape of a miserable human-like creature is slumped against the frame. As you approach, it turns its head towards you. As you get closer, you find that the creature is brawny and shaggy-haired. You would guess that it is some sort of sub-human, judging from its narrow eyes, broad nose and high forehead. 'Taunt me all you will,' it says. 'You will teach me no lesson that two days in this bane-cursed pillory has not taught already. Is my punishment not yet over? I beg of you: spare me your tongue and instead offer me some nourishment.' You pause to reflect on its words. This creature is much too articulate for a sub-human. Will you offer it some nourishment as it asks? If so, turn to **408** – but you may only do this if you have Provisions with you. Will you offer to set the creature free by smashing the lock on the pillory (turn to **362**)? Will you leave the wretch alone and continue (turn to **485**)? Or will you stop to taunt it (turn to **431**)?

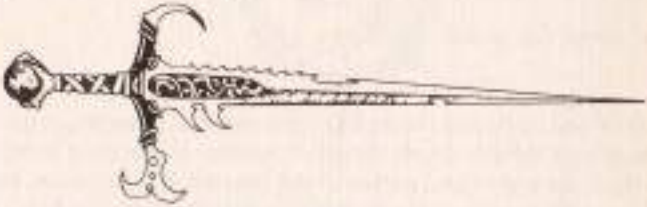

394

You must first fight the guard standing before you:

GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you have a blessed hardwood spear, you may kill the guard instantly. If you defeat the guard, turn to **495**.

395

You warn the creature that you will defend yourself but have no wish to harm it. Again it cups its hand to its ear, straining to hear you. You yell your warning loudly and something seems to register. The creature lifts its long snout and a faint sound comes out. Will you step closer to listen to what the creature is saying (turn to **405**), or will you ignore it and leave the room (turn to **96**)?

396

There is no suitable cover in the archway for you to hide. The door is beginning to move, so you quickly step behind the door as it opens. A heavy-set GUARD steps out. You wait with bated breath. The guard sniffs the air and stops. Something is not quite right! To your dismay, he grabs the door and swings it closed, leaving you exposed. He snarls at you and draws a sword. You have no time to cast a spell and must fight him:

GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the guard, turn to 563.

397

You continue and reach the wall of the courtyard, stopping in front of the two large double doors. Another creature is shuffling along the wall from the right-hand corner of the courtyard. It is a slow, bulky creature with a dark, rubbery skin. As it is the size of a bear, you decide to hold back to see what it will do at the gate before approaching. You watch it press its mouth close to the handle, then grasp and turn the handle. The right-hand door opens and it steps through. Now you must decide what to do. Will you copy the creature, pressing your mouth to the door (turn to 483), will you leave the door and instead try following the right-hand wall into the corner of the courtyard (turn to 519), or will you cast a spell?

POP	HUF	ZAP	BIG	DOP
737	618	596	773	632

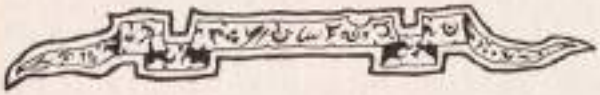

398

Again your weapon finds its target as you avoid the Hydra's strike. Another head drops to the ground, this time the head of Hydana, god of the water. But, as before, two new heads grow rapidly to replace it. It is now the turn of Pangara to use his powers on you. With a great puff of breath, a gale force breaks from his lips, sending you flying backwards into the wall, crashing against your shoulder. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. But you are still determined and you advance again. Resolve the next Attack Round. If you wound the creature, turn to 84. If it wounds you, turn to 305.

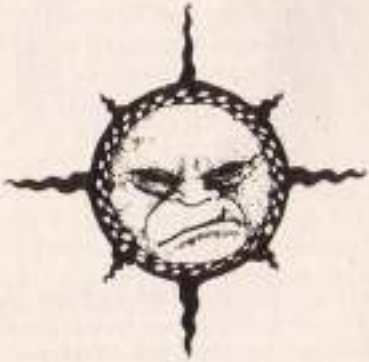

399

The flames lick your clothes and the heat begins to feel unbearable. But you have seen through its illusion. As you continue through the inferno, its effects die. The flames are cold. There is no heat. On the far side of the inferno is another door, which you walk comfortably up to. Turn to 150.

400

You swallow hard and race for the crevasse, taking a great leap off the edge towards the far side. Your jump was strong, but no human jump could span the distance. Your fingers clutch at the sides of the rock as you plunge down, down, down to your death. You have failed in your mission.

401

The last guard does not advance. Instead the cowardly creature has decided to raise the alarm and is now running across the courtyard, roaring loudly. Within moments, a full complement of armed guards are hurrying towards you. There is no way for you to take on so many opponents. You will be captured and you will no doubt have earned the last guard a special commendation from the Archmage. You have failed in your mission.

402

The conversation has been enormously enlightening. You now know the secret of the most powerful spell in your Spell Book *and* you know how to control it. Turn to **427** to cast a spell. If you choose to cast the ZED spell, ignore the reference you are told to turn to and turn instead to **631**. This is your bonus for knowing the secret of the spell.

403

You leave the smooth-skinned creature in peace and back slowly down the corridor, closing the door behind you. Will you try the door in the wall that you passed on the way to this room (turn to **517**), or will you retrace your steps completely to the crossroads and take the other passageway to the metal door (turn to **6**)?

404

You step up to the small cave mouth and kneel down to look inside. Although you will be able to crawl into the cave, the entrance will be a tight squeeze. But as your eyes become accustomed to the darkness inside, you can see that there will be enough room for you to fit comfortably. The back of the cave is blackness, so you are unable to tell whether or not the cave is completely empty. You get down on all fours and poke your head inside.

Oooowwooow! A shrill howling comes from inside the cave and all but deafens you! Instinctively you jerk your head out again, away from the danger. The noise sounded as though it came from a hound of some sort. You spring to your feet and draw out your weapon, ready to face whatever is inside. But nothing emerges from the cave. When your courage has returned, you must make a decision: will you enter the cave and face whatever is inside (turn to 123), or will you instead try the far cave (turn to 534)?

405

The creature makes no move as you step up to it and cup your hand to your ear. With an expression that looks almost sad, it reaches out its snout towards your ear and whispers to you. The sounds form into words and a message takes shape . . .

But before you can make sense of the message, the smell of its breath hits your nostrils like an acid cloud. You cough and choke, flinging your head backwards out of the way. But it is too late. The breath of a MUCALYTIC is deadly to all but its own kind. A lungful of this poison has ensured your fate. The only mercy is that your death will be quick.

406

You whisper your password to the lock on the door. Nothing unusual happens, but you are confident that you have remembered the password correctly and you reach for the handle. Turn to 344.

407

Visions of the past flash past you as you tumble weightlessly, carried by your spell. Eventually the confusion clears and you are brought back to the ground. Still unsure what has actually happened, you look around. It is night and you are alone in a small hut, under blankets. Desperately, you want to spring out of bed and find out where you are. But you cannot. Something within is forbidding you to leave your rest and is drawing the curtain of sleep across your eyes. Your eyelids feel as heavy as lead. You cannot resist the urge to sleep. Turn to reference 1 of Book 1 of the *Sorcery!* series.

408

You open your backpack and pull out some Provisions to offer to the unfortunate creature. His eyes open wide as you hold out the food towards it. 'Aaahh, thank you, stranger,' he says. 'At this moment in time, I would gladly sell my soul for a mouthful of food. I hope your price is not that high!' You smile as you break your food up and press it into his mouth. You must deduct 1 from your Provisions. Now you may either talk to him (turn to 555), tell him that you demand information for the food (turn to 444) or take out more Provisions and join him in a meal (turn to 520)– but only if you have more Provisions.

409

The front of your face starts to ache. You raise your hand to feel what is going on and withdraw it immediately. Your nose is growing! It droops down from your face like a proboscis. This is not only an eyesore, but it also makes breathing quite difficult. You must reduce your *Initial* STAMINA by 2 and deduct 2 from your current STAMINA while you are hampered by this trunk. When you are ready, you may leave the kitchen by another door. Turn to 448.

410

You inch your way slowly across the room. For your next few steps, choose either 180, 2 or 175.

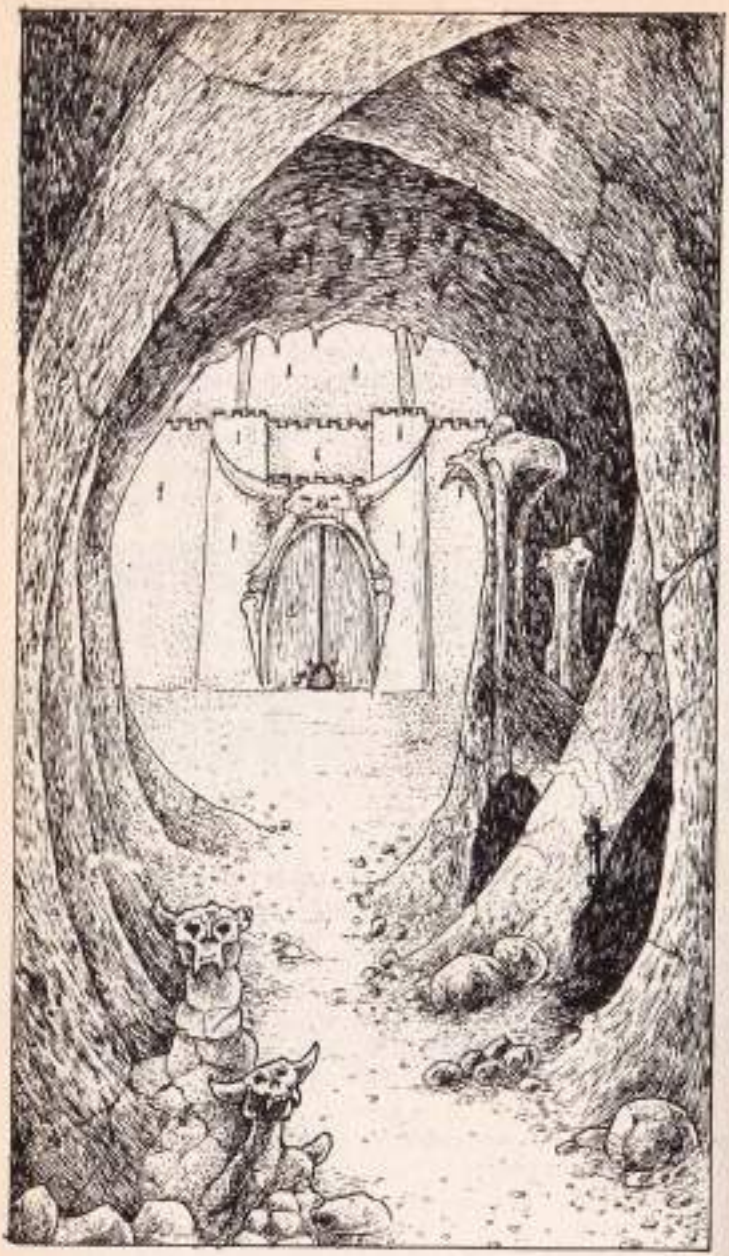

411

The bridge is solid and barely responds to your weight as you cross over. You pick up the path which leads south round the rim of the mountain. The Fortress itself is set on the inside of a volcano-like peak. Inside the rim is a flat plateau which forms an ideal base for the stronghold: defence is made easy by the surrounding rock. There is only one pass through to the Fortress. All you have to do is find it!

You presume that the trail leads towards the pass and follow it round. The sky is darkening now as the sun is setting. It has been a long, tiring day. Ahead, you see what you are looking for. The path widens and turns into the rock. You creep forwards cautiously; the pass is doubtless defended by guards. With each step, you can see a little further round into the inner plateau. When you stand directly in front of the pass, your jaw drops in awe. The Mampang Fortress!

Spellbound by its presence, your eyes follow its lines. Gnarled spires twist upwards towards the sky as if in agonized prayers to the heavens. Sharp angles and jagged points protrude everywhere. Demonic gargoyles line the outside walls. The sight is enough to break the courage of many a brave soldier – and its effect on you is similar. Deduct 1 SKILL point until you are inside the Fortress. You quickly snap out of your trance and plan your approach. There may be guards in the pass, but you cannot see any. But standing in the open as you are, anyone inside could certainly see you. Will you creep forwards cautiously, looking out for guards (turn to 139), or will you run to get through the pass before you are spotted (turn to 67)?

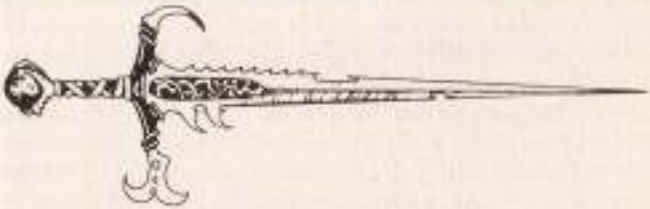

412

You break free from your captors and turn to run from the room. The captain shouts a command in a high-pitched voice, and you realize the folly of your move. Two more guards appear at the door. As you race through it, these two slam their hairy fists into your stomach. You double up and collapse on the floor. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You are hauled back to face the captain. Turn to 508.

413

You tell the two creatures of your night in the cave and the body you found inside. At first they become excited when you tell them of the news, but later, when you explain that their comrade is dead, their expressions turn to despair. 'This is not good news for us, but it is not entirely unexpected,' says one of the creatures. 'Sh'himbli disappeared two nights ago. It is customary with our race for one who is expecting to die to venture off alone and find an unused cave in which to expire. Then she is no burden on her family and her comrades live in constant hope that she has simply lost her way and may return to the village at any time. However, Sh'himbli had been fevered for some days. I think we all knew the truth. But in any case, we thank you for this news.' They invite you to go with them to their village to tell others of the news and to eat and rest. If you wish to go with them, turn to 545. If you would rather decline their invitation and be on your way, turn to 441.

414

'If you want my opinion,' says Jann, 'even the *thought* of escape is futile. Perhaps we could ambush the guard as he enters the room. But you can bet your worth that the whole company will not be far behind him. An escape plan aided by magic is impossible. As you know, Minimites are protected from most magic with an invisible shroud of protection. Only the most powerful spells will work while I am here – and I'm sure as Courga not going to oblige you by jumping out of the window to get out of your way, if that's what you're thinking! Other than these, the only possibility is to wait to see whether anyone sends for you. Someone is bound to ask for you before long.' You consider his advice. ** Will you:

Plan to ambush the guard?	Turn to **476**
Consider a spell to cast?	Turn to **337**
Wait to see whether anyone sends for you?	Turn to **214**

415

Your heart pounds heavily in your chest as you try to decide which is your best way of avoiding the creature. It is now almost on you. Turn to **296**.

416

With your weapon in your hand, you burst through the door. Your foot catches a half-brick on the floor and you tumble headlong along a hallway, scraping your arms and knees (deduct 2 STAMINA points). You feel foolish. You have burst into a hallway, not into a room – and you have surprised nothing! However, the commotion has attracted something's attention: you can hear voices. The hallway you are in has two doors in it, one in the right-hand wall, which you may investigate by turning to 307, and another at the end of the corridor, which you may try by turning to 144. You may choose this option only if you have not investigated this door previously. Alternatively you can leave this hallway and nip back into the archway where you may either try the large double doors ahead (turn to 253) or the door opposite (turn to 493).

417

You have grabbed a bundle of two candles. One of them is a perfectly ordinary wax candle. The other is red, and is made from the dried blood of a Firefox. The two candles are self-lighting. The blood candle will last longer than the normal candle. You must now leave the area quickly, through the door at the end of the passageway, before the merchant summons the guards. Turn to 310.

418

When you regain consciousness, a feeling of despair overtakes you. You are trapped in the pillory! The broken lock has been jammed through the fastening to hold it in place and though you struggle to free yourself, there is no escape. In front of you stands your attacker. 'My friend, I am truly sorry to have to do this to you,' he says. 'But this is a matter of survival. I must have some time to escape from this place. If the pillory is found to be empty, I will surely be hunted without delay. And I will also need supplies on my journey. Your backpack will no doubt prove most useful.' You watch helplessly as he makes off with your belongings. But what he did not tell you was that he was sentenced to three days in the pillory before being executed for treason. In a day's time, his fate will be yours.

419

Have you already tried either of the other two caves? If you have not already tried the smallest cave, you may do so by turning to **222**. If you have not already tried the middle cave, you may do so by turning to **136**. If you have already tried both of them, then you had better settle for the one you have just looked inside – turn to **293**.

420

You are powerless now to prevent the spell tossing you through time. You realize the folly of using this spell, for power is awesome – and frightening – if you are unable to control it. You have no such control over it. Confused visions flash through your mind, faster and faster, until eventually your feet once more touch solid ground. You come to earth with a crash and look around. You are on a rocky plateau, surrounded by craggy peaks. The scene is familiar. Where have you come across this before? *Of course! Mampang!* You are quite right – you *are* on the rocky plateau of the Fortress, surrounded by the peaks of an extinct volcano. But where is the Fortress? Quite clearly it is not there. The answer dawns on you. *The spell!* You have travelled through time to a point either way in the past, before the Fortress was built, or far in the future, after it has been destroyed! Whichever is the case, your predicament is hopeless. You may try the spell again and again, until your STAMINA runs out, but without controlling it, you will never return to Mampang. Your mission has ended.

421

You join in with the guards and they teach you how to play their game, which they call 'Ten-up'. Each player throws one dart at a time at the board, which is marked out in black and white sections. Any dart thrown into a black number scores that many points. Any dart thrown into a white number *deducts* that number of points from the current score. Only one score is kept (not one per player) and each player's dart throw affects this score. Whoever throws the dart which brings the score exactly to either ten or minus ten wins the game. Needless to say, this is a gambling game. Each player puts 2 Gold Pieces in the kitty and the winner takes the lot. If you have 2 Gold Pieces and you would like to play, turn to 481. If you do not have 2 Gold Pieces or do not want to play, turn to 164.

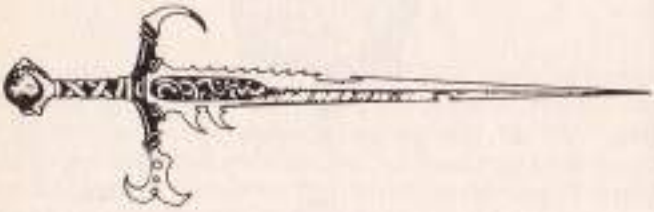

422

You address the Hobgoblin in an arrogant tone. Immediately, the commotion ceases as quickly as if a tap were turned off. The Hobgoblin turns towards you and squints. Her sight is apparently not good. 'Who told you to stop your work?' she screams at the Minions. 'You lazy ants! Get back to work this instant! The guards must be fed!' The Minions cower in fear as she speaks and work recommences. The Hobgoblin steps over and screws her eyes up to get a good look at you. 'Well?' she demands. 'You asked for the cook. What do you want?' Will you ask her for something to eat, as you are hungry (turn to 26), or will you tell her that the guards will soon need to eat, and then leave the kitchen (turn to 448)?

423

The captain does not believe your story. Instead he questions you. Turn to 385.

424

You step on to the bridge. Again, the groaning sound follows your footsteps. But, now you are used to it, the sound is quite amusing. In fact the humour of the situation is a welcome relief to the anxiety you would be feeling if you were crossing the bridge and looking down into the chasm. But in the next second, you *are* looking down into the chasm, and watching it come racing towards you! For the rope bridge of groans has disappeared completely! Not a trace of it remains, leaving you flying downwards through the air to your death. You will never know the true secret of the Groaning Bridge. Your last memory will be the sound of the groaning which has now turned to a faint mocking laughter way above you . . .

425

To your left ahead is a bundle of rags in a heap on the ground. If you wish to head towards it, turn to 233. To your right is a group of human-like creatures – and something looks familiar about their appearance. If you wish to walk a bit closer to investigate, turn to 325. If you want to ignore both of these and continue straight ahead, turn to 135.

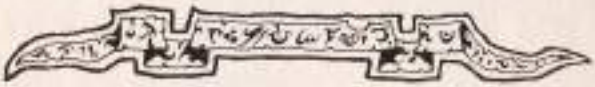

426

The door you have reached is locked in a similar way to the entrance door. You quickly grasp the handle, flick the catch, and step outside into a corridor, closing the door firmly behind you. This passage is quite short and widens at its far end. You follow it. Turn to 124.

427

You ignore the Minimite's reservations about using magic and choose your spell to cast:

ZEN	NIP	FAL	ZED	DUM
710	666	694	753	601

If you know none of these spells, you must either plan to attack the guard as he brings you food (turn to 476), or simply wait to see what happens (turn to 214).

428

You step up to the door. Your hand reaches for the handle but, before you can touch it, a gruff voice calls out from inside: '*Inside!* But do not waste my time unless you carry gold!' You step inside. The room is elegantly laid out with ornaments and drapes. Sitting behind a fine table is a large brown-skinned man wearing a turban perched on top of large, bulbous ears. He is very fat. 'Ho, ho!' he laughs. 'And what have we here? Not much finery. Certainly not a merchant. Perhaps a fortune-hunter? Do you hide wealth under those tawdry rags? The price to enter this room is 1 Gold Piece. And we like our payment in advance, do we not, Hashi?' He looks down and strokes a large black Jaguar which is sitting under the table. Will you throw him 1 Gold Piece as he wishes, in exchange for information (turn to 542)? Will you ask him his name and what he is doing here (turn to 42)? Or will you tell him that he looks as though he could do with a hired sword to protect his possessions (turn to 94)?

429

In a soft voice you add that you are glad to hear about their mothers and ask whether their fathers are also well. The three scowl at you, menacingly. 'Do not ask. Our mothers are well. That is all that need concern you. And what of you? Where is your home?' They are, in their own way, continuing the pleasantries. Will you tell them that you are from Analand (turn to 578), or will you claim to be from Kharé (turn to 326)?

430

Will you face the guards with your weapon (turn to 394), or cast a spell?

FAL	GOB	YOB	YAZ	FIX
712	646	789	721	655

431

You laugh at the poor creature's predicament and a sadistic urge seizes you. You take great delight in calling him a 'vomit-faced pig with the brain of a lesser Goblin' and tell him he deserves a fate worse than being drowned in a bucket of Skunkbear dung. His anger rises, but there is nothing he can do. When you have tired of insulting him, turn to 485.

432

When their laughter has died down, one of the guards steps apart from the rest and looks out at the pass. He seems to have noticed that all is not well and shades his eyes with his hand to see better. In fact, in the early-morning gloom, you doubt whether this would make any difference, but *something* has caught his attention. He barks at the other two and shouts louder to attract a fourth guard who comes out of the door and joins them. The four of them look out at the pass, pointing and snorting. Do you feel safe enough to try dropping to the ground yet (turn to 572), or do you have another plan (turn to 50)?

433

You wait for signs of the mutation. But you feel nothing! You are one of the rare few who are immune from the effects of the Mutant Meatballs! You may now leave the kitchen through a door leading into the keep by turning to 448.

434

You leave the room and set off down the stairs. At the foot of the staircase, you open the Throben Doors and step through . . .

Rough hands grab you as you swing the door open. Shouts go up. You find yourself in the grip of a tall, grimy guard. Around the doorway are other guards. Although you were not expecting to be discovered this quickly, you had realized that the way back through the Fortress would not be easy. Turn to **430** to face the guards.

435

Your eyes widen as you look inside the bag. Inside are several artefacts for use with your spells! You may take as many or as few of these artefacts as you want, but for each you must leave behind 1 item from your Equipment List (not food or gold). Inside the bag you find:

- A Potion of Fire Water
- A Sun Jewel
- A Pearl Ring
- A Pair of Nose Plugs
- A Brass Pendulum
- An Orb of Crystal
- Orange Powder

Exchange as you wish, then leave the village by turning to **441**.

436

She removes her hands and sighs deeply. 'Perhaps I should tell you all I know about the Birdmen from Schinn,' she says. 'I can sense that in many ways your missions are similar. But I must be brief. The creatures within Mampang are not all aligned to the evil ways of the Archmage. Although the Xamen Birdmen are his strongest allies, there is a faction from Schinn, to the east of the Nagomanti River, who fear his growing power. A group of Schinns have infiltrated the Fortress and are plotting his overthrow. They have become known as the 'Samaritans' and the Archmage has been mounting an inquisition to drive them from his ranks. As a result, many wrongful accusations have been made and loyal Birdmen have been tortured and executed. Thus there is growing dissent in the ranks of the Birdmen. It is impossible to tell which Birdmen are Samaritans, as they must of necessity keep their activities secret. But there is one introduction I know of which will reveal the Schinns. If you meet Birdmen, ask them about their families. Loyalist Birdmen will talk only of their fathers; Samaritans worship their mothers.' This is useful information, for which you may add 2 LUCK points. Will you continue by asking her about herself and how she became the beggar she now is (turn to 388), or would you like to know whether she can advise you how to enter the keep (turn to 535)?

437

With confident strides, you walk across the kitchen. The Minions bustle around you and bump into your legs, but no one challenges you. At least, not until you are half-way across the kitchen, when a gruff voice growls at you. 'Halt!' screams the Hobgoblin. 'What business do you have intruding on Throg's kitchen? Come to steal food, eh? The Archmage knows that his officers are welcome in here. You have no need to creep. Come with me!' Turn to 137.

438

Where will your journey take you? Past adventures flash before you in no particular order. In one instant you are watching your own birth. Then you are being congratulated by the villagers of Torrepani. Then you are battling the Serpent of Time. Roll two dice and consult the table below to find the effect of the spell:

Roll	*Turn to*	*Roll*	*Turn to*
2	447	7	229
3	518	8	631
4	733	9	579
5	30	10	407
6	75	11	500
		12	420

439

Thankfully, one calming dream interrupts your nightmares. The reassuring face of Libra, your goddess, appears and speaks softly:

'My loyal devotee, the end of your arduous journey is in sight. The dangers you will face within the Mampang Fortress are many, but you have so far proven a worthy choice for this mission. I have watched your progress with interest and, at times, with fear for your life. But at each stage of the journey, you have been successful. And with little help from me.

'I bring you this final message. It may be the last help I can give you, for the netherworld deities which oversee Mampang are powerful enough to keep even me out of its stronghold. If you would know the truth, I am in some danger even as I speak. *I cannot help you while you are inside the Fortress.*

'Because the netherworld gods protect Mampang, little is known of its secrets. But I will tell you this: a generation ago, another of my followers escaped from the Fortress through a secret passage. He had discovered the password which would open its hidden door. I will whisper this to you.' She speaks a word softly in your ear. If you wish to use this password at some time during your adventure, deduct 92 from the reference you are on at the time when you wish to use it, and turn to this new reference. If you are using it correctly, the new reference will make sense and take you through the secret door.

Did you spend last night in the cave with the hoof-prints outside? If so, turn to 147. If you did not, turn to 113.

440

Beads of sweat appear on your forehead. The going is difficult as the candlelit shadows sway across the room. But so far you have not touched any of the blades. To take your next few steps, choose between turning to 484 and 223.

441

The trail continues to climb upwards into the mountains. In the distance, the dark shape of the Mampang Fortress is becoming larger by the hour. You will certainly reach its gates by nightfall. You come to a little sheltered alcove where you may rest and take Provisions if you want to (turn to 350). If you have no Provisions or do not wish to stop, turn to 539.

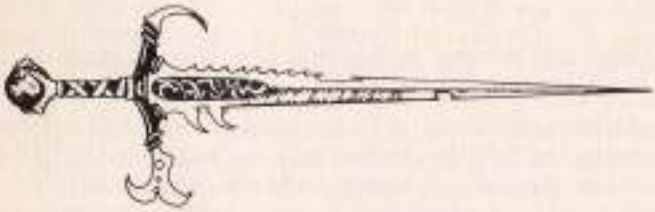

442

At the sight of the weapon, the creature lumbers towards you as if to strike the first blow. Resolve your battle with this MUCALYTIC.

MUCALYTIC	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If it manages to score three wounds on you during the battle, turn to 576. If you can defeat it before taking three wounds, turn to 163.

443

Before continuing, you look through the debris littering the floor of the room. A rusty sword lies in one corner. If you have no weapon, you may take this with you, but it is not much of a weapon. When using this sword, you will fight at 1 below your SKILL score. If you have a weapon, you may only take this sword if you will leave behind one of your other possessions (not gold or Provisions). A small string of bones, fashioned into a bracelet, is hidden under a wooden plank and you may also take with you two Goblin teeth and 5 Gold Pieces which you find on the floor. Which way will you continue? Do you want to head through the door opposite the one you entered through (turn to **263**), or will you try the door in the other wall (turn to **547**)?

444

'I . . . I cannot!' he stutters. 'I cannot tell you what you want to know. For it was my loose tongue that got me into this situation in the first place. I want no more trouble.' You insist that he tells you and he relents a little. 'Perhaps I might be able to talk a little more freely if I was released from this pillory. Do you think you could help me?' he asks. Will you offer to release him from the pillory (turn to **362**), or do you think he is safer where he is now (turn to **485**)?

445

The captain is grateful for your mercy. You threaten him with the final blow unless he agrees to help you. 'My life is now worth nothing,' he sobs, 'for I have allowed you to escape, and the Archmage is a cruel master. My only hope now is that you succeed in your mission.' He pulls a key from his pocket with the number 17 cast into it. 'This is the key which will open the Throben Doors at the foot of the Archmage's tower. Without it you will get no further into his private chambers.' You take the key and tie the captain to his seat. You cannot afford to take chances with his loyalty. When you reach the next Throben Doors, you may use this key by deducting its number from the reference you arrive at and turning to this new reference. Turn to **463**.

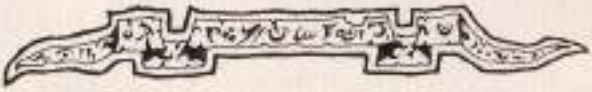

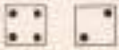

446

You wait for the right moment. When the footsteps have stopped at the door, you heave yourself forwards, slamming your shoulder into the door. The door flies open and stops abruptly as it smashes into the GUARD who was about to open it. The guard howls in pain and falls to the ground. Inside the room are a table and two chairs, and rising quickly from one of the chairs is another guard, who grabs a weapon. You must fight the guards, but you have two advantages. Firstly, you have disabled one of the guards already. Deduct 3 points from the first guard's SKILL. Secondly, you have the element of surprise on your side. If, during the fight, your Attack Strengths are the same, you can treat this result as though you had inflicted a wound. If you are going to fight the guards, turn to 453. Otherwise you may cast a spell:

YAZ	RAP	GUM	RAZ	RES
688	738	756	765	641

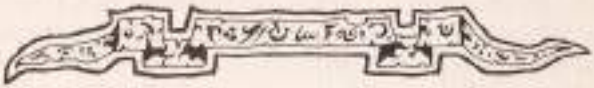

447

Your life and the history of the world seem to race past you in an instant. Skimpy visions flash past, leaving you in a state of confusion. Where will this end? Eventually, the turmoil subsides. The confusion clears and the world once more settles to its normal pace. Your feet touch the ground and you take in your surroundings. All around is a barren wasteland. Are you out in the Baklands? Your questions are answered when three birds fly overhead. They have enormous wingspans and their heads are more reptilian than bird-like. You clutch at your chest. *Anteelocets! It cannot be!* This species of flying reptile has been extinct for centuries! Then the answer dawns on you. The ZED spell is the most dangerous spell in your Spell Book, not because of its powers, but because it is difficult to control. You are now lost in another time. Will you ever find your way back? Perhaps you could use the spell again – but your STAMINA will not take it for long. In any case, your mission will now never be completed . . .

448

You leave the kitchen along a passageway which no doubt leads towards the guards' mess-hall. After several paces you come to a sharp bend to the left. Around the bend you can hear gruff voices and the chink of chainmail armour approaching you! What can you do? If these are guards approaching, you would be stupid to leap round the corner and face them. You lean back against the wall into a small alcove, thinking fast.

As fate would have it, you have unwittingly discovered an escape-route in this alcove. For the wall behind you gives a little as you lean into it. There is a secret door set into the wall! You have no other choice but to nip quickly through it. In the nick of time, you close it behind you as the approaching footsteps round the corner.

The passageway behind the door is dark and damp. It descends probably to below floor-level, and continues straight onwards. Most probably, other secret passages lead into and off this corridor, but in the dark you are satisfied simply to follow it to the end. Eventually, it climbs back up to floor-level and ends at a latched door. You undo the latch and step out. Turn to 236.

449

The guards come at you one at a time. Fight the first two first:

First GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
Second GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat both guards, you may turn to face the third one. Turn to 402.

450

There is no escaping this creature; you are in a battle to the death:

BIRDMAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

If you defeat this creature, turn to 543.

451

You fight against the force, but to no avail. You catapult forwards and slam into the metal pole. Lose 2 STAMINA points for your bruises. You quickly realize what is happening: the pole is a huge *magnet* with a lodestone core. Its effect has caught hold of all the metal objects you are carrying. You are free to move your arms and legs, but everything you have made of metal is firmly fixed in place. Perhaps this pole is used by the guards to search unknown visitors, particularly those with magic powers who may be able to disguise their weapons. There is only one way you may escape from this pole, and that is by abandoning everything you have which is made of metal. You set to work on freeing yourself. Cross all your metal objects off your Adventure Sheet and wrench yourself free from the pole. If you now have no weapon, you must deduct 3 SKILL points until you find something you can use as a weapon. Then you may step up to the wooden doors by turning to 397.

452

'*Five* Gold Pieces? Do you call that a reward?' he laughs, and advances. 'Nooo, I think I will kill you first and *then* take your gold!' Will you draw your weapon (turn to 270), or cast a spell?

POP	ZIP	NIF	TEL	SUN
651	619	709	592	691

453

During this battle, both guards will attack you. You must choose which of the guards you wish to attack and fight that one as normal. Roll for Attack Strength in the usual way for the remaining guard. If his Attack Strength is higher than yours, he has wounded you. If your Attack Strength is higher, you have avoided the blow but will not wound him, as you were directing your attack against the other guard.

First GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6
Second GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat both guards, you may search their room. Turn to 44.

454

You speak your password and wait. A creak in the rock is followed by the appearance of a crack which splits along the rock-face. A door is opening! Your heart beats quickly as it swings open to allow you through. And, judging by the commotion you can hear at the bottom of the stairs, this was not a moment too soon! You step through the door and close it behind you.

You find yourself in a narrow tunnel. Stairs lead downwards. You follow them down and down, zigzagging until you reach the bottom. At the bottom is a door. It squeaks on its hinges as you open it. This door cannot have been used for many years; the dust and debris that have built up around it make it very difficult to open. Your spirits rise again when you find the door leads, as Farren Whyde had told you, outside the Fortress! But what of the hidden tower? Has it now resumed its aura of invisibility? You look out and breathe a sigh of relief. It is still visible. Perhaps the old man's words render the invisibility spell ineffective to anyone who once sees the tower. You step across towards it.

A heavy door leads into the tower. You try it and find it firmly locked. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If you roll a number *less* than your SKILL, the door will open to allow you inside. If you roll a number *greater than or equal to* your SKILL (this door is particularly strong), then the door will hold fast. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each attempt you make (including the successful ones). When you finally open the door, turn to 102.

455

Within moments, the meatballs take effect. Spines shoot out of your back, bursting through your tunic. Scales appear on your hands and face. You are turning into a reptilian! The thought horrifies you and there is another side-effect of which you are not yet aware. *You have a permanent phobia of reptiles.* If, at any time later in your adventure, you encounter a reptile of any kind (snakes, serpents, hydras, lizardmen, giant frogs, etc.), *you will drop dead on sight!* You must avoid reptiles at all costs. When you are ready, you may leave the kitchen by turning to 448.

456

The two creatures lead you up and along the rock. Following several metres behind, you wait for an opportunity to escape. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, an opportunity presents itself and you manage to nip away and rejoin the trail (turn to 441). If you are Unlucky, they keep a close eye on you (turn to 545).

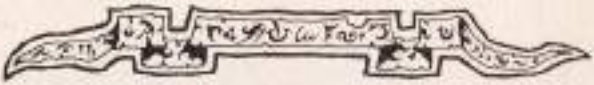

457

You shrug your shoulders and admit that the holy man never gave his name to you. The Red-Eyes nod their heads. 'He has never revealed his true name to anyone,' agrees your inquisitor. 'It is said that Slangg alone knows his real identity.' You breathe a sigh of relief and try to excuse yourself. You have no wish to delay things with these creatures. They can see you are impatient and they let you go with a wave. Turn to 425.

458

Your weapon strikes true. It shears one of the creature's necks! The Hydra rears up and roars, its other heads glaring angrily down at you. You watch the severed head drop to the ground. But then your heart sinks. For *two* more heads are growing where the first dropped! The legend of the Hydra was true. The sun goddess Glantanka fixes her vision on you and two fine jets of light flash from her eyes at your wrist. You scream as they find their mark and your weapon drops to the ground. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and fight the next Attack Round. If you wound the creature, turn to **398**. If it wounds you, turn to **305**.

459

The Sightmasters watch carefully as you open up your bag to give them their gold. How many Gold Pieces are you carrying? If you have more than 5, turn to **45**. If you have less than 5, turn to **246**.

460

You turn a few wheels and push a couple of levers, but nothing seems to make any difference. Suddenly it splutters! You repeat your actions and it splutters again, but this time something catches and the machine springs to life! Wheels turn, plates move up and down and steam rises from the top of the contraption. But you still cannot decide what it does. Finally, it dawns on you. This is a device for sharpening weapons and knives; it has a large grindstone rotating at the back. You may use it to sharpen your own weapons if you have any. Anything you sharpen on the machine will add a bonus of 1 point on to your Attack Strength from now on. When you have done this, you can turn the machine off and concentrate on your mission. You don't seem to be able to get through this room, so you will have to return to the main hallway. Turn to **81**.

461

You turn towards the group and ask them what they're playing. The three shaggy faces invite you to join in. Suddenly one of them stops and shouts out loudly: 'Wait! The Analander! It is the one we have been warned about! The crud-faced cockroach must be captured! Quick!' The three of them quickly draw weapons and spring on you. Do you wish to face them with your own weapon (turn to 449)? If you want to use magic, you will have to be quick, but you may just have time to cast a spell:

FOG	HOW	RAZ	TEL	POP
613	721	732	670	784

462

The Birdmen attack with their weapons and sharp talons. In the confines of the room, they may only attack one at a time. Resolve your battle with them:

First BIRDMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10
Second BIRDMAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8
Third BIRDMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you kill all three, turn to 365.

463

You leave the room and walk across the bright chamber towards a door on the far side leading onwards. You may open this door by turning to 580.

464

A great lumbering shape about the size of a bear rises up from the corner. As it does so, it disturbs a flask which was standing in the corner. The flask rolls over towards you and stops when it bumps into your foot. As the creature rises to its feet (if indeed it has any feet at all), you can see that its bulky features are highlighted by a dull glistening. On top of a blubbery body is an indistinct head with two eyes floating about and a trunk-like snout in the middle of its face. A pudgy hand rises and cups the creature's ear as if it was listening to what you are saying. But you have said nothing. Do you wish to try to talk to it (turn to 395), will you prepare to fight it (turn to 516), or will you investigate the flask at your foot (turn to 11)?

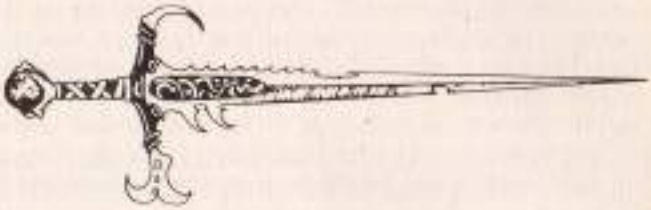

465

The handle turns and you push the door open. Expecting the worst, you peer into the room. It is dark, but there is no sound coming from inside. As your eyes adjust to the light, you can see that the room is circular and, thankfully, empty. There is no furniture inside, nor any windows. The walls are smooth and stony, with long scratches stretching from floor to ceiling at several points round the edge of the door. On the far side, you see what you are looking for. The foot of a staircase! Will you enter the room and look around (turn to 355), head across the room for the staircase (turn to 381), or ignore this room and try the other door (turn to 37)?

466

The creature listens to your apology and its anger rises once more. It screams for you to leave without delay. Will you do as it wishes and go back down the corridor (turn to 403), or defy its wishes and draw out your weapon (turn to 360)?

467

The scene inside the doors is encouraging. There is a large courtyard before you and, in the early-morning light, groups of the Fortress's inhabitants are coming to life. This is encouraging because you will probably be able to mingle with these groups and make your way inconspicuously. You close the door behind you and walk into the courtyard.

Trying your best to act naturally, you advance towards the far side of the courtyard, where it seems that the entrance to the main keep will be. You are aware that you may well be the only human in the courtyard and that this fact may arouse some suspicions, so you steer round to the right. One group, some distance ahead of you, starts to take an uncomfortable interest in your progress, making you feel a little uneasy. One of them points at you and the others look in your direction. You cannot tell whether their intentions are malevolent or not. Will you ignore this and continue towards them (turn to 325), will you instead take a route tending to the left and heading towards a pillory (turn to 393), or will you pass on the left side of the group, even though this is steering you towards another group of creatures (turn to 109)?

468

The captain looks at you curiously. The obvious similarity between your races has come as a shock to him as well. You hold his gaze, then look around the room. (The room is illustrated opposite reference 375: you may find a useful clue in this illustration.) Finally, he sits down and speaks to you. 'What have we here?' he asks. 'An intruder? Or one with legitimate business so deep within the confines of the Fortress? Well? Have you lost your tongue?' What will you tell the captain? Will you pretend you have a message for the Archmage (turn to 201)? Will you tell him you have sworn to destroy the evil within the Fortress (turn to 122)? Or will you offer him something from your backpack, perhaps as a bribe (turn to 232)?

469

You dash outside the cave and into the undergrowth. Eventually you stop to see whether your pursuer is behind you. The creature has not come out of its cave. You decide to try one of the other caves for a place to sleep for the night. Will you try the smallest cave (turn to 404) or the other cave (turn to 534)?

470

You walk across to the door. Your hand reaches for the handle. But before it can touch the knob, a voice resounds in the room: '*Stop!*' it warns, 'touch not that handle! For none may climb the spiral stairs save at the wish of the Superior One. Disobey and you shall pay with your life!' You look around, but see no one. The disembodied voice seems to have come from the walls themselves. Should you take heed of this warning? Is the door trapped? Decide whether you will try the door handle regardless (turn to **220**) or step back and consider your next move cautiously (turn to **265**).

471

The Birdmen want to know what you are doing in the Fortress, as there are few humans within its walls. Will you tell them of your mission (turn to **170**), or claim to be looking for an escort to take you further into the keep (turn to **89**)?

472

As you approach the double doors, you keep your eyes peeled for any signs of activity. Through the double doors, you can hear the early-morning sounds of the inhabitants preparing for the day ahead. But there is no sound coming from the short passageway in which you stand. You grasp the great brass handle and turn it. The doors are locked. Looking down the narrow slit between the doors, you can see that a heavy bolt holds them fastened. You will not get through this way. Turn to **493** to investigate the other door in the wall. Or, if you have another plan, turn to **193**.

473

Did you buy any of the other items for sale? If so, turn to the appropriate reference to find out what its properties are:

Rusty Cutlass	Turn to **85**
Candles	Turn to **303**
Spell Artefacts	Turn to **226**
Nest with Egg	Turn to **108**
Silver Pieces	Turn to **208**

If you have now investigated all of your purchases, leave the merchant and continue to the door at the end of the passageway. Turn to **310**.

474

You drop to the ground as quietly as possible and turn to step inside the door. *Aaaaahh!* You jump with fright, as you find yourself face to face with a guard in heavy armour! The guard is as surprised as you are and he bellows loudly. From outside and within, four guards come to surround you and you must now face all of them. If you attack them, turn to 40. If you would rather try a spell, choose one:

DUM	WOK	DIM	FOG	TEL
718	636	656	766	599

475

Resolve your fight with the creature:

MUCALYTIC	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If it manages to score three wounds on you during the battle, turn to 576. If you defeat it before it can score three hits, turn to 443.

476

An hour or so later, a guard comes in through the door to give the two of you a meal. You may, if you wish, try attacking the guard (turn to 142), or you may eat your meal and wait to see what happens – for surely someone will want to question you soon (turn to 177).

477

You climb into the nest and start your search. Something glinting in the sunlight catches your attention. From underneath a small pile of twigs you pull a shimmering mirror with a golden back! Hastily, you place this in your backpack and look around for any more treasures.

But you are so preoccupied with your search that you do not notice the danger approaching. Finally, the flurry of flapping wings makes you spin round. Standing on the edge of the nest and casting a shadow across you are three man-sized creatures with long feathered wings. Their hair is wild, and sharp, hooked beaks project from their faces. Vicious talons protrude from their hands and feet. BIRDMEN! You curse silently; you should have recognized the signs. Xamen Birdmen are among the most hated and feared creatures known in the Zanzunus. One of them beats his wings and springs into the air. The others follow suit. Together they descend on you before you have a chance to react. Their sharp talons dig into your flesh and they lift you

into the air. With a loud call, they drop you on to the path. From this height, your death is certain. And the pain from your shoulder makes it impossible for you to concentrate on a spell. Your journey has come to an end . . .

478

'*Thirteen* Gold Pieces, eh?' muses the Ogre, rubbing his stubbly chin. 'Now that's a fair amount of money. If you're offering me that much gold, then sure as Courga you're carrying more. I reckon your head will be worth more to me than 13 pieces of gold!' Turn to 270.

479

You leave the room carefully, checking to make sure no one else is about. The way is clear. You creep quietly along the passageway until you reach a T-junction. To the left, the passage ends in a solid metal door. Over the door, almost as a trophy, is a rope tied in a noose. To the right, there are two doors to choose from. In the left-hand wall of the passage is a wooden door, while at the end of the passage is a half-open door with a bell-pull hanging next to it. Will you turn left and try the door at the end (turn to 6)? Or will you turn right and try either the door on the left (turn to 517) or the door straight ahead (turn to 319)?

480

You hold up your hand and offer a word of greeting. The creature strains hard, pushing its ear with its hand. It seems not to be able to hear you. You shout the same message and it stops. From its expression, you would assume that it has heard you. But this creature must either be very deaf or very stupid, for your greeting was almost a bellow. A sound comes from its throat. You cock your head to one side. That sounded like a *sentence*, rather than an animal sound! The effect is immediate. If this creature is capable of speaking, you cannot help but sympathize with its being locked inside such a grotesque body. Again the faint sound comes from its mouth, but it is still too faint for you to hear. It motions that it would like to whisper in your ear. Will you allow it to come closer to give you its message (turn to 386), or will you warn it to keep its distance, while you cross the room (turn to 515)?

4 8 9 2 3 7 5 1
3 1 4 6 6 2 4 8
9 8 5 5 4 3 7 2
1 3 9 7 4 1 5 6
9 4 2 6 9 1 8 8
2 6 9 3 8 7 9 3
7 3 1 7 8 5 5 6
4 5 2 4 6 4 7 1

481

The game commences. To find out whether or not you win the game, you will have to actually play it. The illustration facing this page shows the Ten-up board. Place your left elbow firmly on a table and raise your hand as if you were about to start arm wrestling. Grasp your pen or pencil in your left hand like a dagger, as if you were about to stab someone. Place the book on the table in front of your arm. Keeping a tight grip on your pencil, and keeping your elbow firmly in place, *stab the book with your pencil!* The stabbing movement must be a quick strike. You are not allowed to do it slowly to make sure you hit where you want. Wherever your pencil lands on the illustration counts as the throw of the dart. If the throw misses the board, then there is no score. If the throw lands on the board, score that number of points. If it lands on a *black* number, increase the running score by that number of points. If it lands on a *white* number, deduct that number of points from the running total. You must 'throw' for each player in turn; you first, then the three guards. Whoever makes the throw which brings the running total exactly to ten or minus ten wins the game – and the 8 Gold Pieces in the kitty.

If you can afford it, you may play Ten-up twice before the guards must go. If you run out of money, or if you don't want to continue, you can stop after the first game. When you have finished playing, turn to 397.

482

You threaten to strike the creature unless it will tell you truthfully what it has inside the room. Again, it shrugs its shoulders and looks at you pathetically. You are determined that your threat was no idle warning. Turn to 360.

483

Without touching the door, you place your lips against the handle, as you saw the creature do before you. Nothing happens. You reach forwards and grasp the handle. You feel a tingle pass briefly through your body, but no other ill effects. You look at your hand. *What are you doing this for?* You step backwards and look around at the courtyard. *Where are you? What are you doing here? WHO are you?* You puzzle over these strange thoughts, trying desperately to find the answers. But you will never solve these mysteries. For the Throben Door you have just tried to enter has its own defence against intruders. Any unauthorized person trying to enter is subject to the same treatment. *Your mind has been wiped blank!* All knowledge of yourself and your mission has been erased for good. Your quest has ended . . .

484

A slight disturbance in the air catches your candle. The room goes dark, then flickers, as the candle struggles to to keep alight. Your foot is half-way through a step when this occurs, and the difficult light makes it impossible to judge your footing. It comes down on one of the blades! You yell out loud and instinctively withdraw your foot. But as you do this, you lose your balance completely and come crashing down . . . on top of the blades.

You have taken your last step in this adventure. And as the candle falls upon your broken and bleeding body, it seems to glow more brightly than before, as if it were fuelling itself on your misfortune. The blood candle earns its name not so much from its chief ingredient, but more from its lust for the life-blood of its victims.

485

You leave the pillory and carry on. Ahead, four guards are standing in a group against the wall. Every so often, one will step back and throw something at the wall. The others watch intently and grunt sounds of encouragement; sometimes the sounds are even laughter. If you want to head towards this group, turn to 532. If you wish to avoid the guards, you must walk away from the wall into the open courtyard towards a ragged shape lying on the ground. To go this way, turn to 233.

486

You set off down the stairs. Your morale has been reduced to an all-time low with the thought of having somehow to work your way back through the Fortress to get outside the walls. You open the Throben Doors at the foot of the staircase and step through . . .

Rough hands grab your shoulders and pull you through the doors. Shouts go up. You are surrounded by guards! Your lack of caution has now placed you in a dire situation. Turn to 430 to face the guards.

487

As his companion is keeping you engaged, the other guard lifts the horn from the wall and blows it loudly. Your heart sinks. An alarm call! Reinforcements will be sent immediately! You must dispatch these two and hide quickly. Continue the fight against the first guard and, if you win, attack the second:

Second GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you defeat both the guards, turn to 577.

488

You inch your way across the room. For your next few steps, choose either 52 or 341.

489

'Ahhh, yes. I can feel something else in here, too. Something wicked taking hold of you from within. Something Javinne can help with.' Again she concentrates and her hands become warm. The disease is leaving your body and entering her hands! Javinne is a natural healer and her powers have cleansed you. Now turn to 436.

490

The Skunkbear rises up on its hind legs and steps towards you, its sharp claws slashing the air. Resolve your fight with the creature:

SKUNKBEAR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you wish to leave the fight and run from the creature, you may do so only after your *first* successful attack, by turning to 469. After your *second* successful attack (i.e. if you do not choose to escape), turn to 346.

491

You quickly hurl the vial at the speeding creature before it can reach you. The glass shatters, spraying liquid all over the statue. But, to your dismay, it has no effect at all on it! Now the statue is almost upon you. Turn to 296.

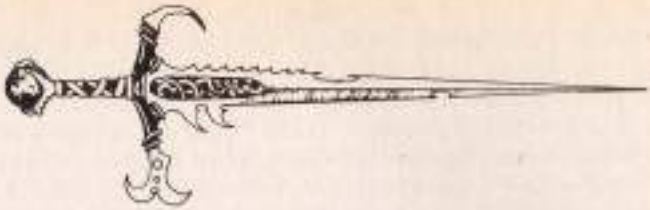

492

You follow the narrow path up to the door and listen carefully. The noises from within sound something like a busy kitchen in which a meal is being prepared. Will you enter this room (turn to 179), or will you try the door on the left (turn to 565)?

493

The timber door is a few centimetres ajar and, as you approach, you can hear gruff voices talking inside. *Guards!* As you creep closer, you hear a chair move as one of them stands up. You must decide quickly. Will you:

Burst into the room to surprise whoever is inside?	Turn to 553
Stay to listen at the doorway?	Turn to 330
Hide, by trying the doorway opposite?	Turn to 206
Quickly go for the large double doors?	Turn to 253

494

A number of the merchant's wares are interesting. You browse through his shelves and ask him about several items that take your fancy. He recommends a rusty cutlass, which he claims is an enchanted weapon and a bargain at 3 Gold Pieces. He also has a set of two candles, bound together. According to the merchant these will light to order. One is a red 'blood candle', made from the dried blood of a Firefox, while the other is an ordinary wax candle. These will cost you 2 Gold Pieces. He has a number of spell artefacts – some of the ones you might require for spells – but these are expensive, at 5 Gold Pieces each. A bird's-nest has a single golden egg inside: this will cost you 2 Gold Pieces. And a pouch hanging from one of the uppermost shelves contains ancient silver pieces. These will cost you 4 Gold Pieces, but he will not part with the pouch, which is not for sale.

If you wish to buy any of these, decide which you want, pay the price in Gold Pieces, and turn to the reference below:

Rusty Cutlass	Turn to 85
Candles	Turn to 303
Spell Artefacts	Turn to 226
Nest with Egg	Turn to 108
Silver Pieces	Turn to 208

495

The guard falls to the ground, but another is ready to take his place. And if you defeat that one, there is another, then another. Your cause is hopeless. You cannot defeat *all* the guards – even if you carry a blessed hardwood spear – and it is simply a matter of time before your own strength runs out. Your attempt to rescue the Crown has been good, but not good enough . . .

496

The guard beats the bushes with a sword, looking for some clue as to who or what has knocked on the door. He finds nothing. But the commotion has attracted the attention of another guard, and a second creature appears through the door. The two grunt at each other and look into the distance. Now is your chance. Will you drop quietly to the ground and step through the doorway (turn to 556), or will you wait to see whether any more guards appear (turn to 364)?

497

The other creatures watch in awe as their champion falls to the ground. Silence again falls over them and they watch you fearfully. You keep your weapon at the ready and step over to the door. Turn to 426.

498

Do you know a password which will open the doors? Is it any of the following:

Alaralatanalara	Turn to 32
Alaralamalatana	Turn to 312
Alaralaramalana	Turn to 157
None of these?	Turn to 379

499

Slowly, the shape comes alive. Its scaly skin ripples and flexes as muscles crank it off the ground. You can do nothing but watch, your mouth agape, as the formidable shape takes form. It is a form that you recognize from legend rather than experience. For before your eyes, a great HYDRA is taking shape!

But its reptilian features are incomplete. Seven stumpy necks are flexing themselves, but its heads are *missing*! How can the creature live without heads? In the next instant, your question is answered. Materializing slowly on the creature's necks are seven heads. But these are not the snake-like heads you were expecting! Instead they are sinister human-like heads with grotesque faces. One bearded, stark-white face has great puffy cheeks. You swallow hard, for you recognize this face. It is Pangara, god of the air! A woman's face has sharp features and a shock of bright orange hair which glows in its own light. Burning red fireballs in her eyes confirm her identity: Glantanka, goddess of the sun! Other faces are beginning to form as the gods of Mampang appear before you on snake necks. If these are the gods, then you will have little chance against their powers unless you act quickly. Will you pull out your weapon and attack (turn to 65), or cast a spell:

GOD	ZEN	MUD	HOT	BIG
603	777	734	623	689

Or will you wait for the other heads to materialize (turn to 49)?

500

You are taken up by the spell and tossed like a feather in the air while, below you, visions of the world flash by. Eventually, the pace slows and you wait for a final bump as you return to earth. The spell is wearing off. *But where are you?* Turn to reference 254 of Book 2 of the *Sorcery!* series.

501

You wait for the mutation to take effect. You feel no physical change, but suddenly you wonder *why* you are waiting. Loss of memory is your mutation – and it is permanent. Although you may still be skilful with your weapons, you cannot remember any of your spells and may not use spells for the rest of the adventure. Consider yourself lucky that you can even remember what your purpose is at all! Eventually you wander off through the back door of the kitchen. Turn to 448.

502

The pole is covered with ornate markings. All manner of faces and symbols are cast into it. Your eyes widen as you see, at the base of the pole, two swords and an axe! These may be useful weapons. But there is something strange about the way they are lying. Although arranged around the foot of the pole, they are leaning unnaturally, as if they were glued to it. Will you step forwards to investigate the weapons (turn to 383), will you ignore them and instead head for the wooden double doors (turn to 397), or will you cast a spell:

SUS	DOC	TEL	HUP	PEP
754	653	616	779	723

503

Your curiosity is aroused by the stoppered bottle. You ask what it is and begin to take out the stopper. 'Wait! No!' cries Sh'houri. 'You must not release the spirit!' You quickly put the bottle down. 'Do not be afraid, my friend,' continues Sh'houri. 'For the spirit must always advise, and it is not unfriendly. Inside that bottle is the genie of a long-dead human traveller like yourself. It will not speak to us, as we are not of your race. But if you wish to take this bottle, I am sure that the spirit will offer you advice at the right time. As the spirit is no use to us, you may have it without payment.' You may use this genie in the future at one time only and this time will be marked in the text by two asterisks (**). If you come across these two asterisks, then deduct 80 from the reference you are on and turn to the new reference.

When you have made the necessary adjustments to your Equipment List and thanked the She-Satyrs, you may leave the village by turning to 441.

504

After five steps into the room you freeze! This may be a trick of the light, but you could *swear* that the shape in the centre of the room is moving! A creak confirms your suspicions. The sculpture is coming to life! It turns on its pedestal to face you as you move forwards. You take two more steps; its legs move, and it steps down from its plinth. There is something unnatural about its movements. They are abnormally quick. Stepping down on to the floor took the statue less than a second, but its bulk is considerable. Then, without warning, it charges!

Lowering its head, it races straight for you at tremendous speed. Its legs barely seem to move! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 329. If you are Unlucky, turn to 255.

505

Roll two dice to determine whether your efforts are successful. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, the lock breaks open – turn to 348. If the number rolled is higher than your SKILL, you have not been successful and you must try again. If you are unsuccessful twice in a row, you will damage your weapon and must deduct 1 SKILL point. If at any time you decide against continuing with your attempts to free this creature, turn to 485.

506

You bellow back at the creature angrily and reach for your weapon. It steps back, shocked, and starts to mumble. Apparently, it is either impressed or terrified, and it is now bowing its head submissively and waiting for your next words. Will you order it to tell you the best way through into the inner keep (turn to 390), will you order it to find you some nourishment (turn to 345), or will you ask it what it has in its room (turn to 376)?

507

There is plenty of room inside the cave. You step inside and glance around to satisfy yourself that there are no dangers about. It all seems safe enough. If you want to double-check by exploring the dark depths of the cave, turn to **268**. If you wish to settle down, perhaps to eat, turn to **366**. If you just want to stretch out and get some sleep, turn to **574**.

508

'The Analander!' exclaims the captain in a high-pitched voice. 'You have done well. This capture will be reported to the master.' The two guards shift their positions and grunt proudly at each other. The captain stares deep into your eyes and sits down at his desk. 'But now,' he says, 'we must question our prisoner.' You look round the room while he studies you. Turn to the illustration opposite reference **375** for a view of the room, and study it hard, for there may be a clue which can help you. The captain asks your intentions. Will you tell him that you have a private message for the Archmage (turn to **43**)? Will you tell him you have come to destroy the evil within the Fortress (turn to **122**)? Or will you offer him something from your backpack, perhaps as a bribe (turn to **232**)?

509

As your hand touches the axe, a faint humming sounds in the air and you feel an overwhelming force seize you. Turn to 451.

510

You manage to wedge yourself into the doorway so that they may only attack you one at a time:

First BLACK ELF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second BLACK ELF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7
Third BLACK ELF	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you defeat all three Black Elves, you may leave the room by turning to 566.

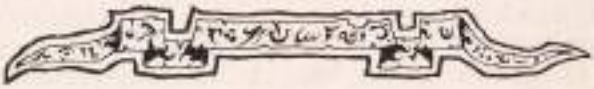

511

The room inside is empty and you breathe a sigh of relief as you lean back on the door. The clatter of the Birdmen's talons on the stone floor outside gets louder as they approach. Directly in front of you is another door which is a few centimetres ajar. High-pitched voices behind the door sound as if someone has heard you. A head pops round the door and your hopes fade. The eagle eyes of a tall BIRDMAN glare at you! He caws to others and two more Birdmen appear at the door. Slowly they step towards you. You must think quickly. Will you turn and rush back out into the passageway to escape them (turn to 74)? Will you try to lighten the atmosphere by making some quip about how their mothers must be proud of them (turn to 567)? Or will you offer them something from your backpack (turn to 279)?

512

The creature slams into you and knocks you sideways towards the middle of the room. You wince as you feel your ankle. It is seriously strained. Nevertheless, you must try to hobble across towards the doors. Deduct 4 STAMINA points. The statue is now ready to charge again, as you pick yourself up. *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky, turn to **25**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **296**.

513

Just in time you nip behind cover as the Birdman swoops down on you with talons flashing. It misses you by inches and shrieks loudly as it rises into the air and wheels round to attack again. You do not stand much of a chance hiding in the bush, and the thought occurs to you that other Birdmen may be in the area. Your best plan would be to attack this creature quickly and hope that none of its companions will see the disturbance. If you wish to fight with your weapon, turn to **450**. Otherwise you may cast a spell:

FIX	ZEN	HOT	SAP	YAP
701	778	598	716	661

514

Try as you might, you cannot work out how the machine works, nor what it is supposed to do. Eventually, you decide to leave it alone and continue with your mission. There does not seem to be a way through this room, so you had better return to the main hallway. Turn to **81**.

515

As you step forwards, the creature lumbers towards you. It is not impressed with your manners and swipes at you with a large, blubbery arm. Will you draw your sword and attack it (turn to 475) or will you cast a spell?

KIN	DIM	DOZ	RAP	NIF
744	609	715	780	665

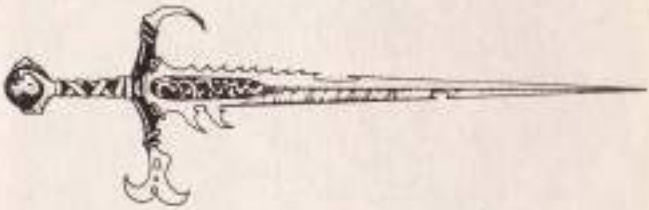

516

The creature shifts its weight around slowly as if it can sense that your intentions are hostile. Will you draw your weapon (turn to 442) or cast a spell?

DUD	PEP	ROK	SUN	SAP
633	606	675	740	762

517

The door is not locked, but you have some difficulty in turning the handle. It seems to turn easily, but the door will not open as it should. You try it several times before you discover its secret. A catch under the handle must be pressed at the same time as it is turned. Finally, the door opens, and your eyes widen as you see the scene of chaos inside . . .

A loud hubbub greets your ears as the door opens; inside the room are at least a dozen grotesque creatures. They are small, ugly creatures whose dark skins are pitted with warts. They resemble a group of Goblins, but they are cursed with horrendous mutations. One has two stumpy legs which hardly lift it off the ground. Another has a large, bulbous head, puffy like a sack of potatoes. Another sits in a corner making twittering noises like a bird, and flaps its arms. And yet another has no limbs, but its body is long and coiled like a serpent. The scene is frightening. A door is set in the wall across the room and this is the only way through. Will you draw your weapon and march across the room (turn to **56**), race for the far door as quickly as you can (turn to **571**), or cast a spell?

TEL	NIP	FOG	KID	SUN
728	622	677	698	799

518

Your feet once more touch the ground and you look around. The surroundings are not what you expect, but are nevertheless strangely familiar. The sky is darkening. Night is coming. You are in a dirty street outside a rowdy tavern. You spend a few moments getting your bearings, then enter the tavern. Turn to reference **110** of Book 2 of the *Sorcery!* series.

519

You follow the wall along to the corner of the courtyard. A small wooden door is set in the wall and you open it carefully. Suddenly, the door swings wide open! A short, stocky creature stands in the doorway and demands to know your business. 'Well?' he asks. 'What do you want in here? Come to torment the Mucalytics, I expect? Come on, then, where's your courage? I won't bite. Through there on the left. Hurry up.' You tell him you had no intention of 'tormenting the Mucalytics'. He raises an eyebrow. 'No? Then what in Throff's name do you want here? You can't be wanting to meet the Spiny Ones. What *do* you want?' Inside is a small room with two doorways. Will you tell him you want to pass through the door on the left (turn to 18), or will you demand that he stand aside to let you pass through the door on the right (turn to 221)?

520

You sit down beside him and start your meal. You may add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. The two of you chat away, but the man in the pillory is curiously evasive each time you ask about the Fortress. You do manage to find out that something 'grand' is being planned by the Archmage and that some of his plans are being thwarted by a group called the 'Samaritans of Schinn'. But that is about all you can learn from him. When you are ready, turn to 485.

521

Your mission, and your identity, are known to your host. Although you have concealed your journey thus far, it is now common knowledge that you have penetrated the Fortress's defences. Return to **561**.

522

One of the creatures calls out to you: 'Step forwards, puny human,' she scoffs. 'Step forwards where we can see you, you weak-bowelled cur! And tell us who gave you permission to pass through the domain of the SHE-SATYRS.' Will you do as she asks (turn to **244**), will you draw your weapon and hurl some equally offensive insults back at them (turn to **188**), or will you remain where you are and cast a spell?

PEP	DIM	GAR	JIG	SUS
746	772	685	760	620

523

You must watch your step on the floor but otherwise the room appears to be quite safe. The oily smell becomes stronger in one corner of the room and your foot touches something soft and blubbery. The shape you have kicked twitches and begins to stir! Will you wait to see what you have disturbed (turn to **464**), or leave the room as quickly as you can (turn to **96**)?

524

You wait apprehensively for the mutation to take effect. You begin to grow. Your wrists become pudgy and your chest swells. You are gaining vast expanses of fat around your body! When the mutation is complete, you have more than doubled your previous weight. You will no longer be able to move quickly or nimbly: you must subtract 2 SKILL and 3 STAMINA points, and your *Initial* SKILL must be reduced permanently by 2 points. Eventually, you waddle out of the kitchen by a back door leading into the keep. Turn to 448.

525

Sh'houri looks at the parchment. 'Yes,' she nods, 'I can read this message. It is written in the hand of Sh'howna, an elder of our village, who disappeared some time ago.' The She-Satyr is engrossed in its contents; you have evidently made an important find. 'We must thank you, stranger, for bringing this to us,' says Sh'houri eventually. 'It describes matters which must remain known only to our kind, but suffice it to say you have found something which is of great import to us. We must reward you.' You accept her thanks and then the two of you converse about your travels. Turn to 371. After your conversation, she will reward you by *giving* you certain items which will be brought in a leather bag. For returning the parchment to her, you will not have to *exchange* items of your own for these items.

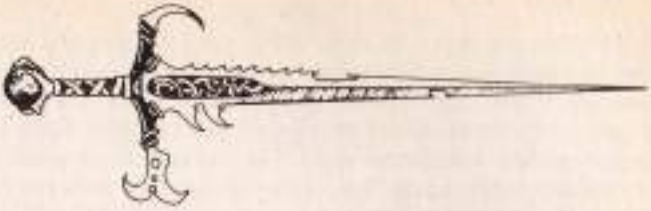

526

The old man's eyes start to flutter! Muscles twitch around his mouth and slowly life returns to the corpse. When he has recovered sufficiently to sit up, Farren Whyde looks at you. His expression is blank. He remembers nothing about the room or you, and you take some time to explain things to him.

'My friend, if all this is true,' he says finally, 'then I owe you my life. And more than that, every person in the Femphrey Alliance owes to you the prospect of future peace and prosperity. But all your efforts count for naught if you are unable to return the Crown to your own King. Perhaps here is a way I can repay you for your bravery.' He steps over to the desk and draws out a velvet bag from the lowest drawer. Inside the bag is a ball of clear crystal and the old man peers into it. 'If they are still alive,' he says, 'the Samaritans will help you. Ah, yes – there is Croo now.' You look into the ball. Clearly formed inside is the image of an angry Birdman, barking orders. 'This,' says Farren Whyde, 'is Peewit Croo, Chief Disciple of the Samaritans of Schinn. They will help you return to Analand, for they hate the power of Mampang as you do. You may summon the Samaritans with this.' He gives you a small silver whistle. Turn to **800**.

527

The Birdmen look at one another and squeak in a tone which indicates that they do not quite know what to make of the situation. You decide to take advantage of their confusion by leaving anyway. Turn to **479**.

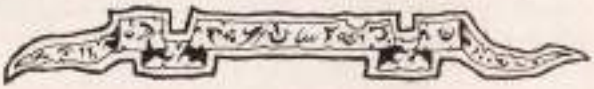

528

They beckon you over excitedly and you quicken your pace. There are three Sightmasters in the group and you feel curiously at ease with them. At home, Sightmasters are stationed along the borders of Analand, their tremendous powers of vision making them perfect garrison troops. But caution returns as you once more wonder why they are here in Mampang. One of the Sightmasters pulls you into the group. 'We watched you come into the courtyard and we thought it best to warn you of the dangers in here,' he says. 'An outsider such as yourself could be in danger here. But we will do you no favours. We expect to be paid for our help. Our good advice will cost you 3 Gold Pieces.' Do you accept their offer (turn to 459), or will you tell them that you have no need of their help (turn to 181)?

529

Your struggles are to no avail. The guards tighten their grip on your wrists. When this gets painful, you give up struggling and face the captain. Turn to 508.

530

There is no trail leading up to the great nest. You must climb up the rock-face, taking care not to let any of your belongings fall. A couple of times your foot slips and sends a cascade of small pebbles down to the path below, but eventually you reach the ledge. As it seemed earlier, the nest is like a huge eyrie, but with nooks and crannies where objects could be hidden. Do you want to investigate these possible hiding-places (turn to 477)? Or do you feel it prudent to think not so much about possible treasures but more about what may live in this giant nest? If so, climb back down to the path and continue your journey (turn to 36).

531

'Ten pieces of gold, eh?' The Ogre is quite interested in your offer. 'And what is it that you want to know for this reward?' Will you start by complimenting him on his fine torture-chamber and then ask him what he knows about the Throben Doors (turn to 215), or will you ask him which torture he enjoyed the most and then see if he knows where to find the Archmage (turn to 143)?

532

The guards are engrossed in their activities and, as you get closer, you can see they are playing a game of some sort. You wonder whether you aren't tempting fate by approaching the guards directly, but even if that were the case, a sudden change in direction would arouse suspicion anyway. So far, the guards have not noticed you. Their game consists of throwing darts at a target which is fixed to the wall. As you approach, one of the guards is preparing to leave, and the others seem to be trying to persuade him to stay. But he will not be persuaded. Noticing you, the other three guards beckon you over; they want you to join in to make up the numbers. Will you walk over to see what sort of game they are playing (turn to 461), or will you tell them that you are too busy and walk past the game (turn to 294)?

533

Hoping that whatever it is in the room will be unable to discern the real you, you draw your weapon out, in case it is hostile. Will your trick work? Turn to 15.

534

You approach the cave with due caution, pausing by the entrance to check how fresh the hoof-marks are. To your relief, it seems that there are no recent prints. But whatever type of creature made the marks, two or three of them visited the cave, judging by the number of trails leading in and out. You peer into the entrance. The cave appears to be quite deep but empty, as far as you can make out. Clutching your weapon, you step inside.

Just inside the mouth of the cave, a shape makes you stop quickly! Sitting on a rock a little further back inside is a figure leaning against the wall! It is human-like and naked, but is making no movements. A long mane of hair sweeps down its back which is, thankfully, towards you – otherwise you would surely have been spotted by now. Will you call out to attract the attention of this creature (turn to **309**), will you rush in and attack before it has a chance to react (turn to **202**), or will you leave well alone and look for somewhere else to shelter (turn to **169**)?

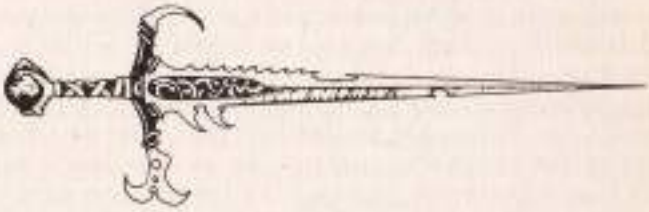

535

'There is only one way to enter the keep,' she says. 'But if you do not know about the Throben Doors, I fear you will never enter. For these gates have been protected by the magic of the Throben Necromancers' Guild. They are wizard-locked. Each has its own secret, be it key, password or whatever. But without knowledge of the secret, you will never pass through a Throben Door. And they are all protected with deadly traps.' You thank her for the information. She is anxious to hide with her new treasure and she leaves you. Turn to **8**.

536

You scoff that that was the sort of remark you would have expected from ignorant tar-poles such as themselves. Their reaction is immediate. The three of them spring to their feet to attack. You may either draw your sword and face them (turn to 510) or you may cast a spell:

NAP	MAG	HOW	NIP	POP
727	793	614	671	775

537

You step over to the old man's body. Sprinkling on the holy water, you wait anxiously to see what the effect will be on Farren Whyde. Turn to 526.

538

Slowly the door opens. As soon as it is open wide enough, you step inside. Behind the door is a short path leading up to the inner keep. It branches in two directions. To the left, it leads to a solid wooden door which looks as if it must be the main entrance to the keep. But this door is guarded by Birdmen! Two Birdmen by the door are talking to each other and laughing. They have not noticed you. A head appears at the door and beckons them inside. This could be your opportunity to nip inside if you are quick. But then anywhere you find Birdmen cannot be safe. To the right, the path leads to a smaller door. Steam is spouting from a window by this door and noises – clanking and voices – are coming from inside. Perhaps this is the tradesmen's entrance? Which way will you choose? Will you take the path to the left and risk the Birdmen (turn to 565), or will you investigate the other door in spite of the noises (turn to 492)?

539

You follow the path. It takes you downhill for a short distance, then across a rocky plateau. It disappears around a corner and you follow it through a short tunnel in the rock. When you come out of the other side of the tunnel you can see two ways onwards. The trail itself continues straight ahead. If you wish to follow it, turn to 59. To your left, another short trail leads down to a ledge. The ledge faces another similar ledge across a narrow crevasse. It is just too wide safely to jump across, but there is another way of crossing. A length of rope is hanging down above the ledge from a rock. Presumably this is for foot-travellers such as yourself to swing across. If you wish to investigate this, turn to 323.

540

Your spell takes effect slowly – too slowly. As you begin to rise in the air, the Demon completes its formation. It lunges forwards and swipes at you with a huge clawed hand. The claws slash your chest and you are knocked down to the ground! You cry out aloud as the blood seeps through your tunic. But your agony is short-lived. You look up to see the great beast's black foot descending on your face. You never hear the sickening crunch that follows . . .

541

You use the sapling once more to shove the door wide open. The roaring swells and the heat blasts your face. With stolid determination, you leap through the door. This leap is noble, but foolish. You land in the centre of the inferno, screaming wildly as your clothes, then your hair, catch fire, and your blood boils. Your death is mercifully quick.

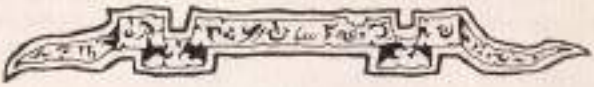

542

The fat man's eyes light up as you open your pouch. You take out 1 Gold Piece and hand it to him. 'Thank you my friend, thank you. Now where were we?' You begin to question him about the Fortress, but he holds up his hand. 'Before we talk, perhaps a little tea?' Do you want to drink tea with him (turn to 238) or will you tell him you are not thirsty (turn to 292)?

543

As the creature dies, it lifts its head towards the sky and tries to emit a final distress-call. Realizing what the Birdman is doing, you swing your blade down through its neck. The beginnings of its cry gurgle and splutter, and it slumps backwards. You allow yourself a couple of minutes' rest after the battle and then set off again along the trail. Turn to 441.

544

A thumping pain comes from your shoulder. To your horror, a protuberance starts to grow from your armpit. You wait for the pain to stop when the 'thing' has stopped growing. When it does, you have a fully formed third arm underneath your sword arm. The pain causes you 2 STAMINA points of damage, but with this extra arm, you may now use two weapons instead of one. From now on you may fight as two persons. Eventually, you leave the kitchen by a back door. Turn to 448.

545

After climbing for perhaps twenty minutes, the two She-Satyrs pause to allow you to catch up with them. With their goat-like legs, they are much more nimble than you are and they watch bemusedly as you arrive panting. One of them points forwards and you can see your goal. A wide ledge on the side of the mountain is evidently the centre of their village. Half a dozen other She-Satyrs are watching from the entrances to several caves which tunnel into the rock. In the centre of the rock-face is the largest cave, towards which your guardians are taking you.

As you approach the entrance, two She-Satyrs standing at their sentry-posts step forwards, but one of your own escorts, whom you have learned is called Sh'haarzha, waves her away. 'This is a nomad, a world-traveller who must see Sh'houri.' The guard allows you to pass and you enter a large cave which is well lit with torches. A number of smaller caves lead off from the main opening and from one of these an older-looking She-Satyr steps out. Will you tell her all she wants to know about your journey and the world outside of Xamen (turn to 371), tell her about Sh'himbli – which you may do only if you yourself know who Sh'himbli is (turn to 354), or will you wait to see what she might ask you (turn to 29)?

546

You feel around the bare stonework, looking for a clue as to where the secret doorway is. You can find nothing. You may try a password. Will you try:

Alaralatanalara?	Turn to 317
Ganthankamonta?	Turn to 343

If you don't want to try either of these, turn to 486.

547

The door is locked. You decide to leave it and try the other one. Turn to **263**.

548

The fat man snaps his fingers and barks a couple of words to the Jaguar. The creature bares its teeth when it recognizes the command. *Attack!* It leaps at you and you must fight it:

JAGUAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you kill the creature, turn to **146**. If you decide to defend yourself from it without killing it, you may turn to **205** when you have reduced it to 2 STAMINA points.

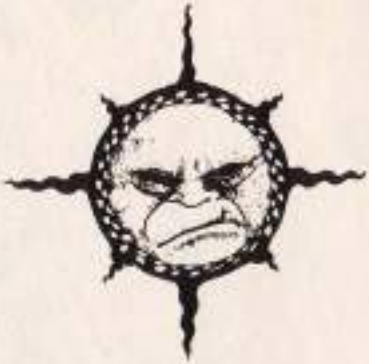

549

'This is an insult!' screams your inquisitor. 'Not only does this fool lie to us – for if this fellow is from Kharé, then I am the Archmage himself – but the pig-brain dares to name the holy man of Slangg as a murderer!' Your guess was not a wise one. Turn to **12**.

550

You may either retrace your steps and try the door that you passed further back along the passageway (turn to **517**), or you may try a door that is just inside the creature's room in the wall adjacent to the entrance (turn to **573**). Meanwhile, the hairless creature keeps one shifty eye on you . . .

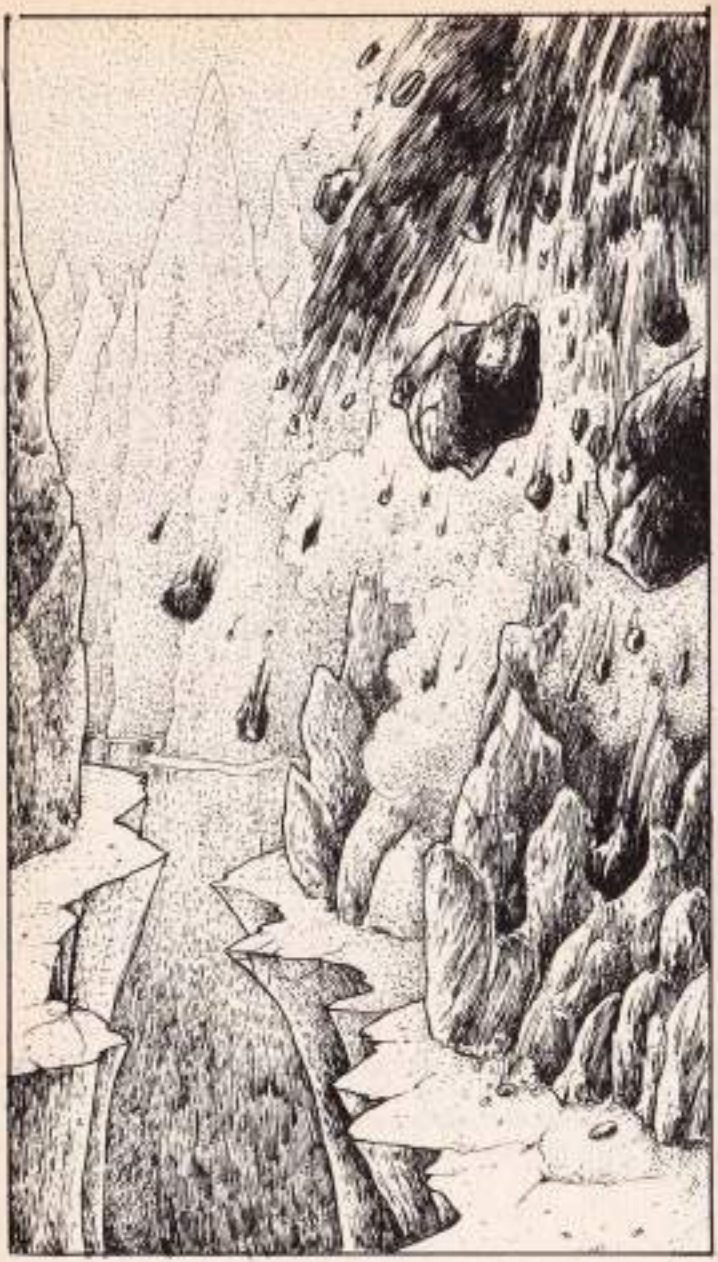

551

You follow the path back along the crevasse, but now you are on the Fortress side. A rumbling noise stops you in your tracks and you look around. There is nothing in front of you, nor anything behind. But your blood chills as you look up to your right. From somewhere on high further up the mountain, stones are breaking loose! You are directly beneath an imminent landslide! You will have to decide quickly what to do. Will you rush on ahead and try to beat the landslide (turn to 368), or will you pluck up courage and leap across the crevasse to your left, to return to the original trail (turn to 400)? You may, if you wish, cast a spell, but if you do so, you will not have time to escape should your spell fail:

NIF	HUF	ZIP	WAL	BOK
624	731	654	751	617

552

He stands up and shouts a single word: 'Guards!' As soon as he calls, a hidden doorway opens in the wall behind you. Three guards rush into the room and, before you can react, they hold you tight. They bundle you off through the door and up a narrow staircase to the top of the tower. Unlocking a heavy door at the top of the stairs, they fling you inside. Turn to 4.

553

You grab hold of your weapon and brace yourself. You throw yourself against the door and burst into the room. Two shaggy-haired, dirty GUARDS are seated at a table inside the room and your unexpected entrance has caught them by surprise. They stumble to their feet and clutch at swords. As the element of surprise is on your side, you have an advantage in this battle. If you and your chosen opponent roll equal Attack Strengths, you may treat this result as though you had rolled a higher Attack Strength. Now you must either turn to **453** to fight the guards, or cast a spell:

RAP	RES	YAZ	RAZ	GUM
738	641	688	765	756

554

You inch your way slowly across the room. For your next few steps, choose either **249**, **227** or **100**.

555

You sit down by the pillory and help him with his meal. Casually you ask him how he came to be pilloried like this. 'It wasn't my fault,' he sighs. 'It was my loose tongue. With a couple of jars of ale inside me, sometimes I just lose control. This isn't the first time a wagging tongue has brought me to grief.' You consider for a moment whether or not you may be able to learn anything of value from the man. 'And what of yourself?' he asks. 'You are certainly not from Mampang, as I am. What brings you to the Fortress? Are you another of the Archmage's warmongers?' His voice stops abruptly, as if he has suddenly realized he has said too much. He will not be persuaded to talk further. Will you try to coax him by offering to release his bonds (turn to **362**), or will you threaten him unless he tells you more about the Archmage's 'warmongers' (turn to **444**)?

556

You drop to the ground as quietly as possible and turn to step inside the door. *Aaaashh!* You jump with fright as you find yourself face to face with a guard in heavy armour! The guard is as surprised as you are and he bellows loudly. From outside and within, four guards come to surround you and you must now face all of them. If you attack them, turn to 40. If you would rather try a spell, choose one:

WOK	DUM	FOG	TEL	DIM
636	718	766	599	656

557

'But how can you refuse me?' chuckles the Ogre. 'What other choice do you have? Still, if that is the way you want it, so be it.' He cracks his whip in the air and steps forwards. You must either draw your weapon (turn to 270) or cast a spell:

POP	ZIP	SUN	TEL	NIF
676	619	770	592	709

558

As your blow fells the creature, you step back out of the cave to catch a breath of fresh air. You rest for a few minutes and then return to your cave to finish your meal. Eventually, the onset of darkness makes you decide that you had better prepare your bed before you are unable to see at all. Turn to 384.

559

Soon afterwards, the whimpering ceases and the creature slumps down into the corner, motionless. Will you risk searching the room (turn to 51), or would you prefer to leave straight away (turn to 96)?

560

A tinkling bell sounds just inside. Moments later, a strange face appears from behind the door. It is smooth-skinned and hairless, with broad shoulders and a mean-looking mouth. It snaps at you, wanting to know why you pulled the bell. Will you apologize for disturbing the creature (turn to 466), or match its aggressive greeting by snarling back at it (turn to 506)?

561

When you have calmed down from your close call with death, you sit up and look around. Straw lines the floor, but charts and maps are pinned to the walls. Some of these are charts of the heavens and a strange contraption is pointing from the window at the sky. Sitting behind the table across the room is a scrawny-looking fellow with spiky black hair. He looks up at you over half-moon glasses and smiles a sinister smile. Could this be the Archmage himself?

'And who is it that has been caught in our trap?' he asks. 'As if I did not know. *The Analander!* I wondered whether you would make it this far. My congratulations on your skill and courage, my friend. But here is where your luck comes to an end. For now you face no cowardly Black Elf, no brainless Klattaman.' You state defiantly that your journey will not end until the Crown of Kings has been returned to its rightful guardians in Analand. 'Ah yes,' he says. 'The Crown of Kings. What say I give it to you now and you be gone. I for one am anxious to remove the cursed thing from here.' This is a strange offer. Will you accept and ask him for the Crown (turn to 138)? Would you prefer to draw your weapon and fight him (turn to 162)? Or will you cast a spell?

GOB	MAG	FIX	KID	WOK
730	687	786	706	650

562

Your mutation is severe – a complete reorganization of the internal organs. It is one which no one could survive. You die in agony on the floor of Throg's larder.

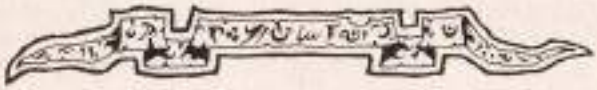

563

As the guard slumps to the ground, you stand back to recover from the fight. But again the door opens, and *another* guard steps out towards you, sword in hand. You must fight this guard:

Second GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat this guard, you may either open the door and look around the room inside (turn to 44), or you may decide it best to leave and head towards the double doors (turn to 176).

564

There are a number of healing fruits within the bag. You may take up to four of these, and for each one you must leave behind 1 of your items of equipment (not food or gold). Each healing fruit will work only once, but will restore 4 STAMINA points if eaten. You may eat one at any time except in a battle. There is also a bottle with a stopper in it. If you want to exchange something for this item, turn to 503. If not, take what you want and bid farewell to the She-Satyrs. Turn to 441.

565

You creep up to the door, listening for any sounds which indicate the return of the Birdmen. You can hear voices – Birdmen voices – coming from somewhere inside, but the door seems safe enough. You open it and step through.

Inside is a wide hallway which stretches into the keep. Doors, some of them open, line both walls. There is also a weapon-stand by the side of the door where swords have been left. If you do not have a sword, you may take one from here. Your ears prick up at the sound of voices coming from further down the hallway. Someone is coming! You decide to hide quickly behind one of the doors leading from the hallway. Will you choose the nearest door on the left (turn to 161) or the nearest on the right (turn to 511)?

566

You continue along the passageway, through the door, and out into the archway. Will you turn left and approach the two double doors ahead (turn to 472), or will you instead try the door across the way (turn to 493)?

567

Your quip only serves to anger them further. 'Bah!' says one of them. 'Do not mention our mothers in our presence. We were taught how to hunt and defend ourselves by our fathers.' They advance. Do you want to continue a conversation with them (turn to 471)? If not, you may either draw your weapon and fight them (turn to 462) or cast a spell:

YAZ	MUD	DUM	GOD	NAP
758	605	790	707	647

568

They beckon you over excitedly and you quicken your pace. There are three Sightmasters in the group and you feel curiously at ease with them. At home, Sightmasters are stationed along the borders of Analand, their tremendous powers of vision making them perfect garrison troops. But caution returns as you once more wonder why they are here in Mampang. One of the Sightmasters pulls you into the group. 'We recognized you as you came through the Throben Door!' he says. 'Don't you know that you are expected here, Analander? Since the return of the first Serpent, the Archmage has been awaiting you. We can help disguise you. Here, put on this tunic.' He offers you a heavy-looking coat which is held together by thick ties. Will you accept his offer and put on the tunic (turn to **104**), does your caution forbid you to accept this help (turn to **131**), or will you attack them quickly (turn to **90**)?

569

The Ogre's thoughts reach you. Mainly he is thinking of what he would like to do with you, and these ideas are not exactly pleasant. But you are also able to get an inkling of the Ogre's character. He is peculiarly houseproud, and this is reflected in the fact that his torture-chamber is quite tidy. Perhaps a little flattery will get you somewhere. You pay your respects. Turn to **215**.

570

The Red-Eyes turn towards one another. 'As I suspected!' says the one who asked the question. 'You are not from Kharé at all! This impostor is asking for a seeing to. Well, let's cut some blood!' Your guess at the answer has been exposed. Turn to **12**.

571

You rush for the door across the room. Your pace seems to communicate your fears to the Goblins and they move into action. One of them rises to its feet and steps towards you. This one has two arms of different sizes; its right arm is huge and muscular. This imbalance is mirrored by its legs; its left leg is twice the girth of its right. It stands directly in your path and bares its teeth. Turn to 332.

572

You drop to the ground quietly and look towards the guards. They are still wrapped up in their investigation of the pass. The way ahead is clear and you step through the doorway into the Fortress. Turn to 129.

573

The door opens into a short corridor. A window in the right-hand wall lights the passage and through it you can see the base of a tall tower across a courtyard. There is a door in the left-hand wall which you may try by turning to 517. Otherwise you must head on to the end of the corridor and try another door (turn to 194).

574

You find a soft area of ground well inside the cave, which would make a suitable place for you to lie down and get some sleep. Using your pack as a pillow, you make yourself comfortable. The day's events pass through your mind and you begin to feel quite exhausted. At any stage of fighting against the Archmage's messengers, the battle could have gone against you and your journey would have achieved nothing. How lucky you have been so far! These thoughts reassure you and you are soon drifting off to sleep.

But you are not destined to have an uninterrupted night's sleep. For, unknown to you, your choice of bedroom is a popular one, and a great SKUNKBEAR has already claimed this cave as his home. Waking in the night and catching a strange smell in the air, the beast has come to investigate and found an intruder in his lair! A split second before your death, your eyes flick open in time to see the creature's savage jaws fastening themselves around your neck . . .

575

Jann shakes his head but wishes you luck as you step up to the window. Placing your faith in the spell you have cast, you climb on to the ledge. Looking down, the height is frightening. But you pluck up all your courage – then leap outside!

Ordinarily, this would have been an excellent plan, and you would have floated down safely to the ground. But, unknown to you, your spell did not work. Minimites are protected from magic with a defensive aura which prevents all but the most powerful magic spells from working in their presence. Your courageous leap is to no avail. Your own screams are carried by the wind as you plummet down and down to your death.

576

While you nurse your last wound, the Mucalytic leans towards you. Its snout rises in front of its face and it blows a puff of breath at you. The smell is foul! You cough and hack as you take what will be your last breath. For the breath of a Mucalytic is a deadly poison to all but the Mucalytics themselves. The creature's expression is something like a smile as you drop to the ground.

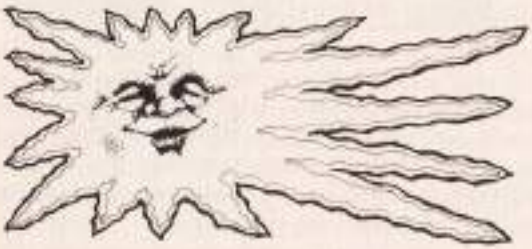

577

The two guards lie dead at your feet, but you are desolate. They managed to sound the alarm! You look towards the Fortress and your heart sinks. From the uppermost battlements, large creatures are winging their way towards you! Birdmen! And you will not stand a chance against such numbers. You decide it best to hide, and run back out of the pass. But you cannot get far. As you turn, the ground in front of you rumbles, and a heavy portcullis rises out of the earth to seal off your exit! You turn to run the other way – into the plateau – and the same rumbling sound warns you back. The earth is parting and, as you leap over the crack, another portcullis rises. You shriek with pain as the portcullis catches your leg, impaling it on a metal spike.

Your future is hopeless. You are badly injured and the Birdmen will be on you within seconds. You have failed in your mission.

578

The three look at one another. 'From Analand, eh?' asks one, and they make little chirping noises quietly to one another. 'If you are from Analand, then you will no doubt have heard of the Crown of Kings. Have you any interest in this treasure?' Will you tell them that you have no interest in this 'Crown of Kings' and ask them instead for any news they might know of the Archmage and his henchmen (turn to **68**), or will you admit your interest and ask why they want to know (turn to **82**)?

579

The prison tower vanishes as you are whisked weightlessly through space. When the spell wears off, the rush of events in the world below slows down and your feet touch the ground once more. You curse silently as water seeps into your boots. For you have come back to earth in a muddy swamp, and your feet are under water! A crashing sound alerts you. Something is coming! Turn to reference 136 of Book 3 of the *Sorcery!* series.

580

The door opens and you step into a large open chamber with dark alcoves around the walls. Torches, set into the wall, light the room with a flickering glow. The floor is marbled, as are the walls. Across the room you can see two large double doors.

Although there is no one about, there is some*thing* in the centre of the room. Standing on a pedestal, a few feet above the floor, is a large marble sculpture. It faces towards you, but in the dim light you can only just make out its shape. It is about the size of a large shaggy dog, or perhaps a sheep. But apart from this sculpture, the room is empty. Will you walk across the room towards the double doors, treading carefully (turn to 504), or will you cast a spell?

SUN	FAL	SAP	MUD	ROK
705	595	659	719	771

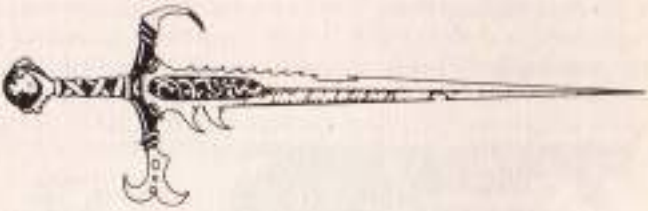

581

The Goblins rise up from where the teeth had been and wait for your instructions. You command them to capture the man behind the desk. While your Goblins have been forming, he has been watching intently. As they advance, he casts a spell of his own and, before the Goblins can take another step, his spell has created the same number of armoured HOBGOBLINS to intercept them! A furious battle rages as the two groups of magical troops attack each other. But your Goblins are no match for the Hobgoblins. Although they fight valiantly, they are defeated. The spiky-haired man smiles and looks up at you. Turn to 552.

582

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and conjure up a huge fireball which you hurl forcefully towards the creature, aiming straight for its chest. The Demon bellows loudly as the fireball finds its target, and its body catches fire. Luckily for you, the Demon has not been able to form itself fully for, if it had, even this powerful weapon would have been ineffective against it. But you now back off and watch it flailing about madly with burning arms, trying to swat out the fire which is consuming it. Eventually, it slows down. Turn to 351.

583

The scraping noise stops and then swishes this way and that. Suddenly you hear a *ping* and something flashes through the air. You cannot make out what has happened as it is too dark for you to see. But one thing is for certain: you are in danger in this room. You decide to head for the door, covered by the illusion of your five doubles. You reach the door safely although another two similar sounds warn you that some*thing* is shooting at you. You close the door behind you, walk back through the entrance-room and try the other door. Turn to 18.

584

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Ring of Green Metal with you? If not, the spell will not work – turn to 769. If you have a Ring of Green Metal, you may place it on your finger and cast your spell. The spell works like a dream. To the amazement of your would-be aggressors, you disappear, and reappear in front of the fleeing Red-Eye! He knocks into you and the two of you fall to the ground. By this time, the others realize what has happened and rush over to help their comrade. Turn to 12.

585

You wait for your spell to take effect. But nothing happens! You are sure you recited it correctly, but for some reason it has not worked. Return to 98 to choose your next action.

586

You must now choose your next course of action. Will you step towards the pole and investigate the weapons (turn to 383)? Will you advance to the double doors (turn to 397)? Or will you walk over to the corner of the wall to investigate the door there (turn to 519)?

587

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions or Blimberry Juice with you? If not, the spell will not work. If you have either of these, you may cast the spell to replenish your STAMINA. Restore your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level and turn to 245.

588

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Cloth Skullcap with you? If not, your spell will not work and one of the Sightmasters steps in to score a quick hit: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 116. If you do have a Skullcap, turn to 787.

589

You cast your spell and hold the mirror up to the cave entrance. Suddenly the howling sound starts again, followed closely by another. A vicious battle is about to take place! But then some*thing* comes scurrying past you out of the cave. It is a small ball of fur, about the size of a cabbage, running on two stumpy legs! It is hotly pursued by another identical creature. *Jib-Jibs!* The two of them disappear into the undergrowth. You climb inside the cave, which is quite shallow. Do you want to eat a meal (turn to 99), will you get down on all fours and explore the back of the cave (turn to 14), or will you just settle down and sleep for the night (turn to 384)?

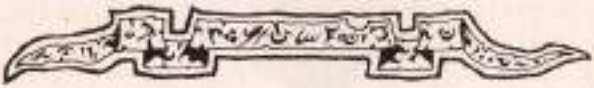

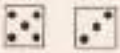

590

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Red-Eyes attack – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 225. If you are able to cast your spell on some pebbles, you may do so on as many as you wish. Decide how many you will use and turn to 769.

591

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Brass Pendulum with you? If not, this spell will not work. But even if you have a Brass Pendulum, there is nothing alive in the room which you may send to sleep! You have wasted your STAMINA. Return to 351 and make another choice.

592

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Cloth Skullcap with you? If not, your spell will fail and the Ogre attacks – lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 270. If you have a Skullcap, you may place it on your head and use your spell to probe the creature's mind. Turn to 569.

593

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Ring of Green Metal with you? If not, the spell will not work and you will take 2 STAMINA points of damage as the guards attack – turn to 145. If you have a Green Ring, you may slip it on your finger and use your spell to transport you. You disappear from the room, much to the bewilderment of the captain and his guards, and reappear just outside the door. Totally confused, the guards search the room, allowing you to leave. Turn to 463.

594

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and five identical images of yourself appear around you. Roll one die. If the result is a six, turn to 533. Otherwise turn to 583.

595

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You are now protected against the chance of falling from a height. If there are any pits in this room, you will not be harmed. Turn to 504.

596

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You recite your spell and point your finger at the lock. A blast of lightning hits the lock dead centre – but fails to mark it! Return to 397 and make another choice.

597

You throw the sand on to the floor in front of the creature and cast your spell. A small pool of quicksand forms in front of it! You watch hopefully as the Hydra slithers towards you and into the pool. But it is no use. The Hydra is much too big to be caught in the quicksand; it is a tiny pool underneath its great bulk. Turn to 65.

598

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create a burning fireball in your hand. You fling it towards the Birdman and, as it nears its target, it bursts into dozens of fiery balls! The creature cannot avoid them and the dry feathers of its wings burst into flames. It comes crashing to the ground a few metres from you. Turn to 543.

599

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Cloth Skullcap with you? If not, your spell will not work and the guards inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage as they attack – turn to 40. If you have a Cloth Skullcap, you place it on your head and cast your spell. You begin to be able to read the mind of whichever guard you focus your attention on. But their thoughts are simple. Each wants to be the first to run you through with his sword! By reading their minds, you are able to avoid their blows, but you soon decide that your spell is not helping you get inside the Fortress. You draw your weapon instead. Turn to 40.

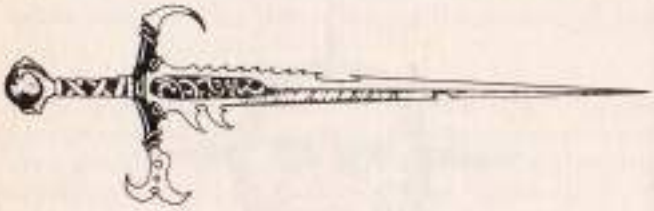

600

You place the Skullcap on your head and focus your attention on one of the creatures. It is thinking about using its deadly heat vision to attack, but there is also a feeling of fear which is preventing it from opening its eyes. Finally it has decided that it *will* use its powers and at that moment, you make your move. You fling yourself away from the creature just as it opens its eyes. The red jets of heat scorch the earth where you stood and follow you round. As you had hoped, the creature is concentrating on following you. You roll behind the other two and your plan has worked. The two other Red-Eyes squeal in agony as their comrade's heat vision sears their throats! They drop to the ground, dead. Seeing what it has done to the other two, the Red-Eye closes its eyes and begins to shudder in horror. Now you are able to close in to finish him off. When all three lie dead on the ground, you must choose your way onwards. Turn to 425.

601

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Whatever your reason for casting this spell, you are shocked to discover that it has no effect! Perhaps you have recited it incorrectly, or perhaps something is preventing it from working. Return to 427 and make another choice.

602

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Hobgoblin's cleaver cuts through your sleeve – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 281. If you have Medicinal Potions, you may cast your spell as you begin to drink them. The Hobgoblin, however, is not going to just watch you drink in front of her. She grabs the bottle from you and finishes it off! You may add 2 STAMINA points for the effect on you, but now you must turn to 281. The Hobgoblin's STAMINA has been increased by 4 points for the magical healing potion she has been drinking.

603

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Jewel of Gold you need to cast this spell, it will do you no good: the spell will not work against a creature such as this. Turn to **65**.

604

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell to protect you from the effects of a fall. Do you now wish to try jumping out of the window (turn to **575**) or will you consider another option (return to **98** and make another choice)?

605

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Birdmen attack – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **462**. If you have some sand, you may throw it on the floor and cast your spell, to create a pool of quicksand in front of the Birdmen. One of the creatures steps forwards into the pool and begins to sink! He squawks loudly to his companions and, alas, it is a simple matter for them to haul him out of the trap by flapping their wings and rising into the air. Your plan has been foiled! But worse than that, the Birdmen are now extremely angry. They cross the room and grab you with powerful talons which dig into your flesh. But your pain is short-lived. Their plan is to drop you into your own pool of quicksand! And with the three of them holding you tightly, there is nothing you can do to prevent them . . .

606

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Potion of Fire Water with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you must return to 516 to choose again. If you have any Fire Water you may use it to increase your strength dramatically. Turn to 442 to fight the creature. But you will find your extra strength offers no advantage against the creature's massive blubbery body.

607

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Are you carrying an Orb of Crystal? If not, your spell will not work – return to 123 and make another choice. If you have such an Orb, turn to 796.

608

The Demon bellows loudly as the Holy Water burns its skin. Steam rises from the splashes you have made. You watch hopefully as the creature writhes in agony. Will your plan work? Have you used an effective spell? Turn to 172.

609

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell at the creature. At first, you can notice no difference in its actions, but eventually you realize that it is not coordinating its movements properly. The great hulk is acting as though it is thoroughly confused! It shuffles towards the corner, throwing its long snout into the air as if it is trying to flail the ceiling. You decide to use the opportunity to try to sneak past. But suddenly, it springs to life and an arm crashes into your chest! Lose 1 STAMINA point and turn to **386**.

610

You raise your Flute to your lips and begin to play. But before a note can come out, the captain knocks it from your hands and the guards attack. Turn to **145** to resolve the battle. During the fracas, one of the guards steps on the Flute, and it cracks and breaks under his heavy feet. You have lost this artefact.

611

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, your spell does not work and the Skunkbear clouts you with its claws – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **490**. If you do have a Gold-Backed Mirror, turn to **663**.

612

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Potion of Fire Water with you? If not, nothing happens; return to 323 and choose another course of action. If you have any Fire Water, turn to 678.

613

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for the darkness to descend over the courtyard. But your wait is in vain. This spell will not work in open spaces. Meanwhile, the first guard is upon you and catches you with a blow. Deduct another 2 STAMINA points and turn to 449.

614

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for an indication of how you may escape from this situation. As you find from your spell, there is no easy escape. You will have to fight, and run at the first opportunity! Turn to 510.

615

You pull the Orb from your pack and cast your spell into it. A milky-white cloud seems to swell up inside the Orb and, when it clears, you can see a wide open courtyard. Figures around the edge of your view are going about their business, but in the centre is a tall metal pole, with weapons around its base. A guard approaches the pole, holding his sword towards it. When he is a few feet from it, his sword starts to move in the air. The guard struggles; he is evidently putting a lot of effort into holding the sword. With one great tug, he pulls his sword away from the pole and falls to the floor, laughing. His companions, also laughing, gather round him. What can this mean? One thing is certain: it can be of little help to you outside this door. Will you turn round and try either the door on the left (turn to 493) or the door on the right (turn to 206), or will you try something else from your backpack to see if it can get you through the doors (turn to 31)?

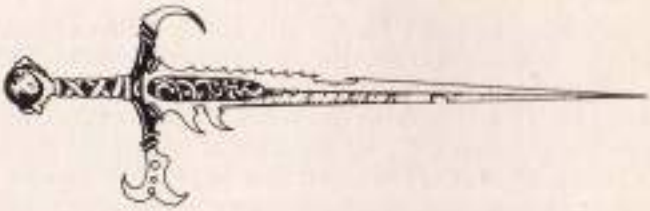

616

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Cloth Skullcap it requires, this spell will do you no good, as there is no one about to focus its effect on. You decide instead to step up to investigate the weapons. Turn to 383.

617

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have any stone dust with you, there is nothing you can do with this spell to halt the mounting landslide. Deduct a further 2 STAMINA points of damage as the rocks fall around you. You decide to risk all by running ahead along the trail. Turn to 368.

618

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. But even if you have a Galehorn, the tremendous blast that it is capable of producing will not be strong enough to budge the doors! You may now either step up to the doors and copy the creature's actions (turn to 483), or head for the door in the corner of the courtyard (turn to 519).

619

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Ring of Green Metal with you? If not, you may not use this spell and the Ogre attacks – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 270. If you have a Ring of Green Metal, you may place it on your finger and use the spell to transport yourself. Where will you wind up? This spell is not terribly reliable and in this case, the result is not as you would have hoped. You disappear and wind up only a couple of yards from where you were before; but in the direction of the Ogre! Your magic has angered him, and he approaches. Turn to 270.

620

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell while the creatures watch, bemused. You wait for an indication of the trap you suspect, but you receive no such warning. Now they are becoming impatient, and one is poised ready with her spear. Will you step forwards with your hands raised (turn to 244), or will you try a little bluff and courage (turn to 188)?

621

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Brass Pendulum with you? If not, your spell will not work and the fat man is becoming impatient with your dawdling: return to **160** and choose again. If you have a Brass Pendulum, you may draw it out and begin to cast your spell. The man watches it intently. It seems that he has mistaken it for gold! Turn to **759**.

622

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Yellow Powder with you? If not, turn to **572**. If you have any Yellow Powder, you may sniff some and cast your spell over yourself. As it takes effect, you can feel the power surging through your body; you feel as if your legs could carry you faster than the wind! You race across the room heading for the far door. But the Goblins are scattered about the room. There is no clear way through. You trip over a strange-looking creature with huge arms. Turn to **332**.

623

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You create a huge fireball between your hands and wait for your moment. As the Hydra slithers forwards, you fling the ball into the centre of its body, scoring a direct hit! The creature roars and hisses, its body twisting in agony. As it does so, its tail whips round towards you. Turn to **305**.

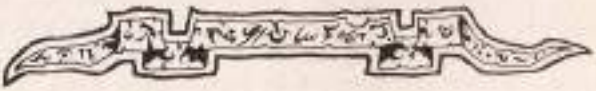

624

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell and a terrible stink begins to surround you. Do you have a pair of nose plugs? If not, the smell makes you feel ill and you must run away from it. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 400. If you have nose plugs, you may use them to avoid the smell. But this was still not a particularly wise choice. You will have to run ahead quickly to avoid the rock-fall. Turn to 368.

625

You place the Wig on your head and cast your spell. Again, the howling comes from inside the cave, but this time its tones form sounds which take on their own meanings. Something inside is protecting its home! You talk to it and discover that it is a JIB-JIB. These creatures are small and harmless, but their defence is a powerful voice which makes them sound ferocious. You tell the little beast that you intend to enter his cave to spend the night. A scurrying is followed by a rush as a small ball of fur, the size of a cabbage, races out of the cave into the undergrowth. You climb inside the cave, which is quite shallow. Do you want to eat a meal (turn to 99), will you get down on all fours and explore the back of the cave (turn to 14), or will you just settle down and sleep for the night (turn to 384)?

626

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's Tooth with you? If not, your spell will not work – return to 79 and make another choice. If you have a Giant's Tooth, you may cast your spell on it to create a burly Giant. But the room has not been made to accommodate a Giant! As the creature appears, it cracks its skull against the low ceiling and drops unconscious to the floor. A short time later it disappears. Turn to 245.

627

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Yellow Powder with you? If not, the spell will not work and the leading Sightmaster lands the first blow – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 110. If you have any Yellow Powder, you may sniff a little before you cast your spell. The effect is to enable you to move at an incredible speed! You may use this either to escape from the Sightmasters (turn to 135), or to fight. If you choose the latter, turn to 110, but you may add 3 points to your Attack Strength for the duration of the battle.

628

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Holy Water with you? If not, this spell will not work: draw your weapon and turn to 172. If you have any Holy Water, you may throw this on to the creature and cast your spell – turn to 608.

629

You hold up the Mirror and begin to cast your spell. The Hobgoblin is not completely stupid; she realizes something is afoot. And her suspicions are doubly aroused when her own reflection in the mirror starts to move out of time with her own movements. Instinctively, she hurls the cleaver at the Mirror and it shatters, destroying the image forming inside. The shattering glass flies around the room. You try to shield yourself, but it is too late. Fragments have already showered your face and pierced your eyes! You drop to the ground in agony. Here, in Throg's larder, you have come to the end of your journey. For without your sight, your mission is hopeless.

630

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, this spell will not work. If you have some beeswax, you may rub it on to your weapon to enhance its powers. During the next battle in which you use this weapon, it will do double damage – that is, 4 STAMINA points instead of 3. Now return to 221 and choose your next course of action.

631

As quickly as it started, the spell wears off and you are returned to earth in new surroundings. The prison tower has disappeared and, as your feet touch the ground, you must fight to keep your balance. For you are on a spiral stairway. Behind and beneath you is a large set of double doors. Ahead of you, at the top of the stairs, is another heavy door. You climb the stairs and try the handle. It turns! Turn to 321.

632

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on the lock and wait to hear the familiar click of the tumblers turning to open the doors. But you hear nothing. Has your spell worked or not? If you wish to try turning the handle, turn to 344. Otherwise return to 397 and make another choice.

633

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Choose something from your pack (not gold or Provisions) and cast your spell on it. Instantly, it changes from its real self into an illusory pile of glinting treasure. You offer it to the creature. It seems to be not at all interested, but you cannot be sure it can even *see* your offering. A soft noise comes from its head. Perhaps it *has* seen your treasure after all. Do you want to give up with your gift (return to 516 and choose again), or will you listen to what it has to say (turn to 405)?

634

The guards grab your hands again, but the captain orders them to release you. Your spell is working! 'We must treat such a worthy opponent with more respect,' he announces. 'You may leave us, guards.' The two creatures release your hands and shrug their shoulders. As they leave the room, the captain begins to talk to you freely. 'My apologies for your rough treatment,' he starts. You stop him and tell him you have no time for pleasantries; you must make your way into the inner keep. The captain nods and agrees to escort you. This is a nuisance, but he may be useful. The two of you leave the room and head towards a large door on the far side of the chamber. Turn to 301.

635

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions with you? If not, your spell will not work – return to 123 and make another choice. If you have Medicinal Potions, you may use them on yourself and cast your spell. The healing effect will restore your STAMINA to full strength. Return to 123 to choose your next action.

636

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Coin? If not, the guards attack for 2 STAMINA points of damage and you must face them – turn to 40. If you have a Gold Coin, you may place it on your wrist and cast the spell. An invisible shield forms around your arm. Turn to 40 to attack the guards, but you may deduct 2 points from each of their Attack Strength rolls because of the defensive effect of your shield.

637

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust with you? If not, this spell will not work. If you have some stone dust, you may choose your target and turn this target to stone. But what good has this done you? Whether or not you used this spell, return to 351 and make another choice.

638

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and watch as it takes effect. The Skunkbear looks a little off balance, then steps forwards slowly . . . very slowly. Will you use this as an opportunity to escape from the creature (turn to 469), or will you fight it? If you wish to fight it, turn to 490 but, under the effects of your spell, deduct 3 from its SKILL.

639

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Cloth Skullcap with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Red-Eyes attack – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 769. If you have a Skullcap, turn to 600.

640

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have an Orb of Crystal with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – you must return to 193 and choose again. If you have an Orb of Crystal, turn to 615.

641

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have any of the Holy Water necessary to complete this spell, it will do you no good, for it is entirely inappropriate here! Meanwhile, the guards attack. Deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 453.

642

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not, the spell will not work and the guards attack – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 145. If you have a Flute, turn to 610.

643

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Focusing your spell on the gate, you cast it and wait for the door to open. Nothing happens. Your spell is not powerful enough to open the entrance to the Mampang Fortress. Turn to 304.

644

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Bracelet of Bone this spell requires, it will do you no good. You are guessing at whether your unseen companion even *has* a mind to be susceptible to your illusion at all! To play it safe, you decide to draw out your weapon. Turn to 15.

645

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have an Orb of Crystal with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell. Return to 362 and make another choice. If you have a Crystal Orb, turn to 792.

646

Do you have any Goblin Teeth with you? If not, the spell will not work and the first guard catches you with its sword: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 394. If you have any Goblin Teeth, you may throw as many as you want on to the ground and cast your spell on them. Each will form into a fighting Goblin (SKILL 5, STAMINA 5) and you may order them to attack the guard standing before you. Turn to 394.

647

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Brass Pendulum with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and, in your embarrassment, you turn to run quickly from the room – turn to 74. If you have a Brass Pendulum, you may hold it up before them and start it swinging, as you cast the spell. But the creatures are not in the least concerned by the Pendulum and they leap at you to attack. Turn to 462.

648

As you cast the spell, you blow deeply on the Galehorn. A tremendous wind gushes from it towards the pole. The metal post is firmly set and the blast hardly moves it at all. But surprisingly enough, the weapons resting against the pole do not move either. What can this mean? Turn to 586.

649

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for its effects to help you. Sure enough, you get an inclination against tampering with the doors in front of you. When you wonder how you might best get through the doors, a mental trail leads you towards one of the doors behind you. If you will follow the spell's advice, turn to **493**. Otherwise you may either hold something up against the door (turn to **31**), or try the other door (turn to **206**).

650

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, the spell will not work. If you have a Gold Piece, you may place it on your wrist and cast the spell. It remains fixed in place as an invisible shield. If you fight any battles within this room, you may deduct 2 points from any attacking creature's Attack Strength. Whether or not your spell has worked, draw your weapon and turn to **162**.

651

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, ther you are wasting your time with this spell – return to **452** and make another choice. If you have some pebbles, choose how many you want to use and cast the spell. Turn to **270**. You may throw these pebbles at the Ogre, but for each one, you must roll a number equal to or less than your SKILL score in order to score a successful hit. Each successful hit will inflict 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you miss with two throws, the Ogre will step in to attack and you may throw no more pebbles.

652

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You reach into your backpack and draw out one of your artefacts (your choice). Secretly casting your spell over it, you turn round to present the fat man with what appears to be a handful of treasure. His eyes light up. But he is more interested in the gold than the other treasures you have created. You strike a bargain with him. You will give him the gold if he will give you information which will help penetrate the inner keep. He agrees. Turn to **20**.

653

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell. If you have any Potions, you may swallow them and cast the spell. Its revitalizing effect begins immediately. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Return to **502** to decide what to do next.

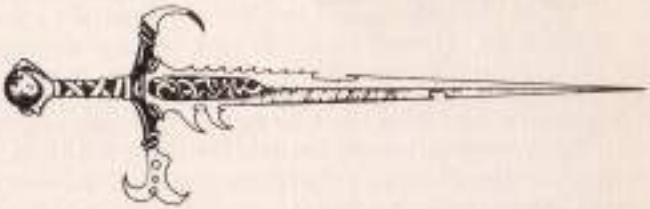

654

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Ring of Green Metal with you? If not, you are showered with rocks and stones and you must try to escape – lose 3 STAMINA points and turn to **368**. If you have such a ring, you may place it on your finger and cast your spell. As it takes effect, you quickly fade and reappear a short distance away. The spell has worked, but to your horror, you have been transported even *nearer* to the path of the landslide! Your only means of escape is to leap over the crevasse. Turn to **400**.

655

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling with you? If not, your spell will not work and the guard attacks: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 394. If you have an Oak Staff, then you may hold it and cast your spell to stop the guard in his tracks. As he stands immobilized, you may leap forwards with your weapon to finish him off. Turn to 495.

656

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on to one of the advancing guards. As it takes effect, he stops in his tracks and looks bewildered. He stares out into the distance, then back at the gate. It is as if he has no comprehension of what is going on at all! Suddenly, he drops to all fours and makes a roaring noise like Snattacat! You must now turn to 40 to face the other guards, but you need fight only three, not four (you choose which you have cast your spell on). But there is one danger which you did not foresee: this spell can make creatures act irrationally. In this case, your victim will get in a lucky hit on you with its weapon during the fight. Deduct 2 STAMINA points after four Attack Rounds.

657

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and images of yourself surround you. As one, you step into battle with the creatures, hoping that they will be fooled into attacking the illusions. But, alas, they are not! Perhaps this is a feature of their powerful vision. One of them steps in and grazes your arm with a blow. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 110.

658

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot use this spell: return to 79 and choose again. If you have a Galehorn, you may use it to create a blast of wind, which you may aim at anything you like. The tremendous force will have its effect, but will do nothing to help you in this situation. Turn to 245.

659

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell towards the centre of the room. Any living creatures within the room will be affected by this spell and, thus demoralized, they should be easy for you to defeat. Turn to 504.

660

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create an invisible shield around yourself. Protected by this shield, you are safe to pass through the Red-Eyes without being harmed. Seeing that their weapons do no good, they both open their eyes. Blasts of heat vision sear towards you, but they cannot penetrate your defence. Seeing how easily you are able to protect yourself, the creatures decide to leave you alone. Turn to 425.

661

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, the spell will not work, and the Birdman seizes its opportunity to attack while you are undefended – deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 450. If you have such a Wig, you may place it on your head and cast the spell, which will allow you to converse with the Birdman. But he is not interested in conversation; you are trespassing in his territory! Draw out your weapon quickly and turn to 450 before he attacks!

662

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You summon up a lightning-blast and focus it on the door's lock. The lock shatters and the door yawns open. Inside, the room is unlit. You step forwards cautiously. But as you cross the threshold, you lose your balance! You have missed the two steps just inside the door leading down into the room. Turn to 112.

663

You hold up your Mirror and cast the spell. The creature roars as its double materializes in the Mirror and springs towards it. But instead of fighting, the Skunkbear turns and lifts its tail. Its double does likewise. Suddenly, the air is filled with the most nauseating smell you have ever come across – and a double dose! You turn to the corner and retch violently. Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You race from the cave as quickly as possible. Turn to 469.

664

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Pearl Ring with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Red-Eyes mount their attack – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 769. If you have a Pearl Ring, you can place it on your finger and cast your spell. You immediately disappear from view. Confident that you cannot be seen, you try to advance around the back of the Red-Eyes with your weapon drawn. But something is not right. They are following your steps! You bring your weapon down to strike one of the creatures and it parries the blow perfectly! Then the answer dawns and you want to kick yourself for wasting your STAMINA. These creatures keep their eyes permanently closed. *They don't need to see you!* But your fight has already begun. Turn to 159.

665

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell and wait, as a horrendous stink fills the room. Do you have any nose plugs with you? If so, you must put them on quickly, or you will be affected. If you don't have any nose plugs, then you *are* affected by the spell, which makes you vomit violently – deduct 3 STAMINA points. But whatever you think of the smell, the creature's reaction is worse. Unable to avoid the stench, the creature has fallen to the ground in the corner of the room and seems to be having a fit of some sort! Its convulsions finally stop and it settles back motionless. It is dead! Turn to 443.

666

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Yellow Powder with you? If not, you may not cast this spell – return to 427 and make another choice. If you have some Yellow Powder, you may sniff it and cast your spell – turn to 714.

667

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Pearl Ring with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – turn to 304. But even if you have a Pearl Ring, this spell will do you no good. You may be able to make yourself invisible, but you will not be able to walk through the door! Turn to 304.

668

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Hobgoblin launches her attack: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 281. If you have a Bracelet of Bone, you may place it on your wrist and cast your spell. In her eyes, your image changes. Instead of being a stranger, your face becomes familiar to her – the familiar face of the Archmage himself! She drops her weapon and bows low before you. You bid her rise. For you were merely making an incognito tour of the Fortress, and you are satisfied that all is well in the kitchens. She thanks you and backs off, still with her head bowed, to allow you to pass out of her kitchen. Turn to 448.

669

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell and must return to 123 to choose again. If you have such a Mirror, turn to 589.

670

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Cloth Skullcap with you? If not, the spell won't work and the guards attack, causing 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to 449. If you have a Skullcap, you may place it on your head and cast your spell. The images within the mind of the leading guard become clear, but they are not surprising: he means to capture you! Turn to 449 and battle the creatures.

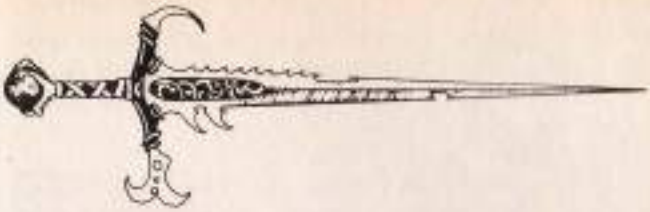

671

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell and, within moments, a horrible stink fills the room. The Black Elves, unsavoury creatures at the best of times, sniff the air and grip their stomachs. Do you have any nose plugs with you? If not, the smell makes you feel just as ill – deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 510: when the smell wears off, the battle will commence. If you have nose plugs, you may use them and the stench will not affect you. You may leave the room by turning to 566.

672

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the stone dust necessary for this spell, it will do you no good as you have no opponent to cast the spell on! Not one you can see, at any rate. You decide instead to draw your weapon. Turn to 15.

673

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Yellow Powder with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell; return to 98 and choose again. If you have some Yellow Powder, you may sniff some and then cast your spell – turn to 585.

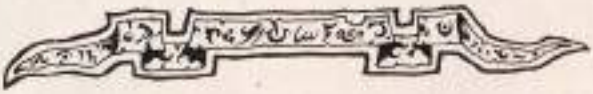

674

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell, pointing your finger at the lock. A bolt of lightning shoots from your finger and cracks the lock, which springs open. Turn to 348.

675

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust? If not, you may not use this spell: draw your weapon and turn to 442. If you have some, you may throw it over the creature and cast your spell. Within moments, the lumpy, shapeless creature is beginning to solidify. A short time after that, it has turned into stone. Will you risk searching the room (turn to 51), or will you just leave quickly (turn to 96)?

676

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any pebbles with you? If not, then you are wasting your time with this spell – return to 557 and make another choice. If you have some pebbles, choose how many you will use and and cast your spell. Turn to 270. You may throw these pebbles at the Ogre, but for each one, you must roll a number equal to or less than your SKILL score in order to score a successful hit. Each successful hit will inflict 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you miss with two throws, the Ogre will step in to attack and you may throw no more pebbles.

677

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell into the room while the Goblins look on curiously. Darkness suddenly fills the room! The creatures cannot understand what has happened and they shriek and call, rushing around the room and bumping into one another. Meanwhile, you are able to make your way across to the door on the far side. You take a few knocks from the creatures on the way, but otherwise arrive unhurt. Turn to 426.

678

You swallow the potion and cast your spell. A surge of power runs through your body and you step up to the rope. You give it a firm tug to test its strength. But with your enhanced powers, the rope merely snaps in your hand! You have destroyed this way of crossing the chasm. Continue along the trail by turning to 59.

679

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell over one of your captors (your choice) and it takes effect. Turn to 145 and fight your battle. During the fight, the victim of your spell will be confused and unable to join in.

680

You gaze into your Orb. 'What is that?' demands the fat man. But for the moment you ignore him; a vision is clearing in the Orb. You can see a dark room, lit by a single white candle held in a hand; there are sharp blades set in the floor. You are watching the scene as if through the eyes of whoever is holding the candle. The way forwards is precarious, but the candle-bearer makes his way safely to a door at the other end of the room. Then the vision disappears. Again the fat man demands to know what you are doing. You stuff the Orb back into your pack. It is much too valuable a treasure to let him get his hands on! Will you offer him something from your backpack (turn to **66**), or will you draw your weapon and leap across the table at him (turn to **205**)?

681

You throw the sand in front of the statue and cast your spell. A small pool of quicksand appears on the floor. You may now make your way across the room. Turn to **504**. But your trap will only slow down your opponent, not prevent it from reaching you. When you are told to *Test your Luck*, you may ignore this and turn to **329** instead, as if you had been Lucky.

682

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell hopelessly in the dark. Unable to focus it on any particular target, it has no effect. Draw your weapon and turn to **15**.

683

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You aim your finger at the creature's head and unleash your lightning-blast. Unable to complete its transformation, the Demon can do nothing to prevent this attack. The blast hits the creature on target, and its head seems to explode from inside, spraying its gory vital juices around the room. Turn to 351.

684

The Goblin's thoughts begin to reach you, but they are confused and meaningless. Little did you know it, but you have chosen to read the mindless head of a Goblin imbecile! You learn nothing. You step across the room; turn to 56.

685

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. And while you are delaying with your futile attempts, the She-Satyrs hurl another spear at you which grazes your leg: deduct 2 STAMINA points and return to 522 to choose a non-spell option. If you have a Black Facemask, you may hold it before your face and cast the spell. The sight terrifies the creatures, who race off to hide behind a large rock. You may continue your journey. Turn to 441.

686

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, your spell does not work and the Skunkbear catches you off guard with a blow: deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 490. If you have a Medallion, you place it round your neck and cast your spell. Slowly you rise in the air! The Skunkbear, however, is not impressed. And you cannot rise out of its reach as the cave is not high enough. It swipes at you and catches your leg with its claw. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 469.

687

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your host watches as you cast the spell. 'Magic!' he exclaims. 'Do we have a fellow magician with us? Let's see how strong the Analander's magic really is!' He mumbles a few words and points a finger towards a rope lying on the floor. Immediately, the rope flies into the air like a serpent and darts towards you. It is attempting to bind your hands! But your spell has protected you, and the rope halts a couple of feet away, unable to penetrate your defence. The Sorcerer smiles. 'A magical protection spell. I see. Then we will have to use less impressive means to capture the Analander.' Turn to **552**.

688

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Pearl Ring with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you must lose 2 STAMINA points as one of the guards gets in a first blow – turn to **453**. If you have a Pearl Ring, you place it on your finger and wait for the right moment. One of the guards swings his sword and you release the spell. Before their mystified eyes, you vanish! They are confused, but come to the conclusion that the blow must have been more powerful than they had thought. Meanwhile, you quietly head for the double doors. Turn to **176**.

689

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell quickly, before the Hydra can attack. Immediately, you begin to feel its effects. Your body grows rapidly to three times its normal size and you stand like a Giant before the creature. But you are nearing the height of the ceiling; this spell is not fully effective in confined spaces. Nevertheless, it will give you an advantage in your battle with the Hydra. Turn to **65** to fight the creature. While enhanced by your spell, you may add 4 SKILL points during the battle.

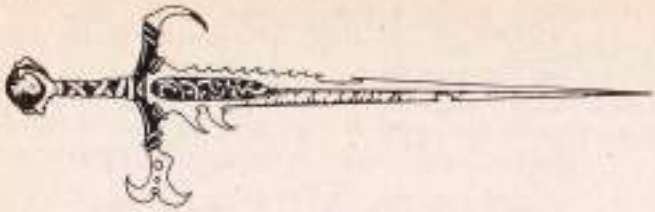

690

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell quickly to protect yourself from any magic that might try to harm you. Turn to **281** and, if you are attacked by magic, you may ignore the effects.

691

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, you cannot cast the spell and the Ogre attacks you for 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to **270**. If you have a Sun Jewel, your spell will temporarily blind the Ogre, but will do him no harm. Return to **452** and make another choice.

692

You hold the Mask up over your face and cast the spell. But you were foolish to think that such a weak spell could affect a Demon from the Netherworld. Turn to **172**.

693

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Secretly you cast your spell at the fat man. He sits quietly watching you and you have no clue as to whether or not your spell has worked. Return to **160** and make another choice.

694

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell to protect you from the effects of a fall. Do you now wish to try jumping out of the window (turn to **575**), or will you consider another option (return to **427** and make another choice)?

695

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You concentrate on your spell and point your finger towards the fleeing Red-Eye. The others realize what you are doing. Turn to 769.

696

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell: return to 98 and make another choice. If you have such a Medallion, you may place it round your neck and recite the spell – turn to 585.

697

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, your spell will not work: return to 123 and choose another course of action. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, turn to 625.

698

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Bracelet of Bone necessary to use this spell, it will do you no good, as the Goblins are far too stupid to understand any illusion you may create. A Goblin in the centre of the room closes in as you fuss with your spell. It is a grotesque creature with two arms of different sizes. Its right arm is huge and muscular; its left is fairly puny. Its legs are proportioned in the opposite way: its left leg is twice the size of its right. At first, you think it is taking an interest in your illusion. But it is not. It bares its teeth and attacks. Turn to 332.

699

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and step forwards to fight the Sightmasters. You are protected from magical attacks, but these creatures are not using magic! One of them catches you unawares with a blow. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 110.

700

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Potion of Fire Water with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you will have to try smashing the lock – turn to 505. If you have some Fire Water, you may drink it and cast the spell on yourself. Power begins to surge through your body. When you feel you are fully charged, you grasp the lock and twist it between your hands. It breaks. Turn to 348.

701

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling with you? If not, this spell will not work and you must deduct 2 STAMINA points as the Birdman slashes at you with its talons – turn to 450. If you have a Staff, you hold it out and cast the spell at the creature. Ordinarily, this spell would work, but as fate would have it, the creature chooses that very moment to dart down from the sky. Your spell misses, and the creature is upon you. Turn to 450.

702

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You focus your spell on to the locked door. When you have completed it, you hear a small click come from the lock. The door opens into a lightless room. But before you can take anything in, you lurch forwards! You have not seen the two steps just inside the entrance which you have now fallen down. Turn to **112**.

703

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell to create six different images of yourself in the room. But you have wasted your STAMINA. There is nothing alive in the room to be taken in by your illusion. Return to **351** to make another choice.

704

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions with you? If not, the spell will not work – return to **323** and make another choice. If you have any Medicinal Potions or Blimberry Juice, you may swallow some and cast your spell. The healing effects will be magically enhanced. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Now return to **323** and choose your next course of action.

705

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, the spell does not work – return to **580** and choose again. If you have a Sun Jewel, the spell makes it glow brilliantly, filling the room with light. But you can see nothing particularly unusual about the room. Turn to **504**.

706

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – turn to 552. If you have a Bracelet of Bone, you may place it on your wrist and cast your spell. You have thought of your illusion well. The desk at which he is sitting begins to heave and crack. He jumps back, startled, and watches as the wood becomes alive and forms itself into a gnarled Wood Golem in front of him! A scrawny arm reaches towards him. But his reaction is immediate: a ball of fire swells up in his hand and he flings it at the Golem. The creature shrieks as it catches fire and a sly smile spreads across the man's face. Holding his hand high in the air, he swirls it in a circular motion above the blazing Golem. Drops of water form in thin air and, moments later, the fire is out. You watch in amazement and your concentration lapses. The blackened Golem reforms once more into the burnt-out desk it really is.

Realizing how he has been tricked, the man's temper bursts. 'Trickery!' he screams. 'I have had enough of these games!' Turn to 552.

707

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel of Gold with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Birdmen attack – deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 462. If you have a Jewel of Gold, you may hold it up and cast your spell. The Birdmen stop their advance and watch you bemusedly. You explain that, to be totally honest with them, you are hiding from the Captain of the Guards and you would appreciate a little help. The Birdmen burst out laughing and agree that you may shelter in their room. They have taken quite a liking to you! When the coast is clear, you may leave – turn to 479.

708

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Holy Water necessary to cast this spell, it will do you no good as it is not appropriate here. Turn to 769.

709

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Your spell creates an awful stink in the room. The Ogre curls his nose up, horrified. He thinks that it is you who smells so bad! Do you have any nose plugs? If not, the stink will make you ill and you must lose 3 STAMINA points. If you have nose plugs, you may use them to protect yourself. The Ogre asks that you leave straight away, for he cannot stand the smell. But you will leave only if he will tell you what he knows about the Throben Doors. 'Yes, yes,' he agrees. 'Anything. Only get that smell out of here! Leave through the door in the corner. When you eventually come to a pair of double doors, you will find they open into a flaming hell-fire. Ignore this, for it is only an illusion. Now go!' This is useful information. If you follow his advice and come across a large double door, when you step through it into the fire beyond, turn to reference 399 instead of the one you are instructed. You may leave the Ogre by turning to 230.

710

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 427 and make another choice. If you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion, you may place it round your neck and cast your spell – turn to 714.

711

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for an indication of your safest way of escape. Nothing happens. Either your spell is not working correctly, or there just is no safe way of escape. The guards are now almost upon you. Turn to 449.

712

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on yourself. You are protected from falling, but so far you have not fallen! Meanwhile, you must face the first guard. Turn to 394.

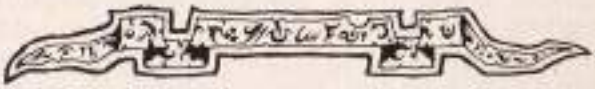

713

You cast your spell and look into the Orb. It turns from clear to cloudy, then an image begins to form. Guards! A number of shaggy-haired guards are involved in a battle of some kind, against a human. Eventually, the image fades and you must decide what to do next. Turn to 245.

714

You wait for your spell to take effect. But nothing happens! You are reasonably sure you recited it correctly, but for some reason it has not worked. You consider your other options. You may either plan an ambush or the guard when he arrives with food (turn to 476), or you may simply wait to see whether anyone will summon you (turn to 214).

715

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on to the creature and wait for it to take effect. But the brute is so slow anyway that you cannot really tell whether the spell has worked or not. In fact the spell *has* affected the creature. You may now draw your weapon and fight it. Its reactions have been slowed considerably:

MUCALYTIC	SKILL 4	STAMINA 9

If it manages to score three wounds on you during the battle, turn to 576. If you defeat it before it can score three hits, turn to 443.

716

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and the Birdman stops in mid-attack. It looks at you, then looks around complacently. It seems to have lost its desire to continue the battle. If you could reach it, now would be a good time to finish it off, but it hangs in the air as if wondering what to do next. Eventually, it flies off and you may continue along the trail. Turn to 441.

717

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, your spell will not work – turn to 172. If you have a Black Facemask, you may cast your spell. Turn to 692.

718

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell at one of the guards. Immediately, this guard seems to trip over his own feet and falls flat on his face on the ground. He stands up, picks up his sword and swings it in the air. It flies out of his hands! The guard has been well and truly incapacitated by your spell. But there are still three more advancing towards you! Turn to 40 to face them, but you may ignore one of the guards (your choice). If you manage to defeat the other three, you will easily be able to kill the last one afterwards.

719

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, your spell will not work – return to 580 and make another choice. If you have any sand, turn to 681.

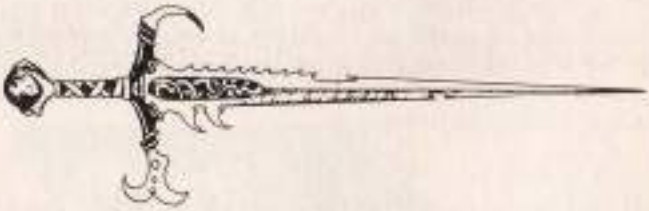

720

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your spell has its effect on its target. The Red-Eye's movements slow down dramatically, so that it seems to be moving in a dream. The other two have noticed that their comrade has been gripped by magic, and their response is deadly for you. Fearing that you may use magic on them, they unleash their most powerful weapon – heat vision. Opening their eyelids, four searing beams of heat shoot towards you and hit your chest before you have time to react. Your last memory is the smell of burning flesh – your own.

721

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Pearl Ring? If not, your spell will not work and the guard attacks: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 394. If you have a Pearl Ring, you may place it on your finger and cast the spell. To the amazement of the guard standing before you, you disappear instantly! The guard shifts nervously. He can hear your footsteps coming towards him, but he cannot see where you are. He slashes the air desperately with his sword, but misses. While under the influence of this spell, it will be an easy matter for you to kill this guard. A swift blow to the neck ends his life. But now the spell is beginning to wear off! Turn to 495.

722

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Crystal Orb this spell requires, you have no time to use it. The guards grab you again. You manage to break free of their hold just long enough to grab your weapon. Turn to 145.

723

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Potion of Fire Water with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – turn to 383. If you can drink a Potion of Fire Water, you may do so and then cast your spell. As it takes effect, your body surges with power. You may perform an act of strength – but what good will it do you? Turn to 586.

724

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, this spell will not work – turn to 165. If you have a Galehorn, you may cast your spell and blow through it. A tremendous blast breaks from the instrument and catches the rope. It blows out across the crevasse. When the blast ceases, the rope swings back towards you. It seems safe enough. Do you want to try swinging across on the rope (turn to 165), or will you instead continue down the path (turn to 59)?

725

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Ring of Green Metal with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you must return to 98 to make another choice. If you have a Green Ring, you may place it on your finger and cast your spell. Turn to 585.

726

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You reach into your backpack and choose something on which to cast your spell (cross 1 item off your Adventure Sheet). The spell turns this into a handful of illusory treasure, which you hold out towards the Hobgoblin. But your peace offering has no effect. You have deeply insulted her! Her cleaver comes down, narrowly missing your hand. Turn to 281.

727

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Brass Pendulum required for this spell, it will do you no good, as you need time to concentrate your victim's attention on the Pendulum as it swings. In this situation you do not have time to put the Black Elves to sleep, and they attack you. Deduct 2 STAMINA points, as they strike the first blow, and turn to 510.

728

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Cloth Skullcap with you? If not, you wait for the spell to take effect, but nothing happens, and you cross the room hurriedly (turn to 571). If you have a Cloth Skullcap, you may place it on your head and concentrate on one of the Goblins. Turn to 684.

729

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone with you? If not, your spell will not work: return to 362 and make another choice. If you have a Bracelet of Bone, this will still not do you much good. Even if you create the illusion that the prisoner is free of the pillory, the illusion will soon be shattered when he finds he cannot move about. Return to 362 and make another choice.

730

Do you have any Goblin's Teeth with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – turn to 552. If you have any Goblin's Teeth, you may throw them on the ground and cast your spell over them. Deduct as many STAMINA points as Goblin's Teeth you use and turn to 581.

731

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, your spell will not work and the rocks fall around and on you – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 368 to escape the landslide. If you have a Galehorn, you cast your spell and blow, creating a raging gale which blows up against the falling rocks. The force is tremendous, but it cannot hold back the landslide. Your only means of escape now is to leap across the crevasse (turn to 400).

732

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the first guard attacks: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 449. If you have some beeswax, you may rub it on your weapon to enhance its effect. Turn to 449 to fight the guards, but each wound that you inflict in this fight will cause 4 STAMINA points of damage instead of the normal 2.

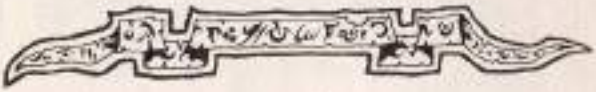

733

As the spell wears off, your feet once more touch solid ground. The confusion clears and you take in your surroundings. They are strangely familiar. You are far from the prison tower, that's for sure. But where are you? You are alone on a wide plain, standing on a path. The featureless landscape offers no encouragement. You choose your direction and set off along the path. Turn to reference 48 of Book 3 of the *Sorcery!* series.

734

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any grains of sand with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 499 and make another choice. If you have some sand, turn to 597.

735

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Crystal Orb with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – return to 160 and choose again. If you have a Crystal Orb, turn to 680.

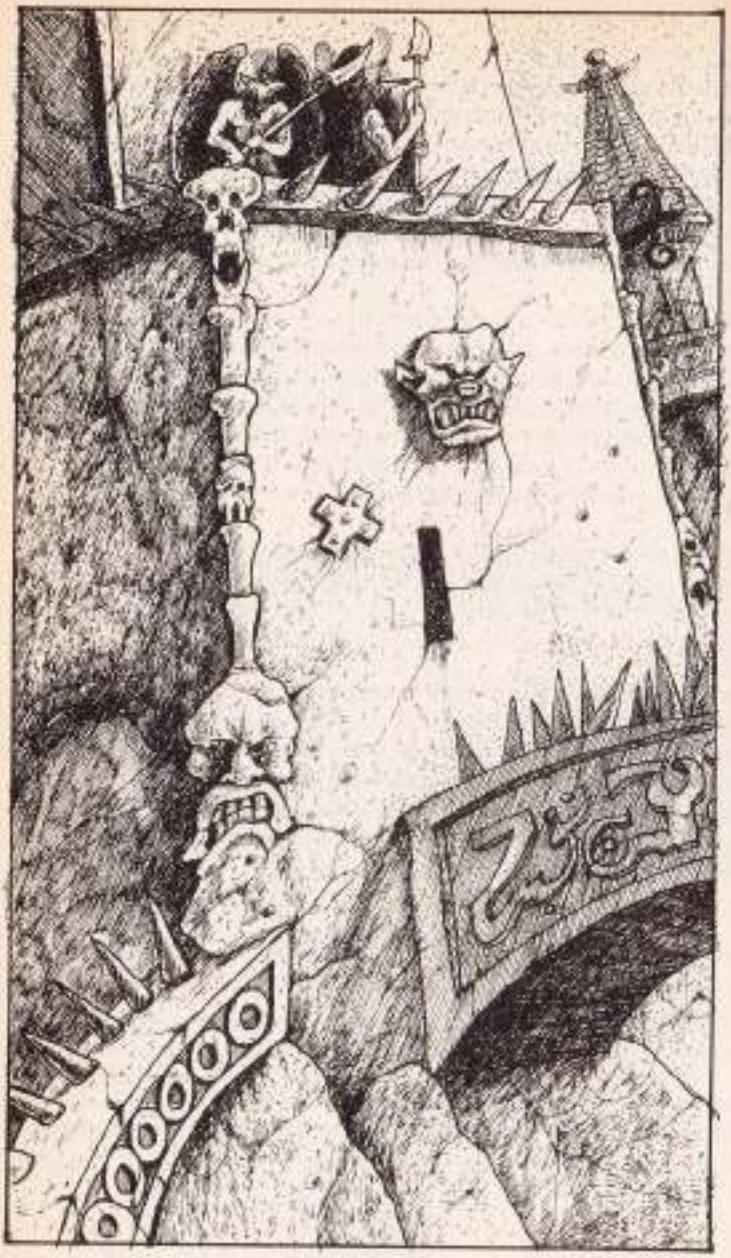

736

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, the spell will not work – turn to 304. If you have such a Medallion, you may place it round your neck and cast your spell. You begin to rise in the air towards the top of the Fortress wall. But as you float upwards, a sight makes you stop in mid-flight. Birdmen, patrolling the parapets! So far, they have not seen you, but if you rise any further, you will surely be discovered. You decide against trying to enter this way and return to the ground. Turn to 304.

737

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and must decide to copy the creature – turn to 483. If you have any pebbles, you may cast your spell on them to charge them with explosive power. But even throwing them against the lock has no effect. And the noise attracts the attention of a group of guards! You decide to leave and hide in the corner of the courtyard. Turn to 519.

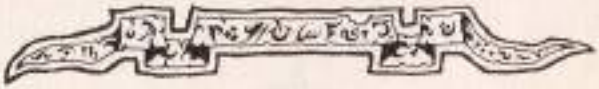

738

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, your spell will not work and the guards get in the first blow: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 453. If you have a Wig, you may place it on your head and talk to the guards. They stop in their tracks, amazed at hearing someone talk to them in the language of their homelands, the Tinpang Valley. But they have little to say, except that you are not allowed in the area. As a special privilege, they will allow you to leave them peacefully and approach the double doors. If you decide to do this, turn to 176. If you don't want to do this, you will have to fight them (turn to 453).

739

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You wait for the area around you to go dark, but nothing happens! This spell will work only indoors. Meanwhile the Sightmasters attack quickly, landing the first blow. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 110.

740

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, your spell will not work and you must draw your weapon – turn to 442. If you have a Sun Jewel, you may hold it up and cast your spell into it. It begins to glow with a throbbing light which becomes brighter and brighter. Suddenly, it bursts into brilliance and the creature shrieks with a pitiful cry! It backs off into the corner of the room and you cannot help but take pity on it. It is whimpering with a sound that could be a sentence, if only you could hear it properly. Will you step over and listen to it (turn to 405), or will you remain still, holding up the Jewel (turn to 559)?

741

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Ring of Green Metal with you? If not, this spell will have no effect and you decide to try something from your backpack against the doors – turn to 31. If you have such a ring, you may place it on your finger and concentrate on your spell. Whereas the spell can take you short distances instantaneously, it cannot take you through solid wood. In an instant, you are standing at a different spot, carried by the spell. You are standing in front of a door which you recognize as the one you have just passed on the left. Will you open the door and enter (turn to 206), or will you head back for the doors you have just come from (turn to 253)?

742

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Crystal Orb with you? If not, the spell will not work – return to 79 and make another choice. If you have a Crystal Orb, turn to 713.

743

Do you have any Holy Water with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – return to 351 and choose another course of action. If you have any Holy Water, you may cast your spell on the body of Farren Whyde. Turn to 537.

744

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you cannot cast the spell and the creature swipes again, this time smacking you in the side: deduct 2 STAMINA points and return to 515 to make another choice. If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, you may hold it up to the creature and cast your spell. But the poor light and the sheer size of the blubbery hulk are affecting your spell; it is taking a long time to work. Meanwhile, the creature lumbers forwards and swings its arm. Your Mirror is knocked from your hand and smashes on the floor! Turn to 475.

745

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – turn to 769. If you have a Sun Jewel, you pull it out and cast your spell. The Red-Eyes laugh at your efforts. For how can you blind them with a Sun Jewel if their eyes are already closed? Draw your weapon and turn to 225.

746

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Potion of Fire Water with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. The She-Satyrs become annoyed at your futile efforts and one throws a spear which grazes your arm: deduct 2 STAMINA points and return to 522 to choose again. If you have a Potion of Fire Water, you may drink it and cast your spell. A surge of strength runs through your body. You grab a huge boulder and hurl it at the She-Satyrs. Although it misses them, they look nervously at each other and decide you are a little too powerful for them to capture. They allow you to leave the area unharmed. Turn to 441.

747

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel of Gold with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – turn to 145. If you have a Jewel of Gold you may cast your spell quickly on the captain. Turn to 634.

748

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Red-Eyes attack as you are trying to make it work. Turn to 769. If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, you cast your spell on to it and turn it towards one of the creatures. A double of this creature crawls out of the mirror and stands in front of them. The three Red-Eyes are astonished! You may command this creation to attack its model. But before you do this, you may cast the spell twice more to create duplicates of all three Red-Eyes (casting each spell will drain 1 STAMINA point). Decide how many you will create and turn to 159. Each replica will battle its model to the death. It will have the same SKILL and STAMINA scores as its original and will also have the same powers of heat vision. You may join in the battle and help your creations to win if you wish.

749

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have a Green-Haired Wig with you, this spell will do you no good. There is no one around for you to talk to! Turn to 304.

750

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Green-Haired Wig you need to complete this spell, it will do you no good, as there is no one around who can hear you. Turn to 53.

751

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create an invisible barrier along the side of the trail, such that the falling rocks smash into it and pile up. Your creation shudders as the weight builds up, and you decide it best to run ahead quickly before the spell wears off. You pass the landslide safely. Further along the trail, you come to a wide crack in the rock, which is spanned by a narrow bridge. Turn to 411.

752

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, you cannot cast the spell and the Ogre attacks you for 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to 270. If you have a Sun Jewel, your spell will temporarily blind the Ogre, but will do him no harm. Return to 251 and make another choice.

753

Deduct 7 STAMINA points. Your body trembles as you cast the spell. What lies in store? You have no idea what the spell will do. The first sound you hear is a squeaky scream from the Minimite. You look towards him and find he is in great pain, lying down on the floor and clutching his stomach. *Magic!* The spell has broken the little creature's defences and it is writhing in agony on the floor! Suddenly, Jann falls still. The strain has been too much. He is dead.

But what about yourself? As the Minimite dies, it seems to have the effect of triggering your spell. The room swirls. A rush of sound, like the sea in a large shell, comes to your ears. Your sense of balance falters . . . and is lost, as you tumble over and over in a magical void. You can see the world below you flashing past. People, places, creatures . . . all swirl past you – *travelling backwards!* The secret of the spell! That must be it! Your are travelling backwards through time! But, the question is – and here you realize the folly of your actions – *where to*? Turn to **438**.

754

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for an indication as to whether or not this strange structure is safe. Sure enough, your spell signals a warning. Turn to **586**.

755

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Hobgoblin attacks with the cleaver – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **281**. If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, turn to **629**.

756

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a vial of glue? If not, the spell will not work and the guards attack: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 453. If you have a vial of glue, you throw it on to the floor in front of the leading guard and cast your spell. Your aim is good but, as luck would have it, the guard changes his pace as he reaches your trap and his stride takes him over it! Turn to 453 and face the guards.

757

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, your spell does not work and the creature catches you off guard with a blow: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 490. If you have the Wig, you put it on and cast the spell. You find you are able to converse with the creature. But it is not interested in conversation; it simply wants you out of its home! Will you leave it in peace (turn to 469), or will you fight it (turn to 490)?

758

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Pearl Ring with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and while you try in vain to complete it, the Birdmen attack – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 462. If you have a Pearl Ring, you may cast your spell to make yourself invisible. But this is not an ideal spell to cast in this situation. You are in a small room, so there is not much chance of avoiding the Birdmen, and your opponents have a sharp sense of hearing. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may slip out of the room (turn to 479). If you are Unlucky, the Birdmen locate you (turn to 462).

759

The Pendulum swings slowly backwards and forwards as his attention becomes more and more focused on it. Under the influence of your spell, he is soon asleep and you are able to look through his room. It seems that he keeps his gold well hidden, for all you can find is a pouch on the desk containing 10 Gold Pieces. You may keep these. But under his table is a drawer containing a book which you find most interesting. On one page is a diagram that you recognize as the courtyard. Written next to the double doors is the word 'Alaralatanalara'. *The password!* You memorize the word, snap the book shut and leave the room. Turn to 141.

760

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell and your futile efforts serve only to anger the creatures. Another spear comes flying towards you, and this one catches your leg – deduct 3 STAMINA points and return to 522 to choose a non-magical option. If you have a Bamboo Flute, you may cast your spell and start playing. As the spell takes hold, the effect is comical. The two She-Satyrs begin dancing uncontrollably in time to your music! They step awkwardly on their clumsy hooves, and are unable to prevent you continuing along the trail. Turn to 441.

761

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Green-Haired Wig that this spell requires, it will do you no good: there is nothing around for you to talk to. You decide instead to try something from your pack. Turn to 31.

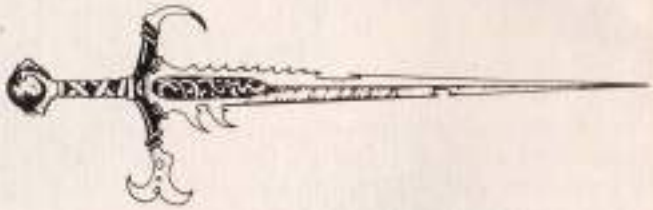

762

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on the creature and wait for some indication that it has worked. You get no such indication. You draw your weapon. Turn to 442.

763

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell. Almost immediately, an invisible cloud, which smells like a thousand rotting dungheaps, swells up in the room. Do you have any nose plugs with you? If not, then the smell will make you feel ill and you must deduct 3 STAMINA points as you are sick in the corner. You turn towards the fat man. He looks towards you smiling, holding a scented handkerchief to his nose. The spell is not affecting him at all! Do you want to leap across the table and attack (turn to 205), or will you instead offer him something from your backpack (turn to 66)?

764

You cast your spell into the Jewel. It starts by glowing dully, then suddenly a brilliant light bursts from it and fills the room. Gasps go up all round and the Goblins cringe away from you into the corners of the room, shielding their eyes from the light. You have a clear path across the room to the door on the far side. Turn to 426.

765

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you take a first blow from one of the guards: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 453. If you have some beeswax, you may quickly rub it on to your weapon to enhance its abilities. Turn to 453 and fight the guards, but your weapon will do double damage – 4 STAMINA points of damage instead of the normal 2.

766

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. As the guards approach, you cast your spell. *But nothing happens!* This spell can only be used within the confines of a windowless room, not outside as you are now. The guards are approaching fast and one strikes you with his sword. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 40.

767

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell to create a magical defensive barrier. But nothing happens! Perhaps you have not cast it properly. Return to **98** and choose an alternative course of action.

768

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. If you have any such Potions, you may swallow them and cast your spell. Your wounds begin to heal and you start to feel revitalized. You may restore your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level. Whether or not you have been able to cast the spell, return to **362** to choose your next move.

769

The Red-Eyes watch you go through the motions of casting your spell. It is obvious to them that you are summoning up magic and that they must act quickly. Their best defence is attack. And their best means of attack is their deadly power of heat vision. The Red-Eyes open their eyelids and stare directly into your face. Your last memory is of burning beams of heat from the eyes of the creatures heading directly for your own. Your mission has ended.

770

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, you cannot cast the spell and the Ogre attacks you for 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to **270**. If you have a Sun Jewel, your spell will temporarily blind the Ogre, but will do him no harm. Return to **557** and make another choice.

771

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 580 and make another choice. If you have some stone dust, you may throw it over anything that you wish in the room and use your spell to petrify it. Turn to 504.

772

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You concentrate on one of the creatures and cast your spell. The She-Satyr shakes her head and looks first at you, then at her companion. Her expression is one of bewilderment! The other creature begins to shift uneasily; she had no wish to confront a magician. 'Release my companion from this spell,' she shouts, in a voice more fearful than threatening, 'and we will let you pass.' This seems a fair deal to you, and you pick up your belongings to leave. Suddenly, the confused She-Satyr grabs a handful of pebbles and hurls them at you! Before you can react, they shower you painfully. You must deduct 2 STAMINA points, but then you may leave the area. Turn to 441.

773

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and, almost immediately, you begin to grow until you are Giant-sized. You step up to the doors. With your extra strength, you hope you can smash them open. Do you want to grip the handle and give the door a shove (turn to 344), or will you first try imitating the creature you saw earlier (turn to 483)?

774

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell over Farren Whyde. He begins to protest, but it is too late. He slumps miserably on to the floor. You try talking to him, but he is not interested. The old man's spirit has been broken. There is now nothing you can do. You will have to leave, work your way back through the Fortress and head for the tower outside. Turn to **486**.

775

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any pebbles with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Elves will attack: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **510**. If you have any pebbles, you may cast your spell on them and use them as exploding missiles against the Black Elves. You may throw as many of your pebbles as you want and, during this time, the Black Elves will not dare approach you too quickly. Turn to **510**. Choose your target and roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your SKILL score, deduct 3 STAMINA points from your target. If the roll is higher, the pebble misses. When you have finished throwing your pebbles, you must finish the battle off with your weapon.

776

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – return to **193** and choose again. If you have Medicinal Potions, you may swallow them and cast your spell. Within moments, the spell will take effect. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Now return to **193** to choose your next course of action.

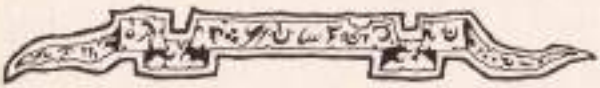

777

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – return to 499 and make another choice. If you have such a Medallion, you may place it round your neck and cast the spell. Almost immediately, you begin to rise into the air. But the ceiling is low and you cannot gain any advantage of height on the creature: you cannot rise out of its reach! As it closes in, you decide to return to the ground where you will be able to fight more easily. Turn to 65.

778

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, the spell will not work and you must deduct 2 STAMINA points as the Birdman darts down from the air to attack – turn to 450. If you have such a Medallion, you may place it round your neck and cast your spell. As it takes effect, your body begins to rise in the air. The Birdman stops his attack and watches, incredulous, as you float towards him. You may now draw your weapon and attack. Turn to 450.

779

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – turn to 383. If you have a Galehorn, turn to 648.

780

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, your spell will not work and you will not avoid the creature's next blow: deduct 2 STAMINA points and return to 515 to make another choice. If you have such a Wig, you may place it on your head and cast your spell, to try to talk to the blubbery hulk. Recognizing something of your message, it cocks its head to one side and stares at you intently. Turn to 386.

781

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell over the fallen Demon and command it to rise, under your control. But nothing happens. The creature is dead and cannot obey you. You have wasted your STAMINA. Return to 351 and make another choice.

782

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for an indication of any traps or danger ahead. Something is not quite right. Although you are sure you are about to face danger, no indication is given by the spell. Return to 123 to choose your next course of action.

783

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Unsure of what you are facing in this room, you decide to try a powerful spell. As it takes effect, the shuffling stops. You approach the general direction of the shuffling noise. But in the blackness you bump into a prickly bush! Or was it a bush at all? Whatever it was, you are now bleeding and must deduct 2 more STAMINA points. Rather than wait around to find out what it was, you decide to give up on this room. You leave, heading through the entrance-room, to try the other way onwards. Turn to 18.

784

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles? If not, you cannot use this spell and the first guard clouts you with the flat of his sword – turn to 449. If you have some pebbles, you may cast your spell on to as many as you want (but not more than you have). The guards are a cowardly lot. As you throw the pebbles at them, they explode and frighten them off. Once you have decided how many pebbles you will enchant, you must then determine how many of the guards you will frighten. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score for each of the pebbles. If the roll is equal to or less than your SKILL, then that pebble has frightened off one of the guards. If you manage to frighten off all three guards, turn to 397. If you frighten off two of the guards, turn to 401. If you frighten off none, or one of the guards, you will have to draw your weapon and face the others – turn to 449 (but ignore the first guard, if you have frightened him off).

785

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for some indication of whether the rope is safe or not. You begin to feel a strange sensation. The hand which is gripping the rope begins to glow with a peculiar heat! At first you think you may be imagining things, but eventually, you are certain that the spell is trying to tell you something. But what? If you wish to swing across on the rope, turn to 165. If you leave it and continue along the trail, turn to 59.

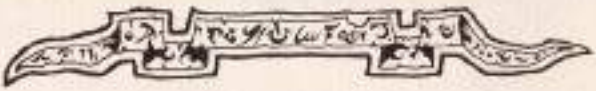

786

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling? If not, you cannot use this spell; instead draw your weapon and turn to 162. If you have an Oak Staff, you may hold it up and cast your spell. The strange man raises an eyebrow and then grimaces as the spell takes effect. 'A Holding Spell!' he grunts, evidently struggling against its power. He reaches into his desk and pulls out a small glass vial. Before you can stop him, he drinks the potion within it and slumps back in the chair. You step forwards to take advantage of his weakness, but not before he can call out loudly. Turn to 552.

787

By wearing the Skullcap and casting your spell, you are able to reach out and focus on the mind of the leading Sightmaster. But now you must face the creatures. Being able to read the mind of the first Sightmaster, he will not be able to hit you. Turn to 110 to battle the group. You must follow the combat instructions, but you will not suffer any hits from an opponent whose mind you are reading, even if its Attack Strength is higher. Thus you may dispatch the first Sightmaster in two successful rounds, but you must still follow the instructions in case one of the other Sightmasters lands a hit. When the first is defeated, you may cast the spell again on the second (this will cost another 1 STAMINA point), and then the third when the second is defeated.

788

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You draw something from your backpack (you choose what) and cast your spell on it. It immediately turns into a gleaming pile of treasure! But the Skunkbear is not interested in these apparent riches. He wants you out of his cave! The creature hits you with a paw. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and decide whether you want to draw your weapon and face it (turn to **490**), or run from the cave (turn to **469**).

789

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's Tooth with you? If not, the spell will not work and the first guard attacks: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **394**. If you have a Giant's Tooth, you may throw it on the ground and cast your spell to create a large, burly Giant (SKILL 8, STAMINA 9) which will attack the first guard. Turn to **394** to conduct this battle. The Giant will disappear as soon as the fight is over.

790

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell towards the strongest-looking Birdman. There is a *clang* as the creature's sword drops to the ground. It looks surprised, and bends down to retrieve the blade. This time, the Birdman smacks its head against the table on the way down and it collapses in a heap on the floor. It has knocked itself out! Turn to **462** to fight the remaining two Birdmen (ignore the first Birdman).

791

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. This spell will do you no good here. Although you may be able to create a pool of quicksand, there are no creatures around that you could trap in it! Turn to 304.

792

You cast your spell into the Orb and watch to see what happens. A milky cloud spreads through it and eventually begins to clear. An image takes shape. An old man, dressed in long undergarments, is in a room, standing behind the door. Apparently he is waiting for someone to enter, as he holds a brass pot above his head, ready to attack. What can this mean? Does it mean anything? This revelation is not helping you to break the lock of the pillory. Return to 362 and make another choice.

793

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and it takes effect immediately. You are protected from any magic that may be used against you. But these Black Elves will not be using magic. Turn to 510.

794

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any pebbles with you? If not, then you are wasting your time with this spell; return to 251 and make another choice. If you have any pebbles, choose how many you will use and cast your spell. Turn to 270. You may throw these pebbles at the Ogre, but for each one, you must roll a number equal to or less than your SKILL score in order to make a successful hit. Each successful hit will inflict 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you miss with two throws, the Ogre will step in to attack and you may throw no more pebbles.

795

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Green-Haired Wig you need to complete this spell, it will do you no good, as there is nothing around to hear you. Turn to 53.

796

You cast your spell and stare into the Orb. Images form within the glass and shortly you are looking at a scene, in which nothing is moving. A narrow trail leads down towards a crevasse in a rocky mountainside. What can this mean? Not a great deal at the moment. Return to **123** to choose your next course of action.

797

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Gold-Backed Mirror that this spell requires, it will do you no good: this spell is not appropriate here. Frustrated at the poor choice you have made, you step up to the rope. Turn to **165**.

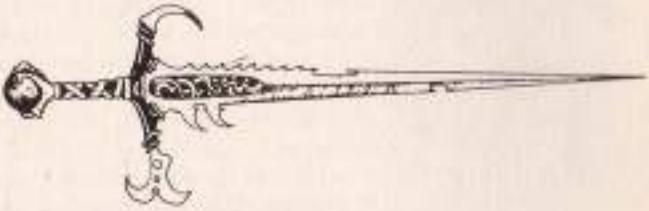

798

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, your spell will not work and you have now wasted time – draw your weapon and turn to **172**. If you have such a Medallion, turn to **540**.

799

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, the spell will not work and you must try to pick your way through the Goblins – turn to **56**. If you have a Sun Jewel, turn to **764**.

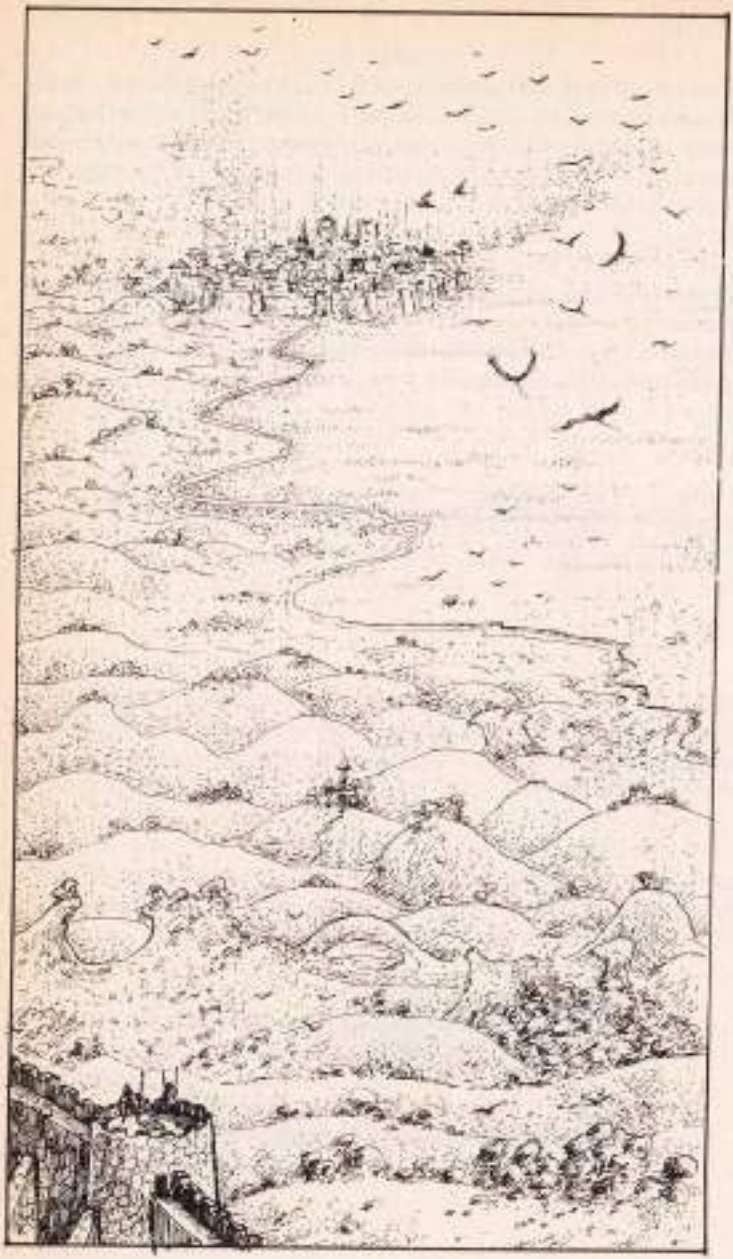

800

You step over to the window and blow your whistle. A shrill, warbling sound comes from the silver piece and you wait for it to summon its masters. A short while later, nothing has happened and you begin to get anxious. But, sure enough, your call has been heard. A fluttering of wings can be heard at the window, followed by a familiar face. The head of Peewit Croo appears. 'Do you have the Crown?' he asks. You nod, and tell him of the struggle, patting your backpack to indicate that the Crown is safe. 'Then let us go!' he cries. 'For both our missions are now done. Without the Crown, Mampang is powerless. Give me your hands, friend.' The Birdmen take you and fly you away from the Fortress and across the peaks of High Xamen.

You have succeeded in your mission. The Crown of Kings will be returned to Analand. The Archmage is dead. Perhaps sometime soon another warlord will seize power in Mampang and your country will once again be threatened. But for the time being, you hold your head high in pride. Yours has been the most difficult task ever completed by a native of your country. You have firmly written yourself into the history books of Analand. And your adventures will become legends, passed on through generations of your people.

Your journey is over. You have earned your rest.

THE SORCERY SPELL BOOK

RULES FOR USING MAGIC

During your training you have been taught a number of spells and incantations which you use to aid you on your quest. The full list of spells follows these instructions.

Spells are identified by a three-letter word. Throughout the book you will be given the option of using spells to overcome problems and opponents. *The spells will be identified only by these three-letter words, so it is important that you memorize at least some of the codes.*

Thus, before you can start using your powers of sorcery, you will need to spend some time memorizing spells, as would a real wizard learning the magic arts. Obviously, you will not be able to memorize all forty-eight spells at once, but the more you use the book, the more familiar you will become with the most useful spells.

Try starting by memorizing between six and ten spells (the best ones to start with are given below) and relying on your swordsmanship to fight some of the creatures you encounter. It is possible, with a little luck, to complete your quest with these spells, but your task will become easier when you are capable of using more spells.

Some spells also require the use of an artefact, such as a piece of jewellery or a magic ring. If you try to use a spell without possessing the correct artefact, you will be wasting your STAMINA as the spell will not work.

Each time you use a spell – whether it is successful or not – it will draw on your reserves of energy and concentration. A cost, in STAMINA points, is given for each spell. Each time you use a spell, you must deduct the cost from your STAMINA score.

You may study the Book of Spells for as long as you want before embarking on an adventure, *but once you have set off, you may never again refer to it and must rely purely on your memory until your adventure is over.* Nor may you write the spells down for easy reference. In a real situation where you may be surprised by a creature, you would not have time to start flicking through your Spell Book trying to work out the best spell to cast!

The Six Most Useful Spells

Code	*Effect*	*Stamina Cost*
ZAP	Creates a lightning bolt which shoots from the fingertip	4
FOF	Creates a protective force-field	4
LAW	Enables creatures to be controlled	4
DUM	Makes creatures extremely clumsy	4
HOT	Creates a fireball which can be aimed at enemies	4
WAL	Creates a magic wall to defend against physical objects	4

ZAP and HOT are strong attacking spells, FOF and WAL are good general-purpose defensive spells, while LAW and DUM will be useful if you get into a tricky situation.

Note that these spells will often be more powerful than you need in a given situation – they are not cheap in terms of STAMINA points – but they are good all-rounders. As you get to know more spells from the Spell Book, you will be able to choose more economical spells which will be equally effective against certain perils.

Read through the list again, then cover up the 'Effect' column with your hand. How many can you remember? When you can remember them by heart, you can begin your quest.

HINTS ON USING SPELLS

As you familiarize yourself with the spells in this Spell Book, your skill and abilities in the adventure will improve.

Learning the six basic spells will allow you to start playing with minimal delay. These spells will get you out of most difficulties, but they are expensive (in terms of STAMINA points) and you will often find it necessary to rely on your limited powers of swordsmanship, particularly with weaker creatures, in order to avoid running dangerously short of STAMINA.

Other spells are more economical but will be given less often as options, thus relying more on your memory and skill as a wizard. The most economical spells of all are those which require magical artefacts, which must be found on your adventure.

Remember that there are heavy penalties for guessing spells! If you choose a spell code which does not represent a spell, or if you choose a spell for which you do not have the required artefact, you will lose extra STAMINA points. In some cases, death will be your penalty!

Not all the spells are used in this adventure.

You will soon begin to make your own discoveries about the spells themselves. There is a certain logic to the way they are arranged, the options that are given and their codes. But these discoveries you must make for yourself. Experience will make you more skilful with magic. All this is part of the art of sorcery.

ZAP

An extremely powerful weapon, this spell creates a blast of lightning which shoots from the caster's hand, which must be pointed in the desired direction. It is effective against virtually all living creatures which have no magical defences. But it takes great strength and concentration to use.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

HOT

The caster may direct this spell with his hands in any direction desired. As it is cast, a burning fireball shoots from the hands towards its target. It will be effective against any creature, whether magical or not, unless that creature cannot be harmed by fire. The fireball so created causes severe burns on impact, but extinguishes soon after hitting its target.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

FOF

This powerful spell creates a magical and physical barrier in front of the caster which is capable of keeping out all physical intruders and most magical ones. Its creation takes excessive mental concentration but the resulting force-field is both extremely strong and is under the control of its creator's will, who can allow one-way penetration, or can position it as desired.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

WAL

The casting of this spell creates an invisible wall in front of the caster. This wall is impervious to all missiles, creatures, etc. It is a very useful defensive spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

LAW

Casting this spell at an attacking creature allows the caster to take control of the attacker's will. The attack will cease and the creature will immediately come under the control of the caster. However, this spell works only on non-intelligent creatures and lasts only for a short time.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

DUM

When cast at a creature holding an object of some sort (e.g. a weapon), this spell will make the creature clumsy and uncoordinated. It will drop the object, fumble to pick it up, drop it again – in short the creature is unlikely to do the caster any harm with any objects while under the influence of this spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

BIG

When this spell is cast on the caster's own body, it will inflate the body to three times normal size. This increases the power of the caster and is especially useful against large opponents, but must be used with caution in confined spaces!

Cost 2 STAMINA points

WOK

A coin of some sort is necessary for this spell. The caster places the coin on the wrist and casts the spell on it. The coin becomes magically fixed on the wrist and acts as an invisible metal shield with an effective protection circle of just under three feet across. This will shield the user against all normal weapons. Afterwards, the coin is no longer usable as a coin.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

DOP

This spell may be used to open any locked door. Casting the spell works directly on the lock tumblers and the door may be opened freely. If the door is bolted from the inside, the bolts will be undone. The spell will not work on doors sealed by magic.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

RAZ

To perform this spell, beeswax is required. By rubbing the wax on any *edged* weapon (sword, axe, dagger, etc.) and casting this spell, the blade will become razor-sharp and do double its normal damage. Thus, if it normally inflicts 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage, it will now inflict 4.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SUS

This spell may be cast when the caster suspects a trap of some kind. Once cast it will indicate telepathically to the caster whether or not to beware of a trap and, if so, the best protective action. If caught in a trap, this spell may also be used to minimize its effects in certain cases.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

SIX

This spell is cast on to the caster's own body. Its effect is to create multiple images of the caster, all identical and all capable of casting spells and/or attacking, although each will perform identical actions as if reflected in a mirror. Most creatures faced with these replicas will be unable to tell which is the real one and will fight all six.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

JIG

When this spell is cast, the recipient gets the uncontrollable urge to dance. The caster can make any creature dance merry jigs by playing a small Bamboo Flute. If this flute has been found, the affected creature will dance for as long as it is played. This will normally give the caster time to escape – or he may continue playing and watch the show!

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GOB

This creation spell requires any number of teeth of Goblins. The spell may be cast on to these teeth to create one, two, or an army of Goblins. These Goblins can then be commanded to fight an enemy or perform any duties they are instructed to carry out. They will disappear as soon as their duties have been performed.

Cost 1 STAMINA point per Goblin created

YOB

Casting this spell requires the tooth of a Giant. When this spell is cast upon the tooth correctly, a Giant, some twelve feet tall, will be created instantly. The caster has control over the Giant and may command him to fight an opponent, perform some feat of strength, etc. The Giant will disappear when his duty is done.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GUM

Casting this spell, together with using the contents of a vial of glue, will cause the glue to become super-sticky, bonding in less than a second. Using the spell, the caster will be able to stick creatures to the floor or walls, although it is necessary to get the victim into contact with the glue from the vial. This can be done, for instance, by throwing it at the creature's feet, or by resting it on top of a slightly opened door, so that it falls when the door is opened.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

HOW

This spell is to be used in perilous situations when information about the safest way of escape is desired. When it has been cast, the caster will get an inclination towards one exit or, if a means of defence is present near by, will be directed towards it by a strange psychic force.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DOC

Medicinal potions carried and used by the caster will, under this spell, have their effects increased so that they will heal any wounded human or creature who drinks them. The potions may be used on the caster – the spell must be cast as potion is being administered – but they will not bring a being who has actually died back to life.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

DOZ

This spell may be cast upon any creature, reducing its movements and reactions to about a sixth of its normal speed. Thus the creature appears to move as in a dream sequence, making it much easier to evade or defeat.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DUD

By casting this spell, the caster can create an illusion of treasure in its many forms. Gold pieces, silver coins, gems and jewels can be created at will and these can be used to distract, pay off or bribe creatures. The illusory riches will disappear as soon as the caster is out of sight.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

MAG

This spell protects its caster from most magical spells. It must be cast quickly, before the attacking spell takes effect. It works by neutralizing the attacking spell which disperses harmlessly. This spell is thus a very powerful protective weapon, but it does not work against every spell.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

POP

A potent little spell, but one which calls for great mental concentration, this spell must be cast on small pebbles. Once charged with magic, these pebbles can be thrown and will explode on impact. Apart from being dangerous to anything within shatter distance, the pebbles make a loud bang when they explode.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FAL

This spell is useful if the caster is caught in a pit trap or falls from a considerable height. When cast, it makes the caster's body as light as a feather. The caster will float down through the air and land gently on the ground.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DIM

A good defensive spell, this can be cast at any creature attacking the caster. Its effect is to muddle the mind of its victim, temporarily confusing the creature. However, it must be handled with caution, as a creature so deranged may act irrationally and unpredictably.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

FOG

This spell may only be cast in a closed room with no windows. Once cast, the room turns pitch black in the eyes of all but the caster – even though torches and candles may still be burning. It renders blind any creatures within the room. Its effects are only temporary.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

MUD

As this spell is cast, the caster must sprinkle grains of sand on to the floor as desired (e.g. in front of a creature). The spell takes effect on the sand and the floor, creating a pool of quicksand. Any creature stepping on this quicksand will slowly be drowned in it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NIF

As this spell is cast, the air surrounding the caster becomes filled with a nauseating stench. This smell is so horrible that it will cause any creature which catches a whiff of it to vomit violently. It will thus weaken any adversary with a sense of smell. This includes the caster unless he is wearing a pair of nose plugs. The effect will be more pronounced in creatures with large noses.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

TEL

To activate this spell, the caster must wear a cloth skullcap. With the aid of this cap, the spell will allow the user to read the mind of any intelligent creature encountered, learning about its strengths, weaknesses, the contents of nearby rooms, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GAK

In order to use this spell, the caster must be in possession of a Black Facemask, which must be worn while the spell is being cast. It can be cast directly on to an opponent and has the effect of creating a terrible fear within his mind. Brave creatures will be less affected than cowardly ones, so the effect varies from a cold sweat and loss of nerve to the creature's being reduced to a quivering jelly cowering in the corner of a room.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SAP

The effect of this spell, which is only useful in combat, is to demoralize an opponent so that his will to win is lost. Any creature so demoralized will be easier to defeat – though victory is still not certain.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

GOD

This is a form of illusion which can only be performed if the caster is wearing a Jewel of Gold. When this spell is cast, any creatures or humans in the vicinity will take an immediate liking to the caster. This does *not* mean that they will not fight, if such is their duty, but they will be more likely to give information that they would not normally give. They may even help the caster in spite of their normally being hostile.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KIN

This creation spell is useful in battles. It requires the use of a Gold-Backed Mirror, which must be pointed at a creature as the spell is cast. It creates an exact replica of any creature being fought and his double is under the control of the caster, who can instruct it to fight the original creature. Both will fight with the same strengths and weaknesses – only luck will separate their fates. If the original creature dies, its double will disappear. It will also disappear if it is defeated.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

PEP

A Potion of Fire Water must be taken by the caster for this spell to be used. It will enhance the effects of the Fire Water to give the caster double or treble his or her own normal strength. Although the effects are temporary, they will normally be enough to aid in battle or to perform some feat of super-strength.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ROK

Stone dust is required for this spell. The dust must be thrown at a creature as the spell is being cast. Within seconds, the victim will start to petrify. As its movements become slower and eventually cease, it will start to turn grey. Some moments after the spell is cast, it will have solidified into a grey stone statue.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NIP

The caster must cast this spell on his or her own body. Under the influence of this spell, the caster becomes exceedingly quick and may run, speak, think or fight at three times normal speed. However, this spell will only take effect if the caster sniffs Yellow Powder before using the spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

HUF

In order to use this spell, the caster must possess the Galehorn, a trumpet-like instrument which plays a discordant note. The spell is cast on to the horn and it is blown in a particular direction. As the spell takes effect, a tremendous wind rushes from the trumpet. This wind is capable of blowing over man-sized creatures, or it can be used to blow things off shelves, over ledges, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FIX

Applicable to both animate and inanimate objects, this spell has the effect of holding an opponent or object where it stands, unable to move even if in mid-air. In order to cast this spell, however, the caster must be holding a Staff of Oak Sapling. Anything held fast by this spell will remain frozen until the caster leaves the vicinity.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NAP

Effective only against living creatures, this spell causes them to become drowsy and, within several seconds, to fall fast asleep. It is used in conjunction with a Brass Pendulum. The spell concentrates the creature's attention on the Pendulum, which the caster must swing slowly to and fro before the creature, in order to hypnotize it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZEN

In order to cast this spell, the caster must wear a Jewel-Studded Medallion around the neck. Casting this spell will then allow the caster to float in the air at any height desired. A magician hovering thus will remain suspended for as long as desired and may float around at will.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

YAZ

This spell will not work unless the caster is wearing a fine Pearl Ring. Casting the spell while wearing this ring renders the caster's body invisible to any reasonably intelligent creature. It may be used to give considerable advantage in battle or to escape from a dangerous situation. Any creature with ears will be able to hear the caster as he moves around the room. Less intelligent creatures will only be partially convinced, as this is a form of illusion spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SUN

This spell may only be cast upon the yellow Sun Jewel. Once cast, the Jewel begins to glow brightly. Its intensity is under the control of the caster, who can make it brilliant – in order to blind attacking creatures – or just light enough to act as a torch to see in dark rooms.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KID

In order to use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Bracelet of Bone. Once the spell is cast, the caster must concentrate on a particular illusion (e.g. the floor is made of hot coals, the caster has turned into a Demon, etc.) and this illusion will appear real in the eyes of its intended victim. This may allow time for escape or lower a creature's defences. The spell will not work on non-intelligent creatures. If the caster acts in such a way as to destroy the illusion (e.g. turns into a mouse and then goes on to strike the creature with a sword), its effect will be lost immediately.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

RAP

To use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Green-Haired Wig. In conjunction with this wig, the spell will allow the caster to understand the language of, and communicate with, creatures speaking a non-human tongue (e.g. Goblins, Orcs, etc.).

Cost 1 STAMINA point

YAP

This spell allows the caster to understand the language of, and communicate with, most animals. It will be ineffective unless the caster is wearing a Green-Haired Wig.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZIP

An invaluable aid in close battle, this spell is only usable when the caster is wearing a Ring of Green Metal, such metal having been mined from the Craggen Rock. When the spell is cast on to his ring, it enables the wearer to disappear, and reappear a short distance away. The transportation can be through some soft materials such as wood and clay, but is blocked by stone, metal and the like. It is a rather unreliable spell, though – occasionally it has disastrous results.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FAR

In conjunction with an Orb of Crystal, this spell will enable its caster to see, with certain limitations, into the future. The Orb must be held in the hands and the spell is recited while concentrating on the Orb. Very little control can be exercised on exactly what will be seen, but the normal tendency is to see near-future events.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

RES

When cast upon a dead human or humanoid creature (i.e. one with two arms, two legs, a head, etc.) while Holy Water is being sprinkled on the corpse, this spell brings it back to life. The resurrection takes some time to work – the body does not simply spring back on its feet – and the ex-corpse can be killed again as normal. For some time after this spell has taken effect, the resurrected creature is dull and dozy, but it may answer questions asked of it by the caster.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZED

Casting this spell is beyond the means of most minor conjurors because of the great powers of concentration necessary. In fact, in all known history, this spell has been cast only once. Its caster, a powerful Necromancer from Throben, was never seen again and thus its effects are unknown. The Necromancer's notes were subsequently found, but only indications as to its effects could be assumed. Suffice it to say that this is perhaps *the* most formidable spell in known magic lore – but no living magician knows its true effect.

Cost 7 STAMINA points

The legendary Crown of Kings is at last within your grasp – or is it?

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ILLUMINATI AGENDA 21

THE LUCIFERIAN PLAN TO DESTROY CREATION

Dean and Jill Henderson

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AGENDA 21
The Luciferian Plan To Destroy Creation

Dean and Jill Henderson

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Cover and interior design by Jill Henderson

ISBN-10: 1720819106
ISBN-13: 978-1720819103

DEDICATION

To Mother Earth and To Humanity
We Are One

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Chapter 1

Leaving the garden of Eden

In the Book of Genesis Adam and Eve - certainly a metaphor for humanity - landed in the Garden of Eden, a paradise of abundance that only required the acceptance, contentment and gratitude of the humans to remain intact and fertile.

Despite God’s warning and tempted by the serpent - a metaphor for Lucifer and the Anunnaki, whose Nephilim hybrid offspring are also mentioned in the Book of Genesis - the first humans ate the apple from the tree of knowledge and were cast out of the Garden of Eden.

Rather than being content with being human, with seeing themselves as connected to the entirety of God’s creation, Adam and Eve began a process of intellectual self-worship, which today has supplanted all holy books to become the religion of the emerging Luciferian New World Order.

As humanity was forced away from nature by an emerging Babylonian priesthood of Satanists - first, via agriculture as per the story of Cain and Abel and later, via industrialization and capitalism - we lost our God-given abilities to heal ourselves, create free energy, find food in Creator's wild garden and connect telepathically with other beings.

We went from having seven senses to believing we only have five. We were intentionally crippled by the Luciferians. We fell out of love with Mother Earth.

The universe is 93% energy and 7% matter. With this understanding we should remember the Lakota saying, “We are not much, but we are a whole lot more than nothing”. Our bodies are just a shell containing our soul, our vital energy, which is free in the knowledge that we are all actually One.

A priesthood of secret societies emerged who were obsessed with the Luciferian idea that man is smarter than the Creator. They prided themselves on being fallen angels. The ancient cities of Ur and Babylon were ruled by these Luciferians, who justified their deceptions using evil texts like the Talmud and Cabala. They eventually coalesced around the pyramids of Giza, enslaving the Israelites to cover up the real reason that ancient people - probably black African Moors - built the pyramids.

As researcher Michael Tellinger and others are finding out, the pyramids were an important part of a free energy grid spanning the planet, a grid that includes all the ancient ruins from Machu Picchu to Angkor Wat to Ayers Rock. From the air, many of these ruins look like computer circuit boards. It's all about silicon and water. Human beings are 75% water and if tuned in, are excellent conductors.

The Luciferian brain worshipers literally covered up this fact by topping-off the structures, then from their Grand Lodge of Cairo headquarters, created an Egyptian Triad as a template for the establishment of a pyramid-shaped economic, social and religious system that they have used to enslave the rest of humanity.

They called themselves the Brotherhood of the Snake, again a metaphor for the snake that tempted humanity away from their hunting and gathering existence in the Garden of Eden.

In fact, these Luciferians looted and pillaged all the wealth and resources from this Garden of Eden, and usurped the ancient wisdom. They then hid this wisdom from the masses and slaughtered aboriginal people around the globe who *were* content in the garden and lived harmoniously in the knowledge that they were just a part of God's creation.

They stole the seven-sense knowledge of the indigenous people and hid it from humanity within their secret societies where they lorded over it and called it the Ancient Mysteries, though there was nothing mysterious about it. It was simply reality.

The Luciferian philosophy is one of division, individualism, conquest and the atomization of the whole. They reject the reality of nature, which is that we are all One.

Where the ancient ones knew that Mother Earth was a whole living breathing organism called Gaia, the worshipers of the fallen angel saw it as a resource to be owned and plundered for personal financial gain. Materialism is the their religion.

As their wealth has accumulated, so has their bad karma. Instead of facing it, they remain in denial and burrow deeper into their Luciferian delusion as to the nature of reality.

As a result of this lack of understanding of the nature of reality, they live in ignorance and bondage. And so they work tirelessly to make sure we also dwell in this same fourth dimension of bondage, chasing money and fame instead of embracing reality and being happy.

The New Science renaissance being led by quantum physics is exposing the lies that these physical, intellectual and emotional hoarder pirates have enslaved us in, proving that science itself has a spiritual, rather than an objectified basis.

The Luciferians know this, so an epic battle between Good and Evil is entering a critical phase. While truth lies in unity and wholeness, they seek to divide, disrupt and obfuscate.

Whether their deliberate attempt to destroy humanity and this planet is a result of sheer ignorance, or terraforming for a coming return of their Anunnaki lizard cousins doesn't really matter.

These most misguided, miserable and dense humans on the planet - these baby sacrificing, depopulation-obsessed war-mongering vampire inbreds - are so deranged that they think they are smarter than us. Thus, they pompously call themselves the Illuminati.

Part I
the luciferian PERPERTRATORS

Chapter 2

The Rothschild illuminati

While the Luciferians hide in the shadows and try to manipulate creation, it is tactically important that they be identified and become household names. These delusional psychopaths have declared war on humanity and if we are to survive as a species, we who are One must now take the fight to them by exposing their agenda.

Once a critical mass of awareness is reached, the Satanists will melt away into the shadows. But to reach that awareness we need to know who they are, how they think and what they have planned.

The Illuminati serves as ruling council to all the Luciferian secret societies. Its roots go back to the Guardians of Light in Atlantis, the Brotherhood of the Snake in Sumeria, the Afghan Roshaniya, the Egyptian Mystery Schools and the Genoese families who bankrolled the Roman Empire and hung Jesus Christ on the cross for exposing them.

British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli, who “handled” mafia-founder and 33rd Degree Mason, Giuseppe Mazzini, alluded to the Illuminati in a daring speech before the House of Commons in 1856 warning, “There is in Italy a power which we seldom mention. I mean the secret societies. Europe is covered with a network of secret societies just as the surfaces of the earth are covered with a network of railroads.”

The Illuminati is to these secret societies what the Bank of International Settlements is to the Eight Families central bankers. Their hierarchy consists of exactly the same people. The forerunners of the Freemasons - the Knights Templar - founded the concept of banking and created a “bond market” as a means to control European nobles through war debts.

The Templars claim to possess secret knowledge that Jesus Christ married Mary Magdalene, fathered children and was the son of Joseph of Arimathea. This is a lie based on the fact that Joseph was the son of King Solomon. Solomon’s Temple thus became the model for Masonic Temples, which are found without fail in every town of any size in America.

The Freemasons are officially Crown Agents who work to further the Satanic goals of world domination hatched by the City of London and the

Bank of International Settlements crowd.

Solomon’s Temple was a place of ill repute where fornicating, drunkenness and human sacrifice were the norm. These Babylonians justified these deeds based on the Luciferian Talmud. Its location on Jerusalem’s Mount Moriah may have also been an Anunnaki flight control center.

The Crusader Knights Templar looted a huge store of gold and numerous sacred artifacts from beneath the Temple, which they used to found the Holy Roman Empire. King Solomon was the son of King David who, during his 1015 BC reign, massacred thousands of people. This claimed-lineage to the House of David is what the Illuminati use to justify their global control.

Author David Icke calls King David “a butcher” and asserts that the king wrote a good chunk of the Bible. His son Solomon killed his own brother to become King. He advised the Egyptian Pharaoh Shishak and married his daughter. Solomon studied at Akhenaten's Egyptian Mystery Schools, where mind control was rampant. The Grand Lodge of Cairo spawned both the Assassins and the terrorist Afghan Roshaniya. Solomon returned to Jerusalem to build his Temple with help from Egyptian Brotherhood brick Freemasons.

The Canaanite Brotherhood was headed by the god-king Melchizedek, who may have been an Anunnaki. The king focused on a Hebrew understanding of the Ancient Mysteries. The Order of Melchizedek became the secret society associated with the Cabala. King Solomon developed his vast wisdom studying the Sumerian Tablets of Destiny, which Abraham possessed.

Abraham may have also been of Anunnaki origin. Both he and Melchizedek had been tutored by the Sumerian Brotherhood of the Snake, represented in the Biblical creation story when Adam and Eve are tempted from the bountiful garden of Eden (a hunting and gathering existence) into a world of “sin and servitude” by a snake. Eve could have also been impregnated by the snake - an Anunnaki serpent - thus damning all Adamus (the Sumerian word for human beings) to a life of toil under serpent king bloodline control.

The basis of the Sumerian Tablets of Destiny that Abraham possessed were known as *Ha Qabala*, Hebrew for “light and knowledge”. Those who understood these cryptic secrets believed to be encoded throughout the Old Testament, are referred to deferentially as *Ram*. The phrase is used in Celtic, Buddhist and Hindu spiritual circles as well. The Knights Templar brought Cabalistic knowledge to Europe when they returned from their Middle East

Crusade adventures.

The Knights created the Prieuré de Sion on Mt. Zion near Jerusalem in the 11th century to guard such holy relics as the Shroud of Turin, the Ark of the Covenant, and the Hapsburg family's Spear of Destiny, which was used to kill Jesus Christ.

The Priory's more important purpose was to guard Templar gold and to preserve the alleged bloodline of Jesus - the royal Sangreal - which they believe is carried forth by the French Bourbon Merovingian family and the related Hapsburg monarchs of Spain and Austria. The French Lorraine dynasty, which descended from the Merovingians, married into the House of Hapsburg to acquire the throne of Austria.

The Hapsburgs ran the Holy Roman Empire until its dissolution in 1806 through King Charles V and others. The family traces its roots back to a Swiss estate known as Habichtsburg, which was built in 1020. The Hapsburgs are an integral part of the Priory of Sion. Many researchers are convinced that Spain's Hapsburg King Philip will be crowned Sangreal World King in Jerusalem.

The Hapsburgs are related to the Rothschilds through the Holy Roman Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa's second son, Archibald II. The Rothschilds - leaders in Cabala, Freemasonry and the Knights Templar - sit at the apex of the both the Illuminati and the Eight Families banking cartel. The family accumulated its vast wealth by issuing war bonds to the Black Nobility for centuries, including the British Windsors, the French Bourbons, the German von Thurn und Taxis, the Italian Savoys and the Austrian and Spanish Hapsburgs.

David Icke believes the Rothschilds represent the head of the Anunnaki Serpent Kings, stating, "They (Rothschilds) had the crown heads of Europe in debt to them and this included the Black Nobility dynasty, the Hapsburgs, who ruled the Holy Roman Empire for 600 years. The Rothschilds also control the Bank of England. If there was a war, the Rothschilds were behind the scenes, creating conflict and funding both sides."

The Rothschilds and the Warburgs - who funded both Hitler and the Bolsheviks - are main stockholders of the German Bundesbank. The Rothschilds control Japan's biggest banking house, Nomura Securities, via a tie-up between Edmund Rothschild and Tsunao Okumura. The Rothschilds are the richest and most powerful family in the world. Their wealth is hidden by City of London-created off-shore accounts that show no ownership. The

only one who knows who controls these accounts is the Bank of England, which the Rothschilds also control. They are also inbred. Over half of the last generation of Rothschild progeny married within the family, presumably to preserve their “Sangreal”.

The 1782 Great Seal of the United States is loaded with Illuminati symbolism. So is the reverse side of the US $1 Federal Reserve Note, which was designed by Freemasons. The pyramid on the left side is derived from those in Egypt - a possible space beacon or energy source for the Anunnaki - whose Pharaohs oversaw the building of the pyramids using Israelite slave labor.

The pyramid is an important symbol for the Illuminati bankers. They call themselves Illuminati because there are 33 vertebrae in the human back. The highest level of Masonry is the 33rd Degree. Above that are the Illuminati, who believe they are the head sitting above the vertebrae, thus giving them the right to herd humanity in whatever direction they see fit - the ultimate expression of the Luciferian doctrine.

Thus, the Illuminati employ Triads, Trilaterals and Trinities to create a society ruled by the few elite Sangreal presiding over the masses, which is represented by the pyramid. When the Brotherhood of the Snake occupied the Grand Lodge of Cairo they worshiped a trinity of Isis, Osiris, and Horus, who may have been Anunnaki offspring.

The Brotherhood spread the concept of trinity to the Christian (Father, Son and Holy Spirit), Hindu (Brahma, Shiva and Krishna), and Buddhist (Buddha, Dharma and Sangha) faiths.

The eye atop the pyramid depicted on the $1 bill is the all-seeing eye of the Afghan Roshaniya, known alternately as The Order, and the Order of the Quest - names later adopted by Skull and Bones, Germanenorden, and the JASON Society.

Novus Ordo Seclorum appears beneath the pyramid, while *Annuit Coeptis* appears above the all-seeing eye. *Annuit Coeptis* means “may he smile upon our endeavors (Great Work of Ages)”.

Above the eagle on the right side of the note are the words *E Pluribus Unum*, Latin for “out of many one”. The eagle clutches 13 arrows and 13 olive branches while 13 stars appear above the eagle’s head. America was founded with 13 “colonies”. Templar pirate Jacques de Molay was executed on Friday the 13th.

The numbers 3, 9, 13, and 33 are significant to the secret societies. The

Bilderberger Group has a powerful Policy Committee of 13 members. It is one of 3 committees of 13 that answer to Prince Bernhard - a member of the Hapsburg family and leader of the Black Nobility. The Bilderberg Policy Committee answers to a Rothschild Round Table of 9.

The ancient spiritual texts tell us that numbers are the basis of creation, so these same numbers are key to understanding reality. But again, the Luciferians have hijacked this spiritual knowledge, hidden it from us with their secret societies, inverted it and used it to reinforce their fourth-dimension madness.

One of the goals of the Illuminati's Freemason lieutenants is to study the holy texts in order to glean information that can be inverted and deployed to advance their sociopathic agenda.

As Jamaican revolutionary reggae artist Peter Tosh said of these Babylonians, “Everything you do upside down”.

Chapter 3

Protocols of the elders of Zion

The current worldwide Crown reign of terror on behalf of the banker elite is reminiscent of a blueprint for global domination that first emerged in the mid-1800's. The document, known as the Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion, was obtained by the daughter of a Russian general after she paid a bribe of 2,500 French francs to a member of the Mizraim Freemason Lodge in Paris, which is home to the inner circle of the Knights Templar known as the Priory of Sion.

The Priory of Sion elite believe that Jesus faked his death with the help of certain herbs, then married the administer of those herbs, Mary Magdalene. The Priory believes the couple fled to southern France and had numerous children. During the 5th century, the theory goes, Jesus' descendants married into the Frank royalty from which France takes its name, thus creating the Merovingian Dynasty. This royal blood or Sangreal is the justification the Crown uses to legitimize its rule over humanity.

By the 13th century, the Knights Templars used their looted gold to buy 9,000 castles throughout Europe from which they ran an empire stretching from Copenhagen to Damascus. It was the wealth used to establish the Roman Empire.

The robber baron Templars founded modern banking techniques and legitimized usury - also known as interest payments. Templar banks popped up everywhere, backed by their newfound gold wealth. They charged up to 60% interest on loans, launched the concepts of trust accounts and bond markets, and introduced a credit card system for Holy Land pilgrims. They acted as tax collectors, though they themselves were exempted by Roman authorities. And having also found instructions regarding secret building techniques under Solomon's Temple, the Templars built the great cathedrals of Europe. The stained glass used in these cathedrals resulted from a secret Gothic technique known by few. One who had perfected this art was Omar Khayyam, a good friend of Assassin-founder Hasan bin Sabah.

The Templars controlled a huge fleet of ships and their own naval fleet based at the French Atlantic Port of La Rochelle. They were the first to use

magnetic compasses for navigation and were especially cozy with the royals of England. They purchased the island of Cyprus from Richard the Lion Heart, but were later overrun by the Turks.

On Friday October 13, 1307, King Philip IV of France joined forces with Pope Clement V and began rounding up Templars on charges ranging from necromancy to the use of black magic. Friday the 13th would, from that day forward, carry negative connotations. It was then that the Templars packed up their loot, signed onto the Magna Carta and established their current lair in the Freemason City of London.

"Sion" is believed to be a transliteration of Zion, itself a transliteration for the ancient Hebrew name "Jerusalem". The Priory of Sion first came into public view in July 1956. A 1981 notice in the French press listed 121 dignitaries as Priory members. All were bankers, royalty or members of the international political jet set. Pierre Plantard was listed as Grand Master.

Plantard is a direct descendant, through King Dagobert II, of the Merovingian Kings. Plantard, who owns property in the Rennes-le-Chateau area of southern France where the Priory of Sion is based, has stated that the order has in its possession lost treasure recovered from beneath Solomon's Temple and that it will be returned to Israel when the time is right. He also stated that in the near future monarchy would be restored to France and other nations.

The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion was first published in an 1864 French book, Dialogue in Hell Between Machiavelli and Montesquieu or the Politics of Machiavelli in the Nineteenth Century by a Contemporary. By the 1890's Russian Professor Sergei Nilus had published the Protocols in his book, The Great Within the Small: The Coming Anti-Christ. Nilus was arrested and tortured and the Protocols were suppressed for many more decades. The Protocols were a manifesto written by a secret society that claimed itself superior to the rest of mankind, using the Hebrew word *goyim* (cattle) to refer to the masses.

Anti-Semites, including Hitler, have used the Protocols to falsely attack "a Jewish conspiracy". But the Protocols authors were not Jewish. Rather, they were Satanists intent on creating a political movement called Zionism, which seeks to use Israel as its linchpin for City of London global hegemony and as guardian of the vast Rothschild/Rockefeller oil reserves of the Middle East region.

The movement is spearheaded by Illuminati Satanist secret societies such

as the Knights Templar, Freemasons, Cabala and Muslim Brotherhood. Its power center has moved from Sumeria to Egypt to Rome and is now in the City of London - a one square mile separate jurisdiction within, but not governed by, London or the United Kingdom. The Illuminati nucleus of this movement is Luciferian in orientation. What follows are excerpts from the Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion:

Protocol 4: "In order to give the goyim no time to think and take note, their minds must be diverted towards industry and trade. Thus, all nations will be swallowed up in the pursuit of gain and...will not take note of their common foe. But, again, in order that freedom may once and for all disintegrate and ruin the communities of goyim, we must put industry on a speculative basis, the result of which will be that what is withdrawn from the land by industry will slip through their hands and pass into speculation, that is, to our classes."

Protocol 10: "It is from us that all-engulfing terror proceeds. We have in our service persons of all opinions: monarchists, demagogues, socialists trying to overthrow all established authority. By these acts all states are in torture; they exhort tranquility, are ready to sacrifice anything for peace. But we don't give them peace until they openly acknowledge our international super-government, and with submissiveness to utterly exhaust humanity with dissension, hatred, struggle, envy and even by use of torture, by starvation, by inoculation of diseases, by want, so that the goyim see no other issue than to take refuge in our complete sovereignty in money."

Protocol 13: "And how far-seeing were our learned elders when they said that to attain a serious goal behooves not to stop at any means or to count the victims sacrificed. We have not counted the victims of the goy cattle. In order that the masses themselves may not guess what they are about we must further distract them with amusements, games, pastimes, passions, people's palaces...these interests will finally distract them from questions in which we should find ourselves compelled to oppose them. Growing more and more unaccustomed to reflect and form opinions of their own, people will begin to talk in the same tone as we, because we alone shall be offering them new directions of thought."

Protocol 15: "We shall create and multiply Freemasonic Lodges in all countries of the world, absorb into them all who may become or who are prominent in public activity, for in these Lodges we shall find our principle intelligence office and means of influence. Among the members of these

Lodges will be almost all the agents of international and national police since their service is for us irreplaceable in the respect that the police are in a position not only to use its own particular measures with the insubordinate, but also to screen our activities and provide pretexts and disguises. All these Lodges we shall bring under one central administration, known only to us and to all others absolutely unknown, which will be composed of our learned elders (Illuminati). The most secret political plots will be known to us and will fall under our guiding hands on the very day of their conception."

Protocol 16: "...we shall emasculate the first stage of collectivism - the universities...any form of study of ancient history...we shall replace with the study of the program of the future. We shall erase from the memory of men all facts of previous centuries which are undesirable for us. Each...life must be trained within strict limits corresponding to its destination and work in life. The system of bridling thought is already at work in the so-called system of teaching by object lessons (objectivity). In our program one-third of our subjects will keep the rest under observation. It will be no disgrace to be a spy".

Another section of the Protocols states, "We are the chosen, we are the only true men. Our minds give off the true power of the spirit; the intelligence of the rest of the world is merely instinctive and animal. They can see, but they cannot foresee. Does it not follow that nature herself has predestined us to dominate the world. Outwardly we (will) do our best to appear honorable and cooperative. A statesman's words do not have to agree with his acts. If we pursue these principles, the governments and peoples which we have thus prepared will take our IOU's for cash...the substitution of interest-bearing money... Economic crises have been produced by us...by no other means than the withdrawal of money from circulation... One day they will accept us as benefactors and saviors of the human race. If any state dared to resist us, if its neighbors make common cause with it against us, we will unleash global war."

Though decried as a forgery by the Illuminati propaganda networks of mainstream media, the Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion have been taken seriously by many scholars, along with political and economic leaders including Germany's Kaiser Wilhelm II, Russia's Czar Nicholas II and American industrialist Henry Ford.

The document refers often to the "ancient mysteries", the "seed of David" and the "symbolic snake". Its concluding statement reads, "Signed by the

representatives of Sion of the 33rd Degree.”

Chapter 4

dirty money & the Anunnaki

All of the “ancient mysteries” guarded by the Illuminati secret societies played out in Sumeria along the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers in Mesopotamia, where Sumerian clay tablets say man was forced into agriculture from a Garden of Eden hunter gatherer existence by Anunnaki invaders from a planet called Nibiru.

Today this area is known as Iraq and the occupation of the country had as much to do with concealing history as it did with oil.

The very first building US forces secured during their March 2003 invasion was the Iraqi National Museum in Baghdad. The second was the Iraqi National Bank. The latter was handed over to the Rorhschilds. The former was “looted” by the Illuminati of the many Sumerian artifacts it contained.

These relics provided valuable tools for New Science researchers who had just begun delving into the Sumerian clay tablets and their seemingly outrageous claims that Annunaki space invaders landed here to genetically engineer human slaves to work in their gold mines.

During this same period, Dubai, one of the emirates comprising the United Arab Emirates (UAE), became a duty-free port and drug money laundry serving much the same role as Hong Kong had for the City of London during the Vietnam War. This time the poppies for the Crown heroin were being sown in Afghanistan.

Where Hong Kong had financed Crown opium for arms swaps in the Golden Triangle, Dubai serves the City of London’s smack -for-weapons trade in the Golden Crescent, an area comprised of parts of Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan. Golden Crescent opium production eclipsed Golden Triangle production just as the CIA was manufacturing the *mujahideen* in Pakistan. Sharjah, another UAE emirate, has a duty-free airport specializing in covert weapons shipments.

The Gulf States of Saudi Arabia, UAE, Qatar, Bahrain, Oman and Kuwait are run by single-family monarchs who have been Muslim Brotherhood Crown Agents since the 1916 Sykes-Picot Agreement put them in power.

Forty-two percent of the world's oil is contained within their borders. A year later, the Balfour Declaration sent to Lord Walter Rothschild paved the way for the creation of Israel, which is a Cabalistic Crown Agent.

Gold is the currency of drug and weapons traffickers and Dubai is a favorite hub in the global bullion trade. The British Bank of the Middle East dominates the Dubai gold trade. It is 100% owned by the world's largest bank, Hong Kong Shanghai Bank, better known as HSBC. Crown Agent HSBC monopolizes the Hong Kong gold trade along with Kleinwort Benson, which has close relations with Rio Tinto, a Crown company founded on Matheson family opium proceeds.

Matheson's heirs are the Keswick and Swire families, which dominate the board of directors at HSBC, Jardine Matheson, P&O Nedloyd and Cathay Pacific Airlines. Kleinwort's Sharps Pixley subsidiary is one of five firms that until 2007, gathered daily at N. M. Rothschild & Sons in London to unilaterally "fix" the price of gold.

Another of these gold fixers is Mocatta Metals, which is majority-owned by Standard Chartered, the bank Cecil Rhodes founded and where Lord Inchcape sits on the board. Mocatta is a favorite conduit for Israeli Mossad financing. Midland Bank subsidiary Samuel Montagu is a third London gold "fixer". Midland was bought by HSBC in 1999 and is partially owned by the Kuwaiti al-Sabah clan. The other two gold fixers are Johnson Matthey and N. M. Rothschild, both of which have interlocking boards with Anglo-American and HSBC.

Anglo-American is controlled by South Africa's Oppenheimer family who also own Engelhardt, which enjoys a monopoly in refining the world's gold. It was the mysterious Count of Saint-Germain who first claimed to possess the esoteric knowledge necessary for the transmutation of metals like gold and for removing flaws from diamonds.

The Count stayed for a time with William IX of Hesse, whose financial adviser was Mayer Rothschild. The Count may have imparted his secret wisdom upon young Mayer and his House of Hesse employer, who in partnership came to control the Cabalistic Frankfurt Freemason Lodge.

Diamonds are important in the laundering of drug money since they are small and easy to transport, yet hold great value. Sir Harry Oppenheimer's De Beers controls 85% of the global wholesale diamond market. De Beers is a subsidiary of Anglo-American where Sir Harry sits on the board. The current De Beers chairman is Nicky Oppenheimer.

De Beers' most valuable diamond mines are in southern Africa. One called Jwaneng, at the edge of the Kalahari Desert in Botswana, may be the most valuable property on earth. This vein of kimberlite produces diamonds and was only discovered in 1973.

De Beers also mines diamonds from platforms off the coast of Namibia. The world's largest store of diamonds sits under De Beers London headquarters. The company sells rough diamonds ten times a year in London to 125 hand-picked customers at a take-it-or-leave-it set price. De Beers was indicted in 1994 for price-fixing by the US Justice Department and to this day company officials do not set foot on US soil for fear they may be nabbed by US authorities.

Diamond cutting was, until recently, done in only two places in the world - Antwerp, Belgium and Ashqelon, Israel. In Antwerp the cutting was financed by Banque Bruxelles-Lambert, which is controlled by the Lambert family, cousins to the Rothschilds and owners of the scandal-ridden Drexel Burnham Lambert. In Israel, the cutting was financed by Bank Leumi – the biggest finance house in the country - and is controlled by the British Barclays Bank. Sir Harry Oppenheimer also sits on the Barclay's board. Recently, Gujarat, India, has become the location of choice for 90% of global diamond cutting due to the cheap labor it affords. Bangkok, Tel Aviv and New York handle the rest. Eighty-percent of diamond trading still occurs in Antwerp.

De Beers, like gold-fixer Standard Chartered, was founded by Cecil Rhodes in South Africa during the 1880's. Rhodes' last will and testament created the Royal Institute for International Affairs, which spawned the Council on Foreign Relations as its US Crown Agent. The main intent of the will is, "to establish a trust, to and for the establishment and promotion and development of a secret society, the true aim and object whereof shall be the extension of British rule throughout the world...and the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire."

Rhodes Scholars like Bill Clinton are funded by the Rhodes Trust. The principal trustee for the Rhodes estate is Lord Alfred Milner, who in 1899 provoked the Boer War through which Britain and Rhodes gained control over South Africa's diamond and gold mines. There, black South Africans toil in one of the world's most dangerous jobs and receive almost nothing for enriching the Oppenheimers and their cronies.

The world's three biggest mining companies: BHP Billiton, Rio Tinto and Anglo American are all controlled by the Crown Agent

Oppenheimer/Rothschild/RD/Shell mob. In 2010 the first two talked of merging.

Canada is controlled by the Crown through the Bronfman family and their surrogates. Five huge Canadian banks and four large British banks that dominate the Caribbean Silver Triangle, a drug smugglers haven in which Belize and the Cayman Islands play key roles. The other Canadian banks are the Bank of Montreal, Royal Bank of Canada, Toronto Dominion Bank and Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. The British banks are National Westminster, Barclays, Lloyds and Midland Bank.

Midland was bought by HSBC and owns 20% of Standard Chartered Bank. These latter two banks print Hong Kong's money. Midland's board is loaded with ex-Pentagon officials who specialize in recycling petrodollars into CIA covert operations.

The Bank of Nova Scotia is the leading gold dealer in the Caribbean and the leading handler of capital flight out of the Caribbean. It is the banker of Noranda, a huge Canadian mining company that is the second largest dealer of gold in the Caribbean. Gold is the preferred currency of drug traffickers and Bank of Nova Scotia Jamaican subsidiary Scotiabank plays a huge role in the Caribbean drug trade. The 200 tons of gold recovered from vaults beneath the World Trade Center in the cleanup effort following the 911 terror attacks belonged to Bank of Nova Scotia.

Royal Bank of Canada has more off-shore subsidiaries than any other bank in the world. It bailed out the government of Guyana in 1976 after a CIA coup brought down the socialist government of Cheddi Jagan. Royal launched the business career of Venezuela's most powerful Cisneros family, which overseas Rockefeller interests in that country. Royal has a joint venture in the Bahamas with National Westminster called RoyWest.

Both the Bank of Nova Scotia and Royal Bank of Canada are controlled by Canada's most influential family - the Bronfmans. The Bronfmans control DuPont, which recently spun off Conoco, as well as Seagrams, Vivendi and Eagle Star Insurance.

Eagle Star is the Bronfman holding company and is a joint venture with British powerhouses Barclays, Lloyds, Hill Samuel and N. M. Rothschild & Sons. Eagle Star combined with Allianz Versicherung, a German company controlled by the von Thurn and Taxis and Wittelsbach families, to become a global titan in the area of finance.

The von Thurn and Taxis, Germany's deposed royal family, funded

Tradition, Family and Property, the fascist movement responsible for right-wing death squad genocide throughout South America.

Eagle Star is close to British intelligence. Two current directors, Sir Kenneth Strong and Sir Kenneth Keith were #1 and #2 at British Intelligence during WWII. Keith is a director at Bank of Nova Scotia and chairman of Hill Samuel, where HSBC's Sir Philip de Zulueta joins Keith on the board. Keith is an influential member of the Canadian Institute for International Affairs (CIIA), the sister organization of London's powerful Royal Institute of International Affairs and the US Council on Foreign Relations. The official leader of Canada, by virtue of its Crown affiliation, is Britain's Queen Elizabeth II, whose mandates are carried out by a governor-general.

The Bank of Montreal has interlocking directorates with Seagrams and Hudson Bay Company. Hudson Bay is tight with Lord Inchcape's Peninsular & Orient Navigation Company (PONC) and the Hong Kong Keswick family that controls Jardine Matheson. PONC's Sir Eric Drake sits on the board at Hudson Bay. He and William Johnston Keswick also sit on the board of BP Amoco. Drake sits on the board of Kleinwort Benson, whose Sharps Pixley subsidiary runs 49% of the Hong Kong gold market. Keswick's son Henry Neville Lindley Keswick is a director at HSBC, Jardine Matheson and the Canadian paper giant MacMillan Bloedel, which merged with the largest US paper and timber company Weyerhaeuser in 1999.

MacMillan Bloedel took off when British Prime Minister Harold MacMillan married the daughter of Canada's Governor General Victor C. W. Cavendish, the 9th Duke of Devonshire. Canadian Pacific owns a controlling interest in MacMillan Bloedel.

Vancouver is a favorite drop point for SE Asian heroin on the way to the US. In 1978 Canadian intelligence officials were forced to admit in a Vancouver courtroom that Canadian Pacific Air flies most of Vancouver's heroin into the US. Canadian Pacific Railways is also involved.

All of these Canadian Silver Triangle interests have members of Queen Elizabeth II's secret modern-day roundtable, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, on their boards. At Canadian Pacific, board members J.C. Gilmar, J.P.W. Ostiguy, Charles Bronfman and W.E. McLaughlin are all Knights of St. John. McLaughlin also chairs Royal Bank of Canada.

Barclays has five Knights of St. John on its board, while Bank of Nova Scotia and Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce have three Knights of Malta members each on their respective boards. Another Knight of Malta is

Canadian Pacific board member M. G. Sandberg, who once chaired HSBC. Each of the big five Canadian banks have at least one Knight of Malta on their boards.

The CIIA is loaded with Knights of St. John as well. The CIIA's Honorary Chairman for life is Walter Lockhardt Gordon, whose father founded Clarkson & Gordon, the accounting firm that audits Toronto Dominion Bank, Bank of Nova Scotia and Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. CIIA board member Henry R. Jackman is a board member of the Italian Knights of St. John and the Order of Lazarus. Roland Michener, a former Canadian Governor General who chairs the CIIA, is a Knight of Malta.

During the Crusades, the Knights of St. John, also known as the Hospitallers, escorted European pilgrims into Jerusalem where King Solomon had built his Temple on Mount Moriah. The site is said to have housed the Ark of the Covenant and other sacred objects and secret documents. What remains of Solomon's Temple is housed today within the Al Aqsa Mosque on the Dome of the Rock, where the latest intifada began and always at the epicenter of Israeli/Palestinian tensions.

When the Dead Sea scrolls were discovered in 1947 at Qumran, one document etched in copper mentioned a huge treasure of gold buried beneath Solomon's Temple. This booty may explain why the Knights of St. John's brother organization, the Knights Templar, had turned over their pilgrim protection racket to the former group and focused their Crusade-era activity on excavating beneath the Temple. It would also explain how the Templars suddenly became the richest organization in the world.

Following their defeat by Muslim Saracens during the Crusades, the Knights of St. John fell back to the Mediterranean island of Cyprus, but in 1522 the Turks invaded and the twice-defeated Knights relocated to Malta where the Roman Catholic faction became known as the Knights of Malta, today recognized as a sovereign nation by more than 40 countries. They are headquartered in Rome and answer to the Pope.

The protestant faction based in Britain is the Knights of St. John Jerusalem who answer to the Grand Prior of the Order, the Duke of Gloucester, cousin of Queen Elizabeth II.

Cecil Rhodes was a leader in European Freemasonry, where he mingled with the likes of the Rothschilds, King George IV, King William IV, Lord Randolph Churchill (Winston's father), the Marquis of Salisbury, Arthur Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling and Oscar Wilde. The group was preoccupied

with the notion of an Aryan super-race, one they passed on to Adolf Hitler and the South African apartheid regime.

Their “secret knowledge” of human creation, which defies both creationist and evolutionist theories, is bound up in the tale of the Anunnaki who, according to recently uncovered Sumerian clay tablets, arrived around 6000 BC in Sumeria from planet Nibiru.

A growing number of researchers led by Zechariah Sitchin say the Anunnaki bred human slaves known in the Hebrew bible as Adamu and in English as Earthlings to mine gold necessary to patch up a hole in Nibiru’s ozone layer caused by a collision with another planet.

One Anunnaki leader was named Nazi. According to the tablets, the alien gods who created Adam called their Mesopotamian colony E.DIN. They traveled the world in search of gold, which NASA scientists agree would be the best patch for our own ozone problem. Scientists have discovered mining operations going back as far as 100,000 BC in Africa, and South and Central America.

The Adamus who left Eden became gold mining slaves and their worldwide deployment may explain the many holes in evolutionary and anthropological theories of the day. It may also explain phenomena such as the Nazca Lines in Peru and the Great Pyramids of Egypt. Adam and his descendants became slaves to these Lords. The biblical Hebrew word *avodah*, commonly translated as “worship”, actually means “to work”. Adam and the biblical characters were not worshiping God, they were working for him as slaves. And “God” was the Anunnaki invaders.

The Sumerian tablets provide an intriguing explanation as to why man settled into agriculture in Mesopotamia from the much easier and more sustainable practice of hunting and gathering. The tablets state simply that the Anunnaki gods made them do it. Cities grew and the Anunnaki placed one of its god/human hybrids in charge of each new urban center. These rulers became Kings, their dynastic right to rule based on bloodlines to the Anunnaki.

The first such king was Cush, who was Noah’s grandson and the father of Nimrod. Some researchers believe Yahweh himself was actually Anunnaki earth mission commander Enli, who was a brutal tyrant. Abraham, who all major religions claim as their patriarch, may have also been an Anunnaki hybrid.

The secret knowledge Abraham purveyed serves as the basis for all

modern secret societies, from Freemasonry to Cabala to the Muslim Brotherhood. Whether true or not, what is important is that the Illuminati elite believe that these special bloodlines give them the God-given right to enslave all Earthlings.

By the mid-1890s, Freemason Cecil Rhodes launched the Diamond Syndicate whose successor, Central Selling Organization, still monopolizes the global diamond trade. Rhodes' forays were financed by the Rothschild family. In November 1997, Baron Edmond Rothschild died in Geneva and left in his trust substantial holdings in De Beers. According to former British Intelligence officer John Coleman, author of The Committee of 300, "Rhodes was principal agent for the Rothschilds [who] dispossessed the South African Boers of their birthright, the gold and diamonds that lay beneath their soil."

In 1888, Cecil Rhodes wrote his third will and left everything to Lord Rothschild. Rhodes, Milner and Rothschild founded the Business Roundtable in London in early 1900, which charted a course for expansion of the British Empire and for Crown control over the global economy.

CHAPTER 5

the business roundtable

The Rothschilds exert political control through the secretive Business Roundtable, which they created in 1909 with the help of Lord Alfred Milner and South African industrialist Cecil Rhodes. The Rhodes Scholarship is granted by Cambridge University, out of which oil industry propagandist Cambridge Energy Research Associates operates. Cambridge Analytica also has its base here.

Rhodes founded De Beers and Standard Chartered Bank. Milner financed the Russian Bolsheviks on Rothschild's behalf, with help from Jacob Schiff and Max Warburg. In 1917 British Foreign Secretary Arthur Balfour penned a letter to Zionist Second Lord Lionel Walter Rothschild in which he expressed support for a Jewish homeland on Palestinian-controlled lands in the Middle East.

The Balfour Declaration justified the brutal seizure of Palestinian lands for the post-WWII establishment of Israel. Israel would serve, not as some high-minded "Jewish homeland", but as lynch pin in Rothschild/Eight Families control over the world's oil supply. Baron Edmond de Rothschild built the first oil pipeline from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean to bring BP Iranian oil to Israel. He founded Israeli General Bank and Paz Oil. He is considered by many the father of modern Israel.

Roundtable inner Circle of Initiates included Lord Milner, Cecil Rhodes, Arthur Balfour, Albert Grey and Lord Nathan Rothschild. The Roundtable takes its name from the legendary knight of King Arthur, whose tale of the Holy Grail is paramount to the Illuminati notion of Sangreal or holy blood. According to former British Intelligence officer John Coleman, who wrote Committee of 300, "Round Tablers armed with immense wealth from gold, diamond and drug monopolies fanned out throughout the world to take control of fiscal and monetary policies and political leadership in all countries where they operated."

While Cecil Rhodes and the Oppenheimers went to South Africa, the Kuhn Loebs were off to re-colonize America. Rudyard Kipling was sent to India, the Schiffs and Warburgs manhandled Russia, while the Rothschilds, Lazards

and Israel Moses Seifs pushed into the Middle East.

At Princeton, the Round Table founded the Institute for Advanced Study (IAS) as partner to its All Souls College at Oxford. IAS was funded by the Rockefeller's General Education Board. IAS members Robert Oppenheimer, Neils Bohr and Albert Einstein created the atomic bomb.

In 1919 Rothschild's Business Roundtable spawned the Royal Institute of International Affairs (RIIA) in London. The RIIA soon sponsored sister organizations around the globe, including the US Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), the Asian Institute of Pacific Relations, the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, the Brussels-based Institute des Relations Internationales, the Danish Foreign Policy Society, the Indian Council of World Affairs and the Australian Institute of International Affairs. Other affiliates popped up in France, Turkey, Italy, Yugoslavia and Greece.

The RIIA is a registered charity of the Queen and, according to its annual reports, is funded largely by the Four Horsemen of Oil - Exxon Mobil, Royal Dutch/Shell, Chevron Texaco and BP Amoco. Former British Foreign Secretary and Kissinger Associates co-founder Lord Carrington is President of both the RIIA and the Bilderbergers. The inner circle at RIIA is dominated by Knights of St. John Jerusalem, Knights of Malta, Knights Templar and 33rd Degree Scottish Rite Freemasons.

The Knights of St. John were founded in 1070 and answer directly to the British House of Windsor. Their leading bloodline is the Villiers dynasty, which the Hong Kong Matheson family married into. The Lytton family also married into the Villiers gang. Colonel Edward Bulwer-Lytton led the English Rosicrucian secret society that Shakespeare opaquely referred to as Rosencranz, while the Freemasons took the role of Guildenstern. Lytton was spiritual father of both the RIIA and Nazi fascism. In 1871, he penned a novel titled, Vril: The Power of the Coming Race.

Seventy years later the Vril Society received ample mention in Adolf Hitler's Mein Kampf. Lytton's son became Viceroy to India in 1876 just before opium production spiked in that country. Lytton's good friend Rudyard Kipling introduced the the poppy to India and later worked under Lord Beaverbrook as Propaganda Minister, alongside Sir Charles Hambro of the Hambros banking dynasty.

James Bruce, ancestor to Scottish Rite Freemason founder Sir Robert the Bruce, was the 8th Earl of Elgin. He supervised the Caribbean slave trade as Jamaican Governor General from 1842-1846. He was Britain's Ambassador

to China during the Second Opium War. His brother Frederick was Colonial Secretary of Hong Kong during both Opium Wars. Both were prominent Freemasons. British Lord Palmerston, who ran the Opium Wars, was a blood relative of the Bruce monarchy, as was his Foreign Secretary John Russell, grandfather of Bertrand Russell.

Children of the Roundtable elite are members of a Dionysian cult known as Children of the Sun. Initiates include Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence and H. G. Wells. Wells headed British intelligence during WWI. His books speak of a “one-world brain” and “a police of the mind”. William Butler Yeats, another Sun member, was a pal of Aleister Crowley. The two formed an Isis Cult based on a Madam Blavatsky manuscript, which called on the British aristocracy to organize itself into an Isis Aryan priesthood.

Most prominent writers of English literature came from the ranks of the Roundtable. All promoted Empire expansion, however subtly. Blavatsky’s Theosophical Society and Bulwer-Lytton’s Rosicrucians joined forces to form the Thule Society out of which the Nazis emerged. Aleister Crowley formed the British parallel to the Thule Society, the Isis-Urania Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn.

He tutored LSD guru Aldus Huxley who arrived in the US in 1952, the same year the CIA launched its MK-ULTRA mind control program with a little help from Warburg-owned Swiss Sandoz Laboratories and Rockefeller cousin Allen Dulles - OSS Station Chief in Berne. Dulles had also received information from the Muslim Brotherhood Saudi monarchy regarding the creation of mind-controlled Assassins. Dulles’ assistant was James Warburg.

The Atlantic Union (AU) was an RIIA affiliate founded by Cecil Rhodes - who dreamed of returning the US to the British Crown. In 1939 AU set up its first offices in America in space donated by Nelson Rockefeller at 10 E 40th St in New York City. Every year from 1949-1976 an AU resolution was floored in Congress calling for a repeal of the Declaration of Independence and a “new world order”. Today the group is on the forefront of pushing for war with Russia and Syria and calls itself the Atlantic Council.

Another RIIA affiliate was United World Federalists (UWF), founded by Norman Cousins and Dulles assistant James P. Warburg. UWF’s motto was “One world or none”. Its first president Cord Meyer stepped down to take a key position in Allen Dulles’ CIA. Meyer articulated UWF’s goal, “Once having joined the One-World Federated Government, no nation could secede or revolt...with the atom bomb in its possession the Federal Government

would blow that nation off the face of the earth."

In 1950 UWF founder and Dulles' assistant James Warburg, whose elders Max and Paul sat on the board of Nazi business combine IG Farben, testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "We shall have world government whether or not you like it - by conquest or consent." The AU and UAF are close to the CFR and the Trilateral Commission (TC), founded by David Rockefeller and Zbigniew Brzezinski in 1974.

The TC published The Triangle Papers, which extended the "special relationship between the US and Western Europe" to include Japan, which was fast becoming creditor to the rest of the world. Former Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker was TC Chairman. TC/CFR insider Harvard Professor Samuel Huntington, who most recently has argued for a "Clash of Civilizations" between the West and the Muslim world, wrote in the TC publication Crisis in Democracy, "...a government which lacks authority will have little ability short of cataclysmic crisis to impose on its people the sacrifices which may be necessary."

CHAPTER 6

the city of london

Also known as the Crown, the one square mile City of London is contained within London proper and is a separate entity from both London and the UK. It has its own mayor, committeemen and aldermen. To be an alderman, one has to be a “Freeman” - code for Freemason. The world's biggest Freemason lodge is contained within the City. Thus, all the perverted regalia its managers wear.

Every prominent bank in the world has a branch in the City and it is here where all derivatives in the world trade from. The City was founded in the 11th Century under the Magna Carta agreement made by the European nobility.

When Knights Templar Jacques de Molay was burned alive by Pope Clemente for being a Satanist, the Holy Roman Empire loaded up its ill-gotten wealth and moved their headquarters to the City of London.

Thus the Roman Empire never died. It just relocated. Nor did the British Empire die. They both operate now from the City of London.

The Anglican Church is here and its bishops are instrumental in giving religious cover to the Satanists who rule the City. The entire offshore banking network of the world is run from here, since there is no regulation or transparency. The Bank of England sits within the City, shielding the identity of the owners of these dirty money tax-free accounts in places like the Cayman Islands, Panama, Curacao, the Isle of Man and the Isle of Jersey.

“Freeport” status is granted from here, making all ships registered in either Liberia or Panama exempt from taxation from either the country of origin or the country of destiny for all goods. Freeport, Bahamas holds a similar status.

The voters in the City include the banks themselves. There is no democracy here and even Queen Elizabeth II must bow before the City mayor before entering, then walk behind him while inside its confines.

The Crown used its Bridge Fund to socially engineer entire nations via the Tavistock Institute. It’s media arm is the BBC, run out of Chatham House. Its foreign policy/war making arm is the Royal Institute for International Affairs (RIIA). It’s historical lie department is the Royal Geographical Society. And

its vampire branch is the Red Cross (Red Shield of Rothschild), which gets people to donate blood, then sells it for hundreds of dollars a pint to people in need of it.

The Crown's financial repository is headquartered at the Bank of International Settlements (BIS) in Basel, Switzerland. There is a reason why Switzerland is not part of the EU. There is also a reason the Crown is behind the Brexit. The Satanists like to herd others into unions of all sorts, but they always remain free of any possible democratic interference in the hegemony.

Interestingly, Basel lies half way between Rome and London. This is very convenient for the Holy Roman empire bankers who moved their loot to London when deMolay was burned by Pope Clemente on Friday the 13th, since most of the old Genoese banking families still lived in northern Italy.

This also explains why the British are constantly portrayed as smarter than the rest of us, often narrating documentaries and broadcasting news. The City wants Americans to be Anglophiles so that we won't suspect the fleecing that is being done to us.

For the same reason, Italy is portrayed in the Tavistock media as a treasure trove of knowledge and culture - a must visit country for every American. Personally, it was one of my least favorite countries of the 50 I have traveled to. But Americans are constantly being pushed to visit this cradle of Satanism. Tuscany is Tavistock's latest tourist "program".

Egyptology as a study is promoted for the same reason, because it was the Grand Lodge of Cairo that spawned this Luciferian Brotherhood of the Snake, which moved first to Rome then to London. The bankers write history.

BIS oversees and controls the planet's private central banks, including the US Federal Reserve. It is said that around 8,000 Illuminati run the BIS, though I think the number may be much smaller. For more on this see my book *The Federal Reserve Cartel*.

Every nation's central bank falls under BIS control, except Cuba, Iran, Syria, Sudan and North Korea. Libya's did not until Qaddafi was murdered and replaced with City stooges.

"Free Trade" is the mantra of these Satanists, and those working for the City of London are known as Crown Agents. The East India Company was an earlier version of this. Nowadays, the Crown has its agents in every country in the world.

In the US Henry Kissinger has played a key Crown Agent role in the

foreign policy arena. In recent times George Soros has been the most prominent Crown Agent, engineering currency collapses, fake colored revolutions, the Arab Spring and wars worldwide. Soros also plays this role domestically in the US in the social engineering sphere. His cover is known as the Open Society Foundation. Foundations are the way the oligarchs launder money, while steering social, economic and foreign policy.

Kissinger Associates clients included the Bank of Credit & Commerce International, BCCI-owned National Bank of Georgia, and Banca Nacional de Lavoro (BNL), which worked with the Iraqi Central Bank to arm Iraq through numbered accounts at Bank of America, Bank of New York, Chase Manhattan and Manufacturers Hanover Trust. BNL's clearing agent on these transactions was Morgan Guaranty Trust. The Rockefeller-controlled JP Morgan Chase Board of Directors mirrors BNL's Consulting Board for International Policy.

Henry Kissinger is tight with both Chase Manhattan and Goldman Sachs, which helped the drug-infested Bank of New York and CS First Boston loot Russia's Treasury in 1998. When the CIA mob was done looting the S&Ls in 1988, Goldman Sachs swooped up billions in assets for a song. JP Morgan Chase's International Advisory Board includes Y. K. Pao of Hong Kong Worldwide Shipping, Ian Sinclair of the Canadian Pacific heroin express and G. A. Wagner of Royal Dutch/Shell. Pao is Vice-Chairman at HSBC - the world's biggest and dirtiest bank based in the City.

Kissinger Associates' board is even more shadowy and powerful, a Masonic Freudian slip since "Kiss Ass" is what the brethren do when old money talks. Co-founder Lord Carrington, board member at both Barclays and Hambros, chairs both the Bilderberger Group and the Royal Institute for International Affairs. Kiss Ass board member Mario d'Urso of the Kuhn Loeb banking dynasty heads Jefferson Insurance - the US joint venture of Assicurazioni Generali (AG) and Riunione Adriatica di Sicurta (RAS).

AG of Venice is keeper of the immense fortunes of the old Venetian banking families who funded the Crusades and the Holy Roman Empire. Its board included Elie de Rothschild; Baron August Von Finck, the richest man in Germany; Baron Pierre Lambert, Rothschild, cousin and the money behind Drexel Burnham Lambert; Jocelyn Hambro, whose family owns Hambros Bank, which owned half of Michelle Sindona's Banca Privata; Pierpaolo Luzzatto Fequiz of the powerful Italian Luzzato family, which had ties to Michelle Sindona's Banco Amrosiano; and Frano Orsini Bonacossi of the

powerful Orsini family, whose members sat in the original Roman Empire Senate. The biggest shareholders of AG are Lazard Freres and Banque Paribas.

Paribas is controlled by the Warburg family, while Lazard is dominated by the Lazard and David-Weill families. The British Lazards are now part of the Pearson conglomerate that owns *The Financial Times*, *The Economist*, Penguin and Viking Books, Madame Tussaud's, and has extensive US interests. The French Lazard Freres is tucked under a holding company known as EuraFrance. Lazard handles money for the global elite including the Italian Agnellis, the Belgian Boels, the British Pearsons and the American Kennedys.

RAS board members include members of the Giustiniani family, who descend from Roman Emperor Justinian; members of the Dora family, Genoese financiers of the Spanish Hapsburg monarchs; and the Duke of Alba, who descends from the Spanish Hapsburg monarchy.

Another powerhouse on the Kiss Ass board was Nathaniel Samuels, an old Kuhn Loeb hand from the Samuel clan that controls much of Royal Dutch/Shell and Rio Tinto. Samuels was Chairman of the Paris-based Banque Louis-Dreyfus Holding Company, which descends from the Louis Dreyfus grain trading dynasty - one of the Four Horsemen of Grain (Cargill, Bunge, Andre and Louis Dreyfus). Lord Eric Roll is another board member at KissAss. Roll is chairman of the Warburg family investment bank S. G. Warburg.

The Kiss Ass Asian powerhouse board member is Sir Y. K. Kan of Hong Kong, who represents four old money Chinese families that control the Bank of East Asia. Kiss Ass client BNL's P-2 Freemason roots can be traced back to Banca Commerciale d'Italia, where P-2 was founded. The bank's Swiss subsidiary Banca de la Svizzera bought 7% of Lehman Brothers in the mid-1970's. The Lehman family made their fortune running guns to Confederate forces while smuggling southern British opium family plantation cotton to the Union. When Lehman Brothers client Enron collapsed, UBS Warburg swooped in to seize Enron OnLine for $0.

The Crown Killed Kennedy

Clint Murchison had meat packing interests in Haiti that were looked after

by CIA agent George de Mohrenschildt, a wealthy Russian oilman and, according to the FBI, a Nazi spy during WWII. It was de Mohrenschildt who drove Lee Harvey Oswald from New Orleans to Dallas days before the November 22, 1963 assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Gaeton Fonzi, a special investigator for the House Select Committee on Assassinations, was on his way to interview de Mohrenschildt in Florida regarding his role in the JFK hit when the CIA agent was found with a shotgun blast through his head. De Mohrenschildt's diaries were later uncovered. One entry read, "Bush, George H. W. (Poppy), 1412 W Ohio also Zapata Petroleum Midland".

Kennedy had done plenty to piss off the US military establishment. In October 1963 he pulled 1,000 advisers out of SE Asia and issued NSAM 363, a blueprint for a total Vietnam withdrawal. He sent US Ambassador to Guinea William Atwood to Cuba to begin talks with Fidel Castro after publicly blasting the CIA's bungling of the Bay of Pigs operation.

Kennedy said he wanted to "splinter the CIA into a thousand pieces and scatter it to the winds" and that he understood Castro's revolutionary struggle against dictator and Meyer Lansky crony Fulgencio Batista, who Kennedy called, "an incarnation of a number of sins on the part of the US".

Ted Shackley, Santos Trafficante and the CIA boys running Operation Mongoose, which aimed to assassinate Castro, were especially outraged at Kennedy. Major General Edward Lansdale had commandeered Operation Mongoose and escalated it into a small war against Cuba.

In 1955 Lansdale helped Lucien Conein set up the South Vietnamese Opium Monopoly under President Nguyen Cao Ky. The CIA continued to train anti-Castro rebels in south Florida and around Lake Ponchartrain outside New Orleans, even after JFK had the FBI raid these CIA camps.

Kennedy fired CIA Director and Rockefeller cousin Allen Dulles, CIA Deputy Director Charles Cabell (whose brother was the mayor of Dallas) and CIA Deputy Director of Plans Richard Bissell. Richard Helms was Bissell's successor at the Company's dirty tricks bureau, as the Plans section was known.

Helms was tight with James "Jesus" Angleton, who ran the CIA's MK-ULTRA mind control program for years, possibly utilizing information Dulles had obtained in Switzerland from the House of Saud Muslim Brotherhood.

All the Watergate plumbers came from an Operation Mongoose offshoot

known as Operation 40. Plumber Howard Hunt was paymaster for Operation 40, which also included plumbers Bernard Barker and Enterprise liaison Rafael Quintero. Plumber Frank Sturgis ran the Miami-based International Anti-Communist Brigade, which was funded by Santos Trafficante through his Teamsters Local 320 front. The other Watergate burglars were Felipe Diego and Rolando Martinez. They were buddies with OSS China hand William Pawley, who had owned sugar refineries in Cuba as well as the country's bus line.

Hunt ran the Miami based Double-Chek, a CIA channel during the Bay of Pigs. Sturgis physically attacked Vietnam War opponent Daniel Ellsberg on the steps of the Capitol and recruited agent provocateurs to disrupt peaceful protests at the 1972 Democratic Convention. As part of Operation 40 Frank Sturgis recruited Marita Lorenz to seduce Castro, then kill him.

Miss Lorenz says she rode to Dallas in a vehicle loaded with weapons with Frank Sturgis, Jerry Patrick Hemming, two Cuban exile brothers named Novis and a pilot named Pedro Diaz Lanz. Lorenz says they arrived in Dallas the day before Kennedy was shot, where they met Howard Hunt at a local hotel.

Fletcher Prouty was an Air Force intelligence officer who had been part of Kennedy's fact-finding mission that resulted in the NSAM 263 directive calling for a US pullout of Vietnam. On November 10, 1963 Prouty's boss Edward Lansdale reassigned him to a South Pole desk job. Twelve days later Kennedy was assassinated.

Prouty swears that a photograph of Dealey Plaza on the day of the assassination shows Edward Lansdale walking away from the scene of the crime. Others have identified Howard Hunt as one of the tramps who lurked on the railroad tracks behind the grassy knoll from where the fatal shot was fired.

George Bush Sr. headed Houston-based Zapata Offshore Petroleum from 1956-1964. According to authors William Cooper and David Icke, in 1961 Zapata got the CIA into the Colombian cocaine business.

Zapata's offshore oil platforms were used to transship cocaine, while the Four Horsemen of Oil (Exxon Mobil, Royal Dutch/Shell, BP Amoco and Chevron Texaco) shipped chemicals to Columbia necessary in the production of coke. One CIA operation to invade Cuba was code-named Operation Zapata. The two Navy ships used in the attempt were named Barbara and Houston.

An FBI memo from J. Edgar Hoover dated 11-23-63 discusses briefing "George Bush of CIA" on the Kennedy assassination, which had occurred one day earlier. Bush was in Dallas on November 22nd. One intelligence source stated, "I know he (Bush) was involved in the Caribbean. I know he was involved in the suppression of things after the Kennedy assassination".

In a 1973 interview published in the Atlantic Monthly, Kennedy Vice-President and successor Lyndon Johnson, himself a Texas oilman, hinted at a conspiracy on that gloomy day in Dallas and talked of a "Murder Incorporated" being run by the CIA out of the Caribbean. Johnson was referring to Permindex (Permanent Industrial Exhibitions), an assassination bureau run by the Special Operations Executive (SOE) of Britain's MI6.

According to a book published by Executive Intelligence Review called Dope Inc., Permindex was funded by the Canadian Bronfman family and the wealthy Polish Solidarist Radziwill family. Permindex leader, MI6 SOE Colonel Sir William "Intrepid" Stephenson, had earlier deployed the Meyer Lansky syndicate and helped rehabilitate Lucky Luciano.

SOE Colonel Louis Mortimer Bloomfield was an OSS veteran and Bronfman liaison who chaired Permindex since its 1958 founding in Montreal and Geneva. SOE and Permindex insider General Julius Klein ran guns to the murderous Haganah when the Zionists seized Israel from the Palestinians. He now "handles" Buffalo mob boss Max Fischer and Carl Lindner at United Brands.

Other SOE members included David Sarnoff, whose RCA conglomerate at that time formed the core of the US National Security Agency; and Walter Sheridan, who provided intelligence to Resorts International and fugitive financier Robert Vesco.

RCA was later bought by General Electric, whose spin-off SERCO now serves as the Crown Agent that sponges exclusive contracts from the US State and Defense Departments, all branches of the US military and FEMA Region 9.

The most familiar member of Crown-controlled SOE was Colonel Clay Shaw, whose son of same name became a Florida Congressman serving on a House Narcotics Task force. Shaw was an OSS veteran who later became Director of the New Orleans International Trade Mart, the US subsidiary of Permindex. Shaw was indicted in 1969 for his role in the Kennedy assassination by New Orleans attorney Jim Garrison. During the trial seventeen key prosecution witnesses died and Garrison became the target of a

smear campaign.

According to Dope Inc., Shaw served under Stephenson for twenty years starting in WWII, where he had been OSS liaison to Winston Churchill. SOE operatives infiltrated the FBI and formed Division Five, a British intelligence Fifth Column that was headed by Bloomfield. Both Bloomfield and Shaw were present at a series of meetings in Montego Bay, Jamaica in 1963. The meetings were held at the Tyndall Compound, built by Sir William Stephenson to serve British intelligence interests in the Caribbean after WWII.

Stephenson had launched BRINCO, an energy exploration firm financed by the Oppenheimer family's Rio Tinto. He moved to Jamaica in 1949 and set up the British-American-Canadian Corporation with financing from UK merchant banking giant Hambros. It was Stephenson who helped Allen Dulles stash the Hitler and Goebell trusts in Swiss bank accounts after WWII. Now he presided over the Montego Bay meetings where, according to many Kennedy assassination researchers, the JFK hit was planned.

Those present at the meetings included Ferenc Nagy, a WWII cabinet minister in the pro-Hitler Horthy government of Hungary, who later became Hungarian Prime Minister; Georgio Mantello, a Romanian emigre who served as Italian dictator Benito Mussolini's Trade Minister; Paul Raigoradsky, a Russian Solidarity leader; and Jean de Menil, an old money European aristocrat and Russian president of Schlumberger, the giant oil industry service provider and frequent CIA arms conduit based in Houma, LA.

All present at Tyndall were executives of Permindex, whose board members included Donald Trump's mentor Roy Cohn, former general counsel to Sen. Joe McCarthy; Montreal crime boss Joe Bonnano; Mussolini Agriculture Minister Count Guitierez de Spadafora of the Italian House of Savoy; Hapsburg and Wittelsbach family banker Hans Seligman of Basel; Carlo d'Amelio, Rome attorney for the Houses of Savoy and Pallavicini; King Farouk of Egypt's uncle Munir Chourbagi; and Guiseppe Zigiotti, head of the Italian Fascist Association for Militia Arms. Permindex was a front for the Crown's Nazi International.

Colonel Louis Bloomfield was a partner at Philips, Vineberg, Bloomfield and Goodman - attorneys for the Canadian Bronfman family. In 1968 the firm was forced to delete Bloomfield's name from its letterhead when French President Charles de Gaulle publicly exposed Bloomfield for his role in an

assassination attempt on de Gaulle. de Gaulle named Credit Suisse of Geneva as financier of Bloomfield's attempted putsch and traced its origin to NATO Headquarters in Brussels.

Permindex was forced to move its offices out of Europe to fascist-friendly South Africa. Simultaneously, de Gaulle kicked the Israeli Mossad out of France due to its cozy relations with Permindex. Credit Suisse Canada has been identified by some researchers as SOE paymaster for the Permindex assassination of JFK, which was accomplished after Stephenson set up an operations command center in David Sarnoff's RCA Building at New York's Rockefeller Center.

Bloomfield worked under the cover of Israeli Continental Corporation and the Canadian subsidiary of Heineken Breweries. He controls the Ran Histadrut "charity", which constitutes 33% of Israel's GNP; and Bank Hapoalim, Israel's second largest bank and a favorite Mossad conduit. Bloomfield was director of the Israeli-Canadian Maritime League and served as Canadian Consul-General in the "free port" nation Liberia.

There he worked with the only other foreign diplomat in the Monrovia, Banque du Credit Internacionale's (BCI) Tibor Rosenbaum, in establishing Liberia's status as an off-shore banking center and in making Liberia's flag available to international shippers who wished to disguise their true country of origin. The Liberian flag has been well utilized by the Crown's drugs and arms smugglers.

Bloomfield was also chairman of the Red Cross Ambulance Service, a post traditionally held by the top Knight in Queen Elizabeth II's modern-day roundtable - Most Venerable Military & Hospitalier Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Though known for its more charitable side, which includes selling donated blood for around $700/pint, the Red Cross is officially an intelligence arm of the Crown.

According to Dope Inc., Tibor Rosenbaum's BCI was a key bank in the Permindex assassination of Kennedy, transferring funds from Bank Hapoalim to New Orleans FBI Division Five Station Chief Guy Bannister.

Bannister's agent Jerry Brooks Gaitlin doled out the cash to Hunt and his Cuban team of assassins. Both Bannister and Gaitlin died under mysterious circumstances. Howard Hunt's Double Chek was a subsidiary of Centro Mondiale Commerciale - the Permindex Rome branch. William Seymour, the Oswald double who played Cuban sympathizer for months before the Kennedy hit, met with Clay Shaw and David Ferrie to form the triangulation

of fire plan. The actual Oswald was also on SOE Division Five payroll.

According to many researchers, the weapons for the Kennedy coup came through Schlumberger and the seven-shooter hit team consisted of an elite group put together by J. Edgar Hoover and Sir William Stephenson in 1943. The team was formed through the American Council of Christian Churches (ACCC), which Bloomfield, Stephenson and Hoover had founded as a cover for US and British intelligence via ACCC Latin American missions.

ACCC is a network of aristocratic far-right religions. Its west coast director E. E. Bradley was indicted by New Orleans prosecutor Jim Garrison for his role in the JFK hit. David Ferrie worked under ACCC cover. An ACCC orphan school near Puebla, Mexico was used to train 25-30 of the world's premier marksmen.

ACCC Minister Albert Osborne ran the school after he fled the US due to his support of Hitler during WWII. These "students" carried out the Kennedy assassination. Assassins from this same team may have deployed to kill both Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr.

Kennedy was scheduled to speak at the Dallas Trademart, a Permindex affiliate, the day he was gunned down. After the Kennedy assassination Permindex morphed into Intertel, while BCI was replaced by Robert Vesco's Bahamas-based Resorts International, whose lawyers included Paul Helliwell and Kennedy Justice Department hack Robert Peloquin, who served in Naval Intelligence and with NSA before joining Justice.

In 1987 Donald Trump bought 93% of Resorts International before being bailed out of bankruptcy in 1992 by Rothschild Inc. bond specialist Wilbur Ross - now Secretary of Commerce.

Resorts has its headquarters on Paradise Island, which is owned by Huntington Hartford, scion of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. Intertel is officially a subsidiary of Resorts and its board included Howard Hunt buddy Edward Mullin of FBI Division Five, the president of the Bronfman family-controlled Royal Bank of Canada, David Belisle of NSA and Sir Randolph Bacon, former head of Scotland Yard. Intertel provides security for Caribbean and Las Vegas casinos and moved gambling and horse racing into Atlantic City, NJ after strawman Donald Trump bought up the boardwalk.

The Warren Commission that "investigated" the Kennedy assassination was stacked with the very cronies Kennedy had denounced. Allen Dulles, the CIA Director whom Kennedy had fired, loomed large over the proceedings,

steering the inquiry away from any hint of CIA involvement. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover was a right-wing fanatic who despised Kennedy. President Gerald Ford, then a Michigan Senator, leaked information on the hearings to FBI Assistant Director Cartha De Loach. Senators Arlen Spector (D-PA) and Richard Shelby (R-AL) were prominent members of the Senate Intelligence Committee, which oversees CIA activity.

But the most influential member of the Warren Commission was Chase Manhattan Bank chairman John McCloy, who later directed the World Bank. McCloy was attorney for the Saudi-based ARAMCO and helped David Rockefeller spirit the Shah out of Iran. Kennedy had angered the US military establishment but his death sentence was signed by the international bankers.

Kennedy had announced a crackdown on off-shore tax havens and proposed increases in tax rates on large oil and mining companies. He supported eliminating tax loopholes that benefit the super-rich. His economic policies were publicly attacked by *Fortune* magazine, the *Wall Street Journal* and both David and Nelson Rockefeller. Even Kennedy's own Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, who came from the Bechtel-controlled Dillon Read investment bank, voiced opposition to the JFK proposals.

Kennedy's fate was sealed in June 1963 when he authorized the issuance of more than $4 billion in United States Notes by his Treasury Department in an attempt to circumvent the high interest rate usury of the Crown's private Federal Reserve international banker crowd. President Lincoln had made a similar move 100 years earlier and suffered the same consequences.

The wife of accused assassin Lee Harvey Oswald, who was conveniently gunned down by Jack Ruby before Ruby himself was shot, told author A. J. Weberman in 1994, "The answer to the Kennedy assassination is with the Federal Reserve Bank. Don't underestimate that. It's wrong to blame it on Angleton and the CIA *per se* only. This is only one finger on the same hand. The people who supply the money are above the CIA".

New Orleans Trade Mart Director and SOE operative Clay Shaw's address book contained the names of many powerful people who may have "supplied the money". They included international oligarchs Maquesse Guiseppe Rey of Italy, Baron Rafaelo de Banfield of Italy, Princess Jaqueline Chimay of France, Lady Margaret D'Arcy of England, Lady Hulce of England and Sir Michael Duff of England.

But the most interesting phone number in Shaw's address book belonged to Sir Steven Runciman, an elite historian with insider knowledge of the

Knights Templar and their Priory of Sion inner sanctum. Warren Commission Chairman Earl Warren, John McCloy, Allen Dulles, J. Edgar Hoover and Gerald Ford were all 33rd Degree Illuminized Freemasons.

Visitors to the Dealey Plaza assassination site report seeing an obelisk dedicated to Freemasonry. Dallas, headquarters for illumination merchant Exxon Mobil and much of corporate America, sits on the 33rd parallel.

The Crown Was Behind 911

The Crown had the most to gain from dialing 911. The day of the terror attacks there was an unusually heavy volume of financial transactions being handled at the WTC. The bulk of investment bankers killed in the WTC worked for competitors of the Big Six old money investment banks. Cantor Fitzgerald was particularly hard hit.

Merrill Lynch had its own building nearby, as did Deutsche Bank. Lehman Brothers moved from the WTC to a newly built headquarters just prior 911. Only seven weeks before 911 a group of wealthy oligarch investors terminated their lease on the WTC. Investor Larry Silverstein bought a 99-year lease on the property in July 2001, while the old money slid out from under it.

Silverstein filed a $7.2 billion insurance claim after the tragedy. The Federal Reserve-controlling Eight Families (Rothschild, Rockefeller, Kuhn Loeb, Lazard Freres, Warburg, Israel Moses Seif, Lehman/Oppenheimer and Goldman Sachs) insurance companies involved offered only $3.6 billion.

The President's brother Marvin was on the board of directors at Securacom - now known as Stratesec Inc. - from 1993-2000. The company provided security for the WTC, Dulles International Airport and United Airlines. It had the security contract at Los Alamos Laboratories, when there had been a number of security breaches at that facility.

The firm is backed by a Kuwaiti-American investment firm known as KuwAm. Current clients include the US Army, US Navy, US Air Force and Department of Justice. They carry a Blanket Purchase Agreement with the GSA - meaning no other company can compete for these security contracts.

According to David Icke's bombshell book *Children of the Matrix*, Securacom is a subsidiary of Crown Agency - a British Crown entity that Icke says also owns the Agha Khan Foundation. Khan founded the modern Muslim Brotherhood and is spiritual torch-bearer for Islamism - from which

groups like Al Qaeda and the Taliban take their cues. This important fact points to Buckingham Palace involvement in the prosecution of 911.

Marvin Bush also sat on the board at HCC Insurance Holdings until November 2002. That company carried some of the insurance on the WTC. Brother Jeb - Governor of Florida - declared a state of emergency in his state one week prior to 911. He personally escorted the alleged hijackers' flight school documents to Washington, DC shortly after the attacks.

New York Mayor Rudolf Guliani was portrayed as hero of 911. Yet on November 2, 2001 Guliani ordered New York firefighters to thin their ranks at ground zero, as the WTC carnage became known. The day before, 200 tons of gold buried in vaults beneath the WTC belonging to Silver Triangle gold kingpin Bank of Nova Scotia was recovered.

No one in the fawning corporate media bothered to ask Guliani about the callous timing of his decision. Nor did they ask him why, according to Internet reports, he had ordered 6,000 gallons of fuel stored in WTC #7 to supply his personal bomb shelter. The explosion of this fuel may have caused WTC #7 - which was clearly not hit by an airplane - to collapse, destroying sensitive Enron-related CIA and FBI documents stored there. The CIA ran an undercover station on the 47th floor of #7. The 23rd and 24th floors of the WTC North Tower housed FBI covert operations and boatloads of agency documents.

Louie Cacchioli, a firefighter with Engine 47 in Harlem said he was in an elevator to the spook-occupied 24th floor of the North Tower, when he heard explosions. His crew - the first in that building - believes bombs were set off inside the towers.

In a statement to *The Albuquerque Journal* shortly after the disaster, Van Romero - Vice-President for Research at the renowned New Mexico Institute for Mining and Technology - agreed. Romero, one of the world’s foremost demolitions experts, stated, “My opinion is, based on the videotapes, that after the airplanes hit the World Trade Center there were some explosive devices inside the buildings that caused the towers to collapse.”

Numerous experts also agreed that jet fuel alone burns too fast to have melted the massive steel structure of the WTC on its own. The orderly nature of the collapse of both towers and later pancake collapse of Building #7 cry out for inquiry.

The contractor awarded the $7 billion job of cleaning up the WTC rubble was eerily named Controlled Demolition - the same outfit that quickly

disposed of the evidence of the Alfred T. Murrah Federal Building after the Oklahoma City bombing.

WTC “scrap metal” was expeditiously shipped to China. Brigham Young physics Professor Steven Jones, who studied the WTC rubble, says he found traces of thermite explosives all over the stuff. In September 2006, Brigham Young placed Jones on paid leave for his efforts at seeking truth.

In the weeks before 911 people working at the WTC reported entire floors being shut door for “elevator maintenance” It had to be Securacom that authorized this closing and it was during this time that the Crown Agents must have been busy mining the elevator shafts.

There is a persistent rumor that all Israelis working at the WTC were instructed not to report to work on 911. Was Time’s 2001 Man of the Year and current Trump advisor Rudy Guliani part of a covert operation to consolidate British/Israeli/Rothschild control over Persian Gulf Oil? It was probably no coincidence that Guliani was Knighted by Queen Elizabeth II in February 2002.

It was is also convenient that Crown Agent SERCO has current contracts through the FAA to run numerous air traffic control at major airports. SERCO, owned by British Knights, also has contracts with every branch of the US military, the Defense Department and the State Department. It regularly receives no bid contracts by using Crown Agents within the US government know as Senior Executive Services (SES). SERCO is a spin-off from the old RCA Kennedy assassins via that latter's takeover by General Electric. Both SERCO and GE have close ties to both Lockheed Martin and British Aerospace, the world's two biggest defense contractors. All are Crown Agents.

SERCO is the mechanism through which the City of London both creates war, then profits from the resulting contracts. In Britain they own a pathology company that some believe is poised to profit from the coming depopulation of 75% of the world's people, a major goal of the Crown Satanists. SERCO also holds a contract to run FEMA Region 9 in the US.

This region contains Arizona, Nevada, California, Hawaii and the Pacific Islands. As I write this, Kilauea Volcano is erupting. A company called Puna Geothermal Venture, which is financially connected to the Rothschilds, has been fracking near the Puna Geothermal Power Station. Why?

Puna Geothermal Ventures is owned by Ormat Industries, an Israeli firm found by Lucien Yehuda Bronicki. In 1977 Bronicki was awarded with the

Rothschild Prize for Innovation/Export.

According to a 5-15-18 article on *Exopolitics.org* by Big Island resident Michael Salla, independent journalist Hal Turner says he had been contacted by scientists with the US Geological Survey. They told Turner that an area of land on the south flank of the volcano known as the Hilina Slump - about the size of Manhattan - is moving and could break off into the ocean, sending a Tsunami toward the west coast with 100+ foot waves moving at 500 miles per hour. Cities like San Diego, Los Angeles and could be wiped off the face of the earth.

God forbid, should this occur, that SERCO FEMA Region 9 contract will be worth billions to the Luciferian Crown.

CHAPTER 7

The social Darwinism fraud

It is important to understand the historical transition of the methodology employed by the Illuminati in their never-ending quest to control the people and resources of planet earth.

Paramount is the shift from open confrontation with and violent suppression of liberation movements, to more subtle forms of psychological warfare-waged control and distortion of information through the mass media. Perception management is the name of the game.

This battle for our minds takes many forms, but begins by inserting key philosophical premises into the public consensus. One of the most insidious of these is social Darwinism, which preaches “survival of the fittest” and reinforces the top-down dominance paradigm. This fraudulent Luciferian world view - reinforced by corporate-funded “scientific” research - needs to be deconstructed and discredited if we are to progress as a species.

Charles Darwin’s expedition was funded by European nobility. He was himself a Freemason. Despite this elite pedigree, Darwin’s research led him to one very important conclusion, and it was not the “survival of the fittest” mantra that the global elite have since employed to justify everything from colonialism and slavery to private central banking and monopoly capitalism. Rather, Darwin’s central thesis was that the survival of a species was dependent on a high degree of cooperation within that species.

I grew up on a 2,000 acre ranch and have lived in the country almost my entire life. I have hunted, trapped, fished, raised livestock and had pets. I have hiked countless miles of back country Montana trails where I’ve encountered grizzly bears, mountain goats, moose and wolverine. My wife and I recently went on a safari in South Africa’s Kruger National Park.

Through all of these experiences I have never seen two wild animals locked in mortal combat. What I have seen is cooperation at many levels, not only within species, but between species. Yet if you watch any Royal Geographic Society-funded documentary on wildlife, the theme of conflict is omnipresent.

Take a walk in the woods and you will hear songbirds warning the fox that

you are headed her way. Observe a herd of deer and you will see the fit, healthy individuals watching out and waiting for the young, injured or sick members. Visit Kruger and you will see warthogs sticking close to the zebras. The zebras can see above the bushveld and watch for lions, while the smaller warthogs, with their razor-sharp tusks, can give a lion problems for long enough to allow a zebra to escape an ambush.

I had two dogs for nearly fifteen years. Buck, the larger dog, deferred to Milo, the smaller but older dog, his entire life. They never once had a physical confrontation. Though Buck was easily the stronger of the two, he saw no need to be the "big dog". Buck knew that cooperation was a much easier path. In turn Milo never abused his respected position of "elder".

I later adopted a family of three male cats. When Bob caught a mouse, he would often give it to Loris. When Loris caught one he would give it to Harvey. We used to wait in anticipation to see if they would fight over it, but they never did. Often they would triangulate and hunt together, while also keeping a lookout for bigger predators.

Of course confrontation occurs in the animal community, mostly during the rut and when food is scarce. Boys will be boys. And all living beings must eat. But why does the Tavistock perception management media focus so much on these rare incidents and so little on the much more prevalent cooperation within the natural community? Because doing so would shatter the myth that monopoly capitalism is a natural economic system.

Greed is not natural. Cooperation is. We are inherently loving.

The global elite have utilized this same phony version of neo-Darwinism in their portrayal of indigenous people. We are told, usually when justifying some oil war for Exxon Mobil or Citibank, that "Indians were constantly at war (blah, blah, blah),too." Yet any cultural anthropologist worth their salt will tell you that Native Americans rarely waged inter-tribal war during the 100,000+ years before European contact.

Pre-contact tribes also didn't have one "alpha" chief. They had tribal councils, consisting of elderly men and women whose life experiences were valued. Young physically strong hunters were always expected to show deference to these elders. Among the Lakota, the hunter who made the kill always ate last, reinforcing the virtue of humility and discouraging arrogance. Might was not right in tribal society. The very concept of "chief" was foisted upon native people by the Crown colonizers.

The Luciferian European nobility saw this socialist tribal model as a threat

to their growing industrial capitalist empire. So their hired guns led by Albert Pike - founder of both Scottish-Rite Freemasonry in the US and the Ku Klux Klan - launched the Indian Wars.

These mercenaries also taught Indians to collect scalps, paying them a bounty before sending the scalps back to the Euro-inbreds who did God knows what with them. The Crown Agent Skull & Bones Society reportedly keeps Geronimo's skull in its Yale University house of horrors.

Pike's troops then hand-picked tribal "chiefs" of low character that were easily bought - usually with whiskey. These "chiefs" replaced the traditional tribal councils, signed treaties giving away tribal land, and were bribed into attacking other tribes to create the disunity necessary for the Illuminati to destroy the Native American nature-based model of living with the earth instead of pilfering it.

Pike was a 33rd degree Mason and Crown Agent. He brought Freemasonry to America at Charleston, SC in the 1870's. His book *Morals and Dogma* serves as a bible for US Freemasons today. In the book Pike proclaims the Satanic bent of Freemasonry espousing, "The Masonic Religion should be by all of us initiates in the High Degrees maintained in the purity of the Luciferic Doctrine".

Neo-Darwinism is a diabolical, fear-laden Luciferian way of thinking about the world. It is a reality at odds with nature. The dominance paradigm it justifies is a Western industrial human construct conjured up as a rationale for past, present and future subjugation of the planet and its people by the Illuminati bloodline elite.

One last thought: If control over the global economy really is as simple as "survival of the fittest" and "alpha male dominance", shouldn't Evander Holyfield own Bank of America, while Goldman Sachs' scrawny CEO Lloyd Blankfein rents a cockroach-infested shack in Harlem?

CHAPTER 8

Psychological warfare for all

The inbred Luciferian bloodline elite have, over the centuries, refined the techniques they employ to assure continued dominion over the resources of the planet and its people. In the early days the Crown publicly crucified and tortured rebellious citizens, sprinkling in the occasional bloody peasant massacre when things got dicey. These open displays of barbarism ensured a climate of fear that thwarted any challenge to their hegemony.

The Crown's global terror network still serves this function. If they can kill JFK and pull off 911, they can kill any of us, right? And that's exactly what they want you to internalize as part of their perception management program This perception keeps you full of fear - the language of Satan - rather than full of courage and love - the language of God.

Death and destruction are the bread and butter of the Illuminati business plan. World Wars create the most revenue and the most blood sacrifice, upon which these fallen angels feed.

On August 15, 1871 Sovereign Grand Commander of the Ancient & Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry General Albert Pike, the aforementioned Ku Klux Klan founder and Indian war prosecutor, wrote a letter to Italian P-1 33rd Degree Grand Commander and Mafia founder Guiseppe Mazzini.

In the letter Pike talked of a Brotherhood plan for three World Wars. The first, he said, would destroy czarist Russia and create a Communist "bogeyman" that the bankers could employ to justify their foreign interventions around the world. The second, Pike said, would be used to create Israel, which would become a mercenary force for the international bankers while protecting oil interests in the Middle East for the Rothschild and Rockefeller combines.

The Third World War, stated Pike's letter, would pit Arabs against Zionists, and would culminate in a New World Order completely controlled by the international bankers and their secret societies.

Pike described the events that would unfold as pretext for WWIII, "We must provoke a social cataclysm which in all its horror...everywhere, the

citizens obliged to defend themselves against the world minority of revolutionaries...will receive the true light through...the pure doctrine of Lucifer, brought finally out into public view.”

While it has been easy for the Crown to pit nation against nation with their agents embedded on both sides, quelling domestic dissent has proven a bit more difficult.

The medieval servitude of the Dark Ages and the ancient gallows employed to deal with dissenters eventually provoked revolution in such disparate locales as France, America and Russia. More recently, the Crown's equally crude, if better armed, corporate sponsored fascist resource-control juntas have produced the same revolutionary result in Iran, Iraq, Syria, Cuba, North Korea, the Congo, Angola, Mozambique, Zimbabwe, Vietnam, Chile, Afghanistan, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Bolivia, Ecuador and Venezuela to name just a few.

Befuddled, the bloodline Babylonians were forced to shift to a more veiled menu of covert assassination, well-funded opposition parties, NGO intrigues, currency counterfeiting, leaflet drops, fake trucker’s strikes and all manner of counter-revolutionary shenanigans. But even these deceptions are eventually exposed, especially with the surge in truth journalism on the Internet. Brutality is brutality, however subtle and disguised.

When this strategy failed to stem the tide of history, provoking a democratic and thus subversive reaction among the populace, the international banking syndicate and its coterie of idle rich Luciferians turned to psychological warfare as their mainstay.

They learned that it was much easier to control a population through Tavistock Institute-funded television and Internet brainwashing, than to be forced to mow down a more cognizant citizenry in the streets and risk backlash. The key is to keep people docile, fearful, ignorant and filled with self-hatred.

Another way the Crown steers public opinion is through their Bridge Fund foundations. In 1913 the Rockefeller Foundation came into being. It would shield the Rockefeller’s wealth from the coming income tax provisions of the never-ratified 16th Amendment. More importantly it would allow these Federal Reserve (formed the same year) Illuminati owners to steer public opinion through social engineering via grant patronage.

One of the Foundation’s most infamous tentacles was the General Education Board. In Occasional Letter #1 the Board stated, “In our dreams

we have limitless resources and the people yield themselves with perfect docility to our molding hands. The present education conventions fade from their minds and, unhampered by tradition, we will work our own good will upon a grateful and responsive rural folk. We shall try not to make these people or any of their children into philosophers or men of learning or men of science…of whom we have ample supply."

Over the next decades the condescending financial parasites at Club Fed would fabricate all matter of story lines and staged events to keep the "rural folk" frightened and inert. These included the Great Depression, the Cold War, McCarthyism, the threat of nuclear Armageddon, the Kennedy, Malcom X and Martin Luther King Jr. assassinations and 911. All of these were also, quite conveniently, financial boons for the international banking syndicate and their defense/oil/drug mafia cartels.

The current "scary story lines" include school shootings, Ebola virus and Muslim extremism. All are problem-reaction-solution contrivances of the Crown and its tentacles. The latter is central to my book, *Big Oil & Their Bankers in the Persian Gulf: Four Horsemen, Eight Families & Their Global Intelligence, Narcotics & Terror Network*.

All of these terrors are created for specific reasons as part of the bigger agenda being slowly pushed forward by the Luciferians behind the Crown. The Freemason *modus operandi* is *Order Ab Chao* - Order out of Chaos.

Centered in Pakistan the Crown-subsidiary Agha Khan Foundation is funded by the Illuminati's secret Muslim Brotherhood society. It churns out "Muslim extremists" who are then "handled" by the Cabalistic Rothschild intelligence arm, which is more commonly known as the Israeli Mossad.

These "Muslim extremists" are then used to butcher local resistance while the bankers grab the oilfields in whichever Middle East country they find it in. The Afghan opium monopoly was achieved in the very same way, along with the recently opened natural gas pipeline from Turkmenistan to the Pakistani port of Karachi.

911 was the well-contrived scheme used to launch the phony war on terror and its parallel permanent war economy that lit up Wall Street banks and their war profiteer cartels like Christmas trees. Pearl Harbor served the same purpose in justifying US entry in defense of the Crown in WWII.

Despite their attempts to hard-wire their lies into us via the Internet and TV, for many the scary bedtime stories are wearing off. Despite the constant stream of lies emanating from the Tavistock media wing of the Illuminati

banksters, millions of people around the world are waking up.

As Pete Townsend of The Who sang, the important thing now is that we "Don't Get Fooled Again." Because as their plan moves into a new phase, the tools at their disposal are integrating. Technology is the key. And these new systems involve low-frequency weaponry capable of creating alien (AI) perceptions or "virtual realities" in human consciousness which are much more amenable to the furtherance of the Luciferian agenda.

Part II
the luciferian agenda

CHAPTER 9

agenda 21

In 1992, just as the US Democratic Party was being hijacked by the Illuminati Presidency of Bill Clinton, and just as the UK Labor Party was about to be surrendered to Illuminati Prime Minister Tony Blair, there was a meeting in Rio de Janeiro that would, under the soft fuzzy guise of “sustainability”, implement the Luciferian plan to end humanity.

With anything resembling an organized left wing political opposition to their global fascist plan knocked out by the rise of the right-leaning Clinton and Blair - and the subsequent surrender of their respective long-standing worker parties to the bankers - the Satanists would now use the constituents of these two parties to help manufacture a crisis through which they could justify total control over the planet.

The *Order Ab Chao* pretext was environmental cataclysm and global warming. Both Democrats and Labor took the bait, as did many well-meaning people around the world who knew through observation that there was something seriously wrong with the weather, but could never imagine it being used to further the agenda of the Illuminati.

With Occidental Petroleum billionaire owner Armand Hammer's protege Al Gore as its spokesman, the Luciferians would now promote their myth of scarcity, which assigns blame to humanity instead of to themselves. From their Babylonian pulpit they preached misanthropy, carbon footprints, carbon taxes, tiny houses, a contraction in living standards and general austerity.

All the while, Illuminati puppets Clinton and Blair were busy deregulating the banks of Glass-Steagall, merging corporations, privatizing education, increasing killer vaccinations, rolling out glycophosphates and GMO foods, launching a low-frequency weapons war via the introduction of the Internet and polluting entire ecosystems with their Eight Families cartels.

But we were not to blame the elites. We were to blame ourselves and our fellow humans. In fact, we were to think that “humans” had screwed up the planet so badly that the world would be better off without us. The ultimate self-hatred was becoming a normalized plank in their perception management offensive.

Environmental groups led the charge, their boards filled with Crown agents, bankers and corporate oil, mining and chemical CEOs. Prince Charles spearheaded much of the public relations, Prince Albert led the anti-human mantras.

In Rio de Janeiro, it was the Honorable Maurice Strong pulling the anti-humanity bandwagon. Strong is a Canadian oil and mining billionaire who once suggested, “Isn't the only hope for the planet that the industrialized civilizations collapse? Isn't it our responsibility to bring that about?”

Out of this June 1992 Rio Earth Summit came a human control plan that came to be known as Agenda 21. Some of its goals include an end to national sovereignty, the restructuring of the family unit, the assignment of certain jobs for certain people, restrictions of people's movements, an increase in the role of the state in raising children, the creation of densely populated human settlement zones accompanied by an emptying out of rural areas, a dumbing down of education via testing rather than learning, the abolition of private property, and at its core a massive reduction in the population of Planet Earth.

Under the guise of a front called Local Governments for Sustainability, the elitist polluters have set out to push this anti-human agenda into every corner of the planet. The word “sustainability” is their Trojan Horse. Wherever you see it used, know that it has nothing to do with protecting the earth, and everything to do with destroying it and you.

Using the typical inverted morality of Lucifer, these pigs who have trashed this planet, now seek to make us feel culpable for their crimes via the guilt and shame-ridden “environmental movement”. It's the perfect cover for the evil agenda they have planned for us.

The key to their plan is depopulation. The Georgia Guide Stones, which no one seems to know who built, call for the population of earth to be maintained under 500,000 million. The stones are astrologically aligned and the writing is in several languages, some of them ancient.

A separate draft copy of the United Nations Global Biodiversity Assessment calls for a population of 1 billion. This would also be a massive cull since the current world population is around 7.6 billion.

Using 911 as yet another pretext, the Illuminati have embarked on a plan of permanent war economy, first justified by the fake war on terror. While their Crown Agent companies and banks get the arms, oil, aid and rebuilding contracts, they are also using this model to achieve their goal of global depopulation.

CHAPTER 10

the Illuminati depopulation agenda

While the global elite construct underground bunkers, eat organic food, and hoard seeds in Arctic vaults; the global poor are being slowly starved thanks to high commodity prices and poisoned with genetically modified (GMO) food.

Austerity measures aimed largely at the poor are being imposed on all the nations of the world through the Illuminati IMF. Weather events grow more deadly and brush fire wars more frequent. An AK-47 can be obtained for $49 in the markets of West Africa. The depopulation campaign of the inbred Illuminati bankers is accelerating.

In 1957 President Dwight Eisenhower, who later warned of a "military-industrial complex", commissioned a panel of scientists to study the issue of overpopulation. The scientists put forth Alternatives I, II and III, advocating both the release of deadly viruses and perpetual warfare as means to decrease world population.

The first supposition dovetailed nicely with the pharmaceutical interests of the Rockefellers. According to Nexus magazine, the Rockefellers own one-half of the US pharmaceutical industry, which will reap billions developing medicines and vaccines to "battle" the deadly viruses about to be released.

In 1969 the Senate Church Committee discovered that the US Defense Department (DOD) had requested a budget of tens of millions of taxpayer dollars for a program to speed development of new viruses that target and destroy the human immune system.

DOD officials testified before Congress that they planned to produce, "a synthetic biological agent, an agent that does not naturally exist and for which no natural immunity could be acquired…Most important is that it might be refractory to the immunological and therapeutic processes upon which we depend to maintain our relative freedom from infectious disease."

House Bill 5090 authorized the funds and MK-NAOMI was carried out at Fort Detrick, Maryland. Out of this research came the AIDS virus, which was targeted at "undesirable elements" of the population. The first AIDS viruses were administered through a massive smallpox vaccine campaign in central

and southern Africa by the World Health Organization in 1977. A year later ads appeared in major US newspapers soliciting “promiscuous gay male volunteers” to take part in a Hepatitis B vaccine study.

The program targeted male homosexuals age 20-40 in New York City, Los Angeles, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. It was administered by the US Centers for Disease Control which, under its earlier incarnation as the US Public Health Department in Atlanta, oversaw the Tuskegee syphilis experiments on African American males.

San Francisco has been a target of numerous CIA experiments, due to its high population of left-leaning citizens, which the Illuminati views as “undesirables”. According to Dr. Eva Snead, San Francisco has one of the highest cancer rates in the country.

For years Malathion, first developed by the Nazis, was sprayed over the city by helicopters from CIA Evergreen Air, whose Arizona base was used, according to author William Cooper, as a CIA transshipment point for Colombian cocaine. The mysterious Legionnaire’s Disease occurs often in San Francisco and the CIA’s MK-ULTRA mind control bad acid program was based there.

The intellectual force behind the introduction of AIDS was the Bilderberger Group, which became fixated on population control after WWII. William Cooper said that the Policy Committee of the Bilderbergers gave orders to DOD to introduce the AIDS virus. The Bilderbergers are close to the Club of Rome, which was founded on a Rockefeller estate near Bellagio, Italy and is backed by the same European Black Nobility who frequent Bilderberger meetings.

A 1968 study by the Club of Rome advocated lowering the birth rate and increasing the death rate. Club founder Dr. Aurelio Peccei made a top-secret recommendation to introduce a microbe that would attack the auto-immune system, then develop a vaccine as a prophylactic for the global elite.

One month after the 1968 Club of Rome meeting Paul Ehrlich published The Population Bomb. The book hints at a draconian depopulation plan in the works. On page seventeen Ehrlich writes, “The problem could have been avoided by population control…so that a ‘death rate solution’ did not have to occur.” A year later MK-NAOMI was born.

Peccei himself authored the Club of Rome’s much-touted Global 2000 report, which President Jimmy Carter pushed on his BCCI shakedown cruise of Africa. Peccei wrote in the report, “Man is now vested with

unprecedented, tremendous responsibilities and thrown into the role of moderator of life on the planet, including his own”

The Bilderbergers were behind the Haig-Kissinger Depopulation Policy, a driving force at the State Department and administered by the National Security Council. Pressure was applied to Third World countries to reduce their populations. Those that did not comply saw their US aid withheld or were subject to Pink Plan low-intensity war that targets civilians, especially women of child-bearing age.

In Africa famine and brush-fire wars are encouraged. AK-47 rifles can be bought at West African markets for under $50. The same is true in the markets of Peshawar, Pakistan. In 1975, a year after attending a Club of Rome conference on the topic, Secretary of State and Crown Agent Henry Kissinger founded the Office of Population Affairs (OPA).

Latin American OPA case officer Thomas Ferguson spilled the beans on OPA’s agenda when he stated, “There is a single theme behind all our work; we must reduce population levels. Either they do it our way, through nice clean methods or they will get the kind of mess that we have in El Salvador, or in Iran, or in Beirut…Once population is out of control it requires authoritarian government, even fascism, to reduce it…The professionals aren’t interested in reducing population for humanitarian reasons…Civil wars are somewhat drawn-out ways to reduce population. The quickest way to reduce population is through famine like in Africa. We go into a country and say, here is your goddamn development plan. Throw it out the window. Start looking at your population…if you don’t …then you’ll have an El Salvador or an Iran, or worse, a Cambodia”.

Ferguson said of El Salvador, “To accomplish what the State Department deems adequate population control, the civil war (run by CIA) would have to be greatly expanded. You have to pull all the males into fighting and kill significant numbers of fertile, child-bearing age females. You are killing a small number of males and not enough fertile females to do the job…If the war went on 30-40 years, you might accomplish something. Unfortunately, we don’t have too many instances of this to study”.

Report from Iron Mountain

In 1961 Kennedy Administration officials McGeorge Bundy, Robert McNamara and Dean Rusk, all CFR and Bilderberger members, led a study

group that looked into “the problem of peace”. The group met at Iron Mountain, a huge underground corporate nuclear shelter near Hudson, New York, where CFR think tank The Hudson Institute is located. The bunker contains redundant offices in case of nuclear attack for Exxon Mobil, Royal Dutch/Shell and JP Morgan Chase. A copy of the group discussions, known as Report from Iron Mountain, was leaked by a participant and published in 1967 by Dial Press.

The report’s authors saw war as necessary and desirable stating “War itself is the basic social system, within which other secondary modes of social organization conflict or conspire. (War is) the principal organizing force…the essential economic stabilizer of modern societies.” The group worried that through “ambiguous leadership” the “ruling administrative class” might lose its ability to “rationalize a desired war”, leading to the “actual disestablishment of military institutions”.

The report goes on to say, “…the war system cannot responsibly be allowed to disappear until…we know exactly what we plan to put in its place…The possibility of war provides the sense of external necessity without which no government can long remain in power…The basic authority of a modern state over its people resides in its war powers. War has served as the last great safeguard against the elimination of necessary classes.”

Historian Howard Zinn described this conundrum when he wrote, “American capitalism needed international rivalry - and periodic war - to create an artificial community of interest between rich and poor, supplanting the genuine community of interest among the poor that showed itself in sporadic movements”.

The Iron Mountain gang was not the first to discover the virtues of war. In 1909 the trustees of the Andrew Carnegie Foundation for International Peace met to discuss pre-WWI American life. Many of the participants were members of Skull and Bones. They concluded, “There are no known means more efficient than war, assuming the objective is altering the life of an entire people…How do we involve the United States in a war?”

The Report from Iron Mountain goes on to propose a proper role for those of the lower classes, crediting military institutions with providing “antisocial elements with an acceptable role in the social structure. The younger and more dangerous of these hostile social groupings have been kept under control by the Selective Service System…A possible surrogate for the control

of potential enemies of society is the reintroduction, in some form consistent with modern technology and political process, of slavery…The development of a sophisticated form of slavery may be an absolute prerequisite for social control in a world at peace."

The Iron Mountain goons, though thrilled by the idea of slavery, listed as other socioeconomic substitutions for war: a comprehensive social welfare program, a giant open-ended space program aimed at unreachable targets, a permanent arms inspection regime, an omnipresent global police and peacekeeping force, massive global environmental pollution that would require a large labor pool to clean up, socially-oriented blood sports, and a comprehensive eugenics program.

The 1990 Gulf War genocide fulfilled the dreams of the Club of Rome Zero Population Growth maniacs, while also providing a testing ground for two of the war substitutes proposed by the Iron Mountain fascists: an arms inspection regime and UN peacekeepers. Both concepts gained traction in the international community thanks to the Gulf War.

Let the Iraqi Genocide Begin

Estimates of Iraqi casualties during the Gulf War are sobering. Some organizations like Greenpeace put the death toll at near one million people. It was a war in which the media was denied access on a scale never before seen, so casualty figures vary greatly. According to Tony Murphy, a researcher at the International War Crimes Tribunal, the US attack on Iraq killed 125,000 civilians, while destroying 676 schools, 38 hospitals, 8 major hydroelectric dams, 11 power plants, 119 power substations and half the country's telephone lines. The attacks occurred mostly at night when people were most vulnerable.

In the months following the war the death rate of Iraqi children under five tripled. Thirty-eight percent of these deaths were caused by diarrhea. Victor Filatov, a Russian journalist reporting for Sovetskaya Rossiya from post-war Baghdad wrote, "What further bloodshed do these barbarians of the 20th century need? I thought the Americans had changed since Vietnam…but no, they never change. They remain true to themselves."

According to former US Attorney General Ramsey Clark, the US was

found guilty of nineteen war crimes against Iraq before the International War Crimes Tribunal. The US dropped 88,000 tons of bombs on Iraq during the Gulf War and has rained down countless more bombs since. Many bombs were tipped with armor piercing depleted uranium (DU) warheads, which may account for chronic Iraqi health problems.

Dr. Siegwart-Horst Gunther, a German physician who came to Iraq to help its people, became gravely ill when he handled just one cigar-sized fragment from a DU warhead. Dr. Gunther measured the tiny object's radioactivity to be 11 microSv per hour, whereas an acceptable exposure is no more than 300 microSv per year. Three hundred tons of DU ammunition was deployed during the war.

Many believe DU is responsible for Gulf War Syndrome, which has killed and permanently injured many US soldiers who fought in the Persian Gulf theater. Since 2000, nearly 11,000 US Gulf War veterans have died from Gulf War Syndrome, while the Pentagon continues to cover up this travesty.

Satanism and Psychotronic Warfare

The US also tested numerous top-secret high-tech weapons systems in the Gulf theater, while utilizing some old low-frequency favorites. When Iraqi ground forces surrendered, many of them were in a state of delirium and lethargy that could have been induced by extremely low-frequency radio waves, which the US used as a weapon as early as the Vietnam conflict.

Yale University and CIA psychiatrist Dr. Jose Delgado studied mind control for the Company during the 1950's as part of the MK-ULTRA program. Delgado determined, "Physical control of many brain functions is a demonstrated fact…it is even possible to create and follow intentions…By electronic stimulation of specific cerebral structures, movements can be induced by radio command…by remote control."

According to a military document written by Colonel Paul Valley and Major Michael Aquino titled From PSYOP to Mindwar: The Psychology of Victory, the US Army used an operational weapons system "to map the minds of neutral and enemy individuals and then to change them in accordance with US national interests".

The technique was used to secure the surrender of 29,276 armed Viet Cong and North Vietnamese Army soldiers in 1967 and 1968. The US Navy was also heavily involved in "psychotronic" research. Many US soldiers who

served near the DMZ that divided North and South Vietnam claimed to see UFOs on a regular basis. The Pentagon Papers revealed that an electronic barrier was placed along the DMZ by the secretive JASON Society.

Major Michael Aquino was an Army psyops specialist in Vietnam, where his unit specialized in drug-inducement, brainwashing, virus injection, brain implants, hypnosis, and use of electromagnetic fields and extremely low-frequency radio waves.

After Vietnam, Aquino moved to San Francisco and founded the Temple of Set. Set is the ancient Egyptian name for Lucifer. Aquino was now a senior US Military Intelligence official. He'd been given a Top Secret security clearance on June, 9, 1981. Less than a month later an Army intelligence memo revealed that Aquino's Temple of Set was an off-shoot of Anton LaVey's Church of Satan, also headquartered in San Francisco. Two other Set members were Willie Browning and Dennis Mann. Both were Army Intelligence officers.

The Temple of Set was obsessed with military matters and political fascism. It was especially preoccupied with the Nazi Order of the Trapezoid. Aquino's "official" job was history professor at Golden Gate College. The Temple recruited the same Hells Angels who Billy Mellon Hitchcock had used to dole out his bad CIA acid. Its members frequented prostitutes where they engaged in all manner of sadomasochistic activities. Director of Army Counter-Intelligence Donald Press revealed that Dennis Mann was assigned to the 306 PSYOPS Battalion and that Aquino was assigned to a top secret program known as Presidio.

Presidio is also the name of a spooky complex in the Golden Gate National Recreation Area, which Mikhail Gorbachev reportedly frequented as the Soviet Union was falling apart. Was Aquino part of an operation to "map the mind" of the Soviet Union's last leader and induce him into proposing both glasnost and perestroika, the two free market policies that ultimately led to the Soviet Union's demise? Remember the curious mark that suddenly appeared on Gorbachev's forehead? Was he implanted with some sort of microchip mind-control device to make him think "in accordance with US national interests"?

Such Orwellian technology is marketed on a regular basis throughout the world. International Healthline Corporation and others sell microchip implants in the US, Russia and Europe. The Humane Society has adopted a policy of micro-chipping all stray pets. The State of Hawaii requires that all

pets be micro-chipped.

Six thousand people in Sweden have accepted a microchip in their hand that they use for all purchases. Trials are also underway in Japan. In July 2002, National Public Radio reported a similar trial beginning in Seattle. Later in 2002, after a rash of suspicious abductions of young girls, BBC reported that a British company plans to implant children with microchips so that their parents can monitor their whereabouts. In 2017, a Wisconsin company micro-chipped its employees. That same year the drug Abilify was chipped.

Dr. Carl Sanders, a highly acclaimed electronics engineer, revealed that a microchip project he launched to help people with severed spinal cords was taken over by the Bill Colby's Operation Phoenix in a series of meetings organized by Henry Kissinger. Sanders says the optimal spot for a microchip implant is just below the hairline on a person's forehead, since the device can be recharged by changes in body temperatures, which are most pronounced there. Interestingly, this is the location of the pineal gland or Third Eye.

The 1986 Emigration Control Act grants the President the power to mandate any kind of ID he deems necessary. Researchers at Southern California have developed a chip that mimics the hippocampus, the part of the brain that deals with memory. Pentagon officials are interested in using it in experiments to create a "super-soldier". Another microchip called Braingate is being implanted in paralyzed people. It allows them to control their environment by simply thinking.

In Iraq, psychological warfare gave way to slow genocide. According to UNICEF, as of late 2001, 1.5 million Iraqi children had died as a result of sanctions, while one child in ten died before their first birthday. Thalassemia, anemia and diarrhea were the biggest killers and could have been prevented were it not for a chronic shortage of blood and medicine in Iraq due to the sanctions. UN Committee 661 served as arbiter of what constituted a "dual use" item and therefore banned for import into Iraq. As of 2001, over 1,600 Iraqi contracts with Western companies for medical equipment had been blocked by 661.

The Gulf War decimated Iraq's sewer and water treatment systems. Iraqis were forced to drink polluted water, leading to numerous health problems. Iraq was not allowed to import chlorine to clean the water since 661 deemed it a potential chemical weapon. Electrical power was rationed in three-hour daily increments per household since the Iraqi government couldn't get the

parts it needed to fix its power plants after the US bombed its entire power grid. With the devaluation of the Iraqi dinar and the ban on the export of 2.4 million barrels of oil per day, the average Iraqi lived on $2.50 a month - enough to buy a pair of shoes. The only Iraqis not affected were the wealthy elite, who had long ago stashed their savings overseas in US dollars.

UNICEF estimates that 28% of Iraqi children no longer went to school. Before the war almost all children attended. Often families could only afford to send one child to school because of the cost of simple things like backpacks, shoes and notebooks. Rafah Salam Aziz, Director of Mansour Children's Hospital, said parents were often forced to make similar decisions about their children's lives. Aziz said, "Many times it's easier for a family to let a baby die rather than let the whole family go hungry and get sick."

But depopulation is just part of the reason that the Illuminati finance the permanent war economy. As former Dutch banker and Illuminati defector Ronald Bernard tells us, war is also part of the Masonic project to provide a steady blood sacrifice on which the Luciferians feed to increase their power.

Bernard says that our birth certificate places each of us into a bondage to the Satanists. In the corporation called Holland for example, a baby is assigned a debt of five-hundred thousand euros. Throughout their life each person, through a series of taxes, consumption and wage slavery, is expected to pay back this debt to the Illuminati. In many countries birth certificates are traded on the stock exchanges.

Since we slaves have already built out their infrastructure, these freaks now wish to depopulate 90% of humanity, but they have a plan for the rest of us as well.

The end game of the Masonic project, Bernard says, is to turn us all into batteries to generate the negative energy that, along with wars and outright human sacrifice, fuels the 4th dimension evil consciousness.

Trans-humanism plays a big part in this agenda, since they have to convince us that we have no souls and are only machines. Trans-genderism is a stepping stone towards this goal. This accounts for many recent popular movies promoting trans-humanism. The Tavistock Institute is behind these movies through their Hofjuden Hollywood cartel.

Soon Alexa will not only be recording your conversations and sending them to the authorities, as happened recently to an Oregon couple. It will also be programming your thoughts, turning you into a miserable blithering idiot, whose unhappiness and confusion is rocket fuel for the Illuminati.

But there are many other ways in which the Babylonian priesthood keeps us dumbed down, unhealthy and unaware of both our own immense powers and of their criminal agenda.

Chapter 11

toxic food for the masses

There is a lot of talk these days about being prepared for natural and man-made disasters. Finding classes, lectures, videos and books on how to be self-sufficient is as simple as a click of the mouse. Some people even scoff at preppers, saying they are overly paranoid. However, if you consider the staggering number of deep-earth bunkers that have been constructed for the military and super-elite, and those still under construction, you might think twice about becoming a prepper yourself. Just the idea of it should make the rational mind wonder. If the gendarme branches and their upper-class handlers are so fixated with survival bunkers fortified with everything needed to live comfortably for 50-75 years, maybe shit really is about to hit the fan.

Indeed, how can anyone sit back in comfort after witnessing the massive disasters that unfolded during hurricanes Katrina, Harvey, and Irma. What of the 2017 California wildfires, the massive earthquakes in Mexico, or the eruption of Hawaii's Kilauea volcano? Among the myriads of man-made world-wide disasters that many of us see coming down the road, there is one of epic proportions that is currently underway – yet, too few have yet to recognize it.

By now, the entire world population has heard of GMOs or Genetically Modified Organisms, but apparently not everyone understands exactly what these are or what they mean to the average person. The World Health Organization describes them as "...organisms in which the genetic material (DNA) has been altered in a way that does not occur naturally. The technology is referred to as "modern biotechnology", "gene technology", "recombinant DNA technology", or just plain old "genetic engineering". Whatever you want to call it, genetic manipulation allows selected genes to be taken from one organism and forced into another.

It is important to realize that the genes used to develop GMO plants and food crops can and often do belong to any number of living organisms, including unrelated plants, animals, insects, bacteria, viruses, fungi, and even human genes.

People who have a deep and abiding faith in a Creator God of any kind

should be especially horrified at this Island of Dr. Moreau experiment on the human population. If God had intended rice and mice to splice mad scientists wouldn't have to force DNA from one species into another using viruses as a vector - it would happen naturally.

While I certainly don’t intend to eat any mice in the near future, nearly half of the world’s population relies on rice as a staple food source. Until there is a real law that requires the listing of GMO ingredients we cannot trust that the food we buy in the grocery stores aren't made with a mutant strain of monkey virus or worse.

There are very real concerns as to how genetically modified foods act upon the human and animal body. Not only were the big bio-tech companies allowed free reign to play God with our food, they also got to carry out and present their own research to the FDA and USDA to “prove” that GMO foods and their associated herbicides and pesticides were safe for human consumption. The Big 6 Franken-Food purveyors are BASF, Bayer, DuPont, Dow Chemical Company, Monsanto, and Syngenta.

The wolf in sheep's clothing is guarding the pasture, and if you want to eat or farm or sell seed, you had better get on board or be prepared to be lied to, coerced, or run out of business.

The powerful lobby of these chemical companies, who brought the world delights such as Agent Orange and DDT, are granted all manner of privileges by cowardly government officials who don't dare confront them.

Among the many free passes given to these almighty chemical companies include the acceptance of laughable in-house research studies that are clearly manipulated either by their own lackey scientists or by bought-off labs and universities to raise little, if any cause for alarm.

In fact, long before the FDA was cow-towed by the powerful hammer of Monsanto, their own scientists repeatedly warned that GM foods might create unpredictable and hard-to-detect side effects, such as increasing food allergies, a build up of toxins in the body, newly emerging diseases and “conditions”, a worsening of existing diseases and syndromes, nutritional problems, and serious digestive disorders such as leaky gut syndrome - a precursor to celiac and other digestive disorders.

Yet, even as long-term safety studies of GMO crops were being called for by the FDA, reports of their detrimental impacts were already flooding in.

In India, thousands of sheep, buffalo, and goats died after grazing on Round-Up Ready Bt cotton plants. Mice that ate GM corn had fewer and

smaller babies and exhibited signs of aggression, confusion and unsocial behavior - the same behaviors found in the human disease Autism.

Additional studies demonstrated that more than half of the babies born to mother rats that were fed GM soy, died within three weeks. Hamsters that were fed GM soy lost the ability to have babies by the third generation. Rodents fed GM corn and soy showed immune system dysfunction and signs of toxicity.

The stomach lining of rats fed GM potatoes showed excessive cell growth, a condition that may lead to cancer. One study on animals that ate GM food found that they developed organ lesions, altered liver and pancreas cells, changed enzyme levels, and many other disturbing effects. All these studies and more were done in the early GMO years.

Even the American Academy of Environmental Medicine (AAEM) reports, "…several animal studies indicate serious health risks associated with GM food consumption including infertility, immune dysregulation, accelerated aging, dysregulation of genes associated with cholesterol synthesis, insulin regulation, cell signaling, and protein formation, and changes in the liver, kidney, spleen and gastrointestinal system."

The AAEM was so disturbed by their studies that they took an important and historically significant stand by asking physicians to advise their patients to avoid GM foods.

It is quite apparent that there is more than a casual association between GM foods and adverse health effects. Increasingly, genetically modified foods are being blamed for sudden increases in incidences of autism and Alzheimer's disease in areas where they were recently introduced into the food system.

In the UK, soy allergies skyrocketed by 50% soon after GM soy was introduced. And for those who are allergic to soy, you should know that cooked GM soy protein contains as much as seven-times the amount of known allergens as compared to non-GM soy.

In the early GMO years these Franken-Food murderers were promising to feed the world while at the same time twisting the arms of any farmer who resisted planting their seed. And any truly independent researcher daring to investigate or study the claims made by one of these Big 6 Franken-Food companies was quashed as ruthlessly and effectively as an insect doused with Monsanto's DDT.

Despite their ruthless tactics, many truly independent studies were able to

be conducted outside of the long reach of Monsanto and Friends, and they turned up some truly frightening results.

In September of 2012 a two-year peer-reviewed study on the effects of feeding Monsanto's NK603 GMO Roundup Ready corn to rats and exposing them to exceedingly low levels of Roundup herbicide was published by researchers at Caen University in France. Their findings found seriously alarming results that indicated the dangers of GM food, feed, and their associated herbicides.

The study was based on the same exact protocols Monsanto had used in 2004 to prove that their corn was safe for consumption. But the scientists in the Caen study increased the length of the research period from Monsanto's paltry 90-day study to a more revealing 2-year study. The Caen scientists also wanted more documentation as to the effects of their study, so they not only increased the number of animals tested (it was already the largest animal study of its kind) but increased the frequency of testing and the number of factors that would be tested for.

Researchers tested for three doses (rather than two in the usual ninety-day long protocols) of the Roundup-tolerant NK603 GMO maize alone, the GMO maize treated with Roundup, and Roundup alone at very low environmentally relevant doses starting below the range of levels permitted by regulatory authorities in drinking water and in GM feed." What they found was nothing short of horrific.

It took only four months (eight weeks more than the Monsanto-led study) for the research team to begin seeing the negative physical effects. The Caen study rats developed 400 times the number of large tumors and died 2-3 times more often - and faster - than the control group. They had increased mammary tumors, affected pituitary glands, and congestion and necrosis of the liver. Researches also found that exceedingly low doses of Roundup disrupted estrogen and androgen receptors in cells and acted as a sexual endocrine disruptor in live animals.

According to the study, "By the beginning of the 24th month, 50–80% of female animals had developed tumors in all treated groups, with up to three tumors per animal, whereas only 30% of controls [non-GMO-fed] were affected. The Roundup treatment groups showed the greatest rates of tumor incidence with 80% of animals affected with up to three tumors for one female in each group."

Read that again very slowly and imagine that we humans are the rats.

An earlier study conducted in 2011, entitled,“Maternal and fetal exposure to pesticides associated to genetically modified foods in Eastern Townships of Quebec", led by Aziz Aris and Samuel Leblanc and published in the journal *Reproductive Toxicology*, found Bt toxin and the herbicides glyphosate and gluphosinate in nearly 100% of pregnant (and non-pregnant) women and their unborn babies. And a more recent study of randomly selected participants from around the country had glyphosate (Roundup) in their blood and urine.

A few years ago I might have said to you that only certified organic foods do not contain genetically modified organisms, but I can't say that anymore. That's because we know that GMO plants often have an increased ability to cross-pollinate with their open-pollinated and heirloom counterparts, like corn.

In one early and devastating experiment that took place in 1998, University of Chicago scientists were working on genetically modifying a variety of mustard to be herbicide resistant. And while no known gene effecting floral characteristics was altered in the experiment, the researchers noticed that the flowers from the genetically modified mustard looked different than those on the unaltered mustard. Even though the scientists thought this change was unlikely to be significant, they decided to test the modified plants' out-crossing rate, which essentially tests the speed and effectiveness of pollen moving from the male flower to the female flower in order to produce viable seed.

It turned out that the genetically engineered mustard had over twenty times the out-crossing rate of the standard mustard. In other words, the pollen from the GMO mustard was more than twenty times more likely to successfully reproduce than its natural counterpart in the same scenario. This disturbing fact spells disaster for non-GMO crops grown in the same region as open-pollinated and organic crops, and its outcome has already been felt by farmers all over the Midwest.

Today any and all non-GM open-pollinated heirloom plants are in real danger of being contaminated by their Franken-Food counterparts. This includes natural hybrids, (which are simply a cross of two varieties of a similar species), heirlooms, and open-pollinated vegetables in your garden, as well as seed, grain, cereal, and fruit crops being grown in commercial and organic fields.

And once a non-GMO plant is infected with the patented DNA of a GMO,

it is essentially illegal to grow it or save its seed without obtaining legal permission from the patent owner first.

Additionally, multinational corporations like Monsanto are working hard to buy up as many small seed companies as they can in order to gain control of yet more genetic material for their freakish food experiments.

Worse yet, our government has full and complete awareness of the dangers lurking in our food and is doing absolutely nothing to stop it.

In fact many former Monsanto employees now work in positions of power at the FDA and other regulatory agencies that are supposed to monitor the safety of the American food supply. They have the power to approve or deny crops introduced by bio-tech giants like Monsanto, but they choose to climb the ladder of power and enrich themselves and their evil friends rather than save lives.

Even if you have a moral opposition to GMOs, you are probably eating them right now and don't even know it.

That's because there is no law that requires GMO foods and ingredients to be labeled or identified as such. If the laughable labeling bill that was passed a couple of years ago ever goes into effect, there won't be a single word about GMOs on them.

Once again, the onus will be placed on the consumer, who will need to locate and scan a QR Code for every single product they want to buy just to find out if they contain GMOs or not.

The big argument from the GMO-herd is that labeling costs too much (sob). But if the labels have to be changed anyway to include the QR code, why not just print the warning,“This product contains GMOs” and be done with it? Because they know that no one wants to eat Franken-Food, that's why.

The GMO labeling bill also has the organic industry nervous. Democratic Senator Jon Tester told reporters, “...the bill uses a new definition of ‘bioengineering’ and because USDA is given the authority to determine which foods are considered bioengineered, there could ultimately be a situation where a GMO seed is planted, raised using organic processes, and then certified organic despite it being a GMO plant.”

In in July 2018, the Organic Trade Association was called to task for accepting the membership of chemical giant BASF – maker of the deadly dicamba herbicide.- and other non-organic corporate entities and growing modalities, like hydroponics. As the purveyors of chemical and genetic

farming worm their way into the lucrative organic market, we may soon see organic food being grown with GMO Franken-seeds and their associated petro-chemicals.

The ruthless and willful contamination of the world’s food supply by invasive and irreversible genetic material is the greatest silent disaster in human history. There is absolutely no way to stop the spread of GMOs into our food system and there is no known way to reverse the contamination once it has occurred.

The first solution to this disaster is to educate yourself as to what kinds of GMO ingredients are in the food you buy - which is pretty much everything. Then grill your supermarket manager and local, state, and federal politicians about their stance on GMOs and labeling, and boycott all GMO-foods. If no one buys them, they'll stop growing them.

Better yet, grow and raise as much of your own organic food and seed and animal feed as possible, or buy it directly from a local farmer who does.

chapter 12

POISONING THE ELIXIR

Water has been sacred to mankind since the dawn of time The human body is made up of 75-85% water and without it, life on earth as we know it would end. We are only alive because water is alive. Yet, water all over the world - including the water we drink every single day - is being mindlessly polluted and willfully poisoned. Will this nightmare be the true downfall of mankind?

One of the most wonderful places to appreciate the vast power of water on a physical and spiritual level is from the shore of any great ocean. From that viewpoint, the water seems eternal and ethereal all at the same time. Imagine you are standing on the sun-kissed beaches of California looking out into the reaches of the Pacific Ocean. Travel in your mind across the water for a hundred miles or so and soon you will see the edges of a great island that spans the blue waters as far as an eagle can see.

Welcome to the Great Pacific Garbage Patch (GPGP). First discovered in 1997, this once-living, breathing body of water filled with the most amazing array of life on earth is being choked to death by mankind's *laissez-faire* consumer mentality. This horrific scene is manifested in a swirling gyre of life-sucking garbage and micro-plastic twice the size of Texas and growing every day.

The GPGP was the biggest garbage patch until just recently, when a new floating dump upwards of a million square miles in size – bigger than the country of Mexico - was found in the South Pacific. Those who have seen these monstrosities up close are utterly horrified because they know that what they see floating on top of the water pales in comparison to what lurks just beneath and that which lays in a tangled, life-choking mass on the ocean floor.

As appalling as it is, these vast stretches of ocean trash are but a visual manifestation of the total disregard for the natural world, and water in particular. These garbage patches not only represent obscene consumerism but also industrial greed.

Not only do corporate entities not care about the welfare of nature, they use it intentionally to sabotage the human race in their quest for wealth,

power, and control. By destroying water with garbage, sewage, and hazardous waste, they also destroy one of the most fundamental elements of human life, energy, and solace.

The clean water our grandparents took for granted just a few short decades ago is now in serious peril. Rivers, lakes, streams, and oceans carry the bulk of the world's toxic waste. The very rain that falls from the sky is contaminated with industrial toxins, heavy metals, and a whole host of other life-sucking chemicals.

Even the water from public municipal sources - once touted as the cleanest drinking water in the world - is no longer fit for drinking, much less bathing or watering your garden or the commercial crops we rely on for sustenance.

Never mind fecal matter in the water, these days we should be more concerned with industrial pollutants, urban and rural runoff and a frightening array of pharmaceutical drugs in the billions of gallons of feces and urine that are flushed down the toilets of millions of Americans every single day. These and many other toxic substances are increasingly difficult to remove using the water purification systems employed throughout the Western world today. And just imagine those countries that don't have such sophisticated systems.

As if all this weren't bad enough, we also have to contend with pollutants and pharmaceuticals like fluoride and chlorine that are intentionally added to our water after it has been through the purification systems and before it is sent to our water taps.

Chlorine is nasty stuff, but at least it is fairly easy to filter out or allow to evaporate before drinking. On the other hand, fluoride and other pharmaceuticals are extremely difficult to remove.

It's hard to believe that in this day and age that fluoride, an FDA-approved drug first introduced to drinking water in the 1940's, is still being added to municipal water systems around the world. This crime against humanity was based on a lie of epic proportions and it's high time to expose the perpetrators and take control of our water and make it whole again.

It is well known that pre-farming cultures had very little if any dental decay due to a whole food diet that did not include a lot of sugary and floury foods, which cling to teeth and create a cavity-producing bio-film that is very hard to remove with brushing.

This simple fact is proof that humans, along with the rest of the animal world, were created with decay-resistant teeth. Today, both human and

animal diets are filled with sticky foods, which not only cause oral decay but are detrimental to overall health. Cavities were pervasive in the colonial and post-colonization era because Europeans simply didn't understand the connection between hygiene and disease. That tradition carried on into the new world for at least a hundred years, if not more before they got clued in.

Fluoride was first introduced to the municipal water supply of the United States in 1945. Government scientists bamboozled the American people into believing that treating the water with fluoride would strengthen tooth enamel and help prevent cavities by up to 65%.

Since then, thousands of in-depth studies have proven beyond a doubt that fluoride does not prevent cavities or protect the teeth in any way. In fact, the World Health Organization has said outright that there is no difference at all in the incidence of tooth decay between the few countries that fluoridate their water and the majority of the world that does not.

Not only is the addition of fluoride to drinking water ineffective, a massive body of evidence exists that proves that fluoride is extremely dangerous to human health, too. At the very minimum, consumption of fluoride in water has been shown to causes irreversible dental fluorosis, which now affects 32% of American children. This drug-induced condition permanently yellows, spots, and rots teeth starting at a very young age. Additionally, accumulation of fluoride in the bones and joints causes skeletal fluorosis, which is a permanent and incredibly painful condition that leads to severe arthritis, bone diseases, and bone cancer.

Fluoride is also known to affect the brain, particularly in the early developmental years of childhood. Not only is the damage compounded over a lifetime of exposure to fluoride, but damage at all levels is permanent. The Illuminati's Agenda 21 ensures that fluoride is added to water to sedate and impede the mental capacity of the masses. The key to avoiding becoming a fluoride zombie is to know the facts. Naturally-occurring fluoride is a mineral called calcium fluoride. It is found in very small amounts in certain types of rocks and in the soils and water they are associated with.

On the other hand, the types of fluoride used in the dentist's office, ADA approved toothpastes and mouthwashes, and in water fluoridation are sodium fluoride, sodium silicofluoride, and fluorosilicic acid (aka hexafluorosilicic acid). All of these types of fluoride are extremely toxic USDA certified pharmaceutical drugs that do not occur in nature anywhere.

The fluoride found in dental products and drinking water are hazardous

wastes generated during the manufacturing of steel and aluminum, chemical fertilizers, and nuclear weapons. Aside from their inherent toxicity, they are further contaminated with a whole host of life-sucking poisons including aluminum, lead, and arsenic. Actually, the US government's own toxicity scale lists fluoride as being just slightly less deadly than arsenic.

To give you an idea of the poisonous nature of fluoride, most of the old smelter sites where this garbage first came from are now abandoned Superfund Sites polluted with the very chemicals they are now putting in our water. Additionally, the vast majority of these fluorides are imported to the U.S. from China - a country not known for the quality of its environmental and manufacturing ethics.

Brainwashed proponents of fluoridation, primarily those in the incredibly lucrative dental industry, continue to repeat the Illuminati mantra like a broken record: “Fluoride is a harmless mineral that naturally occurs in water, soil, and food.” Blah, blah, blah. The undeniable truth is that these people are even more brainwashed than the general public because they've been deeply indoctrinated into The Society by the “higher education system” to tow the Illuminati agenda.

It's curious to note that fluoride is a drug that requires a prescription to obtain. On every package of ADA and FDA-approved toothpaste and mouthwash is a warning not to swallow the product. If you do, you are advised to call the Poison Control Center. Yet, this drug is freely administered for consumption in municipal water systems in the US and many other countries.

The toxic dose of toothpaste for which it is advised to seek medical attention is about the size of a pea. Yet the equivalent amount of fluoride is found in every 8 oz. glass of fluoridated tap or bottled water. Fluoridation of public drinking water began in 1939 when the Aluminum Company of America (ALCOA, the largest producer of aluminum in the world, and DOW,the largest chemical company in the world, decided to open manufacturing plants in Nazi Germany.

Many manufacturers made this move at the start of WWII in order to take advantage of the old Cabalistic expression, “War is business, and business is good!”.

The Nazis began using fluoride in the water to sedate the general population and make them more docile and malleable to the control of Hitler's Third Reich. Back in America, the same multinational corporations

had been poisoning and killing plants, crops, livestock, and people via the toxic fluoride-laden ash emitted from their smokestacks, while the US government manufactured and tested nuclear weapons by the dozens above ground.

Declassified files from the Atomic Energy Commission and the Manhattan Project now prove without a doubt that fluoridation of the water began as a way to negate the liability for fluoride contamination caused by above ground testing of nuclear weapons and the unregulated disposal of waste from aluminum smelters and similar manufacturing operations.

Knowing the public would soon be knocking down their doors demanding answers, the elite Cabal needed to come up with a way to blame the toxic side effects of their industries on something more benign and harder to detect.

This would not only help get rid of some of their unprofitable waste byproducts, but it would turn the public's attention elsewhere while the responsible parties slipped off into a dark corner to count their money. Having done this sort of thing many times before, the conspirators knew the general public would balk at the idea of putting chemicals in their water.

Early on, the American Dental Association (ADA) actually warned the public that “the potentialities for harm [in fluoridation] far outweigh those for the good.” This little set-back led to the hiring of the master of subliminal mind control, Edwin L. Bernays, as the Illuminati public relations strategist. The nephew of Sigmund Freud, Bernays had an instant connection to the trusting public. In his book, Propaganda, Bernays explains how he used Freudian theory to manipulate the public using what he called “half-truths”

“A relatively small number of persons pull the wires which control the public mind,” he boasted. Of course, Bernays knew full well the depth of his deception about fluoride and was proud of it.. His campaign to brainwash the masses into consuming poison for the benefit of the elite class was his primary claim to fame as the original “Doctor of Spin”.

When even that effort didn't sufficiently sway the public, the satanic Illuminati turned to the classic bait and switch, appointing Oscar R. Ewing - a prominent lawyer for the Rockefeller-controlled ALCOA - as the head of the Federal Security Agency. This little maneuver all but assured the fluoridation of public water systems would go ahead as planned, no matter what the people wanted.

“Fluoridation is the greatest case of scientific fraud of this century, if not of all time," said Robert Carton, Ph.D. and former EPA scientist in 1992.

Fluoridation began as a way to camouflage and obfuscate responsibility for the contamination of water and earth by the industrial Illuminati war machine, but also as an intentional act to stunt and slow the brain development of future generations Hitler-style.

Today, the awake and conscious know fully well that fluoride calcifies and suffocates the pineal gland, a rice-sized organ located in the center of the brain just behind and above the pituitary gland. Modern humans didn't discover this gland until 1958, and even then they considered it to be a vestigial organ whose function ceased to exist during the course of our evolutionary history.

Yet, ancient peoples somehow innately understood this part of the human brain and believed it to have mystical powers. Often referred to as the third-eye (adopted as the all-seeing eye by the Illuminati), the pineal gland has long been considered to be the gateway between the physical and spiritual worlds. We still don't know everything there is to know about the brain, much less the pineal gland, but what we do know is vitally important.

We know that the pineal gland produces certain hormones including melatonin, which drives the human circadian rhythm. Melatonin's biggest role is in regulating the sleep-wake patterns that keep our brains and bodies healthy and energized. Melatonin is also believed to regulate female fertility cycles, and protect our hearts from cardiovascular disease and our bodies from cancer.

Fluoride is known to calcify the pineal gland and calcified plaque in the brain is known to be connected to various forms of dementia, including Alzheimer's disease.

From a spiritual perspective, damage to the pineal gland disrupts our connection to the Oneness of the universe and our connection to God. This ultimately brings about impaired perceptions of reality, which leads to confusion, depression, anxiety, and a whole host of other mental and neurological disorders.

The human body is approximately 75% water and the human brain, 85% water. All forms of fluoride are more easily absorbed by the body in an aqueous state. Fluoride also bio-accumulates in the body and crosses the blood-brain barrier, something that most substances and drugs do not do as a way to protect itself from foreign invaders.

One crucial aspect of the Illuminati's Agenda 21 is to poison the elixir of life. This not only destroys humanity's connection to the physical and

spiritual worlds but also destroys their mental capacity to recognize the danger and sedates the drive needed to take control of the situation.

Ancient cultures had an instinctive awe and reverence for water equally as a life source and a divine force. Many have likened water to a living being, treating it - and all life on earth - with the respect given to gods and elders.

Today, we mostly just dump stuff in it and flush it away to who-cares-where. We run it through pipes for convenience and send it back into the world full of chemicals, drugs, and trash.

Then, after a quick run through the municipal sewage plant - which cannot and does not remove hormones, antidepressants, chemotherapy drugs and other autoimmune disruptors and carcinogens - it is treated to a healthy dose of brain and bone damaging chlorine and fluoride.

Once back in the main water supply, some money-hungry slickster simply takes it from the fluoridated municipal taps and bottles it in flimsy plastic bottles polished off with a fancy label that says “spring” something or other.

People pay good money for this “tasty and convenient” water, thinking that it's better to drink than tap water or corn-syrup-laden soft drinks. They keep it handy at all times and give it to their children to drink, even after it has sat in a hot car for days leaching plastic-based toxins like Bisphenol-A (BPA) into the biologically dead elixir and thus into our bodies.

Of course, we love our water. We like to play in it, touch it, look at it, and admire its beauty. Some even feel more connected to the whole when in the presence of pure wild water. Yet, the majority of modern culture no longer reveres water as a living, conscious being - giving it the respect and honor it deserves.

But that is about to change, for new research is confirming what ancient people have always known - water is alive.

And while they have tried hard to kill the living water, we've still got hope. Let's be clear about this - water is not alive because it moves or stirs our souls, it is alive because it has its own memory and consciousness. Modern research on water memory didn't really get going until Dr. Masaru Emoto, a Japanese researcher and author began working with vibrational energy, or what Emoto called “hado” in Japanese. In fact, Emoto described his work as “...the intrinsic vibratory pattern at the atomic level in all matter, the smallest unit of energy. Its basis is the energy of human consciousness".

Emoto had been energizing water by exposing it to different positive stimuli including, but not limited to healing spoken words and beautiful

music. The vibrations of these sounds “energized” the water, which he then used to effectively heal people.

When his practice was brought into question, Emoto set out to prove that human consciousness directly influenced water's ability to heal.

He did this by taking photos of ice crystals made from the water he worked with. In his now-famous experiment, Emoto took regular water from a single source and divided it into two separate containers. One container had a positive word like “love” shown to it or spoken to it, while the other received a negative word like “hate”. Drops of water from each container was then flash-frozen, observed and photographed.

The ice crystals that formed from the same exact water source but exposed to different words were remarkably unique from one another. The water exposed to a positive word had beautifully structured crystals, while those exposed to negative words were distorted, chaotic and sometimes even ugly.

He exposed water to all kinds of stimuli, from beautiful classical music to rock and roll, from words being spoken to it, to ignoring it all together. The results were consistent. Positive, peaceful, and beautiful thoughts, words, sounds, images, emotions, and other stimuli produced beautifully unique ice crystals, while their negative counterparts did not.

Since then, researchers around the world have replicated and confirmed Emoto's experiments and findings and taken them many steps further.

A laboratory in Israel recently used a similar protocol to Emoto's, but this time the water was dropped onto glass slides by different people. Each person made the same number of water drops on a glass slide. The drops were allowed to dry and then photographed using a dark-field microscope.

Each person's set of drops were exactly the same as one another, yet completely distinct from the other people's drops - much like fingerprints. Not unlike Emoto's ice crystals, each person's dried drops had unique circular structures.

The researchers applied the same technique in many more unique experiments, all of which pointed to the conclusion that water not only had memory but could quite literally connect, mirror and replicate anything it touched on a molecular level never seen before.

The revelationary documentary, Water Memory (2014), begins with the statement, “Water has the ability to reproduce the properties of any substance it once contained.”

The study being discussed and shown in this epic work was begun by

Nobel Prize Laureate, Professor Luc Montagnier. Despite being forced to do his research in a sub-par lab by his professorial co-workers who thought he was nuts, Montagnier continued to study the way water had the ability to hold, carry, and transmit very specific information to another and separate body of water.

After Montagnier's death, his friend and colleague Professor Guiseppe Vitiello picked up where Montagnier had left off.

Among other things, the two proved that water, having been purified of all matter, physically had the ability to create DNA strands merely by “listening” to a recording of water that had been inoculated with that exact DNA halfway around the world. A pure jar of water literally created an exact duplicate strand of DNA out of nothing but sound.

Our molecularly intimate physical and spiritual connection to water and sound are the driving force of all life on earth. If 75% percent of the human body is comprised of water and 85% percent of the brain is water, then water truly is the elixir of life.

And if water has the ability to remember, reflect, and reproduce both life and emotions like love, it also has the ability to do the same for hate and death.

This is something that the Cabalistic purveyors of dualistic spirituality and social Darwinian theories of intelligence and superiority have tried to do for thousands of years.

In a slow and insidious creep, this elite form of fascist eugenics is being used to fulfill the Illuminati's Agenda 21 for a New World Order reduction in the population. Their weapons of choice are not necessarily those of outright war, but more subtle tactics intended to divide, conquer and cull using any means necessary.

Fluoride, arsenic, aluminum, cadmium, lead and a whole host of neuro-damaging bisphynol and bisphynol A, which are found in plastic bottles, baby bottles, plastic food bags, food storage containers, and in the linings of canned foods. They are also found in chemicals used for dry cleaning, household cleaners, detergents and sanitizers, and in the plasticized inks on store receipts and in pretty much all commercial cosmetics, deodorants, and body products, including shampoos, deoderants, and lotions.

Once we consume these products, they and their toxic containers wind up in landfills, rivers, streams and oceans – like the Great Pacific Garbage Patch - where they continue to leach toxins into the elixir, killing the water and

everything that relies on it for life – like us.

For many decades now, the powers that be have known about the toxicity of these and many other industrial chemicals. Yet, we the people, are just beginning to understand exactly how they affect the human brain and body. Those that affect the brain tend to mimic Alzheimer's and dementia, causing memory loss, brain fog, fatigue, insomnia, irritability, headaches, reduced fertility in men and women, and permanent damage on the cellular level. They disrupt our body's immune system from functioning correctly, resulting in autoimmune disorders, which have been rising to levels never seen before in human history. Still others cause cancer, organ failure, and general maladies like depression, chronic anxiety, insomnia, pain, inflammation and more. Most of the disease-like symptoms are actually forms of brain damage and cellular dysfunction at the DNA level.

The massive amount of toxins now found in our drinking water and in bodies of water that we rely on for food, drink, and even recreation are burning out the human brain and shutting it down like a light-dimming switch.

At the very least, these toxins weaken the brain and the immune system, which if healthy, would fight off true diseases naturally. But as it is the elixir of life is being destroyed with glutenous abandon. And by this act, the human population is not only being pacified and preoccupied with illnesses, but being slowly poisoned to death through the divine waters that we need in order to survive. But it doesn't have to be like that

Those who have had the cosmic fortune of having a true spiritual experience or revelation, fully understands that consciousness exists on many planes. If you believe in a Higher Power, then you also believe that everything is One and One is Nothing without Everything.

Indeed, researchers have begun to move from the idea of fission, which is the separation of principles to generate energy, to fusion, the bringing together of principles to generate energy. Only recently have researchers discovered that this simple understanding of reality will allow mankind to tap into a source of waste-free open-source energy that can free humanity from our current bondage to wasteful and polluting sources of energy and help us tap into less toxic ways to make and package products.

One of my she-roes, Vandana Shiva, speaks eloquently about violence and the homogenization of culture in Satish Kumar's deeply-moving book, You Are, Therefore, I Am. In it she says, “Rural people knew how to use the

abundantly available nutrients of the forest plants, and the knowledge was handed down to them from generation to generation, but now that knowledge is fast disappearing under the influence of mono-crops and factory-made synthetic medicine. I call it monoculture of the mind."

This is such an appropriate and descriptive view of how we have allowed ourselves to become herded, misinformed, and myopic on the state of our natural world and how we, as a tribe of people, have put our faith in a single, violent, and myopic system that values money and power above all of the life on earth and the earth itself.

Isaac Newton eluded to that which modern man has forgotten when he said, "...what we don't know is an ocean."

As of yet, we don't know everything about the ocean and water in general, but we are re-learning what the Creator taught us in the beginning and that means respect for all of Creation. To change things for the better, we must increase the diversity of our information sources, open our hearts and minds, look beyond the corporate lies and have faith in the instinctive knowledge of ourselves and the beautiful garden we were given.

With this in mind, we must turn our attention to the holy water that is the true elixir of life. Think of what Emoto and others did when they turned loving energy towards water. We can do that on a grand scale.

There are other ways to use the memory of water to help heal water around the globe. It's called restructured water and the science of this is as fascinating as it is helpful. By introducing pure, clean, wild water to damaged, diseased, and dead water the structure of the dead water is restored to life. I know this may sound a bit hokey, but check it out. It's being done now with amazing results. But there is no time to lose. We must act now if we are to stop the Illuminati Agenda 21 elite from killing us with the thing we need the most. We can heal the God-given elixir of planet earth and all life can truly flourish once again.

Chapter 13

The medical death industry

The United States of American is among the wealthiest nations on earth. We have what many believe is the best medical care available in the world, anywhere - but only to those who can afford it.

Yet, when compared to similarly wealthy and “developed” nations, America has a higher infant mortality rate, epidemic levels of obesity among adults and children, skyrocketing increases in mental illnesses and chronic diseases among young adults. There has also been an alarming rise in cases of Alzheimer's and other forms of dementia – not only in the elderly, but also in the young.

The increase in chronic diseases in children and young adults is particularly worrying to many health care givers. Type II diabetes, cancer, allergies, severe asthma, and autism spectrum disorder being of primary concern.

Many people were shocked, when in 2016 the US life expectancy actually began to drop. And you might be hard-pressed to find anyone you know that is not taking at least one pharmaceutical drug – a large portion of which are prescriptions for anxiety, sleeping disorders, depression, and pain. Opioid, heroin, and alcohol addiction have become epidemic - the former fueled by the Crown's Afghan opium monopoly.

Many of the causes of common chronic disease in America are obvious. Westerners typically eat more “pre-made”, convenience, and processed foods and mixes low in nutrition, high in calories, corn syrup, added “nutrients”, and unhealthy fats.

The US is renowned for food with unpronounceable additives, preservatives and fillers; laden with GMOs and Americans are probably the largest consumers of toxic sodas and energy drinks.

When it comes to food, many Americans - particularly the poor and working class - not only have fewer fresh food choices, but have been duped into the belief that convenience takes priority over a healthy diet.

Daily and abundant doses of fresh air, direct prolonged exposure to sunshine, and real physical exercise have been similarly discredited.

We've already talked about the poison elixir that the general public is forced to drink on a daily basis. In relation to the health-giving properties of living water, most tap water in the U.S. has horrible crystalline structure and is energetically dead.

We talked about dis-ease-causing heavy metals, industrial chemicals, and pharmaceutical drugs like fluoride, chemotherapy, hormones, and antibiotics - all of which are difficult to remove through typical water filtration.

Americans work longer hours with less time off than most other countries. This reduces sleep and taxes the adrenal glands, sending stress levels off the charts, which ultimately, shuts down our immune system - or, adversely, sends it into overdrive.

A cytokine storm is when the body overproduces immune cells and activating compounds known as cytokines. These chemical messengers send signals to the immune system. Sometimes it signals for a reduction in inflammation, but sometimes it does just the opposite. Diseases like lupus and the oft-misdiagnosed “Alzheimer's”, among many other diseases, are awash in whirlwinds of unnatural cytokine storms.

Add to that the fact that living conditions for a vast majority of Americans is on the decline. Now referred to as the working poor, more and more Americans struggle with increasing levels of debt. Adjusted for inflation, we get paid less and have little savings compared to other wealthy nations. For most Americans, money doesn't go as far as it used to and everything costs more, leaving us living paycheck to paycheck and feeling powerless to change the system.

Because many American's financial situations are in the pits, they spend much less time vacationing and traveling, especially internationally. This small fact actually reduces our exposure to other culture's often healthier ways of living. Most other developed countries have more time off and personal time with family, have access to good public transportation, and much more market-fresh food choices.

Westerners, and now pretty much the rest of the world's population, watch too much TV, spend too much time on their phones, computers and video games and read fewer books, newspapers, and magazines than ever before.

For better or worse, we have been lured into the embrace of the Illuminati Surveillance and Mind Control Network, also known as the “technological revolution”. The “Internet of Everything”Agenda 21 5G network will, in two years, expose everyone to the immune-killing and brain damaging effects of

electromagnetic radiation emitted by billions of wireless and so-called “smart” devices connected to high-power, high-frequency, low-to-the-ground “small cell” radio frequency emitters every 100 yards or so.

This technology has led us like never before into a more sedentary lifestyle that keeps us indoors and away from natural sunlight and nature in general for the majority of our days.

The majority of people spend most of their waking hours completely bathed in the pineal-gland-killing light emitted from from fluorescent tubes, LED light bulbs, and electronic screens.

None of these artificial light sources are attuned to life as we know it. You can't grow plants in this light, so how can *we* expect to live in it - and be healthy.

The sun emits a measurable frequency of 528 Hertz of sound and 528 nanometers of light, which is the same frequency emitted by chlorophyll in plants and by the human brain. That's not a coincidence - that's Creation.

Life was Created in resonance with the wide spectrum of colors and sounds emitted by the sun, which is why ancient cultures often worshiped and revered it as a living being.

When we don't get enough real sunlight, we don't make our own vitamin D and our circadian rhythms are thrown out of whack, disturbing sleep/wake cycles, hormones, fertility, and the immune system as a whole - all of which are driven by the pineal gland in our brains.

When combined, these factors greatly reduce our body's ability to regenerate on a cellular level making us sluggish, chronically sick, and mentally deranged.

The Purveyors of Death were well-aware of the effects of artificial light when they decided to ban incandescent light bulbs, which actually had a half-way decent color spectrum that favored more relaxing reddish-orange hues over blue and white - light that is known to make humans prone to sleeping less and working more.

All of these alterable factors are enough to send any healthy immune system on a downward spiral leading directly to dis-ease in the body and mind, leaving the masses to degenerate slowly into a morass of devitalized energy, illness, and death.

And the sickest part is that those who push these products and agendas know it, full well. Yet, they don't do anything about it because it not only makes them rich and powerful, but ultimately, making people chronically ill

is part of the Illuminati's long-range goal of eugenics and population control.

It only gets worse from here.

So many of those working in the traditional allopathic fields of health do not realize the harm that's been done to them and through them by official educators, politicians, government agencies, corporate drug pushers, and Illuminati liars of all stripes.

Much like the fluoride scam, there are countless ways to deceive and manipulate trusting people who believe so deeply in what they have been taught that they either do not even know that there are more effective and less toxic alternatives to treating disease than what the mainstream medical industry advocates. But they are all bought and paid for by so many medical-industry lobbies that it boggles the mind. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to see that the Illuminati Death Industry mantra now reads, “Illness is business and business is good... Really, really good.”

The Big Pharma approach to healing the sick involves getting filthy rich while people suffer. Part of this is evidenced by laughably lax FDA regulations on pharmaceuticals with ridiculously biased, if any, peer-reviewed studies, a woeful lack of affordable generic drugs for common illnesses and infections, and multi-billion-dollar fear-based advertising campaigns aimed directly at consumers, which are not allowed in most other developed nations. Tack on huge industry perks and cash “incentives” from corporate drug pushers to medical practitioners, and lists of side effects that read like a horror novel.

Couple that with incredibly expensive health care available only to the wealthy. Those who can't afford it or are under-compensated by their insurance providers (or completely denied) are driven into life-long poverty. All the while the Medical Mafia “healthcare system” is being slowly consolidated and run by fewer and fewer “mega care providers” catering to the upper classes.

In 2018, the incidence of cancer and Alzheimer's is at epidemic levels, while the number of known and newly discovered viral diseases caused by ticks and mosquitoes occurring outside of their natural boundaries are on the rise. There was also a disturbing trend of relatively new autoimmune diseases cropping up in the general population, for which there are no known cures. Yet, the most disturbing and devastating medical apocalypse of our time has got to be the huge spike in autism, likely caused by an increase in required childhood vaccinations.

This hotly-debated topic, when carefully scrutinized, appears at the very least to be one of the largest cases of outright criminal fraud in the history of modern medicine and if not stopped right now, will be the impetus to convince the masses of the “value” of the Illuminati eugenics program in the near future.

The vaccination story starts innocently enough back in 1796 with Edward Jenner's smallpox vaccine. Eighty-nine years later, Louis Pasteur came up with the rabies vaccine. Relatively few people actually got these vaccines and when they did it was by choice, not by force.

It wasn't until the 1950's, when vaccines for diseases such as polio, measles, mumps, and rubella came onto the scene, that parents were forced to vaccinate their school-age children. At that time, they were given a total of five vaccinations. By the late 1960's, that number had risen to eight. Today, babies are automatically vaccinated against Hepatitis B at birth, even if they have no immediate risk for it. At two and four months, babies are given eight different vaccinations.

If parents follow the CDC's vaccination schedule, by the time a child is 6-years old they will have received 49 doses of 14 different vaccines. By the age of 18 (but often as early as age 9), children will have been given 69 doses of 16 vaccines! A ridiculous amount.

Nowadays, people between the ages of 19 and 65 are told by the CDC that they should also get yearly inoculations for influenza and multiple doses of Tdap (tetanus, diphtheria, pertussis), shingles (Zoster), Pneumococcal, Meningococcal, MMR (rubella), HPV (Human papillomavirus), Chickenpox (Varicella), hepatitis A and B, and Hib (Haemophilus influenzae), among others.

The vaccination cheerleaders bragging about all the new shots in the pipeline say, “Innovative techniques now drive vaccine research, with recombinant DNA technology and new delivery techniques leading scientists in new directions. Disease targets have expanded, and some vaccine research is beginning to focus on non-infectious conditions such as addiction and allergies.”

While the government and medical establishment advocate the use of vaccinations, not everyone trusts the medical death machine to decide their efficacy or safety.

Many parents and doctors have witnessed first-hand the life-altering effects that vaccines have had on their children. Every vaccine is tainted with toxic

adjuvants such as mercury, lead, iron, nickel, aluminum, arsenic, and chromium, not to mention the viruses themselves or the inactivated toxoid and biosynthetic bacteria used to make them.

In the 1960's, a polio vaccine produced by Merck was given to 200 children in Berkeley, California. Several of the children died immediately and many others were paralyzed for life.

When researchers began looking into the vaccine's safety, they found multiple cases of cancer among children that had received the vaccine during the previous ten years of use.

The deaths, paralyzations, and cancers were all caused by the Simian Virus 40 (SV40) strain of polio vaccine. They determined that the cause for all the deaths and illnesses stemmed from a virus found in the kidneys of the Rhesus monkeys that were used to make the vaccine.

In 1962, Dr. Bernice Eddy published her findings into the SV40 vaccine in a journal produced by the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology. Her findings revealed that "...an impressive list of oncogenic [cancer causing] viruses - the rabbit papilloma, polyoma, Rous sarcoma, the leukemia viruses . . ." were all found in SV40. The report clearly stated that the vaccine makers knew that these monkeys harbored such viruses, yet they continued to use the SV40 vaccine anyway.

A few years ago my oldest brother Patrick was diagnosed with glioblastoma brain cancer. During the course of research for alternative cancer therapies, we were shocked to come across a study that revealed that adults, particularly men, who were given the SV40 polio vaccine as children in the 1960's, were now developing glioma cancers at an alarming rate.

Merck knew in 1960 that SV40 caused brain cancer. My brother died at the age of 54, a mere 18 months after being diagnosed and the murderous bastards at Merck walked away scot-free yet again.

In 1987, an MMR vaccine made by Smith Kline Beecham was administered to children in Canada. Many soon came down with meningitis. The vaccine was quickly withdrawn, but instead of being destroyed as it should have been, it was sent to Britain and used on children with the same deadly results.

Once again the vaccine was withdrawn then sent to Brazil where it caused a massive meningitis outbreak. None of the pathological murderers at Smith Kline Beecham spent a single day in jail and they got to keep the billions of dollars they made maiming and killing innocent children.

Today, the entire world is faced with a biological apocalypse of such epic proportions that it makes the Bubonic Plague look like a day at the beach.

Autism was once a relatively obscure disease. The term “autism” was first used in the U.S. in 1940 to describe people who were withdrawn and socially removed, while the term Asperger's was being used for a similar condition in Germany.

Thousands of these injured adults were treated by the allopathic medical establishment using severe electroshock therapy and total isolation as the “cure”.

In 1978, only 1 in 15,000 children was diagnosed with autism and even as recently as 2002, only 1 in 10,000 children were diagnosed with it. That number exploded to 1 out of 80 in 2014. The most recent statistics conclude that 1 out of every 45 children have some form of what is now called Autism Spectrum Disorder.

If the exploding trend in autistic children continues along this gradient, 1 in 3 children will be autistic by 2050. That means that within the next 32 years, one-third of the entire population will be mentally and/or physically disabled for life and will need full time care.

This horrific fact makes the Luciferian energy vampires incredibly happy because they feed off of pain and suffering. The autism crisis will leave families and the entire nation financially and emotionally shattered. People with autism can live a normally long life, but their needs will always be those of a sick child.

If this trend isn't stopped soon, the sheer number of people living with autism and the associated costs of caring for them will become a perfectly perverted opportunity for the introduction of the Illuminati Agenda 21 eugenics program as a solution for the nation and the world.

The neurological nightmare called ASD is characterized by one or more behaviors including the lack of social interaction and communication with others, the inability to develop relationships, emotional or social withdrawal, the need to have repetitive daily patterns and routines, and physical abnormalities such as rocking, flapping, twirling, head-banging and the inability to sense emotions and events correctly.

Mounting evidence shows that the cause of the autism nightmare is mandatory childhood vaccinations. It now appears to all serious researchers that ASD occurs after toddlers receive their first MMR (measles, mumps, and rubella) combination vaccination at 12-15 months of age. This is the time

when baby's brains are incredibly vulnerable and growing fast, as evidenced by their first words and first steps.

After receiving their MMR on schedule, parents are reporting symptoms such as rashes, fevers, convulsions, abnormally long and disturbing bouts of crying or screaming, head banging, loss of motor-coordination (walking, crawling), reduction or loss of speech (words, babbling), and loss of emotional response (smiling, eye contact, play). Many babies are reported to become listless and unresponsive - unable to hold a bottle or sit upright, and often exhibit many other disturbing behaviors not present prior to the vaccination.

What is apparent to almost everyone but the Merck-ants of Death and their Apologists is that autism is linked directly to the MMR combination vaccine.

The CDC recommendation for this vaccination is a two-dose series given at 12–15 months and again at 4–6 years. According their schedule, the second dose can even be given as early as four weeks after the first dose. This means that many children likely receive not only one dose at 12-15 months, but two doses only four weeks apart.

The cause is now known, but what people aren't talking about is the physical nature of the “dis-ease”, which is for all intents and purposes a massive brain injury.

Like all the cases of vaccination injury that have come before, Merck and Friends know that its vaccination is causing injury to babies and will do nothing about it.

In fact, in a classic Luciferian move, Merck publicly denied that their combined MMR vaccine was causing any harm. And when it was suggested that perhaps the single dose vaccinations would not have the same outcome, Merck officials responded by withdrawing their individual single dose options from the market all together in order to protect their $30 billion dollar a year “MMR project”.

As word got around, things got heated. Julie Gerberding, CDC Director from 2002-2009, was put in charge of investigating the rates of autism in relation to the MMR combo-vaccination on behalf of the people of the United States.

In the documentary, *Vaxxed: From Cover-Up to Catastrophe*, whistle-blower William W. Thompson, PhD, Senior Scientist for US Centers for Disease Control (CDC) said, “I was involved in deceiving millions of taxpayers regarding the potential negative side effects of vaccines. We lied

about the scientific findings. The CDC can no longer be trusted to do vaccine safety work. They can't be trusted to be transparent. The CDC can't be trusted to police itself."

He said this because he was actually a part of the Illuminati cover-up to protect the wealth of Big Pharma - 50% of which is owned by the Rockefeller family. Thompson revealed that the CDC's own 2004 MMR vaccination study proved that children given the MMR vaccination on the CDC's schedule at 15 months old were more prone to developing autism.

The plot becomes more sinister when you take into account that the children who were most susceptible to this vaccine-induced brain damage were those that were perfectly normal and healthy during their first year of life. They were also predominantly male with African American boys being more than four times as likely to get autism than any other group.

This makes complete sense if you're a eugenics-loving Nazi psychopath, since black males are the most potentially revolutionary part of the population because of hundreds of years of institutional-scale racism and economic depravity.

Because of this, black men are notoriously difficult to brainwash, as has been proven by their tenacity and will to survive the City of London holocaust known as slavery, the violent backlash to the Civil Rights movement, and the modern day effort to dehumanize, criminalize, imprison and execute them in what amounts to 21st Century slavery.

If you want to control a population, it's important to take out the most rebellious males first. They are the ones who have the potential to physically overpower the scrawny Illuminati bankers and their ilk.

Of course, the FDA, HHS, and CDC all colluded to fudge the numbers to make the MMR study look rosy and sweet for the public so that parents would keep bringing their babies in for more shots and keep the money train rolling for their Babylonian handlers to the tune of 30 billion dollars a year for each vaccine on the market.

As for Julie Gerberding - she didn't spend a single day in jail for her murderous fraud, but rather knelt before her Luciferian bosses to receive her Merchant of Death Badge as she was promoted to President of Merck Vaccines in 2010.

She must have done something else equally as evil as the maiming and injuring of tens of thousands of little babies, because she was recently promoted again to the Executive Vice President and Chief Patient Officer,

Strategic Communications, Global Public Policy, and Population Health at Merck & Co.

The Illuminati's Agenda 21 eugenics program includes plenty of mandatory vaccinations for the entire adult population and laws and new vaccines are in the works at this very moment.

Many healthy adults have been strong-armed with fear into accepting annual flu vaccinations and many employers now require it. The push is so strong that just about anyone can get a free flu vaccination at the local drug store even though they are immunologically strong enough to deal with the flu and can develop a stronger natural immunity to it if they do.

Is the flu vaccination the beginning of mandatory adult vaccination program and could it just possibly carry with it some Simian-like virus that causes cancer or cause the feminization of males and infertility of females in order to reduce the population?

Will vaccines be used to inject the population with microscopic bits of aluminum so the Chosen Ones can use EMFs from the ever-expanding cellular network to destroy our inert ability to harmonize with the natural frequencies of earth and make us more easy to track and control?

Do vaccinations cause severe mental fatigue and confusion to make it hard for us to find our will to rebel against fascist tyranny?

Will the next worldwide plague originate from mass vaccinations forced upon the people in order to prevent the next major social upheaval, which appears to be brewing at this very moment?

I don't know all the answers, but I certainly do not trust the Luciferian vampires that currently run the show. What I do know is that we must expose the Cabalists right now - stand in the brilliant light of the sun and connect with the energies of Creation.

Search out and use alternative health care practitioners and medical doctors that are versed in real alternative therapies to treat illness and disease.

Spend more time in the company of nature and those you love, rather than watching someone else's life unfold on Fakebook or other anti-social media. Go on vacation, get out of debt, and find a job you love - even if you won't make as much money.

Focus on eating clean nutritionally-dense food and drinking clean pure water that has been exposed to the sun, which resonates at the Creation Frequency of 528 Hz.

And last but not least, do not fear.

Good always conquers evil.

Chapter 14

Casting The World Wide Inter-Net

Imagine Darth Vader having Spider-Man's ability to cast a huge, inescapable web of evil over all of mankind in order to subvert, surveil, and subdue those who would oppose his reign and you have a full understanding of the World Wide Web and all the technology that goes with it. Indeed, just a few investigative queries show that every single one of our so-called technical advances were first developed and used by the military industrial complex as weapons of war.

The technology that 98% of the people on earth have been sold on for entertainment, socializing and to “make life easier”, also happens to be the perfect tool for Orwellian-control of the masses and quite literally, a way to depopulate those deemed as “useless eaters”. Everything you do or say on the internet is being recorded for posterity or for blackmail, whichever suits the Illuminati's needs. Mouth off, say too much, or get too close to the truth and you will quickly find out how “free” you really aren't.

Everyone likes to think they aren’t addicted to their cell phones and other wireless tech but most are because the algorithms that run them were designed to be addictive. Aside from the social disorders that excessive cell phone use is causing across the board, there is one aspect to the “technological revolution” that the military, government, and the motley rich tech developers don’t want you to know – the sound from your devices is killing you.

Maybe you remember the days of the dial-up modem where you sat for an eternity listening to screechy beeps and squeals as your phone connected your computer to the Worldwide Web or those that sometimes interfered with your radios, televisions, or telephones? Those sounds were generated as a result of electromagnetic radio frequencies (EMF) emitted from one device and picked up by the antennas on the others.

Humans can't normally hear the sound of electromagnetic energy pulsing through the air, but once you're able to hear it through EMF measuring instruments or device feedback, you really don't want to hear it again – and for good reason. Sounds like these, unlike natural sounds of rain or beautiful

music, grate on the human ear like fingernails across a chalkboard and make people feel agitated, uncomfortable, and even angry because they are disharmonic and out of tune.

The effects of disharmonic frequencies on humans is a serious topic among product manufacturers, who understand that the sound their products produce has a direct effect on the “emotional quality” of the consumer, as explained in the abstract from proceedings at the 18th International Conference on Concurrent Engineering (ISPE), entitled, “Effect of Tonal Harmonic Feature in Product Noise on Emotional Quality”.

Being comprised of mostly water, the human body is like a giant antenna that readily picks up electromagnetic frequencies in the environment. Our ability to tune into sound frequencies includes those that we can hear and those we cannot. Birds find their way south in the winter and north in the summer by tuning into the earth's natural magnetic frequencies.

Humans are like birds, bees, monarch butterflies and every other form of life on earth in that we were created to harmonize with the natural radio frequencies emitted by the earth and sun, which resonates at 528 Hertz of sound and 528 nanometers of light. Our brains emit 528 Hz of sound, as do green leaves and plants. It's not a coincidence or a manipulation of statistics - it's Creation.

Of course, we can't hear the sounds of the sun or of chlorophyll in plants. We can't hear the stars and other planets with our ears. But that doesn't mean we don't feel and hear them with our body and mind. In fact, NASA and other astral observers have been recording the sounds of space for a long time. Every planetary body in our solar system resonates with beautiful harmonic frequencies – all but earth, that is.

Earth most assuredly sounded that way at one time but these days, our beautiful blue planet sounds like demonic metal grinding over death. It is not pleasant to listen to, yet that is exactly what our bodies “hear” with our internal antennas every day of our lives. This is caused by all the electromagnetic sound smog, which now covers our planet like a thick veil that is not only drowning out the earth’s natural harmonic sound as heard from space, but is also changing the pulse, or heartbeat, of Earth itself. If we humans were created to function perfectly in the presence of harmonic frequencies, then it makes sense that discordant frequencies made by unnatural sources have a negative impact on our emotions and biological functions.

Just as our government and military industrial complex have known about harmonic frequencies and their correlation to life on earth, they also know that sound can be used as a weapon that kills. One example of a modern sound weapon is the LRAD (Long Range Acoustic Device) Sound Cannon, which causes extreme pain to anyone within 100 meters of its 30 degree-wide aim. The military-grade version of this weapon can transmit voice commands and debilitate listeners up to five and a half miles away, causing permanent hearing loss and the inability to move. Other examples come from the Department of Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) and friends. These weapons come in many forms, including directed-energy weapons (DEW) that use highly focused energy waves emitted as lasers, microwaves, and particle beams.. There's Pulsed Energy Projectiles (PEP), which emit an infrared laser pulse that shoots expanding plasma and stuns, paralyzes, and causes extreme pain and the Electrolaser, which sends electric currents down an ionized plasma track to immobilize, stun or kill victims.

Probably one of the biggest and nastiest of the known energy weapons comes from your friends at the High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program, which goes by the angelic acronym, HAARP - yet another super-high-power, high-frequency radio transmitter brought to you by DARPA. The publicly-claimed purpose of HAARP is "...to conduct pioneering experiments in ionospheric phenomena" and assess its ability to be used for developing "enhancement technology for communications and surveillance".

Yet, the military-grade weapons our government (and others) use regularly aren't nearly as insidious as those that we have been slowly conditioned to both want and need. We embraced them wholeheartedly and welcomed them into our homes and lives believing they were not only safe but would make our lives "better". Yet, emerging research indicates that since the introduction of cell phones and the internet into the public sphere, the shit has really hit the fan. For the last 20 years, HAARP has been working hard on manipulating and weaponizing the weather. They call it "geoengineering", but it goes much, much further than that.

If you weren't sure before, make no mistake now - chemtrails are real. In fact, in mid-2018, President Donald Trump actually made a public statement saying that he wanted chemtrail spraying to end.

Chemtrails are aerosolized chemicals laden with nano-particles of aluminum, strontium, barium, fluoride and a number of other toxins that are "seeded" into our lower atmosphere. Eventually, these particles drift to earth

and are ingested and inhaled by everything that breathes and absorbed by the roots of plants, trees, and food crops. The levels of aluminum that have been found in water, food, and all biological life forms in the last 10 years are simply staggering.

Dig into this terrifying rabbit hole and you will find Morgellon's(Google that one if you want to be really freaked out), explosive wildfires, dying forests, the disappearance of insect and bird life, starving salmon, whales grounding themselves on shore, bleaching coral reefs and a whole host of other creepy life-sucking dis-eases.These nano-metals are now inside of nearly every living organism and when exposed to the extremely high EMFs from HAARP, cell towers and wireless devices, our bodies become living antennas and lead to radiation damage on a cellular level.

Electromagnetic frequencies (EMFs) emitted from all forms of wireless technology – wireless keyboards, laptops, cell phones, iPads, tablets, FitBits, gaming devices, smart meters, smart everything, and much more - are now *the* most prevalent disharmonic frequency on the face of the earth (and probably in space, as well).

More than a decade ago, California health officials warned that "long-term use of cell phones—which emit electromagnetic radiation when they send and receive signals from towers or WiFi devices—can affect human health.".

They also stated that, "...some laboratory experiments and human health studies have suggested the possibility that long-term, high use of cell phones may be linked to certain types of cancer and other health effects" including brain cancer, tumors of the acoustic nerve and salivary glands, lower sperm count, headaches, and effects on learning, memory, hearing, behavior and sleep. But it wasn't until 2017 that a member of UC Berkeley's School of Public Health sued the state in order to have the study released to the public.

This is but one study among thousands that link wireless technology with widespread, life-threatening human and animal diseases and cellular malfunctions that include cancerous tumors, blood abnormalities, reduced sperm and egg counts, hearing loss, ringing in the ears, headaches, and decreased well-being, among others.

As far back as 1998, Polish researchers found that non-ionizing radio frequencies promote cellular mutations that lead to cancer and leaks between the blood-brain barrier caused by changing the calcium ion activity in cells, which in turn regulates central and peripheral nervous system health, membrane integrity and energy production. In a nutshell, wireless technology

is the vaccine, fluoride, tobacco, lead paint, and mercury filling scandals all rolled into one massive low-frequency armpit of Luciferian stench.

Many people are still skeptical of the warnings about the dangers of EMF's because they really don’t want to give up the convenience of their cell phones and the fun of their other wireless devices. But the truth is out there for anyone to see.

A working group of scientists from 14 countries meeting at the World Health Organization's Agency for Research on Cancer (WHO/IARC) looked at dozens of peer-reviewed studies on the effects of EMF's from cell phones and wireless devices. They determined that cell phones were “possibly carcinogenic” and listed them as 2B carcinogens - a category that includes toxic chemicals and pesticides like fuel exhaust, dry cleaning chemicals, and the banned pesticide DDT. “A review of the human evidence of epidemiological studies shows an increased risk of glioma and malignant types of brain cancer in association with wireless-phone use,” said Dr. Jonathan Samet, the chairperson of the IARC working group. If you aren't sure, glioblastoma is a death sentence.

Research has long shown electromagnetic radiation to be harmful to the human body. The primary factors involved in physiological harm correlates directly to the frequency of the radio waves, the strength of transmission, and the duration of exposure. A comparison of the radio frequencies used over the last few decades with those of the new 5G (and future YG) wireless networks reveal a massive increase in frequency levels and types of radio waves being employed.

Cell phones became a popular and affordable item in the late 90's. Before that, they were big, bulky and expensive. Phones operating in the 2G and 3G networks operated at 800 and 1900 (1.9) MHz respectively. With the demand for faster service, the 4th Generation Wireless (4G) utilized frequency realms of from 700 MHz at the very lowest and cheapest range, to the more common 2500 (2.5) MHz range. The latter just happens to be the same exact frequency at which water molecules begin to oscillate (spin). Until then, these super-high frequencies were only used by commercial airlines and the military for radar, sonar, and communications - and, of course, for frequency weapons, torture, and brainwashing.

The new 5G, which is currently being installed and tested in several major metropolitan areas and scheduled to be fully operational nationwide by 2020, is going to operate at a death-inviting minimum of 6000 (60.0) GHz (that's

giga-hertz!), which is basically 1,000,000,000 (one-billion) Hertz! This is literally mind-blowing because it is at this frequency that the body binds and absorbs oxygen. Seriously?

In other words, the Illuminati 5G network will not only starve humans of their ability to uptake water and oxygen, the two most essential elements to our lives, our health, and our natural resonance with the earth and Creation, but it has been proven through the US military's own studies and documentation to have the ability to mutate and destroy the molecular structure of every part of the human and animal body. If I were to condense all this information to make it short and sweet and to the point so that no one misunderstands the situation: EMFs from 5G can permanently alter your DNA and kill you.

Now, if that weren't enough, it is very popular to have a cordless walk-around home phone as a landline. These conveniences first came to market in the '80's and operated on a radio band frequency of around 1.7 to 50 MHz. The 90's models operated at roughly 900 Hz. Today's DECT or Digital European Cordless Telephones operate between 1.9 - 5.9 GHz, but most use the higher band frequency. This makes these ubiquitous devices even more powerful than cellular phones using the current 4G network. Many experts are suggesting that modern cordless DECT phones are even more dangerous than cell phones - emitting as much EMF's as a cell tower near your home. Both the phone and the deck of these units emit the same mind-blowing levels of EMF's, which is essentially microwave radiation.

The new and astounding speeds of 5G are brought to you, not by the current form of radio waves being used, but by shorter and more powerful millimeter waves. These waves have not been used in this way before because they don't travel long distances or penetrate physical obstacles like walls and trees very well. Because of this, 5G can only operate well if the transmitters (cell towers) and receivers (devices) are very close together.

To achieve this closer distance requirement, cell tower antenna arrays must be much closer to the ground and connected by a daisy-chain of “small cell” transmitters placed roughly 100-200 yards apart to efficiently move the frequency around objects that it cannot pass through. Look around you and pay attention to the cell towers in your area. Not only are they erecting new towers closer and closer together, but they are dropping the arrays closer and closer to the ground.

I've actually seen cell towers with arrays that have been re-positioned so

that they are just above the treetops and typically within 30 feet of rooftops. In order to connect the world to the Internet of Things, hundreds of thousands of new cell towers are being erected and located only hundreds of yards from of each other. These larger, lower cell towers will soon be connected to literally billions of “small cell” transmitters at ground level in order to further extend the reach of the short millimeter waves around obstructions like trees and buildings.

These mini-cell-towers are very innocuous. Most are less than 3 feet tall and are being mounted to stop lights, street lights, electric poles, lampposts, and flagpoles, as well as being attached to the lower floors of homes and buildings and overpasses. Many are being dressed up to look like just another part of the architecture or disguised as trees or cacti or other “natural” features to make them hard to spot. Soon, there will be small cell emitters every 200 yards or less. By 2019, you will most likely have one or more of these new high-energy weapon systems in your front or backyard or on the roof or facade of your home, workplace, or school where their super-high radio frequencies can bombard you and your children's brains day in and day out.

The total assault on humanity began in 1992 with the Trojan Horse known as UN Agenda 21. We have endured so much already: the introduction of the internet and wireless communications to homes, schools, and workplaces around the globe; the forcing of GMOs and their associated pesticides into the global food system; an unprecedented uptick in the frequency of childhood and adult vaccinations; an increase in weather modification and chemtrail activity from our friends over at HAARP; the introduction of the CERN psychopaths who happily collide the “God Particle” for shits and giggles; and the advent of a permanent war economy.

It's time for people to wake up to the fact that humans are soon to join the endangered species list and that the Illuminati hunters do not have your interests in mind and are not just out sight-seeing.

Tom Wheeler, who was the Obama Administration's FCC Chairman and a long-time tool of the telecommunications cartel. Under his guidance, he almost assured the telecom and tech industry free reign when he gave a long and very disturbing speech about how no regulations will be enacted to curtail the new “Internet of Things”. He said, “Unlike some countries, we do not believe we should spend the next couple of years studying what 5G should be, how it should operate... Turning innovators loose is far preferable

to expecting committees and regulators to define the future. We won’t wait for the standards to be first developed... Instead, we will make ample spectrum available and then rely on a private sector-led process for producing technical standards best suited for those frequencies and use cases.”

So, next up for planet earth and its inhabitants is the miraculous 5G Network, which will take our current exposure to radio frequency radiation into the stratosphere and allow the maniacal corporations of the Crown to “Ensure” that everything you own has super-enhanced Artificial Intelligence that is way “smarter” than you are – and better looking and funnier, too.

And while you're dying of EMF cancer or some other exotic disease no one has ever heard of before, your personal droid will lock you out of your own home to live with the other biologicals in the wild - leaving them, their Illuminati Masters, and a few mind-altered human slaves to tend to their privatized Garden of Eden. God help us all.

CHAPTER 15

2016 Illuminati election nightmare

The June 2016 premature crowning of Hillary Clinton as the US Democratic nominee for president by the Rothschild-controlled AP was key to suppressing voter turnout in the crucial California primary. This combined with the massive voter disenfranchisement in the Golden State sealed the fate of the latest and possibly last attempt at political revolution in America, as embodied by the Bernie Sanders campaign.

The Rothschild-led Illuminati lizard bloodline banksters depend on a climate of fear and negativity to maintain and increase their control over the global populace. Remember, the Masonic project is about turning us into batteries to generate negative energy for their 4th dimension nightmare.

The general election match between Druid Council war witch Hillary Clinton and Rothschild mob strawman Donald Trump created a perfect negative energy nightmare scenario for the US.

Trump duped many good people into believing he was a maverick, though in fact he is a Rothschild tool and Crown Agent. He was used as a strawman when he bought long-time CIA drug money laundry Resorts International in 1987, along with a bunch of ocean-front property that would be turned into the Atlantic City boardwalk. The Illuminati got its East Coast dirty money gambling site, while Trump was bailed out of bankruptcy by Rothschild Inc. bond specialist Wilbur Ross, who was rewarded with his post as Commerce Secretary. Trump was rewarded with the Presidency.

This Crown Agent vs. Crown Agent match-up created a climate of fear, hopelessness, anger, and division that the Illuminati then used to temporarily derail the Truth Movement so they could push forward with their final solution trans-humanist 5G agenda.

The hatred and vitriol coming from both sides towards the other reached dangerous levels, further feeding the blood lust of the Anunnaki lizards and their cousin Luciferians who run this planet as their slave plantation.

Their infrastructure, now built out by us slaves, jobs will become more scarce and the Crown will use this bad energy vortex to push forward with their desired 75% depopulation of the planet.

This climate of negativity, combined with the ongoing mass addiction to all things Internet, has stripped many of their humanity already. Elon Musk and other tech gurus now openly talk about how their quantum computers are summoning demons. But the demons are already here.

The rise in US school shootings, for example, can be directly correlated with the coming of the Internet. Chaos is the Luciferian goal and will cause human culture to degenerate. They will then use this chaos to justify a micro-chipped population, a digital crypo-currency and 5G enslavement.

Cataclysmic events such as WWIII, a massive stock market crash and ensuing depression, or a sudden reversal of the North Atlantic current could all be used to usher in this final solution New World Secular Order.

Order out of Chaos - the self-proclaimed modus operandi of the Freemasons - will be deployed more frequently, as fear overtakes the rational mind of the public.

In a worst-case scenario, we could see an outright alien invasion of this planet, as the Dark Star Planet X Nibiru - home to the Anunnaki - looms ever closer. Scientists at CERN who are arrogantly attempting to identify the “God particle” have begun to see demons. Luciferian brain worship, reinforced by the internet, acts as a homing beacon, calling the Anunnaki back to planet Earth

During the coming months it will become difficult for people to simply stay human. I recommend disengaging from the political party two-camp illusion as soon as possible.

Disengage too from Facebook and all Internet communication. The aliens are using it to ostracize rebels and create a hive consensus that reinforces negativity. Social media is anti-social. Depend instead on nature and real human interaction to guide your thoughts and feelings.

The epic battle is upon us. Put simply - because it is simple - it will be a contest between good and evil, between nature and technology, between God and Satan, between high-frequency humans and low-frequency 4th dimension lizard-brain aliens. Make sure you pick the right side. You won’t get a second chance.

CHAPTER 16

internet psyops
and the coming collapse

Due to the fear-based political polarization that the well-orchestrated Trump/Clinton presidential match up produced, the wheels of this once-great nation appear to be coming off.

There was the Orlando false flag prosecuted by a Wackenhut agent, countless white supremacist police assassinations of black people and the Dallas response to that, a supposedly populist Brexit that was actually engineered by the City of London banksters and, quite appropriately and not coincidentally, a record heat wave throughout the nation.

Rothschild lieutenant George Soros has sold his US stock portfolio in favor of a short position on the US stock market, saying that in a best case scenario we are in for a deflationary depression, while at worst there will be riots and a class war in America. He ought to know, since his Crown handlers are fomenting it.

Deutsche Bank - the Nazi-funding Warburg family wealth repository that made a killing shorting the airline and insurance stocks negatively affected by 911 - is reportedly sitting on $40 trillion in bad derivative bets and is offering a ludicrously high 5% CD to the public to illustrate its desperation. The Federal Reserve has marked their US division as “troubled”.

The stock buyback machine that has been propping up stock markets around the world is running out of gas. People still aren’t buying anything. Factories are operating at record-low production levels. Personal debt is piling up again. And more youth are living in their parents’ basements, trying to dodge the student loan police.

Another housing market bubble is in its late stages, as the same big banks who caused the 2008 housing crash, then swallowed up those foreclosed houses on courthouse steps across the US, are now offering the same no-money-down loans to poor people now looking to buy houses as they did in the decade that preceded the crash.

Amidst this cultural and economic carnage, an increasing number of Americans are addicted to the internet and all things electronic. They are

increasingly urbanized and landless and much less self-reliant than their parents' and especially their grandparents' generation. Most people, like America, produce absolutely nothing.

Instead, they spend their lives hardwired *en masse* into matrix machines and taken "on-line" in much the same way a nuclear reactor is brought online to produce negative, combative and disagreeable energy, this time in chat rooms, Facebook groups and similar social engineering hive-mentality projects of the global elite. This negativity is rocket fuel for the global elite, be they inbred Rothschilds, aliens, the Devil or simply heartless machines.

They are, in fact, all of the above.

And you are being used as their on-line batteries. You are, as the late great former American Indian Movement (AIM) counter-intelligence chief and poet/musician John Trudell stated, "being mined".

You are being deprived of oxygen and water and transformed into metal, so that you can be mined.

Kindness, decency and integrity have become "uncool". Spiritual grounding has given way to phony electronic-based fashion shows of all sorts, with the posers trying in very great vain to be the smartest person in the room, all the while getting dumber.

Everyone seems to talk in the same dispassionate monotone voices, whether their position is open white supremacy (Trump) or scared political correctness that doesn't much mind corruption and cheating (Clinton). People are starting to sound like robots.

The Internet - founded by the Pentagon's DARPA under the guise of "liberating the information flow for a more democratic world" - is in fact creating a world of character-devoid mono-culture machines who think and talk the same and have only a vague and fleeting resemblance to their former humanity.

Petitions are signed, virtual groups are formed, debates are engaged in, yet if the lumpen mass of on-line negative-energy drones were to look out their air-conditioned windows - and most won't - they would actually see that living conditions continue to deteriorate rapidly, the planet gets increasingly trashed, families are being torn apart by the selfishness and narcissism produced by machine addiction and survival skills do not exist.

Life-experience has been tossed over the side in favor of whatever Wikipedia or Ask Jeeves says about it. Everyone knows everything about… well…everything. People talk too much. No one listens. The information

overload produces indecision, isolation, insecurity fragmentation and confusion in people.

The old ways of the ancients are discredited as “Luddite”, when in fact these are the ways that will save us from this beast.

All the while the “expert drones” who have positioned themselves as Internet gatekeepers get dumber, more detached from reality, and frighteningly amoral.

The most recent example of this was a black woman in Minneapolis whose boyfriend had been shot by a white supremacist cop during a routine traffic stop. It was creepy enough to watch the cop screaming like the demented psychopath that he is on the video from the women’s all-important “smart” phone.

Far more disturbing was the fact that the woman was so busy narcissistically filming the situation for her Fakebook friends and sycophants that she neglected to help her dying boyfriend in any way. He died, but hey, she’s famous. Isn’t that what really matters?

In the coming months there will be a financial collapse that will make the 1930’s look like a walk in the park. The biggest banks will fail due to the aforementioned derivatives, taking down most other smaller banks, the stock markets, commodities (including gold), housing and all else with it.

Without a functioning banking system, grocery shelves could go bare, the lights may well go out, hopefully the Internet will go down, the fake election will become irrelevant and World War III - given the current and very dicey geopolitical situation - could easily be started by an unhappy electronic accident.

Preppers who have tried to buy their way to survival will perish along with the others beside their gasless generators, rotting freezer food, and empty computer screens. The “expert” Internet drones will be helpless, city dwellers will go even more crazy than they already have and millions could well die in the riots and starvation that ensue.

The elite’s drone weaponry - now well-tested on the fake ISIS and in Gaza - will be turned on unruly citizens, all easily located using their tracking device cell phones. Never more exposed due to the “Web”, people’s bank accounts, mutual funds and life insurance policies will be looted by bankers disguised as hackers who are waiting in the wings for just this event.

It will suddenly dawn on many that the Internet really was a City of London drag net and that they have been had. At this point the only thing that

will matter is a survival skill set and cooperation - two very human matters that are threatened with antiquity by the machines.

CHAPTER 17

smart phones make dumb people

This morning our yard was abuzz with a chorus of songbirds. summer tanagers, vireos, orioles, indigo buntings, goldfinches and cardinals that had joined the resident bluebirds, woodpeckers, Virginia creepers, nuthatches, titmice and sapsuckers to complete the ensemble.

Many had come in flocks, which was unusual before a few years ago. We live in a remote area, far from any cell phone towers. As these towers have become more ubiquitous the flocks of birds coming here have increased. Others in urban areas say their songbirds have disappeared altogether. Many urban people are also reporting a massive decline in insect populations.

With the discovery of the Schumann resonances in 1952, it became apparent even to mainstream scientists that the earth was an electromagnetic living organism that constantly emits extremely low-frequency (ELF) waves.

Birds and insects use these frequencies as a compass when migrating. Many studies have demonstrated the adverse effects that the spike in artificial ELF waves have had on birds and insects. Colony collapse in honey bees has been connected to these same ELFs. Hundreds of species of birds and butterflies will soon be extinct. These are the canaries in the coal mine for a coming mass extinction event.

Human health is also being severely damaged by this explosion in radio waves.

The earth’s electromagnetic field surrounds and protects us, operating at an average natural frequency of 7.83 Hertz. Solar winds, lightning and other natural phenomenon act to maintain this average by adding or subtracting energy when necessary. This is the heartbeat of Mother Earth.

Since humans are of this earth, we are electromagnetic beings. Just look at an EKG (electrocardiogram) screen in any hospital and this becomes obvious. In the 1980’s it was discovered that the human brain also has an operating frequency - the exact same as the Schumann resonance at 7.83 Hertz.

Austrian electrical engineer Lewis Hainsworth discovered these naturally occurring brain frequencies, which have become known as alpha waves. Hainsworth was the first to suggest that human health is dependent upon our

brain frequency being in sync with the earth's Schumann resonance.

One of the main researchers on the topic, Dr. Wolfgang Ludwig, discovered that while the Schumann resonance could be easily measured in nature and out at sea, it was nearly impossible to detect in cities or even smaller towns where cell phone towers and usage are omnipresent.

More ominously Hainsworth predicted that should humans continue to be exposed to these unnatural frequencies, an evolution of the human brain was likely. But an evolution into what?

We would be evolving from a hundred thousand year state where we were happily tuned into Mother Earth's natural rhythms, to a state of chaos and discontent based on an unnatural and therefore Alien/AI life cadence.

Does this explain the multiple personality, identity scrambling trans-gender, trans-humanist push by the Illuminati's Tavistock Institute media branch? Does it explain why people seem to be going completely nuts? What happens when 5G gets completely rolled out? Will humans be in the same boat as birds? Will we completely lose our bearings as to who we are and be herded that much more easily into New World Secular Order City of London-orchestrated depopulation and disease?

Despite the lack of both telecom regulation and funding for studies critical of ELFs, even mainstream organizations like to WHO now admit that cell phones cause cancer, the most common form of which are gliomas located in the area of the brain nearest the ear. Many of these gliomas then migrate to the pineal gland at the center of the brain. This is significant for two reasons.

Physiologically, the pineal gland is where we produce melatonin. This human hormone attacks free radicals and is key to rebuilding our badly taxed immune systems, which most researchers agree is the main culprit behind not just cancer but all disease.

We produce melatonin only when we sleep in a dark place, due to our innate circadian rhythm. But recent studies have shown that our brain cannot distinguish between light frequency and ELFs. So if you live in an area congested with cell phone chatter, you are not producing melatonin because your brain doesn't think you're asleep even when you are.

Spiritually, the pineal gland was regarded by the ancients as our "third eye", giving humans a natural ability to detect phenomenon existing beyond our five-senses. Many Illuminati researchers have documented the obsession these self-professed Luciferians have had with shutting down this God-given ability based in our pineal gland in the entire human population, and hoarding

this knowledge for themselves via their secret societies.

If we are to remain human, we must expose this well-marketed onslaught of radio waves for what it is: an assault on both humanity and our earth Mother by an alien/AI invader.

Get off your “device”, get outside and get to know both your Mother and yourself. Then fight like hell to defend both of you, because this is a war they have declared on all of us. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have some birds I need to get in tune with.

CHAPTER 18

Cambridge analytica
Facebook mi6 psyop

If ever there was smoking gun evidence as to who is behind the constant manipulation of global geopolitics, it is the 2018 scandal involving Facebook and Cambridge Analytica. The case unravels the Gordian knot that binds British and Israeli intelligence in the service of the City of London Crown bankers.

I have long contended that Mark Zuckerberg's Facebook is an Israeli Mossad intelligence operation designed to gather a dossier on every person on the planet, while destroying the social fabric necessary to challenge banker hegemony via disinformation, division and conflict creation, and also damaging the emotional well-being of humanity through cleverly orchestrated psychological warfare.

Cambridge Analytica is a British "data mining" firm, whose logo is a brain with vectors connecting dots. It was spun off from its parent firm SCL (Strategic Communications Laboratories) Group in 2013 to "participate in American politics".

Cambridge and Oxford Universities in the UK are incubators for the global banking elite, producing - as do Harvard and Yale in the US - the managerial class for the Rothschild Illuminati.

Cambridge Analytica insider Robert Mercer was an early pioneer in artificial intelligence and is a major funder of far-right US groups like Heritage Foundation, Cato Institute, Breitbart.com and Club for Growth. He resides at "Owl's Nest" mansion in New York.

Mercer was also the biggest funder of Brexit, via Nigel Farrage and the UK Independence Party. While many see Brexit as emancipation from EU tyranny, I have long contended that it was orchestrated by the elite to cement the Anglo-American alliance and to insulate the City of London banks from incoming EU regulations on their dirty activities.

Mercer himself was named as a director of eight different Crown-controlled Bermuda-based firms implicated in tax evasion by the leaked Paradise Papers.

But a recent British Channel 4 undercover investigation has revealed far more nefarious activities that make Cambridge Analytica and Facebook look an awful lot like a well-orchestrated British/Israeli intelligence operation. In fact it is a textbook example of how the now silent British Empire still runs the world using its Israeli and US surrogates.

About twelve minutes into the interview Cambridge CEO Alexander Nix is caught on camera bragging about how British companies often "subcontract" work to Israeli firms since they are, "very effective in intelligence gathering".

The undercover reporter for Channel 4 News posed as an operative for a wealthy client hoping to get certain candidates elected in Sri Lanka.

Nix told the reporter, "…we're used to operating through different vehicles, in the shadows, and I look forward to building a very long-term and secretive relationship with you."

Nix then brags about how Cambridge and its parent SCL Group have secretly manipulated elections in over 200 countries around the world, including Nigeria, Kenya, Czech Republic, Argentina and India.

Cambridge used bribes, prostitutes and fake IDs to engineer election outcomes. Nix describes the honey traps his firm set to discredit certain candidates where they would, "send some girls around to the candidate's house. Ukrainian girls are very beautiful. I find that works very well."

It is no coincidence that one of the biggest MI6/Mossad operations in recent years was the Ukrainian coup that brought billionaire Petro Poroshenko and his Zionist mafia to power. White slavery is a trademark of British intelligence, where pedophilia is rampant.

The spin-off of Cambridge in 2013 now gave the Illuminati direct access to manipulate the 2016 US presidential election. While the City of London pushes the fake Russiagate narrative, it now appears it was the City of London that engineered the Trump victory in an attempt to further nullify the American Revolution.

They did it using an Israeli "subcontractor" called Facebook, which fed data to Cambridge while GCHQ was busy monitoring the Trump campaign to make sure their soon-to-be-played "trump card" was going to do as he was told.

But Cambridge wasn't just mining the data from Facebook. Recently uncovered memos reveal that it was manipulating the data with Facebook's knowledge to "create desired emotional states" in users. In other words it was an MK-ULTRA type mind control operation on a massive scale.

As Nix brags in the interview, “We just put information into the bloodstream of the internet, and then watch it grow, give it a little push every now and again… like a remote control. It has to happen without anyone thinking, ‘that’s propaganda’, because the moment you think ‘that’s propaganda’, the next question is, ‘who’s put that out?’. Many of our clients don’t want to be seen to be working with a foreign company… so often we set up, if we are working then we can set up fake IDs and websites, we can be students doing research projects attached to a university, we can be tourists, there’s so many options we can look at. I have lots of experience in this.”

There it is. Straight from the Crown Agent “subcontractor’s” mouth. Naturally, on May 18, 2018 Cambridge Analytica declared bankruptcy, a move that will seal its records in a court of British Maritime law for a good long while. Thank goodness the inbred lizards can still count on Oxford Analytica.

God Hang The Queen!

CHAPTER 19

tech addiction & the illuminati agenda

In a 2018 open letter the two largest investors in Apple - Jana Partners and The California State Teacher's Retirement System - called on the tech giant to take a serious look at how increased screen time is affecting and addicting children to technology.

The letter said, "Apple can play a defining role in signaling to the industry that paying special attention to the health and development of the next generation is both good business and the right thing to do."

While a handful of commentators have railed against the dangers of a world operating in "augmented reality" mode, could this letter be a bellwether towards a quantum leap in societal awareness as to the dangers of technological addiction on a mass scale? Let's hope so.

With CERN opening Pandora's box in its arrogant quest for the "god particle", increasingly powerful cell phone towers are said to be broadcasting CERN-generated dark matter into American households.

Additionally, demonic "pay with your face" portals are now in the hands of nearly every American - child and adult alike. We are at a spiritual crossroads on planet earth.

Illuminati programming on both TV and the Internet is coming out in the open. The latest Taco Bell commercials contain a tacit and triumphant admission of the secret societies' existence.

On November 13 the FDA approved the first-ever micro-chipped prescription drug. Abilify MyCite contains a "digital ingestion tracking system" that will record whether or not the patient took his/her medication.

And now corporate retailers like Walmart and Tommy Hilfiger are embedding invisible RFID tags and microchips in the clothing and other "goods" you buy, which allow them to literally track your every move, how often you wear or use the item, and much more personal data. The Illuminati end game is nigh. And technology is their spearhead.

Ironically, it is disCERNment that now becomes paramount, as the Tavistock media step up their deception and perception management as to who are the angels and who are the demons. Social media is their favorite

venue.

In November 2017 former Facebook president Sean Parker himself stated of the social media platform, “God only knows what it’s doing to our children’s brains.”

Another top former Facebook executive Chamath Palihapitiya stated the obvious solution, “I can control my decision, which is that I don’t use that shit. I can control my kids’ decisions, which is that they’re not allowed to use that shit.”

Those who choose to remain addicted to their cell phones, tablets and laptops act as electrical conduits in opening demonic lynch mob portals that bring increased hatred, division, death and destruction to this earth.

Those who go back to talking to animals, trees, Father Sky and Mother Earth will see the deception, seek to reunify the people and become hunted enemies of the Satanic state.

It’s pretty simple. And simplicity is precisely where God can be found.

Chapter 20

The Illuminati 5G End Game

We are moving rapidly towards what the Illuminati call the New World Order and what David Rockefeller called “The China Model”. Rockefeller ought to know since it was he and his Satanic oligarch banker buddies who set up the slave wage corporation we know as modern China.

To understand this model, take a look at the following two articles from Hong Kong's *South China Morning Post* newspaper.

The first written by Stephen Chen on April 29, 2018 is titled, *‘Forget the Facebook leak’: China is mining data directly from workers’ brains on an industrial scale.* In it Chen writes,“Workers outfitted in uniforms staff lines producing sophisticated equipment for telecommunication and other industrial sectors.

But there’s one big difference - the workers wear caps to monitor their brainwaves, data that management then uses to adjust the pace of production and redesign workflows, according to the company.

The company said it could increase the overall efficiency of the workers by manipulating the frequency and length of break times to reduce mental stress.

Hangzhou Zhongheng Electric is just one example of the large-scale application of brain surveillance devices to monitor people’s emotions and other mental activities in the workplace, according to scientists and companies involved in the government-backed projects.

Concealed in regular safety helmets or uniform hats, these lightweight, wireless sensors constantly monitor the wearer’s brainwaves and stream the data to computers that use artificial intelligence algorithms to detect emotional spikes such as depression, anxiety or rage.

The technology is in widespread use around the world but China has applied it on an unprecedented scale in factories, public transport, state-owned companies and the military to increase the competitiveness of its manufacturing industry and to maintain social stability.”

Awesome!

The second article, published four days earlier on April 25, 2018 in the *South China Morning Post* was titled, *“Shenzen Police Can Now Identify*

Drivers Using Facial Recognition Surveillance Cameras”. Author Li Tao writes,

“Shenzhen is expanding a network of facial recognition surveillance cameras to catch more violations, after the success of an earlier trial to publicly name and shame jaywalkers.

The so-called electronic police system captures photos of vehicles that violate the traffic rules in the metropolis of 12 million people, providing an image of not only the number plate but also the driver’s face, which can then be identified from the police database using facial recognition technology. A total of 40 roads will be covered under the expanded surveillance, from the initial single intersection, to identify and fine traffic violators, including those driving without a valid license.

Drivers who had their licenses revoked due to illegal conduct such as driving under the influence of alcohol or drugs have already been captured and identified through the system, according to the Shenzhen Traffic Police’s official Sina Weibo account. The system, which went on trial Monday, will be officially launched on May 1st.

This move is just the latest in a push by Chinese cities and securities agencies to employ advanced artificial intelligence-based technologies in policing. Earlier this month a fugitive was arrested in southeast China after facial recognition technology helped identify him in a crowd of about 50,000 attending a pop concert. The country is also exporting such technology, with start-up Yitu Technology selling its body mounted cameras equipped with facial recognition software to the Malaysian police.

Traffic violators who are registered with the Shenzhen traffic police - a mandatory step for residents - receive a text message that includes their name, identification card number, and details of the time and location of the offense.

For those who think they are safe from prying electronic eyes under cover of darkness, the new Shenzhen cameras come equipped with night-vision mode.”

Double awesome!

China is a Rothschild slave labor laboratory for the Big Brother technology that will gradually be rolled out worldwide. The integrated Orwellian system is known as 5G. And make no mistake, it is a weapon.

In the late 1970’s scientists at Lawrence Livermore Laboratories were developing what they called a Brain Bomb - a low-frequency energy weapon

that could be used on the battlefield to liquidate the brains of thousands of soldiers at one time.

This weapon was likely used by President George H.W. Bush against Iraqi troops during the 1990 Gulf War, when it was reported that thousands of Iraqi Army troops were simultaneously obliterated near Basra. Their bodies were bulldozed into mass graves and no autopsies were performed.

HAARP (High-Frequency Active Auroral Frequency Program) had already been established in 1933. It was a joint program between the US Air Force, the US Navy, the University of Alaska at Fairbanks and DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency).

Based on the stolen research of Nikolas Tesla, HAARP experimented with the weaponization of radio frequencies and energy. Officially it was shut down in 2014, but DARPA carries forward the research, which has now come to focus on the effects of these frequencies on the individual human being.

Currently DARPA - whose logo is a pyramid surrounding the all-seeing eye of the Illuminati - is developing a robotic soldier in tandem with Crown Agent Lockheed Martin.

The Internet was launched and funded by the military as ARPANET in the 1970's. ARPA later became DARPA. On August 6, 1991 the Internet went live to the world and by the end of the 1990's it was being widely used by the public. That was only 20 years ago.

As more people were exposed to DARPA's newest and most widespread low-frequency weapon, school shootings spiked, health problems increased, life-expectancy began a rapid decline, families disintegrated and society began to embrace many dark themes such as vampires and zombies as "normal".

Former DARPA director, Regina Dugan, moved on to Google, where she works with CEO and Bilderberger member Eric Schmidt to promote "smart tattoos", one of which she has herself. It is a bio-metric chip that will be used to access the coming integrated 5G reality that is being rapidly rolled out.

Known as the internet of things, 5G involves hundreds of billions of microchips that will permeate our possessions, our homes, our cars, our neighborhoods and eventually our bodies. Some say that chemtrails are a means by which they are loading our bodies up with aluminum, since this is the best conductor for plugging us into the 5G "smart grid".

In line with the Masonic project that we are nothing more than soul-less

batteries to be used to power the Luciferian elite, human beings are slated to become just another “thing” in this Internet of Things. They want to starve us of oxygen and water and change our organic DNA to metal, which they can then mine to run their Babylonian nightmare.

Trans-genderism is an Agenda 21 stepping stone Trojan Horse gateway to trans-humanism, which involves the integration of 5G into our very being. The hip-sounding Silicon Valley front men they are using to promote this Orwellian nightmare are calling it the Fourth Industrial Revolution. It seeks to integrate smart chip low-frequency weapons technology with biological processes.

The goal is to turn us into machines that can be programmed to perform certain jobs, purchase certain things, think certain thoughts and emit the negative cold dark emotions that will be used to power and normalize the permanent war economy Illuminati blood sacrifice into an acceptable parallel reality they call “virtual reality” or “augmented reality”.

Israeli companies are behind this 5G enslavement. They got the Tesla blueprints from James Trump, uncle of President Donald Trump. This explains Trump's moving the US embassy to Jerusalem al-Quds, where the Illuminati Satanists hope to replace the Muslim al Aqsa Mosque with a new version of King Solomon's debaucherous Temple to crown their New World Secular Order.

The violent video games inundating America and destroying our kids are also almost exclusively made by Talmudic Israeli entities in the service of the Crown.

Bitcoin and other crypto-currencies, although portrayed by Max Keiser and other hipster Illuminati shills as some sort of revolt against the private central banking cartel, is actually being rolled out and tested BY the Eight Families Federal Reserve cartel.

A 1992 NSA white paper discussed its viability for use in a cashless society. Indeed it will be the 5G currency that your “tattoo” will store, but only if you are issued “social credit” by the Ministry of Truth. Rebels will get an “access denied” notice from the Beast system.

The Facebook/Cambridge Analytica scandal gave us a glimpse into how Facebook is being used as an emotional dossier gathering tool on each individual for later use by DARPA in their 5G control matrix.

They are mapping everyone’s psyche to find out which buttons to push when they hit the 5G switch and transform us all into permanent reliable

negative energy batteries for the roll-out and acceptance of their Satanic New World Order.

The divisive 2016 election served to normalize division and reinforced the negative energy environment in which these lower 4th dimension demons operate.

Meanwhile in Switzerland - home to the Bank of International Settlements (BIS), which is the central bank for all the world's private central banks and controls the world via debt slavery - the CERN project continues apace as the Luciferians attempt to isolate the "god particle" using super-high speed atomic fission colliders.

These fallen angel inbreds like to split atoms rather than fuse them since they are all about opposition to a whole Gaia Creation and instead, promote a disjointed atomization of reality that is foreign to this planet. Nuclear fusion could change the world by producing free energy with no waste, but the Satanic bankers wish to take us down the path of nuclear fission, divided reality, conflict with Creator and destruction.

CERN scientists have reported seeing demons during some of their experiments as have other tech "wizards" involved in D-wave quantum computing. They talk about this openly now. One Canadian computer whiz said recently of meeting the demons, "but we still have to push on and hopefully we won't destroy the world in the process."

Some believe CERN is deliberately generating dark matter, that is then funneled into the "cloud", which is Newspeak for the "World Brain" now under construction and set to be completed this year. It will listen, watch, remember and act. A statue of Shiva - Hindu god of destruction - stands at the entrance to CERN headquarters.

This is why the hipster tech leaders talk of "disruptive technology" and "game-changers". Knowingly or not, they are pushing forward this DARPA Luciferian agenda. One company has now created artificial auras for people, while another has produced personal replicas, promoting them as "comforting" in such a suddenly disagreeable world.

Computers have become so powerful that they are now programming themselves. Illuminati spokesman Elon Musk is now warning that unless we want to become these computer's "pets", we must ourselves merge with AI (artificial intelligence). Intel says that by 2020 human brains will contain chips that will run the computers to "prevent" this AI takeover.

These kinds of fear-provoking statements reflect the old Masonic project

advancement technique of problem-reaction-solution, or *Ordo Ab Chao* (Order out of Chaos). They first create a problem, then they tell us they can fix it, but only with a Draconian solution that will advance their Great Work of Ages or New World Secular Order.

The Illuminati are obsessed with numbers. They know certain numbers have power. And they do. The ancient spiritual texts all tell us this. Creation is based on a numbers system. But these Luciferians have usurped this ancient knowledge, hidden it from the general populace to keep us dumbed down, and are now using it to enslave us in a Worldwide Web that they have cast out in the hopes of finally capturing the entire human race.

Now enthralled by and willingly caught in their Internet, numbers and algorithms will be key to the coming DARPA endgame called 5G. Once in place it is all math. Human originality, dissent and creativeness are being crushed and discredited as *passe*.

Drones already fly overhead stealing pictures of your face to use as facial recognition software installed in this control matrix. Companies have recently begun asking for a verbal confirmation when you pay bills on the phone. They are stealing your voice, which will then be integrated into the voice recognition software for 5G.

There will be 5G transmitters on every block of every city connecting this “smart grid”. Alexa-type devices will monitor every home. Your “smart phone” will track your every purchase, movement, discussion, emotion and thought. It will also implant and change your thoughts and emotions to ones more congruent with the Satanist agenda. Through Facebook, they have learned and will now play upon your weaknesses.

The Hunger Games have begun. And we will all become nothing more than Maze Runners if we do not escape this net of technology that has been cast upon us. When 5G gets rolled out, both our free will and our humanity will be radically curtailed and may cease to exist.

Look around you, it’s happening already.

chapter 21

Returning To The Garden Of Eden

For many, this information may seem overwhelmingly dark, but if we are to heal ourselves and our planet, we must leave our illusions behind and accept what is truly reality.

The Illuminati elite have planted a lie that affects the way we deal with discussing and exposing their own sicknesses. Perception management is their specialty and they want us to perceive that discussing the dark acts they commit is, itself, negative.

In fact, this is a positive act. It is light. When you shine a light on cockroaches, they scatter. Conversely burying our heads in the sand and pretending their atrocities will go away without our active and conscious opposition is what is negative and dark.

The Babylonians use patriarchy to further their agenda of permanent war, depopulation, sexual violence and blood sacrifice. But they also use matriarchy to tamp down dissenters who are told if they talk of these devils, they are being “negative” or wear “tin-foil hats” or whatever other fear-based excuse for docility and inaction they wish to implant in their brains.

We should reject ALL forms of tyranny and inequality. Patriarchy, matriarchy and oligarchy are all forms of “hatriarchy”. No being “arches over” any other. This goes against natural law.

These concepts are Luciferian and reflect unbalanced energy in bondage and servitude to a top-down pyramid structure that the Illuminati created. We are all equals. Men, women, blacks, whites, gays, straights, turtles, coyotes, rocks, air, water. We are One.

All that is love is the domain of the God. All that is fear is the domain of Satan. When we expose the heinous actions of these demented Luciferians, we are loving. When we turn our heads away from them, we are fearful and we enable the perpetrators.

There is a scientific term for this mental health condition known as Stockholm Syndrome, where we bow down like cowards to authoritarian figures and cater subconsciously to these oppressors. In doing so, we often betray the very people we love the most.

As Paul Westerberg of The Replacements wrote in the song *Bastards of the Young*, “The ones who love us best are the ones we'll lay to rest, and visit their graves on holidays at best. The ones who love us least are the ones we'll die to please. If it's any consolation, I don't begin to understand it.”

The first thing we should do in this epic battle of Good vs. Evil is to learn to flip this brainwashing on its head. When you learn to speak your mind and to stand up to authority, you will also begin to treat those whom you love better. We must all rectify these energy imbalances in our personal lives. Stand up to bullies and energy vampires, while rewarding the decent people in your lives.

Love and truth leads to unity and awareness of the planetary reality that the New Science is proving - that 93% of the universe is energy and only 7% is matter. We are just holograms, our bodies merely shells that contain energy.

The energy we generate scientifically impacts outcomes in the universe. Quantum mechanics is proving that a researcher's vibe affects the experiments being conducted. So it is very important that you wake up every morning and thank Creator for the chance to live another day and to try and do better at sending out good vibes.

Translated into the collective consciousness, we must choose either love of fear. If we choose love, we scientifically unify into one organism and create good healing energy. If we choose fear, we schism into shattered fragments of disjointed negative energy that tears at the very fabric of the cosmos.

Awareness of the enemy and unity of the people are both key to bringing down the dividers of reality - the Babylonians. They seek to fracture all, including the very collective consciousness that is innate to humanity. We must be aware of this and try to get along better with people. Be agreeable where possible.

The Luciferians are disagreeable. This is why they chose to pursue, for example, nuclear fission to create destructive weapons and infinitely toxic waste. Fission is the splitting apart of atoms, the dividing of God's creation.

If they understood creation and wished to accept Creator's Garden of Eden, they would instead pursue nuclear fusion, which seeks to unify atoms to generate unlimited free energy and has no harmful waste as a byproduct.

Energy must be unified, not divided if we wish to live in a healthy, prosperous and scarcity-free world of benefit to all, instead a vampire few.

Unity is the natural order, not chaos, as the trillionaire pedophiles and their minions would have you believe. The New Science Renaissance is debunking the Satanist's age-old "augmented reality" sales pitch that has passed during the many centuries since the so-called Enlightenment for science. But the reality is that even science and religion are One, rather than two disparate concepts. In the end, these crude Illuminati division bell stories were always designed to justify their insatiable rape, pillage and genocide while keeping us off balance.

As the great Indian scholar and revolutionary thinker J. Krishnamurti said, "Truth cannot be realized through any creed, any dogma, any philosophical knowledge, any psychological technique, any ideology, any ritual, or any theological system...you are the world and the world is you. The world is not separate from you and me. There is a common thread of relationship weaving us all together. Deep down we are all connected. Superficially things appear separate. Separate species, separate races, separate cultures and colors, separate nationalities and religions and politics. But if you look closely we are all part of the great tapestry of life. ...When we are ignorant of the fact that all life is interconnected, then we try to control each other...The problem goes much deeper than religion or politics. It starts in our minds, in our habits, in our lives. There is a constant conditioning that has gone on for centuries...We have been conditioned to believe that the observer is separate from the observed, the thinker is separate from the thought.. This dualism, this compartmentalization, is the mother of all conflicts."

This new awareness can transform into good free spirit energy which in

turn can unify us in opposition to the very head of the snake - namely the Rothschild-led Illuminati City of London private central banking cartel. If we all continue to pursue single issue fragments of the planetary and cosmic brokenness,it indicates more than anything a misunderstanding of reality.

But if we unite in defense of the whole of Mother Earth and attack the head of the Annunaki serpent together, we can heal the schism in our understanding and thus in the universe. We can then shame the perps, game over, get on with simply living and living simply in this abundant Garden of Eden - and all by lunch time tomorrow.

Simply put the important thing is to become AWARE of the nature of reality. This in turn reveals the gravity and nature of this criminal historical Illuminati assault on our very perception of reality.

Time may be short. Mother Earth is feeling the dis-ease of her inhabitants. We are beyond divided and agitated by all of the methods described in this book.

When you get sick, your body generates a fever to fight the pathogen. In the same way Father Sun is heating up to try and heal the sickness that the Luciferians have wrought upon Mother Earth. Solar flares are increasing, volcanoes and earthquakes are more frequent and the weather is getting more extreme.

Great Spirit is trying to wake us up to tell us that the Seventh Generation is here and that we must rise against the Illuminati and their destruction of Creation. We must do so now because if we do not, the fever may get too high and Earth could die. It is past the time of politics, religion, groups, cliques, isms and division. It is about unity, awareness and revolution - or it is about extinction.

The Luciferians think they have it all figured out, but in the end Creator's patience will run out. As the Australian aborigines - the world's oldest surviving humans - tell us, when that time comes “the sticks and rocks will go in the ground” and it's game over.

The Illuminati and all their ill-gotten wealth will melt into the abyss along with everyone else. A few wise ancients will remain to try and teach the next wave of humans the way of contentment, gratitude, relationship and love in the garden that we have been generously granted.

We've been here before, probably many times, and we'll probably be here again. *Kharma* is scientific. What comes around does go around. A certain action generates an equal and opposite reaction. We can end it all by living

according to this axiom.

At some point we will collectively learn to accept our Oneness and to love all life equally. When that point is reached, *dharma* replaces *kharma* and bliss can return to the the Garden of Eden.

These are the darkest of times, but they are also the brightest of times. We must meet the accelerating darkness with an intense and everlasting light based on reality. We must fall back in love with nature and with all of life. It's science.

It's a vision worth fighting for. It's an epic love story. It's the acceptance of a scientific reality which has been there in front of us all along in this Garden of Eden paradise.

"…the wicked know that if the ill they do be of sufficient horror men will not speak against it. That men have just enough stomach for small evils and only these will they oppose. He said that true evil has power to sober the smalldoer against his own deeds and in the contemplation of that evil he may even find the path of righteousness which has been foreign to his feet and have no power but to go upon it. Even this man may be appalled at what is revealed to him and seek some order to stand against it.

Yet in all of this there are two things which perhaps he will not know. He will not know that while the order which the righteous seek is never righteousness itself but is only order, the disorder of evil is in fact the thing itself. Nor will he know that while the righteous are hampered at every turn by their ignorance of evil to the evil all is plain, light and dark alike.

This man of which we speak will seek to impose order and lineage upon things which rightly have none. He will call upon the world itself to testify as to the truth of what are in fact but his desires. In his final incarnation he may seek to indemnify his words with blood for by now he will have discovered that words pale and lose their savor while pain is always anew".

Cormac McCarthy, "The Crossing"

ABOUT THE Author

Dean Henderson was born in Faulkton, South Dakota. He earned a BLS at the University of South Dakota and an M.S. in Environmental Studies from the University of Montana, where he edited *The*

Missoula Paper and was a columnist for the *Montana Kaimin*. His articles have appeared in *Multinational Monitor*, *In These Times*, *Paranoia* and hundreds of online websites and magazines.

A life-long activist and traveler to 50 countries, Henderson appears regularly as a political analyst for Iran's Press TV, RT, Russian Channel 1, The Syria Times, Rense Radio,Tactical Talk with Zain Khan and The Richie Allen Show. In June 2018, Dean spoke at New York City's Deep Truth conference where he delivered a speech titled, “All Roads Lead to the City of London” as part of a panel named Confronting Oligarchy: Resisting Full Spectrum Dominance.

Dean and his wife Jill live in the Missouri Ozarks where the rivers run clear, the water tastes sweet and the air is clean. They operate and live on a small organic vegetable farm, burn wood for heat, and gather wild berries, mushrooms, fruits and nuts. They don't work slave wage jobs and buy very little, living a simple and rich life.

Subscribe free to Dean's weekly column and interviews at

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Big Oil & Their Bankers in the Persian Gulf

Four Horsemen, Eight Families & Their Global
Narcotics & Terror Network

An internationally acclaimed best-seller that started the recent conversation about who really runs the world, Big Oil... exposes a centuries-old cabal of global oligarchs that control the global economy through manipulation of the world’s central banks via the planet’s three most valuable commodities: oil, guns and drugs.

Stickin' It to the Matrix

Stickin' it to the Matrix is this generation's version of Abbie Hoffman's Steal This Book. Funny and irreverent, the book is above all a practical step-by-step guide to both escaping and extracting from the matrix. In Stickin’ it to the Matrix, Henderson offers the reader the same insights that allowed him to "retire" at age 28, move to the country and author this and other books.

The Federal Reserve Cartel

The Federal Reserve Cartel is a brief, well-documented history of the Eight Families who control the world's private central banks and most of the planet's resources.

The Grateful Unrich
Revolution in 50 Countries

Covering fifty countries on six continents over a twenty-year span, Henderson asks the hard social, political and economic questions while vagabonding his way around the world. Invoking the wit and humor of Twain and the curiosity of Kerouac, Henderson discovers himself, humanity and revolutionary politics through prolonged contact with God's chosen people - The Grateful Unrich.

ABOUT THE Author

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For more than 25 years, Jill has been an organic gardener, seed saver, and passionate advocate for sustainable agriculture. She often writes about the global challenges presented by GMOs and teaches gardeners and small farmers how to avoid them by saving their own open-pollinated and heirloom seeds.

In addition to her books, Jill is the author and editor of Show Me Oz, a weekly blog filled with in-depth articles on gardening, seed saving, homesteading, wildcrafting, edible and medicinal plants, herbs, nature, and more. She also sells her unique artwork at ForeverPetPortraits.wordpress.com.

Jill and her husband Dean live in the heart of the rugged Missouri Ozarks, where they grow and wildcraft a wide array of organic herbs, fruits, and vegetables on their rural homestead with their furry feline, Loris.

Connect with Jill at

ShowMeOz.wordpress.com

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MONSTERS IN THE PALACE

By Christopher D. Spivey

MONSTERS INC

By Christopher D Spivey

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Version PBMM2019.06.08

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Introduction

I have been researching the British Royal family for well over seven years now.
However, my interest in the Queen and her family does not stem from the broadly collective view shared by the Sovereign's subjects - that view being: the family may be slightly dysfunctional but they are part of history and as such, should be respected.

But oh, if that were only true.

You see, in reality the British Royal Family are evil, inbred parasites who despise us. And far from being holier than thou, they worship Satan, are ALL deeply perverted and - *if many royal researchers are to be believed* - they actively take part in child sacrifice.

What? You don't believe me? Well of course you don't. However, see if you feel the same once you have read this book which is made up of articles about the Windsors that I have written over the course of the last six years.

Indeed, once you have I will wager that - *at the very least* - your view of the Monarchy will never be the same again.

Christopher D Spivey. 15th of November 2018.

Chapter 1
Monsters Inc

"We were involved in and spoke at the UK Rally Against Child Abuse in Trafalgar Square last Saturday (7 Aug 2010). Filmmaker and child abuse survivor Bill Maloney opened the Rally with a rousing speech in which he committed treason under Nelson's column declaring that the Queen Mother was a paedophile. Diana had apparently declared to a close friend that she was evil. Her footman, who had previously been a butler to the Queen, was a convicted child sex offender who used to groom his victims by taking them to parties with the Queen Mother at Clarence House" – Spokesperson for UKRACA

With the Queen's Jubilee celebrations still dominating the news it's probably a bit unfair to try and gauge whether the Royal family are gaining or losing public support. After all, some of those who wouldn't normally support the Queen but are easily led – *of whom there are many* – often get caught up in the inevitable wave of patriotism that an event such as QE2's 60 years on the throne is bound to generate.

For what it's worth, those who are pro-monarchy tend to put the country's support for Liz at around 80%. On the other hand, those in favour of Britain becoming a republic are more likely to site the result of a recent major poll undertaken which came back as showing support for the Queen as now being less than 50%.

Nevertheless, to my way of thinking, even 50% support is far too high. There

is a wealth of easily accessible information available as to how evil, corrupt, greedy and parasitic this woman and her family of inbreds are, yet at least 1 in 2 of us are happy to let her reign continue… Are these people mad?

You see. the Queen should have been hanged for High Treason back in 1972 when she let the corrupt paedophile Prime Minister, Edward Heath sign away our sovereignty. She had and still has the authority to do so, yet she still let him.

Furthermore, she let him do so under very unfavourable terms for the country - Terms which Heath had in fact been blackmailed into agreeing to.
This blackmail came about after it was allegedly discovered that Heath was molesting young boys from various children's care homes around the country.

The following is an extract from *'Wheel Of Fortune'* written by *T Stokes*:

"One of those who stood most to lose was Sir Edward Heath prime minister from 1970-74, who was known to visit the Jersey care home, the Haute Garrene among others to take young boys on boating weekends on his yacht called 'Morning Cloud', or as bodyguards referred to it, 'Morning Sickness'."...

Heath had already been warned several times by the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police about his conduct, but like so many before him, the then Prime Minister thought that he was untouchable and as such, ignored the warnings.

Many of these boys were allegedly provided to Heath - *and many more prominent MP's for that matter* - by the Radio 1 DJ and TV Celebrity Jimmy Saville.
Course, Jimmy '*rattle, rattle*' Saville was a hero to millions of kids in the

1960's & 70's who would never believe that of him.
After his career took a nose dive in the 1980's Saville reinvented himself as a Charity fundraiser for the **Stoke Mandeville Hospital** and as such millions more would also never believe him capable of such a heinous crime.

On the other hand, I find it extremely easy to believe and very plausible too. After all, he was extremely flamboyant, he never married - in fact he was never really known to have had a girlfriend. But most tellingly of all was his fondness for children, especially boys in care homes.

The following is an extract in connection with the Haut de la Garenne inquiry into the child abuse that took place at the Haute Garenne Children's home on Jersey:

"A source spoke to one of his victims and he said about others who were present, and more important, who was supplying the children to him. The person bringing children for him to abuse was Sir Jimmy Savile. He was seen by the witness, victim, taking young boys onboard Heath's yacht the 'morning cloud' when they were at party conference. Saville is known for supplying a number of high profile MP's with children for them to sexually abuse"...

Saville, a homosexual paedophile, was also a frequent visitor to the Royal household. You can draw your own conclusions from that but I will remind you that during these 60th anniversary celebrations, one of the invited guests on the Royal Barge was the convicted sex offender **Harbinder Singh Rana** who served a 4yr prison term for a list of offences including 5 counts of indecent assault.

The fact that all of the senior royals were in the company of this known sex offender - *who would have been closely vetted before being allowed*

anywhere near them - would not have mattered a jot to Liz & Co. After all, the Royal family have been linked to perverse sex scandals for centuries.

For instance, Prince Andrew has been dogged for years by rumours of homosexuality. If he is, then fair enough but he would never be allowed to admit it, what with his Mother being the head of the Church of England.

However, the nature of his sexual preferences was called into question following the revelation of his close association and friendship with the child sex offender, Jeffrey Epstein. Course, if you or I were known to be regular visitors to a Paedophiles home we would be attacked and beaten in the street. Unfortunately, Randy Andy also thinks nothing of charging the public for the travel costs to his shenanigans. Now considering the fact that he is well aware that the taxpayer should only pick up the tab for his travel to and from '*Official business*' trips, the word 'Fraud' automatically springs to mind.

Course, if asked which member of the Royal family is Gay, the majority of people automatically choose Prince Ed the Ball. However, while it's true that he wasn't man enough for the Military and as such tried a career as a 'luvie', there are no scandal stories to support the claim. In fact, apart from trading in on his Royal status and beating his dogs with a walking stick, there is actually very little tittle tattle on Rock-Steady-Eddie... He's just a pratt.

His older Brother Prince Big Ears... Sorry, that was rude so I will start again. Edward's older brother, Prince Dobby, sometimes affectionately known as Charles, on the other hand is also rumoured to be gay, or at least bisexual. This information came straight from the horse's mouth so to speak although that isn't to say that the info came from Princess Anne... I will deal with her later.

Charles and Dobby or Dobby and Charles?

Prince Charles sexuality was called into question following the murder of his wife Diana. Diana, in a self preservation exercise had made a tape recording of one of Charles' valets telling of how he was raped by a senior member of the Royal Household.

Jamie Doward, social affairs editor at the Observer ran the following story on November 2, 2003:

"Secret confessional videos made by Diana, Princess of Wales - which would have caused huge embarrassment to the royal family if they had been made public - have been [allegedly] destroyed.
Royal sources say the videos, recorded by a former BBC cameraman, who is now believed to be living abroad, were seized when detectives raided the home of Paul Burrell, Diana's former butler, in Cheshire two years ago.
The videos featured an emotional Diana discussing her life following her divorce from Prince Charles and an allegation that a courtier close to a senior royal raped one of his male colleagues [apparently Princess Charles sodomized one of his male valets].
This is the same allegation that Diana reputedly recorded on the infamous audio tape whose whereabouts is now the subject of a media frenzy.

On the audio tape the princess recorded George Smith, a former aide to Charles, alleging that he was [homosexually] raped [sodomized, "buggered"] by a senior courtier [apparently Princess Charles, who partially admitted the allegation by stating that he was the person named in Diana's diaries, without going so far as confessing his guilt that he perped the crime]"...

Nevertheless, despite the evidence pointing to Charles being a Homosexual Rapist - *a common and accepted practice amongst the Elites apparently* - at least he and his Sister, Anne can be reasonable sure of their parentage.
On the other hand Prince's, Randy Andy & Ed the Ball cannot claim likewise with the same degree of certainty.

This is because despite appearances, The Queen and her husband, Phil the Greek (who is in fact German) are not as close as they would have you believe. There are in fact far too many newspaper articles and rumours pertaining to Liz & Phil's cold, loveless marriage for them not to be true.

You see, Prince Andrew's parentage was called into question shortly after his birth and the murmurings have gained momentum ever since by sly digs in the media such as this one from the Telegraph:

"***There are those who persist in believing that Prince Andrew's natural father was the Queen's racing manager, Henry Porchester, "Porchey", 7th Earl of Carnarvon, suggesting the conception occurred at some point between 20 January and 30 April 1959 when Philip was away on another of his long sea voyages in the Britannia"...***

Prince Andrew & Lord Porchester: Father & Son? In 1993 The New York Times Magazine exposed the Queen's penchant for sleeping with her underlings in an article quoting the columnist Nigel Dempster telling the author Christopher Hitchens, 'Get hold of a picture of Prince Andrew and then one of Lord Porchester at the same age. You'll see that Prince Philip could never have been Andy's father'.
Tellingly, The Queen did not dare challenge the article. She did however use the taxpayers money to increase the budget for the Buckingham Palace Press Office - the outfit set up decades ago to buy the silence of media owners and editors.

Coincidentally enough, or perhaps as fate would have it, as I was searching for a photograph of the Queen and Lord Porchester in each others company, I came across an article in the Telegraph newspaper from which the following extract is taken:

Hugh Euston headed the list of well-born "flirts" that Elizabeth and her friends used to joke about, which also included Lords Porchester and Plunket, among others. Unlike her fun-loving younger sister, Margaret, Elizabeth was painfully shy and cautious and solemn in her demeanour,

albeit still attractive. At parties she could appear something of a wallflower. However, at nightclubs – such as the 400 Club in Leicester Square, where there was a band for dancing, or the nearby Café de Paris, before it was bombed – she could be squired by young men she liked, away from prying eyes.
"She clearly found Hugh Euston, Porchey [Lord Porchester] and Lord Plunket sexually attractive," recalled a lady-in-waiting to the Telegraph journalist and author Graham Turner, "and they would get the come-hither looks, a fluttering of the eyelashes. You can't have much going on between you in a Viennese waltz, but there's the look, the pressure of the hand and, in those days, it wasn't so commonplace to want the next thing."

Lord Porchester & The Queen - Lord Porchester & Prince Andrew

Moreover, according to royal researcher, Jim Hutchinson, State Papers released in 2009 confirm that in 1959, the [pregnant] Queen and the question as to who her - as yet unborn - baby's father was likely to be, was discussed in Cabinet on three occasions. The details of the first of these discussions had been stamped 'Not to be seen for 50 years'. That is 20 years longer than the standard 30 year rule. The details of the other two discussions have been stamped 'Not to be seen for 100 years'.

Four years after Randy Andy's birth, Prince Ed the Ball was born and just like his older brother, it wasn't long before his parentage became gossip for

the press. However, in Edwards's case the man being touted as his Father wasn't the womanising Lord Porchester, it was in fact a chap named Baron Patrick Plunkett.

Was Baron Patrick Plunket Eddies Dad? One wouldnt admit to it would one?

And while the evidence for Plunket being Edwards Father isn't as compelling as that for Porchester being Prince Andrew's Father, it would tie in with the much repeated claim that after the birth of Princess Anne, Bizzy Lizzy refused to have Phillip in her bed.

This claim was repeated in a book written by Nicholas Davies and revealed "*a shocking world of royal adultery, passion and betrayal*"

The book stated - *as fact, not surmise* - that the Duke of Edinburgh's liaisons with his cousin, Princess Alexandra and the film star Merle Oberon, not to mention his former Daughter in Law's mother, Susan Barrantes (among others!), as the reason ***"why the Queen banned her husband from her bed".***

More damning still, the Telegraph reported in an article on the 5th of

September 2004, about how Phillip had sat ***"impassively, incensed but silent"*** when a Journalist from a ***"Sunday broadsheet"*** had suggested to the Duke that he might have a raft of illegitimate children and had enjoyed a homosexual liaison with Valery Giscard d'Estaing, the former President of France.

Course, Prince Dobby - *being a chip off the proverbial old block* - is reported to have had the odd extra marital affair or two. In fact it has been well documented that he was sleeping with Camilla Parker Bowles throughout his entire marriage to Princess Diana. However, what is less well known is that while still married to Diana and sleeping with Camilla, Charlie boy was also getting it on with his son's Nanny, Tiggy Legge-Bourke.

After Princess Diana's death, it was revealed that she had deposited a letter with her solicitor, Lord Victor Mishcon, stating that Charles planned to have her killed in a ***"Car accident"*** so as he would be free to marry ***"Tiggy"*** (Tiggy Legge-Bourke). When the letter had first been made public, the name of the woman Charles wished to marry had been censored. This led to the general consensus amongst the British population being that the woman in question was Camilla. However, as you can see from the photo of the letter(below), Diana states that Camilla was just a decoy.

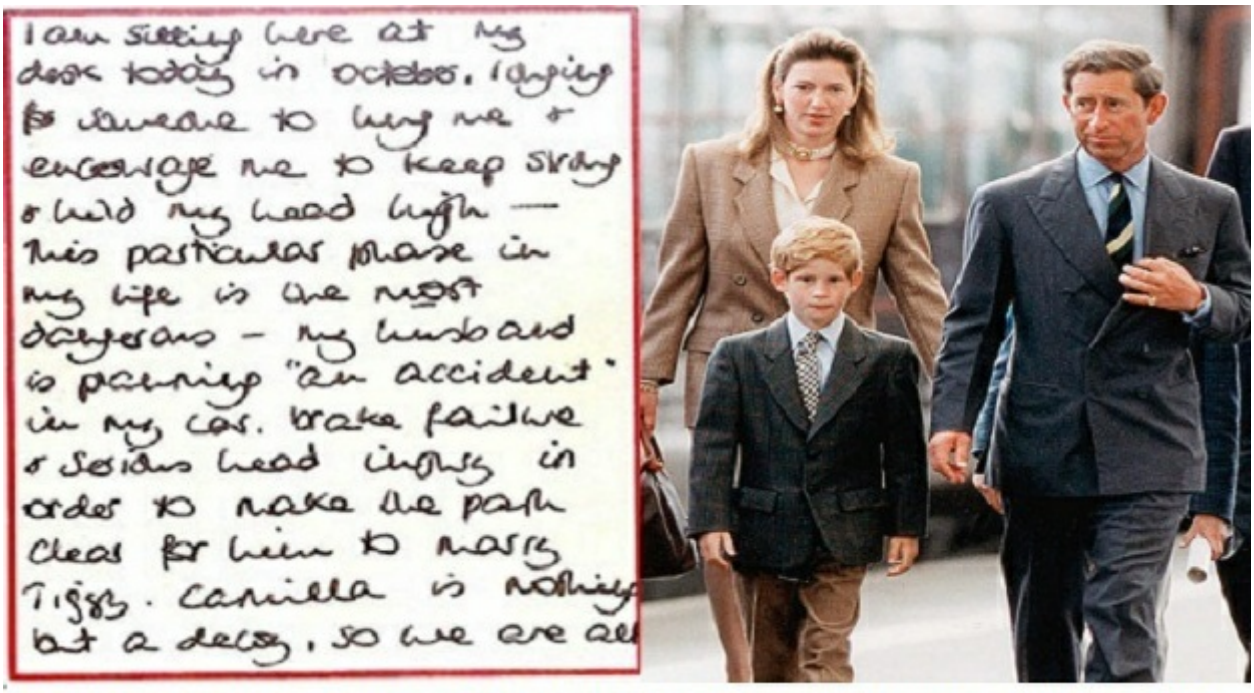

The Diana Letter - Prince Dobby with Tiggy Legge-Bourke & Prince Harry

Moreover, further details of the sordid affair were revealed at the Diana inquest in 2007. The Daily Mirror had the following to say on the matter:

"Princess Diana told her solicitor that both she and Camilla Parker Bowles were going to be "got rid of" so Prince Charles could marry Royal nanny Tiggy Legge-Bourke, her inquest heard"...

It is a known fact that a 'Car accident' is a recognized way of carrying out an assassination. The method of doing so is called the '**Boston Brakes**'. It is also a fact that 6 weeks before Diana was murdered, Camilla Parker Bowles was in a serious road accident while driving alone.

And despite knowing that it is a very serious criminal offence to flee the scene of an accident, Camilla immediately ran into the nearby woods from where she then phoned Prince Charles, who immediately had his security team rush and get her. She later said that she was in fear of her life - A curious thing to say.

I do intend to cover this car accident in more detail in a future article surrounding the murder of Diana.

In November 1995 the National press were tipped off that Tiggy Legge-Bourke (TLB) had become pregnant by Charles and had had an abortion. It was further reported that 'words' had been exchanged between Diana and Legge-Bourke on the subject at a party on the 14th of December 1995, where Diana had supposedly said to TLB; ***"So sorry about the baby".***

On 18 December 1995, Legge-Bourke, with the Queen's agreement, instructed the libel lawyer Peter Carter-Ruck to write to Diana's solicitors demanding an apology and asking that the accusation be "***recognized to be totally untrue***".
Predictably no apology or retraction was ever received, but Legge-Bourke's lawyers nevertheless circulated a letter to the news media to warn against publication.

And staying on the subject of illegitimate Royal offspring, there have always been rumours flying around suggesting that Dobby isn't actually the real father of his 2nd son, Prince Harry. Certainly, as is the case with Dobby's younger brother Andrew, there is a lack of the usually predominant Mountbatten (Battenberg/Windsor) facial features present when you look at Harry.

It isn't in fact, unfair to suggest that Harry does indeed share many more characteristics in common with those of his alleged father, James Hewitt than he does with Charles.

Major James Hewitt — Prince Harry — Prince Charles

Award winning Journalist, Ian Halperin had this to say on the matter:

A longtime employee of Harry's mother Princess Diana told IUC that the Royal Family was involved in a massive cover up to hide the fact that Diana's ex lover James Hewitt is in fact Harry's real father. According to the source Prince Philip threatened Hewitt's life if he didn't go along with the cover up. "They made him lie about the timeline," the source told IUC. "Prince Philip told Hewitt he would destroy him if it ever leaked out. It's impossible that Charles is Harry's real father. Hewitt was on the scene as Diana's lover two years before Harry was born. Diana stopped having sex with Charles years before Harry was born. Harry looks exactly like Hewitt".

So there we have both the Queen's husband who is all but King in name and his son, the King in waiting, both having evidence against them to suggest that they both indulged in multiple affairs while married. Both were closet homosexuals – Charles being an alleged homosexual rapist. Both impregnated with child, women other than their wives and both play father to children who may not be their biological children.

Indeed, do they not say that history repeats itself? It certainly seems to be the case in the House of Windsor, but could it get any worse?
It most certainly does because while Dobby was carrying on his love affair with Camilla Parker Bowles, his Sister Princess Dobbin AKA Anne had resumed her love affair with Camilla's Husband, Andrew Parker Bowles.

The Daily Mail newspaper had the following to say on the matter on June the 19th 2010:

"It's been 37 years since their red-hot affair ended in tears when the young cavalry officer called a halt to their romps, announcing he was going to marry a girl called Camilla.
Anne, shattered at the loss of her one true love, got hitched on the rebound to another cavalryman, Mark Phillips, before finding contentment of sorts with 'harmless' naval officer Tim Laurence.
Since then, between their four collective marriages, Anne and Andrew have often rekindled the flame.
Anne is 59 and Andrew 70 - but despite their advancing years, the talk round Royal enclosure this week focused on a report that their on-off affair was on again".

Now, as far as I am aware, Anne and her husband 'Dim Tim' haven't announced their separation. Therefore, a person would be entitled to ask; Is there no end to this dysfunctional family's bed-hopping?

Apparently not. The Royal Researcher Jim Hutchinson has this to say in relation to Princess Dobbin and her daughter, Zara Phillips - who is obviously the Granddaughter to the Queen:

"Zara is the daughter of Princess Anne and Peter Cross, a detective of the Royal Protection Squad. When Princess Anne told Mummy she was pregnant Cross was moved to an ordinary police job in South London. But

'the Royal and her Dick affair' carried on (and on - much to the delight of MI5). The Queen's spooks reported the couple spending steamy nights in a workers cottage on Anne's Gatcombe Park estate, Gloucester. Mummy was not amused".

The Daily Mail Newspaper however were slightly more restrained than Mr Hutchinson. They had this to say on the affair which, as you will see, also reveals that Princess Dobbin's husband at the time, Captain Mark Phillips had also got in on the royal trend of having illegitimate children:

"For some years before they parted, she [Anne] ***and Mark Phillips were not really happy.***
As he flew around the world riding and teaching (and siring an illegitimate child in New Zealand, whose mother eventually came looking for maintenance), there was talk and innuendo about Anne and the men (Note the insinuation, 'men' being the plural - Spivey) ***close to her.***
Much of it involved Detective Sergeant Peter Cross, a married officer from Mitcham, South-West London, who became her protection officer in 1979.
A year later, Anne came down to breakfast at Gatcombe Park to find grim-faced Royal Protection Squad senior officers waiting to meet her. Cross was being relieved of his duties amid suggestions that he and the Princess had become 'too close'.
Never was the Princess's imperious manner as useful as when rebutting such suggestions.
The formerly high-flying Cross found himself back in uniform, but moved from the glamour of royal protection to a mundane role behind a desk at Croydon police station.
Alas, that wasn't the end of the matter because four years later, in 1984, handsome Sergeant Cross (by then retired) sold his kiss-and-tell story to the News Of The World.
They paid him £600,000 - worth about £2million in today's money - in exchange for which he claimed the Princess snuggled up to him on the sofa while watching TV at Gatcombe, had intimate meetings in the library and in a lodge on the estate, the changing rooms of a swimming pool at Windsor and even a rendezvous in a three-bedroom semi in Ewell, Surrey,

loaned to them for the afternoon by a fellow officer.
The Princess Royal has never acknowledged, let alone commented, on his claims".

Princess Ann with lover Sgt Peter Cross. Is Peter Cross Zara Phillips real Father?

I think it's safe to say then that the Royal Family take the sanctity of Marriage with a pinch of Salt and that is hardly what you would expect from the so called **Head of the Church of England** is it? They cant even stand behind the defence that they got married at the local registry office. All of their weddings have cost the taxpayer a great deal of money. For instance, according to the Daily Mail, Dobby and Camilla Parker Dogface's relatively small wedding cost us £14 Million Pound.

Course Camilla - who insiders say Dobby **"can no longer stand"** – added an extra £40 Million to the taxpayers annual £2 Billion bill which is already being spent on protecting the Royal family.

Nevertheless, the cost of Dobby's second wedding was Small change

compared to his first. That wedding to Diana cost us £4 Million Pound back in 1981 (*£70 Million at today's prices –Source: Global Trader Magazine*).

However, according to the respected financial magazine, Global Trader, that wedding could also be said to be cheap in comparison to Prince William's wedding. Global Trader had this to say on the matter:

*"**On the simplest of balance sheets, it will be a massive loss. The CBI has said that the Bank holiday alone will cost the country £5bn in lost production, while the cost of the wedding itself, though predicted to be less (in real terms) than the £70m it cost Charles and Di to tie the knot in 1981, is going to put a heavy dent in the public purse".***

So, let's be clear on this matter. We, the taxpayer pay for the richest woman in the world's children and grandchildren to get married. We don't get an invite and even after we have forked out for the bash, the spoilt parasites don't take their wedding vows seriously. Is it just me who thinks that there is something seriously amiss in that equation?

And, While the majority of the British public are finding it tough at the moment in this age of austerity, here are a few more facts on the Royals and what their expenditure has cost us over the past year:

- ***Fact: ... Long live our Noble Queen? The Cambridge Dictionary defines 'Noble as: moral in an honest, brave and not selfish way. With that in mind, consider these other facts.***

- *Fact: The sovereign's official expenditure in 2011-2012 was £32.3million, up £200,000 on the previous year. Nevertheless, while we tighten our purse strings It has just been announced that the Queen has been given a pay rise totalling £6 Million. Meanwhile children in this country, i.e. her subjects, are going hungry.*

- ***Fact: It has been revealed by the prince's annual accounts that Charles received almost 2.2 million pounds from grants and government departments in the year to March 31. That is a rise of 11 percent comparing to the year before. Figures also show that Charles income and expenditures both rose at the cost of the taxpayers in the UK. The Prince already receives a large income from properties and investments of the Duchy of Cornwall. That is a land the size of 136,000 acres which was established in the 14th century to provide income for the heir to the throne - Plenty of room for him to grow his own veg then. "One can't eat the cancer giving crap that the riff-raff have to eat, do you not know". Nevertheless, Dobby was exposed in July as having spent thousands of pounds of taxpayers' money on personal travel, including £29,786 for a return flight from Clarence House to Balmoral for a private four-day break. Fraud? Meantime Big ears still continues to lobby parliament for more money from the Civil list.***

- *Fact: Prince Andrew was revealed to be pushing for taxpayer-funded roles for his daughters, causing tensions with senior Royals. In February 2012, Prince Andrew's UK trade and industry position was challenged in the House of Commons due to his close connections with Col Gaddafi and Libyan gun-runners. Since then he has clocked up bills of £378,000 on flights in his capacity as a controversial global ambassador for UK trade and industry.*

- ***Fact: Kate and William's wedding has been revealed to have impacted negatively on both UK tourism and economic growth. Furthermore, their earlier PR failed them after announcing in late 2010 that they would have no servants... then in June 2012 they were caught, errr... Advertising for servants, Doh!***

- *Fact: Prince Harry's jubilee tour on behalf of the Queen in March 2012 cost £107,098... Nice work if you can get it. Of that £51,443 was spent on scheduled flights for himself and his staff from London*

to Miami and Rio de Janeiro back to London. A further £55,655 was spent on a private jet to take him from Miami to Belize and onto the Bahamas, Jamaica and then back to Miami... Thanks Nan, Thanks Peasants.

- ***Fact: It has been revealed that Princess Dobbin's daughter Zara Phillips' wedding cost the taxpayer over £400,000... Did Retired Police Sgt Peter Cross give her away?***

- *Fact: Prince William and his wife Kate spent an incredible £52,000 on a one-way flight from Los Angeles to London for themselves and their seven-strong entourage. The cost of royal travel is continuing to raise eyebrows with a bill for £6.1million last year, an increase of £100,000 on the year before.*

- ***Fact: Dobby cost the Taxpayer, that's us, £460,387 for a private jet for him and his 'put it about a bit' wife for their tour of Middle East, South Africa and Tanzania. A few days before flying out to the Middle East, Charles flew by charter to Saudi Arabia at a cost of £67,215, to pay his condolences on behalf of the UK following the death of the Saudi Arabian Crown Prince. I take it that would be the Saudi Arabia which likes to publicly behead those who break the law. I don't remember asking him to pass on my condolences to the tyrant, do you?***

To me, those facts just confirm what I already knew i.e, They are taking the right Michael out of us, yet somewhere between 50 – 80 % of the British population apparently feel that the Royal Family are worth the cost. The phrase 'Mad Dogs & Englishmen' springs to mind.

Personally I would seriously question the morals of a Queen who takes tea with tyrants and socialises with sex offenders and paedophiles. Furthermore, this despicable woman who is touted as being '*caring*' doesn't sound so caring to me when you take into account that some estimates suggest that she could end world poverty 10 times over and still be a Trillionaire.

Disregarding that fact, anyone who can sit on a throne wearing a million pound hat and say that they empathise with our suffering in these times of austerity is taking the piss. Yet at least 1 in 2 of us still thinks she is worth keeping... Never mind her morality, what does that say about our own?

The Royal family are without a doubt all barking mad, primarily brought about by years of inbreeding. Indeed Dobby made it perfectly clear to Diana that he had only married her to inject much needed new blood into the line. I personally strongly suspect that Prince William was ordered to do the same in relation to Kate Middleton.
However, I don't doubt for one second that like her deceased Mother in Law,

Kate is truly in love with the man she married. The royal males however are incapable of such feelings. Had Diana still been alive, then no doubt in the case of William & Harry this trend may have been reversed. Alas, any chance of that happening ended with Diana's murder on August the 31st 1997.

Indeed, such is the lack of compassion running through the Monarchy's veins that William & Harry were paraded in front of the world's media after being forced to attend the Windsor's hypocritical, customary Sunday church service at Balmoral, some 2 or 3 hours after being told that their Mother had been killed in Paris.

If that wasn't bad enough the Reverend - *or whoever it is that presides over these pantomimes* – was under strict orders from the Queen to make no mention of the Princess's death whatsoever.

Course, the royal family's inability to show love for their children is well documented. This fact is even caught on film footage from the 1950's which shows a Preschool aged Prince Charles trying to take his Mother's hand only to have it shooed away.
It is also a documented fact that Dobby's young life was shaped by his Great Uncle Louis Mountbatten. Wikipedia has this to say on that matter:

"***Mountbatten was a strong influence in the upbringing of his grand-nephew, Prince Charles, Prince of Wales, and later as a mentor —"Honorary Grandfather" and "Honorary Grandson", they fondly called each other according to the Jonathan Dimbleby biography of the Prince".***

Now while that may sound innocuous enough in itself, the fact that Mountbatten was a known gay paedophile, who was rumoured to have had incestuous relationships with both Edward VIII & Prince Philip, should have meant that he wasn't allowed within a 100 miles of the young Prince

Dobby... Or perhaps there were darker, more sinister reasons for Charles to be in the care of such a vile monster.

The Authors of the controversial book **'The War of the Windsor's'** which was serialised in the Daily Mail state:

"***Lord Louis Mountbatten had the nickname "Dickie" … and for good reason. Philip's uncle Dickie was the last viceroy in India where he was a known paedophile who sexually exploited young working class Indian peasant boys".***

Mountbatten is also linked to the paedophile ring who abused boys living at the Kincora Care Home in Belfast Northern Ireland. An excellent website, dedicated to exposing the Royal Family http://www.helpfreetheearth.com/index.html, have this to say about a book written on that paedophile ring entitled 'The Kincora Scandal':

"The Kincora Scandal connects Lord Dickie Mountbatten to a child prostitution vice ring in Belfast, Ireland. Authorities failed to intervene at the Kincora care home for boys until 1981, despite reports over the years of child sexual abuse".
The operators of the Kincora child prostitution ring were eventually convicted in 1981 of the RITUAL sexual abuse of defenceless young boys who were sold like prostitutes. No charges were ever brought against the VIP customers made up of Royals, Politicians, lawyers, and Judges. However, Belfast citizens finally had reason to celebrate when Prince Philip's paedophile uncle was killed by an IRA bomb planted in his boat".

Now I can fully appreciate that many people will find all this information hard to believe. However, it is for that very reason that the House of Windsor has got away with it for so long. Course, whenever the majority of people hear the word paedophile, they automatically think of an old, dirty raincoat

wearing social misfit. This couldn't be further from the truth according to '**Abel Danger**' who say this:

"We are inclined to think of child molesters as strange men in dirty Macs hanging around street corners looking for unsuspecting prey. This perception is erroneous, since it has been established that the villains are more likely to be the 'Bastions of Society' who have an infinite supply of vulnerable victims from children's homes, who are too afraid to tell. Who would believe them anyway, as the officials in authority they approach for help are usually involved"?

It is important to remember that the Royals have no concept whatsoever of what most of us would consider 'Normal' life. For instance, how often have you heard it said that the Royal family are steeped in Tradition?

The word 'Tradition' is described by the online Cambridge Dictionary as being; **a belief, principle or way of acting which people in a particular society or group have continued to follow for a long time, or all of these beliefs, etc. in a particular society or group.**

And the windsors do indeed adhere to tradition. To them, tradition is 'normal' and that includes homosexual paedophilia, often with members of their own family. For their part, they despise us. We are only here to serve them and their needs. They are parasites who have accumulated fantastic and unimaginable wealth via conquest, pillage, slavery, deception, depleted uranium and fraud, yet it is us who are to blame for letting them get away with it.

As far as conquest and pillage are concerned, countless millions of men women and children have been murdered or forced into slave labour in the quest to establish the British Empire. Many people today are under the

impression that the British Empire is a thing of the past.
Those people would be very wrong. The only difference is that the British Empire is now run covertly as opposed to the overtly way it was run in the past.

An article printed in the Guardian on the 21st of April 2012 entitled ***'Deny the British empire's crimes? No, we ignore them'*** will give you some idea as to the mass genocide that took place in order for the Royal Family to add to their already obscene wealth.
The article has an appropriate subtitle of; ***'New evidence of British colonial atrocities has not changed our national ability to disregard it"***. I have re-printed a section of this article below:

"Caroline Elkins, a professor at Harvard, spent nearly 10 years compiling the evidence contained in her book Britain's Gulag: the Brutal End of Empire in Kenya. She started her research with the belief that the British account of the suppression of the Kikuyu's Mau Mau revolt in the 1950s was largely accurate. Then she discovered that most of the documentation had been destroyed. She worked through the remaining archives, and conducted 600 hours of interviews with Kikuyu survivors – rebels and loyalists – and British guards, settlers and officials. Her book is fully and thoroughly documented. It won the Pulitzer prize...
...The entire population of one and a half million people, in camps and fortified villages. There, thousands were beaten to death or died from malnutrition, typhoid, tuberculosis and dysentery. In some camps almost all the children died...
The inmates were used as slave labour... People deemed to have disobeyed the rules were killed in front of the others...
...Interrogation under torture was widespread. Many of the men were anally raped, using knives, broken bottles, rifle barrels, snakes and scorpions. A favourite technique was to hold a man upside down, his head in a bucket of water, while sand was rammed into his rectum with a stick. Women were gang-raped by the guards.... The British devised a special tool which they used for first crushing and then ripping off testicles. They used

pliers to mutilate women's breasts. They cut off inmates' ears and fingers and gouged out their eyes. They dragged people behind Land Rovers until their bodies disintegrated. Men were rolled up in barbed wire and kicked around the compound.
Elkins provides a wealth of evidence to show that the horrors of the camps were endorsed at the highest levels. The governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, regularly intervened to prevent the perpetrators from being brought to justice. The colonial secretary, Alan Lennox-Boyd, repeatedly lied to the House of Commons. This is a vast, systematic crime for which there has been no reckoning"...

And that is just Kenya. Wide scale atrocities in the name of Britain - *therefore the Queen* - took place where ever we conquered. Course, this conquest and pillaging still continues today by way of illegal overt wars in Iraq and Afghanistan as well as the covert war in Libya (and soon to be Syria).

Many of you are under the impression that going to war is decide by the British government. However, the Queen in her capacity as Head of State presides over a weekly meeting of the Joint Intelligence Committee where she is fully briefed on the activities of all of the British secret services.

The Queen alone appoints military commanders. No British agents, or British troops, carry out a single act, overt or covert without direct orders signed by the British Head of State.

The Royal household has in the past made untold amounts of money from slavery, although some would argue that they still are today. It is all to do with those two words 'Overt' & 'Covert'. Remember; "None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free".

It is a fact that in 1679 the Duke of York (the future King James II) was one of the main investors in purpose built slave ships as were King George III & King William IV after him.
At the time of James II a slave sold for between £11-£14 (Around £1000 today) and had risen to as much as £95 (Around £10,000 today) per head by the time Queen Victoria took over the family business.

Each ship held 600 slaves with an expected 20% death rate en-route. Records of how many slave ships the royals had an interest in and how many Slaves were transported on those ships are not readily available. However, in order to give you an insight into how big a business the slave trade was, you only need to visit the National Archives website where I found this information:

"Between 1808 and 1869 the Royal Navy's West Africa Squadron seized over 1,600 slave ships and freed about 150,000 Africans but, despite this, it is estimated that a further 1 million people were enslaved and transported throughout the 19th Century".

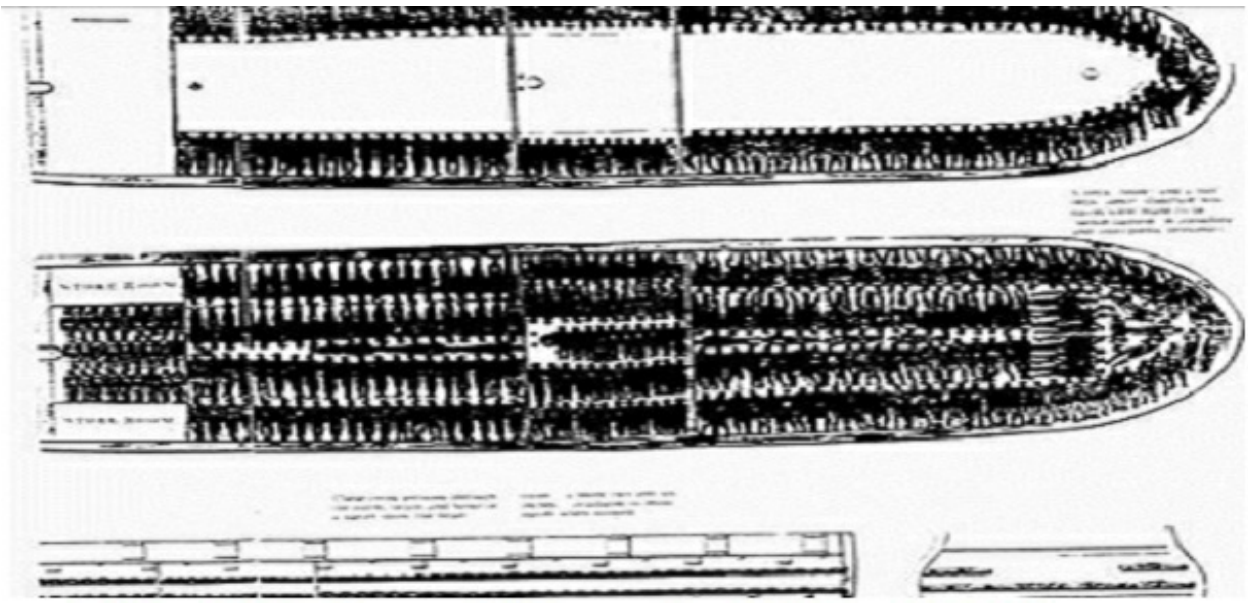

Slave Ship Layout: Source the National Archives

By the time Parliament got round to abolishing Slavery in 1807 and again in

1833, the Royals had re-registered their fleet of death ships offshore, putting them outside the jurisdiction of British law and leaving the Royals free to continue raking in their vast profits.

*According to Hansard records, in 1841 Lord Broom reported that; "**Many London companies are still supplying African slaves on demand, and slave ships are still being built in England".***

Nevertheless, despite the abolition laws, Slave-ships owned or part-owned by the Royal Family delivered slaves to South American mines and plantations owned or part-owned by the royals throughout Queen Victoria's 64 year reign. Furthermore, naval records show that Slave Ships were still using Royal dockyards to make running repairs as late as 1907.

Another way that Queen Bizzy Lizzy adds to her immense fortune is by trading on the stock market. The fact that she uses insider trading information to do so is not only criminal; it ensures that she can't lose. She then deposits these tax free, ill gotten gains in her own private bank.
Royal researcher Jim Hutchinson has this to say on the matter:

"***Congress can discuss royal family business but it is forbidden for Her Majesty's Parliament to discuss the family business, or the royals offshore fortune, or the fact that Her Majesty has illegally used her Law Lords to keep her obscene wealth a secret.***
The Queen's holdings in Rio Tinto Zinc (RTZ) was first brought to public attention by a leak from a source at the Bank of England to Andrew Morton, who wrote the authorized biography of Diana. Philip Beresford, author of The Book of the British Rich, written in conjunction with the Sunday Times of London, found that the Queen tends to invest in "blue chip" stocks, including:

- ***Rio Tinto Zinc, General Electric Company of Great Britain***
- ***Imperial Chemical Industries***

- *Royal Dutch Shell*
- *British Petroleum*

Among those acting as royal cut-outs and nominees are:

- *S.G. Warburg's subsidiary*
- *Rowe & Pitman*
- *Barings*
- *Cazanove*

Forbes magazine also reported that the Queen is a major RTZ shareholder, as is the Bank of England.

Charles Higham, co-author of Elizabeth and Philip, also states that the Queen is a major stockholder in RTZ, which, with her old friends at Anglo-American, controls 12% of the world's precious, strategic, and base metals and minerals.
In 1976, the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee found that an international cartel, of which RTZ was a major partner, had been formed in 1971 to fix the world's uranium prices. A federal grand jury found corroborating evidence of RTZ's role. To protect RTZ's directors and their richest shareholder, the Queen, Lord Denning and the Law Lords quashed Westinghouse's ability to take depositions in the United Kingdom.

On June 16, 1976, in hearings in the U.S. House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Subcommittee Jerry McAfee, chairman of Gulf Oil admitted that the cartel in which RTZ was his partner had criminally conspired to falsely increase the price of uranium on world markets. When the Tennessee Valley Authority tried to sue RTZ for price fixing the U.S. Attorney General again demanded testimony from RTZ executives.

However, the directors of RTZ and their boss the Queen were once again protected by the Law Lords, who claimed RTZ directors did not have to appear before an American court, as this was "an unacceptable invasion of British sovereignty."

RTZ was in on developing North Sea oil from the beginning. Writes Higham. "The Queen undoubtedly approved the heavy investment, which would enrich her in the immediate future.''
Starting in June 1975, RTZ and Texaco were spearheading shipments from the North Sea Argyll Field, to the refineries of British Petroleum, (BP) in which the royal family have a massive stake dating back to the Anglo Persian Oil Company set-up by George V and his bankers to rape the Iranian oil-fields. Anglo Persian evolved into into BP…

Colluding with the Queen, the Bank of England established a highly illegal nominee company, the Bank of England Nominees Ltd. (BoEN), to hide the Queen's investments as well as the investments of those Heads Of State the Queen personally recommends. The Sultan of Brunei, King Bhumibhol Adulayadej of Thailand, the Kuwaiti royal family, King Fahd of Saudi Arabia and his then friend Saddam Hussein all became clients of "Queen Lizzy's private bank." BoEN is only one of the many cut-outs used by the Queen to hide her obscene arms, oil and nuclear profits.

About RTZ . Rio Tinto is a leading international mining group headquartered in the UK, combining Rio Tinto plc, a London and NYSE listed company, and Rio Tinto Limited, which is listed on the Australian Securities Exchange.
Rio Tinto's business is finding, mining, and processing mineral resources. Major products are aluminium, copper, diamonds, energy (coal and uranium), gold, industrial minerals (borax, titanium dioxide, salt, talc) and iron ore. Activities span the world but are strongly represented in Australia and North America with significant businesses in South America, Asia, Europe and South Africa.

The British monarch became the ultimate insider-trader in the reign of "The Mad King" George III, 1769-1815. King George III was perfectly sane when he gave some of the Crown Lands to Parliament in exchange for extravagant annual payments, of taxpayers money, to fund the monarchy

and their palace-pampered-lifestyle of offensive luxury. These payments are called The Civil List.
The royals annual Civil List became an endless supply of money-for-nothing to be used for warmongering-for-profit and Empire money-grubbing-speculation. By 1936 when the Queen's grandfather, George V, died the royals private (offshore) fortune was estimated at one billion Sterling.

A small part of the present Queen's massive disposable wealth is the tens of billions amassed tax free between her Coronation in 1953 until the public demanded she pay tax in 1992. The Queen calls 1992 her "Annus Horribilis." This was the year of the Windsor Castle fire.

Widespread public outrage erupted when the taxpayers were arbitrarily told they would have to pay approximately £30 Million for the fire! The outcome was a "memorandum of understanding" that the Queen would pay some taxes - at her pleasure. Although, the Queen can ignore this "memorandum of understanding" any time she pleases.

In 2002 it pleased the Queen to refuse to pay tax on the known £70 Million the Queen Mum left to the Queen. Prior to her death the Queen Mum was always said to be broke. It transpired that eight years before she died the Queen Mum had put £140 Million into Swiss Trusts for her grandchildren"...

Surely by now then, it can't get any worse?
You can bet your life it does. After all, does anyone really still believe that Diana: Princess of Wales died in a car accident? I can assure you there was nothing accidental about her death. Diana was murdered by the British security services at the behest of the Royal family.

Course, murder is nothing new to the Royal family. They have been getting

away with it for centuries. Richard III, Henry VIII and Elizabeth I, to name but a few of the many who had blood on their hands.

Furthermore, The Queen may be head of the Church of England but there is nothing holy about her and her family. On the contrary, they are all Satanists.

Once again I can appreciate that a lot of people will also find that fact hard to accept but that, I'm afraid, doesn't make it any the less true. To be honest when you think about our present royal family's origins it actually makes perfect sense.

You see, anyone who knows anything about Nazi Germany and The Third Reich knows that Hitler and his Nazi Cronies were heavily involved in the Occult. Moreover, if you know anything about the British Royal Family you will also know that they are in fact of German origin and well documented Nazi sympathisers.

The Windsor's surname is actually Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. In 1917, King George V, worried by the anti-German feeling caused by the First World War, ordered the royal family to scrap Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in favour of the surname Windsor.
Worse still, Prince Phillip – Who many people believe to be Greek – Is in fact also German and hails from the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg. For more details on this go to:
http://unitednationsoffilm.com/?p=2432
Philip, attended school in Germany and by his own admission says that plenty of heel clicking, Sieg Heiling and Nazi saluting were the order of the day. When Philip married Elizabeth he did a very good job of hiding his Nazi origins. That wasn't easy being as all four of his Sisters were paid up members of the Nazi party.

His sister Sophie went on to marry Prince Christoph of Hesse, a colonel in the SS on Himmler's personal staff and head of the Forschungsamt, an elite intelligence operation controlled by Hermann Göring.

He was also the great grandson of Queen Victoria, but as you will find out later on in this article; the Royal's like to keep it in the family. Aged 30, Christoph had become engaged to Prince Philip's sister Sophie when she had only just turned 15 - Hmmm.
The Forschungsamt carried out the famous 'Night of the Long Knives' which saw Hitler 'remove' his key opponents. Christoph and Sophie even named their eldest child, Karl Adolf, after Hitler and Prince Philip played an active part in the boy's education.

Interestingly enough, Christoph's brother, Philip of Hesse, was related to the King of Italy and was the official liaison between the fascists of Italy and Germany.
Phillip finally broke his 60 year silence on his roots in 2006 when he gave an interview to the Daily Mail. In that interview he admitted that he "found Hitler's attempts to restore Germany's power and prestige '*attractive*'". In the same interview he also stated that his family had "*inhibitions about the Jews*".

In 1937 Phillip, then aged 16 was photographed walking in his elder Sister Cecile's funeral cortège, flanked by relatives in SS and Brownshirt uniforms. One row back in the cortège - *held in Darmstadt, western Germany* - was his paedophile uncle, Lord Mountbatten wearing a Royal Navy bicorn hat. On either side of this Funeral parade, onlookers, pinned back by crowd control fences, can clearly be seen en-masse, giving the mourners the Nazi salute.

King Edward VIII was also a notorious Nazi sympathiser and as you can see from the photograph below, a personal friend of Adolf Hitler.

Adolf Hitler, Edward VIII & Walis Simpson

Edward, like his Nephew in Law, Phil the Kraut and Great Nephew in Law, Prince Dobby was allegedly a Satanist, closet gay and paedophile. He supposedly abdicated the crown in favour of marrying the twice divorced Wallis Simpson. At least that is what was passed off as being the reason. However, I believe that there was more to it than that and I intend to research the matter in the none to distant future.

Edwards abdication left his younger brother Dirty Bertie to take over the top job - a job that he most definitely wasn't up to doing. In fact for years, the sycophant mainstream media led us to believe that the nations favourite Granny, the Queer Mother hated Edward and Mrs Simpson (Who was without a doubt a promiscuous old banger) for forcing her husband into becoming King and thus leading to his early death. But that was just PR bollocks.

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the Queer Mother was in fact anything but a kindly old lady. Neither did her contempt for her Brother in Law have anything to do with his abdication sending her husband to an early grave... Mind you, if the rumour mongers are to be believed she, herself had a helping hand in that.
You see, the story goes that she conspired with King George's Doctor to

‘speed up’ her husband’s inevitable demise so as his death could make the first morning edition of the Times newspaper…

But as normal, I digress. The real reason the Queer Mother detested Edward so much was because she was hopelessly in love with him; a fact Edward divulged himself to the Daily Mail Journalist, Michael Thornton in 1971. Thornton went on to say in the article that he wrote after the Queer mother had died, that Edward had referred to his Sister in Law as a **“Spiteful old soak**” **-** a soak being a term for a hopeless alcoholic, which indeed she was.

And with Mr Ed turning down her advances, shameless social climber Bizzy Lizzy the 1st was forced to accept second best in the form of Dirty Bertie, a man many referred to as “the backward brother”.

Mind you, If the persistent and well documented rumours that Edward & Mrs Simpson attended sex parties where Mrs Simpson would push her nappy clad husband around in a pram are true, Bizzy Lizzy the 1st could be said to have had a lucky escape. Hmmm, somehow though, I doubt that she would have agreed.

The Queer mother’s younger daughter, Princess Margaret, AKA Slaggy Maggie wasn’t afraid to put it about a bit either. She too was an alcoholic. There are far too many tales of scandal surrounding Slaggy Maggie(SM) to detail them all in this article but it is a fact that she had a penchant for married men and gangsters.

Nevertheless, with Slaggy Maggie being the naughty sister (not easy to achieve with such stiff opposition), I think we need to look at the more juicer ones.

Now in the early 1970's, a gang of criminals tunnelled their way into the Baker St branch of Lloyds bank. Once inside, the gang made off with 268 safety deposit boxes thought to contain over £5 Million pounds at today's prices.
Unfortunately for all concerned, the gang were quickly apprehended. What then followed was a massive cover up which saw a blanket ban on the press reporting details of the crime (*proof of how the media are gagged as and when it suits the Royal family*).

Finally, in 2008 - *6 yrs after Slaggy Maggie's death* - The Daily Mirror grew a backbone (Or they were given permission) and released details of the crime. However, do bear in mind that the Mirror Group PLC is part of the Corporate owned mainstream media and as such, the full and frank details will have more than certainly been played down. Nevertheless, this is what they had to say on the matter:

"Despite massive interest in the crime, details about the loot and the criminals responsible were immediately suppressed by MI5 and senior government officials.

Speculation quickly arose that compromising sexual photographs of the Queen's sister, the late Princess Margaret, had been uncovered in the bank vault. It was rumoured they had been stashed away by well-known underworld figure Michael X. A drug dealer and Black Power leader, he was convicted of murder and hanged in Trinidad in 1975. A government file on him will remain closed until 2054 (Ask yourself why - Spivey)**.**

The Mirror can for the first time reveal that Fleet Street editors of the day were approached directly by senior government officials and told to drop the story.
The four men caught, charged and convicted of the raid went to jail without ever having their names mentioned in the press, and to this day

their identities and the circumstances of their capture remain secret. Even the lengths of their sentences are still shrouded in mystery".

Now, that kind of '*sweeping under the carpet*' doesn't happen for a few saucy snap shots does it. However, as you carry on reading the article more murky details begin to emerge:

"One of the men, in his 70s, has spoken to the Mirror from his home in Europe. The ex-gang member said he was terrified to discover one box belonged to the-then head of the judiciary.

He said: "It was owned by Quintin Hogg, the Lord Chancellor.
When we opened it we dropped it on the floor like it was a time bomb. We didn't want to take anything that might give us extra trouble so we left it. All we wanted was cash and jewels."

But the gang didn't have time to go through all of the stash and ended up taking some sensitive material.
The ex-raider, who refused to be identified, said last night: "When we got out we realised we had a lot more than we'd bargained for[...] At the time of the robbery, in September 1971, Princess Margaret's marriage to the Earl of Snowdon was in its final stages.

In the 60s and 70s she was known to party hard on the Caribbean island of Mustique, where she was famously pictured with lover Roddy Llewellyn, a landscape gardener 17 years her junior.
She is said to have taken snaps of male friends frolicking naked but it is not known if any were ever taken of her [...] when we asked the ex-raider he refused to deny the rumours. He said: "<u>I can't talk about that</u>. But we did find a lot of guns.

And what was most disturbing was the child pornography we found.
We were disgusted and left it in their open boxes so police could trace the

owners"...

The Daily Mail may however, have inadvertently clarified the rumors surrounding the Photographs of the naked men frolicking in an article they did on Princess SM following her death.
The article told of the wild parties that she was so fond of hosting and mentioned one in particular in which:

"The landscape gardener, Roddy Llewellyn, Colin Tennant, and Nicholas Courtney all stripped naked and were photographed by Margaret".

As you may have also noticed, I underlined the words that the Bank Robber used in the Daily Mirror article pertaining to his reply as to the boxes contents; ***"I can't talk about that".***

Those words strongly back up what I believe to be true about people being left in no doubt as to what will happen to them if they blab.
Look at the facts surrounding the case logically - A major cover up took place, with the Mirror admitting themselves that the media were gagged at the time. Usually, catching those responsible for such a major robbery would have been excellent PR for the Police and been headline news for weeks. You only have to look at the Great Train Robbery to know that.

Then when *'some'* of the details of the Bank Robbery are finally released after 35 years, the gang member being interviewed about it still wishes to remain anonymous.

Furthermore, he is still too scared to talk about exactly what it was that they found. Why? After all, the man has done his time so there is nothing to stop him potentially making £Millions from whatever it was that he and his

accomplices discovered... Yet all he has to say is ***"I can't talk about that"***. I find that very, very strange.

Neither is that the first time that people with information pertaining to the Royal Family have been scared into silence. After all, as this article pointed out earlier, James Hewitt was left in no doubt as to what would happen if he decided to 'spill the beans'.

The bit part actor from the 1960's & 70's, John Bindon was almost certainly another one.
Amongst the list of films that Bindon had roles in are; *Poor Cow, Performance, Get Carter & Quadrophenia*, where he was inevitably cast as the bad guy due to his rugged good looks and imposing size. He also handled the security for the legendary rock group, Led Zeppelin and the hell raising father and daughter, Hollywood actors Ryan & Tatum O'Neal.

It was through acting that Bindon met his Girlfriend of 12 years, the glamour Model, Vicki Hodge who also happened to be the daughter of a Baronet. He was also dating the high class prostitute Christine Keeler for a while. Keeler was also supposedly another one of Prince Phillips sexual conquests (More on her later).

However, acting and security were not Bindon's main source of Income. Crime was. Bindon was in fact a very aggressive, vicious & extremely dangerous individual indeed, making top dollar through 'debt' collecting & running West End protection rackets.
There is further evidence to suggest that he may well have been a Contract Killer. That is certainly the motive the police put forward when Bindon was put on trial for the Murder of a rival gangster by the name of John Darke.

The very well respected investigative Journalist and Author, Wensley Clarkson states in the book he wrote about the gangster come actor that

Bindon had received the Queen’s award for bravery after he was discovered by the Police, in the river Thames trying to save a man from drowning.

However, Clarkson, who receives extremely accurate information from his many contacts in the ‘underworld’, has it on good authority that Bindon was actually trying to drown the fella and only changed tact when he spotted the Police.

His Society Girlfriend, Vicki Hodge also tells a story whereby Bindon had her drive him in her Mini to a South London block of flats. On arrival he told her to wait in the car and that he would be back in 5 minutes. When he returned he produced a Human hand, which he’d just hacked off of someone who owed him money.

Bindon also had one other very special *big* talent. He had a massive penis from which he could hang 6 half pint beer glasses.
Through Hodge, Bindon gained access to British aristocratic circles, which culminated with him meeting Princess Margaret in the late 1960’s at her home on Mustique in the Caribbean.

Hardman John Bindon & Princess Margaret

Margaret, having heard about Bindons magnificent manhood couldn't resist having a bash on it herself. Apparently, she was so impressed with it that she insisted on having many more repeat performances back home in London.

Bindon, being Bindon however, couldn't resist telling anyone who would listen about his bedroom shenanigans, stating that "**PM**" sometimes sent a car to pick him up for **"love trysts**" at Kensington Palace.

Whether Bindon finally put an end to these dalliances himself or whether the decision was made for him by the Palace isn't known for certain. However, what is known for certain is that shortly afterwards Bindon was 'picked up' and taken for a 'car ride' by MI5.

Wensley Clarkson states in his book that everybody who knew and saw Bindon later on, maintained that they have never seen him looking as shaken up as he did that night.
Moreover, Bindon has never revealed exactly what was said to him during that car drive. He certainly wasn't beaten up, but something put the fear of god into the - up until that point - fearless hard man, because he never mentioned Slaggy Maggie ever again.

Furthermore, from that point onwards, Bindons acting career came to a standstill. Coincidence? The Telegraph obviously think so because in an article on Bindon that appeared in the paper on the 1st of August 2005, they appear to insinuate that by keeping his silence he was treated extremely favourably in all of his future court cases. This is what the Telegraph said on the matter:

"***Oddly this may have saved him some serious trouble later on in life. He mysteriously escaped jail on numerous occasions, most seriously when he***

found himself on trial for the murder of another villain [John Darke] ***in the improbably named Ranelagh Yacht Club. The actor Bob Hoskins, a personal friend, is credited with saving him from a life sentence by making the jury laugh, but Bindon was sure that the palace was behind it".***

After being found not guilty of Darkes murder, Bindon, who had also received life threatening knife wounds in the fight, became a virtual recluse. He later died of AIDS in 1993.

And what of Slaggy Maggie's offspring? Are they as warped as her sisters children? Course they are. Well at least her son David, Viscount Linley is. I didn't bother checking out his sister Sarah Armstrong Jones but I do know that their father, Antony Armstrong Jones has another son as a result of an extramarital affair. You really do have to hand it to the Royal family. They are nothing if not consistent.

However, there is much to get through and I don't wish to dwell too much on minor royals such as slagmag's son David, Viscount Linley. However, it is important for you understand that perversion is inherent throughout the entire length and breadth of the inbred British aristocracy as a whole.

For that reason I have reprinted the following extracts from an article written in 2007 by the royal researcher Jim Hutchinson in connection to Dirty Dave:

"***David Linley has been named as the royal 'puffta' involved in a 'sex and drugs' blackmail case [...] The member of the British royal family in an alleged blackmail plot has finally been outed.***

The Queen's nephew and so-called "Viscount" David Linley is the son of the late Princess Margaret. He cannot be identified in the British (Palace

controlled) media, but has now been named on Australian and US television.

Linley is "married" with two children, and poses as a "furniture designer". Property developer Ian Strachan, 30, and Sean McGuigan, 40, appeared at a London magistrates' court on September 13 each charged with one count of blackmail. They were remanded in custody until December 20. The two men allegedly demanded £50,000, in return for returning tapes of Linley in a sex act with a palace flunky (i.e. a young Paul Burrell).

The Sunday Times were the first to report the alleged homosexual act. In telephone calls to Linley's office in August, the alleged blackmailers also claimed to have proof that Linley supplied a servant with cocaine.

They claimed to have video footage of the servant snorting the drug.[...] According to The Sunday Times, it is the first published blackmail case involving a British royal in more than a century. In 1891, the future King Edward 7th paid off society prostitutes in return for pornographic letters he had sent them. The future King George 4th likewise used his Civil List to silence society prostitutes. The Duke of Wellington was made of sterner stuff. He famously told the girls to "publish and be damned".

Still not convinced that the Royal Family have their perverted antics hushed up by means of bribery, blackmail & intimidation? Try this for size then!

Lord Robert Boothby was thought of by post WW2 Britain as being a ray of sunshine amongst the otherwise 'stuffed shirts' who made up the Conservative party. Born into the aristocracy, Boothby could apparently do no wrong in the nations eye's and had even been tipped to become a future Prime Minister. Course, as you are hopefully beginning to recognise by now, our elite are corrupt to the core and Boothby was no exception.

The following extract is taken from Wikipedia:

Boothby had a colourful, if reasonably discreet, private life, mainly because the press refused to print what they knew of him, or were prevented from doing so. Woodrow Wyatt – whose reliability has been questioned – claimed after the death of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother that she had confided to him in a 1991 interview that "The press knew all about it", referring to Boothby's affairs, and that she described him as "a bounder but not a cad".

He was married twice: in 1935 to Diana Cavendish (marriage dissolved in 1937) and in 1967 to Wanda Sanna, a Sardinian woman, 33 years his junior. The writer and broadcaster Sir Ludovic Kennedy has asserted that Boothby fathered at least three children by the wives of other men (two by one woman, one by another)."

From 1930 he had a long affair with Dorothy Macmillan, wife of the Conservative politician Harold Macmillan (who would serve as prime minister from 1957 until 1963). He was rumoured to be father of the youngest Macmillan daughter, Sarah, though Harold Macmillan's most recent biographer D. R. Thorpe discounts Boothby's paternity. This connection to Macmillan, via his wife, has been seen as one of the reasons why the police didn't investigate the death of Edward Cavendish, 10th Duke of Devonshire, who died in the presence of suspected serial killer Dr John Bodkin Adams.

The duke was Lady Dorothy's brother, and it is thought the police were wary of drawing press attention to her while she was being unfaithful".

It is therefore quite obvious that Boothby's popularity with the public was based solely on him presenting himself as someone he certainly wasn't and

only getting away with it because of the press blackout imposed by fear... Exactly the same way the Royal family get away with it.

The Dapper Robert Boothby with Winston Churchill

The Conservative party were happy to go along with this charade of Lord Bob's since they were all doing the same anyway and getting away with it thanks to the spineless press. However, they lacked Boothby's charm.

Nevertheless, Boothby's halo slipped somewhat in 1964 when the Sunday Mirror ran the now famous headline ***'The Peer and the Gangster'***.
The story was that the notorious East End gangster Ronnie Kray was having an affair with Boothby. So serious were the implications of this affair that Harold Wilson, the Labour Prime minister at the time ordered his 'Mr Fixit' Arnold Goodman to represent Tory MP Boothby in his libel case against the Sunday Mirror.

The Sunday Mirror wobbled and decided to settle out of court. Boothby received £40,000 (£660000 at today's prices) in compensation from the newspaper and the Editor was sacked. However, history has revealed that the headline was only the very tip of the iceberg and Boothby was up to his neck in the perverted cesspit.

Did he give the money back that he'd received? Don't be silly.
Was the Mirror editor who wanted to print the truth compensated for losing his livelihood? Don't be silly.

John Simpkin http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/ had this to say on the matter:

"It is a myth that is often repeated, that in a modern democratic society with a free press it is impossible to keep a political conspiracy secret"...

... "In 1963 Michael Thornton, a journalist working for the Sunday Express, (Remember Michael Thornton, the journalist who interviewed Edward about the Queer Mother? - Spivey] ***heard rumours that Lord Boothby, a former member of the Conservative government, was having a homosexual relationship with Ronnie Kray, the leader of one of the most notorious criminal gangs in London. Thornton became friendly with Boothby and even attended the sex parties organized by Kray. He discovered that Boothby was introducing Kray to upper-class homosexuals whereas Kray was providing Boothby with working-class rent boys.***

Amazingly, Boothby was also having an affair with Dorothy Macmillan, wife of his fellow Conservative politician and Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. He was also rumoured to be having an affair with the Queen Mother (This is getting too easy – Spivey)***, who described him as "a bounder but not a cad"***.

On one occasion, Kray used a gun on Thornton in an attempt to have sex with him. Thornton decided that it was now time to write-up the article on the Kray-Boothby relationship. However, the editor of the Sunday Express, a Tory newspaper, refused to publish the story as he thought it would bring

down the Conservative government that was still reeling from the Profumo scandal. (More on the Profumo scandal later - Spivey).

Someone, probably Thornton, leaked the story to the Labour supporting Daily Mirror. This included a photograph showing Lord Boothby, Ronnie Kray and Leslie Holt, a rent boy with a criminal record, who had been sleeping with both men. Despite having the necessary evidence, the newspaper editor published the story without naming either Boothby or Kray. Instead, they were described as the "Lord" and the "Crime Boss". The story also revealed that the two men were being investigated by Scotland Yard as a result of their "illegal relationship" that dated back to the early 1960s.

A German magazine did publish the names of the two men but this was not reported in the UK press.
It later emerged that the reason that the men were not named in the Daily Mirror, was the owner, Cecil King refused permission for the editor to do this .
[In 1968 King became involved with Peter Wright of MI5 in a plot to bring down the government of Harold Wilson and replace it with a coalition led by Lord Mountbatten – Spivey]

It was argued that the Labour MP, Tom Driberg, was also involved with Ronnie Kray and had also attended these sex parties. To show that Harold Wilson, the leader of the Labour Party, was also committed to keeping this story out of the press, he suggested that his legal advisor, Lord Goodman*, should represent Boothby…

Pausing for a break here to talk a little more about Goodman.

Goodman, according to Lord Portman stole funds of over £10 Million over a 30 year period from various institutions. We now know that he was definitely corrupt since he successfully defended Boothby at the request of the PM

Harold Wilson (Thus making Wilson equally if not more Corrupt). Goodman was also a ‘Fellow of the Eugenics Society’.

He therefore was anything but a Good Man. Prince Phillip and his idiot son, Prince Dobby are both known to be keen Eugenicists. Eugenicists want to decrease the World’s population by at least two thirds of its present 7 billion population (that means 2 out of every 3 of us has to die) They intend to achieve this by:

- Increasing Cancer cases (Statistic: in 1900 AD,the cases of cancer were 1 person in 100. In 2012 AD, the cancer rate is 1 in 2.5). This is achieved by means of Chemicals in GM foods, Spraying chemicals from planes (Chemtrails) and through Fluoride in the water supply.
- War & Famine (Mass Genocide) and deliberately created viruses (Spanish flu, Bird Flu etc).
- Reduced fertility (In the same way that Cancer is now being caused).

... Boothby now wrote a letter to The Times and argued that the Daily Mirror had been referring to him and that he intended to sue this newspaper for libel. He claimed that he had only met Kray three times. However, this had been public events in 1964 (there were published photographs of these meetings and so they could not be denied). When the case came to court, the Daily Mirror decided not to reveal the compromising photograph. Unwilling to defend their story, Lord Boothby was awarded £40,000 and the editor of the newspaper was sacked. This resulted in other newspapers not touching the story. Scotland Yard was also ordered to drop their investigation into Boothby and Ronnie Kray.

In 1965 the brothers were arrested and charged with running a protection racket. Lord Boothby raised the case in the House of Lords and called for them to be released on bail. This is completely unconstitutional and he was shouted down in the chamber. Later it was revealed that Kray had compromising photographs of Boothby and he was therefore blackmailed into raising the case in the House of Lords.

Ronnie Kray shot and killed George Cornell in the Blind Beggar in Whitechapel on 9th March 1966. The following year, his twin-brother, Reggie Kray, killed Jack McVitie. Scotland Yard was now forced to take action and arrest the two brothers for the murders of Cornell and McVitie.

The Kray brothers were both sentenced to life imprisonment, with a non-parole period of 30 years for the murders of Cornell and McVitie, the longest sentences ever passed at the Central Criminal Court for murder. Their brother Charlie was jailed for 10 years for his part in the murders.

John Pearson, a freelance journalist, had been working on the case for several years. After their conviction, Ronnie Kray arranged for his mother to pass over documents and photographs showing that Boothby had been having a corrupt relationship with the Krays since the early 1960s. In other words, evidence that supported the story that appeared in the Daily Mirror in 1964.

Pearson finished the book on the case and arranged for it to be serialized in the Sunday Observer newspaper. However, the publisher refused to publish the final manuscript and the newspaper cancelled its contract to publish a series of articles by Pearson. Every other publisher and newspaper refused to publish this story... Pearson recently used the Freedom of Information Act to gain access to the Scotland Yard report on the Boothby and Kray relationship.

The report revealed that several prominent figures were involved in the cover-up. However, the passage naming these men has been blacked out on the advice of the Attorney General. The reason given is that some of these men are still alive.

The bottom line is that Kray was providing Boothby with underage boys to have sex with. He was also taking Boothby to perverted paedophile sex parties. In the following extract, John Pearson, the Kray's Biographer gives us a little insight as to what Boothby got up to at these 'parties':

"As well as boys there were East End orgies and sex shows involving criminals. One account described Boothby lying under a glass-topped table while boys were made to defecate above him. Another described him sitting naked in a room with a number of criminals and boys around him, and "love beads" protruding from his anus".

With all that in mind, consider this; The Kray Twins were both very much alive when all this information was revealed. Reggie Kray, has always and repeatedly insisted that his and Ronnie's prison sentences were **"political**". He was also fond of saying that **"We** [Himself & Ronnie] **know all the secrets, but we will never tell"**, in relation to the 'Establishment'.

Now bearing in mind that the Twins courted publicity whenever possible, always for gain and for many different purposes, does it not strike you then as extremely strange that they never blabbed. Does it not make sense that just like John Bindon, the twins were left in no doubt whatsoever as to what the consequences of spilling the beans would be"?

Returning now to the depraved paedophile Boothby. There is actually something else him and the Royals have in common. That is Boothby's friendship with Adolf Hitler. The following is a direct quote from Boothby's 1978 autobiography, *Recollections of a rebel*:

"I received a telephone call from my friend 'Putzi' Hanfstaengi, who was at that time Hitler's personal private secretary and court jester. He told me that the Führer had been reading my speeches with interest, and would like

to see me at his headquarters in the Esplanade Hotel.

It is true that when I walked across the long room to a corner in which he was sitting writing, in a brown shirt with a swastika on his arm, he waited without looking up until I had reached his side, then sprang to his feet, lifted his right arm, and shouted 'Hitler!'; and that I responded by clicking my heels together, raising my right arm, and shouting back: 'Boothby!' [...] That night I thought long and earnestly about the interview. I came to the conclusion that his plans were far more advanced than I had thought. He did not then wish to attack Britain and the British Empire, or even France. What he was determined to do was to bring the whole of central and Eastern Europe under German control; and for this purpose Austria, and above all Czechoslovakia, were the key points.

I think that just about every interview I have ever heard boothby give, he has trotted out the old "*heil Boothby*" anecdote but as far as I can gather, the old queer was very much like his glass topped coffee table, i.e full of shit. However he was correct in saying that "***What he*** [Hitler] ***was determined to do was to bring the whole of central and Eastern Europe under German control",*** since the European Union was actually the brainchild of the Nazis although for appearance sake the honour is given to Jean Monnet.

Throughout the 1920's and 30's plans and ideas were bandied about for a joint European partnership. However it wasn't until 1942 that the German Geopolitical Centre was set up by Nazi war criminal Joachim Von Ribbentrop. Later that year Ribbentrop headed the first meeting of the EEC, although for obvious reasons Britain declined to attend.

In 1943 when it became obvious that Germany would lose the war, a conference attended by the likes of IG Farben was arranged and it was here that plans for the EU were set into motion. In 1946 the EU plans were transferred from the Nazis to the Communists. The rest as they say 'is

history'.

As a footnote to this overwhelming evidence indicating that Scandals are relatively easy to bury, whether it be via Parliament, Press gagging, bribery, intimidation or a combination of all four, the inference on a remark made by the Queen to Diana's butler, Paul Burrell - a closet queen - cannot be understated. This is what she said: ***"There are dark forces at work in this country about which we know little"...***

Indeed there are and indeed we don't, Ma'am. Having said that, I strongly suspect that Bizzy Lizzy was actually referring to the royal 'We'.

The Royal family were also extremely lucky not to have been caught up in the 1963 Profumo affair. At the time, Prince Phillip was a very good friend of Stephen Ward who was deeply embroiled in the scandal.
Ward, an artist, Osteopath, society pimp and master of the occult was the man responsible for introducing prostitute Christine Keeler to John Profumo (And probably Prince Phillip too), who in 1963 was Britain's War Minister.

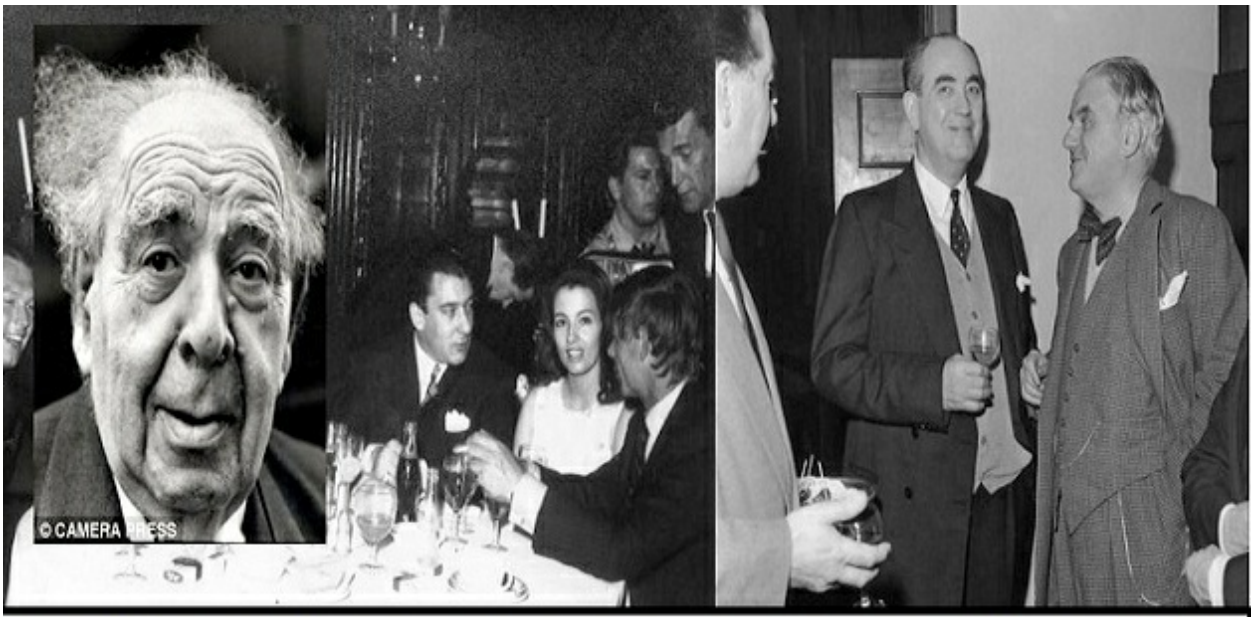

MONSTERS INC: Mr 'Fixit' AKA Arnold Goodman Ronnie Kray with Prostitute Christine Keeler & Cat Burgler Leslie Holt (Later murdered by a Harley St Doctor) - Tom Drieberg & Lord Boothby, both Homosexual Paedophiles, Perverted, Depraved & Corrupt.

As well as pimping for Christine Keeler, Ward was also doing the same for Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be hanged in England. The following is an extract from Ward's page on Wikipedia:

His first private patient was Averell Harriman, after taking a call at the clinic that asked for the best 'Osteopath in London': Ward replied without hesitation, "that would be Stephen Ward". It was not long before other famous people such as Winston Churchill, Duncan Sandys, Feliks Topolski, Ava Gardner, Mary Martin and Mel Ferrer became his patients. This enabled him to set up his own clinic in Cavendish Square, on the fringe of Harley Street.

Over the next few years he gained several other important patients. This included Lord Astor, who allowed him the use of a cottage on his Cliveden Estate. Other friends included Daily Telegraph editor Colin Coote, MI5 head Roger Hollis, Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures Anthony Blunt, Conservative MP Geoffrey Nicholson, infamous slumlord Peter Rachman, and the actor Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
On 27 July 1949, Ward married Patricia Mary Baines, a fashion model, at Marylebone Register Office. The relationship was not a success and after six weeks she moved out of Ward's flat at Cavendish Square. Ward used his social skills and his job as an osteopath to meet a number of rich and powerful members of society. He said. "I know a lot of very important people and am often received in some of the most famous homes in the country. Sir Winston Churchill and many leading politicians have been among my patients".

As a portrait artist, he had members of the Royal Family and politicians sit for him, including The Duke of Edinburgh, The Duke and Duchess of Kent and the Earl of Snowdon.

During the late 1940s Ward frequented the notorious Thursday Club, with a group of hard-drinking friends from top London society, including Prince Philip, the Marquess of Milford Haven and photographers Antony Beauchamp and Baron Nahum.

When the Profumo scandal broke, the Windsor's quickly dispatched Anthony Blunt, a cousin of the Queen Mother to an Art gallery exhibition in order to buy up sketches of Prince Phillip and other family members that Ward had drawn on one of his frequent visits to Buckingham Palace. It has since come to light that not only was Blunt a notorious gay paedophile and Satanist; he was also a KGB Spy.

Stephen Ward meanwhile, rather conveniently 'committed suicide'. At least that was the findings of the Coroner at the time. However, while It is true that he took an overdose on the eve of his final day in court where he had been charged with living off immoral earnings - *a direct result of the Profumo 'affair'* - he had been expected to live. Three days after the trial ended, Ward died in hospital.

Strangely enough, not long after Wards death a pornographer named Freddie Reid held an exhibition of Ward's pictures. Amongst this collection were compromising pictures of well-known individuals. However, before the exhibition was opened, Reid had held a private viewing and sold many of the pictures before they were made public.

In her 2001 autobiography, Christine Keeler claimed, that the MI5 chief Roger Hollis was a Soviet spy and that Ward ran a spy ring which included Hollis and Sir Anthony Blunt.
Ward had lived in a cottage in the grounds of the Aristocratic Astor family's Estate. Such was the extent of Wards involvement in the occult and devil worship that after his death, the Astor's deemed it necessary to have a Catholic Priest perform an Exorcism on the cottage... Or so they say.

Interestingly enough, according to the website **United Nations on film**, the above saga was by no means the first time that the Royal family had sent Anthony Blunt on a mission. The following is their account of his task:

"Prince Philip kept up very serious connections with Edward [Windsor] ***even after his abdication in 1936. Another of Edward's supporters, and mentor to Prince Philip, was the known paedophile and Satanist Lord Louis Mountbatten (Battenberg).***

Mountbatten was Philip's route into the House of Windsor. Mountbatten was the grandson of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert and was born at Windsor Castle in 1900.

While Mountbatten was supposedly fighting on the British side during the war, he maintained serious communications with the Windsor's German Clan via his sister Louise, the Crown Princess of Sweden and wife of King Gustav. Louise was Prince Philip's aunt.

At the end of the war, in June 1945, the British King, George VI, the father of Queen Elizabeth and puppet of the Queen Mother, sent the former MI5 officer, Anthony Blunt, to the Kronborg Castle of Prince Philip's sister Sophie, and her Nazi husband Prince Christoph of Hesse, to recover correspondence between the British Royal Family and their Nazi relatives, for propaganda aimed at convincing the aristocrats of Britain they had not been in contact all along.

Blunt was the 'surveyor of the Queens Pictures' and a world expert in the paintings of Poussin, the initiate who painted pictures called 'The Shepherds of Arcadia' which related to the Rennes-le-Château mysteries. Blunt was named as a member of a KGB unit inside British Intelligence along with Burgess, MacLean, and Philby, the fifth man was never named, but was in fact, Lord Victor Rothschild.

Another important secret society within the Crown Temple is the Knights Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, sounds pretty strange until you understand its symbolism. Both George Bush snr. and Ronald Reagan were given this title. The resurrection bath of alchemy symbolises rebirth and purification or absolution. Baths are given to Masonic Knights of the Bath before they perform horrendous deeds, hence the term 'Blood Baths'". http://unitednationsoffilm.com/?p=2432

MONSTERS INC - Edward VII 'relaxing with Louie Mounthatten and The Queen with Anthony Blunt

Returning now to what Boothby said in his book about Hitler not wanting to attack Britain also warrants closer scrutiny since the Royal family were obviously a lot closer to old Adolf than they should have been. But do the ties go deeper than friendship?

Now before I expand on that, it is important to understand why the Royal family insist on breeding within their own bloodline and only stray out of it when genetic 'problems' begin to appear.

The reason is that the so called '*Blue bloods*' had convinced themselves centuries upon centuries ago that they have a divine right to rule and they still retain that ideology today - 'Tradition' in other words.
However, that tradition doesn't just pertain to Britain. It goes much deeper than that. The descendents of just one bloodline have held positions of royal, aristocratic, financial, political, military, and media power in the world for literally thousands of years.

This has left us with 13 families all stemming from the same bloodline ruling the World and that is done by keeping it in the family, so to speak. In order to maintain this world dominance, future Prime Ministers, Presidents, and people in other powerful positions are all directly blood related to these 13 families and selected & groomed for power years before they get there.

These 13 families are:

- Bruce
- Cavendish (Kennedy)
- De Medici
- Hanover
- Hapsburg
- Krupp
- Plantagenet
- Rockefeller
- Romanov
- Rothschild (Bauer or Bower)
- Sinclair (St. Clair)
- Warburg (del Banco)
- Windsor (Saxe-Coburg-Gotha)

These families make up a group which is known as the Illuminati. The following diagram is their family tree:

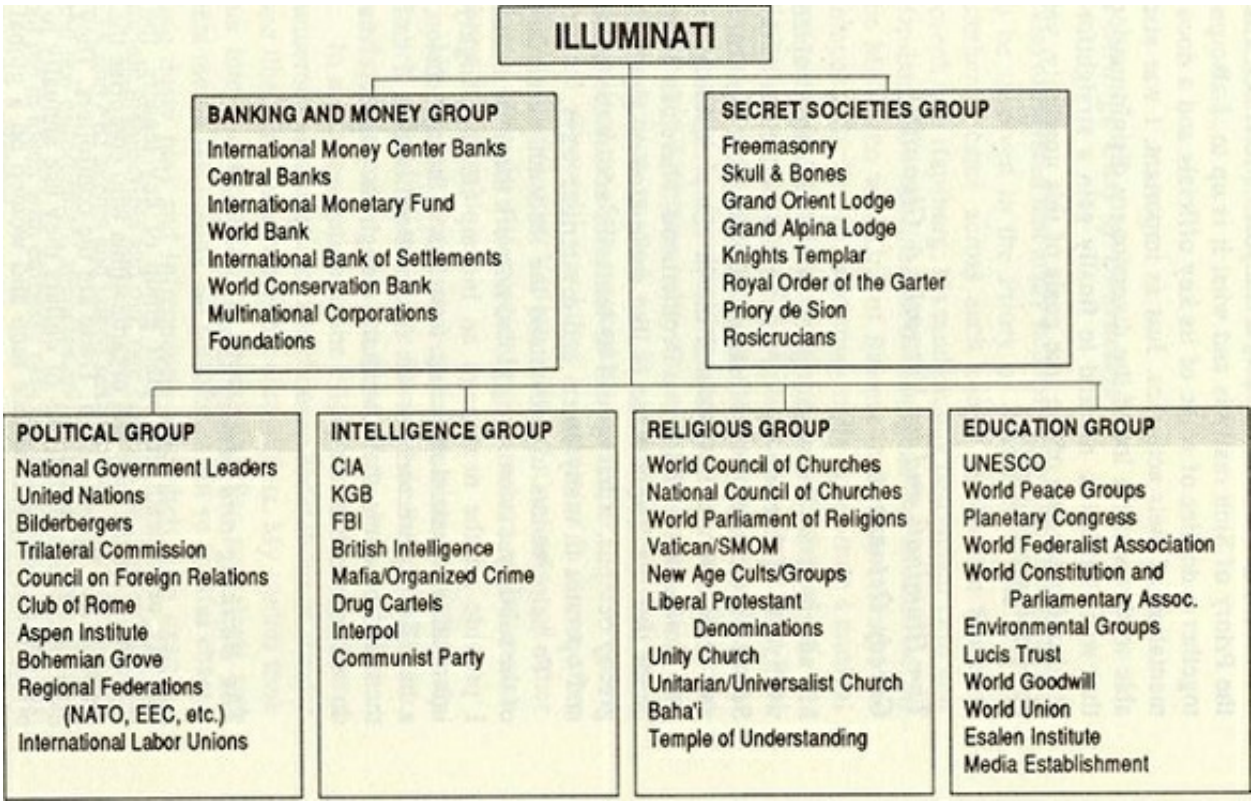

You might also be amazed to learn that 42 out of the 43 American Presidents (*People believe there have been 44 Presidents but President Grover Cleveland served 2 terms in Office as the 22nd and the 24th*) are all direct descendents of this same bloodline and as such, all related to the Queen.

Strangely enough, the exception is Barack Obama but no one can actually say with any degree of certainty where he hails from. Hmmm.
This bloodline linking to all presidents certainly makes sense being as there is compelling evidence that most, if not all were, shall we say, perverse, sexual predators.

Amongst the list of those repeatedly branded in public, on TV and/or in print as being paedophiles, rapists and serial adulterers are John Kennedy, Glen Ford, Bill Clinton and George Herbert Bush.
You therefore have to question, particularly in regards to George bush senior why they didn't take steps to silence these accusations. After all, they were

all billionaires and could afford to employ the top legal minds in the world. But they didn't, don't and won't. Why not?

The answer to that is in doing so; they would have left themselves open to the truth being revealed. Think about it. If you were a multi billionaire, in the public gaze, being openly accused of raping children would you just lie down and do nothing about it, if it wasn't true? I certainly wouldn't.

However, I once again digress so swiftly moving on; the allied World War 2 leaders, Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, were all descended from that same bloodline and manipulated into office. That being the case isn't it strange that Hitler wasn't also a 'family' member. After all, Germany and the Allies (England, The USA, Etc) war fundings both came from the same family, namely the Rothschild's.

There are actually 2 very credible theories to suggest that Hitler was either a Rothschild or an illegitimate grandchild of Queen Victoria. The former is the more plausible. One thing is certain and that is that Hitler wasn't who the history books would have you believe he was.

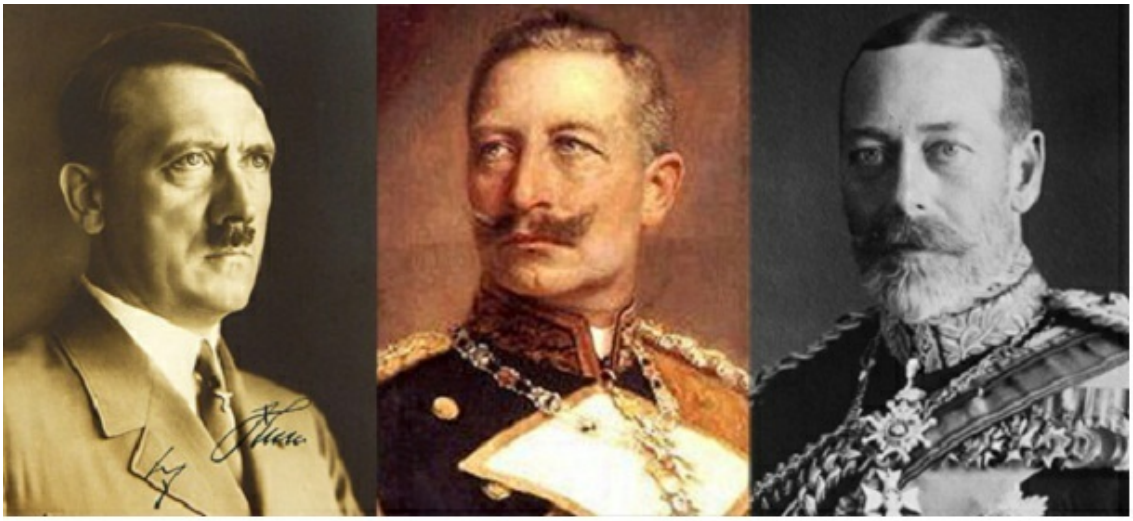

Hitler, Kaiser Wilhelm & George V - They all look alike. Coincidence?

Former

British Prime Minister’s; David Cameron and Tony Blair were both cousins of the Queen. Gordon Brown is also more than likely to be too, but at this stage I can't be bothered to check. I mean, there is hardly any need. He is certainly linked to a huge Scottish Paedophile ring - and that's as good an indication as any that he is a relative.

So, do you see that this pattern of Perverse Paedophilia, Illegitimate children, Bisexual Bed hopping and corruption are repeated time and time again through all the many tentacles of the same bloodline? It does so because to these elites, that’s what they are brought up to perceive as normal. These people, who truly believe we are here to be subservient to them, are abominations, Filth and scum. Yet people bow down to these monsters. What that says about the morality of at least 1 in 2 of us frightens me to say the least.

The other thing these creatures have in common with each other is Occultism. Forget Bizzy Lizzy being the head of the Church of England. That title is only there to fool the masses (no pun intended). the Bible is by and large a work of Fiction (At least the new testament is, the Old testament is something entirely different and more sinister but you will have to research that for yourselves).

Therefore. let’s be very clear on this. Religion, be it Protestant, Catholic, Muslim, Judaism or Hindu etc, etc, are all control systems. They all tell the same story albeit with different names and slightly different plots, but all the same characters are there.
Moreover, the Protestant Church and the serial child abusing Catholic Church are very much in league together. Once again, the excellent website United Nations on Film proved an invaluable source of information:

Photo caption: Queen: "I do hope you like my gift of this blonde boy, we know you like that sort of thing". Pope: "When I have finished with him, you can sacrifice him to Lucifer; I also know what you like too".

"22 December 2010 – Papal visit: Pope Benedict and HM The Queen meet at the Palace of Holyroodhouse in Edinburgh at the beginning of the four-day visit to the United Kingdom. They say a picture says a thousand words; this one has been studied by many and offers many clues as to the true nature of the Papal visit.

The hand of the Pope is over the hand of the Queen, signifying dominance; he holds her hand by the knuckles which is a freemasons secret handshake with the Rule of Canon Law hand over the glove to seal the deal. There is a reason for the Queen addressing the United Nations and then meeting with the Pope soon after. Let us explain.

The Pope is at the epicentre of the largest Paedophile ring in the history of the Universe. A ring that connects all the Knights of Malta, secret orders and global secret societies, bloodlines and incriminates millions of Satan Worshippers around the globe. The Queen has been caught red handed in blood sacrifices at least twice a year at Balmoral Castle and connected directly to ordering the death of Princess Diana.

HRH by birth is related to Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany who was the blood uncle of Adolf Hitler, who incidentally was a Knight of Malta along with Mussolini, Stalin, Bill Clinton, Tony Blair, George Bush Senior and more. This ring is almost complete, but there is only one small thing. Hundreds of thousands of victims now old enough to have no fear in coming forward are speaking out, including this writer, yet the Vatican are running around denying everything, money laundering, committing genocide and it's all business as usual.

Berlusconi (Ex Italian Prime Minister – Spivey) ***who openly states he "talks to God through the Pope", loves under age whores and money laundering, he's fallen into abyss of his sickness, Sarkosy*** (Ex French President- Spivey) ***is knee deep in Fraud*, Obama and Cameron are in over their heads in illegal wars, fraud and drug trafficking.***

It all comes down to one thing, Roman Canon Law, ancient documents these people did not sign with ownership of land rights and corporate power at stake. These people have no divine power, they are an illusionary order of treasonous criminal families who have stolen everything from the people and have a grand plan to kill billions of the world's population.

*The above states quite clearly that it was published 22/12/10. How fitting then that while writing this article I found an article published by Press TV today 4/7/12 relating to former French President Sarkozy's home being raided by the Police. The article can be found at this link:

http://www.presstv.ir/detail/2012/07/04/249249/police-search-sarkozys-home/

And since adding that link, an update has appeared in the papers. You see, it seems Sarkozy has now done a runner from the Police.

Is it any wonder that the Elite's laugh at our gullibility? Quite frankly, in my opinion they have a right to because people believe whatever the Elite's say, and do whatever they tell them to do without question. I have in fact seen many interviews with psychiatric doctors who all say the same thing on the subject of why people refuse to believe that their government or royal family are capable of atrocities and abominations, even when all the evidence points to those atrocities and abominations being true.

Apparently this is because the human mind has an inbuilt coping mechanism which is activated when something so terrible has taken place, i.e. The US Government's involvement in 9/11, that to face the truth would go against all that they have come to perceive as 'reality' and as such, no amount of evidence will convince them of the real truth.

Personally, I can't relate to such a coping mechanism but I suppose it must be true because if you believe in the old claptrap about God in heaven delivering us from evil blah, blah, blah, just because the establishment, run by the elites tells you that it's true, then I'm afraid you will never see the light, be it divine or not.

However, On the other hand, the heavenly Weirdy beardy man's arch nemesis is a different matter altogether as far as the Elite's are concerned... Ok I admit that last sentence was a bit tongue in cheek because the Devil in question is not the one in the bible. The following passages will give you a better understanding of the Devil that the elite pay homage too and will also

back up some of the things that I have already mentioned:

"My use of the term Satanism has nothing to do with the Christian version of Satan. I use it only to describe a system of ritual sacrifice and torture which, staggering as it may seem to most people, is commonplace all over the world today. Satanism is just another name for the worship of a highly destructive, negative force which has been given endless names over the centuries: Nimrod, Baal, Moloch or Molech, Set, the Devil, Lucifer, there is no end to them.

Satanism perverts everything positive in the same way that the Nazis took a positive symbol, the swastika, and turned it around to symbolize the negative. This is why the Satanists invert the pentagram and why they use black to symbolize the darkness, hence their Black Mass. But they also reverse the symbolism of white and that is a powerfully negative colour to them. The Satanic networks, under the names of their various deities, were created by the Babylonian Brotherhood to serve their needs. We have seen that the accounts of the Watchers and their offspring, the Nefilim, include references to their blood drinking activities".
http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/biggestsecret/biggestsecretbook/biggestsec
Devil worship and the black occult are paramount to the Elites. Now I can appreciate that a lot of people, given mind to their... Errr, what do they call it now? Oh yeah, their 'inbuilt coping mechanism', will find that fact hard to accept.

Nevertheless, I'm afraid that doesn't make it any the less true. To be honest when you think about it logically it makes perfect sense. Anyone who knows anything about Nazi Germany and The Third Reich knows that Hitler and his Nazi Cronies were heavily involved in the Black Arts.
Moreover, The British Monarchy has been documented as being heavily embroiled in the occult right back to medieval times and beyond.

It is in fact true to say that while innocent country people were being persecuted and falsely accused of devil worship and witchcraft, our beloved royalty was in turn playing host to Alchemists and magicians such as Francis Bacon and John Dee. And interestingly enough, John Dee, a magician and spy for Elizabeth the 1st signed his name as 007.

Now, do you really believe that one day the royals just turned round and said "*Sod this Black magic lark, let's worship God instead*"?
No, of course they didn't. Remember that all important word Tradition; **a belief, principle or way of acting which people in a particular society or group have continued to follow for a long time, or all of these beliefs, etc. in a particular society or group.**

So, make no mistake about this; our present monarch is just as evil and corrupt as all those who sat on the throne before her.
A direct descendant of the Black Nobility, our Queen is also the grand patroness of freemasonry. Prince Phillip is also a Master Mason and has been since 1952.
Course, most people perceive Masons as being middle aged, upper middle class businessmen who stand on one leg while given each other funny handshakes but nothing could be further from the truth.

You see, the Freemasonry secret society is a global cult that requires its members to swear an oath of allegiance to the Masonic god Jahbuhlun, AKA Baal, AKA the Devil.

There are in fact well over 600,000 freemasons in Britain today all supposedly loyal to the Queen. Moreover, the British Government, Police Force, Judiciary, Secret Services and the Armed Forces are dominated by freemasons at the highest level.

Indeed, one of the most powerful factions of freemasonry is '**The Knights of Malta**' who wear the Maltese cross around their necks, just like the one

Prince Charles wore around his neck when he married the teenage Lady Diana Spencer. The Maltese cross can also be found on the British Coronation Crown... And on the uniform of the Nazi's.

Furthermore, a symbol on Prince Charles' Coat of Arms is that of The Order of the Garter. The Order of the Garter is the parent organization over Freemasonry worldwide. When a man becomes a 33rd Degree Mason, he swears allegiance to that organization and thereby to Prince Charles.

According to *"The 'Morals and Dogma' of the Ancient and Accepted Rite of Freemasonry*" written by Albert Pike (Grand Commander, Sovereign Pontiff of Universal Freemasonry, July 14, 1889) **Lucifer** is the GOD of Freemasonry (see page 321 of the 1942 edition). On page 819 you will find just one example of why there are so many people in Freemasonry who believe that it is natural to be a Christian and a Mason.

"*Masonry intentionally misleads the low degree initiates and hides the truth that the god of Freemasonry is Lucifer, except to those in the 30th and higher degrees. "The Blue Degrees are but the outer court or portico of the Temple. Part of the symbols are on display there to the Initiate, but he is intentionally misled by false interpretations. It is not intended that he shall understand them; but it is intended that he shall imagine he understands them".*

Further proof of Lucifer worshipping amongst Freemason can be seen in how they measure the year. For instance the year 1998 (up until September) is according to freemasonry the year 5997 AL (that is 5997 anno Lucifer). http://reptoids.50megs.com/catalog.html

However, it is actually the Duke of Kent who is the Royal Family's most senior mason. The Duke of Kent also just so happened to live under the same roof as Princess Diana in Kensington Palace and her murder had all the

hallmarks of a Masonic ritual sacrifice.

The fact that the car crash happened in the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris was no coincidence. Neither was it a coincidence that the car collided with the 13th pillar inside the tunnel. The tunnel and concrete pillar were specifically chosen and earmarked for the ideal place to sacrifice the Princess of Wales.

I will however explain how it was possible to ensure that her chauffeur driven Mercedes careered into the 13th pillar in an article that I intend to write on Diana's murder/sacrifice in the near future. Alternatively, you can research the subject yourself. A good place to start is with the SAS technique 'the Boston brake manoeuvre'.

To fully understand why the Pont de l'Alma tunnel was the ideal place for her death you need to understand the mindset of the social elite and the importance that tradition, ritual, symbolism and numerology play in their lives.
http://www.theforbiddenknowledge.com/hardtruth/13_33_freemason_sig.htm
The illuminati bloodline (The 13 families, the Windsors, The Rockefellers, The Rothschilds, etc) stems from a race known as the Merovingians who worshipped and still worship the goddess Semiramis, who was the wife of Nimrod and Queen of Babylon. Some Merovingian Kings were members of the Knights Templar (Freemasons) and practiced Kabbalistic ritual.

The higher initiates of Freemasonry are heavily into reverse symbolism, or put another way; taking something good and re-presenting it so as ordinary people associate it with something evil and vice-versa. Two good examples are the Swastika and the Statue of Liberty. The Swastika is a peace symbol but it is associated with Hitler & the Third Reich thus it is viewed as being a sign of evil.

Likewise, but in reverse, most people believe that the Statue of Liberty in New York is a symbol of liberty and freedom. This simply isn't true. The Statue of Liberty is in fact a depiction of the Goddess Semiramis who is also known as The Goddess Diana.

There is a mirror image of the Statue of Liberty on an island, in the river Seine in Paris that runs alongside the dual carriageway that leads into the Pont de l'Alma tunnel where Princess Diana was murdered. In her hand the statue holds the 'eternal flame' which is a classic symbol of the Babylonian Brotherhood (the illuminati).

The Eternal flame is also held in the hand of the statue of Prometheus outside of the Rockefeller Centre in New York and is used by the Brotherhood as a signature of their assassinations. For instance, a flame was placed on President John Kennedy's grave at Arlington cemetery and the Freemasons erected an obelisk and flame in Dealey Place, close to the spot where he was murdered.

So is it a coincidence then, that there is a replica of the Statue of Liberty flame placed on a black pentagram situated above the Pont de L'Alma tunnel in Paris where Diana died, as well as there being an urn and flame placed on the island where she is 'buried'?

After Semiramis, AKA the Goddess Diana died, the Merovingians dug underground chambers just outside of Paris where they conducted their rituals/sacrifices to her. As Paris expanded with time these underground temples were incorporated into the city and many still survive today.

The Pont de l'Alma tunnel was built on the site of one of these underground temples. The Goddess Diana was a Moon Goddess and Pont de l'Alma translates as 'passage or bridge of the moon goddess'.

Furthermore, amongst the many myths that surround the Goddess Diana you find a recurring theme of Lakes, Islands and Tree-Groves as place of

worship. This is why an ultra exclusive, ultra secretive, glorified scout camp for former US Presidents and powerful businessmen known as Bohemian Grove is held in a tree grove.

Here, members dress up in hooded cloaks and make mock human sacrifice to a 40ft high Owl statue situated on an Island in the middle of a lake.

This 40 ft high statue of an Owl that ex US Presidents such as Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, Bill Clinton and George Bush make mock sacrifice to, is a representation of Moloch, the God of child sacrifice (*Surely your beginning to catch on by now?*). Like some other gods and demons found in the Bible, Moloch appears, as a Prince of Hell.

Bohemian Grove: Two future US Presidents, Richard Nixon & Ronald Regan sat round the table in the camps 'Owl's Nest '(circa 1967) & worshipping The Owl Statue 'Moloch'

Princess Diana had made it clear that when she died, she wished to be interned in the same small church as her Father, situated a short distance from Althorp - the Spencer Estate in Northamptonshire.

However, Diana's, brother who had refused to let her live in a cottage on the

Althorp Estate when she was alive went against her wishes and had her buried on the Estate, on a tree grove island, on a lake. Coincidence?

Well if it was, it was nowhere near the coincidence that was to follow. You see, following Diana's burial, in a tree grove, on an island, on a lake, her brother, Earl Spencer claims to have had a dream in which he was told to put 4 Black Swans on the lake.

When he mentioned this dream to his head groundsman the next day, the grounds man turned around and told Earl Spencer that they had, that very day been given as a gift, 4 Black Swans. Now, if you believe Earl Spencer's account, then you really are away with the fairies.
However, what Earl Spencer did neglect to mention is that Black Swans are one of the most powerful symbols of the Black Occult.

Nevertheless, freemasons at grass roots level often do a lot of good work for charity, but when you get to the higher levels, the society takes on a malevolent quality of which the vast majority of those on a lower level know nothing about.
One researcher into Freemasonry, The Reverend John Lawrence wrote a book entitled *Freemasonry: Is it a religion*. His findings concluded that freemasonry is indeed a cult that worships a God which certainly isn't the God of the Holy Bible.

It is also safe to say that all of the 'Elites', without exception belong to a secret organisation such as the Freemasons, Skull and Bones, Ordo Templis Orientis, Rosicrucians and so on, and so on. All of these Secret Societies indulge in Devil worship and child sacrifice.

A recent BBC TV program carried out an in depth investigation into Child trafficking for human sacrifice in which the Metropolitan police admitted that

children being smuggled into the country for the purposes of child sacrifice is on the rise. They couldn't however put a figure on the numbers. Uganda is particularly dangerous where a child can be bought for sacrifice for as little as £195.

The BBC spoke to one such Ugandan trafficker who freely admitted that children were sent over to the UK for sacrificial purposes, stressing that getting the children into the UK was no problem.
One Estimate puts the yearly number of Children who go missing worldwide at over 10 Million. In the USA alone, 700,000 children go missing every year never to be seen again. A Government report had this to say on Ugandan Child Trafficking:

Children in the country have been abducted and trafficked for ritual practices and sacrificed for quick wealth, building construction and other material gains.
There are also reports that some children's organs are removed for sale for medical experiments. Newspaper reports have indicated a proportionate rise in the number of children being abducted and sacrificed for ritual practices, especially in central Uganda, but reporting on this is sporadic and only after major incidents has occurred.

Children are either kidnapped or parents are told to surrender their children promising them better life. The Sun Newspaper in Uganda reported that reports on child abduction and trafficking are no unique to Uganda
Preliminary findings by police on child sacrifice in Uganda, local authorities and British investigators indicate that the so-called miracle babies are abducted from poor families and sold to rich but infertile couples. Others are sacrificed in ritual in the quest of wealth.

However, If further proof were needed of the Elite's involvement in Devil worship you need look no further than the many Photographs capturing them making the sign of the Devil.

The following picture and accompanying text are both taken from the "Satanic Bible":

Horned Hand or The Mano Cornuto: This gesture is the Satanic salute, a sign of recognition between and allegiance of members of Satanism or other unholy groups.

Now look at the following photos.

The Queens cousins, the Bush family show who they pledge their allegiance to.

Mother Bush likes to get in on the act - Is she the daughter of Aleister Crowley?

The Obama's do it

Dick Cheney, Bill Clinton, Maria Shriver (Kennedy) & Sarah Palin Do it.

Sarkozy, Burlesconi, Puutin's 'friends' and Arafat do it

Prince William does it - Does his Nan - Yeah course she does.

Conclusion

All of the information that I have given you in this article is but a tiny fraction of what our Royal family & Power Elite's get up too. I accept that many of you reading this will just as quickly dismiss it as being nonsense. I can only put that down to your minds inbuilt defence mechanism coming into play.
However, much of the evidence I have presented is now a matter of public record.

- **Fact: The Royal Family are at best, Nazi Sympathisers. That is a gross insult to all of our War dead.**

- Fact: The Royal Family are at best serial adulterers. That makes a mockery of the sanctity of marriage. The sanctity of marriage refers to the fact that marriage is a bond first put forth in the bible. It is a bond between a man and a woman. Protecting the sanctity of marriage is to keep it as God made it in the Bible. Obviously the vows our Royal family made before God mean nothing... As the head of the church they are at best a bunch of hypocrites.

- **Fact: A Royal family should be beyond reproach. They should lead by example and have high moral standards. In short, they should be a shining example not only to our Nation but the world as a whole. We should be proud of our heritage. Instead, they socialise with Paedophiles, crooks and sex offenders. At best they are a source of shame and a National disgrace.**

I think I have given you enough food for thought now but I cant sign off without leaving you with one more question; What has the Queen done to benefit us in her 60 years on the throne?
This family is an abomination to our morals and to society as a whole. Think about that the next time you wave your little plastic Union Jack at her.

Chapter 2
PRINCE PHILIP: THE SICKEST MAN IN THE UK?

Look at the photograph below. It was taken on Remembrance Day a few year ago.

Unbelievable as it may seem, that picture will fill Millions of Brits with pride, nostalgia and patriotism. Women, old and young will inevitably coo. Men, no doubt with a look of steely determination on their faces will give a quick nod at the photo and say to themselves; "*Yes mate, you know*". But I look at it and want to wring the hypocrites scrawny neck. Indeed the mere sight of him makes me want to puke.

You see you will not spot a single tear in this abomination's eye. And for the Daily Mail newspaper and no doubt the vast majority of others to even suggest it, is tantamount to fraud. Worse still, it officially costs the taxpayer nearly half a million pound a year to view propaganda like this. Unofficially, the true cost is in the millions.

Mind you, you have no idea how hard I find it to write about The Duck of Edinburgh and his family of parasitic in-breeds without descending into a torrent of foul mouthed abuse.
Strange, that I cannot recall the old fart, pictured in that photo all dressed up in his sailor suit so as to con the gullible nation into thinking that he is some kind of battle hardened war hero, doing the same last year. Well certainly not with the same amount of press exposure as we see in the Daily Mail today. I may be wrong of course, but I doubt it.

In truth this is nothing more than a fake photo opportunity, staged by a nervous Royal family, who are acutely aware that if they are not very careful their house of cards could quickly come tumbling down right about now. In fact, there is as much sincerity on show as there are tears in the perverted old git's eyes.
Cry for our heroic war dead? Don't make me laugh. The old pervert is doing nothing more than trying to get the nation on side before the truth comes out about him and his odious family.

After all, why on Earth would the Lizard looking old bastard cry for our war dead? If he was going to cry for any war dead, it would be those who spoke German, not English. Not that he would cry for them either. You see, the Duck of Edinburgh along with the other Royal Monsters despise us.

They despise all commoners, whatever their nationality, however they die. We are nothing more than an irritation to be endured while they fleece us for all they can get. Why would the man - and I use the term very loosely - shed a tear when the people he is pretending to respect are exactly how he wants them and the rest of us, i.e. Dead.

So let me tell you about this racist old pervert. Phil the Greek as he is commonly known, should in fact be called Phil the Nazi. He has no affinity with the British people what so ever, let alone our war dead. However, to understand why we need to go back as far as Queen Victoria, whom some refer to as the last English queen... Even though she was half German.

Victoria, according to historians was hated by her countryman, some even

say she was spat upon... And I can't imagine that amused her much. Nevertheless, Queen Vicky, as she wasn't known, married the German, Prince Albert:

Albert was born on August 26, 1819 in Rosenau, Germany. He was the second son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and was greatly influenced by his uncle Leopold, who became the king of Belgium in 1831. As a teenager Albert travelled to Britain and met the Princess Victoria, who was his COUSIN and nearly the same age as Albert. (Source- About.com)

Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was our Royal family's name then, until Sticky Vicky's grandson, King George V, who was married to the German Queen Mary changed it to Windsor in 1917. However, that was only because there was a good deal of anti German sentiment in Britain before the First World War which became almost hysterical after 1916. Back then, there were in fact anti German riots with shops owned by people with German names or German sounding names being smashed up. This also happened in other parts of the Empire such as Johannesburg in South Africa.

So there you have another case of this closely interbred, dysfunctional family pulling out all the stops to save their own necks... But I digress.
Now, as well as the name changing King George V being the grandson of Sticky Vicky, so was our German opponent in the first world war, Kaiser Wilhelm II... Getting the picture yet? No? Fair enough, then I will continue.

Our present Queen, Bizzy Lizzy and her husband Phil the Sauerkraut are both the great, great grandchildren of Queen Sticky Vicky. Or put another way, Liz & Phil are 2nd cousins, once removed... By then it was surprising that the in-breeds didn't all resemble the cast of '*the Hills have eyes*'. However, they did, and still do behave like them.

Furthermore, madness and genetic problems are common place within the Royal family, thanks entirely to their in-breeding. Everyone knows about King George the III. He was mad as a hatter. Sticky Vicky herself was a Haemophiliac, which resulted in the death of her son Prince Leopold at the age of 30. The Duck's own mother - Slack Alice - was mad as a hatter and

had to be sectioned, which might explain a lot.

However, the more modern day Royal family tend to do what all Monsters do with their mad relations, namely lock them away and pretend that they don't exist. And that is exactly what happened with the Queen's first cousins, Nerissa and Katherine, who were both nieces of the Queer Mother:

The Queen's cousin Nerissa was 22 and the Queen's look-alike cousin Katherine was 15 when they were sent to the grim Royal Earlswood Mental Hospital. Both were severely handicapped and virtually unable to speak. They were said to have a mental age of six.

Cousin Nerissa is now deceased but cousin Katherine, aged 86, is still alive as of 2012, although severely mentally retarded. She is neglected and never visited.
Burke's Peerage which records the "who's who" lineage of the British aristocracy, recorded false information that the first cousins of Queen Elizabeth II died in 1940 and 1961.

Despite the Queen's fabulous wealth, she spent not one penny on cousin Nerissa's burial. Nerissa was buried like a pauper in an unceremonious grave marked by a 6-inch-high plastic tag bearing a serial number and the name ''Bowes-Lyon".
Cousin Katherine who spent decades in the Royal Earlswood Asylum, was moved to Ketwin House for the mentally disabled. Following allegations that male staff members were washing female patients, Ketwin House was forced to shut down. Witnesses found bruises on Katherine's hand and hip.

Despite the Queen's fabulous wealth, she spent not one penny to keep her cousin Katherine at Ketwin House. The cost ? About 770 pounds per patient per year. According to a former staff member, Katherine is alert, understands what she's being told and communicates by pointing and smiling. Not one member of the Royal family has visited her in 60 years.

It turns out that the Queen's mother also had cousins who were locked away in the same mental institution on the same day in 1941 as Nerissa and

Katherine.
An 'out of sight, out of mind' approach to family members with "embarrassing" problems like mental illness and epilepsy is nothing new in the royal household.

In 1905, George V *(Of name change fame)* ***and Queen Mary had a son, Prince John. Until the age of four, Prince John was just as much in the spotlight then as Prince William was in 1986 at the age of four.***
When Prince John suffered his first epileptic fit, his royal parents excluded him from official family photographs. He wasn't even allowed to attend his own father's coronation as King of England in 1911. In 1917, the King hid his epileptic son by sending him to die in an isolated farmhouse. John never saw his parents again. He died two years later - reportedly in his sleep.

Another propaganda Oscar winner, The King's Speech, focused on the Queen's father and his speech impediment. There was no mention in the movie that the cause may have been from generations of royal inbreeding. Monarchy blockbusters are designed to sell the image of the filthy rich royals as sensitive, caring, human and deserving of adoration and taxpayer support. No one would dare make a Hollywood movie about the King's nazi brother, Edward VIII who abdicated.

Alice Battenberg was the mother of the Queen's husband - Prince Philip. Alice was near deaf and a religious zealot. As the years went by, she began to have visions that she was Christ's bride. She was declared a paranoid schizophrenic and committed to an asylum by force in 1930. Alice is Prince William's great grandmother.
(Source T. Stokes)

The Queen's first cousin
Katherine Bowes-Lyon

The Queen with her mother
Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon

Now, moving on, Queen Bizzy Lizzy's uncle, Eddie the Duke of Windsor, the one who married the American slut, Wallis Simpson (*I believe that Homer was her nephew, but I may be wrong*), was great friends with Adolf Hitler.

And the fact that Eddie did marry Wallis was much to the annoyance of Bizzy Lizzy's alcoholic, paedophile mother (*at least she was according to various Sources such as Bill Maloney*), who also wanted him. Nevertheless, in the end the Queer Mother was forced to settle for the younger brother who was affectionately referred to as '*the backward one'*.

In fact, according to files released in 2003, high ranking Nazi officials

considered Rock Steady Eddie to be *"no enemy to Germany"*. They also considered him to be the *"logical director of England's destiny after the war"*. Eddie, who was also a paedophile and part time bum bandit, gave up the million-pound-hat to marry the much passed around slapper Simpson. I cannot imagine why, unless it was the fact that she would indulge Ed the Ball in his passion for being pushed around in a pram while dressed only in a nappy... I kid you not.

So, is it just a coincidence then that Prince William and Kate got married on the 29th of April 2011, sixty six years to the day that Hitler married Eva Braun? Remember, dates and numbers are extremely important to these freaks. Willie was in fact induced so as his birthday fell on the Summer Solstice, although the official line is that he was induced so as not to interfere with his father, Prince Big ears' Polo Tournament.

Course, according to the Help Free the Earth website, the Royal family didn't just offer moral support to those who were killing the British soldiers that Philip is pictured shedding Crocodile tears over. That moral support also stretched to financial:

The British monarchy, and the City of London's leading Crown bankers, enthusiastically backed Hitler and the Nazis, bankrolled the Fuhrer's election, and did everything possible to build the Nazi war machine, for Britain's planned geopolitical war between Germany and Russia. Support for Nazi-style genocide has always been at the heart of the House of Windsor policy. Long after the abdication of King Edward VIII, the Windsors maintained their direct Nazi links.

Meanwhile, Phil the Duck was sent to a German boarding school that specialised in bringing up mini Adolfs. In fact, as Phil put it himself, there was much heel clicking and Heil Hitlering. At the same time, his four sisters all married members of the Nazi Party.
His sister Sophie in fact, went on to marry Prince Christoph of Hesse, a colonel in the SS on Himmler's personal staff and head of the Forschungsamt, an elite intelligence operation controlled by Hermann Goering.

Christoph, as coincidence would have it was also the great grandson of Queen Victoria and a paedophile... I'm lying. It wasn't really a coincidence, but the other two facts are true. The 30 year old Christoph had become engaged to Prince Philip's sister, Sophie when she had only just turned 15 – Hmmm.
Mind you, Filthy Phil began dating the queen when she was only 13 years old. Then again, the Royals like to keep everything within the family. But I digress.

Now, as I have just said, what eventually happens when families are continually polluting their own gene pool is madness begins to occur and that is what happened to Phil's mum, Slack Alice. So when she was carted off to the mad house and his father fucked off with some old sort, Phillip, much to his delight, was left in the care of his uncle Lord Louis Mountbatten. The Mountbatten's were also German's who changed their name from Battenberg... As in the Marzipan cake that people pretend to like, but don't really... Much in keeping with the way people feel about the Royals in general really.

Now pay attention here. Lord Louis the Cake was also the Great Grandson of Sticky Fuckin' Vicky and 2nd cousin of the name changing King George V. Louis was also a predatory paedophile.
The Authors of the controversial book **'The War of the Windsor's'** which was serialised in the Daily Mail state:

"***Lord Louis Mountbatten had the nickname "Dickie" …and for good reason. Philip's uncle Dickie was the last viceroy in India where he was a known paedophile who sexually exploited young working class Indian peasant boys".***

Mountbatten is also linked to the paedophile ring who abused boys living at the Kincora Care Home in Belfast Northern Ireland. An excellent website, dedicated to exposing the Royal Family http://www.helpfreetheearth.com/index.html, have this to say about a book written on that paedophile ring entitled 'The Kincora Scandal':

"The Kincora Scandal connects Lord Dickie Mountbatten to a child prostitution vice ring in Belfast, Ireland. Authorities failed to intervene at the Kincora care home for boys until 1981, despite reports over the years of child sexual abuse".
The operators of the Kincora child prostitution ring were eventually convicted in 1981 of the RITUAL sexual abuse of defenceless young boys who were sold like prostitutes. No charges were ever brought against the VIP customers made up of Royals, Politicians, lawyers, and Judges. However, Belfast citizens finally had reason to celebrate when Prince Philip's paedophile uncle was killed by an IRA bomb planted in his boat".

Furthermore, it is alleged by many that Louis the Cake had at least two boys on that boat, possibly three, when they were all blown to kingdom come. It is further alleged by many, that Phil got his first taste of Cock, courtesy of Uncle Louis, who was almost certainly also shagging Bizzy Lizzy's Uncle, Ed the Baby.

Other members of the ohhh sooo British Royal family, but who are in reality closet Nazi's include; Marie Christine Reibnitz, AKA Princess Michael of Kent. Then there is the brother of Princess Alice, a great-aunt to the Queen, who was a Nazi and said that Hitler had done a *"wonderful job*".
Princess Michael of Kent's (*Sounds like a tranny doesn't she*) father, was Baron Gunther von Reibnitz, who just so happened to be a member of the Nazi Party and an honorary member of the SS.

Now, slightly diverting away from the main topic but relevant nonetheless, Princess Michael, who is married to the Queen's Cousin Prince Michael of Kent was caught out shagging a toy-boy in 2006. As it happens, Prince Michael also looks extremely like my friend Terry from Cyprus. But I'm fairly sure that is just a coincidence.

Nevertheless, having his wife publicly identified as shagging about obviously pissed Prince Mick off. Now everyone knows, cept my good self of course, that you shouldn't upset a Freemason. Especially not the highest wanking Freemason in the country, which is apparently who Prince Micky Boy is. He

is also the Grandson of the name changing, half German King George V and the full German Queen Mary, don't cha know.

Having said that, any inference you draw from the following is strictly down to your own overactive imaginations. You see, this toy-boy Mikhail Kravchenko, who shared a four day break in a Venice hotel with Mick's slapper wife Princess Michael, met a very sticky end when he was machine gunned to death while sat in his Mercedes. Not that he was the only one whom the Royal family had the hump with to die in a Mercedes.

Anyway, an actress called Marina Golub who was a close friend of Mikhail Kravchenko started asking questions about his death and after getting too near to the truth, she was apparently warned off. Whether or not she took any notice of the warnings is unknown, but she did claim to have uncovered startling new details about the murder. However, before she could reveal what she knew she was killed in a 'car crash'... Just sayin’.

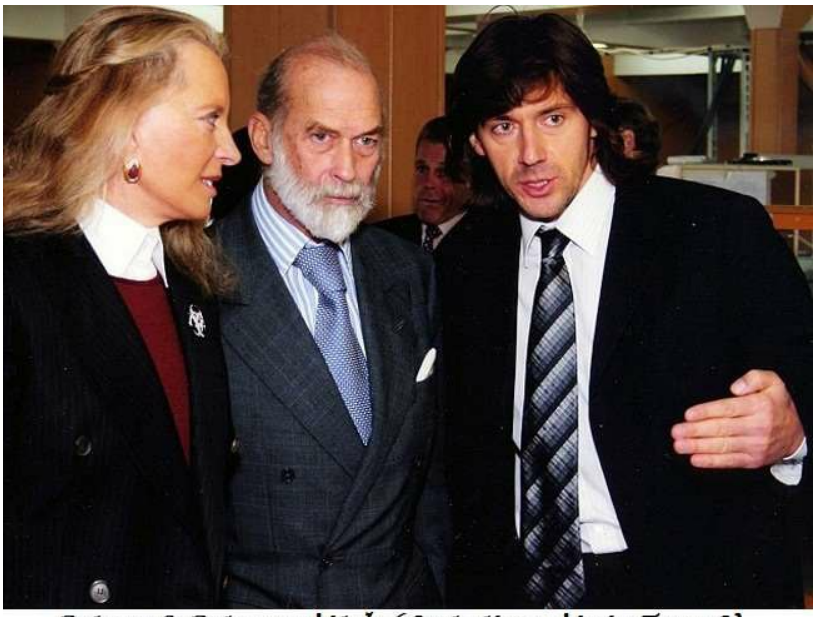

Prince & Princess Mick (Or is it my Mate Terry?) with the man Princess Mick had an affair with.

Prince Mick & her toy-boy holding hands... Good job they wasn't when he did his impression of Sonny Corleone's death scene from the film 'The Godfather'.

Right, getting back onto the main thread. All these people, who were and are

supposedly part of the English Royal family, were in reality aligned with the German War Machine. As an example of just how deep that involvement was, consider the following also taken from the Help Free The Earth website:

Prince Philip's uncle and sponsor, Lord Louis Mountbatten (originally, Battenberg of the House of Hesse) was a central figure in the 1930s Nazi-British channel. Until he was forced to abdicate, King Edward VIII enjoyed the full backing of Dickie Mountbatten. Through much of World War II, secret channels of communication were maintained between the British royal family and their pro-Hitler cousins in Germany, by Lord Mountbatten, through his sister Louise, who was crown princess of pro-Nazi Sweden. Louise was Prince Philip's aunt.

The spin doctors at Buckingham Palace have tried to depict the wartime collaboration of the British royal family with the Nazi enemy as just family correspondence but the messages from Prince Philip's secret ally, the Duke of Windsor (former King Edward VIII) are impossible to cover up. On Nov. 20, 1995, the Washington Times reported that the Duke of Windsor had been in close collaboration with the Nazis in Spain and Portugal to foment a revolution in wartime Britain, that would topple the Churchill government, depose his brother King George VI, and allow him to regain the throne.

Starting with an exchange between King George VI and President Eisenhower, the House of Windsor has been desperate to keep incriminating documents collected from Kronberg Castle classified. The incriminating documents fell into American Army hands.

With that in mind, now take a look at the photo below.

Phillip at his Sisters funeral - Note the Nazi salutes

This is Phil the Duck in his Nazi Sister Cecile's funeral cortège. In the row behind and slightly to the left is Louis The Cake, wearing an old style sailor hat. This was taken a couple of years before the War. Jews were already being persecuted and slaughtered. Philip admitted himself that his family had a problem with Jews. That leaves me to wonder how he feels about his grand-daughter in law Kate, who is Jewish.

Another senior Royal who was apparently racist was Bizzy Lizzy's sister, Princess Margaret . I deal with Slaggy Maggie in detail in my article **Monsters Inc**, but here is what is said about her on the **Scandalous Woman** website:

Princess Margaret was a spoiled, vain, racist, promiscuous waster who never worked a day in her life, called the Irish people "Pigs, all pigs", was an adulteress, who also, most insidiously, sponged tens of MILLIONS from the people of Great Britain through the civil list at a time when most British "subjects" were near starving due to rationing.
Her Uncle was an unrepentant Nazi sympathizer and friend of Oswald mosley who would have (if given the chance) allowed the perpetrators of

the holocaust a foothold in Britain.

Course, as I have already said, Phil the Nazi is well known for being racist. According to the book ***The Duke of Hazard: The Wit & Wisdom of Prince Philip,*** famous gaffes include:

• During a state visit to China in 1986, the duke told a group of British students: "If you stay here much longer, you'll all be slitty-eyed."
• Another jab to the Chinese came at a World Wildlife Fund dinner: "If it swims and it's not a submarine, the Chinese will eat it."
• To an Australian Aborigine he met in 2002, Philip asked: "Still throwing spears?"
• When a Kenyan woman gave Philip a gift, he was perplexed at her appearance. "You're a woman, aren't you?" he asked.
• When he met Lord Taylor of Warwick, who is black and comes from Birmingham, "And what exotic part of the world do you come from?"
• When he saw an old-fashioned fuse box in a factory near Edinburgh, the duke said: "It looks as if it was put in by an Indian."
• When he met a group of deaf people in Cardiff in 1999, Philip referred to the school's steel band: "Deaf? If you are near there, no wonder you are deaf."
• "Aren't most of you descended from pirates?" Philip asked someone from the Cayman Islands in 1994.
• When he met the president of Nigeria, who was dressed in a traditional robe, Philip said: "You look like you're ready for bed!"

So don't even try to tell me that the Nazi bastard shed any tears over our war dead. The very fact that the MSM take his photograph anywhere near a tribute to those who died in the war is a gross insult to their memory. Worse still, when you know that he is only doing it in order to gain support for his yokel family in case the nation find out that these piss takers, who do not give a fuck for anyone but themselves are up to their perverted necks in the Jimmy Savile cesspit, your blood begins to boil.

Not convinced? No? Then I will carry on.

That the Duck of Edinburgh didn't know about Louis the letch's preference for boys is inconceivable. As I said, the chances are Louis was abusing Philip anyway. Nevertheless, that didn't stop him leaving his eldest son, Prince Big Ears in his care:

"***Mountbatten was a strong influence in the upbringing of his grand-nephew, Prince Charles, Prince of Wales, and later as a mentor —"Honorary Grandfather" and "Honorary Grandson", they fondly called each other according to the Jonathan Dimbleby biography of the Prince".***

Now you tell me what kind of sick fuck leaves their child in the capable hands of a predatory Paedophile? The answer can only be someone who views paedophilia as being normal. Just look at their history. It is littered with child molesters. Child Molesting is not the same as being Gay. A person has no choice as to whether they are gay or not. A child molester on the other hand does have a choice.

However, as we have already seen. Many of the Royals do seem to be gay. That said, I do not believe that to be true. I do however believe that many of them take part in same sex, sex. Princess Diana, for instance hinted that her ex husband used to have a merry old time forcibly sodomising his male staff.

And talking of Paedophiles and the Prince of Wales, I feel that I must mention another Royal paedophile, Prince Albert Victor, who was also known as Prince Eddy. You can tell how in-bred these monsters are. They all have the same fucking name, don't cha know. Anyway Prince Eddy was the eldest son of Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales. Here's what the author **John Hamer** wrote about him**:**

Prince Albert Victor, ***the Duke of Clarence otherwise known by his colloquial name of 'Prince Eddy was the eldest son of Albert Edward the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) and Princess Alexandra (later Queen Alexandra), the grandson of the reigning monarch, Queen Victoria and older brother of the future king of England, King George V and as such would have been first in line to the throne.***

Unfortunately, due to centuries of Royal inbreeding, Eddy was partially deaf and of well below average intelligence and was thus shunned by the majority of his cold-hearted family.
Queen Victoria, the reigning monarch at the time was a great supporter and patron of Freemasonry as were all the Royal males of the age (and as they still are today). Indeed it was the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha family (the current British royals) who had sponsored the rise of Adam Weishaupt, the founder of the Illuminati, originally a Freemasonry offshoot, in Bavaria in the 18th century. Weishaupt was indeed born and raised in the Bavarian town of Gotha.

There are several Masonic lodges in the Royal palaces of Britain, the most significant one perhaps being the Royal Alpha Lodge in Kensington Palace (where Prince and Princess Mick live. I'm getting good at this history lark - Spivey)**.** ***In 1885 Prince Eddy was initiated into the Royal Alpha Lodge at the behest of his father.***
As well as his membership of the lodge, Eddy was also a regular 'customer' at a homosexual-paedophile brothel in Cleveland Street, London and indiscreetly instigated a series of explicit love-letters with a young boy employed at these most vile of premises.

In the meantime, Prince Eddy, his mental health by now completely shattered, was given into the care of the Earl of Strathmore who owned Glamis Castle in Scotland. The royal family then blatantly lied to the world and announced that Eddy had sadly passed away at the age of only 28, on the 14th January 1892 due to influenza, but of course Eddy was still alive and being held in Balmoral Castle having not yet made the final move to Glamis.

Balmoral is approximately 1000 feet (300 metres) above sea-level and as such is partly surrounded by steep cliffs. This was the intended site for the planned murder of Eddy to be undertaken by Randolph Churchill (Winston's old man - Spivey) ***and John Netley the coachman. The prince was pushed from the cliff-top but somehow managed to survive his fall and after the passage of two days had endeavoured to crawl all the way back to Balmoral where he was found at the door by his disbelieving hosts.***

It was decided after this that the best option would be to just incarcerate him at Glamis for the rest of his life and the Earl of Strathmore agreed to undertake this task on behalf of the royals in return for one simple favour. The favour he stipulated was that one of his daughters be allowed to marry a future king of England.

Poor Eddy died in 1933, forty one years after his 'official' death date and during this time, his mother visited him only once, but took a photograph of him which she apparently sent to her cousin. This photograph is still in existence and shows a much older Eddy thoughtfully painting a picture which would sadly never be seen by anyone outside the walls of Glamis Castle.

The pact between Strathmore and the royal family was eventually fulfilled in 1923 when Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon (his daughter, b. 1900) married the future King George VI of England after originally being betrothed to his brother, the former King Edward VIII (he of abdication fame) (Told ya she had the hots for him - Spivey)**.**

In 1936 George ascended the throne upon his elder brother's abdication and Elizabeth became his queen consort. Elizabeth of course was more commonly known as the Queen Mother and the mother of the current incumbent of the family firm, Queen Elizabeth the second. She went to her grave in 2002 without ever revealing the secret and thus the world was never aware of this unholy pact.

There you have a perfect example of our Royal family; inherently Mad, Paedophile tendency's, happy to murder their own and extremely conniving... Let's give them a few more millions of pounds. Prince Charles is always lobbying for more anyway. So is Prince Randy Andy. He wants his daughters, one of whom had a tendency to run around her school naked, added to the Civil list... The greedy bastards.

Mind you, what with the likes of Paul Burrell and Paul Kidd working for the perverted family, I don't imagine Prince Charles had to force himself on the

staff too violently.
I have in fact documented the sexual exploits of Paul Burrell, who appointed himself Princess Diana's Rock, in my forthcoming expose of Diana's murder. So you will just have to wait to read them. However, I will say that Burrell swore never to reveal Diana's secrets, but has since made millions writing books about them and by just trading off her name in general.

Paul Kidd on the other hand is a different kettle of fish all together. He was apparently charged at Manchester crown court with sexually abusing a large number of boys over a 30 year period. Manchester also just so happened to be the hangout of Jimmy Savile. The Daily Mail had this to say about Paul Kidd:

A former Buckingham Palace butler has been unmasked as a sexual predator who ran a paedophile ring while serving the Royal Family. Bachelor Paul Kidd, 55, groomed at least one of his teenage victims for sex by taking him for tea with the Queen Mother at Clarence House, it has emerged. To the public, he had been the urbane gent who waited on the Royals for nine years - first the Queen at the Palace and then her mother.

You can take any inference you like from that, but as I said in my article '**Parliamentary Paedophiles**', the MSM like to drop hints. You may also like to Google Bill Maloney and hear what he has to say about the Queer Mother. The nickelinthemachine.com website also says the following about Kidd:

Paul Kidd claimed he walked the same corridors as Sir Anthony Blunt the Rothschild gopher who betrayed Britain to the Soviets in WWII for £20,000.

Now Anthony Blunt was a Russian Spy. He was also a notorious paedophile... Surprised? Nah, of course you're not. He was also definitely related to the Queen in some way or another. Some historians have him down as a cousin, others say he was in fact Bizzy Lizzy's half brother. The MSM laughingly had an article out just the other week that said the Queer Mother had cottoned on to Blunt the .... What rhymes with Blunt? Runt... The Queer Mother had cottoned on to Blunt the Runt a long time before the security

service's did.

Are the MSM for real? It is a very dangerous game they play. They, like myself and many others know the truth yet they print bollocks like that in order to give the Royals an alter ego. Do these journalists not realise that they are just as expendable as the rest of us?
Course the Queer Mother knew about Blunt. You only need read the following, which is taken from the website **United Nations on Film** to realise that:

At the end of the war, in June 1945, the British King, George VI, the father of Queen Elizabeth and puppet of the Queen Mother, sent the former MI5 officer, Anthony Blunt, to the Kronborg Castle of Prince Philip's sister Sophie, and her Nazi husband Prince Christoph of Hesse, to recover correspondence between the British Royal Family and their Nazi relatives, for propaganda aimed at convincing the aristocrats of Britain they had not been in contact all along.

Blunt was the 'surveyor of the Queens Pictures' and a world expert in the paintings of Poussin, the initiate who painted pictures called 'The Shepherds of Arcadia' which related to the Rennes-le-Château mysteries. Blunt was named as a member of a KGB unit inside British Intelligence along with Burgess, MacLean, and Philby, the fifth man was never named, but was in fact, Lord Victor Rothschild.

Course, the Duck of Edinburgh also used Blunts services. It seems that Filthy Phil was caught up in the Profumo Scandal of the early 1960's via his connection with Stephen Ward, the society pimp, Artist and Satanist who was heavily implicated in the Scandal. Ward was good friends with Phil and had been a frequent visitor to the palace where he did some, ahem ahem, 'Drawings' of The Duck and 'other members of the family'.

Ward later died under very mysterious circumstances, while supposedly on trial, but who was in fact in hospital after trying to top himself. Whatever was contained in the drawings of Ward's obviously worried Phil greatly as he sent Blunt to retrieve them at any cost.

Course, by then even Bizzy Lizzy was fed up with her oversexed, deviant of a husband and as such had sworn never to sleep with him again. This claim was repeated in a book written by Nicholas Davies and revealed "*a shocking world of royal adultery, passion and betrayal*".

The book stated – as fact, not surmise – that the Duke of Edinburgh's liaisons with his cousin, Princess Alexandra and the film star Merle Oberon, not to mention his former Daughter in Laws mother, Susan Barrantes (among others!) - as the reason ***"why the Queen banned her husband from her bed".***

More damning still, the Telegraph reported in an article on the 5th of September 2004, about how Philip had sat ***"impassively, incensed but silent"*** when a Journalist from a ***"Sunday broadsheet"*** had suggested to the Duke that he might have a raft of illegitimate children and had enjoyed a homosexual liaison with Valery Giscard d'Estaing, the former President of France.
Do I need to go on? Yes? Okay…

If you want to know who had Diana murdered, the trail would appear to lead firmly to Phil the Sauerkraut's door. Course, for the benefit of the Royal Lawyer's, I should tell you that I base that claim on the omitted evidence from the Paget report and subsequent inquest, Claims by Mohamed Al Fayed and the book by Jon King.

Now, what kind of man deprives his grandchildren of their mother? The answer can only be the same kind of man who grossly insults our war dead by sickeningly pretending to shed a tear while cynically saluting them... God that family nauseate me.

One of my dearest wishes is that he is still alive when his family are finally exposed for the greedy, robbing, murdering, parasitic monsters that they are. Perhaps, before we hang them for mass genocide and countless other crimes against humanity, he along with his equally obnoxious wife - a woman rich enough to end world poverty and still have an un-spendable fortune left - will tell the world what they did with the 10 Canadian orphans they took away

with them, never ever to be seen again.

Course, the 3 children lucky enough not to be chosen as one of the ten would testify that they were made to kiss the queens foot first before her and the Duck fucked off with the 10 unlucky ones. Or at least they would if they too had lived long enough to testify.

To far fetched for you? It would be for me too, if I hadn't spent countless hours researching the nonces and the aforementioned incident wasn't so well documented. Here is just one example of that, which was reproduced on the **Help Free The Earth website:**

Star Eyewitness Dies Suddenly. Written by Rev. Kevin Annett

Monday, 28 February 2011 20:39

William Combes was the sole survivor of a group of three aboriginal boys who claim to have witnessed the abduction of ten children during a royal visit to the Kamloops residential school in mid October, 1964, when both the Queen and Prince Philip were in British Columbia, Canada.

"They took away those ten kids and nobody ever saw them again." - William Combes, Eyewitness.

William Combes, age 59 and in good health, was scheduled to be a primary witness at the opening session of the International Tribunal into Crimes of Church and State (ITCCS) on September 12, 2011 in London, England. Combes, an aboriginal man, claimed to witness the abduction of ten fellow residential school children by the Queen of England and her husband in October, 1964 at the Catholic school in Kamloops, British Columbia. According to his partner Mae, William was in stable health when he was assigned a new doctor at St. Paul's Hospital where he was committed for "tests". His health began to immediately deteriorate. He died suddenly of a still-undisclosed cause.

The Vancouver Coroner's Office refused to comment on William's recent death.

William was the sole survivor of a group of three aboriginal witnesses to the royal abductions. In his public statements made during a Vancouver Co-op radio program and also in the following signed and witnessed declaration made on February 3, 2010 Combes said:
"I am an Interior Salish spirit dancer and am 58 years old. I live in Vancouver, Canada. I am a survivor of the Kamloops and Mission Indian residential schools, both run by the Roman Catholic church. I suffered terrible tortures there especially at the hands of Brother Murphy, who

killed at least two children. I witnessed him throw a child off a three story balcony to her death. He put me on a rack and broke some of my bones, in the Kamloop school basement, after I tried running away. I also saw him and another priest burying a child in the school orchard one night.

In October, 1964 when I was 12 years old, I was an inmate at the Kamloops school and we were visited by the Queen of England and Prince Philip. I remember it was strange because they came by themselves, no big fanfare or nothing. But I recognized them and the school principal told us it was the Queen and we all got given new clothes and good food for the first time in months the day before she arrived.

The day the Queen got to the school, I was part of a group of kids that went on a picnic with her and her husband and some of the priests, down to a meadow near Dead Man's Creek. I remember it was weird because we all had to bend down and kiss her foot, a white laced boot. After a while, I saw the Queen leave the picnic with ten children from the school, and those kids never returned. We never heard anything more about them and never met them again even when we were older. They were all from around there but they all vanished.

The group that disappeared was seven boys and three girls, in age from six to fourteen years old. They were all from the smart group in class. Two of the boys were brothers and they were Metis from Quesnel. Their last name was Arnuse or Arnold. I don't remember the others, just an occasional first name like Cecilia and there was an Edward. What happened was also witnessed by my friend George Adolph, who was 11 years old at the time and a student there too. But he's dead now."

Rev. Kevin Annett believes that William Combes died of foul play and that his murder was arranged to prevent him from his speaking out about the child abductions and other crimes of murder and torture that he witnessed at the Catholic Indian residential schools.

Arnett is writing a soon to be issued eulogy for William Arnold Combes. William's videotaped statements, including his witness report of the 1964

abductions, have been registered in the archives of the ITCCS, and will be made public at the opening session on September 12, 2011.

Five other aboriginal members and activists have also died since December, and a sixth is missing and presumed dead. All were public critics of the Roman Catholic church's killing of residential school children, and had participated in protests against this church and the Anglican Church and the United Church of Canada.

Their names are: Johnny Dawson, died December 8, 2009 after a severe beating by three Vancouver policemen. Mike Wickson, died February, 2010, cause unknown. Elder Phillipa Ryan, died April 26, 2010 from "cancer" in less than a month. Norma Jean Baptiste, died early May, 2010, apparent heart attack. Chief Louis Daniels, died May 16, 2010 in a Winnipeg hospital, cause unknown.

The Squamish nation believes that these activists and eyewitnesses were murdered, now that the Catholic church is facing criminal charges for the Pope's personal complicity in the rape and torture of children. Canada and its churches may be censured and investigated by European politicians and human rights groups.

Now, while that is shocking, it is very much in keeping with the Royal Family's less publicised life. The Duck hates people... Absolutely despises them... The very same people who he and his family leech off. Piss taking bastard. Here is what Alex Jones and Steve Watson had to say about the idiot:

In the foreword to his 1986 book If I Were an Animal, Prince Philip wrote, "In the event that I am reincarnated, I would like to return as a deadly virus, in order to contribute something to solve overpopulation." Borrowing the idea from American scientists who pioneered the field in the 1930's, the Nazis advanced the pseudo-science of eugenics and incorporated it into Adolf Hitler's dream of the Aryan super-race. Bearing in mind Philip's Nazi connections, his views on the subject of overpopulation are unsurprising, but shocking nonetheless.

Just last year he reiterated these views, announcing that there are too many

people in the world, and attacking large families in a television interview, despite the fact that Prince Philip himself has four children and eight grandchildren. (Debatable, especially if you have read Monsters Inc - Spivey).

His son, Charles, the next King of England, has continued such ideology as he tours the world in private jets lecturing about the impact of climate change and how too many people are killing the planet.
Charles, who has inherited the entire Duchy of Cornwall estate, which stretches over 135,000 acres across 23 counties mainly in the south-west of England, is also a "patron" of the genocidal Optimum Population Trust, a notorious UK-based public policy group that campaigns for a gradual decline in the global human population to what it sees as a "sustainable" level.

Charles' fellow patrons at the OPT include Futurist and top Eco-Fascist James Lovelock, who recently called for the ending of freedom in order that an overriding global power made up of "a few people with authority" can oversee the radical stemming of the planet's human population in order to combat climate change.

Charles and the OPT are closely affiliated with The Royal Society, a 350 year old elitist institution granted royal charter status by King Charles II. The Royal Society is also crawling with eugenics enthusiasts and depopulation fanatics.

Prince Philip! Care about the war dead? ... Don't make me laugh. The old bastard wants us all dead.
Before the Duck appeared in yesterday's Daily Mail, acting like he gives a fuck, I had in fact wondered how long it would be before the Palace began to distance themselves from Jimmy So-vile. Apparently, that day was the 1st of November when most of the MSM newspapers carried a story which would have us believe that there was some concerns about So-vile's behaviour when he visited his mate Prince Big Ears at St James' Palace.

Strangely enough however, these concerns were never officially addressed,

which I suppose would be the excuse as to why the Heir to the Throne continued to socialise with the Paedophile. The same fairy tale would also have us believe that So-vile acted as a kind of marriage counsellor for the Prince and Diana... What a load of old bollocks.

Little wonder then, that people are turning to the ‘alternative’ media for information.
Now, the question you have to ask yourself is: Why would a man like The Duck, want to be friends with Jimmy Savile, because they were in fact very good friends. That is till they fell out spectacularly. That further begs the question: Why on earth would Savile and Phil have the need to fall out to the extent that they no longer spoke? For that to happen it must have been one hell of a close friendship.

I am in fact amazed that Savile had the time to be friends with anyone since he seemed to spend all his spare abusing Children... Still, perhaps the Police will ask Phil about it? ... Nahhhh course they won't.

Furthermore, police chiefs have known about So-vile since at least the early 1970’s if not before, so for the parasites to now try and distance themselves from the sicko DJ with the old “we didn't know” routine, just doesn't hold water.

The Duck's eldest son Big Ears on the other hand, managed to remain great friends with Savile right up until his death. Hell, the future King of England even took the time out to go for a meal at Savills poky, out of the way highland cottage. The very same cottage that the Police raided the other week after suspecting Savile of raping some of his young victims there... Two facts that the MSM even linked in a headline... Is there another one of those MSM hints there?

I would imagine that the Christmas card that Big Ears sent the Vile, bleach Blonde Necrophile, which said; *“Jimmy, with affectionate greetings from Charles. Give my love to your ladies in Scotland.”* was a reference to the Scottish Cottage. Then again, for the benefit of the Royal Legal Eagles, that is just my opinion.

Nevertheless, anyone, and I mean anyone, who is in contact with the Royal family is closely vetted. The security services would be woefully failing in their duty if they failed to do so. Predictably, the true cost of protecting the in-breeds is impossible to find out. However, realistic estimates put the yearly bill somewhere between £120 Million - £200 Million. Personally, I strongly suspect the cost as being a lot higher.

Now, if you read the 'Alternative Media' regularly, you will know that So-vile was known to be a supplier of children to the rich and famous. Most notable of those was the paedophile, child killer and Satanist, Edward Heath, the former Prime Minister of England.

It has also be reported in the MSM recently that So-vile was implicated in the Yorkshire Ripper murders. So much so in fact, that the Police even took a mould of his teeth in order to compare them with bite marks found on the murder victims bodies.

Couple that with the other things the Police knew about Savile and you quickly come to the conclusion that there is not a cat in hells chance that the Security Services - *assigned to Royal protection* - had not made the in-breeds aware of So-viles sexual preferences. Yet they still associated with him, as did just about every other high powered Establishment figure over the past 30 or 40 years or so.

Now, why is that? There can only be one reason unless you are one of those who is still living in cloud cuckoo land.
Course,The Monarchy, who have a long tradition of entertaining mass murderers and deviants of all persuasions, recently invited charity worker and convicted sex offender, Harbinder Singh aboard the Royal barge during the Diamond Jubilee pageant. Why?

Big Ears and Paedo Jim were in fact such good mates, that looking at the many, many photos of the pair, I cannot recall Big Ears having any where near the the same level of intimacy as he and So-vile appeared to share... And that includes his wives... Why?

Some Royal watchers have suggested that Diana was murdered because she was going to tell the world about her ex husband and his family's sexual preferences... Note Royal Lawyer's, I'm not one of those.

Nevertheless, Princess Diana did refer to Savile as being her husband's mentor. A mentor, according to the Cambridge online dictionary is: ***A person who gives another person help and advice over a period of time and often also teaches them how to do their job.***

That claim of Diana's takes on an even more sinister twist when you consider who arranged for So-vile to mentor Big Ears:

Prince Philip's uncle Lord Louis Mountbatten 'fixed it' for Savile to mentor Prince Charles and they became lifelong friends. Savile invited the Prince of Wales to his cottage in Glencoe, which he hoped to turn into a home for disabled and disadvantaged children, called Jimmy's Place! Uncle Dickie, with his predilection for 'peasant' boys, was linked to the Kincora Boys Home vice-ring, which allegedly sent Belfast orphans to Birr Castle in the Irish Republic, the home of Lord Snowdon's stepbrother, for ritual abuse at the Hellfire Club. Snowdon was Princess Margaret's ex-husband (You couldn't make this shit up, don't cha know - Spivey).

Conservative Prime Minister Edward Heath, a yachting enthusiast, was also a visitor at Kincora Boys Home and it's claimed that Savile supplied him with victims from Haute de la Garenne in Jersey to misuse aboard his boat. Another of Savile's close friends, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, often played host to him at Chequers and her successors, Major, Blair and Brown were all "fans" deaf to the 'open secret' which everyone knew. Prince Charles and Prince Andrew, friend of the billionaire paedophile Jeffrey Epstein, sent Christmas cards to Savile right up until he died and Charles led the tributes after his death in 2011 saying, how "saddened" he was… the Prince has not issued a statement about his sadness over the allegations...[...]
(Source - infounderground.com)

Now surely Savile wasn't teaching Big Ears how to be king? So what was he teaching him and once again, why were they such close friends. I can't imagine Big Ears getting on down to 'Rock and Roll part 1' by Gary Glitter, can you?

Perhaps the police will ask the future king why he was such good friends with a man who was particularly fond of fucking dead bodies?... Nahhh, they won't ask him will they?

Course, the Duck's 2nd son Andrew, who is in fact more likely to be the son of Randy Lord Porchester also has paedophile tendencies. That is at least according to the excellent website Help Free the Earth:

Andrew, who is 4th in line to the British throne, has been exposed in the news as a paedophile. His buddy, Jeffrey Epstein, is a convicted paedophile who served up underage girls to Prince Andrew like lollipops.

Photos published in the British media show Andrew strolling in a park with Epstein — the New York billionaire jailed for soliciting child prostitutes in Florida. A photograph has also emerged showing Andrew with his arm around the waist of the child prostitute who is at the centre of that case. It has emerged that Andrew allegedly enjoyed massages at the Florida

mansion where the Epstein child sexual abuse went on.

Epstein also gave Andrew $30,000 to help pay off his ex-wife Fergie's massive debts that she was blackmailing him for. Andrew was finally forced to step down as Britain's trade ambassador because of #1 - his criminal behaviour with underage girls. Two - a six million dollar tax evasion charge. Three - conflicts of interest from friendships with a convicted paedophile and with Libyan leader Gaddafi's son whose country was being bombed by the British military.

Do I need to carry on? No... I didn't think so. But believe me I could... In fact I could go on and on and on. But all the other information I have will keep... For now.

Chapter 3
COUNT DRACULA AND HIS DESCENDENT COUNT BACKWARDS

The Daily Mail ran an article the other week that began with the line *'Dracula was on to something'*.
And, once having read the title of that article - *The vampire treatment that 'rejuvenates' ageing hearts* – the inference should be obvious to all.

The actual article itself, is about how Scientists have used a dose of young blood to rejuvenate ageing hearts... Not that this is a new discovery, albeit the Daily Mail would have you believe it is.

And, that aside, I would imagine that the Daily Mail intend - in all probability – the reference to Dracula to be nothing more than a light hearted way to start the article.
However, as soon as I read that first line, I immediately made a connection with a darker side to it.
You see, Dracula was actually based on the very real Vlad III, Prince of Wallachia, AKA Vlad the Impaler, who was a member of the House of Drăculești, who are a branch of the House of Basarab, also known by the his patronymic name: Dracula.
This is reading a bit like a fucking history lesson this, isn't it?
It does get better though, trust me... Least I think it fucking does.

Now, as you may or may not know, Vlad the Impaler came from Romania - whose 'cut throat' gypsies, are set to invade our Green and pleasant land.
At least, they are according to the MSM - who are purposely winding up the

natives in accordance with the governments ‘divide and conquer’ rhetoric... But that isn’t really relevant to the subject of this article so worry about having your throat slit when and if they actually get here.

So, to get back on track, Vlad the Impaler, AKA Dracula – an evil bastard who drunk his victim’s blood - came from a place in Romania called Transylvania. Which just so happens to be a favourite haunt of our very own, unlovable parasite, Prince Dobby Big Ears.

In fact, Dobby Big Ears loves the fucking place so much that he even opened a guest house there. The following is taken from the Telegraph newspaper:

The place in question is the village of Zalanpatak, deep in the heart of Transylvania, the land of mystique and legend and a frisson of danger otherwise known as “Dracula Country. Prince Charles owns a guesthouse here.”

Course, that is hardly surprising since the same Telegraph article tells us that

Big Ears is a descendent of Dracula**:**

Prince Charles, who claims distant kinship with Vlad "The Impaler" Tepes, the 15th-century Wallachian ruler on whom the Irish novelist Bram Stoker based his Dracula, first came to Transylvania in 1998. In his own words, he was "totally overwhelmed by its unique beauty and its extraordinarily rich heritage".

And, then there is the following from another Telegraph article, which is printed in its entirety further on in this article:

But Transylvania should also be known as the ancestral home of the Prince of Wales, defender of faiths, with a love of gardening and classical architecture, according to the Romanian National Tourist Office.

However, if you know anything about Romania, you'll also know that the country's beauty and heritage were probably not the only things that the sexual deviant Dobby Big Ears was overwhelmed by.
In fact, it wouldn't surprise me if Dobby were issuing a veiled reference to his more sordid pursuits when he quipped; "Transylvania is in my blood".

You see, the Royal Family are all notorious blood drinking Satanists.
Course, those who regularly read my stuff will instantly know what I'm talking about,
whilst those who don't will no doubt dismiss me as being as nutty as Squirrel shit... Then again, fuck em, those narrow minded, uniformed robots will learn soon enough.

And, as I always say to the doubters; don't just take my word for it or dismiss the claim out of hand, do your own fucking research.
There is plenty of evidence to be found, once you start looking, such as the following from Sherry Shriner:

They call themselves the Elite. But let's break it down on what it means to be one of these Elite.

From the time you are born as a Rothschild, Rockefeller, Royal family, Bush, or one of the others you are carefully crafted and controlled into a very tight Satanic community. As a toddler you're sexually abused repeatedly so your brain splits and fragments into many different alter personalities becoming MPD/DID. These alters are then programmed to act in a certain way.

No matter what your other alters are one is always permanent, and that's a sexual alter, one that is created and used to be a sex slave to others in their community.

As a child they're taught to kill animals and even other children. They're starved, beaten, tortured, and tormented so they can control your brain, thoughts, beliefs, and how you view yourself, the world, and those around you.
They are forced to participate in satanic ritual ceremonies of animal and human sacrifices, drinking blood, eating human flesh and organs, eating feces and drinking urine. As a child most of them have probably witnessed and even been the victim of beastiality. They learn weakness such as compassion (what they consider weakness) can get them killed, and so they brave through everything that's thrown at them just to survive.

Their parents aren't a loving mom and dad, but the puppet masters who pimp them out to scientists, underground bases, and for sexual favors to others...and yet they grow up in love with their abusers, and to go along to get along and survive...and most importantly...how to keep their mouths shut.
Satan is their god. They know him well from a very young age. They learn they must please him or 'else.' To them he's the ultimate provider and giver as long as they do what they're told, perform the rituals, and make him happy.

And if you are still not convinced, you can go to www.bilderberg.org/sacrific.htm which will take you to all manner of links to satanic blood drinking articles, many with German connections. Which would make sense, since the Royal Parasites - as I'm sure you know - are

much more German than they are English?

Now, if I'm honest I find it hard to understand why people cannot even begin to accept that Bizzy Lizzy and her crew of inbreds are satanic blood drinkers. After all, the evidence is hidden in plain sight and can be easily found in the MSM - on whom the Nation's flock of Sheeple place so much trust and reliance.

For instance, we know that Dobby Big Ears was great friends with the Vile Jimmy Savile, despite the pair being about as mismatched as Adolf Hitler and Simon Wiesenthal would be. We know about this close friendship because the MSM has told us so plenty of times in the past.

We also know that Savile was a predatory paedophile and part of a satanic ring as evidenced by the MSM's Daily Express:

JIMMY SAVILE beat and raped a 12-year-old girl during a secret satanic ritual in a hospital.
The perverted star wore a hooded robe and mask as he abused the terrified victim in a candle-lit basement.
He also chanted "Hail Satan" in Latin as other paedophile devil worshippers joined in and assaulted the girl at Stoke Mandeville Hospital in Buckinghamshire. The attack, which happened in 1975, shines a sinister new light on the former DJ's 54-year reign of terror.
Savile, who died aged 84 in October 2011, is now Britain's worst sex offender after police revealed he preyed on at least 450 victims aged eight to 47.

So, When you take into account what Sherry Shrider says about how "***As a child most of them have probably witnessed and even been the victim of bestiality,*** which- *based on the laws of probability* - both Dobby Big Ears and his old man, Prince Philip, the Duck of Edinburgh had been, courtesy of Uncle Lord Louis Mountbatten you straight away have another connection to the depravity running through the veins of our Royal family.

Uncle Louie's perverted life and that of his equally perverted brother George

are well documented in the MSM, as are the facts that both the Duck and Dobby were left in the care of one or the other of them for long periods of time.
The following is from the Help Free the Earth website:

Philip's uncle - George Mountbatten - became his surrogate father and legal guardian. George Mountbatten kept a scandalous collection of child pornography that he bound into volumes and emblazoned with the family crest. Most disturbing were pictures of family orgies and beastiality in which children and animals were sexual participants. The question is - was George's adopted son Philip a participant?

George Mountbatten's porn collection now resides at the British Museum where it is kept in a hidden repository of artefacts deemed pornographic and unfit for public viewing. It is a well known fact that child victims of sexual predators commonly identify with their abusers and grow up to become sexual predators themselves.

Course, you won't read about the perverse Mountbatten's in the same articles portraying the good Lord Mountbatten as the caring, favourite, Uncle Louie... Strange that, don't cha think?

Sherry Shrider goes on to say that: ***"Their parents aren't a loving mom and dad, but the puppet masters who pimp them out to scientists, underground bases, and for sexual favors to others...and yet they grow up in love with their abusers, and to go along to get along and survive...and most importantly...how to keep their mouths shut".***

And once again, the Queen and the Duck's cold relationship towards their four children is well documented in the MSM, with one article that appeared in the Daily Mail attesting to the fact that Bizzy Lizzy made her offspring call her '**your majesty**'.

Moreover, despite the Duck having suffered terribly at the hands of his perverted, sick-fuck Uncles, he was only too happy for his big eared son to suffer the same fate.

The following is from the 21st Century Wire website and describes how Mountbatten introduced Jimmy Savile to the Duck & Big Ears as well as Mountbatten's 'mentoring' of bonehead Prince Charlie:

Savile said that he had first been introduced to the royal family in 1966 by (known paedophile) Lord Louis Mountbatten, the uncle and mentor of Prince Charles. Mountbatten was Commandant General of the Royal Marines and arranged for the disc jockey to become the first civilian to be awarded the Marines' Green Beret. It was one of a many 'honourees' that Savile would be awarded in the years that followed.

Savile said: Coming from Lord Louis, who was the favourite uncle of Prince Philip, that was quite something. So obviously I hooked up with the Prince – what was good enough for Lord Louis was good enough for him. But what was 'what'? Mountbatten was killed when a bomb exploded on his boat in Ireland in 1979 – a murder officially blamed on the Provisional IRA…

Greg Hallett names both Mountbatten and Philip as paedophiles. Of course, you don't just take one person's word for that, but my own sources which have proved to be so accurate about Savile and others told me the same nearly 15 years ago with the addition that they were both Satanists. This is no surprise given that the British royal family, like all the royal bloodlines of Europe and further afield, are founded on Satanism and the manipulation of occult knowledge for deeply malevolent ends in league with the 'dark suit' expressions of the bloodlines in politics, banking, corporations and media.

Once again, the above facts add credence to what Sherry says about the elite's children being shipped out for sexual favours to others.
And, since it is well documented in the MSM that both the Duck and Dumbo hero worshipped Uncle Louie, I can only shake my head at people's naivety and unwillingness to make the connection.

Coincidentally enough, earlier this month the Daily Star ran a major story about how the Palace has covered up the details as to the extent of the

friendship between Dobby Big Ears and the warped deviant Savile:

A TOP-level cover-up was ordered to hide close links between Prince Charles and paedo Jimmy Savile, we can reveal today.
The full truth has been uncovered following a seven-month battle by the Daily Star Sunday.

Isn't it strange, how the newspaper perceived as having the least credibility is the only British newspaper that comes anywhere near attempting to uncover and report the truth?

"And the point to all this is, Spivey?"

Well, apart from the elites having known for years what the Daily Mail is now only just reporting, namely that the blood of the young will keep the oldies in good health... None really.
I just like showing up the Royal family for the Evil, Warped, Depraved, Dysfunctional, Parasitic, Horrible Monsters that they really are.
However, If further proof were needed that our elites depravity is hidden in plain sight I will leave you with the aforementioned Daily Mail and Telegraph articles for you to peruse at your leisure as well as the following information to mull over.

Hopefully, you will have read the article that I put on here the other week about the Tory MP Ken Clarke being above the law, based on the fact that the police refuse to take action over his alleged sexual assault on the former child star Ben Fellows.

Now, that fact didn't surprise me at all, as I'm sure it didn't most of you. However, your average 'Jim, nice but dim' and 'Claire, nice head of air' will just take the view that Clarke wasn't charged because there was no case to answer... And that's if they ever even get to hear about the allegation.

Course, we 'nutters' in our tinfoil hats know different. That is why I wasn't surprised to discover the following during the course of researching this article:

Bilderberg rep Ken Clarke put Jimmy Savile in satanic abuse post

The UK's main Bilderberg steering committee member & current cabinet minister Kenneth Clarke was responsible for the appointment of one of Britain's most prolific ever sex offenders to a key role at Broadmoor psychiatric hospital.

Today's Sunday Express also 'outs' Savile as being part of a satanic coven at Stoke Mandeville hospital.
Strangely enough investigative journalist Roger Cook, who I interviewed on the topic last year, also mentions a Leeds based satanic abuse circle based around 'The Sorcerer's' Apprentice' shop run by one Chris Bray.
http://www.radio4all.net/index.php/program/63107
Shortly after that edition of 'The Cook Report' Murdoch's News of the World conducted a month long smear campaign against Roger and his programme which ended up with ITV axing The Cook Report... which had been the most popular current affairs programme in British television history pulling in audiences weekly of up to 10-12 million.

But fuck it! He's Ken Clarke, Tory heavyweight so it doesn't matter. Incidentally, would another way of describing a '*Tory Heavyweight*' be a '*Conservative Fat Cunt*'? ... Just asking.

Chapter 4

PRINCE CHARLES, HEIR TO DRACULA'S BLOOD LINE

THE ROMANIAN TOURIST BOARD IS TO USE LINKS BETWEEN THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY AND COUNT DRACULA TO LURE IN UK TOURISTS, IT HAS EMERGED.

By Victoria Ward and Andrew Hough
10:00PM GMT 05 Nov 2012

Until now its lonely mountains have been synonymous with the legend of the vampire, the cruel ruler who drank his victims' blood, terrified his enemies and could turn into a bat at will.
But Transylvania should also be known as the ancestral home of the Prince of Wales, defender of faiths, with a love of gardening and classical architecture, according to the Romanian National Tourist Office.

Links between the Royal Family and Vlad the Impaler, the 15th century nobleman whose deeds inspired the vampire legend, are being exploited in an attempt to lure tourists to the eastern European country.

The Romanian National Tourist Office is trumpeting the lineage in a brochure distributed at the World Travel Market, a leading industry event which opened in London on Monday.

The Prince himself appears in a video being used to promote the country in which he claims distant kinship with Vlad Tepes, the 15th–century Wallachian ruler on whom the Irish novelist Bram Stoker based his Dracula.

"Transylvania is in my blood," he jokes in an interview first shown on satelite television last year. "The genealogy shows I am descended from Vlad the Impaler, so I do have a bit of a stake in the country."

The Romanian National Tourist Office is using the video on Youtube and new brochures try and boost UK visitors by more than seven per cent.

The video climaxes with a reference to the Prince of Wales, "who can trace his ancestry back to Romania's dark and distant past".

Other literature highlights a short visit by Prince Harry to the country in Easter this year, saying he travelled with Wizz Air, which operates 20 flights a week to four Romanian cities from London

Luton Airport.

A spokesman for the Romanian National Tourist Office said the country, which incorporates the region of Transylvania, was looking to use these links with the British Royal Family to increase UK tourists over the coming years.
Maria Iordache, UK director of the organisation, said 118,000 UK tourists visited Romania in 2011.

"It will be more in 2012. We have experienced a 7 per cent increase in UK visitors in the first quarter, which is traditionally a quiet period for tourists from the UK. For the summer and the autumn the percentage increase will be even better."
According to Royal Highness, a book published in 1982 by Sir Iain Moncreiffe, the former chairman of Debrett's, the Prince is a great grandson 16 times removed to Vlad III.

He can trace his lineage back through his great grandmother Queen Mary, the consort of George V, to Vlad IV, the half brother of the notorious ruler.
Another link to the country originated with Princess Marie of Edinburgh, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, who went on to marry King Ferdinand 1 of Romania and ruled Romania after the First World War.

It has been claimed that porphyria, an iron deficiency which is thought to lie behind the vampire myth, has run in the Royal Family.
The Prince has made no secret of his love for Romania and is believed to travel there frequently.

In 2006, he purchased a farmhouse in Viscri, a village in rural Transylvania, which is available as a guest house at certain times of the year.

The prince is patron of the Mihai Eminescu Trust, which works to restore the cultural heritage, economy and nature of Transylvania's Saxon villages and their surroundings.

In addition to restoring some 180 medieval houses and several churches, the charity has supported traditional rural technologies such as the construction of wood-fired kilns for handmade bricks and tiles, and organic farming.
Transylvanian-born Vlad the Impaler is said to have dispatched more than 100,000 Turkish warriors in battle.

The vampire legend is said to have been inspired by his predilection for eating bread dipped in his victim's blood. Dracula means "son of the devil" in Romanian.
The country's alleged links to British royalty, however ghoulish, could prove a welcome boost to its tourist industry.
Thousands of tourists visit the town of Castle Bran, Transylvania, where Vlad III lived, every year.

Simon Press, from World Travel Market which hosted the exhibition, said: ""Romania has a great deal of tourism potential. It is a beautiful country already receiving many tourists for its nature and culture.
"The link to the British Royal Family and the clear fondness the Royal Family has for the country will only help to promote the country across the Commonwealth and particularly in the UK."

Chapter 5
WHO MURDERED MOUNTBATTEN?

I think that it is quite obvious by now that detectives from Operation Yewtree aren't going to bother knocking on Prince Big Ear's door or even that of his father, Phil the Duck's... Unfortunately.

And as far as I'm concerned, the fact that they haven't and have no intention of doing so is a complete travesty of justice.
The case for suspecting that Big Ears is involved in paedophilia is after all, pretty clear cut:

Veteran BBC presenter Bill Oddie has backed claims that Jimmy Savile's abuse was covered up because he was close friends with Prince Charles and was a regular visitor to Kensington Palace, Buckingham Palace, and Highgrove. Former palace Aide, Dickie Arbiter, told the Guardian newspaper Savile would greet young women working at the palace by "rubbing his lips all the way up their arms in the palace typing pool."

A former BBC chauffeur says that BBC chauffeurs were sacked if they tried to blow the whistle on Jimmy Savile's child-sex-rape activities.The chauffeur said he had once driven home a 'hysterical' 12-year-old girl. The girl said she had been sexually assaulted by Savile after appearing on a BBC TV programme.

The BBC must investigate whether its staff acted as enablers or, better word, accomplices to Savile's crimes.
Source: http://abundanthope.net

And more tellingly still, this:

PIMPING FOR PRINCE CHARLES
Savile told Esquire: 'The thing about me is I get things done and I work deep cover. I've known the Royal Family for a million years.'

According to the UK Daily Mail at the time of Savile's death in 2011, Savile said that he was invited to regular meetings with the royal family because 'I have a natural good fun way of going on and we have a laugh.' Would one of the world's most powerful families invite an aging disc jockey into their inner sanctum so often just because he gave them 'a good laugh'? Or is there likely to be a far more plausible reason for their strange closeness?

Dickie Arbiter, now 72, was in charge of media relations for the Queen between 1988 and 2000. He told the media that Savile visited Prince Charles's official London residence St James's Palace

frequently. Savile's behavior on visits to Prince Charles' residence aroused "concern and suspicion". A palace insider said of the claims that several people were well aware of Savile's alleged abuse of children.

Police have searched Savile's cottage in the Scottish Highlands after fears he used the home to abuse victims. It is reported 20 allegations of abuse at the cottage are being investigated.

Prince Charles was a private guest at Jimmy Savile's isolated and remote cottage in Glencoe in the Scottish Highlands. Savile famously hired three waitresses for the occasion and dressed them in aprons bearing the initials HRH.
SOURCE: As above
As for Dobby's dad, the Duck of Edinburgh! Well, he had been friends with Savile long before his son was:

At this point, it should be mentioned that, although the official line is that Savile and Charles met in the 1970s as part of the coincidence of mutual charity work, Savile himself has stated that he was friends with the Royal family "for a million years."
In fact, it was reported that Savile actually stated he was introduced to the Royals in 1966 by Lord Mountbatten, a known paedophile and sexual pervert. In addition to Mountbatten, however, Greg Hallett, in his book Hitler Was A British Agent, also names Prince Philip as a paedophile.

In reference to how he became introduced and ingratiated with the Royal family, Savile stated, coming from Lord Louis, who was the favourite uncle of Prince Philip that was quite something.

So obviously, I hooked up with the Prince – what was good enough for Lord Louis was good enough for him.
SOURCE: https://hangthebankers.com/
Course, it has since been well documented that the Duck and the Deejay fell out in spectacular fashion. That to me is strange in itself. After all, the Duck is the King of England in all but name.
I therefore question what he and an ageing radio star had in common with one another to fall out over in the first place.

That is to say, if the Duck was pissed off with the flamboyant nonce for whatever reason, why wasn't Savile simply frozen out of the Royal circle?
Surely, such action is more in keeping with the parasites usual methods towards someone who has given them the right fucking hump.

The fact that the Duck and Savile did row, should have got any half decent coppers nose twitching straight away, given mind to what is known about the cunt.
Then again, the fact that Lord Louie Mountbatten - hero and mentor to the *Duck & Big Ears* - introduced the Duck to savile, should have triggered alarm bells in anyone who has a smidgen of knowledge on the true history of the Royal family.

You see, to the majority of those who cannot see the wood for the trees, Lord Louie Mountbatten was a war hero, one of those, who put the Great in Britain.
The following is what the Royal Spongers would have you believe, as told by Wikipedia:

Admiral of the Fleet ***Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas George Mountbatten, 1st Earl Mountbatten of Burma,*** *KG*, *GCB*, *OM*, *GCSI*, *GCIE*,*GCVO*, *DSO*, *PC*, *FRS*

Born Prince Louis of Battenberg; 25 June 1900 – 27 August 1979) – known informally as Lord Mountbatten – he was a British statesman and naval officer, an uncle of Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh and second cousin once removed to Elizabeth II.
He was the last Viceroy of India (1947) the first Governor-General of the independent Union of India (1947–48), from which the modern Republic of India emerged in 1950. From 1954 until 1959, he was the First Sea Lord, a position that had been held by his father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, some forty years earlier.

Thereafter he served as Chief of the Defence Staff until 1965, making him the longest serving professional head of the British Armed Forces to date. During this period, Mountbatten also served as Chairman of the NATO Military Committee for a year.

Pretty impressive, don't cha know.
Moreover, most people of a certain age know that In 1979, Mountbatten was assassinated by the Provisional IRA, who had planted a bomb on-board his boat, the Shadow V, at Mullaghmore, County Sligo, in Ireland.

The force of the blast reduced the boat to Matchsticks.
No doubt, the very same matchsticks that former MP, Ian Dickhead Smiff would have you believe he sold on street corners in order to make ends meet, when he was a real person... But I digress and probably even exaggerate a little.

Mountbatten, then aged 79, had been pulled out of the sea alive, but died from his injuries before reaching the shore.
Unsurprisingly, further sympathy had been bestowed on the Royal Family by the sycophantic, British public – *at that time still largely unaware of their true nature and moral standards* – because of the others who were killed and wounded in the explosion.

Those also killed in the blast were Nicholas Knatchbull, Mountbatten's 14-year-old grandson; and Paul Maxwell, a 15-year-old from County Fermanagh who was a 'crew member'.
The Dowager Lady Brabourne, Grandmother to Nicholas Knatchbull, was seriously injured in the explosion and died from her injuries the following day.
Nicholas Knatchbull's mother and father, along with his twin brother Timothy, survived the explosion but were seriously injured.

According to Wikipedia, the IRA gave clear reasons for the execution:

I think it is unfortunate that anyone has to be killed, but the furore created by Mountbatten's death showed up the hypocritical attitude of the media establishment. As a member of the House of Lords, Mountbatten was an emotional figure in both British and Irish politics.

What the IRA did to him is what Mountbatten had been doing all his life to other people; and with his war record I don't think he could have objected to dying in what was clearly a war situation.

He knew the danger involved in coming to this country. In my opinion, the IRA achieved its objective: people started paying attention to what was happening in Ireland.

Course, being a "war hero", a pillar of society, and a member of the Royal Elite meant that Mountbatten was awarded a State Funeral. The following is once again from Wikipedia:

On 5 September 1979, Lord Mountbatten received a State Funeral at Westminster Abbey, which was attended by the Queen, the Royal Family and members of the European royal houses.

Watched by thousands of people, the funeral procession, which started at Wellington Barracks, included representatives of all three British Armed Services, and military contingents from Burma, India, the United States, France, and Canada.
His coffin was drawn on a gun carriage by 118 Royal Navy ratings. During the televised service, the Prince of Wales read the lesson from Psalm 107.

In an address, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Donald Coggan, highlighted his various achievements and his "lifelong devotion to the Royal Navy".
After the public ceremonies, which he had planned himself, Mountbatten was buried in Romsey Abbey.
The President of Ireland, Patrick Hillery, and the Taoiseach, Jack Lynch, attended a memorial service for Mountbatten in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin on 5 September 1979.

Just goes to show how easily the ‘enlightened’ public are made mugs of doesn't it?
You see, Louis Mountbatten was an abomination of a man. A man, who should in fact, have been removed from this earth years before the IRA did us all a favour – if indeed it was the IRA who blew him up.

Now I say that because Mountbatten was a dangerous, predatory paedophile, who had in the past had a sexual relationship with his cousin King Edward VIII – *himself a warped sexual deviant* - who abdicated in order to marry the right old slapper, Wallis Simpson.
And if you have read my article **Monsters Inc** you will know that Wallis Simpson used to push Edward around in a pram at Parties (Sex Orgies).

Mountbatten choosing his partner for the night

On his boat before it was reduced to matchsticks - Bit shit for a royal boat init?

Mountbattens Grandson survived the blast

Mountbatten & the Duck... Not sure what the Duck did to win so many medals

You see Edward was one of those warped human beings who got his sexual kicks from wearing a nappy and being treated like a baby. Course, Wallis Simpson being a right old banger had no objections to her husband's fetish.

Edward also used to like dressing up in ladies clothes. Kinda makes you wonder what the Queen Mother saw in him doesn't it? It is after all, well documented that Bizzy Lizzy's mother despised Mrs Simpson, because the old soak was herself in love with Edward.

Greg Hallett, who is from New Zealand is an authority on Royal history. The following is what he has to say about Wallis Simpson:

Now, the person who became King Edward VIII married Wallis Simpson, who was three times divorced, absolutely sabotaged, and she was considered bisexual.
She was considered a drug dealer, she was considered completely unsuitable, she was having affairs with every second, second hand car salesman in London, and she was Androgen Insensitivity Symptom Grade 4, which means that she was conceived as a male, and didn't quite fully transition into a female, which would be Grade 7. Grade 1 for male, Grade 7 is a female model.
So she had both bits, which King Edward VIII liked because he was bisexual himself.

Interestingly enough, Mountbatten was also Edward's best man when he married Mrs Simpson.
From incestuous sex with Edward VIII, Mountbatten moved on to sexually abuse his Nephew Phil the Duck.
And, just like his Uncle Louie, the Duck's penchant for 'liking' children also became apparent at a young age. The following is taken from the author, Phillip Eade's book about the Queens husband as a duckling:

Philip had met Princess Elizabeth, his second cousin once removed and heir to the throne, several times, but things stepped up a gear when he made a visit in 1939. He was 18 and Elizabeth was 13.

The future queen's governess described how, while they were playing with a clockwork railway, Philip came into the room. "For a while they knelt side by side playing with the trains. He soon got bored with that. We had ginger crackers and lemonade in which he joined and then he said, 'Let's go to the tennis courts and have some real fun jumping over the nets!'

At the tennis courts I thought he showed off a little too much. Lilibet said, 'How good he is! How high he can jump!' He spent a lot of time teasing plump little Margaret." Later that evening, when Philip went for dinner with the king, Elizabeth had already been sent to bed according to the nursery schedule.

In turn, unbelievable as it may seem, the vile paedophile Mountbatten was then given carte blanche to sexually abuse his very young Great-Nephew, Prince Big Ears.
And, who gave him permission to do so?
Well none other than Phil the Duck and his Wife Bizzy Lizzy.

The following is taken from my article Monsters Inc:

It is also a documented fact that Dobby's young life was shaped by his Great Uncle Louis Mountbatten. Wikipedia has this to say on that matter:

Mountbatten was a strong influence in the upbringing of his grand-nephew, Prince Charles, Prince of Wales, and later as a mentor—"Honorary Grandfather" and "Honorary Grandson", they fondly called each other according to the Jonathan Dimbleby biography of the Prince.

Now while that may sound innocuous enough in itself, the fact that Mountbatten was a known gay paedophile, who was known to have had incestuous relationships with both Edward VIII & Prince Philip, should have meant that he wasn't allowed within a 100 miles of the young Prince Dobby.
Or maybe there were darker, more sinister reasons for Charles to be in the care of such a vile monster…

So who was Lord Louie Mountbatten?

Louis of Battenberg was born in Windsor, England, on 25th June 1900 and was actually the great grandson of Queen Victoria, and the second cousin of George V.
His father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, who had been born in Austria changed the family name from Battenberg to Mountbatten, during World War 1, due to the public's resentment to all things German.

In 1922, Mountbatten married Edwina Ashley, who was described as the spoiled favourite granddaughter of a Jewish financier close to the royals. She was also the richest and most glamorous deb of her time.

However, what wasn't widely known was that Edwina, like Wallis Simpson, was a proper dirty old slag and a horrible bitch to boot. Course, with her new husband being at best; a bi-sexual paedophile – if not an outright homosexual paedophile – he was useless to her in the bedroom department.

The following is taken from the Daily Mail:

After a fumbling honeymoon, some of it spent in Hollywood, Mountbatten resumed his career as a naval officer.
Meanwhile, the stylish Edwina, described as one of the six best- dressed women in the world, shopped at Chanel, played bridge, and danced the Charleston until 3am, sometimes with Fred Astaire.

At weekends, their country home was full of guests (including the Prince of Wales) arriving in fast cars and even aeroplanes.
Vain, charming and boyish, Dickie was devoted to Edwina, but still awkward in bed. He famously named her breasts Mutt and Jeff - the nicknames that World War I soldiers gave their campaign medals.

To him, sex was unromantic, 'a mixture of psychology and hydraulics'. There were also mutterings that he preferred men.
Things went downhill after their daughter Patricia was born in 1924.
While Mountbatten doted on the new arrival, the passionate Edwina was pathologically jealous of her own child being the centre of attention.

'A divine little daughter'.
Too thrilling, too sweet,' she trilled to her diary - but then packed the baby off to nannies on the South Coast. The highly sexed Edwina then proceeded to look for lovers from all walks of life.
Her first was the aristocratic Lord Molyneux. He was followed by a rich, polo-playing American, Laddie Sandford, and then by Mike Wardell, the good-looking manager of a London evening newspaper. At times, she juggled all three at once.

'Lord Molyneux is in the morning-room and Mr Sandford in the library, but where should I put the other gentleman?' asked a desperate flunkey when they happened to visit together.

While her husband was posted to Malta in the early Thirties, she turned to American golf champion Bobby Sweeny.
Next came playboy Larry Gray, before she went on a Mexican cruise and jumped into bed with the elder of two Californian brothers, Ted Phillips, quickly followed by his sibling Bunny.

This serial sexual gallivanting went on until the birth of her second daughter Pamela in 1929.
[...]She even dallied with conductor Malcolm Sargent, and then embarked on her most adventurous affair to date, with the bisexual West Indian cabaret pianist Leslie Hutchinson.

Although Edwina successfully sued a newspaper for saying she had a black lover, there is not much doubt she conducted an on-off relationship with 'Hutch' for 30 years.
She famously gave him a gold bracelet bearing her name, a gold cigarette case and, conclusively perhaps, a jewelled penis sheath from Cartier…

Mind you, at one stage, Mountbatten himself freely admitted that: "*Edwina and I spent all our married lives getting into other people's beds.*"
Furthermore, in the Biography Francis Wheen wrote about the notorious Labour MP, Tom Driberg, the author states that like Driberg, Mountbatten had "a sexual preference for men".
However, what Wheen neglects to mention is that like Driberg – who was at one time being blackmailed by the notorious Kray Twins in the 1960's – Mountbatten was a predatory paedophile.

Meanwhile, back at the Ranch, in 1930 Phil the Duck's Mother, Slack Alice had gone Quackers, and had been carted off to the madhouse – ha, ha, geddit?... Phil the Duck? ... His Mother went Quackers? ... Forget it.

This left the young Duck home alone with his bi-sexual Father, being as his three older sisters had already fucked off - each having married members of the German Nazi party.
Course, the fact that the Ducks sisters were all Nazi's excluded them from being invited to his wedding to Bizzie Lizzy. The following is once again taken from the Daily Mail:

The only member of his German family to be invited was his mother, Princess Alice, and even she was requested to divest herself of the sombre grey nun's habit she had adopted after suffering a nervous breakdown when her bisexual husband, Prince Andrew of Greece, left her for a mistress in Monte Carlo.

So, not only was the Ducks dad a fruit, his mother was a fruitloop who thought that she was a nun.

But it gets worse.
You see, with his wife going bonkers, Daddy Duck – *or Ducky as the case was* - couldn't be arsed with his only son and promptly fucked off with some fabulously rich old sort, leaving the Duck in the care of Louis Mountbatten's equally perverted brother George.
Now, as it happens, George Mountbatten kept a scandalous collection of child pornography which he had bound into volumes and emblazoned with the family crest.

Most disturbing of these were pictures of family orgies and bestiality in which children and animals were sexual participants. The question is: was George's adopted son, Prince Philip a participant?

George Mountbatten's porn collection now resides at the British Museum where it is kept in a hidden repository of artefacts deemed pornographic and unfit for public viewing.
So, having been passed back and forth between George, Louis and a Nazi Boarding School, where the Duck himself admits that saluting Nazi style, heel clicking and Heil Hitlering were the order of the day, It's hardly surprising that the Duck turned out to be an absolute evil bastard with a penchant for raping and murdering children.

It is of course, well documented that like the Duck, his Uncle Louis, and future Uncle-in-law, Edward VIII, were both Nazi Sympathisers.
The following is once again, taken from my article Monsters Inc:

In 1937 Phillip, then aged 16 was photographed walking in his elder Sister Cecile's funeral cortège, flanked by relatives in SS and Brownshirt uniforms. One row back in the cortège - held in Darmstadt, western Germany – was his paedophile uncle, Lord Mountbatten wearing a Royal Navy bicorn hat. On either side of this Funeral parade, onlookers, pinned back by crowd control fences, can clearly be seen en-masse, giving the mourners the Nazi salute…

After the war had ended, Winston Churchill – Said by some to be Bizzy Lizzie's real father – is in fact alleged to have had the right fucking hump with Mountbatten, for the way that he had covertly sided with the Hitler War Machine and for a botched, unauthorised mission which had resulted in the deaths of thousands of allied troops.
Interestingly enough, according to the website **United Nations on film**:

"Prince Philip kept up very serious connections with Edward [Windsor] ***even after his abdication in 1936. Another of Edward's supporters, and mentor to Prince Philip, was the known paedophile and Satanist Lord Louis Mountbatten (Battenberg).***

Mountbatten was Philip's route into the House of Windsor. Mountbatten was the grandson of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert and was born at Windsor Castle in 1900.
While Mountbatten was supposedly fighting on the British side during the war, he maintained serious communications with the Windsor's German Clan via his sister Louise, the Crown Princess of Sweden and wife of King Gustav. Louise was Prince Philip's aunt.

Course; with the falsification of history, it is sometimes hard to know what to believe. I say that since Churchill himself was a Rothschild's puppet and it is a fact that the Rothschild family financed both sides throughout the duration of World War 2.
Nevertheless, what is a cast iron fact was that Uncle Louis and his slapper wife were sent to India where Mountbatten took up his new role as the British Empire's last Indian Viceroy and subsequently the first Governor General of the independent Union of India.

Unsurprisingly, Mountbatten appears to have spent his time in India up to no good. That is, at least according to the Authors of the controversial book 'The War of the Windsor's which was serialised in the Daily Mail:

Lord Louis Mountbatten had the nickname "Dickie" …and for good reason. Prince Philip's uncle Dickie was the last viceroy in India where he was a known paedophile who sexually exploited young working class Indian peasant boys...

Predictably, while in India, Edwina ended up having yet another affair, this time with the Indian Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru.

Equally unsurprisingly, Nehru, like most Prime Ministers was also a promiscuous bi-sexual who couldn't stay faithful if his life depended on it.

This led to the equally bi-sexual Mountbatten's and Nehru indulging in many a menage a trois – which for the thick fuckers reading this is a threesome.

After Mountbatten had done shagging little Indian boys and the Indian Prime Minister, this abomination of a man who is touted by our government and Royal family as being a hero – *which tells you all you need to know about the stinking arseholes* – appears to have been recruited by MI5. Course, it is nothing new for the Royal Family to have those amongst their ranks acting as secret agents.

The equally odious royal paedophile, Anthony Blunt was also working for MI5 as well as the Russians. At the end of World War 2, Blunt the cunt was in fact dispatched to Germany by the Royal family to go and retrieve incriminating correspondence sent by them to their German relatives during the hostilities.

The vile pervert was again called upon to save the Royal arses in the early 1960's following the Profumo Scandal.
The story goes, that Phil the Duck sent blunt the cunt to buy up the sketches of him and his perverted family, drawn by his pal the Satanist, Dr Stephen Ward who was heavily implicated in the scandal. Tellingly, Ward lived in a cottage owned by former Prime Minister, David Cameron's in-laws.

Meanwhile, Mountbatten – in between shagging his Great-Nephew Big Ears – was busy trying to oust the Wilson Government.
The following is from Wikipedia:

Peter Wright, in his book Spycatcher, claimed that in 1967 Mountbatten attended a private meeting with press baron and MI5 agent Cecil King, and the Government's chief scientific adviser, Solly Zuckerman.

King and Peter Wright were members of a group of thirty MI5 officers who wanted to stage a coup against the then crisis-stricken Labour Government of Harold Wilson, and King allegedly used the meeting to urge Mountbatten to become the leader of a government of national salvation.

In 2006 the BBC documentary The Plot Against Harold Wilson alleged that there had been another plot involving Mountbatten to oust Wilson during his second term in office (1974–76).
The documentary alleged that a coup was planned to overthrow Wilson and replace him with Mountbatten using the private armies and sympathisers in the military and MI5. The documentary stated that Mountbatten and other members of the British Royal Family supported the plot and were involved in its planning…

Course, all work and no play makes Jack – *or as in this case, Louis* – a dull boy. So, in view of the lack of little Indian boys available to sodomise, Mountbatten turned to Northern Ireland, where there was an endless supply of unwilling little boys to be raped.
The unlucky victims were housed in the Kincora Boys Home in Belfast. The following is taken from my article 'Monsters Inc':

Mountbatten is also linked to the paedophile ring who abused boys living at the Kincora Care Home in Belfast Northern Ireland. An excellent website, dedicated to exposing the Royal Family http://www.helpfreetheearth.com/index.html, have this to say about a book written on that paedophile

ring entitled ‘The Kincora Scandal’:

“The Kincora Scandal connects Lord Dickie Mountbatten to a child prostitution vice ring in Belfast, Ireland. Authorities failed to intervene at the Kincora care home for boys until 1981, despite reports over the years of child sexual abuse”.
The operators of the Kincora child prostitution ring were eventually convicted in 1981 of the RITUAL sexual abuse of defenceless young boys who were sold like prostitutes. No charges were ever brought against the VIP customers made up of Royals, Politicians, lawyers, and Judges. However, Belfast citizens finally had reason to celebrate when Prince Philip’s paedophile uncle was killed by an IRA bomb planted in his boat”.

But was it the IRA?
The official version of events tells us that the IRA terrorist, Thomas McMahon planted the bomb on the boat which killed Mountbatten along with 3 other people, 2 of them children and seriously injured 3 others.

As a result, McMahon, the only person ever convicted of the atrocity spent 18 years in prison before being released under the good Friday agreement.
However, not everything about the story adds up.
You see, I find it extremely strange that such a prominent and controversial figure such as Mountbatten, would leave his boat harboured unattended, knowing the risks in doing so.
Neither do the anomalies stop there. The following is taken from the Telegraph:

The terrorist attack three decades ago led to one of the biggest police investigations in Irish history. Two men were charged: McMahon, then 31, and Francis McGirl, 24, a gravedigger.

At the time of the explosion, McMahon was 70 miles away, in police custody – by chance he and McGirl had been stopped at a checkpoint after he had laid the explosive.

One of the IRA’s most experienced bomb-makers, McMahon had flakes of green paint from Lord Mountbatten’s boat and traces of nitroglycerine on his clothes. The bomb had been detonated by remote control at 11.39am when the boat, Shadow V, was about 200 yards from the harbour.

Because there was insufficient evidence to place McGirl at the fishing village of Mullaghmore, he was acquitted and he died in 1995. McMahon was released from jail in August 1998 as part of the Good Friday peace agreement.

Now, while I am no bomb expert, I would have thought that the detonator had to be linked to the bomb. Therefore, the IRA was extremely lucky that the detonator wasn't with McMahon when he was arrested.

Moreover, it was a 50Ib bomb, which is a lot of lifting and fixing for a fella on his own. Think of 23 bags of sugar and you are somewhere near the weight of a 50Ib bomb. You have seen the size of the boat. So where the fuck did he put it on his own where it couldn't be seen?

However, the newspaper report does claim that McMahon – *a known terrorist* - was the IRA’s most experienced bomb maker. Even so, it was a hell of a feat.
Nevertheless, with that being the case and bearing in mind that McGirl was acquitted (*meaning that McMahon hadn't come straight from planting the bomb when he was arrested*), why hadn't McMahon changed his clothes?

Surely, as the IRA's most experienced bomb maker that would have been his first priority... But what do I know.
It does however sound to me almost like McMahon was set up.
And I'm not the only one who thinks so either. The following is from the On-line publishing Company:

The evidence was that at the time of the explosion McMahon was some 70 miles away and in police custody having been arrested on suspicion of a stolen car. The bomb had been detonated by remote control at 11.39am when the boat, Shadow V, was about 200 yards from the harbour.

Because there was insufficient evidence to place the co-defendant McGirl at the fishing village of Mullaghmore, he was acquitted and 'died' in 1995.
He (McMahon) ***was tried for the assassinations in the Republic of Ireland, and convicted by forensic evidence supplied by forensic scientist Dr James O'Donovan that showed flecks of paint from the boat and traces of nitro-glycerine on his clothes. That was the only evidence since of course he was in police custody more than two hours prior to the detonation.***

So who did detonate the bomb that killed Mountbatten? It certainly was not Thomas McMahon and to this day McMahon has refused to even discuss the matter.
McMahon had served the first 13 years of his life sentence in the IRA wing of Portlaoise.

It was at Portlaoise Prison that he met and befriended Patrick Holland better known as 'Dutchy' who died in a British prison under seriously and equally suspicious circumstances. Holland was represented by the man known as the Devil's Advocate, Giovanni Di Stefano and upon his release from Prison which Di Stefano secured at 1 minute past midnight travelled to Rome to stay with Di Stefano.

It was there that Holland had confided to Di Stefano that Mountbatten had not been a target of the IRA and that McMahon had told him whilst in prison that the reason he had been arrested two hours before the explosion was to ensure he would not be blamed for what he termed 'special operation'. McMahon was certainly a known Provisional IRA man and he and his father knew explosions well but 'Dutchy' was adamant that McMahon had told him he did not do it.

Paddy Holland told Di Stefano that the deal McMahon had agreed was that he would take the blame for all the murders and his family would be taken care of. McMahon's wife was indeed 'looked after' and even entered the political forum and throughout McMahon's time in jail Holland confirmed that McMahon lacked for nothing.

Holland was jailed for eight years in 2008 for planning a £10m plot to kidnap a businessman in the UK. He was planning to write a book and Di Stefano received some material for what would have been an explosive insight into crime in Ireland.

A chapter of the book was an in detail account of the Mountbatten murder and the startling revelations that Holland said McMahon had made confirming that Lord Mountbatten had not been the subject of a Provisional IRA assassination and that the only targets on that day were the soldiers (refers to 18 British soldiers killed by the IRA on the same day - Spivey) ***and he was not responsible for either.***

Patrick Eugene 'Dutchy' Holland, 70, was found dead at 6am 19th June 2009 in Parkhurst Prison where he was serving a sentence for conspiracy to kidnap a businessman.

The UK Prison Service said he appeared to have died from 'natural causes', but that all deaths in custody are subject to investigation.

Di Stefano challenged the coroner's findings without success but all in all the death of Patrick Holland was surely extremely convenient for the British Authorities.
In his book which was scheduled also to be made into a film the most startling revelation of all was that Mountbatten had been murdered not by the Provisional IRA but by the British Security Services because of a deep rooted secret Mountbatten knew that if revealed would have been so damaging to the Royal Family that it may have damaged their reputation for ever. It was all part of the same operation the British had in the 1970s Holland confirmed.

That prison confession by McMahon to Holland may well have cost 'Dutchy' his life and the secret Holland kept for so long may one day still make it to the big screen.
"There is no point being alive forever, merely becoming a burden to the people," said an almost-retired Lord Mountbatten while being filmed for a BBC documentary. A month or so later he was a burden to no-one. One interesting fact that Holland stated was that whilst most world leaders lined up with Britain the United States refused to condemn the IRA. Is that because the CIA was aware that the IRA was not involved?

Gerry Adams, the then Vice President of IRA's political wing Sinn Fein clarified that the IRA gave clear reasons for the execution of Mountbatten. "What the IRA did to him is what Mountbatten had been doing all his life to other people; and with his war record I don't think he could have objected to dying in what was clearly a war situation. He knew the danger involved in coming to this country. In my opinion, the IRA achieved its objective: people started paying attention to what was happening in Ireland," said Adams in an interview to the Time magazine.

One man got a 50lb bomb on that! There's always a boy onboard

Mountbatten's body is carried ashore

Mountbattens funeral... Big bill hasn't he?

Or sometimes even lots of boys on-board - Two newspaper reports following Mountbattens murder.

Just your average Mafia funeral really.

What is noted is that the murder of Mountbatten although certainly not carried out by the IRA, Gerry Adams for ever an opportunist certainly performed the task of 'spin doctor' long before the phrase was made famous by the exploits of Tony Blair.
As for Patrick Holland what is notable is that upon release he passed a lie detector test arranged by a leading newspaper. His revelations regarding Mountbatten were no lies but may certainly have cost him his life.

Now, it has to be said that the above version of events would also tie in with Greg Hallett's version. Unfortunately, many people tend to dismiss what Hallett says, without doing any research themselves.

However, I am not so quick to do so since much of what I have uncovered in the past, also tallies with what Hallett says. For instance, long before I had even heard of Greg, I had concluded that in all likelihood, Lord Porchester was Prince Andrew's' father and Lord Plunket was father to Prince Edward.

After documenting my findings in Monsters Inc, I came across Greg Hallett's work, and discovered that he had reached the same conclusion. Hallett, like myself is also convinced that the Royal Family make Millions from the drug trade, specifically Heroin.
Course, such claims are instantly dismissed by the mind controlled masses. However, I find this closed mind outlook extremely blinkered and naive, especially since there is no denying the role that the Royal family played in the Chinese opium wars.

Moreover, at the time of Mountbatten's death the opium wars had only been over 100 years previously. With that in mind, here is what Greg Hallett said about Mountbatten in a radio interview:

Those who supplied Prince Philip with children were then invited into his heroin trafficking ring, and that was called 'The Triumvirate'. Triumvirate is latin for three people who are running a loosely organised organisation with no particular rules in its affiliation, but in this case it is essentially a mafia. So Prince Philip was involved in heroin trafficking using the navy.

The Triumvirate was led by Prince Philip, the others involved were Lord Porchester the 7th Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Plunket, and when he died in 1972 he was replaced by Lord Louis Mountbatten.

So, Phil the Duck headed a drug cartel with the two men thought to be the biological fathers of his two youngest children… Surely no coincidence.

Hallett then continues:

Now Lord Louis Mountbatten was got to and started to be influenced by Airey Neave who was a British soldier. He was the first or second person to escape from Colditz. He was a barrister and politician, and he was also Margaret Thatcher's bondage lover, and she used to dress up in her black leathers with her whip.

So Airey Neave was getting in with Lord Louis Mountbatten and convincing him to turn tables and expose the royal heroin trafficking. So then Airey Neave's car, as he was driving it out of the House of Commons in London, Parliament Buildings, it exploded. It didn't kill him, and then Airey Neave was taken to a hospital and he was killed there.

That was the 30th of March 1979, and then Lord Louis Mountbatten was murdered on the 27th of August 1979, so that was 5 months later. And that was blamed on the IRA, and it was considered a 6 man team that did it, but only one person was caught, and that person had supposedly put the 50 pounds explosives on the Shadow V, which was Lord Louis Mountbatten's fishing boat, and he was out fishing with a local boy and with his grandson and his son's wife's mother.

So all four of them were killed on the boat, and Lord Louis Mountbatten didn't die immediately, he was seriously injured and drowning, and then he was pulled from the water and then he died.
But Thomas McMahon, who was blamed for it all, he was seen at the peace checker post the night before, and that was reported to Lord Louis Mountbatten the next day, or so they claim. But it's generally considered by intelligence, and this is confirmed, it's an IRA opinion as well, that it was an MI-6 hit, and the person that controls the MI-6 is Princess Elizabeth and in particular Prince Philip.

Prince Philip was raised by Lord Louis Mountbatten, and it appears that is was Prince Philip who ordered the hit on Lord Louis Mountbatten in order to cover up the heroin trafficking triumvirate, and especially the use of the navy, of which Prince Philip is the head, and using sea horses (a mechanical device) ***to transfer heroin from one ship to another.***
And once again, Halletts story is given added credibility, when you learn what Wikipedia has to say about Airey neave's death:

Kevin Cahill, an Irish investigative journalist, claims Neave was on the verge of a massive overhaul of the security services, possibly involving a merger of MI5 and MI6 and arising from his belief in corruption in the security services.

Cahill suggests a link between Neave's killing, that of Sir Richard Sykes and the attempted murder of Christopher Tugendhat in December 1980. Cahill claims that Neave would have been head of the combined security services with Sykes and Tugendhat as his deputies, with Sykes responsible for foreign operations and Tugendhat responsible for home operations.

Cahill claims to have had a conversation with a drunken Neave on St Patrick's Day 1979 in the foyer of the Irish embassy in London. Cahill had left a party and was waiting for a taxi. He saw Neave in the room and introduced himself to him as an admirer.

Cahill claims that Neave was inebriated and responded "quite out of the blue" by saying "There are going to be changes here, big changes, soon. There is going to be cleaning of the stables... There has been serious corruption." Neave then said that there was "no use playing games. We have to win... We will win when the [corruption] is sorted out. Count on that."

Cahill found Neave's remarks surprising because he seemed internally preoccupied with the UK, with his Northern Ireland brief "almost a sideline". Cahill also thought that Neave's mention of corruption meant Soviet penetration.

Whilst working in the House of Commons as Paddy Ashdown's research assistant, Cahill claims to have had around six conversations with the security staff there. The most frequent remark was that "everyone knew" the story behind Neave's death but that no one could talk about it in detail because it would have been too dangerous.
Cahill claims they did not believe INLA killed Neave but that it was an "inside job". Cahill concluded that Neave was killed by the security services; MI6 agents working with the CIA because Neave sought to prosecute senior figures in the intelligence establishment for corruption.

Another person who did not accept the generally accepted version of events was Enoch Powell, the Ulster Unionist MP. Powell claimed in an interview with The Guardian on 9 January 1984 that the Americans had killed Neave, along with Lord Mountbatten and Robert Bradford MP. He claimed the evidence came from a member of the Royal Ulster Constabulary with whom he had a conversation.

On 18 October 1986 Powell returned to the subject of Neave's death in a speech to Conservative students in Birmingham. He told them that INLA had not killed Neave, but that he had been assassinated by "MI6 and their friends".

Powell claimed Neave's Northern Ireland policy had been one of integration with the rest of the UK and that the Americans feared that this process, if implemented by Neave, would have been irreversible. His killing, alleged Powell, was intended to make the British Government adopt a policy more acceptable to America in her aim of a united Ireland within NATO…

Course, one thing is for sure, The Duck certainly has no qualms about using MI6 to do his dirty work. He certainly used them to murder his daughter in law Diana: Princess of Wales.
Moreover, Mountbatten's death could have been prevented, which to me only goes to add credence to MI6 carrying out the murder. The following is taken from the Belfast Telegraph:

British diplomats complained bitterly in private about the lack of security provided by the Irish authorities for Lord Mountbatten following his assassination by the IRA, it was disclosed today.

Mountbatten, a distinguished Second World War military leader and an uncle of the Duke of

Edinburgh, was killed on August 27, 1979 when the IRA detonated a bomb on his boat at his Irish holiday home in Mullaghmore, Co Sligo.

Three other people died in the explosion. Later the same day 18 British soldiers — including 16 members of the Parachute Regiment — were killed in an IRA ambush at Warrenpoint, marking one of the darkest days of the Troubles.

In a telegram to Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington — released by the National Archives at Kew under the 30-year rule — the British ambassador in Dublin Robin Haydon said there was a widespread belief the attack on Lord Mountbatten could have been prevented.

He said the concerns about the level of security provided by the Garda Siochana were shared by local people who had "greatly liked and respected" the peer.

"For those men and women the horror of what happened was and still is very real and their shame is genuine. The more so because they must share the doubts which we in this embassy have that, had the Garda Siochana been more vigilant and conscientious, the murders might not have happened," he added.

Mr Haydon said he had been told by Lord Mountbatten's daughter Lady Pamela Hicks that it was the first year when the boat did not have a police guard on it during the day.

"In the absence of an official report, it would be unwise to go into detail, but I must say I find it extraordinary that the boat was apparently not searched by the Garda before it sailed," he said.

"It is even more extraordinary that, to my knowledge, no questions have been asked by the Irish media about the level and adequacy of Garda security for the Mountbatten family."

Strangely enough, following Mountbatten's death, Bizzy Lizzie and the Duck's behaviour towards Timothy Knatchbull was certainly out of character for the notoriously cold and callous senior royals. The following is from the Daily Mail:

Family and friends rallied. The Queen and Prince Philip invited Tim and his 22-year-old sister Amanda to holiday with them at Balmoral. What still strikes Tim today was the Queen's maternal kindness.

'We have a great mother on the throne of this country,' he says. 'When my mum, her good friend, was laid low, the Queen stepped in. We were very late arriving at Balmoral, because of a delay to our flight, and the Queen and Prince Charles plied us with soup and sandwiches.

'Amanda took the lead in thanking them and suggesting they go to bed, but there was no persuading them. They continued to bring food and drink and ask for news from home. After a while we ambled down the corridor. We knew the form; at some point the Queen would break off and head in the direction of her bedroom. None of it.

'She shepherded us into our rooms and started to unpack. Here, Amanda drew the line, removing a sweater from the Queen's hands and convincing her that we really would be happier if she took herself to bed.

Now, when you consider that according to another Daily Mail article:

THE Queen has mellowed from a stern mother whose children called her 'Your Majesty' to a doting granny.

And then add that to the fact that a few hours after Princess Diana's murder, The Duck insisted that the

then 15 year old Prince William and 12 year old Prince Harry, attend church with the family, it's not hard to see how strange the Royals behaviour was towards Timothy Knatcbull.

Certainly, the Duck had no qualms about shagging Timothy's older brother Norton's wife. This too from the Daily Mail:

For years he'd (Norton Knatchbull) ***had to endure the speculation over his wife Penny's relationship with Prince Philip, who is his first cousin once removed.***

Since Philip's switch to carriage driving from polo, Lady Brabourne had been a regular fixture at his side. She is 57, Philip is 89.

The daughter of Reg Eastwood, a butcher who left school at 15 and went on to found the Angus Steakhouse eateries, Penny Brabourne was not at first glance the ideal soulmate for one of modern royalty's grandest figures. But her stunning blonde looks and her determined attitude captured Philip's attention.

Often they would travel round the country together without their spouses. Among the tight-knit community who are their friends, the relationship goes unquestioned.

At one very grand house where they have stayed after carriage-driving events, a fellow guest told me: 'Everybody knows about Philip and Penny - they are close. But nobody knows any more than that. They do NOT share a bedroom.

Christ, that family make me heave. Quite why we put up with the abominations is beyond me.

So, who did murder Mountbatten? The chances are we'll never know. However, my money is on the Duck being behind it.

Nevertheless, if you are still in any doubt as to the kind of morality or standards that the Royal family posses, you only need to read the following taken from the Daily Express in April 1995, to gain a further insight:

PRINCE Charles hopes to visit the spot where his beloved great-uncle Earl Mountbatten was murdered by the IRA. Sources close to the Prince say he will make the poignant pilgrimage during his first trip to the Irish Republic.

Yesterday locals in the village where Mountbatten was killed 16 years ago said Charles would receive a warm welcome. The Prince's visit to the Republic will be the first of its kind since the country split from British rule in 1922. He is expected to arrive in early June.

He is likely to meet Irish President Mary Robinson and Prime Minister John Bruton, and visit Dublin's Trinity College. From Dublin, Charles is expected to make the 160-mile journey to the seaside village of Mullaghmore, in County Sligo.

Lord Mountbatten was murdered in August 1979 when an IRA bomb blew up his boat in the bay. The Earl, his 14 -year-old grandson Nicholas and young Irish boatman Paul Maxwell aboard the Shadow V died instantly.

His daughter Patricia Brabourne, his son-in-law John and Timothy, Nicholas' twin brother, were badly hurt. John Brabourne's mother, Lady Brabourne, died next morning.

The Royal Family was effectively barred from the Republic on security grounds, although the Duchess of York has made several private visits there in recent years.

Local senator Willie Farrell said yesterday: "There would be a Cead Mile Failte — a hundred thousand welcomes. "Lord Mountbatten was treated like one of the natives. The name is loved around here." Ireland's Deputy Prime Minister Dick Spring welcomed the planned visit and said: "It is now possible in the context of what has happened on this island in recent months."

When he learned of the death of his "Uncle Dickie" Prince Charles wrote: "I fear it will take me a very long time to forgive those people who achieved something two world wars failed to achieve.

I don't feel the need to add any more except to say that if the filthy nonce Mountbatten is the country's idea of a hero... We are most certainly doomed.

Chapter 6
THE GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK - IT'S NOT ABOUT HOW MANY MEN HE HAD

Friends of Princess Andrew and Fergie Pork say it is only a matter of time before the couple remarry... Who gives a fuck?

Well me actually. You see I find these evil parasites fucking fascinating in a car crash sort of way.
Now, there has recently been two Daily Mail articles about the comedy duo.
The first one is in regard to the Gruesome Twosome rekindling their 'love' for each other. The second is about how The Duck will object to any remarriage.
Unsurprisingly, neither article so much as hints at paedophilia or other 'juicy' sordid shenanigans.

Instead, what we get is tales of Porky Pig's debt which saw her sink to rock bottom after being covertly filmed by the News of the World - offering access to her ex hubby, Princess Andrew for a cool half a million quid.
Quite why anyone would pay that amount of money to meet the perverted nonce is beyond me.

However, I find it a stretch too far to believe that Princess Andrew wasn't in on his ex-wife's lucrative money making deals.
Yet, apart from a further, brief mention of Princess Andrews disastrous spell as a trade ambassador, that is more or less it, as far as the Daily Mail’s idea of balanced reporting goes.

The rest of the propaganda rags two articles are littered with sycophantic bullshit such as: "*With the monarchy still basking in a warm glow of public approval generated principally by the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and, now, their son, Prince George"*... More a case of wishful thinking than accurate reporting in my opinion.

So, it's a good job that I am on hand to add some proper balance.
For instance, the two articles put forward three reasons as to why the Pork Chops split up in the first place.

Princess Andrews version is that:
"*He has always felt guilty for his part in the marriage break-up, his negligence in being less attentive than he might have been to a new wife and mother struggling to cope with her royal life, as he devoted*

himself to his naval career".
Or at least it is according to the Daily Mail.

Likewise, Porky Pig's version is that: *'There was no reason for Andrew and I to get divorced; there wasn't another person in our lives to go to. 'We got divorced because I had to go out to work, and Andrew and I believed that it wasn't right for me to be commercial while I was still in the Royal Family'.*
Or at least it is according to the Daily Mail.

Mind you, The Daily Mails version is that:
"Married for little more than five years when they split up over the Duchess's adulterous liaisons, the couple have remained extraordinarily close".
Or at least it is according to the errr... Daily mail.

Course, it wasn't so much Porky Yorky's affairs that were to blame for the marriage break-up.
After all, Princess Andrew's taste in sexual partners lay elsewhere.
But having your wife appear on the front page of every newspaper in the world, with her tits out and her foot stuck in the mouth of a bald headed playboy, doesn't go down well when you are the Queen's son... Not that he hasn't been caught on camera in rather compromising photos himself, don't cha know.

FERGIE & ANDY: HES A KNOB, SHE MADE A TIT OF HERSELF

The Mail - rather laughably - makes mention of the fact that *'some of those people close to the couple were surprised that Fergie turned to Princess Andrew for help*' after she got into a financial mess. Quite why they are surprised is a mystery.

I mean notwithstanding the fact that Princess Andrew was probably in on his wife's 'cash for queersons' money making scam, who better than to blackmail other than your Paedophile Prince ex husband?

I would imagine that the conversation probably went along the lines of the following:

Sarah Ferguson (SF): ***I'm skint, a mess and bleedin' homeless, Andy Pansy.***

Princess Andrew (PA): ***Not my problem Ginge... Fuck me, I'm having enough bliddy trouble getting Eugenics and Meaty Beattie Big and Bouncy orn the Gravy Train. Mumsy will never agree to you being added too... You eat to bliddy much.***

SF: ***I don't want to go orn the civil list Fairy Cakes. I want you to pay orf my debts - 2 million pineds will do it... Oh, and if you could buy me a bliddy great big mansion too. That would be fab, what, what snort.***

PA: ***Do one Duchess.***

SF: ***Okay yah, I'll just go sell the story of you and Jeffrey Epstein to the Sun newspaper... The real story, Mind. Not the watered dine version printed in your Mummy's newspaper.***

PA: ***Bothered! Four words lard arse: Daddy Duck and Diana.***

SF (coming over all cockney): ***Are you avin a laff me old cock sparra? After that fuck up in Paris old Quacker Nutz wouldn't dare. But you do what you gotta do Sunshine. And I'll do what I gotta do... See ya, wouldn't like to be ya.***

PA: ***Hold on Freckle... One was only pulling one's trotter... Two million Pineds wasn't it. And you can move into Sunny Hice with me.***

And the rest, is history... Almost.
After all, how could that be all with the Royal Beggars involved?
Especially so when you consider that Porky Yorky has no morals, shame or dignity.

You see, despite telling the Evening Standard; "***I abhor paedophilia and any sexual abuse of children***" in March 2011 - She hadn't had any qualms about borrowing £15,000 from the convicted nonce Epstein. Neither did she say when or if she was going to pay back the 'loan'.

Now, the afore mentioned Jeffrey Epstein - Princess Andrews, bezzy mate - is an American who describes himself as a financier and science and education philanthropist.
I on the other hand, would describe him as a dirty nonce cunt who wants tightly stringing up by the bollocks, 30 ft in the air until they turn black, become detached and the rest of him crashes to the ground... filthy sick piece of worm infested dog shit.

Course, there is no question that Princess Andrew knew only too well that his bum chum was a warped nonce.
In fact, such was their closeness, the royal retard refused to sever his ties with the kiddie fiddler when their friendship first became common knowledge.

Then again, that isn't unusual for our Royal Ponce Cunts who see nothing wrong with associating themselves with sex cases I.E Big Ears and Savile, Savile and Louie Mountbatten, Louie Mountbatten and the Duck, the Duck and Savile and round again.

Then there was the convicted sex pest Harbinder Singh Rana, who turned up on the Royal Barge to help the Royal no-marks celebrate 60 years of ripping the country off.
The following is from the Daily Mail:

A sex offender who posed as a doctor to prey on women was a guest of the Queen on the Royal Barge.
Harbinder Singh Rana, 52, was jailed in the 1980s for a series of attacks on women, who believed he was a doctor, in which he performed internal examinations and administered injections.

Rana served four years for his crimes, but has since reinvented himself as a pillar of the community. The former management consultant was invited to join the exclusive celebrations by Prince Charles in his capacity as community leader.

He is understood to have met the prince through his charity work for the Anglo-Sikh heritage trail, a group that promotes Sikh culture in Britain.

But palace sources last night said the prince was completely unaware of the charity director's shameful past-and would never have invited him had he known.
Approached yesterday Rana said that he did not know if he had been vetted and had not been asked about his sex crimes before the event.

Alright, alright, stop fucking laughing.
How do you know that Big Ears isn't telling the truth when he says that he wasn't aware of the perverts past.
After all, The moronic buffoon and his Dad the Duck were friends with the Satanic paedophile, necrophiliac rapist, Sir Jimmy Savile - knighted by Bizzy Lizzie - and they had no idea that he was a Monster... Apparently.

And maybe... Just maybe... Singh Asong, or whatever the warped cunts name is wasn't vetted before hand... Savile apparently wasn't.
I mean, why else would the big eared fuck-up be so annoyed, having only allegedly found out about Singh Asongs sikh & sordid past after the event?... Sikh & sordid past... Ha, ha, ha... I like that... Sikh & sordid past... Go me.
The following is from the Telegraph:

Harbinder Singh Rana, 52, was invited as a guest of the Prince of Wales through his work for the Anglo-Sikh Heritage Trail, which promotes the Sikh community in Britain.
But it later emerged that he was jailed for four years after he was found guilty of assaulting women in their homes while posing as a doctor

The prince is said to be angry that security staff failed on five occasions to alert him about the charity worker's criminal convictions – including five counts of indecent assault, 11 counts of assault and one of attempted assault, the Daily Mirror revealed.
A Palace source told the newspaper: "Charles is livid at not being warned."
Rana was banished from all future royal events.
Do me a fucking favour.

Singh Asong... The sex offender the Royals didn't know about

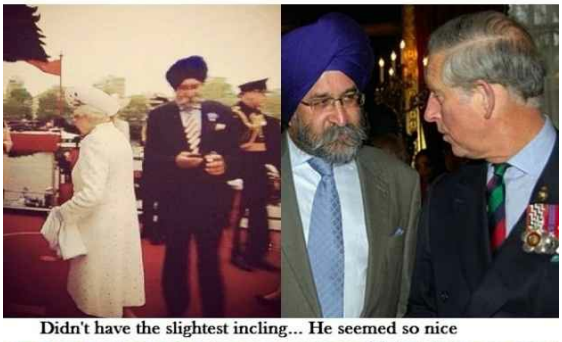
Didn't have the slightest incling... He seemed so nice

Even way back in 1999... Think someone should have told them

Of course the fucking pathetic Royal twat knew about the perverted Singh & Savile's activities.
Just like he knew about his great friend, the perverted paedophile cunt, Reverend Peter Ball.
And, in the very same way that both Singh & Savile were vetted by the Security Services... You would have to be a Goldfish to believe otherwise.

Now, you can either choose to believe the MSM with their absolutely ridiculous claims that the Royals were taken in by these perverse sex cases, having been let down by their ultra strict vetting service... At least you can if you want to be a brain dead, mugged off robot.
Or you can face the fucking truth and realize that you have been waving a stupid little plastic flag at a family of thieving, inbred paedophiles... The fucking lot of them are, both male & female... Sick, sick, sick fucking monsters who should be removed from the face of the earth and their redistributed wealth used for the good of humanity such as putting an end to the poverty and injustice brought about in no small way by the obnoxious cunts greed.

"A divine right to rule" ?
Yeah right!
Fuck them, and fuck anyone who supports them in anyway.
And that includes the Paedophile protecting sick fuck The Cunt Cameron.
Why is this vile, useless, pervert masquerading as the British Prime Minister still in power?

He is a fucking criminal, not a fucking leader. Corrupt beyond belief.
He should be sat awaiting trial in some dark, dank dungeon... He too is a sick, sick, sick Monster. I mean are you all fucking mad? The evidence to support the facts are plain to see.

Fuck me, the Gatekeeper to the Paedophiles Political Paradise even came out in public support for Princess Andrew following the Epstein story breaking.
The following is once again taken from the Daily Mail:

Prince Andrew today received the full backing of David Cameron after Downing Street said he was doing an 'important job' as a UK trade envoy.
The Prime Minister's spokesman issued the backing following a series of allegations against the Duke of York centred on his relationship with billionaire paedophile Jeffrey Epstein.

The Prince today visited an east London school and the headquarters of Crossrail where he appeared unaffected by the row in which he is embroiled.
Asked whether David Cameron had full confidence in Prince Andrew as a trade envoy, the Prime Minister's official spokesman replied: 'Yes.'
Now, the fact that our Prime Minister gave Princess Andrew his backing is fucked up beyond belief when you consider the facts listed on the Daily Mails photo on the next page.

From one disaster to another, a catalogue of royal blunders

Ever since Prince Andrew was appointed UK trade envoy, he has blundered from one controversy to another. His friendship with Jeffrey Epstein is one of a catalogue of misjudgments, as COLIN FERNANDEZ reports.

THE SOUTH YORK DEAL

IN 2007 Andrew sold Sunninghill Park, his former marital home in Surrey, for £15million to a controversial Kazakhstan billionaire. Timur Kulibayev paid £3million above the £12million asking price even though it had been on the market for years.

Sunninghill, a wedding present from the Queen, was nicknamed 'South York' for its resemblance to South Fork, the Ewing mansion in the TV soap Dallas. It has been empty ever since the sale. Buckingham Palace said the deal did not 'commit the prince to any other commercial arrangement'.

Andrew has also gone goose shooting with Kulibayev's father-in-law, Kazakh president Nursultan Nazarbayev. Diplomats have accused him 'hawking his house during meetings with Gulf royals'.

THE WINDFARM DEAL

IN 2008, a schoolfriend of Andrew from Gordonstoun, Crown Prince Sheik Mohammed bin Zayed Al Nahyan, brother of Abu Dhabi's ruler, bought 20 per cent of a planned £3billion wind farm, the Thames Array, in 2008. The 341 turbines, each the size of Nelson's Column, make money for Abu Dhabi but also generate tens of millions of pounds for the British Royal Family via the Crown Estate.

THE LIBYAN GUN SMUGGLER

ANDREW is a friend of Tarek Kaituni, a Libyan convicted for smuggling a machine gun into Paris. The prince and Kaituni once flew together to Libya to meet Colonel Gaddafi. Kaituni was arrested in 2004 for bringing the gun in from Holland and received a two-month suspended sentence and a 10,000 euro fine. Details of his relationship with Andrew emerged after they enjoyed a four-day holiday in Tunisia together in November 2008.

THE SAUDI CONNECTION

THE prince accepted an expenses-paid trip to Saudi Arabia in 2009 as a guest of the Saudi Royal Family in his envoy role. It laid him open to claims of conflict of interest – putting him in the thrall of the Saudis. Buckingham Palace said there was 'absolutely no' conflict of interest. But last year diplomatic cables revealed by WikiLeaks disclosed that Andrew once criticised as 'idiocy' a Serious Fraud Office investigation into a Saudi arms deal.

FRIEND OF GADDAFI JUNIOR

ANDREW met Colonel Gaddafi's favourite son Saif in May 2009 at the opening of the British Embassy in Algiers and is claimed to have discussed the release of the Lockerbie bomber. Andrew has met the Libyan leader's son at least three further times since November 2007. Saif once even visited Windsor Castle.

CASH FOR ACCESS

IN May last year, Andrew's ex-wife the Duchess of York offered undercover reporters posing as wealthy businessmen access to him in return for cash. Fergie told reporters: 'Andrew said to me, "Tell him £500,000". The Duchess, who lives in a guest room at Andrew's Royal Lodge at Windsor, said he meets the 'the most amazing people' in his role as special representative. He denies any knowledge of the deal.

EXTRAVAGANT EXPENSES

ANDREW receives a £249,000 allowance from the Queen each year. He is unpaid for his envoy role, although he receives expenses. He is nicknamed Air Miles Andy and it is claimed his ten years in the role have cost the taxpayer £4million, not including the costs of royal protection officers.

'HIS BUFFOON HIGHNESS'

SIMON Wilson, Britain's former deputy head of mission in Bahrain, says diplomats knew the prince as 'HBH' – His Buffoon Highness – due to his 'childish obsession with doing exactly the opposite of what had been agreed'. Andrew's lavish entourage includes a valet with a 6ft ironing board to ensure his trousers are pressed as he likes them. Diplomatic cables revealed by WikiLeaks also exposed how Prince Andrew made 'cocky' and 'rude' comments at a brunch in Eastern Europe.

LUNCH WITH THE CROOK FROM TUNISIA

Materi with wife Nisrine

LAST October, months before the Tunisian revolution, Andrew gave a Buckingham Palace lunch for Sakher El Materi, son-in-law of the country's president Zine el Abidine Ben Ali.

The prince and Materi, 29, were joined by more than a dozen executives from British multinationals hoping to win business in Tunisia. Materi has since fled Tunisia and is being investigated for money laundering.

Stephen Day, Britain's former envoy to Tunisia, said he was shocked to learn the prince had met Materi. He told Radio 4's Today programme: 'He was notorious.'

When interviewer John Humphrys interrupted to ask: 'So he's a crook?' Mr Day said: 'The worst of all of them. I can't imagine how it [the lunch] happened. The embassy in Tunis was clear this man carried a lot of baggage.'

But, the Cunt Cameron's backing really shows the kind of stinking cesspit our Prime Minister's morals are born out of when you take into account Princess Andrews close friendship with Jeff Epstein.

In March 2005, Palm Beach police were contacted by a woman concerned that her 14 year old daughter had been taken to Epstein's mansion and paid $300 after stripping and massaging him. Supposedly, the girl had told Epstein that she was 18 years old.

However, by 2011 at least 40 girls - mostly under age - had come forward with similar stories, some saying Epstein sexually assaulted them during the massage. In fact, three 12-year-old French girls had been delivered to him for his twisted pleasure as a birthday present.

Epstein had even purchased a "Balkan sex slave" from her family when she was just 14... This is Princess Andrew's best friend remember. The best friend that Andy Pansy used taxpayers money to charter helicopters with just so as he could go and play golf with the perverted nonce.

The American judiciary - being every bit as corrupt as ours - knew all about the above when Epstein was sentenced.

The Slog Blog continues on the same subject:

In the US, sex crimes of this nature typically carry a term of 10 to 20 years in prison. Indeed, the very fact of serious FBI involvement makes clear that the crimes were considered to be extremely serious, organised, and professionally rewarded.
Yet Jeffrey Epstein was sentenced to just 13 months in jail.
The Beast also described how 'Fear and intimidation experienced by victims during pre-trial proceedings, combined with a ferocious, protracted campaign to undermine the prosecution, culminated in a set of charges that became a virtual slap on the wrist.'

Tina Brown is married to the London Times legend Harry Evans, an editor whose Insight investigations were the envy of the world. For her to print an accusation so blatantly means she knew it to be fact. And I'd imagine that Evans encouraged her to go with it. The combined experience of the couple is awesome.

Treading on toxic ground, the Daily Mail later got one of Epstein's victims to go public, and describe her years as "a teenage sex toy". The woman concerned, Virginia Roberts, produced a photograph of herself with Prince Andrew.
It dated from 2001 – when she was 15 – and the 'toy' alleged that Epstein had paid her $15,000 to 'meet' the prince. The general tone of the piece was to suggest that Epstein had been pimping her around his circle over several years – before the age of 15 – while at the same time regularly abusing the girl.
Yet Jeffrey Epstein was sentenced to just 13 months in jail.

In 2005, a young girl first brought sex-crime allegations against Jeffrey Epstein to the Palm Beach Police Department, which sought felony charges against Epstein.
Subsequently, however, the State Attorney agreed to charge him "only with one count of aggravated assault with no intent to commit a felony".
The difference between the US and Britain, however, is that when faced with an obvious perversion

of justice, law officers don't always look the other way. The attorney concerned, R. Alexander Acosta, brought in the State and then the FBI, who in turn alerted the Attorney General's office in Washington. But it was 2010 before Epstein started his prison sentence.

And Jeffrey Epstein was sentenced to just 13 months in jail.
With that kind of influence, you won't be surprised to know that Mr Epstein had an address book that was to say the least eclectic. In fact, so sure had Epstein been of his immunity, he had placed it online.

The names in the book – and here again we are in Readsay territory, because nobody involved disputes these facts – go beyond the dynamite scale:
** The convicted paedophile's addresses included ten entries for Lord Mandelson and his partner Reinaldo da Silva. They are both 'gay': why on earth would they be in the little black book of a paedopimp?*

** The book had no fewer than 16 numbers for Prince Andrew, including the home numbers for politicians Lord Heseltine and former Northern Ireland Secretary Shaun Woodward. The Prince admitted Epstein was a close friend, and refused to disown him even when the guy was found guilty.*

** An office address for Tony Blair and a personal number for Bill Clinton were also among the virtual names on record.*

Victim Virginia Roberts then confirmed that Mandelson was a regular visitor to Epstein's New York townhouse. 'I remember him being at the house in New York, and I was introduced to him at a dinner party. He and Jeffrey talked business together," she testified.

Now, imagine you are teacher Wayne Bedfellow, and three kids at your school have complained about inappropriate physical approaches. So the local Plod rings the Met and asks about the names in an address book owned by that West End pimp Reggie Richardson, who just went down for a ten-stretch on charges of pimping minors .
In there are five entries for Solihull teacher Wayne Bedfellow. Don't you think the West Midlands boys in blue would at least get Wayne in for questioning?

Shaun Woodward refused to comment on his otherwise unexplained entry in Epstein's online book. Peter Mandelson refused to answer when asked about why convicted paedophile Jeffrey Epstein had ten entries for him and his partner Reinaldo da Silva…including fax and email numbers for the latter.
The peer just toughed it out. When contacted by the Mail, Lord Heseltine said he had "no memory" of meeting Jeffrey Epstein.

The Duke of York stayed at the townhouse, just off Central Park, for four days one Christmas. Epstein lent his former wife Sarah Ferguson £15,000 when she got into financial difficulties. Both the Prince and Mandelson know Kazakh socialite and businesswoman Goga Ashkenazi: she is alleged to have introduced Andrew to Timur Kulibayev, the man who bought Prince Andrew's

former marital home, Sunninghill, at £3 million above the asking price. That's fifteen million Pounds. Ashkenazi too has multiple entries in the contact file of paedophile pimp Jeffrey Epstein. Oddly, to the best of my knowledge, PC George Dixon has not been up the Palace to ask a lot of impertinent questions.

I gotta fucking tell you people. The fact that these publicly funded vile cunts are getting away with in your face child sex abuse absolutely fucking sickens me.
So, why would the Paedophile Epstein have 10 phone numbers stored for the Paedophile Mandelson?

The answer to that is fuck knows, the cunt wouldn't tell anyone:

Lord Mandelson yesterday maintained his silence over the extent of his contact with disgraced financier Jeffrey Epstein.
The former Business Secretary did not respond to questions about why the convicted paedophile's 'little black book' featured ten entries for him and his partner Reinaldo da Silva.

The online contacts book had 16 numbers for Prince Andrew and home numbers for politicians including Lord Heseltine and former Northern Ireland Secretary Shaun Woodward. There were also details of girls working at massage parlours.
Source: The Daily Mail.

Course, Princess Andrew and Peter '*stick another hamster in my arse'* Mandelson are old friends from the NSPCC.
Now, obviously regular readers of mine will already know that the NSPCC is a nonce infested cash cow.
However, for those who don't there is plenty of information to be found on my website (chrisspivey.org) about the Children's 'Charity'... Not least their employment of the once most wanted MK terrorist in South Africa - wanted in connection for up to 7 murders - as a fucking Grief Counselor of all things.
You really couldn't make this shit up.

And while we are on the subject, just excuse me for a second.
TOM WATSON MP: Iv'e been receiving interesting information about you, ya fat fuck... Just so you know, that I know.

Sorry about that. I know Tom likes to read what I have to say.
Right, where was I?
Oh yes. Princess Andrew and Peter Mandelson.
Pansy Andy was the Chairman of the NSPCC's 'Full Stop' Campaign.
And again, slightly off topic for a moment, but worthy of a mention is the fact that Sir Rodney Walker was the head of that very same Campaign.
So what, you may ask.
Well, it was Sir Rodders who bought Jimmy Savile's Scarborough flat... The flat in which Savile did unspeakable things to his mother's dead body for 5 days after she died... Just saying.

Moreover, the convicted paedophile Stuart Hall was given a character reference from an NSPCC employee, read out to the jury during the trial.

The following is from the Daily Mirror:

A volunteer NSPCC branch chair caused an online storm after it emerged she had given Stuart Hall a character reference.
Patricia Macmillan, chair of the East Cheshire branch, defended Hall in a letter to the court on the grounds of his charity work.
But charity bosses today said they had no warning of her actions until the letter was read out in court in support of the 83-year-old.
So do yourselves a favour and check out the many, many times that the NSPCC have been caught employing Paedophiles... And stop fucking donating to the nonce charity for fucks sake. You are not helping to stop child abuse by donating your hard earned... You are funding it.

Peter Mandelson, is also part of the NSPCC set up and backed Princess Andy - who is gifted quarter of a million pound per annum by his Mother (or us in other words) - for his role as a roving ambassador for British Trade International... A role that even his Elephant eared, clot of an older brother thought unsuitable for the nonce halfwit
The following is from the Guardian:

Peter Mandelson is understood to have given behind-the scenes backing for Prince Andrew's cause. The former Northern Ireland secretary met him while working on the NSPCC's Full Stop campaign against child abuse, which Prince Andrew chaired.

That fact should be very, very alarming given the many widely broadcast allegations leveled at the Nonce Mandelson.

The following is what the website www.whale.to/c/peter_mandelson.html has to say about the sick cunt.

Although Labour Supremo Peter Mandelsons' alleged role in the kidnapping of young girls and boys for the "pleasuring" of the European Union's elite commissioners in Brussels was the subject of intense speculation long before the disappearance of Madeleine McCann, I can now bring to a close all speculation as to the name of Tony Blair's most "highly placed and senior politician" who fell not only under the scrutiny of Scotland Yard for crimes against children, but was also identified by the FBI as an active member of the paedophile ring run by Thomas Hamilton.

Thomas Hamilton was of course the sick fuck who shot dead 16 children aged between 4 and 6 years old along with their teacher.
Hamilton, according to the Independent Newspaper was:

A lone mad-man in the Lee Harvey Oswald mould; an obsessive misfit who bottled up his paranoid resentment until he was ready to write himself into the national consciousness with other people's blood.

The boys whom he ordered to strip and run around in swimming trunks laughed at him behind his back and called him Mr. Creepy. The scores of adults he knew in Dunblane recognised his weirdness and nicknamed him Spock. His podgy face and insinuating voice had made their flesh crawl, they said.

Even if they had not heard the rumours about Hamilton and his boys' camps which had been going on for 25 years, people in Dunblane suspected that something was wrong. And to his neighbours in Kent Road, Stirling, he stood out in the poor but friendly street as a man with little to say. George Smart said he had not got a word out his neighbour in two years. He would see him walking by dressed in the classic nerd's anorak, head down, hands shoved into pockets.

Many other Kent Road residents, who occasionally looked through Hamilton's windows and saw the disturbing (but not blatantly pornographic) pictures of boys in swimming trunks covering his walls, painted similar portraits.

But that is just MSM bollocks.Thomas Hamilton's links can in fact be traced back to Bizzy Lizzy.

Hamilton was a Freemason with very powerful friends, not least George Robertson, the ex UK Defence Secretary and Secretary General of Nato, who gave Hamilton a reference for his firearms licence.
But I digress.

Jeffrey Epstein and Princess Andrew

Princess Andrew with 'that' girl

Tell me? Prince Charles? Is he Quare?

Fergie was great friends with both Savile and Slaggy Thatcher

Getting back to Peter Mandelson, the man twice drummed out of politics for wrong doing. The Whale website also had this to say about the kiddy fiddler - all of which is reference sourced:

Blair issued a D-notice to protect Peter Mandelson, when the latter was caught purchasing paedophile pornography in 2002 by Operation Ore.
Peter Mandelson's French Hospital records are alleged to contain details of injuries caused by small furry animals used in homosexual sex acts; according to Cherie Blair he is one of the most profoundly corrupt figures in politics and coming from Tony Blair's wife that is saying something.

Peter Mandelson and Cherie Blair hated each other, Mandelson as top Rothschild apparatchik for Britain was rumoured to boss and bully Blair, but after a row with the French the newspapers were tipped off anonymously that Frederic Mitterrand was paying young boys for sex, but a small security firm phone tapping for a newspaper, claimed the tip came from Mandelsons people.

The NSA whistleblower David Murphy-Fawkes has said they listened in to all Tony Blair's calls, as the US senate saw him as a lightweight 'Pinocchio' figure.
In march 2003 Peter Mandelson officially endorsed Leo Gillan as his political candidate, who then lost out to a man in a monkey suit, 'hangus' the monkey was offering a free banana to schoolchildren, 'hangus' was an in joke on the campaign to hang war criminals such as Saddam Hussein and Tony Blair.

Mandelson while business minister showed his true metal while holidaying on Deripaska yacht, now Deripaska is banned under organized crime regs in the USA, but according to the Daily Mail 23rd May 2010, Nat Rothschild, Deripaska and Mandelson shook hands on a £500 million aluminum deal that cost many Britons their jobs, much of this is said to be in chemtrail drops.

These 3 were joked about in the MI5 canteen as 'the axis of evil' and 'the 3 jewboys' and when Mandelson was admitted into a French hospital recently with prostate problems, the French doctors report told of felching injuries, felching is the gay sport where a cardboard tube is pushed into the rectum and a small furry animal slid down inside, our Peter apparently was scratched internally rather badly.

Peter Mandelson is controlling director of the NSPCC, and when Margaret Hodge (Oppenheimer) was children's minister she lived next door to Tony Blair, they also knew childline funders Sarah Caplin and Esther Rantzen, who are connected to TV mogul Michael Grade.

Funny how the Daily Mail neglected to mention all this don't cha think?
In fact instead of bigging up the Paedo Princess, this is the kind of stuff that the useless Chimps should be reporting to the public.

"Be fair Spiv, the articles are about the prospect of the couple re-marrying" .

Fuck off, who gives a fuck about whether or not the useless, wastes of fresh air get married again or not.

Nevertheless, if it is relevance to the articles that you want, why the fuck, when reporting on the Duck's objection to the marriage, did the Daily Mail neglect to mention the fact that the Perverted old bastard was fucking Porky Pig's Mother, Susan Barrantes for long enough... Just one of many, many affairs

Phil the Duck has had while being married to the Queer of England.
The following is from the Daily Mail:

After Kirkwood and Cordet, numerous other famous and beautiful women have been alleged to have been Philip's lovers.
They include the Countess of Westmorland, wife of the Queen's Master of the Horse, the novelist Daphne du Maurier, wife of the Comptroller of the Royal Household, the actresses Merle Oberon and Anna Massey, the TV personality Katie Boyle, the Duchess of York's mother, Susan Barrantes, the Duchess of Abercorn, wife of the Lord Steward of the Royal Household, the Queen's first cousin, Princess Alexandra, and Philip's glamorous carriage-driving companion, Lady Romsey. Of these, Daphne du Maurier was merely a casual acquaintance. Katie Boyle has rubbished suggestions of intimacy.

Anna Massey met Philip only once socially. And the Duchess of Abercorn, while admitting to 'a highly charged chemistry' with Philip, denied any physical relationship, adding that 'the passion was in the ideas'.

To a female journalist who once had the temerity to question him about the rumours of extra-marital infidelities, Philip barked: 'Good God, woman, I don't know what sort of company you keep.

'Have you ever stopped to think that for the past 40 years I have never moved anywhere without a policeman accompanying me? So how the hell could I get away with anything like that?'
You will notice that there was no denial about the Duck's affair with Fergie's Mother amongst that lot.
And then there is this from the Telegraph:

Inside, Australian readers were offered a "sizzling extract" from a book "they daren't publish in Britain". The book's author, Nicholas Davies, purported to reveal "a shocking world of royal adultery, passion and betrayal" and stated - as fact, not surmise - that the Duke of Edinburgh's liaisons with his cousin, Princess Alexandra, with the film star Merle Oberon, and with the Duchess of York's mother, Susan Barrantes (among others!) were the reason "why the Queen banned her husband from her bed".

Funnily enough, Susan Barrantes was killed after being decapitated in a car crash:

She was killed instantly. In a chilling echo of Diana's death, it is understood she was not wearing a seat belt. By a tragic coincidence the Renault driver, 60-year-old Jose Maria Rodriguez, was a close family friend. He suffered a broken ankle.
Mrs Barrantes' 25-year-old nephew Rafael Barrantes, who was travelling with her, miraculously survived the crash. He was in hospital last night being treated for shock, cuts and bruises.

The force of the impact was so great the vehicles ended up 60 yards apart. Last night, police suggested one reason for the accident might be that both drivers were dazzled by headlights. The road is narrow and twisty with no white centre line.
Mrs Barrantes' Rover was completely crushed with the sleek car reduced to a barely recognisable

lump of twisted steel and fittings. Source: The Free Library

And this from Wikipedia:

On 19 September 1998, while leaving for the ranch where she kept ponies, the Rover 75 she was driving collided with a Renault catering truck on a two-lane highway in flat countryside. The driver of the truck suffered a broken ankle, but Barrantes was decapitated and killed, age 61.

Just saying.

Chapter 7
THE DAILY MAIL'S BOOK OF MODERN DAY FAIRY TALES: THEY ALWAYS INVOLVE A PRINCE DON'T THEY

Here we go again. After last week's mass coverage of the Duck of Edinburgh officially opening the Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey, where we were meant to believe that the man himself was blubbering over our war dead - the same war dead he helped put in the ground - it would appear that it's now the turn of his uncharismatic, buffoon of a son, Prince Big Ears to get a makeover.

In fact, the way things are going, don't be surprised if you find a centre spread news story in this week's Sunday papers of Bizzy Lizzy helping out in a soup kitchen. After all, the lengths that these parasites will go to in order to keep the 'gravy train' going, knows no bounds.

The Royal family are nothing if not consistent. So whenever their popularity takes a nose dive, especially one as severe as this nosedive, they engage their spin doctors, who promptly take over the MSM in an effort to convince the nation that they are just a normal, law abiding family who care deeply for their subjects.

Have I told you how much these parasites nauseate me?

Course, as the saying goes, 'you can't polish a turd' which is extremely apt in the case of our Royal family. The newspapers can print whatever they like in their effort to pull the wool over our eyes. But to anyone even half aware of what this despicable family is like, no amount of Mr Sheen is going to make them shine.

Having said that, there are still many who are gullible enough to believe the articles that they read in the MSM. Therefore, I thought it best to take an indepth look at one of those articles in an effort to show them up for what they are. After all, there's no propaganda like Nazi propaganda.

Now, the article that I am going to dissect is from yesterday's Daily Mail (14/11/12). However, this type of article is cropping up in all of the daily rags and while they might seem harmless enough, and even a bit boring - as is the case with this Mail article - the danger is that they are subtle enough in their content to swing public opinion in the Royal family's favour.

And that would be a crime in itself. Especially with the support for the current Royal family appearing to be at an all time low.

So let's take a step by step look at the Daily Mails (DM) attempt to endear the heir to the throne to a nation who are rapidly growing wise to this family of in-breeds…

No, I DON'T have flunkies lining up 7 eggs for my breakfast! On his 64th birthday Charles dispels a few of those 'myths' about him. But still no mention of who squeezes his toothpaste…

The Prince of Wales never does things in haste.
He was 32 before he married, he wooed Mrs Camilla Parker Bowles for more than 30 years before marrying her, and he has waited until the eve of his 64th birthday today before letting the world know precisely what sort of a man he is.

This last decision is the most perplexing, because for decades he has had to withstand endless mockery over some of his habits and eccentricities. Some of it, it must be said, he brought on himself — admitting he 'talked' to plants, for example.
But over the years, a mountain of myths about the heir to the throne has been building. Now, at last, he is putting the record straight.

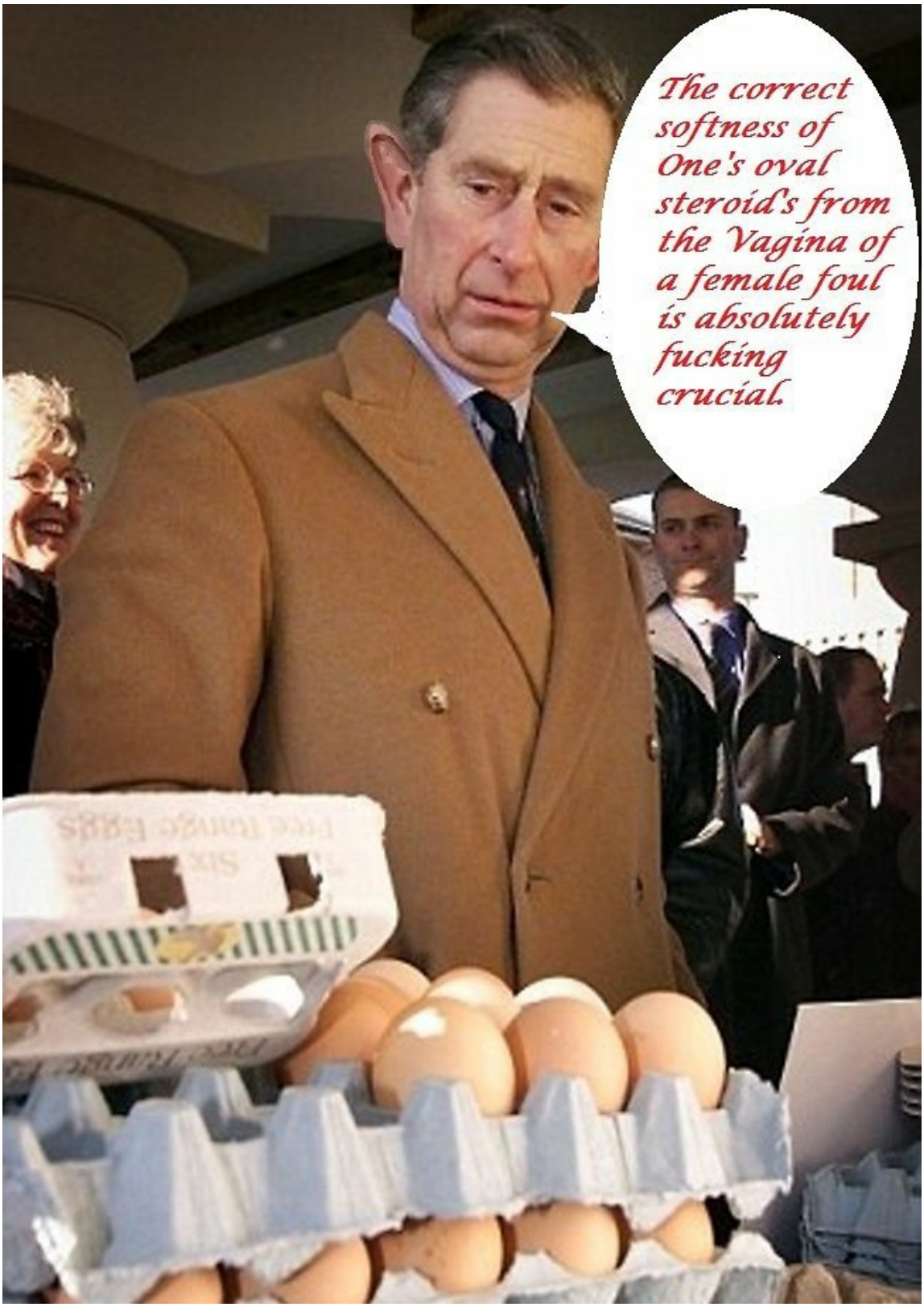

Ok, let's first deal with Charlie's marriage and for the benefit of those not familiar with Royal History, it is an indisputable fact that our Monarchy are so in-bred that many members of the family suffered/suffer from genetic problems associated with in-breeding, i.e. Madness, retardation and

physical handicaps.

And with Charles being heir to the throne and both his maternal Grandfather and paternal Grandmother victims of the defects associated with an overcrowded gene pool, as well as his own parents being 2nd cousins once removed, it seems likely that the risk was far too great for Charlie to marry one of his own.

Therefore, the search was on for a suitable candidate who would eventually become his Queen, capable of producing a future King who didn't need to wear a bib and be spoon fed his Coronation dinner.

Now there was no point in letting Big Ears get into his twenties before the Palace deciding to get off their arse's and see what 'old sorts' were available. Very careful long term planning was needed since the Royal family never, ever marry common people. Don't believe the MSM shit about Kate Middleton being a commoner. She is from the Goldsmith family who are interbred with the Rothschild's... Therefore, she was perfectly acceptable to the Royal Family.

So, with that in mind, the Palace would have been on the lookout for a suitable bride for Big Ears from a very early age. Lady Diana Spencer fitted the bill perfectly. The Spencer line is descended from Royalty with both Big Ears and Diana being direct descendants of King James I. Diana, did in fact have more Royal blood flowing through her veins than Big Ears does. That is, unless Diana is the illegitimate daughter of Sir James Goldsmith, which to be fair, there is evidence to suggest that she could be.

You really couldn't make this shit up, don't cha know. Nevertheless, even if she was Goldsmith's daughter, her bloodline would still have been more than acceptable. Here's what Tudor History .Org has to say:

Charles and Diana are both descended from James I and therefore share the same royal pedigree back to William the Conqueror. It is with Charles I and his son Charles II that their ancestry took a different turn.

Charles II had 14 children with mistresses, but none with his wife, Katherine of Braganza, so the throne went to his brother James II, then to James's daughter Mary and her husband William of Orange, then to Mary's sister Anne. Anne had no surviving offspring so the nearest Protestant relative was the Elector of Hanover in Germany, who became George I; he was the grandson of Elizabeth, sister of Charles I and aunt of Charles II. It is from these Hanoverians that our present Queen is descended.

One of the children Charles II had with his mistress Barbara Villiers was Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, whose great-great-great granddaughter, Lady Adelaide Horatia Seymour, married Frederick, 4th Earl Spencer; they were the great-great grandparents of Lady Diana Spencer.

So, as you can see, Diana was actually an ideal candidate for the job.

Diana & her mother... Diana with Jemima Khan Nee Goldsmith and Zac Goldsmith ... Are Zac and Jemima Dianas half siblings?

Zac and William: Uncle and Nephew?

Course, it could just be a coincidence but Diana was actually born and brought up for the early part of her life on the Queen's Sandringham Estate. However, you will have to draw your own conclusions from that fact. Nevertheless, with that being the case, Diana had known Charles all her life - despite the twenty two and a half year age gap.

Interestingly, whenever the Queen was at Sandringham she apparently used to invite Diana and her siblings up to the 'big house' to watch a film. That film was always Ian Fleming's Chitty, Chitty Bang Bang.

Neither could Diana's Aryan features of Blonde hair and Blue eye's failed to have gone unnoticed by the pro Nazi German Royal family, who sanctimoniously pass themselves off as British. In fact, Phil the Sauerkraut was also heard to say the following about his daughter in law to be:

"At least she will breed height into the line," was the Duke of Edinburgh's splendidly laconic observation when 32-year-old Prince Charles finally did his dynastic duty and wed the 19-year-old Lady Diana Spencer…

Mind you, the same article also goes on to say:

...The Windsors would be glad if Diana's name was never mentioned again," admits one member of the royal circle. "Diana nearly destroyed them, is how they see it. They're relieved she's out of the way." *(Source – The Telegraph)*

Hardly surprising then that a few years down the line, The Duck would allegedly play a major role in her murder. That is to say, he would if you based the allegation on the evidence omitted from the inquest into Diana's death, following Operation Paget.

That last sentence was for the benefit of the Royal Lawyer's. I mean it comes to something when the evidence implicating Prince Philfy is omitted from the inquest into Diana's death, yet to mention his involvement could get you arrested:

CRUCIAL evidence which details what Princes Charles and Philip know about Princess Diana's death will not be made public at her inquest. *(Source Daily Express 2007)*

Course, and then there's this:

TRAGIC Princess Diana feared Britain's Prince Philip would kill her — according to a shocking new report.
Author Ian Halperin alleges Diana — who died 13-years-ago yesterday (August 31) – told one of her closest friends six days before she died that she was terrified Philip would kill her because she refused a proposition he made to have sex with her one night in 1997.

The friend said Philip warned Di that if she didn't sleep with him he would make her fear rebellion for the rest of her life.
"And he most certainly did," said the long time Diana friend. "He must have been loaded that night when he propositioned Diana but the dirty bastard was able to scare her to death.

"To this day I wonder if Prince Philip arranged the tragic car crash so he could off Diana and never have to fear her talking about what happened.
"One thing I know for sure is that Diana would have never lied about something like this."
(Source – Showbiz Spy 20/9/10)

Nevertheless, if you are still not convinced you may be interested to learn that Diana said herself; "I knew from an early age that I had to keep myself... How shall we say, Tidy"... Or put another way, She had to stay a virgin.

Now, if you believe that Diana “just knew” instinctively that she had to remain a virgin until she married, then you will believe anything.

The only problem with Diana marrying the future King was Big Ears didn't like her. Diana in fact openly admitted that she knew that Big Ears had never loved her. She even told her sisters that she couldn't go through with the wedding, but they talked her round, pointing out, somewhat sarcastically, that her face was already on the tea towels.

That her sisters did, rather than being supportive of Diana is no surprise when you know their part in the events surrounding Diana’s murder. In fact, what a right gruesome twosome they turned out to be.

Diana also told in interview, how once Big Ears had a son and heir, he stopped sleeping with her. She went further still by saying that she was at a loss to explain how Harry was conceived (well she couldn’t exactly tell the truth on that matter, could she). She quickly followed up however, by saying that the period leading up to Harry's birth, were amongst the happiest times that they had enjoyed as a couple.

Nevertheless, Diana finishes up by saying that Charles - who had wanted a girl - took one look at harry and without even trying to hide his disappointment said "Oh it’s a boy", quickly adding "And he's got ginger hair". According to Diana, it was at that point that she knew her marriage was over.

Now, while the Duck of Edinburgh may have got away with dating the 13 year old future Queen of England, there was no way that Big Ears was going to get away with doing the same. In fact realistically, becoming engaged to Diana when she was 19 was just about the earliest that he could get away with it.

This then makes a mockery of the Daily Mail's insinuation that Charlie boy never does anything in haste. Therefore it is misleading of the DM to suggest that Charlie waited until he was 32 to get married because he doesn't rush into things. Its Piffle. He waited until he was 32 because he had no fucking choice but to wait.

The next instance the newspaper site's as proof that Big Ears - affectionately known as Dobby by no one else other than myself - does nothing in haste, is the fact that he "wooed" Camilla Parker Gravestone-teeth for 30 years.

The fact that the DM even printed this shit is testament to the hand that the Royal Press Office had in composing the fairy tale. Everyone knows that Dobby was shagging Camilla throughout that 30yr period, thus making a mockery of the sanctity of marriage. Now while many may not bat an eyelid at a bit of extramarital sex these days, you have to bear in mind that the Queen is the Head of the Church of England and as such, their marriage vows should have be sacred... Fucking Hypocrites, the lot of them.

None of them, including the Queen could stop themselves shagging about.
Moreover, it was the taxpayer who funded the obnoxious man's wedding. Talk about taking the piss!

So to romantically say that “he wooed Mrs Camilla Parker Bowles for more than 30 years before marrying her", is total bollocks.

But it gets better or should that be; it gets worse? You see, not only was Dobby cheating on his wife, Diana, and Camilla cheating on her Husband, Andrew Parker Bowles (A good friend of Dobbys - With friends like that, you don't need enemies,) Dobby was also cheating on Camilla with his son's nanny,

Tiggy Legge-Bourke.

Not that Randy Andy Parker Bowles minded. He has been shagging Dobby's sister Princess Anne on and off throughout her marriages as well as his own.
Moreover, Dobby got the old slapper, Tiggy Legge Bourke pregnant, which ended in abortion. And that's without the rumours of him sodomising his male Valet... But let's give the sexual deviant a few more million quid aye.

Then as the third example that the DM site's as proof that Dirty Dobby doesn't rush into things, the propaganda outlet states;

"he has waited until the eve of his 64th birthday today before letting the world know precisely what sort of a man he is"...

No he hasn't! Nowhere in the article does Big Ears admit to being a 'Fucking lying, hypocritical philanderer'.

But let's look at that claim even closer. He has waited until his 64th birthday to dispel some of the rumours that surround him. Why? That is to say, why didn't he do it on his 50th or even 60th birthday? Why didn't he postpone these revelations until his 65Th birthday? Not that anything of any substance has been revealed or dispelled in the article.

All three of the aforementioned birthdays are much more significant milestones than a 64th birthday. In fact, there is nothing commemorative about a 64th birthday whatsoever. Even the DM say's his decision to open up is "Perplexing", after decades of being mocked for his eccentricities.

Mind you, the DM might be perplexed but I'm certainly not. You see, to be thought of as being eccentric is in fact endearing too many. To be thought of as allegedly being a serial, predatory paedophile, is not so endearing.

It is in fact patently obvious that the man has opened up for no other reason than to try to gain public support. And just like his Father's sickening display on the opening day of the remembrance celebrations, it's transparent, phoney, sickening in the extreme, and hypocritical. The Royal family are well aware that they could be literally days away from a public lynching if they are not extremely careful right now.

Course, I don't doubt for a moment that there will be those who will remain loyal to the Royal family. I often get comments left on my website saying something along the lines of "I'm well hung"... Or is that, "I should be hung"... However, I digress.

Quite how the general public haven't already cottoned on to Charlie is a mystery to me. There can only be one reason why a man would socialise with a known predatory paedophile. And that reason is that man must share the same tendencies. After all, it is inconceivable that Big Ears didn't know Jimmy Savile was a nonce.

So, I will once again repeat what I have said on many occasions over the past month or so: Outwardly, Jimmy Savile and Dobby had absolutely nothing in common. Savile wore loud clothes liked loud music and was outgoing. Dobby wears suits, is stiff as a plank and awkward around people. They should have hated each other, yet their closeness for each other is alarmingly apparent in the many photos that they appear in together.

Mind you, if you watch the video of Louis Theroux meets Jimmy Savile, you will see that Savile comes across as a right prat. Dobby is also a right prat, but that does not explain their closeness.

Dobby was brought up by a Paedophile, his Great Uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten. That is a matter of record. Furthermore, he is continually being linked with paedophiles, typically yesterday (13/11/12) when the paedophile Reverend Peter Ball was arrested. Ball described Dobby as being a 'loyal friend'.

As for the MSM's ridiculous claim that Savile was giving Dobby and Diana marriage guidance! What a crock of old Horse shit that is. For a start, Savile has never been married or even lived with anyone except his Mother. In fact, I cannot recall Savile ever even being romantically linked to anyone. Shagging dead bodies and abusing little boys and girls is far different from being married.

So what the fuck does he know about holding a marriage together. That claim would be on a par with Bob Dylan advising Luciano Pavarotti how to sing Nessun Dorma. And besides, no amount of counselling would have kept the couple together. Charles couldn't stand the woman. Diana said so herself. He couldn't even say he loved her when they announced their engagement without adding, "Errrrrr whatever errrrr love means".

Moreover, if ***Angelfire.com*** *is to be believed, Dobby isn't content to just associate with living paedophiles; he also wants to associate with dead ones:*

Prince Charles is reported to be a full-blown New Age "Twinkie" who works with Ouija boards. He talks to plants and uses séances to communicate with his dead uncle, Lord Mountbatten.

Substitute séances with Satanic Rituals and you are probably somewhere near the truth.
So, within the first two sentences of the DM's article on the Prince, it is obvious where they want to take the reader and just as obvious that you're reading a fairy tale. And so the article continues:

First up is the spectacularly ill-informed notion that at breakfast, seven eggs, each boiled to a different degree of softness, are lined up in front of him so he may choose the one that is exactly the right consistency.
Clarence House now reveals on the Prince's official website that he does no such thing, and never has.

No one would ever have imagined he (or anyone else, for that matter) would do this had it not been included as a 'fact' in the distinguished broadcaster Jeremy Paxman's book On Monarchy, published in 2006.
The information came from 'friends of the prince'. Pointedly, Paxman is the only individual to be explicitly named on the prince's website as being responsible for a canard.

'It's been hung round Paxman's neck like a rotten fish,' says a BBC colleague. And Clarence House has been full of wicked titters this week at Paxman's public dressing down on their website, all the more so in the light of the ferocious interviewer's umbilical link with BBC2's troubled Newsnight programme.
But why has Clarence House waited until now to publish this list of corrections — which they describe as answers to 'frequently asked questions' — to commonly held beliefs about the prince?

The driving force behind the move is said to be the Duchess of Cornwall, who is due to return to London with Charles on Friday after a highly successful visit to Papua New Guinea, Australia

and New Guinea, Australia and New Zealand.
It's natural enough for a woman to become frustrated by so many misleading beliefs about the prince she loves. But the list is curiously, agonisingly incomplete, as we shall see.

Now, in regard to this myth about 7 eggs all boiled to different degrees, all I can do is give a slow shake of my head. MYTH! That's not a fucking myth, even in the context that the DM are using the word.

A Myth taken in that context is the Ex Italian President Silvio Berlusconi having 8 birds lined up outside his bedroom door all waiting their turn to have sex with him. What do we have? Seven fucking boiled eggs... If this wasn't so serious, I would be in fits of hysterical laughter, don't cha know.

Nevertheless, this 'myth', which I have never heard of before, despite the countless hour's that I have spent researching this family of leeches, apparently originated from Jeremy Paxman's 2006 book on the Monarchy... I bet that was a right fucking riveting read, if it was packed with gossip such as that.

Course, whether the claim is true or not, I don't know and to be honest I couldn't give a flying fuck if it is or isn't. Paxman didn't make it up, so the 'myth' had to come from somewhere. In this case, it apparently came from 'friends of the Prince'. And since Paxman's book was written with Palace approval, it adds credence to my earlier claim that eccentric behaviour is endearing to our gullible nation.

Mind you, had I written that book I would have processed the credibility of that scintillating piece of information by first reasoning that while the tight arsed Royals, who continually lobby Parliament for more money, pay their slaves 70 odd pence below the recommended living wage, their Chef's would probably fare a lot better wages wise.

And by the same token, I would have thought that any Chef worth his salt, having ascertained the correct degree of softness that the pampered arsewipe preferred his boiled eggs, would then not have needed telling twice how long to boil them for. So, with that in mind I would have probably dismissed the information as being bollocks.

Nevertheless, the fact of the matter is; the Blue Rinse Brigade loves this type of nonsense. Therefore, I may well have included it in the book myself. Why? Because, it doesn't fucking matter. It's trivial and unimportant.

Yet the DM would still have us believe that the hard nosed Paxman – who once had the MP Michael Howard (Paedophile) squirming in his chair on his TV program 'Newsnight', refusing to let him off the hook until Howard's credibility was in tatters - is dying of shame for being the author of this spellbinding revelation. Get fucking real.

So, having put that 'Myth' to bed, the DM then reveals that it was Camilla's idea to come clean, because she loves her man so much. Course, even if you believed that pathetic explanation, you would then be entitled to ask why it has taken her so long. Big Ears has been lampooned for the 30 years or so that he's been knobbing her. So once again; why now?

Nevertheless, let's also dissect this revelation. I mean it obviously goes without saying, that Dobby and Dobbin are related by blood:

LONDON, April 5 /PRNewswire/ -- Another talking point surrounding the Charles and Camilla

nuptials has been revealed - they are related! Leading genealogists at Ancestry.co.uk have discovered that the heir to the throne and his wife-to-be are cousins. According to the family history experts who have been researching the couple's family trees, Prince Charles and Camilla are ninth cousins once removed. *(Source PR Newswire).*

Now, it was supposedly Dobby's Great Uncle Louis the nonce who put the block on Charles marrying Camilla originally, allegedly because of her age and the fact that she wasn't a virgin... Could also have been jealousy, I suppose. Royal Lawyers take note that last remark was only my own speculation.

However, even though Dobby continued to see Dobbin throughout his marriage to Diana, he didn't love Dobbin enough to stop himself starting an affair with Tiggy the Tigress did he?
Moreover, despite the pair being on tour at the moment, their marriage is a matter of much speculation. Rumours abound, that they are married in name only and that Big Ears can no longer stand the sight of her... I can't say I blame him since neither can I.

Furthermore, it looks highly likely that just prior to Diana's murder, Dobbin was also subject to an assassination attempt. The attempted assassination was allegedly carried out by what is called the 'Boston Brakes,' a technique invented by the CIA and which - according to Sir Ranulph Fiennes - is now used by the SAS.

Now I do deal at length with 'Boston Brakes' in my forthcoming exposé of the Murder of Princess Diana. However, the assassination technique basically involves fitting a parasitic braking system to a car and then overriding the cars on- board computer before steering the car, via remote control into another. And while that might sound like something out of a James Bond film, I can assure you that 'Boston Brakes' does exist.

However, I must stress that this assassination attempt is only speculation, although many experts do believe it to be true. The attempt then is as follows:

While travelling alone on a quiet road, Camilla was involved in an unexplained serious head on car crash. Now under British Law, it is a serious crime to flee the scene of an accident. Nevertheless that is exactly what Dobbin did in running off and hiding in some nearby woods.

Dobbin then called Dobby on her Mobile phone. Dobby in turn then sent his security officers to pick her up and all was well except when Camilla was asked why she had fled the scene of an accident, to which she replied that she had been in fear for her life. Yet since the accident involved only her and another woman, you have to ask yourself why on Earth Dobbin would have been in fear for her life.

Returning now to the Daily Mail's article. Their claim that Dobbin wanted to put the record straight for her serial adulterer husband, just does not ring true or even make sense. However, the article then goes on to say that:

It's natural enough for a woman to become frustrated by so many misleading beliefs about the prince she loves. But the list is curiously, agonisingly incomplete, as we shall see.
'Does the Prince really dislike all modern architecture?' asks the official website.
Clarence House says no. Rather, 'the Prince has been the Patron of several contemporary architects'.

True enough, but his excoriating comments about certain new buildings (he famously described the Sainsbury extension to the National Gallery as a 'carbuncle') have infuriated leading modern architects, some of whom accuse him of ignorance.
Peter (now Baron) Palumbo, who went on to become Chairman of the Arts Council, memorably said: 'I can only say God bless the Prince of Wales, and God save us from his architectural judgment.'

'Does the prince advocate untested and dangerous alternative medical therapies?'
Not at all, says Clarence House. 'The Prince is a keen advocate of integrated health care' and of giving patients 'access to conventional medical treatment (and) proven complementary care and therapy'.
What the website doesn't mention is that the complementary healthcare of which he is most in

favour is homeopathy. Indeed, his charity, the Foundation for Integrated Health, has lobbied for homoeopathic treatments to be made available on the NHS. Many conventional doctors, however, condemn it as quackery.

‘As an environmentalist, why does the Prince of Wales drive around in a Bentley?’
This accusation of hypocrisy is easily quashed. ‘The Prince does not own or choose to drive around in a Bentley. The car is required for some engagements for security reasons and is owned by the Metropolitan police.’
That’s fair, but not the whole truth. Prince Charles is known to prefer using the Bentley because he complains his official car, a Jaguar converted to run on bio-diesel made from used cooking oil, doesn't give him quite enough head room.

And once again, these 'myths' that Charlie is supposedly clearing up are in fact nothing more than tittle tattle of no importance or consequence. Furthermore, how do we know that the Palace is telling the truth anyway? After all, when it comes to honesty, the palace does not have a very good track record does it? Moreover, even the DM begins to question the Palace’s honesty in rebuffing these ‘myths’ that no one except a Royal groupie has ever heard mention of.

Still, let's take a look at the above 'myths' that the Palace has now supposedly cleared up, namely; does Dobby hate all modern Architecture? No says the Clarence House website. Well, says Spivey, who gives a fuck? I would imagine that the Palace is telling the truth on this one. After all, there are hundreds of thousands of examples of modern architecture and so the odds are that even Dobby must like one or two of them.

The next on the list is; ‘Does the prince advocate untested and dangerous alternative medical therapies?’

No, say the Palace. Agreed says Spivey. Why would he? Alternative medicines work and as a general rule cannot be patented. Therefore, there is no money to be made for the pharmaceutical giants. Moreover, Dobby like his Dad the Duck is a Eugenicist and wants us all dead. Remember, more people die from the effects of Chemotherapy, than Chemotherapy cures.

Next up; ‘As an environmentalist, why does the Prince of Wales drive around in a Bentley’? And as you will have seen, there is an answer of sorts that even the DM says is not exactly true but has Something to do with him not having enough head room in his official car. Now while Dobby isn't what you would call tall, his Ears are fucking massive, so, we will give him the benefit of the doubt on that one... Nevertheless, it is unimportant in the grand scheme of things.
The article continues:

‘Will the Duchess become Queen when the Prince becomes King?’

How is that a Myth? As the article, says its self. The answer is the same now as it has always been... Derrrr. However, once again the DM questions the palace’s honesty:

Here, the website is brief and to the point. ‘As was explained at the time of their wedding in April 2005, it is intended that The Duchess will be known as HRH The Princess Consort when The Prince of Wales accedes to The Throne.’
But this ‘intention’ is unlikely to be to put into practice. Charles is resolved that Camilla should be Queen, and most people now believe that this is what she will be.

Not going well really, is it. Next!

'Why does the Duchess have her own home at Raymill House in Wiltshire?'
The official answer is: 'The Duchess likes to spend time with her children and grandchildren at their family home.

Now, I have to tell you, that the following doubts that the DM express in response to the answer given to the above, nearly had me spitting my tea out over the computer screen:

But privately it is murmured by Camilla's friends that the Prince does not like noisy young children disturbing the peace of Highgrove.

See what I mean? Dobby! Not like noisy young children! Hmmm... best leave that one there or I will get arrested.

Nevertheless, children aside, the real reason for the separate homes is in keeping with and supports what I said earlier about Dobby and Dobbin's marriage being in tatters.
The article then makes mention of how dull it all is, which is about the only thing that the propaganda outlet has been honest about:

The questions and answers drone on rather dully covering everything from the prince's tax arrangements, plans for a multi-faith coronation and his large staff which numbers an intriguing '161.1'. How can you have 0.1 of a gardener?

Well, the DM would find those points dull wouldn't it? After all, going into detail about his tax affairs, coronations that will be paid for by the taxpayer and his large number of slaves could be counterproductive to this PR drive. NEXT:

However, some of the most intriguing bits of information for which the prince has been regularly lampooned for years are not addressed at all.

Excellent journalism DM. What are those intriguing bits of information then?

Take the story about his toothpaste.

Yes, yes, go on.

Royal folklore has it that it is squeezed on to his brush for him by his valet. The Clarence House website fails to explain that this really isn't as spoilt as it sounds.
It goes back to 1990 when Charles's valet was the felicitous and 'irreplacable' Michael Fawcett. At the time, the prince needed temporary help because he had broken his right arm falling off his pony when playing polo at Cirencester.
The story about the specimen jar which the valet had to hold particularly steady also dates from this period. The practice was certainly not continued after the Prince had regained the use of his arm.

Fuck me! Is that it? What's next on the list DM?

And then there's the Prince of Wales's lavatory seat. This handy personal device, covered in soft, white kid leather, is said to go everywhere with Charles. Not so ludicrous when you know that the

Prince is very hygiene-conscious.
And there is no mention of the rumour that Charles also travels with his own personal supply of Kleenex Velvet lavatory paper.

I gotta tell you. I'm losing the will to live right now. NEXT?

Nor does Clarence House address the claim that wherever he is in the world he takes his own organic food grown at Highgrove and receives supplies of unpasteurised milk from the royal herd at Windsor.

Well of course, Clarence House wouldn't address the issue of food. Obviously, Elephant Ears takes his own grub with him when he fucks off on his free jaunts. The stuff we have to eat gives you fucking cancer. Don't bring these points up if you are not going to provide the answers. Bad journalism DM. NEXT?

Also missing is the information given whenever the Prince stays at a country house. When staying somewhere for the first time, his hostess is issued with a list of relevant information about their guest of honour.

Likes: anything organic, soft-boiled eggs, wild mushrooms, fish, game, pasta, ice-cream, soft cheese, Laphroaig whisky and dry Martini (mixed the princely way, three parts gin to one part Martini).

Dislikes: large portions, overcooked vegetables, coffee, chocolate, nuts, garlic, curry, chillies, pork, oysters and blue cheese.

Fuck off with this shit. These are not revelations or Myths. Even B list Celebs send this kind of list. I certainly would not have any objection to him sending an advanced list of likes and dislikes. You see what the DM did there. They made it seem as if they were rebuking the Palace for failing to address the questions 'we all want answers for'. Are we interested if the Prince sends such a list? Are we bollocks. It wasn't even worth mentioning. Bad DM, bad, NEXT?

But what is most surprisingly absent from the 'frequently asked questions' is the most contentious area of Prince Charles's life — his tendency to meddle in government business.

Nowhere will you find a question asking why the Prince devotes so much time to the 'black spider' letters with which he bombards government ministers, and yet this is an issue which continues to interest both politicians and the public.

Many critics feel the prince went too far and overstepped the constitutional boundaries of his legitimate concern in effectively lobbying ministers over issues such as foxhunting, foot-and-mouth disease and the reform of the House of Lords.
Only last month the Attorney General, Dominic Grieve, overruled the High Court in order to block the release of a series of 'particularly frank' exchanges between Charles and certain ministers. Grieve did so because he believed publication could affect the Prince's future 'kingship'.

Where is the question on the Clarence House website enquiring 'Does the Prince meddle unduly in government affairs?'? All that is offered by way of information from Clarence House about his relationship with government is to say that it is a convention for him to be asked by Parliament to

consent to Bills which affect the Duchy of Cornwall.

Several of the questions are about the Prince's expenditure. Does The Prince of Wales pay tax? Why doesn't the Duchy of Cornwall pay corporation tax? Is it true that Members of the Royal Family sometimes spend thousands of pounds to make day trips for single events?

Clarence House has gone out of its way to point out that Charles 'pays income tax at the 50 per cent rate on his income from the Duchy of Cornwall' and his taxes 'are checked by the Inland Revenue like anyone else'.
What it doesn't say is that his income from the Duchy last year was £18.3 million on which he paid £4.5 million in tax.

I will now say it again. Well of course these things won't be addressed. The twat's not going to admit that he's ripping us off or that he has influence over parliamentary decisions is he? Is that it for this ludicrous MSM article ? Please let the answer be yes, please let the answer be yes.

No doubt the illuminating new information has been published to do away with the absurd idea that the Prince of Wales is both lavish and eccentric.

Fuck me, it wasn't the end.

So, has it succeeded?

At last, a good(ish) question, which I shall answer seriously.

And that answer is: You never know with the notoriously gullible British public. Most people reading this know exactly what the Royal family are and as such do not need to be put straight. The trouble with dangerous misleading articles like this one in the Daily Mail is that they could just be enough to appease those who are beginning to have their doubts about the integrity of the Royal Family. And that I'm afraid to say could be all it takes to keep the hinges on the establishments doors intact.

Until the next time,
Much love,
Chris.

Chapter 8
THE TIME FOR CHANGE IS NOW. IT COULD BE THE LAST CHANCE WE GET

There was I, half listening to the news at 10 last night, when surprise, surprise, who should turn up in a ‘news’ item but None other than Queen Bizzy Lizzy and her obnoxious husband the Duck of Edinburgh.

Now obviously, those of you who have been following this website over the last month will know that I’ve been documenting the way that our Royal parasites have been monopolising the establishment controlled MSM, in a PR drive to convince the Nation that they are not the monsters that some of us are making them out to be.

Course, this PR drive is crucial since the in-breeds know that slowly but surely, people are coming to realise that the Royal facade that they present to the still largely gullible general public is nowhere near the reality of what takes place behind closed doors.

So, what were they doing that was so newsworthy last night? ... Well it seems that the odd couple attended the Royal Variety Performance. Not exactly the kind of stuff that a major news channel should be broadcasting when you take into account the high number of much more newsworthy items that were totally ignored.

Still we were told some old bollocks about how much the queen enjoys these shows. Then we were treated to a video clip of various members of the parasites who had blessed the theatre with their presence in the past. How informative. For instance, I now know that the first RVP took place in 1912 and was attended by King George, the half Kraut and his wife Queen Mary, the full Kraut.

I also now know that this was the 36th time that the queen and her hubby have attended... Hmmm, she doesn’t enjoy the RVP that much then since she’s been in the hot seat for 60 years. I also see that today's sycophant newspapers are also promoting this RVP old shit... Or should that be ‘these old shits’.

Nevertheless, I am now starting to believe that the harder they try to get back into the nations good books, the less credible they actually become. I mean it goes without saying that the Royal halfwits have brought this upon themselves. Indeed, you would have thought that with their level of education they would be smart enough to work out that you cannot socialise with convicted sex offenders and paedophiles and not expect people to question why.

Course, once you start asking that question you are left no choice but to conclude the answer is that they are themselves sexual deviants and paedophiles. In fact I have already documented quite a large assortment of evidence in various other articles to suggest that the Royal perverts are indeed child abusing abominations. Birds of a feather, really do flock together, don't cha know.

Yet for every occasion in recent weeks that these monsters have appeared on the news and in the papers in an attempt to hoodwink the nation and thus stave off a public lynching - *which is entirely possible when enough people finally realise what the sick fucks really get up to* – a new wealth of information drops at my feet to reinforce the sheer depth of their depravity.

For instance, I have today been reading a transcript of the **Hallett Report number 1**. Greg Hallett is a New Zealand investigative journalist who has exposed wide spread corruption and paedophilia within the New Zealand government.
And the fact that the New Zealand government's corruption worms itself right the way down to all government departments and offshoots comes as no surprise to me. After all, the same is true in England and just about every other sovereign nation in the world.
Course, Greg Hallett doesn't just confine his work to the New Zealand government. For in the course of his investigations, he has in fact uncovered a minefield of information implicating Our Royal family in all manner of skulduggery. Not that you have to dig too deep to uncover some skulduggery involving those reprobates. However, the skulduggery that Greg has uncovered is a bit special.

In fact, whereas I have only (non-too) subtly inferred that the Duck is an out and out paedophile, Greg has come right out and said it.
Course, the fact that Greg's extensive investigations led him to uncovering the involvement of the royal in-breed's is hardly surprising, being as the Queen of England is also the Queen of New Zealand.

The following are extracts taken from the transcripts of the Hallett Report number 1. And do bear in mind that it is a conversation transcript as opposed to a written piece:

"The person who collected the sexual secrets on New Zealand is the same person who became the Prime Minister – Helen Clark.
She collected the sexual secrets from the seventies and sold them to a Russian intelligence agent called Valentin Putin. He had two body doubles, also living in Wellington between 1980 and 82, and they were called Alexander Putin, Valentin Putin and Alexia Putin. Valentin Putin is Vladimir Putin.

Helen Clark collected the sexual secrets of New Zealand's politicians, lawyers, judges, mayors, gave them Valentin Putin, and he used them to create and govern New Zealand as a communist mafia dictatorship, that would do absolutely anything that it could to cover up its sexual shame.

So along with publishing the sexual secrets of New Zealand's notoriety I also published the names of the security intelligence services and their addresses.
Two weeks before I published, the same agency changed the law, so that it was legal to do so, so I was getting help from the inside.

One of the things I discovered about New Zealand is, that it is a 'Paedophile Movement Fronting as a Country', and New Zealand's main import and export, apart from dairy, maybe, is heroin. More recently that has been taken over with methamphetamine.

I also found that the heroin deals were being done during and just after the royal visits, and that the

principle heroin trafficker is 'The Black Prince' – Prince Philip – along with his wife Queen Elizabeth and the now deceased Queen Juliana of Holland and her husband Prince Bernhard.

Those who supplied children for paedophilia to Prince Philip were invited into the heroin trafficking ring. The heroin was then sent from South America in Phillips light tubes to Waihi, where they were taken out of the boxes, broken open and the heroin was taken out of the fluorescent light tubes, and the boxes were sent back to Holland, as a stock take of the amount of heroin that had gotten through.

On the 27th of June 1979, two lawyers, Peter Williams, who became Peter Williams QC, and his business partner Eb Leary, later convicted twice, sold the house to the heroin trafficker Terry Clark.

On the 3rd of October 1979 the heroin trafficker Terry Clark sold that house to two Detective Inspectors of the New Zealand Police – they were Detective Inspector John Rex Hughes and Detective Inspector Ian Hastings, who was known as "Hastio", and is now, well, he took over from Terry Clark's heroin trafficking in 1980, and Detective Inspector Ian Hastings then ran casinos, and he used that to launder methamphetamine money. He is known as "Hastio" on the street.

Helen Clark had been a Tavistock, St. Petersburg gang-bang prostitute.
She came back to New Zealand wanting to become an MP, but everybody knew that she was a lesbian. She was in a relationship with Judith Tizard. So Judith Tizard's mother became the wedding celebrant, and Helen Clark married Peter Davis. Peter Davis is a known homosexual and child sex abuser. He was on the police list of those who needed cover.

So Helen Clark, lesbian and paedophile of a ten-year-old Vietnamese girl in Vietnam in late 2002, she married Peter Davis for cover, and became an MP. And because she had supplied the sexual secrets of New Zealand's notoriety to Vladimir Putin, they both became the leaders of their country at the same time.

Helen Clark became the Prime Minister of New Zealand on the 6th of December 1999 and Vladimir Putin became the President of Russia on the 31st of December 1999…

... On the 27th of August 1979, Lord Louis Mountbatten was blown up in his boat. Now Lord Louis Mountbatten was part of the 'Triumvirate', which was the heroin trafficking ring run by Prince Philip. Also by Lord Porchester, Prince Andrew's father, and Lord Plunket, who died in 1975, and that's Prince Edward's father.

And with Lord Plunket dying, Lord Louis Mountbatten was invited into the heroin trafficking ring, and he qualified, because he was already compromised, because he is a long standing paedophile, and Lord Louis Mountbatten considered the mentor-ship of his nephews and grand nephews to be the same as sodomy.

The first man to escape out of Colditz, first or second, Airey Neave, who was a lawyer and British MP, a man of note and influence, and Margaret Thatcher's bondage lover.
Peter William's QC is Prince Philip's agent in New Zealand. Prince Philip's wife owns the Court buildings and owns the Judiciary.

He (Airey Neave) was trying to clean up the heroin trafficking ring and he got to Lord Louis Mountbatten. So Lord Louis Mountbatten was on a target list of Prince Philip's to be killed. And it looks like Prince Philip gave the £2 million pounds to the mafia, who gave it to Peter Williams, who

found it in a suitcase on his hotel bed, and then went around eliminating those who could jeopardise his case.

(Irish voice: "I tell you, it's like what happened to the world over the last twenty or thirty years: Greed, greed & more fucking greed, & cheap money, & in Ireland, it is a tragedy what happened.)

When I exposed Peter Williams QC as being in charge of paedophilia in New Zealand, being in charge of heroin trafficking in New Zealand, and his partner being in charge of Methamphetamine trafficking in New Zealand, a Police Inspector called Winston West, who was in a full motorcycle suit, helmet, on a motorcycle, came alongside of the car I was in, which was a very small Honda Civic, jumped on the bonnet, ripped the wiper blade and arm right off the car, and he ripped the rear vision mirror right of the car, and then fell on the ground with his arms and legs in the air, like a dog wanting to get patted.

There were two detectives here, two there, two there. Two minutes later an ambulance turned up, picked him up, took him to the hospital. No police chased me, nothing. It was just Peter Williams saying he had total control over the police doing any hits that he wanted."

You can read the Hallett report in full here: http://www.theworldoftruth.net/HallettReport/No1.html
Course, some of the information contained in the above confirms and adds further credibility to my article **Monsters Inc**, in particular the parentage of the paedophile Prince Andrew and the throwback Prince Ed the ball.

As for anyone having trouble getting their heads around our Royal family being drug dealers on a massive scale... Why are you? Our oh so (dis) honourable Royal family made an absolute fortune dealing opium to the Chinese in the 18th and 19th centuries as they also did with their investments in the Black slave trade. Those are documented facts. Therefore, do you really believe that a couple of hundred years down the line the proverbial leopards have changed their spots? Course they haven't. They are as corrupt now as they were then.

In fact the golden rule is to always remember that the Royal family are steeped in tradition: **a belief, principle or way of acting which people in a particular society or group have continued to follow for a long time, or all of these beliefs, etc. in a particular society or group** (source: Cambridge on-line dictionary)

Course, if you're still not convinced just ask yourself why there is more Heroin coming out of Afghanistan now than there ever was under the Taliban. In fact, there is more Heroin coming out of Afghanistan than there ever has been, full stop. Maybe it's because all those UK and US spy satellites can pinpoint people but not acres upon acres of poppy fields... Nah.

Or... It could be to do with the fact that the vast profits being made are helping to underpin the British and US economies... And making a few people extremely rich at the same time... Yeah.

The Hallett Report also makes mention of the Dutch Royal family. Course; as I have said many times, the British Royal family are the German Royal Family are the Dutch Royal family etc, etc. Or as our esteemed former Prime Minister, David Cameron, a true pillar of society – *or should that be Pillock of society* – is so fond of saying; "*we're all in this together*".

Nowadays it is Queen Juliana's eldest daughter Queen Beatrix who is the head of the Dutch Royal family. Beatrix is also a regular attendee at the secretive NWO Bilderberg meetings. However, for the

benefit of anyone who doubts that the Royal In-breeds are all related, try this for size:

Queen Beatrix and Queen Elizabeth are both descendants of Stadtholder prince William IV of the Netherlands and Anna of Hannover (who was a daughter of King George II of Great Britain and Ireland). Queen Beatrix through his son Prince William V, and Queen Elizabeth through his daughter Princess Carolina, who was a great-great mother of Queen Mary, Queen consort to King George V of the United Kingdom.

I do believe that there are also other permutations, with some historians having the two women as closely related as 3rd cousins, while others have them down as 5th cousins.
However, before we leave the family tree, let's have a quick look at the average Royal lifespan since the 1700's.

You see, throughout the 18th century the Royal families lifespan appears to have been around 60-65 years old. And throughout the same period, the average lifespan of an Englishman was 36-37 years old.

In the 19th Century, the average Royal lifespan appears to have been around 75-80 years old but once again, in comparison the average Englishman lived to about 40-43 years of age throughout the same period.

The first half of the 20th century saw the Royal life expectancy rise to around 85-90 years old yet your average Englishman however, was still only knocking up around 45-49 years before popping his Clogs... See how we are discussing the Dutch Royal family and I cleverly brought Clogs into play there? You don't get that clever shit in the MSM, don't cha know... But I digress... As usual.

Since the 1950's, things have been looking up for us English peasants. We now get to live up until we are around 77 years old... Although, I have no doubts that to your average 77 year old, it seems as though it's been a lot fucking longer.
Having said that, I should point out that the Queer Mother, despite being a chronic alcoholic didn't kick the bucket until she was 101 years old - Just one of the 3 Royals in total who lived to be over 100 years old and made it into the 21st century.

Meanwhile, at 92 years old our sour faced bizzy lizzy is over a decade ahead of our average life expectancy, and still scowling for England like there's no tomorrow.
As for the Duck, well, despite his dodgy plumbing (Probably fitted by an Indian), he has clocked up 97 years and is still driving everyone quackers. In fact he is the 27th Royal family member to clock up at least 95 years since 1900 AD... Just saying.

Moreover, there can of course be no doubt that this elite paedophile cesspit is a worldwide thing. It is absolutely massive, far, far bigger than most people ever imagine. Mind you, that isn't saying much since many people here in the UK are that preoccupied with their own little world, that they are still under the impression that it is just a BBC thing.

In fact an excellent article that goes a long way to linking these royal families and political cabals together can be found here: http://simianpress.com/tag/high-ranking-officials/ The following is the first part of that article:

The Grand Royale Paedophile Network is being Exposed - politicians, judges, high ranking officials, Vatican Priests, Jesuits, Opus Dei, bankers, Brussels UN elected beaurocrats, global royal families : from Amsterdam to Brussels to London to Jersey to Saudi Arabia to the USA……and worldwide this

is the biggest abuse scandal in our history. The very same people who are now creating Fascist Austerity on the world population, the very same people who continue to push NATO and global wars through their proxies.

Using their digital networks like O2/Telefonica plans 'big data' arm to sell children's details against their will. Facebook who also plan to sell there user's details including the details of children. The very same group who consider themselves above the law and in fact have their own law are now exposed for who they really are. Mainstream news like the BBC was caught trying to cover this up (which is a criminal offence) but the floodgates are open worldwide. Recent accusations of the children's entertainer Jimmy Savile are just the tip of the iceberg. The BBC is being shaken to its core by an enormous sex abuse scandal.

Sir Jimmy certainly fixed it for his friends to be introduced to quite some children. Many of whom mysteriously died after giving evidence. BBC covered up Jimmy Savile's child abuse because he was friends with Prince Charles, claims veteran broadcaster Bill Oddie. The trail of blackmail, murder, abuse and corruption leads to the darkest ever crimes against humanity we have ever seen.

The Royal paedophile network in Holland is managed by Joris Demmink (arrestdemmink.com) and others in his network. Demmink is the head of the Dutch judicial System and has received a ribbon from the Dutch Queen for service to the state. The head of all the judges and prosecution services connected directly to the Queen of the Netherlands…! Demmink's speciality was child cases. Think about it, how better to cover up and deflect the reality of this horror but in Amsterdam, (Mecca of Child trafficking) by having a paedophile in charge.

Greed, power and sodomy and systemic rape of children by Royals and Rothschild elite's worldwide using the Talmudic practices of paedophilia and abuse in high ranking Masonic and freemasonic lodge venues. On the other side of the pond we have the Jimmy Savile case set to explode in all directions. Sir Jimmy, (OBE, KCSG) had a cottage in Glencoe, Scotland, frequented by guests like Prince Charles and government ministers.

Sir Jimmy was also a regular at Checkers during Thatcher's reign. He was also given key and special access to the children's ward – Stoke Mandeville Hospital near Aylesbury, Leeds General Infirmary, and Broadmoor Hospital in Berkshire. Jimmy even made friends with The Yorkshire Ripper, Peter Sutcliffe…..!!!!!

Only someone high enough in the criminal prosecution service could have given all this access to all areas for Sir Jimmy to do his grooming for his friends of (in some cases mentally ill) children. In 2007, Savile was interviewed under caution by police investigating an allegation of indecent assault in the 1970s at the now-closed Duncroft Approved School for Girls near Staines, Surrey, where he was a regular visitor.

The Crown Prosecution Service advised there was insufficient evidence to take any further action and no charges were brought. This inquiry was set up and killed by William Hague. The GLOBAL CHILD TRAFFICKING - UN and Corporate Operation and COVER-UPS continue, through the Vatican, the UN, the NATO, military operations, Islamic Paedophile rings, and Dyncore "humanitarian missions".

From the UN, NATO, Corporations, Ministers, Priests, Police Chiefs, Judges, Bankers, Doctors, CEO's, Royals…….all Masonic and FreeMasonic members of Zionist bloodline Brotherhood, sworn to protect each other despite their criminal and financial activities. How Evelyn Rothschild controls

the Middle East. "Just tell them gods wills it and they will go along with anything".

Course, if you really want to research for yourselves how these interconnecting networks have pretty much got the world sewn up, then you need look no further than David Icke's book '**The Biggest secret**'... However, be prepared to read it with a slack jaw because it is an entirely plausible, extremely well researched, albeit very shocking masterpiece.

Now I am well aware that many closed minded people roll their eyes when David Ickes name is mentioned, but it is those very same people who also believe the old bollocks printed in the mainstream media.

If these people would only take a moment or two to listen to how many things David has been right about, they may not be so quick to dismiss him as being away with the fairies. Mind you, I am of the opinion that the MSM would have you believe that far more people think David Icke to be a nutter than those who actually do. You only need look at his sell out Wembley Arena appearance to realise that. After all, people don't pay good money to sit 10 hours listening to a nutter drone on.

David was also one of the first, if not the first to actually publicly 'out' Jimmy Savile as a paedophile. And, like I keep saying; why were the Royal family so close to Savile when they must have known about his sexual preferences?

Interestingly enough, just today, I came upon another extract from Savile's 1974 autobiography 'Love is an uphill struggle' which reads:

"With Angus Ogilvy and his super missus Princess Alexandra one feels a great friendship from the off. I am the vice-president to his presidency of the National Association of Youth Clubs and he is often down with us at headquarters in Devonshire Street, wanting to know what's happening. Princess Alex is a patron of a hostel for girls in care. At this place I'm a cross between a term-time boyfriend and a fixer of special trips out."

Now, you can make of that passage, what you will, but I think we all know now what Savile's "special trips" consisted of.

Overall, I find it hard to believe that by and large we still afford this malevolent family respect and allow them to 'reign' over us. Personally, I afford them no respect whatsoever. They certainly do not deserve any.

They have contributed nothing but taken much, although there are still plenty of mind controlled drum bangers to be found who still trot out the familiar much used mantra, "*They bring a lot of money into the country in the form of tourism*". I will not even dignify that pathetic mantra with an answer. All I will say to those who are fond of spouting that old bollocks is; do ya fuckin' homework instead of just accepting things at face value.

You certainly know that you live in an arse about face, fucked up country, when you have thousands of people standing for hours in the pouring rain, just so as they can wave little plastic flags at a family of evil, greedy, parasitic, inbred paedophiles who are rich enough to end world poverty and still never have to do another days work in their lives.

Yet these sycophants wave and cheer and the truth is that the very people they are paying homage to can't fucking stand them. They want us all dead. Well at least the vast majority of us anyway. And that

fortune that the money hoarding yokels sit on, while continuing to lobby for more, was accumulated through the suffering of millions upon millions of people. Moreover, that misery and suffering continues today.

And again, you know you live in an arse about face, fucked up country where you have an elected government made up of paedophiles that are just as evil, corrupt, and parasitic as the abominations that live in the palaces.

A government who will pursue a honest working man for everything he's worth until he has nothing left, just for the sake of a few hundred pounds he owes in tax money. Look how the hypocrite Cameron publicly lambasted the comedian Jimmy Carr. Yet the very same government will stay silent and let their corporate masters get away with evading tax to the tune of a whopping £25 Billion a year... Imagine the good that, that money could be used for?
In fact, let's be quite clear on this. People are now beginning to starve in this country or being forced to live on cheap processed, cancer giving food, devoid of all nutrients. And all because of the governments fraudulent, corrupt and largely unnecessary policies. But, so as the still largely apathetic nation doesn't cotton on to the misery being imposed on the poor, they convince the middle classes – *whom as of yet are reasonably unaffected by the severe austerity measures* - that those most in need of help are spongers, layabouts and "Wanting something for nothing".

Meanwhile, the greedy bastards in parliament get us mugs, the ones they are ripping off, including the hundreds of thousands living in poverty, to pay for their 2nd homes and furnishings. And we allow them to get away with it... Total insanity.
Forty years ago, the poorest paid worker could still afford to have his wife stay at home and look after the kids – a proper family life. Now people are struggling to make ends meet on two incomes... And they call this progress.

So why have living standards declined so much?
Well basically because our corrupt government are continually implementing new, unnecessary measures designed to make us work harder, for longer, for less, while at the same time allowing the Banksters to purposely fuck up the economy.

We are then told that further cutbacks are necessary in order to reduce the national debt, that was run up – *quite unnecessarily* - by the government and which doesn't actually exist in reality anyway. It is a non existent debt that can never be paid off and which continues to rise - *despite the strict austerity measures put in place* – because of a fraudulent banking system which our odious chancellor, Gideon *'I've paid for a standard train ticket so as I can travel 1st class'* Osbourne subscribes too. It has to stop.

But what really gets my goat at this present moment in time is that the government or ex government Paedophiles - *Dirty nonce's that gang rape children some no older than 3 or 4 years old, or force them to have sex with animals before often killing them for the purposes of Snuff Movies, Satanic ritual, or a sexual thrill* - are rewarded with taxpayers money for not being publicly named.

While at the same time, the people who do name the nonce's are risking their lives, assets and/or liberty in an effort to put a stop to anymore kids enduring that kind of hell... I can't find the words to adequately describe how I feel about these smug nonces. One of whom was Lord Alistair McAlpine. But you really do have to question the sanity, morality and integrity of a government that protects child molesters while branding the people trying to put a stop to the abuse as the bad guys. That is fucked up people, proper fucked up and has to be stopped.

Attitudes need to change and change quick. As it stands, these monsters are above the law and that is a crime in itself. That they are is a great cause of concern to me. The law is supposedly for everyone, not just for us ordinary Joe's to abide by. And that is why the people of this country now have to grow a backbone and demand an official police investigation into the Royal family's activities.

The same must be demanded for a proper investigation into the government's role in this unfolding sewer network and extend right the way back to previous governments. I'm not interested in investigating dead people. They are gone and cannot be tried. It is those still living that I want to see on trial. People like Tony Blair who has already been found guilty of War Crimes and should by rights be in prison.

Instead, the Cunt is walking the streets telling anyone who will listen that he still has a role to play in politics. His kind of politics maybe, but certainly not my kind, the sick fuck.

This kind of insanity has to stop and the only way to do that is through people power. However, since the police top brass are just as corrupt and just as involved in paedophillia, murder, drug dealing, and theft, as those they would be investigating, I would suggest that the investigation be an open one, monitored by a select number of well informed, intelligent, upstanding members of the general public who have a high degree of integrity and will not allow themselves to be manipulated.

Nothing must be off limits to this select committee.
Before those investigations are commenced, Freemasonry and any other such secret societies need to be outlawed forthwith and it be passed into law, hence forth that it be a serious crime to belong to one. We don't need them. They are evil and benefit no one except the elites. In fact, to quote John Kennedy ***"The very word 'secrecy' is repugnant in a free and open society and we are as a people inherently and historically opposed to secret societies, to secret oaths, and to secret proceedings".*** Yet half a century later, these secret societies are more powerful than ever.

Demanding these things of an elected government put in power by ourselves in order to protect our interests is not Pie in the sky. The government supposedly work for us, not vice versa although somewhere along the line, the switch has been allowed to happen.
These are not unreasonable demands. They are however; necessary demands, which need carrying out to put a stop to this abhorrent practice of paedophilia. At least in this country anyway. And, as far as I can see the only people who could possibly object are those who have something to hide.

It is no good saying, "*ah yes but there are procedures to follow*" and "*the law needs to be adhered to*". It's time for new procedures. As for the law, that is made by those to whom it serves best. It is now time to turn the tables. The law doesn't work, never has, and never will because it is so heavily weighted against the common man. We need to revert back to common law. The only law that the Police swear to uphold... And before I get a flood of comments from text book, would be lawyers, you all know what I am talking about.

In fact it is time for major, major change in this country and ultimately the world. To now let the can of worms that Savile's death opened up, be buried underneath a mountain of corrupt laws, bureaucracy and a white wash investigation will most certainly be the end game for all of us. Let us not forego this opportunity to redress the balance of power. We are unlikely to ever get another chance.

I will sign off with some further information about our Nob-le Queen, sent to me by a Mr John Martin. I would also like to thank Joy Gwillym for her support and detective work.

1.Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Battenberg's Fraudulent Coronation.
A. The person who purports to be the queen has never, in fact, rightfully or Lawfully been crowned as the Sovereign. This knowledge stems from the fact that the Coronation Stone / The Stone of Destiny / Bethel / Jacob's Pillar that Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Battenberg was crowned upon is a fake. The real Coronation Stone; made from Bethel porphyry, weighing more than 4cwt. (458lbs.) according to the BBC telex in the film "The Coronation Stone", (Covenant Recordings), and Ian R.Hamilton Q.C. in three of his books: "No Stone Unturned" (pages 36, 44), "A Touch of Treason"(page 50) and "The Taking of The Stone of Destiny" (pages 27, 35); was removed from WestminsterAbbey at 04:00 hrs on the 25th of December in 1950, by his group of four Scottish Nationalist students, which included and was led by Ian Robertson Hamilton himself. The other three were Alan Stuart, Gavin Vernon and Kay Matheson, as stated in his books. Further details at: http://jahtruth.net/stone.htm .

2. The real Coronation Stone ("National Treasure No. 1"), was taken to Scotland where, in Glasgow, it was handed over to Bertie Gray to repair it, and was later hidden by industrialist and philanthropist John Rollo in his factory, under his office-floor, according to Ian R. Hamilton's books – "No Stone Unturned" and "The Taking of The Stone of Destiny", and the factory-manager.

3. A fake stone copy had previously been made in 1920 by stone-mason, Bertie Gray, for a prior plan to repatriate the Coronation Stone, and it was made of Scottish sandstone from a quarry near Scone in Perthshire, weighing 3cwt. (336lbs.). The conspirators had used it to practice with, before going to London to Westminster Abbey to remove the real Coronation Stone from the abbey. It was that fake stone copy which was placed on the High Altar Stone at Arbroath Abbey, at Midday on the 11th April of 1951, wrapped in a Scottish Saltyre (St. Andrew's Flag – Dark blue with white diagonal cross on it) and found by the authorities, then transported to England, where it was used for the "queen's"
coronation, according to Bertie Gray's children in a Daily Record Newspaper article.
http://www.dailyrecord.co.uk/news/uk-world-news/2008/06/29/exclusive-our-dad-fakedstone-of-destiny-claim-family-of-stonemason-who-repaired-relic-78057-20624793/
4. The stone upon which Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Battenberg was crowned weighs exactly 3cwt (336lbs.) as attested to by Historic Scotland in their official booklet titled "The Stone of Destiny", "Symbol of Nationhood", obtainable from Edinburgh Castle, published by Historic Scotland, (ISBN1 900168 44 8), who have had the stone that she was crowned on in their care, in Edinburgh Castle, since it was returned to Scotland by John Major's Conservative government in 1996.

5. As previously stated, the genuine Coronation Stone weighs more than 4 cwt. (458lbs.), but the one that Elizabeth A. M. Battenberg was crowned on, that has been on display in Edinburgh Castle since 1996, weighs 336lbs, not 458lbs., and thus cannot be the genuine Coronation Stone. Therefore, never having been Lawfully crowned, she has NO authority
(B). Some of Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Battenberg's other Crimes.
Sample Crimes/Points of Law:-

1. Mrs. Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Battenberg/Mountbatten; un-Lawfully residing in Buckingham Palace, London; also known by the criminal aliases Windsor and QE2, was knowingly and willfully, with malice-aforethought, fraudulently crowned on a fake Coronation Stone / Lia Fail / Stone of Destiny / Bethel / Jacob's Pillar on June 2nd in 1953, and has been fraudulently masquerading as the rightful British Sovereign/Crown for the last 58 years, which the Defendant can prove beyond doubt. It is Mrs. Elizabeth A. M. Battenberg who should be arrested and charged; for her innumerable acts of high treason
against God and Christ, Whose church she falsely claims to head and in defiance of Whom she had

herself fraudulently crowned, and Whom she has continued to rule in defiance of, and in opposition to, ever since; not the Defendant.
2. Allowing people to legislate in defiance of God's Law (Deuteronomy 4:2, 12:32) that she swore and affirmed, in writing, to maintain to the utmost of her power (Exhibit 1), and, in many cases, actually reversing what The Law states into being the very opposite of it. She has fraudulently imprisoned and punished people for enforcing The Law themselves as God commands them to do, and thus un-Lawfully prevented or deterred others from doing so. She has given Royal-Assent to 3,401 Acts of Parliament (as of 24/03/2011) and thus broken The Law against legislating 3,401 times. The very first time she gave "Royal-Assent" to ANY "Act of Parliament", or any other piece of legislation, or allowed Parliament or anyone to legislate; she broke her Coronation Oath and was thus no longer the monarch, with immediate effect, even if she had been Lawfully crowned in the first-place, which she most definitely was not.

Chapter 9
WHY THE PAEDOPHILE POLITICIANS & ROYAL FAMILY WANT TO SILENCE THE ALTERNATIVE MEDIA

Whilst Friday the 21st of December 2012 may not have seen the end of the world, it is fair to say that the date came as a disaster for an awful lot of paedophiles. This disaster came about after I received an Email which contained a link to a child porn website.

The author of the Email - *who out of fear of reprisals wishes to remain anonymous* - was sickened, not only by the fact that the vile site existed; but also by the fact that it was easily accessible via Twitter - A sentiment that I was in total agreement with.

Now according to my source, he found it necessary to Email me only after first contacting the **Daily Mirror Newspaper** about the sicko website. Moreover, during the course of reading the Email I learned that this child

porn website has a foothold in the UK, USA, Brazil, and Germany. However, the fact that my Source first chose to contact the Daily Mirror turns out to be quite fucking ironic as you shall see if you take the time to finish reading this report. So, just for the record the following is a copy and paste of what my Source told me in his Email about that contact with the newspaper:

"I contacted the mirror to see if they were interested in busting a paedo net, they were then said i should contact the old bill, im not keen on that as from what i see they all swim in the same sludge. Anyway the (sic) ***took my phone number have a chat with lawyers*** (sic) ***and get back to me. Im not holding my breath".***

Funnily enough, although that is to say it would be if it wasn't so fucking serious, I am also in contact with someone who is due to give a statement to detectives... Don't fucking start again. I take your point but that is still their job description... from Operation Pallial, the police investigation into the historic child abuse that took place in children's homes such as the Bryn Estyn. Here is what he told me in one of his communications:

"I am about to make a statement to Operation Pallial, they have cancelled twice so who knows eh? Obviously I will not be giving the Police the full story as they are as crooked as the rest, especially the lot here in North Wales eh?"

Notice the similarities between the two messages? Course, the fact that these two sources of information have no faith in the Old Bill comes as no surprise to me whatsoever because the Police top brass are just as involved in this cesspit of paedophilia as the Government and Royal family are. However, I digress.

Now the child porn website in question had a layout similar to that of the social network website, Tumblr and appeared to consist of photos showing naked girls whom I would estimate as being between the ages of 11 - 15. Even more disturbing, was the fact that approximately half the photos I saw were of a professional standard and taken in studio like settings. From that website, I was then able to access links to other paedophile sites.

One of these websites had abhorrent, professionally taken photos of young girls and boys whom I would estimate as being between the age of 5-7. All the children appeared to be in various states of undress and all were photographed in provocative poses (legs splayed etc).

So, unsure of where best to report these websites, I passed the information onto Chris Wittwer whose website http://chris-ukorg.org/ specialises in exposing paedophiles. Chris in turn reported the sites to the Police Paedophile Unit and the Internet Watch Foundation - http://www.iwf.org.uk/ However, when both failed to respond - *the police obviously being far too busy investigating a jape that led to a suicide as well as whitewashing Operation Yewtree* - Chris engaged the services of a group of 'Hackers', who were able to gain access into the sites data and users personal information. That info was then passed on to the police.
Here is what Chris Wittwer said about the Hackers on his Facebook page:
Well done to the lads who hacked and destroyed hundreds of child abuse websites & twitter accounts this weekend. It was a education watching you all locking in and destroying them !!! Lots of intelligence gained and arrests to follow soon.
All in all then, a good weekends work and kinda makes you wonder why the Cunt Cameron wants to silence us here in the AM, doesn't it? Nevertheless, the closing down of these horrific websites has been reported by one newspaper in the MSM. And that newspaper was... The fucking Daily Mirror. You really couldn't make this shit up, don't cha know.
Course, I would like to think that the above good news goes some way to reassuring all those of you who send me information, that I do take everything that I am sent seriously and act on it accordingly. However, I do have to check that the information you send me is accurate - which obviously takes time. This has resulted in some senders believing that I am not interested in using their information. I can assure those who do think that to be the case; that nothing could be further from the truth. Keep the information coming, no matter how trivial you think it may be.
Finally, before you read the aforementioned article from the Daily Mirror, I will just take this opportunity to wish all my readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Let 2013 be the year that we put the Great back into Britain. Lets go to fuckin' war.
Much love,
Chris

Chapter 10

Twitter child abuse accounts closed after hackers expose content

The Daily Mirror.

AT LEAST SIX ACCOUNTS WERE DISABLED AFTER BEING FOUND TO CONTAIN DISTURBING IMAGES

A string of Twitter accounts have been closed after they were revealed to contain disturbing images of child abuse.
The graphic pictures were apparently made public late last night after hacking groups claimed to have broken into the private accounts to expose their indecent content, the NSPCC said.

The charity said it received a "flurry" of reports overnight relating to at least half a dozen Twitter accounts which were later disabled.
They will now be investigated in the US, where the micro-blogging site is based.

An NSPCC spokesman said: "Apparently these were pretty disturbing images of child abuse.
"We understand the authorities in the US are now looking at the accounts."
The Child Exploitation and Online Protection Centre (Ceop) said it had also received around 30 reports, relating to at least four accounts.
A spokesman added: "Twitter are obliged by law to send details of any accounts containing indecent images of children to the National Centre for Missing and Exploited Children (NCMEC) in the US.

"NCMEC will then forward information for investigation to law enforcement agencies in the relevant country where the user is believed to be based, or children believed to be at risk."
Authorities were first alerted to the apparent abuse by a number of Twitter users at around 11.30pm.

This came after hackers apparently opened up a number of private accounts which were previously kept hidden from public view, the NSPCC said.
It remains unclear whether any of the images were uploaded by a British user or a user based abroad.

The nationalities of any children involved are also unknown.
Twitter has yet to comment on the images but has apparently issued a response to anyone contacting the company over the images of alleged abuse.
This reads: "We do not tolerate child pornography on Twitter. When we are made aware of such images they will be removed from the site without further notice."

Thank you!

Thank you for buying this book and taking the time to read it this far.

More information on what I write and to keep in touch, simply go to www.chrisspivey.org

Just sayin'.

THE CONSPIRACY COLLECTION

By Christopher D. Spivey

THE CONSPIRACY COLLECTION

By Christopher D Spivey

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Version PBMM2018.06.08

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Introduction

When I first started writing back in the summer of 2011 - originally for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper and then for my website: chrisspivey.org - I was angry… Very fucking angry.

But I am getting ahead of myself. You see, sometime in the year 2000 my perception of how the world really works began to change and after the World Trade Center "terrorist attack" there really was no turning back.

That is because the world we live in is not real… It is all smoke and mirrors. Indeed, everything that we are taught from birth is a lie - a lie to keep us in our place. Nothing ever in fact changes, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, but it doesn't have to be that way because the truth is, the world is ours.

Unfortunately, the one percenters AKA the Satanic Monster Elite do not want us to know that fact… They live in constant fear that their evil plans will become known to the world's population and if that should ever happen then their house of cards will collapse quicker than the WTC twin towers did… An event that they orchestrated themselves.

Sadly, I now fear that the mass awakening will come too late to save the human race, which the Satanic Monster Elite are hell bent on destroying and as such, I am no longer angry… Just resigned and disappointed.

Nevertheless, that is not to say that I have given up. I will never ever do that because to do so I would be failing in my role as a parent & grandparent and as the saying goes: *It ain't over until the fat lady sings.*

Which brings me to the point of this book. You see, what follows are a number of articles that I wrote along the way as I began to see the world for what it really is. These articles are no longer in the public domain simply

because they are no longer relevant to my website - they were just taking up space.

However, to get to my level of understanding of how the world really works, you too will need to go through the same learning curve as I did… And believe me, that is not ego talking - that is just a fact. Therefore, I am re-publishing those articles in the hope that you too will awaken to the evil that surrounds you.

In turn, you will notice that nothing has changed for the better over the years. In fact things have got decidedly worse...

Christopher D Spivey. 15th of October 2018.

Chapter 1
LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY – DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH

**This article was first released on my website on December 31st 2011 after originally being published in the Sovereign Independent Newspaper and takes a look at the British cconomy and how the unemployed are being made scapegoats for governments failings… A fact that is still true today...*

Let's face it, there are two and only two reasons why the world is in the mess it is in today. Those two reasons are Corruption and Greed. Everything, from the world's economy teetering on the brink of collapse, through to the unrest in the Middle East, right down to the starving in Africa all stem from the money scam employed by the greedy international bankers and the corrupt politicians that they control.

The money scam – *creating money through debt with added interest* – ensures that a country's national debt will keep rising until the interest payments on that debt are so high that the repayment can't be met; resulting in the collapse of a country's economy.

This is what we are seeing happening now in many countries and in an effort to stave off the inevitable collapse, puppet politicians everywhere are making drastic and sweeping cuts right across the board - the likes of which have never been seen before. The UK I'm afraid is no exception.

In fact I think that it's fairly safe to say that we haven't had it this tough here in England since rationing was stopped in 1954 and that includes the days of

Edward Heath (*A despicable perverted, totally corrupt man*) and his 3 day week.

Course, to be fair, I'm too young to remember that period in the early 1970's but I do know that back then the majority of homes got by on one income. Nowadays, a working class family depends on the wife also bringing home a wage. And without wanting to dwell on this fact too much, there can be no doubt that the absence of a 'stay at home mum' has seen a decline in the traditional family unit, leading to a marked down turn in the moral thinking of our young.

Typically, those most affected by the spending cuts are those who can least afford it. Amongst that number are the working class, the unemployed, the elderly and the sick since it doesn't do to upset those slightly higher up the social scale as these are people more likely to rock the status quo should their comfortable lives be affected.

However, while those who are managing fairly well at the moment remain by and large unaffected by what's going on around them, they too could soon be in for a rude of wakening according to Roger Hayes of the British Constitution Group. Speaking last month Roger revealed that the Government were making plans to extend the so called 'Carbon tax' so as it applies to everybody. This will be levied on the size of your car, the size of your house, the number of holidays you take a year, in fact on just about any luxury you can think of. Furthermore the tax is based on the completely false pretence that Carbon Dioxide is destroying the planet.

Meanwhile the National Health Service, already in its death throes, has been told it has to make a further £15-20 Billion in 'efficiency cuts' by the year 2015. These cuts will be made at the expense of Doctors, Nurses and essential auxiliary jobs.

The public service union, UNISON claimed in March of this year that 54,000 jobs had already gone with an estimated 4000 more going every month. Nevertheless, despite the NHS paying over the odds for drugs to the tune of an estimated £500-600 million per year, it can't expect any help from the

billions of pounds the pharmaceutical industry makes in yearly profits. Indeed, with the NHS paying out somewhere around £700-800 Million a year in compensation for its negligence, a person really is taking his life in his hands when going into hospital.

We are told that Local and County Councils have also been savaged by cuts to their budgets. While that may be so in terms of getting our dustbins emptied or the closure of special needs schools and even the turning off of street lighting, Local Councils appear intent on clawing the money back in terms of increased parking fees. Alright, that may be a bit tongue in cheek, but have you seen how much it costs to park your car these days?

And talking of street lighting, the Economy crisis hasn't put the Government off looking into the possibility of replacing existing street lights with ones that house spy cameras and listening in devices. Come to think of it, it might be just as easy for you to read George Orwell's novel '1984' rather than try to predict what the future holds.

As for the Police force who the Government say are going to lose up to 20% of their yearly budget, I say don't make me laugh. While it's true, the force could lose some admin staff, I can't see this overly affecting them. To further cut costs any Police officers that leave or take redundancy will no doubt be replaced with cheaper CSO's who are gradually being given the same power as their police colleagues anyway.

The cuts certainly are not affecting the 'Bully boy' Riot Squads who appear to be swelling in numbers. Then there is the question of their spy planes. According to a report in Saturday's Telegraph, the Police have a fleet of Spy Planes each costing at least £3 million and similar to those used by MI5.

The planes which are capable of listening in on a specific mobile phone conversation are still in use despite costing "hundreds of thousands of pounds" to keep operational. The planes which are based at an airfield in Farnborough, Hampshire are operated separately from the Mets air support unit, which has 3 helicopters and costs the taxpayer around a further £3 million a year to run.

It is indeed an outrage that the government stands by and lets OAP's die of hypothermia due to rising fuel costs, while at the same time the energy providers make vast sums of money in profits. Meanwhile others hit particularly hard by the cuts are the unemployed.
On the face of it, it's easy to imagine that the reason behind this is the need to cut the cost of the £200 billion paid out every year in benefits. This is simply propaganda on behalf of the Government. Ultimately, it is true that the taxpayer covers a good percentage of this vast sum of money but then again haven't they always done?

There is a fairy story, undoubtedly encouraged by the Government that the unemployed are lazy spongers who sit on their backsides all day getting drunk and taking drugs while those in employment work their socks off to pay for this fun. This simply is not true although I'm not saying that there aren't those who play the system.

However, the real reason that the jobless are stigmatised as being lazy freeloaders is because to the Government - every person out of work is a lost asset on the Slave treadmill. Granted there does appear to be a lot of school leavers out of work but they can't claim benefits until they are 18. Even then, many don't bother because of the rigmarole involved in claiming in return for a pittance.

Not that there are any jobs for them anyway, except low paid menial dead end jobs. Furthermore, the Government has to take responsibility for these kids after engineering a dumbing down policy in education which has resulted in a whole generation of semi literate unemployable youths.

As for those unemployed and eligible to claim Job Seekers Allowance (JSA), I find it hard to believe that anyone with a full set of brain cells can even begin to think that they are '*having it off*' at the workers expense. For a start, most of those claiming JSA have paid National Insurance, which covers them for unemployment, yet the only jobs available are menial minimum wage jobs.

I for one would not expect a fully qualified Carpenter or Bricklayer to take a job cleaning McDonald's toilets only to find that he was better off claiming his £67.50 per week JSA. That is to say £67.50 per week if you are single and over 25. If you're under 25 that figure is reduced to £53.45.

Married couples or those in a civil partnership are even worse off receiving just £105.95 per week. I personally spend £90 a week on cigarettes which means if I was claiming JSA I would be left with minus £22.50 to buy my food and pay my bills. Work that one out. Hardly what I would call living the life of Riley.

And in return for this pittance, those out of work, no doubt already low on self esteem, have to be prepared to be vilified by the general public and interrogated once a fortnight by some holier than thou Muppet sat behind a jobcentre desk. Therefore anyone who believes a person on JSA is sitting around drunk as a skunk or high as a kite all day is no more than a state controlled robot.

However, despite the attached stigma, in reality it isn't the unemployed who are responsible for the massive £200 billion yearly benefits bill. Those on JSA only account for a measly £5 billion of the total bill. There are an estimated 60 million taxpayers in this country therefore even if the taxpayer was paying for all the money paid to the unemployed - which they are not - then their contribution would only be £1.59 per week. To further put that £5 billion in context; of the £11.8 billion paid out a year in family allowance benefit, £4.3 billion of it goes to families who really, really don't need it. But as I said earlier, the government don't dare upset the middle classes, upwards.

If the truth be known, by far the biggest chunk of the yearly benefits bill is paid out in pensions. Once again, the vast majority of pensioners have worked hard all their lives, paid their National insurance contributions and therefore they are only receiving what they are entitled to and in my opinion far less than they deserve.

Another point worth remembering is that all money paid out in benefits is paid back straight away into the system, stimulating the economy with a large

chunk going straight back to the government. Don't ever fall for the Political Party line about the "*Something for Nothing culture*". The vast majority of people with that mentality go into Politics.

And as a footnote to the benefit myth, David Cameron has just announced further hardship for those on benefits. At the moment those on benefits who are given a court fine can only be made to pay the fine off at £5 per week maximum. Under Cameron's new proposals this is set to be raised to £25 per week. Can you imagine how much this is going to impact on already hard pressed families? And while it's all well and good to sit there in your nice comfortable chair and chirp out the old claptrap line: "*Well they shouldn't of broken the law in the first place*" it's worth remembering that poverty leaves people no option except to take risks.

Furthermore, don't be fooled into thinking that no one is so hard up that they have to resort to crime. You only have to look at the record number of people now having to go cap in hand to food 'banks' to realise that.

There is one final point that's worth mentioning and that is how out of touch with reality the puppets in government are. You see, at a time when a record number of people are losing their houses and others have to resort to food banks to stave off starvation, David Cameron has committed Britain into paying a further increase in the billions of pounds that the country already hands over in foreign aid.

This move is set to cost every family in the land £500 per year. At the same time and notwithstanding the already inflated salaries these parasites in government pay themselves, they see nothing wrong in dipping in to our money for such luxuries as redecorating their second homes.

God forbid should they ever feel a pang of guilt for their and their predecessor's corruption and mismanagement. Not only have these self serving, egotistical buffoons succeeded in taking the Mick out of us, they have also done a smashing job of taking the Great out of Britain.

Chapter 2
SHUT UP HILLARY

Again, this article was first released in the Sovereign Independent newspaper and as you will clearly see from the content, nothing ever changes and with a few subtle name changes, could in fact have been released today...

America took hypocrisy to a new level yesterday (6/12/11) When US Secretary of State, Hillary Clinton publicly condemned the Russian parliament over allegations of widespread vote rigging following the country's weekend election.

Course, had the American government been beyond reproach in regard to their own elections and war monger Clinton's remarks not had an ulterior motive behind them, then she would have been justified in her criticism of the rejuvenated superpower. However, nothing could be further from the truth.

You see, with a barely concealed smirk on her face, smug Clinton told a packed press conference that she was concerned by what she termed as stuffed ballot boxes and manipulated voter lists in the Russian vote.

The arrogance of this power crazed women apparently knows no bounds. Talk about the kettle calling the pot black. What Clinton seems to have conveniently forgotten is that George W Bush, the man who followed her husband into the White House, did so under very controversial circumstances following allegations of vote rigging.

However unlike the apathetic American public who sat back and let their dubiously elected new President almost single handedly destroy the American Bill of Rights, outraged Russian citizens took to the streets en masse to protest at the crooked ballot. Over 400 arrests were made as violent

clashes between police and protesters continued for the second night running.

With relations between the two superpowers already strained by barely concealed American threats to invade Iran and Pakistan, a person could be forgiven for thinking that diplomacy would have been the order of the day. Instead, Clinton's remarks only succeeded in further antagonising the Kremlin.

A statement from the Russian foreign ministry labelled Clinton's comments as being "*unacceptable*". The statement then went on to say;"*Regrettably, Washington sticks to outdated stereotypes and labels without even attempting to understand what is happening in our electorate. We hope that in the future the US side will refrain from such hostile attacks that run counter to the overall positive development of our bilateral relations*".

Predictably, wherever the US pokes its unwanted snout, Europe is never far behind. Eager to jump on the hypocrite band wagon, the European Union's foreign policy chief, Catherine Ashton released a statement expressing serious concern about media bias and the harassment of independent monitoring during the election. Is she for real?

Indeed, I think that it's safe to say that the Globalist controlled Western mainstream Media holds the monopoly on bias. And at the end of the day at least Russia held an election, crooked or not, unlike the European capital Brussels which is home to the unelected MEP.

Ms Ashton's statement read: "*Reports of procedural violations, such as lack of media impartiality, lack of separation between party and state, and the harassments of independent monitoring attempts, are however of serious concern*". In response to Clinton's and Ashton's baiting, Russian president Dmitry Medvedev warned the West not to criticise Russia's political system adding that it was none of their business.

Course, it doesn't take an experienced political analyst to work out why America and Europe are using every available opportunity they can to antagonise the Russians. China too for that matter.

After all, the American war machine is clearly up and running and determined to bring about a world war. The UK in particular appear to be just as keen. That just leaves the question as to how much provocation China and Russia are prepared to stand for before potentially millions, if not billions of us are wiped of the face of the Earth.

Not that the loss of life will cause the psychopathic Clinton and Ashton to lose any sleep from the safety of their underground bunkers.

Chapter 3
Osborne hammers home, what could well be the final nail in Britain's coffin

Again, this article was first published in the Sovereign Independent Newspaper in 2011 and highlighted how people were dying as a result of poverty in Britain… A fact that still holds true today. Interestingly, the then Chancellor, the Right Obnoxious George Osborne - living the life of Riley at our expense - told the country to expect another 5 - 6 years of hardship. Yet seven years later, things are worse than ever...

In a tragedy just waiting to happen, Army veteran Mark Mullins and his new bride Helen killed themselves in a suicide pact earlier this month. With only £57 a week to live on the couple chose death over the living hell they were forced to endure day in day out in modern day England.

Despite living in only one room of their terraced house in order to save on heating costs the couple were forced to keep what little fresh food they had in plastic bags outside because they couldn't afford a fridge. Finally, after living hand to mouth for 18 months the couple took their own lives rather than face the 12 mile weekly walk to collect a food parcel from their nearest Coventry soup kitchen.

Unbelievable as it may seem Mark and Helen Mullins were far from alone in the daily struggle to survive. New figures just released suggest that there is now in excess of 100,000 people in Britain who are dependent on food parcels. Such is the demand for these free food hampers now that new 'food banks' are opening up and down the country at the rate of one a week.

The truth is, these days people can very easily find themselves moving very quickly from relative prosperity to abject poverty. Those who only a few short years ago were advised that they could not go wrong by investing in bricks and mortar have been particularly hard hit.

Indeed, many banks were only too willing to hand out mortgages to would be home owners, often above and beyond the means of what people could comfortably afford to re pay. It is now those very same banks who, according to the homeless charity '**Shelter'**, are being granted repossession orders at the rate of one every two minutes on many of the properties that they themselves agreed mortgages for.

Course most of you reading this will already know that banks create money for loans and mortgages out of thin air. This none existent money is then lent to a house buyer with added interest, using the very real, newly acquired house as surety for the non existent loan. It is therefore nothing short of criminal that these banks, having granted these mortgages, have now engineered this latest financial crisis, resulting in many of their borrowers losing their jobs. This obviously leaves these now unemployed borrowers unable to make the mortgage repayments, thus allowing the banks to repossess their homes. From homelessness to soup kitchen now becomes little more than a small step away.

At a time of crisis, people naturally look to their government to sort out the mess. After all that's why we elect them. Step up to the podium then, Chancellor of the Exchequer George Osborne, the British government's 2011 Bilderberg Representative. Should we be worried by that fact? Oh yes, but nevertheless, surely Georgie boy will save us all? Errr…Well no he won't actually, despite whatever he might say to the contrary.

In fact, far from being optimistic, Osborne has announced the need for more cuts in services. He then follows this bad news up by telling us that things are going to be really tough for at least the next 5 or 6 years. So bad in fact that a lot more of us can expect to lose our jobs. Not exactly the best announcement to make if you need people to start spending again, but hey, at least he has a

plan.

With David Cameron sat trying to look very stern, no doubt in order to stop himself insanely giggling, Osborne forlornly announced to a sombre House of Commons that it was now necessary to borrow £11 Billion more than he had anticipated, on our behalf , in order to keep the country afloat.

What a brilliant plan! Well it is if you happen to be one of the elite Central Bankers who were no doubt by now jubilantly punching the air as Georgie boy hammered home another nail in Britain's coffin.

In fact Who would've thought that the way to get out of crippling debt would be to borrow more money that we can't afford to pay back, to add to the trillions of pounds we already owe and can't afford to pay back, just so as Georgie boy can invest it in an economy that by his own admission is going to be dire for at least the next 5 years.

Course, maybe now would have been a good time for the man entrusted with our finances to explain to the nation why he needs to borrow an extra £11 Billion over and above the god knows how many £ billions he intended to borrow in the first place, while at the same time agreeing to nearly double our contributions to the IMF in order to prop up a currency that we opted out of and that has little chance of surviving the present financial crisis.

This doubled figure represents a payment of £19.7 Billion and that isn't taking into account the £13 Billion we have already pumped into the Euro zone in the form of loans. You couldn't make this up if you tried, don't cha know.

Course David Cameron would have you believe that the blame for the inevitable financial meltdown lies elsewhere. The Rothschild controlled Prime Minister will tell you that it's the likes of those pesky Public Sector workers who have the audacity to go on strike just because they have been told that they have to pay more and work longer in order to receive less on their pensions.

And according to Cameron this one day strike will cost the country £500 Million. That is £500 Million the country cannot afford to lose unless of course he decides we can afford to lose it by giving us all a day off to celebrate the wedding of the world's wealthiest woman's Grandson. Which is only fair really since we paid for it?

All this leads me to wonder at what point do we wake up and say enough is enough? It's blatantly obvious that not only are we all being taken for mugs financially, our government is hell bent on helping the USA start WW3. Yet the prospect of us all getting nuked appears to be unimportant to the apathetic British population who just shrug their shoulders and go back to watching *'Britain's got talent'*...

**On the 27th of February, the Telegraph newspaper posted the following article:*

In a stark warning ahead of next month's Budget, the Chancellor said there was little the Coalition could do to stimulate the economy.

Mr Osborne made it clear that due to the parlous state of the public finances the best hope for economic growth was to encourage businesses to flourish and hire more workers.
"The British Government has run out of money because all the money was spent in the good years," the Chancellor said. "The money and the investment and the jobs need to come from the private sector."

Mr Osborne's bleak assessment echoes that of Liam Byrne, the former chief secretary to the Treasury, who bluntly joked that Labour had left Britain broke when he exited the Government in 2010.

He left David Laws, his successor, a one-line note saying: "Dear Chief Secretary, I'm afraid to tell you there's no money left".
Mr Osborne is under severe pressure to boost growth, amid signs the economy is slipping back into a recession.

The Institute of Fiscal Studies has urged him to consider emergency tax cuts in the Budget to reduce the risk of a prolonged economic slump.
But the Chancellor yesterday said he would stand firm on his effort to balance the books by refusing to borrow money. "Any tax cut would have to be paid for," Mr Osborne told Sky News. "In other words there would have to be a tax rise somewhere else or a spending reduction.

"In other words what we are not going to do in this Budget is borrow more money to either increase spending or cut taxes."
The strongest suggestion of help for squeezed family budgets came from the Chancellor's claim that he was "very seriously and carefully" considering plans to help lower earners by raising the personal allowance for income tax, a proposal that has been championed by Nick Clegg, the Deputy Prime Minister.
But he implied there would be no more help for motorists struggling with record petrol prices this spring. "I have taken action already this year to avoid increases in fuel duty which were planned by the last Labour government," he said.

The Chancellor's tough words were echoed by Liberal Democrat Jeremy Browne, the foreign minister, who warned that Britain faced "accelerated decline" without measures to tackle its debt and increase competitiveness.

In an article published today in The Daily Telegraph, he writes that Britain's market share in the world used to be "dominant" but was now "in freefall" compared with the soaring economies of Asia and South America. "This situation has been becoming more acute for years," he adds. "It is now staring us in the face. So we need to take action."

Mr Browne writes that reform of pensions, welfare and defence is essential to stop the departments "collapsing under the weight of their own debt". "Just because the spending was sometimes on worthy causes does not in itself mean it was affordable," he says.
"Doing nothing when your prospects are at risk of declining is not the safe option. More of the same may be superficially more popular in the short-term but that does not make it right."

Amid warnings that Britain urgently needed to adopt a more pro-business outlook, senior Conservatives have urged the Government to get rid of the 50 pence top rate of tax.
Figures from the Treasury last week suggested the policy was not raising the expected amount of revenue and was threatening to drive leading business people and entrepreneurs away from Britain. Dr Liam Fox, the former Conservative Defence Secretary, yesterday argued for the top tax rate to be scrapped, but added that cutting taxes on employment was even more important.

"I would have thought the priority was getting the costs of employers down and therefore I would rather have seen any reductions in taxation on employers' taxation rather than personal taxation," he told the BBC's Sunday Politics show.
Any efforts to scrap the rate this parliament would face severe opposition from within the Coalition.

Simon Hughes, Liberal Democrat deputy leader, said yesterday that keeping the current 50p rate was "the right thing to do". He told the BBC: "I represent people in a pretty solid working-class community. What they're concerned about is what happens to ordinary people out of work and where they get jobs."

Last night, Labour argued Mr Osborne needed to take a more proactive stance on boosting growth by increasing public spending.

Chris Leslie MP, the shadow Treasury minister, said it was wrong of the Chancellor to argue that Britain was broke and to rely on business alone to create economic growth.
"George Osborne can't complacently wash his hands and claim the lack of jobs and growth in the economy is nothing to do with him," he said.
"He needs to realise that government has a vital role to play in creating an environment where the private sector can grow and create jobs."
Harriet Harman, Labour's deputy leader, urged Mr Osborne to cut VAT.
Meanwhile, the Chancellor made it clear he was resisting pressure to hand over up to another £17.5billion in taxpayers' money to help bail out

struggling European Union countries.

He said Europe had not "shown the colour of its money" by taking measures to help itself tackle its debt problems.
Until that happens, Britain will not give any extra funds to the International Monetary Fund.
The Chancellor was speaking as finance ministers from the world's 20 most powerful economies met in Mexico.

Mr Osborne said: "While at this G20 conference there are a lot of things to discuss; I don't think you're going to see any extra resources committed (to the IMF) here because eurozone countries have not committed additional resources themselves, and I think that quid pro quo will be clearly established here in Mexico City."

Chapter 4
WHY THE JUSTICE SYSTEM FAVOURS PAEDOPHILES

This was the first major article that I wrote for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper and deals with elite paedophiles.

How many times have you read in the news about someone being sent to prison and thought to yourself ‘Blimey that sentence is a bit harsh’?

A good example is the two young men given 4yr jail terms last month for trying to organise riots on Facebook. Now obviously the Government defend those sentences by saying that the jail terms reflect the sense of public outrage caused by the riots and that they wish to send out a clear message that this kind of behaviour will not be tolerated.

Course, we all know the Government dont give a toss about the public, be they outraged or not. However, they do indeed want to send out a clear message that this type of behaviour will not be tolerated in fact there is clear evidence emerging that the police purposely stood back and let the riots get out of hand.

One of the reasons for this inaction became clear when it was announced that

as a result of the riots there is now in place a 30 day ban on all walking protests. After all, what is a riot if not a protest that has got out of hand? However, the Government have for years been looking at ways to remove the people's right to demonstrate and protest and handing out such heavy prison terms for relative misdemeanors cannot help but rest heavy on the minds of those thinking about protesting in the future.However, i digress…

Now, when expressing this view, that some punishments dished out by the law courts seem harsh, how many times have we gone on to say that the justice system is a joke or deeply flawed? This sentiment is usually backed up by us using the often derisory sentences dished out to paedophiles and child killers as a comparison.

An excellent example to highlight this two tier sentencing is a case that concluded in July , barely a month prior to the Two young men receiving their 4 yr prison terms for their internet capers.

This Case in July also involved crimes committed solely on the internet. However, unlike the investigation into the two young men which took the whole of a week to crack, this July case involved four men and took 7 years for the investigation to reach its conclusion.The two extremes in comparison don’t end there however. For where as the two young men were convicted of trying to organise riots which only the police took any real notice of, these four men were convicted of heading an international child pornography ring,distributing millions of obscene images which thousands of paedophiles in 40 different countries world wide took very much notice of.

Neither did the two young men profit from their ‘crime’ whereas the four paedophiles netted £2.2 million between them. But where as the two young men received prison sentences of 4 yrs,It was a very different story for the four Paedophiles.Their sentencing was as follows:

Ian Frost and his civil partner Paul Rowland were each sentenced at Lincolnshire Crown Court to 33 months imprisonment.
Frost's brother Paul was jailed for 15 months and the fourth man Ian Sambridge was given a 12 month sentence, suspended for 2 yrs and 240 hrs of community service.

So on the face of things our justice system does appear to be deeply flawed. But is it? As a further consequence arising from the 7 year child porn ring investigation an undisclosed number of paedophiles were removed from positions of trust. These included Doctors, Teachers, Youth workers and Policemen. And this is where you get to the crux of the matter. For the higher up the social scale you go, the evidence points to the more acceptable paedophilia becomes.

Within ‘high society’ there are literally 1000′s of Paedophiles,from judges, celebrities, politicians right through to the social elite and ex US presidents. Indeed, History is full of examples of this fact.

For example, back in the 1960′s where the notorious East London gangster twins, Ronnie and Reggie Kray began providing Lord Robert Boothby with under age ‘rent boys’ and then used this involvement to blackmail him.

Course, that sealed the twin’s fate. You see, after the press got wind of Boothby's involvement with the Krays, a massive cover up ensued which included considerable help from the then Prime Minister, Harold Wilson and the MP Tom Driberg.

The fact that both Wilson and Driberg were fully paid up members of the Labour party, while Boothby was a true blue tory, appeared not to matter. The outcome of this cover up saw Boothby walk away wrongly vindicated and considerably richer, while the twins were later sentenced to life

imprisonment with a minimum 30 yr tariff.

Yet in a society where a life sentence can mean as little as 12 years in prison the fact that Reggie Kray served 33 yrs before being released on compassionate grounds and all for the murder of a small time villain shows it does not pay to upset the ruling class.

The trial itself was a travesty of justice with the Judge, Lord Melford Stevenson blatantly biased in favour of the prosecution and presiding over a case that involved two separate, unconnected murders despite some of the defendants on trial only being involved in one of them.

Moreover, both ex US Presidents, George Bush senior and Gerald Ford have been publicly denounced - in print and on film - as being paedophiles. The Bush family are of course multi Billionaires thanks largely to the wholly corrupt Prescott Bush, Father & Grandfather to ex Presidents, George Bush Snr and George W Bush.

All three of the Bush family members, Prescott, George Sr and George Jnr belonged to Yale University's elite secret society, '**Skull & Bones**'. The Skull & Bones initiation is said to include perverse homosexual sex acts.

Mind you, the fact that George Herbert Bush has shied away from taking legal action against his accusers speaks volumes. I mean, if there was no truth to the claims that he is a paedophile, Bush could easily afford to employ the finest legal minds in the world to silence his accusers. However, he chooses not to do so.

On the other hand, I feel positive that those who accuse him would love him to take legal action against them. And then there is Project MK Ultra.

Project MK Ultra was the code name given to an illegal, secret, mind control program run by the CIA in the 1950′s & 60′s. Indeed, there is much verbal testimony that a large part of this horrific program involved scrambling the minds of children using such means as having other children brutally murdered in front of them.

The children would then have their brains reprogrammed. Many of these children were either kidnapped off the street or sold to the project by orphanages. Once in the project the Children were treated like animals , locked in cages and used as sexual playthings for the rich and famous.

Many of the Doctors employed to carry out these mind control experiments were Nazi war criminals recruited from the WW2 German death camps where they had been carrying out horrific experiments on children under the Third Reich’s Eugenics program.

Cathy O’Brien was one of the many children sold into the MK Ultra project. She was eventually rescued by the then CIA agent, Mark Phillips and together they have written a best selling book and give lecture tours on the horrors that went on at MK Ultra.

In fact, Cathy has publicly named Gerald Ford and many more Prominent American Politicians as people who had sex with her and other captive children. In 1973 the CIA ordered all files on the MK Ultra project be destroyed. It is also worth noting that George Bush Sr was made Head of the CIA in 1976.

Furthermore, In the 1960′s ,The former Radio 1 DJ Alan ‘Fluff’ Freeman owned a large corner shop on the Lea Bridge Rd in London. This shop has

recently been reported as a place where ‘Fluff’ held kinky parties attended by the likes of confirmed bachelor ,Sir Jimmy Savile , Jonathan King, the once jailed paedophile broadcaster & former pop star and Brian Epstein, who was at the time the Homosexual manager of the Beatles.

At these parties, young boys specially brought over from several children's homes would be plied with drugs and alcohol. However these parties were forced to come to an end when Police chiefs got wind that the MP & Ex Liberal Party leader Jeremy Thorpe was attending them along with several other prominent MP’s.
Thorpe, a well known Homosexual had a taste for young street boys and Teenage runaways were often brought to him. During his later Court trial for the attempted murder of Male model Norman Scott, Thorpe threatened to expose the perversions of many of his fellow MP’s. This had the desired effect on his trial and he was promptly found not guilty, bringing a whole new meaning to the saying; ‘*Getting off scot free*’.

Another MP with much to lose was Edward Heath, Prime Minister of England from 1970-74. Heath was a frequent visitor to the Haute Garrene children's care home on Jersey. He would quite often take young boys from the home away on ‘sailing ‘ weekends on his Yacht, ‘The Morning Cloud’, which his bodyguards rechristened ‘*The Morning Sickness*’.

On no less than four occasions, Heath was warned by the Metropolitan police chief not to loiter in public toilets, where he would attempt to pick up young boys. Nevertheless, Heath fell foul to blackmail and Under threat of exposure he was forced to take Britain into the Common Market under very unfavourable conditions.

Peter Mandelson, AKA the Prince of Darkness and one time secretary of state for Northern Ireland is a particularly unsavoury character even by British Politician standards. Cherie Blair once famously referred to him as one of the

most corrupt people in politics and thats coming from the wife of ex Prime Minister Tony Blair.

Mandelson, affectionately given the nickname Mandy was twice forced to resign from the cabinet but rejoined the government in 2008 after being made a life Peer by the Queen. What that says for the British Monarchy is open to interpretation .

Nevertheless, now back in favour, Mandy along with George Osborne attended the 2010 meeting of the Bilderberg group. However Mandelson's French Hospital records are alleged to contain details of internal injuries caused by the perverted, well known homosexual sex act involving the use of small furry animals.

Course, the list of scandals and cover ups involving paedophilia amongst the social elite is never ending. Michael Jackson and the emerging evidence of his involvement in the 'Illuminati' for instance is a whole article in itself.

In truth, the examples that I have given you are the mere tip of the iceberg. In fact, armed with this information you could be forgiven for coming to the conclusion that our justice system isn't so much flawed, as more likely embroiled in corruption and accepting of moral depravity.

Chapter 5
UFO's - Fact, Fiction or the countdown to WW3 ?

I originally wrote this article for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper, but it didn't make print because of their policy of not publishing material to do with UFO's. Mind you, the Irish based newspaper also had a policy of not publishing material criticising the Catholic Church.

Course, while many of you might initially agree that the newspapers policy on UFO's is a correct one, I would urge you to keep an open mind on the matter. Moreover, many researchers - myself included - believe that the Monster Elite are planning on launching a [fake] attack on the world supposedly carried out by aliens in a bid to bring about the New World Order.

And whilst that may sound far-fetched, let me tell you that the Monster's certainly have the capability to carry the hoax off and I would suggest to you, that we are being primed to think about the possibility of the unthinkable happening by means of the unprecedented amount of reporting on UFO activity by the Elite controlled mass media…

Quite why the subject of UFO's is taken so light heartedly by the general public is a mystery to me. You see, to my mind the concept of Aliens from another planet is nowhere near as far fetched as the existence of God in the conventional sense of the word. Yet religion is massive.

Indeed, Ghosts are another phenomenon that people are willing to buy into, yet there is infinite more data and evidence to suggest that UFOs exist.

Anyone who doubts that fact needs to ask themselves the question, why do our Governments take the subject of UFO's so seriously, with sightings classified “Top Secret” and subject to the 30 year disclosure law. Furthermore to suggest that space travel over any real distance is impossible is just nonsense.

I mean, if we on earth don't already possess that kind of technology, then we are certainly very close to it. Proof of this was shown in a demonstration of Quantum levitation (the physics principle of flying saucers) recently given by a student from the *Superconductivity Group School of Physics and Astronomy*, Tel-Aviv University.

However, anyone who has studied the history behind the New World Order (NWO) could be forgiven for thinking that it is no coincidence that this type of technology has come out of Israel.

Evidence of the existence of UFO's date back to prehistoric times, with the depiction of flying saucers carved into cave walls. Indeed a credible theory exists that the Caucasian race are the descendants of Extraterrestrial beings. Furthermore, there are many well respected people who believe that the world is actually controlled by extraterrestrials.
And while this may sound like madness, until you have listened to the likes of Maxwell Jordon and David Icke lecture on the subject or read their research into the matter, then you would be wise to reserve judgement. Certainly, David Icke's explanation of the so called 'missing link' is as plausible as any other i have heard.

UFO reports fall primarily into the following Three categories:
A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE 1st KIND, is a sighting of one or more UFO's.
A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE 2nd KIND, is observing a UFO with evidence of its existence, such as Crop Circles, electrical interference, Evidence of a landing.
A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE 3rd KIND, is making contact with the driver, so to speak.

Now, prior to the 19th century there was only one recorded instance of a 'Close Encounter' which occurred in Nuremberg, Germany on the 14th of April 1561. There were no more documented sightings from that point on until the 4th of August 1883 when Mexican Astronomer Jose Bonilla photographed some 300 UFO's in the night sky which subsequently turned out to be high flying Geese.
Nevertheless, Mexico is considered to be a 'Hot Spot' for UFO activity.

On the 24th of October 1886 the US consul of Venezuela in Maracaibo reported that a bright object, accompanied with a humming noise, appeared during thunderstorm over a hut near Maracaibo, causing its occupants to display symptoms similar to radiation poisoning. Nine days later the trees surrounding the hut withered and died.

This incident was followed by the first documented report of a close encounter of the 3rd kind. This report came on the 17th of April 1897 from Aurora, Texas and alleges that a UFO had crashed and that an Alien had been buried in a local cemetery.

Moving on to the 20th century, there were around a hundred further documented cases, many witnessed by 100's of unconnected people.

Surprisingly enough, or not as the case may be, one of these documented sightings was reported by Ex US President Jimmy Carter in 1969. A further two sightings which were backed up by video evidence came from the Space Shuttles 'Discovery' and 'Columbia' in 1991 and 1996 respectively. This century alone, there has already been 49 documented encounters. Once again this figure includes an encounter, backed by video taken from on board the Space Shuttle 'Discovery'.

However, finding out the true extent of UFO related information is nigh on impossible. The United States Government agency, NASA, like most Government agencies, is shrouded in secrecy and is a minefield of outright lies and disinformation.

Needless to say, it is a cast iron certainty that most countries Governments

know more than they are letting on. However one recent story to surface is that told by former NASA Data manager, Ken Johnston, who worked for NASA’s Lunar Receiving Laboratory during the Apollo missions. Mr Johnston's contract was terminated after he accused his bosses of withholding important evidence that the moon was once inhabited by Extraterrestrials. He alleges that Astronauts discovered evidence of an ancient city and the remains of "Amazingly advanced machinery". Mr Johnston's claim is further backed up by photographic evidence, which he says he was ordered to destroy but didn't (See Photo 1).

Others, such as ex NASA employee, Donna Hare have accused the agency of releasing photos that have been deliberately smudged or doctored so as to hide this sort of evidence. This fact ties in with other allegations made over the past 40 years by other scientists, Engineers and technicians who accuse NASA of 'Cover ups' and obscuring data.

These allegations range from hiding information pertaining to the strange artefacts found on the Moon’s surface through to denying the evidence of life on Mars, allegedly reported back from the Viking Lander during the mid 1970's. This begs the question, why Mars?

I mean we never say life on Jupiter. We talk about Martians but never Mercurians. David Icke's book 'The Biggest secret' explores this question in depth and provides an excellent answer for its basis.

In December 1972, Apollo 17 astronaut Eugene Cernan spent about 75 hours on the Moon. Amongst the many photographs Cernan took are some that

appear to be of a Robots Head complete with eye sockets, a nose, metallic cheekbones and a red line painted above what would be the top lip. The head was found along with other strange objects in an impact crater, which suggests that a UFO had made a crash landing (see photo 2).

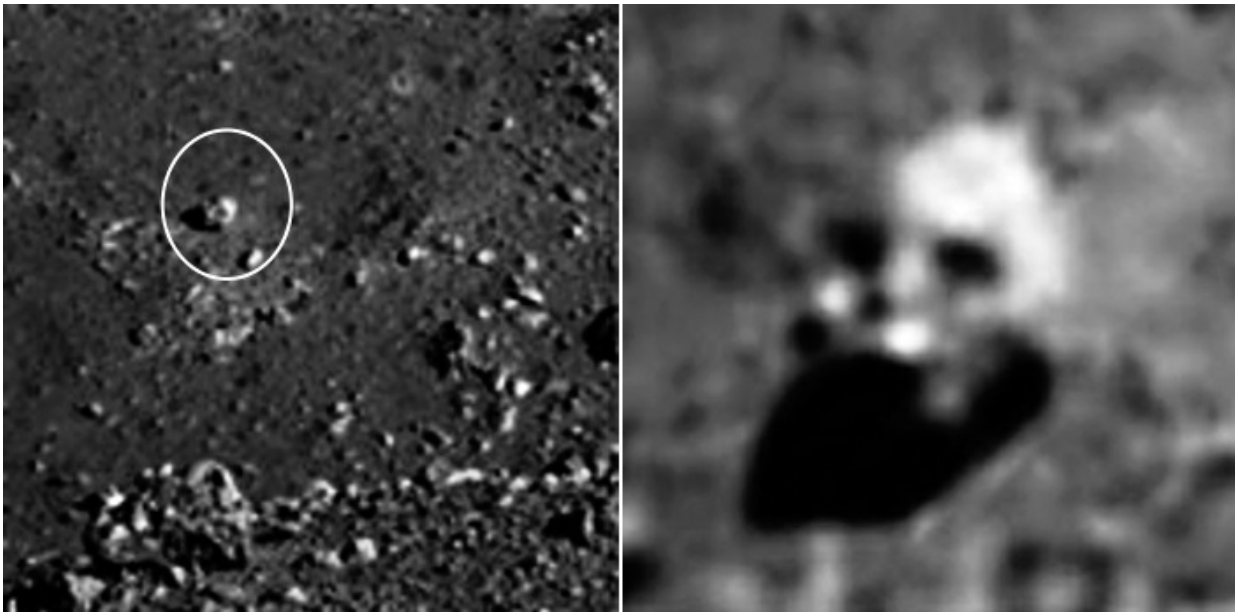

Further photographic evidence which points to the moon being inhabited is that taken of the so called '**Aristarchus Crater**'. This crater shows up as the brightest visible spot on the moon when viewed from the earth.

The crater periodically changes colour, sometimes producing a blue or red glow. This colour glow has given credence to a theory that there could be some sort of a power device, possibly a fusion reactor, in the crater. Certainly in photographs you can clearly see a road leading to a brightly lit entrance tunnel on the edge of the crater. Unsurprisingly however, Official NASA photos of the 'Aristarchus Crater' show it only as a bright white smudge.

Then there is the Photographic evidence sent back to Earth from the Soviet launched, unmanned space probe, Luna 9 which landed on the Moon on the 3rd of February 1966. These photos show what appears to be a large craft or vehicle whose shape resembles that of an ocean liner. This massive object comes to a point at one end and has an elevated section on top. A cable or tube appears to extend from the rear of the object toward the surface (See photo 3). Contact with the Luna 9 was mysteriously lost on February 6, 1966

just three days after landing.

Now, amongst the mass of video evidence taken of UFOs there is one that shows footage of a UFO allegedly being shot at by The USA's 'Star Wars' space defence system. While it is true to say that videos can be doctored the immediate, acute angled, direction change this UFO makes is exactly the same as that made by a UFO that I witnessed personally one cold winter night while walking my dogs over the park.

Of the more recent UFO sightings there are two incidents in particular that

can’t be ignored. The first of these incidents happened in Russia on the 1st of March 2011 and was witnessed by 1000's of people who live in the Irkutsk region of Siberia. Reports described the UFO as being a large object hurtling towards the earth, while alternating in colour between Pink and Blue.

Is it coincidence then, that the Aristarchus Crater appears to glow Red and Blue? Witnesses, many of whom inundated the emergency services with phone calls, went on to describe a massive explosion as the UFO crashed into the ground. A large area around the impact site was quickly sealed off and deemed classified by the Military.

The second of these incidents took place in China (Another UFO hotspot) on the 20th of August 2011 and was also witnessed by 1000's of people. Amongst these was the pilot of China's Southern Airlines, flight CZ6554 who’s radio call led to planes being diverted away from Chongqing's airport.

The pilot estimated the "*enormous spherical glowing heavenly body*" as being at an altitude of 10,700 meters. He added that it grew in size from small to large and appeared to be several hundred times larger than the moon. The Chinese Government in particular take the question of UFO’s extremely seriously.

This fact was evidenced in a report printed in the Russian daily newspaper, '**Izvestia**' earlier this month. The report stated that China has a record number of UFO scientific and community-based organizations and whose actions are protected by the Government financed National Society of Extraterrestrial Studies, founded 25 years ago.

Indeed, many Chinese scientists believe that Extraterrestrials are living freely amongst us, a theory supported by a retired Chinese foreign ministry official, Sun Shili, who is now president of the Beijing UFO Research Society. Course, anyone familiar with David Ickes and Jordan Maxwell's research will know that they also whole heartedly believe this to be true.

My own experience with a UFO came about while walking my Dogs over the park sometime in late November 2010. I do this every night of the week

between 3-4AM come rain or shine, the same as i have done for the past 3 years.

Up until the early hours of that November morning, I had often seen things in the night sky. However these could just have easily been shooting stars or space debris rather than UFO's. Nevertheless, on the night in question there is no doubt in my mind as to what i saw. It was a bitterly cold, crystal clear night just before the start of the big snow we had last year.
I had walked about a quarter of the way round the park when I first saw the UFO. It was of a circular disc type shape, almost translucent in makeup and yellow, blending into a light green colour at the centre. It was moving incredibly fast and looked as though it had flames trailing behind it.

Either the same one or one identical to it appeared again as I was leaving the park. This time as i looked up the disc shaped object was almost directly above my head in proximity. Whether it had been hovering or just moving slowly as I caught sight of it, i can't say, but as I looked up the disc accelerated forward extremely quickly. This forward motion lasted no more than a second or two before the disc changed direction, without slowing, at a perfect 90 degree angle. Having completed this, seemingly impossible change of direction, it vanished after another second or two.

However there were no flames trailing behind this disc, which leads me to believe that the first UFO was possibly lower. From the park I rushed the 5 minute walk home and quickly explained what i'd seen to my now ex-wife. I then suggested that we go back up to the park to see if the UFO would appear again.

Where I live is quite a built up area and the park is the only place that gives you an uninterrupted view of the night sky. We had been back in the park no more than 2 or 3 minutes when we both saw what can only be described as an extremely fast moving yellow streak.

At this point I should explain that I live very close to an Airport. I say this because over the past 3 years or so I have pretty much got the flight paths sussed of Planes taking off and coming into land. This fact makes what

happened next stranger still.

You see, a few minutes after spotting the yellow streak, a fairly low flying, extremely quiet plane flew overhead. It had appeared from the east and was heading in a straight line west in the same direction as the first disc that I saw.

However, since the airport lies to the south of the park, it was obvious that the plane had neither come from the airport or was preparing to land there. The majority of planes leaving or arriving at the airport circle the park in an anticlockwise direction. Occasionally they will come into land from the north flying very low and noisily across the park as they make their descent.

This plane was followed no more than a minute later by another from the same direction but slightly adjacent to where the first had been. Again this plane was low, slow flying and very quiet. These two planes were the first of a succession of at least 8 more, all coming from the same easterly direction and all heading west and all slightly adjacent to each other.

Later that day I put what I had seen in a Facebook status expecting an avalanche of smart ass comments. Instead a long time friend of mine who lives roughly four or five miles away and who walks his dog in nearby fields told me he had previously witnessed an almost identical turn of events.

Although I have seen many strange things in the night sky since, none have come close to what I witnessed that November night. Neither since have I seen anything remotely like the formation of aeroplanes flying overhead.

However the significance of those planes cannot be underestimated for if they were in some way connected to the discs it begs the question: Were the planes tracking alien UFO's or were they monitoring something even more sinister? I say this because there is another theory surrounding UFO's that is not as far fetched as it may first sound.

This theory has been around for a while now and is rapidly growing in the number of people buying into it. To those not familiar with the centuries old

NWO agenda this theory will sound like nonsense. Indeed, only when you fully understand the way the people behind this agenda have manipulated the world up to now will this theory make sense.

The scenario that this theory is based around is that the Earth will come under attack from Extraterrestrials. Once this attack on Earth is launched, we, the people are going to be told that it is necessary for all the heads of state in the world to combine their armies into one fighting force in order to repel the alien invaders.

Obviously, this means that there is going to have to be a top man and as such an unelected World-President will be put in place thus completing the agenda. Now, I appreciate that all this may sound far fetched to most people, but once you become aware of the way this elite brotherhood works, the clues pointing to this WW3 scenario are easy to recognize.

Some would even say that the illuminati controlled Hollywood has been preparing us for years by releasing blockbuster movies such as '**Independence day**'.

Moreover, on the 26th of September 2010 the Telegraph reported that the UN were considering appointing a "Space Ambassador" to act as first point of contact for Aliens trying to make contact with Earth. The person most likely to be assigned that task is 58 yr old , astrophysicist, Mazlan Othman who is currently head of the UN’s little known, Office for Outer Space Affairs.

It is also a cast iron guarantee that anyone purporting to be a whistleblower who is given a stage by the equally, illuminati controlled mainstream media, is doing so with their backing. A typical example of this was the live TV coverage that CNN afforded a disclosure conference in Washington DC on September 27th 2010.

The conference was chaired by author and researcher Robert Hastings and made up of a panel of Seven, retired, senior ranking USAF personnel. The 'official' purpose of the conference was so as these 7 men could blow the whistle on classified information pertaining to their encounters with UFO's.

Most of these encounters reportedly took place at Top Secret Nuclear Missile Bases and in most instances resulted in the Nuclear warheads being disabled. The seven whistle blowers were named as:
ROBERT JAMISON- USAF Nuclear Missile targeting officer (ret)
CHARLES HALT-USAF Colonel (ret)
JEROME NELSON-USAF Nuclear Missile launch officer (ret)
PATRICK McDONOUGH-USAF Nuclear Missile site geodetic surveyor (ret)
BRUCE FENSTERMACHER-USAF Nuclear Missile launch officer (ret)
ROBERT SALAS-USAF Nuclear Missile launch officer (ret)
DWYNNE ARNESON-USAF Communications Centre Officer-in-charge (ret).

The fact that this conference was televised live on CNN, a well known outlet for illuminati propaganda, arouses suspicion from the start. That aside, I find it hard to believe that these extremely Conservative, high ranking USAF personnel, retired or not, would betray their Government in such a way. Even the timing of the conference was significant, coming at the time of an unprecedented rise in reported UFO activity.

All this leads me to believe that what I witnessed last November could very well of been some kind of Government trial. The fact that less than 10 miles from my home, and located in the direction that the planes came from are 2 military installations, plays a part in my belief.

These installations are supposedly for bomb testing, but who’s to say what goes on down there. Neither can the airport be dismissed as having had no part to play. However, what convinces me more than anything that these UFOs were not as they seem is the type of plane involved.

You see, to my mind, had these UFOs been from outer space, then surely jet fighters would have been more appropriate?

So, what is the conclusion? At the end of the day only time will tell. However, from a personal point of view, I totally believe that the Illuminati

have laid the foundations and have the technology to allow them to launch a false flag invasion of the earth. In all likelihood, the reason for the significant increase in UFO related stories, reported by the mainstream media of late is more to do with a form of mind control, rather than a coincidence.

For instance ,when the American government wanted to rape Afghanistan and Iraq, the media went into overdrive promoting the threat of terrorism. In the same way, we are now being conditioned into believing that the possibility of us making contact with aliens is increasingly imminent. Certainly, by launching such an invasion the illuminati would be able to achieve their goal of a one world government.

It would also afford them the opportunity to murder millions of innocent people in accordance with their population reduction agenda. Having said that, these people haven't spent hundreds of years gaining a stranglehold on the world just to put all their eggs in one basket. They have various other ways open to them in order to usher in the NWO and at the moment it appears to me that they are more likely to try and achieve this by deliberately collapsing the global economy.

As to the question of UFOs being Fact or Fiction? Well that is a matter for you to decide. I will however sign off with a few facts and a basic description of the Universe.

You see, it is said that there are more stars in the universe than there are grains of sand that go to make up all of the worlds beaches. Hats off to whoever did the counting, but even if that fact is untrue, there are still a mind blowing number of them. So, consider this. Most stars are thought to be ringed by planets, in the same way that the Sun (Earth's star) is ringed by the 9 commonly known planets.

These are Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto. In turn these planets are orbited by a Moon or Moons. The Sun is just one star amongst 100 Billion that go to make up our Galaxy called the Milky Way which is a relatively small Galaxy, when compared to say the Andromeda Galaxy which is estimated to be made up of 300 Billion stars,

with each star potentially orbited by an indeterminate number of planets.

The Universe in turn, is in itself made up of untold trillions of Galaxies. Therefore, anyone arrogant enough to believe that our small planet is the only planet capable of sustaining life forms far more advanced than what we are, really hasn't been paying attention."Beam me up Scotty".

Chapter 6
ARRESTED? NOT ON YOUR LIFE

Another Sovereign Independent Newspaper article of mine which focuses on the rise of police brutality in the UK.

Once upon a time,a clip around the ear from your friendly neighbourhood copper was the accepted 'norm' amongst young men who were up to a bit of skulduggery.

Furthermore any villain from 'back in the day' will tell you that once the 'rozzers' had you back at the 'nick', the odd slap was part and parcel of a police interview. In fact, everyone knew this type of police behaviour went on and by and large it was accepted. Accepted not only by those up to no good and who classed it as an occupational hazard. But also accepted by your average law abiding citizen who viewed it as a means of 'serves you right'.

However, during the mid 1970's sweeping police reforms were brought in and this form of police brutality was no longer considered acceptable...
Fast forward to 2011 and how those bygone days are missed. No longer will giving a 6ft 4in tall Policeman a bit of lip earn you a clip around the ear. For to do so these days will result in you being brutally bundled to the ground by at least 5 or 6 policemen dressed in full combat gear.

And woe betide you if you struggle or protest at the fact that you have 5 or 6 sets of knees digging into your back and legs while your face is being buried in the tarmac and your arms are being forced up your back at almost impossible angles.

To do so will result in the offending knees disappearing to be very quickly being replaced by a prolonged blast of pepper spray in your face… If you are lucky. If you’re not you'll find your body subjected to 50,000 agonising volts of electricity discharged from a 'non lethal' - or so we are led to believe - taser.

At best this will leave you a quivering wreck on the pavement. Course,things are even worse these days for your average career criminal. For them, there is a very real chance that they may not even make it back to the nick at all.

Indeed, it is an extremely disturbing statistic that since 1998, at least 333 people in Britain have died while being arrested or while in police custody.

More worryingly still is not one single police officer has ever been convicted for any of these deaths despite compelling evidence in most cases that they did not occur from natural causes.

Unsurprisingly, although no doubt loathe to admit it, the police complaints authority have revealed that a disproportionate number of these deaths were of people from an Ethnic minority.

Alarmingly, in an 8 day period following the shooting to death of alleged gangster, Mark Duggan , the event blamed by the mainstream media as the cause of last months riots, no less than 3 other men have died at the hands of the police.

All 3 of these men had been either tasered, pepper sprayed or both. The use of tasers by the UK police on its citizens is now so widespread that Amnesty international has expressed concern on the matter. The events surrounding the death of one of these 3 men are as follows.

On the 24th of August, police in the Widnes area of Cheshire were called to the home of 25 yr old Amateur rugby player, Jake Michael. Despite Mr Michael being the person to make the 999 call, which he did so having received a threat on his life, Officers, for reasons not yet clear, tried to arrest him for affray.

When he resisted he was pepper sprayed in the face. Despite being blinded by the spray, Mr Michael managed to shrug of the police officers and make a dash for it. However, he only managed to run about 30 yards before he was brought down under the weight of at least 11 police officers.

After being taken to the local police station a police spokesman said Mr Michael became unwell and as a result was taken to hospital by ambulance. He died 2 hours later.

Mr Michael’s neighbour, Ann Blease a 40yr old mother of 3 witnessed the arrest. In describing Mr Michael as an extremely popular and very well liked man, she said some of the 11 arresting officers appeared to be deliberately kneeing Mr Michael in the head and giving him 'digs' in the side.

She added that the others - one of them a female officer - were either kicking him or hitting him with their truncheons. Mrs Blease was adamant that this brutality lasted up to 15 minutes and took place despite Mr Michael having his hands handcuffed behind his back and him no longer resisting arrest.

Another of the 3 men to die in this 8 day period has been named as 27 year old Dale Burns. Mr Burns, a keen bodybuilder from Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria became the first man in Britain to die from police taser after officers shot him 3 times with the powerful 50,000 volt gun.

Mr Burns had also been sprayed with Pepper Spray after officers had been called to his bedsit home on the 16th of August following reports of a disturbance.

The 3rd victim is named as 53 year old Phillip Hulmes from Over Hulton near Bolton who died on August 23rd. Mr Hulmes died after police shot him with tasers after breaking into his home, ironically to stop him committing suicide.

With regard to the death of Mark Duggan, the Metropolitan police have already been forced to admit that they have misled the public over the events that led to his death. While the investigation is still on going, it's a fact that early news reports on the incident suggested that there was a shoot out between Mr Duggan and armed police officers.

It was reported that along with the death of Mr Duggan , a police marksman was shot and only saved by the fact the bullet hit his radio first. However not only does it transpire that Mr Duggan never fired his gun, there is no evidence at the moment to suggest that he had even drawn the weapon. This means that if a Police Marksman was shot, then it was by one of his fellow officers as is the case with the radio which was actually in a police car when it was hit by a stray police bullet.

There can be little doubt that the British police are now being recruited for

their aggression rather than their integrity. They are poorly trained in the written aspects of the law and quite often neither know or care of the difference between lawful and legal.

They no longer wear smart tunics and pass the time of day with the public. Instead they roam in pairs, dressed in combat gear almost daring you to make eye contact with them.

Even their cars are no longer 'good guy' white. Today their cars are increasingly 'bad guy' black. Indeed, it is easy to say that if you stay within the law then the police won't bother you. However it takes very little for someone to become the focus of police attention these days especially young men in packs of 3 or more.

Unfortunately unless your a complete mouse it also doesn't take long for their aggressive, rude intrusion into your private business to get your back up. To show a police officer the merest flicker of annoyance is to invite trouble upon yourself and to be forcibly arrested these days is to literally take your life in your hands

Chapter 7
THE BBC MAKE A 'PROPER' CHARLIE OUT OF 911

In November 2011 the BBC broadcast a program that was supposedly designed to change the minds of a coachload of 9/11 sceptics. One of those sceptics was the well known activist, Charlie Veitch and totally destroyed any credibility that the pillock had.
I covered that program for the Sovereign Independent newspaper.

Once again the BBC has gone into propaganda mode with their broadcast last night (7/11/11) of a programme entitled 911:Conspiracy Road Trip. Indeed, I find it amazing that some people are still willing to give up a percentage of their 'hard earned' to purchase a TV licence in order for a supposedly impartial organisation such as the BBC to finance such blatantly biased claptrap.

That the Beeb chose comedian Andrew Maxwell to front this insult to the victims of 911 was however quite appropriate.You see, the whole programme was a joke from start to finish although to be fair the programme initially looked as though it might be impartial, having included Charlie Veitch as one of the five road trippers.

However, for reasons known only to himself, Veitch, a fairly well known, one time outspoken Government critic has well and truly shafted those who followed his work. Not that he appeared at ease rolling over for his new role as a dog waiting to have his tummy tickled by his new master.

Could he have had the frighteners put on him? I mean that is hardly far fetched when you consider that the infamous Gangland enforcer, come actor, John Bindon was scared into keeping silent the details of his relationship with Princess Margaret.

Destitute towards the end of his life, Bindon could have made a small fortune from selling his story. However, years earlier, a single car ride with the shadowy men in suits ensured Bindon took the details of his affair with the Queen’s sister to the grave with him.

There is of course no disputing the fact that Veitch was unconstitutionally detained and taken into custody by the authorities the day before Prince William got married. But even if he wasn’t, it's certainly strange that someone deemed such a potential threat to the smooth running of the Royal wedding has within a couple of months suddenly become a sheep.

Was he warned about the possible consequences should he continue to be a thorn in the side of the powers that be? Was he offered large incentives to roll over? Charlie, was certainly a shadow of his former self. In fact for a man who used to take to the London streets and rant through a megaphone he was certainly uncharacteristically quiet throughout the programme.
Charlie Veitch aside, it was obvious the direction that this programme was going to take from the moment Irish comedian, Andrew Maxwell let it be known that the trippers were questioning the independent investigation report into 911.

Course, the White House was originally opposed to having a commission set up to investigate the events of 911 in the first place. However, when it became obvious that to not have an official investigation would be tantamount to admitting involvement, the Bush administration appointed veteran political puppet master Henry Kissinger to head the commission.

When Kissingers appointment was vehemently opposed Phillip Zelikow a Bush supporter with close ties to Condaleeza Rice was given the job. Begrudgingly the American Govt then handed over $14 million for the investigation to go ahead.

Nevertheless, to put that figure into perspective, $40 million was handed over to investigate the Bill Clinton- Monica Lewinsky affair. And of course, both President Bush and Vice President Dick Cheney were under pressure to give evidence for the investigation.

However both men agreed to do so only on the strict understanding that they (1) Would only give evidence together as opposed to doing so alone. (2) None of what they said was to be recorded.(3) Neither of them would be required to give their evidence or answer questions under oath.

Now, for anyone who has read the 911 Commission Report the glaring flaws and omitted facts throughout the paper are all too evident. It is in fact quite obvious that the evidence has been used to fit the conclusion rather than reach a conclusion.

Where the evidence pointed to something else as the cause; for instance the reason for the collapse of WTC building 7, the subject has simply been ignored and left out of the report.
For a detailed account into how this so called independent report is little more than a work of fiction,you should read '**The New Pearl Harbour**' by David Ray Griffin.

Nevertheless, back to last night's programme and the first 'conspiracy theory ' addressed by Andrew Maxwell was that of the one put forward by a woman introduced to the viewer simply as Charlotte.

Charlotte’s gripe about the official version of events was that she failed to see how the hijackers, given their limited flight expertise could steer the massive 757 aeroplanes into the twin towers.

Well Charlotte, I can answer that. You see, assuming for argument's sake that the planes were actually being flown by Mohammed Atta and his motley crew (and there is a mountain of evidence to suggest otherwise) they would have been subjected to some good humoured teasing back at base, had they missed.

After all they only had to keep their eyes peeled for the two tall buildings sticking out way above the other buildings in New York City.

However, as if to read my mind the BBC wanted to to prove how feasible it would be for an inexperienced pilot to park a plane in the towers. In order to do so, one of the trippers was taken up in a Cessna light aircraft and allowed to take the controls. This apparently proved that someone who has never flown before could manage the task.

To add more credence to this revelation the flying instructor then told the awed trippers that it is in fact harder to fly a Cessna than it is a Jumbo Jet. However what the programme neglected to mention was that no one other than Charlotte has ever said the hijackers, if indeed there ever were any, could not steer a plane or that they were incapable of hitting the tall shiny things standing way above anything else on the New York skyline.

Especially while seated at the controls of an aeroplane with a 125 ft wingspan. However, where the doubt into the Hijackers flying expertise comes into question is with regards to the Pentagon. You see, it is now proven beyond doubt that the flying manoeuvre needed to take place in order for the plane to hit the Pentagon where it did, is way beyond the capabilities of the most experienced of pilots. More importantly still, it is beyond the manoeuvrability of a 757. Giving mind to this information, I suppose it is fair to say that, that is one in the eye for Charlotte. However, that is all it is fair to say.

Next up came Emily. Her conspiracy theory revolved around airport security. A student and active member of the 911 truth movement - though which 9/11 truth movement is anybody's guess - Emily finds it hard to believe that the Hijackers were not caught with their box cutters trying to board the planes.

She further maintained that the American Government had been given intelligence that the attacks were going to take place and as such the Hijackers were purposely allowed to board the planes unchallenged.

Now, of all the possible, supposed conspiracy theories surrounding 911, it is absolutely pointless to give airtime to this one. You see, once again anyone who is half clued up on the events that occurred that day would shy away from bringing the existence of the hijackers into play.

After all, Emily's argument is a no win situation for a person who doubts the official version of events. The fact that the official version of events says Hijackers boarded the planes with box cutters proves or disproves nothing. On the one hand, prior to 911 airport security was lax. Even more so for internal flights which all the alleged hijacked planes were scheduled to make. Therefore it would of been very easy to get these little knives aboard with or without the govts help.

And even after security was taken to an unprecedented level post 911, a journalist from the Sun Newspaper was able to get a knife on board a plane due to make an international flight.
Moreover, the fact that Emily says the Govt knew and as such proves that the Hijackers were deliberately allowed unchecked onto the planes is easily countered by saying the Govt couldn't have known and had they done so the Hijackers would of been stopped at the airport.

In short no one who was seriously implicating the Govt as being behind 911 would use such a no win hypothetical argument. Still it's fair to say that's one in the eye for Emily. However , that is all it's fair to say.

Next up came Charlie’s turn to be educated and at this point I would have found it easy to lob something heavy at my TV screen. Charlie maintained that there was bombs planted in the trade centre and it was these bombs that brought down the twin towers, not the impact of the planes.

Andrew Maxwell then told us that some people believe a powdered substance called Thermite was used and to prove once and for all that this couldn't possibly be true a steel girder was laid on its side and a large pile of Thermite was placed on the end.

Dramatically ordering the trippers to get well back, the thermite was then

ignited and promptly exploded in an impressive firework type display. Once the flames had gone out, the Steel girder was examined and the only visible damage was a small hole.

So that was that theory up in smoke if you'll pardon the pun. But so as not to leave anyone in any doubt that explosives couldn't have been used, we were then given a lecture from a demolition expert. He told us that in order to bring the towers down by controlled demolition it would take months of planning and putting explosives in place.

The planting of these explosives would require large teams of experts working for weeks in the central core of the building. For them to do so, unnoticed and unchallenged by the tight security in place in the trade centre would be impossible.

Finally, presumably to complete Charlie’s humiliation, we were shown how the towers came down in a scientific display using towers made out of… Errr… Lego. By breaking a random piece off the top of the lego tower, Charlie then demonstrated to the 'construction scientist’ how he had watched the section of tower above the impact site first tilt, then fall back into line as the tower came down in its own footprint.

Talking to Charlie like he was talking to an imbecile - although he was - our intrepid expert then patiently explained how the outer steel supports had been severed when the plane struck the tower and how the fire proofing had been dislodged from the steel girders in the buildings central core.

It was then explained that with no fireproofing to protect the steel core the immense heat from the exploding jet fuel had caused the girders to bend in the direction of the severed outer steel.
Then, as the top of the building fell, the weight of this top section collapsed the floors of the section immediately below the impact zone, bringing the top section back into line and starting a concertina effect.

This then - according to the experts - is how the towers came down in their own footprints. Course, this impressive and wholly believable explanation

would have be fine had it not been for a few basic facts and the rewriting of the laws governing physics.

So let’s first deal with the scientific lego demonstration. Firstly, the outer steel supports on the towers had no strength in them. They were simply there to hold the floors in place. The whole strength in the tower was located in its central core.

And had the steel in the central core heated up to such a degree that the steel did indeed bend, then the top section would simply of fallen off - Just as Charlie said it appeared to be about to do, seconds before the tower came down at free fall speed.

However not only was all the jet fuel burned up in a giant fireball on impact, jet fuel doesn't burn anywhere near hot enough to melt steel. Moreover, testimony from firemen has confirmed that the fires left burning were not very hot.

This fact is proven by the colour of the smoke and flames. Indeed, if you go into a steelworks you will see that the men working with molten steel are all wearing heat protection suits. Yet video footage of the trade centre, clearly shows a woman standing in the opening left by the plane, waving a shirt for help.

Therefore it is impossible for there to have been anywhere near the heat needed to have any effect on the steel whatsoever.

The next problem is the speed that the towers came down. At free fall speed the towers would come down in 10 seconds. As it was they came down in under 12 seconds. It is therefore impossible and against the laws of physics for the towers to have come down at that speed if it wasn’t a controlled demolition, even if you believe that the wreckage gathered momentum the nearer it got to the ground.

It is a scientific fact that the only way the towers could have fallen at the speed they did is if the central core was being destroyed and removed as it

fell. The only way this could have been done is by explosion but as we have seen, thermite wasn’t up to the job.

However by adding Sulphur to Thermite you get what's called **Thermate**. Thermate, once ignited cuts through Steel like a hot knife through Butter. In fact it is used by demolition firms to cut through steel girders in controlled demolitions throughout the world.

Using Thermate on the steel in the towers central core would have brought both the buildings down in the way and at the speed that they did in fact come down. There is no other explanation possible that can be applied to the collapse that doesn't break the laws of physics.
So how did the Thermate and incendiary devices get put into place?
Well, for weeks prior to September 11th a whole team of 'Lift Engineers' had been carrying out 'Maintenance' and the towers central core is easily accessible via the lift shafts.

But surely security would of picked up on this? Well yes, Obviously the security firm would have known.

However, the firm employed by the WTC to handle security was called **Securacom**. This is a massive firm who also handled the security at United Airlines and Dulles International Airport. And the man who owns this company is a Mr Marvin P Bush, brother of President George W Bush.

Now, not only is it inconceivable that Charlie Veitch would be unaware of these facts, it is impossible that the BBC would not also be privy to this information. This may be why the BBC neglected to mention WTC building number 7.

You see, had the twin towers never existed, this skyscraper would have been one of the tallest in New York. Yet this building also collapsed in the same way that the towers did, despite not being struck by a plane and despite having no major fires.

However, to mention WTC7 may have led to awkward questions such as to

how the BBC news reported live from New York on September 11th 2001, that the building had just collapsed half an hour before it actually did.

Still it is fair to say that, that is one in the eye for Charlie. But thats all its fair to say. Shame on you Charlie. You've sold out.

Rodney, our fourth tripper, we were told studied Biochemistry. We were not told however if he got his degree or not. And I rather suspect that he didn't. After all, If he did then we would of been introduced to Rodney as having a degree in Biochemistry.

Nevertheless, Rodney had a problem with accepting that the size of the hole in the Pentagon could have been made by an aeroplane as large as a 757.

And as I have already said, it has been proved impossible for a 757 to hit the pentagon where it did. But for argument's sake let's say that it was possible. The Pentagon is the most heavily protected building in the world. Moreover, the airspace around the Pentagon has an exclusion zone. So, should an aircraft or missile enter this airspace an alarm would be triggered and surface to air, heat seeking missiles would be automatically launched.

Strangely, this missile system was conveniently deactivated on 911. Similarly there are more security cameras in the vicinity of the pentagon than anywhere else in the world yet to date, two grainy clips of film have been released by the US Govt… And neither shows the existence of a 757 hitting the building.

In fact a quick flick through photographs on the internet will show you the kind of wreckage left by a plane crash. However we are told in the programme by a Mr Alan Pilsner, who works at the Pentagon, that this particular plane disintegrated.

Mr Pilsner whose office is decorated with letters of heartfelt thanks from Donald Rumsfeld and George Bush Goes on to say that he saw the body parts of stewardesses that day. Therefore we can only conclude from this fact, that he either knew the dead stewardesses or that their body parts were still dressed in their uniforms.

And as such, all that I can say is these stewardesses must have been a pretty hardy bunch for their bodies to be left intact enough as to be visibly identifiable from their uniforms. Especially when you consider that they came from a metal aeroplane that disintegrated into thin air.

Furthermore the whole plane must have completely disintegrated before the wings hit the building being as the building itself has no structural damage whatsoever on either side of the 65 ft opening made on impact. Not even broken windows.

Now thats pretty hard to explain coming from a plane with a wingspan 2 inches short of 125 ft. So despite the plane disintegrating before the wings touched the building, Pilsner would have us believe that the tail end of the aircraft carried on travelling through a further nine reinforced walls and untold steel columns before finally coming to rest in the pentagons central gardens.

On the actual day, Donald Rumsfeld was videoed bravely helping carry away what little debris there was left from 'the plane'. Course not only should Rumsfeld have faced criminal charges for interfering with a crime scene, he should not have been there at all. After all it is standard practice for bodyguards to get senior Government heads to a place of safety in an emergency.

Furthermore these tiny pieces of debris - small enough to be carried away by hand - were hardly posing a danger to anyone or anything. They would however have been of incredible help to aircraft crash investigators had they been left where they were. Still it's safe to say that that's one in the eye for Rodney. But that is all its safe to say.

After the debunking of Rodney’s conspiracy theory, we were then treated to scenes of our intrepid roadtrippers falling out with each other. This falling out included much shouting, much crying and much walking out of the room, thus giving the impression that anyone who disbelieves anything other than the official version of events must be immature, hysterical, and have a

tendency to overreact.. God forbid the BBC should ever make a credible programme using a serious presenter and people with real knowledge of the so called conspiracy theories.

Nevertheless, these tantrum scenes led nicely into Shazin's conspiracy theory. Shazin wanted to know how the people on United flight 93, the plane that allegedly crashed into a field in Pennsylvania, were able to make phone calls to their loved ones.
Now for those not in the know, this was an excellent question. Especially after the Govt released details and recordings of those phone calls, allegedly made by the passengers from their cell phones.

However, it was rather inconveniently pointed out that in 2001 it was impossible to make a call from a cell phone at the hight united 93 was flying at. This fact naturally caused a problem for the 911 commission whilst compiling their evidence for the aforementioned independent report and left them no choice other than to professionally ignore the tapes.

And that way they wouldn't need to be included in the final draft. Course leaving out the phone call evidence could have led to questions being asked about the validity of the report but luckily enough there was a transcript of a phone call available, allegedly made by a stewardess on the plane's phone to air traffic control.

This call must be genuine since it is included in the final draft of the report, mustn't it? However, for a less tongue in cheek, more detailed and scientific account of the phone calls, I refer you once again to the book, '**The New Pearl Harbour**' by David Ray Griffin.

Now obviously this problem with the phone calls could have left the Beeb with egg on their faces. So, there was only one thing for it. The BBC would need a diversion to draw attention away from the fact that it was impossible for the phone calls to be genuine... Enter Greg Fife.

Aircraft crash investigator, Greg was drafted in to explain why the debris from United flight 93 were so small and scattered over a distance of a mile.

He also felt the need to explain why the crater left from the impact was so small and shallow. Now in order to do this Greg had to hope and pray that no one amongst the road trippers had ever seen the 100's of photographs available on the internet showing aeroplane crash sights.

After all, if they had then it could have led to even more awkward questions being asked, like why, in all these photos is it so easy to identify the remains of an aeroplane? Greg was apparently also banking on our roadtrippers never having seen the tape in which Donald Rumsfeld slips up and says Flight 93 was shot down.

For had they done so, they may well have had a look at the 100's of photographs available on the internet which show images of the debris left from shot down aircrafts. In these pictures it is very hard to tell what has been shot down because all that's left of the plane is small pieces of debris scattered over.. .Errr, miles.

Still Greg wouldn't lie would he? So to help us mere mortals understand better what happened to flight 93, Greg provided the trippers with a little plastic model of a 757. He then scientifically demonstrated the angle at which flight 93 hit the ground by tilting the toy planes nose downwards. He then built on this demonstration by explaining that it was because of this angle of impact that the crater visible at the crash site is so short and shallow.

Greg then ventured further still by saying that what actually happened on impact was the 757 buried itself roughly 40ft into the ground. This was presumably followed by the 40ft crater containing the plane backfilling itself… Although he neglected to mention that it so obviously did!

Nevertheless, Greg is able to tell us this information because crash investigators were able to locate the black box .An airplane's black box is unique to each and every plane that it is attached to and is identifiable by numbers which are impossible to be removed or altered.

Interestingly enough, the 911 commission requested to examine flight 93's black box as evidence - a request that was subsequently refused. However, i

digress.

Now, presumably flight 93 crash investigators had to dig down 40 ft to locate the black box and this would be how Greg knows the depth that the plane disappeared into the ground. Course this depth of 40 ft throws up its own problems in so much as a 757 is over 155 ft long.

Therefore, by my reckoning this leaves 115 ft of aeroplane unaccounted for. Fortunately this is not a problem for Greg. The missing 115 ft of plane is obviously the tiny pieces visibly scattered over a mile. But how would this make sense? I mean surely the remaining 115 ft of wreckage would of piled up on top of the now buried 40 ft?

No says Greg, not at all. However for him to accurately demonstrate what happens in a crash such as this, a scientific experiment would be needed. So, after buying half a dozen eggs, the scientific experiment was ready to begin. Each road tripper was then handed an egg and ordered to throw it in the air and let it smash on the ground. "Now" says Greg triumphantly pointing to the smashed eggs, "Look how far the eggs have splattered on impact".

But unfortunately our Roadtrippers are not convinced. This leads Greg no option but to go more hi-tech and for this he fills 5 balloons with water and orders our 5 roadtrippers to throw the balloons into the air and let them hit the ground.

This then, as far as I can tell, leads to conclusive proof that if a 757 was made of thin rubber and filled with water there would be a lot of wet ground in the event of a crash. And by now even the BBC was beginning to realise how silly they were looking, so having had the roadtrippers change their wet socks the programme returned to the question of the phone calls.

However there was still the real danger that unanswerable questions could be asked, especially by Shazin who was demanding an answer to the unanswerable. Enter Alice Hoglan, grieving Mother of Mark Bingham, one of the heroes who died on flight 93… Apparently.

Not that it would matter too much if she was who she says she was or indeed if Mark Bingham ever existed. After all, no one was ever going to question the woman too hard due to the fact that she promptly burst into tears on introduction. This had the effect of reducing our 5 heroes into floods of tears also.
Nevertheless, after much sympathising and group hugging Alice told us tearfully how her son had called her up on his cell phone from the hijacked plane. In fact she is 100% positive that it was her son because shes heard the tapes a few times and you can quite clearly hear Mark Bingham say, "*Mum its Mark Bingham*".

Now the more cynical amongst us could be forgiven for thinking that after a period of 10 years, a woman confronted by 5 people trying to besmirch her hero son's memory would have reacted with anger rather than being reduced to an emotional wreck. Furthermore, the more cynical amongst us would also be forgiven for finding it strange that a son, when calling his mother would feel the need to introduce himself at all let - alone by his full name.

After all the "*mum*" kinda gives a hint as to the callers identity. Nothing strange about that says Alice, explaining that Mark was a public relations man and as such was used to introducing himself in such a way.

And so, add a few more tears to this explanation and it has to be true. We then have another awkward moment for the BBC when they are forced to admit that it would be extremely easy for the Govt to forge these tapes. Thankfully Alice is able to save the day by saying that she could hear the sound of *"4,5,6,7 men fighting*" in the background.

Course, no one had the heart to ask Alice if it was in fact 4, 5 ,6 or 7 men she had heard fighting that day. In fact no one was able to ask anything through their tears once Alice said that she could see her son now, jumping over the backs of seats to get at the hijackers.

In fact I am not altogether sure that I didn't hear her say over the sound of my own sobbing, that John Wayne himself was leading the charge. Either way it's safe to say that it's one in the eye for Shazin. But that is all that it's safe to

say.

**Since this article was first published in the Sovereign Independent Newspaper, Charlotte has spoken out about how the program was purposely edited to make the participants appear stupid. She has said that they were continually bullied and their questions unanswered or ignored.*

Charlie Veitch, bless him, has since tried defending his participation in the program. In doing so all he has done is made himself look incredibly stupid and on film comes across as a little boy caught stealing while trying to deny it. You cannot defend the indefensible Charlie. It is my understanding that many more higher profile activists including Luke Rudkowski were approached before Veitch and offered better financial incentive. All of them turned the BBC down flat.

Veitch incredibly thinks he has some credibility left and as such believes he can carry on where he left off prior to the shows screening. The last that I saw, Veitch had been forced to make a video pleading for donations. Good luck with that. Idiot.

Chapter 8
Remembering 7/7 on 9/11

I wrote this article for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper on September 11, 2011 - the anniversary of 9/11 - to remind people of Britain's own government orchestrated false flag 7/7.

According to the Writer & Journalist Kevin Boyle, When Tony Farell, the Principal, Intelligence Analyst for the South Yorkshire Police force submitted his 2010 annual review report to his superiors, he was already aware that in doing so he was calling time on his career.

The reason that he was aware of this had nothing to do with shoddy workmanship. On the contrary, after firing Mr Farell, his employers were forced to admit that his work record during the 12 year period he had worked for them was impeccable.

So, just what was contained within the pages of this report that could lead to such dire consequences for Mr Farell?
The simple answer is that the report was far too accurate and truthful for his bosses liking. In summing up his report, Mr Farell had concluded that any major threat of a terrorist attack would come from within the state apparatus, not from Islamic Fundamentalists.

In reaching this conclusion Mr Farell's report had asserted that both 7/7 and 9/11 were 'inside jobs'.
Course, despite the South Yorkshire Police having to admit that Tony Farell's 12yr stint with them had been faultless, he still lost his case for unfair

dismissal held in early 2011. And without the funds to employ legal representation to mount an appeal, that should have been the end of the matter. But Mr Farell is made of sterner stuff and as such he launched an appeal regardless.

The basis of that appeal centred around the fact that the South Yorkshire Police failed to review or investigate any of the analysis in his report. The appeal began last week on September 7th.

In giving evidence, the SYP Director of Finance, the man who sacked Mr Farell was forced to admit that the data in the intelligence report "*could be right"*. However the accuracy of the report was of no concern to the appeal tribunal. Their mandate was to only address evidential matters relating to points of law previously overlooked or misapplied.

You see, while the report's accuracy was of no consequence to the tribunal, to accept the findings as correct would have had dire consequences elsewhere. This is because the UK police policy on terrorism is the responsibility of the Metropolitan Police. The Metropolitan Police in turn receive their instructions on Anti Terrorism from the Security Services and it is the latter that Tony Farell, along with many others is accusing of carrying out the terror attacks on 7/7.
And therein lies the problem. You see, the only way South Yorkshire Police could of retained the services of Mr Farell would have been to accept the findings of the report. Yet the ramifications in doing so would almost certainly have torn the Establishment apart, and just like 9/11 the powers that be were never going to just stand back and let that happen.

The outcome of Tony Farell's appeal has yet to be decided. Mind you, I suspect that he has more chance of winning the lottery than his appeal. Moreover, defeat will no doubt lead to the evidence in Tony Farell's report being filed alongside that of 9/11 in the annals of conspiracy theories.

And no doubt this confinement will delight those who are either too blind or too stupid to see, along with those amongst us who simply choose not too. However, for the more open minded, rational thinking people, of who we are

plenty and rapidly rising in numbers, the emerging evidence that 7/7 was an inside job is now too great to ignore.

Indeed, it is sad to say that 9/11 is always going to overshadow 7/7. Nevertheless, regardless of what a person believes, everybody knows at least some of the facts about 9/11 don’t tie in with the Government's version of events.

Yet when it comes to the events of 7/7 the vast majority of people don't even know the Government's version of events, never mind that of the conflicting evidence. Therefore, it is up to people like us to make sure people never forget our own 9/11.

Unfortunately there is far too much that the Government rather us not know about 7/7 to list here. However some of the evidence is far too alarming not too. This includes the following:

1) In the Edgware Road tube train carriage there were 3 holes. All 3 holes were ringed with jagged metal pointing up into the carriage. Of these 3 holes, there was one large one near the first set of single doors and 1 large hole and 1 small directly in front of the first set of double doors. The carriage was sufficiently busy enough for eyewitnesses to confirm that at least one person disappeared down each of these holes. Two survived, the other died. How is this possible, when according to the Government a suicide bomber, acting alone, with homemade liquid explosives in a rucksack on his back was responsible for the carnage?

2) The body count on both the Edgware Rd & Aldgate trains was conducted by Dr Morgan Costello. Dr Costello counted 6 bodies on the Aldgate train and 7 on the Edgware Rd train. These two figures tally with the number of victims killed but does not allow for the 2 suicide bombers. The Government later partly addressed this discrepancy by saying that the suicide bomber on the Aldgate train had been splattered in 52 separate pieces across the carriage. However this is inconsistent with the victims bodies and that of the injuries of the survivors standing next to him. The majority of these serious injuries

were to feet and lower limbs.

> (3) There were 4 separate training exercises being carried out by the emergency services on 7/7 mimicking the events of what actually occurred. This is a telling sign of a false flag operation with the exact same thing happening in America on 9/11.

(4) Despite us being told that the suicide bombers used home made liquid explosives, Superintendent Christophe Chaboud, a French Policeman assigned to help Scotland Yard with the investigation told the Times Newspaper that initial analysis on the bombs showed them to be that of a sophisticated type used by the military. From 2005 up to date the official story on the type of explosive used has gone from being 'C4' to 'TAPT' before ending up as a mixture of black pepper and boiled-down hydrogen peroxide bought from a local warehouse.

(5) For a much more detailed account of this evidence along with a lot more Google: No one to vote for Kev Boyle.

Today is September 11th 2011. The day quite rightly belongs to the memory of the innocent people murdered by their own government exactly 10 years ago. But while we remember the victims of 9/11, let us also spare a moment or two for those murdered in London on 7/7. May each and everyone of their soles forever Rest in Peace.

Course, if you do not believe that our governments stage their own terror attacks, then you really do need a check up from the neck up.

Nevertheless, there is plenty of documented evidence to be found on the internet to prove the fact. For instance, on February 17, 2012 Tony Cartalucci wrote the following for Prison Planet.com:

The Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) has once again proven that the only thing Americans need fear, is their own government, with the latest "terror attack" foiled being one entirely of their own design.

USA Today reports that a suspect had been arrested by the FBI who was "en route to the U.S. Capitol allegedly to detonate a suicide bomb." While initial reports portrayed the incident as a narrowly averted terrorist attack, CBS would report that a "high ranking source told CBS News the man was "never a real threat."" The explosives the would-be bomber carried were provided to him by the FBI during what they described as a "lengthy and extensive operation." The only contact the suspect had with "Al Qaeda" was with FBI officials posing as associates of the elusive, omnipresent, bearded terror conglomerate. The FBI, much like their MI5 counterparts in England, have a propensity for recruiting likely candidates from mosques they covertly run.

This is but the latest in a string of national terror plots carried out from start to finish by the FBI, who has made a business of approaching likely candidates and grooming them to carry out terror attacks. In September 2011, another FBI terror operation targeting the Capitol was "foiled," involving a patsy who believed he was to take part in an assault that would involve multiple gunmen and even a drone bomber provided to him by the FBI.

And perhaps the most dubious of all, was the December 2010 Portland "Christmas Tree Bomber," who was also approached by the FBI, provided demolition training, including a demonstration with live explosives performed in a Lincoln County park, and a van within which the patsy believed his handlers had provided him a bomb. The van with the inert device was parked next to a crowded Christmas tree lighting ceremony where the patsy attempted to detonate it remotely before being arrested by FBI agents.

It would later turn out that Portland had heroically withdrew from the FBI's Joint Terrorism Task Force, (JTTF), with the operation then being carried out behind Portland Mayor Sam Adam's back only for its conclusion to humiliatingly catch the mayor off guard. The city of Portland would eventually rejoin the JTTF after the fallout from the FBI's own terror plot. The FBI is carrying out what is essentially a campaign of entrapment fueling what alternative news outlet Media Monarchy appropriately calls "terronoia." And while it is true that these incidents are being used to foment a climate of fear to justify the ongoing "War on Terror," there is a more

sinister implication readers must be aware of.

In 1993 the FBI was carrying out an identical "sting operation" in New York City. The target was the World Trade Center, the weapon of choice would be a bomb-laden van, that like the above mentioned attacks, was supposed to contain an inert device. Helping the FBI was an Egyptian informant, Emad Salem, who over the course of the investigation grew suspicious of the federal agents and began recording his phone conversations with them.

From these recordings released by the New York Times, it turns out that the FBI switched out the inert device for real explosives at the last moment resulting in an attack that killed 6 and injured over a thousand. Despite this evidence, the 1993 bombing is still to this day attributed to "terrorists" with the FBI's involvement muted if ever mentioned.

The implications are of course, with the FBI's current nationwide stable of patsies being trained, directed, and provided material support to carry out attacks the FBI then "foils," is at any given moment, any one of these operations can be switched "live" just as in 1993. The resulting carnage can then be used to manipulate public opinion just as it was in 1993, 2001, on 7/7 in London, and in Madrid, Spain in 2004.

The risk rises exponentially now with Israel being confirmed to be training, arming, and directing US State Department-listed terrorist organization, the People's Mujahedin of Iran, also known as Mujahedeen e-Khalq (MEK). The US has also played an extensive role in supporting MEK who is currently carrying out a campaign of terror inside of Iran.
This is part of a plot by the US indicated in its own policy papers, openly conspiring to provoke a war with Iran. This is best encapsulated in this often cited quote from US policy think-tank, Brookings Institution:

"…it would be far more preferable if the United States could cite an Iranian provocation as justification for the airstrikes before launching them. Clearly, the more outrageous, the more deadly, and the more unprovoked the Iranian action, the better off the United States would be. Of course, it would be very difficult for the United States to goad Iran into such a provocation without

the rest of the world recognizing this game, which would then undermine it. (One method that would have some possibility of success would be to ratchet up covert regime change efforts in the hope that Tehran would retaliate overtly, or even semi-overtly, which could then be portrayed as an unprovoked act of Iranian aggression.) "
-Brookings Institution's 2009 "Which Path to Persia?" report, pages 84-85.
The same report would go on to say:

"In a similar vein, any military operation against Iran will likely be very unpopular around the world and require the proper international context—both to ensure the logistical support the operation would require and to minimize the blowback from it. The best way to minimize international opprobrium and maximize support (however, grudging or covert) is to strike only when there is a widespread conviction that the Iranians were given but then rejected a superb offer—one so good that only a regime determined to acquire nuclear weapons and acquire them for the wrong reasons would turn it down. Under those circumstances, the United States (or Israel) could portray its operations as taken in sorrow, not anger, and at least some in the international community would conclude that the Iranians "brought it on themselves" by refusing a very good deal."
-Brookings Institution's 2009 "Which Path to Persia?" report, page 52.

Clearly those in the West intent on striking Iran realize both the difficulty of obtaining a plausible justification, and the lack of support they have globally to carry out an attack even if they manage to find a suitable pretext. Brookings would continue throughout their report enumerating methods of provoking Iran, including conspiring to fund opposition groups to overthrow the Iranian government, crippling Iran's economy, and funding US State Department-listed terrorist organizations (MEK) to carry deadly attacks within Iran itself. Despite these overt acts of war, and even considering an option to unilaterally conduct limited airstrikes against Iranian targets, Brookings noted there was still the strong possibility Iran would not allow itself to be sufficiently provoked:

"It would not be inevitable that Iran would lash out violently in response to an American air campaign, but no American president should blithely

assume that it would not."
The report continues:
"However, because many Iranian leaders would likely be looking to emerge from the fighting in as advantageous a strategic position as possible, and because they would likely calculate that playing the victim would be their best route to that goal, they might well refrain from such retaliatory missile attacks."
-Brookings Institution's 2009 "Which Path to Persia?" report, page 95.

With this in mind, and with the 1993 World Trade Center attack as a historical precedent, it is almost a certainty that the West and Mossad are carrying out the current global wave of bombings now being blamed on Iran. This includes two failed bombings in India and Georgia, and a more recent incident in Bangkok, Thailand.
Law enforcement officers across America may be witnessing the FBI conducting through their JTTF what they believe to be a "sting operation" that may end up being the next major terrorist attack on US soil – and the pretext for certain war with Iran.

The fears of Portland Mayor Sam Adams were well founded, and it took an act of terror to strong-arm him and the people of Portland into capitulating to the federal JTTF program. Local law enforcement, for the safety of themselves and the people they are charged to serve and protect, would be wise to keep an eye on the FBI – apparently the most likely source from which terror plots both "foiled" and "successful" are hatched...

Course, these attempts by the Security Services to create fear amongst the population by and large would be pathetic and laughable, would it not be for the fact that the population , by and large, believe these plots to be real.

Indeed, the fact that these false flag plots are so transparent is testament to just how gullible we have become as a whole. Course, for the Government these plots put them in a win, win situation as not only does it keep the public in fear but they also make the Security Services appear as if they are on top of their game...This is why the following old adage should always be remembered : *Anyone who would give up their freedom in exchange for*

security, is deserved of neither.

Just sayin’.

Chapter 9
Welcome to Hateland, have a nice day

This is another article that I wrote for the Sovereign Independent and marked the beginning of the covert press agenda to demonise ALL Muslims.

You really have to hand it to the Establishment. They know exactly what buttons to press. In fact the propaganda department has been in full swing this weekend with maximum utilisation of the mainstream media being effectively employed to promote racial hatred.

You see, it all started in the UK on Friday with the 6 o'clock news. The leading, major story of the day was that American Security Forces had received intelligence reports confirming the threat of terrorist attacks planned for over the weekend.We were informed that there was a "credible" but as yet "unconfirmed" threat of a terrorist attack taking place in either New York or Washington.

However, we were not told who made the threat but being the weekend of Sept 11th the insinuation must be Al Qaeda. Our intrepid news reporter, 'live' in New York went on to say that the message from city officials was that: “There's no need to panic but the public should remain vigilant...”.

Now if your a bit gullible, as the vast majority of people in 1st world countries appear to be, it is hard not to panic with a headline like that... Harder still when the warning is repeated either on the TV or Radio on the hour every hour.

Still i'm sure the Sheeple must of felt a lot more reassured once they saw the huge army of combat police on parade. After all, no self respecting, crazed

Muslim, suicide pilot was ever going to fly a 757 into Ground Zero once he saw the sun glinting off their Rayban sunglasses or the barrel of their sub machine guns.

However, those of us less gullible people saw through the headline straight away but for those of you who don't understand corporate gobbledygook ,the news loosely translated like this:

The Gov't owned media have been ordered to put the fear of god into people by repeating (Confirming) a rumour (intelligence report) started by a govt office bods (security services) which are believable (credible), yet not necessarily honest (unconfirmed). The rumour suggests that you may or may not be subjected to violence (Threat) probably by people (Terrorists) who don't exist (Al Qaeda), so we won't mention them. We haven't a clue where you're probably not going to get hurt by anybody (New York or Washington) but some wannabe important people (city officials) have advised the gullible sheeple (public) to be petrified and keep an eye on the fella next to them, because he hates you and wants to kill you (Don't panic but remain vigilant).

No surprise then that 9/11 II ,the sequel never materialised. Course, that fact hasn't stopped today's papers cranking up the racial tension a notch. Indeed, much is being made of yesterday's demonstration by so called Islamic extremists outside the American Embassy.
And indeed, it's worked a treat as well judging by the comments on Facebook etc. In fact I don't think that I have ever seen the level of racial hatred that this demonstration has evoked… Which is a great pity really because unlike previous years, I hadn't seen a single status about 9/11 that condemned or blamed Islamic extremists.

Now there are 2 possible scenarios to this demonstration. And which ever scenario is correct, there can be no doubt that the media has reported the demonstration to great affect.

In doing so, along with the scare monger broadcasts predicting terrorist atrocities that were never going to happen, the promotion of racial harmony has been put back years.

You see, if the pictures in the papers were to be believed then your average God fearing Christian would have every right to hate and fear the Muslims.

Forced by sheer numbers against the safety barriers! Faces hidden with only their eyes visible! waving placards that predict world domination for Muslims! Burning the Star Spangled Banner! Isn't there a ban on demonstrations? In fact even I was scared for a moment...Alright, I made the last one up, but it's easy to see how people are manipulated into perceiving that we are under threat from the Arab world.

And the sad truth is we really aren't but the government could never have us know that. Indeed, if we knew that the Arab world posed no threat to us then there could be no ongoing war on terror.

And if that were the case then how on earth could we steal their oil?. Moreover, how would the CIA underpin the American economy if they couldn't control the all time high distribution of Afghanistan's Heroin? What would happen to the newly built gas and oil pipelines that the Taliban refused to let the USA run through their country? What about the Trillions of Dollars the World bankers would lose in interest on the loans used to finance the war? Where would racial harmony leave the plans for the NWO ?

Then there is 9/11. How would the anti terrorist bill ever have been passed, not to mention the many other infringements on our civil liberties if there were no Arab Terrorists to protect us from.

In fact Larry Silverstein would have been bankrupted over the cost of removing Asbestos from the World Trade Centre instead of becoming a billionaire through insurance claims!

Indeed, how would the FBI bosses have managed to destroy the evidence relating to the missing Trillions of Dollars stolen by the Bush Administration had building 7 of the WTC not collapsed under the sheer weight of the jet fuel spilled from the hijacked United Airways aeroplanes?

How would United Airways along with many others have made a killing on

the stock market had it not been for the terrorists taking their planes for a joyride, for that matter?

Then there is the Pentagon. How would the accountants there have accounted for the billions of dollars in misplaced funds had the Terrorists not overpowered the pilot of the Boeing 757 cruise missile, before getting all confused as to which side of the building contained the Senior government heads such as Vice President Dick Cheney and Defence Secretary Donald Rumsfeld and steered it into the Accounts department instead?

On the other hand, racial hatred not only provides the opportunity for Governments and corrupt corporate fat cats to make easy money, remove our civil rights and pursue their own agenda, it also keeps people divided. Not only Black against White, or East against West, but those who support racism and those who don't.

Indeed, it is these divisions that allow the few to rule the many. And this brings me nicely back to the two scenarios for the demonstration. You see, the general consensus in this morning's papers put the number of demonstrators at 100. And a quick look at the news videos and photographs makes the number of demonstrators appear to be in far greater numbers.

Now if these were truly Islamic extremists, then I would have no time whatsoever for them. Mind you, as demonstrations go a 100 people is hardly a success by any standards. After all, the British Muslim population is expected to top 3 million this year.

A 2010 survey put the number of Muslims in Britain at 2,869,000. Therefore, this being the case 100 Muslim extremists is hardly representative of the British Muslim population. And to put it into perspective the demonstrators represent less than 0.003% of British Muslims.

Moreover, a 2009 survey on the attitudes of British Muslims found them to identify more strongly with the UK and hold the country's institutions in higher regard than the rest of the British population.

Now according to the newspapers, the police kept 'a small' number of Muslims who were opposed to the demonstration away from the main protesters. One of those Anti demonstration protesters, Abdul Sallam 41 travelled all the way from Glasgow to make his feelings known about the demonstrators.

He said " *i'm a Muslim. What they are doing is bringing shame on all Muslims. This is not part of the teachings of Islam. Islam is about peace, but what they want to do is hate other people. I am proud to be British. i love my country. All these people are doing is breaking Britain apart*".

So, notwithstanding the disproportionate representation of Muslim views, the demonstrators were not protesting against Britain. Their anger was solely aimed at America. The picture of a flag (for that's what it was) was not the Union Jack, it was the Star Spangled Banner and the demonstration was largely peaceful with only 4 “extremists” being arrested.

But looking at the situation fairly, do they not have a right to be angry? I mean between 2003-2010 nearly 108,000 Innocent men women and children have been killed in Iraq. Moreover, in a survey taken by 2000 Iraqi adults, 22% had lost one or more family member who lived under their roof.

Furthermore 70% of children in Iraq are exhibiting signs of post traumatic stress and now have the honour of living in the most dangerous place on Earth. Yet their country was invaded under the pretence of being in possession of WMD's… Which was later proved to be false... and also of harbouring Osama Bin Laden… Which was also false.

In short Iraq was illegally invaded. Can you imagine if it had been the other way round and it had been Britain illegally invaded? Living under the same conditions they are now, with three quarters of our children severely traumatised? Yet still no hatred was directed at the British from the demonstrators. And let's not beat around the bush here, Britain is as deeply involved in the invasion, pro rata, as the USA is.

Then the so called English Defence League(EDL) turned up although quite

what this repackaged National Front Party is defending England from I haven't a clue. They claim to be a non racist group but their mandate and actions point to the opposite.

The Newspapers put the number of EDL members present yesterday at around 60. This begs the question why were the EDL there in the first place?

Were they there filling in for the KKK? And unlike the so called Islamic Extremists(IE's) the EDL were not kept back from the American Embassy. However unlike the IE's the EDL refused to move when told by the police. Unlike the IE's ,the EDL did scuffle with police and unlike the IE's, The EDL had come to fight ,not protest.

This led the police to arrest 20 EDL members which has led to the usual racists comments such as "*They cam over ere an burn r bleedin flag an ware da mugs that get nicked init?*".

No they dont. That is racist propaganda spread by the likes of the Government, The EDL and the uneducated. From what I could see, the 60 strong EDL were much more intimidating, antagonistic and aggressive than the 100 strong IE's were. And why should that be? The IE's were protesting against the Americans. Would the EDL have been there had it been White Brits protesting against the Americans leading us into an illegal war? A war we cant and wont ever win? A war that in Afghanistan alone has cost the lives of 308 British soldiers and injuries, many life changing to a further 10,608 more… I think not.

So for crying out loud let's aim our anger at the real enemy. As i've said I don't condone or support any extremist group and that includes the EDL.

But what if the IE's were not who they say they were? What if they were CIA plants or worse, British Government plants. Indeed, you have to ask yourself who stood to gain from the demonstration? The so called IE's had nothing to gain except upsetting and alienating the British Population. Isn't that a case of cutting off your nose to spite your face?

In fact such actions can only lead to themselves, their families, their friends and their fellow Muslims being put at risk from race attacks. It can result in their Mosques, factories and shops being vandalised and burnt down. Surely if you are a small minority out to start a race war against the vast majority it would make sense to have a large expanse of water between you before doing so?

The Government and the CIA on the other hand have everything to gain by the demonstration. With this in mind is it so far fetched to accept that this demonstration could very well be a carefully orchestrated plan which has achieved the result it set out to achieve?

With regard to the so called 30 day blanket ban on demonstrations, it's quite difficult to find any information on this subject. Having said that I must confess to not looking all that hard. After all the ban doesn't really have a bearing on this article except to question why yesterday's demonstration was allowed to go ahead.

From what little I could find out it seems that the 30 day order isn't so much a blanket ban, more a select borough ban. This doesn't appear to include the Borough of Westminster although there is a permanent ban on demonstrations and protests around Whitehall.

Mind you, its Interesting that although the media was keen to point out that last weeks EDL protest was a static one (The inference being the banning order only applies to marches), no police action was taken until one of the EDL leaders loudly informed the boys in Blue via megaphone that he was breaching his bail conditions by being there. Likewise,did the so called IE's arrive outside the American Embassy in small groups (it was a small group collectively) with their placards in their pockets? Or could it be that the police know that the ban is unlawful?

Course, I am sure there will be a small number of bigots who read this and imagine me to be a limp wristed, politically correct, left wing, do gooder. Yet if labels need be applied to someone having the belief that all human beings are equal, regardless of race, colour or creed, that the world belongs to us all

and not just the few, that no one should ever have to go without food, water,clothing or shelter and that no one should have to live in fear of his fellow man, then I care not what you label me.

Chapter 10
Invasion of the Baby snatchers

When Tony Blair became the British Prime Minister he immediately began to wage war on what he deemed as "unfit parents'. This has led to many perfectly good parents having their children removed from their care.

Disturbingly, many of these children are ever heard of again. The following is the first of many articles that I have written on the subject...

It wasn't so many years ago that in cases where children were taken from their parents by the social services the general consensus amongst the public was that there had to be a good reason.. But not so any more.

Indeed, many parents in the UK are now so afraid of the social services that they think twice about taking their children to casualty should the need arise.

In fact it is certainly is not unfair to say that the fear, mistrust and suspicion afforded to the social services by some, is akin to that afforded to Adolf Hitler's SS. Quite appropriate then that both share the same initials.

Then again, the Nazi SS were extremely efficient and very well organised... The same cannot be said for Britain's SS.
I mean, we are led to believe that the SS are here to protect our children from

cruelty and neglect.

Moreover, any decision made by the SS are supposed to be in the best interest of the child.
Which would be commendable if it was true.
You see, what we are seeing now is an organised program of child stealing in order to meet the adoption targets set up under the Blair Government... That and a production line of young children for the filthy rich to rape.

Indeed, there are huge financial incentives offered by the Government to ensure that their targets are met… Although that fact is often denied.

On the flip side, underperforming leads to job losses and reduced budgets.
Failure to meet their quotas is therefore not an option.
This is why Social Workers seek out easy targets mostly made up of : Young single mothers lacking in family support, poorly educated mothers on benefit and children with injuries which are often no more than minor bruises and such like
.
Rarely are these children snatched from middle class families which indeed is a major contributing factor in leading to that misguided belief amongst the more affluent members of society that *'there is no smoke without fire'*.
This view inevitably leads to the SS being defended, even justified in being over cautious, especially when cases such as Baby P explode in the media.

However in cases such as Baby P and Victoria Climbie, the lack of intervention from social workers is actually to blame.
This lack of intervention stems from the social workers often being intimidated and subject to abuse by the parents of the children they are investigating.
Indeed, quite often the social worker is even denied entry into the home to check on the child's well being.

You see, Social workers, despite what people are led to believe, have very

little authority.
Because of this, cases such as Baby P are neglected in favour of easier targets.
And it is this lack of knowledge on what social workers can and cannot do that leads to a lot of parents losing their children.

Moreover, aware of the public's ignorance a social worker will resort to bullying, duping and scaring parents into signing over their children.
This was made easier for the heartless SS to get away with by the 1989 Children's Act which in effect meant a veil of secrecy was thrown around court proceedings involving children.

And in turn, this is another reason that so few people from the middle classes and upwards know what is really going on.
Course, as I have just said, this secrecy and wall of silence imposed around child welfare was supposed to have been put in place to protect the child.

However, far from doing so it has allowed the SS to act in a corrupt and totally unprofessional manner. So much so in fact that it isn't unfair to say that the child's welfare and wishes are secondary to performance targets.

Reporting restrictions on court proceedings mean children are removed from loving and perfectly capable parents on the flimsiest of evidence.
And because of these 'secret courts' parents have no recourse from anywhere because just discussing their case with anyone other than their legal advisers can result in a prison sentence.

And of course, more often than not it will be a parents legal team's incompetence that will lead to them losing their child/children.
Invariably the vast majority of child order cases see the parents being represented by legal aid solicitors.

Now, far be it for me to suggest that the outcome of a case is decided beforehand or that the SS and Law Society are acting in complicity. However recent Parliamentary figures show that child care orders average around 8000 a year. Of these only between 0.1 and 0.2 percent are refused.

Moreover, Ian Joseph - a Monaco based businessman - was so alarmed about what goes on in our law courts that he set up a website specifically to help parents who have had their children snatched by the state.

Indeed, it is also true to say that I have pointed many a panicked parent in Ian's direction.
Course, the first thing he tells parents who are receiving legal aid is that if they want their children back then they have to get rid of their solicitor and represent themselves... Sadly a far too daunting a task for many.

Liberal Democrat MP, John Hemming is also an outspoken critic and long time opponent of the way family court proceedings are conducted. Although it has to be said that Hemming is an MP and a self confessed *"love rat"*.

Unfortunately, such is the scale of the problem both are limited on what they can do.
John Hemming, knowing the likely outcome of court proceedings will often tell parents to flee the UK for either Southern Ireland or Sweden… How scary is that!

Furthermore, the fact many couples follow his advice only goes to show that the accusations against them are false in the vast majority of cases.
But does this major, life changing step mean you get to keep your unborn child?

Well, I do in fact personally know one such couple very well who John

Hemming helped relocate to County Wexford in Southern Ireland.
Course, they cannot be identified by their real names so i will call them Steve and Emma.
This is their story…

Emma, now aged 30 was living alone with her daughter (Child A) in Essex when she Met Steve now aged 37.
The couple were both delighted when Emma found out that she was pregnant with Steve's baby (Child B).
However Emma was ill throughout the pregnancy with Pre-Eclampsia and with Steve out at work, the couple had no choice except to get a babysitter to look after Child A.

It was at this time that Child A was found to have a vaginal injury.
Worse still, and to their horror, Steve was accused by the SS of being responsible despite there being no evidence whatsoever to support this claim.

Child A, a month short of being 2 years old was then forcibly taken into care.
Worse was to follow when Emma gave birth to Child B on Christmas eve that same year.
In fact just 5 hours after giving birth Child B was taken from Emma and handed over to foster parents.

And that being despite no charges being brought against Steve for the injury to Child A.
Worse was to come however because the couple were unable to stop the children from being adopted.

So, when Emma fell pregnant with Child C she was told by the SS that the baby would be taken into care immediately after Emma had given birth.
At this point out of sheer desperation the couple contacted John Hemming, who advised them to go to the Republic of Ireland.
He told them that even if the Irish SS got involved, the couple would at least receive a much fairer hearing over there.

Arriving in County Wexford on the 1st of June 2009, Emma gave birth just 3 days later.
However, with no Medical records available the hospital staff had no choice but to contact England.

And of course in doing so, the hospital was made aware of Emma's previous history.
Therefore with limited information to hand, the Irish social services - at the request of the English Social Services - had no choice except to take Child C into care pending reports.
Indeed, in contacting the English SS the Irish SS were told that under no circumstances should Child C be returned to the couple.

Now remember, this was despite there being no evidence or criminal proceedings to suggest that either Steve or Emma were a danger to the Baby.
Thus began the long drawn out legal procedure of preparing reports for a court hearing.

Despite this the couple were allowed to see Child C twice weekly at a contact house.
During this period, everything seemed to be engineered towards gearing up for Child C being returned to Steve and Emma's custody.

In fact it is fair to say that things were looking so good that the couple were not worried when Emma fell pregnant again.
However, concerned over the slow pace that things were moving, the couple’s Solicitor - at their behest - tried to speed proceedings up by asking for a review of the evidence regarding the injury to Child A.

This review brought to light the facts that Child A had only been subject to one injury(inconsistent with parental abuse) and neither had she been 'Groomed' as had been previously suggested by social workers.

More importantly, the review revealed that the babysitter Emma had been forced to use whilst she was ill - a registered childminder who had been working with disabled children - was under investigation for child abuse. Emma was also becoming increasingly concerned about the level of care offered to Child C by her Foster carer.

She therefore voiced these concerns to social workers, which included the complaints that Child C often had head lice, sore looking rashes and the fact that Child C called her Foster carer Mummy.

However, when Emma gave birth to her 4th child (Child D) the couple were devastated to learn that he was to be removed from their care.
Again I will remind you that there was no evidence of neglect to Child A who was removed from Steve and Emma because of concerns over Steve. Furthermore, this was despite there being no evidence to back these concerns up and him never being charged with any offence.

Child A was only 2 at the time and the couple never had any of the 3 subsequent children in their care for there to be any concerns about their parenting skills.

Nevertheless, Child D was placed in foster care with his sister and Steve and Emma now got to see him twice weekly along with Child C.

Moreover they had been categorically told that the SS plan was for reunification.
However at a court hearing in April of this year, the couple were horrified to learn that despite what they were told about reunification, the SS intend to keep both children in permanent foster care.

Alarmingly, not only does this course of action contradict what they were told by social workers, the fact of the matter is that no one had even bothered

to discuss this course of action with them and neither has it been discussed with them to date.
Sadly, Steve and Emma are now left in limbo.

Yet despite the agony of having their 4 children taken off of them they have somehow managed to stay together as a couple, whereas most relationships would have collapsed under the strain years ago.

Childs A and B were removed on the flimsiest of evidence and quickly adopted out effectively making it impossible to get them back.
The fact that they gave up their home, family and friends in order to flee to Ireland for the sole purpose of keeping their unborn baby apparently counts for nothing.

Moreover, the couple are acutely aware that should their Irish children be returned to them, then they will be forever under the scrutiny of the social services.
Therefore, that fact alone would be enough to ensure that Steve and Emma were nothing short of perfect parents.

Unfortunately, without the financial backing it is hard now to see where the couple go from here.
So, is there anything that couples in a similar position to Steve and Emma can do?

And to answer that you have to understand that Steve and Emma put their faith in the British legal system.
And when that let them down they followed the well intentioned advice of John Hemming to flee the country.
They then put their faith in the Republic of Ireland's legal system and that too has let them down.
Therefore, in theory the answer is no.

In reality however there is but you have to take command of the situation from the start.
You see, you cannot afford to show any weakness in your resolve to hang onto your child.
Indeed, to do so will result in you being bullied into submission.

So firstly, never trust a social worker.
And I am not saying that they are all bad, but by far the vast majority are.

Do not be fooled by their friendly approach as this is more often than not a trick.
And above all, always keep in mind that they have no authority to do anything without a court order.

You also need to make sure that you film or record everything.
Course, nine times out of ten they will tell you that you are not allowed to film them but stand your ground and remember that you are allowed to film who and what the hell you like in your own home.

Be polite, but not friendly or openly hostile.
Offer no other information other than what they ask for and do not be rushed into making a rash reply.

If they try to get you to sign consent forms to take your child tell them to *"do one"* until they have a court order.
Always check that you are dealing with a fully qualified Social worker who is registered with your social service department... You would be surprised how many aren't!

Also remember that you can tell them to leave at any time.
Course, if they do feel that they have a strong case against you then the chances are they will return with a court order.
And that being the case then I am afraid that there is nothing you can do to prevent your child being taken.
However, as the statistics have shown you are wasting your time employing a solicitor.

You must - as Ian Joseph will tell you - represent yourself in court.

After all, the fact is that no one will fight harder or argue more passionately for the return of your child than you will.
Course, if your child is unborn and you've been told that your baby will be removed from you at birth, then there's little you can do at that time to prevent it.
However you will inevitably be told sooner rather than later that you have to register your baby for a birth certificate and this is where you really need to make a stand.
And that being the case, flatly refuse to register your child's birth.
After all, at that stage you have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

Course this refusal will lead to you being bullied and threatened with all kinds of things - including prison.
But again, stand your ground.

No charges will be brought against you if you don't consent.
You do however need to be clued up on the workings of Admiralty law before you take this course of action.

Nevertheless, without a birth certificate the SS have no choice but to return your baby.
This was evidenced following a FOI request submitted to Torbay Council under the freedom of information act.

The request was in the form of a question asking if a child is not registered at birth, do they have the authority to remove the child?

Torbay Council's answer?
No they don't.
Source:
https://www.whatdotheyknow.com/request/right_to_any_child_with_no_birth
However, you should be aware that having no birth certificate could present problems for your child later in life although There is an interesting article to

be found at the link below about a couple who refused to register their child and have had no problems to date.
http://self-realisation.com/equity/case-studies/denial-of-consent-to-register-children/

Moreover, you can cross that bridge when you come to it as for now, the important thing is keeping your child where he or she belongs and that is with you.
What's more, if the Social Services really had the child's best interest at heart, they too would be working to keep children with their parents.

I cannot in fact stress enough that removing a child from his or her parent's should only be done when ALL other avenues have been explored.
Sadly this is not the case so think on, sometimes - just sometimes, there is smoke without fire.

**Two years after writing this article Child C and Child D were finally returned to Steve & Emma. They are all still living happily in the Republic of Ireland.*

*** On the 9th of February 2012 it was announced that the number of children referred into care in England has hit a record high. According to the BBC:*

"Last month, local authorities made 903 court applications to take children into care - the highest since courts service Cafcass was set up in 2001.
"Numbers have been rising since late 2008 and the infamous Baby P case involving the death of a toddler while on the at-risk register in London.
"Cafcass boss Anthony Douglas said: "All agencies need to factor in these much larger increases into their planning."
It is the first time England's referral figures have passed the 900-mark in a month, and compares with 803 the month before and 698 in the previous

January.

**** My claims in the above article were reinforced on the 18th of Feb 2012 by Christopher Booker writing for the Daily Telegraph:*

Such is the reign of terror now being imposed on innocent English families by social workers that scores of parents have been fleeing with their children to Ireland to escape their clutches. I have followed a dozen such stories over the past two years, and in all of them two things stand out. One is that the English social workers seem prepared to stop at nothing to get the children back. The other is the extraordinary contrast between them and the Irish social workers, who again and again have satisfied themselves that the children are at no risk from their loving parents and are astonished by the ruthless behaviour of their English counterparts.

Several of these stories I have reported more than once and they do not have happy endings. A mother and baby were pursued to Ireland by six social workers and police, who sat in Dublin for 10 days of court hearings, until a judge ruled in their favour (with the social workers seen giving "high fives" on emerging from the court). When the mother again escaped to a remote cottage, she was violently knocked down by a policeman, so that her baby could be taken back to England.

Vicky Haigh, a former racehorse trainer, managed to escape to Ireland before her daughter was born. But then she was brought to England to be quite bizarrely punished, in a case relating to her beloved older daughter, with a three-year prison sentence – leaving her baby to be looked after in Ireland.

A 14-year-old boy lived happily with his mother in Ireland for six months until, after an equally bizarre judgment based on evidence neither he nor his mother were allowed to see, he was deported miserably back to care in

England.

Last week, another such story came my way. It concerns a respectable family which was hit with disaster last summer, after the semi-autistic 8-year-old son –who tends to make things up – had lashed out at his 13-year-old sister, leaving bruises. When these were investigated, the boy told the police that his father had done it. The girl denied this – and the boy admitted in video evidence what had really happened – but the police stuck with his earlier story and arrested the father. Although he was never charged, the interventions of social workers became so menacing that, last October, the family escaped to Ireland, where the father has his roots.

There they have happily settled, and the 13-year-old daughter has become a star pupil of the local school. But the social workers eventually tracked them down – after the children's grandmother, back in England, had been arrested by 10 police officers, handcuffed, held for three hours in a cell, and told she would be charged with perverting the course of justice unless she revealed their whereabouts. The English social workers pressed their Irish counterparts to co-operate in getting the children back to England (there are no court orders), but were told there was no reason for this because the children were in no danger.

The social workers then tried to lean on the school principal, saying that the children were "at risk of emotional harm". The sensible headmistress gave them very short shrift, saying that the English social workers had behaved deplorably in trying to destroy a perfectly normal family, and that England's loss was Ireland's gain, since the girl was a brilliant pupil, who was learning five languages. Thanks to their origins, the family will soon be safely confirmed as Irish citizens.

What is striking about these stories is how often the parents emphasise the contrast between the two countries' social workers. "In England," says this

father, "we were treated like dangerous criminals. In Ireland the social workers could not be more different, warm, friendly, treating us like human beings." And of course it is in England that the number of children taken into care has soared to a record level, just having topped 900 a month. There is a phenomenon of group psychology here that deserves much wider attention than it is being given.

Chapter 11
Disgraced Peer apologises - Exactly for what is anyone's guess

ALL of our MP's & Lords are self-serving crooks. However, when they are caught it clearly becomes obvious that there is one rule for us and another for them.

What follows is a report that I wrote for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper about the criminal Lord Hanningfield.

It has been revealed that the Disgraced Tory Peer, Lord Hanningfield was released from a low security Kent prison after serving only TWO months of the NINE month jail term that he received for SIX counts of fiddling his House of Lords expenses.

On his release in September 2011, Hanningfield was immediately re-arrested by Essex Police relating to allegations that he misused his Corporate credit card while he was leader of Essex County Council.

Speaking on the 30th of October 2011 in the Sunday Express, Hanningfield, appeared to issue an apology for fiddling £13,379 in government expenses. But did he?

The expenses relate to overnight stays in London that Hanningfield claimed for, when in fact he was actually driven back to his luxurious Essex home in a Government provided chauffeur driven limousine.

The arrogance of this man is breathtaking. After his arrest in early 2010, Hanningfield tried to avoid going to court by claiming Parliamentary privilege. When that failed, Hanningfield used every opportunity available to chant his mantra "*I have done nothing wrong*", even after he was found guilty and sentenced in July 2011, which he immediately unsuccessfully appealed against.

Even Hanningfields apology smacks of insincerity and in issuing it he still refuses to accept that he had committed a crime.
The carefully worded apology states "*After much consideration, during and after my conviction, i have come to realise that i owe my friends, family and the public a heartfelt apology for the difficulties and problems my actions have caused*".

You will note that nowhere in that apology does Hanningfield say that he is sorry for the actual crime he committed.

He then goes on to say "*I have come to accept the situation in which i found myself was, unfortunately, one caused by my own negligence and for that i am truly sorry*".
Yet once again you will note that Hanningfield does not apologise for the crime. In fact it's hard to judge if he's apologising for his 'negligence' or if he's just feeling "truly sorry" for himself having had to spend time in prison.

Course, if someone goes to a business meeting and then straight afterwards get driven home at someone else's expense, it doesn't take a genius to work out that they are not entitled to claim for the cost of an overnight stay in a hotel. That isn't negligence. That is fraud... Something that Hanningfield was guilty of at least 6 times.

Hanningfield then ends his apology by boasting that he didn't claim legal aid to defend himself against the action.

Is he for real?

But not before he says "*I must, though, stress that there was no intention on*

my part to break the law, but i recognise i did so – and for that in itself there are no excuses".

Sooo, no apology for the crime there then either.

Hanningfield also claims that he is not guilty of the new charges brought against him, for which he is on police bail until January 2012. I myself suspect that in this case there really is, no smoke without fire.

**Two years later, Hanningfield received substantial damages from Essex Police for wrongful arrest.*

*** On the 9th of April 2012, Press TV reported the following in regard to Lord Hanningfield:*

The British House of Lords offers two criminal peers, imprisoned for fraud, the same opportunity to rob the public money as they enjoyed before, by welcoming them back on their seats after Easter.

The Tory peers Lord Hanningfield and Lord Taylor of Warwick were convicted to 12 months and 9 months in prison, respectively, for submitting false expenses to the Lords.

Hanningfield was found guilty of presenting false claims of £13,379 of taxpayer money and Taylor followed suit with £11,000.

However, as the upper chamber's regulations do not include any requirement for peers to resign or be expelled, the two will be reinstated in the same potentially-ripe position for embezzlement even without a probation period after their prison terms.
The prospects of two fraudster peers returning to the ultimate decision-making body of Britain raises serious questions about special privileges enjoyed by the Lords including the hereditary right to claim an upper chamber seat.

According to the Rehabilitation of Offenders Act 1974, an ordinary criminal

convicted of burglary or mugging has to endure a rehabilitation (probation) period of at least one year to receive a qualification to work from the Criminal Records Bureau (CBR).
The CBR's certificate will only accredit such a criminal for jobs that do not leave him in a position to repeat his crime.

Chapter 12
Putting a stop to the car insurance racket

Another Sovereign Independent article that I wrote in relation to the car insurance scam.

There can be no denying that car insurance is a corporate money making protection racket that has the motorist held by the proverbial ‘short and curlys’. New laws recently introduced by the government mean that you cannot even keep an uninsured car in your garage unless you declare it as SORN.

And while this new rule will cause further misery to thousands of law abiding motorists and car collectors, it is likely to have no effect whatsoever on those the government say the new law is aimed at, namely uninsured drivers.

After all, let’s face it, anyone driving on the road uninsured isn’t going to worry about parking their motor up without declaring it SORN. The new law will however entitle the police to seize and destroy many more cars and drag the innocent keepers into court, where they can expect to be fined anything up to £1000.

However, to my mind, instead of heaping further misery upon the easy target motorist, while at the same time adding to the millions of pounds in profits made by the big insurance companies, the government would be better off putting a cap on the high cost of insuring a car.
In fact, by making insurance more affordable, normal law abiding citizens would be less likely to be pushed into risking driving an uninsured motor.
But we all know that will never happen.

Indeed, I don’t think that any sane person would disagree that having car protection for yourself and others is a bad thing. However the fact that car insurance is obligatory means that the insurance companies have been given carte blanche to rip us off. I know this from personal experience which is as follows.

I had been insured with Kwik Fit, over a 7 year period. Back then, as I do now I pay my yearly policy in monthly instalments via direct debit. Throughout this time I never had a claim yet despite this fact my policy rose on average by £10-15 per year.

Then after the 7th year Kwik fit sent me a renewal notice, which I noticed had jumped up in price by nearly £150. Anyone who pays a yearly contract such as an insurance policy by direct debit will know that after the initial 12 month contract is up, unless you inform the company involved to the contrary the contract will re-commence for another year.

Now I suppose that I could have tackled Kwik fit about this price hike, but to my mind 7 years of loyalty deserves more so I simply cancelled my direct debit and moved to Tesco insurance who were willing to insure my car for more or less the same price as Kwik fit were before they tried ripping me off.

Now, after my year was up with Tesco insurance, they sent me a renewal notice which was for around £100 more than the previous year. So. once again I just cancelled the Direct Debit and moved to Swinton insurance who were cheaper by far than Tescos were in that first year.

However after a month with Swintons I bought a new, more powerful car. Before doing so I looked at insurance prices on ‘Go Compare’ and as luck would have it, Swintons were also the cheapest according to this website and would be prepared to insure my new car for roughly £60 more than what I was paying them now.

So, on the day that I bought the new car I cancelled my insurance for my old one with my local Swinton branch who then Quoted me £100 extra to insure my new car. When I told them that they were quoting me £40 more than they

were quoting me on the Go Compare website, I was told by the Swinton agent that I would have to go through the Go Compare website to make this price.

I was also told categorically that since I would still be insured on the new car by them, i would not be subject to cancellation fees for terminating my insurance policy early.

Nevertheless, despite this fact, I received a letter from Swinton informing me that unless i pay them a £33 cancellation fee within 7 days then they intended to help themselves to this money by deducting it from my bank debit card... Very nice of them!

Tescos Insurance have in the meantime also gone into Corporate greed overdrive and are threatening me with court action unless i pay them £438 for an insurance policy that I never used and didn't give my permission for them to set up.

Indeed, it is this kind of bullying that a huge number of people give in to and pay up rather than risk being hounded by debt collection agencies or worse still facing an appearance in court, thus making untold amounts of money for these companies.

I myself am a bit wiser to these bully boy tactics and as such, in the case of Swintons I just cancelled my debit card and ordered a new one. Nevertheless in doing so it has caused me unnecessary aggravation in so much as I have to wait 7-10 days for a new card. In regards to Tesco's demand, I have appropriately filed their letters in the bin.

However, to ensure that the insurance rip-off continues, the following was reported by the Daily Mirror newspaper in February 2012:
Cameras at petrol stations will automatically stop uninsured or untaxed vehicles from being filled with fuel, under new government plans.
Downing Street officials hope the hi-tech system will crack down on the 1.4million motorists who drive without insurance.

Automatic number plate recognition (ANPR) cameras are already fitted in thousands of petrol station forecourts.
Drivers can only fill their cars with fuel once the camera has captured and logged the vehicle's number plate.

Currently the system is designed to deter motorists from driving off without paying for petrol.
But under the new plans, the cameras will automatically cross-refererence with the DVLA's huge database.
When a car is flagged as being uninsured or untaxed, the system will prevent the fuel pump being used on that vehicle.
The proposals will have a huge impact - forcing drivers to insure and tax their car if they want to drive.
One in 25 drivers in the UK do not have insurance - one of the worst records in western Europe.

According to recent figures, around 160 people are killed and 23,000 injured by uninsured and untraced drivers every year.
Downing Street officials are due to meet representatives from the major fuel companies in the next few weeks to discuss the idea.
But some petrol retailers said the proposals were a "step too far" - claiming they put cashiers at risk.

Brian Madderson, from RMI Petrol, which represents independent petrol stations, said: "Staff are already getting stick from motorists for high fuel prices.
"This proposal will increase the potential for conflict. Our cashiers are not law enforcers."...

Course, while it is unlikely that the British government will ever put a stop to the car insurance rip off, Roger Hayes of the British Constitution Group could unwittingly force insurance firms to slash their prices in order to survive.

You see, Roger is committed to setting up what he calls 'The Lawful Bank' and is now engaged in trying to ascertain the number of people who would be

willing to use this bank. Once he has sufficient numbers the bank will be set up.

The Lawful Bank will operate using the fractional reserve banking system which is employed by all the high street banks. However, unlike the high street banks, it is the customer who will reap the benefits of this banking system. One of those benefits, according to Roger is car insurance which he estimates will cost a customer around £100 per year.

**Unfortunately Roger's plan never came to fruition, sadly because of lack of support. Meanwhile, the car insurance rip off scam still continues to this day*

Chapter 13
The Cancer Con

Cancer is easily curable and I know that fact from personal experience. Course the Establishment do not want you to know that it is. So, what follows is the first of many articles that I have written on the subject and again, this one was written for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper...

Sometime last year I read a statistic about Cancer that left me totally gobsmacked. The statistic dealt with the drastic increase in numbers of those likely to be affected by Cancer throughout the 20th century. The figures given were that in the year 1900, around 1 in 100 people were affected by Cancer. By the 1950's that figured had increased to 1 in 10 before rapidly rising again to a staggering 1 in 3 by the year 2000.

Now obviously a lot of the increase between 1900 and 1950, can in theory, be explained away by the average life expectancy being a lot lower during that period and no doubt the two world wars also had a bearing on the figures.

However, even reducing that number by a generous 75 % will still give you a figure rising from 1 in 25 to 1 in 10 during that period. A staggering increase by any standards.

By the 1950's life expectancy had increased sharply and with the absence of any world wars the rise from 1 in 10 to 1 in 3 by the year 2000 isn't so easily explained away. To further fan the flames, statistics released in 2011 suggest that 48% of people will now be affected by cancer at some point in their life.

That means that in just over a decade, the already alarming 1 in 3 has risen to

nearly 1 in 2 and if you apply that figure to the average family of 2 adults and 2 children, it is hardly surprising that people rush to the Doctors at the drop of a hat.

Between 1950 and the Millennium the incidence of all types of Cancer rose a staggering 85%. Moreover this statistic is based on the age adjusted rate. In other words, the increase has nothing to do with people living longer.

Further proof of this is evidenced by the fact that over the 2 decades leading up to the year 2000, the fastest growing rate of Cancer for any age group was that found in children.

Furthermore ,there has been a major shift in the type of Cancer people are developing. For instance, Breast Cancer now affects 1 in 3 women and accounts for the highest number of deaths in female cancer patients.

However ,during the first half of the last century cases of Breast Cancer were virtually non existent. Once again, this can't be explained away by the fact that life expectancy was so much lower between 1900-1950, since breast cancer is common amongst relatively young women.
Similarly, Testicular Cancer, although still fairly uncommon has seen the biggest increase in numbers of all the other cancer types more commonly found in men. Once again, Testicular cancer is almost exclusively found in younger men, especially within the 15 - 35 year old age group.

Further contradictions can be found contained within the numbers when you consider the improvement in working conditions. You see, the laws on Health and Safety in the workplace became much more stringent and rigorously enforced during the second half of the 20th century.

Gone were the days of working in factories and mills where the air was thick with cancer giving particles. The latter half of the century also saw the banning of asbestos which at one time inevitably lead to those who worked with it developing Asbestosis, a form of Lung Cancer.

Interestingly enough, cancers whose development are specifically linked to

Cigarette smoking such as lung cancer, only account for a Quarter of all Cancer related deaths. This is despite the fact that people smoked in far greater numbers up until the mid 1960's. In fact it is only after this time that the number of people who smoked slowly started to fall.

So, no matter how you massage the figures there is still an enormous leap in the number of people getting cancer. Worse still the trend is showing no sign of slowing down. That is to say the trend is showing no sign of slowing down for the vast majority of us.

However, for the social elite cancer is an entirely different story. You see, while the statistics point to 1 in 3 of us developing cancer, when is the last time that you heard of a member of the Royal family getting Cancer?

I mean, the Queen mother lived well past the 100 mark. The Queen & Prince Phillip are still going strong and there are not many 90 year old's still competing in equestrian events i'll wager.

Charles, Anne, Andrew and Edward haven't had Cancer. Neither have the 8 Grandchildren. So suffice to say then, the Royal family don't even fall into the 1 in 10 category last seen in the 1950's.

However, it isn't just Royalty that are seemingly immune to Cancer. Indeed it’s very rare that you ever hear of anyone with power, influence and money being affected. Stranger still, even when the super rich are unlucky enough to be blighted by the curse of the common man, the rule of thumb doesn't appear to apply either.

Take the actor Michael Douglas for instance. After years of smoking he fell victim to Throat Cancer. Course, on the surface of it that isn't unusual for a 66 yr old smoker. Worse still Douglas must have been ignoring his sore throat and niggly cough because by the time he was diagnosed, the supremely wealthy actor’s cancer was classed as Stage 4.
And there isn't a stage 5. Therefore anyone with stage 4 cancer is realistically staring death in the face.

In fact it means that your cancer has spread from its source into the lymph nodes and other parts of the body. So with that in mind it seems almost unbelievable that last month, a healthy looking Douglas and his wife Catherine Zeta Jones were photographed by the Paparazzi having a leisurely smoke.

You see, Douglas has been told that the Cancer has gone, a fact that even the Rothschild owned media were unable to contrive a reason for. And as such The Guardian Newspaper hailed it a "*Modern Miracle*" .Hmmm. well they would wouldn't they?

Nevertheless, in the absence of "Modern Miracles" happening to the general population, the millions of people afflicted with cancer every year are forced to put their lives in the hands of what is laughingly termed as 'Modern medicine’.

This usually comes in the form of Chemotherapy. Chemotherapy or 'chemo' involves the patient having large doses of powerful drugs administered to them, usually intravenously.

These drugs supposedly kill the cancer cells. Unfortunately more often than not they kill the patient as well - not that any Doctor will volunteer that information to the patient.

However, a Doctor will tell you that Chemo will destroy your immune system and no doubt he will also mention that the other side effects are hell and the chances are that you will lose all of your hair, vomit almost continuously, suffer severe fatigue, swell up like a balloon and be left sterile.

But it is more than his job is worth to admit that more people die from chemo or from other causes brought on as a direct result of having chemo, such as heart failure, than actually die of cancer.

Cancer Research UK spend around £332 Million annually in their bid to find a cure and the USA is typically the biggest worldwide investor with the Government backed 'National Cancer Institute' receiving an annual budget of

almost $6 Billion.

To give you a further insight into the kind of money spent on research, The American Cancer Society raised a staggering $848 Billion in 2005. It would therefore be nigh on impossible to put a figure on the Trillions and Trillions of Pounds invested globally in Cancer research over the past 50 years or so.

This begs the question, "*What the hell are these researchers doing?*". I mean think about it for a moment. When HIV first began to spread rapidly in the late 1970's, early 1980's, there was no known cure and scientifically very little known about the disease. Yet barely 30 years later, although still incurable, given the right medication, a person with HIV can live an almost normal life.
And that includes having children and also having nigh on the same life expectancy as a non sufferer. Unless you are a HIV sufferer in Africa of course... But that's a different story.

However, Cancer and HIV are totally different things and as such the two can only be loosely compared. Nevertheless, given the time and money spent on cancer research surely we should be able to expect better than Chemotherapy by now?

The NHS spends around £4.5 Billion a year on Chemo to treat cancer sufferers yet it is estimated that 75% of those who die, do so because of the Chemo rather than the cancer itself.

Furthermore, it has been recognized throughout the medical world for well over a decade that Chemo cannot completely eliminate tumours of the Lungs, Colon or the Breast. In fact statistics show that only 2.4 % of Cancers respond successfully to Chemotherapy.

Despite this fact Chemotherapy is still used to treat all three of the aforementioned cancers, with the NHS spending £100 Million annually on the Breast cancer drug, 'Herceptin' alone. It would however be unfair to hold the NHS Doctors responsible for treating patients with drugs that do a person more harm than good.

After all, the vast majority of Doctors and Nurses within the NHS are dedicated, overworked and underpaid professionals who do the best that they can with the medicines that they are given. At the same time they find themselves having to work in poorly equipped,below par, unhygienic Hospitals and within the confines of a woefully inadequate budget.

And while the £4.5 Billion handed over to the NHS by the British Government for treating cancer may sound like a huge sum, it actually works out at a measly £76 per head. Nevertheless, whilst there can be no doubting the dedication shown by the medical teams working for the NHS, the saying; "*You pay Peanuts, You get Monkeys"* is also hugely applicable.

In stark contrast, the exact opposite is true over in the USA, where the highly paid Doctors work in clean, modern, well equipped hospitals. They are however, more likely to be dedicated to the Dollar bill than the dying patient. Course, this is only because treatment is paid for by medical insurance over there, which doesn't explain why American cancer patients are also treated by Chemotherapy.

However, Better Surgeons, better working conditions and better equipment would explain why only 40% of Cancer patients die in the USA in comparison to 60% of patients in the UK.

Indeed, it is not really surprising then to learn that the UK also has by far the worst survival rate of all our European counterparts.
So by doing a quick recap of the statistics and the available information we can say with a high degree of certainty the following things:

(1)that over the past 110 years cancer has gone from affecting an acceptable 1 in every 100 people to a totally unacceptable and apparently inexplicable 1 in every 2 or 3 people.

(2)The above doesn't apply to the Social Elite who appear to be more akin with the 1 in 100 statistic.

(3) Despite at least 50 years of allegedly serious research into cancer, funded by an indeterminately huge amount of money, the advances in treatments, despite what we are led to believe is negligible. Furthermore, the general consensus is that we are losing the so called war on cancer.

(4)Despite 48% of people now likely to be affected by cancer, and the UK's shameful survival rate amongst patients in comparison to our European and US counterparts, the government remain apathetic towards the epidemic as well as to the reasons for the unequalled leap in numbers. Similarly the British governments level of concern is all too apparent by their unwillingness to invest in better qualified Doctors, treatment and equipment.

Now obviously I am in no doubt that some of you reading this article will nevertheless, pour scorn on the above by claiming that statistics can vary greatly depending on which side of the fence the statistician stands.

And I would also be the first to admit that statistics can be massaged and/or tailored to suit a users need. However in writing this article i have also drawn on personal experience to back up the statistics.

You see, my immediate family is quite small. My Mother was an only child and my Father had only the one Brother. This obviously means that I only have one blood uncle and one Aunt through marriage. I am the 2nd eldest of 4 boys produced by my parents.

And in keeping in line with the Statistics, I can reveal that my paternal Grandfather suffered various bouts of cancer before finally dying from the disease. My maternal Grandmother officially died of a Heart attack but the autopsy revealed that she also had cancer.

My Father who is now in his 70's is currently battling Cancer. Ten years ago, while in my thirties (relatively young, again in line with the statistics) I was found to have a tumour containing 2 types of cancer, one aggressive, the other with a tendency to stay localised.

Both types however were malignant but luckily I sensed that something

wasn't right very early on and as a result the tumour was removed without the cancer spreading thus saving me the need to undergo Chemotherapy.

Now, while that is counted as a blessing I still had to endure 2 further unnecessary and avoidable operations as a direct result of the hospitals poor communication between departments and through a lack of experience and skill on the surgeons behalf.

In fact at one point they were contemplating sending me to a London hospital to fix the damage caused by their surgeons incompetence. I also had to attend the hospital twice monthly for the first 2 years following the original operation. But notwithstanding the negligence which led to the 2 avoidable operations, I was also able to witness first hand through my twice monthly follow up appointments the hospitals inability to keep tabs on the most basic of information, the poorly trained extremely stressed medical staff and the inevitable 2 hour wait past appointment times, mainly due to chronic staff shortages.

Neither could I fail to notice that the higher up the rankings the medical staff were, the less compassionate and understanding they appeared to be, while at the same time there was a marked rise in their arrogance and aloofness.

In addition to My Grandfather, My Father and Myself, either dying, battling or being in remission from Cancer, two of my Mother’s Aunt's and her Uncle have also died from Cancer - the younger of the two Aunts only being in her mid 40's when she died.

I also lost a very close friend who died from Testicular cancer at the age of 23 in the early 1980's. Indeed, the intensive Chemotherapy that he underwent and which left me unable to recognize him failed to stop the cancer spreading to his Brain.

My younger Brothers, Father in Law also died from cancer a couple of years ago which at the time was within a few short months of him being diagnosed. My older brothers girlfriend died of cancer while in her early 20's.

Moreover, my youngest brothers life long friend died at the age of 20 during the course of a relatively minor operation following an accident on a push bike. He was found to be riddled with cancer during the operation as was the Mother of another close friend of mine who also died during a routine exploratory operation.

My parents friend and neighbour who lived directly opposite them died of cancer while in his 50's and there are countless other people who I have known throughout my life who have either had or died of cancer. Hell! we have even had to have 2 family pet Dogs put down because of Cancer.

However, the one case that backs up and highlights what i've been saying more than any other is that of my one time girlfriend, who went on to become a very close personal friend as well as my boss at work.

You see, sometime in late November,or early December 2006 - I forget which - she was referred to hospital after finding a lump in her Breast which she was subsequently told was just a Cyst.

By late January 2007 the lump had grown a lot bigger and she was experiencing a nagging ache to the side of the breast which extended to her underarm. She was again referred to the hospital in February. This time the hospital did an immediate biopsy of the lump, quickly followed by the removal of a malignant tumour from her breast along with some lymph nodes from her armpit.

She was then told that she was to undergo 6 months of intensive Chemotherapy to be followed by - if I remember rightly - 3 months of Radiotherapy. Radiotherapy is another outdated form of Cancer Treatment. In fact I've never understood the wisdom behind treating cancer with something that causes cancer. But i digress…

Following the 6 months of Chemotherapy my friend was looking forward to a couple of weeks break in her treatment, prior to her starting the Radiotherapy. And on the Saturday afternoon of the August Bank Holiday weekend, which was little more than a week following her last chemo session, we were sat

outside the cafe next door to where we worked - having a chat and a cup of Tea.

It was here that I noticed that all the veins in her arm had collapsed leaving what looked like rows of deep trenches in her skin. These trench like grooves ran from the inside of her elbow joint nearly all the way down to her wrist. The collapse, she told me, was a direct result from where she had been intravenously administered the Chemo.

Nevertheless, after having a Brief chat about her arm, we concluded work for the day and I left her with the parting words that I would see her Tuesday Morning... That was the last time that I ever saw or spoke to her again, because she died of a massive heart attack on the Bank Holiday Monday. She had no history of heart problems whatsoever and had only very recently turned 46 years of age…

At this point I should say that long before I woke up to the fact that we live in an illusion of reality, I had already realised that something wasn't right with regards to cancer. Indeed I had long cottoned onto the fact that those with power and money seemed by and large to be unaffected by the disease.

This led me to the conclusion that the Social Elite knew something that the rest of us didn't. Fast forward a couple of years and I now had no doubts whatsoever that there was a cure for cancer. What's more, there is now an abundance of evidence to back this up.

Two of the more damming pieces of evidence revolves around that of two totally unconnected Doctors, the first of which is evidenced by the transcripts of 3 secretly recorded tape recordings of reminiscences given by Dr Lawrence Dunegan in 1988.

Dr Dunegan had been invited to attend a meeting of student Doctors destined to be future leaders in medicine,in Pittsburgh USA on March 20th 1969. The meeting was hosted by prominent Doctor, Richard Day. Before addressing his assembly Dr Day, who at the time was the Head of the Rockefeller controlled eugenics organisation, '**The Planned Parent Federation Of**

America ' ordered that there should be no record taken of his speech.

Dr Dunegan however disregarded the order and surreptitiously took down notes on napkins.It was these notes that formed the basis of the secretly recorded interview that Dr Dunegan gave to Mr Randy Engel in 1988.

Dr Dunegan told Randy that during the course of this 1969 speech, Dr Day said *"We can cure almost every cancer right now. The information is on file in the Rockefeller Institute, if its ever decided it should be released*"...

However, there is a lot more to this story and it is well documented on various internet sites. A particularly well written and detailed account can be found at this link: :
http://www.overlordsofchaos.com/html/new_order_of_barbarians.html

The second piece of damning evidence revolves around the work of an Italian Doctor, Tullio Simoncini, a brilliant and courageous man who refused to buckle under the enormous pressure that he had to face and which he still continues to face to this day.

Dr Simoncini has had to endure being disbarred from practising medicine as well as having to endure the indignity of serving a 3 year prison sentence imposed on him. His Crime? Dr Simoncini had discovered that Cancer is a fungus caused by Candida, a yeast type organism found in small amounts within the human body.

In doing so he was able to devise a cheap remedy of unparalleled success in curing cancer. This was true even in cases where the cancer was so advanced that all other treatments had been stopped.

However, instead of being feted as a genius and touted as the saviour of untold lives, Simoncini, was ordered to stop work on his program and to remain silent on his findings.

Along with this evidence which points to the fact that Cancer is highly curable, also comes the question 'If cancer can be cured, why is it being kept

a secret' ?
Course, for those of us who recognise the true evil that is ingrained into the very core of the Social Elite, that question is easy to answer. However for the benefit of those who haven't I will explain in brief why we are deemed not worthy of access to the cure.

You see, it is a two pronged answer, the first of which boils down to money. The Pharmaceutical industry is a multi trillion pound business, with huge fortunes to be made by those at the top. A single new drug typically costs around £500 million to produce.

Course these new drugs are always hailed as a miracle cure but take between 10-12 yrs to produce. Over that period of time, the said miracle drug is by and large forgotten by the general public but needless to say, these so called wonder drugs never live up to their hype - as is evidenced by the rapidly rising cases of all cancers.

Furthermore the industry is inherently corrupt, with billions of pounds in bribes being passed back and forth. The sheer greed that exists amongst those with power ensures that human lives will never take precedence over the vast fortunes to be made from cancer.

The second part of the answer relates to control. The Social Elite have an all consuming desire to exercise total control over the world's resources and its population. Indeed it is their quest for total world dominance that drives their Psychopathic needs.

So, notwithstanding the huge boost given to their already vastly over inflated egos by having the answers to the many secrets we are not privy to, Cancer is a huge weapon in their quest to reduce the world population.

This would explain the quantum leap in the number of cancer cases over the past 110 years. And having spent many years researching the activities of the Illuminati, I am left in no doubt whatsoever that we are deliberately being exposed to cancer by design. This exposure takes place largely within the food we buy. An in depth explanation, with statistics to back this claim can

be found here : http://intuitivefred888.blogspot.com/2011/03/cancer-rates-1900-to-2000-and-beyond.html

Further evidence to support this claim came directly from the Horse's mouth so to speak, when Prince Charles recently appeared on the ITV television program, 'This Morning'. You see, while showing the shows presenter around his organic vegetable garden, the monotonous, uncharismatic heir to the throne couldn't help but boast that he and his family were totally self sufficient in the food department. God forbid the buffoon should ever have to be exposed to eating the genetically modified, chemical infested stuff that we are forced to buy from the illuminati owned supermarkets.

And as well as being exposed to the cancer giving chemicals in our food we a forced to swallow them in the form of fluoride in our drinking water. Fluoride is a poison known to cause cancer. Yet while the government are all too aware of the health risks associated with fluoride they have insanely increased the levels of this poison in our drinking water.

This was done following the government's commissioning of a report from Cambridge University looking into the long term effects fluoride had on the human body. The government then used carefully chosen keywords from this report as proof that fluoride was safe.

However the author of the report has stated on camera that far from giving the Government the green light to increase fluoride levels, his recommendation was that levels should in fact be reduced.

You see, there is absolutely no need to use fluoride in drinking water as our teeth get all the fluoride that they allegedly need from toothpaste. In fact Sweden - a country that banned the use of fluoride in drinking water years ago (As have most Continental European Countries) - Commissioned a major survey into the effect the ban had on the nations teeth.

The report came back clearly indicating that there had been no increase in tooth decay.

However, as if to reinforce my view, naturalnews.com released an article in May 2012 stating the following:

Ingesting artificial fluoride chemicals does not prevent tooth decay, but rather destroys your insides and leads to the development of cancer and other illnesses. These are the disturbing findings of an assessment recently compiled by award-winning chemist, author, and founder of ThePeoplesChemist.com, Shane Ellison.

Frustrating more than 50 years of bad science that has claimed the exact opposite, Ellison's appraisal of fluoride's negative effects on the body shows once again why removing fluoride from public water supplies is crucial to public health. And health freedom advocates must step up to be the educational catalyst for bringing about this change nationwide.

"Once ingested, fluoride compounds attack the structural integrity of our insides," says Ellison. "Collagen, a web-like network connecting our skeletal system to muscles, is torn apart by fluoride. We feel it as joint stiffness, ligament damage, and aching bones. This same mechanism leads to browning of teeth, an outcome known as fluorosis."

Ellison adds that laboratory studies dating back decades have shown that fluoride spurs the mutation of mammalian DNA cells, which can promote the growth of cancer cells. Various population studies, he says, have shown that fluoride ingestion can increase a person's risk of developing bone cancer by as much as 700 percent.

And finally, fluoride has never been shown to actually prevent cavities, which is the excuse most often used to continue lacing public water supplies with this toxic poison. On the contrary, fluoride ingestion actually promotes tooth decay, and even the U.S.Centers for Disease Control and Prevention(CDC) admits that there is no verifiable, scientific proof that fluoride in any way prevents cavities.

So why does artificial water fluoridation continue to persist in many towns and cities across America today? A combination of ignorance and pride both

appear to be factors, as the medical establishment largely refuses to accept modern science showing that fluoride is unsafe because it has been claiming for many decades that fluoride is safe.

John Garfield fromThe University Daily Kansanrecently wrote his own assessment of the dangers of fluoride, noting that the best available science links fluoride consumption to thyroid disorders, endocrine disruption, reproductive damage, skin problems, brittle bones, immunodeficiency, premature puberty, and lowered IQ (http://www.kansan.com/news/2012/apr/26/water-fluoridation/).

The evidence is so strong against fluoride these days that nearly 40 U.S. communities stopped fluoridating their water in 2011 (http://www.naturalnews.com), and many more, including Albuquerque, N.M., Bolivar, Mo., and Myerstown, Penn., have ended water fluoridation in 2012.
And as if exposing us to the risk of cancer via our food and drink supply isn't sufficient enough, The Government are further polluting the air we breath with god knows what via chemtrails.

Chemtrails is the name given to the visible vapour trail left behind as a result of an aeroplane discharging Chemicals at high altitude.They first began to appear in our sky around 1997. Chemtrails are not to be confused with Contrails, the name given to an aeroplanes equivalent of a car's exhaust smoke.

Contrails will disappear after 5 minutes or so whereas chemtrails can hang about for hours. Chemtrails are often visible in a criss cross formation as a result of the aeroplane flying back and forth so as to ensure blanket covering of an area.This is achieved in very much the same way as a farmer will use a Biplane' for crop spraying.

Course, while many would have you believe that Chemtrails are no more than a Conspiracy Theory, the sheer volume of photographic evidence available on the internet confirms Chemtrails are far more likely to be Conspiracy Probability.

Something is certainly responsible for the sharp decrease in Male fertility over the past 10 years and as such would it not make sense for a group of people intent on orchestrating a large population reduction program to target the source?

Indeed, if that was the case, would it then not be unreasonable to assume that whatever is being used to reduce fertility in the male population could have the potential to also cause Cancer?

Once again, assuming that fact is also correct, would that not then account for the previously unexplained reason for the sharp increase in the number of men developing Testicular Cancer?

Finally, no one would deny that cancer is a life changing illness. Speaking from my own experience there is a marked change in the way you view life before developing cancer to the way you view life having survived it.

On the whole I would suggest that the shift in perception is for the better. However the route you have to take to achieve the shift is precarious and undesirable to say the least. As far as the UK route is concerned more cancer sufferers fail to make it to the other end than those of us who do.

And the more precarious the route becomes the more desperate the victim becomes in a frantic search to find a life line to hang on to. The Blind panic caused by the desperation to find a life line can often lead to that person putting his faith in the nearest one to hand, only to find that he or she made the wrong choice and that lifeline has no substance to it.

So, as I have already stated, there is absolutely no doubt in my mind whatsoever that cancer is highly curable. Neither do I have any doubts that we are being deliberately exposed to the risk of cancer and that those who succumb are receiving treatment akin to a medical variation of Russian Roulette.

However, I have only reached these conclusions through my own research

into the subject along with my own personal experience of cancer and most importantly of all, my inner self telling me it is so.

I would therefore advise anyone - who having read this article - is now planning on skipping their next bout of Chemotherapy in favour of an alternative treatment, not to do so unless they have properly researched the subject and if their inner self tells them that it is the right thing to do.

I say this because there are literally hundreds of website on the internet guaranteeing you your survival if you follow their advice. Sadly the only guarantee the vast majority of these sites should be offering is that you'll end up dead very quickly if you follow their instructions.

On February 23, 2012* ***Jurriaan Maesse* *for Infowars.com wrote the following on Fluoride:*

A mention on the website of the World Health Organization (WHO) admits that there were suggestions by member or members of the Chemical Aspects Working Group meeting in Tokyo, held in 2002, to omit information on the "adverse health effects" of fluoride to "prevent controversy." Here is the full quote from the WHO's website:

*"At the Chemical Aspects Working Group meeting (Tokyo, 2002), the group was informed that the monograph was being finalized, and there was considerable discussion on various aspects of the draft,****including a suggestion that the monograph should not mix discussion on the beneficial use of fluoride with adverse health effects to prevent controversy****. The monograph was not discussed at the Guidelines for Drinking-water Quality Working Group meeting (Geneva, 2004). The document is in editing and layout (2005). A presentation to the Working Groups of the WHO Oral Health Programme on the importance of fluoridation was made in 2005."*

In the questionnaire for the working group, posted on the WHO's website, the Working Group's members are assured that their comments "will not be posted to the public website." Well, it seems the WHO not only lies to the world, they lie to their own underlings as well. But no matter: the most

important thing here is that the WHO deliberately contemplated omitting crucial information about fluoride's damaging effects from its future publications- which in turn act as guiding principles, commandments almost, for states all around the world.

As it turns out, the WHO not only omits and deletes. That would make the whole affair some sad sort of cover-up or whitewash. No, the WHO- knowing perfectly well that fluoride is most damaging- actively promotes the use of fluoride and works to distribute it through the world's water-supply. A WHO publication of the Expert Consensus Meeting Group Report even advises adding fluoride in the water-supply for specific segments of the population. The "consensus" reached among the "experts" reads, that higher income groups often already consume enough fluoride for their purposes, which- by the way- has decidedly nothing to do with some dental battle against tooth decay.

"For example", we can read in the report, "in countries such as those in Scandinavia, where public dental awareness is very high and alternative vehicles for fluoride (e.g. fluoridated toothpaste) are widely available and widely used, a decision to not fluoridate the water, or remove fluoride, or to supply drinking water with suboptimal levels of fluoride would likely be of little consequence.

The report continues with the statement that for segments of the population which do not have wide access to fluoridated toothpaste, the WHO would me more than willing to dump trace amounts of it into the water-supply, free of charge:
"On the other hand in developing and developed countries where public dental health awareness in some population groups (e.g. lower income) might be much lower, water containing either natural or added fluoride at concentrations of 0.5 to1.0 mg/l would be important for dental health."

This idea perfectly coincides with the ruling guidelines of the WHO Oral Health Programme, which include a "particular focus" on "the disadvantaged and under-served population groups.":
"The WHO Oral Health Programme, jointly with the FDI World Dental

Federation (FDI) and the International Association for Dental Research (IADR), have embarked on an action plan for the promotion of using fluoride, particularly focusing on the disadvantaged and under-served population groups."

Furthermore, the WHO's Guidelines for drinking water quality states:
"In setting national standards for fluoride or in evaluating the possible health consequences of exposure to fluoride, it is essential to consider the intake of water by the population of interest and the intake of fluoride from other sources (e.g., from food, air and dental preparations)."

Dr.Richard Shames, graduated Harvard and University of Pennsylvania, after in-depth research into the effects of Fluoride on the human biological system, noted:
"(…) the Nazi concentration camps used fluoridated water to suppress the will and vigor of inmates. This appears to have been during the 1930s and was the first known example of fluoridated water supplies for a specific population."

Fluoride, in whatever amount, is nothing less than a chemical weapon. Considering it is applied to entire populations or certain groups within a population, the definition is chemical warfare- a tool most useful to eugenicists who are intent on depopulation the planet.

Chapter 14
Playthings For The Powerful

Another article that I wrote for the Sovereign Independent which looks at the sexualising of our children...

No doubt the fact that California has just passed Bill AB499, allowing children as young as 12 to be vaccinated against STD's without their parents knowledge, will raise a few eyebrows.

However I can’t imagine anyone being unduly shocked. After all, Bill AB 499 is just another piece in a long line of Government legislation designed to hasten the premature sexual awakening in our children.

Course, anyone who doubts the existence of such an agenda being implemented by the US and European Governments hasn't been paying attention. You see, like all Government agendas, the key to their success is achieved via deception,stealth and time.

However, such is the success of a previous agenda which involved the dumbing down of an already apathetic public, that the art of deception is hardly needed. That is to say that the Government no longer try to justify the premature sexual awakening of our children by misleading the public into thinking it is to combat the epidemic of teenage pregnancy and to help stop the spread of sexually transmitted disease.

In fact it was by originally highlighting these so called epidemics that the Government were able to introduce into schools the teaching of the onset of puberty to children as young as 6, graduating to teaching full on sex education to children as young as 11.

It was also this deception that led to teenagers under the age of consent being allowed access to the contraceptive pill and condoms without their parents being informed.

Indeed, had pre teen sex education been the key to combating this epidemic of teenage pregnancy a quick look at the statistics confirms that this government policy has failed miserably. On the contrary, teaching sex education at a younger age has resulted in a rise in pregnancy of pre teen children.

There has also been a significant rise in the number of sexual assaults carried out by children, with recorded attacks such as that by two 7 yr old boys on a 5 yr old girl. Indeed, the killing of 5yr old James Bulger by two 12 yr old boys had a degree of sexual perversion attached to it.

What’s more, my own 15 yr old daughter knows of girls who were having sex at the age of NINE. Meanwhile, thirty years ago it wasn't uncommon for schools to have one or two cases of 15 yr old girls getting pregnant but now the government has had to set up special schools specifically for the teaching of under age mothers.

So with the teaching of sex education to children not emotionally mature enough to deal with the information a resounding failure, the sensible thing to do would have been to reverse this policy. However, instead of doing so many European countries simply lowered the age of consent.

For instance, the age of consent in France is now 15. In Germany and Portugal - the latter being the European Mecca for Paedophiles - the age is 14. Meantime, Spain has the distinction of having the lowest age of consent amongst the European Community. Over there it is legal to have sex at 13.

And while the UK opted to keep the minimum age of consent to 16 years of age between consenting heterosexual couples, the government did bring down the age of consent for homosexuals to the same age. In lowering the age of consent many men - and women for that matter - who would once of

been branded paedophiles were vindicated and children were given the clear message that it is ok to have sex.

Course, the fact that the UK didn't lower the age of consent shouldn't lead you to the conclusion that the British Government has stronger morals than their European counterparts. Once again this is all part of the deception. You see, despite Britain leading the tables on under age pregnancy, the vast majority of the time under age girls are made pregnant by someone over the age of consent.

Yet very rarely does this fact lead to criminal charges being brought against the guilty Father to be. In fact it is only in cases where the potential Father is well into his 20's and above that we see them being dragged into court. And even then the outcome of any such court action is minimal.

Now I have already discussed the reasons behind this inertia in the law courts in an article that I wrote for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper a few weeks ago. And for the benefit of anyone reading this who hasn't read that article, you can find it on the Sovereign Independent website under the title of '**Why the justice system favours paedophiles**'.

And once you are in possession of the full facts and realize that the people in power are out to exploit our children rather than protect them, the reasoning behind AB499 and such like then becomes clear.

In fact the more critically that you look at today's society the clearer it then becomes that the whole system is geared up to the premature sexual awakening of our children. However such is the power of manipulation and level of mind control exerted on the population by the Establishment that people are blind to what is going on.

Indeed, we are led to believe that there is no harm in major retail outlets selling padded bras, sexy lingerie, high heels and make up ranges designed specifically for and aimed at girls between the ages of 9-12.

After all, what little girl doesn't like to dress up?

Alcohol is also being made a hell of a lot more appealing, not to mention tempting to youngsters when it comes in a lovely shade of Blue and is called an *Alcopop*.

The Cambridge Dictionary does in fact describe an *Alcopop* thus:
A sweet, fizzy(=with bubbles) Alcoholic drink.

Yet isn't it children who drink Pop, a sweet fizzy(=with bubbles) drink?

And are we not encouraged to be open with our children and freely discuss matters of sex? I mean rarely do films other than horror movies qualify for an 18 certificate these days. In fact from films and TV programmes right through to magazines, children are led to believe that if you don't do *'it'* then you belong in the crowd of 'nerds'.

Indeed, a quick look at my daughter's Facebook reveals an endless stream of wall posts along the line of "*All men are W*****s*" and "*Why cant i find a BF who will treat me like a princess*".

Yet had Facebook been around thirty years ago these would have been the rantings of a three times divorced emotional cripple, not the words of 12 and 13 year old schoolgirls.

And that, I am afraid is what parents have been deliberately manipulated into believing is '*normal*', achieved slowly over time by governments past and present. Or to be more accurate, I should say which started slowly, because the 'sexploitation' of today's young is speeding up at an alarming rate.

Course, the eventual goal is to persuade the masses that sex with children is ok. Thankfully, as it stands at the moment the vast majority of normal people find this concept quite rightly abhorrent.

However, on the other hand the social elite and by those I mean Royalty, members of the aristocracy, family dynasty's of immense wealth, the judiciary, Politicians and celebrities all see nothing wrong with child abuse

and paedophilia.

Both practices have been widespread within the upper echelons of society for centuries and those amongst the social elite who don't indulge themselves in the practice's, condone it.

This must be so, if for no other reason than the sheer number of paedophiles amongst the world's elite makes it inconceivable that those who don't indulge are not aware of what goes on.

Course, condoning such behaviour can only mean that those non participants accept it as par for the course. In doing so they become every bit as vile and repulsive as those who take part. I mean, think about it for a moment. If I as a 'commoner' was friends with a paedophile, I would be held in the same contempt by the general public as the paedophile himself.
And a person who doesn't apply the same morality to those within high society seriously needs to question his or her mindset.

Sadly, such is the awe afforded to fame, power and wealth and those who possess it, that getting people to view these monsters for what they really are is a never ending, thankless task. In fact all rational thinking certainly disappears that for sure.

Moreover, rather than see that power and money corrupt, people attach an almost god like status to those who possess it and it is this attachment that allows the elite to get away with what they do and on the scale that they do it.

Sure, the majority will accept that politicians are a little corrupt, but the general belief is that they are working to enrich our standard of living.
Sure, the majority will accept that the royal family is out of touch with the common man, but the general belief is that we should be proud of them, after all our Royal family sets us apart and makes us the envy of the world.
Sure, the majority accept that family dynasties were founded by ruthless businessmen, but the general belief is that you have to be ruthless to get ahead in business. Ruthlessness is therefore to be admired.
Sure, we accept that Celebrities behave badly at times, but the general belief

is 'so what, i'd do the same in their position'.

In short nobody believes the social elite capable of the true evil that engulfs them. To speak out against them inevitably leads to you being branded a conspiracy theorist. And to any *'sane'* persons way of thinking, the term '*conspiracy theorist'* has, through attachment and repetition, come to mean '*gullible weirdo*'.

Worse still, being labelled as such apparently entitles any *'level headed, right minded person*' to take it as read that anything that comes out a conspiracy theorists mouth is crazy bulls**t.

Yet what those sane, level headed, rational people fail to grasp however is that to voice a conspiracy theory is by definition to voice an opinion that people have been secretly planning or have carried out an illegal act.
And then, once a piece of evidence, no matter how flimsy is available to back up that opinion, the theory is no longer a theory... It is now a possibility.

Then when you add enough evidence to that possibility so as to overshadow the evidence to any alternative theory and that possibility then becomes a probability.

However getting people to accept that most conspiracy theories are in fact *conspiracy probabilities*, isn't easy. The saying; '*there is none so blind as those who will not see*' springs to mind.

I mean take the British Royal family for instance. On April 29th 2011 Prince William married Kate Middleton. Support for the royal family was at an all time high that day, yet the very people the nation were cheering for were the ones who are mugging the nation off.
After all, despite being arguably the richest person in the world, the Queen happily sat back and let her subjects pay for her grandson's wedding... And we didn't even get an invite.

Yet not only did we pay for it, we paid for it at a time when we are being forced to live with drastic government cuts. And despite these cuts, the

country still pays her Millions of Pounds a year. But that's ok because she's the Queen.

Worse still, while we struggle to put food in our families mouths we pay for her buffoon playboy son to travel by helicopter to get to St Andrews for a game of golf with a Paedophile.

But apparently that is okay because he's a Prince. Yet to my way of thinking it is not ok because this bunch of inbreds view us with scorn. In fact Prince Phillip - a known Nazi sympathiser like the rest of them - stated in print that when he dies he would like to come back as a deadly virus to wipe out the world population. Charming.

Still, that's more ambitious than his eldest son who is content to come back as a Tampon. And again, apparently that's okay because he's the lovable racist who is married to the Queen.

And that would be the Queen who should have been hanged for treason in 1973 when the Treaty of Rome was signed by the paedophile prime minister Edward Heath. But these are all facts, not conspiracy theories. Indeed there are countless conspiracy theories involving the royal family, which given the sheer weight of evidence are more accurately *conspiracy probabilities*.

However to discuss them wouldn't be relevant to this article. The conspiracy theory that is relevant and is in fact a conspiracy probability is the one put forward by David Icke.
David Icke, along with others, has done extensive research into the Royal family and has publicly accused ,in print and in person not only the Queen, but also the Queen Mother, Prince Philip, Prince Charles, Prince Andrew and Princess Anne of taking part in Satanic rituals that involve children as human sacrifices.

Unfortunately, to go into the mountain of evidence that David Icke puts forward for reaching this conclusion isn't possible to include in this article. It is however freely available in his book '**The biggest secret**'.

And for anyone who doubts his claim, then I would strongly suggest that they do the research. Similarly David Icke has publicly named, as have others, every American President since and including John F Kennedy through to and including George W Bush, as either being Paedophiles or taking part in child abuse.

As I have with the Royal family, I have also researched the evidence which points to these ex Presidents being either Paedophiles and/or Child abusers and im left in no doubt that the claims are true.
It is also suffice to say that all of these Presidents were puppets of the Rothschild's and none - with the exception of George Bush Snr - had the necessary intellect to be the most powerful man on the planet.

So there we have not only the British Royal Family embroiled in paedophilia, child abuse and murder, we also have every US President since JFK involved also. And this is how it has been for centuries.

Indeed, people throughout history, who we have been taught from a young age are to be admired, or who's work we are made to read or those who are turned into heroes on the silver screen are in fact all Illuminati paedophiles.

The list is endless but includes the likes of:

- Leonardo de Vinci, painter of the Mona Lisa,
- William Shakespeare whose work includes Romeo and 13 yr old Juliet,
- John Ruskin, Author and great moral voice of the 19th century,
- Sir Hugh Walpole, School headmaster turned novelist,
- Oscar Wilde, Homosexual playwright, not to mention 1st Baron, Baden Powell of Gilwall, who founded the Boy Scout & Girl Guide movements.

All to a man; paedophiles!

And then there are soldiers, immortalised as heroes in film such as T E Lawrence AKA Lawrence of Arabia and Field Marshall, Viscount Bernard Montgomery. Both Paedophiles.

Other examples would be the horror writer, Edgar Allen Poe, the Composer, Benjamin Britten and the artist T S Lowrie, who was immortalised in the Brian & Michael hit number 1 song, **Matchstalk men & Matchstalk Cats and Dogs**. Again all Paedophiles.

And then there are people whose work was brought to life by Walt Disney - another man with plenty to hide. These include Lewis Carroll who wrote the drug induced, **Alice in Wonderland** and J M Barrie, Benefactor of Great Ormond Street children's hospital, not to mention the Author of Peter Pan… Both Paedophiles!

Others include, Lord Gordon, Lord Boothby and Lord McAlpine. All Paedophiles. Ex Prime Ministers and Political Party leaders, Edward Heath, Pierre Trudeau and Jeremy Thorpe. All Paedophiles. And then there are those who were idolised by kids, past and present. These include to name but a few, movie heart throb, Errol Flynn, Country singer Boxcar Willie, Rock 'n' Roll singer, Jerry Lee Lewis who married his 14 yr old cousin. All Paedophiles.

There is also testimony to suggest that Elvis Presley had a penchant for 12yr old girls. Others that we know about are Glam Rock star, Gary Glitter, Bay City Rollers drummer, Derek Longmuir and the 'Rollers' manager Tam Paton. All convicted Paedophiles.

Celebrated film director Roman Polanski - another Paedophile. Motown legend Michael Jackson and rock legend Peter *'i was only doing research* ' Townsend. Both Paedophiles. Ex Radio 1 DJ's, Alan Freeman, Jonathan King and Sir Jimmy Savile. All Paedophiles. And these are only a few of those who have been exposed. What of the ones who are still hidden?

Indeed, Politics in particular is riddled with Paedophiles. In Britain, where ever possible, scandals are buried. Political parties close rank and help each other as is shown by the Robert Boothby scandal of the 1960's. Therefore to gauge the extent of paedophiles in politics we must look to America.

Here are but a few of those caught in recent years:

JO MONTLEONE JR, City councillor. Found guilty of fondling under age girls.

JEFF NIELSON, Congressional Aid. Arrested for having sex with a 14 yr old boy.

PATRICK McGUIRE, County commissioner. Questioned by police over allegations of molesting girls between the ages of 8-13.

LARRY CORRIGAN, Prosecutor. Arrested for trying to solicit sex from a 13 yr old girl.

JEFF RANDALL, Mayor. Jailed for molesting Two boys aged 10 and 12.

MARK FOLEY, Congressman. Forced to resign for sending sexually explicit Emails to a 16 yr old boy.

RANDALL CASSEDY, Newspaper Executive. Pleaded guilty to soliciting sex from a 13 yr old girl.

LARRY FLOYD, County Constable. Pleaded guilty to soliciting sex from an 8 yr old girl.

MARK PAZUHARICH, Judge. Given 10 yrs probation after pleading no contest to fondling a 10 yr old girl.

BOBBY STUMBO, Republican party leader. Arrested for having sex with a 5 yr old boy.

ARMANDO TEBANO, County chairman. Pleaded guilty to fondling a 14 yr old girl.

JOHN COLLINS, School teacher and former city councillor.Pleaded guilty to molesting girls aged 13-14.

PHILLIP GIONDANO, Mayor. Jailed for abusing girls aged between 8-10.

TOM ADAMS, Mayor. Arrested for distributing child porn on the internet.

JOHN GOSEK, Mayor. Arrested for soliciting sex from two 15 yr old girls.

DAVID SWARTZ. County Commissioner. Jailed for 8 yrs for molesting 2 girls under the age of 11.

EDISON ALDARONDO. Legislator (Law Maker). Jailed for 10 yrs for repeatedly raping his daughter between the age of 9-17.

STROM THURMOND,Senator. Had a child by a 15 yr old.

MIKE HINTZ. Pastor who received a Commendation from George W Bush. Had an affair with an under age girl.
PETER DIBBLE, Legislator (Law Maker). Pleaded no contest in relation to having an inappropriate relationship with a 13 yr old girl.

LARRY E KING JR, Republican fundraiser. Organised child sex party's at the White House during the 1980's.

CRAIG SPENCE, Lobbyist.As above.

DON LUKENS, Congressman. Jailed for having sex with an under age girl.

DON CRANE, Congressman. Had sex with an under age girl.

RON KLINE, Judge. Pleaded guilty to possessing child porn.

ROBERT BOWMAN, Congressman and Anti Gay Lobbyist. Charged with having sex with a 16 yr old boy he picked up in a gay bar.

JOHN HATHAWAY, Republican Senate Candidate. Forced to withdraw his nomination after admitting to having sex with his children's 12yr old babysitter.

PAUL INGRAM, Republican party leader. Pleaded guilty to 6 counts of raping his daughters.

KEITH WESTMORELAND, Legislator. Pleaded guilty to 7 counts of indecent exposure to minors.

JACK GARDNER, County Commissioner. Pleaded guilty to molesting under age children.

KEOLA CHILDS, County Commissioner. As above.

MERRILL BARKER, County Commissioner. Pleaded guilty to sexually assaulting an under age boy.

FRED SMELTZER JR, City Councillor. Jailed for 6 months for raping a 13 yr old girl.

LARRY SCHWARZ, Parole board officer. Dismissed after being found in possession of child porn.

MARK HARRIS, City Councillor. Jailed for having sex with an 11yr old girl.

JON GRUNSETH, Businessman. Withdrew his bid to become Governor of Minnesota after it emerged he had swam naked in his pool with 4 under age girls including his daughter.

NICK ELIZONDO. Director of the young Republican Federation. Jailed for 6 yrs for molesting his 6 yr old daughter.

DONALD RUMSFELD, Secretary for defence. Authorized the rape of children in Iraqi prisons in order to humiliate their parents into providing information about anti American insurgency's

.

And they are just the ones who were caught. Don't ever make the mistake of thinking that our and other European Politicians and people with power are

any different from the Americans.
The people who pull the strings of America's Politicians are the same puppet masters as ours and our European counterparts.

In fact following a court case in connection with an international child porn ring, that took place in Britain in July 2011 an undisclosed number of Policemen, Teachers and Social workers were forced to resign. In every area of jobs that carry responsibility and high society, paedophilia is rife.

These paedophiles now want to 'normalise' sex with children. Those of the social elite not involved are guilty by association. Their refusal to blow the whistle on what's going on can only mean they condone it.

I will remind you of what I said earlier: If I had a good friend who was a known paedophile, I would be viewed with as much contempt and suspicion as the paedophile himself. So why does money, power and fame excuse this behaviour?

And as far as my thinking goes, as long as we allow our politicians to carry on de-criminalizing paedophilia and as long as we continue to ignore and forgive the behaviour of celebrities, then we can never claim to have our children's best interests at heart.

** On the 10 of February 2012 the Telegraph newspaper announced that girls as young as 13 have been fitted with contraceptive implants at school without their parents knowing.*
The procedure was carried out in Southampton, Hants, as part of a government initiative to drive down teenage pregnancies.
As many as nine secondary schools in the city are thought to have been involved.
But it has caused a backlash from parents who weren't aware that their daughters had been fitted with the 4cm device, which sits under the skin.
It is currently unknown exactly how many youngsters have taken part in the scheme.

*** On the 24th of February 2012, Alex Newman of* ***The New American***

***wrote**:*
Members of the European Parliament (MEPs) have started to ask questions about why taxpayers in the European Union (EU) are being forced to finance a giant homosexual lobbying group with past links to organizations promoting pedophilia. Gay and lesbian activists responded to the concerns by unleashing a wave of attacks.

Researchers using publicly available data found that the International Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Trans and Intersex Association-Europe (ILGA) received more than two-thirds of its funding directly from taxpayers through the European Commission. When tax money provided by the Dutch government was added in, over 70 percent of the group's funds last year came from taxpayers. The rest came from billionaire leftist George Soros and two other major donors.

"It appears to be a puppet organization in the hand of a very small group of donors, of which the Commission is the most important one," noted European human rights lawyer J.C. von Krempach, who shined the spotlight on the issue late last year in a series of articles. "Is this really a 'non-governmental' organization, or part of 'civil society?' Or is it an inofficial EU Agency?"

Despite the close ties to governments, the lobbying group has a highly controversial past, according to critics. In the 1990s, for example, after international pressure and a global scandal erupted, the ILGA was forced to purge several groups from its membership ranks because their primarymission was promoting pedophilia. Among the more controversial memberswas the infamous North American Man/Boy Love Association (NAMBLA), a group which seeks to legalize and normalize pedophilia.

ILGA also fought a long battle to become an officially recognized "non-governmental organization" with the United Nations. Of course, it was repeatedly rejected for its myriad ties to supporters of pedophilia as member governments balked. Eventually pressure from European governmentsforced the UN to grant accreditation.

But questions about the lobbying group's eligibility for official NGO status are now making headlines again, and some analysts expect the organization's status to come up for review in the not-too-distant future. Indeed, ILGA fails to meet the UN's own established criteria, one part of which states that a "major portion" of an NGO's funding cannot come from governments.

When the EU taxpayer funding scandal first made headlines in December, concerned MEPs and organizations such as the U.S.-based Catholic Family and Human Rights Institute (C-Fam) sounded the alarm. In essence, according to critics of the arrangement, the EU is just using taxpayer money to lobby itself while litigating in European courts and bullying member governments.

"We might call it political ventriloquism," noted von Krempach, saying ILGA promotes an "extremist agenda" that includes silencing Christians and Muslims while demanding worldwide recognition of "same-sex marriage" and adoption rights for homosexuals. "Through this 'advocacy group,' the Commission speaks to itself."

In the European Parliament — not exactly a legislature in the traditional sense of the word, but a powerful EU body nonetheless — surprised parliamentarians asked some questions about the funding. From Poland to the UK, MEPs were concerned that taxpayers were being coerced into financing a questionable lobbying group.

"In reality, the EU has no competences as regards the recognition of marriages or family law," noted Polish MEP Konrad Szymanski with the European Conservatives and Reformists Group (ECR) in a statement to the Commission. "On what legal basis is the Commission giving out operational grants to associations whose main activities are outside the scope of the EU's competences?"

In his written request for answers, submitted late last year, Szymanski also asked why the EU was funding groups working to change the laws of member states — "this being especially questionable in the case of countries such as

Poland, which is under this kind of lobbying pressure regarding its family law and which has declared its legislative independence in that sphere."

Szymanski also sought to find out whether the Commission recognized that it was actually breaching EU principles enshrined in European treaties by funding the group. The Commission responded earlier this month by claiming that it does indeed possess the authority to fund homosexual lobbying because it has the power "to take measures combating discrimination on ground of sexual orientation."

More recently, MEP Godfrey Bloom of the UK Independence Party (UKIP) also asked the European Commission to explain itself. He pointed to information on ILGA-Europe's own website noting that more than 70 percent of the lobbying group's budget was extracted from taxpayers.

"Given the proportion of its own contribution to financing ILGA-Europe, does the Commission believe that ILGA-Europe can be described as a 'non-governmental organization' or as part of 'civil society'?" Bloom askedEuropean Commissioners, wondering whether the EU had similar NGO-accreditation rules that, like at the UN, would bar government-funded front groups. "Are there many other lobby groups that receive a similar proportion of their budget from the Commission? Or is ILGA a unique case?"

Bloom raised concerns about the potential influence of wealthy donors such as billionaire George Soros over the groups they are subsidizing, too. "Is there a risk that persons such as George Soros could 'buy' themselves one or more NGOs that are economically dependent on their donations?" he asked. "How does the Commission view the impact of this particular type of 'philanthropy' on democracy?"

Almost as soon as the concerns were raised, the homosexual lobby and its allies were on the war path. MEPs asking questions were slandered as "intolerant," "homophobic," and "bullies," while organizations such as C-Fam were derided as "ultra-conservative," "incendiary," and more. Parliamentarians who support using taxpayer money to fund the lobbying

group also launched an all-out offensive.

"Mr Bloom's attempt to undermine European funding is unworthy of exposure. He should focus on the substantial question, which is equality and non-discrimination," said MEP Michael Cashman, the co-president of the European Parliament's "Intergroup on LGBT Rights." MEP Ulrike Lunacek, also co-president of the Intergroup, blasted Bloom as "a true role model for bullies around Europe."

Meanwhile, the so-called "European Court of Human Rights" recently ruled that member governments are allowed to bully and persecute anyone who expresses intolerance of pro-homosexual government propaganda. Free speech, apparently, is not to be considered a "human right" if the state disapproves.

The controversial case involved four young men in Sweden who were convicted of "agitation" against a "group" for distributing leaflets at a secondary school — a crime which can carry a penalty of up to two years in Swedish prison. The convicts said they were merely trying to spark a debate about the lack of objectivity on the issue in government schools, but Swedish courts and the European court rejected that defense.

The pamphlets about "homosexual propaganda" noted that in just a few decades, homosexuality "and other sexual deviances" had gone from being rejected by society to being embraced. "Your anti-Swedish teachers know very well that homosexuality has a morally destructive effect on the substance of society and will willingly try to put it forward as something normal and good," stated the leaflets in question, saying that homosexual lobbying groups were trying to downplay their support for pedophilia and that students should challenge the official "propaganda" by pointing out the link between homosexuality and AIDS.

The European court upheld the criminal convictions. In its ruling, it said the Swedish government undertook "legitimate and proportional interference" against free speech to protect the "reputation and rights of others," LifeSiteNews reported.

Co-Chair Martin Christensen of the EU-funded ILGA-Europe promptly celebrated the verdict, applauding the fact that individuals and organizations would no longer be allowed to criticize homosexuality by invoking the right to free speech. He also warned that the ruling sent a "serious signal" to Europeans who thought they could make "offensive statements" about homosexuality without fear of being punished.

"This is a truly important and landmark judgment," Christensen said in a press release, claiming that homosexuals have been subjected to "offensive" and "defamatory rhetoric" for decades. "For far too long those making such statement[s] were claiming their right to freedom of expression and opinion."

Chapter 15
Houston...We got a problem

One of the last articles that I wrote for the Sovereign Independent Newspapers and covers the death of the singer Whitney Houston…

There is no denying that the death of Whitney Houston is a tragedy. Sadly, her early demise was hardly a surprise. In fact I would go further still and suggest to you that her death was in reality, a tragedy just waiting to happen.

However, what does amaze me about the superstar's death, although it also comes as little or no surprise, is the outpouring of public grief en masse on social networking sites such as Facebook and Twitter.

Indeed, some of the tributes and outpouring of grief that I've read today are akin to someone losing a close family member. And it is this kind of mourning that gets me shaking my head in despair and which must beg the question; are we destined to get what we deserve in terms of the coming misery, through our own inability to put matters into perspective?

I mean, at best these tributes and outpourings of grief are pathetic and hypocritical.
Course there is no denying that Whitney Houston was without a shadow of doubt an enormous talent. But born into the lap of luxury on the 9th of August 1963, she had the kind of life most of us could only dream about.

Certainly, there are not many of us who could boast to having the likes of Aretha Franklin as a Godmother or Dionne Warwick as a cousin, that's for sure. Furthermore, you would have thought that having had all the benefits of untold wealth and moving in the same circles as the world's elite, she would have been only too well aware that drugs such as Cocaine, Crack and Heroin

are going to mess you up big time.

So to first throw her career away, then her life in favour of a crack pipe, in my eyes makes her a loser, not a heroine. However, what worries me is that judging by the tributes being paid to her, the fact that she died a helpless, hopeless washed up junkie with her career in tatters makes her, in the eyes of many, a “Tormented soul”.

These very same people will in all probability flick through the local newspaper tomorrow and in many cases read about the discovery of someone or others drug addled dead body being found in a high rise stairwell or a flea ridden bedsit and think to themselves “*serves them right*” or “*good riddance to bad rubbish*”.

Worse still, they will do so without a thought or care as to their own hypocrisy. Yet to my mind, that dead junkie found slumped in a high rise stairwell or a filthy tenement flat is more worthy of peoples sorrow and sympathy than a spoilt, over indulged diva, too self obsessed and egotistical to appreciate all that she had going for her in life.
After all, the chances are that the stairwell junkie would have been born into a life of poverty and/or abuse and will have used drugs as a means to escape the misery and drudgery of their directionless life.

Whitney Houston cannot use those factors as an excuse. Indeed, it is a fact that it is a hell of a lot easier to overcome your addiction and rebuild your career, if indeed that is what you really want, when you’re a multi millionaire than it is to do when you’re just another government statistic living on state benefits.

Naturally, it’s now being reported in the mainstream media that the only drugs found along with Whitney’s body were those of the prescription kind. Believe that and you will believe anything.

Whitney Houston in death is by far a bigger money spinner than she has been for nearly the past 20 years... Even bigger still if she is perceived by her fans to be someone who died tragically while bravely battling her addiction.

Course, it’s quite obvious that her addiction will be blamed firmly on Bobby Brown thus drawing more sympathy in her direction. And, no doubt her fans will eagerly buy into this theory rather than seeing her as the washed upped drug addict that she had become.

Mind you, it is an easy cop-out to blame bad boy, ex husband Bobby Brown for his late wife’s spiral into drug addiction. However, the truth is Whitney Houston was a long way off being a star struck teenager when she first started dating the far less talented Brown. By the time she did she was already a well established, internationally renowned superstar with the world at her feet… And you certainly do not reach those dizzy heights by being a schmuck.

Yet anyone who takes Crack or Heroin these days or even back when Whitney first started her slide into drug addiction is mugging themselves off. Had Houston been of low intelligence and low self esteem, trapped in an abusive relationship with nowhere to run to, then maybe Brown could have shouldered the blame.

However, Whitney Houston was none of those things. The reality of the situation is that Houston must have known what she was getting herself in to. Her addiction is at least 20 years long and continued despite splitting from Brown over 6 years ago.

Indeed, had she wanted to quit drugs and get her life and career back on track then she certainly had the resources and access to the finest rehab clinics in the world. That all the signs point to her still being a drug addict when she died suggests that she didn’t really want to get clean... And Bobby Brown cannot be held responsible for that.

It is therefore indicative of just how arse about face the average person's mindset is when there are outpourings of public grief at the death of an overindulged, fabulously wealthy prima donna, who never knew the true meaning of hardship and deserves little sympathy, while these very same people do not bat an eyelid at the death of millions of their fellow human

beings who are dying on a daily basis through starvation and wars started on false pretences.

The very same warped way of thinking was afforded to Michael Jackson when he died and to a lesser, although not insignificant extent, the recent death of Sir Jimmy Savile. Now let's be very clear on this. Both Jackson and Savile were predatory paedophiles whose deaths prompted an apparently endless flood of tributes and outpouring of grief on social network sites.

Indeed, despite the mass of evidence as testimony to the pair's depraved behaviour and actions, many people simply refused to believe them guilty. Yet had these two monsters been nobody's, living on run down council estates, their neighbours, equipped with the same incriminating evidence, would have publicly lynched them both.

So, as I said at the beginning of this article, Whitney Houston's premature death at the age of 48 is a tragedy and while it may come across in this article that I didn't overly rate her much, nothing could be further from the truth.

Indeed, I think Whitney Houston was a fantastic singer. In fact so much so, that I can associate some of her songs with what I was doing at the time of their release. However, someone with the privileges and fantastic lifestyle that she was afforded, who then throws her life away in favour of the next '*high*' deserves far less sympathy than a junkie, killed by the addiction that they had acquired in an effort to blot out the memories of the past.

Therefore, it has to be said that it is a truly sad and pathetic world that we live in whereby fame and fortune will get you forgiven for anything.

Chapter 16
9/11: Never Forgive. Never Forget

This was one of the first major articles that I wrote for my website www.chrisspivey.org after I left the Sovereign independent Newspaper - which was about to fold… No pun intended.
Since then, my website has had over 15 million views...

I would guess that with the passing of 11 years, that the majority of those people who still refuse to accept anything other than the 'official' version of events that occurred on the 11th of September 2001 in New York, Washington and Pennsylvania are by now unlikely to ever face the truth.

Whether this be through apathy, ignorance or fear is hard to say. However it is scientifically impossible for the events of that day to have happened the way that the official report says they did.
On the flip side, if the statistics are to be believed, then there are far more of us who are wise to the events of 9/11 than there are of those who buy into the official version of events.

Course, the degree to which people believe how much of a part the American government played that day varies greatly.
So, just for the record here are 10 facts concerning that day which are realistically indisputable:

1) George W Bush gave 3 different versions as to how he learned about the 'Terrorist' attacks.

2) From September 2000 – June 2001, 67 planes veered off course over America. NORAD - the US air defence system - was able to track and target all 67. Or put another way, a 100% success record. However, on 9/11 the

NORAD system failed to track and intercept all 4 Aeroplanes. Or put another way, a 100% failure.

3) No high rise metal structure has ever completely collapsed through fire except the WTC Twin Towers. The towers themselves were built to withstand multiple collisions with aircrafts.

4) Jet fuel does not generate anywhere near enough heat to be able to melt steel.

5) Both towers fell at a couple of seconds off freefall speed. The law of Physics makes this impossible unless a controlled demolition took place.

6) The steel that made up the twin towers was immediately sold and shipped off to the Far East before being examined and the Pentagon crash site was buried under tons of Type 1 road stone. Since both locations were crime scenes a major crime was committed in doing so.

7) It would be physically impossible for a Boeing 757 aeroplane to have hit the Pentagon on the trajectory given in the official report. Furthermore, damage to the Pentagon building itself extended no further than 70ft. A Boeing 757 has a wingspan 2 inches short of 125 ft. If the wings sheared off before impact with the building, why is there no debris? **(See Picture 4 depicting superimposed plane flying into the Pentagon)**.

8) Despite there not being a shred of credible evidence linking Osama Bin Laden to 9/11 (*His FBI 'Wanted' poster does not even mention 9/11*), The main stream media were naming him as being responsible for the attacks less than an hour after the first tower was struck.

9) At least 7 of the alleged hijackers were subsequently found to be alive and well. Despite this fact all 7 were still named in the official 9/11 report as being responsible. Mohamed Atta, named as the hijacker's ringleader and allegedly the person to fly the hijacked American Airlines flight 11 Plane into the North Tower is subject to testimony alleging that he was spotted in lap dancing clubs and drinking vast amounts of alcohol in the week leading up to 9/11... Hardly consistent with the behaviour of a Muslim extremist.

10) The alleged crash site of the hijacked aeroplane, United Airlines flight 93 in a Pennsylvanian field is totally inconsistent with similar aircraft crash sites. Furthermore, the alleged Cell Phone, phone calls, said to have taken place from on board flight 93 and which were used to aid putting together the events which unfolded during the hijack, would have been impossible to be made at flight 93's altitude in 2001.

In regard to the official report into 9/11, the Bush Administration quite unbelievably at first refused to sanction an official enquiry. When after a year, it became obvious that the public wouldn't stand for this, the White House gave in and at first tried to appoint veteran, political heavyweight Henry Kissinger - a hugely reprehensible man to head the report.

Nevertheless, when the many conflicts of interest Kissinger's appointment heralded were pointed out to him, Kissinger stepped down to be replaced by New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean.

Indeed, the fact that the commission were only given a $14 million budget to work with compared to the $30 budget allocated to investigating the Bill Clinton- Monica Lewinsky scandal should have been enough in itself to set alarm bells ringing.

However, the report was flawed from the start not least by the fact that the commission were refused access to crucial pieces of evidence - such as the hijacked planes flight recorders. In fact it quickly became obvious that the commission were under orders to make the evidence fit the conclusion as opposed to the evidence available being used to reach a conclusion.

You see, where there could be no credible explanation for such things as the collapse of WTC Building 7 (*Which was reported on live TV by the BBC 20 minutes before the actual collapse took place*), the Commission simply and quite inexplicably omitted the events from the report.

However, the most damning evidence of all, which pointed to 9/11 being an 'inside job', was President George W Bush and Vice President Dick Cheney's point blank refusal to give evidence in front of the commission unless the following terms were met.

1) Both Bush & Cheney be allowed to give testimony together, as opposed to separately.
2) The Evidence was to take place behind closed doors.
3) Neither man would be required to do so under oath.
4) There was to be no written or recorded transcript of what they testified.

Course, the reason for Bush and Cheney refusing to give evidence separately is quite obvious and evidenced in many videos on YouTube. You see, George Bush was prone to crumble every time he was asked in interview to explain even the weakest anomaly surrounding 9/11. On the other hand, US President in all but title, Dick Cheney was a different kettle of fish altogether and as such he would have been able to hold Bush's hand throughout the ordeal.

Now although I have - in the above - already mentioned the Pentagon and Flight 93, you should be aware that I am going to concentrate this article on the WTC. However, I do intend to write articles on both the aforementioned in the not too distant future - particularly in the case of Flight 93 since some fairly new, relatively unknown evidence has surfaced proving that this Plane actually landed at Cleveland Airport, where all the passengers were safely

ordered to disembark as opposed to the passengers charging, American hero style towards the hijackers, resulting in the plane crash landing.

Nevertheless, the wealth of evidence to suggest that the American Govt was complicit in the crimes committed on 9/11 is also far too great to document in a single article. I am therefore going to mainly concentrate on the newer and/or less well known facts surrounding the destruction of the WTC.

However, should anyone reading this not be at least vaguely familiar with the already well documented multitude of evidence that points to September 11th 2001 being an inside job then I can only conclude that you are either one of those who doesn't want to believe the truth or that you are desperately in need of an operation to remove your head from your rectum.

After all, there can be no doubt that both the twin towers and Building 7 (A massive skyscraper in itself) were brought down by controlled demolition involving the use of Nano Thermite. The illuminati controlled, yet supposedly impartial BBC recently tried to debunk this fact in a totally one sided programme called '9/11 Roadtrip'.

In this programme shown on BBC3, the program makers shamelessly exploited people's ignorance by stating that a lot of people believe that the towers were brought down in a controlled demolition with the use of **Thermite.** The program then proceeded to have an 'expert' pour a huge mound of Thermite onto a steel girder lying on its side. Everyone participating in the program was then theatrically moved well back for their own safety while the said Thermite was ignited. Following this impressive display in pyrotechnics, we the viewers were then shown the tiny hole that this large amount of Thermite had burned through the steel, proving beyond all doubt that Thermite could not of been responsible for bringing down the buildings… Then again, no one ever said it was…. Except the BBC of course.

Tet there can be no doubt whatsoever that the BBC are aware that it was in fact Nano-Thermite, not Thermite that was used to bring down the towers and WTC 7.

Nano Thermite is a chemically altered, hugely more powerful derivative of Thermite which cuts through steel like a hot knife cuts through butter. Therefore, the only possible conclusion for the BBC to mislead its viewers, who incidentally pay for this trash to be made, can be to aid in the cover up **(Picture 5: Steel girder cut with Nano Thermite in the midst of the tower debris)**.

Course, the evidence for the towers and building 7 being brought down by controlled demolition is overwhelming. There can be no other way that the buildings could have come down at near-on freefall speed (*A falling object with nothing in its way to slow it down*) without their central core being removed as they fell.

Moreover, there is plenty of unused testimony from credible witnesses such

as Firemen in attendance that day stating that multiple explosions were heard prior to the towers coming down.

This is also consistent with photographs of the towers falling where blasts coming from well below the crumbling buildings can be seen.

Course, those who try to pour scorn on the towers being brought down by controlled demolition point out that it would take many men, many weeks to prepare the towers for such an operation to take place and for the towers to be primed for demolition, unnoticed by the buildings massive security team would be impossible… Well it would, wouldn't it?

Well no actually, it wouldn't. You see, in the months leading up to 9/11 a vacant floor in the trade centre was given over to a firm of 'Contractors'. This floor was off limits to everyone but was a hive of activity throughout the night. During the day Security guards were told that the elevators were being overhauled and from the Elevator shafts it would be very easy for the Contractors to access the towers central cores.

Further evidence to surface is testimony that in the weeks leading up to 9/11 both towers were subjected to a series of 'power downs'.
However, the most compelling evidence of all is directly linked to the security company who were employed to police the WTC. You see, the company in question was called **Securacom**.

Securacom also handle the security for both Washington's Dulles Airport and American Airlines... Coincidence? Then try this for size. A 'Principal' at securacom is none other than Marvin P Bush, brother of President George W Bush.

Still not convinced? Ok let's look at who the real culprits are of these so called terrorist attacks. As I have already said, Osama Bin Laden isn't accused of anything related to 9/11 on his FBI wanted poster. Well he wouldn't be since he had nothing to do with the so called terrorist attacks. After all, the Bin Ladens and the Bush's are great friends with mutual business interests and in truth the evidence points to Jewish extremists and

not as we are constantly told, Muslim Extremists.

You see, shortly after the first plane hit the South Tower a number of eyewitnesses reported seeing 2 or 3 men of student like appearance dancing in celebration on top of a large van. Despite watching an aeroplane smash into the world famous landmark. Indeed, one close-by eyewitness described the men as looking anything but shocked.

And according to Police radio transmissions and early TV news reports this van was later intercepted on the New Jersey Turnpike, which leads onto the George Washington Bridge. The occupants were promptly arrested and later handed over to the FBI. On inspection, the van was found to be packed with tons of explosives. Furthermore, New Jersey Police Officer, Scott DeCarlo, who was present when the men were arrested, testifies that one of men said "*Hey we are with you, not against you*".

Even more ominously, a little while later, recorded Police transmissions, not once but twice, describe another suspect van as having a mural painted on one side depicting an airliner flying towards the twin towers – Well that would make it suspect alright. Two men were seen fleeing this van which they had abandoned on Kings Road, also near the George Washington Bridge. Both were quickly apprehended while the van itself subsequently blew up. Once again I ask you, Coincidence?

Therefore, in total 5 men were arrested 2 of whom have been confirmed as agents for MOSSAD. All 5 were reported on their arrest sheets as working for the '**Urban Moving Systems Incorporated**' which 2 independent CIA agents have confirmed as a 'Front Company' for MOSSAD.

Yet tellingly, all 5 suspects were quietly released, without charge after 71 days in custody and deported back to Israel. One of these men later said in a TV interview and I directly quote here; "*The fact is we come from a country that experiences terror daily. Our purpose was* ***to document the event*****".** Slip of the tongue maybe? I doubt that very much.

Course it goes without saying that anyone with advanced warning about the

terrorist attacks could also make a killing on the stock market... And that is exactly what those in the know did. In fact the **San Francisco Tribune** reports that there is still $2.5 million in profits lying uncollected by investors in connection with shares relating to American Airlines. The Paper itself concludes that this money is from insider trading by people who knew what was about to take place but now fear collecting their ill gotten gains for fear of being arrested.

Furthermore, Reuters reported that **'Convar**', a firm that specialises in recovering data from damaged computers had used pioneering laser scanning technology on over 400 damaged hard drives and main frames recovered from the rubble of the towers and damaged nearby buildings. Convar found data on at least 32 hard drives to suggest that insider trading had taken place.

Reuters went on to quote Richard Wagner, a data recovery expert at Convars, as saying "Illegal transfers of more than $100 million might have been made immediately before and during the disaster" (*note he doesn't say attacks*)."There is a suspicion that some people had advanced knowledge of the approximate time of the plane crashes (*Once again, no mention of attacks*) in order to move out amounts exceeding $100 million". Reuters continue to quote Wagner as saying "They thought the transactions could not be traced after the main frames were destroyed".

What is also now coming to light is a dispute in the number of people who died on 9/11. That number was supposedly put at over 3000, but the evidence now suggests that the true figure was in fact a mere fraction of that number.

Course, we all saw on the news, the footage of photographs taped on to boards and windows around the vicinity of Ground Zero of those who supposedly perished that day. However it has now come to light that many of these photographs have in fact been photoshopped and in many cases used up to 5 or 6 times to represent a different person.

The deception ranges from changed backgrounds and flipped images to adding moustaches, darker skin tones and digitally altered features. However, when viewed side by side, there can be no doubt that you are looking at

pictures of the same people.

The above is also true in the case of the 300 plus Firefighters, Police and Port Authority Officers who supposedly died that day.
That the number of victims is now thought to be greatly reduced in numbers to that of the Govt figures certainly ties in better with the evidence. Both towers were ordered to be evacuated fairly early on once the first plane had struck the South Tower. In fact many people didn't wait for the evacuation order to come, they simply up and left as soon as the plane hit the building.

The fact that even the disabled were carried down and out to safety suggests that the only civilians left inside were the few hundred or so who were trapped above the impact zones.
Furthermore, the written testimony of Chief Fire officer 'Pitch' Picciotto in his bestselling book '**Last man out'** suggests to me that the number of 1st responders killed is nowhere near that of the official figures.
Picciotto states that he and a handful of his men were the last of those to make their way down the North tower stairwell. The Fire fighters progress was slowed by the fact that they had with them a group of disabled workers and they were also checking every floor for injured or trapped survivors as they descended.

Yet despite this slow progress the group had still reached the 7th floor when the tower collapsed around them. Moreover, the building had already been evacuated of other firemen as soon as the South Tower had collapsed.

Video evidence captured by a pair of Brothers making a documentary about the NYFD, also suggests that there were only a few dozen 1st responders inside the lobby waiting to make their way up when the South tower came down. The majority of these were able to escape the collapse by running into the safer, as yet unaffected areas of the trade centre… A massive interconnecting complex in itself.

This greatly reduced death toll would account for why there is so little vocal outrage from the supposed 3000 bereaved families. They simply do not exist in anywhere near that number. After all, if, with all the evidence available

you had lost a family member in the towers would you not be as vocal as possible in getting justice for your lost loved ones?

Of course you would. Therefore, does it not also make sense on behalf of those who planned the attacks to in reality keep the number of deaths to a minimum while at the same time fabricating the numbers to the maximum in order to gain public support?

So, with all this readily available evidence why has no one from within the Bush Administration been brought to justice I hear you ask? Well actually, there has in fact been numerous attempts to put George W Bush and his cronies on trial… Except none have ever been allowed to go ahead under the pretext that any court proceedings could interfere with or undermine National Security.

However, the Good news is that 11 years later, Many pressure groups such as **'Architect's and Engineer's for 9/11 truth'** and the **9/11 Truth Movement** are refusing to be silenced and continue to turn up the heat on those who should be rotting in a prison cell rather than living in the lap of luxury… To those people who's number include George W Bush, George H Bush, Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, Condoleezza Rice, Larry Silverstein and Rudolph Giuliani, to name but a few, I would say, be warned... The world knows what you did and it will not be forgotten.

**On March 23rd 2012, the Sovereign Independent Newspaper published the following report:*

The Obama administration touts the Navy SEALS' raid and killing of Osama bin Laden in his hideaway compound in Abbotabad, Pakistan, as one of the administration's greatest achievements. Obama even disclosed details of the raid to Hollywood for an upcoming movie.

Given that, isn't it curious, to say the least, that ***the Pentagon says it has no records — not one photo, not one video, not even an e-mail — of bin Laden's death****?*

Richard Lardner reports for the Minneapolis Star Tribune, March 15, 2012: Government officials have openly discussed details of the mission [to kill Osama bin Laden] in speeches, interviews and television appearances, but the administration won't disclose records that would confirm their narrative of that fateful night. The Associated Press asked for files about the raid in more than 20 separate [FOIA] requests, mostly submitted the day after bin Laden's death.

The Pentagon told the AP this month it could not locate any photographs or video taken during the raid or showing bin Laden's body. It also said it could not find any images of bin Laden's body on the Navy aircraft carrier where the al-Qaida leader's body was taken.
The Pentagon said it could not find any death certificate, autopsy report or results of DNA identification tests for bin Laden, or any pre-raid materials discussing how the government planned to dispose of bin Laden's body if he were killed.

It said it searched files at the Pentagon, U.S. Special Operations Command in Tampa, Fla., and the Navy command in San Diego that controls the USS Carl Vinson, the aircraft carrier used in the mission.

The Defense Department told the AP in late February it could not find any emails about the bin Laden mission or his "Geronimo" code name that were sent or received in the year before the raid by William McRaven, the three-star admiral at the Joint Special Operations Command who organized and oversaw the mission. It also could not find any emails from other senior officers who would have been involved in the mission's planning.
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Note: WantToKnow team member Prof. David Ray Griffin, in his book Osama bin Laden: Dead or Alive?, lays out the extensive evidence that bin laden died in December 2001, and that since that time Pentagon psyops had been keeping him "alive" with fake videos and audiotapes to maintain a crucial pretext for the ever-expanding "war on terror." Could it be that the Pentagon will produce no records of its purported "death raid" because in fact it will reveal major manipulations involving bin Laden's death?
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On August 6, 2011, three months after the supposed killing of bin Laden, 22 members of the exact same Navy SEALS Team 6 who had conducted the Abbotabad raid all died in a helicopter crash in Afghanistan.
Dead men don't tell tales.

*** On the 24th of April 2012 Press TV reported the following:*

Washington has fabricated the raid on Osama bin Laden's compound in Pakistan to relieve political pressure on US President Barack Obama, ***Press TV reports****.*

James Fetzer, American Philosopher and former Marine Corps officer, says Washington fabricated the bin Laden raid to divert public attention from "Obama not having closed Guantanamo, having stationed troops in Pakistan and having his birth certificate being subjected to minute scrutiny."

"All of that was taken off the front page by the staged fabricated attack on the compound where no one had ever seen Osama bin Laden. Indeed, how can you kill a man who died in 2001 - another time?" Fetzer said in an interview with Press TV.

Fetzer added that the idea that bin Laden was buried at sea in accordance with Muslim tradition was "preposterous."
"That's disrespectful to bodies which can be eaten by fish, sharks and other crustaceans," he added.

Obama claimed that Osama bin Laden was killed by US forces on May 1, 2011 in a hiding compound in Pakistan.

A US official later announced that bin Laden's body was abruptly buried at sea, falsely boasting that his hasty burial was in accordance with the Islamic law, requiring burial within 24 hours of death.

However, burial at sea is not an Islamic practice and Islam does not have a timeframe for burial.

"It's a shame that the United States has been reduced to one lie after another. We seem to be spending more time trying to defend lies than we are solving real problems in the world and this is, yet, one more example," he concluded.

**** On the 3rd of May 2012 the Digital Journal wrote:*

Pentagon officials recently disclosed to the Associated Press (AP) that they could not find any photo or video evidence to confirm that Al Qaeda leader Osama Bin Laden was killed in the Navy Seal raid in Pakistan a year ago.

AP has submitted more than 20 requests for information surrounding the raid on Bin Laden's Abbottabad compound to the U.S. Government under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA).

In response to the request for visual evidence of Bin Laden's death, the Pentagon stated that it could not find any pictures or video footage of the raid itself or of Bin Laden's dead body. It also told AP it could not locate any images of Bin Laden's body that were taken on the U.S.S. Carl Vinson, the Navy aircraft carrier that reportedly lowered him into the sea after his death.

In addition, the Pentagon admitted that it could not find an autopsy report, death certificate or results of a DNA identification test for Bin Laden, in spite of claims made by President Obama and reported by CBC News that a DNA test was performed.

These admissions follow a related FOIA response by the Department of Defense in February, in which it stated that it had no emails concerning the Bin Laden raid that were sent prior to its execution.

The Atlantic Wire reported in February that the CIA claimed it had visual proof of Bin Laden's death, but the Pentagon's admission that it does not have any evidence of this kind still raises significant questions, since its jurisdiction includes the Navy Seals that conducted the raid and the Navy ship that buried Bin Laden at sea.

The latest revelation drew the suspicion of Lt. Col. Robert Bowman (ret.), the former director of Advanced Space Programs Development for the U.S. Air Force. "It makes the official story sound very fishy," Bowman said in an interview with Digital Journal. "Without proof, I'm not buying it carte blanche."

Bowman also pointed to the reports that Bin Laden died in 2001 or 2002, which have been supported by former FBI counter-terrorism chief Dale Watson, former assistant Secretary of State Steve Pieczenik, former U.S. foreign intelligence officer Angelo Codevilla and other intelligence experts. "This smacks of a cover-up," Bowman added.

Some organizations contend that the cover-up extends beyond the Bin Laden raid, including Architects and Engineers for 9/11 Truth, a group of over 1,600 technical professionals that is calling for a new 9/11 investigation. "The raid is not the only part of the Bin Laden narrative that doesn't add up," said founder Richard Gage, AIA. "It's also highly unlikely that Bin Laden and Al Qaeda had access to plant the explosives that brought down the Twin Towers and Building 7."

Chapter 17
There's Something In The Air

This was the second major article that I wrote for my website: www.chrisspivey.org and like the rest of the articles making up this book is now longer available to read on the interwebb.

The article takes a look at the 'nanny state' that we have become and also focuses on how we are being conditioned to view all Muslims as being potential terrorists. Indeed, this article could have been written in 2018, thus proving how far we HAVEN'T come in the following six years.

In fact to bring it up to date all that you need do is substitute the word "Al Qaeda" with the word "ISIS"...

What is Liberty? Liberty is a concept of political philosophy and identifies the condition in which an individual has the right to act according to his or her own will.

"Any society that would give up a little liberty to gain a little security will deserve neither and lose both" – *Benjamin Franklin*.

"Lock up the streets and houses, Because there's something in the air, We've got to get together sooner or later, Because the revolution's here, and you know it's right" - *Thunderclap Newman*

I went to Tesco's to do some grocery shopping with my young-ish girlfriend on Saturday morning, like you do. When we got to the checkout my girlfriend unloaded the trolley and then walked to the end of the conveyor belt to pack the shopping away. Being a bit tight I stood adjacent to the checkout assistant watching her scan our goods to see how much this was all going to cost me.

Picking up a vacuum sealed packet of 5 Tesco value table knives (*told you I was tight*), the checkout assistant turned to my girlfriend, held up the pack of knives and in an abrupt manner told her that she wasn't allowed ‘t*hese*’ because she wasn’t over 25 years of age... My girlfriend was in fact 24 years old although she could easily have passed for 21.

Nevertheless, in case I’d somehow become invisible, I thought that I best intervene by interrupting the Nazi-jobs-worth to tell her that I personally was over 25.

“*Are you paying for this shopping?*” Greta Snipe (*I think that was the checkout assistants name - if it wasn't it should have been*), demanded to know... And I mean demanded.

I then told Greta that I was indeed paying after which she reluctantly put the knives through the scanner. Now I don't doubt for a minute that I spoiled Greta's day, but this incident as much as any other hammered home the question; *What the fuck is going on in this country*?
I mean am I right in assuming that married couples under 25 have to eat their dinners and feed their children with their fingers? Is there an epidemic of knife wielding, respectable looking, female gangs all under the age of 25 roaming the streets looking to stab some innocent passer-by? Do only the under 25’s stab people? Isn't using a Tesco knife to stab someone on a par with stabbing someone with an ice lolly stick?

Course all this nonsense with the '*Nanny State*' started in the late 1980's but really began to gain momentum after the new anti-terrorist laws were introduced in 2001.

The new anti-terrorist laws were according to our politicians supposedly brought in for our benefit to keep us safe and we as a nation fell for the con hook, line and sinker. But ask yourself this; do you feel any safer now than you did in 2001? I’ll bet you don’t. On the other hand, do you feel less safe because I certainly do.

So, why don’t you feel safer? After all, when was the last terrorist attack that affected you? It certainly wasn't on 9/11 or 7/7. They were both 'inside jobs', organised by the US and UK government’s and used as a reason to bring in the new anti terrorist laws. Course, if you still don't believe that those two attacks were 'inside jobs' despite the overwhelming evidence for both, then you may as well stop reading now and go back to watching the soaps on TV. “Ah but!” you say, having decided to read on,“doesn't the lack of terrorist attacks prove that the anti-terrorist laws are working? After all, you hear about the security services foiling planned terrorist attacks on a regular basis, don't you?”

Well, no you don’t actually. What you hear about is the security services foiling terrorist attacks that they have organised themselves... To keep you all living in fear.

I personally don't know of one thwarted terrorist attack, post 9/11 that hasn't later proved to be a 'false flag' operation planned by the US or UK security forces. The truth is, there is no terrorist threat to us unless you class the government as terrorists. There never has been. At least not since the IRA stopped their bombing campaign on mainland England anyway.

I'm old enough to remember the IRA bombing campaign unfortunately and I can tell you that there wasn’t the air of oppression or wave of paranoia floating around back then like there is today. And why wasn't there? After all there is a far greater chance that you know of or are related too someone killed or maimed by an IRA bomb, than there is of you knowing someone killed or maimed by a Muslim extremists bomb.

Indeed, if proof was ever needed of the fear lurking in the back of people’s minds with regards to the threat of a terrorist attack, just think back to the collective huge sigh of relief that people breathed when it was announced that Osama Bin Laden had been killed last year... Never mind that common sense should have told you that it was the second time that he had died. Then again, common sense has been on the decline for years.

The facts surrounding Bin Laden and his 1st death are all too easily available.

He was one of many children born into the lap of luxury of a fantastically rich Arabian family who had *(and in all likelihood probably still have*) business dealings and a close personal friendship with the powerful and wholly corrupt Bush family. Osama Bin Laden himself was an immensely rich man and a CIA operative who died in a Saudi Arabian based American Army hospital of kidney failure in late 2001.

Yet thanks to the mainstream media's, mind control and propaganda department, people bought into the idea that Bin Laden was the devil incarnate himself, who lived in a cave and lurked around in shadows with a knife clenched between his teeth... No doubt a Tesco value table knife at that.

Meantime, the real terrorists such as Martin McGuinness who was a one time leader of the IRA and allegedly the man responsible for supplying the firearms used against British Soldiers on 'Bloody Sunday' is now the 2nd most powerful politician in Ireland. Or take the Republican politician Gerry Adams. He was another leading IRA/Sinn Fein leader who was jailed in 1972 under the prevention of terrorism act and who came from a long line of terrorists.

Get the picture yet?

No? OK let's look at the anti terrorist laws supposedly brought in to protect us from Muslim extremists, but which are in reality more to do with curtailing the rights and liberties of ordinary people.

What the anti-terrorist laws mean is that people like myself – those of us who publicly speak out against the government or '*Homeland Terrorists'* as the government likes to call us – can in theory be arrested without charge and held indefinitely without access to a legal representative. Furthermore, the authorities have no need to inform anyone of our arrest or where we are being held. Hmmm, now why does the Gestapo springs to mind?

Just this week in fact, an America army manual describing the procedure for the rounding up of '*political activists'* and detaining them in '*re-education*' camps has been exposed. Does that mean that those of us who don't agree

with the Government need reprogramming until we do agree? Is free thinking no longer tolerated? The manual goes on to detail plans to make '*detainees*' carry out forced labour and for keeping 'political' prisoners locked in isolation. Hmmm, now why do Nazi concentration camps spring to mind?

And what of the so called '*War on Terror*'? An unending, illegal, corporate war centered on a bogus manhunt in and around the Middle Eastern countries. Or put another way; a war based on greed and fought for corporate gain at the cost of the lives of millions of innocent men, women and children. And that's without taking into consideration the lost lives of the apparently easily replaceable British and American servicemen and women.

Course, in order to keep this so called war on terror going, Muslims have to be portrayed to us as being the enemy, Hence the need for government propaganda relating to the threat of non-existent potential terrorist attacks. Not only do these government arranged threats allow them to rape and pillage nations that are no threat to our national security whatsoever, they also keep you living in fear and hatred of the Muslim people.

In hating these people, you become disassociated with their suffering. For instance, an over indulged, drug addled diva dies in the bath and millions upon millions of people go into mourning. Likewise a '*loony tunes*' 51 year old paedophile pop star gets given an overdose of prescription drugs and again millions of you who have never met or spoken to him are grief stricken. I even tattooed his portrait and signature on someone who was having difficulty in coming to terms with his death, yet he was an in your face kiddie fiddler. The lowest of the low for crying out loud.

On the flip side of the coin, when a few hundred thousand Muslim children are killed or maimed beyond all comprehension no one gives a damn. Why not? They are still children aren't they? Children who are Loved and cherished by their parents the same way that we love ours. How would you feel if you had to nurse your own child who'd had their arms and legs blown off courtesy of an unwanted and uninvited invading army?

Would you burn that nations flag in the street? I for one would do a lot more

than that. Mind you, there is evidence to suggest that in most cases of flag burning carried out on these shore's the perpetrators are government paid agitators. Why do you think that they are never able to be got by the vast crowds of patriotic people who are inevitably around when this flag or poppy burning spectacle takes place?

The vast majority of Muslims are peaceful, decent, law abiding citizens. In fact a major survey carried out in 2010 concluded that British Muslims have a greater respect for our traditions than we do ourselves. Of course there are Muslim extremists, in the same way that we have our own right wing extremists. However, just like our extremists, theirs are also just a tiny minority of idiots who are all shout and of no real threat to anyone but themselves.

And what of the countries that we have invaded in this so called war on terror? Afghanistan, supposedly invaded for giving shelter to those cave dwelling multi millionaire terrorists. And since we are invading anyway, let’s get rid of the Taliban while we are at it. That would be the Taliban who over 10 years after the invasion are now not only thriving but, according to some military strategists, unbeatable. Yes the Taliban may have had a brutal regime, but it was none of our business.

Course, had our politicians wanted rid of the Taliban for honourable reasons then maybe there could have been some justification in the invasion. Sadly, they didn't, in fact there was a far more sinister reason for wanting the Taliban removed. Course using the pretext of liberating the Afghan people gave the UK and US governments a nice cover story for their ulterior motive.

And what were their ulterior motives? Well apart from the Taliban repeatedly refusing to allow the American Government permission to run a major oil and gas pipeline throughout the length of their country and which is now in place, Afghanistan was also without a Rothschild controlled Central bank, which is also now in place.

However the staggering sums of money that the Taliban were reaping in as profits in their capacity as the world's main Heroin distributors hadn't escaped

the US and UK governments attention. Since Heroin is one of the major scourge's of Western society, it would of course have made sense to stop this drug trafficking*.

That should have been no problem when you consider that the US and UK have spy satellites capable of zooming in on a single individual person, so how hard could it be to locate and burn a few large acres of Poppy field? Well according to statistics, very hard actually since there is much more Heroin coming out of the country now than there ever was under the Taliban rule.

The difference is of course, the US and the UK governments are now reaping the vast financial rewards that are to be made through this life destroying drug. In fact, the amount of money involved is so huge that the US government are thought to be using their share to prop up the American economy. So ask the Afghan people if they are better off now than they were 10 or 11 years ago. I fully expect the answer to be a resounding NO.

Course, anyone who doubts the fact that the British and American Governments are the biggest drug dealers in the world need only read the following article:

Well I guess we know who America's TOP Drug Dealers are-(CIA)The Criminal Intelligence Agency.

"We've all heard the rumors that the CIA are the reason that the United States/Canada is awash with cocaine…. is it time to connect the dots now that one of their planes has crash landed with four tons of coke in it?"….

So the Arnprior OPP posted a blurb in the Guide stating "Report drug dealers". Well shouldn't we be seeking out the kingpins in Govt. namely the CIA! The most famous example of Govt. involvement in drugs (British) was the Opium war in China in the 1800's. So on the heels of that here's another extreme example of Govt. gone awry:

Seventeen months after an American-registered DC9 airliner was busted with 5.5 tons of cocaine, a major international scandal is brewing over a second drug trafficking incident in Mexico's Yucatan involving an American-registered jet owned by a dummy front company of the kind usually associated with the CIA.

A weekend visit to "Donna Blue Aircraft Inc" of Coconut Beach FL., the company which FAA records show owned the Gulfstream II business jet (N987SA) which crash-landed with 3.7 tons of cocaine aboard in Mexico's Yucatan two weeks ago, has revealed that the company's listed address is an empty office suite with a blank sign out front.

There was no sign of Donna Blue Aircraft, Inc., at the address listed at the Florida Dept. of Corporations, 4811 Lyons Technology Parkway #8 in Coconut Beach FL. …….
However, there were, oddly enough, a half-dozen unmarked police cars parked directly in front of the empty suite.
http://www.madcowprod.com/10092007.html

It seems that one of the planes logged on this list of "CIA Prison Planes" has been in a little accident – It crash landed in Mexico after running out of Jet fuel en route to the US. The authorities were more than a little surprised when they found four tons, yes you heard me right, four tons of cocaine on board.

The men flying the plane have disappeared – including one woman, the CIA refuses to comment, and the mainstream press don't want to touch the story...

And what of Iraq? That country ruled over by the feared megalomaniac, Saddam Hussein. Would that be the same Saddam Hussein that our previous governments helped to put in power? How the Iraqis must have hated him. Course, under his rule the nation didn't have to live in the most dangerous place on earth, where 1 in 3 people have either lost or had a close family member crippled. Neither were 75% of Iraqi children exhibiting signs of post traumatic stress under Saddam Hussein's rule. Are they as a Nation better off

now that they have a patsy for western governments in power? Again, I fully expect the answer to be a resounding NO.

Nevertheless, whilst we are on the subject let's look at Libya? Colonel Gaddafi's gone thank god... Errr but isn't he the fella that our ex Prime minister, the Right Horrible Tony Blair used to like doing business with? Wasn't Gaddafi the fella that contributed millions of Dollars to help the criminal, Nicolas Sarkozy become the French President. Wasn't Colonel Gaddafi the one who masterminded an infrastructure that was second to none in the Middle East? Was he not the person who refused the Rothschild's permission to set up a Central Bank in the country? Was he not the one who still has millions of supporters, even now he's dead? Do the Libyan people now enjoy a better standard of living than they did under Gaddafi? I fully expect the answer to be a resounding NO.

Then there's Egypt and Syria. Both are countries with 'hostile Governments'. Have you ever noticed how our government calls those people who plant bombs, shoot soldiers & government forces, demonstrate and fight to overthrow these hostile governments, Freedom Fighters or anti government Forces. Where do you think these Freedom Fighters get all their modern weapons and ammunition from? Why, they get them from our leaders of course because we also want to rape and pillage these countries for all that they are worth**.

On the other hand, any group of people who do similar in countries with Governments which are aligned with ours are branded Terrorist Organisations. Look at how we, as a nation are condemned and vilified by our own government if we go on strike or demonstrate in this country. Look at the laws that are being constantly brought in to make it harder to demonstrate. Take away the right to demonstrate and exercise free speech and your left with a dictatorship.

Furthermore if it was about liberating people from an oppressive, tyrannical regime, why have we not invaded Saudi Arabia, a country whose human right violations are second to none? What about Bahrain? They too have an appalling record on human rights yet our sovereign, the Queen is great mates

with Shaikh Hamad Bin Isa Al Khalifa, the country's King. In fact he has just accepted his invitation to the Queen's Jubilee lunch as it so happens. "*Another Gin and Tonic Ma'am*"?

Iran is the next likely target in the ongoing war on terror. Why? Well supposedly because the country poses a nuclear threat, a claim that the Iranian government categorically deny.

Course, many politicians from around the world also back Iran's denial. In fact there isn't a shred of proof that suggests Iran is a rogue nuclear power, but hell that doesn't matter. Our ex Prime Minister, Tony Blair looked us in the eye and told us we had to invade Iraq because they had weapons of mass destruction which would be used against our peace loving nation... Yet he lied through his teeth; Iraq had no WMDs as he damn well knew all along. In truth, Iran is no threat to either our, Americas or anyone else's national security. North Korea on the other hand is a nuclear power with an appalling human rights record and far more of a potential threat to world safety than Iran ever will be. But are there invasion plans afoot for North Korea? Nah, far too risky, no oil, really not worth the effort... As of yet, but give it time.

The truth is I'm sad to say, that the UK and the USA are the real threat to world peace. Furthermore, people's civil rights and liberties are being eroded away little by little every day in both of these nations. We are told what to think, when to think it, what to do and when to do it everyday of our lives.

The Police, originally set up to protect and serve, are rapidly evolving into a privatized Army employed only to keep the population in line and in fear; not to solve crime. Our every move is tracked by CCTV camera's and our freedom of speech is all but outlawed. Moreover, once you realise where this country is really heading, you can literally feel the air of oppression and sense of doom hanging over us. Hmmm, now why does Hitler's Germany spring to mind?

* In February 2012 Press TV released the following article which proved that more heroin was coming out of Afghanistan since the Anglo/American illegal invasion of the country, than ever was under the Taliban:

Opium production by Afghan farmers rose between 2001 and 2011 from just 185 tons to a staggering 5,800 tons. Last year, levels increased by 61 percent, with more than 90 percent of heroin found on British streets being traced back to opiates cultivated in Afghanistan."

The latest UN figures indicate that the output of heroin increased by 61 percent in Afghanistan last year despite the Western claims about their will to curb the production of drugs during the invasion of the war-battered country.

Opium production by Afghan farmers rose between 2001 and 2011 from just 185 tons to a staggering 5,800 tons. Last year, levels increased by 61 percent, with more than 90 percent of heroin found on British streets being traced back to opiates cultivated in Afghanistan, according to UN figures.The UN figures make grim reading for those who backed the invasion of Afghanistan.Former British Prime Minister Tony Blair said in 2001 that a significant reason for deployment of foreign forces to Afghanistan was to curtail a flourishing heroin trade.

"The arms the Taliban are buying today are paid for by the lives of young British people buying their drugs on British streets. This is another part of their regime we should seek to destroy," he said.

However, the UN figures reveal how the outcome has been so dramatically different.
Some 15 percent of Afghanistan's gross national product now comes from drug-related exports, with the trade having a net worth of up to £1.6 billion ($2.5 billion).
UN Secretary General Ban Ki-moon told delegates at a conference in Vienna, Austria, on Thursday that Afghanistan cannot be stable while its economy depends so heavily on the drugs trade.

He noted that the problem of drug trafficking has undermined efforts to help Afghanistan emerge as a normally functioning economy.
"We cannot speak of sustainable development when opium production is the

only viable economic activity in the country," Ban told delegates of the Paris Pact Ministerial Conference…

And that is still the case in 2018. Yet how can that be possible SEVENTEEN years after the illegal invasion… Especially with American satellites and spy-drones. Or are we to believe that these drones can pinpoint a man but cannot find acres upon acres of poppy fields?

Get real for fucks sake!

** On the 3rd of February 2012, the then Prime Minister, David Cameron admitted that the UK was funding Syrian Rebels. The following is from Press TV:

The UK government has acknowledged that it has provided an extra GBP 2 million to the Western-backed rebels fighting the popular government of Syrian President Bashar al-Assad.

Prime Minister David Cameron told a hearing at the House of Commons Liaison Committee on Tuesday afternoon that his government provided cash and equipment to foreign-backed rebels in Syria under such names as 'aid agencies' operating on the ground to help deliver emergency medical supplies and food.

The acknowledgement is yet another proof that the rebellion in the Middle Eastern Arab country has its root somewhere in Britain and France, where the governments of Cameron and French president Nicholas Sarkozy built the foundation of a military strike against former Libyan government of dead dictator Muammar Gaddafi.

The two European countries tabled the first draft resolution at the UN Security Council, which called for a no-fly zone over Libya and later it turned out to become an all-out war against a sovereign member of the international community.

The same scenario is being made about Syria, where David Cameron said

“Britain would this week, continue to secure a United Nations Security Council resolution demanding an end to the violence and immediate humanitarian access”.

The Prime Minister made three key pledges “to help Syrian citizens, promising more humanitarian assistance, to hold those responsible for slaughter to account and to bring about the political transition that would put a stop to the killing”.

However, Cameron failed to mention the fact that his country’s spying apparatus MI6 was the prime financier of terrorist snipers who kill people from the roofs of the buildings in some cities and towns in Syria.

He also failed to mention another fact that the UK’s former police chief, assistant commissioner John Yates has been deployed to Bahrain, where the ruling family of al-Khalifa regime is brutally killing and torturing people who have come out against corruption and inequality.

John Yates resigned last year from his post at Scotland Yard in the wake of the phone-hacking scandal.

In a show of solidarity with the regime thugs, Yates said that “Bahraini police had faced extraordinary provocation during last year's turmoil”. Yates described the Bahrainis’ call for free speech and an elected government as vandalism and rioting...

Now, is it not strange that our press describe these insurgents as ‘Syrian Rebels’ as opposed to ‘Terrorists’?

After all, if there was an army of English Rebels attacking the British Government, would they not be classed as “Terrorists”? Of course they would. Therefore, the British Government was - and still is - funding terrorism.

Yet did the Anglo/American governments not invade Iraq because Saddam Hussein was supposedly funding terrorism?

Just sayin’.

Chapter 18
I Don't Like It, It's Quiet... Too Quiet

Throughout 2011, many thousands of people believed that the world would end in 2012. Course, that didn't happen and I now believe that was a conspiracy theory covertly started by the Monsters to keep the world on tenterhooks and make conspiracy theorists look stupid when nothing happened.

Moreover, in 2012 the world was once again faced with the prospect of WW3. And again this never happened. However, it is fair to say that in the six years since, not one year has gone by where we haven't been faced with the same prospect.

Nevertheless, I am much more clued up than I was six years ago and it is now obvious to me that the threat of another world war is just another means to keep us all living in fear… The people of Russia and China are not our enemies… The Monster Elite are...

I can't believe how fast this year has gone already. To be honest, with all the hype that has surrounded 2012 I was expecting the year to really drag yet we are already at the end of April.

Now, those amongst us who were sceptical about the hype surrounding 2012 will no doubt be sneering that nothing untoward has happened up to now and furthermore doesn't look likely to happen. Unfortunately, I couldn't disagree more.

The fact is, there is so much going on at the moment, it's hard to know where to start. I suppose the subject of the Police is as good as any.

I regularly read articles about Police brutality but I tend not to put them on my website since these articles are usually along the lines of an individual being shot or beaten up. And while that is unacceptable I do tend to shy away from publishing such articles because they give the doubters the opportunity to trumpet the old adage of ‘One bad Apple doesn’t spoil the whole bunch’.

However, the frequency of such articles has now reached the stage where it would be wrong of me to turn a blind eye to them. I have therefore created a category on my website www.chrisspivey.org to deal solely with this matter.

You see, from 1990 to date, 1429 suspects have died while in police custody in the UK alone. Those responsible are rarely charged and when they are the powers that be are obstructive, hinder and withhold evidence from those investigating the death's. This fact was clearly highlighted earlier this year by the investigation into the shooting of Mark Duggan.
Original reports into his death claimed that armed police had been in a gunfight with Duggan which resulted in his death and a Policeman being shot.
However, we now know that was pure fiction on behalf of the MET and the truth of the matter is that an unarmed Duggan was murdered in cold blood by the police. That hasn't stopped the Police Authorities from trying to suppress the truth*.

Course, I have long been of the opinion that where the Police are concerned it’s not a case of ‘One bad apple’, rather a case of the vast majority of Law enforcement officers being rotten to the core.

Indeed I could site instance after instance to back my view up, not just in the way they indiscriminately shoot to kill those suspected of a crime, but the unjust way in which they carry out their duties as a whole.**

However, there is much to get through in this article so I will leave it there for now. However, I can promise you now that I will highlight the activities of these corrupt, power mad, often brain dead, bully boys and girls on my website at every available opportunity.

Fukushima in Japan is another matter that I tend not to dwell on but which is now proving too big to ignore. There is growing evidence to suggest that the Earthquake that led to this nuclear disaster was deliberately triggered. For the sceptics who laugh at such a notion I suggest you do some research into H.A.A.R.P.

The radioactive fallout from the Fukushima nuclear power plant has decimated and contaminated sea life and many States in the USA are now exhibiting unsafe levels of radiation. As for the Japanese people, well they are left to live, unprotected, in a country that should by rights now be a wasteland.

Mark my words, Fukushima will ultimately prove to be a deliberate ploy in the NWO's population reduction agenda.***

Meanwhile, this population reduction agenda continues to gain momentum in the form of the Bill Gates backed mass child vaccination programme.****

And just to make sure that no child escapes this sick game of Russian roulette certain states in America are making it a criminal offence not to have your child vaccinated. I would like to elaborate on the dangers of these vaccinations but once again, it's not possible in this article as there is far too much to document.

Course, you can always do your own research. A good starting point is the unprecedented rise in Autism**** and the 1000's of child guinea pigs that have been left brain damaged or paralyzed in India and Africa after being inoculated.

And while we are on the subject of Population reduction it's worth mentioning that an avid proponent of this agenda, the Queen of England, is celebrating 60 tyrannical years on the throne this year. It's very disheartening to see so many brainwashed sheeple still willing to celebrate her jubilee. On the plus side the movement to get rid of the Monarchy continues to gain momentum.

It is disgusting that in these times of hardship, deliberately engineered by those we elected to power, that they are willing to spend millions of pounds to pay for these celebrations while people lose their livelihoods and homes on a daily basis in this country. Once again, for the skeptics I suggest you look at the unprecedented rise in soup kitchens, food parcels for the poor and the number of children now going hungry in Britain today.

And while the people of England slip into third world living conditions, the parasite who masquerades as our sovereign is more than happy to mug us off for the cost.
Think about it. She is the richest woman in the world, worth literally trillions of pounds, much of which was earned illegally, yet we are paying to celebrate the jubilee of someone who wants us dead... The phrase; mad dogs and Englishmen springs to mind.

As a footnote to this freeloader and her family of backward inbreds, it's worth mentioning that when our hard up, disgruntled people go on strike for legitimate reasons, the psychopathic Prime Minister and Rothschild puppet, David Cameron publicly denounced such action.

He berates these people and accuses them of costing the country Millions of pounds in lost revenue. Funny how the lost millions seem to count for nothing when he has so kindly declared Monday the 4th and Tuesday the 5th of June bank holidays on which to celebrate the despicable woman's jubilee. Bringing the country to a standstill for four consecutive days must surely cost the nation Billions of pounds.

"*Yes but the Queen brings in much more money in the form of tourism, than she costs the country*", I hear the skeptics cry... Don't make me laugh. Do you think Mr Kowlowski says to Mrs Kowlowski; "*Let's holiday in Enger-land this year Honey? We might see the Queen*". And of course people visit our country for our heritage but that will still be here long after Liz has been hung for treason.

In the meantime, this years Olympic Games have been exposed as something that is going to be out staged by a cataclysmic 'false flag' event. Whether this

false flag operation still takes place or not, now that the cat is out of the bag remains to be seen. Certainly all the clues are there.

Once again I haven't time or space in this article to document the evidence in-depth, but if you wish to research this subject yourself I suggest you start with the location and surrounding road names of the Olympic village in Stratford and the barely concealed official Olympic 'Zion' logo. Bear in mind that Logos are one of the mainstay of the illuminati.

More tellingly still, in all this evidence is the mysterious suicide of Rik Clay, the young man who was particularly vocal about the conspiracy theory involving the Olympic Games. Rik joins the ever growing long list of 'whistleblowers' that have prematurely died under dubious circumstances.

Turning to politics, I predicted last November that Mit Romney would be chosen as the Republican nominee to challenge the corrupt Rothschild puppet, Barack Obama for the US Presidency.

Back then the equally controlled Rothschild puppet, Romney was put at around 6th place in the official opinion polls. With another 11 candidates to choose from and Romney's unremarkable campaign carrying little momentum, I wish now that I had put my money where my mouth is.

The article in which I predicted Romney's victory can be found on my website in the '*my view*' section and is entitled, *Cain blunder clears the way for Romney victory, provided no one mentions whatsisname.*

The '*Whatshisname*' in question is of course Senator, Ron Paul and had the nominations not been rigged Ron Paul would have romped homed as the Republican candidate to go head to head with Obama.

Once again, there is insurmountable, conclusive evidence to support this fact. However, you only need look on YouTube for footage of the exposé at the lack of support that Romney gets at his campaign venues. He has even had to resort to making his own Placards for his small number of supporters to wave at the TV cameras. Paul on the other hand is playing to packed arenas and as

such does not need to rely on underhand tactics and clever camera work to make his supporters look numerous.

Course, Ron Paul isn't the ideal candidate either. He is however the best the world could hope for at this moment in time. For that reason alone, the real powers that be will never allow him to become the President of the United States.

With regards to the predictions of WW3 breaking out this year, it appears that the immediate threat of its start is lessening now that talks are beginning to take place with the Iranian Govt.
Many will contend that the hostilities with Iran were only ever a smokescreen to take the focus away from the imminent collapse of the Euro. The collapse of the Euro would of course pave the way for the creation of the NWO.

However, I do not believe that these upcoming peace negotiations will put a stop to WW3, which will happen sometime in the future. Indeed, I believe that the lack of support in the plan to attack Iran, from a world population waking up to the real reason behind this so called 'War on Terror' has led to the globalists getting cold feet.

It is important to remember that the Elite rule from a house of cards. Alienate too many people and that house of cards will easily collapse. There was always far too much evidence readily available to support the fact that Iran is not a nuclear power intent on unleashing Armageddon on the western world to sway the general populations perspective on this matter.

Despite this fact, The Iranian Govt has done everything in its power to deflect the US and UK's disgusting attempts at Warmongering. I wholly applaud Iran's stance, as should the world as a whole. Be in no doubt that attacking Iran would be a major mistake, a mistake that would almost definitely lead to WW3 and possibly the end of the world as we know it.

Course, having said that isn't to say that WW3 will not now happen. On the contrary the very real threat still exists. The sudden, recent build up of thousands of US Marines being stationed in Australia is testament to that.

Then there is the US war machine constantly rattling Pakistan's cage. The American govt would love nothing more than having an excuse to invade Pakistan since the country's location makes it an ideal place to station troops in preparation to attack China.

Russia, having now regained their status as a 'Super Power' certainly doesn't believe that the USA has revised their plans to attack and invade Iran. They continue to amass troops and artillery around the Black Sea area in readiness to thwart such an invasion.

In the meantime, the real rogue nuclear nations such as Israel continue to receive financial backing and support from both the UK and US govt's. Then again that fact is hardly surprising since both governments take their orders from Israel.

And while I'm at it, it's also worth remembering that the United States is the only country ever to use a nuclear bomb on another country. I am of course referring to the American attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. History has shown that dropping the bombs was not necessary to put an end to WW2 since Japan had already agreed to surrender. Therefore, the only point in doing so was to document the devastation such an attack can cause.

As for the collapse of the Euro, the recent lack of reporting has led many to believe the situation has been brought under control. Once again nothing could be further from the truth.
I wrote last December that the Euro collapse was inevitable being as that was the plan all along. I also said that despite the IMF "Taking whatever action deemed necessary to avoid the collapse", they would in fact do nothing. They haven't.

The plan to collapse the Euro is still on track. Greece, the country used by the elite to monitor how a country's population would react when an economy collapses, has seen a huge rise in suicides as people take their own lives rather than starve to death.
Yesterday, it emerged that the Dutch Govt was near to collapsing, paving the way for the banking cartels to seize power in much the same way as they did

a couple of months ago in Italy.

Spain is in chaos with half of the youth population unemployed. Portugal's economy hangs by a thread and in reality we are not much more secure here in the UK.

Every European country is witnessing mass demonstrations by their respective populations which naturally go by and large unreported by the mainstream media. These demonstrations are quickly brought to and end by brutal, overzealous, Paramilitary police forces made up of thugs too thick to see that they and their families will also fall victim to the coming World dictatorship.

In conclusion, while things appear on the surface to be calm. Underneath the truth is very different. The world we live in continues to be as dangerous and unpredictable a place as it has ever been.

It may be nearly May already, but this year is far from over. I am in fact reminded of those cliche scenes from old cowboy films... I don't like it. It's quiet... too quiet.

* On the 26th of May 2012, Press TV released the following article on the death of Mark Duggan:

A complete inquiry may never be held into the death of black man Mark Duggan, whose death at the hands of police triggered worst unrest in the UK in a generation last summer.
The family of the 29-year-old accused the authorities, who said "sensitive information" could jeopardize the police investigation, of withholding information around his death.

A coroner holding a pre-inquest review into the death in Tottenham on August 4 said that sensitive material relating to police "decision making" meant the probe may not take place. Instead, a judge could hold an inquiry that would allow for "closed sessions" where details are kept private.

Duggan's aunt, Carole, who was accompanied to the hearing at North London coroner's court by his fiancée Semone Wilson and his brother Marlon, said they believed the news was "delaying tactics".

"We believe the IPCC are withholding information from us which is delay tactics. Maybe they think we will go away, come to terms with what has happened, but we are a grieving family and we will always grieve for Mark", she said.

Duggan was being followed by officers from Operation Trident in a covert operation when armed officers stopped the taxi he was travelling and shot him dead.
The news has prompted fears for the family that his case may echo that of Azelle Rodney who was shot dead in 2005 by police and whose family are still waiting for a public inquiry seven years later.

** On the 5th of March 2012, Press TV released the following article which also contains information about Mark Duggan:

"No police officer has been convicted over the death of the 300 people in police custody or after detention since 1998, a fact that has triggered annual demonstrations against the police atrocity and corruption."

Britain's Independent Police Complaints Commission (IPCC) says the man police shot dead in Cheshire on Saturday did not have a gun in his car after similar cases in recent months raising fears officers are given the say-so to kill citizens indiscriminately.

The Greater Manchester police earlier said on Saturday that the 36-year-old Anthony Grainger was killed in a "pre-planned" police operation but did not clarify what prompted the shooting.

Grainger's death raised speculations that he will suffer the fate of the other 300 individuals who have lost their lives in police custody or after detention since 1998.
No single officer has been convicted over the death of the 300 victims over

the entire 13 years, a fact that has triggered annual demonstrations against the police atrocity and corruption.

Grainger's case was especially important, as it was at least the third such incident over the past seven months, which also included the death of the 29-year-old black man Mark Duggan.

Duggan's death is believed to have been the starting point and the trigger for the massive August unrest that was without precedence in a generation and put the country in a state of security alert.

The IPCC said on Monday that inspectors' did not find any weapons in Grainger's car and in its immediate vicinity after an "initial visual search."

"Due to the presence of CS residue in the car a full forensic examination has not yet been conducted to establish whether there are any weapons in the car," the IPCC said.
"This will take place in a controlled environment in the next few days," it added.

Grainger's' fatal shooting in "unclear" circumstances underlines fears that the police are given a free rein to kill anyone they wish while they rest assured that no trial or conviction is in the works.

The police also claimed after Duggan's murder in August that he had a gun and had shot at the officers before they fired at him.

Months later, however, the IPCC said Duggan was not even carrying a gun still less to use it to open fire on officers.
The IPCC seems to be following the same line on Grainger's case that could be the 3,181 death in police custody or after detention since 1969 for which no one has been blamed.

***On the 14th of April 2012, naturalnews.com published the following article about Fukushima:

A Freedom of Information Act(FOIA) request filed by Friends of the Earth (FoE), Physicians for Social Responsibility (PSR), and the Nuclear Information and Resource Center (NIRS) has unearthed a shocking series of new evidence proving a deliberate, global cover-up of the true severity of the Fukushima Daiichi nuclear disaster. And the unfortunate reality is that the ***mainstream media continues to blatantly ignore this colossal scandal.***

Private emails, meeting transcripts and other key documents reveal that both the Obama White House and the United States Nuclear Regulatory Commission(NRC) were well aware of just how bad things really were with Fukushima from the early days of the disaster, but did nothing to warn the public about it. In fact, NRC and the White House purposely did not warn Americans about a massive radiation plume that struck the West Coast just days after the massive earthquake and tsunami hit Japan's eastern coast.

According to information gathered from hundreds of pages worth of private NRC emails, conference calls and secret meetings, key players in the Fukushima whitewashing campaign, including the NRC's David McIntyre and Elliot Brenner, were hard at work in the days following the disaster distracting public attention away from it. By pretending that a radioactive plume did not exist while simultaneously sending out misinformation to the media, these two, in conjunction with White House officials, actively participated in a criminal cover-up of the truth.

You can read key portions of these criminal dealings at the following link: http://theintelhub.com

Plume-gate, the world's biggest nuclear cover-up to date

A situation that is now being dubbed "Plume-gate," this massive cover-up of critical information about Fukushima could have saved thousands of lives, including the more than 14,000 individuals, many of whom were babies, that died in the weeks following the disaster (http://www.naturalnews.com/034586_Fukushima_USA_fatalities.html).

And yet to this very day, the federal government's cozy relationship with the nuclear industry has allowed the injustice to continue, as no proper investigation into this dastardly crime has yet taken place.

"The executive branch and multiple federal agencies, agencies tasked with keeping the American public safe, did their best to hide and to cover-up information about a deadly radioactive plume and ensuing fallout that was headed for the West Coast of the United States from Japan," writes Tony Muga from The Intel Hub about the situation.

Not only did these government agencies hide the truth and deliberately deceive the public, they also used other events, including the infamous Qur'an burning in Afghanistan, as a distraction to divert public attention away from Fukushima, and away from the 104 nuclear reactors in the U.S. that are of a similar age and vulnerability as Fukushima.

*So why is the federal government getting away with all this? It is for the same reason that it gets away with most of its other crimes against humanity:**corporate fascism.**And sadly, corporate fascism is a bipartisan problem, as both Republicans and Democrats today are slaves to it, representing opposite but identical sides of the same coin.*

"It seems that the fundamental problem with what Americans are experiencing is not just radioactive fallout but Fascism, the merging of the corporate and the state," adds Muga. "In a fascist state, there is little or no responsible action from the corporations for there is little or no promotion of accountability from the state. The corporations, for all intents and purposes, control the state."...

Two weeks after that article appeared, naturalnews.com added a follow-up article:

Radioactive fallout from the Fukushima Daiichi nuclear disaster continues to show up at dangerously high levels in the city of Tokyo, which is located roughly 200 miles from the actual disaster site. According to an analysis of

five random soil samples recently taken by nuclear expert Arnie Gundersen, the soil around Tokyo is so contaminated with Fukushima radiation that it would be considered nuclear waste here in the U.S.

During a recent trip to Tokyo, Gundersen collected soil samples from a sidewalk, a children's playground, a rooftop, a patch of moss by the side of a road, and the lawn of a judicial building. After sending those samples in for testing, it was revealed that each one had high levels of radioactive cesium-134 (CS134) and cesium-137 (CS137), while three of the samples contained high levels of cobalt-60 (CO60). One of the samples also tested positive for uranium-235 (U235).

"[W]hen I was in Tokyo, I took some samples [...] and sent them to the lab," said Gundersen in a recent video report. "And the lab determined that all of them would be qualified as radioactive waste here in the United States and would have to be shipped to Texas to be disposed of."
You can view the complete report here:
http://www.fairewinds.com
Despite the fact that radioactive plumes from Fukushima have largely drifted seaward based on wind patterns, a considerable amount of this radiation traveled southward towards Tokyo and elsewhere. The findings also confirm the reality that Fukushima radiation has likely had significant global spread as well, which confirms earlier reports of samples taken on the U.S. West Coast (http://www.naturalnews.com/035731_Fukushima_radiation_America.html).

**** On Wednesday, February 01, 2012, Natural News Staff Writer, Ethan A. Huff, wrote the following about Bill Gates and his vaccination program:

Mass vaccination is apparently not the only depopulation strategy being employed by the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation, as new research funded by the organization has developed a way to deliberately destroy sperm using ultrasound technology.BBC News reports that the Gates Foundation awarded a grant to researchers from the University of North Carolina (UNC) to develop this new method of contraception.

For their study, the UNC team tested ultrasound on lab rats and found that two 15-minute doses "significantly reduced" both sperm counts and sperm integrity. When administered two days apart through warm salt water, ultrasound caused the rats' sperm counts to drop below ten million sperm per milliliter, which is five million less than the "sub-fertile" range, and stay that way for up to six months.

The report claims the technology is for contraceptive purposes only and not for causing sterility. However, Dr. James Tsuruta, who led the research, told reporters that it is unclear whether or not the technology can cause long-term damage, and that more research is needed to determine whether or not repeated ultrasounds cause permanent damage.

The Gates Foundation awarded 78 different research projects with $100,000 grants each as part of its "Grand Challenges in Global Health Program." Ten of these projects specifically addressed new technologies for contraception, according toTIME, including one for a pill that inhibits the growth and maturation of sperm, and another for creating chemical compounds that prevent sperm from reaching the egg (http://healthland.time.com/2010/05/14/male-birth-control-stopping-sperm-with-ultrasound/).

"We think this could provide men with up to six months of reliable, low-cost, non-hormonal contraception from a single round of treatment," wrote the researchers in their report. "Our long-term goal is to use ultrasound ... as an inexpensive, long-term, reversible male contraceptive suitable for use in developing to first world countries."
Back in 2010, Bill Gates explained to attendees at the TED Conference that year his ideas for culling the world population, one of which involved increasing vaccination rates (http://www.naturalnews.com/029911_vaccines_Bill_Gates.html).

Now, his organization is actively funding research into advanced contraceptive methods that could render individuals infertile. Coincidence?

***** On Friday, February 24, 2012, Jonathan Benson, a staff writer for

naturalnews.com wrote the following in regard to Autism:

No matter how you look at it, autism research is big business. Just like the Susan G. Komen Foundation "Race for the Cure" for breast cancer, the autism industry pretends to be looking for the causes of autism and how to cure it, when in reality it is on a never-ending hunt for money to fund so-called research into the bodily changes associated with autism in order to push more profit-generating screenings and drug therapies on the public.

The worldwide propaganda campaign that continues to repeat the lie that vaccines are in no way related to autism is one great example of the medical establishment covering up one of the most obvious causes of autism. Rather than actually investigate how the body responds to vaccines, and how these responses are clearly associated with the neurological damage that is part and parcel of autism symptoms, researchers continue to churn out studies that completely avoid any investigation of this or any other likely cause of autism.

Instead, the vast majority of autism studies, which happen to be funded mostly by the pharmaceutical industry, focus solely on the physical, genetic, and chemical changes that accompany the disease, and ignore trying to identify the causes that lead to these changes in the first place. This approach is deliberate, of course, because it facilitates the development of an endless cycle of drug and behavioral therapies for autism that never get to the root of the problem, which means they will forever generate a continuous stream of new profits.

"To find a disease cause and solution to prevent disease isn't profitable," says a recent article in ***Gaia Health*** *that addresses this important issue. "However, to find even the most miniscule physical, genetic, or chemical change in someone with an existing disease means that even more money can be squeezed out of the research funders like the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH), agencies funded by taxpayers. Anything that leads away from causes and focuses on the physicochemical effects of autism always leads to more questions and more research funds."*

THE MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT SEEKS TO DESTROY THE LIVES, CAREERS OF RESEARCHERS WHO ACTUALLY TRY TO IDENTIFY CAUSES OF, AND CURES FOR, DISEASE

On the rare occasion that an honest researcher comes along and tries to actually conduct legitimate research into the causes of autism, he or she is eventually cut off from the funding chain, and sometimes even maligned and slandered in the public eye by the medical and media establishment. This is precisely what has happened to Dr. Andrew Wakefield, whose honest research into one cause of autism led to an ongoing barrage of character and career assassination that continues to this very day (http://www.naturalnews.com/Andrew_Wakefield.html).

Be sure to take a look at the sample studies on autism analyzed by Gaia Health that show a clear disinterest by the medical establishment in actually finding causes of, or cures for, autism. These studies are clearly aimed at discovering and promoting new drug and vaccine protocols for treating autism symptoms, rather than actually trying to prevent it from developing in the first place.

Chapter 19
God bless all the little children

You won't find too much in this book about the British Royal Family simply because I intend to write a whole one on the subject in the not too distant future. Nevertheless, what follows is one of the many that I wrote about our "beloved" Queen for my website wwwchrisspivey.org

Sometimes it is important to take a step back and look at things in perspective.
Now I imagine that you have read the text on the picture of the Queen accompanying this short article and no doubt some 'Royalists' will deem the text as treasonous.

However, I say that the text is mild. You see, while millions of people live in poverty in this country, our puppet government will squander millions of pounds to celebrate this evil woman's jubilee… Not me! I for one will celebrate when she is hanging by her scrawny neck.

The poverty that we - the Queen's subjects - suffer in this country however, is absolutely nothing in comparison to the poverty suffered by those in the so called third world countries. Course, it is from these countries that our 'beloved' sovereign made much of her wealth.

Now, there is a song that I am sure you will have heard called '**Everything is beautiful**' which opens with the line; "*God bless all the little children, all the little children of the world*". So think about that opening line and then take a look at the statistics below.

- *In the Asian, African and Latin American countries, well over 500 million people are living in what the World Bank has called "absolute poverty"*
- *Every year 15 million children die of hunger*
- *For the price of one missile, a school full of hungry children could eat lunch every day for 5 years*
- *Throughout the 1990's more than 100 million children died from illness and starvation. Those 100 million deaths could have been prevented for the price of ten Stealth bombers, or what the world spends on its military in two days!*
- *The World Health Organization estimates that one-third of the world is well-fed, one-third is under-fed one-third is starving. Over 4 million will die this year.*
- *One in twelve people worldwide is malnourished, including 160 million children under the age of 5.*
- *The Indian subcontinent has nearly half of the world's hungry people. Africa and the rest of Asia together have approximately 40%, and the remaining hungry people are found in Latin America and other parts of the world.*
- *Nearly one in four people, 1.3 billion live on less than $1 per day, while the world's 358 billionaires have assets exceeding the combined annual incomes of countries with 45 percent of the world's people.*
- *3 billion people in the world today struggle to survive on US $2/day.*
- *In 1994 the Urban Institute in Washington DC estimated that one out of 6 elderly people in the U.S. has an inadequate diet.*
- *In the U.S. hunger and race are related. In 1991 46% of African-American children were chronically hungry, and 40% of Latino children were chronically hungry compared to 16% of white children.*
- *The infant mortality rate is closely linked to inadequate nutrition among pregnant women. The U.S. ranks 23rd among industrial nations in infant mortality. African-American infants die at nearly twice the rate of white infants.*
- *One out of every eight children under the age of twelve in the U.S. goes to bed hungry every night.*

- ***Half of all children under five years of age in South Asia and one third of those in sub-Saharan Africa are malnourished.***
- ***In 1997 alone, the lives of at least 300,000 young children were saved by vitamin A supplementation programmes in developing countries.***
- ***Malnutrition is implicated in more than half of all child deaths worldwide - a proportion unmatched by any infectious disease since the Black Death***
- ***About 183 million children weigh less than they should for their age***
- ***To satisfy the world's sanitation and food requirements would cost only US$13 billion- what the people of the United States and the European Union spend on perfume each year.***
- ***The assets of the world's three richest men are more than the combined GNP of all the least developed countries on the planet.***
- ***Every 3.6 seconds someone dies of hunger***
- ***It is estimated that some 800 million people in the world suffer from hunger and malnutrition, about 100 times as many as those who actually die from it each year.***

There is nothing beautiful about those statistics and neither is there a God blessing the children the statistics are aimed at. The Queen and others of her ilk could end that suffering today. Think about that as you wave your jubilee flags in celebration.

Chapter 20
Living In The Material World

We are told that we are 'free'. Yet that is just an illusion designed to keep us in chains...

Who are you?

Now before you go thinking that I've gone all Football hooligan on you, you ought to know that I'm posing the question in all seriousness. Furthermore, I would hazard a guess that the vast majority of the nation doesn't actually know the correct answer.

Nevertheless, I do know that the correct answer to my opening gambit will be far greater statistically than the nation as a whole. However, as was in the case of my recent article on the workings of money, I think it is important that I answer that question for those of you who have stumbled upon this site and don't know the correct answer.

To answer that question I first need you to clear your mind of the '*reality*' that you know and step out of your comfort zone. Course that's not easy to do when your brains have been deliberately programmed from the day you were born in order to get you to think a certain way – The wrong way.

Moreover, I don't doubt that most of you will not believe what I'm going to tell you. After all, the truth is often far stranger than fiction... It is the truth nevertheless.

Now apparently I fit the profile of someone able to easily process the information that I'm going to pass on to you. And as soon as I read this info I

instantly knew that it was correct and for the first time I was truly able to make sense of the nonsensical.

But all the same, just for the record those most easily able to take on board what I'm going to tell you will normally be of above average intelligence yet will also have been bored and disruptive at school, often leaving without a qualification to their name. They will often feel scared, isolated or uneasy for no apparent reason. They will often read about something that is by and large accepted as fact and think to themselves "*that can't be right*". They will be very intuitive and yet no matter how well they are doing in life, they will still harbour the thought that things are not as they should be... They would be justified in thinking that way because I promise you, things are very far from being right.

And so, with this in mind, make of the following, what you will:
Everyone is - at least in theory - born equal. We are born as Human Beings not as little people. The word 'Person' is a derivative of the word 'Persona'. The nature of your persona makes up your 'personality'. All that, in theory, goes to make you the person that you perceive yourself to be.

However, the word '*Person*' also means something entirely different to what you think it does. You see, it is absolutely essential that you are a '*person*' in the eyes of the law in order to live in this make believe world that we conceive as reality.

This is because we actually exist in a fantasy world where everything is reduced to the status of a 'Company' or 'Corporation'. The UK for example is a registered company, as are all the Political Parties, every MP, every Law Court, Every Council and Every Police Force in the land.

But what is a 'Company' or a 'Corporation'? The answer to that is they are simply pieces of paper registered at 'Companies House'. They are not - contrary to what many of you may think - the buildings, employee's and stock. Those are Company assets. Therefore, in order for these companies (Pieces of paper) to do business with us as human beings (Get us to abide by their laws), we also need to be brought down to the level of a piece of paper.

But how?

Well, shortly after we are born we are given a name although it is important to remember that you are not your name. In fact your names are given to you for convenience and because parents don’t like to summon their child by bellowing at the top of their lungs "*Oi you*".
Course, we all have a surname aka a family name, which in my case is Spivey. This is necessary so as people who don’t know me can find me or so as those who talk about me when I’m not present, are able to associate me with someone from the Spivey family.

However, since most of us all share a surname with at least one of our parents and usually our brothers & sisters etc, in order to avoid further confusion we are also give the minimum of one Christian or first name, mine being Christopher David.

Therefore, my right and proper title is: Christopher David of the family Spivey. Now it is important that you understand that this is the way your lawful name is set out. The name that appears on such places as envelopes where it is set out differently - in my case Mr Christopher David Spivey - is someone totally different.

Moreover, right up until the moment that your parents register your birth, you are a totally free, Sovereign Human Being. However, whenever you register something you transfer ownership. For instance when we register our cars we transfer the ownership of our car over to the Govt. Proof of this fact can be found by simply looking at your logbook. You are described on the logbook as the Registered Keeper.

And if a Registered Keeper was the same as an owner then why not describe that person on a log book as 'the owner'? After all, that is a lot less letters and 50% less words. Course, if you were still the owner of your car after you have registered it with the DVLA then you would not need a licence to drive it.

I mean, no one can be given licence to do something that is unlawful.

Therefore any activity that is licensed must be lawful and if something is lawful then you don’t need a license for it.
In fact, if you still owned the car that you have registered then you would not need to tax, MOT and insure it, unless you chose to do so. Furthermore, under common law, the Police would not have the right to confiscate it or have the authority to have it destroyed. For them to do so would be a case of them committing theft and/or at the very least criminal damage.

Therefore, It has got to be said though that this is a nice scam that the Govt have got going for them, isn’t it? They trick you into giving them your car and get you to pay the upkeep. In return they generously allow you exclusive uses of the motor as long as you abide by their terms and conditions. And any profit that you make when selling their car you are allowed to keep.

Now the exact same is true in relation to your Birth Certificate. When you register your newborn baby you unwittingly transfer ownership of your pride and joy over to the state. And just like your car, the govt insists that you pay for your child’s upkeep and in return they will let your child live with you for as long as you raise them in the way that they tell you or until they reach the age of consent.

That is why you have little choice in having your child vaccinated against certain diseases... If you don't, watch how you are looked at with scorn every time you take your child to the doctors. That is also why you have no choice in sending your child to school, where they are brainwashed into believing whatever the Govt choose. That is also why you cannot administer a light smack on your child. And so on and so on.

And if the Govt don’t like the way that you treat their property then they simply remove their child from your care. Once again they wouldn’t be allowed to do this if the child was yours. That would be kidnapping.

Indeed, if further proof were needed then you may be surprised to learn that it is a fact that if a child is not registered then that child cannot be removed from your care, even if you knock ten bells of shit out of him/her 7 days a week. However I don’t advise it because you would then be charged with

assaulting a minor and even if you are lucky enough to escape a prison sentence, the said child will grow up hating you. And above all, it’s not really necessary to hit kids. That makes us no better than those seeking to control us. But I digress.

Now the fact that the Govt have no claim to an unregistered child was disclosed by Torbay Council under the freedom of information act. The question was put to Torbay Council asking them directly if a child who is not registered via a birth certificate can be removed by them, from the child’s parents where there are causes for concern for the child’s safety. Torbay Council's reply was short and to the point. The answer is NO.

So what is a person? This is the difficult bit to explain. What happens when you register a baby is not only do you surrender your child to the Govt; the said child also becomes a 'person’. In other words the birth certificate locks that child into the system. A birth certificate is a piece of paper and as I said earlier we need to be reduced to the level of a piece of paper in order to exist in the corporate world that we perceive as reality. Your Birth Certificate therefore is what gives you the status of a 'Person'.

However, you the person is not you in the physical form. That honour belongs to you, the Human Being. You the person as I have just stated, is a piece of paper in the form of your birth certificate. And so as not to confuse ‘you’ the human being, with ‘you’ the person (your birth certificate), ‘you’ the person is often referred to as your 'legal fiction person'. This is because that is what a person is, nothing more than a piece of paper.

Moreover, without the creation of your legal fiction person aka your birth certificate you would not be subject to the laws of society. Therefore, in order for the Govt to hold you within their jurisdiction they have to be able to create 'joinder’ between ‘you’ the human being and ‘you’ the legal fiction person.

In other words, you the human being have to be accountable for you the legal fiction person. This is because the Govt or any other law enforcement body for that matter, cannot subject us to their statute laws as human beings.

Statute laws only exist within the realms of the corporate world. All Statute laws are designed to raise revenue. This is why as a human being I am known as Christopher David: of the family Spivey, but as a legal fiction person I am known in the more commonly written form as Mr Christopher David Spivey (My legal fiction person's name). The human Being and the legal fiction person are two totally different entities.

Now, only the legal fiction person (LFP) is subject to the laws of our society. The Govt however cannot get a piece of paper (Your legal fiction person) to pay income tax. It is not physically possible. Therefore they need you, the human being to take responsibility for you, the legal fiction person by way of joinder (making us one person), so as they can collect tax and any other payment for that matter, from you.

Course, it goes without saying that the Govt do not want you to know that you and your LFP are two separate entities. After all only a fool would pay tax if it was not required for them to do so. Therefore the Govt will use any skulduggery or dirty tricks to convince you that you and your LFP are one of the same.

You see, when you truly understand this information it is possible to use your LFP as a coat, that you can slip on to reap the benefits of society and then take off to avoid the negatives society offers you. If you are that way inclined that is. However, be warned, if you are not totally confident in your understanding of this and other info that I'm going to give you then you will come unstuck and end up getting your bottom smacked.

It is therefore important to understand the very many different ways that the Govt will use to trick you into believing that you are your LFP. They even go as far as using a different language to ours in order to bamboozle us.

This language is often referred to as being called 'Legalese'. The clever, yet no less devious trick with legalese is that you don't even know that it is a different language. This is because legalese uses the same words as we do yet they can have very different meanings.

That is why when you read a legal document you can read the words but you don’t have the foggiest idea what the document says. To make matters even trickier, the-powers-that-be are constantly changing the meanings of words. Does that sound far fetched? Do you think I’m talking rubbish? I don’t blame you but consider this. If Legalese was the same language as ours then why does it have its own dictionary?

The legalese dictionary is called the ‘Black's law Dictionary’. However, ask a solicitor to borrow a copy and they will be outraged. Now if legalese wasn’t a separate language to ours, ask yourself this; why don’t they use the oxford dictionary or the Collins dictionary like the rest of us? After all the Oxford, Collins & Cambridge dictionaries etc all contain the same words with the same meanings despite the fact that they come from different publishers. And I can guarantee you that you will never see a person who needs to speak legalese with anything other than Black’s law Dictionary (BLD).

Furthermore BLD is on its ninth edition. Now, where as the Oxford dictionary will get a revised edition every once in a while, usually due to new words coming into common use, this isn’t the case with the BLD which is regularly updated due to the need to change the meaning of words.

Needless to say, one of the BLD’s most important definitions is that of a 'Person' which it describes as thus: *A person, a group of people, a company or corporation, a group of companies or corporations...* Concrete proof then that a person is a company in the eyes of the law.

Now check on the Oxford dictionaries definition of a person and without me even looking I can guarantee that it won’t be anything like the BLD's version. I will however come to the BLD's reason for their strange definition later.

Now to understand the lengths that the-powers-that-be will go to in order to confuse, trick and manipulate us and also as an indication of how on the ball you need to be in order to out manoeuvre them, consider this:
The word '*IS*’, is a two letter word we use literally 100's of times a day. So if I was to ask you to define the word 'IS' to me, you would have no problem doing so would you?... I said, would you?

Not so easy is it?

Okay, with that in mind you may be surprised to know that BLD reportedly has no less than 18 different meanings for the word 'IS'... Yet you will struggle to give one meaning of the word!

And as a footnote to legalese and also as an example of the contempt the-powers-that-be hold us in, the BLD describes a '*Human Being*' as a '*non person'* or a *'Thing'*. How quaint. You should also bear in mind that now the illuminati have us well and truly hoodwinked, they will fight tooth and nail to keep us that way.

Now, an interesting way in which you are tricked into creating joinder with your Legal fiction Person is by the use of the legalese word, '*Understand*'. For instance if you have ever been arrested, the police will try to get you to create joinder from the offset. The simplest way that they do this is by asking you your name. And as soon as you identify yourself via your name you have automatically created legal joinder and as such are now responsible for any punishment handed down on your legal fiction person via a law court. However, it is also important to remember that the Police, like us, are not privy to this info. Indeed, as far as they are aware, they are just doing their job.

Course, if you refuse to reveal your name you will more than likely be arrested and read your rights. On completion of this you will be asked if you 'understand'. And anyone who does not know any different will naturally assume that the police officer is simply asking you if you "understand" what he has just told you in regard to your rights under the law.
For example: "*you do not have to say anything but anything you do say blah, blah, blah"...*

And by affirming that you 'understand' you have once again been tricked into creating legal joinder. This is because you are not in fact affirming that you understand the caution you have just been read. You are in fact, in law agreeing to STAND UNDER the terms of statute law and stand as surety for

any punishment that your LFP may incur. And these little tricks continue right the way up to the law courts until they have achieved their goal. The goal is to get your money, keep you poor, and keep you working hard for the 'Company'.

In fact every day you inadvertently take responsibility for your LFP without even knowing it. Yet if we were all to one day stop wearing the coat that is our LFP we would all be able to enjoy a far more rewarding, pleasurable not to mention beneficial life.

You see, the Corporate world exists entirely for the benefit of a few. It is a make believe world designed to keep the masses enslaved. The phrase '*working for the rat race*', springs to mind.

And until we rid ourselves of our LFP's we merely exist. We are all born free... Real life is about staying free.

Chapter 21
Terrorism: A modern day fairy tale

First published on my website on the 21st of June 2012… The contents of which are self explanatory…

Are you all sitting comfortably? Good,then I shall begin…

Once upon a time, long long ago in a far away land called Muslim, a baby Devil was born in a cave. However, it was a very big cave, because the baby devil's Mummy & Daddy were very rich. And, the cave needed to be big because the baby devil already had many, many brother and sister devils running around.

However, This was no ordinary baby devil, for as the baby devil's parents already knew; their baby was a gift from Allah ,The great God of Evil.

Now, as with all baby devils born in the evil land of Muslim, the baby devils Father, Natas, immediately took his new born son to dangle him by the ankles over the fires of Hell. In keeping with this centuries old tradition, as soon as the baby devil began to scream in the searing heat of hells fire, Natas called out the words "*Praise yee, oh evil Allah, for blessing us with a son. He shall be known from this moment forward as... Osama of the family Bin Laden*".

Meanwhile, barely 11 years earlier in a land far away from Muslim, a good Christian man sat in a massive mansion staring at his own new born son. And on the face of it the man should have been happy. After all, he had a lovely big house, Millions of Dollars in the bank and on this day, July 6, 1946 AD, his beautiful wife Barbara had just presented him - George Herbert Bush - with a son and heir.

However, the mansion & money meant little to 'Herbie'. After all, pretty much all of the God fearing white men born here, in the country known as America (*The home of the Brave and the land of the free*), had position and wealth. And so, even the birth of his 1st born son, soon to be named George Walker Bush, couldn't lift 'Herbies' spirits.

Nevertheless, as he sat, lovingly cradling his new born son, he looked upwards, with a mournful yet resigned-to-his-fate, look on his face. "*If it be thy will oh lord, then so be it*", Herbie said softly to his creator up in heaven. For God - the one true God - had spoken to Herbie and laid him open to his plans.

This was because God - being all seeing and all knowing - had foreseen the coming of the Antichrist and in readiness for the ultimate battle between good and evil, had sent his own son to Earth; the very same son that Herbie now sat cradling in his arms.

And so, as Herbie asked God for guidance a big beam of light shot through the window engulfing everything in the nursery in a beautiful, warm, Golden light.

In the very same instant Herbie heard God's voice: *"Look after my son well Herbie. School him well in the teachings of the righteous. Make him a man amongst men. Fore I cannot tell you the exact timing of the Antichrist's coming. All that I can tell you is that when he arrives he shall be the epitome of all that is evil and he will be born into wealth, to cave dwellers in the district of Al Qaeda in the land of Muslim".*

"But how will our son know when it's time Lord?" Herbie asked.

"I will send Three Kings to Guide him" God answered. *"They shall be known by the names of Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld and Condoleezza Rice".*

Herbie's brow furrowed. *"But surely Condoleezza Rice is a woman?*" Herbie protested.

"Some would say Herbie, Some would say", replied God.

"Then so be it Lord" Herbie said, bowing his head.

With God having outlined his plans, Herbie, in the time honoured tradition of the west looked up to heaven and said,"*And what's in it for me Lord?"*.

Meanwhile, eleven years onwards, time passed quickly in the evil land of Muslim and Osama Bin Laden, although dogged with ill health, grew both tall and beardy.

Course, like all devils in the evil land of Muslim, Osama had attended the local Primary school as soon as the 1st signs of bum fluff appeared. It was here, that he - *like all Muslims* - learned the art of jealousy. Once jealousy was mastered, usually by around the age of 11, Muslim devils are sent to the local comp where they are taught to channel their jealousy into outright hatred for Democracy.

And so it is that by the age of 14, the average Muslim devil will leave school, provided that he can demonstrate that he is capable of growing a six inch long beard and setting up a market stall selling bland, flowerpot type vessels.

However, for the Elite Muslims such as Osama Bin Laden, They attend the prestigious University of Al Qaeda.
Here Students are expected to grow beards to a minimum length of 8 inches and attend lectures on how to destroy Democracy and obviously, the main focus of these lectures centres around the Democratic Republic of America.

Having graduated from the UOAQ with honours, Osama was ready to begin formulating his master plan. And having been presented with a top of the range Donkey, as a graduation present from his proud father Natas , Osama quickly set about the task of opening a chain of Terrorist Training Schools. From these schools Osama would invite the 'creme dela creme' to come and work with him.

And soon enough, Osama had assembled a terrifying army; The Army he

nostalgically liked to call after his old University: Al Qaeda.

The day of reckoning for Democracy was now finally drawing near.

That day came on September 11 2001. George W Bush, in accordance to his destiny had by now become the President of America. However, the attack, when it came that day was a total surprise to President Bush, the three Kings and the population of America as a whole.

After all - as George Bush said himself - no one could of predicted that 19 aeroplane hijackers, acting on the instructions of Osama Bin Laden, would use stolen airliners as missiles... Could they?

Nevertheless, once the safe, but deadly dust particles had dispersed, George Bush immediately flew to New York to inspect the devastation caused by the hijackers. Incensed by the loss of life Bush, backed by God and the full military might of America, fearlessly Lead his troops into war against the Axis of Evil - from the safety of the White House.

However, it would be nearly a further full 10 years before Osama Bin Laden, would finally be brought to justice and in doing so, put an end to Al-Qaeda. And by then America would have a new President, while George W Bush would be busy doing God’s work elsewhere.

But there is not a man alive today who can deny that they don't owe President George Walker Bush a big thank you for replacing freedom with security. Thank you Mr President,Thank you very much indeed.

The End...#

Don't you just love a good fairy tale? And to be fair, as fairy tales go, that ones a cracker.
Mind you, the truly frightening thing is, that the way things are going those are more or less the exact words that our great, great Grandchildren will be having drummed into their young minds in the future.

In fact, the more aware that you become of what's happening around us right now, then the easier it becomes to predict the school history lessons of the future. Course, by that time, even if there is anyone still alive able to pour scorn on the story, the level of fear imposed on the masses by the state will be such that those people will keep silent.

That is unless the vast majority of people very quickly wise up and do something to stop it. The only problem with that is that the masses are more likely to believe the unbelievable rather than the believable.

A typical example of this was demonstrated on Facebook just last week. You see, a computer nerd somewhere, whose world probably ends at his bedroom door, posted a status declaring that Facebook was about to start charging people to use it.

He added to this statement, a series of tariffs and the instruction for readers to Copy & Paste and within days it was global news on Facebook; not to mention widely accepted as fact.

Indeed, this belief in the nerd's status led to the threat of mass boycotts of the networking site by its members. Others still were saying that charging to use FB was bound to happen sooner or later. Yet none of those who reposted the status had bothered to check on its authenticity.

Not that it should have been necessary to do so in the first place. I mean had these sheeple taken a moment to think about it logically then they would have realised that not only would it have been a disaster for Facebook to start charging; it also wouldn't have been workable for the simple fact that many people - especially the young - don't have credit cards to pay online subscriptions.

Moreover, even if Mark Zuckerberg was silly enough to start charging, I think he would have announced the decision himself, rather than let a computer nerd with too much time on his hands do it. And therein lies the problem. You see, rather than think for themselves, people are prepared to believe the unbelievable.

So okay, maybe my fairy tale is a bit tongue in cheek, but it's still pretty close to the official version of events surrounding 9/11.

It is in fact quite fair to say, bearing in mind the various means available for mass communication these days, that there shouldn't be anyone on earth who, in possession of more than 2 brain cells, still buys into the official version of events surrounding 9/11 and Osama Bin Laden.

Yet the vast majority of people do, despite the official version being a lot more unbelievable than the truth. And as if proof of this mindset was necessary, someone recently said to me that although the Government version of 9/11 was full of holes, the said Government couldn't be behind the attacks because they would know that they would never get away with it.

Yet it is precisely that kind of warped logic that allows our Governments to get away with it. Wasn't it Hitler's propaganda minister, Joseph Goebbels who said; "*The bigger the lie, the more it will be believed"?*

This fact was again clearly demonstrated on May 2nd 2011, the day that Bin Laden finally (According to the American Government) met his maker. The only thing that surprised me about that day is that it wasn't henceforth declared a world holiday. You could in fact, almost feel the Earth sag as it let out a collective, huge sigh of relief now that the Devil incarnate was finally dead.

Yet the fact that Bin Laden was a highly paid CIA agent, who according to a Government source actually died in late 2001 from kidney failure, seemingly counts for nothing. Neither did the fact that despite there not being a shred of evidence to link Bin Laden with 9/11, it didn't stop the BBC, ITV or any other news station for that matter, broadcasting him as being the brains behind the attacks.

The fact that they did was nothing short of slander. After all, even The FBI were not brazen enough to actually accuse him of being responsible for 9/11. At least not on their 'most wanted' poster, which while mentioning the many

crimes that he's wanted for, does not mention 9/11 as being one of them.

Therefore the fact that the BBC did name him as being responsible, while supposedly being an impartial, unbiased TV network, is justification alone to stop paying the TV licence fee. That is if you are one of those people still silly enough to be paying it. The truth is that on May 2nd 2011, the masses were sold another fairy tale, one that they were only too eager to believe and one that; had they sat and thought about it logically, they would have seen it for what it is.

For starters, the American President, Barack Obama - with his support rating at an all time low - needed a popularity boost, especially with the 2012 election looming.

So, in order to boost his ratings (*which worked spectacularly in the short term*) the pentagon had us believe that after 10 years of frantic searching for Bin Laden in caves, nooks and crannies in and around the Middle East and with the best tracking equipment known to man, the Terrorist leader was finally located in a large luxury compound in Abbottabad in Pakistan.

Then, having finally found him and without bothering to inform the Pakistani Government, we are told that Navy SEALS in conjunction with CIA operatives, stormed the compound in a covert operation which ended in the death of Bin Laden... Or should that have been Bin Had?

Now can you Imagine the uproar from the US Govt, if that scenario had been the other way round?

We are then told that, despite Obama and his top Government Cronies supposedly watching this operation taking place live, via satellite pictures (*beats watching a John Wayne DVD I suppose*), all of the initial news reports on the operation were still confusing, conflicting and totally wrong.

In fact all of those early bulletins led us to believe that a fierce firefight had taken place between the Navy SEALS and Bin Laden's bodyguards, who supposedly put up massive resistance.

The yarn then went on to tell us that once those bodyguards had been dispensed with, the SEALS then allegedly located a heavily armed Bin Laden who was finally killed only after bullets had been exchanged by both sides.

Course, whether Bin Laden's "*You'll never take me alive*" last stand made the 'Terrorist' sound too heroic for Obama and Co's liking isn't known. Nevertheless, for one reason or another, the TV and Radio news reports on the operation quickly changed scenarios and we were in fact, now being told that Bin Laden was found unguarded.

Yet reports had it that he was still heavily armed himself while watching TV with his wife... Plausible. After all, isn't it common practice for all terrorists to watch Coronation Street with one arm around the wife and the other around a submachine gun?

However, I digress.
Now, when the SEALS entered his home, a gun battle ensued with Bin Laden, who we are told immediately used his wife as a human shield... Pat on the backs for the White-House spin doctors since Bin Laden was now made to sound like a bit of a coward.

Fast forward a few more hours and the White House press office were still not totally happy. This led to a further improved, final version of events that now had the Navy SEALS storming the unguarded compound where an unarmed Bin Laden was found watching TV with his wife and who In a bid to escape, got his comeuppance.

However, before meeting his maker, Bin Laden had grabbed hold of his wife to use her as a human shield and then pathetically begged for his life while screaming and crying like a frightened schoolgirl. If in doing so Bin Laden was hoping to be spared then his ploy failed miserably because the SEALS shot him anyway.

Now, that being the case, am I the only one left thinking that this means Bin Laden was murdered in cold blood? I mean, does the law not say that

everyone, regardless of race, colour, creed or crime is entitled to a fair trial? Apparently not, at least according to the way the American Government defines justice. But as usual, I once again digress.

Bin Laden's bullet ridden body was then supposedly photographed… Although it was later admitted by the Pentagon that no such photos exist. The [non] photo session was then swiftly followed by a quick search of his house, after which the SEALS - along with Bin Laden's body - quickly evacuated the scene of the crime.

Bin Laden's body was then, or so we are informed, quickly buried at sea. This was despite him not having or coming from a Naval background. No details of the funeral were given, but under the circumstances I can't imagine that it was a very dignified send off.

Yet having now paid the ultimate price for his supposed crimes, was the man not entitled to a decent funeral? Was his family not entitled to say their goodbyes? Once again, apparently not.

We are told that one of the reasons for the quick burial was out of respect for Muslims whose faith requires that their dead to be buried within 24 hrs. Strangely enough, no mention was made of the Muslim Cleric who presided over this Muslim funeral. Presumably there was one? Then again, once more, perhaps not.

The other reason given for the quick burial at sea was apparently to stop Bin Laden's grave becoming a shrine for fundamental extremists. This again is nonsense. I mean when the Child murderer Myra Hindley died, such was the hatred directed towards her from a still angry public that the home office had great difficulty finding an undertaker willing to carry out a funeral. Nevertheless, one was found and her funeral took place late at night, in a secret location.

Furthermore, the worlds press soon got wind of this secret location but the funeral still, nevertheless, went ahead. Hindleys body was immediately cremated and her ashes scattered at a secret location of her own choosing. So,

if we in the UK can do it and with the location of the body already known, then why couldn't the Americans do it with a body that could have been anywhere for all that the press knew?

Moreover, the American Government assured us that DNA samples taken from Bin Laden's body proved that the man they allegedly shot dead was indeed who he was meant to be. The fact that this was confirmed before it was scientifically possible to obtain DNA results - given the time frame and location of his death - apparently mattered not one iota to the worlds press.

We were further told that evidence taken from his house proved that Bin Laden was still a threat to world safety and still very much the top man in the Al Qaeda terrorist organisation. At the same time, the Pentagon contradicted themselves by telling the world that Bin Laden was a pathetic shadow of his former self who spent his days watching old Videos of himself taunting the West and bragging about his exploits.

Presumably these videos of long gone glory days that this frail, tired old man watched, were the ones which had over the course of the 10 year manhunt, subsequently been proven as being CIA fakes.

Nevertheless, the Powers that be in their haste to humiliate Bin Laden further, released a tape (*allegedly also found at his compound*) showing him sat in front of a small TV (*Hardly the type of TV that a multi millionaire living it up in the lap of luxury would have*) watching his glory days.

We are further lead to believe that this taped footage is a home movie which being the case, is most strange and surely begs the question; *who takes a home movie but only films the subject from behind, never once giving the viewer a clear shot of the subjects face?*

We are also told that Bin Laden's body was photographed after he'd been murdered. The world population then held their breath while the US Government agonised over whether or not to release these Photos to further prove beyond all doubt that it was indeed Bin Laden who was killed that night. Finally and very predictably it was decided that the Photographs were

far too gruesome for people to see… Although as I say, it was later stated that no such photos exist.

Nevertheless, presumably the top brass in Washington DC have never heard of Heaven666.com whose website shows the most gruesome film footage and photographs known to man.

Likewise, they must neither have heard of the book Author, Bernard O'Mahoney, whose website will allow you to view extremely graphic autopsy photographs of 3 Essex Gangsters, all shot twice in the head at point blank range with a shotgun. Perhaps Bin Laden's head exploded differently to these 3 gangsters heads which are seen in these easily accessible photos?

Are you starting to get the feeling that you are being mugged off yet?
No?
Okay try this for size. After 10 years of fighting the so called war on terror, the Taliban recently scored what was by far their greatest victory after managing to shoot down a US Chinook helicopter using a hand held surface to air rocket launcher. That fete alone would have qualified as being their greatest hit so to speak.

However, the fact that the helicopter allegedly had on board the Navy SEAL'S who had supposedly murdered Osama Bin Laden, lifted the strike to the heights of which fairy tales are truly made of.

Course, the death of Bin Laden twice in the space of 10 years presented the USA with another problem in the form of people wanting to know as to whether his death would now mean an end to the war on terror. And so, in a near state of panic at that prospect, the White House moved quickly to dispel such talk. Indeed, statements were quickly prepared in order to clarify that whilst Bin Laden was indeed dead, Al Qaeda in fact remained a very real threat to world safety.

We were also further informed that because of the Al Qaeda's leader's death, we were now all in grave danger of being blown to kingdom come in revenge attacks. Now, while it's all very well convincing the general public that they

are still at risk, if there are no bombs going off that threat becomes an empty one.

So, in order to keep the public living in fear, the FBI were called into action. As a result we were informed via the world media of all manner of terrorist plots being thwarted thanks to the hard working undercover FBI agents*.

What the media neglected to mention however, was that these hard working undercover agents were targeting street gangs and promising them vast fortunes in return for planting bombs at locations of the FBI's choosing. Course, your average street gang has limited access to bombs and weapons, but no problem because the FBI provided them also.

Then, just before these street gangs could carry out the FBI's orders, they were all arrested. Unfortunately there are only so many times that the Feds can plan a terrorist attack, finance it , provide the means to carry it out and then arrest those that they have coerced into doing it.

Furthermore, a thwarted terrorist attack actually means very little to Joe Public.
Enter Anwar al-Awlaki, the new public enemy number 1. Yes, just as things were finally beginning to quieten down the US Government proudly announced their latest victory in the war on terror. This victory came in the form of the death of Al Qaeda's new top man , Anwar al-Awlaki. The Pentagon claim that his death came about by American air strikes after he had been located hiding in the Yemen.

And in order to further appease the sceptics, the Americans then had the Yemeni Defence Ministry back their claim. That ought to have been an end to it had it not been for the fact that like Bin Laden before himself, al-Awlaki was also a CIA agent with high ranking friends in the American government.

Mind you, the coincidences don't end there either, because just like Bin Laden, al-Awlaki had already died once before - prior to his second death. Furthermore, as coincidence would have it, al-Awlaki's first demise in December 2009 had happened in pretty much the same way as his second

death had.

Still, you have to hand it to the American government, they are nothing if not consistent. So after putting their heads together they come up with 'Haqqanis'... Who?

Exactly... Now according to 'whistle blower' Paul Craig Roberts, a former assistant secretary of the US treasury as well as the former associate editor of the Wall Street Journal, Haqqanis are a terrorist organisation, far deadlier than Al Qaeda.

Strange then that practically nobody outside of military intelligence has ever heard of them before. Having said that, pretty much nobody had ever heard of Al Qaeda prior to 9/11. That is except for the CIA and the Mujahideen, for whom Al Qaeda, meaning 'The Base', was a code word used by both during the Afghanistan- Russian war.

Nevertheless, this sudden emergence of Haqqanis was brought about to serve two purposes, the first of which was to scare the public now that Al Qaeda had passed their sell by date. The second purpose, according to Paul Craig Roberts was far more sinister and could eventually lead to Armageddon.

Now there can be no doubt that the USA has been trying to provoke Pakistan for some time. This fact was clearly demonstrated in the alleged covert operation to assassinate Bin Laden. So, with that in mind it comes as no surprise then that Haqqanis supposedly hail from Pakistan, where as Al Qaeda wasn't tied to any specific country.

Moreover, the Chairman of the US joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Mike mullen claims that Haqqanis are tied to the Pakistani intelligence service, ISI and it was on their orders that Haqqanis attacked the American Embassy in Kabul, Afghanistan on Sept 13th 2011, along with a US Military base in Wadak Province.

These attacks lead Warmongering US Senator Lindsey Graham, a member of the Armed Services Committee to declare that there was "*broad bipartisan*

support" within Congress for a military attack on Pakistan. Add this to the usual verbal diarrhoea banded about by US politicians that Pakistan is an unstable Nuclear Power and gives shelter to anti American Factions and it is not so much a question of will America invade Pakistan but more a question of When?

The Pakistani Prime Minister,Yousuf Raza Gilani certainly seems to think so anyway. He recently called his Foreign Minister home from talks in Washington and ordered an emergency meeting of the Government to assess the prospect of an American Invasion.

However, according to some Knowledgeable analysts, the real reason behind any US invasion of Pakistan would be more to do with the country's location than the perceived threat from Haqqanis. You see, Pakistan borders with China and as such is the ideal place to launch WW3.

Certainly now would be the right time to do it what with the financial meltdown looking inevitable, Russia in disarray and China preoccupied with dealing with the problems associated with their rapid economic growth. An American invasion of Pakistan on this basis is certainly more plausible than an invasion because of a terrorist organisation. Particularly so if the Foreign Minister of Pakistan, Hina Rabbani Khar is to be believed. He claims that for many years Haqqanis were the Blue eyed boys of the CIA.

You really couldn't make it up y'know.

*On the 14th of May 2012, naturalnews.com released the following article:

If it seems as though the FBI is making a large number of terror busts these days, maybe it's because the agency itself is at least partly responsible for hatching the plots. That has some political observers wondering if the FBI's strategies are making the best use of the nation's limited counterterrorist resources.

In recent months, FBI agents have arrested suspects who were planning a range of terrorist attacks, from shooting Stinger missiles at military aircraft

to driving van loads of explosives into crowded events. But these amazing cases might not have ever been made if the FBI itself wasn't themselves planning the attacks.

A number of these cases were profiled recently in a New York Times op-ed column, which noted that the so-called plots were devised by an agency that seems to be operating as if the nation is so devoid of legitimate threats that it needs to manufacture some in order to seem relevant.

Withstanding legal scrutiny, but still questionable

Consider the case of Oregon college student Mohamed Osman Mohamud. He thought about using a car bomb to attack a well-attended, festive Christmas tree-lighting ceremony in Portland. The FBI gave him a van packed with ***inert*** *explosives consisting of some real, but inactive, detonators and six 55-gallon drums, along with a gallon of diesel fuel.* ***An FBI agent even drove the van.*** *When Mohamud called the cell phone number that was supposed to trigger the explosion, nothing explosive happened, except that he got arrested.*

Was Mohamud seriously considering such an attack prior to the FBI involvement? If so, could he have put it together by himself? Was he working with someone else the FBI doesn't know about who is more of a legitimate threat?

It's hard to say. Obviously Mohamud was at least having bad thoughts, and that's disconcerting in and of itself (though not criminal). But if the FBI had not manufactured an attack, would he have gone through with anything?

Mohamud's case is far from the only one manufactured by the FBI, and it is certainly not the only one that has held up in court. In fact, such operations are not only legal but they are a common counterterrorism tactic employed by the agency in the post-9/11 world. Terror defendants most often try to claim entrapment, but they also most often lose because the law says as long as they showed at least some intent to commit a terrorist act, even if tempted to do so by undercover agents, they are guilty.

Using even the weak-minded to make a case

"Many times," says Dean Boyd, a Justice Department spokesman, "suspects are warned about the seriousness of their plots and given opportunities to back out." But, the Times report indicates recorded conversations show that the warning is not always given, and that in some cases suspects are even encouraged to continue.

Inventing such cases isn't as easy as, say, manufacturing a sting operation where an alleged drug dealer or arms trafficker sells to an undercover agent. That's because those kinds of crimes occur regularly in the United States.

But David Raskin, a former federal prosecutor told the Times, "There isn't a business of terrorism in the United States, thank God."

"You're not going to be able to go to a street corner and find somebody who's already blown something up," he said. "So the goal is to find someone who isn't engaged in terrorism yet but is looking for a real terrorist who could provide them with an opportunity."

You can sometimes get the impression that maybe the FBI is operating off of some sort of counterterrorism quota. Consider one of the most recent cases of thwarting a planned attack:

Of five so-called anarchists who were arrested for ostensibly planning to destroy a bridge in Ohio in late April, three of them had documented mental health issues. One was even talked out of committing suicide in February, ***right before he was enticed to join in the plot by an FBI informant.***

Chapter 22
MONEY MADE EASY

This was the first of many articles that I have written on the money-scam employed by the Monster Elite in order to keep us down at heel...

♬I work all night, I work all day, to pay the bills I have to pay♬
Ain't it sad
And still there never seems to be a single penny left for me♬
♬That's too bad
In my dreams I have a plan
If I got me a wealthy man
♬I wouldn't have to work at all, I'd fool around and have a ball♬...
Money, money, money♬
Must be funny
♬In the rich man's world
Money, money, money
Always sunny♬
In the rich man's world
Aha-ahaaa
♬All the things I could do
If I had a little money
♬It's a rich man's world ♬
...MONEY, MONEY, MONEY - ABBA song 1976.

I wonder if Benny Andersson and Bjorn Ulvaeus, the composers of the above song were aware that when they penned the hit record 36 years ago, that there is much more to be derived from the lyrics than is first obvious… Of course they were.

Course, back in 1976 nowhere near as many people as today were aware of the global money scam, although even now those numbers are still nowhere near enough to put a halt to it.
Therefore the purpose of this article is to try and educate those that don't know.

Now, there can be no doubt in anyone's mind that it is indeed a rich man's world. However, truly accurate figures as to how much of a rich man's world planet earth is are few and far between, but if you work on the widely agreed estimate that 85% of the world's wealth is in the hands of 6% of the world's population, then you won't be far off target.

Mind you, exactly how rich that small minority is, it is impossible to say. In all probability these parasites – *for that is what they are* – are so rich, they probably don't know themselves.

However it is grossly obscene that their wealth can be estimated as being in the trillions when there are over a billion people in the world - a large percentage of whom are babies and small children - dying for want of Food, Water and/or Shelter.
Course, the more research you do on the ruling elite, the more obvious it becomes that those poor starving babies etc, are all dying needlessly and the reason for that all boils down to the needs of these rich psychopaths to control us all.

This control is exercised via the money scam which ultimately allows them to impose their will on us. Indeed, it is a fact that there are more than enough resources and space available to ensure that no one amongst the 7 Billion of us need go without the essential food, water and shelter needed in order for a person to survive. And the fact that those three necessities are deprived to some is nothing short of murder by design.

Nevertheless, once you understand the way that the monetary system works it quickly becomes obvious that it is a scam. It is for this very reason that the monetary system is deliberately designed to appear complicated. That way the vast majority of us believe that we will never be able to fathom out the

complexities of money and thus make no effort whatsoever to understand it.

Moreover, that fact doesn't just apply to your average Joe. It also applies, albeit to a lesser degree, to financial consultants, Bank Managers and even those so called '*money experts*' who appear on our TV's to explain what the latest hike in interest rates means to us all, while at the same time being totally oblivious to the money scam.

In fact, the global elite depend on this ignorance in order to make the scam work. However, the fact that we are being scammed, despite the many smoke screens put in place to hide the fact, just goes to show how pathetic we really are as a species.

Indeed it is bad enough that the scam works on the basis that money is worthless and between 80-90% of money in circulation doesn't actually exist. Furthermore it's almost unbelievable that the scam has been used since the 1700's and is imposed on us as a means of control and enslavement, while at the same time bringing extraordinary wealth and power to those in control.

But what really galls me the most is the fact that we are all so conditioned, controlled, apathetic and gullible that those in the know and who benefit from the scam are so egotistical and hold us in such contempt, that they openly tell us that we are being fleeced!

Two very good examples of this can be seen in the following, famous quotes…

"It is well enough that people of the nation do not understand our banking and monetary system, for if they did, I believe there would be a revolution before tomorrow morning" **- Henry Ford.**

"Give me control of a nation's money and i care not who makes her laws" **– Mayer Amschel Rothschild**.

Now in regard to that first quote given to us by the motor car magnate, Henry Ford, the inference that we are being scammed is blatantly obvious; along

with the serious implications as to the nation's reaction should the scam be uncovered.

The second quote is given to us by Mayer Rothschild, the founder of the modern banking system and therefore chief architect of the money scam. So successful is the scam that it is the Rothschild family who now rule the world. What Mayer Rothschild is saying in his quote is that if he had control of the money supply (The printing and issue of currency), which he & his family did and still do, then they are the real owners of the world… And as I say it is they who wield the real power and control over nearly every single nation in the world.

However, before I explain the way that money works and how it is used to control us, which I shall attempt to do in a way that can be understood by all, you should be aware that the scam isn't a con without end.

You see, the purpose of the scam is and always was to transfer the world's wealth into the hands of a few and enslave the rest of the world's population. The scam is now nearing its conclusion I'm afraid to say and boy, when it does are we and our children going to suffer for our and our ancestor's inertia.

Now, we all like to think we know the value of money. Unfortunately the truth is that most of us don't. This is because money is worthless. For example, get a £5 note, a £10 note and a £20 note and look at them. There isn't much difference in size and printed content, so how can a £20 note be worth twice as much as a £10 note and four times as much as a £5 note?

It can't. The truth is all bank notes are printed en masse and cost pence - if that - to produce.
Course, our banknotes were once backed by our country's Gold reserves. This basically meant that the amount of money in circulation was equal to the amount of Gold that the country had. That's why the words '*I promise to pay the bearer...*' are printed on every single one of our bank notes.

Now what those words mean in theory is that you can take your £20 note to

the Bank of England and exchange it for £20 worth of Gold. However in 1931 *(although it could have been as late as 1935*) our banknotes stopped being backed by gold or anything else for that matter. In doing so, they became valueless, thus those printed words, '*I promise to pay the bearer the sum of*' are now a promise without foundation. This means that our banknotes are nothing more than fancy IOU's... And an IOU is a debt.

Therefore our economy is run on debt. But how does money come into being? Or put another way, how does money get into circulation? I mean we know how it circulates. You go to work, get paid a wage, and spend that money in shops or at the pub. Those shops and pubs in turn spend that money on replenishing stocks and so on and so on... But that is only how the '*money go round*' works.

What I want you to ask yourself is; how does new money get into the system? After all, there isn't a man on every street corner with a pot full of cash; handing out brand new £20 notes to anyone walking passed him is there?... No... But new money has to come into circulation somehow doesn't it? ...Yes.

And the way that money comes into circulation is through debt. Now that isn't as confusing as it sounds. What it means is that every time someone takes out a loan or Mortgage, that money is new money.

Course, this is where the banking scam begins. You see, what happens when you go to a bank for a mortgage or a Loan Company for say a car loan is that the money you are leant is not the banks or the loan companies. And it isn't actually leant to you either, because it is new money that you have created out of thin air, via your signature.

However, I can imagine that there are a few readers scratching their heads right now, which is fine. After all, I did the very same thing the first time I heard that. Mind you, it really is quite straightforward though.

You see, what I am saying is that the company who you believe that you are borrowing money from, be it a Bank or Loan company does not lend you a

penny of their own or anyone one else's money... The law - for all intents and purposes - forbids it for a start.

Instead, what happens is that your signature allows the Bank of England to type the figure you want to borrow onto a computer and add interest to it (More on that added interest later).

And that money, which is no more than numbers on a computer screen, is now in circulation. Yet the Bank or Loan Company didn't create that money. You did, via your signature that you scribbled at the bottom of the contract. This Money - which only exists on a computer screen - is then paid into your bank account or the bank account of the people you are buying the house or car from.

However, being as that money is only numbers on a computer screen, you will hopefully now have a better understanding as to how 80-90% of money in circulation doesn't actually exist. In fact, if everybody went to their bank at 10 AM in the morning and tried to draw all their money out, the banks would have to lock their doors within minutes - having quickly run out of banknotes.

The scam doesn't end there though. You see, as soon as that nonexistent money that you created - *the bank or loan company certainly didn't create it* - is in your bank account, the bank or loan company who brokered your loan tell you that you have to start paying them that money back… Despite the fact it is your money in the first place.

More unbelievably still, they tell you that you have to pay them your money back with added interest; just too really extract the urine from you… How's that for sheer arrogance, front and greed?

What's more, if you default on paying back that money that never existed in the first place, the bank will legally seize the very real assets from under your feet that you used the nonexistent money to buy them with.

However, you haven't heard anything yet though. That is just the start

because not only are you paying your own money back with added interest, under the rules of Fractional Reserve Banking (*And all high street and central banks operate on this system*), the money that you created is doubled by the bank between 10 and 30 times, which they are allowed to pocket for themselves.

Put simply, say you borrow £1000. Now although that £1000 is created by you and as such is your money not the banks, you are made to pay back the £1000 plus interest. Course interest rates vary, so for arguments sake, let's say that the interest comes to £250. That being the case, you needlessly pay back the bank or loan company £1250.

But as I just told you, under Fractional Reserve Banking that money can be doubled up to 30 times. That means that your £1000 has lost you that sum in the belief that it isn't your money, then cost you £1250 to pay the bank back and earned the bank £31,250, just by getting you to sign a piece of paper.

Now imagine hundreds of thousands of people taking out loans everyday for £50,000 or £60,000 a time and you begin to understand where the term '*greedy bankers*' comes from.

The same rules apply to the Government, except they cut out the middle man so to speak and go directly to the bank of England for their loans. Now I want to make this very clear to you that what I am about to say is the one and only reason that this country and virtually every other country in the world is in a mess.

You see, this is the big boy scam if you like. The one that has an ultimate goal, which as you may or may not be aware, has collapsed the Economies of Southern Ireland, Iceland and Greece.

Spain, Italy and Portugal are also very close to collapse and the rest of the world, the UK and the USA included are not far behind them. Therefore, be under no illusions that it is a foregone conclusion that the world economy will collapse at some point in the future and no amount of hot air and bullshit from the likes of our world's leaders and the IMF is going to save us.

Be very aware also, that all our leaders and the IMF along with many other organisations - supposedly there to benefit mankind - are in on the scam. They are puppets put into power by the global elite. And the big-boy-scam was engineered to end in global economic collapse, where at that point, the global elite will have the whole of the world in their pockets.

Indeed, when the collapse finally happens many of us will die as a result of food prices rocketing as the world sinks into a depression, the likes of which has never been seen before.
Then, when enough human misery has been caused and many millions have died, the global elite will step in, wipe off the world's debt and form a one world government - with them as our Lords and masters. Those lucky enough to survive will then become the slaves of the ruling elite.

However, if you doubt any of what I've just divulged then just ask yourself this: Why are countries once rich and prosperous now on the brink of collapse? And if you don't know the answer then I will tell you. It is all because of their and our National Debts.

Think about it? 30 or 40 years ago, a couple would get married, the husband would go out to work and the wife would stay at home raising the kids and they would manage quite nicely on the husband's salary. Nowadays, hardly anyone amongst the working class can survive on one wage. Not only that, look at the cuts to our services. 40 yrs ago you got your dustbins emptied once a week by dustmen who would walk around to your back garden, hoist the metal dustbin over their shoulder, walk it to the dustbin lorry to empty, then return the bin back to your back garden.

There was no talk back then of switching street lighting off after midnight in order to save a few bob on the electricity bill. Neither did you get charged an arm and a leg to park your car… Indeed; it was possible to afford to run a car back then.

Small retail shops also thrived back in the day, whereas now the high streets are deserted waste lands. Neither did the Government have to rely on ever

increasing fines, from petty new laws to help balance the books.

Back then, the Police were there to protect us against real crime, not there to rigorously enforce the new petty laws which have reduced them to the status of Revenue Collectors - aggressive, intolerant ones at that.

The NHS is dying on its feet because it is staffed by inexperienced, overworked, underpaid junior doctors or under skilled, cheap foreign doctors. Why? Well basically because of the continual cuts in the NHS budget, that's why.

Yet in reality, the technological age should have meant that we are all better off, so why are we not? The IMF said in November 2011 that they would take whatever steps necessary to save Europe from collapse. I said at the time that they would do nothing and they have done exactly that.

People are dying, in this country through lack of the basics and to my way of thinking that is a gross national outrage and can only be due to government corruption. I could go on and on at the many ways that things are not as they should be, but this article is about money and I think I've given you enough food for thought for now.

I will however just add that while we all get continually poorer, our corrupt, egotistical, self serving MP's think nothing of taking our hard earned money and using it to decorate their 2nd houses while we often struggle to pay the rent on one overcrowded small flat.

The Queen, a wholly unsavoury woman, is another who people pledge their support to yet she just so happens to be the richest woman in the world (estimates put her as a multi trillion air), who thinks nothing of having us pick up the tab for her Grandsons wedding.

Our MP's do not give tuppence for our plight. They are not working for us; they are self serving puppets who are controlled from behind the scenes by the global elite. I will however provide you with unarguable proof of that fact at the end of this article.

Now, before I get back on track, some more quotes are called for:

"I am one of those who do not believe the national debt is a national blessing... it is calculated to raise around the administration a moneyed aristocracy dangerous to the liberties of the country"... **7th US President Andrew Jackson letter to L. H. Coleman of Warrenton, N.C., 29 April 1824**

"The drive of the Rockefellers and their allies is to create a one-world government combining supercapitalism and Communism under the same tent, all under their control... Do I mean conspiracy? Yes, I do. I am convinced there is such a plot, international in scope, generations old in planning, and incredibly evil in intent"...**Congressman Larry MacDonald.**

"The real truth of the matter is, as you and I know, that a financial element in the larger centres has owned the Government ever since the days of Andrew Jackson"...**32nd US President Franklin D. Roosevelt, letter to Col. Edward Mandell House (21 November 1933)**

"If the American people ever allow private banks to control the issue of their currency, first by inflation and then by deflation, the banks and corporations that will grow up around them will deprive the people of all property until their children wake up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered"...**3rd US President Thomas Jefferson 1816.**

"I am a most unhappy man. I have unwittingly ruined my country. A great industrial nation is controlled by a system of credit. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all our activities are in the hands of a few men. We have come to be one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated governments in the civilized world. No longer a government by free opinion, No longer a government by conviction and the vote of the majority, but a Government by the duress of a small group of dominant men"....**28th US President Woodrow Wilson. 1916.**

“*The world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes*”...UK Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli. 1844...

So there you have it, quotes from powerful men telling it like it really is. Now at this point I would ask you to keep the Thomas Jefferson quote at the forefront of your mind. That quote is paramount to what I am about to tell you and take no notice of the fact that Jefferson was talking about America when he made the quote. You see, the exact same applies to every government who allows a private central bank to issue their nations currency. And as I write, there are only 3 countries that don’t do that...They are however in the firing line of the USA and the UK.

So what happens when our government needs money that they haven’t got? The simple answer is that just like us, they borrow it of course. However, every penny that the Government borrows is supposedly on our behalf and as such we are responsible for paying it back which we do via our taxes.

This borrowed money is what is commonly known as the National Debt, and as I’m sure you all know, it is - according to our government - the size of our National Debt that is to blame for the severe cuts in services that we now have to endure. David “*we’re all in this together*” Cameron has said that the national debt has to be reduced at all costs in order for us to have a brighter future… I would therefore now suggest to you that he is an out and out bare faced liar.

Indeed, if it was a case of merely reducing the national debt then why do the cuts have to be so severe? I mean it would make political and common sense to increase the time frame of the reduction and by doing so the cuts to services wouldn’t have to be so harsh. This would make it easier on the nation and make him much more popular, which as we know is vital for re-election.

However, the real reason for the severity of cuts in services is because the country is having difficulty making the interest repayments on the national

debt. And as long as the interest repayments are being met the country can continue to operate. Course, once we default on the interest repayments the central bank will call in their loans and our economy will collapse.

And that is for all intents and purposes what has happened in Southern Ireland, Greece and Iceland*. Course, they are lucky because they are receiving bailouts from the rest of us. Unfortunately when the rest of the world's economies collapse, there will be no countries left to receive bailouts from.

Not that the cuts have done us any good. In fact far from reducing the National Debt, it has in fact increased and is now for the first time in UK history into the Trillions of pounds. Have you got a Plan B Mr Cameron? No he hasn't... Why not? Because he doesn't need one.

You see, Plan A is working perfectly. The whole idea is to collapse the economy. Yes you read that right but I will repeat it anyway. The whole idea is that the economy will collapse because that is what the bank scam has been working up to.

Course the government, for obvious reasons has to be seen to be trying to prevent this happening but it is a foregone conclusion and here is why: Every time the government goes to the Bank of England (*Our country's central bank*) for a loan, every penny that has been borrowed has interest added on to it. It is for this reason that the national debt can never be paid off and will in fact, on the contrary keep growing until we can no longer afford the interest repayments. To help you better understand what I mean, here is a very simplified example...

Imagine that there is a village that runs on a barter system. And all is fine until people start getting into debt with one another. This means that the barter system breaks down and needs to be replaced by a monetary system. But there is no money in existence in the village, so I as the village leader go and borrow a thousand pounds from a money lender on the village's behalf. The lender is of course happy to lend me £1000 but he adds interest to it meaning we owe him £1250. I agree to the terms and take the £1000 which I

spread around the village so as everyone can pay their debts off and buy food and other essentials. The villagers in turn are going to pay me £5 a week each in tax from their share of the money so as I can pay the loan back. And with the £1000 now in circulation, everyone's happy. But no matter how you look at it, the village still owes £1250 and with only £1000 in circulation it can never be fully paid back. This means eventually that the money is going to be used up, paying back the village debt and I am therefore going to have to borrow more money to keep the village economy going, thus incurring more un-payable interest while at the same time adding more to the village debt...

And this is what has happened to nearly every country in the world but on a much larger scale. Every time our govt borrows money from the central bank, another nail is banged into the UK's coffin… Course, we are not meant to realise this which gives our chancellor, George Osborne who, it has to be said is another thoroughly despicable character, the confidence to shaft us all while at the same time making him appear to be doing his job.

In fact the term quantitative easing (QE) seems to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer, George Osborne's favourite mantra at the moment. This is a perfect example of those in power deliberately making the money system sound unfathomable to us minions in the hope that we will leave them alone to get on with the job of destroying the country.

Course, there will always be some who are not so easily fobbed off and for this reason Osborne's policy has to be seen to have a purpose. So, on the face of it QE does have some short term benefits, but the long term consequences are dire. Now the reason for this is that QE is really nothing more than putting a lump sum of money into circulation, very much in the same way as I did in the village story.

And the more money that is in circulation the stronger the economy is in terms of growth. However, to simplify that for you look at it as the more money you have in your pocket the more that you can do. Nevertheless, the downside of QE is that the cash injection has to come from somewhere, and that somewhere is the central bank, adding further to the national debt and incurring more interest which can never be paid back.

What is really laughable however, yet not many seemed to have latched onto is that Osborne recently announced that he would need to borrow over £11 Billion more that he had envisaged borrowing (All with un-payable added interest don't forget) to invest in an economy that by his own admission is in dire straits with no immediate signs of recovery.

This policy is on a par with you buying a car without an engine or wheels then borrowing money, way beyond your means, to put an engine in your wheeless car. It makes no financially or common sense whatsoever. Worse still, while the cretin Osborne is borrowing Billions to shore up our failing economy he is giving away more than he's borrowing in foreign aid.

And if you need a comparison for that, it is equivalent to you spending all of your money on food, then giving it all away to a tramp that actually doesn't really need it, and then putting yourself in debt to buy yourself more food albeit less than what you need...Madness.

Now surely you're not naive enough to believe that Cameron, Osborne and all the other loathsome puppets that make up the government, including the opposition parties are not aware of this fact?

And while we are on the subject of failing economies, I would imagine that you are under the misguided notion that we are in recession because "*recessions happen from time to time*". But believe me; nothing happens in this world without careful planning.

Now, because the central bank is responsible for the money in circulation, which as I have said gets into the system via loans, those who really run the country from behind the scenes are able to control prosperity and depression.

You see, it works like this; the more loans that the banks make, the more money there is in circulation which creates a 'boom'. This is done by lowering interest rates, thus making loans more affordable… And a boom will be purposely created to get people in debt with the bank… Think about it, your jobs going well, the economy is healthy, you have spare cash in your pocket, what better time then than for 1st time house buyers or those looking

for a bigger house to take the plunge?

However, once the banks have enough people in their debt they will inevitably raise the interest rates on one pretext or another and at the same time reduce the number of loans that they make. This takes money out of circulation, causing a depression.

And so, with less money now in their pocket and increased repayments due to the raised interest rates people begin defaulting on their loans left right and centre, leaving the banks legally entitled to snatch their assets… And all accomplished by lending money that never existed in the first place.

The same is true for the Stock- Market with stock brokers moving trillions of dollars a day around the financial and banking markets. This gives those with clout the power to decide what stocks go up and what stocks go down, which ones soar and which ones crash.
But stock market crashes don’t just happen, they are crashed by design. This is what happened in the great American depression of the 1930’s. The market was purposely crashed leaving those not in the know bankrupt and ruined, many of whom committed suicide. Meanwhile, those in the inner circle such as Joseph Kennedy, Father of assassinated US President, John F Kennedy made untold fortunes out of people's misery.

That then in a nutshell is how money works and how it is used to control us. This just leaves me the job of revealing to you the indisputable proof that our politicians are corrupt to their core and no more than puppet front men for the global elite.

You see, the way things stand the outcome of the banking scam can only end in a global economic crash, as country after country defaults on their national debt. When this happens, the great depression of the 1930’s will look like a picnic compared to the depression that will follow the collapse of the world economy. And all because our leaders borrow money from a central bank. I would now draw your attention back to the earlier quote from Thomas Jefferson.

"***If the American – or any other - people ever allow private banks to control the issue of their currency, first by inflation and then by deflation, the banks and corporations that will grow up around them will deprive the people of all property until their children wake up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered***"*...*

You see, never a truer word was spoken. And the proof that this is indeed now the case is all around us, should you just engage your brain, take a break from watching Eastenders or Coronation Street and look at what is unfolding.

But it doesn't have to be this way because a country's government is quite entitled to print its own currency and put it into circulation without added interest. Should this be done, prices right across the board would tumble, creating a boom the likes of which have never been seen before?

Therefore, if our government were truly working for us and had our best interests at the forefront of their minds, that is what they would do. In fact Abraham Lincoln, the 16th US President did this in direct conflict with the American Central Bank rather than pay their interest charges on the money that he needed to borrow to fight the American civil war.

This move cost him his life when he was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, an assassin funded by the central bank shareholders. And the same can be said for assassinated US President John F Kennedy, who had also put into motion, plans to start printing interest free currency.

Course, assassinations are no longer necessary because it is now the global elite who decide who is to be manoeuvred into Downing Street or the White House, long before the chosen one becomes a household name.

In fact don't ever be fooled into thinking that it is you who decides who is in charge by putting your X on a slip of paper before popping it into a ballot box... Because believe me, you couldn't be more wrong.

*On the 20th of June 2012, the following article was published on itmakessense.com:

Since the 1900's the vast majority of the American population has dreamed about saying "NO" to the Unconstitutional, corrupt, Rothschild/Rockefeller banking criminals, but no one has dared to do so.

Why? If just half of our Nation, and the "1%", who pay the majority of the taxes, just said NO MORE! Our Gov't would literally change over night. Why is it so hard, for some people to understand, that by simply NOT giving your money, to large Corporations, who then send jobs, Intellectual Property, etc. offshore and promote anti-Constitutional rights… You will accomplish more, than if you used violence. In other words… RESEARCH WHERE YOU ARE SENDING EVERY SINGLE PENNY!!! Is that so hard?

The truth of the matter is… No one, except the Icelanders, have to date been the only culture on the planet to carry out this successfully. Not only have they been successful, at overthrowing the corrupt Gov't, they've drafted a Constitution, that will stop this from happening ever again.

That's not the best part… The best part, is that they have arrested ALL Rothschild/Rockefeller banking puppets, responsible for the Country's economic Chaos and meltdown.

Last week 9 people were arrested in London and Reykjavik for their possible responsibility for Iceland's financial collapse in 2008, a deep crisis which developed into an unprecedented public reaction that is changing the country's direction.

It has been a revolution without weapons in Iceland, the country that hosts the world's oldest democracy (since 930), and whose citizens have managed to effect change by going on demonstrations and banging pots and pans. Why have the rest of the Western countries not even heard about it?

Pressure from Icelandic citizens' has managed not only to bring down a government, but also begin the drafting of a new constitution (in process) and is seeking to put in jail those bankers responsible for the financial crisis in the country. As the saying goes, if you ask for things politely it is much easier

to get them.

This quiet revolutionary process has its origins in 2008 when the Icelandic government decided to nationalise the three largest banks, Landsbanki, Kaupthing and Glitnir, whose clients were mainly British, and North and South American.

After the State took over, the official currency (krona) plummeted and the stock market suspended its activity after a 76% collapse. Iceland was becoming bankrupt and to save the situation, the International Monetary Fund (IMF) injected U.S. $ 2,100 million and the Nordic countries helped with another 2,500 million.

Great little victories of ordinary people

While banks and local and foreign authorities were desperately seeking economic solutions, the Icelandic people took to the streets and their persistent daily demonstrations outside parliament in Reykjavik prompted the resignation of the conservative Prime Minister Geir H. Haarde and his entire government.

Citizens demanded, in addition, to convene early elections, and they succeeded. In April a coalition government was elected, formed by the Social Democratic Alliance and the Left Green Movement, headed by a new Prime Minister, Jóhanna Sigurðardóttir.

Throughout 2009 the Icelandic economy continued to be in a precarious situation (at the end of the year the GDP had dropped by 7%) but, despite this, the Parliament proposed to repay the debt to Britain and the Netherlands with a payment of 3,500 million Euros, a sum to be paid every month by Icelandic families for 15 years at 5.5% interest.

The move sparked anger again in the Icelanders, who returned to the streets demanding that, at least, that decision was put to a referendum. Another big small victory for the street protests: in March 2010 that vote was held and an overwhelming 93% of the population refused to repay the debt, at least with

those conditions.

This forced the creditors to rethink the deal and improve it, offering 3% interest and payment over 37 years. Not even that was enough. The current president, on seeing that Parliament approved the agreement by a narrow margin, decided last month not to approve it and to call on the Icelandic people to vote in a referendum so that they would have the last word.
The bankers are fleeing in fear

Returning to the tense situation in 2010, while the Icelanders were refusing to pay a debt incurred by financial sharks without consultation, the coalition government had launched an investigation to determine legal responsibilities for the fatal economic crisis and had already arrested several bankers and top executives closely linked to high risk operations.
Interpol, meanwhile, had issued an international arrest warrant against Sigurdur Einarsson, former president of one of the banks. This situation led scared bankers and executives to leave the country en masse.

In this context of crisis, an assembly was elected to draft a new constitution that would reflect the lessons learned and replace the current one, inspired by the Danish constitution.
To do this, instead of calling experts and politicians, Iceland decided to appeal directly to the people, after all they have sovereign power over the law. More than 500 Icelanders presented themselves as candidates to participate in this exercise in direct democracy and write a new constitution. 25 of them, without party affiliations, including lawyers, students, journalists, farmers and trade union representatives were elected.

Among other developments, this constitution will call for the protection, like no other, of freedom of information and expression in the so-called Icelandic Modern Media Initiative, in a bill that aims to make the country a safe haven for investigative journalism and freedom of information, where sources, journalists and Internet providers that host news reporting are protected.

The people, for once, will decide the future of the country while bankers and politicians witness the transformation of a nation from the sidelines.

Chapter 23
Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few - Winston Churchill... He wasn't fucking lying, dontcha know

This article takes a look at democracy & hypocrisy...

We supposedly live in a Democracy don't we?

Well yes we do, but we don't... Well not really anyway.
That is unless you describe a Democracy as a country that gives you the illusion of choice whereby you can cast a vote that will realistically allow one of two political parties - who given the majority of these votes - the power to form a Government.

But that is where the Democracy ends and as I have just stated; your vote is an illusion of choice - Nothing more.
I mean ask yourself this; *"Has any political party in government ever made a real difference to your standard of living*"? And no doubt some of you will say “yes” and point to Maggie Thatcher's Tory Govt of the 1980's.

And to be fair, strictly speaking, I suppose for some of you that could be said to be true. However, I doubt it was to a life changing extent. Furthermore, Maggie's reign was put in place to create that false boom. Indeed, it would have been the same type of boom no matter who was at the helm of the Conservative party at the time.

Now I was one of those people working while Maggie in power although personally, I actually earned a lot more money while the Corpse

masquerading as John Major was the Prime Mincer. And that was only through my own hard work because there was actually a major recession on at the time (no pun intended).

Furthermore - and as Maggie knew all too well - the prosperity of the "*Loadsa Money*" 1980's was brought about at the vast cost to future generations. You see, what Maggie Fuctcher actually did was deliberately take away the power and rights of the the working man, in what was then, the beginning of an agenda to strip future generations of their basic civil liberties - An agenda that has not only worked to perfection, but has also still gone pretty much unnoticed by the vast majority of the dumbed down UK population; a population who are too preoccupied with modern gadgets and propaganda TV programs to even notice or care.

Course, in order to do so she had to fool the nation into thinking that she was the greatest leader since the war time Rothschild puppet, Winston Churchill - Another corrupt, depraved politician who to this day is still unbelievably hailed as a hero... He wasn't, he was in fact corrupt to the core.

So, what better way to fool a gullible population then, than giving them the illusion that they were well off?

Nevertheless, the truth is that there isn't a choice in our democracy. The Conservative Party is the Labour Party is The Liberal Party is the UK Independence Party. Choosing which one to vote for is no different from choosing whether to shop in Tesco, Sainsbury's, Morrisons or Asda... They all sell the same packages at the same price.

Furthermore, until the population as a whole wake up nothing will ever change. Britain is governed by Europe who in turn is governed by the Corporations and Banksters via elitist groups such as Bilderberg.

Course, if you are still under the delusion that our government are working for us, just ask yourself this question: "*Why do the Government continue to borrow £billions on a daily basis from a Central Bank, when that borrowed money is lent with added interest*”?

Did you know that our corrupt, puppet leaders are entitled to print their own currency - with no added interest? ... But they don't.
Did you know that if they did exercise that right to print their own currency, prices would go into free fall for literally everything from food and clothing right through to houses and cars... But still they don't.

Furthermore, if the Government turned around and flatly refused to pay off the National Debt - a debt deliberately acquired through corruption and stealth - your income tax would be a tiny fraction of what it is now... If anything at all... But they won't.

In fact our Government - which ever Political flag they masquerade behind - has the ability to give us a lifestyle that we can only dream about. In fact, all of the Governments of the world have that power... But they won't.

You see, they won't adhere to any of the above because the government are not working for us. In fact, by voting them into power we are actually contributing to our own misery... And we are supposedly the most intelligent life on Earth. Really? We don't sound very intelligent to me.

So once we have exercised our 'democratic right' to vote in a Government, that in theory may be the choice of just over half of the population, any sort of democracy that we imagine we had, promptly disappears.

Indeed, promises that elected these carefully pre-selected politicians to power are quickly broken with excuses like "*We couldn't possibly have foreseen....* " or "*We find ourselves unable to make good on our promise to Blah Blah Blah, because of the mess that the last Government left us to clear up*".
They are then free to spend the next 3-5 years doing what the hell they please. Course you can be sure that in doing so, they are not serving us or looking after our interests... Not by any stretch of the imagination. For instance:

Would you choose to give away borrowed Billions - With added interest - in foreign aid, to superpowers such as India?

Would you choose to give away borrowed Billions - With added interest - to prop up a currency that is nothing to do with us and which we opted out of joining?

Would you choose to add to the decline of our country's crumbling economy - An economy that by our own Chancellor of the Exchequer's admission can expect to see negative growth over the next 5 years - by injecting billions of pounds, borrowed with added interest in the form of *'Quantitative Easing*'? Especially while at the same time knowing that in doing so, you will cause further problems in the not too distant future?

I strongly suspect not.
And who benefits from the above? We the people certainly don't… But the Central Bankers do... Oh don't they just. So you tell me; Where is the Democracy?

In fact it is this corrupt, unnecessary borrowing that has led to our Trillion Pound and rising National Debt. A debt that can never be repaid because of the added interest... Unless of course our Queen does the noble thing and pays it off for us... She could... But she wont.

Course, a Trillion Pound is just a figure as far as the apathetic population of the UK is concerned. I mean have you ever given a thought to just how much a Trillion Pound is?
A trillion Pounds = £1,000,000,000,000. That's 12 zeroes to the left of the decimal point. A trillion is a million million Pounds.

And by way of an example; if your take home pay after taxes was £10,000 per hour and you worked 8 hours a day, 50 weeks a year (2 weeks off for good behaviour), You would have to work 50,000 years to earn one trillion Pounds.

Yet that is the extent of the National debt run up by those supposedly acting in our best interests. And if you believe that they are then you will believe anything. Our Government are merely front men for those who really hold

power.

In fact, the depths that our puppet government leaders are prepared to sink to in order to gain a pat on the head from their masters is absolutely breathtaking.

For instance yesterday, without the merest hint of shame and seemingly totally oblivious to his own hypocrisy, David Cameron, a pampered, smarmy public schoolboy, publicly slammed Comedian Jimmy Carr for daring to legally save himself a few quid in taxes.
And what do we pay our Taxes for?

Well, the majority of our tax payments go towards paying the interest repayments on a National Debt which as I have just said, is now over a Trillion Pounds.

A National debt that despite tough austerity measures is still rising.

A National debt that Criminals like Cameron and his equally corrupt chancellor George Osborne add to on a daily basis by borrowing Billions of pounds - with added interest - from the Central Bank, whether we like it or not.

Take Greece, a prime example of what happens when you can't afford to pay the interest on your national debt. Unemployment there is rife, wages have been slashed to below poverty levels. Basic amenities such as Gas, Electric and running water are no longer guaranteed.

Suicide rates have gone through the roof. People are queueing in their thousands for free food handouts - handouts by those more fortunate I hasten to add, not by the Greek government. And worst of all, children are being abandoned by families who are no longer able to feed them - Economic Collapse, coming to a country near you sooner than you think.

Course, you won't hear any government say that the problem was caused by the central bank scam... Ohhh no.

You will however hear the likes of IMF chief Christine Lagarde - The Central Banks pet puppet - blame the Greeks for bringing the problem on themselves for... Wait for it... Not paying their taxes.

Taxes that would have gone towards making the interests repayments on their National debt... That was created through the Greek Government borrowing from the Central bank instead of printing their own currency.
In fact there is only one word that I can use to describe Christine Lagarde and that word is Cunt. And while that word may offend some readers, answer me this; What do you call a person who sits in judgement of others for not paying their taxes while earning a tax free yearly salary of £298,675 topped up with a tax free allowance of £83,760, payable without justification?

A Cunt perhaps?

Finally, let’s have a look at our Prime Ministers breathtaking hypocrisy that I made mention of earlier. Below is just one of the many articles published yesterday in the Corporate owned mainstream media giving details about Cameron's condemnation of Jimmy Carr.
Immediately below that article is another article published in the Guardian in April of this year, the contents of which are self explanatory... You really couldn't make it up, don't cha know.

David Cameron slams comedian Jimmy Carr's 'morally wrong' tax arrangement.

20/6/12

Prime Minister David Cameron today branded comedian Jimmy Carr "morally wrong" for seeking to avoid taxes.
In an interview with ITV News, he said reports of Carr's tax arrangements suggested that he was involved in "straightforward tax avoidance".

And he said it was unfair on the people who pay to watch the comic perform that he is not paying his taxes in the same way that they do.
Speaking during a round of TV interviews during his trip to Mexico, the PM said: "I think some of these schemes - and I think particularly of the Jimmy Carr scheme - I have had time to read about and I just think this is completely wrong.

"People work hard, they pay their taxes, they save up to go to one of his shows. They buy the tickets. He is taking the money from those tickets and he, as far as I can see, is putting all of that into some very dodgy tax avoiding schemes.

"That is wrong. There is nothing wrong with people planning their tax affairs to invest in their pension and plan for their retirement - that sort of tax management is fine.
"But some of these schemes we have seen are quite frankly morally wrong.
"The Government is acting by looking at a general anti avoidance law but we do need to make progress on this.

"It is not fair on hard working people who do the right thing and pay their taxes to see these sorts of scams taking place."
Mr Cameron said he had not had time to look at allegations relating to singer Gary Barlow, who has also been subject to newspaper investigations.
It comes after Mr Carr broke his silence over claims that he dodged tax, insisting: "I pay what I have to and not a penny more."

The funnyman is said to have used an aggressive - but legal - tax-avoidance scheme which enables members to pay income tax rates as low as 1%.
Carr, who has famously lampooned fat cat bankers, reportedly protects some £3.3 million a year by channelling cash through Jersey-based company K2 which then returns the money in the form of a loan. This is not subject to income tax.

He spoke out last night amid claims that members of Take That - Gary Barlow, Howard Donald, Mark Owen and their manager Jonathan Wild - invested at least £26 million in another scheme run by Icebreaker Management Services.
Carr was confronted over his own financial arrangements during a show in Tunbridge Wells, in Kent.
Challenged by a member of the audience who told him "You don't pay tax", he replied: "I pay what I have to and not a penny more", The Times reported.
It came after he appeared to make light of the furore surrounding his payments to HM Revenue and Customs (HMRC).

He asked: "Got through the papers? I haven't really been through the papers today. The Murdochs are after me..."
Carr is said to be one of more than 1,000 beneficiaries who shelter some £168 million from the taxman each year using K2.
Fellow comic Frankie Boyle took to Twitter in apparent condemnation of his alleged tax-avoidance.

*He wrote: "It's ok to avoid tax providing every time you do a joke about a town being s*** you add 'Partly down to me I'm afraid' under your breath."*
Carr courted controversy last year after making a joke about a car crash in the wake of a pile-up on the M5 that claimed seven lives.
Writing on Twitter, he said: "An (sic) couple married for 66 yrs died within 3 days of each other.

"That's nothing. My grandparents died on exactly the same day.... car crash."
He later apologised, insisting his remarks did not relate to the accident in Somerset.

Barlow, Donald, Owen and Wild are among almost 1,000 people who contributed £480 million to 62 partnerships in music industry investment schemes, The Times reported.
A Revenue and Customs spokesman said it had successfully challenged an avoidance scheme run by Icebreaker 1 LLP, winning on the main arguments in the tribunals.
The spokesman said: "This type of scheme will fail where there is circular borrowing which serves no economic purpose or which cannot, in fact, be used in a trade.

"We are now preparing to litigate Icebreaker 2 but for legal reasons cannot say more at this time.
"We examine the implementation of avoidance schemes in detail and will not let any aspect of these cases go unchallenged."
HMRC said the K2 scheme was already under investigation.

THE GUARDIAN

CAMERON FAMILY FORTUNE MADE IN TAX HAVENS

20/4/12

David Cameron's father set up offshore investment funds which explicitly boasted of their ability to remain outside UK tax jurisdiction. Photograph: Dan Kitwood/PA

David Cameron's father ran a network of offshore investment funds to help build the family fortune that paid for the prime minister's inheritance, the Guardian can reveal.

Though entirely legal, the funds were set up in tax havens such as Panama City and Geneva, and explicitly boasted of their ability to remain outside UK tax jurisdiction.

At the time of his death in late 2010, Ian Cameron left a fortune of £2.74m in his will, from which David Cameron received the sum of £300,000.

Cameron and other cabinet members have recently suggested that they would be willing to disclose their personal tax filings amid growing scrutiny following the budget, but this would only shed light on annual sources of income rather than accumulated wealth or inheritance.

The structure employed by Cameron senior is now commonplace among modern hedge funds, which argue that offshore status can help attract international investors. UK residents would ordinarily have to pay tax on any profits they repatriated, and there is nothing to suggest the Camerons did not.

Nevertheless, the dramatic growth of such offshore financial activity has raised concerns that national tax authorities are struggling to pin down the world's super-rich.

Ian Cameron took advantage of a new climate of investment after all capital controls were abolished in 1979, making it legal to take any sum of money

out of the country without it being taxed or controlled by the UK government.

Not long after the change, brought in by Margaret Thatcher after her first month in power, Ian Cameron began setting up and directing investment funds in tax havens around the world.
Leaving his full-time role as a City stockbroker, Ian Cameron went on to act as chairman of Close International Asset management, a multimillion-pound investment fund based in Jersey; as a senior director of Blairmore Holdings Inc, registered in Panama City and currently worth £25m; and he was also a shareholder in Blairmore Asset Management based in Geneva.

However, the family will – a public document seen by the Guardian – only details the assets of Ian Cameron's estate in England and Wales. Offshore investments would only be listed in submissions to HMRC for inheritance tax purposes. It is unclear what those assets – if any – are worth and which family member owns them.
In 2009 the compilers of the Sunday Times Rich List estimated Ian Cameron's wealth at £10m.

He was survived by his wife, Mary Fleur Cameron, who as his spouse would not have had to pay inheritance tax on sums transferred between them.
In 2006 Ian's eldest son, Alexander, became the sole owner of the family's £2.5m house in Newbury, Berkshire, where David had been brought up. Another family home in Kensington, London, worth £1m, passed to his two daughters in equal share.

Cameron's father was "instrumental" in setting up the Panamanian company, Blairmore Holdings, in 1982, which was exempt from UK tax, when David was a pupil at Eton aged 16.
The fund shares its name with the family's ancestral home in Aberdeenshire, Blairmore House, in which Ian Cameron was born in 1932 but which the family no longer owns.

A lengthy prospectus for Blairmore Holdings written in 2006 and meant to attract high net worth "sophisticated" investors, with at least $100,000 to buy shares, is explicit about how the fund sought to avoid UK tax. At the time

more than half of the fund's 11 directors were UK nationals.

Under Panamanian law the fund was excluded from taxation derived from other parts of the world.

"The fund is not liable to taxation on its income or capital gains as long as such income or capital gains are not derived from sources allocated within the territory of the Republic of Panama," the 2006 prospectus reads.
"The Directors intend that the affairs on the Fund should be managed and conducted so that it does not become resident in the United Kingdom for UK taxation purposes. Accordingly ... the Fund will not be subject to United Kingdom corporation tax or income tax on its profits," the prospectus continues.

The investor document also credits Ian Cameron as a founder member of Blairmore Holdings and states that as an adviser he would be paid $20,000 a year – the highest paid director – whatever profits were realised.

In fact, the long-term Panamanian investment fund performed above market rate over many years averaging a 116% return from 2002-2007. Today many of the fund's largest holdings are in blue-chip stocks such as Apple, Unilever and Coca Cola.
Before his death, aged 77, Ian Cameron was also chairman and shareholder of Close International Equity Growth Fund Ltd, registered in Jersey and worth £9m according to papers filed in 2005. In that year just under half of the fund's holdings were in UK listed stocks.

A third fund set up in Geneva, Switzerland, had a shorter life span and finally dissolved in 2007 but had many of the same registered shareholders as the Panamanian outfit. These included a number of former employees of Panmure Gordon, the stockbroking firm where Ian Cameron spent much of his career and those from Smith and Williamson investment management where Cameron senior was a consultant.

One notable investor into the Panama fund was a charity established by Tory peer Lord Vinson. Accounts from 2009 show that a charitable trust set up

under his own name invested £82,000 into the fund – almost one quarter of its investments in shares.
Vinson's trust that year went on to donate tens of thousands of pounds to rightwing think tanks including the Institute of Economic Affairs and Civitas.

David Cameron has recently remarked on companies who have taken advantage of offshoring to legally avoid tax. Speaking at the start of the year to small business leaders in Maidenhead, he said: "With the large companies, that have the fancy corporate lawyers and the rest of it, I think we need a tougher approach.
"One of the things that we are going to be looking at this year is whether there should be a general anti-avoidance power that HMRC can use, particularly with very wealthy individuals and with the bigger companies, to make sure they pay their fair share."

The row also comes as the top rate of tax was lowered in last month's budget from 50p to 45p and the rate of corporation tax continue to drop to achieve the chancellor's ambition of giving the UK one of the lowest rates of corporation tax in the G7.
Responding to opposition criticisms over the lowering of the top tax rate, Cameron said: "The cut in the 50p tax rate is going to be paid five times over by the richest people in our country."

Downing Street said it did not want to comment on what was a private matter for the Cameron family.

A spokesperson added: "The government's tax reforms are about making sure that some of the richest people in the country pay a decent share of income tax."
The investment managers Smith and Williamson, for whom Ian Cameron worked, chose not to comment.

Chapter 24
Drills of the Dead: Maine Prepares for Zombie Attack

First published on the 26th of June 2012…

Over the past couple of months I have been reading more and more about isolated incidents of what the mainstream media have been calling '*Zombie Attacks*'. However, I have somewhat shied away from reproducing these articles because as I say, they have been isolated incidents and to be frank, the general public as a whole more or less dismiss the existence of the so called Reptilians, so they are definitely not going to buy into the idea of Zombies inhabiting the world.

Nevertheless, it has now got to the stage where Emergency Drills and training exercises are being carried out by the Emergency services (*which therefore follows that they are being done so with the backing or on the orders of the security services*), with the scenario being that of a Zombie attack.

Course. the fact that these isolated incidents and now this training exercises have all been reported in the media means that I can no longer continue to ignore them.
Indeed, I firmly believe that even those people who don't buy into the NWO and the many possible ways in which it is meant to be brought about (e.g *UFO attack/ Nuclear bomb*), have a underlying sense of unease about the future, albeit they don't know why.

Now, one of those ways in which the NWO was meant to be put in place was via an alien attack, which was scheduled to take place during the Olympics. And with that in mind, is a Zombie attack any less plausible? To my mind a Zombie attack, started by a released virus is every bit as likely as that of an attack on Earth from outer space.

Furthermore, it is without doubt that the Elites like to give us clues as to their plans via Hollywood blockbusters (Alien attack, war, 9/11) and they further like us to get used to the idea and that the said idea is plausible via the gradual increase in reports via the Mainstream media (*UN have appointed a minister for space, Egypt, Libya, Syria being next etc, etc*).

It is also true to say that there has been, within the passed 10 years, a huge increase in big budget Zombie type movies (Day/ Dawn/ Night of the dead and Zombieland to name but a few) and then there are those films that have the world threatened by the release of a top secret biological weapon (The Fog) or via a virus (Resident evil, I am legend, both of which see the people who are lucky enough to survive attacked by Zombies). That begs the question: Coincidence or deliberate?

Which ever it may be, the increase in Zombie type news reports are now at a level where I can no longer dismiss them, regardless of how ludicrous they may sound to the majority of people. Below is the latest Zombie news.

RT News
26/6/12

Emergency officials in Maine have taken part in a training exercise in preparation for a zombie apocalypse. This comes just weeks after the federal government publicly denied the existence of zombies.

Around 100 emergency responders from eight different counties participated in the event in the quiet city of Bangor.

The premise: an unknown virus originating from Jamaica has reached Maine, turning the infected into zombies. Once infected, the virus quickly spreads to the brain, and turns the host into a full-fledged zombie, who has only one thing on its mind: biting other people.
The officials were armed with two would-be vaccines – one to prevent the infection from reaching the brain, and one to bring the zombies back to life.

“We have identified in several states, particularly Texas, New York, Illinois outbreaks of these civil disturbances and biting,” one official said. “And in conjunction with that there are also widespread power outages.”

The event may have been a staged act, with locals playing zombies, but it gave emergency responders an opportunity to prepare for a real life epidemic.

“This gives us the opportunity to do something a little bit different, but it still has the same principles that would apply in a real situation,” Kathy Knight, director of the Northeastern Maine Regional Resource Center told the Bangor Daily News. Emergency workers "need to figure out what they need, how they’re going to respond and how they are going to share their resources to respond to the disaster. They need to know who to go to outside their community to find the resources they don’t have, so it’s a different twist.”

The training exercise comes just several weeks after the US Center for Disease Control publicly denied the existence of zombies.

Rumors of a “zombie apocalypse” have been on the rise after a series of disturbing incidents.
In Florida, police caught a naked man chewing on the face of another person. They eventually shot him dead after unsuccessfully trying to push him away from the victim.
In Maryland, an engineering student allegedly stabbed a man to death and ate his heart and brain.

In Canada, a porn actor was detained on charges that he had killed and dismembered his lover. He is alleged to have recorded a video of himself copulating with some of the body parts, and consuming others. He is also suspected of sending the limbs of the victim to the headquarters of political parties, as well as two schools in Vancouver.

Chapter 25
Facebook: The Devil's Playground For Social Misfits

Now just to avoid any confusion, I should explain that when I wrote this my main income was still coming from my job as a Tattoo Artist as opposed to a writer.
Nevertheless, this post was written to demonstrate the huge drop in moral standards...

Do I have Facebook? Yes, of course I do, who doesn't?
Well, some of the older generation may not, I suppose, but apart from them, pretty much everyone else does.
Facebook (FB), as I'm sure I do not need to tell you is a Social Networking Site. I personally associate the words 'Social' & 'Networking' as meaning 'mixing with other people in order to further a common goal.

This is why my FB is geared up around promoting my work and myself in my capacity as a Tattoo Artist & Body Piercer. Furthermore, with 99% of my business now coming via my FB, it has to be said that as a networking site, Facebook works.

Now obviously, it goes without saying that I also use my FB to keep in contact and up to date with my friends. However, out of the 884 'friends' on my FB, there are only about 20 or 30 who I can really say are my actual friends. The other 850 or so are either customers or potential customers and to my way of thinking, that is what a networking site is all about.
Now, pushing FB to one side for a moment, I should explain that I am what you would call a people watcher. I listen to what they have to say and watch how they act. So, fair to say then that people fascinate me.

Moreover, while not wishing to brag I have always been very perceptive

about people and I am quite proud of the fact that 9 times out of 10, I am right in how I perceive them. Indeed, it is in fact not untrue to say that; in the majority of cases I can get a measure on someone within 15 minutes or so of first meeting them.

Having said that, those of you who know me will know that I make no secret of the ‘downer’ that I have on people. You see, I deal with the public on a one to one basis daily in my job and I have reached the conclusion that people are becoming needier & more self obsessed than ever before.

I do in fact find it both annoying and frustrating that people - *or should that be sheeple* – refuse to think for themselves, take blame for their actions and refuse to see what is staring them straight in the face. And by that, I am of course referring to what is going on in this country and indeed, the world.

However, it is pleasing to note that a significant number of people are now slowly becoming a lot more aware of what is going on. Unfortunately, the fact still remains that the vast majority of people are still so mind controlled and deeply embedded into 'the system', that they simply are unable to see the direction that our government is steering us and the pitfalls that await us, once we get there.

In my recent article, **Monsters Inc,** I did attribute some of this social blindness to people’s natural inbuilt coping mechanism. This mechanism, which Psychologists’ say is triggered when a person is forced to step outside of their comfort zone, does not allow that person to accept any truth other than his or her own. Sadly, these people are the ones who will never learn. That is to say, they won’t until it is too late to change things.

You also have the type of person who knows that things are far from how they should be, but are of the opinion that there is nothing that they can do to change the situation... So they do exactly that; nothing.

Others, commonly known as the 'timid sheeple', are just too scared to object for fear of what the consequences will be if they do. These sheeple, whose aim in life appears to stop at having the ability to lose themselves among the

flock - *where they feel safe* - are the worst offenders in my book. Their apathy will not make the situation go away. On the contrary, it will hasten the process. These people need to wake up and realise that it is the Government who are meant to be afraid of the people - not the people who are afraid of the Government.
This type of person is the kind that our corrupt government thrive on. It was in fact this type of person who submissively walked into the Nazi gas chambers during WW2. And there were allegedly at least 6 million of them... Although that is highly doubtful, but that is another story.

But what does all this have to do with FB, I hear you ask? Good question. You see, as I said earlier, I have around 850 people on my FB friends list who are not my friends in the true sense of the word. It is in fact safe to say that I don't actually know the vast majority of these people from Adam. That said, I have spoken to nearly every one of them on at least one occasion. After all, these people add me because they want a tattoo done so they normally speak to me at least once.

And whenever anyone adds me, unless I am already aware of who they are, I tend to have a nosy at their profile info and photos, etc. I do so in part because as I have said, I am a people watcher. However, I do so in the main as a means of safeguarding myself since a lot of those who add me tend to be under 18 (*the legal age in the UK for a tattoo is 18*).
Course, these days, tattoos are now so mainstream that you cannot bracket the type of person to have one. I have in fact, to my knowledge tattooed: Policemen, Firemen, Paramedics, Nurses, Bank staff, Accountants, MacDonald employees, Builders, Models and drunken yobs, to name but a few.

So, it is fairly safe to assume that the 850 people or so currently on my FB friends list, and who are not real friends, will be made up from a cross section of society.
And as an aside, I do not think that I need to dwell too long on how closely the government's security service’s monitor us here on FB. In fact I will take it as read that you are already aware of that fact.

However, this wide range in diversity amongst those who use FB is certainly one of the reasons for the government doing so, allowing them to gain an insight into the mood of the country.

Another of their reasons for spying on us is to keep an eye on how their various human agendas are panning out. These agendas range from how dumbed down the nation has become, through to causing racial disharmony via the [nonexistent] terrorist threat (*in order to keep us divided*).

Indeed, you have to remember that the only way that they can keep us from becoming a threat to their corrupt reign of power is by having us divided and at each other's throat. I mean Dog forbid we should ever get together as one and see these greedy, corrupt psychopaths for what they really are.

Course, having said that, it is worth noting that some of us are monitored a lot closer than others. This is so as when the shit hits the fan - which it will do - the government will know exactly whose houses they need to dispatch their goons off to. But that is also a different story.

So, of my 850 'friends' who aren't really my friends, I would estimate that roughly 15 - 20% of them never post anything on FB. A similar percentage will only post game scores etc. I tend to hide postings made by these people being as their game postings are just an irritation and tend to clog up the news feed... But I digress... As usual.

A further 20 - 25% or so are made up of those who will post maybe once, or twice a day- occasionally more. Others within that 20 - 25% bracket will often only post once or twice a week. These posts, although not always interesting to me, will be valid, well thought out, intelligent, and have significance.

However, it is the remaining 35-45% that concerns me. These people would appear to have extremely narcissistic tendencies. And the fact that they are so obviously transparent does not alter the fact that if FB is representative of a nation, then 35-45% equates to around 20 - 30 million adults (16+) in the UK alone.

Moreover, all of these remaining people can be bracketed into one social category or another, none of which instill me with much hope that one day we will all wise up, turn around, and say enough is enough.

However, before I list the various categories that these people fit into, I ought to point out that everyone gets a little down now and again. Likewise, everyone gets ill and feels sorry for their self once in a while. When these and other lousy things happen, there is nothing wrong with sharing it on FB. I personally have a genuine empathy with people who are suffering through no fault of their own.

Nevertheless, it is people who continually seek sympathy, kudos or an ego boost without deserving it that fit into these social categories. You can in fact gain a huge insight into what a person is like by the type of status that they regularly post. Furthermore, over a period of time you begin to notice a reoccurring theme building up among these people.

So, if I - *in my capacity as an amateur people watcher* - can gain an insight into what these people are like, the government analysts must be having a field day. It is therefore little wonder that the authorities so openly take the piss out of us. They have no reason to do so covertly when so many people are so wrapped up within their own little worlds that anything else ceases to matter.

Now, as it happens not many of my FB friends take an interest in this site or what I have to say and as such, I doubt many will even read this. After all, why would they? They are my FB friends through their interest in tattoos; not with political matters.
Having said that, I still wouldn't moderate what I have to say for fear of upsetting anyone anyway. After all, sometimes being blunt is the only way to get through to people and while it pains me to say it; many people really do need a kick up the backside.

Mind you, strangely enough I am often described as "*being a blunt*"... At least that is what I think they say about me. Then again, I am a little deaf.

Certainly, I have in the past noticed in this site's statistics that on two occasions; someone has typed into Google the words 'big mouth' and then been directed here.

So with that in mind, I feel that I should point out to anyone on my FB friends list who does happen to read this and thinks that they may be one of those people listed in the following categories, the chances are you are probably right.
The categories then are as follows:

<u>The Munchhausen.</u>
These are the people who continually broadcast that they have a "Migraine" or that they have "the Flu".
And I used to suffer from Cluster Migraines and I can promise you that if you have a real Migraine, the last thing you would want to do is look at a bright computer screen or squint at a mobile phone.

I also count myself as being fortunate to only have had the Flu once in my life. On that occasion I was totally wiped out and bed ridden for three days. Yet despite this one bout of Flu being pre-computer days, had it not been, I certainly wouldn't have been in any fit state to announce how ill I felt on FB.

Course, if you are going to post a status on FB along the lines of: "*I have never been in so much pain in all my life*"**,** while in reality you have just woken up with a slight fuzzy headache, brought on by too much sleep, then you can only be posting such a statement in order to gain sympathy or because you are a total wimp and believe me, wimps number many. In fact I meet an awful lot of them in my job.

Now to my way of thinking, to make these migraine/flu claims when you have nothing more than a minor headache or a slight cold is self obsession at its worst and stinks of "*poor me, poor me*".

Moreover, the majority of the time, these very same people will post a status half an hour later saying how they are out having a great time shopping or working out down the gym.

Furthermore, there also happens to be an offshoot branch of the Munchhausen. And following on with the medical theme, I call This branch: *'The Munchausen by proxy'*. These people will try to draw attention to themselves and solicit sympathy by posting messages about how ill their children are.

Course, for their children to be that ill and that often makes you wonder why the sympathy givers do not contact the social services rather than pander to the needy.
And worse still, in my opinion it is because of this type of person who inevitably spends a great deal of time at the doctors, that I and others struggle to get a appointment when we need one. Therefore, these hypochondriacs really need to Man up.

The Happy Clapper.
These people are almost exclusively all women and are fooling no one but themselves. They will proceed to tell you almost every time that they post, how happy they are. Course, there is nothing wrong with being happy. In fact, there is nothing wrong with posting a status, saying so. What I question is why they need to constantly tell people? It is almost as if they repeat it enough times then they themselves will start to believe it.

Now I have noticed that the majority of these women who post these, **"***such a happy Girl today***"** type notifications will have recently come out of a relationship or are desperate for one.

However, having spent 18 years dealing daily on a one to one basis with the public, many of whom have just come out of a relationship *(i.e people who come to me to have their ex's name covered*) and drawing on my own experience with relationship break ups; if you're genuinely glad that the relationship is over, then you do not feel the need to tell everyone how happy you are with your life.

In fact my overall impression of these people is that they are far from happy. Certainly, they conjure up images in my mind of a village idiot going up to strangers and saying "*I'm happy*", with a big vacant smile on their face. These

people need to learn that happiness is a state of mind, not something that they can force on themselves by continually repeating it.

However, what these *Happy Clappers* need to address is why they need to convince people of their 'happiness'... Although ironically I suspect that depression has a lot to do with it.
Nevertheless, there is also another type of Happy Clapper. And again, they will all be almost exclusively women. They will also all be very overweight - and i'm talking obese here not carrying a few extra pounds.

These women appear to have an obsessive need to convince people that they are comfortable with their weight by posting how happy they are with life. This is why fat people are usually said to be '*bubbly*'. Yet in reality they are filled with self loathing and are anything but happy.

I mean how can anyone be happy being enormously fat? Being fat doesn’t look good on a person (unless you are in the fat fetish minority). Moreover, being fat also hinders a person’s mobility and their ability to enjoy themselves... And it will most certainly end your life a lot quicker than if you are slim.

Now I am obviously aware that I may come across as sounding judgmental here but this really is not the case at all. What I am doing is pointing out the pitfalls associated with being very overweight.

I therefore ask you, why would a person purposely want to restrict what they can and can’t do in return for a body that will shorten their life? In fact if proof were needed it is true to say that I have never ever heard someone who was once very fat, having now lost the weight, say that they were happier the way they was before.

Course, it is easy to put weight on, but a lot harder to lose it and being very overweight is usually a vicious cycle of hating being fat and comfort eating junk food to feel better about the fact. And ultimately, laziness also plays a large part in obesity.

Nevertheless, be it laziness, lack of motivation or living off nervous energy, it cannot be considered constructive or helpful to society. Inevitably, these kinds of people are needy, self obsessed and easily bought or manipulated. They certainly crave love and attention. And as I say; being genuinely happy is a state of mind and shouldn't need broadcasting. If you are happy then your happiness will soon shine through unaided.

The Faithful Sheepbooker.

These people will copy & paste a post on request without checking the contents accuracy first. Now while this might sound as if I am just being intolerant towards people who may have a genuine desire to promote worthy causes, you have to look at the bigger picture. You see, to my way of thinking, if they will blindly Copy & Paste anything just because they have been asked to do so, does it not follow that they will also do this in all aspects of their lives?

In fact as far as I am concerned, anyone who does something without question is dangerous. Indeed, if more people questioned the government or said "No" they are not going to do something that isn't right, then we wouldn't be in this mess.

That fact aside, the vast majority of these Copy & Paste things actually cheapen the cause that they are supposed to be championing. For instance, the ones that read something like the following, I find particularly distasteful:

"Stupid Cancer... We all wish for different things... A new car, a new TV, or an iPhone. But people with Cancer only wish for one thing... To get better... If you know someone who has died, is fighting or has recovered from cancer, copy & paste this... 93% of my friends wont. I think I know the 7% who will".

How condescending is that?

Cancer is an awful disease that wreaks havoc on the sufferer and their family. In fact I know from very close quarters how people with cancer react. That's why I find crap like this so insulting. For a start, Cancer sufferers don't wallow about in self pity "*wishing for a cure*". They get on with life because

they have no choice in the matter. Moreover, any doctor will tell you that positive mental attitude is of major benefit to a cancer sufferer. And just for the record, I can categorically state that sufferers also have the same wishes and dreams as anyone else does... I know because I have had cancer.

However, even more insulting is the made up statistics that you invariably find at the end of these copy and paste posts. You see, these statistics are inevitably plucked out of thin air by the tiny minded idiot who wrote the status in the first place just so as hundreds and thousands of unthinking sheeple can blindly re-post and in doing so, pander to his or her hugely inflated ego.

Moreover and beyond contempt are the Sheeple who blindly re-post the ones that have just been re-hashed - Same wording, different disease. Therefore, my advice to these twats is; if you’re going to insult someone who has a life changing illness at least insult him or her with something that is original.

Indeed, what these sycophants should really be promoting is the fact that all the evidence points to diseases like cancer being curable. Unfortunately, we as part of the so called 99% are not in general privy to the cure.

However, ask yourself this: If the statistic for people suffering from cancer is correct, then 1 in every 3 of us will be a sufferer. Yet when was the last time that you saw a member of the British Royal Family catching cancer. Philip, Elizabeth, Charles, Camilla, Ann, Tim, Andrew, His paedophile Boyfriend, Edward Sophie & their kids, William, Harry, Andrew's two daughters whatever their names are, Zara, Peter... And there you have the names of the Queen, her husband, her children & their partners as well as her grandchildren. Eighteen people in all, yet not one case of cancer.

Now if the statistic for us was the same as the immediate royal family's (and don't forget that there are many more of the parasites, all cancer free), imagine how many millions more lives would be spared this awful disease.

Unfortunately, I feel that these people don't 'copy and paste' out of a desire to champion a worthy cause. You see, in reality I believe that they do so out of a

need to be part of the pack. They certainly don't do any research before they copy and paste - that much is obvious.

The same can be said about the Copy & Paste posts that start with: *"Its Sister/Brother/uncle/Aunt week... If you have a sister/Brother/uncle/Aunt who has always been there for you, etc, etc, etc"*.

Now how pathetic are these things... No! It is not Sister week or anyone else's week for crying out loud. Yet people post this crap repeatedly, either out of a desire to appear 'Caring' or to endear themselves to the person that they copied & pasted from.

I mean, if you genuinely want to honour someone or pay tribute to him or her then fine. But be original and do it because you want to, not because you feel that you have to.
However, whilst the aforementioned C&P posts are just mainly embarrassing, to my mind some are bordering on being dangerous. I am of course referring to the ones that tell of children being abducted or molested, usually outside a shop or supermarket. Sometimes they will name a specific make of car and give its registration number or name a supermarket where the child was supposedly molested in the toilets - usually by Eastern Europeans.

Mind you, the Government must have loved the introduction of Eastern Europeans being brought into play... Never mind that there wasn't a shred of truth in it. The seed was planted in these idiots minds and from that point on, literally thousands of people became suspicious of everyone who spoke with a foreign accent.

What's more, nine times out of ten the author will try to add further validation to the status by proclaiming that the information was on 'Fox News at 5' or some other media source. Then, before you can blink, this old bollocks has in those brown-noser's tiny minds also become fact.

Now, on the face of it, many will view these C&P posts as being harmless. But what happens if one day a child really is snatched? I mean there has been that many hoax C&P's on FB that no one outside of these sycophants will

take any notice!

I am in fact literally gob-smacked by people's willingness to believe anything, no matter how implausible the scenario may be, without asking questions or verifying the facts for themselves. Worse still, they do so just because one of their 'friends' says it's true.

Indeed, it wasn't so long ago that everyone was up in arms because someone had posted a C&P status saying that FB was about to start charging. And I still can't believe that it went viral! After all, you can just imagine Mark Zuckerberg chairing a board meeting and saying; "*I think we ought to start charging our subscribers... Get on to that little cranky kid, y'know, the one that has no mates, and tell him to announce the charges*".

I can only put the gullibility of those who fell for it down to the fluoride in our drinking water taking affect... Madness.

<u>The Billy Liars.</u>
These people are the kinds who think everyone but himself or herself have the memory of a goldfish... And to some extent, they may have a point I suppose... But I digress... Again.
These people will post a status saying something along the lines of "*I'm getting my new Car next week*" or "*Can't wait to move into my new flat*", so as someone will ask them about it.
Those examples would be absolutely fine as a status, should they have any foundation to them. However, the people that I'm referring to don't have a hope in hell of achieving whatever it is that they are bragging about.

Now I personally refuse to pander to the person's ego by even questioning the wisdom behind their claim, yet others do in their droves. In doing so, they give the sad sack who wrote the status their five minutes of glory while pandering to their ego at the same time. However when the Job, Car, House, Rich Boyfriend, etc, etc, fail to materialize, those who took the time to ask about the new car - *or whatever it was* - don't bother to take the Billy Liar to task.

In fact it is usually the person who inquired about the last fantasy, who will be the person to ask about the next one. And the process starts all over again. Now once again, it could be asked why these type of people bother me. And the answer to that is for various reasons. Obviously, those telling the lies about their lives either do so out of low self esteem, a need to be liked, or a yearning to make others jealous. But it is not reality. We live in an illusionary world as it is, forced upon us by the elites without our own kind taking it a step further.

It bothers me that people are so quick to believe anything except the truth, the truth being that if they don't wake up soon, they are going to be very, very sorry. The coming NWO is not a game. These monsters will not go away.

Furthermore, one of my pet hates is liars and another is people mugging other people off. A lie is a lie and if someone buys into the lie, then they are being mugged off. It is through the corrupt Government liars that we find ourselves at this dangerous point in history. A small lie today can become a big lie tomorrow. By encouraging the sad sack in their fantasy world, is only encouraging them to lie all the more.

If on the other hand, the person swallowing the lie is doing so because they do not have the intelligence to see through it, then they are being made a fool of or being used to further the liar's agenda. This is a form of Mind Control and we all know where that leads.
What this country needs are more people who can think logically and see through the implausibility of a lie. In the event that they do fall for it, confront the liar about it when their boast fails to materialize. Attitudes need to change and until people who constantly lie are challenged, standards will continue to decline.

The clever brain dead.
These are the people who continually bombard the news feed with pictures that have profound words with a deep meaning attached (memes). And if it was only now and then that these clever brain dead people were posting these things then fine.

But it isn't! In fact they continually post them as if by doing so somehow qualifies them as being the author. I actually see people commenting on these post's saying "*Oh John/Jane you are funny*" just as if John/Jane had actually written the words on the picture or taken the funny photo themselves.

Once again, this annoys me because people buy into it, instead of realising that the person who posted the meme has no imagination of their own. I mean, if I want to look at funny pictures or read poignant words then I will go find them for myself. I certainly do not need them shoved down my throat by someone so lacking in imagination that they are not capable of thinking for themselves.

Then there is the other kind of picture that is usually blunt and has '*attitude*' or is sickly sweet in its content. The people who post these things will have picked the chosen wording as supposedly being a representation of themselves. The message will inevitably be either caring or feisty. One example is: *"Don't like me... Deal with it... Don't like what I say... Delete me"*.

These people are supposedly adults yet they post pictures, designed to '*big themselves up*' just like school children do. Course, what they fail to recognise is that they are in fact so lacking in imagination that the message they are trying to get across is anything but a true representation of themselves.

Grow up and think for yourself. If you are a caring person say what is in your heart, not what is on a picture. If you are a feisty person, then why do you need to use other people's words to get your message across? Moreover, why do you want people to perceive you as being feisty anyway?

The Badaman.

Now nine out of Ten times the Badaman will be young, male, and White and although their posts are in English, they will make no sense whatsoever to anyone over the age of 25. However, what little you can make sense of, will usually be aggressive.

The Badaman will inevitably talk like a Jamaican Yardie and will be in desperate need of his trousers being pulled up. Sadly, this kind of person will have no respect for anyone or anything.

They will however, hypocritically demand respect for themselves and their property. Unable to claim benefits yet totally unemployable, the Badaman will carve out a living by selling dope and stolen goods.

The Govt absolutely love these young fellas as they can be used as a an excuse to bring in new revenue raising laws and assist in the further progression of the 'Nanny State'.

The amateur dramatics society.

The ADS brigade is a particularly needy lot who thrive on drama. They will post a status that demands a comment should the reader be half interested. They thrive off life's gossips and nosy-parkers, but in the process also reel in a few good Samaritans along the way.

A typical ADS status will read something along the lines of: "*If you think you can mug me off , give it your best shot*" or *"I can't believe you would do that to me".*The first example is for those who thrive on gossip and the only way to find out what the status is about is to ask via a comment. In doing so they give the author the attention they crave.

The second example is aimed at those more caring or sycophant, who will feel compelled to comment.

Course the more experienced of this group, and by that I mean those who add to their friends list in the 1000's, won't bother with typing such long drawn out updates as the two examples I have given. For the ADS 'Dons', a simple; *"Grrr WTF "* will suffice and get them the attention that they thrive upon in double quick time.

The Grateful Brain-dead

This last category is proof, if any were needed, that there is an active government agenda in place, to dumb down the nation. It has become

increasingly obvious to me over the years that kids are leaving school in ever increasing numbers unable to read or write properly.
These semi-literate people will post status after status all totally devoid of any punctuation. Well, I say devoid of any, but the more astute of the Grateful Brain-Dead may insert the odd '*lol*' as a stand in for a full stop. This lack of punctuation makes deciphering what these people are trying to say extremely difficult at times.

Moreover, trying to read their status - already devoid of punctuation - is further hampered by the Grateful Brain-Dead's poor grasp of the English language. For example, these people can never work out if they should use the word '*there*' for "*their"*, "*here"* for "*hear"*, "*who's*" for "*whose*" or "*aloud*" for *"allowed*", etc, etc.

Worse still, some difficult to spell often used words appear to have been totally replaced by a revamped version. For instance, '*Gorgeous*' has now become '*Gawjus'*.

The same can be said for words that do not make sense without an apostrophe. A good example of this would be "*he's*" which sounds like '*hez*' when the apostrophe is left out. To combat this problem The GBD have simply replaced "*he's*" with *'his'*. This means we no longer have sentences such as "*He's at the shops*". Instead, we now have; "*His at the shops*"...

Now, having categorised these people, I can quite well imagine that this article reads like a rant. And to be fair, I have had a little sound off. Furthermore, I suppose that some will accuse me of being overly 'picky' but I can assure you that I am not.

However, the point is this: If we continue to allow ourselves to be so easily led or taken in without thinking for ourselves or if we continue to encourage liars to lie and bullshitters to spout bullshit (*which then becomes fact*), we are playing the game in exactly the way that the establishment want us to play it.

Furthermore, a drop in standards - social or otherwise - will only lead to a further increase in the Nanny state mentality. Moreover, if the government

feel the need to monitor FB, then you can guarantee that they are using that information as a yardstick to dictate policy.

So, the way that I see it is, if 30% of the population or 15 million people are so gullible, needy, or easily led, then we really are in trouble. We need to use our brains and think for ourselves. The more we do, the easier learning becomes. A sloppy, apathetic, uneducated public, is an easily manipulated, public that will allow a democracy to become a dictatorship. I don't think any of us, no matter how needy wants that to happen, do we?

Just sayin'.

Chapter 26
Fukushima

My reports on the Fukushima Nuclear Power Plant disaster were what began to first get me noticed, especially in the Far East. However, it has become increasingly clear to me over the following years that the earthquake that triggered the disaster was no accident.
Nevertheless, what follows is the first of many articles that I wrote on the subject...

Last week I was contacted out of the blue by a lady named Pia Christina Jensen who happened to have stumbled across this site. Pia has been following the Fukushima Nuclear power plant 'accident' in Japan from the beginning and has immense knowledge on the subject.

In her communication she sent me some links to information regarding Fukushima, that you will not read in the mainstream media. I was of course already aware that the Japanese authorities were doing nowhere near enough to safeguard the lives of their fellow countrymen. Indeed, the accident was so serious that apart from evacuating the whole country (Obviously not practical), there was not that much that they could do to guarantee the safety of their citizens.

However, it is becoming abundantly clear that the Japanese government(JG) could have done an awful lot more. In fact, from what I am reading now, the American and Brazilian governments could have also done more (The fallout effects are now impacting on both countries). Instead, the Japanese government have embarked on a wide scale cover up, releasing little information about the extent of the danger that Japan's citizens are facing.

What little information they are releasing is at best incorrect and misleading

and at worst blatant lies. Certainly, the JG are lying about what the safe level of radiation is before evacuation becomes necessary. As such they are going to be directly responsible for many thousands of death's through radiation poisoning. You can bet your life that the Japanese elite are not eating the contaminated food or drinking the contaminated water that the rest of the Japanese population are having to survive on.

Following the publication yesterday on this site, of one of the articles Pia sent me a link for, I was contacted in the early hours of this morning by the author. The article was in the form of a medical report detailing the ever increasing number of people becoming sick with radiation poisoning.

The Author **Yuri Hiranuma,** pointed out in his communication to me that the medical report dated back to January 2012. He told me that since the release of that report, he has not had the time to release an update. The following is lifted directly from his message to me and details exactly why no update has been forthcoming:

" ***We have not had a chance to do more reports simply due to an overwhelming number of reported cases. In other words, current situations in Japan are worse than in this report. In addition, medical information in Fukushima is sealed, which means we have no idea what is truly going on there. What's in our report is from the rest of the country".***

At this stage, I do not want to bombard you with too many facts until I have had a chance to read the reports I have been sent. However, it is now crystal clear that Fukushima is no longer a Japanese problem. It is a global problem. I would like to thank both Yuri and Pia for the information that they have sent me links for.

** THE FOLLOWING IS AN ARTICLE FROM **ENFORMABLE NUCLEAR NEWS** RELEASED ON THE 25TH OF AUGUST 2012:*

Almost a month after reports surfaced that workers at the damaged Fukushima Daiichi nuclear power plant were told to use lead covers in order

to hide unsafe radiation levels, a team of Japanese researchers has published an article in the Journal of the American Medical association, revealing that 47% of participants having taken a survey given to workers at Fukushima Daiichi had experienced severe psychological distress.

The team lead by Jun Shigemura, M.D., Ph.D., from the National Defense Medical College in Saitama, Japan, had studied the psychological status of Fukushima workers 2 to 3 months after the disaster for symptoms of general psychological distress (nervousness, hopelessness and depression), including posttraumatic stress response (PTSR), and included all full-time workers from the Daiichi plant. Just under one-third of Daiichi workers had symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder, or PTSD.

The biggest reason for the feelings of mental anguish was verbal or physical abuse, such as receiving strong insults and being targeted by thrown objects, according to the report.
A separate report in the August 15th issue of JAMA lead by Masaharu Tsubokura, M.D., of the University of Tokyo, researchers studied the amount of internal radiation exposure among residents of Minamisoma, a city north of the Fukushima Daiichi power plant. In total, 3,286 individuals (or 34.6%) had detectable levels of cesium, including 235 children (16.4%) and 3,051 adults (37.8%). In children, the concentration ranged from 2.8 to 57.9 Bq per kg, while for adults the range was 2.3 to 196.5 Bq per kg.

The tests were done between September 2011 and March 2012. The researchers note that partially due to the voluntary nature of the screenings, and also because this screening program started 6 months after the nuclear power plant disaster, higher exposure levels might have been detected earlier.

** The following is from FRCSR and was released the day after the above:

FRCSR *collects, through the Internet, reports of physical changes people have been experiencing since the Fukushima nuclear accident after March 11, 2011. The extent of radiation contamination is extremely serious, and we receive many inquiries from overseas. We will extract important points from*

applicable news articles, and translate it into English. Our intention is to share with you the recognition and understanding of the reality of radiation contamination in real time as much as possible.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 2012

In the last ten days, there were multiple reports of changes in white blood cell counts. In Fukushima-city, 60 kilometers from ground zero, a five-year-old child is already hospitalized with leukemia. At a Tokyo private medical clinic 250 kilometers from ground zero, it is reported that 700 children have had leukopenia since last April. This constitutes 80% of children who were seen at this clinic. There is no end to occurrences of infectious diseases, especially rubella, and reported cases are triple what was reported last year and previous years, according to a summary by Japan's National Institute of Infectious Diseases.

Reports from members of the general public:

My legs are badly swollen, so I thought I was taking in too much water, but I don't feel it so much even though the heat is intense. I have more moles. I had thyroid cyst aspiration done. My uterine fibroid is a little worse and anemia is a little worse. When I begin to list these issues, I feel that I am slowly being done in. My doctors tell me these are due to aging and menopause. I had tests done at a fairly large public hospital, but they hardly gave me any data from my tests and told me I was "okay." I went to a trustworthy private practitioner in Kodaira for re-examination and follow-up. I am considering a move to an area less contaminated.

I found out yesterday that a five-year-old son of my acquaintance is already hospitalized with leukemia. He and his divorced mother lived in Fukushima and now live in Ibaraki. They began his treatment with one cycle being 2 years. The acquaintance said, "I never imagined this would happen to my own child!".

My children (ages 7 and 3) had blood tests at the end of June, and their white blood cell counts are slightly low. In addition, it was pointed out that their

neutrophils are low. My elder child has lower white blood cell and neutrophil counts. Seven-year-old boy: WBC over 10,000 with 43% neutrophils in January 2012, but WBC was 6,300 with 25% neutrophils in June 2012. Three-year-old boy: WBC over 10,000 with 28% neutrophils in October 2010 and WBC 7,300 with 28% neutrophils in June 2012. I heard at the hospital that children living in places which are not hot spots in the Kanto region have shown the same tendency since March 2012. The results for both of my children were frightening to me. We are getting ready to move soon.

I am a counselor. Four women from central Tokyo who came for counseling last month had abortions and another woman had a baby who weighed less than 1,000 grams: this baby was later found to have a hole in heart.

My high school age daughter and I both have decreased white blood cell counts. She is 16. She is thin to begin with, but she lost over 2 kg in the last 18 months. Blood tests from November 2011 showed decreased WBC, platelets and RBC, and high CK, GPT, ALP and lymphocytes. She had urinary frequency in the fall of 2011. She also had proteinuria and diffuse goiter, but she already had enlarged thyroid before 311. We are taking maximum precautionary measures with food, but I extremely regret that she was outside on March 15, 2012. She has irregular menstrual periods with hypomenorrhea and shortened cycles. Ambient radiation level is 0.07 to 0.10 μSv/h inside and outside the house. We are considering a move, including our daughter withdrawing from school, but we are having difficulty making a decision.

I was asked by a cashier how much my purchase was, and I thought, "Okay, so it's so-and-so yen," but at the instant I was trying to get the money from my purse I forgot how much it was. I had no idea if a 1,000 yen bill was sufficient or a 10,000 bill was sufficient. My head was totally blank. After a few moments, I remembered the total amount, and I was able to pay.

Since this spring, I have hardly been able to do complicated paperwork from government offices and my children's schools. As soon as I read documents or hear explanations from clerks, I forget what I just read or heard. I have to

take notes on the spot so I can maintain my daily routine. I can't remember nouns. I was in a western city in Tokyo until the end of last year. It wasn't contaminated that much there. I was giving safe food to my child. I was being careful with food. I don't have any decrease in motor ability. Another symptom that bothers me is menstrual irregularity. By the way, my 6-year-old daughter had decreased WBC when she had blood tests done in June 2011. She had no weight gain from April 2011 to August 2011 and from September 2011 to December 2011.

*** The following was released by Newsquest Online also on the 26th of August 2012:

The ongoing series of crises at Japanese nuclear power plants is spreading the fear of radiation sickness not only in the island nation but worldwide.

According to an expert quoted in an article appearing in "Scientific American," acute radiation sickness usually gains traction after a full-body dose of radiation that is at least 3,000 times greater than what is considered an annual safe dose.
With the situation on the ground in Japan changing by the minute, it is unknown what the exact radiation level is.

What are the symptoms associated with radiation sickness?
The sickness first presents itself with nausea, vomiting, rashes and diarrhea, says the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC). The symptoms may follow just minutes or even days after exposure.

A time of serious illness – marked by the loss of appetite, fever, and extreme fatigue – can be relatively brief or continue for a long period of time.
Death is often the final outcome.

Potassium iodide is the recommended treatment that is used to protect the thyroid gland from being damaged by radioactive iodine. Thyroid damage is irreversible.
The substance, which can only protect the thyroid gland, should be taken as soon as possible after exposure to radiation. One dose lasts 24 hours.

Experts agree that it is safe for a pregnant woman to take potassium iodide when instructed to do so by a doctor. The dosage apparently also protects the thyroid of the fetus.
There are reports of panic buying of potassium iodide pills on the U.S. West Coast and elsewhere.

****The following was published by truthout.org on the 29th of August 2012:

Experts say acknowledging the threat would call into question the safety of dozens of identically designed nuclear power plants in the U.S.

More than a year after the triple meltdown at the Fukushima Daiichi power plant, the Japanese government, Tokyo Electric Power Company (Tepco) and the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) present similar assurances of the site's current state: challenges remain but everything is under control. The worst is over.

But nuclear waste experts say the Japanese are literally playing with fire in the way nuclear spent fuel continues to be stored onsite, especially in reactor 4, which contains the most irradiated fuel -- 10 times the deadly cesium-137 released during the 1986 Chernobyl nuclear accident. These experts also charge that the NRC is letting this threat fester because acknowledging it would call into question safety at dozens of identically designed nuclear power plants around the U.S., which contain exceedingly higher volumes of spent fuel in similar elevated pools outside of reinforced containment.

Reactor 4: The Most Imminent Threat
The spent fuel in the hobbled unit 4 at Fukushima Daiichi not only sits in an elevated pool outside the reactor core's reinforced containment, in a high-consequence earthquake zone adjacent to the ocean -- just as nearly all the spent fuel at the nuclear site is stored -- but it's also open to the elements because a hydrogen explosion blew off the roof during the early days of the accident and sent the building into a list.

Alarmed by the precarious nature of spent fuel storage during his recent tour of the Fukushima Daiichi site, Sen. Ron Wyden, D-Oregon, subsequently fired off letters to Secretary of State Hillary Clinton, Secretary of Energy Steven Chu, NRC Chairman Gregory Jaczko and Japanese ambassador to the U.S. Ichiro Fujisaki. He implored all parties to work together and with the international community to address this situation as swiftly as possible. A press release issued after his visit said that Wyden, a senior member of the U.S. Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources who is highly experienced with nuclear waste storage issues, believes the situation is "worse than reported," with "spent fuel rods currently being stored in unsound structures immediately adjacent to the ocean." The press release also noted the structures' high susceptibility to earthquakes and that "the only protection from a future tsunami, Wyden observed, is a small, makeshift sea wall erected out of bags of rock."

As opposed to units 1-3 at Fukushima Daiichi, where the meltdowns occurred, unit 4's reactor core, like units 5 and 6, was not in operation when the earthquake struck last year. But unlike units 5 and 6, it had recently uploaded highly radioactive spent fuel into its storage pool before the disaster struck.

Robert Alvarez, a nuclear waste expert and former senior adviser to the Secretary of Energy during the Clinton administration, has crunched the numbers pertaining to the spent fuel pool threat based on information he obtained from sources such as Tepco, the U.S. Department of Energy, Japanese academic presentations and the Institute of Nuclear Power Operations (INPO), the U.S. organization created by the nuclear power industry in the wake of the 1979 Three Mile Island accident.

What he found, which has been corroborated by other experts interviewed by AlterNet, is an astounding amount of vulnerably stored spent fuel, also known as irradiated fuel, at the Fukushima Daiichi site. His immediate focus is on the fuel stored in the damaged unit 4's pool, which contains the single largest inventory of highly radioactive spent fuel of any of the pools in the damaged reactors.

Alvarez warns that if there is another large earthquake or event that causes this pool to drain of water, which keeps the fuel rods from overheating and igniting, it could cause a catastrophic fire releasing 10 times more cesium-137 than was released at Chernobyl.
That scenario alone would cause an unprecedented spread of radioactivity, far greater than what occurred last year, depositing enormous amounts of radioactive materials over thousands of miles and causing the evacuation of Tokyo.

Nuclear experts noted that other lethal radioactive isotopes would also be released in such a fire, but that the focus is on cesium-137 because it easily volatilizes and spreads pervasively, as it did during the Chernobyl accident and again after the disaster at Fukushima Daiichi last year.

With a half-life of 30 years, it gives off penetrating radiation as it decays and can remain dangerous for hundreds of years. Once in the environment, it mimics potassium as it accumulates in the food chain; when it enters the human body, about 75 percent lodges in muscle tissue, including the heart.

The Threat Not Just to Japan But to the U.S. and the World
An even more catastrophic worst-case scenario follows that a fire in the pool at unit 4 could then spread, igniting the irradiated fuel throughout the nuclear site and releasing an amount of cesium-137 equaling a doomsday-like load, roughly 85 times more than the release at Chernobyl.

It's a scenario that would literally threaten Japan's annihilation and civilization at large, with widespread worldwide environmental radioactive contamination.
"Japan would suffer the worst, but it would be a global catastrophe," said Kevin Kamps, nuclear waste expert at the watchdog group Beyond Nuclear. "It already is, it already has been, but it would dwarf what's already happened."

Kamps noted that these pool fires were the beginning of the worst-case analysis envisioned by the Japanese government in the early days of the disaster, as reportedby the New York Times in February.

"Not only three reactor meltdowns but seven pool fires at Fukushima Daiichi," Kamps said. "If the site had to be abandoned by all workers, then everything would come loose. The end result of that was the evacuation of Tokyo."

In an interview with AlterNet, Alvarez, who is a senior scholar at the Institute for Policy Studies, said that the Japanese government, Tepco and the U.S. NRC are reluctant to say anything publicly about the spent fuel threat because "there is a tendency to want to provide reassurance that everything is fine."

He was quick to note, "The cores are still a problem, make no mistake, and there will be some very bad things happening if they don't maintain their temperatures at some sort of stable level and make sure this stuff doesn't eat down through the concrete mats."
But he said that privately "they're probably more scared shitless about the pools than they are about the cores. They know they're really risky and dangerous."

AlterNet asked the NRC if it is concerned about the vulnerability of the spent fuel at Fukushima Daiichi and what, if anything, it had expressed to the Japanese government and Tepco on the matter.
"All the available information continues to show the situation at Fukushima Dai-ichi is stable, both for the reactors and the spent fuel pools," NRC spokesman Scott Burnell replied via email. "The available information indicates that Spent Fuel Pool #4 has been reinforced."

But nuclear experts, including Arnie Gundersen, a former nuclear industry senior vice president who coordinated projects at 70 U.S. nuclear power plants, and warned days after the disaster at Fukushima last year of a "Chernobyl on steroids" if the spent fuel pools were to ignite, strongly disagreed with this assessment.

"It is true that in May and June the floor of the U4 SFP [spent fuel pool] was 'reinforced,' but not as strong as it was originally," Gundersen noted in an email to AlterNet. "The entire building however has not been reinforced and

is damaged by the explosion in both 4 and 3. So structurally U4 is not as strong as its original design required."

Gundersen, who is chief engineer at the consulting firm Fairewinds Associates, added that the spent fuel pool at unit 4 "remains the single biggest concern since about the second week of the accident. It can still create 'Chernobyl on steroids.'"

Alvarez said that even if the unit 4 structure has been tentatively stabilized, it doesn't change the fact "it sits in a structurally damaged building, is about 100 feet above the ground and is exposed to the atmosphere, in a high-consequence earthquake zone."
He also said that the urgency of the situation is underscored by the ongoing seismic activity around northeast Japan, in which 13 earthquakes of magnitude 4.0 to 5.7 have occurred off the northeast coast of Honshu between April 14 and April 17.
"This has been the norm since 3/11/11 and larger quakes are expected closer to the power plant," Alvarez added.

A recent study published in the journal Solid Earth, which used data from over 6,000 earthquakes, confirms the expectation of larger quakes in closer proximity to the Fukushima Daiichi site. In part, this conclusion is predicated on the discovery that the earthquake that initiated last year's disaster caused a seismic fault close to the nuclear plant to reactivate.
"There are a few active faults in the nuclear power plant area, and our results show the existence of similar structural anomalies under both the Iwaki and the Fukushima Daiichi areas," lead researcher Dapeng Zhao, a geophysics professor at Japan's Tohoku University, said in a press release.
"Given that a large earthquake occurred in Iwaki not long ago, we think it is possible for a similarly strong earthquake to happen in Fukushima."

AlterNet asked Sen. Wyden if he considers the spent fuel at Fukushima Daiichi a national security threat.

In a statement released by his office, Wyden replied, "The radiation caused by the failure of the spent fuel pools in the event of another earthquake could

reach the West Coast within days. That absolutely makes the safe containment and protection of this spent fuel a security issue for the United States."

Alvarez agrees, saying, "My major concern is that this effort to get that spent fuel out of there is not something you should be doing casually and taking your time on."
Yet Tepco's current plans are to hold the majority of this spent fuel onsite for years in the same elevated, uncontained storage pools, only transferring some of the fuel into more secure, hardened dry casks when the common pool reaches capacity.

For the moment, though, and for the foreseeable future -- unless the international community substantively comes to Japan's aid -- Tepco couldn't transfer the irradiated fuel from the damaged reactor units into dry cask storage even if it wanted to because the equipment to do so, such as the crane support infrastructure, was destroyed during the initial disaster.
"That's kind of shocking," said Paul Gunter of Beyond Nuclear. "But that's why we're still sitting on this gamble that there won't be another earthquake that could topple a very precarious unit 4."

Gunter is concerned that even a minor earthquake or a subsidence in the earth under unit 4 could cause its collapse.
"I think we're all on pins and needles every day with regard to unit 4," he said. "I mean there's any number of things that could happen. Nobody really knows."
Gunter added, "Right now its seismic rating should be zero."

Alvarez echoed Wyden's letters to the Japanese ambassador and U.S. officials.
"It really requires a major effort," he said. "The United States and other countries should begin to get involved and try to help the Japanese government to expedite the removal of that spent fuel and to put it into dry, hardened storage as soon as possible."

Same Spent Fuel Pool Designs at Dozens of U.S. Nuclear Sites

So why isn't the NRC and the Obama administration doing more to shed light on the extreme vulnerability of these irradiated fuel pools at Fukushima Daiichi, which threaten not only Japan but the U.S. and the world?

Nuclear waste experts say it would expose the fact that the same design flaw lies in wait -- and has been for decades -- at dozens of U.S. nuclear facilities. And that's not something the NRC, which is routinely accused of promoting the nuclear industry rather than adequately regulating it, nor the pro-nuclear Obama administration, want to broadcast to the American public.

"The U.S. government right now is engaged in its own kabuki theatre to protect the U.S. industry from the real costs of the lessons at Fukushima," Gunter said. "The NRC and its champions in the White House and on Capitol Hill are looking to obfuscate the real threats and the necessary policy changes to address the risk."

There are 31 G.E. Mark I and Mark II boiling water reactors (BRWs) in the U.S., the type used at Fukushima. All of these reactors, which comprise just under a third of all nuclear reactors in the U.S., store their spent fuel in elevated pools located outside the primary, or reinforced, containment that protects the reactor core. Thus, the outside structure, the building ostensibly protecting the storage pools, is much weaker, in most cases about as sturdy, experts describe in interviews with AlterNet, as a structure one would find housing a car dealership or a Wal-Mart.

Not what Americans might expect to find safeguarding nuclear material that is more highly radioactive than what resides in the reactor core.

The outer containments surrounding these spent fuel pools in these U.S. reactors patently fail to meet the NRC's own "defense in-depth" nuclear safety requirements.
But these reactors don't merely suffer from the same storage design flaw as those at Fukushima Daiichi.

In the U.S., the nuclear industry has been allowed to store incredible volumes of spent fuel for decades in high-density pools that were not only originally

designed to retain about one-fourth or one-fifth of what they now hold but were intended to be temporary storage facilities. No more than five years. That was before the idea of reprocessing irradiated fuel in this country failed to gain a foothold over 30 years ago. Once that happened, starting in the early 1980s, the NRC allowed high-density storage in fuel pools on the false assumption that a high-level waste repository would be opened by 1998. But subsequent efforts to gain support for storing nuclear waste at Yucca Mountain in Nevada have also been scrapped.
More recently, the NRC arbitrarily concluded these pools could store this spent fuel safely for 120 years.

"Our pools are more crammed to the gills than the unit 4 pool at Fukushima Daiichi, much more so," noted Kamps of Beyond Nuclear. "It's kind of like a very thick forest that's waiting for a wildfire. It would take extraordinary measures to prevent nuclear chain reactions in our pools because the waste is so closely packed in there."

Experts say the only near-term answer to better protect our nation's existing spent nuclear fuel is dry cask storage. But there's one catch: the nuclear industry doesn't want to incur the expense, which is about $1 million per cask.

"So now they're stuck," said Alvarez, "The NRC has made this policy decision, which the industry is very violently opposed to changing because it saves them a ton of money. And if they have to go to dry hardened storage onsite, they're going to have to fork over several hundred million dollars per reactor to do this."

He also pointed out that the contents of the nine dry casks at the Fukushima Daiichi site were undamaged by the disaster.
"Nobody paid much attention to that fact," Alvarez said. "I've never seen anybody at Tepco or anyone [at the NRC or in the nuclear industry] saying, 'Well, thank god for the dry casks. They were untouched.' They don't say a word about it."

The NRC declined to comment directly to accusations it's reluctant to draw

attention to the spent fuel vulnerability at Fukushima Daiichi because it would bring more awareness to the dangers of irradiated storage here in the U.S. But the agency did respond to a question about what it has done to address the vulnerability of spent nuclear fuel storage at U.S. nuclear sites with the Mark I and II designs.

"All U.S. spent nuclear fuel is stored safely and securely, regardless of reactor type," NRC spokesman Burnell replied in an email. "Every spent fuel pool is an inherently robust combination of reinforced concrete and steel, capable of safely withstanding the same type and variety of severe events that reactors are designed for."

He continued, "After 9/11, the NRC required U.S. nuclear power plants to obtain additional equipment for maintaining reactor and spent fuel pool safety in the event of any situation that could disable large areas of the plant. This 'B5b' equipment and related procedures include ensuring spent fuel pools have adequate water levels. The B5b measures are in place at every U.S. plant and have been inspected multiple times, including shortly after the accident at Fukushima.

"The NRC continues to conclude the combination of installed safety equipment and B5b measures can protect the public if extreme events impact a U.S. nuclear power plant."
But nuclear experts told AlterNet that the majority of Burnell's response could've been made prior to the disaster at Fukushima. In fact, Ed Lyman, senior staff scientist at the Union of Concerned Scientists, investigated these so-called "B5b" safety measures the NRC ordered post-9/11 and published his findings in a May 2011 Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists article.
Directly reflecting Burnell's response to AlterNet, Lyman wrote that after the Fukushima disaster, "the NRC and the industry invoked the mysterious requirements known as 'B5b' as a cure-all for the kinds of problems that led to the Fukushima crisis.

"Even though the B5b strategies were specifically developed to cope with fires and explosions, the NRC now argues that they could be used for any event that causes severe damage to equipment and infrastructure, including

Fukushima-scale earthquakes and floods."

But contrary to these NRC assurances, then and now, Lyman's report found B5b requirements inadequate, containing flaws in safety assumptions that suggest the NRC has not applied the major lessons learned from the Fukushima disaster. Additionally, he revealed emails showing that the NRC's own staff members questioned the plausibility of these procedures to effectively respond to extreme weather events like floods, earthquakes and concomitant blackouts.

Burnell sent a follow-up email, noting, "I also should have mentioned the NRC issued an order in March to all U.S. plants to install enhanced spent fuel pool instrumentation, so that plant operators will have a clearer understanding of SFP status during a severe event."
This is a curiously roundabout way of saying that spent fuel pools at U.S. reactors currently have no built-in instrumentation to gauge radiation, temperature or pressure levels.
Kamps also pointed out that the NRC commissioners voted 4 to 1, with Chairman Gregory Jaczko in dissent, to not require such requested safety upgrades to U.S. reactors until the end of 2016.

He added, "Burnell's flippant, false assurances prove that pool risks, despite being potentially catastrophic, are largely ignored by not only industry, but even NRC itself, even in the aftermath of Fukushima."

Chapter 27
It’s never Harry’s fault, is it?

I wrote this article after Prince Harry was photographed in the tabloids, naked and cavorting with two young ladies. However, I should point out that during the course of the article I mention that both Prince Charles and his father, Prince Philip had a hand in Princess Diana’s death… A fact that I now know not to be true…

So, I see that Prince Harry has once again made the front pages of newspapers across the world this past week. And once again, it is for all the wrong reasons.

On this occasion, the Prince has been caught with his pants down, after being photographed naked in a Las Vegas hotel room. The Prince was snapped playing Strip Billiards with his friends and two young ladies, whom were picked up just hours before in a Las Vegas nightclub.

One of the poor quality snaps involves the royal bachelor cupping his "crown jewels" while one of the women is behind him. Another of similar poor quality shows the prince bear-hugging a naked woman - who is presumably, one of the two girls in question.
However, seemingly not content with just the two women, the Prince and his chums are said to have hosted a second vodka-fueled pool party with a dozen ‘*randomly recruited*’ girls Just seven and a half hours later .

Following the leaking of the snaps, taken on a mobile phone last week, Harry has been ordered by the Palace to delete his Facebook account which he operated under the pseudonym of Spike Wells.

Harry’s private secretary Jamie Lowther-Pinkerton, who is heading an

inquiry into the Prince's trip to Las Vegas, has also asked Harry's two friends who joined him on the jaunt, Tom 'Skippy' Inskip, 25 and Arthur Landon, 30 to do likewise. Both have complied. Mind you, it doesn't make for a safe future to disobey the Palace, don't cha know.

However, the photographs – *which have largely gone unpublished by the mainstream media in there uncensored form* - appear to be just the tip of the Iceberg in this latest Royal scandal. At least that is, according to the 'Mail on Sunday'. In fact the Newspaper quoted a source used by the celebrity blogger, norm Clark as saying:
'Something pretty gigantic' is involved; something more serious than 'strip billiards'.

The newspaper then went on to say the following about the 3rd in line to the throne:
"The latest comment to surface surrounding the 27-year-old's antics has no implicit context, but could be linked to concerns raised by the Prince following the US publication of the derobed heir.
The Prince was said to be 'terrified' further damaging images might emerge and his concerns intensified after photos of an 'even wilder' week in the British Virgin Islands on Sir Richard Branson's private island of Necker, shortly before the Vegas weekend, were leaked to a newspaper".

Nevertheless, it appears that the great British public - *seemingly accepting of anything that the social elite do* - are making light of the scandal and dismissing the incident as being no more than "*what all young men of his age get up to*".

Personally, I myself in no way share that opinion and find that sort of attitude rather sycophantic, not to mention pathetic, to be honest . After all, most young men of Harry's age are not the 3rd in line to the throne. Indeed, the fact that Hooray Henry (Henry being his real name) is third in succession, in my view, carries with it a certain code of conduct.

The same should also apply to the people Harry associates with in private. The person who took the snaps reportedly sold them to WMZ Magazine for

£10,000 - a relatively small amount of money which suggests that the photos were sold for ulterior motives rather than financial gain.

Naturally, the Palace controlled BBC tried to deflect the blame away from Harry by transferring it on to his Bodyguards. What an insult!
Harry is nearly 28 years old. He is not a child or even a headstrong, immature teenager so to blame the bodyguards is a cop out.

However, I suspect that the Royal household are more upset with the fact that Harry's antics made the headlines rather than with the deed itself. After all, from what I have read the Royal family - both past and present - see no wrong whatsoever in wandering around naked at parties.

Indeed, it has been alleged that Harry's Great, Great Uncle, Edward VIII was at one party being pushed around in a pram by his slut wife, Wallis Simpson. Worse still, Edward - who abdicated the throne - was said to have been dressed in nothing more than a baby's nappy.
Another example is a party given by Harry's Great Aunt, Princess Margaret who was allegedly photographed cavorting with three naked men. One of the three was reportedly the married princess's lover *Roddy Llewellyn...*
Llewellyn, 17 years Margaret's junior was at the time her landscape gardener.

Unfortunately, this is far from the first time that Harry's behavior has been called into question. You see, as a teenager, Harry found himself splattered across the British tabloids with reports of him smoking Cannabis and drinking alcohol. St. James Palace later confirmed that Harry "*[had] experimented with the drug on several occasions*".

Course, the fact that he was prone to the odd 'joint' or two, is not really shocking in its self. After all, millions upon millions of people also indulge. In fact, Cannabis has many, many benefits to it – As I am sure the Royal family are aware.

However, the fact that it is a prohibited Class B drug *(sometimes Class C – It changes according to the views of whichever idiot is running the country at the time*) means that the Prince should have at the very least, been more

discreet.

It was then claimed that Harry was later sent to rehab for his ‘problem’. However, I find that hard to believe. And if he did, then it was no more than a public relations exercise.
Then there is the question of HRH’s volatile temper. One incident happened at Pangaea - *a top London nightclub* - where Harry attacked a press photographer. The photographer later claimed that Harry:
"burst out of the car and lunged towards me as I was still taking pictures. He lashed out and then deliberately pushed my camera into my face. The base of the camera struck me and cut my bottom lip”.

Hmmm, not exactly the behaviour or temperament becoming of someone who’s career involves learning to fly Apache helicopters.
In fact, had that assault been by an ordinary member of the public then they would have found themselves arrested and hauled into court.

However, not only does Harry show a complete lack of discipline, his judgement is also repeatedly being called into question.
This fact was clearly demonstrated in 2005 when the Ginger haired firebrand attended a ‘costume ball’ dressed in a Nazi uniform. The prince later said that:
"It was a very stupid thing to do and I've learned my lesson, simple as that really”.

However, the truth is Harry has not learned his lesson. Especially in regards to being caught. I also suggest that his decision to go to a party dressed in Nazi regalia was a lot more than **“***a very stupid thing to do”***.**

But once again, I doubt that the backlash from his relatives was anything near as bad as the newspapers reported. In fact, after the initial tongue lashing for being caught, I feel sure that Harry’s Grandad, the Duck of Edinburgh (no typo) would probably have remarked on how smart & dashing Harry had looked in the uniform.

You see, you have to remember that Phillip and the vast majority of the

Royal household are at best Nazi sympathizers. However, being caught dressed as one is a Royal ‘No-no’. I mean Phil & Co might have no respect whatsoever for our war dead, but it certainly doesn’t do to let the Nation know it.

Prince Harry - He certainly has the traits of a Windsor

I would also imagine that racism has been etched into Harry’s personality from an early age. Prince Phillip is a notorious racist, so much so that the in-breed cannot even keep his bigoted thoughts to himself.

This would explain why Harry famously referred to a colleague in his Army platoon as "Our little Paki friend...Ahmed".
At the time, the Royal Family released a statement saying that the term "Paki" was a nickname for a friend in his platoon. However, I strongly disbelieve that explanation and see it as just another example of the mugs this parasite family take us for.

Indeed, you only have to look at the way Harry worded the sentence to see that he was being abhorrently racist. And had the Palace's lame excuse had any truth to it, Harry would have been heard to say “My little friend; Paki”, not "Our little Paki friend...Ahmed".
Moreover, I cannot imagine that anyone of Asian origin would readily answer to, or even accept the nickname ‘Paki’.

Other evidence of racist incidents include the video given to the ‘News of the World’ showing a British soldier with a cloth over his head. On the tape Prince Harry’s voice can be clearly heard in the background saying,"Fuck me, you look like a raghead".
And once again, St. James's Palace responded to the remark by saying that; "Prince Harry used the term 'raghead' to mean Taliban or Iraqi insurgent". Bollocks did he! You go and ask your local EDL thug exactly what the term “Raghead” means and the context that it is used in.

Course, it can come as little surprise that Harry has turned out the way he has. He is a spoilt brat who learned from an early age that he has no need to respect anyone or anything as long as he doesn't attract the attention of the press. You see, it isn’t the deed, it is the getting caught that angers the palace.

There are other factors of course that will undoubtedly have messed with Harry’s head. For instance, he has to live with the knowledge that the public believe his biological Father more likely to be James Hewitt rather than Prince Charles. The following is an extract taken from my article ‘Monsters Inc’:

A longtime employee of Harry’s mother Princess Diana told IUC that the Royal Family was involved in a massive cover up to hide the fact that Diana’s ex lover James Hewitt is in fact Harry’s real father. According to the source Prince Philip threatened Hewitt’s life if he didn’t go along with the cover up. “They made him lie about the timeline,” the source told IUC. “Prince Philip told Hewitt he would destroy him if it ever leaked out. It’s impossible that Charles is Harry’s real father. Hewitt was on the scene as Diana’s lover two years before Harry was born. Diana stopped having sex with Charles years before Harry was born. Harry looks exactly like Hewitt”:

Likewise, the fact that the evidence, (*the real evidence, not that fiction put out by the mainstream media to suggest otherwise*) points to both Harry's ‘father’ & ‘Grandfather’ having a hand in his mother’s death, cannot be easy to live with.

However, neither of the above factors can be used to justify Harry's behaviour. As a senior member of the Royal family his conduct should be beyond reproach. Once again, this inept, in-bred, parasitic family have embarrassed the nation in the eyes of the world. The quicker that we get rid of them, the better off we will be.

Below, is the Photograph that the mainstream media dare not print. Both the above article and the photo below are copyright of the author.

Phillip: *"Oh for pity's sake... Don't look now but that awful bounder Spivey has just turned up. He really does get everywhere".*

Harry: *"Fucking Hell! Get rid of him Daddy. He's stealing my thunder. Get rid of him right now or i'll squeam and squeam till I'm sick".*

Charles: *"Ding bloody dong... Errr, hang on now son. Lets not errr be too errrr bloody hasty. And don't call me errr Daddy. Errr call me Big Chaz".*

Chapter 28
The True Axis Of Evil: 9/11 remembered

This was my third major article about the government orchestrated 9/11 and was written on the 11th anniversary of the event…

In the 11 years since the attacks of September the 11th, I cannot recall seeing many sicker sights than that of George Wanker Bush (*that is what the 'W' stands for isn't it?*), Standing atop a pile of debris left by the collapsed WTC towers, with a protective arm, casually draped around an ageing fire fighters shoulders.

Bush, megaphone in hand and looking like he had just won an Olympic gold medal was at Ground Zero, in what was a shameless display specifically designed to whip up patriotism and anti Middle Eastern sentiment amongst a shell shocked American - nay, World - population.

Looking extremely, smarmy and self satisfied, the Monster - revelling in the applause that he was receiving - began to speak:

"***I can hear you... The World can hear you... And pretty soon the people who knocked down these buildings will be hearing from all of us".***

What a Cunt!

The man – and I use the term extremely loosely – stood there like some kind of Wild West hero, basking in his own sense of self worth, while at the same time knowing full well that he and his bunch of reprobates were responsible for all of the lives lost that day.

What a sick Cunt!

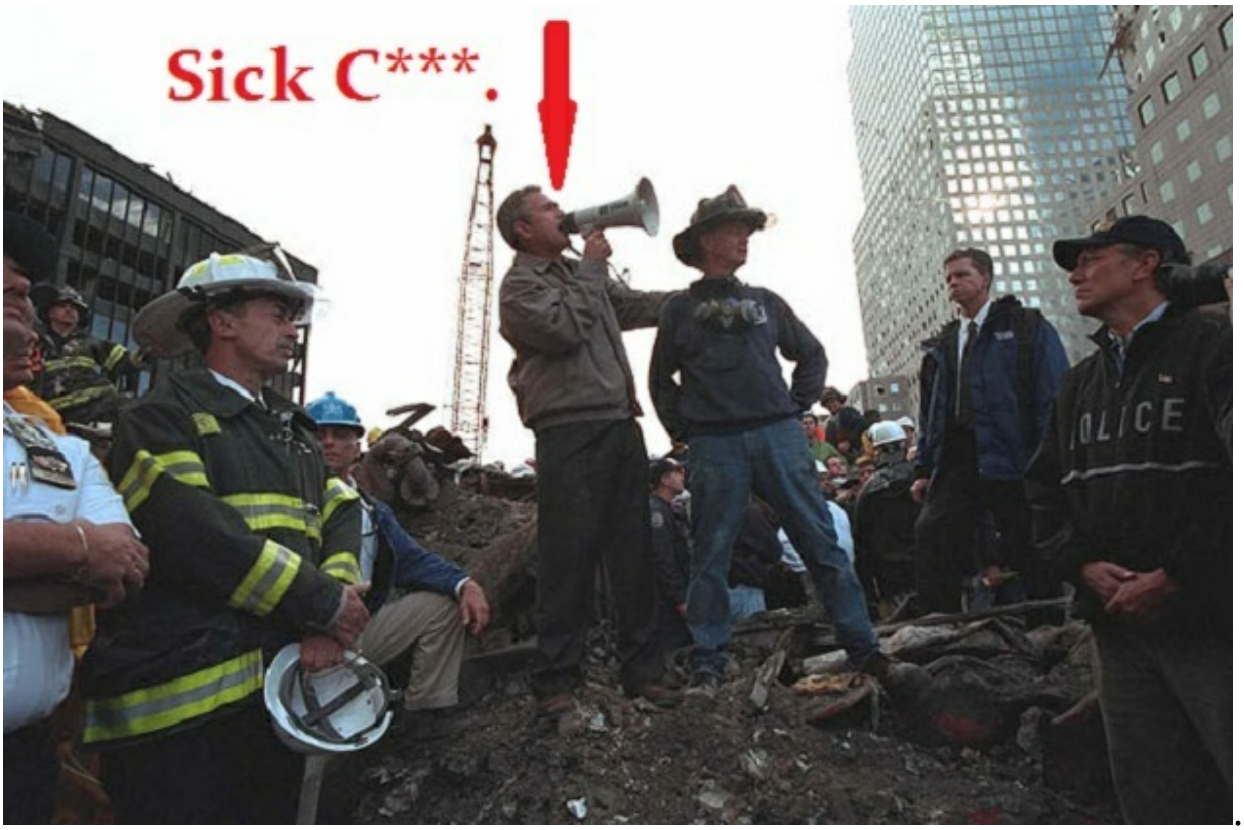

This sadistic display took place on September 14th 2001, just three days after the attacks. Course, the choking air had cleared of dust by then and all work had been halted to avoid creating more.

In fact that would be the same choking air that the abomination masquerading as Condoleezza Rice knew all too well was dangerous to work in, but nevertheless still withheld the information.

That would also be the same choking air about which - the then - EPA Administrator, Christine Todd Whitman said on the 18th of September 2001: ***"Given the scope of the tragedy from last week, I am glad to reassure the people of New York and Washington, DC that their air is safe to breathe and their water is safe to drink"*.**

Perhaps Ms Todd Whitman wouldn't have been so "***glad to reassure the people of New York and Washington, DC"*** that everything was hunky-dory

had she been made to work in an area where the air, according to air pollution expert, Professor Emeritus Thomas Cahill contained dust that was in his own words; *"wildly toxic"*.
Professor Cahill concluded that:

The thousands of tons of toxic debris resulting from the collapse of the Twin Towers consisted of more than 2,500 contaminants, more specifically: 50% non-fibrous material and construction debris; 40% glass and other fibers; 9.2% cellulose; and 0.8% of the extremely toxic carcinogen asbestos, as well as detectable amounts of lead, and mercury. There were also unprecedented levels of dioxin and PAHs from the fires which burned for three months. Many of the dispersed substances (asbestos, crystalline silica, lead, cadmium, polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons) are carcinogenic; other substances can trigger kidney, heart, liver and nervous system deterioration. This was well known by the EPA at the time of collapse.

Naturally, Ms Whitman and her merry bunch of lying sicko's deny that they knew of the danger that the dust posed to rescue workers. However according to the *Union of Concerned Scientist*s website:

News reports suggest that the EPA was not fully forthcoming about the air quality at ground zero. EPA scientist Cate Jenkins argues that the agency plainly lied in its public declarations. Jenkins told CBS News in September 2006 that the EPA knew "this dust was highly caustic, in some cases as caustic and alkaline as Drano." In September 2006, CNN reported that an October 5, 2001 letter from the EPA to the New York City Health Department warned of threats to worker safety from exposure to hazardous materials. Yet this knowledge failed to affect the EPA's unworried public statements.

The EPA's September 18th, 2001 news release stated that: "*EPA's primary concern is to ensure that rescue workers and the public are not being exposed to elevated levels of potentially hazardous contaminants in the dust and debris.*"
Yet despite this, a 2006 study by Mount Sinai Hospital in New York found that "*seven out of ten World Trade Center rescue and wreckage workers had*

new or worsened lung problems after the attacks".

Moreover, The New York City Department of Health has a database of 71,000 people exposed to dust and debris at Ground Zero — a database created in response to hundreds of people's complaints of breathing and lung problems. "*The health of these individuals may have been saved if not for the government's willingness to place politics above sound science in the aftermath of the 2001 World Trade Center attacks*".*

Furthermore, according to Reuters, some estimates put the overall death toll from 9/11-related illness at more than 1,000. Reuters further reported that; "*At least 20,000 ground zero workers are being treated across the country and 40,000 are being monitored by the World Trade Centre Health Program*".

And yet a further study conducted in 2010 by the New York Fire Department Medical Office concluded that of the 5000 WTC rescue workers taking part in the study:

All had impaired lung functions with an average impairment of 10 percent. The study found the impairments presented itself in the first year after the attack with little or no improvements in the ensuing six years. 30 to 40 percent of workers were reporting persistent symptoms and 1000 of the group studied were on "permanent respiratory disability". Dr. Prezant noted the medications that are being given ease symptoms but are not a cure.

So, did the EPA know? Yes, of course they did.

In fact the twin towers had long ago failed the safety standard for Asbestos levels in a workplace and the daunting task of removing the killer insulation to bring the towers up to safety standards was not thought to be cost effective. However, to not remove the Asbestos would have meant that the Towers would have had to be closed down.

Indeed, it was because of this asbestos dilemma that the moderately wealthy,

Larry Silverstein was allowed to buy the WTC lease at a bargain basement price. Larry *'I didn't know 9/11 was going to happen, honest Guv'* Silverstein then insured the buildings to the hilt.

And when the towers came down, along with WTC 7, Silverstein was catapulted overnight from the ranks of the moderately wealthy to the ranks of the super rich... Silverstein, is as you would imagine, a particularly unpleasant, snake in the grass type character.

Meanwhile, further down the American East Coast another of the seedy little men behind the 9/11 attacks was determined to see himself portrayed as a hero. Donald *'I make your flesh crawl'* Rumsfeld - in a public display every bit as sick as that staged by 'Wanker' Bush - was filmed carrying small pieces of aircraft debris from the Pentagon lawn.

However, this moronic toad of a man - no doubt blinded by his desire to be seen as someone other than a Cunt - did not possess the brains to realize that in doing so he was leaving himself wide open for criticism.

You see, for starters had the attacks really have been committed by Islamic extremists, then the little wannabe - in his capacity as the US Defence Secretary - would have immediately been taken to a place of safety.

Moreover, in his quest to be seen as a hero, the daft prat was actually committing a crime punishable by imprisonment. I am of course referring to the extremely serious offence of destroying a crime scene – an offence which was also committed at the WTC incidentally.

And anyway, ask yourself what the rush was to move this extremely dubious in origin, plane crash debris in the first place? I mean what threat or danger did these small pieces of wreckage pose to anyone? Absolutely None at all.

Indeed it was done merely to make this power crazed imbecile look good. Unfortunately, It will take a lot more than that you horrible little man.

Course, I don't doubt for a moment that this anniversary will be used as an excuse by the main stream media to subtly whip up hatred towards Muslims worldwide.

Moreover, I also expect to hear plenty of corrupt, self serving politicians scaring gullible people throughout the world into believing that the only way to keep them safe from the very [un] real likelihood of another terrorist attack is by them giving up their freedom and civil liberties.

These are the exact same gullible people who continue to cling to the highly improbable, nay impossible scenario that has become the American government's official version of events.

In fact I personally find it unbelievable that millions of people across the world still believe that four planes were hijacked by Muslim extremists, all of whom were armed to the teeth with an extremely dangerous plastic handled, Stanley knife each.

And then, having successfully taken over the planes they proceed to fly two of them into the WTC twin towers - resulting in their collapse.

The third plane we are told is steered - *in a manoeuvre impossible for any 757 pilot to perform* – into the Pentagon building, despite none of the

hijackers being able to fly for shit.

Meanwhile the fourth plane - *amidst a display of all American heroism* - crash lands in a Pennsylvanian field, as a direct result of the hostages attempting to overpower the hijackers.

Personally, I believe that the fact that people still buy into the above nonsense is an affront to the memory of the alleged 2977 people who died on that day.

Likewise, it is also an affront to the memory of those who have died since as a direct result of their involvement in 9/11.

After all, it is scientifically impossible for Jet fuel to burn anywhere near the heat temperature needed to make steel melt - or even warp enough to trigger a collapse. And in fact, the black smoke seen coming from the towers was testament to the low temperature of the fires inside the buildings.

You see, all of the jet fuel was burnt up in a massive fireball on impact for crying out loud.
And if, as the official government version of events concludes, the towers then collapsed due to a combination of the impact damage and heat from the subsequent fires, then we need to rewrite all the laws of physics being as the towers came down at freefall speed.

Indeed, the only way... And I will repeat that for the hard of learning... THE ONLY WAY that the towers could have come down at freefall speed is via a controlled demolition.
Still, perhaps Osama Bin Laden was a demolition expert in his spare time…
But then again, perhaps not.

Now, those of you paying attention may have noticed that I inserted the word *'Alleged'* before stating the official death toll earlier on in this article. I did so because the evidence actually points to the official death toll being nowhere near that figure of 2977.

Indeed, you have to question why, if the hype afforded to Bin Laden was true

- *which it isn't* – he chose to go to all that trouble just to cause 3000 deaths. After all, had he waited a couple of hours more there would have been around 50,000 people slaving away in the trade centre. But, as the FBI's 'most wanted' posters prove, Bin Laden didn't do it. Even the FBI couldn't muster the front to apportion the blame onto Mr Bin Laden.

Course, the American Government sponsored terrorist attack actually took place at that time in the morning for very good reason. That reason was to specifically ensure that there would be the minimum number of deaths possible, while at the same time ensuring that the body count was still sufficiently high enough to outrage the public into allowing the American Government to go on a Middle Eastern pillage.

Now, understand this: The desire for a relatively low body count in comparison to what it could have been was not down to the government wanting to save the lives of American citizens. On the contrary, had they thought that they could have gotten away with it; the death toll would have been substantially higher. However, the less bodies that there were meant the less grieving families there would be to ask awkward questions.

Of the alleged 2977 people who died that day, 411 of them were supposedly from the emergency services... That is 411 Firemen, Policemen, and Paramedics, who were deliberately murdered by their own Government. There is however a dispute over that number.

That dispute comes along with the other 2566 people allegedly killed that day - including the hijackers. You see, at least 5 of the 19 hijackers are still alive and somewhat bemused to learn that - to this day - they are still officially listed amongst those who did die on September 11th 2001.

Of the remaining 2958 civilian and emergency service workers reportedly killed, a rather strange anomaly has cropped up surrounding their identity. You see, in the days and weeks following 9/11, 'relatives' of those who supposedly died took to pinning up photographs of their deceased loved ones at Ground Zero.

However, someone was paying more attention to these photographs than the government would have liked because it soon became obvious that a lot of them were photoshopped repeats of other ’victims’ photographs.

In other words, someone – the government – had taken the photographs of people who had really died on that day, copied the photos, added a different background, reversed the images and changed the skin tones of the people in the copied photos. The photos and their copies were then pinned up at Ground Zero (*a suitable distance apart from each other obviously*) with the doctored photos pinned up under different names.

Worse still, some of these photos were photoshopped up to 3 or 4 times. (see photo 11 opposite)

It is therefore impossible to put an accurate figure on the total number of people who died in the towers on 9/11.

However, having said that, had only one person died in the attacks then that would still have been one too many. Indeed, the horror and suffering that those poor people must have gone through while waiting to die is unimaginable.

Then there are the plane passengers... Or lack of them since the seats on all four planes were massively undersold that day... Coincidence?

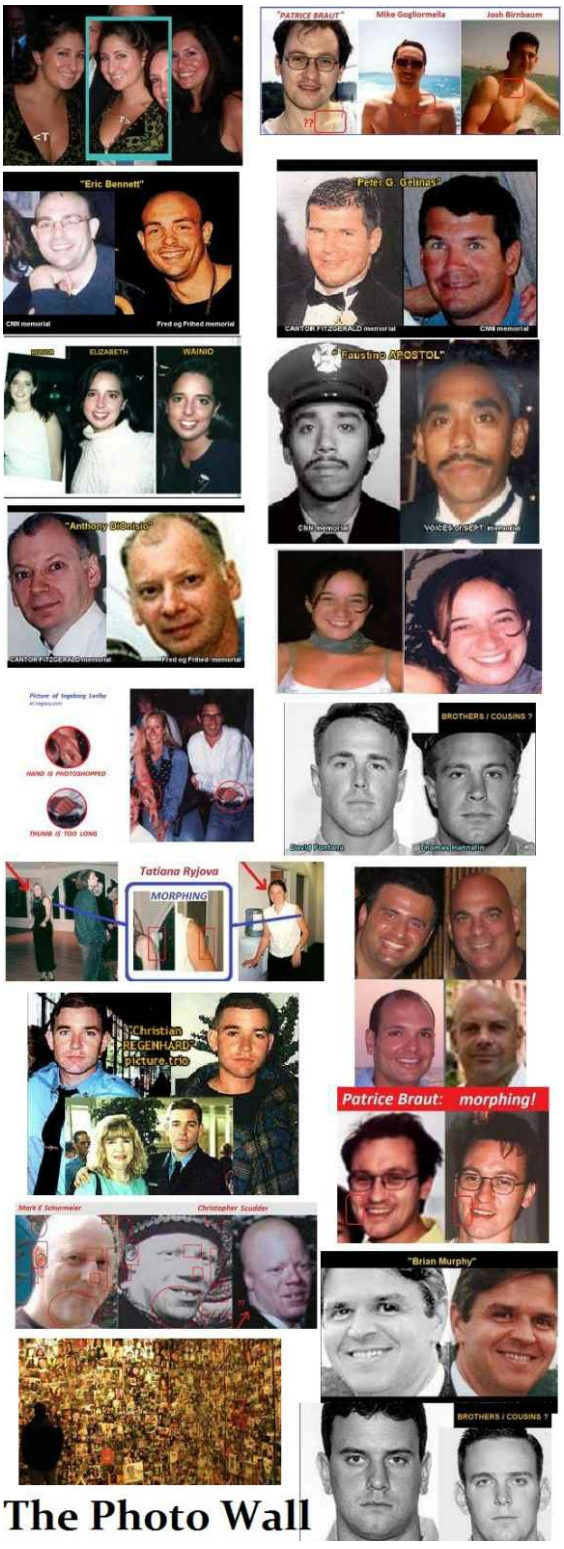

The Photo Wall

I mean a Boeing 757 can carry between 200 & 289 passengers and crew. Now take a look at the numbers supposedly on the four doomed airliners:

American Flight 11 had 87 passengers and crew plus five hijackers.

United Flight 175 had 60 passengers and crew plus five hijackers.
American Flight 77 had 59 passengers and crew plus five hijackers.
United Flight 93 had 40 passengers and crew plus four hijackers.

Strange then how the hijackers knew that they could manage with a man less on flight 93 which just so happened to be the flight with the least number of passengers.
So once again I ask you; coincidence?

However, there is evidence to suggest that Flight 93, the plane that supposedly crashed into a field following a hostage revolt, actually landed at Cleveland's Hopkins International airport where it was hidden in a secluded hanger while 'the passengers' were evacuated.

Donald Rumsfeld was also actually caught on video saying that flight 93 had been shot down. The alleged impact site is certainly unique if flight 93 really did crash land there since the debris, spread over miles, is like no other impact site seen before.

However, having said that the site is very consistent with what you would expect to see had the plane been blown to smithereens in mid flight.

Certainly, the reported phone conversations from flight 93 between alleged passengers and their loved ones at home are fake. You see, it was impossible to make cell phone calls from aeroplanes in 2001. The evidence therefore points to an empty jet liner having been shot down over Pennsylvania.

Course, it goes without saying that the alleged on board hostage revolt made for good propaganda. Bravo.

In regards to Flight 77, the plane that supposedly crashed into the pentagon; Believe that, and you will believe anything.
I mean, the impact site doesn't support the claim in anyway, shape or form. Furthermore, the mid-air turn allegedly made by flight 77 in order for it to have hit the pentagon building where it supposedly did, is impossible to make in a 757.

And you may also wish to consider this fact; the Pentagon has more CCTV cameras trained on it than any other building in the world. To date, the American Government has only released CCTV footage from one. That footage certainly does not show a plane hitting the building.

Yet in order to end the many conspiracies theories surrounding exactly what it was that hit the Pentagon, all the government need do is release a decent bit of CCTV footage showing the plane hitting the building. The fact that they haven't speaks volumes.

There is however much witness testimony - *totally ignored by the 'Mickey Mouse' 9/11 commission report obviously* - to say that a incredibly low flying 757, flew over the pentagon seconds before a Cruise missile slammed into the building. Therefore, going on the evidence available, I would suggest to you that no plane crashed into the Pentagon and as such; that obviously means no passengers died.

Flights 93 and 77 therefore reduce the death toll by a further 108. Similarly, there is much evidence to suggest that the two planes, American Flight 11 and United Flight 175 were in reality, unmanned remote controlled spy planes. And again, if that is true then the death toll is reduced by a further 167.

The evidence suggests that nowhere near the official number of deaths occured in the Twin Towers

The evidence suggests that Flight 93 was shot down in mid air. Check out the crash site and compare it to others.

Can you see a Massive Jumbo Jet in the CCTV footage. No, neither can anyone else.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that no matter how many people died on

September the 11th 2001, they were all killed by the same scumbags who were supposedly elected to protect them.
That the people responsible for those who died 11 years ago are still breathing fresh air, never mind living in a manner that we can only dream about, is breathtaking in the extreme.

Amongst their ranks are people such as the Bush family, Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, Condoleezza Rice, Tony Blair, the Clintons, Rudolph Giuliani, Barack Obama, Henry Kissinger and Larry Silverstein to name but a few. May their souls one day rot in hell.

Evil Beyond Belief

George H Bush

George W Bush

Jeb Bush

Barak Obama

Bill Clinton

Hilary Clinton

Dick 'Ed' Cheney

Donald Duck

"Rudy" Giuliani

Tony 'B' Liar

Larry Silverstein

Condoleezza Rice

Unfortunately, these abominations will continue to cause suffering, pain, and misery throughout the world as long as we allow them too. All those of you who refuse to speak out, or refuse to see the wood for the trees are accomplices to these psychopaths. For that tag alone, you should hang your heads in shame.

Today, on this 11th anniversary of what is probably the blackest day in American history, it is right that we remember those innocent victims of September the 11th 2001.
Those people - how ever many that may be - were deliberately murdered by their own government for nothing more than greed and power. May all those innocent victims forever rest in peace.

It is also right that today we pay respect to those who have since died following the American governments deliberate withholding of information regarding the dangers of working at Ground Zero.
They too were murdered by their own Government. May those poor souls also forever rest in peace.

And finally, it is also right that we pay our respects today to all of the armed service personnel and countless hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women and children who have died in the so called war on terror... An illegal war, brought into force as a direct result of the false flag operation orchestrated by the American government... A act of terrorism which has come to be known as 9/11.

May all of the countless victims, regardless of Race, creed or colour forever rest in peace.

*The following is taken from an RT News article:

GOVERNMENT FINALLY ADMITS THAT 9/11 TOXINS CAUSED CANCERS

RT *– The US government has decided to recognize around 50 different types of cancer that victims of the 9/11 terrorist attacks have been diagnosed with after more than a decade-long wait that has left hundreds dead without proper care or diagnosis.*

Civilians and first responders that survived the September 11, 2001 attacks but developed cases of varying cancers in the aftermath will now be covered by a government-administered health care program that will provide them with complimentary check-ups and screenings. The decision will apply to survivors of both crashes at the World Trade Center in New York City and the Pentagon in Washington, DC.

The National Institute for Occupational Safety made the announcement Monday, adding dozens of diseases — including cancers of the breast, bladder and lung, colorectal cancer, leukemias, melanoma and childhood cancers — to an already substantial list of diseases that are covered.

"The publication of this final rule marks an important step in the effort to provide needed treatment and care to 9/11 responders and survivors through the WTC Health Program," NIOSH director Dr. John Howard said in a statement this week.

In a separate address, New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg said, "We have urged from the very beginning that the decision whether or not to include cancer be based on science." For several years, however, many victims and physicians have made countless claims that the effects of the attacks in NYC and DC did in fact contribute to developing debilitating diseases.

Thank you!

Thank you for buying this book and taking the time to read it this far.

More information on what I write and to keep in touch, simply go to www.chrisspivey.org

Just sayin'.

THE FILTHY RICH

By Christopher D. Spivey

THE FILTHY RICH

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Version PBMM2020.01.27

Introduction

Believe it or not, the whole world is run by one percent of the population.

That one percent belong to an evil, very exclusive club of which we - the ninety nine percent - will never be allowed to join.

Nor would we want to… Or at least I hope not! Because to be a member of their club you have to be a soulless monster.

Worse still, you have to be a devout Satanist and indulge in all of the horrific practices that go with it - including human sacrifice, child sex abuse & beastiality.

In this book, I name the household names who belong to that club of monsters and describe the depravity in which they take part.

Be warned, it makes for harrowing reading.

Chapter 1

In late October 2015 I was looking for something newsworthy to post in the news feed of my website: www.chrisspivey.org, when I happened to glance up at the TV - *which as usual was muted* – only to see Aerosmith's, Steve Tyler being interviewed by Jonathan Ross.
Now I haven't a clue what Tyler - *looking increasingly more like a drag queen with a bad face lift* - was promoting, although it must have been something for him to be appearing on the talk show in the first place.

However, for a brief - *very brief* - moment I almost stirred myself into action by reaching for the TV remote... Almost. Then sanity took over again and I realised that I had not the slightest interest in what the 107 year old geriatric had to say.

I mean, after suffering a career dip (*You can only listen to 'Walk this way' so many times before developing migraines*) Tyler, it would seem was now firmly back in the public eye after becoming a panel judge on the mind destroying TV programme **'American Idol'.**

Nevertheless, apparently not content with scaring the gullible American public with his plastic face, it seems that he had now come over to the UK to scare our gullible public. Then again, it was Halloween at the time.
In fact now that I think about it that fact actually fits. Tyler was over here promoting Halloween. After all, the UK long ago firmly embraced the USA's traditional 'Trick or Treat' night - the one night a year that paedophiles get dressed up for.

And let's face it; Tyler is the perfect man for the job. After all, not only has he a face that nightmares are made of, he is also a class A Paedophile.

So, having now figured out the reason for the bad Mick Jagger ‘lookalike’ appearing on the Jonathan Ross show – *although I could be wrong on that score* – It then struck me that Ross and his producers must have known that they had a kiddie fiddler on their show.

After all, I knew at least 18 months prior to Tylers appearance on the Jonathan Ross show that he had a ‘thing’ for little girls in the same way that I knew over a year before Jimmy Savile was outed as a paedophile that he had a ‘thing’ for little girls... And little boys... And the mentally handicapped... And Necrophilia.

Moreover, I knew that fact about Tyler and I am not even a member of the ‘Elites’ whereas Ross & Co are so of course him and his producers knew that they had a nonce on the show.
But just like the BBC with Jimmy So-vile, they turned a blind eye. And in doing so, that also made Ross and his producers sick fucks.

Almost, but not quite as bad as those who give Paedophiles airtime, are those cretins whom hero worship scum like Tyler and hang on to their every word. Indeed, it sometimes seems to me that the sycophant, celebrity obsessed, Zombie population - *those of the UK and US in particular* - are prepared to ignore anything that the rich and famous get up to no matter how sick.

Yet, if Joe Common-Paedo gets caught looking at child porn, it is those same celebrity worshipping hypocrites who are the first in line to lead a vigilante lynch mob to Joe’s door or publish his address and phone number on FaceBook.
However, don't you go thinking for a second that I'm defending Joe Common-Paedo. They too are scum, who should be strung up by their scrawny necks, but it is the hypocrisy that gets my back up... I cannot abide hypocrites. Paedophiles are the lowest of the low, be they rich or poor.

So, it was at that point - *with the names of many other well known sexual deviants popping into my head* - that I abandoned my quest for newsworthy articles to post on my website. ‘*Sod it*’, I thought, I’ll write my own.

You see, the list of famous Paedophiles who the hypocritical UK public afford god like status to, is endless: Steve Tyler, Michael Jackson, Pete Townshend, Malcolm Maclaren, Bill Wyman and Elvis Presley to name but a few.

Course, the fact that Steve Tyler is a Paedophile will no doubt come as a shock to quite a few people. Nevertheless, that does not alter the fact that he is. So let me prove it to you.
In 1975, the then 70 yr old Tyler *(although I may have exaggerated his age... May have*) persuaded the parents of 14 yr old, Julia Holcomb (Holcolm) to sign over 'guardianship' of their daughter to him.
Tyler then proceeded to spend the next 3 years doing drugs with the youngster and generally violating her before dumping her following an unplanned pregnancy which resulted in her being forced to have an abortion.

And after growing bored of the fast maturing teen, Tyler kindly returned the then 17 year old girl back to her parents. Tellingly, Julia Holcomb is mentioned in a book about Tyler imaginatively entitled '***Walk this way***', but appears under the Pseudonym of **Diane Hall** in order to conceal her identity. However, unbelievable as it may seem it would appear that the plastic faced abomination of a man knows no shame since he arrogantly talks about the abortion in his autobiography as being the catalyst for his downward spiral into drink and drug addiction:

"It was a big crisis. It's a major thing when you're growing something with a woman, but they convinced us that it would never work out and would ruin our lives." …
"You go to the doctor and they put the needle in her belly and they squeeze the stuff in and you watch. And it comes out dead. I was pretty devastated. In my mind, I'm going, Jesus, what have I done?"

And I am also thinking "*Jesus, what have you done' you sick-in-the-head selfish bastard*". As for '*ruin your lives*', you and Julia's parents ruined her life when they signed her over to your care you arrogant arsehole.

Nevertheless, just so as there can be no doubt in anyone's mind as to the kind

of monster that Tyler is and where the decrepit old fossils morals lay, the following is taken from the Feelnumb.com website:

After the abortion, Tyler began an affair with Playboy model and notorious groupie Bebe Buell while still seeing Julia. As for Julia at the time, Bebe said, "There were many suicidal calls from poor Diana (Julia) as they were breaking up. It was actually a pretty sad time."...
Tyler went on a European concert tour, accompanied by Bebe, she recalls: "He was crazy … totally drunk, really out of it. … Steven destroyed his dressing room at Hammersmith … when we got back from Europe … One night I found him on the floor of his bathroom having a drug seizure.

Course, to blame his drug addiction on a 14 year old girl simply just does not wash. I would therefore suggest that anyone who is thinking of adding to Tyler's over inflated ego (*although I fail to see how anyone resembling a badly dressed, shop window mannequin that has been exposed to intense heat, can have an over inflated ego*) by giving him air time or asking for his autograph to remember what a sick individual he really is.

And as a footnote to Tyler, Bebe Buell is the Mother of Tyler's daughter, Liv Tyler.
However, quite where the priorities of parents like Julia Holcolm's lay is beyond me but sadly they are far from unique, in fact there are at least three more cases almost identical to Julia's that I can think of, straight off the top of my head.

The first is that involving the ex-Rolling Stones bass guitarist, Bill Wyman. Indeed, Wyman was at the time still a member of arguably the biggest band in the world when he met and started dating 13 yr old Mandy Smith. Course, the very fact that the legendary womaniser was 50 years old at the time seemed to matter little to him. In fact in his 1990 autobiography, *Stone Alone*, he wrote, ***"She took my breath away… She was a woman at thirteen...".***

Now, whether or not they were having sex while Mandy was still 13 is a matter of speculation. However, by Mandy's own admission they were

certainly at ‘it’ by the time that she was 14 years old.
Mind you, to be fair Mandy claims that her Mother Patsy – *who was herself around 8 years younger than Wyman* - didn’t know that she (Mandy) and Wyman were having sex up until Mandy was 16 years old.

However, given Wyman’s reputation and lifestyle, I find that impossible to believe especially when you learn that in 1993, while Wyman was still married to Mandy, Wyman’s son Stephen (*34 at the time*) married the then 49 year old Patsy. This meant that Wyman was Patsy’s son in law as well as her Father in law. And as for the permutations in regards to Stephen, the mind boggles.
Sadly, as is usually the case for these very young girls who become the playthings of the powerful, Mandy Smith, who finally married Wyman when she was 18, has been dogged with ill health and psychological problems.

In fact in April 2010 Mandy reflected on her time with Wyman in an interview with the Daily Mail newspaper:

'If it happened today, he would be absolutely vilified by the press. He'd be in jail. For me, for a long time, it was a grey area.
'I was underage, but I was complicit. Now, I see it in black and white. I work with teenagers. I see how vulnerable they are under all that bravado.'
Her father John died eight weeks ago and she says she missed him being a role model. 'He and Mum split up when I was three. He was in and out of our lives, but he wasn't a responsible dad.

'If he had been, maybe none of it would have happened. I honestly don't think that Bill would have made a move if my dad had been around.'
But her mother was around.
Patsy Smith had come from a large Irish family, but struggled with her own two girls when she was effectively left a single mum.

She also had health issues - 'mental, physical, the doctors never got to the bottom of any of it, really' - when they were young. 'From the time I was about six, I remember Mum being in bed all the time.
'She might get up and put washing on, but it was up to me and Nicola to do

the shopping, get ourselves to school.

'It wouldn't have occurred to Mum to get help from Social Services or anything, and I still think she did her best, but it was tough for her. We fended for ourselves, basically.'
After the divorce, Mandy went into freefall. She struggled to be taken seriously as a model or singer, and her health precluded any work
Both girls were extremely pretty - and headstrong. 'All the nightclubbing stuff, it was fun. We thought we were older than we were. (This relates to Mandy and her sister Nicola - Spivey)

None of it was about sex. In my mind it wasn't, anyway. It was about being young, showing off, fashion, fun.'
They started blagging their way into nightclubs near their home in north London. Was their age ever questioned? 'No. We always looked older. It was quite tame, compared with today. We'd have a packet of Silk Cut and a vodka and coke.

'There were no drugs. I still think of it as an innocent time, despite everything.'
One night they secured tickets to a music awards party, where the fateful meeting with Wyman, the Rolling Stones bassist, took place.

On that first night, some mention was made of a career in modelling. Mandy was convinced that Bill could help her 'make it'.
'He came round to the house next day. He had already mentioned that he knew the big boss of a modelling agency. It wasn't like he came round playing the big "I am".
'Bill was never like that. He didn't flash his cash around. He was never one for lavish gestures. He came across as a quiet, nice guy. I wonder now if that was deliberate.'
These days, we would use words such as ' grooming'. She nods. 'I honestly don't know if it was that. I've thought about this a lot and I just don't know.

'With hindsight, he was quite an immature character. Even though he was a man, a dad, he wasn't mature. He didn't do responsibility either.

'It took me a while to appreciate that.'
And so it started. The day after they first met, Bill reportedly told Nicola that he had fallen in love with her sister.

The whole family were frequent guests at his home. He and Mandy started going out together. A sexual relationship was developing. 'I didn't sleep with him until eight or nine months after we started going out,' Mandy says.
'I think it was kind of expected that I would sleep with him. You know, you go out with someone for a while, you are boyfriend and girlfriend.'
Although she won't go into detail about the first time she had sex with Wyman, a later pronouncement is telling: 'Sex the first time is always an anti-climax, isn't it? You do it and you think: "Is that it? What's the fuss is about?"

'It's only later, when all the emotions come into play that you get what it is actually about.'
Did her mother know from the off that it was a sexual relationship? 'Oh no, I think she thought he was just helping us out. It was a friendship. He was a father figure.
'Of course, people say: "Where the hell was the mother? How could she not have known?" But my mum is quite naive.

'The more Bill was on the scene, the more she believed he could look after us if anything happened to her. And she was ill.
'When she did find out I had slept with him, she was disappointed. So was my sister. They'd trusted me and I'd been dishonest. We were a Catholic family. There was all that guilt.'

Somehow the family was appeased. Mandy and Wyman were embroiled in a relationship, one that was illegal yet somehow accepted.
'It was kept from the press and strangers, of course. For the first couple of years, I had to lie. If we were out in a club, I'd have to say I was doing a secretarial course.
'When it actually came out, I was 16, so I suppose it wasn't as bad. Although it was still bad. All hell broke loose.'

Mandy was questioned by police when the story broke, but to this day the family have refused to press charges. Why? 'What good would it do? He has a family now. What happened happened.
'And I suppose because we did go on to get married when I was 18, it didn't seem as bad.'
Legally and morally, though, she was the victim of abuse.

Indeed, she was the victim of abuse. Ironically, in 1981 Wyman made a solo record called '**(Si, Si) Je suis *un rock star*'**, which was about a rock star dating a much younger girl. The song contains a line which goes; "*They'll think I'm your Dad, and you're me Daughter*"... No Bill, they'll think you're a dirty old paedophile.

The second case of child abuse where the parents were complicit, that springs readily to mind is that of Elvis Presley. Elvis was a 24 yr old Army conscript when he met 14 year old Priscilla on an army base in Germany and within months, the heartthrob had persuaded her parents to let their child go to live with him in America.
However, according to Wikipedia, Elvis already had a girl living at Graceland, A girl even younger than Priscilla:

Elvis and Priscilla first met in 1959 while Elvis was stationed in Germany with the U.S. Army. Priscilla was only 14 years old when the singer began dating her. He was 24, and at that time, he even had a younger girl living in his house. Source: priscilla.elvispresley.com.au

Elvis apparently got Priscilla's parents to agree to her leaving Germany by promising them that their 14 yr old daughter would be living with his father, Vernon and stepmother, Dee Presley at a home Elvis had bought on Hermitage Drive, located at the back of Graceland. Graceland, as I'm sure you all know was Elvis' family home that he named in tribute to his Mother.

However Priscilla's parents were either extremely gullible or they were prepared to turn a blind eye to what was going on because the living arrangements that Elvis had proposed only lasted a couple of weeks after

which Priscilla would slip back and forth between the two houses.
In an interview with ABC, Priscilla was asked about that time:

‘***Priscilla said her parents were apprehensive about the situation at first, but they ultimately changed their minds. 'Well, after they met Elvis they -- you know, Elvis could talk his way out of a paper bag', said Priscilla. 'I mean, he literally was charming. It threw my parents. They were totally taken aback by him'. Elvis' mother had died not long before and he seemed to be in need of companionship and nurturing. Priscilla immediately assumed the role of caregiver and despite their age difference, she became one of Elvis' closest confidantes’.***

Tellingly, Priscilla ended the interview with the following words***: 'being with Elvis was never normal'.***
She was right there, wasn’t she? It is not normal for a man, who at 24 yrs old could have any woman in the world that he wanted, to choose a 14 year old schoolgirl.
Course, being the legend that he was no one wants to hear a bad word said about him. In fact his diehard fans will point to the many numerous books written about Elvis which proclaimed him to be a good god fearing man, with nothing but good intentions towards his school girl bride to be.

However, if you believe that old bollocks then you will believe anything. At 24, Elvis had already been a major star for at least 4 years. He was also well on his way to drug addiction at that time.
Priscilla also maintains that they didn’t have sex until their wedding night. However, that claim is questioned by biographers such as Alanna Nash:

They married on May 1, 1967 in Las Vegas, Nevada and daughter Lisa Marie was born nine months later on February 1, 1968 in Memphis, Tennessee. In her book, Elvis and Me, Priscilla describes her daily life with her husband. She also says that Presley became fascinated with the occult and metaphysical phenomena and an addict to prescription drugs, which dramatically changed his personality from playful to being passive and introverted…

Now, just pausing briefly here, you will note that Nash claims that Elvis was into the occult. Those who have read my article '**Monsters Inc: The Satanic royal family and power elite'** will instantly know the significance of this. However, for those of you who haven't, it is important to know that ALL of the elite are Satanists.
Right, getting back to what Nash says about Elvis and Priscilla's love life:

"Her sex life with Elvis still consisted largely of foreplay or videotaped sex games between herself and another girl. It was not Priscilla's ideal. 'At first I took this personally, but even the relationships he had after me ... were not consummated'.

Furthermore, Priscilla half contradicts herself in the book that she co-wrote in 1985 with Sandra Harmon, entitled *'Elvis and me'*. According to her account, the singer told Priscilla that:

"They had to wait until they were married before having intercourse. He said, "I'm not saying we can't do other things. It's just the actual encounter. I want to save it".

Mind you, Elvis' love life and sexual preferences have been the subject of much debate over the years. Certainly, a very large number of those who knew Elvis hint towards him being a deviant and paedophile. Others, such as the author Albert Goldman, didn't even bother to hint. He came directly out with it, publicly declaring Elvis to be a "**Pervert**" and a **"Paedophile"**.

In her book, *'Baby, Let's Play House': Elvis Presley and the Women Who Loved Him'*, Alanna Nash states that Elvis had a preference for playing 'Pygmalion' and 'Father to very young girls whom he delighted in making over'.
Similarly, at least according to Albert Goldman, the reason that Elvis shied away from having sexual intercourse was that:

"Elvis was a voyeur. What he sought as his erotic goal was a group of girls who would agree to strip down to their panties and wrestle with each other. Elvis plays the strutting, overbearing macho in public, but in private, he

loves nothing better than to roughhouse with teenage girls with whom he exchanges beauty secrets. His basic erotic image is a crotch covered with white panties and showing a bit of pubic hair".

Goldman's claim appears to be backed up by Alan Fortas, an all-Memphis football halfback who became a bodyguard to the star and part of the Presley entourage. He stated that:

"Elvis needed someone to baby more than he needed a sex partner. He craved the attention of someone who adored him without the threat of sexual pressure, much as a mother would." Furthermore, "Elvis befriended some of the young girls who used to cluster adoringly in his driveway, or outside the fence ... Some of the girls were as young as fourteen. Fortas said they were frequent houseguests who attended his concerts as part of 'Elvis's personal travelling show.' Out in the backyard, they romped with Elvis in the Doughboy pool and challenged him to watermelon-seed spitting contests. They also slipped into his bedroom."

Other published claims alluding to Presley being a paedophile come from Reuben Fine who claims that:

"In his love life he [Elvis] ***quickly became attached to teenage girls, and he loved to have them wearing white panties in bed with him. For a long time he would not have sex with them, whom he described as 'jail bait.' "***

In similar terms, Brent D. Taylor has stated that:

"Elvis's closest female relationships were usually with young girls of around 13 or 14, ending as they reached late teens".

In that interview with ABC, Priscilla also talks about the way that she had to wait hand and foot on Elvis, who was still mourning the loss of his mother. I have personally read 2 or 3 pieces on Elvis which claimed that the King of Rock 'n' Roll had had an incestuous relationship with his mother. How true that claim was is a matter of debate, although it can be said that in the poor quarters of the American Deep South, where Presley was born, incest was far

from uncommon.

Interestingly enough, Wikipedia actually, albeit inadvertently, backs up this claim:

In a newspaper interview with The Memphis Press Scimitar, Elvis himself was open about the close relationship to his mother. "She was the number-one girl in his life, and he was dedicating his career to her." Throughout her life, "the son would call her by pet names", and they communicated by baby talk. Presley even shared his mother's bed "up until Elvis was a young teen", simply because the family was so extremely poor that they couldn't afford the luxury of two beds.

According to Elaine Dundy, "it was agony for her to leave her child even for a moment with anyone else, to let anyone else touch Elvis." Presley himself said, "My mama never let me out of her sight. I couldn't go down to the creek with the other kids." His father talked about Elvis's close relationship to his mother "after his son became famous, almost as if it were a source of wonder that anyone could be that close."
Furthermore, for such a god fearing man, Elvis certainly didn't take his marriage vows seriously, having had numerous affairs throughout his time with Priscilla. How many of those he actually had intercourse with is still open for debate.
For instance, June Juanic alleges in her book *'Elvis in the Twilight of Memory'* that Presley's wholly corrupt manager, Colonel Tom Parker encouraged a reluctant Elvis to go out with beautiful women only "for the publicity".

Certainly, there is no doubting that the young actress Natalie Wood, who Presley supposedly had an affair with, had the looks and charms to get any red blooded man's heart pounding. However,one of her judgments of Elvis was***: "He can sing but he can't do much else".***
Things take on an even darker undertone when you learn that Colonel Tom Parker, who was apparently devoted to Elvis, wasn't actually a Colonel. However, he was indeed a Paedophile.

It has also been alleged many, many times that Elvis was at the very least Bi-sexual if not out rightly gay. It is further claimed that the singer had a full on love affair with the openly Bi-sexual actor Nick Adams. The following are extracts taken from Wikipedia:

According to Presley expert Elaine Dundy, "Of all Elvis' new friends, Nick Adams, by background and temperament the most insecure, was also his closest."
The author Peter Guralnick says that the singer "was hanging out more and more with Nick and his friends" and that Elvis was glad Colonel Tom Parker "liked Nick."

June Wilkinson also confirms that the singer "had an entourage who spoke with Southern accents. The only one I remember was Nick Adams, the actor."
In her recent Elvis biography, Kathleen Tracy writes that Adams was Elvis's regular friend and often met the singer backstage or at Graceland. "He and Elvis would go motorcycle riding late at night and stay up until all hours talking about the pain of celebrity." Both men also enjoyed prescription drugs, and Elvis often asked Adams "to stay over on nights."

According to Alanna Nash's Baby, Let's Play House (2010), one of Presley's most bizarre relationships involved Adams and Natalie Wood. "When Nick took Elvis to a hotel in Malibu where Natalie was spending the weekend with her bisexual boyfriend, actor Scott Marlowe, Natalie got along well with Elvis - and Marlowe was soon out of the equation," says the source. "Nick, who was also rumoured to be bisexual, Natalie and Elvis became a hot threesome, having a lot of fun together."

Therefore, Tracy writes that "It has since been speculated in Hollywood gossip that Presley and Adams may have shared some sort of intimate encounter. But there's no definitive evidence one way or another," although, according to Hollywood celebrity biographer Darwin Porter and former New York Times reporter Danforth Prince, actor Sal Mineo had confirmed that Adams and Presley "were having oral sex and mutual masturbation".

Interestingly enough, someone recently commented on an article that I have on my website. In fact, to be more accurate he actually commented twice. The fella in question is named only as 'Ron' and he claims to have worked as a 'host' at some of the hangouts of the rich and famous back in the 1960's.

Mind you, reading between the lines, I get the impression that '*host*' translates as male prostitute.
Nevertheless, both comments made certain claims pertaining to the behaviour of some big named movie stars. I have asked Ron to get in touch with me so as I can grill him further about the fascinating claims that he made but unfortunately he hasn't to date got back to me. And while I cannot say for certain that Ron is genuine, it is worth noting that I did some checking on the place's that he claimed to have worked at, all of which have long since been closed down.

Course, the fact that they were closed down made the information harder to verify, but I can confirm that after a couple of hours of detective work, these places did indeed exist and were frequented by the stars that Ron names. Therefore, at the very least if Ron is not genuine, he has done a hell of a lot of research to back his claims. Furthermore, since he was '*just saying*' and had no ulterior motive, I believe Ron to be 100% genuine.

Now, as I have just said Ron's claims are fascinating and amongst the many big stars he names, Elvis' cropped up. The following forms part of both comments made by Ron. I have also set out more than needs be so as you can get an idea as to why I believe him to be genuine. However, despite taking Ron's words from two different comments, I have not omitted or added any wording. Neither have I corrected any part of the text for Punctuation, grammar or spelling:

i was also the host at The Robin Hood Inn, where I was Host too, John Wayne and his friend, a Chris (I forget his last name, but, he used to be an actor and also owned the Robin Hood Inn in Big Bear, next to the Lake), well, Chris had about 6 of us boys working for him, all beautiful and young and you can guess the rest (he tried to rape me one night, after a night of

heavy drinking, they were shooting "North to Alaska") and my mother and family used to ask me why did I quit so many jobs. Let me tell you, it not only women that have problems being hit on in their jobs. The stories I could tell, but, I won't, no one knows my name now. I left Hollyweird for good in 1967-68, worn out, dismayed and bitter too, what a phony town!

I could say more, much more, as I was one of the young studs of Hollyweird in the 60's, I remember Elvis's pimp offering me $500.00 jusst to let Elvis blow me…

So there ya go. Make of it what you will.
Predictably, Priscilla, like Mandy Smith and Julia Holcolm has also had to deal with the inevitable psychological problems associated with child abuse. In turn, Elvis' daughter, Lisa Marie has also endured battles with her inner demons
.
Some would even go as far as to suggest that history repeated itself when she married the alleged Paedophile, Michael Jackson.

The third and final case that springs instantly to mind is that of 7 times married Rock 'n' Roll singer Jerry Lee Lewis, best known for his hit records, 'Great balls of fire', 'Whole lotta shakin' goin' on' and 'Breathless'.

Lewis, a good friend of Elvis' was also born into poverty in America's Deep South. He first got married when he was 14 years old. The marriage lasted 20 months before the couple split up. Lewis later said that the reason they split up was that she "*was too old for me*". She was 17.

He then married his 2nd wife at the age of 16 some 23 days before he was even divorced from the 1st making him a bigamist. This marriage apparently fared better, produced 2 children, and lasted at least 4 years.

His 4th wife also produced a child and lasted 11 years. However, although they were actually getting divorced, his wife drowned in a 'friends' swimming pool before the divorce was made final.
Lewis then married his 5th wife some 10 months after the death of his 4th,

which lasted a total of 77 days. They hadn't split up however; she died of a drug overdose.
Less than a year later, the now aging star, who famously played the piano with his foot during the course of his stage shows married wife number 6. This marriage was seen as his most successful, produced one child and lasted 20 years, ending in 2004.

Course, you would have thought that Lewis would have been done with marriage by then. Apparently not though. With fire still apparently raging in his great balls the 76 year old rocker got married in March 2012 to wife number 7... Amidst a wave of controversy. Well, you wouldn't expect it any other way, would you? The following is taken from the Daily Express newspaper coverage of the wedding:

The woman who shakes his nerves and rattles his brain is Judith Brown, who for 24 years was married to his cousin Rusty, younger brother of the singer's teen bride of 55 years ago, Myra Gale Brown. Rock's pioneering rebel, known as The Killer, tied the knot with his cousin's ex-wife in a small private ceremony at his home in Nesbit, Mississippi, last month.

"I fell in love and it's the best thing that's ever happened to me in my entire life," he says. "I'm happier than I've ever been."
But there's a whole lotta shakin' goin' on in the rocker's feuding family after Lewis's cousin Rusty accused his ex-wife of being more interested in the piano-pounding performer's money. "The reason the wedding was so hush-hush is because everyone in the family, including Jerry's close friends, were all dead set against it," Rusty Brown told American magazine Globe.

"Judith is after only one thing, Jerry's money. She's trying to get Jerry's own flesh and blood, his daughter Phoebe – who's been managing his career for the last 12 years – out of the picture."
Lewis's new bride, aged 62, has been the entertainer's personal assistant and carer for years and divorced Rusty in 2010. Phoebe was not at the wedding which was attended by only the bride and groom's two sisters and their husbands. "Now that she's the seventh Mrs Lewis, she wants control

over everything," claims Rusty.

So how does that make him a paedophile I hear you ask? Good question. Now, the more eagled eyed of you may well have noticed that I omitted wife number 3 from the above list.
You see, Lewis married for the third time when he was 23 years old. His wife, Myra Gale Brown was the entertainers 1st cousin and only 13 years old at the time.

The marriage produced 2 children and lasted 13 years from December 1957 to December 1970 although the couple had to go through a second marriage ceremony since his divorce from 2nd wife; Jane Mitchum was not complete before the first ceremony took place. That made him a bigamist twice over by my reckoning.

Unfortunately for Lewis, the press found out that he had married a child relative just as he was about to start a tour of the UK. Initially Lewis and his management team tried to claim that his new wife was actually 15 years old... Hmmm. Those 2yrs obviously made a big difference to his warped mind then.

Nevertheless, the truth prevailed and such was the public outcry that Lewis was forced to cancel the tour after only 3 shows and return to America. His career then languished in the doldrums for the next 5 or 6 years before sort of taking off again in 1963 - the public back then, apparently just slightly less forgiving than the public of today.
The first 6 marriages produced 6 children for Lewis and he also produced at least 2 more from extra marital affairs. Two of the children were killed, his 3 year old son who, like his 4th wife, also drowned in a swimming pool and his 19 yr old son who was killed in a car accident.

Now, it would be easy to point at those 3 cases and come out with some old crap along the lines of "*yeah but things were different back then*", but to those who think that way, I'm afraid that it just doesn't wash with me, particularly when you take into account that kids are maturing a lot quicker now than they did 30 or 40 years ago. In fact a 13 or 14 year old child back

then would have been equivalent to a 10 or 11 year old today.
The sad truth is that the entertainment industry is littered with deviant paedophiles. In fact, the actor Corey Feldman a former child star goes further still and alleges that predatory paedophiles run Hollywood.

Feldman, in a bid for justice threatened to name names of those who abused him and his fellow child star actor, Corey Haim.
Neither was Feldman bullshitting according to '**Little House on the Prairie**' star, Allison Arngrim (Nellie Olsen). Allison claims that it was an unhidden secret that the two Corey's were passed around for the sexual pleasure of Hollywood's Movie Moguls. The two Corey's shot to fame after appearing in the film '**The Lost Boys**'.

Feldman maintained that it was this child abuse that led to Corey Haim's chronic drug addiction, which ultimately ended his life in 2010. And although Feldman has not yet made good on his threat to expose the Tinsel Town Paedophiles, many websites are, alleging that legendary film director Steven Spielberg is crapping himself... Although, I would never personally allege such a libellous allegation.

However, I would say to Feldman the same as I would say to all those who have evidence of paedophilia: Don't threaten to name them, fucking do it. You might just be saving a child from the horrors that you went through.

Having said that, it does rather seem that film directors do have a penchant for having sex with children. The actor and director, Woody Allen immediately springs to mind.
Woody Allen is a vile man in every sense of the word. It is well known that while he was 'married' to Mia Farrow (Rosemary's Baby, Carrie) he began an affair with Mia's and the music conductor, Andre Previn's adopted Daughter, Soon Yi Previn.

The official story is that Allen and Soon YI didn't begin the affair until she was 17 yrs old. Farrow, who was also once married to Frank Sinatra only found out about the affair when she discovered naked photos of her daughter, allegedly taken by the self confessed neurotic, Allen.

Allen, who remains on the Celebrity A List insists that he did nothing wrong and since he was never legally married to Farrow - *despite their 12 year relationship producing a son as well as 2 adopted children* - the celebrated film director is quite correct in the eyes of the law.
After all, Soon Yi was not underage and neither was she Allen's daughter, adopted or otherwise. Course it could be said that, morally Allen was very wrong. However, many people believe that the 'official' story is not the true story.

In fact, according to the website blockyourid.com the official story couldn't be further away from the murky reality. Certainly, there has to be a reason that the Court placed such heavy restrictions on Allen concerning him seeing his children. The following is taken from the Biography Channel website:

After his separation from Mia Farrow, they started a long public legal battle over their three children. The case was finally won by Farrow and Allen was denied visitation rights with Dylan O'Sullivan Farrow and could only see his biological son Satchel, now 'Ronan Seamus Farrow', under supervision. Moses Farrow aka Misha chose not to see his father.

And if further proof were needed, the website blockyourid.com published the court findings in even greater detail:

In June, 1993, a court awarded custody of Moses, Dylan and Satchel to their mother, Mia Farrow, denying custody to their father, Woody Allen. Moses, who was then 15 years old, and unwilling to visit with his father, was not required to do so. Supervised visitation was ordered for Satchel, who was then five, for two hours, three times per week. Visitation between Mr. Allen and his daughter, Dylan, then seven, was to commence within six months, unless it interfered with therapeutic treatment or was "inconsistent with her welfare."

With the consent of both parties, a psychiatrist, Dr. Donna Moreau, was engaged as a neutral evaluator to make recommendations with respect to visitation. In her report of August 16, 1994, she concluded that Mr. Allen's severance of his sexual relationship with Ms. Farrow's daughter, Soon-Yi

Previn, was an "absolute precondition for even beginning to think of the possibility of contact" between him and Dylan. She asserted that Mr. Allen was blind to the effect his affair had on Dylan.

Course, it could be claimed that the old saying, 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned' could be applied in this instance. However, the fact that Farrow had the children's names changed, which effectively wipes out all traces of them being associated as their fathers, is drastic - even by Hollywood standards.
Moreover, according to her biography *'What falls away'*, Frank Sinatra offered to have Allen's legs broken when he learned of the affair with Soon Yi.

Amongst the many, extremely serious charges that blockyourid.com levels at Allen is the claim that the affair with Soon Yi began when she was 14 and he was 49. The website further claims that Farrow walked in on Allen masturbating over a photo of 7yr old Dylan.
Now it has to be said that those two claims alone are extremely libellous if there is no truth to them, never mind the other equally depraved things the website alleges Allen to be guilty of. And rightly so.

However, I would imagine that the reason Allen hasn't sued is that blockyourid.com use Police and court papers to backup their claims:

The Mia Farrow-Woody Allen relationship first exploded in January 1992, when Farrow found photos of her adopted daughter, Soon-Yi Previn, posing naked in Allen's New York City apartment. Later that year, in August, Allen was accused of molesting and sexually assaulting his 7-year-old adopted daughter, Dylan, at Farrow's Bridgewater home.

Initially, the complaint was filed with New York authorities, but they took no action. Paul Williams, a Caseworker of the Year for New York City's Human Resources Administration, tried to bring the case to Family Court (against the orders of his superiors) and was fired for "unethical conduct." Seven months later he was reinstated as a supervisor, a position he still holds.

In early August 1992, Allen held a press conference at a New York hotel where he admitted that he was the subject of a child abuse investigation. The investigation in question related to an allegation that the repulsive little man had sexually assaulted Dylan. The website blockyourid.com reported the matter thus:

On Aug. 4, 1992, a babysitter claims she saw Allen kneeling in front of Dylan, who was sitting on a couch in the den of the Bridgewater home. Dylan was wearing a dress, but no underpants. She stared blankly at the TV screen. The babysitter told authorities she noticed that Allen's head was between the girl's legs, very close to her crotch.

Over the course of the following 13 months, Dylan would tell her mother, psychologists, doctors, social workers and police that Allen touched her - *with the tip of his right index finger* - several times that day.
After the couch incident, the child's account has Allen taking her up to the master bedroom and into a crawl space for some father/daughter time to play with a train.
"*He put his finger in my vagina. He made me lay on the floor all ways, on my back, on my side, my front. He kissed me all over.*"
" *I didn't like it,*" she continued. "*Daddy told me not to tell and he'd take me to Paris, but I did tell.*"

Police found hair fibres in the crawl space consistent with Allen's, but forensic specialist Dr. Henry Lee, chief of Connecticut's state crime laboratory, believes the evidence could not conclusively place Allen in the attic.
"We found hair in the attic, but what does it prove?" Lee says. "*It doesn't necessarily prove guilt.*"
The pampered, over indulged film director then apparently tries to get out of being questioned by police. When that fails, Allen tries to put conditions on the interview:

Woody Allen would rebuff efforts by Connecticut state police and Paul Williams of New York to interview him. Just a few weeks after the Aug. 4

incidents, Allen tried to set preconditions for an interview with the state police. One of the preconditions was that any statements made by Allen could not be used to impeach him. The state police did not comply.

These people really do not live in the real world do they? However, the delaying tactics appeared to have a limited success because Allen was not formerly interviewed until the following new year:

Then on Jan. 6, 1993, Allen appeared at the state police barracks in Litchfield for a three-and-a-half-hour interview. He denied assaulting Dylan. He denied ever having been in the crawl space.

But Allen did say that he might have reached into the crawl space on occasion, either to grab one of the children or to give them a soda. State police reminded Allen that to reach into the crawl space, he would have had to enter a small closet first. Allen vehemently denied entry to the crawl space. But when state police told Allen that they had taken fingerprints from the crawl space, he said it was possible that his prints would be found there. State police characterized Allen's statements as inconsistent.

Hmmm. Swiftly moving on. With the interview not going Allen's way, the notoriously tight fisted 2nd generation Polish Jew had no choice but to dip in to his substantial fortune to try to buy his way out of trouble:

During the Allen investigation, Maco (state's attorney for Litchfield County) ***received a warning from a high-ranking state police official.***

"He [Maco] was told," says a retired officer, "that the Allen people were hiring private detectives to try to get some dirt on us."
One of their key targets was Sgt. John Mucherino, a primary investigator for Maco. They wanted to know if Mucherino was a drinker or a gambler, if he had any marital problems.
Allen's private detectives were compartmentalized, hired by different lawyers and subcontractors working for him, police say. The private detectives included former FBI and Drug Enforcement Administration agents, even former state cops who were friends with Mucherino…

... The prying took its toll on Maco. "It was after that that I saw a big change in him," says investigation team member Frank D'Amico, a retired police officer. "He was tense for a long time. He just took more precautions with everything he did."
" They were just trying to disrupt the case. We all know today, in light of O.J. (Simpson)***, that if you have nothing to go on, you go after law enforcement."***

D'Amico says the Allen team played a number of dirty tricks. Other law enforcement officials suspect that they had something to do with the false rumour that a top police investigator on the Allen case was trying to sell a videotape of Dylan to the tabloid media.
The state police immediately began an internal affairs investigation of this trooper, who was cleared. Former Chief State's Attorney Austin McGuigan said the allegations had to affect "the investigator's ability to do his job."
" The investigation closed down for about 10 days," Maco recalls. "About this time, I was told there was a campaign to disrupt the investigation and discredit the investigators, being orchestrated out of New York." …

Two months later, the case that had seemed so watertight for the prosecution took an ominous turn for the worse. In his quest to avoid any accusations of any wrong doings leading up to trial, Maco had inadvertently shifted the advantage to Allen. In America, money really can put you above the law:

Woody Allen proclaimed his innocence on the steps of Yale University in March 1993. A panel of experts from Yale, headed by paediatrician Dr. John Leventhal, concluded no abuse had taken place.The conclusion itself was an anomaly. The standard practice in the field is to state whether the subject's behaviour is consistent with having suffered sexual abuse."Concluding guilt or innocence is not the role of a mental health team - that's for the

court," says Dr. Diane Schetky, an associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Vermont, co-author of the widely used textbook Child Sexual Abuse and co-editor of Clinical Handbook of Child Psychiatry and the Law

Maco had commissioned the Yale study with instructions to determine whether Dylan was a viable witness who could stand up in court. He said that enlisting Yale's assistance was the biggest mistake he made in the case. "Regardless of what the Connecticut police wanted from us," Leventhal said in an April 1993 deposition, "we weren't necessarily beholden to them. We did not assess whether she'd be a good witness in court. That's what Mr. Maco may have been interested in, but that's not necessarily what we were interested in."
Yale, Maco says, "took the case and ran away with it. I gave their report very little weight."

An examination of the Yale report and court documents shows:

· The Yale team used psychologists on Allen's payroll to make mental health conclusions. "That seems like a blatant conflict of interest; they should have excluded themselves," Schetky says.
· Custody recommendations were made even though the team never saw Allen and any of the children together. "I'd sure want that information," Schetky says.
· The team refused to interview witnesses who could have corroborated the molestation claims.
· The team destroyed its notes. "I don't know why they would," Schetky says. "They shouldn't have anything to hide, unless there's disagreement."
· Leventhal, the only medical doctor on the team, did not interview Dylan. "How can you write about someone you've never seen?" Schetky asks.
· The night before Leventhal gave a statement to Farrow's attorney, he discussed the scenario with Abramowitz, the head of Allen's legal team, for about 30 minutes.
· The team interviewed Dylan nine times. For three consecutive weeks, she

said Allen violated her sexually. In several of the other sessions, she mentioned a similar type of abuse. When Dylan did not repeat the precise allegation in some of the sessions, the team reported this as an inconsistency.

The nine interviews were "excessive," Schetky says. "The danger is the child feels like she's not believed if she's asked the same questions over and over."
Leventhal himself later admitted, in sworn testimony in the custody case, that he made several mistakes during the course of the investigation. One of those was his false characterization of Dylan's active imagination as a thought disorder.
In the Yale report, Leventhal cited what he called "loose associations" by the child. He said she talked about looking in a trunk and seeing "dead heads." When advised that Mia Farrow had a trunk in her attic in which she kept wigs from her movies on wig blocks, Leventhal acknowledged this was not evidence of a fantasy problem or a thought disorder.

The paediatrician also attempted to categorize Dylan's banter as "magical thinking," citing her vivid description of a sunset. However, after being advised that Mia Farrow described the dark sky upon leaving New Haven in the evening as "the magic hour," Leventhal said he was "less concerned" about the incident as an example of "loose thinking."

"This guy Leventhal never left his office, never talked to the child, but he gave a wonderful account and said, 'I exonerate you, Woody,'" D'Amico says. "Boy, I wouldn't want to carry that flag around - 'Leventhal says I'm OK.'"
A Yale Spokeswoman says the hospital stands by the report and Leventhal's national reputation.

On Sept. 20, 1993 state police detective Bea Farleakas and Dylan Farrow sat on the floor of Maco's office, surrounded by stuffed animals. It was not an unusual scene. Children, sometimes victims, were regular visitors to the office, which is just a few doors from the renowned West Street Grill off Litchfield's town green.

Joining Farleakas, who was the primary detective in the Allen probe, and Dylan was Michelle Prindle, Maco's secretary. Dylan handed out the stuffed animals and they played for about an hour.

Maco, D'Amico, and state police Lt. Charles McIntyre looked on as Farleakas, Dylan, and Prindle finished their play session. Maco then got down on the floor, played, and talked with Dylan for about half an hour. "We talked about kid stuff," Maco says. "It was like being with my own kid. We were having fun - until the button was pushed. I tried to discuss the incident. I saw her saying to me with her blank stare, 'This is the last place I want to be. I can't deal with this. Is this Yale? What are they doing to me?'"...

As far as Maco was now concerned, he'd seen enough. As a father with young children himself, he decided to do what he thought was in Dylan's best interest and decided against going to trial:

... Maco backed off. "I saw complete withdrawal any time I tried to discuss the incident. This was complete withdrawal and regression. At the time she was so fragile and damaged I knew she would not be a good witness. I knew she needed healing. I was not going to interfere with her recovery."

Days later, Maco held a press conference in which he said state police had compiled enough evidence to charge Allen with a crime, but that he'd decided not to approve an arrest warrant in order to spare Dylan the trauma of a trial.

Allen objected strongly to Maco's characterization of him as a criminal who would never get to refute the charge in court. So strong were his objections, in fact, that in October he filed an ethics complaint against Maco with both the Statewide Grievance Committee - *a lawyers' disciplinary group* - and the state Criminal Justice Commission, which hires and fires prosecutors. While the Criminal Justice Commission exonerated Maco that December, the Statewide Grievance Committee voted 6-5 with two abstentions to investigate Maco for alleged misconduct in his handling of the case.

The vote overturned a ruling by Maco's local committee, which had found in

his favour.
Susan Levine of Litchfield, a member of the local grievance committee recalls the deliberations over Maco's actions:

"We ruled that even though Maco was close to the line, he didn't cross it," said Levine, who is also the top borough official in Litchfield. "We were very surprised when state-wide overturned it. Why empower local grievance committees and then take away the power? If Maco had acted inappropriately, that's the way [our] ruling would have gone. Maybe they just wanted to see Woody Allen."

Levine's comments were echoed by Superior Court Judge Raymond Norko, who characterized the State-wide Grievance Committee's actions as "star driven, sloppy, and careless."
One of the members of the state-wide panel, Bridgeport attorney Daiga Osis, had been an opponent of Maco in a vigorously contested arson case in Bridgeport - the burning of the Town Fair Tire store on Boston Avenue in the 1980s. Osis had argued an appeal against Maco and lost.
"The name of the prosecutor did not concern me; I have no personal relationship with Maco," Osis says. But she cast what could have been the deciding vote in the 6-5 decision to investigate Maco. Hiltz, a retired state police lieutenant, called her action "sour grapes" and "payback."
"I did nothing illegal, unethical, or immoral," Maco says. "I'll go anywhere to defend that."

These days, Maco awaits the final word from the Statewide Grievance Committee, which could vote to remove him from his job. Maco says he has rejected offers of a settlement from the Allen camp, which would require him to apologize for his accusatory statements.
He credits his family with the support that has enabled him to endure. "I've gained strength from Nancy Lou, from my son and of course, from Mom and Dad. Whatever strength I have comes from them."

In one particularly intense period, his son Frank Jr., then 9 years old, pulled him through. Allen had branded Maco dishonest and a coward during press conferences after Maco's announcement that he was closing

the case.

"Frank saw the news article, and all I could do was tell him that given the nature of my business, I'm sure I've been called a coward and dishonest before, but I don't think I've ever been called both of those at the same time," Maco recalls. "He laughed, but then he had some fear for my job, so he assured me he had a friend, another young boy whose dad was in the insurance business. He said, 'Don't worry, Dad, I'm sure we can always get you a job in insurance.'"

No doubt, at this point Allen was feeling extremely smug. With the case of sexual abuse now dropped, the tiny in stature, tiny in mind director appeared to assume that he had been found not guilty... Which is consistent with the mind set of all of these fabulously wealthy sick fucks. They simply have no concept of right and wrong and the only person whose feelings matter are their own.

With that in mind, Allen launched a custody bid for his 3 children and as we now know, he should have quit while ahead. The case judge certainly saw through him and promptly blocked him from seeing the children.
Course the arrogant arsewipe hadn't helped himself by admitting that he hadn't stopped for a second to consider how his children would feel about their father having sex with their sister.
Mind you, he was also hampered by all the medical reports that were used in evidence against him. All agreed that Dylan was extremely traumatised by him and like his biological son Satchel/Shamus, was absolutely petrified at the prospect of having to spend time with their father.

Moreover, as I have already said, legally Allen hadn't broken the law by sleeping with Soon Li, (Having had his claim that his step daughter hadn't slept with him until she was over the legal age upheld). However, since he had been playing Dad to her since she was 8 yrs old some of the medical witnesses' in the case saw things quite differently:

Dr Welner's comments: Considerable attention has been devoted to the terrible consequences of incest on the victim. What about its impact on the

victim's siblings? Incest is almost always furtively perpetrated, or is unknown to uninvolved siblings.

It would also appear to be the case, that the self obsessed paedophile had not taken into account the fact that Mia Farrow would be giving evidence. Her testimony was probably the most damming of all. The following is how blockyourid.com reported on Farrow's evidence:

"He developed a sick obsession with the child that lasted until he was ordered by the court to stay away from her"...
Allen ignored his own child with Farrow, a boy called Satchel, Farrow says, but would hunt Dylan down when he visited and fondle her. Lying on bed half-nude watching TV, he would stick his thumb in her mouth and so terrorized the child she would scream, "Hide me!" to her siblings, and run away from him.

Farrow acknowledges she was wrong to stay with Allen for so long in light of his behaviour to her children. She kicked him out when she discovered the famed nude photos of Soon-Yi and learned Allen had been sleeping with her for months.
But until then, she accepted his assurances he was getting therapy to combat his obsession with Dylan and relied on professionals who assured her things would change.

Allen deceived her, Farrow says, and she accuses him of an "unfathomable, uncontrollable need to destroy everything good and positive in his life, so he tried to destroy my family.
" For him to have sex with one of my children, a child he had known as my daughter since she was 8 years old, was not enough: He had to make me see, graphically, what he was doing"...

And here's journalist Peter Marks report on the case:

Mia Farrow testified yesterday that her 7-year-old daughter, Dylan, was so distraught over the relentless attention of her adoptive father, Woody Allen, that she frequently screamed, "Hide me! Hide me!" when he came to visit

her, and twice locked herself in the bathroom to keep away from him.

In her second day of testimony in a custody trial in State Supreme Court in Manhattan, Ms. Farrow portrayed Mr. Allen as a father so obsessed he would "wrap himself around" the girl as they watched television, often ignoring his other children. And she described the child as almost immobilized by the attention Mr. Allen showered upon her…

"He would creep up in the morning and lie beside her bed and wait for her to wake up," Ms. Farrow testified, as Mr. Allen sat a few feet away in the courtroom, scribbling notes and tearing pages from a legal pad. "I thought it was excessive. I was uncomfortable all along."

She said that on some occasions she saw Mr. Allen with "his head in her stomach or her crotch" and that Dylan had described to her one instance in her bunk bed, where he had placed his hand under her shorts while she was on the ladder.

On another occasion, Ms. Farrow said, Dylan locked herself in the bathroom for four hours after Mr. Allen showed up, refusing to come out until Mr. Allen instructed her baby sitter to pick the lock with a wire coat hanger. Ms. Farrow described what she considered "this very needy quality he had of beseeching her attention, praising her to the point that she was immobilized."

Ms. Farrow testified that in December Dylan also said that on a visit to Mr. Allen's apartment sometime in the summer or autumn of 1991, she had witnessed Mr. Allen and Ms. Farrow's adopted daughter, Soon-Yi Previn, on the bed in his bedroom. "She said they were on top of the bed," Ms. Farrow testified. She said Dylan had told her they were "doing compliments" and "making snoring noises."

So there you have it. Allen has now not seen his kids since 1992. Or should I say those kids involved in the trial. He has however seen his 2 adopted children that he has with Soon Yi. Well he would do since they are now married. Now imagine if that was you or I in an identical situation. Would we

have been allowed to adopt? I think not.

And coincidentally enough, Mia Farrow played the title role in arguably one of the most well known horror movies of all time. The film was called **‘Rosemary’s Baby’** and was about a husband who was persuaded by Devil worshippers to allow the Devil to impregnate his wife with the Devils child in return for success.

Interestingly, although not particularly relevant, the film was shot in the ‘Dakota’ building in New York City. The Dakota was home to the legendary John Lennon, who was shot by Mark Chapman in front of the building as the ex-beatle returned home. Chapman is believed to have been a victim of the CIA’s MK Ultra, mind control experiments.

Course, as I have already stated; the Elites are fanatical Devil Worshippers...
If you didn’t know, I once again suggest you read **Monsters Inc**.
However, the reason that I now mention the film Rosemary's Baby is nothing to do with the fact that it’s about Devil Worship. Indeed, I mention it because it was directed by Roman Polanski.

Polanski, was also the husband of Sharon Tate who at 8 months pregnant was stabbed to death along with her unborn baby, in the couples Beverly Hills home by the Charles Manson ‘Family’.
No doubt that had Polanski not been away when the murder happened, he too would have been murdered. What a pity the vile creature wasn’t at home, because Polanski is a well documented prolific Paedophile.
The following is taken from an article written by the author Judith Reisman:

In gay Paree, Roman was an open pedophile, posing with bevies of little teenyboppers for photo journal essays. His "relationship" with 15-year-old Natassja Kinski was well-known. She became Tess in his 1979 film Roman got to direct, and shoot her (Tess) being raped.
Ah, the thrill of fine art.

Charlotte Lewis, a British actress, recently accused Polanski of raping her when she was 16. He "forced himself upon me in his apartment in Paris,"

she said. "And I have lived with the effects of his behaviour ever since it occurred."
The New York Daily News quoted Lewis as saying Polanski told her he slept with all of his actresses. "He just said very coldly, 'If you're not a big enough girl to have sex with me, you're not big enough to do the screen test. I must sleep with every actress that I work with; that's how I get to know them, how I mould them.'"

For any who missed why Polanski was incarcerated in Switzerland, in 1977 he drugged, brutally raped, and sodomized a 13-year-old child in the USA. He never expected to be arrested for what was apparently his common behaviour, but arrested he was. He confessed but fled to France to film happily ever after. He was arrested in Switzerland under a USA warrant as a fugitive.

There is so much more that could be said about Polanski, but I think that you get the general idea. Yet once again, Tinsel town comes out in support of one of their own. Worse still, a lot of those coming out in support of Polanski are women with the likes of Whoopi Goldberg quoted as saying that he wasn't guilty of "*rape – rape*". Madness, utter madness.

Course if I ever needed backup for my article entitled '*Why the justice system favours paedophiles*' which can be found in my book: **The Conspiracy Files**, I need look no further than an article written in 2009 by the Observer Newspaper's Nick Cohen. The article written about Polanski was entitled 'Why Roman Polanski just loves the English courts' and was in regard to the Film Directors libel victory in a British Court. Or, as Cohen so neatly put it:

"Only in Blighty could a fugitive paedophile sue a magazine for calling him a groper – and win."

Moreover, Polanski then had the brass balls to crow about the victory, with Cohen quoting him as saying:

"If I was a murderer the press and police wouldn't be so obsessed by me. But… fucking, you see, and the young girls. Judges want to fuck young

girls. Juries want to fuck young girls – everyone wants to fuck young girls!"

I would beg to differ with you on that one you odious little prick. I think that you will find you are in a very tiny, very warped minority.
Nevertheless, the film director (*See what I mean*) John Derek was certainly in that tiny warped minority. He left his wife Linda Evans of TV's 'Dynasty' fame, for 15 yr old Mary Collins (Bo Derek). The couple then had to flee to Germany so as the then 45 yr old paedophile, wouldn't be charged with statutory rape of a minor.

However, *The Green Mile* star Doug Hutchison 52, and his teenage bride Courtney Stodden 16, certainly approve of John Derek's actions. Here's what they said in interview:

"Our inspirations were Jon and Bo Derek; they were married when she was 15 and they had a 22-year marriage. She held his hand while he was on his death bed. Celine Dion and Rene Angelil - he met her when she was 12."

The interview then became heated when host Billy Bush criticised Hutchinson after learning that the actor had a six-month Internet relationship with Stodden before her mother let the couple meet. Bush said:

"People are gonna call you a pedophile and a pervert for meeting a young girl online, and they're not far wrong," adding, "You just threw your career away, haven't you?" Source wenn.com

And then there was the arrest of 47 year old Martin Weiss, a Hollywood manager who represents child stars. He was charged on December 1st 2011 with sexually abusing a former client. The client in question was only 11 years old at the time.

On Nov. 21 2011, Fernando Rivas, 59, an award-winning composer for the kids TV show, "Sesame Street," was charged with "to engage in sexually explicit conduct" and the distribution of child porn.

Jason James Murphy, 35 is another good example. A registered sex offender Jason worked as a casting agent in Hollywood for years before his past caught up with him. Then on Nov 17th 2011, the LA Times revealed that he had been involved the kidnapping and sexual abuse of a little boy. Previously Murphy had supplied child actors for films such as: "Bad News Bears", "The School of Rock", "Cheaper by the Dozen 2" and the"Three Stooges".

Special Effects makeup artist Chris Hedgcock is another dirty paedophile. He was sentenced to 8yrs in prison for conspiring to rape two teenage sisters aged 13 and 14, and for possession of child pornography.
Not that possessing Child Pornography would be a serious crime in the UK, if the MP Harriet Harmon had her way in 2009.

Hedgcock's special effects makeup work can be seen in the films "28 Days Later", "Kingdom of Heaven", "First Knight", "Black Hawk Down" and "The Upside of Anger", among other films.
Course, it isn't just the boys who suffered. Judy Garland, Shirley Temple, Elizabeth Taylor (Who at 15 yrs old was bedded by Ronald Reagan, the ex actor and US President), Brooke Shields and Nastassja Kinski to name but a few, all suffered under age sexual abuse at the hands of Hollywood's sick fucks.

Take Brooke Shields for instance. Brooke's Mother couldn't wait to get her into show biz, signing her up for her first photo shoot when she was just 11 months old. In 1978, Brooke, then just 13 years old starred in Louis Malle's controversial film *'Pretty Baby'* playing a 12 year old prostitute.
Audiences were so shocked by Brooke's naked scenes that a Congressional inquiry was held although no further action was taken when Brooke testified in person that the more scandalous scenes had been filmed by older body doubles.

However, whether Brooke told the inquiry the truth or not is a matter of debate being as later that year, the young actress once again made front page news after appearing naked in a magazine. The following is taken from the Iconic Photos website:

'In the magazine, a ten-year old Brooke is shown wearing makeup, her glistening body posed naked in a bathtub. The picture comes from a series taken by Garry Gross, an advertising photographer from New York who was regularly employed by Brooke's mother to photograph her daughter, then a model with the Ford agency.
At the time, Gross was working on a project for publication entitled The Woman in the Child, in which he wanted to reveal the femininity of prepubescent girls by comparing them to adult women.

Brooke Shields posed for him both as a normal young girl and in the nude, her body heavily made up and oiled, receiving a fee of $450 from Playboy Press, Gross's partner in the project. Her mother signed a contract giving Gross full rights to exploit the images of her daughter. The series was first published in Little Women, and then in Sugar and Spice, a Playboy Press publication. Large prints were also exhibited by Charles Jourdan on 5th Avenue in New York.'

Then in 1980 Brooke – by now 15 yrs old - hit the headlines yet again after starring in '*Blue Lagoon'* - the story of a little girl and boy who get stranded on a desert island and fall in love as they get older. Once again, producer's insisted that a body double had been used for the nude scenes and that when not possible to do so her hair was glued to her breasts to prevent too much being exposed.

In 2009, those photos of Brooke taken when she was 10 again hit the headlines. The Photographs were taken by artist Richard Prince who included them in his Tate Modern Art Exhibition, aptly named 'Pop Art'. However, after complaints, the Police intervened and the Photos were removed.

It is by now, I hope, becoming quite clear to you that show biz is dominated by 'sick fucks' in the USA and in the UK too. Look at the BBC Paedophile ring. The ex Radio 1 DJ's involved in that ring is a veritable who's who of disc spinning legends: Jimmy Savile, Jonathan King, Alan Freeman, John Peel and Chris Denning to name but a few. Denning has in fact spent 3 decades in and out of UK and Eastern European prisons for sexual abusing

children as young as 10.

Moreover, they all used to get together for sick sex parties in Alan Freeman's *'secret' flat on the Lea Bridge Road*' in London. The DJ's would be joined at these parties by the likes of Ex Liberal Party Leader, Jeremy Thorpe and the Beatles manager Brian Epstein. The Party's usually consisted of young boys being shipped in from children's homes for no other reason than to be buggered by these sick, sick, sick men.

Neither are the paedophiles confined to radio. Paedophiles are forever on our TV screens.
The long running TV soap, Coronation Street for some strange reason seems to have had more than its fair share of Paedophiles and perverts. Amongst those causing controversy are actor Michael La Vell (Kevin Webster) who was arrested in September 2011 on a charge of having sex with an underage girl.

The charge was dropped in early 2012 due to 'insufficient evidence', but that in no way means that La Vell was not guilty, although he strenuously denied the charge.
Then again, so did the comedian Freddie Starr. In 2012 he denied ever meeting the 14 yr old girl he was accused of molesting back in the 1970's. In fact, Starr was so incensed by the accusation that he tried to take out a court injunction banning the press from repeating the sex allegation.

Tellingly, the Injunction was denied leaving Starr forced to loudly protest his innocence in the press and repeat his claim that he had never ever met the girl let alone fondled her sexually... Only trouble was, a video of the TV show surfaced a few days later showing Rock Steady Freddie alongside the girl.

Nevertheless, if La Vell says he's innocent then that's good enough for me... Unfortunately, for him, it wasn’t good enough for his wife, Ex 'Corrie' actress, Janette Beverley. She ended their 25 yr marriage following his arrest, although the official story has it that they had apparently become 'Estranged from each other'... Hmmm.

Another Corrie Paedophile, who wasn't... wink, wink... Was Peter Adamson who played builder Len Fairclough, the husband to Rita (Actress Barbara Knox), who I think is still in the show. The following is from Wikipedia:

On 24 April 1983, a Sunday newspaper reported that Adamson had been arrested for indecently assaulting two eight-year old girls in a public swimming pool in Haslingden where he had assisted as a part-time instructor. One was allegedly assaulted the day before, the other on 16 April. The police complaint alleged that Adamson's hands had strayed while giving the girls swimming lessons.

He was represented by the barrister George Carman QC, who had a prominent career defending celebrities. On 26 July 1983, a Crown Court jury found Adamson not guilty. The following year, after his wife's death and still suffering financial woes and drinking problems, he was allegedly persuaded by freelance Sun reporter Dan Slater to change his story following several bottles of whisky. Adamson was alleged to have told Slater "I am totally guilty of everything the police said"...."But what I hope you will print - there was no sexual intent."

Another instance of British Justice favouring paedophiles? The man was caught red handed for crying out loud. The fact that a case is held before a jury who find the defendant not guilty, does not necessarily prove innocence. Judges are forever gently leading juries in such a way that they reach the verdict that the judges desire. And let’s not forget how starstruck the UK Zombies are. If you are a celebrity up in front of a jury, you have a 10 yard head start already.

Tellingly... There is always a 'tellingly', don't cha know, Adamson was sacked by Coronation Street producers after his arrest. They didn't bother to wait and see if he was found guilty or not guilty. Furthermore, once he had been found not guilty (*Good barrister, that George Carmen*), the work didn't come pouring back in

And talking of the late George Carmen QC, his son Dominic recently wrote in the Guardian newspaper the following:

In 1992, my father, George Carman QC, had been retained by Savile's lawyers over a different matter, which never reached court. By 1994, the name Carman, and what he could do in cross-examination, put such fear into the minds of litigants, lawyers and editors that libel cases were settled and, in some circumstances, perhaps stories were not published. Savile may have been one of those…

In 1983, Adamson was tried for indecently assaulting two eight-year-old girls in a public swimming pool, in Haslingden. Following complaints of previous incidents, the assaults had been witnessed by two police officers watching through a porthole, which gave an underwater view of the pool. In cross-examining the officers and the girls, my father destroyed the case. Adamson walked free. The following year, he told a Sun reporter: "I am totally guilty of everything the police said." When the Sun reported the story, no further action was taken. Adamson died in 2002. Source – Anorak Website.

Adamson did in fact die penniless in January 2002 from stomach cancer. Another shamed, big name Corrie star to fall from grace was the actor Peter Dudley (Bert Tilsley in the show) although he wasn't strictly a paedophile, he was a sexual deviant. And once again, I will leave it to Wikipedia to elaborate:

On 29 January 1979, he joined the cast as a regular playing family man Bert alongside Lynne Perrie and Christopher Quinten. He was openly homosexual, and in 1982, Dudley was observed exposing himself to another man in a public toilet in Didsbury, and was charged with importuning. With commendable courage, Coronation Street Producer Bill Podmore stood by him and he continued to appear in the series. He was found guilty and fined £200.

Dudley was charged with gross indecency some months later. Although he claimed he was not guilty and had been set up by the police, he realised he was in very serious trouble. He chose to go to Crown Court rather than a Magistrates Court, which prolonged the affair and made it very public. The

first jury failed to agree and the judge ordered a retrial. The strain became too much and he suffered a stroke, losing much of the use of his left side, and briefly his speech. The retrial was postponed and the file kept open.

Exposing yourself to other men in public toilets is known as cottaging and is a particular favourite past time of Politicians. The Ex Prime Minister, Edward Heath was particularly fond of the practice... While still in office.
Heath was in fact warned to stop on several occasions by the then Metropolitan Police Commissioner. However, since Heath was warned 'several' times it would seem that the warnings obviously fell on deaf ears.

I will however elaborate further on our sick politicians in much greater detail, later on in this book.

Nevertheless, Labour Party MP, Ron Davis was another top Politician caught flashing his knob around. Unlike Heath though, Davis did away with the privacy of a public toilet, preferring instead to waggle it about - or whatever they do with it - in the open air of Clapham Common.

The totally corrupt and extremely depraved Paedophile Labour MP, Tom Drieberg was yet another one. He was charged with indecent assault after two men shared his bed in the 1940s and used his position as a journalist several times to get off later charges when caught soliciting in public toilets by the police.

More recently Anthony Charles Lynton Blair AKA Tony Blair, found himself in court for toilet, todger tugging:

He was charged and appeared in court at Bow Street magistrates court for importunity in a public toilet with another male. He tried to get sexual favour from the other man, little did he know that the toilet was being watched by police. Blair was fined £500, and walked away with nobody knowing who he really was as he used his middle names to cover his real identity. Charles Lynton is the name used, and his friends in court got him off with a fine, because he is one of them. *Source - operationorethegamble blog*

Course, 'cottaging' isn't just for Politicians wishing to indulge themselves... The late pop star, George Michael liked to waggle his wang in public toilets occasionally... Belated note to George: *Make sure it isn't an undercover copper you're tugging your todger at.*
The same applies to Wilfrid Brambell AKA Albert Steptoe of Steptoe and Son fame and the Thespian Sir John Gielgud. And for more famous Wang Waglers go to: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cottaging
Back to 'soap stars' and Craig Charles who was once suspended by Coronation Street producers because of his Crack addiction was also once arrested and remanded in custody for rape. The following is once again from Wikipedia who have this to say about the actor who played Lloyd Mullaney in the show:

In July 1994, Charles and a friend were arrested and remanded in custody for several months on a rape charge. While in prison, Charles was attacked by a man wielding a knife. In March 1995, both men were acquitted in their trial. After being cleared, Charles spoke of the need to restore anonymity for those accused of rape. He stated that "the fact that my name and address along with my picture can appear on the front of the papers before the so-called 'victim' has even signed a statement proves that anonymity for rape defendants is a must and that the law must be changed."

Rape is a serious charge, but nevertheless how many alleged rapists are remanded in custody before going to trial? Not many, I would wager, unless there is very good reason to warrant it.

Yet there is a pattern opening up in these acquittals, not guilty's and insufficient evidence isn't there? My article, '*Why the justice system favours paedophiles*' which was originally published by the Sovereign Independent Newspaper and was subsequently picked up by many other websites goes a long way - as the title suggests - to explain this low rate of convictions.

John Savident, who played Corrie butcher, Fred Elliot - "*a say Fred Elliot*" - Never mind, you had to be there... was savagely knifed in the neck in

December 2000 after picking up a maniac in a Manchester Gay bar. The attack happened after the pair went back to Savident’s home. Such was the ferocity of the attack that the judge sentenced knife wielding, would be gay slayer, Michael Smith to 7 years in prison.

Even actor, William Roach - boring Ken Barlow in the long running Soap - doesn't escape scot free. He recently admitted to Piers Morgan that he had been a serial adulterer throughout his marriage and had bedded over a 1000 women.

Corrie’s rival soap, Eastenders doesn’t fair much better. Gillian Taylforth (Kathy Beale) once accused her on screen husband Peter Dean (Pete Beale) of being a “sex pest”. The late actor Leslie Grantham (Den Watts), was also sacked after being caught having a wank on the internet - although I did in fact speak to him personally about the incident and he claimed that was stitched up. Indeed, if everyone who was caught having cam-sex was sacked there would be an awful lot of job vacancies on offer.

Moreover, Grantham came across as much more grounded than your average knob-ed-celeb which is probably something to do with the 11 years that he spent in prison for murdering a taxi-driver. And since he has not been brought in from the cold, it is fairly safe to assume that he isn't a nonce.

Which cannot be said for 17 yr old Joshua Pascoe (Ben Mitchell in Eastenders) who was arrested in May 2012 for a serious sexual assault on a minor.

Course, the golden rule appears to be; paedophilia is fine, just don’t get caught. Especially when you’re still on the way up as was the case with the heart throb actor, Rob Lowe who had a right throb on when he made a Porn film with an underage girl. The film emerged in 1988 off the back of another sex-tape.

The first tape, a grainy Betamax depicted the actor in a Paris hotel suite with a young model named Jennifer, while a second naked gent can be seen cheering him on with chants of “Harder, Rob, she wants it harder!”

Unfortunately for Lowe however, things were about to get much worse. You see, having escaped relatively unscathed from the release of the first film, just a few short months later a second tape surfaced. This one was recorded in Atlanta, Georgia where Lowe was attending a Democratic Party Convention and showed him having sex with an under-aged girl that he'd just met in a bar.

And despite Lowe's protests that he didn't know the girl was underage, this 2nd film put paid to the actor's film career for at least a decade in which time the once in demand star was forced to take part in low budget, made for TV films.
After this decade in the wilderness, Lowe finally got a second bite of fame after accepting a part in the TV series 'The West Wing' - yet another case of the general public forgiving a sex pest. Forgiven or not, Lowe is today, still being plagued by allegations of Sexual assaults against his staff and rumours that he is Bi-sexual.

Mind you, it is in fact quite appropriate that Lowe once again found fame in the West Wing, where he played an aide to a fictional American President. At least it is when you take into consideration that politics is also dominated by paedophiles and other sexual deviants. It is in fact, true to say that every non fictional US President since and including JFK has been Paedophile, child abuser and/or Satanists.

In fact when it comes to paedo's in power, you have more chance of winning the lottery than finding a government figure who's not a sexual deviant. This problem stems from the constant buggering's that they received in their posh schools, I would imagine.
Tony Blair's Labour Government was indeed very lucky to stay in power as long as it did when you take into consideration the number of allegations made against them in regards to paedophilia.

The allegations stemmed from **'Operation Ore**', a massive police investigation into internet child pornography. The investigation was launched following a similar investigation in America named **Operation Avalanche** which saw the FBI pass on over 7000 names to their UK counterparts. The

following is from Wikipedia:

Between 1999 and 2001, after a tip off, a US investigation was conducted into Landslide Productions Inc, a Texas-based online pornography portal operated by Thomas and Janice Reedy. The portal was found to have provided access to child pornography and the Reedys were both convicted of trafficking child pornography in August 2001.
Following the investigation and conviction "Operation Avalanche" was launched, in the US, to trace and prosecute child pornography users identified in the Landslide database. In addition, the website was run for a short time as part of a sting operation by the FBI to capture new suspects.The FBI also passed identities from the Landslide database to the police organizations of other countries, including 7,272 names to the UK.

However, in the end, those allegations were kept quiet when Blair issued a D Notice, which effectively meant that there was a blackout imposed on the Media's reporting of Parliament.
Course, a D Notice cannot be issued to stop the press reporting on a criminal investigation, even when Politicians are involved. However, Blair was able to issue the D Notice, sighting the onset of the Iraq invasion as the reason.

Indeed, I can't help but wonder though, what would have happened had he not been able to issue the notice. I was in fact going to go into a lot more detail about Operation Ore, but as I researched the subject, it quickly became clear that the fallout from the investigation is a book in itself.

It also seems to me that we need to beware of those who appear to have kids "best interests and welfare" at heart. They usually haven't. The wholly corrupt, sick minds of those who run and work for the British Social Services are testament to that fact.

And the problem gets no better the higher up you go, with kids matters being decided in secret, closed courts where no one, not even the parents are allowed to discuss what goes on or what's been said. I discuss these corrupt, courts in my article **'Invasion of the baby snatchers'** that also first appeared on the Sovereign Independent newspaper website. That article, along with the

others I have mentioned can now be found in my book "**The Conspiracy Files**".

However, if other examples of famous paedophiles who you wouldn't believe were nonces were needed, then look no further than JM Barrie who wrote Peter Pan and famously gave the story rights to Great Ormond Street Hospital. Then there is the other two famous Children's book authors, AA Milne (Winnie the Pooh) and Lewis Carroll (Alice in Wonderland). All three dirty paedophiles.

Okay, so those 3 Author's may well have been a long time dead, but Great Ormond Street Hospital is still raking it in from the Peter Pan rights, Winnie the Pooh is as popular as ever as is the Opium inspired Alice in Wonderland. Moreover, the general public do not get to know about these deviants until after their deaths... Take Jimmy Savile as an example, and he'd been at it since the 1950's if not before. These Elite's don't like to let us commoners know the depth of their depravity. After all, as was the case with Savile, any hint of gossip leaking out is quickly buried.

Therefore, those celebs who perceive themselves as innocent victims, unlucky enough to be caught up in the crossfire that inevitably results from cases such as Savile's can have no complaints.
Take Esther Rantzen. After the Savile scandal broke she appeared on TV and admitted to doing nothing about the warped DJ, despite her having suspicions about him.
Yet Rantzen appeared to be under the impression that her confession somehow warranted forgiveness. It didn't, she disgusts me, and the same should go for every other right minded individual.

Rantzen, like many others has now gone to ground but personally, I won't be happy until her and her ilk are 6 foot under it.
It has also been alleged that the 'respected' British actor, David *'Del Boy'* Jason is a paedophile. The following is from the 'Could It Be True' website:

David Jason sexually abused children in the 80's and 90's both whilst he was a member of London Glider Club at Dunstable and at Turweston

Aerodrome at Brackley, Northants.
Whilst at London Glider Club he abused children with the then chief gliding instructor Derek Sear. Whilst at Turweston he abused children with one Albert Tarnow.

And then there is this from the MSM:

TWO child sex perverts abused teenage boys at the home of Only Fools and Horses star David Jason, it was revealed this week.
The actor was filming in Australia at the time and was unaware of the offences until police told him of the shocking activities last year.
Derek Sear, 50 - a friend of the Del Boy star for 25 years - and Albert Tarnow, 56, lured the two victims to the actor's former home in Aylesbury, Bucks, by boasting of their connection with David.

Sear, who was looking after the house at the time in 1991, assaulted one of the boys in David's bed. Tarnow abused the other boy downstairs and the two paedophiles later "swapped boys around," Luton Crown Court heard. Flying instructor Sear became a friend in the early 1970s when he gave the actor gliding lessons.

He was jailed for five years in April after admitting 12 sex offences against youngsters but the case could not be reported until Tarnow's trial ended. Tarnow, also a flying instructor, was jailed for eight and a half years for 24 sex offences.

Course whether or not Jason is a paedophile, I can't say. However, at the very best, he is guilty of keeping extremely bad company. There is also a further hint about Jason in this Daily Mail article: http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-1126918/Gay-paedophile-lovers-abused-boys-flat-allowed-share-human-rights-legislation.html
Now, while I am reluctant to start a witch hunt on paedophiles, I cannot ignore the frequency with which Paul McCartney's name keeps popping up. The following is from the griffinwatch website:

It has been alleged that among those caught up in Operation Ore were:

Gerald Kaufman, Gordon Brown, Alan Milburn, John Prescott, Peter Mandelson and Paul McCartney.

And I would like to say that, that was the first time that I had seen McCartney's name linked with Operation Ore, but alas, that would be a long way from the truth.
Course, McCartney did make the news headlines in late 2012 when he and Bruce Forsyth publicly announced that they always found Savile a 'bit creepy'. However, by McCartney saying that isn't necessarily proof of his innocence. He could in fact be said to laying a false trail.

Indeed, it is worth remembering that the ex Beatle's manager, Brian Epstein was a known paedophile who attended the sex parties in Alan 'fluff' Freeman's flat located on the Lea Bridge Road.
It has also been rumoured that Paul's fellow band mate, John Lennon had an affair with Epstein. Course, Lennon publicly stated that although he was tempted, they didn't actually get it on but either way, I cannot believe that both Lennon and McCartney didn't know about Epstein's liking for boys. Therefore, at best that puts them in the Esther Rantzen bracket.

Indeed, you only have to look at the Bay City Rollers manager, Tom Paton, who was jailed for three years in 1982 after admitting sexually abusing teenage boys at his home outside Edinburgh, to see the similarities.
That fact becomes all the more real when you consider that the Bay City Rollers drummer, Derek Longmuir narrowly avoided being jailed in March 2000 after being convicted of possessing Child Porn.

English pop manager and impresario Larry Parnes, who has been described as "the first major British rock manager" was also a notorious paedophile. According to Wikipedia:

Parnes stable encompassed most of the most successful pre-Beatles British rock singers.
Among those he managed with at least some degree of success were Billy Fury, Vince Eager, Dickie Pride, Lance Fortune, Duffy Power, Johnny Gentle, Terry Dene, Nelson Keene and Georgie Fame He also managed

Tommy Bruce, Joe Brown, Tommy Steele and Marti Wilde
Parnes also promoted concerts, including the 1960 tour by Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran during which Cochran was killed in a road crash. Later the same year he hired a Liverpool beat group, then known as the Silver Beetles, to back one of his singers, Johnny Gentle, on a short tour of Scotland; although Gentle tried to persuade him to manage the group, Parnes decided not to do so. He developed the idea of the package tour, for which his stars toured the country together in a bus, playing one-night stands around the country. In 1962, he hired The Tornados as backing group for Billy Fury, and also claimed to have given "their first breaks" to entertainers Jimmy Tarbuck, Rolf Harris and Mike Yarwood
And among that above list of of famous names we see Rolf Harris who I publicly named as being a paedophile long before he was arrested and convicted of being one. Jimmy Tarbuck is also mentioned. He was arrested in 2013 on charges of historic sex abuse, although the charges were later dropped.

The singer Cliff Richard's love life has of course also long been the subject of speculation. He was also known to be on friendly terms with the Kray Twins, who were alleged to have supplied boys from a children's home to the rich and famous.

Likewise, Richard was also a friend of Lord Boothby's, a predatory paedophile, who was also closely associated with the twins. So, if there is nothing to the rumours, it again has to be sai, that at best, Cliff is a very bad judge of character.

Predictably, Rolf Harris and Cliff Richard are Freemasons and very close to the Royal Family. Harris is also the singer of the dubiously named songs, Two Little Boys, Jake the Peg – A man in a raincoat who has a 'middle leg' - and Tie Me Kangaroo down Sport – whatever the fuck that is about.
Harris, like Savile did a lot of work for Children's Charities and his Paintings that are worth thousands upon thousands of pounds can be found hanging on the walls of Great Ormond Street Hospital.

The pioneering record producer Joe Meek was another paedophile to be

associated with the Kray Twins. Meek's best known hit is **Telstar** by the Tornadoes which topped the charts in both the UK and the USA in 1962. His commercial success as a producer was short-lived however. Meek gradually sank into debt and depression. On 3 February 1967, using a shotgun owned by the musician Heinz Burt, Meek killed himself after first murdering his landlady.

Another musical paedophile is the Sham 69 front man Jimmy Pursey. Pursey was arrested in 2012 for indecently assaulting an under age girl, prompting Sham 69 to put the following message on their official Facebook page:

OFFICIAL SHAM 69 STATEMENT
A DISCLAIMER
WE, THE OFFICIAL SHAM 69, WISH TO MAKE THE FOLLOWING DISCLAIMER STATEMENT:
THIS IS DUE TO THE PERSISTENT EMAILS FROM BOTH FANS, MEMBERS OF THE UK/INTERNATIONAL PRESS, AND STATEMENTS MADE VIA SOCIAL NETWORK SITES REGARDING AN INCIDENT THAT TOOK PLACE INVOLVING JAMES TIMOTHY PURSEY (AKA JIMMY PURSEY) BEING ARRESTED FOR INDECENTLY ASSAULTING AN UNDER AGE GIRL.

THIS INCIDENT DID TAKE PLACE, THE GIRL WAS UNDERAGE, THEREFORE LEGALLY A MINOR, AND SUFFERED TRAUMA AS A RESULT WITH LIFE LONG CONSEQUENCES NO DOUBT.
THIS BAND FULLY AND UTTERLY CONDEMNS SUCH BEHAVIOUR AND WISHES TO MAKE IT KNOWN THAT JIMMY PURSEY IS NOT PART OF THE OFFICIAL SHAM 69 LINEUP IN ANY WAY. WE ALSO WISH TO MAKE IT KNOWN THAT HE IS NOT PART OF THE STAFF OR ANY SUBSIDIARY OF THIS BAND.

ALONG WITH MANY FANS, BE THEY PUNKS, SKINS OR WHATEVER, WE TOO HAVE KIDS OF OUR OWN AND SOME HAVE GRAND KIDS TOO. AS SUCH WE DO NOT TREAT THIS AS A LIGHT HEARTED MISTAKE AND NEITHER DID THE GIRL'S PARENTS, ADDITIONALLY NEITHER WOULD YOU IF IT WAS YOUR CHILD

OR FAMILY MEMBER.
THIS GIRL WAS A MINOR, AND THOUGH SOME PEOPLE MAY BRUSH THIS OFF WITH A BLIND VIEW IN SUPPORT OF THIS MAN, WE WONT.

SEEING AS WE DO HAVE SOME LYRICAL CONNECTIONS HOWEVER, WE, THE OFFICIAL SHAM 69, HAVE DECIDED THAT IN RESPECT OF OUR MORAL BELIEF AND SUPPORT WE WILL MAKE A DONATION FROM EVERY SHOW WE PERFORM, BE IT UK OR WORLDWIDE, TO THE NSPCC'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST CHILD ABUSE, AND WILL DO SO UNTIL WE RETIRE AS A BAND.
SO STAY TRUE AND STRONG AND WE'LL SEE YOU DOWN THE FRONT.
SHAM 69

Mind you, it didn't take Sham 69 long to overlook Pursey's noncing as he is now back as their front man.
Pursey was also a friend and associate of convicted paedophile Jonathan King. There is a lot of truth in the old adage Birds of a feather flock together, don't cha know.

Led Zeppelin frontman, Jimmy Page, hero to millions, had an on/off 18 month affair with Child Model, Lori Maddox in 1972. And according to the website drownedinsound.com. Maddox "*had already been had by David Bowie*" prior to getting it on with Page.... Hmmm.

In 2004, Judas Priest drummer Dave Holland was sentenced to 8 years in prison after being found guilty of attempted rape and several indecent assaults on a disabled teenager.
This led to Black Sabbath guitarist Tony Iommi replacing all of Holland's drum parts on the 1996 DEP sessions because he did not want a convicted sex offender appearing on his album.

Kelsey Grammer, star of the Emmy award winning comedy **Frasier** had a lucky escape after authorities in Arizona decided not to prosecute him for statutory rape, and a New Jersey grand jury declined to indict him on the

same charge. Both accusations were made by the same 14-year-old girl.

The actress Melanie Griffith left home at the age of 14 to move in with the then 22 year old 80’s heartthrob, Don Johnson. Johnson in defending the relationship told Entertainment weekly that Melanie was the aggressor in the relationship and that “She pursued” him... Oh, that makes it ok then ya nonce.

Chapter 2

In 2014 a regular reader of mine, Dr Nawab Patel e-mailed me an article written about Screaming Lord Sutch, one of the 20th century's most flamboyant characters.

The article, written by the now deceased T.Stokes - an investigator into the occult and a former member of British Intelligence - certainly tied in with what I know about the Record producer, Joe Meek, the Kray Twins, the Profumo affair and the general history of the 1960's, 70's & 80's.

In 2014 a regular reader of mine, Dr Nawab Patel e-mailed me an article written about Screaming Lord Sutch, one of the 20th century's most flamboyant characters.

The article, written by the now deceased T.Stokes - an investigator into the occult and a former member of British Intelligence - certainly tied in with what I know about the Record producer, Joe Meek, the Kray Twins, the Profumo affair and the general history of the 1960's, 70's & 80's.

Therefore, rather than just tidy up the grammar and republish the article; I decided that by adding some extra detail I could use it as an excellent way to join the dots which connect show business, politics, Satan worship and paedophilia. Especially since that connection is still very much up and running today.

Anyway, a couple of days after I had begun to rework the article, I happened to have a conversation with Dr Patel, who had e-mailed me to see what I thought of the original.
Now, it was only after outlining what I intended to do with the article that Dr

Patel told me that Stokes had given it to him - along with some others - shortly before he died.

Moreover, the article had never before been published.
This then explained why the article was so poorly written, in fact I myself work the same way in so much as I will write about something which I will then rework 2 or 3 times before deeming it fit for publication.

Course, had I have known from the start that the article had never before seen the light of day, as a mark of respect I would have published it in its original form and explained in a foreword why the piece was so grammatically incorrect.

However, since I was already halfway through the rewrite, and given the reason for doing so, I decided to carry on.

I have therefore also published the original T. Stokes article at the end of this chapter.

After all, T. Stokes knew that the world was being run by evil, psychotic, sexual deviant’s a long, long time before most of us would have even contemplated the fact.

Therefore, for the part he played in exposing the evil cunts, T Stokes should never be forgotten.

So, before you read this chapter based around that written by Stokes, the following is an obituary in memory of the man himself, taken from the excellent Tap Blog:

DEATH OF A WHISTLEBLOWER

T Stokes

The ex-intelligence operative and analyst Anthony Thomas Trevor-Stokes has died aged 93.

Known as T Stokes he came up the long hard way and never achieved the rank many said he deserved, always an advocate of democratic freedoms he wanted much less secrecy and did not see why things like the House of Commons menu should be an official secret.
A supporter of internet freedom and other real news activists, his outspokenness for sharing the aims and goals of the intelligence world with

the public and often engaging their help as watchers and informants made him many internal enemies but brought him massive public approval. Stokes believed that NWO Communism could only be defeated by educating the public on the huge Soviet Georgi Arbatov plan for exporting soft Socialism as the thin end of a very sinister wedge.

One of his remits was the protection and care of Winston Churchill's wartime close colleagues and secretaries, British intel wanted Britain to stay out of WWII and so Churchill replaced all the key figures in order to get Britain into the war, having the popular intel chief Vernon Kell murdered in his own fireplace.

He was also one of three men who exposed Churchill's murder of Neville Chamberlain the most popular Prime Minister ever, but it was the Michael Gordon case which brought him to prominence.

Gordon was an unusual recruit for the intelligence world, he was quite low I Q, awkward unfit overweight and self conscious, he failed most tests, yet was chosen for special training and sent to Russia to recruit dissidents in the nuclear weapons arena. He was caught and died under torture…

May he RIP.

Now, on June 16th 2010, the musician and would be MP, Screaming Lord Sutch was found dead at his home in Harrow, North West London.
And according to the MSM, Sutch had hung himself... But then again, did he or did someone else do it for him?
Let’s start at the beginning.

David Edward Sutch was born on November 10th 1940 in London’s Hampstead hospital right at the height of WWII.
Tragically, his father died whilst Sutch was still a baby.
So, as with many, many other children left with only a mother to look after them following the war, Sutch grew up in relative poverty.
And as he grew older, like so many other young fellas of the time, Sutch also sought a way out of the poverty trap through music, forming his novelty rock n roll act by the time he reached his early twenties.

Surprisingly, the act instantly caught on despite Sutch never really being a singer of any real worth.
He was however, always a showman.
The act itself was based around Sutch, dressed as Jack the Ripper being carried onto the stage in a coffin whilst waving an axe around.
And whilst Sutch was doing his thing, his backing group *The Savages* would amuse the audience with props such as skulls, dead bodies and daggers.

Sutch would also scream intermittently throughout the course of his show and would often hack off the head of a realistic dummy, giving rise to his nickname of screaming Lord Sutch.
Safe to say then, that this early vampire themed act was way ahead of its time.

Now, throughout his career in music Sutch worked with some of the biggest names in the business including the once celebrated record producer Joe Meek of Telstar fame - whom I touched upon in Chapter 1.

The following is from Wikipedia:
After the death of Meek the thousands of recordings he hid at his studio remained unreleased and preserved by Cliff Cooper of the Millionaires.
At the time of Meek's death in 1967, Cooper is said to have purchased all of Meek's recordings for £300. These recordings were called the "Tea Chest Tapes" among fans, as they were stored in a tea chest when Cooper took them out of his flat.
Alan Blackburn, former president of the Joe Meek Appreciation Society, catalogued all of them in the mid 1980s.
On 4 September 2008 these unreleased recordings went up for auction in Fame Bureau's 'It's More Than Rock 'N' Roll' auction, fetching £200,000.
They contained over 4,000 hours of music on 1,850 tapes, including recordings by David Bowie as singer and sax player with the Konrads, Gene Vincent, Denny Laine, Billy Fury, Tom Jones, Jimmy Page, Mike Berry, John Leyton, Ritchie Blackmore, Jess Conrad, Mitch Mitchell and Screaming Lord Sutch.
The tapes also contained many examples of Meek composing songs and experimental sound techniques. Tape 418 has Meek composing songs for

the film Live It Up!

And, just like David Sutch, Meek also died in very controversial circumstances.
You see, on the 3rd of February 1967, using a single-barrelled shotgun that he had confiscated from his protégé, former Tornado's bassist and solo star Heinz Burt, Meek first killed his landlady Violet Shenton and then himself... Allegedly.

The official story is that homosexual Meek - *notably a paedophile and Satanist* - had flown into a rage and taken the gun from Heinz Burt when he informed Meek that he used it while on tour to shoot birds.
Meek had then kept the weapon under his bed along with some cartridges.
Nevertheless, since the shotgun had been owned by Burt he was originally questioned intensively by the police before finally being eliminated from their enquiries.
Now, as it happens Meek had once upon a time tried it on with Tom Jones.
The following is what Jones said in interview:

Q: As Tommy Scott & The Senators, you cut various tracks with Joe Meek in his fabled Holloway Road studio in 1964. Is it true he tried to come on to you so you punched him?
A: Well, I didn't actually hit him (laughs). We did five tracks with him and then he said, "Tell the boys to pack the stuff up and take it down and put it in the van, I want to talk to you".
He said, "Those jeans fit you well, don't they?" I said, "Well, yeah, they're fucking jeans, what do you expect?" And he says, 'It looks like you've got a bit of a ….' (nudges and winks towards the crotch department).
I said, 'Well, it serves its purpose.' I'm looking at him and I say, "You're not one of these fucking queer fellas, are you?" And he said, "What are you talking about?"
He completely turned it around and was saying "that's ridiculous". Then I did a demo for Decca and met Peter Sullivan. We did an audition and it was funny because he said, "Tell the boys to pack the stuff up, I wanna talk to you."
I said, "Wait a minute, before we go any further, you're not one of these queer fellas, are you?" (laughs) He said, "What are you talking about?"

And then I told him the story about Joe Meek. So I was paranoid at that time. *Source: http://tomjonesintl.com/*
So, safe to say then that Joe Meek was a big shot in the 1960's. Especially in February 1967... Just saying.
He was also good friends with the paedophile Brian Epstein, the Homosexual manager of The Beatles... Hmmm. Once again the saying *Birds of a feather* immediately springs to mind.
And, as Coincidence would have it, Epstein – like Meek – was also said to have committed suicide after some dodgy deals went wrong.
Worse still, In January 1967 - a month before Meek became the Terminator - a mutually shared rent boy named Bernard Oliver had been found by police in Tattingstone, Suffolk, cut up and packed into several suitcases.

Now, by all accounts Meek had become concerned that he would be implicated in this murder. The following is from ukpaedos-exposed.com:

Less than three weeks later, in the Holloway Road in North London – a couple of miles or so from where the boy had gone missing – a famous record producer, his career now in tatters, blasted his landlady to death with a shotgun before turning the gun on himself.

Joe Meek, who'd produced numerous hit records including Telstar and Johnny Remember Me, was now facing financial ruin.
He was also reported to be suffering from mental health problems. In 1963, he'd been prosecuted for 'importuning for immoral purposes' – homosexual acts still being illegal at this time.

As news of the murder investigation spread – along with its connection to what the London Evening News called, 'the twilight world of homosexuals' – Joe Meek became increasingly worried that he would be questioned, blackmailed or visited by hoodlums.

Despite minor speculation that Bernard Oliver the missing boy, may have done some work at Joe Meek's recording studio, there was actually no connection, so far as anybody knew at the time, between the unfortunate record producer and the murdered teenager. The speculation and tittle-tattle however, could only have exacerbated Meek's anxiety.

The period was, as we can now observe, a time of contrast, coincidence, and great complexity.
As the murder investigation got underway, an official photo was circulated of its victim with no clue as to the identity of the young man, the police had taken the unusual step of 'dressing' the severed head.

To do this, they stuck its eyes open, set it upright with a scarf at the base of the skull, then tidied it up as best they could before photographing it. It was a macabre sort of thing to do. The move however soon paid its sad dividend when the boy's father recognised the face in a newspaper picture and came forward to formally identify his son.
Described as quiet and gentle, if somewhat 'backward' with a mental age of eleven, Bernard Oliver had been missing from home for 10 days.

Now, as it turns out the people blackmailing Meek and Epstein were none other than the notorious East-end gangsters, the Kray Twins.
The twins – both homosexual paedophiles themselves - had huge property interests in East Anglia at the time.
Ronnie Kray had also previously had a sado-masochistic, sexual relationship with Meek. The following is taken from the Beacon films 2011 website:

Brian Epstein, legendary manager of the Beatles was, by 1966, heavily in debt due to his gambling and was rapidly losing control of his Beatles empire. He was known to frequent the same casino in London as Robert Fraser .
Epstein had become a regular visitor to the Clermont Club, a gambling den in London run by John Aspinall.
Aspinall had been approached by Billy Hill, a well known figure in the London underworld and mentor to the infamous Kray twins, about initiating an elaborate scam called the Big Edge for the card game of Chemin de Fer.
The cards would be passed through a mangle to produce tiny, virtually indiscernible bends which would then be read by 'trained' players specially schooled by the club.
The scam, though not foolproof, was soon earning the club and Billy Hill thousands of pounds a night. Chemin de Fer was a popular game for

Epstein and soon, he too, was falling victim to the scam on a massive basis.

For Epstein the stakes were enormous, for not only was he gambling his own money but also that of the Beatles too.
Epstein was acutely aware that his contract with the Beatles was up for renewal in 1967 and he feared that they would want to go elsewhere. With his debts and his own paranoia growing, Epstein was resorting to increasingly elaborate attempts to recoup his money.

In January 1967 he agreed a deal with Robert Stigwood to merge NEMS with Stigwood's organisation for £500,000. Stigwood thought he would be buying everything, including the Beatles, but once the fab four got wind of this plan they told Brian that they would only ever record God Save the Queen and out of tune to boot.
Okay, before going any further it is worth noting that the Australian born impresario, Robert Stigwood was once the manager of the Bee Gees.
In fact, Bee Gee, Robin Gibb - now deceased - was once married to one of Stigwood's secretaries.
Interestingly enough, Gibb, who was awarded a CBE by the Queen in 2002, was also very good friends with both of the British former Prime Ministers, Tony Blair & Gordon Clown. The following is from Wikipedia:

He *(Gibb)* ***was a close friend of the former Labour Prime Minister Tony Blair, who was criticised for staying over at Gibb's Miami mansion during Christmas 2006.***
In 2008 Gibb publicly stated that he continued to get on "like a house on fire" with Blair, and claimed that the then Labour Prime Minister Gordon Brown regularly listened to the Bee Gees. "He listens to our music every day. Gordon likes our music and I like Gordon," he told The Times.
In a tribute upon his death, longtime friend Tony Blair said: "Robin was not only an exceptional and extraordinary musician and songwriter, he was a highly intelligent, interesting and committed human being. He was a great friend with a wonderful open and fertile mind and a student of history and politics."

And there goes that "Birds of a feather" thing again.
You see, I have been told by more than a few reliable sources that Robin

Gibb was a predatory paedophile as are both Blair & Brown - allegedly - as you will find out later in this book.
Moreover and incredible as it may sound, one source who was definitely in a position to know told me that Robin Gibb and Jimmy Savile were being directly protected by The American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC) who rule the BBC... Hence the reason that the BBC always has a Jewish director or one who is Jew controlled.

I am also told that the reason both Jimmy Savile and Robin Gibb – along with others - were protected is that they were big earners who boasted of having 'had' a thousand kids each.
Now you also have to take into account that the lives of the Monster-Elite are dominated by numerology and symbolism.
Therefore that figure of "1000 kids each" in Roman Numerals is M, which also happens to be the 13th letter of the Alphabet.
This is the reason why many predatory paedophiles will have a tattoo that incorporates the number 13, being as it is a means of bragging about how many kids (usually boys) that they had sexually abused.
And this of course, all relates to numerology and symbolism.
Numerology - *as I have just said* - does in fact dictate every aspect of the elites life… Well, certainly those hovering around at the top of the pyramid it does.

The number 13 is in fact the reason that the letter M is such a big deal in elite symbolism.
Moreover, the 13 elite bloodline families cannot help themselves keeping the all important letter M hidden in plain sight.
For instance, the massive McDonalds 'M'... Eating too much of that shit is a sure fire way to an early grave.
Then there is Madonna, a product of mind control, who incorporates symbolism pertaining to Satanic devil worship in her acts.
And let's not forget the evil cult of Masonry while we are at it.
In fact, fuck me, even the names of the British Olympic mascots, Mandeville and Wenlock, begin with an M and a W which is a reversed M.

Furthermore, whilst not wanting to stray off topic for longer than necessary, if you do not know about the illuminati symbolism which dominated every

aspect of the British 2012 Olympics, right down to the venue, you owe it to yourself to investigate.
As for Robin Gibb's homosexual manager, Robert Stigwood, the man behind the controversial theatre productions '*Jesus Christ Superstar*' and *'Hair'* as well as the film *'Saturday Night Fever'* starring the rather suspect, John Travolta, it is worth noting that when he first came to England from the land down under in the mid 1950's, he immediately started work in an institution for "backward teenage boys".
From there Stigwood moved to Portsmouth – hello sailor - where he met the businessman Stephen Komlosy.
The two men set up a small theatrical agency together where they built up a roster of actors.

Amongst their list of clients was a young actor and singer called John Leyton, whose success as a singer made both Stigwood and his new associate, Joe Meek Britain's first independent record producers... This really does get too easy sometimes.

By the end of 1961 Stigwood had signed a record production deal with Joseph Lockwood, the one time managing director of EMI.
Lockwood, also knighted by the Queen - *just saying* - turned out to be the crucial link between the record company and Stigwood, in the very same way he had done a decade earlier for Larry Parnes - another notorious paedophile.
And, wouldn't you just know it, good old Sir Joe was destined to do the same for Brian Epstein and The Beatles, just a few short years into the future.

Stigwood also rented office space to Kit Lambert and his partner Chris Stamp – brother of the actor Terence.
Homosexual Lambert was the son of Constant Lambert , one of the "Fitzrovian" circle, and good friend to Aleister Crowley, who wrote two limericks about him.
Now, how can I describe Crowley?
Crowley was a smack addicted, bi-sexual paedophile who was a freemason and master of the occult, specialising in satanic child sacrifice.
Or put another way, a proper sick cunt.
Crowley features on the Beatles, *Sergeant Pepper* album cover as well as one of Led Zeppelin's.

Now, not many people know how Crowley came to have this honour bestowed on him.

However, the answer lies in a chapter omitted from '*Spanish*' Robert Sanchez's book, ***'Up and down with the Rolling Stones'*** which was too 'explosive' to print.
In the 1960's, Sanchez was drug dealer and friend to the crème de la crème of British rock stars, including Keith Richards & John Lennon.
The following segment is taken from that omitted chapter:

Robert Fraser (heavily in debt to the Kray Twins) had become friends with the American film-maker and occultist, Kenneth Anger. Indeed, Fraser often arranged viewings of Anger's films at his flat.
Anger had introduced both Robert and Paul (McCartney) to the works of his great hero, Aleister Crowley, the famous English occultist.
Anger, through his long time involvement with the occult had been initiated into a secret organisation of Crowley's, known as the OTO, or Ordo Templi Orientis, or Order of the Temple of the East .
This involvement in something so secretive and seemingly dangerous appealed hugely to not just Robert but also to Paul, Mick Jagger and Keith Richards as well as Marianne Faithfull and Anita Pallenberg.
Accordingly, Anger, smelling like so many others the financial possibilities that the Beatles and the Stones could bring, was only too happy to initiate them all into Crowley's club.
McCartney and the Stones lapped it all up, whether it was the promise of obtaining secret knowledge, the opportunity to become greater lovers or simply the involvement in something so 'naughty', they all, to a greater or lesser extent, would be shaped by the occult for quite some time.
For the Beatles it was only really McCartney for whom this had any appeal. John, though interested in religion, only really worshipped himself and drugs at this stage. George Harrison was too involved in Eastern mysticism and Ringo was just too down to earth to get caught up.
For Paul and Robert, the involvement became overwhelming and accordingly they just could not resist inserting references to it in the album sleeve.
Aside from the obvious inclusion of Crowley as one of their 'heroes', there are numerous references to freemasonry as well as hidden messages.

Robert intended it to be a treasure map of clues for those who already had the knowledge to decipher. It was a statement to those in the know that said 'we know what you know'. Source:http://invanddis.proboards.com
Now, amongst the other sixty or so people who appear on the cover of **Sgt Pepper** are Aldous Huxley, Carl Jung, Oscar Wilde, T.E Lawrence, and Lewis Carroll… Allegedly ALL paedophiles.
The album cover itself was designed by the notorious Peter Blake, very good friend to paedophile artist Graham Ovenden, who was sentenced to two years in prison for his nonce crimes.
Remember! Birds of a feather, so don't discount those rumours about 'Macca' as not being true either... Just saying.
In 2013 I wrote extensively about the paedophile artist Graham Ovenden - as you will see if you if you type his name into my website (www.chrisspivey.org) search bar.

Nevertheless, for the benefit of those who do not know who the nonce is, the following is what Wikipedia has to say about him:

Graham Stuart Ovenden. (born 11 February 1943) is an English painter, fine art photographer and writer.
Some of Ovenden's art has been investigated as possible child pornography by US and UK authorities and in 2009, he was prosecuted in the UK on a charge of creating indecent images but not convicted. In 2013, Ovenden was found guilty of six charges of indecency with a child and one charge of indecent assault against a child, and on 9 October 2013, he was jailed for two years and three months by the Court of Appeal. Following his conviction, some galleries removed images of his work from display. In 2015, a judge ordered that Ovenden's personal collection of paintings and photographs be destroyed.

Now among the many high-class low-life fans and collectors of Ovenden's 'art' are (the now deceased) Lord McAlpine, Lord Hutchinson and fellow artists Sir Hugh Casson and David Hockney
Moreover, that 2009 arrest was interesting and had indications that Ovenden was being protected from high up.
You see, in 2009 Ovenden's house was raided by Police, resulting in the artist being dragged into court. The following is how the Telegraph reported it:

An artist, whose work has been displayed at The Tate, has claimed that indecent pictures of children found on his computer were "work in progress", and not child pornography.
Graham Ovenden, 67, was found with indecent pictures in the file on his PC and despite trying to delete it and said they were to be used for an art work, a court heard.
Mr Ovenden is a painter, fine art photographer and writer, who has displayed in the Victoria and Albert Museum, The Tate and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.
But officers found 16 separate images Mr Ovenden had created and 121 other indecent images stored in files in his computer's memory, the court heard.
Officers found the files when they raided his Gothic mansion in Cornwall and Ovenden admits he made the images on his computer.
But Mr Ovenden - whose major works feature young girls - says the pictures were all being used to create an ''end product'' for artistic display.
Mr Ovenden does not deny making the images but has pleaded not guilty to 34 different child porn offences.
Ramsay Quaife, prosecuting, at Truro Crown Court, said: ''What the police found was a graphic application called Adobe Photoshop, and its the use of the file browser in this programme to view the images which led to the cache files being created.
''You can be sure that the copy of the images in the cache is the same as the image made by Mr Ovenden - he was making these images, and a virtual trace or footprint was left on the computer.
''Through what the experts found on the computer and through admissions of the defendant, you can be quite sure the defendant was making indecent images on this computer.''
Officers raided Mr Ovenden's home in November 2006 and Mr Quaife says he immediately admitted they were his pictures.
He said: ''When first asked about the images, Mr Ovenden said they were deliberately intended so we should find them, and that he had been working on his creations for about a year.
''He added 'I am totally responsible in every way'. Mr Ovenden said to police, 'the process of the image making is actually to create corruption, then overlay corruption'.''

The court heard in police interview Ovenden then quoted Shakespeare's Hamlet to explain why he made the images.
Mr Quaife said: ''He told officers, 'it is but skin and film, an ulcerus place, while rank corruption lies within'.
''But what the crown say is that there can be no doubt that these images are indecent - indecent pseudo images are indecent.
''By the means of modern technology, pretty much anyone can have a virtual studio on their computer - and he was busy making thoroughly indecent images on that computer.''
Robert Linford, defending, argued his client had the images as a means to create his famous artwork.
He says his client had shown completed work to officers which appeared to show the image of a young girl, with words of poetry superimposed over the image.
Mr Linford said: ''My client repeatedly wrote to the police and showed them these images of his final pieces of work.
''It would have been in rather flowery artistic language, but 'look, here are the final prints, this is the final product'.
''He has repeatedly argued that the images seized from him were very much a work in progress, and that these were the final outcomes, the prints were the finished products.''
Mr Ovenden has pleaded not guilty to 16 counts of making indecent images of children, and 16 counts of making indecent sudo photographs of children.
He is also charged with two counts of possessing 121 indecent photographs and ''pseudo photographs'' of children.
In 1975 Ovenden founded the artistic movement the 'Brotherhood of Ruralists' with then-wife Jann Haworth and fellow artists Graham Arnold and David Inshaw.
Mr Ovenden was born in Hampshire and attended Itchen Grammar School and the Royal College of Music before taking up painting around 1962.
He was tutored by Lord David Cecil and Sir John Betjeman and attended the Southampton School of Art, and graduated from the Royal College of Art in 1968.

However, the court case appeared to be plagued by problems, not least by the Police dragging their feet. And on October 22nd 2009, two days into the trial,

the Jury was discharged and a new court date set.
On April 9th 2010 the case was thrown out of court after a 5 minute hearing due to two police officers – *Key Prosecution Witnesses* – who failed to turn up. The Police later declined to comment and the CPS refused to disclose how much the three and a half year investigation had cost the Taxpayer.

Nevertheless, just 9 days later the Old Bill again swooped on Ovenden. The following is from the 'Novel Activist' website:

After the child pornography case was dismissed Ovenden was charged again: four counts of indecent assault on a girl under the age of 14, five counts of child neglect and four charges of false imprisonment – relating to offences committed in 1990. The case was due to be heard earlier this year (2011)***. It is now September and I cannot find any record of the trial being held.***

This is odd.

If he had been found guilty surely the news would have been everywhere? The tabloids love this sort of story. So what happened? These charges are serious and if they had any merit the case would surely have proceeded? I can't find any information. Perhaps the case was dismissed and it was only reported in the legal notices? I don't know, but if anyone does, please let me know.
But there is another clue. The blog primarily discusses the fact that the Tate Modern removed its collection of Ovendens from their website. This was around the same time as the controversy over Spiritual America, which featured a young Brooke Shields (she approves of the picture).
But now the Tate has put the Ovendens back on their website. Could it be that Ovenden has been cleared, which means the Tate collection has also been cleared? Would the Tate place the collection on their website if he had been found guilty of serious child sex offences? I think not.
In any case, the fact that the Ovenden collection is available to the public means they provide a guide to what the Tate Modern thinks is legal and legitimate.

Neither can Wikipedia shed any light on the verdict. The online

Encyclopaedia mentions Ovenden's arrest on the 19th of April 2010 but fails to make mention of the outcome.

It is interesting however; that the Tate modern deems Ovenden's work fit to exhibit.

Now I say it is interesting because The Tate is a member of the contemporary art society whose spiel reads: ***We promote the collecting of contemporary art through our gifts to public museums and the advice and guidance we offer companies and individuals.***
http://www.contemporaryartsociety.org/media/uploads/2010/07/4765/cas-2002-pdf.pdf
The Patron of the CAS is The Queer Mother, despite her being dead since 2002. The Queer Mother is alleged to have been a paedophile.
Of the ten Vice Patrons, two are the Viscount and Viscountess Windsor, and a third was none other than Lord McAlpine of West Green... AKA Lord Alistair McAlpine AKA Robert McAlpine AKA Nonce McAlpine.

Course, the Tate Gallery was just one of many who also displayed the vile, Nan Golding photograph called "*Clara and Edda Belly Dancing*" which is owned by Elton John... Least it was although I cannot say for sure whether or not he still owns it.
Nevertheless, I was made to suffer terribly for reporting on this vile art as most of you will know. You see, by showing you what the elite class as 'art' I was unforgivably charged with distributing child pornography - the vast majority of which were photos of Graham Ovenden's work.

Nevertheless, in an attempt to discredit me for discrediting them the corrupt old bill insisted on going to court despite all of the images being legal, available to buy, owned by the rich and famous and displayed in art galleries around the world.
Course, once in court I was immediately found Not guilty on ALL counts and the trial judge had some very harsh words to say about the prosecution... And rightly so too.
Yet this is all old news so why am I bringing it all up again in this book you may ask.

And the answer to that is because on the 3rd of November 2018 I received an email from a mush called Lester Caine:

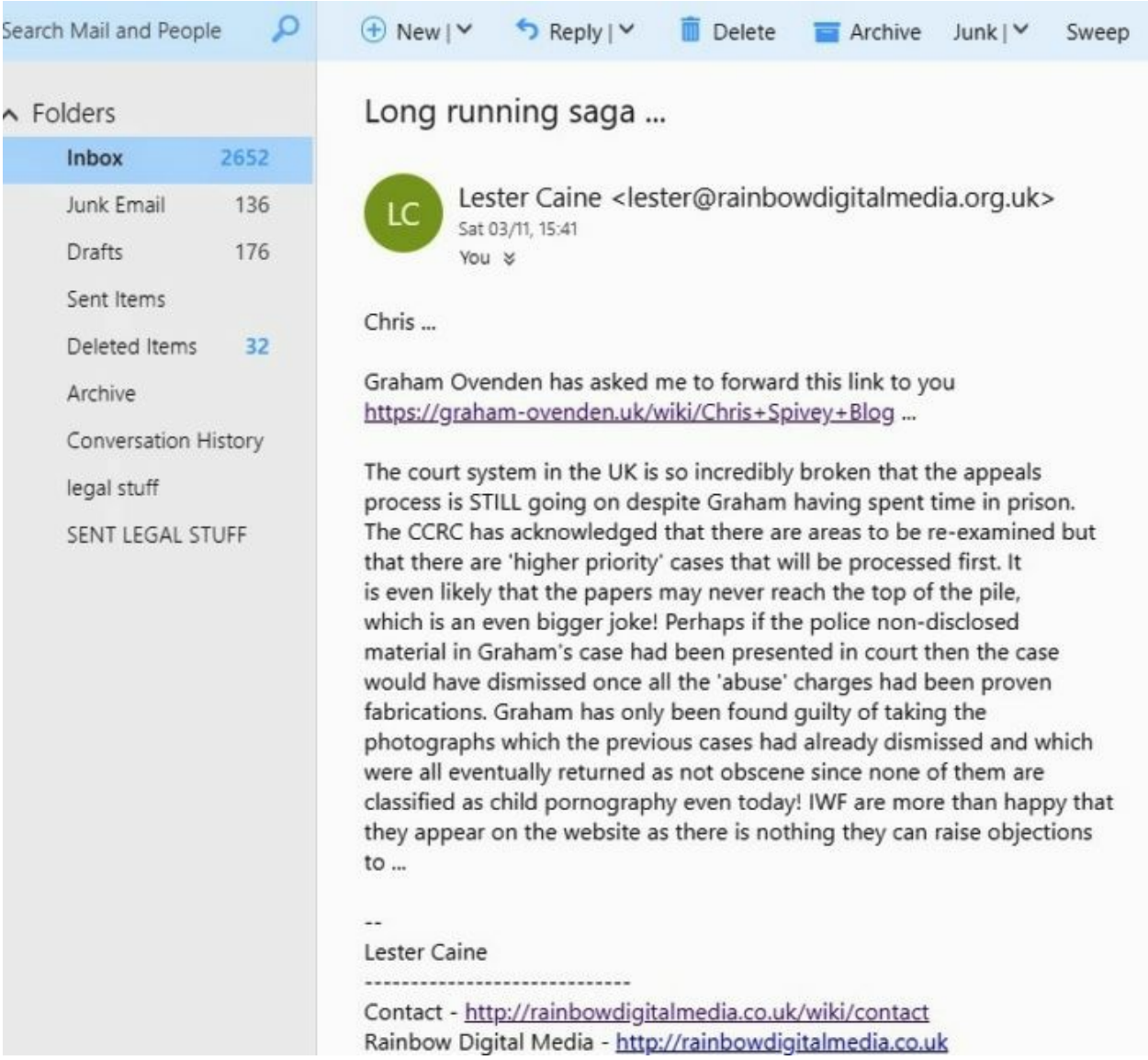

Screenshot of the eMail from Lester Caine
Very strange!

I mean who the fuck is Lester Caine? And whilst my email address is no secret you have to wonder how Lester got hold of it.
Nevertheless, Lester says that Ovendon personally asked him to send me the link included in the email - which I will come to shortly.
Lester apparently then goes on to defend Ovenden and insinuate that he was the victim of a miscarriage of justice. Course, it isn't stated whether or not

that the insinuation was made also at the behest of Ovenden.
Mind you, that said I do know from personal experience just how wholly corrupt the justice system is and indeed the equally corrupt police refused to use vital [non disclosed] evidence which would have put a stop to them prosecuting me in the first place.
However, Lester states that:

"Graham has only been found guilty of taking the photographs which the previous cases had already dismissed and which were all eventually returned as not obscene since none of them are classified as child pornography even today!"

Yet the prison sentence that Ovenden received was predominantly because of physical child abuse, NOT taking photos. The following is taken from the Telegraph:

Ovenden, who was taught by the renowned pop art pioneer Sir Peter Blake, denied that he had assaulted any of the children. He claimed he was the target of a witch hunt and that his images of children were about capturing them in a "state of grace".
But a jury found him guilty of seven offences, including touching a girl's breasts and getting into a bath with the same girl and asking her to feel him. The other convictions relate to photographs he took of two other girls.

Dirty Cunt.

Lester then finishes his email by saying that the Internet Watch Foundation are "***more than happy***" that Ovenden's paintings appear on "***the website***" as "***there is nothing they can raise objections to***" …

Course, whilst it maybe true that LEGALLY the IWF cannot raise objections to the 'art' appearing on the internet, I very much doubt that they are "*more than happy*" about it.
Moreover, Lester is defending the monster's art and overlooking the fact that the nonce was convicted of sexually abusing children.
Nevertheless, I then clicked on the link that Lester had sent me in that eMail and got the following:

Since my Blog Master has remarkable abilities in locating past websites of dubious character and malice this pearl of perversion has come to my notice (www.chrisspivey.org).
Firstly, we may return the compliment "you may run but certainly can't hide". Yes Mr Spivey, a maxim which ex supporters of National Socialism in Germany were to find, rightly to their cost.

In fact the more I look at Mr Spivey's site the more I am reminded of the official Nazi journal Der Sturmer and its vile editor Julius Streicher. There is the arrogant pose of Spivey that fronts the site (a change of cloth to that of a notorious uniform would no doubt complete the transformation). The use of unseemly language, the four letter words seem to drip of his tongue like Cobbit's Weeping Wen … but it is obvious that this unfortunate individual is more obsessed by what lies between his legs rather than that of between his ears.

A few corrections and observations are in order.
a) The full length nude of Josie represented Gt Britain in the seminal exhibition held in Berlin at the Martin-Gropius Bau, Feb to April 1996.
b) The jacket cover of the book … To my knowledge this image was never used as a jacket cover; is this Spivey's invention? Also, the application of stars to the image or page, was always regarded as an accolade of merit when I was a child. Thus this emphasis of genitals, breasts (of which as yet there is no evidence) shows a moral confusion. Are these stars showing an enthusiasm for these normalities of mother nature or are they laid on as the product of a diseased mind. I suggest Spivey take note of the article in Novel Activist and the child's/adult's reactions to the placing of a puerile negation over Mother Nature's work.
c) The child balancing on the railings is not a painting but a photo mezzotint. Its correct title is Dare Me, this being appropriate, as the Thames lies some 20ft below and on the left hand side of the child. You will note that this image is from my Childhood Streets photographic essay and was taken when I was 14 years of age. This series of images are now celebrated as one of the most important photographic essays created since the Second WW.
Graham Ovenden

Source: ***https://graham-ovenden.uk/wiki/Chris+Spivey+Blog***
So let's take a closer look at what the sick-fuck has to say starting with his opening gambit:

Since my Blog Master has remarkable abilities in locating past websites of dubious character and malice this pearl of perversion has come to my notice (www.chrisspivey.org).
Oh you couldn't make it up don't cha know. Nevertheless, what we have here is a perverted, convicted child molester calling my website a website of "***dubious character and malice***" and a "***pearl of perversion***"... Oh my fucking days. Has the dirty old pervert got no shame?
And I can assure the sick-fuck 'artist', that there was no intended "malice" in what I wrote... I simply think that he is the lowest form of life on the planet and should have been jailed for life. I also note that the link to my site takes you to the home page and not the articles that I wrote about Ovenden... Dog forbid that he had of done since those articles are pretty damning.

The nonce then continues:

Firstly, we may return the compliment "you may run but certainly can't hide". Yes Mr Spivey, a maxim which ex supporters of National Socialism in Germany were to find, rightly to their cost.

And once again I note that Ovenden does not publish a link to where I wrote ***"you may run but certainly can't hide"***... However, I think that the nonce is likening me to a Nazi war criminal! Did Nazi War Criminals write about kiddie fiddlers then?
He then continues:

In fact the more I look at Mr Spivey's site the more I am reminded of the official Nazi journal Der Sturmer and its vile editor Julius Streicher. There is the arrogant pose of Spivey that fronts the site (a change of cloth to that of a notorious uniform would no doubt complete the transformation).
Yep, the nonce is definitely likening me to a Nazi! Roger that:
The use of unseemly language, the four letter words seem to drip of his tongue like Cobbit's Weeping Wen … but it is obvious that this unfortunate individual is more obsessed by what lies between his legs rather than that of

between his ears.

What a Cunt!

Nevertheless, the dirty fucker then suggests that I am obsessed with my penis... Typical perv, bringing the subject round to sex at every available opportunity... Although I do have a smashing dick. Just sayin'.

A few corrections and observations are in order.
This will be interesting:
a) The full length nude of Josie represented Gt Britain in the seminal exhibition held in Berlin at the Martin-Gropius Bau, Feb to April 1996.
HUH? So fucking what, we have already established that his child porn is protected by law under the guise of 'Art'.
b) The jacket cover of the book … To my knowledge this image was never used as a jacket cover; is this Spivey's invention? Also, the application of stars to the image or page, was always regarded as an accolade of merit when I was a child. Thus this emphasis of genitals, breasts (of which as yet there is no evidence) shows a moral confusion. Are these stars showing an enthusiasm for these normalities of mother nature or are they laid on as the product of a diseased mind. I suggest Spivey take note of the article in Novel Activist and the child's/adult's reactions to the placing of a puerile negation over Mother Nature's work.
Now I think that the Kiddie Fiddler is referring to an article that I wrote in which I mentioned his child porn 'art' book: Fall from Grace.
Course, there is a chance that the photo (*which is included in the book*) that I used may not have been the cover... Nevertheless, a quick Google search today (11/11/18) brought up the following:

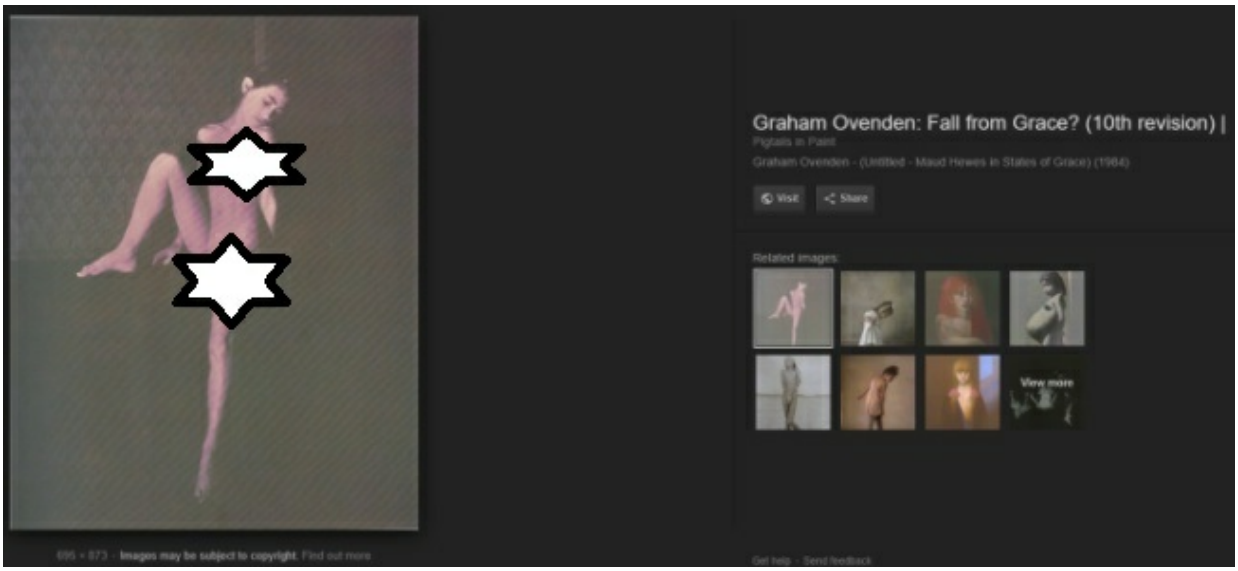

Google image search result for the art book: Fall From Grace

I have also added stars to censor the photo but you can see where the mistake arose from and makes no difference no matter how hard the filthy fucker tries to defend himself.

c) The child balancing on the railings is not a painting but a photo mezzotint. Its correct title is Dare Me, this being appropriate, as the Thames lies some 20ft below and on the left hand side of the child. You will note that this image is from my Childhood Streets photographic essay and was taken when I was 14 years of age. This series of images are now celebrated as one of the most important photographic essays created since the Second WW.

Hmmm. It seems that I stand corrected. It wasn't a painting it was a "photo mezzotint" and not titled "lure me" as I stated in the article… My bad!
And that well and truly put me and my big dick in fucking place didn't it!

Ovenden, you are a proper sick-in-the-head piece of shit... Fuck off.
Now, Led Zeppelin's guitarist Jimmy Page was also “infatuated” with Crowley and following in his heroes footsteps embarked on a relationship with 14 year old Lori Maddox.
The following is from the Independent:

Lori Maddox, who relates in Hammer how Richard Cole kidnapped her on

Page's orders and brought her to the Riot House claims she fell in love with Page almost immediately.
She also tells how she had to be locked up, albeit willingly, most of the time so that word of this illegal relationship statutory rape could not get out.

Hmmmm.

Now, Kit Lambert's father was sufficiently well off to be able to send Lambert junior to Oxford University... Where the former Prime Mincer, David Cameron could tell you all about how the older students used to enjoy buggering the younger boys.
Lambert is also credited with discovering The Who, who were known as the High Numbers at the time.
Whilst describing the group to his partner Stamp, he told him that their show was the nearest thing to a black mass that he had ever seen.

Lambert and Stamp would later sign The Who to Stigwood's newly formed record label.

In turn, Stigwood produced The film version of The Who's rock opera '**Tommy'**, which of course featured The Who drummer Keith Moon as 'Uncle Ernie', the paedophile who - *whilst supposedly babysitting* - sexually abuses the blind, deaf and dumb kid Tommy.
Paedophiles abusing disabled children?
Didn't Jimmy Savile do that?

And, don't forget that 'Tommy' was of course written by The Who's' guitarist Pete Townshend who was arrested for viewing child porn, paid for with his credit card.

The following is from the Daily Mail:
He insisted at the time that he had simply been conducting 'research' when he paid £7 with his credit card in 1999 to access a website bearing the message 'click here for child porn'.
Despite his denials of harbouring depraved desires, he accepted a police caution, and was duly placed on the sex offenders' register for five years.

Okay, let's get back to that '*UK Paedo's-exposed'* article where we were at the part where The Beatles manager Brian Epstein was mugging off Robert Stigwood whom had just merged his company with Epstein's NEMS Company thinking that The Beatles were part of the package:

The deal was therefore re-arranged to exclude the Beatles as they had been so incensed by the proposal.
However, Brian's problems were only mounting. He had previously met the Kray twins in a gay club in London and now they were putting the squeeze on him after they had discovered his affair with Dizz Gillespie.

AUTHORS NOTE
Dizz Gillespie is not to be confused with the legendary Jazz Trumpeter, Dizzy Gillespie.

The following is what The Beatles fan website 'Hey Dullblog' have to say about Dizz Gillespie who has also been described as 'malignant':

Epstein paid Gillespie's debts and provided him with drugs. Sometimes they did drugs together. "More often than not these drugged, drunken nights ended in some sort of unhappy confrontation," Brown wrote. "They ran from simple arguments to all-out fistfights, which included breaking vases and mirrors. One night, unhappy with Brian's largesse, Dizz worked himself into a rage. When Brian ordered him out of the house, Dizz raced to the kitchen, grabbed the largest knife he could find, and held it to Brian's jugular vein while extracting an additional sum of money from Brian's wallet."

Now, although Gillespie is relatively unimportant to this article, it is worth noting that as the above segment continues, it is alleged that Gillespie was also blackmailing Epstein after he stole a briefcase belonging to The Beatles manager.
The briefcase is alleged to have contained photos of Epstein and his 'young' male conquests indulging in various sexual practices.
And whilst not wanting to dwell on stories that I have covered in the past, I do find it hard to believe that The Beatles were not aware of Epstein's paedophilia... Or Jimmy Saviles for that matter despite their close association

with him in the early to mid 1960's.
Right, back to the UK Paedos-exposed article:

How the Kray Twins came to discover this affair is uncertain. It may have come to light through Brian's activities at the Clermont Club where, lest we forget John Aspinall's partner was the Krays friend Billy Hill. Alternatively, it may have been via the mysterious David Litvinoff.

Litvinoff was a colourful character who was well known in the London underworld as well as that of swinging London. He was, like Brian, homosexual and a massive gambler.
He was rumoured to have been a former lover of Ronnie Kray, however what is certain is that, after accumulating huge gambling debts Ronnie and Reggie Kray paid him a visit which involved tying him up by his feet and inserting a sword into his mouth.

Ronnie then forced the sword into his mouth, cutting him from cheek to cheek and leaving him with a permanent 'joker like' smile.

Litvinoff entered the circle of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones through his association with Robert Fraser and Christopher Gibbs. Indeed Litvinoff would play a major part in the film 'Performance' starring Mick Jagger and James Fox, when he was employed by the director Donald Cammell as a 'voice coach'.

This apparently was a euphemism and his real role was to immerse Fox totally into the London gangland scene so as to prepare him for his role as a gangster.
However the news reached them, the Krays told Glasgow crime lord Arthur Thompson that they were blackmailing Epstein and were going to take the Beatles from him.

Thompson apparently convinced the twins that the Beatles career would go downhill fast if they were associated with the Krays. They settled for blackmailing him for cash instead.
On the 27th August 1967 Brian Epstein was found dead in his locked bedroom at his home in London.

His death was officially declared an accident at the inquest due to the consumption of too many sleeping pills. Suicide was denied by all around Brian, however long time Epstein employee, Peter Brown claimed that he had removed a suicide note and a will from Brian's bedroom prior to the arrival of the authorities.

The suicide note was, according to Brown, apparently from a previous attempt, however it interesting to note that the will left Epstein's house and money to his mother and brother, Clive.
Brian's father Harry had died some six weeks earlier, meaning this will would have had to have been recently updated. It is also curious that someone would leave a suicide note just 'lying around'.

Had the Krays threats been sufficient to drive Brian to suicide, or even more sinister, had the tw
ins arranged for a little visit to Brian over that weekend?
As an interesting footnote to this saga, another long time Epstein associate, the flamboyant London lawyer David Jacobs, is also rumoured to have come to a sticky end. Again, possibly with the involvement of the Krays.

Like Brian, Jacobs was Jewish, homosexual and another prodigious user of amphetamines. Jacobs had long been in the employ of Brian and the Beatles and his other clients included Marlene Dietrich and Diana Dors, both of whom featured on the cover of Sgt Peppers Lonely Hearts Club band, as well as the Rolling Stones.

Jacobs was found hanging from a length of satin from one of the beams of his garage in December 1968 after reportedly having turned down the opportunity to represent Ronnie and Reggie Kray as the defence lawyer in their forthcoming trial for double murder.
Is it possible that Jacobs came to the attention of the Krays after having been used by Brian to try and extricate him from their blackmailing grip?

Jacobs was in fact the man credited with introducing Epstein to the London gay paedophile 'scene'.
And of course, back then homosexuality was illegal:

Jacobs was the suave, arrogant, senior partner in the firm of M.A. Jacobs Ltd of Pall Mall.
His clients included Marlene Dietrich, Diana Dors, Judy Garland and the Rolling Stones. He had represented Liberace in his successful libel case against Cassandra of the Daily Mirror for calling him, among other epithets, "this deadly, winking, sniggering, snuggling, chromium-plated, scent-impregnated, luminous, quivering, giggling, fruit-flavoured, mincing, ice-covered head of mother love."
Jacobs had seen his client commit perjury in the witness box by denying he was homosexual and walk away with £8000 in damages and £27,000 in legal costs.
One month before the Kray Twins stood trial at the Old Bailey in January 1969, charged with the murders of George Cornell and Jack "The Hat" McVitie, Jacobs was found hanging from a length of satin tied to one of the beams of the garage at his seaside home.

At that stage, the Krays had been in custody for months and had sent a message to Jacobs that they desperately needed his shrewd legal brain to beat the charges against them.
But Jacobs turned them down and, some believe, paid with his life. No one said no to Ronnie Kray and got off scot free.
Beatles boss Brian Epstein knew Jacobs' reputation as the sharpest lawyer in the capital. He also knew that Jacobs was homosexual. "Brian hired David to represent the Beatles when he moved down from Liverpool," says a showbiz writer who knew both men well. "In return, David introduced Brian to the London gay scene.

David was 6ft 2in tall and openly gay – he wore make-up, even in court in front of disapproving judges. He intimidated everybody, not only the other side in court cases but his clients as well, and he was incredibly pompous. The only person who wasn't a bit frightened of him was John Lennon. John was mercilessly cruel to him; he was always taking the piss.

It has since been learned that Jacobs had asked for police protection shortly before his death and it is probable that he told the police about turning down Ronnie Kray's plea for legal help.
Certainly, he was a broken and terrified man in his final days.

A private detective who worked for Jacobs at his Pall Mall practice says: "I last heard from David two days before his death. He telephoned my secretary and told her it was urgent that I contact him. When I rang back, he burst out, 'It's no good, I'm in terrible trouble. They're all after me.'"

The private eye asked who he was frightened of and Jacobs reeled off a list of six famous people in show business. The detective told him "not to worry" and rang off.

As predicted, the 35-year-old Krays were found guilty of murder at their trial and jailed for life by Mr Justice Melford Stevenson who ordered that they should not be released for 30 years.
The jury convicted Ronnie Kray of killing both George Cornell and Jack McVitie and convicted Reggie of the knife attack that killed McVitie while Ronnie pinned his arms.

And there the matter might have rested but for a fascinating postscript: Two years ago convicted criminal Bradley Allardyce claimed that Reggie Kray's first wife Frances had been forced by his brother Ronnie to take the pills that killed her: her apparent suicide had, in fact, been murder.

Allardyce had been released from prison after serving nine years for armed robbery. He spent three of those years in Maidstone prison, four cells along the landing from Reggie Kray. The pair had spent most of their time in each other's company. Allardyce claimed on BBC Radio 4 that one night Reggie Kray revealed to him the thing that haunted him the most.
"I was sitting in my cell with Reg and it was one of those nights where we turned the lights down low and put some nice music on and sometimes he would reminisce.

He suddenly broke down and said, 'I'm going to tell you something I've only ever told two people and something I've carried around with me'. He put his head on my shoulder and told me Ron killed Frances. He told Reg what he had done two days after."

Maureen Flanagan, a frequent visitor to the Kray home and their mother's hairdresser, had been close to Frances. "When she first came on to the

scene the first reaction from Ronnie was jealousy, sheer and utter jealousy," she said. "Someone else is coming in to separate them two - he did not want to be separated."

Ronnie Kray knew how to have someone killed and make it look like suicide.

Reggie Kray also admitted in his last interview before he died in October 2000 that he had been responsible for another murder. In an interview with the BBC, Kray was asked if he had been refused parole for so long because he had been involved in another killing. He replied: "One, one."
He did not name the victim, but Leonard "Nipper" Read, the detective chief superintendent who arrested the Krays, thought that the victim was "Mad Teddy" Smith. Smith was a psychopathic homosexual rumoured to have had affairs with Ronnie Kray and Tom Driberg, the former Labour MP. He disappeared the day after an argument with the Krays in 1967.

Bradley Alladyce was later jailed for life in 2005 for what was described as a "cowardly and vicious" murder. Together with Shane Porter, 28, and Wayne Turner, 41, Allardyce hunted down his sister in laws ex boyfriend David Fairburn, kicking, punching and stabbing him to death.

And, as for the former labour MP, Tom Driberg!
Well, he too was a homosexual paedophile and a KGB agent to boot, who had a penchant for wearing fishnet stockings.
And, in all probability he too was being blackmailed by the Kray Twins.

Driberg had got involved with the Krays after telling them about the houses of rich friends that they could burgle.
The vile, nonce Labour MP was also allegedly a part of a Manchester paedophile ring.

I do in fact have it on good authority that in 1975, James Anderton - the Chief Constable of Greater Manchester – had specifically ordered foot patrols to police the Canal Street area of the City after learning that teenage boys were being sold for sex there.
Anderton even went so far as to warn the BBC that several of their

performers had been named as using these boys including Jimmy Savile.

Other well known names alleged to be taking part in the paedophile ring were the MP's: Jeremy Thorpe and Fat Cyril Smith.
Course, Driberg, despite being a Labour MP was good friends with Lord Robert Boothby, a prominent Conservative MP throughout the 1930's,40's, 50's and 60's.

Boothby was also a former lover of Ronnie Krays and was definitely being blackmailed by the twins.
The homosexual, paedophile twins - *there is definitely a pattern here somewhere* - were also club owners and Screaming Lord David Sutch and the Savages would often perform in their clubs.
And this is where Ronan O'Rahilly comes into the story.
Ronan O'Rahilly who ran the 'Scene Club' just off Windmill Street in London's Soho district, recorded a Georgie Fame record on his own independent label which was unheard of at the time.
He took the record to the BBC to try to get it played and discovered that the record industry and the BBC was corrupt and dominated by EMI, Decca and the 3 Grade brothers (Winogradski).
He then tried to get it played on Radio Luxembourg and again found out that the shows were 'owned' by EMI, Decca, Pye, and Philips, which were essentially shows to promote their own records.
Frustrated at not being able to get the record any air time, O'Rahilly hit upon the idea of starting his own radio station, free from interference and domination by the big movers and shakers in the record industry.

Now, O'Rahilly also had links to the sinister Sir Anthony Fisher who had instigated 150 think tanks worldwide - which has since blossomed to over 400.
'Think Tanks' are the subversive way to alter thinking and perceptions, which pave the way for important world changes.
However, David Sutch did not like Fisher and what he stood for.
Sutch had met Winston Churchill as a young boy and liked his warmongering ideas even less.

Interestingly enough, Churchill, a known Satanist was also closely linked

with the afore mentioned bi-sexual paedophile Lord Robert Boothby.
Then again, he would be since Churchill was allegedly fond of sex with children himself… At least he was according to many researchers.

The following is from newspunch.com:
Winston Churchill was a prolific pedophile who enjoyed 'buggering young boys,' according to explosive diary entries.
Sir John Rupert "Jock" Colville, former British civil servant to Churchill, exposed the former wartime Prime Minister in a series of shocking diary extracts.
Churchill had huge gambling, drinking and whoring bills, and Jock Colville claimed he usually insisted on ginger haired prostitutes, so they bought him a ginger tomcat as a private joke.
Churchill's sandhurst file, the original and proper one lists him as, 'a confirmed sodomite and a menace to the younger boys' (Courtesy of guy burgess diaries). This waywardness allowed Churchill to be used by the bankers, under the carrot and the stick, you do as we say and you get paid x amount, you don't do as we say and we ruin you. In WW1 Churchill took bankers cash in the name of Colonel Arden, and WWII his secretary said several names were used, Mr. A Conner's was alleged to be just one.

But I digress.

Anyway, it was those type of events which led Sutch to become very wary of modern controlled politics, where one select small group controls the main parties.
Now, in 1963 Sutch and his manager Reginald calvert took over Shivering Sands army fort just off Southend on Sea in Essex – Which just so happens to be about 6 miles from where I live, don't cha know?

The idea was that they would use the Fort as a pirate radio station, which was launched as Radio Sutch in 1964.
Moreover, in addition to Radio Sutch playing all the latest hit records, Sutch would also have his friend, the Mossad agent come prostitute Mandy Rice Davies read from the erotic novel, Lady Chatterley's lover.

Mandy Rice-Davies – as you no doubt know - frequented the notorious Astor

parties of the early 1960's which led to the John Profumo Scandal.
And, as you also no doubt know, the Astor in question is the former Prime Mincer, David Cameron's wife's step-grandfather.
Now obviously, Radio Sutch was in direct competition with other pirate radio stations such as Radio Caroline which - *with around 23 million listeners* – just so happened to be the Radio Station started by Ronan O'Rahilly... See? The dots all connect sooner or later.
Meanwhile, Radio Sutch's co-founder Reg Calvert also came to a very sticky end.

The following is taken from the Reg Calvert Story:
Calvert had been the man to discover Sutch, and further original acts followed, including the Fortunes and the Rockin' Berries. Many of their acts stayed — indeed, virtually lived — in the Calverts' home, Clifton Hall, near Rugby, Warwickshire, which became known as the "School of Rock & Roll".
Calverts wife, Dorothy played a particularly close role in the career of Sutch.
She later recalled: "He was playing in Nuneaton when the news about the Profumo scandal broke and Reg suggested that he stood for Parliament as a publicity stunt. That was a lot of work for Reg and me as David didn't have a clue."
When Sutch did stand at the ensuing Stratford-on-Avon by-election in 1963 — the first of his record-breaking number of candidacies — Dorothy wrote his "manifesto".
Although his candidature was a blatant stunt, Dorothy incorporated some serious politics into the campaign: having married at 18, she regarded it as ludicrous that she had then been made to wait three more years before she was eligible to vote and she made "votes for 18-year-olds" Sutch's campaign slogan.
Sutch contested more than 40 elections, mostly under the banner of the Official Monster Raving Loony Party.

Nevertheless, Sutch soon began to feel stifled by the radio station, which led to Calvert buying out Sutch's share and changing the radio stations name to radio City.
In 1966, Calvert was shot dead by Oliver Smedley... There's a lot of it about

don't cha know.

Smedley was a Liberal Party Politician who wanted to keep Britain out of the EU which he said would abandon British farmers.
He had also wanted Calvert to amalgamate with Radio Caroline in exchange for a new transmitter:
In 1964 Reg Calvert joined the pirate radio boom and launched Radio City, broadcasting from Shivering Sands, a Second World War marine fort in the Thames estuary, seven miles from Margate.

Two years later he went into a fateful partnership with Oliver Smedley, a director of the rival Radio Caroline. Smedley installed a more powerful radio transmitter at Shivering Sands but then declared he was pulling out of the deal.
When Calvert refused his demands for payment for the transmitter, he sent a crew of thugs to seize and occupy Shivering Sands. Calvert visited his home the following day to remonstrate with him and was shot dead in the quarrel that ensued. Smedley was charged with murder, but subsequently acquitted on grounds of self-defence.

Vital evidence was mysteriously ignored and valid witness statements were overlooked - the whole case was a farce and resulted in a murder charge being dropped and diluted to 'manslaughter on the grounds of self-defence' thus allowing Oliver Smedley to walk free.
These case notes are now available to be seen at the National Archives in Kew, after being hidden for some 40 odd years and perhaps the truth might emerge, despite many of the involved people having passed away.
Dorothy Calvert took over the running of Radio City and was herself soon in court.
As the government moved to ban pirate radio, she was charged with offences under broadcasting law. Although she fought the case vigorously, she lost and in 1967, just eight months after the death of her husband, Radio City was forced off the air.
Source: the Reg Calvert Story.

Screaming Lord David Sutch was also very well known for being patriotic and felt the same way about the EU as Oliver Smedly did.

Nevertheless, Sutch enjoyed taking the piss out of the controlled establishment political parties... There's a lot of that about too.
Sutch was also deeply affected by the death of founder *Rolling Stones* member Brian Jones who ended up face down in his swimming pool.

Course; despite the guitarist's death being put down to him drowning because of his intake of drink and drugs there is little doubt now that Jones was murdered... By whom however, isn't so easily identifiable.
Many say that it was a builder by the name of Frank Thorogood who did it:
Prior to Brian Jones leaving The Rolling Stones their tour manager and general "fixer", Tom Keylock, had arranged for his old friend Frank Thorogood to oversee the renovations on Brian's home.
Even though Brian Jones was no longer a member of The Rolling Stones he was still on their payroll and Tom Keylock was still under instruction to keep his eye on Brian.
Frank Thorogood had previously been employed by The Rolling Stones before, to do some work on Keith Richard's house so he was trusted.

They had employed a team of three builders and Frank Thorogood was staying at Cotchford Farm in the room over the garage to oversee the renovations and keep an eye on Brian.
Initially Frank Thorogood and Brian Jones got on well, but as the job went on their relationship became strained.
Brian Jones was not the easiest client to deal with, often changing his mind or being told by his accountant to change his mind when they found out how much it was going to cost.
From day to day he did not know what he was supposed to be doing, making it very hard for him to manage a team to build something that was a moving target.
Anna Wohlin said that Frank Thorogood showed little sympathy when Brian Jones was discovered in the pool and he did nothing to help them in their attempts to revive him. "I don't think Frank meant to kill him, because I don't think he was a killer," she says. "I think it was some sort of horseplay. I think it went too far."

Likewise when Janet Ann Lawson was asked if she thought Thorogood killed Brian Jones she replied yes.

In an interview with Classic Rock Magazine, Tom Keylock said that in 1993, he went to visit Frank Thorogood who was terminally ill in hospital.

While there Frank Thorogood told him that he had "done" Brian Jones. However he did not get anymore details as Frank was very tired and obviously in pain, so he left him to come back the following day. Unfortunately Frank Thorogood died overnight and Tom Keylock was never able to get the details.
Source: http://thehistoryofrockmusic.com
However, according to Sam Cutler the murderer was not Thorogood. Cutler rigidly maintains that it was in fact Tom Keylock himself who killed Jones:

Brian Jones was murdered. Of this, there is little doubt.
He was not murdered by the man who was in charge of the building work at Brian's farm, a gentleman by the name of Thorogood who is popularly credited by conspiracy theorists with doing the deed.
He was almost certainly murdered by the very man whose role it was to protect him, Tom Keylock. The man who less than forty eight hours after the murder, emptied the house of its valuable contents, and burnt substantial amounts of papers and personal items of Brian Jones on a bonfire in the front garden. Source: samcutler.tumblr.com

Nevertheless, despite Cutlers claim, Allen Klein, the Rolling Stones manager is also put up as a possible candidate by many.
Klein is the man credited with causing *The Beatles* to split up and has also been implicated in the singer Sam Cooke's death.
Others still, have voiced the opinion that Brian's murder was to do with the occult.

Certainly, the Stones were into the occult. You only need look at some of their album and song titles to know that.
The author John Hamer also covers the music business and its close relationship with Satan worship in his excellent book '*The falsification of history*' ... If you haven't read it, you should.
Now, before we put this segment to bed, it is worth noting the similarities between the death of Brian Jones and the death of Stuart Lubbock.

Lubbock was also found floating face down in a swimming pool except this one belonged to the vile, fallen TV star, Michael Barrymore.

And, like Jones, Lubbock's death is extremely suspicious.
The following is from the Daily Mail:

Michael Barrymore yesterday refused to answer questions about drug taking at an inquest on the man who died in his swimming pool.
The disgraced TV star had refused five times to answer questions about drug-taking at his £2million home on the night 31-year-old Stuart Lubbock died.
As Mr Lubbock's grieving family looked on, Barrymore repeatedly used a coroner's court rule which protects witnesses from incriminating themselves.
But he denied allegations that he rubbed cocaine on Mr Lubbock's gums or gave him ecstasy during a party in the early hours of March 31 last year.
The 50-year-old presenter admitted that he fled his home in panic after finding Mr Lubbock's body.
He said: 'Right there, the nightmare began. I got myself into a complete state. It was just one thing after the other. It's like your worst dream come true. There was no sequence of events. You just walk out and the whole world changes there and then.'
Coroner Caroline Beasley-Murray asked him why he had fled. 'Some people might think there was something to hide,' she said. Barrymore replied: 'I'm sure they do. It wasn't the right thing to do. I was panicking.'

Lubbocks death also occurred in Essex... So, thank fuck I don't have a swimming pool.
Okay, back to Screaming Lord Sutch.
In 1964 at the height of their fame, Screaming Lord Sutch and the savages played at the Leyton baths London, despite news that a group of 200 Mods on scooters had said that they were coming to wreck the place.
However, Sutch asked a group of six rockers to stand by the door and they quickly sent the Mods packing... Six vs two hundred!!!
Fuck me, no wonder the Mods were seen as being girly boys.
The Mods were in fact, a new phenomenon at that time, wearing Carnaby Street clothes, perfume, and often facial make-up.

Hence, that is the reason that they were widely regarded as androgynous 'Nancy boys'.
This made them a constant target for sexual abuse by the DJs and music agents who back then were – and probably still are - mainly homosexuals.

That fact ties in with what I have been told about Carnaby Street - one of the most famous streets in London:

The Carnaby St revolution was an early attempt to homosexualise men. With women's clothes and colours, bouffant hair and makeup, many men became almost the same as women.
Now, Sutch first stood for Parliament in Stratford on Avon in 1963 under the banner of *The National Teenage Party*, where he targeted teenagers for their vote.
The Stratford on Avon seat had been left vacant following John Profumo's resignation.
And, although Sutch didn't win, he did manage to get 208 votes which spurred him on to continue in politics.
In 1983, Sutch - who was a lot more knowledgeable on the subject of politics than he was given credit for - founded the *Official Monster Raving Loony party*.

And despite contesting 40 elections without winning any, he did manage to get several of his people into important positions which generated good publicity for *Sutch and the Savages*.
Interestingly enough, Sutch had many good ideas which were adopted by the main parties.
However, things didn't always run smoothly.
Especially not in the vile Slaggy Thatcher's Finchley constituency where Sutch fought for election wearing his Top hat and flamboyant leopard skin coat.
Moreover, he proper pissed Thatcher off by taking several hundred votes.

This prompted the snobby, perverted Thatcher to angrily demand that all election candidates' deposits be raised from £150 Pounds to £500 Pounds.

Course, on Election Day the largely Jewish constituency of Finchley had

voted almost in unison for Slaggy, but she had, without doubt thought it beneath her to stand on the same platform as Screaming Lord Sutch... Snobby cow.
Now, Sutch's greatest success came at the Bootle by-election in 1990 where he polled 1,114 votes, leaving the big parties in no doubt that the public were beginning to see through the false veneer of British politics.

With that in mind, the former Prime Minister Harold Wilson offered Sutch a position in the Labour party - which Sutch quickly refused.
But, not before Wilson had boasted to him that he had "bought" the 1966 world cup football match with Germany, as it would be good for British moral.

Nevertheless, Sutch would have undoubtedly fitted nicely into any one of the big three political party's having at one time lived at the home of brothel Madam, Cynthia Payne.
Moreover, he also knew Payne's rival, Lindie St Claire very well and indeed, both brothel keepers were supplying girls to high flyers and politicians.

Furthermore – at least according to T. Stokes - both refused to supply young boys for the homosexual market, and both along with party girl/singer, Janie Jones were heavily targeted by the vice squad, inland revenue, the council and investigative reporters.
In fact, it isn't unfair to say that the whole 'Establishment' hounded them at every turn, with Sutch being caught up in the fallout which led to some bad publicity in the newspapers.
Janie Jones had previously been fined £16,000 and given a very severe 7 years in prison on a charge of controlling prostitutes.
In the end she served 4 years and on release attempted to restart her singing career by joining the punk rock group, 'The Clash' on tour.
Jones also wrote a book about her life in 1993 called *"The Devil and Miss Jones"* in which she told her story about show biz sex parties".
Moreover, Cyntia Payne was at one time in a position to bring down the Establishment, given her clientele.

The following is what she told the Daily Mail:
'Most of the people who came here are dead now,' she says of her clients,

who numbered judges, vicars, MPs, bank managers and senior police officers with fetishes ranging from spanking to being covered in Hoover dust. 'But I still get recognised in the street and people smile.'

Jani Jones, Cynthia Payne and Lindi St Clair were also the focus of the T.Stokes article; 'Do you have a spank account:

Cynthia Payne ran dinner parties where sex was for after's, the rich and famous all sat together for dinner with the most beautiful girls, Cynthia had one rule "no queers and no kids" painted on hardboard and hung in the kitchen.
Payne first came to national attention in 1978 when police raided her home and found a sex party was in progress. Elderly men paid in Luncheon Vouchers to dress up in lingerie and be spanked by sexy young women, and when the case came to trial in 1980, she was sentenced to eighteen months in prison, reduced to a fine and six months on appeal, she served four months in Holloway prison.
In 1986, the police raided her home again, this time during a "special party" she was hosting after shooting the film of her life had been completed. Although she was acquitted on this occasion, the resulting court case in 1987 made headlines for several weeks with lurid tales, some details of which were in her book, 'Entertaining at Home'. The court case ended her career as a party giver.
She then expressed an interest in becoming an MP, in order to change Britain's anti sex laws, which she followed through with by standing for Parliament as a candidate for the Payne and Pleasure Party in the Kensington by-election in July 1988 followed by her standing in her own area of Streatham in the 1992 UK General Election, despite being a popular figure she did not gain a parliamentary seat.
Lyndie St Claire was a brothel madame who had a printed full colour catalogue of the most extraordinary beautiful girls for men to look through and choose, some were out of work actresses who were glad to be able to feed their families during filming. A very successful professional dominatrix and madam, she had printed brothel tokens that could be given as Christmas and birthday gifts from everything from a spanking to being tortured, and in 1991 it emerged St Clair was renting Chancellor of the Exchequer Norman Lamont basement flat in Notting Hill, she claimed that

252 Members of Parliament had been on her books, and she stood for parliament several times with her "corrective party" giving free spankings.
T.Stokes writes about one more woman in his article who was at the time a trainee teacher and whose story to the police led to one of the most bizarre high profile court cases of the century so far.
The woman in question is called Ms Nadine Milroy-Sloan and the following is what T.Stokes says about her in his article:

On June 13 2003 the beautiful Miss Nadine Milroy-Sloan alleged that she was drugged at the Essex flat of Barry Lehaney, and then raped by him and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.
A former Conservative minister there have been rumours the Hamilton's were "swingers" and enjoyed sex games with other couples, other rumours were of high level sex parties with politicians and big business.
The Hamiltons and Mr Lehaney were arrested and interviewed by detectives before being released on police bail.
Since then, the couples have mounted a very public defense against the allegations and say that they have a "cast-iron" alibi which proves their innocence.
However, Miss Milroy-Sloan insisted yesterday that she was prepared to go to court to defend her allegations.
This was never finished satisfactorily, the public were never given an innocent or guilty verdict, and the threatened exposure of the highest people in the land at sex parties where young lads were brought in from care homes never happened, not until today, now we are seeing the government and its mouthpiece the BBC and the news media all in the dock and the agenda to homosexualise people falling apart.

What actually happened was that the already disgraced Hamilton's vigorously defended the allegation and put forward a seemingly cast iron alibi.

Since Milroy-Sloan had, in the past, been known to make up allegations, the Hamilton's were never charged.
This led to the harassed and bullied Milroy-Sloan conceding that despite originally being absolutely certain that she had been raped by the Hamilton's, given their alibi, she must have made a mistake.

By making that concession, Milroy-Sloan was later given a 3 year prison sentence for perjury.

The following is taken from a BBC news report:
Cross-examined by prosecuting lawyer Orlando Pownall, Ms Milroy-Sloan said: "I was absolutely convinced it was Neil and Christine Hamilton, but after listening and hearing the evidence, I accept it was very unlikely it would have been them.
"The position is I was raped and sexually assaulted that night. I know because I was there."
She added: "I believed it was Neil and Christine Hamilton when I made the allegation. Now I am not so sure. I am willing to accept I made a mistake."
Asked if she still believed that former Tatton MP Neil and Christine Hamilton were involved, Ms Milroy-Sloan said: "To an extent.
"I cannot change what has been in my mind since the events. It was an honest mistake. It was not done out of malice."
As well as clearing the Hamiltons, police dropped any action against Mr Lehaney, and the other man has never been identified.
Now, interestingly enough, that court case cost our old friend, the obnoxious Max Clifford in excess of £100,000 after the Hamilton's sued him.
Clifford had - up until her trial - been representing Milroy-Sloan's interests.
Moreover, despite being cleared of the rape allegation the MSM newspapers were still nevertheless scathing of the Hamiltons
The following is what the Independent Newspaper had to say on the subject:

Neil Hamilton hasn't changed, unfortunately, not one bit. The former Conservative minister is the same grasping, boastful, smug, vulgar, deluded, obfuscating, mendacious oaf he always was. Those qualities, after all, along with a few other nastier ones, were what shot him into the public eye in the first place, when he was accused by Mohammed Al Fayed of accepting "cash for questions" - of taking payment to make planted inquiries in the House of Commons in return for plain brown envelopes stuffed with cash.
He was at it again yesterday, turning muck into brass, bragging about what a large sum of money he'd got out of the publicist Max Clifford.

Hmmm! And, we know who else was caught up in the *cash for questions*

scandal don't we?
It was in fact, the same vile monster who gave the Hamilton's their 'cast iron' alibi for the rape trial - namely, the alleged dangerous, predatory paedophile, Derek Laud who became firm friends with the bizarre couple in the mid 1980's and remains so to this very day.
Of course, homosexual Laud's vile activities are already extensively logged on my website, but what with me never able to stop myself passing up an opportunity to hang the vile cunt out to dry, it is worth mentioning that he was also caught up in the cash for knighthoods scandal:

When the right hon. Member for Sutton Coldfield (Sir N. Fowler) gave evidence to the Home Affairs Committee, he said that no honours could have been sold because that would have been illegal under the Honours (Prevention of Abuses) Act 1925. Such blind faith is not apparently shared by Scotland Yard, which recently investigated the alleged case of cash for knighthoods involving the former Conservative candidate, Derek Laud.
And in 1999, Laud the fraud was chosen to front a new Rover Car advert campaign which led to the car giant bosses being severely criticised in the press:

'They should have known better. It's highly insensitive to those whose family members or friends have suffered through road accidents caused by drunk drivers,' said Chaudhry. Rover's choice was also criticised by the Department of Transport. A spokeswoman for the department's anti-drink driving campaign said: 'Car manufacturers should be very cautious as to who they choose to promote their products. Drink-driving shatters peoples' lives.'
The adverts emphasise the distinctiveness of the new Rover by promoting the idea that, like Laud, the car might not be everyone's cup of tea but that 'it is better for some people to really love something than for everyone just to like it a little'.
As a former secretary of the right-wing Monday Club, Laud supported the repatriation of British blacks and apartheid in South Africa. Two years ago he was exposed by The Observer as being at the centre of an honours-selling racket run by Ludgate Laud, a lobbying firm of which he was managing director. He was also closely associated with Ian Hamilton, the disgraced former Tory MP at the centre of the 'cash for questions'

scandal. Source: The Guardian Newspaper.
You can read all about Derek Laud in the next chapter.
But I digress... For a change.
So, what of David Sutch's love life?
Well, as it happens, at one point in his life Sutch became involved with the beautiful American model, Thann Rendessy with whom he had a son.
However, prior to his son's birth sutch had backed out of marrying Rendessy, claiming that it wasn't fair to marry her being as he was sterile.

Nevertheless, rumours abound that he was warned off from marrying her.

Finally, on June 16 1999 the would be politician's girlfriend, Yvonne Elwood found him dead at home.
Sutch appeared to have hung himself.

And, despite the newspapers claiming that he had suffered from chronic depression, Elwood maintains that they were happy and making plans for the future.
The following is from one such newspaper at the time:

TODAY'S OPINION:
Lord Sutch found hung in home
LONDON (AP) - David Sutch, who brought a chuckle to British politics as leader of the Monster Raving Loony Party with the slogan: ``Vote for insanity - you know it makes sense,'' has died at age 58. He was found hanged Wednesday at his northwest London home by his partner, Yvonne Elwood, who said that although Sutch had fought a long battle with depression he seemed happy in the days leading up to his death and Scotland Yard said they were treating the death as suspicious. Superintendent Coppen suggested the two deep lacerations on his neck could not have come from one rope, but suggested that a garrotting with hanging to cover it up was a possibility.
And then there is this from the BBC:
His body was discovered by his partner Yvonne Elwood on Wednesday.
A spokesman for the prime minister said Lord Sutch, "will be much missed. For many years he made a unique contribution to British politics.
"Our elections will never be quite the same without him."

A Scotland Yard spokesman said Lord Sutch, whose real name was David Sutch had been found hanged.
A post-mortem has yet to take place and initially the death is being treated as suspicious.
Ms Elwood said: "It is a terrible shock because we envisaged spending the rest of our lives together and it is something that is very hard to come to terms with."
Although he fought a long-term battle with depression, the party leader had seemed happy in the days leading up to his death, Ms Elwood, 41, said.
His friend Alan Hope said he had received the news from Ms Elwood.
Mr Hope is leading calls for a statue to be erected to Lord Sutch outside Parliament next to the statue of Sir Winston Churchill - one of the Loony leader's heroes.
Mr Hope, who runs the party headquarters from the Golden Lion pub in Devon, said his friend had been in good spirits when they spoke on the telephone 10 days ago.
"He was saying he had no money troubles any more, and was sorting out his life and was looking forward to coming down here next weekend."
Mr Hope told the BBC: "I've known David since 1957 - we were rock'n'roll singers together.
"He was a hell of a character."

So, did Screaming Lord Sutch kill himself or did someone else do it for him? Fuck knows? I didn't write the original article.
And, it could also well be the case that given the lack of proof, may well be the reason that T.Stokes never released his article.
Nevertheless, there are certainly plenty of candidates to choose from should Sutch have been murdered.
For instance: It could have been one of the many shady characters who hung about with him, gangsters, one of the Christine Keeler crowd, some big name from the brothel parties or even the establishment perhaps.

At his funeral, Sutch’s motorcycle friends from the Ace cafe gave him a great send off, escorting his coffin along the route to where he was buried at Pinner Cemetery in North London.
Interestingly enough, the date of Sutch's death - the 16th - is shown in the tarot pack as the tower struck by lightning with a man falling from a great

height. This man is said to be Richard Beere, the abbot who in 1525 was dragged behind a cart, tortured and thrown from the top of Glastonbury Tor.

It is said that Sutch was a tortured genius who also fell from a great height and was killed for his beliefs.
Nevertheless, if nothing else Lord Sutch did leave one legacy. His act was later successfully copied by David Furnier, better known as Alice Cooper who has made a huge success out of the same act as the good Lord, by using snakes, axes, and coffins.

Still, despite not having the answer to *who murdered Screaming Lord Sutch*, I think that I joined a few dots along the way... And that can't be bad.
And as promised at the start of this chapter, here is that T Stokes article in the same form that it was sent to me:

WHO MURDERED SCREAMING LORD SUTCH ?

By T. STOKES
Today June 16 2010, is exactly 11 years to the day when Screaming Lord Sutch was found hanged.
David Edward Sutch was born on November 10 1940 at the height of W W II at Londons Hampstead hospital, his father died when he was a baby and he grew up with his mother in some poverty.
In his twenties he founded his novelty rock n roll act which instantly caught on, Sutch was never really a singer but always a showman, the act was based around Sutch dressed as Jack the Ripper being carried onto the stage in a coffin waving an axe, while his backing group the savages had props such as skulls dead bodies and daggers, and David Sutch would scream intermittently giving rise to his knickname of screaming Lord Sutch, which was an early vampire themed act and was way ahead of its time.

The early music recordings through the 1960s were done by Joe Meek of Telstar fame and Sutch worked with some of the biggest names in the music business, and in 1963 Sutch and his manager Reginald calvert took over

Shivering Sands army fort just off Southend, to compete with the pirate radio stations such as radio Caroline which had 23 million listeners, Sutch's freind from the Astor parties the Mossad agent Mandy Rice Davies, would read from Lady Chatterleys lover, Sutch however felt stifled so Calvert bought out Sutch's share and changed the radio station to radio City, in 1966 Calvert was shot dead by Oliver Smedley, Smedley was a liberal party politician who wanted to keep Britain out of the EU which he said would abandon British farmers, David Sutch was also a British patriot who felt the same way, but enjoyed taking the mick out of the controlled establishment political parties.

Interestingly Joe Meek was also shot dead, some say it was suicide, Joe Meeks freind Brian Epstein the manager of the Beatles also was said to have comitted suicide after some dodgy deals went wrong, a mutually shared rent boy ended his life cut up in several suitcases, some say the Krays were involved as David Sutch and the Savages had appeared at one of their clubs.

Ronan O'Rahilly ran the Scene club in London's Soho district and recorded a Georgie Fame record on his own independent label, unheard of at the time. He took the record to the BBC to try to get it played and discovered that the record industry and the BBC was corrupt and dominated by EMI Decca and the 3 Grade brothers (Winogradski). He then tried to get it played on Radio Luxembourg and again found that the shows were 'owned' by EMI, Decca, Pye and Philips, which were essentially shows for their own records, He said "I have recorded the guy, so I can't get it played, so we have to start a free radio station."

Ronan had links to the sinister Sir Anthony Fisher who had instigated 150 think tanks worldwide which have now blossomed to over 400, think tanks are the subversive way to alter thinking and perceptions, they pave the way for important world changes, and David Sutch did not like him and what he stood for, David Sutch had met Winston Churchill as a young boy and liked his warmongering ideas even less, these events were to make Sutch very wary of modern controlled politics, where one select small group controlls the main parties.

The murder of founder Rolling Stone member Brian Jones who was found

lifeless in a swimming pool affected Sutch deeply, and
in 1964 at the height of their fame, Screaming Lord Sutch and the savages played at the Leyton baths London, and a group of 200 mods on scooters said they would come and wreck the place, Sutch asked 6 rockers to stand by the door and they quickly sent the mods packing, the mods were a new phenomenon, wearing carnaby street clothes perfume and often facial makeup they were seen as androgynous nancy boys and were a constant target for sexual abuse by the DJs and music agents who were in the main homosexuals.

Sutch had stood for Parliament in Stratford on Avon first in 1963 as the national teenage party, where he wanted votes for teenagers, and gained 208 votes after John Profumo had to resign his seat after the Christine Keeler scandal, and Sutch was really on a roll now.
In 1983 Sutch who was very knowledgable on politics founded the Official Monster raving Loony party and stood in 40 elections losing each one but getting several of his people into important positions and generating good publicity for Sutch and the Savages, interestingly Sutch had many good ideas which were adopted by the main parties, but it was in Margaret Thatchers Finchley constituency where Sutch stood with his Top hat and flamboyant leopard skin coat taking several hundred votes, that a very angry Thatcher demanded the deposit to stand for election be raised from 150 pounds to 500 pounds, Finchley a largely jewish area voted in unison for Thatcher who thought it beneath her to stand on the same platform as Screaming Lord Sutch.
One of his foremost ideas and one well before his time was the printing of debt free money, the banknotes depicting Maggie Thatcher in the Queens place upset some very big people and would have given some big players a reason to want rid of him
Sutch's greatest success was at the Bootle by-election in 1990 where Sutch polled 1,114 votes, the big parties were starting to realise that the public could see through the false veneer of British politics, and Harold Wilson offered Sutch a postion in the Labour party which Sutch refused, he did say that Wilson had boasted to him that Wilson had "bought" the 1966 world cup football match with Germany, as it would be good for British moral.

Sutch at one time lived at the home of brothel madam Cynthia Payne and

knew her rival Lindie St Claire very well indeed, both were supplying girls to high flyers and politicians, both refused to supply young boys for the homosexual market, and both along with party girl singer Janie Jones were heavily targetted by the vice squad inland revenue the council and investigative reporters in fact the whole establishment hounded them at every turn, and Sutch was caught in the fallout getting some bad publicity in the newspapers.
Sutch got involved with the beautiful Americam model Thann Rendessy but Sutch for whatever reason either backed away or was warned off because he let her go.

On June 16 1999 his then girlfreind Yvonne Elwood found him dead at home hanged.

The newspapers said he had suffered from depression, but his girlfreind said they were happy and making plans for the future.
This from one newspaper

TODAY'S OPINION:
Lord Sutch found hung in home
LONDON (AP) - David Sutch, who brought a chuckle to British politics as leader of the Monster Raving Loony Party with the slogan: ``Vote for insanity - you know it makes sense,'' has died at age 58. He was found hanged Wednesday at his northwest London home by his partner, Yvonne Elwood, who said that although Sutch had fought a long battle with depression he seemed happy in the days leading up to his death and Scotland Yard said they were treating the death as suspicious
Superintendent Coppen suggested the two deep lacerations on his neck could not have come from one rope, but suggested that a garroting with hanging to cover it up was a possibility
So did he kill himself or did some one else do it ? it could have been one of the many shady characters who hung about the pop music scene, gangsters, one of the Christine Keeler crowd some big name from the brothel parties, the bankers upset at his no interest money or even the establishment perhaps.

His motorcycle freinds from the Ace cafe gave his coffin a great send off and

is buried at pinner in North london.

The date of Sutch's death, the 16th is shown in the tarot pack by the tower struck by lightning with a man falling from a great height, this is said to be Richard Beere the abbot who in 1525 was dragged behind a cart and tortured and thrown from the top of Glastonbury Tor, and it is said Sutch was a tortured genius who also fell from a great height and was killed for his beliefs.

His act was copied by David Furnier who as Alice Cooper has made a huge success out of snakes axes coffins etc

T Stokes London

Chapter 3

Derek Laud started his rise to infamy as a researcher working in Margaret Thatcher's government during the mid 1980′s.
However, his aspirations of becoming a Politician were dealt a severe blow in May 1986 when he stood in the general election for a seat in Wandsworth council’s Graveney ward. And despite winning 937 votes, it wasn’t quite enough to secure him the seat.

Nevertheless, by the late 1980’s Laud had risen to become a parliamentary aide to Thatcher as well as being her main speech writer. In fact his talent with words was also extended to writing speeches for the MP’s, Michael *‘Tarzan*’ Heseltine & Alan *‘nonce’* Clarke.

Course as we now know, Thatcher’s government was infested with vile paedophiles, most of whom were cruel and sadistic to the extreme.
All, and I mean all, of her top ministers were – *and those that are still alive still are* – an extreme danger to children. So, bearing that in mind along with the fact that Thatcher played hostess to Jimmy Savile for 11 consecutive Christmas’s, it doesn’t take a genius to work out that the old bitch was of the same ilk.
Moreover, the former Prime Minister, the obnoxious David Cameron also happened to be a Thatcher protégé. Mind you, in saying that do not assume that I am hinting that Cameron is a vile deviant... I am telling you that he is. Indeed, at best Cameron was and still is actively protecting paedophiles of the worst kind and there is only one sort of man that would do that.

That then was the world that Laud inhabited and as such, it should come as no surprise to anyone that Laud was amongst the vilest, most depraved and dangerous of the whole foul lot of them.

Laud had also been a fundraiser for Thatcher's 1987 election campaign alongside the odious, uncharismatic Lord Alistair McAlpine. He also did the same for John '*nice peas Norma*' Major in his 1992 election campaign.
It is true to say then that Laud was so well thought of within the Tory Party, that John Major deemed him worthy of a mention in his autobiography, *Moving on from Westminster*, as did the paedophile MP, Alan Clarke in his successful series of Diaries.
Having said that, there is no denying that Laud is somewhat of an Enigma. Certainly, he is unforgettable. He is also extremely intelligent, speaks with an accent worthy of the aristocracy, is impeccably well mannered, athletic, and can be as charming as they come. At the same time, he has the caustic sarcasm usually associated with drag queens such as Lily Savage. He also happens to be Black, which back in the day was a true rarity in British Politics.
So rare in fact, that I think I'm right in saying that there was only three Black Politicians in England at that time. And, although technically Laud wasn't a politician (not through want of trying), he certainly moved exclusively in their circles.
Course, back then, Black Politicians such as the Labour MP, Bernie Grant could find racist undertones in practically anything voiced by a White person. Laud on the other hand appears to have almost revelled in being in such a tiny minority within such an inherently, albeit covertly racist, elite institution.

Laud drew even more attention to himself, by becoming the first and only black member of the Monday Club, an ultra right wing Conservative Party pressure group which supported repatriation of immigrants and the apartheid regime in South Africa.
Interestingly enough, South Africa is where the vile man spends much of his time residing.

And as a footnote to the Monday Club, it is most interesting to note that the current Prime Mincer, Theresa May once described the club as covertly racist. Indeed, in 2014 May herself was under fire from pressure groups who accused her of breaking many Human-Rights laws and discriminating against British citizens who were married to non E.U members.

Another prominent Monday Club member was the now disgraced, former MP

for Billericay, Harvey Proctor who resigned his seat following a scandal that involved rent boys and spanking… Choice.
Proctor supposedly spent a year on the **dole** following the perverted scandal before opening a shirt shop in which he hung a sign reading, '**Shirt Lifters Will Not Be Prosecuted'**.

The disgraced former MP had set up this venture after his former colleagues from parliamentary Lala Nonceland had financially backed him to the tune of £75,000, some of which came from Jeffrey Archer and the then deputy prime minister, Michael Heseltine.
Hmmm, not the first time then that 'Tarzan' has been mentioned in this chapter.

However, the shirt emporium has now long since closed. However, it would seem that the pervert is now manager of the Duke of Rutland's ancestral seat, Belvoir (pronounced Beaver) Castle, and lives in a large country house in the grounds of the 18,000-acre estate near Grantham, Lincolnshire.

The 365-room castle is hired out for corporate entertaining, 'private parties' and concerts. It has also been used as a backdrop for TV and Hollywood films – Catherine Zeta Jones filmed The Haunting there".

It would therefore appear that Harvey Wallbanger is still being looked after, especially so considering that his sick crimes are being covered up in the ongoing Carl Beech fiasco… A whitewash that Proctor is actively taking part in.

And for those who do not know who Carl Beech is, he is someone who claims to have witnessed and been a victim of child sexual abuse carried out by Proctor and other top MP's in the 1980's.
The following is taken from http://www.drsallybaker.com:

In 2003 Proctor was appointed the Private Secretary to the 11th Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle in Leicestershire. He entered obscurity but of course hit the media again in 2015 when he was named as a suspect in the Operation Midland investigation into child abuse. Proctor held a press conference at which he angrily denied all allegations made against him –

which included allegations that he had sexually tortured boys, attempted to castrate one of them and that a boy was murdered. The allegations against Proctor were tied up with allegations that Ted Heath abused boys – Proctor maintained that he hated Ted Heath so much that he wouldn't have shared a cup of tea with him, let alone have attended an orgy in his company.

However, in reality Beech is a patsy who was set up to make the claims just so as he could later be exposed as a fantasist - thus clearing Proctor & Co's names and further casting suspicion on any future real victims who dare to come forward.
Right, let's get back to that vile Nonce Laud.
Now the fact that he had been given the nickname 'Golly', didn't appear to bother Laud one bit. In fact, according to an interview that appeared in the *Independent* Newspaper in 2009, Laud was quoted as saying: "*My nickname is Golly, but I don't insist on it*".
In 1997 Laud was selected as the Tory Candidate to challenge the aforementioned Bernie Grant for the safe Labour Party seat of Tottenham. However, Laud stepped down shortly before the election was held citing "business reasons".

Having said that, according to the BBC, the real reason that Laud dropped out of the running was due to the political lobbyist having been convicted of drink driving while on holiday in America.
Following the crash which saw the four passengers in the other car hospitalised – *3 of whom were seriously hurt* – Laud, who it was also alleged had no driving licence, became the subject of a $5 Million lawsuit.

Bernie Grant has since died. It is however, synonymous with the corruption taking place within the halls of Parliament that so much information held within the National Archives relating to him, is not due for public release until at least 2092.
That is not to say that Bernie Grant was involved in corruption. On the contrary, with Grant now being dead the need for secrecy would suggest that it was those opposed to Grant, such as the MP Michael Howard (*good friend to Laud*) and the Metropolitan Police who were the ones up to no good.

That would also be in keeping with the majority of the top secret information

pertaining to the conviction and subsequent acquittal of Winston Silcott for the murder of PC Keith Blakelock, as well as the Met's mishandling of the Broadwater Farm riots.
Other heavily censored information involving Grant that's not due for release for at least another 80 years, relates to the arrest and subsequent death of Joy Gardener… But I digress.

It was in the early 1990's that Laud had established a successful parliamentary lobbying company named **Ludgate Laud**. This was achieved in no small part, thanks to what was said to be his close association with leading Tory Party members at the time such as Michael Portillo.

As a parliamentary lobbyist, Laud was mentioned in the Commons by Labour MP Martin Linton in his maiden parliamentary speech.
Laud nevertheless disgraced himself after becoming caught up in the '**Cash for Questions**' row that eventually wrecked the Tory MP Neil Hamilton's, political career. Laud later provided Hamilton and his wife with an alibi after they were accused of sexually assaulting a woman in 2001.

However, what you will notice as this story unfolds is the way that the same names crop up time and time again. For instance, in 1992 Neil Hamilton and Harvey Proctor were the victims of two 'Gay bashers'.
According to Dr Sally Baker's website:

There was a punch-up in the shop in 1992. Two young men entered and asked Proctor 'have you any ties for tying up rent boys before you spank them?' Proctor tried to get them out of the shop and a fight broke out. Incredibly enough Neil and Christine Hamilton were in the shop at the time and Hamilton came to Proctor's assistance when the young men assaulted Proctor. Proctor was punched in the face and had his little finger broken and Neil Hamilton ended up with a broken nose. The two men were charged and convicted.

Course, Laud is still to this very day, very good friends with the sleazy Hamilton's. Their long friendship had first begun in the early 1980's when Laud had worked for Strategy Network International (SNI), a lobbying company linked with apartheid South Africa and UNITA, the Angolan armed

opposition group.
It would seem that Laud had recommended the recruitment of both Neil Hamilton and his fellow Tory MP Michael Colvin as consultants for SNI.

The website Powerbase Info has this to say on the matter:

In the late 1980s and early 1990s Strategy Network International paid for Conservative MPs to visit South Africa. Conservative MPs Neil Hamilton and Michael Colvin both failed to declare the trips on the members register of interests. Current Prime Minister David Cameron also took advantage of a Strategy Network International trip to South Africa in 1989. The trip was offered to the Conservative Research Department by Derek Laud, who was employed by SNI and was later a contestant on the reality tv series Big Brother.

Hold up! Did that just say that our former Prime Minister, David Cameron also went on an all expenses paid holiday to South Africa courtesy of old Laudy boy? Well, well, well.
I shall return to this relationship between a dangerous predatory paedophile and the former gatekeeper to Lala Nonceland in due course.

The Cuthulan Blog (written by a Scottish Barrister) had this to say about Laud and Michael Colvin:

Derek Laud
Now defunct magazine Scallywag covered events at Bryn Alyn in detail, some years ago.The magazine alleged that one of the men referred to is Lord McAlpine, at the time of the offences treasurer of the governing Conservative Party. Another regular participant in the activities at Bryn Clwyd was alleged by Scallywag to be Derek Laud, for years a leading mover and shaker in successive Conservative administrations.
Scallywag alleged that Laud was a sadist, who was particularly violent and without mercy in his treatment of the boys. The magazine alleged that on regular occasions his victims would end up in casualty wards. He was a leading political fixer and adviser to Margaret Thatcher although never an MP; indeed he was pictured waving down to the crowds below from an upstairs window of 10 Downing Street as the Conservatives celebrated their

1988 election victory.
The former children connected with this empire of evil who died in mysterious circumstances may have been murdered by the British security services, the price of their silence their lives. Scallywag alleged that MI5 used to take foreign diplomats etc. to the North Wales homes, give them boys to "play" with, secretly filmed them as they buggered, abused and tortured boys then kept the tapes as evidence.
Michael Brown is one of the very few Conservative MP's who volunteered to "out" himself as gay. Derek Laud, now standing for parliament, (against Bernie Grant in North London) ran a Pimlico PR agency called Ludgate Communications (later Ludgate Laud) for a number of years which supplied young boys for selected Parliamentarians from children's homes now being investigated in North Wales. He sometimes did this in cahoots with Ian Greer Associates which has since been scandalised because of the Neil Hamilton Affair and payment for questions on behalf of Al Fayed. Ludgate Communications was at the very hub of our investigation into the "boys for questions" allegations. At his Pimlico flat, and selected addresses in Dolphin Square nearby, Laud threw paedophile parties and we have one sworn affidavit from a former boy (presently giving evidence in Wales) who claims he was seriously molested (among many others) by Lord McAlpine who was at the time the Tory party's clandestine fundraiser. It was alleged by this boy and others that Messrs Portillo and Lilley were also guests of Derek Laud. We are assured that this particular volcano is about to erupt, both in North Wales and elsewhere. Michael Portillo has always publicly disassociated himself from Derek Laud, yet here we find him not only acquainted but seemingly in the inner sanctum of private friends.

Michael Colvin

Colvin was associated closely with several other Conservative 'people' on the right wing of the party including Julian Lewis who is said to be involved with a number of international right wing 'covert' groups linked with high finance, and arms dealing.
Colvin was also associated with two allegedly corrupt and discredited former Parliamentary Lobbyists, Ian Greer (cash for questions) and Derek Laud (Wikipedia/Derek Laud) (Cash for Knighthoods aka Cash for Rent boys).

In the early months of 2003, just prior to the questionable invasion of Iraq, and working in conjunction with a London-based freelance journalist who had thoroughly double-checked exposures published by the Scottish 'Sunday Herald' newspaper, I publicised details of a child-sex ring linked to senior ministers within the Blair government.
I initially published my findings, stemming from discreet leaks from a secret list provided by the American FBI to the 'Sunday Times' newspaper, and concomitantly discovered that Tony Blair had issued a gagging order to suppress all further discussion of a scandal that would most certainly have brought a swift end to his administration and made Britain's collusion in the destruction of Iraq impossible.

Now I should point out that Dolphin Square (mentioned in the above as the place where MP's abused children) is the same place that Carl Beech claims to have witnessed child abuse and murder taking place.
Nevertheless, the cash for questions scandal should have been enough to make all of our honest MP's cut their ties with Laud. Unfortunately, we don't have any honest MP's and as I always say, birds of a feather flock together. So much so in fact, that Laud would often go on holiday with the likes of Lord Alistair McAlpine, Peter Lilley and Michael Portillo to name but a few… Although, McAlpine and Portillo have already been mentioned.
Then in 1999, Scallywag Magazine ran an article linking both Laud and McAlpine to a paedophile ring who were systematically raping boys in children's homes across North Wales. Course, most of you already know this, but for those who don't, here is what the Online publishing Co has to say about the vile Nonce Lord McAlpine:

Since 1999 many stories have been written about the paedophile activities of Lord Alistair McAlpine of the famous UK construction and road building family. Scallywag accused him, several times, of being involved in a paedophile ring (including his part in the child abuse scandal in North Wales), and also of masterminding the huge, multi-million pound money laundering operation behind the Tory party during the Thatcher years, when he was her party treasurer.

He is known to the police in the UK and abroad for sexually abusing young boys, including using a coffin to put the boy in, then simulating burying

him by sprinkling gravel on the top of the coffin. The child is screaming with terror and will do whatever he is told, due to being so scared of being put in the coffin again.
This person is alleged to have murdered at least two boys and buried their bodies on his estate. This information is derived from a police officer who was involved in investigating McAlpine, and he is certain that McAlpine has committed murder several times, but that McAlpine is too "well-protected" to get him.

Course, anyone who was innocent of such outrageous allegations would have sued… Or so you would have thought. But neither Laud nor McAlpine sued Scallywag Magazine.
However, Laud's great pal, the former Prime Mincer, John Major did. But that was over a totally unrelated story that the magazine had also published. He one two… Sorry, I meant he won too. Scallywag Magazine had in fact accused the Ex Prime Minister of shagging some old slapper from the Downing Street catering corps.
Major was outraged, and quite rightly so in my book. You see, John boy likes to be unfaithful with a better class of old slapper than a common kitchen assistant. And, the Old Slapper in question was none other than his fellow MP, Edwina Currie, who, just like Jiggedy Johnny, also happened to be married… Shlaggg.

Now in 2012 those Scallywag Magazine allegations re-surfaced following the Jimmy Savile revelations. And despite McAlpine not suing Scallywag back in 1999, he was suing every bastard in the world in 2012 – or so it would appear.
I say that because the whole public display leading up to all that libel action old bollocks, was what is commonly known as an Act of Parliament… Or put another way, nothing more than transparent make-believe, played out by an old nonce, who was once big in the Thatcher government.

However, what McAlpine did in 2012 is exactly the same as is being done in 2018 by Harvey Proctor and Co with Carl Beech. And McAlpine's patsy was called Steve Messham.
You see, in simple terms it was announced that Messham (mess-sham) was set to name McAlpine as being a paedophile on the current affairs program

“Newsnight”... But he didn’t.
Nevertheless, the damage was done leaving McAlpine free to sue the BBC, ITV and Sally Bercow - the wife of the Commons Speaker, John Bercow - for NOT being named as a nonce… Nice work if you can get it.

Course, pint sized, John Bercow and Lord McAlpine were both long time friends of Derek Laud and as such I find it impossible to believe that Bercow was not aware of his two good friends penchant for child rape.
The following is what Laud said about the Midget in an interview with the Daily Mail back in June 2011:
“Let me put my hand up and admit I once rather liked the Speaker John Bercow, or, more precisely, I felt inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt.
But that was many years ago. I have known him for 20 years or more and we share the dubious history of having both been members of the Right-wing Conservative Monday Club”.

Twenty fucking years or more! Fuck me, that goes back way before 1999 and the Scallywag Magazine allegations … There’s no flies on me .

LORD McALPINE AND

THE PAEDOPHILE RING

Lord McAlpine and the paedophile ring (co

cont'd)

The Scallywag articles

But it does kinda add credence to what I'm saying about the midget knowing all about McAlpines penchant for raping children though, doesn't it?

Now, you would have thought that Laud would definitely have been a political pariah after being named in Scallywag, but apparently not. Scallywag alleged that:

***'Laud was a sadist, who was particularly violent and without mercy in his treatment of boys'* and '*that on regular occasions his victims would end up in casualty wards'*.**

the Aangirfan website also stated that:

"There have been many allegations that Hampshire County Council, through the influence of Derek Laud and his friend Julian Lewis, is a central player in a national paedophile ring supplying young boys from care systems to VIP's...
"The Crest hotel in Wrexham and a Hotel on Hove seafront have specifically been mentioned"...
"It has been alleged that officials and councillors in a number of local authorities may be receiving payments for identifying 'appropriate' young people in care and introducing them to the ring"...
"Within the list of alleged collaborators with the supply of teenage boys is a Social Services Director, an Assistant Director of Children's Social Services, two chief executives, social workers a number of child protection workers."

Aangirfan also claimed Julian Lewis to be; ***"involved with a number of international right wing 'covert' groups linked with high finance, and arms dealing",*** and had close links with the now deceased MP Michael Colvin… Colvin died in a suspicious fire at his home.

The celebrity lawyer and businessman Giovanni Di Stefano had this to say on his website (http://www.onlinepublishingcompany.info) in regard to Laud, Lewis and Colvin:
In the 1990's Derek Laud had an address at East Cottage, Needs Ore Point

(shown on electoral records). That is on the Estate of Lord Montague of Beuleigh who those of 'a certain age' will remember was convicted of molesting a boy scout back in the 1960's.

So, Laud like Harvey Proctor was also given a house on a country estate… Hmmm. The article then continues:

Derek Laud, who was educated in the remedial stream at a south London comprehensive school where it has been alleged he pimped his classmates to wealthy and influential adults even while still at school, is significant. The psychopathic behaviour of Laud and Lewis that has caused significant comment from time to time may be far more dangerous than just eccentric. It is worthy of note that people around Derek Laud who challenge him appear to suffer significant harm - or to die - with unusual frequency.

Colvin therefore, despite a fairly mundane Tory image, was aligned with some allegedly very nasty people indeed.
As a final comment, in the 1980's and 1990's, and some say currently, it appears that lobbyists such as Greer and Laud were supplying teenage boys to MP's and others in politics specifically with the aim of exerting political influence.
Moreover, according to aagirfan, Colvin had been speaking to Laud just ***"days"*** if not ***"hours"*** before the MP died in the house fire. The website further claims that; ***"During a major scandal around the abuse of children in care in Bryn Estyn, in Clwyd, both Laud and Greer's names were mentioned by alleged victims in connection with organised sexual abuse involving VIP's including, allegedly, members of the UK Government".***

Five of the alleged abused children later died in a 'suspicious' fire in Hove, where some of the abuse was said to have taken place, according to aangirfan. A Health Visitor from Hampshire where Laud has a home and where Colvin lived is also said to have died along with the 5 children.

The website then goes on to say:

'Recent revelations involve the corruption of evidence by senior council officials in North Wales with regard to information supplied to the

Waterhouse inquiry into allegations of VIP child abuse in Clwyd. In the inquiry allegations made by a number of young people were discredited because they had made allegations against social workers who records showed had not been employed where they said during the time they were in care.

In fact, a secretary in North Wales Council had been instructed to alter the official records of dates and where and when specific youngsters were in care. It was not therefore the youngsters who were lying, but the officials. The alleged victims of VIP abuse who died in the fire in Palmeira Avenue Hove in 1991 had also linked Laud, Lewis, and Greer, to the circumstances of the abuse they said they had suffered in care". [...] "Diana Princess of Wales opposed the whole culture to which Laud aligns himself and challenged arms dealing with which Julian Lewis is closely linked. Deceased investigative journalist Simon Regan challenged both Laud and Lewis frequently and died 'after a short illness' soon after his final tirade against the pair'.

The aangirfan website concluded their article on Laud by quite spectacularly turning up the heat. This is what they had to say:

"Michael Portillo, Peter Lilley, Ian Hamilton, and other Thatcherite politicians of the 1980's were all associated with Laud and Lewis.

"All were alleged to have been guests at paedophile parties in London at which boys from care in a number of local authorities, including North Wales, Shropshire,Hampshire, Dorset, Brighton and Hove and others, were allegedly 'ferried in' with the co-operation of social workers to provide sexual entertainments for the guests.

"It has also been alleged that Portillo frequently took 'kinky holidays' in North Africa with his friend Derek Laud.
"Portillo insists that Laud was a guest on these holidays of him and his wife, but it has been alleged that hotel records do not confirm that Portillo's wife was there at all.

"Finally there have been specific allegations that the main aim of this ring

is not to provide jollies for kinky MP's and others, but to exert influence over them in their work by blackmail."

Yet astonishingly, in 1999 Laud was appointed the first black master of foxhounds for the New Forest Hunt. After being awarded this honour, he was reported in the Telegraph Newspaper as saying: ***"I don't think the hunt are conscious of the colour of my skin"***.
His hunting activity was also the subject of an anecdote told by Aldershot MP Gerald Howarth in March 2005.

Howarth, who described the odious nonce as being "*as black as the ace of spades*", said that some hunt saboteurs had challenged Laud, claiming that 100 years ago, the ancestors of the other huntsman would have been hunting him. However, far from being offended, Laud had allegedly responded by saying "*100 years ago my ancestors would have been eating you*".

Course, we all know that Fox Hunting is known as being the sport of Kings. Quite appropriate really, since the pastime isn't really a sport; but is very cruel and barbaric.

Furthermore, with Laud being so highly thought of amongst those taking part in the sport of Kings, it is only natural that he should be friends with one. Well, the wife of a King in waiting… You really couldn't make this shit up, don't cha know.

You see, It would appear that Laudy boy is in fact very good friends with Camilla Parker Bowles. Course, that fact should hardly be surprising when you take in to account what we know about her Husband, Charles and his close friendships with child abusers.
The Daily Mail had this to say on the matter:

Tory Big Brother contestant Derek Laud is acquainted with the Duchess of Cornwall, it has emerged.
The 40-year-old, who became the first and only black master of foxhounds in 1999, is believed to have got to know Camilla thanks to their shared love of hunting.
The pair even holidayed together in Tuscany, Italy, last year with Sir John

Mortimer's wife Penny, it was reported to the Sun newspaper.
A Clarence House spokesman said: "They may well have come across each other." But he added: "They certainly haven't been on holiday."

And here's what the Guardian had to say on the matter:
The sight of a new collection of misfits – including a highly articulate, black, gay Tory, Derek Laud, who once worked with Margaret Thatcher and has been photographed on the arm of Camilla Parker Bowles – was enough to send ITV's Celebrity Love Island into ratings meltdown.

Course, when it comes to finding the aforementioned photo; you have no chance. In fact, photos of Laud pictured with Camilla Parker Horse Face, as well as with John Major, and David Cameron are rarer than rocking horse shit. Unsurprisingly, each time that I tried to Google such photographs, the following message would flash up:
In response to a legal request submitted to Google, we have removed 4 result(s) from this page.

In fact Google anything to do with Derek Laud and you will find that msg flash up.

Do you get the feeling that your once high powered friends are finally distancing themselves from you Derek Old Chap?
You fucking should do since all references to you are fast disappearing off the internet. Even more so when it comes down to references about you and your once great mate David Cameron.
The first of these references to go were those on Laud's wiki page.
Course, the internet is a big place and with a bit of digging I was able to find the vile man's blog. He calls it **Black & Blue**, which I will begrudgingly say is a good name although I would also love to see him beaten that way.

On his blog, Laud describes himself as being a Broadcaster, Author, Writer and TV Personality. Here is what he says about Cameron:
I can remember it as if it was yesterday, but in fact the year was 1996. The envelope was pristine white and the handwriting unmistakable. When I opened the invitation to David and Samantha Cameron's wedding I was overjoyed, doubly so because I had known Sam's family for much longer

than I had known David's. This was the wedding of the year.
I first met David Cameron in 1988. He was working in the Conservative Research Department and there he was spotted early as a rising star. I was working in the House of Commons and was not spotted for anything other than for the fact that I was black. David and I hit it off instantly. In those days he had a good sense of humour and we shared many politically incorrect jokes of the kind that we might be sent to the 'tower' for today. In those days we joshed each other more often than we ever discussed anything particularly seriously. **He was such fun and we had more than politics in common.** ***We both loved the country and rural pursuits. We shared a love of good food and wine.***

On one occasion in the fashionable Caprice restaurant, Jeffrey Archer passed our table, held his nose and opened his lungs and at the top of his voice said, 'Ah, the workers: how can you afford to eat here?' David laughed, but I told Archer to 'sling his hook'. It turned out this was one of the essential differences between David and me, -. He was always careful to get on well with those in a position to prefer him. Through me, David met some future cabinet Ministers and my revolving table included the likes of Michael Portillo, Francis Maude and Peter Lilley. I cued them all and told them all the same thing, 'This is the future', a phrase that David was to use years later and effectively agains
t Tony Blair.
So, after reading that you have to ask yourself just why the fuck the references to Cameron have now been removed from Laud's Wiki page? The answer is obvious to me, what about you?
Course, the references have only been disappearing since 2012. Up until then Laud had inexplicably remained as popular as ever.
It is in fact fair to say that Laud was even popular with the general public after he appeared in the reality TV show, Big Brother in 2005.
After he left the house, he could often be seen out and about with celebrities such as Cilla Black, the boxer, Chris Eubanks and TV Gardener, Alan Titchmarsh.

So, 2005 – 2006 were busy years all round for Del boy. He even appeared on the TV show '**Celebrity who wants to be a millionaire**' partnering John Majors old squeeze, Edwina Currie. He was also on the panel of **Question**

Time as well as a guest on the Graham Norton show, to name but a few. And lets not forget his appearance on Gordon Ramsey's, '**Hells Kitchen**', where he was filmed dining with his very good friends, Neil & Christine Hamilton. In 2007, an article that appeared in the Daily Mail proves that Laud was still highly regarded in the world of politics. Here's what the newspaper quoted him as saying:

"Last year, I was asked to put my hat into the ring for the Tory nomination for London Mayor. I considered it seriously but told the then party chairman that I was more interested in national issues".

You can find further reports about this on the Anorack website or in the Sun Newspaper.
The Party Chairman in 2007 would have been Francis Maude, who unsurprisingly was also a big knob in Thatcher's government. Maude also had very close ties to known paedophiles, Sir Peter Robinson and Slimeball Portillo. And wouldn't you know it; the thieving cunt was also accused of fiddling his expenses – but predictably, let off.
You can find more nonsense involving Laud and Maude (Laud & Maude, I like that, well done me), in another article from the Sun, entitled '**Pimp my Party**'. Why alarms bells were not going off in Wapping as the Sun went to print with this shit, I will never know… Then again, perhaps I do.

Do you know what people? As I write this stuff, I find myself becoming angrier and angrier as I go along. What the fuck is wrong with you lot? Why on earth would you want to be governed by a bunch of Corrupt, Thieving, Murdering Child Rapists? Especially when the alternative will give you an infinitely better quality of life for fucks sake?

And, breath….

Now, as I said a little while ago, references to the Vile Nonce and his equally Vile Nonce Political friends, have only started disappearing off the web since late 2012. Where as to my mind, had his associates been innocent then the latest that they should have disassociated themselves from him was in the mid 1990's when he was caught up in the 'cash for questions' scandal.
The fact that they didn't do and neither did they when he was the subject of

the Scallywag article, strongly suggests to me that all those ‘friends’ of his are vile Nonces too. It is in fact, my firm belief that Laud’s role, is very much the same as Jimmy Savile's role. I.E, he is a fixer for the elite. Both of the sick fucks were in fact very much the same, in so much as they were both way over the top in all that they did.

Incredibly, Laud seems to have the right fucking hump with David Cameron now that the smarmy ex Prime Minister is finally distancing himself from him. At least that would appear to be the case judging by Lauds tweets about him!
Nevertheless, when I first started writing about Laud in late 2012, he called me “*certifiable*” and publicly stated that “*no one believes the crap that I write*”. He then very quickly fucked off to South Africa where he went very quiet for about 6 months.
And on the same day that I finally discovered that Laud was in South Africa, my friend, Caroline Hurry, a South African travel journalist informed me that he was on the board of Directors of a holiday company called ‘**The Roving Ambassador**’, owned by a fella called Andrew Shapland.

Apparently, this info about Laud’s whereabouts was fairly common knowledge amongst some South African mainstream media hacks.
Anyway, after discussing the situation with her colleagues it seems Caroline was elected to bring Laud’s vile history to Andrew Shapland’s attention.

She then did so and by way of return received a prompt email in response from Andrew, who expressed his shock and to his credit, acted immediately to have Laud removed.
Course, as you might have expected Andrew had marked his reply email as being ‘*without prejudice*’, although it was clear by the content of the message that he was keen to disassociate his Company, **Roving Ambassador** as far away from Laud as possible.
In that eMail Andrew stated:

Derek is not a mainline board member rather an “advisory” body in international communications and government.
In so saying naturally no decent person or company would be associated with the “activities” contained in these articles and I find it disgusting as

would all of my colleagues and associates…
… In the meantime I have requested in the best interests of all concerned the profile on our website to be suspended. That should be being actioned as we speak. If true it is deplorable and disgusting, but as yet I assume it has to be proven, in a court of law.

For her part, Caroline is convinced that Andrew was genuinely shocked to hear about Laud's sordid past, albeit a little astonished that he had hired a person without checking his background thoroughly when a brief google search would have at that time revealed plenty about Laud.
I cannot personally comment on the subject, being as I didn't speak to him. However, when I looked on the company's Twitter page, I immediately noticed the following Tweets:

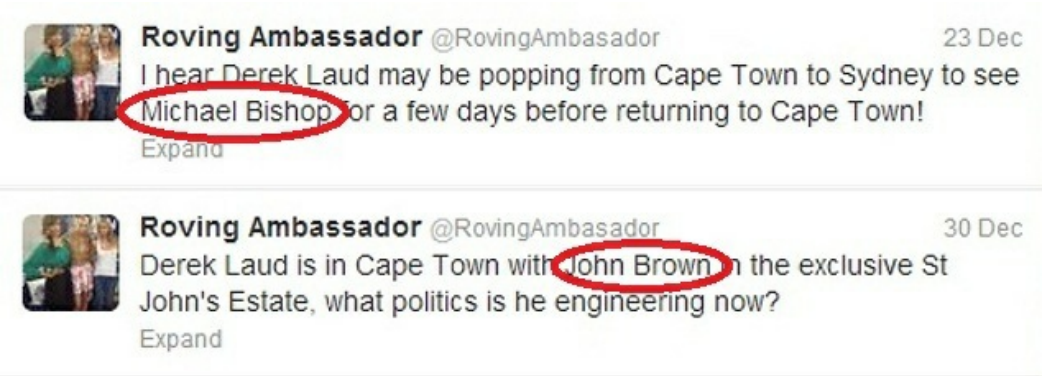

Note the names that I have circled in red

"Roving Ambassador tweets in regard to Derek Laud.
Now, after a bit of investigation, it became very clear to me that the "John Brown" in question is actually Lord John Browne. This would make sense since Lord Browne is as perverted as Laud. The fact that these two perverts are 'holidaying' together should have come as no surprise since they are both on the Board of Directors at **Stanhope Capital**.

However, Browne was forced to resign from his post as the CEO at BP over his torrid affair with a Rent Boy named Jeff Chevalier, who Browne used to take to dinner parties at Tony Blair's house. Blair, as you may or may not know isn't opposed to indulging in sex with Rent Boys himself… Allegedly.

The following is taken from a Daily Mail article about Browne and the Male Prostitute:

The cosy dinner for Tony Blair in the summer of 2005 came amid a seemingly endless merry-go-round of dinners, lunches, soirees and parties that Mr Chevalier was summoned to by his tycoon lover, 34 years his senior.

He was flaunted before business and political contacts, diplomats and artists; there were holidays in private compounds in Barbados and opera in Salzburg and Venice (enjoyed alongside Prince and Princess Michael of Kent in their private box).

In Venice, Mr Chevalier would find himself chinking glasses with Elton John and Jude Law…

*…"**We shook hands and were introduced in the drawing room. We stood there chatting in a group of four. I remember looking at Mr Blair and thinking that he hides his extra weight really well.***

He also has the eyes of someone who never sleeps. He was also taller than he looked on TV and there was a slightly religious tone to the conviction with which he spoke about things.

On speaking to me, Tony would call me by name and clarify for my sake certain things which were said regarding business and politics which I might not have understood.

"When business between Tony and John got a bit more private, Anji spoke with me to allow the two to talk. He shook my hand goodbye and said that it was nice to meet me – and called me by my name again, which I appreciated."

Mr Chevalier found himself on the Blair Christmas card list – the handwritten greeting going out 'to John and Jeff'…

… "Lady McAlpine, David Furnish and Elton John, US Congressmen and Senators, the heads of Corporations, Jude Law and Sienna Miller and countless other notables would approach us – or on rare occasions we would approach them – and these pool afternoons would turn into business meetings, albeit on a casual level.

"There was no enjoyment in sitting by the Cipriani pool in the company of

John because of the constant intrusions."
Travelling with Lord Browne usually meant going by private jet, as the Labour peer was not a fan of travelling on commercial airlines.

Even when given five-star treatment by leading carriers, Lord Browne was constantly monitoring whether some other VIP was receiving greater pampering than him…
… Social contacts might be Hugh Grant and Jemima Khan one evening, Ronald Lauder of the EstÇe Lauder dynasty the next, or Michael Portillo the next.
A dinner and lunch guest was Peter Mandelson, a former Cabinet member and now a European Union Trade Commissioner. He arrived for dinner with his own long-time partner, Brazilian Reinaldo da Silva.
Mr Chevalier recalls: "There were only the four of us and I remember thinking the moment I met them what an odd couple they were. Peter was very smooth and charming, appearing to hang on John's every word"…
…"John and I would see Michael Winner on many occasions but never speak with him," he says.
"He was certainly loud enough. Whether in Barbados, the Cipriani or in a restaurant in London, we would often encounter the sound of his voice ruining the mood of whichever place we were in.

"While in Venice he spent a great deal of time dictating instructions and memos to his secretary on his mobile while lying like a beached whale by the pool."
Sport was also had with Conrad Black, the former newspaper proprietor now facing trial in America for alleged financial wrongdoing, whom Mr Chevalier met at a party held by Sir Ronald Cohen, boss of Apax Partners venture capitalists, and an adviser to Gordon Brown.
Mr Chevalier says: "John and I were introduced to Conrad Black and his wife Barbara Amiel at Ronnie Cohen's 60th in the South of France. The gossip from everyone was "why was Black here?"

Hmmm, there are some familiar names amongst that lot aren't there? Unsurprisingly, Browne is also very, very closely connected to the Royal Family. Equally unsurprisingly, he is also great friends with David Cameron.

Another extremely well connected ‘Bod’ who according to the Roving Ambassadors Twitter page, Laudy boy was due to visit just after Christmas 2012, was the Tory Peer Lord Glendonbrook AKA Michael Bishop. And what the openly gay lord doesn’t have investments in is not worth investing in.
According to the Birmingham Post, Bishop was at number 27 on the 2011 ‘Rich List’.

And of course; it goes without saying that our honourable former PM, David Cameron was also up to some skulduggery with Bishop. At least that is according to the Daily Mirror:

Mr Cruddas’ attendance was not detailed in the list of donors’ meetings with the PM released last week. The tycoon even claimed to have served a curry to Mr Cameron’s wife, Samantha, his dinner companion during the bash in October.
Other occasions involving Mr Cruddas and the PM include a dinner in Belgrave Square, Central London, on Mr Cameron’s birthday and a meal at a house in Chelsea, West London, with 25 “big hedge fund guys”.
According to Mr Cruddas, the PM also joined him at events at art dealer Ivor Braka’s plush house in Cadogan Square, in Knightsbridge, West London, a separate do at Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire, and a “top secret” private dinner where “all the top people” were invited to thank them for five years of supporting the Tories.
Speaking to undercover reporters, Mr Cruddas said his job was “to get the donors in front of the Prime Minister”.
Mr Cruddas also said he nearly won a £1million donation from Australia-based tycoon Lord Glendonbrook. To try to seal the deal Mr Cruddas went to Sydney with a birthday card signed by the PM.

In April 2018, Laud declared via the Financial Times that he is no longer a Tory.

Chapter 4

Now what can I say about the Bullingdon Boys Diners Club (BBDC)?
Well, for a start, the club is an invitation only secret society,whose members are a bunch of elite, extremely rich, toffee nosed yobs who attend or attended Oxford University.

But that is vastly underplaying the description.
Participating membership appears to last around 2 years. Being a Bullingdon boy however, is a lifelong commitment.
Now, as I have just said, initiation into the club is by invite only.
And even then that invitation is destructive, with new members being attacked in their beds in the middle of the night followed by the total destruction of all the said, new members property... Although there is no mention of *"willies"* and *Pigs heads.*
Yet, as if that wasn't bad enough, it seems now that new initiates have to go through a callous and cruel ceremony to be welcomed into the fold. The following is from the Daily Mirror:

New members of David Cameron's old Bullingdon Club have to burn a £50 note in front of a beggar as part of an "initiation ceremony", it has been claimed.
A friend of one of the exclusive club's super-wealthy members revealed the sick prank to an Oxford student newspaper.
It was immediately condemned last night by Labour MP Ian Mearns.

He said: "This kind of thing takes us back to the loads-of-money days under the last Tory government.
"Then it wasn't just about having cash – you had to rub it in the faces of those who didn't. It's distasteful and disgusting."
The Bullingdon revelations came as figures showed a rise in those sleeping rough.

One night in autumn last year councils found 2,309 out on the streets

compared to 2,181 in 2011.
The boozy Bullingdon club is infamous for trashing Oxford restaurants and its other former members include Chancellor George Osborne and London Mayor Boris Johnson.
Earlier this month a Bullingdon member is alleged to have set off fireworks in a club.
And make no mistake, even supposedly having grown up these snobby cunts still like to take the right proper piss with their lavish displays of wealth and care little when people find out that they take the right proper piss.

Past members of the Bullingdon Club have included:
Edward VII
Edward VIII
Frederick IX of Denmark
Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany
Prince Paul of Yugoslavia
Rama VI, King of Siam
Michael Ancram
Timothy Beaumont, Baron Beaumont of Whitley
Gottfried von Bismarck
David Dimbleby
The Hon. Sir David Bowes-Lyon
The Rt. Hon. David Cameron
Sir Raymond Carr
Henry Chaplin, 1st Viscount Chaplin
Lord Randolph Churchill
Alan Clark, MP
George Curzon, 1st Marquess Curzon of Kedleston
David Faber, head master of Summer Fields School
Peter Fleming
George Gibbs, 1st Baron Wraxall
Jason Gissing
William Grenfell, 1st Baron Desborough
Darius Guppy
Peter Holmes à Court
Nick Hurd, MP
Boris Johnson, Mayor of London

Jo Johnson, MP
Sir Frederick Johnstone, 8th Baronet
Sir Ludovic Kennedy
Walter Long, 1st Viscount Long
Harry Mount
Serge Obolensky
Frank Pakenham, 7th Earl of Longford
John Profumo
John Rankin Rathbone, MP
Cecil Rhodes
Major-General Sir Sebastian John Lechmere Roberts, KCVO, OBE
Nathaniel Philip Rothschild
John Scott, 9th Duke of Buccleuch
Walter Montagu Douglas Scott, 8th Duke of Buccleuch
Radosław Sikorski, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Poland
Thomas Assheton Smith II
Charles Spencer, 9th Earl Spencer
Alexander Thynn, 7th Marquess of Bath
Prince Felix Yussupov
George Osborne MP And pin up boy Nick Green.

There are some fucking gangsters amongst that lot, I can tell you.
Now, the BBDC full uniform typically costs around £3500 and consists of tail coat, trousers and mustard coloured waistcoat.
This get up is usually worn for the Club's annual dinner... And that's about the only time its worn since being seen out and about wearing the poncey outfit will usually earn the wearer a right fucking good hiding.

The following is from the Daily Mail Newspaper:
The Bullingdon was founded in 1780, originally as a hunting and cricket club. From the beginning its name was synonymous with excessive drinking and a competitive destructiveness, and membership has always been by invitation only and known for being, for most, prohibitively expensive (costs include a bespoke set of tails, outrageously lavish dinners and a charge against expected damages).
Past 'Bullers' include Edward VII, Edward VIII, John Profumo and Alan Clark. The club was also satirised by Evelyn Waugh as 'the Bollinger' in

Decline And Fall.
Course, it goes without saying that David Cameron was invited to join the elite den of iniquity as was his considerably less well off cousin Boris *'bojo'* Johnson and their feeble, weasel friend, George *'Gideon Bean'* Osborne.

By getting elected into the 'Buller', Johnson pulled off another feat of social climbing and, once in, he threw himself into the ritualised drinking with gusto. Drunken destruction was a trademark of the Buller and trashing bedrooms was the standard form of initiation.
Radek Sikorski, now Poland's Foreign Minister, recounted an extraordinary story of Johnson leading a troop of Bullers into his room in the dead of night.
'I was awoken from a deep sleep by a dozen men in tailcoats, who smashed up my furniture, books, hi-fi, everything,' he said. 'I was completely dazed. Then Boris shook my hand and said, "Congratulations, you've been elected!"' Source: The Daily Mail
And it was allegedly during their membership of the elite club that the trio developed a taste for Cocaine... A habit that in all probability, never went away.
Course, Cameron would never outrightly admit to taking the drug, but it is interesting to note that while vying to become the Tory Party Leader the other three leadership candidates, David Davis, Ken Clarke and Liam Fox all declared that they **had never** taken hard drugs... That doesn't however mean to say that they are telling the truth though.

Nevertheless, despite coming under intense pressure to answer the question, Cameron resolutely declined to say either way:

During the leadership election Cameron came under pressure over alleged experience with illegal drugs (specifically, allegations of recreational use of cocaine). At a conference fringe event, when asked if he had taken drugs, he replied: "I had a normal university experience."
Pressed on this point during the BBC programme Question Time, he insisted that everyone is allowed to "err and stray" in their past and that everyone is entitled to a private life before politics. He also pointed out that members of the governing Labour Cabinet never answer similar questions when they are put to them.

He confirmed during the leadership election that he smokes cigarettes. One notable contrast in the election was between Cameron's background of a relatively distant connection to the aristocracy and an education at Eton and that of his rival contender David Davis, who was brought up on a council estate. ***Source***: www.martinfrost
Even so, he certainly smoked more than cigarettes whilst at Oxford. In fact the cunt was very lucky not to have been expelled for possession of wacky baccy... I will however give him the benefit of the doubt on possession with intent to supply.
Course, whether or not Cameron was being protected - *having by then already been earmarked for greater things* - would only be speculation.

However, it has to be said that others were not so fortunate.
The following article about Cameron's fondness for the reefer was originally published in the Sunday Times:

Cameron DID smoke cannabis
By SIMON WALTERS
David Cameron narrowly avoided being expelled from Eton College when he was involved in the school's worst-ever drugs scandal, it has been revealed.

Police were called in and seven pupils were thrown out after boys were caught dealing in and smoking cannabis.
The future Tory leader - who until now has refused to say if he took drugs - was caught after another pupil informed on him.
Cameron, who at the time was just 15, was hauled in by the headmaster, who forced him to admit he had smoked cannabis. The furious master punished him by putting him under the top public school's equivalent of house arrest by being 'gated'.
But this did not stop Cameron's drug- taking, according to a book to be serialised exclusively in The Mail on Sunday next month. It says he carried on smoking cannabis when he went to Oxford.

The disclosures in the book - Cameron, The Rise Of The New Conservative - are bound to reopen the debate about drugs policies in Britain. If he wins the next General Election, Mr Cameron will be the first Prime Minister to

have admitted taking drugs.

Mr Cameron repeatedly refused to answer questions during his successful Tory leadership campaign 18 months ago on whether or not he had taken drugs. Westminster was rife with rumours that he had smoked cannabis and there were claims that he had experimented with cocaine.
Mr Cameron insisted he had a right to stay quiet on the issue in spite of making a series of provocative calls to liberalise drugs laws.

He hinted he had taken drugs by saying he had had a 'normal' university life, but insisted his right to privacy meant there was no need to give more details.

The dramatic development will be seized on by Labour's heir apparent Gordon Brown, who has issued a clear public statement that he has never taken drugs.
It will also provide ammunition for a hard core of Right-wing Tory enemies who will see Mr Cameron's youthful flirtation with drugs as further proof that he is too liberal, politically and personally, to be a successful Conservative leader.
In a bizarre twist, one of the pupils who was expelled in the drugs scandal, Josh Astor, is related by marriage to Mr Cameron's wife, Samantha - and has links with Mr Cameron himself.

Astor is the adopted son of ex-Tory MP Michael Astor, the uncle of Samantha's stepfather Lord Astor, one of Cameron's front-bench spokesmen.

Long after the Eton scandal, Astor went on to be imprisoned for a drugs offence. He currently has two homes, one a few streets away from the Camerons' West London home in Notting Hill and a second in Chipping Norton in Mr Cameron's Witney constituency in Oxfordshire.

The new book, to be published by Harper Collins on April 2, describes how Mr Cameron came within a whisker of being thrown out of Eton in a drugs scandal in 1982.
A number of pupils were found to be both using and distributing cannabis,

it says. Normally, such incidents were dealt with internally by the school to avoid damaging publicity. But this was far too serious.

Headmaster Eric Anderson, who ten years earlier had taught Tony Blair at Fettes, Scotland's equivalent of Eton, called in the police.

The scandal was reported by several national newspapers, though Cameron was never named.
The book says: "The police oversaw an investigation by the school apparently determined, at least at first, to root out all drug users. The initial culprits were called upon to reveal to whom they had sold drugs, an offence that ensured automatic expulsion.

On the first day, seven were summarily thrown out and the investigation began to snowball."Pupils were in a state of panic as drugs-squad police searched their rooms and hauled two suspects to the police station to be interviewed.
It was reported that pupils had obtained the drugs from a dealer in Notting Hill, ironically where Mr Cameron lives today, though in those days it was far less trendy.

Parties of up to ten boys would gather in a room to listen to Bob Marley reggae records and smoke cannabis, said Press reports at the time.

Cameron was a big fan of reggae band UB40, but there is no evidence he was at the Bob Marley dope parties.
One of the pupils who was forced to leave said: "A couple of guys were going to Slough to buy the stuff. We were heavily leaned on to give names. There were a lot of people involved. They tried to accuse me of dealing in it. I told the headmaster, "If you kick me out, you'll have to kick an awful lot of people out"."
Staff used a 'nice teacher, nasty teacher' questioning technique to try to force pupils to inform on each other.
"They realised the numbers were much greater than they thought,' said one former pupil. "They couldn't rusticate (temporarily expel) everybody."

Cameron's house, JF, (named after housemaster John Faulkner) was at

the centre of the scandal.
"It was on the edge of Eton with views out over the countryside and towards the railway arches, and both domains offered handy cover for illicit smoking and drinking,' write authors Francis Elliott and James Hanning.

"From the house, it was possible on occasion to witness the surreal scene of groups of two or three teenagers in tailcoats trudging back towards the school, their purported interest in the botany of east Berkshire temporarily sated.
"Cameron's house was just over the road from the Arts School, and the drugs purge took a disproportionate toll on those who attended it."
Another Old Etonian expelled in the crackdown said: "It was a group of pretty naughty characters and they tended to get into trouble."

He said the drugs clean-up was 'like a military operation' and rumours about which pupils informed on others still caused resentment.
Cameron had kept his head down - until one of his fellow pupils named him as being one of the drug-takers. He was summoned before headmaster Mr Anderson who asked him point blank: Had he smoked cannabis?

Cameron made a full confession, but unlike the ring leaders, avoided expulsion.
"Because he had only smoked and not sold the drugs he was not thrown out. Instead he was fined, gated (refused all leave) and given a Georgic (copying hundreds of lines of Latin)."
Mr Anderson, who refuses to talk about Cameron's drug-taking, told the authors: "We would have said, "Let's get the ring leaders" and if there were others involved, we would have scared them off from doing it again."
In all, seven boys were expelled, including Josh Astor, two more were told to leave at the end of term, five were suspended and four more were 'gated'. Cameron was in the group who were 'gated'.

The book claims Cameron's drugs shame at Eton was the reason he refused to talk about his experience of drugs when he stood as Tory leader in 2005.

"Fearing his offence would resurface, he chose not to answer any questions about his drugs use. It was a decision that has brought enduring innuendo about alleged cocaine use, but one that has ensured that while he may have inhaled cannabis, no "drugs lies" have left his lips,' says the book.

If the scandal had emerged then, Mr Cameron's Tory foes, who rightly suspected his silence was to mask the fact that he had taken drugs, would have used it to try to destroy his campaign.
Surprisingly, his headmaster's stern lecture on the perils of drug taking did not change Cameron's behaviour. The book refers to his 'infrequent and moderate consumption of cannabis during his three years at Oxford', though it adds he often turned down the offer of drugs from other students.

A decade later, the Eton incident came back to haunt him when he had another uncomfortable meeting with his former headmaster. By now, Mr Cameron was special adviser to Home Secretary Michael Howard in John Major's government. He arrived for dinner at Mr Howard's grace and favour home in Belgravia to find that Mr Anderson was one of the guests. Mr Cameron squirmed with embarrassment as Mr Anderson told how 'no boy of his year gave him more trouble' than Cameron. Mr Cameron held his breath, fearing Mr Anderson was about to tell Mr Howard, who took a notoriously hard line on drugs, how his adviser was nearly expelled from Eton for smoking cannabis. Luckily for Mr Cameron, the discreet Mr Anderson kept his dark secret.

It was not the only awkward moment for Mr Cameron in his time with Mr Howard at the Home Office. The book describes Mr Cameron's private doubts about Mr Howard's crackdown on 'rave parties' where drug-taking was rife. Mr Cameron was concerned 'not least because Samantha (then his girlfriend) was attending exactly the sort of dance events Howard wanted to ban'.

Mr Cameron came into contact with the world of drug-taking again when he became a spin doctor for Carlton Communications in 1997, where one of his jobs was to entertain media editors at TV industry gatherings.
"Cocaine use is hardly unknown at these industry gatherings but

Cameron's chosen refreshment was lager."

He panicked again in 2000 when he was adopted as Tory Parliamentary candidate for Witney. It came after half the Tory Shadow Cabinet caused a sensation by admitting they had taken drugs. Tory candidates were told to give honest answers and Mr Cameron was terrified that Witney Tories would ask him. Luckily for him, they did not.

Josh Astor features again in the book in another school expulsion scandal when he caused trouble for Jade Jagger, daughter of rock star Mick Jagger.
Jade was expelled from the expensive St Mary's private school for girls in Calne, Wiltshire, where her best friend was Clare Cameron, David Cameron's younger sister, after sneaking out of school to meet Astor.

And when Cameron invited Clare and Jade to Oxford, there was a hilarious misunderstanding after Jade told Jagger that Cameron had taken them 'punting' on the river.
"The following Monday, Cameron's mother Mary received a call at home. It was Mick Jagger, not pleased. "What's all this my daughter's been getting up to with your son?" he demanded. "You know I don't approve of bloodsports." Mary explained gently that his daughter had enjoyed an entirely peaceful afternoon punting on the river."

The book also refers to a third school drugs scandal involving Samantha Cameron's sister, Emily, who was expelled from Marlborough, where both girls were educated, after drugs were found in her dormitory.
And it details Samantha's friendship during her years at Bristol University with rap star Tricky (real name Adrian Thaws) and how they spent time at the Montpelier Club, which was renowned for drug-taking and violence, though Samantha avoided both.

But it is the book's impact on Mr Cameron's controversial political and personal stance on drugs that will provoke most interest. At various times since becoming an MP he endorsed a call for 'shooting galleries' for hard-core drug-users, explaining: "Anything that helps get users off the streets is worth considering." He said the UN should consider legalising drugs

and state- prescribed heroin and said the legal classification of ecstasy should be downgraded.
His leadership campaign was dominated by repeated calls for him to clarify whether he had taken cannabis and cocaine before becoming an MP.

Mr Cameron said: "I'm allowed to have had a private life before politics in which we make mistakes and we do things that we should not and we are all human and we err and stray."
Asked directly whether he had taken Class A drugs, he said: "I have said all I want to say about this. I didn't spend the early years of my life thinking, "I better not do anything because one day I might be a politician" because I didn't know I was going to be a politician."

The closest he has come to admitting taking drugs was when he was asked if he had done so at college.
"I had a normal university experience,' he said. When the interviewer replied: "So that's a yes, then,' Mr Cameron added: "There were things that I did then that I don't think that I should talk about now that I'm a politician."

In a light-hearted anecdote, the book tells how media reports of Mr Cameron and drugs caused intense fascination in the bars and clubs of Notting Hill, which has become synonymous with his new wave of metropolitan Tories.

It says: "One West Londoner reprogrammed his mobile phone so that, when he receives a call from his cocaine dealer, he proudly shows his friends the caller ID. It reads "David Cameron"."

Now, don't get me wrong, I have nothing against Cannabis. It is these stuck up cunts gross hypocrisy that gets on my tits.
And you will hopefully also have notice that the above article also dredged up another familiar name - *Astor* - from out of the Elite cesspit.

You see, Cameron's wife, Sam Cam was brought up by the Satanic Astors who were heavily implicated in the Profumo Scandal of 1962...
Coincidentally enough, John Profumo was also a Bullingdon boy.

Moreover, as the above article states, The Cunt Cameron was very into *'raves'* - as was the *'not as nice as she would have you believe'*, Mrs Cameron.

Certainly, Dave the Rave's wife does not have the nickname *'Snowy'* because she likes to go skiing.

Now at this point I should say that I appreciate that some of you may object to me describing Cameron as a cunt… But that is an ideal word to describe him and all of the others that I talk about in this book - all of whom offend me greatly.

You see, the Cambridge online dictionary describes the word 'Cunt' thus: **an offensive word for a very unpleasant or stupid person.**
Just sayin'.
Now tellingly, when the Toffee Nosed Dick Head took over the leadership of the Tory Party, the fact that he intended to get anything else but tough on drugs speaks volumes.

The following is from Wikipedia:

Cameron is in favour of drug law review, and its reform, believing that the current approach does not work. Cameron voted for recommendation 24 of the Home Affairs Select Committee report: 'The Government's Drugs Policy: Is It Working?' (published on 9 May 2002), which recommended that "the Government initiates a discussion within the Commission on Narcotic Drugs of alternative ways — including the possibility of legalisation and regulation — to tackle the global drugs dilemma".
He has said that drugs policy must be evidence based and acknowledges that with regards to Cannabis evidence has shifted since 2002.

Strange then, how his government returned his drug of choice Cannabis, back to a Class-B drug following the previous Labour government's reduction in classification of the drug to Class-C.
Course, that would have been nothing to do with the pharmaceutical industry applying pressure on him to do so would it? ... Would it? ... Yeah, course it would.

After all, if you can't patent it, you can't make money from it.
Similarly, I have no doubt that when he came up with his plan to legalise drugs, the smarmy ponce had not taken into account the Billions of Pounds that the governments of the US and UK were making now that they had control of the Afghan Heroin Supply.
Okay, moving on.

Chancellor Gideon Bean was without a doubt also partial to the odd toot. Whether or not he is still as partial is up for debate, although to my way of thinking, the cunt would have to be on drugs to live with the misery that he caused in his role as Chancellor.
Certainly, those he hung about with were very much into Class A's and kinky sex. I am referring in particular to the once drug addicted, William Sinclair and the multi-billionaire, Nat Rothschild.
Indeed, all three appear to have enjoyed S&M sex with a dominatrix named as being Natalie Rowe.

Now, I have in the not too distant past had a very long conversation with Natalie and she comes across as a thoroughly nice woman.
And in that long phone call, she told me certain things that I would love to tell you now, but which I had given my word to her that I would not repeat until she gave me the go ahead.

Nevertheless, in 2009, Natalie had lobbed a major spanner in the Tory Party works with her newspaper revelations about Osborne:

Dominatrix Natalie Rowe saw at first hand the desperate longing of a gauche Oxford student [George Osborne] struggling to fit in with the fabulously wealthy like university pal Nat Rothschild.
She revealed how she and the young Tory were drawn together as she supplied girls and drugs to parties for some of Oxford's notorious Bullingdon Club drinking circle. Its members included both Osborne and his former pal Rothschild, the man now accusing the top Tory of soliciting a £50,000 donation from aluminium tycoon Oleg Deripaska.

"George was fascinated when he heard what I did for a living. He wanted to know about the clients, how much I charged, what went on. He seemed a

bit more than curious about what went on.

He wanted to see the equipment-the whips, the chains, the belts.
He was particularly interested in the dog collars we put on clients and the rubber underpants they wear as submissive slaves."

George was intrigued by all my stories and wanted to be shown how hard it would be to be hit. I told him that most of the guys tend to use the sex drug amyl nitrate.
Once George and his friends were at my flat while I was actually having a session with a paying customer.
I had the man on all fours with a collar on and beat him. I was making him bark like a dog and act like a slave. They found it quite funny.

None of them hid the fact they liked it and they weren't embarrassed. They were turned on by it.

When they had coke they would probably divvy up a gram and a half. They'd have competitions to see who could snort the longest line and get completely wasted." ~Dominatrix Natalie Rowe

Natalie, who styled herself as Mistress Pain and ran an escort agency called Black Beauties, met Osborne and Rothschild through her boyfriend at the time, fellow Bullingdon member William Sinclair, grandson of Winston Churchill's wartime air minister Sir Archibald Sinclair.

It was there the pair grew close. "George was attracted to me," she recalled. "And I actually fancied him. In the beginning it was a turn on because it was our little secret, that electricity.
"I did kiss George. But to be honest he wasn't that sexually experienced and he was a bit fumbly.
"I used to think he was a little bit of a wimp but I quite liked that."

Remarkably, while sat in the home of a dominatrix, the 22-year-old Osborne bragged how he would one day become Prime Minister.

He was absolutely sure about what he'd be doing. And I joked that I had all

the evidence on him.
Natalie was this week intrigued how, given their once close friendship, the damaging claims that today threaten Osborne's political future actually came from financier Nat Rothschild, heir to a family baronetcy and a £500 million banking fortune. She recalled how the two students and their band of pals would head to the country for wild weekends.
The Bullingdon Club thought they were untouchable. They thought they could do what they wanted. They had money and arrogance. They thought there were no consequences, anything goes.

"I can't believe George would want to annoy Nat. He knows so much about him. I can't imagine why he'd want to get on the wrong side of him.
She said the group's bad behaviour came to a head in March 1994 at the Rothschilds' stately home, Waddesdon Manor in Buckinghamshire.

Natalie sent three strippers.
Around six grams of cocaine were also provided for the club members to snort. As well as stripping, it was made clear that the girls' services would extend to 'extras'-sex with guests.
But Natalie claims the party degenerated into a humiliating experience for the girls who were abused by some braying Bullingdon boys.
The girls were made to feel like they were nothing. They climbed on to the bar or a table and started to strip and gyrate. But the guests were mauling them and jeering. It was horrendous. The guys were trying to touch them and shouting abuse, throwing champagne and spitting."
Course, there is nothing in the above to suggest that Bean took part in this verbal abuse, much of which was racially motivated.
On the contrary in fact, as Rowe is keen to point out in the following passage taken from the Abel Danger website.
However, there is much in the passage to suggest that Bean, is a lily livered coward:

Osborne was offended when some members of the Oxford group would hurl racial slurs at Natalie. But she says that he was still so desperate to fit in that he didn't have the courage to stop them.
"There was one occasion they were taking the mickey out of me at a party. They were making monkey noises and saying abusive things. They even

used the word nigger. George was there and I was hurt that he didn't say anything."
"But he'd put his arms round me and comfort me and I did feel a connection. He didn't stand up to the others, though. He didn't want to upset them." Despite that, Natalie insists she was still very fond of Osborne who she considered the nicest of the group of friends.

And that just about sums up Osborne to a tee: A scared little man, trying to be the big I am and in doing so, just ending up looking like a pathetic joke of a character... What a cunt.
The sourced linked saga then continues to unfold on the Abel Danger website thus:

Two of her former clients are in Tory leader David Cameron's top team today, while the other two are former Tory ministers—one was in the Cabinet. Her £1million memoirs—already snapped up by a major publisher — threaten to send shockwaves through David Cameron's party ahead of next year's general election...
... Natalie found herself unwillingly at the centre of the emails scandal last week when she was identified by Gordon Brown's spin chief Damian McBride in a dirty tricks campaign.
McBride is believed to have pointed to the existence of a tape-recorded conversation between Natalie and a close friend of Osborne's in which the friend claims Osborne slept with her and took cocaine.
In another smear, the emails also said that an ex-girlfriend of Osborne's has photos of him in a bra, knickers and suspenders.
The Sunday Mirror has decided to withhold the names of the four perverted Tories—although Miss Whiplash will show no such mercy.
"This book will be the opposite of Belle du Jour—the real story of my life as a dominatrix. It's not dressed up or sanitised—just the gritty truth involving some very powerful men.
And I would like nothing more than for one of them to sue me so I can stand up and face them in court." SOURCE: www.abeldanger.net
Obviously, looking at the bondage loving, limp wristed, pasty faced, creep, it is hard to imagine him trussed up like a Turkey isn't it... Not.
Course, in order to keep the worst details of his squalid sex life out of the papers, Gideon struck a deal with Andy Coulson which involved the former

newspaper hack going to work for the Cunt Cameron as his director of communications.

And, despite it being an open secret that Rupert Murdoch pulled Cameron's strings whilst he was Prime Mincer, many people still believed him when he professed to having no idea that Coulson was a crook... Of course he fucking knew.
It does in fact say much about just how downtrodden we have become as a nation when we accept that our politicians are bent and the likes of Coulson - *who having been found guilty of playing a part in the phone hacking scandal was sentenced to 18 months in prison yet was released after serving less than 5 months* - are given high flying jobs in our government departments without so much as a whimper from the public:

Shamed former News of the World editor Andy Coulson was spotted leaving his home early this morning following his early release from jail yesterday.
The ex-Tory communications chief was let out of Hollesley Bay, an open prison in Suffolk, less than five months into an 18-month prison sentence for phone hacking.
He was seen driving his car bright and early this morning as he left his home in Kent, wearing a black coat and blue T-shirt. Source: The Daily Mail
So, Coulson was jailed for his part in the News of the World phone hacking scandal yet he only served a quarter of his prison sentence whereas every other bastard has to serve half... Roger that.
After his release Coulson was of course meant to be facing further criminal charges... But those charges have since been - predictably - dropped.

Mind you he did four and a half months more prison time that Cameron's flame haired, former bit on the side, Ginger Brooksy did - who was obviously found not guilty… And to think that they say that crime doesn't pay.
Our justice system truly is a fucking joke.
Yet this is just one more example in a long line of examples of ex-Bullingdon boys helping each other out - rather like the Freemasons do - and a perfect example to reinforce what I said at the beginning of this chapter, namely; being a Bullingdon boy is a lifelong commitment.

Certainly, whilst Prime Mincer, Cameron appeared keen to have his 'Buller' boys surround him. The deplorable Michael Gove MP is also an ex-member, as are Damian Green (Oxford not BBDC), Dominic Grieve and Boris Johnson's brother Jo who were welcomed into the Conservative Party fold:
Jo Johnson has been appointed as head of a Conservative policy unit, by David Cameron. It is another example of jobs for members of the old boy network, the Bullingdon Club. Source: www.tekjournalismuk.co
And this from the Daily Mail:
Mr Cameron shocked Westminster last week by appointing 41-year-old Jo as head of his policy unit.
The promotion prompted headlines about Jo becoming the 'first Johnson into No 10', with profile writers noting that although both men attended Eton and Oxford, only Jo – the more 'sensible' of the two – won a first-class degree.
But according to a 1992 edition of the student newspaper Cherwell, Jo had more of a buccaneering image at the time.
In a piece written to mark Jo's appointment as editor of Isis, a rival publication, Cherwell described Jo as a 'Nat-ite', a reference to his friendship with banker Nat Rothschild: Jo was famously pictured with Rothschild and George Osborne in a 1993 Bullingdon Club photograph unearthed by The Mail on Sunday.
A newspaper called ISIS - Roger that.
The Cherwell article, written at the start of Jo's second year as a Balliol history student, describes him as a 'Rothschild crony'.
Oh and look! Its that name Rothschild again.
Meantime, it transpires that Damien Green and Attorney General, Dominic Grieve were in fact old adversaries whilst at Oxford.
Things came to a head when Grieve and five of his Bullingdon cronies tipped Green head first over a bridge before dropping him twelve foot into one and a half feet of water... Like normal, sane people do. Source: The Independent Newspaper
Damian Green was of course, also the Minister who was sensationally arrested and had his Commons Office searched by Police in 2008:
The arrest and search of Green's House of Commons office provoked uproar. David Cameron, then leader of the opposition, condemned it, as did London mayor Boris Johnson, who is now in control of setting the Yard's

budget and strategic priorities, as well as having the power to fire the commissioner. ***Source: The Guardian***
See, straight away its Bullingdon Boys Cameron and Johnson to the rescue. And rescue they did.
You see, according to Britain's former top counter-terrorism officer, Robert Quick:
his senior Scotland Yard colleagues buckled under Conservative party pressure and withdrew their support for an investigation of a Tory frontbench spokesman who had received leaks which allegedly endangered national security. Source - As above.

Neither would it be fair to leave Sebastian James out of the mix... Sebastian, how very la-di-da:
A schoolmate of David Cameron - and fellow ex-member of the Bullingdon dining club - has been picked for a Whitehall job reviewing state school spending.
Sebastian James, 44, who was at Eton with the Prime Minister, will examine how schools spend money on facilities.
Schools Secretary Michael Gove announced the appointment yesterday. Mr James will be joined by other leading figures from academia and business.
Mr Gove said the capital review team will 'look at every departmental capital spending to ensure we can drive down costs, get buildings more quickly and have a higher proportion of money going direct to the frontline'.
Downing Street insisted the Prime Minister had no hand in inviting his old school friend to the Whitehall role.
After Eton, Mr James went to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he was invited to join the notorious 'Buller', as it is known. He appears alongside Mr Cameron and Boris Johnson in a photo of the club's members in 1987.
And yet, no matter how hard the Cunt Cameron attempts to publicly disassociate himself from his Hooray Henry school days, he does like to keep in with the lads.

This from the Daily Mirror:
Revealed: Toxic bank Goldman Sachs' web of global pals
16 Mar 2012 00:00
The investment bank was rocked by the scathing resignation letter of

executive Greg Smith, who accused colleagues of revelling in ripping off clients
The toxic investment bank was this week rocked by the scathing resignation letter of executive Greg Smith, published in the New York Times, who accused colleagues of revelling in ripping off clients they deride as "Muppets".
It wiped more than $2billion – almost £1.3billion – off the Wall Street giant's share value yesterday.
But that didn't stop David Cameron lunching with Goldman's chief executive and chairman Lloyd Blankfein at a gathering of billionaire financiers and bank chiefs in New York yesterday.
Former Goldman partner Sebastian Gregg is a confidant of the Prime Minister – they have known each other since their Eton schooldays and joined Oxford University's infamous Bullingdon Club together.
Muppets indeed.
As for Nat Rothschild! Well, he was one of those who also belonged to the BBDC offshoot, the exclusive and elusive, Piers Gaveston Society (PGS). The PGS is akin to the kinky wing of the BBDC and is notorious for holding weekend long orgies.
The clubs members are particularly associated with having a fetish for Rubber, whips and chains... Which all adds credence to Natalie Rowe's claims.

Not that I disbelieved her in the first place.
The following is from Wikipedia:
The Piers Gaveston Society is a secret dining club at the University of Oxford with membership limited to 12 undergraduates. It is named in honour of Piers Gaveston, favourite and supposed lover of King Edward II of England.
Its members have a reputation for indulging in bizarre entertainments and sexual excess.
Traditionally, the society organises secret bacchanalian parties for hundreds of friends, who are whisked away to secret locations (usually grand country mansions) to enjoy a night of Bollinger champagne, beluga caviar, multitudinous illegal drugs, and public copulation. Words most often associated with this society are "decadence" and "debauchery".
Piers Gaveston Society, "noted for its predilection for rubber wear and

whips, ."

And there you have another member of the Royal Ponces being labelled as a philandering, promiscuous bisexual... But keep waving your little plastic flags at the [non too] respectable nonce ponces.
It is after all, the English way.

Now, given what we know about Gideon's close friendship with Nathaniel Rothschild, along with Natalie Rowe's revelations, you would have to be a mushroom to believe that our far from honest former Chancellor never attended these orgies.
Interestingly enough, in September 2011, Natalie Rowe was told by police that she was targeted by Glenn Mulcaire, later convicted for phone hacking while being paid by News International, owner of the News of the World... Or put another way, Rupert Murdoch.
You will notice as you continue to read that Rupert Murdoch's name also crops up time and time again.
Now, at one time, Gideon - obviously suffering from delusions of grandeur - began to get above himself where Nat Rothschild was concerned.

This led to Bean and Rothschild having a major falling out which was well documented in the MSM - although no doubt many details were omitted.

Bean - having become overly cock sure of his own importance - began to let his mouth run away with itself after seemingly forgetting that Rothschild and the other seriously rich dickheads in the the BBDC , had at one time in the past christened the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'Oik'.

The nickname had been born out of the fact that the Osborne family - although millionaires - were considerably poorer than most of the other families Bean's *'friends'* were from.
Therefore, instead of being overly cock-sure of himself, he should have had the sense to realise that he was in reality just a cock and thought back to the days of 1993 when his bum chums used to turn him upside down and bang his head on the concrete until the hugely humiliated twat would shout out his shameful nickname; "Oik".
The fallout between the pair finally came about in October 2008 after Bean -

the then Shadow Chancellor - was alleged to be the person behind a Peter Mandelson smear campaign.
Once again, Bean had fucked up by underestimating how valuable an asset the vile paedophile Mandelson was to the Rothschild's dynasty and as such Bean's betrayal was taken as a personal attack on the family by his once great pal Nat Rothschild... A big mistake to make on behalf of the pathetic cunt Osborne.
Rothschild, in retaliation to Bean's smear campaign aimed at Mandelson, wrote to the Times newspaper revealing that Osborne had tried to secure a massive donation from Oleg Deripaska - a billionaire Russian Gangster businessman - whilst enjoying Rothschild's hospitality.

According to Wikipedia:
Oleg Vladimirovich Deripaska (born 2 January 1968) is the Russian Chief executive officer of Basic Element company and a member of the Board of Directors and CEO of United Company RUSAL, a Russian aluminium industry company.
Deripaska owns a London home in Belgrave Square, which was originally the town residence of the Dukes of Bedford; lives in Moscow.

Deripaska's estimated fortune was $28 billion in 2008, according to the Forbes wealthiest list, making him the ninth richest man in the world.
In 2009, Deripaska's ranking fell to a ranking of #164, with Forbes stating: "he may not withstand collapsing markets and heavy debts".
However, in 2010 his fortune allowed him to rise to #57 of the World's Billionaires list with an estimated $10.7 billion.
In July 2006, whilst Deripaska was involved in a bid to buy the Daimler Chrysler Group, it was reported that the United States cancelled his entry visa; the unnamed official declined to give a reason for the revoking of the visa.
The Wall Street Journal reported that it could have been because Deripaska has been accused of having links to organized crime in Russia and cited as their sources two unnamed U.S. law enforcement officials.
Rothschild's retaliatory action did in fact very nearly cost the smug cunt Bean his career.
The following is from the Daily Mail:
The shadow chancellor is fighting for his political life amid claims that he

approached Oleg Deripaska for an illegal £50,000 donation.
Mr Osborne has issued a detailed account of his holiday dealings with Mr Deripaska in Corfu and denied that either he or party fundraiser Andrew Feldman had 'solicited' a gift.

Nat Rothschild's new best friend is now the Russian billionaire 'businessman' Roman Abramovich, The current owner of Chelsea FC.
Now, for those who don't know, the depraved Mandelson - twice drummed out of politics for wrongdoing - was the real power behind 'New Labour'. Cherie Blair, was in fact said to hate Mandelson because of the way that he dominated her psychopathic, bisexual husband Tony.
Both Gordon Brown and the Queen were also infatuated with the Hamster up the bottom loving Mandelson. The man is the vilest of the vile who is alleged to have been at the helm of an international paedophile ring.

Once again, quite why the Old Bill are not investigating Brown, Blair & Bum Boy is a complete mystery to me and a huge travesty of justice.

At the time of this meeting, between Bean and the Russian gangster, Mandelson - *staying at the Rothschild's luxury home on Corfu* - was meant to be running the country, whilst the then Prime Minister Deadeye Brown was on holiday... Figure that one out.
This led to the Daily Mail reporting on the sorry state of affairs. However, despite the Mails [not so] meticulously kept archives, the aforementioned article has since gone 'walkabouts'... Surprise, surprise.

The article stated:
The Business Secretary took over the reins of power from Harriet Harman - but refused to cut short his holiday with the rich and famous on the Greek island.
He chose to oversee Whitehall business from 1,300 miles away, armed with little more than an official BlackBerry, his own mobile phone and a pair of swimming goggles.
Lord Mandelson is a guest of financier Nat Rothschild at his 30-acre estate on the north-east tip of Corfu. It is a repeat of his notorious visit 12 months ago, before his controversial return to the Cabinet.

Also there was Shadow Chancellor George Osborne, and the two men met controversial Russian businessman Oleg Deripaska. Mr Osborne later claimed that Lord Mandelson, then plain Mr and an EU Commissioner, had 'poured pure poison' into his ear about Gordon Brown.
But, within days, Labour's original spinner had turned the tables with the help of Mr Rothschild, who revealed that Mr Osborne had tried to solicit a donation to the Tory Party from foreign-born Mr Deripaska, which would be banned under British election law.

Lord Mandelson spent much of yesterday soaking up the sun. But at 8.30pm he was down on the waterfront to meet Hollywood magnate David Geffen and other guests arriving by launch from Mr Geffen's 452-foot super-yacht Rising Sun.
Lord Mandelson greeted the flamboyant music billionaire with a hug before the group walked through an olive grove for dinner at the Rothschild estate.

Mr Geffen shares the Rising Sun with software magnate Larry Ellison, the head of Oracle, who was entertaining Tony Blair on the same vessel off Sardinia just two weeks ago.
Downing Street went into a tailspin yesterday after it became clear that not one leading minister was in London to take charge in the event of a terrorist attack or other emergency such as a surge of swine flu. The Mail has established that the Olympics Minister Tessa Jowell - ranked a lowly 16th out of 23 in Mr Brown's Cabinet - was the most senior member actually at her desk.

And like I say, Mandelson is without a doubt, one of the most evil, perverted, obnoxious cunts to walk this planet, who had rejoined the government after being made a life peer by the Queen - taking his seat in the House of Lords on 13 October 2008... You can draw whatever inference you like from that little titbit.
October 2008, is also the same month and year that Nat Rothschild went to war with Mr Bean over the Mincer Mandelson... Just saying.
But, I'm straying off topic... As per usual.
Another member of both the Bullingdon Boys & the Piers Gaveston Society was Count Gottfried von Bismarck.

Now, if you read my article about the Osea Island where the A-listers meet for orgies, you will remember that I pointed out that Leoni Frieda - wife of Osea Island's owner Nigel - was a friend of Von Bismarck's:

Nigel Frieda who in the past has been mentor to giants such as 'The Rolling Stones', is the brains behind the all female pop group, The Sugerbabes and the brother of Hair product tycoon John Frieda – the ex husband of singer LuLu.
Nigel Frieda is in turn, the ex husband of Swedish born ex model and junkie Leonie Frieda
Leoni was friends with the ex Bullingdon boy paedophile, Gottfried Von Bismarck.

Bismarck too was apparently hopelessly addicted to cocaine... There is a pattern forming here isn't there?
Mind you, he was also addicted to Heroin and kinky sex.
"There is still a pattern forming here Spiv".
True, Voice of Reason, very, very true.

Now Skidmark Bismark attended school in Germany and Switzerland and had a brief internship at the New York Stock Exchange before enrolling at Christ Church, Oxford University, where he studied Philosophy, Politics and Economics (PPE) earning a third class honours degree.

Moreover, according to Wikipedia:
He was a member of the exclusive Piers Gaveston Society, "noted for its predilection for rubber wear and whips, which he embellished with his androgynous apparel and lipstick" as well as the prohibitively expensive Bullingdon Club, known for its members' wealth and destructive binges. Confessing that he did not enjoy the typical social life in Oxford, he and his friends would escape to the more wild, fashionable parties in London on the weekends or whenever possible. He reportedly drank heavily at night and took amphetamines by day to concentrate on his studies.

And, just like the performing clown Boris Johnson, Bismarck was also a good friend of the fraudster Darius Guppy.
Unsurprisingly Guppy was also a member of The Piers Gaveston Society.

Now, as you probably already know, about twenty years ago Boris Johnson agreed to provide the address and phone number of a fleet street Journalist who had written a disapproving article on Guppy. The purpose of this was so as Guppy could give the fella a right good fucking pasting.
The following from Craig Murray's website includes a transcript of that conversation:

A week ago today Boris Johnson held a meeting on how to tackle youth violence. But here is a tape from Tim Ireland of Boris Johnson engaged in a conversation with Darius Guppy about having someone beaten up. While Johnson is not the one urging the beating, he does not protest against the idea that someone be given "two black eyes and a cracked rib", and appears more worried about possible political fallout or attachment to him.

There is a reference to someone "going through the files".
I don't know the context of this conversation. And it was not Boris who initiated the discussion.
It is also fair to say he sounds uncomfortable about the violence. But his failure to tell Guppy not to commit the violence is difficult to excuse.
Here is a transcript from Tim Ireland:
Guppy: Boris, have you got this number?
Johnson: [inaudible] look, there is a guy at the moment, going through…
Guppy: You're brilliant.
Johnson: … files at home
Guppy: Fantastic. But I am telling you something, Boris. This guy has got my blood up, alright? And there is nothing which I won't do to get my revenge. It's as simple as that.
Johnson: How badly are you going to hurt this guy?
Guppy: Not badly at all.
Johnson: I really, I want to know …
Guppy: Look, let me explain to you…
Johnson: If this guy [see/sues?] me I will be fucking furious.
Guppy: I guarantee you he will not be seriously hurt.
Johnson: How badly will he …
Guppy, interrupting: He will not have a broken limb or broken arm, he will not be put into intensive care or anything like that. He will probably get a couple of black eyes and a … a cracked rib or something.

Johnson: Cracked rib?
Guppy: Nothing which you didn't suffer at rugby, OK? But he'll get scared and that's what I want … I want him to get scared, I want him to have no idea who's behind it, OK?
Johnson: If I get trouble, if I get…
Guppy: You will not, Boris. I swear to you. If you…
Johnson: [inaudible bluster]… I got this bloody number for you. OK, Darrie. I said I'd do it. I'll do it. Don't worry.
Guppy: Boris, I mean it; I really love you.
More details from this same conversation are available here, including this nugget not included in the published audio:
Guppy: But Boris there's absolutely no **** proof: you just deny it. I mean, there's no proof at all.***
Johnson: Well yeah…

Guppy: I mean, you know, big deal. You're sitting in Brussels and the day it happens you're in Brussels, it's as simple as that.
By now you may have noticed that Boris Johnson's primary concern is that his role in this planned assault will be discovered. Also, just in case there is any doubt about the nature of the information he promises Guppy, here is a fuller transcript of the tail end of the conversation, where he promises to deliver both the phone number and address of the man Darius Guppy plans to have beaten in a revenge attack:
Guppy: We'll do it discreetly. I … if it's in any way going to look suspicious. That's all I require – just the address: the address and the phone number … all right? Now I guarantee you, you have nothing to worry about. [Slowly, emphatically] Believe me. All right? You have my personal guarantee. I've never let you down, all right?

Johnson: OK Darrie, I said I'll do it and I'll do it. Don't worry.
Guppy: Boris, I really mean it, I love you and I will owe you this, all right? And I'm a man who keeps my word.
Guppy was a Bullingdon Club member along with not only Johnson, but also Osborne and Cameron. I do hope you call and listen, and do hope it comes as a wake up call to those who believe the carefully crafted "compassionate conservative" propaganda.
Course, far from being a one off for the spoilt prat Guppy, twenty years on

from that phone call he is still fond of attacking journalists:

A convicted fraudster and old friend of the Mayor of London has boasted how he flew 6,000 miles to London to assault a journalist who insulted his wife.

Darius Guppy, 49, who has known Boris Johnson since they were students together at Eton and then Oxford, was so enraged by a newspaper article about him that he believed 'humiliated' his wife, Sunderland-born Patricia, he flew from his home in Cape Town to exact revenge.

Notoriously vengeful Guppy, who served time in prison for faking a jewel heist, tracked the journalist down to his home, lay in wait for him and then knocked him to the ground as he left the house before tipping a sack of horse manure over him.

In a recent BBC interview with Eddie Mair, the London mayor denied tracking down a tabloid journalist 20 years ago whom Guppy wanted beaten up over probings into him for an article.

The affair that the journalist, Stuart Collier, was looking into was the fraud that resulted - eventually - in Guppy going to jail.

Angry with insurers Lloyd's of London after his father lost his home and money in the 1990s financial crisis, Guppy and his fellow Oxford graduate Ben Marsh hired a stooge to tie them up in their room at the Halloran House Hotel in New York and shoot a mattress.

When police arrived they convinced them they had been the subject of a jewel heist - Guppy 'sobbing like a baby' for effect.

Lloyd's paid up for the 'stolen' jewels within weeks, but the stooge, Peter Risdon, was angry at the small sum he had been paid for his part in the fraud. Collier started looking into the incident, and Guppy got wind of it. Risdon recorded a conversation between Guppy and Boris Johnson in which they discussed finding the journalist and Guppy said: 'There is nothing I won't do to get my revenge'.

In 1993 Guppy was jailed for five years and ordered to pay a £533,000 fine. Guppy said he had no money and declared himself bankrupt, and was ordered to stay in jail until the fine was paid.

But a mystery benefactor lent him £165,000 to get him out jail - a man many suspected was his old friend Charles Spencer. Guppy was freed in 1996 and moved first to Ireland and then to South Africa.

Guppy still lives in South Africa with his wife, with whom he has three children, but has fallen out with his old friend Charles Spencer over

unfounded suggestions the latter had tried to seduce his wife. ***Source: The Daily Mail***
Well, I suppose that is how Guppy earned himself the nickname of the High Society Psycho.
And there was me thinking that a Guppy was a small flat fish... Which is indeed named after the Guppy family.
Course, he lived up to his reputation - *of being a psycho, not a small flat fish* - when he knocked the shit out of his former best friend Charlie Spencer AKA Princess Diana's brother AKA Little Willie and Harry Hewitt's uncle:

A decade after Guppy's release (from prison), his wife apparently told him Spencer had tried in vain to seduce her a number of times at Althorp. Guppy was understandably enraged. His 'Homeric code of honour, loyalty and revenge', as Johnson once described it, came to the fore.
Furious calls between the Guppy and Spencer took place during which the Earl denied any impropriety. But when he was persuaded to visit Guppy's home in Cape Town in May 2006, Guppy is said to have had his revenge. In an extraordinary tussle on the front lawn, Guppy apparently administered a savage beating. Spencer was left with a fractured cheekbone, black eyes and concussion.
Today, Guppy and his family - there are two sons as well as their daughter - remain in South Africa, though with little visible means of support for their very comfortable lifestyle.
Guppy has not taken residency or citizenship. He moves in and out of the country on a tourist visa, with their villa in landscaped grounds in the smart residential suburb of Constantia placed legally in his wife's name.

Guppy is unchanged and unrepentant. According to sources in Cape Town, Guppy has told a close friend: 'All journalists without exception should be shot. My only regret is that the journalist once again in the spotlight (Collier) did not end up in hospital. He might still land up there for smearing my name.' ***Source: The Daily Mail***
Ere! You don't think Guppy will want to come and bash me do you?
In case he does, he best eMail me and I will send him my address... Save him troubling BoJo. I'm nice like that.

And as a footnote to this murky business, Spencer's second wife was Caroline

Freud nee Hutton, the ex wife of Matthew Freud. Matthew Freud is the son of Clement Freud and the Great grandson of mind control pioneer Sigmund Freud.
He has business interests with the Prized Pratt, Piers Morgan which saw the pair acquired ownership of the *Press Gazette*, a media trade publication, and its 'cash cow' the British Press Awards, in a deal worth £1million.

According to Wikipedia: ***Many major newspapers boycotted the event citing an apparent conflict of interest as one of the reasons***

Matthew Freud is also the nephew of the paedophile, Lucian Freud and is brother to Emma Freud who is married to Richard Curtis.
Curtis wrote the screenplay for the box office hit '**Four weddings and a funeral**', the first of several films he wrote the screenplays for which featured Hugh Grant - the relevance of which is obvious.
Interestingly enough, in 2010 Hugh Grant called Matthew *"a cunt"* whilst they were at a party, prompting the 4ft 6 inch tall Freud to respond; *"tonight Matthew is going to be Darius Guppy"* before engaging in fisticuffs with the floppy haired actor.
The following is from the Daily Mirror:

Trouble flared when Grant, 49, got into a row with pint-sized Freud, 46, over the lavish dinner at naff Berkeley Square nightclub Annabel's.
Touchy Hugh dropped the c-word when he spied Freud lurking in the shadows prompting the PR man to reach for the first available weapon – a giant chocolate cake.
Grabbing a handful he lurched over to the notoriously ill-humoured Grant (so would you be if you'd made Did You Hear About The Morgans?) and smeared a slab of molten chocolate down his pristine shirt front.
Grant, watched by ex-girlfriend Liz Hurley and billionaire Sir Philip Green, glowered and stamped his foot before unleashing an impressive right hook that clipped Freud on the right cheekbone.
In the melee that followed, a very drinkable Chateauneuf du Pape was thrown – drenching ageing nightclub impressario Johnny Gold and prompting hoots of laughter from other guests who included Sir Michael Caine.
Our two heroes then skittered around the floor in full handbags at dawn

mode before Freud staggered off into the night.
"There's no love lost between these two," said another guest. "But Hugh started it by being so ungracious.
"That said, they both looked very funny playing the tough guy. Neither is all that convincing." The PR man – nursing a hefty hangover at Cheltenham yesterday – told pals: "I saw a lot of white shirt and before I could stop myself it was all brown. I'm a pacifist, I only throw cakes. Grant's a scrapper. There were no heroes."

Matthew is of course married to Elisabeth Murdoch, the daughter of Zionist, Rupert Murdoch - who, as I said earlier, reportedly pulled the Cunt Cameron's strings.
In a 2011 Telegraph article, the journalist Matthew Norman pondered on the question as to how his old classmate Freud had gone from being:

Such an unpromising boy, cunning rather than bright, grow into the powerhouse who hosted that last days of Pompeii bash at his and wife Elisabeth's Cotswolds mansion, while clad in leather trousers, the weekend before the Milly Dowler story broke?

David Cameron had the wit to steer clear, though he and Sam were soirée regulars in the rose-tinted past. But Michael Gove and Steve Hilton were there as the PM's archangels on earth, while representing New Labour In Exile were Peter Mandelson and David Miliband. Also present, of course, were Rebekah Brooks and the mid-Atlantic speak-your-weight machine James Murdoch.

Have you noticed how the same names continually crop up?
Incidentally, Steve Hilton, whose wife had an affair with Mrs Cameron's stepfather was also reportedly a Bullingdon boy.
Hardly surprising then that Matt the Twat lists several Cuntservative MP's amongst his friends, notably Gideon Bean... And as previously stated, the Cunt Cameron.
With this being the case, you won't be surprised to learn that Freud was expelled from school after being arrested for possession of cannabis and cocaine.

I therefore feel sure that at one time or other, Freud's great pal, Cameron must have trotted out the old adage; *'there but for the grace of God, go I'* , having narrowly escaped being expelled from Eton after being caught with a stockpile of Cannabis.
Philip Green - who was present at the Freud/Grant storm in a teacup - is of course a good friend and supporter of the Cunt Camerons.
The Zionist billionaire, with an eye for the young ladies has been criticised in the past for treating his employees like shit.
Green is in fact not the kind of fella that you would trust to play a game of Ludo fairly, let alone anything else.

I suppose then, that would be why Cameron put him in charge of leading a review into government spending.
Mind you, after slating the comedian Jimmy Carr for tax avoidance, I'll bet Dave the Rave wished to fuck that he had kept his gob shut.
The following is from the electricgraffiti website:
Ironically, David Cameron's father was involved in tax-avoidance schemes; some of that money finding its way into the Prime Minister's own inheritance piggy bank.
George Robinson, conservative donor of more than £250,000 has been revealed as part of the same scheme as Carr.
And Philip Green, conservative party donor, former advisor to the government and general rich-bastard has also been accused of dodging millions in corporate tax.

But when asked whether Philip Green was also 'morally repugnant' Cameron was forced to paradoxically state: "I am not getting into an individual's tax affairs on air"
Right, back to Count Gottfried Von Bismark... Cameron's fellow member of the Bullingdon Boys Diners Club.

Born in Uccle, Belgium, Gottfried von Bismarck-Schönhausen was the second son of Ferdinand, Prince of Bismarck and grandson of Otto, Prince of Bismarck, a diplomat at Germany's embassy to the UK in London until a feud with Third Reich foreign minister Joachim von Ribbentrop. He was the great-great-grandson of German Chancellor Otto von Bismarck. Bismarck's great-uncle and namesake was a Nazi official who allegedly

became part of the famous plot to assassinate Adolf Hitler. His younger sister, Vanessa Grafin von Bismarck-Schönhausen (born 26 March 1971, Hamburg, Germany) is a public relations agent in the United States. His elder brother Carl-Eduard Graf von Bismarck-Schönhausen (born 1961) was a member (MP) of the German Bundestag. Source Wikipedia
Fuck me! With credentials like those, he could be a member of the British Royal Parasites.

However, despite the flaming la,la always being a bit of an oddity and probably more suited to the aristocratic bohemian lifestyle of the 1920's and 30's, Skidmark Von Bismarck's life began to seriously derail in 1986 when the heiress Olivia Channon, daughter of the late Tory MP Paul Channon - *a member of both Edward Heath's & Slaggy Thatchers Cabinet* - and granddaughter of the famous diarist Henry Channon was found dead of a heroin overdose on Von Bismarck's bed.

Paul Channon - *a member of the Guinness family* - was also an old Etonian, with very strong connections to the Royal Parasites.
The following is from the Telegraph:

Henry Paul Guinness Channon was born on October 9 1935, the only son of Sir Henry and the former Lady Honor Guinness, elder daughter of the 2nd Earl of Iveagh.
He would also marry a Guinness, his wife Ingrid having first wed his cousin Jonathan Guinness; Channon was godfather to one of their children. He served on the board of Guinness - in which he initially held a sizeable stake - and the Guinness Trust, which in its heyday controlled 3,461 working-class homes in London.
From Lockers Park, Hemel Hempstead, he went to Eton, then into the Blues for National Service. As a Guards officer he served in Cyprus during the "emergency".
In town he was a prized escort; his charges included Prince Philip's nieces Princess Christina of Hesse and Princess Beatrix of Hohenloe Langenburg; owning two villas on Mustique, he became a member of the "Princess Margaret Set". In 1956 he went up to Christ Church, becoming president of the University Conservative Association.
The usual inbreeding going on in that family then. And the two nieces in

question being the daughters of high ranking Nazi's.
Following Olivia's death, Von Bismarck was charged with drug possession and fined £80... Whereas, your average ordinary Joe would have more than likely got at least 3 - 6 months in the nick.
That honour went to Olivia Channon's best friend, Rosie Johnston who was jailed for 9 months. Channon had allegedly asked Rosie to buy her a gram of heroin on the night in question.
Rosie says: "The way we were back then just didn't seem very glamorous to me. The Bullingdon were the fast and furious ones while we were knocking around pubs in the Botley Road.
"We were not all doing heroin. That was the common misconception. There were parties and dances and summer balls. <u>Source: The Daily Mail</u>

Olivia Channon's cousin, Sebastian Guinness was also involved and was subsequently charged with possession, but predictably it was the 'commoner' Rosie who who was made the scapegoat, despite Olivia having once shared a house with Von Bismark.
This of course begs the question; since Channon had once shared a house with Von Bismark and died on his bed, why did she need Rosie to buy the heroin?

The following is from the Telegraph:
Sebastian Guinness, jailed for four months for possessing cocaine and heroin at the party, was a cousin and Rosie Johnston, sentenced to nine months for supplying her with heroin, an old family friend. The public was fascinated by an Oxford "fast set" that included Count Gottfried von Bismarck, great-great-grandson of the statesman, with whom Olivia shared a house.

Ahhh, there is that word again: Cocaine.
Sebastian Guinness - whose grandmother was Diana Mitford, the celebrated aristocrat whose second husband was British fascist Sir Oswald Mosley - was also a member of the Bullingdon Boys Diners Club whose father Jonathan had also attended Eton and Oxford University.

According to Wikipedia, Jonathan Guinness, heir to the Irish stout brewers fortune:

was a long-standing and early member of the Conservative Monday Club, serving on several of its committees. He was a member of the Club's Executive Council in 1971, when he became Chairman of their 'Action Fund', and elected National Chairman on 5 June 1972, fighting off challenges from Richard Body MP, and Timothy Stroud.
Sebastian's half brother, Valentine Guinness was also a leading member of the Piers Gaveston society:
Valentine, 45, head of the louche Piers Gaveston society while at Oxford, comes from a famously unorthodox family - his grandmother, Diana Mitford, admired Hitler, and his bankrupt father, Lord Moyne, a former chairman of the Monday Club, maintained a long affair with Sixties flower-child Shoe Taylor, who died last year of breast cancer. Source: The Daily Mail
Nevertheless, despite Skidmark Von Bismark escaping justice, Olivia Channon's death still haunted him - *he was said to have "wept like a child" at her funeral* - until his old man, Prince Ferdinand, recalled him to Germany where he had him sectioned at a private 'clinic'.
It was later said that Skiddy left Oxford so quickly that a family servant had to settle the bills that the oddball had left outstanding with various pubs, tailors and restaurants... And no doubt one or two drug dealers.

Thank fuck for family servants is all that I can say. Where the fuck would we all be without them?
Now, according to the Guardian Newspaper, following his release from the madhouse:

He dropped out of the Euro-society spotlight for a decade or so, helping East German firms in the transition to privatisation and pursuing a career as an occasional actor (playing himself) in various obscure movies, then getting mixed up in a failed telecom company owned by Kevin Maxwell.
Kevin Maxwell is of course, a *'pillar of society'* and the son of the *'honest as the day is long'*, deceased newspaper tycoon, Robert Maxwell... For those of you too young to have heard of the pension pinching Robert and Kevin Maxwell, I should just mention that I am joking with my description of the Father and Son.

Kevin and Robert Maxwell were both complete cunts... Kevin Maxwell

probably still is, as it happens.

And no doubt brother Ian was just as bad.
Which is why the Zionist Jew, Rob Bob Bob Bob Maxwell was in all likelihood pushed over the side of his Yacht, *The Lady Ghislaine* rather than him taking a running jump.
Surprisingly, for such a fat cunt the former Labour MP for Buckingham under Harold Wilson, didn't float. And as such, he promptly drowned.

Nevertheless, like all rich Pillock's of Society, Maxwell the billionaire Football Club owner and alleged Mossad agent - who had stolen hundreds of millions of pounds from his own companies' pension funds - was rewarded with a state funeral by his spiritual homeland Israel.
And lets not ignore the fact that the government - meaning the taxpayer - had to help repay the money that the thieving cunt had stolen.
Moreover, John Major - *the British Prime Minister at the time* - then paid tribute to Fish Food Bob by calling him a *"great character*"... You really couldn't make this shit up.

Quite clearly then; Major possessed the same amount of integrity as all British Prime Ministers... Then again, what do you expect from a Paedophile protector - as was Harold Wilson and as is the Cunt Cameron - who successfully sued Scallywag Magazine for libel.
The following is from the Daily Mail:

In 1993 Mr Major served libel writs on Scallywag, New Statesman and Society magazines over articles linking him to Ms Latimer, who provided food and drinks for events at 11 Downing Street when he was Chancellor. At the time, Mr Major argued that the accusations of adultery amounted to a serious attack on his reputation.

I can only conclude from reading that then, that Ms Latimer must have been right fucking dog rough to provoke such outrage from the Prime Minister.

After all, it was only the name that the three magazines had got wrong since Mad Major Mad was in fact shagging Eggwina Currie.
Interestingly enough, the Yacht that Seaside Maxwell belly flopped to his

death from was named after his youngest daughter Ghislaine who was allegedly responsible for recruiting under-age girls for convicted paedophile billionaire Jeffrey Epstein.

Right, back to Skiddy Von Bismark.

Now, despite him losing a packet on the Maxwell phone company collapse, Skiddy - being from a typical aristocratic family who made a fortune from the suffering of the poor - could afford to carry on living his perverted, debauched lifestyle free from money worries.
Crisis followed crisis, orgy followed orgy, until the two met head on. The following is from Wikipedia:

In August 2006, Anthony Casey, 41, fell 20 m (60 ft) from Graf von Bismarck's Chelsea flat and died. Bismarck was not arrested and the police said there were no drugs found in his flat.
Nevertheless, this incident re-awakened the so-called "curse" from the past, and triggered speculation from the tabloid press. Stories included an article from London's Daily Mail that claims the incident was fuelled by a cocaine-fuelled orgy involving several individuals.

The coroner's report had found no alcohol in Casey's body, but did discover a significant amount of cocaine.
The accusation of a 'gay orgy' was officially denied by Gottfried, though the coroner, Dr. Paul Knapman, told The Guardian that a great deal of sexual paraphernalia was discovered in the flat, including sex toys, lubricant, and a rubber tarpaulin.
"In common parlance, in the early hours of the morning, there was a gay orgy going on," Dr. Knapman told the newspaper. "Nevertheless, this was conducted by consenting males in private."

Following Casey's death, Skiddy's appetite for self-destruction went into overdrive.
Less than a year after Casey had plunged to his death, Bismarck was predictably found dead in his near-empty £5 million pound flat just off of Sloane Square, which was in the process of being sold.
Skiddy's arm was reportedly black, which the coroner attributed to be the

result of Bismarck injecting cocaine on a hourly basis throughout the preceding day.

The MI5 controlled MSM newspaper, The Telegraph afforded Skiddy the following obituary:
Count Gottfried von Bismarck, who was found dead on Monday aged 44, was a louche German aristocrat with a multi-faceted history as a pleasure-seeking heroin addict, hell-raising alcoholic, flamboyant waster and a reckless and extravagant host of homosexual orgies.

Alas, he would have made the perfect MI5 spy... If he wasn't already in their employ.
The website Billionaire.Com carried the following report on the former Bullingdon Boy:

As dubious distinctions go, it's hard to beat; the pathologist who attended the death of Gottfried von Bismarck in 2007 said his body contained the highest levels of cocaine he had ever seen, along with prodigious amounts of morphine. He also had liver damage, Hepatitis B, Hepatitis C and HIV.
Other notable former members of the perverted Piers Gaveston Society include Hugh Grant who was reported as ***"indulging in vaguely debauched behaviour, sometimes in drag".***
In fact according to Martin Frost's website, Grant Attended: ***Wetherby, the prep school later attended by Princes William and Harry, and then Latymer, a local private school, where he won a scholarship to New College, Oxford, where he continued to flourish academically.***

In 1992 Grant played the part of a young English cruise passenger in the film Bitter Moon. The films director was none other than the serial paedophile Roman Polanski.

In 1995 Grant - by now an international star following the success of the film *'Four weddings and a funeral'* - was arrested after being caught in his car, parked on Hollywood Boulevard whilst being given a blowjob by prostitute Divine Brown.

In 2004, Grant got 'it' on with Jemima Khan, ex wife of Pakistani politician

Imran Khan and daughter of the late Anglo-French billionaire financier and tycoon Sir James Goldsmith.
Grant and Khan later split up, allegedly because she wanted to marry and he didn't.

Her father, James Goldsmith was notoriously known for his many romantic relationships and for the various children he fathered with his wives and many girlfriends.
He is in fact, allegedly the biological father of Princess Diana, following his affair with Frances Shand Kydd:

Shand Kydd was born Frances Ruth Roche in Park House, on the royal estate at Sandringham, Norfolk, on 20 January 1936. Her father was Edmund Roche, 4th Baron Fermoy, a friend of King George VI and the elder son of the American heiress Frances Work and her first husband, the 3rd Baron Fermoy. Her mother, Ruth Roche, Baroness Fermoy, DCVO, was a confidante and lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth (later the Queen Mother). In her own right since birth she held the style of The Honourable as the daughter of a baron. Source-Wikipedia
Coincidentally enough, Frances Shand kydd's step son, the photographer Johnnie Shand Kydd has his work displayed in Sebastian Guinness's art gallery.

And true to form with these elites, her other step son, Adam Shand Kydd died from a drug overdose.
James Goldsmith is of course also an old Etonian and a cousin of the Rothschild family to boot who made his money as a corporate raider and asset stripper.

He was known to have had lucrative business interests with Kerry Packer and Jacob Rothschild - father of Nathan.
He was also good friends with the notorious Lord Lucan.
Goldsmith's son Ben married heiress Kate Emma Rothschild, the daughter of the late Amschel Rothschild and his wife Anita Guinness of the Guinness Brewery family... This gets too easy.
Anita Guinness is the daughter of James Guinness from the banking side of the family. Anita's sister Sabrina used to date Prince Big Ears, but obviously

she was a woman so the appeal quickly fizzled out for Dobbie.

Now, officially Kate's father Amschel Rothschild hung himself in a Paris hotel room.
However, according to Henry Makow he was in fact murdered by his own family with his death allegedly being covered up by Jacques Chirac - *French President at the time* - who had been ordered to drop the investigation along with, wait for it, wait for it... Rupert Murdoch:

In the United States, newspapers controlled by Rupert Murdoch, the foreign-born owner of the world's largest media empire, either studiously ignored reports that Rothschild had met a violent end, or relegated it to the back pages as a mere "heart attack."
"Murdoch sent a hotline fax to his 600-odd editors and news managers around the world, ordering them to report Amschel's death as a heart attack, if at all," said British broadcast reporter Ian Gooding.

Course, it wouldn't be the first time that a Rothschild had a hand in a murder in Paris, would it?
Nevertheless, in 2010 Ben Goldsmith's brother, the MP Zac Goldsmith left his wife after starting an affair with his sister in law's, sister Alice Rothschild... Nothing like keeping it in the family.
"Mega-rich Tory Zac Goldsmith is having a secret fling with a 22-year-old heiress... the younger sister of his brother's wife. Would-be minister Goldsmith, 31, has been enjoying as many as five passionate trysts a week with Alice Rothschild, whose sister Kate, 24, is married to his brother Ben, 26."
Zac who was expelled from Oxford University for... Errr... Smoking Cannabis, finally married Alice in March 2013. The wedding was attended by Alice's grandfather, the obnoxious old cunt Jacob Rothschild.

Other members of the Piers Gaviscon pervert society worthy of a mention include the MP Rory Stewart, Ian Hislop and Prince Big Ears's, step-son Tom Parker Bowles.
Parker Bowles - *step brother to Little Bald Willie and Harry Hewitt* - was educated at Summer Fields prep school in Oxford.
He then attended Eton and Worcester College, Oxford, which was where he

became a member of the exclusive and notorious Piers Gaveston Society, between 1997 and 2000.
In 1999, he was exposed by a tabloid newspaper for taking that now all too familiar Class-A drug, cocaine at a West End party.
He was also further accused of supplying cocaine to a lady at the Cannes Film Festival.

Possession with intent to Supply a Class-A drug can carry up to a life sentence in prison, don't cha know.
But did Tom Parker Bowles go to prison? Did he fuck!
Course, Tom Tit wasn't the only relative of Little Bald Willie and Harry Hewitt to get up to no good.You see, it would appear that their 1st cousin Alexander Fellowes was also a typical posh knob head.
It is worth mentioning the fact that Fellowes is the Grandson of Frances Shand Kydd and the nephew of former Bullingdon Club member Charlie Spencer.

And while in the BBDC Charlie the Chump tried - unsuccessfully - to relieve the veteran Radio 1 DJ Tony Blackburn of his trousers... What funny habits these slimey rich cunts have.

Course, with Charlie boy being Alexander Fellowes uncle, it quite obviously follows that Princess Diana is Fellowes Aunt... What a lot of *"Fellowes*" and *"follows*" that sentence had.
Now this is where it gets sinister. You see, Alexander Fellowes is the son of Diana's sister Lady Jane Fellowes and Sir Robert Fellowes, former private secretary to the Queen.
And prior to her murder, Diana had told anyone who would listen that her Brother in law, Bobby Fellowes hated her and had wrecked the once close relationship that she had enjoyed with her Sister Jane.
On the night of Saturday the 30th of August 1997, or the opening minutes of Sunday the 31st of August, Robert Fellowes allegedly burst into the Communications room at the British Embassy in Paris, France, ordered everyone out and proceeded to oversee the murder of his Sister in Law, Princess Diana.
Obviously, Fellowes denied this when questioned about it by Defectives from Operation Paget - The pathetic, British investigation into Princess Diana's

death.
Indeed, Bob the Knob puts forward the alibi that he was holidaying on his Norfolk Estate on that particular weekend.
However, in a major article that I wrote about the murder of Princess Diana, I believe that I put forward enough evidence to prove that Fellowes is a lying cunt and was indeed in Paris the night Diana was murdered.

That article about Lady Di's murder was on my computers stolen by the Essex Gammon and as such represents months of work down the drain.
But I digress.. Again.
The following is an account of Alexander Fellowes arrest following a night out with the Bullingdon Boys Club:

Secret University drinking society The Bullingdon Club, which caused extensive damage in the dining cellar of a 15th century country pub, was led on the spree of violence by Alexander Fellowes, nephew of Diana, Princess of Wales. Fellowes, 21, a fourth year Classicist at Trinity, is the first son of Lady Cynthia Jane Spencer, the older sister of the Princess of Wales and the Hon. Sir Robert Fellowes, former private secretary to the Queen.
The chain of events that led to the carnage in The White Hart in Fyfield, ten miles from Oxford, on 1st December began when a man calling himself Colin McKenzie made a reservation for 14 people in the pub's dining cellar.

An investigation by The Oxford Student reveals 'Colin McKenzie' is a pseudonym for Fellowes, who made the reservation on behalf of The Bullingdon Club, Oxford's most exclusive and controversial drinking society, which is made up primarily of old Etonians.

When contacted by The Oxford Student on the telephone number given with the reservation, Fellowes admitted his real identity and confessed he had attended the event, but insisted it was not a meeting of the Bullingdon Club.
"It was not the Bullingdon Club, just a group of friends on an evening out that got out of control," he said. When he was contacted by The Daily Telegraph in December, on the same number, Fellowes admitted to making the reservation under a false name but refused to reveal his true identity.

Landlord of The White Hart Ian Rogers told this newspaper the man he knows as Colin McKenzie, now proven to be the Trinity College aristocrat, twice admitted to him that the trashing of the pub was an event of The Bullingdon Club, once in the vicinity of two police officers and a second time when the man returned to the pub to pay the balance of the damages, which totalled £490.

Rogers also told this newspaper that on challenging Fellowes on the second occasion, asking: "Were you really The Bullingdon Club?" The man responded: "Yes, even though I told The Daily Telegraph we were not." He admitted that the violence was premeditated and then added: "I am not currently in the club, I am a prospective member."
The Oxford Student's investigation conclusively reveals the man who booked the restaurant as 'Colin McKenzie' is in fact Fellowes who is the first cousin of Prince William, second in line to the throne. This newspaper has obtained signed statements from Rogers, an employee at the pub and a customer on the night in question stating that the photograph of Fellowes obtained by The Oxford Student was the man who led the group into the pub and who paid the bill after the rest of the group were ejected by Rogers.

Rogers recounted the events of 1st December: "The group were impeccably dressed in jackets and ties, tweeds and dinner suits and were very polite." "After filing into the beautiful setting of the underground cellar that had been booked exclusively for their use, the group immediately became boisterous and began to bang their fists on the tables."
After about five minutes, Rogers went into the beer cellar after hearing two glasses smash. He found one member of the club with "a deep cut on his cheek, he was bleeding a lot onto his shirt".
The injured man refused all offers of help and two other members intervened to reiterate that he did not want a plaster or any assistance.
In addition to noting this odd behaviour, Rogers commented that despite being extremely polite to him and his staff, the men's language when addressing each other contained "graphic swear words" and was "very antagonistic".
When making their reservation, all the men ordered the same starter and main course; smoked salmon followed by steak. The reservations book at The White Hart shows the party specifically mentioned they would not be

requiring dessert.
Soon after he and his waitresses had delivered the main courses to the men, Rogers said he heard "an eruption of noise". After running into the cellar he encountered a shocking scene: "All the food and plates had been thrown everywhere and they were jumping on top of each other on the table like kids in a playground."

The experience took on a surreal nature as each time Rogers confronted a member "they apologized profusely but offered no explanation". The Club also continued its violence as only two wine bottles out of 20 remained intact as the rest were smashed on the walls and thrown across the room. Rogers shouted at the group and managed to herd them out of the fire exit that leads from the cellar and as they left, one of the group smashed the adjacent window with a wine bottle. However as Fellowes made to leave Rogers "grabbed hold" of him and marched him back to the bar. Fellowes paid the £596 bill in cash and then offered a further £500 in notes for the damages. Rogers only accepted £100 for damages although Fellowes tipped the waitresses a further £200.

Rogers, who recently renovated the beamed 15th century pub, added: "At no time did I have fear for the safety of myself, they were almost over-polite when I first served them with the wine."
After the police arrived at the scene, the sergeant on duty ordered the arrest of all 14 men before realising that only four cells were available, a situation described by Rogers as "absolutely ridiculous". The four men who were arrested on suspicion of causing criminal damage were all interviewed the following morning and released after being given £80 fixed penalty notices. Rogers expressed frustration to The Oxford Student that the students were treated so leniently. "I am furious with Thames Valley Police for the inaccuracies and mistakes they have made that enabled the culprits to escape with fixed penalty fines," he said. "If the police had asked me if I was happy for them to be given fixed penalties, I would have said 'no'."
Fellowes was one of the four men on The Bullingdon Club trip to The White Hart who was arrested, kept in cells overnight and given an £80 fine shortly before being released the next morning.

Rogers has since informed a Thames Valley Police Inspector that he would

like to make an official complaint about the police handling of the matter and he has been told that the force are aware that this is, "a very serious complaint" and will be contacted by a Superintendent sometime today (Thursday).
He also told The Oxford Student of his frustration that when he contacted the police, they refused to name the members of the club who were arrested and issued with fines: "I could not understand why the police were being so uncooperative." It is not known whether the University is pursuing any disciplinary action against any of the four who were arrested.
The Proctors' Office told this newspaper: "We do not comment on individual students' cases." However it is possible that Trinity College will take disciplinary action.
Rogers told this newspaper: "Today [Wednesday] I received a call from the man I know as Colin McKenzie, he informed me that I may receive a call from Trinity as he was 'in trouble' with the college."

When The Oxford Student contacted Fellowes, who told The Daily Telegraph in December: "People may get sent down over this," he said "I am in enough trouble as it is."
Alexander Fellowes is an Old Etonian who is President of the Claret Club, an Old Etonian Society which counts Trinity President Hon. Michael Beloff QC amongst its members.
Fellowes's father was appointed as the Queen's Private Secretary in 1992 and drafted her first speech after the death of Diana in 1997. His mother, Lady Cynthia Jane Spencer, is one of the elder sisters of the late Princess of Wales and gave a reading at her funeral in September 1997. Source: Martin Frost

Not such a jolly good Fellowes then, after all.
Course, the Piers Gaveston Society continues to flourish.
In fact PGS member Nick Green - *a friend of Princess Beatrice* - who appeared in the Bullingdon Boys Club official photo which was published in the national newspapers in August 2013, made a name for himself after knocking ten bags of shit out of fellow Bullingdon boy, Etiene Ekpoutip.

The fight was allegedly over a girl named Miranda Gilbert.
Gilbert, an ex girlfriend of Greens who was photographed at a PGS bash

wearing just a net body stocking a few years ago started work for none other than Peter Mandelson last year... The coincidences just keep on coming don't they?

The following is from the Telegraph:
He may seem an unlikely suitor, but Lord Mandelson has won the signature of a glamorous young woman who once inspired a violent battle for her affections.
Mandrake hears that the former Labour business secretary has taken on Miranda Gilbert to work for his secretive new organisation Global Counsel.

Nevertheless, despite putting Etiene in hospital, Rich boy Green was predictably let off. The following is from the Daily Mail:
A leading light of the notorious Bullingdon Club at Oxford University has been detained by police after an alleged assault on a fellow student in a row over a girl.
Witnesses said Old Etonian Nick Green, wearing the dining club's trademark £1,200 tailcoat, was led away in handcuffs following the fracas outside a nightclub.

The alleged victim, Etiene Ekpoutip, was so seriously injured that an ambulance took him to the city's John Radcliffe hospital.
Police ordered medics to stand back until it was safe for them to enter the street to treat the 22-year-old.
Mr Green, a friend of Princess Beatrice, was not arrested or charged with any offence. Police said the alleged victim did not want to take the matter further.

Mr Green and Mr Ekpoutip were said to have fallen out last Friday over the affections of student Miranda Gilbert, who is in her fourth year of Russian studies at University College.
Mr Green – who declares himself a Facebook fan of his Bullingdon Club predecessors David Cameron and Boris Johnson – is in his fourth year studying engineering at the same college as Miss Gilbert.
A university source claimed: 'On Thursday night, there was a big club night in Oxford. Nick Green was with his Bullingdon friends and went up

to his ex-girlfriend and they had a big disagreement. Inside the club, threats were made to the victim.'
Tensions continued outside, with Mr Ekpoutip allegedly being subjected to a verbal and physical assault.

At some point during the evening, the front window of Mr Green's student house was smashed.
A neighbour reported being woken by 'drunken shouting' and said: 'The police came and I saw a man being handcuffed and put into the back of the police car and then driven away. He was a posh boy, wearing a long elegant-looking jacket.'
A fellow student said: 'He's well known for his involvement with the Bullingdon Club. They turn up at bars and clubs around the city and take over the VIP areas, throwing champagne around. It's pathetic.'

Another student said: 'He's not the most well-liked of students. When we're out in nightclubs, he'll think nothing of barging his way through the queues to the bar as if he owns the place.'
In 2009, Mr Green featured among the '200 sexiest singles' in society magazine Tatler's annual 'Little Black Book', which said of him: 'Oxford engineering undergrad who wears snakeskin Speedos while on the Zambezi river, we hear. This cupid is a great shot with a bow and arrow.'

Now, as I have already stated, the Cunt Cameron is very reluctant to talk about his time in the BBDC, as are Bojo and Gideon Bean.
Obviously Bean is reluctant to talk about the past as this would dredge up memories of the humiliation, shame and embarrassment he endured at the hands of Nat Rothschild and his cronies.
Bojo, would be reluctant to talk about his days in the BBDC as inevitably the small, flatfish Darius Guppy gets dredged up. However, this doesn't stop the lolloping clown from crying out *"Buller, Buller, buller*", every time he runs into one of his former club mates... pathetic cunt.

Cameron however, from what I have read, is a different kettle of fish altogether. Our warped, corrupt, totally unacceptable former Prime Minister has much darker reasons for not wanting to go into details of his past.

It is worth mentioning however, that before becoming a member of the BBDC, Cameron was a member of the Gridiron Club.

The Gridiron's reciprocal club at the University of Cambridge is the Pitt Club; the club also has reciprocal arrangements with the Travellers Club in London. Comparable societies in the United States include the Skull and Bones at Yale and the Porcellian Club at Harvard.
Notable former members of the club include the author John le Carré, Alexander, 7th Marquess of Bath, Lord Michael Pratt (a former Secretary of the Grid), and Prime Minister David Cameron(President of the Grid 1987-1988) Source - Wikipedia

And it is from the Gridiron Club that members are usually selected to join the BBDC and the PGS.

However, the reason I mention the Gridiron Club is to make you aware that the Bullingdon Club and PGS are not the only thuggish & perverted elite clubs associated with the posh knob universities.
Now, as I have just stated, to say that the Cunt Cameron was ashamed of his time in the BBDC would be an understatement... At least that is what we minions are supposed to believe..
However, that isn't strictly true.
Indeed, I would imagine that the smarmy, posh twat was even a little proud of his time as a member.
The following is from the Channel 4 website, 'Who knows who':

You might have imagined that the political embarrassment caused when the Bullingdon photographs resurfaced in 2007 would make the club's ex-members shun their former chums.
Far from it. In 2008 David Cameron was reported to have attended a gathering of ex-Buller boys to raise funds for Boris's campaign to become London mayor.
Those who attended from the 1987 photograph were Sebastian Grigg, Ewen Fergusson, Ralph Perry-Robinson and Matthew Benson. Also at the party was consultant surgeon Hilali Nordeen, who graduated from Balliol in 1985.
Back in the 80s, bad behaviour at Oxford wasn't limited to Buller outings.

Boris was at a birthday party in London for his good friend Charles Spencer (brother to the late Diana, Princess of Wales and now Earl Spencer) where they attempted to debag Tony Blackburn. When they were prevented from embarrassing the hapless DJ, a rubber plant was hurled across the room, only to land in someone's plate.
"So why is Mr Cameron so coy about his time in Buller, Spiv"?
I'm ever so glad you asked me that Voice of Reason.
The reason for the Cunt Cameron's silence is also the reason that he was fast tracked to leader of the Cuntservatives, despite being the most inexperienced leader of a major Political Party since William Pitt the younger.

You see, Cameron is weak willed. He has no moral fibre, will power or morals and despite his posh £30,000 pound a year education, he isn't particularly bright either.
He was in fact, the perfect man for the job of Prime Minister - a job that he did partly through greed and partly through having no fucking choice.

You see, I am now more convinced than ever that the pervert was being blackmailed by those who really call the shots.
Tellingly, when he was elected leader of the Tory Party the following assessments were given of the future Prime Minister:
Jeff Randall, writing in The Daily Telegraph where he is a senior executive, said he would not trust Mr Cameron "with my daughter's pocket money".
Sun business editor Ian King, recalling the same era, described Mr Cameron as a "poisonous, slippery individual" ***SOURCE***: Martin Frost
I could add more to those assessments, but they will do for now.
Okay. As you will know if you read my article 'Camerons Closet' found on my website www.chrisspivey.org, the very well respected Field McConnell maintains, that Dave the Rave's in-laws, the Astor Family, have film of Cameron taking part in an act of paedophilia which they use to blackmail him with.

The Astor family are of course a very old, Satanic, bloodline family, who some say are the most powerful of all the 13 bloodline families.
Nevertheless, even the MSM were forced to admit that Sam Sheffield was a

strange choice for Dave the Rave. The following is taken from the Daily Mail:

Cameron, who had just turned 26, had never been in any doubt what sort of woman he was getting involved with. She was far removed from the mould of his usual girlfriends, but he had seen something special in her.
Last month, The Mail on Sunday revealed how a 15-year-old Cameron narrowly avoided being expelled from Eton after he was forced to admit he had smoked cannabis.
And now, following months of research and interviews with friends and colleagues, we can disclose how Samantha's steely resolve, plain-speaking advice and intuitive, if untutored, political instincts have been instrumental in helping him climb to the top of the Conservative Party.
The story of a powerful woman urging on a brilliant young politician may have a familiar ring, but that is where the parallel ends.

Indeed it is where the parallel ends.
You see, Sam Cam was a bit of a wild child who frequented illegal raves and mixed with the notorious gangster turned Hip Hop Star, 'Tricky'. She even acquired the nickname 'Snowy' – 'Snow' being a slang name for Heroin & Cocaine. The following is from the Esoteric blog spot:

She did an art foundation at Camberwell College of Arts and then went on to study Fine Art at Bristol Polytechnic (now the University of the West of England. It was here, that she gained something of a wild reputation at Bristol Polytechnic, where her studies in fine art were embellished with playing pool at the Montpelier pub with Tricky, the trip hop star…
… Trying to shake off an aristocratic upbringing by getting a dolphin tattoo on her ankle, and hanging out with the likes of the musician and actor Adrian Thaws, known as Tricky, who was heavily into drugs.

And then there is this from the Abel Danger Website:
However, in her youth the then Samantha Sheffield had a taste for "the wilder shores" of Bristol, where she was an art student, according to a biography called "Cameron: The Rise of the New Conservative" by journalists James Hanning and Francis Elliott.
This included socializing with Adrian Thaws, who later became famous as

the rapper Tricky [of Massive Attack group allegedly transported by Menzies to New York with bleached passports for snuff-film spoliation team on 9/11].

Her nickname was "Snowy." [allegedly dealing in heroin]. Tricky told the Mail on Sunday newspaper that he and the baronet's daughter made "unlikely" friends, saying: "I was robbing houses, robbing stores, selling weed [marijuana] by the time I was 15."

Dubbed "Sam Cam" by the tabloids, the new prime minister's wife sports a tattoo of a dolphin on her ankle and reportedly attended illegal "rave" parties [allegedly involving pedophile oath-taking ceremonies] in her younger days."
Hmmm, maybe a bit more than your normal posh wild-child then.
The fact that Sam Cam also got her future husband into the rave scene could have cost the then rising star in government a few problems. Fortunately for Dave the Rave, which in turn was unfortunate for us, his future was already assured by that time.
The following is from the Daily Mail:

Cameron's first job in the government machine came to a juddering halt when Lamont was sacked as Chancellor in May 1993. He then moved to be special adviser at the Home Office under Michael Howard. But Samantha and his private life occasionally were at odds with his work. The crackdown on 'raves' struck him as illiberal – not least because his girlfriend was attending the sort of dance events the Tories wanted to ban.

You see, what you have to understand is that Cameron's future rise up the Political ladder had already been guaranteed by order of the highest authority in the land i.e. The Duke of Edinburgh:
After graduation, Cameron worked for the Conservative Research Department between September 1988 and 1993. A feature on Cameron in The Mail on Sunday on 18 March 2007 reported that on the day he was due to attend a job interview at Conservative Central Office, a phone call was received from Buckingham Palace. The male caller stated, "I understand you are to see David Cameron. I've tried everything I can to dissuade him from wasting his time on politics but I have failed. I am ringing to tell you

that you are about to meet a truly remarkable young man." Source Wikipedia

Now, if you receive a phone call like that prior to interviewing someone, then you just know that you are going to give that job to that person, yes? And then there is this from the Daily Mail:
As his friend Nicholas Boles says, Cameron worked his way up on the inside floor by floor. He has enjoyed much good fortune. On almost every landing there has been luck or the helping hand of a family friend to assist the next ascent.
Michael Green, seen by some as something of a tyrant, believes Cameron 'can be ruthless'. He says: 'I'm sure he's got what it takes to be Prime Minister.

Nevertheless, that rise wasn't helped much by his wife to be.
Fair to say in fact, that Sam Cam didn't have any respect for anyone in politics, in particular Cameron's boss Norman Lamont. Then again, these rich tossers don't have any respect for anyone. The following is from the independent:

One of the first stories told about Samantha in the biography of David Cameron, by Francis Elliott and James Hanning, is of the telephone ringing when they were trying to enjoy a quiet weekend in Bristol. Samantha called out from the bed: "If that's Norman Lamont, tell him to fuck off."

Now, to be perfectly honest, everything that I have read about Sam Cam indicates that she was a strange match for Dave the Rave. She was certainly nothing like his previous 'girlfriends', that's for sure. The following is what The Daily Mail had to say on the matter:

And then came Samantha Sheffield. Daughter of a baronet and stepdaughter of Lord Astor, she was initially a friend of Cameron's sister Clare. He first set eyes on her at a party at his parents' Berkshire home in 1987 when she was just about to go to Marlborough on an arts scholarship, and according to his affectionate memories was 'a sulky 16-year-old who thought: "Who's this crashing bore who is your friend's older brother?" '

By 1992, when she was invited to holiday with the Camerons in Tuscany, he realised she was for him, even though with her penchant for roll-your-own cigarettes and hippy interest in pop concerts as well as her youth — she was only 22 to his 27 — she did not fit the obvious profile of a Prime Minister's wife.
He was so sure she was the right one, he waited till 1996, by when she had become a businesswoman in her own right, to walk her up the aisle.

One of the wedding photos now hanging in the Camerons' Notting Hill home says it all. The bride is her customary composed and sunny self, while tears stream down the groom's face.
In regard to that last sentence; "***The bride is her customary composed and sunny self, while tears stream down the groom's face"***. Were they tears of happiness or tears of a man blackmailed into marriage?

You see, I say that because according to the following which appears on both the Abel Danger and Mikiverse Politics Blogspot websites, Dave the Rave had no choice in the matter:
Samantha Cameron (nee 'Snowy' Sheffield) wife of the allegedly extorted man-in-the-middle Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, David Cameron.

Evidence: she plays a centuries-old role as 'Mistress of the Revels' or 'agente provocatrice' for lesbian or paedophile raves where witnesses are hired to entrap and extort future leaders.
Evidence: she provided such services with Tricky's Massive Attack group to Cameron's Bullingdon Boys.
And this from hereticalsex
Thus began Operation Ore. All over the UK, police began breaking down people's doors at six in the morning. Among those caught in the net were teachers, police officers, a judge, The Who guitarist Pete Townshend, Robert del Naja of Massive Attack, and Ronnie Barker's son Adam. To date, around 2300 men have been convicted of child pornography related offences.
Evidence: that her family entrapped David Cameron in a filmed pedophile rave at some time between his introduction to a tradition of pedophile rape and torture (beatings) at Eton College, through his work as a 'Shipjumper' with Jardine Fleming in Hong Kong, through his drunken property-

smashing orgies at Oxford University's oath taking Bullingdon Club.
Evidence: that she or her mother ordered David Cameron to orchestrate the Black Wednesday sabotage of the U.K. Treasury [Solicitor] on 16 September 1992 when the pound sterling was withdrawn from the European Exchange Rate Mechanism.
Quite plausible I suppose. Indeed, he was in place to do so. Wikipedia has this to say:

Cameron was working for Lamont at the time of Black Wednesday, when pressure from currency speculators forced the Pound sterling out of the European Exchange Rate Mechanism…
… Later that month Cameron joined a delegation of Special Advisers who visited Germany to build better relations with the Christian Democratic Union; he was reported to be "still smarting" over the Bundesbank's contribution to the economic crisis.

Lamont fell out with John Major after Black Wednesday and became highly unpopular with the public. Taxes needed to be raised in the 1993 Budget, and Cameron fed the options Lamont was considering through to Conservative Central Office for their political acceptability to be assessed. However, Lamont's unpopularity did not necessarily affect Cameron.
Abel Danger then continues:

Evidence of a seditious conspiracy between the Treasury Solicitor, the Cameron, Sheffield, Astor and Rothschild Families and George Soros – a WWII extortionist at a mere 14 years of age – to make a US$1 billion profit by short selling sterling.
Evidence: her mother, Viscountess Astor, provided 'Fag Mistress' services to Lord Boothby with the Kray Twins in the Astor-Club London of the '60s.

Once again, quite plausible. Annabel Astor, by her own admittance was a rebel.
Amongst other things, she has admitted to smoking dope with the notorious paedophile and rapist Roman Polanski, an American film director.
And then there is this:
But Ronnie Kray had even more reason to want him dealt with. Shortly before Christmas 1965 the Krays had met the Richardsons at the Astor

Club off Mayfair's Berkeley Square, ostensibly to discuss how their gangs could co-exist without confrontation. The talks broke down almost immediately, but not before Cornell had called Ronnie 'a big. fat poof'.
Source Bernard O'Mahoney
The Astor Club obviously belonging to the Astor family.
Abel Danger continues further:

Evidence: her ancestor Nell Gwynn provided Bona Vacantia contract-killing services through the Treasury Solicitor to the court of King Charles II.
Evidence: she arranged for her husband to be employed by Michael Green as a 'Haberdashers Ass' from 1994 to 2001.
That too rings true when you read the following snippet taken from the Daily Mail):
Annabel Astor, the mother of Cameron's fiancée Samantha Sheffield, asked her friend Michael Green, chairman of Carlton Television, whether he would employ Cameron.
'She's a very formidable lady,' says Green. 'When she says to me, 'Do something', I do it!"

And back to Abel Danger once again:
Evidence: she ordered her husband to launder Carlton Communications' pay-per-view revenues for the 9/11 Massive Attack through VideoGuard encryption networks which he allegedly integrated in the period 1990-1993 with the Bona Vacantia accounts of the Treasury Solicitor

Cameron was Director of Corporate Affairs at Carlton Communications for seven years. – Source Wikipedia:
Samantha Cameron graduated from City & Guilds' Camberwell College of Arts; she is the former creative director of Smythson where she allegedly tracked and moved victims of pedophile and lesbian snuff-film raves with dual-use City & Guilds 'bona vacantia' products or services such as leather & skin passport covers (Leathersellers), Menzies Aviation weapons cargo and paramilitary-passenger handling systems (Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators and Information Technologists) and Newspaper Distribution (Stationers and Newspapermakers).
She was allegedly alerted by her City & Guilds lesbian agents that Gareth

Williams had enrolled at Central St Martin's College of Art and Design in London and appeared to have hacked into Matrix 5 AOSIS network which she had helped to set up to launder CO2e money through her family office at D2 Banking Canada Square, Canary Wharf.

Now for those of you who don't know who Gareth Williams is, he was the MI6 spy found dead in a bag a few years ago. The bag was of the type sold by Smythson's (Stationers and Newspaper makers as mentioned above and who Sam Cam worked for).
Despite Williams obviously having been murdered, the official verdict was that he committed suicide.
So, it's quite obvious that there is a lot more to Mrs Cameron than first meets the eye. Certainly, she is not the type of lady you would expect a Prime Minister to be married to. Then again, when you fully realise what corrupt, twisted sicko's politicians are, Sam Cam is the ideal match for the Prime Minister.
However, as I have already intimated, neither was Sam Cam's mother any better. The following is also taken from the Mikiverse Politics Blogspot:

Annabel Lucy Veronica Astor, Viscountess Astor (nee 1948 Jones) [CEO of OKA Direct, a home furnishings design company; former owner and designer of Annabel Jones jewellery business in London]

Mother of wife of British Prime Minister and Conservative Party leader David Cameron, Samantha Sheffield.
She is daughter of Timothy Angus Jones and his wife Patricia David "Pandora" Clifford.

Her mother married secondly in 1961 to Michael Astor, habitué of the Astor Club alleged used by the Kray Twins to take control of the Metropolitan Police and House of Lords through a pedophile protection racket.
Astor's are considered to be the most powerful of the thirteen families or bloodline groups heading up the World Government plan.

Astor's allegedly portrayed as one of the 13 stars on the Senior Executive Service flag.

Individuals from the 13 families are mentioned in Dope Inc. [Crown Agents] as involved in some aspect of the drug trade: the Astor's, Bundy's, DuPont's, Freeman's, Kennedy's, Li's, Rockefellers, Rothschild's, and Russell's; other families also play key roles in the drug trade such as the Bronfman's, Cabot's, Shaw's, Bacons, Perkins, Morgan, Forbes, Cisneros and Oppenheimer's.

Now, I have to say, that while I appreciate that those claims may sound unbelievable to those of you who have no understanding of how these elites work,I can tell you that Field McConnell (Abel Danger) is very, very well respected.
Neither can there be any doubt that the Astor's/Sheffield's are both evil families.

You will all no doubt already know that the dangerous, predatory paedophile, Derek Laud was friends with Sam Cam's family before his long association with Dave the Rave began.
Moreover, it is important that you do not get the wrong impression of Samantha Cameron in so far as she is a long way removed from being a drug addled hippy.

Sam Cam is in fact a very astute business woman whose earnings once far out exceeded Dave the Raves.
She is credited with turning around the fortunes of the Livery Company, Smythsons of Bond Street. Livery Companies are what the Mikiverse Politics Blogspot was referring to earlier in terms of Leathersellers etc. The following is from Sam Cams Wikipedia page:
Cameron's work as the head of Smythson of Bond Street has won her a British Glamour Magazine Award for Best Accessory Designer. She has been noted as turning the company around and establishing it as a fashionable and popular brand. She also worked as a spokesperson for Shiatzy Chen.
Two days after her husband became Prime Minister, she announced she was stepping down from her full-time role to take on a consultancy role within Smythson for two days a week. She said that choice was hers alone and had been made after she discovered she was pregnant again and after what she described as an "understandably difficult year", attributed to the

death of her first child, Ivan.

And, this from the Telegraph:
It still sells stationery, including old-fashioned writing paper – it holds three Royal Warrants – as well as brightly coloured notebooks, leather key fobs and passport holders. But it is perhaps best known as a retailer of very expensive handbags, in part thanks to Mrs Cameron's cultivation of celebrity clients.

According to the MSM, Sam Cam flew into New York City On September the 10th 2001 with a view to opening a new branch of Smythsons in Manhattan. However, according to the Abel Danger website, Sammy Cammy had an ulterior motive for being in the USA:
United States Marine Field McConnell has linked Samantha Cameron's trip on 9/10 to New York to the covert transfer of Keynesian spread-bet PKI keys which allowed the Naudet Brothers to position their camera crews to record impact times of drones hitting the Twin Towers and demolition times of buildings which generated scrap-steel sales for master servicer Wells Fargo. McConnell notes that both David Cameron and Maynard Keynes spent time at Treasury learning how to operate the spread bet scam.
Course, whether that is true or not, I cannot say. However, it wouldn't surprise me.

I certainly find it hard to believe that Cameron didn't know that the twin towers were going to be *'taken out'* given his Zionist connections.
What I do know is that the Cameron's didn't let the opportunity to grab the headline pass them by. The following is from the Telegraph:

David Cameron: wife Samantha was missing in New York on 9/11
Samantha Cameron was in New York on the day of the 9/11 terror attacks and could not be contacted by her family for five hours, the Prime Minister disclosed.

Abel Danger maintain that Sam Cam is a Lesbian or at least has lesbian tendencies. This, as I have also already said, would ring true seeing as her husband is at the very least Bi-sexual.
So, giving mind to the fact that Dave the Rave has a reputation for saying or

doing whatever will make him popular (at least that used to be his way) there can be no surprise that the cretin gives his unflinching support to all things homosexual.

The following are just a few examples of this fact:
Tory leader, David Cameron has put gay politicians on a list of priority targets whom the Conservative leadership want to see in Parliament.

According to the Independent, the Conservative Party wrote to a number of openly gay figures last week, asking them to apply to join an elite list of "priority" candidates who would have "a much higher change of being selected for a winnable seat, and therefore, of becoming an MP after the next election".by Marc Shoffman 6 February 2006,

In an extraordinary rant, the former chairman of the Conservative party, Lord Norman Tebbit has said that apart from a "big society gay wedding in Westminster Abbey", he has no idea where prime minister David Cameron wants to take Britain. Source
Reaching out to gay rights groups is one of Tory leader David Cameron's top five priorities, it has been claimed. Source: Pink News
Tory leader David Cameron told a recent meeting on education that schoolchildren should be taught about gay relationships and equality... Prime Minister David Cameron's spokeswoman has said he fully supports William Hague after the foreign minister issued a statement denying he was gay. Source: Pink News
I don't know what you think, but I have to tell you that I am a big believer in the old saying; 'Guilty by association'. Cameron has certainly raised a few eyebrows with his dogged determination to support all things homosexual.

His Mother even appears to be at a loss as to why her son was alienating himself on this matter. The following is taken from the Telegraph:
David Cameron's mother says 'he just won't be told' on gay marriage
The Prime Minister's mother, Mary Cameron, was asked why he was pressing ahead on gay marriage despite the opposition of many Conservative supporters.
Now I am not saying that he was wrong or right to be so supportive of these gay issues. What I am saying is that in doing so, it was out of character for

him.
Therefore you need to ask yourself why?
When you talk about being guilty by association, Cameron has always had a dubious circle of friends. We know that at best, the cunt protects paedophiles. We also know that the murdering scumbag, child rapist Derek Laud is a particularly good friend – at least he was until he started attracting bad publicity.
However, lesser known friends are just as dubious as Laud. Take this one for instance:
Cameron's Big Society guru held in airport drug swoop on suspicion of smuggling cocaine
Arrested: Derrick Mitchell was held at Heathrow after being found with 3kg of cocaine in his luggage
A charity worker employed by one of David Cameron's Big Society gurus has been arrested on suspicion of smuggling cocaine with a street value of £120,000 into Britain.
Former US gang member Derrick 'Anthony' Mitchell was held at Heathrow this month after UK Border Agency officers allegedly discovered 3kg of drugs in his luggage.
Mitchell, 37, is a duty manager at the South London-based Kids Company founded by charity boss Camila Batmanghelidjh. She set it up in 1996 to care for abused, neglected or abandoned children in London's inner-city communities. She has been described as 'Britain's most colourful charity leader' because of her style, dress sense and selfless approach to charity work.

The award-winning author and campaigner was invited to 10 Downing Street last year.
She also advises former Tory leader Iain Duncan Smith and is thought to be one of the inspirations behind Mr Cameron's pledge to 'hug a hoodie'.
Ms Batmanghelidjh spoke of her shock at the allegations surrounding Mr Mitchell, whom she described as a 'street-level youth mentor'. *Source: The Daily Mail*
It is also interesting to note Dave the Raves pledge, mentioned during the course of that article: *David Cameron's Big Society aims to 'take power away from politicians and give it to people'***.**
With that in mind, it would appear that the twat just can't stop himself from

lying. The fella is a fucking cretin.
And then there's this friend:
A close friend of Tory leader David Cameron was arrested and then held at a police station for more than 12 hours for an alleged assault on two teenagers. Source: Pink News
And while I'm at it, lets not forget Peter Cruddas.
However, most significantly of all, is the fact that the Cameron's are part of the 'Chipping Norton set'.
The following is from the Telegraph:
The 'Chipping Norton set' is a close group of powerful politicians and media elite who reside in and around the Oxfordshire town of Chipping Norton. Chipping Norton sits in the Cotswold Hills in West Oxfordshire. The group which includes Prime Minister David Cameron, former News International chief executive Rebekah Brooks, Top Gear presenter Jeremy Clarkson and daughter of media mogul Rupert Murdoch, Elisabeth, met socially until the phone hacking scandal erupted.

Now, I don't give a fuck how forcefully or for how long Cameron continues to insist that he wasn't involved in the phone hacking scandal. But for as long as he continues to do so, he will forever remain a lying cunt.

For starters, he was far too close to, Rebekah Brooks, Andy Coulson and the Murdoch's not to be.
Moreover, according to the Abel Danger website, Sam Cam has been a long time friend and fellow conspirator of Rebekah Brooks and Elisabeth Murdoch.

You may also recall that I mentioned Dead Eye Gordon Brown and his aherm, aherm, wife, Sarah Brown were also friends of Rebekah Brooks – despite the fact that she shit on them by hacking into his phone.

Moving on and in 2014 an African Newspaper publicly declared that Cameron is Gay. And tthis is where things get really interesting and I would suggest, highly relevant to Field McConnell's claim that the Cunt Cameron is compliant with his elite puppet masters wishes because of the aforementioned sex tape of him with a child.
You see, Scottish journalist Martin Frost claims that he has been told that

Cameron is guilty of gay rape.

This is what he had to say:
On Friday 2006-June-09 the following tale was relayed to me. Namely it is alleged David Cameron had a homosexual relationship when he was a young man of 15-16 years with another fellow student of similar age. There is talk of a gang male rape – similar to that alleged to be part of the initiation rites in the 'Bullingdon Club' (of which Cameron was an acknowledged participant while at Oxford University).

Currently I have two sources as to the veracity of this purported story – the second interpretation (flowing also from senior police provenance) suggests that Cameron's student lover committed suicide from the shock of his rape.
Now, I am sure that you will agree that is a hell of a libellous allegation if it isn't true. Yet, Martin Frost's website is still going strong.
Certainly, the allegation is not beyond the realms of credibility when you add it to the mix of Field McConnell's allegations.
And, like Martin Frost, the Abel Danger website is still going strong.
However, the allegations do not end there because another post on Martin Frost's website alleges that Mr & Mrs Cameron - like Dave the Rave's great pal Gideon bean (the Cameron's are Godparents to one of the Beans children and vice versa) - have a penchant for drug fuelled S&M sex:
In Newcastle, on Thursday April 13th 2006 I met with two old colleagues who still dabble in security matters. It was a meeting 'full of bonhomie' yet nonetheless stimulating as to suggestions made. David Cameron, the new conservative leader, was one of the topics of conversation.
Neither of my old friends are much impressed by this water downed impresario of Blair – why have a replica when we still have the real thing was the general sentiment. Not a fit person to become prime minister was an alternative quote. Why I questioned?
There then followed a plethora of criticism but such appeared to me to be fuelled by a personal dislike of his and his wife's alleged personal habits – namely a preference as to sexual activity heightened either via illegal drug use and / or mild masochist activity fortified by spanking and caning.

Now, it is not for me to say that there is a direct correlation between a poor ruler and one who likes a thick head and sore butt – but it does provoke

some not surprising mental images. I copy below some examples of the literature that Mr. & Mrs. Cameron along with their smart London set are purported to enjoy. If such is their poison – you may make your own judgement.

Hmmm.

I also made mention in my article 'Cameron's Closet' of the fact that the Bi-boy had taken a HIV test in the late 1980's.

At that time, HIV/AIDS were considered a disease more or less exclusive to gay men.

Course, later on the MSM got involved and came up with the usual scare tactics that everyone was at risk no matter what your sexuality.

Those bygone day articles would inevitably carry interviews with 2 or 3 infected women just to reinforce the point.

However, although not widely publicised, common sense told me that a woman was far more likely to be infected with HIV by a man, than a man would be by a woman.

But either way and as I have just said; back in the 1980's HIV was still more or less exclusively a gay males problem.

Therefore, for Dave the Rave to go and get an HIV test, he must have either been banging a shed load of old bangers, or more likely still - given the evidence - he was frequenting the Blue Oyster Club toilets and taking it up the arse... Just saying:

The Conservative leader has told Cosmopolitan magazine that he once attended a sexual health clinic.

In an interview, Cameron said that he visited a genito-urinary medicine clinic at Oxford's Radcliffe Infirmary while he was studying at Oxford University during the height of the 1980s Aids scare.

The revelation has added further intrigue to Cameron's time at Brasenose College, Oxford, after he refused to answer questions about whether he took drugs at university.

Cameron talked about the spread of sexually transmitted diseases before being asked if he had ever attended a sexual health clinic. After a long pause, Cameron replied: "Not recently. At university, yes. It was at the Radcliffe Infirmary."

He did not elaborate further on his visit to the clinic, but a spokesman later said the Tory leader was told he was "clear" after his check-up.

Of concerns about Aids at the time, he added: "It scared the life out of us all." Source: www.scotsman.com
Errr... No it didn't Camberbum... Only gay-boys, junkies and sexual deviants. Talking of which (Continuity see - essential if one wishes to keep one's readers interested)... In April 2003, the Cunt Cameron was regularly writing a column for the Guardian and inadvertently treated his readers to an insight into the warped fantasies, collectively running prevalent through the sick minds of those Westminster nonce ponces who love to play dress up... AKA The House of Gaylords:
It's not often you get the chance to talk dirty with Ann Widdecombe. But for the next month I will be doing little else: the home affairs select committee, on which we both sit, has started its "pre-legislative scrutiny" of the government's new sexual offences bill. With our mailbags and television screens still full of war, death and looting, talking about sex will be a blessed relief.

This bill has already made its way through the House of Lords, where peers discussed subjects as diverse as cottaging and flashing, voyeurism and incest. Most elected politicians approach subjects like these with extreme caution. The unelected Lords, on the other hand, get stuck in with undisguised relish.
It was once said that the chamber of the upper house is only truly packed when their Lordships are allowed to discuss either of two subjects: badgers and buggers. As the latter act is described in some detail on page one of the bill, and clause 72 is entitled "intercourse with an animal", there must have been standing room only. Source: Martin Frost
And that would just about be one of the truest things that old Dave Four-Holidays-A-Year has ever said... The cunt.

Chapter 5

Now it has to be said that whichever way you look at it, it was rather convenient all round when the obnoxious, dribble lipped, former MP, Leon Brittan popped his clogs on the 21st of January 2015.

In fact far too convenient as far as I am concerned. After all, he had been pulled in for questioning a number of times by the plod for noncing, the general public were becoming aware of it and in the end TPTB would have had no choice but to hang him out to dry.
Indeed, had the cunt really had cancer he would have been milking it for all it was worth to get himself out of the mess that his sick, sexual lusts had got him into... A bit like that stinking nonce cunt, the former MP, Greville Janner did by working his *'alzheimer's'*.
After all, Jenner was another sick nonce who literally got away with child rape... The fact that back in 1991 he got an all round standing ovation in the Commons after he was 'cleared' of child rape allegations - *despite a huge travesty of justice having taken place* - speaks volumes about our MP's then... And fuck all has changed since!

The following is what I wrote on my website back in December 2013:
I see Greville Janner has been questioned by the old bill:
Leicestershire Police said it had "executed a search warrant at a property in Barnet, north London, as part of an ongoing criminal inquiry".

So, twenty two years later, Leicestershire plod are having another bash are they?

You see, in 1991, Janner was named in a court case as being the abuser of a 13 year old boy. The court case in question was that of Leicestershire Care home boss Peter Beck.

However, despite being named in court, Janner was never charged with any offence. The Leicestershire Police later said there was no case to answer.

MP Janner: I am innocent

By NICHOLAS ASSINDER
Chief Political Correspondent

LABOUR MP Greville Janner spoke for the first time yesterday of the anguish caused to his family by being linked with the Frank Beck child abuse case.

He broke months of enforced silence to tell the Commons: "I am innocent."

Mr Janner, 63, was cheered by MPs of all parties as he denied claims by Beck that he had sexually abused a 13-year-old schoolboy.

CHEERED: Mr Janner in the Commons yesterday

Family

Beck was last week given five life sentences for a catalogue of sex abuse at three different children's homes in Leicestershire over 13 years.

"There was, of course, not a shred of truth in any of the allegations of criminal conduct made against me during the trial," said father-of-three Mr Janner.

"My wife and my family and I have had a taste of the suffering which Beck can impose on innocent people."

He asked the House to "join with me in sending to the real sufferers — the individuals whose lives have been wrecked at his hands — the profound sympathy of us all." Mr Janner will tonight lead a special Commons debate into the issues raised by the Beck trial.

He will attack court proceedings which allow allegations to be made against innocent people who have no way of officially denying them.

During the trial Beck claimed that Mr Janner, a barrister who has been an MP for 21 years, had sexually abused 13-year-old Paul Winston over two years.

Mr Winston, now 31, told the court Beck had helped him end the relationship with Mr Janner.

For nine months Mr Janner was forced not to declare his innocence publicly for fear of prejudicing Beck's trial.

But yesterday, with Beck behind bars, he finally spoke out.

Health Secretary William Waldegrave told him: "I am sure the House has demonstrated its feelings on this matter by the reception you have just received."

Tory Michael Latham condemned the "vile allegations and lies" made against Mr Janner.

Labour's Keith Vaz said he deplored the "cowardly attacks" on the MP.

Scandal

Mr Waldegrave confirmed he had set up two separate inquiries into the scandal involving the children's homes.

A national probe will examine the methods of appointing staff.

Leicestershire County Council will examine management responses to complaints or evidence of abuse in the county's children's homes between 1973 and 1986.

● A RAPIST who admitted attacking an elderly woman in her home had been the victim of sex abuse by Frank Beck as a boy, Leicester Crown Court heard yesterday. Lee Anthony Taylor, 21, was remanded in custody.

Well They Would Wouldn't They!

Daily Express. 4/12/91

Janner's anguish

JANNER: Demand

LABOUR MP Greville Janner last night demanded changes in the law to spare innocent people from having their names "dragged through the mud" in open court. MPs backed Mr Janner who told how he suffered as child abuse monster Frank Beck, who got five life terms last week, accused him of sex crimes.

Well he would wouldn't he!

Daily Express 7/12/91

No action on sex-row MP

POLICE confirmed yesterday no action will be taken against MP Greville Janner after allegations made in a child abuse case. This follows advice given to Leicestershire police by the Crown Prosecution Service.

Mr Janner, MP for Leicester West, had already told the Commons there was "not a shred of truth" in claims made against him at the trial of children's homes boss Frank Beck.

Well they would wouldn't they!

The perverted scum-bags couldn't be honest if their lives depended on it... *"I am innocent"* indeed!
And the cunt then had the cheek to DEMAND a change to the law to "*to spare innocent people from having their names dragged through the mud*"...
What an absolute piece of dog shit.
Alzheimer's or not, I would still have cheerfully hung the sick fuck for all the pain and fear he has put countless kiddies through.
Nevertheless, back to that equally depraved piece of shit Brittan. The following is the statement put out by his "family":

"It is with great regret that we announce the death of Leon Brittan.
"As a family, we should like to pay tribute to him as a beloved husband to Diana and brother to Samuel, and a supportive and loving stepfather to Katharine and Victoria, and step-grandfather to their children.
"We also salute his extraordinary commitment to British public life as a Member of Parliament, Minister, Cabinet Minister, European Commissioner and Peer - together with a distinguished career in law, and latterly in business.
"Leon passed away last night at his home in London after a long battle with cancer. We shall miss him enormously. There will be a private funeral service for family only, and a memorial service to be announced."
Very, very fucking strange. Especially with the PRIVATE funeral, which turned out to be that fucking private that there was not one single photo of it:

Leon Brittan has been buried after a 'very private' funeral with cemetery staff told not to reveal his grave's location amid vandalism fears, it has been claimed.
In accordance with Jewish tradition, the former home secretary is said to have been interred in an simple plot without flowers in Golders Green Cemetery, north London.
However, staff at the facility say they have been asked only to allow people to visit the site when granted permission by Lord Brittan's widow Diana, according to investigative website Exaro. Source The Daily Mail
I mean to say: As if they would pass up the chance of a big fuck-off televised funeral!
And again, whilst not wishing to come across as smug, I was on to Brittan

years ago after being told by a former Fleet Street journalist that the Sun newspaper had been ORDERED to drop an investigation into the former Homo Secretary's sick pursuit of raping little boys.
This prompted me to send the following email to the shit-rag on 3/11/2012:

Hi,
My name is Chris Spivey. I am an independent reporter and I am looking into an allegation made on the internet about Leon Brittan. I have it on good authority that you were investigating the former Home Secretary in 1989 in regard to this allegation. The allegation is that Brittan raped a young boy. The details are along the lines of the following:
The police raided a house after they found a young, half naked boy staggering in the street. When police asked what had happened he told them about Brittan and took them to the house were the sex attack had taken place. When the officer called in to report the incident, they were ordered to bring the boy in, and when they got there, there were 2 officers from the security service waiting. The story was then subsequently covered up. A short time later, Brittan was summoned to meet his fellow MP William Hague, who told Brittan that he was to resign his post and that he was going to be made commissioner for the UK.
As you no doubt know, Brittan was later forced to resign this post in 1999 amid accusations of large scale fraud. A key member of his office staff back then was the current Deputy Prime Minister Nick Clegg. I am further reliably informed that the investigating journalist, who is no longer in your employ was told to drop the 1989 rape investigation.
My question to you therefore is; can you confirm or deny that your newspaper was ordered to drop the investigation into the rape accusations (along with other similar accusations) made against Leon Brittan.
I look forward to your response.
Chris Spivey

And of course, that email generated a nice automated response informing me that my e-mail had been forwarded to the appropriate department:

The Sun Customer Services Add to contacts
To sp-iv@hotmail.co.uk

THE Sun

Thank you for your email. Your feedback and comments are valuable to us.

Emails are passed onto the relevant department's for their attention. Should your enquiry require an answer you will be contacted within three working days. Our opening hours are 9am to 5.30pm (GMT), Monday to Friday (excluding Public Holidays).

acknowledgment of my email sent to the Sun asking them to confirm or deny whether they were told to drop an investigation into Leon Brittan in 1989.

After which I never heard no more... Not that I expected to.
And the following is what I wrote on my website in regard to the nonce in January 2014:

I take it that we all know that Leon Brittan was the former heavyweight MP who was questioned by the Dutch & British police a few weeks back after the old bill seized a child porn film in which he is seen sexually abusing a young boy?
Good.
I also take it that you know that he was forced to resign from the Slaggy Thatcher cabinet after the old bill found a young boy wandering the streets half naked, after being raped by Brittan.
Good.
I say good because if you know about that rape, it saves me explaining how a cover up took place in which it was put out that Brittan had resigned over the Westland affair.
And if you know that, you will also know that the vile Sniffenpissin MP, Willie 'the embryo' Hague – acting on Slaggy Maggies instructions – allegedly ordered Brittan to resign as the pair strolled along Brighton

Beach… Whether the gay pair were holding hands or not at the time, isn't known.
Course, instead of going to prison for child rape, the piece of dog shit was rewarded with an extremely lucrative job as European Commissioner as well as receiving a Knighthood from Sweaty Betty.
So, the cunt had now became Baron Brittan of Spennithorne …. And yet even after being sacked for noncing, the hugely reprehensible fat arsewipe couldn't play it straight and was later forced to resign from his post following his part in a mass fraud.
Which obviously, Nick 'know nothing' Clegg knows nothing about – despite him having been a senior member of Brittan's office staff at the time.
However, what I want to know, is does Brittan's wife Diana know that she married a homosexual child rapist, and as such is she just going along with this vomit inducing PR press exercise – or is she just plain fucking stupid… Just askin'.

Course, it is quite ironic that Willie the embryo hague was the one to give Brittan the push what with them both being homosexuals who both married for sake of appearances.
Mind you, that is quite a common occurrence for politicians - especially the ones who reach the top.
After all, they didn't reach the top because of their business brains, level headedness and forward thinking.
And it certainly has fuck all to do with their integrity, honesty and selflessness - non of which any of the bent fucks possess.
Indeed, they are maneuvered into the top jobs by shadowy figures who really call the shots and to make sure that their puppets are compliant they are compromised - usually by being filmed having sex with kiddies.

And of course Leon Brittan was no exception as it was allegedly a film of Brittan taking part in a child porn video as to why he had become the focus of police attention - in the UK and Holland.
Indeed, according to the Abel Danger website, the Cunt Cameron was also compromised in this way on the orders of the Satanic Astor family, of which Cameron's mother in law had married into.
Here is what www.whale has to say about William Astor - Sam Cam's step

Grandfather:

Lord William, 3rd viscount Astor, was to hold sex and black magic parties at his grand house, where Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies seduced the rich and famous……
The society osteopath and healer Stephen Ward, was a master occultist who at these orgies would conjure weird spirits to visibly appear, which sound identical to those at Bilderberg ceremonies. …..
Attendees at these parties told of Sir Anthony Blunt asphyxiating young boys to death while a naked masked man sodomised him, this man was said to be royalty or a Rothschild and always wore his socks, but in killing the boy in this way his body muscles would suddenly contract bringing on the sexual climax of the predator….

The top catholic exorcist Dom Robert Petit-Pierre claimed the exorcisms he had to perform at the Astors huge estate and Wards cottage, contained the most potent satanic entities he had ever come across, including the spirits of several murdered boys; the evil spirits were similar to the entities surrounding the devils chimney, the Aleister Crowley wartime rituals on Britain's south coast for Winston Churchill's occult Black group experiments.

Now I did talk at length about these arranged marriages in my article *Cameron's Closet - which you can still find on my website:* *www.chrisspivey.org*
And as I also pointed out, I can quite understand that many people will find it hard to swallow that Dave the Rave didn't marry Samantha Sheffield through choice.

Course, those who already know about the Aristocracy and the elite bloodlines will fully understand what I am talking about. Nevertheless, it is perfectly normal for these psychopaths to have 'arranged marriages' be it by consent or blackmail.
After all the heirs to the throne have their spouses chosen for them from an extremely young age whereas those 'earmarked' for high office such as Cameron have their spouses chosen as and when the time comes – the difference being that those who do don't need to marry a virgin.

Nevertheless, any potential brides for these head-cases have to have certain qualities.
For instance, they have to be of *'good stock'* and extremely intelligent, not to mention dominating.
Course, these 'arranged marriages differ greatly to marriage in the conventional sense of the word. That is to say, infidelity is to be expected.

Mind you, more often than not the person earmarked for high office will have little interest in women anyway – Men and Children usually being the order of the day.

Remember, these Psychopaths being manoeuvred into power have to be controllable by the Banksters and corporate Fat Cats. Therefore they have to have that deviant side to them. The cardinal rule is, *'fuck who you like, whatever you like, whenever you like, but whatever you do, don't get caught.*

And the same applies to their spouses, who apart from official engagements have to spend precious little time with their husbands for which they are handsomely rewarded.
For instance, the marriage of Gay Willie & Ffion Hague:
I mean, as planks go, well they don't come much stiffer than Silly Willie Hague - the former leader of the Conservative Party.
Hague is most definitely Gay and more than likely a paedophile… At least he is alleged to have been. He certainly protects them having covered up the Waterhouse Inquiry into child abuse in care homes.
Hague also caused a scandal when he shared a hotel room with his Driver/Adviser Chris Myers - a scandal that ended with Myers having to step down.

The following is taken from the Guido Fawkes website:
William Hague's statement admitting that he shared a hotel bedroom with a male aide but is not a homosexual will only increase speculation over his private life, Max Clifford has said.
But Mr Clifford, a Public Relations guru, said that the former Conservative leader had turned a "small problem into a huge problem".

Speaking on Radio 4's Today programme he added that Mr Hague had been given poor PR advice and there was no reason why he couldn't have remained quiet "indefinitely".
Mr Clifford said that the vast majority of people in Britain would have had no doubts about Mr Hague's sexuality if they had been asked last week.

"Now people are asking why a multi-millionaire needs to share a bedroom," he said.

Then there was also the matter a Hague's friendship with the Gay MP, AIan Duncan The following is from the Daily Mail:

But Labour, which purported to be the gay friendly party, was merely exploiting rumours doing the rounds in the Commons tea room over Mr Hague's friendship with Alan Duncan. Mr Duncan was to become the first Tory MP to openly declare his homosexuality a decade later.

Mr Hague had been a lodger in Mr Duncan's Westminster house in the unfortunately named Gayfere Street.

Interestingly enough, David Cameron often slept there too. The following is from Wikipedia from which you will notice that the homosexual connotations have been removed:
During the campaign, Cameron was one of the young "brat pack" of party strategists who worked between 12 and 20 hours a day, sleeping in the house of Alan Duncan in Gayfere Street, Westminster,

Ffion Hague on the other hand is extremely intelligent and extremely attractive.

Course, she is rarely seen with Bald Willie these days. Could that be something to do with the fact that the Cretin is no longer Tory Party Leader and as such she is no longer needed as much?
The following is also taken from the Daily Mail:
She is rarely seen in public these days, preferring to spend most of her time in their home in Yorkshire. The couple joke that the driveway to the mansion house, where they have a £1m apartment, is one of the longest in

Yorkshire and therefore affords them maximum privacy.
Safe to say then, that it isn't hard to imagine Ffion rogering Willie up the arse with a 12 inch strap-on... Albeit, I rather wouldn't.
And of course, Silly Billy Willie also had a flat in the Dolphin Square apartment complex.

Gordon & Sarah Brown also had an arranged marriage:
In fact the former Prime Mincer was exposed as being a paedophile a long time ago. Here is what the researcher, Sean Copeland had to say on the matter:

Brown is known for sexually abusing numerous boys, as well as girls. He is known for a particularly vile rape in Aberdeen in the 70's, when he and 2 others paid a prostitute for access to her 9 year old daughter.
They all raped her several times, and some years later the girl went to court to get custody of her little brother because of her mother's abuse, and drug use. She won the case and has had custody of him ever since.
The records have vanished from court, but the victim still remembers what happened, and who did it.
And this from the On-line publishing Company:
Although Labour Supremo Peter Mandelson's alleged role in the kidnapping of young girls and boys for the "pleasuring" of the European Union's elite commissioners in Brussels was the subject of intense speculation long before the disappearance of Madeleine McCann, I can now bring to a close all speculation as to the name of Tony Blair's most "highly placed and senior politician" who fell not only under the scrutiny of Scotland Yard for crimes against children, but was also identified by the FBI as an active member of the paedophile ring run by Thomas Hamilton.

That name was first revealed to me by Norman Lamont at a private party in Clapham in 1986, during which time I worked as a scriptwriter for the British television media.
Lamont later became Chancellor of the Exchequer under John Major's Conservative administration. Following investigations in 2003 on both my and Bob Kearley's part, that name cropped up time and time again, and I passed the details to Internet journalist Paul Joseph Watson.
Gordon Brown, the current British Prime Minister, is a practising

paedophile whose activities are known not only to the British, American and Israeli intelligence services, but also by Rupert Murdoch and his senior editor at the Sunday Times.

Hmmm.

Course, Sarah Brown hardly bothers to hide the fact that she is a Lesbian these days – not that she did much to hide that fact in the past:

Sarah Brown, the wife of the prime minister Gordon Brown made a surprise guest appearance at the Duckie gay club night in Vauxhall, South London last night. Source: Pink News
Tellingly, the Browns didn't get married until Gordon was 49 years old and they too, rarely spend time together - albeit his whore rarely makes public appearances with or without him.
It has even been publicly alleged that Mrs Brown was paid £50,000 to marry the vile pervert and stay the course.

Then again, as I have already mentioned, these women are all greedy and ambitious.
Indeed the Guardian Newspaper stated the following about Sarah Brown:

Future MP? Gordon Brown's wife Sarah has an increasing influence over Downing Street affairs.

That aside, the Browns and the Camerons have another thing in common - both of their first born died young.
Severely disabled Ivan Cameron was only 6 years old when he died and baby Jennifer Brown died of a brain haemorrhage at only 10 days old.

Interestingly enough, The Hague's have no children although Ffion is reported to have had several miscarriages.
The loss of these firstborns and unborns has lead to speculation of Devil worship being involved.
Devil worshippers are often asked to sacrifice their first born and similarly, unborn foetuses are also used in satanic worship.
Indeed, according to the Aangirfan website, after conception:

The foetus is then aborted for ritual use, or the baby is taken for sacrifice or enslavement.

Course, as we know, Sam Cam's family are properly into devil worship. So much so in fact that it is absolutely inconceivable that Samantha wasn't exposed to Satanic rituals from a very early age.
However, did you know that the United Nations *Director of Planetary Initiative,* David Spangler, is quoted as saying the following:

"No one will enter the New World Order unless he or she will make a pledge to worship Lucifer. No one will enter the New Age unless he will take a LUCIFERIAN Initiation."

Now as you no doubt do know, I wholeheartedly believe that all of the elites are into Devil Worship.

There is in fact far too much documented evidence for it not to be so. Furthermore they are all Freemasons - of which the lower initiates mistakenly believe to be a Christian group who do a lot of good work for 'charidy'.

However, in reality it is as evil an organisation as they come which I have documented in my very successful article 'Monsters Inc' , which also takes in the Royal Family's involvement in the Black Occult
I also have to say that, while I have no tangible evidence, I have been told on more than a few occasions that the Cameron's had a hand in Ivan's death.

In fact, whilst I was writing **Cameron's Closet**, one of those coincidences that always seem to happen when I start writing a major article happened.

You see, shortly after I started writing the Exposé on our former Prime Mincer, I was contacted by someone urging me to watch a YouTube video made by Gordon Duff and Stew Webb.
Unfortunately, I had no sound on the Computer I had at the time having broken the prong/jack-plug or whatever the fuck that its called, off in the socket and as such I was unable to listen to this video.
However, I am told that at around 1 hr 25 mins into the video, the talk turns

to Dave the Rave and the following is what I have been told takes place in the video:

I cannot really do it justice by 'transcribing' BUT for what it's worth, I will try! Basically, and put very simply, what they are stating here is this:
Murdoch has/is the biggest SS [secret service] in the world, and due to their extraordinary ability to be able to wiretap/bug/hack, etc; they had reason to do just such a thing to Cameron – there were reasons!
Consequently they have actually recorded him with his wife talking about what they have obviously done, i.e. murdered their own disabled child.
No use us saying things like "Don't be daft, that's not likely to happen cos the likes of the Cameron's would surely be wise to anything that they may blurt out in conversation that could incriminate, hence how could this be possible".
It's because the bottom line is that some Dickhead like Cameron is in reality probably NOT very bright, and certainly no match for something like a highly sophisticated [spy v spy] SS intelligence op.

Hence they have got him [presumably] well and truly by the balls, and with that sort of ammo for blackmail, they say it is one very good reason why the Murdoch's were never going to be banged up with any support from Cameron.
If all this is true, and I see no reason to think otherwise then someone like Cameron must be putty in their hands.
I would agree with that assessment.
Now I usually at this point leave a link to the video but as you will know doubt have already guessed; it is no longer available.
However, I have in the past made mention that MSM journalists will sometimes resort to dropping veiled hints as to what is really going on in the world.
And in my opinion, the Times newspaper hints that Ivan's death wasn't as straightforward as others in the MSM would have you believe.
Certainly, going on their report of the little boys death from their article published on the 26th of February 2009, I believe that to be the case.

Tellingly, the report doesn't say whether Ivan was conscious or even alive when he arrived at the hospital… The underlining is minel:

When the certificate is written, it will say the cause of death was acute abdominal failure at 6.30am on February 25, 2009, at St Mary's Hospital in Paddington, West London.
The public record of a small boy stilled will tell nothing, though, of his last agonies, or of his parents' final goodbyes. And yet the name it will bear – Ivan Reginald Ian Cameron – will indicate that the death of this six-year-old boy was not simply a personal tragedy.

Their journey from that pit of despair – through long battles to win the right care for their son and to forge a family life as normal as possible – has set a new direction for Conservative politics, and may yet put Britain on a new course.
The couple made an early decision that they would not hide their son away. Mr Cameron, the MP for Witney, spoke in the Commons of his "magical child", and he also wrote movingly on the subject.

"Ivan's only self-conscious movements are to raise his eyebrows and to smile," he wrote in a newspaper article in 2004. "And his smile – slightly crooked, sometimes accompanied by a little moan – can light up a room. It never fails to make me both happy and immensely proud of him."

"But with the smile comes epilepsy so powerful he can fit for an hour at a time, his small body contorted, often screaming in agony. And with the epilepsy comes cerebral palsy so severe that Ivan cannot move, sit up or hold on to anything or anybody. He cannot crawl, walk or talk and never will."
The next year he told an interviewer: "He definitely recognises us. His eyes follow us very closely. Sometimes he smiles."
When asked whether he and his wife thought it might be kinder to let their son die, he said: "It's difficult. That is a conversation that we have quite often. What happens if he has terrible fits? . . . I'd rather not go into it."

On Tuesday when Mr Cameron bid goodnight to his small team at his Commons office and went home for one of his designated "family nights", there was no hint of what lay ahead. Indeed, he was looking forward to the next day, when he thought that he would be photographed arriving at No

10 for the unveiling of a new portrait of Baroness Thatcher. That event was also cancelled.

Mr Cameron told a friend that Ivan had had a "very, very bad night". The Tory leader and his wife went with their son to hospital in the early hours yesterday, arriving at 5.45am.
There had been scares before. Last April, two days after Ivan's sixth birthday, Mr Cameron had rushed with him to hospital. <u>On another occasion, the boy's hip had been broken in the course of a particularly violent episode.</u>

Imagine if that had happened to one of us commoners - fuck me the Social Services would have had a field day... Carry on the Times:

Despite the diagnosis, Mr Cameron had allowed himself – once – to speculate publicly about what it might mean for his son to reach adulthood.

Speaking to The Times after a visit to a residential home for handicapped young adults, he said: "I can't help but bring it back to Ivan and think what it will be like if and when he's 18."
In another interview, he said that he was <u>"philosophical" about the prospect of his son's death. "You know that children like Ivan never make it to old age.</u> You live by the day. But he doesn't want to give up. This little person just wants to keep going."

Course, unless you know the key words and sentences to look for - Hint: The ones that I have underlined - there appears to be nothing ominous in that report at all.

However, you get a feel for these things over time and once you start to do so, they are quite easy to spot.

Nevertheless, if you do not believe what I say about the MSM dropping subtle hints on matters that they are not allowed to mention in their reports, the following - written by Charlie Brooker for the Guardian in 2007 - is an *'in your face'* blatant example.
And as you will quickly gather, Brooker is not a Cameron fan. However, I

won't say anymore than that until afterwards:

David Cameron is an idiot. A simpering, say-anything, dough-faced, preposterous waddling idiot with a feeble, insincere voice and an irritating tendency to squat near the top of opinion polls. I don't like him. And I've got a terrible feeling he'll be prime minister one day. Brrr.

These are unthinking snap judgments, based on little more than his media profile – but since he appears to consist of little more than a media profile designed to appeal to unthinking snap judgments, that seems fair enough. On that basis, let's stick to gut instincts, shall we?

There is nothing to him. He is like a hollow Easter egg with no bag of sweets inside. Cameron will say absolutely anything if he thinks it might get him elected. If a shock poll was published saying 99% of the British public were enthusiastic paedophiles, he would drive through the streets in an open-top bus surrounded by the Mini Pops. He's nothing. He's no one.
It's notoriously tricky - bang, bang in ya fucking face - **to find out much about his past, in the same way that Morgan Freeman and Brad Pitt found it tricky to find out much about the serial killer John Doe in the movie Se7en. He'd managed to erase his entire existence, even slicing the skin off his fingers to avoid leaving prints. Ever seen a close-up of Cameron's fingertips? Of course not. Think about it.**

The apparently self-penned bio on Cameron's website begins, "I was born in October 1966," and then leaps straight forward to 2001, missing out the decades he spent as a guffawing, top-hatted toff in between.

The infamous photo of Dave posing alongside his posho chums from the Bullingdon Club in an expensive royal blue tailcoat is one of the few clues we have. It looks like precisely the sort of photo a detective might end up studying in a murder mystery, one where a group of friends accidentally killed a prostitute during a drunken, stormy night, and collaborated on a cover-up.
I'm not saying the Bullingdon boys kill prostitutes. I'm just saying I wouldn't be surprised. And that's his fault, not mine. He's gone out of

his way not to mention <u>his blue-blooded carousing, because he knows it would make the average citizen puke themselves into a coma, and one side-effect of this is that he seems shifty and suspicious.</u>

I wonder if Brooker regrets writing that now?

Mind you, it is interesting that Brooker attended the University of Westminster, which is now being labelled as a breeding ground for Islamic Extremists and is indeed where our old friend Jihadi john got radishalised... Well, it would have been if Jihadi John was not just the figment of a scriptwriter's imagination... In fact Brooker could possibly be the scriptwriter.

But I digress so let's return to Gordon & Sarah Brown.
Now as it happens, Browns third child, a second son, Fraser also has medical complications.

The following is taken from the Daily Mail and is in regard to the Murdoch Phone Hacking Scandal:
Gordon Brown today laid bare his family's anguish after Rebekah Brooks revealed she had seen his baby son's medical records – and intended to publish a story about his illness.
In an extraordinary interview, the former prime minister described how he and his wife Sarah had been in tears after speaking to the then editor of The Sun in 2006.
Mrs Brooks had told Mrs Brown that she knew four-month-old Fraser had cystic fibrosis – something which was thought to be known only by the family and medical staff – and that the paper intended to run a story.
Now, quite obviously Rebekah Brooks (a Rupert Murdoch puppet) is alluding to Dead Eye Browns phone being tapped.
And quite rightly, naturally, Brown was - supposedly - livid about the illegal invasion into his privacy... Shame that's the only illegal invasion that the useless twat was livid about. But I digress.
So, with the above in mind, it's quite interesting to note that Sarah Brown's Wikipedia page states the following under the category of '*Friendships'*:
Friends from the worlds of politics and media have included journalist and television presenter Mariella Frostrup, Labour spin doctor Charlie Whelan,Rupert Murdoch's wife Wendi and his daughter Elisabeth, the

television presenter Claudia Winkleman and newspaper editor Rebekah Brooks

Moreover, anyone who believes that Rebekah Brooks and the Cunt Cameron didn't have a fling at one time must be naive in the extreme:
David Cameron is facing huge embarrassment after details of intimate texts he exchanged with the former News International chief Rebekah Brooks emerged on Saturday.

The existence of the messages has been at the centre of a row between Labour MP Chris Bryant and Cameron for several weeks and the contents will be a thorn in the prime minister's side. In one message, Cameron thanks Brooks for letting him ride one of her family's horses, saying it was "fast, unpredictable and hard to control but fun", it is claimed.
So, he definitely gave her one... But then again, so have most people.

Tellingly, Cameron was in full support of the ginger haired old sort before she was forced to resign over the phone hacking scandal:
In the week before she resigned as chief executive of News International over the targeting of the missing schoolgirl, the Prime Minister texted Mrs Brooks last July to tell her to keep her head up and that she would "get through" her difficulties, according to a new biography of the Conservative leader.
Days later the Prime Minister sent an emissary to explain to Mrs Brooks that he could not back her publicly because of the political pressure caused by the scandal, according to authors Francis Elliot of The Times and James Hanning, deputy editor of The Independent on Sunday. Source: The Independent Newspaper
And you would in fact have thought that having been caught sending flirty txt msg's to Brooks, he would have kept his distance. Not according to the Telegraph, he didn't:

The Prime Minister reportedly had a lengthy conversation with Mrs Brooks during a private gathering held by Tom Astor, who is the great-grandson of Nancy Astor, the US heiress.
He is an old friend and neighbour of Mrs Brooks but has kept his distance since she was charged with conspiring to hack phones, perverting the

course of justice and, separately, conspiring to bribe public officials.

Tom Astor obviously being related to Cameron.
And indeed, Brooks was also shagging the criminal Andy Coulson at one time although that had ended by the time the pair appeared in the dock on phone hacking charges.
Predictably Brooks got a not guilty verdict whereas Coulson wasn't so lucky... Although he wasn't what you would call un-fucking-lucky either.
You see, Coulson - as we have already seen in this book - was sentenced to 18 months and served a quarter of that.
Course, prior to all that court nonsense Cameron had famously hired Coulson as his £140,000 pound per year Communications Secretary:
The following is from Wikipedia:
In 2007, Cameron appointed Andy Coulson, former editor of the News of the World as his director of communications.
Coulson had resigned as the paper's editor following the conviction of a reporter in relation to illegal phone hacking, although stating that he knew nothing about it.
In June 2010 Downing Street confirmed Coulson's annual salary as £140,000, the highest pay of any special adviser to UK Government.

In January 2011 Coulson left his post, saying coverage of the phone hacking scandal was making it difficult to give his best to the job.

In July 2011 he was arrested and questioned by police in connection with further allegations of illegal activities at the News of the World, and released on bail.

Despite a call to apologise for hiring Coulson by the leader of the opposition Ed Miliband, Cameron defended the appointment, saying that he had taken a conscious choice to give someone who had screwed up a second chance.

On 20 July, in a special parliamentary session at the House of Commons, arranged to discuss the News of the World phone hacking scandal, Cameron said that he "regretted the furore" that had resulted from his appointment of Coulson, and that "with hindsight" he would not have

hired him.
He's all heart is Psycho Dave isn't he?
Nevertheless, he can make out that he was giving a second chance to someone who had *"screwed up"* - I do love an understatement - until the cows come home but the real reason that Coulson got the gig was because Gideon Bean AKA George Osborne, our wholly corrupt former Chancellor of the Exchequer had asked Cameron to take him on.

You see, as we now know Gideon has a penchant for sadomasochism sex and Cocaine... And committing fraud... In fact the Right Orrible Bean has so little class, that he will even bunk the trains - twice getting caught doing so.
Now, just before the 2011 general election, Bean's none-too-distant past had caught up with him when details of his... How shall we say... Kink & Coke habits were about to break in the press - which were potentially damaging enough to have cost the tories the election.
Therefore, in return for watering down the story Coulson was given the job of Cameron's spin-doctor.

Mind you, Osbourne's love of Cocaine & whores appears to run in the family. You see, his brother Adam, a psychiatrist made the headlines in 2014 after having his licence to practice suspended for dishing out coke... To a prostitute.

The following is taken from the Daily Mail:
George Osborne's psychiatrist brother is battling to save his career after it was revealed that he has been suspended as a doctor following serious allegations of misconduct.
Adam Osborne, 38, who has a private practice in Central London, last week had his licence suspended by the General Medical Council (GMC) after being accused of having a two-year sexual affair with a highly vulnerable woman patient who has psychiatric issues, is married and has two children.
The news comes five years after he was suspended by the GMC for 'dishonest and misleading' behaviour in prescribing drugs to his cocaine-addicted prostitute lover.
The latest blow means he cannot practise in any capacity as a doctor until an investigation into the new allegations has been concluded.

The suspension will prove highly embarrassing for the Chancellor, coming as he prepares for Wednesday's crucial Budget, the last before May's General Election.
If the investigation results in a Fitness To Practise hearing, which is held in public, Dr Osborne could face further sensitive personal information being revealed. And if the allegations are upheld, he could be struck off.
It's like a bad case of diarrhea I suppose; it runs in the genes.
However, the fact that the posh twat Cameron can still deny - after all these years - his involvement in the phone hacking scandal is proof personified of his flawed character.
I will remind you what the traits of a psychopath are:

- ***Cold heartedness***
- ***egocentricity***
- ***superficial charm***
- ***manipulativeness***
- ***irresponsibility***
- ***impulsivity***
- ***criminality***
- ***antisocial behaviour***
- ***a lack of remorse***
- ***a parasitic lifestyle***
- ***Promiscuous sexual behaviour.***

And you can add hypocrisy to that following the announcement that the wholly corrupt chairman of the Intelligence and Security Committee, Malcolm Rifkind was to step down and also resign his seat as an MP after being caught out offering a *cash for access service* to private companies.

The former top Labour Party MP, Jack Straw was also caught on film doing the same:

Sir Malcom Rifkind has stepped down as chairman of the Intelligence and Security Committee and resigned as an MP following increasing pressure after he was caught on camera allegedly offering a 'cash for access' service to private companies.

Speaking on BBC's Newsnight on Monday, a former chair of the Committee, Kim Howells, called for Rifkind's resignation saying the body's reputation must not be "dragged down."
In a statement on Tuesday morning, he said he would remain on the Committee, but would "step down from the Chairship" of the committee.

It was later revealed that he would resign his parliamentary seat in central London, a traditionally safe Conservative constituency.

A number of candidates have been rumoured to be lined up for the role, including ex-Olympic rower James Cracknell and Sayed Kamall, the leader of the Conservatives in the European Union.
Jack Straw and Sir Malcom Rifkind were duped by reporters from the Daily Telegraph and Channel 4 who posed as staff for a Chinese firm, looking to gain access to politicians and senior establishment figures.
Both men have now reported themselves to the Parliamentary Standards Committee, with Straw saying he had fallen into a "very clever trap" and Rifkind acknowledging his comments had been "silly." Source: RT News

Mind you, they were only doing what Porky Pig Ferguson - ex-wife of Princess Andrew of Paedoville - was doing when she was caught on film taking a huge sum of money in return for access to Nonce Andrew.

However, where the real hypocrisy comes in is the fact that in 2012 Peter Crudearse was forced to resign after getting caught offering access to the Cunt Cameron in exchange for huge Party Donations... Or put another way; cash for access:

David Cameron is facing mounting pressure to disclose all details of private meetings with Conservative party donors following damaging claims by the party's treasurer that large cash payments could secure intimate dinners with the prime minister and an opportunity to influence government policy.
The Tories launched their own inquiry on Sunday after the resignation of Peter Cruddas, whose claims were filmed by undercover Sunday Times reporters.

Meanwhile, Labour demanded a separate, independent, inquiry to

investigate the suspicion that Tory donors can gain secret access to Cameron, the chancellor, George Osborne, and their advisers. Cross-party talks on the funding of political parties, which were due to start in a few weeks, have been brought forward to this week.

Police were also asked on Sunday to investigate claims that the law on political donations may have been broken. According to the Sunday Times, Cruddas believed any prospective donations from the reporters would come from Liechtenstein and would be ineligible under election law.
He was reported to have discussed the creation of a British subsidiary and the possibility of using UK employees to make the donation. A campaigner, Mark Adams, said he had asked police to investigate. "The article indicates that the party has done this before," he said. Source: The Guardian
And whilst we are on the subject of Jack Straw and embarrassing brothers, it is worth mentioning that Jack's brother Willie is a sex pest:

The brother of Home Secretary Jack Straw has been found guilty of an indecent assault on a 16-year-old girl.
William Straw, 47, of Bramcote in Nottingham, will be placed on the sex offenders' register for the next five years.
Straw had denied the charge at Nottingham Magistrates' Court. Source: BBC News
Now that was back in the year 2000. And then in 2001 the Blair government was slammed in the press for letting sex offenders - many of them dangerous - out of prison early.

Scandal of sex beasts let free

EXCLUSIVE

BY RACHEL BAIRD
HOME AFFAIRS CORRESPONDENT

HUNDREDS of sex offenders, including rapists and paedophiles, are being released from prison without treatment every year even though they pose a high risk of re-offending.

Just half the 5,500 sex criminals currently in English and Welsh jails will take part in reform programmes while inside. This year alone, around 650 are likely to be set free untreated.

The figures were confirmed by the National Association of Probation Officers. Harry Fletcher, assistant general secretary, warned: "It's extremely worrying that so many people are being released without treatment because there aren't enough staff and resources.

"In terms of public protection, sex offenders are a high-risk group because it's a compulsion. Resources have to be found to extend the programme so that the overwhelming majority receive treatment before they are released."

The Prison Service has admitted that in all of the past five years, it has fallen well short of its target for treating sex offenders.

Last year, it aimed to have 1,020 inmates complete treatment but managed only 786. Head of the Prison Service Martin Narey said: "There is a continuing shortfall of qualified treatment managers and tutors to run these programmes."

The irony of the Government's failure to treat more sex criminals is that the treatment is thought to be remarkably effective.

Experts warn that treatment figures could fall further under government proposals to make sex offenders serve the whole of their prison sentences.

At present, they are released between half and three-quarters of the way through. Critics say making them serve their full sentences will reduce their willingness to have treatment. The prospect of early release gives inmates a reason for "good behaviour".

Mr Fletcher believed the proposals could "wreck" the treatment programme. "If you take away that incentive, they're going to say, 'well, why bother?'"

A spokesman for the Prison Service said it is trying to recruit more staff, adding: "We have a very successful treatment programme, the biggest in the world."

A Home Office spokeswoman said the Government would find new incentives, if necessary, to persuade offenders to be treated in prison.

Now the question is: *Was it Jack Straw or the blind former Labour Party MP, David Blunkett who was responsible for that decision?*
The following is what I wrote in March 2013:

It would seem that previous governments were just as easy on paedophiles back in the day as they are now. The article which follows this foreword is from Saturday the 28th of July 2001 and deals with the subject of dangerous paedophiles being released early from prison.
That would make it Tony Blair's nonce infested government in power at the time.

Therefore the Home Secretary would have been David Blunket who had only been in the job a month before this article was published. Fuck me, if Blunket cannot see how wrong this decision was, he must be fucking blind silly.

On the other hand, the decision could easily have been made by the previous Home Secretary Jack Straw. Straw served in the post from the 2nd of May 1997 until the 8th of June 2001.
It wouldn't surprise me Whichever one of two made the decision. I mean, like all MP's they are both sex maniacs, self serving, greedy and corrupt.

And coincidentally, Straw's first born also died... When she was only 5 days old as it happens:
Straw's first marriage, in 1968, to teacher Anthea Weston, ended in divorce in 1977. They had a daughter, Rachel, born on 24 February 1976, who died after five days because of a heart defect.

However, what I wanna know is why the fuck did the Straw-Man try and make it illegal for children in care to speak out about child abuse:
It is not illegal for Children in Children's Homes to speak out, a Freedom of Information Request has revealed.
Whilst apparently Jack Straw did try and pass legislation to make it illegal in Part 2 of the Children, Schools and Families Act 2010 the provisions never commenced as they were repealed by section 17(4) of the Crime and Courts Act 2010, following a recommendation by the Justice Select Committee. This is contained in an answer to a Freedom of Information

request.

What is pertinent is why Jack Straw should want this draconian, fundamentally unjust repulsive and nasty legislation to be brought in. Why should he want to stop innocent children whistleblowing over child sexual abuse against them often by representatives of the very authority that was supposed to care for them and be responsible for them? Source:
Cathy Fox
Well to be Frank - cos Frank is a fucking nice fella - you only have to understand that with Tony Blair as the then Prime Mincer, covering up child abuse was a priority - especially since most of his government members were actively taking part in it... As was his child stealing program a priority too... The sick, sick fuck.
Course Tony & Cherie Blair also had an 'arranged' marriage and anyone with their eye on the ball cannot fail to have noticed how much it has been reported of late that Cherie - *allegedly a mind control victim* - can no longer stand the cunt... Then again, who can?
Indeed, someone or someone's appear to be applying the brakes to the Blair bandwagon in general.

Now, one of the reasons being touted for Cherie's disdain for her 'husband' is the rumoured affair between Psycho Tone and Rupert Bear Murdoch's wife:

Captivated Wendi Deng wrote a secret love note about Tony Blair's "piercing eyes" and "good legs and butt" when she was married to Rupert Murdoch, it was claimed.
According to reports in the US, Ms Deng, 45, described the former Prime Minister as "so charming".
The bombshell note talking of love for Mr Blair, 60, is said to have been found by media tycoon Mr Murdoch, 82.
His 14-year marriage with third wife Ms Deng ended in divorce in November.

The relationship "broke down irretrievably" amid reports she had met Mr Blair without Mr Murdoch's knowledge.
It is not known if the handwritten note was the reason for the divorce.

A joint statement from Ms Deng and Mr Murdoch last night said: "Given the complicated dynamics of our family, we made the decision early on in this process not to engage in public allegations or respond to negative claims." Source: The Daily Mirror
Personally, I would say that you should take that old fanny with a pinch of salt... Indeed Wendy Woo is far too old for Tony *'Miranda*' Blair's liking and she is also mostly the wrong sex.
Cherie, equally hated by the press and public alike has rarely been seen with Miranda – Tony B-Liars nickname at University - over the past few years.

Blair was given the *'Miranda'* nickname because he was apparently well known for being a Transvestite, back in the day.
Cherie, who is the daughter of the late actor Tony Booth, once posed naked for what appears to have been, Lord Derry Irvine's sexual gratification:

Some bits of Cherie Blair's memoirs strike all the wrong notes, as many reviewers have pointed out.
The tone is toxic at times. That is true.
But there is a charming account of Mrs Blair's time as a nude model in the late seventies, knitting tea cosies as gifts for the artist, Euan Uglow.

As she describes the scene, the two met at a dinner party of Derry Irvine, her legal boss, later Lord Chancellor, who was a serious art collector and, as she less than admiringly describes, an even more serious consumer of fine wine.

Mind you, Cherie isn't the only PM's wife to have posed for 'racy' photos/paintings.

You see, when Sam Cam was an art student and dating Dave the Rave, she lived in a flat in a rough part of **Bristol** apparently... And she too also modelled for some risqué pictures.
The following is from the Abel Danger website:
David Cameron today admitted he and his wife had hoped racy pictures of her modelling more than a decade ago would never come to light.

Much has been made of Samantha's rather 'edgy' past as an art student at

the University of the West of England, where she befriended a club DJ named Tricky and lived in one of the less salubrious parts of Bristol. You'd never guess it from these pictures, taken just a few years later, in which she's already every inch the Posh Totty pin-up, as befitting the daughter of a landed baronet and wife of a City PR man.
She and David married in 1996 – and these pictures were taken shortly afterwards when she was already working at the upmarket stationers, Smythson, and he was director of corporate affairs at Carlton Communications and an aspiring MP."

Tricky, as you now know is a member of the group Massive Attack who were caught up in a child porn probe
In fact, according to The Metro, Sam was still attending raves in 2011:

Samantha Cameron has raised eyebrows by enjoying a rave in Ibiza that featured performances from the likes of 2manydjs and Pete Tong.

More startling still is the fact that Cherie Blair is alleged to be a victim of CIA mind control. At least that is the case according to the Aangirfan website.

Certainly, the Blair's 'strange' marriage will have contributed towards their children's problems.
Sixteen year old Euan Blair was famously found drunk as a skunk laid out in the gutter in July 2000. This incident occurred just days after Blair announced tough new measures for being drunk and disorderly in public.

The following is from theTelegraph:
Referring to the fact that Euan lied to police about his identity and age, he said that he had been trying to save his family embarrassment.
Mr Blair was challenged to justify his suggestion of on-the-spot fines on young people for disorderly behaviour – an initiative dropped after police chiefs dismissed it as unworkable – and asked whether he thought that it would have deterred his son.

Even more worrying was the fact that Blair's daughter Kathryn tried to commit suicide at the tender age of 16.

Blair all but managed to keep this story out of the papers but various sources claim that his daughter died 3 times on the way to hospital… Without being flippant, She obviously wasn't fucking about. The following is from http://www.public-interest.co.uk/aseye/index.htm#Tony

On or around Thursday 13th May 2004 Tony Blair's 16 year old daughter Kathryn attempted to commit suicide. She is in the middle of exams, believed to be GCSE's and took an overdose of unknown pills. She was rushed to hospital and a news blackout was requested by the PM's office and adhered to by the British Press. Kathryn is believed to be studying at the Sacred Heart school in Hammersmith, West London, a Roman Catholic state secondary school.

News about the suicide attempt was confirmed by Alan Johnson, Labour MP for West Hull and Hessle.
So, was this a sudden pang of conscience from the British tabloids over sensitive reporting of the PM's family? Or the establishment press (yes even the tabloids are owned by the establishment) kowtowing to protect the flagging public image of the most disastrous Prime Minister this country has ever seen just before local and European Elections?
In a democracy, the public have a right to know about the family failings of anyone in public office – it enables them to judge whether to vote for that individual or not. When that failing family is the Prime Ministers the press have a duty to inform the public – not to protect politicians' images from public scrutiny.

That news blackout in turn led to speculation that the real reason for Kathryn's suicide bid was that Blair had tried to rape her.
And it is also worth noting that just like Dave the Rave and Gideon Bean - who was taken under the mistletoe wing of Willie Hague when he first started in politics - Blair was also fast-tracked into office, with John Smith having to be bumped off in order to make way for the cunt.

The following is from the MI5 controlled Telegraph newspaper:
Tony Blair predicted to his wife that John Smith would die prematurely and he would win the race to become the next Labour leader, not Gordon Brown.

He made the "strange" statement during a stay in a French hotel with his family in April 1994, the month before Mr Smith suffered a fatal heart attack,

Mr Blair woke his wife, Cherie, one morning and told her: "If John dies, I will be leader, not Gordon. And somehow, I think this will happen. I just think it will."

Branding Mr Smith a "stupendous toper", Mr Blair wrote: "He could drink in a way I have never seen before or since.
Coincidence, nothing more a tell thee.
And Neither has Cherie Blair any qualms about defending paedophiles in court.

The following is taken from the Daily Express published on Saturday, 2nd September 2000
THE PRIME Minister's wife has sparked controversy by agreeing to represent a paedophile who claims his human rights were abused by a ban on him going near children.
Cherie Booth QC is taking 34-year-old Graham Brown's case to the European Court of Human Rights on the grounds that his civil liberties were infringed.
The decision to represent him comes less than four years after Ms Booth called for tighter regulations against British paedophiles who offend abroad.
Brown was jailed this week for breaking a Sex Offenders Order to stay away from children, made by Sedgemoor magistrates in Somerset.

He was filmed approaching three youths in Torquay just 15 hours after being released from jail early for good behaviour and has now returned to prison to finish an 18-month term for outraging public decency.

Well she wouldn't have any qualms about it would she? She is after all married to Tone.
The following is taken from my article *Parliamentary Paedophiles* which was published on the 1st of November 2012:

Blair, reportedly a 33rd degree Freemason who displays the characteristics of a psychopath was convicted in May this year, along with his pal George W Bush, of war crimes at the Kuala Lumpur War crimes tribunal.

George W Bush's father, former US President George H Bush has of course long been accused of being a serial paedophile. It would now seem that Bush senior's son shares his father's sick liking for children. Moreover, Bush Junior's fellow war criminal Tony Blair does too. The following is taken from an article on the Tap Blog website:

The Tap Blog received a number of bulletins from ex-spy Gordon Logan over the last year.

None of these were more memorable than his exposure of Tony Blair using a male prostitute at The White House, a prostitute named Jeff Guckert, George Bush's personal favourite, who he lent to Blair.

Guckert bragged about it afterwards online, and the story spilled out. It was Gordon Logan who ensured that the story spilled out further at higher levels.

The Tap Blog elaborates further by saying that Jeff Guckert is one of the pseudonyms used for Johnny Gosch who was kidnapped by paedophiles for prostitution purposes, at the age of just twelve.
You can also find the kidnapped boys story along with a series of extremely distressing photographs of Johnny Gosch and other boys kidnapped by Paedophile rings by going on to the following link:
http://www.johnnygosch.com/
The photo below is one of those photos and carries a caption written by Johnny's mother Noreen Gosch:

August 27, 2006
On my birthday... I received a package with the following pictures inside. The first photo is of my son Johnny, shortly after he was kidnapped on Sept. 5th, 1982. He was still wearing the clothing he had on the day he was taken. He is bound and gagged.
Noreen Gosch

And of course the former President of the USA Barack Obama, better known in some circles as Gay Baz or Gay Barry, due to the fact that he is gay as fuck.

He too has a marriage of convenience. The following is taken from my article *Camerons Closet*:

Barack & Michelle Obama

The United States President has been dogged for years by rumours that he's gay.

Moreover, his 'wife' Michelle, who is forever fucking off on holiday without him was disbarred from practising law in 1993 for what was described as 'Malpractice'. Or, put another way, she was allegedly extorting money from wealthy clients.

Obama is said to have once frequented Male Bath-houses cruising for sex. He is also alleged to have had an affair with the Actor Kal Penn. Penn is said to have 'dated' Obama between 2008 – 2009. The actor was even given what was described as being a 'mysterious role' in the White House, which Penn abruptly left after being dumped by the President.

The President is also said to have had an affair with a Pakistani Room-mate during his college years. You can read more HERE. The website looks into Obama's alleged homosexual relationships and poses the question; "Is Barack Obama our first down-low, closeted gay President and is Michelle Antoinette Obama our first fully-complicit 'beard' of a First Lady"?

And of course rumours abound as to what sex Michael/Michelle Obama really is and to whether or not their two daughters are actually their biological children. - the eldest of the two now being pregnant herself at 16 yrs old.

So, I can't say as I was surprised when an African newspaper reported Cameron as being gay.
After all, he was very good friends with Derek Laud, whom had been very good friends of the Satanic Astors before Dave the Rave had even met Sam Cam… Which brings me back to the Dolphin Square Apartment block where Laud used to live.

Now the Daily Record has the following to say about Dolphin Square which was also home to Willie Hague and many others vile pieces of work, but just know that the following report is only the tip of the iceberg:

A VICTIM of a VIP paedophile ring believes a girl of 15 was killed at a vile orgy.

The new witness has told police he watched the teenager being taken into a terrifying "medical room" by a senior Tory MP – and never saw her again. The sickening events are said to have taken place at London's notorious Dolphin Square flats in the 1990s, the Sunday People can reveal.

He fears the teenager may have been killed by a brutal sadist acting out his horrific fantasies.
It would make her the fourth reported murder victim of a Westminster-based pervert ring, some of them household names.

The witness told the investigative website Exaro that he was himself abused while in his teens by prominent politicians and a famous comedian at the now notorious Dolphin Square complex in central London.

We are calling the man Darren, although that is not his real name because he lives in hiding, fearing for his own life. He is the third alleged victim of the gang to come forward.
Darren told us: "I would never have gone to those parties willingly. It was fear that led me to Dolphin Square."
Recalling the night in 1993 he believes a girl died, he said: "I witnessed a senior Tory politician go into the medical room with a girl who I know was 15.

"This was a bedroom containing a hospital-type bed with shackles, gimp masks and a tiled, washable floor.
"She was 15 and in care. I didn't know her name but had been bumping into her for years at paedophile parties. I had been trafficked for sex since I was a young boy, initially by my father.
"She had a smashing smile and wore braces on her teeth.
"I never saw her leave that room, in fact I never saw her again. I fear she may have been killed."
Darren has identified the exact apartment in the luxury Dolphin Square complex where he claims abuse parties were held while he was a teenager.

He says he was taken to up to 20 orgies, which were attended by around 30 VIPs, and has described ordeals – including beatings with a cane – to Scotland Yard detectives investigating a string of historic sex abuse claims.

A former Tory cabinet minister already named to police by another alleged abuse victim, a Labour minister, and the famous TV comedy actor are among well-known faces he says were at Dolphin Square in the 1990s.

Darren claims he was driven to sex parties by the notorious paedophile Peter Righton, a former government adviser who had been recently fined for having indecent images of boys.
Righton would collect Darren and other boys from children's homes in Suffolk and drive them to London in a luxury car, complete with leather seats and electric windows.
At Dolphin Square they would go to a four-bedroom serviced flat that had been rented out.

He recalled: "Guests would be standing around, chatting and drinking. There would be women there but they would leave before any sex took place.
"The attitude seemed to be that they would leave early so the boys could have their fun."

Darren said that there were "very powerful" people at the gatherings. He went on: "They stood out a mile. I saw a former Labour minister at one party.

"They were very protective of their jackets. I think they were worried the boys would steal their wallets."

Darren claimed violation and humiliation inflicted on youngsters at Dolphin Square became a familiar routine to him.
He said: "This Tory cabinet minister always insisted I should be presented to him with ladies' underwear on beneath my clothes.
"The game he liked to play was that he would pretend he had spotted that I was wearing the lingerie.
"He would tell me I was a naughty boy for turning him on and take me into a bedroom and punish me.
"I was spanked with a bamboo cane that he brought with him, which was painful. I was then sexually abused.
"He liked boys to dress up in lacy women's underwear. He would make a

game of it.

"The minister would be accompanied by a minder who stayed outside while I was abused."
The Dolphin Square apartment had three rooms specially fitted out and decorated to cater for the tastes of party guests, Darren said.

He claimed the spanking ex-minister preferred a bedroom known as the "leopard room" because it had a leopard skin rug.
Another was known as the "gay room" because it was "flowery and - effeminate".

Darren claimed that in this room he was forced to give oral sex to the famous comedian. He said: "At first he was an interested spectator at the parties but then decided to take part.
"He was much kinder and more considerate than the others but it was still unpleasant."

The worst of the three rooms was the so-called "medical room".
Darren said: "This was the bedroom you did not want to be taken into. Fortunately, I was never taken in there but I remember one boy who did.

"He had been dressed up in tight leather shorts and went in with a senior Tory politician and some other men.
"I met him afterwards and he told me he had suffered humiliation too vile to describe and was then beaten up."
Darren said the brutalised boy was under 16 at the time.
He recalled that traumatised children would gather in the kitchen at Dolphin Square to comfort each other after their ordeals. He admitted he was given £50 each time he attended a child abuse party.

But he insisted he only went because evil Righton forced him to. He said:
"I would never have gone to those parties willingly – it was fear of Righton.
"One occasion when he attacked me stands out. It happened after I was taken into a bedroom with the famous TV personality and Peter was driving us back to Suffolk.
"I kept saying the name of the comic character played by the actor and

saying that he was at the party. Peter kept saying, 'No he wasn't.'

"Then he suddenly swung a tremendous punch, while still keeping control of the car. It hit me flush on the chin and I may have passed out. It was a warning to keep my mouth shut."
Darren was interviewed over three days by Met Police detectives and named his abusers.

His account bears chilling similarities to allegations by a victim known as Nick, who claims three abused boys were killed in the 1980s.

His evidence is being investigated by Scotland Yard's Operation Midland. Officers have spoken to the families of two lads, Martin Allen and Vishal Mehrotra, who vanished in London.
Among those named by Darren is the recently convicted paedophile Charles Napier.

Darren says Napier abused him when he was 15 at Righton's home. Righton ordered Darren to give Napier oral sex and when the horrified lad refused he was beaten until he complied.
Course, with so many VIP's living in the sordid apartment block it is hardly surprising that they have their own water supply... None of the chemically poisoned shite for them:
One of the biggest users of London's secret water supply is the exclusive Dolphin Square flats complex, until recently the home of the Princess Royal. The block of 1,200 apartments facing the river at Chelsea includes a swimming-pool, restaurant and leisure centre.

"The four boreholes supply our needs," said general manager Tony Crawford.
"We treat the water for drinking purposes, and this is measured by environmental health officials, and I'm delighted to report that we have no trouble achieving a clean bill of health. The wells save us money, and mean we are never under threat of running short."
It is estimated that it can cost up to pounds 20,000 to bore and equip a well deep enough to draw off the water accumulating beneath the city. MPs are the most recent group to benefit.

The Parliamentary offices located above Westminster tube station are to have their own supply in the near future. The construction work to tap into the water supply was carried out during the building of the new Jubilee Line extension. Source The Independent Newspaper
And of course, Prince Little Willie had a flat in the Dolphin Square luxury complex:

Britain's Prince William is set to move into his first bachelor pad.William, 24, has chosen an upmarket London apartment in the exclusive Dolphin Square complex as his new home.
The Pimlico apartment building includes a swimming pool, gym, bar, squash courts and a croquet lawn.William - who split from his long-term girlfriend Kate Middelton in April - has signed the lease for a ninth floor three-bedroom flat in the complex.
Members of the prince's police protection team will take residence in neighbouring apartments. Dolphin Square is renowned for being one of the safest addresses in London due to the high number of military figures and intelligence officers who live there.

A royal aide is quoted on the Hello! website as saying: "Dolphin Square is safe, central and anonymous.
While William is in the Army he only needs an uncomplicated base in London for short periods. And the real point is that he does not yet want to live in any of the royal palaces where everyone would know exactly what he is up to and who he invites back. He's got a whole lifetime of that."
Extra security measures have been implemented and new CCTV has been installed in preparation for the prince's imminent arrival.

Residents were informed of the identity of their new neighbour in the Dolphin Square newsletter.
as did his Auntie Horseface:
If an Englishman's home is his castle then Dolphin Square is a fortress, built in the mid-1930s to withstand German bombs and resist a siege from life outside.
It survived 16 direct hits from the Luftwaffe, but internal walls are notoriously thin and a former tenant claimed a dinner party was once interrupted by the sound of Princess Anne's lovemaking next door. Source:

The Guardian
I would have imagined that would have been quite embarrassing for Ann & Tim; having ya neighbour knock on the wall shouting "GET THAT HORSE OUTTA HERE"!
Or should that be Nayboar? Just askin'.
Nevertheless, the website dolphinsquare.co.uk has this to say about the insidious dwellings:

If the walls at Dolphin Square could speak, they would reveal a history rich with colourful, distinguished, and sometimes notorious characters. Politicians and peers, spies and foreign dignitaries, glamour girls and stars of stage and screen have all enjoyed the many benefits of life at Dolphin Square.
The proximity of the Square to Westminster has inevitably led to its popularity with politicians. Many have lived here in the past, including Harold Wilson, David Steel, William Hague, Estelle Morris, Beverly Hughes and the late Midlands MP Iain Mills. In 1994 alone, 59 MPs lived in the Square. Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies, famous for their involvement in the Profumo affair, were both sub-tenants at Dolphin Square.
In the past, many foreign dignitaries graced Dolphin Square's hallways and gardens. In 1940 the Free French occupied Grenville House, and when General de Gaulle was in the Square, workmen had to be issued with special passes before being allowed entry.

Dolphin Square also has past associations with the worlds of espionage and subterfuge. Ian Fleming's M was partially based on Maxwell Knight, a senior figure in British military intelligence, a former member of the British Union of Fascists, an accomplished jazz drummer and a long term resident of Dolphin Square. Whilst at MI5, Knight recruited Ian Fleming and a fellow resident, William Joyce. An extreme right-winger, Joyce became an infamous figure during the Second World War – 'Lord Haw-Haw', a leading German propaganda mouthpiece during World War 2 who was ultimately executed for treason.

Oswald Mosley, fanatical 'blackshirt' and, along with Joyce, one of the British Union of Fascist's prime orators, lived at Dolphin Square with his

wife Diana, one of the Mitford sisters. He left the Square in June 1940 to face internment at Holloway Prison, where he lived with his family for the rest of the war.
During the 1940s and 1950s Dolphin Square was the home to several comedians including Arthur Askey, Tommy Trinder and Vic Oliver. Oliver's wife Susan was herself a famous actress and the daughter of Winston Churchill. After a party at Nelson House one night, the brass numbers on a number of doors at Nelson House had been swapped around, giving rise to rumours that this was the prank of some of these residents. Former music hall star Bud Flanagan – one half of the hugely successful double act Flanagan and Allen – lived in Raleigh House. Flanagan he enjoyed particular success during World War 2 with songs like 'We're Going To Hang Out The Washing On The Siegfried Line'. His voice is still familiar today singing Dad's Army's 'Who Do You Think You Are Kidding Mr Hitler'.
Dolphin Square's connections with espionage were revived in the early 1960s. Tenant John Vassall, an admiralty clerk, was exposed as a Soviet spy in 1962. It is rumoured that agents from both sides of the former Iron Curtain lived here.

And in 1999, the Guardian newspaper also wrote the following about the place:

A £3 black cab fare from Westminster, the building is a mini parliament with about 50 MPs renting apartments. Alistair Darling, the social security secretary, could share a taxi home with Estelle Morris, schools minister, Gisela Stuart, health minister, Beverley Hughes, environment minister, and David Clelland, a whip.

Or if they were chauffeured in their government cars they would be able to give lifts to some of the many Labour backbenchers with flats there, including Stuart Bell, Gavin Strang, Hazel Blears, Tom Pendry, Anne Begg, Sir Ray Powell, Brian Iddon and Lynne Jones.

The Hagues, William and Ffion, live in Keyes House at the back of the complex to lead a Tory contingent that includes the former cabinet minister Lord Jenkin of Roding – who, coincidentally was until recently president of

Friends Provident, which triggered the controversy by trying to regain the lease.
David Weeks, Dame Shirley Porter's sidekick during Westminster's homes for votes scandal, has an apartment and used to sit on Dolphin Square's management committee, which sets the rents.

Lords Desai, Tordoff, Dormond, Brooks, Gregson, Sewel, Campbell of Croy and Belhaven and Stenton have set up home in the blocks.

The Tory MP Iain Mills drank himself to death there and lay undiscovered for two days.
Past residents include Princess Anne and her husband, Tim Lawrence, who quit Drake House after supposedly labelling it "naff".

The one-time world speed record holder Donald Campbell had a pied-à-terre and novelist CP Snow wrote about his tenancy. Charles de Gaulle lived there during the second world war. Harold Wilson had a flat, as did Oswald Mosley.

Course, I have been writing about Dolphin Square for years, yet I don't expect former residents like William Hague and Derek Laud to fall under police suspicion any time soon.
Instead the police will concentrate on the dead such as Cyril *'fat boy'* Smith and former Men in Tights boss Peter Hayman.
Mind you, at least it has now since been acknowledged that there was a massive cover up going on for the past 40 years by the old bill - who either failed to investigate or the investigations were dropped into claims of VIP paedophile rings operating at the time... Well sort of acknowledged anyway:

The Metropolitan Police will be investigated over claims that it covered up child sex offences because MPs and police officers were involved.

The Independent Police Complaints Commission today announced a probe into 14 different allegations of corruption at Britain's largest police force.

The investigation was prompted by evidence dating between 1970 and 2005 which was turned over to the police watchdog by Scotland Yard officials.

It was also alleged that police launched an investigation into a 'proactive operation' of paedophiles in Dolphin Square, a block of flats in Westminster, but stopped it when they got 'too near' VIPs.

Shadow home secretary Yvette Cooper called for the investigation to be made fully independent from the Met to ensure its credibility. Source: The Daily Mail

Now I have to say that it is quite ironic that Yvette Cooper was the one calling for an independent investigation. I mean, as if another police force investigating the Mets cover up will give the whitewash any credibility... Not that that is where the irony comes in of course.
The irony comes into play with the fact that 9 years ago Mrs Ball's driver was arrested for 7 serious assaults on children:

Cabinet Minister Yvette Cooper was at the centre of a security scare last night after her Government driver was arrested on suspicion of indecent assaults against children.

Ms Cooper, who is married to Schools Secretary Ed Balls, was said to have been shocked to discover that the man had been detained in connection with the alleged abuse of seven children.
The Chief Secretary to the Treasury used the driver for the eight-mile journey between Westminster and the home she shares with Mr Balls in East London.

It is understood that Prime Minister Gordon Brown has been told of the incident, and has been kept informed of the progress of the investigation.

The driver, named last night as Gary Burman, is accused of indecently assaulting a total of seven children aged under 14.
Two of the allegations relate to assaults on boys. Five relate to allegations involving girls over the past four years in a park in Bromley, South-East London.

In a joint statement released to The Mail on Sunday last night, Ms Cooper

and Mr Balls said: 'We understand that a Government driver has been arrested on suspicion of indecent assault against children. He drove several Ministers including, most recently, Yvette Cooper.

'As is normal, he was fully vetted for the post. The alleged offences are not in any way linked to his employment.
Most of the chauffeur services for Ministers on official business are provided by the Government Car and Despatch Agency.
The agency boasts that its 'status as part of Government offers very significant advantages', including 'real peace of mind, as all of our employees are security-cleared civil servants'.
It adds that its 'modern, high-performance fleet of vehicles' is placed in the hands of drivers who have completed accredited training programmes. 'For added peace of mind, we can provide security vehicles and specially trained drivers if your security needs demand it,' it says. Source: The Daily Mail

It's fucking rife innit? Around the upper classes it is anyway.
However, it doesn't end there.

You see, according to the Star newspaper:
Babes In The Wood killer Ronald Jebson worked as a chauffeur ferrying innocent youngsters to be abused at sick orgies, it was claimed.

A former cellmate of Jebson's said the pervert boasted of his role in delivering children to be "auctioned" for abuse by high-ranking officials.

Jebson, now 75, has spent the last 40 years in jail. He was convicted in 1974 of killing a friend's eight-year-old daughter and in 2000 confessed to strangling Susan Blatchford, 11, and her pal Gary Hanlon, 12, in 1970. Their deaths - for years one of Britain's most notorious unsolved cases - became known as the Babes In The Wood case after he left their bodies huddled together in woodland.

The cellmate - known as "Billy" to protect his anonymity - said he is speaking out now due to constant denials of a cover up over a Westminster paedophile ring.

He said he was deliberately placed in the next cell to Jebson on C-Wing in HMP Frankland, near Durham, about 15 years ago, to extract further information about his past.
Billy explained: "I was encouraged to get Jebson to talk about his past in return for favours and protection.

"We got to know each other quite well, and chatted when our cell doors were open. One day, I was being pressed by a screw to get him to talk. He hid around the corner to listen whilst I leant on the doorframe.

"I couldn't believe it when Ronnie started blabbing. He said he worked for a luxury limousine company on the south side of London. He said it was linked to the Westminster set, and claimed they had all sorts of posh cars, including Rolls Royces.
"He said the clients were all well-to-do, prominent people, including politicians, but said they were also paedophiles. Ronnie said many of the victims came from poor backgrounds.
And still there is more:

A new article published yesterday in The Australian suggest that Sidney Cooke and several of his paedophile gang associates including Jimmy Savile's driver David Smith may have worked for THE SAME LIMO COMPANY as Ronald Jebson.
It also alleges that missing schoolboy Martin Allen, the son of the Australian high commissioner's head chauffeur, who vanished in 1979, may have been targeted after coming into contact with the paedophile ring through the limo company, whose drivers were hired by the Australian high commission.

Which brings me back to that vile Nonce, Derek Laud.

In Scallywag 21 we told how, soon after their marriage, Mr and Mrs Portillo went on holiday with Michael Brown MP, and his 'friend', a black youth who they all nicknamed Golly. Along on this mysterious trip also went Tony Hutt, who we alleged was an actively gay lobbyist with the firm GJW Government Relations. But who was "Golly"?

By taking him on holiday the Portillos were in good company. "Golly" is no other than half-caste nephew and research assistant of Lord Pitt, and was the black face pictured at the window of Number Ten as Maggie peeped through the partially opened curtains on the day she quit.

His name is Derek Laud and it was he who introduced footballer Justin Fashanu to Westminster's seedier inhabitants. It was alleged by Fashanu himself on tape that this included both Portillo and Lilley in a three-in-a-bed romp, although under intense pressure from somewhere he later denied he had ever said it.
But, if Fashanu was telling the truth, he may have been introduced to many other well known Parliamentary personalities, and you can throw in some royals for good measure. Laud has also been on holiday with Lilley, Chris Chataway, and Jeffrey Archer. He enjoys entertaining his boyfriends at fashionable La Caprice where he treats the waiters like horse dung. He has often been seen there with fergie's friend John Bryan, and also Diana's hairdresser, who has rumoured to have been bribed by Diana to take the rap on a drugs charge.

ROYAL CONNECTION

After leaving a lunch with fergie's boyfriend (who was going off to meet her elsewhere) he then joined Andrew and a sailor pal at the royal home in Dorset for all sorts of fun and games.
He was also involved somewhere in the middle of the Diana-Gilby scandal and is a frequent visitor to David Steel's flat in the now notorious Dolphin Square. "Golly" rarely entertains anyone of note at his Winchester Street, Pimlico, flat (just around the corner from Dolphin Square) but neighbours report he often takes young men home and they generally stay all night.
The Dolphin Square restaurant, of course, is where both Lilley and Portillo dine most Friday nights and was for a time under scrutiny by HM Customs after they had intercepted paedophile material at Mount Pleasant.

Young men who have visited him in Pimlico, who we have talked to, allege he is 'trying them out' for higher things. Fashanu was one such.

Laud is a consultant with Ludgate Communications, a high-powered

political public relations outfit, which moves in political, business, and even royal circles. In this capacity Laud has even written speeches for Prince Charles.
As a speechwriter he may legitimately have visited many prominent politicians, but it is unlikely he would have gone on holiday with Portillo, Brown, Hutt and Co, to cross the 't's and dot the 'i's on a possible oration.

In his public relations capacity he is a frequent visitor to Conservative Central Office where he meets Alistair Cooke, one of the original right-wing conspirators of the Maurice Cowling days in Cambridge, who has surrounded himself with bright young things, most of whom are frequent visitors to Winchester Street.

But there is more to Derek Laud than this.
COVER-UP

The story goes on in a disgraceful catalogue of abuse, exploitation and cover-ups on an unprecedented scale. Among all the sad testimonies from the victims, two names emerge that connect the paedophile ring directly with Michael Portillo, Peter Lilley and other high ranking Tories.
The first is the above mentioned Derek Laud, who wanders with equanimity in the House of Parliament. The second is Alan Beck, alias Sister Latex, and an old friend of Portillo's from Cambridge.

We have known about Laud for a long time. There was no doubt about his association with Brown. It was an old yarn. The News of The World had run an article on Laud serving tea to Brown in a skimpy frilly pinny six years ago.

We also had reason to believe that Laud had screwed Portillo and Lilley on several occasions. But it came as a revelation to learn that Derek Laud was also a practising paedophile.
Stephen Hashim was only 13 when he was introduced to Laud. he was living in care at Greystones Heath children's home in Merseyside. Gary Cook, an associate of Mr X, who is now in prison for child abuse, brought Laud in on the recommendation of Mr X.

He gave him Stephen for the night. the child was repeatedly brutally buggered by Laud. He has since stated that the man had such a large penis that it was excruciatingly painful. in fact, the next day Stephen Hasshim had to go to hospital and receive treatment for a ruptured anus.

He never met Laud again, but has positively identified him and remembers his name. Source: Sean Copeland

Justin Fashanu! Prince Bigears! And that pillock of society Princess Andrew!

Laud was also often to be found on holiday with the Nonce Lord McAlpine. Mind you, McAlpine has always been involved in sleaze right back from when he was a big wig in the cabinet.

NADIR: Tapes claim

I was wrong to take £440,000 says Tories' ex-treasurer

McALPINE: Made an error

And it is worth noting that McAlpine's death was every bit as convenient, unexpected and under-played as Leon Brittan's was.

Indeed Brittan's death reminded me of a piece written by the excellent, now defunct, Coleman Experience which asked the question as to whether those old bastards about to be exposed as child molesters are faking their own deaths:

We have it on very good authority that Mossad rent-boys, MI5, are working overtime to execute a permanent CSA cover-up.

They are so desperate to prevent the truth about Britain's VIP paedophile ring being exposed, they're trying every trick in the book to stop a planned inquiry going ahead.

They deliberately chose tarnished wrinklies, Elizabeth Butler-Sloss and Fiona Woolf, knowing damn well that child-abuse campaigners would

never accept their appointments as head of any inquiry, due to their links to Michael Havers and Leon Brittan.

That is exactly what our traitorous, paedophilic-loving spies wanted.

The ensuing controversy buys them what they need most of all- extra time to plan their get-out clause.
One idea being touted by the Israeli-loving filth is to stage the deaths of one or more of the prominent politicians accused of raping young boys.

The deaths would be attributed to a 'heart condition' or similar, and the public wouldn't bat an eyelid due to the age of the accused.
The apparent 'stress' they've been under would also be quoted as a contributing factor.
This is exactly what happened in the case of Robert McAlpine who is allegedly not dead at all but hiding out in a secret location bricking himself that he might one day be discovered.
Another pretend death is allegedly that of Westminster Councillor, Simon Milton, who was best friends with Shirley*'I've legged it to Israel'* Porter.

Some claim Simon didn't die at all but is living a reclusive life in Tel-Aviv.

It's a little known fact that many 'British' politicians are in fact Israeli and hold dual nationality.
It would be quite easy say for the likes of Leon Brittan or Greville Janner to slip away in the dead of night and catch the first flight back to their homeland.

The very next morning the headlines would be filled with the news of their 'death' and the inquiry could go ahead with it's most prominent suspects out of the way.
No-one would be any the wiser.
Well we have a warning for you duplicitous, scheming, f***g scum.**

Try every single pathetic 'tactic' known to man.

It will make not the slightest bit of difference.
You'll get what's coming to you.
It's only a matter of time…
Indeed it is.

Chapter 6

In January 2014 I published - on my website - an incomplete list of names who were/are allegedly Satanic paedophiles and the places that they operated from.

And most of the names that appeared on that list were very rich and powerful but as I have just stated, the list was incomplete.
However, since then I have managed to obtain a copy of the list/report in full - which was compiled by Dr Joan Coalman on evidence given to her by a victim of a child sex ring.

I can also tell you that I now have the name of that victim who provided the information for the report.

Nevertheless, I will not divulge her full name for now and as such, leave her as she is referred to on the list, namely Helen G.
Helen G is a victim of Mind Control and subsequently she was forced into taking part in Satanic Rituals.

Helen has multiple personalities.

The report/list was compiled by Dr Coalman for the ***Ritual Abuse Information Network & Support*** (RAINS) who had – *as far as I can work out* – been trying to help Helen.

I have also censored the addresses of those that appear on the list simply so as I cannot be accused of starting a witch hunt on the nonces since it is quite obvious to me that TPTB are still looking for any excuse to lock me up.

So let's start with Page 1:

PEOPLE AND PLACES I

1. Relevant to case of Helen G

Key to terms and abbreviations used:

HG . Helen G.
RAINS. Ritual Abuse Information Network & Support. Founded 1989.
Alters. Other personalities in those who have DID.
DID. Dissociative Identity Disorder.
Mart. Cult name of Joseph Stein.
Peter. Cult name of Don Taylor.
James. Cult name of William Rattray.
Pals. My informants, held in Leigh Park, Havant.
JLF. Jean La Fontaine. Prof. Emeritus. LSE, Founder Member of INORM.
KM. Keeper Master, Mark Davis. aka. The Marquis.
SRA. Satanist Ritual Abuse.
SRAS. Satanist Ritual Abuse Survivor.
BS. Barbara S.
VH. Veronica H.
NJ. Natasha J. (Maiden name, as when I first knew her).
ACPO. Association of Chief Police Officers.
HP. High Priest.

PEOPLE

I will write these in the order in which they were given to me. The following 20 or so were given by HG or her alters, over the years, from 1997 onwards. Most of them have since been confirmed by those we speak of as Pals, who have provided many more names in addition.

Joseph Stein, aka 'Martin'. Brookmead Way, Langstone, Havant. (Believed to be current address). He was described as HG's Keeper and he formerly had considerable power over her. Many of her alters were hypnotised to believe they were in love with him and that he loved her, even though he abused her. Most alters are wise to him now. 'Sue' is still vulnerable. He is still very much involved with trying to get at HG. Can appear v. charming but in reality is extremely sadistic.

Julie Stein, was married to Martin. She used to text me frequently and sometimes left answerphone messages on the RAINS phone. I once lifted the phone in the middle and she immediately rang off. I am told that in 2006, she found out that Mart had taken up with another woman and she threatened to expose the group and him. I understand that she was disposed of – no details. Certainly, I have heard nothing from her for a long time. Martin apparently had a cult 'marriage' to the new woman, q.v. in London, on 17.11.06.

Now unfortunately I cannot find out any further information about Joseph & Julie Stein or their son Matthew (whose name appears at the top of Page 2)... However, they are relatively unimportant in so much as they are not part of the filthy rich or household names:

Matthew Stein, son of Martin and Julie. Have his address as: [redacted] Stamford Ave, Hayling Island, Hants. Tel. 02392 468[redacted] I don't know if this is current.

Don Taylor, aka **'Peter'**, a Clinical Psychologist, who does the hypnosis, using blue lights. I have several addresses and phone nos.for him, all in Southampton.

[redacted] University Rd, Soton. Tel 02380 3151[redacted] and 02380 553[redacted]
Don Taylor and Associates Ltd. 02380 671558.
Also address at [redacted] Radstock Rd, Soton, but told he may live in Kitchener Rd, Soton.
Website: www.dontaylor.org.uk

I haven't heard anything of him for the last 2 years or so.

William Rattray, aka **'James'**, [redacted] Winterslow Rd, Porton, Nr. Salisbury. 01980 6102[redacted] Has had below-knee amputation of one leg. Used some sort of prosthesis. Have not heard anything of him for about 5 years. Could be dead.

For the first few years that I knew HG, these were the only people she mentioned and appeared to be her main controllers and abusers. Gradually, over the years, she began to talk of others, but at that time there were still many cult-loyal alters who tried to prevent these disclosures.

Les Saunders, (died a few years ago). Owned The Queens Head pub. in Ludgershall, near Andover. Helen lived in a caravan in grounds, when she was about 16. Was re-introduced into cult by Les Saunders. (Had been in Children's Homes after her mother died.)

Lord William Rees-Mogg. Former Editor, Writer and Director of various publishing companies etc. Address (from Who's Who, 1999) 17 Pall Mall London SW1Y 5NB. Now aged 79.

Geoffrey Levy. Daily Mail Columnist.

Peter King. Electrician. Formerly of 4 Test Court, River Way, Andover. Tel.01264 363[redacted] Have heard nothing of him for 5 years.

Paul Beadle. Formerly of 44 Rack Close, Adelaide Rd, Andover. (believed to have moved).

Susan James. Records Dept. Bristol Royal Infirmary. Passes on messages and gives info about patients.

Bruce Parker. Winchester. Works as a presenter on Southern TV.

Lord Montagu. b 1926. Palace House, Beaulieu, Hants. SO42 7ZN. Tel. 01590 612623. Also has a flat in London. He is very important in the group and is known as the **Grand Master**. Many of the Cult Festival Ceremonies are held either at the Palace (in parts not open to the public), or in the ruined Abbey. Some are held partly in the New Forest, which is all around Beaulieu. Although parts of his Estate, including the car museum, are open to the public, there are many other parts that are not. All ceremonies take place at night when gates are locked.

Mike Hancock. MP for Portsmouth. Lib.Dem. No details about him re cult involvement. Not mentioned by Pals.

Max Hastings. Editor and Journalist. Again not mentioned by Pals.

So, swiftly moving on and ironically - *or not as the case might be* - the second person mentioned on Page 2 (**Don Taylor**) is a clinical psychologist who specialises in Anxiety, Depression, Trauma, Grief Stress, Sexual Abuse,

Childhood Issues... In other words a gatekeeper who is an expert at mind control.

Unfortunately I cannot find out any further information on **William Rattray** or **Les Saunders**. However, once again they are not members of the filthy rich.
So, moving on and there is plenty of information to be found on **William Rees Mogg** - a would be Tory MP in the notorious Thatcher government.

And according to Wikipedia:
William Rees-Mogg, Baron Rees-Mogg (14 July 1928 – 29 December 2012) was a British newspaper journalist, who was the Editor of The Times from 1967 to 1981. In the late 1970's he served as High Sheriff of Somerset, and in the 1980's was the Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain and Vice-Chairman of the British Broadcasting Corporation's Board of Governors.

So there we have another connection to the BBC - home of the paedophile.
Rees Mogg was close friends with both Margaret Thatcher and the notorious nonce, the former MP Jeremy Thorpe.
However, most interesting of all is that he is the father of golden Tory boy **Jacob Rees Mogg** - a future candidate for British Prime Mincer.
As for the Daily Mail journalist **GEOFFREY LEVY,** well I can't say that I am surprised. After all, most of you will be aware that the press and media has always been littered with paedophiles and the Daily Mail is a well known protector of the scum.

Interestingly enough, Levy was also the presstitute behind the 2013 smear campaign on **Ralph Milliband** - father of Ed and David.
I cannot however find out any further information on **Peter King**, **Paul Beadle** or **Susan James** - *although they are unimportant* - which takes us to **Bruce Parker:**

Bruce Rodney Wingate Parker, MBE (born 20 July 1941) is a British journalist and television presenter whose career spanned the mid-1960s to 2003, when he retired. Strongly committed to regional broadcasting, he was responsible in the mid-1960s for a pilot local radio station in the Channel

***Islands*, which eventually led to the setting up of a string of *BBC local radio* stations across the UK. In 1967 he joined *BBC South* in *Southampton*, where he remained for most of his career, making a name as the main presenter and reporter for *South Today* for 35 years, a record stint for any regional presenter in the UK. He was also a respected political interviewer and later BBC South's political editor, hosting South of Westminster and South on Sunday... Source: Wikipedia**

So, once again we have another nonce closely associated with the BBC and given an MBE by the Queen... Indeed you would not believe the huge number of nonces decorated by the Satanic Royal Family!

Moreover, Parker's son Charlie - *a cameraman for the BBC* - was found dead under mysterious circumstances in 2009:
POPULAR Hampshire broadcaster Bruce Parker has spoken for the first time about the loss of his "adored" son.
Charlie Parker, a BBC cameraman, was found dead at a *Winchester* flat after failing to respond to attempts to wake him.
His father, a former BBC South Today presenter, has paid tribute to the 34-year-old who, just days earlier, had been filming for the corporation at the G20 summit in London.
"He was lovely, we adored him," said Bruce, 67. "He always had an impish smile and he lived life to the full... *Source
Which then brings us to **Lord Montagu**.

Now since the list was compiled in 2006 I presume that the Montagu in question is **Edward John Barrington Douglas-Scott-Montagu, 3rd Baron Montagu of Beaulieu** who died in 2015.
Edward Montagu was a notorious bisexual paedophile who in the 1950's became "*one of the most notorious public figures of his generation,*" after his conviction and imprisonment for "*conspiracy to incite certain male persons to commit serious offences with male persons,*"

And according to Wikipedia:
On two occasions Montagu was charged and committed for trial at *Winchester Assizes*, firstly in 1953 for having underage sex with a 14-year-old boy scout at his beach hut on the *Solent*, a charge he always denied.

The American Institute of Public Relations had just voted him the most promising young PR man when he was arrested. Although he enjoyed the support of his close family and a wide variety of friends, for a year or so he became "the subject of endless blue jokes and innumerable bawdy songs"

Mind you, paedophilia appears to run in the family.
The following is taken from the Guardian and published in 2015:
A senior Conservative politician escaped prosecution for child abuse in the 1970s when he promised the authorities he would not see the victim again, according to files released by the National Archives.

Victor Montagu, a rightwing Tory MP and one-time political secretary to Stanley Baldwin, was let off with a caution by the director of public prosecutions in 1972 for indecently assaulting a boy for nearly two years.

The decision by Sir Norman Skelhorn QC meant Montagu never stood trial and his paedophile activities were never exposed.

Next up on the list is the former MP for Portsmouth **Mike Hancock**, who I have written quite extensively about in the past.
Nevertheless, in November 2013 whilst serving as an MP, Hancock was cleared of an allegation relating to claims of sexual assault committed against a female constituent of his.
Or perhaps I should clarify that.

You see, the MP wasn't cleared of the allegations, it was more a case of the Hampshire Police Constabulary deciding to take no further action:

A Hampshire Police statement said it had discussed the case with the Crown Prosecution Service and would not be taking any further action.

So, as for the Chimp journalist **GEOFFREY LEVY,** well I can't say that I am surprised. After all, most of you will be aware that the press and media has always been littered with paedophiles and the Daily Mail is a well known protector of the scum.
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You see, the MP wasn't cleared of the allegations, it was more a case of the Hampshire Police Constabulary deciding to take no further action:

A Hampshire Police statement said it had discussed the case with the Crown Prosecution Service and would not be taking any further action.

Now personally - *although I am not surprised at the decision since that appears to be the norm where MP's are involved* - I find it quite appalling

given the facts of the case, the evidence and Hancock's track record.

The victim – *who suffered from a mental health disorder and had been sexually abused as a child* – had first approached Hancock in 2009 after having trouble with noisy neighbours.
Hancock later resigned the party's parliamentary whip following a meeting with the then Deputy Prime Mincer, Nick Clegg – *two fucking years after the allegations were first made, I hasten to add* – yet remained an MP & a Lib Dem Councillor for Portsmouth council.
Predictably however, he was not charged with any offence… I should also tell you at this juncture, that I had been informed that the Monster was very well protected.

Then again, aren't they all?

Nevertheless, after Mick the Dick was cleared in 2010, his victim bravely - *and quite rightly* - refused to let her claim just be dropped thus allowing yet another Politician – *in a long fucking line of Politicians* – to get away scot free.

The term '*Scot Free*' should in fact have been coined specifically for the Lib Dems after the former Liberal Party leader Jeremy Thorpe (*A close friend of the aforementioned Bruce Parker*) was sensationally cleared of conspiring to murder his ex-boyfriend, the Male Model Norman Scott in 1979 – *despite the overwhelming evidence pointing to his guilt*.

The following is from Wikipedia:
His political career was severely damaged when an acquaintance, Norman Scott, claimed to have had a love affair with Thorpe in the early 1960s, at a time when homosexual acts were illegal in Britain. The scandal forced Thorpe to resign as Liberal Party leader in 1976. He denied the claims of a homosexual affair and was charged with conspiring to murder Scott, though he was acquitted of these charges in 1979, shortly after losing his seat in the general election.

Course, Hancock is well known for his indiscretions. I mean, Fuck me, he was even described as being a "*renowned womaniser*" by the posh Times

Newspaper.

However, whilst having affairs with other consenting adults isn't illegal, it does show how shallow, dishonest, and untrustworthy Hancock is - although you only need look to our Prime Mincer, **Boris Johnson** to see that infidelity is the mainstay of our politicians.
Moreover, it also tells us that he has no sense of loyalty or strength of character, all of which an MP should have in abundance as far as I am concerned.

Now, I have to say that disturbing as all the above is, it is the allegations of paedophilia that disturb me the most.

You see, at one time Hancock had been district officer for Mencap, and in 2010, opposition candidate **Les Cummings** had a batch of leaflets printed up for distribution alleging amongst other things that Hancock was a friend to known criminals and that he had been seen in bed with children while on charity work in Romania with Mencap in the 1990s.
And whilst it has to be said that Hancock took out an injunction preventing Cummings distributing the leaflets, it was in fact his old friends the Hampshire Constabulary who took Cummings to court.
It should also be noted that as well as the injunction, Hancock published a document to be circulated refuting the allegations, yet he didn't sue Cummings for deformation… Very strange.
Moreover, Cummings was similarly granted a counter injunction prohibiting Hancock from distributing his leaflets responding to the allegations… You couldn't make this shit up.

Furthermore, the court proceedings relate to a criminal offence which isn't so much to do with the contents of the leaflets, but more to do with the reason for the leaflets distribution:

Mr. Cummings is charged with a single offence contrary to s. 106(1) of the Representation of the People Act 1983, and which alleges that he on the 22nd April 2010 at Portsmouth in Hampshire, before an election and for the purpose of affecting the return of Mike Hancock, a candidate in the election, made and published a false statement in relation to Mike

Hancock's personal character which he knew or believed to be false.
The sub section reads as follows: –
'A person who, or any director of any body or association corporate which –
(a) before or during an election.
(b) for the purpose of affecting the return of any candidate at the election, makes or publishes any false statement of fact in relation to the candidate's personal character or conduct shall be guilty of an illegal practice, unless he can show that he had reasonable grounds for believing, and did believe, the statement to be true.

Nevertheless, Hancock was Predictably cleared of the allegations but during the course of the court case he had been made to admit under cross-examination that he had, had '*a few*' extra-marital affairs - which he had told his wife about and that had been reported in the newspapers.

Which is presumably, the only reason that he told his wife.
Now as I say, the scumbag was cleared of the paedophile allegations – *sort of, albeit not conclusively* – but taking into consideration what I have told you about the power Hancock wields, his apparent police protection and his association with Portsmouth Council, as well as considering what we all know about our Nonce Ponce MP's; and when adding them all together, I have to say that Les Cummings defence of the paedophile allegations leveled at Hancock certainly sound to me to have a certain credibility and more than a ring of truth about them.

See what you reckon:
Cummings told the court he had been abused as a child at a Portsmouth children's home along with other family members and he had sought an apology from Portsmouth City Council, where Mr Hancock is also a councillor, but he had not received one.
He told the court from the witness box it was his '100 percent belief' that Mr Hancock is a paedophile.
He said the information about the allegations he printed in the leaflet came from several sources.
This included his electoral agent, Leo Ciccarone, who heard it from another man and a woman described in court as Maria Smythe who said

she had overheard her mother talking about the Romanian allegations over family dinners.
'Each piece of information led to another that led to another and that gave more credence to my beliefs,' Cummings said.
He said he 'was alarmed and astounded' that the city he held responsible for exposing him to abuse had a representative 'behaving in exactly the same way as the people who were abusing me all those years ago'.
He explained the leaflet had been written at night 'when the ghosts from the past had come' to him.
'I was so disgusted by the situation. I wanted to shock people. On reflection I kind of wish I had not done that. I was acting like a victim at that time. I did not want anybody else to be exposed to what I believe was a sexual predator and paedophile.

Not convinced?

Okay, I should tell you that I purposely left out the most serious allegation of paedophilia levelled against the Monster.
You see, Les cummings also accused Psycho Mikeho of having sex with a 14 year old girl.

Course, allegations are easy to make, but when the accused admits under oath to kissing and cuddling with the girl in question, you cannot help but think – *given Hancock's track record* – that in all probability, a miscarriage of justice had taken place:
A leading Lib Dem MP who was accused by an election rival of 'having sex with a 14-year-old girl' yesterday admitted he 'kissed and cuddled' her.
Mike Hancock, 64, was branded 'a paedophile' in a leaflet by opposition candidate Les Cummings, 66, last year.
Cummings is on trial charged with making a false statement about the character of Mr Hancock with the purpose of affecting the return of the election.
But Hancock yesterday admitted that he had a 'close and affectionate relationship' with the girl in question. He also admitted to 'a few' extra marital affairs.
He said he first met the girl, who cannot be named for legal reasons, in her late teens in 1985 and the relationship gradually developed until she

married in about 1993.
Mr Hancock said the girl was 17-years-old and not 14 as had been alleged in the leaflet. He said that the girl had driven to his office with her mother to enquire about work experience.
'We were close and developed a personal friendship', he told the court. 'It was a very affectionate relationship – it was strong but not sexual.
'There was physical contact between us – a kiss and a cuddle – but no more than that. Source: The Daily Mail

Convinced?

No?

Then I shall continue.

Now, Hancock the Toad can claim that the girl was 17 yrs old at the time, all he fucking likes but what is missing from that Daily Mail report is that Cummings alleged that Mick the Dick was a governor at the girls school.

So with that in mind, ask yourself how many girls were still at school aged 17 back in the 1980's?

However, to be fair, that claim was later withdrawn by Cummings although that fact could also allude to Hancock's guilt since that is the only allegation Cummings withdrew.

Moreover, there is another damning allegation about the girl - *left out of the Daily Mail article* - which is clearly stated in the official court documentation:
The evidence also developed this point to further assert that the same girl became pregnant by Mr. Hancock as a consequence of which the child underwent an abortion.
Other comments are made to the effect that Mr. Hancock had undertaken numerous trips to Romania, described as a 'Child Sex Tourist' destination and had been seen in bed with children in Romania.
Reference is additionally made in the following terms: '…Hancock is corrupt, a friend of known criminals, has had numerous extra-marital

affairs

Neither does it end there.

You see, in summing up the Judge made mention of another story in regards to Hancock's paedophilia:

when told about this impending publication, Mr. Ciccarone was urging caution and delay because a much better, amplified and apparently more salacious story could be obtained about Mr. Hancock concerning yet another girl, this time of Chinese origin, who had apparently visited parliament and had been given a box of chocolates and a cuddly toy.

Hmmm!

Nevertheless, moving on to the last name on Page 2 - **Sir Max Hastings**.

Hastings is yet another journalist and editor rewarded by the Queer of England... And as I say, she does that a lot.
Predictably, he worked for the BBC. Course, in June 2019, Hastings described the Conservative Party leadership candidate **Boris Johnson** as "*unfit for national office*"... So he was right about one thing I suppose.
However, more damning is the fact that in 2012 Hastings wrote in the Financial Times about the "*hysteria*" surrounding paedophilia in Britain today:

The British like to think themselves a stolid people, but in truth they are prone to spasms of hysteria. One of these is currently taking place, and profoundly ugly it looks. The nation is convulsed about paedophilia. The proximate cause is a torrent of accusations of abuse of minors laid against the late television presenter Jimmy Savile. This, in turn, has triggered a wave of other charges, including claims of systemic molestation in north Wales care homes in the 1970s.

So, once again there you have a perfect example of gate-keeping to the nonces and as far as I am concerned, when it comes to the elites and their love of child sex abuse, that "*hysteria*" is well and truly justified.

Which brings us nicely to Page 3 of the report/list:

Ken Bulpitt. Corunna Main, Andover. Cleans offices and windows.

John Weston. Formerly **Mail Enforcer.** King Arthurs Way, Andover. Tel. 07810 5762[redacted] Drives Landrover, Reg. no. [redacted]347 F

Richard Attenborough. Baron. Life Peer. B.1923. Actor. Masses about him in Who's Who. He is said to be **High Priest** for this group. He has been mentioned by Pals many times. His brother David, famous for his wild life films, has never been mentioned as being involved, but I know from a reliable private source that David's daughter suffered very severely from eating disorders, especially Anorexia Nervosa. One wonders whether her uncle, Richard, involved her at some time.

Jean La Fontaine. (JLF). Emeritus Professor of Anthropology at LSE. 1991-94, conducted research, funded by DoH under **Virginia Bottomly** q.v. into 'The Extent and Nature of Organised and Ritual Abuse'. JLF is said to be **High Priestess or higher.** Attended Ted Heath's cult funeral ceremony on night of 31.07.05-01.08.05. Confirmed by Pals many times, that she has attended important ceremonies at Beaulieu and other places. She was first mentioned to me by Veronica H, (VH), in 1994, about the time her research was published in summary. VH's 10 yr old alter Scumbag referred to her as 'The Fountain Lady'. She said she was very cruel.

Max Bygraves. B.1922. Entertainer. Has flat in London and house in Bournemouth, overlooking beach. Used occasionally for meetings.

Michael Jayston, Actor.

The above names were known and given me by HG or alters. JLF, I already knew. Most of these were later confirmed by Pals. All the following were passed on to me by one of the Pals. The first ones by M. and occasionally J, mainly from 2004 – Dec. 2005, when S. first appeared. Later ones given mainly by him.

Jim Bulpitt. Brother of Ken. 2nd **Male Enforcer.** Lives near Andover.

Marji Laker. Said to be **Female Enforcer.**

Mark Davis. Likes to be known as **The Marquis. Computer code name 'de Sade'!** Position is **Keeper Master**. He has control of all the Keepers. Referred to by Pals as **KM.** Very arrogant man who formerly sent me scathing emails and text messages. I have since had more details about him from Pals. Age 56. Height 6'1". Dark hair, silver at sides. Blue eyes. Slim build. Wears signet ring with Castle on it, L.hand. 2 gold teeth. Wears smart clothes. Now lives in London. Works in Banking for **Hambro.** Still very prominent in group.

George Wise, known as **Gerry.** Another **Keeper.**

Carol Marsden, known as **Carrie.** Another **Female Enforcer.**

Mick Jones, known as **Johan.** Another **Male Enforcer.**

And the first name that we see is **Ken Bulpitt** who owns a large, very successful cleaning Company and whilst the report does not detail what part he plays in sexual child abuse, his brother Jim is listed further down the page as being an "**Enforcer**".

However, I cannot find any further information on **John Weston -** the 2nd name on the list... Although once again he is unimportant.
Third on the list is the very well known actor and director, **Richard Attenborough**. Now interestingly **Dr Sally Baker** intimates that Attenborough played a part in covering up the North Wales child sex abuse investigation and also points out that his father was the Head at Leicester University which "*was at the heart of a load of people concealing the activities of Lord Greville Janner, Frank Beck et al, who had close links to Dafydd and the gang in north Wales*".
Just sayin'.

And next up is **Jean La Fontaine** who according to Wikipedia:
Jean Sybil La Fontaine (born 1 November 1931) is a British anthropologist and emeritus professor of the London School of Economics.[1]She has done research in Africa and the UK, on topics including ritual, gender, child abuse, witchcraft and satanism. In 1994 she wrote a government report: The Extent and Nature of Organised and Ritual Abuse.

Well she would be wouldn't she? Nuff said.

We then have the much loved British singer **Max Bygraves -** although I can't say that I am surprised. The following is taken from the Daily Mail published in September 2012.

Max Bygraves belonged to another era. Not the abrasive megastardom of today's stand-up comics, though he earned millions from his mix of family singalongs and genial patter. And not the anarchic, surreal comedy of his contemporaries, who derided him as painfully old-fashioned.

Bygraves, who died on Friday at the age of 89, was the last link to Britain's Victorian music hall past. He even took his stage name from the variety world, calling himself after the comic Max Miller — he was born Walter,

or Wally.

In front of an audience, he exuded bonhomie with an edge of threat, that seemed to warn: 'You'd better like me if you know what's good for you.' But the hint of menace in his act was given full expression in his private life. Bullying, autocratic and cold, he had a string of illegitimate children who he refused to acknowledge and kept secret from his long-suffering wife, Blossom.

If his act was old-fashioned, his attitude to women was prehistoric — more than one visitor to his Bournemouth mansion mistook Blossom for a maidservant, while outside the home he was serially unfaithful.

'My outlook is that life is like a self-service restaurant,' he commented in his 70s. 'You have to help yourself. Sometimes when you see what the other fella has got, you want some of it, too.'

The women were drawn easily to him: 'In every Palladium show there were at least 16 Tiller girls, all pretty high-kickers with big . . . smiles.' He admitted that he had always been driven by sexual urges — even as a boy, he used to enjoy watching the girls in the schoolyard skipping, 'because you got to see everything bouncing around'.

Nevertheless, that said I cannot find anything to link Bygraves to paedophillia.

We then come to the actor **Michael Jayston** who was born in 1935. Course whether he is a nonce or not is hard to say since he is not well known enough to be newsworthy... And that also applies to the rest of the names on Page 3 so we will fast forward to Page 4:

Duke of Norfolk. Add. Arundel Castle, W. Sussex. b.1915, so may be dead now. He was 17th Duke. Arundel Castle and he were mentioned by the 1st and 3rd Satanist Ritual Abuse Survivors (SRAS) I worked with, Barbara S.(BS) and Veronica H. (VH). Sadly, both are now dead. His second daughter is now Lady Carina Frost. (Married David Frost 1983).

Sir David Frost. Mentioned as attending some ceremonies, not simply that he married into the Norfolk family.

Dr Katrina Prescott. [redacted] Wolverstone Drive, Brighton. BN1 [redacted].

Darren Jackson. Junkie. Killed by group. (No details).

Virginia Bottomley. Sec.of State for Health during early 1990s. She authorised Jean La Fontaine's research into Organised and Ritual Abuse and when the report came out she announced on BBC Radio 4, that she was 'delighted that the myth of ritual abuse had been exploded'. Was mentioned frequently by Veronica Hook, in considerable detail. Address in Who's Who given as House of Commons, but I believe she has a house in Godalming and she also has property on the Isle of Wight.

Ted Heath. Former Prime Minister. Homosexual but not exclusively, where children are concerned. He has been mentioned by at least 5 SRAS, none of whom know each other. Several have described long finger nails. Am told that he wore false claws added to his nails, with which he clawed his child victims. He died in 2005. The cult held their own funeral on 31st July-1st August 2005, qv.

Dr Robert Wells. Police Surgeon, Winchester and Southampton, convicted in June 2004 of raping and sexually assaulting young girls. Winchester Crown Court sentenced him to 15 years in jail.

Dr Shreyas Deepak Raj. [redacted] Blenheim Drive, Rustington, Littlehampton, W. Sussex. BN15 [redacted]. Is available to the group for treatment of any members who are excessively beaten etc. Also does experimental operations to practice his surgical skills. Some years ago, did bilateral mastectomy and tracheostomy on M. The latter went wrong and caused severe damage to her larynx, for which she had to have a surgical repair job in France. Voice still very husky last time I heard it.

David Queen. Formerly of Suffolk Rd, Andover. Killed by the group 2004. (No details).

Michael Winner. Actor, Writer and Director. Often on TV.

Lord (Peter) Goldsmith. Attorney General under Tony Blair's government. 9 Buckingham Gate, London SW1. This information came before he was so well known. At the time, I showed Helen a photo of him with all writing obscured. Immediately, she said 'That's Peter Goldsmith. I've seen him at Beaulieu and other places.'

John Hoddinott. Former Chief Constable, Hants.

Michael Barrimore. TV Personality and presenter.

Clive Johnston. Was Keeper-Master before Mark Davis.

Brian Farmer. Was forger on Isle of Wight (IoW).

Okay, first on Page 4 is the Duke of Norfolk AKA **Miles Fitzalan-Howard**.

He died in 2002 and I cannot find any scandal on him. However, I note that his daughter was married to the TV presenter **David Frost** whose name appears 2nd on the page... Not that I can find anything to link Frost with paedophilla either.

Next up is **Dr Katrina Prescott** who is an expert in Genetics (*transgenderism etc*) so she certainly has all the right credentials. She is now based in West Yorkshire.

And quite obviously there is no information to be found on the junkie, **Darren Jackson**. However, **Virginia Bottomley** is a different kettle of fish altogether.

You see, she was instrumental in covering up the Islington child abuse scandal - as was **Jeremy Corbyn**. In fact five Islington whistleblowers went to see Jeremy Corbyn in 1992 and told him about the abuse scandal. He said he would discuss this with Virginia Bottomley who was then Secretary of State for Health... Nothing ever came of it.

Moreover, going on the contents of Photo 11, Bottomley is clearly a gatekeeper too:

Friday June 3rd 1994

The myth of Satanic abuse

WARNING: Mrs Bottomley wants carers to take note

By PETER HOOLEY
Home Affairs Correspondent

THE MYTH of Satanic sex abuse of children was blown apart in an official report yesterday.

A Government inquiry said there is no evidence it ever existed.

And it blamed Christian zealots and self-styled experts for the scare.

Their theories caused untold misery for scores of children taken from their families in dawn raids by social workers.

But the three-year study found no evidence that youngsters have ever been preyed on by organised groups of devil worshippers.

There was nothing to back claims that youngsters were exposed to torture, sexual abuse, cannibalism, bestiality and forced abortion in black magic rituals.

Health Secretary Virginia Bottomley warned social workers and child care experts to take heed of the findings.

Scaremongers

She said the issue had been surrounded by "speculation and scaremongering" for years.

The findings by Jean La Fontaine, emeritus professor of anthropology at the London School of Economics, confirmed what police had long suspected.

There has not been one criminal prosecution for Satanic abuse. A Scotland Yard probe into the issue is thought likely to reach the same conclusion as the professor's.

Prof la Fontaine's report followed an examination of 84 cases of alleged Satanic abuse investigated by police and social workers in the late 1980s.

It said children were influenced into making false claims by grown-ups dominated by evangelical Christian extremists.

Over-anxious adults dealing with distressed children had come to the conclusion that Satanic abuse must be to blame, said Prof la Fontaine.

She accused specialists including therapists, psychiatric social workers and dedicated Christians of sharing a conviction that they were dealing with Satanic abuse.

"Of course, their status as specialists depends on that," she said. "So they are rather more keen perhaps to diagnose it than others." The report defines Satanism as "sexual and physical abuse of children as part of rites directed to a magical or religious objective".

> 'Zealots and self-styled experts are to blame'

No evidence was found of this in any of the cases reported in England and Wales between 1987 and 1991. Prof la Fontaine did not investigate the Orkneys cases.

She criticised interviews with children as poorly-conducted. The children's claims were "unreliable and misleading".

Reality

The professor suggested that claims of Satanism could actually obscure the reality of child abuse.

"People are reluctant to accept that parents, even those classed as social failures, will harm their own children and even invite others to do so," she said.

"But involvement with the Devil explains it."

Mrs Bottomley said: "Professor la Fontaine has exposed the myth of Satanic abuse. I hope the professionals will study the report in detail, in particular the definitions and the terms used when discussing ritual, Satanic or organised abuse, and learn lessons from it which they can apply to their future work with children."

But Valerie Sinason, a consultant child psychotherapist who has just published a study on treating victims of Satanic abuse, insisted it existed.

"Patients who are not psychotic, are not hysterical, are not schizophrenic are saying things that amount to Satanic abuse," she said.

Protected

Labour health spokesman David Blunkett welcomed the report but added: "It is crucial that we do not loose sight of the fact that many of the children involved had been sexually abused.

"Children must be protected from all sexual abuse. The fact that Satanic abuse was ruled out here must not undermine that imperative."

The notion of Satanic abuse was an American import brought to Britain in the 1970s by self-appointed experts who advised police and social workers how to spot it.

The Royal Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children said it accepted the report's criticism of interviewing techniques.

The society agreed with the report's general findings on Satanic abuse — and said it had never encountered any Satanism.

How the rumours spread

By PETER HOOLEY

THE myth of Satanic abuse in Britain has fed on itself since the first cases began to emerge in America in the early Eighties.

Self-appointed "experts" sent videos and books on the subject to child care agencies in Britain.

Special conferences of social workers and police followed to discuss Satanic abuse and how to spot it.

The Orkneys and Rochdale cases sparked publicity which produced ever-more bizarre cases. Some women even came forward claiming their babies had been sacrificed in Black Magic rituals.

The involvement of "devil worship" helped social workers accept that adults would harm their children and invite others to do so, the report says.

There was "an obsessional desire" among child protection workers to find out what happened, which obscured the real needs of the youngsters. And children were subjected to constant interviews, leading questions and inducements to agree to suggestions that an evil force was at work.

The NSPCC said last night that ritual abuse — as opposed to devil worship — did occur in a small number of cases where adults used rites to frighten, intimidate and control children.

There were three such substantiated cases in yesterday's report in which children told of adult abusers' mystical powers to keep them compliant and ensure their silence.

But unlike devil-worship, the rituals were not the main objective and therefore were not classed as Satanic abuse.

Moving on And the former Prime Mincer and predatory paedophile, **Edward Heath** needs no introduction.

However, for anyone not familiar with those Heath allegations, it has been claimed many times by more than a few, myself included, that the disgraceful paedophile ex Prime Mincer, either helped himself to little boys from the Haut de la Garenne boy's home or had them provided for him via Jimmy Savile.

Heath allegedly took his child victims out on his yacht, '**the Morning Cloud'** and many did not return.

The following extract is taken from the Daily Mirror published in August 2015:

Police were warned a child may have vanished from Ted Heath's yacht – but officers were ordered not to investigate, it has been claimed.
Linda Corby said she watched 11 boys aged six to 11 from Jersey's notorious Haut de la Garenne home board the former PM's yacht in the island's capital St Helier.
A few hours later she counted only 10 as they left the Tory leader's boat.

Describing what she saw in the early 1970s, Linda, 62, said: "I was with Jersey senator Ralph Vibert who has since died.
"He said he had been warned about children going on Heath's yacht, Morning Cloud, and some not coming back. We watched as a group of boys from the home got on. They were in shorts and T-shirts and looked as if they were on a day trip."

And that is from a mainstream newspaper!
Moreover, two years later the spy owned, Telegraph newspaper reported the following:

The police chief investigating allegations that Sir Edward Heath was a paedophile believes the accounts are "120 per cent genuine".

Wiltshire Police has been carrying out a large-scale investigation into

claims made about the late former prime minister and has identified more than 30 alleged victims.
A report, which is expected to be published in June, will allegedly detail how the claims are "totally convincing" and will vindicate Chief Constable Mike Veale's decision to persist with the £700,000 investigation.

Course - *quite predictably* - the investigation came to nothing but then again, with only a three quarter of a million Pound budget it is quite obvious that it was more of a damage limitation exercise.
Edward Heath was also apparently warned on more than one occasion by the then Metropolitan Police Commissioner, to stop '*cottaging*'. The following is once again taken from the Telegraph newspaper published in April 2007:

The former Tory prime minister, Sir Edward Heath, went "cottaging" for gay sex, it was claimed yesterday.
He stopped visiting the public lavatories after being warned that it could wreck his career. Brian Coleman, a Tory member of the London Assembly, who is gay, claimed that homosex-uals "ran" the Conservative Party in London.
Sir Edward, who died in 2005, never married but never admitted to being gay.
Mr Coleman, writing for the New Statesman magazine's online edition, was responding to a call by Peter Tatchell, the gay rights campaigner, to reveal "gay public figures". Mr Coleman said he disagreed that public life would be "healthier" if voters knew about gay MPs.
He said: "The late Ted Heath obtained the highest Office of State after he was supposedly advised to cease his cottaging activities in the 1950s."...

It should also be noted that Heath was allegedly blackmailed over his noncing and forced to take us into the Common Market (EU) under very unfavorable terms.

Moving on and we have the former police surgeon, **Dr Robert Wells** who really adds credibility to the list.

You see, as the report clearly states, he was jailed for 15 years in 2004 for child rape. The following is taken from the Telegraph and published in 2004:

A police surgeon who filmed himself raping and abusing young girls he had drugged was jailed yesterday for 15 years.
Robert Wells, 52, drugged two sisters aged five and 11, abusing the older girl. He twice raped another 11-year-old girl and indecently assaulted her. Police said yesterday that they feared that Wells could have abused many more young girls. Experts have failed to crack codes on his computer on which they suspect he may have stored evidence of oth
er assaults.
However, it appears that Wells was jailed for a further 7 years just as his 2004 sentence was coming to an end. The following is taken from Wales Online published in April 2017:

A doctor once regarded as "an upstanding pillar of the community" told parents to wait outside his consulting room while he sexually abused their children.

Robert Wells, 65, who is already serving a jail sentence, admitted four counts of indecent assault relating to his time as a general practitioner at Caerleon Surgery in the 1980s.
Speaking at Cardiff Crown Court, prosecutor Matthew Roberts said: "It is hard to imagine a more serious and grotesque breach of trust."

The court heard Wells was a registered medical practitioner at the time, but has since been stripped of that title by the General Medical Council.

Prosecutors said the offences related to three girls, who were all patients of Wells at the time...

Now, can you spot the Elephant in the room there? I mean, if Wells received a 15 yr sentence in 2004 he should have been released by 2014 at the latest, yet he was still in prison when he received the further 7 years in 2017... Very strange.

Mind you, Wells is not a member of the filthy rich and as such, appears to have been thrown to the dogs.

As for **Dr Shreyas Deepak Raj**, well there is an eminent eye surgeon who resides in Manchester with the very same name although I have no idea if he is the same person as the one mentioned in the report... However,

Dr Shreyas Deepak Raj is not a common name and title.
David Queen, the dead junkie is of no real importance which brings us to the film director, the now deceased **Michael Winner** - someone who I suspected as being a nonce a very long time ago.
Course, whilst there is no proof that Winner was a nonce, he was without doubt a perverted abuser of women... The following is taken from the Independent newspaper first published in October 2017:
In the wake of the Harvey Weinstein scandal, three women have come forward with claims director Michael Winner demanded to see their breasts.

Debbie Arnold (best known for playing April Branning on Eastenders), Cindy Marshall-Day, and another unnamed actress made the claims.

Speaking to the Sunday People, Arnold said Winner made the demands while she was auditioning for a role at his house.
"He asked me to take off my top, then my bra and told me to massage my breasts," she told the publication.

Moving on to **Lord Peter Goldsmith** and I better be careful what I say here since he is a top litigation lawyer.

Goldsmith is related to the now deceased billionaire, **James Goldsmith** whose family is closely related to the Rothschild's and were instrumental in the Princess Diana deception.
And once again, whilst there is no evidence to suggest that Goldsmith is a nonce, like the rest of the filthy rich, he couldn't stay faithful if his life depended on it.

The following is taken from the Daily Mail:

The Government was hit by a second legal marital scandal last night after it was revealed that Attorney General Lord Goldsmith had an affair with

Britain's leading Asian woman barrister.
Cabinet Minister Lord Goldsmith, who is in charge of prosecutions and is Tony Blair's senior legal adviser, confirmed that he had an extra-marital affair with attractive Anglo-Indian lawyer Kim Hollis.

Mind you, it is worth noting that Goldsmith is very close to the former British Prime Mincer, **Tony Blair** who has himself been accused of being a nonce.

Blair, reportedly a 33rd degree Freemason who displays the characteristics of a psychopath was convicted in May 2012 - *along with his pal George W Bush* - of war crimes at the Kuala Lumpur War crimes tribunal.
George W Bush's father, former US President **George H Bush** has of course long been accused of being a serial paedophile. However, it would seem that Bush senior's son shares his father's sick liking for children. Moreover, Bush Junior's fellow war criminal Tony Blair does too. The following is taken from an article that appeared on the Tap Blog website:

The Tap Blog received a number of bulletins from ex-spy Gordon Logan over the last year. None of these were more memorable than his exposure of Tony Blair using a male prostitute at The White House, a prostitute named Jeff Guckert, George Bush's personal favourite, who he lent to Blair. Guckert bragged about it afterwards online, and the story spilled out. It was Gordon Logan who ensured that the story spilled out further at higher levels.

The Tap Blog elaborates further by saying that **Jeff Guckert** is one of the pseudonyms used for **Johnny Gosch** who was kidnapped by paedophiles for prostitution purposes, at the age of just twelve... It's a very exclusive club don't cha know.

And that only really leaves the disgraced comedian **Michael Barrymore** worthy of comment from Page 4. Barrymore, as you all probably know lost everything after 31 year old **Stuart Lubbock** was found floating dead with severe anal injuries in the entertainers swimming pool at his luxury mansion in Essex.

Barrymore then inexplicably fled the scene but was never charged with

murder/manslaughter following the botched investigation by Essex police.

Course, if you are a regular reader of my website you will know that Essex police are rotten to the core.

Nevertheless, moving on to Page 5:

Charlotte Beasley. Aged 14. Made pregnant by cult. Baby removed for sacrifice, by Caesarean Section without anaesthetic. Despite Raj's efforts to save her, she died.

Jason McAtteer. Junkie and Enforcer. Killed by cult with overdose of drugs.

Barry ?. Messenger. Drove silver hatchback Peugeot, **Reg No. CG52SFJ.**

Charles Clarke MP. Former Labour Education Secretary, later Home Secretary. **Master.** His name has been mentioned by another RAINS member who has no connections with Helen. She told me that her client was abused frequently by him and also taken abroad for further abuse.

Philip Thomson. Drove Volvo silver estate car, possible **Reg No. E769FOM.**

Charlotte Jainee. Age 10. Sold to KM (Mark Davis) for £400.

Peter de Savary. International Entrepreneur. Add. Skibo Castle, Dornoch, Sutherland, Scotland. Also has property in the South.

Ray Aldridge-Morris. Psychologist. Wrote many sceptical papers on SRA.

Lord McAlpine. Present Baron's father, also called Robert, was mentioned by BS in late 80s.

Alvin Stardust. 1970s Pop singer. He was mentioned by BS in 1986, but she always felt that he was more into homosexual paedophilia than cult stuff.

Dr Bill Thompson. Lecturer in Criminology, Reading University. On Advisory Board of British False Memory Society and has been an expert witness for the defence in many cases where accusations of child sexual abuse (CSA). In 2004, police raided his home and found many images of child pornography on his computer. He claimed they were all there because of his court work. He was suspended from his employment, but later reinstated, I think. Private Eye was hot in his defence. He has written many sceptical and scathing articles about SRA, also broadcasts. He was mentioned as a definite cult member, both by BS and VH as well as Pals. In 1994, I had a confrontation with him on The World at One, BBC Radio 4, just after JLF's report came out.

Michael Portillo. Politician.

Rod Matthews. Was very high in cult, being a **Commander.** In 2004, he had some dispute and decided to give evidence to the police. He was forced to attend a cult trial, was found guilty and **killed by them at Halloween, 31.10.2004.**

David Richardson. New **Male Enforcer (ME)** Jan.2005. Both from Winchester.
Di Williams. New **Female Enforcer (FE)** Jan 2005.
Both these two were considered not to have fulfilled their duties. Later learned that they had been tried by the cult and punished. **Both killed in Ceremony 17.3.06.**

The following names given at same time in Jan. 05. All are said to be **Watchers.**

Stevie Peters.
Tom Reynolds.
Paul James.
Ian Cunliffe.

Now, although there are some very disturbing allegations made on Page 5, the majority of the names mentioned do not belong to the filthy rich and as such I am just going to concentrate on those that do - or did.

And two of the names that jump out straight away are Lord McAlpine - *now deceased* - and the ex MP, **Michael Portillo**.
However, in the case of Lord McAlpine, I do not think that the report is talking about the most notorious member of the Satanic family, namely Lord Alistair McAlpine.

Nevertheless, the family is one of the most evil to reside in this country. Indeed, in 2012 the infamous self-styled lawyer, **Giovanni De Stefano** wrote the following about Alistair McAlpine:

Lord McAlpine (Former treasurer of the conservative party)
He is known to the police in the UK and abroad, for sexually abusing young boys, including using a coffin to put the boy in, then they simulate burying him by sprinkling gravel on the top of the coffin, the child is screaming with terror and will do whatever he is told due to being so scared of being put in the coffin again. This person is alleged to have murdered at least 2 boys and buried their bodies on his estate. I got this information from a police officer who was involved in investigating McAlpine, and he is certain that he has committed murder several times, but he is too well protected to get him.
He has been named time and time again in N. Wales Enquiry into child abuse, yet he still enjoys total freedom to abuse and kill young children (yes, that's right, kill children).

His sordid past is so depraved it beggar's belief. There is a video tape hidden at the moment which shows him with two other child sexual abusers, torturing and raping young boys. The film was made in Wales. A very well-known investigative programme was loaned a copy in order that the story could be revealed and the children could finally get some justice and some peace. What a pity the company decided not to run the story, even though one of the women who watched it admitted to having to leave the room to be sick after only a couple of minutes.

There is a lot more to the abuse side of this case, but as I am still investigating this I cannot reveal any more at this time. However, I would like to know what happened to almost 20 million pounds of Conservative Party funds which I understand are still in an offshore account controlled by him and former Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher. I would also like to ask the former Prime Minister why she stood up for McAlpine when information was passed to her by the Security Services in relation to McAlpine, and it was only after a large amount of pressure was put on her that she removed him from his post before information leaked out.

Now given how well known De Stefano is it is inconceivable that McAlpine was unaware of the comments yet he never sued... Unlike he did when the TV program '*Newsnight*' was set to name him as a child abuser.

And indeed, although the program never did, in the end the nonce still received substantial compensation from the BBC - as he also did from ITV who also never named him as a nonce, so go figure.

Moreover, De Stefano also said the following about Micharl Portillo:

Michael Portillo (former MP Kensington & Chelsea)
Portillo is well known within the conservative party, as are others for his perverse abuse of children. He also likes adults now and again, particularly his friend and fellow MP Peter Lilley. He was giving Portilo a good time in the DTI building on the day of the 92 election, he was on his knees, (I'm sure I don't have to paint a picture for you). He also likes Morocco Del sol, where he delights in having young boys for sexual abuse. He used to go to the same hotel and on one visit, he left top secret documents behind in connection with the UK's defence systems, was it an accident, or was he being blackmailed? He also goes to the Isle of White regularly with Lilley and other friends where they have access to children. He is disgusting and I want him in prison where he belongs.

And tellingly, Portillo never sued either.

As for **Peter de Savary**, well he was filthy rich even back in the 1980's when I was working for the groundwork contractor who put in the footings for the

luxury three story houses de Savary was having built along Canvey seafront.

Needless to say, I never met him and as to the question as to whether or not he is a Satanic paedophile, I haven't got a scooby-fucking-do.

The same holds for the late singer **Alvin Stardust** who allegedly died in 2014. The following is taken from the Daily Mail:

Alvin Stardust was the crown prince of comebacks. He found fame as a Sixties teenybopper, in the Seventies with glam rock, and as a post-punk rocker in the Eighties — before launching a successful West End career. He was planning another musical renaissance right up to his death yesterday aged 72, from prostate cancer.
His first studio album in 30 years, simply called Alvin, is due for release next week. He was still performing on stage last weekend, belting out his beloved Fifties rock standards, as well as his roster of Top Ten hits. Source

Funny how these pop stars manage to release albums immediately before they kick the bucket don't cha think - David Bowie, John Lennon & Johnny Cash are three others who immediately spring to mind.

However, I did in fact think it rather strange that theDaily Mail went on to say:

But it is as a strutting, smouldering monster of glam rock — half-cowboy, half-vampire — that he will be best remembered

I mean I certainly never associated him with being a "*Vampire*"! Although we do know that a lot of the elitist wrong-uns do like to drink blood, don't we?

Mind you, curiously enough according to *The Tap blog*, former Radio 1 DJ Tony Blackburn claims that his colleague, Simon Dee, was axed by the BBC for refusing to interview the notorious paedophile pop star, Gary Glitter.

However, Blackburn's claim was refuted by, Paul Hollingdale, a Deputy Programme Controller who stated:

Simon Dee was offered a mid-morning slot on Radio 210 in Reading. He left the station after refusing to interview ALVIN STARDUST not GARY GLITTER.

Hmmm, I wonder why that was then?

And that just leaves the only other notable on Page 5 of the report, namely the former MP Charles Clarke, who according to Wikipedia:
Charles Rodway Clarke (born 21 September 1950) is an English Labour Party politician, who was the Member of Parliament (MP) for Norwich South from 1997 until 2010, and served as Home Secretary from December 2004 until May 2006.

Clarke was the Homo Secretary in the Blair Cabinet and as we have already seen, good old Tony has in the past been publicly accused of being a nonce. Moreover, I once wrote an article - *with documented evidence* - that alluded to Blair's daughter attempting suicide because she had been sexually abused.

There are also many claims on the internet that like Edward Heath, Blair was caught cottaging in a men's public toilet... However unlike Heath, Blair was allegedly prosecuted:
While researching Blair's early Parliamentary career, The Slog (or Not Born Yesterday as it then was) received the following email content:

'In the autumn of 1983, a young well-dressed man presented himself to Bow St Magistrates' Court on a morals charge. He was given a conditional discharge and bound over to keep the peace. The young man gave his name as Charles Lynton. He is now among the highest in the land.'

Blair's middle names are Charles and Lynton. I have asked for the records of the period (the Court no longer exists) but failed to trace any mention there of the 'case' - if indeed it ever existed. Although I found the general attitude of information suppliers to be obstructive, there wasn't any strong feeling of hiding stuff; frankly, I'd be amazed anyway if something incriminating about Tony Blair hadn't been removed by now. Another source wrote to us as follows:

'He was caught importuning in a Westminster toilet. It was all covered up.'

Two things are, however, relevant. Gossip did abound about Blair's sexuality during his time in the rock band Ugly Rumours at Oxford. And while nobody has ever stood them up, it is widely accepted that Derry Irvine (Blair's boss in Chambers) regularly referred to him as "the star closest to Uranus"... Source

Right, let's move on to Page 6:

Brian? ... Messenger.

Bertram Hodinkson. He is a **Mason** and member of The **Grand Order of Water Rats.** He is important in cult. **Commander.**

Dr Tony Baker. Child & Adolescent Psychiatrist, Haslemere/Woking. (Apparently belongs to another group but is known to our informants because he is prepared to help groups nationwide). I have had a number of encounters with him. Back in 1989, when I was working with BS, my first SRA survivor, Guildford CID called him in for second opinion. His conclusion was that I had invented the entire story and suggested it all to her, causing her to believe all the elaborate detail she had given us. This finished the police investigation on that case. He later caused considerable damage to a family in LASA, which resulted in both the children being taken away from the entirely innocent mother. Both returned to her voluntarily as soon as they were old enough. He was also involved in the Broxtowe Case 1987, before it was known to be SRA rather than only CSA.

Ruth Kelly. MP. Education Secretary. Later, Transport Secretary. Member of Opus Dei. She is frequently in press re dilemma about IVF etc being acceptable to RCs. Also re lowering the foetal age of permissible abortion. Attended Ted Heath's Cult Funeral. q.v.

David Whiting-Johns. Commander.

Ricky West. To be punished soon.
Georgina Mitchell. " " " " " "

Lord Caernarvon. Owner of Highclere Castle, Nr. Newbury.

William Chambers. Solicitor. Helps cult for cash. May not be cult member or need to attend ceremonies.

John Rose. London. Is called 'Your Lordship' by group.

Margaret Kenwood. Winchester. Junkie. Recruits runaway kids.

Stuart Campbell. Portsmouth. Sentenced to 5 years in jail for burglary.

Sir Edward Hulse. Owner of **Braemer House**, few miles south of Salisbury. (See Places).

Rt. Rev. Crispian Hollis, RC Bishop of Portsmouth. (Referred to by group in text to me on day of Pope John Paul's funeral, as being 'so good to us'). He has also been mentioned by a male survivor with whom another RAINS member is working. This young man lived in Portsmouth and he said that Crispian Hollis organised the group he was abused by.

Cardinal Cormack Murphy O'Connor. Head of RC Church in Britain. (Mentioned in same text by group). Years ago, when he was Bishop of Arundel and Brighton, I met him and tried to talk to him about SRA. He was very dismissive. Was responsible for moving several RC Priests to other Dioceses when there were allegations of Child Abuse, including one whom he transferred to London Airport, who was later convicted and imprisoned. Has been mentioned by other unconnected survivors.

And I think that I can scoot through this page fairly quick. However, I feel

that I should point out that **Dr Tony Baker** fell under the watchful eye of Cathy Fox who writes about child abusers.

Cathy wrote the following about Baker:
Dr Anthony Baker has been brought to my attention. I am told he has complaints against him of false diagnoses and sexual abuse including child sexual abuse.
Baker no longer has a licence to practice as a GP, but he still has a specialist licence to practise child and adolescent psychiatry from the General Medical Council from 29 April 2015. General Medical Council Doctors Register

We then have the former **MP Ruth Kelly** who was also a member of the nonce infested Blair Cabinet and it is worth noting that her department allowed convicted sex offenders to work in schools.
The following is from the Telegraph newspaper:

Ruth Kelly's elevation to Education Secretary at 36 made her the youngest ever woman cabinet minister and cemented her position as one of the cleverest and most ambitious members of the government.

But in fact the appointment in 2004 by Tony Blair proved to be too clever by half. Miss Kelly was overwhelmed by one of the most demanding, high profile, ministerial jobs and was demoted to the Communities and Local Government portfolio after only 16 months.

It was a tumultuous period in which she became embroiled in a damaging row over school dinners with Jamie Oliver. Then it emerged that her department had allowed convicted paedophiles, who were on the sex offenders' register, to work in schools. Downing Street was forced to issue a statement denying that Miss Kelly was to be replaced.

Moving on and as far as **Lord Carnavon** goes it is a bit hard to say which one the report is talking about. However, given the year that it was compiled the report could be referring to **Henry George Reginald Molyneux Herbert, 7th Earl of Carnarvon** - *AKA Lord Porchester* - although as you will see a "Lord Porchester" does appear on Page 7.

Nevertheless, this is very interesting since Porchester is the fella who is supposedly the real father of the paedophile, Prince Andrew.
Indeed, Prince Andrew's parentage was called into question shortly after his birth and the murmurings have gained momentum ever since by sly digs in the media such as this one from the Telegraph:

"***There are those who persist in believing that Prince Andrew's natural father was the Queen's racing manager, Henry Porchester, "Porchey", 7th Earl of Carnarvon, suggesting the conception occurred at some point between 20 January and 30 April 1959 when Philip was away on another of his long sea voyages in the Britannia".***

Moreover, in 1993, The New York Times Magazine exposed the Queen's penchant for sleeping with her underlings in an article quoting the columnist **Nigel Dempster** telling the author **Christopher Hitchens** to, '*Get hold of a picture of Prince Andrew and then one of Lord Porchester at the same age. You'll see that Prince Philip could never have been Andy's father*'.

Tellingly, The Queen did not dare challenge the article. She did however use the taxpayers money to increase the budget for the Buckingham Palace Press Office – the outfit set up decades ago to buy the silence of media owners and editors.

Likewise,Prince Edward - *the Queer of England's youngest child* - is reportedly the son of Baron Plunket.

And that just about concludes Page 6 except to give the two clergymen mentioned at the bottom a quick mention... After all, we all know that the top clergy are all involved in kiddie fiddling... Just sayin'.

Which takes us to Page 7:

Terry Grange. Ch.Const. Dyfed-Powys. On fringe. Helps groups. In Jan.2005, I was asked by Lee Moore to write to him in his capacity as holder of Violent Crimes Portfolio for ACPO, supporting her request for a national Police Unit to be set up, to deal with the subject of Ritual Crime and Abuse. She received a scathing reply, of which I was sent a copy, stating that there is no evidence, past or present, that SRA is a reality. He referred to JLF's research and maintained that there were 'myths' in the early 90's resulting in children being taken into care, but as soon as the allegations were dismissed, the children were returned home. He himself has now been discredited. On May 6th 2008, IPCC upheld 4 allegations made by his former mistress regarding misuse of police funds and computer. He subsequently requested retirement, which the authority accepted.

Philip Maston. Became **new ME** 21.5.05. Height 5'10". Stocky build.

Howard Locke. Inquisitor. From Bromley. Thin, 5'4", dark hair.

Barbara North. Hospital Administrator. Lives in Andover. Gives information. On fringe.

Phil Compton. Driver for group. Drives silver estate car.

Lord Porchester. Son of Lord Caernarvon. Newbury.

Ann Mahony. Wales. In national news. **Kept dead babies in her attic.**

John Morriston. High Commander. London. **Very important in group.**

Kathleen Taylor. Group member who took part in TV film **Exorcism - 24.02.05.**
Guy Claxton. " " " " " " " "
Evan Lewis. " " " " " " " "

Marquis of Blandford. ?Blenheim Palace. Junkie.

Paul Boeteng. MP. He has been mentioned by other survivors.

Greg Brant. Age 23 (Would now be 25-6). Minder.

Henry Marshall. Dorchester, Dorset. MASTER. Very important in group. Has scar on R. shoulder.

Lord Moyne. Biddeston House, nr Andover. Connections with **Guinness** family.

Marquis of Bath. Longleat, Warminster. Mentioned also by BS in late 80s early 90s. She claimed ceremonies held there and has seen bodies buried in grounds.

Luke Killick. Soton.

From 11th June 2005 onwards, I have included on the list, the date the person was first mentioned.

Giles Harrington. 11.06.05. Hypnotist.

Alan Williams. 14.06.05. **New Commander.** Known as **Judge.**

And the first name of importance on Page 7 is the now deceased former Chief Cuntstable, **Terry Grange**.

Course, that won't be a surprise to most reading this because we all know that our top cops are all high up in the Freemasons - who at that level ALL worship Satan... And of course the two go hand in hand with paedophilia. Nevertheless, while there is no evidence that Grange was a nonce, the following taken from the Telegraph in September 2008 would suggest that he is at the very least a nonce protector:

Police have been ordered to reconsider a case where a judge was accused of sexually abusing children, one as young as 18-months, after claims that they failed to properly investigate because he was a friend of the chief constable.
The judge's ex-wife claimed she personally witnessed him naked with young girls and had seen him download child pornography. She also claimed that he had passed on a sexual infection to a child and that he had brought home court transcripts of sex trials for his sexual gratification.
The judge, who is only known as Judge X for legal reasons, has denied all allegations and claimed his ex-wife was trying to get back at him over their divorce.

She has also claimed that the judge beat her up and lied on a mortgage application.

The woman, who also cannot be named for legal reasons, made the allegations in June 2006 to Dyfed Powys police who investigated and rejected the claims.

She then claimed that the investigation had been inadequate and was biased because Judge X was a friend of the force's then chief constable Terry Grange, an allegation that Mr Grange, who has since retired on an unrelated matter, has denied.
Moreover, Grange was most definitely on the fiddle - A crooked Chief Constable, imagine that!

The following is taken from the Guardian newspaper and published in May

2008:

A chief constable used his force credit card to wine and dine a woman he was having an affair with and sent her emails containing "inappropriate comments and sexual innuendo" from his office computer, it emerged yesterday.
Terry Grange shared hotel rooms with the woman paid for by the police and missed at least one important meeting to spend time with her, a report from the Independent Police Complaints Commission (IPCC) revealed.

And once again, all of the above goes on to add even more credibility to this report/list.

We can then skip the next few names since they are not members of the filthy rich until we come to **Lord Porchester**.
Now, I have already mentioned Porchy whilst discussing Page 6 but once again it is difficult to know which Lord the list is referring to... Nevertheless, and suffice to say Satanic child abuse is passed from generation to generation where the aristocracy are concerned.
Next on the list worthy of mention in order to add further credibility to the list is **Ann Mahoney.**

You see, in October 2005 the BBC reported the following:
Ann Mahoney was considered a pillar of the community on Merthyr Tydfil's Gurnos estate.
A mother-of-two and a grandmother, she was known more than anything for her work with children, helping with three youth football teams and becoming a school governor of an infant school.

In 2002 the retired nurse was even voted citizen of the year by the local police crime prevention panel for helping improve quality of life in one of the most deprived parts of Wales.
But she lived with a terrible secret for more than 40 years.
While she had two children, no-one suspected she had also given birth to three stillborn babies, and then hidden their bodies.

Sick Bitch!

Which brings us to the Marquis of Blandford AKA **James Spencer-Churchill**... A very, very suspect family line.

Nevertheless, according to Wikipedia:
Charles James Spencer-Churchill, 12th Duke of Marlborough (born 24 November 1955), styled Earl of Sunderland until March 1972 and Marquess of Blandford until October 2014, and often known as Jamie Blandford or Jamie Marlborough, is an English peer and the current Duke of Marlborough.
He is the eldest surviving son of the 11th Duke of Marlborough and his first wife, Susan Mary Hornby. As a member of the Spencer family, he is a distant relative of the war-time Conservative Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill. He is also a stepbrother of Christina Onassis by the second marriage of his father with Athina Livanos.

Now, Jimmy Churchill is a former junkie whose son hit the headlines for all the wrong reasons in December 2018:

Frisky guests at one of this year's biggest society weddings got a bit carried away on a cricket pitch, the bride has revealed.
Camilla Thorpe became the Marchioness of Blandford when she married George Spencer-Churchill, the Marquess of Blandford, at St Mary Magdalene Church in Woodstock in September.
Now she has revealed some details of the big bash, among them implying that an unnamed couple enjoyed some adult behaviour during a raucous party that followed.
The party at Blenheim Palace, in Oxfordshire, also saw the bride and groom crowd surf and one guest strip off on stage.
Speaking to Tatler magazine, Camilla, 31, said: "One couple 'enjoyed' the cricket pitch, which was played on the next day by the unsuspecting local team." Source: The Mirror

But like I say, it runs in the family... Just ask Prick Charles and Princess Andrew.

Next up is the former MP **Paul Boateng** who predictably is now a Lord...

And just as predictably, Boateng is as corrupt as they come and can be linked to many a scandal.

In fact his latest bit of skulduggery (photo 12) was unearthed just last year:

PORTUGAL, ANGOLA

UK Lord paid by offshore linked to Angolan Bank Scandal

Former cabinet minister Paul Boateng accepted fees from an offshore shell used by Angolan banker Alvaro Sobrinho, suspected of embezzlement, fraud and money laundering

By Craig Shaw, Micael Pereira (Expresso)

26 March 2018

And of course that is far from the first time that he has been exposed as a criminal. I mean in December 2000, Boateng was implicated in an Asian slave labour scandal. The following is from the Guardian newspaper:
Documents seen by this newspaper show how Home Office Minister Paul Boateng regularly intervened to help directors of the company building the London temple to overcome Foreign Office objections and obtain visas to bring workers from India to the UK. This firm, Shrico, has been paying its employees 'slave labour' rates of as little as 30p an hour - £3.40 less than the national minimum wage - and has been investigated by a number of government departments, including the Home Office.
Boatteng was of course a Minister in Tony Blair's nonce infested government and as such it can be no surprise that he is linked to paedophilia via the Lambeth care home scandal… See photo 13.

PAUL BOATENG – LAMBETH PAEDOPHILE "JOHN CARROLL WOULD REGULARLY TALK ABOUT HIM [PAUL BOATENG] BEING ABLE TO OPEN DOORS FOR HIM."

JUNE 18, 2016 ANON

Now in that photo we also see the highly suspect **Uri Geller** and the nonce **Michael Jackson**... Birds of a feather and all that jazz.
Hmmm!

And like I keep saying; it runs in the family. You see, in 2011 Boateng's son was jailed for a serious sex assault on a 23 year old woman having been cleared in court the year before of double rape... This from the Daily Mail:
In a damning testimony that shames her swaggering attacker, Benjamin Boateng's sex assault victim recounts her ordeal, and her battle for justice against the son of political royalty.
The words were cruel and unequivocal. 'What,' asked a female member of

Benjamin Boateng's family 'was he doing with trash?'
The 'trash' she was referring to was 23-year-old Clare Walker, the victim of a serious sexual assault by Benjamin, the son of Lord Boateng, Britain's first black Cabinet Minister and a senior member of the New Labour establishment.
They were spoken in the public gallery at Kingston Crown Court – where the 27-year-old was in the dock – and were intended to be heard by Clare's mother and aunt, who were watching proceedings.

They illuminate a sense of 'droit de seigneur' which characterised Boateng's attack on the lithe blonde dancer, and the colossal misjudgment he made in believing his pedigree would protect him from its life-changing consequences.
Last month the party-loving playboy was jailed for three years and ten months.

The jury that found him guilty in a ten-two majority verdict was not told that he had previously been cleared of the accusation of the double rape of a teenager in South Africa in 2006 when his father was British High Commissioner in the country.

The cunt should have got life.

Moving on and we get to the Marquis of Bath, aka **Alexander George Thynn,** aka the Loins of Longleat.

Thynn is a former member of the notorious posh-knob, Bullingdon Boys club and is the personification of a dirty old man since he is best known for his harem of young sluts that he kept at his home in Longleat... Kinda like England's answer to Hugh Heffner.

And the final name of interest on Page 7 is Lord Moyne AKA **Brian Guinness** - a member of the Satanic Guinness family.

Guinness was married to the old slapper, **Diane Mitford** until she upped and left him in 1933 for **Oswald Mosely**, the leader of the British Union of Fascists.

And that takes us to Page 8 of the list:

David Hunt. 23.06.05. Known as **Merlin.**

Noel Jadeson. 07.07.05. Minder.

Lucas Bentley. 11.07.05. East Ham.

George Spanner. 13.07.05. Biker, followed HG & me to a pub The Weyhill Fayre, near Andover, for lunch. Took great interest in us. Watcher. AKA 'Brother'.

Josephine Mulji. 15.07.05. Member of Guinness Family. **Biddeston House, Nr Andover.**

Stephanie Wiseman. 26.07.05. Junkie. Used to produce babies for sacrifice or abuse.

Julian Kent. 31.07.05. Priest, London.

Chia Mekali. 02.08.05. London. **Commander.**

Patrice Chambres. 04.08.05. French. Works as Surveyor and Interior Designer. **Overseer.** Pals refer to him frequently, as **FROG**.In London much of the time. Appears to be v important in group.

Carl Merrington. 06.08. 05. Age 36 (then). Attended Ted Heath's cult funeral. (See later).

Nick Fuller. 06.08.05. Age 29 " " " " " " "

Josh Robbins. 06.08.05. Age 49. From Shirley, Soton. " " " " "

James Goodliffe. 06.08.05. Works in M.O.D. " " " " "

Nigel Traylen. 06.08.05. Owns bookshop on I.O.W. called **Ventnor Rare Books**. Have heard of him many times from BS, who died1993. Very friendly with her husband, Ian Stedman. Is allegedly HP of group on Isle of Wight. I have met him twice. 1st time was in about 1990, when he and his father Charles (also in cult) ran a bookshop in Guildford. Charles is now dead. Second meeting with Nigel was when he came to my house with Ian Stedman in about 2004 and bought some old books from me. The only outstanding thing about him was his terrible halitosis. Mentioned by Pals, several times. Attended Ted Heath's Cult funeral. q.v.

The following people allegedly attended Ted Heath's Cult Funeral Ceremony in Salisbury. Held on night of 31.07-01.08.05. (Info received 06.08.05)

Virginia Bottomly
Jean La Fontaine
Lord Montague
Lord Moyne (Guinness family)
Ruth Kelly (Education Minister)
Charles Clarke (Home Secretary)
James Goodliffe (MOD)
Carl Merrington
Nick Fuller
Josh Robbins
Nigel Traylen, (See above).

And the only member of the filthy rich on that page who I haven't already mentioned is **JOSEPHINE MULJI -** another member of the Satanic Guinness family.

Therefore, we will fast forward to Page 9:

David Brindle. 16.08.05. Writes for **Guardian.**

Hugh Muir. 16.08.05. Writes for **Telegraph.**

Graeme Mostin. 20.08.05. From London.

Dr John Bancroft. 02.09.05. Rtd. Psychiatrist. Psychosexual Disorders. Oxford.

Hugh Freeman. 14.09.05. Former Editor of British Journal of Psychiatry.

Father Des Connolly. 16.09.05. St John the Baptist Church, Andover.

Father Michael O'Kelly. 16.09.05.

Tina & Richard Sullivan. 03.11.05. Worcs. Featured on **Crimewatch. 02.11.05** (Witness Protection 2104)

Brian Duke. 04.11.05. Teacher

Haken Dacar. 18.11.05. (Greek). **Overseer. Into Sado-masochism.**

Stefan ?. 18.11.05.

Mary Anne Wootten. 19.11.05. SW Andover. On fringe.

Martin Covington. 19.11.05. SW Andover.

Johan Heilt. 3.12.05. German/Dutch 'Teacher', from Brussels. EU Connections.

S W. 16.12.05. Later referred to by H and me as PAL. He first appeared at the time HG was badly assaulted and taken to Winchester Hosp. M said he was new **Minder.** Came from London. Has family in N. Ireland and Co. Sligo, Eire. Controlled by group because addicted to Heroin. Later, the girls helped him to get off it. Has no allegiance to the cult and has been a tremendous help to us, not only in giving names and places, but also warning us of impending visits and when there are special dangers. Still in his 20s I think.

New cult members: 11.01.06.

Simon Walters.
Mike Hopgood.
Patricia Jones.
Ann Stockton.
Brian Mason.
Collette Hollis.
Andrew Collins.
Jeanette Griffin.

Linda & John ? Rochdale Parents. Shown on film proclaiming their innocence. The following also came into the film. All names given to me on 12.01.06.

And straight away on this page we see three journalist - one of whom was the former Editor of the British Journal of Psychiatry... In other words an expert in mind games.

Now as I earlier explained, journalists - *especially at senior level* - help form the guard to la-la nonce land as do social workers and doctors.
Therefore, it can be no surprise that we also have two doctors mentioned on Page 9 one of whom was an expert on Psychosexual Disorders... The transgender agenda then!

Furthermore, we have two members of the clergy. Indeed, the clergy tend to kiddie-fiddle for fun rather than Satanic Ritual Abuse and we see that in the case of **Father Michael O'Kelly**, who was jailed in 2002 for possessing child porn:

ENGLAND'S Catholic leaders cannot expel Father Michael O'Kelly from the priesthood over his child porn shame because his jail sentence is too short.
O'Kelly - jailed on Monday after he was caught with thousands of perverted sex pictures of children - will never work as a priest again, they pledged yesterday. But their hands are tied over removing him.

If he had been handed a 12-month jail sentence instead of the nine he received at Reading Crown Court, the Diocese of Portsmouth would have started the expulsion - or laicisation - process under the guidelines in the Nolan Report, Bishop Crispian Hollis said... Source

As for the bottom two names on Page 9 - *Linda & John* - I am guessing that they were caught up in the Langley Estate Satanic abuse scandal of the 1990's.

The following is taken from an article based on a BBC documentary about the scandal, called "*When Satan came to Town*" - broadcast during January 2006 (part of the Real Story series):

Over six months in 1990 a Satanic panic spread over North Manchester. Sixteen children from the Langley Estate, near Rochdale were taken into

care. It was alleged they had been forced into a devil worshipping cult and sexually abused by their parents. After a year long investigation the parents were proved to be completely innocent. What drove these social workers to separate these children from their parents for months - and in some cases years.

Now I should remind you at this point that everything has to connect with everything else in the Satanic Realm.

So let's explore some of these connections further - starting with a fella named **Robert Stewart**.

Stewart was/is the racist thug with a cross and the letters RIP tattooed on his forehead, who 19 years ago beat his Asian cellmate to death with a table leg at Feltham Young Offenders Institute... The following is from the Guardian:

At 3.35am on March 21, 2000, an alarm sounded in an office on Swallow wing at Feltham young offenders' institution. Malcolm Nicholson, a guard, thought it was the usual night-time request from inmates for toilet paper, so went to cell number 38 armed with a roll.

The cell had been shared for six weeks by Zahid Mubarek, 19, who was due to be released later that day, and Robert Stewart, who was so dangerous, yesterday's report concluded, that he should have been incarcerated on his own.

The prison officer opened the flap on the cell door to see Robert Stewart holding what appeared to be a stick. Lying on a bed, covered in blood, was Zahid Mubarek. Stewart said Zahid had had an accident and Mr Nicholson, realising Zahid was seriously injured, returned to his office to raise the alarm.

Stewart, from Manchester, had broken a leg off a table and bludgeoned Zahid to death. He was covered in Zahid's blood, and was taken to another cell, where he used the heel of his boot to scrawl a swastika and the words "Manchester just killed me padmate". Staff told the inquiry that Stewart was calm, and within half an hour of the murder was sound asleep.

How mind controlled was that cunt?

Mind you, the fact that he was mind controlled was inadvertently given added credence by the BBC who stated in a news report:
[That] Some of the other inmates described Stewart's behaviour at Feltham as "strange, weird and aggressive" – and there was no indication that he had made any friends.
However, more to the point is that Stewart was from the Langley Estate.

Moreover, when we talk in terms of 'mind control' we usually associate the term with the CIA.
So let's see what connections we can make with Langley and the CIA
And indeed, the animated adult TV series '**American Dad**', created by Zionist **Seth Macfarlane** immediately springs to my mind.
American Dad is about a family headed by CIA agent **Stan Smith** and set in the fictitious suburb of Langley Falls, although Langley really is indeed home to the CIA headquarters.
Furthermore, Langley is in the State of Virginia and in turn the Manchester Satanic Child abuse on the Langley Estate was covered up by Virginia Bottomley.

Stan Smith shares the same surname as the Paedophile MP **Cyril Smith** who was born and raised in Rochdale.
Smith went on to become the town's Mayor after which he became the Member of Parliament for Rochdale.
No surprise then that the Langley Estate actually falls under the control of Rochdale Council.

Cyril Smith was for 40 years a close friend of the Satanic Paedophile Jimmy Savile, who also has close links with Manchester… Both were knighted by the Queen.
Moreover, American Dad – *now in its 17th season* – does, as you would expect i.e frequently makes references to 'mind control'.
Now, people from Manchester are called '*Mancunians*'.
And *Mancunian* is very close to the word *Manchurian* from which the novel '**The Manchurian Candidate**' – *which is about mind control* – spawned two

film adaptations, both of which focused more on the mind control aspect rather than the sexual perversion included in the book.

The following is from Wikipedia:

Both adaptations discard several elements of the book. The book spends more time describing the brain-washers and the facility in Manchuria where the Americans were held. The head of the project grants Raymond a "gift"; after his brainwashing, he becomes quite sexually active, in contrast to his reserved nature beforehand where he hadn't even kissed his love interest, Jocelyn Jordan.
In the novel, Mrs. Iselin and her son travel abroad, where she uses him to kill various political figures and possibly Jocelyn Jordan's first husband. Rosie, Marco's love interest, is also the ex-fiance of one of his associates handling the Shaw case for Army Intelligence, making things between them tense.

As a child, Mrs. Iselin was sexually abused by her father but fell in love with him and idolized him after his early death. Towards the end of the book, as Raymond is hypnotized by the Queen of Diamonds, he reminds her of her father and she sleeps with him.
And as we know, Satanic abuse involves sexual perversion.
Which brings us nicely to Page 10:

Tony Heaford. Councillor in Rochdale.
Cyril Smith. " " " Since died, I think. (Mentioned by more than one survivor. One claimed she had been raped by him, but because he weighed so much, was allowed to sit astride him.)

Elizabeth Newson. Child Psychiatrist, Nottingham. Also mentioned by Nottingham SWs involved in Broxtowe case and by VH.

Bruce Parker. Political Journalist, Winchester.

Tom Josephs. 16.01.06. Known as TJ. From I.O.W. **Recruiter. Killed by cult. 13-14.04.06.**

Barrington Okabe. 19.01.06.Aka **Barry Otway.** Age 26.Black.Drug dealer. V.violent. **Messenger.**

Mark Oaten, MP. 23.01.06. On fringe. Gets boys from cult. (See also 12.03.08).

Jason Browning} 19.02.06. Hurt Reggie (alter of HG) in town on 16.02.06
Fiona Kemp } " " " " " " " "

Carl Bayer. 25.02.06. Age 27. Height 5'10". Slim. From Basingstoke. R. 5th finger missing. Later, learned that he was ok. Didn't want to be part of it, but was brought in through his drug habit. S, M and J helped him get off Heroin and he became the 4th of the ones we correspond with by text messages. **He died on or around 21.03.08. Given OD of LSD and Heroin. Raped by 5 men.**

Jeff Davey. 03.03.06. Lives in Hedge End Rd. Andover. Just opposite turning into Charnwood Close. Neighbourhood Watch. Said to be a Watcher for cult. Has been quite supportive towards H and came round to tell her where her cat was when missing. Talked to him after she had break in and he was again quite helpful. Think he may be used by group rather than part of it.

Richard Ingrams. 10.03.06. Former Editor of **Private Eye**, current Editor of **The Oldie,** magazine for the over 50's, founded in 1992. 1st edition ever, 21st Feb. 1992, contained an article by Rosie Waterhouse, entitled **A Modern Witch Hunt** giving details of a RAINS Meeting (7th Feb. 1992) held in Nottingham, to which we naively invited **JLF**. She was not mentioned in the article but I was, in some detail. Pals have seen R.I's name in same file as those of **JLF, Tony Baker, Bill Thompson and Rosie Waterhouse.** (R.I. was seen by them at ceremony 21-22 March, I heard later).

Peter Mandelson. Former M.P. 11.03.06. **British Commissioner of EU for Trade since 2004.** Involved in cult in France and Brussells. Likes boys. Pays cult cash for rent boys but seems to be part of it. He ordered severe torture prior to murder of boy Kevin, aged 17, a runaway from Newcastle, who had some hold over him and was blackmailing him. Kevin was tortured and killed. Body dumped in sea, South coast, after being cut up.

Rob Layton. Watcher in Portsmouth.

ME David Richardson) 17-18.3.06. Both killed in ceremony in London.
FE Di Williams)

Andrea Kavanagh or Cavanagh. 20.03.06. New **FE**. Age 38. 5' 7". Brown eyes, short, dark brown Wavy hair. Shoes size 7 ½. Clothes 14-16.

And straight away we see that the first two names on Page 10 are

those involved in the aforementioned Manchester child abuse case - quickly followed by a child psychiatrist and another journalist.
Course, Cyril Smith was a close friend of Jimmy Savile and like Savile the corrupt police knew about Smith's activities with boys back in the 1960's... Yet they took no action until after both of the perverts were dead.

It is also worth pointing out that both Smith and Savile were rewarded for their "services" by the Queen.
As for the vile former MP Mark Oaten, I will return to him as he is further mention in greater detail later on in the list.
We then have another journalist - Richard Ingrams - who founded the magazine "Private Eye" and has all the right credentials for being on the list.

Which brings us nicely to **Peter Mandelson**. Now Mandelson has surely got to be one of the most perverted, corrupt evil cunts still walking this earth today.

Therefore, I feel it important to spend a bit of time talking about the criminal nonce.

For instance, did you know that a court case took place in January 2012 between Nathaniel Rothschild and the Daily Chimpanzee aka the Daily Mail newspaper.

You see, Rothschild was suing the propaganda rag after they had alleged that he had arranged Peter Mandelson's 2005 visit to Russia to help ensure the smooth running of a £500 million business deal that he was trying to clinch.

The Chimp had even labelled Rothschild as being the vile Mandelson's '*puppet master*'… And guess what?
Unbelievably, Nat Rothschild, a former Bullingdon boy and former friend of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, George Gideon Bean Osborne, only fucking lost the case didn't he.
You see, Rothschild had claimed that Mandelson's presence was "*purely recreational*" but the judge was having none of it.
So there you have it. The nonce Mandelson is officially a Rothschild puppet.

The following is from the MI5 controlled Telegraph reporting on Rothschilds denial that Mandelson was flown out to ensure the deal took place:
Lord Mandelson travelled to the region on Jan 30, 2005 as a guest of Mr Rothschild, scion of the banking dynasty, and Oleg Deripaska, the billionaire owner of Russia's biggest aluminium plant. Also present was Peter Munk, a Canadian gold magnate, and Sebastian Taylor, a friend of Mr Rothschild.
During the trip, the men were thrashed with bundles of birch twigs by a 25-year-old male banya keeper before jumping into ice water to improve circulation and cleanse the skin.
Often wearing nothing but a conical felt hat to protect the head from the intense 200F heat, Siberians have bathed in banyas for more than 900 years.

Mr Rothschild said: "The whole point of the Siberia trip was that we went there, spent a nanosecond at the [aluminium] smelter, we then went to the most delightful banya.

"We were beaten by a 25-year-old banya keeper man, who has spent his life perfecting the art of banya.
"Then we jumped into ice-cold water. It is the best way in the world to beat jet lag and everything else. It was incredibly enjoyable. Everyone woke up the next day feeling revitalised and excited about the day."

Mr Justice Tugendhat, who is hearing the case without a jury, was told that Lord Mandelson flew to Russia on Mr Rothschild's private jet after meeting him at the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland. According to the Daily Mail article, Mr Rothschild acted like a "puppet-master", inviting Lord Mandelson along to a dinner in Moscow to "impress" Mr Deripaska, who was in the process of signing a £500 million deal with America's biggest aluminium company, Alcoa.
It was alleged that Lord Mandelson's presence was required to assure both parties that EU aluminium import tariffs would not rise in the near future.
Mr Rothschild insisted that he only invited Lord Mandelson along because he was a long-standing friend who had expressed an interest in visiting Siberia.
The court was told that Lord Mandelson did not attend the dinner at the

Cantinetta Antinori restaurant but instead held an informal meeting with a Russian minister in one of the restaurant's private rooms. Later that evening, the group took Mr Deripaska's private jet to Abakan in Siberia, where he has business interests and a vast estate.

Now, just for the record, the gold mining magnate **Peter Munk** is an honorary board member of the Toronto Jewish National Fund (JNF).
JNF is an agency mandated by the state of Israel to manage the lands of historic Palestine for the benefit of Jews worldwide. Source: Wikipedia.

Right, back to the court case and whilst being cross examined by the Chimps QC about the trip being business rather than pleasure, Rothschild had strenuously disagreed with him:

It was a wonderful weekend and he enjoyed it." In his witness statement, he added: "This invitation was to Lord Mandelson as a personal friend. It never occurred to me that it could constitute any kind of declarable gift or that he might be exposed to allegations of impropriety. I took him on the flight to Moscow as a friend and not for any business reason." Source: The Telegraph
Course, everybody knows about the Turkish Bath type thrashing body cleansing routines and indeed on their own, they are innocuous.
However, you can't help but feel that where that pair of cunts are concerned these '*banyas*' as they're called, take on a much more sinister, seedier connotation… Or is that just me who thinks so?
Now, the offending article that sparked the court case had been published in May 2010, which Rothschild had claimed subjected him to "*sustained and unjustified*" attacks which portrayed him as a "*puppet master*" to Mandelson,
The reason that Mandelson was flown out according to the Chimp was that there had been a *"stumbling block"* over the EU import tariff on Russian aluminium.

The Independent had this to say on the matter:
Enter Lord Mandelson, then a lowly Mister, but at the time the EU Trade Commissioner. The deal is done, costing several hundred British jobs, and the tariffs come down.
Now, Mandelson had first been brought into politics after being given the

SAFE SEAT of Hartlepool by the then Labour Party leader **Neil Kinnock**

Course, if you are given a safe seat then quite obviously you are wanted as a cabinet member and marked down as being destined for very big things – if you play your cards right.
So, safe to say then that Kinnock thought very highly of the nonce cunt Mandelson.

It is also fair to say that at that time, Mandelson was far from rich in terms of the wealth accumulated by other politicians, yet in the space of a few years the corrupt arsehole went from being moderately well off to super fucking rich.

Course, how Mandelson made his vast fortune is not known, but he nevertheless certainly fucking has one now... The following is from the Telegraph:

His declarations on the House of Lords register of members' interests give little clue as to how the 58-year-old career politician has made his fortune. Neither his public speaking and writing firm Willbury, which collects proceeds from the sales of his memoirs, nor his consultancy firm Global Counsel have published accounts yet.
And the remuneration for his senior advisory role at Lazard investment bank has not been disclosed, although some reports have suggested it could be as much as £1 million a year. Under restrictions imposed on Lord Mandelson by Whitehall watchdogs, he was banned from lobbying ministers and civil servants after leaving government. But there are no restrictions on his work overseas.

He has developed close links with the rulers of oil-rich Kazakhstan and recently spoke at two events organised by the Kazakh investment company Samruk-Kazyna. He has also made shrewd property investments. In 1997 Lord Mandelson was living in a one-bedroom flat worth £250,000. Earlier this year, he and his partner, Reinaldo Avila da Silva, moved into an £8 million home in north London.

There ya go, concrete proof of *'its not what you know, its who you fucking*

know'.

Now remember, Mandelson was twice drummed out of the Labour Government whilst his great friend, the psychopathic Tony Blair was Prime Minister (*not Blairs doing*) and brought back for the third time by the vile, one eyed nonce, Gordon *'likes-it-in-the'* Brown.
Indeed, it was the nonce Mandelson who was credited with getting the nonce Blair into the top job, despite the awful Cherie Blair's supposed dislike for the sub-life Mandelson whom she labeled one of the most profoundly corrupt figures in politics… Which was a bit hypocritical considering the calibre of the cunt that she's married to.
And up until Mandy gave Blair his backing – *no doubt in more ways than one* – Mandelson and Dead-Eye Brown had also been bum chums.

Course it is quite ironic - *some might even say sinister* - that Mandelson was so instrumental in getting Blair into number 10 considering the fact that the man Tony replaced, the former party leader John Smith, whose cause of death was allegedly a heart attack – *most likely artificially induced* – fucking hated Mandelson, as you can see from the following extract:

Mandelson was never particularly favoured by John Smith, who replaced Kinnock as party leader, and he might well have been condemned to a life of comprarative obscurity as a backbench MP where it not for Smith's unexpected and untimely death in 1994. In the resulting leadership contest, Mandelson decided to back Tony Blair and is believed to have played a significant (if clandestine) role in ensuring Blair's eventual victory, and thus earning the enmity of Gordon Brown who had believed up until that time that Mandelson was one of his supporters.
Now, as I said, Mandelson was twice drummed out of politics, the first time for accepting a dubious loan for a mortgage.

Again, this takes on a sinister undertone when you consider that the loan had come from the MP **Geoffrey Robinson** who was closely linked with the scumbag Mirror Group owner, **Robert Maxwell**:
Mandelson's then London residence was a rather modest flat in Clerkenwell which was not quite up to the standard required by his new social position. Thus in 1996 he acquired No. 9 Northumberland Place, a

four storey Georgian terraced house in fashionable Notting Hill Gate at a cost of £475,000, with another £50,000 spent on a similarly fashionable and minimalist remodelling by the architect and designer Seth Stein.

At the time there was a certain amount of speculation regarding how Mandelson had managed to afford such luxury. All was eventually to be revealed when the the Daily Mirror journalist Paul Routledge (who was was writing Mandelson's biography due to appear in January 1999) established that another Labour MP, the millionaire businessman Geoffrey Robinson had lent him £373,000 on an interest free basis.

Mandelson failed to declare this loan as an interest as he was required to do, but what was worse was that Geoffrey Robinson had himself been under attack since February 1998, when his links to the now disgraced businessman Robert Maxwell had been made public and was under investigation by the Department of Trade and Industry, the very ministry of which Mandelson was now heading.

When it became apparent that these details were to be made public on the 22nd December 1998 in The Guardian and the Mirror, the government held a council of war. Blair's legal advisers, Charles Falconer and Derry Irvine considered the matter and decided that as Mandelson was not in direct control of the Robinson investigation there should be no problem. Thus Mandelson duly appeared on television to argue that "There is no conflict of interest so the question of resignation does not arise." Source

Interestingly enough Robinson owns a spectacular villa in Tuscany which should he wish, has a clause written into the purchase agreement allowing him to run the place as a hotel – Rather like the hotel run by Lard McAlpine in nearby Puglia then!
Moreover, Robinson – *in typical political fashion* – also appears to be above the law having been caught in possession of cocaine when arrested for drink driving.
I will leave you to read about the defence that he came up with at your own leisure.

As for **Derry Irving**, well he is fond of painting as it happens, especially

when it comes to painting **Cherie Blair** naked – allegedly.
Certainly Irving was instrumental in persuading the future prime ministers wife to pose for his friend the artist Euan Uglow for the sum of £3 per hour:

"But there is a charming account of Mrs Blair's time as a nude model in the late seventies, knitting tea cosies as gifts for the artist, Euan Uglow.

As she describes the scene, the two met at a dinner party of Derry Irvine, her legal boss, later Lord Chancellor, who was a serious art collector and, as she less than admiringly describes, an even more serious consumer of fine wine".

See photo 14:

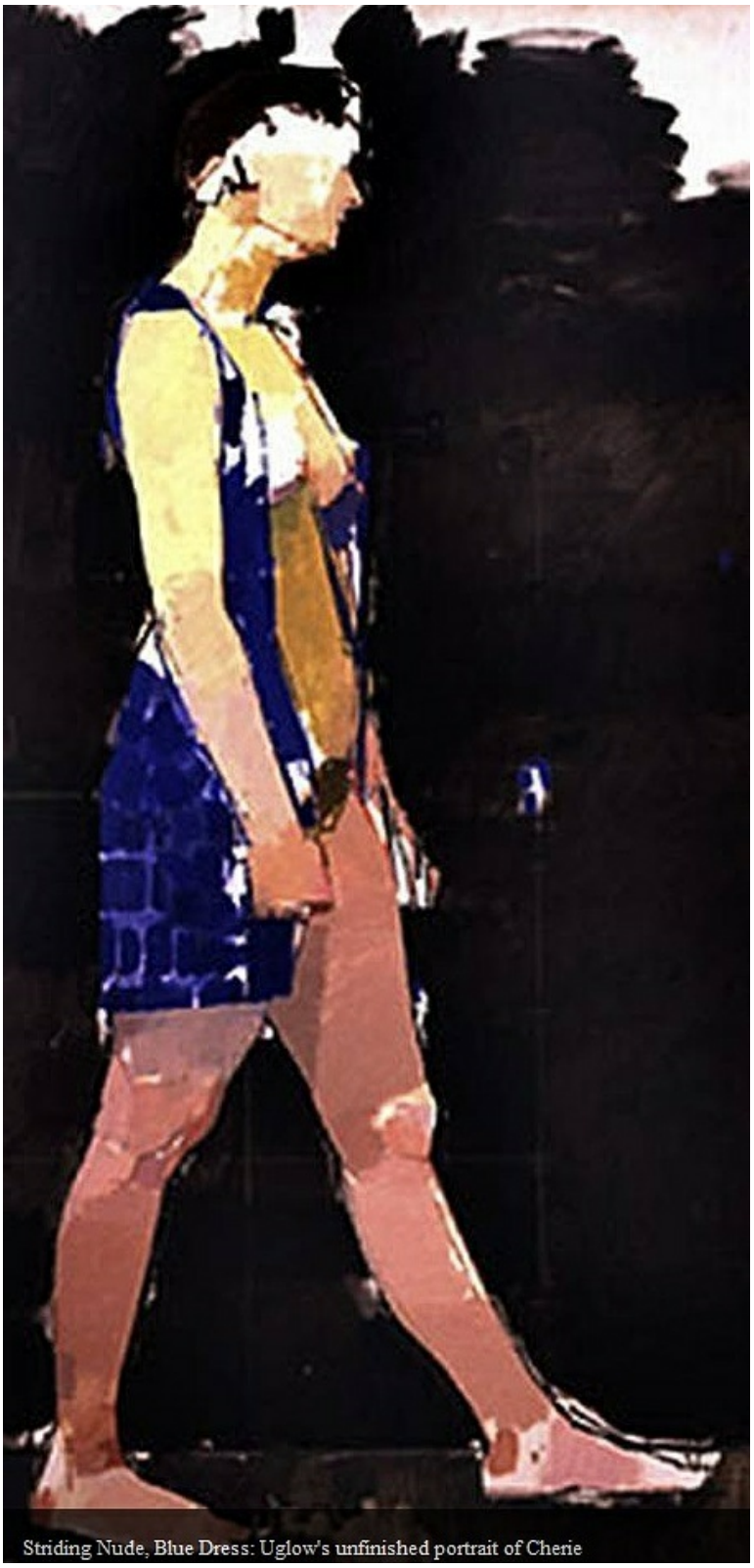
Striding Nude, Blue Dress: Uglow's unfinished portrait of Cherie

And interestingly enough, the Blair's eldest child is christened Euan… Just

hinting.

However, I'm straying off topic.

Now, if you have ever watched the BBC comedy show, *Little Britain* you will know that the suspect, **David Walliams** plays an Iron Hoof called Sebastian who is chief aide to the British Prime Ministers, Michael - played by the actor Tony Head... Mandelson is of course really gay.

And fuck me, if those two characters are not based on Blair and Mandelson then **Hale & Pace** didn't base their characters *The Two Ron*s on the Kray Twins
Sebastian is Clingy, bitchy, insanely jealous and wants nothing more than to have the Prime Minister all to himself. and as the series goes on you find out that Michael feels the same way too.
There is even one sketch where Michael gets his wife pregnant, and of course, Blair also became a father whilst still in his role as Prime Minister.

The following is taken from the Little Britain sketch where Sebastian confronts Michael's wife on becoming pregnant:

Sebastian (On hearing the PM's wife is pregnant): Very clever.
PM's wife: Excuse me?
Sebastian: What you've done, very clever…
PM's wife: I'm sorry?
Sebastian: Got yourself up the duff. What, did you say you were on the pill, you tricked him into it?

Now obviously I found Walliams & Head much funnier than Blair & Mandy – neither of whom there is fuck all to laugh about… Well, that isn't exactly true.

You see, according to Wikipedia:
In 2008, melamine added to milk in China caused kidney stones and other ailments in thousands of Chinese children, and killed at least six. To show his confidence in Chinese dairy products, Mandelson drank a glass of Chinese yoghurt in front of reporters. The following week, he was

hospitalised for a kidney stone; the events were probably unconnected.

It is also fair to say that the Blairs enjoyed a good holiday as much as Mandy did:
Jonathan (Powell) told me that Tony and Cherie were going to stay with Cliff Richard in the Algarve. I called him and said I thought it would become a real problem, parody material, if it became public … Why couldn't they just chill out without always having to see famous people? His argument was that they couldn't have normal holidays partly because of security.
Birds of a feather, and all that jazz… Just sayin'.
And as I said earlier, Cherie and Mandelson hated each other with a passion.

Moreover, **Alistair Campbell** – *whom Mandelson also appears to have resented* – gives a clue to Mandelson's acquired overnight wealth whilst talking about that mutual dislike between Cherie and Mandy in his diaries:

Cherie's obsession with money is illustrated in a row with Mandelson on September 16, 1997, after Blair says he will not take his full salary.
After Mandelson broke the news to the Premier's wife, she 'turned on' him, saying: "It's OK for you, swanning around with friends who don't need to worry about money." Source: The

Daily Mail
Course, it is a bit harder to tell what kind of relationship Campbell had with Blair but when two grown men – *Campbell & Mandelson* – come to blows over what tie their boss should wear, it can't be classed as fucking normal. Neither can going to visit your boss only to be ushered in and find him stood stark bollock naked reading the Daily Mail:

Alastair Campbell and Tony Blair developed an intense friendship and at times, their relationship was more like that of an old married couple than a politician and a senior aide.
On one occasion in December 1994, the spin doctor went to see Blair at his Islington home to discuss the press reaction to his decision to send his son Euan to a selective school.
He recalls: "Up just after 6… I went in to see TB, who was standing stark

naked reading the Mail."
It was not the only time the men would share intimate moments, nor by any means the only occasion on which the PM is describes as being in a state of undress.
July 3, 1996: "He was sitting there, in his dressing gown and underpants, his hair all over the place."
January 5, 1996, Tokyo: "The Japanese saw in TB a very new and attractive kind of leader. I wondered if they would have felt the same if they had seen him later, sitting in the bedroom at his residence, wearing nothing but his underpants and an emergency earth-quake helmet … pretending to speak Japanese."

April 8, 1998: "I got a message to go and see TB before I was even up. He was in the bath, and said he was worried."
April 5, 2002: "Up to see TB in the flat. Another Austin Powers moment. Yellow/green underpants and that was it. I said what a prat he looked. He said I was just jealous – how many prime ministers have a body like this?"

On February 4 1995, Campbell, Blair and Mandelson traded actual blows in a three-way punchup – triggered by Mandelson fussing over whether the Labour leader should be wearing a shirt and tie for his famous speech on Clause 4 to the party's spring conference in Brighton.

Campbell said: "The speech was a priority. His shirt wasn't. I could feel myself losing it, said he (Mandelson) could not just swan in, upset what we were doing, then waltz out again.
"TB was like a dad trying to shush two squabbling brothers. "Cut it out you two, for heaven's sake." Then we moved through to my room and PM (Mandelson) was on the edge and eventually tipped over.

"I said I just wanted to be able to do a job. He started to leave then came back over, pushed at me, then threw a punch, then another. I grabbed his lapels to disable his arms and TB was by now moving in to separate us and PM just lunged at him, then looked back at me and shouted, "I hate this. I'm going back to London". Source: The Daily Mail

Hmmm.

Nevertheless, Mandelson came to Cherie's rescue after the press had discovered that she had enlisted the help of convicted fraudster P**eter Foster**, the ex boyfriend of page 3 model **Samantha Fox,** to buy two flats in BRISTOL... A very important place to Satanists:
Cherie is not infrequently mocked for her faith in alternative medicine. She has something of a penchant for magnetic bracelets, turned up to the 2001 Labour conference sporting an acupuncture needle in one ear, and once spent £239 on a crystal pendant which was supposed to counter negativity. (If such claims are to be believed, her husband might be advised to invest in one before he next speaks to Gordon Brown.)

Cherie was reportedly introduced by her personal trainer, Carole Caplin, to a dowser called Jack Temple, an Ayurvedic therapist, and Caplin's own spiritualist mother Sylvia. Caplin the younger, a former topless model, had also been involved during the 1980s with a therapy cult called Exegesis. Unfortunately for Cherie, Caplin also recommended her Australian boyfriend Peter Foster to Cherie in 2002 so that he could help her buy two flats in Bristol for her eldest son Euan, currently at university there. The money, according to 10 Downing Street, came from the sale of their old Islington home when they moved into the official residence.

Foster himself is no stranger to dodgy deals, and has convictions for trading standards fraud in three countries after marketing a series of questionable slimming aids, therapies of which the somewhat gaunt Cherie is likely to have little need.
Initial allegations, inevitably dubbed Cheriegate, that Foster had used the Blairs' name to obtain a discount of over £30,000 on the properties became overshadowed by the couple's evasiveness concerning Cherie's relationship with Foster. Had the disgraced Peter Mandelson still had Tony's ear, he might have counselled them that it's not what you did, it's the fact that you lied about it.

The tabloid press gratefully weighed into the affair with all guns blazing, one newspaper even going as far as to suggest that Caplin and Cherie were in the habit of showering together in the nude for the purposes of washing out the toxins.

After new allegations surfaced that Cherie had attempted to interfere in Foster's appeal against his deportation from the UK, she went public on December 10, 2002, saying that she had only engaged him because she was too busy to handle the negotiations herself, and had only misled the press office to protect the privacy of Euan, already well-known to the media after his drunken post-GCSE celebrations in Leicester Square.
Seemingly on the verge of tears, Cherie wheeled out an arsenal of doe-eyed glances to camera and references to her vulnerability which seasoned British scandal-lovers might just have seen before.

Interestingly enough, Caplin used to date Adam Ant… He's bonkers too.

Course, you will now be wondering how Mandelson helped the Lesbickan Blair if he was out of office.
The answer is: Quite easily when you are only out of office as far as the public are concerned:

in June 2001 Mandelson joined the advertising agency, Clemmow Hornby Inge and despite his exclusion from government continued to act as an unofficial advisor to the Blairs helped them out in 2002 over the minor scandal that erupted when it emerged that they had used the services of a convicted fraudster named Peter Foster to help them in acquiring some flats in Bristol.

Mind you, quite how that cunt made it back into politics the first time is beyond me, let alone the second and third time.
And still it gets better.

You see, as well as showering with Cherie, Caplin was also rumoured to have been shagging her husband:

Tonys latest problem is the current media speculation about whether he did or didn't shag his wife's former quasi-guru, and one time topless model Carole Caplin. Source: YSK News

Course, it is also now common knowledge that Blair protected Mandelson from being exposed as a nonce via a D Notice:

Let us not forget that Harriet Harman is an open supporter of paedophile pornography. Her friend Margaret Hodge Oppenheimer tried to cover up a paedophile scandal in Islington Council children's homes in the eighties. Hidge Oppenheimer went on to enter parliament and propose the pervert Tony Blair as leader immediately after the poisoning of John Smith. She then went on the become the UK's first Minister for Children in 2003, where she facilitated the transfer of children from their natural parents to the state paedophile supply system. Blair issued a D-notice to protect Peter Mandelson, when the latter was caught purchasing paedophile pornography in 2002 by Operation Ore. All the above supporters of paedophilia. All the above supporters of paedophilia are jews with the so-called right of 'return' to Israel, including Blair, whose mother's name was Lipsett. Source: The Tap Blog

Now, as you no doubt know, the MP **Harriet Harman** was not too many years ago under the spotlight for her love of PIE... And I don't mean the pastry kind. You see, the PIE in question stands for: **Paedophile Information Exchange**.

Indeed, the slag cunt should never ever be allowed in a million miles of a child and as you have just read, the same is true about children where both Hodge and Mandelson are concerned.

Yet the contents of the following passage seem to count for fuck all:
Peter Mandelson is controlling director of the NSPCC, and when Margaret Hodge (Oppenheimer) was children's minister she lived next door to Tony Blair, they also knew childline funders Sarah Caplin and Esther Rantzen, who are connected to TV mogul Michael Grade. Source: James Whale

I also see that TV presenter, Esther Ratzarse name has also cropped up again and of course Sarah Caplin is her cousin as well as a former Deputy Secretary at the BBC.

Caplin is also the wife of Nick Ross, the former presenter of Crimewatch whose co presenter was of course Jill Dando.
Caplin left the **B**uggering **B**oys **C**amp after being head hunted by Granada

TV – *the makers of Coronation Street* – but was later given the boot for allegedly bullying young members of staff.
The term 'bullying' is of course open to interpretation.
And as far as I can see, ITV has just as many paedophiles walking its corridors as the BBC:

A senior ITV executive who helped launch the children's charity Childline has lost her job amid allegations she bullied junior members of staff.

Sarah Caplin, 55, wife of former Crimewatch host Nick Ross, set up the helpline with her cousin Esther Rantzen 25 years ago. But now she is to leave her high-profile TV job, where she is head of features and factual entertainment, as part of a 'strategic shake-up'. Source: The Daily Mail

I did also have a quick scoot around to see if Sarah is related to Carole Caplin, but I can't find any link so I will assume that they aren't… So we will put it down to coincidence.

In turn, Sarah's husband, Nick Ross has also courted controversy with his views on rape and child porn:
DAYS after provoking outrage with his outspoken views on rape, former Crimewatch presenter Nick Ross has admitted he'd "probably" watch child abuse images.

Speaking at the Hay Festival, Ross said humans are naturally inquisitive creatures, an instinct that is unlikely to be suppressed even when the object of their curiosity is as appalling as child abuse images, the Daily Telegraph reports. Source: UK Paedos-Exposed

Just what the fuck is wrong with our Cuntry?

I mean, if any of the people mentioned above lived on a council estate – *given the wealth of evidence about their vile nonce tendencies* – they would have been found battered to fucking death in their homes a long long time ago.
Yet these vile cunts enjoy a luxury lifestyle we can't even begin to imagine.

Course, the RAINS list is not the first time that Mandelson has been linked with Satanic worship. I mean, he isn't called the Prince of Darkness – *a name he apparently revels in* – for nothing:

The Dark Lord, Peter Mandelson, apart from being openly gay, is one of the highest initiates in the United Kingdom. He was trained in the hebdomadry system of Magick, the same system used by both the Alpha Lodge and the Order of Nine Angles. His close association with international business figures and the Bildberg group have been of great, indeed inestimable use to the left-hand path. Following well thought out and well honed traditions, his dream is a prison-grid global community. He loves to control. And 'Mandy' as he's known to those who know him best, is as sharp and dangerous as a stiletto.

It is Mandelson who has helped turn Europeans into serfs for Europe's banks. Europe is now reverting to a neo-feudalism structure with bankers as the overlords of their indentured citizenry. Britain, America and the rest of the world will go the same way. Kleptocratic politicians are merely vassals. If current debts were simply wiped off of the books the only tragedy would be the destruction of the 'too big to fail' banks. While politicians call that a catastrophe it would actually be freedom for millions of disenfranchised debt-serfs. That's why it must not happen – and won't! Wages will continue to be cut even as taxes are increased to service the debt owed to the Banker Lords. Politicians everywhere are bowing and scraping before their Lords, promising deeper cuts and higher taxes. This is as it should be and will effectively cripple economies around the world. Protectionism under the guise of 'Fair Trade' will be shortly implemented after the American crash. This is what the filth want and we will give them what they want – taxation, poverty and war.

The next war will start in Iran but will bring the entire Islamic world into conflict with the [Christ]tian west. Right-hand pathers like nothing better than wars and killing. For long before I was born the Alpha Lodge has been orchestrating to give them what they want. After the next big war we will be in a position to take over everything that is left. "For these fools of men and their woes care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balanced by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones…Therefore the kings of

the earth shall be Kings for ever: the slaves shall serve."
Living most of his life as a repressed homosexual urolagnist and having been taught to be cautious; Mandy's viciousness, cunning and polished, diplomatic persona are his enduring trademarks. Just don't get in his way. He lives by the left-hand path code of honour, loyalty and revenge. It was Mandelson who was instrumental in the death of James Rusbridger, particularly in the sordid way his 'suicide' was made to look. Source: James Whale

We also know that Mandelson spends far too much time in Brussels, especially when he has had a tiff with his toyboy lover Rene Hi Ho Silver – or whatever the cunts name is.

Not that Rene apparently takes too long to get over the heartbreak.
I mean, any old port in a storm will do when you're fucking desperate.
And on one of those occasions, the port in question was the disgraced BP CEO Lord Browne – a good 'friend' to the dangerous predatory paedophile Derek Laud:

Former BP chief executive Lord Browne has struck up a 'close friendship' with Peter Mandelson's partner, Brazilian Reinaldo Avila da Silva, it has been revealed.
The peer, who was forced to resign from the oil giant last month after lying to a court about his relationship with rent boy Jeff Chevalier, has socialised a deux with Reinaldo.
The disclosure of the close links between multi-millionaire Lord Browne and Reinaldo follows reports that 53-year-old Mr Mandelson has become close to Italian fashion designer Marco Coretti.

A well-placed source, who is in contact with both Lord Browne, 59, and Reinaldo, who is 25 years his junior, said: "Reinaldo has seen John a couple of times. They are close friends and know each other well."

It is understood that Lord Browne and Reinaldo have met in London while Mr Mandelson has been working abroad as European Trade Commissioner.
"Peter spends most of his time in Brussels and has never worked as hard in

his life,' said the source.

Reinaldo is currently not living in either of Mr Mandelson's homes in London, but in a £1,500-a-month one-bedroom flat in the capital's exclusive Covent Garden. The first-floor apartment is down a narrow foot passage off St Martin's Lane and has a video entry phone.

The flat is a five-minute walk from Trafalgar Square and close to St Thomas's Hospital Accident and Emergency department, where he is training to be a nurse. Source: The Standard

So, I feel sure that it will come as no surprise to you that the repulsive, Sniffenpissin Mandelson was part of a powerful paedophile ring operating out of Brussels and allegedly headed by disgraced former IMF chief, Dominic Strauss Kahn.

Moreover Mandelson and his toy boy Hi Ho Silver are also linked with Princess Andrew's nonce mate Jeffrey Epstein... Who has just made international headlines as I write..

The following is from the Daily Mail:

Jeffrey Epstein was charged with sex trafficking on Saturday by federal prosecutors with the US Attorney's Office in Manhattan, according to an individual who is familiar with the proceedings.
That same individual said that Epstein, 66, will make his first court appearance on Monday in New York, confirming a report that first appeared on The Daily Beast.
It had been reported for the past few months that Epstein was being investigated on unknown charges by the Southern District of New York.

Epstein was taken into custody after his private jet touched down from France on Saturday at Teterboro Airport in New Jersey.

Around the same time, agents with the FBI were seen breaking down the door to his Upper East Side mansion to execute a search warrant in the case.

Course, when Mandelson was grilled by the press about his association with Epstein, the dirty cunt refused to answer… Nothing to fucking see here folks, move along, move along:

Lord Mandelson yesterday maintained his silence over the extent of his contact with disgraced financier Jeffrey Epstein.
The former Business Secretary did not respond to questions about why the convicted paedophile's 'little black book' featured ten entries for him and his partner Reinaldo da Silva.
The online contacts book had 16 numbers for Prince Andrew and home numbers for politicians including Lord Heseltine and former Northern Ireland Secretary Shaun Woodward. There were also details of girls working at massage parlours. Source: The Daily Mail

Now, extremely worryingly enough, Princess Andrew, like Mandelson was also very much involved with the NSPCC… And as an aside, just so as I know, is it okay for dirty shit house nonces to be working with a children's charity? Because if it is I will shut up!
Mind you, the vile cunt Epstein is just about 'good friends' with everyone, including the Satan worshipping ex US President, Bill Clinton:

A new lawsuit has revealed even more shocking details about the secret lives of the all-powerful "elites." Jeffrey Epstein, a convicted pedophile and good friend of former US President Bill Clinton, kept children as sex slaves on his private island, Little St James, in the early 2000s. If you are already shocked and disgusted, please bare with me a little longer, because you haven't heard the worst yet. According to flight logs, between the years 2002 and 2005, the former President Bill Clinton made multiple trips to Epstein's private island. Source: Humans Are Free

This really does get too easy, don't cha know.
And neither can it be understated how close Princess Andrew and the nonce Epstein were:

'Prince Andrew's convicted paedophile friend Jeffrey Epstein was given permission to land his private jet at an RAF base to visit the Duke at

Sandringham.

The flight log of Epstein's Gulfstream revealed it touched down at RAF Marham on December 7, 2000, before he was hosted by the Andrew at the Queen's Norfolk residence.
Aboard the jet that day were someone with the initials ET – thought to be Miss Maxwell's assistant Emmy Tayler – a woman called Kelly Spam, Epstein's friend Tom Pritzker and an unnamed female.' Source: Inquiring Minds

You don't get that kind of permission for being a nobody.
And then there is this from the same source:
'American Epstein, a registered sex offender who has been jailed for soliciting underage prostitutes, was pictured in British media last week with his friend the Duke of York, Prince Andrew.
Virginia Roberts, now 27, and living in Australia, says she met Prince Andrew three times while working as Epstein's personal masseuse.

While Ms Roberts was employed as a 15-year-old by Epstein, she was 17 and above when she met the prince and there is no suggestion of any sexual relations between the pair, London newspaper The Mail on Sunday reports.
However, in Ms Roberts's civil writ against Epstein, she alleges being "sexually exploited by Epstein's adult male peers including royalty", the paper reported.'

You may also be aware that the short arsed, incest loving, film director Woody Allen is a good friend to Epstein.

Course, Wood Ed Allen denies any wrongdoing where his step-daughter, Soon Come – *or whatever her fucking name is* – is concerned and insists that he isn't a nonce.
Yet I beg to differ and will remind you again about birds of a feather and all that jazz:
Woody Allen has been spotted strolling on New York's Upper East Side with millionaire child sex-offender Jeffrey Epstein, who served time for hiring minors to 'massage' him at his Florida mansion.

A source told The New York Post's Page Six the former hedgefunder was 'hugging (Allen) and taking close to his ear' on Sunday, with the eccentric film director's effective step daughter-turned-much younger wife, Soon-Yi, in tow.
'[He] had his arm on Woody's shoulder,' the spy added. Source: Daily Mail

The article then continues by stating that Wood Ed was a guest at "*a celebrity-filled soiree Epstein threw for his best pal Britain's Prince Andrew in December 2010"*.

And as you may have noticed, Epstein, like Nat Rothschild was a hedge funder
Course, Princess Andrew, unlike Rothschild & Epstein has no head for business… Then again, none of the royal parasites are good for fuck all.

Also be aware that Princess Andrew had a strong friendship with the murdered Libyan leader Gadaffi Duck's favorite son, Saif.
You see. Mandelson and Rothschild are also good friends with him:
He talked of being "intensely relaxed" about the filthy rich, and no one could say that Lord Mandelson doesn't like their company. After twice facing criticism for consorting with billionaires in Corfu, it emerged tonight that the business secretary joined Colonel Muammar Gaddafi's son at a country house shooting party.
Mandelson and Saif al-Islam al-Gaddafi were guests at Lord Rothschild's Waddesdon Manor in Buckinghamshire, the Spectator said.
Mandelson is particularly close to the Rothschilds and spent part of the past two summers at the family's villa in Corfu. In 2008 he infamously spent time there with the Russian oligarch Oleg Deripaska and the shadow chancellor, George Osborne.
The opposition questioned tonight whether Mandelson should be associating with a man who played a key part in Libyan jubilation over the release of the Lockerbie bomber, Abdelbaset al-Megrahi. Source: The Guardian

And finally there is the rumour that refuses to go away... You know the one. The rumour that has Mandelson treated in a French hospital for internal anal

injuries after having a small rodent inserted up his jacksey.

Course, whether the rumour is true or not is anyone's guess... But I like to think that it is.

Which brings us nicely to Page 11:

Mark Hutchins. 20.03.06. **New ME.** 5'9". Short Reddish hair. Green eyes. Wears large medallion. Tattoo, top of L.arm, of dragon and snake entwined inside a circle.

Dean Baxter. 24.03.06. Messenger.

Laura James. 05.04.06. Girl mentioned. Plan to sacrifice her on night of 13-14 April 06. 14th is Good Friday.

Roderick Chamberlain. 06.04.06. **Scribe of Group.**

Kevin East. 08.04.06. Steve spoke of him as Flying Fairy or FF, because he is 'gay' and jumped out of a window after LSD. Also v. cruel & sadistic. Likes watching 'snuff' movies.

Graham Loftus. 30.04.06. Messenger.

Lord Drayson. 30.04.06. Bought large house in Gloucestershire, Nether Lypiatt, from Princess Michael of Kent.

Lord Falconer. 30.04.06. **Lord Chancellor.**

Lana Bailey. 17.05.06. Female Recruiter. V smart and professional looking.

Shelly Carter. 17.05.06. Aged 11. Tortured, then sacrificed, at Beaulieu. 1-2 May, by FROG. (Patrice Chambres).

James Bolam. 25.05.06. (Was first mentioned to me in this connection by B.S. in 1987).

Princess Michael of Kent. 25.05.06.(See later)

Margaret Hodge, MP. 21.06.06. (b.08.09.44). Previously on Islington Council. Friends with Ruth Kelly, JLF, Bob Woffinden and Lord Montagu. V dismissive of SRA case there.

Simon Thomas. 30.06.06. Vicar in United Reform Church. In jail for abusing boys,?in Soton area.

Bob Woffinden. 10.07.06. Journalist. Wrote sceptical article about SRA for Private Eye. Wrote anonymously. Has written other articles in similar vein. Said to be friendly with Margaret Hodge and JLF.

Kay Edwards. 14.07.06. (Referred to by Pals as **KE.**) Age 45. Medium length grey hair. Medium build. Wears thick-lensed glasses. Has calliper on one leg following polio. Has indwelling catheter. Comes from Nottingham. Brought in by FROG. Hates women. Was given to group by mother. Is very cruel and sadistic. Address in Church Rd, Shirley, Soton, but often at Leigh Park, Havant, where Pals are kept. On 18.05.08, I was told by Pals that they had been on trial previous night. Also that KE was tried and tortured too. Judge was Russian? KE was very sadistic previously, but since her own torture, has been kinder to Pals.

Prof Gisli Gudjonnson. 03.08.06. London University Prof. In with BFMS. Frequently acts as Expert Witness, esp. in Child Abuse cases and SRA cases. Paid £6,000 by cults for every SRA case he successfully discredits.. Associated with Tony Baker, Charles Clarke, Bill Thompson and JLF.

.And the first two names of interest are **Lord Drayson** and **Lord Falconer** -

both very good friends with Tony Blair... And we already know how corrupt that perverted cunt is.
Still, it doesn't hurt to have a reminder:

Tony Blair War criminal , bisexual , torturer, liar , psychopath , multiculturalist , control freak, Bilderberg Group member. Believed to have amassed a fortune of between £300million and £500 million since leaving Office. Two convictions for cottaging (1974 &1983) subject to D-Notices. He first came to the attention of MI5 as a potential future Prime Minister after repeatedly being caught importuning young boys in Public toilets around London in the 1970s.

A notorious cross dresser, his nickname when he was a lawyer was Miranda. Allegedly some of those caught up in the FBI Operation Avalanche/Ore Child porn investigation in 1999/2003 were : Sir Gerald Kaufman, Gordon Brown, Alan Milburn, John Prescott, and Peter Mandelson. Blair stopped any Police investigations by claiming a threat to National Security and put a D-Notice on the press to stop any reporting on it. It is believed the CIA/FBI used Operation Ore and Jersey/Islington information to blackmail the Labour Party and the BBC in to supporting the Iraq War... Source: chrisspivey.org

In 2002 Lord Drayson donated £1 Million pounds to the Labour Party and two years later he was made a Lord by Tony Blair... Six months after that Drayson donated another £500,000.
Or put another way, he bought his title.
As for Lord Falconer, well he used to share a flat with Blair. Could he have done that without knowing about his flatmates penchant for kids?

I think not. He too was made a Lord by Blair, in fact he was the first peer created on Blair's recommendation.
Falconer - *in his role as Secretary of State for Constitutional Affairs* - sought to make it easier for government bodies to refuse to release documents under the Freedom of Information Act (2000) and in February 2008 lobbied for the censorship of the internet... Another gatekeeper then.

The following is taken from Zoompad:

As you can see, Charlie Falconer isn't really that keen on us being able to look at Government documents - he thinks it would cost too much money to make the Government documents available. Absolute poppycock - how much does it cost to put stuff online - next to nothing is the answer, and all bloggers will testify to that fact.
But what does cost a lot is when the Government departments, in order to cover up certain facts, have to "doctor" the paperwork, in order to keep naughty Government officials safe from being caught out in flagrante delicto!
So, what are Lord Falconer's own vested interests? What would Lord Falconer prefer you not to know about? Watch this space!

Moving on and the next name of interest is **James Bolam**. Now, I am assuming that he is the actor of "*Likely Lads*" fame and indeed I have had my suspicions about Bolam for many years now. Therefore I wasn't surprised to learn that he now works mainly for the BBC's children entertainment.

Course, having said that, there is no evidence to prove that Bolam is a nonce and as such I am only going on my own suspicions based on something that I was told in confidence about him some years back.
Which then brings us to **Princess Michael of Kent** (*Sounds like a tranny doesn't she*) whose father was **Baron Gunther von Reibnitz** - who just so happened to be a member of the Nazi party and an honorary member of the SS.

Princess Michael is married to the Queen's Cousin **Prince Michael of Kent** and she was caught out shagging a toy-boy in 2006.
Now, having his wife publicly identified as shagging-about obviously pissed Prince Mick off and everyone knows - *cept my good self of course* - that you shouldn't upset a Freemason. Especially not the highest wanking Freemason in the country, which is apparently who Prince Micky Boy is. He is also the Grandson of the name changing, half German, King George V and the full German Queen Mary, don't cha know.

Having said that, any inference you draw from the following is strictly down to your own overactive imaginations. You see, this toy-boy, **Mikhail Kravchenko**, who shared a 4 day break in a Venice hotel with Mick's

slapper wife, Princess Michael, met a very sticky end when he was machine gunned to death while sat in his Mercedes... Not that he was the only one whom the Royal family had the hump with to die in a Mercedes.

But anyway, an actress called **Marina Golub** who was a close friend of Mikhail Kravchenko started asking questions about his death and after getting too close to the truth, she was apparently warned off. Whether or not she took any notice of the warnings is unknown, but she did claim to have uncovered startling new details about the murder. However, before she could reveal what she knew she was conveniently killed in a ‘car crash'.
Just sayin'.

Next up is **Margaret Hodge**.
Hodge is a member of the Satanic bloodline, Oppenheimer family… One of the most evil monster families on earth.

Indeed, she has been at the center of the most appalling child abuse scandals yet she appears untouchable and [abhorrently] above the very law that the likes of her & her ilk have imposed upon us.

Her name also came up in a list of Labour Party Paedophiles that I was sent anonymously:

Margaret Hodge MP nee Oppenheimer. A multi millionaire multiculturalist German Jew. Hodge’s family made an estimated £300 million during WW2 collaborating with the Nazis. She has constantly been linked to Care Home satanic Child sex abuse and murder rings of British Children in the BBC/Islington/Jersey when she was Head of Islington Council and their subsequent cover up. Hodge described reporters who broke the Islington Child sex abuse story as “the gutter press” and the victims as “mentally unstable and extremely disturbed”. To widespread horror Tony Blair made Hodge his Minister for Children in 2003. Chillingly Hodge went on TV in 2003 and invited any Children in Care with complaints to write to her directly.
And there we have the nonce Tony Blair mentioned once again… Just sayin'.

Next up is yet another member of the clergy **- Simon Thomas**. Thomas was

jailed for life in 2006 for raping little boys.
The following is from the Daily Echo newspaper:

A HAMPSHIRE paedophile priest who was jailed for life for a catalogue of abuse against young boys, including raping an 11-year-old, has failed in a bid to reduce his sentence.

Perverted Simon Thomas made the challenge at the highest court in England almost seven years after being handed the life term by a judge who said he posed a danger to young boys that might never end.
Aged 44 at the time, he was the ordained minister in the United Reformed Church in Hythe, just a stone's throw from his home in Atheling Road where he lived with his wife and children. Southampton Crown Court heard how the father-of-four had told scores of boys he met on the Internet that he was gay but in a heterosexual relationship with his wife.

Simon Thomas also has a namesake who just so happens to be a former MP... And a nonce to boot:

Former Plaid Cymru AM Simon Thomas has avoided jail after pleading guilty to making indecent images of children.
Thomas, also a former MP, admitted making more than 500 indecent photographs and 77 films - some involving children as young as six.

He quit the Senedd and his party after being arrested in July.
Thomas was given a 26-week jail sentence, suspended for two years, at Mold Magistrates Courts after previously admitting the three charges.

The court heard that still images found on his tablet and mobile phone included almost 100 of the most serious category.
Ninety-four still images and 56 videos were classified as category A - the most serious... Source: The BBC

We then have another Journalist - Bob Woofinden - who died in 2018. Woofinden was a good friend of the aforementioned Margaret Hodge... Say no more.

And the final name of interest on Page 11 is that of; Professor **Gísli Hannes Guðjónsson -** who as you will gather by what it says about him on the list; is an obvious gatekeeper to La-La Nonceland.

Which brings us to Page 12:

Debbie Campbell. 03.08.06. Victim. Andover. Has new baby after being raped by Martin. Is to be punished.

William Grosvenor. 07. 08.06. Lives in Park Avenue, Hampstead, London. High in group. Could be a Commander.

Michal Vorster. 18.08.06. German. Also high in group.

Philip Casson. 02.09.06. London Enforcer. Age 37. Dark hair, blue eyes. 6' tall. Has tattoo of RA badge, R.upper arm.

James Smithson. 11.09.06. London.

James Admonson. 23.09.06. On 21.09.06, he came to HG's house, posing as gas man.

Jeff Manting)
Kevin Mahler)...28.09.06. New Minders/ Messengers.
Jonjo Kennedy)

Michelle Jennings. 03.10.06. (AKA **Shalomi**). Messenger from Portsmouth.

Christopher & Christine Downs. 23.10.06. Reckoned to be a risk to the group. Told if he didn't kill himself and wife, group would do it after torture. Both found dead in car, in Wherwell, Hants.

Cheri Walker. 08.11.06. Unregistered child. Killed at Halloween (sacrificed), at **Beaulieu.**

Denise Mills. 08.11.06. Mother of Cheri Walker.
Jerome Rischka. 08.11.06. Father of Cheri Walker.

Michaela Sontani. 14.11.06. Martin's new woman. Had Cult Marriage Ceremony in London. 17.11.06.

Wyatt Anderson. 20.12.06. Age 49. Pilot. Flies KM and FROG around. Also brings in illegal immigrants & drugs. Recently sentenced to 2 years in jail.

Bridget Vance. 10.01.07. (From U.S.) Owns Charleville Forest Castle, Tullamere, Co Offaly, EIRE. S taken there by group in Jan 07.

Tony Miller. 17.01.07. Reader or Curate in C of E. First seen by me at pub called The Pilgrim at Marchwood in Hants, in January 2001. He probably recognised HG because he took a great interest in us. We were looking for a certain church that HG remembered in that area. She described it as 'The church with a tower with a hat on', (a lot of cult activities had occurred there). He was wearing a clerical collar, so we asked him if he knew where the church was. He denied all knowledge of it but was very curious. We later found it less than half a mile away. It has carved wooden goats' heads at the ends of the front pews. It is the Church of **St John the Apostle, Marchwood.** Apparently, Miller now has severe emphysema and is in a wheelchair.

And whilst there are no big names on this page. there are a few which add to the reports credibility... **Christopher & Christine Downs** for example.

You see, they were reported thus by the BBC on April 7th 2007:
A wife and husband killed themselves as a police rape investigation closed in on him, an inquest heard.
Christine Downes, 51, drove with her husband Christopher, 54, to a chalk pit near Andover, Hampshire, last October and gassed themselves in a car.

Downes had just provided a DNA swab for police investigating two rapes and an aggravated burglary in Salisbury in 1984 and 1985, the inquest heard.

Two verdicts of suicide were recorded by the coroner.

As does **Wyatt Anderson** who according to the list was jailed for 2 years for people smuggling although it was actually 7 years according to the Daily Mail:

The mastermind of a people-smuggling racket which provided a "club class" service to illegal immigrants wanting to sneak into Britain has been jailed for ten years.

Turkish nationals were flown from France on a "glamorous" six-seater plane with a plush leather interior to small airstrips around the M25 where there were no passport controls.

The wealthy criminals and asylum seekers simply walked off the plane and were ferried to London in chauffeur-driven luxury to start a new life.

Yesterday at Middlesex Guildhall Crown Court the man behind the scam, Mensur Hassan, 35, from Hackney, East London, was sentenced to ten years for conspiring to facilitate the entry of illegal immigrants into the UK.

His pilot Wyatt Anderson, 49, a born-again Christian from Camberley, Surrey, was jailed for seven years.

"*Born again christian*" my fucking arse!

And the last name that we see on Page 12 is yet another man of god - **Tony Miller**... You certainly couldn't make it up.

Which brings us to Page 13... Unlucky for some:

John Curtis. 17.01.07. Vicar of St John the Apostle's Church, Marchwood. Turns a blind eye. Rewarded financially. (Not sure if money kept by him or goes to the church). We saw him in the church on 16.01.07.

Brian Miles. 18.01.07. Watcher/Minder. From Basingstoke. Followed HG & me to Marchwood on 16.01.07.

Peter Kellerson. 19.01.07.?German.

Denise Forton. 26.01.07. 'Handmaiden' to KE. Made series of threatening phone calls to HG. from 16.01.07 onwards.

Peter Krausen. 23.02.07. German, 'bigwig' in cult.

Ali Dizaei. 05.03.07. Ch.Supt. Met. Police. Iranian. Bribed to damage reputation of Met. Police.

Kyle Banter. 17.03.07. From Poole, Dorset. **Minder.** Aged 40. Medium height, dark hair, soft US accent, likes boys. Often at LP and made to go to HG and others to collect 'dues'. Has often damaged HG's garden and tried to enter house. Not trusted by Pals.

Alan Johnson MP. 06.04.07. Took over as Education Secretary from Ruth Kelly. Friends with her. Attended crucifixion ceremony (cross inverted) in New Forest early this morning. Good Friday.

Jack Walston. 18.04.07. Aged 19. Crucified (inverted) in New Forest, Good Friday, 06.04.07.

Kelly? 28.04.07. Girl in Earls Court, 'run' by Andrew Baxter.(See below).

Andrew Baxter. 30.04.07. Earls Court. Runs girls for group.

Lydia Brooks}. 17.05.07. 2 girls who escaped 4 years ago. Have been caught. Currently being
Cara Swindly}. held awaiting punishment, first in Newcastle, later in London.

Pete Symons. 20.05.07. Messenger.

Franz Vogel. 01.06. 07. German, Belgian or Dutch visitor. Given smart party by 'Frog' at large house near Wandsworth Common. Fluent in English, German, Dutch, French and Italian. Works in Justice System.

Sir Stephen Richards. 14.06.07. Appeal Court Judge. On fringe. ?Helper. Recently accused of 'flashing'.

Nadinia Chevkovia. 22.06.07. Illegal immigrant from ?Rumania. brought into country at Liverpool, for prostitution. Later taken to London, then Hants. Died when her baby was taken for sacrifice in New Forest on 21.06.07.

Michael Hames. 08.07.07. Former Det. Supt. NSY. Obscene Publications Unit. In Group but only expected to attend important ceremonies. Friendly with JLF.

Paul Kernaghan. 12.07.07. **Chief Constable of Hampshire**. In records that he has attended **Satanic Meetings at Masonic Hall**, twice this year.

And straight away we have another Vicar - **John Curtis**, followed by a bent copper, namely **Ali Dizaei**. Moreover, to add even more credibility to the list, Dizaei was jailed for corruption in 2012... two years after the list was compiled.

The following is from the BBC:

Metropolitan Police commander Ali Dizaei has been jailed for three years for misconduct in a public office and perverting the course of justice. Dizaei attacked Waad al-Baghdadi in Kensington in 2008 after Mr al-Baghdadi confronted him about money he was owed for designing a website.

Southwark Crown Court heard that Dizaei, of Acton, inflicted injuries on himself in order to frame Mr al-Baghdadi.
He denied the charges and will appeal.

He was first convicted in 2010 and served 15 months in prison before his conviction was overturned by the Court of Appeal.

We then come to another corrupt ex MP - *Alan Johnson* - who was a big-wig in the nonce Labour governments of Tony Blair & Dead-Eye Brown... Who would have thought it!

Johnson supposedly resigned as the Shadow Chancellor over a sex scandal... Involving his wife, not him!

The following is from the Independent Newspaper:
The bodyguard assigned to protect Alan Johnson while he was serving as Home Secretary was suspended last night, following allegations that he had an affair with Mr Johnson's wife.

Scotland Yard confirmed that DC Paul Rice had been withdrawn from service pending a "thorough investigation" into reports of an "inappropriate relationship" with Laura Johnson, the former shadow

chancellor's spouse of almost 20 years.

DC Rice, who was part of the Metropolitan Police's Specialist Operations Unit, was made Mr Johnson's close protection officer while he was Home Secretary, a post he held between June 2009 and Labour's general election defeat last May. The detective constable then moved to the team protecting Theresa May when she took the reins at the Home Office.

Yet you have to ask yourselves: Would he really resign his privileged position over such a relatively trivial matter. Or is there more to it than that?

Moving on and we have **Sir Stephen Richard -** a judge rewarded for his service by the Queen... Hmmm.

In 2007 Richard was put on trial for exposing himself on a train. The following is from the Telegraph:

One of Britain's most senior judges exposed himself twice to a female train commuter, a court heard yesterday.
Lord Justice Richards, 56, was wearing a long raincoat and standing close to the passenger when he flashed at her, City of Westminster magistrates' court heard.

The judge was caught after the woman, who is in her 20s, followed him as he made his way from Waterloo station in central London to the High Court and took pictures of him on her mobile phone, it was said.

Peter Wright QC, prosecuting, said Sir Stephen Price Richards had first opened his trousers to reveal his penis to the shocked commuter on the morning of Oct 16 last year, on the 8.10 from Raynes Park to Waterloo, for up to 15 minutes.

However, somehow and quite predictably he was cleared of the offence... Only for him to be questioned over a similar allegation two years later.

This from the Guardian:

A senior judge cleared of exposing himself on a train three years ago has been questioned over an alleged sex attack on the same route, it was revealed today.

Sir Stephen Richards, 59, was arrested by detectives investigating an alleged sexual assault on a commuter service between London Waterloo and Wimbledon in south-west London.

But prosecutors ruled there was insufficient evidence to take the case to trial after the inquiry last year.

The high court judge was questioned over claims by a woman in her 30s that a man rubbed himself against her during a journey.
Richards was held when he voluntarily attended a police station in Hammersmith, west London, on 10 September. Investigators examined dozens of hours of CCTV footage from stations on the network and undertook a series of witness appeals.

These Monsters never learn do they? Mind you, why would they when they are allowed to keep getting away with it.
We then have two coppers to bring an end to Page 13.

These are former Chief Superintendent **Michael Hames** and the former Chief Cuntstable of Hampshire, **Paul Kernaghan**.
So let's start with the latter.

Kernaghan who retired in 2008 predictably received the CBE from the Queen. However, his conduct whilst in office was called into question in 2018.

The following is from the Independent newspaper:

Grieving relatives of people killed by lethal doses of opiates at Gosport War Memorial Hospital are demanding Hampshire's former chief constable face criminal charges for his failure to prosecute those responsible.

Gillian McKenzie, 84, the first person to report concerns to police, said she

wants to see former head of Hampshire Constabulary Paul Kernaghan and other senior officers in the dock for perverting the course of justice.

She alleges that her formal complaint in November 1998 about the police investigation into the death of her mother Gladys Richards' death was "sat on" by Mr Kernaghan and others for three years.

And as for Michael Hames, well he retired from the fuzz in 1994. However, it is interesting that when active he was with the Obscene Publications Unit - a paedophile squad.

Moreover, in the 24 years since his retirement, Hames has spent his time working as a Child Protection Consultant... Or put another way; another gatekeeper to La-La Nonceland.

And that concludes Page 13 and brings us to Page 14:

Peter Hain MP. 12.07.07.Formerly, Sec. of State for Wales & Sec. of State for Work and Pensions, until Jan 2008 when he resigned from ministerial office over his failure to declare donations to his campaign for Deputy Leadership of Labour Party. Also in cult records as having attended **Satanic Meetings in Masonic Hall** twice this year. Unlikely could attend without being members of cult.

Fiona Montague. 16.07.07. Lord Montague's second wife. Has son, Jonathon.

Craig Newcomb. 27.07.07. KE's new man. (She got v angry when found out he'd cheated on her!).

Gail. 27.07.07. Watcher from King Arthur's Way, Andover.

Linda Mothersole. 08.09.07. Works for Testway Housing Assoc. (Testway own bungalow HG lives in). She is boss of Testway Support System. Helps group. Gives them info and has access to tenants' Key safe codes and files.

List of some of the financial Contributors to Group found on KM's Laptop computer, locked in Computer room. 16.09.07

Ian McClellan, Actor
Dale Winton, Presenter, TV. (Gay).
Elton John, Singer. (Gay).
Pam St Clement, Actress, East Enders.
KD Lang, Pop singer – Lesbian.

Contributions from this group alone, this year, number £80,000.

Catherine Jamieson. 14.10.07. Wells, Somerset. Poses as counsellor. Wants to try and infiltrate RAINS. Friends with KE. Has no qualifications but apparently sounds v. convincing.

Peter Tobin. 14.11.07. Raped 2 girls in Leigh Park, Hants. Has killed several. Case reported in press. Convicted of murder.

Darren Macey. (DM) 12.02.08. Went to HG on 02.02.08. Waited in garden. She went out to put money in gas meter (outside front door). Barged in and jabbed her and injured her. Rubbed animal shit in sores, put something inside. Darren Macey is 25. Stocky, short dark hair. Eagle tattoo top L.arm. Comes from Salisbury. Came with Pat Knight. (See below).

Pat Knight. 12.02.08. Aged 46. Ex-army nurse. Came to HG with DM. on 02.02.08.Gave HG 2 injections and made threats.

Patricia Thornton. 04.03.08. Worked for 20 years in 'Haut de la Garenne' children's home in Jersey. KM has photo of her as young woman with girl called Win Lockhart. Patricia Thornton is now 85. Picture of her as she is now in Mail on Sunday 03.03.08. This not seen by Pals.

Fiona Mc Keown. 12.03.08. Mother of Scarlet Keeling, murdered in Goa, India. Attends meetings in New Forest.

And we start with another bent (former) MP - **Peter Hain**.

Hain was forced to resign from his role as the Secretary of State for Wales (*where so much child abuse took place*) in the nonce infested Brown government over allegations of corruption.

The following is taken from the Metro Newspaper:

Work and Pensions Secretary Peter Hain is to face a full parliamentary "sleaze" inquiry over his failure to declare £103,000 in donations to his Labour deputy leadership campaign, it was confirmed today. The Parliamentary Commissioner for Standards, John Lyon, has ruled that the minister does have a case to answer, the commissioner's office said.

Furthermore, Hain was caught up in a South African plot to blackmail the nonce MP Cyril Smith:

A botched attempt by South African intelligence to blackmail Cyril Smith over his sexual abuse of boys may have helped the politician escape justice.

The attempt to blackmail Smith took place around the time of the "Lib-Lab pact" of 1977-78, when the Labour government was maintaining power with the support of Liberal MPs. Boss sought to destabilise the government and hasten an election and the accession to power of Mrs Thatcher's Conservatives, regarded as less critical of Pretoria's racist regime.
Smith had become a person of interest to the South African government, along with a number of other Liberal politicians who became the subject of propaganda campaigns. Peter Hain, a prominent anti-apartheid campaigner and former Young Liberal leader who would go on to become a Labour minister, was falsely accused of a bank robbery.
Malicious rumours were also circulated about the private lives of former prime ministers Harold Wilson and Edward Heath, as well as the former Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe... Source: The Independent.

Cyril Smith, Edward Heath & Jeremy Thorpe! Hain is certainly in nonce territory there.

Nevertheless, despite being corrupt - *if nothing else* - Hain was later promoted to the House of Gaylords, so go figure.

We then have the curiously named **Linda Mothersole** who was a boss at the now defunct Testway Housing. And whilst I am not particularly interested in her, it is her named contributors that I am more interested in, i.e **Ian Mckellen, Dale Winton, Elton John, Pam St Clements & K.D Lang** - all gay... Although I don't want to start a gay witch hunt.

After all, I am not David Cameron... I am just sayin'.
Now I am particularly interested in **Elton John** because I have been after exposing that cunt for years and he is the primary reason that I ended up in Crown Court on child porn images - which was quite rightly immediately thrown out of court by the trial judge who all but stated that it was a malicious charge brought about by the police in an effort to silence me. .

You see, Elton John and his long time boyfriend, David Furniture - *or whatever his fucking name is* - are '*fathers*' to two little adopted boys and this kind of fiasco needs putting a stop to by my way of thinking... Especially given mind to the kind of person that the singer is.
Course, we all know that when you're rich you are more or less above the law, but what if Elton Bog and his smarmy boyfriend were just your average everyday folks?

They certainly wouldn't be allowed to adopt.
I mean for starters, there would be a huge question mark over the Rocket Man's age. His weight could also be a negative factor – but let's not go there because he is known as being a bit sensitive and prone to tantrums… Which would also go against his suitability to bringing up a baby. As would the old baldy's vanity too.
He also keeps very, very dodgy company. In fact I can connect the singer (*and a very good one he is too, but that isn't the point*), to just about every politician and celebrity who has ever been involved in a sex scandal over the past decade; if not before… Once again, birds of a feather, and all that malarkey.

And what of his past… Hmmm. Let's have a butchers shall we?
Now a good place to start is with rent boys. Indeed if you have read my article, Derek! Who the fuck is Derek, you will know about the rent boy, Jeff Chevalier who was Lord John Browne's 'lover'.

Chevalier was also the person responsible for Lord Browne having to resign as the CEO of BP. Lord Browne met up with the filthy, vile nonce, Laud just after Christmas 2013. The obnoxious pair are in fact both on the Board of Directors of Stanhope Capital, based in the City of London.

Browne, is also very well in with our Royal family – no surprise there. And Elton John is also good friends with Lord Browne and the Royal Family. Elton even sang at Princess Diana's funeral. So, keeping Chevalier in mind, the following passage taken from the Daily Mail in 2007 is very interesting:

Mr Trickey, who last saw Chevalier five weeks ago, said that after he had split from Lord Browne he boasted about having met Tony Blair and about staying with Elton John and David Furnish at the pop star's holiday home in Venice…
'…Then he told me that he had met Tony Blair and stayed with Elton John and David Furnish in Venice. He mentioned lords and duchesses that he had met, but the names meant nothing to me.'

And here is another passage from a different article on the same subject:

Lord Browne and his younger lover enjoyed a champagne lifestyle and holidayed with the likes of Elton John, it has emerged.
Course, those of you who read my stuff regularly or have read my book "**Monsters In The Palace**" will know that as well as being sexual deviants, the Royal Parasites are also practicing Satanists. And so there will be no surprises in learning that Elton Pisspot is also a Satanist:

Like so many artists who have sold their souls for rock and roll, Elton John has been immersed in Satanism. In fact, Bernie Taupin who has lived with Elton John and wrote most of his lyrics stated that Elton John's "home is laden with trinkets and books relating to Satanism and witchcraft" (US, July 22, 1980, p. 42) Taupin like Elton John, with whom he collaborates, is also into Satanism. Taupin admits that he decorates his walls with "satanic art" and has further declared that, "the occult fascinates me"(People, June 23, 1980).
Many artists like Elton John and Bernie Taupin recognize the devils hand in their success and realize that their fans do not have a clue that much of

their inspiration is the result of demonic beings that use them as puppets to deceive the public. Elton John has admitted that he is deceiving his fans, "Its all a big con," and adds, "But as long as the public laps it up, I'm quite happy to go on giving it to them." (Rolling Stone, July 15, 1976, p. 30)

Like all those who rebel against a relationship with the Lord, Elton John lives a lifestyle that is doomed and headed toward destruction. John has stated, "In most artist there's a self destructive streak. Drugs, sex and doomed liaisons were my form of destruction." Besides his sexually perverse lifestyle Elton John has been known for his temper tantrums and deep depression. Elton John has had multiple sex partners, "I would walk into a club a see someone I hadn't even met and I would already have them on the conveyor belt," declared John, "They'd come out with a Vercase shirt and a Cartier watch at the other end."

After all of John's worldly success he has not found the true happiness that can only be found through a relationship with the Savior Jesus Christ. John has stated, "One thing that depresses me is that there are so many successful people that are [expletive) miserable with it." Elton John has sought to fill the depressed, Christless void in his heart to no avail with sexual perversion and materialism. "I haven't met anybody I'd like to settle down with—of either sex," says John. John's sexually perverse influence on the masses is taught by example, through songs as well as in interviews. He has stated:
"There's nothing wrong with going to bed with someone of your own sex. I just think people should be very free with sex…They should draw the line at goats."(Rolling Stone, October 7, 1976, p. 17)

Both bestiality and homosexuality are condemned in the word of God as unnatural ungodly. God's word warns that Homosexuals will not inherit the kingdom of God and that the sexually immoral will go to the lake of fire. (1 Cor. 6:9-10, Revelation 21:8) Elton John has sung about suicide, Lesbianism (All the Girls Love Alice), glorified prostitution (Sweet Painted Lady), sniffing glue (Bitch is Back) and encouraged teenage rebellion (Bennie and the Jets). John lives for pleasure, but as God's word declares that those who live for pleasure will never be satisfied.
Elton John has struggled to fill the empty void in his soul with sex, drugs,

fame and even food, "If I was eating a curry, I couldn't wait to throw it up so that I could have the next one." Elton John would regularly spend almost one hundred thousand dollars per shopping spree. He once spent nearly a million dollars in a single day of shopping. All of this has not filled the void in Elton John's heart. So deep has been his depression that he has attempted suicide more than once. John once reportedly took 60 valiums and jumped into a hotel swimming pool, yelling, "I'm going to die!"

On yet another occasion he turned on an oven and laid his head in the range but subsequently aborted the suicide attempt.
Course, I have no idea if Elton Crapper & David Fungus are – *like most Satanists* – into Child Sacrifice or not. It is however, very rare that someone heavily into such a vile form of worship ever gives it up. The Royal Spongers certainly haven't.
Neither do I know if Elton Loo is a Nonce or not. However being Knighted by the Queen after first receiving a CBE from her doesn't help with all the rumours of paedophilia that surround the Superstar. Neither did the Sun Newspaper help dispel those rumours. The newspaper was in fact sued by Elton Khasi over their front page story which stated that he had sex with under-age Rent boys. This then from Wikipedia:

In January 1987, MacKenzie published a front-page story alleging that pop singer Elton John had had sex with underage rentboys. These claims were without any foundation and entirely false. Shortly after, MacKenzie published further allegations that the singer had had the voiceboxes of his guard dogs removed because their barking kept him awake at night. Not only were these additional claims also completely untrue, but MacKenzie confirmed their inaccuracy shortly after publication by sending a reporter to the singer's house, who quickly discovered that all of his guard dogs were quite capable of barking (MacKenzie later admitted that in retrospect he found it difficult to understand why he had believed, never mind published, the claims about the guard dogs which he later realised were self-evidently absurd). Elton John sued The Sun for libel over both these claims and was later awarded £1,000,000 in damages. MacKenzie later said of Elton John
"Personally, I think The Sun should have its million quid back. It hasn't damaged him at all, has it? Libel can only have a value if there has been

some kind of damage, right? Where is the damage? Where? There's nothing wrong with him. So no, I don't feel bad about him, not at all".

And as a footnote to the CBE and Knighthood that the singer was awarded by Bizzy Lizzy. It is telling of the warped mindset that the Old Bitch has by the huge number of honours that she has bestowed on those with a dodgy past, don't cha think?
Then there is the matter of the Penis's Pianist's Class A Drug taking. Elton John was so heavily into Cocaine that he told Piers 'prat' Morgan that *'Drugs nearly killed him*'. Indeed, I can't imagine that something like that would count in Mr & Mr Ordinary-Gays favour when the pre-adoption assessments were taking place, can you? Especially when you add Elton's alcohol abuse & Bulimia into the mix.

The following is taken from the Daily Mail:

Sir Elton John was 'very close' to being killed by drugs, he says in a television interview tonight.
When he looks back, he shudders at his behaviour, he says.
Interviewer Piers Morgan asks him: 'How close did drugs come to killing you, do you think?'

The pop star says: 'Very close. I mean, I would have an epileptic seizure and turn blue, and people would find me on the floor and put me to bed, and then 40 minutes later I'd be snorting another line.

This is how bleak it was, I'd stay up, I'd smoke joints, I'd drink a bottle of Johnnie Walker and then I'd stay up for three days and then I'd go to sleep for a day and a half, get up, and because I was so hungry, because I hadn't eaten anything, I'd binge and have like three bacon sandwiches, a pot of ice cream and then I'd throw it up, because I became bulimic and then go and do the whole thing all over again. That is how tragic my life was.
And then there is this interview - *once again taken from the Daily Mail* - which is testament to his sleeping around with every Tom, Dick & Harry – without even bothering to use protection to boot:
Meanwhile, Sir Elton admitted during his interview with Matt Lauer on the NBC Today show that he 'wasted' much of his life on drugs. The singer

also admitted that he felt like the 'luckiest man in the world' to survive his drug addiction at a time when people were dying of AIDS.

He said: 'I wasted such a big part of my life, when this epidemic was beginning to happen in the early 1980s.

'I was a drug addict and self-absorbed. I was having people die right, left, and centre around me, friends. And yet I didn't stop. I was consumed by cocaine, booze and who knows what else.'
He added: 'When you take a drug and you take a drink and you mix those two together, you think you're invincible. I came out of this HIV-negative. I was the luckiest man in the world.'
And a book brought out in 2009 entitled ***Elton John: The Bitch is back,*** written by Mark Bego, could have scuppered the flamboyant Star and his 'filmmaker' husbands hopes of adopting for a first time, let alone the second. Here is what the wendyista.blogspot had to say on the matter:

Sir Elton John is none too happy about a new tell-all book that exposes the singer's past as a cocaine and sex addict.
Written by Mark Bego, who has penned best-selling bios on Cher, Billy Joel and Michael Jackson, the book (Elton John: The Bitch is Back) claims Sir Elton tried to "commit suicide as he struggled with his sexuality and details a kinky homosexual threesome that took place the week of his doomed marriage to (female) recording engineer Renate Blauel in 1984," reports the National Enquirer.

This book, which will be on sale later this month, could not have come at the worst possible time, as Sir Elton and his partner David Furnish have been trying to adopt a child.
"There's some shocking stuff here," a source said. "Back then, Elton went through mountains of cocaine and rivers of booze. He really only straightened out with the help of David — David really saved his life."

Mark told the tabloid Sir Elton "routinely lied to the press about his cocaine and his sex addiction" for most of his life. What I did was find people who were there with him, doing the drugs and having sex with him, to tell of their encounters. I actually had more Elton sex and drugs stories

that I could fit into another book!"

Now, it would be easy to say that the past is the past. But that isn't applied to us ordinary Joe's, so neither should it apply to the 'Elites', should it?

However, if the idea that '*the past is the past*' was applied to us all, then I suppose the above could possibly be forgiven… If it wasn't for the fact that Elton WC owns some of the sickest Art that I have ever seen.
This 'Art Collection' – *and I use the term extremely loosely* – led to a Police investigation into the Singer and his 'partner' in regards to them possessing child pornography
(http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/england/tyne/7013806.stm).
And of course, he was cleared after the collection - *which to my knowledge he still owns* - was deemed as being "art".

Now, that sick collection includes the photo entitled "**Klara and Edda belly-dancing**" by Nan Goldin for which I was maliciously prosecuted (*google it, save me getting in trouble again*) after publishing the photo on my website in order to expose Elton John's sick taste in "art".
Indeed, you can still buy prints of the photo on eBay to this day (*one of the main reasons that my malicious court case was thrown out of court*), but that doesn't make it right

You see, the photo still looks to me like one girl pissing on another. And that is the warped fucks idea of art!

Next up on the list is **Peter Tobin**, who also adds no end to the lists credibility.

The following is from Wikipedia:

Peter Britton Tobin (born 27 August 1946, is a convicted Scottish serial killer and sex offender who is currently serving three sentences of life imprisonment with a whole life order at HM Prison Edinburgh for three murders committed between 1991 and 2006.[1]

Prior to his first murder conviction, Tobin served ten years in prison for a

double rape committed in 1993, following which he was released in 2004. Three years after his release, he was sentenced to life with a minimum of 21 years for the rape and murder of Angelika Kluk in Glasgow in 2006. Skeletal remains of two teenagers who went missing in 1991 were subsequently found at his former home in Margate, Kent. Tobin was convicted of the murder of Vicky Hamilton in December 2008, resulting in his minimum sentence being increased to 30 years, and of the murder of Dinah McNicol in December 2009, resulting in a whole life order.

Tobin has been labelled a psychopath by a senior psychologist,[1] and by criminology professor David Wilson, who also wrote a book on Tobin connecting him with the Bible John murders of the late-1960s.

Earlier this year, Tobin was reported as suffering from cancer and being near to death... Good enough for the cunt.
Which brings us to the final person of interest on Page 14, namely **Patricia Thornton** who worked at the '*Haut de la Garenne*' children's home on Jersey.
And of course that is the children's home that supplied the former British Prime Mincer, Edward Heath with children who were taken out on his yacht and raped - many never to return.

Which brings us to Page 15:

Mark Oaten. MP. 12.03.08. (See 23.01.06). One of 'Pals' had to serve as Rent Boy for him. Described him as 'baldish, plummy voice, lives in posh house in London'. He was not rough and gave Pal £50. Was photographed throughout, for blackmail purposes, but didn't seem too worried.

Katrina Williamson. 18.03.08. Hypnotist. Went to HG's house on 03.02.08, with KE and Kyle. Managed to get in by giving signal which J had disclosed to them having been tortured until she told them the code. KW used blue lights and music, (as 'Peter' had done in past). Then hypnotised and drugged her. Took compromising photos, then injured her. HG had severe pain in leg, back and shoulder but no memory of visit, because hypnotised to forget. Re-inforced with subsequent phone calls. Told not to talk to me. She certainly was fairly distant about this time. All in preparation for getting her out at Easter.

Sir Matthew Farrer. 31.03.08. **Private Solicitor to the Queen.** Described by S as 'ordinary looking'. There was an article about him, with a photo of him sitting reading a newspaper at a bus stop, in the Daily Mail on 25th February 1993. The title was 'The Invisible Man'. He was first mentioned by VH in 1994. She referred to him as **Kali.** She said he was the HP in her group. I showed her the photo of him with all writing removed and she immediately responded, 'That's Kali'. He has a flat in London and a large house in Charlwood, near Crawley, E.Surrey.

Terry Lane. 04.05.08. Aged15. Skinny, spotty-faced youth. Sacrificed 30th April-1st May this year, in New Forest. (Walpurgis/Beltane.)

* * * * * * * *

The above names were sent by me to 2 trustworthy colleagues in June 2008. The following names were given to me by 'Pals' between early June 2008 and Feb. 2010. I have heard nothing from them since. These last names have not been passed on to anyone except yourself.

Jimmy Tarbuck. 26.06.08. Comedian. Seen at Beaulieu at Summer Solstice.

Earl Spencer. 30.06.08. Brother of Princess Diana. Also seen at Beaulieu at Summer Solstice. Was mentioned to me by VH, in early 1990s.

Wayne Smith. 02.08.08. Works for Test Valley in Hampshire. Lived in same block of Council flats as HG's son and daughter-in-law. Very intrusive. Broke into their new Council House between Romsey and Southampton. Owns a fierce Staffordshire Bull Terrier.

Jamie Phillips. 31.08.08. Messenger.

Barry George. 01.09.08. New recruit. Was in news regarding the murder of Jill Dando.
Sion Jenkins. 01.09.08. New recruit. Was in news regarding death of Billie-Jo Jenkins.

Barry Lovejoy. 01.09.08. Has connections with BFMS.

Catherine Bennett. 24.11.08. Journalist.

Graham Cook. 23.01.09. Pals' new Minder. "Bastard!"

And the first name that we see is that of **Mark Oaten's**, whose Wikipedia

page is pretty revealing:
On 21 January 2006, Oaten resigned from the Liberal Democrat front bench when it was revealed by the News of the World that he had hired a 23-year-old male prostitute between the summer of 2004 and February 2005. The newspaper also alleged that Oaten had engaged in 'three-in-a-bed' sex sessions with two male prostitutes. Further allegations surfaced in the media over the following days, including an accusation that he had asked one of the prostitutes to engage in an act of coprophilia.

Coprophilia is of course the act of one person shitting in the mouth of another... But then again all MPs talk shit.

Wikipedia then continues:

Oaten gave an explanation for his actions in an essay in The Sunday Times in which he claimed a "mid-life crisis" was partly responsible for his actions. This was partially contradicted by a 2009 Press Gazette interview Oaten gave, in which he said "Journalists … had my story for three years I think, but hung on to it and never did anything with it. They could have made that public interest argument at any point in the three years. I had always been a Member of Parliament, but they waited until it could sell most newspapers, at the point at which I became well-known and at my most famous."

A bit like the "*innocent*" Harvey Proctor then… Do you reckon that people are going to wake up to these perverted criminals any time soon?

No, neither do I!

Next up is **Sir Matthew Farrer** who was private solicitor to the queen... My, my, aren't there a lot of people on this list close to Sweaty Betty?

We then have **Jimmy Tarbuck**. The following was written by Matt Sergiou who wrote an article for my website about the Beatles:
Jimmy Tarbuck is a Liverpudlian stand-up comedian and sometime TV-host who first shot to fame in the UK in the early 1960s when, at the age of 23, he became the youngest British comic to land his own television-series.

In 2013 he was arrested over allegations of sexual-assault on a young boy dating back to the 1970s, but was released almost a year later without charge.

Tarbuck – ***who for a time back in the day was, I'm led to understand, dubbed a 'fifth Beatle' because of his mop-top haircut, Liverpool accent and trendy attire*** **– had actually attended primary (elementary) school with John Lennon and George Harrison, both of whom were friends.** ***"I always got on well with John,"*** **he once recalled.** ***"I remember him kicking a ball around with him in the playground, shouting and being daft."***

After they'd all made it big and moved to London from Liverpool, there'd be parties.

"John had a great party-piece," **Tarbuck has revealed.** ***"He'd put Speed in your drink. When I was about 24 I nodded off one night at someone's house and he stuck some in my drink. I was like a rabbit in the headlights for four days!"***
After his arrest in 2013, more allegations of abuse appeared – and then promptly went away from view, or so it seems. On the David Icke web-forum, I came across what's claimed to be a copy & paste of an article lifted from a now dead internet-link belonging to the The Sun. It reads:

Cops probe Tarbuck 'sex attack on man No. 2'
New abuse claim
Police are investigating a second sex-assault against Jimmy Tarbuck, The Sun can reveal.
The alleged victim, a man now aged 32, has told detectives he was abused by the comedian.
He made the new claims after reading of Tarbuck's arrest in The Sun.

The alleged incident is said to have happened on a golf-course near his home…
Police said: "We received an allegation…"
Similarly, contributors to the David Icke forum claim that these same

allegations were also ’pulled’ from the newspaper/website, ‘The Express.’ The accusations live on elsewhere – such as the page from *‘Capitalbay.news’*
It might interest you to know that in recent years, Tarbuck is said to have been an active supporter of a children’s home, the *‘Refugio Aboim Ascensao.’* It’s based in Portugal – location of the Madeleine McCann incident and Cliff Richard’s overseas residence...

We then have **Earl Spencer -** brother to the fabled Princess Diana.
After her 'death' Spencer claimed to have had a dream about 4 black swans swimming in the lake with the island that Diana is supposedly buried on.

And then, as if by pure coincidence, 4 black swans arrived on the lake the very next day.
Course, black swans are considered to be Satanic... The following is from David Icke:

The 'black swan' is a symbol used by Satanists - that's why four black swans were introduced to the lake where Princess Diana is claimed to be buried at the Spencer estate at Althorp in Northamptonshire. Her brother said that he had been inspired to do this in a dream...

Note that Icke states that the lake is where Diana is "CLAIMED" to be buried rather than is where she is buried.
And that just leaves **Barry George** and **Sion Jenkins** worthy of mention on Page 15.

Course, my regular readers will no doubt know that I am very suspicious of both of these fellas and if you have read my very long article "**Night Of The Living Dead"** about Princess Diana's death you will know why.

Still, needless to say that everything has to connect with everything in the Satanic realm.
Nevertheless, their pairing is a strange one:

Barry George and Sion Jenkins, both wrongly convicted of high-profile murders, have become close friends following their release from prison.

Mr George has been staying with the former deputy head teacher since being cleared by the Appeal Court last month of killing TV presenter Jill Dando in 1999. He has spent the past seven years behind bars.

The two men also enjoyed a week's holiday together on the Isle of Wight after meeting through the Miscarriages of Justice Organisation...
Source: The Daily Express

Which brings us to the final page - Page 16:

Katharine Mair. 07.02.09. On Advisory Panel Of the BFMS. Told by both Pals and another survivor, that she is also into SRA.

Kimberly Marriot. 07.03.09. Age 13. Baptised into Satanism by Crispian Hollis, RC Bishop of Portsmouth. (See page 6). Made pregnant by one of the group leaders.

Mick Cleary.) 26.04.09.
Barry Hemstock.) 26.04.09. Messengers. Grabbed £150 from HG outside Sainsburys. 25.04.09.

Paul Towney. 01.06.09. Messenger. Beat up J.

Kevin Morgan. 27.07.09. New recruit.

David Willoughby. 27.08.09. Age 58. Height 5'5". White hair, dark eyebrows. Lives in Westminster. Lillington Gardens Estate, off Vauxhall Bridge Road. Previously, Pimlico. Drinks in pub called Pride of Pimlico. Is a Computer wizard! Into Child Pornography, Sado-Masochism and torture – gets some from USA.

Michael Vorden. (Kraut). 20.09.09. Lots of piercing. Was at Beaulieu for Autumn Equinox. 2009.

Other survivors have, over the years, spoken of many people more people involved – also places. Only those mentioned by HG or Pals are included in this list.

And as you can see, there is no one from the filthy rich on that page. However, I think all in all that it is safe to assume that the list is not a work of fiction and therefore extremely disturbing.

Moreover, it doesn't end there. You see, the report goes on to give the

locations where the Satanic abuse took place... However, you can look them all up for yourselves on Google Earth.
Just sayin'...

PLACES

The following places have been mentioned either by HG or PALS, several by both. Some are places they were taken to for punishment or abuse. Others used for ceremonies, policy meetings, or housing prisoners and/or records.

Penerley Lodge, New Forest. On R. side of B3056, heading SWwards. Large squarish, grey stone building, used mainly for meetings. Used for meetings of Cult members, not Ceremonies

Culverley Old Farm, New Forest. Off L side of B3056 heading SW. Gate with cattle grid, along straight drive, the sharp L turn over several more cattle grids to security gates. Can see rambling red brick house and small hexagonal building like a summer-house. HG said equipment for ceremonies stored in this. At the turn of the drive, HG has previously seen doll-like objects hanging in trees, at times of ceremonies, which take place there. (Told it is owned by Vivien Heathcote Hacker).

Greystones, Crawley, Hants. Dilapidated looking house up a short drive where those attending meetings can change form of transport and occupy fewer vehicles. Also used for Cult meetings.

Biddestone House, between Appleshaw and Chute, NW of Andover. Beautiful Georgian house with a semicirclar drive and 2 gates. There is a low statue below drive as it circles in front of house. Belongs to Lord Moyne, connected with the Guinness family. Ceremonies held there.

Beaulieu Palace, ruined Abbey & Church. Lord Montagu's place. Many ceremonies held here or in grounds. Many human sacrifices, often following torture or other punishment. Bodies either buried in **New Forest** or cut up and dropped in sea, weighted.

Christchurch, Dorset. Ruined Church by river. Used for gatherings more than ceremonies.

Old Sarum Castle, Salisbury. HG underwent very severe trauma in these ruined castle grounds. We went there about 8 years ago. Many memories returned. Both torture and ceremonies took place there.

Wetherspoons pub, Salisbury. Formerly, was called The Town House. Situated next to the river. Used mainly as a meeting place.

Ludgershall Castle, small ruined castle on edge of Ludgershall; village in Hants, NW of Andover. HG taken there for abuse and punishment mainly, but has attended ceremonies there.

Hurst Castle, Nr Keyhaven Hants. This is built on a peninsular; a long walk along a sandy strip, but more readily approached by ferry from Keyhaven. This is what Tony, H & I did in summer 2003. In some parts there are hooks and rings attached to the ceiling. HG said she was sometimes hung from these by her feet, naked and then beaten and cut. Ceremonies are also held there.

Coppins, Ivor. Belongs to the Duke of Kent. Not sure if used for Ceremonies, or just for meetings of Cult Members, including Policy Meetings. Possibly for meetings of Commanders, in which case, no robes would be worn and it would appear more life a Seminar or Conference.

West Wycombe, Church with the Golden Ball and surrounding buildings, some of which ruined. This place has been mentioned also by a number of survivors and therapists, including Pamela Klein, a US psychotherapist. I have been there. It is situated high on the hill above **'The Hell Fire Caves'** where the so called **'Hell Fire Club'** held meetings. The church has alternating black and white tiles on the floor and it looks more like a Masonic Temple than a church. I am told that ceremonies are still held in the church and nearby ruins, possibly also in the caves.

Osterley Park, West London. HG said she was taken there many times for Ceremonies.

Black Park, West of London, Uxbridge. West of M25.Ceremonies held there. Has large lake. Pinewood Studios at NE end. HG taken there many times when living in Hillingdon. Not only for Ceremonies; also abuse, 'drowning' torture and other forms of punishment.

Pinewood Studios. West London (See Black Park). Ceremonies held there.

Savernake Forest. SE of Marlborough. There is an old red brick house with tall chimneys, within the Forest. Ceremonies take place in house and forest.

Harewood Forest. East of Andover. A303 runs through middle of it. Ceremonies take place there. Also punishment. HG taken there many times. Police have found things hanging in the trees.

Bournemouth. Public loos in Public Gardens. (I believe they have been demolished since I went there in 2003. They were boarded up then). HG taken there. Meeting place.

Bournemouth. Second shelter to R. of pier, facing seawards. Meeting place.

Max Bygraves' house on Bournemouth cliff top. Meetings.

Highclere Castle, nr Newbury, Berks. Owned by George Herbert, Earl of Caernarvon. Lives mainly in US. Have heard nothing sinister about him but possibly ceremonies held in the castle, when he is abroad.

Breamore House, Nr Salisbury & Fordingbridge. HG has very clear memories of both torture and ceremonies taking place there. She described the house – but didn't know where it was, or the name of it. Later, Pals told us of it. We went there. The hall has black & white alternate tiles, like a Masonic Temple. She had described a room which has a carved mantelpiece and a large table. We entered this room. The carvings were just as described. There were other parts of the house which she had described but these were not open to the public. Owned by Sir Edward Hulse, but no information known about him.

Highgate Cemetery, NW London. Mentioned by others including HG. M taken there in 2004. Used for ceremonies, burials and desecration of graves.

Arundel Castle, Sussex. Owned by the Duke of Norfolk. Mentioned previously by BS, VH and others. Ceremonies take place there. Daughter of Duke, Karina (see People) married to David Frost.

Leigh Park, Havant, Hants. House (2 stories – near a PO and some shops) where computers kept and Pals are or were incarcerated upstairs.

39 Dunbar Street, W. Norwood, SE27. House v. near railway and **Church** where, early on the day of the funeral of Pope John Paul 2nd, the cult held a mock funeral in which a young man was drugged then killed. He was dressed up like the Pope. The house in Dunbar Street is 2 storied; built of London brick.

Branksea Castle. On Brownsea Island, near Poole, Dorset. Used for meetings and ceremonies.

Epping Forest, Nr Waltham Cross, Essex. Used for Ceremonies; also for punishment.

House on **Broadlands Estate**, nr. Romsey.

Nether Lypiatt, nr Stroud, Glos. Formerly owned by Prince Michael of Kent. In 2006 was sold to Lord Drayson. (See PEOPLE). Was used for ceremonies.

Caravan in Rockley Caravan Park, Napier Road, Hamworthy, Nr Poole. Dorset. Used for punishment.

Charleville Forest Castle. Tullamore, Co. Offaly, Ireland. Steve was taken there for ceremony early in 2007.

Castle/House nr. Hawkhurst. Kent/Sussex border. Belongs to Russian Embassy. Described also by NJ in 1989. Children were kept in cages. Ceremonies took place there regularly.

Marchwood Hants, Church of St John the Apostle. Both HG and Pals have spoken of this. Things went on in the vault, the gallery and the side chapel. In the front pews next to the main aisle there are carved goats heads at either end. I have photographs of these. HG was punished there many times.

The following two places were mentioned to me by Pals or HG, between June 2008 and February 2010. Other places have been mentioned by various other survivors, and will be listed separately.

Amport House, near Ludgershall. Belonged to RAF. Was Chaplain's School for Armed Forces. Has secret passages & underground rooms. HG offered job there but declined.

Clifton Hall, near Nottingham. Belonged to Clifton family – then a Girls School – Polytechnic & part of Trent University. Anwas Rashid lived there. Now empty. Said to be haunted. Mentioned also by VH in early 1990s.

Nothing more heard from Pals since Feb. 2010. Information from others will be listed elsewhere.

MONSTERS IN THE PALACE

By Christopher D. Spivey

MONSTERS INC

By Christopher D Spivey

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Version PBMM2019.06.08

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Introduction

I have been researching the British Royal family for well over seven years now.
However, my interest in the Queen and her family does not stem from the broadly collective view shared by the Sovereign's subjects - that view being: the family may be slightly dysfunctional but they are part of history and as such, should be respected.

But oh, if that were only true.

You see, in reality the British Royal Family are evil, inbred parasites who despise us. And far from being holier than thou, they worship Satan, are ALL deeply perverted and - *if many royal researchers are to be believed* - they actively take part in child sacrifice.

What? You don't believe me? Well of course you don't. However, see if you feel the same once you have read this book which is made up of articles about the Windsors that I have written over the course of the last six years.

Indeed, once you have I will wager that - *at the very least* - your view of the Monarchy will never be the same again.

Christopher D Spivey. 15th of November 2018.

Chapter 1
Monsters Inc

"We were involved in and spoke at the UK Rally Against Child Abuse in Trafalgar Square last Saturday (7 Aug 2010). Filmmaker and child abuse survivor Bill Maloney opened the Rally with a rousing speech in which he committed treason under Nelson's column declaring that the Queen Mother was a paedophile. Diana had apparently declared to a close friend that she was evil. Her footman, who had previously been a butler to the Queen, was a convicted child sex offender who used to groom his victims by taking them to parties with the Queen Mother at Clarence House" – Spokesperson for UKRACA

With the Queen's Jubilee celebrations still dominating the news it's probably a bit unfair to try and gauge whether the Royal family are gaining or losing public support. After all, some of those who wouldn't normally support the Queen but are easily led – *of whom there are many* – often get caught up in the inevitable wave of patriotism that an event such as QE2's 60 years on the throne is bound to generate.

For what it's worth, those who are pro-monarchy tend to put the country's support for Liz at around 80%. On the other hand, those in favour of Britain becoming a republic are more likely to site the result of a recent major poll undertaken which came back as showing support for the Queen as now being less than 50%.

Nevertheless, to my way of thinking, even 50% support is far too high. There

is a wealth of easily accessible information available as to how evil, corrupt, greedy and parasitic this woman and her family of inbreds are, yet at least 1 in 2 of us are happy to let her reign continue… Are these people mad?

You see. the Queen should have been hanged for High Treason back in 1972 when she let the corrupt paedophile Prime Minister, Edward Heath sign away our sovereignty. She had and still has the authority to do so, yet she still let him.

Furthermore, she let him do so under very unfavourable terms for the country - Terms which Heath had in fact been blackmailed into agreeing to.
This blackmail came about after it was allegedly discovered that Heath was molesting young boys from various children's care homes around the country.

The following is an extract from *'Wheel Of Fortune'* written by *T Stokes*:

"One of those who stood most to lose was Sir Edward Heath prime minister from 1970-74, who was known to visit the Jersey care home, the Haute Garrene among others to take young boys on boating weekends on his yacht called 'Morning Cloud', or as bodyguards referred to it, 'Morning Sickness'."...

Heath had already been warned several times by the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police about his conduct, but like so many before him, the then Prime Minister thought that he was untouchable and as such, ignored the warnings.

Many of these boys were allegedly provided to Heath - *and many more prominent MP's for that matter* - by the Radio 1 DJ and TV Celebrity Jimmy Saville.
Course, Jimmy '*rattle, rattle*' Saville was a hero to millions of kids in the

1960's & 70's who would never believe that of him.
After his career took a nose dive in the 1980's Saville reinvented himself as a Charity fundraiser for the **Stoke Mandeville Hospital** and as such millions more would also never believe him capable of such a heinous crime.

On the other hand, I find it extremely easy to believe and very plausible too. After all, he was extremely flamboyant, he never married - in fact he was never really known to have had a girlfriend. But most tellingly of all was his fondness for children, especially boys in care homes.

The following is an extract in connection with the Haut de la Garenne inquiry into the child abuse that took place at the Haute Garenne Children's home on Jersey:

"A source spoke to one of his victims and he said about others who were present, and more important, who was supplying the children to him. The person bringing children for him to abuse was Sir Jimmy Savile. He was seen by the witness, victim, taking young boys onboard Heath's yacht the 'morning cloud' when they were at party conference. Saville is known for supplying a number of high profile MP's with children for them to sexually abuse"...

Saville, a homosexual paedophile, was also a frequent visitor to the Royal household. You can draw your own conclusions from that but I will remind you that during these 60th anniversary celebrations, one of the invited guests on the Royal Barge was the convicted sex offender **Harbinder Singh Rana** who served a 4yr prison term for a list of offences including 5 counts of indecent assault.

The fact that all of the senior royals were in the company of this known sex offender - *who would have been closely vetted before being allowed*

anywhere near them - would not have mattered a jot to Liz & Co. After all, the Royal family have been linked to perverse sex scandals for centuries.

For instance, Prince Andrew has been dogged for years by rumours of homosexuality. If he is, then fair enough but he would never be allowed to admit it, what with his Mother being the head of the Church of England.

However, the nature of his sexual preferences was called into question following the revelation of his close association and friendship with the child sex offender, Jeffrey Epstein. Course, if you or I were known to be regular visitors to a Paedophiles home we would be attacked and beaten in the street. Unfortunately, Randy Andy also thinks nothing of charging the public for the travel costs to his shenanigans. Now considering the fact that he is well aware that the taxpayer should only pick up the tab for his travel to and from '*Official business*' trips, the word 'Fraud' automatically springs to mind.

Course, if asked which member of the Royal family is Gay, the majority of people automatically choose Prince Ed the Ball. However, while it's true that he wasn't man enough for the Military and as such tried a career as a 'luvie', there are no scandal stories to support the claim. In fact, apart from trading in on his Royal status and beating his dogs with a walking stick, there is actually very little tittle tattle on Rock-Steady-Eddie... He's just a pratt.

His older Brother Prince Big Ears... Sorry, that was rude so I will start again. Edward's older brother, Prince Dobby, sometimes affectionately known as Charles, on the other hand is also rumoured to be gay, or at least bisexual. This information came straight from the horse's mouth so to speak although that isn't to say that the info came from Princess Anne... I will deal with her later.

Charles and Dobby or Dobby and Charles?

Prince Charles sexuality was called into question following the murder of his wife Diana. Diana, in a self preservation exercise had made a tape recording of one of Charles' valets telling of how he was raped by a senior member of the Royal Household.

Jamie Doward, social affairs editor at the Observer ran the following story on November 2, 2003:

"Secret confessional videos made by Diana, Princess of Wales - which would have caused huge embarrassment to the royal family if they had been made public - have been [allegedly] destroyed.
Royal sources say the videos, recorded by a former BBC cameraman, who is now believed to be living abroad, were seized when detectives raided the home of Paul Burrell, Diana's former butler, in Cheshire two years ago.
The videos featured an emotional Diana discussing her life following her divorce from Prince Charles and an allegation that a courtier close to a senior royal raped one of his male colleagues [apparently Princess Charles sodomized one of his male valets].
This is the same allegation that Diana reputedly recorded on the infamous audio tape whose whereabouts is now the subject of a media frenzy.

On the audio tape the princess recorded George Smith, a former aide to Charles, alleging that he was [homosexually] raped [sodomized, "buggered"] by a senior courtier [apparently Princess Charles, who partially admitted the allegation by stating that he was the person named in Diana's diaries, without going so far as confessing his guilt that he perped the crime]"...

Nevertheless, despite the evidence pointing to Charles being a Homosexual Rapist - *a common and accepted practice amongst the Elites apparently* - at least he and his Sister, Anne can be reasonable sure of their parentage.
On the other hand Prince's, Randy Andy & Ed the Ball cannot claim likewise with the same degree of certainty.

This is because despite appearances, The Queen and her husband, Phil the Greek (who is in fact German) are not as close as they would have you believe. There are in fact far too many newspaper articles and rumours pertaining to Liz & Phil's cold, loveless marriage for them not to be true.

You see, Prince Andrew's parentage was called into question shortly after his birth and the murmurings have gained momentum ever since by sly digs in the media such as this one from the Telegraph:

"***There are those who persist in believing that Prince Andrew's natural father was the Queen's racing manager, Henry Porchester, "Porchey", 7th Earl of Carnarvon, suggesting the conception occurred at some point between 20 January and 30 April 1959 when Philip was away on another of his long sea voyages in the Britannia"...***

Prince Andrew & Lord Porchester: Father & Son? In 1993 The New York Times Magazine exposed the Queen's penchant for sleeping with her underlings in an article quoting the columnist Nigel Dempster telling the author Christopher Hitchens, 'Get hold of a picture of Prince Andrew and then one of Lord Porchester at the same age. You'll see that Prince Philip could never have been Andy's father'.
Tellingly, The Queen did not dare challenge the article. She did however use the taxpayers money to increase the budget for the Buckingham Palace Press Office - the outfit set up decades ago to buy the silence of media owners and editors.

Coincidentally enough, or perhaps as fate would have it, as I was searching for a photograph of the Queen and Lord Porchester in each others company, I came across an article in the Telegraph newspaper from which the following extract is taken:

Hugh Euston headed the list of well-born "flirts" that Elizabeth and her friends used to joke about, which also included Lords Porchester and Plunket, among others. Unlike her fun-loving younger sister, Margaret, Elizabeth was painfully shy and cautious and solemn in her demeanour,

albeit still attractive. At parties she could appear something of a wallflower. However, at nightclubs – such as the 400 Club in Leicester Square, where there was a band for dancing, or the nearby Café de Paris, before it was bombed – she could be squired by young men she liked, away from prying eyes.
"She clearly found Hugh Euston, Porchey [Lord Porchester] and Lord Plunket sexually attractive," recalled a lady-in-waiting to the Telegraph journalist and author Graham Turner, "and they would get the come-hither looks, a fluttering of the eyelashes. You can't have much going on between you in a Viennese waltz, but there's the look, the pressure of the hand and, in those days, it wasn't so commonplace to want the next thing."

Lord Porchester & The Queen - Lord Porchester & Prince Andrew

Moreover, according to royal researcher, Jim Hutchinson, State Papers released in 2009 confirm that in 1959, the [pregnant] Queen and the question as to who her - as yet unborn - baby's father was likely to be, was discussed in Cabinet on three occasions. The details of the first of these discussions had been stamped 'Not to be seen for 50 years'. That is 20 years longer than the standard 30 year rule. The details of the other two discussions have been stamped 'Not to be seen for 100 years'.

Four years after Randy Andy's birth, Prince Ed the Ball was born and just like his older brother, it wasn't long before his parentage became gossip for

the press. However, in Edwards's case the man being touted as his Father wasn't the womanising Lord Porchester, it was in fact a chap named Baron Patrick Plunkett.

Was Baron Patrick Plunket Eddies Dad? One wouldnt admit to it would one?

And while the evidence for Plunket being Edwards Father isn't as compelling as that for Porchester being Prince Andrew's Father, it would tie in with the much repeated claim that after the birth of Princess Anne, Bizzy Lizzy refused to have Phillip in her bed.

This claim was repeated in a book written by Nicholas Davies and revealed "*a shocking world of royal adultery, passion and betrayal*"

The book stated - *as fact, not surmise* - that the Duke of Edinburgh's liaisons with his cousin, Princess Alexandra and the film star Merle Oberon, not to mention his former Daughter in Law's mother, Susan Barrantes (among others!), as the reason ***"why the Queen banned her husband from her bed".***

More damning still, the Telegraph reported in an article on the 5th of

September 2004, about how Phillip had sat ***"impassively, incensed but silent"*** when a Journalist from a ***"Sunday broadsheet"*** had suggested to the Duke that he might have a raft of illegitimate children and had enjoyed a homosexual liaison with Valery Giscard d'Estaing, the former President of France.

Course, Prince Dobby - *being a chip off the proverbial old block* - is reported to have had the odd extra marital affair or two. In fact it has been well documented that he was sleeping with Camilla Parker Bowles throughout his entire marriage to Princess Diana. However, what is less well known is that while still married to Diana and sleeping with Camilla, Charlie boy was also getting it on with his son's Nanny, Tiggy Legge-Bourke.

After Princess Diana's death, it was revealed that she had deposited a letter with her solicitor, Lord Victor Mishcon, stating that Charles planned to have her killed in a ***"Car accident"*** so as he would be free to marry ***"Tiggy"*** (Tiggy Legge-Bourke). When the letter had first been made public, the name of the woman Charles wished to marry had been censored. This led to the general consensus amongst the British population being that the woman in question was Camilla. However, as you can see from the photo of the letter(below), Diana states that Camilla was just a decoy.

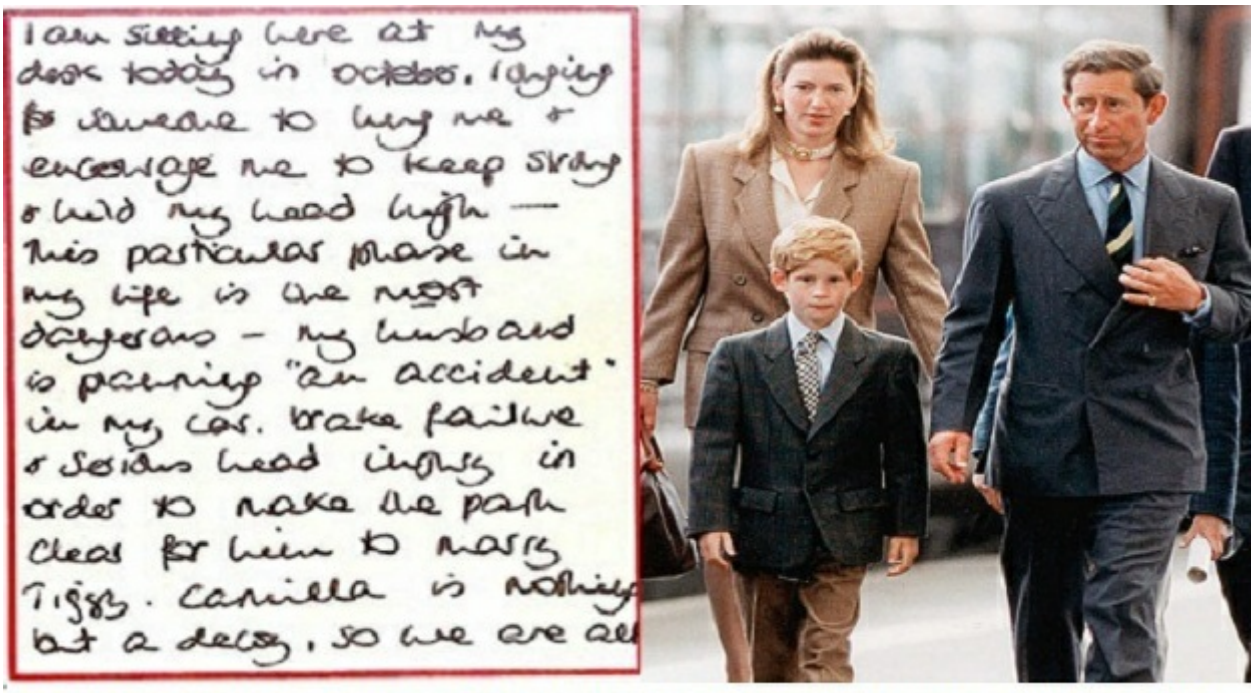

The Diana Letter - Prince Dobby with Tiggy Legge-Bourke & Prince Harry

Moreover, further details of the sordid affair were revealed at the Diana inquest in 2007. The Daily Mirror had the following to say on the matter:

"Princess Diana told her solicitor that both she and Camilla Parker Bowles were going to be "got rid of" so Prince Charles could marry Royal nanny Tiggy Legge-Bourke, her inquest heard"...

It is a known fact that a 'Car accident' is a recognized way of carrying out an assassination. The method of doing so is called the '**Boston Brakes**'. It is also a fact that 6 weeks before Diana was murdered, Camilla Parker Bowles was in a serious road accident while driving alone.

And despite knowing that it is a very serious criminal offence to flee the scene of an accident, Camilla immediately ran into the nearby woods from where she then phoned Prince Charles, who immediately had his security team rush and get her. She later said that she was in fear of her life - A curious thing to say.

I do intend to cover this car accident in more detail in a future article surrounding the murder of Diana.

In November 1995 the National press were tipped off that Tiggy Legge-Bourke (TLB) had become pregnant by Charles and had had an abortion. It was further reported that 'words' had been exchanged between Diana and Legge-Bourke on the subject at a party on the 14th of December 1995, where Diana had supposedly said to TLB; ***"So sorry about the baby".***

On 18 December 1995, Legge-Bourke, with the Queen's agreement, instructed the libel lawyer Peter Carter-Ruck to write to Diana's solicitors demanding an apology and asking that the accusation be "***recognized to be totally untrue***".
Predictably no apology or retraction was ever received, but Legge-Bourke's lawyers nevertheless circulated a letter to the news media to warn against publication.

And staying on the subject of illegitimate Royal offspring, there have always been rumours flying around suggesting that Dobby isn't actually the real father of his 2nd son, Prince Harry. Certainly, as is the case with Dobby's younger brother Andrew, there is a lack of the usually predominant Mountbatten (Battenberg/Windsor) facial features present when you look at Harry.

It isn't in fact, unfair to suggest that Harry does indeed share many more characteristics in common with those of his alleged father, James Hewitt than he does with Charles.

Major James Hewitt — Prince Harry — Prince Charles

Award winning Journalist, Ian Halperin had this to say on the matter:

A longtime employee of Harry's mother Princess Diana told IUC that the Royal Family was involved in a massive cover up to hide the fact that Diana's ex lover James Hewitt is in fact Harry's real father. According to the source Prince Philip threatened Hewitt's life if he didn't go along with the cover up. "They made him lie about the timeline," the source told IUC. "Prince Philip told Hewitt he would destroy him if it ever leaked out. It's impossible that Charles is Harry's real father. Hewitt was on the scene as Diana's lover two years before Harry was born. Diana stopped having sex with Charles years before Harry was born. Harry looks exactly like Hewitt".

So there we have both the Queen's husband who is all but King in name and his son, the King in waiting, both having evidence against them to suggest that they both indulged in multiple affairs while married. Both were closet homosexuals – Charles being an alleged homosexual rapist. Both impregnated with child, women other than their wives and both play father to children who may not be their biological children.

Indeed, do they not say that history repeats itself? It certainly seems to be the case in the House of Windsor, but could it get any worse?
It most certainly does because while Dobby was carrying on his love affair with Camilla Parker Bowles, his Sister Princess Dobbin AKA Anne had resumed her love affair with Camilla's Husband, Andrew Parker Bowles.

The Daily Mail newspaper had the following to say on the matter on June the 19th 2010:

"It's been 37 years since their red-hot affair ended in tears when the young cavalry officer called a halt to their romps, announcing he was going to marry a girl called Camilla.
Anne, shattered at the loss of her one true love, got hitched on the rebound to another cavalryman, Mark Phillips, before finding contentment of sorts with 'harmless' naval officer Tim Laurence.
Since then, between their four collective marriages, Anne and Andrew have often rekindled the flame.
Anne is 59 and Andrew 70 - but despite their advancing years, the talk round Royal enclosure this week focused on a report that their on-off affair was on again".

Now, as far as I am aware, Anne and her husband 'Dim Tim' haven't announced their separation. Therefore, a person would be entitled to ask; Is there no end to this dysfunctional family's bed-hopping?

Apparently not. The Royal Researcher Jim Hutchinson has this to say in relation to Princess Dobbin and her daughter, Zara Phillips - who is obviously the Granddaughter to the Queen:

"Zara is the daughter of Princess Anne and Peter Cross, a detective of the Royal Protection Squad. When Princess Anne told Mummy she was pregnant Cross was moved to an ordinary police job in South London. But

'the Royal and her Dick affair' carried on (and on - much to the delight of MI5). The Queen's spooks reported the couple spending steamy nights in a workers cottage on Anne's Gatcombe Park estate, Gloucester. Mummy was not amused".

The Daily Mail Newspaper however were slightly more restrained than Mr Hutchinson. They had this to say on the affair which, as you will see, also reveals that Princess Dobbin's husband at the time, Captain Mark Phillips had also got in on the royal trend of having illegitimate children:

"For some years before they parted, she [Anne] ***and Mark Phillips were not really happy.***
As he flew around the world riding and teaching (and siring an illegitimate child in New Zealand, whose mother eventually came looking for maintenance), there was talk and innuendo about Anne and the men (Note the insinuation, 'men' being the plural - Spivey) ***close to her.***
Much of it involved Detective Sergeant Peter Cross, a married officer from Mitcham, South-West London, who became her protection officer in 1979.
A year later, Anne came down to breakfast at Gatcombe Park to find grim-faced Royal Protection Squad senior officers waiting to meet her. Cross was being relieved of his duties amid suggestions that he and the Princess had become 'too close'.
Never was the Princess's imperious manner as useful as when rebutting such suggestions.
The formerly high-flying Cross found himself back in uniform, but moved from the glamour of royal protection to a mundane role behind a desk at Croydon police station.
Alas, that wasn't the end of the matter because four years later, in 1984, handsome Sergeant Cross (by then retired) sold his kiss-and-tell story to the News Of The World.
They paid him £600,000 - worth about £2million in today's money - in exchange for which he claimed the Princess snuggled up to him on the sofa while watching TV at Gatcombe, had intimate meetings in the library and in a lodge on the estate, the changing rooms of a swimming pool at Windsor and even a rendezvous in a three-bedroom semi in Ewell, Surrey,

loaned to them for the afternoon by a fellow officer.
The Princess Royal has never acknowledged, let alone commented, on his claims".

Princess Ann with lover Sgt Peter Cross. Is Peter Cross Zara Phillips real Father?

I think it's safe to say then that the Royal Family take the sanctity of Marriage with a pinch of Salt and that is hardly what you would expect from the so called **Head of the Church of England** is it? They cant even stand behind the defence that they got married at the local registry office. All of their weddings have cost the taxpayer a great deal of money. For instance, according to the Daily Mail, Dobby and Camilla Parker Dogface's relatively small wedding cost us £14 Million Pound.

Course Camilla - who insiders say Dobby **"can no longer stand"** – added an extra £40 Million to the taxpayers annual £2 Billion bill which is already being spent on protecting the Royal family.

Nevertheless, the cost of Dobby's second wedding was Small change

compared to his first. That wedding to Diana cost us £4 Million Pound back in 1981 (*£70 Million at today's prices –Source: Global Trader Magazine*).

However, according to the respected financial magazine, Global Trader, that wedding could also be said to be cheap in comparison to Prince William's wedding. Global Trader had this to say on the matter:

*"**On the simplest of balance sheets, it will be a massive loss. The CBI has said that the Bank holiday alone will cost the country £5bn in lost production, while the cost of the wedding itself, though predicted to be less (in real terms) than the £70m it cost Charles and Di to tie the knot in 1981, is going to put a heavy dent in the public purse".***

So, let's be clear on this matter. We, the taxpayer pay for the richest woman in the world's children and grandchildren to get married. We don't get an invite and even after we have forked out for the bash, the spoilt parasites don't take their wedding vows seriously. Is it just me who thinks that there is something seriously amiss in that equation?

And, While the majority of the British public are finding it tough at the moment in this age of austerity, here are a few more facts on the Royals and what their expenditure has cost us over the past year:

- ***Fact: ... Long live our Noble Queen? The Cambridge Dictionary defines 'Noble as: moral in an honest, brave and not selfish way. With that in mind, consider these other facts.***

- *Fact: The sovereign's official expenditure in 2011-2012 was £32.3million, up £200,000 on the previous year. Nevertheless, while we tighten our purse strings It has just been announced that the Queen has been given a pay rise totalling £6 Million. Meanwhile children in this country, i.e. her subjects, are going hungry.*

- ***Fact: It has been revealed by the prince's annual accounts that Charles received almost 2.2 million pounds from grants and government departments in the year to March 31. That is a rise of 11 percent comparing to the year before. Figures also show that Charles income and expenditures both rose at the cost of the taxpayers in the UK. The Prince already receives a large income from properties and investments of the Duchy of Cornwall. That is a land the size of 136,000 acres which was established in the 14th century to provide income for the heir to the throne - Plenty of room for him to grow his own veg then. "One can't eat the cancer giving crap that the riff-raff have to eat, do you not know". Nevertheless, Dobby was exposed in July as having spent thousands of pounds of taxpayers' money on personal travel, including £29,786 for a return flight from Clarence House to Balmoral for a private four-day break. Fraud? Meantime Big ears still continues to lobby parliament for more money from the Civil list.***

- *Fact: Prince Andrew was revealed to be pushing for taxpayer-funded roles for his daughters, causing tensions with senior Royals. In February 2012, Prince Andrew's UK trade and industry position was challenged in the House of Commons due to his close connections with Col Gaddafi and Libyan gun-runners. Since then he has clocked up bills of £378,000 on flights in his capacity as a controversial global ambassador for UK trade and industry.*

- ***Fact: Kate and William's wedding has been revealed to have impacted negatively on both UK tourism and economic growth. Furthermore, their earlier PR failed them after announcing in late 2010 that they would have no servants... then in June 2012 they were caught, errr... Advertising for servants, Doh!***

- *Fact: Prince Harry's jubilee tour on behalf of the Queen in March 2012 cost £107,098... Nice work if you can get it. Of that £51,443 was spent on scheduled flights for himself and his staff from London*

to Miami and Rio de Janeiro back to London. A further £55,655 was spent on a private jet to take him from Miami to Belize and onto the Bahamas, Jamaica and then back to Miami... Thanks Nan, Thanks Peasants.

- ***Fact: It has been revealed that Princess Dobbin's daughter Zara Phillips' wedding cost the taxpayer over £400,000... Did Retired Police Sgt Peter Cross give her away?***

- *Fact: Prince William and his wife Kate spent an incredible £52,000 on a one-way flight from Los Angeles to London for themselves and their seven-strong entourage. The cost of royal travel is continuing to raise eyebrows with a bill for £6.1million last year, an increase of £100,000 on the year before.*

- ***Fact: Dobby cost the Taxpayer, that's us, £460,387 for a private jet for him and his 'put it about a bit' wife for their tour of Middle East, South Africa and Tanzania. A few days before flying out to the Middle East, Charles flew by charter to Saudi Arabia at a cost of £67,215, to pay his condolences on behalf of the UK following the death of the Saudi Arabian Crown Prince. I take it that would be the Saudi Arabia which likes to publicly behead those who break the law. I don't remember asking him to pass on my condolences to the tyrant, do you?***

To me, those facts just confirm what I already knew i.e, They are taking the right Michael out of us, yet somewhere between 50 – 80 % of the British population apparently feel that the Royal Family are worth the cost. The phrase 'Mad Dogs & Englishmen' springs to mind.

Personally I would seriously question the morals of a Queen who takes tea with tyrants and socialises with sex offenders and paedophiles. Furthermore, this despicable woman who is touted as being '*caring*' doesn't sound so caring to me when you take into account that some estimates suggest that she could end world poverty 10 times over and still be a Trillionaire.

Disregarding that fact, anyone who can sit on a throne wearing a million pound hat and say that they empathise with our suffering in these times of austerity is taking the piss. Yet at least 1 in 2 of us still thinks she is worth keeping... Never mind her morality, what does that say about our own?

The Royal family are without a doubt all barking mad, primarily brought about by years of inbreeding. Indeed Dobby made it perfectly clear to Diana that he had only married her to inject much needed new blood into the line. I personally strongly suspect that Prince William was ordered to do the same in relation to Kate Middleton.
However, I don't doubt for one second that like her deceased Mother in Law,

Kate is truly in love with the man she married. The royal males however are incapable of such feelings. Had Diana still been alive, then no doubt in the case of William & Harry this trend may have been reversed. Alas, any chance of that happening ended with Diana's murder on August the 31st 1997.

Indeed, such is the lack of compassion running through the Monarchy's veins that William & Harry were paraded in front of the world's media after being forced to attend the Windsor's hypocritical, customary Sunday church service at Balmoral, some 2 or 3 hours after being told that their Mother had been killed in Paris.

If that wasn't bad enough the Reverend - *or whoever it is that presides over these pantomimes* – was under strict orders from the Queen to make no mention of the Princess's death whatsoever.

Course, the royal family's inability to show love for their children is well documented. This fact is even caught on film footage from the 1950's which shows a Preschool aged Prince Charles trying to take his Mother's hand only to have it shooed away.
It is also a documented fact that Dobby's young life was shaped by his Great Uncle Louis Mountbatten. Wikipedia has this to say on that matter:

"***Mountbatten was a strong influence in the upbringing of his grand-nephew, Prince Charles, Prince of Wales, and later as a mentor —"Honorary Grandfather" and "Honorary Grandson", they fondly called each other according to the Jonathan Dimbleby biography of the Prince".***

Now while that may sound innocuous enough in itself, the fact that Mountbatten was a known gay paedophile, who was rumoured to have had incestuous relationships with both Edward VIII & Prince Philip, should have meant that he wasn't allowed within a 100 miles of the young Prince

Dobby... Or perhaps there were darker, more sinister reasons for Charles to be in the care of such a vile monster.

The Authors of the controversial book **'The War of the Windsor's'** which was serialised in the Daily Mail state:

"***Lord Louis Mountbatten had the nickname "Dickie" … and for good reason. Philip's uncle Dickie was the last viceroy in India where he was a known paedophile who sexually exploited young working class Indian peasant boys".***

Mountbatten is also linked to the paedophile ring who abused boys living at the Kincora Care Home in Belfast Northern Ireland. An excellent website, dedicated to exposing the Royal Family http://www.helpfreetheearth.com/index.html, have this to say about a book written on that paedophile ring entitled 'The Kincora Scandal':

"The Kincora Scandal connects Lord Dickie Mountbatten to a child prostitution vice ring in Belfast, Ireland. Authorities failed to intervene at the Kincora care home for boys until 1981, despite reports over the years of child sexual abuse".
The operators of the Kincora child prostitution ring were eventually convicted in 1981 of the RITUAL sexual abuse of defenceless young boys who were sold like prostitutes. No charges were ever brought against the VIP customers made up of Royals, Politicians, lawyers, and Judges. However, Belfast citizens finally had reason to celebrate when Prince Philip's paedophile uncle was killed by an IRA bomb planted in his boat".

Now I can fully appreciate that many people will find all this information hard to believe. However, it is for that very reason that the House of Windsor has got away with it for so long. Course, whenever the majority of people hear the word paedophile, they automatically think of an old, dirty raincoat

wearing social misfit. This couldn't be further from the truth according to '**Abel Danger**' who say this:

"We are inclined to think of child molesters as strange men in dirty Macs hanging around street corners looking for unsuspecting prey. This perception is erroneous, since it has been established that the villains are more likely to be the 'Bastions of Society' who have an infinite supply of vulnerable victims from children's homes, who are too afraid to tell. Who would believe them anyway, as the officials in authority they approach for help are usually involved"?

It is important to remember that the Royals have no concept whatsoever of what most of us would consider 'Normal' life. For instance, how often have you heard it said that the Royal family are steeped in Tradition?

The word 'Tradition' is described by the online Cambridge Dictionary as being; **a belief, principle or way of acting which people in a particular society or group have continued to follow for a long time, or all of these beliefs, etc. in a particular society or group.**

And the windsors do indeed adhere to tradition. To them, tradition is 'normal' and that includes homosexual paedophilia, often with members of their own family. For their part, they despise us. We are only here to serve them and their needs. They are parasites who have accumulated fantastic and unimaginable wealth via conquest, pillage, slavery, deception, depleted uranium and fraud, yet it is us who are to blame for letting them get away with it.

As far as conquest and pillage are concerned, countless millions of men women and children have been murdered or forced into slave labour in the quest to establish the British Empire. Many people today are under the

impression that the British Empire is a thing of the past.
Those people would be very wrong. The only difference is that the British Empire is now run covertly as opposed to the overtly way it was run in the past.

An article printed in the Guardian on the 21st of April 2012 entitled ***'Deny the British empire's crimes? No, we ignore them'*** will give you some idea as to the mass genocide that took place in order for the Royal Family to add to their already obscene wealth.
The article has an appropriate subtitle of; ***'New evidence of British colonial atrocities has not changed our national ability to disregard it"***. I have re-printed a section of this article below:

"Caroline Elkins, a professor at Harvard, spent nearly 10 years compiling the evidence contained in her book Britain's Gulag: the Brutal End of Empire in Kenya. She started her research with the belief that the British account of the suppression of the Kikuyu's Mau Mau revolt in the 1950s was largely accurate. Then she discovered that most of the documentation had been destroyed. She worked through the remaining archives, and conducted 600 hours of interviews with Kikuyu survivors – rebels and loyalists – and British guards, settlers and officials. Her book is fully and thoroughly documented. It won the Pulitzer prize...
...The entire population of one and a half million people, in camps and fortified villages. There, thousands were beaten to death or died from malnutrition, typhoid, tuberculosis and dysentery. In some camps almost all the children died...
The inmates were used as slave labour... People deemed to have disobeyed the rules were killed in front of the others...
...Interrogation under torture was widespread. Many of the men were anally raped, using knives, broken bottles, rifle barrels, snakes and scorpions. A favourite technique was to hold a man upside down, his head in a bucket of water, while sand was rammed into his rectum with a stick. Women were gang-raped by the guards.... The British devised a special tool which they used for first crushing and then ripping off testicles. They used

pliers to mutilate women's breasts. They cut off inmates' ears and fingers and gouged out their eyes. They dragged people behind Land Rovers until their bodies disintegrated. Men were rolled up in barbed wire and kicked around the compound.
Elkins provides a wealth of evidence to show that the horrors of the camps were endorsed at the highest levels. The governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, regularly intervened to prevent the perpetrators from being brought to justice. The colonial secretary, Alan Lennox-Boyd, repeatedly lied to the House of Commons. This is a vast, systematic crime for which there has been no reckoning"...

And that is just Kenya. Wide scale atrocities in the name of Britain - *therefore the Queen* - took place where ever we conquered. Course, this conquest and pillaging still continues today by way of illegal overt wars in Iraq and Afghanistan as well as the covert war in Libya (and soon to be Syria).

Many of you are under the impression that going to war is decide by the British government. However, the Queen in her capacity as Head of State presides over a weekly meeting of the Joint Intelligence Committee where she is fully briefed on the activities of all of the British secret services.

The Queen alone appoints military commanders. No British agents, or British troops, carry out a single act, overt or covert without direct orders signed by the British Head of State.

The Royal household has in the past made untold amounts of money from slavery, although some would argue that they still are today. It is all to do with those two words 'Overt' & 'Covert'. Remember; "None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free".

It is a fact that in 1679 the Duke of York (the future King James II) was one of the main investors in purpose built slave ships as were King George III & King William IV after him.
At the time of James II a slave sold for between £11-£14 (Around £1000 today) and had risen to as much as £95 (Around £10,000 today) per head by the time Queen Victoria took over the family business.

Each ship held 600 slaves with an expected 20% death rate en-route. Records of how many slave ships the royals had an interest in and how many Slaves were transported on those ships are not readily available. However, in order to give you an insight into how big a business the slave trade was, you only need to visit the National Archives website where I found this information:

"Between 1808 and 1869 the Royal Navy's West Africa Squadron seized over 1,600 slave ships and freed about 150,000 Africans but, despite this, it is estimated that a further 1 million people were enslaved and transported throughout the 19th Century".

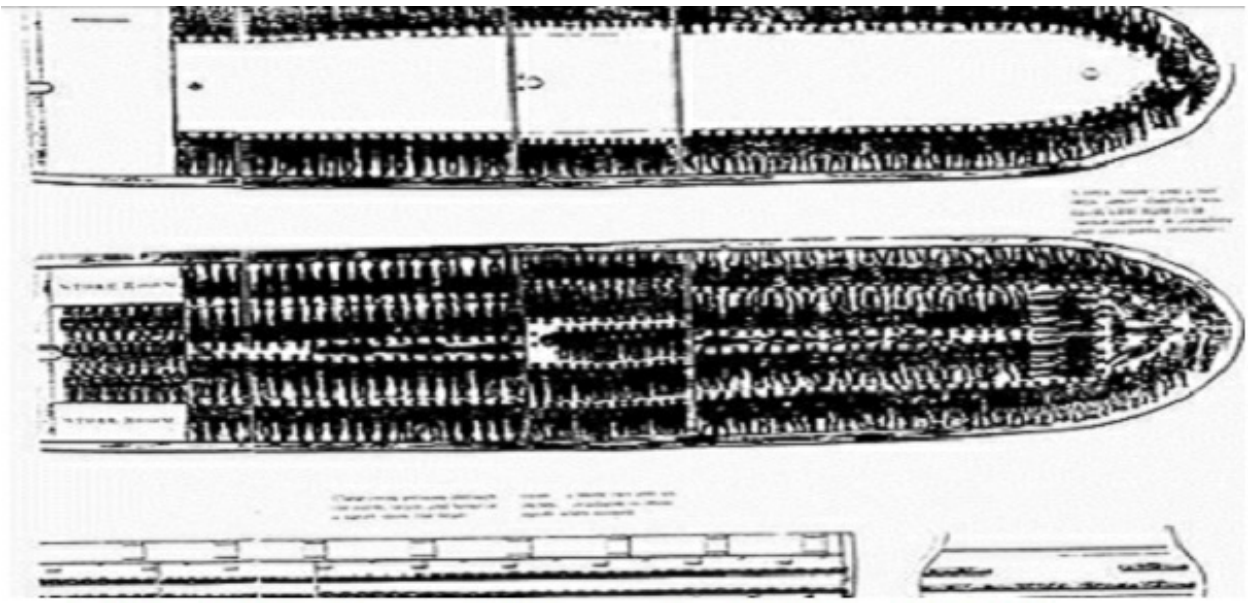

Slave Ship Layout: Source the National Archives

By the time Parliament got round to abolishing Slavery in 1807 and again in

1833, the Royals had re-registered their fleet of death ships offshore, putting them outside the jurisdiction of British law and leaving the Royals free to continue raking in their vast profits.

*According to Hansard records, in 1841 Lord Broom reported that; "**Many London companies are still supplying African slaves on demand, and slave ships are still being built in England".***

Nevertheless, despite the abolition laws, Slave-ships owned or part-owned by the Royal Family delivered slaves to South American mines and plantations owned or part-owned by the royals throughout Queen Victoria's 64 year reign. Furthermore, naval records show that Slave Ships were still using Royal dockyards to make running repairs as late as 1907.

Another way that Queen Bizzy Lizzy adds to her immense fortune is by trading on the stock market. The fact that she uses insider trading information to do so is not only criminal; it ensures that she can't lose. She then deposits these tax free, ill gotten gains in her own private bank.
Royal researcher Jim Hutchinson has this to say on the matter:

"***Congress can discuss royal family business but it is forbidden for Her Majesty's Parliament to discuss the family business, or the royals offshore fortune, or the fact that Her Majesty has illegally used her Law Lords to keep her obscene wealth a secret.***
The Queen's holdings in Rio Tinto Zinc (RTZ) was first brought to public attention by a leak from a source at the Bank of England to Andrew Morton, who wrote the authorized biography of Diana. Philip Beresford, author of The Book of the British Rich, written in conjunction with the Sunday Times of London, found that the Queen tends to invest in "blue chip" stocks, including:

- ***Rio Tinto Zinc, General Electric Company of Great Britain***
- ***Imperial Chemical Industries***

- *Royal Dutch Shell*
- *British Petroleum*

Among those acting as royal cut-outs and nominees are:

- *S.G. Warburg's subsidiary*
- *Rowe & Pitman*
- *Barings*
- *Cazanove*

Forbes magazine also reported that the Queen is a major RTZ shareholder, as is the Bank of England.

Charles Higham, co-author of Elizabeth and Philip, also states that the Queen is a major stockholder in RTZ, which, with her old friends at Anglo-American, controls 12% of the world's precious, strategic, and base metals and minerals.
In 1976, the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee found that an international cartel, of which RTZ was a major partner, had been formed in 1971 to fix the world's uranium prices. A federal grand jury found corroborating evidence of RTZ's role. To protect RTZ's directors and their richest shareholder, the Queen, Lord Denning and the Law Lords quashed Westinghouse's ability to take depositions in the United Kingdom.

On June 16, 1976, in hearings in the U.S. House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Subcommittee Jerry McAfee, chairman of Gulf Oil admitted that the cartel in which RTZ was his partner had criminally conspired to falsely increase the price of uranium on world markets. When the Tennessee Valley Authority tried to sue RTZ for price fixing the U.S. Attorney General again demanded testimony from RTZ executives.

However, the directors of RTZ and their boss the Queen were once again protected by the Law Lords, who claimed RTZ directors did not have to appear before an American court, as this was "an unacceptable invasion of British sovereignty."

RTZ was in on developing North Sea oil from the beginning. Writes Higham. "The Queen undoubtedly approved the heavy investment, which would enrich her in the immediate future.''
Starting in June 1975, RTZ and Texaco were spearheading shipments from the North Sea Argyll Field, to the refineries of British Petroleum, (BP) in which the royal family have a massive stake dating back to the Anglo Persian Oil Company set-up by George V and his bankers to rape the Iranian oil-fields. Anglo Persian evolved into into BP…

Colluding with the Queen, the Bank of England established a highly illegal nominee company, the Bank of England Nominees Ltd. (BoEN), to hide the Queen's investments as well as the investments of those Heads Of State the Queen personally recommends. The Sultan of Brunei, King Bhumibhol Adulayadej of Thailand, the Kuwaiti royal family, King Fahd of Saudi Arabia and his then friend Saddam Hussein all became clients of "Queen Lizzy's private bank." BoEN is only one of the many cut-outs used by the Queen to hide her obscene arms, oil and nuclear profits.

About RTZ . Rio Tinto is a leading international mining group headquartered in the UK, combining Rio Tinto plc, a London and NYSE listed company, and Rio Tinto Limited, which is listed on the Australian Securities Exchange.
Rio Tinto's business is finding, mining, and processing mineral resources. Major products are aluminium, copper, diamonds, energy (coal and uranium), gold, industrial minerals (borax, titanium dioxide, salt, talc) and iron ore. Activities span the world but are strongly represented in Australia and North America with significant businesses in South America, Asia, Europe and South Africa.

The British monarch became the ultimate insider-trader in the reign of "The Mad King" George III, 1769-1815. King George III was perfectly sane when he gave some of the Crown Lands to Parliament in exchange for extravagant annual payments, of taxpayers money, to fund the monarchy

and their palace-pampered-lifestyle of offensive luxury. These payments are called The Civil List.
The royals annual Civil List became an endless supply of money-for-nothing to be used for warmongering-for-profit and Empire money-grubbing-speculation. By 1936 when the Queen's grandfather, George V, died the royals private (offshore) fortune was estimated at one billion Sterling.

A small part of the present Queen's massive disposable wealth is the tens of billions amassed tax free between her Coronation in 1953 until the public demanded she pay tax in 1992. The Queen calls 1992 her "Annus Horribilis." This was the year of the Windsor Castle fire.

Widespread public outrage erupted when the taxpayers were arbitrarily told they would have to pay approximately £30 Million for the fire! The outcome was a "memorandum of understanding" that the Queen would pay some taxes - at her pleasure. Although, the Queen can ignore this "memorandum of understanding" any time she pleases.

In 2002 it pleased the Queen to refuse to pay tax on the known £70 Million the Queen Mum left to the Queen. Prior to her death the Queen Mum was always said to be broke. It transpired that eight years before she died the Queen Mum had put £140 Million into Swiss Trusts for her grandchildren"...

Surely by now then, it can't get any worse?
You can bet your life it does. After all, does anyone really still believe that Diana: Princess of Wales died in a car accident? I can assure you there was nothing accidental about her death. Diana was murdered by the British security services at the behest of the Royal family.

Course, murder is nothing new to the Royal family. They have been getting

away with it for centuries. Richard III, Henry VIII and Elizabeth I, to name but a few of the many who had blood on their hands.

Furthermore, The Queen may be head of the Church of England but there is nothing holy about her and her family. On the contrary, they are all Satanists.

Once again I can appreciate that a lot of people will also find that fact hard to accept but that, I'm afraid, doesn't make it any the less true. To be honest when you think about our present royal family's origins it actually makes perfect sense.

You see, anyone who knows anything about Nazi Germany and The Third Reich knows that Hitler and his Nazi Cronies were heavily involved in the Occult. Moreover, if you know anything about the British Royal Family you will also know that they are in fact of German origin and well documented Nazi sympathisers.

The Windsor's surname is actually Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. In 1917, King George V, worried by the anti-German feeling caused by the First World War, ordered the royal family to scrap Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in favour of the surname Windsor.
Worse still, Prince Phillip – Who many people believe to be Greek – Is in fact also German and hails from the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg. For more details on this go to:
http://unitednationsoffilm.com/?p=2432
Philip, attended school in Germany and by his own admission says that plenty of heel clicking, Sieg Heiling and Nazi saluting were the order of the day. When Philip married Elizabeth he did a very good job of hiding his Nazi origins. That wasn't easy being as all four of his Sisters were paid up members of the Nazi party.

His sister Sophie went on to marry Prince Christoph of Hesse, a colonel in the SS on Himmler's personal staff and head of the Forschungsamt, an elite intelligence operation controlled by Hermann Göring.

He was also the great grandson of Queen Victoria, but as you will find out later on in this article; the Royal's like to keep it in the family. Aged 30, Christoph had become engaged to Prince Philip's sister Sophie when she had only just turned 15 - Hmmm.
The Forschungsamt carried out the famous 'Night of the Long Knives' which saw Hitler 'remove' his key opponents. Christoph and Sophie even named their eldest child, Karl Adolf, after Hitler and Prince Philip played an active part in the boy's education.

Interestingly enough, Christoph's brother, Philip of Hesse, was related to the King of Italy and was the official liaison between the fascists of Italy and Germany.
Phillip finally broke his 60 year silence on his roots in 2006 when he gave an interview to the Daily Mail. In that interview he admitted that he "found Hitler's attempts to restore Germany's power and prestige '*attractive*'". In the same interview he also stated that his family had "*inhibitions about the Jews*".

In 1937 Phillip, then aged 16 was photographed walking in his elder Sister Cecile's funeral cortège, flanked by relatives in SS and Brownshirt uniforms. One row back in the cortège - *held in Darmstadt, western Germany* - was his paedophile uncle, Lord Mountbatten wearing a Royal Navy bicorn hat. On either side of this Funeral parade, onlookers, pinned back by crowd control fences, can clearly be seen en-masse, giving the mourners the Nazi salute.

King Edward VIII was also a notorious Nazi sympathiser and as you can see from the photograph below, a personal friend of Adolf Hitler.

Adolf Hitler, Edward VIII & Walis Simpson

Edward, like his Nephew in Law, Phil the Kraut and Great Nephew in Law, Prince Dobby was allegedly a Satanist, closet gay and paedophile. He supposedly abdicated the crown in favour of marrying the twice divorced Wallis Simpson. At least that is what was passed off as being the reason. However, I believe that there was more to it than that and I intend to research the matter in the none to distant future.

Edwards abdication left his younger brother Dirty Bertie to take over the top job - a job that he most definitely wasn't up to doing. In fact for years, the sycophant mainstream media led us to believe that the nations favourite Granny, the Queer Mother hated Edward and Mrs Simpson (Who was without a doubt a promiscuous old banger) for forcing her husband into becoming King and thus leading to his early death. But that was just PR bollocks.

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the Queer Mother was in fact anything but a kindly old lady. Neither did her contempt for her Brother in Law have anything to do with his abdication sending her husband to an early grave... Mind you, if the rumour mongers are to be believed she, herself had a helping hand in that.
You see, the story goes that she conspired with King George's Doctor to

‘speed up’ her husband’s inevitable demise so as his death could make the first morning edition of the Times newspaper…

But as normal, I digress. The real reason the Queer Mother detested Edward so much was because she was hopelessly in love with him; a fact Edward divulged himself to the Daily Mail Journalist, Michael Thornton in 1971. Thornton went on to say in the article that he wrote after the Queer mother had died, that Edward had referred to his Sister in Law as a **“Spiteful old soak**” **-** a soak being a term for a hopeless alcoholic, which indeed she was.

And with Mr Ed turning down her advances, shameless social climber Bizzy Lizzy the 1st was forced to accept second best in the form of Dirty Bertie, a man many referred to as “the backward brother”.

Mind you, If the persistent and well documented rumours that Edward & Mrs Simpson attended sex parties where Mrs Simpson would push her nappy clad husband around in a pram are true, Bizzy Lizzy the 1st could be said to have had a lucky escape. Hmmm, somehow though, I doubt that she would have agreed.

The Queer mother’s younger daughter, Princess Margaret, AKA Slaggy Maggie wasn’t afraid to put it about a bit either. She too was an alcoholic. There are far too many tales of scandal surrounding Slaggy Maggie(SM) to detail them all in this article but it is a fact that she had a penchant for married men and gangsters.

Nevertheless, with Slaggy Maggie being the naughty sister (not easy to achieve with such stiff opposition), I think we need to look at the more juicer ones.

Now in the early 1970's, a gang of criminals tunnelled their way into the Baker St branch of Lloyds bank. Once inside, the gang made off with 268 safety deposit boxes thought to contain over £5 Million pounds at today's prices.
Unfortunately for all concerned, the gang were quickly apprehended. What then followed was a massive cover up which saw a blanket ban on the press reporting details of the crime (*proof of how the media are gagged as and when it suits the Royal family*).

Finally, in 2008 - *6 yrs after Slaggy Maggie's death* - The Daily Mirror grew a backbone (Or they were given permission) and released details of the crime. However, do bear in mind that the Mirror Group PLC is part of the Corporate owned mainstream media and as such, the full and frank details will have more than certainly been played down. Nevertheless, this is what they had to say on the matter:

"Despite massive interest in the crime, details about the loot and the criminals responsible were immediately suppressed by MI5 and senior government officials.

Speculation quickly arose that compromising sexual photographs of the Queen's sister, the late Princess Margaret, had been uncovered in the bank vault. It was rumoured they had been stashed away by well-known underworld figure Michael X. A drug dealer and Black Power leader, he was convicted of murder and hanged in Trinidad in 1975. A government file on him will remain closed until 2054 (Ask yourself why - Spivey)**.**

The Mirror can for the first time reveal that Fleet Street editors of the day were approached directly by senior government officials and told to drop the story.
The four men caught, charged and convicted of the raid went to jail without ever having their names mentioned in the press, and to this day

their identities and the circumstances of their capture remain secret. Even the lengths of their sentences are still shrouded in mystery".

Now, that kind of '*sweeping under the carpet*' doesn't happen for a few saucy snap shots does it. However, as you carry on reading the article more murky details begin to emerge:

"One of the men, in his 70s, has spoken to the Mirror from his home in Europe. The ex-gang member said he was terrified to discover one box belonged to the-then head of the judiciary.

He said: "It was owned by Quintin Hogg, the Lord Chancellor.
When we opened it we dropped it on the floor like it was a time bomb. We didn't want to take anything that might give us extra trouble so we left it. All we wanted was cash and jewels."

But the gang didn't have time to go through all of the stash and ended up taking some sensitive material.
The ex-raider, who refused to be identified, said last night: "When we got out we realised we had a lot more than we'd bargained for[...] At the time of the robbery, in September 1971, Princess Margaret's marriage to the Earl of Snowdon was in its final stages.

In the 60s and 70s she was known to party hard on the Caribbean island of Mustique, where she was famously pictured with lover Roddy Llewellyn, a landscape gardener 17 years her junior.
She is said to have taken snaps of male friends frolicking naked but it is not known if any were ever taken of her [...] when we asked the ex-raider he refused to deny the rumours. He said: "<u>I can't talk about that</u>. But we did find a lot of guns.

And what was most disturbing was the child pornography we found.
We were disgusted and left it in their open boxes so police could trace the

owners"...

The Daily Mail may however, have inadvertently clarified the rumors surrounding the Photographs of the naked men frolicking in an article they did on Princess SM following her death.
The article told of the wild parties that she was so fond of hosting and mentioned one in particular in which:

"The landscape gardener, Roddy Llewellyn, Colin Tennant, and Nicholas Courtney all stripped naked and were photographed by Margaret".

As you may have also noticed, I underlined the words that the Bank Robber used in the Daily Mirror article pertaining to his reply as to the boxes contents; ***"I can't talk about that".***

Those words strongly back up what I believe to be true about people being left in no doubt as to what will happen to them if they blab.
Look at the facts surrounding the case logically - A major cover up took place, with the Mirror admitting themselves that the media were gagged at the time. Usually, catching those responsible for such a major robbery would have been excellent PR for the Police and been headline news for weeks. You only have to look at the Great Train Robbery to know that.

Then when *'some'* of the details of the Bank Robbery are finally released after 35 years, the gang member being interviewed about it still wishes to remain anonymous.

Furthermore, he is still too scared to talk about exactly what it was that they found. Why? After all, the man has done his time so there is nothing to stop him potentially making £Millions from whatever it was that he and his

accomplices discovered... Yet all he has to say is ***"I can't talk about that"***. I find that very, very strange.

Neither is that the first time that people with information pertaining to the Royal Family have been scared into silence. After all, as this article pointed out earlier, James Hewitt was left in no doubt as to what would happen if he decided to 'spill the beans'.

The bit part actor from the 1960's & 70's, John Bindon was almost certainly another one.
Amongst the list of films that Bindon had roles in are; *Poor Cow, Performance, Get Carter & Quadrophenia*, where he was inevitably cast as the bad guy due to his rugged good looks and imposing size. He also handled the security for the legendary rock group, Led Zeppelin and the hell raising father and daughter, Hollywood actors Ryan & Tatum O'Neal.

It was through acting that Bindon met his Girlfriend of 12 years, the glamour Model, Vicki Hodge who also happened to be the daughter of a Baronet. He was also dating the high class prostitute Christine Keeler for a while. Keeler was also supposedly another one of Prince Phillips sexual conquests (More on her later).

However, acting and security were not Bindon's main source of Income. Crime was. Bindon was in fact a very aggressive, vicious & extremely dangerous individual indeed, making top dollar through 'debt' collecting & running West End protection rackets.
There is further evidence to suggest that he may well have been a Contract Killer. That is certainly the motive the police put forward when Bindon was put on trial for the Murder of a rival gangster by the name of John Darke.

The very well respected investigative Journalist and Author, Wensley Clarkson states in the book he wrote about the gangster come actor that

Bindon had received the Queen’s award for bravery after he was discovered by the Police, in the river Thames trying to save a man from drowning.

However, Clarkson, who receives extremely accurate information from his many contacts in the ‘underworld’, has it on good authority that Bindon was actually trying to drown the fella and only changed tact when he spotted the Police.

His Society Girlfriend, Vicki Hodge also tells a story whereby Bindon had her drive him in her Mini to a South London block of flats. On arrival he told her to wait in the car and that he would be back in 5 minutes. When he returned he produced a Human hand, which he’d just hacked off of someone who owed him money.

Bindon also had one other very special *big* talent. He had a massive penis from which he could hang 6 half pint beer glasses.
Through Hodge, Bindon gained access to British aristocratic circles, which culminated with him meeting Princess Margaret in the late 1960’s at her home on Mustique in the Caribbean.

Hardman John Bindon & Princess Margaret

Margaret, having heard about Bindons magnificent manhood couldn't resist having a bash on it herself. Apparently, she was so impressed with it that she insisted on having many more repeat performances back home in London.

Bindon, being Bindon however, couldn't resist telling anyone who would listen about his bedroom shenanigans, stating that "**PM**" sometimes sent a car to pick him up for **"love trysts**" at Kensington Palace.

Whether Bindon finally put an end to these dalliances himself or whether the decision was made for him by the Palace isn't known for certain. However, what is known for certain is that shortly afterwards Bindon was 'picked up' and taken for a 'car ride' by MI5.

Wensley Clarkson states in his book that everybody who knew and saw Bindon later on, maintained that they have never seen him looking as shaken up as he did that night.
Moreover, Bindon has never revealed exactly what was said to him during that car drive. He certainly wasn't beaten up, but something put the fear of god into the - up until that point - fearless hard man, because he never mentioned Slaggy Maggie ever again.

Furthermore, from that point onwards, Bindons acting career came to a standstill. Coincidence? The Telegraph obviously think so because in an article on Bindon that appeared in the paper on the 1st of August 2005, they appear to insinuate that by keeping his silence he was treated extremely favourably in all of his future court cases. This is what the Telegraph said on the matter:

"***Oddly this may have saved him some serious trouble later on in life. He mysteriously escaped jail on numerous occasions, most seriously when he***

found himself on trial for the murder of another villain [John Darke] ***in the improbably named Ranelagh Yacht Club. The actor Bob Hoskins, a personal friend, is credited with saving him from a life sentence by making the jury laugh, but Bindon was sure that the palace was behind it".***

After being found not guilty of Darkes murder, Bindon, who had also received life threatening knife wounds in the fight, became a virtual recluse. He later died of AIDS in 1993.

And what of Slaggy Maggie's offspring? Are they as warped as her sisters children? Course they are. Well at least her son David, Viscount Linley is. I didn't bother checking out his sister Sarah Armstrong Jones but I do know that their father, Antony Armstrong Jones has another son as a result of an extramarital affair. You really do have to hand it to the Royal family. They are nothing if not consistent.

However, there is much to get through and I don't wish to dwell too much on minor royals such as slagmag's son David, Viscount Linley. However, it is important for you understand that perversion is inherent throughout the entire length and breadth of the inbred British aristocracy as a whole.

For that reason I have reprinted the following extracts from an article written in 2007 by the royal researcher Jim Hutchinson in connection to Dirty Dave:

"***David Linley has been named as the royal 'puffta' involved in a 'sex and drugs' blackmail case [...] The member of the British royal family in an alleged blackmail plot has finally been outed.***

The Queen's nephew and so-called "Viscount" David Linley is the son of the late Princess Margaret. He cannot be identified in the British (Palace

controlled) media, but has now been named on Australian and US television.

Linley is "married" with two children, and poses as a "furniture designer". Property developer Ian Strachan, 30, and Sean McGuigan, 40, appeared at a London magistrates' court on September 13 each charged with one count of blackmail. They were remanded in custody until December 20. The two men allegedly demanded £50,000, in return for returning tapes of Linley in a sex act with a palace flunky (i.e. a young Paul Burrell).

The Sunday Times were the first to report the alleged homosexual act. In telephone calls to Linley's office in August, the alleged blackmailers also claimed to have proof that Linley supplied a servant with cocaine.

They claimed to have video footage of the servant snorting the drug.[...] According to The Sunday Times, it is the first published blackmail case involving a British royal in more than a century. In 1891, the future King Edward 7th paid off society prostitutes in return for pornographic letters he had sent them. The future King George 4th likewise used his Civil List to silence society prostitutes. The Duke of Wellington was made of sterner stuff. He famously told the girls to "publish and be damned".

Still not convinced that the Royal Family have their perverted antics hushed up by means of bribery, blackmail & intimidation? Try this for size then!

Lord Robert Boothby was thought of by post WW2 Britain as being a ray of sunshine amongst the otherwise 'stuffed shirts' who made up the Conservative party. Born into the aristocracy, Boothby could apparently do no wrong in the nations eye's and had even been tipped to become a future Prime Minister. Course, as you are hopefully beginning to recognise by now, our elite are corrupt to the core and Boothby was no exception.

The following extract is taken from Wikipedia:

Boothby had a colourful, if reasonably discreet, private life, mainly because the press refused to print what they knew of him, or were prevented from doing so. Woodrow Wyatt – whose reliability has been questioned – claimed after the death of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother that she had confided to him in a 1991 interview that "The press knew all about it", referring to Boothby's affairs, and that she described him as "a bounder but not a cad".

He was married twice: in 1935 to Diana Cavendish (marriage dissolved in 1937) and in 1967 to Wanda Sanna, a Sardinian woman, 33 years his junior. The writer and broadcaster Sir Ludovic Kennedy has asserted that Boothby fathered at least three children by the wives of other men (two by one woman, one by another)."

From 1930 he had a long affair with Dorothy Macmillan, wife of the Conservative politician Harold Macmillan (who would serve as prime minister from 1957 until 1963). He was rumoured to be father of the youngest Macmillan daughter, Sarah, though Harold Macmillan's most recent biographer D. R. Thorpe discounts Boothby's paternity. This connection to Macmillan, via his wife, has been seen as one of the reasons why the police didn't investigate the death of Edward Cavendish, 10th Duke of Devonshire, who died in the presence of suspected serial killer Dr John Bodkin Adams.

The duke was Lady Dorothy's brother, and it is thought the police were wary of drawing press attention to her while she was being unfaithful".

It is therefore quite obvious that Boothby's popularity with the public was based solely on him presenting himself as someone he certainly wasn't and

only getting away with it because of the press blackout imposed by fear... Exactly the same way the Royal family get away with it.

The Dapper Robert Boothby with Winston Churchill

The Conservative party were happy to go along with this charade of Lord Bob's since they were all doing the same anyway and getting away with it thanks to the spineless press. However, they lacked Boothby's charm.

Nevertheless, Boothby's halo slipped somewhat in 1964 when the Sunday Mirror ran the now famous headline ***'The Peer and the Gangster'***.
The story was that the notorious East End gangster Ronnie Kray was having an affair with Boothby. So serious were the implications of this affair that Harold Wilson, the Labour Prime minister at the time ordered his 'Mr Fixit' Arnold Goodman to represent Tory MP Boothby in his libel case against the Sunday Mirror.

The Sunday Mirror wobbled and decided to settle out of court. Boothby received £40,000 (£660000 at today's prices) in compensation from the newspaper and the Editor was sacked. However, history has revealed that the headline was only the very tip of the iceberg and Boothby was up to his neck in the perverted cesspit.

Did he give the money back that he'd received? Don't be silly.
Was the Mirror editor who wanted to print the truth compensated for losing his livelihood? Don't be silly.

John Simpkin http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/ had this to say on the matter:

"It is a myth that is often repeated, that in a modern democratic society with a free press it is impossible to keep a political conspiracy secret"...

... "In 1963 Michael Thornton, a journalist working for the Sunday Express, (Remember Michael Thornton, the journalist who interviewed Edward about the Queer Mother? - Spivey] ***heard rumours that Lord Boothby, a former member of the Conservative government, was having a homosexual relationship with Ronnie Kray, the leader of one of the most notorious criminal gangs in London. Thornton became friendly with Boothby and even attended the sex parties organized by Kray. He discovered that Boothby was introducing Kray to upper-class homosexuals whereas Kray was providing Boothby with working-class rent boys.***

Amazingly, Boothby was also having an affair with Dorothy Macmillan, wife of his fellow Conservative politician and Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. He was also rumoured to be having an affair with the Queen Mother (This is getting too easy – Spivey)***, who described him as "a bounder but not a cad"***.

On one occasion, Kray used a gun on Thornton in an attempt to have sex with him. Thornton decided that it was now time to write-up the article on the Kray-Boothby relationship. However, the editor of the Sunday Express, a Tory newspaper, refused to publish the story as he thought it would bring

down the Conservative government that was still reeling from the Profumo scandal. (More on the Profumo scandal later - Spivey).

Someone, probably Thornton, leaked the story to the Labour supporting Daily Mirror. This included a photograph showing Lord Boothby, Ronnie Kray and Leslie Holt, a rent boy with a criminal record, who had been sleeping with both men. Despite having the necessary evidence, the newspaper editor published the story without naming either Boothby or Kray. Instead, they were described as the "Lord" and the "Crime Boss". The story also revealed that the two men were being investigated by Scotland Yard as a result of their "illegal relationship" that dated back to the early 1960s.

A German magazine did publish the names of the two men but this was not reported in the UK press.
It later emerged that the reason that the men were not named in the Daily Mirror, was the owner, Cecil King refused permission for the editor to do this .
[In 1968 King became involved with Peter Wright of MI5 in a plot to bring down the government of Harold Wilson and replace it with a coalition led by Lord Mountbatten – Spivey]

It was argued that the Labour MP, Tom Driberg, was also involved with Ronnie Kray and had also attended these sex parties. To show that Harold Wilson, the leader of the Labour Party, was also committed to keeping this story out of the press, he suggested that his legal advisor, Lord Goodman*, should represent Boothby…

Pausing for a break here to talk a little more about Goodman.

Goodman, according to Lord Portman stole funds of over £10 Million over a 30 year period from various institutions. We now know that he was definitely corrupt since he successfully defended Boothby at the request of the PM

Harold Wilson (Thus making Wilson equally if not more Corrupt). Goodman was also a ‘Fellow of the Eugenics Society’.

He therefore was anything but a Good Man. Prince Phillip and his idiot son, Prince Dobby are both known to be keen Eugenicists. Eugenicists want to decrease the World’s population by at least two thirds of its present 7 billion population (that means 2 out of every 3 of us has to die) They intend to achieve this by:

- Increasing Cancer cases (Statistic: in 1900 AD,the cases of cancer were 1 person in 100. In 2012 AD, the cancer rate is 1 in 2.5). This is achieved by means of Chemicals in GM foods, Spraying chemicals from planes (Chemtrails) and through Fluoride in the water supply.
- War & Famine (Mass Genocide) and deliberately created viruses (Spanish flu, Bird Flu etc).
- Reduced fertility (In the same way that Cancer is now being caused).

... Boothby now wrote a letter to The Times and argued that the Daily Mirror had been referring to him and that he intended to sue this newspaper for libel. He claimed that he had only met Kray three times. However, this had been public events in 1964 (there were published photographs of these meetings and so they could not be denied). When the case came to court, the Daily Mirror decided not to reveal the compromising photograph. Unwilling to defend their story, Lord Boothby was awarded £40,000 and the editor of the newspaper was sacked. This resulted in other newspapers not touching the story. Scotland Yard was also ordered to drop their investigation into Boothby and Ronnie Kray.

In 1965 the brothers were arrested and charged with running a protection racket. Lord Boothby raised the case in the House of Lords and called for them to be released on bail. This is completely unconstitutional and he was shouted down in the chamber. Later it was revealed that Kray had compromising photographs of Boothby and he was therefore blackmailed into raising the case in the House of Lords.

Ronnie Kray shot and killed George Cornell in the Blind Beggar in Whitechapel on 9th March 1966. The following year, his twin-brother, Reggie Kray, killed Jack McVitie. Scotland Yard was now forced to take action and arrest the two brothers for the murders of Cornell and McVitie.

The Kray brothers were both sentenced to life imprisonment, with a non-parole period of 30 years for the murders of Cornell and McVitie, the longest sentences ever passed at the Central Criminal Court for murder. Their brother Charlie was jailed for 10 years for his part in the murders.

John Pearson, a freelance journalist, had been working on the case for several years. After their conviction, Ronnie Kray arranged for his mother to pass over documents and photographs showing that Boothby had been having a corrupt relationship with the Krays since the early 1960s. In other words, evidence that supported the story that appeared in the Daily Mirror in 1964.

Pearson finished the book on the case and arranged for it to be serialized in the Sunday Observer newspaper. However, the publisher refused to publish the final manuscript and the newspaper cancelled its contract to publish a series of articles by Pearson. Every other publisher and newspaper refused to publish this story... Pearson recently used the Freedom of Information Act to gain access to the Scotland Yard report on the Boothby and Kray relationship.

The report revealed that several prominent figures were involved in the cover-up. However, the passage naming these men has been blacked out on the advice of the Attorney General. The reason given is that some of these men are still alive.

The bottom line is that Kray was providing Boothby with underage boys to have sex with. He was also taking Boothby to perverted paedophile sex parties. In the following extract, John Pearson, the Kray's Biographer gives us a little insight as to what Boothby got up to at these 'parties':

"As well as boys there were East End orgies and sex shows involving criminals. One account described Boothby lying under a glass-topped table while boys were made to defecate above him. Another described him sitting naked in a room with a number of criminals and boys around him, and "love beads" protruding from his anus".

With all that in mind, consider this; The Kray Twins were both very much alive when all this information was revealed. Reggie Kray, has always and repeatedly insisted that his and Ronnie's prison sentences were **"political**". He was also fond of saying that **"We** [Himself & Ronnie] **know all the secrets, but we will never tell"**, in relation to the 'Establishment'.

Now bearing in mind that the Twins courted publicity whenever possible, always for gain and for many different purposes, does it not strike you then as extremely strange that they never blabbed. Does it not make sense that just like John Bindon, the twins were left in no doubt whatsoever as to what the consequences of spilling the beans would be"?

Returning now to the depraved paedophile Boothby. There is actually something else him and the Royals have in common. That is Boothby's friendship with Adolf Hitler. The following is a direct quote from Boothby's 1978 autobiography, *Recollections of a rebel*:

"I received a telephone call from my friend 'Putzi' Hanfstaengi, who was at that time Hitler's personal private secretary and court jester. He told me that the Führer had been reading my speeches with interest, and would like

to see me at his headquarters in the Esplanade Hotel.

It is true that when I walked across the long room to a corner in which he was sitting writing, in a brown shirt with a swastika on his arm, he waited without looking up until I had reached his side, then sprang to his feet, lifted his right arm, and shouted 'Hitler!'; and that I responded by clicking my heels together, raising my right arm, and shouting back: 'Boothby!' [...] That night I thought long and earnestly about the interview. I came to the conclusion that his plans were far more advanced than I had thought. He did not then wish to attack Britain and the British Empire, or even France. What he was determined to do was to bring the whole of central and Eastern Europe under German control; and for this purpose Austria, and above all Czechoslovakia, were the key points.

I think that just about every interview I have ever heard boothby give, he has trotted out the old "*heil Boothby*" anecdote but as far as I can gather, the old queer was very much like his glass topped coffee table, i.e full of shit. However he was correct in saying that "***What he*** [Hitler] ***was determined to do was to bring the whole of central and Eastern Europe under German control",*** since the European Union was actually the brainchild of the Nazis although for appearance sake the honour is given to Jean Monnet.

Throughout the 1920's and 30's plans and ideas were bandied about for a joint European partnership. However it wasn't until 1942 that the German Geopolitical Centre was set up by Nazi war criminal Joachim Von Ribbentrop. Later that year Ribbentrop headed the first meeting of the EEC, although for obvious reasons Britain declined to attend.

In 1943 when it became obvious that Germany would lose the war, a conference attended by the likes of IG Farben was arranged and it was here that plans for the EU were set into motion. In 1946 the EU plans were transferred from the Nazis to the Communists. The rest as they say 'is

history'.

As a footnote to this overwhelming evidence indicating that Scandals are relatively easy to bury, whether it be via Parliament, Press gagging, bribery, intimidation or a combination of all four, the inference on a remark made by the Queen to Diana's butler, Paul Burrell - a closet queen - cannot be understated. This is what she said: ***"There are dark forces at work in this country about which we know little"...***

Indeed there are and indeed we don't, Ma'am. Having said that, I strongly suspect that Bizzy Lizzy was actually referring to the royal 'We'.

The Royal family were also extremely lucky not to have been caught up in the 1963 Profumo affair. At the time, Prince Phillip was a very good friend of Stephen Ward who was deeply embroiled in the scandal.
Ward, an artist, Osteopath, society pimp and master of the occult was the man responsible for introducing prostitute Christine Keeler to John Profumo (And probably Prince Phillip too), who in 1963 was Britain's War Minister.

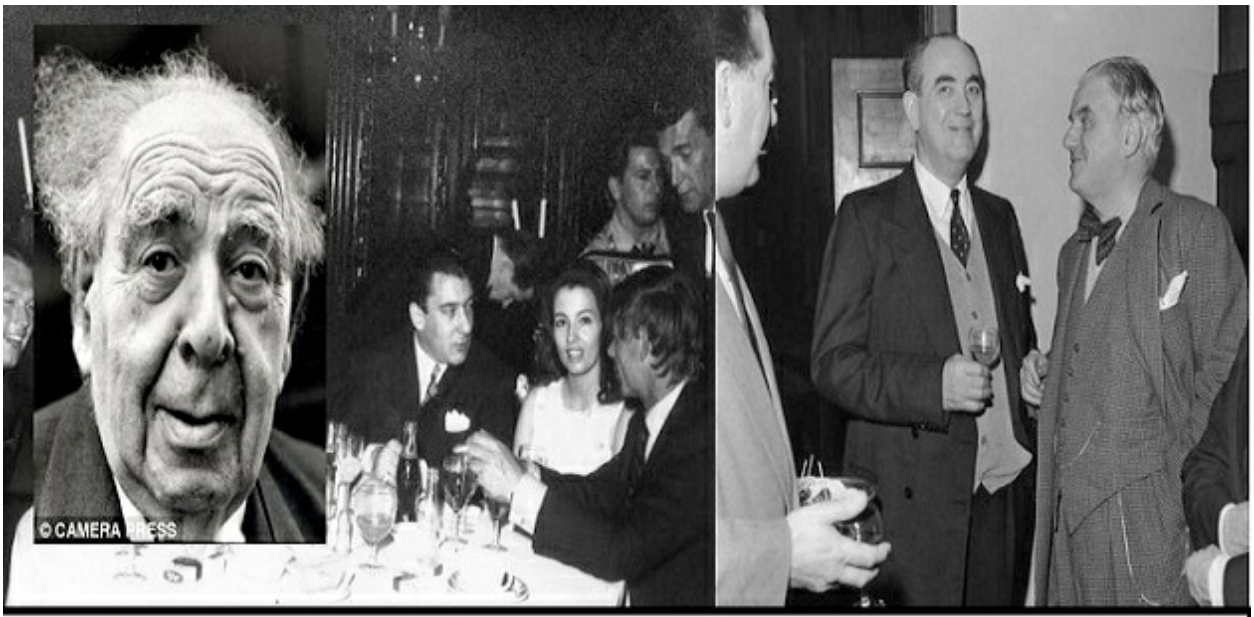

MONSTERS INC: Mr 'Fixit' AKA Arnold Goodman Ronnie Kray with Prostitute Christine Keeler & Cat Burgler Leslie Holt (Later murdered by a Harley St Doctor) - Tom Drieberg & Lord Boothby, both Homosexual Paedophiles, Perverted, Depraved & Corrupt.

As well as pimping for Christine Keeler, Ward was also doing the same for Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be hanged in England. The following is an extract from Ward's page on Wikipedia:

His first private patient was Averell Harriman, after taking a call at the clinic that asked for the best 'Osteopath in London': Ward replied without hesitation, "that would be Stephen Ward". It was not long before other famous people such as Winston Churchill, Duncan Sandys, Feliks Topolski, Ava Gardner, Mary Martin and Mel Ferrer became his patients. This enabled him to set up his own clinic in Cavendish Square, on the fringe of Harley Street.

Over the next few years he gained several other important patients. This included Lord Astor, who allowed him the use of a cottage on his Cliveden Estate. Other friends included Daily Telegraph editor Colin Coote, MI5 head Roger Hollis, Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures Anthony Blunt, Conservative MP Geoffrey Nicholson, infamous slumlord Peter Rachman, and the actor Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
On 27 July 1949, Ward married Patricia Mary Baines, a fashion model, at Marylebone Register Office. The relationship was not a success and after six weeks she moved out of Ward's flat at Cavendish Square. Ward used his social skills and his job as an osteopath to meet a number of rich and powerful members of society. He said. "I know a lot of very important people and am often received in some of the most famous homes in the country. Sir Winston Churchill and many leading politicians have been among my patients".

As a portrait artist, he had members of the Royal Family and politicians sit for him, including The Duke of Edinburgh, The Duke and Duchess of Kent and the Earl of Snowdon.

During the late 1940s Ward frequented the notorious Thursday Club, with a group of hard-drinking friends from top London society, including Prince Philip, the Marquess of Milford Haven and photographers Antony Beauchamp and Baron Nahum.

When the Profumo scandal broke, the Windsor's quickly dispatched Anthony Blunt, a cousin of the Queen Mother to an Art gallery exhibition in order to buy up sketches of Prince Phillip and other family members that Ward had drawn on one of his frequent visits to Buckingham Palace. It has since come to light that not only was Blunt a notorious gay paedophile and Satanist; he was also a KGB Spy.

Stephen Ward meanwhile, rather conveniently 'committed suicide'. At least that was the findings of the Coroner at the time. However, while It is true that he took an overdose on the eve of his final day in court where he had been charged with living off immoral earnings - *a direct result of the Profumo 'affair'* - he had been expected to live. Three days after the trial ended, Ward died in hospital.

Strangely enough, not long after Wards death a pornographer named Freddie Reid held an exhibition of Ward's pictures. Amongst this collection were compromising pictures of well-known individuals. However, before the exhibition was opened, Reid had held a private viewing and sold many of the pictures before they were made public.

In her 2001 autobiography, Christine Keeler claimed, that the MI5 chief Roger Hollis was a Soviet spy and that Ward ran a spy ring which included Hollis and Sir Anthony Blunt.
Ward had lived in a cottage in the grounds of the Aristocratic Astor family's Estate. Such was the extent of Wards involvement in the occult and devil worship that after his death, the Astor's deemed it necessary to have a Catholic Priest perform an Exorcism on the cottage... Or so they say.

Interestingly enough, according to the website **United Nations on film**, the above saga was by no means the first time that the Royal family had sent Anthony Blunt on a mission. The following is their account of his task:

"Prince Philip kept up very serious connections with Edward [Windsor] ***even after his abdication in 1936. Another of Edward's supporters, and mentor to Prince Philip, was the known paedophile and Satanist Lord Louis Mountbatten (Battenberg).***

Mountbatten was Philip's route into the House of Windsor. Mountbatten was the grandson of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert and was born at Windsor Castle in 1900.

While Mountbatten was supposedly fighting on the British side during the war, he maintained serious communications with the Windsor's German Clan via his sister Louise, the Crown Princess of Sweden and wife of King Gustav. Louise was Prince Philip's aunt.

At the end of the war, in June 1945, the British King, George VI, the father of Queen Elizabeth and puppet of the Queen Mother, sent the former MI5 officer, Anthony Blunt, to the Kronborg Castle of Prince Philip's sister Sophie, and her Nazi husband Prince Christoph of Hesse, to recover correspondence between the British Royal Family and their Nazi relatives, for propaganda aimed at convincing the aristocrats of Britain they had not been in contact all along.

Blunt was the 'surveyor of the Queens Pictures' and a world expert in the paintings of Poussin, the initiate who painted pictures called 'The Shepherds of Arcadia' which related to the Rennes-le-Château mysteries. Blunt was named as a member of a KGB unit inside British Intelligence along with Burgess, MacLean, and Philby, the fifth man was never named, but was in fact, Lord Victor Rothschild.

Another important secret society within the Crown Temple is the Knights Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, sounds pretty strange until you understand its symbolism. Both George Bush snr. and Ronald Reagan were given this title. The resurrection bath of alchemy symbolises rebirth and purification or absolution. Baths are given to Masonic Knights of the Bath before they perform horrendous deeds, hence the term 'Blood Baths'". http://unitednationsoffilm.com/?p=2432

MONSTERS INC - Edward VII 'relaxing with Louie Mounthatten and The Queen with Anthony Blunt

Returning now to what Boothby said in his book about Hitler not wanting to attack Britain also warrants closer scrutiny since the Royal family were obviously a lot closer to old Adolf than they should have been. But do the ties go deeper than friendship?

Now before I expand on that, it is important to understand why the Royal family insist on breeding within their own bloodline and only stray out of it when genetic 'problems' begin to appear.

The reason is that the so called '*Blue bloods*' had convinced themselves centuries upon centuries ago that they have a divine right to rule and they still retain that ideology today - 'Tradition' in other words.
However, that tradition doesn't just pertain to Britain. It goes much deeper than that. The descendents of just one bloodline have held positions of royal, aristocratic, financial, political, military, and media power in the world for literally thousands of years.

This has left us with 13 families all stemming from the same bloodline ruling the World and that is done by keeping it in the family, so to speak. In order to maintain this world dominance, future Prime Ministers, Presidents, and people in other powerful positions are all directly blood related to these 13 families and selected & groomed for power years before they get there.

These 13 families are:

- Bruce
- Cavendish (Kennedy)
- De Medici
- Hanover
- Hapsburg
- Krupp
- Plantagenet
- Rockefeller
- Romanov
- Rothschild (Bauer or Bower)
- Sinclair (St. Clair)
- Warburg (del Banco)
- Windsor (Saxe-Coburg-Gotha)

These families make up a group which is known as the Illuminati. The following diagram is their family tree:

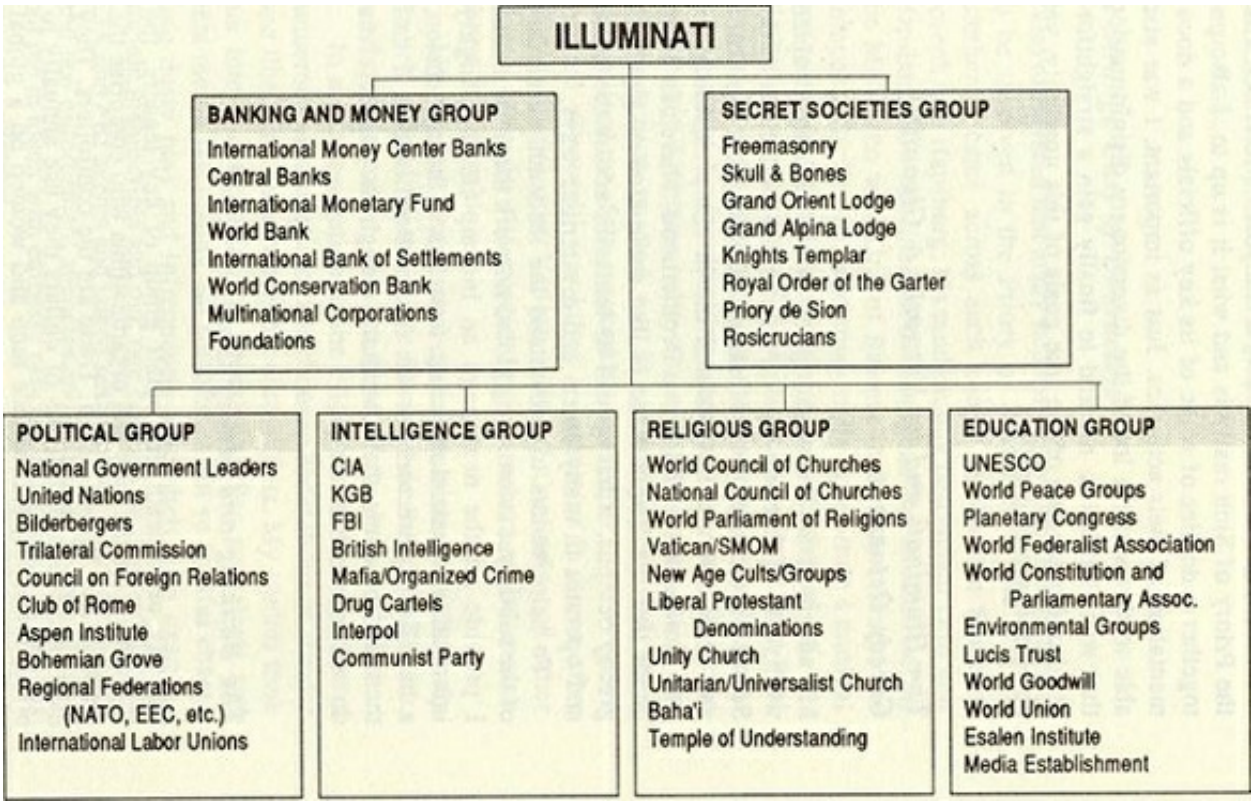

You might also be amazed to learn that 42 out of the 43 American Presidents (*People believe there have been 44 Presidents but President Grover Cleveland served 2 terms in Office as the 22nd and the 24th*) are all direct descendents of this same bloodline and as such, all related to the Queen.

Strangely enough, the exception is Barack Obama but no one can actually say with any degree of certainty where he hails from. Hmmm.
This bloodline linking to all presidents certainly makes sense being as there is compelling evidence that most, if not all were, shall we say, perverse, sexual predators.

Amongst the list of those repeatedly branded in public, on TV and/or in print as being paedophiles, rapists and serial adulterers are John Kennedy, Glen Ford, Bill Clinton and George Herbert Bush.
You therefore have to question, particularly in regards to George bush senior why they didn't take steps to silence these accusations. After all, they were

all billionaires and could afford to employ the top legal minds in the world. But they didn't, don't and won't. Why not?

The answer to that is in doing so; they would have left themselves open to the truth being revealed. Think about it. If you were a multi billionaire, in the public gaze, being openly accused of raping children would you just lie down and do nothing about it, if it wasn't true? I certainly wouldn't.

However, I once again digress so swiftly moving on; the allied World War 2 leaders, Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, were all descended from that same bloodline and manipulated into office. That being the case isn't it strange that Hitler wasn't also a 'family' member. After all, Germany and the Allies (England, The USA, Etc) war fundings both came from the same family, namely the Rothschild's.

There are actually 2 very credible theories to suggest that Hitler was either a Rothschild or an illegitimate grandchild of Queen Victoria. The former is the more plausible. One thing is certain and that is that Hitler wasn't who the history books would have you believe he was.

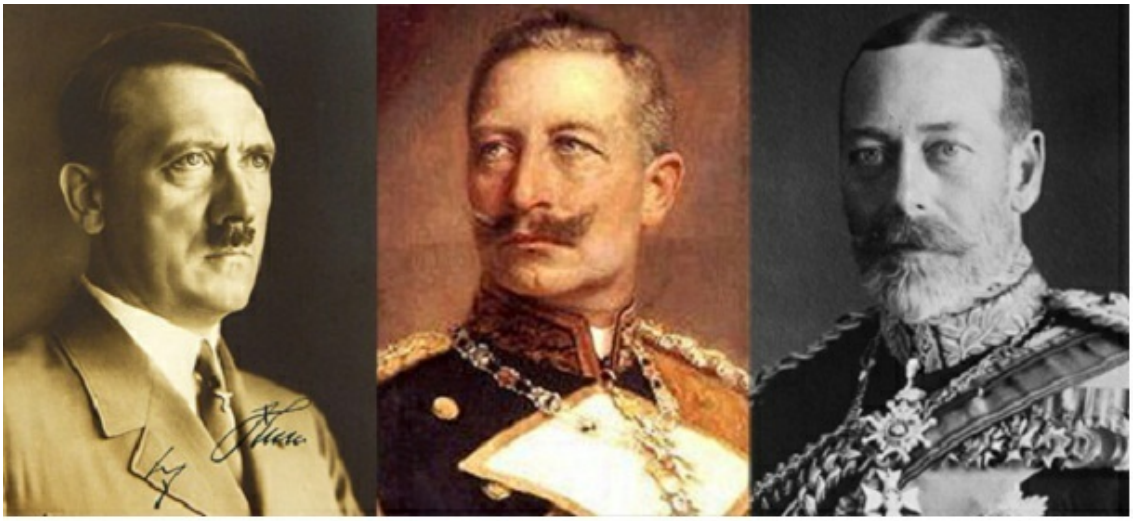

Hitler, Kaiser Wilhelm & George V - They all look alike. Coincidence?

Former

British Prime Minister’s; David Cameron and Tony Blair were both cousins of the Queen. Gordon Brown is also more than likely to be too, but at this stage I can't be bothered to check. I mean, there is hardly any need. He is certainly linked to a huge Scottish Paedophile ring - and that's as good an indication as any that he is a relative.

So, do you see that this pattern of Perverse Paedophilia, Illegitimate children, Bisexual Bed hopping and corruption are repeated time and time again through all the many tentacles of the same bloodline? It does so because to these elites, that’s what they are brought up to perceive as normal. These people, who truly believe we are here to be subservient to them, are abominations, Filth and scum. Yet people bow down to these monsters. What that says about the morality of at least 1 in 2 of us frightens me to say the least.

The other thing these creatures have in common with each other is Occultism. Forget Bizzy Lizzy being the head of the Church of England. That title is only there to fool the masses (no pun intended). the Bible is by and large a work of Fiction (At least the new testament is, the Old testament is something entirely different and more sinister but you will have to research that for yourselves).

Therefore. let’s be very clear on this. Religion, be it Protestant, Catholic, Muslim, Judaism or Hindu etc, etc, are all control systems. They all tell the same story albeit with different names and slightly different plots, but all the same characters are there.
Moreover, the Protestant Church and the serial child abusing Catholic Church are very much in league together. Once again, the excellent website United Nations on Film proved an invaluable source of information:

Photo caption: Queen: "I do hope you like my gift of this blonde boy, we know you like that sort of thing". Pope: "When I have finished with him, you can sacrifice him to Lucifer; I also know what you like too".

"22 December 2010 – Papal visit: Pope Benedict and HM The Queen meet at the Palace of Holyroodhouse in Edinburgh at the beginning of the four-day visit to the United Kingdom. They say a picture says a thousand words; this one has been studied by many and offers many clues as to the true nature of the Papal visit.

The hand of the Pope is over the hand of the Queen, signifying dominance; he holds her hand by the knuckles which is a freemasons secret handshake with the Rule of Canon Law hand over the glove to seal the deal. There is a reason for the Queen addressing the United Nations and then meeting with the Pope soon after. Let us explain.

The Pope is at the epicentre of the largest Paedophile ring in the history of the Universe. A ring that connects all the Knights of Malta, secret orders and global secret societies, bloodlines and incriminates millions of Satan Worshippers around the globe. The Queen has been caught red handed in blood sacrifices at least twice a year at Balmoral Castle and connected directly to ordering the death of Princess Diana.

HRH by birth is related to Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany who was the blood uncle of Adolf Hitler, who incidentally was a Knight of Malta along with Mussolini, Stalin, Bill Clinton, Tony Blair, George Bush Senior and more. This ring is almost complete, but there is only one small thing. Hundreds of thousands of victims now old enough to have no fear in coming forward are speaking out, including this writer, yet the Vatican are running around denying everything, money laundering, committing genocide and it's all business as usual.

Berlusconi (Ex Italian Prime Minister – Spivey) ***who openly states he "talks to God through the Pope", loves under age whores and money laundering, he's fallen into abyss of his sickness, Sarkosy*** (Ex French President- Spivey) ***is knee deep in Fraud*, Obama and Cameron are in over their heads in illegal wars, fraud and drug trafficking.***

It all comes down to one thing, Roman Canon Law, ancient documents these people did not sign with ownership of land rights and corporate power at stake. These people have no divine power, they are an illusionary order of treasonous criminal families who have stolen everything from the people and have a grand plan to kill billions of the world's population.

*The above states quite clearly that it was published 22/12/10. How fitting then that while writing this article I found an article published by Press TV today 4/7/12 relating to former French President Sarkozy's home being raided by the Police. The article can be found at this link:

http://www.presstv.ir/detail/2012/07/04/249249/police-search-sarkozys-home/

And since adding that link, an update has appeared in the papers. You see, it seems Sarkozy has now done a runner from the Police.

Is it any wonder that the Elite's laugh at our gullibility? Quite frankly, in my opinion they have a right to because people believe whatever the Elite's say, and do whatever they tell them to do without question. I have in fact seen many interviews with psychiatric doctors who all say the same thing on the subject of why people refuse to believe that their government or royal family are capable of atrocities and abominations, even when all the evidence points to those atrocities and abominations being true.

Apparently this is because the human mind has an inbuilt coping mechanism which is activated when something so terrible has taken place, i.e. The US Government's involvement in 9/11, that to face the truth would go against all that they have come to perceive as 'reality' and as such, no amount of evidence will convince them of the real truth.

Personally, I can't relate to such a coping mechanism but I suppose it must be true because if you believe in the old claptrap about God in heaven delivering us from evil blah, blah, blah, just because the establishment, run by the elites tells you that it's true, then I'm afraid you will never see the light, be it divine or not.

However, On the other hand, the heavenly Weirdy beardy man's arch nemesis is a different matter altogether as far as the Elite's are concerned... Ok I admit that last sentence was a bit tongue in cheek because the Devil in question is not the one in the bible. The following passages will give you a better understanding of the Devil that the elite pay homage too and will also

back up some of the things that I have already mentioned:

"My use of the term Satanism has nothing to do with the Christian version of Satan. I use it only to describe a system of ritual sacrifice and torture which, staggering as it may seem to most people, is commonplace all over the world today. Satanism is just another name for the worship of a highly destructive, negative force which has been given endless names over the centuries: Nimrod, Baal, Moloch or Molech, Set, the Devil, Lucifer, there is no end to them.

Satanism perverts everything positive in the same way that the Nazis took a positive symbol, the swastika, and turned it around to symbolize the negative. This is why the Satanists invert the pentagram and why they use black to symbolize the darkness, hence their Black Mass. But they also reverse the symbolism of white and that is a powerfully negative colour to them. The Satanic networks, under the names of their various deities, were created by the Babylonian Brotherhood to serve their needs. We have seen that the accounts of the Watchers and their offspring, the Nefilim, include references to their blood drinking activities".
http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/biggestsecret/biggestsecretbook/biggestsec
Devil worship and the black occult are paramount to the Elites. Now I can appreciate that a lot of people, given mind to their... Errr, what do they call it now? Oh yeah, their 'inbuilt coping mechanism', will find that fact hard to accept.

Nevertheless, I'm afraid that doesn't make it any the less true. To be honest when you think about it logically it makes perfect sense. Anyone who knows anything about Nazi Germany and The Third Reich knows that Hitler and his Nazi Cronies were heavily involved in the Black Arts.
Moreover, The British Monarchy has been documented as being heavily embroiled in the occult right back to medieval times and beyond.

It is in fact true to say that while innocent country people were being persecuted and falsely accused of devil worship and witchcraft, our beloved royalty was in turn playing host to Alchemists and magicians such as Francis Bacon and John Dee. And interestingly enough, John Dee, a magician and spy for Elizabeth the 1st signed his name as 007.

Now, do you really believe that one day the royals just turned round and said "*Sod this Black magic lark, let's worship God instead*"?
No, of course they didn't. Remember that all important word Tradition; **a belief, principle or way of acting which people in a particular society or group have continued to follow for a long time, or all of these beliefs, etc. in a particular society or group.**

So, make no mistake about this; our present monarch is just as evil and corrupt as all those who sat on the throne before her.
A direct descendant of the Black Nobility, our Queen is also the grand patroness of freemasonry. Prince Phillip is also a Master Mason and has been since 1952.
Course, most people perceive Masons as being middle aged, upper middle class businessmen who stand on one leg while given each other funny handshakes but nothing could be further from the truth.

You see, the Freemasonry secret society is a global cult that requires its members to swear an oath of allegiance to the Masonic god Jahbuhlun, AKA Baal, AKA the Devil.

There are in fact well over 600,000 freemasons in Britain today all supposedly loyal to the Queen. Moreover, the British Government, Police Force, Judiciary, Secret Services and the Armed Forces are dominated by freemasons at the highest level.

Indeed, one of the most powerful factions of freemasonry is '**The Knights of Malta**' who wear the Maltese cross around their necks, just like the one

Prince Charles wore around his neck when he married the teenage Lady Diana Spencer. The Maltese cross can also be found on the British Coronation Crown... And on the uniform of the Nazi's.

Furthermore, a symbol on Prince Charles' Coat of Arms is that of The Order of the Garter. The Order of the Garter is the parent organization over Freemasonry worldwide. When a man becomes a 33rd Degree Mason, he swears allegiance to that organization and thereby to Prince Charles.

According to *"The 'Morals and Dogma' of the Ancient and Accepted Rite of Freemasonry*" written by Albert Pike (Grand Commander, Sovereign Pontiff of Universal Freemasonry, July 14, 1889) **Lucifer** is the GOD of Freemasonry (see page 321 of the 1942 edition). On page 819 you will find just one example of why there are so many people in Freemasonry who believe that it is natural to be a Christian and a Mason.

"*Masonry intentionally misleads the low degree initiates and hides the truth that the god of Freemasonry is Lucifer, except to those in the 30th and higher degrees. "The Blue Degrees are but the outer court or portico of the Temple. Part of the symbols are on display there to the Initiate, but he is intentionally misled by false interpretations. It is not intended that he shall understand them; but it is intended that he shall imagine he understands them".*

Further proof of Lucifer worshipping amongst Freemason can be seen in how they measure the year. For instance the year 1998 (up until September) is according to freemasonry the year 5997 AL (that is 5997 anno Lucifer). http://reptoids.50megs.com/catalog.html

However, it is actually the Duke of Kent who is the Royal Family's most senior mason. The Duke of Kent also just so happened to live under the same roof as Princess Diana in Kensington Palace and her murder had all the

hallmarks of a Masonic ritual sacrifice.

The fact that the car crash happened in the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris was no coincidence. Neither was it a coincidence that the car collided with the 13th pillar inside the tunnel. The tunnel and concrete pillar were specifically chosen and earmarked for the ideal place to sacrifice the Princess of Wales.

I will however explain how it was possible to ensure that her chauffeur driven Mercedes careered into the 13th pillar in an article that I intend to write on Diana's murder/sacrifice in the near future. Alternatively, you can research the subject yourself. A good place to start is with the SAS technique 'the Boston brake manoeuvre'.

To fully understand why the Pont de l'Alma tunnel was the ideal place for her death you need to understand the mindset of the social elite and the importance that tradition, ritual, symbolism and numerology play in their lives.
http://www.theforbiddenknowledge.com/hardtruth/13_33_freemason_sig.htm
The illuminati bloodline (The 13 families, the Windsors, The Rockefellers, The Rothschilds, etc) stems from a race known as the Merovingians who worshipped and still worship the goddess Semiramis, who was the wife of Nimrod and Queen of Babylon. Some Merovingian Kings were members of the Knights Templar (Freemasons) and practiced Kabbalistic ritual.

The higher initiates of Freemasonry are heavily into reverse symbolism, or put another way; taking something good and re-presenting it so as ordinary people associate it with something evil and vice-versa. Two good examples are the Swastika and the Statue of Liberty. The Swastika is a peace symbol but it is associated with Hitler & the Third Reich thus it is viewed as being a sign of evil.

Likewise, but in reverse, most people believe that the Statue of Liberty in New York is a symbol of liberty and freedom. This simply isn't true. The Statue of Liberty is in fact a depiction of the Goddess Semiramis who is also known as The Goddess Diana.

There is a mirror image of the Statue of Liberty on an island, in the river Seine in Paris that runs alongside the dual carriageway that leads into the Pont de l'Alma tunnel where Princess Diana was murdered. In her hand the statue holds the 'eternal flame' which is a classic symbol of the Babylonian Brotherhood (the illuminati).

The Eternal flame is also held in the hand of the statue of Prometheus outside of the Rockefeller Centre in New York and is used by the Brotherhood as a signature of their assassinations. For instance, a flame was placed on President John Kennedy's grave at Arlington cemetery and the Freemasons erected an obelisk and flame in Dealey Place, close to the spot where he was murdered.

So is it a coincidence then, that there is a replica of the Statue of Liberty flame placed on a black pentagram situated above the Pont de L'Alma tunnel in Paris where Diana died, as well as there being an urn and flame placed on the island where she is 'buried'?

After Semiramis, AKA the Goddess Diana died, the Merovingians dug underground chambers just outside of Paris where they conducted their rituals/sacrifices to her. As Paris expanded with time these underground temples were incorporated into the city and many still survive today.

The Pont de l'Alma tunnel was built on the site of one of these underground temples. The Goddess Diana was a Moon Goddess and Pont de l'Alma translates as 'passage or bridge of the moon goddess'.

Furthermore, amongst the many myths that surround the Goddess Diana you find a recurring theme of Lakes, Islands and Tree-Groves as place of

worship. This is why an ultra exclusive, ultra secretive, glorified scout camp for former US Presidents and powerful businessmen known as Bohemian Grove is held in a tree grove.

Here, members dress up in hooded cloaks and make mock human sacrifice to a 40ft high Owl statue situated on an Island in the middle of a lake.

This 40 ft high statue of an Owl that ex US Presidents such as Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, Bill Clinton and George Bush make mock sacrifice to, is a representation of Moloch, the God of child sacrifice (*Surely your beginning to catch on by now?*). Like some other gods and demons found in the Bible, Moloch appears, as a Prince of Hell.

Bohemian Grove: Two future US Presidents, Richard Nixon & Ronald Regan sat round the table in the camps 'Owl's Nest '(circa 1967) & worshipping The Owl Statue 'Moloch'

Princess Diana had made it clear that when she died, she wished to be interned in the same small church as her Father, situated a short distance from Althorp - the Spencer Estate in Northamptonshire.

However, Diana's, brother who had refused to let her live in a cottage on the

Althorp Estate when she was alive went against her wishes and had her buried on the Estate, on a tree grove island, on a lake. Coincidence?

Well if it was, it was nowhere near the coincidence that was to follow. You see, following Diana's burial, in a tree grove, on an island, on a lake, her brother, Earl Spencer claims to have had a dream in which he was told to put 4 Black Swans on the lake.

When he mentioned this dream to his head groundsman the next day, the grounds man turned around and told Earl Spencer that they had, that very day been given as a gift, 4 Black Swans. Now, if you believe Earl Spencer's account, then you really are away with the fairies.
However, what Earl Spencer did neglect to mention is that Black Swans are one of the most powerful symbols of the Black Occult.

Nevertheless, freemasons at grass roots level often do a lot of good work for charity, but when you get to the higher levels, the society takes on a malevolent quality of which the vast majority of those on a lower level know nothing about.
One researcher into Freemasonry, The Reverend John Lawrence wrote a book entitled *Freemasonry: Is it a religion*. His findings concluded that freemasonry is indeed a cult that worships a God which certainly isn't the God of the Holy Bible.

It is also safe to say that all of the 'Elites', without exception belong to a secret organisation such as the Freemasons, Skull and Bones, Ordo Templis Orientis, Rosicrucians and so on, and so on. All of these Secret Societies indulge in Devil worship and child sacrifice.

A recent BBC TV program carried out an in depth investigation into Child trafficking for human sacrifice in which the Metropolitan police admitted that

children being smuggled into the country for the purposes of child sacrifice is on the rise. They couldn't however put a figure on the numbers. Uganda is particularly dangerous where a child can be bought for sacrifice for as little as £195.

The BBC spoke to one such Ugandan trafficker who freely admitted that children were sent over to the UK for sacrificial purposes, stressing that getting the children into the UK was no problem.
One Estimate puts the yearly number of Children who go missing worldwide at over 10 Million. In the USA alone, 700,000 children go missing every year never to be seen again. A Government report had this to say on Ugandan Child Trafficking:

Children in the country have been abducted and trafficked for ritual practices and sacrificed for quick wealth, building construction and other material gains.
There are also reports that some children's organs are removed for sale for medical experiments. Newspaper reports have indicated a proportionate rise in the number of children being abducted and sacrificed for ritual practices, especially in central Uganda, but reporting on this is sporadic and only after major incidents has occurred.

Children are either kidnapped or parents are told to surrender their children promising them better life. The Sun Newspaper in Uganda reported that reports on child abduction and trafficking are no unique to Uganda
Preliminary findings by police on child sacrifice in Uganda, local authorities and British investigators indicate that the so-called miracle babies are abducted from poor families and sold to rich but infertile couples. Others are sacrificed in ritual in the quest of wealth.

However, If further proof were needed of the Elite's involvement in Devil worship you need look no further than the many Photographs capturing them making the sign of the Devil.

The following picture and accompanying text are both taken from the "Satanic Bible":

Horned Hand or The Mano Cornuto: This gesture is the Satanic salute, a sign of recognition between and allegiance of members of Satanism or other unholy groups.

Now look at the following photos.

The Queens cousins, the Bush family show who they pledge their allegiance to.

Mother Bush likes to get in on the act - Is she the daughter of Aleister Crowley?

The Obama's do it

Dick Cheney, Bill Clinton, Maria Shriver (Kennedy) & Sarah Palin Do it.

Sarkozy, Burlesconi, Puutin's 'friends' and Arafat do it

Prince William does it - Does his Nan - Yeah course she does.

Conclusion

All of the information that I have given you in this article is but a tiny fraction of what our Royal family & Power Elite's get up too. I accept that many of you reading this will just as quickly dismiss it as being nonsense. I can only put that down to your minds inbuilt defence mechanism coming into play.
However, much of the evidence I have presented is now a matter of public record.

- **Fact: The Royal Family are at best, Nazi Sympathisers. That is a gross insult to all of our War dead.**

- Fact: The Royal Family are at best serial adulterers. That makes a mockery of the sanctity of marriage. The sanctity of marriage refers to the fact that marriage is a bond first put forth in the bible. It is a bond between a man and a woman. Protecting the sanctity of marriage is to keep it as God made it in the Bible. Obviously the vows our Royal family made before God mean nothing... As the head of the church they are at best a bunch of hypocrites.

- **Fact: A Royal family should be beyond reproach. They should lead by example and have high moral standards. In short, they should be a shining example not only to our Nation but the world as a whole. We should be proud of our heritage. Instead, they socialise with Paedophiles, crooks and sex offenders. At best they are a source of shame and a National disgrace.**

I think I have given you enough food for thought now but I cant sign off without leaving you with one more question; What has the Queen done to benefit us in her 60 years on the throne?
This family is an abomination to our morals and to society as a whole. Think about that the next time you wave your little plastic Union Jack at her.

Chapter 2
PRINCE PHILIP: THE SICKEST MAN IN THE UK?

Look at the photograph below. It was taken on Remembrance Day a few year ago.

Unbelievable as it may seem, that picture will fill Millions of Brits with pride, nostalgia and patriotism. Women, old and young will inevitably coo. Men, no doubt with a look of steely determination on their faces will give a quick nod at the photo and say to themselves; "*Yes mate, you know*". But I look at it and want to wring the hypocrites scrawny neck. Indeed the mere sight of him makes me want to puke.

You see you will not spot a single tear in this abomination's eye. And for the Daily Mail newspaper and no doubt the vast majority of others to even suggest it, is tantamount to fraud. Worse still, it officially costs the taxpayer nearly half a million pound a year to view propaganda like this. Unofficially, the true cost is in the millions.

Mind you, you have no idea how hard I find it to write about The Duck of Edinburgh and his family of parasitic in-breeds without descending into a torrent of foul mouthed abuse.
Strange, that I cannot recall the old fart, pictured in that photo all dressed up in his sailor suit so as to con the gullible nation into thinking that he is some kind of battle hardened war hero, doing the same last year. Well certainly not with the same amount of press exposure as we see in the Daily Mail today. I may be wrong of course, but I doubt it.

In truth this is nothing more than a fake photo opportunity, staged by a nervous Royal family, who are acutely aware that if they are not very careful their house of cards could quickly come tumbling down right about now. In fact, there is as much sincerity on show as there are tears in the perverted old git's eyes.
Cry for our heroic war dead? Don't make me laugh. The old pervert is doing nothing more than trying to get the nation on side before the truth comes out about him and his odious family.

After all, why on Earth would the Lizard looking old bastard cry for our war dead? If he was going to cry for any war dead, it would be those who spoke German, not English. Not that he would cry for them either. You see, the Duck of Edinburgh along with the other Royal Monsters despise us.

They despise all commoners, whatever their nationality, however they die. We are nothing more than an irritation to be endured while they fleece us for all they can get. Why would the man - and I use the term very loosely - shed a tear when the people he is pretending to respect are exactly how he wants them and the rest of us, i.e. Dead.

So let me tell you about this racist old pervert. Phil the Greek as he is commonly known, should in fact be called Phil the Nazi. He has no affinity with the British people what so ever, let alone our war dead. However, to understand why we need to go back as far as Queen Victoria, whom some refer to as the last English queen... Even though she was half German.

Victoria, according to historians was hated by her countryman, some even

say she was spat upon... And I can't imagine that amused her much. Nevertheless, Queen Vicky, as she wasn't known, married the German, Prince Albert:

Albert was born on August 26, 1819 in Rosenau, Germany. He was the second son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and was greatly influenced by his uncle Leopold, who became the king of Belgium in 1831. As a teenager Albert travelled to Britain and met the Princess Victoria, who was his COUSIN and nearly the same age as Albert. (Source- About.com)

Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was our Royal family's name then, until Sticky Vicky's grandson, King George V, who was married to the German Queen Mary changed it to Windsor in 1917. However, that was only because there was a good deal of anti German sentiment in Britain before the First World War which became almost hysterical after 1916. Back then, there were in fact anti German riots with shops owned by people with German names or German sounding names being smashed up. This also happened in other parts of the Empire such as Johannesburg in South Africa.

So there you have another case of this closely interbred, dysfunctional family pulling out all the stops to save their own necks... But I digress.
Now, as well as the name changing King George V being the grandson of Sticky Vicky, so was our German opponent in the first world war, Kaiser Wilhelm II... Getting the picture yet? No? Fair enough, then I will continue.

Our present Queen, Bizzy Lizzy and her husband Phil the Sauerkraut are both the great, great grandchildren of Queen Sticky Vicky. Or put another way, Liz & Phil are 2nd cousins, once removed... By then it was surprising that the in-breeds didn't all resemble the cast of '*the Hills have eyes*'. However, they did, and still do behave like them.

Furthermore, madness and genetic problems are common place within the Royal family, thanks entirely to their in-breeding. Everyone knows about King George the III. He was mad as a hatter. Sticky Vicky herself was a Haemophiliac, which resulted in the death of her son Prince Leopold at the age of 30. The Duck's own mother - Slack Alice - was mad as a hatter and

had to be sectioned, which might explain a lot.

However, the more modern day Royal family tend to do what all Monsters do with their mad relations, namely lock them away and pretend that they don't exist. And that is exactly what happened with the Queen's first cousins, Nerissa and Katherine, who were both nieces of the Queer Mother:

The Queen's cousin Nerissa was 22 and the Queen's look-alike cousin Katherine was 15 when they were sent to the grim Royal Earlswood Mental Hospital. Both were severely handicapped and virtually unable to speak. They were said to have a mental age of six.

Cousin Nerissa is now deceased but cousin Katherine, aged 86, is still alive as of 2012, although severely mentally retarded. She is neglected and never visited.
Burke's Peerage which records the "who's who" lineage of the British aristocracy, recorded false information that the first cousins of Queen Elizabeth II died in 1940 and 1961.

Despite the Queen's fabulous wealth, she spent not one penny on cousin Nerissa's burial. Nerissa was buried like a pauper in an unceremonious grave marked by a 6-inch-high plastic tag bearing a serial number and the name ''Bowes-Lyon".
Cousin Katherine who spent decades in the Royal Earlswood Asylum, was moved to Ketwin House for the mentally disabled. Following allegations that male staff members were washing female patients, Ketwin House was forced to shut down. Witnesses found bruises on Katherine's hand and hip.

Despite the Queen's fabulous wealth, she spent not one penny to keep her cousin Katherine at Ketwin House. The cost ? About 770 pounds per patient per year. According to a former staff member, Katherine is alert, understands what she's being told and communicates by pointing and smiling. Not one member of the Royal family has visited her in 60 years.

It turns out that the Queen's mother also had cousins who were locked away in the same mental institution on the same day in 1941 as Nerissa and

Katherine.
An 'out of sight, out of mind' approach to family members with "embarrassing" problems like mental illness and epilepsy is nothing new in the royal household.

In 1905, George V *(Of name change fame)* ***and Queen Mary had a son, Prince John. Until the age of four, Prince John was just as much in the spotlight then as Prince William was in 1986 at the age of four.***
When Prince John suffered his first epileptic fit, his royal parents excluded him from official family photographs. He wasn't even allowed to attend his own father's coronation as King of England in 1911. In 1917, the King hid his epileptic son by sending him to die in an isolated farmhouse. John never saw his parents again. He died two years later - reportedly in his sleep.

Another propaganda Oscar winner, The King's Speech, focused on the Queen's father and his speech impediment. There was no mention in the movie that the cause may have been from generations of royal inbreeding. Monarchy blockbusters are designed to sell the image of the filthy rich royals as sensitive, caring, human and deserving of adoration and taxpayer support. No one would dare make a Hollywood movie about the King's nazi brother, Edward VIII who abdicated.

Alice Battenberg was the mother of the Queen's husband - Prince Philip. Alice was near deaf and a religious zealot. As the years went by, she began to have visions that she was Christ's bride. She was declared a paranoid schizophrenic and committed to an asylum by force in 1930. Alice is Prince William's great grandmother.
(Source T. Stokes)

The Queen's first cousin
Katherine Bowes-Lyon

The Queen with her mother
Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon

Now, moving on, Queen Bizzy Lizzy's uncle, Eddie the Duke of Windsor, the one who married the American slut, Wallis Simpson (*I believe that Homer was her nephew, but I may be wrong*), was great friends with Adolf Hitler.

And the fact that Eddie did marry Wallis was much to the annoyance of Bizzy Lizzy's alcoholic, paedophile mother (*at least she was according to various Sources such as Bill Maloney*), who also wanted him. Nevertheless, in the end the Queer Mother was forced to settle for the younger brother who was affectionately referred to as '*the backward one'*.

In fact, according to files released in 2003, high ranking Nazi officials

considered Rock Steady Eddie to be *"no enemy to Germany"*. They also considered him to be the *"logical director of England's destiny after the war"*. Eddie, who was also a paedophile and part time bum bandit, gave up the million-pound-hat to marry the much passed around slapper Simpson. I cannot imagine why, unless it was the fact that she would indulge Ed the Ball in his passion for being pushed around in a pram while dressed only in a nappy... I kid you not.

So, is it just a coincidence then that Prince William and Kate got married on the 29th of April 2011, sixty six years to the day that Hitler married Eva Braun? Remember, dates and numbers are extremely important to these freaks. Willie was in fact induced so as his birthday fell on the Summer Solstice, although the official line is that he was induced so as not to interfere with his father, Prince Big ears' Polo Tournament.

Course, according to the Help Free the Earth website, the Royal family didn't just offer moral support to those who were killing the British soldiers that Philip is pictured shedding Crocodile tears over. That moral support also stretched to financial:

The British monarchy, and the City of London's leading Crown bankers, enthusiastically backed Hitler and the Nazis, bankrolled the Fuhrer's election, and did everything possible to build the Nazi war machine, for Britain's planned geopolitical war between Germany and Russia. Support for Nazi-style genocide has always been at the heart of the House of Windsor policy. Long after the abdication of King Edward VIII, the Windsors maintained their direct Nazi links.

Meanwhile, Phil the Duck was sent to a German boarding school that specialised in bringing up mini Adolfs. In fact, as Phil put it himself, there was much heel clicking and Heil Hitlering. At the same time, his four sisters all married members of the Nazi Party.
His sister Sophie in fact, went on to marry Prince Christoph of Hesse, a colonel in the SS on Himmler's personal staff and head of the Forschungsamt, an elite intelligence operation controlled by Hermann Goering.

Christoph, as coincidence would have it was also the great grandson of Queen Victoria and a paedophile... I'm lying. It wasn't really a coincidence, but the other two facts are true. The 30 year old Christoph had become engaged to Prince Philip's sister, Sophie when she had only just turned 15 – Hmmm.
Mind you, Filthy Phil began dating the queen when she was only 13 years old. Then again, the Royals like to keep everything within the family. But I digress.

Now, as I have just said, what eventually happens when families are continually polluting their own gene pool is madness begins to occur and that is what happened to Phil's mum, Slack Alice. So when she was carted off to the mad house and his father fucked off with some old sort, Phillip, much to his delight, was left in the care of his uncle Lord Louis Mountbatten. The Mountbatten's were also German's who changed their name from Battenberg... As in the Marzipan cake that people pretend to like, but don't really... Much in keeping with the way people feel about the Royals in general really.

Now pay attention here. Lord Louis the Cake was also the Great Grandson of Sticky Fuckin' Vicky and 2nd cousin of the name changing King George V. Louis was also a predatory paedophile.
The Authors of the controversial book **'The War of the Windsor's'** which was serialised in the Daily Mail state:

"***Lord Louis Mountbatten had the nickname "Dickie" …and for good reason. Philip's uncle Dickie was the last viceroy in India where he was a known paedophile who sexually exploited young working class Indian peasant boys".***

Mountbatten is also linked to the paedophile ring who abused boys living at the Kincora Care Home in Belfast Northern Ireland. An excellent website, dedicated to exposing the Royal Family http://www.helpfreetheearth.com/index.html, have this to say about a book written on that paedophile ring entitled 'The Kincora Scandal':

"The Kincora Scandal connects Lord Dickie Mountbatten to a child prostitution vice ring in Belfast, Ireland. Authorities failed to intervene at the Kincora care home for boys until 1981, despite reports over the years of child sexual abuse".
The operators of the Kincora child prostitution ring were eventually convicted in 1981 of the RITUAL sexual abuse of defenceless young boys who were sold like prostitutes. No charges were ever brought against the VIP customers made up of Royals, Politicians, lawyers, and Judges. However, Belfast citizens finally had reason to celebrate when Prince Philip's paedophile uncle was killed by an IRA bomb planted in his boat".

Furthermore, it is alleged by many that Louis the Cake had at least two boys on that boat, possibly three, when they were all blown to kingdom come. It is further alleged by many, that Phil got his first taste of Cock, courtesy of Uncle Louis, who was almost certainly also shagging Bizzy Lizzy's Uncle, Ed the Baby.

Other members of the ohhh sooo British Royal family, but who are in reality closet Nazi's include; Marie Christine Reibnitz, AKA Princess Michael of Kent. Then there is the brother of Princess Alice, a great-aunt to the Queen, who was a Nazi and said that Hitler had done a *"wonderful job*".
Princess Michael of Kent's (*Sounds like a tranny doesn't she*) father, was Baron Gunther von Reibnitz, who just so happened to be a member of the Nazi Party and an honorary member of the SS.

Now, slightly diverting away from the main topic but relevant nonetheless, Princess Michael, who is married to the Queen's Cousin Prince Michael of Kent was caught out shagging a toy-boy in 2006. As it happens, Prince Michael also looks extremely like my friend Terry from Cyprus. But I'm fairly sure that is just a coincidence.

Nevertheless, having his wife publicly identified as shagging about obviously pissed Prince Mick off. Now everyone knows, cept my good self of course, that you shouldn't upset a Freemason. Especially not the highest wanking Freemason in the country, which is apparently who Prince Micky Boy is. He

is also the Grandson of the name changing, half German King George V and the full German Queen Mary, don't cha know.

Having said that, any inference you draw from the following is strictly down to your own overactive imaginations. You see, this toy-boy Mikhail Kravchenko, who shared a four day break in a Venice hotel with Mick's slapper wife Princess Michael, met a very sticky end when he was machine gunned to death while sat in his Mercedes. Not that he was the only one whom the Royal family had the hump with to die in a Mercedes.

Anyway, an actress called Marina Golub who was a close friend of Mikhail Kravchenko started asking questions about his death and after getting too near to the truth, she was apparently warned off. Whether or not she took any notice of the warnings is unknown, but she did claim to have uncovered startling new details about the murder. However, before she could reveal what she knew she was killed in a 'car crash'... Just sayin’.

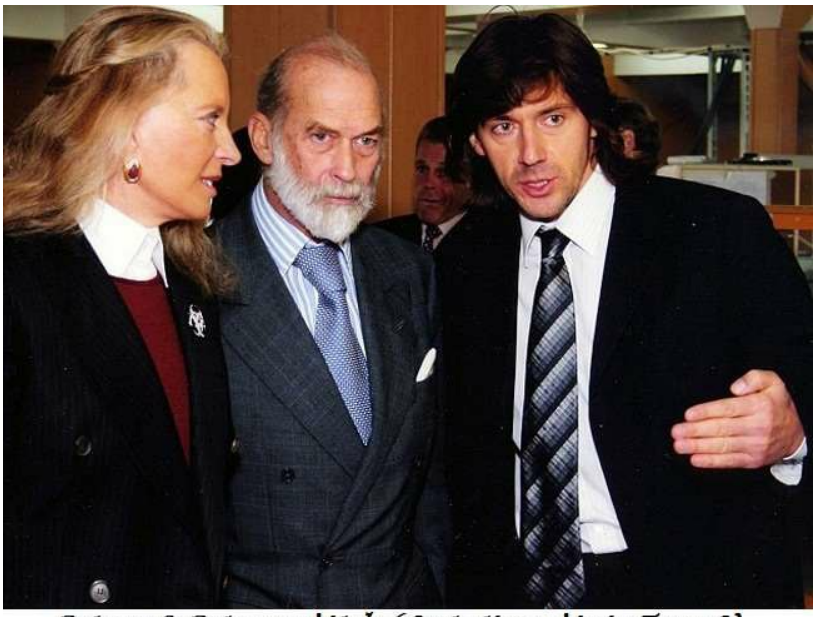

Prince & Princess Mick (Or is it my Mate Terry?) with the man Princess Mick had an affair with.

Prince Mick & her toy-boy holding hands... Good job they wasn't when he did his impression of Sonny Corleone's death scene from the film 'The Godfather'.

Right, getting back onto the main thread. All these people, who were and are

supposedly part of the English Royal family, were in reality aligned with the German War Machine. As an example of just how deep that involvement was, consider the following also taken from the Help Free The Earth website:

Prince Philip's uncle and sponsor, Lord Louis Mountbatten (originally, Battenberg of the House of Hesse) was a central figure in the 1930s Nazi-British channel. Until he was forced to abdicate, King Edward VIII enjoyed the full backing of Dickie Mountbatten. Through much of World War II, secret channels of communication were maintained between the British royal family and their pro-Hitler cousins in Germany, by Lord Mountbatten, through his sister Louise, who was crown princess of pro-Nazi Sweden. Louise was Prince Philip's aunt.

The spin doctors at Buckingham Palace have tried to depict the wartime collaboration of the British royal family with the Nazi enemy as just family correspondence but the messages from Prince Philip's secret ally, the Duke of Windsor (former King Edward VIII) are impossible to cover up. On Nov. 20, 1995, the Washington Times reported that the Duke of Windsor had been in close collaboration with the Nazis in Spain and Portugal to foment a revolution in wartime Britain, that would topple the Churchill government, depose his brother King George VI, and allow him to regain the throne.

Starting with an exchange between King George VI and President Eisenhower, the House of Windsor has been desperate to keep incriminating documents collected from Kronberg Castle classified. The incriminating documents fell into American Army hands.

With that in mind, now take a look at the photo below.

Phillip at his Sisters funeral - Note the Nazi salutes

This is Phil the Duck in his Nazi Sister Cecile's funeral cortège. In the row behind and slightly to the left is Louis The Cake, wearing an old style sailor hat. This was taken a couple of years before the War. Jews were already being persecuted and slaughtered. Philip admitted himself that his family had a problem with Jews. That leaves me to wonder how he feels about his grand-daughter in law Kate, who is Jewish.

Another senior Royal who was apparently racist was Bizzy Lizzy's sister, Princess Margaret . I deal with Slaggy Maggie in detail in my article **Monsters Inc**, but here is what is said about her on the **Scandalous Woman** website:

Princess Margaret was a spoiled, vain, racist, promiscuous waster who never worked a day in her life, called the Irish people "Pigs, all pigs", was an adulteress, who also, most insidiously, sponged tens of MILLIONS from the people of Great Britain through the civil list at a time when most British "subjects" were near starving due to rationing.
Her Uncle was an unrepentant Nazi sympathizer and friend of Oswald mosley who would have (if given the chance) allowed the perpetrators of

the holocaust a foothold in Britain.

Course, as I have already said, Phil the Nazi is well known for being racist. According to the book ***The Duke of Hazard: The Wit & Wisdom of Prince Philip,*** famous gaffes include:

• During a state visit to China in 1986, the duke told a group of British students: "If you stay here much longer, you'll all be slitty-eyed."
• Another jab to the Chinese came at a World Wildlife Fund dinner: "If it swims and it's not a submarine, the Chinese will eat it."
• To an Australian Aborigine he met in 2002, Philip asked: "Still throwing spears?"
• When a Kenyan woman gave Philip a gift, he was perplexed at her appearance. "You're a woman, aren't you?" he asked.
• When he met Lord Taylor of Warwick, who is black and comes from Birmingham, "And what exotic part of the world do you come from?"
• When he saw an old-fashioned fuse box in a factory near Edinburgh, the duke said: "It looks as if it was put in by an Indian."
• When he met a group of deaf people in Cardiff in 1999, Philip referred to the school's steel band: "Deaf? If you are near there, no wonder you are deaf."
• "Aren't most of you descended from pirates?" Philip asked someone from the Cayman Islands in 1994.
• When he met the president of Nigeria, who was dressed in a traditional robe, Philip said: "You look like you're ready for bed!"

So don't even try to tell me that the Nazi bastard shed any tears over our war dead. The very fact that the MSM take his photograph anywhere near a tribute to those who died in the war is a gross insult to their memory. Worse still, when you know that he is only doing it in order to gain support for his yokel family in case the nation find out that these piss takers, who do not give a fuck for anyone but themselves are up to their perverted necks in the Jimmy Savile cesspit, your blood begins to boil.

Not convinced? No? Then I will carry on.

That the Duck of Edinburgh didn't know about Louis the letch's preference for boys is inconceivable. As I said, the chances are Louis was abusing Philip anyway. Nevertheless, that didn't stop him leaving his eldest son, Prince Big Ears in his care:

"***Mountbatten was a strong influence in the upbringing of his grand-nephew, Prince Charles, Prince of Wales, and later as a mentor —"Honorary Grandfather" and "Honorary Grandson", they fondly called each other according to the Jonathan Dimbleby biography of the Prince".***

Now you tell me what kind of sick fuck leaves their child in the capable hands of a predatory Paedophile? The answer can only be someone who views paedophilia as being normal. Just look at their history. It is littered with child molesters. Child Molesting is not the same as being Gay. A person has no choice as to whether they are gay or not. A child molester on the other hand does have a choice.

However, as we have already seen. Many of the Royals do seem to be gay. That said, I do not believe that to be true. I do however believe that many of them take part in same sex, sex. Princess Diana, for instance hinted that her ex husband used to have a merry old time forcibly sodomising his male staff.

And talking of Paedophiles and the Prince of Wales, I feel that I must mention another Royal paedophile, Prince Albert Victor, who was also known as Prince Eddy. You can tell how in-bred these monsters are. They all have the same fucking name, don't cha know. Anyway Prince Eddy was the eldest son of Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales. Here's what the author **John Hamer** wrote about him**:**

Prince Albert Victor, ***the Duke of Clarence otherwise known by his colloquial name of 'Prince Eddy was the eldest son of Albert Edward the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) and Princess Alexandra (later Queen Alexandra), the grandson of the reigning monarch, Queen Victoria and older brother of the future king of England, King George V and as such would have been first in line to the throne.***

Unfortunately, due to centuries of Royal inbreeding, Eddy was partially deaf and of well below average intelligence and was thus shunned by the majority of his cold-hearted family.
Queen Victoria, the reigning monarch at the time was a great supporter and patron of Freemasonry as were all the Royal males of the age (and as they still are today). Indeed it was the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha family (the current British royals) who had sponsored the rise of Adam Weishaupt, the founder of the Illuminati, originally a Freemasonry offshoot, in Bavaria in the 18th century. Weishaupt was indeed born and raised in the Bavarian town of Gotha.

There are several Masonic lodges in the Royal palaces of Britain, the most significant one perhaps being the Royal Alpha Lodge in Kensington Palace (where Prince and Princess Mick live. I'm getting good at this history lark - Spivey)**.** ***In 1885 Prince Eddy was initiated into the Royal Alpha Lodge at the behest of his father.***
As well as his membership of the lodge, Eddy was also a regular 'customer' at a homosexual-paedophile brothel in Cleveland Street, London and indiscreetly instigated a series of explicit love-letters with a young boy employed at these most vile of premises.

In the meantime, Prince Eddy, his mental health by now completely shattered, was given into the care of the Earl of Strathmore who owned Glamis Castle in Scotland. The royal family then blatantly lied to the world and announced that Eddy had sadly passed away at the age of only 28, on the 14th January 1892 due to influenza, but of course Eddy was still alive and being held in Balmoral Castle having not yet made the final move to Glamis.

Balmoral is approximately 1000 feet (300 metres) above sea-level and as such is partly surrounded by steep cliffs. This was the intended site for the planned murder of Eddy to be undertaken by Randolph Churchill (Winston's old man - Spivey) ***and John Netley the coachman. The prince was pushed from the cliff-top but somehow managed to survive his fall and after the passage of two days had endeavoured to crawl all the way back to Balmoral where he was found at the door by his disbelieving hosts.***

It was decided after this that the best option would be to just incarcerate him at Glamis for the rest of his life and the Earl of Strathmore agreed to undertake this task on behalf of the royals in return for one simple favour. The favour he stipulated was that one of his daughters be allowed to marry a future king of England.

Poor Eddy died in 1933, forty one years after his 'official' death date and during this time, his mother visited him only once, but took a photograph of him which she apparently sent to her cousin. This photograph is still in existence and shows a much older Eddy thoughtfully painting a picture which would sadly never be seen by anyone outside the walls of Glamis Castle.

The pact between Strathmore and the royal family was eventually fulfilled in 1923 when Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon (his daughter, b. 1900) married the future King George VI of England after originally being betrothed to his brother, the former King Edward VIII (he of abdication fame) (Told ya she had the hots for him - Spivey)**.**

In 1936 George ascended the throne upon his elder brother's abdication and Elizabeth became his queen consort. Elizabeth of course was more commonly known as the Queen Mother and the mother of the current incumbent of the family firm, Queen Elizabeth the second. She went to her grave in 2002 without ever revealing the secret and thus the world was never aware of this unholy pact.

There you have a perfect example of our Royal family; inherently Mad, Paedophile tendency's, happy to murder their own and extremely conniving... Let's give them a few more millions of pounds. Prince Charles is always lobbying for more anyway. So is Prince Randy Andy. He wants his daughters, one of whom had a tendency to run around her school naked, added to the Civil list... The greedy bastards.

Mind you, what with the likes of Paul Burrell and Paul Kidd working for the perverted family, I don't imagine Prince Charles had to force himself on the

staff too violently.
I have in fact documented the sexual exploits of Paul Burrell, who appointed himself Princess Diana's Rock, in my forthcoming expose of Diana's murder. So you will just have to wait to read them. However, I will say that Burrell swore never to reveal Diana's secrets, but has since made millions writing books about them and by just trading off her name in general.

Paul Kidd on the other hand is a different kettle of fish all together. He was apparently charged at Manchester crown court with sexually abusing a large number of boys over a 30 year period. Manchester also just so happened to be the hangout of Jimmy Savile. The Daily Mail had this to say about Paul Kidd:

A former Buckingham Palace butler has been unmasked as a sexual predator who ran a paedophile ring while serving the Royal Family. Bachelor Paul Kidd, 55, groomed at least one of his teenage victims for sex by taking him for tea with the Queen Mother at Clarence House, it has emerged. To the public, he had been the urbane gent who waited on the Royals for nine years - first the Queen at the Palace and then her mother.

You can take any inference you like from that, but as I said in my article '**Parliamentary Paedophiles**', the MSM like to drop hints. You may also like to Google Bill Maloney and hear what he has to say about the Queer Mother. The nickelinthemachine.com website also says the following about Kidd:

Paul Kidd claimed he walked the same corridors as Sir Anthony Blunt the Rothschild gopher who betrayed Britain to the Soviets in WWII for £20,000.

Now Anthony Blunt was a Russian Spy. He was also a notorious paedophile... Surprised? Nah, of course you're not. He was also definitely related to the Queen in some way or another. Some historians have him down as a cousin, others say he was in fact Bizzy Lizzy's half brother. The MSM laughingly had an article out just the other week that said the Queer Mother had cottoned on to Blunt the .... What rhymes with Blunt? Runt... The Queer Mother had cottoned on to Blunt the Runt a long time before the security

service's did.

Are the MSM for real? It is a very dangerous game they play. They, like myself and many others know the truth yet they print bollocks like that in order to give the Royals an alter ego. Do these journalists not realise that they are just as expendable as the rest of us?
Course the Queer Mother knew about Blunt. You only need read the following, which is taken from the website **United Nations on Film** to realise that:

At the end of the war, in June 1945, the British King, George VI, the father of Queen Elizabeth and puppet of the Queen Mother, sent the former MI5 officer, Anthony Blunt, to the Kronborg Castle of Prince Philip's sister Sophie, and her Nazi husband Prince Christoph of Hesse, to recover correspondence between the British Royal Family and their Nazi relatives, for propaganda aimed at convincing the aristocrats of Britain they had not been in contact all along.

Blunt was the 'surveyor of the Queens Pictures' and a world expert in the paintings of Poussin, the initiate who painted pictures called 'The Shepherds of Arcadia' which related to the Rennes-le-Château mysteries. Blunt was named as a member of a KGB unit inside British Intelligence along with Burgess, MacLean, and Philby, the fifth man was never named, but was in fact, Lord Victor Rothschild.

Course, the Duck of Edinburgh also used Blunts services. It seems that Filthy Phil was caught up in the Profumo Scandal of the early 1960's via his connection with Stephen Ward, the society pimp, Artist and Satanist who was heavily implicated in the Scandal. Ward was good friends with Phil and had been a frequent visitor to the palace where he did some, ahem ahem, 'Drawings' of The Duck and 'other members of the family'.

Ward later died under very mysterious circumstances, while supposedly on trial, but who was in fact in hospital after trying to top himself. Whatever was contained in the drawings of Ward's obviously worried Phil greatly as he sent Blunt to retrieve them at any cost.

Course, by then even Bizzy Lizzy was fed up with her oversexed, deviant of a husband and as such had sworn never to sleep with him again. This claim was repeated in a book written by Nicholas Davies and revealed "*a shocking world of royal adultery, passion and betrayal*".

The book stated – as fact, not surmise – that the Duke of Edinburgh's liaisons with his cousin, Princess Alexandra and the film star Merle Oberon, not to mention his former Daughter in Laws mother, Susan Barrantes (among others!) - as the reason ***"why the Queen banned her husband from her bed".***

More damning still, the Telegraph reported in an article on the 5th of September 2004, about how Philip had sat ***"impassively, incensed but silent"*** when a Journalist from a ***"Sunday broadsheet"*** had suggested to the Duke that he might have a raft of illegitimate children and had enjoyed a homosexual liaison with Valery Giscard d'Estaing, the former President of France.
Do I need to go on? Yes? Okay…

If you want to know who had Diana murdered, the trail would appear to lead firmly to Phil the Sauerkraut's door. Course, for the benefit of the Royal Lawyer's, I should tell you that I base that claim on the omitted evidence from the Paget report and subsequent inquest, Claims by Mohamed Al Fayed and the book by Jon King.

Now, what kind of man deprives his grandchildren of their mother? The answer can only be the same kind of man who grossly insults our war dead by sickeningly pretending to shed a tear while cynically saluting them... God that family nauseate me.

One of my dearest wishes is that he is still alive when his family are finally exposed for the greedy, robbing, murdering, parasitic monsters that they are. Perhaps, before we hang them for mass genocide and countless other crimes against humanity, he along with his equally obnoxious wife - a woman rich enough to end world poverty and still have an un-spendable fortune left - will tell the world what they did with the 10 Canadian orphans they took away

with them, never ever to be seen again.

Course, the 3 children lucky enough not to be chosen as one of the ten would testify that they were made to kiss the queens foot first before her and the Duck fucked off with the 10 unlucky ones. Or at least they would if they too had lived long enough to testify.

To far fetched for you? It would be for me too, if I hadn't spent countless hours researching the nonces and the aforementioned incident wasn't so well documented. Here is just one example of that, which was reproduced on the **Help Free The Earth website:**

Star Eyewitness Dies Suddenly. Written by Rev. Kevin Annett

Monday, 28 February 2011 20:39

William Combes was the sole survivor of a group of three aboriginal boys who claim to have witnessed the abduction of ten children during a royal visit to the Kamloops residential school in mid October, 1964, when both the Queen and Prince Philip were in British Columbia, Canada.

"They took away those ten kids and nobody ever saw them again." - William Combes, Eyewitness.

William Combes, age 59 and in good health, was scheduled to be a primary witness at the opening session of the International Tribunal into Crimes of Church and State (ITCCS) on September 12, 2011 in London, England. Combes, an aboriginal man, claimed to witness the abduction of ten fellow residential school children by the Queen of England and her husband in October, 1964 at the Catholic school in Kamloops, British Columbia. According to his partner Mae, William was in stable health when he was assigned a new doctor at St. Paul's Hospital where he was committed for "tests". His health began to immediately deteriorate. He died suddenly of a still-undisclosed cause.

The Vancouver Coroner's Office refused to comment on William's recent death.

William was the sole survivor of a group of three aboriginal witnesses to the royal abductions. In his public statements made during a Vancouver Co-op radio program and also in the following signed and witnessed declaration made on February 3, 2010 Combes said:
"I am an Interior Salish spirit dancer and am 58 years old. I live in Vancouver, Canada. I am a survivor of the Kamloops and Mission Indian residential schools, both run by the Roman Catholic church. I suffered terrible tortures there especially at the hands of Brother Murphy, who

killed at least two children. I witnessed him throw a child off a three story balcony to her death. He put me on a rack and broke some of my bones, in the Kamloop school basement, after I tried running away. I also saw him and another priest burying a child in the school orchard one night.

In October, 1964 when I was 12 years old, I was an inmate at the Kamloops school and we were visited by the Queen of England and Prince Philip. I remember it was strange because they came by themselves, no big fanfare or nothing. But I recognized them and the school principal told us it was the Queen and we all got given new clothes and good food for the first time in months the day before she arrived.

The day the Queen got to the school, I was part of a group of kids that went on a picnic with her and her husband and some of the priests, down to a meadow near Dead Man's Creek. I remember it was weird because we all had to bend down and kiss her foot, a white laced boot. After a while, I saw the Queen leave the picnic with ten children from the school, and those kids never returned. We never heard anything more about them and never met them again even when we were older. They were all from around there but they all vanished.

The group that disappeared was seven boys and three girls, in age from six to fourteen years old. They were all from the smart group in class. Two of the boys were brothers and they were Metis from Quesnel. Their last name was Arnuse or Arnold. I don't remember the others, just an occasional first name like Cecilia and there was an Edward. What happened was also witnessed by my friend George Adolph, who was 11 years old at the time and a student there too. But he's dead now."

Rev. Kevin Annett believes that William Combes died of foul play and that his murder was arranged to prevent him from his speaking out about the child abductions and other crimes of murder and torture that he witnessed at the Catholic Indian residential schools.

Arnett is writing a soon to be issued eulogy for William Arnold Combes. William's videotaped statements, including his witness report of the 1964

abductions, have been registered in the archives of the ITCCS, and will be made public at the opening session on September 12, 2011.

Five other aboriginal members and activists have also died since December, and a sixth is missing and presumed dead. All were public critics of the Roman Catholic church's killing of residential school children, and had participated in protests against this church and the Anglican Church and the United Church of Canada.

Their names are: Johnny Dawson, died December 8, 2009 after a severe beating by three Vancouver policemen. Mike Wickson, died February, 2010, cause unknown. Elder Phillipa Ryan, died April 26, 2010 from "cancer" in less than a month. Norma Jean Baptiste, died early May, 2010, apparent heart attack. Chief Louis Daniels, died May 16, 2010 in a Winnipeg hospital, cause unknown.

The Squamish nation believes that these activists and eyewitnesses were murdered, now that the Catholic church is facing criminal charges for the Pope's personal complicity in the rape and torture of children. Canada and its churches may be censured and investigated by European politicians and human rights groups.

Now, while that is shocking, it is very much in keeping with the Royal Family's less publicised life. The Duck hates people... Absolutely despises them... The very same people who he and his family leech off. Piss taking bastard. Here is what Alex Jones and Steve Watson had to say about the idiot:

In the foreword to his 1986 book If I Were an Animal, Prince Philip wrote, "In the event that I am reincarnated, I would like to return as a deadly virus, in order to contribute something to solve overpopulation." Borrowing the idea from American scientists who pioneered the field in the 1930's, the Nazis advanced the pseudo-science of eugenics and incorporated it into Adolf Hitler's dream of the Aryan super-race. Bearing in mind Philip's Nazi connections, his views on the subject of overpopulation are unsurprising, but shocking nonetheless.

Just last year he reiterated these views, announcing that there are too many

people in the world, and attacking large families in a television interview, despite the fact that Prince Philip himself has four children and eight grandchildren. (Debatable, especially if you have read Monsters Inc - Spivey).

His son, Charles, the next King of England, has continued such ideology as he tours the world in private jets lecturing about the impact of climate change and how too many people are killing the planet.
Charles, who has inherited the entire Duchy of Cornwall estate, which stretches over 135,000 acres across 23 counties mainly in the south-west of England, is also a "patron" of the genocidal Optimum Population Trust, a notorious UK-based public policy group that campaigns for a gradual decline in the global human population to what it sees as a "sustainable" level.

Charles' fellow patrons at the OPT include Futurist and top Eco-Fascist James Lovelock, who recently called for the ending of freedom in order that an overriding global power made up of "a few people with authority" can oversee the radical stemming of the planet's human population in order to combat climate change.

Charles and the OPT are closely affiliated with The Royal Society, a 350 year old elitist institution granted royal charter status by King Charles II. The Royal Society is also crawling with eugenics enthusiasts and depopulation fanatics.

Prince Philip! Care about the war dead? ... Don't make me laugh. The old bastard wants us all dead.
Before the Duck appeared in yesterday's Daily Mail, acting like he gives a fuck, I had in fact wondered how long it would be before the Palace began to distance themselves from Jimmy So-vile. Apparently, that day was the 1st of November when most of the MSM newspapers carried a story which would have us believe that there was some concerns about So-vile's behaviour when he visited his mate Prince Big Ears at St James' Palace.

Strangely enough however, these concerns were never officially addressed,

which I suppose would be the excuse as to why the Heir to the Throne continued to socialise with the Paedophile. The same fairy tale would also have us believe that So-vile acted as a kind of marriage counsellor for the Prince and Diana... What a load of old bollocks.

Little wonder then, that people are turning to the ‘alternative’ media for information.
Now, the question you have to ask yourself is: Why would a man like The Duck, want to be friends with Jimmy Savile, because they were in fact very good friends. That is till they fell out spectacularly. That further begs the question: Why on earth would Savile and Phil have the need to fall out to the extent that they no longer spoke? For that to happen it must have been one hell of a close friendship.

I am in fact amazed that Savile had the time to be friends with anyone since he seemed to spend all his spare abusing Children... Still, perhaps the Police will ask Phil about it? ... Nahhhh course they won't.

Furthermore, police chiefs have known about So-vile since at least the early 1970’s if not before, so for the parasites to now try and distance themselves from the sicko DJ with the old “we didn't know” routine, just doesn't hold water.

The Duck's eldest son Big Ears on the other hand, managed to remain great friends with Savile right up until his death. Hell, the future King of England even took the time out to go for a meal at Savills poky, out of the way highland cottage. The very same cottage that the Police raided the other week after suspecting Savile of raping some of his young victims there... Two facts that the MSM even linked in a headline... Is there another one of those MSM hints there?

I would imagine that the Christmas card that Big Ears sent the Vile, bleach Blonde Necrophile, which said; *“Jimmy, with affectionate greetings from Charles. Give my love to your ladies in Scotland.”* was a reference to the Scottish Cottage. Then again, for the benefit of the Royal Legal Eagles, that is just my opinion.

Nevertheless, anyone, and I mean anyone, who is in contact with the Royal family is closely vetted. The security services would be woefully failing in their duty if they failed to do so. Predictably, the true cost of protecting the in-breeds is impossible to find out. However, realistic estimates put the yearly bill somewhere between £120 Million - £200 Million. Personally, I strongly suspect the cost as being a lot higher.

Now, if you read the 'Alternative Media' regularly, you will know that So-vile was known to be a supplier of children to the rich and famous. Most notable of those was the paedophile, child killer and Satanist, Edward Heath, the former Prime Minister of England.

It has also be reported in the MSM recently that So-vile was implicated in the Yorkshire Ripper murders. So much so in fact, that the Police even took a mould of his teeth in order to compare them with bite marks found on the murder victims bodies.

Couple that with the other things the Police knew about Savile and you quickly come to the conclusion that there is not a cat in hells chance that the Security Services - *assigned to Royal protection* - had not made the in-breeds aware of So-viles sexual preferences. Yet they still associated with him, as did just about every other high powered Establishment figure over the past 30 or 40 years or so.

Now, why is that? There can only be one reason unless you are one of those who is still living in cloud cuckoo land.
Course,The Monarchy, who have a long tradition of entertaining mass murderers and deviants of all persuasions, recently invited charity worker and convicted sex offender, Harbinder Singh aboard the Royal barge during the Diamond Jubilee pageant. Why?

Big Ears and Paedo Jim were in fact such good mates, that looking at the many, many photos of the pair, I cannot recall Big Ears having any where near the the same level of intimacy as he and So-vile appeared to share... And that includes his wives... Why?

Some Royal watchers have suggested that Diana was murdered because she was going to tell the world about her ex husband and his family's sexual preferences... Note Royal Lawyer's, I'm not one of those.

Nevertheless, Princess Diana did refer to Savile as being her husband's mentor. A mentor, according to the Cambridge online dictionary is: ***A person who gives another person help and advice over a period of time and often also teaches them how to do their job.***

That claim of Diana's takes on an even more sinister twist when you consider who arranged for So-vile to mentor Big Ears:

Prince Philip's uncle Lord Louis Mountbatten 'fixed it' for Savile to mentor Prince Charles and they became lifelong friends. Savile invited the Prince of Wales to his cottage in Glencoe, which he hoped to turn into a home for disabled and disadvantaged children, called Jimmy's Place! Uncle Dickie, with his predilection for 'peasant' boys, was linked to the Kincora Boys Home vice-ring, which allegedly sent Belfast orphans to Birr Castle in the Irish Republic, the home of Lord Snowdon's stepbrother, for ritual abuse at the Hellfire Club. Snowdon was Princess Margaret's ex-husband (You couldn't make this shit up, don't cha know - Spivey).

Conservative Prime Minister Edward Heath, a yachting enthusiast, was also a visitor at Kincora Boys Home and it's claimed that Savile supplied him with victims from Haute de la Garenne in Jersey to misuse aboard his boat. Another of Savile's close friends, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, often played host to him at Chequers and her successors, Major, Blair and Brown were all "fans" deaf to the 'open secret' which everyone knew. Prince Charles and Prince Andrew, friend of the billionaire paedophile Jeffrey Epstein, sent Christmas cards to Savile right up until he died and Charles led the tributes after his death in 2011 saying, how "saddened" he was… the Prince has not issued a statement about his sadness over the allegations...[...]
(Source - infounderground.com)

Now surely Savile wasn't teaching Big Ears how to be king? So what was he teaching him and once again, why were they such close friends. I can't imagine Big Ears getting on down to 'Rock and Roll part 1' by Gary Glitter, can you?

Perhaps the police will ask the future king why he was such good friends with a man who was particularly fond of fucking dead bodies?... Nahhh, they won't ask him will they?

Course, the Duck's 2nd son Andrew, who is in fact more likely to be the son of Randy Lord Porchester also has paedophile tendencies. That is at least according to the excellent website Help Free the Earth:

Andrew, who is 4th in line to the British throne, has been exposed in the news as a paedophile. His buddy, Jeffrey Epstein, is a convicted paedophile who served up underage girls to Prince Andrew like lollipops.

Photos published in the British media show Andrew strolling in a park with Epstein — the New York billionaire jailed for soliciting child prostitutes in Florida. A photograph has also emerged showing Andrew with his arm around the waist of the child prostitute who is at the centre of that case. It has emerged that Andrew allegedly enjoyed massages at the Florida

mansion where the Epstein child sexual abuse went on.

Epstein also gave Andrew $30,000 to help pay off his ex-wife Fergie's massive debts that she was blackmailing him for. Andrew was finally forced to step down as Britain's trade ambassador because of #1 - his criminal behaviour with underage girls. Two - a six million dollar tax evasion charge. Three - conflicts of interest from friendships with a convicted paedophile and with Libyan leader Gaddafi's son whose country was being bombed by the British military.

Do I need to carry on? No... I didn't think so. But believe me I could... In fact I could go on and on and on. But all the other information I have will keep... For now.

Chapter 3
COUNT DRACULA AND HIS DESCENDENT COUNT BACKWARDS

The Daily Mail ran an article the other week that began with the line *'Dracula was on to something'*.
And, once having read the title of that article - *The vampire treatment that 'rejuvenates' ageing hearts* – the inference should be obvious to all.

The actual article itself, is about how Scientists have used a dose of young blood to rejuvenate ageing hearts... Not that this is a new discovery, albeit the Daily Mail would have you believe it is.

And, that aside, I would imagine that the Daily Mail intend - in all probability – the reference to Dracula to be nothing more than a light hearted way to start the article.
However, as soon as I read that first line, I immediately made a connection with a darker side to it.
You see, Dracula was actually based on the very real Vlad III, Prince of Wallachia, AKA Vlad the Impaler, who was a member of the House of Drăculești, who are a branch of the House of Basarab, also known by the his patronymic name: Dracula.
This is reading a bit like a fucking history lesson this, isn't it?
It does get better though, trust me... Least I think it fucking does.

Now, as you may or may not know, Vlad the Impaler came from Romania - whose 'cut throat' gypsies, are set to invade our Green and pleasant land.
At least, they are according to the MSM - who are purposely winding up the

natives in accordance with the governments ‘divide and conquer’ rhetoric... But that isn’t really relevant to the subject of this article so worry about having your throat slit when and if they actually get here.

So, to get back on track, Vlad the Impaler, AKA Dracula – an evil bastard who drunk his victim’s blood - came from a place in Romania called Transylvania. Which just so happens to be a favourite haunt of our very own, unlovable parasite, Prince Dobby Big Ears.

In fact, Dobby Big Ears loves the fucking place so much that he even opened a guest house there. The following is taken from the Telegraph newspaper:

The place in question is the village of Zalanpatak, deep in the heart of Transylvania, the land of mystique and legend and a frisson of danger otherwise known as “Dracula Country. Prince Charles owns a guesthouse here.”

Course, that is hardly surprising since the same Telegraph article tells us that

Big Ears is a descendent of Dracula**:**

Prince Charles, who claims distant kinship with Vlad "The Impaler" Tepes, the 15th-century Wallachian ruler on whom the Irish novelist Bram Stoker based his Dracula, first came to Transylvania in 1998. In his own words, he was "totally overwhelmed by its unique beauty and its extraordinarily rich heritage".

And, then there is the following from another Telegraph article, which is printed in its entirety further on in this article:

But Transylvania should also be known as the ancestral home of the Prince of Wales, defender of faiths, with a love of gardening and classical architecture, according to the Romanian National Tourist Office.

However, if you know anything about Romania, you'll also know that the country's beauty and heritage were probably not the only things that the sexual deviant Dobby Big Ears was overwhelmed by.
In fact, it wouldn't surprise me if Dobby were issuing a veiled reference to his more sordid pursuits when he quipped; "Transylvania is in my blood".

You see, the Royal Family are all notorious blood drinking Satanists.
Course, those who regularly read my stuff will instantly know what I'm talking about,
whilst those who don't will no doubt dismiss me as being as nutty as Squirrel shit... Then again, fuck em, those narrow minded, uniformed robots will learn soon enough.

And, as I always say to the doubters; don't just take my word for it or dismiss the claim out of hand, do your own fucking research.
There is plenty of evidence to be found, once you start looking, such as the following from Sherry Shriner:

They call themselves the Elite. But let's break it down on what it means to be one of these Elite.

From the time you are born as a Rothschild, Rockefeller, Royal family, Bush, or one of the others you are carefully crafted and controlled into a very tight Satanic community. As a toddler you're sexually abused repeatedly so your brain splits and fragments into many different alter personalities becoming MPD/DID. These alters are then programmed to act in a certain way.

No matter what your other alters are one is always permanent, and that's a sexual alter, one that is created and used to be a sex slave to others in their community.

As a child they're taught to kill animals and even other children. They're starved, beaten, tortured, and tormented so they can control your brain, thoughts, beliefs, and how you view yourself, the world, and those around you.
They are forced to participate in satanic ritual ceremonies of animal and human sacrifices, drinking blood, eating human flesh and organs, eating feces and drinking urine. As a child most of them have probably witnessed and even been the victim of beastiality. They learn weakness such as compassion (what they consider weakness) can get them killed, and so they brave through everything that's thrown at them just to survive.

Their parents aren't a loving mom and dad, but the puppet masters who pimp them out to scientists, underground bases, and for sexual favors to others...and yet they grow up in love with their abusers, and to go along to get along and survive...and most importantly...how to keep their mouths shut.
Satan is their god. They know him well from a very young age. They learn they must please him or 'else.' To them he's the ultimate provider and giver as long as they do what they're told, perform the rituals, and make him happy.

And if you are still not convinced, you can go to www.bilderberg.org/sacrific.htm which will take you to all manner of links to satanic blood drinking articles, many with German connections. Which would make sense, since the Royal Parasites - as I'm sure you know - are

much more German than they are English?

Now, if I'm honest I find it hard to understand why people cannot even begin to accept that Bizzy Lizzy and her crew of inbreds are satanic blood drinkers. After all, the evidence is hidden in plain sight and can be easily found in the MSM - on whom the Nation's flock of Sheeple place so much trust and reliance.

For instance, we know that Dobby Big Ears was great friends with the Vile Jimmy Savile, despite the pair being about as mismatched as Adolf Hitler and Simon Wiesenthal would be. We know about this close friendship because the MSM has told us so plenty of times in the past.

We also know that Savile was a predatory paedophile and part of a satanic ring as evidenced by the MSM's Daily Express:

JIMMY SAVILE beat and raped a 12-year-old girl during a secret satanic ritual in a hospital.
The perverted star wore a hooded robe and mask as he abused the terrified victim in a candle-lit basement.
He also chanted "Hail Satan" in Latin as other paedophile devil worshippers joined in and assaulted the girl at Stoke Mandeville Hospital in Buckinghamshire. The attack, which happened in 1975, shines a sinister new light on the former DJ's 54-year reign of terror.
Savile, who died aged 84 in October 2011, is now Britain's worst sex offender after police revealed he preyed on at least 450 victims aged eight to 47.

So, When you take into account what Sherry Shrider says about how "***As a child most of them have probably witnessed and even been the victim of bestiality,*** which- *based on the laws of probability* - both Dobby Big Ears and his old man, Prince Philip, the Duck of Edinburgh had been, courtesy of Uncle Lord Louis Mountbatten you straight away have another connection to the depravity running through the veins of our Royal family.

Uncle Louie's perverted life and that of his equally perverted brother George

are well documented in the MSM, as are the facts that both the Duck and Dobby were left in the care of one or the other of them for long periods of time.
The following is from the Help Free the Earth website:

Philip's uncle - George Mountbatten - became his surrogate father and legal guardian. George Mountbatten kept a scandalous collection of child pornography that he bound into volumes and emblazoned with the family crest. Most disturbing were pictures of family orgies and beastiality in which children and animals were sexual participants. The question is - was George's adopted son Philip a participant?

George Mountbatten's porn collection now resides at the British Museum where it is kept in a hidden repository of artefacts deemed pornographic and unfit for public viewing. It is a well known fact that child victims of sexual predators commonly identify with their abusers and grow up to become sexual predators themselves.

Course, you won't read about the perverse Mountbatten's in the same articles portraying the good Lord Mountbatten as the caring, favourite, Uncle Louie... Strange that, don't cha think?

Sherry Shrider goes on to say that: ***"Their parents aren't a loving mom and dad, but the puppet masters who pimp them out to scientists, underground bases, and for sexual favors to others...and yet they grow up in love with their abusers, and to go along to get along and survive...and most importantly...how to keep their mouths shut".***

And once again, the Queen and the Duck's cold relationship towards their four children is well documented in the MSM, with one article that appeared in the Daily Mail attesting to the fact that Bizzy Lizzy made her offspring call her '**your majesty**'.

Moreover, despite the Duck having suffered terribly at the hands of his perverted, sick-fuck Uncles, he was only too happy for his big eared son to suffer the same fate.

The following is from the 21st Century Wire website and describes how Mountbatten introduced Jimmy Savile to the Duck & Big Ears as well as Mountbatten's 'mentoring' of bonehead Prince Charlie:

Savile said that he had first been introduced to the royal family in 1966 by (known paedophile) Lord Louis Mountbatten, the uncle and mentor of Prince Charles. Mountbatten was Commandant General of the Royal Marines and arranged for the disc jockey to become the first civilian to be awarded the Marines' Green Beret. It was one of a many 'honourees' that Savile would be awarded in the years that followed.

Savile said: Coming from Lord Louis, who was the favourite uncle of Prince Philip, that was quite something. So obviously I hooked up with the Prince – what was good enough for Lord Louis was good enough for him. But what was 'what'? Mountbatten was killed when a bomb exploded on his boat in Ireland in 1979 – a murder officially blamed on the Provisional IRA…

Greg Hallett names both Mountbatten and Philip as paedophiles. Of course, you don't just take one person's word for that, but my own sources which have proved to be so accurate about Savile and others told me the same nearly 15 years ago with the addition that they were both Satanists. This is no surprise given that the British royal family, like all the royal bloodlines of Europe and further afield, are founded on Satanism and the manipulation of occult knowledge for deeply malevolent ends in league with the 'dark suit' expressions of the bloodlines in politics, banking, corporations and media.

Once again, the above facts add credence to what Sherry says about the elite's children being shipped out for sexual favours to others.
And, since it is well documented in the MSM that both the Duck and Dumbo hero worshipped Uncle Louie, I can only shake my head at people's naivety and unwillingness to make the connection.

Coincidentally enough, earlier this month the Daily Star ran a major story about how the Palace has covered up the details as to the extent of the

friendship between Dobby Big Ears and the warped deviant Savile:

A TOP-level cover-up was ordered to hide close links between Prince Charles and paedo Jimmy Savile, we can reveal today.
The full truth has been uncovered following a seven-month battle by the Daily Star Sunday.

Isn't it strange, how the newspaper perceived as having the least credibility is the only British newspaper that comes anywhere near attempting to uncover and report the truth?

"And the point to all this is, Spivey?"

Well, apart from the elites having known for years what the Daily Mail is now only just reporting, namely that the blood of the young will keep the oldies in good health... None really.
I just like showing up the Royal family for the Evil, Warped, Depraved, Dysfunctional, Parasitic, Horrible Monsters that they really are.
However, If further proof were needed that our elites depravity is hidden in plain sight I will leave you with the aforementioned Daily Mail and Telegraph articles for you to peruse at your leisure as well as the following information to mull over.

Hopefully, you will have read the article that I put on here the other week about the Tory MP Ken Clarke being above the law, based on the fact that the police refuse to take action over his alleged sexual assault on the former child star Ben Fellows.

Now, that fact didn't surprise me at all, as I'm sure it didn't most of you. However, your average 'Jim, nice but dim' and 'Claire, nice head of air' will just take the view that Clarke wasn't charged because there was no case to answer... And that's if they ever even get to hear about the allegation.

Course, we 'nutters' in our tinfoil hats know different. That is why I wasn't surprised to discover the following during the course of researching this article:

Bilderberg rep Ken Clarke put Jimmy Savile in satanic abuse post

The UK's main Bilderberg steering committee member & current cabinet minister Kenneth Clarke was responsible for the appointment of one of Britain's most prolific ever sex offenders to a key role at Broadmoor psychiatric hospital.

Today's Sunday Express also 'outs' Savile as being part of a satanic coven at Stoke Mandeville hospital.
Strangely enough investigative journalist Roger Cook, who I interviewed on the topic last year, also mentions a Leeds based satanic abuse circle based around 'The Sorcerer's' Apprentice' shop run by one Chris Bray.
http://www.radio4all.net/index.php/program/63107
Shortly after that edition of 'The Cook Report' Murdoch's News of the World conducted a month long smear campaign against Roger and his programme which ended up with ITV axing The Cook Report... which had been the most popular current affairs programme in British television history pulling in audiences weekly of up to 10-12 million.

But fuck it! He's Ken Clarke, Tory heavyweight so it doesn't matter. Incidentally, would another way of describing a '*Tory Heavyweight*' be a '*Conservative Fat Cunt*'? ... Just asking.

Chapter 4

PRINCE CHARLES, HEIR TO DRACULA'S BLOOD LINE

THE ROMANIAN TOURIST BOARD IS TO USE LINKS BETWEEN THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY AND COUNT DRACULA TO LURE IN UK TOURISTS, IT HAS EMERGED.

By Victoria Ward and Andrew Hough
10:00PM GMT 05 Nov 2012

Until now its lonely mountains have been synonymous with the legend of the vampire, the cruel ruler who drank his victims' blood, terrified his enemies and could turn into a bat at will.
But Transylvania should also be known as the ancestral home of the Prince of Wales, defender of faiths, with a love of gardening and classical architecture, according to the Romanian National Tourist Office.

Links between the Royal Family and Vlad the Impaler, the 15th century nobleman whose deeds inspired the vampire legend, are being exploited in an attempt to lure tourists to the eastern European country.

The Romanian National Tourist Office is trumpeting the lineage in a brochure distributed at the World Travel Market, a leading industry event which opened in London on Monday.

The Prince himself appears in a video being used to promote the country in which he claims distant kinship with Vlad Tepes, the 15th–century Wallachian ruler on whom the Irish novelist Bram Stoker based his Dracula.

"Transylvania is in my blood," he jokes in an interview first shown on satelite television last year. "The genealogy shows I am descended from Vlad the Impaler, so I do have a bit of a stake in the country."

The Romanian National Tourist Office is using the video on Youtube and new brochures try and boost UK visitors by more than seven per cent.

The video climaxes with a reference to the Prince of Wales, "who can trace his ancestry back to Romania's dark and distant past".

Other literature highlights a short visit by Prince Harry to the country in Easter this year, saying he travelled with Wizz Air, which operates 20 flights a week to four Romanian cities from London

Luton Airport.

A spokesman for the Romanian National Tourist Office said the country, which incorporates the region of Transylvania, was looking to use these links with the British Royal Family to increase UK tourists over the coming years.
Maria Iordache, UK director of the organisation, said 118,000 UK tourists visited Romania in 2011.

"It will be more in 2012. We have experienced a 7 per cent increase in UK visitors in the first quarter, which is traditionally a quiet period for tourists from the UK. For the summer and the autumn the percentage increase will be even better."
According to Royal Highness, a book published in 1982 by Sir Iain Moncreiffe, the former chairman of Debrett's, the Prince is a great grandson 16 times removed to Vlad III.

He can trace his lineage back through his great grandmother Queen Mary, the consort of George V, to Vlad IV, the half brother of the notorious ruler.
Another link to the country originated with Princess Marie of Edinburgh, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, who went on to marry King Ferdinand 1 of Romania and ruled Romania after the First World War.

It has been claimed that porphyria, an iron deficiency which is thought to lie behind the vampire myth, has run in the Royal Family.
The Prince has made no secret of his love for Romania and is believed to travel there frequently.

In 2006, he purchased a farmhouse in Viscri, a village in rural Transylvania, which is available as a guest house at certain times of the year.

The prince is patron of the Mihai Eminescu Trust, which works to restore the cultural heritage, economy and nature of Transylvania's Saxon villages and their surroundings.

In addition to restoring some 180 medieval houses and several churches, the charity has supported traditional rural technologies such as the construction of wood-fired kilns for handmade bricks and tiles, and organic farming.
Transylvanian-born Vlad the Impaler is said to have dispatched more than 100,000 Turkish warriors in battle.

The vampire legend is said to have been inspired by his predilection for eating bread dipped in his victim's blood. Dracula means "son of the devil" in Romanian.
The country's alleged links to British royalty, however ghoulish, could prove a welcome boost to its tourist industry.
Thousands of tourists visit the town of Castle Bran, Transylvania, where Vlad III lived, every year.

Simon Press, from World Travel Market which hosted the exhibition, said: ""Romania has a great deal of tourism potential. It is a beautiful country already receiving many tourists for its nature and culture.
"The link to the British Royal Family and the clear fondness the Royal Family has for the country will only help to promote the country across the Commonwealth and particularly in the UK."

Chapter 5
WHO MURDERED MOUNTBATTEN?

I think that it is quite obvious by now that detectives from Operation Yewtree aren't going to bother knocking on Prince Big Ear's door or even that of his father, Phil the Duck's... Unfortunately.

And as far as I'm concerned, the fact that they haven't and have no intention of doing so is a complete travesty of justice.
The case for suspecting that Big Ears is involved in paedophilia is after all, pretty clear cut:

Veteran BBC presenter Bill Oddie has backed claims that Jimmy Savile's abuse was covered up because he was close friends with Prince Charles and was a regular visitor to Kensington Palace, Buckingham Palace, and Highgrove. Former palace Aide, Dickie Arbiter, told the Guardian newspaper Savile would greet young women working at the palace by "rubbing his lips all the way up their arms in the palace typing pool."

A former BBC chauffeur says that BBC chauffeurs were sacked if they tried to blow the whistle on Jimmy Savile's child-sex-rape activities.The chauffeur said he had once driven home a 'hysterical' 12-year-old girl. The girl said she had been sexually assaulted by Savile after appearing on a BBC TV programme.

The BBC must investigate whether its staff acted as enablers or, better word, accomplices to Savile's crimes.
Source: http://abundanthope.net

And more tellingly still, this:

PIMPING FOR PRINCE CHARLES
Savile told Esquire: 'The thing about me is I get things done and I work deep cover. I've known the Royal Family for a million years.'

According to the UK Daily Mail at the time of Savile's death in 2011, Savile said that he was invited to regular meetings with the royal family because 'I have a natural good fun way of going on and we have a laugh.' Would one of the world's most powerful families invite an aging disc jockey into their inner sanctum so often just because he gave them 'a good laugh'? Or is there likely to be a far more plausible reason for their strange closeness?

Dickie Arbiter, now 72, was in charge of media relations for the Queen between 1988 and 2000. He told the media that Savile visited Prince Charles's official London residence St James's Palace

frequently. Savile's behavior on visits to Prince Charles' residence aroused "concern and suspicion". A palace insider said of the claims that several people were well aware of Savile's alleged abuse of children.

Police have searched Savile's cottage in the Scottish Highlands after fears he used the home to abuse victims. It is reported 20 allegations of abuse at the cottage are being investigated.

Prince Charles was a private guest at Jimmy Savile's isolated and remote cottage in Glencoe in the Scottish Highlands. Savile famously hired three waitresses for the occasion and dressed them in aprons bearing the initials HRH.
SOURCE: As above
As for Dobby's dad, the Duck of Edinburgh! Well, he had been friends with Savile long before his son was:

At this point, it should be mentioned that, although the official line is that Savile and Charles met in the 1970s as part of the coincidence of mutual charity work, Savile himself has stated that he was friends with the Royal family "for a million years."
In fact, it was reported that Savile actually stated he was introduced to the Royals in 1966 by Lord Mountbatten, a known paedophile and sexual pervert. In addition to Mountbatten, however, Greg Hallett, in his book Hitler Was A British Agent, also names Prince Philip as a paedophile.

In reference to how he became introduced and ingratiated with the Royal family, Savile stated, coming from Lord Louis, who was the favourite uncle of Prince Philip that was quite something.

So obviously, I hooked up with the Prince – what was good enough for Lord Louis was good enough for him.
SOURCE: https://hangthebankers.com/
Course, it has since been well documented that the Duck and the Deejay fell out in spectacular fashion. That to me is strange in itself. After all, the Duck is the King of England in all but name.
I therefore question what he and an ageing radio star had in common with one another to fall out over in the first place.

That is to say, if the Duck was pissed off with the flamboyant nonce for whatever reason, why wasn't Savile simply frozen out of the Royal circle?
Surely, such action is more in keeping with the parasites usual methods towards someone who has given them the right fucking hump.

The fact that the Duck and Savile did row, should have got any half decent coppers nose twitching straight away, given mind to what is known about the cunt.
Then again, the fact that Lord Louie Mountbatten - hero and mentor to the *Duck & Big Ears* - introduced the Duck to savile, should have triggered alarm bells in anyone who has a smidgen of knowledge on the true history of the Royal family.

You see, to the majority of those who cannot see the wood for the trees, Lord Louie Mountbatten was a war hero, one of those, who put the Great in Britain.
The following is what the Royal Spongers would have you believe, as told by Wikipedia:

Admiral of the Fleet ***Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas George Mountbatten, 1st Earl Mountbatten of Burma,*** *KG*, *GCB*, *OM*, *GCSI*, *GCIE*,*GCVO*, *DSO*, *PC*, *FRS*

Born Prince Louis of Battenberg; 25 June 1900 – 27 August 1979) – known informally as Lord Mountbatten – he was a British statesman and naval officer, an uncle of Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh and second cousin once removed to Elizabeth II.
He was the last Viceroy of India (1947) the first Governor-General of the independent Union of India (1947–48), from which the modern Republic of India emerged in 1950. From 1954 until 1959, he was the First Sea Lord, a position that had been held by his father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, some forty years earlier.

Thereafter he served as Chief of the Defence Staff until 1965, making him the longest serving professional head of the British Armed Forces to date. During this period, Mountbatten also served as Chairman of the NATO Military Committee for a year.

Pretty impressive, don't cha know.
Moreover, most people of a certain age know that In 1979, Mountbatten was assassinated by the Provisional IRA, who had planted a bomb on-board his boat, the Shadow V, at Mullaghmore, County Sligo, in Ireland.

The force of the blast reduced the boat to Matchsticks.
No doubt, the very same matchsticks that former MP, Ian Dickhead Smiff would have you believe he sold on street corners in order to make ends meet, when he was a real person... But I digress and probably even exaggerate a little.

Mountbatten, then aged 79, had been pulled out of the sea alive, but died from his injuries before reaching the shore.
Unsurprisingly, further sympathy had been bestowed on the Royal Family by the sycophantic, British public – *at that time still largely unaware of their true nature and moral standards* – because of the others who were killed and wounded in the explosion.

Those also killed in the blast were Nicholas Knatchbull, Mountbatten's 14-year-old grandson; and Paul Maxwell, a 15-year-old from County Fermanagh who was a 'crew member'.
The Dowager Lady Brabourne, Grandmother to Nicholas Knatchbull, was seriously injured in the explosion and died from her injuries the following day.
Nicholas Knatchbull's mother and father, along with his twin brother Timothy, survived the explosion but were seriously injured.

According to Wikipedia, the IRA gave clear reasons for the execution:

I think it is unfortunate that anyone has to be killed, but the furore created by Mountbatten's death showed up the hypocritical attitude of the media establishment. As a member of the House of Lords, Mountbatten was an emotional figure in both British and Irish politics.

What the IRA did to him is what Mountbatten had been doing all his life to other people; and with his war record I don't think he could have objected to dying in what was clearly a war situation.

He knew the danger involved in coming to this country. In my opinion, the IRA achieved its objective: people started paying attention to what was happening in Ireland.

Course, being a "war hero", a pillar of society, and a member of the Royal Elite meant that Mountbatten was awarded a State Funeral. The following is once again from Wikipedia:

On 5 September 1979, Lord Mountbatten received a State Funeral at Westminster Abbey, which was attended by the Queen, the Royal Family and members of the European royal houses.

Watched by thousands of people, the funeral procession, which started at Wellington Barracks, included representatives of all three British Armed Services, and military contingents from Burma, India, the United States, France, and Canada.
His coffin was drawn on a gun carriage by 118 Royal Navy ratings. During the televised service, the Prince of Wales read the lesson from Psalm 107.

In an address, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Donald Coggan, highlighted his various achievements and his "lifelong devotion to the Royal Navy".
After the public ceremonies, which he had planned himself, Mountbatten was buried in Romsey Abbey.
The President of Ireland, Patrick Hillery, and the Taoiseach, Jack Lynch, attended a memorial service for Mountbatten in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin on 5 September 1979.

Just goes to show how easily the ‘enlightened’ public are made mugs of doesn't it?
You see, Louis Mountbatten was an abomination of a man. A man, who should in fact, have been removed from this earth years before the IRA did us all a favour – if indeed it was the IRA who blew him up.

Now I say that because Mountbatten was a dangerous, predatory paedophile, who had in the past had a sexual relationship with his cousin King Edward VIII – *himself a warped sexual deviant* - who abdicated in order to marry the right old slapper, Wallis Simpson.
And if you have read my article **Monsters Inc** you will know that Wallis Simpson used to push Edward around in a pram at Parties (Sex Orgies).

Mountbatten choosing his partner for the night

On his boat before it was reduced to matchsticks - Bit shit for a royal boat init?

Mountbattens Grandson survived the blast

Mountbatten & the Duck... Not sure what the Duck did to win so many medals

You see Edward was one of those warped human beings who got his sexual kicks from wearing a nappy and being treated like a baby. Course, Wallis Simpson being a right old banger had no objections to her husband's fetish.

Edward also used to like dressing up in ladies clothes. Kinda makes you wonder what the Queen Mother saw in him doesn't it? It is after all, well documented that Bizzy Lizzy's mother despised Mrs Simpson, because the old soak was herself in love with Edward.

Greg Hallett, who is from New Zealand is an authority on Royal history. The following is what he has to say about Wallis Simpson:

Now, the person who became King Edward VIII married Wallis Simpson, who was three times divorced, absolutely sabotaged, and she was considered bisexual.
She was considered a drug dealer, she was considered completely unsuitable, she was having affairs with every second, second hand car salesman in London, and she was Androgen Insensitivity Symptom Grade 4, which means that she was conceived as a male, and didn't quite fully transition into a female, which would be Grade 7. Grade 1 for male, Grade 7 is a female model.
So she had both bits, which King Edward VIII liked because he was bisexual himself.

Interestingly enough, Mountbatten was also Edward's best man when he married Mrs Simpson.
From incestuous sex with Edward VIII, Mountbatten moved on to sexually abuse his Nephew Phil the Duck.
And, just like his Uncle Louie, the Duck's penchant for 'liking' children also became apparent at a young age. The following is taken from the author, Phillip Eade's book about the Queens husband as a duckling:

Philip had met Princess Elizabeth, his second cousin once removed and heir to the throne, several times, but things stepped up a gear when he made a visit in 1939. He was 18 and Elizabeth was 13.

The future queen's governess described how, while they were playing with a clockwork railway, Philip came into the room. "For a while they knelt side by side playing with the trains. He soon got bored with that. We had ginger crackers and lemonade in which he joined and then he said, 'Let's go to the tennis courts and have some real fun jumping over the nets!'

At the tennis courts I thought he showed off a little too much. Lilibet said, 'How good he is! How high he can jump!' He spent a lot of time teasing plump little Margaret." Later that evening, when Philip went for dinner with the king, Elizabeth had already been sent to bed according to the nursery schedule.

In turn, unbelievable as it may seem, the vile paedophile Mountbatten was then given carte blanche to sexually abuse his very young Great-Nephew, Prince Big Ears.
And, who gave him permission to do so?
Well none other than Phil the Duck and his Wife Bizzy Lizzy.

The following is taken from my article Monsters Inc:

It is also a documented fact that Dobby's young life was shaped by his Great Uncle Louis Mountbatten. Wikipedia has this to say on that matter:

Mountbatten was a strong influence in the upbringing of his grand-nephew, Prince Charles, Prince of Wales, and later as a mentor—"Honorary Grandfather" and "Honorary Grandson", they fondly called each other according to the Jonathan Dimbleby biography of the Prince.

Now while that may sound innocuous enough in itself, the fact that Mountbatten was a known gay paedophile, who was known to have had incestuous relationships with both Edward VIII & Prince Philip, should have meant that he wasn't allowed within a 100 miles of the young Prince Dobby.
Or maybe there were darker, more sinister reasons for Charles to be in the care of such a vile monster…

So who was Lord Louie Mountbatten?

Louis of Battenberg was born in Windsor, England, on 25th June 1900 and was actually the great grandson of Queen Victoria, and the second cousin of George V.
His father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, who had been born in Austria changed the family name from Battenberg to Mountbatten, during World War 1, due to the public's resentment to all things German.

In 1922, Mountbatten married Edwina Ashley, who was described as the spoiled favourite granddaughter of a Jewish financier close to the royals. She was also the richest and most glamorous deb of her time.

However, what wasn't widely known was that Edwina, like Wallis Simpson, was a proper dirty old slag and a horrible bitch to boot. Course, with her new husband being at best; a bi-sexual paedophile – if not an outright homosexual paedophile – he was useless to her in the bedroom department.

The following is taken from the Daily Mail:

After a fumbling honeymoon, some of it spent in Hollywood, Mountbatten resumed his career as a naval officer.
Meanwhile, the stylish Edwina, described as one of the six best- dressed women in the world, shopped at Chanel, played bridge, and danced the Charleston until 3am, sometimes with Fred Astaire.

At weekends, their country home was full of guests (including the Prince of Wales) arriving in fast cars and even aeroplanes.
Vain, charming and boyish, Dickie was devoted to Edwina, but still awkward in bed. He famously named her breasts Mutt and Jeff - the nicknames that World War I soldiers gave their campaign medals.

To him, sex was unromantic, 'a mixture of psychology and hydraulics'. There were also mutterings that he preferred men.
Things went downhill after their daughter Patricia was born in 1924.
While Mountbatten doted on the new arrival, the passionate Edwina was pathologically jealous of her own child being the centre of attention.

'A divine little daughter'.
Too thrilling, too sweet,' she trilled to her diary - but then packed the baby off to nannies on the South Coast. The highly sexed Edwina then proceeded to look for lovers from all walks of life.
Her first was the aristocratic Lord Molyneux. He was followed by a rich, polo-playing American, Laddie Sandford, and then by Mike Wardell, the good-looking manager of a London evening newspaper. At times, she juggled all three at once.

'Lord Molyneux is in the morning-room and Mr Sandford in the library, but where should I put the other gentleman?' asked a desperate flunkey when they happened to visit together.

While her husband was posted to Malta in the early Thirties, she turned to American golf champion Bobby Sweeny.
Next came playboy Larry Gray, before she went on a Mexican cruise and jumped into bed with the elder of two Californian brothers, Ted Phillips, quickly followed by his sibling Bunny.

This serial sexual gallivanting went on until the birth of her second daughter Pamela in 1929.
[...]She even dallied with conductor Malcolm Sargent, and then embarked on her most adventurous affair to date, with the bisexual West Indian cabaret pianist Leslie Hutchinson.

Although Edwina successfully sued a newspaper for saying she had a black lover, there is not much doubt she conducted an on-off relationship with 'Hutch' for 30 years.
She famously gave him a gold bracelet bearing her name, a gold cigarette case and, conclusively perhaps, a jewelled penis sheath from Cartier…

Mind you, at one stage, Mountbatten himself freely admitted that: "*Edwina and I spent all our married lives getting into other people's beds.*"
Furthermore, in the Biography Francis Wheen wrote about the notorious Labour MP, Tom Driberg, the author states that like Driberg, Mountbatten had "a sexual preference for men".
However, what Wheen neglects to mention is that like Driberg – who was at one time being blackmailed by the notorious Kray Twins in the 1960's – Mountbatten was a predatory paedophile.

Meanwhile, back at the Ranch, in 1930 Phil the Duck's Mother, Slack Alice had gone Quackers, and had been carted off to the madhouse – ha, ha, geddit?... Phil the Duck? ... His Mother went Quackers? ... Forget it.

This left the young Duck home alone with his bi-sexual Father, being as his three older sisters had already fucked off - each having married members of the German Nazi party.
Course, the fact that the Ducks sisters were all Nazi's excluded them from being invited to his wedding to Bizzie Lizzy. The following is once again taken from the Daily Mail:

The only member of his German family to be invited was his mother, Princess Alice, and even she was requested to divest herself of the sombre grey nun's habit she had adopted after suffering a nervous breakdown when her bisexual husband, Prince Andrew of Greece, left her for a mistress in Monte Carlo.

So, not only was the Ducks dad a fruit, his mother was a fruitloop who thought that she was a nun.

But it gets worse.
You see, with his wife going bonkers, Daddy Duck – *or Ducky as the case was* - couldn't be arsed with his only son and promptly fucked off with some fabulously rich old sort, leaving the Duck in the care of Louis Mountbatten's equally perverted brother George.
Now, as it happens, George Mountbatten kept a scandalous collection of child pornography which he had bound into volumes and emblazoned with the family crest.

Most disturbing of these were pictures of family orgies and bestiality in which children and animals were sexual participants. The question is: was George's adopted son, Prince Philip a participant?

George Mountbatten's porn collection now resides at the British Museum where it is kept in a hidden repository of artefacts deemed pornographic and unfit for public viewing.
So, having been passed back and forth between George, Louis and a Nazi Boarding School, where the Duck himself admits that saluting Nazi style, heel clicking and Heil Hitlering were the order of the day, It's hardly surprising that the Duck turned out to be an absolute evil bastard with a penchant for raping and murdering children.

It is of course, well documented that like the Duck, his Uncle Louis, and future Uncle-in-law, Edward VIII, were both Nazi Sympathisers.
The following is once again, taken from my article Monsters Inc:

In 1937 Phillip, then aged 16 was photographed walking in his elder Sister Cecile's funeral cortège, flanked by relatives in SS and Brownshirt uniforms. One row back in the cortège - held in Darmstadt, western Germany – was his paedophile uncle, Lord Mountbatten wearing a Royal Navy bicorn hat. On either side of this Funeral parade, onlookers, pinned back by crowd control fences, can clearly be seen en-masse, giving the mourners the Nazi salute…

After the war had ended, Winston Churchill – Said by some to be Bizzy Lizzie's real father – is in fact alleged to have had the right fucking hump with Mountbatten, for the way that he had covertly sided with the Hitler War Machine and for a botched, unauthorised mission which had resulted in the deaths of thousands of allied troops.
Interestingly enough, according to the website **United Nations on film**:

"Prince Philip kept up very serious connections with Edward [Windsor] ***even after his abdication in 1936. Another of Edward's supporters, and mentor to Prince Philip, was the known paedophile and Satanist Lord Louis Mountbatten (Battenberg).***

Mountbatten was Philip's route into the House of Windsor. Mountbatten was the grandson of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert and was born at Windsor Castle in 1900.
While Mountbatten was supposedly fighting on the British side during the war, he maintained serious communications with the Windsor's German Clan via his sister Louise, the Crown Princess of Sweden and wife of King Gustav. Louise was Prince Philip's aunt.

Course; with the falsification of history, it is sometimes hard to know what to believe. I say that since Churchill himself was a Rothschild's puppet and it is a fact that the Rothschild family financed both sides throughout the duration of World War 2.
Nevertheless, what is a cast iron fact was that Uncle Louis and his slapper wife were sent to India where Mountbatten took up his new role as the British Empire's last Indian Viceroy and subsequently the first Governor General of the independent Union of India.

Unsurprisingly, Mountbatten appears to have spent his time in India up to no good. That is, at least according to the Authors of the controversial book 'The War of the Windsor's which was serialised in the Daily Mail:

Lord Louis Mountbatten had the nickname "Dickie" …and for good reason. Prince Philip's uncle Dickie was the last viceroy in India where he was a known paedophile who sexually exploited young working class Indian peasant boys...

Predictably, while in India, Edwina ended up having yet another affair, this time with the Indian Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru.

Equally unsurprisingly, Nehru, like most Prime Ministers was also a promiscuous bi-sexual who couldn't stay faithful if his life depended on it.

This led to the equally bi-sexual Mountbatten's and Nehru indulging in many a menage a trois – which for the thick fuckers reading this is a threesome.

After Mountbatten had done shagging little Indian boys and the Indian Prime Minister, this abomination of a man who is touted by our government and Royal family as being a hero – *which tells you all you need to know about the stinking arseholes* – appears to have been recruited by MI5. Course, it is nothing new for the Royal Family to have those amongst their ranks acting as secret agents.

The equally odious royal paedophile, Anthony Blunt was also working for MI5 as well as the Russians. At the end of World War 2, Blunt the cunt was in fact dispatched to Germany by the Royal family to go and retrieve incriminating correspondence sent by them to their German relatives during the hostilities.

The vile pervert was again called upon to save the Royal arses in the early 1960's following the Profumo Scandal.
The story goes, that Phil the Duck sent blunt the cunt to buy up the sketches of him and his perverted family, drawn by his pal the Satanist, Dr Stephen Ward who was heavily implicated in the scandal. Tellingly, Ward lived in a cottage owned by former Prime Minister, David Cameron's in-laws.

Meanwhile, Mountbatten – in between shagging his Great-Nephew Big Ears – was busy trying to oust the Wilson Government.
The following is from Wikipedia:

Peter Wright, in his book Spycatcher, claimed that in 1967 Mountbatten attended a private meeting with press baron and MI5 agent Cecil King, and the Government's chief scientific adviser, Solly Zuckerman.

King and Peter Wright were members of a group of thirty MI5 officers who wanted to stage a coup against the then crisis-stricken Labour Government of Harold Wilson, and King allegedly used the meeting to urge Mountbatten to become the leader of a government of national salvation.

In 2006 the BBC documentary The Plot Against Harold Wilson alleged that there had been another plot involving Mountbatten to oust Wilson during his second term in office (1974–76).
The documentary alleged that a coup was planned to overthrow Wilson and replace him with Mountbatten using the private armies and sympathisers in the military and MI5. The documentary stated that Mountbatten and other members of the British Royal Family supported the plot and were involved in its planning…

Course, all work and no play makes Jack – *or as in this case, Louis* – a dull boy. So, in view of the lack of little Indian boys available to sodomise, Mountbatten turned to Northern Ireland, where there was an endless supply of unwilling little boys to be raped.
The unlucky victims were housed in the Kincora Boys Home in Belfast. The following is taken from my article 'Monsters Inc':

Mountbatten is also linked to the paedophile ring who abused boys living at the Kincora Care Home in Belfast Northern Ireland. An excellent website, dedicated to exposing the Royal Family http://www.helpfreetheearth.com/index.html, have this to say about a book written on that paedophile

ring entitled ‘The Kincora Scandal’:

“The Kincora Scandal connects Lord Dickie Mountbatten to a child prostitution vice ring in Belfast, Ireland. Authorities failed to intervene at the Kincora care home for boys until 1981, despite reports over the years of child sexual abuse”.
The operators of the Kincora child prostitution ring were eventually convicted in 1981 of the RITUAL sexual abuse of defenceless young boys who were sold like prostitutes. No charges were ever brought against the VIP customers made up of Royals, Politicians, lawyers, and Judges. However, Belfast citizens finally had reason to celebrate when Prince Philip’s paedophile uncle was killed by an IRA bomb planted in his boat”.

But was it the IRA?
The official version of events tells us that the IRA terrorist, Thomas McMahon planted the bomb on the boat which killed Mountbatten along with 3 other people, 2 of them children and seriously injured 3 others.

As a result, McMahon, the only person ever convicted of the atrocity spent 18 years in prison before being released under the good Friday agreement.
However, not everything about the story adds up.
You see, I find it extremely strange that such a prominent and controversial figure such as Mountbatten, would leave his boat harboured unattended, knowing the risks in doing so.
Neither do the anomalies stop there. The following is taken from the Telegraph:

The terrorist attack three decades ago led to one of the biggest police investigations in Irish history. Two men were charged: McMahon, then 31, and Francis McGirl, 24, a gravedigger.

At the time of the explosion, McMahon was 70 miles away, in police custody – by chance he and McGirl had been stopped at a checkpoint after he had laid the explosive.

One of the IRA’s most experienced bomb-makers, McMahon had flakes of green paint from Lord Mountbatten’s boat and traces of nitroglycerine on his clothes. The bomb had been detonated by remote control at 11.39am when the boat, Shadow V, was about 200 yards from the harbour.

Because there was insufficient evidence to place McGirl at the fishing village of Mullaghmore, he was acquitted and he died in 1995. McMahon was released from jail in August 1998 as part of the Good Friday peace agreement.

Now, while I am no bomb expert, I would have thought that the detonator had to be linked to the bomb. Therefore, the IRA was extremely lucky that the detonator wasn't with McMahon when he was arrested.

Moreover, it was a 50Ib bomb, which is a lot of lifting and fixing for a fella on his own. Think of 23 bags of sugar and you are somewhere near the weight of a 50Ib bomb. You have seen the size of the boat. So where the fuck did he put it on his own where it couldn't be seen?

However, the newspaper report does claim that McMahon – *a known terrorist* - was the IRA’s most experienced bomb maker. Even so, it was a hell of a feat.
Nevertheless, with that being the case and bearing in mind that McGirl was acquitted (*meaning that McMahon hadn't come straight from planting the bomb when he was arrested*), why hadn't McMahon changed his clothes?

Surely, as the IRA's most experienced bomb maker that would have been his first priority... But what do I know.
It does however sound to me almost like McMahon was set up.
And I'm not the only one who thinks so either. The following is from the On-line publishing Company:

The evidence was that at the time of the explosion McMahon was some 70 miles away and in police custody having been arrested on suspicion of a stolen car. The bomb had been detonated by remote control at 11.39am when the boat, Shadow V, was about 200 yards from the harbour.

Because there was insufficient evidence to place the co-defendant McGirl at the fishing village of Mullaghmore, he was acquitted and 'died' in 1995.
He (McMahon) ***was tried for the assassinations in the Republic of Ireland, and convicted by forensic evidence supplied by forensic scientist Dr James O'Donovan that showed flecks of paint from the boat and traces of nitro-glycerine on his clothes. That was the only evidence since of course he was in police custody more than two hours prior to the detonation.***

So who did detonate the bomb that killed Mountbatten? It certainly was not Thomas McMahon and to this day McMahon has refused to even discuss the matter.
McMahon had served the first 13 years of his life sentence in the IRA wing of Portlaoise.

It was at Portlaoise Prison that he met and befriended Patrick Holland better known as 'Dutchy' who died in a British prison under seriously and equally suspicious circumstances. Holland was represented by the man known as the Devil's Advocate, Giovanni Di Stefano and upon his release from Prison which Di Stefano secured at 1 minute past midnight travelled to Rome to stay with Di Stefano.

It was there that Holland had confided to Di Stefano that Mountbatten had not been a target of the IRA and that McMahon had told him whilst in prison that the reason he had been arrested two hours before the explosion was to ensure he would not be blamed for what he termed 'special operation'. McMahon was certainly a known Provisional IRA man and he and his father knew explosions well but 'Dutchy' was adamant that McMahon had told him he did not do it.

Paddy Holland told Di Stefano that the deal McMahon had agreed was that he would take the blame for all the murders and his family would be taken care of. McMahon's wife was indeed 'looked after' and even entered the political forum and throughout McMahon's time in jail Holland confirmed that McMahon lacked for nothing.

Holland was jailed for eight years in 2008 for planning a £10m plot to kidnap a businessman in the UK. He was planning to write a book and Di Stefano received some material for what would have been an explosive insight into crime in Ireland.

A chapter of the book was an in detail account of the Mountbatten murder and the startling revelations that Holland said McMahon had made confirming that Lord Mountbatten had not been the subject of a Provisional IRA assassination and that the only targets on that day were the soldiers (refers to 18 British soldiers killed by the IRA on the same day - Spivey) ***and he was not responsible for either.***

Patrick Eugene 'Dutchy' Holland, 70, was found dead at 6am 19th June 2009 in Parkhurst Prison where he was serving a sentence for conspiracy to kidnap a businessman.

The UK Prison Service said he appeared to have died from 'natural causes', but that all deaths in custody are subject to investigation.

Di Stefano challenged the coroner's findings without success but all in all the death of Patrick Holland was surely extremely convenient for the British Authorities.
In his book which was scheduled also to be made into a film the most startling revelation of all was that Mountbatten had been murdered not by the Provisional IRA but by the British Security Services because of a deep rooted secret Mountbatten knew that if revealed would have been so damaging to the Royal Family that it may have damaged their reputation for ever. It was all part of the same operation the British had in the 1970s Holland confirmed.

That prison confession by McMahon to Holland may well have cost 'Dutchy' his life and the secret Holland kept for so long may one day still make it to the big screen.
"There is no point being alive forever, merely becoming a burden to the people," said an almost-retired Lord Mountbatten while being filmed for a BBC documentary. A month or so later he was a burden to no-one. One interesting fact that Holland stated was that whilst most world leaders lined up with Britain the United States refused to condemn the IRA. Is that because the CIA was aware that the IRA was not involved?

Gerry Adams, the then Vice President of IRA's political wing Sinn Fein clarified that the IRA gave clear reasons for the execution of Mountbatten. "What the IRA did to him is what Mountbatten had been doing all his life to other people; and with his war record I don't think he could have objected to dying in what was clearly a war situation. He knew the danger involved in coming to this country. In my opinion, the IRA achieved its objective: people started paying attention to what was happening in Ireland," said Adams in an interview to the Time magazine.

One man got a 50lb bomb on that! There's always a boy onboard

Mountbatten's body is carried ashore

Mountbattens funeral... Big bill hasn't he?

Or sometimes even lots of boys on-board - Two newspaper reports following Mountbattens murder.

Just your average Mafia funeral really.

What is noted is that the murder of Mountbatten although certainly not carried out by the IRA, Gerry Adams for ever an opportunist certainly performed the task of 'spin doctor' long before the phrase was made famous by the exploits of Tony Blair.
As for Patrick Holland what is notable is that upon release he passed a lie detector test arranged by a leading newspaper. His revelations regarding Mountbatten were no lies but may certainly have cost him his life.

Now, it has to be said that the above version of events would also tie in with Greg Hallett's version. Unfortunately, many people tend to dismiss what Hallett says, without doing any research themselves.

However, I am not so quick to do so since much of what I have uncovered in the past, also tallies with what Hallett says. For instance, long before I had even heard of Greg, I had concluded that in all likelihood, Lord Porchester was Prince Andrew's' father and Lord Plunket was father to Prince Edward.

After documenting my findings in Monsters Inc, I came across Greg Hallett's work, and discovered that he had reached the same conclusion. Hallett, like myself is also convinced that the Royal Family make Millions from the drug trade, specifically Heroin.
Course, such claims are instantly dismissed by the mind controlled masses. However, I find this closed mind outlook extremely blinkered and naive, especially since there is no denying the role that the Royal family played in the Chinese opium wars.

Moreover, at the time of Mountbatten's death the opium wars had only been over 100 years previously. With that in mind, here is what Greg Hallett said about Mountbatten in a radio interview:

Those who supplied Prince Philip with children were then invited into his heroin trafficking ring, and that was called 'The Triumvirate'. Triumvirate is latin for three people who are running a loosely organised organisation with no particular rules in its affiliation, but in this case it is essentially a mafia. So Prince Philip was involved in heroin trafficking using the navy.

The Triumvirate was led by Prince Philip, the others involved were Lord Porchester the 7th Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Plunket, and when he died in 1972 he was replaced by Lord Louis Mountbatten.

So, Phil the Duck headed a drug cartel with the two men thought to be the biological fathers of his two youngest children… Surely no coincidence.

Hallett then continues:

Now Lord Louis Mountbatten was got to and started to be influenced by Airey Neave who was a British soldier. He was the first or second person to escape from Colditz. He was a barrister and politician, and he was also Margaret Thatcher's bondage lover, and she used to dress up in her black leathers with her whip.

So Airey Neave was getting in with Lord Louis Mountbatten and convincing him to turn tables and expose the royal heroin trafficking. So then Airey Neave's car, as he was driving it out of the House of Commons in London, Parliament Buildings, it exploded. It didn't kill him, and then Airey Neave was taken to a hospital and he was killed there.

That was the 30th of March 1979, and then Lord Louis Mountbatten was murdered on the 27th of August 1979, so that was 5 months later. And that was blamed on the IRA, and it was considered a 6 man team that did it, but only one person was caught, and that person had supposedly put the 50 pounds explosives on the Shadow V, which was Lord Louis Mountbatten's fishing boat, and he was out fishing with a local boy and with his grandson and his son's wife's mother.

So all four of them were killed on the boat, and Lord Louis Mountbatten didn't die immediately, he was seriously injured and drowning, and then he was pulled from the water and then he died.
But Thomas McMahon, who was blamed for it all, he was seen at the peace checker post the night before, and that was reported to Lord Louis Mountbatten the next day, or so they claim. But it's generally considered by intelligence, and this is confirmed, it's an IRA opinion as well, that it was an MI-6 hit, and the person that controls the MI-6 is Princess Elizabeth and in particular Prince Philip.

Prince Philip was raised by Lord Louis Mountbatten, and it appears that is was Prince Philip who ordered the hit on Lord Louis Mountbatten in order to cover up the heroin trafficking triumvirate, and especially the use of the navy, of which Prince Philip is the head, and using sea horses (a mechanical device) ***to transfer heroin from one ship to another.***
And once again, Halletts story is given added credibility, when you learn what Wikipedia has to say about Airey neave's death:

Kevin Cahill, an Irish investigative journalist, claims Neave was on the verge of a massive overhaul of the security services, possibly involving a merger of MI5 and MI6 and arising from his belief in corruption in the security services.

Cahill suggests a link between Neave's killing, that of Sir Richard Sykes and the attempted murder of Christopher Tugendhat in December 1980. Cahill claims that Neave would have been head of the combined security services with Sykes and Tugendhat as his deputies, with Sykes responsible for foreign operations and Tugendhat responsible for home operations.

Cahill claims to have had a conversation with a drunken Neave on St Patrick's Day 1979 in the foyer of the Irish embassy in London. Cahill had left a party and was waiting for a taxi. He saw Neave in the room and introduced himself to him as an admirer.

Cahill claims that Neave was inebriated and responded "quite out of the blue" by saying "There are going to be changes here, big changes, soon. There is going to be cleaning of the stables... There has been serious corruption." Neave then said that there was "no use playing games. We have to win... We will win when the [corruption] is sorted out. Count on that."

Cahill found Neave's remarks surprising because he seemed internally preoccupied with the UK, with his Northern Ireland brief "almost a sideline". Cahill also thought that Neave's mention of corruption meant Soviet penetration.

Whilst working in the House of Commons as Paddy Ashdown's research assistant, Cahill claims to have had around six conversations with the security staff there. The most frequent remark was that "everyone knew" the story behind Neave's death but that no one could talk about it in detail because it would have been too dangerous.
Cahill claims they did not believe INLA killed Neave but that it was an "inside job". Cahill concluded that Neave was killed by the security services; MI6 agents working with the CIA because Neave sought to prosecute senior figures in the intelligence establishment for corruption.

Another person who did not accept the generally accepted version of events was Enoch Powell, the Ulster Unionist MP. Powell claimed in an interview with The Guardian on 9 January 1984 that the Americans had killed Neave, along with Lord Mountbatten and Robert Bradford MP. He claimed the evidence came from a member of the Royal Ulster Constabulary with whom he had a conversation.

On 18 October 1986 Powell returned to the subject of Neave's death in a speech to Conservative students in Birmingham. He told them that INLA had not killed Neave, but that he had been assassinated by "MI6 and their friends".

Powell claimed Neave's Northern Ireland policy had been one of integration with the rest of the UK and that the Americans feared that this process, if implemented by Neave, would have been irreversible. His killing, alleged Powell, was intended to make the British Government adopt a policy more acceptable to America in her aim of a united Ireland within NATO…

Course, one thing is for sure, The Duck certainly has no qualms about using MI6 to do his dirty work. He certainly used them to murder his daughter in law Diana: Princess of Wales.
Moreover, Mountbatten's death could have been prevented, which to me only goes to add credence to MI6 carrying out the murder. The following is taken from the Belfast Telegraph:

British diplomats complained bitterly in private about the lack of security provided by the Irish authorities for Lord Mountbatten following his assassination by the IRA, it was disclosed today.

Mountbatten, a distinguished Second World War military leader and an uncle of the Duke of

Edinburgh, was killed on August 27, 1979 when the IRA detonated a bomb on his boat at his Irish holiday home in Mullaghmore, Co Sligo.

Three other people died in the explosion. Later the same day 18 British soldiers — including 16 members of the Parachute Regiment — were killed in an IRA ambush at Warrenpoint, marking one of the darkest days of the Troubles.

In a telegram to Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington — released by the National Archives at Kew under the 30-year rule — the British ambassador in Dublin Robin Haydon said there was a widespread belief the attack on Lord Mountbatten could have been prevented.

He said the concerns about the level of security provided by the Garda Siochana were shared by local people who had "greatly liked and respected" the peer.

"For those men and women the horror of what happened was and still is very real and their shame is genuine. The more so because they must share the doubts which we in this embassy have that, had the Garda Siochana been more vigilant and conscientious, the murders might not have happened," he added.

Mr Haydon said he had been told by Lord Mountbatten's daughter Lady Pamela Hicks that it was the first year when the boat did not have a police guard on it during the day.

"In the absence of an official report, it would be unwise to go into detail, but I must say I find it extraordinary that the boat was apparently not searched by the Garda before it sailed," he said.

"It is even more extraordinary that, to my knowledge, no questions have been asked by the Irish media about the level and adequacy of Garda security for the Mountbatten family."

Strangely enough, following Mountbatten's death, Bizzy Lizzie and the Duck's behaviour towards Timothy Knatchbull was certainly out of character for the notoriously cold and callous senior royals. The following is from the Daily Mail:

Family and friends rallied. The Queen and Prince Philip invited Tim and his 22-year-old sister Amanda to holiday with them at Balmoral. What still strikes Tim today was the Queen's maternal kindness.

'We have a great mother on the throne of this country,' he says. 'When my mum, her good friend, was laid low, the Queen stepped in. We were very late arriving at Balmoral, because of a delay to our flight, and the Queen and Prince Charles plied us with soup and sandwiches.

'Amanda took the lead in thanking them and suggesting they go to bed, but there was no persuading them. They continued to bring food and drink and ask for news from home. After a while we ambled down the corridor. We knew the form; at some point the Queen would break off and head in the direction of her bedroom. None of it.

'She shepherded us into our rooms and started to unpack. Here, Amanda drew the line, removing a sweater from the Queen's hands and convincing her that we really would be happier if she took herself to bed.

Now, when you consider that according to another Daily Mail article:

THE Queen has mellowed from a stern mother whose children called her 'Your Majesty' to a doting granny.

And then add that to the fact that a few hours after Princess Diana's murder, The Duck insisted that the

then 15 year old Prince William and 12 year old Prince Harry, attend church with the family, it's not hard to see how strange the Royals behaviour was towards Timothy Knatcbull.

Certainly, the Duck had no qualms about shagging Timothy's older brother Norton's wife. This too from the Daily Mail:

For years he'd (Norton Knatchbull) ***had to endure the speculation over his wife Penny's relationship with Prince Philip, who is his first cousin once removed.***

Since Philip's switch to carriage driving from polo, Lady Brabourne had been a regular fixture at his side. She is 57, Philip is 89.

The daughter of Reg Eastwood, a butcher who left school at 15 and went on to found the Angus Steakhouse eateries, Penny Brabourne was not at first glance the ideal soulmate for one of modern royalty's grandest figures. But her stunning blonde looks and her determined attitude captured Philip's attention.

Often they would travel round the country together without their spouses. Among the tight-knit community who are their friends, the relationship goes unquestioned.

At one very grand house where they have stayed after carriage-driving events, a fellow guest told me: 'Everybody knows about Philip and Penny - they are close. But nobody knows any more than that. They do NOT share a bedroom.

Christ, that family make me heave. Quite why we put up with the abominations is beyond me.

So, who did murder Mountbatten? The chances are we'll never know. However, my money is on the Duck being behind it.

Nevertheless, if you are still in any doubt as to the kind of morality or standards that the Royal family posses, you only need to read the following taken from the Daily Express in April 1995, to gain a further insight:

PRINCE Charles hopes to visit the spot where his beloved great-uncle Earl Mountbatten was murdered by the IRA. Sources close to the Prince say he will make the poignant pilgrimage during his first trip to the Irish Republic.

Yesterday locals in the village where Mountbatten was killed 16 years ago said Charles would receive a warm welcome. The Prince's visit to the Republic will be the first of its kind since the country split from British rule in 1922. He is expected to arrive in early June.

He is likely to meet Irish President Mary Robinson and Prime Minister John Bruton, and visit Dublin's Trinity College. From Dublin, Charles is expected to make the 160-mile journey to the seaside village of Mullaghmore, in County Sligo.

Lord Mountbatten was murdered in August 1979 when an IRA bomb blew up his boat in the bay. The Earl, his 14 -year-old grandson Nicholas and young Irish boatman Paul Maxwell aboard the Shadow V died instantly.

His daughter Patricia Brabourne, his son-in-law John and Timothy, Nicholas' twin brother, were badly hurt. John Brabourne's mother, Lady Brabourne, died next morning.

The Royal Family was effectively barred from the Republic on security grounds, although the Duchess of York has made several private visits there in recent years.

Local senator Willie Farrell said yesterday: "There would be a Cead Mile Failte — a hundred thousand welcomes. "Lord Mountbatten was treated like one of the natives. The name is loved around here." Ireland's Deputy Prime Minister Dick Spring welcomed the planned visit and said: "It is now possible in the context of what has happened on this island in recent months."

When he learned of the death of his "Uncle Dickie" Prince Charles wrote: "I fear it will take me a very long time to forgive those people who achieved something two world wars failed to achieve.

I don't feel the need to add any more except to say that if the filthy nonce Mountbatten is the country's idea of a hero... We are most certainly doomed.

Chapter 6
THE GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK - IT'S NOT ABOUT HOW MANY MEN HE HAD

Friends of Princess Andrew and Fergie Pork say it is only a matter of time before the couple remarry... Who gives a fuck?

Well me actually. You see I find these evil parasites fucking fascinating in a car crash sort of way.
Now, there has recently been two Daily Mail articles about the comedy duo.
The first one is in regard to the Gruesome Twosome rekindling their 'love' for each other. The second is about how The Duck will object to any remarriage.
Unsurprisingly, neither article so much as hints at paedophilia or other 'juicy' sordid shenanigans.

Instead, what we get is tales of Porky Pig's debt which saw her sink to rock bottom after being covertly filmed by the News of the World - offering access to her ex hubby, Princess Andrew for a cool half a million quid.
Quite why anyone would pay that amount of money to meet the perverted nonce is beyond me.

However, I find it a stretch too far to believe that Princess Andrew wasn't in on his ex-wife's lucrative money making deals.
Yet, apart from a further, brief mention of Princess Andrews disastrous spell as a trade ambassador, that is more or less it, as far as the Daily Mail’s idea of balanced reporting goes.

The rest of the propaganda rags two articles are littered with sycophantic bullshit such as: "*With the monarchy still basking in a warm glow of public approval generated principally by the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and, now, their son, Prince George"*... More a case of wishful thinking than accurate reporting in my opinion.

So, it's a good job that I am on hand to add some proper balance.
For instance, the two articles put forward three reasons as to why the Pork Chops split up in the first place.

Princess Andrews version is that:
"*He has always felt guilty for his part in the marriage break-up, his negligence in being less attentive than he might have been to a new wife and mother struggling to cope with her royal life, as he devoted*

himself to his naval career".
Or at least it is according to the Daily Mail.

Likewise, Porky Pig's version is that: *'There was no reason for Andrew and I to get divorced; there wasn't another person in our lives to go to. 'We got divorced because I had to go out to work, and Andrew and I believed that it wasn't right for me to be commercial while I was still in the Royal Family'.*
Or at least it is according to the Daily Mail.

Mind you, The Daily Mails version is that:
"Married for little more than five years when they split up over the Duchess's adulterous liaisons, the couple have remained extraordinarily close".
Or at least it is according to the errr... Daily mail.

Course, it wasn't so much Porky Yorky's affairs that were to blame for the marriage break-up.
After all, Princess Andrew's taste in sexual partners lay elsewhere.
But having your wife appear on the front page of every newspaper in the world, with her tits out and her foot stuck in the mouth of a bald headed playboy, doesn't go down well when you are the Queen's son... Not that he hasn't been caught on camera in rather compromising photos himself, don't cha know.

FERGIE & ANDY: HES A KNOB, SHE MADE A TIT OF HERSELF

The Mail - rather laughably - makes mention of the fact that *'some of those people close to the couple were surprised that Fergie turned to Princess Andrew for help*' after she got into a financial mess. Quite why they are surprised is a mystery.

I mean notwithstanding the fact that Princess Andrew was probably in on his wife's 'cash for queersons' money making scam, who better than to blackmail other than your Paedophile Prince ex husband?

I would imagine that the conversation probably went along the lines of the following:

Sarah Ferguson (SF): ***I'm skint, a mess and bleedin' homeless, Andy Pansy.***

Princess Andrew (PA): ***Not my problem Ginge... Fuck me, I'm having enough bliddy trouble getting Eugenics and Meaty Beattie Big and Bouncy orn the Gravy Train. Mumsy will never agree to you being added too... You eat to bliddy much.***

SF: ***I don't want to go orn the civil list Fairy Cakes. I want you to pay orf my debts - 2 million pineds will do it... Oh, and if you could buy me a bliddy great big mansion too. That would be fab, what, what snort.***

PA: ***Do one Duchess.***

SF: ***Okay yah, I'll just go sell the story of you and Jeffrey Epstein to the Sun newspaper... The real story, Mind. Not the watered dine version printed in your Mummy's newspaper.***

PA: ***Bothered! Four words lard arse: Daddy Duck and Diana.***

SF (coming over all cockney): ***Are you avin a laff me old cock sparra? After that fuck up in Paris old Quacker Nutz wouldn't dare. But you do what you gotta do Sunshine. And I'll do what I gotta do... See ya, wouldn't like to be ya.***

PA: ***Hold on Freckle... One was only pulling one's trotter... Two million Pineds wasn't it. And you can move into Sunny Hice with me.***

And the rest, is history... Almost.
After all, how could that be all with the Royal Beggars involved?
Especially so when you consider that Porky Yorky has no morals, shame or dignity.

You see, despite telling the Evening Standard; "***I abhor paedophilia and any sexual abuse of children***" in March 2011 - She hadn't had any qualms about borrowing £15,000 from the convicted nonce Epstein. Neither did she say when or if she was going to pay back the 'loan'.

Now, the afore mentioned Jeffrey Epstein - Princess Andrews, bezzy mate - is an American who describes himself as a financier and science and education philanthropist.
I on the other hand, would describe him as a dirty nonce cunt who wants tightly stringing up by the bollocks, 30 ft in the air until they turn black, become detached and the rest of him crashes to the ground... filthy sick piece of worm infested dog shit.

Course, there is no question that Princess Andrew knew only too well that his bum chum was a warped nonce.
In fact, such was their closeness, the royal retard refused to sever his ties with the kiddie fiddler when their friendship first became common knowledge.

Then again, that isn't unusual for our Royal Ponce Cunts who see nothing wrong with associating themselves with sex cases I.E Big Ears and Savile, Savile and Louie Mountbatten, Louie Mountbatten and the Duck, the Duck and Savile and round again.

Then there was the convicted sex pest Harbinder Singh Rana, who turned up on the Royal Barge to help the Royal no-marks celebrate 60 years of ripping the country off.
The following is from the Daily Mail:

A sex offender who posed as a doctor to prey on women was a guest of the Queen on the Royal Barge.
Harbinder Singh Rana, 52, was jailed in the 1980s for a series of attacks on women, who believed he was a doctor, in which he performed internal examinations and administered injections.

Rana served four years for his crimes, but has since reinvented himself as a pillar of the community. The former management consultant was invited to join the exclusive celebrations by Prince Charles in his capacity as community leader.

He is understood to have met the prince through his charity work for the Anglo-Sikh heritage trail, a group that promotes Sikh culture in Britain.

But palace sources last night said the prince was completely unaware of the charity director's shameful past-and would never have invited him had he known.
Approached yesterday Rana said that he did not know if he had been vetted and had not been asked about his sex crimes before the event.

Alright, alright, stop fucking laughing.
How do you know that Big Ears isn't telling the truth when he says that he wasn't aware of the perverts past.
After all, The moronic buffoon and his Dad the Duck were friends with the Satanic paedophile, necrophiliac rapist, Sir Jimmy Savile - knighted by Bizzy Lizzie - and they had no idea that he was a Monster... Apparently.

And maybe... Just maybe... Singh Asong, or whatever the warped cunts name is wasn't vetted before hand... Savile apparently wasn't.
I mean, why else would the big eared fuck-up be so annoyed, having only allegedly found out about Singh Asongs sikh & sordid past after the event?... Sikh & sordid past... Ha, ha, ha... I like that... Sikh & sordid past... Go me.
The following is from the Telegraph:

Harbinder Singh Rana, 52, was invited as a guest of the Prince of Wales through his work for the Anglo-Sikh Heritage Trail, which promotes the Sikh community in Britain.
But it later emerged that he was jailed for four years after he was found guilty of assaulting women in their homes while posing as a doctor

The prince is said to be angry that security staff failed on five occasions to alert him about the charity worker's criminal convictions – including five counts of indecent assault, 11 counts of assault and one of attempted assault, the Daily Mirror revealed.
A Palace source told the newspaper: "Charles is livid at not being warned."
Rana was banished from all future royal events.
Do me a fucking favour.

Singh Asong... The sex offender the Royals didn't know about

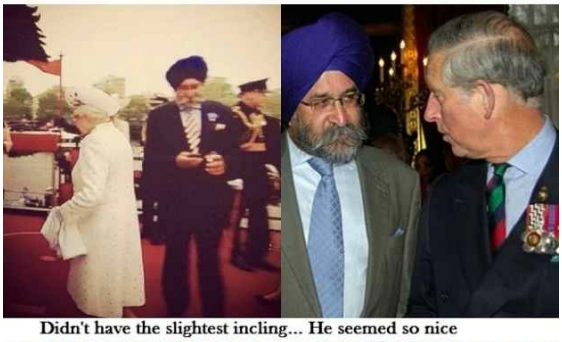
Didn't have the slightest incling... He seemed so nice

Even way back in 1999... Think someone should have told them

Of course the fucking pathetic Royal twat knew about the perverted Singh & Savile's activities.
Just like he knew about his great friend, the perverted paedophile cunt, Reverend Peter Ball.
And, in the very same way that both Singh & Savile were vetted by the Security Services... You would have to be a Goldfish to believe otherwise.

Now, you can either choose to believe the MSM with their absolutely ridiculous claims that the Royals were taken in by these perverse sex cases, having been let down by their ultra strict vetting service... At least you can if you want to be a brain dead, mugged off robot.
Or you can face the fucking truth and realize that you have been waving a stupid little plastic flag at a family of thieving, inbred paedophiles... The fucking lot of them are, both male & female... Sick, sick, sick fucking monsters who should be removed from the face of the earth and their redistributed wealth used for the good of humanity such as putting an end to the poverty and injustice brought about in no small way by the obnoxious cunts greed.

"A divine right to rule" ?
Yeah right!
Fuck them, and fuck anyone who supports them in anyway.
And that includes the Paedophile protecting sick fuck The Cunt Cameron.
Why is this vile, useless, pervert masquerading as the British Prime Minister still in power?

He is a fucking criminal, not a fucking leader. Corrupt beyond belief.
He should be sat awaiting trial in some dark, dank dungeon... He too is a sick, sick, sick Monster. I mean are you all fucking mad? The evidence to support the facts are plain to see.

Fuck me, the Gatekeeper to the Paedophiles Political Paradise even came out in public support for Princess Andrew following the Epstein story breaking.
The following is once again taken from the Daily Mail:

Prince Andrew today received the full backing of David Cameron after Downing Street said he was doing an 'important job' as a UK trade envoy.
The Prime Minister's spokesman issued the backing following a series of allegations against the Duke of York centred on his relationship with billionaire paedophile Jeffrey Epstein.

The Prince today visited an east London school and the headquarters of Crossrail where he appeared unaffected by the row in which he is embroiled.
Asked whether David Cameron had full confidence in Prince Andrew as a trade envoy, the Prime Minister's official spokesman replied: 'Yes.'
Now, the fact that our Prime Minister gave Princess Andrew his backing is fucked up beyond belief when you consider the facts listed on the Daily Mails photo on the next page.

From one disaster to another, a catalogue of royal blunders

Ever since Prince Andrew was appointed UK trade envoy, he has blundered from one controversy to another. His friendship with Jeffrey Epstein is one of a catalogue of misjudgments, as COLIN FERNANDEZ reports.

THE SOUTH YORK DEAL

IN 2007 Andrew sold Sunninghill Park, his former marital home in Surrey, for £15million to a controversial Kazakhstan billionaire. Timur Kulibayev paid £3million above the £12million asking price even though it had been on the market for years.

Sunninghill, a wedding present from the Queen, was nicknamed 'South York' for its resemblance to South Fork, the Ewing mansion in the TV soap Dallas. It has been empty ever since the sale. Buckingham Palace said the deal did not 'commit the prince to any other commercial arrangement'.

Andrew has also gone goose shooting with Kulibayev's father-in-law, Kazakh president Nursultan Nazarbayev. Diplomats have accused him 'hawking his house during meetings with Gulf royals'.

THE WINDFARM DEAL

IN 2008, a schoolfriend of Andrew from Gordonstoun, Crown Prince Sheik Mohammed bin Zayed Al Nahyan, brother of Abu Dhabi's ruler, bought 20 per cent of a planned £3billion wind farm, the Thames Array, in 2008. The 341 turbines, each the size of Nelson's Column, make money for Abu Dhabi but also generate tens of millions of pounds for the British Royal Family via the Crown Estate.

THE LIBYAN GUN SMUGGLER

ANDREW is a friend of Tarek Kaituni, a Libyan convicted for smuggling a machine gun into Paris. The prince and Kaituni once flew together to Libya to meet Colonel Gaddafi. Kaituni was arrested in 2004 for bringing the gun in from Holland and received a two-month suspended sentence and a 10,000 euro fine. Details of his relationship with Andrew emerged after they enjoyed a four-day holiday in Tunisia together in November 2008.

THE SAUDI CONNECTION

THE prince accepted an expenses-paid trip to Saudi Arabia in 2009 as a guest of the Saudi Royal Family in his envoy role. It laid him open to claims of conflict of interest – putting him in the thrall of the Saudis. Buckingham Palace said there was 'absolutely no' conflict of interest. But last year diplomatic cables revealed by WikiLeaks disclosed that Andrew once criticised as 'idiocy' a Serious Fraud Office investigation into a Saudi arms deal.

FRIEND OF GADDAFI JUNIOR

ANDREW met Colonel Gaddafi's favourite son Saif in May 2009 at the opening of the British Embassy in Algiers and is claimed to have discussed the release of the Lockerbie bomber. Andrew has met the Libyan leader's son at least three further times since November 2007. Saif once even visited Windsor Castle.

CASH FOR ACCESS

IN May last year, Andrew's ex-wife the Duchess of York offered undercover reporters posing as wealthy businessmen access to him in return for cash. Fergie told reporters: 'Andrew said to me, "Tell him £500,000". The Duchess, who lives in a guest room at Andrew's Royal Lodge at Windsor, said he meets the 'the most amazing people' in his role as special representative. He denies any knowledge of the deal.

EXTRAVAGANT EXPENSES

ANDREW receives a £249,000 allowance from the Queen each year. He is unpaid for his envoy role, although he receives expenses. He is nicknamed Air Miles Andy and it is claimed his ten years in the role have cost the taxpayer £4million, not including the costs of royal protection officers.

'HIS BUFFOON HIGHNESS'

SIMON Wilson, Britain's former deputy head of mission in Bahrain, says diplomats knew the prince as 'HBH' – His Buffoon Highness – due to his 'childish obsession with doing exactly the opposite of what had been agreed'. Andrew's lavish entourage includes a valet with a 6ft ironing board to ensure his trousers are pressed as he likes them. Diplomatic cables revealed by WikiLeaks also exposed how Prince Andrew made 'cocky' and 'rude' comments at a brunch in Eastern Europe.

LUNCH WITH THE CROOK FROM TUNISIA

Materi with wife Nisrine

LAST October, months before the Tunisian revolution, Andrew gave a Buckingham Palace lunch for Sakher El Materi, son-in-law of the country's president Zine el Abidine Ben Ali.

The prince and Materi, 29, were joined by more than a dozen executives from British multinationals hoping to win business in Tunisia. Materi has since fled Tunisia and is being investigated for money laundering.

Stephen Day, Britain's former envoy to Tunisia, said he was shocked to learn the prince had met Materi. He told Radio 4's Today programme: 'He was notorious.'

When interviewer John Humphrys interrupted to ask: 'So he's a crook?' Mr Day said: 'The worst of all of them. I can't imagine how it [the lunch] happened. The embassy in Tunis was clear this man carried a lot of baggage.'

But, the Cunt Cameron's backing really shows the kind of stinking cesspit our Prime Minister's morals are born out of when you take into account Princess Andrews close friendship with Jeff Epstein.

In March 2005, Palm Beach police were contacted by a woman concerned that her 14 year old daughter had been taken to Epstein's mansion and paid $300 after stripping and massaging him. Supposedly, the girl had told Epstein that she was 18 years old.

However, by 2011 at least 40 girls - mostly under age - had come forward with similar stories, some saying Epstein sexually assaulted them during the massage. In fact, three 12-year-old French girls had been delivered to him for his twisted pleasure as a birthday present.

Epstein had even purchased a "Balkan sex slave" from her family when she was just 14... This is Princess Andrew's best friend remember. The best friend that Andy Pansy used taxpayers money to charter helicopters with just so as he could go and play golf with the perverted nonce.

The American judiciary - being every bit as corrupt as ours - knew all about the above when Epstein was sentenced.

The Slog Blog continues on the same subject:

In the US, sex crimes of this nature typically carry a term of 10 to 20 years in prison. Indeed, the very fact of serious FBI involvement makes clear that the crimes were considered to be extremely serious, organised, and professionally rewarded.
Yet Jeffrey Epstein was sentenced to just 13 months in jail.
The Beast also described how 'Fear and intimidation experienced by victims during pre-trial proceedings, combined with a ferocious, protracted campaign to undermine the prosecution, culminated in a set of charges that became a virtual slap on the wrist.'

Tina Brown is married to the London Times legend Harry Evans, an editor whose Insight investigations were the envy of the world. For her to print an accusation so blatantly means she knew it to be fact. And I'd imagine that Evans encouraged her to go with it. The combined experience of the couple is awesome.

Treading on toxic ground, the Daily Mail later got one of Epstein's victims to go public, and describe her years as "a teenage sex toy". The woman concerned, Virginia Roberts, produced a photograph of herself with Prince Andrew.
It dated from 2001 – when she was 15 – and the 'toy' alleged that Epstein had paid her $15,000 to 'meet' the prince. The general tone of the piece was to suggest that Epstein had been pimping her around his circle over several years – before the age of 15 – while at the same time regularly abusing the girl.
Yet Jeffrey Epstein was sentenced to just 13 months in jail.

In 2005, a young girl first brought sex-crime allegations against Jeffrey Epstein to the Palm Beach Police Department, which sought felony charges against Epstein.
Subsequently, however, the State Attorney agreed to charge him "only with one count of aggravated assault with no intent to commit a felony".
The difference between the US and Britain, however, is that when faced with an obvious perversion

of justice, law officers don't always look the other way. The attorney concerned, R. Alexander Acosta, brought in the State and then the FBI, who in turn alerted the Attorney General's office in Washington. But it was 2010 before Epstein started his prison sentence.

And Jeffrey Epstein was sentenced to just 13 months in jail.
With that kind of influence, you won't be surprised to know that Mr Epstein had an address book that was to say the least eclectic. In fact, so sure had Epstein been of his immunity, he had placed it online.

The names in the book – and here again we are in Readsay territory, because nobody involved disputes these facts – go beyond the dynamite scale:
** The convicted paedophile's addresses included ten entries for Lord Mandelson and his partner Reinaldo da Silva. They are both 'gay': why on earth would they be in the little black book of a paedopimp?*

** The book had no fewer than 16 numbers for Prince Andrew, including the home numbers for politicians Lord Heseltine and former Northern Ireland Secretary Shaun Woodward. The Prince admitted Epstein was a close friend, and refused to disown him even when the guy was found guilty.*

** An office address for Tony Blair and a personal number for Bill Clinton were also among the virtual names on record.*

Victim Virginia Roberts then confirmed that Mandelson was a regular visitor to Epstein's New York townhouse. 'I remember him being at the house in New York, and I was introduced to him at a dinner party. He and Jeffrey talked business together," she testified.

Now, imagine you are teacher Wayne Bedfellow, and three kids at your school have complained about inappropriate physical approaches. So the local Plod rings the Met and asks about the names in an address book owned by that West End pimp Reggie Richardson, who just went down for a ten-stretch on charges of pimping minors .
In there are five entries for Solihull teacher Wayne Bedfellow. Don't you think the West Midlands boys in blue would at least get Wayne in for questioning?

Shaun Woodward refused to comment on his otherwise unexplained entry in Epstein's online book. Peter Mandelson refused to answer when asked about why convicted paedophile Jeffrey Epstein had ten entries for him and his partner Reinaldo da Silva…including fax and email numbers for the latter.
The peer just toughed it out. When contacted by the Mail, Lord Heseltine said he had "no memory" of meeting Jeffrey Epstein.

The Duke of York stayed at the townhouse, just off Central Park, for four days one Christmas. Epstein lent his former wife Sarah Ferguson £15,000 when she got into financial difficulties. Both the Prince and Mandelson know Kazakh socialite and businesswoman Goga Ashkenazi: she is alleged to have introduced Andrew to Timur Kulibayev, the man who bought Prince Andrew's

former marital home, Sunninghill, at £3 million above the asking price. That's fifteen million Pounds. Ashkenazi too has multiple entries in the contact file of paedophile pimp Jeffrey Epstein. Oddly, to the best of my knowledge, PC George Dixon has not been up the Palace to ask a lot of impertinent questions.

I gotta fucking tell you people. The fact that these publicly funded vile cunts are getting away with in your face child sex abuse absolutely fucking sickens me.
So, why would the Paedophile Epstein have 10 phone numbers stored for the Paedophile Mandelson?

The answer to that is fuck knows, the cunt wouldn't tell anyone:

Lord Mandelson yesterday maintained his silence over the extent of his contact with disgraced financier Jeffrey Epstein.
The former Business Secretary did not respond to questions about why the convicted paedophile's 'little black book' featured ten entries for him and his partner Reinaldo da Silva.

The online contacts book had 16 numbers for Prince Andrew and home numbers for politicians including Lord Heseltine and former Northern Ireland Secretary Shaun Woodward. There were also details of girls working at massage parlours.
Source: The Daily Mail.

Course, Princess Andrew and Peter '*stick another hamster in my arse'* Mandelson are old friends from the NSPCC.
Now, obviously regular readers of mine will already know that the NSPCC is a nonce infested cash cow.
However, for those who don't there is plenty of information to be found on my website (chrisspivey.org) about the Children's 'Charity'... Not least their employment of the once most wanted MK terrorist in South Africa - wanted in connection for up to 7 murders - as a fucking Grief Counselor of all things.
You really couldn't make this shit up.

And while we are on the subject, just excuse me for a second.
TOM WATSON MP: Iv'e been receiving interesting information about you, ya fat fuck... Just so you know, that I know.

Sorry about that. I know Tom likes to read what I have to say.
Right, where was I?
Oh yes. Princess Andrew and Peter Mandelson.
Pansy Andy was the Chairman of the NSPCC's 'Full Stop' Campaign.
And again, slightly off topic for a moment, but worthy of a mention is the fact that Sir Rodney Walker was the head of that very same Campaign.
So what, you may ask.
Well, it was Sir Rodders who bought Jimmy Savile's Scarborough flat... The flat in which Savile did unspeakable things to his mother's dead body for 5 days after she died... Just saying.

Moreover, the convicted paedophile Stuart Hall was given a character reference from an NSPCC employee, read out to the jury during the trial.

The following is from the Daily Mirror:

A volunteer NSPCC branch chair caused an online storm after it emerged she had given Stuart Hall a character reference.
Patricia Macmillan, chair of the East Cheshire branch, defended Hall in a letter to the court on the grounds of his charity work.
But charity bosses today said they had no warning of her actions until the letter was read out in court in support of the 83-year-old.
So do yourselves a favour and check out the many, many times that the NSPCC have been caught employing Paedophiles... And stop fucking donating to the nonce charity for fucks sake. You are not helping to stop child abuse by donating your hard earned... You are funding it.

Peter Mandelson, is also part of the NSPCC set up and backed Princess Andy - who is gifted quarter of a million pound per annum by his Mother (or us in other words) - for his role as a roving ambassador for British Trade International... A role that even his Elephant eared, clot of an older brother thought unsuitable for the nonce halfwit
The following is from the Guardian:

Peter Mandelson is understood to have given behind-the scenes backing for Prince Andrew's cause. The former Northern Ireland secretary met him while working on the NSPCC's Full Stop campaign against child abuse, which Prince Andrew chaired.

That fact should be very, very alarming given the many widely broadcast allegations leveled at the Nonce Mandelson.

The following is what the website www.whale.to/c/peter_mandelson.html has to say about the sick cunt.

Although Labour Supremo Peter Mandelsons' alleged role in the kidnapping of young girls and boys for the "pleasuring" of the European Union's elite commissioners in Brussels was the subject of intense speculation long before the disappearance of Madeleine McCann, I can now bring to a close all speculation as to the name of Tony Blair's most "highly placed and senior politician" who fell not only under the scrutiny of Scotland Yard for crimes against children, but was also identified by the FBI as an active member of the paedophile ring run by Thomas Hamilton.

Thomas Hamilton was of course the sick fuck who shot dead 16 children aged between 4 and 6 years old along with their teacher.
Hamilton, according to the Independent Newspaper was:

A lone mad-man in the Lee Harvey Oswald mould; an obsessive misfit who bottled up his paranoid resentment until he was ready to write himself into the national consciousness with other people's blood.

The boys whom he ordered to strip and run around in swimming trunks laughed at him behind his back and called him Mr. Creepy. The scores of adults he knew in Dunblane recognised his weirdness and nicknamed him Spock. His podgy face and insinuating voice had made their flesh crawl, they said.

Even if they had not heard the rumours about Hamilton and his boys' camps which had been going on for 25 years, people in Dunblane suspected that something was wrong. And to his neighbours in Kent Road, Stirling, he stood out in the poor but friendly street as a man with little to say. George Smart said he had not got a word out his neighbour in two years. He would see him walking by dressed in the classic nerd's anorak, head down, hands shoved into pockets.

Many other Kent Road residents, who occasionally looked through Hamilton's windows and saw the disturbing (but not blatantly pornographic) pictures of boys in swimming trunks covering his walls, painted similar portraits.

But that is just MSM bollocks.Thomas Hamilton's links can in fact be traced back to Bizzy Lizzy.

Hamilton was a Freemason with very powerful friends, not least George Robertson, the ex UK Defence Secretary and Secretary General of Nato, who gave Hamilton a reference for his firearms licence.
But I digress.

Jeffrey Epstein and Princess Andrew

Princess Andrew with 'that' girl

Tell me? Prince Charles? Is he Quare?

Fergie was great friends with both Savile and Slaggy Thatcher

Getting back to Peter Mandelson, the man twice drummed out of politics for wrong doing. The Whale website also had this to say about the kiddy fiddler - all of which is reference sourced:

Blair issued a D-notice to protect Peter Mandelson, when the latter was caught purchasing paedophile pornography in 2002 by Operation Ore.
Peter Mandelson's French Hospital records are alleged to contain details of injuries caused by small furry animals used in homosexual sex acts; according to Cherie Blair he is one of the most profoundly corrupt figures in politics and coming from Tony Blair's wife that is saying something.

Peter Mandelson and Cherie Blair hated each other, Mandelson as top Rothschild apparatchik for Britain was rumoured to boss and bully Blair, but after a row with the French the newspapers were tipped off anonymously that Frederic Mitterrand was paying young boys for sex, but a small security firm phone tapping for a newspaper, claimed the tip came from Mandelsons people.

The NSA whistleblower David Murphy-Fawkes has said they listened in to all Tony Blair's calls, as the US senate saw him as a lightweight 'Pinocchio' figure.
In march 2003 Peter Mandelson officially endorsed Leo Gillan as his political candidate, who then lost out to a man in a monkey suit, 'hangus' the monkey was offering a free banana to schoolchildren, 'hangus' was an in joke on the campaign to hang war criminals such as Saddam Hussein and Tony Blair.

Mandelson while business minister showed his true metal while holidaying on Deripaska yacht, now Deripaska is banned under organized crime regs in the USA, but according to the Daily Mail 23rd May 2010, Nat Rothschild, Deripaska and Mandelson shook hands on a £500 million aluminum deal that cost many Britons their jobs, much of this is said to be in chemtrail drops.

These 3 were joked about in the MI5 canteen as 'the axis of evil' and 'the 3 jewboys' and when Mandelson was admitted into a French hospital recently with prostate problems, the French doctors report told of felching injuries, felching is the gay sport where a cardboard tube is pushed into the rectum and a small furry animal slid down inside, our Peter apparently was scratched internally rather badly.

Peter Mandelson is controlling director of the NSPCC, and when Margaret Hodge (Oppenheimer) was children's minister she lived next door to Tony Blair, they also knew childline funders Sarah Caplin and Esther Rantzen, who are connected to TV mogul Michael Grade.

Funny how the Daily Mail neglected to mention all this don't cha think?
In fact instead of bigging up the Paedo Princess, this is the kind of stuff that the useless Chimps should be reporting to the public.

"Be fair Spiv, the articles are about the prospect of the couple re-marrying" .

Fuck off, who gives a fuck about whether or not the useless, wastes of fresh air get married again or not.

Nevertheless, if it is relevance to the articles that you want, why the fuck, when reporting on the Duck's objection to the marriage, did the Daily Mail neglect to mention the fact that the Perverted old bastard was fucking Porky Pig's Mother, Susan Barrantes for long enough... Just one of many, many affairs

Phil the Duck has had while being married to the Queer of England.
The following is from the Daily Mail:

After Kirkwood and Cordet, numerous other famous and beautiful women have been alleged to have been Philip's lovers.
They include the Countess of Westmorland, wife of the Queen's Master of the Horse, the novelist Daphne du Maurier, wife of the Comptroller of the Royal Household, the actresses Merle Oberon and Anna Massey, the TV personality Katie Boyle, the Duchess of York's mother, Susan Barrantes, the Duchess of Abercorn, wife of the Lord Steward of the Royal Household, the Queen's first cousin, Princess Alexandra, and Philip's glamorous carriage-driving companion, Lady Romsey. Of these, Daphne du Maurier was merely a casual acquaintance. Katie Boyle has rubbished suggestions of intimacy.

Anna Massey met Philip only once socially. And the Duchess of Abercorn, while admitting to 'a highly charged chemistry' with Philip, denied any physical relationship, adding that 'the passion was in the ideas'.

To a female journalist who once had the temerity to question him about the rumours of extra-marital infidelities, Philip barked: 'Good God, woman, I don't know what sort of company you keep.

'Have you ever stopped to think that for the past 40 years I have never moved anywhere without a policeman accompanying me? So how the hell could I get away with anything like that?'
You will notice that there was no denial about the Duck's affair with Fergie's Mother amongst that lot.
And then there is this from the Telegraph:

Inside, Australian readers were offered a "sizzling extract" from a book "they daren't publish in Britain". The book's author, Nicholas Davies, purported to reveal "a shocking world of royal adultery, passion and betrayal" and stated - as fact, not surmise - that the Duke of Edinburgh's liaisons with his cousin, Princess Alexandra, with the film star Merle Oberon, and with the Duchess of York's mother, Susan Barrantes (among others!) were the reason "why the Queen banned her husband from her bed".

Funnily enough, Susan Barrantes was killed after being decapitated in a car crash:

She was killed instantly. In a chilling echo of Diana's death, it is understood she was not wearing a seat belt. By a tragic coincidence the Renault driver, 60-year-old Jose Maria Rodriguez, was a close family friend. He suffered a broken ankle.
Mrs Barrantes' 25-year-old nephew Rafael Barrantes, who was travelling with her, miraculously survived the crash. He was in hospital last night being treated for shock, cuts and bruises.

The force of the impact was so great the vehicles ended up 60 yards apart. Last night, police suggested one reason for the accident might be that both drivers were dazzled by headlights. The road is narrow and twisty with no white centre line.
Mrs Barrantes' Rover was completely crushed with the sleek car reduced to a barely recognisable

lump of twisted steel and fittings. Source: The Free Library

And this from Wikipedia:

On 19 September 1998, while leaving for the ranch where she kept ponies, the Rover 75 she was driving collided with a Renault catering truck on a two-lane highway in flat countryside. The driver of the truck suffered a broken ankle, but Barrantes was decapitated and killed, age 61.

Just saying.

Chapter 7
THE DAILY MAIL'S BOOK OF MODERN DAY FAIRY TALES: THEY ALWAYS INVOLVE A PRINCE DON'T THEY

Here we go again. After last week's mass coverage of the Duck of Edinburgh officially opening the Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey, where we were meant to believe that the man himself was blubbering over our war dead - the same war dead he helped put in the ground - it would appear that it's now the turn of his uncharismatic, buffoon of a son, Prince Big Ears to get a makeover.

In fact, the way things are going, don't be surprised if you find a centre spread news story in this week's Sunday papers of Bizzy Lizzy helping out in a soup kitchen. After all, the lengths that these parasites will go to in order to keep the 'gravy train' going, knows no bounds.

The Royal family are nothing if not consistent. So whenever their popularity takes a nose dive, especially one as severe as this nosedive, they engage their spin doctors, who promptly take over the MSM in an effort to convince the nation that they are just a normal, law abiding family who care deeply for their subjects.

Have I told you how much these parasites nauseate me?

Course, as the saying goes, 'you can't polish a turd' which is extremely apt in the case of our Royal family. The newspapers can print whatever they like in their effort to pull the wool over our eyes. But to anyone even half aware of what this despicable family is like, no amount of Mr Sheen is going to make them shine.

Having said that, there are still many who are gullible enough to believe the articles that they read in the MSM. Therefore, I thought it best to take an indepth look at one of those articles in an effort to show them up for what they are. After all, there's no propaganda like Nazi propaganda.

Now, the article that I am going to dissect is from yesterday's Daily Mail (14/11/12). However, this type of article is cropping up in all of the daily rags and while they might seem harmless enough, and even a bit boring - as is the case with this Mail article - the danger is that they are subtle enough in their content to swing public opinion in the Royal family's favour.

And that would be a crime in itself. Especially with the support for the current Royal family appearing to be at an all time low.

So let's take a step by step look at the Daily Mails (DM) attempt to endear the heir to the throne to a nation who are rapidly growing wise to this family of in-breeds…

No, I DON'T have flunkies lining up 7 eggs for my breakfast! On his 64th birthday Charles dispels a few of those 'myths' about him. But still no mention of who squeezes his toothpaste…

The Prince of Wales never does things in haste.
He was 32 before he married, he wooed Mrs Camilla Parker Bowles for more than 30 years before marrying her, and he has waited until the eve of his 64th birthday today before letting the world know precisely what sort of a man he is.

This last decision is the most perplexing, because for decades he has had to withstand endless mockery over some of his habits and eccentricities. Some of it, it must be said, he brought on himself — admitting he 'talked' to plants, for example.
But over the years, a mountain of myths about the heir to the throne has been building. Now, at last, he is putting the record straight.

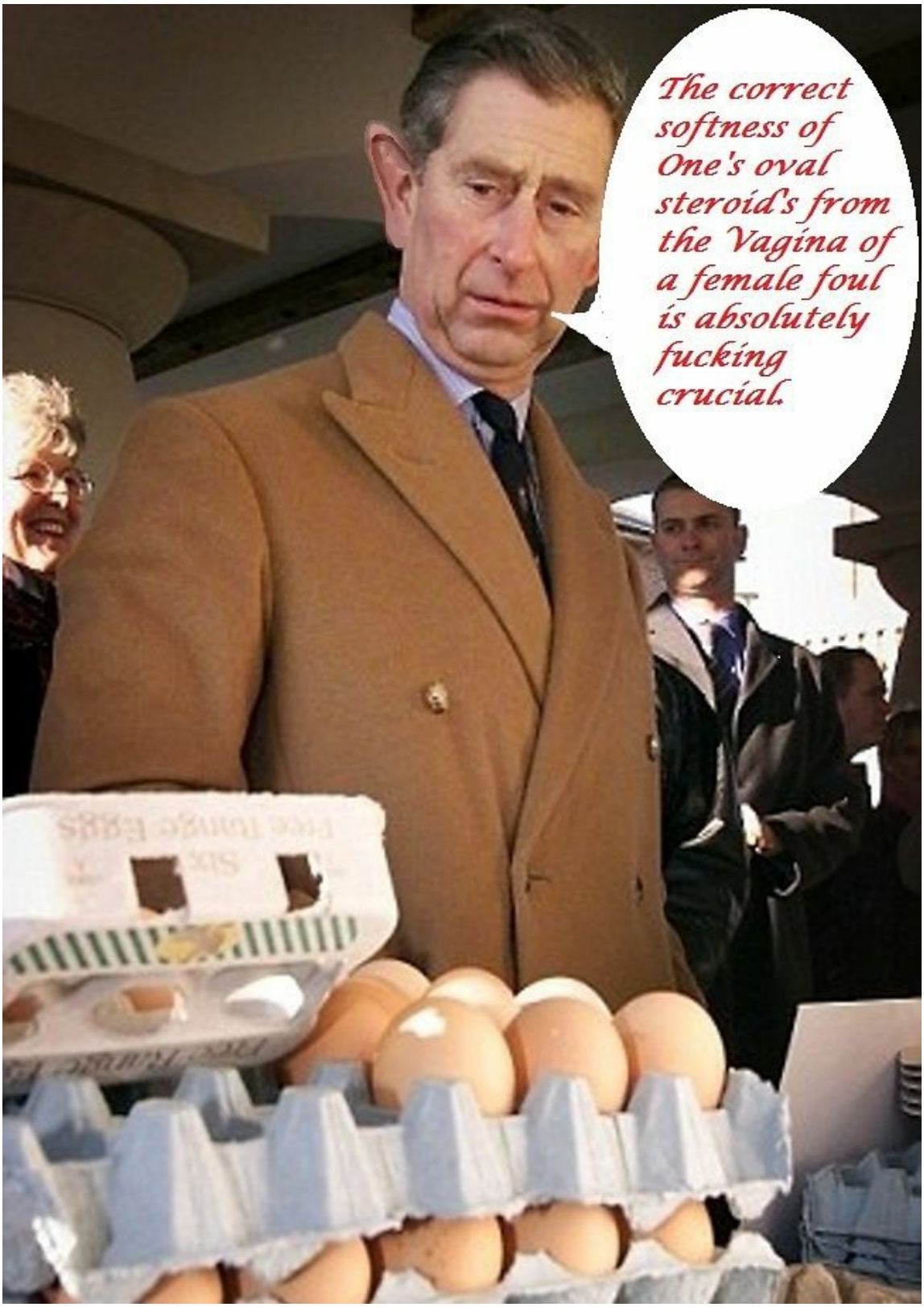

Ok, let's first deal with Charlie's marriage and for the benefit of those not familiar with Royal History, it is an indisputable fact that our Monarchy are so in-bred that many members of the family suffered/suffer from genetic problems associated with in-breeding, i.e. Madness, retardation and

physical handicaps.

And with Charles being heir to the throne and both his maternal Grandfather and paternal Grandmother victims of the defects associated with an overcrowded gene pool, as well as his own parents being 2nd cousins once removed, it seems likely that the risk was far too great for Charlie to marry one of his own.

Therefore, the search was on for a suitable candidate who would eventually become his Queen, capable of producing a future King who didn't need to wear a bib and be spoon fed his Coronation dinner.

Now there was no point in letting Big Ears get into his twenties before the Palace deciding to get off their arse's and see what 'old sorts' were available. Very careful long term planning was needed since the Royal family never, ever marry common people. Don't believe the MSM shit about Kate Middleton being a commoner. She is from the Goldsmith family who are interbred with the Rothschild's... Therefore, she was perfectly acceptable to the Royal Family.

So, with that in mind, the Palace would have been on the lookout for a suitable bride for Big Ears from a very early age. Lady Diana Spencer fitted the bill perfectly. The Spencer line is descended from Royalty with both Big Ears and Diana being direct descendants of King James I. Diana, did in fact have more Royal blood flowing through her veins than Big Ears does. That is, unless Diana is the illegitimate daughter of Sir James Goldsmith, which to be fair, there is evidence to suggest that she could be.

You really couldn't make this shit up, don't cha know. Nevertheless, even if she was Goldsmith's daughter, her bloodline would still have been more than acceptable. Here's what Tudor History .Org has to say:

Charles and Diana are both descended from James I and therefore share the same royal pedigree back to William the Conqueror. It is with Charles I and his son Charles II that their ancestry took a different turn.

Charles II had 14 children with mistresses, but none with his wife, Katherine of Braganza, so the throne went to his brother James II, then to James's daughter Mary and her husband William of Orange, then to Mary's sister Anne. Anne had no surviving offspring so the nearest Protestant relative was the Elector of Hanover in Germany, who became George I; he was the grandson of Elizabeth, sister of Charles I and aunt of Charles II. It is from these Hanoverians that our present Queen is descended.

One of the children Charles II had with his mistress Barbara Villiers was Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, whose great-great-great granddaughter, Lady Adelaide Horatia Seymour, married Frederick, 4th Earl Spencer; they were the great-great grandparents of Lady Diana Spencer.

So, as you can see, Diana was actually an ideal candidate for the job.

Diana & her mother... Diana with Jemima Khan Nee Goldsmith and Zac Goldsmith ... Are Zac and Jemima Dianas half siblings?

Zac and William: Uncle and Nephew?

Course, it could just be a coincidence but Diana was actually born and brought up for the early part of her life on the Queen's Sandringham Estate. However, you will have to draw your own conclusions from that fact. Nevertheless, with that being the case, Diana had known Charles all her life - despite the twenty two and a half year age gap.

Interestingly, whenever the Queen was at Sandringham she apparently used to invite Diana and her siblings up to the 'big house' to watch a film. That film was always Ian Fleming's Chitty, Chitty Bang Bang.

Neither could Diana's Aryan features of Blonde hair and Blue eye's failed to have gone unnoticed by the pro Nazi German Royal family, who sanctimoniously pass themselves off as British. In fact, Phil the Sauerkraut was also heard to say the following about his daughter in law to be:

"At least she will breed height into the line," was the Duke of Edinburgh's splendidly laconic observation when 32-year-old Prince Charles finally did his dynastic duty and wed the 19-year-old Lady Diana Spencer…

Mind you, the same article also goes on to say:

...The Windsors would be glad if Diana's name was never mentioned again," admits one member of the royal circle. "Diana nearly destroyed them, is how they see it. They're relieved she's out of the way." *(Source – The Telegraph)*

Hardly surprising then that a few years down the line, The Duck would allegedly play a major role in her murder. That is to say, he would if you based the allegation on the evidence omitted from the inquest into Diana's death, following Operation Paget.

That last sentence was for the benefit of the Royal Lawyer's. I mean it comes to something when the evidence implicating Prince Philfy is omitted from the inquest into Diana's death, yet to mention his involvement could get you arrested:

CRUCIAL evidence which details what Princes Charles and Philip know about Princess Diana's death will not be made public at her inquest. *(Source Daily Express 2007)*

Course, and then there's this:

TRAGIC Princess Diana feared Britain's Prince Philip would kill her — according to a shocking new report.
Author Ian Halperin alleges Diana — who died 13-years-ago yesterday (August 31) – told one of her closest friends six days before she died that she was terrified Philip would kill her because she refused a proposition he made to have sex with her one night in 1997.

The friend said Philip warned Di that if she didn't sleep with him he would make her fear rebellion for the rest of her life.
"And he most certainly did," said the long time Diana friend. "He must have been loaded that night when he propositioned Diana but the dirty bastard was able to scare her to death.

"To this day I wonder if Prince Philip arranged the tragic car crash so he could off Diana and never have to fear her talking about what happened.
"One thing I know for sure is that Diana would have never lied about something like this."
(Source – Showbiz Spy 20/9/10)

Nevertheless, if you are still not convinced you may be interested to learn that Diana said herself; "I knew from an early age that I had to keep myself... How shall we say, Tidy"... Or put another way, She had to stay a virgin.

Now, if you believe that Diana “just knew” instinctively that she had to remain a virgin until she married, then you will believe anything.

The only problem with Diana marrying the future King was Big Ears didn't like her. Diana in fact openly admitted that she knew that Big Ears had never loved her. She even told her sisters that she couldn't go through with the wedding, but they talked her round, pointing out, somewhat sarcastically, that her face was already on the tea towels.

That her sisters did, rather than being supportive of Diana is no surprise when you know their part in the events surrounding Diana’s murder. In fact, what a right gruesome twosome they turned out to be.

Diana also told in interview, how once Big Ears had a son and heir, he stopped sleeping with her. She went further still by saying that she was at a loss to explain how Harry was conceived (well she couldn’t exactly tell the truth on that matter, could she). She quickly followed up however, by saying that the period leading up to Harry's birth, were amongst the happiest times that they had enjoyed as a couple.

Nevertheless, Diana finishes up by saying that Charles - who had wanted a girl - took one look at harry and without even trying to hide his disappointment said "Oh it’s a boy", quickly adding "And he's got ginger hair". According to Diana, it was at that point that she knew her marriage was over.

Now, while the Duck of Edinburgh may have got away with dating the 13 year old future Queen of England, there was no way that Big Ears was going to get away with doing the same. In fact realistically, becoming engaged to Diana when she was 19 was just about the earliest that he could get away with it.

This then makes a mockery of the Daily Mail's insinuation that Charlie boy never does anything in haste. Therefore it is misleading of the DM to suggest that Charlie waited until he was 32 to get married because he doesn't rush into things. Its Piffle. He waited until he was 32 because he had no fucking choice but to wait.

The next instance the newspaper site's as proof that Big Ears - affectionately known as Dobby by no one else other than myself - does nothing in haste, is the fact that he "wooed" Camilla Parker Gravestone-teeth for 30 years.

The fact that the DM even printed this shit is testament to the hand that the Royal Press Office had in composing the fairy tale. Everyone knows that Dobby was shagging Camilla throughout that 30yr period, thus making a mockery of the sanctity of marriage. Now while many may not bat an eyelid at a bit of extramarital sex these days, you have to bear in mind that the Queen is the Head of the Church of England and as such, their marriage vows should have be sacred... Fucking Hypocrites, the lot of them.

None of them, including the Queen could stop themselves shagging about.
Moreover, it was the taxpayer who funded the obnoxious man's wedding. Talk about taking the piss!

So to romantically say that “he wooed Mrs Camilla Parker Bowles for more than 30 years before marrying her", is total bollocks.

But it gets better or should that be; it gets worse? You see, not only was Dobby cheating on his wife, Diana, and Camilla cheating on her Husband, Andrew Parker Bowles (A good friend of Dobbys - With friends like that, you don't need enemies,) Dobby was also cheating on Camilla with his son's nanny,

Tiggy Legge-Bourke.

Not that Randy Andy Parker Bowles minded. He has been shagging Dobby's sister Princess Anne on and off throughout her marriages as well as his own.
Moreover, Dobby got the old slapper, Tiggy Legge Bourke pregnant, which ended in abortion. And that's without the rumours of him sodomising his male Valet... But let's give the sexual deviant a few more million quid aye.

Then as the third example that the DM site's as proof that Dirty Dobby doesn't rush into things, the propaganda outlet states;

"he has waited until the eve of his 64th birthday today before letting the world know precisely what sort of a man he is"...

No he hasn't! Nowhere in the article does Big Ears admit to being a 'Fucking lying, hypocritical philanderer'.

But let's look at that claim even closer. He has waited until his 64th birthday to dispel some of the rumours that surround him. Why? That is to say, why didn't he do it on his 50th or even 60th birthday? Why didn't he postpone these revelations until his 65Th birthday? Not that anything of any substance has been revealed or dispelled in the article.

All three of the aforementioned birthdays are much more significant milestones than a 64th birthday. In fact, there is nothing commemorative about a 64th birthday whatsoever. Even the DM say's his decision to open up is "Perplexing", after decades of being mocked for his eccentricities.

Mind you, the DM might be perplexed but I'm certainly not. You see, to be thought of as being eccentric is in fact endearing too many. To be thought of as allegedly being a serial, predatory paedophile, is not so endearing.

It is in fact patently obvious that the man has opened up for no other reason than to try to gain public support. And just like his Father's sickening display on the opening day of the remembrance celebrations, it's transparent, phoney, sickening in the extreme, and hypocritical. The Royal family are well aware that they could be literally days away from a public lynching if they are not extremely careful right now.

Course, I don't doubt for a moment that there will be those who will remain loyal to the Royal family. I often get comments left on my website saying something along the lines of "I'm well hung"... Or is that, "I should be hung"... However, I digress.

Quite how the general public haven't already cottoned on to Charlie is a mystery to me. There can only be one reason why a man would socialise with a known predatory paedophile. And that reason is that man must share the same tendencies. After all, it is inconceivable that Big Ears didn't know Jimmy Savile was a nonce.

So, I will once again repeat what I have said on many occasions over the past month or so: Outwardly, Jimmy Savile and Dobby had absolutely nothing in common. Savile wore loud clothes liked loud music and was outgoing. Dobby wears suits, is stiff as a plank and awkward around people. They should have hated each other, yet their closeness for each other is alarmingly apparent in the many photos that they appear in together.

Mind you, if you watch the video of Louis Theroux meets Jimmy Savile, you will see that Savile comes across as a right prat. Dobby is also a right prat, but that does not explain their closeness.

Dobby was brought up by a Paedophile, his Great Uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten. That is a matter of record. Furthermore, he is continually being linked with paedophiles, typically yesterday (13/11/12) when the paedophile Reverend Peter Ball was arrested. Ball described Dobby as being a 'loyal friend'.

As for the MSM's ridiculous claim that Savile was giving Dobby and Diana marriage guidance! What a crock of old Horse shit that is. For a start, Savile has never been married or even lived with anyone except his Mother. In fact, I cannot recall Savile ever even being romantically linked to anyone. Shagging dead bodies and abusing little boys and girls is far different from being married.

So what the fuck does he know about holding a marriage together. That claim would be on a par with Bob Dylan advising Luciano Pavarotti how to sing Nessun Dorma. And besides, no amount of counselling would have kept the couple together. Charles couldn't stand the woman. Diana said so herself. He couldn't even say he loved her when they announced their engagement without adding, "Errrrrr whatever errrrr love means".

Moreover, if ***Angelfire.com*** *is to be believed, Dobby isn't content to just associate with living paedophiles; he also wants to associate with dead ones:*

Prince Charles is reported to be a full-blown New Age "Twinkie" who works with Ouija boards. He talks to plants and uses séances to communicate with his dead uncle, Lord Mountbatten.

Substitute séances with Satanic Rituals and you are probably somewhere near the truth.
So, within the first two sentences of the DM's article on the Prince, it is obvious where they want to take the reader and just as obvious that you're reading a fairy tale. And so the article continues:

First up is the spectacularly ill-informed notion that at breakfast, seven eggs, each boiled to a different degree of softness, are lined up in front of him so he may choose the one that is exactly the right consistency.
Clarence House now reveals on the Prince's official website that he does no such thing, and never has.

No one would ever have imagined he (or anyone else, for that matter) would do this had it not been included as a 'fact' in the distinguished broadcaster Jeremy Paxman's book On Monarchy, published in 2006.
The information came from 'friends of the prince'. Pointedly, Paxman is the only individual to be explicitly named on the prince's website as being responsible for a canard.

'It's been hung round Paxman's neck like a rotten fish,' says a BBC colleague. And Clarence House has been full of wicked titters this week at Paxman's public dressing down on their website, all the more so in the light of the ferocious interviewer's umbilical link with BBC2's troubled Newsnight programme.
But why has Clarence House waited until now to publish this list of corrections — which they describe as answers to 'frequently asked questions' — to commonly held beliefs about the prince?

The driving force behind the move is said to be the Duchess of Cornwall, who is due to return to London with Charles on Friday after a highly successful visit to Papua New Guinea, Australia

and New Guinea, Australia and New Zealand.
It's natural enough for a woman to become frustrated by so many misleading beliefs about the prince she loves. But the list is curiously, agonisingly incomplete, as we shall see.

Now, in regard to this myth about 7 eggs all boiled to different degrees, all I can do is give a slow shake of my head. MYTH! That's not a fucking myth, even in the context that the DM are using the word.

A Myth taken in that context is the Ex Italian President Silvio Berlusconi having 8 birds lined up outside his bedroom door all waiting their turn to have sex with him. What do we have? Seven fucking boiled eggs... If this wasn't so serious, I would be in fits of hysterical laughter, don't cha know.

Nevertheless, this 'myth', which I have never heard of before, despite the countless hour's that I have spent researching this family of leeches, apparently originated from Jeremy Paxman's 2006 book on the Monarchy... I bet that was a right fucking riveting read, if it was packed with gossip such as that.

Course, whether the claim is true or not, I don't know and to be honest I couldn't give a flying fuck if it is or isn't. Paxman didn't make it up, so the 'myth' had to come from somewhere. In this case, it apparently came from 'friends of the Prince'. And since Paxman's book was written with Palace approval, it adds credence to my earlier claim that eccentric behaviour is endearing to our gullible nation.

Mind you, had I written that book I would have processed the credibility of that scintillating piece of information by first reasoning that while the tight arsed Royals, who continually lobby Parliament for more money, pay their slaves 70 odd pence below the recommended living wage, their Chef's would probably fare a lot better wages wise.

And by the same token, I would have thought that any Chef worth his salt, having ascertained the correct degree of softness that the pampered arsewipe preferred his boiled eggs, would then not have needed telling twice how long to boil them for. So, with that in mind I would have probably dismissed the information as being bollocks.

Nevertheless, the fact of the matter is; the Blue Rinse Brigade loves this type of nonsense. Therefore, I may well have included it in the book myself. Why? Because, it doesn't fucking matter. It's trivial and unimportant.

Yet the DM would still have us believe that the hard nosed Paxman – who once had the MP Michael Howard (Paedophile) squirming in his chair on his TV program 'Newsnight', refusing to let him off the hook until Howard's credibility was in tatters - is dying of shame for being the author of this spellbinding revelation. Get fucking real.

So, having put that 'Myth' to bed, the DM then reveals that it was Camilla's idea to come clean, because she loves her man so much. Course, even if you believed that pathetic explanation, you would then be entitled to ask why it has taken her so long. Big Ears has been lampooned for the 30 years or so that he's been knobbing her. So once again; why now?

Nevertheless, let's also dissect this revelation. I mean it obviously goes without saying, that Dobby and Dobbin are related by blood:

LONDON, April 5 /PRNewswire/ -- Another talking point surrounding the Charles and Camilla

nuptials has been revealed - they are related! Leading genealogists at Ancestry.co.uk have discovered that the heir to the throne and his wife-to-be are cousins. According to the family history experts who have been researching the couple's family trees, Prince Charles and Camilla are ninth cousins once removed. *(Source PR Newswire).*

Now, it was supposedly Dobby's Great Uncle Louis the nonce who put the block on Charles marrying Camilla originally, allegedly because of her age and the fact that she wasn't a virgin... Could also have been jealousy, I suppose. Royal Lawyers take note that last remark was only my own speculation.

However, even though Dobby continued to see Dobbin throughout his marriage to Diana, he didn't love Dobbin enough to stop himself starting an affair with Tiggy the Tigress did he?
Moreover, despite the pair being on tour at the moment, their marriage is a matter of much speculation. Rumours abound, that they are married in name only and that Big Ears can no longer stand the sight of her... I can't say I blame him since neither can I.

Furthermore, it looks highly likely that just prior to Diana's murder, Dobbin was also subject to an assassination attempt. The attempted assassination was allegedly carried out by what is called the 'Boston Brakes,' a technique invented by the CIA and which - according to Sir Ranulph Fiennes - is now used by the SAS.

Now I do deal at length with 'Boston Brakes' in my forthcoming exposé of the Murder of Princess Diana. However, the assassination technique basically involves fitting a parasitic braking system to a car and then overriding the cars on- board computer before steering the car, via remote control into another. And while that might sound like something out of a James Bond film, I can assure you that 'Boston Brakes' does exist.

However, I must stress that this assassination attempt is only speculation, although many experts do believe it to be true. The attempt then is as follows:

While travelling alone on a quiet road, Camilla was involved in an unexplained serious head on car crash. Now under British Law, it is a serious crime to flee the scene of an accident. Nevertheless that is exactly what Dobbin did in running off and hiding in some nearby woods.

Dobbin then called Dobby on her Mobile phone. Dobby in turn then sent his security officers to pick her up and all was well except when Camilla was asked why she had fled the scene of an accident, to which she replied that she had been in fear for her life. Yet since the accident involved only her and another woman, you have to ask yourself why on Earth Dobbin would have been in fear for her life.

Returning now to the Daily Mail's article. Their claim that Dobbin wanted to put the record straight for her serial adulterer husband, just does not ring true or even make sense. However, the article then goes on to say that:

It's natural enough for a woman to become frustrated by so many misleading beliefs about the prince she loves. But the list is curiously, agonisingly incomplete, as we shall see.
'Does the Prince really dislike all modern architecture?' asks the official website.
Clarence House says no. Rather, 'the Prince has been the Patron of several contemporary architects'.

True enough, but his excoriating comments about certain new buildings (he famously described the Sainsbury extension to the National Gallery as a 'carbuncle') have infuriated leading modern architects, some of whom accuse him of ignorance.
Peter (now Baron) Palumbo, who went on to become Chairman of the Arts Council, memorably said: 'I can only say God bless the Prince of Wales, and God save us from his architectural judgment.'

'Does the prince advocate untested and dangerous alternative medical therapies?'
Not at all, says Clarence House. 'The Prince is a keen advocate of integrated health care' and of giving patients 'access to conventional medical treatment (and) proven complementary care and therapy'.
What the website doesn't mention is that the complementary healthcare of which he is most in

favour is homeopathy. Indeed, his charity, the Foundation for Integrated Health, has lobbied for homoeopathic treatments to be made available on the NHS. Many conventional doctors, however, condemn it as quackery.

‘As an environmentalist, why does the Prince of Wales drive around in a Bentley?’
This accusation of hypocrisy is easily quashed. ‘The Prince does not own or choose to drive around in a Bentley. The car is required for some engagements for security reasons and is owned by the Metropolitan police.’
That’s fair, but not the whole truth. Prince Charles is known to prefer using the Bentley because he complains his official car, a Jaguar converted to run on bio-diesel made from used cooking oil, doesn't give him quite enough head room.

And once again, these 'myths' that Charlie is supposedly clearing up are in fact nothing more than tittle tattle of no importance or consequence. Furthermore, how do we know that the Palace is telling the truth anyway? After all, when it comes to honesty, the palace does not have a very good track record does it? Moreover, even the DM begins to question the Palace’s honesty in rebuffing these ‘myths’ that no one except a Royal groupie has ever heard mention of.

Still, let's take a look at the above 'myths' that the Palace has now supposedly cleared up, namely; does Dobby hate all modern Architecture? No says the Clarence House website. Well, says Spivey, who gives a fuck? I would imagine that the Palace is telling the truth on this one. After all, there are hundreds of thousands of examples of modern architecture and so the odds are that even Dobby must like one or two of them.

The next on the list is; ‘Does the prince advocate untested and dangerous alternative medical therapies?’

No, say the Palace. Agreed says Spivey. Why would he? Alternative medicines work and as a general rule cannot be patented. Therefore, there is no money to be made for the pharmaceutical giants. Moreover, Dobby like his Dad the Duck is a Eugenicist and wants us all dead. Remember, more people die from the effects of Chemotherapy, than Chemotherapy cures.

Next up; ‘As an environmentalist, why does the Prince of Wales drive around in a Bentley’? And as you will have seen, there is an answer of sorts that even the DM says is not exactly true but has Something to do with him not having enough head room in his official car. Now while Dobby isn't what you would call tall, his Ears are fucking massive, so, we will give him the benefit of the doubt on that one... Nevertheless, it is unimportant in the grand scheme of things.
The article continues:

‘Will the Duchess become Queen when the Prince becomes King?’

How is that a Myth? As the article, says its self. The answer is the same now as it has always been... Derrrr. However, once again the DM questions the palace’s honesty:

Here, the website is brief and to the point. ‘As was explained at the time of their wedding in April 2005, it is intended that The Duchess will be known as HRH The Princess Consort when The Prince of Wales accedes to The Throne.’
But this ‘intention’ is unlikely to be to put into practice. Charles is resolved that Camilla should be Queen, and most people now believe that this is what she will be.

Not going well really, is it. Next!

'Why does the Duchess have her own home at Raymill House in Wiltshire?'
The official answer is: 'The Duchess likes to spend time with her children and grandchildren at their family home.

Now, I have to tell you, that the following doubts that the DM express in response to the answer given to the above, nearly had me spitting my tea out over the computer screen:

But privately it is murmured by Camilla's friends that the Prince does not like noisy young children disturbing the peace of Highgrove.

See what I mean? Dobby! Not like noisy young children! Hmmm... best leave that one there or I will get arrested.

Nevertheless, children aside, the real reason for the separate homes is in keeping with and supports what I said earlier about Dobby and Dobbin's marriage being in tatters.
The article then makes mention of how dull it all is, which is about the only thing that the propaganda outlet has been honest about:

The questions and answers drone on rather dully covering everything from the prince's tax arrangements, plans for a multi-faith coronation and his large staff which numbers an intriguing '161.1'. How can you have 0.1 of a gardener?

Well, the DM would find those points dull wouldn't it? After all, going into detail about his tax affairs, coronations that will be paid for by the taxpayer and his large number of slaves could be counterproductive to this PR drive. NEXT:

However, some of the most intriguing bits of information for which the prince has been regularly lampooned for years are not addressed at all.

Excellent journalism DM. What are those intriguing bits of information then?

Take the story about his toothpaste.

Yes, yes, go on.

Royal folklore has it that it is squeezed on to his brush for him by his valet. The Clarence House website fails to explain that this really isn't as spoilt as it sounds.
It goes back to 1990 when Charles's valet was the felicitous and 'irreplacable' Michael Fawcett. At the time, the prince needed temporary help because he had broken his right arm falling off his pony when playing polo at Cirencester.
The story about the specimen jar which the valet had to hold particularly steady also dates from this period. The practice was certainly not continued after the Prince had regained the use of his arm.

Fuck me! Is that it? What's next on the list DM?

And then there's the Prince of Wales's lavatory seat. This handy personal device, covered in soft, white kid leather, is said to go everywhere with Charles. Not so ludicrous when you know that the

Prince is very hygiene-conscious.
And there is no mention of the rumour that Charles also travels with his own personal supply of Kleenex Velvet lavatory paper.

I gotta tell you. I'm losing the will to live right now. NEXT?

Nor does Clarence House address the claim that wherever he is in the world he takes his own organic food grown at Highgrove and receives supplies of unpasteurised milk from the royal herd at Windsor.

Well of course, Clarence House wouldn't address the issue of food. Obviously, Elephant Ears takes his own grub with him when he fucks off on his free jaunts. The stuff we have to eat gives you fucking cancer. Don't bring these points up if you are not going to provide the answers. Bad journalism DM. NEXT?

Also missing is the information given whenever the Prince stays at a country house. When staying somewhere for the first time, his hostess is issued with a list of relevant information about their guest of honour.

Likes: anything organic, soft-boiled eggs, wild mushrooms, fish, game, pasta, ice-cream, soft cheese, Laphroaig whisky and dry Martini (mixed the princely way, three parts gin to one part Martini).

Dislikes: large portions, overcooked vegetables, coffee, chocolate, nuts, garlic, curry, chillies, pork, oysters and blue cheese.

Fuck off with this shit. These are not revelations or Myths. Even B list Celebs send this kind of list. I certainly would not have any objection to him sending an advanced list of likes and dislikes. You see what the DM did there. They made it seem as if they were rebuking the Palace for failing to address the questions 'we all want answers for'. Are we interested if the Prince sends such a list? Are we bollocks. It wasn't even worth mentioning. Bad DM, bad, NEXT?

But what is most surprisingly absent from the 'frequently asked questions' is the most contentious area of Prince Charles's life — his tendency to meddle in government business.

Nowhere will you find a question asking why the Prince devotes so much time to the 'black spider' letters with which he bombards government ministers, and yet this is an issue which continues to interest both politicians and the public.

Many critics feel the prince went too far and overstepped the constitutional boundaries of his legitimate concern in effectively lobbying ministers over issues such as foxhunting, foot-and-mouth disease and the reform of the House of Lords.
Only last month the Attorney General, Dominic Grieve, overruled the High Court in order to block the release of a series of 'particularly frank' exchanges between Charles and certain ministers. Grieve did so because he believed publication could affect the Prince's future 'kingship'.

Where is the question on the Clarence House website enquiring 'Does the Prince meddle unduly in government affairs?'? All that is offered by way of information from Clarence House about his relationship with government is to say that it is a convention for him to be asked by Parliament to

consent to Bills which affect the Duchy of Cornwall.

Several of the questions are about the Prince's expenditure. Does The Prince of Wales pay tax? Why doesn't the Duchy of Cornwall pay corporation tax? Is it true that Members of the Royal Family sometimes spend thousands of pounds to make day trips for single events?

Clarence House has gone out of its way to point out that Charles 'pays income tax at the 50 per cent rate on his income from the Duchy of Cornwall' and his taxes 'are checked by the Inland Revenue like anyone else'.
What it doesn't say is that his income from the Duchy last year was £18.3 million on which he paid £4.5 million in tax.

I will now say it again. Well of course these things won't be addressed. The twat's not going to admit that he's ripping us off or that he has influence over parliamentary decisions is he? Is that it for this ludicrous MSM article ? Please let the answer be yes, please let the answer be yes.

No doubt the illuminating new information has been published to do away with the absurd idea that the Prince of Wales is both lavish and eccentric.

Fuck me, it wasn't the end.

So, has it succeeded?

At last, a good(ish) question, which I shall answer seriously.

And that answer is: You never know with the notoriously gullible British public. Most people reading this know exactly what the Royal family are and as such do not need to be put straight. The trouble with dangerous misleading articles like this one in the Daily Mail is that they could just be enough to appease those who are beginning to have their doubts about the integrity of the Royal Family. And that I'm afraid to say could be all it takes to keep the hinges on the establishments doors intact.

Until the next time,
Much love,
Chris.

Chapter 8
THE TIME FOR CHANGE IS NOW. IT COULD BE THE LAST CHANCE WE GET

There was I, half listening to the news at 10 last night, when surprise, surprise, who should turn up in a ‘news’ item but None other than Queen Bizzy Lizzy and her obnoxious husband the Duck of Edinburgh.

Now obviously, those of you who have been following this website over the last month will know that I’ve been documenting the way that our Royal parasites have been monopolising the establishment controlled MSM, in a PR drive to convince the Nation that they are not the monsters that some of us are making them out to be.

Course, this PR drive is crucial since the in-breeds know that slowly but surely, people are coming to realise that the Royal facade that they present to the still largely gullible general public is nowhere near the reality of what takes place behind closed doors.

So, what were they doing that was so newsworthy last night? ... Well it seems that the odd couple attended the Royal Variety Performance. Not exactly the kind of stuff that a major news channel should be broadcasting when you take into account the high number of much more newsworthy items that were totally ignored.

Still we were told some old bollocks about how much the queen enjoys these shows. Then we were treated to a video clip of various members of the parasites who had blessed the theatre with their presence in the past. How informative. For instance, I now know that the first RVP took place in 1912 and was attended by King George, the half Kraut and his wife Queen Mary, the full Kraut.

I also now know that this was the 36th time that the queen and her hubby have attended... Hmmm, she doesn’t enjoy the RVP that much then since she’s been in the hot seat for 60 years. I also see that today's sycophant newspapers are also promoting this RVP old shit... Or should that be ‘these old shits’.

Nevertheless, I am now starting to believe that the harder they try to get back into the nations good books, the less credible they actually become. I mean it goes without saying that the Royal halfwits have brought this upon themselves. Indeed, you would have thought that with their level of education they would be smart enough to work out that you cannot socialise with convicted sex offenders and paedophiles and not expect people to question why.

Course, once you start asking that question you are left no choice but to conclude the answer is that they are themselves sexual deviants and paedophiles. In fact I have already documented quite a large assortment of evidence in various other articles to suggest that the Royal perverts are indeed child abusing abominations. Birds of a feather, really do flock together, don't cha know.

Yet for every occasion in recent weeks that these monsters have appeared on the news and in the papers in an attempt to hoodwink the nation and thus stave off a public lynching - *which is entirely possible when enough people finally realise what the sick fucks really get up to* – a new wealth of information drops at my feet to reinforce the sheer depth of their depravity.

For instance, I have today been reading a transcript of the **Hallett Report number 1**. Greg Hallett is a New Zealand investigative journalist who has exposed wide spread corruption and paedophilia within the New Zealand government.
And the fact that the New Zealand government's corruption worms itself right the way down to all government departments and offshoots comes as no surprise to me. After all, the same is true in England and just about every other sovereign nation in the world.
Course, Greg Hallett doesn't just confine his work to the New Zealand government. For in the course of his investigations, he has in fact uncovered a minefield of information implicating Our Royal family in all manner of skulduggery. Not that you have to dig too deep to uncover some skulduggery involving those reprobates. However, the skulduggery that Greg has uncovered is a bit special.

In fact, whereas I have only (non-too) subtly inferred that the Duck is an out and out paedophile, Greg has come right out and said it.
Course, the fact that Greg's extensive investigations led him to uncovering the involvement of the royal in-breed's is hardly surprising, being as the Queen of England is also the Queen of New Zealand.

The following are extracts taken from the transcripts of the Hallett Report number 1. And do bear in mind that it is a conversation transcript as opposed to a written piece:

"The person who collected the sexual secrets on New Zealand is the same person who became the Prime Minister – Helen Clark.
She collected the sexual secrets from the seventies and sold them to a Russian intelligence agent called Valentin Putin. He had two body doubles, also living in Wellington between 1980 and 82, and they were called Alexander Putin, Valentin Putin and Alexia Putin. Valentin Putin is Vladimir Putin.

Helen Clark collected the sexual secrets of New Zealand's politicians, lawyers, judges, mayors, gave them Valentin Putin, and he used them to create and govern New Zealand as a communist mafia dictatorship, that would do absolutely anything that it could to cover up its sexual shame.

So along with publishing the sexual secrets of New Zealand's notoriety I also published the names of the security intelligence services and their addresses.
Two weeks before I published, the same agency changed the law, so that it was legal to do so, so I was getting help from the inside.

One of the things I discovered about New Zealand is, that it is a 'Paedophile Movement Fronting as a Country', and New Zealand's main import and export, apart from dairy, maybe, is heroin. More recently that has been taken over with methamphetamine.

I also found that the heroin deals were being done during and just after the royal visits, and that the

principle heroin trafficker is 'The Black Prince' – Prince Philip – along with his wife Queen Elizabeth and the now deceased Queen Juliana of Holland and her husband Prince Bernhard.

Those who supplied children for paedophilia to Prince Philip were invited into the heroin trafficking ring. The heroin was then sent from South America in Phillips light tubes to Waihi, where they were taken out of the boxes, broken open and the heroin was taken out of the fluorescent light tubes, and the boxes were sent back to Holland, as a stock take of the amount of heroin that had gotten through.

On the 27th of June 1979, two lawyers, Peter Williams, who became Peter Williams QC, and his business partner Eb Leary, later convicted twice, sold the house to the heroin trafficker Terry Clark.

On the 3rd of October 1979 the heroin trafficker Terry Clark sold that house to two Detective Inspectors of the New Zealand Police – they were Detective Inspector John Rex Hughes and Detective Inspector Ian Hastings, who was known as "Hastio", and is now, well, he took over from Terry Clark's heroin trafficking in 1980, and Detective Inspector Ian Hastings then ran casinos, and he used that to launder methamphetamine money. He is known as "Hastio" on the street.

Helen Clark had been a Tavistock, St. Petersburg gang-bang prostitute.
She came back to New Zealand wanting to become an MP, but everybody knew that she was a lesbian. She was in a relationship with Judith Tizard. So Judith Tizard's mother became the wedding celebrant, and Helen Clark married Peter Davis. Peter Davis is a known homosexual and child sex abuser. He was on the police list of those who needed cover.

So Helen Clark, lesbian and paedophile of a ten-year-old Vietnamese girl in Vietnam in late 2002, she married Peter Davis for cover, and became an MP. And because she had supplied the sexual secrets of New Zealand's notoriety to Vladimir Putin, they both became the leaders of their country at the same time.

Helen Clark became the Prime Minister of New Zealand on the 6th of December 1999 and Vladimir Putin became the President of Russia on the 31st of December 1999…

... On the 27th of August 1979, Lord Louis Mountbatten was blown up in his boat. Now Lord Louis Mountbatten was part of the 'Triumvirate', which was the heroin trafficking ring run by Prince Philip. Also by Lord Porchester, Prince Andrew's father, and Lord Plunket, who died in 1975, and that's Prince Edward's father.

And with Lord Plunket dying, Lord Louis Mountbatten was invited into the heroin trafficking ring, and he qualified, because he was already compromised, because he is a long standing paedophile, and Lord Louis Mountbatten considered the mentor-ship of his nephews and grand nephews to be the same as sodomy.

The first man to escape out of Colditz, first or second, Airey Neave, who was a lawyer and British MP, a man of note and influence, and Margaret Thatcher's bondage lover.
Peter William's QC is Prince Philip's agent in New Zealand. Prince Philip's wife owns the Court buildings and owns the Judiciary.

He (Airey Neave) was trying to clean up the heroin trafficking ring and he got to Lord Louis Mountbatten. So Lord Louis Mountbatten was on a target list of Prince Philip's to be killed. And it looks like Prince Philip gave the £2 million pounds to the mafia, who gave it to Peter Williams, who

found it in a suitcase on his hotel bed, and then went around eliminating those who could jeopardise his case.

(Irish voice: "I tell you, it's like what happened to the world over the last twenty or thirty years: Greed, greed & more fucking greed, & cheap money, & in Ireland, it is a tragedy what happened.)

When I exposed Peter Williams QC as being in charge of paedophilia in New Zealand, being in charge of heroin trafficking in New Zealand, and his partner being in charge of Methamphetamine trafficking in New Zealand, a Police Inspector called Winston West, who was in a full motorcycle suit, helmet, on a motorcycle, came alongside of the car I was in, which was a very small Honda Civic, jumped on the bonnet, ripped the wiper blade and arm right off the car, and he ripped the rear vision mirror right of the car, and then fell on the ground with his arms and legs in the air, like a dog wanting to get patted.

There were two detectives here, two there, two there. Two minutes later an ambulance turned up, picked him up, took him to the hospital. No police chased me, nothing. It was just Peter Williams saying he had total control over the police doing any hits that he wanted."

You can read the Hallett report in full here: http://www.theworldoftruth.net/HallettReport/No1.html
Course, some of the information contained in the above confirms and adds further credibility to my article **Monsters Inc**, in particular the parentage of the paedophile Prince Andrew and the throwback Prince Ed the ball.

As for anyone having trouble getting their heads around our Royal family being drug dealers on a massive scale... Why are you? Our oh so (dis) honourable Royal family made an absolute fortune dealing opium to the Chinese in the 18th and 19th centuries as they also did with their investments in the Black slave trade. Those are documented facts. Therefore, do you really believe that a couple of hundred years down the line the proverbial leopards have changed their spots? Course they haven't. They are as corrupt now as they were then.

In fact the golden rule is to always remember that the Royal family are steeped in tradition: **a belief, principle or way of acting which people in a particular society or group have continued to follow for a long time, or all of these beliefs, etc. in a particular society or group** (source: Cambridge on-line dictionary)

Course, if you're still not convinced just ask yourself why there is more Heroin coming out of Afghanistan now than there ever was under the Taliban. In fact, there is more Heroin coming out of Afghanistan than there ever has been, full stop. Maybe it's because all those UK and US spy satellites can pinpoint people but not acres upon acres of poppy fields... Nah.

Or... It could be to do with the fact that the vast profits being made are helping to underpin the British and US economies... And making a few people extremely rich at the same time... Yeah.

The Hallett Report also makes mention of the Dutch Royal family. Course; as I have said many times, the British Royal family are the German Royal Family are the Dutch Royal family etc, etc. Or as our esteemed former Prime Minister, David Cameron, a true pillar of society – *or should that be Pillock of society* – is so fond of saying; "*we're all in this together*".

Nowadays it is Queen Juliana's eldest daughter Queen Beatrix who is the head of the Dutch Royal family. Beatrix is also a regular attendee at the secretive NWO Bilderberg meetings. However, for the

benefit of anyone who doubts that the Royal In-breeds are all related, try this for size:

Queen Beatrix and Queen Elizabeth are both descendants of Stadtholder prince William IV of the Netherlands and Anna of Hannover (who was a daughter of King George II of Great Britain and Ireland). Queen Beatrix through his son Prince William V, and Queen Elizabeth through his daughter Princess Carolina, who was a great-great mother of Queen Mary, Queen consort to King George V of the United Kingdom.

I do believe that there are also other permutations, with some historians having the two women as closely related as 3rd cousins, while others have them down as 5th cousins.
However, before we leave the family tree, let's have a quick look at the average Royal lifespan since the 1700's.

You see, throughout the 18th century the Royal families lifespan appears to have been around 60-65 years old. And throughout the same period, the average lifespan of an Englishman was 36-37 years old.

In the 19th Century, the average Royal lifespan appears to have been around 75-80 years old but once again, in comparison the average Englishman lived to about 40-43 years of age throughout the same period.

The first half of the 20th century saw the Royal life expectancy rise to around 85-90 years old yet your average Englishman however, was still only knocking up around 45-49 years before popping his Clogs... See how we are discussing the Dutch Royal family and I cleverly brought Clogs into play there? You don't get that clever shit in the MSM, don't cha know... But I digress... As usual.

Since the 1950's, things have been looking up for us English peasants. We now get to live up until we are around 77 years old... Although, I have no doubts that to your average 77 year old, it seems as though it's been a lot fucking longer.
Having said that, I should point out that the Queer Mother, despite being a chronic alcoholic didn't kick the bucket until she was 101 years old - Just one of the 3 Royals in total who lived to be over 100 years old and made it into the 21st century.

Meanwhile, at 92 years old our sour faced bizzy lizzy is over a decade ahead of our average life expectancy, and still scowling for England like there's no tomorrow.
As for the Duck, well, despite his dodgy plumbing (Probably fitted by an Indian), he has clocked up 97 years and is still driving everyone quackers. In fact he is the 27th Royal family member to clock up at least 95 years since 1900 AD... Just saying.

Moreover, there can of course be no doubt that this elite paedophile cesspit is a worldwide thing. It is absolutely massive, far, far bigger than most people ever imagine. Mind you, that isn't saying much since many people here in the UK are that preoccupied with their own little world, that they are still under the impression that it is just a BBC thing.

In fact an excellent article that goes a long way to linking these royal families and political cabals together can be found here: http://simianpress.com/tag/high-ranking-officials/ The following is the first part of that article:

The Grand Royale Paedophile Network is being Exposed - politicians, judges, high ranking officials, Vatican Priests, Jesuits, Opus Dei, bankers, Brussels UN elected beaurocrats, global royal families : from Amsterdam to Brussels to London to Jersey to Saudi Arabia to the USA……and worldwide this

is the biggest abuse scandal in our history. The very same people who are now creating Fascist Austerity on the world population, the very same people who continue to push NATO and global wars through their proxies.

Using their digital networks like O2/Telefonica plans 'big data' arm to sell children's details against their will. Facebook who also plan to sell there user's details including the details of children. The very same group who consider themselves above the law and in fact have their own law are now exposed for who they really are. Mainstream news like the BBC was caught trying to cover this up (which is a criminal offence) but the floodgates are open worldwide. Recent accusations of the children's entertainer Jimmy Savile are just the tip of the iceberg. The BBC is being shaken to its core by an enormous sex abuse scandal.

Sir Jimmy certainly fixed it for his friends to be introduced to quite some children. Many of whom mysteriously died after giving evidence. BBC covered up Jimmy Savile's child abuse because he was friends with Prince Charles, claims veteran broadcaster Bill Oddie. The trail of blackmail, murder, abuse and corruption leads to the darkest ever crimes against humanity we have ever seen.

The Royal paedophile network in Holland is managed by Joris Demmink (arrestdemmink.com) and others in his network. Demmink is the head of the Dutch judicial System and has received a ribbon from the Dutch Queen for service to the state. The head of all the judges and prosecution services connected directly to the Queen of the Netherlands…! Demmink's speciality was child cases. Think about it, how better to cover up and deflect the reality of this horror but in Amsterdam, (Mecca of Child trafficking) by having a paedophile in charge.

Greed, power and sodomy and systemic rape of children by Royals and Rothschild elite's worldwide using the Talmudic practices of paedophilia and abuse in high ranking Masonic and freemasonic lodge venues. On the other side of the pond we have the Jimmy Savile case set to explode in all directions. Sir Jimmy, (OBE, KCSG) had a cottage in Glencoe, Scotland, frequented by guests like Prince Charles and government ministers.

Sir Jimmy was also a regular at Checkers during Thatcher's reign. He was also given key and special access to the children's ward – Stoke Mandeville Hospital near Aylesbury, Leeds General Infirmary, and Broadmoor Hospital in Berkshire. Jimmy even made friends with The Yorkshire Ripper, Peter Sutcliffe…..!!!!!

Only someone high enough in the criminal prosecution service could have given all this access to all areas for Sir Jimmy to do his grooming for his friends of (in some cases mentally ill) children. In 2007, Savile was interviewed under caution by police investigating an allegation of indecent assault in the 1970s at the now-closed Duncroft Approved School for Girls near Staines, Surrey, where he was a regular visitor.

The Crown Prosecution Service advised there was insufficient evidence to take any further action and no charges were brought. This inquiry was set up and killed by William Hague. The GLOBAL CHILD TRAFFICKING - UN and Corporate Operation and COVER-UPS continue, through the Vatican, the UN, the NATO, military operations, Islamic Paedophile rings, and Dyncore "humanitarian missions".

From the UN, NATO, Corporations, Ministers, Priests, Police Chiefs, Judges, Bankers, Doctors, CEO's, Royals…….all Masonic and FreeMasonic members of Zionist bloodline Brotherhood, sworn to protect each other despite their criminal and financial activities. How Evelyn Rothschild controls

the Middle East. "Just tell them gods wills it and they will go along with anything".

Course, if you really want to research for yourselves how these interconnecting networks have pretty much got the world sewn up, then you need look no further than David Icke's book '**The Biggest secret**'... However, be prepared to read it with a slack jaw because it is an entirely plausible, extremely well researched, albeit very shocking masterpiece.

Now I am well aware that many closed minded people roll their eyes when David Ickes name is mentioned, but it is those very same people who also believe the old bollocks printed in the mainstream media.

If these people would only take a moment or two to listen to how many things David has been right about, they may not be so quick to dismiss him as being away with the fairies. Mind you, I am of the opinion that the MSM would have you believe that far more people think David Icke to be a nutter than those who actually do. You only need look at his sell out Wembley Arena appearance to realise that. After all, people don't pay good money to sit 10 hours listening to a nutter drone on.

David was also one of the first, if not the first to actually publicly 'out' Jimmy Savile as a paedophile. And, like I keep saying; why were the Royal family so close to Savile when they must have known about his sexual preferences?

Interestingly enough, just today, I came upon another extract from Savile's 1974 autobiography 'Love is an uphill struggle' which reads:

"With Angus Ogilvy and his super missus Princess Alexandra one feels a great friendship from the off. I am the vice-president to his presidency of the National Association of Youth Clubs and he is often down with us at headquarters in Devonshire Street, wanting to know what's happening. Princess Alex is a patron of a hostel for girls in care. At this place I'm a cross between a term-time boyfriend and a fixer of special trips out."

Now, you can make of that passage, what you will, but I think we all know now what Savile's "special trips" consisted of.

Overall, I find it hard to believe that by and large we still afford this malevolent family respect and allow them to 'reign' over us. Personally, I afford them no respect whatsoever. They certainly do not deserve any.

They have contributed nothing but taken much, although there are still plenty of mind controlled drum bangers to be found who still trot out the familiar much used mantra, "*They bring a lot of money into the country in the form of tourism*". I will not even dignify that pathetic mantra with an answer. All I will say to those who are fond of spouting that old bollocks is; do ya fuckin' homework instead of just accepting things at face value.

You certainly know that you live in an arse about face, fucked up country, when you have thousands of people standing for hours in the pouring rain, just so as they can wave little plastic flags at a family of evil, greedy, parasitic, inbred paedophiles who are rich enough to end world poverty and still never have to do another days work in their lives.

Yet these sycophants wave and cheer and the truth is that the very people they are paying homage to can't fucking stand them. They want us all dead. Well at least the vast majority of us anyway. And that

fortune that the money hoarding yokels sit on, while continuing to lobby for more, was accumulated through the suffering of millions upon millions of people. Moreover, that misery and suffering continues today.

And again, you know you live in an arse about face, fucked up country where you have an elected government made up of paedophiles that are just as evil, corrupt, and parasitic as the abominations that live in the palaces.

A government who will pursue a honest working man for everything he's worth until he has nothing left, just for the sake of a few hundred pounds he owes in tax money. Look how the hypocrite Cameron publicly lambasted the comedian Jimmy Carr. Yet the very same government will stay silent and let their corporate masters get away with evading tax to the tune of a whopping £25 Billion a year... Imagine the good that, that money could be used for?
In fact, let's be quite clear on this. People are now beginning to starve in this country or being forced to live on cheap processed, cancer giving food, devoid of all nutrients. And all because of the governments fraudulent, corrupt and largely unnecessary policies. But, so as the still largely apathetic nation doesn't cotton on to the misery being imposed on the poor, they convince the middle classes – *whom as of yet are reasonably unaffected by the severe austerity measures* - that those most in need of help are spongers, layabouts and "Wanting something for nothing".

Meanwhile, the greedy bastards in parliament get us mugs, the ones they are ripping off, including the hundreds of thousands living in poverty, to pay for their 2nd homes and furnishings. And we allow them to get away with it... Total insanity.
Forty years ago, the poorest paid worker could still afford to have his wife stay at home and look after the kids – a proper family life. Now people are struggling to make ends meet on two incomes... And they call this progress.

So why have living standards declined so much?
Well basically because our corrupt government are continually implementing new, unnecessary measures designed to make us work harder, for longer, for less, while at the same time allowing the Banksters to purposely fuck up the economy.

We are then told that further cutbacks are necessary in order to reduce the national debt, that was run up – *quite unnecessarily* - by the government and which doesn't actually exist in reality anyway. It is a non existent debt that can never be paid off and which continues to rise - *despite the strict austerity measures put in place* – because of a fraudulent banking system which our odious chancellor, Gideon *'I've paid for a standard train ticket so as I can travel 1st class'* Osbourne subscribes too. It has to stop.

But what really gets my goat at this present moment in time is that the government or ex government Paedophiles - *Dirty nonce's that gang rape children some no older than 3 or 4 years old, or force them to have sex with animals before often killing them for the purposes of Snuff Movies, Satanic ritual, or a sexual thrill* - are rewarded with taxpayers money for not being publicly named.

While at the same time, the people who do name the nonce's are risking their lives, assets and/or liberty in an effort to put a stop to anymore kids enduring that kind of hell... I can't find the words to adequately describe how I feel about these smug nonces. One of whom was Lord Alistair McAlpine. But you really do have to question the sanity, morality and integrity of a government that protects child molesters while branding the people trying to put a stop to the abuse as the bad guys. That is fucked up people, proper fucked up and has to be stopped.

Attitudes need to change and change quick. As it stands, these monsters are above the law and that is a crime in itself. That they are is a great cause of concern to me. The law is supposedly for everyone, not just for us ordinary Joe's to abide by. And that is why the people of this country now have to grow a backbone and demand an official police investigation into the Royal family's activities.

The same must be demanded for a proper investigation into the government's role in this unfolding sewer network and extend right the way back to previous governments. I'm not interested in investigating dead people. They are gone and cannot be tried. It is those still living that I want to see on trial. People like Tony Blair who has already been found guilty of War Crimes and should by rights be in prison.

Instead, the Cunt is walking the streets telling anyone who will listen that he still has a role to play in politics. His kind of politics maybe, but certainly not my kind, the sick fuck.

This kind of insanity has to stop and the only way to do that is through people power. However, since the police top brass are just as corrupt and just as involved in paedophillia, murder, drug dealing, and theft, as those they would be investigating, I would suggest that the investigation be an open one, monitored by a select number of well informed, intelligent, upstanding members of the general public who have a high degree of integrity and will not allow themselves to be manipulated.

Nothing must be off limits to this select committee.
Before those investigations are commenced, Freemasonry and any other such secret societies need to be outlawed forthwith and it be passed into law, hence forth that it be a serious crime to belong to one. We don't need them. They are evil and benefit no one except the elites. In fact, to quote John Kennedy ***"The very word 'secrecy' is repugnant in a free and open society and we are as a people inherently and historically opposed to secret societies, to secret oaths, and to secret proceedings".*** Yet half a century later, these secret societies are more powerful than ever.

Demanding these things of an elected government put in power by ourselves in order to protect our interests is not Pie in the sky. The government supposedly work for us, not vice versa although somewhere along the line, the switch has been allowed to happen.
These are not unreasonable demands. They are however; necessary demands, which need carrying out to put a stop to this abhorrent practice of paedophilia. At least in this country anyway. And, as far as I can see the only people who could possibly object are those who have something to hide.

It is no good saying, "*ah yes but there are procedures to follow*" and "*the law needs to be adhered to*". It's time for new procedures. As for the law, that is made by those to whom it serves best. It is now time to turn the tables. The law doesn't work, never has, and never will because it is so heavily weighted against the common man. We need to revert back to common law. The only law that the Police swear to uphold... And before I get a flood of comments from text book, would be lawyers, you all know what I am talking about.

In fact it is time for major, major change in this country and ultimately the world. To now let the can of worms that Savile's death opened up, be buried underneath a mountain of corrupt laws, bureaucracy and a white wash investigation will most certainly be the end game for all of us. Let us not forego this opportunity to redress the balance of power. We are unlikely to ever get another chance.

I will sign off with some further information about our Nob-le Queen, sent to me by a Mr John Martin. I would also like to thank Joy Gwillym for her support and detective work.

1.Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Battenberg's Fraudulent Coronation.
A. The person who purports to be the queen has never, in fact, rightfully or Lawfully been crowned as the Sovereign. This knowledge stems from the fact that the Coronation Stone / The Stone of Destiny / Bethel / Jacob's Pillar that Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Battenberg was crowned upon is a fake. The real Coronation Stone; made from Bethel porphyry, weighing more than 4cwt. (458lbs.) according to the BBC telex in the film "The Coronation Stone", (Covenant Recordings), and Ian R.Hamilton Q.C. in three of his books: "No Stone Unturned" (pages 36, 44), "A Touch of Treason"(page 50) and "The Taking of The Stone of Destiny" (pages 27, 35); was removed from WestminsterAbbey at 04:00 hrs on the 25th of December in 1950, by his group of four Scottish Nationalist students, which included and was led by Ian Robertson Hamilton himself. The other three were Alan Stuart, Gavin Vernon and Kay Matheson, as stated in his books. Further details at: http://jahtruth.net/stone.htm .

2. The real Coronation Stone ("National Treasure No. 1"), was taken to Scotland where, in Glasgow, it was handed over to Bertie Gray to repair it, and was later hidden by industrialist and philanthropist John Rollo in his factory, under his office-floor, according to Ian R. Hamilton's books – "No Stone Unturned" and "The Taking of The Stone of Destiny", and the factory-manager.

3. A fake stone copy had previously been made in 1920 by stone-mason, Bertie Gray, for a prior plan to repatriate the Coronation Stone, and it was made of Scottish sandstone from a quarry near Scone in Perthshire, weighing 3cwt. (336lbs.). The conspirators had used it to practice with, before going to London to Westminster Abbey to remove the real Coronation Stone from the abbey. It was that fake stone copy which was placed on the High Altar Stone at Arbroath Abbey, at Midday on the 11th April of 1951, wrapped in a Scottish Saltyre (St. Andrew's Flag – Dark blue with white diagonal cross on it) and found by the authorities, then transported to England, where it was used for the "queen's"
coronation, according to Bertie Gray's children in a Daily Record Newspaper article.
http://www.dailyrecord.co.uk/news/uk-world-news/2008/06/29/exclusive-our-dad-fakedstone-of-destiny-claim-family-of-stonemason-who-repaired-relic-78057-20624793/
4. The stone upon which Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Battenberg was crowned weighs exactly 3cwt (336lbs.) as attested to by Historic Scotland in their official booklet titled "The Stone of Destiny", "Symbol of Nationhood", obtainable from Edinburgh Castle, published by Historic Scotland, (ISBN1 900168 44 8), who have had the stone that she was crowned on in their care, in Edinburgh Castle, since it was returned to Scotland by John Major's Conservative government in 1996.

5. As previously stated, the genuine Coronation Stone weighs more than 4 cwt. (458lbs.), but the one that Elizabeth A. M. Battenberg was crowned on, that has been on display in Edinburgh Castle since 1996, weighs 336lbs, not 458lbs., and thus cannot be the genuine Coronation Stone. Therefore, never having been Lawfully crowned, she has NO authority
(B). Some of Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Battenberg's other Crimes.
Sample Crimes/Points of Law:-

1. Mrs. Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Battenberg/Mountbatten; un-Lawfully residing in Buckingham Palace, London; also known by the criminal aliases Windsor and QE2, was knowingly and willfully, with malice-aforethought, fraudulently crowned on a fake Coronation Stone / Lia Fail / Stone of Destiny / Bethel / Jacob's Pillar on June 2nd in 1953, and has been fraudulently masquerading as the rightful British Sovereign/Crown for the last 58 years, which the Defendant can prove beyond doubt. It is Mrs. Elizabeth A. M. Battenberg who should be arrested and charged; for her innumerable acts of high treason
against God and Christ, Whose church she falsely claims to head and in defiance of Whom she had

herself fraudulently crowned, and Whom she has continued to rule in defiance of, and in opposition to, ever since; not the Defendant.
2. Allowing people to legislate in defiance of God's Law (Deuteronomy 4:2, 12:32) that she swore and affirmed, in writing, to maintain to the utmost of her power (Exhibit 1), and, in many cases, actually reversing what The Law states into being the very opposite of it. She has fraudulently imprisoned and punished people for enforcing The Law themselves as God commands them to do, and thus un-Lawfully prevented or deterred others from doing so. She has given Royal-Assent to 3,401 Acts of Parliament (as of 24/03/2011) and thus broken The Law against legislating 3,401 times. The very first time she gave "Royal-Assent" to ANY "Act of Parliament", or any other piece of legislation, or allowed Parliament or anyone to legislate; she broke her Coronation Oath and was thus no longer the monarch, with immediate effect, even if she had been Lawfully crowned in the first-place, which she most definitely was not.

Chapter 9
WHY THE PAEDOPHILE POLITICIANS & ROYAL FAMILY WANT TO SILENCE THE ALTERNATIVE MEDIA

Whilst Friday the 21st of December 2012 may not have seen the end of the world, it is fair to say that the date came as a disaster for an awful lot of paedophiles. This disaster came about after I received an Email which contained a link to a child porn website.

The author of the Email - *who out of fear of reprisals wishes to remain anonymous* - was sickened, not only by the fact that the vile site existed; but also by the fact that it was easily accessible via Twitter - A sentiment that I was in total agreement with.

Now according to my source, he found it necessary to Email me only after first contacting the **Daily Mirror Newspaper** about the sicko website. Moreover, during the course of reading the Email I learned that this child

porn website has a foothold in the UK, USA, Brazil, and Germany. However, the fact that my Source first chose to contact the Daily Mirror turns out to be quite fucking ironic as you shall see if you take the time to finish reading this report. So, just for the record the following is a copy and paste of what my Source told me in his Email about that contact with the newspaper:

"I contacted the mirror to see if they were interested in busting a paedo net, they were then said i should contact the old bill, im not keen on that as from what i see they all swim in the same sludge. Anyway the (sic) ***took my phone number have a chat with lawyers*** (sic) ***and get back to me. Im not holding my breath".***

Funnily enough, although that is to say it would be if it wasn't so fucking serious, I am also in contact with someone who is due to give a statement to detectives... Don't fucking start again. I take your point but that is still their job description... from Operation Pallial, the police investigation into the historic child abuse that took place in children's homes such as the Bryn Estyn. Here is what he told me in one of his communications:

"I am about to make a statement to Operation Pallial, they have cancelled twice so who knows eh? Obviously I will not be giving the Police the full story as they are as crooked as the rest, especially the lot here in North Wales eh?"

Notice the similarities between the two messages? Course, the fact that these two sources of information have no faith in the Old Bill comes as no surprise to me whatsoever because the Police top brass are just as involved in this cesspit of paedophilia as the Government and Royal family are. However, I digress.

Now the child porn website in question had a layout similar to that of the social network website, Tumblr and appeared to consist of photos showing naked girls whom I would estimate as being between the ages of 11 - 15. Even more disturbing, was the fact that approximately half the photos I saw were of a professional standard and taken in studio like settings. From that website, I was then able to access links to other paedophile sites.

One of these websites had abhorrent, professionally taken photos of young girls and boys whom I would estimate as being between the age of 5-7. All the children appeared to be in various states of undress and all were photographed in provocative poses (legs splayed etc).

So, unsure of where best to report these websites, I passed the information onto Chris Wittwer whose website http://chris-ukorg.org/ specialises in exposing paedophiles. Chris in turn reported the sites to the Police Paedophile Unit and the Internet Watch Foundation - http://www.iwf.org.uk/ However, when both failed to respond - *the police obviously being far too busy investigating a jape that led to a suicide as well as whitewashing Operation Yewtree* - Chris engaged the services of a group of 'Hackers', who were able to gain access into the sites data and users personal information. That info was then passed on to the police.
Here is what Chris Wittwer said about the Hackers on his Facebook page:
Well done to the lads who hacked and destroyed hundreds of child abuse websites & twitter accounts this weekend. It was a education watching you all locking in and destroying them !!! Lots of intelligence gained and arrests to follow soon.
All in all then, a good weekends work and kinda makes you wonder why the Cunt Cameron wants to silence us here in the AM, doesn't it? Nevertheless, the closing down of these horrific websites has been reported by one newspaper in the MSM. And that newspaper was... The fucking Daily Mirror. You really couldn't make this shit up, don't cha know.
Course, I would like to think that the above good news goes some way to reassuring all those of you who send me information, that I do take everything that I am sent seriously and act on it accordingly. However, I do have to check that the information you send me is accurate - which obviously takes time. This has resulted in some senders believing that I am not interested in using their information. I can assure those who do think that to be the case; that nothing could be further from the truth. Keep the information coming, no matter how trivial you think it may be.
Finally, before you read the aforementioned article from the Daily Mirror, I will just take this opportunity to wish all my readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Let 2013 be the year that we put the Great back into Britain. Lets go to fuckin' war.
Much love,
Chris

Chapter 10

Twitter child abuse accounts closed after hackers expose content

The Daily Mirror.

AT LEAST SIX ACCOUNTS WERE DISABLED AFTER BEING FOUND TO CONTAIN DISTURBING IMAGES

A string of Twitter accounts have been closed after they were revealed to contain disturbing images of child abuse.
The graphic pictures were apparently made public late last night after hacking groups claimed to have broken into the private accounts to expose their indecent content, the NSPCC said.

The charity said it received a "flurry" of reports overnight relating to at least half a dozen Twitter accounts which were later disabled.
They will now be investigated in the US, where the micro-blogging site is based.

An NSPCC spokesman said: "Apparently these were pretty disturbing images of child abuse.
"We understand the authorities in the US are now looking at the accounts."
The Child Exploitation and Online Protection Centre (Ceop) said it had also received around 30 reports, relating to at least four accounts.
A spokesman added: "Twitter are obliged by law to send details of any accounts containing indecent images of children to the National Centre for Missing and Exploited Children (NCMEC) in the US.

"NCMEC will then forward information for investigation to law enforcement agencies in the relevant country where the user is believed to be based, or children believed to be at risk."
Authorities were first alerted to the apparent abuse by a number of Twitter users at around 11.30pm.

This came after hackers apparently opened up a number of private accounts which were previously kept hidden from public view, the NSPCC said.
It remains unclear whether any of the images were uploaded by a British user or a user based abroad.

The nationalities of any children involved are also unknown.
Twitter has yet to comment on the images but has apparently issued a response to anyone contacting the company over the images of alleged abuse.
This reads: "We do not tolerate child pornography on Twitter. When we are made aware of such images they will be removed from the site without further notice."

Thank you!

Thank you for buying this book and taking the time to read it this far.

More information on what I write and to keep in touch, simply go to www.chrisspivey.org

Just sayin'.

THE CONSPIRACY COLLECTION

By Christopher D. Spivey

THE CONSPIRACY COLLECTION

By Christopher D Spivey

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Version PBMM2018.06.08

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Introduction

When I first started writing back in the summer of 2011 - originally for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper and then for my website: chrisspivey.org - I was angry… Very fucking angry.

But I am getting ahead of myself. You see, sometime in the year 2000 my perception of how the world really works began to change and after the World Trade Center "terrorist attack" there really was no turning back.

That is because the world we live in is not real… It is all smoke and mirrors. Indeed, everything that we are taught from birth is a lie - a lie to keep us in our place. Nothing ever in fact changes, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, but it doesn't have to be that way because the truth is, the world is ours.

Unfortunately, the one percenters AKA the Satanic Monster Elite do not want us to know that fact… They live in constant fear that their evil plans will become known to the world's population and if that should ever happen then their house of cards will collapse quicker than the WTC twin towers did… An event that they orchestrated themselves.

Sadly, I now fear that the mass awakening will come too late to save the human race, which the Satanic Monster Elite are hell bent on destroying and as such, I am no longer angry… Just resigned and disappointed.

Nevertheless, that is not to say that I have given up. I will never ever do that because to do so I would be failing in my role as a parent & grandparent and as the saying goes: *It ain't over until the fat lady sings.*

Which brings me to the point of this book. You see, what follows are a number of articles that I wrote along the way as I began to see the world for what it really is. These articles are no longer in the public domain simply

because they are no longer relevant to my website - they were just taking up space.

However, to get to my level of understanding of how the world really works, you too will need to go through the same learning curve as I did… And believe me, that is not ego talking - that is just a fact. Therefore, I am re-publishing those articles in the hope that you too will awaken to the evil that surrounds you.

In turn, you will notice that nothing has changed for the better over the years. In fact things have got decidedly worse...

Christopher D Spivey. 15th of October 2018.

Chapter 1
LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY – DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH

**This article was first released on my website on December 31st 2011 after originally being published in the Sovereign Independent Newspaper and takes a look at the British cconomy and how the unemployed are being made scapegoats for governments failings… A fact that is still true today...*

Let's face it, there are two and only two reasons why the world is in the mess it is in today. Those two reasons are Corruption and Greed. Everything, from the world's economy teetering on the brink of collapse, through to the unrest in the Middle East, right down to the starving in Africa all stem from the money scam employed by the greedy international bankers and the corrupt politicians that they control.

The money scam – *creating money through debt with added interest* – ensures that a country's national debt will keep rising until the interest payments on that debt are so high that the repayment can't be met; resulting in the collapse of a country's economy.

This is what we are seeing happening now in many countries and in an effort to stave off the inevitable collapse, puppet politicians everywhere are making drastic and sweeping cuts right across the board - the likes of which have never been seen before. The UK I'm afraid is no exception.

In fact I think that it's fairly safe to say that we haven't had it this tough here in England since rationing was stopped in 1954 and that includes the days of

Edward Heath (*A despicable perverted, totally corrupt man*) and his 3 day week.

Course, to be fair, I'm too young to remember that period in the early 1970's but I do know that back then the majority of homes got by on one income. Nowadays, a working class family depends on the wife also bringing home a wage. And without wanting to dwell on this fact too much, there can be no doubt that the absence of a 'stay at home mum' has seen a decline in the traditional family unit, leading to a marked down turn in the moral thinking of our young.

Typically, those most affected by the spending cuts are those who can least afford it. Amongst that number are the working class, the unemployed, the elderly and the sick since it doesn't do to upset those slightly higher up the social scale as these are people more likely to rock the status quo should their comfortable lives be affected.

However, while those who are managing fairly well at the moment remain by and large unaffected by what's going on around them, they too could soon be in for a rude of wakening according to Roger Hayes of the British Constitution Group. Speaking last month Roger revealed that the Government were making plans to extend the so called 'Carbon tax' so as it applies to everybody. This will be levied on the size of your car, the size of your house, the number of holidays you take a year, in fact on just about any luxury you can think of. Furthermore the tax is based on the completely false pretence that Carbon Dioxide is destroying the planet.

Meanwhile the National Health Service, already in its death throes, has been told it has to make a further £15-20 Billion in 'efficiency cuts' by the year 2015. These cuts will be made at the expense of Doctors, Nurses and essential auxiliary jobs.

The public service union, UNISON claimed in March of this year that 54,000 jobs had already gone with an estimated 4000 more going every month. Nevertheless, despite the NHS paying over the odds for drugs to the tune of an estimated £500-600 million per year, it can't expect any help from the

billions of pounds the pharmaceutical industry makes in yearly profits. Indeed, with the NHS paying out somewhere around £700-800 Million a year in compensation for its negligence, a person really is taking his life in his hands when going into hospital.

We are told that Local and County Councils have also been savaged by cuts to their budgets. While that may be so in terms of getting our dustbins emptied or the closure of special needs schools and even the turning off of street lighting, Local Councils appear intent on clawing the money back in terms of increased parking fees. Alright, that may be a bit tongue in cheek, but have you seen how much it costs to park your car these days?

And talking of street lighting, the Economy crisis hasn't put the Government off looking into the possibility of replacing existing street lights with ones that house spy cameras and listening in devices. Come to think of it, it might be just as easy for you to read George Orwell's novel '1984' rather than try to predict what the future holds.

As for the Police force who the Government say are going to lose up to 20% of their yearly budget, I say don't make me laugh. While it's true, the force could lose some admin staff, I can't see this overly affecting them. To further cut costs any Police officers that leave or take redundancy will no doubt be replaced with cheaper CSO's who are gradually being given the same power as their police colleagues anyway.

The cuts certainly are not affecting the 'Bully boy' Riot Squads who appear to be swelling in numbers. Then there is the question of their spy planes. According to a report in Saturday's Telegraph, the Police have a fleet of Spy Planes each costing at least £3 million and similar to those used by MI5.

The planes which are capable of listening in on a specific mobile phone conversation are still in use despite costing "hundreds of thousands of pounds" to keep operational. The planes which are based at an airfield in Farnborough, Hampshire are operated separately from the Mets air support unit, which has 3 helicopters and costs the taxpayer around a further £3 million a year to run.

It is indeed an outrage that the government stands by and lets OAP's die of hypothermia due to rising fuel costs, while at the same time the energy providers make vast sums of money in profits. Meanwhile others hit particularly hard by the cuts are the unemployed.
On the face of it, it's easy to imagine that the reason behind this is the need to cut the cost of the £200 billion paid out every year in benefits. This is simply propaganda on behalf of the Government. Ultimately, it is true that the taxpayer covers a good percentage of this vast sum of money but then again haven't they always done?

There is a fairy story, undoubtedly encouraged by the Government that the unemployed are lazy spongers who sit on their backsides all day getting drunk and taking drugs while those in employment work their socks off to pay for this fun. This simply is not true although I'm not saying that there aren't those who play the system.

However, the real reason that the jobless are stigmatised as being lazy freeloaders is because to the Government - every person out of work is a lost asset on the Slave treadmill. Granted there does appear to be a lot of school leavers out of work but they can't claim benefits until they are 18. Even then, many don't bother because of the rigmarole involved in claiming in return for a pittance.

Not that there are any jobs for them anyway, except low paid menial dead end jobs. Furthermore, the Government has to take responsibility for these kids after engineering a dumbing down policy in education which has resulted in a whole generation of semi literate unemployable youths.

As for those unemployed and eligible to claim Job Seekers Allowance (JSA), I find it hard to believe that anyone with a full set of brain cells can even begin to think that they are '*having it off*' at the workers expense. For a start, most of those claiming JSA have paid National Insurance, which covers them for unemployment, yet the only jobs available are menial minimum wage jobs.

I for one would not expect a fully qualified Carpenter or Bricklayer to take a job cleaning McDonald's toilets only to find that he was better off claiming his £67.50 per week JSA. That is to say £67.50 per week if you are single and over 25. If you're under 25 that figure is reduced to £53.45.

Married couples or those in a civil partnership are even worse off receiving just £105.95 per week. I personally spend £90 a week on cigarettes which means if I was claiming JSA I would be left with minus £22.50 to buy my food and pay my bills. Work that one out. Hardly what I would call living the life of Riley.

And in return for this pittance, those out of work, no doubt already low on self esteem, have to be prepared to be vilified by the general public and interrogated once a fortnight by some holier than thou Muppet sat behind a jobcentre desk. Therefore anyone who believes a person on JSA is sitting around drunk as a skunk or high as a kite all day is no more than a state controlled robot.

However, despite the attached stigma, in reality it isn't the unemployed who are responsible for the massive £200 billion yearly benefits bill. Those on JSA only account for a measly £5 billion of the total bill. There are an estimated 60 million taxpayers in this country therefore even if the taxpayer was paying for all the money paid to the unemployed - which they are not - then their contribution would only be £1.59 per week. To further put that £5 billion in context; of the £11.8 billion paid out a year in family allowance benefit, £4.3 billion of it goes to families who really, really don't need it. But as I said earlier, the government don't dare upset the middle classes, upwards.

If the truth be known, by far the biggest chunk of the yearly benefits bill is paid out in pensions. Once again, the vast majority of pensioners have worked hard all their lives, paid their National insurance contributions and therefore they are only receiving what they are entitled to and in my opinion far less than they deserve.

Another point worth remembering is that all money paid out in benefits is paid back straight away into the system, stimulating the economy with a large

chunk going straight back to the government. Don't ever fall for the Political Party line about the "*Something for Nothing culture*". The vast majority of people with that mentality go into Politics.

And as a footnote to the benefit myth, David Cameron has just announced further hardship for those on benefits. At the moment those on benefits who are given a court fine can only be made to pay the fine off at £5 per week maximum. Under Cameron's new proposals this is set to be raised to £25 per week. Can you imagine how much this is going to impact on already hard pressed families? And while it's all well and good to sit there in your nice comfortable chair and chirp out the old claptrap line: "*Well they shouldn't of broken the law in the first place*" it's worth remembering that poverty leaves people no option except to take risks.

Furthermore, don't be fooled into thinking that no one is so hard up that they have to resort to crime. You only have to look at the record number of people now having to go cap in hand to food 'banks' to realise that.

There is one final point that's worth mentioning and that is how out of touch with reality the puppets in government are. You see, at a time when a record number of people are losing their houses and others have to resort to food banks to stave off starvation, David Cameron has committed Britain into paying a further increase in the billions of pounds that the country already hands over in foreign aid.

This move is set to cost every family in the land £500 per year. At the same time and notwithstanding the already inflated salaries these parasites in government pay themselves, they see nothing wrong in dipping in to our money for such luxuries as redecorating their second homes.

God forbid should they ever feel a pang of guilt for their and their predecessor's corruption and mismanagement. Not only have these self serving, egotistical buffoons succeeded in taking the Mick out of us, they have also done a smashing job of taking the Great out of Britain.

Chapter 2
SHUT UP HILLARY

Again, this article was first released in the Sovereign Independent newspaper and as you will clearly see from the content, nothing ever changes and with a few subtle name changes, could in fact have been released today...

America took hypocrisy to a new level yesterday (6/12/11) When US Secretary of State, Hillary Clinton publicly condemned the Russian parliament over allegations of widespread vote rigging following the country's weekend election.

Course, had the American government been beyond reproach in regard to their own elections and war monger Clinton's remarks not had an ulterior motive behind them, then she would have been justified in her criticism of the rejuvenated superpower. However, nothing could be further from the truth.

You see, with a barely concealed smirk on her face, smug Clinton told a packed press conference that she was concerned by what she termed as stuffed ballot boxes and manipulated voter lists in the Russian vote.

The arrogance of this power crazed women apparently knows no bounds. Talk about the kettle calling the pot black. What Clinton seems to have conveniently forgotten is that George W Bush, the man who followed her husband into the White House, did so under very controversial circumstances following allegations of vote rigging.

However unlike the apathetic American public who sat back and let their dubiously elected new President almost single handedly destroy the American Bill of Rights, outraged Russian citizens took to the streets en masse to protest at the crooked ballot. Over 400 arrests were made as violent

clashes between police and protesters continued for the second night running.

With relations between the two superpowers already strained by barely concealed American threats to invade Iran and Pakistan, a person could be forgiven for thinking that diplomacy would have been the order of the day. Instead, Clinton's remarks only succeeded in further antagonising the Kremlin.

A statement from the Russian foreign ministry labelled Clinton's comments as being "*unacceptable*". The statement then went on to say;"*Regrettably, Washington sticks to outdated stereotypes and labels without even attempting to understand what is happening in our electorate. We hope that in the future the US side will refrain from such hostile attacks that run counter to the overall positive development of our bilateral relations*".

Predictably, wherever the US pokes its unwanted snout, Europe is never far behind. Eager to jump on the hypocrite band wagon, the European Union's foreign policy chief, Catherine Ashton released a statement expressing serious concern about media bias and the harassment of independent monitoring during the election. Is she for real?

Indeed, I think that it's safe to say that the Globalist controlled Western mainstream Media holds the monopoly on bias. And at the end of the day at least Russia held an election, crooked or not, unlike the European capital Brussels which is home to the unelected MEP.

Ms Ashton's statement read: "*Reports of procedural violations, such as lack of media impartiality, lack of separation between party and state, and the harassments of independent monitoring attempts, are however of serious concern*". In response to Clinton's and Ashton's baiting, Russian president Dmitry Medvedev warned the West not to criticise Russia's political system adding that it was none of their business.

Course, it doesn't take an experienced political analyst to work out why America and Europe are using every available opportunity they can to antagonise the Russians. China too for that matter.

After all, the American war machine is clearly up and running and determined to bring about a world war. The UK in particular appear to be just as keen. That just leaves the question as to how much provocation China and Russia are prepared to stand for before potentially millions, if not billions of us are wiped of the face of the Earth.

Not that the loss of life will cause the psychopathic Clinton and Ashton to lose any sleep from the safety of their underground bunkers.

Chapter 3
Osborne hammers home, what could well be the final nail in Britain's coffin

Again, this article was first published in the Sovereign Independent Newspaper in 2011 and highlighted how people were dying as a result of poverty in Britain… A fact that still holds true today. Interestingly, the then Chancellor, the Right Obnoxious George Osborne - living the life of Riley at our expense - told the country to expect another 5 - 6 years of hardship. Yet seven years later, things are worse than ever...

In a tragedy just waiting to happen, Army veteran Mark Mullins and his new bride Helen killed themselves in a suicide pact earlier this month. With only £57 a week to live on the couple chose death over the living hell they were forced to endure day in day out in modern day England.

Despite living in only one room of their terraced house in order to save on heating costs the couple were forced to keep what little fresh food they had in plastic bags outside because they couldn't afford a fridge. Finally, after living hand to mouth for 18 months the couple took their own lives rather than face the 12 mile weekly walk to collect a food parcel from their nearest Coventry soup kitchen.

Unbelievable as it may seem Mark and Helen Mullins were far from alone in the daily struggle to survive. New figures just released suggest that there is now in excess of 100,000 people in Britain who are dependent on food parcels. Such is the demand for these free food hampers now that new 'food banks' are opening up and down the country at the rate of one a week.

The truth is, these days people can very easily find themselves moving very quickly from relative prosperity to abject poverty. Those who only a few short years ago were advised that they could not go wrong by investing in bricks and mortar have been particularly hard hit.

Indeed, many banks were only too willing to hand out mortgages to would be home owners, often above and beyond the means of what people could comfortably afford to re pay. It is now those very same banks who, according to the homeless charity '**Shelter'**, are being granted repossession orders at the rate of one every two minutes on many of the properties that they themselves agreed mortgages for.

Course most of you reading this will already know that banks create money for loans and mortgages out of thin air. This none existent money is then lent to a house buyer with added interest, using the very real, newly acquired house as surety for the non existent loan. It is therefore nothing short of criminal that these banks, having granted these mortgages, have now engineered this latest financial crisis, resulting in many of their borrowers losing their jobs. This obviously leaves these now unemployed borrowers unable to make the mortgage repayments, thus allowing the banks to repossess their homes. From homelessness to soup kitchen now becomes little more than a small step away.

At a time of crisis, people naturally look to their government to sort out the mess. After all that's why we elect them. Step up to the podium then, Chancellor of the Exchequer George Osborne, the British government's 2011 Bilderberg Representative. Should we be worried by that fact? Oh yes, but nevertheless, surely Georgie boy will save us all? Errr…Well no he won't actually, despite whatever he might say to the contrary.

In fact, far from being optimistic, Osborne has announced the need for more cuts in services. He then follows this bad news up by telling us that things are going to be really tough for at least the next 5 or 6 years. So bad in fact that a lot more of us can expect to lose our jobs. Not exactly the best announcement to make if you need people to start spending again, but hey, at least he has a

plan.

With David Cameron sat trying to look very stern, no doubt in order to stop himself insanely giggling, Osborne forlornly announced to a sombre House of Commons that it was now necessary to borrow £11 Billion more than he had anticipated, on our behalf , in order to keep the country afloat.

What a brilliant plan! Well it is if you happen to be one of the elite Central Bankers who were no doubt by now jubilantly punching the air as Georgie boy hammered home another nail in Britain's coffin.

In fact Who would've thought that the way to get out of crippling debt would be to borrow more money that we can't afford to pay back, to add to the trillions of pounds we already owe and can't afford to pay back, just so as Georgie boy can invest it in an economy that by his own admission is going to be dire for at least the next 5 years.

Course, maybe now would have been a good time for the man entrusted with our finances to explain to the nation why he needs to borrow an extra £11 Billion over and above the god knows how many £ billions he intended to borrow in the first place, while at the same time agreeing to nearly double our contributions to the IMF in order to prop up a currency that we opted out of and that has little chance of surviving the present financial crisis.

This doubled figure represents a payment of £19.7 Billion and that isn't taking into account the £13 Billion we have already pumped into the Euro zone in the form of loans. You couldn't make this up if you tried, don't cha know.

Course David Cameron would have you believe that the blame for the inevitable financial meltdown lies elsewhere. The Rothschild controlled Prime Minister will tell you that it's the likes of those pesky Public Sector workers who have the audacity to go on strike just because they have been told that they have to pay more and work longer in order to receive less on their pensions.

And according to Cameron this one day strike will cost the country £500 Million. That is £500 Million the country cannot afford to lose unless of course he decides we can afford to lose it by giving us all a day off to celebrate the wedding of the world's wealthiest woman's Grandson. Which is only fair really since we paid for it?

All this leads me to wonder at what point do we wake up and say enough is enough? It's blatantly obvious that not only are we all being taken for mugs financially, our government is hell bent on helping the USA start WW3. Yet the prospect of us all getting nuked appears to be unimportant to the apathetic British population who just shrug their shoulders and go back to watching *'Britain's got talent'*...

**On the 27th of February, the Telegraph newspaper posted the following article:*

In a stark warning ahead of next month's Budget, the Chancellor said there was little the Coalition could do to stimulate the economy.

Mr Osborne made it clear that due to the parlous state of the public finances the best hope for economic growth was to encourage businesses to flourish and hire more workers.
"The British Government has run out of money because all the money was spent in the good years," the Chancellor said. "The money and the investment and the jobs need to come from the private sector."

Mr Osborne's bleak assessment echoes that of Liam Byrne, the former chief secretary to the Treasury, who bluntly joked that Labour had left Britain broke when he exited the Government in 2010.

He left David Laws, his successor, a one-line note saying: "Dear Chief Secretary, I'm afraid to tell you there's no money left".
Mr Osborne is under severe pressure to boost growth, amid signs the economy is slipping back into a recession.

The Institute of Fiscal Studies has urged him to consider emergency tax cuts in the Budget to reduce the risk of a prolonged economic slump.
But the Chancellor yesterday said he would stand firm on his effort to balance the books by refusing to borrow money. "Any tax cut would have to be paid for," Mr Osborne told Sky News. "In other words there would have to be a tax rise somewhere else or a spending reduction.

"In other words what we are not going to do in this Budget is borrow more money to either increase spending or cut taxes."
The strongest suggestion of help for squeezed family budgets came from the Chancellor's claim that he was "very seriously and carefully" considering plans to help lower earners by raising the personal allowance for income tax, a proposal that has been championed by Nick Clegg, the Deputy Prime Minister.
But he implied there would be no more help for motorists struggling with record petrol prices this spring. "I have taken action already this year to avoid increases in fuel duty which were planned by the last Labour government," he said.

The Chancellor's tough words were echoed by Liberal Democrat Jeremy Browne, the foreign minister, who warned that Britain faced "accelerated decline" without measures to tackle its debt and increase competitiveness.

In an article published today in The Daily Telegraph, he writes that Britain's market share in the world used to be "dominant" but was now "in freefall" compared with the soaring economies of Asia and South America. "This situation has been becoming more acute for years," he adds. "It is now staring us in the face. So we need to take action."

Mr Browne writes that reform of pensions, welfare and defence is essential to stop the departments "collapsing under the weight of their own debt". "Just because the spending was sometimes on worthy causes does not in itself mean it was affordable," he says.
"Doing nothing when your prospects are at risk of declining is not the safe option. More of the same may be superficially more popular in the short-term but that does not make it right."

Amid warnings that Britain urgently needed to adopt a more pro-business outlook, senior Conservatives have urged the Government to get rid of the 50 pence top rate of tax.
Figures from the Treasury last week suggested the policy was not raising the expected amount of revenue and was threatening to drive leading business people and entrepreneurs away from Britain. Dr Liam Fox, the former Conservative Defence Secretary, yesterday argued for the top tax rate to be scrapped, but added that cutting taxes on employment was even more important.

"I would have thought the priority was getting the costs of employers down and therefore I would rather have seen any reductions in taxation on employers' taxation rather than personal taxation," he told the BBC's Sunday Politics show.
Any efforts to scrap the rate this parliament would face severe opposition from within the Coalition.

Simon Hughes, Liberal Democrat deputy leader, said yesterday that keeping the current 50p rate was "the right thing to do". He told the BBC: "I represent people in a pretty solid working-class community. What they're concerned about is what happens to ordinary people out of work and where they get jobs."

Last night, Labour argued Mr Osborne needed to take a more proactive stance on boosting growth by increasing public spending.

Chris Leslie MP, the shadow Treasury minister, said it was wrong of the Chancellor to argue that Britain was broke and to rely on business alone to create economic growth.
"George Osborne can't complacently wash his hands and claim the lack of jobs and growth in the economy is nothing to do with him," he said.
"He needs to realise that government has a vital role to play in creating an environment where the private sector can grow and create jobs."
Harriet Harman, Labour's deputy leader, urged Mr Osborne to cut VAT.
Meanwhile, the Chancellor made it clear he was resisting pressure to hand over up to another £17.5billion in taxpayers' money to help bail out

struggling European Union countries.

He said Europe had not "shown the colour of its money" by taking measures to help itself tackle its debt problems.
Until that happens, Britain will not give any extra funds to the International Monetary Fund.
The Chancellor was speaking as finance ministers from the world's 20 most powerful economies met in Mexico.

Mr Osborne said: "While at this G20 conference there are a lot of things to discuss; I don't think you're going to see any extra resources committed (to the IMF) here because eurozone countries have not committed additional resources themselves, and I think that quid pro quo will be clearly established here in Mexico City."

Chapter 4
WHY THE JUSTICE SYSTEM FAVOURS PAEDOPHILES

This was the first major article that I wrote for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper and deals with elite paedophiles.

How many times have you read in the news about someone being sent to prison and thought to yourself ‘Blimey that sentence is a bit harsh’?

A good example is the two young men given 4yr jail terms last month for trying to organise riots on Facebook. Now obviously the Government defend those sentences by saying that the jail terms reflect the sense of public outrage caused by the riots and that they wish to send out a clear message that this kind of behaviour will not be tolerated.

Course, we all know the Government dont give a toss about the public, be they outraged or not. However, they do indeed want to send out a clear message that this type of behaviour will not be tolerated in fact there is clear evidence emerging that the police purposely stood back and let the riots get out of hand.

One of the reasons for this inaction became clear when it was announced that

as a result of the riots there is now in place a 30 day ban on all walking protests. After all, what is a riot if not a protest that has got out of hand? However, the Government have for years been looking at ways to remove the people's right to demonstrate and protest and handing out such heavy prison terms for relative misdemeanors cannot help but rest heavy on the minds of those thinking about protesting in the future.However, i digress…

Now, when expressing this view, that some punishments dished out by the law courts seem harsh, how many times have we gone on to say that the justice system is a joke or deeply flawed? This sentiment is usually backed up by us using the often derisory sentences dished out to paedophiles and child killers as a comparison.

An excellent example to highlight this two tier sentencing is a case that concluded in July , barely a month prior to the Two young men receiving their 4 yr prison terms for their internet capers.

This Case in July also involved crimes committed solely on the internet. However, unlike the investigation into the two young men which took the whole of a week to crack, this July case involved four men and took 7 years for the investigation to reach its conclusion.The two extremes in comparison don’t end there however. For where as the two young men were convicted of trying to organise riots which only the police took any real notice of, these four men were convicted of heading an international child pornography ring,distributing millions of obscene images which thousands of paedophiles in 40 different countries world wide took very much notice of.

Neither did the two young men profit from their ‘crime’ whereas the four paedophiles netted £2.2 million between them. But where as the two young men received prison sentences of 4 yrs,It was a very different story for the four Paedophiles.Their sentencing was as follows:

Ian Frost and his civil partner Paul Rowland were each sentenced at Lincolnshire Crown Court to 33 months imprisonment.
Frost's brother Paul was jailed for 15 months and the fourth man Ian Sambridge was given a 12 month sentence, suspended for 2 yrs and 240 hrs of community service.

So on the face of things our justice system does appear to be deeply flawed. But is it? As a further consequence arising from the 7 year child porn ring investigation an undisclosed number of paedophiles were removed from positions of trust. These included Doctors, Teachers, Youth workers and Policemen. And this is where you get to the crux of the matter. For the higher up the social scale you go, the evidence points to the more acceptable paedophilia becomes.

Within ‘high society’ there are literally 1000′s of Paedophiles,from judges, celebrities, politicians right through to the social elite and ex US presidents. Indeed, History is full of examples of this fact.

For example, back in the 1960′s where the notorious East London gangster twins, Ronnie and Reggie Kray began providing Lord Robert Boothby with under age ‘rent boys’ and then used this involvement to blackmail him.

Course, that sealed the twin’s fate. You see, after the press got wind of Boothby's involvement with the Krays, a massive cover up ensued which included considerable help from the then Prime Minister, Harold Wilson and the MP Tom Driberg.

The fact that both Wilson and Driberg were fully paid up members of the Labour party, while Boothby was a true blue tory, appeared not to matter. The outcome of this cover up saw Boothby walk away wrongly vindicated and considerably richer, while the twins were later sentenced to life

imprisonment with a minimum 30 yr tariff.

Yet in a society where a life sentence can mean as little as 12 years in prison the fact that Reggie Kray served 33 yrs before being released on compassionate grounds and all for the murder of a small time villain shows it does not pay to upset the ruling class.

The trial itself was a travesty of justice with the Judge, Lord Melford Stevenson blatantly biased in favour of the prosecution and presiding over a case that involved two separate, unconnected murders despite some of the defendants on trial only being involved in one of them.

Moreover, both ex US Presidents, George Bush senior and Gerald Ford have been publicly denounced - in print and on film - as being paedophiles. The Bush family are of course multi Billionaires thanks largely to the wholly corrupt Prescott Bush, Father & Grandfather to ex Presidents, George Bush Snr and George W Bush.

All three of the Bush family members, Prescott, George Sr and George Jnr belonged to Yale University's elite secret society, '**Skull & Bones**'. The Skull & Bones initiation is said to include perverse homosexual sex acts.

Mind you, the fact that George Herbert Bush has shied away from taking legal action against his accusers speaks volumes. I mean, if there was no truth to the claims that he is a paedophile, Bush could easily afford to employ the finest legal minds in the world to silence his accusers. However, he chooses not to do so.

On the other hand, I feel positive that those who accuse him would love him to take legal action against them. And then there is Project MK Ultra.

Project MK Ultra was the code name given to an illegal, secret, mind control program run by the CIA in the 1950′s & 60′s. Indeed, there is much verbal testimony that a large part of this horrific program involved scrambling the minds of children using such means as having other children brutally murdered in front of them.

The children would then have their brains reprogrammed. Many of these children were either kidnapped off the street or sold to the project by orphanages. Once in the project the Children were treated like animals , locked in cages and used as sexual playthings for the rich and famous.

Many of the Doctors employed to carry out these mind control experiments were Nazi war criminals recruited from the WW2 German death camps where they had been carrying out horrific experiments on children under the Third Reich’s Eugenics program.

Cathy O’Brien was one of the many children sold into the MK Ultra project. She was eventually rescued by the then CIA agent, Mark Phillips and together they have written a best selling book and give lecture tours on the horrors that went on at MK Ultra.

In fact, Cathy has publicly named Gerald Ford and many more Prominent American Politicians as people who had sex with her and other captive children. In 1973 the CIA ordered all files on the MK Ultra project be destroyed. It is also worth noting that George Bush Sr was made Head of the CIA in 1976.

Furthermore, In the 1960′s ,The former Radio 1 DJ Alan ‘Fluff’ Freeman owned a large corner shop on the Lea Bridge Rd in London. This shop has

recently been reported as a place where ‘Fluff’ held kinky parties attended by the likes of confirmed bachelor ,Sir Jimmy Savile , Jonathan King, the once jailed paedophile broadcaster & former pop star and Brian Epstein, who was at the time the Homosexual manager of the Beatles.

At these parties, young boys specially brought over from several children's homes would be plied with drugs and alcohol. However these parties were forced to come to an end when Police chiefs got wind that the MP & Ex Liberal Party leader Jeremy Thorpe was attending them along with several other prominent MP’s.
Thorpe, a well known Homosexual had a taste for young street boys and Teenage runaways were often brought to him. During his later Court trial for the attempted murder of Male model Norman Scott, Thorpe threatened to expose the perversions of many of his fellow MP’s. This had the desired effect on his trial and he was promptly found not guilty, bringing a whole new meaning to the saying; ‘*Getting off scot free*’.

Another MP with much to lose was Edward Heath, Prime Minister of England from 1970-74. Heath was a frequent visitor to the Haute Garrene children's care home on Jersey. He would quite often take young boys from the home away on ‘sailing ‘ weekends on his Yacht, ‘The Morning Cloud’, which his bodyguards rechristened ‘*The Morning Sickness*’.

On no less than four occasions, Heath was warned by the Metropolitan police chief not to loiter in public toilets, where he would attempt to pick up young boys. Nevertheless, Heath fell foul to blackmail and Under threat of exposure he was forced to take Britain into the Common Market under very unfavourable conditions.

Peter Mandelson, AKA the Prince of Darkness and one time secretary of state for Northern Ireland is a particularly unsavoury character even by British Politician standards. Cherie Blair once famously referred to him as one of the

most corrupt people in politics and thats coming from the wife of ex Prime Minister Tony Blair.

Mandelson, affectionately given the nickname Mandy was twice forced to resign from the cabinet but rejoined the government in 2008 after being made a life Peer by the Queen. What that says for the British Monarchy is open to interpretation .

Nevertheless, now back in favour, Mandy along with George Osborne attended the 2010 meeting of the Bilderberg group. However Mandelson's French Hospital records are alleged to contain details of internal injuries caused by the perverted, well known homosexual sex act involving the use of small furry animals.

Course, the list of scandals and cover ups involving paedophilia amongst the social elite is never ending. Michael Jackson and the emerging evidence of his involvement in the 'Illuminati' for instance is a whole article in itself.

In truth, the examples that I have given you are the mere tip of the iceberg. In fact, armed with this information you could be forgiven for coming to the conclusion that our justice system isn't so much flawed, as more likely embroiled in corruption and accepting of moral depravity.

Chapter 5
UFO's - Fact, Fiction or the countdown to WW3 ?

I originally wrote this article for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper, but it didn't make print because of their policy of not publishing material to do with UFO's. Mind you, the Irish based newspaper also had a policy of not publishing material criticising the Catholic Church.

Course, while many of you might initially agree that the newspapers policy on UFO's is a correct one, I would urge you to keep an open mind on the matter. Moreover, many researchers - myself included - believe that the Monster Elite are planning on launching a [fake] attack on the world supposedly carried out by aliens in a bid to bring about the New World Order.

And whilst that may sound far-fetched, let me tell you that the Monster's certainly have the capability to carry the hoax off and I would suggest to you, that we are being primed to think about the possibility of the unthinkable happening by means of the unprecedented amount of reporting on UFO activity by the Elite controlled mass media…

Quite why the subject of UFO's is taken so light heartedly by the general public is a mystery to me. You see, to my mind the concept of Aliens from another planet is nowhere near as far fetched as the existence of God in the conventional sense of the word. Yet religion is massive.

Indeed, Ghosts are another phenomenon that people are willing to buy into, yet there is infinite more data and evidence to suggest that UFOs exist.

Anyone who doubts that fact needs to ask themselves the question, why do our Governments take the subject of UFO's so seriously, with sightings classified “Top Secret” and subject to the 30 year disclosure law. Furthermore to suggest that space travel over any real distance is impossible is just nonsense.

I mean, if we on earth don't already possess that kind of technology, then we are certainly very close to it. Proof of this was shown in a demonstration of Quantum levitation (the physics principle of flying saucers) recently given by a student from the *Superconductivity Group School of Physics and Astronomy*, Tel-Aviv University.

However, anyone who has studied the history behind the New World Order (NWO) could be forgiven for thinking that it is no coincidence that this type of technology has come out of Israel.

Evidence of the existence of UFO's date back to prehistoric times, with the depiction of flying saucers carved into cave walls. Indeed a credible theory exists that the Caucasian race are the descendants of Extraterrestrial beings. Furthermore, there are many well respected people who believe that the world is actually controlled by extraterrestrials.
And while this may sound like madness, until you have listened to the likes of Maxwell Jordon and David Icke lecture on the subject or read their research into the matter, then you would be wise to reserve judgement. Certainly, David Icke's explanation of the so called 'missing link' is as plausible as any other i have heard.

UFO reports fall primarily into the following Three categories:
A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE 1st KIND, is a sighting of one or more UFO's.
A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE 2nd KIND, is observing a UFO with evidence of its existence, such as Crop Circles, electrical interference, Evidence of a landing.
A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE 3rd KIND, is making contact with the driver, so to speak.

Now, prior to the 19th century there was only one recorded instance of a 'Close Encounter' which occurred in Nuremberg, Germany on the 14th of April 1561. There were no more documented sightings from that point on until the 4th of August 1883 when Mexican Astronomer Jose Bonilla photographed some 300 UFO's in the night sky which subsequently turned out to be high flying Geese.
Nevertheless, Mexico is considered to be a 'Hot Spot' for UFO activity.

On the 24th of October 1886 the US consul of Venezuela in Maracaibo reported that a bright object, accompanied with a humming noise, appeared during thunderstorm over a hut near Maracaibo, causing its occupants to display symptoms similar to radiation poisoning. Nine days later the trees surrounding the hut withered and died.

This incident was followed by the first documented report of a close encounter of the 3rd kind. This report came on the 17th of April 1897 from Aurora, Texas and alleges that a UFO had crashed and that an Alien had been buried in a local cemetery.

Moving on to the 20th century, there were around a hundred further documented cases, many witnessed by 100's of unconnected people.

Surprisingly enough, or not as the case may be, one of these documented sightings was reported by Ex US President Jimmy Carter in 1969. A further two sightings which were backed up by video evidence came from the Space Shuttles 'Discovery' and 'Columbia' in 1991 and 1996 respectively. This century alone, there has already been 49 documented encounters. Once again this figure includes an encounter, backed by video taken from on board the Space Shuttle 'Discovery'.

However, finding out the true extent of UFO related information is nigh on impossible. The United States Government agency, NASA, like most Government agencies, is shrouded in secrecy and is a minefield of outright lies and disinformation.

Needless to say, it is a cast iron certainty that most countries Governments

know more than they are letting on. However one recent story to surface is that told by former NASA Data manager, Ken Johnston, who worked for NASA’s Lunar Receiving Laboratory during the Apollo missions. Mr Johnston's contract was terminated after he accused his bosses of withholding important evidence that the moon was once inhabited by Extraterrestrials. He alleges that Astronauts discovered evidence of an ancient city and the remains of "Amazingly advanced machinery". Mr Johnston's claim is further backed up by photographic evidence, which he says he was ordered to destroy but didn't (See Photo 1).

Others, such as ex NASA employee, Donna Hare have accused the agency of releasing photos that have been deliberately smudged or doctored so as to hide this sort of evidence. This fact ties in with other allegations made over the past 40 years by other scientists, Engineers and technicians who accuse NASA of 'Cover ups' and obscuring data.

These allegations range from hiding information pertaining to the strange artefacts found on the Moon’s surface through to denying the evidence of life on Mars, allegedly reported back from the Viking Lander during the mid 1970's. This begs the question, why Mars?

I mean we never say life on Jupiter. We talk about Martians but never Mercurians. David Icke's book 'The Biggest secret' explores this question in depth and provides an excellent answer for its basis.

In December 1972, Apollo 17 astronaut Eugene Cernan spent about 75 hours on the Moon. Amongst the many photographs Cernan took are some that

appear to be of a Robots Head complete with eye sockets, a nose, metallic cheekbones and a red line painted above what would be the top lip. The head was found along with other strange objects in an impact crater, which suggests that a UFO had made a crash landing (see photo 2).

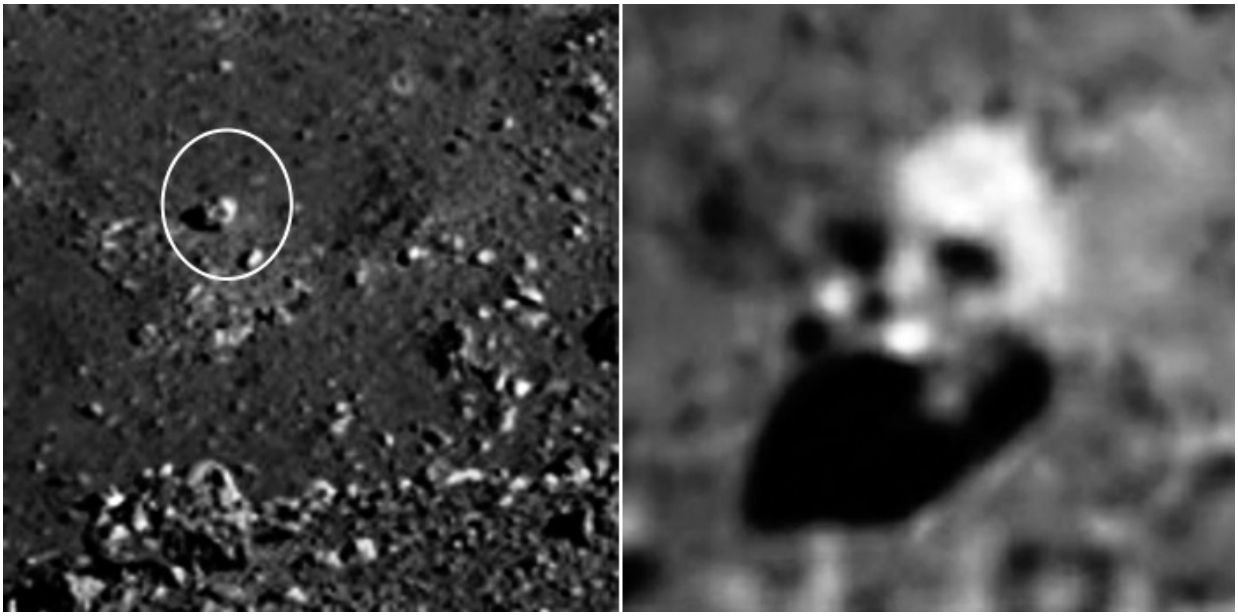

Further photographic evidence which points to the moon being inhabited is that taken of the so called '**Aristarchus Crater**'. This crater shows up as the brightest visible spot on the moon when viewed from the earth.

The crater periodically changes colour, sometimes producing a blue or red glow. This colour glow has given credence to a theory that there could be some sort of a power device, possibly a fusion reactor, in the crater. Certainly in photographs you can clearly see a road leading to a brightly lit entrance tunnel on the edge of the crater. Unsurprisingly however, Official NASA photos of the 'Aristarchus Crater' show it only as a bright white smudge.

Then there is the Photographic evidence sent back to Earth from the Soviet launched, unmanned space probe, Luna 9 which landed on the Moon on the 3rd of February 1966. These photos show what appears to be a large craft or vehicle whose shape resembles that of an ocean liner. This massive object comes to a point at one end and has an elevated section on top. A cable or tube appears to extend from the rear of the object toward the surface (See photo 3). Contact with the Luna 9 was mysteriously lost on February 6, 1966

just three days after landing.

Now, amongst the mass of video evidence taken of UFOs there is one that shows footage of a UFO allegedly being shot at by The USA's 'Star Wars' space defence system. While it is true to say that videos can be doctored the immediate, acute angled, direction change this UFO makes is exactly the same as that made by a UFO that I witnessed personally one cold winter night while walking my dogs over the park.

Of the more recent UFO sightings there are two incidents in particular that

can’t be ignored. The first of these incidents happened in Russia on the 1st of March 2011 and was witnessed by 1000's of people who live in the Irkutsk region of Siberia. Reports described the UFO as being a large object hurtling towards the earth, while alternating in colour between Pink and Blue.

Is it coincidence then, that the Aristarchus Crater appears to glow Red and Blue? Witnesses, many of whom inundated the emergency services with phone calls, went on to describe a massive explosion as the UFO crashed into the ground. A large area around the impact site was quickly sealed off and deemed classified by the Military.

The second of these incidents took place in China (Another UFO hotspot) on the 20th of August 2011 and was also witnessed by 1000's of people. Amongst these was the pilot of China's Southern Airlines, flight CZ6554 who’s radio call led to planes being diverted away from Chongqing's airport.

The pilot estimated the "*enormous spherical glowing heavenly body*" as being at an altitude of 10,700 meters. He added that it grew in size from small to large and appeared to be several hundred times larger than the moon. The Chinese Government in particular take the question of UFO’s extremely seriously.

This fact was evidenced in a report printed in the Russian daily newspaper, '**Izvestia**' earlier this month. The report stated that China has a record number of UFO scientific and community-based organizations and whose actions are protected by the Government financed National Society of Extraterrestrial Studies, founded 25 years ago.

Indeed, many Chinese scientists believe that Extraterrestrials are living freely amongst us, a theory supported by a retired Chinese foreign ministry official, Sun Shili, who is now president of the Beijing UFO Research Society. Course, anyone familiar with David Ickes and Jordan Maxwell's research will know that they also whole heartedly believe this to be true.

My own experience with a UFO came about while walking my Dogs over the park sometime in late November 2010. I do this every night of the week

between 3-4AM come rain or shine, the same as i have done for the past 3 years.

Up until the early hours of that November morning, I had often seen things in the night sky. However these could just have easily been shooting stars or space debris rather than UFO's. Nevertheless, on the night in question there is no doubt in my mind as to what i saw. It was a bitterly cold, crystal clear night just before the start of the big snow we had last year.
I had walked about a quarter of the way round the park when I first saw the UFO. It was of a circular disc type shape, almost translucent in makeup and yellow, blending into a light green colour at the centre. It was moving incredibly fast and looked as though it had flames trailing behind it.

Either the same one or one identical to it appeared again as I was leaving the park. This time as i looked up the disc shaped object was almost directly above my head in proximity. Whether it had been hovering or just moving slowly as I caught sight of it, i can't say, but as I looked up the disc accelerated forward extremely quickly. This forward motion lasted no more than a second or two before the disc changed direction, without slowing, at a perfect 90 degree angle. Having completed this, seemingly impossible change of direction, it vanished after another second or two.

However there were no flames trailing behind this disc, which leads me to believe that the first UFO was possibly lower. From the park I rushed the 5 minute walk home and quickly explained what i'd seen to my now ex-wife. I then suggested that we go back up to the park to see if the UFO would appear again.

Where I live is quite a built up area and the park is the only place that gives you an uninterrupted view of the night sky. We had been back in the park no more than 2 or 3 minutes when we both saw what can only be described as an extremely fast moving yellow streak.

At this point I should explain that I live very close to an Airport. I say this because over the past 3 years or so I have pretty much got the flight paths sussed of Planes taking off and coming into land. This fact makes what

happened next stranger still.

You see, a few minutes after spotting the yellow streak, a fairly low flying, extremely quiet plane flew overhead. It had appeared from the east and was heading in a straight line west in the same direction as the first disc that I saw.

However, since the airport lies to the south of the park, it was obvious that the plane had neither come from the airport or was preparing to land there. The majority of planes leaving or arriving at the airport circle the park in an anticlockwise direction. Occasionally they will come into land from the north flying very low and noisily across the park as they make their descent.

This plane was followed no more than a minute later by another from the same direction but slightly adjacent to where the first had been. Again this plane was low, slow flying and very quiet. These two planes were the first of a succession of at least 8 more, all coming from the same easterly direction and all heading west and all slightly adjacent to each other.

Later that day I put what I had seen in a Facebook status expecting an avalanche of smart ass comments. Instead a long time friend of mine who lives roughly four or five miles away and who walks his dog in nearby fields told me he had previously witnessed an almost identical turn of events.

Although I have seen many strange things in the night sky since, none have come close to what I witnessed that November night. Neither since have I seen anything remotely like the formation of aeroplanes flying overhead.

However the significance of those planes cannot be underestimated for if they were in some way connected to the discs it begs the question: Were the planes tracking alien UFO's or were they monitoring something even more sinister? I say this because there is another theory surrounding UFO's that is not as far fetched as it may first sound.

This theory has been around for a while now and is rapidly growing in the number of people buying into it. To those not familiar with the centuries old

NWO agenda this theory will sound like nonsense. Indeed, only when you fully understand the way the people behind this agenda have manipulated the world up to now will this theory make sense.

The scenario that this theory is based around is that the Earth will come under attack from Extraterrestrials. Once this attack on Earth is launched, we, the people are going to be told that it is necessary for all the heads of state in the world to combine their armies into one fighting force in order to repel the alien invaders.

Obviously, this means that there is going to have to be a top man and as such an unelected World-President will be put in place thus completing the agenda. Now, I appreciate that all this may sound far fetched to most people, but once you become aware of the way this elite brotherhood works, the clues pointing to this WW3 scenario are easy to recognize.

Some would even say that the illuminati controlled Hollywood has been preparing us for years by releasing blockbuster movies such as '**Independence day**'.

Moreover, on the 26th of September 2010 the Telegraph reported that the UN were considering appointing a "Space Ambassador" to act as first point of contact for Aliens trying to make contact with Earth. The person most likely to be assigned that task is 58 yr old , astrophysicist, Mazlan Othman who is currently head of the UN’s little known, Office for Outer Space Affairs.

It is also a cast iron guarantee that anyone purporting to be a whistleblower who is given a stage by the equally, illuminati controlled mainstream media, is doing so with their backing. A typical example of this was the live TV coverage that CNN afforded a disclosure conference in Washington DC on September 27th 2010.

The conference was chaired by author and researcher Robert Hastings and made up of a panel of Seven, retired, senior ranking USAF personnel. The 'official' purpose of the conference was so as these 7 men could blow the whistle on classified information pertaining to their encounters with UFO's.

Most of these encounters reportedly took place at Top Secret Nuclear Missile Bases and in most instances resulted in the Nuclear warheads being disabled. The seven whistle blowers were named as:
ROBERT JAMISON- USAF Nuclear Missile targeting officer (ret)
CHARLES HALT-USAF Colonel (ret)
JEROME NELSON-USAF Nuclear Missile launch officer (ret)
PATRICK McDONOUGH-USAF Nuclear Missile site geodetic surveyor (ret)
BRUCE FENSTERMACHER-USAF Nuclear Missile launch officer (ret)
ROBERT SALAS-USAF Nuclear Missile launch officer (ret)
DWYNNE ARNESON-USAF Communications Centre Officer-in-charge (ret).

The fact that this conference was televised live on CNN, a well known outlet for illuminati propaganda, arouses suspicion from the start. That aside, I find it hard to believe that these extremely Conservative, high ranking USAF personnel, retired or not, would betray their Government in such a way. Even the timing of the conference was significant, coming at the time of an unprecedented rise in reported UFO activity.

All this leads me to believe that what I witnessed last November could very well of been some kind of Government trial. The fact that less than 10 miles from my home, and located in the direction that the planes came from are 2 military installations, plays a part in my belief.

These installations are supposedly for bomb testing, but who’s to say what goes on down there. Neither can the airport be dismissed as having had no part to play. However, what convinces me more than anything that these UFOs were not as they seem is the type of plane involved.

You see, to my mind, had these UFOs been from outer space, then surely jet fighters would have been more appropriate?

So, what is the conclusion? At the end of the day only time will tell. However, from a personal point of view, I totally believe that the Illuminati

have laid the foundations and have the technology to allow them to launch a false flag invasion of the earth. In all likelihood, the reason for the significant increase in UFO related stories, reported by the mainstream media of late is more to do with a form of mind control, rather than a coincidence.

For instance ,when the American government wanted to rape Afghanistan and Iraq, the media went into overdrive promoting the threat of terrorism. In the same way, we are now being conditioned into believing that the possibility of us making contact with aliens is increasingly imminent. Certainly, by launching such an invasion the illuminati would be able to achieve their goal of a one world government.

It would also afford them the opportunity to murder millions of innocent people in accordance with their population reduction agenda. Having said that, these people haven't spent hundreds of years gaining a stranglehold on the world just to put all their eggs in one basket. They have various other ways open to them in order to usher in the NWO and at the moment it appears to me that they are more likely to try and achieve this by deliberately collapsing the global economy.

As to the question of UFOs being Fact or Fiction? Well that is a matter for you to decide. I will however sign off with a few facts and a basic description of the Universe.

You see, it is said that there are more stars in the universe than there are grains of sand that go to make up all of the worlds beaches. Hats off to whoever did the counting, but even if that fact is untrue, there are still a mind blowing number of them. So, consider this. Most stars are thought to be ringed by planets, in the same way that the Sun (Earth's star) is ringed by the 9 commonly known planets.

These are Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto. In turn these planets are orbited by a Moon or Moons. The Sun is just one star amongst 100 Billion that go to make up our Galaxy called the Milky Way which is a relatively small Galaxy, when compared to say the Andromeda Galaxy which is estimated to be made up of 300 Billion stars,

with each star potentially orbited by an indeterminate number of planets.

The Universe in turn, is in itself made up of untold trillions of Galaxies. Therefore, anyone arrogant enough to believe that our small planet is the only planet capable of sustaining life forms far more advanced than what we are, really hasn't been paying attention."Beam me up Scotty".

Chapter 6
ARRESTED? NOT ON YOUR LIFE

Another Sovereign Independent Newspaper article of mine which focuses on the rise of police brutality in the UK.

Once upon a time,a clip around the ear from your friendly neighbourhood copper was the accepted 'norm' amongst young men who were up to a bit of skulduggery.

Furthermore any villain from 'back in the day' will tell you that once the 'rozzers' had you back at the 'nick', the odd slap was part and parcel of a police interview. In fact, everyone knew this type of police behaviour went on and by and large it was accepted. Accepted not only by those up to no good and who classed it as an occupational hazard. But also accepted by your average law abiding citizen who viewed it as a means of 'serves you right'.

However, during the mid 1970's sweeping police reforms were brought in and this form of police brutality was no longer considered acceptable...
Fast forward to 2011 and how those bygone days are missed. No longer will giving a 6ft 4in tall Policeman a bit of lip earn you a clip around the ear. For to do so these days will result in you being brutally bundled to the ground by at least 5 or 6 policemen dressed in full combat gear.

And woe betide you if you struggle or protest at the fact that you have 5 or 6 sets of knees digging into your back and legs while your face is being buried in the tarmac and your arms are being forced up your back at almost impossible angles.

To do so will result in the offending knees disappearing to be very quickly being replaced by a prolonged blast of pepper spray in your face… If you are lucky. If you’re not you'll find your body subjected to 50,000 agonising volts of electricity discharged from a 'non lethal' - or so we are led to believe - taser.

At best this will leave you a quivering wreck on the pavement. Course,things are even worse these days for your average career criminal. For them, there is a very real chance that they may not even make it back to the nick at all.

Indeed, it is an extremely disturbing statistic that since 1998, at least 333 people in Britain have died while being arrested or while in police custody.

More worryingly still is not one single police officer has ever been convicted for any of these deaths despite compelling evidence in most cases that they did not occur from natural causes.

Unsurprisingly, although no doubt loathe to admit it, the police complaints authority have revealed that a disproportionate number of these deaths were of people from an Ethnic minority.

Alarmingly, in an 8 day period following the shooting to death of alleged gangster, Mark Duggan , the event blamed by the mainstream media as the cause of last months riots, no less than 3 other men have died at the hands of the police.

All 3 of these men had been either tasered, pepper sprayed or both. The use of tasers by the UK police on its citizens is now so widespread that Amnesty international has expressed concern on the matter. The events surrounding the death of one of these 3 men are as follows.

On the 24th of August, police in the Widnes area of Cheshire were called to the home of 25 yr old Amateur rugby player, Jake Michael. Despite Mr Michael being the person to make the 999 call, which he did so having received a threat on his life, Officers, for reasons not yet clear, tried to arrest him for affray.

When he resisted he was pepper sprayed in the face. Despite being blinded by the spray, Mr Michael managed to shrug of the police officers and make a dash for it. However, he only managed to run about 30 yards before he was brought down under the weight of at least 11 police officers.

After being taken to the local police station a police spokesman said Mr Michael became unwell and as a result was taken to hospital by ambulance. He died 2 hours later.

Mr Michael’s neighbour, Ann Blease a 40yr old mother of 3 witnessed the arrest. In describing Mr Michael as an extremely popular and very well liked man, she said some of the 11 arresting officers appeared to be deliberately kneeing Mr Michael in the head and giving him 'digs' in the side.

She added that the others - one of them a female officer - were either kicking him or hitting him with their truncheons. Mrs Blease was adamant that this brutality lasted up to 15 minutes and took place despite Mr Michael having his hands handcuffed behind his back and him no longer resisting arrest.

Another of the 3 men to die in this 8 day period has been named as 27 year old Dale Burns. Mr Burns, a keen bodybuilder from Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria became the first man in Britain to die from police taser after officers shot him 3 times with the powerful 50,000 volt gun.

Mr Burns had also been sprayed with Pepper Spray after officers had been called to his bedsit home on the 16th of August following reports of a disturbance.

The 3rd victim is named as 53 year old Phillip Hulmes from Over Hulton near Bolton who died on August 23rd. Mr Hulmes died after police shot him with tasers after breaking into his home, ironically to stop him committing suicide.

With regard to the death of Mark Duggan, the Metropolitan police have already been forced to admit that they have misled the public over the events that led to his death. While the investigation is still on going, it's a fact that early news reports on the incident suggested that there was a shoot out between Mr Duggan and armed police officers.

It was reported that along with the death of Mr Duggan , a police marksman was shot and only saved by the fact the bullet hit his radio first. However not only does it transpire that Mr Duggan never fired his gun, there is no evidence at the moment to suggest that he had even drawn the weapon. This means that if a Police Marksman was shot, then it was by one of his fellow officers as is the case with the radio which was actually in a police car when it was hit by a stray police bullet.

There can be little doubt that the British police are now being recruited for

their aggression rather than their integrity. They are poorly trained in the written aspects of the law and quite often neither know or care of the difference between lawful and legal.

They no longer wear smart tunics and pass the time of day with the public. Instead they roam in pairs, dressed in combat gear almost daring you to make eye contact with them.

Even their cars are no longer 'good guy' white. Today their cars are increasingly 'bad guy' black. Indeed, it is easy to say that if you stay within the law then the police won't bother you. However it takes very little for someone to become the focus of police attention these days especially young men in packs of 3 or more.

Unfortunately unless your a complete mouse it also doesn't take long for their aggressive, rude intrusion into your private business to get your back up. To show a police officer the merest flicker of annoyance is to invite trouble upon yourself and to be forcibly arrested these days is to literally take your life in your hands

Chapter 7
THE BBC MAKE A 'PROPER' CHARLIE OUT OF 911

In November 2011 the BBC broadcast a program that was supposedly designed to change the minds of a coachload of 9/11 sceptics. One of those sceptics was the well known activist, Charlie Veitch and totally destroyed any credibility that the pillock had.
I covered that program for the Sovereign Independent newspaper.

Once again the BBC has gone into propaganda mode with their broadcast last night (7/11/11) of a programme entitled 911:Conspiracy Road Trip. Indeed, I find it amazing that some people are still willing to give up a percentage of their 'hard earned' to purchase a TV licence in order for a supposedly impartial organisation such as the BBC to finance such blatantly biased claptrap.

That the Beeb chose comedian Andrew Maxwell to front this insult to the victims of 911 was however quite appropriate.You see, the whole programme was a joke from start to finish although to be fair the programme initially looked as though it might be impartial, having included Charlie Veitch as one of the five road trippers.

However, for reasons known only to himself, Veitch, a fairly well known, one time outspoken Government critic has well and truly shafted those who followed his work. Not that he appeared at ease rolling over for his new role as a dog waiting to have his tummy tickled by his new master.

Could he have had the frighteners put on him? I mean that is hardly far fetched when you consider that the infamous Gangland enforcer, come actor, John Bindon was scared into keeping silent the details of his relationship with Princess Margaret.

Destitute towards the end of his life, Bindon could have made a small fortune from selling his story. However, years earlier, a single car ride with the shadowy men in suits ensured Bindon took the details of his affair with the Queen’s sister to the grave with him.

There is of course no disputing the fact that Veitch was unconstitutionally detained and taken into custody by the authorities the day before Prince William got married. But even if he wasn’t, it's certainly strange that someone deemed such a potential threat to the smooth running of the Royal wedding has within a couple of months suddenly become a sheep.

Was he warned about the possible consequences should he continue to be a thorn in the side of the powers that be? Was he offered large incentives to roll over? Charlie, was certainly a shadow of his former self. In fact for a man who used to take to the London streets and rant through a megaphone he was certainly uncharacteristically quiet throughout the programme.
Charlie Veitch aside, it was obvious the direction that this programme was going to take from the moment Irish comedian, Andrew Maxwell let it be known that the trippers were questioning the independent investigation report into 911.

Course, the White House was originally opposed to having a commission set up to investigate the events of 911 in the first place. However, when it became obvious that to not have an official investigation would be tantamount to admitting involvement, the Bush administration appointed veteran political puppet master Henry Kissinger to head the commission.

When Kissingers appointment was vehemently opposed Phillip Zelikow a Bush supporter with close ties to Condaleeza Rice was given the job. Begrudgingly the American Govt then handed over $14 million for the investigation to go ahead.

Nevertheless, to put that figure into perspective, $40 million was handed over to investigate the Bill Clinton- Monica Lewinsky affair. And of course, both President Bush and Vice President Dick Cheney were under pressure to give evidence for the investigation.

However both men agreed to do so only on the strict understanding that they (1) Would only give evidence together as opposed to doing so alone. (2) None of what they said was to be recorded.(3) Neither of them would be required to give their evidence or answer questions under oath.

Now, for anyone who has read the 911 Commission Report the glaring flaws and omitted facts throughout the paper are all too evident. It is in fact quite obvious that the evidence has been used to fit the conclusion rather than reach a conclusion.

Where the evidence pointed to something else as the cause; for instance the reason for the collapse of WTC building 7, the subject has simply been ignored and left out of the report.
For a detailed account into how this so called independent report is little more than a work of fiction,you should read '**The New Pearl Harbour**' by David Ray Griffin.

Nevertheless, back to last night's programme and the first 'conspiracy theory ' addressed by Andrew Maxwell was that of the one put forward by a woman introduced to the viewer simply as Charlotte.

Charlotte’s gripe about the official version of events was that she failed to see how the hijackers, given their limited flight expertise could steer the massive 757 aeroplanes into the twin towers.

Well Charlotte, I can answer that. You see, assuming for argument's sake that the planes were actually being flown by Mohammed Atta and his motley crew (and there is a mountain of evidence to suggest otherwise) they would have been subjected to some good humoured teasing back at base, had they missed.

After all they only had to keep their eyes peeled for the two tall buildings sticking out way above the other buildings in New York City.

However, as if to read my mind the BBC wanted to to prove how feasible it would be for an inexperienced pilot to park a plane in the towers. In order to do so, one of the trippers was taken up in a Cessna light aircraft and allowed to take the controls. This apparently proved that someone who has never flown before could manage the task.

To add more credence to this revelation the flying instructor then told the awed trippers that it is in fact harder to fly a Cessna than it is a Jumbo Jet. However what the programme neglected to mention was that no one other than Charlotte has ever said the hijackers, if indeed there ever were any, could not steer a plane or that they were incapable of hitting the tall shiny things standing way above anything else on the New York skyline.

Especially while seated at the controls of an aeroplane with a 125 ft wingspan. However, where the doubt into the Hijackers flying expertise comes into question is with regards to the Pentagon. You see, it is now proven beyond doubt that the flying manoeuvre needed to take place in order for the plane to hit the Pentagon where it did, is way beyond the capabilities of the most experienced of pilots. More importantly still, it is beyond the manoeuvrability of a 757. Giving mind to this information, I suppose it is fair to say that, that is one in the eye for Charlotte. However, that is all it is fair to say.

Next up came Emily. Her conspiracy theory revolved around airport security. A student and active member of the 911 truth movement - though which 9/11 truth movement is anybody's guess - Emily finds it hard to believe that the Hijackers were not caught with their box cutters trying to board the planes.

She further maintained that the American Government had been given intelligence that the attacks were going to take place and as such the Hijackers were purposely allowed to board the planes unchallenged.

Now, of all the possible, supposed conspiracy theories surrounding 911, it is absolutely pointless to give airtime to this one. You see, once again anyone who is half clued up on the events that occurred that day would shy away from bringing the existence of the hijackers into play.

After all, Emily's argument is a no win situation for a person who doubts the official version of events. The fact that the official version of events says Hijackers boarded the planes with box cutters proves or disproves nothing. On the one hand, prior to 911 airport security was lax. Even more so for internal flights which all the alleged hijacked planes were scheduled to make. Therefore it would of been very easy to get these little knives aboard with or without the govts help.

And even after security was taken to an unprecedented level post 911, a journalist from the Sun Newspaper was able to get a knife on board a plane due to make an international flight.
Moreover, the fact that Emily says the Govt knew and as such proves that the Hijackers were deliberately allowed unchecked onto the planes is easily countered by saying the Govt couldn't have known and had they done so the Hijackers would of been stopped at the airport.

In short no one who was seriously implicating the Govt as being behind 911 would use such a no win hypothetical argument. Still it's fair to say that's one in the eye for Emily. However , that is all it's fair to say.

Next up came Charlie’s turn to be educated and at this point I would have found it easy to lob something heavy at my TV screen. Charlie maintained that there was bombs planted in the trade centre and it was these bombs that brought down the twin towers, not the impact of the planes.

Andrew Maxwell then told us that some people believe a powdered substance called Thermite was used and to prove once and for all that this couldn't possibly be true a steel girder was laid on its side and a large pile of Thermite was placed on the end.

Dramatically ordering the trippers to get well back, the thermite was then

ignited and promptly exploded in an impressive firework type display. Once the flames had gone out, the Steel girder was examined and the only visible damage was a small hole.

So that was that theory up in smoke if you'll pardon the pun. But so as not to leave anyone in any doubt that explosives couldn't have been used, we were then given a lecture from a demolition expert. He told us that in order to bring the towers down by controlled demolition it would take months of planning and putting explosives in place.

The planting of these explosives would require large teams of experts working for weeks in the central core of the building. For them to do so, unnoticed and unchallenged by the tight security in place in the trade centre would be impossible.

Finally, presumably to complete Charlie’s humiliation, we were shown how the towers came down in a scientific display using towers made out of… Errr… Lego. By breaking a random piece off the top of the lego tower, Charlie then demonstrated to the 'construction scientist’ how he had watched the section of tower above the impact site first tilt, then fall back into line as the tower came down in its own footprint.

Talking to Charlie like he was talking to an imbecile - although he was - our intrepid expert then patiently explained how the outer steel supports had been severed when the plane struck the tower and how the fire proofing had been dislodged from the steel girders in the buildings central core.

It was then explained that with no fireproofing to protect the steel core the immense heat from the exploding jet fuel had caused the girders to bend in the direction of the severed outer steel.
Then, as the top of the building fell, the weight of this top section collapsed the floors of the section immediately below the impact zone, bringing the top section back into line and starting a concertina effect.

This then - according to the experts - is how the towers came down in their own footprints. Course, this impressive and wholly believable explanation

would have be fine had it not been for a few basic facts and the rewriting of the laws governing physics.

So let’s first deal with the scientific lego demonstration. Firstly, the outer steel supports on the towers had no strength in them. They were simply there to hold the floors in place. The whole strength in the tower was located in its central core.

And had the steel in the central core heated up to such a degree that the steel did indeed bend, then the top section would simply of fallen off - Just as Charlie said it appeared to be about to do, seconds before the tower came down at free fall speed.

However not only was all the jet fuel burned up in a giant fireball on impact, jet fuel doesn't burn anywhere near hot enough to melt steel. Moreover, testimony from firemen has confirmed that the fires left burning were not very hot.

This fact is proven by the colour of the smoke and flames. Indeed, if you go into a steelworks you will see that the men working with molten steel are all wearing heat protection suits. Yet video footage of the trade centre, clearly shows a woman standing in the opening left by the plane, waving a shirt for help.

Therefore it is impossible for there to have been anywhere near the heat needed to have any effect on the steel whatsoever.

The next problem is the speed that the towers came down. At free fall speed the towers would come down in 10 seconds. As it was they came down in under 12 seconds. It is therefore impossible and against the laws of physics for the towers to have come down at that speed if it wasn’t a controlled demolition, even if you believe that the wreckage gathered momentum the nearer it got to the ground.

It is a scientific fact that the only way the towers could have fallen at the speed they did is if the central core was being destroyed and removed as it

fell. The only way this could have been done is by explosion but as we have seen, thermite wasn’t up to the job.

However by adding Sulphur to Thermite you get what's called **Thermate**. Thermate, once ignited cuts through Steel like a hot knife through Butter. In fact it is used by demolition firms to cut through steel girders in controlled demolitions throughout the world.

Using Thermate on the steel in the towers central core would have brought both the buildings down in the way and at the speed that they did in fact come down. There is no other explanation possible that can be applied to the collapse that doesn't break the laws of physics.
So how did the Thermate and incendiary devices get put into place?
Well, for weeks prior to September 11th a whole team of 'Lift Engineers' had been carrying out 'Maintenance' and the towers central core is easily accessible via the lift shafts.

But surely security would of picked up on this? Well yes, Obviously the security firm would have known.

However, the firm employed by the WTC to handle security was called **Securacom**. This is a massive firm who also handled the security at United Airlines and Dulles International Airport. And the man who owns this company is a Mr Marvin P Bush, brother of President George W Bush.

Now, not only is it inconceivable that Charlie Veitch would be unaware of these facts, it is impossible that the BBC would not also be privy to this information. This may be why the BBC neglected to mention WTC building number 7.

You see, had the twin towers never existed, this skyscraper would have been one of the tallest in New York. Yet this building also collapsed in the same way that the towers did, despite not being struck by a plane and despite having no major fires.

However, to mention WTC7 may have led to awkward questions such as to

how the BBC news reported live from New York on September 11th 2001, that the building had just collapsed half an hour before it actually did.

Still it is fair to say that, that is one in the eye for Charlie. But thats all its fair to say. Shame on you Charlie. You've sold out.

Rodney, our fourth tripper, we were told studied Biochemistry. We were not told however if he got his degree or not. And I rather suspect that he didn't. After all, If he did then we would of been introduced to Rodney as having a degree in Biochemistry.

Nevertheless, Rodney had a problem with accepting that the size of the hole in the Pentagon could have been made by an aeroplane as large as a 757.

And as I have already said, it has been proved impossible for a 757 to hit the pentagon where it did. But for argument's sake let's say that it was possible. The Pentagon is the most heavily protected building in the world. Moreover, the airspace around the Pentagon has an exclusion zone. So, should an aircraft or missile enter this airspace an alarm would be triggered and surface to air, heat seeking missiles would be automatically launched.

Strangely, this missile system was conveniently deactivated on 911. Similarly there are more security cameras in the vicinity of the pentagon than anywhere else in the world yet to date, two grainy clips of film have been released by the US Govt… And neither shows the existence of a 757 hitting the building.

In fact a quick flick through photographs on the internet will show you the kind of wreckage left by a plane crash. However we are told in the programme by a Mr Alan Pilsner, who works at the Pentagon, that this particular plane disintegrated.

Mr Pilsner whose office is decorated with letters of heartfelt thanks from Donald Rumsfeld and George Bush Goes on to say that he saw the body parts of stewardesses that day. Therefore we can only conclude from this fact, that he either knew the dead stewardesses or that their body parts were still dressed in their uniforms.

And as such, all that I can say is these stewardesses must have been a pretty hardy bunch for their bodies to be left intact enough as to be visibly identifiable from their uniforms. Especially when you consider that they came from a metal aeroplane that disintegrated into thin air.

Furthermore the whole plane must have completely disintegrated before the wings hit the building being as the building itself has no structural damage whatsoever on either side of the 65 ft opening made on impact. Not even broken windows.

Now thats pretty hard to explain coming from a plane with a wingspan 2 inches short of 125 ft. So despite the plane disintegrating before the wings touched the building, Pilsner would have us believe that the tail end of the aircraft carried on travelling through a further nine reinforced walls and untold steel columns before finally coming to rest in the pentagons central gardens.

On the actual day, Donald Rumsfeld was videoed bravely helping carry away what little debris there was left from 'the plane'. Course not only should Rumsfeld have faced criminal charges for interfering with a crime scene, he should not have been there at all. After all it is standard practice for bodyguards to get senior Government heads to a place of safety in an emergency.

Furthermore these tiny pieces of debris - small enough to be carried away by hand - were hardly posing a danger to anyone or anything. They would however have been of incredible help to aircraft crash investigators had they been left where they were. Still it's safe to say that that's one in the eye for Rodney. But that is all its safe to say.

After the debunking of Rodney’s conspiracy theory, we were then treated to scenes of our intrepid roadtrippers falling out with each other. This falling out included much shouting, much crying and much walking out of the room, thus giving the impression that anyone who disbelieves anything other than the official version of events must be immature, hysterical, and have a

tendency to overreact.. God forbid the BBC should ever make a credible programme using a serious presenter and people with real knowledge of the so called conspiracy theories.

Nevertheless, these tantrum scenes led nicely into Shazin's conspiracy theory. Shazin wanted to know how the people on United flight 93, the plane that allegedly crashed into a field in Pennsylvania, were able to make phone calls to their loved ones.
Now for those not in the know, this was an excellent question. Especially after the Govt released details and recordings of those phone calls, allegedly made by the passengers from their cell phones.

However, it was rather inconveniently pointed out that in 2001 it was impossible to make a call from a cell phone at the hight united 93 was flying at. This fact naturally caused a problem for the 911 commission whilst compiling their evidence for the aforementioned independent report and left them no choice other than to professionally ignore the tapes.

And that way they wouldn't need to be included in the final draft. Course leaving out the phone call evidence could have led to questions being asked about the validity of the report but luckily enough there was a transcript of a phone call available, allegedly made by a stewardess on the plane's phone to air traffic control.

This call must be genuine since it is included in the final draft of the report, mustn't it? However, for a less tongue in cheek, more detailed and scientific account of the phone calls, I refer you once again to the book, '**The New Pearl Harbour**' by David Ray Griffin.

Now obviously this problem with the phone calls could have left the Beeb with egg on their faces. So, there was only one thing for it. The BBC would need a diversion to draw attention away from the fact that it was impossible for the phone calls to be genuine... Enter Greg Fife.

Aircraft crash investigator, Greg was drafted in to explain why the debris from United flight 93 were so small and scattered over a distance of a mile.

He also felt the need to explain why the crater left from the impact was so small and shallow. Now in order to do this Greg had to hope and pray that no one amongst the road trippers had ever seen the 100's of photographs available on the internet showing aeroplane crash sights.

After all, if they had then it could have led to even more awkward questions being asked, like why, in all these photos is it so easy to identify the remains of an aeroplane? Greg was apparently also banking on our roadtrippers never having seen the tape in which Donald Rumsfeld slips up and says Flight 93 was shot down.

For had they done so, they may well have had a look at the 100's of photographs available on the internet which show images of the debris left from shot down aircrafts. In these pictures it is very hard to tell what has been shot down because all that's left of the plane is small pieces of debris scattered over.. .Errr, miles.

Still Greg wouldn't lie would he? So to help us mere mortals understand better what happened to flight 93, Greg provided the trippers with a little plastic model of a 757. He then scientifically demonstrated the angle at which flight 93 hit the ground by tilting the toy planes nose downwards. He then built on this demonstration by explaining that it was because of this angle of impact that the crater visible at the crash site is so short and shallow.

Greg then ventured further still by saying that what actually happened on impact was the 757 buried itself roughly 40ft into the ground. This was presumably followed by the 40ft crater containing the plane backfilling itself… Although he neglected to mention that it so obviously did!

Nevertheless, Greg is able to tell us this information because crash investigators were able to locate the black box .An airplane's black box is unique to each and every plane that it is attached to and is identifiable by numbers which are impossible to be removed or altered.

Interestingly enough, the 911 commission requested to examine flight 93's black box as evidence - a request that was subsequently refused. However, i

digress.

Now, presumably flight 93 crash investigators had to dig down 40 ft to locate the black box and this would be how Greg knows the depth that the plane disappeared into the ground. Course this depth of 40 ft throws up its own problems in so much as a 757 is over 155 ft long.

Therefore, by my reckoning this leaves 115 ft of aeroplane unaccounted for. Fortunately this is not a problem for Greg. The missing 115 ft of plane is obviously the tiny pieces visibly scattered over a mile. But how would this make sense? I mean surely the remaining 115 ft of wreckage would of piled up on top of the now buried 40 ft?

No says Greg, not at all. However for him to accurately demonstrate what happens in a crash such as this, a scientific experiment would be needed. So, after buying half a dozen eggs, the scientific experiment was ready to begin. Each road tripper was then handed an egg and ordered to throw it in the air and let it smash on the ground. "Now" says Greg triumphantly pointing to the smashed eggs, "Look how far the eggs have splattered on impact".

But unfortunately our Roadtrippers are not convinced. This leads Greg no option but to go more hi-tech and for this he fills 5 balloons with water and orders our 5 roadtrippers to throw the balloons into the air and let them hit the ground.

This then, as far as I can tell, leads to conclusive proof that if a 757 was made of thin rubber and filled with water there would be a lot of wet ground in the event of a crash. And by now even the BBC was beginning to realise how silly they were looking, so having had the roadtrippers change their wet socks the programme returned to the question of the phone calls.

However there was still the real danger that unanswerable questions could be asked, especially by Shazin who was demanding an answer to the unanswerable. Enter Alice Hoglan, grieving Mother of Mark Bingham, one of the heroes who died on flight 93… Apparently.

Not that it would matter too much if she was who she says she was or indeed if Mark Bingham ever existed. After all, no one was ever going to question the woman too hard due to the fact that she promptly burst into tears on introduction. This had the effect of reducing our 5 heroes into floods of tears also.
Nevertheless, after much sympathising and group hugging Alice told us tearfully how her son had called her up on his cell phone from the hijacked plane. In fact she is 100% positive that it was her son because shes heard the tapes a few times and you can quite clearly hear Mark Bingham say, "*Mum its Mark Bingham*".

Now the more cynical amongst us could be forgiven for thinking that after a period of 10 years, a woman confronted by 5 people trying to besmirch her hero son's memory would have reacted with anger rather than being reduced to an emotional wreck. Furthermore, the more cynical amongst us would also be forgiven for finding it strange that a son, when calling his mother would feel the need to introduce himself at all let - alone by his full name.

After all the "*mum*" kinda gives a hint as to the callers identity. Nothing strange about that says Alice, explaining that Mark was a public relations man and as such was used to introducing himself in such a way.

And so, add a few more tears to this explanation and it has to be true. We then have another awkward moment for the BBC when they are forced to admit that it would be extremely easy for the Govt to forge these tapes. Thankfully Alice is able to save the day by saying that she could hear the sound of *"4,5,6,7 men fighting*" in the background.

Course, no one had the heart to ask Alice if it was in fact 4, 5 ,6 or 7 men she had heard fighting that day. In fact no one was able to ask anything through their tears once Alice said that she could see her son now, jumping over the backs of seats to get at the hijackers.

In fact I am not altogether sure that I didn't hear her say over the sound of my own sobbing, that John Wayne himself was leading the charge. Either way it's safe to say that it's one in the eye for Shazin. But that is all that it's safe to

say.

**Since this article was first published in the Sovereign Independent Newspaper, Charlotte has spoken out about how the program was purposely edited to make the participants appear stupid. She has said that they were continually bullied and their questions unanswered or ignored.*

Charlie Veitch, bless him, has since tried defending his participation in the program. In doing so all he has done is made himself look incredibly stupid and on film comes across as a little boy caught stealing while trying to deny it. You cannot defend the indefensible Charlie. It is my understanding that many more higher profile activists including Luke Rudkowski were approached before Veitch and offered better financial incentive. All of them turned the BBC down flat.

Veitch incredibly thinks he has some credibility left and as such believes he can carry on where he left off prior to the shows screening. The last that I saw, Veitch had been forced to make a video pleading for donations. Good luck with that. Idiot.

Chapter 8
Remembering 7/7 on 9/11

I wrote this article for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper on September 11, 2011 - the anniversary of 9/11 - to remind people of Britain's own government orchestrated false flag 7/7.

According to the Writer & Journalist Kevin Boyle, When Tony Farell, the Principal, Intelligence Analyst for the South Yorkshire Police force submitted his 2010 annual review report to his superiors, he was already aware that in doing so he was calling time on his career.

The reason that he was aware of this had nothing to do with shoddy workmanship. On the contrary, after firing Mr Farell, his employers were forced to admit that his work record during the 12 year period he had worked for them was impeccable.

So, just what was contained within the pages of this report that could lead to such dire consequences for Mr Farell?
The simple answer is that the report was far too accurate and truthful for his bosses liking. In summing up his report, Mr Farell had concluded that any major threat of a terrorist attack would come from within the state apparatus, not from Islamic Fundamentalists.

In reaching this conclusion Mr Farell's report had asserted that both 7/7 and 9/11 were 'inside jobs'.
Course, despite the South Yorkshire Police having to admit that Tony Farell's 12yr stint with them had been faultless, he still lost his case for unfair

dismissal held in early 2011. And without the funds to employ legal representation to mount an appeal, that should have been the end of the matter. But Mr Farell is made of sterner stuff and as such he launched an appeal regardless.

The basis of that appeal centred around the fact that the South Yorkshire Police failed to review or investigate any of the analysis in his report. The appeal began last week on September 7th.

In giving evidence, the SYP Director of Finance, the man who sacked Mr Farell was forced to admit that the data in the intelligence report "*could be right"*. However the accuracy of the report was of no concern to the appeal tribunal. Their mandate was to only address evidential matters relating to points of law previously overlooked or misapplied.

You see, while the report's accuracy was of no consequence to the tribunal, to accept the findings as correct would have had dire consequences elsewhere. This is because the UK police policy on terrorism is the responsibility of the Metropolitan Police. The Metropolitan Police in turn receive their instructions on Anti Terrorism from the Security Services and it is the latter that Tony Farell, along with many others is accusing of carrying out the terror attacks on 7/7.
And therein lies the problem. You see, the only way South Yorkshire Police could of retained the services of Mr Farell would have been to accept the findings of the report. Yet the ramifications in doing so would almost certainly have torn the Establishment apart, and just like 9/11 the powers that be were never going to just stand back and let that happen.

The outcome of Tony Farell's appeal has yet to be decided. Mind you, I suspect that he has more chance of winning the lottery than his appeal. Moreover, defeat will no doubt lead to the evidence in Tony Farell's report being filed alongside that of 9/11 in the annals of conspiracy theories.

And no doubt this confinement will delight those who are either too blind or too stupid to see, along with those amongst us who simply choose not too. However, for the more open minded, rational thinking people, of who we are

plenty and rapidly rising in numbers, the emerging evidence that 7/7 was an inside job is now too great to ignore.

Indeed, it is sad to say that 9/11 is always going to overshadow 7/7. Nevertheless, regardless of what a person believes, everybody knows at least some of the facts about 9/11 don’t tie in with the Government's version of events.

Yet when it comes to the events of 7/7 the vast majority of people don't even know the Government's version of events, never mind that of the conflicting evidence. Therefore, it is up to people like us to make sure people never forget our own 9/11.

Unfortunately there is far too much that the Government rather us not know about 7/7 to list here. However some of the evidence is far too alarming not too. This includes the following:

1) In the Edgware Road tube train carriage there were 3 holes. All 3 holes were ringed with jagged metal pointing up into the carriage. Of these 3 holes, there was one large one near the first set of single doors and 1 large hole and 1 small directly in front of the first set of double doors. The carriage was sufficiently busy enough for eyewitnesses to confirm that at least one person disappeared down each of these holes. Two survived, the other died. How is this possible, when according to the Government a suicide bomber, acting alone, with homemade liquid explosives in a rucksack on his back was responsible for the carnage?

2) The body count on both the Edgware Rd & Aldgate trains was conducted by Dr Morgan Costello. Dr Costello counted 6 bodies on the Aldgate train and 7 on the Edgware Rd train. These two figures tally with the number of victims killed but does not allow for the 2 suicide bombers. The Government later partly addressed this discrepancy by saying that the suicide bomber on the Aldgate train had been splattered in 52 separate pieces across the carriage. However this is inconsistent with the victims bodies and that of the injuries of the survivors standing next to him. The majority of these serious injuries

were to feet and lower limbs.

> (3) There were 4 separate training exercises being carried out by the emergency services on 7/7 mimicking the events of what actually occurred. This is a telling sign of a false flag operation with the exact same thing happening in America on 9/11.

(4) Despite us being told that the suicide bombers used home made liquid explosives, Superintendent Christophe Chaboud, a French Policeman assigned to help Scotland Yard with the investigation told the Times Newspaper that initial analysis on the bombs showed them to be that of a sophisticated type used by the military. From 2005 up to date the official story on the type of explosive used has gone from being 'C4' to 'TAPT' before ending up as a mixture of black pepper and boiled-down hydrogen peroxide bought from a local warehouse.

(5) For a much more detailed account of this evidence along with a lot more Google: No one to vote for Kev Boyle.

Today is September 11th 2011. The day quite rightly belongs to the memory of the innocent people murdered by their own government exactly 10 years ago. But while we remember the victims of 9/11, let us also spare a moment or two for those murdered in London on 7/7. May each and everyone of their soles forever Rest in Peace.

Course, if you do not believe that our governments stage their own terror attacks, then you really do need a check up from the neck up.

Nevertheless, there is plenty of documented evidence to be found on the internet to prove the fact. For instance, on February 17, 2012 Tony Cartalucci wrote the following for Prison Planet.com:

The Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) has once again proven that the only thing Americans need fear, is their own government, with the latest "terror attack" foiled being one entirely of their own design.

USA Today reports that a suspect had been arrested by the FBI who was "en route to the U.S. Capitol allegedly to detonate a suicide bomb." While initial reports portrayed the incident as a narrowly averted terrorist attack, CBS would report that a "high ranking source told CBS News the man was "never a real threat."" The explosives the would-be bomber carried were provided to him by the FBI during what they described as a "lengthy and extensive operation." The only contact the suspect had with "Al Qaeda" was with FBI officials posing as associates of the elusive, omnipresent, bearded terror conglomerate. The FBI, much like their MI5 counterparts in England, have a propensity for recruiting likely candidates from mosques they covertly run.

This is but the latest in a string of national terror plots carried out from start to finish by the FBI, who has made a business of approaching likely candidates and grooming them to carry out terror attacks. In September 2011, another FBI terror operation targeting the Capitol was "foiled," involving a patsy who believed he was to take part in an assault that would involve multiple gunmen and even a drone bomber provided to him by the FBI.

And perhaps the most dubious of all, was the December 2010 Portland "Christmas Tree Bomber," who was also approached by the FBI, provided demolition training, including a demonstration with live explosives performed in a Lincoln County park, and a van within which the patsy believed his handlers had provided him a bomb. The van with the inert device was parked next to a crowded Christmas tree lighting ceremony where the patsy attempted to detonate it remotely before being arrested by FBI agents.

It would later turn out that Portland had heroically withdrew from the FBI's Joint Terrorism Task Force, (JTTF), with the operation then being carried out behind Portland Mayor Sam Adam's back only for its conclusion to humiliatingly catch the mayor off guard. The city of Portland would eventually rejoin the JTTF after the fallout from the FBI's own terror plot. The FBI is carrying out what is essentially a campaign of entrapment fueling what alternative news outlet Media Monarchy appropriately calls "terronoia." And while it is true that these incidents are being used to foment a climate of fear to justify the ongoing "War on Terror," there is a more

sinister implication readers must be aware of.

In 1993 the FBI was carrying out an identical "sting operation" in New York City. The target was the World Trade Center, the weapon of choice would be a bomb-laden van, that like the above mentioned attacks, was supposed to contain an inert device. Helping the FBI was an Egyptian informant, Emad Salem, who over the course of the investigation grew suspicious of the federal agents and began recording his phone conversations with them.

From these recordings released by the New York Times, it turns out that the FBI switched out the inert device for real explosives at the last moment resulting in an attack that killed 6 and injured over a thousand. Despite this evidence, the 1993 bombing is still to this day attributed to "terrorists" with the FBI's involvement muted if ever mentioned.

The implications are of course, with the FBI's current nationwide stable of patsies being trained, directed, and provided material support to carry out attacks the FBI then "foils," is at any given moment, any one of these operations can be switched "live" just as in 1993. The resulting carnage can then be used to manipulate public opinion just as it was in 1993, 2001, on 7/7 in London, and in Madrid, Spain in 2004.

The risk rises exponentially now with Israel being confirmed to be training, arming, and directing US State Department-listed terrorist organization, the People's Mujahedin of Iran, also known as Mujahedeen e-Khalq (MEK). The US has also played an extensive role in supporting MEK who is currently carrying out a campaign of terror inside of Iran.
This is part of a plot by the US indicated in its own policy papers, openly conspiring to provoke a war with Iran. This is best encapsulated in this often cited quote from US policy think-tank, Brookings Institution:

"…it would be far more preferable if the United States could cite an Iranian provocation as justification for the airstrikes before launching them. Clearly, the more outrageous, the more deadly, and the more unprovoked the Iranian action, the better off the United States would be. Of course, it would be very difficult for the United States to goad Iran into such a provocation without

the rest of the world recognizing this game, which would then undermine it. (One method that would have some possibility of success would be to ratchet up covert regime change efforts in the hope that Tehran would retaliate overtly, or even semi-overtly, which could then be portrayed as an unprovoked act of Iranian aggression.) "
-Brookings Institution's 2009 "Which Path to Persia?" report, pages 84-85.
The same report would go on to say:

"In a similar vein, any military operation against Iran will likely be very unpopular around the world and require the proper international context—both to ensure the logistical support the operation would require and to minimize the blowback from it. The best way to minimize international opprobrium and maximize support (however, grudging or covert) is to strike only when there is a widespread conviction that the Iranians were given but then rejected a superb offer—one so good that only a regime determined to acquire nuclear weapons and acquire them for the wrong reasons would turn it down. Under those circumstances, the United States (or Israel) could portray its operations as taken in sorrow, not anger, and at least some in the international community would conclude that the Iranians "brought it on themselves" by refusing a very good deal."
-Brookings Institution's 2009 "Which Path to Persia?" report, page 52.

Clearly those in the West intent on striking Iran realize both the difficulty of obtaining a plausible justification, and the lack of support they have globally to carry out an attack even if they manage to find a suitable pretext. Brookings would continue throughout their report enumerating methods of provoking Iran, including conspiring to fund opposition groups to overthrow the Iranian government, crippling Iran's economy, and funding US State Department-listed terrorist organizations (MEK) to carry deadly attacks within Iran itself. Despite these overt acts of war, and even considering an option to unilaterally conduct limited airstrikes against Iranian targets, Brookings noted there was still the strong possibility Iran would not allow itself to be sufficiently provoked:

"It would not be inevitable that Iran would lash out violently in response to an American air campaign, but no American president should blithely

assume that it would not."
The report continues:
"However, because many Iranian leaders would likely be looking to emerge from the fighting in as advantageous a strategic position as possible, and because they would likely calculate that playing the victim would be their best route to that goal, they might well refrain from such retaliatory missile attacks."
-Brookings Institution's 2009 "Which Path to Persia?" report, page 95.

With this in mind, and with the 1993 World Trade Center attack as a historical precedent, it is almost a certainty that the West and Mossad are carrying out the current global wave of bombings now being blamed on Iran. This includes two failed bombings in India and Georgia, and a more recent incident in Bangkok, Thailand.
Law enforcement officers across America may be witnessing the FBI conducting through their JTTF what they believe to be a "sting operation" that may end up being the next major terrorist attack on US soil – and the pretext for certain war with Iran.

The fears of Portland Mayor Sam Adams were well founded, and it took an act of terror to strong-arm him and the people of Portland into capitulating to the federal JTTF program. Local law enforcement, for the safety of themselves and the people they are charged to serve and protect, would be wise to keep an eye on the FBI – apparently the most likely source from which terror plots both "foiled" and "successful" are hatched...

Course, these attempts by the Security Services to create fear amongst the population by and large would be pathetic and laughable, would it not be for the fact that the population , by and large, believe these plots to be real.

Indeed, the fact that these false flag plots are so transparent is testament to just how gullible we have become as a whole. Course, for the Government these plots put them in a win, win situation as not only does it keep the public in fear but they also make the Security Services appear as if they are on top of their game...This is why the following old adage should always be remembered : *Anyone who would give up their freedom in exchange for*

security, is deserved of neither.

Just sayin’.

Chapter 9
Welcome to Hateland, have a nice day

This is another article that I wrote for the Sovereign Independent and marked the beginning of the covert press agenda to demonise ALL Muslims.

You really have to hand it to the Establishment. They know exactly what buttons to press. In fact the propaganda department has been in full swing this weekend with maximum utilisation of the mainstream media being effectively employed to promote racial hatred.

You see, it all started in the UK on Friday with the 6 o'clock news. The leading, major story of the day was that American Security Forces had received intelligence reports confirming the threat of terrorist attacks planned for over the weekend.We were informed that there was a "credible" but as yet "unconfirmed" threat of a terrorist attack taking place in either New York or Washington.

However, we were not told who made the threat but being the weekend of Sept 11th the insinuation must be Al Qaeda. Our intrepid news reporter, 'live' in New York went on to say that the message from city officials was that: “There's no need to panic but the public should remain vigilant...”.

Now if your a bit gullible, as the vast majority of people in 1st world countries appear to be, it is hard not to panic with a headline like that... Harder still when the warning is repeated either on the TV or Radio on the hour every hour.

Still i'm sure the Sheeple must of felt a lot more reassured once they saw the huge army of combat police on parade. After all, no self respecting, crazed

Muslim, suicide pilot was ever going to fly a 757 into Ground Zero once he saw the sun glinting off their Rayban sunglasses or the barrel of their sub machine guns.

However, those of us less gullible people saw through the headline straight away but for those of you who don't understand corporate gobbledygook ,the news loosely translated like this:

The Gov't owned media have been ordered to put the fear of god into people by repeating (Confirming) a rumour (intelligence report) started by a govt office bods (security services) which are believable (credible), yet not necessarily honest (unconfirmed). The rumour suggests that you may or may not be subjected to violence (Threat) probably by people (Terrorists) who don't exist (Al Qaeda), so we won't mention them. We haven't a clue where you're probably not going to get hurt by anybody (New York or Washington) but some wannabe important people (city officials) have advised the gullible sheeple (public) to be petrified and keep an eye on the fella next to them, because he hates you and wants to kill you (Don't panic but remain vigilant).

No surprise then that 9/11 II ,the sequel never materialised. Course, that fact hasn't stopped today's papers cranking up the racial tension a notch. Indeed, much is being made of yesterday's demonstration by so called Islamic extremists outside the American Embassy.
And indeed, it's worked a treat as well judging by the comments on Facebook etc. In fact I don't think that I have ever seen the level of racial hatred that this demonstration has evoked… Which is a great pity really because unlike previous years, I hadn't seen a single status about 9/11 that condemned or blamed Islamic extremists.

Now there are 2 possible scenarios to this demonstration. And which ever scenario is correct, there can be no doubt that the media has reported the demonstration to great affect.

In doing so, along with the scare monger broadcasts predicting terrorist atrocities that were never going to happen, the promotion of racial harmony has been put back years.

You see, if the pictures in the papers were to be believed then your average God fearing Christian would have every right to hate and fear the Muslims.

Forced by sheer numbers against the safety barriers! Faces hidden with only their eyes visible! waving placards that predict world domination for Muslims! Burning the Star Spangled Banner! Isn't there a ban on demonstrations? In fact even I was scared for a moment...Alright, I made the last one up, but it's easy to see how people are manipulated into perceiving that we are under threat from the Arab world.

And the sad truth is we really aren't but the government could never have us know that. Indeed, if we knew that the Arab world posed no threat to us then there could be no ongoing war on terror.

And if that were the case then how on earth could we steal their oil?. Moreover, how would the CIA underpin the American economy if they couldn't control the all time high distribution of Afghanistan's Heroin? What would happen to the newly built gas and oil pipelines that the Taliban refused to let the USA run through their country? What about the Trillions of Dollars the World bankers would lose in interest on the loans used to finance the war? Where would racial harmony leave the plans for the NWO ?

Then there is 9/11. How would the anti terrorist bill ever have been passed, not to mention the many other infringements on our civil liberties if there were no Arab Terrorists to protect us from.

In fact Larry Silverstein would have been bankrupted over the cost of removing Asbestos from the World Trade Centre instead of becoming a billionaire through insurance claims!

Indeed, how would the FBI bosses have managed to destroy the evidence relating to the missing Trillions of Dollars stolen by the Bush Administration had building 7 of the WTC not collapsed under the sheer weight of the jet fuel spilled from the hijacked United Airways aeroplanes?

How would United Airways along with many others have made a killing on

the stock market had it not been for the terrorists taking their planes for a joyride, for that matter?

Then there is the Pentagon. How would the accountants there have accounted for the billions of dollars in misplaced funds had the Terrorists not overpowered the pilot of the Boeing 757 cruise missile, before getting all confused as to which side of the building contained the Senior government heads such as Vice President Dick Cheney and Defence Secretary Donald Rumsfeld and steered it into the Accounts department instead?

On the other hand, racial hatred not only provides the opportunity for Governments and corrupt corporate fat cats to make easy money, remove our civil rights and pursue their own agenda, it also keeps people divided. Not only Black against White, or East against West, but those who support racism and those who don't.

Indeed, it is these divisions that allow the few to rule the many. And this brings me nicely back to the two scenarios for the demonstration. You see, the general consensus in this morning's papers put the number of demonstrators at 100. And a quick look at the news videos and photographs makes the number of demonstrators appear to be in far greater numbers.

Now if these were truly Islamic extremists, then I would have no time whatsoever for them. Mind you, as demonstrations go a 100 people is hardly a success by any standards. After all, the British Muslim population is expected to top 3 million this year.

A 2010 survey put the number of Muslims in Britain at 2,869,000. Therefore, this being the case 100 Muslim extremists is hardly representative of the British Muslim population. And to put it into perspective the demonstrators represent less than 0.003% of British Muslims.

Moreover, a 2009 survey on the attitudes of British Muslims found them to identify more strongly with the UK and hold the country's institutions in higher regard than the rest of the British population.

Now according to the newspapers, the police kept 'a small' number of Muslims who were opposed to the demonstration away from the main protesters. One of those Anti demonstration protesters, Abdul Sallam 41 travelled all the way from Glasgow to make his feelings known about the demonstrators.

He said " *i'm a Muslim. What they are doing is bringing shame on all Muslims. This is not part of the teachings of Islam. Islam is about peace, but what they want to do is hate other people. I am proud to be British. i love my country. All these people are doing is breaking Britain apart*".

So, notwithstanding the disproportionate representation of Muslim views, the demonstrators were not protesting against Britain. Their anger was solely aimed at America. The picture of a flag (for that's what it was) was not the Union Jack, it was the Star Spangled Banner and the demonstration was largely peaceful with only 4 “extremists” being arrested.

But looking at the situation fairly, do they not have a right to be angry? I mean between 2003-2010 nearly 108,000 Innocent men women and children have been killed in Iraq. Moreover, in a survey taken by 2000 Iraqi adults, 22% had lost one or more family member who lived under their roof.

Furthermore 70% of children in Iraq are exhibiting signs of post traumatic stress and now have the honour of living in the most dangerous place on Earth. Yet their country was invaded under the pretence of being in possession of WMD's… Which was later proved to be false... and also of harbouring Osama Bin Laden… Which was also false.

In short Iraq was illegally invaded. Can you imagine if it had been the other way round and it had been Britain illegally invaded? Living under the same conditions they are now, with three quarters of our children severely traumatised? Yet still no hatred was directed at the British from the demonstrators. And let's not beat around the bush here, Britain is as deeply involved in the invasion, pro rata, as the USA is.

Then the so called English Defence League(EDL) turned up although quite

what this repackaged National Front Party is defending England from I haven't a clue. They claim to be a non racist group but their mandate and actions point to the opposite.

The Newspapers put the number of EDL members present yesterday at around 60. This begs the question why were the EDL there in the first place?

Were they there filling in for the KKK? And unlike the so called Islamic Extremists(IE's) the EDL were not kept back from the American Embassy. However unlike the IE's the EDL refused to move when told by the police. Unlike the IE's ,the EDL did scuffle with police and unlike the IE's, The EDL had come to fight ,not protest.

This led the police to arrest 20 EDL members which has led to the usual racists comments such as "*They cam over ere an burn r bleedin flag an ware da mugs that get nicked init?*".

No they dont. That is racist propaganda spread by the likes of the Government, The EDL and the uneducated. From what I could see, the 60 strong EDL were much more intimidating, antagonistic and aggressive than the 100 strong IE's were. And why should that be? The IE's were protesting against the Americans. Would the EDL have been there had it been White Brits protesting against the Americans leading us into an illegal war? A war we cant and wont ever win? A war that in Afghanistan alone has cost the lives of 308 British soldiers and injuries, many life changing to a further 10,608 more… I think not.

So for crying out loud let's aim our anger at the real enemy. As i've said I don't condone or support any extremist group and that includes the EDL.

But what if the IE's were not who they say they were? What if they were CIA plants or worse, British Government plants. Indeed, you have to ask yourself who stood to gain from the demonstration? The so called IE's had nothing to gain except upsetting and alienating the British Population. Isn't that a case of cutting off your nose to spite your face?

In fact such actions can only lead to themselves, their families, their friends and their fellow Muslims being put at risk from race attacks. It can result in their Mosques, factories and shops being vandalised and burnt down. Surely if you are a small minority out to start a race war against the vast majority it would make sense to have a large expanse of water between you before doing so?

The Government and the CIA on the other hand have everything to gain by the demonstration. With this in mind is it so far fetched to accept that this demonstration could very well be a carefully orchestrated plan which has achieved the result it set out to achieve?

With regard to the so called 30 day blanket ban on demonstrations, it's quite difficult to find any information on this subject. Having said that I must confess to not looking all that hard. After all the ban doesn't really have a bearing on this article except to question why yesterday's demonstration was allowed to go ahead.

From what little I could find out it seems that the 30 day order isn't so much a blanket ban, more a select borough ban. This doesn't appear to include the Borough of Westminster although there is a permanent ban on demonstrations and protests around Whitehall.

Mind you, its Interesting that although the media was keen to point out that last weeks EDL protest was a static one (The inference being the banning order only applies to marches), no police action was taken until one of the EDL leaders loudly informed the boys in Blue via megaphone that he was breaching his bail conditions by being there. Likewise,did the so called IE's arrive outside the American Embassy in small groups (it was a small group collectively) with their placards in their pockets? Or could it be that the police know that the ban is unlawful?

Course, I am sure there will be a small number of bigots who read this and imagine me to be a limp wristed, politically correct, left wing, do gooder. Yet if labels need be applied to someone having the belief that all human beings are equal, regardless of race, colour or creed, that the world belongs to us all

and not just the few, that no one should ever have to go without food, water,clothing or shelter and that no one should have to live in fear of his fellow man, then I care not what you label me.

Chapter 10
Invasion of the Baby snatchers

When Tony Blair became the British Prime Minister he immediately began to wage war on what he deemed as "unfit parents'. This has led to many perfectly good parents having their children removed from their care.

Disturbingly, many of these children are ever heard of again. The following is the first of many articles that I have written on the subject...

It wasn't so many years ago that in cases where children were taken from their parents by the social services the general consensus amongst the public was that there had to be a good reason.. But not so any more.

Indeed, many parents in the UK are now so afraid of the social services that they think twice about taking their children to casualty should the need arise.

In fact it is certainly is not unfair to say that the fear, mistrust and suspicion afforded to the social services by some, is akin to that afforded to Adolf Hitler's SS. Quite appropriate then that both share the same initials.

Then again, the Nazi SS were extremely efficient and very well organised... The same cannot be said for Britain's SS.
I mean, we are led to believe that the SS are here to protect our children from

cruelty and neglect.

Moreover, any decision made by the SS are supposed to be in the best interest of the child.
Which would be commendable if it was true.
You see, what we are seeing now is an organised program of child stealing in order to meet the adoption targets set up under the Blair Government... That and a production line of young children for the filthy rich to rape.

Indeed, there are huge financial incentives offered by the Government to ensure that their targets are met… Although that fact is often denied.

On the flip side, underperforming leads to job losses and reduced budgets.
Failure to meet their quotas is therefore not an option.
This is why Social Workers seek out easy targets mostly made up of : Young single mothers lacking in family support, poorly educated mothers on benefit and children with injuries which are often no more than minor bruises and such like
.
Rarely are these children snatched from middle class families which indeed is a major contributing factor in leading to that misguided belief amongst the more affluent members of society that *'there is no smoke without fire'*.
This view inevitably leads to the SS being defended, even justified in being over cautious, especially when cases such as Baby P explode in the media.

However in cases such as Baby P and Victoria Climbie, the lack of intervention from social workers is actually to blame.
This lack of intervention stems from the social workers often being intimidated and subject to abuse by the parents of the children they are investigating.
Indeed, quite often the social worker is even denied entry into the home to check on the child's well being.

You see, Social workers, despite what people are led to believe, have very

little authority.
Because of this, cases such as Baby P are neglected in favour of easier targets.
And it is this lack of knowledge on what social workers can and cannot do that leads to a lot of parents losing their children.

Moreover, aware of the public's ignorance a social worker will resort to bullying, duping and scaring parents into signing over their children.
This was made easier for the heartless SS to get away with by the 1989 Children's Act which in effect meant a veil of secrecy was thrown around court proceedings involving children.

And in turn, this is another reason that so few people from the middle classes and upwards know what is really going on.
Course, as I have just said, this secrecy and wall of silence imposed around child welfare was supposed to have been put in place to protect the child.

However, far from doing so it has allowed the SS to act in a corrupt and totally unprofessional manner. So much so in fact that it isn't unfair to say that the child's welfare and wishes are secondary to performance targets.

Reporting restrictions on court proceedings mean children are removed from loving and perfectly capable parents on the flimsiest of evidence.
And because of these 'secret courts' parents have no recourse from anywhere because just discussing their case with anyone other than their legal advisers can result in a prison sentence.

And of course, more often than not it will be a parents legal team's incompetence that will lead to them losing their child/children.
Invariably the vast majority of child order cases see the parents being represented by legal aid solicitors.

Now, far be it for me to suggest that the outcome of a case is decided beforehand or that the SS and Law Society are acting in complicity. However recent Parliamentary figures show that child care orders average around 8000 a year. Of these only between 0.1 and 0.2 percent are refused.

Moreover, Ian Joseph - a Monaco based businessman - was so alarmed about what goes on in our law courts that he set up a website specifically to help parents who have had their children snatched by the state.

Indeed, it is also true to say that I have pointed many a panicked parent in Ian's direction.
Course, the first thing he tells parents who are receiving legal aid is that if they want their children back then they have to get rid of their solicitor and represent themselves... Sadly a far too daunting a task for many.

Liberal Democrat MP, John Hemming is also an outspoken critic and long time opponent of the way family court proceedings are conducted. Although it has to be said that Hemming is an MP and a self confessed *"love rat"*.

Unfortunately, such is the scale of the problem both are limited on what they can do.
John Hemming, knowing the likely outcome of court proceedings will often tell parents to flee the UK for either Southern Ireland or Sweden… How scary is that!

Furthermore, the fact many couples follow his advice only goes to show that the accusations against them are false in the vast majority of cases.
But does this major, life changing step mean you get to keep your unborn child?

Well, I do in fact personally know one such couple very well who John

Hemming helped relocate to County Wexford in Southern Ireland.
Course, they cannot be identified by their real names so i will call them Steve and Emma.
This is their story…

Emma, now aged 30 was living alone with her daughter (Child A) in Essex when she Met Steve now aged 37.
The couple were both delighted when Emma found out that she was pregnant with Steve's baby (Child B).
However Emma was ill throughout the pregnancy with Pre-Eclampsia and with Steve out at work, the couple had no choice except to get a babysitter to look after Child A.

It was at this time that Child A was found to have a vaginal injury.
Worse still, and to their horror, Steve was accused by the SS of being responsible despite there being no evidence whatsoever to support this claim.

Child A, a month short of being 2 years old was then forcibly taken into care.
Worse was to follow when Emma gave birth to Child B on Christmas eve that same year.
In fact just 5 hours after giving birth Child B was taken from Emma and handed over to foster parents.

And that being despite no charges being brought against Steve for the injury to Child A.
Worse was to come however because the couple were unable to stop the children from being adopted.

So, when Emma fell pregnant with Child C she was told by the SS that the baby would be taken into care immediately after Emma had given birth.
At this point out of sheer desperation the couple contacted John Hemming, who advised them to go to the Republic of Ireland.
He told them that even if the Irish SS got involved, the couple would at least receive a much fairer hearing over there.

Arriving in County Wexford on the 1st of June 2009, Emma gave birth just 3 days later.
However, with no Medical records available the hospital staff had no choice but to contact England.

And of course in doing so, the hospital was made aware of Emma's previous history.
Therefore with limited information to hand, the Irish social services - at the request of the English Social Services - had no choice except to take Child C into care pending reports.
Indeed, in contacting the English SS the Irish SS were told that under no circumstances should Child C be returned to the couple.

Now remember, this was despite there being no evidence or criminal proceedings to suggest that either Steve or Emma were a danger to the Baby.
Thus began the long drawn out legal procedure of preparing reports for a court hearing.

Despite this the couple were allowed to see Child C twice weekly at a contact house.
During this period, everything seemed to be engineered towards gearing up for Child C being returned to Steve and Emma's custody.

In fact it is fair to say that things were looking so good that the couple were not worried when Emma fell pregnant again.
However, concerned over the slow pace that things were moving, the couple’s Solicitor - at their behest - tried to speed proceedings up by asking for a review of the evidence regarding the injury to Child A.

This review brought to light the facts that Child A had only been subject to one injury(inconsistent with parental abuse) and neither had she been 'Groomed' as had been previously suggested by social workers.

More importantly, the review revealed that the babysitter Emma had been forced to use whilst she was ill - a registered childminder who had been working with disabled children - was under investigation for child abuse. Emma was also becoming increasingly concerned about the level of care offered to Child C by her Foster carer.

She therefore voiced these concerns to social workers, which included the complaints that Child C often had head lice, sore looking rashes and the fact that Child C called her Foster carer Mummy.

However, when Emma gave birth to her 4th child (Child D) the couple were devastated to learn that he was to be removed from their care.
Again I will remind you that there was no evidence of neglect to Child A who was removed from Steve and Emma because of concerns over Steve. Furthermore, this was despite there being no evidence to back these concerns up and him never being charged with any offence.

Child A was only 2 at the time and the couple never had any of the 3 subsequent children in their care for there to be any concerns about their parenting skills.

Nevertheless, Child D was placed in foster care with his sister and Steve and Emma now got to see him twice weekly along with Child C.

Moreover they had been categorically told that the SS plan was for reunification.
However at a court hearing in April of this year, the couple were horrified to learn that despite what they were told about reunification, the SS intend to keep both children in permanent foster care.

Alarmingly, not only does this course of action contradict what they were told by social workers, the fact of the matter is that no one had even bothered

to discuss this course of action with them and neither has it been discussed with them to date.
Sadly, Steve and Emma are now left in limbo.

Yet despite the agony of having their 4 children taken off of them they have somehow managed to stay together as a couple, whereas most relationships would have collapsed under the strain years ago.

Childs A and B were removed on the flimsiest of evidence and quickly adopted out effectively making it impossible to get them back.
The fact that they gave up their home, family and friends in order to flee to Ireland for the sole purpose of keeping their unborn baby apparently counts for nothing.

Moreover, the couple are acutely aware that should their Irish children be returned to them, then they will be forever under the scrutiny of the social services.
Therefore, that fact alone would be enough to ensure that Steve and Emma were nothing short of perfect parents.

Unfortunately, without the financial backing it is hard now to see where the couple go from here.
So, is there anything that couples in a similar position to Steve and Emma can do?

And to answer that you have to understand that Steve and Emma put their faith in the British legal system.
And when that let them down they followed the well intentioned advice of John Hemming to flee the country.
They then put their faith in the Republic of Ireland's legal system and that too has let them down.
Therefore, in theory the answer is no.

In reality however there is but you have to take command of the situation from the start.
You see, you cannot afford to show any weakness in your resolve to hang onto your child.
Indeed, to do so will result in you being bullied into submission.

So firstly, never trust a social worker.
And I am not saying that they are all bad, but by far the vast majority are.

Do not be fooled by their friendly approach as this is more often than not a trick.
And above all, always keep in mind that they have no authority to do anything without a court order.

You also need to make sure that you film or record everything.
Course, nine times out of ten they will tell you that you are not allowed to film them but stand your ground and remember that you are allowed to film who and what the hell you like in your own home.

Be polite, but not friendly or openly hostile.
Offer no other information other than what they ask for and do not be rushed into making a rash reply.

If they try to get you to sign consent forms to take your child tell them to *"do one"* until they have a court order.
Always check that you are dealing with a fully qualified Social worker who is registered with your social service department... You would be surprised how many aren't!

Also remember that you can tell them to leave at any time.
Course, if they do feel that they have a strong case against you then the chances are they will return with a court order.
And that being the case then I am afraid that there is nothing you can do to prevent your child being taken.
However, as the statistics have shown you are wasting your time employing a solicitor.

You must - as Ian Joseph will tell you - represent yourself in court.

After all, the fact is that no one will fight harder or argue more passionately for the return of your child than you will.
Course, if your child is unborn and you've been told that your baby will be removed from you at birth, then there's little you can do at that time to prevent it.
However you will inevitably be told sooner rather than later that you have to register your baby for a birth certificate and this is where you really need to make a stand.
And that being the case, flatly refuse to register your child's birth.
After all, at that stage you have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

Course this refusal will lead to you being bullied and threatened with all kinds of things - including prison.
But again, stand your ground.

No charges will be brought against you if you don't consent.
You do however need to be clued up on the workings of Admiralty law before you take this course of action.

Nevertheless, without a birth certificate the SS have no choice but to return your baby.
This was evidenced following a FOI request submitted to Torbay Council under the freedom of information act.

The request was in the form of a question asking if a child is not registered at birth, do they have the authority to remove the child?

Torbay Council's answer?
No they don't.
Source:
https://www.whatdotheyknow.com/request/right_to_any_child_with_no_birth
However, you should be aware that having no birth certificate could present problems for your child later in life although There is an interesting article to

be found at the link below about a couple who refused to register their child and have had no problems to date.
http://self-realisation.com/equity/case-studies/denial-of-consent-to-register-children/

Moreover, you can cross that bridge when you come to it as for now, the important thing is keeping your child where he or she belongs and that is with you.
What's more, if the Social Services really had the child's best interest at heart, they too would be working to keep children with their parents.

I cannot in fact stress enough that removing a child from his or her parent's should only be done when ALL other avenues have been explored.
Sadly this is not the case so think on, sometimes - just sometimes, there is smoke without fire.

**Two years after writing this article Child C and Child D were finally returned to Steve & Emma. They are all still living happily in the Republic of Ireland.*

*** On the 9th of February 2012 it was announced that the number of children referred into care in England has hit a record high. According to the BBC:*

"Last month, local authorities made 903 court applications to take children into care - the highest since courts service Cafcass was set up in 2001.
"Numbers have been rising since late 2008 and the infamous Baby P case involving the death of a toddler while on the at-risk register in London.
"Cafcass boss Anthony Douglas said: "All agencies need to factor in these much larger increases into their planning."
It is the first time England's referral figures have passed the 900-mark in a month, and compares with 803 the month before and 698 in the previous

January.

**** My claims in the above article were reinforced on the 18th of Feb 2012 by Christopher Booker writing for the Daily Telegraph:*

Such is the reign of terror now being imposed on innocent English families by social workers that scores of parents have been fleeing with their children to Ireland to escape their clutches. I have followed a dozen such stories over the past two years, and in all of them two things stand out. One is that the English social workers seem prepared to stop at nothing to get the children back. The other is the extraordinary contrast between them and the Irish social workers, who again and again have satisfied themselves that the children are at no risk from their loving parents and are astonished by the ruthless behaviour of their English counterparts.

Several of these stories I have reported more than once and they do not have happy endings. A mother and baby were pursued to Ireland by six social workers and police, who sat in Dublin for 10 days of court hearings, until a judge ruled in their favour (with the social workers seen giving "high fives" on emerging from the court). When the mother again escaped to a remote cottage, she was violently knocked down by a policeman, so that her baby could be taken back to England.

Vicky Haigh, a former racehorse trainer, managed to escape to Ireland before her daughter was born. But then she was brought to England to be quite bizarrely punished, in a case relating to her beloved older daughter, with a three-year prison sentence – leaving her baby to be looked after in Ireland.

A 14-year-old boy lived happily with his mother in Ireland for six months until, after an equally bizarre judgment based on evidence neither he nor his mother were allowed to see, he was deported miserably back to care in

England.

Last week, another such story came my way. It concerns a respectable family which was hit with disaster last summer, after the semi-autistic 8-year-old son –who tends to make things up – had lashed out at his 13-year-old sister, leaving bruises. When these were investigated, the boy told the police that his father had done it. The girl denied this – and the boy admitted in video evidence what had really happened – but the police stuck with his earlier story and arrested the father. Although he was never charged, the interventions of social workers became so menacing that, last October, the family escaped to Ireland, where the father has his roots.

There they have happily settled, and the 13-year-old daughter has become a star pupil of the local school. But the social workers eventually tracked them down – after the children's grandmother, back in England, had been arrested by 10 police officers, handcuffed, held for three hours in a cell, and told she would be charged with perverting the course of justice unless she revealed their whereabouts. The English social workers pressed their Irish counterparts to co-operate in getting the children back to England (there are no court orders), but were told there was no reason for this because the children were in no danger.

The social workers then tried to lean on the school principal, saying that the children were "at risk of emotional harm". The sensible headmistress gave them very short shrift, saying that the English social workers had behaved deplorably in trying to destroy a perfectly normal family, and that England's loss was Ireland's gain, since the girl was a brilliant pupil, who was learning five languages. Thanks to their origins, the family will soon be safely confirmed as Irish citizens.

What is striking about these stories is how often the parents emphasise the contrast between the two countries' social workers. "In England," says this

father, "we were treated like dangerous criminals. In Ireland the social workers could not be more different, warm, friendly, treating us like human beings." And of course it is in England that the number of children taken into care has soared to a record level, just having topped 900 a month. There is a phenomenon of group psychology here that deserves much wider attention than it is being given.

Chapter 11
Disgraced Peer apologises - Exactly for what is anyone's guess

ALL of our MP's & Lords are self-serving crooks. However, when they are caught it clearly becomes obvious that there is one rule for us and another for them.

What follows is a report that I wrote for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper about the criminal Lord Hanningfield.

It has been revealed that the Disgraced Tory Peer, Lord Hanningfield was released from a low security Kent prison after serving only TWO months of the NINE month jail term that he received for SIX counts of fiddling his House of Lords expenses.

On his release in September 2011, Hanningfield was immediately re-arrested by Essex Police relating to allegations that he misused his Corporate credit card while he was leader of Essex County Council.

Speaking on the 30th of October 2011 in the Sunday Express, Hanningfield, appeared to issue an apology for fiddling £13,379 in government expenses. But did he?

The expenses relate to overnight stays in London that Hanningfield claimed for, when in fact he was actually driven back to his luxurious Essex home in a Government provided chauffeur driven limousine.

The arrogance of this man is breathtaking. After his arrest in early 2010, Hanningfield tried to avoid going to court by claiming Parliamentary privilege. When that failed, Hanningfield used every opportunity available to chant his mantra "*I have done nothing wrong*", even after he was found guilty and sentenced in July 2011, which he immediately unsuccessfully appealed against.

Even Hanningfields apology smacks of insincerity and in issuing it he still refuses to accept that he had committed a crime.
The carefully worded apology states "*After much consideration, during and after my conviction, i have come to realise that i owe my friends, family and the public a heartfelt apology for the difficulties and problems my actions have caused*".

You will note that nowhere in that apology does Hanningfield say that he is sorry for the actual crime he committed.

He then goes on to say "*I have come to accept the situation in which i found myself was, unfortunately, one caused by my own negligence and for that i am truly sorry*".
Yet once again you will note that Hanningfield does not apologise for the crime. In fact it's hard to judge if he's apologising for his 'negligence' or if he's just feeling "truly sorry" for himself having had to spend time in prison.

Course, if someone goes to a business meeting and then straight afterwards get driven home at someone else's expense, it doesn't take a genius to work out that they are not entitled to claim for the cost of an overnight stay in a hotel. That isn't negligence. That is fraud... Something that Hanningfield was guilty of at least 6 times.

Hanningfield then ends his apology by boasting that he didn't claim legal aid to defend himself against the action.

Is he for real?

But not before he says "*I must, though, stress that there was no intention on*

my part to break the law, but i recognise i did so – and for that in itself there are no excuses".

Sooo, no apology for the crime there then either.

Hanningfield also claims that he is not guilty of the new charges brought against him, for which he is on police bail until January 2012. I myself suspect that in this case there really is, no smoke without fire.

**Two years later, Hanningfield received substantial damages from Essex Police for wrongful arrest.*

*** On the 9th of April 2012, Press TV reported the following in regard to Lord Hanningfield:*

The British House of Lords offers two criminal peers, imprisoned for fraud, the same opportunity to rob the public money as they enjoyed before, by welcoming them back on their seats after Easter.

The Tory peers Lord Hanningfield and Lord Taylor of Warwick were convicted to 12 months and 9 months in prison, respectively, for submitting false expenses to the Lords.

Hanningfield was found guilty of presenting false claims of £13,379 of taxpayer money and Taylor followed suit with £11,000.

However, as the upper chamber's regulations do not include any requirement for peers to resign or be expelled, the two will be reinstated in the same potentially-ripe position for embezzlement even without a probation period after their prison terms.
The prospects of two fraudster peers returning to the ultimate decision-making body of Britain raises serious questions about special privileges enjoyed by the Lords including the hereditary right to claim an upper chamber seat.

According to the Rehabilitation of Offenders Act 1974, an ordinary criminal

convicted of burglary or mugging has to endure a rehabilitation (probation) period of at least one year to receive a qualification to work from the Criminal Records Bureau (CBR).
The CBR's certificate will only accredit such a criminal for jobs that do not leave him in a position to repeat his crime.

Chapter 12
Putting a stop to the car insurance racket

Another Sovereign Independent article that I wrote in relation to the car insurance scam.

There can be no denying that car insurance is a corporate money making protection racket that has the motorist held by the proverbial ‘short and curlys’. New laws recently introduced by the government mean that you cannot even keep an uninsured car in your garage unless you declare it as SORN.

And while this new rule will cause further misery to thousands of law abiding motorists and car collectors, it is likely to have no effect whatsoever on those the government say the new law is aimed at, namely uninsured drivers.

After all, let’s face it, anyone driving on the road uninsured isn’t going to worry about parking their motor up without declaring it SORN. The new law will however entitle the police to seize and destroy many more cars and drag the innocent keepers into court, where they can expect to be fined anything up to £1000.

However, to my mind, instead of heaping further misery upon the easy target motorist, while at the same time adding to the millions of pounds in profits made by the big insurance companies, the government would be better off putting a cap on the high cost of insuring a car.
In fact, by making insurance more affordable, normal law abiding citizens would be less likely to be pushed into risking driving an uninsured motor.
But we all know that will never happen.

Indeed, I don’t think that any sane person would disagree that having car protection for yourself and others is a bad thing. However the fact that car insurance is obligatory means that the insurance companies have been given carte blanche to rip us off. I know this from personal experience which is as follows.

I had been insured with Kwik Fit, over a 7 year period. Back then, as I do now I pay my yearly policy in monthly instalments via direct debit. Throughout this time I never had a claim yet despite this fact my policy rose on average by £10-15 per year.

Then after the 7th year Kwik fit sent me a renewal notice, which I noticed had jumped up in price by nearly £150. Anyone who pays a yearly contract such as an insurance policy by direct debit will know that after the initial 12 month contract is up, unless you inform the company involved to the contrary the contract will re-commence for another year.

Now I suppose that I could have tackled Kwik fit about this price hike, but to my mind 7 years of loyalty deserves more so I simply cancelled my direct debit and moved to Tesco insurance who were willing to insure my car for more or less the same price as Kwik fit were before they tried ripping me off.

Now, after my year was up with Tesco insurance, they sent me a renewal notice which was for around £100 more than the previous year. So. once again I just cancelled the Direct Debit and moved to Swinton insurance who were cheaper by far than Tescos were in that first year.

However after a month with Swintons I bought a new, more powerful car. Before doing so I looked at insurance prices on ‘Go Compare’ and as luck would have it, Swintons were also the cheapest according to this website and would be prepared to insure my new car for roughly £60 more than what I was paying them now.

So, on the day that I bought the new car I cancelled my insurance for my old one with my local Swinton branch who then Quoted me £100 extra to insure my new car. When I told them that they were quoting me £40 more than they

were quoting me on the Go Compare website, I was told by the Swinton agent that I would have to go through the Go Compare website to make this price.

I was also told categorically that since I would still be insured on the new car by them, i would not be subject to cancellation fees for terminating my insurance policy early.

Nevertheless, despite this fact, I received a letter from Swinton informing me that unless i pay them a £33 cancellation fee within 7 days then they intended to help themselves to this money by deducting it from my bank debit card... Very nice of them!

Tescos Insurance have in the meantime also gone into Corporate greed overdrive and are threatening me with court action unless i pay them £438 for an insurance policy that I never used and didn't give my permission for them to set up.

Indeed, it is this kind of bullying that a huge number of people give in to and pay up rather than risk being hounded by debt collection agencies or worse still facing an appearance in court, thus making untold amounts of money for these companies.

I myself am a bit wiser to these bully boy tactics and as such, in the case of Swintons I just cancelled my debit card and ordered a new one. Nevertheless in doing so it has caused me unnecessary aggravation in so much as I have to wait 7-10 days for a new card. In regards to Tesco's demand, I have appropriately filed their letters in the bin.

However, to ensure that the insurance rip-off continues, the following was reported by the Daily Mirror newspaper in February 2012:
Cameras at petrol stations will automatically stop uninsured or untaxed vehicles from being filled with fuel, under new government plans.
Downing Street officials hope the hi-tech system will crack down on the 1.4million motorists who drive without insurance.

Automatic number plate recognition (ANPR) cameras are already fitted in thousands of petrol station forecourts.
Drivers can only fill their cars with fuel once the camera has captured and logged the vehicle's number plate.

Currently the system is designed to deter motorists from driving off without paying for petrol.
But under the new plans, the cameras will automatically cross-refererence with the DVLA's huge database.
When a car is flagged as being uninsured or untaxed, the system will prevent the fuel pump being used on that vehicle.
The proposals will have a huge impact - forcing drivers to insure and tax their car if they want to drive.
One in 25 drivers in the UK do not have insurance - one of the worst records in western Europe.

According to recent figures, around 160 people are killed and 23,000 injured by uninsured and untraced drivers every year.
Downing Street officials are due to meet representatives from the major fuel companies in the next few weeks to discuss the idea.
But some petrol retailers said the proposals were a "step too far" - claiming they put cashiers at risk.

Brian Madderson, from RMI Petrol, which represents independent petrol stations, said: "Staff are already getting stick from motorists for high fuel prices.
"This proposal will increase the potential for conflict. Our cashiers are not law enforcers."...

Course, while it is unlikely that the British government will ever put a stop to the car insurance rip off, Roger Hayes of the British Constitution Group could unwittingly force insurance firms to slash their prices in order to survive.

You see, Roger is committed to setting up what he calls 'The Lawful Bank' and is now engaged in trying to ascertain the number of people who would be

willing to use this bank. Once he has sufficient numbers the bank will be set up.

The Lawful Bank will operate using the fractional reserve banking system which is employed by all the high street banks. However, unlike the high street banks, it is the customer who will reap the benefits of this banking system. One of those benefits, according to Roger is car insurance which he estimates will cost a customer around £100 per year.

**Unfortunately Roger's plan never came to fruition, sadly because of lack of support. Meanwhile, the car insurance rip off scam still continues to this day*

Chapter 13
The Cancer Con

Cancer is easily curable and I know that fact from personal experience. Course the Establishment do not want you to know that it is. So, what follows is the first of many articles that I have written on the subject and again, this one was written for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper...

Sometime last year I read a statistic about Cancer that left me totally gobsmacked. The statistic dealt with the drastic increase in numbers of those likely to be affected by Cancer throughout the 20th century. The figures given were that in the year 1900, around 1 in 100 people were affected by Cancer. By the 1950's that figured had increased to 1 in 10 before rapidly rising again to a staggering 1 in 3 by the year 2000.

Now obviously a lot of the increase between 1900 and 1950, can in theory, be explained away by the average life expectancy being a lot lower during that period and no doubt the two world wars also had a bearing on the figures.

However, even reducing that number by a generous 75 % will still give you a figure rising from 1 in 25 to 1 in 10 during that period. A staggering increase by any standards.

By the 1950's life expectancy had increased sharply and with the absence of any world wars the rise from 1 in 10 to 1 in 3 by the year 2000 isn't so easily explained away. To further fan the flames, statistics released in 2011 suggest that 48% of people will now be affected by cancer at some point in their life.

That means that in just over a decade, the already alarming 1 in 3 has risen to

nearly 1 in 2 and if you apply that figure to the average family of 2 adults and 2 children, it is hardly surprising that people rush to the Doctors at the drop of a hat.

Between 1950 and the Millennium the incidence of all types of Cancer rose a staggering 85%. Moreover this statistic is based on the age adjusted rate. In other words, the increase has nothing to do with people living longer.

Further proof of this is evidenced by the fact that over the 2 decades leading up to the year 2000, the fastest growing rate of Cancer for any age group was that found in children.

Furthermore ,there has been a major shift in the type of Cancer people are developing. For instance, Breast Cancer now affects 1 in 3 women and accounts for the highest number of deaths in female cancer patients.

However ,during the first half of the last century cases of Breast Cancer were virtually non existent. Once again, this can't be explained away by the fact that life expectancy was so much lower between 1900-1950, since breast cancer is common amongst relatively young women.
Similarly, Testicular Cancer, although still fairly uncommon has seen the biggest increase in numbers of all the other cancer types more commonly found in men. Once again, Testicular cancer is almost exclusively found in younger men, especially within the 15 - 35 year old age group.

Further contradictions can be found contained within the numbers when you consider the improvement in working conditions. You see, the laws on Health and Safety in the workplace became much more stringent and rigorously enforced during the second half of the 20th century.

Gone were the days of working in factories and mills where the air was thick with cancer giving particles. The latter half of the century also saw the banning of asbestos which at one time inevitably lead to those who worked with it developing Asbestosis, a form of Lung Cancer.

Interestingly enough, cancers whose development are specifically linked to

Cigarette smoking such as lung cancer, only account for a Quarter of all Cancer related deaths. This is despite the fact that people smoked in far greater numbers up until the mid 1960's. In fact it is only after this time that the number of people who smoked slowly started to fall.

So, no matter how you massage the figures there is still an enormous leap in the number of people getting cancer. Worse still the trend is showing no sign of slowing down. That is to say the trend is showing no sign of slowing down for the vast majority of us.

However, for the social elite cancer is an entirely different story. You see, while the statistics point to 1 in 3 of us developing cancer, when is the last time that you heard of a member of the Royal family getting Cancer?

I mean, the Queen mother lived well past the 100 mark. The Queen & Prince Phillip are still going strong and there are not many 90 year old's still competing in equestrian events i'll wager.

Charles, Anne, Andrew and Edward haven't had Cancer. Neither have the 8 Grandchildren. So suffice to say then, the Royal family don't even fall into the 1 in 10 category last seen in the 1950's.

However, it isn't just Royalty that are seemingly immune to Cancer. Indeed it’s very rare that you ever hear of anyone with power, influence and money being affected. Stranger still, even when the super rich are unlucky enough to be blighted by the curse of the common man, the rule of thumb doesn't appear to apply either.

Take the actor Michael Douglas for instance. After years of smoking he fell victim to Throat Cancer. Course, on the surface of it that isn't unusual for a 66 yr old smoker. Worse still Douglas must have been ignoring his sore throat and niggly cough because by the time he was diagnosed, the supremely wealthy actor’s cancer was classed as Stage 4.
And there isn't a stage 5. Therefore anyone with stage 4 cancer is realistically staring death in the face.

In fact it means that your cancer has spread from its source into the lymph nodes and other parts of the body. So with that in mind it seems almost unbelievable that last month, a healthy looking Douglas and his wife Catherine Zeta Jones were photographed by the Paparazzi having a leisurely smoke.

You see, Douglas has been told that the Cancer has gone, a fact that even the Rothschild owned media were unable to contrive a reason for. And as such The Guardian Newspaper hailed it a "*Modern Miracle*" .Hmmm. well they would wouldn't they?

Nevertheless, in the absence of "Modern Miracles" happening to the general population, the millions of people afflicted with cancer every year are forced to put their lives in the hands of what is laughingly termed as 'Modern medicine’.

This usually comes in the form of Chemotherapy. Chemotherapy or 'chemo' involves the patient having large doses of powerful drugs administered to them, usually intravenously.

These drugs supposedly kill the cancer cells. Unfortunately more often than not they kill the patient as well - not that any Doctor will volunteer that information to the patient.

However, a Doctor will tell you that Chemo will destroy your immune system and no doubt he will also mention that the other side effects are hell and the chances are that you will lose all of your hair, vomit almost continuously, suffer severe fatigue, swell up like a balloon and be left sterile.

But it is more than his job is worth to admit that more people die from chemo or from other causes brought on as a direct result of having chemo, such as heart failure, than actually die of cancer.

Cancer Research UK spend around £332 Million annually in their bid to find a cure and the USA is typically the biggest worldwide investor with the Government backed 'National Cancer Institute' receiving an annual budget of

almost $6 Billion.

To give you a further insight into the kind of money spent on research, The American Cancer Society raised a staggering $848 Billion in 2005. It would therefore be nigh on impossible to put a figure on the Trillions and Trillions of Pounds invested globally in Cancer research over the past 50 years or so.

This begs the question, "*What the hell are these researchers doing?*". I mean think about it for a moment. When HIV first began to spread rapidly in the late 1970's, early 1980's, there was no known cure and scientifically very little known about the disease. Yet barely 30 years later, although still incurable, given the right medication, a person with HIV can live an almost normal life.
And that includes having children and also having nigh on the same life expectancy as a non sufferer. Unless you are a HIV sufferer in Africa of course... But that's a different story.

However, Cancer and HIV are totally different things and as such the two can only be loosely compared. Nevertheless, given the time and money spent on cancer research surely we should be able to expect better than Chemotherapy by now?

The NHS spends around £4.5 Billion a year on Chemo to treat cancer sufferers yet it is estimated that 75% of those who die, do so because of the Chemo rather than the cancer itself.

Furthermore, it has been recognized throughout the medical world for well over a decade that Chemo cannot completely eliminate tumours of the Lungs, Colon or the Breast. In fact statistics show that only 2.4 % of Cancers respond successfully to Chemotherapy.

Despite this fact Chemotherapy is still used to treat all three of the aforementioned cancers, with the NHS spending £100 Million annually on the Breast cancer drug, 'Herceptin' alone. It would however be unfair to hold the NHS Doctors responsible for treating patients with drugs that do a person more harm than good.

After all, the vast majority of Doctors and Nurses within the NHS are dedicated, overworked and underpaid professionals who do the best that they can with the medicines that they are given. At the same time they find themselves having to work in poorly equipped,below par, unhygienic Hospitals and within the confines of a woefully inadequate budget.

And while the £4.5 Billion handed over to the NHS by the British Government for treating cancer may sound like a huge sum, it actually works out at a measly £76 per head. Nevertheless, whilst there can be no doubting the dedication shown by the medical teams working for the NHS, the saying; "*You pay Peanuts, You get Monkeys"* is also hugely applicable.

In stark contrast, the exact opposite is true over in the USA, where the highly paid Doctors work in clean, modern, well equipped hospitals. They are however, more likely to be dedicated to the Dollar bill than the dying patient. Course, this is only because treatment is paid for by medical insurance over there, which doesn't explain why American cancer patients are also treated by Chemotherapy.

However, Better Surgeons, better working conditions and better equipment would explain why only 40% of Cancer patients die in the USA in comparison to 60% of patients in the UK.

Indeed, it is not really surprising then to learn that the UK also has by far the worst survival rate of all our European counterparts.
So by doing a quick recap of the statistics and the available information we can say with a high degree of certainty the following things:

(1)that over the past 110 years cancer has gone from affecting an acceptable 1 in every 100 people to a totally unacceptable and apparently inexplicable 1 in every 2 or 3 people.

(2)The above doesn't apply to the Social Elite who appear to be more akin with the 1 in 100 statistic.

(3) Despite at least 50 years of allegedly serious research into cancer, funded by an indeterminately huge amount of money, the advances in treatments, despite what we are led to believe is negligible. Furthermore, the general consensus is that we are losing the so called war on cancer.

(4)Despite 48% of people now likely to be affected by cancer, and the UK's shameful survival rate amongst patients in comparison to our European and US counterparts, the government remain apathetic towards the epidemic as well as to the reasons for the unequalled leap in numbers. Similarly the British governments level of concern is all too apparent by their unwillingness to invest in better qualified Doctors, treatment and equipment.

Now obviously I am in no doubt that some of you reading this article will nevertheless, pour scorn on the above by claiming that statistics can vary greatly depending on which side of the fence the statistician stands.

And I would also be the first to admit that statistics can be massaged and/or tailored to suit a users need. However in writing this article i have also drawn on personal experience to back up the statistics.

You see, my immediate family is quite small. My Mother was an only child and my Father had only the one Brother. This obviously means that I only have one blood uncle and one Aunt through marriage. I am the 2nd eldest of 4 boys produced by my parents.

And in keeping in line with the Statistics, I can reveal that my paternal Grandfather suffered various bouts of cancer before finally dying from the disease. My maternal Grandmother officially died of a Heart attack but the autopsy revealed that she also had cancer.

My Father who is now in his 70's is currently battling Cancer. Ten years ago, while in my thirties (relatively young, again in line with the statistics) I was found to have a tumour containing 2 types of cancer, one aggressive, the other with a tendency to stay localised.

Both types however were malignant but luckily I sensed that something

wasn't right very early on and as a result the tumour was removed without the cancer spreading thus saving me the need to undergo Chemotherapy.

Now, while that is counted as a blessing I still had to endure 2 further unnecessary and avoidable operations as a direct result of the hospitals poor communication between departments and through a lack of experience and skill on the surgeons behalf.

In fact at one point they were contemplating sending me to a London hospital to fix the damage caused by their surgeons incompetence. I also had to attend the hospital twice monthly for the first 2 years following the original operation. But notwithstanding the negligence which led to the 2 avoidable operations, I was also able to witness first hand through my twice monthly follow up appointments the hospitals inability to keep tabs on the most basic of information, the poorly trained extremely stressed medical staff and the inevitable 2 hour wait past appointment times, mainly due to chronic staff shortages.

Neither could I fail to notice that the higher up the rankings the medical staff were, the less compassionate and understanding they appeared to be, while at the same time there was a marked rise in their arrogance and aloofness.

In addition to My Grandfather, My Father and Myself, either dying, battling or being in remission from Cancer, two of my Mother’s Aunt's and her Uncle have also died from Cancer - the younger of the two Aunts only being in her mid 40's when she died.

I also lost a very close friend who died from Testicular cancer at the age of 23 in the early 1980's. Indeed, the intensive Chemotherapy that he underwent and which left me unable to recognize him failed to stop the cancer spreading to his Brain.

My younger Brothers, Father in Law also died from cancer a couple of years ago which at the time was within a few short months of him being diagnosed. My older brothers girlfriend died of cancer while in her early 20's.

Moreover, my youngest brothers life long friend died at the age of 20 during the course of a relatively minor operation following an accident on a push bike. He was found to be riddled with cancer during the operation as was the Mother of another close friend of mine who also died during a routine exploratory operation.

My parents friend and neighbour who lived directly opposite them died of cancer while in his 50's and there are countless other people who I have known throughout my life who have either had or died of cancer. Hell! we have even had to have 2 family pet Dogs put down because of Cancer.

However, the one case that backs up and highlights what i've been saying more than any other is that of my one time girlfriend, who went on to become a very close personal friend as well as my boss at work.

You see, sometime in late November,or early December 2006 - I forget which - she was referred to hospital after finding a lump in her Breast which she was subsequently told was just a Cyst.

By late January 2007 the lump had grown a lot bigger and she was experiencing a nagging ache to the side of the breast which extended to her underarm. She was again referred to the hospital in February. This time the hospital did an immediate biopsy of the lump, quickly followed by the removal of a malignant tumour from her breast along with some lymph nodes from her armpit.

She was then told that she was to undergo 6 months of intensive Chemotherapy to be followed by - if I remember rightly - 3 months of Radiotherapy. Radiotherapy is another outdated form of Cancer Treatment. In fact I've never understood the wisdom behind treating cancer with something that causes cancer. But i digress…

Following the 6 months of Chemotherapy my friend was looking forward to a couple of weeks break in her treatment, prior to her starting the Radiotherapy. And on the Saturday afternoon of the August Bank Holiday weekend, which was little more than a week following her last chemo session, we were sat

outside the cafe next door to where we worked - having a chat and a cup of Tea.

It was here that I noticed that all the veins in her arm had collapsed leaving what looked like rows of deep trenches in her skin. These trench like grooves ran from the inside of her elbow joint nearly all the way down to her wrist. The collapse, she told me, was a direct result from where she had been intravenously administered the Chemo.

Nevertheless, after having a Brief chat about her arm, we concluded work for the day and I left her with the parting words that I would see her Tuesday Morning... That was the last time that I ever saw or spoke to her again, because she died of a massive heart attack on the Bank Holiday Monday. She had no history of heart problems whatsoever and had only very recently turned 46 years of age…

At this point I should say that long before I woke up to the fact that we live in an illusion of reality, I had already realised that something wasn't right with regards to cancer. Indeed I had long cottoned onto the fact that those with power and money seemed by and large to be unaffected by the disease.

This led me to the conclusion that the Social Elite knew something that the rest of us didn't. Fast forward a couple of years and I now had no doubts whatsoever that there was a cure for cancer. What's more, there is now an abundance of evidence to back this up.

Two of the more damming pieces of evidence revolves around that of two totally unconnected Doctors, the first of which is evidenced by the transcripts of 3 secretly recorded tape recordings of reminiscences given by Dr Lawrence Dunegan in 1988.

Dr Dunegan had been invited to attend a meeting of student Doctors destined to be future leaders in medicine,in Pittsburgh USA on March 20th 1969. The meeting was hosted by prominent Doctor, Richard Day. Before addressing his assembly Dr Day, who at the time was the Head of the Rockefeller controlled eugenics organisation, '**The Planned Parent Federation Of**

America ' ordered that there should be no record taken of his speech.

Dr Dunegan however disregarded the order and surreptitiously took down notes on napkins.It was these notes that formed the basis of the secretly recorded interview that Dr Dunegan gave to Mr Randy Engel in 1988.

Dr Dunegan told Randy that during the course of this 1969 speech, Dr Day said *"We can cure almost every cancer right now. The information is on file in the Rockefeller Institute, if its ever decided it should be released*"...

However, there is a lot more to this story and it is well documented on various internet sites. A particularly well written and detailed account can be found at this link: :
http://www.overlordsofchaos.com/html/new_order_of_barbarians.html

The second piece of damning evidence revolves around the work of an Italian Doctor, Tullio Simoncini, a brilliant and courageous man who refused to buckle under the enormous pressure that he had to face and which he still continues to face to this day.

Dr Simoncini has had to endure being disbarred from practising medicine as well as having to endure the indignity of serving a 3 year prison sentence imposed on him. His Crime? Dr Simoncini had discovered that Cancer is a fungus caused by Candida, a yeast type organism found in small amounts within the human body.

In doing so he was able to devise a cheap remedy of unparalleled success in curing cancer. This was true even in cases where the cancer was so advanced that all other treatments had been stopped.

However, instead of being feted as a genius and touted as the saviour of untold lives, Simoncini, was ordered to stop work on his program and to remain silent on his findings.

Along with this evidence which points to the fact that Cancer is highly curable, also comes the question 'If cancer can be cured, why is it being kept

a secret' ?
Course, for those of us who recognise the true evil that is ingrained into the very core of the Social Elite, that question is easy to answer. However for the benefit of those who haven't I will explain in brief why we are deemed not worthy of access to the cure.

You see, it is a two pronged answer, the first of which boils down to money. The Pharmaceutical industry is a multi trillion pound business, with huge fortunes to be made by those at the top. A single new drug typically costs around £500 million to produce.

Course these new drugs are always hailed as a miracle cure but take between 10-12 yrs to produce. Over that period of time, the said miracle drug is by and large forgotten by the general public but needless to say, these so called wonder drugs never live up to their hype - as is evidenced by the rapidly rising cases of all cancers.

Furthermore the industry is inherently corrupt, with billions of pounds in bribes being passed back and forth. The sheer greed that exists amongst those with power ensures that human lives will never take precedence over the vast fortunes to be made from cancer.

The second part of the answer relates to control. The Social Elite have an all consuming desire to exercise total control over the world's resources and its population. Indeed it is their quest for total world dominance that drives their Psychopathic needs.

So, notwithstanding the huge boost given to their already vastly over inflated egos by having the answers to the many secrets we are not privy to, Cancer is a huge weapon in their quest to reduce the world population.

This would explain the quantum leap in the number of cancer cases over the past 110 years. And having spent many years researching the activities of the Illuminati, I am left in no doubt whatsoever that we are deliberately being exposed to cancer by design. This exposure takes place largely within the food we buy. An in depth explanation, with statistics to back this claim can

be found here : http://intuitivefred888.blogspot.com/2011/03/cancer-rates-1900-to-2000-and-beyond.html

Further evidence to support this claim came directly from the Horse's mouth so to speak, when Prince Charles recently appeared on the ITV television program, 'This Morning'. You see, while showing the shows presenter around his organic vegetable garden, the monotonous, uncharismatic heir to the throne couldn't help but boast that he and his family were totally self sufficient in the food department. God forbid the buffoon should ever have to be exposed to eating the genetically modified, chemical infested stuff that we are forced to buy from the illuminati owned supermarkets.

And as well as being exposed to the cancer giving chemicals in our food we a forced to swallow them in the form of fluoride in our drinking water. Fluoride is a poison known to cause cancer. Yet while the government are all too aware of the health risks associated with fluoride they have insanely increased the levels of this poison in our drinking water.

This was done following the government's commissioning of a report from Cambridge University looking into the long term effects fluoride had on the human body. The government then used carefully chosen keywords from this report as proof that fluoride was safe.

However the author of the report has stated on camera that far from giving the Government the green light to increase fluoride levels, his recommendation was that levels should in fact be reduced.

You see, there is absolutely no need to use fluoride in drinking water as our teeth get all the fluoride that they allegedly need from toothpaste. In fact Sweden - a country that banned the use of fluoride in drinking water years ago (As have most Continental European Countries) - Commissioned a major survey into the effect the ban had on the nations teeth.

The report came back clearly indicating that there had been no increase in tooth decay.

However, as if to reinforce my view, naturalnews.com released an article in May 2012 stating the following:

Ingesting artificial fluoride chemicals does not prevent tooth decay, but rather destroys your insides and leads to the development of cancer and other illnesses. These are the disturbing findings of an assessment recently compiled by award-winning chemist, author, and founder of ThePeoplesChemist.com, Shane Ellison.

Frustrating more than 50 years of bad science that has claimed the exact opposite, Ellison's appraisal of fluoride's negative effects on the body shows once again why removing fluoride from public water supplies is crucial to public health. And health freedom advocates must step up to be the educational catalyst for bringing about this change nationwide.

"Once ingested, fluoride compounds attack the structural integrity of our insides," says Ellison. "Collagen, a web-like network connecting our skeletal system to muscles, is torn apart by fluoride. We feel it as joint stiffness, ligament damage, and aching bones. This same mechanism leads to browning of teeth, an outcome known as fluorosis."

Ellison adds that laboratory studies dating back decades have shown that fluoride spurs the mutation of mammalian DNA cells, which can promote the growth of cancer cells. Various population studies, he says, have shown that fluoride ingestion can increase a person's risk of developing bone cancer by as much as 700 percent.

And finally, fluoride has never been shown to actually prevent cavities, which is the excuse most often used to continue lacing public water supplies with this toxic poison. On the contrary, fluoride ingestion actually promotes tooth decay, and even the U.S.Centers for Disease Control and Prevention(CDC) admits that there is no verifiable, scientific proof that fluoride in any way prevents cavities.

So why does artificial water fluoridation continue to persist in many towns and cities across America today? A combination of ignorance and pride both

appear to be factors, as the medical establishment largely refuses to accept modern science showing that fluoride is unsafe because it has been claiming for many decades that fluoride is safe.

John Garfield fromThe University Daily Kansanrecently wrote his own assessment of the dangers of fluoride, noting that the best available science links fluoride consumption to thyroid disorders, endocrine disruption, reproductive damage, skin problems, brittle bones, immunodeficiency, premature puberty, and lowered IQ (http://www.kansan.com/news/2012/apr/26/water-fluoridation/).

The evidence is so strong against fluoride these days that nearly 40 U.S. communities stopped fluoridating their water in 2011 (http://www.naturalnews.com), and many more, including Albuquerque, N.M., Bolivar, Mo., and Myerstown, Penn., have ended water fluoridation in 2012.
And as if exposing us to the risk of cancer via our food and drink supply isn't sufficient enough, The Government are further polluting the air we breath with god knows what via chemtrails.

Chemtrails is the name given to the visible vapour trail left behind as a result of an aeroplane discharging Chemicals at high altitude.They first began to appear in our sky around 1997. Chemtrails are not to be confused with Contrails, the name given to an aeroplanes equivalent of a car's exhaust smoke.

Contrails will disappear after 5 minutes or so whereas chemtrails can hang about for hours. Chemtrails are often visible in a criss cross formation as a result of the aeroplane flying back and forth so as to ensure blanket covering of an area.This is achieved in very much the same way as a farmer will use a Biplane' for crop spraying.

Course, while many would have you believe that Chemtrails are no more than a Conspiracy Theory, the sheer volume of photographic evidence available on the internet confirms Chemtrails are far more likely to be Conspiracy Probability.

Something is certainly responsible for the sharp decrease in Male fertility over the past 10 years and as such would it not make sense for a group of people intent on orchestrating a large population reduction program to target the source?

Indeed, if that was the case, would it then not be unreasonable to assume that whatever is being used to reduce fertility in the male population could have the potential to also cause Cancer?

Once again, assuming that fact is also correct, would that not then account for the previously unexplained reason for the sharp increase in the number of men developing Testicular Cancer?

Finally, no one would deny that cancer is a life changing illness. Speaking from my own experience there is a marked change in the way you view life before developing cancer to the way you view life having survived it.

On the whole I would suggest that the shift in perception is for the better. However the route you have to take to achieve the shift is precarious and undesirable to say the least. As far as the UK route is concerned more cancer sufferers fail to make it to the other end than those of us who do.

And the more precarious the route becomes the more desperate the victim becomes in a frantic search to find a life line to hang on to. The Blind panic caused by the desperation to find a life line can often lead to that person putting his faith in the nearest one to hand, only to find that he or she made the wrong choice and that lifeline has no substance to it.

So, as I have already stated, there is absolutely no doubt in my mind whatsoever that cancer is highly curable. Neither do I have any doubts that we are being deliberately exposed to the risk of cancer and that those who succumb are receiving treatment akin to a medical variation of Russian Roulette.

However, I have only reached these conclusions through my own research

into the subject along with my own personal experience of cancer and most importantly of all, my inner self telling me it is so.

I would therefore advise anyone - who having read this article - is now planning on skipping their next bout of Chemotherapy in favour of an alternative treatment, not to do so unless they have properly researched the subject and if their inner self tells them that it is the right thing to do.

I say this because there are literally hundreds of website on the internet guaranteeing you your survival if you follow their advice. Sadly the only guarantee the vast majority of these sites should be offering is that you'll end up dead very quickly if you follow their instructions.

On February 23, 2012* ***Jurriaan Maesse* *for Infowars.com wrote the following on Fluoride:*

A mention on the website of the World Health Organization (WHO) admits that there were suggestions by member or members of the Chemical Aspects Working Group meeting in Tokyo, held in 2002, to omit information on the "adverse health effects" of fluoride to "prevent controversy." Here is the full quote from the WHO's website:

*"At the Chemical Aspects Working Group meeting (Tokyo, 2002), the group was informed that the monograph was being finalized, and there was considerable discussion on various aspects of the draft,****including a suggestion that the monograph should not mix discussion on the beneficial use of fluoride with adverse health effects to prevent controversy****. The monograph was not discussed at the Guidelines for Drinking-water Quality Working Group meeting (Geneva, 2004). The document is in editing and layout (2005). A presentation to the Working Groups of the WHO Oral Health Programme on the importance of fluoridation was made in 2005."*

In the questionnaire for the working group, posted on the WHO's website, the Working Group's members are assured that their comments "will not be posted to the public website." Well, it seems the WHO not only lies to the world, they lie to their own underlings as well. But no matter: the most

important thing here is that the WHO deliberately contemplated omitting crucial information about fluoride's damaging effects from its future publications- which in turn act as guiding principles, commandments almost, for states all around the world.

As it turns out, the WHO not only omits and deletes. That would make the whole affair some sad sort of cover-up or whitewash. No, the WHO- knowing perfectly well that fluoride is most damaging- actively promotes the use of fluoride and works to distribute it through the world's water-supply. A WHO publication of the Expert Consensus Meeting Group Report even advises adding fluoride in the water-supply for specific segments of the population. The "consensus" reached among the "experts" reads, that higher income groups often already consume enough fluoride for their purposes, which- by the way- has decidedly nothing to do with some dental battle against tooth decay.

"For example", we can read in the report, "in countries such as those in Scandinavia, where public dental awareness is very high and alternative vehicles for fluoride (e.g. fluoridated toothpaste) are widely available and widely used, a decision to not fluoridate the water, or remove fluoride, or to supply drinking water with suboptimal levels of fluoride would likely be of little consequence.

The report continues with the statement that for segments of the population which do not have wide access to fluoridated toothpaste, the WHO would me more than willing to dump trace amounts of it into the water-supply, free of charge:
"On the other hand in developing and developed countries where public dental health awareness in some population groups (e.g. lower income) might be much lower, water containing either natural or added fluoride at concentrations of 0.5 to1.0 mg/l would be important for dental health."

This idea perfectly coincides with the ruling guidelines of the WHO Oral Health Programme, which include a "particular focus" on "the disadvantaged and under-served population groups.":
"The WHO Oral Health Programme, jointly with the FDI World Dental

Federation (FDI) and the International Association for Dental Research (IADR), have embarked on an action plan for the promotion of using fluoride, particularly focusing on the disadvantaged and under-served population groups."

Furthermore, the WHO's Guidelines for drinking water quality states:
"In setting national standards for fluoride or in evaluating the possible health consequences of exposure to fluoride, it is essential to consider the intake of water by the population of interest and the intake of fluoride from other sources (e.g., from food, air and dental preparations)."

Dr.Richard Shames, graduated Harvard and University of Pennsylvania, after in-depth research into the effects of Fluoride on the human biological system, noted:
"(…) the Nazi concentration camps used fluoridated water to suppress the will and vigor of inmates. This appears to have been during the 1930s and was the first known example of fluoridated water supplies for a specific population."

Fluoride, in whatever amount, is nothing less than a chemical weapon. Considering it is applied to entire populations or certain groups within a population, the definition is chemical warfare- a tool most useful to eugenicists who are intent on depopulation the planet.

Chapter 14
Playthings For The Powerful

Another article that I wrote for the Sovereign Independent which looks at the sexualising of our children...

No doubt the fact that California has just passed Bill AB499, allowing children as young as 12 to be vaccinated against STD's without their parents knowledge, will raise a few eyebrows.

However I can’t imagine anyone being unduly shocked. After all, Bill AB 499 is just another piece in a long line of Government legislation designed to hasten the premature sexual awakening in our children.

Course, anyone who doubts the existence of such an agenda being implemented by the US and European Governments hasn't been paying attention. You see, like all Government agendas, the key to their success is achieved via deception,stealth and time.

However, such is the success of a previous agenda which involved the dumbing down of an already apathetic public, that the art of deception is hardly needed. That is to say that the Government no longer try to justify the premature sexual awakening of our children by misleading the public into thinking it is to combat the epidemic of teenage pregnancy and to help stop the spread of sexually transmitted disease.

In fact it was by originally highlighting these so called epidemics that the Government were able to introduce into schools the teaching of the onset of puberty to children as young as 6, graduating to teaching full on sex education to children as young as 11.

It was also this deception that led to teenagers under the age of consent being allowed access to the contraceptive pill and condoms without their parents being informed.

Indeed, had pre teen sex education been the key to combating this epidemic of teenage pregnancy a quick look at the statistics confirms that this government policy has failed miserably. On the contrary, teaching sex education at a younger age has resulted in a rise in pregnancy of pre teen children.

There has also been a significant rise in the number of sexual assaults carried out by children, with recorded attacks such as that by two 7 yr old boys on a 5 yr old girl. Indeed, the killing of 5yr old James Bulger by two 12 yr old boys had a degree of sexual perversion attached to it.

What’s more, my own 15 yr old daughter knows of girls who were having sex at the age of NINE. Meanwhile, thirty years ago it wasn't uncommon for schools to have one or two cases of 15 yr old girls getting pregnant but now the government has had to set up special schools specifically for the teaching of under age mothers.

So with the teaching of sex education to children not emotionally mature enough to deal with the information a resounding failure, the sensible thing to do would have been to reverse this policy. However, instead of doing so many European countries simply lowered the age of consent.

For instance, the age of consent in France is now 15. In Germany and Portugal - the latter being the European Mecca for Paedophiles - the age is 14. Meantime, Spain has the distinction of having the lowest age of consent amongst the European Community. Over there it is legal to have sex at 13.

And while the UK opted to keep the minimum age of consent to 16 years of age between consenting heterosexual couples, the government did bring down the age of consent for homosexuals to the same age. In lowering the age of consent many men - and women for that matter - who would once of

been branded paedophiles were vindicated and children were given the clear message that it is ok to have sex.

Course, the fact that the UK didn't lower the age of consent shouldn't lead you to the conclusion that the British Government has stronger morals than their European counterparts. Once again this is all part of the deception. You see, despite Britain leading the tables on under age pregnancy, the vast majority of the time under age girls are made pregnant by someone over the age of consent.

Yet very rarely does this fact lead to criminal charges being brought against the guilty Father to be. In fact it is only in cases where the potential Father is well into his 20's and above that we see them being dragged into court. And even then the outcome of any such court action is minimal.

Now I have already discussed the reasons behind this inertia in the law courts in an article that I wrote for the Sovereign Independent Newspaper a few weeks ago. And for the benefit of anyone reading this who hasn't read that article, you can find it on the Sovereign Independent website under the title of '**Why the justice system favours paedophiles**'.

And once you are in possession of the full facts and realize that the people in power are out to exploit our children rather than protect them, the reasoning behind AB499 and such like then becomes clear.

In fact the more critically that you look at today's society the clearer it then becomes that the whole system is geared up to the premature sexual awakening of our children. However such is the power of manipulation and level of mind control exerted on the population by the Establishment that people are blind to what is going on.

Indeed, we are led to believe that there is no harm in major retail outlets selling padded bras, sexy lingerie, high heels and make up ranges designed specifically for and aimed at girls between the ages of 9-12.

After all, what little girl doesn't like to dress up?

Alcohol is also being made a hell of a lot more appealing, not to mention tempting to youngsters when it comes in a lovely shade of Blue and is called an *Alcopop*.

The Cambridge Dictionary does in fact describe an *Alcopop* thus:
A sweet, fizzy(=with bubbles) Alcoholic drink.

Yet isn't it children who drink Pop, a sweet fizzy(=with bubbles) drink?

And are we not encouraged to be open with our children and freely discuss matters of sex? I mean rarely do films other than horror movies qualify for an 18 certificate these days. In fact from films and TV programmes right through to magazines, children are led to believe that if you don't do *'it'* then you belong in the crowd of 'nerds'.

Indeed, a quick look at my daughter's Facebook reveals an endless stream of wall posts along the line of "*All men are W*****s*" and "*Why cant i find a BF who will treat me like a princess*".

Yet had Facebook been around thirty years ago these would have been the rantings of a three times divorced emotional cripple, not the words of 12 and 13 year old schoolgirls.

And that, I am afraid is what parents have been deliberately manipulated into believing is '*normal*', achieved slowly over time by governments past and present. Or to be more accurate, I should say which started slowly, because the 'sexploitation' of today's young is speeding up at an alarming rate.

Course, the eventual goal is to persuade the masses that sex with children is ok. Thankfully, as it stands at the moment the vast majority of normal people find this concept quite rightly abhorrent.

However, on the other hand the social elite and by those I mean Royalty, members of the aristocracy, family dynasty's of immense wealth, the judiciary, Politicians and celebrities all see nothing wrong with child abuse

and paedophilia.

Both practices have been widespread within the upper echelons of society for centuries and those amongst the social elite who don't indulge themselves in the practice's, condone it.

This must be so, if for no other reason than the sheer number of paedophiles amongst the world's elite makes it inconceivable that those who don't indulge are not aware of what goes on.

Course, condoning such behaviour can only mean that those non participants accept it as par for the course. In doing so they become every bit as vile and repulsive as those who take part. I mean, think about it for a moment. If I as a 'commoner' was friends with a paedophile, I would be held in the same contempt by the general public as the paedophile himself.
And a person who doesn't apply the same morality to those within high society seriously needs to question his or her mindset.

Sadly, such is the awe afforded to fame, power and wealth and those who possess it, that getting people to view these monsters for what they really are is a never ending, thankless task. In fact all rational thinking certainly disappears that for sure.

Moreover, rather than see that power and money corrupt, people attach an almost god like status to those who possess it and it is this attachment that allows the elite to get away with what they do and on the scale that they do it.

Sure, the majority will accept that politicians are a little corrupt, but the general belief is that they are working to enrich our standard of living.
Sure, the majority will accept that the royal family is out of touch with the common man, but the general belief is that we should be proud of them, after all our Royal family sets us apart and makes us the envy of the world.
Sure, the majority accept that family dynasties were founded by ruthless businessmen, but the general belief is that you have to be ruthless to get ahead in business. Ruthlessness is therefore to be admired.
Sure, we accept that Celebrities behave badly at times, but the general belief

is 'so what, i'd do the same in their position'.

In short nobody believes the social elite capable of the true evil that engulfs them. To speak out against them inevitably leads to you being branded a conspiracy theorist. And to any *'sane'* persons way of thinking, the term '*conspiracy theorist'* has, through attachment and repetition, come to mean '*gullible weirdo*'.

Worse still, being labelled as such apparently entitles any *'level headed, right minded person*' to take it as read that anything that comes out a conspiracy theorists mouth is crazy bulls**t.

Yet what those sane, level headed, rational people fail to grasp however is that to voice a conspiracy theory is by definition to voice an opinion that people have been secretly planning or have carried out an illegal act.
And then, once a piece of evidence, no matter how flimsy is available to back up that opinion, the theory is no longer a theory... It is now a possibility.

Then when you add enough evidence to that possibility so as to overshadow the evidence to any alternative theory and that possibility then becomes a probability.

However getting people to accept that most conspiracy theories are in fact *conspiracy probabilities*, isn't easy. The saying; '*there is none so blind as those who will not see*' springs to mind.

I mean take the British Royal family for instance. On April 29th 2011 Prince William married Kate Middleton. Support for the royal family was at an all time high that day, yet the very people the nation were cheering for were the ones who are mugging the nation off.
After all, despite being arguably the richest person in the world, the Queen happily sat back and let her subjects pay for her grandson's wedding... And we didn't even get an invite.

Yet not only did we pay for it, we paid for it at a time when we are being forced to live with drastic government cuts. And despite these cuts, the

country still pays her Millions of Pounds a year. But that's ok because she's the Queen.

Worse still, while we struggle to put food in our families mouths we pay for her buffoon playboy son to travel by helicopter to get to St Andrews for a game of golf with a Paedophile.

But apparently that is okay because he's a Prince. Yet to my way of thinking it is not ok because this bunch of inbreds view us with scorn. In fact Prince Phillip - a known Nazi sympathiser like the rest of them - stated in print that when he dies he would like to come back as a deadly virus to wipe out the world population. Charming.

Still, that's more ambitious than his eldest son who is content to come back as a Tampon. And again, apparently that's okay because he's the lovable racist who is married to the Queen.

And that would be the Queen who should have been hanged for treason in 1973 when the Treaty of Rome was signed by the paedophile prime minister Edward Heath. But these are all facts, not conspiracy theories. Indeed there are countless conspiracy theories involving the royal family, which given the sheer weight of evidence are more accurately *conspiracy probabilities*.

However to discuss them wouldn't be relevant to this article. The conspiracy theory that is relevant and is in fact a conspiracy probability is the one put forward by David Icke.
David Icke, along with others, has done extensive research into the Royal family and has publicly accused ,in print and in person not only the Queen, but also the Queen Mother, Prince Philip, Prince Charles, Prince Andrew and Princess Anne of taking part in Satanic rituals that involve children as human sacrifices.

Unfortunately, to go into the mountain of evidence that David Icke puts forward for reaching this conclusion isn't possible to include in this article. It is however freely available in his book '**The biggest secret**'.

And for anyone who doubts his claim, then I would strongly suggest that they do the research. Similarly David Icke has publicly named, as have others, every American President since and including John F Kennedy through to and including George W Bush, as either being Paedophiles or taking part in child abuse.

As I have with the Royal family, I have also researched the evidence which points to these ex Presidents being either Paedophiles and/or Child abusers and im left in no doubt that the claims are true.
It is also suffice to say that all of these Presidents were puppets of the Rothschild's and none - with the exception of George Bush Snr - had the necessary intellect to be the most powerful man on the planet.

So there we have not only the British Royal Family embroiled in paedophilia, child abuse and murder, we also have every US President since JFK involved also. And this is how it has been for centuries.

Indeed, people throughout history, who we have been taught from a young age are to be admired, or who's work we are made to read or those who are turned into heroes on the silver screen are in fact all Illuminati paedophiles.

The list is endless but includes the likes of:

- Leonardo de Vinci, painter of the Mona Lisa,
- William Shakespeare whose work includes Romeo and 13 yr old Juliet,
- John Ruskin, Author and great moral voice of the 19th century,
- Sir Hugh Walpole, School headmaster turned novelist,
- Oscar Wilde, Homosexual playwright, not to mention 1st Baron, Baden Powell of Gilwall, who founded the Boy Scout & Girl Guide movements.

All to a man; paedophiles!

And then there are soldiers, immortalised as heroes in film such as T E Lawrence AKA Lawrence of Arabia and Field Marshall, Viscount Bernard Montgomery. Both Paedophiles.

Other examples would be the horror writer, Edgar Allen Poe, the Composer, Benjamin Britten and the artist T S Lowrie, who was immortalised in the Brian & Michael hit number 1 song, **Matchstalk men & Matchstalk Cats and Dogs**. Again all Paedophiles.

And then there are people whose work was brought to life by Walt Disney - another man with plenty to hide. These include Lewis Carroll who wrote the drug induced, **Alice in Wonderland** and J M Barrie, Benefactor of Great Ormond Street children's hospital, not to mention the Author of Peter Pan… Both Paedophiles!

Others include, Lord Gordon, Lord Boothby and Lord McAlpine. All Paedophiles. Ex Prime Ministers and Political Party leaders, Edward Heath, Pierre Trudeau and Jeremy Thorpe. All Paedophiles. And then there are those who were idolised by kids, past and present. These include to name but a few, movie heart throb, Errol Flynn, Country singer Boxcar Willie, Rock 'n' Roll singer, Jerry Lee Lewis who married his 14 yr old cousin. All Paedophiles.

There is also testimony to suggest that Elvis Presley had a penchant for 12yr old girls. Others that we know about are Glam Rock star, Gary Glitter, Bay City Rollers drummer, Derek Longmuir and the 'Rollers' manager Tam Paton. All convicted Paedophiles.

Celebrated film director Roman Polanski - another Paedophile. Motown legend Michael Jackson and rock legend Peter *'i was only doing research* ' Townsend. Both Paedophiles. Ex Radio 1 DJ's, Alan Freeman, Jonathan King and Sir Jimmy Savile. All Paedophiles. And these are only a few of those who have been exposed. What of the ones who are still hidden?

Indeed, Politics in particular is riddled with Paedophiles. In Britain, where ever possible, scandals are buried. Political parties close rank and help each other as is shown by the Robert Boothby scandal of the 1960's. Therefore to gauge the extent of paedophiles in politics we must look to America.

Here are but a few of those caught in recent years:

JO MONTLEONE JR, City councillor. Found guilty of fondling under age girls.

JEFF NIELSON, Congressional Aid. Arrested for having sex with a 14 yr old boy.

PATRICK McGUIRE, County commissioner. Questioned by police over allegations of molesting girls between the ages of 8-13.

LARRY CORRIGAN, Prosecutor. Arrested for trying to solicit sex from a 13 yr old girl.

JEFF RANDALL, Mayor. Jailed for molesting Two boys aged 10 and 12.

MARK FOLEY, Congressman. Forced to resign for sending sexually explicit Emails to a 16 yr old boy.

RANDALL CASSEDY, Newspaper Executive. Pleaded guilty to soliciting sex from a 13 yr old girl.

LARRY FLOYD, County Constable. Pleaded guilty to soliciting sex from an 8 yr old girl.

MARK PAZUHARICH, Judge. Given 10 yrs probation after pleading no contest to fondling a 10 yr old girl.

BOBBY STUMBO, Republican party leader. Arrested for having sex with a 5 yr old boy.

ARMANDO TEBANO, County chairman. Pleaded guilty to fondling a 14 yr old girl.

JOHN COLLINS, School teacher and former city councillor.Pleaded guilty to molesting girls aged 13-14.

PHILLIP GIONDANO, Mayor. Jailed for abusing girls aged between 8-10.

TOM ADAMS, Mayor. Arrested for distributing child porn on the internet.

JOHN GOSEK, Mayor. Arrested for soliciting sex from two 15 yr old girls.

DAVID SWARTZ. County Commissioner. Jailed for 8 yrs for molesting 2 girls under the age of 11.

EDISON ALDARONDO. Legislator (Law Maker). Jailed for 10 yrs for repeatedly raping his daughter between the age of 9-17.

STROM THURMOND,Senator. Had a child by a 15 yr old.

MIKE HINTZ. Pastor who received a Commendation from George W Bush. Had an affair with an under age girl.
PETER DIBBLE, Legislator (Law Maker). Pleaded no contest in relation to having an inappropriate relationship with a 13 yr old girl.

LARRY E KING JR, Republican fundraiser. Organised child sex party's at the White House during the 1980's.

CRAIG SPENCE, Lobbyist.As above.

DON LUKENS, Congressman. Jailed for having sex with an under age girl.

DON CRANE, Congressman. Had sex with an under age girl.

RON KLINE, Judge. Pleaded guilty to possessing child porn.

ROBERT BOWMAN, Congressman and Anti Gay Lobbyist. Charged with having sex with a 16 yr old boy he picked up in a gay bar.

JOHN HATHAWAY, Republican Senate Candidate. Forced to withdraw his nomination after admitting to having sex with his children's 12yr old babysitter.

PAUL INGRAM, Republican party leader. Pleaded guilty to 6 counts of raping his daughters.

KEITH WESTMORELAND, Legislator. Pleaded guilty to 7 counts of indecent exposure to minors.

JACK GARDNER, County Commissioner. Pleaded guilty to molesting under age children.

KEOLA CHILDS, County Commissioner. As above.

MERRILL BARKER, County Commissioner. Pleaded guilty to sexually assaulting an under age boy.

FRED SMELTZER JR, City Councillor. Jailed for 6 months for raping a 13 yr old girl.

LARRY SCHWARZ, Parole board officer. Dismissed after being found in possession of child porn.

MARK HARRIS, City Councillor. Jailed for having sex with an 11yr old girl.

JON GRUNSETH, Businessman. Withdrew his bid to become Governor of Minnesota after it emerged he had swam naked in his pool with 4 under age girls including his daughter.

NICK ELIZONDO. Director of the young Republican Federation. Jailed for 6 yrs for molesting his 6 yr old daughter.

DONALD RUMSFELD, Secretary for defence. Authorized the rape of children in Iraqi prisons in order to humiliate their parents into providing information about anti American insurgency's

.

And they are just the ones who were caught. Don't ever make the mistake of thinking that our and other European Politicians and people with power are

any different from the Americans.
The people who pull the strings of America's Politicians are the same puppet masters as ours and our European counterparts.

In fact following a court case in connection with an international child porn ring, that took place in Britain in July 2011 an undisclosed number of Policemen, Teachers and Social workers were forced to resign. In every area of jobs that carry responsibility and high society, paedophilia is rife.

These paedophiles now want to 'normalise' sex with children. Those of the social elite not involved are guilty by association. Their refusal to blow the whistle on what's going on can only mean they condone it.

I will remind you of what I said earlier: If I had a good friend who was a known paedophile, I would be viewed with as much contempt and suspicion as the paedophile himself. So why does money, power and fame excuse this behaviour?

And as far as my thinking goes, as long as we allow our politicians to carry on de-criminalizing paedophilia and as long as we continue to ignore and forgive the behaviour of celebrities, then we can never claim to have our children's best interests at heart.

** On the 10 of February 2012 the Telegraph newspaper announced that girls as young as 13 have been fitted with contraceptive implants at school without their parents knowing.*
The procedure was carried out in Southampton, Hants, as part of a government initiative to drive down teenage pregnancies.
As many as nine secondary schools in the city are thought to have been involved.
But it has caused a backlash from parents who weren't aware that their daughters had been fitted with the 4cm device, which sits under the skin.
It is currently unknown exactly how many youngsters have taken part in the scheme.

*** On the 24th of February 2012, Alex Newman of* ***The New American***

***wrote**:*
Members of the European Parliament (MEPs) have started to ask questions about why taxpayers in the European Union (EU) are being forced to finance a giant homosexual lobbying group with past links to organizations promoting pedophilia. Gay and lesbian activists responded to the concerns by unleashing a wave of attacks.

Researchers using publicly available data found that the International Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Trans and Intersex Association-Europe (ILGA) received more than two-thirds of its funding directly from taxpayers through the European Commission. When tax money provided by the Dutch government was added in, over 70 percent of the group's funds last year came from taxpayers. The rest came from billionaire leftist George Soros and two other major donors.

"It appears to be a puppet organization in the hand of a very small group of donors, of which the Commission is the most important one," noted European human rights lawyer J.C. von Krempach, who shined the spotlight on the issue late last year in a series of articles. "Is this really a 'non-governmental' organization, or part of 'civil society?' Or is it an inofficial EU Agency?"

Despite the close ties to governments, the lobbying group has a highly controversial past, according to critics. In the 1990s, for example, after international pressure and a global scandal erupted, the ILGA was forced to purge several groups from its membership ranks because their primarymission was promoting pedophilia. Among the more controversial memberswas the infamous North American Man/Boy Love Association (NAMBLA), a group which seeks to legalize and normalize pedophilia.

ILGA also fought a long battle to become an officially recognized "non-governmental organization" with the United Nations. Of course, it was repeatedly rejected for its myriad ties to supporters of pedophilia as member governments balked. Eventually pressure from European governmentsforced the UN to grant accreditation.

But questions about the lobbying group's eligibility for official NGO status are now making headlines again, and some analysts expect the organization's status to come up for review in the not-too-distant future. Indeed, ILGA fails to meet the UN's own established criteria, one part of which states that a "major portion" of an NGO's funding cannot come from governments.

When the EU taxpayer funding scandal first made headlines in December, concerned MEPs and organizations such as the U.S.-based Catholic Family and Human Rights Institute (C-Fam) sounded the alarm. In essence, according to critics of the arrangement, the EU is just using taxpayer money to lobby itself while litigating in European courts and bullying member governments.

"We might call it political ventriloquism," noted von Krempach, saying ILGA promotes an "extremist agenda" that includes silencing Christians and Muslims while demanding worldwide recognition of "same-sex marriage" and adoption rights for homosexuals. "Through this 'advocacy group,' the Commission speaks to itself."

In the European Parliament — not exactly a legislature in the traditional sense of the word, but a powerful EU body nonetheless — surprised parliamentarians asked some questions about the funding. From Poland to the UK, MEPs were concerned that taxpayers were being coerced into financing a questionable lobbying group.

"In reality, the EU has no competences as regards the recognition of marriages or family law," noted Polish MEP Konrad Szymanski with the European Conservatives and Reformists Group (ECR) in a statement to the Commission. "On what legal basis is the Commission giving out operational grants to associations whose main activities are outside the scope of the EU's competences?"

In his written request for answers, submitted late last year, Szymanski also asked why the EU was funding groups working to change the laws of member states — "this being especially questionable in the case of countries such as

Poland, which is under this kind of lobbying pressure regarding its family law and which has declared its legislative independence in that sphere."

Szymanski also sought to find out whether the Commission recognized that it was actually breaching EU principles enshrined in European treaties by funding the group. The Commission responded earlier this month by claiming that it does indeed possess the authority to fund homosexual lobbying because it has the power "to take measures combating discrimination on ground of sexual orientation."

More recently, MEP Godfrey Bloom of the UK Independence Party (UKIP) also asked the European Commission to explain itself. He pointed to information on ILGA-Europe's own website noting that more than 70 percent of the lobbying group's budget was extracted from taxpayers.

"Given the proportion of its own contribution to financing ILGA-Europe, does the Commission believe that ILGA-Europe can be described as a 'non-governmental organization' or as part of 'civil society'?" Bloom askedEuropean Commissioners, wondering whether the EU had similar NGO-accreditation rules that, like at the UN, would bar government-funded front groups. "Are there many other lobby groups that receive a similar proportion of their budget from the Commission? Or is ILGA a unique case?"

Bloom raised concerns about the potential influence of wealthy donors such as billionaire George Soros over the groups they are subsidizing, too. "Is there a risk that persons such as George Soros could 'buy' themselves one or more NGOs that are economically dependent on their donations?" he asked. "How does the Commission view the impact of this particular type of 'philanthropy' on democracy?"

Almost as soon as the concerns were raised, the homosexual lobby and its allies were on the war path. MEPs asking questions were slandered as "intolerant," "homophobic," and "bullies," while organizations such as C-Fam were derided as "ultra-conservative," "incendiary," and more. Parliamentarians who support using taxpayer money to fund the lobbying

group also launched an all-out offensive.

"Mr Bloom's attempt to undermine European funding is unworthy of exposure. He should focus on the substantial question, which is equality and non-discrimination," said MEP Michael Cashman, the co-president of the European Parliament's "Intergroup on LGBT Rights." MEP Ulrike Lunacek, also co-president of the Intergroup, blasted Bloom as "a true role model for bullies around Europe."

Meanwhile, the so-called "European Court of Human Rights" recently ruled that member governments are allowed to bully and persecute anyone who expresses intolerance of pro-homosexual government propaganda. Free speech, apparently, is not to be considered a "human right" if the state disapproves.

The controversial case involved four young men in Sweden who were convicted of "agitation" against a "group" for distributing leaflets at a secondary school — a crime which can carry a penalty of up to two years in Swedish prison. The convicts said they were merely trying to spark a debate about the lack of objectivity on the issue in government schools, but Swedish courts and the European court rejected that defense.

The pamphlets about "homosexual propaganda" noted that in just a few decades, homosexuality "and other sexual deviances" had gone from being rejected by society to being embraced. "Your anti-Swedish teachers know very well that homosexuality has a morally destructive effect on the substance of society and will willingly try to put it forward as something normal and good," stated the leaflets in question, saying that homosexual lobbying groups were trying to downplay their support for pedophilia and that students should challenge the official "propaganda" by pointing out the link between homosexuality and AIDS.

The European court upheld the criminal convictions. In its ruling, it said the Swedish government undertook "legitimate and proportional interference" against free speech to protect the "reputation and rights of others," LifeSiteNews reported.

Co-Chair Martin Christensen of the EU-funded ILGA-Europe promptly celebrated the verdict, applauding the fact that individuals and organizations would no longer be allowed to criticize homosexuality by invoking the right to free speech. He also warned that the ruling sent a "serious signal" to Europeans who thought they could make "offensive statements" about homosexuality without fear of being punished.

"This is a truly important and landmark judgment," Christensen said in a press release, claiming that homosexuals have been subjected to "offensive" and "defamatory rhetoric" for decades. "For far too long those making such statement[s] were claiming their right to freedom of expression and opinion."

Chapter 15
Houston...We got a problem

One of the last articles that I wrote for the Sovereign Independent Newspapers and covers the death of the singer Whitney Houston…

There is no denying that the death of Whitney Houston is a tragedy. Sadly, her early demise was hardly a surprise. In fact I would go further still and suggest to you that her death was in reality, a tragedy just waiting to happen.

However, what does amaze me about the superstar's death, although it also comes as little or no surprise, is the outpouring of public grief en masse on social networking sites such as Facebook and Twitter.

Indeed, some of the tributes and outpouring of grief that I've read today are akin to someone losing a close family member. And it is this kind of mourning that gets me shaking my head in despair and which must beg the question; are we destined to get what we deserve in terms of the coming misery, through our own inability to put matters into perspective?

I mean, at best these tributes and outpourings of grief are pathetic and hypocritical.
Course there is no denying that Whitney Houston was without a shadow of doubt an enormous talent. But born into the lap of luxury on the 9th of August 1963, she had the kind of life most of us could only dream about.

Certainly, there are not many of us who could boast to having the likes of Aretha Franklin as a Godmother or Dionne Warwick as a cousin, that's for sure. Furthermore, you would have thought that having had all the benefits of untold wealth and moving in the same circles as the world's elite, she would have been only too well aware that drugs such as Cocaine, Crack and Heroin

are going to mess you up big time.

So to first throw her career away, then her life in favour of a crack pipe, in my eyes makes her a loser, not a heroine. However, what worries me is that judging by the tributes being paid to her, the fact that she died a helpless, hopeless washed up junkie with her career in tatters makes her, in the eyes of many, a “Tormented soul”.

These very same people will in all probability flick through the local newspaper tomorrow and in many cases read about the discovery of someone or others drug addled dead body being found in a high rise stairwell or a flea ridden bedsit and think to themselves “*serves them right*” or “*good riddance to bad rubbish*”.

Worse still, they will do so without a thought or care as to their own hypocrisy. Yet to my mind, that dead junkie found slumped in a high rise stairwell or a filthy tenement flat is more worthy of peoples sorrow and sympathy than a spoilt, over indulged diva, too self obsessed and egotistical to appreciate all that she had going for her in life.
After all, the chances are that the stairwell junkie would have been born into a life of poverty and/or abuse and will have used drugs as a means to escape the misery and drudgery of their directionless life.

Whitney Houston cannot use those factors as an excuse. Indeed, it is a fact that it is a hell of a lot easier to overcome your addiction and rebuild your career, if indeed that is what you really want, when you’re a multi millionaire than it is to do when you’re just another government statistic living on state benefits.

Naturally, it’s now being reported in the mainstream media that the only drugs found along with Whitney’s body were those of the prescription kind. Believe that and you will believe anything.

Whitney Houston in death is by far a bigger money spinner than she has been for nearly the past 20 years... Even bigger still if she is perceived by her fans to be someone who died tragically while bravely battling her addiction.

Course, it’s quite obvious that her addiction will be blamed firmly on Bobby Brown thus drawing more sympathy in her direction. And, no doubt her fans will eagerly buy into this theory rather than seeing her as the washed upped drug addict that she had become.

Mind you, it is an easy cop-out to blame bad boy, ex husband Bobby Brown for his late wife’s spiral into drug addiction. However, the truth is Whitney Houston was a long way off being a star struck teenager when she first started dating the far less talented Brown. By the time she did she was already a well established, internationally renowned superstar with the world at her feet… And you certainly do not reach those dizzy heights by being a schmuck.

Yet anyone who takes Crack or Heroin these days or even back when Whitney first started her slide into drug addiction is mugging themselves off. Had Houston been of low intelligence and low self esteem, trapped in an abusive relationship with nowhere to run to, then maybe Brown could have shouldered the blame.

However, Whitney Houston was none of those things. The reality of the situation is that Houston must have known what she was getting herself in to. Her addiction is at least 20 years long and continued despite splitting from Brown over 6 years ago.

Indeed, had she wanted to quit drugs and get her life and career back on track then she certainly had the resources and access to the finest rehab clinics in the world. That all the signs point to her still being a drug addict when she died suggests that she didn’t really want to get clean... And Bobby Brown cannot be held responsible for that.

It is therefore indicative of just how arse about face the average person's mindset is when there are outpourings of public grief at the death of an overindulged, fabulously wealthy prima donna, who never knew the true meaning of hardship and deserves little sympathy, while these very same people do not bat an eyelid at the death of millions of their fellow human

beings who are dying on a daily basis through starvation and wars started on false pretences.

The very same warped way of thinking was afforded to Michael Jackson when he died and to a lesser, although not insignificant extent, the recent death of Sir Jimmy Savile. Now let's be very clear on this. Both Jackson and Savile were predatory paedophiles whose deaths prompted an apparently endless flood of tributes and outpouring of grief on social network sites.

Indeed, despite the mass of evidence as testimony to the pair's depraved behaviour and actions, many people simply refused to believe them guilty. Yet had these two monsters been nobody's, living on run down council estates, their neighbours, equipped with the same incriminating evidence, would have publicly lynched them both.

So, as I said at the beginning of this article, Whitney Houston's premature death at the age of 48 is a tragedy and while it may come across in this article that I didn't overly rate her much, nothing could be further from the truth.

Indeed, I think Whitney Houston was a fantastic singer. In fact so much so, that I can associate some of her songs with what I was doing at the time of their release. However, someone with the privileges and fantastic lifestyle that she was afforded, who then throws her life away in favour of the next '*high*' deserves far less sympathy than a junkie, killed by the addiction that they had acquired in an effort to blot out the memories of the past.

Therefore, it has to be said that it is a truly sad and pathetic world that we live in whereby fame and fortune will get you forgiven for anything.

Chapter 16
9/11: Never Forgive. Never Forget

This was one of the first major articles that I wrote for my website www.chrisspivey.org after I left the Sovereign independent Newspaper - which was about to fold… No pun intended.
Since then, my website has had over 15 million views...

I would guess that with the passing of 11 years, that the majority of those people who still refuse to accept anything other than the 'official' version of events that occurred on the 11th of September 2001 in New York, Washington and Pennsylvania are by now unlikely to ever face the truth.

Whether this be through apathy, ignorance or fear is hard to say. However it is scientifically impossible for the events of that day to have happened the way that the official report says they did.
On the flip side, if the statistics are to be believed, then there are far more of us who are wise to the events of 9/11 than there are of those who buy into the official version of events.

Course, the degree to which people believe how much of a part the American government played that day varies greatly.
So, just for the record here are 10 facts concerning that day which are realistically indisputable:

1) George W Bush gave 3 different versions as to how he learned about the 'Terrorist' attacks.

2) From September 2000 – June 2001, 67 planes veered off course over America. NORAD - the US air defence system - was able to track and target all 67. Or put another way, a 100% success record. However, on 9/11 the

NORAD system failed to track and intercept all 4 Aeroplanes. Or put another way, a 100% failure.

3) No high rise metal structure has ever completely collapsed through fire except the WTC Twin Towers. The towers themselves were built to withstand multiple collisions with aircrafts.

4) Jet fuel does not generate anywhere near enough heat to be able to melt steel.

5) Both towers fell at a couple of seconds off freefall speed. The law of Physics makes this impossible unless a controlled demolition took place.

6) The steel that made up the twin towers was immediately sold and shipped off to the Far East before being examined and the Pentagon crash site was buried under tons of Type 1 road stone. Since both locations were crime scenes a major crime was committed in doing so.

7) It would be physically impossible for a Boeing 757 aeroplane to have hit the Pentagon on the trajectory given in the official report. Furthermore, damage to the Pentagon building itself extended no further than 70ft. A Boeing 757 has a wingspan 2 inches short of 125 ft. If the wings sheared off before impact with the building, why is there no debris? **(See Picture 4 depicting superimposed plane flying into the Pentagon)**.

8) Despite there not being a shred of credible evidence linking Osama Bin Laden to 9/11 (*His FBI 'Wanted' poster does not even mention 9/11*), The main stream media were naming him as being responsible for the attacks less than an hour after the first tower was struck.

9) At least 7 of the alleged hijackers were subsequently found to be alive and well. Despite this fact all 7 were still named in the official 9/11 report as being responsible. Mohamed Atta, named as the hijacker's ringleader and allegedly the person to fly the hijacked American Airlines flight 11 Plane into the North Tower is subject to testimony alleging that he was spotted in lap dancing clubs and drinking vast amounts of alcohol in the week leading up to 9/11... Hardly consistent with the behaviour of a Muslim extremist.

10) The alleged crash site of the hijacked aeroplane, United Airlines flight 93 in a Pennsylvanian field is totally inconsistent with similar aircraft crash sites. Furthermore, the alleged Cell Phone, phone calls, said to have taken place from on board flight 93 and which were used to aid putting together the events which unfolded during the hijack, would have been impossible to be made at flight 93's altitude in 2001.

In regard to the official report into 9/11, the Bush Administration quite unbelievably at first refused to sanction an official enquiry. When after a year, it became obvious that the public wouldn't stand for this, the White House gave in and at first tried to appoint veteran, political heavyweight Henry Kissinger - a hugely reprehensible man to head the report.

Nevertheless, when the many conflicts of interest Kissinger's appointment heralded were pointed out to him, Kissinger stepped down to be replaced by New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean.

Indeed, the fact that the commission were only given a $14 million budget to work with compared to the $30 budget allocated to investigating the Bill Clinton- Monica Lewinsky scandal should have been enough in itself to set alarm bells ringing.

However, the report was flawed from the start not least by the fact that the commission were refused access to crucial pieces of evidence - such as the hijacked planes flight recorders. In fact it quickly became obvious that the commission were under orders to make the evidence fit the conclusion as opposed to the evidence available being used to reach a conclusion.

You see, where there could be no credible explanation for such things as the collapse of WTC Building 7 (*Which was reported on live TV by the BBC 20 minutes before the actual collapse took place*), the Commission simply and quite inexplicably omitted the events from the report.

However, the most damning evidence of all, which pointed to 9/11 being an 'inside job', was President George W Bush and Vice President Dick Cheney's point blank refusal to give evidence in front of the commission unless the following terms were met.

1) Both Bush & Cheney be allowed to give testimony together, as opposed to separately.
2) The Evidence was to take place behind closed doors.
3) Neither man would be required to do so under oath.
4) There was to be no written or recorded transcript of what they testified.

Course, the reason for Bush and Cheney refusing to give evidence separately is quite obvious and evidenced in many videos on YouTube. You see, George Bush was prone to crumble every time he was asked in interview to explain even the weakest anomaly surrounding 9/11. On the other hand, US President in all but title, Dick Cheney was a different kettle of fish altogether and as such he would have been able to hold Bush's hand throughout the ordeal.

Now although I have - in the above - already mentioned the Pentagon and Flight 93, you should be aware that I am going to concentrate this article on the WTC. However, I do intend to write articles on both the aforementioned in the not too distant future - particularly in the case of Flight 93 since some fairly new, relatively unknown evidence has surfaced proving that this Plane actually landed at Cleveland Airport, where all the passengers were safely

ordered to disembark as opposed to the passengers charging, American hero style towards the hijackers, resulting in the plane crash landing.

Nevertheless, the wealth of evidence to suggest that the American Govt was complicit in the crimes committed on 9/11 is also far too great to document in a single article. I am therefore going to mainly concentrate on the newer and/or less well known facts surrounding the destruction of the WTC.

However, should anyone reading this not be at least vaguely familiar with the already well documented multitude of evidence that points to September 11th 2001 being an inside job then I can only conclude that you are either one of those who doesn't want to believe the truth or that you are desperately in need of an operation to remove your head from your rectum.

After all, there can be no doubt that both the twin towers and Building 7 (A massive skyscraper in itself) were brought down by controlled demolition involving the use of Nano Thermite. The illuminati controlled, yet supposedly impartial BBC recently tried to debunk this fact in a totally one sided programme called '9/11 Roadtrip'.

In this programme shown on BBC3, the program makers shamelessly exploited people's ignorance by stating that a lot of people believe that the towers were brought down in a controlled demolition with the use of **Thermite.** The program then proceeded to have an 'expert' pour a huge mound of Thermite onto a steel girder lying on its side. Everyone participating in the program was then theatrically moved well back for their own safety while the said Thermite was ignited. Following this impressive display in pyrotechnics, we the viewers were then shown the tiny hole that this large amount of Thermite had burned through the steel, proving beyond all doubt that Thermite could not of been responsible for bringing down the buildings… Then again, no one ever said it was…. Except the BBC of course.

Tet there can be no doubt whatsoever that the BBC are aware that it was in fact Nano-Thermite, not Thermite that was used to bring down the towers and WTC 7.

Nano Thermite is a chemically altered, hugely more powerful derivative of Thermite which cuts through steel like a hot knife cuts through butter. Therefore, the only possible conclusion for the BBC to mislead its viewers, who incidentally pay for this trash to be made, can be to aid in the cover up **(Picture 5: Steel girder cut with Nano Thermite in the midst of the tower debris)**.

Course, the evidence for the towers and building 7 being brought down by controlled demolition is overwhelming. There can be no other way that the buildings could have come down at near-on freefall speed (*A falling object with nothing in its way to slow it down*) without their central core being removed as they fell.

Moreover, there is plenty of unused testimony from credible witnesses such

as Firemen in attendance that day stating that multiple explosions were heard prior to the towers coming down.

This is also consistent with photographs of the towers falling where blasts coming from well below the crumbling buildings can be seen.

Course, those who try to pour scorn on the towers being brought down by controlled demolition point out that it would take many men, many weeks to prepare the towers for such an operation to take place and for the towers to be primed for demolition, unnoticed by the buildings massive security team would be impossible… Well it would, wouldn't it?

Well no actually, it wouldn't. You see, in the months leading up to 9/11 a vacant floor in the trade centre was given over to a firm of 'Contractors'. This floor was off limits to everyone but was a hive of activity throughout the night. During the day Security guards were told that the elevators were being overhauled and from the Elevator shafts it would be very easy for the Contractors to access the towers central cores.

Further evidence to surface is testimony that in the weeks leading up to 9/11 both towers were subjected to a series of 'power downs'.
However, the most compelling evidence of all is directly linked to the security company who were employed to police the WTC. You see, the company in question was called **Securacom**.

Securacom also handle the security for both Washington's Dulles Airport and American Airlines... Coincidence? Then try this for size. A 'Principal' at securacom is none other than Marvin P Bush, brother of President George W Bush.

Still not convinced? Ok let's look at who the real culprits are of these so called terrorist attacks. As I have already said, Osama Bin Laden isn't accused of anything related to 9/11 on his FBI wanted poster. Well he wouldn't be since he had nothing to do with the so called terrorist attacks. After all, the Bin Ladens and the Bush's are great friends with mutual business interests and in truth the evidence points to Jewish extremists and

not as we are constantly told, Muslim Extremists.

You see, shortly after the first plane hit the South Tower a number of eyewitnesses reported seeing 2 or 3 men of student like appearance dancing in celebration on top of a large van. Despite watching an aeroplane smash into the world famous landmark. Indeed, one close-by eyewitness described the men as looking anything but shocked.

And according to Police radio transmissions and early TV news reports this van was later intercepted on the New Jersey Turnpike, which leads onto the George Washington Bridge. The occupants were promptly arrested and later handed over to the FBI. On inspection, the van was found to be packed with tons of explosives. Furthermore, New Jersey Police Officer, Scott DeCarlo, who was present when the men were arrested, testifies that one of men said "*Hey we are with you, not against you*".

Even more ominously, a little while later, recorded Police transmissions, not once but twice, describe another suspect van as having a mural painted on one side depicting an airliner flying towards the twin towers – Well that would make it suspect alright. Two men were seen fleeing this van which they had abandoned on Kings Road, also near the George Washington Bridge. Both were quickly apprehended while the van itself subsequently blew up. Once again I ask you, Coincidence?

Therefore, in total 5 men were arrested 2 of whom have been confirmed as agents for MOSSAD. All 5 were reported on their arrest sheets as working for the '**Urban Moving Systems Incorporated**' which 2 independent CIA agents have confirmed as a 'Front Company' for MOSSAD.

Yet tellingly, all 5 suspects were quietly released, without charge after 71 days in custody and deported back to Israel. One of these men later said in a TV interview and I directly quote here; "*The fact is we come from a country that experiences terror daily. Our purpose was* ***to document the event*****".** Slip of the tongue maybe? I doubt that very much.

Course it goes without saying that anyone with advanced warning about the

terrorist attacks could also make a killing on the stock market... And that is exactly what those in the know did. In fact the **San Francisco Tribune** reports that there is still $2.5 million in profits lying uncollected by investors in connection with shares relating to American Airlines. The Paper itself concludes that this money is from insider trading by people who knew what was about to take place but now fear collecting their ill gotten gains for fear of being arrested.

Furthermore, Reuters reported that **'Convar**', a firm that specialises in recovering data from damaged computers had used pioneering laser scanning technology on over 400 damaged hard drives and main frames recovered from the rubble of the towers and damaged nearby buildings. Convar found data on at least 32 hard drives to suggest that insider trading had taken place.

Reuters went on to quote Richard Wagner, a data recovery expert at Convars, as saying "Illegal transfers of more than $100 million might have been made immediately before and during the disaster" (*note he doesn't say attacks*)."There is a suspicion that some people had advanced knowledge of the approximate time of the plane crashes (*Once again, no mention of attacks*) in order to move out amounts exceeding $100 million". Reuters continue to quote Wagner as saying "They thought the transactions could not be traced after the main frames were destroyed".

What is also now coming to light is a dispute in the number of people who died on 9/11. That number was supposedly put at over 3000, but the evidence now suggests that the true figure was in fact a mere fraction of that number.

Course, we all saw on the news, the footage of photographs taped on to boards and windows around the vicinity of Ground Zero of those who supposedly perished that day. However it has now come to light that many of these photographs have in fact been photoshopped and in many cases used up to 5 or 6 times to represent a different person.

The deception ranges from changed backgrounds and flipped images to adding moustaches, darker skin tones and digitally altered features. However, when viewed side by side, there can be no doubt that you are looking at

pictures of the same people.

The above is also true in the case of the 300 plus Firefighters, Police and Port Authority Officers who supposedly died that day.
That the number of victims is now thought to be greatly reduced in numbers to that of the Govt figures certainly ties in better with the evidence. Both towers were ordered to be evacuated fairly early on once the first plane had struck the South Tower. In fact many people didn't wait for the evacuation order to come, they simply up and left as soon as the plane hit the building.

The fact that even the disabled were carried down and out to safety suggests that the only civilians left inside were the few hundred or so who were trapped above the impact zones.
Furthermore, the written testimony of Chief Fire officer 'Pitch' Picciotto in his bestselling book '**Last man out'** suggests to me that the number of 1st responders killed is nowhere near that of the official figures.
Picciotto states that he and a handful of his men were the last of those to make their way down the North tower stairwell. The Fire fighters progress was slowed by the fact that they had with them a group of disabled workers and they were also checking every floor for injured or trapped survivors as they descended.

Yet despite this slow progress the group had still reached the 7th floor when the tower collapsed around them. Moreover, the building had already been evacuated of other firemen as soon as the South Tower had collapsed.

Video evidence captured by a pair of Brothers making a documentary about the NYFD, also suggests that there were only a few dozen 1st responders inside the lobby waiting to make their way up when the South tower came down. The majority of these were able to escape the collapse by running into the safer, as yet unaffected areas of the trade centre… A massive interconnecting complex in itself.

This greatly reduced death toll would account for why there is so little vocal outrage from the supposed 3000 bereaved families. They simply do not exist in anywhere near that number. After all, if, with all the evidence available

you had lost a family member in the towers would you not be as vocal as possible in getting justice for your lost loved ones?

Of course you would. Therefore, does it not also make sense on behalf of those who planned the attacks to in reality keep the number of deaths to a minimum while at the same time fabricating the numbers to the maximum in order to gain public support?

So, with all this readily available evidence why has no one from within the Bush Administration been brought to justice I hear you ask? Well actually, there has in fact been numerous attempts to put George W Bush and his cronies on trial… Except none have ever been allowed to go ahead under the pretext that any court proceedings could interfere with or undermine National Security.

However, the Good news is that 11 years later, Many pressure groups such as **'Architect's and Engineer's for 9/11 truth'** and the **9/11 Truth Movement** are refusing to be silenced and continue to turn up the heat on those who should be rotting in a prison cell rather than living in the lap of luxury… To those people who's number include George W Bush, George H Bush, Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, Condoleezza Rice, Larry Silverstein and Rudolph Giuliani, to name but a few, I would say, be warned... The world knows what you did and it will not be forgotten.

**On March 23rd 2012, the Sovereign Independent Newspaper published the following report:*

The Obama administration touts the Navy SEALS' raid and killing of Osama bin Laden in his hideaway compound in Abbotabad, Pakistan, as one of the administration's greatest achievements. Obama even disclosed details of the raid to Hollywood for an upcoming movie.

Given that, isn't it curious, to say the least, that ***the Pentagon says it has no records — not one photo, not one video, not even an e-mail — of bin Laden's death****?*

Richard Lardner reports for the Minneapolis Star Tribune, March 15, 2012: Government officials have openly discussed details of the mission [to kill Osama bin Laden] in speeches, interviews and television appearances, but the administration won't disclose records that would confirm their narrative of that fateful night. The Associated Press asked for files about the raid in more than 20 separate [FOIA] requests, mostly submitted the day after bin Laden's death.

The Pentagon told the AP this month it could not locate any photographs or video taken during the raid or showing bin Laden's body. It also said it could not find any images of bin Laden's body on the Navy aircraft carrier where the al-Qaida leader's body was taken.
The Pentagon said it could not find any death certificate, autopsy report or results of DNA identification tests for bin Laden, or any pre-raid materials discussing how the government planned to dispose of bin Laden's body if he were killed.

It said it searched files at the Pentagon, U.S. Special Operations Command in Tampa, Fla., and the Navy command in San Diego that controls the USS Carl Vinson, the aircraft carrier used in the mission.

The Defense Department told the AP in late February it could not find any emails about the bin Laden mission or his "Geronimo" code name that were sent or received in the year before the raid by William McRaven, the three-star admiral at the Joint Special Operations Command who organized and oversaw the mission. It also could not find any emails from other senior officers who would have been involved in the mission's planning.
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Note: WantToKnow team member Prof. David Ray Griffin, in his book Osama bin Laden: Dead or Alive?, lays out the extensive evidence that bin laden died in December 2001, and that since that time Pentagon psyops had been keeping him "alive" with fake videos and audiotapes to maintain a crucial pretext for the ever-expanding "war on terror." Could it be that the Pentagon will produce no records of its purported "death raid" because in fact it will reveal major manipulations involving bin Laden's death?
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On August 6, 2011, three months after the supposed killing of bin Laden, 22 members of the exact same Navy SEALS Team 6 who had conducted the Abbotabad raid all died in a helicopter crash in Afghanistan.
Dead men don't tell tales.

*** On the 24th of April 2012 Press TV reported the following:*

Washington has fabricated the raid on Osama bin Laden's compound in Pakistan to relieve political pressure on US President Barack Obama, ***Press TV reports****.*

James Fetzer, American Philosopher and former Marine Corps officer, says Washington fabricated the bin Laden raid to divert public attention from "Obama not having closed Guantanamo, having stationed troops in Pakistan and having his birth certificate being subjected to minute scrutiny."

"All of that was taken off the front page by the staged fabricated attack on the compound where no one had ever seen Osama bin Laden. Indeed, how can you kill a man who died in 2001 - another time?" Fetzer said in an interview with Press TV.

Fetzer added that the idea that bin Laden was buried at sea in accordance with Muslim tradition was "preposterous."
"That's disrespectful to bodies which can be eaten by fish, sharks and other crustaceans," he added.

Obama claimed that Osama bin Laden was killed by US forces on May 1, 2011 in a hiding compound in Pakistan.

A US official later announced that bin Laden's body was abruptly buried at sea, falsely boasting that his hasty burial was in accordance with the Islamic law, requiring burial within 24 hours of death.

However, burial at sea is not an Islamic practice and Islam does not have a timeframe for burial.

"It's a shame that the United States has been reduced to one lie after another. We seem to be spending more time trying to defend lies than we are solving real problems in the world and this is, yet, one more example," he concluded.

**** On the 3rd of May 2012 the Digital Journal wrote:*

Pentagon officials recently disclosed to the Associated Press (AP) that they could not find any photo or video evidence to confirm that Al Qaeda leader Osama Bin Laden was killed in the Navy Seal raid in Pakistan a year ago.

AP has submitted more than 20 requests for information surrounding the raid on Bin Laden's Abbottabad compound to the U.S. Government under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA).

In response to the request for visual evidence of Bin Laden's death, the Pentagon stated that it could not find any pictures or video footage of the raid itself or of Bin Laden's dead body. It also told AP it could not locate any images of Bin Laden's body that were taken on the U.S.S. Carl Vinson, the Navy aircraft carrier that reportedly lowered him into the sea after his death.

In addition, the Pentagon admitted that it could not find an autopsy report, death certificate or results of a DNA identification test for Bin Laden, in spite of claims made by President Obama and reported by CBC News that a DNA test was performed.

These admissions follow a related FOIA response by the Department of Defense in February, in which it stated that it had no emails concerning the Bin Laden raid that were sent prior to its execution.

The Atlantic Wire reported in February that the CIA claimed it had visual proof of Bin Laden's death, but the Pentagon's admission that it does not have any evidence of this kind still raises significant questions, since its jurisdiction includes the Navy Seals that conducted the raid and the Navy ship that buried Bin Laden at sea.

The latest revelation drew the suspicion of Lt. Col. Robert Bowman (ret.), the former director of Advanced Space Programs Development for the U.S. Air Force. "It makes the official story sound very fishy," Bowman said in an interview with Digital Journal. "Without proof, I'm not buying it carte blanche."

Bowman also pointed to the reports that Bin Laden died in 2001 or 2002, which have been supported by former FBI counter-terrorism chief Dale Watson, former assistant Secretary of State Steve Pieczenik, former U.S. foreign intelligence officer Angelo Codevilla and other intelligence experts. "This smacks of a cover-up," Bowman added.

Some organizations contend that the cover-up extends beyond the Bin Laden raid, including Architects and Engineers for 9/11 Truth, a group of over 1,600 technical professionals that is calling for a new 9/11 investigation. "The raid is not the only part of the Bin Laden narrative that doesn't add up," said founder Richard Gage, AIA. "It's also highly unlikely that Bin Laden and Al Qaeda had access to plant the explosives that brought down the Twin Towers and Building 7."

Chapter 17
There's Something In The Air

This was the second major article that I wrote for my website: www.chrisspivey.org and like the rest of the articles making up this book is now longer available to read on the interwebb.

The article takes a look at the 'nanny state' that we have become and also focuses on how we are being conditioned to view all Muslims as being potential terrorists. Indeed, this article could have been written in 2018, thus proving how far we HAVEN'T come in the following six years.

In fact to bring it up to date all that you need do is substitute the word "Al Qaeda" with the word "ISIS"...

What is Liberty? Liberty is a concept of political philosophy and identifies the condition in which an individual has the right to act according to his or her own will.

"Any society that would give up a little liberty to gain a little security will deserve neither and lose both" – *Benjamin Franklin*.

"Lock up the streets and houses, Because there's something in the air, We've got to get together sooner or later, Because the revolution's here, and you know it's right" - *Thunderclap Newman*

I went to Tesco's to do some grocery shopping with my young-ish girlfriend on Saturday morning, like you do. When we got to the checkout my girlfriend unloaded the trolley and then walked to the end of the conveyor belt to pack the shopping away. Being a bit tight I stood adjacent to the checkout assistant watching her scan our goods to see how much this was all going to cost me.

Picking up a vacuum sealed packet of 5 Tesco value table knives (*told you I was tight*), the checkout assistant turned to my girlfriend, held up the pack of knives and in an abrupt manner told her that she wasn't allowed ‘t*hese*’ because she wasn’t over 25 years of age... My girlfriend was in fact 24 years old although she could easily have passed for 21.

Nevertheless, in case I’d somehow become invisible, I thought that I best intervene by interrupting the Nazi-jobs-worth to tell her that I personally was over 25.

“*Are you paying for this shopping?*” Greta Snipe (*I think that was the checkout assistants name - if it wasn't it should have been*), demanded to know... And I mean demanded.

I then told Greta that I was indeed paying after which she reluctantly put the knives through the scanner. Now I don't doubt for a minute that I spoiled Greta's day, but this incident as much as any other hammered home the question; *What the fuck is going on in this country*?
I mean am I right in assuming that married couples under 25 have to eat their dinners and feed their children with their fingers? Is there an epidemic of knife wielding, respectable looking, female gangs all under the age of 25 roaming the streets looking to stab some innocent passer-by? Do only the under 25’s stab people? Isn't using a Tesco knife to stab someone on a par with stabbing someone with an ice lolly stick?

Course all this nonsense with the '*Nanny State*' started in the late 1980's but really began to gain momentum after the new anti-terrorist laws were introduced in 2001.

The new anti-terrorist laws were according to our politicians supposedly brought in for our benefit to keep us safe and we as a nation fell for the con hook, line and sinker. But ask yourself this; do you feel any safer now than you did in 2001? I’ll bet you don’t. On the other hand, do you feel less safe because I certainly do.

So, why don’t you feel safer? After all, when was the last terrorist attack that affected you? It certainly wasn't on 9/11 or 7/7. They were both 'inside jobs', organised by the US and UK government’s and used as a reason to bring in the new anti terrorist laws. Course, if you still don't believe that those two attacks were 'inside jobs' despite the overwhelming evidence for both, then you may as well stop reading now and go back to watching the soaps on TV. “Ah but!” you say, having decided to read on,“doesn't the lack of terrorist attacks prove that the anti-terrorist laws are working? After all, you hear about the security services foiling planned terrorist attacks on a regular basis, don't you?”

Well, no you don’t actually. What you hear about is the security services foiling terrorist attacks that they have organised themselves... To keep you all living in fear.

I personally don't know of one thwarted terrorist attack, post 9/11 that hasn't later proved to be a 'false flag' operation planned by the US or UK security forces. The truth is, there is no terrorist threat to us unless you class the government as terrorists. There never has been. At least not since the IRA stopped their bombing campaign on mainland England anyway.

I'm old enough to remember the IRA bombing campaign unfortunately and I can tell you that there wasn’t the air of oppression or wave of paranoia floating around back then like there is today. And why wasn't there? After all there is a far greater chance that you know of or are related too someone killed or maimed by an IRA bomb, than there is of you knowing someone killed or maimed by a Muslim extremists bomb.

Indeed, if proof was ever needed of the fear lurking in the back of people’s minds with regards to the threat of a terrorist attack, just think back to the collective huge sigh of relief that people breathed when it was announced that Osama Bin Laden had been killed last year... Never mind that common sense should have told you that it was the second time that he had died. Then again, common sense has been on the decline for years.

The facts surrounding Bin Laden and his 1st death are all too easily available.

He was one of many children born into the lap of luxury of a fantastically rich Arabian family who had *(and in all likelihood probably still have*) business dealings and a close personal friendship with the powerful and wholly corrupt Bush family. Osama Bin Laden himself was an immensely rich man and a CIA operative who died in a Saudi Arabian based American Army hospital of kidney failure in late 2001.

Yet thanks to the mainstream media's, mind control and propaganda department, people bought into the idea that Bin Laden was the devil incarnate himself, who lived in a cave and lurked around in shadows with a knife clenched between his teeth... No doubt a Tesco value table knife at that.

Meantime, the real terrorists such as Martin McGuinness who was a one time leader of the IRA and allegedly the man responsible for supplying the firearms used against British Soldiers on 'Bloody Sunday' is now the 2nd most powerful politician in Ireland. Or take the Republican politician Gerry Adams. He was another leading IRA/Sinn Fein leader who was jailed in 1972 under the prevention of terrorism act and who came from a long line of terrorists.

Get the picture yet?

No? OK let's look at the anti terrorist laws supposedly brought in to protect us from Muslim extremists, but which are in reality more to do with curtailing the rights and liberties of ordinary people.

What the anti-terrorist laws mean is that people like myself – those of us who publicly speak out against the government or '*Homeland Terrorists'* as the government likes to call us – can in theory be arrested without charge and held indefinitely without access to a legal representative. Furthermore, the authorities have no need to inform anyone of our arrest or where we are being held. Hmmm, now why does the Gestapo springs to mind?

Just this week in fact, an America army manual describing the procedure for the rounding up of '*political activists'* and detaining them in '*re-education*' camps has been exposed. Does that mean that those of us who don't agree

with the Government need reprogramming until we do agree? Is free thinking no longer tolerated? The manual goes on to detail plans to make '*detainees*' carry out forced labour and for keeping 'political' prisoners locked in isolation. Hmmm, now why do Nazi concentration camps spring to mind?

And what of the so called '*War on Terror*'? An unending, illegal, corporate war centered on a bogus manhunt in and around the Middle Eastern countries. Or put another way; a war based on greed and fought for corporate gain at the cost of the lives of millions of innocent men, women and children. And that's without taking into consideration the lost lives of the apparently easily replaceable British and American servicemen and women.

Course, in order to keep this so called war on terror going, Muslims have to be portrayed to us as being the enemy, Hence the need for government propaganda relating to the threat of non-existent potential terrorist attacks. Not only do these government arranged threats allow them to rape and pillage nations that are no threat to our national security whatsoever, they also keep you living in fear and hatred of the Muslim people.

In hating these people, you become disassociated with their suffering. For instance, an over indulged, drug addled diva dies in the bath and millions upon millions of people go into mourning. Likewise a '*loony tunes*' 51 year old paedophile pop star gets given an overdose of prescription drugs and again millions of you who have never met or spoken to him are grief stricken. I even tattooed his portrait and signature on someone who was having difficulty in coming to terms with his death, yet he was an in your face kiddie fiddler. The lowest of the low for crying out loud.

On the flip side of the coin, when a few hundred thousand Muslim children are killed or maimed beyond all comprehension no one gives a damn. Why not? They are still children aren't they? Children who are Loved and cherished by their parents the same way that we love ours. How would you feel if you had to nurse your own child who'd had their arms and legs blown off courtesy of an unwanted and uninvited invading army?

Would you burn that nations flag in the street? I for one would do a lot more

than that. Mind you, there is evidence to suggest that in most cases of flag burning carried out on these shore's the perpetrators are government paid agitators. Why do you think that they are never able to be got by the vast crowds of patriotic people who are inevitably around when this flag or poppy burning spectacle takes place?

The vast majority of Muslims are peaceful, decent, law abiding citizens. In fact a major survey carried out in 2010 concluded that British Muslims have a greater respect for our traditions than we do ourselves. Of course there are Muslim extremists, in the same way that we have our own right wing extremists. However, just like our extremists, theirs are also just a tiny minority of idiots who are all shout and of no real threat to anyone but themselves.

And what of the countries that we have invaded in this so called war on terror? Afghanistan, supposedly invaded for giving shelter to those cave dwelling multi millionaire terrorists. And since we are invading anyway, let’s get rid of the Taliban while we are at it. That would be the Taliban who over 10 years after the invasion are now not only thriving but, according to some military strategists, unbeatable. Yes the Taliban may have had a brutal regime, but it was none of our business.

Course, had our politicians wanted rid of the Taliban for honourable reasons then maybe there could have been some justification in the invasion. Sadly, they didn't, in fact there was a far more sinister reason for wanting the Taliban removed. Course using the pretext of liberating the Afghan people gave the UK and US governments a nice cover story for their ulterior motive.

And what were their ulterior motives? Well apart from the Taliban repeatedly refusing to allow the American Government permission to run a major oil and gas pipeline throughout the length of their country and which is now in place, Afghanistan was also without a Rothschild controlled Central bank, which is also now in place.

However the staggering sums of money that the Taliban were reaping in as profits in their capacity as the world's main Heroin distributors hadn't escaped

the US and UK governments attention. Since Heroin is one of the major scourge's of Western society, it would of course have made sense to stop this drug trafficking*.

That should have been no problem when you consider that the US and UK have spy satellites capable of zooming in on a single individual person, so how hard could it be to locate and burn a few large acres of Poppy field? Well according to statistics, very hard actually since there is much more Heroin coming out of the country now than there ever was under the Taliban rule.

The difference is of course, the US and the UK governments are now reaping the vast financial rewards that are to be made through this life destroying drug. In fact, the amount of money involved is so huge that the US government are thought to be using their share to prop up the American economy. So ask the Afghan people if they are better off now than they were 10 or 11 years ago. I fully expect the answer to be a resounding NO.

Course, anyone who doubts the fact that the British and American Governments are the biggest drug dealers in the world need only read the following article:

Well I guess we know who America's TOP Drug Dealers are-(CIA)The Criminal Intelligence Agency.

"We've all heard the rumors that the CIA are the reason that the United States/Canada is awash with cocaine…. is it time to connect the dots now that one of their planes has crash landed with four tons of coke in it?"….

So the Arnprior OPP posted a blurb in the Guide stating "Report drug dealers". Well shouldn't we be seeking out the kingpins in Govt. namely the CIA! The most famous example of Govt. involvement in drugs (British) was the Opium war in China in the 1800's. So on the heels of that here's another extreme example of Govt. gone awry:

Seventeen months after an American-registered DC9 airliner was busted with 5.5 tons of cocaine, a major international scandal is brewing over a second drug trafficking incident in Mexico's Yucatan involving an American-registered jet owned by a dummy front company of the kind usually associated with the CIA.

A weekend visit to "Donna Blue Aircraft Inc" of Coconut Beach FL., the company which FAA records show owned the Gulfstream II business jet (N987SA) which crash-landed with 3.7 tons of cocaine aboard in Mexico's Yucatan two weeks ago, has revealed that the company's listed address is an empty office suite with a blank sign out front.

There was no sign of Donna Blue Aircraft, Inc., at the address listed at the Florida Dept. of Corporations, 4811 Lyons Technology Parkway #8 in Coconut Beach FL. …….
However, there were, oddly enough, a half-dozen unmarked police cars parked directly in front of the empty suite.
http://www.madcowprod.com/10092007.html

It seems that one of the planes logged on this list of "CIA Prison Planes" has been in a little accident – It crash landed in Mexico after running out of Jet fuel en route to the US. The authorities were more than a little surprised when they found four tons, yes you heard me right, four tons of cocaine on board.

The men flying the plane have disappeared – including one woman, the CIA refuses to comment, and the mainstream press don't want to touch the story...

And what of Iraq? That country ruled over by the feared megalomaniac, Saddam Hussein. Would that be the same Saddam Hussein that our previous governments helped to put in power? How the Iraqis must have hated him. Course, under his rule the nation didn't have to live in the most dangerous place on earth, where 1 in 3 people have either lost or had a close family member crippled. Neither were 75% of Iraqi children exhibiting signs of post traumatic stress under Saddam Hussein's rule. Are they as a Nation better off

now that they have a patsy for western governments in power? Again, I fully expect the answer to be a resounding NO.

Nevertheless, whilst we are on the subject let's look at Libya? Colonel Gaddafi's gone thank god... Errr but isn't he the fella that our ex Prime minister, the Right Horrible Tony Blair used to like doing business with? Wasn't Gaddafi the fella that contributed millions of Dollars to help the criminal, Nicolas Sarkozy become the French President. Wasn't Colonel Gaddafi the one who masterminded an infrastructure that was second to none in the Middle East? Was he not the person who refused the Rothschild's permission to set up a Central Bank in the country? Was he not the one who still has millions of supporters, even now he's dead? Do the Libyan people now enjoy a better standard of living than they did under Gaddafi? I fully expect the answer to be a resounding NO.

Then there's Egypt and Syria. Both are countries with 'hostile Governments'. Have you ever noticed how our government calls those people who plant bombs, shoot soldiers & government forces, demonstrate and fight to overthrow these hostile governments, Freedom Fighters or anti government Forces. Where do you think these Freedom Fighters get all their modern weapons and ammunition from? Why, they get them from our leaders of course because we also want to rape and pillage these countries for all that they are worth**.

On the other hand, any group of people who do similar in countries with Governments which are aligned with ours are branded Terrorist Organisations. Look at how we, as a nation are condemned and vilified by our own government if we go on strike or demonstrate in this country. Look at the laws that are being constantly brought in to make it harder to demonstrate. Take away the right to demonstrate and exercise free speech and your left with a dictatorship.

Furthermore if it was about liberating people from an oppressive, tyrannical regime, why have we not invaded Saudi Arabia, a country whose human right violations are second to none? What about Bahrain? They too have an appalling record on human rights yet our sovereign, the Queen is great mates

with Shaikh Hamad Bin Isa Al Khalifa, the country's King. In fact he has just accepted his invitation to the Queen's Jubilee lunch as it so happens. "*Another Gin and Tonic Ma'am*"?

Iran is the next likely target in the ongoing war on terror. Why? Well supposedly because the country poses a nuclear threat, a claim that the Iranian government categorically deny.

Course, many politicians from around the world also back Iran's denial. In fact there isn't a shred of proof that suggests Iran is a rogue nuclear power, but hell that doesn't matter. Our ex Prime Minister, Tony Blair looked us in the eye and told us we had to invade Iraq because they had weapons of mass destruction which would be used against our peace loving nation... Yet he lied through his teeth; Iraq had no WMDs as he damn well knew all along. In truth, Iran is no threat to either our, Americas or anyone else's national security. North Korea on the other hand is a nuclear power with an appalling human rights record and far more of a potential threat to world safety than Iran ever will be. But are there invasion plans afoot for North Korea? Nah, far too risky, no oil, really not worth the effort... As of yet, but give it time.

The truth is I'm sad to say, that the UK and the USA are the real threat to world peace. Furthermore, people's civil rights and liberties are being eroded away little by little every day in both of these nations. We are told what to think, when to think it, what to do and when to do it everyday of our lives.

The Police, originally set up to protect and serve, are rapidly evolving into a privatized Army employed only to keep the population in line and in fear; not to solve crime. Our every move is tracked by CCTV camera's and our freedom of speech is all but outlawed. Moreover, once you realise where this country is really heading, you can literally feel the air of oppression and sense of doom hanging over us. Hmmm, now why does Hitler's Germany spring to mind?

* In February 2012 Press TV released the following article which proved that more heroin was coming out of Afghanistan since the Anglo/American illegal invasion of the country, than ever was under the Taliban:

Opium production by Afghan farmers rose between 2001 and 2011 from just 185 tons to a staggering 5,800 tons. Last year, levels increased by 61 percent, with more than 90 percent of heroin found on British streets being traced back to opiates cultivated in Afghanistan."

The latest UN figures indicate that the output of heroin increased by 61 percent in Afghanistan last year despite the Western claims about their will to curb the production of drugs during the invasion of the war-battered country.

Opium production by Afghan farmers rose between 2001 and 2011 from just 185 tons to a staggering 5,800 tons. Last year, levels increased by 61 percent, with more than 90 percent of heroin found on British streets being traced back to opiates cultivated in Afghanistan, according to UN figures.The UN figures make grim reading for those who backed the invasion of Afghanistan.Former British Prime Minister Tony Blair said in 2001 that a significant reason for deployment of foreign forces to Afghanistan was to curtail a flourishing heroin trade.

"The arms the Taliban are buying today are paid for by the lives of young British people buying their drugs on British streets. This is another part of their regime we should seek to destroy," he said.

However, the UN figures reveal how the outcome has been so dramatically different.
Some 15 percent of Afghanistan's gross national product now comes from drug-related exports, with the trade having a net worth of up to £1.6 billion ($2.5 billion).
UN Secretary General Ban Ki-moon told delegates at a conference in Vienna, Austria, on Thursday that Afghanistan cannot be stable while its economy depends so heavily on the drugs trade.

He noted that the problem of drug trafficking has undermined efforts to help Afghanistan emerge as a normally functioning economy.
"We cannot speak of sustainable development when opium production is the

only viable economic activity in the country," Ban told delegates of the Paris Pact Ministerial Conference…

And that is still the case in 2018. Yet how can that be possible SEVENTEEN years after the illegal invasion… Especially with American satellites and spy-drones. Or are we to believe that these drones can pinpoint a man but cannot find acres upon acres of poppy fields?

Get real for fucks sake!

** On the 3rd of February 2012, the then Prime Minister, David Cameron admitted that the UK was funding Syrian Rebels. The following is from Press TV:

The UK government has acknowledged that it has provided an extra GBP 2 million to the Western-backed rebels fighting the popular government of Syrian President Bashar al-Assad.

Prime Minister David Cameron told a hearing at the House of Commons Liaison Committee on Tuesday afternoon that his government provided cash and equipment to foreign-backed rebels in Syria under such names as 'aid agencies' operating on the ground to help deliver emergency medical supplies and food.

The acknowledgement is yet another proof that the rebellion in the Middle Eastern Arab country has its root somewhere in Britain and France, where the governments of Cameron and French president Nicholas Sarkozy built the foundation of a military strike against former Libyan government of dead dictator Muammar Gaddafi.

The two European countries tabled the first draft resolution at the UN Security Council, which called for a no-fly zone over Libya and later it turned out to become an all-out war against a sovereign member of the international community.

The same scenario is being made about Syria, where David Cameron said

“Britain would this week, continue to secure a United Nations Security Council resolution demanding an end to the violence and immediate humanitarian access”.

The Prime Minister made three key pledges “to help Syrian citizens, promising more humanitarian assistance, to hold those responsible for slaughter to account and to bring about the political transition that would put a stop to the killing”.

However, Cameron failed to mention the fact that his country’s spying apparatus MI6 was the prime financier of terrorist snipers who kill people from the roofs of the buildings in some cities and towns in Syria.

He also failed to mention another fact that the UK’s former police chief, assistant commissioner John Yates has been deployed to Bahrain, where the ruling family of al-Khalifa regime is brutally killing and torturing people who have come out against corruption and inequality.

John Yates resigned last year from his post at Scotland Yard in the wake of the phone-hacking scandal.

In a show of solidarity with the regime thugs, Yates said that “Bahraini police had faced extraordinary provocation during last year's turmoil”. Yates described the Bahrainis’ call for free speech and an elected government as vandalism and rioting...

Now, is it not strange that our press describe these insurgents as ‘Syrian Rebels’ as opposed to ‘Terrorists’?

After all, if there was an army of English Rebels attacking the British Government, would they not be classed as “Terrorists”? Of course they would. Therefore, the British Government was - and still is - funding terrorism.

Yet did the Anglo/American governments not invade Iraq because Saddam Hussein was supposedly funding terrorism?

Just sayin’.

Chapter 18
I Don't Like It, It's Quiet... Too Quiet

Throughout 2011, many thousands of people believed that the world would end in 2012. Course, that didn't happen and I now believe that was a conspiracy theory covertly started by the Monsters to keep the world on tenterhooks and make conspiracy theorists look stupid when nothing happened.

Moreover, in 2012 the world was once again faced with the prospect of WW3. And again this never happened. However, it is fair to say that in the six years since, not one year has gone by where we haven't been faced with the same prospect.

Nevertheless, I am much more clued up than I was six years ago and it is now obvious to me that the threat of another world war is just another means to keep us all living in fear… The people of Russia and China are not our enemies… The Monster Elite are...

I can't believe how fast this year has gone already. To be honest, with all the hype that has surrounded 2012 I was expecting the year to really drag yet we are already at the end of April.

Now, those amongst us who were sceptical about the hype surrounding 2012 will no doubt be sneering that nothing untoward has happened up to now and furthermore doesn't look likely to happen. Unfortunately, I couldn't disagree more.

The fact is, there is so much going on at the moment, it's hard to know where to start. I suppose the subject of the Police is as good as any.

I regularly read articles about Police brutality but I tend not to put them on my website since these articles are usually along the lines of an individual being shot or beaten up. And while that is unacceptable I do tend to shy away from publishing such articles because they give the doubters the opportunity to trumpet the old adage of ‘One bad Apple doesn’t spoil the whole bunch’.

However, the frequency of such articles has now reached the stage where it would be wrong of me to turn a blind eye to them. I have therefore created a category on my website www.chrisspivey.org to deal solely with this matter.

You see, from 1990 to date, 1429 suspects have died while in police custody in the UK alone. Those responsible are rarely charged and when they are the powers that be are obstructive, hinder and withhold evidence from those investigating the death's. This fact was clearly highlighted earlier this year by the investigation into the shooting of Mark Duggan.
Original reports into his death claimed that armed police had been in a gunfight with Duggan which resulted in his death and a Policeman being shot.
However, we now know that was pure fiction on behalf of the MET and the truth of the matter is that an unarmed Duggan was murdered in cold blood by the police. That hasn't stopped the Police Authorities from trying to suppress the truth*.

Course, I have long been of the opinion that where the Police are concerned it’s not a case of ‘One bad apple’, rather a case of the vast majority of Law enforcement officers being rotten to the core.

Indeed I could site instance after instance to back my view up, not just in the way they indiscriminately shoot to kill those suspected of a crime, but the unjust way in which they carry out their duties as a whole.**

However, there is much to get through in this article so I will leave it there for now. However, I can promise you now that I will highlight the activities of these corrupt, power mad, often brain dead, bully boys and girls on my website at every available opportunity.

Fukushima in Japan is another matter that I tend not to dwell on but which is now proving too big to ignore. There is growing evidence to suggest that the Earthquake that led to this nuclear disaster was deliberately triggered. For the sceptics who laugh at such a notion I suggest you do some research into H.A.A.R.P.

The radioactive fallout from the Fukushima nuclear power plant has decimated and contaminated sea life and many States in the USA are now exhibiting unsafe levels of radiation. As for the Japanese people, well they are left to live, unprotected, in a country that should by rights now be a wasteland.

Mark my words, Fukushima will ultimately prove to be a deliberate ploy in the NWO's population reduction agenda.***

Meanwhile, this population reduction agenda continues to gain momentum in the form of the Bill Gates backed mass child vaccination programme.****

And just to make sure that no child escapes this sick game of Russian roulette certain states in America are making it a criminal offence not to have your child vaccinated. I would like to elaborate on the dangers of these vaccinations but once again, it's not possible in this article as there is far too much to document.

Course, you can always do your own research. A good starting point is the unprecedented rise in Autism**** and the 1000's of child guinea pigs that have been left brain damaged or paralyzed in India and Africa after being inoculated.

And while we are on the subject of Population reduction it's worth mentioning that an avid proponent of this agenda, the Queen of England, is celebrating 60 tyrannical years on the throne this year. It's very disheartening to see so many brainwashed sheeple still willing to celebrate her jubilee. On the plus side the movement to get rid of the Monarchy continues to gain momentum.

It is disgusting that in these times of hardship, deliberately engineered by those we elected to power, that they are willing to spend millions of pounds to pay for these celebrations while people lose their livelihoods and homes on a daily basis in this country. Once again, for the skeptics I suggest you look at the unprecedented rise in soup kitchens, food parcels for the poor and the number of children now going hungry in Britain today.

And while the people of England slip into third world living conditions, the parasite who masquerades as our sovereign is more than happy to mug us off for the cost.
Think about it. She is the richest woman in the world, worth literally trillions of pounds, much of which was earned illegally, yet we are paying to celebrate the jubilee of someone who wants us dead... The phrase; mad dogs and Englishmen springs to mind.

As a footnote to this freeloader and her family of backward inbreds, it's worth mentioning that when our hard up, disgruntled people go on strike for legitimate reasons, the psychopathic Prime Minister and Rothschild puppet, David Cameron publicly denounced such action.

He berates these people and accuses them of costing the country Millions of pounds in lost revenue. Funny how the lost millions seem to count for nothing when he has so kindly declared Monday the 4th and Tuesday the 5th of June bank holidays on which to celebrate the despicable woman's jubilee. Bringing the country to a standstill for four consecutive days must surely cost the nation Billions of pounds.

"*Yes but the Queen brings in much more money in the form of tourism, than she costs the country*", I hear the skeptics cry... Don't make me laugh. Do you think Mr Kowlowski says to Mrs Kowlowski; "*Let's holiday in Enger-land this year Honey? We might see the Queen*". And of course people visit our country for our heritage but that will still be here long after Liz has been hung for treason.

In the meantime, this years Olympic Games have been exposed as something that is going to be out staged by a cataclysmic 'false flag' event. Whether this

false flag operation still takes place or not, now that the cat is out of the bag remains to be seen. Certainly all the clues are there.

Once again I haven't time or space in this article to document the evidence in-depth, but if you wish to research this subject yourself I suggest you start with the location and surrounding road names of the Olympic village in Stratford and the barely concealed official Olympic 'Zion' logo. Bear in mind that Logos are one of the mainstay of the illuminati.

More tellingly still, in all this evidence is the mysterious suicide of Rik Clay, the young man who was particularly vocal about the conspiracy theory involving the Olympic Games. Rik joins the ever growing long list of 'whistleblowers' that have prematurely died under dubious circumstances.

Turning to politics, I predicted last November that Mit Romney would be chosen as the Republican nominee to challenge the corrupt Rothschild puppet, Barack Obama for the US Presidency.

Back then the equally controlled Rothschild puppet, Romney was put at around 6th place in the official opinion polls. With another 11 candidates to choose from and Romney's unremarkable campaign carrying little momentum, I wish now that I had put my money where my mouth is.

The article in which I predicted Romney's victory can be found on my website in the '*my view*' section and is entitled, *Cain blunder clears the way for Romney victory, provided no one mentions whatsisname.*

The '*Whatshisname*' in question is of course Senator, Ron Paul and had the nominations not been rigged Ron Paul would have romped homed as the Republican candidate to go head to head with Obama.

Once again, there is insurmountable, conclusive evidence to support this fact. However, you only need look on YouTube for footage of the exposé at the lack of support that Romney gets at his campaign venues. He has even had to resort to making his own Placards for his small number of supporters to wave at the TV cameras. Paul on the other hand is playing to packed arenas and as

such does not need to rely on underhand tactics and clever camera work to make his supporters look numerous.

Course, Ron Paul isn't the ideal candidate either. He is however the best the world could hope for at this moment in time. For that reason alone, the real powers that be will never allow him to become the President of the United States.

With regards to the predictions of WW3 breaking out this year, it appears that the immediate threat of its start is lessening now that talks are beginning to take place with the Iranian Govt.
Many will contend that the hostilities with Iran were only ever a smokescreen to take the focus away from the imminent collapse of the Euro. The collapse of the Euro would of course pave the way for the creation of the NWO.

However, I do not believe that these upcoming peace negotiations will put a stop to WW3, which will happen sometime in the future. Indeed, I believe that the lack of support in the plan to attack Iran, from a world population waking up to the real reason behind this so called 'War on Terror' has led to the globalists getting cold feet.

It is important to remember that the Elite rule from a house of cards. Alienate too many people and that house of cards will easily collapse. There was always far too much evidence readily available to support the fact that Iran is not a nuclear power intent on unleashing Armageddon on the western world to sway the general populations perspective on this matter.

Despite this fact, The Iranian Govt has done everything in its power to deflect the US and UK's disgusting attempts at Warmongering. I wholly applaud Iran's stance, as should the world as a whole. Be in no doubt that attacking Iran would be a major mistake, a mistake that would almost definitely lead to WW3 and possibly the end of the world as we know it.

Course, having said that isn't to say that WW3 will not now happen. On the contrary the very real threat still exists. The sudden, recent build up of thousands of US Marines being stationed in Australia is testament to that.

Then there is the US war machine constantly rattling Pakistan's cage. The American govt would love nothing more than having an excuse to invade Pakistan since the country's location makes it an ideal place to station troops in preparation to attack China.

Russia, having now regained their status as a 'Super Power' certainly doesn't believe that the USA has revised their plans to attack and invade Iran. They continue to amass troops and artillery around the Black Sea area in readiness to thwart such an invasion.

In the meantime, the real rogue nuclear nations such as Israel continue to receive financial backing and support from both the UK and US govt's. Then again that fact is hardly surprising since both governments take their orders from Israel.

And while I'm at it, it's also worth remembering that the United States is the only country ever to use a nuclear bomb on another country. I am of course referring to the American attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. History has shown that dropping the bombs was not necessary to put an end to WW2 since Japan had already agreed to surrender. Therefore, the only point in doing so was to document the devastation such an attack can cause.

As for the collapse of the Euro, the recent lack of reporting has led many to believe the situation has been brought under control. Once again nothing could be further from the truth.
I wrote last December that the Euro collapse was inevitable being as that was the plan all along. I also said that despite the IMF "Taking whatever action deemed necessary to avoid the collapse", they would in fact do nothing. They haven't.

The plan to collapse the Euro is still on track. Greece, the country used by the elite to monitor how a country's population would react when an economy collapses, has seen a huge rise in suicides as people take their own lives rather than starve to death.
Yesterday, it emerged that the Dutch Govt was near to collapsing, paving the way for the banking cartels to seize power in much the same way as they did

a couple of months ago in Italy.

Spain is in chaos with half of the youth population unemployed. Portugal's economy hangs by a thread and in reality we are not much more secure here in the UK.

Every European country is witnessing mass demonstrations by their respective populations which naturally go by and large unreported by the mainstream media. These demonstrations are quickly brought to and end by brutal, overzealous, Paramilitary police forces made up of thugs too thick to see that they and their families will also fall victim to the coming World dictatorship.

In conclusion, while things appear on the surface to be calm. Underneath the truth is very different. The world we live in continues to be as dangerous and unpredictable a place as it has ever been.

It may be nearly May already, but this year is far from over. I am in fact reminded of those cliche scenes from old cowboy films... I don't like it. It's quiet... too quiet.

* On the 26th of May 2012, Press TV released the following article on the death of Mark Duggan:

A complete inquiry may never be held into the death of black man Mark Duggan, whose death at the hands of police triggered worst unrest in the UK in a generation last summer.
The family of the 29-year-old accused the authorities, who said "sensitive information" could jeopardize the police investigation, of withholding information around his death.

A coroner holding a pre-inquest review into the death in Tottenham on August 4 said that sensitive material relating to police "decision making" meant the probe may not take place. Instead, a judge could hold an inquiry that would allow for "closed sessions" where details are kept private.

Duggan's aunt, Carole, who was accompanied to the hearing at North London coroner's court by his fiancée Semone Wilson and his brother Marlon, said they believed the news was "delaying tactics".

"We believe the IPCC are withholding information from us which is delay tactics. Maybe they think we will go away, come to terms with what has happened, but we are a grieving family and we will always grieve for Mark", she said.

Duggan was being followed by officers from Operation Trident in a covert operation when armed officers stopped the taxi he was travelling and shot him dead.
The news has prompted fears for the family that his case may echo that of Azelle Rodney who was shot dead in 2005 by police and whose family are still waiting for a public inquiry seven years later.

** On the 5th of March 2012, Press TV released the following article which also contains information about Mark Duggan:

"No police officer has been convicted over the death of the 300 people in police custody or after detention since 1998, a fact that has triggered annual demonstrations against the police atrocity and corruption."

Britain's Independent Police Complaints Commission (IPCC) says the man police shot dead in Cheshire on Saturday did not have a gun in his car after similar cases in recent months raising fears officers are given the say-so to kill citizens indiscriminately.

The Greater Manchester police earlier said on Saturday that the 36-year-old Anthony Grainger was killed in a "pre-planned" police operation but did not clarify what prompted the shooting.

Grainger's death raised speculations that he will suffer the fate of the other 300 individuals who have lost their lives in police custody or after detention since 1998.
No single officer has been convicted over the death of the 300 victims over

the entire 13 years, a fact that has triggered annual demonstrations against the police atrocity and corruption.

Grainger's case was especially important, as it was at least the third such incident over the past seven months, which also included the death of the 29-year-old black man Mark Duggan.

Duggan's death is believed to have been the starting point and the trigger for the massive August unrest that was without precedence in a generation and put the country in a state of security alert.

The IPCC said on Monday that inspectors' did not find any weapons in Grainger's car and in its immediate vicinity after an "initial visual search."

"Due to the presence of CS residue in the car a full forensic examination has not yet been conducted to establish whether there are any weapons in the car," the IPCC said.
"This will take place in a controlled environment in the next few days," it added.

Grainger's' fatal shooting in "unclear" circumstances underlines fears that the police are given a free rein to kill anyone they wish while they rest assured that no trial or conviction is in the works.

The police also claimed after Duggan's murder in August that he had a gun and had shot at the officers before they fired at him.

Months later, however, the IPCC said Duggan was not even carrying a gun still less to use it to open fire on officers.
The IPCC seems to be following the same line on Grainger's case that could be the 3,181 death in police custody or after detention since 1969 for which no one has been blamed.

***On the 14th of April 2012, naturalnews.com published the following article about Fukushima:

A Freedom of Information Act(FOIA) request filed by Friends of the Earth (FoE), Physicians for Social Responsibility (PSR), and the Nuclear Information and Resource Center (NIRS) has unearthed a shocking series of new evidence proving a deliberate, global cover-up of the true severity of the Fukushima Daiichi nuclear disaster. And the unfortunate reality is that the ***mainstream media continues to blatantly ignore this colossal scandal.***

Private emails, meeting transcripts and other key documents reveal that both the Obama White House and the United States Nuclear Regulatory Commission(NRC) were well aware of just how bad things really were with Fukushima from the early days of the disaster, but did nothing to warn the public about it. In fact, NRC and the White House purposely did not warn Americans about a massive radiation plume that struck the West Coast just days after the massive earthquake and tsunami hit Japan's eastern coast.

According to information gathered from hundreds of pages worth of private NRC emails, conference calls and secret meetings, key players in the Fukushima whitewashing campaign, including the NRC's David McIntyre and Elliot Brenner, were hard at work in the days following the disaster distracting public attention away from it. By pretending that a radioactive plume did not exist while simultaneously sending out misinformation to the media, these two, in conjunction with White House officials, actively participated in a criminal cover-up of the truth.

You can read key portions of these criminal dealings at the following link: http://theintelhub.com

Plume-gate, the world's biggest nuclear cover-up to date

A situation that is now being dubbed "Plume-gate," this massive cover-up of critical information about Fukushima could have saved thousands of lives, including the more than 14,000 individuals, many of whom were babies, that died in the weeks following the disaster (http://www.naturalnews.com/034586_Fukushima_USA_fatalities.html).

And yet to this very day, the federal government's cozy relationship with the nuclear industry has allowed the injustice to continue, as no proper investigation into this dastardly crime has yet taken place.

"The executive branch and multiple federal agencies, agencies tasked with keeping the American public safe, did their best to hide and to cover-up information about a deadly radioactive plume and ensuing fallout that was headed for the West Coast of the United States from Japan," writes Tony Muga from The Intel Hub about the situation.

Not only did these government agencies hide the truth and deliberately deceive the public, they also used other events, including the infamous Qur'an burning in Afghanistan, as a distraction to divert public attention away from Fukushima, and away from the 104 nuclear reactors in the U.S. that are of a similar age and vulnerability as Fukushima.

*So why is the federal government getting away with all this? It is for the same reason that it gets away with most of its other crimes against humanity:**corporate fascism.**And sadly, corporate fascism is a bipartisan problem, as both Republicans and Democrats today are slaves to it, representing opposite but identical sides of the same coin.*

"It seems that the fundamental problem with what Americans are experiencing is not just radioactive fallout but Fascism, the merging of the corporate and the state," adds Muga. "In a fascist state, there is little or no responsible action from the corporations for there is little or no promotion of accountability from the state. The corporations, for all intents and purposes, control the state."...

Two weeks after that article appeared, naturalnews.com added a follow-up article:

Radioactive fallout from the Fukushima Daiichi nuclear disaster continues to show up at dangerously high levels in the city of Tokyo, which is located roughly 200 miles from the actual disaster site. According to an analysis of

five random soil samples recently taken by nuclear expert Arnie Gundersen, the soil around Tokyo is so contaminated with Fukushima radiation that it would be considered nuclear waste here in the U.S.

During a recent trip to Tokyo, Gundersen collected soil samples from a sidewalk, a children's playground, a rooftop, a patch of moss by the side of a road, and the lawn of a judicial building. After sending those samples in for testing, it was revealed that each one had high levels of radioactive cesium-134 (CS134) and cesium-137 (CS137), while three of the samples contained high levels of cobalt-60 (CO60). One of the samples also tested positive for uranium-235 (U235).

"[W]hen I was in Tokyo, I took some samples [...] and sent them to the lab," said Gundersen in a recent video report. "And the lab determined that all of them would be qualified as radioactive waste here in the United States and would have to be shipped to Texas to be disposed of."
You can view the complete report here:
http://www.fairewinds.com
Despite the fact that radioactive plumes from Fukushima have largely drifted seaward based on wind patterns, a considerable amount of this radiation traveled southward towards Tokyo and elsewhere. The findings also confirm the reality that Fukushima radiation has likely had significant global spread as well, which confirms earlier reports of samples taken on the U.S. West Coast (http://www.naturalnews.com/035731_Fukushima_radiation_America.html).

**** On Wednesday, February 01, 2012, Natural News Staff Writer, Ethan A. Huff, wrote the following about Bill Gates and his vaccination program:

Mass vaccination is apparently not the only depopulation strategy being employed by the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation, as new research funded by the organization has developed a way to deliberately destroy sperm using ultrasound technology.BBC News reports that the Gates Foundation awarded a grant to researchers from the University of North Carolina (UNC) to develop this new method of contraception.

For their study, the UNC team tested ultrasound on lab rats and found that two 15-minute doses "significantly reduced" both sperm counts and sperm integrity. When administered two days apart through warm salt water, ultrasound caused the rats' sperm counts to drop below ten million sperm per milliliter, which is five million less than the "sub-fertile" range, and stay that way for up to six months.

The report claims the technology is for contraceptive purposes only and not for causing sterility. However, Dr. James Tsuruta, who led the research, told reporters that it is unclear whether or not the technology can cause long-term damage, and that more research is needed to determine whether or not repeated ultrasounds cause permanent damage.

The Gates Foundation awarded 78 different research projects with $100,000 grants each as part of its "Grand Challenges in Global Health Program." Ten of these projects specifically addressed new technologies for contraception, according toTIME, including one for a pill that inhibits the growth and maturation of sperm, and another for creating chemical compounds that prevent sperm from reaching the egg (http://healthland.time.com/2010/05/14/male-birth-control-stopping-sperm-with-ultrasound/).

"We think this could provide men with up to six months of reliable, low-cost, non-hormonal contraception from a single round of treatment," wrote the researchers in their report. "Our long-term goal is to use ultrasound ... as an inexpensive, long-term, reversible male contraceptive suitable for use in developing to first world countries."
Back in 2010, Bill Gates explained to attendees at the TED Conference that year his ideas for culling the world population, one of which involved increasing vaccination rates (http://www.naturalnews.com/029911_vaccines_Bill_Gates.html).

Now, his organization is actively funding research into advanced contraceptive methods that could render individuals infertile. Coincidence?

***** On Friday, February 24, 2012, Jonathan Benson, a staff writer for

naturalnews.com wrote the following in regard to Autism:

No matter how you look at it, autism research is big business. Just like the Susan G. Komen Foundation "Race for the Cure" for breast cancer, the autism industry pretends to be looking for the causes of autism and how to cure it, when in reality it is on a never-ending hunt for money to fund so-called research into the bodily changes associated with autism in order to push more profit-generating screenings and drug therapies on the public.

The worldwide propaganda campaign that continues to repeat the lie that vaccines are in no way related to autism is one great example of the medical establishment covering up one of the most obvious causes of autism. Rather than actually investigate how the body responds to vaccines, and how these responses are clearly associated with the neurological damage that is part and parcel of autism symptoms, researchers continue to churn out studies that completely avoid any investigation of this or any other likely cause of autism.

Instead, the vast majority of autism studies, which happen to be funded mostly by the pharmaceutical industry, focus solely on the physical, genetic, and chemical changes that accompany the disease, and ignore trying to identify the causes that lead to these changes in the first place. This approach is deliberate, of course, because it facilitates the development of an endless cycle of drug and behavioral therapies for autism that never get to the root of the problem, which means they will forever generate a continuous stream of new profits.

"To find a disease cause and solution to prevent disease isn't profitable," says a recent article in ***Gaia Health*** *that addresses this important issue. "However, to find even the most miniscule physical, genetic, or chemical change in someone with an existing disease means that even more money can be squeezed out of the research funders like the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH), agencies funded by taxpayers. Anything that leads away from causes and focuses on the physicochemical effects of autism always leads to more questions and more research funds."*

THE MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT SEEKS TO DESTROY THE LIVES, CAREERS OF RESEARCHERS WHO ACTUALLY TRY TO IDENTIFY CAUSES OF, AND CURES FOR, DISEASE

On the rare occasion that an honest researcher comes along and tries to actually conduct legitimate research into the causes of autism, he or she is eventually cut off from the funding chain, and sometimes even maligned and slandered in the public eye by the medical and media establishment. This is precisely what has happened to Dr. Andrew Wakefield, whose honest research into one cause of autism led to an ongoing barrage of character and career assassination that continues to this very day (http://www.naturalnews.com/Andrew_Wakefield.html).

Be sure to take a look at the sample studies on autism analyzed by Gaia Health that show a clear disinterest by the medical establishment in actually finding causes of, or cures for, autism. These studies are clearly aimed at discovering and promoting new drug and vaccine protocols for treating autism symptoms, rather than actually trying to prevent it from developing in the first place.

Chapter 19
God bless all the little children

You won't find too much in this book about the British Royal Family simply because I intend to write a whole one on the subject in the not too distant future. Nevertheless, what follows is one of the many that I wrote about our "beloved" Queen for my website wwwchrisspivey.org

Sometimes it is important to take a step back and look at things in perspective.
Now I imagine that you have read the text on the picture of the Queen accompanying this short article and no doubt some 'Royalists' will deem the text as treasonous.

However, I say that the text is mild. You see, while millions of people live in poverty in this country, our puppet government will squander millions of pounds to celebrate this evil woman's jubilee… Not me! I for one will celebrate when she is hanging by her scrawny neck.

The poverty that we - the Queen's subjects - suffer in this country however, is absolutely nothing in comparison to the poverty suffered by those in the so called third world countries. Course, it is from these countries that our 'beloved' sovereign made much of her wealth.

Now, there is a song that I am sure you will have heard called '**Everything is beautiful**' which opens with the line; "*God bless all the little children, all the little children of the world*". So think about that opening line and then take a look at the statistics below.

- *In the Asian, African and Latin American countries, well over 500 million people are living in what the World Bank has called "absolute poverty"*
- *Every year 15 million children die of hunger*
- *For the price of one missile, a school full of hungry children could eat lunch every day for 5 years*
- *Throughout the 1990's more than 100 million children died from illness and starvation. Those 100 million deaths could have been prevented for the price of ten Stealth bombers, or what the world spends on its military in two days!*
- *The World Health Organization estimates that one-third of the world is well-fed, one-third is under-fed one-third is starving. Over 4 million will die this year.*
- *One in twelve people worldwide is malnourished, including 160 million children under the age of 5.*
- *The Indian subcontinent has nearly half of the world's hungry people. Africa and the rest of Asia together have approximately 40%, and the remaining hungry people are found in Latin America and other parts of the world.*
- *Nearly one in four people, 1.3 billion live on less than $1 per day, while the world's 358 billionaires have assets exceeding the combined annual incomes of countries with 45 percent of the world's people.*
- *3 billion people in the world today struggle to survive on US $2/day.*
- *In 1994 the Urban Institute in Washington DC estimated that one out of 6 elderly people in the U.S. has an inadequate diet.*
- *In the U.S. hunger and race are related. In 1991 46% of African-American children were chronically hungry, and 40% of Latino children were chronically hungry compared to 16% of white children.*
- *The infant mortality rate is closely linked to inadequate nutrition among pregnant women. The U.S. ranks 23rd among industrial nations in infant mortality. African-American infants die at nearly twice the rate of white infants.*
- *One out of every eight children under the age of twelve in the U.S. goes to bed hungry every night.*

- ***Half of all children under five years of age in South Asia and one third of those in sub-Saharan Africa are malnourished.***
- ***In 1997 alone, the lives of at least 300,000 young children were saved by vitamin A supplementation programmes in developing countries.***
- ***Malnutrition is implicated in more than half of all child deaths worldwide - a proportion unmatched by any infectious disease since the Black Death***
- ***About 183 million children weigh less than they should for their age***
- ***To satisfy the world's sanitation and food requirements would cost only US$13 billion- what the people of the United States and the European Union spend on perfume each year.***
- ***The assets of the world's three richest men are more than the combined GNP of all the least developed countries on the planet.***
- ***Every 3.6 seconds someone dies of hunger***
- ***It is estimated that some 800 million people in the world suffer from hunger and malnutrition, about 100 times as many as those who actually die from it each year.***

There is nothing beautiful about those statistics and neither is there a God blessing the children the statistics are aimed at. The Queen and others of her ilk could end that suffering today. Think about that as you wave your jubilee flags in celebration.

Chapter 20
Living In The Material World

We are told that we are 'free'. Yet that is just an illusion designed to keep us in chains...

Who are you?

Now before you go thinking that I've gone all Football hooligan on you, you ought to know that I'm posing the question in all seriousness. Furthermore, I would hazard a guess that the vast majority of the nation doesn't actually know the correct answer.

Nevertheless, I do know that the correct answer to my opening gambit will be far greater statistically than the nation as a whole. However, as was in the case of my recent article on the workings of money, I think it is important that I answer that question for those of you who have stumbled upon this site and don't know the correct answer.

To answer that question I first need you to clear your mind of the '*reality*' that you know and step out of your comfort zone. Course that's not easy to do when your brains have been deliberately programmed from the day you were born in order to get you to think a certain way – The wrong way.

Moreover, I don't doubt that most of you will not believe what I'm going to tell you. After all, the truth is often far stranger than fiction... It is the truth nevertheless.

Now apparently I fit the profile of someone able to easily process the information that I'm going to pass on to you. And as soon as I read this info I

instantly knew that it was correct and for the first time I was truly able to make sense of the nonsensical.

But all the same, just for the record those most easily able to take on board what I'm going to tell you will normally be of above average intelligence yet will also have been bored and disruptive at school, often leaving without a qualification to their name. They will often feel scared, isolated or uneasy for no apparent reason. They will often read about something that is by and large accepted as fact and think to themselves "*that can't be right*". They will be very intuitive and yet no matter how well they are doing in life, they will still harbour the thought that things are not as they should be... They would be justified in thinking that way because I promise you, things are very far from being right.

And so, with this in mind, make of the following, what you will:
Everyone is - at least in theory - born equal. We are born as Human Beings not as little people. The word 'Person' is a derivative of the word 'Persona'. The nature of your persona makes up your 'personality'. All that, in theory, goes to make you the person that you perceive yourself to be.

However, the word '*Person*' also means something entirely different to what you think it does. You see, it is absolutely essential that you are a '*person*' in the eyes of the law in order to live in this make believe world that we conceive as reality.

This is because we actually exist in a fantasy world where everything is reduced to the status of a 'Company' or 'Corporation'. The UK for example is a registered company, as are all the Political Parties, every MP, every Law Court, Every Council and Every Police Force in the land.

But what is a 'Company' or a 'Corporation'? The answer to that is they are simply pieces of paper registered at 'Companies House'. They are not - contrary to what many of you may think - the buildings, employee's and stock. Those are Company assets. Therefore, in order for these companies (Pieces of paper) to do business with us as human beings (Get us to abide by their laws), we also need to be brought down to the level of a piece of paper.

But how?

Well, shortly after we are born we are given a name although it is important to remember that you are not your name. In fact your names are given to you for convenience and because parents don’t like to summon their child by bellowing at the top of their lungs "*Oi you*".
Course, we all have a surname aka a family name, which in my case is Spivey. This is necessary so as people who don’t know me can find me or so as those who talk about me when I’m not present, are able to associate me with someone from the Spivey family.

However, since most of us all share a surname with at least one of our parents and usually our brothers & sisters etc, in order to avoid further confusion we are also give the minimum of one Christian or first name, mine being Christopher David.

Therefore, my right and proper title is: Christopher David of the family Spivey. Now it is important that you understand that this is the way your lawful name is set out. The name that appears on such places as envelopes where it is set out differently - in my case Mr Christopher David Spivey - is someone totally different.

Moreover, right up until the moment that your parents register your birth, you are a totally free, Sovereign Human Being. However, whenever you register something you transfer ownership. For instance when we register our cars we transfer the ownership of our car over to the Govt. Proof of this fact can be found by simply looking at your logbook. You are described on the logbook as the Registered Keeper.

And if a Registered Keeper was the same as an owner then why not describe that person on a log book as 'the owner'? After all, that is a lot less letters and 50% less words. Course, if you were still the owner of your car after you have registered it with the DVLA then you would not need a licence to drive it.

I mean, no one can be given licence to do something that is unlawful.

Therefore any activity that is licensed must be lawful and if something is lawful then you don’t need a license for it.
In fact, if you still owned the car that you have registered then you would not need to tax, MOT and insure it, unless you chose to do so. Furthermore, under common law, the Police would not have the right to confiscate it or have the authority to have it destroyed. For them to do so would be a case of them committing theft and/or at the very least criminal damage.

Therefore, It has got to be said though that this is a nice scam that the Govt have got going for them, isn’t it? They trick you into giving them your car and get you to pay the upkeep. In return they generously allow you exclusive uses of the motor as long as you abide by their terms and conditions. And any profit that you make when selling their car you are allowed to keep.

Now the exact same is true in relation to your Birth Certificate. When you register your newborn baby you unwittingly transfer ownership of your pride and joy over to the state. And just like your car, the govt insists that you pay for your child’s upkeep and in return they will let your child live with you for as long as you raise them in the way that they tell you or until they reach the age of consent.

That is why you have little choice in having your child vaccinated against certain diseases... If you don't, watch how you are looked at with scorn every time you take your child to the doctors. That is also why you have no choice in sending your child to school, where they are brainwashed into believing whatever the Govt choose. That is also why you cannot administer a light smack on your child. And so on and so on.

And if the Govt don’t like the way that you treat their property then they simply remove their child from your care. Once again they wouldn’t be allowed to do this if the child was yours. That would be kidnapping.

Indeed, if further proof were needed then you may be surprised to learn that it is a fact that if a child is not registered then that child cannot be removed from your care, even if you knock ten bells of shit out of him/her 7 days a week. However I don’t advise it because you would then be charged with

assaulting a minor and even if you are lucky enough to escape a prison sentence, the said child will grow up hating you. And above all, it’s not really necessary to hit kids. That makes us no better than those seeking to control us. But I digress.

Now the fact that the Govt have no claim to an unregistered child was disclosed by Torbay Council under the freedom of information act. The question was put to Torbay Council asking them directly if a child who is not registered via a birth certificate can be removed by them, from the child’s parents where there are causes for concern for the child’s safety. Torbay Council's reply was short and to the point. The answer is NO.

So what is a person? This is the difficult bit to explain. What happens when you register a baby is not only do you surrender your child to the Govt; the said child also becomes a 'person’. In other words the birth certificate locks that child into the system. A birth certificate is a piece of paper and as I said earlier we need to be reduced to the level of a piece of paper in order to exist in the corporate world that we perceive as reality. Your Birth Certificate therefore is what gives you the status of a 'Person'.

However, you the person is not you in the physical form. That honour belongs to you, the Human Being. You the person as I have just stated, is a piece of paper in the form of your birth certificate. And so as not to confuse ‘you’ the human being, with ‘you’ the person (your birth certificate), ‘you’ the person is often referred to as your 'legal fiction person'. This is because that is what a person is, nothing more than a piece of paper.

Moreover, without the creation of your legal fiction person aka your birth certificate you would not be subject to the laws of society. Therefore, in order for the Govt to hold you within their jurisdiction they have to be able to create 'joinder’ between ‘you’ the human being and ‘you’ the legal fiction person.

In other words, you the human being have to be accountable for you the legal fiction person. This is because the Govt or any other law enforcement body for that matter, cannot subject us to their statute laws as human beings.

Statute laws only exist within the realms of the corporate world. All Statute laws are designed to raise revenue. This is why as a human being I am known as Christopher David: of the family Spivey, but as a legal fiction person I am known in the more commonly written form as Mr Christopher David Spivey (My legal fiction person's name). The human Being and the legal fiction person are two totally different entities.

Now, only the legal fiction person (LFP) is subject to the laws of our society. The Govt however cannot get a piece of paper (Your legal fiction person) to pay income tax. It is not physically possible. Therefore they need you, the human being to take responsibility for you, the legal fiction person by way of joinder (making us one person), so as they can collect tax and any other payment for that matter, from you.

Course, it goes without saying that the Govt do not want you to know that you and your LFP are two separate entities. After all only a fool would pay tax if it was not required for them to do so. Therefore the Govt will use any skulduggery or dirty tricks to convince you that you and your LFP are one of the same.

You see, when you truly understand this information it is possible to use your LFP as a coat, that you can slip on to reap the benefits of society and then take off to avoid the negatives society offers you. If you are that way inclined that is. However, be warned, if you are not totally confident in your understanding of this and other info that I'm going to give you then you will come unstuck and end up getting your bottom smacked.

It is therefore important to understand the very many different ways that the Govt will use to trick you into believing that you are your LFP. They even go as far as using a different language to ours in order to bamboozle us.

This language is often referred to as being called 'Legalese'. The clever, yet no less devious trick with legalese is that you don't even know that it is a different language. This is because legalese uses the same words as we do yet they can have very different meanings.

That is why when you read a legal document you can read the words but you don’t have the foggiest idea what the document says. To make matters even trickier, the-powers-that-be are constantly changing the meanings of words. Does that sound far fetched? Do you think I’m talking rubbish? I don’t blame you but consider this. If Legalese was the same language as ours then why does it have its own dictionary?

The legalese dictionary is called the ‘Black's law Dictionary’. However, ask a solicitor to borrow a copy and they will be outraged. Now if legalese wasn’t a separate language to ours, ask yourself this; why don’t they use the oxford dictionary or the Collins dictionary like the rest of us? After all the Oxford, Collins & Cambridge dictionaries etc all contain the same words with the same meanings despite the fact that they come from different publishers. And I can guarantee you that you will never see a person who needs to speak legalese with anything other than Black’s law Dictionary (BLD).

Furthermore BLD is on its ninth edition. Now, where as the Oxford dictionary will get a revised edition every once in a while, usually due to new words coming into common use, this isn’t the case with the BLD which is regularly updated due to the need to change the meaning of words.

Needless to say, one of the BLD’s most important definitions is that of a 'Person' which it describes as thus: *A person, a group of people, a company or corporation, a group of companies or corporations...* Concrete proof then that a person is a company in the eyes of the law.

Now check on the Oxford dictionaries definition of a person and without me even looking I can guarantee that it won’t be anything like the BLD's version. I will however come to the BLD's reason for their strange definition later.

Now to understand the lengths that the-powers-that-be will go to in order to confuse, trick and manipulate us and also as an indication of how on the ball you need to be in order to out manoeuvre them, consider this:
The word '*IS*’, is a two letter word we use literally 100's of times a day. So if I was to ask you to define the word 'IS' to me, you would have no problem doing so would you?... I said, would you?

Not so easy is it?

Okay, with that in mind you may be surprised to know that BLD reportedly has no less than 18 different meanings for the word 'IS'... Yet you will struggle to give one meaning of the word!

And as a footnote to legalese and also as an example of the contempt the-powers-that-be hold us in, the BLD describes a '*Human Being*' as a '*non person'* or a *'Thing'*. How quaint. You should also bear in mind that now the illuminati have us well and truly hoodwinked, they will fight tooth and nail to keep us that way.

Now, an interesting way in which you are tricked into creating joinder with your Legal fiction Person is by the use of the legalese word, '*Understand*'. For instance if you have ever been arrested, the police will try to get you to create joinder from the offset. The simplest way that they do this is by asking you your name. And as soon as you identify yourself via your name you have automatically created legal joinder and as such are now responsible for any punishment handed down on your legal fiction person via a law court. However, it is also important to remember that the Police, like us, are not privy to this info. Indeed, as far as they are aware, they are just doing their job.

Course, if you refuse to reveal your name you will more than likely be arrested and read your rights. On completion of this you will be asked if you 'understand'. And anyone who does not know any different will naturally assume that the police officer is simply asking you if you "understand" what he has just told you in regard to your rights under the law.
For example: "*you do not have to say anything but anything you do say blah, blah, blah"...*

And by affirming that you 'understand' you have once again been tricked into creating legal joinder. This is because you are not in fact affirming that you understand the caution you have just been read. You are in fact, in law agreeing to STAND UNDER the terms of statute law and stand as surety for

any punishment that your LFP may incur. And these little tricks continue right the way up to the law courts until they have achieved their goal. The goal is to get your money, keep you poor, and keep you working hard for the 'Company'.

In fact every day you inadvertently take responsibility for your LFP without even knowing it. Yet if we were all to one day stop wearing the coat that is our LFP we would all be able to enjoy a far more rewarding, pleasurable not to mention beneficial life.

You see, the Corporate world exists entirely for the benefit of a few. It is a make believe world designed to keep the masses enslaved. The phrase '*working for the rat race*', springs to mind.

And until we rid ourselves of our LFP's we merely exist. We are all born free... Real life is about staying free.

Chapter 21
Terrorism: A modern day fairy tale

First published on my website on the 21st of June 2012… The contents of which are self explanatory…

Are you all sitting comfortably? Good,then I shall begin…

Once upon a time, long long ago in a far away land called Muslim, a baby Devil was born in a cave. However, it was a very big cave, because the baby devil's Mummy & Daddy were very rich. And, the cave needed to be big because the baby devil already had many, many brother and sister devils running around.

However, This was no ordinary baby devil, for as the baby devil's parents already knew; their baby was a gift from Allah ,The great God of Evil.

Now, as with all baby devils born in the evil land of Muslim, the baby devils Father, Natas, immediately took his new born son to dangle him by the ankles over the fires of Hell. In keeping with this centuries old tradition, as soon as the baby devil began to scream in the searing heat of hells fire, Natas called out the words "*Praise yee, oh evil Allah, for blessing us with a son. He shall be known from this moment forward as... Osama of the family Bin Laden*".

Meanwhile, barely 11 years earlier in a land far away from Muslim, a good Christian man sat in a massive mansion staring at his own new born son. And on the face of it the man should have been happy. After all, he had a lovely big house, Millions of Dollars in the bank and on this day, July 6, 1946 AD, his beautiful wife Barbara had just presented him - George Herbert Bush - with a son and heir.

However, the mansion & money meant little to 'Herbie'. After all, pretty much all of the God fearing white men born here, in the country known as America (*The home of the Brave and the land of the free*), had position and wealth. And so, even the birth of his 1st born son, soon to be named George Walker Bush, couldn't lift 'Herbies' spirits.

Nevertheless, as he sat, lovingly cradling his new born son, he looked upwards, with a mournful yet resigned-to-his-fate, look on his face. "*If it be thy will oh lord, then so be it*", Herbie said softly to his creator up in heaven. For God - the one true God - had spoken to Herbie and laid him open to his plans.

This was because God - being all seeing and all knowing - had foreseen the coming of the Antichrist and in readiness for the ultimate battle between good and evil, had sent his own son to Earth; the very same son that Herbie now sat cradling in his arms.

And so, as Herbie asked God for guidance a big beam of light shot through the window engulfing everything in the nursery in a beautiful, warm, Golden light.

In the very same instant Herbie heard God's voice: *"Look after my son well Herbie. School him well in the teachings of the righteous. Make him a man amongst men. Fore I cannot tell you the exact timing of the Antichrist's coming. All that I can tell you is that when he arrives he shall be the epitome of all that is evil and he will be born into wealth, to cave dwellers in the district of Al Qaeda in the land of Muslim".*

"But how will our son know when it's time Lord?" Herbie asked.

"I will send Three Kings to Guide him" God answered. *"They shall be known by the names of Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld and Condoleezza Rice".*

Herbie's brow furrowed. *"But surely Condoleezza Rice is a woman?*" Herbie protested.

"Some would say Herbie, Some would say", replied God.

"Then so be it Lord" Herbie said, bowing his head.

With God having outlined his plans, Herbie, in the time honoured tradition of the west looked up to heaven and said,"*And what's in it for me Lord?"*.

Meanwhile, eleven years onwards, time passed quickly in the evil land of Muslim and Osama Bin Laden, although dogged with ill health, grew both tall and beardy.

Course, like all devils in the evil land of Muslim, Osama had attended the local Primary school as soon as the 1st signs of bum fluff appeared. It was here, that he - *like all Muslims* - learned the art of jealousy. Once jealousy was mastered, usually by around the age of 11, Muslim devils are sent to the local comp where they are taught to channel their jealousy into outright hatred for Democracy.

And so it is that by the age of 14, the average Muslim devil will leave school, provided that he can demonstrate that he is capable of growing a six inch long beard and setting up a market stall selling bland, flowerpot type vessels.

However, for the Elite Muslims such as Osama Bin Laden, They attend the prestigious University of Al Qaeda.
Here Students are expected to grow beards to a minimum length of 8 inches and attend lectures on how to destroy Democracy and obviously, the main focus of these lectures centres around the Democratic Republic of America.

Having graduated from the UOAQ with honours, Osama was ready to begin formulating his master plan. And having been presented with a top of the range Donkey, as a graduation present from his proud father Natas , Osama quickly set about the task of opening a chain of Terrorist Training Schools. From these schools Osama would invite the 'creme dela creme' to come and work with him.

And soon enough, Osama had assembled a terrifying army; The Army he

nostalgically liked to call after his old University: Al Qaeda.

The day of reckoning for Democracy was now finally drawing near.

That day came on September 11 2001. George W Bush, in accordance to his destiny had by now become the President of America. However, the attack, when it came that day was a total surprise to President Bush, the three Kings and the population of America as a whole.

After all - as George Bush said himself - no one could of predicted that 19 aeroplane hijackers, acting on the instructions of Osama Bin Laden, would use stolen airliners as missiles... Could they?

Nevertheless, once the safe, but deadly dust particles had dispersed, George Bush immediately flew to New York to inspect the devastation caused by the hijackers. Incensed by the loss of life Bush, backed by God and the full military might of America, fearlessly Lead his troops into war against the Axis of Evil - from the safety of the White House.

However, it would be nearly a further full 10 years before Osama Bin Laden, would finally be brought to justice and in doing so, put an end to Al-Qaeda. And by then America would have a new President, while George W Bush would be busy doing God’s work elsewhere.

But there is not a man alive today who can deny that they don't owe President George Walker Bush a big thank you for replacing freedom with security. Thank you Mr President,Thank you very much indeed.

The End...#

Don't you just love a good fairy tale? And to be fair, as fairy tales go, that ones a cracker.
Mind you, the truly frightening thing is, that the way things are going those are more or less the exact words that our great, great Grandchildren will be having drummed into their young minds in the future.

In fact, the more aware that you become of what's happening around us right now, then the easier it becomes to predict the school history lessons of the future. Course, by that time, even if there is anyone still alive able to pour scorn on the story, the level of fear imposed on the masses by the state will be such that those people will keep silent.

That is unless the vast majority of people very quickly wise up and do something to stop it. The only problem with that is that the masses are more likely to believe the unbelievable rather than the believable.

A typical example of this was demonstrated on Facebook just last week. You see, a computer nerd somewhere, whose world probably ends at his bedroom door, posted a status declaring that Facebook was about to start charging people to use it.

He added to this statement, a series of tariffs and the instruction for readers to Copy & Paste and within days it was global news on Facebook; not to mention widely accepted as fact.

Indeed, this belief in the nerd's status led to the threat of mass boycotts of the networking site by its members. Others still were saying that charging to use FB was bound to happen sooner or later. Yet none of those who reposted the status had bothered to check on its authenticity.

Not that it should have been necessary to do so in the first place. I mean had these sheeple taken a moment to think about it logically then they would have realised that not only would it have been a disaster for Facebook to start charging; it also wouldn't have been workable for the simple fact that many people - especially the young - don't have credit cards to pay online subscriptions.

Moreover, even if Mark Zuckerberg was silly enough to start charging, I think he would have announced the decision himself, rather than let a computer nerd with too much time on his hands do it. And therein lies the problem. You see, rather than think for themselves, people are prepared to believe the unbelievable.

So okay, maybe my fairy tale is a bit tongue in cheek, but it's still pretty close to the official version of events surrounding 9/11.

It is in fact quite fair to say, bearing in mind the various means available for mass communication these days, that there shouldn't be anyone on earth who, in possession of more than 2 brain cells, still buys into the official version of events surrounding 9/11 and Osama Bin Laden.

Yet the vast majority of people do, despite the official version being a lot more unbelievable than the truth. And as if proof of this mindset was necessary, someone recently said to me that although the Government version of 9/11 was full of holes, the said Government couldn't be behind the attacks because they would know that they would never get away with it.

Yet it is precisely that kind of warped logic that allows our Governments to get away with it. Wasn't it Hitler's propaganda minister, Joseph Goebbels who said; "*The bigger the lie, the more it will be believed"?*

This fact was again clearly demonstrated on May 2nd 2011, the day that Bin Laden finally (According to the American Government) met his maker. The only thing that surprised me about that day is that it wasn't henceforth declared a world holiday. You could in fact, almost feel the Earth sag as it let out a collective, huge sigh of relief now that the Devil incarnate was finally dead.

Yet the fact that Bin Laden was a highly paid CIA agent, who according to a Government source actually died in late 2001 from kidney failure, seemingly counts for nothing. Neither did the fact that despite there not being a shred of evidence to link Bin Laden with 9/11, it didn't stop the BBC, ITV or any other news station for that matter, broadcasting him as being the brains behind the attacks.

The fact that they did was nothing short of slander. After all, even The FBI were not brazen enough to actually accuse him of being responsible for 9/11. At least not on their 'most wanted' poster, which while mentioning the many

crimes that he's wanted for, does not mention 9/11 as being one of them.

Therefore the fact that the BBC did name him as being responsible, while supposedly being an impartial, unbiased TV network, is justification alone to stop paying the TV licence fee. That is if you are one of those people still silly enough to be paying it. The truth is that on May 2nd 2011, the masses were sold another fairy tale, one that they were only too eager to believe and one that; had they sat and thought about it logically, they would have seen it for what it is.

For starters, the American President, Barack Obama - with his support rating at an all time low - needed a popularity boost, especially with the 2012 election looming.

So, in order to boost his ratings (*which worked spectacularly in the short term*) the pentagon had us believe that after 10 years of frantic searching for Bin Laden in caves, nooks and crannies in and around the Middle East and with the best tracking equipment known to man, the Terrorist leader was finally located in a large luxury compound in Abbottabad in Pakistan.

Then, having finally found him and without bothering to inform the Pakistani Government, we are told that Navy SEALS in conjunction with CIA operatives, stormed the compound in a covert operation which ended in the death of Bin Laden... Or should that have been Bin Had?

Now can you Imagine the uproar from the US Govt, if that scenario had been the other way round?

We are then told that, despite Obama and his top Government Cronies supposedly watching this operation taking place live, via satellite pictures (*beats watching a John Wayne DVD I suppose*), all of the initial news reports on the operation were still confusing, conflicting and totally wrong.

In fact all of those early bulletins led us to believe that a fierce firefight had taken place between the Navy SEALS and Bin Laden's bodyguards, who supposedly put up massive resistance.

The yarn then went on to tell us that once those bodyguards had been dispensed with, the SEALS then allegedly located a heavily armed Bin Laden who was finally killed only after bullets had been exchanged by both sides.

Course, whether Bin Laden's "*You'll never take me alive*" last stand made the 'Terrorist' sound too heroic for Obama and Co's liking isn't known. Nevertheless, for one reason or another, the TV and Radio news reports on the operation quickly changed scenarios and we were in fact, now being told that Bin Laden was found unguarded.

Yet reports had it that he was still heavily armed himself while watching TV with his wife... Plausible. After all, isn't it common practice for all terrorists to watch Coronation Street with one arm around the wife and the other around a submachine gun?

However, I digress.
Now, when the SEALS entered his home, a gun battle ensued with Bin Laden, who we are told immediately used his wife as a human shield... Pat on the backs for the White-House spin doctors since Bin Laden was now made to sound like a bit of a coward.

Fast forward a few more hours and the White House press office were still not totally happy. This led to a further improved, final version of events that now had the Navy SEALS storming the unguarded compound where an unarmed Bin Laden was found watching TV with his wife and who In a bid to escape, got his comeuppance.

However, before meeting his maker, Bin Laden had grabbed hold of his wife to use her as a human shield and then pathetically begged for his life while screaming and crying like a frightened schoolgirl. If in doing so Bin Laden was hoping to be spared then his ploy failed miserably because the SEALS shot him anyway.

Now, that being the case, am I the only one left thinking that this means Bin Laden was murdered in cold blood? I mean, does the law not say that

everyone, regardless of race, colour, creed or crime is entitled to a fair trial? Apparently not, at least according to the way the American Government defines justice. But as usual, I once again digress.

Bin Laden's bullet ridden body was then supposedly photographed… Although it was later admitted by the Pentagon that no such photos exist. The [non] photo session was then swiftly followed by a quick search of his house, after which the SEALS - along with Bin Laden's body - quickly evacuated the scene of the crime.

Bin Laden's body was then, or so we are informed, quickly buried at sea. This was despite him not having or coming from a Naval background. No details of the funeral were given, but under the circumstances I can't imagine that it was a very dignified send off.

Yet having now paid the ultimate price for his supposed crimes, was the man not entitled to a decent funeral? Was his family not entitled to say their goodbyes? Once again, apparently not.

We are told that one of the reasons for the quick burial was out of respect for Muslims whose faith requires that their dead to be buried within 24 hrs. Strangely enough, no mention was made of the Muslim Cleric who presided over this Muslim funeral. Presumably there was one? Then again, once more, perhaps not.

The other reason given for the quick burial at sea was apparently to stop Bin Laden's grave becoming a shrine for fundamental extremists. This again is nonsense. I mean when the Child murderer Myra Hindley died, such was the hatred directed towards her from a still angry public that the home office had great difficulty finding an undertaker willing to carry out a funeral. Nevertheless, one was found and her funeral took place late at night, in a secret location.

Furthermore, the worlds press soon got wind of this secret location but the funeral still, nevertheless, went ahead. Hindleys body was immediately cremated and her ashes scattered at a secret location of her own choosing. So,

if we in the UK can do it and with the location of the body already known, then why couldn't the Americans do it with a body that could have been anywhere for all that the press knew?

Moreover, the American Government assured us that DNA samples taken from Bin Laden's body proved that the man they allegedly shot dead was indeed who he was meant to be. The fact that this was confirmed before it was scientifically possible to obtain DNA results - given the time frame and location of his death - apparently mattered not one iota to the worlds press.

We were further told that evidence taken from his house proved that Bin Laden was still a threat to world safety and still very much the top man in the Al Qaeda terrorist organisation. At the same time, the Pentagon contradicted themselves by telling the world that Bin Laden was a pathetic shadow of his former self who spent his days watching old Videos of himself taunting the West and bragging about his exploits.

Presumably these videos of long gone glory days that this frail, tired old man watched, were the ones which had over the course of the 10 year manhunt, subsequently been proven as being CIA fakes.

Nevertheless, the Powers that be in their haste to humiliate Bin Laden further, released a tape (*allegedly also found at his compound*) showing him sat in front of a small TV (*Hardly the type of TV that a multi millionaire living it up in the lap of luxury would have*) watching his glory days.

We are further lead to believe that this taped footage is a home movie which being the case, is most strange and surely begs the question; *who takes a home movie but only films the subject from behind, never once giving the viewer a clear shot of the subjects face?*

We are also told that Bin Laden's body was photographed after he'd been murdered. The world population then held their breath while the US Government agonised over whether or not to release these Photos to further prove beyond all doubt that it was indeed Bin Laden who was killed that night. Finally and very predictably it was decided that the Photographs were

far too gruesome for people to see… Although as I say, it was later stated that no such photos exist.

Nevertheless, presumably the top brass in Washington DC have never heard of Heaven666.com whose website shows the most gruesome film footage and photographs known to man.

Likewise, they must neither have heard of the book Author, Bernard O'Mahoney, whose website will allow you to view extremely graphic autopsy photographs of 3 Essex Gangsters, all shot twice in the head at point blank range with a shotgun. Perhaps Bin Laden's head exploded differently to these 3 gangsters heads which are seen in these easily accessible photos?

Are you starting to get the feeling that you are being mugged off yet?
No?
Okay try this for size. After 10 years of fighting the so called war on terror, the Taliban recently scored what was by far their greatest victory after managing to shoot down a US Chinook helicopter using a hand held surface to air rocket launcher. That fete alone would have qualified as being their greatest hit so to speak.

However, the fact that the helicopter allegedly had on board the Navy SEAL'S who had supposedly murdered Osama Bin Laden, lifted the strike to the heights of which fairy tales are truly made of.

Course, the death of Bin Laden twice in the space of 10 years presented the USA with another problem in the form of people wanting to know as to whether his death would now mean an end to the war on terror. And so, in a near state of panic at that prospect, the White House moved quickly to dispel such talk. Indeed, statements were quickly prepared in order to clarify that whilst Bin Laden was indeed dead, Al Qaeda in fact remained a very real threat to world safety.

We were also further informed that because of the Al Qaeda's leader's death, we were now all in grave danger of being blown to kingdom come in revenge attacks. Now, while it's all very well convincing the general public that they

are still at risk, if there are no bombs going off that threat becomes an empty one.

So, in order to keep the public living in fear, the FBI were called into action. As a result we were informed via the world media of all manner of terrorist plots being thwarted thanks to the hard working undercover FBI agents*.

What the media neglected to mention however, was that these hard working undercover agents were targeting street gangs and promising them vast fortunes in return for planting bombs at locations of the FBI's choosing. Course, your average street gang has limited access to bombs and weapons, but no problem because the FBI provided them also.

Then, just before these street gangs could carry out the FBI's orders, they were all arrested. Unfortunately there are only so many times that the Feds can plan a terrorist attack, finance it , provide the means to carry it out and then arrest those that they have coerced into doing it.

Furthermore, a thwarted terrorist attack actually means very little to Joe Public.
Enter Anwar al-Awlaki, the new public enemy number 1. Yes, just as things were finally beginning to quieten down the US Government proudly announced their latest victory in the war on terror. This victory came in the form of the death of Al Qaeda's new top man , Anwar al-Awlaki. The Pentagon claim that his death came about by American air strikes after he had been located hiding in the Yemen.

And in order to further appease the sceptics, the Americans then had the Yemeni Defence Ministry back their claim. That ought to have been an end to it had it not been for the fact that like Bin Laden before himself, al-Awlaki was also a CIA agent with high ranking friends in the American government.

Mind you, the coincidences don't end there either, because just like Bin Laden, al-Awlaki had already died once before - prior to his second death. Furthermore, as coincidence would have it, al-Awlaki's first demise in December 2009 had happened in pretty much the same way as his second

death had.

Still, you have to hand it to the American government, they are nothing if not consistent. So after putting their heads together they come up with 'Haqqanis'... Who?

Exactly... Now according to 'whistle blower' Paul Craig Roberts, a former assistant secretary of the US treasury as well as the former associate editor of the Wall Street Journal, Haqqanis are a terrorist organisation, far deadlier than Al Qaeda.

Strange then that practically nobody outside of military intelligence has ever heard of them before. Having said that, pretty much nobody had ever heard of Al Qaeda prior to 9/11. That is except for the CIA and the Mujahideen, for whom Al Qaeda, meaning 'The Base', was a code word used by both during the Afghanistan- Russian war.

Nevertheless, this sudden emergence of Haqqanis was brought about to serve two purposes, the first of which was to scare the public now that Al Qaeda had passed their sell by date. The second purpose, according to Paul Craig Roberts was far more sinister and could eventually lead to Armageddon.

Now there can be no doubt that the USA has been trying to provoke Pakistan for some time. This fact was clearly demonstrated in the alleged covert operation to assassinate Bin Laden. So, with that in mind it comes as no surprise then that Haqqanis supposedly hail from Pakistan, where as Al Qaeda wasn't tied to any specific country.

Moreover, the Chairman of the US joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Mike mullen claims that Haqqanis are tied to the Pakistani intelligence service, ISI and it was on their orders that Haqqanis attacked the American Embassy in Kabul, Afghanistan on Sept 13th 2011, along with a US Military base in Wadak Province.

These attacks lead Warmongering US Senator Lindsey Graham, a member of the Armed Services Committee to declare that there was "*broad bipartisan*

support" within Congress for a military attack on Pakistan. Add this to the usual verbal diarrhoea banded about by US politicians that Pakistan is an unstable Nuclear Power and gives shelter to anti American Factions and it is not so much a question of will America invade Pakistan but more a question of When?

The Pakistani Prime Minister,Yousuf Raza Gilani certainly seems to think so anyway. He recently called his Foreign Minister home from talks in Washington and ordered an emergency meeting of the Government to assess the prospect of an American Invasion.

However, according to some Knowledgeable analysts, the real reason behind any US invasion of Pakistan would be more to do with the country's location than the perceived threat from Haqqanis. You see, Pakistan borders with China and as such is the ideal place to launch WW3.

Certainly now would be the right time to do it what with the financial meltdown looking inevitable, Russia in disarray and China preoccupied with dealing with the problems associated with their rapid economic growth. An American invasion of Pakistan on this basis is certainly more plausible than an invasion because of a terrorist organisation. Particularly so if the Foreign Minister of Pakistan, Hina Rabbani Khar is to be believed. He claims that for many years Haqqanis were the Blue eyed boys of the CIA.

You really couldn't make it up y'know.

*On the 14th of May 2012, naturalnews.com released the following article:

If it seems as though the FBI is making a large number of terror busts these days, maybe it's because the agency itself is at least partly responsible for hatching the plots. That has some political observers wondering if the FBI's strategies are making the best use of the nation's limited counterterrorist resources.

In recent months, FBI agents have arrested suspects who were planning a range of terrorist attacks, from shooting Stinger missiles at military aircraft

to driving van loads of explosives into crowded events. But these amazing cases might not have ever been made if the FBI itself wasn't themselves planning the attacks.

A number of these cases were profiled recently in a New York Times op-ed column, which noted that the so-called plots were devised by an agency that seems to be operating as if the nation is so devoid of legitimate threats that it needs to manufacture some in order to seem relevant.

Withstanding legal scrutiny, but still questionable

Consider the case of Oregon college student Mohamed Osman Mohamud. He thought about using a car bomb to attack a well-attended, festive Christmas tree-lighting ceremony in Portland. The FBI gave him a van packed with ***inert*** *explosives consisting of some real, but inactive, detonators and six 55-gallon drums, along with a gallon of diesel fuel.* ***An FBI agent even drove the van.*** *When Mohamud called the cell phone number that was supposed to trigger the explosion, nothing explosive happened, except that he got arrested.*

Was Mohamud seriously considering such an attack prior to the FBI involvement? If so, could he have put it together by himself? Was he working with someone else the FBI doesn't know about who is more of a legitimate threat?

It's hard to say. Obviously Mohamud was at least having bad thoughts, and that's disconcerting in and of itself (though not criminal). But if the FBI had not manufactured an attack, would he have gone through with anything?

Mohamud's case is far from the only one manufactured by the FBI, and it is certainly not the only one that has held up in court. In fact, such operations are not only legal but they are a common counterterrorism tactic employed by the agency in the post-9/11 world. Terror defendants most often try to claim entrapment, but they also most often lose because the law says as long as they showed at least some intent to commit a terrorist act, even if tempted to do so by undercover agents, they are guilty.

Using even the weak-minded to make a case

"Many times," says Dean Boyd, a Justice Department spokesman, "suspects are warned about the seriousness of their plots and given opportunities to back out." But, the Times report indicates recorded conversations show that the warning is not always given, and that in some cases suspects are even encouraged to continue.

Inventing such cases isn't as easy as, say, manufacturing a sting operation where an alleged drug dealer or arms trafficker sells to an undercover agent. That's because those kinds of crimes occur regularly in the United States.

But David Raskin, a former federal prosecutor told the Times, "There isn't a business of terrorism in the United States, thank God."

"You're not going to be able to go to a street corner and find somebody who's already blown something up," he said. "So the goal is to find someone who isn't engaged in terrorism yet but is looking for a real terrorist who could provide them with an opportunity."

You can sometimes get the impression that maybe the FBI is operating off of some sort of counterterrorism quota. Consider one of the most recent cases of thwarting a planned attack:

Of five so-called anarchists who were arrested for ostensibly planning to destroy a bridge in Ohio in late April, three of them had documented mental health issues. One was even talked out of committing suicide in February, ***right before he was enticed to join in the plot by an FBI informant.***

Chapter 22
MONEY MADE EASY

This was the first of many articles that I have written on the money-scam employed by the Monster Elite in order to keep us down at heel...

♬I work all night, I work all day, to pay the bills I have to pay♬
Ain't it sad
And still there never seems to be a single penny left for me♬
♬That's too bad
In my dreams I have a plan
If I got me a wealthy man
♬I wouldn't have to work at all, I'd fool around and have a ball♬...
Money, money, money♬
Must be funny
♬In the rich man's world
Money, money, money
Always sunny♬
In the rich man's world
Aha-ahaaa
♬All the things I could do
If I had a little money
♬It's a rich man's world ♬
...MONEY, MONEY, MONEY - ABBA song 1976.

I wonder if Benny Andersson and Bjorn Ulvaeus, the composers of the above song were aware that when they penned the hit record 36 years ago, that there is much more to be derived from the lyrics than is first obvious… Of course they were.

Course, back in 1976 nowhere near as many people as today were aware of the global money scam, although even now those numbers are still nowhere near enough to put a halt to it.
Therefore the purpose of this article is to try and educate those that don't know.

Now, there can be no doubt in anyone's mind that it is indeed a rich man's world. However, truly accurate figures as to how much of a rich man's world planet earth is are few and far between, but if you work on the widely agreed estimate that 85% of the world's wealth is in the hands of 6% of the world's population, then you won't be far off target.

Mind you, exactly how rich that small minority is, it is impossible to say. In all probability these parasites – *for that is what they are* – are so rich, they probably don't know themselves.

However it is grossly obscene that their wealth can be estimated as being in the trillions when there are over a billion people in the world - a large percentage of whom are babies and small children - dying for want of Food, Water and/or Shelter.
Course, the more research you do on the ruling elite, the more obvious it becomes that those poor starving babies etc, are all dying needlessly and the reason for that all boils down to the needs of these rich psychopaths to control us all.

This control is exercised via the money scam which ultimately allows them to impose their will on us. Indeed, it is a fact that there are more than enough resources and space available to ensure that no one amongst the 7 Billion of us need go without the essential food, water and shelter needed in order for a person to survive. And the fact that those three necessities are deprived to some is nothing short of murder by design.

Nevertheless, once you understand the way that the monetary system works it quickly becomes obvious that it is a scam. It is for this very reason that the monetary system is deliberately designed to appear complicated. That way the vast majority of us believe that we will never be able to fathom out the

complexities of money and thus make no effort whatsoever to understand it.

Moreover, that fact doesn't just apply to your average Joe. It also applies, albeit to a lesser degree, to financial consultants, Bank Managers and even those so called '*money experts*' who appear on our TV's to explain what the latest hike in interest rates means to us all, while at the same time being totally oblivious to the money scam.

In fact, the global elite depend on this ignorance in order to make the scam work. However, the fact that we are being scammed, despite the many smoke screens put in place to hide the fact, just goes to show how pathetic we really are as a species.

Indeed it is bad enough that the scam works on the basis that money is worthless and between 80-90% of money in circulation doesn't actually exist. Furthermore it's almost unbelievable that the scam has been used since the 1700's and is imposed on us as a means of control and enslavement, while at the same time bringing extraordinary wealth and power to those in control.

But what really galls me the most is the fact that we are all so conditioned, controlled, apathetic and gullible that those in the know and who benefit from the scam are so egotistical and hold us in such contempt, that they openly tell us that we are being fleeced!

Two very good examples of this can be seen in the following, famous quotes…

"It is well enough that people of the nation do not understand our banking and monetary system, for if they did, I believe there would be a revolution before tomorrow morning" **- Henry Ford.**

"Give me control of a nation's money and i care not who makes her laws" **– Mayer Amschel Rothschild**.

Now in regard to that first quote given to us by the motor car magnate, Henry Ford, the inference that we are being scammed is blatantly obvious; along

with the serious implications as to the nation's reaction should the scam be uncovered.

The second quote is given to us by Mayer Rothschild, the founder of the modern banking system and therefore chief architect of the money scam. So successful is the scam that it is the Rothschild family who now rule the world. What Mayer Rothschild is saying in his quote is that if he had control of the money supply (The printing and issue of currency), which he & his family did and still do, then they are the real owners of the world… And as I say it is they who wield the real power and control over nearly every single nation in the world.

However, before I explain the way that money works and how it is used to control us, which I shall attempt to do in a way that can be understood by all, you should be aware that the scam isn't a con without end.

You see, the purpose of the scam is and always was to transfer the world's wealth into the hands of a few and enslave the rest of the world's population. The scam is now nearing its conclusion I'm afraid to say and boy, when it does are we and our children going to suffer for our and our ancestor's inertia.

Now, we all like to think we know the value of money. Unfortunately the truth is that most of us don't. This is because money is worthless. For example, get a £5 note, a £10 note and a £20 note and look at them. There isn't much difference in size and printed content, so how can a £20 note be worth twice as much as a £10 note and four times as much as a £5 note?

It can't. The truth is all bank notes are printed en masse and cost pence - if that - to produce.
Course, our banknotes were once backed by our country's Gold reserves. This basically meant that the amount of money in circulation was equal to the amount of Gold that the country had. That's why the words '*I promise to pay the bearer...*' are printed on every single one of our bank notes.

Now what those words mean in theory is that you can take your £20 note to

the Bank of England and exchange it for £20 worth of Gold. However in 1931 *(although it could have been as late as 1935*) our banknotes stopped being backed by gold or anything else for that matter. In doing so, they became valueless, thus those printed words, '*I promise to pay the bearer the sum of*' are now a promise without foundation. This means that our banknotes are nothing more than fancy IOU's... And an IOU is a debt.

Therefore our economy is run on debt. But how does money come into being? Or put another way, how does money get into circulation? I mean we know how it circulates. You go to work, get paid a wage, and spend that money in shops or at the pub. Those shops and pubs in turn spend that money on replenishing stocks and so on and so on... But that is only how the '*money go round*' works.

What I want you to ask yourself is; how does new money get into the system? After all, there isn't a man on every street corner with a pot full of cash; handing out brand new £20 notes to anyone walking passed him is there?... No... But new money has to come into circulation somehow doesn't it? ...Yes.

And the way that money comes into circulation is through debt. Now that isn't as confusing as it sounds. What it means is that every time someone takes out a loan or Mortgage, that money is new money.

Course, this is where the banking scam begins. You see, what happens when you go to a bank for a mortgage or a Loan Company for say a car loan is that the money you are leant is not the banks or the loan companies. And it isn't actually leant to you either, because it is new money that you have created out of thin air, via your signature.

However, I can imagine that there are a few readers scratching their heads right now, which is fine. After all, I did the very same thing the first time I heard that. Mind you, it really is quite straightforward though.

You see, what I am saying is that the company who you believe that you are borrowing money from, be it a Bank or Loan company does not lend you a

penny of their own or anyone one else's money... The law - for all intents and purposes - forbids it for a start.

Instead, what happens is that your signature allows the Bank of England to type the figure you want to borrow onto a computer and add interest to it (More on that added interest later).

And that money, which is no more than numbers on a computer screen, is now in circulation. Yet the Bank or Loan Company didn't create that money. You did, via your signature that you scribbled at the bottom of the contract. This Money - which only exists on a computer screen - is then paid into your bank account or the bank account of the people you are buying the house or car from.

However, being as that money is only numbers on a computer screen, you will hopefully now have a better understanding as to how 80-90% of money in circulation doesn't actually exist. In fact, if everybody went to their bank at 10 AM in the morning and tried to draw all their money out, the banks would have to lock their doors within minutes - having quickly run out of banknotes.

The scam doesn't end there though. You see, as soon as that nonexistent money that you created - *the bank or loan company certainly didn't create it* - is in your bank account, the bank or loan company who brokered your loan tell you that you have to start paying them that money back… Despite the fact it is your money in the first place.

More unbelievably still, they tell you that you have to pay them your money back with added interest; just too really extract the urine from you… How's that for sheer arrogance, front and greed?

What's more, if you default on paying back that money that never existed in the first place, the bank will legally seize the very real assets from under your feet that you used the nonexistent money to buy them with.

However, you haven't heard anything yet though. That is just the start

because not only are you paying your own money back with added interest, under the rules of Fractional Reserve Banking (*And all high street and central banks operate on this system*), the money that you created is doubled by the bank between 10 and 30 times, which they are allowed to pocket for themselves.

Put simply, say you borrow £1000. Now although that £1000 is created by you and as such is your money not the banks, you are made to pay back the £1000 plus interest. Course interest rates vary, so for arguments sake, let's say that the interest comes to £250. That being the case, you needlessly pay back the bank or loan company £1250.

But as I just told you, under Fractional Reserve Banking that money can be doubled up to 30 times. That means that your £1000 has lost you that sum in the belief that it isn't your money, then cost you £1250 to pay the bank back and earned the bank £31,250, just by getting you to sign a piece of paper.

Now imagine hundreds of thousands of people taking out loans everyday for £50,000 or £60,000 a time and you begin to understand where the term '*greedy bankers*' comes from.

The same rules apply to the Government, except they cut out the middle man so to speak and go directly to the bank of England for their loans. Now I want to make this very clear to you that what I am about to say is the one and only reason that this country and virtually every other country in the world is in a mess.

You see, this is the big boy scam if you like. The one that has an ultimate goal, which as you may or may not be aware, has collapsed the Economies of Southern Ireland, Iceland and Greece.

Spain, Italy and Portugal are also very close to collapse and the rest of the world, the UK and the USA included are not far behind them. Therefore, be under no illusions that it is a foregone conclusion that the world economy will collapse at some point in the future and no amount of hot air and bullshit from the likes of our world's leaders and the IMF is going to save us.

Be very aware also, that all our leaders and the IMF along with many other organisations - supposedly there to benefit mankind - are in on the scam. They are puppets put into power by the global elite. And the big-boy-scam was engineered to end in global economic collapse, where at that point, the global elite will have the whole of the world in their pockets.

Indeed, when the collapse finally happens many of us will die as a result of food prices rocketing as the world sinks into a depression, the likes of which has never been seen before.
Then, when enough human misery has been caused and many millions have died, the global elite will step in, wipe off the world's debt and form a one world government - with them as our Lords and masters. Those lucky enough to survive will then become the slaves of the ruling elite.

However, if you doubt any of what I've just divulged then just ask yourself this: Why are countries once rich and prosperous now on the brink of collapse? And if you don't know the answer then I will tell you. It is all because of their and our National Debts.

Think about it? 30 or 40 years ago, a couple would get married, the husband would go out to work and the wife would stay at home raising the kids and they would manage quite nicely on the husband's salary. Nowadays, hardly anyone amongst the working class can survive on one wage. Not only that, look at the cuts to our services. 40 yrs ago you got your dustbins emptied once a week by dustmen who would walk around to your back garden, hoist the metal dustbin over their shoulder, walk it to the dustbin lorry to empty, then return the bin back to your back garden.

There was no talk back then of switching street lighting off after midnight in order to save a few bob on the electricity bill. Neither did you get charged an arm and a leg to park your car… Indeed; it was possible to afford to run a car back then.

Small retail shops also thrived back in the day, whereas now the high streets are deserted waste lands. Neither did the Government have to rely on ever

increasing fines, from petty new laws to help balance the books.

Back then, the Police were there to protect us against real crime, not there to rigorously enforce the new petty laws which have reduced them to the status of Revenue Collectors - aggressive, intolerant ones at that.

The NHS is dying on its feet because it is staffed by inexperienced, overworked, underpaid junior doctors or under skilled, cheap foreign doctors. Why? Well basically because of the continual cuts in the NHS budget, that's why.

Yet in reality, the technological age should have meant that we are all better off, so why are we not? The IMF said in November 2011 that they would take whatever steps necessary to save Europe from collapse. I said at the time that they would do nothing and they have done exactly that.

People are dying, in this country through lack of the basics and to my way of thinking that is a gross national outrage and can only be due to government corruption. I could go on and on at the many ways that things are not as they should be, but this article is about money and I think I've given you enough food for thought for now.

I will however just add that while we all get continually poorer, our corrupt, egotistical, self serving MP's think nothing of taking our hard earned money and using it to decorate their 2nd houses while we often struggle to pay the rent on one overcrowded small flat.

The Queen, a wholly unsavoury woman, is another who people pledge their support to yet she just so happens to be the richest woman in the world (estimates put her as a multi trillion air), who thinks nothing of having us pick up the tab for her Grandsons wedding.

Our MP's do not give tuppence for our plight. They are not working for us; they are self serving puppets who are controlled from behind the scenes by the global elite. I will however provide you with unarguable proof of that fact at the end of this article.

Now, before I get back on track, some more quotes are called for:

"I am one of those who do not believe the national debt is a national blessing... it is calculated to raise around the administration a moneyed aristocracy dangerous to the liberties of the country"... **7th US President Andrew Jackson letter to L. H. Coleman of Warrenton, N.C., 29 April 1824**

"The drive of the Rockefellers and their allies is to create a one-world government combining supercapitalism and Communism under the same tent, all under their control... Do I mean conspiracy? Yes, I do. I am convinced there is such a plot, international in scope, generations old in planning, and incredibly evil in intent"...**Congressman Larry MacDonald.**

"The real truth of the matter is, as you and I know, that a financial element in the larger centres has owned the Government ever since the days of Andrew Jackson"...**32nd US President Franklin D. Roosevelt, letter to Col. Edward Mandell House (21 November 1933)**

"If the American people ever allow private banks to control the issue of their currency, first by inflation and then by deflation, the banks and corporations that will grow up around them will deprive the people of all property until their children wake up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered"...**3rd US President Thomas Jefferson 1816.**

"I am a most unhappy man. I have unwittingly ruined my country. A great industrial nation is controlled by a system of credit. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all our activities are in the hands of a few men. We have come to be one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated governments in the civilized world. No longer a government by free opinion, No longer a government by conviction and the vote of the majority, but a Government by the duress of a small group of dominant men"....**28th US President Woodrow Wilson. 1916.**

“*The world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes*”...UK Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli. 1844...

So there you have it, quotes from powerful men telling it like it really is. Now at this point I would ask you to keep the Thomas Jefferson quote at the forefront of your mind. That quote is paramount to what I am about to tell you and take no notice of the fact that Jefferson was talking about America when he made the quote. You see, the exact same applies to every government who allows a private central bank to issue their nations currency. And as I write, there are only 3 countries that don’t do that...They are however in the firing line of the USA and the UK.

So what happens when our government needs money that they haven’t got? The simple answer is that just like us, they borrow it of course. However, every penny that the Government borrows is supposedly on our behalf and as such we are responsible for paying it back which we do via our taxes.

This borrowed money is what is commonly known as the National Debt, and as I’m sure you all know, it is - according to our government - the size of our National Debt that is to blame for the severe cuts in services that we now have to endure. David “*we’re all in this together*” Cameron has said that the national debt has to be reduced at all costs in order for us to have a brighter future… I would therefore now suggest to you that he is an out and out bare faced liar.

Indeed, if it was a case of merely reducing the national debt then why do the cuts have to be so severe? I mean it would make political and common sense to increase the time frame of the reduction and by doing so the cuts to services wouldn’t have to be so harsh. This would make it easier on the nation and make him much more popular, which as we know is vital for re-election.

However, the real reason for the severity of cuts in services is because the country is having difficulty making the interest repayments on the national

debt. And as long as the interest repayments are being met the country can continue to operate. Course, once we default on the interest repayments the central bank will call in their loans and our economy will collapse.

And that is for all intents and purposes what has happened in Southern Ireland, Greece and Iceland*. Course, they are lucky because they are receiving bailouts from the rest of us. Unfortunately when the rest of the world's economies collapse, there will be no countries left to receive bailouts from.

Not that the cuts have done us any good. In fact far from reducing the National Debt, it has in fact increased and is now for the first time in UK history into the Trillions of pounds. Have you got a Plan B Mr Cameron? No he hasn't... Why not? Because he doesn't need one.

You see, Plan A is working perfectly. The whole idea is to collapse the economy. Yes you read that right but I will repeat it anyway. The whole idea is that the economy will collapse because that is what the bank scam has been working up to.

Course the government, for obvious reasons has to be seen to be trying to prevent this happening but it is a foregone conclusion and here is why: Every time the government goes to the Bank of England (*Our country's central bank*) for a loan, every penny that has been borrowed has interest added on to it. It is for this reason that the national debt can never be paid off and will in fact, on the contrary keep growing until we can no longer afford the interest repayments. To help you better understand what I mean, here is a very simplified example...

Imagine that there is a village that runs on a barter system. And all is fine until people start getting into debt with one another. This means that the barter system breaks down and needs to be replaced by a monetary system. But there is no money in existence in the village, so I as the village leader go and borrow a thousand pounds from a money lender on the village's behalf. The lender is of course happy to lend me £1000 but he adds interest to it meaning we owe him £1250. I agree to the terms and take the £1000 which I

spread around the village so as everyone can pay their debts off and buy food and other essentials. The villagers in turn are going to pay me £5 a week each in tax from their share of the money so as I can pay the loan back. And with the £1000 now in circulation, everyone's happy. But no matter how you look at it, the village still owes £1250 and with only £1000 in circulation it can never be fully paid back. This means eventually that the money is going to be used up, paying back the village debt and I am therefore going to have to borrow more money to keep the village economy going, thus incurring more un-payable interest while at the same time adding more to the village debt...

And this is what has happened to nearly every country in the world but on a much larger scale. Every time our govt borrows money from the central bank, another nail is banged into the UK's coffin… Course, we are not meant to realise this which gives our chancellor, George Osborne who, it has to be said is another thoroughly despicable character, the confidence to shaft us all while at the same time making him appear to be doing his job.

In fact the term quantitative easing (QE) seems to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer, George Osborne's favourite mantra at the moment. This is a perfect example of those in power deliberately making the money system sound unfathomable to us minions in the hope that we will leave them alone to get on with the job of destroying the country.

Course, there will always be some who are not so easily fobbed off and for this reason Osborne's policy has to be seen to have a purpose. So, on the face of it QE does have some short term benefits, but the long term consequences are dire. Now the reason for this is that QE is really nothing more than putting a lump sum of money into circulation, very much in the same way as I did in the village story.

And the more money that is in circulation the stronger the economy is in terms of growth. However, to simplify that for you look at it as the more money you have in your pocket the more that you can do. Nevertheless, the downside of QE is that the cash injection has to come from somewhere, and that somewhere is the central bank, adding further to the national debt and incurring more interest which can never be paid back.

What is really laughable however, yet not many seemed to have latched onto is that Osborne recently announced that he would need to borrow over £11 Billion more that he had envisaged borrowing (All with un-payable added interest don't forget) to invest in an economy that by his own admission is in dire straits with no immediate signs of recovery.

This policy is on a par with you buying a car without an engine or wheels then borrowing money, way beyond your means, to put an engine in your wheeless car. It makes no financially or common sense whatsoever. Worse still, while the cretin Osborne is borrowing Billions to shore up our failing economy he is giving away more than he's borrowing in foreign aid.

And if you need a comparison for that, it is equivalent to you spending all of your money on food, then giving it all away to a tramp that actually doesn't really need it, and then putting yourself in debt to buy yourself more food albeit less than what you need...Madness.

Now surely you're not naive enough to believe that Cameron, Osborne and all the other loathsome puppets that make up the government, including the opposition parties are not aware of this fact?

And while we are on the subject of failing economies, I would imagine that you are under the misguided notion that we are in recession because "*recessions happen from time to time*". But believe me; nothing happens in this world without careful planning.

Now, because the central bank is responsible for the money in circulation, which as I have said gets into the system via loans, those who really run the country from behind the scenes are able to control prosperity and depression.

You see, it works like this; the more loans that the banks make, the more money there is in circulation which creates a 'boom'. This is done by lowering interest rates, thus making loans more affordable… And a boom will be purposely created to get people in debt with the bank… Think about it, your jobs going well, the economy is healthy, you have spare cash in your pocket, what better time then than for 1st time house buyers or those looking

for a bigger house to take the plunge?

However, once the banks have enough people in their debt they will inevitably raise the interest rates on one pretext or another and at the same time reduce the number of loans that they make. This takes money out of circulation, causing a depression.

And so, with less money now in their pocket and increased repayments due to the raised interest rates people begin defaulting on their loans left right and centre, leaving the banks legally entitled to snatch their assets… And all accomplished by lending money that never existed in the first place.

The same is true for the Stock- Market with stock brokers moving trillions of dollars a day around the financial and banking markets. This gives those with clout the power to decide what stocks go up and what stocks go down, which ones soar and which ones crash.
But stock market crashes don’t just happen, they are crashed by design. This is what happened in the great American depression of the 1930’s. The market was purposely crashed leaving those not in the know bankrupt and ruined, many of whom committed suicide. Meanwhile, those in the inner circle such as Joseph Kennedy, Father of assassinated US President, John F Kennedy made untold fortunes out of people's misery.

That then in a nutshell is how money works and how it is used to control us. This just leaves me the job of revealing to you the indisputable proof that our politicians are corrupt to their core and no more than puppet front men for the global elite.

You see, the way things stand the outcome of the banking scam can only end in a global economic crash, as country after country defaults on their national debt. When this happens, the great depression of the 1930’s will look like a picnic compared to the depression that will follow the collapse of the world economy. And all because our leaders borrow money from a central bank. I would now draw your attention back to the earlier quote from Thomas Jefferson.

"***If the American – or any other - people ever allow private banks to control the issue of their currency, first by inflation and then by deflation, the banks and corporations that will grow up around them will deprive the people of all property until their children wake up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered***"*...*

You see, never a truer word was spoken. And the proof that this is indeed now the case is all around us, should you just engage your brain, take a break from watching Eastenders or Coronation Street and look at what is unfolding.

But it doesn't have to be this way because a country's government is quite entitled to print its own currency and put it into circulation without added interest. Should this be done, prices right across the board would tumble, creating a boom the likes of which have never been seen before?

Therefore, if our government were truly working for us and had our best interests at the forefront of their minds, that is what they would do. In fact Abraham Lincoln, the 16th US President did this in direct conflict with the American Central Bank rather than pay their interest charges on the money that he needed to borrow to fight the American civil war.

This move cost him his life when he was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, an assassin funded by the central bank shareholders. And the same can be said for assassinated US President John F Kennedy, who had also put into motion, plans to start printing interest free currency.

Course, assassinations are no longer necessary because it is now the global elite who decide who is to be manoeuvred into Downing Street or the White House, long before the chosen one becomes a household name.

In fact don't ever be fooled into thinking that it is you who decides who is in charge by putting your X on a slip of paper before popping it into a ballot box... Because believe me, you couldn't be more wrong.

*On the 20th of June 2012, the following article was published on itmakessense.com:

Since the 1900's the vast majority of the American population has dreamed about saying "NO" to the Unconstitutional, corrupt, Rothschild/Rockefeller banking criminals, but no one has dared to do so.

Why? If just half of our Nation, and the "1%", who pay the majority of the taxes, just said NO MORE! Our Gov't would literally change over night. Why is it so hard, for some people to understand, that by simply NOT giving your money, to large Corporations, who then send jobs, Intellectual Property, etc. offshore and promote anti-Constitutional rights… You will accomplish more, than if you used violence. In other words… RESEARCH WHERE YOU ARE SENDING EVERY SINGLE PENNY!!! Is that so hard?

The truth of the matter is… No one, except the Icelanders, have to date been the only culture on the planet to carry out this successfully. Not only have they been successful, at overthrowing the corrupt Gov't, they've drafted a Constitution, that will stop this from happening ever again.

That's not the best part… The best part, is that they have arrested ALL Rothschild/Rockefeller banking puppets, responsible for the Country's economic Chaos and meltdown.

Last week 9 people were arrested in London and Reykjavik for their possible responsibility for Iceland's financial collapse in 2008, a deep crisis which developed into an unprecedented public reaction that is changing the country's direction.

It has been a revolution without weapons in Iceland, the country that hosts the world's oldest democracy (since 930), and whose citizens have managed to effect change by going on demonstrations and banging pots and pans. Why have the rest of the Western countries not even heard about it?

Pressure from Icelandic citizens' has managed not only to bring down a government, but also begin the drafting of a new constitution (in process) and is seeking to put in jail those bankers responsible for the financial crisis in the country. As the saying goes, if you ask for things politely it is much easier

to get them.

This quiet revolutionary process has its origins in 2008 when the Icelandic government decided to nationalise the three largest banks, Landsbanki, Kaupthing and Glitnir, whose clients were mainly British, and North and South American.

After the State took over, the official currency (krona) plummeted and the stock market suspended its activity after a 76% collapse. Iceland was becoming bankrupt and to save the situation, the International Monetary Fund (IMF) injected U.S. $ 2,100 million and the Nordic countries helped with another 2,500 million.

Great little victories of ordinary people

While banks and local and foreign authorities were desperately seeking economic solutions, the Icelandic people took to the streets and their persistent daily demonstrations outside parliament in Reykjavik prompted the resignation of the conservative Prime Minister Geir H. Haarde and his entire government.

Citizens demanded, in addition, to convene early elections, and they succeeded. In April a coalition government was elected, formed by the Social Democratic Alliance and the Left Green Movement, headed by a new Prime Minister, Jóhanna Sigurðardóttir.

Throughout 2009 the Icelandic economy continued to be in a precarious situation (at the end of the year the GDP had dropped by 7%) but, despite this, the Parliament proposed to repay the debt to Britain and the Netherlands with a payment of 3,500 million Euros, a sum to be paid every month by Icelandic families for 15 years at 5.5% interest.

The move sparked anger again in the Icelanders, who returned to the streets demanding that, at least, that decision was put to a referendum. Another big small victory for the street protests: in March 2010 that vote was held and an overwhelming 93% of the population refused to repay the debt, at least with

those conditions.

This forced the creditors to rethink the deal and improve it, offering 3% interest and payment over 37 years. Not even that was enough. The current president, on seeing that Parliament approved the agreement by a narrow margin, decided last month not to approve it and to call on the Icelandic people to vote in a referendum so that they would have the last word.
The bankers are fleeing in fear

Returning to the tense situation in 2010, while the Icelanders were refusing to pay a debt incurred by financial sharks without consultation, the coalition government had launched an investigation to determine legal responsibilities for the fatal economic crisis and had already arrested several bankers and top executives closely linked to high risk operations.
Interpol, meanwhile, had issued an international arrest warrant against Sigurdur Einarsson, former president of one of the banks. This situation led scared bankers and executives to leave the country en masse.

In this context of crisis, an assembly was elected to draft a new constitution that would reflect the lessons learned and replace the current one, inspired by the Danish constitution.
To do this, instead of calling experts and politicians, Iceland decided to appeal directly to the people, after all they have sovereign power over the law. More than 500 Icelanders presented themselves as candidates to participate in this exercise in direct democracy and write a new constitution. 25 of them, without party affiliations, including lawyers, students, journalists, farmers and trade union representatives were elected.

Among other developments, this constitution will call for the protection, like no other, of freedom of information and expression in the so-called Icelandic Modern Media Initiative, in a bill that aims to make the country a safe haven for investigative journalism and freedom of information, where sources, journalists and Internet providers that host news reporting are protected.

The people, for once, will decide the future of the country while bankers and politicians witness the transformation of a nation from the sidelines.

Chapter 23
Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few - Winston Churchill... He wasn't fucking lying, dontcha know

This article takes a look at democracy & hypocrisy...

We supposedly live in a Democracy don't we?

Well yes we do, but we don't... Well not really anyway.
That is unless you describe a Democracy as a country that gives you the illusion of choice whereby you can cast a vote that will realistically allow one of two political parties - who given the majority of these votes - the power to form a Government.

But that is where the Democracy ends and as I have just stated; your vote is an illusion of choice - Nothing more.
I mean ask yourself this; *"Has any political party in government ever made a real difference to your standard of living*"? And no doubt some of you will say “yes” and point to Maggie Thatcher's Tory Govt of the 1980's.

And to be fair, strictly speaking, I suppose for some of you that could be said to be true. However, I doubt it was to a life changing extent. Furthermore, Maggie's reign was put in place to create that false boom. Indeed, it would have been the same type of boom no matter who was at the helm of the Conservative party at the time.

Now I was one of those people working while Maggie in power although personally, I actually earned a lot more money while the Corpse

masquerading as John Major was the Prime Mincer. And that was only through my own hard work because there was actually a major recession on at the time (no pun intended).

Furthermore - and as Maggie knew all too well - the prosperity of the "*Loadsa Money*" 1980's was brought about at the vast cost to future generations. You see, what Maggie Fuctcher actually did was deliberately take away the power and rights of the the working man, in what was then, the beginning of an agenda to strip future generations of their basic civil liberties - An agenda that has not only worked to perfection, but has also still gone pretty much unnoticed by the vast majority of the dumbed down UK population; a population who are too preoccupied with modern gadgets and propaganda TV programs to even notice or care.

Course, in order to do so she had to fool the nation into thinking that she was the greatest leader since the war time Rothschild puppet, Winston Churchill - Another corrupt, depraved politician who to this day is still unbelievably hailed as a hero... He wasn't, he was in fact corrupt to the core.

So, what better way to fool a gullible population then, than giving them the illusion that they were well off?

Nevertheless, the truth is that there isn't a choice in our democracy. The Conservative Party is the Labour Party is The Liberal Party is the UK Independence Party. Choosing which one to vote for is no different from choosing whether to shop in Tesco, Sainsbury's, Morrisons or Asda... They all sell the same packages at the same price.

Furthermore, until the population as a whole wake up nothing will ever change. Britain is governed by Europe who in turn is governed by the Corporations and Banksters via elitist groups such as Bilderberg.

Course, if you are still under the delusion that our government are working for us, just ask yourself this question: "*Why do the Government continue to borrow £billions on a daily basis from a Central Bank, when that borrowed money is lent with added interest*”?

Did you know that our corrupt, puppet leaders are entitled to print their own currency - with no added interest? ... But they don't.
Did you know that if they did exercise that right to print their own currency, prices would go into free fall for literally everything from food and clothing right through to houses and cars... But still they don't.

Furthermore, if the Government turned around and flatly refused to pay off the National Debt - a debt deliberately acquired through corruption and stealth - your income tax would be a tiny fraction of what it is now... If anything at all... But they won't.

In fact our Government - which ever Political flag they masquerade behind - has the ability to give us a lifestyle that we can only dream about. In fact, all of the Governments of the world have that power... But they won't.

You see, they won't adhere to any of the above because the government are not working for us. In fact, by voting them into power we are actually contributing to our own misery... And we are supposedly the most intelligent life on Earth. Really? We don't sound very intelligent to me.

So once we have exercised our 'democratic right' to vote in a Government, that in theory may be the choice of just over half of the population, any sort of democracy that we imagine we had, promptly disappears.

Indeed, promises that elected these carefully pre-selected politicians to power are quickly broken with excuses like "*We couldn't possibly have foreseen....* " or "*We find ourselves unable to make good on our promise to Blah Blah Blah, because of the mess that the last Government left us to clear up*".
They are then free to spend the next 3-5 years doing what the hell they please. Course you can be sure that in doing so, they are not serving us or looking after our interests... Not by any stretch of the imagination. For instance:

Would you choose to give away borrowed Billions - With added interest - in foreign aid, to superpowers such as India?

Would you choose to give away borrowed Billions - With added interest - to prop up a currency that is nothing to do with us and which we opted out of joining?

Would you choose to add to the decline of our country's crumbling economy - An economy that by our own Chancellor of the Exchequer's admission can expect to see negative growth over the next 5 years - by injecting billions of pounds, borrowed with added interest in the form of *'Quantitative Easing*'? Especially while at the same time knowing that in doing so, you will cause further problems in the not too distant future?

I strongly suspect not.
And who benefits from the above? We the people certainly don't… But the Central Bankers do... Oh don't they just. So you tell me; Where is the Democracy?

In fact it is this corrupt, unnecessary borrowing that has led to our Trillion Pound and rising National Debt. A debt that can never be repaid because of the added interest... Unless of course our Queen does the noble thing and pays it off for us... She could... But she wont.

Course, a Trillion Pound is just a figure as far as the apathetic population of the UK is concerned. I mean have you ever given a thought to just how much a Trillion Pound is?
A trillion Pounds = £1,000,000,000,000. That's 12 zeroes to the left of the decimal point. A trillion is a million million Pounds.

And by way of an example; if your take home pay after taxes was £10,000 per hour and you worked 8 hours a day, 50 weeks a year (2 weeks off for good behaviour), You would have to work 50,000 years to earn one trillion Pounds.

Yet that is the extent of the National debt run up by those supposedly acting in our best interests. And if you believe that they are then you will believe anything. Our Government are merely front men for those who really hold

power.

In fact, the depths that our puppet government leaders are prepared to sink to in order to gain a pat on the head from their masters is absolutely breathtaking.

For instance yesterday, without the merest hint of shame and seemingly totally oblivious to his own hypocrisy, David Cameron, a pampered, smarmy public schoolboy, publicly slammed Comedian Jimmy Carr for daring to legally save himself a few quid in taxes.
And what do we pay our Taxes for?

Well, the majority of our tax payments go towards paying the interest repayments on a National Debt which as I have just said, is now over a Trillion Pounds.

A National debt that despite tough austerity measures is still rising.

A National debt that Criminals like Cameron and his equally corrupt chancellor George Osborne add to on a daily basis by borrowing Billions of pounds - with added interest - from the Central Bank, whether we like it or not.

Take Greece, a prime example of what happens when you can't afford to pay the interest on your national debt. Unemployment there is rife, wages have been slashed to below poverty levels. Basic amenities such as Gas, Electric and running water are no longer guaranteed.

Suicide rates have gone through the roof. People are queueing in their thousands for free food handouts - handouts by those more fortunate I hasten to add, not by the Greek government. And worst of all, children are being abandoned by families who are no longer able to feed them - Economic Collapse, coming to a country near you sooner than you think.

Course, you won't hear any government say that the problem was caused by the central bank scam... Ohhh no.

You will however hear the likes of IMF chief Christine Lagarde - The Central Banks pet puppet - blame the Greeks for bringing the problem on themselves for... Wait for it... Not paying their taxes.

Taxes that would have gone towards making the interests repayments on their National debt... That was created through the Greek Government borrowing from the Central bank instead of printing their own currency.
In fact there is only one word that I can use to describe Christine Lagarde and that word is Cunt. And while that word may offend some readers, answer me this; What do you call a person who sits in judgement of others for not paying their taxes while earning a tax free yearly salary of £298,675 topped up with a tax free allowance of £83,760, payable without justification?

A Cunt perhaps?

Finally, let’s have a look at our Prime Ministers breathtaking hypocrisy that I made mention of earlier. Below is just one of the many articles published yesterday in the Corporate owned mainstream media giving details about Cameron's condemnation of Jimmy Carr.
Immediately below that article is another article published in the Guardian in April of this year, the contents of which are self explanatory... You really couldn't make it up, don't cha know.

David Cameron slams comedian Jimmy Carr's 'morally wrong' tax arrangement.

20/6/12

Prime Minister David Cameron today branded comedian Jimmy Carr "morally wrong" for seeking to avoid taxes.
In an interview with ITV News, he said reports of Carr's tax arrangements suggested that he was involved in "straightforward tax avoidance".

And he said it was unfair on the people who pay to watch the comic perform that he is not paying his taxes in the same way that they do.
Speaking during a round of TV interviews during his trip to Mexico, the PM said: "I think some of these schemes - and I think particularly of the Jimmy Carr scheme - I have had time to read about and I just think this is completely wrong.

"People work hard, they pay their taxes, they save up to go to one of his shows. They buy the tickets. He is taking the money from those tickets and he, as far as I can see, is putting all of that into some very dodgy tax avoiding schemes.

"That is wrong. There is nothing wrong with people planning their tax affairs to invest in their pension and plan for their retirement - that sort of tax management is fine.
"But some of these schemes we have seen are quite frankly morally wrong.
"The Government is acting by looking at a general anti avoidance law but we do need to make progress on this.

"It is not fair on hard working people who do the right thing and pay their taxes to see these sorts of scams taking place."
Mr Cameron said he had not had time to look at allegations relating to singer Gary Barlow, who has also been subject to newspaper investigations.
It comes after Mr Carr broke his silence over claims that he dodged tax, insisting: "I pay what I have to and not a penny more."

The funnyman is said to have used an aggressive - but legal - tax-avoidance scheme which enables members to pay income tax rates as low as 1%.
Carr, who has famously lampooned fat cat bankers, reportedly protects some £3.3 million a year by channelling cash through Jersey-based company K2 which then returns the money in the form of a loan. This is not subject to income tax.

He spoke out last night amid claims that members of Take That - Gary Barlow, Howard Donald, Mark Owen and their manager Jonathan Wild - invested at least £26 million in another scheme run by Icebreaker Management Services.
Carr was confronted over his own financial arrangements during a show in Tunbridge Wells, in Kent.
Challenged by a member of the audience who told him "You don't pay tax", he replied: "I pay what I have to and not a penny more", The Times reported.
It came after he appeared to make light of the furore surrounding his payments to HM Revenue and Customs (HMRC).

He asked: "Got through the papers? I haven't really been through the papers today. The Murdochs are after me..."
Carr is said to be one of more than 1,000 beneficiaries who shelter some £168 million from the taxman each year using K2.
Fellow comic Frankie Boyle took to Twitter in apparent condemnation of his alleged tax-avoidance.

*He wrote: "It's ok to avoid tax providing every time you do a joke about a town being s*** you add 'Partly down to me I'm afraid' under your breath."*
Carr courted controversy last year after making a joke about a car crash in the wake of a pile-up on the M5 that claimed seven lives.
Writing on Twitter, he said: "An (sic) couple married for 66 yrs died within 3 days of each other.

"That's nothing. My grandparents died on exactly the same day.... car crash."
He later apologised, insisting his remarks did not relate to the accident in Somerset.

Barlow, Donald, Owen and Wild are among almost 1,000 people who contributed £480 million to 62 partnerships in music industry investment schemes, The Times reported.
A Revenue and Customs spokesman said it had successfully challenged an avoidance scheme run by Icebreaker 1 LLP, winning on the main arguments in the tribunals.
The spokesman said: "This type of scheme will fail where there is circular borrowing which serves no economic purpose or which cannot, in fact, be used in a trade.

"We are now preparing to litigate Icebreaker 2 but for legal reasons cannot say more at this time.
"We examine the implementation of avoidance schemes in detail and will not let any aspect of these cases go unchallenged."
HMRC said the K2 scheme was already under investigation.

THE GUARDIAN

CAMERON FAMILY FORTUNE MADE IN TAX HAVENS

20/4/12

David Cameron's father set up offshore investment funds which explicitly boasted of their ability to remain outside UK tax jurisdiction. Photograph: Dan Kitwood/PA

David Cameron's father ran a network of offshore investment funds to help build the family fortune that paid for the prime minister's inheritance, the Guardian can reveal.

Though entirely legal, the funds were set up in tax havens such as Panama City and Geneva, and explicitly boasted of their ability to remain outside UK tax jurisdiction.

At the time of his death in late 2010, Ian Cameron left a fortune of £2.74m in his will, from which David Cameron received the sum of £300,000.

Cameron and other cabinet members have recently suggested that they would be willing to disclose their personal tax filings amid growing scrutiny following the budget, but this would only shed light on annual sources of income rather than accumulated wealth or inheritance.

The structure employed by Cameron senior is now commonplace among modern hedge funds, which argue that offshore status can help attract international investors. UK residents would ordinarily have to pay tax on any profits they repatriated, and there is nothing to suggest the Camerons did not.

Nevertheless, the dramatic growth of such offshore financial activity has raised concerns that national tax authorities are struggling to pin down the world's super-rich.

Ian Cameron took advantage of a new climate of investment after all capital controls were abolished in 1979, making it legal to take any sum of money

out of the country without it being taxed or controlled by the UK government.

Not long after the change, brought in by Margaret Thatcher after her first month in power, Ian Cameron began setting up and directing investment funds in tax havens around the world.
Leaving his full-time role as a City stockbroker, Ian Cameron went on to act as chairman of Close International Asset management, a multimillion-pound investment fund based in Jersey; as a senior director of Blairmore Holdings Inc, registered in Panama City and currently worth £25m; and he was also a shareholder in Blairmore Asset Management based in Geneva.

However, the family will – a public document seen by the Guardian – only details the assets of Ian Cameron's estate in England and Wales. Offshore investments would only be listed in submissions to HMRC for inheritance tax purposes. It is unclear what those assets – if any – are worth and which family member owns them.
In 2009 the compilers of the Sunday Times Rich List estimated Ian Cameron's wealth at £10m.

He was survived by his wife, Mary Fleur Cameron, who as his spouse would not have had to pay inheritance tax on sums transferred between them.
In 2006 Ian's eldest son, Alexander, became the sole owner of the family's £2.5m house in Newbury, Berkshire, where David had been brought up. Another family home in Kensington, London, worth £1m, passed to his two daughters in equal share.

Cameron's father was "instrumental" in setting up the Panamanian company, Blairmore Holdings, in 1982, which was exempt from UK tax, when David was a pupil at Eton aged 16.
The fund shares its name with the family's ancestral home in Aberdeenshire, Blairmore House, in which Ian Cameron was born in 1932 but which the family no longer owns.

A lengthy prospectus for Blairmore Holdings written in 2006 and meant to attract high net worth "sophisticated" investors, with at least $100,000 to buy shares, is explicit about how the fund sought to avoid UK tax. At the time

more than half of the fund's 11 directors were UK nationals.

Under Panamanian law the fund was excluded from taxation derived from other parts of the world.

"The fund is not liable to taxation on its income or capital gains as long as such income or capital gains are not derived from sources allocated within the territory of the Republic of Panama," the 2006 prospectus reads.
"The Directors intend that the affairs on the Fund should be managed and conducted so that it does not become resident in the United Kingdom for UK taxation purposes. Accordingly ... the Fund will not be subject to United Kingdom corporation tax or income tax on its profits," the prospectus continues.

The investor document also credits Ian Cameron as a founder member of Blairmore Holdings and states that as an adviser he would be paid $20,000 a year – the highest paid director – whatever profits were realised.

In fact, the long-term Panamanian investment fund performed above market rate over many years averaging a 116% return from 2002-2007. Today many of the fund's largest holdings are in blue-chip stocks such as Apple, Unilever and Coca Cola.
Before his death, aged 77, Ian Cameron was also chairman and shareholder of Close International Equity Growth Fund Ltd, registered in Jersey and worth £9m according to papers filed in 2005. In that year just under half of the fund's holdings were in UK listed stocks.

A third fund set up in Geneva, Switzerland, had a shorter life span and finally dissolved in 2007 but had many of the same registered shareholders as the Panamanian outfit. These included a number of former employees of Panmure Gordon, the stockbroking firm where Ian Cameron spent much of his career and those from Smith and Williamson investment management where Cameron senior was a consultant.

One notable investor into the Panama fund was a charity established by Tory peer Lord Vinson. Accounts from 2009 show that a charitable trust set up

under his own name invested £82,000 into the fund – almost one quarter of its investments in shares.
Vinson's trust that year went on to donate tens of thousands of pounds to rightwing think tanks including the Institute of Economic Affairs and Civitas.

David Cameron has recently remarked on companies who have taken advantage of offshoring to legally avoid tax. Speaking at the start of the year to small business leaders in Maidenhead, he said: "With the large companies, that have the fancy corporate lawyers and the rest of it, I think we need a tougher approach.
"One of the things that we are going to be looking at this year is whether there should be a general anti-avoidance power that HMRC can use, particularly with very wealthy individuals and with the bigger companies, to make sure they pay their fair share."

The row also comes as the top rate of tax was lowered in last month's budget from 50p to 45p and the rate of corporation tax continue to drop to achieve the chancellor's ambition of giving the UK one of the lowest rates of corporation tax in the G7.
Responding to opposition criticisms over the lowering of the top tax rate, Cameron said: "The cut in the 50p tax rate is going to be paid five times over by the richest people in our country."

Downing Street said it did not want to comment on what was a private matter for the Cameron family.

A spokesperson added: "The government's tax reforms are about making sure that some of the richest people in the country pay a decent share of income tax."
The investment managers Smith and Williamson, for whom Ian Cameron worked, chose not to comment.

Chapter 24
Drills of the Dead: Maine Prepares for Zombie Attack

First published on the 26th of June 2012…

Over the past couple of months I have been reading more and more about isolated incidents of what the mainstream media have been calling '*Zombie Attacks*'. However, I have somewhat shied away from reproducing these articles because as I say, they have been isolated incidents and to be frank, the general public as a whole more or less dismiss the existence of the so called Reptilians, so they are definitely not going to buy into the idea of Zombies inhabiting the world.

Nevertheless, it has now got to the stage where Emergency Drills and training exercises are being carried out by the Emergency services (*which therefore follows that they are being done so with the backing or on the orders of the security services*), with the scenario being that of a Zombie attack.

Course. the fact that these isolated incidents and now this training exercises have all been reported in the media means that I can no longer continue to ignore them.
Indeed, I firmly believe that even those people who don't buy into the NWO and the many possible ways in which it is meant to be brought about (e.g *UFO attack/ Nuclear bomb*), have a underlying sense of unease about the future, albeit they don't know why.

Now, one of those ways in which the NWO was meant to be put in place was via an alien attack, which was scheduled to take place during the Olympics. And with that in mind, is a Zombie attack any less plausible? To my mind a Zombie attack, started by a released virus is every bit as likely as that of an attack on Earth from outer space.

Furthermore, it is without doubt that the Elites like to give us clues as to their plans via Hollywood blockbusters (Alien attack, war, 9/11) and they further like us to get used to the idea and that the said idea is plausible via the gradual increase in reports via the Mainstream media (*UN have appointed a minister for space, Egypt, Libya, Syria being next etc, etc*).

It is also true to say that there has been, within the passed 10 years, a huge increase in big budget Zombie type movies (Day/ Dawn/ Night of the dead and Zombieland to name but a few) and then there are those films that have the world threatened by the release of a top secret biological weapon (The Fog) or via a virus (Resident evil, I am legend, both of which see the people who are lucky enough to survive attacked by Zombies). That begs the question: Coincidence or deliberate?

Which ever it may be, the increase in Zombie type news reports are now at a level where I can no longer dismiss them, regardless of how ludicrous they may sound to the majority of people. Below is the latest Zombie news.

RT News
26/6/12

Emergency officials in Maine have taken part in a training exercise in preparation for a zombie apocalypse. This comes just weeks after the federal government publicly denied the existence of zombies.

Around 100 emergency responders from eight different counties participated in the event in the quiet city of Bangor.

The premise: an unknown virus originating from Jamaica has reached Maine, turning the infected into zombies. Once infected, the virus quickly spreads to the brain, and turns the host into a full-fledged zombie, who has only one thing on its mind: biting other people.
The officials were armed with two would-be vaccines – one to prevent the infection from reaching the brain, and one to bring the zombies back to life.

“We have identified in several states, particularly Texas, New York, Illinois outbreaks of these civil disturbances and biting,” one official said. “And in conjunction with that there are also widespread power outages.”

The event may have been a staged act, with locals playing zombies, but it gave emergency responders an opportunity to prepare for a real life epidemic.

“This gives us the opportunity to do something a little bit different, but it still has the same principles that would apply in a real situation,” Kathy Knight, director of the Northeastern Maine Regional Resource Center told the Bangor Daily News. Emergency workers "need to figure out what they need, how they’re going to respond and how they are going to share their resources to respond to the disaster. They need to know who to go to outside their community to find the resources they don’t have, so it’s a different twist.”

The training exercise comes just several weeks after the US Center for Disease Control publicly denied the existence of zombies.

Rumors of a “zombie apocalypse” have been on the rise after a series of disturbing incidents.
In Florida, police caught a naked man chewing on the face of another person. They eventually shot him dead after unsuccessfully trying to push him away from the victim.
In Maryland, an engineering student allegedly stabbed a man to death and ate his heart and brain.

In Canada, a porn actor was detained on charges that he had killed and dismembered his lover. He is alleged to have recorded a video of himself copulating with some of the body parts, and consuming others. He is also suspected of sending the limbs of the victim to the headquarters of political parties, as well as two schools in Vancouver.

Chapter 25
Facebook: The Devil's Playground For Social Misfits

Now just to avoid any confusion, I should explain that when I wrote this my main income was still coming from my job as a Tattoo Artist as opposed to a writer.
Nevertheless, this post was written to demonstrate the huge drop in moral standards...

Do I have Facebook? Yes, of course I do, who doesn't?
Well, some of the older generation may not, I suppose, but apart from them, pretty much everyone else does.
Facebook (FB), as I'm sure I do not need to tell you is a Social Networking Site. I personally associate the words 'Social' & 'Networking' as meaning 'mixing with other people in order to further a common goal.

This is why my FB is geared up around promoting my work and myself in my capacity as a Tattoo Artist & Body Piercer. Furthermore, with 99% of my business now coming via my FB, it has to be said that as a networking site, Facebook works.

Now obviously, it goes without saying that I also use my FB to keep in contact and up to date with my friends. However, out of the 884 'friends' on my FB, there are only about 20 or 30 who I can really say are my actual friends. The other 850 or so are either customers or potential customers and to my way of thinking, that is what a networking site is all about.
Now, pushing FB to one side for a moment, I should explain that I am what you would call a people watcher. I listen to what they have to say and watch how they act. So, fair to say then that people fascinate me.

Moreover, while not wishing to brag I have always been very perceptive

about people and I am quite proud of the fact that 9 times out of 10, I am right in how I perceive them. Indeed, it is in fact not untrue to say that; in the majority of cases I can get a measure on someone within 15 minutes or so of first meeting them.

Having said that, those of you who know me will know that I make no secret of the ‘downer’ that I have on people. You see, I deal with the public on a one to one basis daily in my job and I have reached the conclusion that people are becoming needier & more self obsessed than ever before.

I do in fact find it both annoying and frustrating that people - *or should that be sheeple* – refuse to think for themselves, take blame for their actions and refuse to see what is staring them straight in the face. And by that, I am of course referring to what is going on in this country and indeed, the world.

However, it is pleasing to note that a significant number of people are now slowly becoming a lot more aware of what is going on. Unfortunately, the fact still remains that the vast majority of people are still so mind controlled and deeply embedded into 'the system', that they simply are unable to see the direction that our government is steering us and the pitfalls that await us, once we get there.

In my recent article, **Monsters Inc,** I did attribute some of this social blindness to people’s natural inbuilt coping mechanism. This mechanism, which Psychologists’ say is triggered when a person is forced to step outside of their comfort zone, does not allow that person to accept any truth other than his or her own. Sadly, these people are the ones who will never learn. That is to say, they won’t until it is too late to change things.

You also have the type of person who knows that things are far from how they should be, but are of the opinion that there is nothing that they can do to change the situation... So they do exactly that; nothing.

Others, commonly known as the 'timid sheeple', are just too scared to object for fear of what the consequences will be if they do. These sheeple, whose aim in life appears to stop at having the ability to lose themselves among the

flock - *where they feel safe* - are the worst offenders in my book. Their apathy will not make the situation go away. On the contrary, it will hasten the process. These people need to wake up and realise that it is the Government who are meant to be afraid of the people - not the people who are afraid of the Government.
This type of person is the kind that our corrupt government thrive on. It was in fact this type of person who submissively walked into the Nazi gas chambers during WW2. And there were allegedly at least 6 million of them... Although that is highly doubtful, but that is another story.

But what does all this have to do with FB, I hear you ask? Good question. You see, as I said earlier, I have around 850 people on my FB friends list who are not my friends in the true sense of the word. It is in fact safe to say that I don't actually know the vast majority of these people from Adam. That said, I have spoken to nearly every one of them on at least one occasion. After all, these people add me because they want a tattoo done so they normally speak to me at least once.

And whenever anyone adds me, unless I am already aware of who they are, I tend to have a nosy at their profile info and photos, etc. I do so in part because as I have said, I am a people watcher. However, I do so in the main as a means of safeguarding myself since a lot of those who add me tend to be under 18 (*the legal age in the UK for a tattoo is 18*).
Course, these days, tattoos are now so mainstream that you cannot bracket the type of person to have one. I have in fact, to my knowledge tattooed: Policemen, Firemen, Paramedics, Nurses, Bank staff, Accountants, MacDonald employees, Builders, Models and drunken yobs, to name but a few.

So, it is fairly safe to assume that the 850 people or so currently on my FB friends list, and who are not real friends, will be made up from a cross section of society.
And as an aside, I do not think that I need to dwell too long on how closely the government's security service’s monitor us here on FB. In fact I will take it as read that you are already aware of that fact.

However, this wide range in diversity amongst those who use FB is certainly one of the reasons for the government doing so, allowing them to gain an insight into the mood of the country.

Another of their reasons for spying on us is to keep an eye on how their various human agendas are panning out. These agendas range from how dumbed down the nation has become, through to causing racial disharmony via the [nonexistent] terrorist threat (*in order to keep us divided*).

Indeed, you have to remember that the only way that they can keep us from becoming a threat to their corrupt reign of power is by having us divided and at each other's throat. I mean Dog forbid we should ever get together as one and see these greedy, corrupt psychopaths for what they really are.

Course, having said that, it is worth noting that some of us are monitored a lot closer than others. This is so as when the shit hits the fan - which it will do - the government will know exactly whose houses they need to dispatch their goons off to. But that is also a different story.

So, of my 850 'friends' who aren't really my friends, I would estimate that roughly 15 - 20% of them never post anything on FB. A similar percentage will only post game scores etc. I tend to hide postings made by these people being as their game postings are just an irritation and tend to clog up the news feed... But I digress... As usual.

A further 20 - 25% or so are made up of those who will post maybe once, or twice a day- occasionally more. Others within that 20 - 25% bracket will often only post once or twice a week. These posts, although not always interesting to me, will be valid, well thought out, intelligent, and have significance.

However, it is the remaining 35-45% that concerns me. These people would appear to have extremely narcissistic tendencies. And the fact that they are so obviously transparent does not alter the fact that if FB is representative of a nation, then 35-45% equates to around 20 - 30 million adults (16+) in the UK alone.

Moreover, all of these remaining people can be bracketed into one social category or another, none of which instill me with much hope that one day we will all wise up, turn around, and say enough is enough.

However, before I list the various categories that these people fit into, I ought to point out that everyone gets a little down now and again. Likewise, everyone gets ill and feels sorry for their self once in a while. When these and other lousy things happen, there is nothing wrong with sharing it on FB. I personally have a genuine empathy with people who are suffering through no fault of their own.

Nevertheless, it is people who continually seek sympathy, kudos or an ego boost without deserving it that fit into these social categories. You can in fact gain a huge insight into what a person is like by the type of status that they regularly post. Furthermore, over a period of time you begin to notice a reoccurring theme building up among these people.

So, if I - *in my capacity as an amateur people watcher* - can gain an insight into what these people are like, the government analysts must be having a field day. It is therefore little wonder that the authorities so openly take the piss out of us. They have no reason to do so covertly when so many people are so wrapped up within their own little worlds that anything else ceases to matter.

Now, as it happens not many of my FB friends take an interest in this site or what I have to say and as such, I doubt many will even read this. After all, why would they? They are my FB friends through their interest in tattoos; not with political matters.
Having said that, I still wouldn't moderate what I have to say for fear of upsetting anyone anyway. After all, sometimes being blunt is the only way to get through to people and while it pains me to say it; many people really do need a kick up the backside.

Mind you, strangely enough I am often described as "*being a blunt*"... At least that is what I think they say about me. Then again, I am a little deaf.

Certainly, I have in the past noticed in this site's statistics that on two occasions; someone has typed into Google the words 'big mouth' and then been directed here.

So with that in mind, I feel that I should point out to anyone on my FB friends list who does happen to read this and thinks that they may be one of those people listed in the following categories, the chances are you are probably right.
The categories then are as follows:

<u>The Munchhausen.</u>
These are the people who continually broadcast that they have a "Migraine" or that they have "the Flu".
And I used to suffer from Cluster Migraines and I can promise you that if you have a real Migraine, the last thing you would want to do is look at a bright computer screen or squint at a mobile phone.

I also count myself as being fortunate to only have had the Flu once in my life. On that occasion I was totally wiped out and bed ridden for three days. Yet despite this one bout of Flu being pre-computer days, had it not been, I certainly wouldn't have been in any fit state to announce how ill I felt on FB.

Course, if you are going to post a status on FB along the lines of: "*I have never been in so much pain in all my life*"**,** while in reality you have just woken up with a slight fuzzy headache, brought on by too much sleep, then you can only be posting such a statement in order to gain sympathy or because you are a total wimp and believe me, wimps number many. In fact I meet an awful lot of them in my job.

Now to my way of thinking, to make these migraine/flu claims when you have nothing more than a minor headache or a slight cold is self obsession at its worst and stinks of "*poor me, poor me*".

Moreover, the majority of the time, these very same people will post a status half an hour later saying how they are out having a great time shopping or working out down the gym.

Furthermore, there also happens to be an offshoot branch of the Munchhausen. And following on with the medical theme, I call This branch: *'The Munchausen by proxy'*. These people will try to draw attention to themselves and solicit sympathy by posting messages about how ill their children are.

Course, for their children to be that ill and that often makes you wonder why the sympathy givers do not contact the social services rather than pander to the needy.
And worse still, in my opinion it is because of this type of person who inevitably spends a great deal of time at the doctors, that I and others struggle to get a appointment when we need one. Therefore, these hypochondriacs really need to Man up.

The Happy Clapper.
These people are almost exclusively all women and are fooling no one but themselves. They will proceed to tell you almost every time that they post, how happy they are. Course, there is nothing wrong with being happy. In fact, there is nothing wrong with posting a status, saying so. What I question is why they need to constantly tell people? It is almost as if they repeat it enough times then they themselves will start to believe it.

Now I have noticed that the majority of these women who post these, **"***such a happy Girl today***"** type notifications will have recently come out of a relationship or are desperate for one.

However, having spent 18 years dealing daily on a one to one basis with the public, many of whom have just come out of a relationship *(i.e people who come to me to have their ex's name covered*) and drawing on my own experience with relationship break ups; if you're genuinely glad that the relationship is over, then you do not feel the need to tell everyone how happy you are with your life.

In fact my overall impression of these people is that they are far from happy. Certainly, they conjure up images in my mind of a village idiot going up to strangers and saying "*I'm happy*", with a big vacant smile on their face. These

people need to learn that happiness is a state of mind, not something that they can force on themselves by continually repeating it.

However, what these *Happy Clappers* need to address is why they need to convince people of their 'happiness'... Although ironically I suspect that depression has a lot to do with it.
Nevertheless, there is also another type of Happy Clapper. And again, they will all be almost exclusively women. They will also all be very overweight - and i'm talking obese here not carrying a few extra pounds.

These women appear to have an obsessive need to convince people that they are comfortable with their weight by posting how happy they are with life. This is why fat people are usually said to be '*bubbly*'. Yet in reality they are filled with self loathing and are anything but happy.

I mean how can anyone be happy being enormously fat? Being fat doesn’t look good on a person (unless you are in the fat fetish minority). Moreover, being fat also hinders a person’s mobility and their ability to enjoy themselves... And it will most certainly end your life a lot quicker than if you are slim.

Now I am obviously aware that I may come across as sounding judgmental here but this really is not the case at all. What I am doing is pointing out the pitfalls associated with being very overweight.

I therefore ask you, why would a person purposely want to restrict what they can and can’t do in return for a body that will shorten their life? In fact if proof were needed it is true to say that I have never ever heard someone who was once very fat, having now lost the weight, say that they were happier the way they was before.

Course, it is easy to put weight on, but a lot harder to lose it and being very overweight is usually a vicious cycle of hating being fat and comfort eating junk food to feel better about the fact. And ultimately, laziness also plays a large part in obesity.

Nevertheless, be it laziness, lack of motivation or living off nervous energy, it cannot be considered constructive or helpful to society. Inevitably, these kinds of people are needy, self obsessed and easily bought or manipulated. They certainly crave love and attention. And as I say; being genuinely happy is a state of mind and shouldn't need broadcasting. If you are happy then your happiness will soon shine through unaided.

The Faithful Sheepbooker.

These people will copy & paste a post on request without checking the contents accuracy first. Now while this might sound as if I am just being intolerant towards people who may have a genuine desire to promote worthy causes, you have to look at the bigger picture. You see, to my way of thinking, if they will blindly Copy & Paste anything just because they have been asked to do so, does it not follow that they will also do this in all aspects of their lives?

In fact as far as I am concerned, anyone who does something without question is dangerous. Indeed, if more people questioned the government or said "No" they are not going to do something that isn't right, then we wouldn't be in this mess.

That fact aside, the vast majority of these Copy & Paste things actually cheapen the cause that they are supposed to be championing. For instance, the ones that read something like the following, I find particularly distasteful:

"Stupid Cancer... We all wish for different things... A new car, a new TV, or an iPhone. But people with Cancer only wish for one thing... To get better... If you know someone who has died, is fighting or has recovered from cancer, copy & paste this... 93% of my friends wont. I think I know the 7% who will".

How condescending is that?

Cancer is an awful disease that wreaks havoc on the sufferer and their family. In fact I know from very close quarters how people with cancer react. That's why I find crap like this so insulting. For a start, Cancer sufferers don't wallow about in self pity "*wishing for a cure*". They get on with life because

they have no choice in the matter. Moreover, any doctor will tell you that positive mental attitude is of major benefit to a cancer sufferer. And just for the record, I can categorically state that sufferers also have the same wishes and dreams as anyone else does... I know because I have had cancer.

However, even more insulting is the made up statistics that you invariably find at the end of these copy and paste posts. You see, these statistics are inevitably plucked out of thin air by the tiny minded idiot who wrote the status in the first place just so as hundreds and thousands of unthinking sheeple can blindly re-post and in doing so, pander to his or her hugely inflated ego.

Moreover and beyond contempt are the Sheeple who blindly re-post the ones that have just been re-hashed - Same wording, different disease. Therefore, my advice to these twats is; if you’re going to insult someone who has a life changing illness at least insult him or her with something that is original.

Indeed, what these sycophants should really be promoting is the fact that all the evidence points to diseases like cancer being curable. Unfortunately, we as part of the so called 99% are not in general privy to the cure.

However, ask yourself this: If the statistic for people suffering from cancer is correct, then 1 in every 3 of us will be a sufferer. Yet when was the last time that you saw a member of the British Royal Family catching cancer. Philip, Elizabeth, Charles, Camilla, Ann, Tim, Andrew, His paedophile Boyfriend, Edward Sophie & their kids, William, Harry, Andrew's two daughters whatever their names are, Zara, Peter... And there you have the names of the Queen, her husband, her children & their partners as well as her grandchildren. Eighteen people in all, yet not one case of cancer.

Now if the statistic for us was the same as the immediate royal family's (and don't forget that there are many more of the parasites, all cancer free), imagine how many millions more lives would be spared this awful disease.

Unfortunately, I feel that these people don't 'copy and paste' out of a desire to champion a worthy cause. You see, in reality I believe that they do so out of a

need to be part of the pack. They certainly don't do any research before they copy and paste - that much is obvious.

The same can be said about the Copy & Paste posts that start with: *"Its Sister/Brother/uncle/Aunt week... If you have a sister/Brother/uncle/Aunt who has always been there for you, etc, etc, etc"*.

Now how pathetic are these things... No! It is not Sister week or anyone else's week for crying out loud. Yet people post this crap repeatedly, either out of a desire to appear 'Caring' or to endear themselves to the person that they copied & pasted from.

I mean, if you genuinely want to honour someone or pay tribute to him or her then fine. But be original and do it because you want to, not because you feel that you have to.
However, whilst the aforementioned C&P posts are just mainly embarrassing, to my mind some are bordering on being dangerous. I am of course referring to the ones that tell of children being abducted or molested, usually outside a shop or supermarket. Sometimes they will name a specific make of car and give its registration number or name a supermarket where the child was supposedly molested in the toilets - usually by Eastern Europeans.

Mind you, the Government must have loved the introduction of Eastern Europeans being brought into play... Never mind that there wasn't a shred of truth in it. The seed was planted in these idiots minds and from that point on, literally thousands of people became suspicious of everyone who spoke with a foreign accent.

What's more, nine times out of ten the author will try to add further validation to the status by proclaiming that the information was on 'Fox News at 5' or some other media source. Then, before you can blink, this old bollocks has in those brown-noser's tiny minds also become fact.

Now, on the face of it, many will view these C&P posts as being harmless. But what happens if one day a child really is snatched? I mean there has been that many hoax C&P's on FB that no one outside of these sycophants will

take any notice!

I am in fact literally gob-smacked by people's willingness to believe anything, no matter how implausible the scenario may be, without asking questions or verifying the facts for themselves. Worse still, they do so just because one of their 'friends' says it's true.

Indeed, it wasn't so long ago that everyone was up in arms because someone had posted a C&P status saying that FB was about to start charging. And I still can't believe that it went viral! After all, you can just imagine Mark Zuckerberg chairing a board meeting and saying; "*I think we ought to start charging our subscribers... Get on to that little cranky kid, y'know, the one that has no mates, and tell him to announce the charges*".

I can only put the gullibility of those who fell for it down to the fluoride in our drinking water taking affect... Madness.

<u>The Billy Liars.</u>
These people are the kinds who think everyone but himself or herself have the memory of a goldfish... And to some extent, they may have a point I suppose... But I digress... Again.
These people will post a status saying something along the lines of "*I'm getting my new Car next week*" or "*Can't wait to move into my new flat*", so as someone will ask them about it.
Those examples would be absolutely fine as a status, should they have any foundation to them. However, the people that I'm referring to don't have a hope in hell of achieving whatever it is that they are bragging about.

Now I personally refuse to pander to the person's ego by even questioning the wisdom behind their claim, yet others do in their droves. In doing so, they give the sad sack who wrote the status their five minutes of glory while pandering to their ego at the same time. However when the Job, Car, House, Rich Boyfriend, etc, etc, fail to materialize, those who took the time to ask about the new car - *or whatever it was* - don't bother to take the Billy Liar to task.

In fact it is usually the person who inquired about the last fantasy, who will be the person to ask about the next one. And the process starts all over again. Now once again, it could be asked why these type of people bother me. And the answer to that is for various reasons. Obviously, those telling the lies about their lives either do so out of low self esteem, a need to be liked, or a yearning to make others jealous. But it is not reality. We live in an illusionary world as it is, forced upon us by the elites without our own kind taking it a step further.

It bothers me that people are so quick to believe anything except the truth, the truth being that if they don't wake up soon, they are going to be very, very sorry. The coming NWO is not a game. These monsters will not go away.

Furthermore, one of my pet hates is liars and another is people mugging other people off. A lie is a lie and if someone buys into the lie, then they are being mugged off. It is through the corrupt Government liars that we find ourselves at this dangerous point in history. A small lie today can become a big lie tomorrow. By encouraging the sad sack in their fantasy world, is only encouraging them to lie all the more.

If on the other hand, the person swallowing the lie is doing so because they do not have the intelligence to see through it, then they are being made a fool of or being used to further the liar's agenda. This is a form of Mind Control and we all know where that leads.
What this country needs are more people who can think logically and see through the implausibility of a lie. In the event that they do fall for it, confront the liar about it when their boast fails to materialize. Attitudes need to change and until people who constantly lie are challenged, standards will continue to decline.

The clever brain dead.
These are the people who continually bombard the news feed with pictures that have profound words with a deep meaning attached (memes). And if it was only now and then that these clever brain dead people were posting these things then fine.

But it isn't! In fact they continually post them as if by doing so somehow qualifies them as being the author. I actually see people commenting on these post's saying "*Oh John/Jane you are funny*" just as if John/Jane had actually written the words on the picture or taken the funny photo themselves.

Once again, this annoys me because people buy into it, instead of realising that the person who posted the meme has no imagination of their own. I mean, if I want to look at funny pictures or read poignant words then I will go find them for myself. I certainly do not need them shoved down my throat by someone so lacking in imagination that they are not capable of thinking for themselves.

Then there is the other kind of picture that is usually blunt and has '*attitude*' or is sickly sweet in its content. The people who post these things will have picked the chosen wording as supposedly being a representation of themselves. The message will inevitably be either caring or feisty. One example is: *"Don't like me... Deal with it... Don't like what I say... Delete me"*.

These people are supposedly adults yet they post pictures, designed to '*big themselves up*' just like school children do. Course, what they fail to recognise is that they are in fact so lacking in imagination that the message they are trying to get across is anything but a true representation of themselves.

Grow up and think for yourself. If you are a caring person say what is in your heart, not what is on a picture. If you are a feisty person, then why do you need to use other people's words to get your message across? Moreover, why do you want people to perceive you as being feisty anyway?

The Badaman.

Now nine out of Ten times the Badaman will be young, male, and White and although their posts are in English, they will make no sense whatsoever to anyone over the age of 25. However, what little you can make sense of, will usually be aggressive.

The Badaman will inevitably talk like a Jamaican Yardie and will be in desperate need of his trousers being pulled up. Sadly, this kind of person will have no respect for anyone or anything.

They will however, hypocritically demand respect for themselves and their property. Unable to claim benefits yet totally unemployable, the Badaman will carve out a living by selling dope and stolen goods.

The Govt absolutely love these young fellas as they can be used as a an excuse to bring in new revenue raising laws and assist in the further progression of the 'Nanny State'.

The amateur dramatics society.

The ADS brigade is a particularly needy lot who thrive on drama. They will post a status that demands a comment should the reader be half interested. They thrive off life's gossips and nosy-parkers, but in the process also reel in a few good Samaritans along the way.

A typical ADS status will read something along the lines of: "*If you think you can mug me off , give it your best shot*" or *"I can't believe you would do that to me".*The first example is for those who thrive on gossip and the only way to find out what the status is about is to ask via a comment. In doing so they give the author the attention they crave.

The second example is aimed at those more caring or sycophant, who will feel compelled to comment.

Course the more experienced of this group, and by that I mean those who add to their friends list in the 1000's, won't bother with typing such long drawn out updates as the two examples I have given. For the ADS 'Dons', a simple; *"Grrr WTF "* will suffice and get them the attention that they thrive upon in double quick time.

The Grateful Brain-dead

This last category is proof, if any were needed, that there is an active government agenda in place, to dumb down the nation. It has become

increasingly obvious to me over the years that kids are leaving school in ever increasing numbers unable to read or write properly.
These semi-literate people will post status after status all totally devoid of any punctuation. Well, I say devoid of any, but the more astute of the Grateful Brain-Dead may insert the odd '*lol*' as a stand in for a full stop. This lack of punctuation makes deciphering what these people are trying to say extremely difficult at times.

Moreover, trying to read their status - already devoid of punctuation - is further hampered by the Grateful Brain-Dead's poor grasp of the English language. For example, these people can never work out if they should use the word '*there*' for "*their"*, "*here"* for "*hear"*, "*who's*" for "*whose*" or "*aloud*" for *"allowed*", etc, etc.

Worse still, some difficult to spell often used words appear to have been totally replaced by a revamped version. For instance, '*Gorgeous*' has now become '*Gawjus'*.

The same can be said for words that do not make sense without an apostrophe. A good example of this would be "*he's*" which sounds like '*hez*' when the apostrophe is left out. To combat this problem The GBD have simply replaced "*he's*" with *'his'*. This means we no longer have sentences such as "*He's at the shops*". Instead, we now have; "*His at the shops*"...

Now, having categorised these people, I can quite well imagine that this article reads like a rant. And to be fair, I have had a little sound off. Furthermore, I suppose that some will accuse me of being overly 'picky' but I can assure you that I am not.

However, the point is this: If we continue to allow ourselves to be so easily led or taken in without thinking for ourselves or if we continue to encourage liars to lie and bullshitters to spout bullshit (*which then becomes fact*), we are playing the game in exactly the way that the establishment want us to play it.

Furthermore, a drop in standards - social or otherwise - will only lead to a further increase in the Nanny state mentality. Moreover, if the government

feel the need to monitor FB, then you can guarantee that they are using that information as a yardstick to dictate policy.

So, the way that I see it is, if 30% of the population or 15 million people are so gullible, needy, or easily led, then we really are in trouble. We need to use our brains and think for ourselves. The more we do, the easier learning becomes. A sloppy, apathetic, uneducated public, is an easily manipulated, public that will allow a democracy to become a dictatorship. I don't think any of us, no matter how needy wants that to happen, do we?

Just sayin'.

Chapter 26
Fukushima

My reports on the Fukushima Nuclear Power Plant disaster were what began to first get me noticed, especially in the Far East. However, it has become increasingly clear to me over the following years that the earthquake that triggered the disaster was no accident.
Nevertheless, what follows is the first of many articles that I wrote on the subject...

Last week I was contacted out of the blue by a lady named Pia Christina Jensen who happened to have stumbled across this site. Pia has been following the Fukushima Nuclear power plant 'accident' in Japan from the beginning and has immense knowledge on the subject.

In her communication she sent me some links to information regarding Fukushima, that you will not read in the mainstream media. I was of course already aware that the Japanese authorities were doing nowhere near enough to safeguard the lives of their fellow countrymen. Indeed, the accident was so serious that apart from evacuating the whole country (Obviously not practical), there was not that much that they could do to guarantee the safety of their citizens.

However, it is becoming abundantly clear that the Japanese government(JG) could have done an awful lot more. In fact, from what I am reading now, the American and Brazilian governments could have also done more (The fallout effects are now impacting on both countries). Instead, the Japanese government have embarked on a wide scale cover up, releasing little information about the extent of the danger that Japan's citizens are facing.

What little information they are releasing is at best incorrect and misleading

and at worst blatant lies. Certainly, the JG are lying about what the safe level of radiation is before evacuation becomes necessary. As such they are going to be directly responsible for many thousands of death's through radiation poisoning. You can bet your life that the Japanese elite are not eating the contaminated food or drinking the contaminated water that the rest of the Japanese population are having to survive on.

Following the publication yesterday on this site, of one of the articles Pia sent me a link for, I was contacted in the early hours of this morning by the author. The article was in the form of a medical report detailing the ever increasing number of people becoming sick with radiation poisoning.

The Author **Yuri Hiranuma,** pointed out in his communication to me that the medical report dated back to January 2012. He told me that since the release of that report, he has not had the time to release an update. The following is lifted directly from his message to me and details exactly why no update has been forthcoming:

" ***We have not had a chance to do more reports simply due to an overwhelming number of reported cases. In other words, current situations in Japan are worse than in this report. In addition, medical information in Fukushima is sealed, which means we have no idea what is truly going on there. What's in our report is from the rest of the country".***

At this stage, I do not want to bombard you with too many facts until I have had a chance to read the reports I have been sent. However, it is now crystal clear that Fukushima is no longer a Japanese problem. It is a global problem. I would like to thank both Yuri and Pia for the information that they have sent me links for.

** THE FOLLOWING IS AN ARTICLE FROM **ENFORMABLE NUCLEAR NEWS** RELEASED ON THE 25TH OF AUGUST 2012:*

Almost a month after reports surfaced that workers at the damaged Fukushima Daiichi nuclear power plant were told to use lead covers in order

to hide unsafe radiation levels, a team of Japanese researchers has published an article in the Journal of the American Medical association, revealing that 47% of participants having taken a survey given to workers at Fukushima Daiichi had experienced severe psychological distress.

The team lead by Jun Shigemura, M.D., Ph.D., from the National Defense Medical College in Saitama, Japan, had studied the psychological status of Fukushima workers 2 to 3 months after the disaster for symptoms of general psychological distress (nervousness, hopelessness and depression), including posttraumatic stress response (PTSR), and included all full-time workers from the Daiichi plant. Just under one-third of Daiichi workers had symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder, or PTSD.

The biggest reason for the feelings of mental anguish was verbal or physical abuse, such as receiving strong insults and being targeted by thrown objects, according to the report.
A separate report in the August 15th issue of JAMA lead by Masaharu Tsubokura, M.D., of the University of Tokyo, researchers studied the amount of internal radiation exposure among residents of Minamisoma, a city north of the Fukushima Daiichi power plant. In total, 3,286 individuals (or 34.6%) had detectable levels of cesium, including 235 children (16.4%) and 3,051 adults (37.8%). In children, the concentration ranged from 2.8 to 57.9 Bq per kg, while for adults the range was 2.3 to 196.5 Bq per kg.

The tests were done between September 2011 and March 2012. The researchers note that partially due to the voluntary nature of the screenings, and also because this screening program started 6 months after the nuclear power plant disaster, higher exposure levels might have been detected earlier.

** The following is from FRCSR and was released the day after the above:

FRCSR *collects, through the Internet, reports of physical changes people have been experiencing since the Fukushima nuclear accident after March 11, 2011. The extent of radiation contamination is extremely serious, and we receive many inquiries from overseas. We will extract important points from*

applicable news articles, and translate it into English. Our intention is to share with you the recognition and understanding of the reality of radiation contamination in real time as much as possible.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 2012

In the last ten days, there were multiple reports of changes in white blood cell counts. In Fukushima-city, 60 kilometers from ground zero, a five-year-old child is already hospitalized with leukemia. At a Tokyo private medical clinic 250 kilometers from ground zero, it is reported that 700 children have had leukopenia since last April. This constitutes 80% of children who were seen at this clinic. There is no end to occurrences of infectious diseases, especially rubella, and reported cases are triple what was reported last year and previous years, according to a summary by Japan's National Institute of Infectious Diseases.

Reports from members of the general public:

My legs are badly swollen, so I thought I was taking in too much water, but I don't feel it so much even though the heat is intense. I have more moles. I had thyroid cyst aspiration done. My uterine fibroid is a little worse and anemia is a little worse. When I begin to list these issues, I feel that I am slowly being done in. My doctors tell me these are due to aging and menopause. I had tests done at a fairly large public hospital, but they hardly gave me any data from my tests and told me I was "okay." I went to a trustworthy private practitioner in Kodaira for re-examination and follow-up. I am considering a move to an area less contaminated.

I found out yesterday that a five-year-old son of my acquaintance is already hospitalized with leukemia. He and his divorced mother lived in Fukushima and now live in Ibaraki. They began his treatment with one cycle being 2 years. The acquaintance said, "I never imagined this would happen to my own child!".

My children (ages 7 and 3) had blood tests at the end of June, and their white blood cell counts are slightly low. In addition, it was pointed out that their

neutrophils are low. My elder child has lower white blood cell and neutrophil counts. Seven-year-old boy: WBC over 10,000 with 43% neutrophils in January 2012, but WBC was 6,300 with 25% neutrophils in June 2012. Three-year-old boy: WBC over 10,000 with 28% neutrophils in October 2010 and WBC 7,300 with 28% neutrophils in June 2012. I heard at the hospital that children living in places which are not hot spots in the Kanto region have shown the same tendency since March 2012. The results for both of my children were frightening to me. We are getting ready to move soon.

I am a counselor. Four women from central Tokyo who came for counseling last month had abortions and another woman had a baby who weighed less than 1,000 grams: this baby was later found to have a hole in heart.

My high school age daughter and I both have decreased white blood cell counts. She is 16. She is thin to begin with, but she lost over 2 kg in the last 18 months. Blood tests from November 2011 showed decreased WBC, platelets and RBC, and high CK, GPT, ALP and lymphocytes. She had urinary frequency in the fall of 2011. She also had proteinuria and diffuse goiter, but she already had enlarged thyroid before 311. We are taking maximum precautionary measures with food, but I extremely regret that she was outside on March 15, 2012. She has irregular menstrual periods with hypomenorrhea and shortened cycles. Ambient radiation level is 0.07 to 0.10 μSv/h inside and outside the house. We are considering a move, including our daughter withdrawing from school, but we are having difficulty making a decision.

I was asked by a cashier how much my purchase was, and I thought, "Okay, so it's so-and-so yen," but at the instant I was trying to get the money from my purse I forgot how much it was. I had no idea if a 1,000 yen bill was sufficient or a 10,000 bill was sufficient. My head was totally blank. After a few moments, I remembered the total amount, and I was able to pay.

Since this spring, I have hardly been able to do complicated paperwork from government offices and my children's schools. As soon as I read documents or hear explanations from clerks, I forget what I just read or heard. I have to

take notes on the spot so I can maintain my daily routine. I can't remember nouns. I was in a western city in Tokyo until the end of last year. It wasn't contaminated that much there. I was giving safe food to my child. I was being careful with food. I don't have any decrease in motor ability. Another symptom that bothers me is menstrual irregularity. By the way, my 6-year-old daughter had decreased WBC when she had blood tests done in June 2011. She had no weight gain from April 2011 to August 2011 and from September 2011 to December 2011.

*** The following was released by Newsquest Online also on the 26th of August 2012:

The ongoing series of crises at Japanese nuclear power plants is spreading the fear of radiation sickness not only in the island nation but worldwide.

According to an expert quoted in an article appearing in "Scientific American," acute radiation sickness usually gains traction after a full-body dose of radiation that is at least 3,000 times greater than what is considered an annual safe dose.
With the situation on the ground in Japan changing by the minute, it is unknown what the exact radiation level is.

What are the symptoms associated with radiation sickness?
The sickness first presents itself with nausea, vomiting, rashes and diarrhea, says the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC). The symptoms may follow just minutes or even days after exposure.

A time of serious illness – marked by the loss of appetite, fever, and extreme fatigue – can be relatively brief or continue for a long period of time.
Death is often the final outcome.

Potassium iodide is the recommended treatment that is used to protect the thyroid gland from being damaged by radioactive iodine. Thyroid damage is irreversible.
The substance, which can only protect the thyroid gland, should be taken as soon as possible after exposure to radiation. One dose lasts 24 hours.

Experts agree that it is safe for a pregnant woman to take potassium iodide when instructed to do so by a doctor. The dosage apparently also protects the thyroid of the fetus.
There are reports of panic buying of potassium iodide pills on the U.S. West Coast and elsewhere.

****The following was published by truthout.org on the 29th of August 2012:

Experts say acknowledging the threat would call into question the safety of dozens of identically designed nuclear power plants in the U.S.

More than a year after the triple meltdown at the Fukushima Daiichi power plant, the Japanese government, Tokyo Electric Power Company (Tepco) and the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) present similar assurances of the site's current state: challenges remain but everything is under control. The worst is over.

But nuclear waste experts say the Japanese are literally playing with fire in the way nuclear spent fuel continues to be stored onsite, especially in reactor 4, which contains the most irradiated fuel -- 10 times the deadly cesium-137 released during the 1986 Chernobyl nuclear accident. These experts also charge that the NRC is letting this threat fester because acknowledging it would call into question safety at dozens of identically designed nuclear power plants around the U.S., which contain exceedingly higher volumes of spent fuel in similar elevated pools outside of reinforced containment.

Reactor 4: The Most Imminent Threat
The spent fuel in the hobbled unit 4 at Fukushima Daiichi not only sits in an elevated pool outside the reactor core's reinforced containment, in a high-consequence earthquake zone adjacent to the ocean -- just as nearly all the spent fuel at the nuclear site is stored -- but it's also open to the elements because a hydrogen explosion blew off the roof during the early days of the accident and sent the building into a list.

Alarmed by the precarious nature of spent fuel storage during his recent tour of the Fukushima Daiichi site, Sen. Ron Wyden, D-Oregon, subsequently fired off letters to Secretary of State Hillary Clinton, Secretary of Energy Steven Chu, NRC Chairman Gregory Jaczko and Japanese ambassador to the U.S. Ichiro Fujisaki. He implored all parties to work together and with the international community to address this situation as swiftly as possible. A press release issued after his visit said that Wyden, a senior member of the U.S. Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources who is highly experienced with nuclear waste storage issues, believes the situation is "worse than reported," with "spent fuel rods currently being stored in unsound structures immediately adjacent to the ocean." The press release also noted the structures' high susceptibility to earthquakes and that "the only protection from a future tsunami, Wyden observed, is a small, makeshift sea wall erected out of bags of rock."

As opposed to units 1-3 at Fukushima Daiichi, where the meltdowns occurred, unit 4's reactor core, like units 5 and 6, was not in operation when the earthquake struck last year. But unlike units 5 and 6, it had recently uploaded highly radioactive spent fuel into its storage pool before the disaster struck.

Robert Alvarez, a nuclear waste expert and former senior adviser to the Secretary of Energy during the Clinton administration, has crunched the numbers pertaining to the spent fuel pool threat based on information he obtained from sources such as Tepco, the U.S. Department of Energy, Japanese academic presentations and the Institute of Nuclear Power Operations (INPO), the U.S. organization created by the nuclear power industry in the wake of the 1979 Three Mile Island accident.

What he found, which has been corroborated by other experts interviewed by AlterNet, is an astounding amount of vulnerably stored spent fuel, also known as irradiated fuel, at the Fukushima Daiichi site. His immediate focus is on the fuel stored in the damaged unit 4's pool, which contains the single largest inventory of highly radioactive spent fuel of any of the pools in the damaged reactors.

Alvarez warns that if there is another large earthquake or event that causes this pool to drain of water, which keeps the fuel rods from overheating and igniting, it could cause a catastrophic fire releasing 10 times more cesium-137 than was released at Chernobyl.
That scenario alone would cause an unprecedented spread of radioactivity, far greater than what occurred last year, depositing enormous amounts of radioactive materials over thousands of miles and causing the evacuation of Tokyo.

Nuclear experts noted that other lethal radioactive isotopes would also be released in such a fire, but that the focus is on cesium-137 because it easily volatilizes and spreads pervasively, as it did during the Chernobyl accident and again after the disaster at Fukushima Daiichi last year.

With a half-life of 30 years, it gives off penetrating radiation as it decays and can remain dangerous for hundreds of years. Once in the environment, it mimics potassium as it accumulates in the food chain; when it enters the human body, about 75 percent lodges in muscle tissue, including the heart.

The Threat Not Just to Japan But to the U.S. and the World
An even more catastrophic worst-case scenario follows that a fire in the pool at unit 4 could then spread, igniting the irradiated fuel throughout the nuclear site and releasing an amount of cesium-137 equaling a doomsday-like load, roughly 85 times more than the release at Chernobyl.

It's a scenario that would literally threaten Japan's annihilation and civilization at large, with widespread worldwide environmental radioactive contamination.
"Japan would suffer the worst, but it would be a global catastrophe," said Kevin Kamps, nuclear waste expert at the watchdog group Beyond Nuclear. "It already is, it already has been, but it would dwarf what's already happened."

Kamps noted that these pool fires were the beginning of the worst-case analysis envisioned by the Japanese government in the early days of the disaster, as reportedby the New York Times in February.

"Not only three reactor meltdowns but seven pool fires at Fukushima Daiichi," Kamps said. "If the site had to be abandoned by all workers, then everything would come loose. The end result of that was the evacuation of Tokyo."

In an interview with AlterNet, Alvarez, who is a senior scholar at the Institute for Policy Studies, said that the Japanese government, Tepco and the U.S. NRC are reluctant to say anything publicly about the spent fuel threat because "there is a tendency to want to provide reassurance that everything is fine."

He was quick to note, "The cores are still a problem, make no mistake, and there will be some very bad things happening if they don't maintain their temperatures at some sort of stable level and make sure this stuff doesn't eat down through the concrete mats."
But he said that privately "they're probably more scared shitless about the pools than they are about the cores. They know they're really risky and dangerous."

AlterNet asked the NRC if it is concerned about the vulnerability of the spent fuel at Fukushima Daiichi and what, if anything, it had expressed to the Japanese government and Tepco on the matter.
"All the available information continues to show the situation at Fukushima Dai-ichi is stable, both for the reactors and the spent fuel pools," NRC spokesman Scott Burnell replied via email. "The available information indicates that Spent Fuel Pool #4 has been reinforced."

But nuclear experts, including Arnie Gundersen, a former nuclear industry senior vice president who coordinated projects at 70 U.S. nuclear power plants, and warned days after the disaster at Fukushima last year of a "Chernobyl on steroids" if the spent fuel pools were to ignite, strongly disagreed with this assessment.

"It is true that in May and June the floor of the U4 SFP [spent fuel pool] was 'reinforced,' but not as strong as it was originally," Gundersen noted in an email to AlterNet. "The entire building however has not been reinforced and

is damaged by the explosion in both 4 and 3. So structurally U4 is not as strong as its original design required."

Gundersen, who is chief engineer at the consulting firm Fairewinds Associates, added that the spent fuel pool at unit 4 "remains the single biggest concern since about the second week of the accident. It can still create 'Chernobyl on steroids.'"

Alvarez said that even if the unit 4 structure has been tentatively stabilized, it doesn't change the fact "it sits in a structurally damaged building, is about 100 feet above the ground and is exposed to the atmosphere, in a high-consequence earthquake zone."
He also said that the urgency of the situation is underscored by the ongoing seismic activity around northeast Japan, in which 13 earthquakes of magnitude 4.0 to 5.7 have occurred off the northeast coast of Honshu between April 14 and April 17.
"This has been the norm since 3/11/11 and larger quakes are expected closer to the power plant," Alvarez added.

A recent study published in the journal Solid Earth, which used data from over 6,000 earthquakes, confirms the expectation of larger quakes in closer proximity to the Fukushima Daiichi site. In part, this conclusion is predicated on the discovery that the earthquake that initiated last year's disaster caused a seismic fault close to the nuclear plant to reactivate.
"There are a few active faults in the nuclear power plant area, and our results show the existence of similar structural anomalies under both the Iwaki and the Fukushima Daiichi areas," lead researcher Dapeng Zhao, a geophysics professor at Japan's Tohoku University, said in a press release.
"Given that a large earthquake occurred in Iwaki not long ago, we think it is possible for a similarly strong earthquake to happen in Fukushima."

AlterNet asked Sen. Wyden if he considers the spent fuel at Fukushima Daiichi a national security threat.

In a statement released by his office, Wyden replied, "The radiation caused by the failure of the spent fuel pools in the event of another earthquake could

reach the West Coast within days. That absolutely makes the safe containment and protection of this spent fuel a security issue for the United States."

Alvarez agrees, saying, "My major concern is that this effort to get that spent fuel out of there is not something you should be doing casually and taking your time on."
Yet Tepco's current plans are to hold the majority of this spent fuel onsite for years in the same elevated, uncontained storage pools, only transferring some of the fuel into more secure, hardened dry casks when the common pool reaches capacity.

For the moment, though, and for the foreseeable future -- unless the international community substantively comes to Japan's aid -- Tepco couldn't transfer the irradiated fuel from the damaged reactor units into dry cask storage even if it wanted to because the equipment to do so, such as the crane support infrastructure, was destroyed during the initial disaster.
"That's kind of shocking," said Paul Gunter of Beyond Nuclear. "But that's why we're still sitting on this gamble that there won't be another earthquake that could topple a very precarious unit 4."

Gunter is concerned that even a minor earthquake or a subsidence in the earth under unit 4 could cause its collapse.
"I think we're all on pins and needles every day with regard to unit 4," he said. "I mean there's any number of things that could happen. Nobody really knows."
Gunter added, "Right now its seismic rating should be zero."

Alvarez echoed Wyden's letters to the Japanese ambassador and U.S. officials.
"It really requires a major effort," he said. "The United States and other countries should begin to get involved and try to help the Japanese government to expedite the removal of that spent fuel and to put it into dry, hardened storage as soon as possible."

Same Spent Fuel Pool Designs at Dozens of U.S. Nuclear Sites

So why isn't the NRC and the Obama administration doing more to shed light on the extreme vulnerability of these irradiated fuel pools at Fukushima Daiichi, which threaten not only Japan but the U.S. and the world?

Nuclear waste experts say it would expose the fact that the same design flaw lies in wait -- and has been for decades -- at dozens of U.S. nuclear facilities. And that's not something the NRC, which is routinely accused of promoting the nuclear industry rather than adequately regulating it, nor the pro-nuclear Obama administration, want to broadcast to the American public.

"The U.S. government right now is engaged in its own kabuki theatre to protect the U.S. industry from the real costs of the lessons at Fukushima," Gunter said. "The NRC and its champions in the White House and on Capitol Hill are looking to obfuscate the real threats and the necessary policy changes to address the risk."

There are 31 G.E. Mark I and Mark II boiling water reactors (BRWs) in the U.S., the type used at Fukushima. All of these reactors, which comprise just under a third of all nuclear reactors in the U.S., store their spent fuel in elevated pools located outside the primary, or reinforced, containment that protects the reactor core. Thus, the outside structure, the building ostensibly protecting the storage pools, is much weaker, in most cases about as sturdy, experts describe in interviews with AlterNet, as a structure one would find housing a car dealership or a Wal-Mart.

Not what Americans might expect to find safeguarding nuclear material that is more highly radioactive than what resides in the reactor core.

The outer containments surrounding these spent fuel pools in these U.S. reactors patently fail to meet the NRC's own "defense in-depth" nuclear safety requirements.
But these reactors don't merely suffer from the same storage design flaw as those at Fukushima Daiichi.

In the U.S., the nuclear industry has been allowed to store incredible volumes of spent fuel for decades in high-density pools that were not only originally

designed to retain about one-fourth or one-fifth of what they now hold but were intended to be temporary storage facilities. No more than five years. That was before the idea of reprocessing irradiated fuel in this country failed to gain a foothold over 30 years ago. Once that happened, starting in the early 1980s, the NRC allowed high-density storage in fuel pools on the false assumption that a high-level waste repository would be opened by 1998. But subsequent efforts to gain support for storing nuclear waste at Yucca Mountain in Nevada have also been scrapped.
More recently, the NRC arbitrarily concluded these pools could store this spent fuel safely for 120 years.

"Our pools are more crammed to the gills than the unit 4 pool at Fukushima Daiichi, much more so," noted Kamps of Beyond Nuclear. "It's kind of like a very thick forest that's waiting for a wildfire. It would take extraordinary measures to prevent nuclear chain reactions in our pools because the waste is so closely packed in there."

Experts say the only near-term answer to better protect our nation's existing spent nuclear fuel is dry cask storage. But there's one catch: the nuclear industry doesn't want to incur the expense, which is about $1 million per cask.

"So now they're stuck," said Alvarez, "The NRC has made this policy decision, which the industry is very violently opposed to changing because it saves them a ton of money. And if they have to go to dry hardened storage onsite, they're going to have to fork over several hundred million dollars per reactor to do this."

He also pointed out that the contents of the nine dry casks at the Fukushima Daiichi site were undamaged by the disaster.
"Nobody paid much attention to that fact," Alvarez said. "I've never seen anybody at Tepco or anyone [at the NRC or in the nuclear industry] saying, 'Well, thank god for the dry casks. They were untouched.' They don't say a word about it."

The NRC declined to comment directly to accusations it's reluctant to draw

attention to the spent fuel vulnerability at Fukushima Daiichi because it would bring more awareness to the dangers of irradiated storage here in the U.S. But the agency did respond to a question about what it has done to address the vulnerability of spent nuclear fuel storage at U.S. nuclear sites with the Mark I and II designs.

"All U.S. spent nuclear fuel is stored safely and securely, regardless of reactor type," NRC spokesman Burnell replied in an email. "Every spent fuel pool is an inherently robust combination of reinforced concrete and steel, capable of safely withstanding the same type and variety of severe events that reactors are designed for."

He continued, "After 9/11, the NRC required U.S. nuclear power plants to obtain additional equipment for maintaining reactor and spent fuel pool safety in the event of any situation that could disable large areas of the plant. This 'B5b' equipment and related procedures include ensuring spent fuel pools have adequate water levels. The B5b measures are in place at every U.S. plant and have been inspected multiple times, including shortly after the accident at Fukushima.

"The NRC continues to conclude the combination of installed safety equipment and B5b measures can protect the public if extreme events impact a U.S. nuclear power plant."
But nuclear experts told AlterNet that the majority of Burnell's response could've been made prior to the disaster at Fukushima. In fact, Ed Lyman, senior staff scientist at the Union of Concerned Scientists, investigated these so-called "B5b" safety measures the NRC ordered post-9/11 and published his findings in a May 2011 Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists article.
Directly reflecting Burnell's response to AlterNet, Lyman wrote that after the Fukushima disaster, "the NRC and the industry invoked the mysterious requirements known as 'B5b' as a cure-all for the kinds of problems that led to the Fukushima crisis.

"Even though the B5b strategies were specifically developed to cope with fires and explosions, the NRC now argues that they could be used for any event that causes severe damage to equipment and infrastructure, including

Fukushima-scale earthquakes and floods."

But contrary to these NRC assurances, then and now, Lyman's report found B5b requirements inadequate, containing flaws in safety assumptions that suggest the NRC has not applied the major lessons learned from the Fukushima disaster. Additionally, he revealed emails showing that the NRC's own staff members questioned the plausibility of these procedures to effectively respond to extreme weather events like floods, earthquakes and concomitant blackouts.

Burnell sent a follow-up email, noting, "I also should have mentioned the NRC issued an order in March to all U.S. plants to install enhanced spent fuel pool instrumentation, so that plant operators will have a clearer understanding of SFP status during a severe event."
This is a curiously roundabout way of saying that spent fuel pools at U.S. reactors currently have no built-in instrumentation to gauge radiation, temperature or pressure levels.
Kamps also pointed out that the NRC commissioners voted 4 to 1, with Chairman Gregory Jaczko in dissent, to not require such requested safety upgrades to U.S. reactors until the end of 2016.

He added, "Burnell's flippant, false assurances prove that pool risks, despite being potentially catastrophic, are largely ignored by not only industry, but even NRC itself, even in the aftermath of Fukushima."

Chapter 27
It’s never Harry’s fault, is it?

I wrote this article after Prince Harry was photographed in the tabloids, naked and cavorting with two young ladies. However, I should point out that during the course of the article I mention that both Prince Charles and his father, Prince Philip had a hand in Princess Diana’s death… A fact that I now know not to be true…

So, I see that Prince Harry has once again made the front pages of newspapers across the world this past week. And once again, it is for all the wrong reasons.

On this occasion, the Prince has been caught with his pants down, after being photographed naked in a Las Vegas hotel room. The Prince was snapped playing Strip Billiards with his friends and two young ladies, whom were picked up just hours before in a Las Vegas nightclub.

One of the poor quality snaps involves the royal bachelor cupping his "crown jewels" while one of the women is behind him. Another of similar poor quality shows the prince bear-hugging a naked woman - who is presumably, one of the two girls in question.
However, seemingly not content with just the two women, the Prince and his chums are said to have hosted a second vodka-fueled pool party with a dozen ‘*randomly recruited*’ girls Just seven and a half hours later .

Following the leaking of the snaps, taken on a mobile phone last week, Harry has been ordered by the Palace to delete his Facebook account which he operated under the pseudonym of Spike Wells.

Harry’s private secretary Jamie Lowther-Pinkerton, who is heading an

inquiry into the Prince's trip to Las Vegas, has also asked Harry's two friends who joined him on the jaunt, Tom 'Skippy' Inskip, 25 and Arthur Landon, 30 to do likewise. Both have complied. Mind you, it doesn't make for a safe future to disobey the Palace, don't cha know.

However, the photographs – *which have largely gone unpublished by the mainstream media in there uncensored form* - appear to be just the tip of the Iceberg in this latest Royal scandal. At least that is, according to the 'Mail on Sunday'. In fact the Newspaper quoted a source used by the celebrity blogger, norm Clark as saying:
'Something pretty gigantic' is involved; something more serious than 'strip billiards'.

The newspaper then went on to say the following about the 3rd in line to the throne:
"The latest comment to surface surrounding the 27-year-old's antics has no implicit context, but could be linked to concerns raised by the Prince following the US publication of the derobed heir.
The Prince was said to be 'terrified' further damaging images might emerge and his concerns intensified after photos of an 'even wilder' week in the British Virgin Islands on Sir Richard Branson's private island of Necker, shortly before the Vegas weekend, were leaked to a newspaper".

Nevertheless, it appears that the great British public - *seemingly accepting of anything that the social elite do* - are making light of the scandal and dismissing the incident as being no more than "*what all young men of his age get up to*".

Personally, I myself in no way share that opinion and find that sort of attitude rather sycophantic, not to mention pathetic, to be honest . After all, most young men of Harry's age are not the 3rd in line to the throne. Indeed, the fact that Hooray Henry (Henry being his real name) is third in succession, in my view, carries with it a certain code of conduct.

The same should also apply to the people Harry associates with in private. The person who took the snaps reportedly sold them to WMZ Magazine for

£10,000 - a relatively small amount of money which suggests that the photos were sold for ulterior motives rather than financial gain.

Naturally, the Palace controlled BBC tried to deflect the blame away from Harry by transferring it on to his Bodyguards. What an insult!
Harry is nearly 28 years old. He is not a child or even a headstrong, immature teenager so to blame the bodyguards is a cop out.

However, I suspect that the Royal household are more upset with the fact that Harry's antics made the headlines rather than with the deed itself. After all, from what I have read the Royal family - both past and present - see no wrong whatsoever in wandering around naked at parties.

Indeed, it has been alleged that Harry's Great, Great Uncle, Edward VIII was at one party being pushed around in a pram by his slut wife, Wallis Simpson. Worse still, Edward - who abdicated the throne - was said to have been dressed in nothing more than a baby's nappy.
Another example is a party given by Harry's Great Aunt, Princess Margaret who was allegedly photographed cavorting with three naked men. One of the three was reportedly the married princess's lover *Roddy Llewellyn...*
Llewellyn, 17 years Margaret's junior was at the time her landscape gardener.

Unfortunately, this is far from the first time that Harry's behavior has been called into question. You see, as a teenager, Harry found himself splattered across the British tabloids with reports of him smoking Cannabis and drinking alcohol. St. James Palace later confirmed that Harry "*[had] experimented with the drug on several occasions*".

Course, the fact that he was prone to the odd 'joint' or two, is not really shocking in its self. After all, millions upon millions of people also indulge. In fact, Cannabis has many, many benefits to it – As I am sure the Royal family are aware.

However, the fact that it is a prohibited Class B drug *(sometimes Class C – It changes according to the views of whichever idiot is running the country at the time*) means that the Prince should have at the very least, been more

discreet.

It was then claimed that Harry was later sent to rehab for his ‘problem’. However, I find that hard to believe. And if he did, then it was no more than a public relations exercise.
Then there is the question of HRH’s volatile temper. One incident happened at Pangaea - *a top London nightclub* - where Harry attacked a press photographer. The photographer later claimed that Harry:
"burst out of the car and lunged towards me as I was still taking pictures. He lashed out and then deliberately pushed my camera into my face. The base of the camera struck me and cut my bottom lip”.

Hmmm, not exactly the behaviour or temperament becoming of someone who’s career involves learning to fly Apache helicopters.
In fact, had that assault been by an ordinary member of the public then they would have found themselves arrested and hauled into court.

However, not only does Harry show a complete lack of discipline, his judgement is also repeatedly being called into question.
This fact was clearly demonstrated in 2005 when the Ginger haired firebrand attended a ‘costume ball’ dressed in a Nazi uniform. The prince later said that:
"It was a very stupid thing to do and I've learned my lesson, simple as that really”.

However, the truth is Harry has not learned his lesson. Especially in regards to being caught. I also suggest that his decision to go to a party dressed in Nazi regalia was a lot more than **“***a very stupid thing to do”***.**

But once again, I doubt that the backlash from his relatives was anything near as bad as the newspapers reported. In fact, after the initial tongue lashing for being caught, I feel sure that Harry’s Grandad, the Duck of Edinburgh (no typo) would probably have remarked on how smart & dashing Harry had looked in the uniform.

You see, you have to remember that Phillip and the vast majority of the

Royal household are at best Nazi sympathizers. However, being caught dressed as one is a Royal ‘No-no’. I mean Phil & Co might have no respect whatsoever for our war dead, but it certainly doesn’t do to let the Nation know it.

Prince Harry - He certainly has the traits of a Windsor

I would also imagine that racism has been etched into Harry’s personality from an early age. Prince Phillip is a notorious racist, so much so that the in-breed cannot even keep his bigoted thoughts to himself.

This would explain why Harry famously referred to a colleague in his Army platoon as "Our little Paki friend...Ahmed".
At the time, the Royal Family released a statement saying that the term "Paki" was a nickname for a friend in his platoon. However, I strongly disbelieve that explanation and see it as just another example of the mugs this parasite family take us for.

Indeed, you only have to look at the way Harry worded the sentence to see that he was being abhorrently racist. And had the Palace's lame excuse had any truth to it, Harry would have been heard to say “My little friend; Paki”, not "Our little Paki friend...Ahmed".
Moreover, I cannot imagine that anyone of Asian origin would readily answer to, or even accept the nickname ‘Paki’.

Other evidence of racist incidents include the video given to the ‘News of the World’ showing a British soldier with a cloth over his head. On the tape Prince Harry’s voice can be clearly heard in the background saying,"Fuck me, you look like a raghead".
And once again, St. James's Palace responded to the remark by saying that; "Prince Harry used the term 'raghead' to mean Taliban or Iraqi insurgent". Bollocks did he! You go and ask your local EDL thug exactly what the term “Raghead” means and the context that it is used in.

Course, it can come as little surprise that Harry has turned out the way he has. He is a spoilt brat who learned from an early age that he has no need to respect anyone or anything as long as he doesn't attract the attention of the press. You see, it isn’t the deed, it is the getting caught that angers the palace.

There are other factors of course that will undoubtedly have messed with Harry’s head. For instance, he has to live with the knowledge that the public believe his biological Father more likely to be James Hewitt rather than Prince Charles. The following is an extract taken from my article ‘Monsters Inc’:

A longtime employee of Harry’s mother Princess Diana told IUC that the Royal Family was involved in a massive cover up to hide the fact that Diana’s ex lover James Hewitt is in fact Harry’s real father. According to the source Prince Philip threatened Hewitt’s life if he didn’t go along with the cover up. “They made him lie about the timeline,” the source told IUC. “Prince Philip told Hewitt he would destroy him if it ever leaked out. It’s impossible that Charles is Harry’s real father. Hewitt was on the scene as Diana’s lover two years before Harry was born. Diana stopped having sex with Charles years before Harry was born. Harry looks exactly like Hewitt”:

Likewise, the fact that the evidence, (*the real evidence, not that fiction put out by the mainstream media to suggest otherwise*) points to both Harry's ‘father’ & ‘Grandfather’ having a hand in his mother’s death, cannot be easy to live with.

However, neither of the above factors can be used to justify Harry's behaviour. As a senior member of the Royal family his conduct should be beyond reproach. Once again, this inept, in-bred, parasitic family have embarrassed the nation in the eyes of the world. The quicker that we get rid of them, the better off we will be.

Below, is the Photograph that the mainstream media dare not print. Both the above article and the photo below are copyright of the author.

Phillip: *"Oh for pity's sake... Don't look now but that awful bounder Spivey has just turned up. He really does get everywhere".*

Harry: *"Fucking Hell! Get rid of him Daddy. He's stealing my thunder. Get rid of him right now or i'll squeam and squeam till I'm sick".*

Charles: *"Ding bloody dong... Errr, hang on now son. Lets not errr be too errrr bloody hasty. And don't call me errr Daddy. Errr call me Big Chaz".*

Chapter 28
The True Axis Of Evil: 9/11 remembered

This was my third major article about the government orchestrated 9/11 and was written on the 11th anniversary of the event…

In the 11 years since the attacks of September the 11th, I cannot recall seeing many sicker sights than that of George Wanker Bush (*that is what the 'W' stands for isn't it?*), Standing atop a pile of debris left by the collapsed WTC towers, with a protective arm, casually draped around an ageing fire fighters shoulders.

Bush, megaphone in hand and looking like he had just won an Olympic gold medal was at Ground Zero, in what was a shameless display specifically designed to whip up patriotism and anti Middle Eastern sentiment amongst a shell shocked American - nay, World - population.

Looking extremely, smarmy and self satisfied, the Monster - revelling in the applause that he was receiving - began to speak:

"***I can hear you... The World can hear you... And pretty soon the people who knocked down these buildings will be hearing from all of us".***

What a Cunt!

The man – and I use the term extremely loosely – stood there like some kind of Wild West hero, basking in his own sense of self worth, while at the same time knowing full well that he and his bunch of reprobates were responsible for all of the lives lost that day.

What a sick Cunt!

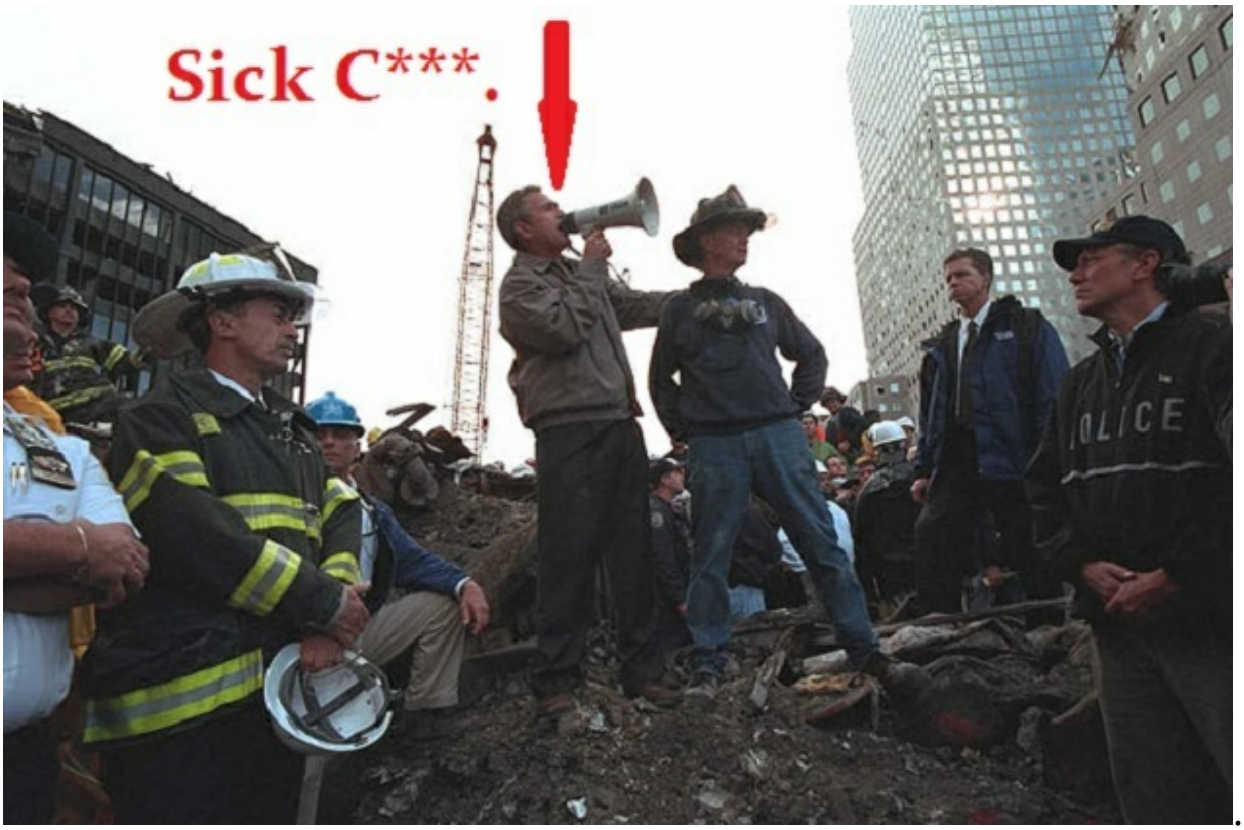

This sadistic display took place on September 14th 2001, just three days after the attacks. Course, the choking air had cleared of dust by then and all work had been halted to avoid creating more.

In fact that would be the same choking air that the abomination masquerading as Condoleezza Rice knew all too well was dangerous to work in, but nevertheless still withheld the information.

That would also be the same choking air about which - the then - EPA Administrator, Christine Todd Whitman said on the 18th of September 2001: ***"Given the scope of the tragedy from last week, I am glad to reassure the people of New York and Washington, DC that their air is safe to breathe and their water is safe to drink"*.**

Perhaps Ms Todd Whitman wouldn't have been so "***glad to reassure the people of New York and Washington, DC"*** that everything was hunky-dory

had she been made to work in an area where the air, according to air pollution expert, Professor Emeritus Thomas Cahill contained dust that was in his own words; *"wildly toxic"*.
Professor Cahill concluded that:

The thousands of tons of toxic debris resulting from the collapse of the Twin Towers consisted of more than 2,500 contaminants, more specifically: 50% non-fibrous material and construction debris; 40% glass and other fibers; 9.2% cellulose; and 0.8% of the extremely toxic carcinogen asbestos, as well as detectable amounts of lead, and mercury. There were also unprecedented levels of dioxin and PAHs from the fires which burned for three months. Many of the dispersed substances (asbestos, crystalline silica, lead, cadmium, polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons) are carcinogenic; other substances can trigger kidney, heart, liver and nervous system deterioration. This was well known by the EPA at the time of collapse.

Naturally, Ms Whitman and her merry bunch of lying sicko's deny that they knew of the danger that the dust posed to rescue workers. However according to the *Union of Concerned Scientist*s website:

News reports suggest that the EPA was not fully forthcoming about the air quality at ground zero. EPA scientist Cate Jenkins argues that the agency plainly lied in its public declarations. Jenkins told CBS News in September 2006 that the EPA knew "this dust was highly caustic, in some cases as caustic and alkaline as Drano." In September 2006, CNN reported that an October 5, 2001 letter from the EPA to the New York City Health Department warned of threats to worker safety from exposure to hazardous materials. Yet this knowledge failed to affect the EPA's unworried public statements.

The EPA's September 18th, 2001 news release stated that: "*EPA's primary concern is to ensure that rescue workers and the public are not being exposed to elevated levels of potentially hazardous contaminants in the dust and debris.*"
Yet despite this, a 2006 study by Mount Sinai Hospital in New York found that "*seven out of ten World Trade Center rescue and wreckage workers had*

new or worsened lung problems after the attacks".

Moreover, The New York City Department of Health has a database of 71,000 people exposed to dust and debris at Ground Zero — a database created in response to hundreds of people's complaints of breathing and lung problems. "*The health of these individuals may have been saved if not for the government's willingness to place politics above sound science in the aftermath of the 2001 World Trade Center attacks*".*

Furthermore, according to Reuters, some estimates put the overall death toll from 9/11-related illness at more than 1,000. Reuters further reported that; "*At least 20,000 ground zero workers are being treated across the country and 40,000 are being monitored by the World Trade Centre Health Program*".

And yet a further study conducted in 2010 by the New York Fire Department Medical Office concluded that of the 5000 WTC rescue workers taking part in the study:

All had impaired lung functions with an average impairment of 10 percent. The study found the impairments presented itself in the first year after the attack with little or no improvements in the ensuing six years. 30 to 40 percent of workers were reporting persistent symptoms and 1000 of the group studied were on "permanent respiratory disability". Dr. Prezant noted the medications that are being given ease symptoms but are not a cure.

So, did the EPA know? Yes, of course they did.

In fact the twin towers had long ago failed the safety standard for Asbestos levels in a workplace and the daunting task of removing the killer insulation to bring the towers up to safety standards was not thought to be cost effective. However, to not remove the Asbestos would have meant that the Towers would have had to be closed down.

Indeed, it was because of this asbestos dilemma that the moderately wealthy,

Larry Silverstein was allowed to buy the WTC lease at a bargain basement price. Larry *'I didn't know 9/11 was going to happen, honest Guv'* Silverstein then insured the buildings to the hilt.

And when the towers came down, along with WTC 7, Silverstein was catapulted overnight from the ranks of the moderately wealthy to the ranks of the super rich... Silverstein, is as you would imagine, a particularly unpleasant, snake in the grass type character.

Meanwhile, further down the American East Coast another of the seedy little men behind the 9/11 attacks was determined to see himself portrayed as a hero. Donald *'I make your flesh crawl'* Rumsfeld - in a public display every bit as sick as that staged by 'Wanker' Bush - was filmed carrying small pieces of aircraft debris from the Pentagon lawn.

However, this moronic toad of a man - no doubt blinded by his desire to be seen as someone other than a Cunt - did not possess the brains to realize that in doing so he was leaving himself wide open for criticism.

You see, for starters had the attacks really have been committed by Islamic extremists, then the little wannabe - in his capacity as the US Defence Secretary - would have immediately been taken to a place of safety.

Moreover, in his quest to be seen as a hero, the daft prat was actually committing a crime punishable by imprisonment. I am of course referring to the extremely serious offence of destroying a crime scene – an offence which was also committed at the WTC incidentally.

And anyway, ask yourself what the rush was to move this extremely dubious in origin, plane crash debris in the first place? I mean what threat or danger did these small pieces of wreckage pose to anyone? Absolutely None at all.

Indeed it was done merely to make this power crazed imbecile look good. Unfortunately, It will take a lot more than that you horrible little man.

Course, I don't doubt for a moment that this anniversary will be used as an excuse by the main stream media to subtly whip up hatred towards Muslims worldwide.

Moreover, I also expect to hear plenty of corrupt, self serving politicians scaring gullible people throughout the world into believing that the only way to keep them safe from the very [un] real likelihood of another terrorist attack is by them giving up their freedom and civil liberties.

These are the exact same gullible people who continue to cling to the highly improbable, nay impossible scenario that has become the American government's official version of events.

In fact I personally find it unbelievable that millions of people across the world still believe that four planes were hijacked by Muslim extremists, all of whom were armed to the teeth with an extremely dangerous plastic handled, Stanley knife each.

And then, having successfully taken over the planes they proceed to fly two of them into the WTC twin towers - resulting in their collapse.

The third plane we are told is steered - *in a manoeuvre impossible for any 757 pilot to perform* – into the Pentagon building, despite none of the

hijackers being able to fly for shit.

Meanwhile the fourth plane - *amidst a display of all American heroism* - crash lands in a Pennsylvanian field, as a direct result of the hostages attempting to overpower the hijackers.

Personally, I believe that the fact that people still buy into the above nonsense is an affront to the memory of the alleged 2977 people who died on that day.

Likewise, it is also an affront to the memory of those who have died since as a direct result of their involvement in 9/11.

After all, it is scientifically impossible for Jet fuel to burn anywhere near the heat temperature needed to make steel melt - or even warp enough to trigger a collapse. And in fact, the black smoke seen coming from the towers was testament to the low temperature of the fires inside the buildings.

You see, all of the jet fuel was burnt up in a massive fireball on impact for crying out loud.
And if, as the official government version of events concludes, the towers then collapsed due to a combination of the impact damage and heat from the subsequent fires, then we need to rewrite all the laws of physics being as the towers came down at freefall speed.

Indeed, the only way... And I will repeat that for the hard of learning... THE ONLY WAY that the towers could have come down at freefall speed is via a controlled demolition.
Still, perhaps Osama Bin Laden was a demolition expert in his spare time…
But then again, perhaps not.

Now, those of you paying attention may have noticed that I inserted the word *'Alleged'* before stating the official death toll earlier on in this article. I did so because the evidence actually points to the official death toll being nowhere near that figure of 2977.

Indeed, you have to question why, if the hype afforded to Bin Laden was true

- *which it isn't* – he chose to go to all that trouble just to cause 3000 deaths. After all, had he waited a couple of hours more there would have been around 50,000 people slaving away in the trade centre. But, as the FBI's 'most wanted' posters prove, Bin Laden didn't do it. Even the FBI couldn't muster the front to apportion the blame onto Mr Bin Laden.

Course, the American Government sponsored terrorist attack actually took place at that time in the morning for very good reason. That reason was to specifically ensure that there would be the minimum number of deaths possible, while at the same time ensuring that the body count was still sufficiently high enough to outrage the public into allowing the American Government to go on a Middle Eastern pillage.

Now, understand this: The desire for a relatively low body count in comparison to what it could have been was not down to the government wanting to save the lives of American citizens. On the contrary, had they thought that they could have gotten away with it; the death toll would have been substantially higher. However, the less bodies that there were meant the less grieving families there would be to ask awkward questions.

Of the alleged 2977 people who died that day, 411 of them were supposedly from the emergency services... That is 411 Firemen, Policemen, and Paramedics, who were deliberately murdered by their own Government. There is however a dispute over that number.

That dispute comes along with the other 2566 people allegedly killed that day - including the hijackers. You see, at least 5 of the 19 hijackers are still alive and somewhat bemused to learn that - to this day - they are still officially listed amongst those who did die on September 11th 2001.

Of the remaining 2958 civilian and emergency service workers reportedly killed, a rather strange anomaly has cropped up surrounding their identity. You see, in the days and weeks following 9/11, 'relatives' of those who supposedly died took to pinning up photographs of their deceased loved ones at Ground Zero.

However, someone was paying more attention to these photographs than the government would have liked because it soon became obvious that a lot of them were photoshopped repeats of other ’victims’ photographs.

In other words, someone – the government – had taken the photographs of people who had really died on that day, copied the photos, added a different background, reversed the images and changed the skin tones of the people in the copied photos. The photos and their copies were then pinned up at Ground Zero (*a suitable distance apart from each other obviously*) with the doctored photos pinned up under different names.

Worse still, some of these photos were photoshopped up to 3 or 4 times. (see photo 11 opposite)

It is therefore impossible to put an accurate figure on the total number of people who died in the towers on 9/11.

However, having said that, had only one person died in the attacks then that would still have been one too many. Indeed, the horror and suffering that those poor people must have gone through while waiting to die is unimaginable.

Then there are the plane passengers... Or lack of them since the seats on all four planes were massively undersold that day... Coincidence?

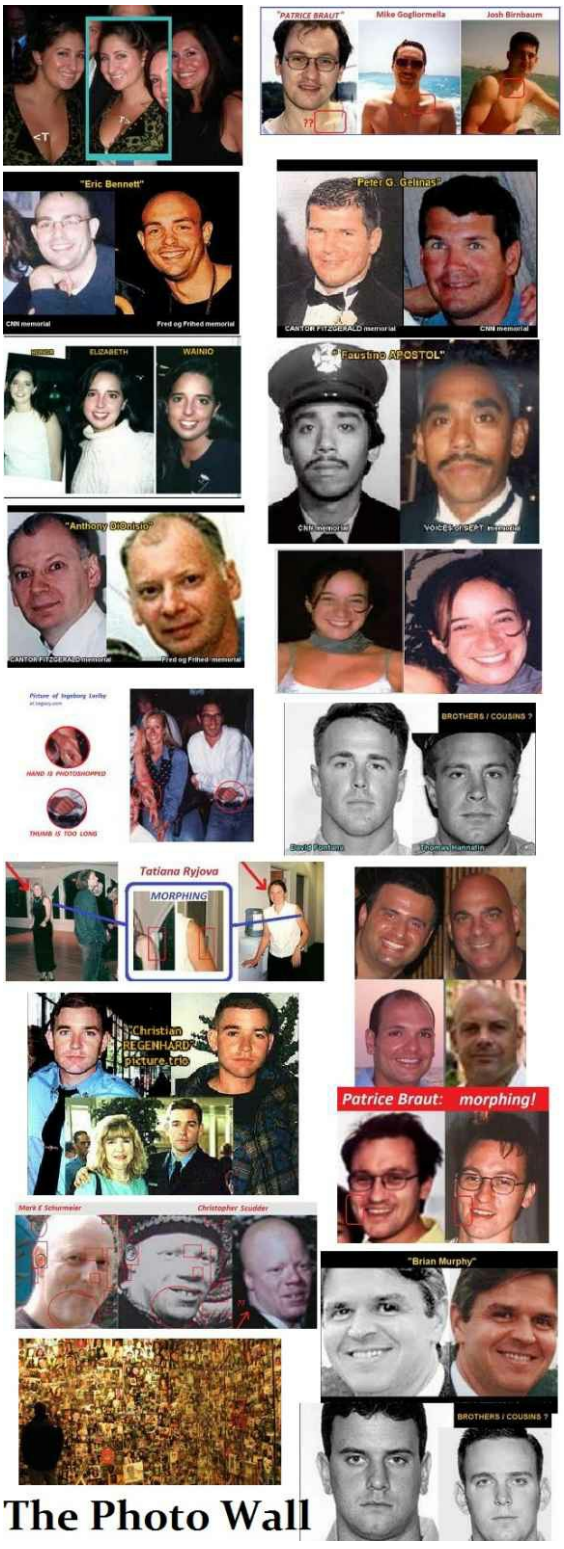

The Photo Wall

I mean a Boeing 757 can carry between 200 & 289 passengers and crew. Now take a look at the numbers supposedly on the four doomed airliners:

American Flight 11 had 87 passengers and crew plus five hijackers.

United Flight 175 had 60 passengers and crew plus five hijackers.
American Flight 77 had 59 passengers and crew plus five hijackers.
United Flight 93 had 40 passengers and crew plus four hijackers.

Strange then how the hijackers knew that they could manage with a man less on flight 93 which just so happened to be the flight with the least number of passengers.
So once again I ask you; coincidence?

However, there is evidence to suggest that Flight 93, the plane that supposedly crashed into a field following a hostage revolt, actually landed at Cleveland's Hopkins International airport where it was hidden in a secluded hanger while 'the passengers' were evacuated.

Donald Rumsfeld was also actually caught on video saying that flight 93 had been shot down. The alleged impact site is certainly unique if flight 93 really did crash land there since the debris, spread over miles, is like no other impact site seen before.

However, having said that the site is very consistent with what you would expect to see had the plane been blown to smithereens in mid flight.

Certainly, the reported phone conversations from flight 93 between alleged passengers and their loved ones at home are fake. You see, it was impossible to make cell phone calls from aeroplanes in 2001. The evidence therefore points to an empty jet liner having been shot down over Pennsylvania.

Course, it goes without saying that the alleged on board hostage revolt made for good propaganda. Bravo.

In regards to Flight 77, the plane that supposedly crashed into the pentagon; Believe that, and you will believe anything.
I mean, the impact site doesn't support the claim in anyway, shape or form. Furthermore, the mid-air turn allegedly made by flight 77 in order for it to have hit the pentagon building where it supposedly did, is impossible to make in a 757.

And you may also wish to consider this fact; the Pentagon has more CCTV cameras trained on it than any other building in the world. To date, the American Government has only released CCTV footage from one. That footage certainly does not show a plane hitting the building.

Yet in order to end the many conspiracies theories surrounding exactly what it was that hit the Pentagon, all the government need do is release a decent bit of CCTV footage showing the plane hitting the building. The fact that they haven't speaks volumes.

There is however much witness testimony - *totally ignored by the 'Mickey Mouse' 9/11 commission report obviously* - to say that a incredibly low flying 757, flew over the pentagon seconds before a Cruise missile slammed into the building. Therefore, going on the evidence available, I would suggest to you that no plane crashed into the Pentagon and as such; that obviously means no passengers died.

Flights 93 and 77 therefore reduce the death toll by a further 108. Similarly, there is much evidence to suggest that the two planes, American Flight 11 and United Flight 175 were in reality, unmanned remote controlled spy planes. And again, if that is true then the death toll is reduced by a further 167.

The evidence suggests that nowhere near the official number of deaths occured in the Twin Towers

The evidence suggests that Flight 93 was shot down in mid air. Check out the crash site and compare it to others.

Can you see a Massive Jumbo Jet in the CCTV footage. No, neither can anyone else.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that no matter how many people died on

September the 11th 2001, they were all killed by the same scumbags who were supposedly elected to protect them.
That the people responsible for those who died 11 years ago are still breathing fresh air, never mind living in a manner that we can only dream about, is breathtaking in the extreme.

Amongst their ranks are people such as the Bush family, Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, Condoleezza Rice, Tony Blair, the Clintons, Rudolph Giuliani, Barack Obama, Henry Kissinger and Larry Silverstein to name but a few. May their souls one day rot in hell.

Evil Beyond Belief

George H Bush

George W Bush

Jeb Bush

Barak Obama

Bill Clinton

Hilary Clinton

Dick 'Ed' Cheney

Donald Duck

"Rudy" Giuliani

Tony 'B' Liar

Larry Silverstein

Condoleezza Rice

Unfortunately, these abominations will continue to cause suffering, pain, and misery throughout the world as long as we allow them too. All those of you who refuse to speak out, or refuse to see the wood for the trees are accomplices to these psychopaths. For that tag alone, you should hang your heads in shame.

Today, on this 11th anniversary of what is probably the blackest day in American history, it is right that we remember those innocent victims of September the 11th 2001.
Those people - how ever many that may be - were deliberately murdered by their own government for nothing more than greed and power. May all those innocent victims forever rest in peace.

It is also right that today we pay respect to those who have since died following the American governments deliberate withholding of information regarding the dangers of working at Ground Zero.
They too were murdered by their own Government. May those poor souls also forever rest in peace.

And finally, it is also right that we pay our respects today to all of the armed service personnel and countless hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women and children who have died in the so called war on terror... An illegal war, brought into force as a direct result of the false flag operation orchestrated by the American government... A act of terrorism which has come to be known as 9/11.

May all of the countless victims, regardless of Race, creed or colour forever rest in peace.

*The following is taken from an RT News article:

GOVERNMENT FINALLY ADMITS THAT 9/11 TOXINS CAUSED CANCERS

RT *– The US government has decided to recognize around 50 different types of cancer that victims of the 9/11 terrorist attacks have been diagnosed with after more than a decade-long wait that has left hundreds dead without proper care or diagnosis.*

Civilians and first responders that survived the September 11, 2001 attacks but developed cases of varying cancers in the aftermath will now be covered by a government-administered health care program that will provide them with complimentary check-ups and screenings. The decision will apply to survivors of both crashes at the World Trade Center in New York City and the Pentagon in Washington, DC.

The National Institute for Occupational Safety made the announcement Monday, adding dozens of diseases — including cancers of the breast, bladder and lung, colorectal cancer, leukemias, melanoma and childhood cancers — to an already substantial list of diseases that are covered.

"The publication of this final rule marks an important step in the effort to provide needed treatment and care to 9/11 responders and survivors through the WTC Health Program," NIOSH director Dr. John Howard said in a statement this week.

In a separate address, New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg said, "We have urged from the very beginning that the decision whether or not to include cancer be based on science." For several years, however, many victims and physicians have made countless claims that the effects of the attacks in NYC and DC did in fact contribute to developing debilitating diseases.

Thank you!

Thank you for buying this book and taking the time to read it this far.

More information on what I write and to keep in touch, simply go to www.chrisspivey.org

Just sayin'.

THE FILTHY RICH

By Christopher D. Spivey

THE FILTHY RICH

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Version PBMM2020.01.27

Introduction

Believe it or not, the whole world is run by one percent of the population.

That one percent belong to an evil, very exclusive club of which we - the ninety nine percent - will never be allowed to join.

Nor would we want to… Or at least I hope not! Because to be a member of their club you have to be a soulless monster.

Worse still, you have to be a devout Satanist and indulge in all of the horrific practices that go with it - including human sacrifice, child sex abuse & beastiality.

In this book, I name the household names who belong to that club of monsters and describe the depravity in which they take part.

Be warned, it makes for harrowing reading.

Chapter 1

In late October 2015 I was looking for something newsworthy to post in the news feed of my website: www.chrisspivey.org, when I happened to glance up at the TV - *which as usual was muted* – only to see Aerosmith's, Steve Tyler being interviewed by Jonathan Ross.
Now I haven't a clue what Tyler - *looking increasingly more like a drag queen with a bad face lift* - was promoting, although it must have been something for him to be appearing on the talk show in the first place.

However, for a brief - *very brief* - moment I almost stirred myself into action by reaching for the TV remote... Almost. Then sanity took over again and I realised that I had not the slightest interest in what the 107 year old geriatric had to say.

I mean, after suffering a career dip (*You can only listen to 'Walk this way' so many times before developing migraines*) Tyler, it would seem was now firmly back in the public eye after becoming a panel judge on the mind destroying TV programme **'American Idol'.**

Nevertheless, apparently not content with scaring the gullible American public with his plastic face, it seems that he had now come over to the UK to scare our gullible public. Then again, it was Halloween at the time.
In fact now that I think about it that fact actually fits. Tyler was over here promoting Halloween. After all, the UK long ago firmly embraced the USA's traditional 'Trick or Treat' night - the one night a year that paedophiles get dressed up for.

And let's face it; Tyler is the perfect man for the job. After all, not only has he a face that nightmares are made of, he is also a class A Paedophile.

So, having now figured out the reason for the bad Mick Jagger ‘lookalike’ appearing on the Jonathan Ross show – *although I could be wrong on that score* – It then struck me that Ross and his producers must have known that they had a kiddie fiddler on their show.

After all, I knew at least 18 months prior to Tylers appearance on the Jonathan Ross show that he had a ‘thing’ for little girls in the same way that I knew over a year before Jimmy Savile was outed as a paedophile that he had a ‘thing’ for little girls... And little boys... And the mentally handicapped... And Necrophilia.

Moreover, I knew that fact about Tyler and I am not even a member of the ‘Elites’ whereas Ross & Co are so of course him and his producers knew that they had a nonce on the show.
But just like the BBC with Jimmy So-vile, they turned a blind eye. And in doing so, that also made Ross and his producers sick fucks.

Almost, but not quite as bad as those who give Paedophiles airtime, are those cretins whom hero worship scum like Tyler and hang on to their every word. Indeed, it sometimes seems to me that the sycophant, celebrity obsessed, Zombie population - *those of the UK and US in particular* - are prepared to ignore anything that the rich and famous get up to no matter how sick.

Yet, if Joe Common-Paedo gets caught looking at child porn, it is those same celebrity worshipping hypocrites who are the first in line to lead a vigilante lynch mob to Joe’s door or publish his address and phone number on FaceBook.
However, don't you go thinking for a second that I'm defending Joe Common-Paedo. They too are scum, who should be strung up by their scrawny necks, but it is the hypocrisy that gets my back up... I cannot abide hypocrites. Paedophiles are the lowest of the low, be they rich or poor.

So, it was at that point - *with the names of many other well known sexual deviants popping into my head* - that I abandoned my quest for newsworthy articles to post on my website. ‘*Sod it*’, I thought, I’ll write my own.

You see, the list of famous Paedophiles who the hypocritical UK public afford god like status to, is endless: Steve Tyler, Michael Jackson, Pete Townshend, Malcolm Maclaren, Bill Wyman and Elvis Presley to name but a few.

Course, the fact that Steve Tyler is a Paedophile will no doubt come as a shock to quite a few people. Nevertheless, that does not alter the fact that he is. So let me prove it to you.
In 1975, the then 70 yr old Tyler *(although I may have exaggerated his age... May have*) persuaded the parents of 14 yr old, Julia Holcomb (Holcolm) to sign over 'guardianship' of their daughter to him.
Tyler then proceeded to spend the next 3 years doing drugs with the youngster and generally violating her before dumping her following an unplanned pregnancy which resulted in her being forced to have an abortion.

And after growing bored of the fast maturing teen, Tyler kindly returned the then 17 year old girl back to her parents. Tellingly, Julia Holcomb is mentioned in a book about Tyler imaginatively entitled '***Walk this way***', but appears under the Pseudonym of **Diane Hall** in order to conceal her identity. However, unbelievable as it may seem it would appear that the plastic faced abomination of a man knows no shame since he arrogantly talks about the abortion in his autobiography as being the catalyst for his downward spiral into drink and drug addiction:

"It was a big crisis. It's a major thing when you're growing something with a woman, but they convinced us that it would never work out and would ruin our lives." …
"You go to the doctor and they put the needle in her belly and they squeeze the stuff in and you watch. And it comes out dead. I was pretty devastated. In my mind, I'm going, Jesus, what have I done?"

And I am also thinking "*Jesus, what have you done' you sick-in-the-head selfish bastard*". As for '*ruin your lives*', you and Julia's parents ruined her life when they signed her over to your care you arrogant arsehole.

Nevertheless, just so as there can be no doubt in anyone's mind as to the kind

of monster that Tyler is and where the decrepit old fossils morals lay, the following is taken from the Feelnumb.com website:

After the abortion, Tyler began an affair with Playboy model and notorious groupie Bebe Buell while still seeing Julia. As for Julia at the time, Bebe said, "There were many suicidal calls from poor Diana (Julia) as they were breaking up. It was actually a pretty sad time."...
Tyler went on a European concert tour, accompanied by Bebe, she recalls: "He was crazy … totally drunk, really out of it. … Steven destroyed his dressing room at Hammersmith … when we got back from Europe … One night I found him on the floor of his bathroom having a drug seizure.

Course, to blame his drug addiction on a 14 year old girl simply just does not wash. I would therefore suggest that anyone who is thinking of adding to Tyler's over inflated ego (*although I fail to see how anyone resembling a badly dressed, shop window mannequin that has been exposed to intense heat, can have an over inflated ego*) by giving him air time or asking for his autograph to remember what a sick individual he really is.

And as a footnote to Tyler, Bebe Buell is the Mother of Tyler's daughter, Liv Tyler.
However, quite where the priorities of parents like Julia Holcolm's lay is beyond me but sadly they are far from unique, in fact there are at least three more cases almost identical to Julia's that I can think of, straight off the top of my head.

The first is that involving the ex-Rolling Stones bass guitarist, Bill Wyman. Indeed, Wyman was at the time still a member of arguably the biggest band in the world when he met and started dating 13 yr old Mandy Smith. Course, the very fact that the legendary womaniser was 50 years old at the time seemed to matter little to him. In fact in his 1990 autobiography, *Stone Alone*, he wrote, ***"She took my breath away… She was a woman at thirteen...".***

Now, whether or not they were having sex while Mandy was still 13 is a matter of speculation. However, by Mandy's own admission they were

certainly at ‘it’ by the time that she was 14 years old.
Mind you, to be fair Mandy claims that her Mother Patsy – *who was herself around 8 years younger than Wyman* - didn’t know that she (Mandy) and Wyman were having sex up until Mandy was 16 years old.

However, given Wyman’s reputation and lifestyle, I find that impossible to believe especially when you learn that in 1993, while Wyman was still married to Mandy, Wyman’s son Stephen (*34 at the time*) married the then 49 year old Patsy. This meant that Wyman was Patsy’s son in law as well as her Father in law. And as for the permutations in regards to Stephen, the mind boggles.
Sadly, as is usually the case for these very young girls who become the playthings of the powerful, Mandy Smith, who finally married Wyman when she was 18, has been dogged with ill health and psychological problems.

In fact in April 2010 Mandy reflected on her time with Wyman in an interview with the Daily Mail newspaper:

'If it happened today, he would be absolutely vilified by the press. He'd be in jail. For me, for a long time, it was a grey area.
'I was underage, but I was complicit. Now, I see it in black and white. I work with teenagers. I see how vulnerable they are under all that bravado.'
Her father John died eight weeks ago and she says she missed him being a role model. 'He and Mum split up when I was three. He was in and out of our lives, but he wasn't a responsible dad.

'If he had been, maybe none of it would have happened. I honestly don't think that Bill would have made a move if my dad had been around.'
But her mother was around.
Patsy Smith had come from a large Irish family, but struggled with her own two girls when she was effectively left a single mum.

She also had health issues - 'mental, physical, the doctors never got to the bottom of any of it, really' - when they were young. 'From the time I was about six, I remember Mum being in bed all the time.
'She might get up and put washing on, but it was up to me and Nicola to do

the shopping, get ourselves to school.

'It wouldn't have occurred to Mum to get help from Social Services or anything, and I still think she did her best, but it was tough for her. We fended for ourselves, basically.'
After the divorce, Mandy went into freefall. She struggled to be taken seriously as a model or singer, and her health precluded any work
Both girls were extremely pretty - and headstrong. 'All the nightclubbing stuff, it was fun. We thought we were older than we were. (This relates to Mandy and her sister Nicola - Spivey)

None of it was about sex. In my mind it wasn't, anyway. It was about being young, showing off, fashion, fun.'
They started blagging their way into nightclubs near their home in north London. Was their age ever questioned? 'No. We always looked older. It was quite tame, compared with today. We'd have a packet of Silk Cut and a vodka and coke.

'There were no drugs. I still think of it as an innocent time, despite everything.'
One night they secured tickets to a music awards party, where the fateful meeting with Wyman, the Rolling Stones bassist, took place.

On that first night, some mention was made of a career in modelling. Mandy was convinced that Bill could help her 'make it'.
'He came round to the house next day. He had already mentioned that he knew the big boss of a modelling agency. It wasn't like he came round playing the big "I am".
'Bill was never like that. He didn't flash his cash around. He was never one for lavish gestures. He came across as a quiet, nice guy. I wonder now if that was deliberate.'
These days, we would use words such as ' grooming'. She nods. 'I honestly don't know if it was that. I've thought about this a lot and I just don't know.

'With hindsight, he was quite an immature character. Even though he was a man, a dad, he wasn't mature. He didn't do responsibility either.

'It took me a while to appreciate that.'
And so it started. The day after they first met, Bill reportedly told Nicola that he had fallen in love with her sister.

The whole family were frequent guests at his home. He and Mandy started going out together. A sexual relationship was developing. 'I didn't sleep with him until eight or nine months after we started going out,' Mandy says.
'I think it was kind of expected that I would sleep with him. You know, you go out with someone for a while, you are boyfriend and girlfriend.'
Although she won't go into detail about the first time she had sex with Wyman, a later pronouncement is telling: 'Sex the first time is always an anti-climax, isn't it? You do it and you think: "Is that it? What's the fuss is about?"

'It's only later, when all the emotions come into play that you get what it is actually about.'
Did her mother know from the off that it was a sexual relationship? 'Oh no, I think she thought he was just helping us out. It was a friendship. He was a father figure.
'Of course, people say: "Where the hell was the mother? How could she not have known?" But my mum is quite naive.

'The more Bill was on the scene, the more she believed he could look after us if anything happened to her. And she was ill.
'When she did find out I had slept with him, she was disappointed. So was my sister. They'd trusted me and I'd been dishonest. We were a Catholic family. There was all that guilt.'

Somehow the family was appeased. Mandy and Wyman were embroiled in a relationship, one that was illegal yet somehow accepted.
'It was kept from the press and strangers, of course. For the first couple of years, I had to lie. If we were out in a club, I'd have to say I was doing a secretarial course.
'When it actually came out, I was 16, so I suppose it wasn't as bad. Although it was still bad. All hell broke loose.'

Mandy was questioned by police when the story broke, but to this day the family have refused to press charges. Why? 'What good would it do? He has a family now. What happened happened.
'And I suppose because we did go on to get married when I was 18, it didn't seem as bad.'
Legally and morally, though, she was the victim of abuse.

Indeed, she was the victim of abuse. Ironically, in 1981 Wyman made a solo record called '**(Si, Si) Je suis *un rock star*'**, which was about a rock star dating a much younger girl. The song contains a line which goes; "*They'll think I'm your Dad, and you're me Daughter*"... No Bill, they'll think you're a dirty old paedophile.

The second case of child abuse where the parents were complicit, that springs readily to mind is that of Elvis Presley. Elvis was a 24 yr old Army conscript when he met 14 year old Priscilla on an army base in Germany and within months, the heartthrob had persuaded her parents to let their child go to live with him in America.
However, according to Wikipedia, Elvis already had a girl living at Graceland, A girl even younger than Priscilla:

Elvis and Priscilla first met in 1959 while Elvis was stationed in Germany with the U.S. Army. Priscilla was only 14 years old when the singer began dating her. He was 24, and at that time, he even had a younger girl living in his house. Source: priscilla.elvispresley.com.au

Elvis apparently got Priscilla's parents to agree to her leaving Germany by promising them that their 14 yr old daughter would be living with his father, Vernon and stepmother, Dee Presley at a home Elvis had bought on Hermitage Drive, located at the back of Graceland. Graceland, as I'm sure you all know was Elvis' family home that he named in tribute to his Mother.

However Priscilla's parents were either extremely gullible or they were prepared to turn a blind eye to what was going on because the living arrangements that Elvis had proposed only lasted a couple of weeks after

which Priscilla would slip back and forth between the two houses.
In an interview with ABC, Priscilla was asked about that time:

‘***Priscilla said her parents were apprehensive about the situation at first, but they ultimately changed their minds. 'Well, after they met Elvis they -- you know, Elvis could talk his way out of a paper bag', said Priscilla. 'I mean, he literally was charming. It threw my parents. They were totally taken aback by him'. Elvis' mother had died not long before and he seemed to be in need of companionship and nurturing. Priscilla immediately assumed the role of caregiver and despite their age difference, she became one of Elvis' closest confidantes’.***

Tellingly, Priscilla ended the interview with the following words***: 'being with Elvis was never normal'.***
She was right there, wasn’t she? It is not normal for a man, who at 24 yrs old could have any woman in the world that he wanted, to choose a 14 year old schoolgirl.
Course, being the legend that he was no one wants to hear a bad word said about him. In fact his diehard fans will point to the many numerous books written about Elvis which proclaimed him to be a good god fearing man, with nothing but good intentions towards his school girl bride to be.

However, if you believe that old bollocks then you will believe anything. At 24, Elvis had already been a major star for at least 4 years. He was also well on his way to drug addiction at that time.
Priscilla also maintains that they didn’t have sex until their wedding night. However, that claim is questioned by biographers such as Alanna Nash:

They married on May 1, 1967 in Las Vegas, Nevada and daughter Lisa Marie was born nine months later on February 1, 1968 in Memphis, Tennessee. In her book, Elvis and Me, Priscilla describes her daily life with her husband. She also says that Presley became fascinated with the occult and metaphysical phenomena and an addict to prescription drugs, which dramatically changed his personality from playful to being passive and introverted…

Now, just pausing briefly here, you will note that Nash claims that Elvis was into the occult. Those who have read my article '**Monsters Inc: The Satanic royal family and power elite'** will instantly know the significance of this. However, for those of you who haven't, it is important to know that ALL of the elite are Satanists.
Right, getting back to what Nash says about Elvis and Priscilla's love life:

"Her sex life with Elvis still consisted largely of foreplay or videotaped sex games between herself and another girl. It was not Priscilla's ideal. 'At first I took this personally, but even the relationships he had after me ... were not consummated'.

Furthermore, Priscilla half contradicts herself in the book that she co-wrote in 1985 with Sandra Harmon, entitled *'Elvis and me'*. According to her account, the singer told Priscilla that:

"They had to wait until they were married before having intercourse. He said, "I'm not saying we can't do other things. It's just the actual encounter. I want to save it".

Mind you, Elvis' love life and sexual preferences have been the subject of much debate over the years. Certainly, a very large number of those who knew Elvis hint towards him being a deviant and paedophile. Others, such as the author Albert Goldman, didn't even bother to hint. He came directly out with it, publicly declaring Elvis to be a "**Pervert**" and a **"Paedophile"**.

In her book, *'Baby, Let's Play House': Elvis Presley and the Women Who Loved Him'*, Alanna Nash states that Elvis had a preference for playing 'Pygmalion' and 'Father to very young girls whom he delighted in making over'.
Similarly, at least according to Albert Goldman, the reason that Elvis shied away from having sexual intercourse was that:

"Elvis was a voyeur. What he sought as his erotic goal was a group of girls who would agree to strip down to their panties and wrestle with each other. Elvis plays the strutting, overbearing macho in public, but in private, he

loves nothing better than to roughhouse with teenage girls with whom he exchanges beauty secrets. His basic erotic image is a crotch covered with white panties and showing a bit of pubic hair".

Goldman's claim appears to be backed up by Alan Fortas, an all-Memphis football halfback who became a bodyguard to the star and part of the Presley entourage. He stated that:

"Elvis needed someone to baby more than he needed a sex partner. He craved the attention of someone who adored him without the threat of sexual pressure, much as a mother would." Furthermore, "Elvis befriended some of the young girls who used to cluster adoringly in his driveway, or outside the fence ... Some of the girls were as young as fourteen. Fortas said they were frequent houseguests who attended his concerts as part of 'Elvis's personal travelling show.' Out in the backyard, they romped with Elvis in the Doughboy pool and challenged him to watermelon-seed spitting contests. They also slipped into his bedroom."

Other published claims alluding to Presley being a paedophile come from Reuben Fine who claims that:

"In his love life he [Elvis] ***quickly became attached to teenage girls, and he loved to have them wearing white panties in bed with him. For a long time he would not have sex with them, whom he described as 'jail bait.' "***

In similar terms, Brent D. Taylor has stated that:

"Elvis's closest female relationships were usually with young girls of around 13 or 14, ending as they reached late teens".

In that interview with ABC, Priscilla also talks about the way that she had to wait hand and foot on Elvis, who was still mourning the loss of his mother. I have personally read 2 or 3 pieces on Elvis which claimed that the King of Rock 'n' Roll had had an incestuous relationship with his mother. How true that claim was is a matter of debate, although it can be said that in the poor quarters of the American Deep South, where Presley was born, incest was far

from uncommon.

Interestingly enough, Wikipedia actually, albeit inadvertently, backs up this claim:

In a newspaper interview with The Memphis Press Scimitar, Elvis himself was open about the close relationship to his mother. "She was the number-one girl in his life, and he was dedicating his career to her." Throughout her life, "the son would call her by pet names", and they communicated by baby talk. Presley even shared his mother's bed "up until Elvis was a young teen", simply because the family was so extremely poor that they couldn't afford the luxury of two beds.

According to Elaine Dundy, "it was agony for her to leave her child even for a moment with anyone else, to let anyone else touch Elvis." Presley himself said, "My mama never let me out of her sight. I couldn't go down to the creek with the other kids." His father talked about Elvis's close relationship to his mother "after his son became famous, almost as if it were a source of wonder that anyone could be that close."
Furthermore, for such a god fearing man, Elvis certainly didn't take his marriage vows seriously, having had numerous affairs throughout his time with Priscilla. How many of those he actually had intercourse with is still open for debate.
For instance, June Juanic alleges in her book *'Elvis in the Twilight of Memory'* that Presley's wholly corrupt manager, Colonel Tom Parker encouraged a reluctant Elvis to go out with beautiful women only "for the publicity".

Certainly, there is no doubting that the young actress Natalie Wood, who Presley supposedly had an affair with, had the looks and charms to get any red blooded man's heart pounding. However,one of her judgments of Elvis was***: "He can sing but he can't do much else".***
Things take on an even darker undertone when you learn that Colonel Tom Parker, who was apparently devoted to Elvis, wasn't actually a Colonel. However, he was indeed a Paedophile.

It has also been alleged many, many times that Elvis was at the very least Bi-sexual if not out rightly gay. It is further claimed that the singer had a full on love affair with the openly Bi-sexual actor Nick Adams. The following are extracts taken from Wikipedia:

According to Presley expert Elaine Dundy, "Of all Elvis' new friends, Nick Adams, by background and temperament the most insecure, was also his closest."
The author Peter Guralnick says that the singer "was hanging out more and more with Nick and his friends" and that Elvis was glad Colonel Tom Parker "liked Nick."

June Wilkinson also confirms that the singer "had an entourage who spoke with Southern accents. The only one I remember was Nick Adams, the actor."
In her recent Elvis biography, Kathleen Tracy writes that Adams was Elvis's regular friend and often met the singer backstage or at Graceland. "He and Elvis would go motorcycle riding late at night and stay up until all hours talking about the pain of celebrity." Both men also enjoyed prescription drugs, and Elvis often asked Adams "to stay over on nights."

According to Alanna Nash's Baby, Let's Play House (2010), one of Presley's most bizarre relationships involved Adams and Natalie Wood. "When Nick took Elvis to a hotel in Malibu where Natalie was spending the weekend with her bisexual boyfriend, actor Scott Marlowe, Natalie got along well with Elvis - and Marlowe was soon out of the equation," says the source. "Nick, who was also rumoured to be bisexual, Natalie and Elvis became a hot threesome, having a lot of fun together."

Therefore, Tracy writes that "It has since been speculated in Hollywood gossip that Presley and Adams may have shared some sort of intimate encounter. But there's no definitive evidence one way or another," although, according to Hollywood celebrity biographer Darwin Porter and former New York Times reporter Danforth Prince, actor Sal Mineo had confirmed that Adams and Presley "were having oral sex and mutual masturbation".

Interestingly enough, someone recently commented on an article that I have on my website. In fact, to be more accurate he actually commented twice. The fella in question is named only as 'Ron' and he claims to have worked as a 'host' at some of the hangouts of the rich and famous back in the 1960's.

Mind you, reading between the lines, I get the impression that '*host*' translates as male prostitute.
Nevertheless, both comments made certain claims pertaining to the behaviour of some big named movie stars. I have asked Ron to get in touch with me so as I can grill him further about the fascinating claims that he made but unfortunately he hasn't to date got back to me. And while I cannot say for certain that Ron is genuine, it is worth noting that I did some checking on the place's that he claimed to have worked at, all of which have long since been closed down.

Course, the fact that they were closed down made the information harder to verify, but I can confirm that after a couple of hours of detective work, these places did indeed exist and were frequented by the stars that Ron names. Therefore, at the very least if Ron is not genuine, he has done a hell of a lot of research to back his claims. Furthermore, since he was '*just saying*' and had no ulterior motive, I believe Ron to be 100% genuine.

Now, as I have just said Ron's claims are fascinating and amongst the many big stars he names, Elvis' cropped up. The following forms part of both comments made by Ron. I have also set out more than needs be so as you can get an idea as to why I believe him to be genuine. However, despite taking Ron's words from two different comments, I have not omitted or added any wording. Neither have I corrected any part of the text for Punctuation, grammar or spelling:

i was also the host at The Robin Hood Inn, where I was Host too, John Wayne and his friend, a Chris (I forget his last name, but, he used to be an actor and also owned the Robin Hood Inn in Big Bear, next to the Lake), well, Chris had about 6 of us boys working for him, all beautiful and young and you can guess the rest (he tried to rape me one night, after a night of

heavy drinking, they were shooting "North to Alaska") and my mother and family used to ask me why did I quit so many jobs. Let me tell you, it not only women that have problems being hit on in their jobs. The stories I could tell, but, I won't, no one knows my name now. I left Hollyweird for good in 1967-68, worn out, dismayed and bitter too, what a phony town!

I could say more, much more, as I was one of the young studs of Hollyweird in the 60's, I remember Elvis's pimp offering me $500.00 jusst to let Elvis blow me…

So there ya go. Make of it what you will.
Predictably, Priscilla, like Mandy Smith and Julia Holcolm has also had to deal with the inevitable psychological problems associated with child abuse. In turn, Elvis' daughter, Lisa Marie has also endured battles with her inner demons
.
Some would even go as far as to suggest that history repeated itself when she married the alleged Paedophile, Michael Jackson.

The third and final case that springs instantly to mind is that of 7 times married Rock 'n' Roll singer Jerry Lee Lewis, best known for his hit records, 'Great balls of fire', 'Whole lotta shakin' goin' on' and 'Breathless'.

Lewis, a good friend of Elvis' was also born into poverty in America's Deep South. He first got married when he was 14 years old. The marriage lasted 20 months before the couple split up. Lewis later said that the reason they split up was that she "*was too old for me*". She was 17.

He then married his 2nd wife at the age of 16 some 23 days before he was even divorced from the 1st making him a bigamist. This marriage apparently fared better, produced 2 children, and lasted at least 4 years.

His 4th wife also produced a child and lasted 11 years. However, although they were actually getting divorced, his wife drowned in a 'friends' swimming pool before the divorce was made final.
Lewis then married his 5th wife some 10 months after the death of his 4th,

which lasted a total of 77 days. They hadn't split up however; she died of a drug overdose.
Less than a year later, the now aging star, who famously played the piano with his foot during the course of his stage shows married wife number 6. This marriage was seen as his most successful, produced one child and lasted 20 years, ending in 2004.

Course, you would have thought that Lewis would have been done with marriage by then. Apparently not though. With fire still apparently raging in his great balls the 76 year old rocker got married in March 2012 to wife number 7... Amidst a wave of controversy. Well, you wouldn't expect it any other way, would you? The following is taken from the Daily Express newspaper coverage of the wedding:

The woman who shakes his nerves and rattles his brain is Judith Brown, who for 24 years was married to his cousin Rusty, younger brother of the singer's teen bride of 55 years ago, Myra Gale Brown. Rock's pioneering rebel, known as The Killer, tied the knot with his cousin's ex-wife in a small private ceremony at his home in Nesbit, Mississippi, last month.

"I fell in love and it's the best thing that's ever happened to me in my entire life," he says. "I'm happier than I've ever been."
But there's a whole lotta shakin' goin' on in the rocker's feuding family after Lewis's cousin Rusty accused his ex-wife of being more interested in the piano-pounding performer's money. "The reason the wedding was so hush-hush is because everyone in the family, including Jerry's close friends, were all dead set against it," Rusty Brown told American magazine Globe.

"Judith is after only one thing, Jerry's money. She's trying to get Jerry's own flesh and blood, his daughter Phoebe – who's been managing his career for the last 12 years – out of the picture."
Lewis's new bride, aged 62, has been the entertainer's personal assistant and carer for years and divorced Rusty in 2010. Phoebe was not at the wedding which was attended by only the bride and groom's two sisters and their husbands. "Now that she's the seventh Mrs Lewis, she wants control

over everything," claims Rusty.

So how does that make him a paedophile I hear you ask? Good question. Now, the more eagled eyed of you may well have noticed that I omitted wife number 3 from the above list.
You see, Lewis married for the third time when he was 23 years old. His wife, Myra Gale Brown was the entertainers 1st cousin and only 13 years old at the time.

The marriage produced 2 children and lasted 13 years from December 1957 to December 1970 although the couple had to go through a second marriage ceremony since his divorce from 2nd wife; Jane Mitchum was not complete before the first ceremony took place. That made him a bigamist twice over by my reckoning.

Unfortunately for Lewis, the press found out that he had married a child relative just as he was about to start a tour of the UK. Initially Lewis and his management team tried to claim that his new wife was actually 15 years old... Hmmm. Those 2yrs obviously made a big difference to his warped mind then.

Nevertheless, the truth prevailed and such was the public outcry that Lewis was forced to cancel the tour after only 3 shows and return to America. His career then languished in the doldrums for the next 5 or 6 years before sort of taking off again in 1963 - the public back then, apparently just slightly less forgiving than the public of today.
The first 6 marriages produced 6 children for Lewis and he also produced at least 2 more from extra marital affairs. Two of the children were killed, his 3 year old son who, like his 4th wife, also drowned in a swimming pool and his 19 yr old son who was killed in a car accident.

Now, it would be easy to point at those 3 cases and come out with some old crap along the lines of "*yeah but things were different back then*", but to those who think that way, I'm afraid that it just doesn't wash with me, particularly when you take into account that kids are maturing a lot quicker now than they did 30 or 40 years ago. In fact a 13 or 14 year old child back

then would have been equivalent to a 10 or 11 year old today.
The sad truth is that the entertainment industry is littered with deviant paedophiles. In fact, the actor Corey Feldman a former child star goes further still and alleges that predatory paedophiles run Hollywood.

Feldman, in a bid for justice threatened to name names of those who abused him and his fellow child star actor, Corey Haim.
Neither was Feldman bullshitting according to '**Little House on the Prairie**' star, Allison Arngrim (Nellie Olsen). Allison claims that it was an unhidden secret that the two Corey's were passed around for the sexual pleasure of Hollywood's Movie Moguls. The two Corey's shot to fame after appearing in the film '**The Lost Boys**'.

Feldman maintained that it was this child abuse that led to Corey Haim's chronic drug addiction, which ultimately ended his life in 2010. And although Feldman has not yet made good on his threat to expose the Tinsel Town Paedophiles, many websites are, alleging that legendary film director Steven Spielberg is crapping himself... Although, I would never personally allege such a libellous allegation.

However, I would say to Feldman the same as I would say to all those who have evidence of paedophilia: Don't threaten to name them, fucking do it. You might just be saving a child from the horrors that you went through.

Having said that, it does rather seem that film directors do have a penchant for having sex with children. The actor and director, Woody Allen immediately springs to mind.
Woody Allen is a vile man in every sense of the word. It is well known that while he was 'married' to Mia Farrow (Rosemary's Baby, Carrie) he began an affair with Mia's and the music conductor, Andre Previn's adopted Daughter, Soon Yi Previn.

The official story is that Allen and Soon YI didn't begin the affair until she was 17 yrs old. Farrow, who was also once married to Frank Sinatra only found out about the affair when she discovered naked photos of her daughter, allegedly taken by the self confessed neurotic, Allen.

Allen, who remains on the Celebrity A List insists that he did nothing wrong and since he was never legally married to Farrow - *despite their 12 year relationship producing a son as well as 2 adopted children* - the celebrated film director is quite correct in the eyes of the law.
After all, Soon Yi was not underage and neither was she Allen's daughter, adopted or otherwise. Course it could be said that, morally Allen was very wrong. However, many people believe that the 'official' story is not the true story.

In fact, according to the website blockyourid.com the official story couldn't be further away from the murky reality. Certainly, there has to be a reason that the Court placed such heavy restrictions on Allen concerning him seeing his children. The following is taken from the Biography Channel website:

After his separation from Mia Farrow, they started a long public legal battle over their three children. The case was finally won by Farrow and Allen was denied visitation rights with Dylan O'Sullivan Farrow and could only see his biological son Satchel, now 'Ronan Seamus Farrow', under supervision. Moses Farrow aka Misha chose not to see his father.

And if further proof were needed, the website blockyourid.com published the court findings in even greater detail:

In June, 1993, a court awarded custody of Moses, Dylan and Satchel to their mother, Mia Farrow, denying custody to their father, Woody Allen. Moses, who was then 15 years old, and unwilling to visit with his father, was not required to do so. Supervised visitation was ordered for Satchel, who was then five, for two hours, three times per week. Visitation between Mr. Allen and his daughter, Dylan, then seven, was to commence within six months, unless it interfered with therapeutic treatment or was "inconsistent with her welfare."

With the consent of both parties, a psychiatrist, Dr. Donna Moreau, was engaged as a neutral evaluator to make recommendations with respect to visitation. In her report of August 16, 1994, she concluded that Mr. Allen's severance of his sexual relationship with Ms. Farrow's daughter, Soon-Yi

Previn, was an "absolute precondition for even beginning to think of the possibility of contact" between him and Dylan. She asserted that Mr. Allen was blind to the effect his affair had on Dylan.

Course, it could be claimed that the old saying, 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned' could be applied in this instance. However, the fact that Farrow had the children's names changed, which effectively wipes out all traces of them being associated as their fathers, is drastic - even by Hollywood standards.
Moreover, according to her biography *'What falls away'*, Frank Sinatra offered to have Allen's legs broken when he learned of the affair with Soon Yi.

Amongst the many, extremely serious charges that blockyourid.com levels at Allen is the claim that the affair with Soon Yi began when she was 14 and he was 49. The website further claims that Farrow walked in on Allen masturbating over a photo of 7yr old Dylan.
Now it has to be said that those two claims alone are extremely libellous if there is no truth to them, never mind the other equally depraved things the website alleges Allen to be guilty of. And rightly so.

However, I would imagine that the reason Allen hasn't sued is that blockyourid.com use Police and court papers to backup their claims:

The Mia Farrow-Woody Allen relationship first exploded in January 1992, when Farrow found photos of her adopted daughter, Soon-Yi Previn, posing naked in Allen's New York City apartment. Later that year, in August, Allen was accused of molesting and sexually assaulting his 7-year-old adopted daughter, Dylan, at Farrow's Bridgewater home.

Initially, the complaint was filed with New York authorities, but they took no action. Paul Williams, a Caseworker of the Year for New York City's Human Resources Administration, tried to bring the case to Family Court (against the orders of his superiors) and was fired for "unethical conduct." Seven months later he was reinstated as a supervisor, a position he still holds.

In early August 1992, Allen held a press conference at a New York hotel where he admitted that he was the subject of a child abuse investigation. The investigation in question related to an allegation that the repulsive little man had sexually assaulted Dylan. The website blockyourid.com reported the matter thus:

On Aug. 4, 1992, a babysitter claims she saw Allen kneeling in front of Dylan, who was sitting on a couch in the den of the Bridgewater home. Dylan was wearing a dress, but no underpants. She stared blankly at the TV screen. The babysitter told authorities she noticed that Allen's head was between the girl's legs, very close to her crotch.

Over the course of the following 13 months, Dylan would tell her mother, psychologists, doctors, social workers and police that Allen touched her - *with the tip of his right index finger* - several times that day.
After the couch incident, the child's account has Allen taking her up to the master bedroom and into a crawl space for some father/daughter time to play with a train.
"*He put his finger in my vagina. He made me lay on the floor all ways, on my back, on my side, my front. He kissed me all over.*"
" *I didn't like it,*" she continued. "*Daddy told me not to tell and he'd take me to Paris, but I did tell.*"

Police found hair fibres in the crawl space consistent with Allen's, but forensic specialist Dr. Henry Lee, chief of Connecticut's state crime laboratory, believes the evidence could not conclusively place Allen in the attic.
"We found hair in the attic, but what does it prove?" Lee says. "*It doesn't necessarily prove guilt.*"
The pampered, over indulged film director then apparently tries to get out of being questioned by police. When that fails, Allen tries to put conditions on the interview:

Woody Allen would rebuff efforts by Connecticut state police and Paul Williams of New York to interview him. Just a few weeks after the Aug. 4

incidents, Allen tried to set preconditions for an interview with the state police. One of the preconditions was that any statements made by Allen could not be used to impeach him. The state police did not comply.

These people really do not live in the real world do they? However, the delaying tactics appeared to have a limited success because Allen was not formerly interviewed until the following new year:

Then on Jan. 6, 1993, Allen appeared at the state police barracks in Litchfield for a three-and-a-half-hour interview. He denied assaulting Dylan. He denied ever having been in the crawl space.

But Allen did say that he might have reached into the crawl space on occasion, either to grab one of the children or to give them a soda. State police reminded Allen that to reach into the crawl space, he would have had to enter a small closet first. Allen vehemently denied entry to the crawl space. But when state police told Allen that they had taken fingerprints from the crawl space, he said it was possible that his prints would be found there. State police characterized Allen's statements as inconsistent.

Hmmm. Swiftly moving on. With the interview not going Allen's way, the notoriously tight fisted 2nd generation Polish Jew had no choice but to dip in to his substantial fortune to try to buy his way out of trouble:

During the Allen investigation, Maco (state's attorney for Litchfield County) ***received a warning from a high-ranking state police official.***

"He [Maco] was told," says a retired officer, "that the Allen people were hiring private detectives to try to get some dirt on us."
One of their key targets was Sgt. John Mucherino, a primary investigator for Maco. They wanted to know if Mucherino was a drinker or a gambler, if he had any marital problems.
Allen's private detectives were compartmentalized, hired by different lawyers and subcontractors working for him, police say. The private detectives included former FBI and Drug Enforcement Administration agents, even former state cops who were friends with Mucherino…

... The prying took its toll on Maco. "It was after that that I saw a big change in him," says investigation team member Frank D'Amico, a retired police officer. "He was tense for a long time. He just took more precautions with everything he did."
" They were just trying to disrupt the case. We all know today, in light of O.J. (Simpson)***, that if you have nothing to go on, you go after law enforcement."***

D'Amico says the Allen team played a number of dirty tricks. Other law enforcement officials suspect that they had something to do with the false rumour that a top police investigator on the Allen case was trying to sell a videotape of Dylan to the tabloid media.
The state police immediately began an internal affairs investigation of this trooper, who was cleared. Former Chief State's Attorney Austin McGuigan said the allegations had to affect "the investigator's ability to do his job."
" The investigation closed down for about 10 days," Maco recalls. "About this time, I was told there was a campaign to disrupt the investigation and discredit the investigators, being orchestrated out of New York." …

Two months later, the case that had seemed so watertight for the prosecution took an ominous turn for the worse. In his quest to avoid any accusations of any wrong doings leading up to trial, Maco had inadvertently shifted the advantage to Allen. In America, money really can put you above the law:

Woody Allen proclaimed his innocence on the steps of Yale University in March 1993. A panel of experts from Yale, headed by paediatrician Dr. John Leventhal, concluded no abuse had taken place.The conclusion itself was an anomaly. The standard practice in the field is to state whether the subject's behaviour is consistent with having suffered sexual abuse."Concluding guilt or innocence is not the role of a mental health team - that's for the

court," says Dr. Diane Schetky, an associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Vermont, co-author of the widely used textbook Child Sexual Abuse and co-editor of Clinical Handbook of Child Psychiatry and the Law

Maco had commissioned the Yale study with instructions to determine whether Dylan was a viable witness who could stand up in court. He said that enlisting Yale's assistance was the biggest mistake he made in the case. "Regardless of what the Connecticut police wanted from us," Leventhal said in an April 1993 deposition, "we weren't necessarily beholden to them. We did not assess whether she'd be a good witness in court. That's what Mr. Maco may have been interested in, but that's not necessarily what we were interested in."
Yale, Maco says, "took the case and ran away with it. I gave their report very little weight."

An examination of the Yale report and court documents shows:

· The Yale team used psychologists on Allen's payroll to make mental health conclusions. "That seems like a blatant conflict of interest; they should have excluded themselves," Schetky says.
· Custody recommendations were made even though the team never saw Allen and any of the children together. "I'd sure want that information," Schetky says.
· The team refused to interview witnesses who could have corroborated the molestation claims.
· The team destroyed its notes. "I don't know why they would," Schetky says. "They shouldn't have anything to hide, unless there's disagreement."
· Leventhal, the only medical doctor on the team, did not interview Dylan. "How can you write about someone you've never seen?" Schetky asks.
· The night before Leventhal gave a statement to Farrow's attorney, he discussed the scenario with Abramowitz, the head of Allen's legal team, for about 30 minutes.
· The team interviewed Dylan nine times. For three consecutive weeks, she

said Allen violated her sexually. In several of the other sessions, she mentioned a similar type of abuse. When Dylan did not repeat the precise allegation in some of the sessions, the team reported this as an inconsistency.

The nine interviews were "excessive," Schetky says. "The danger is the child feels like she's not believed if she's asked the same questions over and over."
Leventhal himself later admitted, in sworn testimony in the custody case, that he made several mistakes during the course of the investigation. One of those was his false characterization of Dylan's active imagination as a thought disorder.
In the Yale report, Leventhal cited what he called "loose associations" by the child. He said she talked about looking in a trunk and seeing "dead heads." When advised that Mia Farrow had a trunk in her attic in which she kept wigs from her movies on wig blocks, Leventhal acknowledged this was not evidence of a fantasy problem or a thought disorder.

The paediatrician also attempted to categorize Dylan's banter as "magical thinking," citing her vivid description of a sunset. However, after being advised that Mia Farrow described the dark sky upon leaving New Haven in the evening as "the magic hour," Leventhal said he was "less concerned" about the incident as an example of "loose thinking."

"This guy Leventhal never left his office, never talked to the child, but he gave a wonderful account and said, 'I exonerate you, Woody,'" D'Amico says. "Boy, I wouldn't want to carry that flag around - 'Leventhal says I'm OK.'"
A Yale Spokeswoman says the hospital stands by the report and Leventhal's national reputation.

On Sept. 20, 1993 state police detective Bea Farleakas and Dylan Farrow sat on the floor of Maco's office, surrounded by stuffed animals. It was not an unusual scene. Children, sometimes victims, were regular visitors to the office, which is just a few doors from the renowned West Street Grill off Litchfield's town green.

Joining Farleakas, who was the primary detective in the Allen probe, and Dylan was Michelle Prindle, Maco's secretary. Dylan handed out the stuffed animals and they played for about an hour.

Maco, D'Amico, and state police Lt. Charles McIntyre looked on as Farleakas, Dylan, and Prindle finished their play session. Maco then got down on the floor, played, and talked with Dylan for about half an hour. "We talked about kid stuff," Maco says. "It was like being with my own kid. We were having fun - until the button was pushed. I tried to discuss the incident. I saw her saying to me with her blank stare, 'This is the last place I want to be. I can't deal with this. Is this Yale? What are they doing to me?'"...

As far as Maco was now concerned, he'd seen enough. As a father with young children himself, he decided to do what he thought was in Dylan's best interest and decided against going to trial:

... Maco backed off. "I saw complete withdrawal any time I tried to discuss the incident. This was complete withdrawal and regression. At the time she was so fragile and damaged I knew she would not be a good witness. I knew she needed healing. I was not going to interfere with her recovery."

Days later, Maco held a press conference in which he said state police had compiled enough evidence to charge Allen with a crime, but that he'd decided not to approve an arrest warrant in order to spare Dylan the trauma of a trial.

Allen objected strongly to Maco's characterization of him as a criminal who would never get to refute the charge in court. So strong were his objections, in fact, that in October he filed an ethics complaint against Maco with both the Statewide Grievance Committee - *a lawyers' disciplinary group* - and the state Criminal Justice Commission, which hires and fires prosecutors. While the Criminal Justice Commission exonerated Maco that December, the Statewide Grievance Committee voted 6-5 with two abstentions to investigate Maco for alleged misconduct in his handling of the case.

The vote overturned a ruling by Maco's local committee, which had found in

his favour.
Susan Levine of Litchfield, a member of the local grievance committee recalls the deliberations over Maco's actions:

"We ruled that even though Maco was close to the line, he didn't cross it," said Levine, who is also the top borough official in Litchfield. "We were very surprised when state-wide overturned it. Why empower local grievance committees and then take away the power? If Maco had acted inappropriately, that's the way [our] ruling would have gone. Maybe they just wanted to see Woody Allen."

Levine's comments were echoed by Superior Court Judge Raymond Norko, who characterized the State-wide Grievance Committee's actions as "star driven, sloppy, and careless."
One of the members of the state-wide panel, Bridgeport attorney Daiga Osis, had been an opponent of Maco in a vigorously contested arson case in Bridgeport - the burning of the Town Fair Tire store on Boston Avenue in the 1980s. Osis had argued an appeal against Maco and lost.
"The name of the prosecutor did not concern me; I have no personal relationship with Maco," Osis says. But she cast what could have been the deciding vote in the 6-5 decision to investigate Maco. Hiltz, a retired state police lieutenant, called her action "sour grapes" and "payback."
"I did nothing illegal, unethical, or immoral," Maco says. "I'll go anywhere to defend that."

These days, Maco awaits the final word from the Statewide Grievance Committee, which could vote to remove him from his job. Maco says he has rejected offers of a settlement from the Allen camp, which would require him to apologize for his accusatory statements.
He credits his family with the support that has enabled him to endure. "I've gained strength from Nancy Lou, from my son and of course, from Mom and Dad. Whatever strength I have comes from them."

In one particularly intense period, his son Frank Jr., then 9 years old, pulled him through. Allen had branded Maco dishonest and a coward during press conferences after Maco's announcement that he was closing

the case.

"Frank saw the news article, and all I could do was tell him that given the nature of my business, I'm sure I've been called a coward and dishonest before, but I don't think I've ever been called both of those at the same time," Maco recalls. "He laughed, but then he had some fear for my job, so he assured me he had a friend, another young boy whose dad was in the insurance business. He said, 'Don't worry, Dad, I'm sure we can always get you a job in insurance.'"

No doubt, at this point Allen was feeling extremely smug. With the case of sexual abuse now dropped, the tiny in stature, tiny in mind director appeared to assume that he had been found not guilty... Which is consistent with the mind set of all of these fabulously wealthy sick fucks. They simply have no concept of right and wrong and the only person whose feelings matter are their own.

With that in mind, Allen launched a custody bid for his 3 children and as we now know, he should have quit while ahead. The case judge certainly saw through him and promptly blocked him from seeing the children.
Course the arrogant arsewipe hadn't helped himself by admitting that he hadn't stopped for a second to consider how his children would feel about their father having sex with their sister.
Mind you, he was also hampered by all the medical reports that were used in evidence against him. All agreed that Dylan was extremely traumatised by him and like his biological son Satchel/Shamus, was absolutely petrified at the prospect of having to spend time with their father.

Moreover, as I have already said, legally Allen hadn't broken the law by sleeping with Soon Li, (Having had his claim that his step daughter hadn't slept with him until she was over the legal age upheld). However, since he had been playing Dad to her since she was 8 yrs old some of the medical witnesses' in the case saw things quite differently:

Dr Welner's comments: Considerable attention has been devoted to the terrible consequences of incest on the victim. What about its impact on the

victim's siblings? Incest is almost always furtively perpetrated, or is unknown to uninvolved siblings.

It would also appear to be the case, that the self obsessed paedophile had not taken into account the fact that Mia Farrow would be giving evidence. Her testimony was probably the most damming of all. The following is how blockyourid.com reported on Farrow's evidence:

"He developed a sick obsession with the child that lasted until he was ordered by the court to stay away from her"...
Allen ignored his own child with Farrow, a boy called Satchel, Farrow says, but would hunt Dylan down when he visited and fondle her. Lying on bed half-nude watching TV, he would stick his thumb in her mouth and so terrorized the child she would scream, "Hide me!" to her siblings, and run away from him.

Farrow acknowledges she was wrong to stay with Allen for so long in light of his behaviour to her children. She kicked him out when she discovered the famed nude photos of Soon-Yi and learned Allen had been sleeping with her for months.
But until then, she accepted his assurances he was getting therapy to combat his obsession with Dylan and relied on professionals who assured her things would change.

Allen deceived her, Farrow says, and she accuses him of an "unfathomable, uncontrollable need to destroy everything good and positive in his life, so he tried to destroy my family.
" For him to have sex with one of my children, a child he had known as my daughter since she was 8 years old, was not enough: He had to make me see, graphically, what he was doing"...

And here's journalist Peter Marks report on the case:

Mia Farrow testified yesterday that her 7-year-old daughter, Dylan, was so distraught over the relentless attention of her adoptive father, Woody Allen, that she frequently screamed, "Hide me! Hide me!" when he came to visit

her, and twice locked herself in the bathroom to keep away from him.

In her second day of testimony in a custody trial in State Supreme Court in Manhattan, Ms. Farrow portrayed Mr. Allen as a father so obsessed he would "wrap himself around" the girl as they watched television, often ignoring his other children. And she described the child as almost immobilized by the attention Mr. Allen showered upon her…

"He would creep up in the morning and lie beside her bed and wait for her to wake up," Ms. Farrow testified, as Mr. Allen sat a few feet away in the courtroom, scribbling notes and tearing pages from a legal pad. "I thought it was excessive. I was uncomfortable all along."

She said that on some occasions she saw Mr. Allen with "his head in her stomach or her crotch" and that Dylan had described to her one instance in her bunk bed, where he had placed his hand under her shorts while she was on the ladder.

On another occasion, Ms. Farrow said, Dylan locked herself in the bathroom for four hours after Mr. Allen showed up, refusing to come out until Mr. Allen instructed her baby sitter to pick the lock with a wire coat hanger. Ms. Farrow described what she considered "this very needy quality he had of beseeching her attention, praising her to the point that she was immobilized."

Ms. Farrow testified that in December Dylan also said that on a visit to Mr. Allen's apartment sometime in the summer or autumn of 1991, she had witnessed Mr. Allen and Ms. Farrow's adopted daughter, Soon-Yi Previn, on the bed in his bedroom. "She said they were on top of the bed," Ms. Farrow testified. She said Dylan had told her they were "doing compliments" and "making snoring noises."

So there you have it. Allen has now not seen his kids since 1992. Or should I say those kids involved in the trial. He has however seen his 2 adopted children that he has with Soon Yi. Well he would do since they are now married. Now imagine if that was you or I in an identical situation. Would we

have been allowed to adopt? I think not.

And coincidentally enough, Mia Farrow played the title role in arguably one of the most well known horror movies of all time. The film was called **‘Rosemary’s Baby’** and was about a husband who was persuaded by Devil worshippers to allow the Devil to impregnate his wife with the Devils child in return for success.

Interestingly, although not particularly relevant, the film was shot in the ‘Dakota’ building in New York City. The Dakota was home to the legendary John Lennon, who was shot by Mark Chapman in front of the building as the ex-beatle returned home. Chapman is believed to have been a victim of the CIA’s MK Ultra, mind control experiments.

Course, as I have already stated; the Elites are fanatical Devil Worshippers...
If you didn’t know, I once again suggest you read **Monsters Inc**.
However, the reason that I now mention the film Rosemary's Baby is nothing to do with the fact that it’s about Devil Worship. Indeed, I mention it because it was directed by Roman Polanski.

Polanski, was also the husband of Sharon Tate who at 8 months pregnant was stabbed to death along with her unborn baby, in the couples Beverly Hills home by the Charles Manson ‘Family’.
No doubt that had Polanski not been away when the murder happened, he too would have been murdered. What a pity the vile creature wasn’t at home, because Polanski is a well documented prolific Paedophile.
The following is taken from an article written by the author Judith Reisman:

In gay Paree, Roman was an open pedophile, posing with bevies of little teenyboppers for photo journal essays. His "relationship" with 15-year-old Natassja Kinski was well-known. She became Tess in his 1979 film Roman got to direct, and shoot her (Tess) being raped.
Ah, the thrill of fine art.

Charlotte Lewis, a British actress, recently accused Polanski of raping her when she was 16. He "forced himself upon me in his apartment in Paris,"

she said. "And I have lived with the effects of his behaviour ever since it occurred."
The New York Daily News quoted Lewis as saying Polanski told her he slept with all of his actresses. "He just said very coldly, 'If you're not a big enough girl to have sex with me, you're not big enough to do the screen test. I must sleep with every actress that I work with; that's how I get to know them, how I mould them.'"

For any who missed why Polanski was incarcerated in Switzerland, in 1977 he drugged, brutally raped, and sodomized a 13-year-old child in the USA. He never expected to be arrested for what was apparently his common behaviour, but arrested he was. He confessed but fled to France to film happily ever after. He was arrested in Switzerland under a USA warrant as a fugitive.

There is so much more that could be said about Polanski, but I think that you get the general idea. Yet once again, Tinsel town comes out in support of one of their own. Worse still, a lot of those coming out in support of Polanski are women with the likes of Whoopi Goldberg quoted as saying that he wasn't guilty of "*rape – rape*". Madness, utter madness.

Course if I ever needed backup for my article entitled '*Why the justice system favours paedophiles*' which can be found in my book: **The Conspiracy Files**, I need look no further than an article written in 2009 by the Observer Newspaper's Nick Cohen. The article written about Polanski was entitled 'Why Roman Polanski just loves the English courts' and was in regard to the Film Directors libel victory in a British Court. Or, as Cohen so neatly put it:

"Only in Blighty could a fugitive paedophile sue a magazine for calling him a groper – and win."

Moreover, Polanski then had the brass balls to crow about the victory, with Cohen quoting him as saying:

"If I was a murderer the press and police wouldn't be so obsessed by me. But… fucking, you see, and the young girls. Judges want to fuck young

girls. Juries want to fuck young girls – everyone wants to fuck young girls!"

I would beg to differ with you on that one you odious little prick. I think that you will find you are in a very tiny, very warped minority.
Nevertheless, the film director (*See what I mean*) John Derek was certainly in that tiny warped minority. He left his wife Linda Evans of TV's 'Dynasty' fame, for 15 yr old Mary Collins (Bo Derek). The couple then had to flee to Germany so as the then 45 yr old paedophile, wouldn't be charged with statutory rape of a minor.

However, *The Green Mile* star Doug Hutchison 52, and his teenage bride Courtney Stodden 16, certainly approve of John Derek's actions. Here's what they said in interview:

"Our inspirations were Jon and Bo Derek; they were married when she was 15 and they had a 22-year marriage. She held his hand while he was on his death bed. Celine Dion and Rene Angelil - he met her when she was 12."

The interview then became heated when host Billy Bush criticised Hutchinson after learning that the actor had a six-month Internet relationship with Stodden before her mother let the couple meet. Bush said:

"People are gonna call you a pedophile and a pervert for meeting a young girl online, and they're not far wrong," adding, "You just threw your career away, haven't you?" Source wenn.com

And then there was the arrest of 47 year old Martin Weiss, a Hollywood manager who represents child stars. He was charged on December 1st 2011 with sexually abusing a former client. The client in question was only 11 years old at the time.

On Nov. 21 2011, Fernando Rivas, 59, an award-winning composer for the kids TV show, "Sesame Street," was charged with "to engage in sexually explicit conduct" and the distribution of child porn.

Jason James Murphy, 35 is another good example. A registered sex offender Jason worked as a casting agent in Hollywood for years before his past caught up with him. Then on Nov 17th 2011, the LA Times revealed that he had been involved the kidnapping and sexual abuse of a little boy. Previously Murphy had supplied child actors for films such as: "Bad News Bears", "The School of Rock", "Cheaper by the Dozen 2" and the"Three Stooges".

Special Effects makeup artist Chris Hedgcock is another dirty paedophile. He was sentenced to 8yrs in prison for conspiring to rape two teenage sisters aged 13 and 14, and for possession of child pornography.
Not that possessing Child Pornography would be a serious crime in the UK, if the MP Harriet Harmon had her way in 2009.

Hedgcock's special effects makeup work can be seen in the films "28 Days Later", "Kingdom of Heaven", "First Knight", "Black Hawk Down" and "The Upside of Anger", among other films.
Course, it isn't just the boys who suffered. Judy Garland, Shirley Temple, Elizabeth Taylor (Who at 15 yrs old was bedded by Ronald Reagan, the ex actor and US President), Brooke Shields and Nastassja Kinski to name but a few, all suffered under age sexual abuse at the hands of Hollywood's sick fucks.

Take Brooke Shields for instance. Brooke's Mother couldn't wait to get her into show biz, signing her up for her first photo shoot when she was just 11 months old. In 1978, Brooke, then just 13 years old starred in Louis Malle's controversial film *'Pretty Baby'* playing a 12 year old prostitute.
Audiences were so shocked by Brooke's naked scenes that a Congressional inquiry was held although no further action was taken when Brooke testified in person that the more scandalous scenes had been filmed by older body doubles.

However, whether Brooke told the inquiry the truth or not is a matter of debate being as later that year, the young actress once again made front page news after appearing naked in a magazine. The following is taken from the Iconic Photos website:

'In the magazine, a ten-year old Brooke is shown wearing makeup, her glistening body posed naked in a bathtub. The picture comes from a series taken by Garry Gross, an advertising photographer from New York who was regularly employed by Brooke's mother to photograph her daughter, then a model with the Ford agency.
At the time, Gross was working on a project for publication entitled The Woman in the Child, in which he wanted to reveal the femininity of prepubescent girls by comparing them to adult women.

Brooke Shields posed for him both as a normal young girl and in the nude, her body heavily made up and oiled, receiving a fee of $450 from Playboy Press, Gross's partner in the project. Her mother signed a contract giving Gross full rights to exploit the images of her daughter. The series was first published in Little Women, and then in Sugar and Spice, a Playboy Press publication. Large prints were also exhibited by Charles Jourdan on 5th Avenue in New York.'

Then in 1980 Brooke – by now 15 yrs old - hit the headlines yet again after starring in '*Blue Lagoon'* - the story of a little girl and boy who get stranded on a desert island and fall in love as they get older. Once again, producer's insisted that a body double had been used for the nude scenes and that when not possible to do so her hair was glued to her breasts to prevent too much being exposed.

In 2009, those photos of Brooke taken when she was 10 again hit the headlines. The Photographs were taken by artist Richard Prince who included them in his Tate Modern Art Exhibition, aptly named 'Pop Art'. However, after complaints, the Police intervened and the Photos were removed.

It is by now, I hope, becoming quite clear to you that show biz is dominated by 'sick fucks' in the USA and in the UK too. Look at the BBC Paedophile ring. The ex Radio 1 DJ's involved in that ring is a veritable who's who of disc spinning legends: Jimmy Savile, Jonathan King, Alan Freeman, John Peel and Chris Denning to name but a few. Denning has in fact spent 3 decades in and out of UK and Eastern European prisons for sexual abusing

children as young as 10.

Moreover, they all used to get together for sick sex parties in Alan Freeman's *'secret' flat on the Lea Bridge Road*' in London. The DJ's would be joined at these parties by the likes of Ex Liberal Party Leader, Jeremy Thorpe and the Beatles manager Brian Epstein. The Party's usually consisted of young boys being shipped in from children's homes for no other reason than to be buggered by these sick, sick, sick men.

Neither are the paedophiles confined to radio. Paedophiles are forever on our TV screens.
The long running TV soap, Coronation Street for some strange reason seems to have had more than its fair share of Paedophiles and perverts. Amongst those causing controversy are actor Michael La Vell (Kevin Webster) who was arrested in September 2011 on a charge of having sex with an underage girl.

The charge was dropped in early 2012 due to 'insufficient evidence', but that in no way means that La Vell was not guilty, although he strenuously denied the charge.
Then again, so did the comedian Freddie Starr. In 2012 he denied ever meeting the 14 yr old girl he was accused of molesting back in the 1970's. In fact, Starr was so incensed by the accusation that he tried to take out a court injunction banning the press from repeating the sex allegation.

Tellingly, the Injunction was denied leaving Starr forced to loudly protest his innocence in the press and repeat his claim that he had never ever met the girl let alone fondled her sexually... Only trouble was, a video of the TV show surfaced a few days later showing Rock Steady Freddie alongside the girl.

Nevertheless, if La Vell says he's innocent then that's good enough for me... Unfortunately, for him, it wasn’t good enough for his wife, Ex 'Corrie' actress, Janette Beverley. She ended their 25 yr marriage following his arrest, although the official story has it that they had apparently become 'Estranged from each other'... Hmmm.

Another Corrie Paedophile, who wasn't... wink, wink... Was Peter Adamson who played builder Len Fairclough, the husband to Rita (Actress Barbara Knox), who I think is still in the show. The following is from Wikipedia:

On 24 April 1983, a Sunday newspaper reported that Adamson had been arrested for indecently assaulting two eight-year old girls in a public swimming pool in Haslingden where he had assisted as a part-time instructor. One was allegedly assaulted the day before, the other on 16 April. The police complaint alleged that Adamson's hands had strayed while giving the girls swimming lessons.

He was represented by the barrister George Carman QC, who had a prominent career defending celebrities. On 26 July 1983, a Crown Court jury found Adamson not guilty. The following year, after his wife's death and still suffering financial woes and drinking problems, he was allegedly persuaded by freelance Sun reporter Dan Slater to change his story following several bottles of whisky. Adamson was alleged to have told Slater "I am totally guilty of everything the police said"...."But what I hope you will print - there was no sexual intent."

Another instance of British Justice favouring paedophiles? The man was caught red handed for crying out loud. The fact that a case is held before a jury who find the defendant not guilty, does not necessarily prove innocence. Judges are forever gently leading juries in such a way that they reach the verdict that the judges desire. And let’s not forget how starstruck the UK Zombies are. If you are a celebrity up in front of a jury, you have a 10 yard head start already.

Tellingly... There is always a 'tellingly', don't cha know, Adamson was sacked by Coronation Street producers after his arrest. They didn't bother to wait and see if he was found guilty or not guilty. Furthermore, once he had been found not guilty (*Good barrister, that George Carmen*), the work didn't come pouring back in

And talking of the late George Carmen QC, his son Dominic recently wrote in the Guardian newspaper the following:

In 1992, my father, George Carman QC, had been retained by Savile's lawyers over a different matter, which never reached court. By 1994, the name Carman, and what he could do in cross-examination, put such fear into the minds of litigants, lawyers and editors that libel cases were settled and, in some circumstances, perhaps stories were not published. Savile may have been one of those…

In 1983, Adamson was tried for indecently assaulting two eight-year-old girls in a public swimming pool, in Haslingden. Following complaints of previous incidents, the assaults had been witnessed by two police officers watching through a porthole, which gave an underwater view of the pool. In cross-examining the officers and the girls, my father destroyed the case. Adamson walked free. The following year, he told a Sun reporter: "I am totally guilty of everything the police said." When the Sun reported the story, no further action was taken. Adamson died in 2002. Source – Anorak Website.

Adamson did in fact die penniless in January 2002 from stomach cancer. Another shamed, big name Corrie star to fall from grace was the actor Peter Dudley (Bert Tilsley in the show) although he wasn't strictly a paedophile, he was a sexual deviant. And once again, I will leave it to Wikipedia to elaborate:

On 29 January 1979, he joined the cast as a regular playing family man Bert alongside Lynne Perrie and Christopher Quinten. He was openly homosexual, and in 1982, Dudley was observed exposing himself to another man in a public toilet in Didsbury, and was charged with importuning. With commendable courage, Coronation Street Producer Bill Podmore stood by him and he continued to appear in the series. He was found guilty and fined £200.

Dudley was charged with gross indecency some months later. Although he claimed he was not guilty and had been set up by the police, he realised he was in very serious trouble. He chose to go to Crown Court rather than a Magistrates Court, which prolonged the affair and made it very public. The

first jury failed to agree and the judge ordered a retrial. The strain became too much and he suffered a stroke, losing much of the use of his left side, and briefly his speech. The retrial was postponed and the file kept open.

Exposing yourself to other men in public toilets is known as cottaging and is a particular favourite past time of Politicians. The Ex Prime Minister, Edward Heath was particularly fond of the practice... While still in office.
Heath was in fact warned to stop on several occasions by the then Metropolitan Police Commissioner. However, since Heath was warned 'several' times it would seem that the warnings obviously fell on deaf ears.

I will however elaborate further on our sick politicians in much greater detail, later on in this book.

Nevertheless, Labour Party MP, Ron Davis was another top Politician caught flashing his knob around. Unlike Heath though, Davis did away with the privacy of a public toilet, preferring instead to waggle it about - or whatever they do with it - in the open air of Clapham Common.

The totally corrupt and extremely depraved Paedophile Labour MP, Tom Drieberg was yet another one. He was charged with indecent assault after two men shared his bed in the 1940s and used his position as a journalist several times to get off later charges when caught soliciting in public toilets by the police.

More recently Anthony Charles Lynton Blair AKA Tony Blair, found himself in court for toilet, todger tugging:

He was charged and appeared in court at Bow Street magistrates court for importunity in a public toilet with another male. He tried to get sexual favour from the other man, little did he know that the toilet was being watched by police. Blair was fined £500, and walked away with nobody knowing who he really was as he used his middle names to cover his real identity. Charles Lynton is the name used, and his friends in court got him off with a fine, because he is one of them. *Source - operationorethegamble blog*

Course, 'cottaging' isn't just for Politicians wishing to indulge themselves... The late pop star, George Michael liked to waggle his wang in public toilets occasionally... Belated note to George: *Make sure it isn't an undercover copper you're tugging your todger at.*
The same applies to Wilfrid Brambell AKA Albert Steptoe of Steptoe and Son fame and the Thespian Sir John Gielgud. And for more famous Wang Waglers go to: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cottaging
Back to 'soap stars' and Craig Charles who was once suspended by Coronation Street producers because of his Crack addiction was also once arrested and remanded in custody for rape. The following is once again from Wikipedia who have this to say about the actor who played Lloyd Mullaney in the show:

In July 1994, Charles and a friend were arrested and remanded in custody for several months on a rape charge. While in prison, Charles was attacked by a man wielding a knife. In March 1995, both men were acquitted in their trial. After being cleared, Charles spoke of the need to restore anonymity for those accused of rape. He stated that "the fact that my name and address along with my picture can appear on the front of the papers before the so-called 'victim' has even signed a statement proves that anonymity for rape defendants is a must and that the law must be changed."

Rape is a serious charge, but nevertheless how many alleged rapists are remanded in custody before going to trial? Not many, I would wager, unless there is very good reason to warrant it.

Yet there is a pattern opening up in these acquittals, not guilty's and insufficient evidence isn't there? My article, '*Why the justice system favours paedophiles*' which was originally published by the Sovereign Independent Newspaper and was subsequently picked up by many other websites goes a long way - as the title suggests - to explain this low rate of convictions.

John Savident, who played Corrie butcher, Fred Elliot - "*a say Fred Elliot*" - Never mind, you had to be there... was savagely knifed in the neck in

December 2000 after picking up a maniac in a Manchester Gay bar. The attack happened after the pair went back to Savident’s home. Such was the ferocity of the attack that the judge sentenced knife wielding, would be gay slayer, Michael Smith to 7 years in prison.

Even actor, William Roach - boring Ken Barlow in the long running Soap - doesn't escape scot free. He recently admitted to Piers Morgan that he had been a serial adulterer throughout his marriage and had bedded over a 1000 women.

Corrie’s rival soap, Eastenders doesn’t fair much better. Gillian Taylforth (Kathy Beale) once accused her on screen husband Peter Dean (Pete Beale) of being a “sex pest”. The late actor Leslie Grantham (Den Watts), was also sacked after being caught having a wank on the internet - although I did in fact speak to him personally about the incident and he claimed that was stitched up. Indeed, if everyone who was caught having cam-sex was sacked there would be an awful lot of job vacancies on offer.

Moreover, Grantham came across as much more grounded than your average knob-ed-celeb which is probably something to do with the 11 years that he spent in prison for murdering a taxi-driver. And since he has not been brought in from the cold, it is fairly safe to assume that he isn't a nonce.

Which cannot be said for 17 yr old Joshua Pascoe (Ben Mitchell in Eastenders) who was arrested in May 2012 for a serious sexual assault on a minor.

Course, the golden rule appears to be; paedophilia is fine, just don’t get caught. Especially when you’re still on the way up as was the case with the heart throb actor, Rob Lowe who had a right throb on when he made a Porn film with an underage girl. The film emerged in 1988 off the back of another sex-tape.

The first tape, a grainy Betamax depicted the actor in a Paris hotel suite with a young model named Jennifer, while a second naked gent can be seen cheering him on with chants of “Harder, Rob, she wants it harder!”

Unfortunately for Lowe however, things were about to get much worse. You see, having escaped relatively unscathed from the release of the first film, just a few short months later a second tape surfaced. This one was recorded in Atlanta, Georgia where Lowe was attending a Democratic Party Convention and showed him having sex with an under-aged girl that he'd just met in a bar.

And despite Lowe's protests that he didn't know the girl was underage, this 2nd film put paid to the actor's film career for at least a decade in which time the once in demand star was forced to take part in low budget, made for TV films.
After this decade in the wilderness, Lowe finally got a second bite of fame after accepting a part in the TV series 'The West Wing' - yet another case of the general public forgiving a sex pest. Forgiven or not, Lowe is today, still being plagued by allegations of Sexual assaults against his staff and rumours that he is Bi-sexual.

Mind you, it is in fact quite appropriate that Lowe once again found fame in the West Wing, where he played an aide to a fictional American President. At least it is when you take into consideration that politics is also dominated by paedophiles and other sexual deviants. It is in fact, true to say that every non fictional US President since and including JFK has been Paedophile, child abuser and/or Satanists.

In fact when it comes to paedo's in power, you have more chance of winning the lottery than finding a government figure who's not a sexual deviant. This problem stems from the constant buggering's that they received in their posh schools, I would imagine.
Tony Blair's Labour Government was indeed very lucky to stay in power as long as it did when you take into consideration the number of allegations made against them in regards to paedophilia.

The allegations stemmed from **'Operation Ore**', a massive police investigation into internet child pornography. The investigation was launched following a similar investigation in America named **Operation Avalanche** which saw the FBI pass on over 7000 names to their UK counterparts. The

following is from Wikipedia:

Between 1999 and 2001, after a tip off, a US investigation was conducted into Landslide Productions Inc, a Texas-based online pornography portal operated by Thomas and Janice Reedy. The portal was found to have provided access to child pornography and the Reedys were both convicted of trafficking child pornography in August 2001.
Following the investigation and conviction "Operation Avalanche" was launched, in the US, to trace and prosecute child pornography users identified in the Landslide database. In addition, the website was run for a short time as part of a sting operation by the FBI to capture new suspects.The FBI also passed identities from the Landslide database to the police organizations of other countries, including 7,272 names to the UK.

However, in the end, those allegations were kept quiet when Blair issued a D Notice, which effectively meant that there was a blackout imposed on the Media's reporting of Parliament.
Course, a D Notice cannot be issued to stop the press reporting on a criminal investigation, even when Politicians are involved. However, Blair was able to issue the D Notice, sighting the onset of the Iraq invasion as the reason.

Indeed, I can't help but wonder though, what would have happened had he not been able to issue the notice. I was in fact going to go into a lot more detail about Operation Ore, but as I researched the subject, it quickly became clear that the fallout from the investigation is a book in itself.

It also seems to me that we need to beware of those who appear to have kids "best interests and welfare" at heart. They usually haven't. The wholly corrupt, sick minds of those who run and work for the British Social Services are testament to that fact.

And the problem gets no better the higher up you go, with kids matters being decided in secret, closed courts where no one, not even the parents are allowed to discuss what goes on or what's been said. I discuss these corrupt, courts in my article **'Invasion of the baby snatchers'** that also first appeared on the Sovereign Independent newspaper website. That article, along with the

others I have mentioned can now be found in my book "**The Conspiracy Files**".

However, if other examples of famous paedophiles who you wouldn't believe were nonces were needed, then look no further than JM Barrie who wrote Peter Pan and famously gave the story rights to Great Ormond Street Hospital. Then there is the other two famous Children's book authors, AA Milne (Winnie the Pooh) and Lewis Carroll (Alice in Wonderland). All three dirty paedophiles.

Okay, so those 3 Author's may well have been a long time dead, but Great Ormond Street Hospital is still raking it in from the Peter Pan rights, Winnie the Pooh is as popular as ever as is the Opium inspired Alice in Wonderland. Moreover, the general public do not get to know about these deviants until after their deaths... Take Jimmy Savile as an example, and he'd been at it since the 1950's if not before. These Elite's don't like to let us commoners know the depth of their depravity. After all, as was the case with Savile, any hint of gossip leaking out is quickly buried.

Therefore, those celebs who perceive themselves as innocent victims, unlucky enough to be caught up in the crossfire that inevitably results from cases such as Savile's can have no complaints.
Take Esther Rantzen. After the Savile scandal broke she appeared on TV and admitted to doing nothing about the warped DJ, despite her having suspicions about him.
Yet Rantzen appeared to be under the impression that her confession somehow warranted forgiveness. It didn't, she disgusts me, and the same should go for every other right minded individual.

Rantzen, like many others has now gone to ground but personally, I won't be happy until her and her ilk are 6 foot under it.
It has also been alleged that the 'respected' British actor, David *'Del Boy'* Jason is a paedophile. The following is from the 'Could It Be True' website:

David Jason sexually abused children in the 80's and 90's both whilst he was a member of London Glider Club at Dunstable and at Turweston

Aerodrome at Brackley, Northants.
Whilst at London Glider Club he abused children with the then chief gliding instructor Derek Sear. Whilst at Turweston he abused children with one Albert Tarnow.

And then there is this from the MSM:

TWO child sex perverts abused teenage boys at the home of Only Fools and Horses star David Jason, it was revealed this week.
The actor was filming in Australia at the time and was unaware of the offences until police told him of the shocking activities last year.
Derek Sear, 50 - a friend of the Del Boy star for 25 years - and Albert Tarnow, 56, lured the two victims to the actor's former home in Aylesbury, Bucks, by boasting of their connection with David.

Sear, who was looking after the house at the time in 1991, assaulted one of the boys in David's bed. Tarnow abused the other boy downstairs and the two paedophiles later "swapped boys around," Luton Crown Court heard. Flying instructor Sear became a friend in the early 1970s when he gave the actor gliding lessons.

He was jailed for five years in April after admitting 12 sex offences against youngsters but the case could not be reported until Tarnow's trial ended. Tarnow, also a flying instructor, was jailed for eight and a half years for 24 sex offences.

Course whether or not Jason is a paedophile, I can't say. However, at the very best, he is guilty of keeping extremely bad company. There is also a further hint about Jason in this Daily Mail article: http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-1126918/Gay-paedophile-lovers-abused-boys-flat-allowed-share-human-rights-legislation.html
Now, while I am reluctant to start a witch hunt on paedophiles, I cannot ignore the frequency with which Paul McCartney's name keeps popping up. The following is from the griffinwatch website:

It has been alleged that among those caught up in Operation Ore were:

Gerald Kaufman, Gordon Brown, Alan Milburn, John Prescott, Peter Mandelson and Paul McCartney.

And I would like to say that, that was the first time that I had seen McCartney's name linked with Operation Ore, but alas, that would be a long way from the truth.
Course, McCartney did make the news headlines in late 2012 when he and Bruce Forsyth publicly announced that they always found Savile a 'bit creepy'. However, by McCartney saying that isn't necessarily proof of his innocence. He could in fact be said to laying a false trail.

Indeed, it is worth remembering that the ex Beatle's manager, Brian Epstein was a known paedophile who attended the sex parties in Alan 'fluff' Freeman's flat located on the Lea Bridge Road.
It has also been rumoured that Paul's fellow band mate, John Lennon had an affair with Epstein. Course, Lennon publicly stated that although he was tempted, they didn't actually get it on but either way, I cannot believe that both Lennon and McCartney didn't know about Epstein's liking for boys. Therefore, at best that puts them in the Esther Rantzen bracket.

Indeed, you only have to look at the Bay City Rollers manager, Tom Paton, who was jailed for three years in 1982 after admitting sexually abusing teenage boys at his home outside Edinburgh, to see the similarities.
That fact becomes all the more real when you consider that the Bay City Rollers drummer, Derek Longmuir narrowly avoided being jailed in March 2000 after being convicted of possessing Child Porn.

English pop manager and impresario Larry Parnes, who has been described as "the first major British rock manager" was also a notorious paedophile. According to Wikipedia:

Parnes stable encompassed most of the most successful pre-Beatles British rock singers.
Among those he managed with at least some degree of success were Billy Fury, Vince Eager, Dickie Pride, Lance Fortune, Duffy Power, Johnny Gentle, Terry Dene, Nelson Keene and Georgie Fame He also managed

Tommy Bruce, Joe Brown, Tommy Steele and Marti Wilde
Parnes also promoted concerts, including the 1960 tour by Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran during which Cochran was killed in a road crash. Later the same year he hired a Liverpool beat group, then known as the Silver Beetles, to back one of his singers, Johnny Gentle, on a short tour of Scotland; although Gentle tried to persuade him to manage the group, Parnes decided not to do so. He developed the idea of the package tour, for which his stars toured the country together in a bus, playing one-night stands around the country. In 1962, he hired The Tornados as backing group for Billy Fury, and also claimed to have given "their first breaks" to entertainers Jimmy Tarbuck, Rolf Harris and Mike Yarwood
And among that above list of of famous names we see Rolf Harris who I publicly named as being a paedophile long before he was arrested and convicted of being one. Jimmy Tarbuck is also mentioned. He was arrested in 2013 on charges of historic sex abuse, although the charges were later dropped.

The singer Cliff Richard's love life has of course also long been the subject of speculation. He was also known to be on friendly terms with the Kray Twins, who were alleged to have supplied boys from a children's home to the rich and famous.

Likewise, Richard was also a friend of Lord Boothby's, a predatory paedophile, who was also closely associated with the twins. So, if there is nothing to the rumours, it again has to be sai, that at best, Cliff is a very bad judge of character.

Predictably, Rolf Harris and Cliff Richard are Freemasons and very close to the Royal Family. Harris is also the singer of the dubiously named songs, Two Little Boys, Jake the Peg – A man in a raincoat who has a 'middle leg' - and Tie Me Kangaroo down Sport – whatever the fuck that is about.
Harris, like Savile did a lot of work for Children's Charities and his Paintings that are worth thousands upon thousands of pounds can be found hanging on the walls of Great Ormond Street Hospital.

The pioneering record producer Joe Meek was another paedophile to be

associated with the Kray Twins. Meek's best known hit is **Telstar** by the Tornadoes which topped the charts in both the UK and the USA in 1962. His commercial success as a producer was short-lived however. Meek gradually sank into debt and depression. On 3 February 1967, using a shotgun owned by the musician Heinz Burt, Meek killed himself after first murdering his landlady.

Another musical paedophile is the Sham 69 front man Jimmy Pursey. Pursey was arrested in 2012 for indecently assaulting an under age girl, prompting Sham 69 to put the following message on their official Facebook page:

OFFICIAL SHAM 69 STATEMENT
A DISCLAIMER
WE, THE OFFICIAL SHAM 69, WISH TO MAKE THE FOLLOWING DISCLAIMER STATEMENT:
THIS IS DUE TO THE PERSISTENT EMAILS FROM BOTH FANS, MEMBERS OF THE UK/INTERNATIONAL PRESS, AND STATEMENTS MADE VIA SOCIAL NETWORK SITES REGARDING AN INCIDENT THAT TOOK PLACE INVOLVING JAMES TIMOTHY PURSEY (AKA JIMMY PURSEY) BEING ARRESTED FOR INDECENTLY ASSAULTING AN UNDER AGE GIRL.

THIS INCIDENT DID TAKE PLACE, THE GIRL WAS UNDERAGE, THEREFORE LEGALLY A MINOR, AND SUFFERED TRAUMA AS A RESULT WITH LIFE LONG CONSEQUENCES NO DOUBT.
THIS BAND FULLY AND UTTERLY CONDEMNS SUCH BEHAVIOUR AND WISHES TO MAKE IT KNOWN THAT JIMMY PURSEY IS NOT PART OF THE OFFICIAL SHAM 69 LINEUP IN ANY WAY. WE ALSO WISH TO MAKE IT KNOWN THAT HE IS NOT PART OF THE STAFF OR ANY SUBSIDIARY OF THIS BAND.

ALONG WITH MANY FANS, BE THEY PUNKS, SKINS OR WHATEVER, WE TOO HAVE KIDS OF OUR OWN AND SOME HAVE GRAND KIDS TOO. AS SUCH WE DO NOT TREAT THIS AS A LIGHT HEARTED MISTAKE AND NEITHER DID THE GIRL'S PARENTS, ADDITIONALLY NEITHER WOULD YOU IF IT WAS YOUR CHILD

OR FAMILY MEMBER.
THIS GIRL WAS A MINOR, AND THOUGH SOME PEOPLE MAY BRUSH THIS OFF WITH A BLIND VIEW IN SUPPORT OF THIS MAN, WE WONT.

SEEING AS WE DO HAVE SOME LYRICAL CONNECTIONS HOWEVER, WE, THE OFFICIAL SHAM 69, HAVE DECIDED THAT IN RESPECT OF OUR MORAL BELIEF AND SUPPORT WE WILL MAKE A DONATION FROM EVERY SHOW WE PERFORM, BE IT UK OR WORLDWIDE, TO THE NSPCC'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST CHILD ABUSE, AND WILL DO SO UNTIL WE RETIRE AS A BAND.
SO STAY TRUE AND STRONG AND WE'LL SEE YOU DOWN THE FRONT.
SHAM 69

Mind you, it didn't take Sham 69 long to overlook Pursey's noncing as he is now back as their front man.
Pursey was also a friend and associate of convicted paedophile Jonathan King. There is a lot of truth in the old adage Birds of a feather flock together, don't cha know.

Led Zeppelin frontman, Jimmy Page, hero to millions, had an on/off 18 month affair with Child Model, Lori Maddox in 1972. And according to the website drownedinsound.com. Maddox "*had already been had by David Bowie*" prior to getting it on with Page.... Hmmm.

In 2004, Judas Priest drummer Dave Holland was sentenced to 8 years in prison after being found guilty of attempted rape and several indecent assaults on a disabled teenager.
This led to Black Sabbath guitarist Tony Iommi replacing all of Holland's drum parts on the 1996 DEP sessions because he did not want a convicted sex offender appearing on his album.

Kelsey Grammer, star of the Emmy award winning comedy **Frasier** had a lucky escape after authorities in Arizona decided not to prosecute him for statutory rape, and a New Jersey grand jury declined to indict him on the

same charge. Both accusations were made by the same 14-year-old girl.

The actress Melanie Griffith left home at the age of 14 to move in with the then 22 year old 80’s heartthrob, Don Johnson. Johnson in defending the relationship told Entertainment weekly that Melanie was the aggressor in the relationship and that “She pursued” him... Oh, that makes it ok then ya nonce.

Chapter 2

In 2014 a regular reader of mine, Dr Nawab Patel e-mailed me an article written about Screaming Lord Sutch, one of the 20th century's most flamboyant characters.

The article, written by the now deceased T.Stokes - an investigator into the occult and a former member of British Intelligence - certainly tied in with what I know about the Record producer, Joe Meek, the Kray Twins, the Profumo affair and the general history of the 1960's, 70's & 80's.

In 2014 a regular reader of mine, Dr Nawab Patel e-mailed me an article written about Screaming Lord Sutch, one of the 20th century's most flamboyant characters.

The article, written by the now deceased T.Stokes - an investigator into the occult and a former member of British Intelligence - certainly tied in with what I know about the Record producer, Joe Meek, the Kray Twins, the Profumo affair and the general history of the 1960's, 70's & 80's.

Therefore, rather than just tidy up the grammar and republish the article; I decided that by adding some extra detail I could use it as an excellent way to join the dots which connect show business, politics, Satan worship and paedophilia. Especially since that connection is still very much up and running today.

Anyway, a couple of days after I had begun to rework the article, I happened to have a conversation with Dr Patel, who had e-mailed me to see what I thought of the original.
Now, it was only after outlining what I intended to do with the article that Dr

Patel told me that Stokes had given it to him - along with some others - shortly before he died.

Moreover, the article had never before been published.
This then explained why the article was so poorly written, in fact I myself work the same way in so much as I will write about something which I will then rework 2 or 3 times before deeming it fit for publication.

Course, had I have known from the start that the article had never before seen the light of day, as a mark of respect I would have published it in its original form and explained in a foreword why the piece was so grammatically incorrect.

However, since I was already halfway through the rewrite, and given the reason for doing so, I decided to carry on.

I have therefore also published the original T. Stokes article at the end of this chapter.

After all, T. Stokes knew that the world was being run by evil, psychotic, sexual deviant’s a long, long time before most of us would have even contemplated the fact.

Therefore, for the part he played in exposing the evil cunts, T Stokes should never be forgotten.

So, before you read this chapter based around that written by Stokes, the following is an obituary in memory of the man himself, taken from the excellent Tap Blog:

DEATH OF A WHISTLEBLOWER

T Stokes

The ex-intelligence operative and analyst Anthony Thomas Trevor-Stokes has died aged 93.

Known as T Stokes he came up the long hard way and never achieved the rank many said he deserved, always an advocate of democratic freedoms he wanted much less secrecy and did not see why things like the House of Commons menu should be an official secret.
A supporter of internet freedom and other real news activists, his outspokenness for sharing the aims and goals of the intelligence world with

the public and often engaging their help as watchers and informants made him many internal enemies but brought him massive public approval. Stokes believed that NWO Communism could only be defeated by educating the public on the huge Soviet Georgi Arbatov plan for exporting soft Socialism as the thin end of a very sinister wedge.

One of his remits was the protection and care of Winston Churchill's wartime close colleagues and secretaries, British intel wanted Britain to stay out of WWII and so Churchill replaced all the key figures in order to get Britain into the war, having the popular intel chief Vernon Kell murdered in his own fireplace.

He was also one of three men who exposed Churchill's murder of Neville Chamberlain the most popular Prime Minister ever, but it was the Michael Gordon case which brought him to prominence.

Gordon was an unusual recruit for the intelligence world, he was quite low I Q, awkward unfit overweight and self conscious, he failed most tests, yet was chosen for special training and sent to Russia to recruit dissidents in the nuclear weapons arena. He was caught and died under torture…

May he RIP.

Now, on June 16th 2010, the musician and would be MP, Screaming Lord Sutch was found dead at his home in Harrow, North West London.
And according to the MSM, Sutch had hung himself... But then again, did he or did someone else do it for him?
Let’s start at the beginning.

David Edward Sutch was born on November 10th 1940 in London’s Hampstead hospital right at the height of WWII.
Tragically, his father died whilst Sutch was still a baby.
So, as with many, many other children left with only a mother to look after them following the war, Sutch grew up in relative poverty.
And as he grew older, like so many other young fellas of the time, Sutch also sought a way out of the poverty trap through music, forming his novelty rock n roll act by the time he reached his early twenties.

Surprisingly, the act instantly caught on despite Sutch never really being a singer of any real worth.
He was however, always a showman.
The act itself was based around Sutch, dressed as Jack the Ripper being carried onto the stage in a coffin whilst waving an axe around.
And whilst Sutch was doing his thing, his backing group *The Savages* would amuse the audience with props such as skulls, dead bodies and daggers.

Sutch would also scream intermittently throughout the course of his show and would often hack off the head of a realistic dummy, giving rise to his nickname of screaming Lord Sutch.
Safe to say then, that this early vampire themed act was way ahead of its time.

Now, throughout his career in music Sutch worked with some of the biggest names in the business including the once celebrated record producer Joe Meek of Telstar fame - whom I touched upon in Chapter 1.

The following is from Wikipedia:
After the death of Meek the thousands of recordings he hid at his studio remained unreleased and preserved by Cliff Cooper of the Millionaires.
At the time of Meek's death in 1967, Cooper is said to have purchased all of Meek's recordings for £300. These recordings were called the "Tea Chest Tapes" among fans, as they were stored in a tea chest when Cooper took them out of his flat.
Alan Blackburn, former president of the Joe Meek Appreciation Society, catalogued all of them in the mid 1980s.
On 4 September 2008 these unreleased recordings went up for auction in Fame Bureau's 'It's More Than Rock 'N' Roll' auction, fetching £200,000.
They contained over 4,000 hours of music on 1,850 tapes, including recordings by David Bowie as singer and sax player with the Konrads, Gene Vincent, Denny Laine, Billy Fury, Tom Jones, Jimmy Page, Mike Berry, John Leyton, Ritchie Blackmore, Jess Conrad, Mitch Mitchell and Screaming Lord Sutch.
The tapes also contained many examples of Meek composing songs and experimental sound techniques. Tape 418 has Meek composing songs for

the film Live It Up!

And, just like David Sutch, Meek also died in very controversial circumstances.
You see, on the 3rd of February 1967, using a single-barrelled shotgun that he had confiscated from his protégé, former Tornado's bassist and solo star Heinz Burt, Meek first killed his landlady Violet Shenton and then himself... Allegedly.

The official story is that homosexual Meek - *notably a paedophile and Satanist* - had flown into a rage and taken the gun from Heinz Burt when he informed Meek that he used it while on tour to shoot birds.
Meek had then kept the weapon under his bed along with some cartridges.
Nevertheless, since the shotgun had been owned by Burt he was originally questioned intensively by the police before finally being eliminated from their enquiries.
Now, as it happens Meek had once upon a time tried it on with Tom Jones.
The following is what Jones said in interview:

Q: As Tommy Scott & The Senators, you cut various tracks with Joe Meek in his fabled Holloway Road studio in 1964. Is it true he tried to come on to you so you punched him?
A: Well, I didn't actually hit him (laughs). We did five tracks with him and then he said, "Tell the boys to pack the stuff up and take it down and put it in the van, I want to talk to you".
He said, "Those jeans fit you well, don't they?" I said, "Well, yeah, they're fucking jeans, what do you expect?" And he says, 'It looks like you've got a bit of a ….' (nudges and winks towards the crotch department).
I said, 'Well, it serves its purpose.' I'm looking at him and I say, "You're not one of these fucking queer fellas, are you?" And he said, "What are you talking about?"
He completely turned it around and was saying "that's ridiculous". Then I did a demo for Decca and met Peter Sullivan. We did an audition and it was funny because he said, "Tell the boys to pack the stuff up, I wanna talk to you."
I said, "Wait a minute, before we go any further, you're not one of these queer fellas, are you?" (laughs) He said, "What are you talking about?"

And then I told him the story about Joe Meek. So I was paranoid at that time. *Source: http://tomjonesintl.com/*
So, safe to say then that Joe Meek was a big shot in the 1960's. Especially in February 1967... Just saying.
He was also good friends with the paedophile Brian Epstein, the Homosexual manager of The Beatles... Hmmm. Once again the saying *Birds of a feather* immediately springs to mind.
And, as Coincidence would have it, Epstein – like Meek – was also said to have committed suicide after some dodgy deals went wrong.
Worse still, In January 1967 - a month before Meek became the Terminator - a mutually shared rent boy named Bernard Oliver had been found by police in Tattingstone, Suffolk, cut up and packed into several suitcases.

Now, by all accounts Meek had become concerned that he would be implicated in this murder. The following is from ukpaedos-exposed.com:

Less than three weeks later, in the Holloway Road in North London – a couple of miles or so from where the boy had gone missing – a famous record producer, his career now in tatters, blasted his landlady to death with a shotgun before turning the gun on himself.

Joe Meek, who'd produced numerous hit records including Telstar and Johnny Remember Me, was now facing financial ruin.
He was also reported to be suffering from mental health problems. In 1963, he'd been prosecuted for 'importuning for immoral purposes' – homosexual acts still being illegal at this time.

As news of the murder investigation spread – along with its connection to what the London Evening News called, 'the twilight world of homosexuals' – Joe Meek became increasingly worried that he would be questioned, blackmailed or visited by hoodlums.

Despite minor speculation that Bernard Oliver the missing boy, may have done some work at Joe Meek's recording studio, there was actually no connection, so far as anybody knew at the time, between the unfortunate record producer and the murdered teenager. The speculation and tittle-tattle however, could only have exacerbated Meek's anxiety.

The period was, as we can now observe, a time of contrast, coincidence, and great complexity.
As the murder investigation got underway, an official photo was circulated of its victim with no clue as to the identity of the young man, the police had taken the unusual step of 'dressing' the severed head.

To do this, they stuck its eyes open, set it upright with a scarf at the base of the skull, then tidied it up as best they could before photographing it. It was a macabre sort of thing to do. The move however soon paid its sad dividend when the boy's father recognised the face in a newspaper picture and came forward to formally identify his son.
Described as quiet and gentle, if somewhat 'backward' with a mental age of eleven, Bernard Oliver had been missing from home for 10 days.

Now, as it turns out the people blackmailing Meek and Epstein were none other than the notorious East-end gangsters, the Kray Twins.
The twins – both homosexual paedophiles themselves - had huge property interests in East Anglia at the time.
Ronnie Kray had also previously had a sado-masochistic, sexual relationship with Meek. The following is taken from the Beacon films 2011 website:

Brian Epstein, legendary manager of the Beatles was, by 1966, heavily in debt due to his gambling and was rapidly losing control of his Beatles empire. He was known to frequent the same casino in London as Robert Fraser .
Epstein had become a regular visitor to the Clermont Club, a gambling den in London run by John Aspinall.
Aspinall had been approached by Billy Hill, a well known figure in the London underworld and mentor to the infamous Kray twins, about initiating an elaborate scam called the Big Edge for the card game of Chemin de Fer.
The cards would be passed through a mangle to produce tiny, virtually indiscernible bends which would then be read by 'trained' players specially schooled by the club.
The scam, though not foolproof, was soon earning the club and Billy Hill thousands of pounds a night. Chemin de Fer was a popular game for

Epstein and soon, he too, was falling victim to the scam on a massive basis.

For Epstein the stakes were enormous, for not only was he gambling his own money but also that of the Beatles too.
Epstein was acutely aware that his contract with the Beatles was up for renewal in 1967 and he feared that they would want to go elsewhere. With his debts and his own paranoia growing, Epstein was resorting to increasingly elaborate attempts to recoup his money.

In January 1967 he agreed a deal with Robert Stigwood to merge NEMS with Stigwood's organisation for £500,000. Stigwood thought he would be buying everything, including the Beatles, but once the fab four got wind of this plan they told Brian that they would only ever record God Save the Queen and out of tune to boot.
Okay, before going any further it is worth noting that the Australian born impresario, Robert Stigwood was once the manager of the Bee Gees.
In fact, Bee Gee, Robin Gibb - now deceased - was once married to one of Stigwood's secretaries.
Interestingly enough, Gibb, who was awarded a CBE by the Queen in 2002, was also very good friends with both of the British former Prime Ministers, Tony Blair & Gordon Clown. The following is from Wikipedia:

He *(Gibb)* ***was a close friend of the former Labour Prime Minister Tony Blair, who was criticised for staying over at Gibb's Miami mansion during Christmas 2006.***
In 2008 Gibb publicly stated that he continued to get on "like a house on fire" with Blair, and claimed that the then Labour Prime Minister Gordon Brown regularly listened to the Bee Gees. "He listens to our music every day. Gordon likes our music and I like Gordon," he told The Times.
In a tribute upon his death, longtime friend Tony Blair said: "Robin was not only an exceptional and extraordinary musician and songwriter, he was a highly intelligent, interesting and committed human being. He was a great friend with a wonderful open and fertile mind and a student of history and politics."

And there goes that "Birds of a feather" thing again.
You see, I have been told by more than a few reliable sources that Robin

Gibb was a predatory paedophile as are both Blair & Brown - allegedly - as you will find out later in this book.
Moreover and incredible as it may sound, one source who was definitely in a position to know told me that Robin Gibb and Jimmy Savile were being directly protected by The American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC) who rule the BBC... Hence the reason that the BBC always has a Jewish director or one who is Jew controlled.

I am also told that the reason both Jimmy Savile and Robin Gibb – along with others - were protected is that they were big earners who boasted of having 'had' a thousand kids each.
Now you also have to take into account that the lives of the Monster-Elite are dominated by numerology and symbolism.
Therefore that figure of "1000 kids each" in Roman Numerals is M, which also happens to be the 13th letter of the Alphabet.
This is the reason why many predatory paedophiles will have a tattoo that incorporates the number 13, being as it is a means of bragging about how many kids (usually boys) that they had sexually abused.
And this of course, all relates to numerology and symbolism.
Numerology - *as I have just said* - does in fact dictate every aspect of the elites life… Well, certainly those hovering around at the top of the pyramid it does.

The number 13 is in fact the reason that the letter M is such a big deal in elite symbolism.
Moreover, the 13 elite bloodline families cannot help themselves keeping the all important letter M hidden in plain sight.
For instance, the massive McDonalds 'M'... Eating too much of that shit is a sure fire way to an early grave.
Then there is Madonna, a product of mind control, who incorporates symbolism pertaining to Satanic devil worship in her acts.
And let's not forget the evil cult of Masonry while we are at it.
In fact, fuck me, even the names of the British Olympic mascots, Mandeville and Wenlock, begin with an M and a W which is a reversed M.

Furthermore, whilst not wanting to stray off topic for longer than necessary, if you do not know about the illuminati symbolism which dominated every

aspect of the British 2012 Olympics, right down to the venue, you owe it to yourself to investigate.
As for Robin Gibb's homosexual manager, Robert Stigwood, the man behind the controversial theatre productions '*Jesus Christ Superstar*' and *'Hair'* as well as the film *'Saturday Night Fever'* starring the rather suspect, John Travolta, it is worth noting that when he first came to England from the land down under in the mid 1950's, he immediately started work in an institution for "backward teenage boys".
From there Stigwood moved to Portsmouth – hello sailor - where he met the businessman Stephen Komlosy.
The two men set up a small theatrical agency together where they built up a roster of actors.

Amongst their list of clients was a young actor and singer called John Leyton, whose success as a singer made both Stigwood and his new associate, Joe Meek Britain's first independent record producers... This really does get too easy sometimes.

By the end of 1961 Stigwood had signed a record production deal with Joseph Lockwood, the one time managing director of EMI.
Lockwood, also knighted by the Queen - *just saying* - turned out to be the crucial link between the record company and Stigwood, in the very same way he had done a decade earlier for Larry Parnes - another notorious paedophile.
And, wouldn't you just know it, good old Sir Joe was destined to do the same for Brian Epstein and The Beatles, just a few short years into the future.

Stigwood also rented office space to Kit Lambert and his partner Chris Stamp – brother of the actor Terence.
Homosexual Lambert was the son of Constant Lambert , one of the "Fitzrovian" circle, and good friend to Aleister Crowley, who wrote two limericks about him.
Now, how can I describe Crowley?
Crowley was a smack addicted, bi-sexual paedophile who was a freemason and master of the occult, specialising in satanic child sacrifice.
Or put another way, a proper sick cunt.
Crowley features on the Beatles, *Sergeant Pepper* album cover as well as one of Led Zeppelin's.

Now, not many people know how Crowley came to have this honour bestowed on him.

However, the answer lies in a chapter omitted from '*Spanish*' Robert Sanchez's book, ***'Up and down with the Rolling Stones'*** which was too 'explosive' to print.
In the 1960's, Sanchez was drug dealer and friend to the crème de la crème of British rock stars, including Keith Richards & John Lennon.
The following segment is taken from that omitted chapter:

Robert Fraser (heavily in debt to the Kray Twins) had become friends with the American film-maker and occultist, Kenneth Anger. Indeed, Fraser often arranged viewings of Anger's films at his flat.
Anger had introduced both Robert and Paul (McCartney) to the works of his great hero, Aleister Crowley, the famous English occultist.
Anger, through his long time involvement with the occult had been initiated into a secret organisation of Crowley's, known as the OTO, or Ordo Templi Orientis, or Order of the Temple of the East .
This involvement in something so secretive and seemingly dangerous appealed hugely to not just Robert but also to Paul, Mick Jagger and Keith Richards as well as Marianne Faithfull and Anita Pallenberg.
Accordingly, Anger, smelling like so many others the financial possibilities that the Beatles and the Stones could bring, was only too happy to initiate them all into Crowley's club.
McCartney and the Stones lapped it all up, whether it was the promise of obtaining secret knowledge, the opportunity to become greater lovers or simply the involvement in something so 'naughty', they all, to a greater or lesser extent, would be shaped by the occult for quite some time.
For the Beatles it was only really McCartney for whom this had any appeal. John, though interested in religion, only really worshipped himself and drugs at this stage. George Harrison was too involved in Eastern mysticism and Ringo was just too down to earth to get caught up.
For Paul and Robert, the involvement became overwhelming and accordingly they just could not resist inserting references to it in the album sleeve.
Aside from the obvious inclusion of Crowley as one of their 'heroes', there are numerous references to freemasonry as well as hidden messages.

Robert intended it to be a treasure map of clues for those who already had the knowledge to decipher. It was a statement to those in the know that said 'we know what you know'. Source:http://invanddis.proboards.com
Now, amongst the other sixty or so people who appear on the cover of **Sgt Pepper** are Aldous Huxley, Carl Jung, Oscar Wilde, T.E Lawrence, and Lewis Carroll… Allegedly ALL paedophiles.
The album cover itself was designed by the notorious Peter Blake, very good friend to paedophile artist Graham Ovenden, who was sentenced to two years in prison for his nonce crimes.
Remember! Birds of a feather, so don't discount those rumours about 'Macca' as not being true either... Just saying.
In 2013 I wrote extensively about the paedophile artist Graham Ovenden - as you will see if you if you type his name into my website (www.chrisspivey.org) search bar.

Nevertheless, for the benefit of those who do not know who the nonce is, the following is what Wikipedia has to say about him:

Graham Stuart Ovenden. (born 11 February 1943) is an English painter, fine art photographer and writer.
Some of Ovenden's art has been investigated as possible child pornography by US and UK authorities and in 2009, he was prosecuted in the UK on a charge of creating indecent images but not convicted. In 2013, Ovenden was found guilty of six charges of indecency with a child and one charge of indecent assault against a child, and on 9 October 2013, he was jailed for two years and three months by the Court of Appeal. Following his conviction, some galleries removed images of his work from display. In 2015, a judge ordered that Ovenden's personal collection of paintings and photographs be destroyed.

Now among the many high-class low-life fans and collectors of Ovenden's 'art' are (the now deceased) Lord McAlpine, Lord Hutchinson and fellow artists Sir Hugh Casson and David Hockney
Moreover, that 2009 arrest was interesting and had indications that Ovenden was being protected from high up.
You see, in 2009 Ovenden's house was raided by Police, resulting in the artist being dragged into court. The following is how the Telegraph reported it:

An artist, whose work has been displayed at The Tate, has claimed that indecent pictures of children found on his computer were "work in progress", and not child pornography.
Graham Ovenden, 67, was found with indecent pictures in the file on his PC and despite trying to delete it and said they were to be used for an art work, a court heard.
Mr Ovenden is a painter, fine art photographer and writer, who has displayed in the Victoria and Albert Museum, The Tate and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.
But officers found 16 separate images Mr Ovenden had created and 121 other indecent images stored in files in his computer's memory, the court heard.
Officers found the files when they raided his Gothic mansion in Cornwall and Ovenden admits he made the images on his computer.
But Mr Ovenden - whose major works feature young girls - says the pictures were all being used to create an ''end product'' for artistic display.
Mr Ovenden does not deny making the images but has pleaded not guilty to 34 different child porn offences.
Ramsay Quaife, prosecuting, at Truro Crown Court, said: ''What the police found was a graphic application called Adobe Photoshop, and its the use of the file browser in this programme to view the images which led to the cache files being created.
''You can be sure that the copy of the images in the cache is the same as the image made by Mr Ovenden - he was making these images, and a virtual trace or footprint was left on the computer.
''Through what the experts found on the computer and through admissions of the defendant, you can be quite sure the defendant was making indecent images on this computer.''
Officers raided Mr Ovenden's home in November 2006 and Mr Quaife says he immediately admitted they were his pictures.
He said: ''When first asked about the images, Mr Ovenden said they were deliberately intended so we should find them, and that he had been working on his creations for about a year.
''He added 'I am totally responsible in every way'. Mr Ovenden said to police, 'the process of the image making is actually to create corruption, then overlay corruption'.''

The court heard in police interview Ovenden then quoted Shakespeare's Hamlet to explain why he made the images.
Mr Quaife said: ''He told officers, 'it is but skin and film, an ulcerus place, while rank corruption lies within'.
''But what the crown say is that there can be no doubt that these images are indecent - indecent pseudo images are indecent.
''By the means of modern technology, pretty much anyone can have a virtual studio on their computer - and he was busy making thoroughly indecent images on that computer.''
Robert Linford, defending, argued his client had the images as a means to create his famous artwork.
He says his client had shown completed work to officers which appeared to show the image of a young girl, with words of poetry superimposed over the image.
Mr Linford said: ''My client repeatedly wrote to the police and showed them these images of his final pieces of work.
''It would have been in rather flowery artistic language, but 'look, here are the final prints, this is the final product'.
''He has repeatedly argued that the images seized from him were very much a work in progress, and that these were the final outcomes, the prints were the finished products.''
Mr Ovenden has pleaded not guilty to 16 counts of making indecent images of children, and 16 counts of making indecent sudo photographs of children.
He is also charged with two counts of possessing 121 indecent photographs and ''pseudo photographs'' of children.
In 1975 Ovenden founded the artistic movement the 'Brotherhood of Ruralists' with then-wife Jann Haworth and fellow artists Graham Arnold and David Inshaw.
Mr Ovenden was born in Hampshire and attended Itchen Grammar School and the Royal College of Music before taking up painting around 1962.
He was tutored by Lord David Cecil and Sir John Betjeman and attended the Southampton School of Art, and graduated from the Royal College of Art in 1968.

However, the court case appeared to be plagued by problems, not least by the Police dragging their feet. And on October 22nd 2009, two days into the trial,

the Jury was discharged and a new court date set.
On April 9th 2010 the case was thrown out of court after a 5 minute hearing due to two police officers – *Key Prosecution Witnesses* – who failed to turn up. The Police later declined to comment and the CPS refused to disclose how much the three and a half year investigation had cost the Taxpayer.

Nevertheless, just 9 days later the Old Bill again swooped on Ovenden. The following is from the 'Novel Activist' website:

After the child pornography case was dismissed Ovenden was charged again: four counts of indecent assault on a girl under the age of 14, five counts of child neglect and four charges of false imprisonment – relating to offences committed in 1990. The case was due to be heard earlier this year (2011)***. It is now September and I cannot find any record of the trial being held.***

This is odd.

If he had been found guilty surely the news would have been everywhere? The tabloids love this sort of story. So what happened? These charges are serious and if they had any merit the case would surely have proceeded? I can't find any information. Perhaps the case was dismissed and it was only reported in the legal notices? I don't know, but if anyone does, please let me know.
But there is another clue. The blog primarily discusses the fact that the Tate Modern removed its collection of Ovendens from their website. This was around the same time as the controversy over Spiritual America, which featured a young Brooke Shields (she approves of the picture).
But now the Tate has put the Ovendens back on their website. Could it be that Ovenden has been cleared, which means the Tate collection has also been cleared? Would the Tate place the collection on their website if he had been found guilty of serious child sex offences? I think not.
In any case, the fact that the Ovenden collection is available to the public means they provide a guide to what the Tate Modern thinks is legal and legitimate.

Neither can Wikipedia shed any light on the verdict. The online

Encyclopaedia mentions Ovenden's arrest on the 19th of April 2010 but fails to make mention of the outcome.

It is interesting however; that the Tate modern deems Ovenden's work fit to exhibit.

Now I say it is interesting because The Tate is a member of the contemporary art society whose spiel reads: ***We promote the collecting of contemporary art through our gifts to public museums and the advice and guidance we offer companies and individuals.***
http://www.contemporaryartsociety.org/media/uploads/2010/07/4765/cas-2002-pdf.pdf
The Patron of the CAS is The Queer Mother, despite her being dead since 2002. The Queer Mother is alleged to have been a paedophile.
Of the ten Vice Patrons, two are the Viscount and Viscountess Windsor, and a third was none other than Lord McAlpine of West Green... AKA Lord Alistair McAlpine AKA Robert McAlpine AKA Nonce McAlpine.

Course, the Tate Gallery was just one of many who also displayed the vile, Nan Golding photograph called "*Clara and Edda Belly Dancing*" which is owned by Elton John... Least it was although I cannot say for sure whether or not he still owns it.
Nevertheless, I was made to suffer terribly for reporting on this vile art as most of you will know. You see, by showing you what the elite class as 'art' I was unforgivably charged with distributing child pornography - the vast majority of which were photos of Graham Ovenden's work.

Nevertheless, in an attempt to discredit me for discrediting them the corrupt old bill insisted on going to court despite all of the images being legal, available to buy, owned by the rich and famous and displayed in art galleries around the world.
Course, once in court I was immediately found Not guilty on ALL counts and the trial judge had some very harsh words to say about the prosecution... And rightly so too.
Yet this is all old news so why am I bringing it all up again in this book you may ask.

And the answer to that is because on the 3rd of November 2018 I received an email from a mush called Lester Caine:

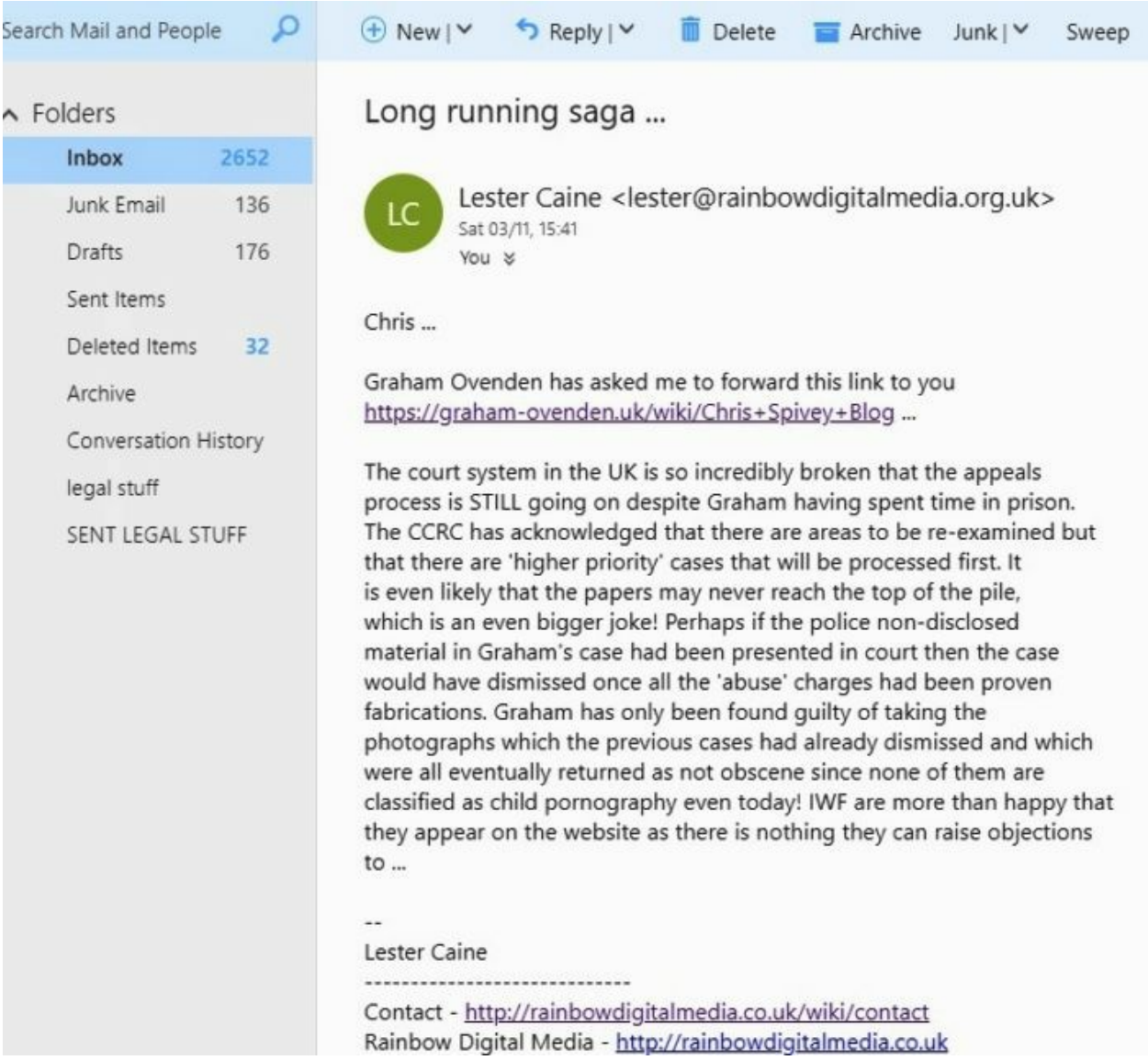

Screenshot of the eMail from Lester Caine
Very strange!

I mean who the fuck is Lester Caine? And whilst my email address is no secret you have to wonder how Lester got hold of it.
Nevertheless, Lester says that Ovendon personally asked him to send me the link included in the email - which I will come to shortly.
Lester apparently then goes on to defend Ovenden and insinuate that he was the victim of a miscarriage of justice. Course, it isn't stated whether or not

that the insinuation was made also at the behest of Ovenden.
Mind you, that said I do know from personal experience just how wholly corrupt the justice system is and indeed the equally corrupt police refused to use vital [non disclosed] evidence which would have put a stop to them prosecuting me in the first place.
However, Lester states that:

"Graham has only been found guilty of taking the photographs which the previous cases had already dismissed and which were all eventually returned as not obscene since none of them are classified as child pornography even today!"

Yet the prison sentence that Ovenden received was predominantly because of physical child abuse, NOT taking photos. The following is taken from the Telegraph:

Ovenden, who was taught by the renowned pop art pioneer Sir Peter Blake, denied that he had assaulted any of the children. He claimed he was the target of a witch hunt and that his images of children were about capturing them in a "state of grace".
But a jury found him guilty of seven offences, including touching a girl's breasts and getting into a bath with the same girl and asking her to feel him. The other convictions relate to photographs he took of two other girls.

Dirty Cunt.

Lester then finishes his email by saying that the Internet Watch Foundation are "***more than happy***" that Ovenden's paintings appear on "***the website***" as "***there is nothing they can raise objections to***" …

Course, whilst it maybe true that LEGALLY the IWF cannot raise objections to the 'art' appearing on the internet, I very much doubt that they are "*more than happy*" about it.
Moreover, Lester is defending the monster's art and overlooking the fact that the nonce was convicted of sexually abusing children.
Nevertheless, I then clicked on the link that Lester had sent me in that eMail and got the following:

Since my Blog Master has remarkable abilities in locating past websites of dubious character and malice this pearl of perversion has come to my notice (www.chrisspivey.org).
Firstly, we may return the compliment "you may run but certainly can't hide". Yes Mr Spivey, a maxim which ex supporters of National Socialism in Germany were to find, rightly to their cost.

In fact the more I look at Mr Spivey's site the more I am reminded of the official Nazi journal Der Sturmer and its vile editor Julius Streicher. There is the arrogant pose of Spivey that fronts the site (a change of cloth to that of a notorious uniform would no doubt complete the transformation). The use of unseemly language, the four letter words seem to drip of his tongue like Cobbit's Weeping Wen … but it is obvious that this unfortunate individual is more obsessed by what lies between his legs rather than that of between his ears.

A few corrections and observations are in order.
a) The full length nude of Josie represented Gt Britain in the seminal exhibition held in Berlin at the Martin-Gropius Bau, Feb to April 1996.
b) The jacket cover of the book … To my knowledge this image was never used as a jacket cover; is this Spivey's invention? Also, the application of stars to the image or page, was always regarded as an accolade of merit when I was a child. Thus this emphasis of genitals, breasts (of which as yet there is no evidence) shows a moral confusion. Are these stars showing an enthusiasm for these normalities of mother nature or are they laid on as the product of a diseased mind. I suggest Spivey take note of the article in Novel Activist and the child's/adult's reactions to the placing of a puerile negation over Mother Nature's work.
c) The child balancing on the railings is not a painting but a photo mezzotint. Its correct title is Dare Me, this being appropriate, as the Thames lies some 20ft below and on the left hand side of the child. You will note that this image is from my Childhood Streets photographic essay and was taken when I was 14 years of age. This series of images are now celebrated as one of the most important photographic essays created since the Second WW.
Graham Ovenden

Source: ***https://graham-ovenden.uk/wiki/Chris+Spivey+Blog***
So let's take a closer look at what the sick-fuck has to say starting with his opening gambit:

Since my Blog Master has remarkable abilities in locating past websites of dubious character and malice this pearl of perversion has come to my notice (www.chrisspivey.org).
Oh you couldn't make it up don't cha know. Nevertheless, what we have here is a perverted, convicted child molester calling my website a website of "***dubious character and malice***" and a "***pearl of perversion***"... Oh my fucking days. Has the dirty old pervert got no shame?
And I can assure the sick-fuck 'artist', that there was no intended "malice" in what I wrote... I simply think that he is the lowest form of life on the planet and should have been jailed for life. I also note that the link to my site takes you to the home page and not the articles that I wrote about Ovenden... Dog forbid that he had of done since those articles are pretty damning.

The nonce then continues:

Firstly, we may return the compliment "you may run but certainly can't hide". Yes Mr Spivey, a maxim which ex supporters of National Socialism in Germany were to find, rightly to their cost.

And once again I note that Ovenden does not publish a link to where I wrote ***"you may run but certainly can't hide"***... However, I think that the nonce is likening me to a Nazi war criminal! Did Nazi War Criminals write about kiddie fiddlers then?
He then continues:

In fact the more I look at Mr Spivey's site the more I am reminded of the official Nazi journal Der Sturmer and its vile editor Julius Streicher. There is the arrogant pose of Spivey that fronts the site (a change of cloth to that of a notorious uniform would no doubt complete the transformation).
Yep, the nonce is definitely likening me to a Nazi! Roger that:
The use of unseemly language, the four letter words seem to drip of his tongue like Cobbit's Weeping Wen … but it is obvious that this unfortunate individual is more obsessed by what lies between his legs rather than that of

between his ears.

What a Cunt!

Nevertheless, the dirty fucker then suggests that I am obsessed with my penis... Typical perv, bringing the subject round to sex at every available opportunity... Although I do have a smashing dick. Just sayin'.

A few corrections and observations are in order.
This will be interesting:
a) The full length nude of Josie represented Gt Britain in the seminal exhibition held in Berlin at the Martin-Gropius Bau, Feb to April 1996.
HUH? So fucking what, we have already established that his child porn is protected by law under the guise of 'Art'.
b) The jacket cover of the book … To my knowledge this image was never used as a jacket cover; is this Spivey's invention? Also, the application of stars to the image or page, was always regarded as an accolade of merit when I was a child. Thus this emphasis of genitals, breasts (of which as yet there is no evidence) shows a moral confusion. Are these stars showing an enthusiasm for these normalities of mother nature or are they laid on as the product of a diseased mind. I suggest Spivey take note of the article in Novel Activist and the child's/adult's reactions to the placing of a puerile negation over Mother Nature's work.
Now I think that the Kiddie Fiddler is referring to an article that I wrote in which I mentioned his child porn 'art' book: Fall from Grace.
Course, there is a chance that the photo (*which is included in the book*) that I used may not have been the cover... Nevertheless, a quick Google search today (11/11/18) brought up the following:

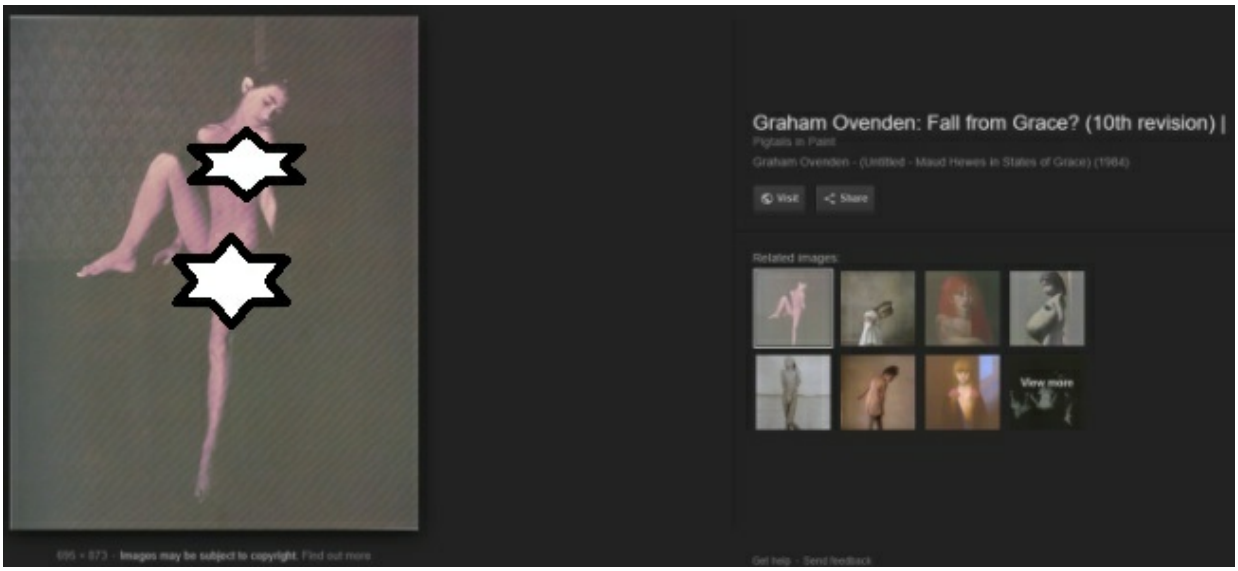

Google image search result for the art book: Fall From Grace

I have also added stars to censor the photo but you can see where the mistake arose from and makes no difference no matter how hard the filthy fucker tries to defend himself.

c) The child balancing on the railings is not a painting but a photo mezzotint. Its correct title is Dare Me, this being appropriate, as the Thames lies some 20ft below and on the left hand side of the child. You will note that this image is from my Childhood Streets photographic essay and was taken when I was 14 years of age. This series of images are now celebrated as one of the most important photographic essays created since the Second WW.

Hmmm. It seems that I stand corrected. It wasn't a painting it was a "photo mezzotint" and not titled "lure me" as I stated in the article… My bad!
And that well and truly put me and my big dick in fucking place didn't it!

Ovenden, you are a proper sick-in-the-head piece of shit... Fuck off.
Now, Led Zeppelin's guitarist Jimmy Page was also “infatuated” with Crowley and following in his heroes footsteps embarked on a relationship with 14 year old Lori Maddox.
The following is from the Independent:

Lori Maddox, who relates in Hammer how Richard Cole kidnapped her on

Page's orders and brought her to the Riot House claims she fell in love with Page almost immediately.
She also tells how she had to be locked up, albeit willingly, most of the time so that word of this illegal relationship statutory rape could not get out.

Hmmmm.

Now, Kit Lambert's father was sufficiently well off to be able to send Lambert junior to Oxford University... Where the former Prime Mincer, David Cameron could tell you all about how the older students used to enjoy buggering the younger boys.
Lambert is also credited with discovering The Who, who were known as the High Numbers at the time.
Whilst describing the group to his partner Stamp, he told him that their show was the nearest thing to a black mass that he had ever seen.

Lambert and Stamp would later sign The Who to Stigwood's newly formed record label.

In turn, Stigwood produced The film version of The Who's rock opera '**Tommy'**, which of course featured The Who drummer Keith Moon as 'Uncle Ernie', the paedophile who - *whilst supposedly babysitting* - sexually abuses the blind, deaf and dumb kid Tommy.
Paedophiles abusing disabled children?
Didn't Jimmy Savile do that?

And, don't forget that 'Tommy' was of course written by The Who's' guitarist Pete Townshend who was arrested for viewing child porn, paid for with his credit card.

The following is from the Daily Mail:
He insisted at the time that he had simply been conducting 'research' when he paid £7 with his credit card in 1999 to access a website bearing the message 'click here for child porn'.
Despite his denials of harbouring depraved desires, he accepted a police caution, and was duly placed on the sex offenders' register for five years.

Okay, let's get back to that '*UK Paedo's-exposed'* article where we were at the part where The Beatles manager Brian Epstein was mugging off Robert Stigwood whom had just merged his company with Epstein's NEMS Company thinking that The Beatles were part of the package:

The deal was therefore re-arranged to exclude the Beatles as they had been so incensed by the proposal.
However, Brian's problems were only mounting. He had previously met the Kray twins in a gay club in London and now they were putting the squeeze on him after they had discovered his affair with Dizz Gillespie.

AUTHORS NOTE
Dizz Gillespie is not to be confused with the legendary Jazz Trumpeter, Dizzy Gillespie.

The following is what The Beatles fan website 'Hey Dullblog' have to say about Dizz Gillespie who has also been described as 'malignant':

Epstein paid Gillespie's debts and provided him with drugs. Sometimes they did drugs together. "More often than not these drugged, drunken nights ended in some sort of unhappy confrontation," Brown wrote. "They ran from simple arguments to all-out fistfights, which included breaking vases and mirrors. One night, unhappy with Brian's largesse, Dizz worked himself into a rage. When Brian ordered him out of the house, Dizz raced to the kitchen, grabbed the largest knife he could find, and held it to Brian's jugular vein while extracting an additional sum of money from Brian's wallet."

Now, although Gillespie is relatively unimportant to this article, it is worth noting that as the above segment continues, it is alleged that Gillespie was also blackmailing Epstein after he stole a briefcase belonging to The Beatles manager.
The briefcase is alleged to have contained photos of Epstein and his 'young' male conquests indulging in various sexual practices.
And whilst not wanting to dwell on stories that I have covered in the past, I do find it hard to believe that The Beatles were not aware of Epstein's paedophilia... Or Jimmy Saviles for that matter despite their close association

with him in the early to mid 1960's.
Right, back to the UK Paedos-exposed article:

How the Kray Twins came to discover this affair is uncertain. It may have come to light through Brian's activities at the Clermont Club where, lest we forget John Aspinall's partner was the Krays friend Billy Hill. Alternatively, it may have been via the mysterious David Litvinoff.

Litvinoff was a colourful character who was well known in the London underworld as well as that of swinging London. He was, like Brian, homosexual and a massive gambler.
He was rumoured to have been a former lover of Ronnie Kray, however what is certain is that, after accumulating huge gambling debts Ronnie and Reggie Kray paid him a visit which involved tying him up by his feet and inserting a sword into his mouth.

Ronnie then forced the sword into his mouth, cutting him from cheek to cheek and leaving him with a permanent 'joker like' smile.

Litvinoff entered the circle of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones through his association with Robert Fraser and Christopher Gibbs. Indeed Litvinoff would play a major part in the film 'Performance' starring Mick Jagger and James Fox, when he was employed by the director Donald Cammell as a 'voice coach'.

This apparently was a euphemism and his real role was to immerse Fox totally into the London gangland scene so as to prepare him for his role as a gangster.
However the news reached them, the Krays told Glasgow crime lord Arthur Thompson that they were blackmailing Epstein and were going to take the Beatles from him.

Thompson apparently convinced the twins that the Beatles career would go downhill fast if they were associated with the Krays. They settled for blackmailing him for cash instead.
On the 27th August 1967 Brian Epstein was found dead in his locked bedroom at his home in London.

His death was officially declared an accident at the inquest due to the consumption of too many sleeping pills. Suicide was denied by all around Brian, however long time Epstein employee, Peter Brown claimed that he had removed a suicide note and a will from Brian's bedroom prior to the arrival of the authorities.

The suicide note was, according to Brown, apparently from a previous attempt, however it interesting to note that the will left Epstein's house and money to his mother and brother, Clive.
Brian's father Harry had died some six weeks earlier, meaning this will would have had to have been recently updated. It is also curious that someone would leave a suicide note just 'lying around'.

Had the Krays threats been sufficient to drive Brian to suicide, or even more sinister, had the tw
ins arranged for a little visit to Brian over that weekend?
As an interesting footnote to this saga, another long time Epstein associate, the flamboyant London lawyer David Jacobs, is also rumoured to have come to a sticky end. Again, possibly with the involvement of the Krays.

Like Brian, Jacobs was Jewish, homosexual and another prodigious user of amphetamines. Jacobs had long been in the employ of Brian and the Beatles and his other clients included Marlene Dietrich and Diana Dors, both of whom featured on the cover of Sgt Peppers Lonely Hearts Club band, as well as the Rolling Stones.

Jacobs was found hanging from a length of satin from one of the beams of his garage in December 1968 after reportedly having turned down the opportunity to represent Ronnie and Reggie Kray as the defence lawyer in their forthcoming trial for double murder.
Is it possible that Jacobs came to the attention of the Krays after having been used by Brian to try and extricate him from their blackmailing grip?

Jacobs was in fact the man credited with introducing Epstein to the London gay paedophile 'scene'.
And of course, back then homosexuality was illegal:

Jacobs was the suave, arrogant, senior partner in the firm of M.A. Jacobs Ltd of Pall Mall.
His clients included Marlene Dietrich, Diana Dors, Judy Garland and the Rolling Stones. He had represented Liberace in his successful libel case against Cassandra of the Daily Mirror for calling him, among other epithets, "this deadly, winking, sniggering, snuggling, chromium-plated, scent-impregnated, luminous, quivering, giggling, fruit-flavoured, mincing, ice-covered head of mother love."
Jacobs had seen his client commit perjury in the witness box by denying he was homosexual and walk away with £8000 in damages and £27,000 in legal costs.
One month before the Kray Twins stood trial at the Old Bailey in January 1969, charged with the murders of George Cornell and Jack "The Hat" McVitie, Jacobs was found hanging from a length of satin tied to one of the beams of the garage at his seaside home.

At that stage, the Krays had been in custody for months and had sent a message to Jacobs that they desperately needed his shrewd legal brain to beat the charges against them.
But Jacobs turned them down and, some believe, paid with his life. No one said no to Ronnie Kray and got off scot free.
Beatles boss Brian Epstein knew Jacobs' reputation as the sharpest lawyer in the capital. He also knew that Jacobs was homosexual. "Brian hired David to represent the Beatles when he moved down from Liverpool," says a showbiz writer who knew both men well. "In return, David introduced Brian to the London gay scene.

David was 6ft 2in tall and openly gay – he wore make-up, even in court in front of disapproving judges. He intimidated everybody, not only the other side in court cases but his clients as well, and he was incredibly pompous. The only person who wasn't a bit frightened of him was John Lennon. John was mercilessly cruel to him; he was always taking the piss.

It has since been learned that Jacobs had asked for police protection shortly before his death and it is probable that he told the police about turning down Ronnie Kray's plea for legal help.
Certainly, he was a broken and terrified man in his final days.

A private detective who worked for Jacobs at his Pall Mall practice says: "I last heard from David two days before his death. He telephoned my secretary and told her it was urgent that I contact him. When I rang back, he burst out, 'It's no good, I'm in terrible trouble. They're all after me.'"

The private eye asked who he was frightened of and Jacobs reeled off a list of six famous people in show business. The detective told him "not to worry" and rang off.

As predicted, the 35-year-old Krays were found guilty of murder at their trial and jailed for life by Mr Justice Melford Stevenson who ordered that they should not be released for 30 years.
The jury convicted Ronnie Kray of killing both George Cornell and Jack McVitie and convicted Reggie of the knife attack that killed McVitie while Ronnie pinned his arms.

And there the matter might have rested but for a fascinating postscript: Two years ago convicted criminal Bradley Allardyce claimed that Reggie Kray's first wife Frances had been forced by his brother Ronnie to take the pills that killed her: her apparent suicide had, in fact, been murder.

Allardyce had been released from prison after serving nine years for armed robbery. He spent three of those years in Maidstone prison, four cells along the landing from Reggie Kray. The pair had spent most of their time in each other's company. Allardyce claimed on BBC Radio 4 that one night Reggie Kray revealed to him the thing that haunted him the most.
"I was sitting in my cell with Reg and it was one of those nights where we turned the lights down low and put some nice music on and sometimes he would reminisce.

He suddenly broke down and said, 'I'm going to tell you something I've only ever told two people and something I've carried around with me'. He put his head on my shoulder and told me Ron killed Frances. He told Reg what he had done two days after."

Maureen Flanagan, a frequent visitor to the Kray home and their mother's hairdresser, had been close to Frances. "When she first came on to the

scene the first reaction from Ronnie was jealousy, sheer and utter jealousy," she said. "Someone else is coming in to separate them two - he did not want to be separated."

Ronnie Kray knew how to have someone killed and make it look like suicide.

Reggie Kray also admitted in his last interview before he died in October 2000 that he had been responsible for another murder. In an interview with the BBC, Kray was asked if he had been refused parole for so long because he had been involved in another killing. He replied: "One, one."
He did not name the victim, but Leonard "Nipper" Read, the detective chief superintendent who arrested the Krays, thought that the victim was "Mad Teddy" Smith. Smith was a psychopathic homosexual rumoured to have had affairs with Ronnie Kray and Tom Driberg, the former Labour MP. He disappeared the day after an argument with the Krays in 1967.

Bradley Alladyce was later jailed for life in 2005 for what was described as a "cowardly and vicious" murder. Together with Shane Porter, 28, and Wayne Turner, 41, Allardyce hunted down his sister in laws ex boyfriend David Fairburn, kicking, punching and stabbing him to death.

And, as for the former labour MP, Tom Driberg!
Well, he too was a homosexual paedophile and a KGB agent to boot, who had a penchant for wearing fishnet stockings.
And, in all probability he too was being blackmailed by the Kray Twins.

Driberg had got involved with the Krays after telling them about the houses of rich friends that they could burgle.
The vile, nonce Labour MP was also allegedly a part of a Manchester paedophile ring.

I do in fact have it on good authority that in 1975, James Anderton - the Chief Constable of Greater Manchester – had specifically ordered foot patrols to police the Canal Street area of the City after learning that teenage boys were being sold for sex there.
Anderton even went so far as to warn the BBC that several of their

performers had been named as using these boys including Jimmy Savile.

Other well known names alleged to be taking part in the paedophile ring were the MP's: Jeremy Thorpe and Fat Cyril Smith.
Course, Driberg, despite being a Labour MP was good friends with Lord Robert Boothby, a prominent Conservative MP throughout the 1930's,40's, 50's and 60's.

Boothby was also a former lover of Ronnie Krays and was definitely being blackmailed by the twins.
The homosexual, paedophile twins - *there is definitely a pattern here somewhere* - were also club owners and Screaming Lord David Sutch and the Savages would often perform in their clubs.
And this is where Ronan O'Rahilly comes into the story.
Ronan O'Rahilly who ran the 'Scene Club' just off Windmill Street in London's Soho district, recorded a Georgie Fame record on his own independent label which was unheard of at the time.
He took the record to the BBC to try to get it played and discovered that the record industry and the BBC was corrupt and dominated by EMI, Decca and the 3 Grade brothers (Winogradski).
He then tried to get it played on Radio Luxembourg and again found out that the shows were 'owned' by EMI, Decca, Pye, and Philips, which were essentially shows to promote their own records.
Frustrated at not being able to get the record any air time, O'Rahilly hit upon the idea of starting his own radio station, free from interference and domination by the big movers and shakers in the record industry.

Now, O'Rahilly also had links to the sinister Sir Anthony Fisher who had instigated 150 think tanks worldwide - which has since blossomed to over 400.
'Think Tanks' are the subversive way to alter thinking and perceptions, which pave the way for important world changes.
However, David Sutch did not like Fisher and what he stood for.
Sutch had met Winston Churchill as a young boy and liked his warmongering ideas even less.

Interestingly enough, Churchill, a known Satanist was also closely linked

with the afore mentioned bi-sexual paedophile Lord Robert Boothby.
Then again, he would be since Churchill was allegedly fond of sex with children himself… At least he was according to many researchers.

The following is from newspunch.com:
Winston Churchill was a prolific pedophile who enjoyed 'buggering young boys,' according to explosive diary entries.
Sir John Rupert "Jock" Colville, former British civil servant to Churchill, exposed the former wartime Prime Minister in a series of shocking diary extracts.
Churchill had huge gambling, drinking and whoring bills, and Jock Colville claimed he usually insisted on ginger haired prostitutes, so they bought him a ginger tomcat as a private joke.
Churchill's sandhurst file, the original and proper one lists him as, 'a confirmed sodomite and a menace to the younger boys' (Courtesy of guy burgess diaries). This waywardness allowed Churchill to be used by the bankers, under the carrot and the stick, you do as we say and you get paid x amount, you don't do as we say and we ruin you. In WW1 Churchill took bankers cash in the name of Colonel Arden, and WWII his secretary said several names were used, Mr. A Conner's was alleged to be just one.

But I digress.

Anyway, it was those type of events which led Sutch to become very wary of modern controlled politics, where one select small group controls the main parties.
Now, in 1963 Sutch and his manager Reginald calvert took over Shivering Sands army fort just off Southend on Sea in Essex – Which just so happens to be about 6 miles from where I live, don't cha know?

The idea was that they would use the Fort as a pirate radio station, which was launched as Radio Sutch in 1964.
Moreover, in addition to Radio Sutch playing all the latest hit records, Sutch would also have his friend, the Mossad agent come prostitute Mandy Rice Davies read from the erotic novel, Lady Chatterley's lover.

Mandy Rice-Davies – as you no doubt know - frequented the notorious Astor

parties of the early 1960's which led to the John Profumo Scandal.
And, as you also no doubt know, the Astor in question is the former Prime Mincer, David Cameron's wife's step-grandfather.
Now obviously, Radio Sutch was in direct competition with other pirate radio stations such as Radio Caroline which - *with around 23 million listeners* – just so happened to be the Radio Station started by Ronan O'Rahilly... See? The dots all connect sooner or later.
Meanwhile, Radio Sutch's co-founder Reg Calvert also came to a very sticky end.

The following is taken from the Reg Calvert Story:
Calvert had been the man to discover Sutch, and further original acts followed, including the Fortunes and the Rockin' Berries. Many of their acts stayed — indeed, virtually lived — in the Calverts' home, Clifton Hall, near Rugby, Warwickshire, which became known as the "School of Rock & Roll".
Calverts wife, Dorothy played a particularly close role in the career of Sutch.
She later recalled: "He was playing in Nuneaton when the news about the Profumo scandal broke and Reg suggested that he stood for Parliament as a publicity stunt. That was a lot of work for Reg and me as David didn't have a clue."
When Sutch did stand at the ensuing Stratford-on-Avon by-election in 1963 — the first of his record-breaking number of candidacies — Dorothy wrote his "manifesto".
Although his candidature was a blatant stunt, Dorothy incorporated some serious politics into the campaign: having married at 18, she regarded it as ludicrous that she had then been made to wait three more years before she was eligible to vote and she made "votes for 18-year-olds" Sutch's campaign slogan.
Sutch contested more than 40 elections, mostly under the banner of the Official Monster Raving Loony Party.

Nevertheless, Sutch soon began to feel stifled by the radio station, which led to Calvert buying out Sutch's share and changing the radio stations name to radio City.
In 1966, Calvert was shot dead by Oliver Smedley... There's a lot of it about

don't cha know.

Smedley was a Liberal Party Politician who wanted to keep Britain out of the EU which he said would abandon British farmers.
He had also wanted Calvert to amalgamate with Radio Caroline in exchange for a new transmitter:
In 1964 Reg Calvert joined the pirate radio boom and launched Radio City, broadcasting from Shivering Sands, a Second World War marine fort in the Thames estuary, seven miles from Margate.

Two years later he went into a fateful partnership with Oliver Smedley, a director of the rival Radio Caroline. Smedley installed a more powerful radio transmitter at Shivering Sands but then declared he was pulling out of the deal.
When Calvert refused his demands for payment for the transmitter, he sent a crew of thugs to seize and occupy Shivering Sands. Calvert visited his home the following day to remonstrate with him and was shot dead in the quarrel that ensued. Smedley was charged with murder, but subsequently acquitted on grounds of self-defence.

Vital evidence was mysteriously ignored and valid witness statements were overlooked - the whole case was a farce and resulted in a murder charge being dropped and diluted to 'manslaughter on the grounds of self-defence' thus allowing Oliver Smedley to walk free.
These case notes are now available to be seen at the National Archives in Kew, after being hidden for some 40 odd years and perhaps the truth might emerge, despite many of the involved people having passed away.
Dorothy Calvert took over the running of Radio City and was herself soon in court.
As the government moved to ban pirate radio, she was charged with offences under broadcasting law. Although she fought the case vigorously, she lost and in 1967, just eight months after the death of her husband, Radio City was forced off the air.
Source: the Reg Calvert Story.

Screaming Lord David Sutch was also very well known for being patriotic and felt the same way about the EU as Oliver Smedly did.

Nevertheless, Sutch enjoyed taking the piss out of the controlled establishment political parties... There's a lot of that about too.
Sutch was also deeply affected by the death of founder *Rolling Stones* member Brian Jones who ended up face down in his swimming pool.

Course; despite the guitarist's death being put down to him drowning because of his intake of drink and drugs there is little doubt now that Jones was murdered... By whom however, isn't so easily identifiable.
Many say that it was a builder by the name of Frank Thorogood who did it:
Prior to Brian Jones leaving The Rolling Stones their tour manager and general "fixer", Tom Keylock, had arranged for his old friend Frank Thorogood to oversee the renovations on Brian's home.
Even though Brian Jones was no longer a member of The Rolling Stones he was still on their payroll and Tom Keylock was still under instruction to keep his eye on Brian.
Frank Thorogood had previously been employed by The Rolling Stones before, to do some work on Keith Richard's house so he was trusted.

They had employed a team of three builders and Frank Thorogood was staying at Cotchford Farm in the room over the garage to oversee the renovations and keep an eye on Brian.
Initially Frank Thorogood and Brian Jones got on well, but as the job went on their relationship became strained.
Brian Jones was not the easiest client to deal with, often changing his mind or being told by his accountant to change his mind when they found out how much it was going to cost.
From day to day he did not know what he was supposed to be doing, making it very hard for him to manage a team to build something that was a moving target.
Anna Wohlin said that Frank Thorogood showed little sympathy when Brian Jones was discovered in the pool and he did nothing to help them in their attempts to revive him. "I don't think Frank meant to kill him, because I don't think he was a killer," she says. "I think it was some sort of horseplay. I think it went too far."

Likewise when Janet Ann Lawson was asked if she thought Thorogood killed Brian Jones she replied yes.

In an interview with Classic Rock Magazine, Tom Keylock said that in 1993, he went to visit Frank Thorogood who was terminally ill in hospital.

While there Frank Thorogood told him that he had "done" Brian Jones. However he did not get anymore details as Frank was very tired and obviously in pain, so he left him to come back the following day. Unfortunately Frank Thorogood died overnight and Tom Keylock was never able to get the details.
Source: http://thehistoryofrockmusic.com
However, according to Sam Cutler the murderer was not Thorogood. Cutler rigidly maintains that it was in fact Tom Keylock himself who killed Jones:

Brian Jones was murdered. Of this, there is little doubt.
He was not murdered by the man who was in charge of the building work at Brian's farm, a gentleman by the name of Thorogood who is popularly credited by conspiracy theorists with doing the deed.
He was almost certainly murdered by the very man whose role it was to protect him, Tom Keylock. The man who less than forty eight hours after the murder, emptied the house of its valuable contents, and burnt substantial amounts of papers and personal items of Brian Jones on a bonfire in the front garden. Source: samcutler.tumblr.com

Nevertheless, despite Cutlers claim, Allen Klein, the Rolling Stones manager is also put up as a possible candidate by many.
Klein is the man credited with causing *The Beatles* to split up and has also been implicated in the singer Sam Cooke's death.
Others still, have voiced the opinion that Brian's murder was to do with the occult.

Certainly, the Stones were into the occult. You only need look at some of their album and song titles to know that.
The author John Hamer also covers the music business and its close relationship with Satan worship in his excellent book '*The falsification of history*' ... If you haven't read it, you should.
Now, before we put this segment to bed, it is worth noting the similarities between the death of Brian Jones and the death of Stuart Lubbock.

Lubbock was also found floating face down in a swimming pool except this one belonged to the vile, fallen TV star, Michael Barrymore.

And, like Jones, Lubbock's death is extremely suspicious.
The following is from the Daily Mail:

Michael Barrymore yesterday refused to answer questions about drug taking at an inquest on the man who died in his swimming pool.
The disgraced TV star had refused five times to answer questions about drug-taking at his £2million home on the night 31-year-old Stuart Lubbock died.
As Mr Lubbock's grieving family looked on, Barrymore repeatedly used a coroner's court rule which protects witnesses from incriminating themselves.
But he denied allegations that he rubbed cocaine on Mr Lubbock's gums or gave him ecstasy during a party in the early hours of March 31 last year.
The 50-year-old presenter admitted that he fled his home in panic after finding Mr Lubbock's body.
He said: 'Right there, the nightmare began. I got myself into a complete state. It was just one thing after the other. It's like your worst dream come true. There was no sequence of events. You just walk out and the whole world changes there and then.'
Coroner Caroline Beasley-Murray asked him why he had fled. 'Some people might think there was something to hide,' she said. Barrymore replied: 'I'm sure they do. It wasn't the right thing to do. I was panicking.'

Lubbocks death also occurred in Essex... So, thank fuck I don't have a swimming pool.
Okay, back to Screaming Lord Sutch.
In 1964 at the height of their fame, Screaming Lord Sutch and the savages played at the Leyton baths London, despite news that a group of 200 Mods on scooters had said that they were coming to wreck the place.
However, Sutch asked a group of six rockers to stand by the door and they quickly sent the Mods packing... Six vs two hundred!!!
Fuck me, no wonder the Mods were seen as being girly boys.
The Mods were in fact, a new phenomenon at that time, wearing Carnaby Street clothes, perfume, and often facial make-up.

Hence, that is the reason that they were widely regarded as androgynous 'Nancy boys'.
This made them a constant target for sexual abuse by the DJs and music agents who back then were – and probably still are - mainly homosexuals.

That fact ties in with what I have been told about Carnaby Street - one of the most famous streets in London:

The Carnaby St revolution was an early attempt to homosexualise men. With women's clothes and colours, bouffant hair and makeup, many men became almost the same as women.
Now, Sutch first stood for Parliament in Stratford on Avon in 1963 under the banner of *The National Teenage Party*, where he targeted teenagers for their vote.
The Stratford on Avon seat had been left vacant following John Profumo's resignation.
And, although Sutch didn't win, he did manage to get 208 votes which spurred him on to continue in politics.
In 1983, Sutch - who was a lot more knowledgeable on the subject of politics than he was given credit for - founded the *Official Monster Raving Loony party*.

And despite contesting 40 elections without winning any, he did manage to get several of his people into important positions which generated good publicity for *Sutch and the Savages*.
Interestingly enough, Sutch had many good ideas which were adopted by the main parties.
However, things didn't always run smoothly.
Especially not in the vile Slaggy Thatcher's Finchley constituency where Sutch fought for election wearing his Top hat and flamboyant leopard skin coat.
Moreover, he proper pissed Thatcher off by taking several hundred votes.

This prompted the snobby, perverted Thatcher to angrily demand that all election candidates' deposits be raised from £150 Pounds to £500 Pounds.

Course, on Election Day the largely Jewish constituency of Finchley had

voted almost in unison for Slaggy, but she had, without doubt thought it beneath her to stand on the same platform as Screaming Lord Sutch... Snobby cow.
Now, Sutch's greatest success came at the Bootle by-election in 1990 where he polled 1,114 votes, leaving the big parties in no doubt that the public were beginning to see through the false veneer of British politics.

With that in mind, the former Prime Minister Harold Wilson offered Sutch a position in the Labour party - which Sutch quickly refused.
But, not before Wilson had boasted to him that he had "bought" the 1966 world cup football match with Germany, as it would be good for British moral.

Nevertheless, Sutch would have undoubtedly fitted nicely into any one of the big three political party's having at one time lived at the home of brothel Madam, Cynthia Payne.
Moreover, he also knew Payne's rival, Lindie St Claire very well and indeed, both brothel keepers were supplying girls to high flyers and politicians.

Furthermore – at least according to T. Stokes - both refused to supply young boys for the homosexual market, and both along with party girl/singer, Janie Jones were heavily targeted by the vice squad, inland revenue, the council and investigative reporters.
In fact, it isn't unfair to say that the whole 'Establishment' hounded them at every turn, with Sutch being caught up in the fallout which led to some bad publicity in the newspapers.
Janie Jones had previously been fined £16,000 and given a very severe 7 years in prison on a charge of controlling prostitutes.
In the end she served 4 years and on release attempted to restart her singing career by joining the punk rock group, 'The Clash' on tour.
Jones also wrote a book about her life in 1993 called *"The Devil and Miss Jones"* in which she told her story about show biz sex parties".
Moreover, Cyntia Payne was at one time in a position to bring down the Establishment, given her clientele.

The following is what she told the Daily Mail:
'Most of the people who came here are dead now,' she says of her clients,

who numbered judges, vicars, MPs, bank managers and senior police officers with fetishes ranging from spanking to being covered in Hoover dust. 'But I still get recognised in the street and people smile.'

Jani Jones, Cynthia Payne and Lindi St Clair were also the focus of the T.Stokes article; 'Do you have a spank account:

Cynthia Payne ran dinner parties where sex was for after's, the rich and famous all sat together for dinner with the most beautiful girls, Cynthia had one rule "no queers and no kids" painted on hardboard and hung in the kitchen.
Payne first came to national attention in 1978 when police raided her home and found a sex party was in progress. Elderly men paid in Luncheon Vouchers to dress up in lingerie and be spanked by sexy young women, and when the case came to trial in 1980, she was sentenced to eighteen months in prison, reduced to a fine and six months on appeal, she served four months in Holloway prison.
In 1986, the police raided her home again, this time during a "special party" she was hosting after shooting the film of her life had been completed. Although she was acquitted on this occasion, the resulting court case in 1987 made headlines for several weeks with lurid tales, some details of which were in her book, 'Entertaining at Home'. The court case ended her career as a party giver.
She then expressed an interest in becoming an MP, in order to change Britain's anti sex laws, which she followed through with by standing for Parliament as a candidate for the Payne and Pleasure Party in the Kensington by-election in July 1988 followed by her standing in her own area of Streatham in the 1992 UK General Election, despite being a popular figure she did not gain a parliamentary seat.
Lyndie St Claire was a brothel madame who had a printed full colour catalogue of the most extraordinary beautiful girls for men to look through and choose, some were out of work actresses who were glad to be able to feed their families during filming. A very successful professional dominatrix and madam, she had printed brothel tokens that could be given as Christmas and birthday gifts from everything from a spanking to being tortured, and in 1991 it emerged St Clair was renting Chancellor of the Exchequer Norman Lamont basement flat in Notting Hill, she claimed that

252 Members of Parliament had been on her books, and she stood for parliament several times with her "corrective party" giving free spankings.
T.Stokes writes about one more woman in his article who was at the time a trainee teacher and whose story to the police led to one of the most bizarre high profile court cases of the century so far.
The woman in question is called Ms Nadine Milroy-Sloan and the following is what T.Stokes says about her in his article:

On June 13 2003 the beautiful Miss Nadine Milroy-Sloan alleged that she was drugged at the Essex flat of Barry Lehaney, and then raped by him and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.
A former Conservative minister there have been rumours the Hamilton's were "swingers" and enjoyed sex games with other couples, other rumours were of high level sex parties with politicians and big business.
The Hamiltons and Mr Lehaney were arrested and interviewed by detectives before being released on police bail.
Since then, the couples have mounted a very public defense against the allegations and say that they have a "cast-iron" alibi which proves their innocence.
However, Miss Milroy-Sloan insisted yesterday that she was prepared to go to court to defend her allegations.
This was never finished satisfactorily, the public were never given an innocent or guilty verdict, and the threatened exposure of the highest people in the land at sex parties where young lads were brought in from care homes never happened, not until today, now we are seeing the government and its mouthpiece the BBC and the news media all in the dock and the agenda to homosexualise people falling apart.

What actually happened was that the already disgraced Hamilton's vigorously defended the allegation and put forward a seemingly cast iron alibi.

Since Milroy-Sloan had, in the past, been known to make up allegations, the Hamilton's were never charged.
This led to the harassed and bullied Milroy-Sloan conceding that despite originally being absolutely certain that she had been raped by the Hamilton's, given their alibi, she must have made a mistake.

By making that concession, Milroy-Sloan was later given a 3 year prison sentence for perjury.

The following is taken from a BBC news report:
Cross-examined by prosecuting lawyer Orlando Pownall, Ms Milroy-Sloan said: "I was absolutely convinced it was Neil and Christine Hamilton, but after listening and hearing the evidence, I accept it was very unlikely it would have been them.
"The position is I was raped and sexually assaulted that night. I know because I was there."
She added: "I believed it was Neil and Christine Hamilton when I made the allegation. Now I am not so sure. I am willing to accept I made a mistake."
Asked if she still believed that former Tatton MP Neil and Christine Hamilton were involved, Ms Milroy-Sloan said: "To an extent.
"I cannot change what has been in my mind since the events. It was an honest mistake. It was not done out of malice."
As well as clearing the Hamiltons, police dropped any action against Mr Lehaney, and the other man has never been identified.
Now, interestingly enough, that court case cost our old friend, the obnoxious Max Clifford in excess of £100,000 after the Hamilton's sued him.
Clifford had - up until her trial - been representing Milroy-Sloan's interests.
Moreover, despite being cleared of the rape allegation the MSM newspapers were still nevertheless scathing of the Hamiltons
The following is what the Independent Newspaper had to say on the subject:

Neil Hamilton hasn't changed, unfortunately, not one bit. The former Conservative minister is the same grasping, boastful, smug, vulgar, deluded, obfuscating, mendacious oaf he always was. Those qualities, after all, along with a few other nastier ones, were what shot him into the public eye in the first place, when he was accused by Mohammed Al Fayed of accepting "cash for questions" - of taking payment to make planted inquiries in the House of Commons in return for plain brown envelopes stuffed with cash.
He was at it again yesterday, turning muck into brass, bragging about what a large sum of money he'd got out of the publicist Max Clifford.

Hmmm! And, we know who else was caught up in the *cash for questions*

scandal don't we?
It was in fact, the same vile monster who gave the Hamilton's their 'cast iron' alibi for the rape trial - namely, the alleged dangerous, predatory paedophile, Derek Laud who became firm friends with the bizarre couple in the mid 1980's and remains so to this very day.
Of course, homosexual Laud's vile activities are already extensively logged on my website, but what with me never able to stop myself passing up an opportunity to hang the vile cunt out to dry, it is worth mentioning that he was also caught up in the cash for knighthoods scandal:

When the right hon. Member for Sutton Coldfield (Sir N. Fowler) gave evidence to the Home Affairs Committee, he said that no honours could have been sold because that would have been illegal under the Honours (Prevention of Abuses) Act 1925. Such blind faith is not apparently shared by Scotland Yard, which recently investigated the alleged case of cash for knighthoods involving the former Conservative candidate, Derek Laud.
And in 1999, Laud the fraud was chosen to front a new Rover Car advert campaign which led to the car giant bosses being severely criticised in the press:

'They should have known better. It's highly insensitive to those whose family members or friends have suffered through road accidents caused by drunk drivers,' said Chaudhry. Rover's choice was also criticised by the Department of Transport. A spokeswoman for the department's anti-drink driving campaign said: 'Car manufacturers should be very cautious as to who they choose to promote their products. Drink-driving shatters peoples' lives.'
The adverts emphasise the distinctiveness of the new Rover by promoting the idea that, like Laud, the car might not be everyone's cup of tea but that 'it is better for some people to really love something than for everyone just to like it a little'.
As a former secretary of the right-wing Monday Club, Laud supported the repatriation of British blacks and apartheid in South Africa. Two years ago he was exposed by The Observer as being at the centre of an honours-selling racket run by Ludgate Laud, a lobbying firm of which he was managing director. He was also closely associated with Ian Hamilton, the disgraced former Tory MP at the centre of the 'cash for questions'

scandal. Source: The Guardian Newspaper.
You can read all about Derek Laud in the next chapter.
But I digress... For a change.
So, what of David Sutch's love life?
Well, as it happens, at one point in his life Sutch became involved with the beautiful American model, Thann Rendessy with whom he had a son.
However, prior to his son's birth sutch had backed out of marrying Rendessy, claiming that it wasn't fair to marry her being as he was sterile.

Nevertheless, rumours abound that he was warned off from marrying her.

Finally, on June 16 1999 the would be politician's girlfriend, Yvonne Elwood found him dead at home.
Sutch appeared to have hung himself.

And, despite the newspapers claiming that he had suffered from chronic depression, Elwood maintains that they were happy and making plans for the future.
The following is from one such newspaper at the time:

TODAY'S OPINION:
Lord Sutch found hung in home
LONDON (AP) - David Sutch, who brought a chuckle to British politics as leader of the Monster Raving Loony Party with the slogan: ``Vote for insanity - you know it makes sense,'' has died at age 58. He was found hanged Wednesday at his northwest London home by his partner, Yvonne Elwood, who said that although Sutch had fought a long battle with depression he seemed happy in the days leading up to his death and Scotland Yard said they were treating the death as suspicious. Superintendent Coppen suggested the two deep lacerations on his neck could not have come from one rope, but suggested that a garrotting with hanging to cover it up was a possibility.
And then there is this from the BBC:
His body was discovered by his partner Yvonne Elwood on Wednesday.
A spokesman for the prime minister said Lord Sutch, "will be much missed. For many years he made a unique contribution to British politics.
"Our elections will never be quite the same without him."

A Scotland Yard spokesman said Lord Sutch, whose real name was David Sutch had been found hanged.
A post-mortem has yet to take place and initially the death is being treated as suspicious.
Ms Elwood said: "It is a terrible shock because we envisaged spending the rest of our lives together and it is something that is very hard to come to terms with."
Although he fought a long-term battle with depression, the party leader had seemed happy in the days leading up to his death, Ms Elwood, 41, said.
His friend Alan Hope said he had received the news from Ms Elwood.
Mr Hope is leading calls for a statue to be erected to Lord Sutch outside Parliament next to the statue of Sir Winston Churchill - one of the Loony leader's heroes.
Mr Hope, who runs the party headquarters from the Golden Lion pub in Devon, said his friend had been in good spirits when they spoke on the telephone 10 days ago.
"He was saying he had no money troubles any more, and was sorting out his life and was looking forward to coming down here next weekend."
Mr Hope told the BBC: "I've known David since 1957 - we were rock'n'roll singers together.
"He was a hell of a character."

So, did Screaming Lord Sutch kill himself or did someone else do it for him? Fuck knows? I didn't write the original article.
And, it could also well be the case that given the lack of proof, may well be the reason that T.Stokes never released his article.
Nevertheless, there are certainly plenty of candidates to choose from should Sutch have been murdered.
For instance: It could have been one of the many shady characters who hung about with him, gangsters, one of the Christine Keeler crowd, some big name from the brothel parties or even the establishment perhaps.

At his funeral, Sutch’s motorcycle friends from the Ace cafe gave him a great send off, escorting his coffin along the route to where he was buried at Pinner Cemetery in North London.
Interestingly enough, the date of Sutch's death - the 16th - is shown in the tarot pack as the tower struck by lightning with a man falling from a great

height. This man is said to be Richard Beere, the abbot who in 1525 was dragged behind a cart, tortured and thrown from the top of Glastonbury Tor.

It is said that Sutch was a tortured genius who also fell from a great height and was killed for his beliefs.
Nevertheless, if nothing else Lord Sutch did leave one legacy. His act was later successfully copied by David Furnier, better known as Alice Cooper who has made a huge success out of the same act as the good Lord, by using snakes, axes, and coffins.

Still, despite not having the answer to *who murdered Screaming Lord Sutch*, I think that I joined a few dots along the way... And that can't be bad.
And as promised at the start of this chapter, here is that T Stokes article in the same form that it was sent to me:

WHO MURDERED SCREAMING LORD SUTCH ?

By T. STOKES
Today June 16 2010, is exactly 11 years to the day when Screaming Lord Sutch was found hanged.
David Edward Sutch was born on November 10 1940 at the height of W W II at Londons Hampstead hospital, his father died when he was a baby and he grew up with his mother in some poverty.
In his twenties he founded his novelty rock n roll act which instantly caught on, Sutch was never really a singer but always a showman, the act was based around Sutch dressed as Jack the Ripper being carried onto the stage in a coffin waving an axe, while his backing group the savages had props such as skulls dead bodies and daggers, and David Sutch would scream intermittently giving rise to his knickname of screaming Lord Sutch, which was an early vampire themed act and was way ahead of its time.

The early music recordings through the 1960s were done by Joe Meek of Telstar fame and Sutch worked with some of the biggest names in the music business, and in 1963 Sutch and his manager Reginald calvert took over

Shivering Sands army fort just off Southend, to compete with the pirate radio stations such as radio Caroline which had 23 million listeners, Sutch's freind from the Astor parties the Mossad agent Mandy Rice Davies, would read from Lady Chatterleys lover, Sutch however felt stifled so Calvert bought out Sutch's share and changed the radio station to radio City, in 1966 Calvert was shot dead by Oliver Smedley, Smedley was a liberal party politician who wanted to keep Britain out of the EU which he said would abandon British farmers, David Sutch was also a British patriot who felt the same way, but enjoyed taking the mick out of the controlled establishment political parties.

Interestingly Joe Meek was also shot dead, some say it was suicide, Joe Meeks freind Brian Epstein the manager of the Beatles also was said to have comitted suicide after some dodgy deals went wrong, a mutually shared rent boy ended his life cut up in several suitcases, some say the Krays were involved as David Sutch and the Savages had appeared at one of their clubs.

Ronan O'Rahilly ran the Scene club in London's Soho district and recorded a Georgie Fame record on his own independent label, unheard of at the time. He took the record to the BBC to try to get it played and discovered that the record industry and the BBC was corrupt and dominated by EMI Decca and the 3 Grade brothers (Winogradski). He then tried to get it played on Radio Luxembourg and again found that the shows were 'owned' by EMI, Decca, Pye and Philips, which were essentially shows for their own records, He said "I have recorded the guy, so I can't get it played, so we have to start a free radio station."

Ronan had links to the sinister Sir Anthony Fisher who had instigated 150 think tanks worldwide which have now blossomed to over 400, think tanks are the subversive way to alter thinking and perceptions, they pave the way for important world changes, and David Sutch did not like him and what he stood for, David Sutch had met Winston Churchill as a young boy and liked his warmongering ideas even less, these events were to make Sutch very wary of modern controlled politics, where one select small group controlls the main parties.

The murder of founder Rolling Stone member Brian Jones who was found

lifeless in a swimming pool affected Sutch deeply, and
in 1964 at the height of their fame, Screaming Lord Sutch and the savages played at the Leyton baths London, and a group of 200 mods on scooters said they would come and wreck the place, Sutch asked 6 rockers to stand by the door and they quickly sent the mods packing, the mods were a new phenomenon, wearing carnaby street clothes perfume and often facial makeup they were seen as androgynous nancy boys and were a constant target for sexual abuse by the DJs and music agents who were in the main homosexuals.

Sutch had stood for Parliament in Stratford on Avon first in 1963 as the national teenage party, where he wanted votes for teenagers, and gained 208 votes after John Profumo had to resign his seat after the Christine Keeler scandal, and Sutch was really on a roll now.
In 1983 Sutch who was very knowledgable on politics founded the Official Monster raving Loony party and stood in 40 elections losing each one but getting several of his people into important positions and generating good publicity for Sutch and the Savages, interestingly Sutch had many good ideas which were adopted by the main parties, but it was in Margaret Thatchers Finchley constituency where Sutch stood with his Top hat and flamboyant leopard skin coat taking several hundred votes, that a very angry Thatcher demanded the deposit to stand for election be raised from 150 pounds to 500 pounds, Finchley a largely jewish area voted in unison for Thatcher who thought it beneath her to stand on the same platform as Screaming Lord Sutch.
One of his foremost ideas and one well before his time was the printing of debt free money, the banknotes depicting Maggie Thatcher in the Queens place upset some very big people and would have given some big players a reason to want rid of him
Sutch's greatest success was at the Bootle by-election in 1990 where Sutch polled 1,114 votes, the big parties were starting to realise that the public could see through the false veneer of British politics, and Harold Wilson offered Sutch a postion in the Labour party which Sutch refused, he did say that Wilson had boasted to him that Wilson had "bought" the 1966 world cup football match with Germany, as it would be good for British moral.

Sutch at one time lived at the home of brothel madam Cynthia Payne and

knew her rival Lindie St Claire very well indeed, both were supplying girls to high flyers and politicians, both refused to supply young boys for the homosexual market, and both along with party girl singer Janie Jones were heavily targetted by the vice squad inland revenue the council and investigative reporters in fact the whole establishment hounded them at every turn, and Sutch was caught in the fallout getting some bad publicity in the newspapers.
Sutch got involved with the beautiful Americam model Thann Rendessy but Sutch for whatever reason either backed away or was warned off because he let her go.

On June 16 1999 his then girlfreind Yvonne Elwood found him dead at home hanged.

The newspapers said he had suffered from depression, but his girlfreind said they were happy and making plans for the future.
This from one newspaper

TODAY'S OPINION:
Lord Sutch found hung in home
LONDON (AP) - David Sutch, who brought a chuckle to British politics as leader of the Monster Raving Loony Party with the slogan: ``Vote for insanity - you know it makes sense,'' has died at age 58. He was found hanged Wednesday at his northwest London home by his partner, Yvonne Elwood, who said that although Sutch had fought a long battle with depression he seemed happy in the days leading up to his death and Scotland Yard said they were treating the death as suspicious
Superintendent Coppen suggested the two deep lacerations on his neck could not have come from one rope, but suggested that a garroting with hanging to cover it up was a possibility
So did he kill himself or did some one else do it ? it could have been one of the many shady characters who hung about the pop music scene, gangsters, one of the Christine Keeler crowd some big name from the brothel parties, the bankers upset at his no interest money or even the establishment perhaps.

His motorcycle freinds from the Ace cafe gave his coffin a great send off and

is buried at pinner in North london.

The date of Sutch's death, the 16th is shown in the tarot pack by the tower struck by lightning with a man falling from a great height, this is said to be Richard Beere the abbot who in 1525 was dragged behind a cart and tortured and thrown from the top of Glastonbury Tor, and it is said Sutch was a tortured genius who also fell from a great height and was killed for his beliefs.

His act was copied by David Furnier who as Alice Cooper has made a huge success out of snakes axes coffins etc

T Stokes London

Chapter 3

Derek Laud started his rise to infamy as a researcher working in Margaret Thatcher's government during the mid 1980′s.
However, his aspirations of becoming a Politician were dealt a severe blow in May 1986 when he stood in the general election for a seat in Wandsworth council’s Graveney ward. And despite winning 937 votes, it wasn’t quite enough to secure him the seat.

Nevertheless, by the late 1980’s Laud had risen to become a parliamentary aide to Thatcher as well as being her main speech writer. In fact his talent with words was also extended to writing speeches for the MP’s, Michael *‘Tarzan*’ Heseltine & Alan *‘nonce’* Clarke.

Course as we now know, Thatcher’s government was infested with vile paedophiles, most of whom were cruel and sadistic to the extreme.
All, and I mean all, of her top ministers were – *and those that are still alive still are* – an extreme danger to children. So, bearing that in mind along with the fact that Thatcher played hostess to Jimmy Savile for 11 consecutive Christmas’s, it doesn’t take a genius to work out that the old bitch was of the same ilk.
Moreover, the former Prime Minister, the obnoxious David Cameron also happened to be a Thatcher protégé. Mind you, in saying that do not assume that I am hinting that Cameron is a vile deviant... I am telling you that he is. Indeed, at best Cameron was and still is actively protecting paedophiles of the worst kind and there is only one sort of man that would do that.

That then was the world that Laud inhabited and as such, it should come as no surprise to anyone that Laud was amongst the vilest, most depraved and dangerous of the whole foul lot of them.

Laud had also been a fundraiser for Thatcher's 1987 election campaign alongside the odious, uncharismatic Lord Alistair McAlpine. He also did the same for John '*nice peas Norma*' Major in his 1992 election campaign.
It is true to say then that Laud was so well thought of within the Tory Party, that John Major deemed him worthy of a mention in his autobiography, *Moving on from Westminster*, as did the paedophile MP, Alan Clarke in his successful series of Diaries.
Having said that, there is no denying that Laud is somewhat of an Enigma. Certainly, he is unforgettable. He is also extremely intelligent, speaks with an accent worthy of the aristocracy, is impeccably well mannered, athletic, and can be as charming as they come. At the same time, he has the caustic sarcasm usually associated with drag queens such as Lily Savage. He also happens to be Black, which back in the day was a true rarity in British Politics.
So rare in fact, that I think I'm right in saying that there was only three Black Politicians in England at that time. And, although technically Laud wasn't a politician (not through want of trying), he certainly moved exclusively in their circles.
Course, back then, Black Politicians such as the Labour MP, Bernie Grant could find racist undertones in practically anything voiced by a White person. Laud on the other hand appears to have almost revelled in being in such a tiny minority within such an inherently, albeit covertly racist, elite institution.

Laud drew even more attention to himself, by becoming the first and only black member of the Monday Club, an ultra right wing Conservative Party pressure group which supported repatriation of immigrants and the apartheid regime in South Africa.
Interestingly enough, South Africa is where the vile man spends much of his time residing.

And as a footnote to the Monday Club, it is most interesting to note that the current Prime Mincer, Theresa May once described the club as covertly racist. Indeed, in 2014 May herself was under fire from pressure groups who accused her of breaking many Human-Rights laws and discriminating against British citizens who were married to non E.U members.

Another prominent Monday Club member was the now disgraced, former MP

for Billericay, Harvey Proctor who resigned his seat following a scandal that involved rent boys and spanking… Choice.
Proctor supposedly spent a year on the **dole** following the perverted scandal before opening a shirt shop in which he hung a sign reading, '**Shirt Lifters Will Not Be Prosecuted'**.

The disgraced former MP had set up this venture after his former colleagues from parliamentary Lala Nonceland had financially backed him to the tune of £75,000, some of which came from Jeffrey Archer and the then deputy prime minister, Michael Heseltine.
Hmmm, not the first time then that 'Tarzan' has been mentioned in this chapter.

However, the shirt emporium has now long since closed. However, it would seem that the pervert is now manager of the Duke of Rutland's ancestral seat, Belvoir (pronounced Beaver) Castle, and lives in a large country house in the grounds of the 18,000-acre estate near Grantham, Lincolnshire.

The 365-room castle is hired out for corporate entertaining, 'private parties' and concerts. It has also been used as a backdrop for TV and Hollywood films – Catherine Zeta Jones filmed The Haunting there".

It would therefore appear that Harvey Wallbanger is still being looked after, especially so considering that his sick crimes are being covered up in the ongoing Carl Beech fiasco… A whitewash that Proctor is actively taking part in.

And for those who do not know who Carl Beech is, he is someone who claims to have witnessed and been a victim of child sexual abuse carried out by Proctor and other top MP's in the 1980's.
The following is taken from http://www.drsallybaker.com:

In 2003 Proctor was appointed the Private Secretary to the 11th Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle in Leicestershire. He entered obscurity but of course hit the media again in 2015 when he was named as a suspect in the Operation Midland investigation into child abuse. Proctor held a press conference at which he angrily denied all allegations made against him –

which included allegations that he had sexually tortured boys, attempted to castrate one of them and that a boy was murdered. The allegations against Proctor were tied up with allegations that Ted Heath abused boys – Proctor maintained that he hated Ted Heath so much that he wouldn't have shared a cup of tea with him, let alone have attended an orgy in his company.

However, in reality Beech is a patsy who was set up to make the claims just so as he could later be exposed as a fantasist - thus clearing Proctor & Co's names and further casting suspicion on any future real victims who dare to come forward.
Right, let's get back to that vile Nonce Laud.
Now the fact that he had been given the nickname 'Golly', didn't appear to bother Laud one bit. In fact, according to an interview that appeared in the *Independent* Newspaper in 2009, Laud was quoted as saying: "*My nickname is Golly, but I don't insist on it*".
In 1997 Laud was selected as the Tory Candidate to challenge the aforementioned Bernie Grant for the safe Labour Party seat of Tottenham. However, Laud stepped down shortly before the election was held citing "business reasons".

Having said that, according to the BBC, the real reason that Laud dropped out of the running was due to the political lobbyist having been convicted of drink driving while on holiday in America.
Following the crash which saw the four passengers in the other car hospitalised – *3 of whom were seriously hurt* – Laud, who it was also alleged had no driving licence, became the subject of a $5 Million lawsuit.

Bernie Grant has since died. It is however, synonymous with the corruption taking place within the halls of Parliament that so much information held within the National Archives relating to him, is not due for public release until at least 2092.
That is not to say that Bernie Grant was involved in corruption. On the contrary, with Grant now being dead the need for secrecy would suggest that it was those opposed to Grant, such as the MP Michael Howard (*good friend to Laud*) and the Metropolitan Police who were the ones up to no good.

That would also be in keeping with the majority of the top secret information

pertaining to the conviction and subsequent acquittal of Winston Silcott for the murder of PC Keith Blakelock, as well as the Met's mishandling of the Broadwater Farm riots.
Other heavily censored information involving Grant that's not due for release for at least another 80 years, relates to the arrest and subsequent death of Joy Gardener… But I digress.

It was in the early 1990's that Laud had established a successful parliamentary lobbying company named **Ludgate Laud**. This was achieved in no small part, thanks to what was said to be his close association with leading Tory Party members at the time such as Michael Portillo.

As a parliamentary lobbyist, Laud was mentioned in the Commons by Labour MP Martin Linton in his maiden parliamentary speech.
Laud nevertheless disgraced himself after becoming caught up in the '**Cash for Questions**' row that eventually wrecked the Tory MP Neil Hamilton's, political career. Laud later provided Hamilton and his wife with an alibi after they were accused of sexually assaulting a woman in 2001.

However, what you will notice as this story unfolds is the way that the same names crop up time and time again. For instance, in 1992 Neil Hamilton and Harvey Proctor were the victims of two 'Gay bashers'.
According to Dr Sally Baker's website:

There was a punch-up in the shop in 1992. Two young men entered and asked Proctor 'have you any ties for tying up rent boys before you spank them?' Proctor tried to get them out of the shop and a fight broke out. Incredibly enough Neil and Christine Hamilton were in the shop at the time and Hamilton came to Proctor's assistance when the young men assaulted Proctor. Proctor was punched in the face and had his little finger broken and Neil Hamilton ended up with a broken nose. The two men were charged and convicted.

Course, Laud is still to this very day, very good friends with the sleazy Hamilton's. Their long friendship had first begun in the early 1980's when Laud had worked for Strategy Network International (SNI), a lobbying company linked with apartheid South Africa and UNITA, the Angolan armed

opposition group.
It would seem that Laud had recommended the recruitment of both Neil Hamilton and his fellow Tory MP Michael Colvin as consultants for SNI.

The website Powerbase Info has this to say on the matter:

In the late 1980s and early 1990s Strategy Network International paid for Conservative MPs to visit South Africa. Conservative MPs Neil Hamilton and Michael Colvin both failed to declare the trips on the members register of interests. Current Prime Minister David Cameron also took advantage of a Strategy Network International trip to South Africa in 1989. The trip was offered to the Conservative Research Department by Derek Laud, who was employed by SNI and was later a contestant on the reality tv series Big Brother.

Hold up! Did that just say that our former Prime Minister, David Cameron also went on an all expenses paid holiday to South Africa courtesy of old Laudy boy? Well, well, well.
I shall return to this relationship between a dangerous predatory paedophile and the former gatekeeper to Lala Nonceland in due course.

The Cuthulan Blog (written by a Scottish Barrister) had this to say about Laud and Michael Colvin:

Derek Laud
Now defunct magazine Scallywag covered events at Bryn Alyn in detail, some years ago.The magazine alleged that one of the men referred to is Lord McAlpine, at the time of the offences treasurer of the governing Conservative Party. Another regular participant in the activities at Bryn Clwyd was alleged by Scallywag to be Derek Laud, for years a leading mover and shaker in successive Conservative administrations.
Scallywag alleged that Laud was a sadist, who was particularly violent and without mercy in his treatment of the boys. The magazine alleged that on regular occasions his victims would end up in casualty wards. He was a leading political fixer and adviser to Margaret Thatcher although never an MP; indeed he was pictured waving down to the crowds below from an upstairs window of 10 Downing Street as the Conservatives celebrated their

1988 election victory.
The former children connected with this empire of evil who died in mysterious circumstances may have been murdered by the British security services, the price of their silence their lives. Scallywag alleged that MI5 used to take foreign diplomats etc. to the North Wales homes, give them boys to "play" with, secretly filmed them as they buggered, abused and tortured boys then kept the tapes as evidence.
Michael Brown is one of the very few Conservative MP's who volunteered to "out" himself as gay. Derek Laud, now standing for parliament, (against Bernie Grant in North London) ran a Pimlico PR agency called Ludgate Communications (later Ludgate Laud) for a number of years which supplied young boys for selected Parliamentarians from children's homes now being investigated in North Wales. He sometimes did this in cahoots with Ian Greer Associates which has since been scandalised because of the Neil Hamilton Affair and payment for questions on behalf of Al Fayed. Ludgate Communications was at the very hub of our investigation into the "boys for questions" allegations. At his Pimlico flat, and selected addresses in Dolphin Square nearby, Laud threw paedophile parties and we have one sworn affidavit from a former boy (presently giving evidence in Wales) who claims he was seriously molested (among many others) by Lord McAlpine who was at the time the Tory party's clandestine fundraiser. It was alleged by this boy and others that Messrs Portillo and Lilley were also guests of Derek Laud. We are assured that this particular volcano is about to erupt, both in North Wales and elsewhere. Michael Portillo has always publicly disassociated himself from Derek Laud, yet here we find him not only acquainted but seemingly in the inner sanctum of private friends.

Michael Colvin

Colvin was associated closely with several other Conservative 'people' on the right wing of the party including Julian Lewis who is said to be involved with a number of international right wing 'covert' groups linked with high finance, and arms dealing.
Colvin was also associated with two allegedly corrupt and discredited former Parliamentary Lobbyists, Ian Greer (cash for questions) and Derek Laud (Wikipedia/Derek Laud) (Cash for Knighthoods aka Cash for Rent boys).

In the early months of 2003, just prior to the questionable invasion of Iraq, and working in conjunction with a London-based freelance journalist who had thoroughly double-checked exposures published by the Scottish 'Sunday Herald' newspaper, I publicised details of a child-sex ring linked to senior ministers within the Blair government.
I initially published my findings, stemming from discreet leaks from a secret list provided by the American FBI to the 'Sunday Times' newspaper, and concomitantly discovered that Tony Blair had issued a gagging order to suppress all further discussion of a scandal that would most certainly have brought a swift end to his administration and made Britain's collusion in the destruction of Iraq impossible.

Now I should point out that Dolphin Square (mentioned in the above as the place where MP's abused children) is the same place that Carl Beech claims to have witnessed child abuse and murder taking place.
Nevertheless, the cash for questions scandal should have been enough to make all of our honest MP's cut their ties with Laud. Unfortunately, we don't have any honest MP's and as I always say, birds of a feather flock together. So much so in fact, that Laud would often go on holiday with the likes of Lord Alistair McAlpine, Peter Lilley and Michael Portillo to name but a few… Although, McAlpine and Portillo have already been mentioned.
Then in 1999, Scallywag Magazine ran an article linking both Laud and McAlpine to a paedophile ring who were systematically raping boys in children's homes across North Wales. Course, most of you already know this, but for those who don't, here is what the Online publishing Co has to say about the vile Nonce Lord McAlpine:

Since 1999 many stories have been written about the paedophile activities of Lord Alistair McAlpine of the famous UK construction and road building family. Scallywag accused him, several times, of being involved in a paedophile ring (including his part in the child abuse scandal in North Wales), and also of masterminding the huge, multi-million pound money laundering operation behind the Tory party during the Thatcher years, when he was her party treasurer.

He is known to the police in the UK and abroad for sexually abusing young boys, including using a coffin to put the boy in, then simulating burying

him by sprinkling gravel on the top of the coffin. The child is screaming with terror and will do whatever he is told, due to being so scared of being put in the coffin again.
This person is alleged to have murdered at least two boys and buried their bodies on his estate. This information is derived from a police officer who was involved in investigating McAlpine, and he is certain that McAlpine has committed murder several times, but that McAlpine is too "well-protected" to get him.

Course, anyone who was innocent of such outrageous allegations would have sued… Or so you would have thought. But neither Laud nor McAlpine sued Scallywag Magazine.
However, Laud's great pal, the former Prime Mincer, John Major did. But that was over a totally unrelated story that the magazine had also published. He one two… Sorry, I meant he won too. Scallywag Magazine had in fact accused the Ex Prime Minister of shagging some old slapper from the Downing Street catering corps.
Major was outraged, and quite rightly so in my book. You see, John boy likes to be unfaithful with a better class of old slapper than a common kitchen assistant. And, the Old Slapper in question was none other than his fellow MP, Edwina Currie, who, just like Jiggedy Johnny, also happened to be married… Shlaggg.

Now in 2012 those Scallywag Magazine allegations re-surfaced following the Jimmy Savile revelations. And despite McAlpine not suing Scallywag back in 1999, he was suing every bastard in the world in 2012 – or so it would appear.
I say that because the whole public display leading up to all that libel action old bollocks, was what is commonly known as an Act of Parliament… Or put another way, nothing more than transparent make-believe, played out by an old nonce, who was once big in the Thatcher government.

However, what McAlpine did in 2012 is exactly the same as is being done in 2018 by Harvey Proctor and Co with Carl Beech. And McAlpine's patsy was called Steve Messham.
You see, in simple terms it was announced that Messham (mess-sham) was set to name McAlpine as being a paedophile on the current affairs program

“Newsnight”... But he didn’t.
Nevertheless, the damage was done leaving McAlpine free to sue the BBC, ITV and Sally Bercow - the wife of the Commons Speaker, John Bercow - for NOT being named as a nonce… Nice work if you can get it.

Course, pint sized, John Bercow and Lord McAlpine were both long time friends of Derek Laud and as such I find it impossible to believe that Bercow was not aware of his two good friends penchant for child rape.
The following is what Laud said about the Midget in an interview with the Daily Mail back in June 2011:
“Let me put my hand up and admit I once rather liked the Speaker John Bercow, or, more precisely, I felt inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt.
But that was many years ago. I have known him for 20 years or more and we share the dubious history of having both been members of the Right-wing Conservative Monday Club”.

Twenty fucking years or more! Fuck me, that goes back way before 1999 and the Scallywag Magazine allegations … There’s no flies on me .

LORD McALPINE AND

THE PAEDOPHILE RING

Lord McAlpine and the paedophile ring (co

cont'd)

The Scallywag articles

But it does kinda add credence to what I'm saying about the midget knowing all about McAlpines penchant for raping children though, doesn't it?

Now, you would have thought that Laud would definitely have been a political pariah after being named in Scallywag, but apparently not. Scallywag alleged that:

***'Laud was a sadist, who was particularly violent and without mercy in his treatment of boys'* and '*that on regular occasions his victims would end up in casualty wards'*.**

the Aangirfan website also stated that:

"There have been many allegations that Hampshire County Council, through the influence of Derek Laud and his friend Julian Lewis, is a central player in a national paedophile ring supplying young boys from care systems to VIP's...
"The Crest hotel in Wrexham and a Hotel on Hove seafront have specifically been mentioned"...
"It has been alleged that officials and councillors in a number of local authorities may be receiving payments for identifying 'appropriate' young people in care and introducing them to the ring"...
"Within the list of alleged collaborators with the supply of teenage boys is a Social Services Director, an Assistant Director of Children's Social Services, two chief executives, social workers a number of child protection workers."

Aangirfan also claimed Julian Lewis to be; ***"involved with a number of international right wing 'covert' groups linked with high finance, and arms dealing",*** and had close links with the now deceased MP Michael Colvin… Colvin died in a suspicious fire at his home.

The celebrity lawyer and businessman Giovanni Di Stefano had this to say on his website (http://www.onlinepublishingcompany.info) in regard to Laud, Lewis and Colvin:
In the 1990's Derek Laud had an address at East Cottage, Needs Ore Point

(shown on electoral records). That is on the Estate of Lord Montague of Beuleigh who those of 'a certain age' will remember was convicted of molesting a boy scout back in the 1960's.

So, Laud like Harvey Proctor was also given a house on a country estate… Hmmm. The article then continues:

Derek Laud, who was educated in the remedial stream at a south London comprehensive school where it has been alleged he pimped his classmates to wealthy and influential adults even while still at school, is significant. The psychopathic behaviour of Laud and Lewis that has caused significant comment from time to time may be far more dangerous than just eccentric. It is worthy of note that people around Derek Laud who challenge him appear to suffer significant harm - or to die - with unusual frequency.

Colvin therefore, despite a fairly mundane Tory image, was aligned with some allegedly very nasty people indeed.
As a final comment, in the 1980's and 1990's, and some say currently, it appears that lobbyists such as Greer and Laud were supplying teenage boys to MP's and others in politics specifically with the aim of exerting political influence.
Moreover, according to aagirfan, Colvin had been speaking to Laud just ***"days"*** if not ***"hours"*** before the MP died in the house fire. The website further claims that; ***"During a major scandal around the abuse of children in care in Bryn Estyn, in Clwyd, both Laud and Greer's names were mentioned by alleged victims in connection with organised sexual abuse involving VIP's including, allegedly, members of the UK Government".***

Five of the alleged abused children later died in a 'suspicious' fire in Hove, where some of the abuse was said to have taken place, according to aangirfan. A Health Visitor from Hampshire where Laud has a home and where Colvin lived is also said to have died along with the 5 children.

The website then goes on to say:

'Recent revelations involve the corruption of evidence by senior council officials in North Wales with regard to information supplied to the

Waterhouse inquiry into allegations of VIP child abuse in Clwyd. In the inquiry allegations made by a number of young people were discredited because they had made allegations against social workers who records showed had not been employed where they said during the time they were in care.

In fact, a secretary in North Wales Council had been instructed to alter the official records of dates and where and when specific youngsters were in care. It was not therefore the youngsters who were lying, but the officials. The alleged victims of VIP abuse who died in the fire in Palmeira Avenue Hove in 1991 had also linked Laud, Lewis, and Greer, to the circumstances of the abuse they said they had suffered in care". [...] "Diana Princess of Wales opposed the whole culture to which Laud aligns himself and challenged arms dealing with which Julian Lewis is closely linked. Deceased investigative journalist Simon Regan challenged both Laud and Lewis frequently and died 'after a short illness' soon after his final tirade against the pair'.

The aangirfan website concluded their article on Laud by quite spectacularly turning up the heat. This is what they had to say:

"Michael Portillo, Peter Lilley, Ian Hamilton, and other Thatcherite politicians of the 1980's were all associated with Laud and Lewis.

"All were alleged to have been guests at paedophile parties in London at which boys from care in a number of local authorities, including North Wales, Shropshire,Hampshire, Dorset, Brighton and Hove and others, were allegedly 'ferried in' with the co-operation of social workers to provide sexual entertainments for the guests.

"It has also been alleged that Portillo frequently took 'kinky holidays' in North Africa with his friend Derek Laud.
"Portillo insists that Laud was a guest on these holidays of him and his wife, but it has been alleged that hotel records do not confirm that Portillo's wife was there at all.

"Finally there have been specific allegations that the main aim of this ring

is not to provide jollies for kinky MP's and others, but to exert influence over them in their work by blackmail."

Yet astonishingly, in 1999 Laud was appointed the first black master of foxhounds for the New Forest Hunt. After being awarded this honour, he was reported in the Telegraph Newspaper as saying: ***"I don't think the hunt are conscious of the colour of my skin"***.
His hunting activity was also the subject of an anecdote told by Aldershot MP Gerald Howarth in March 2005.

Howarth, who described the odious nonce as being "*as black as the ace of spades*", said that some hunt saboteurs had challenged Laud, claiming that 100 years ago, the ancestors of the other huntsman would have been hunting him. However, far from being offended, Laud had allegedly responded by saying "*100 years ago my ancestors would have been eating you*".

Course, we all know that Fox Hunting is known as being the sport of Kings. Quite appropriate really, since the pastime isn't really a sport; but is very cruel and barbaric.

Furthermore, with Laud being so highly thought of amongst those taking part in the sport of Kings, it is only natural that he should be friends with one. Well, the wife of a King in waiting… You really couldn't make this shit up, don't cha know.

You see, It would appear that Laudy boy is in fact very good friends with Camilla Parker Bowles. Course, that fact should hardly be surprising when you take in to account what we know about her Husband, Charles and his close friendships with child abusers.
The Daily Mail had this to say on the matter:

Tory Big Brother contestant Derek Laud is acquainted with the Duchess of Cornwall, it has emerged.
The 40-year-old, who became the first and only black master of foxhounds in 1999, is believed to have got to know Camilla thanks to their shared love of hunting.
The pair even holidayed together in Tuscany, Italy, last year with Sir John

Mortimer's wife Penny, it was reported to the Sun newspaper.
A Clarence House spokesman said: "They may well have come across each other." But he added: "They certainly haven't been on holiday."

And here's what the Guardian had to say on the matter:
The sight of a new collection of misfits – including a highly articulate, black, gay Tory, Derek Laud, who once worked with Margaret Thatcher and has been photographed on the arm of Camilla Parker Bowles – was enough to send ITV's Celebrity Love Island into ratings meltdown.

Course, when it comes to finding the aforementioned photo; you have no chance. In fact, photos of Laud pictured with Camilla Parker Horse Face, as well as with John Major, and David Cameron are rarer than rocking horse shit. Unsurprisingly, each time that I tried to Google such photographs, the following message would flash up:
In response to a legal request submitted to Google, we have removed 4 result(s) from this page.

In fact Google anything to do with Derek Laud and you will find that msg flash up.

Do you get the feeling that your once high powered friends are finally distancing themselves from you Derek Old Chap?
You fucking should do since all references to you are fast disappearing off the internet. Even more so when it comes down to references about you and your once great mate David Cameron.
The first of these references to go were those on Laud's wiki page.
Course, the internet is a big place and with a bit of digging I was able to find the vile man's blog. He calls it **Black & Blue**, which I will begrudgingly say is a good name although I would also love to see him beaten that way.

On his blog, Laud describes himself as being a Broadcaster, Author, Writer and TV Personality. Here is what he says about Cameron:
I can remember it as if it was yesterday, but in fact the year was 1996. The envelope was pristine white and the handwriting unmistakable. When I opened the invitation to David and Samantha Cameron's wedding I was overjoyed, doubly so because I had known Sam's family for much longer

than I had known David's. This was the wedding of the year.
I first met David Cameron in 1988. He was working in the Conservative Research Department and there he was spotted early as a rising star. I was working in the House of Commons and was not spotted for anything other than for the fact that I was black. David and I hit it off instantly. In those days he had a good sense of humour and we shared many politically incorrect jokes of the kind that we might be sent to the 'tower' for today. In those days we joshed each other more often than we ever discussed anything particularly seriously. **He was such fun and we had more than politics in common.** ***We both loved the country and rural pursuits. We shared a love of good food and wine.***

On one occasion in the fashionable Caprice restaurant, Jeffrey Archer passed our table, held his nose and opened his lungs and at the top of his voice said, 'Ah, the workers: how can you afford to eat here?' David laughed, but I told Archer to 'sling his hook'. It turned out this was one of the essential differences between David and me, -. He was always careful to get on well with those in a position to prefer him. Through me, David met some future cabinet Ministers and my revolving table included the likes of Michael Portillo, Francis Maude and Peter Lilley. I cued them all and told them all the same thing, 'This is the future', a phrase that David was to use years later and effectively agains
t Tony Blair.
So, after reading that you have to ask yourself just why the fuck the references to Cameron have now been removed from Laud's Wiki page? The answer is obvious to me, what about you?
Course, the references have only been disappearing since 2012. Up until then Laud had inexplicably remained as popular as ever.
It is in fact fair to say that Laud was even popular with the general public after he appeared in the reality TV show, Big Brother in 2005.
After he left the house, he could often be seen out and about with celebrities such as Cilla Black, the boxer, Chris Eubanks and TV Gardener, Alan Titchmarsh.

So, 2005 – 2006 were busy years all round for Del boy. He even appeared on the TV show '**Celebrity who wants to be a millionaire**' partnering John Majors old squeeze, Edwina Currie. He was also on the panel of **Question**

Time as well as a guest on the Graham Norton show, to name but a few. And lets not forget his appearance on Gordon Ramsey's, '**Hells Kitchen**', where he was filmed dining with his very good friends, Neil & Christine Hamilton. In 2007, an article that appeared in the Daily Mail proves that Laud was still highly regarded in the world of politics. Here's what the newspaper quoted him as saying:

"Last year, I was asked to put my hat into the ring for the Tory nomination for London Mayor. I considered it seriously but told the then party chairman that I was more interested in national issues".

You can find further reports about this on the Anorack website or in the Sun Newspaper.
The Party Chairman in 2007 would have been Francis Maude, who unsurprisingly was also a big knob in Thatcher's government. Maude also had very close ties to known paedophiles, Sir Peter Robinson and Slimeball Portillo. And wouldn't you know it; the thieving cunt was also accused of fiddling his expenses – but predictably, let off.
You can find more nonsense involving Laud and Maude (Laud & Maude, I like that, well done me), in another article from the Sun, entitled '**Pimp my Party**'. Why alarms bells were not going off in Wapping as the Sun went to print with this shit, I will never know… Then again, perhaps I do.

Do you know what people? As I write this stuff, I find myself becoming angrier and angrier as I go along. What the fuck is wrong with you lot? Why on earth would you want to be governed by a bunch of Corrupt, Thieving, Murdering Child Rapists? Especially when the alternative will give you an infinitely better quality of life for fucks sake?

And, breath….

Now, as I said a little while ago, references to the Vile Nonce and his equally Vile Nonce Political friends, have only started disappearing off the web since late 2012. Where as to my mind, had his associates been innocent then the latest that they should have disassociated themselves from him was in the mid 1990's when he was caught up in the 'cash for questions' scandal.
The fact that they didn't do and neither did they when he was the subject of

the Scallywag article, strongly suggests to me that all those ‘friends’ of his are vile Nonces too. It is in fact, my firm belief that Laud’s role, is very much the same as Jimmy Savile's role. I.E, he is a fixer for the elite. Both of the sick fucks were in fact very much the same, in so much as they were both way over the top in all that they did.

Incredibly, Laud seems to have the right fucking hump with David Cameron now that the smarmy ex Prime Minister is finally distancing himself from him. At least that would appear to be the case judging by Lauds tweets about him!
Nevertheless, when I first started writing about Laud in late 2012, he called me “*certifiable*” and publicly stated that “*no one believes the crap that I write*”. He then very quickly fucked off to South Africa where he went very quiet for about 6 months.
And on the same day that I finally discovered that Laud was in South Africa, my friend, Caroline Hurry, a South African travel journalist informed me that he was on the board of Directors of a holiday company called ‘**The Roving Ambassador**’, owned by a fella called Andrew Shapland.

Apparently, this info about Laud’s whereabouts was fairly common knowledge amongst some South African mainstream media hacks.
Anyway, after discussing the situation with her colleagues it seems Caroline was elected to bring Laud’s vile history to Andrew Shapland’s attention.

She then did so and by way of return received a prompt email in response from Andrew, who expressed his shock and to his credit, acted immediately to have Laud removed.
Course, as you might have expected Andrew had marked his reply email as being ‘*without prejudice*’, although it was clear by the content of the message that he was keen to disassociate his Company, **Roving Ambassador** as far away from Laud as possible.
In that eMail Andrew stated:

Derek is not a mainline board member rather an “advisory” body in international communications and government.
In so saying naturally no decent person or company would be associated with the “activities” contained in these articles and I find it disgusting as

would all of my colleagues and associates…
… In the meantime I have requested in the best interests of all concerned the profile on our website to be suspended. That should be being actioned as we speak. If true it is deplorable and disgusting, but as yet I assume it has to be proven, in a court of law.

For her part, Caroline is convinced that Andrew was genuinely shocked to hear about Laud's sordid past, albeit a little astonished that he had hired a person without checking his background thoroughly when a brief google search would have at that time revealed plenty about Laud.
I cannot personally comment on the subject, being as I didn't speak to him. However, when I looked on the company's Twitter page, I immediately noticed the following Tweets:

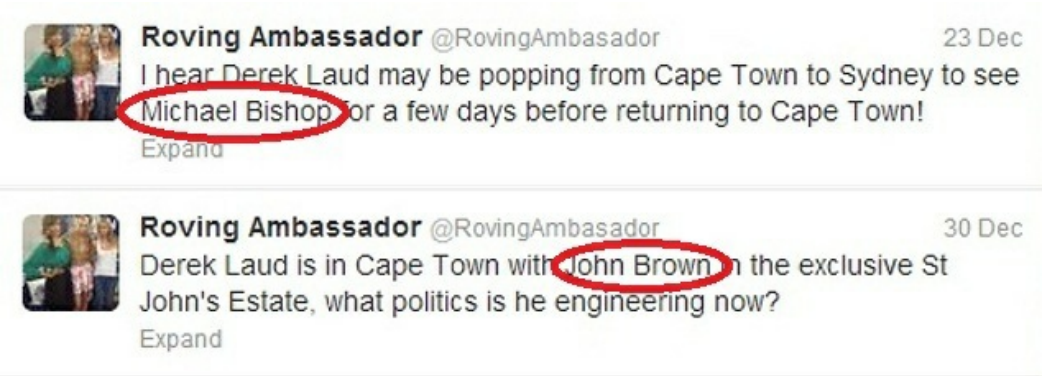

Note the names that I have circled in red

"Roving Ambassador tweets in regard to Derek Laud.
Now, after a bit of investigation, it became very clear to me that the "John Brown" in question is actually Lord John Browne. This would make sense since Lord Browne is as perverted as Laud. The fact that these two perverts are 'holidaying' together should have come as no surprise since they are both on the Board of Directors at **Stanhope Capital**.

However, Browne was forced to resign from his post as the CEO at BP over his torrid affair with a Rent Boy named Jeff Chevalier, who Browne used to take to dinner parties at Tony Blair's house. Blair, as you may or may not know isn't opposed to indulging in sex with Rent Boys himself… Allegedly.

The following is taken from a Daily Mail article about Browne and the Male Prostitute:

The cosy dinner for Tony Blair in the summer of 2005 came amid a seemingly endless merry-go-round of dinners, lunches, soirees and parties that Mr Chevalier was summoned to by his tycoon lover, 34 years his senior.

He was flaunted before business and political contacts, diplomats and artists; there were holidays in private compounds in Barbados and opera in Salzburg and Venice (enjoyed alongside Prince and Princess Michael of Kent in their private box).

In Venice, Mr Chevalier would find himself chinking glasses with Elton John and Jude Law…

*…"**We shook hands and were introduced in the drawing room. We stood there chatting in a group of four. I remember looking at Mr Blair and thinking that he hides his extra weight really well.***

He also has the eyes of someone who never sleeps. He was also taller than he looked on TV and there was a slightly religious tone to the conviction with which he spoke about things.

On speaking to me, Tony would call me by name and clarify for my sake certain things which were said regarding business and politics which I might not have understood.

"When business between Tony and John got a bit more private, Anji spoke with me to allow the two to talk. He shook my hand goodbye and said that it was nice to meet me – and called me by my name again, which I appreciated."

Mr Chevalier found himself on the Blair Christmas card list – the handwritten greeting going out 'to John and Jeff'…

… "Lady McAlpine, David Furnish and Elton John, US Congressmen and Senators, the heads of Corporations, Jude Law and Sienna Miller and countless other notables would approach us – or on rare occasions we would approach them – and these pool afternoons would turn into business meetings, albeit on a casual level.

"There was no enjoyment in sitting by the Cipriani pool in the company of

John because of the constant intrusions."
Travelling with Lord Browne usually meant going by private jet, as the Labour peer was not a fan of travelling on commercial airlines.

Even when given five-star treatment by leading carriers, Lord Browne was constantly monitoring whether some other VIP was receiving greater pampering than him…
… Social contacts might be Hugh Grant and Jemima Khan one evening, Ronald Lauder of the EstÇe Lauder dynasty the next, or Michael Portillo the next.
A dinner and lunch guest was Peter Mandelson, a former Cabinet member and now a European Union Trade Commissioner. He arrived for dinner with his own long-time partner, Brazilian Reinaldo da Silva.
Mr Chevalier recalls: "There were only the four of us and I remember thinking the moment I met them what an odd couple they were. Peter was very smooth and charming, appearing to hang on John's every word"…
…"John and I would see Michael Winner on many occasions but never speak with him," he says.
"He was certainly loud enough. Whether in Barbados, the Cipriani or in a restaurant in London, we would often encounter the sound of his voice ruining the mood of whichever place we were in.

"While in Venice he spent a great deal of time dictating instructions and memos to his secretary on his mobile while lying like a beached whale by the pool."
Sport was also had with Conrad Black, the former newspaper proprietor now facing trial in America for alleged financial wrongdoing, whom Mr Chevalier met at a party held by Sir Ronald Cohen, boss of Apax Partners venture capitalists, and an adviser to Gordon Brown.
Mr Chevalier says: "John and I were introduced to Conrad Black and his wife Barbara Amiel at Ronnie Cohen's 60th in the South of France. The gossip from everyone was "why was Black here?"

Hmmm, there are some familiar names amongst that lot aren't there? Unsurprisingly, Browne is also very, very closely connected to the Royal Family. Equally unsurprisingly, he is also great friends with David Cameron.

Another extremely well connected ‘Bod’ who according to the Roving Ambassadors Twitter page, Laudy boy was due to visit just after Christmas 2012, was the Tory Peer Lord Glendonbrook AKA Michael Bishop. And what the openly gay lord doesn’t have investments in is not worth investing in.
According to the Birmingham Post, Bishop was at number 27 on the 2011 ‘Rich List’.

And of course; it goes without saying that our honourable former PM, David Cameron was also up to some skulduggery with Bishop. At least that is according to the Daily Mirror:

Mr Cruddas’ attendance was not detailed in the list of donors’ meetings with the PM released last week. The tycoon even claimed to have served a curry to Mr Cameron’s wife, Samantha, his dinner companion during the bash in October.
Other occasions involving Mr Cruddas and the PM include a dinner in Belgrave Square, Central London, on Mr Cameron’s birthday and a meal at a house in Chelsea, West London, with 25 “big hedge fund guys”.
According to Mr Cruddas, the PM also joined him at events at art dealer Ivor Braka’s plush house in Cadogan Square, in Knightsbridge, West London, a separate do at Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire, and a “top secret” private dinner where “all the top people” were invited to thank them for five years of supporting the Tories.
Speaking to undercover reporters, Mr Cruddas said his job was “to get the donors in front of the Prime Minister”.
Mr Cruddas also said he nearly won a £1million donation from Australia-based tycoon Lord Glendonbrook. To try to seal the deal Mr Cruddas went to Sydney with a birthday card signed by the PM.

In April 2018, Laud declared via the Financial Times that he is no longer a Tory.

Chapter 4

Now what can I say about the Bullingdon Boys Diners Club (BBDC)?
Well, for a start, the club is an invitation only secret society,whose members are a bunch of elite, extremely rich, toffee nosed yobs who attend or attended Oxford University.

But that is vastly underplaying the description.
Participating membership appears to last around 2 years. Being a Bullingdon boy however, is a lifelong commitment.
Now, as I have just said, initiation into the club is by invite only.
And even then that invitation is destructive, with new members being attacked in their beds in the middle of the night followed by the total destruction of all the said, new members property... Although there is no mention of *"willies"* and *Pigs heads.*
Yet, as if that wasn't bad enough, it seems now that new initiates have to go through a callous and cruel ceremony to be welcomed into the fold. The following is from the Daily Mirror:

New members of David Cameron's old Bullingdon Club have to burn a £50 note in front of a beggar as part of an "initiation ceremony", it has been claimed.
A friend of one of the exclusive club's super-wealthy members revealed the sick prank to an Oxford student newspaper.
It was immediately condemned last night by Labour MP Ian Mearns.

He said: "This kind of thing takes us back to the loads-of-money days under the last Tory government.
"Then it wasn't just about having cash – you had to rub it in the faces of those who didn't. It's distasteful and disgusting."
The Bullingdon revelations came as figures showed a rise in those sleeping rough.

One night in autumn last year councils found 2,309 out on the streets

compared to 2,181 in 2011.
The boozy Bullingdon club is infamous for trashing Oxford restaurants and its other former members include Chancellor George Osborne and London Mayor Boris Johnson.
Earlier this month a Bullingdon member is alleged to have set off fireworks in a club.
And make no mistake, even supposedly having grown up these snobby cunts still like to take the right proper piss with their lavish displays of wealth and care little when people find out that they take the right proper piss.

Past members of the Bullingdon Club have included:
Edward VII
Edward VIII
Frederick IX of Denmark
Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany
Prince Paul of Yugoslavia
Rama VI, King of Siam
Michael Ancram
Timothy Beaumont, Baron Beaumont of Whitley
Gottfried von Bismarck
David Dimbleby
The Hon. Sir David Bowes-Lyon
The Rt. Hon. David Cameron
Sir Raymond Carr
Henry Chaplin, 1st Viscount Chaplin
Lord Randolph Churchill
Alan Clark, MP
George Curzon, 1st Marquess Curzon of Kedleston
David Faber, head master of Summer Fields School
Peter Fleming
George Gibbs, 1st Baron Wraxall
Jason Gissing
William Grenfell, 1st Baron Desborough
Darius Guppy
Peter Holmes à Court
Nick Hurd, MP
Boris Johnson, Mayor of London

Jo Johnson, MP
Sir Frederick Johnstone, 8th Baronet
Sir Ludovic Kennedy
Walter Long, 1st Viscount Long
Harry Mount
Serge Obolensky
Frank Pakenham, 7th Earl of Longford
John Profumo
John Rankin Rathbone, MP
Cecil Rhodes
Major-General Sir Sebastian John Lechmere Roberts, KCVO, OBE
Nathaniel Philip Rothschild
John Scott, 9th Duke of Buccleuch
Walter Montagu Douglas Scott, 8th Duke of Buccleuch
Radosław Sikorski, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Poland
Thomas Assheton Smith II
Charles Spencer, 9th Earl Spencer
Alexander Thynn, 7th Marquess of Bath
Prince Felix Yussupov
George Osborne MP And pin up boy Nick Green.

There are some fucking gangsters amongst that lot, I can tell you.
Now, the BBDC full uniform typically costs around £3500 and consists of tail coat, trousers and mustard coloured waistcoat.
This get up is usually worn for the Club's annual dinner... And that's about the only time its worn since being seen out and about wearing the poncey outfit will usually earn the wearer a right fucking good hiding.

The following is from the Daily Mail Newspaper:
The Bullingdon was founded in 1780, originally as a hunting and cricket club. From the beginning its name was synonymous with excessive drinking and a competitive destructiveness, and membership has always been by invitation only and known for being, for most, prohibitively expensive (costs include a bespoke set of tails, outrageously lavish dinners and a charge against expected damages).
Past 'Bullers' include Edward VII, Edward VIII, John Profumo and Alan Clark. The club was also satirised by Evelyn Waugh as 'the Bollinger' in

Decline And Fall.
Course, it goes without saying that David Cameron was invited to join the elite den of iniquity as was his considerably less well off cousin Boris *'bojo'* Johnson and their feeble, weasel friend, George *'Gideon Bean'* Osborne.

By getting elected into the 'Buller', Johnson pulled off another feat of social climbing and, once in, he threw himself into the ritualised drinking with gusto. Drunken destruction was a trademark of the Buller and trashing bedrooms was the standard form of initiation.
Radek Sikorski, now Poland's Foreign Minister, recounted an extraordinary story of Johnson leading a troop of Bullers into his room in the dead of night.
'I was awoken from a deep sleep by a dozen men in tailcoats, who smashed up my furniture, books, hi-fi, everything,' he said. 'I was completely dazed. Then Boris shook my hand and said, "Congratulations, you've been elected!"' Source: The Daily Mail
And it was allegedly during their membership of the elite club that the trio developed a taste for Cocaine... A habit that in all probability, never went away.
Course, Cameron would never outrightly admit to taking the drug, but it is interesting to note that while vying to become the Tory Party Leader the other three leadership candidates, David Davis, Ken Clarke and Liam Fox all declared that they **had never** taken hard drugs... That doesn't however mean to say that they are telling the truth though.

Nevertheless, despite coming under intense pressure to answer the question, Cameron resolutely declined to say either way:

During the leadership election Cameron came under pressure over alleged experience with illegal drugs (specifically, allegations of recreational use of cocaine). At a conference fringe event, when asked if he had taken drugs, he replied: "I had a normal university experience."
Pressed on this point during the BBC programme Question Time, he insisted that everyone is allowed to "err and stray" in their past and that everyone is entitled to a private life before politics. He also pointed out that members of the governing Labour Cabinet never answer similar questions when they are put to them.

He confirmed during the leadership election that he smokes cigarettes. One notable contrast in the election was between Cameron's background of a relatively distant connection to the aristocracy and an education at Eton and that of his rival contender David Davis, who was brought up on a council estate. ***Source***: www.martinfrost
Even so, he certainly smoked more than cigarettes whilst at Oxford. In fact the cunt was very lucky not to have been expelled for possession of wacky baccy... I will however give him the benefit of the doubt on possession with intent to supply.
Course, whether or not Cameron was being protected - *having by then already been earmarked for greater things* - would only be speculation.

However, it has to be said that others were not so fortunate.
The following article about Cameron's fondness for the reefer was originally published in the Sunday Times:

Cameron DID smoke cannabis
By SIMON WALTERS
David Cameron narrowly avoided being expelled from Eton College when he was involved in the school's worst-ever drugs scandal, it has been revealed.

Police were called in and seven pupils were thrown out after boys were caught dealing in and smoking cannabis.
The future Tory leader - who until now has refused to say if he took drugs - was caught after another pupil informed on him.
Cameron, who at the time was just 15, was hauled in by the headmaster, who forced him to admit he had smoked cannabis. The furious master punished him by putting him under the top public school's equivalent of house arrest by being 'gated'.
But this did not stop Cameron's drug- taking, according to a book to be serialised exclusively in The Mail on Sunday next month. It says he carried on smoking cannabis when he went to Oxford.

The disclosures in the book - Cameron, The Rise Of The New Conservative - are bound to reopen the debate about drugs policies in Britain. If he wins the next General Election, Mr Cameron will be the first Prime Minister to

have admitted taking drugs.

Mr Cameron repeatedly refused to answer questions during his successful Tory leadership campaign 18 months ago on whether or not he had taken drugs. Westminster was rife with rumours that he had smoked cannabis and there were claims that he had experimented with cocaine.
Mr Cameron insisted he had a right to stay quiet on the issue in spite of making a series of provocative calls to liberalise drugs laws.

He hinted he had taken drugs by saying he had had a 'normal' university life, but insisted his right to privacy meant there was no need to give more details.

The dramatic development will be seized on by Labour's heir apparent Gordon Brown, who has issued a clear public statement that he has never taken drugs.
It will also provide ammunition for a hard core of Right-wing Tory enemies who will see Mr Cameron's youthful flirtation with drugs as further proof that he is too liberal, politically and personally, to be a successful Conservative leader.
In a bizarre twist, one of the pupils who was expelled in the drugs scandal, Josh Astor, is related by marriage to Mr Cameron's wife, Samantha - and has links with Mr Cameron himself.

Astor is the adopted son of ex-Tory MP Michael Astor, the uncle of Samantha's stepfather Lord Astor, one of Cameron's front-bench spokesmen.

Long after the Eton scandal, Astor went on to be imprisoned for a drugs offence. He currently has two homes, one a few streets away from the Camerons' West London home in Notting Hill and a second in Chipping Norton in Mr Cameron's Witney constituency in Oxfordshire.

The new book, to be published by Harper Collins on April 2, describes how Mr Cameron came within a whisker of being thrown out of Eton in a drugs scandal in 1982.
A number of pupils were found to be both using and distributing cannabis,

it says. Normally, such incidents were dealt with internally by the school to avoid damaging publicity. But this was far too serious.

Headmaster Eric Anderson, who ten years earlier had taught Tony Blair at Fettes, Scotland's equivalent of Eton, called in the police.

The scandal was reported by several national newspapers, though Cameron was never named.
The book says: "The police oversaw an investigation by the school apparently determined, at least at first, to root out all drug users. The initial culprits were called upon to reveal to whom they had sold drugs, an offence that ensured automatic expulsion.

On the first day, seven were summarily thrown out and the investigation began to snowball."Pupils were in a state of panic as drugs-squad police searched their rooms and hauled two suspects to the police station to be interviewed.
It was reported that pupils had obtained the drugs from a dealer in Notting Hill, ironically where Mr Cameron lives today, though in those days it was far less trendy.

Parties of up to ten boys would gather in a room to listen to Bob Marley reggae records and smoke cannabis, said Press reports at the time.

Cameron was a big fan of reggae band UB40, but there is no evidence he was at the Bob Marley dope parties.
One of the pupils who was forced to leave said: "A couple of guys were going to Slough to buy the stuff. We were heavily leaned on to give names. There were a lot of people involved. They tried to accuse me of dealing in it. I told the headmaster, "If you kick me out, you'll have to kick an awful lot of people out"."
Staff used a 'nice teacher, nasty teacher' questioning technique to try to force pupils to inform on each other.
"They realised the numbers were much greater than they thought,' said one former pupil. "They couldn't rusticate (temporarily expel) everybody."

Cameron's house, JF, (named after housemaster John Faulkner) was at

the centre of the scandal.
"It was on the edge of Eton with views out over the countryside and towards the railway arches, and both domains offered handy cover for illicit smoking and drinking,' write authors Francis Elliott and James Hanning.

"From the house, it was possible on occasion to witness the surreal scene of groups of two or three teenagers in tailcoats trudging back towards the school, their purported interest in the botany of east Berkshire temporarily sated.
"Cameron's house was just over the road from the Arts School, and the drugs purge took a disproportionate toll on those who attended it."
Another Old Etonian expelled in the crackdown said: "It was a group of pretty naughty characters and they tended to get into trouble."

He said the drugs clean-up was 'like a military operation' and rumours about which pupils informed on others still caused resentment.
Cameron had kept his head down - until one of his fellow pupils named him as being one of the drug-takers. He was summoned before headmaster Mr Anderson who asked him point blank: Had he smoked cannabis?

Cameron made a full confession, but unlike the ring leaders, avoided expulsion.
"Because he had only smoked and not sold the drugs he was not thrown out. Instead he was fined, gated (refused all leave) and given a Georgic (copying hundreds of lines of Latin)."
Mr Anderson, who refuses to talk about Cameron's drug-taking, told the authors: "We would have said, "Let's get the ring leaders" and if there were others involved, we would have scared them off from doing it again."
In all, seven boys were expelled, including Josh Astor, two more were told to leave at the end of term, five were suspended and four more were 'gated'. Cameron was in the group who were 'gated'.

The book claims Cameron's drugs shame at Eton was the reason he refused to talk about his experience of drugs when he stood as Tory leader in 2005.

"Fearing his offence would resurface, he chose not to answer any questions about his drugs use. It was a decision that has brought enduring innuendo about alleged cocaine use, but one that has ensured that while he may have inhaled cannabis, no "drugs lies" have left his lips,' says the book.

If the scandal had emerged then, Mr Cameron's Tory foes, who rightly suspected his silence was to mask the fact that he had taken drugs, would have used it to try to destroy his campaign.
Surprisingly, his headmaster's stern lecture on the perils of drug taking did not change Cameron's behaviour. The book refers to his 'infrequent and moderate consumption of cannabis during his three years at Oxford', though it adds he often turned down the offer of drugs from other students.

A decade later, the Eton incident came back to haunt him when he had another uncomfortable meeting with his former headmaster. By now, Mr Cameron was special adviser to Home Secretary Michael Howard in John Major's government. He arrived for dinner at Mr Howard's grace and favour home in Belgravia to find that Mr Anderson was one of the guests. Mr Cameron squirmed with embarrassment as Mr Anderson told how 'no boy of his year gave him more trouble' than Cameron. Mr Cameron held his breath, fearing Mr Anderson was about to tell Mr Howard, who took a notoriously hard line on drugs, how his adviser was nearly expelled from Eton for smoking cannabis. Luckily for Mr Cameron, the discreet Mr Anderson kept his dark secret.

It was not the only awkward moment for Mr Cameron in his time with Mr Howard at the Home Office. The book describes Mr Cameron's private doubts about Mr Howard's crackdown on 'rave parties' where drug-taking was rife. Mr Cameron was concerned 'not least because Samantha (then his girlfriend) was attending exactly the sort of dance events Howard wanted to ban'.

Mr Cameron came into contact with the world of drug-taking again when he became a spin doctor for Carlton Communications in 1997, where one of his jobs was to entertain media editors at TV industry gatherings.
"Cocaine use is hardly unknown at these industry gatherings but

Cameron's chosen refreshment was lager."

He panicked again in 2000 when he was adopted as Tory Parliamentary candidate for Witney. It came after half the Tory Shadow Cabinet caused a sensation by admitting they had taken drugs. Tory candidates were told to give honest answers and Mr Cameron was terrified that Witney Tories would ask him. Luckily for him, they did not.

Josh Astor features again in the book in another school expulsion scandal when he caused trouble for Jade Jagger, daughter of rock star Mick Jagger.
Jade was expelled from the expensive St Mary's private school for girls in Calne, Wiltshire, where her best friend was Clare Cameron, David Cameron's younger sister, after sneaking out of school to meet Astor.

And when Cameron invited Clare and Jade to Oxford, there was a hilarious misunderstanding after Jade told Jagger that Cameron had taken them 'punting' on the river.
"The following Monday, Cameron's mother Mary received a call at home. It was Mick Jagger, not pleased. "What's all this my daughter's been getting up to with your son?" he demanded. "You know I don't approve of bloodsports." Mary explained gently that his daughter had enjoyed an entirely peaceful afternoon punting on the river."

The book also refers to a third school drugs scandal involving Samantha Cameron's sister, Emily, who was expelled from Marlborough, where both girls were educated, after drugs were found in her dormitory.
And it details Samantha's friendship during her years at Bristol University with rap star Tricky (real name Adrian Thaws) and how they spent time at the Montpelier Club, which was renowned for drug-taking and violence, though Samantha avoided both.

But it is the book's impact on Mr Cameron's controversial political and personal stance on drugs that will provoke most interest. At various times since becoming an MP he endorsed a call for 'shooting galleries' for hard-core drug-users, explaining: "Anything that helps get users off the streets is worth considering." He said the UN should consider legalising drugs

and state- prescribed heroin and said the legal classification of ecstasy should be downgraded.
His leadership campaign was dominated by repeated calls for him to clarify whether he had taken cannabis and cocaine before becoming an MP.

Mr Cameron said: "I'm allowed to have had a private life before politics in which we make mistakes and we do things that we should not and we are all human and we err and stray."
Asked directly whether he had taken Class A drugs, he said: "I have said all I want to say about this. I didn't spend the early years of my life thinking, "I better not do anything because one day I might be a politician" because I didn't know I was going to be a politician."

The closest he has come to admitting taking drugs was when he was asked if he had done so at college.
"I had a normal university experience,' he said. When the interviewer replied: "So that's a yes, then,' Mr Cameron added: "There were things that I did then that I don't think that I should talk about now that I'm a politician."

In a light-hearted anecdote, the book tells how media reports of Mr Cameron and drugs caused intense fascination in the bars and clubs of Notting Hill, which has become synonymous with his new wave of metropolitan Tories.

It says: "One West Londoner reprogrammed his mobile phone so that, when he receives a call from his cocaine dealer, he proudly shows his friends the caller ID. It reads "David Cameron"."

Now, don't get me wrong, I have nothing against Cannabis. It is these stuck up cunts gross hypocrisy that gets on my tits.
And you will hopefully also have notice that the above article also dredged up another familiar name - *Astor* - from out of the Elite cesspit.

You see, Cameron's wife, Sam Cam was brought up by the Satanic Astors who were heavily implicated in the Profumo Scandal of 1962...
Coincidentally enough, John Profumo was also a Bullingdon boy.

Moreover, as the above article states, The Cunt Cameron was very into *'raves'* - as was the *'not as nice as she would have you believe'*, Mrs Cameron.

Certainly, Dave the Rave's wife does not have the nickname *'Snowy'* because she likes to go skiing.

Now at this point I should say that I appreciate that some of you may object to me describing Cameron as a cunt… But that is an ideal word to describe him and all of the others that I talk about in this book - all of whom offend me greatly.

You see, the Cambridge online dictionary describes the word 'Cunt' thus: **an offensive word for a very unpleasant or stupid person.**
Just sayin'.
Now tellingly, when the Toffee Nosed Dick Head took over the leadership of the Tory Party, the fact that he intended to get anything else but tough on drugs speaks volumes.

The following is from Wikipedia:

Cameron is in favour of drug law review, and its reform, believing that the current approach does not work. Cameron voted for recommendation 24 of the Home Affairs Select Committee report: 'The Government's Drugs Policy: Is It Working?' (published on 9 May 2002), which recommended that "the Government initiates a discussion within the Commission on Narcotic Drugs of alternative ways — including the possibility of legalisation and regulation — to tackle the global drugs dilemma".
He has said that drugs policy must be evidence based and acknowledges that with regards to Cannabis evidence has shifted since 2002.

Strange then, how his government returned his drug of choice Cannabis, back to a Class-B drug following the previous Labour government's reduction in classification of the drug to Class-C.
Course, that would have been nothing to do with the pharmaceutical industry applying pressure on him to do so would it? ... Would it? ... Yeah, course it would.

After all, if you can't patent it, you can't make money from it.
Similarly, I have no doubt that when he came up with his plan to legalise drugs, the smarmy ponce had not taken into account the Billions of Pounds that the governments of the US and UK were making now that they had control of the Afghan Heroin Supply.
Okay, moving on.

Chancellor Gideon Bean was without a doubt also partial to the odd toot. Whether or not he is still as partial is up for debate, although to my way of thinking, the cunt would have to be on drugs to live with the misery that he caused in his role as Chancellor.
Certainly, those he hung about with were very much into Class A's and kinky sex. I am referring in particular to the once drug addicted, William Sinclair and the multi-billionaire, Nat Rothschild.
Indeed, all three appear to have enjoyed S&M sex with a dominatrix named as being Natalie Rowe.

Now, I have in the not too distant past had a very long conversation with Natalie and she comes across as a thoroughly nice woman.
And in that long phone call, she told me certain things that I would love to tell you now, but which I had given my word to her that I would not repeat until she gave me the go ahead.

Nevertheless, in 2009, Natalie had lobbed a major spanner in the Tory Party works with her newspaper revelations about Osborne:

Dominatrix Natalie Rowe saw at first hand the desperate longing of a gauche Oxford student [George Osborne] struggling to fit in with the fabulously wealthy like university pal Nat Rothschild.
She revealed how she and the young Tory were drawn together as she supplied girls and drugs to parties for some of Oxford's notorious Bullingdon Club drinking circle. Its members included both Osborne and his former pal Rothschild, the man now accusing the top Tory of soliciting a £50,000 donation from aluminium tycoon Oleg Deripaska.

"George was fascinated when he heard what I did for a living. He wanted to know about the clients, how much I charged, what went on. He seemed a

bit more than curious about what went on.

He wanted to see the equipment-the whips, the chains, the belts.
He was particularly interested in the dog collars we put on clients and the rubber underpants they wear as submissive slaves."

George was intrigued by all my stories and wanted to be shown how hard it would be to be hit. I told him that most of the guys tend to use the sex drug amyl nitrate.
Once George and his friends were at my flat while I was actually having a session with a paying customer.
I had the man on all fours with a collar on and beat him. I was making him bark like a dog and act like a slave. They found it quite funny.

None of them hid the fact they liked it and they weren't embarrassed. They were turned on by it.

When they had coke they would probably divvy up a gram and a half. They'd have competitions to see who could snort the longest line and get completely wasted." ~Dominatrix Natalie Rowe

Natalie, who styled herself as Mistress Pain and ran an escort agency called Black Beauties, met Osborne and Rothschild through her boyfriend at the time, fellow Bullingdon member William Sinclair, grandson of Winston Churchill's wartime air minister Sir Archibald Sinclair.

It was there the pair grew close. "George was attracted to me," she recalled. "And I actually fancied him. In the beginning it was a turn on because it was our little secret, that electricity.
"I did kiss George. But to be honest he wasn't that sexually experienced and he was a bit fumbly.
"I used to think he was a little bit of a wimp but I quite liked that."

Remarkably, while sat in the home of a dominatrix, the 22-year-old Osborne bragged how he would one day become Prime Minister.

He was absolutely sure about what he'd be doing. And I joked that I had all

the evidence on him.
Natalie was this week intrigued how, given their once close friendship, the damaging claims that today threaten Osborne's political future actually came from financier Nat Rothschild, heir to a family baronetcy and a £500 million banking fortune. She recalled how the two students and their band of pals would head to the country for wild weekends.
The Bullingdon Club thought they were untouchable. They thought they could do what they wanted. They had money and arrogance. They thought there were no consequences, anything goes.

"I can't believe George would want to annoy Nat. He knows so much about him. I can't imagine why he'd want to get on the wrong side of him.
She said the group's bad behaviour came to a head in March 1994 at the Rothschilds' stately home, Waddesdon Manor in Buckinghamshire.

Natalie sent three strippers.
Around six grams of cocaine were also provided for the club members to snort. As well as stripping, it was made clear that the girls' services would extend to 'extras'-sex with guests.
But Natalie claims the party degenerated into a humiliating experience for the girls who were abused by some braying Bullingdon boys.
The girls were made to feel like they were nothing. They climbed on to the bar or a table and started to strip and gyrate. But the guests were mauling them and jeering. It was horrendous. The guys were trying to touch them and shouting abuse, throwing champagne and spitting."
Course, there is nothing in the above to suggest that Bean took part in this verbal abuse, much of which was racially motivated.
On the contrary in fact, as Rowe is keen to point out in the following passage taken from the Abel Danger website.
However, there is much in the passage to suggest that Bean, is a lily livered coward:

Osborne was offended when some members of the Oxford group would hurl racial slurs at Natalie. But she says that he was still so desperate to fit in that he didn't have the courage to stop them.
"There was one occasion they were taking the mickey out of me at a party. They were making monkey noises and saying abusive things. They even

used the word nigger. George was there and I was hurt that he didn't say anything."
"But he'd put his arms round me and comfort me and I did feel a connection. He didn't stand up to the others, though. He didn't want to upset them." Despite that, Natalie insists she was still very fond of Osborne who she considered the nicest of the group of friends.

And that just about sums up Osborne to a tee: A scared little man, trying to be the big I am and in doing so, just ending up looking like a pathetic joke of a character... What a cunt.
The sourced linked saga then continues to unfold on the Abel Danger website thus:

Two of her former clients are in Tory leader David Cameron's top team today, while the other two are former Tory ministers—one was in the Cabinet. Her £1million memoirs—already snapped up by a major publisher — threaten to send shockwaves through David Cameron's party ahead of next year's general election...
... Natalie found herself unwillingly at the centre of the emails scandal last week when she was identified by Gordon Brown's spin chief Damian McBride in a dirty tricks campaign.
McBride is believed to have pointed to the existence of a tape-recorded conversation between Natalie and a close friend of Osborne's in which the friend claims Osborne slept with her and took cocaine.
In another smear, the emails also said that an ex-girlfriend of Osborne's has photos of him in a bra, knickers and suspenders.
The Sunday Mirror has decided to withhold the names of the four perverted Tories—although Miss Whiplash will show no such mercy.
"This book will be the opposite of Belle du Jour—the real story of my life as a dominatrix. It's not dressed up or sanitised—just the gritty truth involving some very powerful men.
And I would like nothing more than for one of them to sue me so I can stand up and face them in court." SOURCE: www.abeldanger.net
Obviously, looking at the bondage loving, limp wristed, pasty faced, creep, it is hard to imagine him trussed up like a Turkey isn't it... Not.
Course, in order to keep the worst details of his squalid sex life out of the papers, Gideon struck a deal with Andy Coulson which involved the former

newspaper hack going to work for the Cunt Cameron as his director of communications.

And, despite it being an open secret that Rupert Murdoch pulled Cameron's strings whilst he was Prime Mincer, many people still believed him when he professed to having no idea that Coulson was a crook... Of course he fucking knew.
It does in fact say much about just how downtrodden we have become as a nation when we accept that our politicians are bent and the likes of Coulson - *who having been found guilty of playing a part in the phone hacking scandal was sentenced to 18 months in prison yet was released after serving less than 5 months* - are given high flying jobs in our government departments without so much as a whimper from the public:

Shamed former News of the World editor Andy Coulson was spotted leaving his home early this morning following his early release from jail yesterday.
The ex-Tory communications chief was let out of Hollesley Bay, an open prison in Suffolk, less than five months into an 18-month prison sentence for phone hacking.
He was seen driving his car bright and early this morning as he left his home in Kent, wearing a black coat and blue T-shirt. Source: The Daily Mail
So, Coulson was jailed for his part in the News of the World phone hacking scandal yet he only served a quarter of his prison sentence whereas every other bastard has to serve half... Roger that.
After his release Coulson was of course meant to be facing further criminal charges... But those charges have since been - predictably - dropped.

Mind you he did four and a half months more prison time that Cameron's flame haired, former bit on the side, Ginger Brooksy did - who was obviously found not guilty… And to think that they say that crime doesn't pay.
Our justice system truly is a fucking joke.
Yet this is just one more example in a long line of examples of ex-Bullingdon boys helping each other out - rather like the Freemasons do - and a perfect example to reinforce what I said at the beginning of this chapter, namely; being a Bullingdon boy is a lifelong commitment.

Certainly, whilst Prime Mincer, Cameron appeared keen to have his 'Buller' boys surround him. The deplorable Michael Gove MP is also an ex-member, as are Damian Green (Oxford not BBDC), Dominic Grieve and Boris Johnson's brother Jo who were welcomed into the Conservative Party fold:
Jo Johnson has been appointed as head of a Conservative policy unit, by David Cameron. It is another example of jobs for members of the old boy network, the Bullingdon Club. Source: www.tekjournalismuk.co
And this from the Daily Mail:
Mr Cameron shocked Westminster last week by appointing 41-year-old Jo as head of his policy unit.
The promotion prompted headlines about Jo becoming the 'first Johnson into No 10', with profile writers noting that although both men attended Eton and Oxford, only Jo – the more 'sensible' of the two – won a first-class degree.
But according to a 1992 edition of the student newspaper Cherwell, Jo had more of a buccaneering image at the time.
In a piece written to mark Jo's appointment as editor of Isis, a rival publication, Cherwell described Jo as a 'Nat-ite', a reference to his friendship with banker Nat Rothschild: Jo was famously pictured with Rothschild and George Osborne in a 1993 Bullingdon Club photograph unearthed by The Mail on Sunday.
A newspaper called ISIS - Roger that.
The Cherwell article, written at the start of Jo's second year as a Balliol history student, describes him as a 'Rothschild crony'.
Oh and look! Its that name Rothschild again.
Meantime, it transpires that Damien Green and Attorney General, Dominic Grieve were in fact old adversaries whilst at Oxford.
Things came to a head when Grieve and five of his Bullingdon cronies tipped Green head first over a bridge before dropping him twelve foot into one and a half feet of water... Like normal, sane people do. Source: The Independent Newspaper
Damian Green was of course, also the Minister who was sensationally arrested and had his Commons Office searched by Police in 2008:
The arrest and search of Green's House of Commons office provoked uproar. David Cameron, then leader of the opposition, condemned it, as did London mayor Boris Johnson, who is now in control of setting the Yard's

budget and strategic priorities, as well as having the power to fire the commissioner. ***Source: The Guardian***
See, straight away its Bullingdon Boys Cameron and Johnson to the rescue. And rescue they did.
You see, according to Britain's former top counter-terrorism officer, Robert Quick:
his senior Scotland Yard colleagues buckled under Conservative party pressure and withdrew their support for an investigation of a Tory frontbench spokesman who had received leaks which allegedly endangered national security. Source - As above.

Neither would it be fair to leave Sebastian James out of the mix... Sebastian, how very la-di-da:
A schoolmate of David Cameron - and fellow ex-member of the Bullingdon dining club - has been picked for a Whitehall job reviewing state school spending.
Sebastian James, 44, who was at Eton with the Prime Minister, will examine how schools spend money on facilities.
Schools Secretary Michael Gove announced the appointment yesterday. Mr James will be joined by other leading figures from academia and business.
Mr Gove said the capital review team will 'look at every departmental capital spending to ensure we can drive down costs, get buildings more quickly and have a higher proportion of money going direct to the frontline'.
Downing Street insisted the Prime Minister had no hand in inviting his old school friend to the Whitehall role.
After Eton, Mr James went to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he was invited to join the notorious 'Buller', as it is known. He appears alongside Mr Cameron and Boris Johnson in a photo of the club's members in 1987.
And yet, no matter how hard the Cunt Cameron attempts to publicly disassociate himself from his Hooray Henry school days, he does like to keep in with the lads.

This from the Daily Mirror:
Revealed: Toxic bank Goldman Sachs' web of global pals
16 Mar 2012 00:00
The investment bank was rocked by the scathing resignation letter of

executive Greg Smith, who accused colleagues of revelling in ripping off clients
The toxic investment bank was this week rocked by the scathing resignation letter of executive Greg Smith, published in the New York Times, who accused colleagues of revelling in ripping off clients they deride as "Muppets".
It wiped more than $2billion – almost £1.3billion – off the Wall Street giant's share value yesterday.
But that didn't stop David Cameron lunching with Goldman's chief executive and chairman Lloyd Blankfein at a gathering of billionaire financiers and bank chiefs in New York yesterday.
Former Goldman partner Sebastian Gregg is a confidant of the Prime Minister – they have known each other since their Eton schooldays and joined Oxford University's infamous Bullingdon Club together.
Muppets indeed.
As for Nat Rothschild! Well, he was one of those who also belonged to the BBDC offshoot, the exclusive and elusive, Piers Gaveston Society (PGS). The PGS is akin to the kinky wing of the BBDC and is notorious for holding weekend long orgies.
The clubs members are particularly associated with having a fetish for Rubber, whips and chains... Which all adds credence to Natalie Rowe's claims.

Not that I disbelieved her in the first place.
The following is from Wikipedia:
The Piers Gaveston Society is a secret dining club at the University of Oxford with membership limited to 12 undergraduates. It is named in honour of Piers Gaveston, favourite and supposed lover of King Edward II of England.
Its members have a reputation for indulging in bizarre entertainments and sexual excess.
Traditionally, the society organises secret bacchanalian parties for hundreds of friends, who are whisked away to secret locations (usually grand country mansions) to enjoy a night of Bollinger champagne, beluga caviar, multitudinous illegal drugs, and public copulation. Words most often associated with this society are "decadence" and "debauchery".
Piers Gaveston Society, "noted for its predilection for rubber wear and

whips, ."

And there you have another member of the Royal Ponces being labelled as a philandering, promiscuous bisexual... But keep waving your little plastic flags at the [non too] respectable nonce ponces.
It is after all, the English way.

Now, given what we know about Gideon's close friendship with Nathaniel Rothschild, along with Natalie Rowe's revelations, you would have to be a mushroom to believe that our far from honest former Chancellor never attended these orgies.
Interestingly enough, in September 2011, Natalie Rowe was told by police that she was targeted by Glenn Mulcaire, later convicted for phone hacking while being paid by News International, owner of the News of the World... Or put another way, Rupert Murdoch.
You will notice as you continue to read that Rupert Murdoch's name also crops up time and time again.
Now, at one time, Gideon - obviously suffering from delusions of grandeur - began to get above himself where Nat Rothschild was concerned.

This led to Bean and Rothschild having a major falling out which was well documented in the MSM - although no doubt many details were omitted.

Bean - having become overly cock sure of his own importance - began to let his mouth run away with itself after seemingly forgetting that Rothschild and the other seriously rich dickheads in the the BBDC , had at one time in the past christened the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'Oik'.

The nickname had been born out of the fact that the Osborne family - although millionaires - were considerably poorer than most of the other families Bean's *'friends'* were from.
Therefore, instead of being overly cock-sure of himself, he should have had the sense to realise that he was in reality just a cock and thought back to the days of 1993 when his bum chums used to turn him upside down and bang his head on the concrete until the hugely humiliated twat would shout out his shameful nickname; "Oik".
The fallout between the pair finally came about in October 2008 after Bean -

the then Shadow Chancellor - was alleged to be the person behind a Peter Mandelson smear campaign.
Once again, Bean had fucked up by underestimating how valuable an asset the vile paedophile Mandelson was to the Rothschild's dynasty and as such Bean's betrayal was taken as a personal attack on the family by his once great pal Nat Rothschild... A big mistake to make on behalf of the pathetic cunt Osborne.
Rothschild, in retaliation to Bean's smear campaign aimed at Mandelson, wrote to the Times newspaper revealing that Osborne had tried to secure a massive donation from Oleg Deripaska - a billionaire Russian Gangster businessman - whilst enjoying Rothschild's hospitality.

According to Wikipedia:
Oleg Vladimirovich Deripaska (born 2 January 1968) is the Russian Chief executive officer of Basic Element company and a member of the Board of Directors and CEO of United Company RUSAL, a Russian aluminium industry company.
Deripaska owns a London home in Belgrave Square, which was originally the town residence of the Dukes of Bedford; lives in Moscow.

Deripaska's estimated fortune was $28 billion in 2008, according to the Forbes wealthiest list, making him the ninth richest man in the world.
In 2009, Deripaska's ranking fell to a ranking of #164, with Forbes stating: "he may not withstand collapsing markets and heavy debts".
However, in 2010 his fortune allowed him to rise to #57 of the World's Billionaires list with an estimated $10.7 billion.
In July 2006, whilst Deripaska was involved in a bid to buy the Daimler Chrysler Group, it was reported that the United States cancelled his entry visa; the unnamed official declined to give a reason for the revoking of the visa.
The Wall Street Journal reported that it could have been because Deripaska has been accused of having links to organized crime in Russia and cited as their sources two unnamed U.S. law enforcement officials.
Rothschild's retaliatory action did in fact very nearly cost the smug cunt Bean his career.
The following is from the Daily Mail:
The shadow chancellor is fighting for his political life amid claims that he

approached Oleg Deripaska for an illegal £50,000 donation.
Mr Osborne has issued a detailed account of his holiday dealings with Mr Deripaska in Corfu and denied that either he or party fundraiser Andrew Feldman had 'solicited' a gift.

Nat Rothschild's new best friend is now the Russian billionaire 'businessman' Roman Abramovich, The current owner of Chelsea FC.
Now, for those who don't know, the depraved Mandelson - twice drummed out of politics for wrongdoing - was the real power behind 'New Labour'. Cherie Blair, was in fact said to hate Mandelson because of the way that he dominated her psychopathic, bisexual husband Tony.
Both Gordon Brown and the Queen were also infatuated with the Hamster up the bottom loving Mandelson. The man is the vilest of the vile who is alleged to have been at the helm of an international paedophile ring.

Once again, quite why the Old Bill are not investigating Brown, Blair & Bum Boy is a complete mystery to me and a huge travesty of justice.

At the time of this meeting, between Bean and the Russian gangster, Mandelson - *staying at the Rothschild's luxury home on Corfu* - was meant to be running the country, whilst the then Prime Minister Deadeye Brown was on holiday... Figure that one out.
This led to the Daily Mail reporting on the sorry state of affairs. However, despite the Mails [not so] meticulously kept archives, the aforementioned article has since gone 'walkabouts'... Surprise, surprise.

The article stated:
The Business Secretary took over the reins of power from Harriet Harman - but refused to cut short his holiday with the rich and famous on the Greek island.
He chose to oversee Whitehall business from 1,300 miles away, armed with little more than an official BlackBerry, his own mobile phone and a pair of swimming goggles.
Lord Mandelson is a guest of financier Nat Rothschild at his 30-acre estate on the north-east tip of Corfu. It is a repeat of his notorious visit 12 months ago, before his controversial return to the Cabinet.

Also there was Shadow Chancellor George Osborne, and the two men met controversial Russian businessman Oleg Deripaska. Mr Osborne later claimed that Lord Mandelson, then plain Mr and an EU Commissioner, had 'poured pure poison' into his ear about Gordon Brown.
But, within days, Labour's original spinner had turned the tables with the help of Mr Rothschild, who revealed that Mr Osborne had tried to solicit a donation to the Tory Party from foreign-born Mr Deripaska, which would be banned under British election law.

Lord Mandelson spent much of yesterday soaking up the sun. But at 8.30pm he was down on the waterfront to meet Hollywood magnate David Geffen and other guests arriving by launch from Mr Geffen's 452-foot super-yacht Rising Sun.
Lord Mandelson greeted the flamboyant music billionaire with a hug before the group walked through an olive grove for dinner at the Rothschild estate.

Mr Geffen shares the Rising Sun with software magnate Larry Ellison, the head of Oracle, who was entertaining Tony Blair on the same vessel off Sardinia just two weeks ago.
Downing Street went into a tailspin yesterday after it became clear that not one leading minister was in London to take charge in the event of a terrorist attack or other emergency such as a surge of swine flu. The Mail has established that the Olympics Minister Tessa Jowell - ranked a lowly 16th out of 23 in Mr Brown's Cabinet - was the most senior member actually at her desk.

And like I say, Mandelson is without a doubt, one of the most evil, perverted, obnoxious cunts to walk this planet, who had rejoined the government after being made a life peer by the Queen - taking his seat in the House of Lords on 13 October 2008... You can draw whatever inference you like from that little titbit.
October 2008, is also the same month and year that Nat Rothschild went to war with Mr Bean over the Mincer Mandelson... Just saying.
But, I'm straying off topic... As per usual.
Another member of both the Bullingdon Boys & the Piers Gaveston Society was Count Gottfried von Bismarck.

Now, if you read my article about the Osea Island where the A-listers meet for orgies, you will remember that I pointed out that Leoni Frieda - wife of Osea Island's owner Nigel - was a friend of Von Bismarck's:

Nigel Frieda who in the past has been mentor to giants such as 'The Rolling Stones', is the brains behind the all female pop group, The Sugerbabes and the brother of Hair product tycoon John Frieda – the ex husband of singer LuLu.
Nigel Frieda is in turn, the ex husband of Swedish born ex model and junkie Leonie Frieda
Leoni was friends with the ex Bullingdon boy paedophile, Gottfried Von Bismarck.

Bismarck too was apparently hopelessly addicted to cocaine... There is a pattern forming here isn't there?
Mind you, he was also addicted to Heroin and kinky sex.
"There is still a pattern forming here Spiv".
True, Voice of Reason, very, very true.

Now Skidmark Bismark attended school in Germany and Switzerland and had a brief internship at the New York Stock Exchange before enrolling at Christ Church, Oxford University, where he studied Philosophy, Politics and Economics (PPE) earning a third class honours degree.

Moreover, according to Wikipedia:
He was a member of the exclusive Piers Gaveston Society, "noted for its predilection for rubber wear and whips, which he embellished with his androgynous apparel and lipstick" as well as the prohibitively expensive Bullingdon Club, known for its members' wealth and destructive binges. Confessing that he did not enjoy the typical social life in Oxford, he and his friends would escape to the more wild, fashionable parties in London on the weekends or whenever possible. He reportedly drank heavily at night and took amphetamines by day to concentrate on his studies.

And, just like the performing clown Boris Johnson, Bismarck was also a good friend of the fraudster Darius Guppy.
Unsurprisingly Guppy was also a member of The Piers Gaveston Society.

Now, as you probably already know, about twenty years ago Boris Johnson agreed to provide the address and phone number of a fleet street Journalist who had written a disapproving article on Guppy. The purpose of this was so as Guppy could give the fella a right good fucking pasting.
The following from Craig Murray's website includes a transcript of that conversation:

A week ago today Boris Johnson held a meeting on how to tackle youth violence. But here is a tape from Tim Ireland of Boris Johnson engaged in a conversation with Darius Guppy about having someone beaten up. While Johnson is not the one urging the beating, he does not protest against the idea that someone be given "two black eyes and a cracked rib", and appears more worried about possible political fallout or attachment to him.

There is a reference to someone "going through the files".
I don't know the context of this conversation. And it was not Boris who initiated the discussion.
It is also fair to say he sounds uncomfortable about the violence. But his failure to tell Guppy not to commit the violence is difficult to excuse.
Here is a transcript from Tim Ireland:
Guppy: Boris, have you got this number?
Johnson: [inaudible] look, there is a guy at the moment, going through…
Guppy: You're brilliant.
Johnson: … files at home
Guppy: Fantastic. But I am telling you something, Boris. This guy has got my blood up, alright? And there is nothing which I won't do to get my revenge. It's as simple as that.
Johnson: How badly are you going to hurt this guy?
Guppy: Not badly at all.
Johnson: I really, I want to know …
Guppy: Look, let me explain to you…
Johnson: If this guy [see/sues?] me I will be fucking furious.
Guppy: I guarantee you he will not be seriously hurt.
Johnson: How badly will he …
Guppy, interrupting: He will not have a broken limb or broken arm, he will not be put into intensive care or anything like that. He will probably get a couple of black eyes and a … a cracked rib or something.

Johnson: Cracked rib?
Guppy: Nothing which you didn't suffer at rugby, OK? But he'll get scared and that's what I want … I want him to get scared, I want him to have no idea who's behind it, OK?
Johnson: If I get trouble, if I get…
Guppy: You will not, Boris. I swear to you. If you…
Johnson: [inaudible bluster]… I got this bloody number for you. OK, Darrie. I said I'd do it. I'll do it. Don't worry.
Guppy: Boris, I mean it; I really love you.
More details from this same conversation are available here, including this nugget not included in the published audio:
Guppy: But Boris there's absolutely no **** proof: you just deny it. I mean, there's no proof at all.***
Johnson: Well yeah…

Guppy: I mean, you know, big deal. You're sitting in Brussels and the day it happens you're in Brussels, it's as simple as that.
By now you may have noticed that Boris Johnson's primary concern is that his role in this planned assault will be discovered. Also, just in case there is any doubt about the nature of the information he promises Guppy, here is a fuller transcript of the tail end of the conversation, where he promises to deliver both the phone number and address of the man Darius Guppy plans to have beaten in a revenge attack:
Guppy: We'll do it discreetly. I … if it's in any way going to look suspicious. That's all I require – just the address: the address and the phone number … all right? Now I guarantee you, you have nothing to worry about. [Slowly, emphatically] Believe me. All right? You have my personal guarantee. I've never let you down, all right?

Johnson: OK Darrie, I said I'll do it and I'll do it. Don't worry.
Guppy: Boris, I really mean it, I love you and I will owe you this, all right? And I'm a man who keeps my word.
Guppy was a Bullingdon Club member along with not only Johnson, but also Osborne and Cameron. I do hope you call and listen, and do hope it comes as a wake up call to those who believe the carefully crafted "compassionate conservative" propaganda.
Course, far from being a one off for the spoilt prat Guppy, twenty years on

from that phone call he is still fond of attacking journalists:

A convicted fraudster and old friend of the Mayor of London has boasted how he flew 6,000 miles to London to assault a journalist who insulted his wife.

Darius Guppy, 49, who has known Boris Johnson since they were students together at Eton and then Oxford, was so enraged by a newspaper article about him that he believed 'humiliated' his wife, Sunderland-born Patricia, he flew from his home in Cape Town to exact revenge.

Notoriously vengeful Guppy, who served time in prison for faking a jewel heist, tracked the journalist down to his home, lay in wait for him and then knocked him to the ground as he left the house before tipping a sack of horse manure over him.

In a recent BBC interview with Eddie Mair, the London mayor denied tracking down a tabloid journalist 20 years ago whom Guppy wanted beaten up over probings into him for an article.

The affair that the journalist, Stuart Collier, was looking into was the fraud that resulted - eventually - in Guppy going to jail.

Angry with insurers Lloyd's of London after his father lost his home and money in the 1990s financial crisis, Guppy and his fellow Oxford graduate Ben Marsh hired a stooge to tie them up in their room at the Halloran House Hotel in New York and shoot a mattress.

When police arrived they convinced them they had been the subject of a jewel heist - Guppy 'sobbing like a baby' for effect.

Lloyd's paid up for the 'stolen' jewels within weeks, but the stooge, Peter Risdon, was angry at the small sum he had been paid for his part in the fraud. Collier started looking into the incident, and Guppy got wind of it. Risdon recorded a conversation between Guppy and Boris Johnson in which they discussed finding the journalist and Guppy said: 'There is nothing I won't do to get my revenge'.

In 1993 Guppy was jailed for five years and ordered to pay a £533,000 fine. Guppy said he had no money and declared himself bankrupt, and was ordered to stay in jail until the fine was paid.

But a mystery benefactor lent him £165,000 to get him out jail - a man many suspected was his old friend Charles Spencer. Guppy was freed in 1996 and moved first to Ireland and then to South Africa.

Guppy still lives in South Africa with his wife, with whom he has three children, but has fallen out with his old friend Charles Spencer over

unfounded suggestions the latter had tried to seduce his wife. ***Source: The Daily Mail***
Well, I suppose that is how Guppy earned himself the nickname of the High Society Psycho.
And there was me thinking that a Guppy was a small flat fish... Which is indeed named after the Guppy family.
Course, he lived up to his reputation - *of being a psycho, not a small flat fish* - when he knocked the shit out of his former best friend Charlie Spencer AKA Princess Diana's brother AKA Little Willie and Harry Hewitt's uncle:

A decade after Guppy's release (from prison), his wife apparently told him Spencer had tried in vain to seduce her a number of times at Althorp. Guppy was understandably enraged. His 'Homeric code of honour, loyalty and revenge', as Johnson once described it, came to the fore.
Furious calls between the Guppy and Spencer took place during which the Earl denied any impropriety. But when he was persuaded to visit Guppy's home in Cape Town in May 2006, Guppy is said to have had his revenge. In an extraordinary tussle on the front lawn, Guppy apparently administered a savage beating. Spencer was left with a fractured cheekbone, black eyes and concussion.
Today, Guppy and his family - there are two sons as well as their daughter - remain in South Africa, though with little visible means of support for their very comfortable lifestyle.
Guppy has not taken residency or citizenship. He moves in and out of the country on a tourist visa, with their villa in landscaped grounds in the smart residential suburb of Constantia placed legally in his wife's name.

Guppy is unchanged and unrepentant. According to sources in Cape Town, Guppy has told a close friend: 'All journalists without exception should be shot. My only regret is that the journalist once again in the spotlight (Collier) did not end up in hospital. He might still land up there for smearing my name.' ***Source: The Daily Mail***
Ere! You don't think Guppy will want to come and bash me do you?
In case he does, he best eMail me and I will send him my address... Save him troubling BoJo. I'm nice like that.

And as a footnote to this murky business, Spencer's second wife was Caroline

Freud nee Hutton, the ex wife of Matthew Freud. Matthew Freud is the son of Clement Freud and the Great grandson of mind control pioneer Sigmund Freud.
He has business interests with the Prized Pratt, Piers Morgan which saw the pair acquired ownership of the *Press Gazette*, a media trade publication, and its 'cash cow' the British Press Awards, in a deal worth £1million.

According to Wikipedia: ***Many major newspapers boycotted the event citing an apparent conflict of interest as one of the reasons***

Matthew Freud is also the nephew of the paedophile, Lucian Freud and is brother to Emma Freud who is married to Richard Curtis.
Curtis wrote the screenplay for the box office hit '**Four weddings and a funeral**', the first of several films he wrote the screenplays for which featured Hugh Grant - the relevance of which is obvious.
Interestingly enough, in 2010 Hugh Grant called Matthew *"a cunt"* whilst they were at a party, prompting the 4ft 6 inch tall Freud to respond; *"tonight Matthew is going to be Darius Guppy"* before engaging in fisticuffs with the floppy haired actor.
The following is from the Daily Mirror:

Trouble flared when Grant, 49, got into a row with pint-sized Freud, 46, over the lavish dinner at naff Berkeley Square nightclub Annabel's.
Touchy Hugh dropped the c-word when he spied Freud lurking in the shadows prompting the PR man to reach for the first available weapon – a giant chocolate cake.
Grabbing a handful he lurched over to the notoriously ill-humoured Grant (so would you be if you'd made Did You Hear About The Morgans?) and smeared a slab of molten chocolate down his pristine shirt front.
Grant, watched by ex-girlfriend Liz Hurley and billionaire Sir Philip Green, glowered and stamped his foot before unleashing an impressive right hook that clipped Freud on the right cheekbone.
In the melee that followed, a very drinkable Chateauneuf du Pape was thrown – drenching ageing nightclub impressario Johnny Gold and prompting hoots of laughter from other guests who included Sir Michael Caine.
Our two heroes then skittered around the floor in full handbags at dawn

mode before Freud staggered off into the night.
"There's no love lost between these two," said another guest. "But Hugh started it by being so ungracious.
"That said, they both looked very funny playing the tough guy. Neither is all that convincing." The PR man – nursing a hefty hangover at Cheltenham yesterday – told pals: "I saw a lot of white shirt and before I could stop myself it was all brown. I'm a pacifist, I only throw cakes. Grant's a scrapper. There were no heroes."

Matthew is of course married to Elisabeth Murdoch, the daughter of Zionist, Rupert Murdoch - who, as I said earlier, reportedly pulled the Cunt Cameron's strings.
In a 2011 Telegraph article, the journalist Matthew Norman pondered on the question as to how his old classmate Freud had gone from being:

Such an unpromising boy, cunning rather than bright, grow into the powerhouse who hosted that last days of Pompeii bash at his and wife Elisabeth's Cotswolds mansion, while clad in leather trousers, the weekend before the Milly Dowler story broke?

David Cameron had the wit to steer clear, though he and Sam were soirée regulars in the rose-tinted past. But Michael Gove and Steve Hilton were there as the PM's archangels on earth, while representing New Labour In Exile were Peter Mandelson and David Miliband. Also present, of course, were Rebekah Brooks and the mid-Atlantic speak-your-weight machine James Murdoch.

Have you noticed how the same names continually crop up?
Incidentally, Steve Hilton, whose wife had an affair with Mrs Cameron's stepfather was also reportedly a Bullingdon boy.
Hardly surprising then that Matt the Twat lists several Cuntservative MP's amongst his friends, notably Gideon Bean... And as previously stated, the Cunt Cameron.
With this being the case, you won't be surprised to learn that Freud was expelled from school after being arrested for possession of cannabis and cocaine.

I therefore feel sure that at one time or other, Freud's great pal, Cameron must have trotted out the old adage; *'there but for the grace of God, go I'* , having narrowly escaped being expelled from Eton after being caught with a stockpile of Cannabis.
Philip Green - who was present at the Freud/Grant storm in a teacup - is of course a good friend and supporter of the Cunt Camerons.
The Zionist billionaire, with an eye for the young ladies has been criticised in the past for treating his employees like shit.
Green is in fact not the kind of fella that you would trust to play a game of Ludo fairly, let alone anything else.

I suppose then, that would be why Cameron put him in charge of leading a review into government spending.
Mind you, after slating the comedian Jimmy Carr for tax avoidance, I'll bet Dave the Rave wished to fuck that he had kept his gob shut.
The following is from the electricgraffiti website:
Ironically, David Cameron's father was involved in tax-avoidance schemes; some of that money finding its way into the Prime Minister's own inheritance piggy bank.
George Robinson, conservative donor of more than £250,000 has been revealed as part of the same scheme as Carr.
And Philip Green, conservative party donor, former advisor to the government and general rich-bastard has also been accused of dodging millions in corporate tax.

But when asked whether Philip Green was also 'morally repugnant' Cameron was forced to paradoxically state: "I am not getting into an individual's tax affairs on air"
Right, back to Count Gottfried Von Bismark... Cameron's fellow member of the Bullingdon Boys Diners Club.

Born in Uccle, Belgium, Gottfried von Bismarck-Schönhausen was the second son of Ferdinand, Prince of Bismarck and grandson of Otto, Prince of Bismarck, a diplomat at Germany's embassy to the UK in London until a feud with Third Reich foreign minister Joachim von Ribbentrop. He was the great-great-grandson of German Chancellor Otto von Bismarck. Bismarck's great-uncle and namesake was a Nazi official who allegedly

became part of the famous plot to assassinate Adolf Hitler. His younger sister, Vanessa Grafin von Bismarck-Schönhausen (born 26 March 1971, Hamburg, Germany) is a public relations agent in the United States. His elder brother Carl-Eduard Graf von Bismarck-Schönhausen (born 1961) was a member (MP) of the German Bundestag. Source Wikipedia
Fuck me! With credentials like those, he could be a member of the British Royal Parasites.

However, despite the flaming la,la always being a bit of an oddity and probably more suited to the aristocratic bohemian lifestyle of the 1920's and 30's, Skidmark Von Bismarck's life began to seriously derail in 1986 when the heiress Olivia Channon, daughter of the late Tory MP Paul Channon - *a member of both Edward Heath's & Slaggy Thatchers Cabinet* - and granddaughter of the famous diarist Henry Channon was found dead of a heroin overdose on Von Bismarck's bed.

Paul Channon - *a member of the Guinness family* - was also an old Etonian, with very strong connections to the Royal Parasites.
The following is from the Telegraph:

Henry Paul Guinness Channon was born on October 9 1935, the only son of Sir Henry and the former Lady Honor Guinness, elder daughter of the 2nd Earl of Iveagh.
He would also marry a Guinness, his wife Ingrid having first wed his cousin Jonathan Guinness; Channon was godfather to one of their children. He served on the board of Guinness - in which he initially held a sizeable stake - and the Guinness Trust, which in its heyday controlled 3,461 working-class homes in London.
From Lockers Park, Hemel Hempstead, he went to Eton, then into the Blues for National Service. As a Guards officer he served in Cyprus during the "emergency".
In town he was a prized escort; his charges included Prince Philip's nieces Princess Christina of Hesse and Princess Beatrix of Hohenloe Langenburg; owning two villas on Mustique, he became a member of the "Princess Margaret Set". In 1956 he went up to Christ Church, becoming president of the University Conservative Association.
The usual inbreeding going on in that family then. And the two nieces in

question being the daughters of high ranking Nazi's.
Following Olivia's death, Von Bismarck was charged with drug possession and fined £80... Whereas, your average ordinary Joe would have more than likely got at least 3 - 6 months in the nick.
That honour went to Olivia Channon's best friend, Rosie Johnston who was jailed for 9 months. Channon had allegedly asked Rosie to buy her a gram of heroin on the night in question.
Rosie says: "The way we were back then just didn't seem very glamorous to me. The Bullingdon were the fast and furious ones while we were knocking around pubs in the Botley Road.
"We were not all doing heroin. That was the common misconception. There were parties and dances and summer balls. <u>Source: The Daily Mail</u>

Olivia Channon's cousin, Sebastian Guinness was also involved and was subsequently charged with possession, but predictably it was the 'commoner' Rosie who who was made the scapegoat, despite Olivia having once shared a house with Von Bismark.
This of course begs the question; since Channon had once shared a house with Von Bismark and died on his bed, why did she need Rosie to buy the heroin?

The following is from the Telegraph:
Sebastian Guinness, jailed for four months for possessing cocaine and heroin at the party, was a cousin and Rosie Johnston, sentenced to nine months for supplying her with heroin, an old family friend. The public was fascinated by an Oxford "fast set" that included Count Gottfried von Bismarck, great-great-grandson of the statesman, with whom Olivia shared a house.

Ahhh, there is that word again: Cocaine.
Sebastian Guinness - whose grandmother was Diana Mitford, the celebrated aristocrat whose second husband was British fascist Sir Oswald Mosley - was also a member of the Bullingdon Boys Diners Club whose father Jonathan had also attended Eton and Oxford University.

According to Wikipedia, Jonathan Guinness, heir to the Irish stout brewers fortune:

was a long-standing and early member of the Conservative Monday Club, serving on several of its committees. He was a member of the Club's Executive Council in 1971, when he became Chairman of their 'Action Fund', and elected National Chairman on 5 June 1972, fighting off challenges from Richard Body MP, and Timothy Stroud.
Sebastian's half brother, Valentine Guinness was also a leading member of the Piers Gaveston society:
Valentine, 45, head of the louche Piers Gaveston society while at Oxford, comes from a famously unorthodox family - his grandmother, Diana Mitford, admired Hitler, and his bankrupt father, Lord Moyne, a former chairman of the Monday Club, maintained a long affair with Sixties flower-child Shoe Taylor, who died last year of breast cancer. Source: The Daily Mail
Nevertheless, despite Skidmark Von Bismark escaping justice, Olivia Channon's death still haunted him - *he was said to have "wept like a child" at her funeral* - until his old man, Prince Ferdinand, recalled him to Germany where he had him sectioned at a private 'clinic'.
It was later said that Skiddy left Oxford so quickly that a family servant had to settle the bills that the oddball had left outstanding with various pubs, tailors and restaurants... And no doubt one or two drug dealers.

Thank fuck for family servants is all that I can say. Where the fuck would we all be without them?
Now, according to the Guardian Newspaper, following his release from the madhouse:

He dropped out of the Euro-society spotlight for a decade or so, helping East German firms in the transition to privatisation and pursuing a career as an occasional actor (playing himself) in various obscure movies, then getting mixed up in a failed telecom company owned by Kevin Maxwell.
Kevin Maxwell is of course, a *'pillar of society'* and the son of the *'honest as the day is long'*, deceased newspaper tycoon, Robert Maxwell... For those of you too young to have heard of the pension pinching Robert and Kevin Maxwell, I should just mention that I am joking with my description of the Father and Son.

Kevin and Robert Maxwell were both complete cunts... Kevin Maxwell

probably still is, as it happens.

And no doubt brother Ian was just as bad.
Which is why the Zionist Jew, Rob Bob Bob Bob Maxwell was in all likelihood pushed over the side of his Yacht, *The Lady Ghislaine* rather than him taking a running jump.
Surprisingly, for such a fat cunt the former Labour MP for Buckingham under Harold Wilson, didn't float. And as such, he promptly drowned.

Nevertheless, like all rich Pillock's of Society, Maxwell the billionaire Football Club owner and alleged Mossad agent - who had stolen hundreds of millions of pounds from his own companies' pension funds - was rewarded with a state funeral by his spiritual homeland Israel.
And lets not ignore the fact that the government - meaning the taxpayer - had to help repay the money that the thieving cunt had stolen.
Moreover, John Major - *the British Prime Minister at the time* - then paid tribute to Fish Food Bob by calling him a *"great character*"... You really couldn't make this shit up.

Quite clearly then; Major possessed the same amount of integrity as all British Prime Ministers... Then again, what do you expect from a Paedophile protector - as was Harold Wilson and as is the Cunt Cameron - who successfully sued Scallywag Magazine for libel.
The following is from the Daily Mail:

In 1993 Mr Major served libel writs on Scallywag, New Statesman and Society magazines over articles linking him to Ms Latimer, who provided food and drinks for events at 11 Downing Street when he was Chancellor. At the time, Mr Major argued that the accusations of adultery amounted to a serious attack on his reputation.

I can only conclude from reading that then, that Ms Latimer must have been right fucking dog rough to provoke such outrage from the Prime Minister.

After all, it was only the name that the three magazines had got wrong since Mad Major Mad was in fact shagging Eggwina Currie.
Interestingly enough, the Yacht that Seaside Maxwell belly flopped to his

death from was named after his youngest daughter Ghislaine who was allegedly responsible for recruiting under-age girls for convicted paedophile billionaire Jeffrey Epstein.

Right, back to Skiddy Von Bismark.

Now, despite him losing a packet on the Maxwell phone company collapse, Skiddy - being from a typical aristocratic family who made a fortune from the suffering of the poor - could afford to carry on living his perverted, debauched lifestyle free from money worries.
Crisis followed crisis, orgy followed orgy, until the two met head on. The following is from Wikipedia:

In August 2006, Anthony Casey, 41, fell 20 m (60 ft) from Graf von Bismarck's Chelsea flat and died. Bismarck was not arrested and the police said there were no drugs found in his flat.
Nevertheless, this incident re-awakened the so-called "curse" from the past, and triggered speculation from the tabloid press. Stories included an article from London's Daily Mail that claims the incident was fuelled by a cocaine-fuelled orgy involving several individuals.

The coroner's report had found no alcohol in Casey's body, but did discover a significant amount of cocaine.
The accusation of a 'gay orgy' was officially denied by Gottfried, though the coroner, Dr. Paul Knapman, told The Guardian that a great deal of sexual paraphernalia was discovered in the flat, including sex toys, lubricant, and a rubber tarpaulin.
"In common parlance, in the early hours of the morning, there was a gay orgy going on," Dr. Knapman told the newspaper. "Nevertheless, this was conducted by consenting males in private."

Following Casey's death, Skiddy's appetite for self-destruction went into overdrive.
Less than a year after Casey had plunged to his death, Bismarck was predictably found dead in his near-empty £5 million pound flat just off of Sloane Square, which was in the process of being sold.
Skiddy's arm was reportedly black, which the coroner attributed to be the

result of Bismarck injecting cocaine on a hourly basis throughout the preceding day.

The MI5 controlled MSM newspaper, The Telegraph afforded Skiddy the following obituary:
Count Gottfried von Bismarck, who was found dead on Monday aged 44, was a louche German aristocrat with a multi-faceted history as a pleasure-seeking heroin addict, hell-raising alcoholic, flamboyant waster and a reckless and extravagant host of homosexual orgies.

Alas, he would have made the perfect MI5 spy... If he wasn't already in their employ.
The website Billionaire.Com carried the following report on the former Bullingdon Boy:

As dubious distinctions go, it's hard to beat; the pathologist who attended the death of Gottfried von Bismarck in 2007 said his body contained the highest levels of cocaine he had ever seen, along with prodigious amounts of morphine. He also had liver damage, Hepatitis B, Hepatitis C and HIV.
Other notable former members of the perverted Piers Gaveston Society include Hugh Grant who was reported as ***"indulging in vaguely debauched behaviour, sometimes in drag".***
In fact according to Martin Frost's website, Grant Attended: ***Wetherby, the prep school later attended by Princes William and Harry, and then Latymer, a local private school, where he won a scholarship to New College, Oxford, where he continued to flourish academically.***

In 1992 Grant played the part of a young English cruise passenger in the film Bitter Moon. The films director was none other than the serial paedophile Roman Polanski.

In 1995 Grant - by now an international star following the success of the film *'Four weddings and a funeral'* - was arrested after being caught in his car, parked on Hollywood Boulevard whilst being given a blowjob by prostitute Divine Brown.

In 2004, Grant got 'it' on with Jemima Khan, ex wife of Pakistani politician

Imran Khan and daughter of the late Anglo-French billionaire financier and tycoon Sir James Goldsmith.
Grant and Khan later split up, allegedly because she wanted to marry and he didn't.

Her father, James Goldsmith was notoriously known for his many romantic relationships and for the various children he fathered with his wives and many girlfriends.
He is in fact, allegedly the biological father of Princess Diana, following his affair with Frances Shand Kydd:

Shand Kydd was born Frances Ruth Roche in Park House, on the royal estate at Sandringham, Norfolk, on 20 January 1936. Her father was Edmund Roche, 4th Baron Fermoy, a friend of King George VI and the elder son of the American heiress Frances Work and her first husband, the 3rd Baron Fermoy. Her mother, Ruth Roche, Baroness Fermoy, DCVO, was a confidante and lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth (later the Queen Mother). In her own right since birth she held the style of The Honourable as the daughter of a baron. Source-Wikipedia
Coincidentally enough, Frances Shand kydd's step son, the photographer Johnnie Shand Kydd has his work displayed in Sebastian Guinness's art gallery.

And true to form with these elites, her other step son, Adam Shand Kydd died from a drug overdose.
James Goldsmith is of course also an old Etonian and a cousin of the Rothschild family to boot who made his money as a corporate raider and asset stripper.

He was known to have had lucrative business interests with Kerry Packer and Jacob Rothschild - father of Nathan.
He was also good friends with the notorious Lord Lucan.
Goldsmith's son Ben married heiress Kate Emma Rothschild, the daughter of the late Amschel Rothschild and his wife Anita Guinness of the Guinness Brewery family... This gets too easy.
Anita Guinness is the daughter of James Guinness from the banking side of the family. Anita's sister Sabrina used to date Prince Big Ears, but obviously

she was a woman so the appeal quickly fizzled out for Dobbie.

Now, officially Kate's father Amschel Rothschild hung himself in a Paris hotel room.
However, according to Henry Makow he was in fact murdered by his own family with his death allegedly being covered up by Jacques Chirac - *French President at the time* - who had been ordered to drop the investigation along with, wait for it, wait for it... Rupert Murdoch:

In the United States, newspapers controlled by Rupert Murdoch, the foreign-born owner of the world's largest media empire, either studiously ignored reports that Rothschild had met a violent end, or relegated it to the back pages as a mere "heart attack."
"Murdoch sent a hotline fax to his 600-odd editors and news managers around the world, ordering them to report Amschel's death as a heart attack, if at all," said British broadcast reporter Ian Gooding.

Course, it wouldn't be the first time that a Rothschild had a hand in a murder in Paris, would it?
Nevertheless, in 2010 Ben Goldsmith's brother, the MP Zac Goldsmith left his wife after starting an affair with his sister in law's, sister Alice Rothschild... Nothing like keeping it in the family.
"Mega-rich Tory Zac Goldsmith is having a secret fling with a 22-year-old heiress... the younger sister of his brother's wife. Would-be minister Goldsmith, 31, has been enjoying as many as five passionate trysts a week with Alice Rothschild, whose sister Kate, 24, is married to his brother Ben, 26."
Zac who was expelled from Oxford University for... Errr... Smoking Cannabis, finally married Alice in March 2013. The wedding was attended by Alice's grandfather, the obnoxious old cunt Jacob Rothschild.

Other members of the Piers Gaviscon pervert society worthy of a mention include the MP Rory Stewart, Ian Hislop and Prince Big Ears's, step-son Tom Parker Bowles.
Parker Bowles - *step brother to Little Bald Willie and Harry Hewitt* - was educated at Summer Fields prep school in Oxford.
He then attended Eton and Worcester College, Oxford, which was where he

became a member of the exclusive and notorious Piers Gaveston Society, between 1997 and 2000.
In 1999, he was exposed by a tabloid newspaper for taking that now all too familiar Class-A drug, cocaine at a West End party.
He was also further accused of supplying cocaine to a lady at the Cannes Film Festival.

Possession with intent to Supply a Class-A drug can carry up to a life sentence in prison, don't cha know.
But did Tom Parker Bowles go to prison? Did he fuck!
Course, Tom Tit wasn't the only relative of Little Bald Willie and Harry Hewitt to get up to no good.You see, it would appear that their 1st cousin Alexander Fellowes was also a typical posh knob head.
It is worth mentioning the fact that Fellowes is the Grandson of Frances Shand Kydd and the nephew of former Bullingdon Club member Charlie Spencer.

And while in the BBDC Charlie the Chump tried - unsuccessfully - to relieve the veteran Radio 1 DJ Tony Blackburn of his trousers... What funny habits these slimey rich cunts have.

Course, with Charlie boy being Alexander Fellowes uncle, it quite obviously follows that Princess Diana is Fellowes Aunt... What a lot of *"Fellowes*" and *"follows*" that sentence had.
Now this is where it gets sinister. You see, Alexander Fellowes is the son of Diana's sister Lady Jane Fellowes and Sir Robert Fellowes, former private secretary to the Queen.
And prior to her murder, Diana had told anyone who would listen that her Brother in law, Bobby Fellowes hated her and had wrecked the once close relationship that she had enjoyed with her Sister Jane.
On the night of Saturday the 30th of August 1997, or the opening minutes of Sunday the 31st of August, Robert Fellowes allegedly burst into the Communications room at the British Embassy in Paris, France, ordered everyone out and proceeded to oversee the murder of his Sister in Law, Princess Diana.
Obviously, Fellowes denied this when questioned about it by Defectives from Operation Paget - The pathetic, British investigation into Princess Diana's

death.
Indeed, Bob the Knob puts forward the alibi that he was holidaying on his Norfolk Estate on that particular weekend.
However, in a major article that I wrote about the murder of Princess Diana, I believe that I put forward enough evidence to prove that Fellowes is a lying cunt and was indeed in Paris the night Diana was murdered.

That article about Lady Di's murder was on my computers stolen by the Essex Gammon and as such represents months of work down the drain.
But I digress.. Again.
The following is an account of Alexander Fellowes arrest following a night out with the Bullingdon Boys Club:

Secret University drinking society The Bullingdon Club, which caused extensive damage in the dining cellar of a 15th century country pub, was led on the spree of violence by Alexander Fellowes, nephew of Diana, Princess of Wales. Fellowes, 21, a fourth year Classicist at Trinity, is the first son of Lady Cynthia Jane Spencer, the older sister of the Princess of Wales and the Hon. Sir Robert Fellowes, former private secretary to the Queen.
The chain of events that led to the carnage in The White Hart in Fyfield, ten miles from Oxford, on 1st December began when a man calling himself Colin McKenzie made a reservation for 14 people in the pub's dining cellar.

An investigation by The Oxford Student reveals 'Colin McKenzie' is a pseudonym for Fellowes, who made the reservation on behalf of The Bullingdon Club, Oxford's most exclusive and controversial drinking society, which is made up primarily of old Etonians.

When contacted by The Oxford Student on the telephone number given with the reservation, Fellowes admitted his real identity and confessed he had attended the event, but insisted it was not a meeting of the Bullingdon Club.
"It was not the Bullingdon Club, just a group of friends on an evening out that got out of control," he said. When he was contacted by The Daily Telegraph in December, on the same number, Fellowes admitted to making the reservation under a false name but refused to reveal his true identity.

Landlord of The White Hart Ian Rogers told this newspaper the man he knows as Colin McKenzie, now proven to be the Trinity College aristocrat, twice admitted to him that the trashing of the pub was an event of The Bullingdon Club, once in the vicinity of two police officers and a second time when the man returned to the pub to pay the balance of the damages, which totalled £490.

Rogers also told this newspaper that on challenging Fellowes on the second occasion, asking: "Were you really The Bullingdon Club?" The man responded: "Yes, even though I told The Daily Telegraph we were not." He admitted that the violence was premeditated and then added: "I am not currently in the club, I am a prospective member."
The Oxford Student's investigation conclusively reveals the man who booked the restaurant as 'Colin McKenzie' is in fact Fellowes who is the first cousin of Prince William, second in line to the throne. This newspaper has obtained signed statements from Rogers, an employee at the pub and a customer on the night in question stating that the photograph of Fellowes obtained by The Oxford Student was the man who led the group into the pub and who paid the bill after the rest of the group were ejected by Rogers.

Rogers recounted the events of 1st December: "The group were impeccably dressed in jackets and ties, tweeds and dinner suits and were very polite." "After filing into the beautiful setting of the underground cellar that had been booked exclusively for their use, the group immediately became boisterous and began to bang their fists on the tables."
After about five minutes, Rogers went into the beer cellar after hearing two glasses smash. He found one member of the club with "a deep cut on his cheek, he was bleeding a lot onto his shirt".
The injured man refused all offers of help and two other members intervened to reiterate that he did not want a plaster or any assistance.
In addition to noting this odd behaviour, Rogers commented that despite being extremely polite to him and his staff, the men's language when addressing each other contained "graphic swear words" and was "very antagonistic".
When making their reservation, all the men ordered the same starter and main course; smoked salmon followed by steak. The reservations book at The White Hart shows the party specifically mentioned they would not be

requiring dessert.
Soon after he and his waitresses had delivered the main courses to the men, Rogers said he heard "an eruption of noise". After running into the cellar he encountered a shocking scene: "All the food and plates had been thrown everywhere and they were jumping on top of each other on the table like kids in a playground."

The experience took on a surreal nature as each time Rogers confronted a member "they apologized profusely but offered no explanation". The Club also continued its violence as only two wine bottles out of 20 remained intact as the rest were smashed on the walls and thrown across the room. Rogers shouted at the group and managed to herd them out of the fire exit that leads from the cellar and as they left, one of the group smashed the adjacent window with a wine bottle. However as Fellowes made to leave Rogers "grabbed hold" of him and marched him back to the bar. Fellowes paid the £596 bill in cash and then offered a further £500 in notes for the damages. Rogers only accepted £100 for damages although Fellowes tipped the waitresses a further £200.

Rogers, who recently renovated the beamed 15th century pub, added: "At no time did I have fear for the safety of myself, they were almost over-polite when I first served them with the wine."
After the police arrived at the scene, the sergeant on duty ordered the arrest of all 14 men before realising that only four cells were available, a situation described by Rogers as "absolutely ridiculous". The four men who were arrested on suspicion of causing criminal damage were all interviewed the following morning and released after being given £80 fixed penalty notices. Rogers expressed frustration to The Oxford Student that the students were treated so leniently. "I am furious with Thames Valley Police for the inaccuracies and mistakes they have made that enabled the culprits to escape with fixed penalty fines," he said. "If the police had asked me if I was happy for them to be given fixed penalties, I would have said 'no'."
Fellowes was one of the four men on The Bullingdon Club trip to The White Hart who was arrested, kept in cells overnight and given an £80 fine shortly before being released the next morning.

Rogers has since informed a Thames Valley Police Inspector that he would

like to make an official complaint about the police handling of the matter and he has been told that the force are aware that this is, "a very serious complaint" and will be contacted by a Superintendent sometime today (Thursday).
He also told The Oxford Student of his frustration that when he contacted the police, they refused to name the members of the club who were arrested and issued with fines: "I could not understand why the police were being so uncooperative." It is not known whether the University is pursuing any disciplinary action against any of the four who were arrested.
The Proctors' Office told this newspaper: "We do not comment on individual students' cases." However it is possible that Trinity College will take disciplinary action.
Rogers told this newspaper: "Today [Wednesday] I received a call from the man I know as Colin McKenzie, he informed me that I may receive a call from Trinity as he was 'in trouble' with the college."

When The Oxford Student contacted Fellowes, who told The Daily Telegraph in December: "People may get sent down over this," he said "I am in enough trouble as it is."
Alexander Fellowes is an Old Etonian who is President of the Claret Club, an Old Etonian Society which counts Trinity President Hon. Michael Beloff QC amongst its members.
Fellowes's father was appointed as the Queen's Private Secretary in 1992 and drafted her first speech after the death of Diana in 1997. His mother, Lady Cynthia Jane Spencer, is one of the elder sisters of the late Princess of Wales and gave a reading at her funeral in September 1997. Source: Martin Frost

Not such a jolly good Fellowes then, after all.
Course, the Piers Gaveston Society continues to flourish.
In fact PGS member Nick Green - *a friend of Princess Beatrice* - who appeared in the Bullingdon Boys Club official photo which was published in the national newspapers in August 2013, made a name for himself after knocking ten bags of shit out of fellow Bullingdon boy, Etiene Ekpoutip.

The fight was allegedly over a girl named Miranda Gilbert.
Gilbert, an ex girlfriend of Greens who was photographed at a PGS bash

wearing just a net body stocking a few years ago started work for none other than Peter Mandelson last year... The coincidences just keep on coming don't they?

The following is from the Telegraph:
He may seem an unlikely suitor, but Lord Mandelson has won the signature of a glamorous young woman who once inspired a violent battle for her affections.
Mandrake hears that the former Labour business secretary has taken on Miranda Gilbert to work for his secretive new organisation Global Counsel.

Nevertheless, despite putting Etiene in hospital, Rich boy Green was predictably let off. The following is from the Daily Mail:
A leading light of the notorious Bullingdon Club at Oxford University has been detained by police after an alleged assault on a fellow student in a row over a girl.
Witnesses said Old Etonian Nick Green, wearing the dining club's trademark £1,200 tailcoat, was led away in handcuffs following the fracas outside a nightclub.

The alleged victim, Etiene Ekpoutip, was so seriously injured that an ambulance took him to the city's John Radcliffe hospital.
Police ordered medics to stand back until it was safe for them to enter the street to treat the 22-year-old.
Mr Green, a friend of Princess Beatrice, was not arrested or charged with any offence. Police said the alleged victim did not want to take the matter further.

Mr Green and Mr Ekpoutip were said to have fallen out last Friday over the affections of student Miranda Gilbert, who is in her fourth year of Russian studies at University College.
Mr Green – who declares himself a Facebook fan of his Bullingdon Club predecessors David Cameron and Boris Johnson – is in his fourth year studying engineering at the same college as Miss Gilbert.
A university source claimed: 'On Thursday night, there was a big club night in Oxford. Nick Green was with his Bullingdon friends and went up

to his ex-girlfriend and they had a big disagreement. Inside the club, threats were made to the victim.'
Tensions continued outside, with Mr Ekpoutip allegedly being subjected to a verbal and physical assault.

At some point during the evening, the front window of Mr Green's student house was smashed.
A neighbour reported being woken by 'drunken shouting' and said: 'The police came and I saw a man being handcuffed and put into the back of the police car and then driven away. He was a posh boy, wearing a long elegant-looking jacket.'
A fellow student said: 'He's well known for his involvement with the Bullingdon Club. They turn up at bars and clubs around the city and take over the VIP areas, throwing champagne around. It's pathetic.'

Another student said: 'He's not the most well-liked of students. When we're out in nightclubs, he'll think nothing of barging his way through the queues to the bar as if he owns the place.'
In 2009, Mr Green featured among the '200 sexiest singles' in society magazine Tatler's annual 'Little Black Book', which said of him: 'Oxford engineering undergrad who wears snakeskin Speedos while on the Zambezi river, we hear. This cupid is a great shot with a bow and arrow.'

Now, as I have already stated, the Cunt Cameron is very reluctant to talk about his time in the BBDC, as are Bojo and Gideon Bean.
Obviously Bean is reluctant to talk about the past as this would dredge up memories of the humiliation, shame and embarrassment he endured at the hands of Nat Rothschild and his cronies.
Bojo, would be reluctant to talk about his days in the BBDC as inevitably the small, flatfish Darius Guppy gets dredged up. However, this doesn't stop the lolloping clown from crying out *"Buller, Buller, buller*", every time he runs into one of his former club mates... pathetic cunt.

Cameron however, from what I have read, is a different kettle of fish altogether. Our warped, corrupt, totally unacceptable former Prime Minister has much darker reasons for not wanting to go into details of his past.

It is worth mentioning however, that before becoming a member of the BBDC, Cameron was a member of the Gridiron Club.

The Gridiron's reciprocal club at the University of Cambridge is the Pitt Club; the club also has reciprocal arrangements with the Travellers Club in London. Comparable societies in the United States include the Skull and Bones at Yale and the Porcellian Club at Harvard.
Notable former members of the club include the author John le Carré, Alexander, 7th Marquess of Bath, Lord Michael Pratt (a former Secretary of the Grid), and Prime Minister David Cameron(President of the Grid 1987-1988) Source - Wikipedia

And it is from the Gridiron Club that members are usually selected to join the BBDC and the PGS.

However, the reason I mention the Gridiron Club is to make you aware that the Bullingdon Club and PGS are not the only thuggish & perverted elite clubs associated with the posh knob universities.
Now, as I have just stated, to say that the Cunt Cameron was ashamed of his time in the BBDC would be an understatement... At least that is what we minions are supposed to believe..
However, that isn't strictly true.
Indeed, I would imagine that the smarmy, posh twat was even a little proud of his time as a member.
The following is from the Channel 4 website, 'Who knows who':

You might have imagined that the political embarrassment caused when the Bullingdon photographs resurfaced in 2007 would make the club's ex-members shun their former chums.
Far from it. In 2008 David Cameron was reported to have attended a gathering of ex-Buller boys to raise funds for Boris's campaign to become London mayor.
Those who attended from the 1987 photograph were Sebastian Grigg, Ewen Fergusson, Ralph Perry-Robinson and Matthew Benson. Also at the party was consultant surgeon Hilali Nordeen, who graduated from Balliol in 1985.
Back in the 80s, bad behaviour at Oxford wasn't limited to Buller outings.

Boris was at a birthday party in London for his good friend Charles Spencer (brother to the late Diana, Princess of Wales and now Earl Spencer) where they attempted to debag Tony Blackburn. When they were prevented from embarrassing the hapless DJ, a rubber plant was hurled across the room, only to land in someone's plate.
"So why is Mr Cameron so coy about his time in Buller, Spiv"?
I'm ever so glad you asked me that Voice of Reason.
The reason for the Cunt Cameron's silence is also the reason that he was fast tracked to leader of the Cuntservatives, despite being the most inexperienced leader of a major Political Party since William Pitt the younger.

You see, Cameron is weak willed. He has no moral fibre, will power or morals and despite his posh £30,000 pound a year education, he isn't particularly bright either.
He was in fact, the perfect man for the job of Prime Minister - a job that he did partly through greed and partly through having no fucking choice.

You see, I am now more convinced than ever that the pervert was being blackmailed by those who really call the shots.
Tellingly, when he was elected leader of the Tory Party the following assessments were given of the future Prime Minister:
Jeff Randall, writing in The Daily Telegraph where he is a senior executive, said he would not trust Mr Cameron "with my daughter's pocket money".
Sun business editor Ian King, recalling the same era, described Mr Cameron as a "poisonous, slippery individual" ***SOURCE***: Martin Frost
I could add more to those assessments, but they will do for now.
Okay. As you will know if you read my article 'Camerons Closet' found on my website www.chrisspivey.org, the very well respected Field McConnell maintains, that Dave the Rave's in-laws, the Astor Family, have film of Cameron taking part in an act of paedophilia which they use to blackmail him with.

The Astor family are of course a very old, Satanic, bloodline family, who some say are the most powerful of all the 13 bloodline families.
Nevertheless, even the MSM were forced to admit that Sam Sheffield was a

strange choice for Dave the Rave. The following is taken from the Daily Mail:

Cameron, who had just turned 26, had never been in any doubt what sort of woman he was getting involved with. She was far removed from the mould of his usual girlfriends, but he had seen something special in her.
Last month, The Mail on Sunday revealed how a 15-year-old Cameron narrowly avoided being expelled from Eton after he was forced to admit he had smoked cannabis.
And now, following months of research and interviews with friends and colleagues, we can disclose how Samantha's steely resolve, plain-speaking advice and intuitive, if untutored, political instincts have been instrumental in helping him climb to the top of the Conservative Party.
The story of a powerful woman urging on a brilliant young politician may have a familiar ring, but that is where the parallel ends.

Indeed it is where the parallel ends.
You see, Sam Cam was a bit of a wild child who frequented illegal raves and mixed with the notorious gangster turned Hip Hop Star, 'Tricky'. She even acquired the nickname 'Snowy' – 'Snow' being a slang name for Heroin & Cocaine. The following is from the Esoteric blog spot:

She did an art foundation at Camberwell College of Arts and then went on to study Fine Art at Bristol Polytechnic (now the University of the West of England. It was here, that she gained something of a wild reputation at Bristol Polytechnic, where her studies in fine art were embellished with playing pool at the Montpelier pub with Tricky, the trip hop star…
… Trying to shake off an aristocratic upbringing by getting a dolphin tattoo on her ankle, and hanging out with the likes of the musician and actor Adrian Thaws, known as Tricky, who was heavily into drugs.

And then there is this from the Abel Danger Website:
However, in her youth the then Samantha Sheffield had a taste for "the wilder shores" of Bristol, where she was an art student, according to a biography called "Cameron: The Rise of the New Conservative" by journalists James Hanning and Francis Elliott.
This included socializing with Adrian Thaws, who later became famous as

the rapper Tricky [of Massive Attack group allegedly transported by Menzies to New York with bleached passports for snuff-film spoliation team on 9/11].

Her nickname was "Snowy." [allegedly dealing in heroin]. Tricky told the Mail on Sunday newspaper that he and the baronet's daughter made "unlikely" friends, saying: "I was robbing houses, robbing stores, selling weed [marijuana] by the time I was 15."

Dubbed "Sam Cam" by the tabloids, the new prime minister's wife sports a tattoo of a dolphin on her ankle and reportedly attended illegal "rave" parties [allegedly involving pedophile oath-taking ceremonies] in her younger days."
Hmmm, maybe a bit more than your normal posh wild-child then.
The fact that Sam Cam also got her future husband into the rave scene could have cost the then rising star in government a few problems. Fortunately for Dave the Rave, which in turn was unfortunate for us, his future was already assured by that time.
The following is from the Daily Mail:

Cameron's first job in the government machine came to a juddering halt when Lamont was sacked as Chancellor in May 1993. He then moved to be special adviser at the Home Office under Michael Howard. But Samantha and his private life occasionally were at odds with his work. The crackdown on 'raves' struck him as illiberal – not least because his girlfriend was attending the sort of dance events the Tories wanted to ban.

You see, what you have to understand is that Cameron's future rise up the Political ladder had already been guaranteed by order of the highest authority in the land i.e. The Duke of Edinburgh:
After graduation, Cameron worked for the Conservative Research Department between September 1988 and 1993. A feature on Cameron in The Mail on Sunday on 18 March 2007 reported that on the day he was due to attend a job interview at Conservative Central Office, a phone call was received from Buckingham Palace. The male caller stated, "I understand you are to see David Cameron. I've tried everything I can to dissuade him from wasting his time on politics but I have failed. I am ringing to tell you

that you are about to meet a truly remarkable young man." Source Wikipedia

Now, if you receive a phone call like that prior to interviewing someone, then you just know that you are going to give that job to that person, yes? And then there is this from the Daily Mail:
As his friend Nicholas Boles says, Cameron worked his way up on the inside floor by floor. He has enjoyed much good fortune. On almost every landing there has been luck or the helping hand of a family friend to assist the next ascent.
Michael Green, seen by some as something of a tyrant, believes Cameron 'can be ruthless'. He says: 'I'm sure he's got what it takes to be Prime Minister.

Nevertheless, that rise wasn't helped much by his wife to be.
Fair to say in fact, that Sam Cam didn't have any respect for anyone in politics, in particular Cameron's boss Norman Lamont. Then again, these rich tossers don't have any respect for anyone. The following is from the independent:

One of the first stories told about Samantha in the biography of David Cameron, by Francis Elliott and James Hanning, is of the telephone ringing when they were trying to enjoy a quiet weekend in Bristol. Samantha called out from the bed: "If that's Norman Lamont, tell him to fuck off."

Now, to be perfectly honest, everything that I have read about Sam Cam indicates that she was a strange match for Dave the Rave. She was certainly nothing like his previous 'girlfriends', that's for sure. The following is what The Daily Mail had to say on the matter:

And then came Samantha Sheffield. Daughter of a baronet and stepdaughter of Lord Astor, she was initially a friend of Cameron's sister Clare. He first set eyes on her at a party at his parents' Berkshire home in 1987 when she was just about to go to Marlborough on an arts scholarship, and according to his affectionate memories was 'a sulky 16-year-old who thought: "Who's this crashing bore who is your friend's older brother?" '

By 1992, when she was invited to holiday with the Camerons in Tuscany, he realised she was for him, even though with her penchant for roll-your-own cigarettes and hippy interest in pop concerts as well as her youth — she was only 22 to his 27 — she did not fit the obvious profile of a Prime Minister's wife.
He was so sure she was the right one, he waited till 1996, by when she had become a businesswoman in her own right, to walk her up the aisle.

One of the wedding photos now hanging in the Camerons' Notting Hill home says it all. The bride is her customary composed and sunny self, while tears stream down the groom's face.
In regard to that last sentence; "***The bride is her customary composed and sunny self, while tears stream down the groom's face"***. Were they tears of happiness or tears of a man blackmailed into marriage?

You see, I say that because according to the following which appears on both the Abel Danger and Mikiverse Politics Blogspot websites, Dave the Rave had no choice in the matter:
Samantha Cameron (nee 'Snowy' Sheffield) wife of the allegedly extorted man-in-the-middle Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, David Cameron.

Evidence: she plays a centuries-old role as 'Mistress of the Revels' or 'agente provocatrice' for lesbian or paedophile raves where witnesses are hired to entrap and extort future leaders.
Evidence: she provided such services with Tricky's Massive Attack group to Cameron's Bullingdon Boys.
And this from hereticalsex
Thus began Operation Ore. All over the UK, police began breaking down people's doors at six in the morning. Among those caught in the net were teachers, police officers, a judge, The Who guitarist Pete Townshend, Robert del Naja of Massive Attack, and Ronnie Barker's son Adam. To date, around 2300 men have been convicted of child pornography related offences.
Evidence: that her family entrapped David Cameron in a filmed pedophile rave at some time between his introduction to a tradition of pedophile rape and torture (beatings) at Eton College, through his work as a 'Shipjumper' with Jardine Fleming in Hong Kong, through his drunken property-

smashing orgies at Oxford University's oath taking Bullingdon Club.
Evidence: that she or her mother ordered David Cameron to orchestrate the Black Wednesday sabotage of the U.K. Treasury [Solicitor] on 16 September 1992 when the pound sterling was withdrawn from the European Exchange Rate Mechanism.
Quite plausible I suppose. Indeed, he was in place to do so. Wikipedia has this to say:

Cameron was working for Lamont at the time of Black Wednesday, when pressure from currency speculators forced the Pound sterling out of the European Exchange Rate Mechanism…
… Later that month Cameron joined a delegation of Special Advisers who visited Germany to build better relations with the Christian Democratic Union; he was reported to be "still smarting" over the Bundesbank's contribution to the economic crisis.

Lamont fell out with John Major after Black Wednesday and became highly unpopular with the public. Taxes needed to be raised in the 1993 Budget, and Cameron fed the options Lamont was considering through to Conservative Central Office for their political acceptability to be assessed. However, Lamont's unpopularity did not necessarily affect Cameron.
Abel Danger then continues:

Evidence of a seditious conspiracy between the Treasury Solicitor, the Cameron, Sheffield, Astor and Rothschild Families and George Soros – a WWII extortionist at a mere 14 years of age – to make a US$1 billion profit by short selling sterling.
Evidence: her mother, Viscountess Astor, provided 'Fag Mistress' services to Lord Boothby with the Kray Twins in the Astor-Club London of the '60s.

Once again, quite plausible. Annabel Astor, by her own admittance was a rebel.
Amongst other things, she has admitted to smoking dope with the notorious paedophile and rapist Roman Polanski, an American film director.
And then there is this:
But Ronnie Kray had even more reason to want him dealt with. Shortly before Christmas 1965 the Krays had met the Richardsons at the Astor

Club off Mayfair's Berkeley Square, ostensibly to discuss how their gangs could co-exist without confrontation. The talks broke down almost immediately, but not before Cornell had called Ronnie 'a big. fat poof'.
Source Bernard O'Mahoney
The Astor Club obviously belonging to the Astor family.
Abel Danger continues further:

Evidence: her ancestor Nell Gwynn provided Bona Vacantia contract-killing services through the Treasury Solicitor to the court of King Charles II.
Evidence: she arranged for her husband to be employed by Michael Green as a 'Haberdashers Ass' from 1994 to 2001.
That too rings true when you read the following snippet taken from the Daily Mail):
Annabel Astor, the mother of Cameron's fiancée Samantha Sheffield, asked her friend Michael Green, chairman of Carlton Television, whether he would employ Cameron.
'She's a very formidable lady,' says Green. 'When she says to me, 'Do something', I do it!"

And back to Abel Danger once again:
Evidence: she ordered her husband to launder Carlton Communications' pay-per-view revenues for the 9/11 Massive Attack through VideoGuard encryption networks which he allegedly integrated in the period 1990-1993 with the Bona Vacantia accounts of the Treasury Solicitor

Cameron was Director of Corporate Affairs at Carlton Communications for seven years. – Source Wikipedia:
Samantha Cameron graduated from City & Guilds' Camberwell College of Arts; she is the former creative director of Smythson where she allegedly tracked and moved victims of pedophile and lesbian snuff-film raves with dual-use City & Guilds 'bona vacantia' products or services such as leather & skin passport covers (Leathersellers), Menzies Aviation weapons cargo and paramilitary-passenger handling systems (Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators and Information Technologists) and Newspaper Distribution (Stationers and Newspapermakers).
She was allegedly alerted by her City & Guilds lesbian agents that Gareth

Williams had enrolled at Central St Martin's College of Art and Design in London and appeared to have hacked into Matrix 5 AOSIS network which she had helped to set up to launder CO2e money through her family office at D2 Banking Canada Square, Canary Wharf.

Now for those of you who don't know who Gareth Williams is, he was the MI6 spy found dead in a bag a few years ago. The bag was of the type sold by Smythson's (Stationers and Newspaper makers as mentioned above and who Sam Cam worked for).
Despite Williams obviously having been murdered, the official verdict was that he committed suicide.
So, it's quite obvious that there is a lot more to Mrs Cameron than first meets the eye. Certainly, she is not the type of lady you would expect a Prime Minister to be married to. Then again, when you fully realise what corrupt, twisted sicko's politicians are, Sam Cam is the ideal match for the Prime Minister.
However, as I have already intimated, neither was Sam Cam's mother any better. The following is also taken from the Mikiverse Politics Blogspot:

Annabel Lucy Veronica Astor, Viscountess Astor (nee 1948 Jones) [CEO of OKA Direct, a home furnishings design company; former owner and designer of Annabel Jones jewellery business in London]

Mother of wife of British Prime Minister and Conservative Party leader David Cameron, Samantha Sheffield.
She is daughter of Timothy Angus Jones and his wife Patricia David "Pandora" Clifford.

Her mother married secondly in 1961 to Michael Astor, habitué of the Astor Club alleged used by the Kray Twins to take control of the Metropolitan Police and House of Lords through a pedophile protection racket.
Astor's are considered to be the most powerful of the thirteen families or bloodline groups heading up the World Government plan.

Astor's allegedly portrayed as one of the 13 stars on the Senior Executive Service flag.

Individuals from the 13 families are mentioned in Dope Inc. [Crown Agents] as involved in some aspect of the drug trade: the Astor's, Bundy's, DuPont's, Freeman's, Kennedy's, Li's, Rockefellers, Rothschild's, and Russell's; other families also play key roles in the drug trade such as the Bronfman's, Cabot's, Shaw's, Bacons, Perkins, Morgan, Forbes, Cisneros and Oppenheimer's.

Now, I have to say, that while I appreciate that those claims may sound unbelievable to those of you who have no understanding of how these elites work,I can tell you that Field McConnell (Abel Danger) is very, very well respected.
Neither can there be any doubt that the Astor's/Sheffield's are both evil families.

You will all no doubt already know that the dangerous, predatory paedophile, Derek Laud was friends with Sam Cam's family before his long association with Dave the Rave began.
Moreover, it is important that you do not get the wrong impression of Samantha Cameron in so far as she is a long way removed from being a drug addled hippy.

Sam Cam is in fact a very astute business woman whose earnings once far out exceeded Dave the Raves.
She is credited with turning around the fortunes of the Livery Company, Smythsons of Bond Street. Livery Companies are what the Mikiverse Politics Blogspot was referring to earlier in terms of Leathersellers etc. The following is from Sam Cams Wikipedia page:
Cameron's work as the head of Smythson of Bond Street has won her a British Glamour Magazine Award for Best Accessory Designer. She has been noted as turning the company around and establishing it as a fashionable and popular brand. She also worked as a spokesperson for Shiatzy Chen.
Two days after her husband became Prime Minister, she announced she was stepping down from her full-time role to take on a consultancy role within Smythson for two days a week. She said that choice was hers alone and had been made after she discovered she was pregnant again and after what she described as an "understandably difficult year", attributed to the

death of her first child, Ivan.

And, this from the Telegraph:
It still sells stationery, including old-fashioned writing paper – it holds three Royal Warrants – as well as brightly coloured notebooks, leather key fobs and passport holders. But it is perhaps best known as a retailer of very expensive handbags, in part thanks to Mrs Cameron's cultivation of celebrity clients.

According to the MSM, Sam Cam flew into New York City On September the 10th 2001 with a view to opening a new branch of Smythsons in Manhattan. However, according to the Abel Danger website, Sammy Cammy had an ulterior motive for being in the USA:
United States Marine Field McConnell has linked Samantha Cameron's trip on 9/10 to New York to the covert transfer of Keynesian spread-bet PKI keys which allowed the Naudet Brothers to position their camera crews to record impact times of drones hitting the Twin Towers and demolition times of buildings which generated scrap-steel sales for master servicer Wells Fargo. McConnell notes that both David Cameron and Maynard Keynes spent time at Treasury learning how to operate the spread bet scam.
Course, whether that is true or not, I cannot say. However, it wouldn't surprise me.

I certainly find it hard to believe that Cameron didn't know that the twin towers were going to be *'taken out'* given his Zionist connections.
What I do know is that the Cameron's didn't let the opportunity to grab the headline pass them by. The following is from the Telegraph:

David Cameron: wife Samantha was missing in New York on 9/11
Samantha Cameron was in New York on the day of the 9/11 terror attacks and could not be contacted by her family for five hours, the Prime Minister disclosed.

Abel Danger maintain that Sam Cam is a Lesbian or at least has lesbian tendencies. This, as I have also already said, would ring true seeing as her husband is at the very least Bi-sexual.
So, giving mind to the fact that Dave the Rave has a reputation for saying or

doing whatever will make him popular (at least that used to be his way) there can be no surprise that the cretin gives his unflinching support to all things homosexual.

The following are just a few examples of this fact:
Tory leader, David Cameron has put gay politicians on a list of priority targets whom the Conservative leadership want to see in Parliament.

According to the Independent, the Conservative Party wrote to a number of openly gay figures last week, asking them to apply to join an elite list of "priority" candidates who would have "a much higher change of being selected for a winnable seat, and therefore, of becoming an MP after the next election".by Marc Shoffman 6 February 2006,

In an extraordinary rant, the former chairman of the Conservative party, Lord Norman Tebbit has said that apart from a "big society gay wedding in Westminster Abbey", he has no idea where prime minister David Cameron wants to take Britain. Source
Reaching out to gay rights groups is one of Tory leader David Cameron's top five priorities, it has been claimed. Source: Pink News
Tory leader David Cameron told a recent meeting on education that schoolchildren should be taught about gay relationships and equality... Prime Minister David Cameron's spokeswoman has said he fully supports William Hague after the foreign minister issued a statement denying he was gay. Source: Pink News
I don't know what you think, but I have to tell you that I am a big believer in the old saying; 'Guilty by association'. Cameron has certainly raised a few eyebrows with his dogged determination to support all things homosexual.

His Mother even appears to be at a loss as to why her son was alienating himself on this matter. The following is taken from the Telegraph:
David Cameron's mother says 'he just won't be told' on gay marriage
The Prime Minister's mother, Mary Cameron, was asked why he was pressing ahead on gay marriage despite the opposition of many Conservative supporters.
Now I am not saying that he was wrong or right to be so supportive of these gay issues. What I am saying is that in doing so, it was out of character for

him.
Therefore you need to ask yourself why?
When you talk about being guilty by association, Cameron has always had a dubious circle of friends. We know that at best, the cunt protects paedophiles. We also know that the murdering scumbag, child rapist Derek Laud is a particularly good friend – at least he was until he started attracting bad publicity.
However, lesser known friends are just as dubious as Laud. Take this one for instance:
Cameron's Big Society guru held in airport drug swoop on suspicion of smuggling cocaine
Arrested: Derrick Mitchell was held at Heathrow after being found with 3kg of cocaine in his luggage
A charity worker employed by one of David Cameron's Big Society gurus has been arrested on suspicion of smuggling cocaine with a street value of £120,000 into Britain.
Former US gang member Derrick 'Anthony' Mitchell was held at Heathrow this month after UK Border Agency officers allegedly discovered 3kg of drugs in his luggage.
Mitchell, 37, is a duty manager at the South London-based Kids Company founded by charity boss Camila Batmanghelidjh. She set it up in 1996 to care for abused, neglected or abandoned children in London's inner-city communities. She has been described as 'Britain's most colourful charity leader' because of her style, dress sense and selfless approach to charity work.

The award-winning author and campaigner was invited to 10 Downing Street last year.
She also advises former Tory leader Iain Duncan Smith and is thought to be one of the inspirations behind Mr Cameron's pledge to 'hug a hoodie'.
Ms Batmanghelidjh spoke of her shock at the allegations surrounding Mr Mitchell, whom she described as a 'street-level youth mentor'. *Source: The Daily Mail*
It is also interesting to note Dave the Raves pledge, mentioned during the course of that article: *David Cameron's Big Society aims to 'take power away from politicians and give it to people'***.**
With that in mind, it would appear that the twat just can't stop himself from

lying. The fella is a fucking cretin.
And then there's this friend:
A close friend of Tory leader David Cameron was arrested and then held at a police station for more than 12 hours for an alleged assault on two teenagers. Source: Pink News
And while I'm at it, lets not forget Peter Cruddas.
However, most significantly of all, is the fact that the Cameron's are part of the 'Chipping Norton set'.
The following is from the Telegraph:
The 'Chipping Norton set' is a close group of powerful politicians and media elite who reside in and around the Oxfordshire town of Chipping Norton. Chipping Norton sits in the Cotswold Hills in West Oxfordshire. The group which includes Prime Minister David Cameron, former News International chief executive Rebekah Brooks, Top Gear presenter Jeremy Clarkson and daughter of media mogul Rupert Murdoch, Elisabeth, met socially until the phone hacking scandal erupted.

Now, I don't give a fuck how forcefully or for how long Cameron continues to insist that he wasn't involved in the phone hacking scandal. But for as long as he continues to do so, he will forever remain a lying cunt.

For starters, he was far too close to, Rebekah Brooks, Andy Coulson and the Murdoch's not to be.
Moreover, according to the Abel Danger website, Sam Cam has been a long time friend and fellow conspirator of Rebekah Brooks and Elisabeth Murdoch.

You may also recall that I mentioned Dead Eye Gordon Brown and his aherm, aherm, wife, Sarah Brown were also friends of Rebekah Brooks – despite the fact that she shit on them by hacking into his phone.

Moving on and in 2014 an African Newspaper publicly declared that Cameron is Gay. And tthis is where things get really interesting and I would suggest, highly relevant to Field McConnell's claim that the Cunt Cameron is compliant with his elite puppet masters wishes because of the aforementioned sex tape of him with a child.
You see, Scottish journalist Martin Frost claims that he has been told that

Cameron is guilty of gay rape.

This is what he had to say:
On Friday 2006-June-09 the following tale was relayed to me. Namely it is alleged David Cameron had a homosexual relationship when he was a young man of 15-16 years with another fellow student of similar age. There is talk of a gang male rape – similar to that alleged to be part of the initiation rites in the 'Bullingdon Club' (of which Cameron was an acknowledged participant while at Oxford University).

Currently I have two sources as to the veracity of this purported story – the second interpretation (flowing also from senior police provenance) suggests that Cameron's student lover committed suicide from the shock of his rape.
Now, I am sure that you will agree that is a hell of a libellous allegation if it isn't true. Yet, Martin Frost's website is still going strong.
Certainly, the allegation is not beyond the realms of credibility when you add it to the mix of Field McConnell's allegations.
And, like Martin Frost, the Abel Danger website is still going strong.
However, the allegations do not end there because another post on Martin Frost's website alleges that Mr & Mrs Cameron - like Dave the Rave's great pal Gideon bean (the Cameron's are Godparents to one of the Beans children and vice versa) - have a penchant for drug fuelled S&M sex:
In Newcastle, on Thursday April 13th 2006 I met with two old colleagues who still dabble in security matters. It was a meeting 'full of bonhomie' yet nonetheless stimulating as to suggestions made. David Cameron, the new conservative leader, was one of the topics of conversation.
Neither of my old friends are much impressed by this water downed impresario of Blair – why have a replica when we still have the real thing was the general sentiment. Not a fit person to become prime minister was an alternative quote. Why I questioned?
There then followed a plethora of criticism but such appeared to me to be fuelled by a personal dislike of his and his wife's alleged personal habits – namely a preference as to sexual activity heightened either via illegal drug use and / or mild masochist activity fortified by spanking and caning.

Now, it is not for me to say that there is a direct correlation between a poor ruler and one who likes a thick head and sore butt – but it does provoke

some not surprising mental images. I copy below some examples of the literature that Mr. & Mrs. Cameron along with their smart London set are purported to enjoy. If such is their poison – you may make your own judgement.

Hmmm.

I also made mention in my article 'Cameron's Closet' of the fact that the Bi-boy had taken a HIV test in the late 1980's.

At that time, HIV/AIDS were considered a disease more or less exclusive to gay men.

Course, later on the MSM got involved and came up with the usual scare tactics that everyone was at risk no matter what your sexuality.

Those bygone day articles would inevitably carry interviews with 2 or 3 infected women just to reinforce the point.

However, although not widely publicised, common sense told me that a woman was far more likely to be infected with HIV by a man, than a man would be by a woman.

But either way and as I have just said; back in the 1980's HIV was still more or less exclusively a gay males problem.

Therefore, for Dave the Rave to go and get an HIV test, he must have either been banging a shed load of old bangers, or more likely still - given the evidence - he was frequenting the Blue Oyster Club toilets and taking it up the arse... Just saying:

The Conservative leader has told Cosmopolitan magazine that he once attended a sexual health clinic.

In an interview, Cameron said that he visited a genito-urinary medicine clinic at Oxford's Radcliffe Infirmary while he was studying at Oxford University during the height of the 1980s Aids scare.

The revelation has added further intrigue to Cameron's time at Brasenose College, Oxford, after he refused to answer questions about whether he took drugs at university.

Cameron talked about the spread of sexually transmitted diseases before being asked if he had ever attended a sexual health clinic. After a long pause, Cameron replied: "Not recently. At university, yes. It was at the Radcliffe Infirmary."

He did not elaborate further on his visit to the clinic, but a spokesman later said the Tory leader was told he was "clear" after his check-up.

Of concerns about Aids at the time, he added: "It scared the life out of us all." Source: www.scotsman.com
Errr... No it didn't Camberbum... Only gay-boys, junkies and sexual deviants. Talking of which (Continuity see - essential if one wishes to keep one's readers interested)... In April 2003, the Cunt Cameron was regularly writing a column for the Guardian and inadvertently treated his readers to an insight into the warped fantasies, collectively running prevalent through the sick minds of those Westminster nonce ponces who love to play dress up... AKA The House of Gaylords:
It's not often you get the chance to talk dirty with Ann Widdecombe. But for the next month I will be doing little else: the home affairs select committee, on which we both sit, has started its "pre-legislative scrutiny" of the government's new sexual offences bill. With our mailbags and television screens still full of war, death and looting, talking about sex will be a blessed relief.

This bill has already made its way through the House of Lords, where peers discussed subjects as diverse as cottaging and flashing, voyeurism and incest. Most elected politicians approach subjects like these with extreme caution. The unelected Lords, on the other hand, get stuck in with undisguised relish.
It was once said that the chamber of the upper house is only truly packed when their Lordships are allowed to discuss either of two subjects: badgers and buggers. As the latter act is described in some detail on page one of the bill, and clause 72 is entitled "intercourse with an animal", there must have been standing room only. Source: Martin Frost
And that would just about be one of the truest things that old Dave Four-Holidays-A-Year has ever said... The cunt.

Chapter 5

Now it has to be said that whichever way you look at it, it was rather convenient all round when the obnoxious, dribble lipped, former MP, Leon Brittan popped his clogs on the 21st of January 2015.

In fact far too convenient as far as I am concerned. After all, he had been pulled in for questioning a number of times by the plod for noncing, the general public were becoming aware of it and in the end TPTB would have had no choice but to hang him out to dry.
Indeed, had the cunt really had cancer he would have been milking it for all it was worth to get himself out of the mess that his sick, sexual lusts had got him into... A bit like that stinking nonce cunt, the former MP, Greville Janner did by working his *'alzheimer's'*.
After all, Jenner was another sick nonce who literally got away with child rape... The fact that back in 1991 he got an all round standing ovation in the Commons after he was 'cleared' of child rape allegations - *despite a huge travesty of justice having taken place* - speaks volumes about our MP's then... And fuck all has changed since!

The following is what I wrote on my website back in December 2013:
I see Greville Janner has been questioned by the old bill:
Leicestershire Police said it had "executed a search warrant at a property in Barnet, north London, as part of an ongoing criminal inquiry".

So, twenty two years later, Leicestershire plod are having another bash are they?

You see, in 1991, Janner was named in a court case as being the abuser of a 13 year old boy. The court case in question was that of Leicestershire Care home boss Peter Beck.

However, despite being named in court, Janner was never charged with any offence. The Leicestershire Police later said there was no case to answer.

MP Janner: I am innocent

By NICHOLAS ASSINDER
Chief Political Correspondent

LABOUR MP Greville Janner spoke for the first time yesterday of the anguish caused to his family by being linked with the Frank Beck child abuse case.

He broke months of enforced silence to tell the Commons: "I am innocent."

Mr Janner, 63, was cheered by MPs of all parties as he denied claims by Beck that he had sexually abused a 13-year-old schoolboy.

CHEERED: Mr Janner in the Commons yesterday

Family

Beck was last week given five life sentences for a catalogue of sex abuse at three different children's homes in Leicestershire over 13 years.

"There was, of course, not a shred of truth in any of the allegations of criminal conduct made against me during the trial," said father-of-three Mr Janner.

"My wife and my family and I have had a taste of the suffering which Beck can impose on innocent people."

He asked the House to "join with me in sending to the real sufferers — the individuals whose lives have been wrecked at his hands — the profound sympathy of us all." Mr Janner will tonight lead a special Commons debate into the issues raised by the Beck trial.

He will attack court proceedings which allow allegations to be made against innocent people who have no way of officially denying them.

During the trial Beck claimed that Mr Janner, a barrister who has been an MP for 21 years, had sexually abused 13-year-old Paul Winston over two years.

Mr Winston, now 31, told the court Beck had helped him end the relationship with Mr Janner.

For nine months Mr Janner was forced not to declare his innocence publicly for fear of prejudicing Beck's trial.

But yesterday, with Beck behind bars, he finally spoke out.

Health Secretary William Waldegrave told him: "I am sure the House has demonstrated its feelings on this matter by the reception you have just received."

Tory Michael Latham condemned the "vile allegations and lies" made against Mr Janner.

Labour's Keith Vaz said he deplored the "cowardly attacks" on the MP.

Scandal

Mr Waldegrave confirmed he had set up two separate inquiries into the scandal involving the children's homes.

A national probe will examine the methods of appointing staff.

Leicestershire County Council will examine management responses to complaints or evidence of abuse in the county's children's homes between 1973 and 1986.

● A RAPIST who admitted attacking an elderly woman in her home had been the victim of sex abuse by Frank Beck as a boy, Leicester Crown Court heard yesterday. Lee Anthony Taylor, 21, was remanded in custody.

Well They Would Wouldn't They!

Daily Express. 4/12/91

Janner's anguish

JANNER: Demand

LABOUR MP Greville Janner last night demanded changes in the law to spare innocent people from having their names "dragged through the mud" in open court. MPs backed Mr Janner who told how he suffered as child abuse monster Frank Beck, who got five life terms last week, accused him of sex crimes.

Well he would wouldn't he!

Daily Express 7/12/91

No action on sex-row MP

POLICE confirmed yesterday no action will be taken against MP Greville Janner after allegations made in a child abuse case. This follows advice given to Leicestershire police by the Crown Prosecution Service.

Mr Janner, MP for Leicester West, had already told the Commons there was "not a shred of truth" in claims made against him at the trial of children's homes boss Frank Beck.

Well they would wouldn't they!

The perverted scum-bags couldn't be honest if their lives depended on it... *"I am innocent"* indeed!
And the cunt then had the cheek to DEMAND a change to the law to "*to spare innocent people from having their names dragged through the mud*"...
What an absolute piece of dog shit.
Alzheimer's or not, I would still have cheerfully hung the sick fuck for all the pain and fear he has put countless kiddies through.
Nevertheless, back to that equally depraved piece of shit Brittan. The following is the statement put out by his "family":

"It is with great regret that we announce the death of Leon Brittan.
"As a family, we should like to pay tribute to him as a beloved husband to Diana and brother to Samuel, and a supportive and loving stepfather to Katharine and Victoria, and step-grandfather to their children.
"We also salute his extraordinary commitment to British public life as a Member of Parliament, Minister, Cabinet Minister, European Commissioner and Peer - together with a distinguished career in law, and latterly in business.
"Leon passed away last night at his home in London after a long battle with cancer. We shall miss him enormously. There will be a private funeral service for family only, and a memorial service to be announced."
Very, very fucking strange. Especially with the PRIVATE funeral, which turned out to be that fucking private that there was not one single photo of it:

Leon Brittan has been buried after a 'very private' funeral with cemetery staff told not to reveal his grave's location amid vandalism fears, it has been claimed.
In accordance with Jewish tradition, the former home secretary is said to have been interred in an simple plot without flowers in Golders Green Cemetery, north London.
However, staff at the facility say they have been asked only to allow people to visit the site when granted permission by Lord Brittan's widow Diana, according to investigative website Exaro. Source The Daily Mail
I mean to say: As if they would pass up the chance of a big fuck-off televised funeral!
And again, whilst not wishing to come across as smug, I was on to Brittan

years ago after being told by a former Fleet Street journalist that the Sun newspaper had been ORDERED to drop an investigation into the former Homo Secretary's sick pursuit of raping little boys.
This prompted me to send the following email to the shit-rag on 3/11/2012:

Hi,
My name is Chris Spivey. I am an independent reporter and I am looking into an allegation made on the internet about Leon Brittan. I have it on good authority that you were investigating the former Home Secretary in 1989 in regard to this allegation. The allegation is that Brittan raped a young boy. The details are along the lines of the following:
The police raided a house after they found a young, half naked boy staggering in the street. When police asked what had happened he told them about Brittan and took them to the house were the sex attack had taken place. When the officer called in to report the incident, they were ordered to bring the boy in, and when they got there, there were 2 officers from the security service waiting. The story was then subsequently covered up. A short time later, Brittan was summoned to meet his fellow MP William Hague, who told Brittan that he was to resign his post and that he was going to be made commissioner for the UK.
As you no doubt know, Brittan was later forced to resign this post in 1999 amid accusations of large scale fraud. A key member of his office staff back then was the current Deputy Prime Minister Nick Clegg. I am further reliably informed that the investigating journalist, who is no longer in your employ was told to drop the 1989 rape investigation.
My question to you therefore is; can you confirm or deny that your newspaper was ordered to drop the investigation into the rape accusations (along with other similar accusations) made against Leon Brittan.
I look forward to your response.
Chris Spivey

And of course, that email generated a nice automated response informing me that my e-mail had been forwarded to the appropriate department:

The Sun Customer Services Add to contacts
To sp-iv@hotmail.co.uk

THE Sun

Thank you for your email. Your feedback and comments are valuable to us.

Emails are passed onto the relevant department's for their attention. Should your enquiry require an answer you will be contacted within three working days. Our opening hours are 9am to 5.30pm (GMT), Monday to Friday (excluding Public Holidays).

acknowledgment of my email sent to the Sun asking them to confirm or deny whether they were told to drop an investigation into Leon Brittan in 1989.

After which I never heard no more... Not that I expected to.
And the following is what I wrote on my website in regard to the nonce in January 2014:

I take it that we all know that Leon Brittan was the former heavyweight MP who was questioned by the Dutch & British police a few weeks back after the old bill seized a child porn film in which he is seen sexually abusing a young boy?
Good.
I also take it that you know that he was forced to resign from the Slaggy Thatcher cabinet after the old bill found a young boy wandering the streets half naked, after being raped by Brittan.
Good.
I say good because if you know about that rape, it saves me explaining how a cover up took place in which it was put out that Brittan had resigned over the Westland affair.
And if you know that, you will also know that the vile Sniffenpissin MP, Willie 'the embryo' Hague – acting on Slaggy Maggies instructions – allegedly ordered Brittan to resign as the pair strolled along Brighton

Beach… Whether the gay pair were holding hands or not at the time, isn't known.
Course, instead of going to prison for child rape, the piece of dog shit was rewarded with an extremely lucrative job as European Commissioner as well as receiving a Knighthood from Sweaty Betty.
So, the cunt had now became Baron Brittan of Spennithorne …. And yet even after being sacked for noncing, the hugely reprehensible fat arsewipe couldn't play it straight and was later forced to resign from his post following his part in a mass fraud.
Which obviously, Nick 'know nothing' Clegg knows nothing about – despite him having been a senior member of Brittan's office staff at the time.
However, what I want to know, is does Brittan's wife Diana know that she married a homosexual child rapist, and as such is she just going along with this vomit inducing PR press exercise – or is she just plain fucking stupid… Just askin'.

Course, it is quite ironic that Willie the embryo hague was the one to give Brittan the push what with them both being homosexuals who both married for sake of appearances.
Mind you, that is quite a common occurrence for politicians - especially the ones who reach the top.
After all, they didn't reach the top because of their business brains, level headedness and forward thinking.
And it certainly has fuck all to do with their integrity, honesty and selflessness - non of which any of the bent fucks possess.
Indeed, they are maneuvered into the top jobs by shadowy figures who really call the shots and to make sure that their puppets are compliant they are compromised - usually by being filmed having sex with kiddies.

And of course Leon Brittan was no exception as it was allegedly a film of Brittan taking part in a child porn video as to why he had become the focus of police attention - in the UK and Holland.
Indeed, according to the Abel Danger website, the Cunt Cameron was also compromised in this way on the orders of the Satanic Astor family, of which Cameron's mother in law had married into.
Here is what www.whale has to say about William Astor - Sam Cam's step

Grandfather:

Lord William, 3rd viscount Astor, was to hold sex and black magic parties at his grand house, where Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies seduced the rich and famous……
The society osteopath and healer Stephen Ward, was a master occultist who at these orgies would conjure weird spirits to visibly appear, which sound identical to those at Bilderberg ceremonies. …..
Attendees at these parties told of Sir Anthony Blunt asphyxiating young boys to death while a naked masked man sodomised him, this man was said to be royalty or a Rothschild and always wore his socks, but in killing the boy in this way his body muscles would suddenly contract bringing on the sexual climax of the predator….

The top catholic exorcist Dom Robert Petit-Pierre claimed the exorcisms he had to perform at the Astors huge estate and Wards cottage, contained the most potent satanic entities he had ever come across, including the spirits of several murdered boys; the evil spirits were similar to the entities surrounding the devils chimney, the Aleister Crowley wartime rituals on Britain's south coast for Winston Churchill's occult Black group experiments.

Now I did talk at length about these arranged marriages in my article *Cameron's Closet - which you can still find on my website:* *www.chrisspivey.org*
And as I also pointed out, I can quite understand that many people will find it hard to swallow that Dave the Rave didn't marry Samantha Sheffield through choice.

Course, those who already know about the Aristocracy and the elite bloodlines will fully understand what I am talking about. Nevertheless, it is perfectly normal for these psychopaths to have 'arranged marriages' be it by consent or blackmail.
After all the heirs to the throne have their spouses chosen for them from an extremely young age whereas those 'earmarked' for high office such as Cameron have their spouses chosen as and when the time comes – the difference being that those who do don't need to marry a virgin.

Nevertheless, any potential brides for these head-cases have to have certain qualities.
For instance, they have to be of *'good stock'* and extremely intelligent, not to mention dominating.
Course, these 'arranged marriages differ greatly to marriage in the conventional sense of the word. That is to say, infidelity is to be expected.

Mind you, more often than not the person earmarked for high office will have little interest in women anyway – Men and Children usually being the order of the day.

Remember, these Psychopaths being manoeuvred into power have to be controllable by the Banksters and corporate Fat Cats. Therefore they have to have that deviant side to them. The cardinal rule is, *'fuck who you like, whatever you like, whenever you like, but whatever you do, don't get caught.*

And the same applies to their spouses, who apart from official engagements have to spend precious little time with their husbands for which they are handsomely rewarded.
For instance, the marriage of Gay Willie & Ffion Hague:
I mean, as planks go, well they don't come much stiffer than Silly Willie Hague - the former leader of the Conservative Party.
Hague is most definitely Gay and more than likely a paedophile… At least he is alleged to have been. He certainly protects them having covered up the Waterhouse Inquiry into child abuse in care homes.
Hague also caused a scandal when he shared a hotel room with his Driver/Adviser Chris Myers - a scandal that ended with Myers having to step down.

The following is taken from the Guido Fawkes website:
William Hague's statement admitting that he shared a hotel bedroom with a male aide but is not a homosexual will only increase speculation over his private life, Max Clifford has said.
But Mr Clifford, a Public Relations guru, said that the former Conservative leader had turned a "small problem into a huge problem".

Speaking on Radio 4's Today programme he added that Mr Hague had been given poor PR advice and there was no reason why he couldn't have remained quiet "indefinitely".
Mr Clifford said that the vast majority of people in Britain would have had no doubts about Mr Hague's sexuality if they had been asked last week.

"Now people are asking why a multi-millionaire needs to share a bedroom," he said.

Then there was also the matter a Hague's friendship with the Gay MP, AIan Duncan The following is from the Daily Mail:

But Labour, which purported to be the gay friendly party, was merely exploiting rumours doing the rounds in the Commons tea room over Mr Hague's friendship with Alan Duncan. Mr Duncan was to become the first Tory MP to openly declare his homosexuality a decade later.

Mr Hague had been a lodger in Mr Duncan's Westminster house in the unfortunately named Gayfere Street.

Interestingly enough, David Cameron often slept there too. The following is from Wikipedia from which you will notice that the homosexual connotations have been removed:
During the campaign, Cameron was one of the young "brat pack" of party strategists who worked between 12 and 20 hours a day, sleeping in the house of Alan Duncan in Gayfere Street, Westminster,

Ffion Hague on the other hand is extremely intelligent and extremely attractive.

Course, she is rarely seen with Bald Willie these days. Could that be something to do with the fact that the Cretin is no longer Tory Party Leader and as such she is no longer needed as much?
The following is also taken from the Daily Mail:
She is rarely seen in public these days, preferring to spend most of her time in their home in Yorkshire. The couple joke that the driveway to the mansion house, where they have a £1m apartment, is one of the longest in

Yorkshire and therefore affords them maximum privacy.
Safe to say then, that it isn't hard to imagine Ffion rogering Willie up the arse with a 12 inch strap-on... Albeit, I rather wouldn't.
And of course, Silly Billy Willie also had a flat in the Dolphin Square apartment complex.

Gordon & Sarah Brown also had an arranged marriage:
In fact the former Prime Mincer was exposed as being a paedophile a long time ago. Here is what the researcher, Sean Copeland had to say on the matter:

Brown is known for sexually abusing numerous boys, as well as girls. He is known for a particularly vile rape in Aberdeen in the 70's, when he and 2 others paid a prostitute for access to her 9 year old daughter.
They all raped her several times, and some years later the girl went to court to get custody of her little brother because of her mother's abuse, and drug use. She won the case and has had custody of him ever since.
The records have vanished from court, but the victim still remembers what happened, and who did it.
And this from the On-line publishing Company:
Although Labour Supremo Peter Mandelson's alleged role in the kidnapping of young girls and boys for the "pleasuring" of the European Union's elite commissioners in Brussels was the subject of intense speculation long before the disappearance of Madeleine McCann, I can now bring to a close all speculation as to the name of Tony Blair's most "highly placed and senior politician" who fell not only under the scrutiny of Scotland Yard for crimes against children, but was also identified by the FBI as an active member of the paedophile ring run by Thomas Hamilton.

That name was first revealed to me by Norman Lamont at a private party in Clapham in 1986, during which time I worked as a scriptwriter for the British television media.
Lamont later became Chancellor of the Exchequer under John Major's Conservative administration. Following investigations in 2003 on both my and Bob Kearley's part, that name cropped up time and time again, and I passed the details to Internet journalist Paul Joseph Watson.
Gordon Brown, the current British Prime Minister, is a practising

paedophile whose activities are known not only to the British, American and Israeli intelligence services, but also by Rupert Murdoch and his senior editor at the Sunday Times.

Hmmm.

Course, Sarah Brown hardly bothers to hide the fact that she is a Lesbian these days – not that she did much to hide that fact in the past:

Sarah Brown, the wife of the prime minister Gordon Brown made a surprise guest appearance at the Duckie gay club night in Vauxhall, South London last night. Source: Pink News
Tellingly, the Browns didn't get married until Gordon was 49 years old and they too, rarely spend time together - albeit his whore rarely makes public appearances with or without him.
It has even been publicly alleged that Mrs Brown was paid £50,000 to marry the vile pervert and stay the course.

Then again, as I have already mentioned, these women are all greedy and ambitious.
Indeed the Guardian Newspaper stated the following about Sarah Brown:

Future MP? Gordon Brown's wife Sarah has an increasing influence over Downing Street affairs.

That aside, the Browns and the Camerons have another thing in common - both of their first born died young.
Severely disabled Ivan Cameron was only 6 years old when he died and baby Jennifer Brown died of a brain haemorrhage at only 10 days old.

Interestingly enough, The Hague's have no children although Ffion is reported to have had several miscarriages.
The loss of these firstborns and unborns has lead to speculation of Devil worship being involved.
Devil worshippers are often asked to sacrifice their first born and similarly, unborn foetuses are also used in satanic worship.
Indeed, according to the Aangirfan website, after conception:

The foetus is then aborted for ritual use, or the baby is taken for sacrifice or enslavement.

Course, as we know, Sam Cam's family are properly into devil worship. So much so in fact that it is absolutely inconceivable that Samantha wasn't exposed to Satanic rituals from a very early age.
However, did you know that the United Nations *Director of Planetary Initiative,* David Spangler, is quoted as saying the following:

"No one will enter the New World Order unless he or she will make a pledge to worship Lucifer. No one will enter the New Age unless he will take a LUCIFERIAN Initiation."

Now as you no doubt do know, I wholeheartedly believe that all of the elites are into Devil Worship.

There is in fact far too much documented evidence for it not to be so. Furthermore they are all Freemasons - of which the lower initiates mistakenly believe to be a Christian group who do a lot of good work for 'charidy'.

However, in reality it is as evil an organisation as they come which I have documented in my very successful article 'Monsters Inc' , which also takes in the Royal Family's involvement in the Black Occult
I also have to say that, while I have no tangible evidence, I have been told on more than a few occasions that the Cameron's had a hand in Ivan's death.

In fact, whilst I was writing **Cameron's Closet**, one of those coincidences that always seem to happen when I start writing a major article happened.

You see, shortly after I started writing the Exposé on our former Prime Mincer, I was contacted by someone urging me to watch a YouTube video made by Gordon Duff and Stew Webb.
Unfortunately, I had no sound on the Computer I had at the time having broken the prong/jack-plug or whatever the fuck that its called, off in the socket and as such I was unable to listen to this video.
However, I am told that at around 1 hr 25 mins into the video, the talk turns

to Dave the Rave and the following is what I have been told takes place in the video:

I cannot really do it justice by 'transcribing' BUT for what it's worth, I will try! Basically, and put very simply, what they are stating here is this:
Murdoch has/is the biggest SS [secret service] in the world, and due to their extraordinary ability to be able to wiretap/bug/hack, etc; they had reason to do just such a thing to Cameron – there were reasons!
Consequently they have actually recorded him with his wife talking about what they have obviously done, i.e. murdered their own disabled child.
No use us saying things like "Don't be daft, that's not likely to happen cos the likes of the Cameron's would surely be wise to anything that they may blurt out in conversation that could incriminate, hence how could this be possible".
It's because the bottom line is that some Dickhead like Cameron is in reality probably NOT very bright, and certainly no match for something like a highly sophisticated [spy v spy] SS intelligence op.

Hence they have got him [presumably] well and truly by the balls, and with that sort of ammo for blackmail, they say it is one very good reason why the Murdoch's were never going to be banged up with any support from Cameron.
If all this is true, and I see no reason to think otherwise then someone like Cameron must be putty in their hands.
I would agree with that assessment.
Now I usually at this point leave a link to the video but as you will know doubt have already guessed; it is no longer available.
However, I have in the past made mention that MSM journalists will sometimes resort to dropping veiled hints as to what is really going on in the world.
And in my opinion, the Times newspaper hints that Ivan's death wasn't as straightforward as others in the MSM would have you believe.
Certainly, going on their report of the little boys death from their article published on the 26th of February 2009, I believe that to be the case.

Tellingly, the report doesn't say whether Ivan was conscious or even alive when he arrived at the hospital… The underlining is minel:

When the certificate is written, it will say the cause of death was acute abdominal failure at 6.30am on February 25, 2009, at St Mary's Hospital in Paddington, West London.
The public record of a small boy stilled will tell nothing, though, of his last agonies, or of his parents' final goodbyes. And yet the name it will bear – Ivan Reginald Ian Cameron – will indicate that the death of this six-year-old boy was not simply a personal tragedy.

Their journey from that pit of despair – through long battles to win the right care for their son and to forge a family life as normal as possible – has set a new direction for Conservative politics, and may yet put Britain on a new course.
The couple made an early decision that they would not hide their son away. Mr Cameron, the MP for Witney, spoke in the Commons of his "magical child", and he also wrote movingly on the subject.

"Ivan's only self-conscious movements are to raise his eyebrows and to smile," he wrote in a newspaper article in 2004. "And his smile – slightly crooked, sometimes accompanied by a little moan – can light up a room. It never fails to make me both happy and immensely proud of him."

"But with the smile comes epilepsy so powerful he can fit for an hour at a time, his small body contorted, often screaming in agony. And with the epilepsy comes cerebral palsy so severe that Ivan cannot move, sit up or hold on to anything or anybody. He cannot crawl, walk or talk and never will."
The next year he told an interviewer: "He definitely recognises us. His eyes follow us very closely. Sometimes he smiles."
When asked whether he and his wife thought it might be kinder to let their son die, he said: "It's difficult. That is a conversation that we have quite often. What happens if he has terrible fits? . . . I'd rather not go into it."

On Tuesday when Mr Cameron bid goodnight to his small team at his Commons office and went home for one of his designated "family nights", there was no hint of what lay ahead. Indeed, he was looking forward to the next day, when he thought that he would be photographed arriving at No

10 for the unveiling of a new portrait of Baroness Thatcher. That event was also cancelled.

Mr Cameron told a friend that Ivan had had a "very, very bad night". The Tory leader and his wife went with their son to hospital in the early hours yesterday, arriving at 5.45am.
There had been scares before. Last April, two days after Ivan's sixth birthday, Mr Cameron had rushed with him to hospital. <u>On another occasion, the boy's hip had been broken in the course of a particularly violent episode.</u>

Imagine if that had happened to one of us commoners - fuck me the Social Services would have had a field day... Carry on the Times:

Despite the diagnosis, Mr Cameron had allowed himself – once – to speculate publicly about what it might mean for his son to reach adulthood.

Speaking to The Times after a visit to a residential home for handicapped young adults, he said: "I can't help but bring it back to Ivan and think what it will be like if and when he's 18."
In another interview, he said that he was <u>"philosophical" about the prospect of his son's death. "You know that children like Ivan never make it to old age.</u> You live by the day. But he doesn't want to give up. This little person just wants to keep going."

Course, unless you know the key words and sentences to look for - Hint: The ones that I have underlined - there appears to be nothing ominous in that report at all.

However, you get a feel for these things over time and once you start to do so, they are quite easy to spot.

Nevertheless, if you do not believe what I say about the MSM dropping subtle hints on matters that they are not allowed to mention in their reports, the following - written by Charlie Brooker for the Guardian in 2007 - is an *'in your face'* blatant example.
And as you will quickly gather, Brooker is not a Cameron fan. However, I

won't say anymore than that until afterwards:

David Cameron is an idiot. A simpering, say-anything, dough-faced, preposterous waddling idiot with a feeble, insincere voice and an irritating tendency to squat near the top of opinion polls. I don't like him. And I've got a terrible feeling he'll be prime minister one day. Brrr.

These are unthinking snap judgments, based on little more than his media profile – but since he appears to consist of little more than a media profile designed to appeal to unthinking snap judgments, that seems fair enough. On that basis, let's stick to gut instincts, shall we?

There is nothing to him. He is like a hollow Easter egg with no bag of sweets inside. Cameron will say absolutely anything if he thinks it might get him elected. If a shock poll was published saying 99% of the British public were enthusiastic paedophiles, he would drive through the streets in an open-top bus surrounded by the Mini Pops. He's nothing. He's no one.
It's notoriously tricky - bang, bang in ya fucking face - **to find out much about his past, in the same way that Morgan Freeman and Brad Pitt found it tricky to find out much about the serial killer John Doe in the movie Se7en. He'd managed to erase his entire existence, even slicing the skin off his fingers to avoid leaving prints. Ever seen a close-up of Cameron's fingertips? Of course not. Think about it.**

The apparently self-penned bio on Cameron's website begins, "I was born in October 1966," and then leaps straight forward to 2001, missing out the decades he spent as a guffawing, top-hatted toff in between.

The infamous photo of Dave posing alongside his posho chums from the Bullingdon Club in an expensive royal blue tailcoat is one of the few clues we have. It looks like precisely the sort of photo a detective might end up studying in a murder mystery, one where a group of friends accidentally killed a prostitute during a drunken, stormy night, and collaborated on a cover-up.
I'm not saying the Bullingdon boys kill prostitutes. I'm just saying I wouldn't be surprised. And that's his fault, not mine. He's gone out of

his way not to mention <u>his blue-blooded carousing, because he knows it would make the average citizen puke themselves into a coma, and one side-effect of this is that he seems shifty and suspicious.</u>

I wonder if Brooker regrets writing that now?

Mind you, it is interesting that Brooker attended the University of Westminster, which is now being labelled as a breeding ground for Islamic Extremists and is indeed where our old friend Jihadi john got radishalised... Well, it would have been if Jihadi John was not just the figment of a scriptwriter's imagination... In fact Brooker could possibly be the scriptwriter.

But I digress so let's return to Gordon & Sarah Brown.
Now as it happens, Browns third child, a second son, Fraser also has medical complications.

The following is taken from the Daily Mail and is in regard to the Murdoch Phone Hacking Scandal:
Gordon Brown today laid bare his family's anguish after Rebekah Brooks revealed she had seen his baby son's medical records – and intended to publish a story about his illness.
In an extraordinary interview, the former prime minister described how he and his wife Sarah had been in tears after speaking to the then editor of The Sun in 2006.
Mrs Brooks had told Mrs Brown that she knew four-month-old Fraser had cystic fibrosis – something which was thought to be known only by the family and medical staff – and that the paper intended to run a story.
Now, quite obviously Rebekah Brooks (a Rupert Murdoch puppet) is alluding to Dead Eye Browns phone being tapped.
And quite rightly, naturally, Brown was - supposedly - livid about the illegal invasion into his privacy... Shame that's the only illegal invasion that the useless twat was livid about. But I digress.
So, with the above in mind, it's quite interesting to note that Sarah Brown's Wikipedia page states the following under the category of '*Friendships'*:
Friends from the worlds of politics and media have included journalist and television presenter Mariella Frostrup, Labour spin doctor Charlie Whelan,Rupert Murdoch's wife Wendi and his daughter Elisabeth, the

television presenter Claudia Winkleman and newspaper editor Rebekah Brooks

Moreover, anyone who believes that Rebekah Brooks and the Cunt Cameron didn't have a fling at one time must be naive in the extreme:
David Cameron is facing huge embarrassment after details of intimate texts he exchanged with the former News International chief Rebekah Brooks emerged on Saturday.

The existence of the messages has been at the centre of a row between Labour MP Chris Bryant and Cameron for several weeks and the contents will be a thorn in the prime minister's side. In one message, Cameron thanks Brooks for letting him ride one of her family's horses, saying it was "fast, unpredictable and hard to control but fun", it is claimed.
So, he definitely gave her one... But then again, so have most people.

Tellingly, Cameron was in full support of the ginger haired old sort before she was forced to resign over the phone hacking scandal:
In the week before she resigned as chief executive of News International over the targeting of the missing schoolgirl, the Prime Minister texted Mrs Brooks last July to tell her to keep her head up and that she would "get through" her difficulties, according to a new biography of the Conservative leader.
Days later the Prime Minister sent an emissary to explain to Mrs Brooks that he could not back her publicly because of the political pressure caused by the scandal, according to authors Francis Elliot of The Times and James Hanning, deputy editor of The Independent on Sunday. Source: The Independent Newspaper
And you would in fact have thought that having been caught sending flirty txt msg's to Brooks, he would have kept his distance. Not according to the Telegraph, he didn't:

The Prime Minister reportedly had a lengthy conversation with Mrs Brooks during a private gathering held by Tom Astor, who is the great-grandson of Nancy Astor, the US heiress.
He is an old friend and neighbour of Mrs Brooks but has kept his distance since she was charged with conspiring to hack phones, perverting the

course of justice and, separately, conspiring to bribe public officials.

Tom Astor obviously being related to Cameron.
And indeed, Brooks was also shagging the criminal Andy Coulson at one time although that had ended by the time the pair appeared in the dock on phone hacking charges.
Predictably Brooks got a not guilty verdict whereas Coulson wasn't so lucky... Although he wasn't what you would call un-fucking-lucky either.
You see, Coulson - as we have already seen in this book - was sentenced to 18 months and served a quarter of that.
Course, prior to all that court nonsense Cameron had famously hired Coulson as his £140,000 pound per year Communications Secretary:
The following is from Wikipedia:
In 2007, Cameron appointed Andy Coulson, former editor of the News of the World as his director of communications.
Coulson had resigned as the paper's editor following the conviction of a reporter in relation to illegal phone hacking, although stating that he knew nothing about it.
In June 2010 Downing Street confirmed Coulson's annual salary as £140,000, the highest pay of any special adviser to UK Government.

In January 2011 Coulson left his post, saying coverage of the phone hacking scandal was making it difficult to give his best to the job.

In July 2011 he was arrested and questioned by police in connection with further allegations of illegal activities at the News of the World, and released on bail.

Despite a call to apologise for hiring Coulson by the leader of the opposition Ed Miliband, Cameron defended the appointment, saying that he had taken a conscious choice to give someone who had screwed up a second chance.

On 20 July, in a special parliamentary session at the House of Commons, arranged to discuss the News of the World phone hacking scandal, Cameron said that he "regretted the furore" that had resulted from his appointment of Coulson, and that "with hindsight" he would not have

hired him.
He's all heart is Psycho Dave isn't he?
Nevertheless, he can make out that he was giving a second chance to someone who had *"screwed up"* - I do love an understatement - until the cows come home but the real reason that Coulson got the gig was because Gideon Bean AKA George Osborne, our wholly corrupt former Chancellor of the Exchequer had asked Cameron to take him on.

You see, as we now know Gideon has a penchant for sadomasochism sex and Cocaine... And committing fraud... In fact the Right Orrible Bean has so little class, that he will even bunk the trains - twice getting caught doing so.
Now, just before the 2011 general election, Bean's none-too-distant past had caught up with him when details of his... How shall we say... Kink & Coke habits were about to break in the press - which were potentially damaging enough to have cost the tories the election.
Therefore, in return for watering down the story Coulson was given the job of Cameron's spin-doctor.

Mind you, Osbourne's love of Cocaine & whores appears to run in the family. You see, his brother Adam, a psychiatrist made the headlines in 2014 after having his licence to practice suspended for dishing out coke... To a prostitute.

The following is taken from the Daily Mail:
George Osborne's psychiatrist brother is battling to save his career after it was revealed that he has been suspended as a doctor following serious allegations of misconduct.
Adam Osborne, 38, who has a private practice in Central London, last week had his licence suspended by the General Medical Council (GMC) after being accused of having a two-year sexual affair with a highly vulnerable woman patient who has psychiatric issues, is married and has two children.
The news comes five years after he was suspended by the GMC for 'dishonest and misleading' behaviour in prescribing drugs to his cocaine-addicted prostitute lover.
The latest blow means he cannot practise in any capacity as a doctor until an investigation into the new allegations has been concluded.

The suspension will prove highly embarrassing for the Chancellor, coming as he prepares for Wednesday's crucial Budget, the last before May's General Election.
If the investigation results in a Fitness To Practise hearing, which is held in public, Dr Osborne could face further sensitive personal information being revealed. And if the allegations are upheld, he could be struck off.
It's like a bad case of diarrhea I suppose; it runs in the genes.
However, the fact that the posh twat Cameron can still deny - after all these years - his involvement in the phone hacking scandal is proof personified of his flawed character.
I will remind you what the traits of a psychopath are:

- ***Cold heartedness***
- ***egocentricity***
- ***superficial charm***
- ***manipulativeness***
- ***irresponsibility***
- ***impulsivity***
- ***criminality***
- ***antisocial behaviour***
- ***a lack of remorse***
- ***a parasitic lifestyle***
- ***Promiscuous sexual behaviour.***

And you can add hypocrisy to that following the announcement that the wholly corrupt chairman of the Intelligence and Security Committee, Malcolm Rifkind was to step down and also resign his seat as an MP after being caught out offering a *cash for access service* to private companies.

The former top Labour Party MP, Jack Straw was also caught on film doing the same:

Sir Malcom Rifkind has stepped down as chairman of the Intelligence and Security Committee and resigned as an MP following increasing pressure after he was caught on camera allegedly offering a 'cash for access' service to private companies.

Speaking on BBC's Newsnight on Monday, a former chair of the Committee, Kim Howells, called for Rifkind's resignation saying the body's reputation must not be "dragged down."
In a statement on Tuesday morning, he said he would remain on the Committee, but would "step down from the Chairship" of the committee.

It was later revealed that he would resign his parliamentary seat in central London, a traditionally safe Conservative constituency.

A number of candidates have been rumoured to be lined up for the role, including ex-Olympic rower James Cracknell and Sayed Kamall, the leader of the Conservatives in the European Union.
Jack Straw and Sir Malcom Rifkind were duped by reporters from the Daily Telegraph and Channel 4 who posed as staff for a Chinese firm, looking to gain access to politicians and senior establishment figures.
Both men have now reported themselves to the Parliamentary Standards Committee, with Straw saying he had fallen into a "very clever trap" and Rifkind acknowledging his comments had been "silly." Source: RT News

Mind you, they were only doing what Porky Pig Ferguson - ex-wife of Princess Andrew of Paedoville - was doing when she was caught on film taking a huge sum of money in return for access to Nonce Andrew.

However, where the real hypocrisy comes in is the fact that in 2012 Peter Crudearse was forced to resign after getting caught offering access to the Cunt Cameron in exchange for huge Party Donations... Or put another way; cash for access:

David Cameron is facing mounting pressure to disclose all details of private meetings with Conservative party donors following damaging claims by the party's treasurer that large cash payments could secure intimate dinners with the prime minister and an opportunity to influence government policy.
The Tories launched their own inquiry on Sunday after the resignation of Peter Cruddas, whose claims were filmed by undercover Sunday Times reporters.

Meanwhile, Labour demanded a separate, independent, inquiry to

investigate the suspicion that Tory donors can gain secret access to Cameron, the chancellor, George Osborne, and their advisers. Cross-party talks on the funding of political parties, which were due to start in a few weeks, have been brought forward to this week.

Police were also asked on Sunday to investigate claims that the law on political donations may have been broken. According to the Sunday Times, Cruddas believed any prospective donations from the reporters would come from Liechtenstein and would be ineligible under election law.
He was reported to have discussed the creation of a British subsidiary and the possibility of using UK employees to make the donation. A campaigner, Mark Adams, said he had asked police to investigate. "The article indicates that the party has done this before," he said. Source: The Guardian
And whilst we are on the subject of Jack Straw and embarrassing brothers, it is worth mentioning that Jack's brother Willie is a sex pest:

The brother of Home Secretary Jack Straw has been found guilty of an indecent assault on a 16-year-old girl.
William Straw, 47, of Bramcote in Nottingham, will be placed on the sex offenders' register for the next five years.
Straw had denied the charge at Nottingham Magistrates' Court. Source: BBC News
Now that was back in the year 2000. And then in 2001 the Blair government was slammed in the press for letting sex offenders - many of them dangerous - out of prison early.

Scandal of sex beasts let free

EXCLUSIVE

BY RACHEL BAIRD
HOME AFFAIRS CORRESPONDENT

HUNDREDS of sex offenders, including rapists and paedophiles, are being released from prison without treatment every year even though they pose a high risk of re-offending.

Just half the 5,500 sex criminals currently in English and Welsh jails will take part in reform programmes while inside. This year alone, around 650 are likely to be set free untreated.

The figures were confirmed by the National Association of Probation Officers. Harry Fletcher, assistant general secretary, warned: "It's extremely worrying that so many people are being released without treatment because there aren't enough staff and resources.

"In terms of public protection, sex offenders are a high-risk group because it's a compulsion. Resources have to be found to extend the programme so that the overwhelming majority receive treatment before they are released."

The Prison Service has admitted that in all of the past five years, it has fallen well short of its target for treating sex offenders.

Last year, it aimed to have 1,020 inmates complete treatment but managed only 786. Head of the Prison Service Martin Narey said: "There is a continuing shortfall of qualified treatment managers and tutors to run these programmes."

The irony of the Government's failure to treat more sex criminals is that the treatment is thought to be remarkably effective.

Experts warn that treatment figures could fall further under government proposals to make sex offenders serve the whole of their prison sentences.

At present, they are released between half and three-quarters of the way through. Critics say making them serve their full sentences will reduce their willingness to have treatment. The prospect of early release gives inmates a reason for "good behaviour".

Mr Fletcher believed the proposals could "wreck" the treatment programme. "If you take away that incentive, they're going to say, 'well, why bother?'"

A spokesman for the Prison Service said it is trying to recruit more staff, adding: "We have a very successful treatment programme, the biggest in the world."

A Home Office spokeswoman said the Government would find new incentives, if necessary, to persuade offenders to be treated in prison.

Now the question is: *Was it Jack Straw or the blind former Labour Party MP, David Blunkett who was responsible for that decision?*
The following is what I wrote in March 2013:

It would seem that previous governments were just as easy on paedophiles back in the day as they are now. The article which follows this foreword is from Saturday the 28th of July 2001 and deals with the subject of dangerous paedophiles being released early from prison.
That would make it Tony Blair's nonce infested government in power at the time.

Therefore the Home Secretary would have been David Blunket who had only been in the job a month before this article was published. Fuck me, if Blunket cannot see how wrong this decision was, he must be fucking blind silly.

On the other hand, the decision could easily have been made by the previous Home Secretary Jack Straw. Straw served in the post from the 2nd of May 1997 until the 8th of June 2001.
It wouldn't surprise me Whichever one of two made the decision. I mean, like all MP's they are both sex maniacs, self serving, greedy and corrupt.

And coincidentally, Straw's first born also died... When she was only 5 days old as it happens:
Straw's first marriage, in 1968, to teacher Anthea Weston, ended in divorce in 1977. They had a daughter, Rachel, born on 24 February 1976, who died after five days because of a heart defect.

However, what I wanna know is why the fuck did the Straw-Man try and make it illegal for children in care to speak out about child abuse:
It is not illegal for Children in Children's Homes to speak out, a Freedom of Information Request has revealed.
Whilst apparently Jack Straw did try and pass legislation to make it illegal in Part 2 of the Children, Schools and Families Act 2010 the provisions never commenced as they were repealed by section 17(4) of the Crime and Courts Act 2010, following a recommendation by the Justice Select Committee. This is contained in an answer to a Freedom of Information

request.

What is pertinent is why Jack Straw should want this draconian, fundamentally unjust repulsive and nasty legislation to be brought in. Why should he want to stop innocent children whistleblowing over child sexual abuse against them often by representatives of the very authority that was supposed to care for them and be responsible for them? Source:
Cathy Fox
Well to be Frank - cos Frank is a fucking nice fella - you only have to understand that with Tony Blair as the then Prime Mincer, covering up child abuse was a priority - especially since most of his government members were actively taking part in it... As was his child stealing program a priority too... The sick, sick fuck.
Course Tony & Cherie Blair also had an 'arranged' marriage and anyone with their eye on the ball cannot fail to have noticed how much it has been reported of late that Cherie - *allegedly a mind control victim* - can no longer stand the cunt... Then again, who can?
Indeed, someone or someone's appear to be applying the brakes to the Blair bandwagon in general.

Now, one of the reasons being touted for Cherie's disdain for her 'husband' is the rumoured affair between Psycho Tone and Rupert Bear Murdoch's wife:

Captivated Wendi Deng wrote a secret love note about Tony Blair's "piercing eyes" and "good legs and butt" when she was married to Rupert Murdoch, it was claimed.
According to reports in the US, Ms Deng, 45, described the former Prime Minister as "so charming".
The bombshell note talking of love for Mr Blair, 60, is said to have been found by media tycoon Mr Murdoch, 82.
His 14-year marriage with third wife Ms Deng ended in divorce in November.

The relationship "broke down irretrievably" amid reports she had met Mr Blair without Mr Murdoch's knowledge.
It is not known if the handwritten note was the reason for the divorce.

A joint statement from Ms Deng and Mr Murdoch last night said: "Given the complicated dynamics of our family, we made the decision early on in this process not to engage in public allegations or respond to negative claims." Source: The Daily Mirror
Personally, I would say that you should take that old fanny with a pinch of salt... Indeed Wendy Woo is far too old for Tony *'Miranda*' Blair's liking and she is also mostly the wrong sex.
Cherie, equally hated by the press and public alike has rarely been seen with Miranda – Tony B-Liars nickname at University - over the past few years.

Blair was given the *'Miranda'* nickname because he was apparently well known for being a Transvestite, back in the day.
Cherie, who is the daughter of the late actor Tony Booth, once posed naked for what appears to have been, Lord Derry Irvine's sexual gratification:

Some bits of Cherie Blair's memoirs strike all the wrong notes, as many reviewers have pointed out.
The tone is toxic at times. That is true.
But there is a charming account of Mrs Blair's time as a nude model in the late seventies, knitting tea cosies as gifts for the artist, Euan Uglow.

As she describes the scene, the two met at a dinner party of Derry Irvine, her legal boss, later Lord Chancellor, who was a serious art collector and, as she less than admiringly describes, an even more serious consumer of fine wine.

Mind you, Cherie isn't the only PM's wife to have posed for 'racy' photos/paintings.

You see, when Sam Cam was an art student and dating Dave the Rave, she lived in a flat in a rough part of **Bristol** apparently... And she too also modelled for some risqué pictures.
The following is from the Abel Danger website:
David Cameron today admitted he and his wife had hoped racy pictures of her modelling more than a decade ago would never come to light.

Much has been made of Samantha's rather 'edgy' past as an art student at

the University of the West of England, where she befriended a club DJ named Tricky and lived in one of the less salubrious parts of Bristol. You'd never guess it from these pictures, taken just a few years later, in which she's already every inch the Posh Totty pin-up, as befitting the daughter of a landed baronet and wife of a City PR man.
She and David married in 1996 – and these pictures were taken shortly afterwards when she was already working at the upmarket stationers, Smythson, and he was director of corporate affairs at Carlton Communications and an aspiring MP."

Tricky, as you now know is a member of the group Massive Attack who were caught up in a child porn probe
In fact, according to The Metro, Sam was still attending raves in 2011:

Samantha Cameron has raised eyebrows by enjoying a rave in Ibiza that featured performances from the likes of 2manydjs and Pete Tong.

More startling still is the fact that Cherie Blair is alleged to be a victim of CIA mind control. At least that is the case according to the Aangirfan website.

Certainly, the Blair's 'strange' marriage will have contributed towards their children's problems.
Sixteen year old Euan Blair was famously found drunk as a skunk laid out in the gutter in July 2000. This incident occurred just days after Blair announced tough new measures for being drunk and disorderly in public.

The following is from theTelegraph:
Referring to the fact that Euan lied to police about his identity and age, he said that he had been trying to save his family embarrassment.
Mr Blair was challenged to justify his suggestion of on-the-spot fines on young people for disorderly behaviour – an initiative dropped after police chiefs dismissed it as unworkable – and asked whether he thought that it would have deterred his son.

Even more worrying was the fact that Blair's daughter Kathryn tried to commit suicide at the tender age of 16.

Blair all but managed to keep this story out of the papers but various sources claim that his daughter died 3 times on the way to hospital… Without being flippant, She obviously wasn't fucking about. The following is from http://www.public-interest.co.uk/aseye/index.htm#Tony

On or around Thursday 13th May 2004 Tony Blair's 16 year old daughter Kathryn attempted to commit suicide. She is in the middle of exams, believed to be GCSE's and took an overdose of unknown pills. She was rushed to hospital and a news blackout was requested by the PM's office and adhered to by the British Press. Kathryn is believed to be studying at the Sacred Heart school in Hammersmith, West London, a Roman Catholic state secondary school.

News about the suicide attempt was confirmed by Alan Johnson, Labour MP for West Hull and Hessle.
So, was this a sudden pang of conscience from the British tabloids over sensitive reporting of the PM's family? Or the establishment press (yes even the tabloids are owned by the establishment) kowtowing to protect the flagging public image of the most disastrous Prime Minister this country has ever seen just before local and European Elections?
In a democracy, the public have a right to know about the family failings of anyone in public office – it enables them to judge whether to vote for that individual or not. When that failing family is the Prime Ministers the press have a duty to inform the public – not to protect politicians' images from public scrutiny.

That news blackout in turn led to speculation that the real reason for Kathryn's suicide bid was that Blair had tried to rape her.
And it is also worth noting that just like Dave the Rave and Gideon Bean - who was taken under the mistletoe wing of Willie Hague when he first started in politics - Blair was also fast-tracked into office, with John Smith having to be bumped off in order to make way for the cunt.

The following is from the MI5 controlled Telegraph newspaper:
Tony Blair predicted to his wife that John Smith would die prematurely and he would win the race to become the next Labour leader, not Gordon Brown.

He made the "strange" statement during a stay in a French hotel with his family in April 1994, the month before Mr Smith suffered a fatal heart attack,

Mr Blair woke his wife, Cherie, one morning and told her: "If John dies, I will be leader, not Gordon. And somehow, I think this will happen. I just think it will."

Branding Mr Smith a "stupendous toper", Mr Blair wrote: "He could drink in a way I have never seen before or since.
Coincidence, nothing more a tell thee.
And Neither has Cherie Blair any qualms about defending paedophiles in court.

The following is taken from the Daily Express published on Saturday, 2nd September 2000
THE PRIME Minister's wife has sparked controversy by agreeing to represent a paedophile who claims his human rights were abused by a ban on him going near children.
Cherie Booth QC is taking 34-year-old Graham Brown's case to the European Court of Human Rights on the grounds that his civil liberties were infringed.
The decision to represent him comes less than four years after Ms Booth called for tighter regulations against British paedophiles who offend abroad.
Brown was jailed this week for breaking a Sex Offenders Order to stay away from children, made by Sedgemoor magistrates in Somerset.

He was filmed approaching three youths in Torquay just 15 hours after being released from jail early for good behaviour and has now returned to prison to finish an 18-month term for outraging public decency.

Well she wouldn't have any qualms about it would she? She is after all married to Tone.
The following is taken from my article *Parliamentary Paedophiles* which was published on the 1st of November 2012:

Blair, reportedly a 33rd degree Freemason who displays the characteristics of a psychopath was convicted in May this year, along with his pal George W Bush, of war crimes at the Kuala Lumpur War crimes tribunal.

George W Bush's father, former US President George H Bush has of course long been accused of being a serial paedophile. It would now seem that Bush senior's son shares his father's sick liking for children. Moreover, Bush Junior's fellow war criminal Tony Blair does too. The following is taken from an article on the Tap Blog website:

The Tap Blog received a number of bulletins from ex-spy Gordon Logan over the last year.

None of these were more memorable than his exposure of Tony Blair using a male prostitute at The White House, a prostitute named Jeff Guckert, George Bush's personal favourite, who he lent to Blair.

Guckert bragged about it afterwards online, and the story spilled out. It was Gordon Logan who ensured that the story spilled out further at higher levels.

The Tap Blog elaborates further by saying that Jeff Guckert is one of the pseudonyms used for Johnny Gosch who was kidnapped by paedophiles for prostitution purposes, at the age of just twelve.
You can also find the kidnapped boys story along with a series of extremely distressing photographs of Johnny Gosch and other boys kidnapped by Paedophile rings by going on to the following link:
http://www.johnnygosch.com/
The photo below is one of those photos and carries a caption written by Johnny's mother Noreen Gosch:

August 27, 2006
On my birthday... I received a package with the following pictures inside. The first photo is of my son Johnny, shortly after he was kidnapped on Sept. 5th, 1982. He was still wearing the clothing he had on the day he was taken. He is bound and gagged.
Noreen Gosch

And of course the former President of the USA Barack Obama, better known in some circles as Gay Baz or Gay Barry, due to the fact that he is gay as fuck.

He too has a marriage of convenience. The following is taken from my article *Camerons Closet*:

Barack & Michelle Obama

The United States President has been dogged for years by rumours that he's gay.

Moreover, his 'wife' Michelle, who is forever fucking off on holiday without him was disbarred from practising law in 1993 for what was described as 'Malpractice'. Or, put another way, she was allegedly extorting money from wealthy clients.

Obama is said to have once frequented Male Bath-houses cruising for sex. He is also alleged to have had an affair with the Actor Kal Penn. Penn is said to have 'dated' Obama between 2008 – 2009. The actor was even given what was described as being a 'mysterious role' in the White House, which Penn abruptly left after being dumped by the President.

The President is also said to have had an affair with a Pakistani Room-mate during his college years. You can read more HERE. The website looks into Obama's alleged homosexual relationships and poses the question; "Is Barack Obama our first down-low, closeted gay President and is Michelle Antoinette Obama our first fully-complicit 'beard' of a First Lady"?

And of course rumours abound as to what sex Michael/Michelle Obama really is and to whether or not their two daughters are actually their biological children. - the eldest of the two now being pregnant herself at 16 yrs old.

So, I can't say as I was surprised when an African newspaper reported Cameron as being gay.
After all, he was very good friends with Derek Laud, whom had been very good friends of the Satanic Astors before Dave the Rave had even met Sam Cam… Which brings me back to the Dolphin Square Apartment block where Laud used to live.

Now the Daily Record has the following to say about Dolphin Square which was also home to Willie Hague and many others vile pieces of work, but just know that the following report is only the tip of the iceberg:

A VICTIM of a VIP paedophile ring believes a girl of 15 was killed at a vile orgy.

The new witness has told police he watched the teenager being taken into a terrifying "medical room" by a senior Tory MP – and never saw her again. The sickening events are said to have taken place at London's notorious Dolphin Square flats in the 1990s, the Sunday People can reveal.

He fears the teenager may have been killed by a brutal sadist acting out his horrific fantasies.
It would make her the fourth reported murder victim of a Westminster-based pervert ring, some of them household names.

The witness told the investigative website Exaro that he was himself abused while in his teens by prominent politicians and a famous comedian at the now notorious Dolphin Square complex in central London.

We are calling the man Darren, although that is not his real name because he lives in hiding, fearing for his own life. He is the third alleged victim of the gang to come forward.
Darren told us: "I would never have gone to those parties willingly. It was fear that led me to Dolphin Square."
Recalling the night in 1993 he believes a girl died, he said: "I witnessed a senior Tory politician go into the medical room with a girl who I know was 15.

"This was a bedroom containing a hospital-type bed with shackles, gimp masks and a tiled, washable floor.
"She was 15 and in care. I didn't know her name but had been bumping into her for years at paedophile parties. I had been trafficked for sex since I was a young boy, initially by my father.
"She had a smashing smile and wore braces on her teeth.
"I never saw her leave that room, in fact I never saw her again. I fear she may have been killed."
Darren has identified the exact apartment in the luxury Dolphin Square complex where he claims abuse parties were held while he was a teenager.

He says he was taken to up to 20 orgies, which were attended by around 30 VIPs, and has described ordeals – including beatings with a cane – to Scotland Yard detectives investigating a string of historic sex abuse claims.

A former Tory cabinet minister already named to police by another alleged abuse victim, a Labour minister, and the famous TV comedy actor are among well-known faces he says were at Dolphin Square in the 1990s.

Darren claims he was driven to sex parties by the notorious paedophile Peter Righton, a former government adviser who had been recently fined for having indecent images of boys.
Righton would collect Darren and other boys from children's homes in Suffolk and drive them to London in a luxury car, complete with leather seats and electric windows.
At Dolphin Square they would go to a four-bedroom serviced flat that had been rented out.

He recalled: "Guests would be standing around, chatting and drinking. There would be women there but they would leave before any sex took place.
"The attitude seemed to be that they would leave early so the boys could have their fun."

Darren said that there were "very powerful" people at the gatherings. He went on: "They stood out a mile. I saw a former Labour minister at one party.

"They were very protective of their jackets. I think they were worried the boys would steal their wallets."

Darren claimed violation and humiliation inflicted on youngsters at Dolphin Square became a familiar routine to him.
He said: "This Tory cabinet minister always insisted I should be presented to him with ladies' underwear on beneath my clothes.
"The game he liked to play was that he would pretend he had spotted that I was wearing the lingerie.
"He would tell me I was a naughty boy for turning him on and take me into a bedroom and punish me.
"I was spanked with a bamboo cane that he brought with him, which was painful. I was then sexually abused.
"He liked boys to dress up in lacy women's underwear. He would make a

game of it.

"The minister would be accompanied by a minder who stayed outside while I was abused."
The Dolphin Square apartment had three rooms specially fitted out and decorated to cater for the tastes of party guests, Darren said.

He claimed the spanking ex-minister preferred a bedroom known as the "leopard room" because it had a leopard skin rug.
Another was known as the "gay room" because it was "flowery and - effeminate".

Darren claimed that in this room he was forced to give oral sex to the famous comedian. He said: "At first he was an interested spectator at the parties but then decided to take part.
"He was much kinder and more considerate than the others but it was still unpleasant."

The worst of the three rooms was the so-called "medical room".
Darren said: "This was the bedroom you did not want to be taken into. Fortunately, I was never taken in there but I remember one boy who did.

"He had been dressed up in tight leather shorts and went in with a senior Tory politician and some other men.
"I met him afterwards and he told me he had suffered humiliation too vile to describe and was then beaten up."
Darren said the brutalised boy was under 16 at the time.
He recalled that traumatised children would gather in the kitchen at Dolphin Square to comfort each other after their ordeals. He admitted he was given £50 each time he attended a child abuse party.

But he insisted he only went because evil Righton forced him to. He said:
"I would never have gone to those parties willingly – it was fear of Righton.
"One occasion when he attacked me stands out. It happened after I was taken into a bedroom with the famous TV personality and Peter was driving us back to Suffolk.
"I kept saying the name of the comic character played by the actor and

saying that he was at the party. Peter kept saying, 'No he wasn't.'

"Then he suddenly swung a tremendous punch, while still keeping control of the car. It hit me flush on the chin and I may have passed out. It was a warning to keep my mouth shut."
Darren was interviewed over three days by Met Police detectives and named his abusers.

His account bears chilling similarities to allegations by a victim known as Nick, who claims three abused boys were killed in the 1980s.

His evidence is being investigated by Scotland Yard's Operation Midland. Officers have spoken to the families of two lads, Martin Allen and Vishal Mehrotra, who vanished in London.
Among those named by Darren is the recently convicted paedophile Charles Napier.

Darren says Napier abused him when he was 15 at Righton's home. Righton ordered Darren to give Napier oral sex and when the horrified lad refused he was beaten until he complied.
Course, with so many VIP's living in the sordid apartment block it is hardly surprising that they have their own water supply... None of the chemically poisoned shite for them:
One of the biggest users of London's secret water supply is the exclusive Dolphin Square flats complex, until recently the home of the Princess Royal. The block of 1,200 apartments facing the river at Chelsea includes a swimming-pool, restaurant and leisure centre.

"The four boreholes supply our needs," said general manager Tony Crawford.
"We treat the water for drinking purposes, and this is measured by environmental health officials, and I'm delighted to report that we have no trouble achieving a clean bill of health. The wells save us money, and mean we are never under threat of running short."
It is estimated that it can cost up to pounds 20,000 to bore and equip a well deep enough to draw off the water accumulating beneath the city. MPs are the most recent group to benefit.

The Parliamentary offices located above Westminster tube station are to have their own supply in the near future. The construction work to tap into the water supply was carried out during the building of the new Jubilee Line extension. Source The Independent Newspaper
And of course, Prince Little Willie had a flat in the Dolphin Square luxury complex:

Britain's Prince William is set to move into his first bachelor pad.William, 24, has chosen an upmarket London apartment in the exclusive Dolphin Square complex as his new home.
The Pimlico apartment building includes a swimming pool, gym, bar, squash courts and a croquet lawn.William - who split from his long-term girlfriend Kate Middelton in April - has signed the lease for a ninth floor three-bedroom flat in the complex.
Members of the prince's police protection team will take residence in neighbouring apartments. Dolphin Square is renowned for being one of the safest addresses in London due to the high number of military figures and intelligence officers who live there.

A royal aide is quoted on the Hello! website as saying: "Dolphin Square is safe, central and anonymous.
While William is in the Army he only needs an uncomplicated base in London for short periods. And the real point is that he does not yet want to live in any of the royal palaces where everyone would know exactly what he is up to and who he invites back. He's got a whole lifetime of that."
Extra security measures have been implemented and new CCTV has been installed in preparation for the prince's imminent arrival.

Residents were informed of the identity of their new neighbour in the Dolphin Square newsletter.
as did his Auntie Horseface:
If an Englishman's home is his castle then Dolphin Square is a fortress, built in the mid-1930s to withstand German bombs and resist a siege from life outside.
It survived 16 direct hits from the Luftwaffe, but internal walls are notoriously thin and a former tenant claimed a dinner party was once interrupted by the sound of Princess Anne's lovemaking next door. Source:

The Guardian
I would have imagined that would have been quite embarrassing for Ann & Tim; having ya neighbour knock on the wall shouting "GET THAT HORSE OUTTA HERE"!
Or should that be Nayboar? Just askin'.
Nevertheless, the website dolphinsquare.co.uk has this to say about the insidious dwellings:

If the walls at Dolphin Square could speak, they would reveal a history rich with colourful, distinguished, and sometimes notorious characters. Politicians and peers, spies and foreign dignitaries, glamour girls and stars of stage and screen have all enjoyed the many benefits of life at Dolphin Square.
The proximity of the Square to Westminster has inevitably led to its popularity with politicians. Many have lived here in the past, including Harold Wilson, David Steel, William Hague, Estelle Morris, Beverly Hughes and the late Midlands MP Iain Mills. In 1994 alone, 59 MPs lived in the Square. Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies, famous for their involvement in the Profumo affair, were both sub-tenants at Dolphin Square.
In the past, many foreign dignitaries graced Dolphin Square's hallways and gardens. In 1940 the Free French occupied Grenville House, and when General de Gaulle was in the Square, workmen had to be issued with special passes before being allowed entry.

Dolphin Square also has past associations with the worlds of espionage and subterfuge. Ian Fleming's M was partially based on Maxwell Knight, a senior figure in British military intelligence, a former member of the British Union of Fascists, an accomplished jazz drummer and a long term resident of Dolphin Square. Whilst at MI5, Knight recruited Ian Fleming and a fellow resident, William Joyce. An extreme right-winger, Joyce became an infamous figure during the Second World War – 'Lord Haw-Haw', a leading German propaganda mouthpiece during World War 2 who was ultimately executed for treason.

Oswald Mosley, fanatical 'blackshirt' and, along with Joyce, one of the British Union of Fascist's prime orators, lived at Dolphin Square with his

wife Diana, one of the Mitford sisters. He left the Square in June 1940 to face internment at Holloway Prison, where he lived with his family for the rest of the war.
During the 1940s and 1950s Dolphin Square was the home to several comedians including Arthur Askey, Tommy Trinder and Vic Oliver. Oliver's wife Susan was herself a famous actress and the daughter of Winston Churchill. After a party at Nelson House one night, the brass numbers on a number of doors at Nelson House had been swapped around, giving rise to rumours that this was the prank of some of these residents. Former music hall star Bud Flanagan – one half of the hugely successful double act Flanagan and Allen – lived in Raleigh House. Flanagan he enjoyed particular success during World War 2 with songs like 'We're Going To Hang Out The Washing On The Siegfried Line'. His voice is still familiar today singing Dad's Army's 'Who Do You Think You Are Kidding Mr Hitler'.
Dolphin Square's connections with espionage were revived in the early 1960s. Tenant John Vassall, an admiralty clerk, was exposed as a Soviet spy in 1962. It is rumoured that agents from both sides of the former Iron Curtain lived here.

And in 1999, the Guardian newspaper also wrote the following about the place:

A £3 black cab fare from Westminster, the building is a mini parliament with about 50 MPs renting apartments. Alistair Darling, the social security secretary, could share a taxi home with Estelle Morris, schools minister, Gisela Stuart, health minister, Beverley Hughes, environment minister, and David Clelland, a whip.

Or if they were chauffeured in their government cars they would be able to give lifts to some of the many Labour backbenchers with flats there, including Stuart Bell, Gavin Strang, Hazel Blears, Tom Pendry, Anne Begg, Sir Ray Powell, Brian Iddon and Lynne Jones.

The Hagues, William and Ffion, live in Keyes House at the back of the complex to lead a Tory contingent that includes the former cabinet minister Lord Jenkin of Roding – who, coincidentally was until recently president of

Friends Provident, which triggered the controversy by trying to regain the lease.
David Weeks, Dame Shirley Porter's sidekick during Westminster's homes for votes scandal, has an apartment and used to sit on Dolphin Square's management committee, which sets the rents.

Lords Desai, Tordoff, Dormond, Brooks, Gregson, Sewel, Campbell of Croy and Belhaven and Stenton have set up home in the blocks.

The Tory MP Iain Mills drank himself to death there and lay undiscovered for two days.
Past residents include Princess Anne and her husband, Tim Lawrence, who quit Drake House after supposedly labelling it "naff".

The one-time world speed record holder Donald Campbell had a pied-à-terre and novelist CP Snow wrote about his tenancy. Charles de Gaulle lived there during the second world war. Harold Wilson had a flat, as did Oswald Mosley.

Course, I have been writing about Dolphin Square for years, yet I don't expect former residents like William Hague and Derek Laud to fall under police suspicion any time soon.
Instead the police will concentrate on the dead such as Cyril *'fat boy'* Smith and former Men in Tights boss Peter Hayman.
Mind you, at least it has now since been acknowledged that there was a massive cover up going on for the past 40 years by the old bill - who either failed to investigate or the investigations were dropped into claims of VIP paedophile rings operating at the time... Well sort of acknowledged anyway:

The Metropolitan Police will be investigated over claims that it covered up child sex offences because MPs and police officers were involved.

The Independent Police Complaints Commission today announced a probe into 14 different allegations of corruption at Britain's largest police force.

The investigation was prompted by evidence dating between 1970 and 2005 which was turned over to the police watchdog by Scotland Yard officials.

It was also alleged that police launched an investigation into a 'proactive operation' of paedophiles in Dolphin Square, a block of flats in Westminster, but stopped it when they got 'too near' VIPs.

Shadow home secretary Yvette Cooper called for the investigation to be made fully independent from the Met to ensure its credibility. Source: The Daily Mail

Now I have to say that it is quite ironic that Yvette Cooper was the one calling for an independent investigation. I mean, as if another police force investigating the Mets cover up will give the whitewash any credibility... Not that that is where the irony comes in of course.
The irony comes into play with the fact that 9 years ago Mrs Ball's driver was arrested for 7 serious assaults on children:

Cabinet Minister Yvette Cooper was at the centre of a security scare last night after her Government driver was arrested on suspicion of indecent assaults against children.

Ms Cooper, who is married to Schools Secretary Ed Balls, was said to have been shocked to discover that the man had been detained in connection with the alleged abuse of seven children.
The Chief Secretary to the Treasury used the driver for the eight-mile journey between Westminster and the home she shares with Mr Balls in East London.

It is understood that Prime Minister Gordon Brown has been told of the incident, and has been kept informed of the progress of the investigation.

The driver, named last night as Gary Burman, is accused of indecently assaulting a total of seven children aged under 14.
Two of the allegations relate to assaults on boys. Five relate to allegations involving girls over the past four years in a park in Bromley, South-East London.

In a joint statement released to The Mail on Sunday last night, Ms Cooper

and Mr Balls said: 'We understand that a Government driver has been arrested on suspicion of indecent assault against children. He drove several Ministers including, most recently, Yvette Cooper.

'As is normal, he was fully vetted for the post. The alleged offences are not in any way linked to his employment.
Most of the chauffeur services for Ministers on official business are provided by the Government Car and Despatch Agency.
The agency boasts that its 'status as part of Government offers very significant advantages', including 'real peace of mind, as all of our employees are security-cleared civil servants'.
It adds that its 'modern, high-performance fleet of vehicles' is placed in the hands of drivers who have completed accredited training programmes. 'For added peace of mind, we can provide security vehicles and specially trained drivers if your security needs demand it,' it says. Source: The Daily Mail

It's fucking rife innit? Around the upper classes it is anyway.
However, it doesn't end there.

You see, according to the Star newspaper:
Babes In The Wood killer Ronald Jebson worked as a chauffeur ferrying innocent youngsters to be abused at sick orgies, it was claimed.

A former cellmate of Jebson's said the pervert boasted of his role in delivering children to be "auctioned" for abuse by high-ranking officials.

Jebson, now 75, has spent the last 40 years in jail. He was convicted in 1974 of killing a friend's eight-year-old daughter and in 2000 confessed to strangling Susan Blatchford, 11, and her pal Gary Hanlon, 12, in 1970. Their deaths - for years one of Britain's most notorious unsolved cases - became known as the Babes In The Wood case after he left their bodies huddled together in woodland.

The cellmate - known as "Billy" to protect his anonymity - said he is speaking out now due to constant denials of a cover up over a Westminster paedophile ring.

He said he was deliberately placed in the next cell to Jebson on C-Wing in HMP Frankland, near Durham, about 15 years ago, to extract further information about his past.
Billy explained: "I was encouraged to get Jebson to talk about his past in return for favours and protection.

"We got to know each other quite well, and chatted when our cell doors were open. One day, I was being pressed by a screw to get him to talk. He hid around the corner to listen whilst I leant on the doorframe.

"I couldn't believe it when Ronnie started blabbing. He said he worked for a luxury limousine company on the south side of London. He said it was linked to the Westminster set, and claimed they had all sorts of posh cars, including Rolls Royces.
"He said the clients were all well-to-do, prominent people, including politicians, but said they were also paedophiles. Ronnie said many of the victims came from poor backgrounds.
And still there is more:

A new article published yesterday in The Australian suggest that Sidney Cooke and several of his paedophile gang associates including Jimmy Savile's driver David Smith may have worked for THE SAME LIMO COMPANY as Ronald Jebson.
It also alleges that missing schoolboy Martin Allen, the son of the Australian high commissioner's head chauffeur, who vanished in 1979, may have been targeted after coming into contact with the paedophile ring through the limo company, whose drivers were hired by the Australian high commission.

Which brings me back to that vile Nonce, Derek Laud.

In Scallywag 21 we told how, soon after their marriage, Mr and Mrs Portillo went on holiday with Michael Brown MP, and his 'friend', a black youth who they all nicknamed Golly. Along on this mysterious trip also went Tony Hutt, who we alleged was an actively gay lobbyist with the firm GJW Government Relations. But who was "Golly"?

By taking him on holiday the Portillos were in good company. "Golly" is no other than half-caste nephew and research assistant of Lord Pitt, and was the black face pictured at the window of Number Ten as Maggie peeped through the partially opened curtains on the day she quit.

His name is Derek Laud and it was he who introduced footballer Justin Fashanu to Westminster's seedier inhabitants. It was alleged by Fashanu himself on tape that this included both Portillo and Lilley in a three-in-a-bed romp, although under intense pressure from somewhere he later denied he had ever said it.
But, if Fashanu was telling the truth, he may have been introduced to many other well known Parliamentary personalities, and you can throw in some royals for good measure. Laud has also been on holiday with Lilley, Chris Chataway, and Jeffrey Archer. He enjoys entertaining his boyfriends at fashionable La Caprice where he treats the waiters like horse dung. He has often been seen there with fergie's friend John Bryan, and also Diana's hairdresser, who has rumoured to have been bribed by Diana to take the rap on a drugs charge.

ROYAL CONNECTION

After leaving a lunch with fergie's boyfriend (who was going off to meet her elsewhere) he then joined Andrew and a sailor pal at the royal home in Dorset for all sorts of fun and games.
He was also involved somewhere in the middle of the Diana-Gilby scandal and is a frequent visitor to David Steel's flat in the now notorious Dolphin Square. "Golly" rarely entertains anyone of note at his Winchester Street, Pimlico, flat (just around the corner from Dolphin Square) but neighbours report he often takes young men home and they generally stay all night.
The Dolphin Square restaurant, of course, is where both Lilley and Portillo dine most Friday nights and was for a time under scrutiny by HM Customs after they had intercepted paedophile material at Mount Pleasant.

Young men who have visited him in Pimlico, who we have talked to, allege he is 'trying them out' for higher things. Fashanu was one such.

Laud is a consultant with Ludgate Communications, a high-powered

political public relations outfit, which moves in political, business, and even royal circles. In this capacity Laud has even written speeches for Prince Charles.
As a speechwriter he may legitimately have visited many prominent politicians, but it is unlikely he would have gone on holiday with Portillo, Brown, Hutt and Co, to cross the 't's and dot the 'i's on a possible oration.

In his public relations capacity he is a frequent visitor to Conservative Central Office where he meets Alistair Cooke, one of the original right-wing conspirators of the Maurice Cowling days in Cambridge, who has surrounded himself with bright young things, most of whom are frequent visitors to Winchester Street.

But there is more to Derek Laud than this.
COVER-UP

The story goes on in a disgraceful catalogue of abuse, exploitation and cover-ups on an unprecedented scale. Among all the sad testimonies from the victims, two names emerge that connect the paedophile ring directly with Michael Portillo, Peter Lilley and other high ranking Tories.
The first is the above mentioned Derek Laud, who wanders with equanimity in the House of Parliament. The second is Alan Beck, alias Sister Latex, and an old friend of Portillo's from Cambridge.

We have known about Laud for a long time. There was no doubt about his association with Brown. It was an old yarn. The News of The World had run an article on Laud serving tea to Brown in a skimpy frilly pinny six years ago.

We also had reason to believe that Laud had screwed Portillo and Lilley on several occasions. But it came as a revelation to learn that Derek Laud was also a practising paedophile.
Stephen Hashim was only 13 when he was introduced to Laud. he was living in care at Greystones Heath children's home in Merseyside. Gary Cook, an associate of Mr X, who is now in prison for child abuse, brought Laud in on the recommendation of Mr X.

He gave him Stephen for the night. the child was repeatedly brutally buggered by Laud. He has since stated that the man had such a large penis that it was excruciatingly painful. in fact, the next day Stephen Hasshim had to go to hospital and receive treatment for a ruptured anus.

He never met Laud again, but has positively identified him and remembers his name. Source: Sean Copeland

Justin Fashanu! Prince Bigears! And that pillock of society Princess Andrew!

Laud was also often to be found on holiday with the Nonce Lord McAlpine. Mind you, McAlpine has always been involved in sleaze right back from when he was a big wig in the cabinet.

NADIR: Tapes claim

I was wrong to take £440,000 says Tories' ex-treasurer

McALPINE: Made an error

And it is worth noting that McAlpine's death was every bit as convenient, unexpected and under-played as Leon Brittan's was.

Indeed Brittan's death reminded me of a piece written by the excellent, now defunct, Coleman Experience which asked the question as to whether those old bastards about to be exposed as child molesters are faking their own deaths:

We have it on very good authority that Mossad rent-boys, MI5, are working overtime to execute a permanent CSA cover-up.

They are so desperate to prevent the truth about Britain's VIP paedophile ring being exposed, they're trying every trick in the book to stop a planned inquiry going ahead.

They deliberately chose tarnished wrinklies, Elizabeth Butler-Sloss and Fiona Woolf, knowing damn well that child-abuse campaigners would

never accept their appointments as head of any inquiry, due to their links to Michael Havers and Leon Brittan.

That is exactly what our traitorous, paedophilic-loving spies wanted.

The ensuing controversy buys them what they need most of all- extra time to plan their get-out clause.
One idea being touted by the Israeli-loving filth is to stage the deaths of one or more of the prominent politicians accused of raping young boys.

The deaths would be attributed to a 'heart condition' or similar, and the public wouldn't bat an eyelid due to the age of the accused.
The apparent 'stress' they've been under would also be quoted as a contributing factor.
This is exactly what happened in the case of Robert McAlpine who is allegedly not dead at all but hiding out in a secret location bricking himself that he might one day be discovered.
Another pretend death is allegedly that of Westminster Councillor, Simon Milton, who was best friends with Shirley*'I've legged it to Israel'* Porter.

Some claim Simon didn't die at all but is living a reclusive life in Tel-Aviv.

It's a little known fact that many 'British' politicians are in fact Israeli and hold dual nationality.
It would be quite easy say for the likes of Leon Brittan or Greville Janner to slip away in the dead of night and catch the first flight back to their homeland.

The very next morning the headlines would be filled with the news of their 'death' and the inquiry could go ahead with it's most prominent suspects out of the way.
No-one would be any the wiser.
Well we have a warning for you duplicitous, scheming, f***g scum.**

Try every single pathetic 'tactic' known to man.

It will make not the slightest bit of difference.
You'll get what's coming to you.
It's only a matter of time…
Indeed it is.

Chapter 6

In January 2014 I published - on my website - an incomplete list of names who were/are allegedly Satanic paedophiles and the places that they operated from.

And most of the names that appeared on that list were very rich and powerful but as I have just stated, the list was incomplete.
However, since then I have managed to obtain a copy of the list/report in full - which was compiled by Dr Joan Coalman on evidence given to her by a victim of a child sex ring.

I can also tell you that I now have the name of that victim who provided the information for the report.

Nevertheless, I will not divulge her full name for now and as such, leave her as she is referred to on the list, namely Helen G.
Helen G is a victim of Mind Control and subsequently she was forced into taking part in Satanic Rituals.

Helen has multiple personalities.

The report/list was compiled by Dr Coalman for the ***Ritual Abuse Information Network & Support*** (RAINS) who had – *as far as I can work out* – been trying to help Helen.

I have also censored the addresses of those that appear on the list simply so as I cannot be accused of starting a witch hunt on the nonces since it is quite obvious to me that TPTB are still looking for any excuse to lock me up.

So let's start with Page 1:

PEOPLE AND PLACES I

1. Relevant to case of Helen G

Key to terms and abbreviations used:

HG . Helen G.
RAINS. Ritual Abuse Information Network & Support. Founded 1989.
Alters. Other personalities in those who have DID.
DID. Dissociative Identity Disorder.
Mart. Cult name of Joseph Stein.
Peter. Cult name of Don Taylor.
James. Cult name of William Rattray.
Pals. My informants, held in Leigh Park, Havant.
JLF. Jean La Fontaine. Prof. Emeritus. LSE, Founder Member of INORM.
KM. Keeper Master, Mark Davis. aka. The Marquis.
SRA. Satanist Ritual Abuse.
SRAS. Satanist Ritual Abuse Survivor.
BS. Barbara S.
VH. Veronica H.
NJ. Natasha J. (Maiden name, as when I first knew her).
ACPO. Association of Chief Police Officers.
HP. High Priest.

PEOPLE

I will write these in the order in which they were given to me. The following 20 or so were given by HG or her alters, over the years, from 1997 onwards. Most of them have since been confirmed by those we speak of as Pals, who have provided many more names in addition.

Joseph Stein, aka 'Martin'. Brookmead Way, Langstone, Havant. (Believed to be current address). He was described as HG's Keeper and he formerly had considerable power over her. Many of her alters were hypnotised to believe they were in love with him and that he loved her, even though he abused her. Most alters are wise to him now. 'Sue' is still vulnerable. He is still very much involved with trying to get at HG. Can appear v. charming but in reality is extremely sadistic.

Julie Stein, was married to Martin. She used to text me frequently and sometimes left answerphone messages on the RAINS phone. I once lifted the phone in the middle and she immediately rang off. I am told that in 2006, she found out that Mart had taken up with another woman and she threatened to expose the group and him. I understand that she was disposed of – no details. Certainly, I have heard nothing from her for a long time. Martin apparently had a cult 'marriage' to the new woman, q.v. in London, on 17.11.06.

Now unfortunately I cannot find out any further information about Joseph & Julie Stein or their son Matthew (whose name appears at the top of Page 2)... However, they are relatively unimportant in so much as they are not part of the filthy rich or household names:

Matthew Stein, son of Martin and Julie. Have his address as: [redacted] Stamford Ave, Hayling Island, Hants. Tel. 02392 468[redacted] I don't know if this is current.

Don Taylor, aka **'Peter'**, a Clinical Psychologist, who does the hypnosis, using blue lights. I have several addresses and phone nos.for him, all in Southampton.

[redacted] University Rd, Soton. Tel 02380 3151[redacted] and 02380 553[redacted]
Don Taylor and Associates Ltd. 02380 671558.
Also address at [redacted] Radstock Rd, Soton, but told he may live in Kitchener Rd, Soton.
Website: www.dontaylor.org.uk

I haven't heard anything of him for the last 2 years or so.

William Rattray, aka **'James'**, [redacted] Winterslow Rd, Porton, Nr. Salisbury. 01980 6102[redacted] Has had below-knee amputation of one leg. Used some sort of prosthesis. Have not heard anything of him for about 5 years. Could be dead.

For the first few years that I knew HG, these were the only people she mentioned and appeared to be her main controllers and abusers. Gradually, over the years, she began to talk of others, but at that time there were still many cult-loyal alters who tried to prevent these disclosures.

Les Saunders, (died a few years ago). Owned The Queens Head pub. in Ludgershall, near Andover. Helen lived in a caravan in grounds, when she was about 16. Was re-introduced into cult by Les Saunders. (Had been in Children's Homes after her mother died.)

Lord William Rees-Mogg. Former Editor, Writer and Director of various publishing companies etc. Address (from Who's Who, 1999) 17 Pall Mall London SW1Y 5NB. Now aged 79.

Geoffrey Levy. Daily Mail Columnist.

Peter King. Electrician. Formerly of 4 Test Court, River Way, Andover. Tel.01264 363[redacted] Have heard nothing of him for 5 years.

Paul Beadle. Formerly of 44 Rack Close, Adelaide Rd, Andover. (believed to have moved).

Susan James. Records Dept. Bristol Royal Infirmary. Passes on messages and gives info about patients.

Bruce Parker. Winchester. Works as a presenter on Southern TV.

Lord Montagu. b 1926. Palace House, Beaulieu, Hants. SO42 7ZN. Tel. 01590 612623. Also has a flat in London. He is very important in the group and is known as the **Grand Master**. Many of the Cult Festival Ceremonies are held either at the Palace (in parts not open to the public), or in the ruined Abbey. Some are held partly in the New Forest, which is all around Beaulieu. Although parts of his Estate, including the car museum, are open to the public, there are many other parts that are not. All ceremonies take place at night when gates are locked.

Mike Hancock. MP for Portsmouth. Lib.Dem. No details about him re cult involvement. Not mentioned by Pals.

Max Hastings. Editor and Journalist. Again not mentioned by Pals.

So, swiftly moving on and ironically - *or not as the case might be* - the second person mentioned on Page 2 (**Don Taylor**) is a clinical psychologist who specialises in Anxiety, Depression, Trauma, Grief Stress, Sexual Abuse,

Childhood Issues... In other words a gatekeeper who is an expert at mind control.

Unfortunately I cannot find out any further information on **William Rattray** or **Les Saunders**. However, once again they are not members of the filthy rich.
So, moving on and there is plenty of information to be found on **William Rees Mogg** - a would be Tory MP in the notorious Thatcher government.

And according to Wikipedia:
William Rees-Mogg, Baron Rees-Mogg (14 July 1928 – 29 December 2012) was a British newspaper journalist, who was the Editor of The Times from 1967 to 1981. In the late 1970's he served as High Sheriff of Somerset, and in the 1980's was the Chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain and Vice-Chairman of the British Broadcasting Corporation's Board of Governors.

So there we have another connection to the BBC - home of the paedophile.
Rees Mogg was close friends with both Margaret Thatcher and the notorious nonce, the former MP Jeremy Thorpe.
However, most interesting of all is that he is the father of golden Tory boy **Jacob Rees Mogg** - a future candidate for British Prime Mincer.
As for the Daily Mail journalist **GEOFFREY LEVY,** well I can't say that I am surprised. After all, most of you will be aware that the press and media has always been littered with paedophiles and the Daily Mail is a well known protector of the scum.

Interestingly enough, Levy was also the presstitute behind the 2013 smear campaign on **Ralph Milliband** - father of Ed and David.
I cannot however find out any further information on **Peter King**, **Paul Beadle** or **Susan James** - *although they are unimportant* - which takes us to **Bruce Parker:**

Bruce Rodney Wingate Parker, MBE (born 20 July 1941) is a British journalist and television presenter whose career spanned the mid-1960s to 2003, when he retired. Strongly committed to regional broadcasting, he was responsible in the mid-1960s for a pilot local radio station in the Channel

***Islands*, which eventually led to the setting up of a string of *BBC local radio* stations across the UK. In 1967 he joined *BBC South* in *Southampton*, where he remained for most of his career, making a name as the main presenter and reporter for *South Today* for 35 years, a record stint for any regional presenter in the UK. He was also a respected political interviewer and later BBC South's political editor, hosting South of Westminster and South on Sunday... Source: Wikipedia**

So, once again we have another nonce closely associated with the BBC and given an MBE by the Queen... Indeed you would not believe the huge number of nonces decorated by the Satanic Royal Family!

Moreover, Parker's son Charlie - *a cameraman for the BBC* - was found dead under mysterious circumstances in 2009:
POPULAR Hampshire broadcaster Bruce Parker has spoken for the first time about the loss of his "adored" son.
Charlie Parker, a BBC cameraman, was found dead at a *Winchester* flat after failing to respond to attempts to wake him.
His father, a former BBC South Today presenter, has paid tribute to the 34-year-old who, just days earlier, had been filming for the corporation at the G20 summit in London.
"He was lovely, we adored him," said Bruce, 67. "He always had an impish smile and he lived life to the full... *Source
Which then brings us to **Lord Montagu**.

Now since the list was compiled in 2006 I presume that the Montagu in question is **Edward John Barrington Douglas-Scott-Montagu, 3rd Baron Montagu of Beaulieu** who died in 2015.
Edward Montagu was a notorious bisexual paedophile who in the 1950's became "*one of the most notorious public figures of his generation,*" after his conviction and imprisonment for "*conspiracy to incite certain male persons to commit serious offences with male persons,*"

And according to Wikipedia:
On two occasions Montagu was charged and committed for trial at *Winchester Assizes*, firstly in 1953 for having underage sex with a 14-year-old boy scout at his beach hut on the *Solent*, a charge he always denied.

The American Institute of Public Relations had just voted him the most promising young PR man when he was arrested. Although he enjoyed the support of his close family and a wide variety of friends, for a year or so he became "the subject of endless blue jokes and innumerable bawdy songs"

Mind you, paedophilia appears to run in the family.
The following is taken from the Guardian and published in 2015:
A senior Conservative politician escaped prosecution for child abuse in the 1970s when he promised the authorities he would not see the victim again, according to files released by the National Archives.

Victor Montagu, a rightwing Tory MP and one-time political secretary to Stanley Baldwin, was let off with a caution by the director of public prosecutions in 1972 for indecently assaulting a boy for nearly two years.

The decision by Sir Norman Skelhorn QC meant Montagu never stood trial and his paedophile activities were never exposed.

Next up on the list is the former MP for Portsmouth **Mike Hancock**, who I have written quite extensively about in the past.
Nevertheless, in November 2013 whilst serving as an MP, Hancock was cleared of an allegation relating to claims of sexual assault committed against a female constituent of his.
Or perhaps I should clarify that.

You see, the MP wasn't cleared of the allegations, it was more a case of the Hampshire Police Constabulary deciding to take no further action:

A Hampshire Police statement said it had discussed the case with the Crown Prosecution Service and would not be taking any further action.

So, as for the Chimp journalist **GEOFFREY LEVY,** well I can't say that I am surprised. After all, most of you will be aware that the press and media has always been littered with paedophiles and the Daily Mail is a well known protector of the scum.
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You see, the MP wasn't cleared of the allegations, it was more a case of the Hampshire Police Constabulary deciding to take no further action:

A Hampshire Police statement said it had discussed the case with the Crown Prosecution Service and would not be taking any further action.

Now personally - *although I am not surprised at the decision since that appears to be the norm where MP's are involved* - I find it quite appalling

given the facts of the case, the evidence and Hancock's track record.

The victim – *who suffered from a mental health disorder and had been sexually abused as a child* – had first approached Hancock in 2009 after having trouble with noisy neighbours.
Hancock later resigned the party's parliamentary whip following a meeting with the then Deputy Prime Mincer, Nick Clegg – *two fucking years after the allegations were first made, I hasten to add* – yet remained an MP & a Lib Dem Councillor for Portsmouth council.
Predictably however, he was not charged with any offence… I should also tell you at this juncture, that I had been informed that the Monster was very well protected.

Then again, aren't they all?

Nevertheless, after Mick the Dick was cleared in 2010, his victim bravely - *and quite rightly* - refused to let her claim just be dropped thus allowing yet another Politician – *in a long fucking line of Politicians* – to get away scot free.

The term '*Scot Free*' should in fact have been coined specifically for the Lib Dems after the former Liberal Party leader Jeremy Thorpe (*A close friend of the aforementioned Bruce Parker*) was sensationally cleared of conspiring to murder his ex-boyfriend, the Male Model Norman Scott in 1979 – *despite the overwhelming evidence pointing to his guilt*.

The following is from Wikipedia:
His political career was severely damaged when an acquaintance, Norman Scott, claimed to have had a love affair with Thorpe in the early 1960s, at a time when homosexual acts were illegal in Britain. The scandal forced Thorpe to resign as Liberal Party leader in 1976. He denied the claims of a homosexual affair and was charged with conspiring to murder Scott, though he was acquitted of these charges in 1979, shortly after losing his seat in the general election.

Course, Hancock is well known for his indiscretions. I mean, Fuck me, he was even described as being a "*renowned womaniser*" by the posh Times

Newspaper.

However, whilst having affairs with other consenting adults isn't illegal, it does show how shallow, dishonest, and untrustworthy Hancock is - although you only need look to our Prime Mincer, **Boris Johnson** to see that infidelity is the mainstay of our politicians.
Moreover, it also tells us that he has no sense of loyalty or strength of character, all of which an MP should have in abundance as far as I am concerned.

Now, I have to say that disturbing as all the above is, it is the allegations of paedophilia that disturb me the most.

You see, at one time Hancock had been district officer for Mencap, and in 2010, opposition candidate **Les Cummings** had a batch of leaflets printed up for distribution alleging amongst other things that Hancock was a friend to known criminals and that he had been seen in bed with children while on charity work in Romania with Mencap in the 1990s.
And whilst it has to be said that Hancock took out an injunction preventing Cummings distributing the leaflets, it was in fact his old friends the Hampshire Constabulary who took Cummings to court.
It should also be noted that as well as the injunction, Hancock published a document to be circulated refuting the allegations, yet he didn't sue Cummings for deformation… Very strange.
Moreover, Cummings was similarly granted a counter injunction prohibiting Hancock from distributing his leaflets responding to the allegations… You couldn't make this shit up.

Furthermore, the court proceedings relate to a criminal offence which isn't so much to do with the contents of the leaflets, but more to do with the reason for the leaflets distribution:

Mr. Cummings is charged with a single offence contrary to s. 106(1) of the Representation of the People Act 1983, and which alleges that he on the 22nd April 2010 at Portsmouth in Hampshire, before an election and for the purpose of affecting the return of Mike Hancock, a candidate in the election, made and published a false statement in relation to Mike

Hancock's personal character which he knew or believed to be false.
The sub section reads as follows: –
'A person who, or any director of any body or association corporate which –
(a) before or during an election.
(b) for the purpose of affecting the return of any candidate at the election, makes or publishes any false statement of fact in relation to the candidate's personal character or conduct shall be guilty of an illegal practice, unless he can show that he had reasonable grounds for believing, and did believe, the statement to be true.

Nevertheless, Hancock was Predictably cleared of the allegations but during the course of the court case he had been made to admit under cross-examination that he had, had '*a few*' extra-marital affairs - which he had told his wife about and that had been reported in the newspapers.

Which is presumably, the only reason that he told his wife.
Now as I say, the scumbag was cleared of the paedophile allegations – *sort of, albeit not conclusively* – but taking into consideration what I have told you about the power Hancock wields, his apparent police protection and his association with Portsmouth Council, as well as considering what we all know about our Nonce Ponce MP's; and when adding them all together, I have to say that Les Cummings defence of the paedophile allegations leveled at Hancock certainly sound to me to have a certain credibility and more than a ring of truth about them.

See what you reckon:
Cummings told the court he had been abused as a child at a Portsmouth children's home along with other family members and he had sought an apology from Portsmouth City Council, where Mr Hancock is also a councillor, but he had not received one.
He told the court from the witness box it was his '100 percent belief' that Mr Hancock is a paedophile.
He said the information about the allegations he printed in the leaflet came from several sources.
This included his electoral agent, Leo Ciccarone, who heard it from another man and a woman described in court as Maria Smythe who said

she had overheard her mother talking about the Romanian allegations over family dinners.
'Each piece of information led to another that led to another and that gave more credence to my beliefs,' Cummings said.
He said he 'was alarmed and astounded' that the city he held responsible for exposing him to abuse had a representative 'behaving in exactly the same way as the people who were abusing me all those years ago'.
He explained the leaflet had been written at night 'when the ghosts from the past had come' to him.
'I was so disgusted by the situation. I wanted to shock people. On reflection I kind of wish I had not done that. I was acting like a victim at that time. I did not want anybody else to be exposed to what I believe was a sexual predator and paedophile.

Not convinced?

Okay, I should tell you that I purposely left out the most serious allegation of paedophilia levelled against the Monster.
You see, Les cummings also accused Psycho Mikeho of having sex with a 14 year old girl.

Course, allegations are easy to make, but when the accused admits under oath to kissing and cuddling with the girl in question, you cannot help but think – *given Hancock's track record* – that in all probability, a miscarriage of justice had taken place:
A leading Lib Dem MP who was accused by an election rival of 'having sex with a 14-year-old girl' yesterday admitted he 'kissed and cuddled' her.
Mike Hancock, 64, was branded 'a paedophile' in a leaflet by opposition candidate Les Cummings, 66, last year.
Cummings is on trial charged with making a false statement about the character of Mr Hancock with the purpose of affecting the return of the election.
But Hancock yesterday admitted that he had a 'close and affectionate relationship' with the girl in question. He also admitted to 'a few' extra marital affairs.
He said he first met the girl, who cannot be named for legal reasons, in her late teens in 1985 and the relationship gradually developed until she

married in about 1993.
Mr Hancock said the girl was 17-years-old and not 14 as had been alleged in the leaflet. He said that the girl had driven to his office with her mother to enquire about work experience.
'We were close and developed a personal friendship', he told the court. 'It was a very affectionate relationship – it was strong but not sexual.
'There was physical contact between us – a kiss and a cuddle – but no more than that. Source: The Daily Mail

Convinced?

No?

Then I shall continue.

Now, Hancock the Toad can claim that the girl was 17 yrs old at the time, all he fucking likes but what is missing from that Daily Mail report is that Cummings alleged that Mick the Dick was a governor at the girls school.

So with that in mind, ask yourself how many girls were still at school aged 17 back in the 1980's?

However, to be fair, that claim was later withdrawn by Cummings although that fact could also allude to Hancock's guilt since that is the only allegation Cummings withdrew.

Moreover, there is another damning allegation about the girl - *left out of the Daily Mail article* - which is clearly stated in the official court documentation:
The evidence also developed this point to further assert that the same girl became pregnant by Mr. Hancock as a consequence of which the child underwent an abortion.
Other comments are made to the effect that Mr. Hancock had undertaken numerous trips to Romania, described as a 'Child Sex Tourist' destination and had been seen in bed with children in Romania.
Reference is additionally made in the following terms: '…Hancock is corrupt, a friend of known criminals, has had numerous extra-marital

affairs

Neither does it end there.

You see, in summing up the Judge made mention of another story in regards to Hancock's paedophilia:

when told about this impending publication, Mr. Ciccarone was urging caution and delay because a much better, amplified and apparently more salacious story could be obtained about Mr. Hancock concerning yet another girl, this time of Chinese origin, who had apparently visited parliament and had been given a box of chocolates and a cuddly toy.

Hmmm!

Nevertheless, moving on to the last name on Page 2 - **Sir Max Hastings**.

Hastings is yet another journalist and editor rewarded by the Queer of England... And as I say, she does that a lot.
Predictably, he worked for the BBC. Course, in June 2019, Hastings described the Conservative Party leadership candidate **Boris Johnson** as "*unfit for national office*"... So he was right about one thing I suppose.
However, more damning is the fact that in 2012 Hastings wrote in the Financial Times about the "*hysteria*" surrounding paedophilia in Britain today:

The British like to think themselves a stolid people, but in truth they are prone to spasms of hysteria. One of these is currently taking place, and profoundly ugly it looks. The nation is convulsed about paedophilia. The proximate cause is a torrent of accusations of abuse of minors laid against the late television presenter Jimmy Savile. This, in turn, has triggered a wave of other charges, including claims of systemic molestation in north Wales care homes in the 1970s.

So, once again there you have a perfect example of gate-keeping to the nonces and as far as I am concerned, when it comes to the elites and their love of child sex abuse, that "*hysteria*" is well and truly justified.

Which brings us nicely to Page 3 of the report/list:

Ken Bulpitt. Corunna Main, Andover. Cleans offices and windows.

John Weston. Formerly **Mail Enforcer.** King Arthurs Way, Andover. Tel. 07810 5762[redacted] Drives Landrover, Reg. no. [redacted]347 F

Richard Attenborough. Baron. Life Peer. B.1923. Actor. Masses about him in Who's Who. He is said to be **High Priest** for this group. He has been mentioned by Pals many times. His brother David, famous for his wild life films, has never been mentioned as being involved, but I know from a reliable private source that David's daughter suffered very severely from eating disorders, especially Anorexia Nervosa. One wonders whether her uncle, Richard, involved her at some time.

Jean La Fontaine. (JLF). Emeritus Professor of Anthropology at LSE. 1991-94, conducted research, funded by DoH under **Virginia Bottomly** q.v. into 'The Extent and Nature of Organised and Ritual Abuse'. JLF is said to be **High Priestess or higher.** Attended Ted Heath's cult funeral ceremony on night of 31.07.05-01.08.05. Confirmed by Pals many times, that she has attended important ceremonies at Beaulieu and other places. She was first mentioned to me by Veronica H, (VH), in 1994, about the time her research was published in summary. VH's 10 yr old alter Scumbag referred to her as 'The Fountain Lady'. She said she was very cruel.

Max Bygraves. B.1922. Entertainer. Has flat in London and house in Bournemouth, overlooking beach. Used occasionally for meetings.

Michael Jayston, Actor.

The above names were known and given me by HG or alters. JLF, I already knew. Most of these were later confirmed by Pals. All the following were passed on to me by one of the Pals. The first ones by M. and occasionally J, mainly from 2004 – Dec. 2005, when S. first appeared. Later ones given mainly by him.

Jim Bulpitt. Brother of Ken. 2nd **Male Enforcer.** Lives near Andover.

Marji Laker. Said to be **Female Enforcer.**

Mark Davis. Likes to be known as **The Marquis. Computer code name 'de Sade'!** Position is **Keeper Master**. He has control of all the Keepers. Referred to by Pals as **KM.** Very arrogant man who formerly sent me scathing emails and text messages. I have since had more details about him from Pals. Age 56. Height 6'1". Dark hair, silver at sides. Blue eyes. Slim build. Wears signet ring with Castle on it, L.hand. 2 gold teeth. Wears smart clothes. Now lives in London. Works in Banking for **Hambro.** Still very prominent in group.

George Wise, known as **Gerry.** Another **Keeper.**

Carol Marsden, known as **Carrie.** Another **Female Enforcer.**

Mick Jones, known as **Johan.** Another **Male Enforcer.**

And the first name that we see is **Ken Bulpitt** who owns a large, very successful cleaning Company and whilst the report does not detail what part he plays in sexual child abuse, his brother Jim is listed further down the page as being an "**Enforcer**".

However, I cannot find any further information on **John Weston -** the 2nd name on the list... Although once again he is unimportant.
Third on the list is the very well known actor and director, **Richard Attenborough**. Now interestingly **Dr Sally Baker** intimates that Attenborough played a part in covering up the North Wales child sex abuse investigation and also points out that his father was the Head at Leicester University which "*was at the heart of a load of people concealing the activities of Lord Greville Janner, Frank Beck et al, who had close links to Dafydd and the gang in north Wales*".
Just sayin'.

And next up is **Jean La Fontaine** who according to Wikipedia:
Jean Sybil La Fontaine (born 1 November 1931) is a British anthropologist and emeritus professor of the London School of Economics.[1]She has done research in Africa and the UK, on topics including ritual, gender, child abuse, witchcraft and satanism. In 1994 she wrote a government report: The Extent and Nature of Organised and Ritual Abuse.

Well she would be wouldn't she? Nuff said.

We then have the much loved British singer **Max Bygraves -** although I can't say that I am surprised. The following is taken from the Daily Mail published in September 2012.

Max Bygraves belonged to another era. Not the abrasive megastardom of today's stand-up comics, though he earned millions from his mix of family singalongs and genial patter. And not the anarchic, surreal comedy of his contemporaries, who derided him as painfully old-fashioned.

Bygraves, who died on Friday at the age of 89, was the last link to Britain's Victorian music hall past. He even took his stage name from the variety world, calling himself after the comic Max Miller — he was born Walter,

or Wally.

In front of an audience, he exuded bonhomie with an edge of threat, that seemed to warn: 'You'd better like me if you know what's good for you.' But the hint of menace in his act was given full expression in his private life. Bullying, autocratic and cold, he had a string of illegitimate children who he refused to acknowledge and kept secret from his long-suffering wife, Blossom.

If his act was old-fashioned, his attitude to women was prehistoric — more than one visitor to his Bournemouth mansion mistook Blossom for a maidservant, while outside the home he was serially unfaithful.

'My outlook is that life is like a self-service restaurant,' he commented in his 70s. 'You have to help yourself. Sometimes when you see what the other fella has got, you want some of it, too.'

The women were drawn easily to him: 'In every Palladium show there were at least 16 Tiller girls, all pretty high-kickers with big . . . smiles.' He admitted that he had always been driven by sexual urges — even as a boy, he used to enjoy watching the girls in the schoolyard skipping, 'because you got to see everything bouncing around'.

Nevertheless, that said I cannot find anything to link Bygraves to paedophillia.

We then come to the actor **Michael Jayston** who was born in 1935. Course whether he is a nonce or not is hard to say since he is not well known enough to be newsworthy... And that also applies to the rest of the names on Page 3 so we will fast forward to Page 4:

Duke of Norfolk. Add. Arundel Castle, W. Sussex. b.1915, so may be dead now. He was 17th Duke. Arundel Castle and he were mentioned by the 1st and 3rd Satanist Ritual Abuse Survivors (SRAS) I worked with, Barbara S.(BS) and Veronica H. (VH). Sadly, both are now dead. His second daughter is now Lady Carina Frost. (Married David Frost 1983).

Sir David Frost. Mentioned as attending some ceremonies, not simply that he married into the Norfolk family.

Dr Katrina Prescott. [redacted] Wolverstone Drive, Brighton. BN1 [redacted].

Darren Jackson. Junkie. Killed by group. (No details).

Virginia Bottomley. Sec.of State for Health during early 1990s. She authorised Jean La Fontaine's research into Organised and Ritual Abuse and when the report came out she announced on BBC Radio 4, that she was 'delighted that the myth of ritual abuse had been exploded'. Was mentioned frequently by Veronica Hook, in considerable detail. Address in Who's Who given as House of Commons, but I believe she has a house in Godalming and she also has property on the Isle of Wight.

Ted Heath. Former Prime Minister. Homosexual but not exclusively, where children are concerned. He has been mentioned by at least 5 SRAS, none of whom know each other. Several have described long finger nails. Am told that he wore false claws added to his nails, with which he clawed his child victims. He died in 2005. The cult held their own funeral on 31st July-1st August 2005, qv.

Dr Robert Wells. Police Surgeon, Winchester and Southampton, convicted in June 2004 of raping and sexually assaulting young girls. Winchester Crown Court sentenced him to 15 years in jail.

Dr Shreyas Deepak Raj. [redacted] Blenheim Drive, Rustington, Littlehampton, W. Sussex. BN15 [redacted]. Is available to the group for treatment of any members who are excessively beaten etc. Also does experimental operations to practice his surgical skills. Some years ago, did bilateral mastectomy and tracheostomy on M. The latter went wrong and caused severe damage to her larynx, for which she had to have a surgical repair job in France. Voice still very husky last time I heard it.

David Queen. Formerly of Suffolk Rd, Andover. Killed by the group 2004. (No details).

Michael Winner. Actor, Writer and Director. Often on TV.

Lord (Peter) Goldsmith. Attorney General under Tony Blair's government. 9 Buckingham Gate, London SW1. This information came before he was so well known. At the time, I showed Helen a photo of him with all writing obscured. Immediately, she said 'That's Peter Goldsmith. I've seen him at Beaulieu and other places.'

John Hoddinott. Former Chief Constable, Hants.

Michael Barrimore. TV Personality and presenter.

Clive Johnston. Was Keeper-Master before Mark Davis.

Brian Farmer. Was forger on Isle of Wight (IoW).

Okay, first on Page 4 is the Duke of Norfolk AKA **Miles Fitzalan-Howard**.

He died in 2002 and I cannot find any scandal on him. However, I note that his daughter was married to the TV presenter **David Frost** whose name appears 2nd on the page... Not that I can find anything to link Frost with paedophilla either.

Next up is **Dr Katrina Prescott** who is an expert in Genetics (*transgenderism etc*) so she certainly has all the right credentials. She is now based in West Yorkshire.

And quite obviously there is no information to be found on the junkie, **Darren Jackson**. However, **Virginia Bottomley** is a different kettle of fish altogether.

You see, she was instrumental in covering up the Islington child abuse scandal - as was **Jeremy Corbyn**. In fact five Islington whistleblowers went to see Jeremy Corbyn in 1992 and told him about the abuse scandal. He said he would discuss this with Virginia Bottomley who was then Secretary of State for Health... Nothing ever came of it.

Moreover, going on the contents of Photo 11, Bottomley is clearly a gatekeeper too:

Friday June 3rd 1994

The myth of Satanic abuse

WARNING: Mrs Bottomley wants carers to take note

By PETER HOOLEY
Home Affairs Correspondent

THE MYTH of Satanic sex abuse of children was blown apart in an official report yesterday.

A Government inquiry said there is no evidence it ever existed.

And it blamed Christian zealots and self-styled experts for the scare.

Their theories caused untold misery for scores of children taken from their families in dawn raids by social workers.

But the three-year study found no evidence that youngsters have ever been preyed on by organised groups of devil worshippers.

There was nothing to back claims that youngsters were exposed to torture, sexual abuse, cannibalism, bestiality and forced abortion in black magic rituals.

Health Secretary Virginia Bottomley warned social workers and child care experts to take heed of the findings.

Scaremongers

She said the issue had been surrounded by "speculation and scaremongering" for years.

The findings by Jean La Fontaine, emeritus professor of anthropology at the London School of Economics, confirmed what police had long suspected.

There has not been one criminal prosecution for Satanic abuse. A Scotland Yard probe into the issue is thought likely to reach the same conclusion as the professor's.

Prof la Fontaine's report followed an examination of 84 cases of alleged Satanic abuse investigated by police and social workers in the late 1980s.

It said children were influenced into making false claims by grown-ups dominated by evangelical Christian extremists.

Over-anxious adults dealing with distressed children had come to the conclusion that Satanic abuse must be to blame, said Prof la Fontaine.

She accused specialists including therapists, psychiatric social workers and dedicated Christians of sharing a conviction that they were dealing with Satanic abuse.

"Of course, their status as specialists depends on that," she said. "So they are rather more keen perhaps to diagnose it than others." The report defines Satanism as "sexual and physical abuse of children as part of rites directed to a magical or religious objective".

> 'Zealots and self-styled experts are to blame'

No evidence was found of this in any of the cases reported in England and Wales between 1987 and 1991. Prof la Fontaine did not investigate the Orkneys cases.

She criticised interviews with children as poorly-conducted. The children's claims were "unreliable and misleading".

Reality

The professor suggested that claims of Satanism could actually obscure the reality of child abuse.

"People are reluctant to accept that parents, even those classed as social failures, will harm their own children and even invite others to do so," she said.

"But involvement with the Devil explains it."

Mrs Bottomley said: "Professor la Fontaine has exposed the myth of Satanic abuse. I hope the professionals will study the report in detail, in particular the definitions and the terms used when discussing ritual, Satanic or organised abuse, and learn lessons from it which they can apply to their future work with children."

But Valerie Sinason, a consultant child psychotherapist who has just published a study on treating victims of Satanic abuse, insisted it existed.

"Patients who are not psychotic, are not hysterical, are not schizophrenic are saying things that amount to Satanic abuse," she said.

Protected

Labour health spokesman David Blunkett welcomed the report but added: "It is crucial that we do not loose sight of the fact that many of the children involved had been sexually abused.

"Children must be protected from all sexual abuse. The fact that Satanic abuse was ruled out here must not undermine that imperative."

The notion of Satanic abuse was an American import brought to Britain in the 1970s by self-appointed experts who advised police and social workers how to spot it.

The Royal Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children said it accepted the report's criticism of interviewing techniques.

The society agreed with the report's general findings on Satanic abuse — and said it had never encountered any Satanism.

How the rumours spread

By PETER HOOLEY

THE myth of Satanic abuse in Britain has fed on itself since the first cases began to emerge in America in the early Eighties.

Self-appointed "experts" sent videos and books on the subject to child care agencies in Britain.

Special conferences of social workers and police followed to discuss Satanic abuse and how to spot it.

The Orkneys and Rochdale cases sparked publicity which produced ever-more bizarre cases. Some women even came forward claiming their babies had been sacrificed in Black Magic rituals.

The involvement of "devil worship" helped social workers accept that adults would harm their children and invite others to do so, the report says.

There was "an obsessional desire" among child protection workers to find out what happened, which obscured the real needs of the youngsters. And children were subjected to constant interviews, leading questions and inducements to agree to suggestions that an evil force was at work.

The NSPCC said last night that ritual abuse — as opposed to devil worship — did occur in a small number of cases where adults used rites to frighten, intimidate and control children.

There were three such substantiated cases in yesterday's report in which children told of adult abusers' mystical powers to keep them compliant and ensure their silence.

But unlike devil-worship, the rituals were not the main objective and therefore were not classed as Satanic abuse.

Moving on And the former Prime Mincer and predatory paedophile, **Edward Heath** needs no introduction.

However, for anyone not familiar with those Heath allegations, it has been claimed many times by more than a few, myself included, that the disgraceful paedophile ex Prime Mincer, either helped himself to little boys from the Haut de la Garenne boy's home or had them provided for him via Jimmy Savile.

Heath allegedly took his child victims out on his yacht, '**the Morning Cloud'** and many did not return.

The following extract is taken from the Daily Mirror published in August 2015:

Police were warned a child may have vanished from Ted Heath's yacht – but officers were ordered not to investigate, it has been claimed.
Linda Corby said she watched 11 boys aged six to 11 from Jersey's notorious Haut de la Garenne home board the former PM's yacht in the island's capital St Helier.
A few hours later she counted only 10 as they left the Tory leader's boat.

Describing what she saw in the early 1970s, Linda, 62, said: "I was with Jersey senator Ralph Vibert who has since died.
"He said he had been warned about children going on Heath's yacht, Morning Cloud, and some not coming back. We watched as a group of boys from the home got on. They were in shorts and T-shirts and looked as if they were on a day trip."

And that is from a mainstream newspaper!
Moreover, two years later the spy owned, Telegraph newspaper reported the following:

The police chief investigating allegations that Sir Edward Heath was a paedophile believes the accounts are "120 per cent genuine".

Wiltshire Police has been carrying out a large-scale investigation into

claims made about the late former prime minister and has identified more than 30 alleged victims.
A report, which is expected to be published in June, will allegedly detail how the claims are "totally convincing" and will vindicate Chief Constable Mike Veale's decision to persist with the £700,000 investigation.

Course - *quite predictably* - the investigation came to nothing but then again, with only a three quarter of a million Pound budget it is quite obvious that it was more of a damage limitation exercise.
Edward Heath was also apparently warned on more than one occasion by the then Metropolitan Police Commissioner, to stop '*cottaging*'. The following is once again taken from the Telegraph newspaper published in April 2007:

The former Tory prime minister, Sir Edward Heath, went "cottaging" for gay sex, it was claimed yesterday.
He stopped visiting the public lavatories after being warned that it could wreck his career. Brian Coleman, a Tory member of the London Assembly, who is gay, claimed that homosex-uals "ran" the Conservative Party in London.
Sir Edward, who died in 2005, never married but never admitted to being gay.
Mr Coleman, writing for the New Statesman magazine's online edition, was responding to a call by Peter Tatchell, the gay rights campaigner, to reveal "gay public figures". Mr Coleman said he disagreed that public life would be "healthier" if voters knew about gay MPs.
He said: "The late Ted Heath obtained the highest Office of State after he was supposedly advised to cease his cottaging activities in the 1950s."...

It should also be noted that Heath was allegedly blackmailed over his noncing and forced to take us into the Common Market (EU) under very unfavorable terms.

Moving on and we have the former police surgeon, **Dr Robert Wells** who really adds credibility to the list.

You see, as the report clearly states, he was jailed for 15 years in 2004 for child rape. The following is taken from the Telegraph and published in 2004:

A police surgeon who filmed himself raping and abusing young girls he had drugged was jailed yesterday for 15 years.
Robert Wells, 52, drugged two sisters aged five and 11, abusing the older girl. He twice raped another 11-year-old girl and indecently assaulted her. Police said yesterday that they feared that Wells could have abused many more young girls. Experts have failed to crack codes on his computer on which they suspect he may have stored evidence of oth
er assaults.
However, it appears that Wells was jailed for a further 7 years just as his 2004 sentence was coming to an end. The following is taken from Wales Online published in April 2017:

A doctor once regarded as "an upstanding pillar of the community" told parents to wait outside his consulting room while he sexually abused their children.

Robert Wells, 65, who is already serving a jail sentence, admitted four counts of indecent assault relating to his time as a general practitioner at Caerleon Surgery in the 1980s.
Speaking at Cardiff Crown Court, prosecutor Matthew Roberts said: "It is hard to imagine a more serious and grotesque breach of trust."

The court heard Wells was a registered medical practitioner at the time, but has since been stripped of that title by the General Medical Council.

Prosecutors said the offences related to three girls, who were all patients of Wells at the time...

Now, can you spot the Elephant in the room there? I mean, if Wells received a 15 yr sentence in 2004 he should have been released by 2014 at the latest, yet he was still in prison when he received the further 7 years in 2017... Very strange.

Mind you, Wells is not a member of the filthy rich and as such, appears to have been thrown to the dogs.

As for **Dr Shreyas Deepak Raj**, well there is an eminent eye surgeon who resides in Manchester with the very same name although I have no idea if he is the same person as the one mentioned in the report... However,

Dr Shreyas Deepak Raj is not a common name and title.
David Queen, the dead junkie is of no real importance which brings us to the film director, the now deceased **Michael Winner** - someone who I suspected as being a nonce a very long time ago.
Course, whilst there is no proof that Winner was a nonce, he was without doubt a perverted abuser of women... The following is taken from the Independent newspaper first published in October 2017:
In the wake of the Harvey Weinstein scandal, three women have come forward with claims director Michael Winner demanded to see their breasts.

Debbie Arnold (best known for playing April Branning on Eastenders), Cindy Marshall-Day, and another unnamed actress made the claims.

Speaking to the Sunday People, Arnold said Winner made the demands while she was auditioning for a role at his house.
"He asked me to take off my top, then my bra and told me to massage my breasts," she told the publication.

Moving on to **Lord Peter Goldsmith** and I better be careful what I say here since he is a top litigation lawyer.

Goldsmith is related to the now deceased billionaire, **James Goldsmith** whose family is closely related to the Rothschild's and were instrumental in the Princess Diana deception.
And once again, whilst there is no evidence to suggest that Goldsmith is a nonce, like the rest of the filthy rich, he couldn't stay faithful if his life depended on it.

The following is taken from the Daily Mail:

The Government was hit by a second legal marital scandal last night after it was revealed that Attorney General Lord Goldsmith had an affair with

Britain's leading Asian woman barrister.
Cabinet Minister Lord Goldsmith, who is in charge of prosecutions and is Tony Blair's senior legal adviser, confirmed that he had an extra-marital affair with attractive Anglo-Indian lawyer Kim Hollis.

Mind you, it is worth noting that Goldsmith is very close to the former British Prime Mincer, **Tony Blair** who has himself been accused of being a nonce.

Blair, reportedly a 33rd degree Freemason who displays the characteristics of a psychopath was convicted in May 2012 - *along with his pal George W Bush* - of war crimes at the Kuala Lumpur War crimes tribunal.
George W Bush's father, former US President **George H Bush** has of course long been accused of being a serial paedophile. However, it would seem that Bush senior's son shares his father's sick liking for children. Moreover, Bush Junior's fellow war criminal Tony Blair does too. The following is taken from an article that appeared on the Tap Blog website:

The Tap Blog received a number of bulletins from ex-spy Gordon Logan over the last year. None of these were more memorable than his exposure of Tony Blair using a male prostitute at The White House, a prostitute named Jeff Guckert, George Bush's personal favourite, who he lent to Blair. Guckert bragged about it afterwards online, and the story spilled out. It was Gordon Logan who ensured that the story spilled out further at higher levels.

The Tap Blog elaborates further by saying that **Jeff Guckert** is one of the pseudonyms used for **Johnny Gosch** who was kidnapped by paedophiles for prostitution purposes, at the age of just twelve... It's a very exclusive club don't cha know.

And that only really leaves the disgraced comedian **Michael Barrymore** worthy of comment from Page 4. Barrymore, as you all probably know lost everything after 31 year old **Stuart Lubbock** was found floating dead with severe anal injuries in the entertainers swimming pool at his luxury mansion in Essex.

Barrymore then inexplicably fled the scene but was never charged with

murder/manslaughter following the botched investigation by Essex police.

Course, if you are a regular reader of my website you will know that Essex police are rotten to the core.

Nevertheless, moving on to Page 5:

Charlotte Beasley. Aged 14. Made pregnant by cult. Baby removed for sacrifice, by Caesarean Section without anaesthetic. Despite Raj's efforts to save her, she died.

Jason McAtteer. Junkie and Enforcer. Killed by cult with overdose of drugs.

Barry ?. Messenger. Drove silver hatchback Peugeot, **Reg No. CG52SFJ.**

Charles Clarke MP. Former Labour Education Secretary, later Home Secretary. **Master.** His name has been mentioned by another RAINS member who has no connections with Helen. She told me that her client was abused frequently by him and also taken abroad for further abuse.

Philip Thomson. Drove Volvo silver estate car, possible **Reg No. E769FOM.**

Charlotte Jainee. Age 10. Sold to KM (Mark Davis) for £400.

Peter de Savary. International Entrepreneur. Add. Skibo Castle, Dornoch, Sutherland, Scotland. Also has property in the South.

Ray Aldridge-Morris. Psychologist. Wrote many sceptical papers on SRA.

Lord McAlpine. Present Baron's father, also called Robert, was mentioned by BS in late 80s.

Alvin Stardust. 1970s Pop singer. He was mentioned by BS in 1986, but she always felt that he was more into homosexual paedophilia than cult stuff.

Dr Bill Thompson. Lecturer in Criminology, Reading University. On Advisory Board of British False Memory Society and has been an expert witness for the defence in many cases where accusations of child sexual abuse (CSA). In 2004, police raided his home and found many images of child pornography on his computer. He claimed they were all there because of his court work. He was suspended from his employment, but later reinstated, I think. Private Eye was hot in his defence. He has written many sceptical and scathing articles about SRA, also broadcasts. He was mentioned as a definite cult member, both by BS and VH as well as Pals. In 1994, I had a confrontation with him on The World at One, BBC Radio 4, just after JLF's report came out.

Michael Portillo. Politician.

Rod Matthews. Was very high in cult, being a **Commander.** In 2004, he had some dispute and decided to give evidence to the police. He was forced to attend a cult trial, was found guilty and **killed by them at Halloween, 31.10.2004.**

David Richardson. New **Male Enforcer (ME)** Jan.2005. Both from Winchester.
Di Williams. New **Female Enforcer (FE)** Jan 2005.
Both these two were considered not to have fulfilled their duties. Later learned that they had been tried by the cult and punished. **Both killed in Ceremony 17.3.06.**

The following names given at same time in Jan. 05. All are said to be **Watchers.**

Stevie Peters.
Tom Reynolds.
Paul James.
Ian Cunliffe.

Now, although there are some very disturbing allegations made on Page 5, the majority of the names mentioned do not belong to the filthy rich and as such I am just going to concentrate on those that do - or did.

And two of the names that jump out straight away are Lord McAlpine - *now deceased* - and the ex MP, **Michael Portillo**.
However, in the case of Lord McAlpine, I do not think that the report is talking about the most notorious member of the Satanic family, namely Lord Alistair McAlpine.

Nevertheless, the family is one of the most evil to reside in this country. Indeed, in 2012 the infamous self-styled lawyer, **Giovanni De Stefano** wrote the following about Alistair McAlpine:

Lord McAlpine (Former treasurer of the conservative party)
He is known to the police in the UK and abroad, for sexually abusing young boys, including using a coffin to put the boy in, then they simulate burying him by sprinkling gravel on the top of the coffin, the child is screaming with terror and will do whatever he is told due to being so scared of being put in the coffin again. This person is alleged to have murdered at least 2 boys and buried their bodies on his estate. I got this information from a police officer who was involved in investigating McAlpine, and he is certain that he has committed murder several times, but he is too well protected to get him.
He has been named time and time again in N. Wales Enquiry into child abuse, yet he still enjoys total freedom to abuse and kill young children (yes, that's right, kill children).

His sordid past is so depraved it beggar's belief. There is a video tape hidden at the moment which shows him with two other child sexual abusers, torturing and raping young boys. The film was made in Wales. A very well-known investigative programme was loaned a copy in order that the story could be revealed and the children could finally get some justice and some peace. What a pity the company decided not to run the story, even though one of the women who watched it admitted to having to leave the room to be sick after only a couple of minutes.

There is a lot more to the abuse side of this case, but as I am still investigating this I cannot reveal any more at this time. However, I would like to know what happened to almost 20 million pounds of Conservative Party funds which I understand are still in an offshore account controlled by him and former Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher. I would also like to ask the former Prime Minister why she stood up for McAlpine when information was passed to her by the Security Services in relation to McAlpine, and it was only after a large amount of pressure was put on her that she removed him from his post before information leaked out.

Now given how well known De Stefano is it is inconceivable that McAlpine was unaware of the comments yet he never sued... Unlike he did when the TV program '*Newsnight*' was set to name him as a child abuser.

And indeed, although the program never did, in the end the nonce still received substantial compensation from the BBC - as he also did from ITV who also never named him as a nonce, so go figure.

Moreover, De Stefano also said the following about Micharl Portillo:

Michael Portillo (former MP Kensington & Chelsea)
Portillo is well known within the conservative party, as are others for his perverse abuse of children. He also likes adults now and again, particularly his friend and fellow MP Peter Lilley. He was giving Portilo a good time in the DTI building on the day of the 92 election, he was on his knees, (I'm sure I don't have to paint a picture for you). He also likes Morocco Del sol, where he delights in having young boys for sexual abuse. He used to go to the same hotel and on one visit, he left top secret documents behind in connection with the UK's defence systems, was it an accident, or was he being blackmailed? He also goes to the Isle of White regularly with Lilley and other friends where they have access to children. He is disgusting and I want him in prison where he belongs.

And tellingly, Portillo never sued either.

As for **Peter de Savary**, well he was filthy rich even back in the 1980's when I was working for the groundwork contractor who put in the footings for the

luxury three story houses de Savary was having built along Canvey seafront.

Needless to say, I never met him and as to the question as to whether or not he is a Satanic paedophile, I haven't got a scooby-fucking-do.

The same holds for the late singer **Alvin Stardust** who allegedly died in 2014. The following is taken from the Daily Mail:

Alvin Stardust was the crown prince of comebacks. He found fame as a Sixties teenybopper, in the Seventies with glam rock, and as a post-punk rocker in the Eighties — before launching a successful West End career. He was planning another musical renaissance right up to his death yesterday aged 72, from prostate cancer.
His first studio album in 30 years, simply called Alvin, is due for release next week. He was still performing on stage last weekend, belting out his beloved Fifties rock standards, as well as his roster of Top Ten hits. Source

Funny how these pop stars manage to release albums immediately before they kick the bucket don't cha think - David Bowie, John Lennon & Johnny Cash are three others who immediately spring to mind.

However, I did in fact think it rather strange that theDaily Mail went on to say:

But it is as a strutting, smouldering monster of glam rock — half-cowboy, half-vampire — that he will be best remembered

I mean I certainly never associated him with being a "*Vampire*"! Although we do know that a lot of the elitist wrong-uns do like to drink blood, don't we?

Mind you, curiously enough according to *The Tap blog*, former Radio 1 DJ Tony Blackburn claims that his colleague, Simon Dee, was axed by the BBC for refusing to interview the notorious paedophile pop star, Gary Glitter.

However, Blackburn's claim was refuted by, Paul Hollingdale, a Deputy Programme Controller who stated:

Simon Dee was offered a mid-morning slot on Radio 210 in Reading. He left the station after refusing to interview ALVIN STARDUST not GARY GLITTER.

Hmmm, I wonder why that was then?

And that just leaves the only other notable on Page 5 of the report, namely the former MP Charles Clarke, who according to Wikipedia:
Charles Rodway Clarke (born 21 September 1950) is an English Labour Party politician, who was the Member of Parliament (MP) for Norwich South from 1997 until 2010, and served as Home Secretary from December 2004 until May 2006.

Clarke was the Homo Secretary in the Blair Cabinet and as we have already seen, good old Tony has in the past been publicly accused of being a nonce. Moreover, I once wrote an article - *with documented evidence* - that alluded to Blair's daughter attempting suicide because she had been sexually abused.

There are also many claims on the internet that like Edward Heath, Blair was caught cottaging in a men's public toilet... However unlike Heath, Blair was allegedly prosecuted:
While researching Blair's early Parliamentary career, The Slog (or Not Born Yesterday as it then was) received the following email content:

'In the autumn of 1983, a young well-dressed man presented himself to Bow St Magistrates' Court on a morals charge. He was given a conditional discharge and bound over to keep the peace. The young man gave his name as Charles Lynton. He is now among the highest in the land.'

Blair's middle names are Charles and Lynton. I have asked for the records of the period (the Court no longer exists) but failed to trace any mention there of the 'case' - if indeed it ever existed. Although I found the general attitude of information suppliers to be obstructive, there wasn't any strong feeling of hiding stuff; frankly, I'd be amazed anyway if something incriminating about Tony Blair hadn't been removed by now. Another source wrote to us as follows:

'He was caught importuning in a Westminster toilet. It was all covered up.'

Two things are, however, relevant. Gossip did abound about Blair's sexuality during his time in the rock band Ugly Rumours at Oxford. And while nobody has ever stood them up, it is widely accepted that Derry Irvine (Blair's boss in Chambers) regularly referred to him as "the star closest to Uranus"... Source

Right, let's move on to Page 6:

Brian? ... Messenger.

Bertram Hodinkson. He is a **Mason** and member of The **Grand Order of Water Rats.** He is important in cult. **Commander.**

Dr Tony Baker. Child & Adolescent Psychiatrist, Haslemere/Woking. (Apparently belongs to another group but is known to our informants because he is prepared to help groups nationwide). I have had a number of encounters with him. Back in 1989, when I was working with BS, my first SRA survivor, Guildford CID called him in for second opinion. His conclusion was that I had invented the entire story and suggested it all to her, causing her to believe all the elaborate detail she had given us. This finished the police investigation on that case. He later caused considerable damage to a family in LASA, which resulted in both the children being taken away from the entirely innocent mother. Both returned to her voluntarily as soon as they were old enough. He was also involved in the Broxtowe Case 1987, before it was known to be SRA rather than only CSA.

Ruth Kelly. MP. Education Secretary. Later, Transport Secretary. Member of Opus Dei. She is frequently in press re dilemma about IVF etc being acceptable to RCs. Also re lowering the foetal age of permissible abortion. Attended Ted Heath's Cult Funeral. q.v.

David Whiting-Johns. Commander.

Ricky West. To be punished soon.
Georgina Mitchell. " " " " " "

Lord Caernarvon. Owner of Highclere Castle, Nr. Newbury.

William Chambers. Solicitor. Helps cult for cash. May not be cult member or need to attend ceremonies.

John Rose. London. Is called 'Your Lordship' by group.

Margaret Kenwood. Winchester. Junkie. Recruits runaway kids.

Stuart Campbell. Portsmouth. Sentenced to 5 years in jail for burglary.

Sir Edward Hulse. Owner of **Braemer House**, few miles south of Salisbury. (See Places).

Rt. Rev. Crispian Hollis, RC Bishop of Portsmouth. (Referred to by group in text to me on day of Pope John Paul's funeral, as being 'so good to us'). He has also been mentioned by a male survivor with whom another RAINS member is working. This young man lived in Portsmouth and he said that Crispian Hollis organised the group he was abused by.

Cardinal Cormack Murphy O'Connor. Head of RC Church in Britain. (Mentioned in same text by group). Years ago, when he was Bishop of Arundel and Brighton, I met him and tried to talk to him about SRA. He was very dismissive. Was responsible for moving several RC Priests to other Dioceses when there were allegations of Child Abuse, including one whom he transferred to London Airport, who was later convicted and imprisoned. Has been mentioned by other unconnected survivors.

And I think that I can scoot through this page fairly quick. However, I feel

that I should point out that **Dr Tony Baker** fell under the watchful eye of Cathy Fox who writes about child abusers.

Cathy wrote the following about Baker:
Dr Anthony Baker has been brought to my attention. I am told he has complaints against him of false diagnoses and sexual abuse including child sexual abuse.
Baker no longer has a licence to practice as a GP, but he still has a specialist licence to practise child and adolescent psychiatry from the General Medical Council from 29 April 2015. General Medical Council Doctors Register

We then have the former **MP Ruth Kelly** who was also a member of the nonce infested Blair Cabinet and it is worth noting that her department allowed convicted sex offenders to work in schools.
The following is from the Telegraph newspaper:

Ruth Kelly's elevation to Education Secretary at 36 made her the youngest ever woman cabinet minister and cemented her position as one of the cleverest and most ambitious members of the government.

But in fact the appointment in 2004 by Tony Blair proved to be too clever by half. Miss Kelly was overwhelmed by one of the most demanding, high profile, ministerial jobs and was demoted to the Communities and Local Government portfolio after only 16 months.

It was a tumultuous period in which she became embroiled in a damaging row over school dinners with Jamie Oliver. Then it emerged that her department had allowed convicted paedophiles, who were on the sex offenders' register, to work in schools. Downing Street was forced to issue a statement denying that Miss Kelly was to be replaced.

Moving on and as far as **Lord Carnavon** goes it is a bit hard to say which one the report is talking about. However, given the year that it was compiled the report could be referring to **Henry George Reginald Molyneux Herbert, 7th Earl of Carnarvon** - *AKA Lord Porchester* - although as you will see a "Lord Porchester" does appear on Page 7.

Nevertheless, this is very interesting since Porchester is the fella who is supposedly the real father of the paedophile, Prince Andrew.
Indeed, Prince Andrew's parentage was called into question shortly after his birth and the murmurings have gained momentum ever since by sly digs in the media such as this one from the Telegraph:

"***There are those who persist in believing that Prince Andrew's natural father was the Queen's racing manager, Henry Porchester, "Porchey", 7th Earl of Carnarvon, suggesting the conception occurred at some point between 20 January and 30 April 1959 when Philip was away on another of his long sea voyages in the Britannia".***

Moreover, in 1993, The New York Times Magazine exposed the Queen's penchant for sleeping with her underlings in an article quoting the columnist **Nigel Dempster** telling the author **Christopher Hitchens** to, '*Get hold of a picture of Prince Andrew and then one of Lord Porchester at the same age. You'll see that Prince Philip could never have been Andy's father*'.

Tellingly, The Queen did not dare challenge the article. She did however use the taxpayers money to increase the budget for the Buckingham Palace Press Office – the outfit set up decades ago to buy the silence of media owners and editors.

Likewise,Prince Edward - *the Queer of England's youngest child* - is reportedly the son of Baron Plunket.

And that just about concludes Page 6 except to give the two clergymen mentioned at the bottom a quick mention... After all, we all know that the top clergy are all involved in kiddie fiddling... Just sayin'.

Which takes us to Page 7:

Terry Grange. Ch.Const. Dyfed-Powys. On fringe. Helps groups. In Jan.2005, I was asked by Lee Moore to write to him in his capacity as holder of Violent Crimes Portfolio for ACPO, supporting her request for a national Police Unit to be set up, to deal with the subject of Ritual Crime and Abuse. She received a scathing reply, of which I was sent a copy, stating that there is no evidence, past or present, that SRA is a reality. He referred to JLF's research and maintained that there were 'myths' in the early 90's resulting in children being taken into care, but as soon as the allegations were dismissed, the children were returned home. He himself has now been discredited. On May 6th 2008, IPCC upheld 4 allegations made by his former mistress regarding misuse of police funds and computer. He subsequently requested retirement, which the authority accepted.

Philip Maston. Became **new ME** 21.5.05. Height 5'10". Stocky build.

Howard Locke. Inquisitor. From Bromley. Thin, 5'4", dark hair.

Barbara North. Hospital Administrator. Lives in Andover. Gives information. On fringe.

Phil Compton. Driver for group. Drives silver estate car.

Lord Porchester. Son of Lord Caernarvon. Newbury.

Ann Mahony. Wales. In national news. **Kept dead babies in her attic.**

John Morriston. High Commander. London. **Very important in group.**

Kathleen Taylor. Group member who took part in TV film **Exorcism - 24.02.05.**
Guy Claxton. " " " " " " " "
Evan Lewis. " " " " " " " "

Marquis of Blandford. ?Blenheim Palace. Junkie.

Paul Boeteng. MP. He has been mentioned by other survivors.

Greg Brant. Age 23 (Would now be 25-6). Minder.

Henry Marshall. Dorchester, Dorset. MASTER. Very important in group. Has scar on R. shoulder.

Lord Moyne. Biddeston House, nr Andover. Connections with **Guinness** family.

Marquis of Bath. Longleat, Warminster. Mentioned also by BS in late 80s early 90s. She claimed ceremonies held there and has seen bodies buried in grounds.

Luke Killick. Soton.

From 11th June 2005 onwards, I have included on the list, the date the person was first mentioned.

Giles Harrington. 11.06.05. Hypnotist.

Alan Williams. 14.06.05. **New Commander.** Known as **Judge.**

And the first name of importance on Page 7 is the now deceased former Chief Cuntstable, **Terry Grange**.

Course, that won't be a surprise to most reading this because we all know that our top cops are all high up in the Freemasons - who at that level ALL worship Satan... And of course the two go hand in hand with paedophilia. Nevertheless, while there is no evidence that Grange was a nonce, the following taken from the Telegraph in September 2008 would suggest that he is at the very least a nonce protector:

Police have been ordered to reconsider a case where a judge was accused of sexually abusing children, one as young as 18-months, after claims that they failed to properly investigate because he was a friend of the chief constable.
The judge's ex-wife claimed she personally witnessed him naked with young girls and had seen him download child pornography. She also claimed that he had passed on a sexual infection to a child and that he had brought home court transcripts of sex trials for his sexual gratification.
The judge, who is only known as Judge X for legal reasons, has denied all allegations and claimed his ex-wife was trying to get back at him over their divorce.

She has also claimed that the judge beat her up and lied on a mortgage application.

The woman, who also cannot be named for legal reasons, made the allegations in June 2006 to Dyfed Powys police who investigated and rejected the claims.

She then claimed that the investigation had been inadequate and was biased because Judge X was a friend of the force's then chief constable Terry Grange, an allegation that Mr Grange, who has since retired on an unrelated matter, has denied.
Moreover, Grange was most definitely on the fiddle - A crooked Chief Constable, imagine that!

The following is taken from the Guardian newspaper and published in May

2008:

A chief constable used his force credit card to wine and dine a woman he was having an affair with and sent her emails containing "inappropriate comments and sexual innuendo" from his office computer, it emerged yesterday.
Terry Grange shared hotel rooms with the woman paid for by the police and missed at least one important meeting to spend time with her, a report from the Independent Police Complaints Commission (IPCC) revealed.

And once again, all of the above goes on to add even more credibility to this report/list.

We can then skip the next few names since they are not members of the filthy rich until we come to **Lord Porchester**.
Now, I have already mentioned Porchy whilst discussing Page 6 but once again it is difficult to know which Lord the list is referring to... Nevertheless, and suffice to say Satanic child abuse is passed from generation to generation where the aristocracy are concerned.
Next on the list worthy of mention in order to add further credibility to the list is **Ann Mahoney.**

You see, in October 2005 the BBC reported the following:
Ann Mahoney was considered a pillar of the community on Merthyr Tydfil's Gurnos estate.
A mother-of-two and a grandmother, she was known more than anything for her work with children, helping with three youth football teams and becoming a school governor of an infant school.

In 2002 the retired nurse was even voted citizen of the year by the local police crime prevention panel for helping improve quality of life in one of the most deprived parts of Wales.
But she lived with a terrible secret for more than 40 years.
While she had two children, no-one suspected she had also given birth to three stillborn babies, and then hidden their bodies.

Sick Bitch!

Which brings us to the Marquis of Blandford AKA **James Spencer-Churchill**... A very, very suspect family line.

Nevertheless, according to Wikipedia:
Charles James Spencer-Churchill, 12th Duke of Marlborough (born 24 November 1955), styled Earl of Sunderland until March 1972 and Marquess of Blandford until October 2014, and often known as Jamie Blandford or Jamie Marlborough, is an English peer and the current Duke of Marlborough.
He is the eldest surviving son of the 11th Duke of Marlborough and his first wife, Susan Mary Hornby. As a member of the Spencer family, he is a distant relative of the war-time Conservative Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill. He is also a stepbrother of Christina Onassis by the second marriage of his father with Athina Livanos.

Now, Jimmy Churchill is a former junkie whose son hit the headlines for all the wrong reasons in December 2018:

Frisky guests at one of this year's biggest society weddings got a bit carried away on a cricket pitch, the bride has revealed.
Camilla Thorpe became the Marchioness of Blandford when she married George Spencer-Churchill, the Marquess of Blandford, at St Mary Magdalene Church in Woodstock in September.
Now she has revealed some details of the big bash, among them implying that an unnamed couple enjoyed some adult behaviour during a raucous party that followed.
The party at Blenheim Palace, in Oxfordshire, also saw the bride and groom crowd surf and one guest strip off on stage.
Speaking to Tatler magazine, Camilla, 31, said: "One couple 'enjoyed' the cricket pitch, which was played on the next day by the unsuspecting local team." Source: The Mirror

But like I say, it runs in the family... Just ask Prick Charles and Princess Andrew.

Next up is the former MP **Paul Boateng** who predictably is now a Lord...

And just as predictably, Boateng is as corrupt as they come and can be linked to many a scandal.

In fact his latest bit of skulduggery (photo 12) was unearthed just last year:

PORTUGAL, ANGOLA

UK Lord paid by offshore linked to Angolan Bank Scandal

Former cabinet minister Paul Boateng accepted fees from an offshore shell used by Angolan banker Alvaro Sobrinho, suspected of embezzlement, fraud and money laundering

By Craig Shaw, Micael Pereira (Expresso)

26 March 2018

And of course that is far from the first time that he has been exposed as a criminal. I mean in December 2000, Boateng was implicated in an Asian slave labour scandal. The following is from the Guardian newspaper:
Documents seen by this newspaper show how Home Office Minister Paul Boateng regularly intervened to help directors of the company building the London temple to overcome Foreign Office objections and obtain visas to bring workers from India to the UK. This firm, Shrico, has been paying its employees 'slave labour' rates of as little as 30p an hour - £3.40 less than the national minimum wage - and has been investigated by a number of government departments, including the Home Office.
Boatteng was of course a Minister in Tony Blair's nonce infested government and as such it can be no surprise that he is linked to paedophilia via the Lambeth care home scandal… See photo 13.

PAUL BOATENG – LAMBETH PAEDOPHILE "JOHN CARROLL WOULD REGULARLY TALK ABOUT HIM [PAUL BOATENG] BEING ABLE TO OPEN DOORS FOR HIM."

JUNE 18, 2016 ANON

Now in that photo we also see the highly suspect **Uri Geller** and the nonce **Michael Jackson**... Birds of a feather and all that jazz.
Hmmm!

And like I keep saying; it runs in the family. You see, in 2011 Boateng's son was jailed for a serious sex assault on a 23 year old woman having been cleared in court the year before of double rape... This from the Daily Mail:
In a damning testimony that shames her swaggering attacker, Benjamin Boateng's sex assault victim recounts her ordeal, and her battle for justice against the son of political royalty.
The words were cruel and unequivocal. 'What,' asked a female member of

Benjamin Boateng's family 'was he doing with trash?'
The 'trash' she was referring to was 23-year-old Clare Walker, the victim of a serious sexual assault by Benjamin, the son of Lord Boateng, Britain's first black Cabinet Minister and a senior member of the New Labour establishment.
They were spoken in the public gallery at Kingston Crown Court – where the 27-year-old was in the dock – and were intended to be heard by Clare's mother and aunt, who were watching proceedings.

They illuminate a sense of 'droit de seigneur' which characterised Boateng's attack on the lithe blonde dancer, and the colossal misjudgment he made in believing his pedigree would protect him from its life-changing consequences.
Last month the party-loving playboy was jailed for three years and ten months.

The jury that found him guilty in a ten-two majority verdict was not told that he had previously been cleared of the accusation of the double rape of a teenager in South Africa in 2006 when his father was British High Commissioner in the country.

The cunt should have got life.

Moving on and we get to the Marquis of Bath, aka **Alexander George Thynn,** aka the Loins of Longleat.

Thynn is a former member of the notorious posh-knob, Bullingdon Boys club and is the personification of a dirty old man since he is best known for his harem of young sluts that he kept at his home in Longleat... Kinda like England's answer to Hugh Heffner.

And the final name of interest on Page 7 is Lord Moyne AKA **Brian Guinness** - a member of the Satanic Guinness family.

Guinness was married to the old slapper, **Diane Mitford** until she upped and left him in 1933 for **Oswald Mosely**, the leader of the British Union of Fascists.

And that takes us to Page 8 of the list:

David Hunt. 23.06.05. Known as **Merlin.**

Noel Jadeson. 07.07.05. Minder.

Lucas Bentley. 11.07.05. East Ham.

George Spanner. 13.07.05. Biker, followed HG & me to a pub The Weyhill Fayre, near Andover, for lunch. Took great interest in us. Watcher. AKA 'Brother'.

Josephine Mulji. 15.07.05. Member of Guinness Family. **Biddeston House, Nr Andover.**

Stephanie Wiseman. 26.07.05. Junkie. Used to produce babies for sacrifice or abuse.

Julian Kent. 31.07.05. Priest, London.

Chia Mekali. 02.08.05. London. **Commander.**

Patrice Chambres. 04.08.05. French. Works as Surveyor and Interior Designer. **Overseer.** Pals refer to him frequently, as **FROG**.In London much of the time. Appears to be v important in group.

Carl Merrington. 06.08. 05. Age 36 (then). Attended Ted Heath's cult funeral. (See later).

Nick Fuller. 06.08.05. Age 29 " " " " " " "

Josh Robbins. 06.08.05. Age 49. From Shirley, Soton. " " " " "

James Goodliffe. 06.08.05. Works in M.O.D. " " " " "

Nigel Traylen. 06.08.05. Owns bookshop on I.O.W. called **Ventnor Rare Books**. Have heard of him many times from BS, who died1993. Very friendly with her husband, Ian Stedman. Is allegedly HP of group on Isle of Wight. I have met him twice. 1st time was in about 1990, when he and his father Charles (also in cult) ran a bookshop in Guildford. Charles is now dead. Second meeting with Nigel was when he came to my house with Ian Stedman in about 2004 and bought some old books from me. The only outstanding thing about him was his terrible halitosis. Mentioned by Pals, several times. Attended Ted Heath's Cult funeral. q.v.

The following people allegedly attended Ted Heath's Cult Funeral Ceremony in Salisbury. Held on night of 31.07-01.08.05. (Info received 06.08.05)

Virginia Bottomly
Jean La Fontaine
Lord Montague
Lord Moyne (Guinness family)
Ruth Kelly (Education Minister)
Charles Clarke (Home Secretary)
James Goodliffe (MOD)
Carl Merrington
Nick Fuller
Josh Robbins
Nigel Traylen, (See above).

And the only member of the filthy rich on that page who I haven't already mentioned is **JOSEPHINE MULJI -** another member of the Satanic Guinness family.

Therefore, we will fast forward to Page 9:

David Brindle. 16.08.05. Writes for **Guardian.**

Hugh Muir. 16.08.05. Writes for **Telegraph.**

Graeme Mostin. 20.08.05. From London.

Dr John Bancroft. 02.09.05. Rtd. Psychiatrist. Psychosexual Disorders. Oxford.

Hugh Freeman. 14.09.05. Former Editor of British Journal of Psychiatry.

Father Des Connolly. 16.09.05. St John the Baptist Church, Andover.

Father Michael O'Kelly. 16.09.05.

Tina & Richard Sullivan. 03.11.05. Worcs. Featured on **Crimewatch. 02.11.05** (Witness Protection 2104)

Brian Duke. 04.11.05. Teacher

Haken Dacar. 18.11.05. (Greek). **Overseer. Into Sado-masochism.**

Stefan ?. 18.11.05.

Mary Anne Wootten. 19.11.05. SW Andover. On fringe.

Martin Covington. 19.11.05. SW Andover.

Johan Heilt. 3.12.05. German/Dutch 'Teacher', from Brussels. EU Connections.

S W. 16.12.05. Later referred to by H and me as PAL. He first appeared at the time HG was badly assaulted and taken to Winchester Hosp. M said he was new **Minder.** Came from London. Has family in N. Ireland and Co. Sligo, Eire. Controlled by group because addicted to Heroin. Later, the girls helped him to get off it. Has no allegiance to the cult and has been a tremendous help to us, not only in giving names and places, but also warning us of impending visits and when there are special dangers. Still in his 20s I think.

New cult members: 11.01.06.

Simon Walters.
Mike Hopgood.
Patricia Jones.
Ann Stockton.
Brian Mason.
Collette Hollis.
Andrew Collins.
Jeanette Griffin.

Linda & John ? Rochdale Parents. Shown on film proclaiming their innocence. The following also came into the film. All names given to me on 12.01.06.

And straight away on this page we see three journalist - one of whom was the former Editor of the British Journal of Psychiatry... In other words an expert in mind games.

Now as I earlier explained, journalists - *especially at senior level* - help form the guard to la-la nonce land as do social workers and doctors.
Therefore, it can be no surprise that we also have two doctors mentioned on Page 9 one of whom was an expert on Psychosexual Disorders... The transgender agenda then!

Furthermore, we have two members of the clergy. Indeed, the clergy tend to kiddie-fiddle for fun rather than Satanic Ritual Abuse and we see that in the case of **Father Michael O'Kelly**, who was jailed in 2002 for possessing child porn:

ENGLAND'S Catholic leaders cannot expel Father Michael O'Kelly from the priesthood over his child porn shame because his jail sentence is too short.
O'Kelly - jailed on Monday after he was caught with thousands of perverted sex pictures of children - will never work as a priest again, they pledged yesterday. But their hands are tied over removing him.

If he had been handed a 12-month jail sentence instead of the nine he received at Reading Crown Court, the Diocese of Portsmouth would have started the expulsion - or laicisation - process under the guidelines in the Nolan Report, Bishop Crispian Hollis said... Source

As for the bottom two names on Page 9 - *Linda & John* - I am guessing that they were caught up in the Langley Estate Satanic abuse scandal of the 1990's.

The following is taken from an article based on a BBC documentary about the scandal, called "*When Satan came to Town*" - broadcast during January 2006 (part of the Real Story series):

Over six months in 1990 a Satanic panic spread over North Manchester. Sixteen children from the Langley Estate, near Rochdale were taken into

care. It was alleged they had been forced into a devil worshipping cult and sexually abused by their parents. After a year long investigation the parents were proved to be completely innocent. What drove these social workers to separate these children from their parents for months - and in some cases years.

Now I should remind you at this point that everything has to connect with everything else in the Satanic Realm.

So let's explore some of these connections further - starting with a fella named **Robert Stewart**.

Stewart was/is the racist thug with a cross and the letters RIP tattooed on his forehead, who 19 years ago beat his Asian cellmate to death with a table leg at Feltham Young Offenders Institute... The following is from the Guardian:

At 3.35am on March 21, 2000, an alarm sounded in an office on Swallow wing at Feltham young offenders' institution. Malcolm Nicholson, a guard, thought it was the usual night-time request from inmates for toilet paper, so went to cell number 38 armed with a roll.

The cell had been shared for six weeks by Zahid Mubarek, 19, who was due to be released later that day, and Robert Stewart, who was so dangerous, yesterday's report concluded, that he should have been incarcerated on his own.

The prison officer opened the flap on the cell door to see Robert Stewart holding what appeared to be a stick. Lying on a bed, covered in blood, was Zahid Mubarek. Stewart said Zahid had had an accident and Mr Nicholson, realising Zahid was seriously injured, returned to his office to raise the alarm.

Stewart, from Manchester, had broken a leg off a table and bludgeoned Zahid to death. He was covered in Zahid's blood, and was taken to another cell, where he used the heel of his boot to scrawl a swastika and the words "Manchester just killed me padmate". Staff told the inquiry that Stewart was calm, and within half an hour of the murder was sound asleep.

How mind controlled was that cunt?

Mind you, the fact that he was mind controlled was inadvertently given added credence by the BBC who stated in a news report:
[That] Some of the other inmates described Stewart's behaviour at Feltham as "strange, weird and aggressive" – and there was no indication that he had made any friends.
However, more to the point is that Stewart was from the Langley Estate.

Moreover, when we talk in terms of 'mind control' we usually associate the term with the CIA.
So let's see what connections we can make with Langley and the CIA
And indeed, the animated adult TV series '**American Dad**', created by Zionist **Seth Macfarlane** immediately springs to my mind.
American Dad is about a family headed by CIA agent **Stan Smith** and set in the fictitious suburb of Langley Falls, although Langley really is indeed home to the CIA headquarters.
Furthermore, Langley is in the State of Virginia and in turn the Manchester Satanic Child abuse on the Langley Estate was covered up by Virginia Bottomley.

Stan Smith shares the same surname as the Paedophile MP **Cyril Smith** who was born and raised in Rochdale.
Smith went on to become the town's Mayor after which he became the Member of Parliament for Rochdale.
No surprise then that the Langley Estate actually falls under the control of Rochdale Council.

Cyril Smith was for 40 years a close friend of the Satanic Paedophile Jimmy Savile, who also has close links with Manchester… Both were knighted by the Queen.
Moreover, American Dad – *now in its 17th season* – does, as you would expect i.e frequently makes references to 'mind control'.
Now, people from Manchester are called '*Mancunians*'.
And *Mancunian* is very close to the word *Manchurian* from which the novel '**The Manchurian Candidate**' – *which is about mind control* – spawned two

film adaptations, both of which focused more on the mind control aspect rather than the sexual perversion included in the book.

The following is from Wikipedia:

Both adaptations discard several elements of the book. The book spends more time describing the brain-washers and the facility in Manchuria where the Americans were held. The head of the project grants Raymond a "gift"; after his brainwashing, he becomes quite sexually active, in contrast to his reserved nature beforehand where he hadn't even kissed his love interest, Jocelyn Jordan.
In the novel, Mrs. Iselin and her son travel abroad, where she uses him to kill various political figures and possibly Jocelyn Jordan's first husband. Rosie, Marco's love interest, is also the ex-fiance of one of his associates handling the Shaw case for Army Intelligence, making things between them tense.

As a child, Mrs. Iselin was sexually abused by her father but fell in love with him and idolized him after his early death. Towards the end of the book, as Raymond is hypnotized by the Queen of Diamonds, he reminds her of her father and she sleeps with him.
And as we know, Satanic abuse involves sexual perversion.
Which brings us nicely to Page 10:

Tony Heaford. Councillor in Rochdale.
Cyril Smith. " " " Since died, I think. (Mentioned by more than one survivor. One claimed she had been raped by him, but because he weighed so much, was allowed to sit astride him.)

Elizabeth Newson. Child Psychiatrist, Nottingham. Also mentioned by Nottingham SWs involved in Broxtowe case and by VH.

Bruce Parker. Political Journalist, Winchester.

Tom Josephs. 16.01.06. Known as TJ. From I.O.W. **Recruiter. Killed by cult. 13-14.04.06.**

Barrington Okabe. 19.01.06.Aka **Barry Otway.** Age 26.Black.Drug dealer. V.violent. **Messenger.**

Mark Oaten, MP. 23.01.06. On fringe. Gets boys from cult. (See also 12.03.08).

Jason Browning} 19.02.06. Hurt Reggie (alter of HG) in town on 16.02.06
Fiona Kemp } " " " " " " " "

Carl Bayer. 25.02.06. Age 27. Height 5'10". Slim. From Basingstoke. R. 5th finger missing. Later, learned that he was ok. Didn't want to be part of it, but was brought in through his drug habit. S, M and J helped him get off Heroin and he became the 4th of the ones we correspond with by text messages. **He died on or around 21.03.08. Given OD of LSD and Heroin. Raped by 5 men.**

Jeff Davey. 03.03.06. Lives in Hedge End Rd. Andover. Just opposite turning into Charnwood Close. Neighbourhood Watch. Said to be a Watcher for cult. Has been quite supportive towards H and came round to tell her where her cat was when missing. Talked to him after she had break in and he was again quite helpful. Think he may be used by group rather than part of it.

Richard Ingrams. 10.03.06. Former Editor of **Private Eye**, current Editor of **The Oldie,** magazine for the over 50's, founded in 1992. 1st edition ever, 21st Feb. 1992, contained an article by Rosie Waterhouse, entitled **A Modern Witch Hunt** giving details of a RAINS Meeting (7th Feb. 1992) held in Nottingham, to which we naively invited **JLF**. She was not mentioned in the article but I was, in some detail. Pals have seen R.I's name in same file as those of **JLF, Tony Baker, Bill Thompson and Rosie Waterhouse.** (R.I. was seen by them at ceremony 21-22 March, I heard later).

Peter Mandelson. Former M.P. 11.03.06. **British Commissioner of EU for Trade since 2004.** Involved in cult in France and Brussells. Likes boys. Pays cult cash for rent boys but seems to be part of it. He ordered severe torture prior to murder of boy Kevin, aged 17, a runaway from Newcastle, who had some hold over him and was blackmailing him. Kevin was tortured and killed. Body dumped in sea, South coast, after being cut up.

Rob Layton. Watcher in Portsmouth.

ME David Richardson) 17-18.3.06. Both killed in ceremony in London.
FE Di Williams)

Andrea Kavanagh or Cavanagh. 20.03.06. New **FE**. Age 38. 5' 7". Brown eyes, short, dark brown Wavy hair. Shoes size 7 ½. Clothes 14-16.

And straight away we see that the first two names on Page 10 are

those involved in the aforementioned Manchester child abuse case - quickly followed by a child psychiatrist and another journalist.
Course, Cyril Smith was a close friend of Jimmy Savile and like Savile the corrupt police knew about Smith's activities with boys back in the 1960's... Yet they took no action until after both of the perverts were dead.

It is also worth pointing out that both Smith and Savile were rewarded for their "services" by the Queen.
As for the vile former MP Mark Oaten, I will return to him as he is further mention in greater detail later on in the list.
We then have another journalist - Richard Ingrams - who founded the magazine "Private Eye" and has all the right credentials for being on the list.

Which brings us nicely to **Peter Mandelson**. Now Mandelson has surely got to be one of the most perverted, corrupt evil cunts still walking this earth today.

Therefore, I feel it important to spend a bit of time talking about the criminal nonce.

For instance, did you know that a court case took place in January 2012 between Nathaniel Rothschild and the Daily Chimpanzee aka the Daily Mail newspaper.

You see, Rothschild was suing the propaganda rag after they had alleged that he had arranged Peter Mandelson's 2005 visit to Russia to help ensure the smooth running of a £500 million business deal that he was trying to clinch.

The Chimp had even labelled Rothschild as being the vile Mandelson's '*puppet master*'… And guess what?
Unbelievably, Nat Rothschild, a former Bullingdon boy and former friend of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, George Gideon Bean Osborne, only fucking lost the case didn't he.
You see, Rothschild had claimed that Mandelson's presence was "*purely recreational*" but the judge was having none of it.
So there you have it. The nonce Mandelson is officially a Rothschild puppet.

The following is from the MI5 controlled Telegraph reporting on Rothschilds denial that Mandelson was flown out to ensure the deal took place:
Lord Mandelson travelled to the region on Jan 30, 2005 as a guest of Mr Rothschild, scion of the banking dynasty, and Oleg Deripaska, the billionaire owner of Russia's biggest aluminium plant. Also present was Peter Munk, a Canadian gold magnate, and Sebastian Taylor, a friend of Mr Rothschild.
During the trip, the men were thrashed with bundles of birch twigs by a 25-year-old male banya keeper before jumping into ice water to improve circulation and cleanse the skin.
Often wearing nothing but a conical felt hat to protect the head from the intense 200F heat, Siberians have bathed in banyas for more than 900 years.

Mr Rothschild said: "The whole point of the Siberia trip was that we went there, spent a nanosecond at the [aluminium] smelter, we then went to the most delightful banya.

"We were beaten by a 25-year-old banya keeper man, who has spent his life perfecting the art of banya.
"Then we jumped into ice-cold water. It is the best way in the world to beat jet lag and everything else. It was incredibly enjoyable. Everyone woke up the next day feeling revitalised and excited about the day."

Mr Justice Tugendhat, who is hearing the case without a jury, was told that Lord Mandelson flew to Russia on Mr Rothschild's private jet after meeting him at the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland. According to the Daily Mail article, Mr Rothschild acted like a "puppet-master", inviting Lord Mandelson along to a dinner in Moscow to "impress" Mr Deripaska, who was in the process of signing a £500 million deal with America's biggest aluminium company, Alcoa.
It was alleged that Lord Mandelson's presence was required to assure both parties that EU aluminium import tariffs would not rise in the near future.
Mr Rothschild insisted that he only invited Lord Mandelson along because he was a long-standing friend who had expressed an interest in visiting Siberia.
The court was told that Lord Mandelson did not attend the dinner at the

Cantinetta Antinori restaurant but instead held an informal meeting with a Russian minister in one of the restaurant's private rooms. Later that evening, the group took Mr Deripaska's private jet to Abakan in Siberia, where he has business interests and a vast estate.

Now, just for the record, the gold mining magnate **Peter Munk** is an honorary board member of the Toronto Jewish National Fund (JNF).
JNF is an agency mandated by the state of Israel to manage the lands of historic Palestine for the benefit of Jews worldwide. Source: Wikipedia.

Right, back to the court case and whilst being cross examined by the Chimps QC about the trip being business rather than pleasure, Rothschild had strenuously disagreed with him:

It was a wonderful weekend and he enjoyed it." In his witness statement, he added: "This invitation was to Lord Mandelson as a personal friend. It never occurred to me that it could constitute any kind of declarable gift or that he might be exposed to allegations of impropriety. I took him on the flight to Moscow as a friend and not for any business reason." Source: The Telegraph
Course, everybody knows about the Turkish Bath type thrashing body cleansing routines and indeed on their own, they are innocuous.
However, you can't help but feel that where that pair of cunts are concerned these '*banyas*' as they're called, take on a much more sinister, seedier connotation… Or is that just me who thinks so?
Now, the offending article that sparked the court case had been published in May 2010, which Rothschild had claimed subjected him to "*sustained and unjustified*" attacks which portrayed him as a "*puppet master*" to Mandelson,
The reason that Mandelson was flown out according to the Chimp was that there had been a *"stumbling block"* over the EU import tariff on Russian aluminium.

The Independent had this to say on the matter:
Enter Lord Mandelson, then a lowly Mister, but at the time the EU Trade Commissioner. The deal is done, costing several hundred British jobs, and the tariffs come down.
Now, Mandelson had first been brought into politics after being given the

SAFE SEAT of Hartlepool by the then Labour Party leader **Neil Kinnock**

Course, if you are given a safe seat then quite obviously you are wanted as a cabinet member and marked down as being destined for very big things – if you play your cards right.
So, safe to say then that Kinnock thought very highly of the nonce cunt Mandelson.

It is also fair to say that at that time, Mandelson was far from rich in terms of the wealth accumulated by other politicians, yet in the space of a few years the corrupt arsehole went from being moderately well off to super fucking rich.

Course, how Mandelson made his vast fortune is not known, but he nevertheless certainly fucking has one now... The following is from the Telegraph:

His declarations on the House of Lords register of members' interests give little clue as to how the 58-year-old career politician has made his fortune. Neither his public speaking and writing firm Willbury, which collects proceeds from the sales of his memoirs, nor his consultancy firm Global Counsel have published accounts yet.
And the remuneration for his senior advisory role at Lazard investment bank has not been disclosed, although some reports have suggested it could be as much as £1 million a year. Under restrictions imposed on Lord Mandelson by Whitehall watchdogs, he was banned from lobbying ministers and civil servants after leaving government. But there are no restrictions on his work overseas.

He has developed close links with the rulers of oil-rich Kazakhstan and recently spoke at two events organised by the Kazakh investment company Samruk-Kazyna. He has also made shrewd property investments. In 1997 Lord Mandelson was living in a one-bedroom flat worth £250,000. Earlier this year, he and his partner, Reinaldo Avila da Silva, moved into an £8 million home in north London.

There ya go, concrete proof of *'its not what you know, its who you fucking*

know'.

Now remember, Mandelson was twice drummed out of the Labour Government whilst his great friend, the psychopathic Tony Blair was Prime Minister (*not Blairs doing*) and brought back for the third time by the vile, one eyed nonce, Gordon *'likes-it-in-the'* Brown.
Indeed, it was the nonce Mandelson who was credited with getting the nonce Blair into the top job, despite the awful Cherie Blair's supposed dislike for the sub-life Mandelson whom she labeled one of the most profoundly corrupt figures in politics… Which was a bit hypocritical considering the calibre of the cunt that she's married to.
And up until Mandy gave Blair his backing – *no doubt in more ways than one* – Mandelson and Dead-Eye Brown had also been bum chums.

Course it is quite ironic - *some might even say sinister* - that Mandelson was so instrumental in getting Blair into number 10 considering the fact that the man Tony replaced, the former party leader John Smith, whose cause of death was allegedly a heart attack – *most likely artificially induced* – fucking hated Mandelson, as you can see from the following extract:

Mandelson was never particularly favoured by John Smith, who replaced Kinnock as party leader, and he might well have been condemned to a life of comprarative obscurity as a backbench MP where it not for Smith's unexpected and untimely death in 1994. In the resulting leadership contest, Mandelson decided to back Tony Blair and is believed to have played a significant (if clandestine) role in ensuring Blair's eventual victory, and thus earning the enmity of Gordon Brown who had believed up until that time that Mandelson was one of his supporters.
Now, as I said, Mandelson was twice drummed out of politics, the first time for accepting a dubious loan for a mortgage.

Again, this takes on a sinister undertone when you consider that the loan had come from the MP **Geoffrey Robinson** who was closely linked with the scumbag Mirror Group owner, **Robert Maxwell**:
Mandelson's then London residence was a rather modest flat in Clerkenwell which was not quite up to the standard required by his new social position. Thus in 1996 he acquired No. 9 Northumberland Place, a

four storey Georgian terraced house in fashionable Notting Hill Gate at a cost of £475,000, with another £50,000 spent on a similarly fashionable and minimalist remodelling by the architect and designer Seth Stein.

At the time there was a certain amount of speculation regarding how Mandelson had managed to afford such luxury. All was eventually to be revealed when the the Daily Mirror journalist Paul Routledge (who was was writing Mandelson's biography due to appear in January 1999) established that another Labour MP, the millionaire businessman Geoffrey Robinson had lent him £373,000 on an interest free basis.

Mandelson failed to declare this loan as an interest as he was required to do, but what was worse was that Geoffrey Robinson had himself been under attack since February 1998, when his links to the now disgraced businessman Robert Maxwell had been made public and was under investigation by the Department of Trade and Industry, the very ministry of which Mandelson was now heading.

When it became apparent that these details were to be made public on the 22nd December 1998 in The Guardian and the Mirror, the government held a council of war. Blair's legal advisers, Charles Falconer and Derry Irvine considered the matter and decided that as Mandelson was not in direct control of the Robinson investigation there should be no problem. Thus Mandelson duly appeared on television to argue that "There is no conflict of interest so the question of resignation does not arise." Source

Interestingly enough Robinson owns a spectacular villa in Tuscany which should he wish, has a clause written into the purchase agreement allowing him to run the place as a hotel – Rather like the hotel run by Lard McAlpine in nearby Puglia then!
Moreover, Robinson – *in typical political fashion* – also appears to be above the law having been caught in possession of cocaine when arrested for drink driving.
I will leave you to read about the defence that he came up with at your own leisure.

As for **Derry Irving**, well he is fond of painting as it happens, especially

when it comes to painting **Cherie Blair** naked – allegedly.
Certainly Irving was instrumental in persuading the future prime ministers wife to pose for his friend the artist Euan Uglow for the sum of £3 per hour:

"But there is a charming account of Mrs Blair's time as a nude model in the late seventies, knitting tea cosies as gifts for the artist, Euan Uglow.

As she describes the scene, the two met at a dinner party of Derry Irvine, her legal boss, later Lord Chancellor, who was a serious art collector and, as she less than admiringly describes, an even more serious consumer of fine wine".

See photo 14:

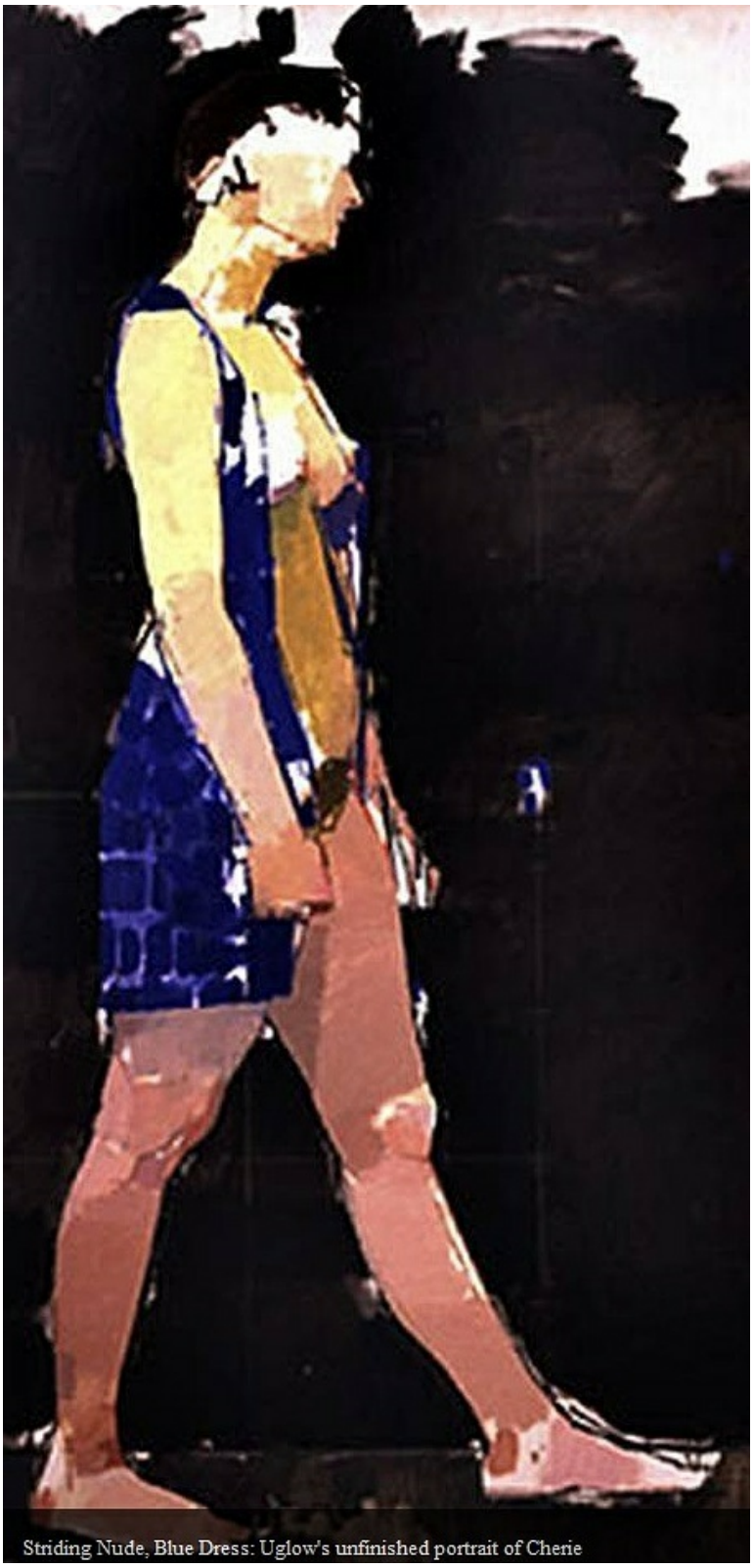
Striding Nude, Blue Dress: Uglow's unfinished portrait of Cherie

And interestingly enough, the Blair's eldest child is christened Euan… Just

hinting.

However, I'm straying off topic.

Now, if you have ever watched the BBC comedy show, *Little Britain* you will know that the suspect, **David Walliams** plays an Iron Hoof called Sebastian who is chief aide to the British Prime Ministers, Michael - played by the actor Tony Head... Mandelson is of course really gay.

And fuck me, if those two characters are not based on Blair and Mandelson then **Hale & Pace** didn't base their characters *The Two Ron*s on the Kray Twins
Sebastian is Clingy, bitchy, insanely jealous and wants nothing more than to have the Prime Minister all to himself. and as the series goes on you find out that Michael feels the same way too.
There is even one sketch where Michael gets his wife pregnant, and of course, Blair also became a father whilst still in his role as Prime Minister.

The following is taken from the Little Britain sketch where Sebastian confronts Michael's wife on becoming pregnant:

Sebastian (On hearing the PM's wife is pregnant): Very clever.
PM's wife: Excuse me?
Sebastian: What you've done, very clever…
PM's wife: I'm sorry?
Sebastian: Got yourself up the duff. What, did you say you were on the pill, you tricked him into it?

Now obviously I found Walliams & Head much funnier than Blair & Mandy – neither of whom there is fuck all to laugh about… Well, that isn't exactly true.

You see, according to Wikipedia:
In 2008, melamine added to milk in China caused kidney stones and other ailments in thousands of Chinese children, and killed at least six. To show his confidence in Chinese dairy products, Mandelson drank a glass of Chinese yoghurt in front of reporters. The following week, he was

hospitalised for a kidney stone; the events were probably unconnected.

It is also fair to say that the Blairs enjoyed a good holiday as much as Mandy did:
Jonathan (Powell) told me that Tony and Cherie were going to stay with Cliff Richard in the Algarve. I called him and said I thought it would become a real problem, parody material, if it became public … Why couldn't they just chill out without always having to see famous people? His argument was that they couldn't have normal holidays partly because of security.
Birds of a feather, and all that jazz… Just sayin'.
And as I said earlier, Cherie and Mandelson hated each other with a passion.

Moreover, **Alistair Campbell** – *whom Mandelson also appears to have resented* – gives a clue to Mandelson's acquired overnight wealth whilst talking about that mutual dislike between Cherie and Mandy in his diaries:

Cherie's obsession with money is illustrated in a row with Mandelson on September 16, 1997, after Blair says he will not take his full salary.
After Mandelson broke the news to the Premier's wife, she 'turned on' him, saying: "It's OK for you, swanning around with friends who don't need to worry about money." Source: The

Daily Mail
Course, it is a bit harder to tell what kind of relationship Campbell had with Blair but when two grown men – *Campbell & Mandelson* – come to blows over what tie their boss should wear, it can't be classed as fucking normal. Neither can going to visit your boss only to be ushered in and find him stood stark bollock naked reading the Daily Mail:

Alastair Campbell and Tony Blair developed an intense friendship and at times, their relationship was more like that of an old married couple than a politician and a senior aide.
On one occasion in December 1994, the spin doctor went to see Blair at his Islington home to discuss the press reaction to his decision to send his son Euan to a selective school.
He recalls: "Up just after 6… I went in to see TB, who was standing stark

naked reading the Mail."
It was not the only time the men would share intimate moments, nor by any means the only occasion on which the PM is describes as being in a state of undress.
July 3, 1996: "He was sitting there, in his dressing gown and underpants, his hair all over the place."
January 5, 1996, Tokyo: "The Japanese saw in TB a very new and attractive kind of leader. I wondered if they would have felt the same if they had seen him later, sitting in the bedroom at his residence, wearing nothing but his underpants and an emergency earth-quake helmet … pretending to speak Japanese."

April 8, 1998: "I got a message to go and see TB before I was even up. He was in the bath, and said he was worried."
April 5, 2002: "Up to see TB in the flat. Another Austin Powers moment. Yellow/green underpants and that was it. I said what a prat he looked. He said I was just jealous – how many prime ministers have a body like this?"

On February 4 1995, Campbell, Blair and Mandelson traded actual blows in a three-way punchup – triggered by Mandelson fussing over whether the Labour leader should be wearing a shirt and tie for his famous speech on Clause 4 to the party's spring conference in Brighton.

Campbell said: "The speech was a priority. His shirt wasn't. I could feel myself losing it, said he (Mandelson) could not just swan in, upset what we were doing, then waltz out again.
"TB was like a dad trying to shush two squabbling brothers. "Cut it out you two, for heaven's sake." Then we moved through to my room and PM (Mandelson) was on the edge and eventually tipped over.

"I said I just wanted to be able to do a job. He started to leave then came back over, pushed at me, then threw a punch, then another. I grabbed his lapels to disable his arms and TB was by now moving in to separate us and PM just lunged at him, then looked back at me and shouted, "I hate this. I'm going back to London". Source: The Daily Mail

Hmmm.

Nevertheless, Mandelson came to Cherie's rescue after the press had discovered that she had enlisted the help of convicted fraudster P**eter Foster**, the ex boyfriend of page 3 model **Samantha Fox,** to buy two flats in BRISTOL... A very important place to Satanists:
Cherie is not infrequently mocked for her faith in alternative medicine. She has something of a penchant for magnetic bracelets, turned up to the 2001 Labour conference sporting an acupuncture needle in one ear, and once spent £239 on a crystal pendant which was supposed to counter negativity. (If such claims are to be believed, her husband might be advised to invest in one before he next speaks to Gordon Brown.)

Cherie was reportedly introduced by her personal trainer, Carole Caplin, to a dowser called Jack Temple, an Ayurvedic therapist, and Caplin's own spiritualist mother Sylvia. Caplin the younger, a former topless model, had also been involved during the 1980s with a therapy cult called Exegesis. Unfortunately for Cherie, Caplin also recommended her Australian boyfriend Peter Foster to Cherie in 2002 so that he could help her buy two flats in Bristol for her eldest son Euan, currently at university there. The money, according to 10 Downing Street, came from the sale of their old Islington home when they moved into the official residence.

Foster himself is no stranger to dodgy deals, and has convictions for trading standards fraud in three countries after marketing a series of questionable slimming aids, therapies of which the somewhat gaunt Cherie is likely to have little need.
Initial allegations, inevitably dubbed Cheriegate, that Foster had used the Blairs' name to obtain a discount of over £30,000 on the properties became overshadowed by the couple's evasiveness concerning Cherie's relationship with Foster. Had the disgraced Peter Mandelson still had Tony's ear, he might have counselled them that it's not what you did, it's the fact that you lied about it.

The tabloid press gratefully weighed into the affair with all guns blazing, one newspaper even going as far as to suggest that Caplin and Cherie were in the habit of showering together in the nude for the purposes of washing out the toxins.

After new allegations surfaced that Cherie had attempted to interfere in Foster's appeal against his deportation from the UK, she went public on December 10, 2002, saying that she had only engaged him because she was too busy to handle the negotiations herself, and had only misled the press office to protect the privacy of Euan, already well-known to the media after his drunken post-GCSE celebrations in Leicester Square.
Seemingly on the verge of tears, Cherie wheeled out an arsenal of doe-eyed glances to camera and references to her vulnerability which seasoned British scandal-lovers might just have seen before.

Interestingly enough, Caplin used to date Adam Ant… He's bonkers too.

Course, you will now be wondering how Mandelson helped the Lesbickan Blair if he was out of office.
The answer is: Quite easily when you are only out of office as far as the public are concerned:

in June 2001 Mandelson joined the advertising agency, Clemmow Hornby Inge and despite his exclusion from government continued to act as an unofficial advisor to the Blairs helped them out in 2002 over the minor scandal that erupted when it emerged that they had used the services of a convicted fraudster named Peter Foster to help them in acquiring some flats in Bristol.

Mind you, quite how that cunt made it back into politics the first time is beyond me, let alone the second and third time.
And still it gets better.

You see, as well as showering with Cherie, Caplin was also rumoured to have been shagging her husband:

Tonys latest problem is the current media speculation about whether he did or didn't shag his wife's former quasi-guru, and one time topless model Carole Caplin. Source: YSK News

Course, it is also now common knowledge that Blair protected Mandelson from being exposed as a nonce via a D Notice:

Let us not forget that Harriet Harman is an open supporter of paedophile pornography. Her friend Margaret Hodge Oppenheimer tried to cover up a paedophile scandal in Islington Council children's homes in the eighties. Hidge Oppenheimer went on to enter parliament and propose the pervert Tony Blair as leader immediately after the poisoning of John Smith. She then went on the become the UK's first Minister for Children in 2003, where she facilitated the transfer of children from their natural parents to the state paedophile supply system. Blair issued a D-notice to protect Peter Mandelson, when the latter was caught purchasing paedophile pornography in 2002 by Operation Ore. All the above supporters of paedophilia. All the above supporters of paedophilia are jews with the so-called right of 'return' to Israel, including Blair, whose mother's name was Lipsett. Source: The Tap Blog

Now, as you no doubt know, the MP **Harriet Harman** was not too many years ago under the spotlight for her love of PIE... And I don't mean the pastry kind. You see, the PIE in question stands for: **Paedophile Information Exchange**.

Indeed, the slag cunt should never ever be allowed in a million miles of a child and as you have just read, the same is true about children where both Hodge and Mandelson are concerned.

Yet the contents of the following passage seem to count for fuck all:
Peter Mandelson is controlling director of the NSPCC, and when Margaret Hodge (Oppenheimer) was children's minister she lived next door to Tony Blair, they also knew childline funders Sarah Caplin and Esther Rantzen, who are connected to TV mogul Michael Grade. Source: James Whale

I also see that TV presenter, Esther Ratzarse name has also cropped up again and of course Sarah Caplin is her cousin as well as a former Deputy Secretary at the BBC.

Caplin is also the wife of Nick Ross, the former presenter of Crimewatch whose co presenter was of course Jill Dando.
Caplin left the **B**uggering **B**oys **C**amp after being head hunted by Granada

TV – *the makers of Coronation Street* – but was later given the boot for allegedly bullying young members of staff.
The term 'bullying' is of course open to interpretation.
And as far as I can see, ITV has just as many paedophiles walking its corridors as the BBC:

A senior ITV executive who helped launch the children's charity Childline has lost her job amid allegations she bullied junior members of staff.

Sarah Caplin, 55, wife of former Crimewatch host Nick Ross, set up the helpline with her cousin Esther Rantzen 25 years ago. But now she is to leave her high-profile TV job, where she is head of features and factual entertainment, as part of a 'strategic shake-up'. Source: The Daily Mail

I did also have a quick scoot around to see if Sarah is related to Carole Caplin, but I can't find any link so I will assume that they aren't… So we will put it down to coincidence.

In turn, Sarah's husband, Nick Ross has also courted controversy with his views on rape and child porn:
DAYS after provoking outrage with his outspoken views on rape, former Crimewatch presenter Nick Ross has admitted he'd "probably" watch child abuse images.

Speaking at the Hay Festival, Ross said humans are naturally inquisitive creatures, an instinct that is unlikely to be suppressed even when the object of their curiosity is as appalling as child abuse images, the Daily Telegraph reports. Source: UK Paedos-Exposed

Just what the fuck is wrong with our Cuntry?

I mean, if any of the people mentioned above lived on a council estate – *given the wealth of evidence about their vile nonce tendencies* – they would have been found battered to fucking death in their homes a long long time ago.
Yet these vile cunts enjoy a luxury lifestyle we can't even begin to imagine.

Course, the RAINS list is not the first time that Mandelson has been linked with Satanic worship. I mean, he isn't called the Prince of Darkness – *a name he apparently revels in* – for nothing:

The Dark Lord, Peter Mandelson, apart from being openly gay, is one of the highest initiates in the United Kingdom. He was trained in the hebdomadry system of Magick, the same system used by both the Alpha Lodge and the Order of Nine Angles. His close association with international business figures and the Bildberg group have been of great, indeed inestimable use to the left-hand path. Following well thought out and well honed traditions, his dream is a prison-grid global community. He loves to control. And 'Mandy' as he's known to those who know him best, is as sharp and dangerous as a stiletto.

It is Mandelson who has helped turn Europeans into serfs for Europe's banks. Europe is now reverting to a neo-feudalism structure with bankers as the overlords of their indentured citizenry. Britain, America and the rest of the world will go the same way. Kleptocratic politicians are merely vassals. If current debts were simply wiped off of the books the only tragedy would be the destruction of the 'too big to fail' banks. While politicians call that a catastrophe it would actually be freedom for millions of disenfranchised debt-serfs. That's why it must not happen – and won't! Wages will continue to be cut even as taxes are increased to service the debt owed to the Banker Lords. Politicians everywhere are bowing and scraping before their Lords, promising deeper cuts and higher taxes. This is as it should be and will effectively cripple economies around the world. Protectionism under the guise of 'Fair Trade' will be shortly implemented after the American crash. This is what the filth want and we will give them what they want – taxation, poverty and war.

The next war will start in Iran but will bring the entire Islamic world into conflict with the [Christ]tian west. Right-hand pathers like nothing better than wars and killing. For long before I was born the Alpha Lodge has been orchestrating to give them what they want. After the next big war we will be in a position to take over everything that is left. "For these fools of men and their woes care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balanced by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones…Therefore the kings of

the earth shall be Kings for ever: the slaves shall serve."
Living most of his life as a repressed homosexual urolagnist and having been taught to be cautious; Mandy's viciousness, cunning and polished, diplomatic persona are his enduring trademarks. Just don't get in his way. He lives by the left-hand path code of honour, loyalty and revenge. It was Mandelson who was instrumental in the death of James Rusbridger, particularly in the sordid way his 'suicide' was made to look. Source: James Whale

We also know that Mandelson spends far too much time in Brussels, especially when he has had a tiff with his toyboy lover Rene Hi Ho Silver – or whatever the cunts name is.

Not that Rene apparently takes too long to get over the heartbreak.
I mean, any old port in a storm will do when you're fucking desperate.
And on one of those occasions, the port in question was the disgraced BP CEO Lord Browne – a good 'friend' to the dangerous predatory paedophile Derek Laud:

Former BP chief executive Lord Browne has struck up a 'close friendship' with Peter Mandelson's partner, Brazilian Reinaldo Avila da Silva, it has been revealed.
The peer, who was forced to resign from the oil giant last month after lying to a court about his relationship with rent boy Jeff Chevalier, has socialised a deux with Reinaldo.
The disclosure of the close links between multi-millionaire Lord Browne and Reinaldo follows reports that 53-year-old Mr Mandelson has become close to Italian fashion designer Marco Coretti.

A well-placed source, who is in contact with both Lord Browne, 59, and Reinaldo, who is 25 years his junior, said: "Reinaldo has seen John a couple of times. They are close friends and know each other well."

It is understood that Lord Browne and Reinaldo have met in London while Mr Mandelson has been working abroad as European Trade Commissioner.
"Peter spends most of his time in Brussels and has never worked as hard in

his life,' said the source.

Reinaldo is currently not living in either of Mr Mandelson's homes in London, but in a £1,500-a-month one-bedroom flat in the capital's exclusive Covent Garden. The first-floor apartment is down a narrow foot passage off St Martin's Lane and has a video entry phone.

The flat is a five-minute walk from Trafalgar Square and close to St Thomas's Hospital Accident and Emergency department, where he is training to be a nurse. Source: The Standard

So, I feel sure that it will come as no surprise to you that the repulsive, Sniffenpissin Mandelson was part of a powerful paedophile ring operating out of Brussels and allegedly headed by disgraced former IMF chief, Dominic Strauss Kahn.

Moreover Mandelson and his toy boy Hi Ho Silver are also linked with Princess Andrew's nonce mate Jeffrey Epstein... Who has just made international headlines as I write..

The following is from the Daily Mail:

Jeffrey Epstein was charged with sex trafficking on Saturday by federal prosecutors with the US Attorney's Office in Manhattan, according to an individual who is familiar with the proceedings.
That same individual said that Epstein, 66, will make his first court appearance on Monday in New York, confirming a report that first appeared on The Daily Beast.
It had been reported for the past few months that Epstein was being investigated on unknown charges by the Southern District of New York.

Epstein was taken into custody after his private jet touched down from France on Saturday at Teterboro Airport in New Jersey.

Around the same time, agents with the FBI were seen breaking down the door to his Upper East Side mansion to execute a search warrant in the case.

Course, when Mandelson was grilled by the press about his association with Epstein, the dirty cunt refused to answer… Nothing to fucking see here folks, move along, move along:

Lord Mandelson yesterday maintained his silence over the extent of his contact with disgraced financier Jeffrey Epstein.
The former Business Secretary did not respond to questions about why the convicted paedophile's 'little black book' featured ten entries for him and his partner Reinaldo da Silva.
The online contacts book had 16 numbers for Prince Andrew and home numbers for politicians including Lord Heseltine and former Northern Ireland Secretary Shaun Woodward. There were also details of girls working at massage parlours. Source: The Daily Mail

Now, extremely worryingly enough, Princess Andrew, like Mandelson was also very much involved with the NSPCC… And as an aside, just so as I know, is it okay for dirty shit house nonces to be working with a children's charity? Because if it is I will shut up!
Mind you, the vile cunt Epstein is just about 'good friends' with everyone, including the Satan worshipping ex US President, Bill Clinton:

A new lawsuit has revealed even more shocking details about the secret lives of the all-powerful "elites." Jeffrey Epstein, a convicted pedophile and good friend of former US President Bill Clinton, kept children as sex slaves on his private island, Little St James, in the early 2000s. If you are already shocked and disgusted, please bare with me a little longer, because you haven't heard the worst yet. According to flight logs, between the years 2002 and 2005, the former President Bill Clinton made multiple trips to Epstein's private island. Source: Humans Are Free

This really does get too easy, don't cha know.
And neither can it be understated how close Princess Andrew and the nonce Epstein were:

'Prince Andrew's convicted paedophile friend Jeffrey Epstein was given permission to land his private jet at an RAF base to visit the Duke at

Sandringham.

The flight log of Epstein's Gulfstream revealed it touched down at RAF Marham on December 7, 2000, before he was hosted by the Andrew at the Queen's Norfolk residence.
Aboard the jet that day were someone with the initials ET – thought to be Miss Maxwell's assistant Emmy Tayler – a woman called Kelly Spam, Epstein's friend Tom Pritzker and an unnamed female.' Source: Inquiring Minds

You don't get that kind of permission for being a nobody.
And then there is this from the same source:
'American Epstein, a registered sex offender who has been jailed for soliciting underage prostitutes, was pictured in British media last week with his friend the Duke of York, Prince Andrew.
Virginia Roberts, now 27, and living in Australia, says she met Prince Andrew three times while working as Epstein's personal masseuse.

While Ms Roberts was employed as a 15-year-old by Epstein, she was 17 and above when she met the prince and there is no suggestion of any sexual relations between the pair, London newspaper The Mail on Sunday reports.
However, in Ms Roberts's civil writ against Epstein, she alleges being "sexually exploited by Epstein's adult male peers including royalty", the paper reported.'

You may also be aware that the short arsed, incest loving, film director Woody Allen is a good friend to Epstein.

Course, Wood Ed Allen denies any wrongdoing where his step-daughter, Soon Come – *or whatever her fucking name is* – is concerned and insists that he isn't a nonce.
Yet I beg to differ and will remind you again about birds of a feather and all that jazz:
Woody Allen has been spotted strolling on New York's Upper East Side with millionaire child sex-offender Jeffrey Epstein, who served time for hiring minors to 'massage' him at his Florida mansion.

A source told The New York Post's Page Six the former hedgefunder was 'hugging (Allen) and taking close to his ear' on Sunday, with the eccentric film director's effective step daughter-turned-much younger wife, Soon-Yi, in tow.
'[He] had his arm on Woody's shoulder,' the spy added. Source: Daily Mail

The article then continues by stating that Wood Ed was a guest at "*a celebrity-filled soiree Epstein threw for his best pal Britain's Prince Andrew in December 2010"*.

And as you may have noticed, Epstein, like Nat Rothschild was a hedge funder
Course, Princess Andrew, unlike Rothschild & Epstein has no head for business… Then again, none of the royal parasites are good for fuck all.

Also be aware that Princess Andrew had a strong friendship with the murdered Libyan leader Gadaffi Duck's favorite son, Saif.
You see. Mandelson and Rothschild are also good friends with him:
He talked of being "intensely relaxed" about the filthy rich, and no one could say that Lord Mandelson doesn't like their company. After twice facing criticism for consorting with billionaires in Corfu, it emerged tonight that the business secretary joined Colonel Muammar Gaddafi's son at a country house shooting party.
Mandelson and Saif al-Islam al-Gaddafi were guests at Lord Rothschild's Waddesdon Manor in Buckinghamshire, the Spectator said.
Mandelson is particularly close to the Rothschilds and spent part of the past two summers at the family's villa in Corfu. In 2008 he infamously spent time there with the Russian oligarch Oleg Deripaska and the shadow chancellor, George Osborne.
The opposition questioned tonight whether Mandelson should be associating with a man who played a key part in Libyan jubilation over the release of the Lockerbie bomber, Abdelbaset al-Megrahi. Source: The Guardian

And finally there is the rumour that refuses to go away... You know the one. The rumour that has Mandelson treated in a French hospital for internal anal

injuries after having a small rodent inserted up his jacksey.

Course, whether the rumour is true or not is anyone's guess... But I like to think that it is.

Which brings us nicely to Page 11:

Mark Hutchins. 20.03.06. **New ME.** 5'9". Short Reddish hair. Green eyes. Wears large medallion. Tattoo, top of L.arm, of dragon and snake entwined inside a circle.

Dean Baxter. 24.03.06. Messenger.

Laura James. 05.04.06. Girl mentioned. Plan to sacrifice her on night of 13-14 April 06. 14th is Good Friday.

Roderick Chamberlain. 06.04.06. **Scribe of Group.**

Kevin East. 08.04.06. Steve spoke of him as Flying Fairy or FF, because he is 'gay' and jumped out of a window after LSD. Also v. cruel & sadistic. Likes watching 'snuff' movies.

Graham Loftus. 30.04.06. Messenger.

Lord Drayson. 30.04.06. Bought large house in Gloucestershire, Nether Lypiatt, from Princess Michael of Kent.

Lord Falconer. 30.04.06. **Lord Chancellor.**

Lana Bailey. 17.05.06. Female Recruiter. V smart and professional looking.

Shelly Carter. 17.05.06. Aged 11. Tortured, then sacrificed, at Beaulieu. 1-2 May, by FROG. (Patrice Chambres).

James Bolam. 25.05.06. (Was first mentioned to me in this connection by B.S. in 1987).

Princess Michael of Kent. 25.05.06.(See later)

Margaret Hodge, MP. 21.06.06. (b.08.09.44). Previously on Islington Council. Friends with Ruth Kelly, JLF, Bob Woffinden and Lord Montagu. V dismissive of SRA case there.

Simon Thomas. 30.06.06. Vicar in United Reform Church. In jail for abusing boys,?in Soton area.

Bob Woffinden. 10.07.06. Journalist. Wrote sceptical article about SRA for Private Eye. Wrote anonymously. Has written other articles in similar vein. Said to be friendly with Margaret Hodge and JLF.

Kay Edwards. 14.07.06. (Referred to by Pals as **KE.**) Age 45. Medium length grey hair. Medium build. Wears thick-lensed glasses. Has calliper on one leg following polio. Has indwelling catheter. Comes from Nottingham. Brought in by FROG. Hates women. Was given to group by mother. Is very cruel and sadistic. Address in Church Rd, Shirley, Soton, but often at Leigh Park, Havant, where Pals are kept. On 18.05.08, I was told by Pals that they had been on trial previous night. Also that KE was tried and tortured too. Judge was Russian? KE was very sadistic previously, but since her own torture, has been kinder to Pals.

Prof Gisli Gudjonnson. 03.08.06. London University Prof. In with BFMS. Frequently acts as Expert Witness, esp. in Child Abuse cases and SRA cases. Paid £6,000 by cults for every SRA case he successfully discredits.. Associated with Tony Baker, Charles Clarke, Bill Thompson and JLF.

.And the first two names of interest are **Lord Drayson** and **Lord Falconer** -

both very good friends with Tony Blair... And we already know how corrupt that perverted cunt is.
Still, it doesn't hurt to have a reminder:

Tony Blair War criminal , bisexual , torturer, liar , psychopath , multiculturalist , control freak, Bilderberg Group member. Believed to have amassed a fortune of between £300million and £500 million since leaving Office. Two convictions for cottaging (1974 &1983) subject to D-Notices. He first came to the attention of MI5 as a potential future Prime Minister after repeatedly being caught importuning young boys in Public toilets around London in the 1970s.

A notorious cross dresser, his nickname when he was a lawyer was Miranda. Allegedly some of those caught up in the FBI Operation Avalanche/Ore Child porn investigation in 1999/2003 were : Sir Gerald Kaufman, Gordon Brown, Alan Milburn, John Prescott, and Peter Mandelson. Blair stopped any Police investigations by claiming a threat to National Security and put a D-Notice on the press to stop any reporting on it. It is believed the CIA/FBI used Operation Ore and Jersey/Islington information to blackmail the Labour Party and the BBC in to supporting the Iraq War... Source: chrisspivey.org

In 2002 Lord Drayson donated £1 Million pounds to the Labour Party and two years later he was made a Lord by Tony Blair... Six months after that Drayson donated another £500,000.
Or put another way, he bought his title.
As for Lord Falconer, well he used to share a flat with Blair. Could he have done that without knowing about his flatmates penchant for kids?

I think not. He too was made a Lord by Blair, in fact he was the first peer created on Blair's recommendation.
Falconer - *in his role as Secretary of State for Constitutional Affairs* - sought to make it easier for government bodies to refuse to release documents under the Freedom of Information Act (2000) and in February 2008 lobbied for the censorship of the internet... Another gatekeeper then.

The following is taken from Zoompad:

As you can see, Charlie Falconer isn't really that keen on us being able to look at Government documents - he thinks it would cost too much money to make the Government documents available. Absolute poppycock - how much does it cost to put stuff online - next to nothing is the answer, and all bloggers will testify to that fact.
But what does cost a lot is when the Government departments, in order to cover up certain facts, have to "doctor" the paperwork, in order to keep naughty Government officials safe from being caught out in flagrante delicto!
So, what are Lord Falconer's own vested interests? What would Lord Falconer prefer you not to know about? Watch this space!

Moving on and the next name of interest is **James Bolam**. Now, I am assuming that he is the actor of "*Likely Lads*" fame and indeed I have had my suspicions about Bolam for many years now. Therefore I wasn't surprised to learn that he now works mainly for the BBC's children entertainment.

Course, having said that, there is no evidence to prove that Bolam is a nonce and as such I am only going on my own suspicions based on something that I was told in confidence about him some years back.
Which then brings us to **Princess Michael of Kent** (*Sounds like a tranny doesn't she*) whose father was **Baron Gunther von Reibnitz** - who just so happened to be a member of the Nazi party and an honorary member of the SS.

Princess Michael is married to the Queen's Cousin **Prince Michael of Kent** and she was caught out shagging a toy-boy in 2006.
Now, having his wife publicly identified as shagging-about obviously pissed Prince Mick off and everyone knows - *cept my good self of course* - that you shouldn't upset a Freemason. Especially not the highest wanking Freemason in the country, which is apparently who Prince Micky Boy is. He is also the Grandson of the name changing, half German, King George V and the full German Queen Mary, don't cha know.

Having said that, any inference you draw from the following is strictly down to your own overactive imaginations. You see, this toy-boy, **Mikhail Kravchenko**, who shared a 4 day break in a Venice hotel with Mick's

slapper wife, Princess Michael, met a very sticky end when he was machine gunned to death while sat in his Mercedes... Not that he was the only one whom the Royal family had the hump with to die in a Mercedes.

But anyway, an actress called **Marina Golub** who was a close friend of Mikhail Kravchenko started asking questions about his death and after getting too close to the truth, she was apparently warned off. Whether or not she took any notice of the warnings is unknown, but she did claim to have uncovered startling new details about the murder. However, before she could reveal what she knew she was conveniently killed in a ‘car crash'.
Just sayin'.

Next up is **Margaret Hodge**.
Hodge is a member of the Satanic bloodline, Oppenheimer family… One of the most evil monster families on earth.

Indeed, she has been at the center of the most appalling child abuse scandals yet she appears untouchable and [abhorrently] above the very law that the likes of her & her ilk have imposed upon us.

Her name also came up in a list of Labour Party Paedophiles that I was sent anonymously:

Margaret Hodge MP nee Oppenheimer. A multi millionaire multiculturalist German Jew. Hodge’s family made an estimated £300 million during WW2 collaborating with the Nazis. She has constantly been linked to Care Home satanic Child sex abuse and murder rings of British Children in the BBC/Islington/Jersey when she was Head of Islington Council and their subsequent cover up. Hodge described reporters who broke the Islington Child sex abuse story as “the gutter press” and the victims as “mentally unstable and extremely disturbed”. To widespread horror Tony Blair made Hodge his Minister for Children in 2003. Chillingly Hodge went on TV in 2003 and invited any Children in Care with complaints to write to her directly.
And there we have the nonce Tony Blair mentioned once again… Just sayin'.

Next up is yet another member of the clergy **- Simon Thomas**. Thomas was

jailed for life in 2006 for raping little boys.
The following is from the Daily Echo newspaper:

A HAMPSHIRE paedophile priest who was jailed for life for a catalogue of abuse against young boys, including raping an 11-year-old, has failed in a bid to reduce his sentence.

Perverted Simon Thomas made the challenge at the highest court in England almost seven years after being handed the life term by a judge who said he posed a danger to young boys that might never end.
Aged 44 at the time, he was the ordained minister in the United Reformed Church in Hythe, just a stone's throw from his home in Atheling Road where he lived with his wife and children. Southampton Crown Court heard how the father-of-four had told scores of boys he met on the Internet that he was gay but in a heterosexual relationship with his wife.

Simon Thomas also has a namesake who just so happens to be a former MP... And a nonce to boot:

Former Plaid Cymru AM Simon Thomas has avoided jail after pleading guilty to making indecent images of children.
Thomas, also a former MP, admitted making more than 500 indecent photographs and 77 films - some involving children as young as six.

He quit the Senedd and his party after being arrested in July.
Thomas was given a 26-week jail sentence, suspended for two years, at Mold Magistrates Courts after previously admitting the three charges.

The court heard that still images found on his tablet and mobile phone included almost 100 of the most serious category.
Ninety-four still images and 56 videos were classified as category A - the most serious... Source: The BBC

We then have another Journalist - Bob Woofinden - who died in 2018. Woofinden was a good friend of the aforementioned Margaret Hodge... Say no more.

And the final name of interest on Page 11 is that of; Professor **Gísli Hannes Guðjónsson -** who as you will gather by what it says about him on the list; is an obvious gatekeeper to La-La Nonceland.

Which brings us to Page 12:

Debbie Campbell. 03.08.06. Victim. Andover. Has new baby after being raped by Martin. Is to be punished.

William Grosvenor. 07. 08.06. Lives in Park Avenue, Hampstead, London. High in group. Could be a Commander.

Michal Vorster. 18.08.06. German. Also high in group.

Philip Casson. 02.09.06. London Enforcer. Age 37. Dark hair, blue eyes. 6' tall. Has tattoo of RA badge, R.upper arm.

James Smithson. 11.09.06. London.

James Admonson. 23.09.06. On 21.09.06, he came to HG's house, posing as gas man.

Jeff Manting)
Kevin Mahler)...28.09.06. New Minders/ Messengers.
Jonjo Kennedy)

Michelle Jennings. 03.10.06. (AKA **Shalomi**). Messenger from Portsmouth.

Christopher & Christine Downs. 23.10.06. Reckoned to be a risk to the group. Told if he didn't kill himself and wife, group would do it after torture. Both found dead in car, in Wherwell, Hants.

Cheri Walker. 08.11.06. Unregistered child. Killed at Halloween (sacrificed), at **Beaulieu.**

Denise Mills. 08.11.06. Mother of Cheri Walker.
Jerome Rischka. 08.11.06. Father of Cheri Walker.

Michaela Sontani. 14.11.06. Martin's new woman. Had Cult Marriage Ceremony in London. 17.11.06.

Wyatt Anderson. 20.12.06. Age 49. Pilot. Flies KM and FROG around. Also brings in illegal immigrants & drugs. Recently sentenced to 2 years in jail.

Bridget Vance. 10.01.07. (From U.S.) Owns Charleville Forest Castle, Tullamere, Co Offaly, EIRE. S taken there by group in Jan 07.

Tony Miller. 17.01.07. Reader or Curate in C of E. First seen by me at pub called The Pilgrim at Marchwood in Hants, in January 2001. He probably recognised HG because he took a great interest in us. We were looking for a certain church that HG remembered in that area. She described it as 'The church with a tower with a hat on', (a lot of cult activities had occurred there). He was wearing a clerical collar, so we asked him if he knew where the church was. He denied all knowledge of it but was very curious. We later found it less than half a mile away. It has carved wooden goats' heads at the ends of the front pews. It is the Church of **St John the Apostle, Marchwood.** Apparently, Miller now has severe emphysema and is in a wheelchair.

And whilst there are no big names on this page. there are a few which add to the reports credibility... **Christopher & Christine Downs** for example.

You see, they were reported thus by the BBC on April 7th 2007:
A wife and husband killed themselves as a police rape investigation closed in on him, an inquest heard.
Christine Downes, 51, drove with her husband Christopher, 54, to a chalk pit near Andover, Hampshire, last October and gassed themselves in a car.

Downes had just provided a DNA swab for police investigating two rapes and an aggravated burglary in Salisbury in 1984 and 1985, the inquest heard.

Two verdicts of suicide were recorded by the coroner.

As does **Wyatt Anderson** who according to the list was jailed for 2 years for people smuggling although it was actually 7 years according to the Daily Mail:

The mastermind of a people-smuggling racket which provided a "club class" service to illegal immigrants wanting to sneak into Britain has been jailed for ten years.

Turkish nationals were flown from France on a "glamorous" six-seater plane with a plush leather interior to small airstrips around the M25 where there were no passport controls.

The wealthy criminals and asylum seekers simply walked off the plane and were ferried to London in chauffeur-driven luxury to start a new life.

Yesterday at Middlesex Guildhall Crown Court the man behind the scam, Mensur Hassan, 35, from Hackney, East London, was sentenced to ten years for conspiring to facilitate the entry of illegal immigrants into the UK.

His pilot Wyatt Anderson, 49, a born-again Christian from Camberley, Surrey, was jailed for seven years.

"*Born again christian*" my fucking arse!

And the last name that we see on Page 12 is yet another man of god - **Tony Miller**... You certainly couldn't make it up.

Which brings us to Page 13... Unlucky for some:

John Curtis. 17.01.07. Vicar of St John the Apostle's Church, Marchwood. Turns a blind eye. Rewarded financially. (Not sure if money kept by him or goes to the church). We saw him in the church on 16.01.07.

Brian Miles. 18.01.07. Watcher/Minder. From Basingstoke. Followed HG & me to Marchwood on 16.01.07.

Peter Kellerson. 19.01.07.?German.

Denise Forton. 26.01.07. 'Handmaiden' to KE. Made series of threatening phone calls to HG. from 16.01.07 onwards.

Peter Krausen. 23.02.07. German, 'bigwig' in cult.

Ali Dizaei. 05.03.07. Ch.Supt. Met. Police. Iranian. Bribed to damage reputation of Met. Police.

Kyle Banter. 17.03.07. From Poole, Dorset. **Minder.** Aged 40. Medium height, dark hair, soft US accent, likes boys. Often at LP and made to go to HG and others to collect 'dues'. Has often damaged HG's garden and tried to enter house. Not trusted by Pals.

Alan Johnson MP. 06.04.07. Took over as Education Secretary from Ruth Kelly. Friends with her. Attended crucifixion ceremony (cross inverted) in New Forest early this morning. Good Friday.

Jack Walston. 18.04.07. Aged 19. Crucified (inverted) in New Forest, Good Friday, 06.04.07.

Kelly? 28.04.07. Girl in Earls Court, 'run' by Andrew Baxter.(See below).

Andrew Baxter. 30.04.07. Earls Court. Runs girls for group.

Lydia Brooks}. 17.05.07. 2 girls who escaped 4 years ago. Have been caught. Currently being
Cara Swindly}. held awaiting punishment, first in Newcastle, later in London.

Pete Symons. 20.05.07. Messenger.

Franz Vogel. 01.06. 07. German, Belgian or Dutch visitor. Given smart party by 'Frog' at large house near Wandsworth Common. Fluent in English, German, Dutch, French and Italian. Works in Justice System.

Sir Stephen Richards. 14.06.07. Appeal Court Judge. On fringe. ?Helper. Recently accused of 'flashing'.

Nadinia Chevkovia. 22.06.07. Illegal immigrant from ?Rumania. brought into country at Liverpool, for prostitution. Later taken to London, then Hants. Died when her baby was taken for sacrifice in New Forest on 21.06.07.

Michael Hames. 08.07.07. Former Det. Supt. NSY. Obscene Publications Unit. In Group but only expected to attend important ceremonies. Friendly with JLF.

Paul Kernaghan. 12.07.07. **Chief Constable of Hampshire**. In records that he has attended **Satanic Meetings at Masonic Hall**, twice this year.

And straight away we have another Vicar - **John Curtis**, followed by a bent copper, namely **Ali Dizaei**. Moreover, to add even more credibility to the list, Dizaei was jailed for corruption in 2012... two years after the list was compiled.

The following is from the BBC:

Metropolitan Police commander Ali Dizaei has been jailed for three years for misconduct in a public office and perverting the course of justice. Dizaei attacked Waad al-Baghdadi in Kensington in 2008 after Mr al-Baghdadi confronted him about money he was owed for designing a website.

Southwark Crown Court heard that Dizaei, of Acton, inflicted injuries on himself in order to frame Mr al-Baghdadi.
He denied the charges and will appeal.

He was first convicted in 2010 and served 15 months in prison before his conviction was overturned by the Court of Appeal.

We then come to another corrupt ex MP - *Alan Johnson* - who was a big-wig in the nonce Labour governments of Tony Blair & Dead-Eye Brown... Who would have thought it!

Johnson supposedly resigned as the Shadow Chancellor over a sex scandal... Involving his wife, not him!

The following is from the Independent Newspaper:
The bodyguard assigned to protect Alan Johnson while he was serving as Home Secretary was suspended last night, following allegations that he had an affair with Mr Johnson's wife.

Scotland Yard confirmed that DC Paul Rice had been withdrawn from service pending a "thorough investigation" into reports of an "inappropriate relationship" with Laura Johnson, the former shadow

chancellor's spouse of almost 20 years.

DC Rice, who was part of the Metropolitan Police's Specialist Operations Unit, was made Mr Johnson's close protection officer while he was Home Secretary, a post he held between June 2009 and Labour's general election defeat last May. The detective constable then moved to the team protecting Theresa May when she took the reins at the Home Office.

Yet you have to ask yourselves: Would he really resign his privileged position over such a relatively trivial matter. Or is there more to it than that?

Moving on and we have **Sir Stephen Richard -** a judge rewarded for his service by the Queen... Hmmm.

In 2007 Richard was put on trial for exposing himself on a train. The following is from the Telegraph:

One of Britain's most senior judges exposed himself twice to a female train commuter, a court heard yesterday.
Lord Justice Richards, 56, was wearing a long raincoat and standing close to the passenger when he flashed at her, City of Westminster magistrates' court heard.

The judge was caught after the woman, who is in her 20s, followed him as he made his way from Waterloo station in central London to the High Court and took pictures of him on her mobile phone, it was said.

Peter Wright QC, prosecuting, said Sir Stephen Price Richards had first opened his trousers to reveal his penis to the shocked commuter on the morning of Oct 16 last year, on the 8.10 from Raynes Park to Waterloo, for up to 15 minutes.

However, somehow and quite predictably he was cleared of the offence... Only for him to be questioned over a similar allegation two years later.

This from the Guardian:

A senior judge cleared of exposing himself on a train three years ago has been questioned over an alleged sex attack on the same route, it was revealed today.

Sir Stephen Richards, 59, was arrested by detectives investigating an alleged sexual assault on a commuter service between London Waterloo and Wimbledon in south-west London.

But prosecutors ruled there was insufficient evidence to take the case to trial after the inquiry last year.

The high court judge was questioned over claims by a woman in her 30s that a man rubbed himself against her during a journey.
Richards was held when he voluntarily attended a police station in Hammersmith, west London, on 10 September. Investigators examined dozens of hours of CCTV footage from stations on the network and undertook a series of witness appeals.

These Monsters never learn do they? Mind you, why would they when they are allowed to keep getting away with it.
We then have two coppers to bring an end to Page 13.

These are former Chief Superintendent **Michael Hames** and the former Chief Cuntstable of Hampshire, **Paul Kernaghan**.
So let's start with the latter.

Kernaghan who retired in 2008 predictably received the CBE from the Queen. However, his conduct whilst in office was called into question in 2018.

The following is from the Independent newspaper:

Grieving relatives of people killed by lethal doses of opiates at Gosport War Memorial Hospital are demanding Hampshire's former chief constable face criminal charges for his failure to prosecute those responsible.

Gillian McKenzie, 84, the first person to report concerns to police, said she

wants to see former head of Hampshire Constabulary Paul Kernaghan and other senior officers in the dock for perverting the course of justice.

She alleges that her formal complaint in November 1998 about the police investigation into the death of her mother Gladys Richards' death was "sat on" by Mr Kernaghan and others for three years.

And as for Michael Hames, well he retired from the fuzz in 1994. However, it is interesting that when active he was with the Obscene Publications Unit - a paedophile squad.

Moreover, in the 24 years since his retirement, Hames has spent his time working as a Child Protection Consultant... Or put another way; another gatekeeper to La-La Nonceland.

And that concludes Page 13 and brings us to Page 14:

Peter Hain MP. 12.07.07.Formerly, Sec. of State for Wales & Sec. of State for Work and Pensions, until Jan 2008 when he resigned from ministerial office over his failure to declare donations to his campaign for Deputy Leadership of Labour Party. Also in cult records as having attended **Satanic Meetings in Masonic Hall** twice this year. Unlikely could attend without being members of cult.

Fiona Montague. 16.07.07. Lord Montague's second wife. Has son, Jonathon.

Craig Newcomb. 27.07.07. KE's new man. (She got v angry when found out he'd cheated on her!).

Gail. 27.07.07. Watcher from King Arthur's Way, Andover.

Linda Mothersole. 08.09.07. Works for Testway Housing Assoc. (Testway own bungalow HG lives in). She is boss of Testway Support System. Helps group. Gives them info and has access to tenants' Key safe codes and files.

List of some of the financial Contributors to Group found on KM's Laptop computer, locked in Computer room. 16.09.07

Ian McClellan, Actor
Dale Winton, Presenter, TV. (Gay).
Elton John, Singer. (Gay).
Pam St Clement, Actress, East Enders.
KD Lang, Pop singer – Lesbian.

Contributions from this group alone, this year, number £80,000.

Catherine Jamieson. 14.10.07. Wells, Somerset. Poses as counsellor. Wants to try and infiltrate RAINS. Friends with KE. Has no qualifications but apparently sounds v. convincing.

Peter Tobin. 14.11.07. Raped 2 girls in Leigh Park, Hants. Has killed several. Case reported in press. Convicted of murder.

Darren Macey. (DM) 12.02.08. Went to HG on 02.02.08. Waited in garden. She went out to put money in gas meter (outside front door). Barged in and jabbed her and injured her. Rubbed animal shit in sores, put something inside. Darren Macey is 25. Stocky, short dark hair. Eagle tattoo top L.arm. Comes from Salisbury. Came with Pat Knight. (See below).

Pat Knight. 12.02.08. Aged 46. Ex-army nurse. Came to HG with DM. on 02.02.08.Gave HG 2 injections and made threats.

Patricia Thornton. 04.03.08. Worked for 20 years in 'Haut de la Garenne' children's home in Jersey. KM has photo of her as young woman with girl called Win Lockhart. Patricia Thornton is now 85. Picture of her as she is now in Mail on Sunday 03.03.08. This not seen by Pals.

Fiona Mc Keown. 12.03.08. Mother of Scarlet Keeling, murdered in Goa, India. Attends meetings in New Forest.

And we start with another bent (former) MP - **Peter Hain**.

Hain was forced to resign from his role as the Secretary of State for Wales (*where so much child abuse took place*) in the nonce infested Brown government over allegations of corruption.

The following is taken from the Metro Newspaper:

Work and Pensions Secretary Peter Hain is to face a full parliamentary "sleaze" inquiry over his failure to declare £103,000 in donations to his Labour deputy leadership campaign, it was confirmed today. The Parliamentary Commissioner for Standards, John Lyon, has ruled that the minister does have a case to answer, the commissioner's office said.

Furthermore, Hain was caught up in a South African plot to blackmail the nonce MP Cyril Smith:

A botched attempt by South African intelligence to blackmail Cyril Smith over his sexual abuse of boys may have helped the politician escape justice.

The attempt to blackmail Smith took place around the time of the "Lib-Lab pact" of 1977-78, when the Labour government was maintaining power with the support of Liberal MPs. Boss sought to destabilise the government and hasten an election and the accession to power of Mrs Thatcher's Conservatives, regarded as less critical of Pretoria's racist regime.
Smith had become a person of interest to the South African government, along with a number of other Liberal politicians who became the subject of propaganda campaigns. Peter Hain, a prominent anti-apartheid campaigner and former Young Liberal leader who would go on to become a Labour minister, was falsely accused of a bank robbery.
Malicious rumours were also circulated about the private lives of former prime ministers Harold Wilson and Edward Heath, as well as the former Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe... Source: The Independent.

Cyril Smith, Edward Heath & Jeremy Thorpe! Hain is certainly in nonce territory there.

Nevertheless, despite being corrupt - *if nothing else* - Hain was later promoted to the House of Gaylords, so go figure.

We then have the curiously named **Linda Mothersole** who was a boss at the now defunct Testway Housing. And whilst I am not particularly interested in her, it is her named contributors that I am more interested in, i.e **Ian Mckellen, Dale Winton, Elton John, Pam St Clements & K.D Lang** - all gay... Although I don't want to start a gay witch hunt.

After all, I am not David Cameron... I am just sayin'.
Now I am particularly interested in **Elton John** because I have been after exposing that cunt for years and he is the primary reason that I ended up in Crown Court on child porn images - which was quite rightly immediately thrown out of court by the trial judge who all but stated that it was a malicious charge brought about by the police in an effort to silence me. .

You see, Elton John and his long time boyfriend, David Furniture - *or whatever his fucking name is* - are '*fathers*' to two little adopted boys and this kind of fiasco needs putting a stop to by my way of thinking... Especially given mind to the kind of person that the singer is.
Course, we all know that when you're rich you are more or less above the law, but what if Elton Bog and his smarmy boyfriend were just your average everyday folks?

They certainly wouldn't be allowed to adopt.
I mean for starters, there would be a huge question mark over the Rocket Man's age. His weight could also be a negative factor – but let's not go there because he is known as being a bit sensitive and prone to tantrums… Which would also go against his suitability to bringing up a baby. As would the old baldy's vanity too.
He also keeps very, very dodgy company. In fact I can connect the singer (*and a very good one he is too, but that isn't the point*), to just about every politician and celebrity who has ever been involved in a sex scandal over the past decade; if not before… Once again, birds of a feather, and all that malarkey.

And what of his past… Hmmm. Let's have a butchers shall we?
Now a good place to start is with rent boys. Indeed if you have read my article, Derek! Who the fuck is Derek, you will know about the rent boy, Jeff Chevalier who was Lord John Browne's 'lover'.

Chevalier was also the person responsible for Lord Browne having to resign as the CEO of BP. Lord Browne met up with the filthy, vile nonce, Laud just after Christmas 2013. The obnoxious pair are in fact both on the Board of Directors of Stanhope Capital, based in the City of London.

Browne, is also very well in with our Royal family – no surprise there. And Elton John is also good friends with Lord Browne and the Royal Family. Elton even sang at Princess Diana's funeral. So, keeping Chevalier in mind, the following passage taken from the Daily Mail in 2007 is very interesting:

Mr Trickey, who last saw Chevalier five weeks ago, said that after he had split from Lord Browne he boasted about having met Tony Blair and about staying with Elton John and David Furnish at the pop star's holiday home in Venice…
'…Then he told me that he had met Tony Blair and stayed with Elton John and David Furnish in Venice. He mentioned lords and duchesses that he had met, but the names meant nothing to me.'

And here is another passage from a different article on the same subject:

Lord Browne and his younger lover enjoyed a champagne lifestyle and holidayed with the likes of Elton John, it has emerged.
Course, those of you who read my stuff regularly or have read my book "**Monsters In The Palace**" will know that as well as being sexual deviants, the Royal Parasites are also practicing Satanists. And so there will be no surprises in learning that Elton Pisspot is also a Satanist:

Like so many artists who have sold their souls for rock and roll, Elton John has been immersed in Satanism. In fact, Bernie Taupin who has lived with Elton John and wrote most of his lyrics stated that Elton John's "home is laden with trinkets and books relating to Satanism and witchcraft" (US, July 22, 1980, p. 42) Taupin like Elton John, with whom he collaborates, is also into Satanism. Taupin admits that he decorates his walls with "satanic art" and has further declared that, "the occult fascinates me"(People, June 23, 1980).
Many artists like Elton John and Bernie Taupin recognize the devils hand in their success and realize that their fans do not have a clue that much of

their inspiration is the result of demonic beings that use them as puppets to deceive the public. Elton John has admitted that he is deceiving his fans, "Its all a big con," and adds, "But as long as the public laps it up, I'm quite happy to go on giving it to them." (Rolling Stone, July 15, 1976, p. 30)

Like all those who rebel against a relationship with the Lord, Elton John lives a lifestyle that is doomed and headed toward destruction. John has stated, "In most artist there's a self destructive streak. Drugs, sex and doomed liaisons were my form of destruction." Besides his sexually perverse lifestyle Elton John has been known for his temper tantrums and deep depression. Elton John has had multiple sex partners, "I would walk into a club a see someone I hadn't even met and I would already have them on the conveyor belt," declared John, "They'd come out with a Vercase shirt and a Cartier watch at the other end."

After all of John's worldly success he has not found the true happiness that can only be found through a relationship with the Savior Jesus Christ. John has stated, "One thing that depresses me is that there are so many successful people that are [expletive) miserable with it." Elton John has sought to fill the depressed, Christless void in his heart to no avail with sexual perversion and materialism. "I haven't met anybody I'd like to settle down with—of either sex," says John. John's sexually perverse influence on the masses is taught by example, through songs as well as in interviews. He has stated:
"There's nothing wrong with going to bed with someone of your own sex. I just think people should be very free with sex…They should draw the line at goats."(Rolling Stone, October 7, 1976, p. 17)

Both bestiality and homosexuality are condemned in the word of God as unnatural ungodly. God's word warns that Homosexuals will not inherit the kingdom of God and that the sexually immoral will go to the lake of fire. (1 Cor. 6:9-10, Revelation 21:8) Elton John has sung about suicide, Lesbianism (All the Girls Love Alice), glorified prostitution (Sweet Painted Lady), sniffing glue (Bitch is Back) and encouraged teenage rebellion (Bennie and the Jets). John lives for pleasure, but as God's word declares that those who live for pleasure will never be satisfied.
Elton John has struggled to fill the empty void in his soul with sex, drugs,

fame and even food, "If I was eating a curry, I couldn't wait to throw it up so that I could have the next one." Elton John would regularly spend almost one hundred thousand dollars per shopping spree. He once spent nearly a million dollars in a single day of shopping. All of this has not filled the void in Elton John's heart. So deep has been his depression that he has attempted suicide more than once. John once reportedly took 60 valiums and jumped into a hotel swimming pool, yelling, "I'm going to die!"

On yet another occasion he turned on an oven and laid his head in the range but subsequently aborted the suicide attempt.
Course, I have no idea if Elton Crapper & David Fungus are – *like most Satanists* – into Child Sacrifice or not. It is however, very rare that someone heavily into such a vile form of worship ever gives it up. The Royal Spongers certainly haven't.
Neither do I know if Elton Loo is a Nonce or not. However being Knighted by the Queen after first receiving a CBE from her doesn't help with all the rumours of paedophilia that surround the Superstar. Neither did the Sun Newspaper help dispel those rumours. The newspaper was in fact sued by Elton Khasi over their front page story which stated that he had sex with under-age Rent boys. This then from Wikipedia:

In January 1987, MacKenzie published a front-page story alleging that pop singer Elton John had had sex with underage rentboys. These claims were without any foundation and entirely false. Shortly after, MacKenzie published further allegations that the singer had had the voiceboxes of his guard dogs removed because their barking kept him awake at night. Not only were these additional claims also completely untrue, but MacKenzie confirmed their inaccuracy shortly after publication by sending a reporter to the singer's house, who quickly discovered that all of his guard dogs were quite capable of barking (MacKenzie later admitted that in retrospect he found it difficult to understand why he had believed, never mind published, the claims about the guard dogs which he later realised were self-evidently absurd). Elton John sued The Sun for libel over both these claims and was later awarded £1,000,000 in damages. MacKenzie later said of Elton John
"Personally, I think The Sun should have its million quid back. It hasn't damaged him at all, has it? Libel can only have a value if there has been

some kind of damage, right? Where is the damage? Where? There's nothing wrong with him. So no, I don't feel bad about him, not at all".

And as a footnote to the CBE and Knighthood that the singer was awarded by Bizzy Lizzy. It is telling of the warped mindset that the Old Bitch has by the huge number of honours that she has bestowed on those with a dodgy past, don't cha think?
Then there is the matter of the Penis's Pianist's Class A Drug taking. Elton John was so heavily into Cocaine that he told Piers 'prat' Morgan that *'Drugs nearly killed him*'. Indeed, I can't imagine that something like that would count in Mr & Mr Ordinary-Gays favour when the pre-adoption assessments were taking place, can you? Especially when you add Elton's alcohol abuse & Bulimia into the mix.

The following is taken from the Daily Mail:

Sir Elton John was 'very close' to being killed by drugs, he says in a television interview tonight.
When he looks back, he shudders at his behaviour, he says.
Interviewer Piers Morgan asks him: 'How close did drugs come to killing you, do you think?'

The pop star says: 'Very close. I mean, I would have an epileptic seizure and turn blue, and people would find me on the floor and put me to bed, and then 40 minutes later I'd be snorting another line.

This is how bleak it was, I'd stay up, I'd smoke joints, I'd drink a bottle of Johnnie Walker and then I'd stay up for three days and then I'd go to sleep for a day and a half, get up, and because I was so hungry, because I hadn't eaten anything, I'd binge and have like three bacon sandwiches, a pot of ice cream and then I'd throw it up, because I became bulimic and then go and do the whole thing all over again. That is how tragic my life was.
And then there is this interview - *once again taken from the Daily Mail* - which is testament to his sleeping around with every Tom, Dick & Harry – without even bothering to use protection to boot:
Meanwhile, Sir Elton admitted during his interview with Matt Lauer on the NBC Today show that he 'wasted' much of his life on drugs. The singer

also admitted that he felt like the 'luckiest man in the world' to survive his drug addiction at a time when people were dying of AIDS.

He said: 'I wasted such a big part of my life, when this epidemic was beginning to happen in the early 1980s.

'I was a drug addict and self-absorbed. I was having people die right, left, and centre around me, friends. And yet I didn't stop. I was consumed by cocaine, booze and who knows what else.'
He added: 'When you take a drug and you take a drink and you mix those two together, you think you're invincible. I came out of this HIV-negative. I was the luckiest man in the world.'
And a book brought out in 2009 entitled ***Elton John: The Bitch is back,*** written by Mark Bego, could have scuppered the flamboyant Star and his 'filmmaker' husbands hopes of adopting for a first time, let alone the second. Here is what the wendyista.blogspot had to say on the matter:

Sir Elton John is none too happy about a new tell-all book that exposes the singer's past as a cocaine and sex addict.
Written by Mark Bego, who has penned best-selling bios on Cher, Billy Joel and Michael Jackson, the book (Elton John: The Bitch is Back) claims Sir Elton tried to "commit suicide as he struggled with his sexuality and details a kinky homosexual threesome that took place the week of his doomed marriage to (female) recording engineer Renate Blauel in 1984," reports the National Enquirer.

This book, which will be on sale later this month, could not have come at the worst possible time, as Sir Elton and his partner David Furnish have been trying to adopt a child.
"There's some shocking stuff here," a source said. "Back then, Elton went through mountains of cocaine and rivers of booze. He really only straightened out with the help of David — David really saved his life."

Mark told the tabloid Sir Elton "routinely lied to the press about his cocaine and his sex addiction" for most of his life. What I did was find people who were there with him, doing the drugs and having sex with him, to tell of their encounters. I actually had more Elton sex and drugs stories

that I could fit into another book!"

Now, it would be easy to say that the past is the past. But that isn't applied to us ordinary Joe's, so neither should it apply to the 'Elites', should it?

However, if the idea that '*the past is the past*' was applied to us all, then I suppose the above could possibly be forgiven… If it wasn't for the fact that Elton WC owns some of the sickest Art that I have ever seen.
This 'Art Collection' – *and I use the term extremely loosely* – led to a Police investigation into the Singer and his 'partner' in regards to them possessing child pornography
(http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/england/tyne/7013806.stm).
And of course, he was cleared after the collection - *which to my knowledge he still owns* - was deemed as being "art".

Now, that sick collection includes the photo entitled "**Klara and Edda belly-dancing**" by Nan Goldin for which I was maliciously prosecuted (*google it, save me getting in trouble again*) after publishing the photo on my website in order to expose Elton John's sick taste in "art".
Indeed, you can still buy prints of the photo on eBay to this day (*one of the main reasons that my malicious court case was thrown out of court*), but that doesn't make it right

You see, the photo still looks to me like one girl pissing on another. And that is the warped fucks idea of art!

Next up on the list is **Peter Tobin**, who also adds no end to the lists credibility.

The following is from Wikipedia:

Peter Britton Tobin (born 27 August 1946, is a convicted Scottish serial killer and sex offender who is currently serving three sentences of life imprisonment with a whole life order at HM Prison Edinburgh for three murders committed between 1991 and 2006.[1]

Prior to his first murder conviction, Tobin served ten years in prison for a

double rape committed in 1993, following which he was released in 2004. Three years after his release, he was sentenced to life with a minimum of 21 years for the rape and murder of Angelika Kluk in Glasgow in 2006. Skeletal remains of two teenagers who went missing in 1991 were subsequently found at his former home in Margate, Kent. Tobin was convicted of the murder of Vicky Hamilton in December 2008, resulting in his minimum sentence being increased to 30 years, and of the murder of Dinah McNicol in December 2009, resulting in a whole life order.

Tobin has been labelled a psychopath by a senior psychologist,[1] and by criminology professor David Wilson, who also wrote a book on Tobin connecting him with the Bible John murders of the late-1960s.

Earlier this year, Tobin was reported as suffering from cancer and being near to death... Good enough for the cunt.
Which brings us to the final person of interest on Page 14, namely **Patricia Thornton** who worked at the '*Haut de la Garenne*' children's home on Jersey.
And of course that is the children's home that supplied the former British Prime Mincer, Edward Heath with children who were taken out on his yacht and raped - many never to return.

Which brings us to Page 15:

Mark Oaten. MP. 12.03.08. (See 23.01.06). One of 'Pals' had to serve as Rent Boy for him. Described him as 'baldish, plummy voice, lives in posh house in London'. He was not rough and gave Pal £50. Was photographed throughout, for blackmail purposes, but didn't seem too worried.

Katrina Williamson. 18.03.08. Hypnotist. Went to HG's house on 03.02.08, with KE and Kyle. Managed to get in by giving signal which J had disclosed to them having been tortured until she told them the code. KW used blue lights and music, (as 'Peter' had done in past). Then hypnotised and drugged her. Took compromising photos, then injured her. HG had severe pain in leg, back and shoulder but no memory of visit, because hypnotised to forget. Re-inforced with subsequent phone calls. Told not to talk to me. She certainly was fairly distant about this time. All in preparation for getting her out at Easter.

Sir Matthew Farrer. 31.03.08. **Private Solicitor to the Queen.** Described by S as 'ordinary looking'. There was an article about him, with a photo of him sitting reading a newspaper at a bus stop, in the Daily Mail on 25th February 1993. The title was 'The Invisible Man'. He was first mentioned by VH in 1994. She referred to him as **Kali.** She said he was the HP in her group. I showed her the photo of him with all writing removed and she immediately responded, 'That's Kali'. He has a flat in London and a large house in Charlwood, near Crawley, E.Surrey.

Terry Lane. 04.05.08. Aged15. Skinny, spotty-faced youth. Sacrificed 30th April-1st May this year, in New Forest. (Walpurgis/Beltane.)

* * * * * * * *

The above names were sent by me to 2 trustworthy colleagues in June 2008. The following names were given to me by 'Pals' between early June 2008 and Feb. 2010. I have heard nothing from them since. These last names have not been passed on to anyone except yourself.

Jimmy Tarbuck. 26.06.08. Comedian. Seen at Beaulieu at Summer Solstice.

Earl Spencer. 30.06.08. Brother of Princess Diana. Also seen at Beaulieu at Summer Solstice. Was mentioned to me by VH, in early 1990s.

Wayne Smith. 02.08.08. Works for Test Valley in Hampshire. Lived in same block of Council flats as HG's son and daughter-in-law. Very intrusive. Broke into their new Council House between Romsey and Southampton. Owns a fierce Staffordshire Bull Terrier.

Jamie Phillips. 31.08.08. Messenger.

Barry George. 01.09.08. New recruit. Was in news regarding the murder of Jill Dando.
Sion Jenkins. 01.09.08. New recruit. Was in news regarding death of Billie-Jo Jenkins.

Barry Lovejoy. 01.09.08. Has connections with BFMS.

Catherine Bennett. 24.11.08. Journalist.

Graham Cook. 23.01.09. Pals' new Minder. "Bastard!"

And the first name that we see is that of **Mark Oaten's**, whose Wikipedia

page is pretty revealing:
On 21 January 2006, Oaten resigned from the Liberal Democrat front bench when it was revealed by the News of the World that he had hired a 23-year-old male prostitute between the summer of 2004 and February 2005. The newspaper also alleged that Oaten had engaged in 'three-in-a-bed' sex sessions with two male prostitutes. Further allegations surfaced in the media over the following days, including an accusation that he had asked one of the prostitutes to engage in an act of coprophilia.

Coprophilia is of course the act of one person shitting in the mouth of another... But then again all MPs talk shit.

Wikipedia then continues:

Oaten gave an explanation for his actions in an essay in The Sunday Times in which he claimed a "mid-life crisis" was partly responsible for his actions. This was partially contradicted by a 2009 Press Gazette interview Oaten gave, in which he said "Journalists … had my story for three years I think, but hung on to it and never did anything with it. They could have made that public interest argument at any point in the three years. I had always been a Member of Parliament, but they waited until it could sell most newspapers, at the point at which I became well-known and at my most famous."

A bit like the "*innocent*" Harvey Proctor then… Do you reckon that people are going to wake up to these perverted criminals any time soon?

No, neither do I!

Next up is **Sir Matthew Farrer** who was private solicitor to the queen... My, my, aren't there a lot of people on this list close to Sweaty Betty?

We then have **Jimmy Tarbuck**. The following was written by Matt Sergiou who wrote an article for my website about the Beatles:
Jimmy Tarbuck is a Liverpudlian stand-up comedian and sometime TV-host who first shot to fame in the UK in the early 1960s when, at the age of 23, he became the youngest British comic to land his own television-series.

In 2013 he was arrested over allegations of sexual-assault on a young boy dating back to the 1970s, but was released almost a year later without charge.

Tarbuck – ***who for a time back in the day was, I'm led to understand, dubbed a 'fifth Beatle' because of his mop-top haircut, Liverpool accent and trendy attire*** **– had actually attended primary (elementary) school with John Lennon and George Harrison, both of whom were friends.** ***"I always got on well with John,"*** **he once recalled.** ***"I remember him kicking a ball around with him in the playground, shouting and being daft."***

After they'd all made it big and moved to London from Liverpool, there'd be parties.

"John had a great party-piece," **Tarbuck has revealed.** ***"He'd put Speed in your drink. When I was about 24 I nodded off one night at someone's house and he stuck some in my drink. I was like a rabbit in the headlights for four days!"***
After his arrest in 2013, more allegations of abuse appeared – and then promptly went away from view, or so it seems. On the David Icke web-forum, I came across what's claimed to be a copy & paste of an article lifted from a now dead internet-link belonging to the The Sun. It reads:

Cops probe Tarbuck 'sex attack on man No. 2'
New abuse claim
Police are investigating a second sex-assault against Jimmy Tarbuck, The Sun can reveal.
The alleged victim, a man now aged 32, has told detectives he was abused by the comedian.
He made the new claims after reading of Tarbuck's arrest in The Sun.

The alleged incident is said to have happened on a golf-course near his home…
Police said: "We received an allegation…"
Similarly, contributors to the David Icke forum claim that these same

allegations were also ’pulled’ from the newspaper/website, ‘The Express.’ The accusations live on elsewhere – such as the page from *‘Capitalbay.news’*
It might interest you to know that in recent years, Tarbuck is said to have been an active supporter of a children’s home, the *‘Refugio Aboim Ascensao.’* It’s based in Portugal – location of the Madeleine McCann incident and Cliff Richard’s overseas residence...

We then have **Earl Spencer -** brother to the fabled Princess Diana.
After her 'death' Spencer claimed to have had a dream about 4 black swans swimming in the lake with the island that Diana is supposedly buried on.

And then, as if by pure coincidence, 4 black swans arrived on the lake the very next day.
Course, black swans are considered to be Satanic... The following is from David Icke:

The 'black swan' is a symbol used by Satanists - that's why four black swans were introduced to the lake where Princess Diana is claimed to be buried at the Spencer estate at Althorp in Northamptonshire. Her brother said that he had been inspired to do this in a dream...

Note that Icke states that the lake is where Diana is "CLAIMED" to be buried rather than is where she is buried.
And that just leaves **Barry George** and **Sion Jenkins** worthy of mention on Page 15.

Course, my regular readers will no doubt know that I am very suspicious of both of these fellas and if you have read my very long article "**Night Of The Living Dead"** about Princess Diana's death you will know why.

Still, needless to say that everything has to connect with everything in the Satanic realm.
Nevertheless, their pairing is a strange one:

Barry George and Sion Jenkins, both wrongly convicted of high-profile murders, have become close friends following their release from prison.

Mr George has been staying with the former deputy head teacher since being cleared by the Appeal Court last month of killing TV presenter Jill Dando in 1999. He has spent the past seven years behind bars.

The two men also enjoyed a week's holiday together on the Isle of Wight after meeting through the Miscarriages of Justice Organisation...
Source: The Daily Express

Which brings us to the final page - Page 16:

Katharine Mair. 07.02.09. On Advisory Panel Of the BFMS. Told by both Pals and another survivor, that she is also into SRA.

Kimberly Marriot. 07.03.09. Age 13. Baptised into Satanism by Crispian Hollis, RC Bishop of Portsmouth. (See page 6). Made pregnant by one of the group leaders.

Mick Cleary.) 26.04.09.
Barry Hemstock.) 26.04.09. Messengers. Grabbed £150 from HG outside Sainsburys. 25.04.09.

Paul Towney. 01.06.09. Messenger. Beat up J.

Kevin Morgan. 27.07.09. New recruit.

David Willoughby. 27.08.09. Age 58. Height 5'5". White hair, dark eyebrows. Lives in Westminster. Lillington Gardens Estate, off Vauxhall Bridge Road. Previously, Pimlico. Drinks in pub called Pride of Pimlico. Is a Computer wizard! Into Child Pornography, Sado-Masochism and torture – gets some from USA.

Michael Vorden. (Kraut). 20.09.09. Lots of piercing. Was at Beaulieu for Autumn Equinox. 2009.

Other survivors have, over the years, spoken of many people more people involved – also places. Only those mentioned by HG or Pals are included in this list.

And as you can see, there is no one from the filthy rich on that page. However, I think all in all that it is safe to assume that the list is not a work of fiction and therefore extremely disturbing.

Moreover, it doesn't end there. You see, the report goes on to give the

locations where the Satanic abuse took place... However, you can look them all up for yourselves on Google Earth.
Just sayin'...

PLACES

The following places have been mentioned either by HG or PALS, several by both. Some are places they were taken to for punishment or abuse. Others used for ceremonies, policy meetings, or housing prisoners and/or records.

Penerley Lodge, New Forest. On R. side of B3056, heading SWwards. Large squarish, grey stone building, used mainly for meetings. Used for meetings of Cult members, not Ceremonies

Culverley Old Farm, New Forest. Off L side of B3056 heading SW. Gate with cattle grid, along straight drive, the sharp L turn over several more cattle grids to security gates. Can see rambling red brick house and small hexagonal building like a summer-house. HG said equipment for ceremonies stored in this. At the turn of the drive, HG has previously seen doll-like objects hanging in trees, at times of ceremonies, which take place there. (Told it is owned by Vivien Heathcote Hacker).

Greystones, Crawley, Hants. Dilapidated looking house up a short drive where those attending meetings can change form of transport and occupy fewer vehicles. Also used for Cult meetings.

Biddestone House, between Appleshaw and Chute, NW of Andover. Beautiful Georgian house with a semicirclar drive and 2 gates. There is a low statue below drive as it circles in front of house. Belongs to Lord Moyne, connected with the Guinness family. Ceremonies held there.

Beaulieu Palace, ruined Abbey & Church. Lord Montagu's place. Many ceremonies held here or in grounds. Many human sacrifices, often following torture or other punishment. Bodies either buried in **New Forest** or cut up and dropped in sea, weighted.

Christchurch, Dorset. Ruined Church by river. Used for gatherings more than ceremonies.

Old Sarum Castle, Salisbury. HG underwent very severe trauma in these ruined castle grounds. We went there about 8 years ago. Many memories returned. Both torture and ceremonies took place there.

Wetherspoons pub, Salisbury. Formerly, was called The Town House. Situated next to the river. Used mainly as a meeting place.

Ludgershall Castle, small ruined castle on edge of Ludgershall; village in Hants, NW of Andover. HG taken there for abuse and punishment mainly, but has attended ceremonies there.

Hurst Castle, Nr Keyhaven Hants. This is built on a peninsular; a long walk along a sandy strip, but more readily approached by ferry from Keyhaven. This is what Tony, H & I did in summer 2003. In some parts there are hooks and rings attached to the ceiling. HG said she was sometimes hung from these by her feet, naked and then beaten and cut. Ceremonies are also held there.

Coppins, Ivor. Belongs to the Duke of Kent. Not sure if used for Ceremonies, or just for meetings of Cult Members, including Policy Meetings. Possibly for meetings of Commanders, in which case, no robes would be worn and it would appear more life a Seminar or Conference.

West Wycombe, Church with the Golden Ball and surrounding buildings, some of which ruined. This place has been mentioned also by a number of survivors and therapists, including Pamela Klein, a US psychotherapist. I have been there. It is situated high on the hill above **'The Hell Fire Caves'** where the so called **'Hell Fire Club'** held meetings. The church has alternating black and white tiles on the floor and it looks more like a Masonic Temple than a church. I am told that ceremonies are still held in the church and nearby ruins, possibly also in the caves.

Osterley Park, West London. HG said she was taken there many times for Ceremonies.

Black Park, West of London, Uxbridge. West of M25.Ceremonies held there. Has large lake. Pinewood Studios at NE end. HG taken there many times when living in Hillingdon. Not only for Ceremonies; also abuse, 'drowning' torture and other forms of punishment.

Pinewood Studios. West London (See Black Park). Ceremonies held there.

Savernake Forest. SE of Marlborough. There is an old red brick house with tall chimneys, within the Forest. Ceremonies take place in house and forest.

Harewood Forest. East of Andover. A303 runs through middle of it. Ceremonies take place there. Also punishment. HG taken there many times. Police have found things hanging in the trees.

Bournemouth. Public loos in Public Gardens. (I believe they have been demolished since I went there in 2003. They were boarded up then). HG taken there. Meeting place.

Bournemouth. Second shelter to R. of pier, facing seawards. Meeting place.

Max Bygraves' house on Bournemouth cliff top. Meetings.

Highclere Castle, nr Newbury, Berks. Owned by George Herbert, Earl of Caernarvon. Lives mainly in US. Have heard nothing sinister about him but possibly ceremonies held in the castle, when he is abroad.

Breamore House, Nr Salisbury & Fordingbridge. HG has very clear memories of both torture and ceremonies taking place there. She described the house – but didn't know where it was, or the name of it. Later, Pals told us of it. We went there. The hall has black & white alternate tiles, like a Masonic Temple. She had described a room which has a carved mantelpiece and a large table. We entered this room. The carvings were just as described. There were other parts of the house which she had described but these were not open to the public. Owned by Sir Edward Hulse, but no information known about him.

Highgate Cemetery, NW London. Mentioned by others including HG. M taken there in 2004. Used for ceremonies, burials and desecration of graves.

Arundel Castle, Sussex. Owned by the Duke of Norfolk. Mentioned previously by BS, VH and others. Ceremonies take place there. Daughter of Duke, Karina (see People) married to David Frost.

Leigh Park, Havant, Hants. House (2 stories – near a PO and some shops) where computers kept and Pals are or were incarcerated upstairs.

39 Dunbar Street, W. Norwood, SE27. House v. near railway and **Church** where, early on the day of the funeral of Pope John Paul 2nd, the cult held a mock funeral in which a young man was drugged then killed. He was dressed up like the Pope. The house in Dunbar Street is 2 storied; built of London brick.

Branksea Castle. On Brownsea Island, near Poole, Dorset. Used for meetings and ceremonies.

Epping Forest, Nr Waltham Cross, Essex. Used for Ceremonies; also for punishment.

House on **Broadlands Estate**, nr. Romsey.

Nether Lypiatt, nr Stroud, Glos. Formerly owned by Prince Michael of Kent. In 2006 was sold to Lord Drayson. (See PEOPLE). Was used for ceremonies.

Caravan in Rockley Caravan Park, Napier Road, Hamworthy, Nr Poole. Dorset. Used for punishment.

Charleville Forest Castle. Tullamore, Co. Offaly, Ireland. Steve was taken there for ceremony early in 2007.

Castle/House nr. Hawkhurst. Kent/Sussex border. Belongs to Russian Embassy. Described also by NJ in 1989. Children were kept in cages. Ceremonies took place there regularly.

Marchwood Hants, Church of St John the Apostle. Both HG and Pals have spoken of this. Things went on in the vault, the gallery and the side chapel. In the front pews next to the main aisle there are carved goats heads at either end. I have photographs of these. HG was punished there many times.

The following two places were mentioned to me by Pals or HG, between June 2008 and February 2010. Other places have been mentioned by various other survivors, and will be listed separately.

Amport House, near Ludgershall. Belonged to RAF. Was Chaplain's School for Armed Forces. Has secret passages & underground rooms. HG offered job there but declined.

Clifton Hall, near Nottingham. Belonged to Clifton family – then a Girls School – Polytechnic & part of Trent University. Anwas Rashid lived there. Now empty. Said to be haunted. Mentioned also by VH in early 1990s.

Nothing more heard from Pals since Feb. 2010. Information from others will be listed elsewhere.

DYLAN HOWARD
True Crime Best-Selling Author
with MELISSA CRONIN & JAMES ROBERTSON

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

SPIES, LIES & BLACKMAIL

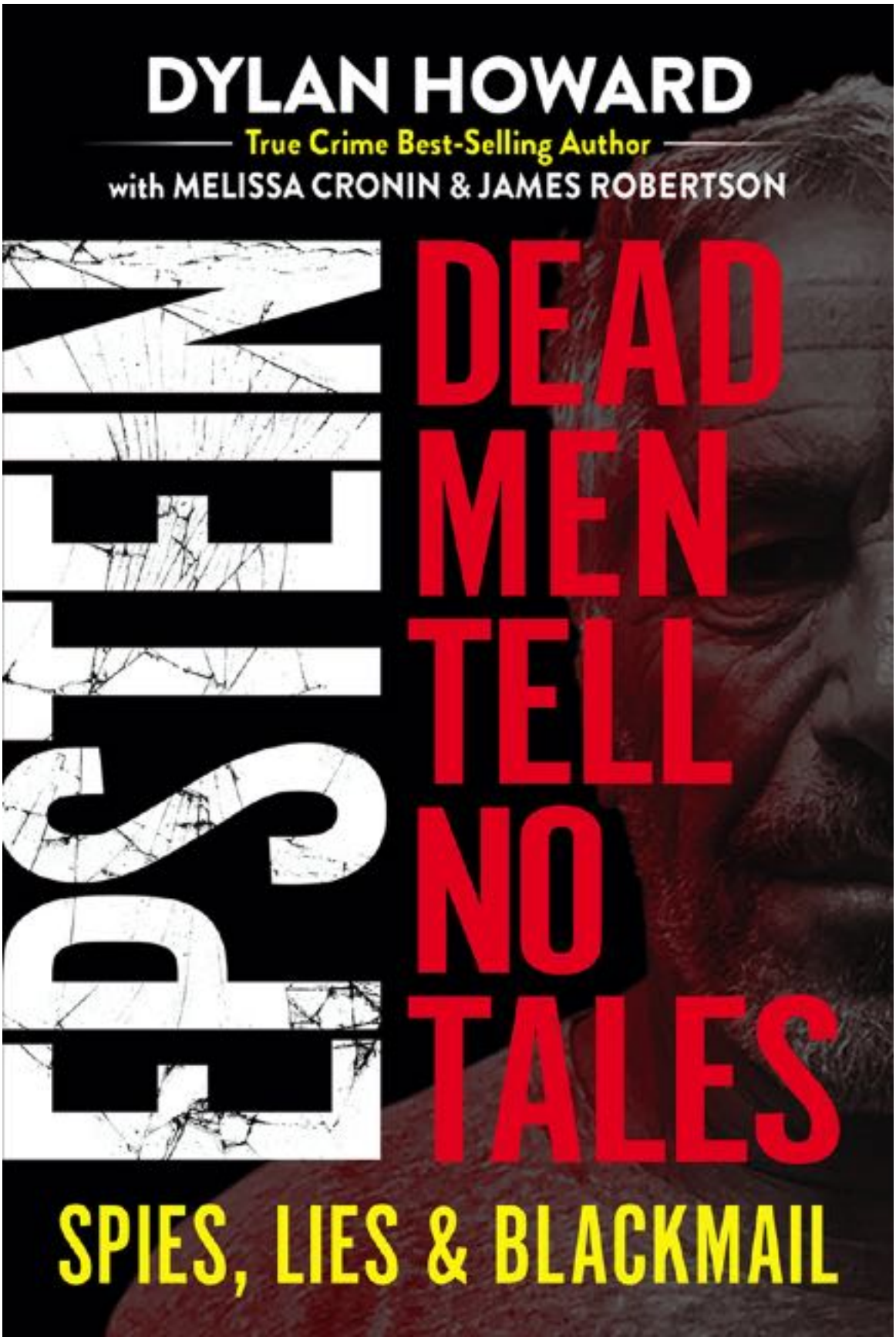
DYLAN HOWARD
True Crime Best-Selling Author
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EPSTEIN
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PRAISE FOR THE AUTHORS

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"The king of Hollywood scoops . . . his work straddles celebrity voyeurism and keen journalism."

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***

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***

JAMES ROBERSTON

"James Robertson has spent the last three years fighting the FBI in court to release their Epstein files. His lawsuit may be the best hope for the public to find out what actually happened, and I am honored to represent him."

—*Dan Novack, First Amendment attorney*

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"James Robertson is in a league of his own."

—*Matt Zimmerman, former Senior* V.P., News *&* *Entertainment Bookings at NBC News*

***

PRAISE FOR THE PODCAST *EPSTEIN: DEVIL IN THE DARKNESS*

"*Epstein: Devil in the Darkness* takes a deep dive into Jeffrey Epstein's crimes . . . not to be missed."

—Daily Mail TV

"*Devil in the Darkness* touts exclusive interviews with Epstein's cellmate—who witnessed his first suicide attempt—and, his former chauffeur."

—Vanity Fair

"The twelve-part *Epstein: Devil in the Darkness* has certainly assembled some interesting contributors. . . . There is interesting insight into Epstein's inferiority complex, apparently caused by his failure to finish two separate degree courses, and his relationship with the heiress Ghislaine Maxwell."

—Financial Times

EPSTEIN:

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

Other books by Dylan Howard

Diana: Case Solved (2019)

Aaron Hernandez's Killing Fields (2019)

The Last Charles Manson Tapes: Evil Lives Beyond the Grave (2019)

Other Podcasts by the Authors

Fatal Voyage: The Mysterious Death of Natalie Wood

Fatal Voyage: Diana, Case Solved

The Killing of Marilyn Monroe

EPSTEIN:

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

SPIES, LIES & BLACKMAIL

DYLAN HOWARD, MELISSA CRONIN & JAMES ROBERTSON

with additional reporting and research by
Katy Forrester, Andy Tillett, and Aaron Tinney

This book is based on new evidence from the explosive hit podcast *Epstein: Devil in the Darkness*

Skyhorse Publishing

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10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data is available on file.

Cover design by 5mediadesign
Cover photo credit: The Mega Agency

Print ISBN: 978-1-5107-5792-9
eBook ISBN: 978-1-5107-5823-0

Printed in the United States of America

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Epilogue

"I've known Jeff for 15 years. Terrific guy. A lot of fun to be with. He's even said to love beautiful women as much as I do, and many of them are on the younger side."

—Donald Trump, 2002

"I was told Epstein 'belonged to intelligence' and to leave it alone."

—Alex Acosta, former US Attorney in Miami

AUTHORS' NOTE

For investigative reporters, all too often the search for truth stops short before any satisfying conclusion. Leads turn cold and paths of inquiry hit dead ends. In the case of Jeffrey Epstein, even in death, the rabbit hole spirals ever downward, proving to be infinitesimally profound and complex.

Disturbing questions about the convicted pedophile first surfaced on a national scale back in 2008, when Epstein received a sentence of just eighteen months in prison—and that, with work release—following the Palm Beach Police Department's discovery of more than thirty of his teen sex abuse victims.

Former US Labor Secretary Alex Acosta had helped prosecute Epstein at the time, and in the face of critiques, Acosta steadfastly insisted he had simply secured the best deal possible. But when pressed as to whether Epstein had scored a lighter sentence because he was a member of international intelligence, Acosta offered a non-denial denial—in classic politician form.

"This was a case that was brought by our office, it was brought based on the facts and I look at the reporting and others, I can't address it directly because of our guidelines, but I can tell you that a lot of reporting is going down rabbit holes," said Acosta.

Now, through the looking glass of a dogged and extraordinary investigation, we have discovered that the rabbit hole goes deeper than

anyone ever could have expected. The world has known only half of the sordid saga that is the life and death of billionaire pedophile Jeffrey Epstein.

Until now.

Dead men like Epstein tell no tales, but we can. In this book, we'll tell a tale of sex victims, dead bodies, spies, death threats, and an international conspiracy the likes of which we have never seen before.

Everyone knows that Epstein used his mathematical genius and ruthless ambition to slither into high society, where he posed as a billionaire investor and charming philanthropist.

His mysterious riches, gaudy private jet, and impenetrable mansion fortresses allowed him to unleash his insatiable appetite for underage girls with impunity for decades. That is beyond dispute.

Now for the first time, however, this unprecedented examination sheds light on an even shadier side of Epstein's dark and twisted life, a story that traverses the globe from the White House, to Manhattan, through New Mexico, Palm Beach, Paris, the US Virgin Islands, and the Israeli Mossad, ending at the Kremlin in Russia.

***

Epstein, at least on the surface, was once the epitome of a jet-setting bachelor. The secretive self-made man who rose from blue-collar Brooklyn to the heights of luxury was a close confidant of presidents, prime ministers, A-list movie stars, and even British royalty.

But for years, there were disturbing whispers that the enigmatic billionaire was secretly running an underground sex-trafficking ring—pimping out the young girls under his control to the richest and most influential men in the world.

Epstein and his powerful pals didn't do much to hide their perversions.

Whether on his private jet, dubbed the “Lolita Express,” at his mansions around the world, or on his own private island, Epstein traveled with a roster of young women by his side. For those men invited to join him, it was a global pedophile playground.

Yet these weren’t periodic seedy sexcapades. The horrors orchestrated by Epstein were carried out on a daily basis.

A massive police investigation in Florida ended with a whimper in 2007. After just a few months in jail, Epstein was back at it again, flaunting his freedom and his debauchery around the world for more than a decade.

In the summer of 2019, though, the possibility of justice at last seemed real as federal agents officially charged Epstein with organizing the most extensive child sex ring in history.

Some of his brave victims—now adult women—came forward to break their silence and confront their abuser. It seemed his sickest misdeeds would finally be revealed, and those who took part in the corrupt conspiracy would be thrust into the spotlight.

The public was poised to finally learn the awful truth, and to hold all those involved accountable.

But hopes for long-overdue justice were shattered on August 10 when Epstein was found dead in his cell at the Metropolitan Correctional Center in New York City.

The verdict: suicide.

The timing: convenient, to say the least.

The man at the center of the monstrous scheme, the devil who might have finally confessed to save what was left of his soul, was forever silenced.

With no one else charged in the indictment, the criminal case against Epstein himself was dropped. There would be no public trial and no further firsthand evidence unleashed. It seemed that Epstein had

ultimately escaped criminal punishment and had silenced his victims yet again.

But that story is not over.

***

For the past eight years, this team of investigators has followed the trail of Epstein's darkest secrets, wherever they led. We conducted dozens of hours of interviews with those who knew Epstein best, secured previously unreleased documents under Freedom of Information Act laws, uncovered and questioned new victims and witnesses—including his onetime chauffeur and his New Mexico "massage therapist" recruiter—obtained recordings of a defiant Epstein himself protesting his innocence, and uncovered photos inside his sex dens of sin and onboard his private jet, the Lolita Express.

At times, we faced pushback.

At times, the facts stopped adding up.

That was when we knew we had to dig deeper into Epstein's dark world.

Luckily, in this case the law would aid our efforts to expose him. Many of our previous investigations into the life of Jeffrey Epstein were hamstrung by the simple fact that he was still alive.

When an individual is still living, it can be virtually impossible to obtain police files, deposition audio, sealed court documents, or any evidence related to their case. But when a person dies, this information can finally be made public with little restriction.

This reality is what allowed us to deliver *Epstein: Dead Men Tell No Tales*, an unprecedented probe into his life and death aimed at uncovering the real truth.

The death of inmate 76318–054 allowed us more access into his personal life than ever before. Here, for the first time ever, we have compiled the shocking information that ultimately led to credible leads

and disturbing new evidence. We have pieced together the scattered puzzle he left behind.

Through it all, we fought tirelessly with law enforcement officials to unseal documents and obtain clues that might otherwise have been overlooked. We traveled to New York, Florida, Paris, Russia, and New Mexico in search of the truth, leaving no stone unturned as we uncovered an epic drama of crime, wealth, betrayal, and international intrigue.

We did it all for years with one goal in mind.

We sought an answer to the question the whole world has been asking: How—*and why*—did the man that President Donald Trump once called a "terrific guy" become one of the world's most evil criminals? And why was he able to evade *true* justice for so long?

***

The story of Jeffrey Epstein—as the world knows it—is shocking, and tragic. The full and *real* story—as revealed here for the first time—is so scandalous that it raises pressing questions that implicate the world's elite.

How much did Epstein pals President Bill Clinton, Prince Andrew, and President Donald Trump know about Epstein's perversions—and did they take part?

How might they have helped him to continue his abuse, and to escape justice for it?

What responsibility might they have for his sudden, shocking death?

And will we ever know the truth of the sprawling tale of espionage and blackmail at the heart of this scandal?

The answers to these questions—and more—will be revealed through this compelling investigation sitting in your hands.

Be warned, however: Our reporting is, at times, graphic, disturbing, and distressing, as his victims expose the brutal details of living their worst nightmare.

Be prepared: Our findings also will send shock waves through the establishment and the highest levels of the world's watching, waiting glitterati.

Be assured that you will finally learn the definitive facts about how it all came to a brutal end in a grim Manhattan jail cell.

Was Epstein's death suicide—or murder?

If murder, who was behind it?

And most importantly: ***who could be next?***

—DYLAN HOWARD, MELISSA CRONIN & JAMES ROBERTSON

CHAPTER 1
AUTOPSY OF A SCANDAL

Far from the hectic pace of central Manhattan, the cab horns and clamor die down as you enter the leafy streets of the Upper East Side.

There, the stately and historic homes stand proud and quiet, decades of history behind their stony gray facades. One seems to hold even more stories than the others. Four buildings combined, it stretches across an entire block, consuming all the streetfront. Gargoyles crouch on the cornices. A thirty-foot wooden door stands impassive and foreboding at the center. Bill Cosby and Woody Allen are among the neighbors. Inside, there is a massive study, one like Sherlock Holmes would inhabit. A towering bookcase lines the back wall, an oil painting—perhaps an Old Master—in the center. Behind that painting, a safe. Inside that safe, hundreds of CDs and DVDs. On those, thousands of files. Photos and videos. Sexual. Showing young girls. Some, with old men.

FBI agents stumbled upon this hidden trove of evil during a massive raid on the $56 million, 21,000-square-foot property, the home of billionaire financier Jeffrey Epstein, on July 6, 2019. Hours before, Epstein had been arrested in New Jersey on charges of sex trafficking.

The files and their disturbing contents were the final legacy of a man who died trying to keep the secrets of a life filled with depravity; what he left behind, testaments to his sins.

That New York fortress was a town house turned torture chamber, filled with oddities such as a painting of former president Bill Clinton in a blue dress and high heels, and a life-sized female doll hanging from a chandelier.

In the rooms that once hosted Manhattan's elite—from Mort Zuckerman to Google cofounder Sergey Brin, magician David Blaine, Donald Trump, Chelsea Handler, Harvey Weinstein, former Clinton presidential aide George Stephanopoulos, Charlie Rose, and journalist Katie Couric—security cameras peered out from every nook and cranny.

Tucked deep inside the house, a dark room was stacked with monitors recording every moment. Close at hand was a printer.

In another hidden room among the seven stories, a massive professional-grade printer loomed in the shadows. On the walls in that hideaway were blown-up photographs of female bodies—their heads and faces cropped out of the frame. Deep in one dark hallway hung a giant blown-up photo of a grinning Epstein carrying a blonde four- or five-year-old girl on his shoulders. He had no children or nieces.

The same day as the New York raid, hundreds of miles away, agents swarmed Epstein's Caribbean island, Little St. James—Little St. Jeff, to locals—and found more chilling relics. Through the window, we saw dozens of orange evidence bags stacked and ready for analysis. More photos of topless girls covered the walls. His mysterious temple—painted in the colors of the Israeli flag—at last, was breached. (Oddly, investigators found buckets of paint, ladders, and scaffolding inside, as if it had been recently renovated.) Still more files were recovered; dozens of secret cameras, discovered.

As fossilized bones sketch the outlines of prehistoric beasts, so too do these remnants of one man's life spin out into fearsome forms upon contemplation.

What purpose would it serve Jeffrey Epstein—a man who had everything—to record and curate the most private moments of others?

The evidence points overwhelmingly to one possibility: blackmail.

In a world of disturbing secrets and deception, Epstein's international web of blackmail was the aspect of his life that he most desperately tried to hide. Was it the one thing that could have truly destroyed it all?

Even more importantly, how was this web of blackmail connected to yet another question hanging over Epstein and his dark legacy: How did he amass a fortune to rival some of the richest individuals in the world?

Epstein was estimated to have been worth roughly $500 million at the time of his death, despite not having any public means of income. Financial documents uncovered in recent weeks show hundreds of millions of dollars flowing into his shady businesses in the US Virgin Islands: Southern Trust and Financial Trust. Local officials had given him an extremely lax tax deal. No one really asked questions.

For Epstein, the money kept rolling in—and out—right up to the end.

Two days before his death was reported, he secretly signed a new will that placed his millions into a trust, forever hiding its movements. Listed as the executors were Darren K. Indyke and Richard D. Kahn, two longtime associates.

Epstein's former colleague Steven Hoffenberg claims that Indyke and Kahn had once been tasked with investigating Epstein's financial misdeeds at investment group Towers Financial in the 1990s, an investigation that ended with Hoffenberg sentenced to twenty years in prison for running a Ponzi scheme that the SEC considered to be one of the largest in history—at least, prior to Bernie Madoff's crimes a decade later. Epstein, however, skipped off scot-free.

Why were those men chosen as executors?

Who really inherited Epstein's trust?

If he really died, why has his fortune not been seized as evidence in the ongoing investigation into his crimes?

Moreover, if no one inherited those millions . . . is it because he's still alive?

If so, where is Jeffrey Epstein?

Will he ever meet justice?

The answers are there, in what Epstein left behind. In his connections, his crimes, his financial dealings and fears, lies the truth.

One of the most disturbing stories in recent memory, Epstein's tale may also be the most complicated. Yet, it is lying right in front of you.

All you have to do is put together the pieces.

CHAPTER 2
THE BIRTH OF A MONSTER

On July 6, 2019, federal agents swarmed a private jet at New Jersey's private Teterboro airport.

As an unsuspecting Jeffrey Epstein walked off the plane, he was apprehended, handcuffed and placed under arrest—for sex trafficking.

The events of that day not only shocked the convicted pedophile, a man who had long evaded justice but also, stunned the world, a world that had thought his reign of lawless horrors would continue forever.

As Epstein descended through the clouds to his ultimate destiny, he surely had no idea what awaited him on the tarmac.

In those final last moments of blissful ignorance, he would have passed over the very place where it all began. Looking from the windows of his plush private jet, once known as the "Lolita Express," Epstein could have looked down upon the tidy streets and neatly appointed homes of Sea Gate, Brooklyn, the quaint middle-class neighborhood in which he was raised.

As he walked those streets decades before, no one ever could have expected what was to come: how high he would rise, how far he would fall, and how thoroughly his life, his reputation, and his circumstances would change.

***

Born on January 20, 1953, Jeffrey Epstein was the cherished first child of school aide Pauline and gardener Seymour.

On the day of his birth, Dwight D. Eisenhower was sworn in as the thirty-fourth president President of the United States, and shared an ominous warning in his inauguration address: "We sense with all our faculties that forces of good and evil are massed and armed and opposed as rarely before in history." How little did he know.

Epstein's parents had married only months earlier, when Pauline was already pregnant with Jeffrey. Both were children of Jewish European immigrants, and many of their family members had been killed in the Holocaust. Nothing in their background could have hinted at the hellish crimes their son would commit.

A year after Jeffrey's birth, his younger brother Mark was born. The two boys were raised in the quiet enclave of Sea Gate.

Epstein's childhood friend Gary Grossberg spoke exclusively to reporter Andy Tillett about his quiet young life with his charming friend, Jeff—and the surprising way his friend's life has turned out.

"Sea Gate was a very, very beautiful, happy family community," Grossberg began. "If you go out to Sea Gate, Coney Island was there, and it was just very, very private. The beach was there, the ocean was there. It was very, very charming, very charming."

He continued:

> It was great. It was wonderful. The Epsteins are just lovely, lovely people. Absolutely the best. No doubt about it. No doubt in my mind. His mother, just the most wonderful woman. In fact, you know something? When I speak to you, I speak to you with his mother's heart. Okay?
>
> You've got to remember this was in the seventies, and life was very different. There was no Internet. There was no high-profile cable TV. There was no media. There was no nonsense. . . .

I was actually close with Mark, his brother, but Jeff was a friend.

We didn't share a lot of time because he was a year older than us, and he was in a different grade. And due to his magnetic personality and well-being, he was in different circles. . . .

He was always a gentleman, always very kind with everyone. And he did a lot of things for a lot of people. . . .

Always did things right. The Epsteins, they're like that. They're good, kind people, whether it's in education, philanthropy, the facilitation of people. They were around people who were doing these types of things.

People are not talking about that. They're only talking about the individuals who were so-called around him. So it's just unfortunate that this particular situation came down and turned into a cancer.

Jeffrey's a very good-looking guy, number one. Very, very talented. He's got money and people, women. They became jealous, whatever it may be. And so I don't believe all these stories about all this nonsense. I'm not saying that there were no improprieties, because who knows, I wasn't there. But I can only tell you about the caliber of the individual that people are talking about. . . .

I only knew and know of the Epsteins in a very, very wonderful way, and it's important for people to speak the truth. And as I say, I don't believe any of these stories about any of that stuff going on because I don't know him that way. I'm telling you the truth. And I'm not trying to hide anything. I'm letting you know exactly. I don't believe it.

I truly believe that this was politically motivated. I guarantee you that he would have never been arrested if Alex Acosta was not on Trump's cabinet. If he wasn't connected, if there was no election, if there was nothing happening . . . it's shit. Everything had happened. It's very sad."

Like most children in the neighborhood, Epstein attended local public schools with Grossberg, later entering the Lafayette High School in South-Central Brooklyn.

Already making his mark, Epstein skipped his freshman and sophomore years, and joined the math team, where he competed with Brenda Solovitz. In an exclusive interview with our team, Solovitz said Epstein still seemed like a normal guy in high school, too.

> At that time, he seemed to be just like a normal person. I don't know of him doing anything outrageous. He was no worse and no different to the rest of us at that point.
>
> "He probably came to my house as part of the math team. Sometimes I made a lasagna and they'd all come over for lunch, but that was it really.
>
> I don't know what he did, but he seemed normal to us. There was nothing about his behavior that seemed off.
>
> He was really bright, and he was in the honors classes I was in, and certainly we moved in the same classes. He seemed fine, just seemed normal, y'know? He wasn't standoffish from people. He was funny sometimes. He fit right in. He didn't seem like a geek. To me, he seemed like a normal person.
>
> His father worked in the parks department and that wasn't unusual at that time. A lot of us came from lower middle—what used to be middle class, but we lived in housing projects and things like that. It was just our fathers' luck, but we didn't have a lot of money.
>
> To me he was a normal guy, a really bright normal guy.

From there, though, Epstein's path would grow rockier as his dark side began to emerge. In 1969, sixteen-year-old Epstein graduated from high school two years early and entered the prestigious Cooper Union college in

lower Manhattan. At Cooper Union, he took advanced math classes and made extra cash by tutoring classmates. But suddenly and inexplicably, he dropped out in spring 1971.

Just a few months later, Epstein enrolled instead at New York University's Courant Institute of Mathematical Sciences, where he studied the mathematical aspects of heart physiology. But in June 1974—when the go-go 1960s had given way to the gas lines and financial downturn of the 1970s—Epstein again quit school, having failed to receive a degree from either institution.

It remains something of a mystery as to why he dropped out of both institutions. Still, the decision to end his academic career would not slow ambitious Epstein's rise through Manhattan's elite.

That fall, the twenty-one-year-old college dropout was hired to teach math and physics at the Dalton School, one of Manhattan's most prestigious private schools. Located on the ritzy Upper East Side, Dalton then cost roughly $3,000 a year to attend—more than $15,000 in modern currency. Today, the annual tuition has ballooned to more than $50,000.

When Epstein arrived, the school was filled with rich kids from the upper echelon that he was desperate to enter. Soon-to-be celebrity students who attended Dalton while Epstein was a teacher included *Dirty Dancing* star Jennifer Grey, Maggie Wheeler (Janice from *Friends*), media mogul Rupert Murdoch's daughter Prudence, and Michael J. Fox's future wife Tracy Pollan, who starred in the 1980s sitcom *Family Ties*.

In an unusual twist of fate, Epstein was hired at the prestigious institution only months after authoritarian headmaster Donald Barr had stepped down. Barr was the father of current US Attorney General William Barr, the man who would later be responsible for prosecuting Epstein, in 2019.

As headmaster, the elder Barr had turned the notoriously progressive school into a punishingly conservative institution. Girls were sent home

for wearing short skirts; boys, for having long hair. Teachers were forbidden from wearing casual or eccentric clothes, the colors and cuts that had been fashionable just a few years before. And if students were busted for smoking weed, they could only avoid expulsion by undergoing therapy. Barr was the Dalton dictator, and he considered his orders "ukases"—an Imperial Russian term for edicts made by a czar.

"They think they can cheat on tests, steal from one another's lockers and exploit each other emotionally so long as they have the right opinions about the war or civil rights or something else," Barr said at the time. "That is not morality."

Halfway through the 1974 school year, the conservative headmaster clashed with the Dalton board of trustees and resigned in protest. His replacement, Dr. Gardner Dunnan, rolled back some of the stricter codes of conduct, giving Epstein—a predator in the making—the perfect hunting ground.

With no outdoor hangout areas, students socialized in the hallways, and Epstein frequently inserted himself into these groups. At the time, most students viewed him as a quirky young teacher who cared more about gossiping than grading.

"I won't say that the girls didn't like him, but they thought he was odd," former Dalton alumna Karin Williams said of the young teacher. "You noticed him. He stood out as this young guy in this weird coat."

(Williams is referring to the full-length fur coat Epstein wore to school, the kind favored by the men who lorded over the streetwalkers off Times Square, or who waited at Penn Station to swoop in on fresh-faced new arrivals to the city.)

Under that coat, Epstein kept the top two buttons of his shirt open, exposing a gold chain necklace. Most girls didn't take him seriously, and perhaps that was precisely how Epstein wanted them to think of him: laid-back and approachable.

“I was a 14-year-old and he helped me through a time when there wasn’t anybody else to talk to,” Dalton graduate Leslie Kitziger told the *New York Times* in a 2019 exposé on Epstein’s Dalton years. “He listened . . . I felt like he really cared that I was having a rough go.”

Former student Scott Spizer even remembered Epstein popping up at a boozy student party, and recalled the special attention he gave to the girls.

“I can remember thinking at the time, ‘This is wrong,’” Spizer told the *Times*. “He was much more present amongst the students, specifically the girl students, during non-teaching hours. . . . It was kind of inappropriate.”

What’s more, Dalton alumnus Mark Robinson claimed that Epstein wasn’t the only faculty member cruising the halls for sexual conquests.

“There were a number of teachers who looked at the student body as their next meal,” Robinson alleged.

But Epstein didn’t get far. Amid complaints about his lackadaisical teaching style, the Dalton school board terminated Epstein after the 1976 school year.

“It was determined that he had not adequately grown as a new teacher to the standard of the school,” said Peter Branch, head of the high school at the time. Branch only recalled getting complaints about Epstein’s poor academic abilities, though—not his personal habits.

True to form, Epstein somehow managed to turn that failure into a stepping-stone to even greater success: a job on Wall Street.

During a parent-teacher conference, the twenty-three-year-old had managed to dazzle one student’s financier father. So, when Epstein was fired from Dalton, the broker connected Epstein with Alan Greenberg, a Wall Street bigwig who was poised to become chief executive officer of multibillion-dollar global investment bank and brokerage firm Bear Stearns.

“This parent was so wowed by the conversation he told my father, ‘You’ve got to hire this guy,’” Greenberg’s daughter Lynne Koeppel

recalled to the *Miami Herald*. “That was Jeff. He was very smart and he knew how to woo people, how to schmooze . . . If that was his plan, it worked.”

Later that year, Epstein landed a job at Bear Stearns as a low-level junior assistant to a floor trader. He swiftly rose through the ranks, and within four years he had become a limited partner, taking on mega-millionaire clients like Seagram president Edgar Bronfman. For Epstein, it was a boyhood dream come true. But it wouldn’t last.

CHAPTER 3
FOLLOW THE MONEY

By 1980, Jeffrey Epstein's life was a fast-paced collage of frantic days on Wall Street and glittering nights among Manhattan's elite. He had managed to climb into yet another exclusive circle of society, and for the first time—it must have seemed—nothing was off limits.

As he began his finance career, Epstein was heralded as an uncommon genius from the start, chosen personally by Wall Street icon Alan Greenberg to be his protégé. (Greenberg served as Bear Stearns' CEO from 1978 to 1993 and as chairman of the board from 1985 to 2001. He also served as a non-executive director of Viacom.)

"Bear Stearns never had any training program," Epstein said in a recently unsealed interview we obtained. "There was no course to begin. Alan Greenberg said he wanted me to learn each area of the business.

"He thought the best place for me to start would be on the floor of the American Stock Exchange and then later move up to the trading desk and learn all the different areas of the firm, including the margin department. He was amazing."

But in less than a year, Epstein found his niche. He analyzed the portfolios of wealthy clients and came up with cunning money-saving schemes.

Getting in on Wall Street before the 1980s banking boom allowed Epstein to build a spectacular network of connections that made him the toast of Manhattan during one of the most prosperous decades it had ever seen. In just a few short years with Bear Stearns, Epstein had made millions of dollars, was traveling full-time by chauffeured limo, had billionaires relying on his financial advice, and was carousing around town with stunning women on both arms.

A close friend from that period, *Vanity Fair* contributing author Jesse Kornbluth, recalled how Epstein became a rising star of the social scene in an exclusive interview with investigative reporter Andy Tillett, who contributed to this book.

> I would say Jeffrey Epstein's money, how much there is, how he got it, is a complete mystery, and not just to me.
>
> I met Jeffrey Epstein in 1987, at a party given by Pepsi-Cola. He was with a blue jeans manufacturer. We chatted, and he seemed interesting. We decided we'd carry on this conversation again elsewhere.
>
> Jeffrey was Peter Pan. He looked young, was fit, cheerful, and self-amused. . . . He had an ironic smile, which is congenial to me, since I find a lot of things ironic as well. I guess the final thing to say is, New York was not then, because of the huge interest in finance, populated by very interesting heterosexual men. There were many interesting gay men, but heterosexual men doing business, not so much. Jeffrey was one of the few.
>
> New York's the big leagues. You've got to be *good* to do it here, at the level of a Madoff, or an Epstein. He actually seemed not just smart, but accomplished. Those are very attractive qualities, and he was unmarried, so he was the ideal extra man. He was invited places. He made his way rather quickly. There was nothing about him of the freak and pervert that he would come to be.

Still, Kornbluth said, when he got to know Epstein more intimately, the whiz kid's carefully constructed façade began to crack.

> Brighter minds than I say that he had actually really very little ability. That his mind skittered. That when the conversation turned serious, he made an ironic joke and changed it. This makes it incredibly puzzling that, say, someone like Leon Black, a major financier with a large, large department of tax experts, would say, "Jeffrey, you'll be my tax adviser." These sorts of things make no sense. As for his education, we know there was none. He came from Brooklyn, was a high school graduate. His parents weren't distinguished in any way.
>
> Harry Evans once described his wife, Tina Brown, as being cunning like a desert rat. That was a compliment. I think Epstein was, too. He had enough knowledge that he could talk for five minutes about anything, and for six minutes about none.
>
> I had no reason to disbelieve his fantastic stories. I was not then a novelist. On the other hand, I was interested in confirming.
>
> He sometimes helped dictators hide their money. He sometimes helped Americans recover the money that dictators had. It seemed cheerfully amoral, and that is what interested me and make me want to write about him. I said, "Jeffrey, let me see you work."
>
> I saw him in two places. One, he had this vast office that used to be at Random House. It was largely empty, and you couldn't tell what work was being done there.
>
> Another time, we arranged to meet in the lobby of a Park Avenue building, and we took the elevator up to a law office, where Jeffrey was going to serve a subpoena. He didn't get past the receptionist, and I found the whole event puzzling. On the one hand, you're recovering millions and millions of dollars. On the other hand, you're doing what a process server does.

Those incidents rattled Kornbluth, and he began to doubt if Epstein really was the man he claimed to be. But there was one disturbing interaction that truly ended their relationship once and for all.

> I was about to be married to an extremely beautiful historian, who had just published a book of military history.
>
> The night before we were to be married, we had separate phones, and he called her on hers and said, "Since you're going to be married tomorrow, this is your last night of freedom. Why don't you can come over and sleep with me?" At first, she didn't take it seriously. It was just the sort of flip thing that any number of friends would have said. But no, he was actually serious. That was a major tell.
>
> Then, a few days later, days after our marriage, someone purporting to be me called a number of women, including some of our friends saying, "It's Jesse Kornbluth. I'd love to go out with you." They called us to say, "Somebody, Jesse, is impersonating you." Who would do that?
>
> My wife's theory is, "It had to be Jeffrey."

Meanwhile, Epstein was growing ever more desperate—and reckless—in his pursuit of money and influence.

In early 1981, one of Epstein's colleagues at Bear Stearns tipped off management that Epstein was testing the boundaries of the law. After an investigation, Epstein admitted he had loaned $20,000 to a friend, Warren Eisenstein, who then used the money to invest in stocks, with Epstein's insider knowledge guiding him. It was unethical, and potentially illegal. Epstein wasn't fired, but he was fined $2,500 and passed over for a partner promotion.

That was humiliating in itself, but a few days after that there was an even more painful blow. The US Securities and Exchange Commission

(SEC) opened an investigation into Epstein's client Edgar Bronfman, and Epstein was accused of illegal securities violations.

Depending on who you ask, Epstein was either unceremoniously fired at that point, or quit in a blaze of glory. Either way, it left the unabashed social climber in a very undesirable position.

No longer a Wall Street wunderkind, Epstein was jobless, homeless, and running out of funds. He had to get creative.

Desperate Epstein bent the rules even further and began taking on controversial black-market clients, like Saudi Arabian businessman Adnan Khashoggi, the man who had been implicated when the Iran-Contra Affair became public in 1986.

(The Iran-Contra Affair was a secret US arms deal in 1985 that traded missiles and other arms to Iran. Officially, the deal was struck to free Americans hostages held by terrorists in Lebanon. Secretly, however, the American government had sold the weapons and used the proceeds to support armed conflict in Nicaragua. The controversial scheme—and the ensuing political scandal—threatened to bring down the presidency of Ronald Reagan. The hub of much of the Contra activity was in Arkansas, while Bill Clinton was governor.)

Epstein's involvement was to help Khashoggi broker global armament deals, which was more than just old guns in crates; it included the sale of major weaponry like the AWACS (Airborne Warning and Control System) aircraft.

Meanwhile, according to a US Defense Intelligence Agency report, Khashoggi was also one of the biggest drug traffickers doing business in Colombia in the 1980s and 1990s.

But Adnan Khashoggi was not only an arms dealer; he also worked with and for the CIA. During this period, Epstein was known to boast that he was a CIA agent as well. Khashoggi was not his only link. Epstein's old

Dalton connection Donald Barr had worked for the OSS before becoming a headmaster. Barr's son William Barr would later work for the CIA as well.

After Epstein's death, the FBI would find he'd used an Austrian passport with a fake name to enter the United Kingdom, Saudi Arabia, and Spain during that period. His lawyers have insisted it was to avoid an anti-Semitic attack—not to avoid the attention of the authorities in the United States.

Despite his growing social network, Epstein certainly was spiraling further and further away from the exclusive circles of proper society that he'd always wanted to inhabit.

Then in 1987, he got what seemed like a lucky break, meeting Steven Hoffenberg of Tower Financial Corporation, a leading debt collection and corporate raiding agency at the time. Hoffenberg recalled that heady period in a series of exclusive interviews with our team.

"Towers Financial was a publicly traded company involved in accounts receivable collection and financing and asset financing and was raising money on Wall Street in the capital markets," Hoffenberg told reporter Doug Montero.

> Jeffrey Epstein applied to Towers Financial for a position in investment banking via an introduction from his employer in Europe named Douglas Leese who was very unhappy with Jeffrey Epstein's behavior. . . . Epstein submitted expenses for hundreds of thousands of dollars that were inappropriate. They wanted to discharge Jeffrey Epstein.
>
> They realized, though, that he had a great ability on Wall Street and this company was partners overseas with Towers Financial. They asked me if I would interview him and consider him for the investment banking division of Towers Financial. That's what occurred. That's how I met him.

> The time frame of our first meeting in New York City at Towers Financial's headquarters was in the eighties, probably more like '86, '87. Jeffrey Epstein had worked in Europe. . . . He was very heavily involved in the illegal side of the business, of the money laundering, the spying, the arms sales. I'm sure there was some legitimate components that wouldn't be criminal, but the majority of his work product was criminal.
>
> At this late hour of many years later, I like being concise and I don't want to misquote, but I can tell you that they sold armament throughout the Middle East and around the world. There was a sale of aircraft, I believe. The AWACS or the air force protective planes for spying, they were involved in that . . . and they were involved in all types of armament being sold. They did work a partnership with Adnan Khashoggi's group in Saudi Arabia regularly and selling armament with Adnan Khashoggi's folks in Saudi Arabia and throughout the Middle East.

Nevertheless, Hoffenberg said:

> I was very impressed with the unbelievable personality and unbelievable ability of Jeffrey Epstein to become a friend and the uncanny ability that he had as a mastermind criminal on Wall Street.
>
> Jeffrey Epstein was a brilliant, brilliant Wall Street mastermind in criminality for securities fraud. I was greatly impressed with his demeanor, his ability to understand complex securities underwritings and sales to investors. He was also broke. He was literally without funds because he got into trouble in Europe and had gotten into trouble at Bear Stearns.
>
> He was extraordinarily gifted. Very talented, very personable, very able to get to be liked at once by people, and a mastermind of

> criminality on Wall Street. He was so unusual as an executive and had so much ability. It was just very surprising how gifted he was.
>
> His ability to sell you securities when you weren't looking to acquire securities was remarkable. He would end up convincing you to buy securities in Towers Financial and you weren't even considering that. He had that gift and that ability.
>
> He was a master manipulator.

But Epstein's manipulations weren't always done through legal means. By the early nineties, the authorities had set their sights on Towers—and Epstein—for operating a multimillion-dollar Ponzi scheme.

Hoffenberg explained:

> The securities violations at Towers Financial was branded as a Ponzi crime. You raise money from one investor to pay another investor. That's the simple definition of Ponzi. Jeffrey Epstein participated full time and was a mastermind in that part of the Towers Financial crimes.
>
> Towers Financial got into an awful lot of legal problems and litigations and ended up going into bankruptcy. Trustees were appointed to operate the company . . .
>
> Jeffrey Epstein had a very strong relationship with the lawyers that the trustee hired. Actually, the trustee in bankruptcy at Towers Financial, a man named Alan Cohen, hired one of Jeffrey Epstein's best friends and lawyers, Indyke and Kahn, to investigate Jeffrey Epstein at Towers Financial, which is remarkable.
>
> Jeffrey Epstein manipulated that occurrence without question. Absolutely, it was a brilliant manipulation, shockingly.

The outcome was just as jaw-dropping.

“Epstein was not punished in the crimes at Towers Financial,” Hoffenberg said. “Jeffrey Epstein’s ability as a master criminal got him out of the penalty box for all of that. That’s what happened continuously in his other criminal charges as well.”

Hoffenberg, meanwhile, was sentenced to twenty years in prison, a $1 million fine, and $463 million in restitution.

Epstein didn’t just escape justice, however. Hoffenberg claimed he moved on to new adventures—with millions in his pocket.

“Epstein was able to fund his criminal enterprise Financial Trust Company and J. Epstein and Company,” Hoffenberg alleged. “There was another. I believe it was International Asset Collections. He was able to fund it with the assets and money from the Towers Financial crimes.”

Meanwhile, Epstein did have one reputable high-profile client: Les Wexner, founder and CEO of The Limited, a company that includes the lingerie empire Victoria’s Secret. Epstein first crossed paths with the billionaire business tycoon in Palm Beach in the mid-1980s. Epstein reportedly stopped Wexner from investing in the stock market shortly before the 1987 crash, and as a result, Epstein and Wexner became very close, very fast.

“They had a very deep bond, a very deep friendship and a very deep business relationship for a number of years,” explained Hoffenberg.

Epstein took a hands-on approach to cleaning up Wexner’s vast holdings. He unloaded bad investments, tightened Wexner’s budgets, streamlined his profitable assets, and even fired deadweight.

By all accounts, Wexner was impressed—and grateful.

At the time Epstein began working with Wexner, the State Department was his landlord. According to property records, Epstein rented a posh apartment from the State Department at 34 E 69th Street from 1992 to 1995, for the cool sum of $15,000 per month. The home featured carved oak doors, a white marble foyer, a book-stacked library, a marble central

staircase, antique furnishings throughout, and—perfect for Epstein—a steam room.

Life for Epstein was good, but Wexner could make it even better.

In 1989, Wexner had purchased the 40-room Herbert N. Straus Mansion at Manhattan's 9 E 71st Street for a cool $13.2 million. At the time, it was the highest-ever recorded residential real estate sale. The fifty-two-year-old completely gutted and renovated the interior of the 1933 stone masterpiece. He also added security cameras, closed-circuit TVs, telephones, and heated sidewalks to melt the snow.

When the renovation was finished, Wexner gave it to Jeffrey Epstein. On January 11, 1996, *The New York Times* reported, "Reached in Florida last week, Epstein said the house was now his."

The way that Epstein became lord of that manor has always been something of a mystery. Strangely, that initial property transaction was never recorded in New York City records online. When Epstein transferred the property between two of his own shell companies in 2011, property records recorded no original purchase price. Highly unusual, the document indicates that when Epstein acquired the home from Wexner, the transaction did not involve money.

The following year in Palm Beach, Florida, Epstein purchased a 14,000-square-foot residence on posh El Brillo Way for $2.5 million, not far from Trump's sprawling Mar-a-Lago estate.

For the first time in a decade, Epstein was back on top. Still, there was further he could go.

In 1991, Epstein convinced Wexner to give him full power of attorney over his business affairs.

"People have said it's like we have one brain between the two of us," Epstein said at the time. "Each has a side."

As for Wexner, he said of Epstein, "I think we both possess the skill of seeing patterns. Jeffrey sees patterns in politics and financial markets, and

I see patterns in lifestyle and fashion trends."

"He is always a most loyal friend," Wexner continued. "He does not pick a fight, but if there is a fight, he will let you choose your weapon."

Epstein's friendship with Wexner won him some legitimacy among the business world's elite, but the stories of his sleazy backroom dealings continued. Stuart Pivar, an art collector who was also friends with Epstein at the time, told reporter Andy Tillett that Epstein's ability to spin the truth was unsurpassed.

"He ruined a lot of people commercially from doing all kinds of terrible rotten deals, because he was basically a terrible, bad man," Pivar said. "He outgrew his normalcy, let's put it that way. Jeffrey did things that people don't do.

"He liked to fool people. When you walked in [to his apartment] there was a huge Max Beckmann and I went over and said, 'Jeffrey, wow, that's magnificent!' He said, 'That's a fake!'

"He had fooled me and he liked the idea. He likes to fool.

"Jeffrey would make things up you know, believe it or not. Why did he do that? Just as a game. He liked to keep things interesting . . . a form of practical joke that people don't do. But Jeffrey did things that people don't do."

In those early days, some questioned whether Epstein's life of glamour and intrigue was as tenuous as the 1980s financial boom that went bust.

Laura Goldman mingled with Wall Streeters during that period, and told reporter Marc Lupo that it was clear that no matter how Epstein tried, he didn't quite fit in.

"Well, I had some questions when I met Jeffrey Epstein. Of course, he said he was a hedge fund billionaire. But I had some doubts about that because I went to Wharton with some of the leading investors on Wall Street 'til this day. Went to school with Steve Cohen, Gotham Securities, Joel Greenblatt, and none of them were doing business with him.

“I said to myself, ‘Well, these are some of the greatest investors of all time and Jeffrey Epstein doesn’t have money with them. So does he have as much money as he says?’”

In any case, it was clear that money wouldn’t be enough to get Epstein where he wanted to go. He needed something else.

CHAPTER 4
LADY GHISLAINE

Jeffrey Epstein continued his messy rise through the ranks of New York society. Across the ocean, British publishing magnate and aristocrat Robert Maxwell was coming to the end of the line.

The two men—separated by several time zones and a few decades in age—could have been friends in another life.

Both had risen from humble circumstances to the heights of the elite. While Epstein's parents lived among Holocaust survivors, Maxwell and his family had fled the Nazis, moving to England from Czechoslovakia before World War II began. Maxwell then served with the exiled Czechoslovak Army, fought on the beach at Normandy, and parlayed his fame as a war hero into a publishing empire. Later an elected Member of Parliament, Maxwell traveled over land by helicopter, and by water in his 180-foot yacht *Lady Ghislaine*—named for his beloved youngest daughter.

That yacht would ultimately take him to his watery grave.

At 4:45 a.m. on November 5, 1991, just off the coast of the Canary Islands, Maxwell calmly radioed the members of the *Lady Ghislaine* crew to lower the heat in his cabin. It was his final order. Just a few hours later, fishermen found the tycoon's naked body floating in the North Atlantic.

At the time of his death, no one knew that Maxwell's businesses were on the precipitous edge of collapse. Within weeks of his demise, a $560-

million-dollar hole was discovered in the pension funds of his companies. An embezzler of almost unimaginable scale, he had illegally raided the funds to prop up his empire. As *The Guardian* noted, when the full extent of his crimes was uncovered, fawning headlines such as "The Man Who Saved *The Mirror*" were swiftly replaced by epithets like "Maxwell: The Robber."

When it comes to the official verdict on how Maxwell died, opinions remain mixed. One conclusion: heart attack. Another: drowning. Worse still: an assassination.

"He was a man who could not face the ignominy of jail, of being shown to be a liar and a thief—and he very much knew that was coming," Roy Greenslade, a former editor of one of Maxwell's newspapers, the *Daily Mirror*, told *The Guardian*. "So I am a suicide theorist. I believe Maxwell threw himself off."

But Ken Lennox, then the *Mirror*'s senior photographer, who saw the publisher's naked corpse shortly after it was pulled from the sea, is convinced: It was an accident.

"He used to get up at night and pee over the stern of the ship. Everybody knew this. And he weighed about 22 stone [309 pounds] at this time. The railings were wire. So I think he lost his balance, because he was very top-heavy," Lennox said. "He was Teflon man. I don't think he committed suicide."

According to author Martin Dillon, his favorite daughter Ghislaine, then thirty, wasn't buying it either.

"She was the one who felt that he had been murdered," Dillon, author of *Robert Maxwell, Israel's Superspy*, told our team in an exclusive interview.

"Maxwell wasn't the kind of guy who just sort of fell into the water because he was standing in the back of the boat."

So, who did it?

Dillon points to evidence that he claims is clear: “The evidence that Maxwell was working with Mossad is the evidence of people like Rafi Eitan. Rafi Eitan was one of the most famous of all the Mossad agents, so he went on the record to say that Maxwell was an agent—much against the wishes of his former colleagues at Mossad, but he did. And he wasn’t the only one. We had some very, very important people make the same claims. Since our book was published, other people have come up with other evidence, and the British knew that Maxwell was working for the Mossad.”

Investigative reporter Seymour Hersh also alleged in his book *The Samson Option: Israel’s Nuclear Arsenal and American Foreign Policy* that Maxwell was tied to the Israeli Mossad. Hersh was sued for the allegation, but later received an apology.

Even more convincingly, files from the British Foreign Office released in 2003 reveal that British intelligence had reason to believe Maxwell was a spy. In a file titled “Captain Ian Maxwell,” a British intelligence officer called the boorish publishing baron “a thoroughly bad character and almost certainly financed by Russia.”

Intelligence officer Digby Ackland wrote in one 1959 report, “Capt. Maxwell’s questionable activities have been brought to the notice of the Foreign Office on several occasions over the past 10 years.”

Maxwell’s son Kevin denied that the reports were legit, but Maxwell family friend Laura Goldman insists that the mogul was a double or even triple agent.

“Robert Maxwell traveled in very rarefied circles. He had information about government ministers, about scientific discoveries, about Internet and data information. I think that was valuable to many governments,” she told Marc Lupo, a reporter who worked with these authors on *Epstein: Dead Men Tell No Tales*. “My feeling is that he probably was an agent to

the Russians, the Israelis, and the British. I believe that Ghislaine continued his work."

According to Dillon's sources, that's a valid belief.

"If I was running Mossad operations I would want Ghislaine Maxwell on my payroll," he said. "I would want her working for us, because she has access to the kind of people whose views are very important in terms of the way in which the world functions."

Soon, Epstein was part of the mix as well. (By 2004, documents obtained by this team reveal, he was the custodian of correspondence and files belonging to Robert Maxwell, which were stored at his Palm Beach home.)

Although it has been reported that he first encountered Ghislaine after her father's death in New York, one insider—a former high-ranking official for the organization that is said to have killed Maxwell—has insisted their connection came far earlier.

Ari Ben-Menashe, a former Israeli spy and alleged "handler" of Robert Maxwell, said of Epstein: "Maxwell introduced him to us, and he wanted us to accept him as part of our group."

Ben-Menashe claimed that Epstein and Ghislaine were already dating in the late 1980s, and that Maxwell Senior grew fond of the young upstart.

"Epstein was hanging around with Robert Maxwell and the daughter was hanging around there too, and that's how they met," he told our team's James Robertson in an interview from Montreal. "Just two young souls, they met."

"Maxwell sort of started liking him, and my theory is that Maxwell felt that this guy is going for his daughter," Ben-Menashe said. "He felt that he could bless him with some work and help him out in like a paternal [way]."

According to the former spy, the ultimate order to embrace Epstein and involve him in the ongoing arms deals came from "the bosses" at Israeli

intelligence headquarters.

"They were agents of the Israeli Intelligence Services," he told Robertson.

"Later on [Ghislaine] got involved with Israeli intelligence together with him. But not in this arms deal with Iran business," Ben-Menashe also told Zev Shalev, former CBS News executive producer and investigative journalist for the website *Narativ*.

"These guys were seen as agents. They weren't really competent to do very much. And so they found a niche for themselves—blackmailing American and other political figures."

In closing, Ben-Menashe told Robertson, "Mr. Epstein was the simple idiot who was going around providing girls to all kinds of politicians in the United States. See, fucking around is not a crime. It could be embarrassing, but it's not a crime. But fucking a fourteen-year-old girl is a crime. And he was taking photos of politicians fucking fourteen-year-old girls—if you want to get it straight. They would just blackmail people, they would just blackmail people like that."

***

Even in the early years, the Maxwells surrounded themselves with bold-faced names.

Two years before media magnate Maxwell fell to his death from the *Lady Ghislaine*, he made Donald Trump the guest of honor at a May 1989 bash, we were able to confirm. Also present was Maxwell's cherished daughter Ghislaine.

Did the men compare super-yachts? Maxwell had bought his from Saudi Arabia's Khashoggi family: the relatives of arms dealer Adnan. Trump, meanwhile, had purchased his from Adnan directly—a purchase that was reported the very same year as the Maxwell party, 1989, in *The Superyachts* by Boat International.

Perhaps taking a cue from Maxwell, Trump named his yacht after his daughter as well: *Trump Princess*. Daughter Ivanka was then just eight years of age.

For Trump, the purchase was a strange one. "I'm not into [boats]," he once said. "I've been on friends' boats before and couldn't get off fast enough."

So why make the purchase for nearly $30 million? Whatever the reason, it linked Trump to two of the most powerful—and dangerous—men in the world: Maxwell and Khashoggi. Later, those same connections would lead Trump down a shady path to Epstein.

The Maxwell family's connections were just as strong across the political divide.

According to a 1992 *New York Times* article, then-Governor Bill Clinton's close friend Howard Paster moved from Clinton's gubernatorial campaign to become the head of Hill and Knowlton, a publicity firm representing Maxwell's firm, Maxwell Communication P.L.C. Other clients of Hill & Knowlton included Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Adnan Khashoggi, and the controversial Bank of Credit and Commerce International.

Ghislaine would later become close friends with the Clinton family, working in conjunction with the Clinton Global Initiative, vacationing on a yacht with Chelsea Clinton in 2009—and even appearing as a guest of honor at Chelsea's 2010 wedding to Marc Mezvinsky.

Had Ghislaine and her father established themselves as Epstein's handlers in order to blackmail prominent Americans, including the Clintons?

In the meantime, Ghislaine and Epstein had their eyes on even more targets.

CHAPTER 5
THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK AND THE LOLITA EXPRESS

"People think intelligence is just about tracking down terrorists, but if you could get into the company of people, former presidents, people who are working on some of the newest software and scientific developments. . . . That's what intelligence really is."

—Espionage expert Martin Dillon

When Robert Maxwell died in 1991, Ghislaine hopped a plane and moved to Manhattan. Many people we spoke to believe she was ready to continue her father's legacy. Guaranteed $100,000 a year from her father's trust for the rest of her life, she found easy entrée into Manhattan society and was soon rubbing shoulders with billionaires and beauties in the City of Big Shots. So much so, Maxwell family friend Laura Goldman said that Ghislaine made social climbing her full-time job.

> In the nineties, I spent a lot of time in New York, and I met Ghislaine Maxwell at several parties, openings. Basically, if there was an opening, she was there. She is one of the most intelligent people I met. She's lively, energetic.
>
> I never quite understood what she did for a living, or if she did anything for a living. But she was a nice person.

> What people don't understand about the Maxwells, though, is they're very *Upstairs, Downstairs*. If you've seen *Downton Abbey* or other British dramas, they're very upstairs and there's a big separation. I really think she was raised not to worry about the other people. They were a means to an end.

Ghislaine saw something of value, however, in Jeffrey Epstein.

Said Goldman, "Ghislaine Maxwell was nice to every lady in the room. But she only had eyes for one person, and that was Jeffrey."

> I think it's kind of apparent that they're kindred souls. I believe that they definitely slept together, I just don't believe they really dated. I think that the connection between them was that he had the cash and she had the connections.
>
> Most of what I know about Ghislaine's relationship with Jeffrey Epstein came from her sister Isabel. Isabel really thought that her sister couldn't quit him, could not quit Jeffrey Epstein. She loved him and wanted to marry him.
>
> When you're someone who's dealt with abuse, you always think if you do one more thing right, that person will marry you, love you, and whatever. He wasn't going to do that. But I really believe that she loved him, she cared for him, and wanted to marry him—and would do anything to make that happen.

Just how far would Ghislaine go?

Seemingly overnight, Ghislaine became Epstein's closest confidante, best friend, and, eventually, something more. Meanwhile, Epstein's new relationship with the European heiress drew the attention of the movers and shakers in the kingdoms of New York and Palm Beach.

With Ghislaine by his side, Epstein had his passport to a whole new world. Now no longer just another flashy Wall Street nouveau riche

hopeful, he was beginning to be seen as a serious player with serious influence.

Under Ghislaine's guiding hand, Epstein threw lavish dinner parties with exclusive guest lists at his Upper East Side mansion, and more raucous affairs at his Palm Beach mansion. At first, the purpose of these early dalliances was to win friends and business connections. But darker elements were bubbling beneath the surface.

While Ghislaine and Jeffrey posed happily for the cameras at exclusive events, they went even further to cultivate an inglorious secret social set behind closed doors—on Epstein's private jet, later known as the Lolita Express.

A three-engine 727 jetliner, the Lolita Express was actually a commercial liner retrofitted for personal use. Photos of the interior suggest what kind of use Epstein had in mind.

Plush and carpeted on almost every surface, the jet looked more like a 1970s adult film set than a mode of transportation, as our exclusive photo insert shows.

Rather than individual seats, banquettes lined the wall or curved together in cozy semicircles. The floor was padded.

In the back, there was a suite with a bed and secret shower.

The jet could host twenty-nine people comfortably, but Epstein and Maxwell more frequently hosted intimate affairs in the sky.

Flight logs we obtained in 2015 read like a who's who of early 1990s society. From Hollywood, there were actors Kevin Spacey, comedian Chris Tucker, actor Ralph Fiennes, magician David Blaine, singers Jimmy Buffet and Courtney Love. Media moguls Charlie Rose and Bill Wallace make an appearance. From the world of tech, Bill Gates. Political leaders such as Tony Blair, Ehud Barak, and conservative scion David Koch.

Then, there was President Bill Clinton.

Clinton is never named in Epstein's little black book of contacts, although his close friend and counselor Doug Band is, along with a listing for "42." (Clinton was the forty-second president.)

In the flight logs for Epstein's Lolita Express, however, there was no such obfuscation. According to the logs, Clinton first hitchhiked on Epstein's infamous Lolita Express in February 2002. They were joined by Ghislaine, her "assistant" Sarah Kellen, four members of the Secret Service, and five people identified only as "male," "female," or by their initials.

According to the three-letter airport designations in the documents, the private jet flew from Miami International Airport to Westchester County Airport in New York State, where the Clintons have lived since 1999. On paper, it seems like an innocuous trip made by powerful men accustomed to brokering political and financial deals in unusual settings. But that notion changes when put into context.

President Clinton has claimed that he only traveled on Epstein's Lolita Express on four occasions.

Epstein and Clinton actually buddied up for six trips between 2002 and 2003, to Europe, Africa, and Asia. On their "humanitarian trips" to Africa, Clinton went without his usual security detail, and without chaperones. The men, it seemed, had hit it off.

"Jeffrey is both a highly successful financier and a committed philanthropist with a keen sense of global markets and an in-depth knowledge of 21st century science," Clinton said at the time, oozing his trademark characteristic sincerity. "I especially appreciated his insights and generosity during the recent trip to Africa to work on democratization, empowering the poor, citizen service, and combating HIV/AIDS."

Although Clinton referred to a single "trip" in his statement, in truth, they flew on Epstein's jet thirteen times during that eight-day overseas outing. What's more, they were routinely joined by controversial

characters, like Hollywood actor—and accused pedophile—Kevin Spacey, who joined them on three of those flights, and Epstein's "personal massage therapist" Chauntae Davis, who got onboard in Cape Town and flew with them to Paris. Davis has since come forward with tales of Epstein's sexual abuse. (Spacey has denied all allegations of impropriety against him.)

"On almost every trip that I did go on, there were young girls around," Davis claimed.

In total, Clinton actually made twenty-seven trips with soon-to-be registered sex offender Epstein.

Clinton's press secretary would later insist that all of their flights were taken "in connection with the work of the Clinton Foundation" and that every leg included the applicable staff, foundation supporters and members of the secret service. Clinton denied that he ever knew of anything untoward happening on board.

At least one person, however, was suspicious. Cameron Humphries was director of the Santa Fe airport, just miles from the 10,000-acre Zorro Ranch, which Epstein purchased in 1993. He told reporter Katy Forrester, who collaborated on this book, that many people suspected how the Lolita Express had earned its name.

"When I was the manager there, it wasn't unusual to see large private aircraft flying. You know, Santa Fe is a destination, and a lot of people fly in with a private aircraft," Humphries said.

He continued:

> What is unusual is to have somebody fly in with a large commercial type of aircraft that's been converted into their own private aircraft. I remember distinctly one afternoon there was a 737 that was sitting on a ramp. It was obviously a private aircraft and I was just curious, and so I asked one of the employees from the fixed base operator there.

A fixed base operator is a company that handles private aircraft instead of the commercial aircraft. They take care of the fueling and all of that. I asked one of the employees if they knew who owned it, and they had said "Jeffrey Epstein," and I had never heard the name before. This employee said, you know, "There's a rumor that he has a ranch here in New Mexico and that he flies in prostitutes. Some of them may not be of age of consent." Young girls was kind of the implication. He made it clear to me that it was a rumor, but I was really just appalled by this idea, if it were true.

I didn't know anything about him. I'd never heard the name before, so I didn't know if he'd been in prison or not or whatever, but I was so appalled by this idea that I called our airport law enforcement liaison officer and I said, "Hey listen, this is just a rumor, but there's this guy named Jeffrey Epstein that flew his private aircraft in, and apparently he's also flying in underage women to his ranch." I didn't know the guy, I'd never met him before, but you know, I was just so upset about this idea of this man flying around the country with that kind of impunity that I felt like I needed to tell somebody, so I reached out to our law enforcement officer.

He said that he had heard the rumors as well, and that it was his understanding that there was a federal investigation ongoing. That there was probably not much that they could do locally, but that he would certainly report it up. That was kind of the end of it for me, you know? After reporting it, knowing that that at least I had said something. I'll tell you, it was frustrating because it's a bit of a black hole, right? You report it, and then what?

The rumors were out there, so people knew it. And not only did people know it, there were people that were complicit in it. Why did it take so long?

Meanwhile, Epstein's escapades were also starting to raise eyebrows on the East Coast.

There, his team of drivers questioned why he had so many young girls as passengers.

Speaking here for the first time in print, Epstein's longtime chauffeur.

"I came forward in the hopes that I could help somebody, in the hopes that this doesn't happen to somebody else, in the hopes that these girls that are now seeking justice could find something," the chauffeur, who asked to remain anonymous, said. "My story may help, but I'm still afraid of what could happen."

From 2001 to 2011, this professional driver made more than five hundred runs for Epstein, his girls, and his associates.

"Back then, before 9/11, we used to actually pull up to the plane," the chauffeur recalled. "There were times when you'd have five cars outside of the plane and he would get in one and Ms. Maxwell and the girls would get in another, and then people I didn't recognize would get in other cars because it just seemed like he wanted to keep everybody separated."

The main port of call for Epstein's mile-high crime wave was Teterboro Airport. Located on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River, it is a thirty-minute drive to Epstein's uptown residence. The pimp and his posse used the transportation hub more than seven hundred times.

"I was astonished that somebody could fly around like that," he said. "He had a hectic schedule. He flew a $32 million jet like we drive our cars. . . . We had guys that were big time bankers, hedge fund managers and all that, that were customers of ours, celebrities that had jets. Nobody flew like he did. It was unbelievable."

Epstein certainly made an impression.

"Epstein was an arrogant, aggressive guy who was in total control of the situation," the chauffeur said. "He would sit back there and just direct you and give you orders. He was the king in the car. . . . I wasn't even in the car

as far as he was concerned. He was more interested in the girls and joking and playing with them and pinching them on the cheek."

He continued:

> The girls seemed a little nervous and [Ghislaine] just kept reassuring them, "Don't worry, everything will be okay. You'll be fine. Just do what I told you to do. And when it's all over you'll be very happy. You don't have to worry about anything and we'll get you home as soon as you're done."
>
> They were young. They would fly in on his jet all the time. . . . I mean it's obvious. How could you have so many of these girls coming and going out of there? I mean, if we just dropped them off and left them there and picked them up in two weeks, you'd say, "Oh, well maybe it's his niece or whatever." But when you're dropping them off for two hours and driving them right back, something's up.
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> One time, he was with two girls. I assumed they were relatives or nieces. . . . But I didn't think anything of it at the time.
>
> We picked him up at Newark Airport and we took him and these two young ladies. I guess they were about sixteen, seventeen years old. These girls today, they look older than they are. But we took him and these two girls to his apartment on Seventy-first Street.
>
> Like I said, I thought it was his nieces or something or his daughters, because at that time nobody even had a clue what was going on. But as time went on, myself and other drivers assumed something was fishy because we kept picking up these teenage girls and he couldn't have that many nieces! We would sometimes take them there to the apartment. And we were told to wait two, three hours and then drive back to the point.
>
> So at that time we started getting suspicious and a lot of the drivers started saying, "You know what, I don't even want to drive

> for this guy anymore because there's something wrong." But needless to say, I needed the money at the time, I wasn't married that long. I was in the process of buying a house. I wasn't in a position to turn down rides. I didn't know what was going on.
>
> So I continued the work, and looking back today when I see all this stuff that's come out, I feel terrible that maybe I could have done something to prevent people from being hurt at the time. When you look back, what are you going to do?
>
> This was years before he was arrested. Nobody knew for sure, but we used to say, "Oh, I've got to go pick up the pedophile." And then all this comes out and it was true.

The chauffeur also was responsible for shuttling Epstein's pilot Dave Rodgers and his co-pilot Larry Visoski to their regular accommodations in the captain's building on Sixty-sixth Street.

"I drove them a lot," he admitted. "They never talked about where they went or who was on the plane. The only way I could gauge who was on the plane was the person that I was picking up. So they never talked about that kind of stuff. I guess, you know, he must have had them on a tight leash."

When Epstein was arrested in 2008, Rodgers and Visoski were grounded for more than a year. But Epstein found other ways of using them. According to the chauffeur, the pilots were ordered to drive the felon's Bentley from Florida to Texas to get it armor plated.

"Epstein was afraid that somebody was going to try to shoot him," the chauffeur claimed, recalling how the pilots "complained they had to drive all the way out there with the car because he was so paranoid."

"But they did it because they did whatever he was told to do. . . . You've got this guy that's overpowering them and giving them money. It's a sad state of affairs."

"We were like a courier service, so to speak," he said. "I overheard them talking one time that they had a safe there. Dave mentioned to Larry that

Jeffrey called and wanted him to take the stuff that was out of the safe and bring it to him. So I don't know what it was, but there was a safe in that apartment."

Indeed, there was a safe—one that police cracked open after Epstein's second arrest, finding thousands of pictures and videos of unsuspecting subjects in sexual situations.

Looking in the proverbial rearview mirror, Epstein's personal chauffeur reflected on Epstein's gigantic web of blackmail, likening him to a mob boss.

"He was like the Godfather of the sky," the driver concluded. "He could do whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted, and nobody could touch him because he had money, he had influence, and he had dirt on all these people. And he was able to control and manipulate everything because everybody was afraid of him. Nobody would want that stuff to come out."

Today, the chauffeur has regrets about not coming forward sooner. Although, he and the other drivers certainly had their reasons.

"It just seems that these people with power and money and prestige, when they're involved in something, they will go out of their way and do anything they can to silence everybody."

"Epstein was paranoid years ago that someone was going to kill him and now he's dead," the driver explained. "They say it was suicide and whether it was or it wasn't. You know what? Karma's a bitch and you get what you've got coming. I think he was guilty of all that stuff and all the proof that's coming out says that it was true. So my feeling is that he got just what he deserved. It's just a shame that it happened so soon before these people could get their justice. But the bottom line is, he's gone and it's just another piece of garbage out of this world."

For the chauffeur, though, this tale has a particularly chilling ending.

"The guy who owned the company that I worked for, the Wednesday before Epstein killed himself, he died mysteriously in New Jersey," the

chauffeur revealed. “I don’t know if it’s connected in any way, but it just seems funny that the guy who owned the company for all those years mysteriously died three days before he did.”

“I don’t know, it’s crazy. But I don’t want to end up like that.”

More and more, it was becoming clear that Epstein was not just a jet-setting international playboy. Those around him, however, continued to keep their silence. Are they responsible for what followed?

Model and actress Alicia Arden told these authors that she was sexually assaulted by Epstein in 1997. Although she filed a police report, she claims, no one would listen to her allegations about the powerful businessman.

> In May 1997, my good friend knew Jeffrey Epstein. She was in finance at the time, and I guess he was too, although no one seemed to know anything about him. I didn’t even know who he was. I didn’t hear of his name at all. So she apparently knew of him because she worked legitimately in finance. So she met him at the Beverly Hills Hotel.
>
> She went in there in a different matter, of wanting to work with his company, or his company coming over to work with hers, or merging in some capacity. Some capacity in the finance world. And then he started telling her that she was really pretty, and “Do you want to model for Victoria’s Secret?”
>
> She was not a model, and she didn’t want to do that. She said, “No, I don’t want to model. But my friend Alicia does. You should meet her.” So then Jeffrey said, “Have her call me. I work for Victoria’s Secret. I could get her in the catalog.” And she said, “Oh, great. She would love that.” And then he told her, “Any other girls that you know of, have them call me.” So then I did.
>
> I called him and he told me to send my pictures to him, to his apartment on Madison Avenue, in New York. At the time, I was

excited. I thought I was really going to get a picture or job in the Victoria's Secret catalog, because he told me that he worked for that. I was like, "This is great!" I was excited that I had kind of a hookup, where I'm not really going to go on an audition with a sea of girls.

I bought more Victoria's Secret lingerie, and I had a photographer shoot me in more pictures, in that specific brand, and then I sent those photos along with my existing book of pictures, my tear sheets.

I was not a model who was starting out. I had an array of work in tear sheets, and beautiful pictures. So I took all these extra pictures for him, along with the existing ones, and I Federal Expressed them to his apartment in Manhattan, on Madison.

He called me and said he got the pictures, and they were great, and he's going to have a woman named Kimberly, his secretary, call me to set up a time. So she did, and she said he was coming out there, to Santa Monica, California. And, "Would you like to meet him in the afternoon or the evening?"

It's not normal with all these modeling and acting jobs I've done, and auditions, for someone to call me and say we're going to meet in a hotel room. I have been in auditions in hotels, but there's other people, and you know that the casting is there. There's like a sign at the door, and you have to sign in, and you're there with a lot of other people. But I didn't think that there were going to be other people there that day. I thought, "This is a hookup. This is a major in, to getting in the Victoria's Secret catalog, because my friend met him and then the secretary's calling me, and he's already seen my pictures. So he likes me. I'm not going to have to go on a casting with other girls. He's just going to hire me, because he's

already seen my pictures, and I'll get at least one picture in the catalog." So I was very happy about that.

I wanted to go in the afternoon. I thought that was better. I still had reservations about going into a hotel. But I thought, you know, this is Santa Monica, California, and this is Shutters. It's a very expensive, beautiful hotel. But I never went back, for anything, after I went there that day.

So it was set up in the afternoon. I was very excited. I mean I just visualized positive things, like, "I'm going to get in the Victoria's Secret catalog, and here's my portfolio, and just walk in and show my pictures to him, and then he can ask me about photos." Usually they ask you, "Where did you do that magazine? Did that come out? When was that? When did you take that picture?"

But I was just really expecting to already have the job, because of what had happened. My friend met him, the secretary called me, he said he worked for Victoria's Secret, and I thought, "Oh I'll get at least one picture. There's not a casting with all these other girls, or a sign-in sheet. It's just me meeting him, thinking like that picture would be great in the catalog."

Well, so I got there, and I walked in the front door, and he was kind of in the back, like in a kitchen, at a table. These hotels are kind of like, you could live there. It looks like a mini apartment. And they're on the beach.

He was kind of in the back, in a USA sweatshirt, and black sweatpants, and barefoot. Usually they are dressed a little bit more professional than that, the people who are auditioning.

I was sitting on the couch, kind of like I am now, and he was kind of far away from me. I went to give him my portfolio, and then I went back to the couch.

Then he was looking through it. I had a tendency sometimes to want to kind of stuff my bra a little bit to look bustier. I don't know why I was doing that, because nowadays they don't like you to do that in swimsuits and lingerie. But I did that, and then he was looking at my pictures, and then he was saying, "Oh, you look a little bustier in this picture, and you look a little bustier in that picture."

So I said, "Well, Jeffrey, I photograph different all the time. I'm very athletic. I could look bustier or not." Sometimes I would pad bras or wear two bras. I didn't really have to do that. I just kind of did it, and so he would make a comment on that.

Then he was looking and then he was saying, "Oh, well you look a little bit hippy in this picture." I said, "I mean I can photograph any way that you want. It's just the angle of the picture, the lighting, the photographer, or if I'm put in a skirt." So then he wanted me to come closer to him.

I got up off the couch, and then I walked closer to him, to the kitchen table. So he wanted me to come closer to him, and he said, "Well, let me see your hips and your butt." And he was just starting to look at me, and he said, "I need to manhandle you." So I came closer to him, and he was touching my chest, and my stomach, and then moved down to my hips and my butt.

He was kind of like evaluating my body, and then he started to lift up my skirt, kind of assisting me in undressing, and trying to take off my top. And I just thought, "You don't do this in a normal audition at all." So he was lifting up my skirt, and my top, and touching me, and he said, "I want to manhandle you." He said the word "manhandle" twice. And I've never heard that word from anyone ever again in my entire life. Not from anyone, like

professional, nonprofessional, friends, or anything. I've never heard that word.

So he was touching my hips and my butt, and my buttocks and wanting to lift my skirt up and said he wanted to manhandle me. So I started to feel uncomfortable. And I just thought, "I have to get out of here before anything really bad happens." I had a friend who was raped and murdered around that time, so I always thought about that. I said to myself, "I never wanted to be raped. Never." I felt if I didn't leave, it could lead to that.

So, he was touching me. My shirt was kind of coming off. I just put it all down and got my book and went to leave. When I was doing that, he was putting a hundred dollars on the table.

I was like, "I don't need that, Jeffrey. I'm starting to feel like a prostitute. I don't need that. I'm not here for that." So I left it, and then I took my portfolio and I walked out of the hotel room.

I filed a police report. They weren't taking me seriously enough to even file. And then I went back a week later and did it anyway.

I guess the police officers ended up calling him, and he said, "Oh no. I don't know why she's doing that. She doesn't know what she's talking about." Meaning me. But I documented everything he said, in a report, and I've never done that in my entire life, before or after that. I never needed to do that, but I felt I needed to [do that], with him. And I documented everything. It's all in writing, saying that I went in there, and what happened.

If the police officers would've taken me seriously and kind of investigated him, all those years ago, then maybe . . . It's very upsetting, because I've thought about that for a long time. If the police officer and the Santa Monica Police Department would've investigated him, and taken me seriously, then I think he could

> have saved all the girls, the high school girls from being raped and attacked. Then maybe the girls could've been saved.
>
> But I really wasn't taken seriously. My family, my friends discouraged me. Everyone discouraged me from going over there and filing the police report, because I wasn't physically raped.
>
> I was assaulted, and I felt I could've been raped. He was touching me and taking my clothes off, and I felt if I didn't get out of there, it could've been worse. So did it need to be worse? Did I need to be raped? Did I physically need to be raped for anyone to take me seriously?
>
> It could've saved all the girls from being attacked. And I don't know, his circle of friends, they just kind of put it under the cover, and socialized with him at events. That's what I saw in the news.
>
> No one cared. Not just the police officers, but no one in his circle cared to see what he was doing.

For some of Epstein's friends, it was more that they *did* see what he was doing, but they just didn't care—because they were doing it, too.

What was it that brought these leaders of industry, media, and politics into the inner circle of a college dropout?

Maxwell family friend Laura Goldman has a theory, as she explains here:

> I believe that Jeffrey Epstein was a genius, a savant, at understanding rich people.
>
> This is what I know. Rich people are cheap, and rich people love nice things. What I believe that Jeffrey Epstein understood that and he provided people like Bill Gates, Bill Clinton with private planes, luxurious private planes and they just ate it up. It's a sad commentary on our society.

> He understood that waving a private plane in front of Bill Clinton would make him a friend for life. He understood that offering a ride on the Lolita Express to Bill Gates and offering to talk to him about philanthropy would entice Bill Gates.
>
> He understood your weak point. It may be that he was exceptionally good at it and exceptionally good at understanding rich people, but it is the method of all bullies to do that.

Epstein also paid for prestige, literally.

He gave $180,000 to the West Palm Beach nonprofit organization Ballet Florida and earmarked some of the cash for "therapeutic" massages. He gave $25,000 to a junior tennis center in Maryland, $30,000 to a preschool in New York, $15,000 to an all-girls private school a few blocks from his mansion in Manhattan, and, perhaps least unsurprisingly, nearly $100,000 to his former employer, Dalton.

From the 1990s through 2018, Epstein also gave hundreds of thousands of dollars to politicians on both sides of the aisle, including the Clintons and their foundation, President George H.W. Bush, Ohio Senator John Glenn, New York Senators Charles Schumer and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole, Ohio Governor John Kasich, former Secretary of State John Kerry, and New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson (who would later be named in court documents as a coconspirator, a claim he vehemently denies).

This is not a case of guilt by association. All of those men insist they had no idea what Epstein was doing. But ultimately, there *were* people who knew what was going on and could have had stopped Epstein's exploitation . . . and no one did.

"They either indulge in these behaviors, or they like that someone does," Goldman said of the uber-rich. "Why hasn't been Bill Gates been forced to answer why he was on the Lolita Express? Why is Leslie Wexner still CEO of The Limited? Anyone that allegedly facilitated Jeffrey

Epstein's crimes should serve a minimum of twenty years in jail. I do not think those people are redeemable. There's no way to rehabilitate them."

Epstein's former friend Kornbluth, meanwhile, suggests that powerful men are conditioned to believe that presumption of guilt "does not apply" to them.

> No one says "no" to them. No one. The idea that these men would have sex with an underage girl, and that that would cause them any trouble, any blowback, it doesn't occur."

Worst of all, Goldman said, are the British aristocracy.

"I think that the French and the English and the aristocracy of Europe are deviants," she told Marc Lupo.

At least one is.

CHAPTER 6
RANDY ANDY

Jeffrey Epstein and Ghislaine Maxwell were playing a dangerous game, cultivating famous friends in the name of an international blackmail and intelligence scheme. The Duke of York—also known as Prince Andrew, eighth in line to the British throne—was their ultimate trophy.

According to Maxwell family friend Laura Goldman, Epstein came into Prince Andrew's life because Ghislaine Maxwell "became friendly" with his scandal-scarred ex-wife Sarah Ferguson, Duchess of York.

"Fergie introduced Ghislaine to Prince Andrew and then Ghislaine introduced Prince Andrew to Jeffrey Epstein," she said.

Prince Andrew had divorced Sarah "Fergie" Ferguson in 1996, and was living it up as one of the world's most eligible bachelors. Fergie was front-page tabloid fodder herself, photographed having her toes sucked by a Texan millionaire in what was the royal family's biggest scandal ever—at least, at the time.

Fergie stayed in touch with Epstein well after the divorce. In 2005, she left a phone message for Epstein at his Palm Beach home, obtained by this team, that notes she was "expecting" his call. In 2014, she admitted she'd taken cash from Epstein to help settle her postdivorce debt.

Meanwhile, Andrew was working as a British trade envoy, tasked with using his position to promote British business and drive investment around

the world. It was a role he relished, because it also catered to the fast-paced lifestyle to which he had always been accustomed. He even earned the nickname "Air Miles Andy" because of his jet-setting. As he traveled the world, little did he know, he would soon overtake his ex as the most scandalous royal ever.

Andy also earned another nickname because of his bad boy behavior: "Randy Andy, or "Handy Andy." In Epstein, the raucous royal found a kindred spirit.

Their bond became so tight, Epstein and Ghislaine were invited as guests of honor to a June 2000 party at Windsor Castle, the Queen's weekend home.

Called "Dance of the Decades," the party was the most exclusive royal event in years, celebrating the birthdays of Andrew, who was turning forty, Prince Charles, who was fifty, Princess Margaret's seventieth, and Prince William's eighteenth. Obviously, the Queen and Prince Phillip were on hand to celebrate.

A few months later, Andrew was again partying with Epstein, this time at Heidi Klum's Halloween party in New York, with Ghislaine as his date. The costume she chose for accompanying one of Britain's highest royals? A prostitute.

In December, Andrew and Epstein returned to England for a weekend at the royal Sandringham estate—the Queen's country home. After Christmas, the pair was then photographed together in Phuket, Thailand, relaxing on a luxury yacht and surrounded by topless girls. Queen Elizabeth was not amused.

Still, the scandal didn't end Epstein and Andrew's friendship.

A few months later, Andrew made the long trip out to Epstein's New Mexico Zorro Ranch. Deidre Stratton personally waited on his every need during that visit, and spoke publicly for the first time to reporter Katy Forrester, one of the collaborators on this book.

I had to serve him. I'm guessing 2001. Three days, maybe.

There were pictures of him with Ghislaine and him and Jeffrey in the house. I had been told that Jeffrey and Andrew went way back.

You know, at that time he was very, very pleasant. You could understand his lifestyle. We put him in a three bedroom, it's called the Lodge. It's really very nice and the setting of it was gorgeous. There was this beautiful deck that overlooked this great kind of valley that was really stunning, and it was nice enough that they sat outside. So that would indicate late summer, early fall.

But that's where he stayed and his bodyguard stayed down at what we called Ranch Central. For him to just be out on his own, I'm sure was very different for him.

And of course, we all felt like, "What do we do? We're like fish out of water. Do we curtsy to this man?" And we were told no, because we're not British subjects. So we didn't have to show any particular, you know, whatever to him.

He wasn't married at the time, and I thought he was very gracious. He was so gracious. He didn't act appalled at all that here he was put up in this remote manufactured home out in the sticks and given someone like me to serve him. Which, I'm no footman. I guarantee that. And so I just thought he kind of thought it was novel.

I offered to come up there and fix his breakfast. So he goes, "No, I want to try." So when I got up there later to tidy up, you could smell burnt bacon. And he's like, "I didn't do so well."

He had a croissant with cream cheese or something. But I remember him trying to cook his own breakfast. Isn't that cute? And he couldn't even fry bacon.

> I do recall one other thing. I had to serve him some kind of food and I used garlic in it. Later, he told me that as a child he ate a whole bulb of garlic, and since that time garlic just turns him nauseated. I do recall that, and he was very good natured about that. I bet he was hungry, but he was good-natured.
>
> I don't know what he did. I don't recall him being very sporty.

Still, Andrew found other means of entertainment.

"At the time, Jeffrey had this, supposedly she was a neurosurgeon, quite young. Not young, young, young, but beautiful, young and brilliant," Stratton remembered.

"She stayed in the home with Andrew and at one point we had all these different teas that you could pick the tea that you wanted. She asked me to find one that would make him more horny, that he hadn't been interested in her. I'm guessing because she understood her job was to entertain him.

"Jeffrey probably had her on retainer and she knew what her job would be. Should be, you know, to make these people happy. That's what I thought. I do recall them sharing at least one dinner."

Why would Epstein have invited a British royal out to the middle of nowhere, and set him up with a strange woman?

Stratton supposed, "I have read where the island was set up with cameras where Jeffrey could tape these men with their underage people and use it as blackmail. I mean that's the oldest game in the book, isn't it?"

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Around the same time, a few months before or after Prince Andrew's New Mexico stay, Ghislaine and Epstein flew to London to meet up with their favorite British party pal. Along for the ride, according to allegations, was seventeen-year-old Virginia Roberts.

“That first time in London I was so young,” Roberts would later tell a reporter for the *National Enquirer*. “Ghislaine woke me up in the morning and said, ‘You’re going to meet a prince today.’ I didn’t know at that point that I was going to be trafficked to that prince.”

According to Roberts, Ghislaine stated something to the effect of, “He’s coming back to the house and I want you to do for him what you do for Epstein.” Later, Roberts would claim that she had been Epstein’s personal sex slave for months at the time.

Roberts alleged the encounter with Prince Andrew took place at Ghislaine’s London home.

A photo taken at the same location would later emerge, showing Prince Andrew with his arm around Virginia’s bare midriff, and a grinning Ghislaine in the background.

Roberts continued:

> She asked Andrew how old he thought I was. He guessed 17. They all kind of laughed about it, and Ghislaine made a joke that I was getting “too old” for Jeffrey.
>
> He was groping me. He touched my breasts. He touched my ass. He was not my type, but I’d been trained not only to not show my emotions, but to do what [was] wanted.
>
> He started licking my toes, between my toes, the arches of my feet.
>
> He proceeded to make love to me. . . . He wasn’t rude. It wasn’t like rape, but it wasn’t like love, either. It was more like, “I’m getting my business done.”

Andrew didn’t use a condom during their encounter, she claimed: “Jeffrey knew I was on the pill.”

To wrap up the night, Roberts alleged that she and Andrew took a bath together, and that Epstein paid her $10,000 the following day.

There was more horror to come.

According to Roberts, there was another, equally terrifying encounter, one that began with the prince arriving "smiling ear-to-ear."

> He looked like a kid whose parents were taking him to Disney World. I took him upstairs to the "dungeon."
>
> He was fondling me and we undressed and he lay on the table facedown. I did my normal routine, which was to start with the feet, up the calves, tickling the thighs, up the buttocks, up the back. On this occasion I don't think I made it up to his shins when he flipped over.
>
> I was just another person he was bedding. He couldn't have cared less about me as a young woman. . . . He was being treated to sex for which someone else was paying.
>
> From the snickering noises he was making, he was really enjoying the whole thing, but I felt like a total prostitute. He never even said, 'Did you enjoy it?' I was there for just one purpose.

Another young girl under Epstein's control, Johanna Sjoberg, claimed to have been present during that encounter as well, and recounted a grotesque scene: Prince Andrew using a puppet of himself to grope the young girls' breasts.

"He thought it was funny because it was him," Sjoberg stated in a 2016 deposition, obtained in our investigation.

During another trip, at Epstein's private island, Roberts's description of a third encounter with Prince Andrew was even more debauched.

She claimed:

> A group of Russian girls who didn't speak a word of English turned up with a modeling agent who was a friend of Jeffrey's. That night there was a dinner and Andrew was there. He said 'hi' to me.

> Jeffrey directed us with hand gestures because the Russian girls didn't speak English. We were told to start kissing and touching and to use sex toys on each other. The girls obviously had been trained. Jeffrey and the prince were laughing . . . and then they undressed and then I performed a sex act on them—Jeffrey first and then Andrew. It was disgusting. There was no pleasure in it.

Prince Andrew left the following night.

Buckingham Palace strongly disputes Roberts's claims, as does Prince Andrew. In 2015, a judge ordered them to be struck from the court record in a legal case that she had filed.

"I just wish to reiterate and to reaffirm the statements which have already been made on my behalf by Buckingham Palace," the prince stated at the time, denying her allegations. "My focus is on my work."

However, certified voice stress expert Michael Sylvestre, who analyzed audio of Andrew's statement, concluded the prince showed "extreme" tension while making the statement.

"He's lying. Andrew knows the statement made by Buckingham Palace was not true," Sylvestre claimed.

Sylvestre ran the clip through the DecepTech Voice Stress Analysis Machine, a computerized version of the Psychological Stress Evaluation, which is used by more than fifty law enforcement agencies in the United States. The test is said to be superior to a conventional polygraph. The machine senses stress levels in the voice; frequent "peaks" on the readout indicate that the speaker is being dishonest.

The DecepTech Voice Stress Analysis Machine prints out elevated lines on a chart when it detects deception. The readout of Andrew's evaluation, Sylvester says, is clear: "The deception started pretty much from the beginning. The chart shows he was definitely not reiterating or reaffirming what was said by the palace."

Sharing the same conclusion is body language and speech expert Susan Constantine, who noted that Andrew failed to mention what he was "reiterating or reaffirming"—a sign that he's trying to deceive.

"A deceptive person naturally leaves out incriminating information and won't speak of it or put himself into the event. He also refused to describe the sexual allegations," she said.

"Historically, with people who are trying to be deceptive, especially when it comes to sexual offenses, they won't name the crime.

"A truthful person would say, 'I did not have sex with the person,' because they know they are innocent."

It wouldn't be the last statement of denial that Prince Andrew would make in regard to Epstein.

CHAPTER 7
DIARY OF A SEX SLAVE

Prince Andrew wasn't the only associate of Jeffrey Epstein to cruelly take advantage of one of the financier's teens. By this time, Epstein had developed an entire roster of young, vulnerable, women that he pimped out to his powerful contacts as a means of gaining influence and leverage.

One of these sex slaves was Virginia Roberts.

Like many of the girls targeted by Epstein, Roberts had experienced a rough childhood: When she was twelve, a close family friend sexually abused her. She developed an eating disorder and ran away from home and started living on the streets at age thirteen.

Virginia told the story of her dark early years in a secret handwritten diary obtained by this investigation.

"I was on the streets," Roberts began.

There, she wrote: "I was picked up by a 67-year-old man who did exactly what Jeffrey did with me, abuse and violate my youthfulness."

That man—a far cry from the hero he initially seemed to be—was Ron Eppinger, boss of the modeling agency Perfect 10. His business was actually a front for international sex trafficking, and he soon made Roberts his personal "employee."

Roberts claimed Eppinger got her hooked on opioids, the highly addictive class of drugs that include heroin, synthetic opioids such as

fentanyl, and pain relievers such as oxycodone, Vicodin, codeine, and morphine. Under his drug-fueled spell, according to Roberts, Eppinger committed "outrageous acts of hedonism."

Shortly after her fourteenth birthday, Roberts described, Eppinger "gifted" her to a wealthy client named Charlie, who continued the abuse and degradation.

The FBI eventually raided his home, and Roberts's father arrived to save her. Eppinger later pleaded guilty to charges of alien smuggling for prostitution, interstate travel for prostitution, and money laundering.

Reeling from the nightmare, Roberts checked into the Growing Together substance abuse treatment facility in Lake Worth, Florida.

There, the horror continued. Growing Together was "the most controversial drug-treatment program in Palm Beach County," Florida's *Sun Sentinel* newspaper wrote in a 1990 investigative report. Former patients claimed they experienced "torture" and "brainwashing," and left with "PTSD like a Vietnam War veteran." A later *New York Times* investigation found "physical and sexual abuse appears to be common there."

"I still can't get the screams out of my head from hearing kids dragged down the hall by the hair on their heads," a former graduate of the program told the *Broward Palm Beach New Times* in 2004. "The crimes that were committed there have never been told in public. Nobody has ever put these people on trial."

"Could things like this happen in an institutional setting? Yes," Growing Together Executive Director Pat Allard told the paper, while denying the charges. "Would it blemish the institution? Yes, it would. Would anyone condone it? Absolutely not."

The facility later closed.

Roberts wrote that she was locked in a "white room" during her stay and that fights with orderlies were a regular occurrence.

With the help of her father and brother, though, she managed to escape. Roberts slowly got back on track and decided to pursue a career in massage therapy. In the summer of 1998, she landed a job in the spa at the newly anointed Mar-a-Lago Club—owned by Donald Trump. She was optimistic about the future.

While studying at work one day, Roberts was approached by a "striking beautiful woman" who lived a mile down the street. It was Ghislaine, and she offered the fifteen-year-old a job with "a very wealthy gentleman who was always on the lookout for a new masseuse."

"I agreed," Roberts remembered, confessing that it sounded like "the legit break I had been wanting."

The excited young girl told her father about the encounter. Admittedly, he was skeptical, and a little confused.

"I thought it was a job where she was just going to learn massage therapy," he later said. "That is what she told me. I did not know it was going to be all this other stuff."

To make sure everything was kosher, Roberts personally brought his daughter over to Epstein's mansion for the first visit. He discussed the situation with Ghislaine, who introduced him to Epstein.

"He came across as a nice guy," her father would claim. "I had no idea what he would end up doing. If I had known differently, I would never have let her work there."

Satisfied, the hoodwinked father left Roberts in the hands of the sex predators. Wasting no time, Ghislaine brought the aspiring masseuse to Epstein's master bathroom.

"Bedazzled by the décor, I shook out of my entranced state and tried not to gawk at the naked man that lay atop a massage table," Roberts wrote. "I acted calm and cool. [Ghislaine] introduced Jeffrey Epstein as a multi--billion-dollar banker and stock broker that took delight in a massage at least once a day."

Ghislaine then showed her the ropes, starting at the toes and working her way up Epstein's body.

"They really had me convinced they were smart, intellectual people wanting to help me learn a trade," Roberts explained.

Everything changed, however, when Epstein rolled over. First, Ghislaine took her own top off and briefly pressed her chest against Epstein, Roberts alleged. Next, Ghislaine started undressing the teen, who was too stunned to resist.

"I was asked to indulge Jeffrey in oral sex while Ghislaine caressed me from behind, cupping my small breasts and feeling me inside," Roberts later described in one of her secret diaries.

"I was inclined to scream out of humiliation for being so damned naïve."

She added:

> Jeffrey moaned out of delight and pulled up my chin to look at me then guided my hips to sit on top of him. He next forcibly entered me and used his hips to gratify his sexual needs. As soon as it was over, I quickly got dressed, and not sure how to keep my composure, just kept quiet. They both thanked me for a job well done as I had passed my trial.

Epstein paid Virginia $200 for her two-hour session and had an employee drive her home.

"I was now a hired prostitute," she later described.

Stuck in a "state of shock," the embarrassed teenager didn't dare tell her father. Her previous confession about the family friend, and her subsequent time with a sex trafficker, had torn her family apart. She had finally rebounded into something "normal." So when the offer to return to the mansion came in, Epstein and Ghislaine seemed, at the time, the lesser of two evils.

For Roberts, escaping a life as the personal sex slave of the rich and powerful seemed inescapable.

Over the next few weeks, the pair thoroughly abused Roberts under the pretext of "domestic sex slave" training, she wrote.

"It was everything down to how to give a blowjob, how to be quiet, be subservient, give Jeffrey what he wants," she claimed. "A lot of this training came from Ghislaine herself . . . and then there's Jeffrey who's telling you, 'I want it this way, go slower.'"

(Ghislaine has strongly denied Roberts's allegations, but she certainly did train staffers in some ways. This team obtained a phone message from inside Epstein's home that recorded a call from Ghislaine. Epstein's assistant wrote that the message was "would be helpful to have [redacted] come to Palm Beach today to stay here and help train new staff with Ghislaine.")

As for Epstein, however, Roberts was hardly the first victim. She was, though, perhaps the pedophile's pet project, and soon she became their most socially valuable asset.

According to Roberts's recollections, the trio moved between Epstein's New York and Palm Beach mansions, where she was given her own luxurious rooms at each property. Their daily activities began to include the use of sex toys, Roberts claimed, which were kept piled in a laundry basket. Roberts said she also was initiated into sadism and masochism, otherwise known as S&M, the practice of taking or causing abuse during sex.

"It was basically every day and was like going to school," she wrote in the diaries.

"You just become this numb figure who refuses to feel and refuses to speak. All you do is obey."

Roberts was under the impression that her masters eventually planned to hook her up with one of their rich and powerful friends so she would be

“set up for life.” She had no clue that she would be pimped out as the sexual plaything to many individuals in Epstein and Maxwell’s social circle.

Shortly before Roberts’s sixteenth birthday, she wrote in the diaries, Epstein and Ghislaine broke the news.

“They wanted me to be able to cater to all the needs of the men they were going to send me to,” Roberts claimed. “They wanted me to produce things for them in addition to performing sex on men. They told me to pay attention to the details about what the men wanted, so I could report back to them.”

When Roberts looked openly confused, Epstein explained to the child that he wanted to “have something on them.” More than just a sex slave, he was now making Roberts a cog in his personal spy wheel.

“Epstein specifically told me that the reason for him doing this was so that they would ‘owe him;’ they would ‘be in his pocket,’” Roberts alleged.

She supposed, “Epstein thought he could get leniency if he was ever caught doing anything illegal, or more so that he could escape trouble altogether.”

To get her started, Epstein and Ghislaine sent Roberts to Little St. James with “a professor” and told her to take care of him as she had Epstein, she wrote in the diary. After receiving a favorable report from the john, the diabolical pair then continued sending Roberts into the dens of predators around the world. She started making $400 an hour working for Epstein, she wrote, and moved in with him full-time.

“I mean, in some ways, we were a little fucked up family,” Virginia later told the *Miami Herald*. “It was, ‘Jeffrey needs to have sex at least seven times a day . . . but in the meantime, we’re gonna sit back and have some popcorn while you’re giving a blowjob and watching *Sex and the City*. It was just a really screwed up kind of little family unit.”

Epstein and Ghislaine took her on wild shopping sprees, had her meals prepared by a personal chef, and even celebrated her sweet sixteen on the orgy island.

They also offered to double her salary for recruiting more girls, she alleged.

"Jeffrey would send me out to go talk to pretty girls, the younger the better," Roberts wrote. "I would offer them money to come meet my gentlemen friend and tell them I'd show them how to massage. . . . I never brought back a girl that ever said no, or didn't want to participate in an erotic massage for money."

Roberts's diary corroborates the fact that documenting the underage exploits of the rich and powerful was a major component of Epstein's master plan. He had installed security cameras in every room of his properties, and throughout his Caribbean island. Epstein also employed full-time AV techs to monitor dozens of video feeds.

"Kill two birds with one stone Jeffrey thought," Roberts wrote. "Free porn to share with his pedophile friends and when the occasion called for it, a security system all at one expense."

Meanwhile, Epstein continued to maximize his assets by sending his Boeing 727 into overdrive.

"It's called Lolita Express for a reason," Roberts wrote. "That was a vessel for him to be able to abuse girls and get away with it."

Among the men who she claims violated her in Epstein's mile-high club were *The Simpsons* creator Matt Groening (who gave her a personally inscribed sketch of Homer and Bart); model scout Jean-Luc Brunel (another reported sex trafficker who could secure passports for minors); cofounder of MIT's artificial intelligence lab, Marvin Minsky; and former US Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell. ("I have never met, spoken with or had any contact with Ms. Giuffre," the Maine senator has denied.

At the time of this writing, Groening has not issued a public denial. Brunel is missing. Minsky is dead.)

As for Epstein's friend Donald Trump, Roberts wrote that he was a not-unfrequent presence in their twisted world, but she never saw him indulge: "I didn't physically see him have sex with any of the girls. . . . I can't say who he had sex with in his whole life or not, but I just know it wasn't with me when I was with other girls." In a later court deposition she even denied that he'd ever flirted with her.

By late 2001, Ghislaine began shuttling Roberts around in a privately-owned helicopter. Even more discreet than the Lolita Express, the helicopter created still more opportunities for abuse.

In court documents unsealed in July 2019, Roberts alleged that she was forced to give "massages" to then-twenty-five-year-old filmmaker and environmentalist Alexandra Cousteau, the granddaughter of famous French explorer Jacques Cousteau.

Roberts said that Epstein "instigated that she and I reenact as lovers in lesbian acts of foreplay and penetration" with a strap-on penis.

"The allegations by Virginia Giuffre née Roberts regarding Ms. Cousteau are 100 percent false," Cousteau's lawyer wrote in an email statement soon after the court files were released. "Ms. Cousteau never had intimate relations with Giuffre, and does not even recall ever having met such a person."

(Cousteau does have, however, links to one of Epstein's closest business partners: Saudi Arabian Crown Prince Mohammed bin Salman. Epstein had a framed photo of "MBS" in his Manhattan mansion and often claimed the controversial Saudi royal had visited his property there many times, these authors can reveal. In 2019, it was reported that MBS ordered the assassination of journalist Jamal Khashoggi, nephew of Epstein's infamous pal Adnan Khashoggi. In September 2019, Cousteau was named

as one of the featured speakers at a conference sponsored by the United Nations and a foundation headed by MBS.)

Meanwhile, shortly before Roberts's eighteenth birthday, it was time for her to meet Prince Andrew.

As Roberts tells it, it was the darkest time of her life. The young girl had been inhumanely used and abused, and had even suffered a miscarriage. She hadn't known she was pregnant, she wrote, or who the dead baby's father was. Epstein had promised to cut back her hours if she brought in more girls, she claimed, but the fresh faces only dragged the weary working girl into more threesomes.

Roberts would soon age out of Epstein's preferred bracket—women fourteen to seventeen. According to Roberts, though, they still could make use of her.

"Ghislaine starts talking to me about how I would feel about having a child," Virginia recently alleged, claiming that she was offered $200,000 a month and a house in exchange for the baby.

The idea terrified her. After years of being emotionally, physically, and mentally degraded, Roberts had reached rock bottom. She began plotting her escape.

Roberts managed to convince Epstein and Ghislaine to send her to Thailand in search of legitimate massage training. Epstein agreed under one condition: that she bring back "a Thai girl."

In the summer of 2002, Roberts fled to Thailand, where she met and fell in love with martial artist Robert Giuffre. Newly empowered and determined to begin her own life on the other side of the world, the girl made one final call to her captors, Ghislaine and Epstein.

"He said, 'Have a nice life,' and hung up," Virginia said of her brief goodbye phone call with Epstein. "I thought, 'I'm off the hook, I'm off the chain, I can go, I can live free.'"

Roberts and her new man eloped, moved to Australia, and started a family.

Still, despite her wish for freedom, the nightmare wasn't over.

In 2007, while pregnant with her second child, Virginia claimed she received a call from Ghislaine.

"I was like, 'How the hell did she just find me?'" Roberts wondered. "'I've been out of their lives for so long.'"

According to Roberts, by then going by the name Virginia Giuffre, Ghislaine wanted to know if she had "talked to anybody." The former sex slave informed her that she hadn't, she claimed. Seemingly satisfied with her answer, Ghislaine ordered her to "stay quiet."

"The next day Jeffrey calls me, with his lawyer on the phone, and he asks me the same questions," Giuffre recently alleged.

Concerned, the new mother wondered what was going on. The next day, the FBI called and asked about her sexual history with Epstein. She demanded the officer verify his employment.

"About six months later, I get a knock at the door and it's the Australian Federal Police," she said. (The Australian Federal Police is like the FBI, the national and principal federal law enforcement agency.)

Officials gave her a detailed document about what Jeffrey had done, and how she'd been identified as a victim: "Jane Doe #3."

Remarkably, more than nine thousand miles from Epstein and Ghislaine, she was still so frightened by the long-arm of the lawless pedophile, she refused to assist the officers.

Little did she know that a massive investigation was unfolding across the world in her home state of Florida—one that could finally bring Epstein to justice.

CHAPTER 8
DONALD TRUMP AND THE PALM BEACH PEDOPHILE

Palm Beach in the late eighties and nineties was the perfect playground for a man like Jeffrey Epstein: decadent, debaucherous, and deeply corrupted.

"I spent a lot of time in Palm Beach at that time," said Maxwell family friend Laura Goldman.

She continued:

> Palm Beach is a live-and-let-live kind of place. Lots of rich libertarian types. I don't think that they mixed with their neighbors, because they didn't want their neighbors to know what they were doing. I think the police force down there is pretty ineffective. We've seen that they are. I think that people are there on vacation, they didn't want to rock the boat.
>
> I spent a lot of time in Palm Beach at that time. I'd been to their house on Brillo Way. It was kind of not my scene and there were lots of young ladies. Even though I was much younger then, they were even younger than me, and I really couldn't compete in that scene.
>
> Now I feel bad because I got a sense that something was off. I didn't really pay attention to what was off. Now, when I see what's happened to all these girls, I feel incredibly terrible that I didn't ride by more often, like a bike crusader, and stop it.

> Everybody knew that he was looking for young girls. But I didn't realize, one, that they were young, that young, and I didn't realize that he was trafficking them. But it doesn't surprise me that the Palm Beach police looked away.
>
> People don't understand about Palm Beach in the nineties and at that time, there was no South Beach. So, Palm Beach was where all the decadent people went. The Palm Beach police kind of looked the other way.
>
> I visited with other people Jeffrey Epstein's house in the late nineties. I noticed that it wasn't the grandest house on the block, but it was the most private.

Another visitor, Epstein's former attorney Alan Dershowitz, told this investigation's reporter, Jen Heger, that the home held many secrets.

Insisting he knew nothing of Epstein's illegal escapades, Dershowitz described, "In his house in Palm Beach, there were two stairways. One of them, you were not allowed to go up."

"He had locked doors," Dershowitz continued. "I was never in that part of the house. The same thing is true in his house in New York."

Those doors were finally opened, however, during a later police raid on the home. After years of relentlessly hounding the local authorities, these authors were able to obtain the official video. The following is a description of its content:

Many guests entered the home through the kitchen, a bright and airy space with a black and white checkered floor and cozy bar stools around the island. Heading through there to a back staircase, however, it got literally darker.

Carpeted in lilac and bound by white walls, the staircase spiraled up to the upper level, home to several bedrooms, bathrooms, and of course, the massage room.

It all begins innocently enough. At the top of the staircase is a landing with pink carpeting and a comfy pink couch. There's a photograph of palm trees and the ocean.

Turning left, you enter a den of several tiny bedrooms—rooms scarcely big enough to hold both a bed and a dresser, but bright and bedecked with cheap art. In nearly every room, the only item of clothing to see was a white robe. In another bedroom, there was a teddy bear.

Moving back across the landing and to the right, the atmosphere changes. First, there is an antechamber of sorts, a dark room with chairs, similar to a waiting area. On the wall, a close-up photo shows hands tightly gripping someone's leg, fingers digging into the flesh. On another wall hung a photo so graphic it was the only image blurred from the police video. [Attorney Spencer Kuvin would later tell our team that one of his clients, a victim of Epstein, remembered one photo "of a young girl who could have been no more than twelve or thirteen years old with her panties pulled down around her ankles bent over."] Dominating another wall was a 3-D rendering of a woman's torso, seen from the back, and cut off just below and above the rear end. The curves protrude inches from the wall.

Moving deeper into the next room, that same rear view is re-created in a painting. Another painting shows a nude woman lying down with her legs spread, dark pubic hair at the center of the frame; her breasts, very small.

Moving deeper still: the massage room. Immediately upon entry, there is a large ink drawing of Ghislaine smiling softly and looking toward the massage table, as if she presides over what would happen there. Below her, a small model airplane calls to mind the Lolita Express. At the back of the room, the massage table.

There are oils, lotions, and a large vibrating "massager" (later described by multiple victims as an instrument of sexual assault). More stacked towels, more hanging robes. His bedroom is nearby.

In Epstein's personal quarters, the "art" becomes even more disturbing. One photograph captures a wet woman in the shower, from behind. A line drawing depicts a naked woman's torso from the side. Yet another, directly from the front. Yet another, a naked woman curled in the fetal position. Not far away, stacks of personal stationery bearing his name.

In a closet filled with men's clothes, dozens of small, personal photographs are framed, collage-style on the walls. Most show young women. Most of them are topless. There's also a picture of Epstein and a brunette standing in front of the United States Presidential Seal, in what appears to be the White House briefing room.

Still more candid photos of female companions bedeck the walls of his personal gym, downstairs and off the pool. One image shows a blonde toddler, missing teeth, grinning into the camera as she climbs out of a pool. Another, a blonde toddler in a dress. Still another, a young blonde girl with no pubic hair stretched out naked and apparently unconscious on a beach. An extremely tight closeup of a female rear end.

Tucked away in the gym bathroom, there is a photo of an arrogant-looking man—not Epstein. Featured in our photo insert, the man has an amber, almost orange hair sculpted into a perilous combover. His hand, rather small, is raised casually in the air as his elbow rests on the arm of his chair. He wears a billowy, ill-fitting button-down and slacks, staring pompously, with his lips pursed, into the camera. Behind him, a young brunette in a white tank top stands with her hands just above his shoulders, as if she was in the midst of giving him a massage. Behind her, another young brunette returns the favor, massaging the first girl's shoulders as well. Behind the second brunette, a blonde in the chunky black sandals popular with nineties teens grins at the camera while massaging the second girl. A four-way massage, as only Epstein could orchestrate.

Donald Trump and Jeffrey Epstein were close friends during that heady Palm Beach era.

“I’ve known Jeff for 15 years,” Trump told *New York* magazine in 2002, placing his first connection with Epstein in 1987, two years *before* he would step foot on Robert Maxwell’s *Lady Ghislaine* yacht.

“He’s a terrific guy,” Trump continued. “It is even said that he likes beautiful women as much as I do, and many of them are on the younger side.” If he believed that, why didn’t he report Epstein to the police? Perhaps he didn’t think the girls were that young. Or perhaps it was because he was, in some form, Epstein’s wingman.

In the early nineties, following Trump’s divorce from Ivanka Trump, the two were constant companions.

A recently unearthed archival video from 1992, recorded by NBC News, shows the two pervy playboys whispering and laughing, surrounded by women at Trump’s Mar-a-Lago—the same place from which Virginia Roberts had been recruited. Next to them was an editor for the *National Enquirer*, Larry Haley, who was reported to have been assigned full-time to the Trump “beat” for the scandal sheet.

In 2000, Trump and Epstein were photographed attending an event on the same property with Prince Andrew and Trump’s wife Melania.

According to insiders, Trump had full privileges at Epstein’s Palm Beach home, as well. He’s since denied ever being close with Epstein, but attorney Spencer Kuvin, who represents one of Epstein’s victims, claims the evidence suggests otherwise.

“We knew from deposition testimony that we took in the civil cases from a few of the people that work within Mr. Epstein’s home that Donald Trump was more than just a casual acquaintance of Mr. Epstein,” he told reporter Doug Montero.

> We knew that because even on one occasion, we were aware that Mr. Trump had come to the house and stopped by and just ate in Mr. Epstein’s kitchen. And just sat there, and chatted, and ate in the kitchen with him. So, this was more than just a casual

> acquaintance. This was somebody that he knew and that they spoke with one another, they socialize with one another.
>
> We also knew that Epstein and Trump had gone to parties together at Mar-a-Lago that Mr. Trump had arranged. We knew that one of the victims that came forward and accused Epstein of essentially turning her into a sex slave was found at Mar-a-Lago originally, she was working there, and that's where Epstein got her from.
>
> So, we also know through stories that have come forward now from two young girls that were sisters that were in the New York area, that Mr. Trump had stopped by Mr. Epstein's New York home on occasion as well. So as far as high-profile friends, we certainly knew that Mr. Trump was a close friend of Mr. Epstein during those exact years that Mr. Epstein was molesting these young girls. . . . These are two gentlemen that definitely ran in the same circles.

Later, Epstein's flight logs would show an entry for Trump on the Lolita Express. Not only was his phone number found in Epstein's little black book; but also, more than a dozen additional ways to contact him.

After Epstein's crimes became public, Trump attempted to distance himself. He reportedly barred Epstein from Mar-a-Lago in 2008, and said in 2019, "I knew him like everybody in Palm Beach knew him," insisting, "I was not a fan."

Indeed, during those years Epstein was an inescapable and infamous figure in Palm Beach, one who made little effort to conceal his dark deeds from friends, acquaintances, and even strangers. Although few were invited upstairs or into his more personal quarters, his home was small, and the images could easily have been discovered.

As Epstein threw raucous parties for Palm Beach's elite, was he toeing the line, taking some small thrill from the possibility of being exposed? Or

was he using the sexual images and young women throughout the property as bait?

Kuvin told Montero: “We had heard that Mr. Epstein had created videos of high-profile individuals inside of his home and kept them as insurance. And maybe he had provided women to some of these individuals, or young girls.”

Maxwell family friend Laura Goldman attended one such debaucherous party at the Palm Beach mansion, and was disturbed by what she found.

“There was a bar in Palm Beach in the nineties called Chuck & Harold’s,” Goldman explained. “It’s not there anymore. Somebody there invited me to the party. Most of the crowd at that place at the bar scene were old Palm Beach, Wall Streeters and that kind of people.”

She continued:

> The reason I went to Jeffrey Epstein’s house in the first place was the rumor was that he was throwing wild parties. Nobody knew who he was, really, at that time because it was before he took Bill Clinton on his plane. I thought, “Oh, well, let me check this out!” Then I got there and I thought, “Maybe I shouldn’t check this out.”
>
> I noticed there were some drugs around. I noticed girls. And I noticed a lot of married men that didn’t seem to be there with their wives, which is sort of why I’m not mentioning who was there . . .
>
> In the nineties, drug use wasn’t quite as common on Wall Street as it is now, or as open. I noticed at the party that people were wandering off to private rooms and God only knows what they were doing in there: drugs, women, whatever.
>
> So I said, “Oh, maybe this isn’t the party scene for me.”

Many of Epstein’s party guests never could have guessed that what happened during the daytime at the house on El Brillo Way was even more disturbing.

In 2005, a mother called Florida's Palm Beach Police Department, frantic, claiming that her fourteen-year-old daughter had been enticed to Epstein's nearby mansion. There, the woman claimed, the teenager was paid $300 to strip to her underwear and massage the fifty-two-year-old. Her secret had been discovered when school administrators found the cash on her after a playground fight.

On her word, Detective Joseph Recarey launched a year-long undercover investigation into Epstein and exactly what was happening behind the walls of his mansion. What he found was worse than even the seasoned investigators could have imagined.

Ultimately, they spoke to thirty-four victims. The girls' stories were chilling in their similarity.

In a buried videotaped police victim interview we obtained, one skinny and skittish young woman reveals the horrible secret she'd been hiding for years.

"Every girl that meets Jeffrey starts off with giving him a massage," she said. "The more you do with him, the more you make. Basically, if you take off your clothes, you're going to make more. If you let him do things to you, you're going to make more."

"By do things, you mean touch you?" a detective asked.

"Yes, touch you in inappropriate places," she answered. "I did it naked, but I wouldn't let him touch me or anything like that. So after that, he says, 'You know what, listen, I'll pay you $200 for every girl you bring to me."

"It was like a train," she said. "I brought my friends, they brought their friends, and it went on and on."

"Did Jeff know anybody's real true age or he didn't care?" a detective asked.

She said, "I don't think he cared. He told me the younger, the better."

A cache of police victim interview videos obtained by *Epstein: Devil in the Darkness* reveals a chilling detail. Police entered the videos into evidence marked with the victims' birthdates. Recorded throughout 2005, the anonymous dates are a haunting reminder of just how young Epstein's victims were, even years after their abuse by Epstein:

6/1/86
8/09/86
12/30/86
9/21/86
12/30/86
2/8/87
6/6/87
6/18/87
6/30/87
10/10/87
2/29/88
3/8/88
4/19/88
4/21/88
7/28/88

One young victim recruited for Epstein by a high school friend was sixteen-year-old Michelle Licata. Licata spoke to our reporter Marjorie Hernandez, describing the horror of El Brillo Way.

"Life before Jeffrey Epstein was football games, cheerleading competitions," Licata said. "When I met Jeffrey Epstein I was, I think about sixteen years old and I had just started a job at Publix. I was a cashier. I was trying to get into a different crew of friends that I wanted to hang out with. . . . There was a girl that I went to high school with and she was part of that group."

Licata continued:

> I can't remember what class we were in, but she was sitting right next to me. She was writing me a note. She asked if I wanted to make some extra money for Christmas. Having seven brothers and sisters, I thought that this is going to be the year that I'm going to get everybody something. That's exactly what I wanted to do.
>
> She was writing me a note and said, "Do you want to make some extra money?" I was like, "Yeah! I mean, how do you do that?" She said that she's done it and that you just massage old guys. I was like, "Okay."
>
> I was like, "Do you have to have a license, like a massage license to do that?" She said no. Then she said, "But if you tell anybody, I will kick your ass." I was like, "Okay." I didn't understand why she'd want to beat me up if I said that. Maybe she was embarrassed because she had to massage old guys, like wrinkly old men. That's the vision that I had in my head. Maybe that's why I wasn't supposed to say anything. She took the note and crumpled it up and threw it away.
>
> I was working at Publix at the time and she came picked me up. Then she started to take me down to Palm Beach. . . . When we started going down there, I was like, "Well this would make sense. It's where rich people live. She said you can make some money. That's where you would go."
>
> What I had envisioned in my mind was completely different than what was about to happen. I realized it when we pulled into someone's driveway. I was thinking it was going to be like a building or a facility or something where there's massage tables, but it was not like that at all.
>
> I remember her just saying, "If somebody asks just say that you're eighteen. I don't think that they're going to ask, but just say

that you are." I was like, "Okay." Once again still thinking that it's . . . You have to have a massage license. Maybe you had to be the age of eighteen to get that license? That's the way that I was thinking about it.

We walked in through the back door. . . . There was a lady, I think two ladies that walked in behind us. One kept on walking past and then one was there and she was telling me, "Hi. I'm so-and-so." I don't remember her exact name. She had a clipboard in her hand. She looked like this model, really beautiful, tall, skinny blonde girl. . . .

She told me to write down my name and my number on the counter. . . . Then she's like, "I just want you to come follow me." . . .

We walked out of the kitchen and we're going up this staircase. It was like half a spiral staircase. She was just prepping me to go into this room and she was telling me, "So the temperature's going to be cooler, Jeffrey's going to be in there. He's going to be making some phone calls. There's going to be some lotions on the counter. Just go ahead and start massaging him and just listen to what he says and what he wants you to do and just go ahead and do that." I was like, "Okay."

I went in there and there was . . . Like she said there was lotion set up on a vanity. There was already money sitting out.

Jeffrey Epstein came in and he introduced himself. He asked me what my name was and I told him, "Hi, I'm Michelle." He looked like he was about to get on the phone and just go and do business, make phone calls.

When he came into the room, he had on a towel and that was it. He had it wrapped up around him and he just walked in. He still had on the towel when he was laying on his stomach and he just got

onto the phone. He said there's lotion and he set a timer. There was a timer on the table and he set that. He was asking me to . . . He got on the phone.

He was like, "Just go ahead and massage my feet." Every once in a while, "Go ahead and massage my calves. Go ahead and massage this and that." I was like okay, this seems to be normal. This would be a massage like any normal place. Then he got off the phone and he started talking to me.

That's when I knew this was going to go wrong. When he started asking me very personal questions about my sex life. He was asking me how many guys I'd ever been with. Do I have a boyfriend? You look so beautiful.

You're fighting back and forth like, "I don't understand what's really going on, but this old man is telling me to do things." Then also you don't really know who is this person, who is he? Does he have a gun? Is he going to kidnap me right now and lock me up in some kind of basement?

Then on top of it, putting his hand on my hip and spinning me, like, "Do a spin for me. Let me see what you look like." It's like okay, but you're not really sure if you said no, what would happen? That's what I was afraid of is if I say no, am I going to be killed?

What are my options for getting out of this room alive? Because so far, my mind has been wrong since pulling into a house and a driveway it has gone wrong. It just keeps getting worse and worse. We're not at this place that I thought we're going to be going to. There's one person and now he is looking at me. Now he's getting into a place into my head that is a very personal place. He is digging. He is digging in . . . That to me is worse than what he could do or touch me.

He took this really private place and he turned it into a nightmare for a really long time. It still haunts me. . . . I mean, here I am. I wrote down in my planner that I stayed on the phone until 4:00 in the morning with a boy. That's what I thought was just so awesome. Then to have or I think I wrote, I kissed so-and-so. I mean, that's where my mind was. That's the level of sexuality that I was at.

At this point I was in my bra and my underwear and I remembered the bra because it was one particular bra that I ever had really that was like that. It clipped in the front. He had popped it off. He just kept telling me he liked that and to do that. It just got more just grabby and turning me and looking at me. I just kept thinking if that timer could just hurry up, I would just really love to get out here. . . .

He knew that I was uncomfortable. He continued anyways. He was really going to town on himself. He kept going and then at one point he just, I guess finished and he jumped up, wrapped his towel around him. He said, "Okay, thank you. I would really love to see you again. There's $200 there for you. Your number and your name make sure it's downstairs before you go. I will call you and have you come back."

I was just thinking, "Oh my God, you've got to be kidding. You're out of your mind. You're out of your mind if you think I will ever be here again in my entire life."

I just went back downstairs. . . . I guess my friend saw the terror on my face. I was just freaked out and she said, "What happened?" I was like, "I will tell you in the car. Just get out of here right now. I want to go home."

We got in the car and she's like, "What?" I was like, "He was trying to finger me and stuff." She's like, "That's it? That's not a

big deal. He tried to do that with my last friend."

I was like, "What's your last friend? How many people have you brought?" It was like this feeling of just being used as someone's play toy. I just put my sunglasses on and I looked out the window. It was like forty-five minutes' drive back to my car.

I was just crying without her knowing the whole way home. I was just thinking about, I don't know. How's anybody ever going to love me?

Ashamed, Licata told only her very best friend what had happened, and tried to move on. A year later, she got a visit from the police.

"I was seventeen, and some men in some black suits showed up at my house," she told Hernandez. "My brother answered the door and he was like, 'Michelle there's some men in black suits looking for you. Why?' I was like, 'I have no idea.'

I went out there and I was talking to them. They said, "Do you know Jeffrey Epstein?" I was like, "No." I thought it was some kid. I thought some kid died in school.

They kept talking and I'm trying to think of like, "Was I doing something in high school?" I was still thinking, "Who did I hang out with at school that may have wanted to hurt themselves or kill themselves?" and I was like, "What's happening?"

Then they said Palm Beach. It all just came back, rushed all through my body.

I was just like, "Oh my God. I was like, I'm in trouble. These men have found me and I'm going to go to jail." I thought I was going to jail.

I met up with them in a parking lot, which is still really sketchy, in a parking lot right next to my work. We're in their car and they had a recorder and they were recording me.

They didn't explain a whole lot, just like, "Well this has happened to other girls. It's okay you can tell us what happened." There wasn't any like, "Hey, let's get together. Why don't you come down to the station while we do this?" You would think any normal police investigation would be like fingerprints or something, or I don't know what their goal was that day, but it didn't make me feel safer to talk to them.

The police, when I was talking to them and in the car with them, they were just asking me what happened. They just wanted to know what I knew. What information I had. Do I remember anybody that was there? How did you end up there? They just asked me to tell my story to them as to what happened.

Apparently it was because there was one girl that came out and actually said something. I think she told her mom, and her mom brought it to the police's attention. Then because Jeffrey Epstein had a bunch of names and phone numbers and stuff that he had in his possession, and I think they found something of that nature and that's how they could find the girls. Because they told me that they found my name and my phone number in his house. They wanted to ask me some questions about what was happening there.

I recently just listened to the recording from that day. I remember just sounding so terrified that I was in trouble. That I was so young, I was such a little girl still when I was saying stuff. I was like, "So he was masturbating."

You could tell I didn't even really know the right words were to tell these men, these once again older men, that were recording me in a car, in a parking lot. That happened.

Then I think the FBI sent a lady to come meet up with me and we spoke together as well in the parking lot of a hospital. She

> recorded our conversation. It was just her and I, then I redid the story.
>
> After I gave my statement to the Palm Beach police department and the FBI agent I was never contacted again by the law and by the justice system. I was never kept up to date as to what was going on.
>
> It's like this really long process of literally nothing happening. It is like we're talking about this guy, we have all this evidence of what he's been doing and yet how many years has it been going on, and how long has literally nothing happened, nothing.

After a yearlong investigation, police had completed interviews with dozens of girls like Michelle. Detectives even picked through Epstein's trash and discovered incriminating messages on scraps of paper documenting phone calls.

"She is wondering if 2:30 is OK . . . She needs to stay in school," read one document obtained during the course of our investigation.

Another slip of paper suggested that Epstein had had a bouquet of roses sent to one teen at her high school following a school performance.

An Amazon packing slip addressed to Epstein that we obtained reveals he'd ordered some seriously disturbing reading material: *Slavecraft: Roadmaps for Erotic Servitude*, *Training with Miss Abernathy: A Workbook for Erotic Slaves*, and *SM 101: A Realistic Introduction*.

Was his sexual exploitation confined to young girls? A piece of note paper obtained by cops and recovered by our team shows that someone jotted down the urls "TonyaWorld.com" and "Trannsvicious.aol.com." The former is still live at the time of this writing, featuring "T-Girls from All Over the World," "Ethnic SheMales," "Thousands of SheMales," and "Direct Contacts" for the models on the site.

Armed with such details from their surveillance work, the police finally got the go-ahead to raid the home on El Brillo Way.

A Palm Beach Police Department incident report obtained by the authors of this book describes the scene in Det. Joseph Recarey's own words:

> As we entered onto the property, we encountered the house manager, Janusz Banasiak, who was in the guest portion of the house. . . . The members of the Police Department entered the house and announced we had a search warrant.
>
> Several interior decorators were located on the property. I spoke with Mark Zeff. . . . Mr. Zeff stated he is the designer for Mr. Epstein's homes. He advised he was contacted in March of 2005 to do a complete overhaul on the house. He advised he was on the phone with Mr. Epstein when officers announced the search warrant. Mr. Epstein was then made aware of the search warrant. . . .
>
> I entered the residence and located two covert (hidden) cameras. The first camera was a covert wall clock in the garage area. I traced the wire behind the clock and removed the RCA wire and unplugged the camera. The other covert camera was located within a desk clock beside Epstein's desk."

Detective Joseph Recarey had actually been inside Epstein's home before: back on October 5, 2003, when Epstein accused "a former disgruntled houseman" of stealing money from the house. He described what his team expected to find in his October 18, 2005, Affidavit & Application for Search Warrant, obtained by this team: "I observed several covert cameras, which would capture and record images of anyone within the residence. Epstein had purchased covert cameras which were built in wall clocks and table clocks. These images were then downloaded onto a proprietary spyware software for later viewing."

Recarey noted that Epstein “told me that he had purchased a spy camera from a store on Okeechobee Blvd. and had set up the camera which was in a clock in his office.”

Indeed, when they got permission and raided the home on October 20, 2005, they found a trove of files and recording materials. Evidence logs obtained by this team catalog the haul:

- 12 phone message books, filled with names and messages from his famous friends
- 3 file folders of similar messages, ripped off of pads
- 1 bag of shredded paper, found in his office
- 1 orange folder marked “Massages”
- More than 123 photographs
- 4 VHS tapes
- 2 CDs marked “Happy birthday”
- 63 CDs
- 1 DVD
- 16 Zip CDs
- 12 8mm video tapes
- 5 memory cards, as would be used in a digital camera
- 11 floppy disks
- 1 zip drive
- 3 computer CPUs
- 1 Maxell CD-R

They also found other items that hinted at the depravity the house had hosted:

- 4 massage tables
- 1 black framed photo of a nude girl
- 1 green framed photo of a nude girl
- 2 twin torpedo vibrators
- 1 bottle of joy jelly
- 3 X-rated videotapes: *Sex In City*, *Eat in Janine*, and *I Love Lesbians Four*
- Penis- and vagina-shaped soaps
- 1 school transcript

Still, something seemed off. Epstein's pals, interior decorator and architect Douglas Schoettle were there when the raid occurred, and seemed unperturbed. The materials they managed to get their hands on weren't a slam dunk for conviction. Some of Epstein's recording devices and computers had been removed, cords left hanging when cops arrived. Had Epstein been tipped off?

"The place had been cleaned up," former detective Michael Reiter later told *NBC News*.

Still, by May 2006, Detective Recarey believed the case was bulletproof.

Recarey amassed a Probable Cause Affidavit filled with damning evidence against Epstein. The official document even included a description of Epstein's distorted genitalia.

"It was thick towards the bottom but was thin and small towards the head portion," a victim said, calling it, "egg-shaped."

Another victim told cops it's "like a teardrop."

"It's really fat at the bottom and skinny at the top," she continued, making reference to "some sort of birth defect on his thing."

But once the case got into the hands of the higher ups, the case did not proceed how the cops were expecting.

According to Reiter, Epstein's high-powered defense team, which included Kenneth Starr and Alan Dershowitz, seemed to know details about the cops' case even before they emerged. (Starr was best known for heading an investigation of members of the Clinton administration; Dershowitz for serving on the legal "Dream Team" alongside Johnnie Cochran and F. Lee Bailey in the 1995 O. J. Simpson murder trial.)

"We believed that the content of our probable cause affidavit eventually, some time after we presented it to the state attorney's office, ended up with the defense attorneys," Reiter said.

"Because minute details that nobody else knew that were in those documents were being refuted and contrary information provided by the defense."

Furious, Reiter demanded that the state attorney, Barry Krischer, remove himself from the case. That didn't go anywhere, so Recary brought the Department's evidence to the FBI.

When it became clear that the federal probe would encounter similar roadblocks, Reiter arranged a meeting with the prosecutor in charge of the case, US Attorney Alex Acosta: President Trump's future secretary of labor.

Acosta put on a good show. Reiter said, "I left that meeting thinking, 'This guy hopefully is going to do his job.'"

Reiter would be wrong.

Epstein's unassuming home on El Brillo Way in Palm Beach was the site of his worst abuses. (The Mega Agency)

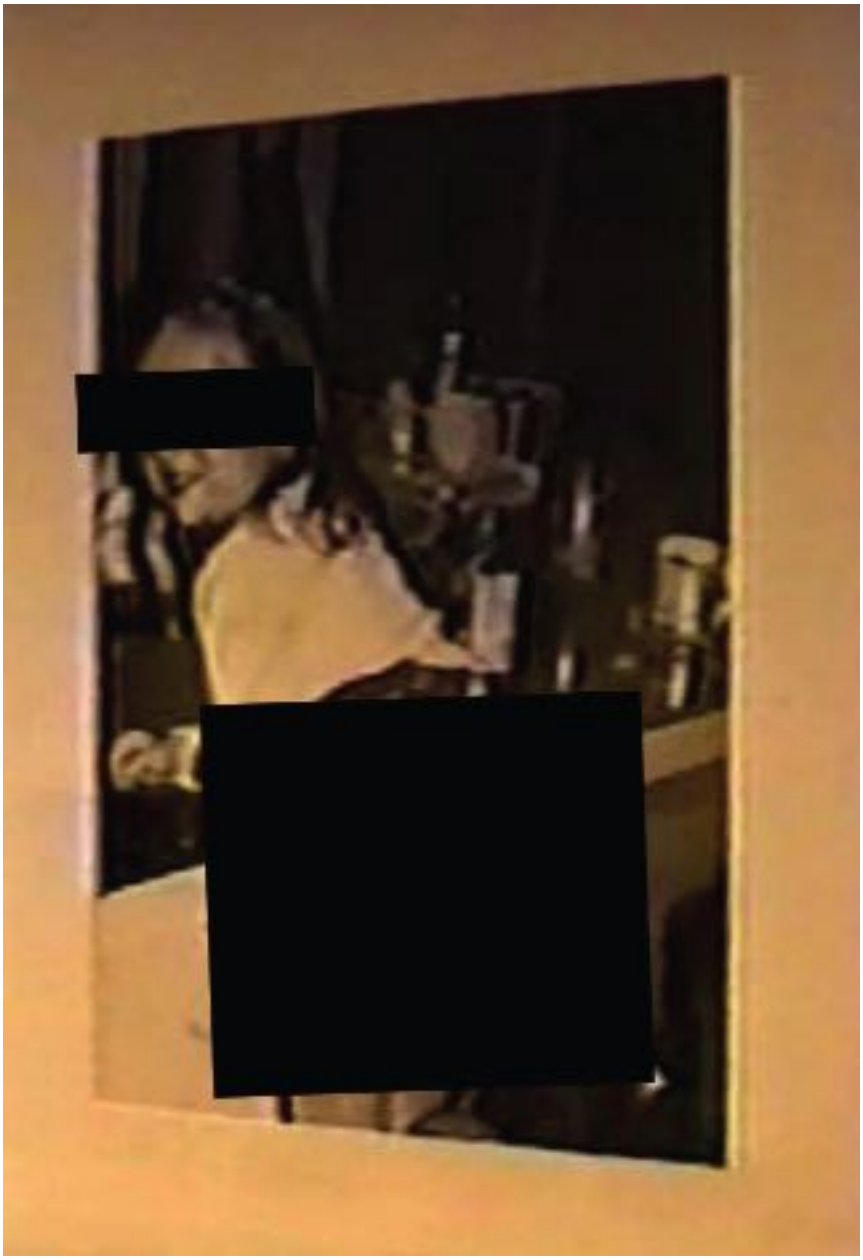

This photo of a young blonde girl flashing her bare rear end at the camera was found in Epstein's Palm Beach home. This and other images from inside the home were captured during a 2005 Palm Beach police raid. (Palm Beach County State Attorney's Office)

Epstein’s Palm Beach home featured several images of nude women. (Palm Beach County State Attorney’s Office)

Disembodied and immobile women were a common theme of the art pieces in Epstein's Palm Beach home. (Palm Beach County State Attorney's Office)

A hand-drawn portrait of Ghislaine Maxwell overlooked the infamous massage room. (Palm Beach County State Attorney's Office)

The massage room was stocked with lotions and oils, and had a bathtub as well. (Palm Beach County State Attorney's Office)

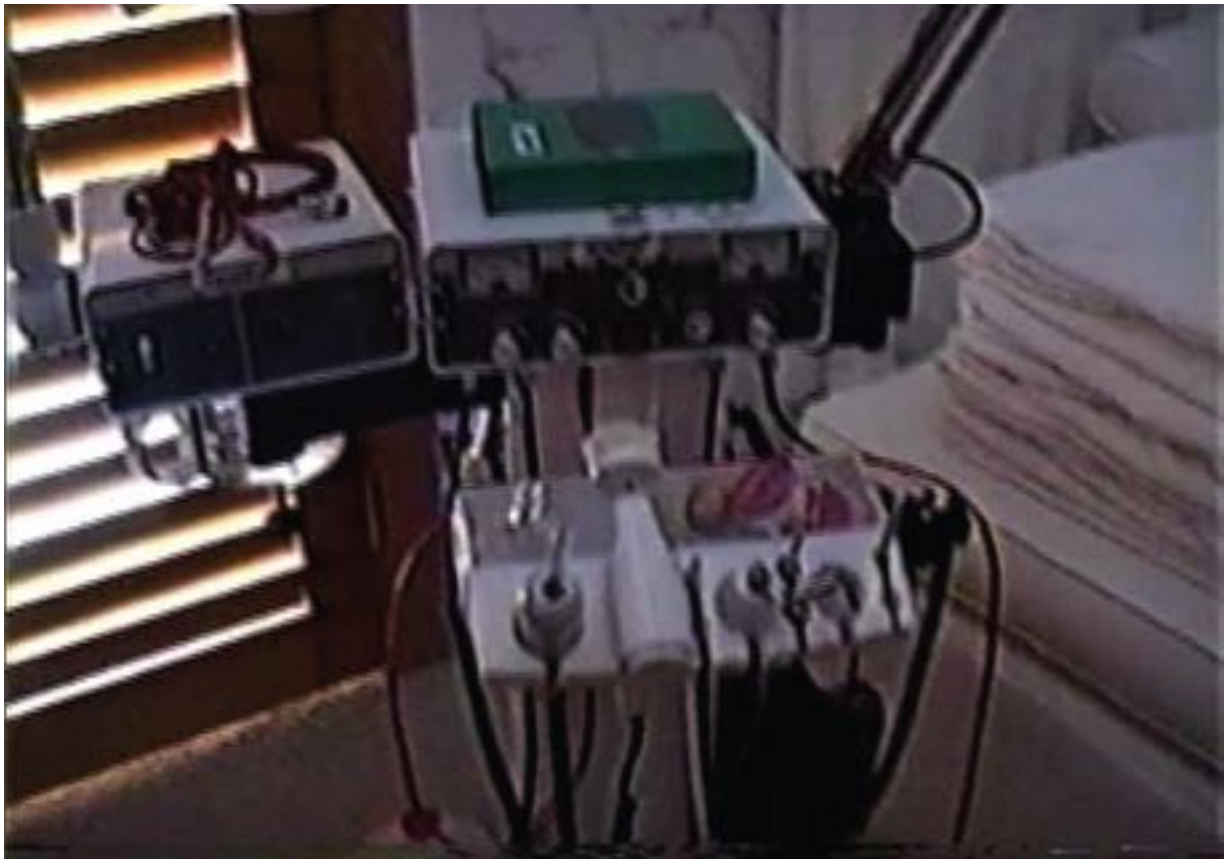

This screenshot from a Palm Beach police raid video shows the chilling “massager” and other devices alongside Epstein’s massage table. (Palm Beach County State Attorney’s Office)

1) car → extension
1 month

2) 9:00 am bucket of roses
to Royal Palm Beach
High school for
[redacted]
Give the flowers at
8:30 to sb. to
give it to her at
the stage after
performance

Jeffrey E. Epstein

Police found a note in Epstein's trash directing his assistant to deliver a "bucket of roses" to a female student at Royal Palm Beach High School. (Palm Beach County State Attorney's Office)

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

FOR Jeffrey

DATE 4/1/05 TIME 8:08 A.M. P.M.

M Jean-Luc

OF [redacted]

PHONE/ MOBILE [redacted]

TELEPHONED	8	PLEASE CALL	
CAME TO SEE YOU		WILL CALL AGAIN	
WANTS TO SEE YOU		RUSH	
RETURNED YOUR CALL		SPECIAL ATTENTION	

MESSAGE He has a teacher for you to teach you how to speak russian. Shez is 2x8 years old not blonde. Lessons are free and you can have 1st today if you call

SIGNED

1184

A phone message for Jeffrey Epstein, from Jean-Luc Brunel. (Palm Beach County State Attorney's Office)

IMPORTANT MESSAGE

FOR JE

DATE _____ TIME 5.14 A.M. P.M.

M Jean Luc

OF _____

PHONE/ MOBILE _____

TELEPHONED		PLEASE CALL	
CAME TO SEE YOU		WILL CALL AGAIN	
WANTS TO SEE YOU		RUSH	
RETURNED YOUR CALL		SPECIAL ATTENTION	

MESSAGE He just did a good one - 18 years - (She spoke to me & said "I love Jeffrey")

SIGNED _____ 1184

A phone message for Jeffrey Epstein, from Jean-Luc Brunel. (Palm Beach County State Attorney's Office)

A photo of girls in a massage chain, found inside Epstein's Palm Beach home. (Palm Beach County State Attorney's Office)

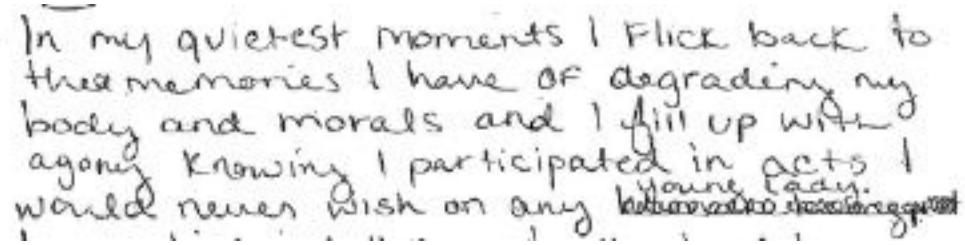

In my quietest moments I flick back to
these memories I have of degrading my
body and morals and I fill up with
agony knowing I participated in acts I
would never wish on any young lady.

Sex slave Victoria Roberts recorded her own personal nightmare in a secret diary. (American Media)

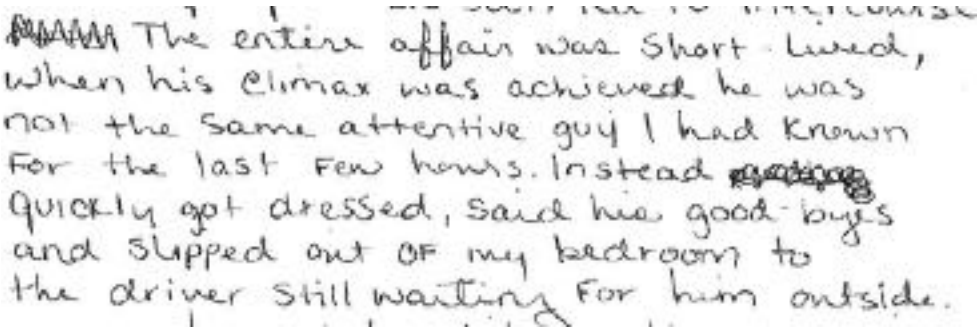
The entire affair was Short-Lived,
when his climax was achieved he was
not the same attentive guy I had known
for the last few hours. Instead
quickly got dressed, said his good-byes
and slipped out of my bedroom to
the driver still waiting for him outside.

Virginia Roberts' diaries were later submitted as evidence to the court. (American Media)

The Lolita Express bedroom featured a locking door. (The Mega Agency)

Other areas of the Lolita Express looked more like a normal private jet. (The Mega Agency)

According to Donald Trump, his friendship with Epstein stretches back to the 1980s. (The Mega Agency)

Donald Trump, Melania Trump, Prince Andrew, Epstein, and Ghislaine (L to R) all partied together at Mar-a-Lago in 2000. (The Mega Agency)

Victoria Roberts photographed with Prince Andrew and Ghislaine Maxwell. (Palm Beach County State Attorney's Office)

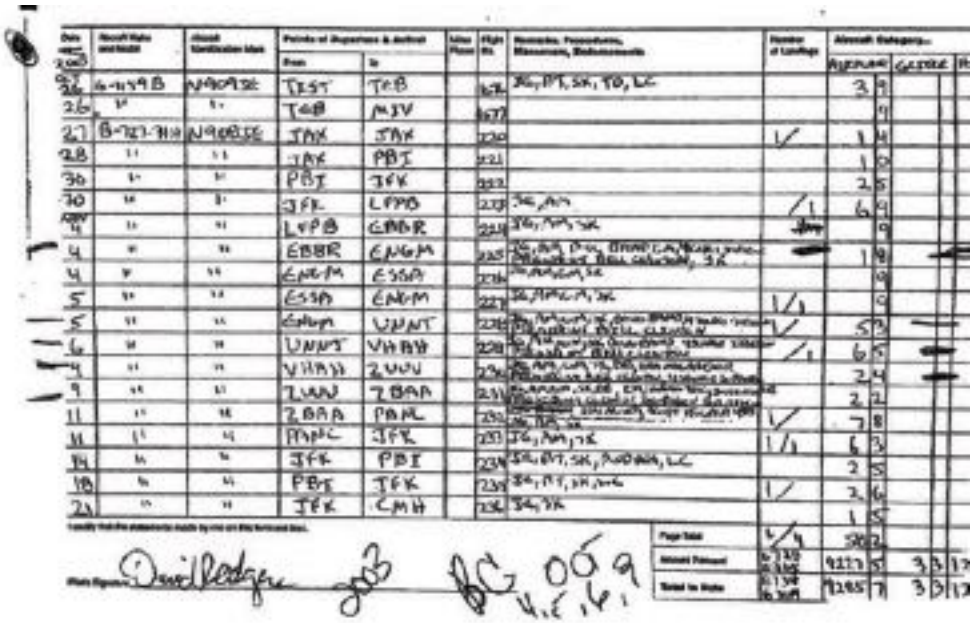

Flight logs like these ones exposed the extent of Epstein's relationships with the rich and powerful. (American Media)

Epstein’s private island, Little St. James, was the setting for some of his most disturbing assaults, victims claimed. (The Mega Agency)

Epstein’s gaudy study at his New York City mansion was exposed in the July 2019 police raid. (The Mega Agency)

Police used a crowbar to break down the door to Epstein's NY mansion, which was secured by a high-power deadbolt used by the Department of Defense. (The Mega Agency)

Epstein and Prince Andrew were photographed together in Central Park in 2010, shortly after his prison stint. The prince now claims that he made the trip to end their friendship. (The Mega Agency)

Epstein's NY study featured a stuffed tiger. Nearby was a taxidermied poodle. (The Mega Agency)

In this photo of Ghislaine Maxwell that surfaced after Epstein's arrest, she was seen wearing a pinkie ring nearly identical to one worn in the past by Epstein. Was it a sign? (The Mega Agency)

CHAPTER 9
EPSTEIN: IN THE VICTIMS' OWN WORDS

Police Victim Interview A

Police: Pepsi's coming! First of all, I know you're freaking out. Don't freak out, just relax. I understand you may have information on a case that we're looking into.
Victim: I'm not gonna get in trouble for anything I say, right? . . .

P: How do you make money with Jeffrey?
V: There's two ways. . . . Every girl that meets Jeffrey starts off with giving him a massage. The more you do with him, the more you make. Basically, if you take off your clothes, you're gonna make more. If you let him do things to you, you're gonna make more . . . touch you in inappropriate places . . . He uses his hands, and I wouldn't really call it a vibrator, I guess like a massager. I did it naked, but I wouldn't let him touch me or anything like that. My friend told me that she knew a girl that slept with him and made $1000.

So after that he’s like, “You know what? I’ll pay you $200 for every girl that you bring to me. I don’t want you to massage me anymore, just bring girls to me.”

So for every girl that I brought to Jeffrey, I would make $200.

He would tell me make sure these girls know what to expect, what they want. Because when I get into that room, they need to know.

[One girl] came to me saying she needed money. . . . I basically told her about it and she was like, “Um what do you have to do?” I told her, I was like, “The more you do, the more you make.”

You’re gonna take your clothes off. But the more you do, the more you make.

She gave him a massage and she basically let him like touch her, down there . . . When she got in the car I was like, “How much did you make?” and she said, $300, and I just knew right then that she did more. I asked her like, “What did you do?” She’s like, “Well I started doing the massage and my clothes came off, and he put his fingers inside me.” . . .

P: How old were you when you were approached to go see Jeffrey?

V: Umm . . . 16 or 17.

P: How many girls have you brought to him?
V: Oh . . . a lot.

P: Who else was underage?
V: What do you mean, like under 18? All of them.

P: Did Jeff know anybody's real true age, or did he care?
V: I don't think he cared. He told me, the younger the better. I tried to bring him a woman who was 23 and he didn't really like it . . .

Police Victim Interview B

V: It was in high school, everybody was trying to make money. I had two jobs.

P: Do you have any formal massage training?
V: No . . . It seems really weird, the whole situation. There were more girls in the house. And then we just go upstairs it was a massage room and he came like you know and I give him a massage.

P: Did you recall anything weird when you were going up the stairs?
V: The pictures.

P: Pictures of what?

V: Naked people . . .
V: I sit down there and she tells me, "Just wait a second." So she comes back and we put down the little bed for the massage. And she's like, "OK there's some lotion and he'll be right out." So he comes in and says, "OK . . . just a massage." He took his clothes off, and he was in like a towel.

P: At any point did he ask you to remove your clothes?
V: Yeah. And I say no. [sic]

P: So you continue with the massage?
V: Yeah. It was kind of weird I guess.

P: How much did he pay you?
V: $200.

P: During the time that you're massaging him on his chest, is he touching himself?
V: Yes . . . Well you know he started getting a little excited. And he started touching himself and I told him to stop.

P: You mean by touching himself, you mean he was masturbating?
V: Yes. He like had his hand under the towel. . . .

P: He offered you more money to get naked?

V: Yes. Well, he told me just to take my shirt off. I was just scared that he was going to do something.

P: Did you ever get naked while doing the massages?
V: Once, but it was in my underwear. It was never completely naked. I think there was one where I took my bra off, but that was it. He offered me more money if I have [sic] sex with him, and I said that's never gonna happen. It's not what I'm gonna do for money.

P: Did he offer you more to do more things?
V: Yah. $100 more just to take my shirt off. He tried to talk to you just to make you comfortable with the situation. Like go where are you working. How much do you make at your work. He starts saying you can make more with me. I didn't feel like it was right.

Police Victim Interview C

V: She took me over to the house. She waited downstairs. I just went upstairs and gave him a massage and that was it. She's like oh do you know do you need to make any extra money. . . . This older guy in Palm Beach, he gets a lot of massages from girls. He asked me to take my shirt off, so I took my shirt off.

P: So, were you in a bra or were you topless?

V: I ended up being topless, yeah . . . for a while I was doing it like once a week for a few months. Probably somewhere around there . . .

P: Did you ever take your panties off and be completely nude?
V: Every now and then yeah.

P: He touch himself?
V: Yes . . . he would masturbate

P: Did you ever bring anybody to the house?
V: Yes I did. Neither one of them wanted to go back though.

Police Victim Interview D

V: I was short on rent one month and she told me all I had to do was give him a massage and he would give me $200. . . . I thought about it and I was like I really need the money. I asked my parents and they couldn't give me the money. I asked everyone I knew. So, I went there, and I gave him the massage and it was a weird situation.

P: Did you provide the massage with clothing on?
V: All I had was underwear on. She did not tell me that. I was absolutely surprised when I got there. I knew nothing. He had a towel over his private parts and he was just laying on a table

and I was just massaging from the knee down for about 45 minutes . . . ten minutes before we were getting ready to leave he asked her to leave because we were in the room together, and he asked me to massage his chest and he had the towel on. And about 5 minutes into it he took the towel off and started pleasing himself, which I was very uncomfortable with. Like I wanted to leave right when I got there.

I'm sorry I don't like thinking back on it, it was so . . .

When he started pleasing himself he got up and went over to a drawer and he pulled out this vibrator thing and then he pulled down my panties . . . it was like this stick with a knob on it. He didn't like stick it inside me but he put it on me.

He just got up and walked out. He's like, "OK you can put your clothes on," and he closed the door. After he walked out and when I went out, I went downstairs and he was down there and there were like there other girls there. I guess they stayed there or something.

P: Did he say anything to you while you were doing the massage?
V: He was talking about art and everything like that and you know just the paintings on the

walls that he had and stuff like that. The whole situation was odd. Before we even got out of the car when we just pulled up she said, "Don't say anything. Don't speak unless you're spoken to." So I was like, "What the hell are you getting me into?" So, I didn't say anything and there were pictures, pencil drawings of naked people. It looked really weird. . . . I am so ashamed that I did that because it's not like me . . .

Police Victim Interview E

V: I told her that I didn't want to be left alone with someone because I was molested when I was 12, so just like me being alone like right now I'm kinda uncomfortable and I told her that like I'm not going if you're not gonna be there with me and I was unaware that I was gonna be alone with him for that ten minutes and I thought I was gonna die . . .

Jane Doe #1: An anonymous victim who spoke in court against Epstein on August 27, 2019, seventeen days after his death.

"I still feel like I am learning the ways that he's impacted me.

"Even though Jeffrey Epstein brought it to a grand scale, on some level, a lot of girls could relate to the trauma we are talking about."

Jane Doe #2: An anonymous victim who spoke in court against Epstein on August 27, 2019, seventeen days after his death

"I think each of us has a different story and different circumstances for why we stayed in it, but for me, I think he was really strategic in how he approached each of us. Things happened slowly over time. It was almost like that analogy of a frog being in a pan of water and slowly turning the flame up.

"A lot of us were in very vulnerable situations and in extreme poverty, circumstances where we didn't have anyone on our side."

Jane Doe #3: An anonymous victim who spoke in court against Epstein on August 27, 2019, seventeen days after his death

"My world kind of spiraled after that. I stopped going on modeling castings. I gained weight. I became depressed. I stopped going out with my friends. And only five months after I had been in New York City to pursue my dream, I left. I left the modeling industry, I left New York City, and I totally switched my career path."

Jane Doe #4: An anonymous victim who spoke in court against Epstein on August 27, 2019, seventeen days after his death

"We will always carry irreparable damage and pain throughout our lives after this. It's something that's never going to go away. Whoever we marry in our life, whatever future we have in our life,

it's always going to be something that's always there for us."

Jane Doe #5: An anonymous victim who spoke in court against Epstein on August 27, 2019, seventeen days after his death

"You paid for your freedom. You violated my rights. You should have to pay for them, just as anyone else. You got a plea deal no one else would have been able to get. You used your money to get out of paying the price for your actions."

Jane Doe #6: An anonymous victim who spoke in court against Epstein on August 27, 2019, seventeen days after his death

"Jeffrey Epstein stole my innocence. He gave me a life sentence of guilt and shame. I do not consider myself a victim. I see myself a survivor."

Jane Doe #7: An anonymous victim who spoke in court against Epstein on August 27, 2019, seventeen days after his death

"I used to be relatively carefree, inquisitive, hopeful, and excited about life, but my life changed because of Jeffrey Epstein. My perspective on life became very dark when I was unknowingly recruited by one of his agents. Jeffrey Epstein ruined me."

Jane Doe #8: An anonymous victim who spoke in court against Epstein on August 27, 2019, seventeen days after his death

"I cannot say that I am pleased he committed suicide, but I am at peace knowing he will not be able to hurt anyone else. However, the sad truth remains. I, along with other people, will never have an answer as to why. I will never have an apology for the wrongdoing. And most importantly, Epstein will not be justly sentenced for his crimes."

Jane Doe #9: An anonymous victim who spoke in court against Epstein on August 27, 2019, seventeen days after his death

"When I was fifteen years old, I flew on Jeffrey Epstein's plane to Zorro Ranch, where I was sexually molested by him for many hours. What I remember most vividly was him explaining to me how beneficial the experience was for me and how much he was helping me to grow.

"I remember feeling so small and powerless, especially after he positioned me by laying me on his floor so that I was confronted by all the framed photographs on his dresser of him smiling with wealthy celebrities and politicians."

Jane Doe #10: An anonymous victim who spoke in court against Epstein on August 27, 2019, seventeen days after his death

"Epstein targeted and took advantage of me, a young girl, whose mother had recently died a horrific death and whose family structure had deteriorated. His actions placed me, a young girl, into a downward spiral to the point where I

purchased a gun and drove myself to an isolated place to end my suffering."

Jane Doe #11: An anonymous victim who spoke in court against Epstein on August 27, 2019, seventeen days after his death

"He promised me that he would write me a letter of recommendation for Harvard if I got the grades and scores needed for admission. His word was worth a lot, he assured me, as he was in the midst of funding and leading Harvard's studies on the human brain, and the president was his friend.

"I had never even kissed a boy before I met him, and never throughout the horrific abuse did Jeffrey Epstein kiss me even once. When he stole my virginity, he washed my entire body compulsively in the shower and then told me, 'If you're not a virgin, I will kill you.' And then I wasn't a virgin anymore."

Jane Doe #12: An anonymous victim who spoke in court against Epstein on August 27, 2019, seventeen days after his death

"They told me to go upstairs and directed me to Jeffrey Epstein's office. Mr. Epstein had a white robe on and we chatted very briefly. I had my portfolio of photos, but he didn't even look at it. Suddenly, he took his robe off and got close to me. I got up to leave, but the door was locked."

Chauntae Davies

"I began my massage, trying not to let him smell my fear and obvious discomfort, but before I knew what was happening, he grabbed onto my wrist and tugged me towards the bed. I tried to pull away, but he was unbuttoning my shorts and pulling my body onto his already naked body faster than I could think. I was searching for words but all I could say was, 'No, please stop,' but that just seemed to excite him more."

Marijke Chartouni

"She told me he went to Cooper Union. He was a mathematical genius. That he had favorite girls that he would take to Chanel for fifteen-minute, all-you-can-buy shopping trips. She told me his right-hand person had connection to the arts and the fashion world, and she could help me."

Jennifer Araoz

"He robbed me of my dreams. He robbed me of my chance to pursue a career I always adored. He stole my chance at really feeling love because I was so scared to trust anyone for so many years that I had such severe anxiety. I didn't want to leave my house, let alone my bed.

"The fact that I will never have a chance to face my predator in court eats away at my soul. Even in death, Epstein is trying to hurt me. I had hoped to at last get an apology, but this evil man had no remorse or caring for what he did to anyone."

Alicia Arden

"He was touching my hips and my butt, and wanting to lift my skirt up. He said he wanted to manhandle me. I filed a police report but I really wasn't taken seriously. My family, my friends discouraged me because I wasn't physically raped. I was assaulted, he was touching me and taking my clothes off, and I felt if I didn't get out of there it could've been worse.

"So did it need to be worse? Did I need to be raped for anyone to take me seriously?"

Teala Davies

"I was going to start this statement by saying that I was a victim of Jeffrey Epstein. But that's not the case. I'm still a victim of Jeffrey Epstein. I'm still a victim because the fear of not being heard stopped me from telling my story for so many years. . . . I'm still a victim because I am fearful for my daughters and everyone's daughters. . . . I'm still a victim because the seventeen-year-old Teala was manipulated into thinking she had found someone who cared, someone who wanted to help."

Courtney Wild

"Jeffrey Epstein robbed myself and all the other victims of our day in court to confront him one by one, and for that he is a coward."

Anouska De Georgiou

"Something I think is very important to communicate is that loss of innocence, trust, and joy that is not recoverable. The abuse, spanning several years, was devaluing beyond measure and affected my ability to form and maintain healthy relationships, both in my work and my personal life. He could not begin to fathom what he took from us."

Michelle Licata

"What happened to me occurred many years ago when I was in high school, but it still affects my life. I was told then that Jeffrey Epstein was going to be held accountable, but he was not. In fact, the government worked out a secret deal and didn't tell me about it. . . . The fact that I mattered this time and the other victims mattered is what counts."

Theresa J. Helm

"That experience for the last seventeen years has been a dark corner in my story. . . . So I'm here today because it is time to bring light to that darkness, and it's time to replace that darkness with light."

Virginia Roberts Giuffre

"He will not have his day in court, but the reckoning of accountability has begun, supported

by the voices of these brave and beautiful women in this courtroom today. The reckoning must not end—it must continue. He did not act alone and we, the victims, know that."

Sarah Ransome

"I would like to acknowledge and extend my gratitude to the prosecutors from the Southern District of New York for pursuing justice on behalf of the victims. Please, please finish what you have started.

"We, the victims, are still here, prepared to tell the truth, and we all know he did not act alone. We are survivors, and the pursuit of justice should not abate."

Annie Farmer (Speaking on behalf of her sister Maria Farmer)

"Jeffrey Epstein and Ghislaine Maxwell not only assaulted her, but as we're hearing from so many of these brave women here today, they stole her dreams and her livelihood. She risked her safety in 1996, so many years ago, to report them—to no avail—and it is heartbreaking to her and to me that all this destruction has been wrought since that time."

CHAPTER 10
"HE'S INTELLIGENCE"

More than "34 confirmed minors" had found the bravery to share the details of their darkest nightmares with strange men in police uniforms. Jeffrey Epstein's employees had stood up to share what they knew, even though their livelihoods were at stake. The Palm Beach Police Department had put together one of the strongest and most jaw-dropping cases in recent memory, proudly passing it off to prosecutors.

Then, there was a fumble. Or more accurately, an entirely new play began to unfold behind the scenes.

United States Attorney Alex Acosta had personally assured Detective Reiter of the Palm Beach Police Department that he was on the case. The only problem, Acosta said, was that he'd simply been stymied in his efforts to bring Epstein to justice by the maneuverings of his legal team since delivering the fifty-three-page indictment that charged him with grooming, paying, and coercing underage girls to have sex with him.

Victory for the victims was still in their grasp, but Acosta had his own plans.

In October 2007, the *Miami Herald* reported, Acosta secretly met with one of Epstein's attorneys, Jay Lefkowitz, over breakfast at the Marriott in West Palm Beach. Amid vacationers and traveling businessmen, they struck one of the most outrageous sweetheart deals of all time.

According to the sentencing document obtained by this team, Epstein would:

1. Plead guilty to minor felony state charges of "Procuring a person under 18 for prostitution."
2. Epstein and "any potential co-conspirators" would be immune from such charges moving forward.
3. Epstein would agree to register as a sex offender.

According to the sentencing document, the nature of Epstein's charges would have required a "lowest possible prison sentence" of 21.5 months. Instead, that document showed Epstein would serve twelve months in prison and ten months of probation. A box was checked noting that this was a "mitigated departure," or a decision to impose less severe penalties than the sentencing guidelines recommended. Ultimately, the final sentence was eighteen months.

The facts of that plea deal are by this point in time widely known. What most people don't realize, however, is that Palm Beach County prosecutors actually had offered Epstein another plea deal back in 2006. An even sweeter deal, it would have helped him avoid grand jury proceedings and jail time altogether, likely sweeping the entire investigation under the rug. The plea deal, issued in a letter from Assistant State Attorney Lanna Behlohlavek to Epstein's attorney Guy Fronstin and obtained by this team reads:

> By this letter, I am confirming the offer of settlement to your client, Jeffrey Epstein. Should you accept this settlement, the state will not proceed with Grand Jury proceedings tomorrow.
>
> Plea to Aggravated Assault with the Intent to Commit a Felony, a third degree felony.

> Adjudication will be withheld, and your client will be placed on 5 year probation with the following conditions: no contact direct or indirect with victim [redacted]; no contact with minors unless supervised by an approved adult with knowledge of the underlying facts, but in no case shall the supervising adult be [assistants] Nadia Marcinkova or Sarah Kellen; psycho-sexual evaluation and successful completion of any recommended treatment . . . ; full payment of the costs of the investigation by the Palm Beach Police Department; and may apply for early termination of probation after three years if there are no violations.

Epstein rejected the deal. What part of that list of demands was too much for him? Was he confident at that time that he'd skate entirely?

Even when he was finally sentenced to prison, in 2008, he seemed nonplussed by the whole situation. Relaxing on Little St. James at the time, Epstein told a *New York Times* reporter that he fancied himself a real-life Gulliver, shipwrecked in a world that was so much smaller than he was.

"Gulliver's playfulness had unintended consequences," Epstein said. "That is what happens with wealth. There are unexpected burdens as well as benefits."

"I am not blameless," he admitted. Although his lawyers insisted Epstein was unaware of the girls' ages, he claimed he'd taken steps to ensure no improprieties would take place in the future.

He told the *Times* he'd hired a full-time, male masseur to replace his roster of teens. He said he'd assembled a "board of directors of friends to counsel him on his behavior." Considering the behavior of his "friends" at that moment in time—and that they were essentially the coconspirators that allowed him to get away with the worst of crimes—one could make a reasonable case that wasn't the best idea.

Heading off to prison in Miami, Epstein confessed he was “anxious” but confident: “Your body can be contained,” he told the reporter, “but not your mind.”

In yet another sign of his arrogance, he set his email to auto-reply, alerting friends that he was “on vacation.”

In truth, Epstein’s time behind bars would be more of a retreat than retribution. To start, he was not sent to federal prison like most sex offenders in the state. Instead, he was given a private wing at the Palm Beach County Stockade Facility, where he enjoyed the care of his own personal security guards.

Even then, remarkably, he spent little time within the confines of the jail. Just over three months into his sentence, Epstein was granted work release, allowing him to leave the premises for up to seven days a week, up to sixteen hours at a time. That period included up to two hours at his Palm Beach sex den.

In principle, it was shocking. In practice, it was illegal. Florida law prohibits anyone who has committed three violations in five years from being granted work-release. Epstein pleaded guilty to charges involving one victim. But in 2018, the Southern Florida Assistant US Attorney, Maria Villafaña, announced that she’d found “inaccuracies and omissions” in Epstein’s work-release file, claiming that he had actually made three violations and therefore should not have ever been given release.

What’s more, of more than twenty inmates on work release at that time in the same prison, Epstein was the only sex offender.

Disturbingly, he could have used that time to commit even more crimes. South Florida’s *Sun Sentinel* newspaper reported that they found more than one instance in which Epstein was not under the direct supervision of guards. What’s more, there is no record of who visited him when he was “working” at a nondescript West Palm Beach office building, because those logs have been destroyed.

There are records, however, of who visited him in prison. Although a department memo had barred Epstein from seeing "family members, girlfriends, children, friends or minors," there are recorded visits by Sarah Kellen and Nadia Marcinkova. Both women have been identified in federal court as two of his potential "co-conspirators."

Kellen, who sometimes goes by Sarah Kensington or Sarah Vickers, was described as the "lieutenant" in one lawsuit, just below Ghislaine in the chain of command. In multiple lawsuits, she has been accused of scheduling girls for sex sessions with Epstein in his Palm Beach mansion. The involvement of Marcinkova, who later used the last name Marcinko, is somewhat curious. Police records show that investigators had indications that Marcinkova might have been underage herself when she became involved with Epstein and declined to answer questions about the sex scheme when she was deposed in a lawsuit, invoking the Fifth Amendment. Her lawyers later said she was one of his victims.

Miami Herald reporters Sarah Blaskey and Nicholas Nehamas found that Epstein even made a prison commissary purchase that seemed like a likely gift for a guest: two pairs of small women's panties, size 5. Too small to fit an average adult woman, however, they certainly weren't for Kellen or Marcinkova. . . .

As for all crooks, Epstein found, there was a workaround that could make life in prison tolerable: Corruption. Epstein paid a pretty penny for his privileges.

According to records obtained by these authors, one of his nonprofit organizations paid $128,000 to the Palm Beach County Sheriff's Department to cover the cost of his personal detail. They were even known to refer to him as "the client" instead of as "the perp."

Ultimately, Epstein—one of the sickest sex fiends to ever walk the planet—only served thirteen months before he was released on "good behavior."

Overall, it was outrageous. At the time of this writing, the Florida Department of Law Enforcement is conducting an investigation into how his case was handled. Florida State Senator Lauren Brook was one of the forces behind the inquest.

"Epstein enjoyed an unprecedented and deeply troubling level of leniency and luxury while incarcerated," she said. "We need answers if we want accountability."

So, who was responsible for Epstein's incredible, once-in-a-lifetime sweetheart deal?

Then–US Attorney Alex Acosta has insisted it wasn't him. Acosta was asked about his role in the debacle while being vetted by Trump's transition team, before taking up his position as Secretary of Labor. He insisted he'd only had one meeting about the deal, according to reporter Vicky Ward—a claim that matches the *Miami Herald*'s reporting on the West Palm Beach Marriott breakfast rendezvous.

Acosta had "been told to back off," because Epstein was "above his paygrade," Ward wrote, that "Epstein 'belonged to intelligence' . . . and to leave it alone."

But exactly who was the "intelligence" agency pulling the strings? Epstein's plea deal mysteriously hinted at the "valuable consideration" he'd been given for information he'd provided to federal prosecutors behind the scenes. The nature of that information has never been made public, and many assume that it is connected to his work as a federal witness in the prosecution of individuals connected to the 2008 collapse of his former employer, Bear Stearns.

However, also in 2008, several of Epstein's famous associates were involved in even more pressing international crises.

George W. Bush was entering the final months of his oversight of the bungled Iraq War, and Britain was one of the country's last remaining allies as part of the much-fêted Coalition of the Willing, referring to the

US-led Multi-National Force in Iraq. Surely, he had reason to keep Epstein quiet, and to prevent Prince Andrew's name from being dragged through the mud in a highly publicized and scandalous trial.

In addition, former pal Bill Clinton's wife Hillary was in the midst of her first presidential campaign. Epstein's Palm Beach pal Donald Trump had even come out to support her, calling her a "wonderful woman" who would make a great president. As for Trump, he had just launched *Celebrity Apprentice*, and was riding high in his new career as a reality television star.

Also in 2008, Mohammed bin Salman had finished college and was launching his political career in Saudi Arabia by joining the Saudi Cabinet.

Notorious Saudi arms trader Adnan Khashoggi was in the midst of a reputation overhaul. "Selling an image," the *New York Times* reported at the time, "he prefers these days to be remembered as 'Mr. Fix-It' rather than the arms dealer involved in the Iran-Contra scandal."

All of these people would have had an incentive and motivation to keep the peace when it came to Epstein—and what he knew.

"Epstein was sort of flying very important people around the world, providing young girls for some of them," said author Martin Dillon, after conversations with sources in the Mossad. "Building files. It's how the intelligence services work."

"They call it the honey trap," Dillon said, referring to the time-honored intelligence practice of spies using the lure of sex to entrap targets. "But it's much more sophisticated than that."

The honey trap—or "love trap," as it is sometimes known—has a long and salacious history in American espionage. According to a 1975 *Washington Post* report, "For years, the Central Intelligence Agency operated love traps in New York and San Francisco, where foreign diplomats were lured by prostitutes in the pay of the CIA."

"Through hidden one-way mirrors, CIA agents filmed the sexual adventures and later tried to blackmail the victims into becoming informants."

The article noted, "The CIA possibly got the idea from the Russians, who have long used sex blackmail to entrap Westerners into spying for them."

CIA reps told the *Washington Post* reporters that they "had never heard of this." But for Epstein, the playbook was already written.

Dillon explained:

> If you're an intelligence community, and you have someone like Epstein, who's kind of a celebrity, who can attract celebrities, who can be in part of conversations about world events about the most secret things. If you could put people like Clinton on his planes and you can put Ehud Barak, a former Prime Minister of Israel and a former general, then he is a guy who really matters to you.
>
> If he is going to be your friend, he is going to work for you. He is going to be an asset for you. Look what he can do. He can give you information on all those politicians; on their private behavior, their peccadilloes, all these things are important to intelligence communities.

Former CIA counterterrorism specialist Philip Giraldi said he also has "little doubt" that Epstein was running an intelligence operation, and that his knowledge helped him escape justice.

"There is no other viable explanation for his filming of prominent politicians and celebrities having sex with young girls," Giraldi wrote in the *American Herald Tribune* in August 2019. "Epstein clearly had contact with former Israeli Prime Minister Shimon Peres and Ehud Barak and [Epstein's client Leslie] Wexner also had close ties to Israel and its government."

In addition to flying on the Lolita Express, former Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak also visited Epstein at his Manhattan home. In January 2016, he was photographed entering the property, followed by four young women soon after.

"I was there, for lunch or chat, nothing else. So what?" said Barak in a statement when the visit was reported. "I never attended a party with him. I never met Epstein in the company of women or young girls." He also admitted to having visited Little St. James, but said he did not attend any parties or see any young girls there either.

According to Giraldi, former Palm Beach County state attorney Barry Krischer also may have been responsible for swaying Acosta in 2008, behind-the-scenes. Krischer had won the prestigious Anti-Defamation League (ADL) Award ten years before. (The ADL is a US-based Jewish organization with a long history of domestic spying allegations.)

"The Jewish state regularly tops the list for ostensibly friendly countries that aggressively conduct espionage against the US," Giraldi claimed. "Mossad would have exploited Epstein's contacts. . . . Those blackmailed would undoubtedly in most cases cooperate with the foreign government involved to avoid a major scandal."

Fallen into the hands of the American justice system in Florida, he could have provided information far more explosive than whatever was happening at Bear Stearns.

Indeed, Epstein's attorney Kenneth Starr at one point went over Acosta's head to Republican appointees at the Department of Justice, demanding that they drop the case. The attorney general in 2008, who likely would have received the request, was Michael Mukasey—an Orthodox Jew with such deep ties to Israel, that he has been accused of having dual citizenship.

In retrospect, it's clear that Epstein's blackmail files were at the heart of his epic sweetheart deal. It wasn't just the contents of those files that his

friends and enemies wanted kept quiet, however. It was the fact that the deal itself seemed most dangerous.

As part of the plea deal, Acosta and his team agreed to try to keep the details of their arrangement out of the press. The *New York Times* covered Epstein's sentencing in a fluffy report set on his "palm-fringed Xanadu in the Caribbean."

"To prosecutors, Mr. Epstein is just another sex offender," reporter Landon Thomas Jr. insisted, despite all evidence to the contrary. Epstein "admits" that "his behavior was inappropriate," Thomas wrote—perhaps in the understatement of the century. The article even featured tough talk from a member of Acosta's team insisting that Epstein would get no house arrest, a claim that Thomas apparently did not question.

It was later revealed that Thomas had asked Epstein for a $30,000 donation to his favored charity. After the donation was uncovered, Thomas left the *New York Times* under a cloud of controversy.

Even worse than the media secrecy that surrounded the deal was the fact that it was deliberately hidden from the victims. A letter from one of Epstein's attorneys to Acosta makes the plot clear: As part of the plea deal, Acosta would be barred from informing "any of the identified individuals, potential witnesses or potential civil claimants" about the details or even the existence of the agreement.

Spencer Kuvin was an attorney representing several Epstein victims at the time. He described how he and his clients were kept in the dark to veteran crime reporter Doug Montero.

"I'm in the courtroom and Mr. Epstein pleads guilty," Kuvin recalled." At this point, we still don't know on behalf the victims what he's pleading guilty to. We don't know how long he's going to stay in jail, we don't know what the non-prosecution agreement that he entered into says, what it says for the victims, what it says about him, what charges he's admitting

to or what is the standard of all of the allegations that he's admitting to at the time. He's just whisked off and that's it."

He continued:

> We go back to our offices and I call the US Attorney's Office and they still don't give us any information. They don't tell us what he pleaded guilty to, they don't even tell us that there's a non-prosecution agreement. I learned about it later, on behalf of my client through, again, a source that tells me, 'Hey, did you know that there's a document out there that's a non-prosecution agreement that you should get ahold of because it effectively talks about your clients and certain victims that he's pleading guilty to.
>
> As attorneys, there were about four or five of us at the time representing various different victims to get ahold of this non-prosecution agreement. Mr. Epstein's lawyers fought us and wouldn't produce it, refused to produce the agreement. We had to go to court and over a period of a year, this is one year after the federal government enters into an agreement with Mr. Epstein to not prosecute him, essentially having him plead guilty to the same exact charges that these girls have accused him of.
>
> We, on behalf of the victims still don't have the agreement and the judge finally orders that it be produced to the victims. They then, on behalf of Mr. Epstein, appeal that decision from the judge. So we still don't get a copy of it until it goes through the appellate court system, which lasts another six to seven months before we finally, ultimately get ahold of this deal.
>
> We see when we open the deal and take a look at it, that it gives immunity to not only Mr. Epstein but also his coconspirators, some which are specifically named. Then in the language of the document, it includes any and all potential other coconspirators in this non-prosecution agreement.

> So the federal government enters into a deal, which essentially gives not only Mr. Epstein immunity but all of the other people that potentially could have been coconspirators bringing women or girls to his home. It was an unbelievable deal.
>
> We had never seen something so broad before, we had no idea why they would enter into such a deal. What was the motivation? Why would you give this man such a deal like this?
>
> You know, if this had been Joe Plumber working in Palm Beach and had abused one minor, two minors, he could be sitting behind bars for sixty to seventy years. This is a man that had abused probably over forty young girls, and now you're giving them this deal and giving immunity to all those coconspirators? It just never made any sense.
>
> None of it made sense. The speed with which they entered into the deal, the breadth or the scope of the investigation, which, by the way, didn't even go outside of Palm Beach at the time. For some unknown reason, the US Attorney's Office, Mr. Acosta, decided to keep it within Palm Beach. It just never made any sense.
>
> The only thing that we could think on behalf of the young girls was that maybe Mr. Epstein had traded information and given the federal government information that nobody knew about, that they weren't telling us. . . . But we never knew because they wouldn't tell us, and they wouldn't tell the victims.

In this case, it seemed, silence was golden. But who would benefit from Epstein keeping his mouth shut?

CHAPTER 11
THE HUNT FOR JUSTICE

Months and even years after the sexual assaults that changed their lives, Epstein's victims stood in the shadows, trying to move on with their lives while also awaiting the justice that would allow them to do so—justice that would never come

Attorneys like Spencer Kuvin who had stood by them through the investigation began to help them file civil suits in an attempt to find some kind of closure.

"After the FBI conducted all of their investigations, and talked to all of these young women, by then, some of these women had actually come forward and decided to go ahead and file civil lawsuits against Mr. Epstein," Kuvin said "I was retained by not only that first victim, but also two other girls who were courageous enough to step forward and file a suit against Mr. Epstein."

"When the first cases were resolved, the young girls were extremely upset at the way that the US Attorney's Office handled that case," Kuvin explained." Really, they kind of felt revictimized by the system itself, by the US Attorney's office, because nobody seemed to care about them."

"I think that's why they really focused as much as they did, because they knew as attorneys on their behalf, we were fighting vigorously to get Mr. Epstein and to get admissions out of him and to conduct investigations.

We were deposing under oath his house manager and the police chief and the lead investigator and his cook and his pilot and him. You know, the US Attorney's Office wasn't doing that. We were, on behalf of the victims."

Indeed, Epstein had been able to evade a trial, but it was in the civil cases that he had to answer tough questions for the very first time, leaving prison to sit for uncomfortable depositions that were recorded on tape.

"I took Mr. Epstein's deposition twice," Kuvin said. "On the first occasion that I took his deposition, as I walked in the room, he really attempted as best he could to maintain eye contact. He had a big grin on his face, always looked smug."

He continued:

> You got the feeling that he always felt as though he was the smartest man in the room but yet he always wanted to try to ingratiate himself and be friendly with everyone that was around.
>
> He had two lawyers protecting him during the deposition that I took. The first one, his criminal lawyer and his civil lawyer, they sat there objecting to questions constantly, while Mr. Epstein would just sit back and smirk. He'd look over to them during questioning if he was concerned whether he should assert his fifth amendment right or just go ahead and answer questions.
>
> He would periodically answer questions that he knew were insignificant, that he could talk about, like where he may have gone to school or where he grew up. While at the same time objecting to other questions that were basic such as "what's your address in Palm Beach" that he thought may be able to incriminate him.
>
> I asked him, in his first deposition, the most significant question right at the beginning: whether or not in fact his private parts were the shape of an egg? He smirked almost to the point of a laugh.
>
> His lawyers became indignant, and then he got up and walked out of a deposition. After that, I went to court and filed a motion

for sanctions against him for walking out on me and the judge granted my motion for sanctions and awarded me $800 for the time I spent having to go back and take a second deposition of him.

In the second deposition, I asked even more salacious questions of him which he never agreed to answer. Questions about sex toys that were found in his bedroom, massage oils found in his bedroom, women that he either knew, places he had gone, things he had done, sexual positions. And the goal of all that was to see if I could get him angry, or upset, or throw him off to where he would actually spurt something out that could incriminate him.

Having said that, during the entire time, all he would do is just smirk, smile, sit back in a very creepy way, and just read a prepared statement that his lawyers would give him regarding his Fifth Amendment.

After the whole thing was said and done, from both the first and the second deposition, I guess the best way to describe it is just creepy. This was a guy that when you got in a room with him, after you left the room, you felt like you needed to take a shower.

I met him a third occasion at a mediation where we resolved some of the cases together, and he was there along with his lawyers. And during that process he really took over and wanted to talk about how . . . Well, put it this way, he took over the discussions and not his lawyers. And he, I think, always felt as though he was the smartest man in the room even beyond his own legal team.

But even on that occasion, I can't recall ever reaching across the table and trying to shake the man's hand. Even though he was an adversary on the other side of the case, he always seemed to want to try to be friends with everyone. Saying, "How are you? How are you doing?" And, "Nice to meet you." And it was just as though he

could not get out of that routine of trying to make everyone his friend.

Eventually, Kuvin's civil cases were settled and the victims involved got undisclosed payouts. The cash did not, however, buy their silence; they were free to discuss the case and the allegations at will moving forward. It was just the exact amount of their settlements that were kept quiet.

Kuvin explained, "On behalf of the victims, we wanted to protect the girls, frankly, because we didn't want friends or people outside of litigation knowing what type of money these young girls may have gotten from Mr. Epstein. Obviously, with money comes hangers-on and other people that may be involved in their life and property. So we kept the amounts confidential to protect the girls as much as anyone else. But the facts of those settlements, they were allowed to talk about to anyone they chose to talk to."

Bradley Edwards, another high-profile victims' attorney, later admitted in court documents that his three clients had received a total of $5.5 million in settlements.

Still, it wasn't entirely a happy ending for anyone involved. During the course of that litigation and the police investigation that had preceded it, Kuvin claims, Epstein's team had gone all out on the girls, with rough-and-tumble tactics designed to exploit their every weakness and perhaps intimidate them into silence, adding insult on top of the many psychological injuries they had already suffered.

"I was followed," one Epstein victim, who asked not to be identified, told these authors. "I received death threats on the phone. The life of my daughter was threatened, and at one point, a car tried to run me off the road. I am convinced Epstein was behind it all. He wanted to frighten me into not cooperating."

Kuvin recalled, "I can tell you that in representing the victims of Mr. Epstein, and going through some of the litigation, and seeing some of the

hard-nosed tactics he had against my clients, having them followed by his private investigators, having black trucks drive up to their house and quickly drive away or sit outside their home, having his investigators interview people in their families, looking online at all of their backgrounds and information. As a lawyer on behalf of those clients, there were days where I definitely walked out to my car and I would remote start my car. Call it a hunch, call it a fear, call it just good practice. It was definitely something that concerned me."

"As far as the victims, I can tell you more so the parents than victims were very angry," he continued. "And as a parent myself, I can tell you that I would have had my own personal thoughts about what I would want to see happen to Mr. Epstein outside of the court system."

Indeed, court documents obtained by this investigation show that Epstein's attorneys trolled the victims' social media pages for "evidence" of impropriety that they then submitted in the case in order to impeach them as witnesses. For example. attorneys circled and starred innocuous posts by the young girls, posts that would later be used against them.

Victim Michelle Licata, who filed a civil suit against Epstein, told reporter Marjorie Hernandez that the experience was like psychological warfare.

> It was really weird. It was me going back and forth from where I lived to Florida and meetings psychologists. It was Jeffrey Epstein's psychologists and psychiatrists and therapists. They were asking me a lot of questions and then I had to go to my own therapists and my own psychologist.
>
> Then I had depositions on cameras with his lawyers and my lawyers. I felt it was like a cat-and-mouse game. Let's see how long we can keep her mind going while we figure out some kind of sweetheart deal.

They were asking me questions about things that had happened in my life. They were talking to me about, “So you don’t think that this was very traumatic in your life and that’s probably why you’re so ‘screwed up’?” Pretty much, that’s what they were saying. “These little things that happened in your life, you don’t think that’s the reason for why you are angry at the world?”

That’s when I got on to his lawyer about what he does. I was like, “If you think that what happened to me in my life compares to anywhere near to what has happened with me and your client,” I was like, “you’re crazy.” Making those two comparisons, no. *This* is why I’m messed up in my life. Stop talking to me about *those* things. They were trying to do exactly what Jeffrey Epstein did.

They were trying to go into your subconscious, into your mind and try and find your weak spots, and try and see what they could use against you in the court of law. These people were giving me thick books and packets of lawyer talk and I had to fill out these questions about “how many people have you slept with? Name every single person you’ve ever done anything with?”

I called up my lawyer. I was like, “Kissing or sex?” And she said they want to know every single person. I’m like, “And what does this word mean? What’s a deposition?” I was still nineteen years old not knowing what was going on.

They went after just me. They were trying to make me look bad against myself, to try and make me feel like I wasn’t credible. I was like, “No, I wasn’t a hooker, and no I wasn’t a stripper.” I mean, I was in high school. I was friends with this girl that brought me there. I mean, what are you expecting to find? “When did you start sleeping with these guys?” I’m like, I mean do you want dates or what do you want from me? I don’t know.

> It was a nightmare. This whole process is a never-ending nightmare. I just wish that somebody would do something and shut it down and get it done and over with and let everybody have their lives back.

But the fight for justice was far from over. Almost immediately after Epstein's secret sweetheart deal was exposed, two victims filed a lawsuit against the US government itself.

Identified only as Jane Doe #1 and Jane Doe #2, the plaintiffs were two victims who claimed that the federal government had not notified them of Epstein's plea deal—a violation of the Crime Victims Rights Act. That law, passed in 2004, grants all victims the right to prior notice of any court proceedings in their case, as well as the right to appear and speak at any hearing, as appropriate. In Epstein's case, neither right had been granted.

Perversely, the government at first tried to argue that the CVRA did not apply, because federal charges against Epstein had never been filed due to the very same plea deal they had covered up. The court firmly rejected that position.

Since the non-prosecution agreement at issue had prevented any future federal charges against Epstein, a judge ruled, the victims did have legal standing to coverage under CVRA. With that established, the judge deferred any judgment as to whether they were entitled to relief or damages until more evidence could be gathered.

At that time, in 2015, two more victims attempted to join the case: Jane Doe #3 and Jane Doe #4. This team broke the story: The new victims claimed that since their circumstances were so similar to the first two plaintiffs, adding them to the case would cause little delay. What's more, in new court documents, the two victims made even more explosive claims.

Jane Doe #3, later revealed to be Virginia Roberts Giuffre, took aim at Ghislaine Maxwell:

In 1999, Jane Doe #3 was approached by Ghislaine Maxwell, one of the main women whom Epstein used to procure under-aged girls for sexual activities and a primary co-conspirator in his sexual abuse and sex trafficking scheme.

In fact, it became known to the government that Maxwell herself regularly participated in Epstein's sexual exploitation of minors, including Jane Doe #3.

Maxwell persuaded Jane Doe #3 (who was then fifteen years old) to come to Epstein's mansion in a fashion very similar to the manner in which Epstein and his other co-conspirators coerced dozens of other children (including Jane Doe #1 and Jane Doe #2).

When Jane Doe #3 began giving Epstein a "massage," Epstein and Maxwell turned it into a sexual encounter, as they had done with many other victims.

Epstein then became enamored with Jane Doe #3, and with the assistance of Maxwell converted her into what is commonly referred to as a "sex slave." Epstein kept Jane Doe #3 as his sex slave from about 1999 through 2002, when she managed to escape to a foreign country and hide out from Epstein and his co-conspirators for years.

From 1999 through 2002, Epstein frequently sexually abused Jane Doe #3, not only in West Palm Beach, but also in New York, New Mexico, the US Virgin Islands, in international airspace on his Epstein's private planes, and elsewhere. Epstein also sexually trafficked the then-minor Jane Doe, making her available for sex to politically-connected and financially-powerful people. Epstein's purposes in "lending" Jane Doe (along with other young girls) to such powerful people were to ingratiate himself with them for business, personal, political, and financial gain, as well as to obtain potential blackmail information.

Filed in the last hours of 2014, the documents were incredibly explosive—and we rushed to parse them. Roberts clearly, emphatically, and unemotionally accused Epstein, Maxwell, and their coconspirators of doing the kinds of things that only had been whispered about for years.

At the time, police had not released files or videos to us, and we had few documents that described the horrors Epstein had committed in the victims' own words.

It was a new level of disturbing.

What's more, for the first time, Roberts unleashed on Prince Andrew:

> Jane Doe #3 was forced to have sexual relations with this Prince when she was a minor in three separate geographical locations: in London (at Ghislaine Maxwell's apartment), in New York, and on Epstein's private island in the US Virgin Islands (in an orgy with numerous other under-aged girls).
>
> Epstein instructed Jane Doe #3 that she was to give the Prince whatever he demanded and required Jane Doe #3 to report back to him on the details of the sexual abuse.
>
> Maxwell facilitated Prince Andrew's acts of sexual abuse by acting as a "madame" for Epstein, thereby assisting in internationally trafficking Jane Doe #3 (and numerous other young girls) for sexual purposes.

"Epstein also trafficked Jane Doe #3 for sexual purposes to many other powerful men," the court filings claimed, "including numerous prominent American politicians, powerful business executives, foreign presidents, a well-known Prime Minister, and other world leaders. Epstein required Jane Doe #3 to describe the events that she had with these men so that he could potentially blackmail them."

Indeed, in the years after Epstein was released from prison, his information-gathering and blackmail system went into overdrive like

never before. Despite the fact that he was a convicted sex felon, still facing lawsuits and allegations in Florida, the highest levels of society stood waiting to welcome him back from prison with open arms.

Epstein walked right into them.

CHAPTER 12
THE SMARTEST MEN IN THE WORLD

After Jeffrey Epstein's arrest and the subsequent flood of lawsuits, he was considered radioactive in the political realm. Bill Clinton and other bold names on D.C.'s Beltway and beyond insisted that they'd had no idea what Epstein was doing with the young girls around him; the implication being, now that they knew, they would never talk to him again.

However, one of the most prominent Lolita Express passengers didn't seem to mind being linked to and even photographed with a sex felon: Britain's Prince Andrew.

In what now seems like a catastrophic misstep that launched the most sensational scandal in Buckingham Palace history, Prince Andrew remained a public ally of the convicted pedophile even after his release from prison. The Prince was a guest of honor at Epstein's Manhattan "welcome home from prison" bash when he finished his sentence in 2010.

Organized by an old-school publicist, Peggy Siegal, the event had a star-studded guest list of New York's elite. Did they know exactly who was hosting the party?

Among those who joined Epstein and Andrew that night were news anchor Katie Couric, talk show host Charlie Rose, comedian Chelsea Handler, filmmaker Woody Allen, and President Clinton's former senior advisor, George Stephanopoulos.

Just a few months before, Siegal had organized another high-society event at the mansion: A Yom Kippur dinner for 120 people—including their children.

Despite Epstein's sex offender status, he and Prince Andrew seemed chummier than ever in 2010. They were photographed strolling together through Central Park during one visit, and Andrew was even caught on video poking his grinning face out Epstein's front door to say goodbye to a departing young brunette.

Following the release of that video, Buckingham Palace once again found itself having to issue another statement to "clarify the facts"—this time personally signed by Prince Andrew himself.

It read:

> At no stage during the limited time I spent with him did I see, witness or suspect any behaviour of the sort that subsequently led to his arrest and conviction. I have said previously that it was a mistake and an error to see him after his release in 2010 and I can only reiterate my regret that I was mistaken to think what I thought I knew of him was evidently not the real person, given what we now know. I have tremendous sympathy for all those affected by his actions and behaviour. This is a difficult time for everyone involved and I am at a loss to be able to understand or explain Mr. Epstein's lifestyle. I deplore the exploitation of any human being and would not condone, participate in, or encourage any such behaviour.

For Epstein, it was becoming clear that his time rubbing shoulders with lawmakers and royals was over. Luckily, there was an entirely new class of movers and shakers for him to exploit: brilliant scientists and tech gurus who were building the future—and could make his wildest dreams of ultimate power come true.

Epstein had already shown an interest in cultivating such circles.

In 2006, he hosted a conference at the Ritz-Carlton on St. Thomas, which attracted the likes of Stephen Hawking. During one night of the conference, guests were shuttled over to Little St. James for a barbecue and submarine tour. According to reports, the sub was custom-fitted for Hawking's wheelchair. A photo of the event shows him being personally attended to by a young blonde with her hair in a ponytail.

Unlike politicians, however, scientists seemed more willing to overlook his status as a heinous sex offender. Yet again, Ghislaine would pave the way.

In 2009, Epstein was still in prison when he began planning his grand return to the establishment. Ghislaine's sister, Isabel, was in a relationship with leading visual theorist Al Seckel, and he worked with Epstein to plan a triumphant 2010 scientific conference on St. Thomas and Little St. James.

Just three months after Epstein's prison release, Seckel granted him a long, discursive interview that was published on the front page of Epstein's new—and bizarre—science blog, JeffreyEpsteinScience.org.

On the blog, Epstein clearly defined his new, post-prison identity, carefully leaving out the bad bits.

> Jeffrey E. Epstein serves as the Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of the Financial Trust Company. Mr. Epstein started his career at Bear Stearns with an educational background in physics. He has been a Trustee of the Institute Of International Education Inc. since October 2001.
>
> He serves as a Director of Financial Trust Company. Previously, Mr. Epstein was a Member of the Trilateral Commission and the Council on Foreign Relations as well as the New York Academy of Science. He is also a former Rockefeller University Board Member. Currently, Mr. Epstein is actively involved in the Santa Fe Institute,

> the Theoretical Biology Initiative at the Institute for Advanced Study, the Quantum Gravity Program at the University of Pennsylvania, and also sits on the Mind, Brain & Behavior Advisory Committee at Harvard.
>
> Jeffrey Epstein's philanthropic affiliations include The COUQ Foundation. He is a member of the Edge Group, an internationally respected group of thinkers and achievers.

Of course, he forgot to mention the one qualification that would define his life: he was a registered sex offender.

Refreshed and reinvigorated, Epstein entered his new milieu with a splash.

On November 6, 2010, Epstein and Seckel announced the "Mindshift" conference, which would be hosted and funded by Epstein, on St. Thomas and Little St. James.

They boasted of a star-studded guest list of science icons: Nobel Prize–winning physicist Murray Gell-Mann, bestselling author and theoretical physicist Leonard Mlodinow, MIT professor and artificial intelligence researcher Gerald Jay Sussman, neuroscientist Christof Koch, Nobel Laureate Frances Arnold, Silicon Valley wunderkind Paul Kirkaas, and more.

In the following weeks, Epstein posted interviews with more leading scientists on his new website. Then, in January, the Mindshift conference took place as advertised. Isabel Maxwell attended as Seckel's guest, along with the other notables.

Isabel's friend, Laura Goldman, said, "That was in 2010, after the 2008 charges. They obviously forgave him."

The same month as the conference, Seckel was listed on Epstein's website among the scientists supposedly funded by the pedophile.

But then something unexpected happened. In March 2011, Seckel and Isabel Maxwell were charged with fraud by a mysterious company called

Ensign Consulting. Based in the US Virgin Islands—like so many of Epstein's businesses—Ensign claimed that Seckel had advised the company on investments, only to run off with more than $500,000 for himself.

Almost at the same time as the lawsuit became public, Seckel's interview with Epstein was removed from his science website. By the end of the month, the entire website was gone. Days after that, Seckel was in a terrifying car wreck that totaled his Lexus.

Suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere, Seckel issued a signed "declaration" in May 2011 clarifying his relationship with Epstein.

> I have no personal knowledge of Epstein's private life. Mr. Epstein has not discussed his private life with me and our discussions have been strictly limited to intellectual or philanthropic subjects. . . .
>
> I have never met nor had any discussions with any woman or girl who was under the age of 18 (or previously underaged) who I know to have had intimate or non-intimate contact with Mr. Epstein. . . .
>
> I understand that there has been a subpoena issued to depose me based on alleged 'credible' information that I have been in the presence of Mr. Epstein and women or girls under the age of 18. I have not. Nor have I witnessed any sexual behavior or even innuendo by Mr. Epstein. . . .
>
> I further understand that I have been identified as having been in Mr. Epstein's presence at the same time as famous or "high-profile" people were present. Other than those in the scientific community, I am unaware of any persons in our mutual presence who could be described this way."

Was there truly an ongoing investigation into Epstein at that time? None ever became public.

More importantly, just who was Al Seckel protecting with that decree? Himself? The answer is not immediately clear.

What is certain, however, is that from there, Seckel's life took a dramatic turn for the worse. Hounded by the Ensign lawsuit, he and Isabel—now his wife—filed for bankruptcy and fled to France. More messy lawsuits and humiliation followed.

Then in spring 2015, Seckel went hiking in France and vanished.

A massive search ensued, with participants even including those who had attended his conference with Epstein. By June 2015, Seckel's rental car was found at the side of a cliff. About a month later, his body reportedly was found at the bottom of that same cliff. The cause of death was unclear. Some reports claimed that like Robert Maxwell, who fell from his yacht and drowned, Seckel's unfortunate end had been precipitated by a "heart attack."

A few weeks later, *Tablet* magazine published an explosive article—written when he was alive—that claimed Seckel had cultivated information-gathering relationships with powerful people in the worlds of science, politics, media, and more. What's more, the article claimed that Seckel had been actively trying to sell the correspondence and personal files of his father-in-law, Robert Maxwell, a businessman and Mossad spy, in the weeks before his death. Did he take them from Epstein and Ghislaine? In 2004, this team found, Epstein was holding such documents at his Palm Beach home, years before meeting Seckel.

In any case, he'd be found dead before he found a buyer.

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Despite the tech luminaries who visited Little St. James, it was never really the hub of Epstein's scientific pursuits. Instead, Epstein cultivated scientific connections at his 10,000-acre Zorro Ranch, outside of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

In 2010, Epstein donated $25,000 to the nearby Santa Fe Institute, devoted to "the big questions" about science. Already, he was insinuating his way into his new crowd. Over the years, he would donate a quarter of a million dollars to the facility, claiming on his website that he was "actively involved" in the Institute, presumably by way of his donations. The Institute would later insist they had no idea about his background.

In some sense, though, Epstein made Zorro Ranch an institute of his own.

"Our important people were mostly scientists," Deidre Stratton, the woman tasked with recruiting young massage therapists for Epstein in New Mexico, told *Epstein: Dead Men Tell No Tales*. "Jeffrey helped back their research."

Stratton continued:

> He would often have . . . you know, like the guy that won the Nobel Prize for discovering the quark in quantum physics.
>
> A guy that won the Nobel Prize for a DNA discovery, people that help to found Microsoft. Those were the kind of people that were there.
>
> Scientific and brilliant. They would have very erudite conversations over meals. You would pick up a word here and there. Obviously, you couldn't really hear the whole thing.
>
> They would invite them to lunch and Ghislaine would have this tablet and she would write down the facts that they would tell them. At one point she told me, "Well, you get the information from an expert and then you get rid of them."

Like Epstein's other properties, Zorro Ranch was both over the top and disturbing in the details.

Ean Royal lived with his ranch-hand father on the property in the years after Epstein's Florida prison stint.

"It was super lavish," Royal said.

He continued:

> There was an observatory room that had a telescope. Loads of books. Like a little study, it had a balcony and you could look out through this telescope and kind of look wherever because you had an open sight. This was on the second floor.
>
> There was this huge parlor room. Almost looked like something you'd find in Sherlock Holmes. You'd walk in there. There was this really nice brown desk on one side. You got couches in the middle, and then you got loads of books everywhere. Of course books were all over. It's totally like a Gatsby thing. All for show. It really looked like there could've been a secret room. Like if I pulled one of the books, the shelf would move over or something.
>
> It was mind-blowing. Like, he had a freaking stuffed sheep in the elevator. I would get into the elevator, and you'd be just standing next to this stuffed animal. Like taxidermy. A straight taxidermy animal. Not like a fake. Just in the elevator. Just chilling.
>
> Beautiful furniture. And it just didn't make sense. Because it's like, "Man, you have all of this stuff, and no one even uses it. This house is empty 80 percent of the time, and we just come in to maintenance it. We just check it out." I had that conversation with my dad a lot. I was like, "Why is this here if he doesn't even use it?' You have all this vacation ranch and land, and you don't even use it? That's insane."

Even stranger is the fact that hat to this day, the FBI has not raided the property; at least, according to public reports and local witnesses.

"It's very weird to me that they haven't, because there's a vacation ranch out in the middle of freaking nowhere. Like literally nowhere. Like on acres of ranch," Royal said.

"Acres of land. Why wouldn't they check it?"
He added:

> Especially when they have the multimillion-dollar mansion, and then basically a tiny little town at the base of the ranch with all of these different housings for people to live in, and then housings for vehicles, and then all of the animals there. The front of it is a vacation ranch.
>
> But, why would it just be a vacation ranch? When I was younger, I was always kind of curious. It was like, "So he's spending all of this money just to run a vacation ranch that he doesn't even come to?" I'm like, "He has all of these animals, and all of these people that just maintain the ranch." And it seems like the whole point of it was to just bring people there for some reason, whatever it may be, to be entertained.
>
> Because if he had guests over, like I said, the guests would have entertainment. They would go shooting, they would go horseback riding. But as far as anything outside of that, they couldn't have just been going to do that. You know what I mean?
>
> They wouldn't just go to the ranch to shoot some guns and ride horses. Especially if they're important people. I'm sure what would happen is Epstein was buttering them up, and giving them this as a gift, and then trying to get something out of them or from them, or whatever it may be. Basically, buttering them up before he pitches whatever ideas, or thoughts he might have to do with whatever, which is why governors would end up being there. Politician would end up being there.

According to Stratton, the ranch did feature unique entertainment for its guests.

“I’ll tell you one thing that happened, like every time practically,” Stratton said.

“They had a goat that looked like Merlin, long horns, long hair. It was obviously a male goat, if you know anything about goats.

“Anyway, so they had this little game where they would have the girls or a girl, whomever, they were entertaining down to the stables and the stable lady named Shanna, she would already be sitting on a stool milking the goat. It was staged.

“She he had this little jar with a little milk in it. So then the next thing they would say is, ‘Would you like to try to milk the goat?’ So of course, the girl sat on the stool and Shanna would reach her hands under there to his like ‘udder,’ which was actually his sexual organs and tried to milk him.

“Well, nothing would happen. Then suddenly they’d go, ‘Oh, it’s a male goat!’

“That poor goat. I started feeling badly for the goat.”

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Epstein’s employees were required to keep quiet about what they saw and heard on the ranch.

Nancy Sowle, owner of the local general store, told us that the air of secrecy surrounding the ranch was unmistakable—and oppressive.

“Everything was so secretive up there,” Sowle said. “The employees had to sign that they would never disclose any information. It was just all very secretive, and as you found out, you can’t get past the gate and what have you. It bothers me that there are people like that, obviously, but I guess based on everything else that we’ve heard about Epstein and all of these other locations, it’s upsetting. But it’s not surprising, also, that it occurred out here.

“I don’t know,” Sowle continued. “I think maybe people move out here because they think that we’re so far away from the media and other things, so maybe that’s why he decided to build up here.”

Ean Royal remembered: “My dad was super secretive about it, of course, because he was told that was his job. It’s like, ‘Don’t say anything. Don’t say his name.’ All of this stuff.

“I would ask my dad and he was like, ‘I can’t tell you. I can’t tell you his name.’ Then I think at one point he could tell me his first name. So, I learned Jeffrey is *Jeffrey*.

“I didn’t have any personal connection with Jeffrey, but from what I understand, and how secretive everything was, like if there was a man that had nothing to hide, why was he hiding everything? You know what I mean? I would definitely say that he’s a monster. He was hiding stuff. He was doing a lot of stuff with a lot of important people. But if he’s talking to politicians and people who are in power and actually interacting with them and bringing them to his ranch, he’s got an evil M.O. [modus operandi].”

Epstein’s ultimate goal was—if not evil—certainly unusual. In the early 2000s, he made it clear to several close friends that he had embraced transhumanism, the belief that science and technology would eventually allow humans to evolve beyond the confines of the body.

Indeed, as he said before prison, “Your body can be contained. But not your mind.”

In pursuing that goal, he hoped to use Zorro Ranch as his testing ground.

We have independently corroborated through sources that Epstein planned to deep-freeze his body—specifically his head and penis—so that he could be thawed in the future, supposedly when science had advanced enough for reanimation.

Another aspect of his master plan allegedly included impregnating dozens of women to strengthen the Earth’s gene pool—with his own genes.

Scientist Jaron Lanier, who once overheard Epstein prattle on at a dinner party, said Epstein had "based his idea for a baby ranch on accounts of the Repository for Germinal Choice, which was to be stocked with the sperm of Nobel laureates." (Originally named the Hermann J. Muller Repository for Germinal Choice, the Repository was a sperm bank that operated in Escondido, Calif., from 1980 to 1999. The Repository was commonly believed to have accepted only donations from recipients of the Nobel Prize, although it did accept donations from non-Nobelists, also.)

Of course, Epstein's big idea was nothing new. The Nazis had called it eugenics.

To Epstein's former attorney Alan Dershowitz, such talk was commonplace with Epstein, if seriously disturbing. "At one point, at a meeting, he talked about something that sounded too eugenics for most of us," Dershowitz told our reporter.

"There was a lot of [talk] about how eugenics had been misused in the 1930s, and none of us wanted to have anything to do with anything that sounded eugenic."

According to Dershowitz, "Mostly he was interested in evolutionary biology that didn't relate to human beings, related to what Darwin had done and others had done. That's why he was particularly interested in Stephen Jay Gould." (Gould died in 2002, long before Epstein's crimes became public.)

"But he never ever discussed with anybody I know, any of those weird ideas."

Had he, Dershowitz claimed: "He would have been laughed out of Harvard."

Perhaps that is why he kept such discussions to carefully selected companions at his New Mexico enclave. To Epstein, acceptance by academics—and by Harvard, most of all—was paramount.

Epstein's former friend Jesse Kornbluth explained the obsession: "I went to Harvard, and Harvard was extremely meaningful for Jeffrey.

"If you look at pictures of him in later life, he's wearing a Harvard sweatshirt, he's giving money to Harvard. He owns an office in Harvard Square, and is palling around with Harvard scientists. Harvard was the kind of validation he sought, and it was validation which I had already acquired."

As with most things he wanted, Epstein tried first to buy his way into Harvard. University President Lawrence S. Bacow sent an email to students and alumni almost exactly one month after Epstein's death that laid bare the extent of his contributions:

> Our review to date indicates that between 1998 and 2007, Epstein made a number of gifts to support various faculty and institutional research activities across the University. The largest of these was a $6.5 million gift in 2003 to support the Program for Evolutionary Dynamics.
>
> The University received other gifts, which totaled approximately $2.4 million, based on current information. Each of these gifts from Epstein and his affiliated foundations to Harvard University predates his guilty plea in June 2008. To date, we have uncovered no gifts received from Epstein or his foundation following his guilty plea.
>
> Moreover, we specifically rejected a gift from Epstein following his conviction in 2008. We have also recently learned that Stephen Kosslyn, a former faculty member and a beneficiary of Epstein's philanthropy, designated Epstein as a Visiting Fellow in the Department of Psychology in 2005. We are seeking to learn more about the nature of that appointment from Dr. Kosslyn, who no longer works at the University.

Epstein's cash bought him respect on campus. In June 2003, a writer for *The Crimson* penned a fawning article about Epstein's contributions. (Oddly, it would be that freshman author's last contribution to the paper.)

Noting that Epstein "donated $30 million this year to Harvard for the founding of a mathematical biology and evolutionary dynamics program," the article boasted of his "bevy of eminent friends that includes princes, presidents and Nobel Prize winners." One such colleague was then-President of Harvard, Lawrence "Larry" Summers: "The two serve together on the Trilateral Commission and the Council on Foreign Relations, two elite international relations organizations," the article explained.

Separately, Epstein also was a top donor for Harvard's Hasty Pudding theater troupe as late as 2018. (The group announced in October 2019 that they would be donating to an anti-sex-trafficking nonprofit following the revelation.)

The nature of Epstein's role as Visiting Fellow remains murky. He did, however, use his time and vaunted placement at Harvard to cultivate even more important friendships.

One of the leaders of the psychology department in the time that Epstein was there was Stephen Pinker. Popular among students, Pinker was known for his cloud of curly white hair and bestselling books, such as *The Language Instinct* and *How the Mind Works*.

In 2007, when Epstein was facing monstrous allegations in Florida, Pinker contributed his professional opinion to a disturbing legal document in the case, one that argued Epstein was *not guilty* of using the Internet to lure teen victims. Actually, the document implied, any luring had been done in person.

Pinker has said that being categorized as a friend or even coconspirator of Epstein is seriously misguided. In a statement, he called it an "annoying irony" that his association with Epstein would be a black mark on his

record, since “I could never stand the guy, never took research funding from him and always tried to keep my distance.”

As with most statements of denial regarding Epstein, that last sentence raises an eyebrow. Pinker appears in the flight logs for the “Lolita Express” in 2002, long before Epstein got his official position at Harvard. Even more disturbingly, he was photographed lunching and chatting with Epstein at a 2014 lunch—more than five years after he became a convicted sex felon.

Pinker explained away the chilling photo on the social media site Twitter: “I have no relationship with Epstein & have taken no funding from him. Our circles have occasionally overlapped: In 02, my lit agent invited me to join a group of east-coast TED speakers Epstein flew to CA. In 14, Krauss seated me next to him at a lunch, & someone snapped a photo.”

But the very next year, Pinker tweeted a link to a legal argument from the defense in Virginia Roberts Giuffre’s civil lawsuit—a document that refuted her claims.

So far, the scandal has only managed to subject Pinker to hundreds of angry tweets and dozens of probing blog posts.

As for Pinker and Epstein’s pal Lawrence Krauss, who also appeared in the 2014 lunch photo, he has not emerged unscathed.

There is more of a paper trail connecting Krauss to Epstein than the one that smeared Pinker’s reputation. Voice messages to Epstein from Krauss obtained by this team show several calls from the scientist to Epstein’s Palm Beach home.

One, sent on January 7, 2004, read, “Thank you for the evening last night in NYC.” Epstein’s secretary wrote, “You can call him about time and money.”

Just over a year later, on February 28, 2005: “He has sent you some faxes that he would like to follow up.”

Later than that message, but undated: “He had meeting with filmmaker and he sympathize [sic] with project.”

In 2018, Krauss left his post at Arizona State University amid a cloud of scandal—actually, one that had very little to do with Epstein.

The theoretical physicist and astrophysicist faced an onslaught of sexual misconduct claims at the height of the #MeToo movement. In just one disturbing example of the allegations, a woman claimed he had grabbed her breasts at a ritzy conference gala. Dr. Krauss denied the claims: “To be clear, I have never harassed or assaulted anyone and have most certainly not exhibited gender discrimination in my professional dealings at the university or elsewhere.”

Down the road from Harvard, at MIT, Epstein’s contributions were even cloudier. In September 2019, Joichi Ito stepped down from MIT’s Media Lab after the *New Yorker* reported he had tried to cover up donations from Epstein.

A convicted child molester, Epstein was actually on MIT’s list of “disqualified” donors following his prison stint. Ito took his money anyways, the *New Yorker* reported, camouflaging nearly $2 million in donations.

Ito was shameless in his greed. In one email, he wrote of an Epstein donation: “Make sure this gets reported as anonymous.”

Epstein also channeled funds from his famous friends like Bill Gates to the lab. In another email, the lab’s then–director of development and strategy, Peter Cohen, wrote, “This is a $2M gift from Bill Gates directed by Jeffrey Epstein. For gift recording purposes, we will not be mentioning Jeffrey’s name as the impetus for this gift.” (Gates’s rep denied Epstein had anything to do with the donation.)

What did these men get from their associations with Epstein? Beyond the thrill of flying high on private jet flights and secluded Caribbean islands, the appeal was obvious: Epstein donated millions in grants and

gifts through his many “foundations” each year, and advertised that fact on the front page of JeffreyEpsteinScience.com.

The company of beautiful young women, of course, would have been an added bonus.

For Epstein, the value of these men was not just in the way it made him—a college dropout—seem like a legitimate intellectual leader by association. The discoveries and research of these men could have had serious applications in the worlds of armament, technology, and surveillance.

In short, their lunchtime chitchat became Epstein’s offerings to the international intelligence community.

CHAPTER 13
CAUGHT

By early 2019, it seemed that the world had forgotten about Jeffrey Epstein and his crimes. To him, it may have seemed—at last—that he'd gotten away with it all.

The civil cases in Florida were moving slowly through the justice system. In December 2018, he paid to settle a lawsuit with victim attorney Bradley Edwards, preventing any trial and silencing his victims yet again. Several women had been ready to take the stand, but they were pushed yet again into the shadows of silence.

More than ten years after Jane Does #1 and 2 had filed their lawsuit against the US government regarding Epstein's non-prosecution agreement, that too had yet to bear legal any fruit. But by February 2019, that all changed.

On February 7, 2019, the Department of Justice confirmed that they had begun an investigation into whether there had been "professional misconduct" in the unusual handling of Epstein's secret plea deal.

Two weeks later, US District Judge Kenneth A. Marra ruled in favor of Jane Does #1 and 2 in Florida, agreeing that the United States government had indeed broken the law during their handling of the nonprosecution agreement.

"Particularly problematic was the government's decision to conceal the existence of the [nonprosecution agreement] and mislead the victims to believe that federal prosecution was still a possibility," Marra wrote, referring to one communication that told the plaintiffs to remain "patient."

"When the government gives information to victims, it cannot be misleading."

He continued:

> Epstein and his co-conspirators knowingly traveled in interstate and international commerce to sexually abuse Jane Doe 1, Jane Doe 2 and others, they committed violations of not only Florida law, but also federal law.
>
> In addition to his own sexual abuse of the victims, Epstein directed other persons to abuse the girls sexually. . . . Epstein worked in concert with others to obtain minors not only for his own sexual gratification, but also for the sexual gratification of others.

The net was closing in.

***

Flying on a private jet from Paris, landing at a private airport, skipping the baggage claim to head straight to the luxury ride awaiting—it was the only way to travel for someone of Jeffrey Epstein's milieu. For Jeffrey Epstein, July 6, 2019, had promised to be yet another serene and sumptuous evening in the life of a billionaire.

As the plane taxied down the tarmac, however, the sun setting on the horizon, he likely realized that there was going to be a change of plans. Epstein's bubble of wealth and privilege was popped, perhaps once and for all. Federal agents stood ready on the tarmac, swooping in to handcuff and

arrest him as soon as he walked off the infamous “Lolita Express” for the very last time.

At the same time, federal agents swarmed his Manhattan palace, ready to open every drawer and search the rooms where visitors had never set foot. A crowbar got them through his massive solid oak front doors, as onlookers watched, shocked.

To no one’s surprise, authorities found ample evidence to confirm that Epstein was trafficking girls for sex. In his safe, they discovered hundreds of sickening nude pictures of young victims, and the graphic photographs matched the most disturbing details that Epstein’s victims had provided.

He also had curated an organized library of digital videos that identified the names of his “friends” and the young girls they had violated. Federal agents seized all of it. They also recovered heaps of cash and diamonds, and a fake expired passport with Epstein’s picture plastered inside. It listed his residence as Saudi Arabia. (In court, Epstein’s lawyers argued that he’d never used the phony passport, but the document itself indicated that it’d been used to get into the United Kingdom, France, Spain, and Saudi Arabia. Epstein’s attorneys said in a filing submitted to court that he obtained the passport because he felt it could give him some protection if he fell victim to an airline hijacking or a terrorist incident, and that it’d been expired for more than three decades.)

Importantly, the trove of evidence was not just proof of Epstein’s sex crimes; the materials also corroborated the victims’ claims that Epstein secretly recorded them in the act. Epstein and his coconspirators seemed poised for certain doom, as a copy of the voluminous evidence list was turned over to US District Judge Richard Berman.

Two days later, the US Attorney’s Office for the Southern District of New York hosted a joint press conference with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Entering the room, reporters were greeted with a massive

blown-up photo of Epstein, and a phone number imploring potential victims to call the authorities.

Manhattan US Attorney Geoffrey S. Berman—an appointee of President Donald J. Trump—approached the podium to deliver the jaw-dropping news: *Jeffrey Epstein had been indicted for sex trafficking*. It was a day that had seemed like it would never come. For those of us who'd covered the case for years, and certainly for the victims, it had a surreal quality. Did we dare hope for justice this time around?

Berman began to speak:

> Today, we announce the unsealing of sex trafficking charges against Jeffrey Epstein. The charges allege that Epstein sexually abused young girls by enticing them to engage in sex acts for money.
>
> Epstein was arrested this past Saturday evening at Teterboro Airport aboard his private jet that had just landed from Paris, France. Epstein was taken to the Metropolitan Correctional Center in Manhattan.
>
> And later today he will be presented before a Magistrate Judge Pitman and later a conference before District Court Judge Berman.
>
> The United States attorney's office will take the position at that presentment and that conference that Epstein should be detained pending trial. Epstein is charged in a two-count indictment. First conspiracy to commit sex trafficking and second the substantive crime of sex trafficking of underage girls.
>
> Beginning in at least 2002 and continuing until 2005, Epstein is alleged to have abused dozens of victims by causing them to engage in sex acts with him at his mansion in New York and at his estate in Palm Beach, Florida.
>
> The victims, all underage girls at the time of the alleged conduct, were given hundreds of dollars in cash after each

encounter either by Epstein or by one of Epstein's employees. The underage girls were initially recruited to provide Epstein with massages and often did so nude or partially nude.

These massages became increasingly sexual in nature and would typically include one or more sex acts as specified in the indictment. As alleged, Epstein also paid certain victims to recruit additional girls to be similarly abused. This allowed Epstein to create an ever-expanding web of new victims.

This conduct, as alleged, went on for years and it involved dozens of young girls, some as young as 14 years old at the time that they were allegedly abused. As alleged, Epstein was well aware that many of his victims were minors. And not surprisingly, many of the underage girls that Epstein allegedly victimized were particularly vulnerable to exploitation.

The alleged behavior shocks the conscience. And while the charged conduct is from a number of years ago, it is still profoundly important to the many alleged victims now young women. They deserve their day in court and we are proud to be standing up for them by bringing this indictment.

Combating sex trafficking and exploitation of children is a priority for this office and for the Department of Justice as the sexual abuse of a minor can have devastating effects on victims often lasting for years. That is why my office will not rest until the perpetrators of these types of crimes are brought to justice.

Victims' voices, including the many voices of Epstein's alleged victims must be heard. To that end I want to say to anyone who was watching this or hearing about our prosecution, if you believe you are a victim of this man Jeffrey Epstein. Or you have evidence or information leading to the conduct alleged in the indictment

> unsealed today, we want to hear from you. Please call. 1-800-CALL FBI, that's 1-800-CALL FBI.
>
> The charges unsealed today reflect the hard work not only of this office, but by our law enforcement partners at the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The FBI had failed to bring Epstein to justice back in Florida. Why should his victims believe that it would play out differently this time around, in another jurisdiction? William Sweeney, Assistant-Director-in-Charge of the New York office of the FBI, stepped forward with a message. He began:

> Preserving the innocence in children is one of the most important responsibilities we carry as adults. Purposely failing children in any way is not an option.
>
> And yet there are some in society who have chosen to blatantly disregard this responsibility, using whatever means they have at their disposal to lure children into a life which they should never have been exposed. As we allege today, Jeffrey Epstein is one of those people.
>
> At approximately 5:30 p.m. on Saturday evening we arrested him at Teterboro Airport without incident. Epstein has been charged with one count each of sex trafficking and sex trafficking conspiracy.
>
> For at least a four-year period, covering the entirety of 2002 through 2005, he is alleged to have sexually exploited and abused dozens of minor girls at his homes in New York City and in Palm Beach, Florida.
>
> The girls were recruited in a variety of ways, usually by employees of Epstein and sometimes by fellow victims. The victims typically received hundreds of dollars in cash. The

estimated dozens of victims were as young as fourteen years old at the time of recruitment.

Children who provided up steam massages while they were nude or partially nude. Children who were asked to engage in direct and indirect sex acts for money. Children who were enticed to do all these things at the hands of a man more than or nearly three times their age. Those who had been victimized by child sexual predators are frequently haunted by memories of these crimes well into their adulthood, often for the rest of their lives. They bear the burden of someone else's criminal behavior.

Too often, adults in our society have turned a blind eye to this type of criminal behavior alleged here. We have seen the excuses. The ignorance of many who didn't even bother to understand that this behavior is this persistent scourge against our society's vulnerable youth. And the willful blindness as to who the real villains are in this type of outrageous crime.

The villains are the adult perpetrators, not the children. Victims of child sex trafficking come from all walks of life. They are our neighbors, our students, young adults looking for help, vulnerable foster children, the list goes on and on and on.

To the victims who may be listening or get word of today's charges, the team standing here before you represents FBI Special Agents, NYPD detectives, analyst, victim specialist, prosecutors who make it their mission to listen to every individual who's been exploited and to advocate for the most vulnerable among us.

We are parents, we are community members, we are human beings. But as an FBI Special Agent and the head of this office, I have the privilege to represent and stand among many who make it our mission to put predators behind bars where they belong, regardless of the predator's power wealth or perceived connections.

> Today, I'm asking everyone to take a good look at this man. If you have been victimized in any way or if you are somebody who has any additional information about his alleged illegal behavior, we want to hear from you. Whatever age you are now, whatever age you were then, no matter where or when the incident or incidents took place. . . .
>
> Your bravery might just empower others to speak out about crimes committed against them. It's important to remember there never was nor will there be an excuse for this kind of behavior. We know that reliving these events can be brutal. We are here to work side by side with you as you go through this process. You should know that in the eyes of the FBI you come first.

Then, Berman jumped in again: "We're going to take some questions. But first let me preface it by saying that there's been a lot of speculation in the media about individuals affiliated or associated with defending Jeffrey Epstein."

"As you know, Justice Department guidelines prohibit us from talking about such individuals, and so I just want to let you know that if that question comes up about any individual, my answer will be, no comment. And that will be across the board no comment." That part of the investigation, regarding the coconspirators, was clearly ongoing.

The first question raised by reporters was: If Epstein was bound by the notorious Florida nonprosecution agreement, how had prosecutors been able to bring new charges?

Berman explained, "Jeffrey Epstein entered into a non-prosecution agreement with the Southern District of Florida. That agreement only binds—by its terms only binds to Southern District of Florida. The Southern District of New York is not bound by that agreement and is not a signatory to that agreement."

The same would be true for his coconspirators.

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Meanwhile, Epstein had a lot of time to consider his next move as he sat locked up in a eight-by-eight jail cell. Immediately after his arrest, Epstein had been taken directly to the Metropolitan Correctional Center, a rust-colored federal detention facility in the heart of Lower Manhattan.

The "MCC" is where New York's most cold-blooded criminals are incarcerated while awaiting trial or bail. At the time, the MCC was the temporary home of Mexican kingpin Joaquín "El Chapo" Guzmán and Trump's presidential campaign chairman Paul Manafort. Previous inmates included mob boss John Gotti, financial fraudster Bernie Madoff, and the 1993 World Trade Center bomber Ramzi Yousef.

In other words, it was secure. *Or so people thought.*

Located a few blocks from the Brooklyn Bridge and bustling Chinatown, MCC is one of several federal buildings in the immediate area. The US Attorney's office, NYPD headquarters, and City Hall are directly nearby. It is, in essence, meant to be the most secure area of the Big Apple.

Like each of the other eight hundred felons at MCC, Epstein was booked, stripped of his identity, and given his inmate number: 76318–054. He was taken to the ninth floor (also known as 9-South), which is a special housing unit for violent inmates and new arrivals who require protective custody. Epstein had to be kept out of the general population, it was thought, because every felon would hit him up—or rough him up—for money.

But segregation came at a price.

In 9-South, all 120 inmates are divided into sixty two-man cells. Epstein was locked up in cell number 123 with fifty-two-year-old Nicholas Tartaglione, a brawny retired policeman charged with executing four men in upstate New York.

The cells in 9-South don't have bars. Each eight-by-eight-foot unit is completely sealed off by a solid door, which has a narrow rectangular

window and a “trap” where food trays are placed. The slot is also used to cuff inmates behind their back before the cell door is opened. Besides a bunk bed and a prominent toilet, each cell has a sink, a small shower in the corner, and a fixed desk and stool. A single frosted-glass window gave Epstein a few inches of daylight from the outside world.

Inmates are locked up for twenty-three-and-a-half hours a day. For the remaining thirty minutes, they are permitted to walk around a small portion of the tier: In Epstein’s case, it was the “M-Tier.” But according to an inmate who was in 9-South with Epstein, the 9-South guards “never let you out of the cell.”

“It’s a nightmare,” the inmate told our investigator. “It’s a hellhole for all of us. There are roaches and rats and it’s never cleaned. The cell is rancid and they wouldn’t give Epstein anything to clean it. . . . That place is out of control.”

Two days after his arrest, on July 8, Epstein was let out of his cell to attend his first court hearing, where he was officially charged with sex trafficking and conspiracy to traffic minors for sex.

Not surprisingly, an arrogant Epstein pleaded not guilty. The judge scheduled his bail hearing for July 12.

Until then, Epstein and his attorneys planned to use every waking moment to plot their strategy.

“Epstein was taking over one of the only two rooms to meet lawyers in,” his jailmate recalled. “He always tied up the lawyer’s meeting room because he never wanted to be in that cell. That pissed off the inmates and the guards because it seemed like special treatment.”

Worse, other witnesses claimed that Epstein and his lawyers routinely sat there in silence. His legal team, it seemed, was only there so he could stretch his legs outside the confines of his cell.

To further insulate himself from the harsh realities of prison, Epstein had his lawyers transfer money to the commissary accounts of several

other inmates, one jail insider told these authors. The recipients could then use the "store credit" to purchase perks like toiletries, snacks, and stationery.

Social chameleon Epstein was at it again in an entirely new crowd, using his money to get people in his pocket.

But prison was not like his private island. When Epstein started throwing money around, it had an unintended consequence—one that may have proved deadly.

"The guards hated that Epstein got special treatment because of his money," his former jailmate told us exclusively. "The guards treated Epstein worse than any other inmate."

Inmates had to call the guards if they needed more toilet paper or cleaning supplies, for example, but the guards specifically ignored Epstein and made him "wait for everything," the jailhouse source claimed.

"They would never bring it when Epstein asked," his jailmate claimed. "They would always come if Epstein's bunkie (bunkmate) asked for anything, but never if he did. They would always say the guard on the next shift would take care of it, then that guard would say he knew nothing about it."

In his hasty attempt to win over his new peers, far from the glitz, glamor—and freedom—of life past, Epstein had irreversibly alienated the true prison power players.

The day after his first court hearing, Epstein and his victims got an unexpected surprise. Facing heavy criticism for his handling of Epstein's 2008 case, former Miami prosecutor Alexander Acosta resigned from Trump's cabinet under enormous pressure. Pressure, perhaps, for a public whipping boy to take the fall.

"I thought the right thing was to step aside," Acosta said, claiming that his continued presence as head of the United States Department of Labor

would jeopardize President Trump's goal of "putting the American people first."

"This was him, not me," Trump declared. "I said, 'You don't have to do this.'"

Still, one might wonder if Trump was relieved to dissolve one of the conspicuous links between him and America's most famous pedophile, dating back decades—decades the public did not know about until this book.

Acosta stepped down and announced that he would devote his time to helping Epstein's rapidly expanding list of victims. At the time of this writing, it's unclear what form that mission will take, if any.

Back at MCC, however, Epstein and his legal team plotted their next move. Shockingly, it seemed they truly believed he was going to make bail. Epstein could have begun to daydream about a return to his mansion, with around the clock chaperones in tow, and an ankle bracelet to keep track of his every move.

At the bail hearing on July 12, the shape of their argument emerged.

Epstein's attorney focused on the fact that all of the New York accusations against him were alleged to have taken place before 2005. The next fourteen years, free of any public claims, supposedly proved Epstein's first jail term had "worked."

"He wasn't a predator that couldn't control his conduct," Martin Weinberg told the judge. "He disciplined himself."

The attorney argued that Epstein was not a "future danger" to girls and could be trusted in the real world.

"It's not like he's an out-of-control rapist," counsel insisted.

But Judge Berman was not convinced.

"How do you know that?" the Judge pressed, clearly skeptical that the "passage of time" was the proper way to measure the danger of having Epstein on the loose.

Assistant US Attorney Alex Rossmiller seized on that line of thinking.

"They concede that he has to discipline himself," the attorney answered. "This idea that he has 'disciplined himself' is a concession that he has an appetite for children."

In a Hail Mary play, Weinberg suggested setting Epstein's bail at $100 million—or more. But Rossmiller's determination to keep Epstein captive was unshakable.

"What the defendant is asking for here is special treatment, to build his own jail, to be limited in his own gilded cage," the defense attorney continued. "A person who needs these conditions should be detained. . . . He has every incentive to flee if he is released."

Judge Berman already knew all about *the talented Mr. Epstein*. He had been briefed on the pictures, the videos, the money, and the fake passport in Epstein's safe. He was aware of Epstein's habit of "generosity" to those who could help him get his way.

Judge Berman had been appointed to his seat on the District Court for the Southern District of New York by Epstein's former pal, President Bill Clinton. As a steward of the law, Berman wanted to see all of the evidence. He also wanted to hear from Epstein's victims.

But first, and most of all, was the pending question of whether to keep Epstein behind bars.

Court adjourned until his decision could be rendered.

While Judge Berman was considering the evidence, however, a new chapter to the story began. On July 17, an eighteen-year-old woman—identified in her claim as Kaitlyn Doe—filed a lawsuit claiming that Epstein had sexually violated her in October 2008, *while* he was on work release from prison at his West Palm Beach "Florida Science Foundation" office. She claimed that a deputy was standing outside the door the entire time and did nothing to thwart the attack.

According to Doe, the meetings were scheduled to discuss her "necessary surgeries." Not only did Epstein force her to perform sex acts, according to the filing; but also, Doe claimed he demanded that she marry one of his female recruiters—a non-US citizen who needed a green card.

"Jeffrey Epstein, through his brazen and powerful organization, was quite literally able to commit federal sex trafficking offenses at his work release office, during his jail sentence," court documents obtained for this book state.

The victim's attorney, Brad Edwards, came forward to claim that Epstein used his "work" during prison to sucker many women into sex.

"They believed they were going there for something other than a sexual purpose," Edwards said. "Not one of the individuals was a prostitute. These were all people who at that time wanted something. They came over under false pretenses and he manipulated them."

Upon learning about the claim, Florida Governor Ron Desantis ordered an immediate—if woefully belated—investigation into Epstein's work-release program and the Palm Beach County Sheriff's office.

The following day, unsurprisingly, Epstein's request for bail was denied.

In his written order, Judge Berman stated:

> The Government's evidence against Mr. Epstein appears strong. The evidence includes testimony of victims, some of whom were minor girls when they were allegedly sexually abused by Mr. Epstein; other witnesses, including potential co-conspirators; physical evidence, including passports reflecting extensive foreign travel; sexually suggestive photographs of nude underage girls; plea discussions; and police reports describing witness tampering and intimidation . . .
>
> This newly discovered evidence also suggests that Mr. Epstein poses ongoing and forward-looking danger. . . . Mr. Epstein's

> dangerousness is considerable and includes sex crimes with minor girls and tampering with potential witnesses . . .
>
> Mr. Epstein's alleged excessive attraction to sexual conduct with or in the presence of minor girls—which is said to include his soliciting and receiving massages from young girls and young women perhaps as many as four times a day—appears likely to be uncontrollable . . .
>
> The Court finds that the Government has shown by a preponderance of the evidence that Mr. Epstein is a flight risk. . . . The Court is also concerned for new victims. . . . The Government's motion for remand (detention) is granted and the Defense motion for pretrial release is denied.

Epstein's legal team immediately protested, filing an appeal. Either missing or willfully ignoring the enormous scope of the ruling, they focused on Epstein's fake passport. They claimed it had been used to disguise his Jewish heritage in the Middle East, where he could have been a desirable target for kidnappers. For many, that seemed like a stretch.

A trial date was set for mid-2020 and Epstein was sent back to his cell. The judge ordered that he would stay there up until the trial.

Of course, he would not.

CHAPTER 14
DEAD OR GONE

Nights at the MCC prison were never quite silent. But on July 23, whatever peace that reigned there was shattered at 1:28 am, when guards heard a cry for help coming from within cell #123. They rushed to the cell, peered through the narrow cell door window, and saw inmate 76318–054—Jeffrey Epstein—crumpled in a fetal position on the concrete floor.

His face, feet and hands were light blue. He seemed motionless. He looked dead.

Epstein's cellmate, Nicholas Tartaglione, was still shouting for assistance as the guards opened the door. They entered the cell and ordered the hulking and agitated Tartaglione to turn around. After securing him, the guards grabbed Epstein's limp body and lifted it as if they were about to dispose of an old rug.

Our investigation uncovered a fellow inmate who actually witnessed the incident from across the prison hall.

"The main guy watching Epstein the night he tried to kill himself had always seemed like he didn't want anything to do with him," the cellblock neighbor told us exclusively.

> I heard Epstein's bunkie call for help, and when they opened the door I saw Epstein on the floor.

> When they carried him out of the cell, they dropped him on the floor face-first. He didn't make a sound because he was out cold. I heard his head hit the floor with a thud. I thought he was dead.
>
> Then they lifted him up cuffed him and dropped him AGAIN—this time face-first on the stretcher. They throw him facedown onto it. It looked like there were marks on his neck. They must have revived him with CPR.

Indeed, the MCC medical staff successfully revived Epstein and kept him in the infirmary for the rest of the evening. They suspected his injuries were due to foul play, but Tartaglione firmly denied that conclusion. He pointed out that he actually saved Epstein's life—a claim our prison witness corroborates.

"I don't think Epstein's cellmate had anything to do with it," the jailmate insisted. "They were good with each other. Epstein's cellmate seemed to watch out for him. There was no way he attacked him."

That left only two other scenarios: Epstein's wounds were self-inflicted. Or, someone else had managed to enter and exit the cell.

Certainly, Epstein's transition from the high life to prison life had been the rockiest of roads. Had he reached his breaking point in the five days since being denied bail? It seems incredibly unlikely. If shape-shifting Epstein had one enduring quality, it was a belief that he was above the law.

That presented the second possibility. One that was much more nefarious. While Epstein tried to silence his victims, was someone else trying to silence *him*?

Certainly, the walls of the MCC would prove no match for a team as sophisticated as the Kremlin or Mossad. At that time, however, it was a line of investigation that the Bureau of Prisons and the Department of Justice—led by William Barr, remember, the son of Epstein's old Dalton connection—did not seem interested in pursuing.

The event had left Epstein startlingly pale and gaunt, but prison officials felt that the neck abrasions didn't reflect an earnest suicide attempt. In their opinion, Epstein had staged the incident to garner sympathy from the court. Indeed, the marks on his neck were not immediately visible when he appeared in court again just a few days later.

"We don't know at this point whether his injuries are caused by a suicide attempt or an attack by others," victims' attorney Gloria Allred said at the time.

"However he sustained his injuries, we want him to be forced to face a jury and respond to the serious charges that he is facing."

To that end, the MCC's most notorious new inmate was relocated to the more secure suicide prevention wing. But for Epstein, it only made life behind bars worse.

Epstein's new home was a solitary confinement unit, where conditions were even more dire than in 9-South. The few "luxuries" that he had been allowed there were revoked while he sat alone in his suicide-risk room.

All objects that Epstein could potentially use to inflict bodily harm were not allowed. He had no clothing or bed linens to strangle himself with, only a gown and bedding "blanket" made of paper that prevented him from self-harm. He had no books, no mail, and wasn't provided with anything to pass the time. He had a fixed desk and stool, but no reason to use it. He had a shower, but the faucet had an "off" timer to prevent him from drowning himself in a clogged drain. This was by design.

For meals, Epstein was given crude, single-ingredient sandwiches. At night, the lights never went out, so the guard stationed outside his cell could observe him at all times.

Epstein also wasn't allowed visitors or phone calls during his observational period. If he wanted to die, he'd have to—literally—bash his own brains out.

While on suicide watch, Epstein had daily psychiatric evaluations. However, they were very brief in length. A single psychologist serviced both the MCC and the 1,600-inmate Metropolitan Detention Center in Brooklyn, a workload that was obscene by any standard.

After a few days in this veritable torture chamber, the cold reality of his predicament must have set in.

For nearly five decades, Epstein had spoiled himself with an unbroken chain of instant gratification. He did what he wanted, when he wanted, and how he wanted. He ate well and considered restaurants filthy. He practiced yoga and showered several times a day. He slept with the A/C at polar temperatures and started every day with the same special bran muffin. He had butlers, chauffeurs, and private chefs.

Life in the suicide ward, for a soulless individual like Epstein, would have been intolerable. So, as he had done for years, he decided to use someone else to better his situation: He blamed his injuries on cellmate Tartaglione.

"It's simply, patently false to say that Epstein did anything other than try to kill himself," said Tartaglione's attorney Bruce Barket, who confirmed that Epstein and Taraglione were "friends" and that MCC "cleared" his client of wrongdoing.

But Epstein's lawyers convinced prison staff, and he used his silver tongue to convince his shrink that he had been cured—of his suicidal impulses, at least.

"Once an inmate is placed on suicide watch, the watch may only be terminated by a Bureau [of Prisons] psychologist following a face-to-face evaluation of the inmate," Assistant Attorney General Stephen E. Boyd would later confirm.

"Mr. Epstein was later removed from suicide watch after being evaluated by a doctoral-level psychologist who determined that suicide watch was no longer warranted."

But according to forensic psychiatrist Dr. Ziv Cohen, who has made the rounds at MCC, “Any case where someone had a proven or suspected serious suicide attempt, that would be unusual to within two to three weeks take them off suicide watch.”

Such protocol is in place to protect the prison’s residents. But to some, Epstein’s well-being was the last thing on the guards’ minds.

“The guards were happy Epstein was trying to kill himself,” his jailmate told these authors. “They laughed at him. The guards definitely didn’t like Epstein. I think they took him off suicide watch and put him back on 9-South intentionally.”

In any case, on July 29, Epstein shuffled back to his former digs, where he rejoined Tartaglione.

Former warden Cameron Lindsay, who was a member of the US Department of Justice’s Senior Executive Service when he retired from the Federal Bureau of Prisons, told reporter Doug Montero that Epstein’s speedy removal from suicide watch was “shocking.”

“For someone this high profile, with these allegations and this many victims, who has had a suicide attempt in the last few weeks, you can take absolutely no chances,” Lindsay explained. “You leave him on suicide watch until he’s out of there.”

For Epstein, that would be a while. During a brief hearing on July 31, the FBI confirmed that they were actively analyzing the evidence taken from Epstein’s Manhattan residence and needed time to thoroughly explore all the material. Judge Berman set Epstein’s trial date for June 2020.

Physically, Epstein showed up for the hearing that day; but mentally, the criminal mastermind seemed to be elsewhere. The defendant’s notorious smirking lips were stuck in neutral position. He wore thin-framed glasses and a dark blue prison uniform. His elbows rested on the courtroom table and his hands remained locked as if involuntarily begging. He said

nothing, he did nothing, and he showed no reaction to the proceedings. For those present, it was a jarring transformation from the super-villain they'd seen before.

"When I saw him come in, he looked out of it," victims' attorney Gloria Allred told reporter Jen Heger about that day in court. "He looked tired, a little bit confused. That's not a surprise given conditions of jail, which are very different than the home of a billionaire."

As FBI agents described the blackmail treasure trove they'd found in Epstein's New York home and on Little St. James, perhaps Epstein was conducting a mental tour of his other properties and hideouts, inventorying what investigators would find at each location—or rather, what he hoped they wouldn't find.

With lots of powerful friends, and even more powerful enemies, Epstein had to wonder if someone would find it all and turn it in to guarantee their freedom. If the situation were reversed, he had to know he would.

Less than thirty minutes after he arrived in the courtroom, Epstein was taken back through the passenger tunnel and locked in his cage.

Summoning a desperate resolve, however, the evil sex villain decided that he still had one more fight in him.

On August 1, Epstein was granted a meeting with his longtime friend David Schoen, an Atlanta-based attorney.

"Mr. Epstein had asked me to take over his defense and I agreed," Schoen told reporter Andy Tillett, "but subject to meeting with his longtime lawyers to see if they would accept me in that role, or if I would have to put together my own team."

When Epstein and Schoen finished their lengthy meeting, they agreed to meet again the following week.

Schoen told Tillett: "We never had that meeting."

Schoen says Epstein was in good spirits, but several witnesses contend that over the next few days, Epstein lost his grip. They described him as

“disheveled” and reported that he was “sleeping on the floor . . . like a pig in a sty.”

Had he lost it, or was that all another act? Or was he worried about something else entirely?

Whether he knew it or not, Epstein had only forty-eight hours to live.

On August 8, he met with his attorneys to update his last will and testament. Epstein’s legal declaration protected his fortune in a sealed trust that could only be distributed to a named Trustee (or Trustees). That meant that only authorized people were allowed to touch what was left of his estate—still a healthy $500 million or more. Unless his victims were named as Trustees, they wouldn’t be able to recover any court settlements. It was the perfect plan.

The executors would be his longtime lawyers, Darren K. Indyke and Richard D. Kahn. Each would receive $250,000 for their efforts. Oddly, Epstein named biotech entrepreneur and Harvard immunologist Boris Nikolic as a backup. Nikolic claims he has no idea why Epstein would have named him in the document.

However, the men once moved in similar circles. Nikolic was chief scientific adviser to Epstein friend Bill Gates, who had close ties to Epstein for many years.

Gates has insisted, “I didn’t have any business relationship or close personal friendship with him,” but a recently uncovered photograph shows Gates with Nikolic inside Epstein’s NYC mansion, alongside former Treasury Secretary and President of Harvard, Larry Summers. *The New York Times* found that that visit was one of several during 2011, with at least one continuing “late into the night.” The paper reported that Gates emailed colleagues at the time: “His lifestyle is very different and kind of intriguing although it would not work for me.” (A rep claimed his email referred to Epstein’s interior design.)

After his first visit to Epstein's home, on January 31, 2011, Gates reportedly emailed colleagues: "A very attractive Swedish woman and her daughter dropped by and I ended up staying there quite late."

That woman was reportedly former Ms. Sweden Eva Andersson-Dubin, and her fifteen-year-old daughter. Epstein appeared to have had an affinity for the girl. At least two times in documents obtained from his home, the handwritten phrase "Eva's little girl on the boat," appears, totally without any other context.

The next month, Gates and Epstein were spotted chatting in Long Beach at the TED conference. They were back in New York by May, when Gates again visited Epstein's home and bragged about it over email.

Also at the May meeting was James Staley, a high-ranking JP Morgan official. JP Morgan and Gates's foundation were then in talks to create the Global Health Investment Fund, which would support the development of health-related technologies around the world. Epstein was desperate to get involved, reportedly insisting to potential partners that his status as a registered sex offender should not affect the potential deal: According to the *New York Times*, he said at one gathering that his crimes had been "no worse than stealing a bagel."

That deal never materialized, but Epstein and Gates saw each other several times in New York and Palm Beach as late as 2014. They did not see each other in the years leading up to Epstein's most recent arrest.

Did Gates's adviser stay in touch? He insists he was "shocked" to find himself named as a backup executor for Epstein's estate. No matter the logic behind that choice, Epstein's decision to put his assets in a trust would lock the money in a special account. Its origins would be untraceable, and his agents could utilize the funds for his defense, comfort, or even bribes. Epstein was taking positive action, putting players and pieces in motion.

The very next day, on August 9, Epstein was blindsided by a new threat: a court had voted 2-to-1 to unseal all files relating to Virginia Roberts Giuffre's 2017 defamation lawsuit against Ghislaine. The voluminous document dump was fast and furious, exposing the shocking extent of Epstein's perversions and his network of rich, famous, and powerful sexual predator pals. Everyone from Prince Andrew to the Palm Beach police were about to get taken down.

Reporters scrambled to comb through the documents, finding new allegations and new names, such as former New Mexico governor Bill Richardson, billionaire Glenn Dubin, and former Democratic Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell. Roberts claimed Epstein forced her to have sex with all those men—a claim they all denied. The unsealing seemed like a shot across the bow to Epstein and his coconspirators. It was about to get ugly. Most of all, for Epstein.

In his cell that evening, as Epstein pondered what horrors were to come, his cellmate was not there. For some reason, Tartaglione had been moved to another unit, and Epstein had not been assigned another. Both of those developments were highly unusual, and the reason for those decisions is unclear. No matter why, Epstein was alone—and no one was watching.

During the overnight shift, MCC had eighteen guards holding down the entire facility. Built for just 474 souls, the facility was known in recent years to be stuffed with up to eight hundred. As a result, many of the workers had to put in overtime. That night, the 9-South guards tasked with watching Epstein were on that list. One had logged eighty hours that week working "doubles." The other was a former correctional officer who volunteered to pick up shifts at the understaffed institution.

Although both men were low-level staff members, they had to have known that Epstein was the most vital to prosecutors. In addition, they could not have been ignorant of the fact that Epstein had almost died just

days ago. Unfortunately, both coincidentally decided that something else was more important.

For three hours beginning at 3:30 a.m., the 9-South guards failed to do six mandatory visual checks on Epstein. These rounds were to occur every thirty minutes. Not one happened. According to Bureau of Prisons officials, the two guards happened to fall asleep at their posts, at the exact same time and for the exact same duration.

At approximately 6:20 a.m., the guards awoke and began their breakfast rounds. When they looked in on Epstein at 6:25, they saw the full weight of his body suspended by a bedsheet that was twisted around his doughy throat.

The guards hurriedly entered the cell. One of them severed the knotted sheet that connected the inmate to the top bunk while the other guard triggered an alarm.

They let Epstein drop like an anchor.

The sex felon's cold, rigid body had turned a chilling blue and he was unmistakably lifeless. He had been dead for a while.

Radios throughout the prison blasted, "Body alarm on South. Body alarm on South."

At 6:33 a.m., EMS took control of the situation and administered CPR. They knew immediately, however, that there was no bringing him back.

Nevertheless, Jeffrey Edward Epstein was taken to New York Presbyterian Lower Manhattan Hospital, where he was pronounced dead at 7:36 a.m.

Even though Epstein was found hanged, his cause of death was listed as: *"Pending Further Study."*

As his body was being wheeled to the medical examiner, a *New York Post* street photographer managed to snap one last scandalous photo of the monster.

But even that would not be enough to convince the world that Epstein was dead.

A verdict of suicide was not sufficient to answer the many lingering questions.

Why was Epstein on suicide watch one week—and remarkably, off of it the next?

Why, on the night of Epstein's death, was his cellmate gone?

Why would a suicidal man *ever* have been left alone?

Why was the camera outside Epstein's cell "broken"?

Why did the guards fall asleep at exactly the same time, and then later falsify their logs?

When the autopsy report was finalized, there were even *more* questions.

New York City Chief Medical Examiner Dr. Barbara Sampson completed her examination in roughly twenty-four hours, but then announced she was not ready to release her findings.

"The ME's (Medical Examiner's) determination is pending further information at this time," she said in a public statement. "My office defers to the involved law enforcement agencies regarding other investigations around this death."

The examiner also added this unusual tidbit: *"At the request of those representing the decedent (Epstein), and with the awareness of the federal prosecutor, I allowed a private pathologist (Dr. Michael Baden) to observe the autopsy examination."*

Epstein's lawyers had asked Dr. Baden to confirm their client's cause of death. The infamous former New York chief medical examiner had also been an expert witness for O. J. Simpson during the football legend's high-stakes murder trial in 1995, and was chairman of the House Select Committee on Assassinations' Forensic Pathology Panel that investigated the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

The question on many minds was this: Why would Dr. Sampson need an observer?

Did the dead man's representatives fear she would tamper with the findings for some unarticulated reason?

Or did the estate hope to have a hand in shaping those findings for some purpose of their own?

After carefully reviewing "all investigative information, including complete autopsy findings," Dr. Sampson declared on August 16 that Jeffrey Epstein had, in fact, hanged himself.

"In all forensic investigations, all information must be synthesized to determine the cause and manner of death," she stated. "Everything must be consistent; no single finding can be evaluated in a vacuum."

The official story was that Epstein had secured one end of his bedsheet around his neck. It would have been sturdy enough to do so, since he had been moved off suicide watch, with its paper sheets. Then, the ME claimed, he tied the other end to the top bunk in cell #123, and leaned forward.

In the process, sources told the *Washington Post*, Epstein broke several bones in his neck, including his hyoid, a small U-shaped bone above the Adam's apple that helps keep your throat open.

That particular detail was explosive. Although a broken hyoid does occur in 27 percent of suicides by hanging, it's more often seen in cases where there is great force applied during the event, such as someone jumping from a height. That is, a hanging unlike Epstein's supposed lean into death.

Hyoid breaks are much more common in other incidents; they occur in 50 percent of all murders by strangulation.

Questions swirled even faster with that revelation. Adding tension to the doubt and fear in the air, Epstein's own family was not given a copy of the

autopsy report, leaving them unable to confirm or rule out the *Post's* bombshell reporting.

"We are not satisfied with the conclusions of the medical examiner," Epstein's attorneys said in a statement. "We will have a more complete response in the coming days."

Even with so much at stake, the world and even Epstein's family was forced to wait. Nearly two weeks after the medical examiner released the findings of the report, we learned from a source close to Epstein's legal team that his family had not been given a copy of the official report.

"Family lawyers were calling the NYC Medical Examiner daily," the insider told investigator Jen Heger. "It is extremely unusual to have issued a death certificate, but not to have given a copy of the autopsy report to the family."

"The family is entitled to a copy per New York law before it's made public," the source added. "Clearly that did not happen in this case."

"The Medical Examiner just kept putting off the lawyers, saying, 'It's not ready yet,' but the death certificate couldn't have been issued without a completed autopsy report. It was clear they were stalling."

In the meantime, in response to growing public demand, United States Attorney General William Barr took action. Barr—the son of Epstein's old Dalton pal—reassigned MCC Warden Lamine N'Diaye and the acting head of the US Bureau of Prisons, Hugh Hurwitz.

The MCC put the two negligent 9-South guards—whose names have been kept confidential—on administrative leave. Criminal investigators subpoenaed over a dozen MCC employees, as the Department of Justice vowed to uncover the truth.

"We will get to the bottom of what happened, and there will be accountability," an angry and embarrassed Barr told the public. "Let me assure you that this case will continue on against anyone who was complicit with Epstein."

In the months to come, however, the news of the DOJ investigation was minimal. The public was left to decide on their own what really happened inside the Metropolitan Corrections Center that fateful night.

In the course of this investigation, we spoke to dozens of people. When asked, every person close to the case believed at the time of this writing that his death was *NOT* a suicide.

> EPSTEIN VICTIMS' ATTORNEY GLORIA ALLRED: "At this point, I don't feel there are enough facts to say definitively that it was suicide. Even though the medical examiner for the city of New York, who did the autopsy, has ruled that the cause of death was suicide, I'm not prepared to say without knowing all the facts and that we can 100 percent conclude that it is suicide.
>
> "Again, there are more questions than answers, and I'm not going to engage in a conspiracy theory, but I would like to know what all the facts are. Now in court, I did agree with the defense that their needs to be more of an investigation.
>
> "Even if we thought it was an attempted suicide attempt [the first time], that should have been a red flag to protect him. So, there are more questions than answers at this point.
>
> "Why the three fractures in his neck consistent with suicide, but also consistent with strangulation?
>
> "Why were the guards not checking every thirty minutes?
>
> "Why did he not have a cellmate at that time?
>
> "Were the guards' records where they were supposedly monitoring him tampered with and changed?
>
> "Why would the guards, some of them, claim the Fifth and not provide interviews to the investigators?
>
> "This is a major, major problem.

EPSTEIN VICTIMS' ATTORNEY LISA BLOOM: "I'm not ready to conclude that it was suicide. The fact that he had just changed his will, I think a couple days before, is significant to me that does point toward suicide. But . . . I'm going to take it at face value, say, "He sure wasn't acting like somebody who was going to kill himself!" . . .

"The injuries to his neck could have been from suicide. It also could have been from somebody strangling him. I know from the many, many murder cases that I used to cover on Court TV where I for eight years watched murder cases, a medical examiner saying it's suicide, it's really an opinion. And there are probably also medical examiners who would say, "Well it's not suicide."

"So I think there should be at least a second or a third opinion by an objective medical examiner. I think we should get to the bottom of it and there should be a full investigation.

EPSTEIN VICTIMS' ATTORNEY SPENCER KUVIN: "When Mr. Epstein was reported to be deceased, my clients, obviously had some hesitation as to whether or not it was accurate or whether or not this was another disappearing act by Mr. Epstein, some elaborate scheme to be able to get out of all of this. . . .

"Personally, knowing what I know about the system and about the jail that he was in, there are a number of things that I question. Professionally and speaking with people that have worked inside jails like this, I question, number one, how is it possible that they don't have video of what occurred? I was contacted even after his supposed death by a guard that worked inside of the MCC that was adamant that every section and square inch of that jail is covered by cameras.

"We now know through reporting that at least two cameras were sent to the FBI crime lab because they were supposedly broken or

not working correctly. You couldn't write it better in a crime novel, it just doesn't make sense. A lot of it doesn't make sense.

"It doesn't make sense how he was taken off a suicide watch. It doesn't make sense that his one cellmate that he had, that could have possibly prevented anything like this or been witness to something like this, was moved out just a day before the incident occurs.

"It doesn't make sense that two guards that are supposed to be watching him are supposedly sleeping and just gone for hours. None of it makes sense.

"I question, number one, most importantly, is it true? Did he somehow pull off a Houdini and somehow just disappear despite all of the reporting and despite all of the evidence that came out and despite all the information that's out there?

"Second, I question . . . who got paid? Because someone clearly, likely got paid off. Someone, somewhere has got some secret account offshore that has a lot of money in it now, that didn't before he was dead. . . . whether someone actually took him out so that he couldn't talk, so that he couldn't tell stories that he knew about people who are powerful, rich, famous, royalty, whatever it may be, we'll never know.

"Unless, of course, there are some videos somewhere, again, that exist, that are in the hands of the federal government or the FBI of what happened inside that jail on that morning.

EPSTEIN FRIEND, ATTORNEY DAVID SCHOEN: "I also don't believe it was suicide. I don't believe conspiracy theories either, but I don't believe suicide for several reasons."

Interview after interview, we heard the most respected minds in the country attest that Epstein's death could not have been a suicide. Except,

that is, for one: Epstein's former attorney and friend Alan Dershowitz.

We asked Dershowitz point-blank: "Do you believe these conspiracy theories that somebody else came in and killed him?"

Dershowitz was unequivocal in his response:

> I'm not a conspiracy person. . . . The simplest, most obvious explanation is that he decided he didn't want to spend the rest of his life in prison. He didn't think he was going to have a fair shot, and decided to take his own life.
>
> I think it would've been virtually impossible for anybody to get into the prison. If he had been with a cellmate, that might be different. But alone in the prison, locked door, even with sleeping guards, I think the most likely explanation is the most obvious one, that he tried to kill himself and then ultimately succeeded.

Even Dershowitz, however, had one caveat: "I think you should always second-guess any governmental investigation. I don't think they're going to find anything very different about the cause of death. I think that an investigation might, however, find some things about the circumstances that would allow him to take his own life."

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When it comes to the circumstances of Epstein's death, the incident bears a striking similarity to the notorious death of one of the twenty-first century's most famous Mossad agents.

Ben Zygier was born in Australia in 1976, and reportedly became an agent of the Mossad in the early 2000s, when he was working as a businessman in the Middle East. In early 2010, it was reported that he had been imprisoned in Israel for threatening to expose other Mossad agents.

The conditions of his confinement were so secretive that he was known simply as "Mr. X" to guards.

By the end of that year, Mr. X was dead, via "suicide." Like Epstein, Zygier had met with his attorneys shortly before his death, and was said to be in good spirits at the time. Despite a history of suicide attempts, he had been placed in a cell that was not suicide-proof, and had no cellmate. Supposedly, he used his sheet to tie a noose to the bars of his window, and killed himself by leaning forward. Members of the rescue crew claimed he had been able to do it out of view of the security cameras that swept his cell.

Amid public outcry following his death, an Israeli judge conducted an investigation and found "orders had been given to prevent suicide" and "these were not upheld." The judge also found strange bruises on Zygier's body and traces of a tranquilizer drug in his system. She ultimately concluded that she "could not rule out the intervention of another person who intentionally caused his death."

At the end of it all, the Israeli government reportedly paid his family $1 million.

Despite rumors that Epstein's death may have been a hit by the Mossad, the method of his death does not seem to carry the fingerprints of Israel's secret security force, which tends to prefer simple shootings. In the list of confirmed Israeli assassinations since 1970, there is not one incident of strangulation. (The Israeli government has a policy stating that targeted killings are legal.)

What about other killer spies? The Kremlin obviously seems to prefer poisoning. The MI6 claims they do not carry out assassinations at all—a lie. The only nation with a history of mysterious deaths by strangulation is one heavily linked to Epstein: Saudi Arabia.

At the time of this writing, the murder of *Washington Post* journalist Jamal Khashoggi—strangled by a Saudi hit squad in an Istanbul embassy

—still dominates the headlines. But it isn't the first scandalous Saudi strangling.

We have uncovered that way back in 1986, a Saudi Royal Family relative was found strangled to death in a hotel room across the Potomac River from Washington, D.C. An *AP* report at the time said police "had established no suspects or motives in the slaying."

In February 2010, Saudi Prince Saud Abdulaziz bin Nasser al Saud was convicted of murder and sentenced to life in prison after strangling his aide to death in a hotel room. In 2013, he was flown back to Saudi Arabia, where it was said that he would serve out the rest of his sentence.

In 2011, well-known Shia spiritual leader Usama Al-Atar claimed he had been strangled nearly to death in prison after his arrest while making a hajj pilgrimage to Medina. Insisting his arrest had been motivated by religious extremism, the Canadian citizen was later freed when his government intervened.

Epstein's links to Saudi Arabia during his time as an arms trader in the 1980s and early 1990s—led by Iran Contra kingpin Adnan Khashoggi—are beyond dispute. But new reporting has placed him in Riyadh even more recently.

Flight data obtained by this investigative team shows that just hours before the United States 2016 election that would elect President Donald J. Trump, Epstein's jet flew from Paris to Riyadh, where it landed at 6:35 p.m. local time.

Two days later, at 3:47 p.m. local time on November 9, the same aircraft departed the Saudi capital, flying in the opposite direction back to Paris. At the time, it would have been 8:47 a.m. in New York—not long before Hillary Clinton would concede to Trump.

Epstein's friend and colleague, Prince Mohammed Bin Salman, was in Riyadh at the time. (Epstein kept a personal photo of him in his Manhattan home.)

Also in Riyadh over that period was Amazon founder Jeff Bezos, who met with MBS and advisers on November 9.

Epstein and Bezos were already acquaintances, having both attended the Edge foundation "billionaire's dinner" in 2011 and 2014, years after Epstein pleaded guilty to soliciting underage prostitution.

It's unclear if Epstein met with any of the men, or what he might have said. What aspect of the Trump/Clinton election would have necessitated an unusual quickie trip to Riyadh?

What's more, what aspect of Trump's unthinkable win made it possible for Epstein to return to Paris?

If Clinton had been elected, would he have stayed in Saudi Arabia? He did have a fake passport listing his residence as in the Middle Eastern country.

Was Epstein afraid of the Clintons in the years before his arrest and death?

Or someone else?

CHAPTER 15
ONCE UPON A TIME IN RUSSIA

In the hours and days following the announcement of Jeffrey Epstein's death, people across America were watching closely for reports about what exactly had happened. So, it seems, was the Kremlin, also known as the lair of President Vladimir Putin.

As the news broke, many social media accounts confirmed to be Russian bots began actively promoting salacious and bizarre conspiracy theories surrounding Epstein's death. The Russian state television channel, RT, led off one nightly broadcast with some of the more outrageous claims. Even President Trump got in on the action, retweeting a post from conservative commentator Terrence K. Williams that read:

> Died of SUICIDE on 24/7 SUICIDE WATCH? Yeah right! How does that happen#JefferyEpstein had information on Bill Clinton & now he's dead
>
> I see #TrumpBodyCount trending but we know who did this!
>
> RT if you're not Surprised#EpsteinSuicide #ClintonBodyCount #ClintonCrimeFamily

Senator Marco Rubio, a member of the Senate Intelligence Committee, confirmed that Russian bots and trolls were actively promoting such outlandish theories.

“The immediate rush to spread conspiracy theories about someone on the ‘other side’ of partisan divide having him killed illustrates why our society is so vulnerable to foreign disinformation and influence efforts,” Rubio tweeted.

“It’s sad (and frightening) to see so many Americans on both sides . . . unwittingly helping them,” he continued, adding that Putin “has weaponized our polarization.”

But why would Putin have a stake in promoting conspiracy theories about Epstein’s death?

In one interpretation, it could have been a simple smoke screen, meant to obscure the truth. In another, it could have been a deterrent aimed at anyone asking further questions about the nature of his death.

Who would publicly question the official suicide story when it would mean being lumped in with a bunch of Kremlin bots? Having the courage to do so might require some additional assurance, some inside proof.

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John Mark Dougan, a former Palm Beach County Deputy Sheriff, told our team that he’s certain Epstein was murdered—and he knows why.

“I don’t believe for one minute it was suicide,” he said.

The world’s intelligence agencies couldn’t risk the chance of Epstein’s blackmail files ever going public, Dougan claims. Those files are explosive, and he knows. Because he has them.

Dougan served as a Deputy Sheriff in Palm Beach at the time Epstein was in prison after securing his secret plea deal. Now, he lives in Russia, where he has been granted political asylum.

Epstein’s prison time “was an absolute shitshow,” Dougan told author James Robertson from the dark streets of Moscow. “I’ll tell you why. He was able to leave jail basically anytime he wanted. Right? This is really unheard of.

“But he was able to leave jail as long as he had two deputies go with him on an overtime detail. They were paid as an overtime detail. Now, overtime detail, this is Palm Beach County Sheriff’s Office, by contract are selected out of a random pool. This was different. These deputies that would go with him were handpicked by the sheriff. And there were guys specifically who would look the other way while he was bringing underage girls into his office and into his home. Unbelievable.”

Palm Beach Police Detective Joseph Recarey had run the initial investigation into Epstein’s crimes. But once in prison, the case was under the jurisdiction of the Sheriffs. Dougan says Recarey gave him full access to everything he knew about the infamous inmate.

“We basically had the entire case file,” he said. According to Dougan, Recarey also gave him materials that were not in the “official” filings as well.

When asked if he was aware of any blackmail tapes made by Epstein, Dougan was unequivocal:

> Absolutely. They weren’t tapes so much as DVDs. I don’t know if these were footages or not, but every bedroom in Epstein’s houses had multiple cameras in them.
>
> He used to keep records of everybody. He used to store everything. So the Palm Beach Police Department, they knew that there were thousands and thousands of these DVDs. Except . . . Now, this is very interesting.
>
> When they went to search for them, they were gone.
>
> It’s not really a question of who would have had access. The question you should be asking is: Who had knowledge that the search was coming? And the answer to that is the Palm Beach County State Attorney’s Office and the Palm Beach County Sheriff’s Office. Because the State Attorney’s Office and Sheriff’s Office, they’re the ones who have to take the warrants and take

> them in front of the judge to get them signed off. There were elements within these two organizations that didn't want to see anything happen to Epstein.

How far would Epstein's protectors go to keep their prized asset safe?

Joseph Recarey, the police officer who had original access to the blackmail files, died suddenly after a "brief illness" at the age of fifty in 2018.

"It's funny, because back in May when everything started to happen with Epstein again, when all the ruckus started to get raised again, he mysteriously died," Dougan said. "I knew this guy, man. He was fit as a fiddle. He was fifty years old. And he died of a sudden illness. That's what they wrote. 'He died of a sudden illness.' It was unexplained."

Two years before, Dougan had fled for Russia, taking his own tranche of the tapes with him. He still has them today. Encrypted. Hidden.

"Do I think that Epstein was probably put up to getting some wealthy people to sleep with some underage women so those people could be blackmailed by Western intelligence agencies? Absolutely I do," he said.

Among those targets, Dougan claims, was Prince Andrew. A September 2019 report in Britain's *Times of London* revealed that the MI6 were "concerned that Russia may have obtained kompromat, compromising material, on Prince Andrew."

Dougan insisted to our team that he is not a Russian asset. But in any case, the Kremlin is likely very happy to have the Epstein blackmail files within their borders.

After the claims about Prince Andrew surfaced, Dougan released the following statement:

> Although we worked in different law enforcement agencies, former Town of Palm Beach Police Department Detective Joe Recarey, who was the lead detective on the solicitation-of-minors case

against billionaire Jeffrey Epstein, was a friend. I was shocked, as were family and friends, to learn of his unexpected death at age 50 just over a year ago.

Joe Recarey was very aware of my efforts to uncover breaches of public trust by the Palm Beach County Sheriff's office via my award-winning investigative website. In late 2009 or early 2010, Joe asked me to scan all the documents as well as copy hundreds of DVD disks he had on the Jeffrey Epstein case to keep them safe. He had lost faith in Barry Krischer, the Palm Beach County state's attorney at the time of the investigation. I would meet with him occasionally to get more documents to store, the last time being in 2015.

I have never looked at what was given to me by Joe Recarey, other than the file names, types, and sizes. The FBI seized my computers in 2016 which had everything Recarey gave me. The FBI and other intelligence agencies may be surprised to have discovered that I kept an off-site backup that was sent to me in 2017, after I was safely established in Russia.

According to news reports, US intelligence agencies apparently analyzed the files and communicated with British authorities. If Britain's Secret Intelligence Service, commonly known as MI6, has concerns about any ties between Prince Andrew and Jeffrey Epstein, they got it from their Washington counterparts, not me.

Of course, this means the FBI has seen everything and has more knowledge of the contents than I do because it was not my business to look deep into the files: I was simply acting as Joe Recarey's computer "safety deposit box." It also means that the FBI has the same exact data that I possess and are in a position to know everyone who is implicated in the videos, recordings, and documents. If media reports are accurate, it seems the FBI has

knowledge that Epstein files involve Prince Andrew in some manner, since they made it a point to contact MI6 and warn them.

The Epstein data is encrypted in a TrueCrypt/VeraCrypt container and has been given to a few people. They cannot look at the contents because they do not have the decryption keys. Others have the decryption keys, but they do not have access to the encrypted containers. My contacts are on five continents and do not know each other. The Epstein files stay secure and unreadable to everyone. I do not have a physical copy in my immediate possession, because of security reasons.

This is to make sure my family and friends remain safe. I have made arrangements that it can only be decrypted in the event of my arrest, if I go missing for an extended time, or in case of my unusual or untimely demise. I have a system in place to connect people with the encrypted containers to those who have the decryption keys.

I have made elaborate security precautions because of ongoing legal issues, threats, and harassment. The FBI has tried to arrest me twice since I've been in Moscow by pushing Interpol via a sealed indictment. Both times they failed. Last year, the FBI sent 10 agents and Federal Marshals to a US company that I do contract work for, unsuccessfully trying to intimidate them.

I will not be divulging any of the information I may know of or possess, because the secrecy of the data I have access ensures the safety of me and my loved ones. I hope the growing concerns and reports about Jeffrey Epstein's international sex-trafficking empire, and his relationship with the rich and powerful people like the Duke of York, will generate official and news media investigations which will uncover all the facts.

Not long after releasing that statement, Dougan took matters into his own hands, inviting journalist Ron Chepesiuk to review the materials and confirm their existence. A longtime friend of Dougan, Chepesiuk flew to Moscow on September 24, 2019.

There, according to Chepesiuk, Dougan cracked open the Epstein blackmail files for the very first time.

"He just wanted to verify," Chepesiuk told our team. "He suggested it and I said, 'It's to verify that they have something there.' He said, 'I'm not going to show it to you long.'"

What happened next shocked the journalist:

> So what happened was, it was less than five minutes, and a couple of random scenes from the thing. It was obviously surveillance tape of a bedroom and there were a couple of younger, may even have been underage, I don't know, they were very young.
>
> It was far away and it looked like it was coming from a wall. The camera and all that. It looked like surveillance in a TV show. So I just assumed that it was coming from a camera probably facing, on a wall."
>
> And there was some older men and I didn't look at them. It was very hard to see it from afar. I wanted to, but they were definitely dealing with some sex, you know? So that was it. Then he closed it up, and took it again and saved whatever he was doing. I didn't want to know.
>
> I didn't want to have the responsibility of trying to identify people so I wasn't really interested in trying to identify people. I just wanted to look at it and verify that it was what it looked like, surveillance tapes.
>
> Pretty disgusting. Didn't want to be a voyeur. I'm not into that sort of thing. That was it. That was it. It was verified, and that was it.

> I guess he wanted to have somebody else say that he had them. We had developed a good working relationship and he trusted me. He just wanted to verify that, because I don't think he ever looked at the tapes until that moment because he got them from this guy in law enforcement in Palm Beach. He never, what I can gather, really was interested in the contents.
>
> He was a straight shooter, he gave his word that he would take care of them, and that's what he did. But he wasn't really interested in what was going on inside.
>
> But he's been forced to pay more attention to it because of what broke in England with the Prince Andrew connection.

That's also the reason, Dougan says, that he fears for his life.

"Now I have the very peculiar problem of worrying about being hunted down by MI6," he claimed.

Chepesiuk said that during his visit, there were indeed red flags.

"John said that he noticed a car following him," he recalled.

"Here in Moscow there's a lot of twists and turns so if you're moving, twisting and turning and here's a car that's always on your, always in sight, you begin to wonder if that car is following you."

"John said the car was behind him right back into the city. It's about thirty or forty kilometers. It's way out there that the alternative airport route in Moscow. So it was a long journey to have this car in the back of you all this way."

Dougan says he's right to be concerned. Recarey's sudden death in 2018—at the age of fifty—shocked those who knew him, as well as those who have followed the Epstein case.

Few people have noted, however, that he was not the only mysterious death in the Palm Beach area during that period. In April 2018, almost exactly one month before Recarey's death, attorney Alan Ross, who

represented an Epstein victim in the early civil suits, died of a similarly fast-acting cancer at age sixty-eight.

Before that, the houseman who cleaned Epstein's sex toys, Alfredo Rodriguez, died of a fast-acting, six-month cancer in 2015, almost exactly at the same time as Virginia Roberts Giuffre's civil case brought the Epstein story—and Prince Andrew's part in it—back into the open. He was only sixty.

"Of course, he knew all about Prince Andrew," Rodriguez's widow, Patricia Dunn said at the time.

Recarey's Floridian wife told *Epstein: Dead Men Tell No Tales* that he passed from cancer, too.

Was it just a coincidence that these three men, all in Florida, died similar deaths that seemed timed to developments in the Epstein case? Poisoning by arsenic, heavy metals, and radioactive substances are all known to cause cancer in humans.

Dougan says he's not taking any chances. His family left behind in the United States, he wonders if he'll ever see them again.

"Look, somebody has to expose the evil people, I guess you would say. Somebody's gotta do it, right? And somebody has to pay the price. Am I happy that I've done what I've done? Yeah. I'm very happy with what I've done so far."

"But now you're asking me, is it worth it for me to have lost my children? I don't know, man. I mean, no."

With the blackmail tapes now in the Kremlin's grasp and with the potential to circulate worldwide, some now have a lot more to lose.

CHAPTER 16
THE COCONSPIRATORS

Less than six months before the 2016 election, reporters covering the presidential campaign trail were rocked by an incoming missile: An anonymous woman listed as "Katie Johnson" filed a lawsuit in California accusing Epstein of raping her at his Manhattan home back in 1994, when she was just thirteen.

The claims were similar to those in other lawsuits that had been filed against Epstein in the past, except for one thing: Donald Trump was listed as an alleged coconspirator and fellow rapist.

The moment the lawsuit came across our collective computer screens in the newsroom of employer American Media, Inc., our team sprang into action. Author Howard summoned reporters Melissa Cronin, Doug Montero, Sharon Churcher, Gina Bacchiocchi, and Robert Hartlein to investigate.

Court documents listed Johnson's address in Twentynine Palms, California, not far from author Cronin's Palm Springs home. Speeding out to knock on Johnson's door, Cronin's mind raced with questions: Who would she find there? After covering Epstein's crimes for years, would this be the moment to crack it all open?

Flying through the desert in her car on speakerphone with the reporting team in New York, Cronin turned onto a dusty side street. She had beaten

every other reporter there. But she didn't find Johnson. Instead, at the lawsuit's address was a boarded-up, abandoned home. Neighbors called it a "crack house," and said it had most recently been occupied by squatters.

Canvassing businesses in the small, windswept town, Cronin found that no one had ever heard of a "Katie Johnson," nor knew anything about the lawsuit, Epstein, or Trump. Indeed, a "neighbor," Danny Mira, told us that no one had lived at the home since its owner, David Stacey, died in October the year prior.

Mira said he and other neighbors had kept a close watch on the home because it was overrun by drug addicts who squatted there while Stacey was hospitalized in the final days of his life.

The neighbors, with the help of police, managed to clean up the home several months before Stacey's death. Sharon Rose, a local Realtor, told us the property went into default shortly after Stacey's death and was officially taken over by the bank on April 11—fifteen days before the woman filed her suit.

What's more, the phone number the woman listed on the court documents was not connected, and she also told the court she had less than $300 to her name in savings.

It was clear the lawsuit was some kind of a red herring. Speculation ran wild: Had the Clintons planted this to smear Trump and torpedo his campaign? Had Trump planted this in a canny bit of reverse psychology? (I.e. If the suit were dismissed for being fake, other claims against him would seem fake and illegitimate as well.)

The truth was even stranger. The man behind the Katie Johnson lawsuit was a former Jerry Springer producer who called himself "Al Taylor," a.k.a. notorious gossip peddler Norm Lubow. (Lubow was also behind a 2011 story that claimed Justin Bieber had impregnated a fan, Mariah Yeater.)

Lubow's wingman was a conservative antiabortion donor, Steve Baer, who also happened to be a "Never Trumper." Taylor claimed to have met Johnson and heard her story at a party several years before.

Her attorney, Tom Meagher, said she was motivated to come forward at last, with Taylor's backing, to ensure that her rapist would not become president.

Trump's team told author Howard the accusations in the lawsuit were "unequivocally false" and "politically motivated." Even for Trump skeptics, the entire lawsuit seemed fishy from the start.

First, why had she filed from a nonexistent address? Why had no one seemed to have ever met her?

An attorney that represented Johnson admitted even he had trouble tracking her down. For reporters, it was just as difficult.

Journalist Emily Shugerman said Johnson's reps promised her a video interview with the plaintiff, only to cancel on her several times. Were we all being catfished?

Armed with this information, author Howard told attorney Lisa Bloom that our own investigation was turning up red flags, and warned Bloom of a lack of corroborating evidence. These types of conversations are routine in the world of journalism, and *New York Times* reporters have revealed that they also warned Bloom in this case.

Bloom waded in regardless, and announced that she would unveil Johnson at a press conference in November 2016, just days before the election.

When the hour came, Johnson was nowhere to be found.

"Jane Doe has received numerous threats today. . . . She has decided she is too afraid to show her face," Bloom told the gathered reporters. "We're going to have to reschedule."

The case was soon dismissed in California for procedural issues, and "Johnson" refiled in New York, only to drop it again.

Today, many still believe that the Katie Johnson suit was another case of a victim silenced by the crushing jaws of the justice system, another clever escape for Epstein and Trump.

However, our team has been unable to confirm that "Katie Johnson" ever existed. For us, the whole caper is eerily reminiscent of the conspiracy trolls that surfaced after Epstein's death. Plant one crazy fake lawsuit about an Epstein coconspirator, and all the other potential revelations seem just as insane by association.

When approached in an effort to learn the truth about Johnson, Taylor told Howard: "You know I have details about the Clintons' involvement in the whole Katie Johnson affair." He refused to go on further for fear of retribution from those involved in what he characterized as a fictitious scheme.

By the time "Katie" had first appeared in 2016, however, Epstein's real coconspirators must have been getting nervous.

Depositions in the Jane Doe case and Virginia Roberts Giuffre's lawsuit continued to reveal new allegations and names on an almost weekly basis. In 2015, Giuffre's claims against Prince Andrew had dropped a bombshell on Buckingham Palace (claims he, of course, denied).

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Ever since Epstein's 2008 plea deal secured immunity for his "unnamed co-conspirators," the world had wondered who those people were. With his death in August 2019, it seemed as if the world might never know.

For Epstein victim Michelle Licata, it was chilling:

> He wouldn't have been able to commit suicide. Would he have been able to be murdered? Sure.
>
> I mean, there are a lot of people that are just walking around like, 'You need to shut this down. . . . He is blowing my cover,' is

> what it felt like.
>
> It was like all these people's dirty secret started coming out one after another after another. I can see those people that are the people that are paying to keep themselves out of jail and out of prison.
>
> Those people are like, "Look I don't care what it takes. You need to shut this up. You need to, I don't know, make him disappear. Make the story disappear. Make these girls be quiet." That's what's happening.
>
> I mean, it seems like they are letting us talk, but that's what's happening.

Will those coconspirators let the victims keep talking forever? This investigation has learned of death threats to at least one victim who spoke out recently.

In addition, victim Alicia Arden told us that she fears she has been blacklisted from working in the entertainment world since filing her police report.

"I feel that I may have been blacklisted by Jeffrey Epstein's network. I thought, did someone say something? 'Oh we don't want to work with Alicia, because if we do anything to her, she'll go file a police report.' So I thought that that could have blacklisted me a little," she told author Cronin.

"Because the girls that you see now, that have other Hollywood predators in the news, I don't see them working very much. They've brought up what happened to them, and they've talked about what happened to them, and they've been blacklisted. Why shouldn't we be able to come out and talk about that?"

Meanwhile, the US Attorney's Office for the Southern District of New York, at least, has vowed to continue the fight to bring coconspirators to justice.

On the day of Epstein's death, Manhattan US Attorney Geoffrey Berman released a statement that said: "To those brave young women who have already come forward and to the many others who have yet to do so, let me reiterate that we remain committed to standing for you, and our investigation of the conduct charged in the Indictment—which included a conspiracy count—remains ongoing."

Attorney Gloria Allred revealed to our team:

> When I was in court while we were waiting for the court hearing to begin, I spoke with the United States Attorney, Mr. Berman, before the hearing began, and I introduced him to my client in the courtroom, and he did assure them in my presence and he assured me that they are continuing their investigation of any potential co-conspirators.
>
> We should always keep in mind that when Mr. Epstein was indicted in this latest proceeding, there also in the indictment was not only the indictment of Mr. Epstein but the indictment also talked about unnamed co-conspirators. So even before his death, the Justice Department was interested in that.
>
> And it maybe that now that he is deceased, more victims will be more willing to speak about who may have been in that chain to recruit them, to manage them, to pay them.

Allred also noted that as the search for evidence continues, it may turn up new names—and more proof.

> "I understand there's a grand jury that has been looking into the circumstances of Mr. Epstein's death," she told us.
>
> "There are many civil cases that are and will be ongoing, seeking discovery, seeking to find out the truth, and then there's the criminal investigation, which is probably more powerful than

> anything else, because the United States government has more resources than anyone else has.
>
> "So I don't think any businessperson or celebrity or powerful man should rest easy and think, "Oh, well, there's not enough evidence."
>
> "Well, maybe there is."

Indeed, two weeks after Epstein's death, authorities in France announced that they were launching their own investigation into sex crimes that might have occurred in Epstein's Paris home. In September 2019, they raided the posh apartment near the Arc de Triomphe, as well as the home and offices of his associate, modeling agent Jean-Luc Brunel. Brunel was named as a coconspirator in the unsealed Virginia Roberts Giuffre documents. He founded the MC2 modeling agency in 2005, reportedly with $1 million in seed money from Epstein.

Phone messages to Epstein from Brunel, found in Epstein's Palm Beach home and obtained by this team, suggest that Brunel may have connected Epstein with young models. The undated messages from Brunel to Epstein, as captured by Epstein's assistants, read:

> He just did a good one . . . She spoke to me and said, "I love Jeffrey."
>
> Jean-Luc "is in serious conversation about Alina's butt and he needs your precision."
>
> "He has a teacher for you to teach you how to speak Russian. She is 2X8 years old not blonde. Lessons are free and you can have your 1st today if you call."
>
> "Jean Luc spoke to the doctor about your symptoms. It's Bratislavian various. It can be cured but you have to move. It can cause atrophy of the muscle which can shorten your sex life."

The day we submitted this manuscript to the publisher, Brunel announced that he was willing to work with French prosecutors. On that day, his location was still unknown.

Homayra Sellier, the president of sex-trafficking-prevention organization Innocence in Danger, was behind the push for the investigation in France.

She explained:

> We had women who came forward and they wanted to have juridical help to see what could be done with their testimonies, with their stories in France," she said, "in order to be a good citizen and to respect their duty as a mother, as a woman, as a citizen. So, they were guided to our juridical team, and they were forwarded at the discretion of the prosecutors and those who are doing the investigation.
>
> In general terms, I believe that one of them concerns Mr. Epstein. Maybe also more, the other partners, or the other friends of his.
>
> From my understanding, when he was operating in Paris, in France, it was very very very similar to the way he was operating in the rest of the world. He had friends who were recruiting young girls for modeling. Many of them were recruited to do those so-called massages, and they were going to his house. Then, once they were there . . . it was not a massage; at least, not for all of them.
>
> I think his activity in France must have been quite big. I do think he had friends, maybe others who were putting him in touch with models.
>
> Honestly, I think what happened in France is very, very, very similar to what happened in the US. You know this black book that was found or given or whatever? In that black book, there are apparently over sixty, seventy names of French people and there is

> a big number of women who are named as masseuses. But this is very similar to those who were going to his house in New York. So, it's the same operating system because it worked for him there, why would he change it?

According to Selliers, coconspirators around the globe could be exposed.

"I am not sure that the investigations will stop with the US and France," she said. "I had a call from some people who live in Belgium, and they were saying that people would like to expand the course of action in Belgium. Maybe then Germany. There were German models who were friends of Mr. Epstein, and who were going in his house, going to his parties. Even hosting parties with him."

Criminal investigations are not the only hope for future justice, however.

Several victims have already filed civil lawsuits in the hopes of getting closure—or cash—from Epstein's estate. Gloria Allred, Lisa Bloom, and Spencer Kuvin all represent victims continuing the fight, and each said that Epstein's coconspirators should not think for a second that they're off the hook.

"To the men in power, I hope they're afraid," Bloom said.

Allred, her mother, warned that more lawsuits are on the way:

> Victims should know that they can file a civil lawsuit as a Jane Doe. That is our plan, at least for most if not all of our victims. We're going to be filing as Jane Does.
>
> Members of the public do not need to know who they are, and they won't know who they are. Of course, a defendant has the right to know who's suing him, but the public does not need to know.

Shockingly, Epstein's coconspirators are trying to co-opt that strategy for their own devious devices. On September 3, 2019, an unnamed "John Doe"

filed court papers begging a judge to block his name from being released in the event that Virginia Roberts Giuffre succeeded in unsealing more documents from her civil lawsuits.

The mysterious John admitted he didn't even know if he would be mentioned in the documents, but he would be taking no chances. His attorneys said they knew the explosive filings could include a "range of allegations of sexual acts involving the Plaintiff and non-parties to this litigation, some famous, some not; the identities of non-parties who either allegedly engaged in sexual acts with Plaintiff or who allegedly facilitated such acts." His attorneys did not confirm whether Doe could be considered famous or not.

Aside from Epstein's famous friends, his former staffers and "recruiters" like Ghislaine Maxwell are also now stalked by the searchlight as they hide out around the world.

One, Nadia Marcinkova (a.k.a. Nadia Marcinko), was yet another pretty young blonde in Epstein's roster of sex slaves. Brought from Yugoslavia at the age of sixteen, she quickly became one of Epstein's favorite companions.

During the Palm Beach investigation, a sixteen-year-old victim told cops that Epstein had forced her to perform oral sex on Marcinkova. Still, when police swooped in on Epstein, Marcinkova was spared. His non-prosecution agreement specifically named her as a coconspirator who would receive immunity from further prosecution, along with other alleged victims-turned-recruiters, Adriana Ross, and Sarah Kellen. (His assistant, Lesley Groff, was also named.)

That immunity agreement is only valid, however, in Southern Florida—not New York.

When asked about Marcinkova's role in the global sex ring, and whether she could be prosecuted, her attorneys told the *New York Times*: "Like other victims, Nadia Marcinko is and has been severely traumatized" and

“needs time to process and make sense of what she has been through before she is able to speak out.”

Marcinkova was unique among Epstein’s girls in that she was able to attract attention outside of his inner circle. She trained as a pilot under his sponsorship, and built a huge YouTube following as the sassy and sexy “Global Girl.” Now, other female pilots and aviation community members are disgusted to learn about what she may have witnessed or done.

“What Nadia Marcinko knows is a lot,” said Florida air safety investigator Christine Negroni. “She has seen everything. When we talk about Jeffrey Epstein and the kind of information he took to the grave, he is not the only one who has that kind of information.”

Negroni continued in an exclusive interview:

> She is also very, very aware of what happened in that house and his network of people, many of whom flew on his airplanes, many of whom have been reported to have participated in some of these activities.
>
> It’s a tough spot for her to be in. I don’t know: is she perpetrator? Is she victim? Reports suggest she came to the United States at the age of fourteen and that there were documents that suggested Epstein bought her from Slovakia at the age of fourteen.
>
> So it’s very hard for me, and I hope for everyone, to be judgmental about a woman who may have facilitated these horrible crimes on young women when she herself might have been a victim. She seems to have made the best out of a bad situation. Whether that should be held against her I don’t know.
>
> She has a heck of a story to tell. The question is whether she’ll tell it.

Of course, perhaps the only person who knows the whole story—from sex trafficking to espionage and everything in between—is Ghislaine

Maxwell. Conveniently, at the time of this writing, she seems to have disappeared into thin air.

Days after Epstein's death, it was reported that she had been living in the quiet Massachusetts fishing village of Manchester-by-the-Sea, in the mansion of former boyfriend Scott Borgerson.

While Ghislaine was on the run, Epstein victim, Jennifer Araoz, filed a new lawsuit against her, alleging: "Maxwell participated with and assisted Epstein in maintaining and protecting his sex trafficking ring, ensuring that approximately three girls a day were made available to him."

But when reporters swarmed the Massachusetts seaside town, Ghislaine was already gone—if she'd ever even been there in the first place.

Our reporters went on the hunt in Europe and the United States. Then suddenly, there was a wholly unexpected twist: The *New York Post* published a photo of Ghislaine gazing defiantly at the camera while sitting at a Los Angeles In-N-Out, burger and fries in front of her.

Supposedly, the image had been taken by a lucky bystander who happened to recognize the woman who was then the world's most wanted.

But once you looked closer at the image, strange details began to emerge.

First, Ghislaine had a book in front of her: *The Book of Honor: The Secret Lives and Deaths of CIA Operatives*. It hardly seems like it could have been a coincidental choice. More likely, it was a pointed message to someone—or everyone.

Second, an advertisement in the background showed an ad for the movie *Good Boys*, a raunchy comedy in which preteens make R-rated sex jokes. The ad had been photoshopped into the image. The real ad at that location was for a local hospital.

There was also another clue that told family friend Laura Goldman that it was all a setup: "When I saw the picture of Ghislaine Maxwell at In-N-Out, I knew it was a fake immediately because she doesn't eat. Jeffrey

liked thin women, so she starved herself to death. There was no way she was eating a hamburger and french fries!"

Later, a source would confirm to our team that the middleman—or middle woman, rather—who peddled the photo to the paper is a high-end Beverly Hills Realtor with property listings in Israel.

"I just talked to someone who texted with Ghislaine," Goldman revealed. "So she's definitely not in American witness protection. I think she's out of the country."

Goldman is sure of one thing: Someone has helped Ghislaine go deep, deep underground. Was it her spy handlers?

"If you know the Maxwell family, you know they're their own little team," Goldman said. "The seven siblings and Mrs. Maxwell supported each other completely.

"Ghislaine's sister Isabel has been married three times," Goldman said. "Her last husband also died mysteriously. They liked larger-than-life men."

Men, like their father, who had ties to international intelligence agencies.

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Really, if you dig deep enough, the most powerful men of the twentieth century do have that one trait in common. While not all agents themselves, like Epstein, nearly without exception the leading figures of our time are connected by shadowy threads to the web of international intelligence, sexual blackmail, and the trafficking and abuse of children.

In a riveting series for MintPress.com, Chilean journalist Whitney Webb traced sexual blackmail practices back to 1920s and 1930s America, when leading liquor salesman Stan Rosenstiel hosted bugged "blackmail parties" with young boys for party favors. Rosenstiel invited the rich and powerful, for very specific reasons. Webb cites a Florida *Sun Sentinel*

report that alleges Rosentiel was once overheard saying "if the government ever brings pressure" against him or his pal, notorious mafioso Meyer Lansky, he'd use his recordings as blackmail.

During World War II, such techniques became more mainstream as the US intelligence community looked to mobsters and underworld kings for techniques to help them win against the Nazis. After the war, the wise guys' participation earned them a lifetime of "get out of jail free" cards.

Meanwhile, Lansky didn't limit himself to connections with and favors for the CIA. The shadowy character also worked with leading figures of the Mossad to launder money in the Middle East.

Supposedly, Lansky's own sexual blackmail ring was responsible for obtaining blackmail photos of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, leading to even more lenient treatment of Lansky and his associates throughout the 1950s and 1960s.

Although a victim himself, Hoover also was famous for collecting blackmail files on leading Americans, including the members of Camelot —the Kennedy family, and specifically President John F. Kennedy. Did he learn the tactic from America's original blackmailer, Rosenstiel? Hoover and the liquor baron were close friends, and Rosenstiel even donated $1 million to the J. Edgar Hoover Foundation.

Both men cultivated a mentorship of rising young politico Roy Cohn—Donald Trump's future mentor. Cohn became Senator Joseph McCarthy's adviser, and later worked with Ronald Reagan's administration. His meteoric rise through the ranks of the American elite, it seems, was due to his own "blackmail parties."

Rosenstiel's fourth wife, Susan Kaufman, later claimed to have attended one such party in 1968 at the Plaza Hotel in New York City. Kaufman said that in addition to Hoover himself in drag (going by the name "Mary") she saw young boys engaging in sexual behavior with Hoover, Cohn, and her then-husband.

Multiple reports claim that Cohn was unapologetic about hosting the gatherings, insisting that they were part of his anti-Communist crusade.

As with Epstein, Webb writes, many turned a blind eye to Cohn's activities. He was simply too connected, and had too much dirt, to take down.

Trump's former adviser Roger Stone explained: "Roy was not gay. He was a man who liked having sex with men. Gays were weak, effeminate. He always seemed to have these young blond boys around. It just wasn't discussed. He was interested in power and access."

Donald Trump would later buy Cohn's party palace, the Plaza, and host his own debaucherous bashes there throughout the 1980s and 1990s. Male model Andy Lucchesi told reporter Michael Gross that such parties were populated by "a lot of girls . . . 14, look 24. That's as juicy as I can get. I never asked how old they were. I just partook."

But Cohn's influence, like Epstein's, spanned both sides of the political aisle. His cousin, Dick Morris, was a close adviser to Bill Clinton. Cohn had connections in media, too: He was friends with FOX News head honcho Rupert Murdoch, and called Barbara Walters his "wife." His high school the pals turned friends for life included Si Newhouse Jr., Generoso Pope Jr. of the *National Enquirer*, and Richard Berlin, who owned Hearst. Many of Cohn's connections would later become close with Jeffrey Epstein as well.

Roy Cohn died in 1986, but sexual blackmail—including the trafficking of children—would continue to permeate the highest levels of American society.

In June 1989, George H. W. Bush and Barbara Bush were photographed visiting the Covenant House, a Catholic charity for homeless kids in Manhattan. It had been founded under the direction of Cohn's friend and frequent party guest, Cardinal Francis Spellman. Bush's Yale roommate, Robert Macauley, was on the organization's board. (His AmeriCares

foundation funded Covenant House, while also working with the CIA to fund the Contras in South America. Like Epstein, Macauley lived in Palm Beach.)

Just weeks after the presidential pair's visit, Covenant House was the topic of a jaw-dropping exposé by the *New York Post*, which alleged that extensive child sex abuse had happened there.

That same year, the *Washington Post* reported that former NBC News correspondent Craig Spence had been caught running a D.C. child sex ring that provided underage sex slaves to powerful men in apartments that were bugged and rigged with security cameras. Even his parties, which hosted members of the Reagan and Bush administrations, had been bugged for gathering blackmail material. Spence even brought his prisoners to the White House for late-night encounters (not with the president).

Like Epstein, Spence often boasted to his friends and colleagues that he was working for the CIA. Also like Epstein, after his dirty deeds were exposed, Spence was found dead—supposedly by suicide.

***

For many, Epstein seems like a singular monster; at least, upon first encounter. A personification of evil that is deeper and darker than our society has ever known. Ultimately, however, the painful truth is that he was really nothing special.

Epstein's predecessors were many. Over the course of decades, none of them were stopped.

With Epstein gone, we are forced to face the sad fact that he will not be the historic first in this dark saga to face justice. As he joins the trail of heartbreak started by his predecessors, we are left to ask: Who are his contemporaries in sexual blackmail and the exploitation of children for espionage? And who are his successors?

Somewhere, it is certain, there are people who consider themselves to be the heirs to Epstein's darkest legacy: whether male or female, American or foreign, working for the CIA, MI6, or the Mossad.

Some we may suspect. Others will never raise the slightest hint of impropriety. Some we may even know.

It was not possible to stop Epstein, even with all of the stories we wrote and all of the brutal facts we exposed while he was living.

It may not even be possible to unravel his entire twisted life and network within the span of our lifetimes.

Dead men tell no tales, but we are compelled to tell them: stories of crimes, of conspiracies, of darkness.

In addition, we are compelled to listen: to those who missed the red flags, to victims whose lives were changed in an instant.

It is only in doing so that we can raise the slightest hope, the slightest chance, that we may ever stop the ones who wish to follow in Epstein's footsteps.

EPILOGUE

In the final days and hours of completing this book, disturbing new discoveries about the crimes and connections of Jeffrey Epstein continued to surface.

Even after reporting on him together for years, we found deeper and deeper layers of deception than we had ever known. As we gathered in team researching and writing sessions, the silence would be broken every few moments by one of us saying, "Oh my God."

There isn't time or space to connect and reveal every single detail we discovered. (Although, we'll probably spend the rest of our lives trying.) This book represents the best and most compelling reporting that we've ever done on Epstein and his cohorts. But this epilogue represents one of the spine-tingling stories that made our jaws drop when we discovered it—a story that could have been a book all on its own.

The summary is this: Donald Trump's personal fixer Michael Cohen and Jeffrey Epstein are *both* tied to a company called Reporty (now named Carbyne), which was then in the early stages of creating a new spy-like technology.

(Convicted felon Cohen plead guilty on August 21, 2018, to eight counts, including campaign finance violations, tax fraud, and bank fraud. Cohen said he violated campaign finance laws at the direction of Trump and "for the principal purpose of influencing" the 2016 presidential election. In November 2018, Cohen entered a second guilty plea for lying

to a Senate committee about efforts to build a Trump Tower in Moscow. In December 2018, he was sentenced to three years in federal prison and ordered to pay a $50,000 fine.)

The stated purpose of Epstein and Cohen's business alliance in Carbyne was to help 911 callers by connecting the dispatch system to their cellphones' microphone, GPS, and camera, giving the dispatcher a live feed of the caller's surroundings. The obvious implication is that the same technology could easily be used to execute widespread spying and blackmail, to an extent the world has never before seen.

The explosive story of Carbyne's background was first published by reporters Zev Shalev and Tracie McElroy of Narativ.org.

In September 2017, Russian billionaires Viktor Vekselberg and Andrew Intrater bought 24 percent of Carbyne's most valuable stock options, through Intrater's company Columbus Nova.

(Intrater donated $250,000 to Trump's inauguration fund, and has already donated thousands to his 2020 campaign. His company also paid Cohen half a million dollars in "consulting fees." He was investigated by Robert Mueller's Special Counsel team.)

In 2015, the *Times of Israel* reported, Ehud Barak had formed a limited partnership company called Sum and bought all of Reporty's Series A stock—with most of the millions he needed to do so coming from Jeffrey Epstein. (It wasn't the first time he'd gotten millions thanks to Epstein. In 2004, Barak received about $2.4 million from Leslie Wexner's Wexner Foundation, where Epstein was both a trustee and major donor.)

Barak's cash infusion was enough to win him a seat as chairman of the board at Reporty, now Carbyne. The company is now based in Tel Aviv.

(In a twist that is sure to titillate Tom Brady haters, the Kraft Group is also a major investment source.)

In 2019, Carbyne partnered with Windbourne Consulting, a mysterious company that calls itself a "leader in public safety communications

consulting and project management services to international, federal, state and local governments." Their headquarters is a mere five minutes away from the Pentagon.

Calling the technology "Smart911," Windbourne has already implemented Carbyne in the United States. Although, they may not want you to know about it.

A May 2017 Windbourne newsletter touted the platform's rollout in Michigan, announcing that the governor there had dedicated $2.2 million in grant funding to make the technology available to all residents. Anyone who put Smart911 on their phone and gave it access to their camera, mic, and GPS would get an eighteen-month subscription for free, the newsletter explained. The company also touted an oddly suspicious story from 2014, where a Michigan man who just happened to have Smart911 already installed was saved from a fire because of the app. The government and company encouraged all residents to download it.

But sometime after June 2019, in the weeks leading up to Epstein's arrest, that newsletter was wiped from the Windbourne website.

You may not have heard of it, but "Smart911" already has been implemented by local governments—and put on Americans' cellphones—in South Carolina, Ohio, Kentucky, Florida, Arkansas, New York, California, Massachusetts, Hawaii and more. According to Windbourne, Smart911 is in forty states at the time of this writing.

Newer versions of Smart911 reportedly also can access your personal photos, medical and health information, and other details.

The company insists, "It is *NOT* the goal of Smart911 to spy on you or share your information with anyone or any organization without cause."

The only consolation in the twisted story of Jeffrey Epstein may be that in the future, exploitative spies like him will probably become obsolete. Instead, we'll willingly gather intelligence on ourselves.

In 2020, who needs the classic honey trap when you've got the app?

Meghan Markle

Exposed

Christopher D Spivey

MEGHAN MARKLE EXPOSED

By Christopher D Spivey

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Version KMM2018.06.08

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Introduction

Who is Meghan Markle?
Now that may sound like a daft question since nigh on the whole population of the planet will know that Meghan Markle is an American actress who is married to Prince Harry – a member of the British Royal family.
Indeed, if you believe the world's press, then Meghan's story truly is a real-life Princess fairytale.
However, by the same token that makes you akin to a zombie: Someone who appears to be alive but is brain-dead.

After all, fairytales just don't happen... No ifs, no buts, they don't happen.
You see, Meghan Markle, like her deceased mother-in-law, Princess Diana is a construct – a made up persona.
Or put another way, Meghan doesn't exist outside of newspaper reports, faked photos, forged documents and a series of actors who appear in public as and when is necessary.

Furthermore you would not believe how easy it is to pull off a deception of such great magnitude.
In fact, the deception is made all the easier because it is so unbelievable which is reinforced by the Nazi master of propaganda, Josef Goebbels who said:
"The bigger the lie, the more it will be believed"

A truer word never spoken from a man who was also a creation... Indeed, NOTHING from before the dawn of the 20th century is as we have been led to believe.

However, for you to fully understand who - or what - Meghan Markle is, I will have to show you along the way, how the world of the monster-elite really works.

Therefore, read on with an open mind and hopefully by the time that I am finished you will see just how blatantly you have been mugged off.

Chapter 1
The Tom Tom Club

Now, what you need to bear in mind is that the idea of the construct, Meghan Markle marrying Prince Harry will have been formulated an awful long time ago and if I was to guess when, I would say probably back in the early 1990's.
However, if a person isn't a real person then that person's family cannot be real either, can they?
Of course they can't. So let's start there.

And straight away I can tell you that Meghan's half-brother, Thomas Markle Jr is definitely a wrong-un... And not because of the following infamous [fake] news story either:

THE Markle family have been thrust into the international spotlight thanks to actress Meghan's engagement to Prince Harry.
Here's what you need to know about Thomas Markle Jr, the half-brother of the Suits actress who, earlier this year, was accused of putting a gun to his girlfriend's head during a row.
50-year-old Thomas Markle Jr shares the same father as Suits actress Meghan, who is dating Prince Harry.
It's been reported that he's close to his half-sister but friends have disputed this, saying they have not spoken for some time.
When Meghan was born in 1981, Thomas Jr was living with his father, sister Samantha and step-mother Doria.

He recently moved to Oregon in the US after separating from a partner.
He was married for 11 years to Tracy Dooley, with whom he has two sons - Thomas and Tyler.

His ex-wife, Tracy, said he has alcohol issues.
He was arrested on January 12 in Oregon for allegedly holding a gun to a woman's head during a drunken argument.
He was later charged with menacing, pointing a firearm at another person, and unlawful use of a weapon.

According to court documents, he pointed the gun at Darlene Blount in an attempt to get her to leave.
He has since apologised and said he is "seeking help".
Source: The Sun Newspaper

You can see a photo of Thomas Markle Jr and Darlene Blout in Photo A However that is a total, total bollox story designed to give Meghan credibility in the same way that the persona, the Duchess of Cambridge AKA, Kate Gold-Digger-Smith was allocated a drug-dealing uncle named Gary Goldsmith (see photo B).

PHOTO A: Thomas Markle Jr & Darlene Blout – the bird he allegedly threatened with a gun

PHOTO B: Gary Goldsmith 'covertly' filmed cutting up Cocaine

And indeed it would seem that Goldsmith – like Thomas Markle Jr – *also likes threatening birds as evidenced in the segment below taken from the Daily Mail on the 17th of November 2017:*

Gary Goldsmith was spotted thrashing tennis balls days after he punched his wife with a 'left hook' and knocked her out, MailOnline can reveal today.
The Duchess of Cambridge ’s uncle was in court on Tuesday where he admitted knocking Julie Ann Goldsmith unconscious during a drunken row outside their house on October 13.
He was due in court on October 31, after being charged with assault by beating but his defence lawyers went instead to ask for 'caution' for the offence could be considered - which was eventually rejected.

Exclusive pictures reveal that the following day, November 1, he was out playing tennis in his local park in London.
At times Kate's Uncle, whose sister Carole is her mother, looked tired and was seen holding his back and knee.

Two weeks later he was back in court where he admitted punching his wife, who was not in court.

He will be sentenced at a later date and could face a restraining order to stay away from his wife, suggesting they may no longer be together.

Gary Goldsmith struck his wife Julie Ann with a powerful ‘left hook’ which sent her tumbling onto the pavement after the pair attended a charity auction at a private members’ club.

The businessman, who is the younger brother of Kate’s mother Carole Middleton, will be spared jail after pleading guilty to assault by beating...

Course, Uncle Gary's wife, Julie Ann Goldsmith is played by the same actress who plays Julie's sister-in-law, Carole Middleton nee Goldsmith... Who is of course Gary Goldsmith's ' sister *' and Kate Gold-Digger-Smith's mother (see photo D).*

PHOTO C: Goldsmith and his wife – the bird that he punched in the head

PHOTO D: Goldsmith & Middleton comparison

Moreover, I strongly believe Goldsmith-Middleton to also be a woman named Tracey Wilkinson, who - according to the National press - was supposedly murdered by her foster-son, Aaron Barley :

The following is taken from BBC report on the 4th of October 2017 in relation to Aaron Bailey and Tracey Wilkinson:

A homeless man who "destroyed a family" by stabbing to death a mother and son who had helped him has been jailed for life with a minimum of 30 years.

Aaron Barley admitted murdering Tracey Wilkinson and 13-year-old son Pierce on the first day of his trial on Tuesday.

Mrs Wilkinson's husband Peter was also stabbed six times in the attack at their home in Stourbridge in March.

Mrs Justice Carr told Barley, 24, he had "betrayed their trust in every way" and warned he might never be released.
Barley murdered the pair after a year in which he was given food, friendship and shelter by Mrs Wilkinson, Birmingham Crown Court heard on Tuesday.

Details of Barley's 21 previous convictions were read out in court, including an assault on his former partner.
The judge told Barley she had decided not to impose a whole-life tariff "principally because of your youth".
"You clearly represent a very significant risk of serious harm to members of the public," she said.

Prosecutor Karim Khalil QC said Barley killed Mrs Wilkinson, 50, in her bed and her son in his room before then attacking her 47-year-old husband as he returned home from walking their dog.

Mrs Justice Carr told the court of the "terror" Tracey and Pierce must have felt when Barley attacked them.

"One of them, at least, must have been aware of the stabbing of the other," she added.

The couple's daughter Lydia, 19, was away at Bristol University at the time of the attack.

PHOTO E: Tracey Wilkinson compared to Carole Middleton

However, this book is about Meghan Markle although I do discuss the Aaron Bailey fake news story in detail on my website (www.chrisspivey.org) in one of the installments of my series of articles entitled: **"How the west was won".**

Indeed, in order for you to gain a greater understanding of what I am going to be telling you in this book, you would do well to read Part 1 of the aforementioned articles.

Nevertheless, what you have to understand is everything has to connect in the Satanic world of the ' elites *' AKA Monsters.*

*So with that in mind, I will tell you that there is a high-class jeweler's in America called " **Thomas Markle** ", although the flash-bling-retailer is supposedly nothing at all to do with Meghan's dad or brother, both of who are obviously called Thomas Markle.*

You can see a photo of the Jeweler, Markle in photo F and if you are paying attention you will instantly notice that he is the splitting image of Uncle Gary Goldsmith.

And once you have familiarised yourself with that photo, take a look at photo G which is a comparison of Markle the jeweler and Uncle Gary Goldsmith. However, before you do be aware of the old adage that states everybody in the world has a double.

You see, I say that because it is total, total bollox and if true, one half of the world would look like the other half. Therefore, you won't be surprised to learn that the real odds of us having an exact double is 30 billion to one… Think about that for a minute.

Course, by the same token, the Monster-Minions have to 'doctor' ALL of their photos to stop people cottoning on to the fact that the likes of the Markle family are just actors who play many other roles - a necessary factor in order to keep the secret.

Indeed, you do not need to take my word for that as there is unlimited proof of the fact on my website.

Thomas Markle - Jeweler

PHOTO G: Thomas Markle & Gary Goldsmith comparison

However, there is more... There is always more don't cha know. You see, I am also very suspicious about the bird in photo H.

Her name is allegedly Salice Sanders – a made up name if I ever heard one – *and she is doing a promotion for '* Thomas Markle *', the Jewelers.*

However, Sanders looks far too much like Meghan Markle to be a coincidence in my humble opinion (see photo I).

Indeed you have to remember what I have just said about the thirty billion to one doppelganger chance. On top of that, you have to take into account that Salice Saunders - who is taking part in a lottery on behalf of Thomas Markle Jewellery - looks exactly like Meghan Markle whose father is called Thomas

Markle.

Now what would the odds of that be? I mean you have to bear in mind that I have changed no angles on the photos either - which when you think about it must make the odds fantastical!

But here, have a second opinion (see photo J).

So, straight away – before we have even got to Meghan herself – *there is a huge Elephant in the room.*

And then there is also photo K, which shows a woman looking remarkably like Meghan in appearance serving behind the counter at Thomas Markle Jewellery.

And whilst I am not stating for a fact that the bird in the photo serving behind the counter is Mental Meghan, it certainly looks like her and once again it is just a little too coincidental for my liking.

PHOTO H: Salice Sanders

Despite their faked noses and MM's fake chin they still look increadibly similar to one another.

PHOTO I: Meghan & Salice comparison

PHOTO J: Meghan & Salice comparison

PHOTO K: Meghan lookalike serving customers at T Markle Jewellery

Now, getting back to Meghan's half-brother, Thomas Markle Jr; and I can tell you that his jail mugshot matches the jail mugshot of John Wayne Gacy perfectly... And by " perfectly *" I mean, 100% spot-on perfectly.*

John Wayne Gacy was allegedly a serial killer from the 1970's although all the research that I have done suggests to me that like so many other serial killers from history - Gacy is just a made up persona.

The following is taken from Wikipedia:

John Wayne Gacy Jr. (March 17, 1942 – May 10, 1994) was an American serial killer and rapist. He sexually assaulted, tortured and murdered at least 33 teenage boys and young men between 1972 and 1978 in Cook County, Illinois (a part of metropolitan Chicago).

All of Gacy's known murders were committed inside his Norwood Park ranch house. His victims were typically induced to his address by force or deception, and all but one of his victims were murdered by either asphyxiation or strangulation with a makeshift tourniquet ; his first victim was stabbed to death. Gacy buried 26 of his victims in the crawl space of his home. Three other victims were buried elsewhere on his property, while the bodies of his last four known victims were discarded in the Des Plaines River.

Convicted of 33 murders, Gacy was sentenced to death on March 13, 1980, for 12 of those killings. He spent 14 years on death row before he was executed by lethal injection at Stateville Correctional Center on May 10, 1994.

Gacy became known as the "Killer Clown" because of his charitable services at fund-raising events, parades, and children's parties where he would dress as "Pogo the Clown" or "Patches the Clown", characters he had devised.

Gacy was born in Chicago, Illinois, on March 17, 1942, the only son and second of three children born to John Stanley Gacy (1900–1969), an auto repair machinist and World War I veteran, and his wife Marion Elaine Robinson (1908–1989), a homemaker.

Gacy was of Polish and Danish ancestry. His paternal grandparents (who spelled the family name as "Gatza" or "Gaca") had immigrated to the United States from Poland (then part of Germany). As a child, Gacy was overweight and not athletic. He was close to his two sisters and mother, but endured a difficult relationship with his father, an alcoholic who was physically abusive to his wife and children.

Throughout his childhood, Gacy strove to make his stern father proud of him, but seldom received his approval. This friction was constant throughout his childhood and adolescence. One of Gacy's earliest childhood memories was of his father beating him with a leather belt at the age of four for accidentally disarranging car engine components that his father had assembled.

On another occasion, his father struck him across the head with a broomstick, rendering him unconscious. [His father regularly belittled him and often compared him unfavorably with his sisters, disdainfully accusing him of being "dumb and stupid".

Gacy, while regularly commenting that he was "never good enough"] in his father's eyes, always vehemently denied ever hating his father in interviews after his arrest.

Now look at photos L & M very closely.

PHOTO L: Thomas Markle Jr & John Wayne Gacy comparison

PHOTO M: A second Markle/Gacy comparison

Now obviously what we have here is a Satanic Connection as it would be impossible for Markle Jr to be Gacy... Or at least it would be in theory.

Course, those of you not familiar with my work will no doubt think that it is just a coincidence whereas regular readers of my website, wwwchrisspivey.org will know different.

Indeed, in one of the series of articles that I have written entitled " How The West Was Won *" I prove beyond all doubt that Gacy and the alleged Kennedy assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald's mug-shot also come from the same*

source.

Course, all articles on my website are free to read an as such you have no need to take my word for it.

Now I will say before going any further that of course the above sounds like bollox when taken on its own. Indeed, that is how the Monsters get away with what they do.

However, when you realize just how widespread this practice of theirs is and that everything has to connect with everything else (the bigger picture *), only then will you become aware that the chances of it all being coincidence are zilch.*

Course, since these actors are often following in their mother & father's footsteps (career wise) *it was necessary for me to also compare Thomas Markle Snr (Meghans 'father') with Gacy since –* in theory *– they really could be one and the same, if Markle Jr is the splitting image of his father when he was in his fifties... Understand?*

Of course you do.

Furthermore, to add to these amazing 'coincidences' it is a fact that both Gacey and Markle Snr have the same middle name of Wayne.

PHOTO N: Thomas Wayne Markle in comparison to John Wayne Gacy

And I have to say that to my mind, the pair being one and the same isn't beyond the realms of possibility, especially since their bio's give Gacy a birthdate of March 17th 1942 and Markle a birthdate of July 18th 1944.

Moreover, I would say that Markle Snr could quite well also be the [Satanic] film director, Guillermo del Toro - although Toro is - at least on paper - twenty years younger than Markle Snr.

Wikipedia has the following to say about the ***Mexican*** *film director:*
Guillermo del Toro Gómez (born October 9, 1964) is a Mexican film director, screenwriter, producer, and novelist.
In his filmmaking career, del Toro has alternated between Spanish-language dark fantasy pieces, such as the gothic horror films The Devil's Backbone (2001) and Pan's Labyrinth (2006), and more mainstream American action
films, such as the vampire superhero action film Blade II (2002), the supernatural superhero film Hellboy (2004), its sequel Hellboy II: The Golden Army (2008), and the science fiction monster film Pacific Rim (2013).

His latest film, The Shape of Water (2017), has received critical praise and won the Golden Lion at the Venice Film Festival.

And of course, Thomas Markle Snr was in the film industry (strange then the lack of photos *) and he now lives in... Wait for it, wait for it...* ***Mexico*** *- a fact that most hard-of-thinking people would put down to coincidence.*

The following is from Wikipedia:

Thomas Wayne Markle Sr. (born 1945) is an American retired television lighting director and director of photography.

He received a Chicago / Midwest Emmy Award for work on the television program Made in Chicago in 1975 and was a co-recipient of two Daytime Emmy Awards for work on the television soap opera

General Hospital, in 1982 and 2011.

Markle married student and secretary Roslyn Loveless in 1964; they had met the year before at an on-campus party at the private University of Chicago. They have two children, Samantha (1964) and Thomas Markle Jr. (1966). Markle and Loveless divorced in 1975.

He married Doria Ragland at Paramahansa Yogananda 's Self-Realization Fellowship Temple in Hollywood (Los Angeles) on December 23, 1979 by Brother Bhaktananda. The Markles had a daughter together in 1981, Rachel Meghan Markle (known by her middle name), who later became the Duchess of Sussex. Thomas and Doria Markle's marriage ended in divorce in 1987 or 1988.

Markle won $750,000 in the California State Lottery in 1990, but he ultimately lost the money, and in 2016 filed for bankruptcy over a debt of $30,000. He lives in Rosarito, Mexico.

Nevertheless, you can compare Markle and Toro in photos P & Q

PHOTO P: Thomas Wayne Markle compared to Guillermo del Toro

PHOTO Q: Half face comparison of Toro and Markle.

Now I will repeat that I can fully understand that this information is hard to believe for some of you, and as such, all I will say at the moment is; read on with an open mind and see how you feel by the end of this book, because there is a lot more evidence to come.

Certainly, Toro is very Satanic in his creations (see photo R) and has just won an Oscar for his film 'The Shape Of Water'.

The following segment is taken from an article published in 2018 in Variety Magazine:

Guillermo del Toro won his first Oscar on Sunday night, nabbing the best director trophy for his sci-fi/fantasy/romance picture " The Shape of Water."

"I am an immigrant, like many, many of you, and in the last 25 years, I've been living in a country all of our own," he said, taking the stage following a standing ovation.

"Part of it is here, part of it is Europe, part of it is everywhere, because I think the greatest thing that our industry does is erase the line in the sand," the filmmaker said. "We should continue doing that, when the world tells us to make it deeper."

Del Toro then thanked Fox Searchlight for listening to a "mad pitch" and believing "the movie would be a sure bet."

"I want to thank the people that have come with me all the way," he continued, thanking a long list of contributors…

And could that Oscar possibly have been awarded to Toro for 'services rendered'?

PHOTO R: Toro's Satanic creations

PHOTO S: L-R - Thomas Markle Snr, Grandson Tyler Dooley, Thomas Markle Jr and Markle Snr's eldest Grandson, Thomas Markle the Turd.

Nevertheless, I feel sure that the diehard, " you-talk-bollocks-Spivey *" brigade and the Government-Paid-Trolls will still not be convinced of the Gacy/Markle connection, so let me silence their dumb-fuck attitude once and for all.*

Now to do that you need to first study the Photo S.

Strange photograph don't cha think? Actually, you probably don't because you will doubtlessly have not studied it the way that I have.

Therefore, let me tell you that it is photoshopped to fuck and very strangely off center. In fact the reason that the photo is copyright of the Daily Mail (hence forth known as 'The Chimp' and their shit-rag journalists copy-writers known as either the Monkey-Boyz, the Monkey-Kuntz or the Monkey Nutz *) is because they have*
knocked it up... It is not a real photo.

Now why would they do that if all was above board & legit?

And the answer that you are looking for is " they wouldn't *"… Well done to those of you who answered correctly.*

So now let me show you the give-away, piss-poor workmanship involved in faking that photo.

And to do that you need to look at Photo T which shows the left-hand bottom half of the composite and where it has been photoshopped.
You then need to look at Photo U which shows where it has been photoshopped and finally Photo V which is a close up of the right hand side.

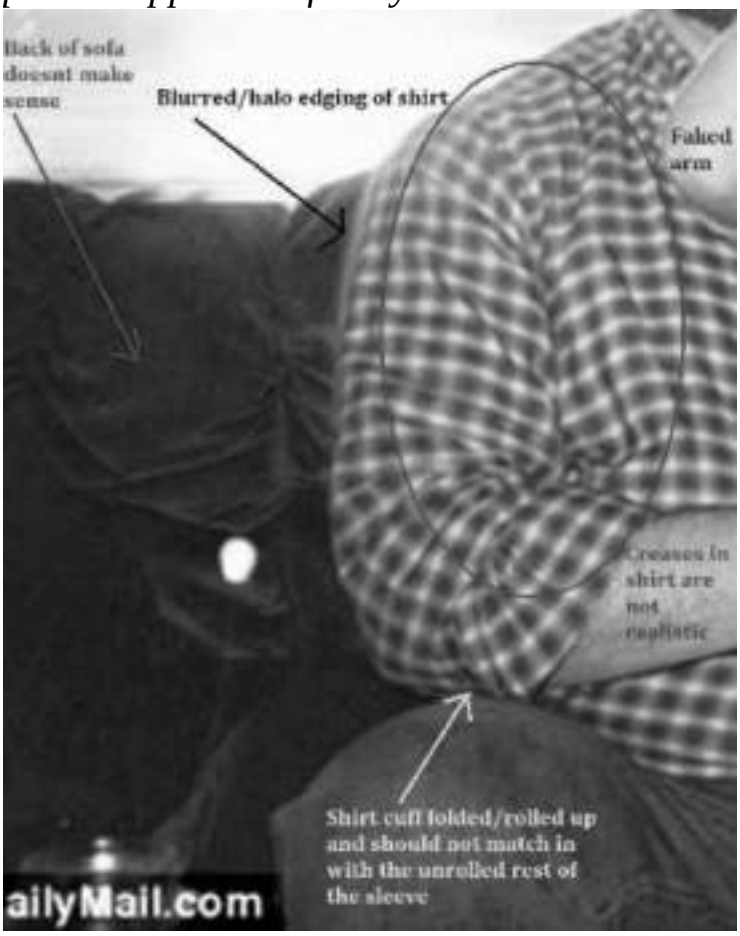

Photo T

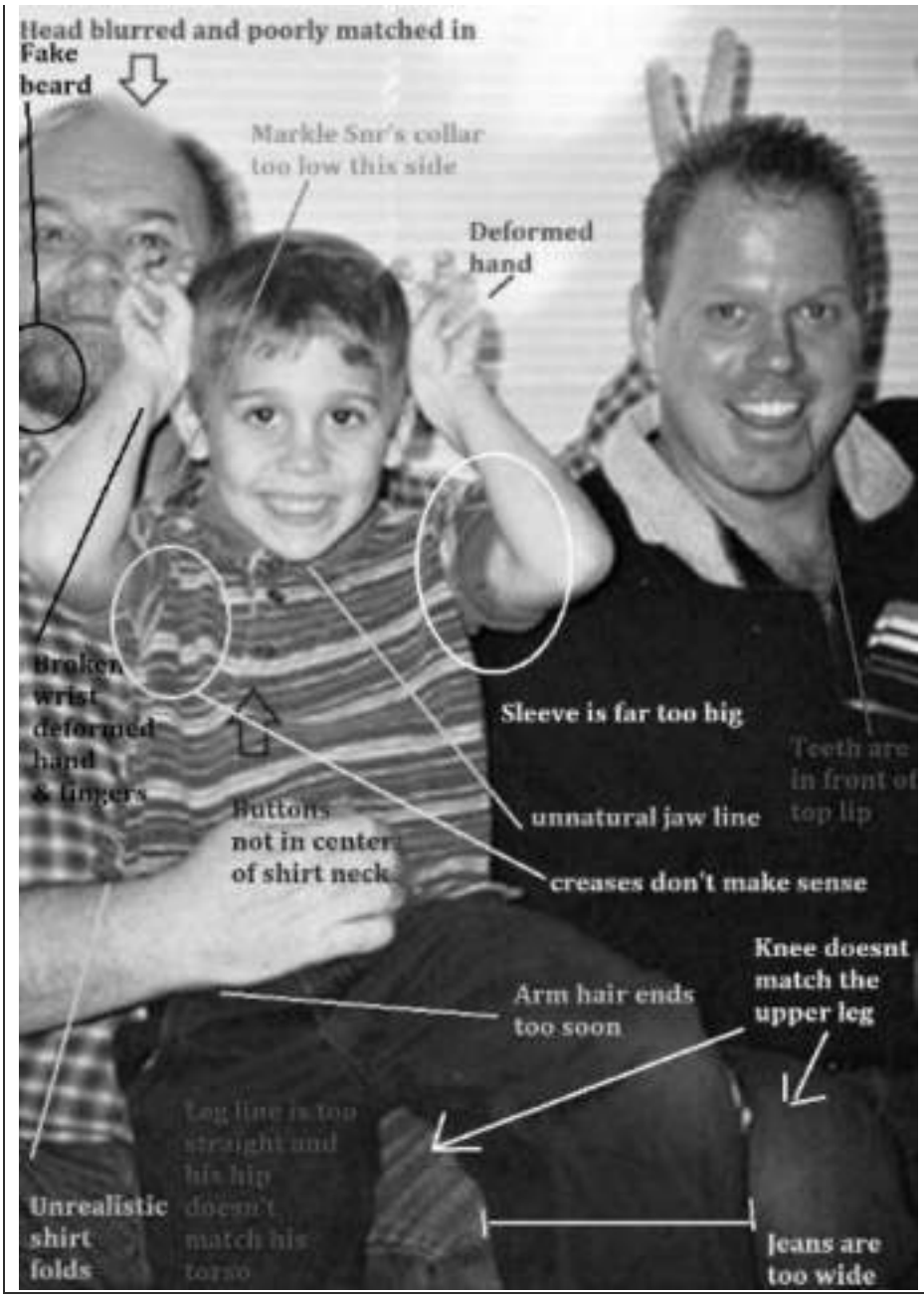
Head blurred and poorly matched in
Fake beard
Markle Snr's collar too low this side
Deformed hand
Broken wrist deformed hand & fingers
Sleeve is far too big
Teeth are in front of top lip
Buttons not in center of shirt neck
unnatural jaw line
creases don't make sense
Knee doesnt match the upper leg
Arm hair ends too soon
Leg line is too straight and his hip doesn't match his torso
Unrealistic shirt folds
Jeans are too wide

Photo U

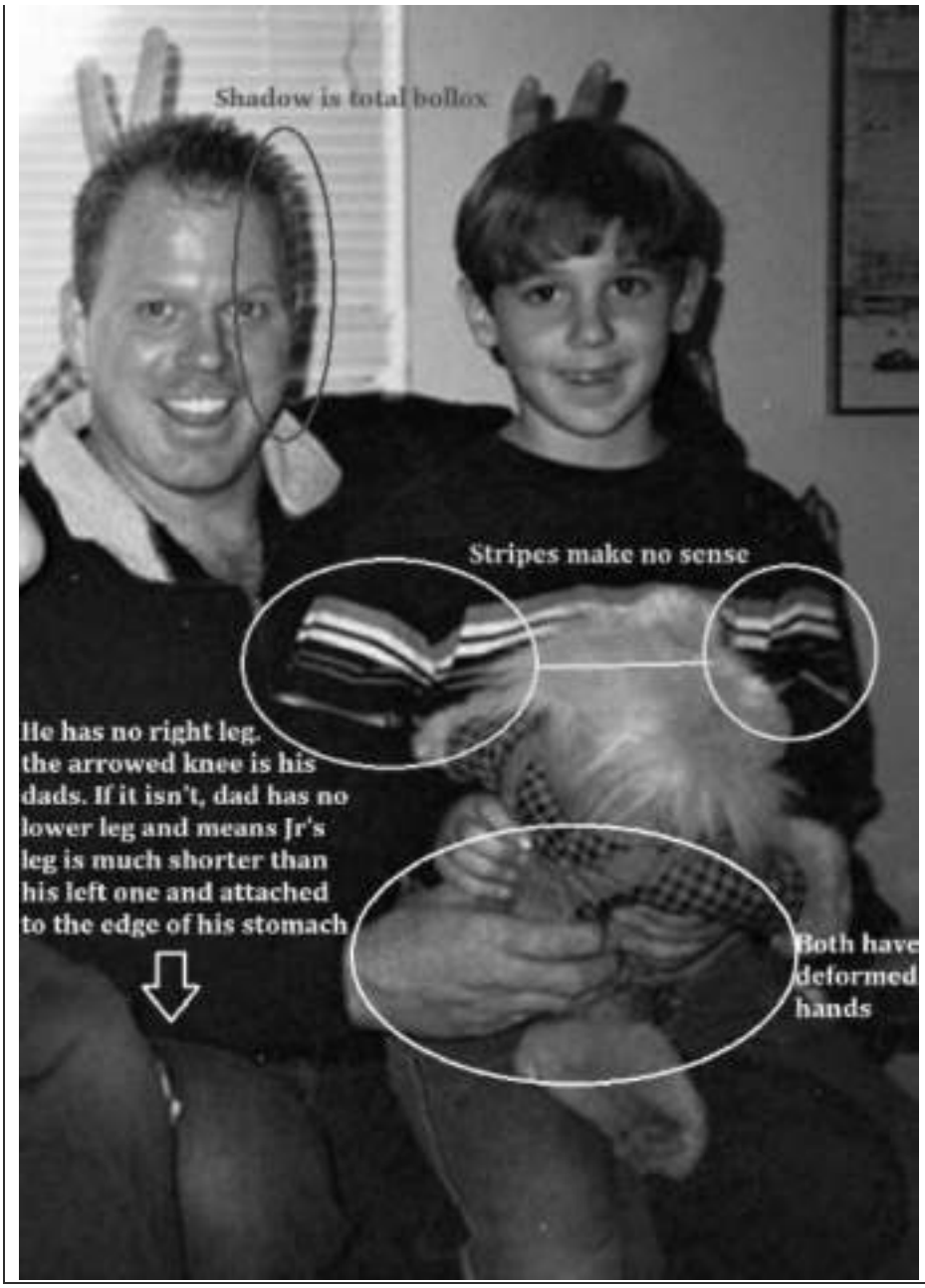
Shadow is total bollox
Stripes make no sense
He has no right leg.
the arrowed knee is his
dads. If it isn't, dad has no
lower leg and means Jr's
leg is much shorter than
his left one and attached
to the edge of his stomach
Both have
deformed
hands

Photo V

PHOTO W: A screenshot of the 'Markle' family

Now you also have to ask yourself why – at his age *- Thomas the Turd has a teddy in the photo... Moreover, you have to ask yourself why Markle Jr also has hold of it.*

And I imagine that you are now thinking that I am being pedantic... Which I certainly am not.

You see, I think that the teddy is either a message of some kind that only the Monsters are privy to or else it is symbolizing something.

Now the reasoning behind my thinking is not just the fact that it is strange that a boy of Thomas' age is carrying around a teddy, but also because he is carrying teddies in every ' childhood *' photo that he is in... And every one of the teddies is different - like in Photo W for example.*

I should also point out that photo W is actually a screenshot that I took from a Chimp article, rather than using the actual photo. I did that because the Chimp caption beneath it is quite telling, especially since the photo comes courtesy of Thomas Markle Jr - Meghan's redneck brother..

You see, for that photo caption to exist it MUST have been Thomas Markle Jr who told the press recipients that his 'sister' Meghan was 11 years old when

the photo was taken... Which would mean that Thomas the Turd-Dooley (who is gay apparently although that is not stated in the article that the screenshot is taken from *) is ONE year old in the photo and Tyler Dooley is at best, a newborn baby.*

After all, it is a well reported fact that Meghan is ten years older than Thomas the Turd and Eleven years older than Tyler. It would therefore appear that Markle Jr hasn't read the script properly.

Markle Jr also appears to have his children mixed up as that surely must be Thomas the Turd on the right (holding the doll *), and not Tyler as stated in the caption.*

And just to clarify the above, Gay Thomas the Turd Burglar observation; the Chimp article does not state that he is gay, but does state:

Eldest son Thomas is a 26-year-old store manager for Domino's Pizza and lives in Mammoth Lakes, California, with his husband Ronnie, 41.

Now it also clearly states in the above report that Thomas the Turd is the eldest of Markle's two boys at twenty-six years of age and his brother, Tyler is twenty-five.

However, as I was writing this exposé another Chimp article appeared on the 29th of December 2017, in which Thomas Markle Jr gives an interview to the Chimp hacks following a controversial statement made about his & his half-sister, Meghan's family,
by Prince Harry.

And once again the same photo as Photo W accompanied the interview/article, which – like last time *– I have taken a screenshot of so as you can see for yourselves the accompanying text (photo X).*

Meghan's relatives have since slammed Harry's claim, saying Meghan had a 'really good' family 'who were always there with her. 'Childhood photos provided by her half-brother Thomas Jr show 11-year-old Meghan with her father Thomas Sr, her nephews, and sister-in-law

PHOTO X: Check out the Chimp's photo caption.

We are family: Thomas Markle Jr said his father will be 'extremely hurt' by Prince Harry's comments. He told DailyMail.com that Meghan Markle had enjoyed spending time at Christmas with her father (left), him (center) and her nephews including Tyler Dooley (right), having become his aunt when she was just 10

PHOTO Y: Check out the Chimp's photo caption.

'My dad really liked Christmas more than anything; that was his favorite holiday. He would put some fake presents under the tree once in a while - just some off the wall gift so you would have no idea why you got it or what it was or what it meant.'

Meghan became an aunt aged five when Samantha became a mother to her niece Ashleigh Hale, now 31, and again aged ten when Thomas Markle Jr had the first of his two children, Tyler, now 26, and Thomas III, now 25, with his now ex-wife Tracey Dooley.

Her nephews became part of her Christmas routine.

Thomas Jr said: 'She [Meghan] had more fun opening presents with my kids than opening up her own presents. She'd probably be the first one under the tree opening up presents.

'My dad was the glue for all that. I would have Christmas at my house with my kids, my dad would have a Christmas at his house, Doria would have a Christmas.

'One way or the other, we all made the rounds and saw each other. When we could, we got together for Christmas dinners. So as far as the family she never had goes, she probably had like four Christmases in one day - it would be a really busy day.'

Thomas Jr, who has not spent the festive season with Meghan for at least 15 years, spent his own Christmas at home in Grants Pass with fiancée Darlene Blount, 37, and her seven-year-old son.

PHOTO Z: Screenshot taken from a Chimp article

Yet despite the text being different on this one to the other one, the writer is still insisting that Meghan is 11 years old in the photo, which as I pointed out last time makes her nephew, Thomas the Turd one year old in the photo and her nephew Tyler a new born baby.

Furthermore, the article also included Photo Y, which once again is a screenshot taken from the article rather than the actual photo itself.

So, Thomas the Turd is definitely Tyler now... Although that isn't actually as blatant a mistake as you would first think - as you will find out shortly.

And keeping with that new article, I have also taken a screenshot of some of the text to show you which you can read in Photo Z.

Read it? Strange or what!
Although not half as strange as the following Chimp article released on the 4th of February 2018. However, before you read it let me remind you that

Meghan is 10 years older than Thomas the Turd (who is sometimes Tyler) and 11 years older than Tyler (who is sometimes Thomas the Turd *).*

Moreover, according to Meghan's brother, Thomas Markle Jr who supplied the photos to the Chimp, his half-sister Meghan was 11 years old at the time which of course would have been impossible if you believe this shite.

We have also read how Meghan's Nephews - The Turd & Tyler - *became part of the Christmas routine in the Markle household... As told by Thomas Markle Jr. And as a last reminder, we also see Tracey Dooley* - mother to the Turd & Tyler an ex-bird of Markle Jr - *in some of the those photos supplied by Thomas Markle Jr...*
Are we all quite, quite clear on that?

We are? Good, then have a read of this old bollox from the Chimp and I have underlined the important bits for you:
Meghan Markle 's wedding is due to be a star-studded affair, with the Obamas, her Suits co-star Patrick J. Adams, and Serena Williams rumoured to be on the guest list.

But two relatives might not be in attendance after Ms Markle's half-brother Tom intervened, saying that he wants to ban his two sons from going.

According to their father, Thomas, 26, and Tyler, 25, haven't seen Ms Markle since they were babies - and he claims they're just trying to cash in on the Markle name.

Tom told the Sunday Mirror : 'Tracy [Thomas and Tyler's mother] and me stopped living as man and wife three months into the marriage because the relationship was such a disaster. She never wanted the Markle name when we were married and now suddenly she acts like she's still part of the family.
'I don't want her to have anything to do with us and the boys shouldn't go along with it. They shouldn't be at the wedding either.

'Both boys were always Dooleys as kids. I got sick of making the name an

issue with Tracy and ultimately she had her way. They're Dooleys. You cannot pick and choose when you're a Markle.'

Tom, who currently lives in a bungalow in Grants Pass, Oregon, with his fiancee Darlene Blount, shares a father with Ms Markle.

He divorced Thomas and Tyler's mother Tracy in 2000.

Tom added: 'It's got to stop. The boys were babies when they met Meghan last and Tracy has never even met Meghan, ever.
'I don't believe Tracy or my sons have the right to call themselves Markles. If this embarrasses Meghan then I am sorry, but Tracy can't go on claiming to be a Markle.'.. *Source: The Daily Mail, 4/2/18*

Now I am a bit kinda speechless!

Nevertheless, I will refer you back to photo W because it puts the icing on the cake in exposing this family as a fraud... That or it takes the right fucking piss.

You see, we now have Markle Jr saying that his sons have not seen Meghan since they were babies yet they clearly are not babies in photo W… A photo provided by the hypocrite himself.

Moreover, there are three things that you need to know about Photo W… Which I hasten to add is a photoshop. And again, why would they need to photoshop if everything was above board?

Nevertheless, those three things are:

Firstly, ' Grandpa Tom Wayne Markle *' is looking very much like the '* Clown, John Wayne Gacy *'.*

Secondly, the two boys are the same person.

Thirdly, the boys are taken from a photo of one of John Wayne Gacy's alleged victims. (see photo A1)

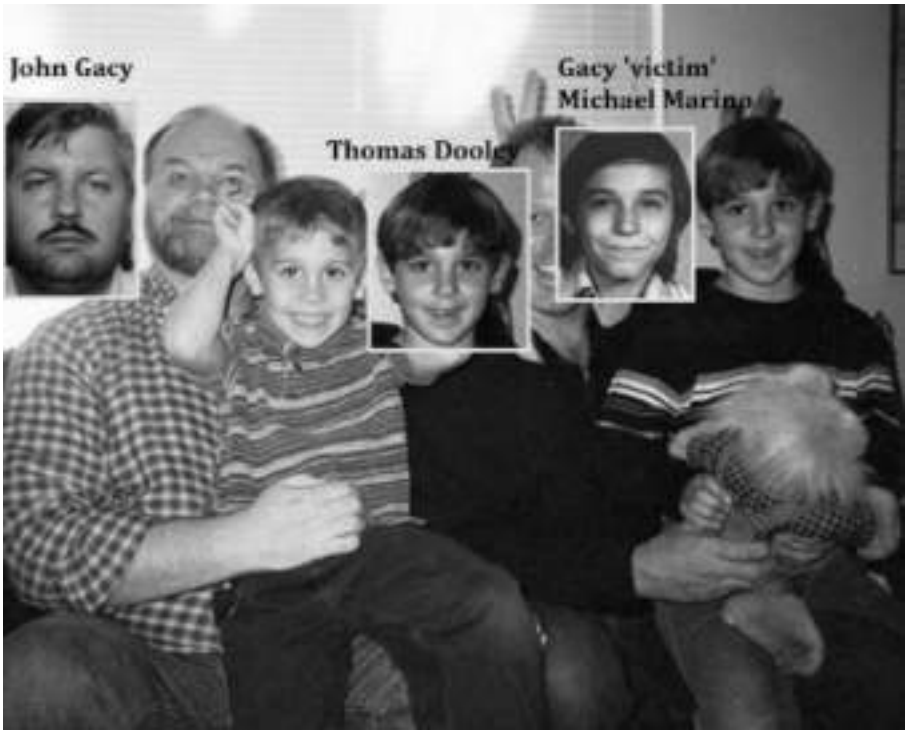

Photo A1

Now there is not a lot more that I can really do to prove to you that Markle Snr is John Wayne Gacy since the younger photos of Markle Snr are ALL very shite quality… Very strange for an award winning Hollywood, lighting director, who is portrayed in the press as being a recluse - at least he is according to the press:

Meghan Markle's dad, Thomas Markle, has yet to meet his future son-in-law.

This is because the retired lighting director lives in a cliff-top house in Rosarito Beach — around a 15-minute drive from the Mexican/US border.

After retiring from Hollywood in 2011, Mr. Markle moved to the stunning resort town in California Bay where his home now overlooks the Pacific Ocean.

Meghan Markle's half-brother and Thomas Markle's son, also called Tom Markle, told the Daily Mail that his father has grown increasingly reclusive since the announcement of the engagement.

"Dad never liked the limelight, but since the news came out about Meghan and Harry he's become a total recluse," Tom Jr said.

"I haven't seen him in years. He hates the attention Meghan's romance has brought on to him. He loves her but hates the idea of being in the spotlight."

Regardless of Mr. Markle's reclusive status in northern Mexico, the father's love for his daughter is obvious. Since he divorced ex-wife and Meghan's mother, Doria Ragland, in 1988 when Meghan was five years old, the father and daughter have retained a close relationship and still speak regularly.

In an Instagram post on Father's Day 2016, Meghan Markle wrote: "Happy Father's Day, daddy. I'm still your buckaroo, and to this day your hugs are still the very best in the whole wide world. *Source: Business Insider, December 5th 2017*

However, that and other reports along the same line totally contradicted themselves when in an effort to portray the Markle family as rednecks, thus proving that the Royal family do marry commoners - which they most certainly don't - *some bright*
spark came up with the idea of a story that saw Thomas Markle accepting a share of £125,000 to pose for photos just before the wedding of Meghan and Harry took place.

Meghan Markle's dad is 'deeply embarrassed' for posing for 'fake' paparazzi photos, his son has said. Thomas Markle, 73, will still be walking his daughter up the aisle as she marries Prince Harry on Saturday, but first he will apologise 'sincerely' to the couple, according to Thomas Jr.

Meghan's half-brother jumped to their father's defence and told the

Mirror: ‘People are quick to judge but they have no idea how much scrutiny we live under. ‘Nobody can understand what it is like opening your curtains in the morning and being watched by these paparazzi to going to bed at night and still seeing them there.’ Mr Markle’s daughter Samantha also said she was to
blame for the ‘staged’ photos because she encouraged him to do put him in a ‘positive’ light. *Source: The Metro, 14th of May 2018*

And that report is just one of many all saying the same thing. Yet would a recluse, with a millionaire daughter, who was at the time marrying into one of the richest families in the world really pose for photos for a share of £125 Grand?

That makes no sense at all, especially since Meghan is meant to adore her father, and could afford to give him much more money than that, just to keeping him from causing her and Harry such embarrassment.

Indeed, would an award winning Hollywood lighting director really be so skint?

Moreover, you have to understand that the whole of the worlds press and other media outlets is ultimately under the control of SIX bloodline families and nothing gets published or broadcast without their say so.

Therefore, had the story not been a fraud to serve a purpose, then the House of Windsor would have had no problem keeping the old bollox under wrap.

Course, predictably - at least it is when you know what is really going on - *Thomas Markle had a [pretend] heart attack days before the wedding and didn’t walk his daughter down the aisle.*

Nevertheless, the press needed to ram home the point that the Markle's are a family of rednecks, and as such, after publicly apologising for embarrassing his ‘daughter’, *Markle then went and did the same thing again:*

Meghan Markle ’s father Thomas was reportedly paid £7,500 for a bombshell interview on Good Morning Britain in which he broke his

silence about missing the royal wedding.

In an extraordinary TV appearance, Thomas Markle apologised for the staged paparazzi photos and revealed details of how Harry asked for permission to marry Meghan.

According to the Daily Mail, he accepted £7,500 for the TV appearance. Kensington Palace officials are believed to have been kept in the dark about the interview until it went live.

The newspaper reported that Good Morning Britain presenter Piers Morgan confirmed that Meghan's father pocketed "a few thousand pounds" but insisted his "ultimate motive was not money." *Source: Evening Standard, 19th of June 2018*

Now interestingly enough, the total prat, Piers Morgan is a fully paid up useful-idiot-tool of the Establishment and there is most likely a hidden meaning to his claim that Markles " ultimate motive was not money ".

And indeed why would it be when £7,500 is pocket money to Meghan and Harry and once again could have easily been kept out of the news had they wanted it to be.

Nevertheless, to further prove that ALL of Meghan's photos from her youth are fakes, take a look at photo A2

Still, returning now to photo A1, in which I claim that Thomas the Turd and Tyler Dooley are the same boy. And if you go to photo A3 you will see exactly what I mean.

Thomas Snr in this photo

And Thomas Snr in this photo...

Are both taken from the same source photo

Photo A2

Both boys have got fake jaws from the top lip down. The bollox shadow supposedly given off from Tom the Turd's head makes him appear to have a wide mop of hair. Both have had their eyes widened and in Tyler's case he appears to have invisible hooks attached to ropes hooked into his bottom eyelids, with invisible imps pulling down. Moreover, Tom has had his top teeth "stained" and bottom ones blanked out. His 'fake' ear has also been turned upside down.

Note the way that the 'fake' glare on their faces matches up. You can also see clearer now how Tyler's eye has been 'badly' widened and Tom the Turd's has been lengthened... As well as being widened. Indeed, such a poor job has been done that his pupil looks to have melted.

PHOTO A3: Thomas & Tyler comparison

As well as the other anomalies that exist in this fake photo, is the coffee table. I mean look at the hight of it on the left side end compared to the right side end!

Photo A4

PHOTO A5: The boys are back to being 'twins' again and Meghan got fat as fuck

Course, that is not to say that two separate boys do not exist. It just means that in this particular hybrid photo, the same boys head has been used to represent both brothers.
Indeed, in an effort to give the Markle more credibility - not to mention more controversy - it was reported in the press just prior to the wedding that Tyler was selling Cannabis - albeit legally:

It is just a few weeks away now and the Markle family must be bursting with excitement as Meghan's marriage to Prince Harry approaches.

But the arrangements are not the first thing on the mind of Meghan's nephew Tyler Dooley – he's more focused on the millions of dollars' worth of marijuana he is helping to grow.

The 25-year-old boasts of his pride at being a 'pioneer' in an industry that is now legal in the United States. *Source: The Daily Mail, 17th April 2018*

Now in regard to my comment “ that is not to say that two separate boys do not exist ”, *if you look at photo A4 in the last photo batch, you will see that the two young fellas are clearly different in looks - although the difference is probably artificially created since Thomas the Turd looks as though he is having a stroke.*
In fact, that is the more likely explanation given the fact that in the photo A5 taken/knocked up immediately after or before photo A4, the boys are back to being identical twins… It’s a miracle!

" Cut the crap Spivey and just fukin' tell em *".*

Okay. Cheeses sliced!... Can't a man even build up a bit of suspense anymore?
Now, if you are paying proper attention you will already have sussed what has been done to the two boy's (boy) faces in the photographs.
However, for the benefit of those who haven't, let me show you and also say:
Up ya fucking game because this is serious shit that is going on here with the Monsters...
They ain't doing it for fun.

Okay, you now need to go to Photo A6 and study the photos closely. And when you have, even the dumbest of you should be able to see how – at least – *some of the boy's face was made into two boys faces.*

But don't worry if you can't, ya blind tinkers because I am going to show you anyway… I don't half look after yous lot.

Now for me to do that you need to look at Photo A7. And in that batch of photos you will see that Tom does in fact now looks a lot more like his ' father *'. However, I do have to say that I believe Tyler has a lot of the former child-actor, Macaulay Culkin in him. (see photo A8)*

Here is Tyler & Tom from picture 1. Note Thomas the Third's nose has had the nostrils extended. The nose is reality to the exact same nose that you see on Tyler's face.

And this is the pair from picture number 2, supposedly taken seconds before or after picture number 1.

Note when you blow up the photo of Tyler you can clearly see where his ear lobe was removed when his face was constructed.

Tyler & Tom as they are in the photo

I am going to take the section outlined in red on Tyler and overlay it on Tom. No angles have been changed.
And as you can see in the photo on your right, Tom already looks more human.

On your left, all i have done is matched the background in.
On the right I have just very quickly matched the face in.

Photo A6 Photo A7

Photo A8

And I can tell you that to join Macaulay Culkin's face with Dooley's, I didn't need to change any angles... Just sayin'.

Course, it would again be easy to pass off the fact that the two half photos join so well as being coincidence, but study the photos carefully. How similar

are they? That certainly is not a coincidence.

But why would the Monsters want to connect Culkin to this charade?
Well, at the risk of becoming boring I will tell you once again that EVERYTHING has to connect to everything for the Satanic-Monster-Majik to work. Now it doesn't matter if you believe that to be bollox or not, or even if you don't believe in Satanic Majik, because the real issue here is that the Monsters totally believe in it.

However, if you are having trouble swallowing that I would once again suggest that you go to my website, www.chrisspivey.org and carefully read Part 1 of my article "How The West Was Won".

You see, in that long article - that will cost you nothing to read - I explain why the Monsters believe that their Satanic Majik works as well as why everything has to connect to everything else for it to work.

Indeed the so called 'elites' have been practicing this Majik for centuries and if you don't partake then you are not in the club.

Nevertheless, to get back on track, check out Photo A9.

Now no angles of the photos have been changed whatsoever and I see no point in touching in Tom's face, being as if you cannot see how the faces have been made up by repeatedly over-laying pieces from two or three source photos (including Macaulay Culkin's) then mate, you just don't want to see it.

And indeed, this fakery carried on with the Dooley boys into their adult photos – well it would have to wouldn't it since they do not really exist (see photo B1).

PHOTO A9: The section of Tyler's face marked in red outline has been overlaid onto Thomas the Turd's face and overlays perfectly.

PHOTO B1: Comparison of the Dooley brothers in adulthood.

So, we now have Meghan's nephews as fakes, as well as Meghan's father and brother... Course, as I say, the Chimp and the other shit-rag purveyors of bull-shite would have known that from the start.

Now, swiftly moving on and we have that third anomaly on photo A1, namely; the Dooley brothers being the John Wayne Gacy victim, Michael Marino (remember that name for later on and check out Photo B2).

Now the Dooley brothers looking exactly like Marino obviously reinforces the Satanic connections that I have already shown you since they couldn't possibly be Marino because if the Gacy story is to be believed then Marino was murdered long before Tom and Tyler were even born - which takes us to Chapter 2

Now at first you would think not. However when you look at the bags under Marino's eyes and then study Tom the Turd's it becomes clear that his eyes have been artificially opened using Marino's bags as guidelines. As for the nose? Well that is just a question of shadows.

Now check out how the hair matches, the ears match and how the mouth connects despite Marino's being closed - as well as the chin shadow.

PHOTO B2: Comparison of Tom the Turd and Michael Marino.

Chapter 2
The President Connection

Now I am a long way done from proving to you that Meghan's father, brother and nephews are nothing more than made up personas. However, the John Wayne Gacy connection needs exploring further because his story connects to former American Presidents, Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan, George H Bush and George W Bush.

So let me start by telling you that Gacy was very well acquainted with former first lady, Rosalyn Carter - the wife of Jimmy Carter:
The following segment is taken from Wikipedia:

Gacy was a staunch supporter of the Democratic Party, eventually becoming a Democrat precinct captain. In this capacity, he met and was photographed with Rosalyn Carter, wife of Democrat president Jimmy Carter. Carter posed for
pictures with Gacy and autographed the photo "To John Gacy. Best Wishes. Rosalyn Carter"...

Anyone else find that a tad too coincidental?

In fact it is the same old bollox as always and very much in the same way that George Bush Snr knew John Hinkley Jr, who attempted to [fake] assassinate, the then US President Ronald Raygun – Bush being Raygun's Vice-President at the time (see photo B4).

The following is taken from www.goodreads.com:

Surprisingly, World Vision crops up again with Ronald Reagan 's attempted assassin, John Hinckley, Jr., whose father, John Warnock Hinckley, Sr., was president of World Vision United States. The gunman's father was also a multi-millionaire Texas oilman and

President and Chairman of the independent oil and gas exploration firm Vanderbilt Energy Corporation. Considering he belonged to such a wealthy and prominent family, it seems rather odd that John Hinckley, Jr. was always portrayed by the media as some kind of vagabond who did nothing but stalk Jodie Foster and read Catcher all day.

What was also rarely if ever reported was that Hinckley Sr. was a major financial contributor to the failed 1980 Presidential campaign of the Vice President, George H. W. Bush, the man who would have become President sooner had Reagan been killed in the assassination attempt.

But the Bush-Hinckley family ties don't end there. Oh no, not by a long shot...

Hinckley's older brother, Scott, had a dinner date scheduled at the home of Neil Bush, the Vice President's son, the day after the assassination attempt on Reagan. A March 31, 1981 news headline by Associated Press confirmed this: Bush Son Had Dinner Plans With Hinckley Brother Before Shooting.

George H.W. Bush's other son, George W. Bush, also admitted to journalists that he may have had dealings with Scott Hinckley who was Vice-President of Vanderbilt Energy, but could not remember either way.

Obviously this is all very circumstantial, but then again...What are the odds that the family of the convicted shooter of the President were intimately tied to the Vice President's family and were also Texas oil tycoons who part-financed the Vice President's unsuccessful presidential campaign against the President?

And why were so few of these facts ever reported by the mainstream media?

Exactly!

And obviously George W Bush later followed in his father's footsteps by becoming the 43rd President of the USA. But here is a thing: George W Bush has been married this long time to wife Laura.

But I'll bet that you have never noticed how alike the former First Ladies, Rosalynn Carter and Laura Bush are, have you?
Am I the only one who finds that suspect?
Well if I am, then shame on you... I mean as suspects go, they don't come much more suspect than Rosalyn Carter. In fact check out photos B6 and B7 for starters

PHOTO B3: Rosalyn Carter meets John Wayne Gacy

The Houston Post

Good morning!

Reagan wounded

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

Press aide clinging to life;
2 law officers also injured

Bush's son was to dine with suspect's brother

Post exclusive

More inside

Reagan's surgery page 24

www.whitehouse.org

Proof the Bush's & Hinkley's were friends

PHOTO B4: A rare newspaper report of the Bush/Hinkley connection.

PHOTO B6: Rosalyn Carter with an unidentified boy who looks very much like Thomas the Turd

PHOTO B7: Comparison between the unidentified boy and Tyler Dooley

How damning is that... Not to mention insidious.

After all, besides the blatantly obvious fraud, the unidentified boy is in a photo taken in the 1970's... Long before Tyler & the Turd were even thought of.

And of course, if you have read my article on the Raygun fake assassination attempt found on my website and entitled ***"Reagan*** *", you will already know that Jeb Bush* – son of George Bush Snr & brother of George W Bush – *provided the face for John Hinkley Jr (* the would be Raygun assassin - see photo B8 *).*
And when you have looked at that photo, you need to ask yourself if all acquaintances are 30 billion to one doppelgangers.

Nevertheless, the following is taken from that article of mine:

Certainly Hinckley didn't shoot him anyway, because it would have been an impossible shot in the first place - even for a fluke:

Hinckley fired a Röhm RG-14.22 long rifle blue steel revolver six times in 1.7 seconds, missing the president with all but one shot. The first bullet hit White House Press Secretary James Brady in the head. The second bullet hit District of Columbia police officer Thomas Delahanty in the back of his neck as he
turned to protect Reagan.

Hinckley now had a clear shot at the president, but the third bullet overshot him and hit the window of a building across the street.

As Special Agent In Charge Jerry Parr quickly pushed Reagan into the limousine, the fourth bullet hit Secret Service agent Timothy McCarthy in the abdomen as he spread his body over Reagan to make himself a target. The fifth bullet hit the bullet-resistant glass of the window on the open side door of the limousine.

The sixth and final bullet ricocheted off the armored side of the limousine and hit the president in his left underarm, grazing a rib and

lodging in his lung causing it to partially collapse, and stopping nearly 1 inch (25mm) from his heart.Parr's prompt reaction saved Reagan from being hit in the head.

Ricocheted off the bullet proof glass indeed!
And as for the bullet that actually hit Reagan, well Fuck me, I don't know how it did since the President was already spread across the backseat with Jerry Parr all over him like a rash and the pair looking to the world as if they were having a dry hump.

Indeed, to add a bit of realism to the old fanny Reagan is quoted as saying that he hadn't realised that he had been shot and thought the pain in his ribs had come from Jerry Parr as he suspiciously looked like he tried to bum him…

It is in fact no wonder that Hinkley spent next to no time in prison for the attempted murder of an American President.

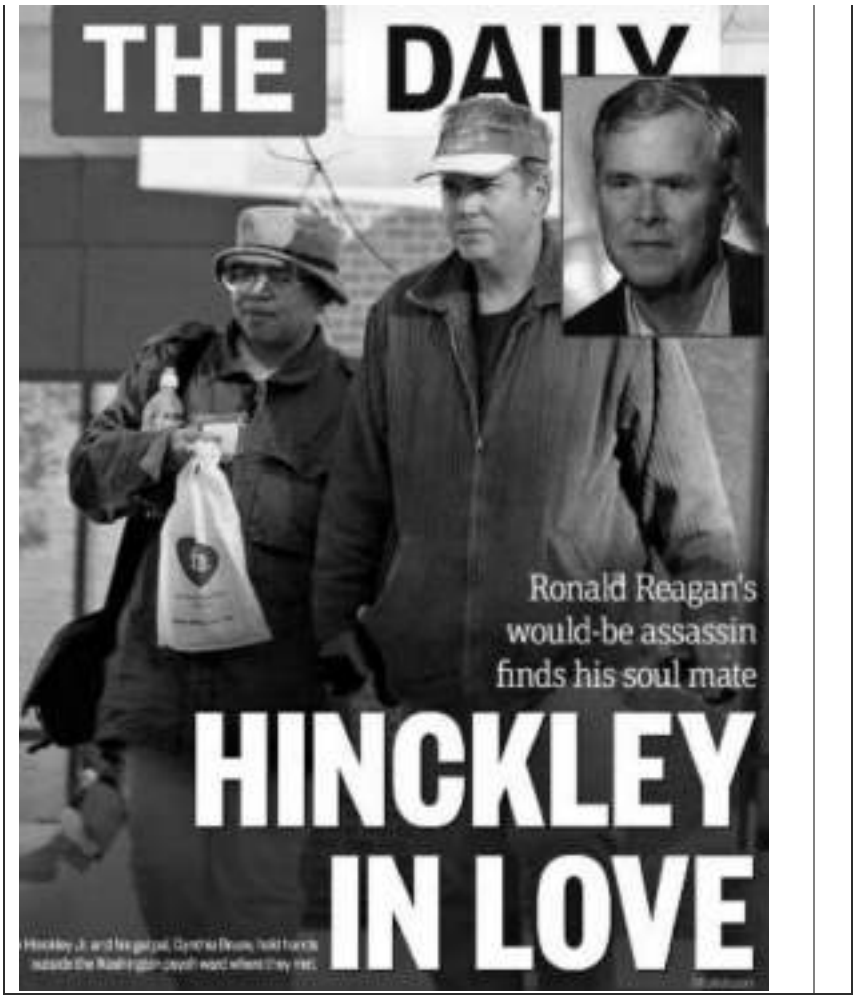

PHOTO B8: John Hinkley with an inset comparison photo of Jeb Bush

PHOTO B9: Olga Sweet of New Canaan presents former President, Jimmy Carter with a portrait that she painted of him, watched by husband, Robert and sons William and

James.

PHOTO C1: Same as B9 but with added inset photos

Swiftly moving on and now you need to have a butchers at photo B9. Study it closely and then look at the next photo C1.

Okay, I have had to allocate the people in the inset photos a number each because of their many ties to each other – mostly Satanic connections I hasten to add - *are so wide spread that to not do so would become really confusing for you.*

Moreover, all these ties lead to other ties with other people, places & events, because at the risk of repeating myself too many times: Everything has to connect to everything in the Satanic lives of the elite.

So, let's start with the 'artist', Olga Sweet ***(numbered B in the photo)*** *… And she is not a particularly good one either in my book. Nevertheless, according to her website - since she doesn't appear to have a Wikipedia page:*

Ms. Sweet's clients include the Duke of Argyll, Nacho Figueras (the celebrated Argentinian polo player and Ralph Lauren model), President Carter, Dr. Frances Fergusson (the President Emerita of Vassar College and former Chair of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University),

Countess Mary Bagsster-Collins, Karl von der Heyden (the former CFO of PepsiCo, RJR Nabisco, and Heinz and former Co-Chair of the American Academy in Berlin), Pierre de Beaumont (the founder of Brookstone), Vassar College, and the Greenwich Polo Club.

Ms. Sweet's oil and graphite portraits have been auctioned at the benefits of UNICEF, the Junior League of New York City, Southampton Hospital, Southampton Animal Shelter, Bay Street Theater (of Sag Harbor), CTREE of the Hamptons (of which Georgina Bloomberg is Honorary Chair), the American Heart Association of the Hamptons, the Hadassah Medical Center (of Israel), the Neil S. Hirsch Family Boys & Girls Club of Palm Beach County (Mr. Hirsch is the owner of the Black Watch Polo Team), the American Heart Association of Palm Beach, the Naples Winter Wine Festival, the American Red Cross (of Greenwich), the YWCA of Greenwich, and other nonprofit organizations.

In recognition of her work, Ms. Sweet is often invited to do the Ceremonial Ball Toss and Presentation of Awards at the Greenwich Polo Club and the Bridgehampton Polo Club.
And as coincidence would have it, one of her paintings that kept coming up whilst I was looking into her was of Prince Harry (see photos C2 & C3).

PHOTO C2: I mean just look at it! It is shite and clearly not finished

PHOTO C3: So I had a bash at it myself

PHOTO C4: Olga holding her painting of Ignacio Figueras

And whilst my attempt to improve the photo of Harry (photo C3) is not a masterpiece, you can't polish a turd and it is still 100% better than Olga's bodge... Especially now that I have fixed the shoulder which she had drawn far too wide.

Now what we have in Photo C4 is Olga holding her painting of ***Ignacio Figueras*** – a model & polo player apparentl *y – who is stood next to her... I thought that I best clarify that fact since the portrait (sketch) is hardly a good likeness.*

Nevertheless, I have a strong feeling that art is not really Olga's thing. You see, I believe that she is Patti Davis (No2 in the Carter photo C1) - the drug-addled, wayward daughter of former US President, Ronald Raygun.

Ronald Wilson Reagan (February 6, 1911 – June 5, 2004) was an American politician and actor who served as the 40th President of the United States from 1981 to 1989. Prior to the presidency, he was a Hollywood actor and trade union leader before serving as the 33rd

Governor of California from 1967 to 1975.

Reagan was raised in a poor family in small towns of northern Illinois. He graduated from Eureka College in 1932 and worked as a sports announcer on several regional radio stations.

After moving to Hollywood in 1937, he became an actor and starred in a few major productions. Reagan was twice elected President of the Screen Actors Guild —the labor union for actors—where he worked to root out Communist influence.

In the 1950s, he moved into television and was a motivational speaker at General Electric factories. Reagan had been a Democrat until 1962, when he became a conservative and switched to the Republican Party. In 1964, Reagan's speech, " A Time for Choosing ", supported Barry Goldwater 's foundering presidential campaign and earned him national attention as a new conservative spokesman.

Building a network of supporters, he was elected Governor of California in 1966. As governor, Reagan raised taxes, turned a state budget deficit to a surplus, challenged the protesters at the University of California, ordered in National Guard troops during a period of protest movements in 1969, and was re-elected in 1970.

He twice ran unsuccessfully for the Republican presidential nomination, in 1968 and 1976. Four years later in 1980, he won the nomination, and then defeated incumbent president Jimmy Carter. At 69 years, 349 days of age at the time of his inauguration, he became the oldest president-elect to take the
oath of office (a distinction now held by Donald Trump, since 2017). Reagan faced former vice president Walter Mondale when he ran for re-election in 1984, and defeated him in a landslide with the largest electoral college victory in American history. *Source: Wikipedia*

And as you have just read, Reagan - sometimes referred to as 'Raygun' by no one except me - followed Jimmy Carter into the White House.

Course, daughter, Patti Reagan/Davis is not an artist – as in a painter – *and indeed she describes herself as being an "* actress *" and "* author *"… Although she was hardly Meryl Streep and when you are born into the Hollywood elite, drawing inspiration from your own life experience is always going to make for an interesting book to*
those saps obsessed with celebrity.

Therefore it is hardly surprising that Davis is best known for being her father's daughter and for stripping off in Playboy Magazine. (see photo C5).

Indeed she could very well have someone's eye out with those nipples if she isn't careful.

Nevertheless, I'm being a tit so best we just go compare Olga Sweet with Patti Nipples Davis.

And once you have had a butchers, I am sure that you will agree that they are pretty spot on.

PHOTO C5: Davis on her Playboy photo shoot.

Sweet
Davis

PHOTO C6: Patti and Olga comparison. The nose may look different but as I say, they have to change the features in photos else they would never get away with it.

DAVIS BLOUT

PHOTO C7: Blout/Davis comparison.

However, before you go forming an opinion, you need to keep an open mind until I have finished telling you who all those people in the Sweet/Carter (photo C1) photo are.

Now, Sweet 'n' Davis are also Darlene Blout – who you will remember is supposedly Thomas Markle Jr's bird... You know, the one that he put a gun to her head. Here, check-out this comparison of Davis & Blout (see photo C7).

Are you taking note of how well all of these overlaid half faces are matching in perfectly. Course, if you think that is just a coincidence and you can do it with all photos of people who look vaguely the same, then please be my guest and try it.

You see, you have to understand that this type of close-lookalike does not randomly continue to occur. I mean, sure everybody knows someone who looks a bit like someone else, but nowhere near to the degree that we see in ANYTHING connected to the Satanic elite.

And I cannot stress enough to you how important that 30 billion to one statistic is. Sadly, most people do not have any idea of how big a number a billion is, because if they did they would be absolutely outraged that when talking in terms of the rich nowadays we are talking in terms of multi-billionaires as opposed to not so long ago
when the words multi-millionaire preceded the person in questions name.

In fact to put a billion into perspective, If you could count continuously in perfect rhythm, one number per second, without breaks for sleeping, eating, and you know LIVING... It would take ***31 years, 251 days, 6 hours, 50 minutes, 46 seconds*** *to count to a billion.*

Therefore, you are looking at 64 years to count to 2 billion if you did so continuously and if you took tea-breaks and sleep-breaks while doing so, even if you were born with £2 billion pound to your name, you would be dead before you could count it to make sure that it was all there.

And as such, the chances of finding someone who looks exactly like you in your life time is practically zilch, yet in the world of monsters, doppelgangers interact with each other on a daily basis! And as you will find out as we go along, that is far from a coincidence.

Now think about that for a moment or two and then look at the next photo batch of Hollyweird lookalikes (Photos C8-C12)

And you cannot tell me that the celebs in those photos looking so alike to other celebs isn't beyond weird.

Photo C8

Photo C9

Photo C10

Photo C11

Photo C12

Nevertheless, I did notice that in an effort to give the Markle's some legitimacy - by portraying them as a family of rednecks - *a story also appeared about Darlene Blout being arrested for beating up Thomas Markle Jr:*

Meghan Markle's future sister-in-law was arrested on New Year's eve in Oregon after an altercation with Thomas Markle, potentially dashing her brother's hopes to attend the royal wedding in May.

An law enforcement source with the Josephine County Jail told DailyMail.com that Tom's fiancée 'Darlene Blount was booked on January 1st. She was charged with fourth degree assault.'

Prince Harry 's soon to be sister-in-law was arrested just before the clock struck midnight on New Year, and was booked around 4:20am, after a boozed-up altercation with Tom.

Before ringing in the New Year on a sour note, Tom spent his Christmas at home in Grants Pass with Blount, 37, and her seven-year-old son.

He has not seen or spoken to his 36-year-old half-sister since 2011 but says he and Meghan are not estranged but lost touch after she moved to Toronto, Canada, to take up a role in Suits.

'She got to the point where she got busier and busier so it was really hard to nail her down,' he explained to DailyMail.com.

'It's not really that we grew apart, it was she was out there [in Toronto] doing her job – it was the biggest deal she got on TV so she had no time.

'But we spent a lot of weekends together with our grandmother [Doris Markle] before she left.'

He is now hoping that the Markle clan will one day be reunited for Christmas and says that while he doesn't expect an invitation to Meghan and Harry's May wedding, it would mean a lot to get one. *Source: The Daily Mail, January the 6th 2018*

And In turn, Sweet-Davis-Blout are also in all probability Tracey Dooley – mother to Tom-Tyler Dooley and Markle Jr's ex-bird (see photos D1 and D2) … Dooley, according to Markle Jr; has never met Meghan despite the photos

(seen earlier in this book) provided by Markle Jr telling a totally different story.

Mind you, you may have noticed that in photo D1, Tracey Dooley appears to have changed heads since she looks totally different to the Tracey Dooley that we saw earlier in the 'family' photos provided to the press by Thomas Markle Jr - in fact kinda like the same way that they replace characters in soap operas with a different actor: (photo D3).

PHOTO D1: Tracey Dooley compared to Darlene Blout

Patti Dunn
Tracey Dooley

PHOTO D2: Tracey Dooley compared to Patti Davis-Reagan

Tracey Dooley with 'sons' Tyler & Turd

PHOTO D3: Tracey Dooley compared to other photos of Tracey Dooley.

*Now as I say, Patti Davis-Reagan wasn't a very good actress but she did feature in a 1981 made-for-tv-movie called " **For Ladies Only** " - a kinda low budget "**Midnight Cowboy** " meets "**Boogie Nights**" production starring Gregory Harrison.*

Now Gregory Harrison also starred in the TV series "Trapper John" - a spin off from M.A.S.H which ran on CBS from September 23, 1979, *to* September 4, 1986 *and in which Patti Davies also briefly appeared.*

Harrison was born in Avalon, California, in 1950, the son of Ed, a ship's captain and poet.

Harrison served for two years in the United States Army during the Vietnam War era as a medic...

So straight away we see that Harrison's father was a high ranking naval captain and Harrison himself also served in the military. This is important information because you discover - time and time again - that so many of these actors taking part in these large scale frauds are connected to the military which in turn is connected to Military intelligence i.e the security services.

He was the title character on the 1977–78 science fiction series Logan's Run, after which he played the role of Levi Zendt on the 1978 NBC miniseries Centennial.

In 1979, after years of being a relatively unknown actor, Harrison finally won the role of surgeon, Dr. George "Gonzo" Gates on Trapper John, M.D., starring opposite Pernell Roberts on the medical drama spun off from M*A*S*H.

Harrison had guest starred on an episode of M*A*S*H the year after Wayne Rogers departed from his role as Trapper John on that series. Harrison remained as Gonzo on Trapper John until the middle of the show's seventh season, when he decided to leave for other ventures.

The series continued for several more episodes without Harrison, but concluded its run at the end of the 1985–86 season. Harrison had been a fan of Roberts' role as the eldest son of the Cartwright family on the series Bonanza (1959-1973). The two remained friends until Roberts' death from pancreatic

cancer on January 24, 2010.

Harrison's later role as stripper John Phillips in the 1981 TV movie For Ladies Only made him a favorite with women and gay men in the 1980s. He spoofed that role in the 1986 miniseries Fresno where his character appeared shirtless at every opportunity. Harrison was a regular in the final season (1989–90) of Falcon Crest, opposite Jane Wyman, who was absent for nearly the remainder of the last season, due to her health problems and unhappiness with the direction her show was going.
Source: Wikipedia

BINGO!

Jane Wyman was of course the first wife of American President Ronald Reagan, who along with his daughter Patti has already played a big part in this story.

Therefore, giving mind to the above connections and photos D4 & D5, it is pretty safe to say that Harrison and Davis know each other very well. Moreover, Gregory Harrison is our number 3 in the Carter photo C1 (reproduced for your convenience as photo D6).

PHOTO D4: Gregory Harrison and Patti Davis

PHOTO D5: Gregory Harrison and Patti Davis

PHOTO D6: Republished copy of photo C1

*Reagan married the actress Jane Wyman on the 26th of January 1940 at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather church in Glendale, California, after they met whilst starring together in the film " **Brother Rat** "... And what a Rat Raygun turned out to be.*

Course, once again we have an example of an Actor playing the role of a President.

Nevertheless, they had two biological chil dren; Maureen born in 1941 who later died in 2001 and Christine born in 1947 - but sadly, she only lived for one day.

The couple then adopted a third child, Michael who was born in 1945.
The Reagans filed for divorce in 1948 after the couple had arguments about Ronnie's political ambitions and the divorce was finalized in 1949.

Wyman, also stated that their break-up was due to a difference in politics since Ronnie was still a Democrat at the time, whilst Wyman was a registered Republican.

Reagan later had the distinction of being the first divorced person to assume the nation's highest office when he became President 32 years later.

However, the couple reportedly continued to be friends until his death, with Wyman voting for Reagan in both of his Presidential campaigns and she is reported as stating upon his death that " America has lost a great president and a great, kind, and gentle man*".*

And according to Wikipedia:

Reagan met actress Nancy Davis (1921–2016) in 1949 after she contacted him in his capacity as president of the Screen Actors Guild. He helped her with issues regarding her name appearing on a Communist blacklist in Hollywood.

She had been mistaken for another Nancy Davis. She described their

meeting by saying, "I don't know if it was exactly love at first sight, but it was pretty close." They were engaged at Chasen's restaurant in Los Angeles and were married on March 4, 1952, at the Little Brown Church in the Valley (North Hollywood, now Studio City) San Fernando Valley.
Actor William Holden served as best man at the ceremony. They had two children: Patti (b. 1952) and Ronald "Ron" Jr. (b. 1958).

Observers described the Reagans' relationship as close, authentic and intimate. During his presidency, they reportedly displayed frequent affection for one another; one press secretary said, "They never took each other for granted. They never stopped courting."

He often called her "Mommy" and she called him "Ronnie." He once wrote to her, "Whatever I treasure and enjoy... all would be without meaning if I didn't have you."

Nancy Reagan died on March 6, 2016 at the age of 94.

Nevertheless, the reason for Harrison's inclusion in the photo D6 is because of the fact that he is associated with Patti Davis and indeed he looks very much like Olga Sweet's husband, Robert (he is 'A. in photo D6 *)... Robot to his friends... Probably.*

However, before I go any further I should also tell you that the Carter photo is fake. I mean just look at Olga Sweet/Patti Davis' hand in Photo D7 for starters!

Deformed hand and the carpet makes no sense at all.

PHOTO D7: Anomalies in the photo

PHOTO D8: Showing the date that the photo was taken.

PHOTO: D9: Olga and Robot Sweet PHOTO

D10: A reversed section of Robert Sweet overlaid onto photo D9

And that isn't to mention the strange carpet in the background along with the weird shape type thing behind Olga's son's left shoulder and the fact that Olga's dress sleeves do not match!

Moreover, as you can see from photo D8, the picture was supposedly ' taken *' on or before the 30th of September 2013 – nearly five years ago, whereas Photo D9 was was taken on the 13th of May 2017 … Or to put it another way, Photo D9 was taken around three and a half years after the Carter photo.*

Yet if you look at Photo D10, you will see that by reversing the carter photo and then taking a section of Robot Sweet out of it and overlaying that section onto the photo of him in the photo D9, it matches in perfectly.

This then is a clear indication that the photos of Olga Sweet and her 'family are all faked, given credence to my claim that she is just a made up persona… I mean, what famous artist doesn't have so much as a wikipedia page?

And that is how these fake people are given lives.

Indeed there are very, very few photos of Olga and her ' husband *' on the interwebb.*

In fact the only other photo that I could find was the one you can see in Photo E1. And you can take that segment of Robot Sweet from the Carter photo and find that lo and behold, it sits perfectly over himself seen in the photo E1.

You can then take a segment of Robot Sweet out of photo E1 and you will see in photo E3 that it fits perfectly over the other photo of Robot.

So, it is now safe to say that " Olga & Robert *" are not a real couple and Jimmy Carter is as bent as the rest of them... And just so as y'know, y'know; no angles were changed on any of those photos other than reversing Robot Sweet from the faked Carter photo.*

Moreover, if you go to Photo E4 you will see that her dress never changed much over the years. Indeed, the two photos were taken at seperate bashes as evidenced by the large plaster on Olga's arm.seen in one but not the other. Course, that is just a trick to fool you into thinking that they were taken on two separate occasions…
But they weren't.

They are indeed faked photos evidenced by the fact that you can take a segment of Olga from the first and it will overlay on the second perfectly (see photo E5).

And what's more, you can do the same with just about every photo of Olga (see photos E6 & E7)... Just like her husbands do.

PHOTO E1: Robot & Olga Sweet at a party
PHOTO E2: The segment of Robot Sweet taken from the Carter photo fits over the photo of Sweet in photo E1 perfectly

PHOTO E3: The segment of Robot taken from photo E1 also fits over this photo perfectly
PHOTO E4: Olga’s photo taken at two separate parties.

PHOTO E5: Olgas photo overlays the other perfectly.

PHOTO E6: All Olga’s photos fit each other.

PHOTO E7: All Olga’s photos fit each other.

That will do for now but let me tell you that I can prove that every single photo of Olga's is a fake.
Therefore, the fact that the photos are all fraud straight away adds credence to what I have already shown you and what I am about to show you in Chapter 3.

Chapter 3
Gregory Harrison

Now you are probably wondering what Gregory Harrison has to do with Meghan Markle… And you would be entitled to do so.

And to answer that question, for me to convince you that Meghan Markle is nothing more than a created persona, you need to be aware of the bigger picture in order to see how everything all fits together.

Therefore, all I ask is that you stay alert and read on with an open mind because I am going to bombard you with proof of the fact.

Now, there can be no doubt that Harrison is the splitting image of Robert Sweet, hence his inclusion in the Carter photo D6. However, you do not need to refer back to that and instead just fast forward to Photo E8.

And immediately you will notice that the pair not only look the same, but they share the exact same ears. Now, our ears are unique to only us, or put another way, no one but our 30 billion to one doppelganger's are the same.

Course, the monster-minions are aware of that fact and as such, they usually alter them on photos where an actor is playing a role. Nevertheless, it seems on this occasion that they neglected to do so, possibly because they never dreamed that someone would make the connection between the pair.

But here is where it gets really good. You see Gregory Harrison also played the role of psycho killer, Ted Bundy (Number 1 in the Carter photo D6 *):*

Theodore Robert Bundy (born Theodore Robert Cowell; November 24,

1946 – January 24, 1989) was an American serial killer, kidnapper, rapist, burglar, thief, and necrophile who assaulted and murdered numerous young women and girls during the 1970s and possibly earlier.

Shortly before his execution and after more than a decade of denials, he confessed to 30 homicides that he committed in seven states between 1974 and 1978. The true victim count will forever be unknown and could be much higher than the number to which Bundy confessed. Source: Wikipedia

And just like the story of John Wayne Gacy, the story of Ted Bundy is fake… Don't believe me? Then take a butchers at Photo E9 and E10.

Indeed, in photo E9 it is very easy to see how Bundy's ears have been changed.

PHOTO E8: Harrison and Sweet comparison.

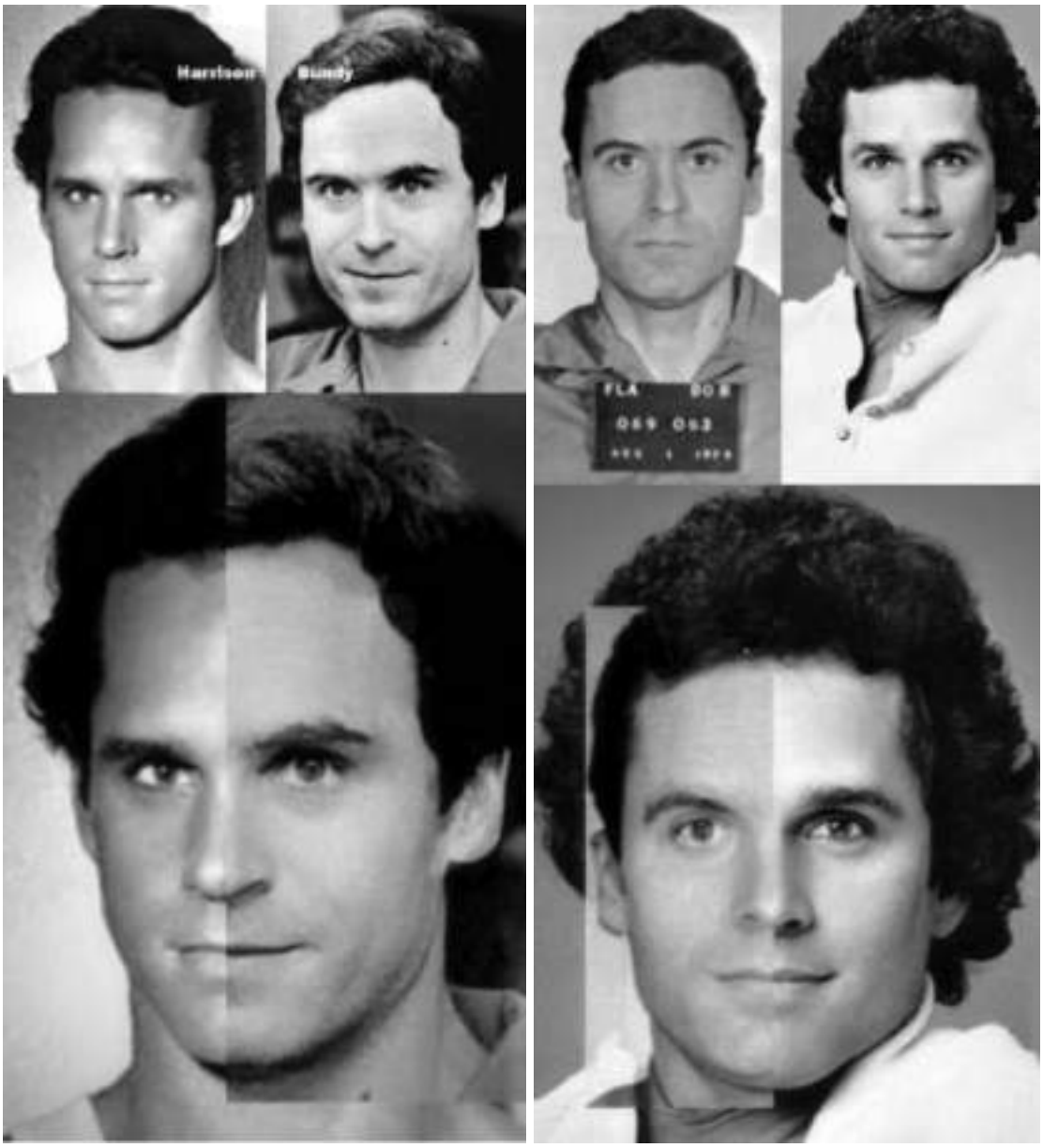

PHOTO E9: Ted Bundy - Gregory Harrison comparison.
PHOTO E10: Ted Bundy - Gregory Harrison comparison.

Yet what with the Harrison/Bundy comparison and Jeb Bush in comparison to John Hinkley Jr it would appear that the Monster-Minions were even more blasé back in the day about being discovered, than they are today!

Mind you, the masses didn't have the interwebb back then although like the fake Raygun assassination attempt; I am surprised that no one has picked up on the Bundy Bollox since.

Yet all of a sudden, the fact that the Markle's are at the very least Satanically connected to John Wayne Gacy doesn't now seem so far-fetched does it? And I am a long way from being done yet.
So moving swiftly on and as most of you know – because I have fucking told you enough – *these fake personas are always played by at least two actors and in the case of really high-profile fictions such as Princess Diana, there can be half a dozen or more playing the role.*

In fact, I suggest that you go to my website (www.chrisspivey.org) and read my article, ‘ ***Night Of The Living Dead*** *’ for the names of the many actors who played Diana.*

Now, I don't know if people were cottoning on to Bundy being played by Harrison back in the day, or whether the Minions were just being cautious in case they did, but the press at the time all ran stories about Bundy's ever-changing appearance (see photo F1).

And I best point out that photo F1 is actually a screenshot because I wanted to keep the newspapers comment rather than just copy & paste it.

Moreover, you will notice that the " many faces *" are all shown in technicrap so some things never change where the press is concerned.*

But nevertheless, some eagle-eyed members of the public have picked up on the fact that in one of his many guises, Bundy looks very much like George W Bush (see photo F2)... Unfortunately, that is all they have picked up on.

You see, at the very least it is another Satanic connection. And I stress that it is a " Satanic connection *", at the very least.*
Still, in order to do the job properly, we also need to see how Bundy shapes up in comparison to Robert Sweet (see photo F3)

The many faces of a monster . . . this was how Ted Bundy altered his appearance over the years he evaded capture.

PHOTO F1: The many changing faces of Ted Bundy

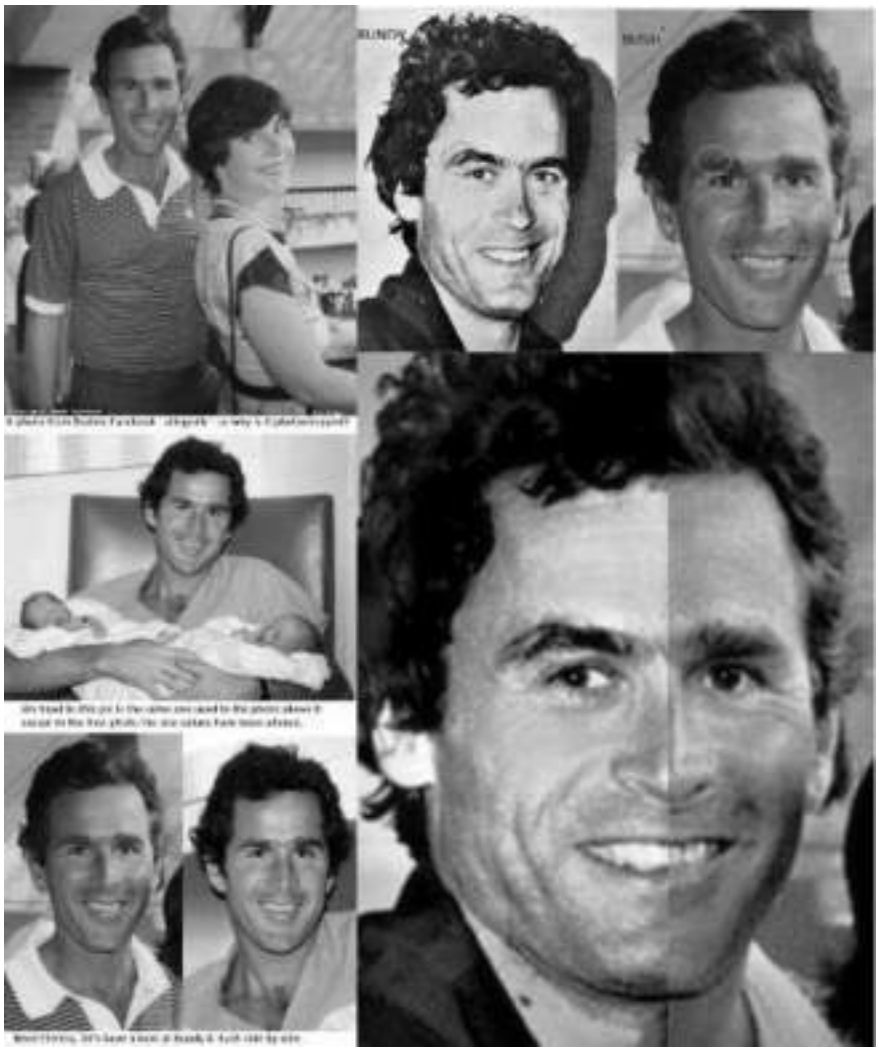

PHOTO F2: Bush/Bundy comparison

PHOTO F3: Bundy/Sweet comparison

PHOTO F4: Republished fake Carter photo

And as you can see, they too match perfectly, although I kind of suspect that many of you readers are not yet convinced.

Now at this point, we once again need to refer to the faked Carter photo D6 which - for your convenience I have again republished in that last photo batch as photo F4.

Okay the fella that you now need to look at in the Carter photo is number 2, the actor, Tom Hollander. And as far as I can make out, Tom is the littlest man in the world... Indeed his surname really ought to be Thumb.

The following is taken from Wikipedia:

Thomas Anthony Hollander (born 25 August 1967)] is an English actor. He began his career in theatre, winning the Ian Charleson Award in 1992 for his performance as Witwoud in The Way of the World at the Lyric Hammersmith Theatre.

He is known for his roles in comedic films such as Pirates of the Caribbean and In the Loop and drama films such as Enigma, Pride & Prejudice, Gosford Park, and Hanna. He played the lead role in the

sitcom Rev., which won the British Academy Television Award for best sitcom in 2011.

He also played the lead in the ITV 's Doctor Thorne and won] the BAFTA Television Award for Best Supporting Actor for his role as Major Lance "Corky" Corkoran in the BBC series The Night Manager...

However, I am sure that you can see where this is heading – at least in part – *but since Tom was born in 1967 he cannot possibly be either Bundy or Harrison... Although a clone is a real possibility.*

And as for the made-up Robert Sweet; well I really can't say because I don't know how old he is since there is little to no information about him on't thinternet.
However, Tom Thumb-Hollander is in all probability just a Satanic connection, albeit an extremely important one.

Shall we go compare?

Of course we fucking shall, take a look at photo F5, which is pretty conclusive if you ask me.
And what about Bundy? How does he compare to Hollander… Extremely well since you ask (see photo F6).

You really couldn't make it up, I am sure you would agree. However, please try overlaying the photos for yourself if you think that I am using some trickery or other...

That is the Monsters game, not mine. And if you don't know how, I give you a tutorial in my article ' ***How The West Was Won ' on my website.***

And as it happens, I also found a Tom Hollander on ' Linkedin *'… You'll like this.*

Now this Tom Hollander is supposedly a Structural Engineer from Iowa in America… A rather shy one at that because his photo was on view for all to display when I first wrote about him on my website.

However, ever since then his Linkedin profile picture has disappeared from the social network site… How very odd, although not a disaster since I had already nicked his profile picture for the piece I wrote on him on my website.

You can find that photo at F7 - study it carefully, because if you do you will see that Tom Hollander is Tom Markle Jr (see photo F8).

What's more, I also found a younger Thomas Hollander living in Iowa who bears an uncanny resemblance to Meghan's mother's bodyguard (see photo F9 and F10).

PHOTO F5: Hollander-Harrison comparison

PHOTO F5: Hollander-Harrison comparison PHOTO F6: Bundy Hollander comparison

PHOTO F7: Tom Hollander from Iowa

PHOTO F8: Tom Hollander/Tom Markle jr comparison

PHOTO F9: THomas Hollander the younger from Iowa

PHOTO F10: Hollander compared to Meghan’s mother’s bodyguard.

Nevertheless, getting back to the actor Tom ' thumb *' Hollander and I can tell you that he is very well socially connected. You see he is very good friends with Camilla Parker Bowles, who is - like Meghan Markle - a member of the Royal Family.*

Indeed, Camilla is married to Prince Charles… At least she is in name. You see, Old Charlie boy is as gay as they come, and has been accused of being a paedophile on many occasions. Indeed, there can be little doubt that neither William or Harry are his biological sons… But I am now going way far off track, so I will leave that there.

*Mind you, most of the [not-so] Royal family are actors and not of the "*elite*" bloodlines. Indeed if I was to theorize I would say that the 'Windsor' bloodline is the weakest of the 12 or 13 bloodline families and is probably on the verge of extinction.*

This would be down to a catch 22 scenario caused by inbreeding. You see, the royal bloodline was so polluted by the turn of the 20th century that their females were continually giving birth to mentally retarded, physically handicapped offspring, inflicted with hereditary medical conditions.

And that is where the catch 22 comes in. You see, forget what the press write about them marrying commoners such as Kate Gold-Digger-Smiff (another created persona *) or Meghan Markle, because as far as I can make out, the true-bloodline-families cannot breed outside of those carrying their own genes.*

Therefore, they have no one to breed with.

Nevertheless, as I say, that is just a theory and the actors such as Little Bald Willie (Rothschild *) & Henry of Ginger (* who is possibly of the Windsor bloodline but not the son of Charles *) keep the Millions of Pounds flowing in.*

And just so as you know, Prince Harry of Pubes-Ginger is most definitely not Jimmy Hewitt's son... That is just another conspiracy theory started by the Monsters themselves and allowed to flourish.

Mind you, Camilla Parker Bowles son, Tom, the ever-smug-looking, coke-snorting FOOD-CRITIC did a stint on " Masterchef *" in 2015 and knows Mary Berry very well... Which he would do wouldn't he given as Mary the CHEF, is played by the same actress as his Mother Camilla is (see photo G2 & G3).*

And also let me tell you that I can do comparisons between Berry and Parker Bowles every day of the week and still get 100% match on them.

PHOTO G1: Tom Thumb-Hollander and Camilla Parker Bowles

PHOTO G2: Mary Berry/Camilla Parker Bowles comparison
PHOTO G3: Mary Berry/Camilla Parker Bowles comparison using facial

recognition software

PHOTO: Berry & Parker-Horseface

PHOTO G4: Tom Parker Bowles and Scary Mary

Indeed, Camilla recently appeared on the Australian version of 'Master Chef':

The Duchess of Cornwall revealed Prince Charles ' favourite foods, during their joint appearance on MasterChef Australia on Wednesday.

Speaking to MasterChef judge Gary Mehigan, Camilla gushed that her husband was a big fan of local cheeses and home grown produce.

'He's a huge cheese fan, anything to do with cheese he'll love,' she said.
Source: The Daily Mail, July 4th 2018

Kinda coincidental don't cha think?

Now, for those of you who don't know who Mary Berry is, the following is taken from Wikipedia:

Mary Rosa Alleyne Hunnings CBE (née Berry; born 24 March 1935), known professionally as Mary Berry, is a British food writer and television presenter. After being encouraged in domestic science classes at school, she studied catering and institutional management at college. She then moved to France at the age of 21 to study at Le Cordon Bleu school, before working in a number of cooking-related jobs.

She has published more than 75 cookery books including her bestselling Baking Bible in 2009. Her first book was The Hamlyn All Colour Cookbook in 1970. She hosted several television series for the BBC and Thames Television.

Berry is an occasional contributor to Woman's Hour and Saturday Kitchen.

She was a judge on the BBC One (originally BBC Two) television programme The Great British Bake Off from its launch in 2010 until 2016…

And as for Tom Parker Bowles, Wikipedia has the following to say:

Thomas Henry Charles Parker Bowles (/boʊlz/ ; born 18 December 1974) is a British food writer and food critic. Parker Bowles is the author of five cookbooks and in 2010 won the Guild of Food Writers 2010 award for his writings on British food.

He is known for his appearances as a judge in numerous television food series and for his reviews of restaurant meals around the UK and overseas for GQ, Esquire, and The Mail on Sunday.

Parker Bowles is the son of Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, and Andrew Parker Bowles. His stepfather and godfather is Charles, Prince of Wales. He has one younger sister, Laura Lopes...

Indeed that food connection, given Mary Berry's likeness to Tom's mother Camilla is a pretty huge Elephant in the room.

However, the Monster Minions cannot help themselves but give us a clues as to what is going on in the world. Indeed it is said by some that they have to do so because they are obliged to let us know what is what - albeit covertly - in order to gain our consent for their misdeeds... Which apparently somehow makes it all alright.

Course, I have no way of knowing if that is true or not but what I do know is

that they most certainly do give us a lot of clues.

Therefore it is no surprise that the Chimp put out an article calling Mary Berry the "The Queen Of cakes" which included the photoshopped image seen at photo G5.

Course on the face of it, the photo is innocent - the Chimp wasn't hiding the fact that the crown is photoshopped onto Berry's head - *until you know all of what I have just told you and then it becomes quite, quite sinister.*

Mind you, the Chimp calling Mary the " Queen of Cakes *" made me titter, although I suppose calling her the much-more-fitting "* Queen of Tarts *" would have been a bit too provocative for some.*

Nevertheless, also in that photo is Mary's son & daughter. And guess what? Her son is also called TOM.

So Camilla has a son Tom who is a food writer and critic and Mary Berry is a top chef who looks just like Camilla and also has a son called Tom… Those coincidence things just keep rolling on don't they? Unless of course you are now coming to realise that everything has to connect with everything in the world of the Satanic elite.

Mind you, it is a good job that TOM Berry looks fuck all like the pint-sized actor, TOM Hollander because if he did it would surely put my case for Satanic Connections beyond doubt wouldn't it?

Oh wait, Tom Berry does look exactly like Tom Hollander (see photo G6)

PHOTO G5: Mary Berry with her ‘family’ wearing a photoshopped crown

PHOTO G6: Hollander/Berry Comparison

Course, Since Tom Berry looks like Tom Thumb-Hollander he should also look like Greg Harrison shouldn't he?

Of course he should. So best we take a gander at how Harrison compares to Tom Berry (see photo G7).

Have ya looked? Fit together perfectly don't they.

And I can tell you that Berry will also fit together perfectly with Ted Bundy and Robert Sweet.

However, I should also point out that Tom Berry is actually, called Tom March... At least he is according to Wikipedia - although fuck knows why when his 'father' is called, 'Paul John March Hunnings'.

Mary Berry supposedly married Paul John March Hunnings in 1966… Although given that Berry is either the same actress who plays Camilla Parker Horseface or they are clones or a 30 billion to one coincidence, the wedding fact is highly suspect.

Neverthel ess, Hunnings reportedly later worked for Harvey's of Bristol and sold antique books although he is now retired. Hunnings and Berry supposedly had three children: Thomas Alleyne March - the Tom in question - who is supposedly a tree surgeon, and a father of three, and Annabel Mary March (married to Charles William
Dan Bosher, a master builder).

Annabel is reported to be a mother of three who went into business with her mother to market salad dressings. However, a second son, named as William John March, died in 1989, in a car accident aged only 19 while a student at Bristol Polytechnic ….
Indeed Bristol Polytechnic is little more than a spy recruitment center for MI5 & MI6.

More telling still is the fact that Tom and William both attended Gordonstoun School - another Spy recruitment center which was also attended by Prince Philip and Prince Charles… The latter being married to Camilla Parker Bowles AKA Mary Berry.

So, surely Tom March-Berry should be a Hunnings too, although surname

anomalies are extremely common when all is not above board.

But to get back on track; and not only is the short-arsed Tom Hollander friends with Camilla Parker Bowles, he is also friends with – drumroll please - *Meghan Markle (see photo G8).*

PHOTO G7: Harrison/ Berry comparison

PHOTO G8: Meghan Markle and Tom Thumb Hollander

Now what you have to understand is that when I say that they are " friends *", I don't mean in the normal sense of the word. I am in fact talking about them being "*friends*" in the illusionary world that most people live in and where nothing is real.*

Indeed the photo of Markle & Hollander is a fake – like most photos that are not ordinary peoples snapshots *– and is only in existence to form another Satanic connection with all of the above.*

I mean you cannot form a friendship with someone who does not exist and Meghan most certainly does not as I will PROVE to you before I am done writing this exposé.

However, Tom Thumb is also illusionary-world-friends *with Emilia Wickstead, the* *aherm, aherm, '*dress designer' to the rich & famous - and who's clients includes amongst others, Kate Golddigger-Smiff... Allegedly.*

Chapter 4
Emilia Wickstead

Now Emilia Wickstead is also one of those with a suspiciously, very short Wikipedia page which looks to have been created in a hurry.

Course, that is because she is just another made up persona played by an actress, specifically created to give Meghan Markle credibility.

Indeed, I have reproduced her whole Wikipedia page - or lack of it - below, with comments by myself as we go along:

Emilia Wickstead (born June 1983) is a New Zealand -born fashion designer based in London, England. In 2014 she won the Red Carpet Designer of the Year Award at the Elle Style Awards, and her clients include Samantha Cameron, and the Duchess of Cambridge...

*Indeed Sam Cam isa member of the Satanic Astor family and I strongly suggest that you read my articles: '**Let's Go Play With The Astors**' and '**Cameron's Closet**' which can both be found on my website, **www.chrisspivey.org.***

Wickstead was born in June 1983, in Auckland, New Zealand to Angela Wickstead, a designer with a boutique in Parnell. At the age of 14 she and her mother moved to Milan, Italy. Wickstead studied fashion design and marketing at Central Saint Martins art school in London and interned in New York at Giorgio Armani and Vogue magazine...

And that is the full extent of her "early life" bio… No mention of her father, in fact very lacking in detail altogether.

At the age of 24, Wickstead's boyfriend gave her £5,000 to start her business. She created a small collection of clothes and held showings for family and friends in her living room, taking orders for made-to-measure items. Her work was featured in Tatler and UK Vogue magazines, and she was able to expand, opening a store in Belgravia, and employing a team of seamstresses. She had her first showing at London Fashion Week in 2012, and holds shows and consultations in New Zealand, New York and Milan.

Wickstead's style has been described as "graceful", "understated elegance" and her choice of colours as "pretty but not saccharine".

In May 2018, Wickstead claimed that the wedding dress of Meghan Markle was "identical" to one of her designs.

And that is her wiki page in its entirety and if you don't find that highly suspect for such a famous dress designer then there is something wrong with you.

However, as I say, Wickstead was created specifically to give Meghan Markle credibility and what better way to do that than to cause controversy at the time of the wedding itself.

The following is taken from a Chimp article published in May 2018:

A British-based designer who claimed Meghan Markle's wedding gown was 'identical' to one of her own creations has had her Twitter account mysteriously suspended.

New Zealander Emilia Wickstead, a favourite of the Duchess of Cambridge, last week commented that the new Duchess of Sussex 's stunning wedding dress was very similar to a £7,000 gown in her own collection - and sparked a backlash on social media.

Meghan's dress was actually created by Givenchy's Clare Wright Keller, costing £200,000, and kept firmly under wraps until the big day.

Ms Wickstead triggered the storm after she reportedly said: 'Her dress is identical to one of our dresses. Apparently a lot of commentators were saying, 'It's an Emilia Wickstead dress.''
She continued: 'Her dress is identical to one of our dresses. Apparently a lot of commentators were saying, "It's an Emilia Wickstead dress.'"

The designer then went on to have a bit of a dig at Meghan's look. She said: 'If you choose a simple design the fit should be perfect. Her wedding dress was quite loose.'
And she didn't approve of the bride's relaxed hair style: 'I was like, 'Hold the wisps [of her hair] back — it's a Royal Wedding for God's sake.'

The comments have seen Wickstead, who has seen her designs worn frequently by the Duchess of Cambridge, chastised by social media users.

@megananomous wrote: '#EmiliaWickstead has a lot of nerve talking rudely about the #DuchessOfSussex's wedding dress! Emilia actually works as a designer for the royal family!! Highly unprofessional!'

@kmcghee617b added: 'Emilia Wickstead is a very successful designer. She has dressed the Duchess of Cambridge on more than one occasion. It's a shame that she has elected this forum to voice her complaints concerning the dress origin. Why wouldn't she have went straight to Givenchy?'

@MeadhbhMcGrath added: 'Deeply unprofessional comments from Emilia Wickstead on Meghan's Givenchy gown! Will Kate Middleton sever ties with one of her favourite designers over this?'

@pookiesmith2424 added: 'Emilia Wickstead May just have lost her Royal customers!'

So what, you say.

Read on, says I... But do take note of how bitchy the Monkey Kuntz allege Wickstead to have been.

Now, the next day, the Chimp followed that article up with this next one:

Designer Emilia Wickstead has backtracked on her claim that Meghan's £200,000 Givenchy gown looked 'identical' to one of her own designs.

In a statement, the New Zealand -born designer said she does 'not think that her wedding dress was a copy of any of our designs', adding that she has the 'greatest respect for Clare Waight Keller'.

Emilia, 34, described the Duchess of Sussex as looking 'absolutely beautiful' on her wedding day and said she has the 'utmost admiration and respect for her'.
It comes after she the designer previously suggested to the Mail that Meghan's wedding gown was 'identical to one of our dresses'.

In the statement shared on Instagram, Emilia said: 'I am extremely saddened by commentary that has appeared in the press and on-line over the past few days.

'Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Sussex looked absolutely beautiful on her wedding day and I have the utmost admiration and respect for her.

Changed her fucking tune a bit but carry on:

'I do not think that her wedding dress was a copy of any of our designs. I have the greatest respect for Clare Waight Keller and the House of Givenchy — a huge source of inspiration to me.'

She added: 'I wish Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Sussex a wonderful, happy and love filled life together.'

Emilia is one of the Duchess of Cambridge's favourite designers, and was worn by Meghan on Anzac Day in April.

HUH??? What the fuck does that mean?

But following the wedding, she remarked on the similarity between Meghan's stunning Givenchy gown and one of her own off-shoulder designs.
She told the Mail: 'Her dress is identical to one of our dresses. Apparently a lot of commentators were saying, “It’s an Emilia Wickstead dress.”’

Emilia added: 'If you choose a simple design the fit should be perfect. Her wedding dress was quite loose."
’

Now, apart from the blatant covert advertising used in the two articles, that was their content in its entirety. And apart from that strangely worded sentence in the latter stages of the second article, there appears to be no connection between Meghan and Wickstead, despite the much repeated claims that the 'dress designer' is a favourite of Kate Gold-Digger-Smiff... Another created persona.

However, we know that not to be true because Tom Thumb-Hollander is a very good friend to them both.

Indeed we have already seen the faked photo of Markle out on the town with Hollander, but he also appears in faked photos with Wickstead (see photo G9).

But what makes me say that they are faked? Well take a look at the next photo along (photo H1).

And indeed you may have noticed that photo H1 and the one where Emelia is posing with Tom look remarkably similar, don't cha think?
And that would be because they are (see photo H2& H3). And Wickstead is no different from all the rest (see photo H4 & H5).

PHOTO G9: Wickstead and Tom Thumb Hollander
PHOTO H1: Wickstead & some old sort

Take the red lined section from here
Are you beginning to see how the
Monster Minions work ?
gettyimages

gettyimages

PHOTO H2: Hollander fake photos
PHOTO H3: Hollander fake photos

PHOTO H4: PHOTO: Six different photos of Wickstead originating from two source photos at the most

PHOTO H5: Check out the teeth

PHOTO H6: Olga’s children are just a repeat of each other with different coloured hair to fool the public.

PHOTO H7: The two Sweet boys

PHOTO H8: The boys photos are a repeat of their photos from the Carter fake.

Okay, getting back to the fake Carter photo (F4) and Number 5 and Letter 'C 'are supposedly Olga Sweet's children and since she does not exist then it follows that neither do her children and as such, 'C' is just a repeat of '5' (see photo H6).

Moreover, if you look at the two 'brothers in photo H7, you will see that they are just a repeat of themselves from the faked Carter photo (see photo H8).

Same photo sources see, despite the apparent difference in the younger fellows appearance. Yet all that involves is turning the black dots in his eyes and making his hair shorter... Piece of piss really.

As for Number 6 in the Carter photo (alleged Gacy victim, Michael Marino *) and Number 8 (* Thomas Markle the Turd *), well we have already seen how alike they are, and with that being the case their likeness to James Sweet (* Letter D *) should come as no surprise to anyone (see photo H9).*

Course, the fact that Marino disappeared in October 1976 when he was 14 years old means that he had around a 35-year head start on James Sweet. Yet that age anomaly crops up time and time again throughout history with these monsters.

However, I am not going to dwell too much on this because I extensively cover the topic in my article " How The West Was Won Part 6 *", which can be found and read for free on my website and I have already shown you earlier on that the Monsters are by and large doppelgangers for someone else.*

And more often than not, they involve criminals. For example John Wilkes Booth who [fake] assassinated President Lincoln and Albert Einstein appear to share the same photo (see photo H10).

Could be a coincidence I suppose… Again.

Wikipedia has this to say about Booth:

John Wilkes Booth (May 10, 1838 – April 26, 1865) was the American actor who assassinated President Abraham Lincoln at Ford's Theatre in Washington, D.C. on April 14, 1865. He was a member of the prominent 19th-century Booth theatrical family from Maryland and a well-known actor in his own right. [1] He was also a Confederate sympathizer, vehement in his denunciation of Lincoln and strongly opposed to the abolition of slavery in the United States. [2]

Booth and a group of co-conspirators originally plotted to kidnap Lincoln but later planned to kill him, Vice President Andrew Johnson, and Secretary of State William H. Seward in a bid to help the Confederacy's cause. [3] Robert E. Lee 's Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered four days earlier, but Booth believed that the American Civil War was not yet over because Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston 's army was still fighting the Union Army.

Only Booth was completely successful in carrying out his part of the plot. He shot Lincoln once in the back of the head, and the President died the next morning. Seward was severely wounded but recovered, and Vice President Johnson was never attacked.

After the assassination, Booth fled on horseback to southern Maryland and, 12 days later, arrived at a farm in rural northern Virginia where he was tracked down. Booth's companion gave himself up, but Booth refused and was shot by Union soldier Boston Corbett after the barn was set ablaze in which he was hiding. Eight other conspirators were tried and convicted, and four were hanged shortly after…

PHOTO H9: James Sweet & Michael Marino comparison

PHOTO H10: John Wilkes Booth and Albert Einstein comparison.

So, Booth was an ACTOR who managed to flee the theatre after shooting Lincoln despite having a broken leg… Hmmm
And on Einstein, the online encyclopedia had this to say:

Albert Einstein (14 March 1879 – 18 April 1955) was a German-born theoretical physicist who developed the theory of relativity, one of the

two pillars of modern physics (alongside quantum mechanics). His work is also known for its influence on the philosophy of science. He is best known to the general public for his mass–energy equivalence formula E = mc 2, which has been dubbed "the world's most famous equation". He received the 1921 Nobel Prize in Physics "for his services to theoretical physics, and especially for his discovery of the law of the photoelectric effect ", a pivotal step in the development of quantum theory.

Near the beginning of his career, Einstein thought that Newtonian mechanics was no longer enough to reconcile the laws of classical mechanics with the laws of the electromagnetic field. This led him to develop his special theory of relativity during his time at the Swiss Patent Office in Bern (1902–1909), Switzerland. However, he realized that the principle of relativity could also be extended to gravitational fields, and he published a paper on general relativity in 1916 with his theory of gravitation. He continued to deal with problems of statistical mechanics and quantum theory, which led to his explanations of particle theory and the motion of molecules. He also investigated the thermal properties of light which laid the foundation of the photon theory of light. In 1917, he applied the general theory of relativity to model the structure of the universe.

He lived in Switzerland between 1895 and 1914, except for one year in Prague, and he received his academic diploma from the Swiss federal polytechnic school (later the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule, ETH) in Zürich in 1900. He taught theoretical physics there between 1912 and 1914 before he left for Berlin. He acquired Swiss citizenship in 1901, which he kept for the rest of his life after being stateless for more than five years. In 1905, he was awarded a PhD by the University of Zurich. The same year, he published four groundbreaking papers during his renowned annus mirabilis (miracle year) which brought him to the notice of the academic world at the age of 26...

However, it becomes increasingly hard to make a case for coincidence when you take into account photo I1 of ***Edgar Allen Poe*** *(* born January 19, 1809 and died October 7, 1849 *).*

In 1835, Poe, then 26 did a ' ***Jerry Lee Lewis'*** *by marrying his 13-year-old cousin* ***Virginia Clemm.*** *They were married for eleven years until her early death… So Poe, like most of the Satanic elite was also a paedophile.*

And you can also add Tesla to that mix (see photo I2) of which, like all the rest, none
of the photo angles have been changed.

PHOTO I1: Einstein, Booth & Poe comparisons.

PHOTO I2: Poe-Tesla comparison
PHOTO I3: Booth-Teslas comparison

Wikipedia has the following to say about Tesla:

Nikola Tesla (10 July 1856 – 7 January 1943) was a Serbian-American inventor, electrical engineer, mechanical engineer, physicist, and futurist who is best known for his contributions to the design of the modern alternating current (AC) electricity supply system.

Born and raised in the Austrian Empire, Tesla received an advanced education in engineering and physics in the 1870s and gained practical experience in the early 1880s working in telephony and at Continental Edison in the new electric power industry. He emigrated to the United States in 1884, where he would become a naturalized citizen. He worked for a short time at the Edison Machine Works in New York City before he struck out on his own. With the help of partners to finance and market his ideas, Tesla set up laboratories and companies in New York to develop a range of electrical and mechanical devices. His alternating current (AC) induction motor and related polyphase

AC patents, licensed by Westinghouse Electric in 1888, earned him a considerable amount of money and became the cornerstone of the polyphase system which that company would eventually market.

Attempting to develop inventions he could patent and market, Tesla conducted a range of experiments with mechanical oscillators/generators, electrical discharge tubes, and early X-ray imaging. He also built a wireless-controlled boat, one of the first ever exhibited. Tesla became well known as an inventor and would demonstrate his achievements to celebrities and wealthy patrons at his lab, and was noted for his showmanship at public lectures.

Throughout the 1890s, Tesla pursued his ideas for wireless lighting and worldwide wireless electric power distribution in his high-voltage, high-frequency power experiments in New York and Colorado Springs. In 1893, he made pronouncements on the possibility of wireless communication with his devices. Tesla tried to put these ideas to practical use in his unfinished Wardenclyffe Tower project, an intercontinental wireless communication and power transmitter, but ran out of funding before he could complete it. [7]

After Wardenclyffe, Tesla went on to try to develop a series of inventions in the 1910s and 1920s with varying degrees of success. Having spent most of his money, he lived in a series of New York hotels, leaving behind unpaid bills.
Tesla died in New York City in January 1943. His work fell into relative obscurity following his death, but in 1960, the General Conference on Weights and Measures named the SI unit of magnetic flux density the tesla in his honor.
There has been a resurgence in popular interest in Tesla since the 1990s...

However, you have to understand that Geometry and facial alignment are also crucial to the workings of the monster-elite. Moreover, ALL of history is a fraud.
Nevertheless, to understand that fully you again need to refer to my articles:

*“ **How The West Was Won Parts 1-6** ’ on my website.*
Now I tell you that because those four famous faces from history are not necessarily just made up personas although I would bet that John Wilkes Booth is.

What it does mean is that their photos have been Satanically manipulated in order that they fit in harmony with each other… Or put another way; they Satanically connect.

Course, if you look at that photo of Tesla that I have used, you may notice that he looks very like Adolf Hitler... Which would be because he is... At least he is in that photo (see photo I4)

PHOTO I4: Hitler and Tesla comparison

PHOTO I5: Jared Polis/ John Key Comparison

Now I can tell you - or bet you if you prefer - that the Tesla & Hitler photos above come from the same source photo... One hundred percent indisputable once you view them together on Zoner Photo-Editor, using varies overlay sections and back-lighting.

Course, Hitler's nose tip has been replaced with a [ridiculous] 'moustache', but there is nothing to stop you investigating the fact that they are one & the same yourselves as I would need to publish a minimum of five different photos to do so and proving it does not warrant the time.

However, as I say, I will bet anyone a minimum £100 that they have the same photo source so if you doubt my claim and you are a lazy fucker with more money than sense, feel free to email me.

So why would Tesla be Hitler - as is Walt Disney (see my articles ‘ ***How The West Was Won*** *’ on my website)? And my answer to that is: Your guess is as good as mine but what was going on back then is still going on today.*

And by way of example, you need look no further than American politician Jared Polis and former New Zealand Prime Mincer, John Key - an alleged,

sexually perverted weirdo.

Jared Schutz Polis (born May 12, 1975) is an American politician, businessman, and philanthropist serving as the U.S. Representative for Colorado's 2nd congressional district since 2009. A Democrat, he is also a former member of the Colorado State Board of Education. He is among the wealthiest members of Congress, with a personal net worth estimated at nearly $400 million.

In June 2017 Polis announced his candidacy for Governor of Colorado in the 2018 election. *Source: Wikipedia*

Sir John Phillip Key (born 9 August 1961) is a New Zealand politician who served as the 38th Prime Minister of New Zealand and Leader of the New Zealand National Party. He was elected leader of the party in November 2006 and appointed Prime Minister in November 2008, resigning from both posts in December 2016.

Born in Auckland before moving to Christchurch when he was a child, Key attended the University of Canterbury and graduated in 1981 with a bachelor of commerce. He began a career in the foreign exchange market in New Zealand before moving overseas to work for Merrill Lynch, in which he became head of global foreign exchange in 1995, a position he would hold for six years. In 1999 he was appointed a member of the Foreign Exchange Committee of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York until leaving in 2001. *Source: Wikipedia*

Surely they have to be clones don't they? Remember that 30 billion to one doppelganger statistic.

Indeed, the Monsters should not be let anywhere near children because the very same excuse that our sick-fuck, psychopath social-workers use to take children from innocent parents i.e a danger of future emotional harm applies exactly to the rich-things.

For instance, let's put the actress Demi Moore under the spotlight.

Chapter 5
Demi Moore & other clones

Demi Moore's story goes that she was born in 1962 although her father - who was a [red flag] airman - supposedly split with Demi's mother before she was born.*
Demi's mother - an alcoholic with a long criminal record, or so the story goes - then married an advertising salesman which meant that the family was constantly on the move... And as such, Demi Moore has no check-able past... That is how easy it is to create a person from thin air.

*There are countless knob-ed celebs whose parents were in the military especially those who were teenagers by the mid 1960's and I will remind you that the 'M' in MI5 & MI6 stands for Military.

So, whilst I can only speculate I would guess that Demi Moore was either born into MK-Ultra captivity or she is a clone.

Project MKUltra, also called the CIA mind control program, is the code name given to a program of experiments on human subjects that were designed and undertaken by the United States Central Intelligence Agency —and which were, at times, illegal. Experiments on humans were intended to identify and develop drugs and procedures to be used in interrogations in order to weaken the individual and force confessions through mind control. The project was organized through the Office of Scientific Intelligence of the CIA and coordinated with the U.S. Army Biological Warfare Laboratories.

The operation was officially sanctioned in 1953, was reduced in scope in

1964, further curtailed in 1967, and officially halted in 1973. [3] The program engaged in many illegal activities, including the use of U.S. and Canadian citizens as its unwitting test subjects, which led to controversy regarding its legitimacy. MKUltra used numerous methods to manipulate people's mental states and alter brain functions, including the surreptitious administration of drugs (especially LSD) and other chemicals, hypnosis, sensory deprivation, isolation, verbal and sexual abuse (including the sexual abuse of children), and other forms of torture.

The scope of Project MKUltra was broad with research undertaken at 80 institutions, including colleges and universities, hospitals, prisons, and pharmaceutical companies. The CIA operated through these institutions using front organizations, although sometimes top officials at these institutions were aware of the CIA's involvement.

Project MKUltra was first brought to public attention in 1975 by the Church Committee of the United States Congress and Gerald Ford 's United States President's Commission on CIA activities within the United States.
Investigative efforts were hampered by the fact that CIA Director Richard Helms ordered all MKUltra files to be destroyed in 1973; the Church Committee and Rockefeller Commission investigations relied on the sworn testimony of direct participants and on the relatively small number of documents that survived Helms's destruction order.

In 1977, a Freedom of Information Act request uncovered a cache of 20,000 documents relating to project MKUltra which led to Senate hearings later that year. Some surviving information regarding MKUltra was declassified in July 2001. *Source: Wikipedia*

However, MK Ultra never stopped, it just went further underground. Moreover, our old friend, former US President George H Bush was the Head of the CIA in the 1970's… Just sayin'

Mind you, according to Kevin Hart, everyone who's anyone - including

himself - has a clone.
Certainly, if Demi Moore is cloned she came from the same factory as the "Friends" actor, Courtney Cox (see photo J1).

PHOTO J1: Various comparisons of Demi More & Courtney Cox.

Now there is officially 2 years difference between the pair (Cox allegedly being born in 1964 *) and Cox, like Moore has a dubious past.*

Indeed, her story goes that her mother & father (who was a " businessman *" whatever that means), separated when Cox was a child. Her mother -* tellingly *- then went on to Marry "***businessman***", Hunter Copeland - the Uncle of Ian Copeland... At least that is according to Wikipedia.*
And here is where you have to wade through the confusing tentacles of who's who. You see whilst most people of 50 and younger will never have heard of Ian Copeland, many of us will know who Stewart Copeland - the drummer of the band 'Police ' - *is.*

Now Stewart's father/Hunter's brother, was ***Miles Copeland.***
*And according to Wikipedia, Miles Copeland was an American musician, "***businessman***", and most importantly a high ranking CIA officer…*

Remember Project MK Ultra?

In fact to quote Wikipedia:

According to Copeland's biographer, there is nothing in Copeland's CIA files to suggest he was ever a "professional musician," but "several relatives and friends have testified to his musical ability.

So he was first and foremost a CIA agent then and Courtney Cox is the [step] 1st cousin of multi-millionaire drummer, Stewart Copeland... Yet to put it that way would have been too easy for Wikipedia.

Now, a lot of you will know that Cox rose to fame in 1984 (apt year *) after being at a Bruce Springsteen concert where she was supposedly chosen at random by the legendary musician, to go up on the stage and dance with with him whilst he sang his big hit "* Dancing In The Dark *". (see photo J2)*

PHOTO J2: Courtney Cox dancing in the dark with Bruce Springsteen

And looking at that photo, Courtney actually appears to have a penis, which would not surprise me and in line with the way that the Monsters like to make mugs of us, would explain her name: Courtney Cox (cocks).

Indeed, many, many of the elite's children and those brought up in the MK Ultra program have been given forced sex changes.
However, Cox's rise to fame is just another fairy-tale and as I told you right at the start, fairy-tales do not happen. I mean what would the odds be of Cox

- randomly by good fortune & being in the right place at the right time - *finding fame when she is so closely related to Drummer, Stewart Copeland who in 1984 was at the height of his*
fame... My point being that there are very, very few knob-ed celebs who come from a normal, Joe-Average background.

Indeed, most come from your Joe 90 type background.
Mind you, they are still using the same formula today as they were in 1984:

The Foo Fighters performed for a crowd of 52,000 at Brisbane 's Suncorp Stadium on Thursday night.
And while fans were thrilled to see the six-piece rock act, there was an unexpected performance that simply stole the show.
Mid-way through the night, the band's front man, Dave Grohl, saw fan Joey McLennon holding a placard in the crowd and signalled for him to come up on stage for a jam.

The Foo Fighters fan and 22-year-old amateur guitarist was more than willing to oblige, rocking out for the sold-out stadium with a performance that has now gone viral. Source: *The Daily Mail January 2018*

Yeah, yeah, whatever.

So let's get back to Demi Moore and it is worth noting that she was a doppelganger for Elizabeth Short AKA ' the Black Dahlia *':*

Elizabeth Short (July 29, 1924 – January 14 or 15, 1947), known posthumously as "the Black Dahlia", was an American woman who was found murdered in the Leimert Park neighborhood of Los Angeles, California. Her case became highly publicized due to the graphic nature of the crime, which entailed her corpse having been mutilated and severed at the waist. *Source: Wikipedia*
In fact Short could have been a prototype for Demi's mother what with her cavorting and marrying servicemen (see photo J3).

And Like Demi's mother, Short was also very well known to the police. (see

photo J4)

Mind you, I personally think that the story is fake, but Short supposedly ended up like you see in Photos J5.

Indeed, knowing what I do about faces and photos, the fact that you can do what I have done in Photo J6 without changing any angles is highly suspect. In fact the next photo along (photo J7), all but proves the point.

PHOTO J3: Newspaper clip about Elizabeth Short.

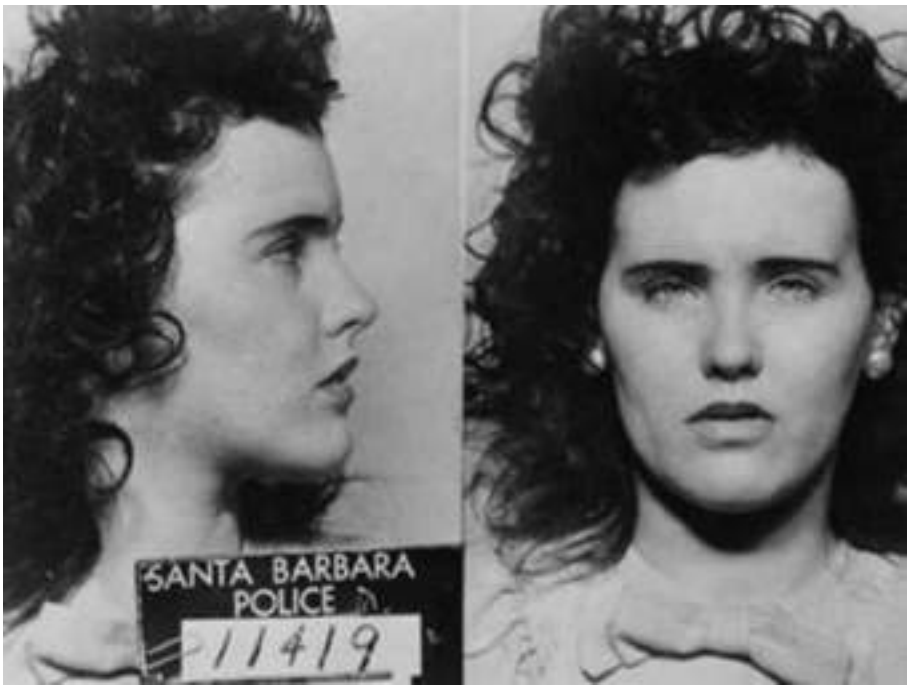

PHOTO J4: Elizabeth Short's mug shot

PHOTO J5: Short's crime scene photos

PHOTO J6: Half face comparison of the dead and the living Black Dahlia

PHOTO J7: Hair anomalies on the living & dead Black Dahlia.

Certainly, the Black Dahlia murder and those connected to Jack the Ripper are at the very least, Satanically connected.

Jack the Ripper is the best-known name for an unidentified serial killer generally believed to have been active in the largely impoverished areas in and around the Whitechapel district of London in 1888. In both the criminal case files and contemporary journalistic accounts, the killer was called the Whitechapel Murderer and Leather Apron.

Attacks ascribed to Jack the Ripper typically involved female prostitutes who lived and worked in the slums of the East End of London whose throats were cut prior to abdominal mutilations.

And there is little doubt that Elizabeth Short is portrayed as having been a prostitute.

The removal of internal organs from at least three of the victims led to proposals that their killer had some anatomical or surgical knowledge. Rumours that the murders were connected intensified in September and October 1888, and letters were received by media outlets and Scotland Yard from a writer or writers purporting to be the murderer. The name "Jack the Ripper" originated in a letter written by someone claiming to be the murderer that was disseminated in the media.

The letter is widely believed to have been a hoax and may have been written by journalists in an attempt to heighten interest in the story and increase their newspapers' circulation.

Just like Journalists today then… Except there are no real Journalists anymore, they are nothing more than copywriters putting their own spin on the script they are given.

The "From Hell" letter received by George Lusk of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee came with half of a preserved human kidney, purportedly taken from one of the victims. The public came increasingly to believe in a single serial killer known as "Jack the Ripper", mainly because of the extraordinarily brutal nature of the murders, and because of media treatment of the events.

Extensive newspaper coverage bestowed widespread and enduring international notoriety on the Ripper, and the legend solidified. A police investigation into a series of eleven brutal killings in Whitechapel up to 1891 was unable to connect all the killings conclusively to the murders of 1888.

Five victims— Mary Ann Nichols, Annie Chapman, Elizabeth Stride, Catherine Eddowes, and Mary Jane Kelly —are known as the "canonical five" and their murders between 31 August and 9 November 1888 are often considered the most likely to be linked. The murders were never solved, and the legends surrounding them became a combination of genuine historical research, folklore, and pseudohistory. The term "ripperology" was coined to describe the study and analysis of the Ripper cases. There are now over one hundred hypotheses about the Ripper's identity, and the murders have inspired many works of fiction.

And here is the thing; Ripper victim, Elizabeth Stride's name is not that far off the Black Dahlia's name, Elizabeth Short.

Moreover, Elizabeth Strides corpse fits the Black Dahlia's perfectly. (see photo J8). Moreover, all of the photos of the Ripper victims are just manipulated images of each other. For instance, Frances Coles and Alice McKenzie.are the same bird (see photo J9)

PHOTO J9: Frances Coles and Alice McKenzie comparison
PHOTO J8: Elizabeth Strides corpse fits the Black Dahlia's perfectly.

And I can do the same with the rest of the victims too.

So, we now have Jack the Ripper's victims all being duplicated - a practice still used by the Monster Minions today. And since that is another case that I have cracked, tell me again why I am not a millionaire?

But all the same, whether the story be true or fake, Elizabeth Short is most definitely a ringer for Demi Moore.

And what's more is that you really want to pay attention here because I am going to show you how the Monster's Satanic Majik really works.
Now in photo K1 are two screenshots that I TOOK, from a video of a youngish Demi Moore giving an interview. However, I wanted one screenshot with her mouth open and another one with her mouth closed so as I could compare her to photos of Courtney Cox.

Therefore, it is important to bear in mind that it was me who decided where to stop the video to take the two random screenshots and indeed that could have been anywhere throughout the course of the video interview.

However, it was shortly after taking the screenshots of Demi that I discovered that she looked exactly like the Black Dahlia and as 'luck' *would have it, the photo that I have used of the living Dahlia in photo J6 looked to be the perfect photo to use as a comparison photo with the second screenshot of Demi, giving that interview.*

And in fact luckier still, all that I had to do in order to make the comparison was reverse the photo of the living Dahlia... I did not have to change the tilt of their heads or fuck all, which is rare enough in itself if the photos are not from the same source - which of course, with Demi's photo being a screenshot of moving film footage, they could not have possibly been.

Now have a look at the results in photo K2. And whilst that is pretty impressive in itself, it does not convey the true picture of that Satanic Majik - no pun intended.
You see, to get the full impact, you have to add backlighting to Demi's colour photo with the B&W half overlay of the Black Dahlia overlaid on top... And when you do, you get what you see in photo K3

PHOTO K1: Screenshots of Demi taken from a moving video. Or put another way: Taken from where I chose to pause the video.

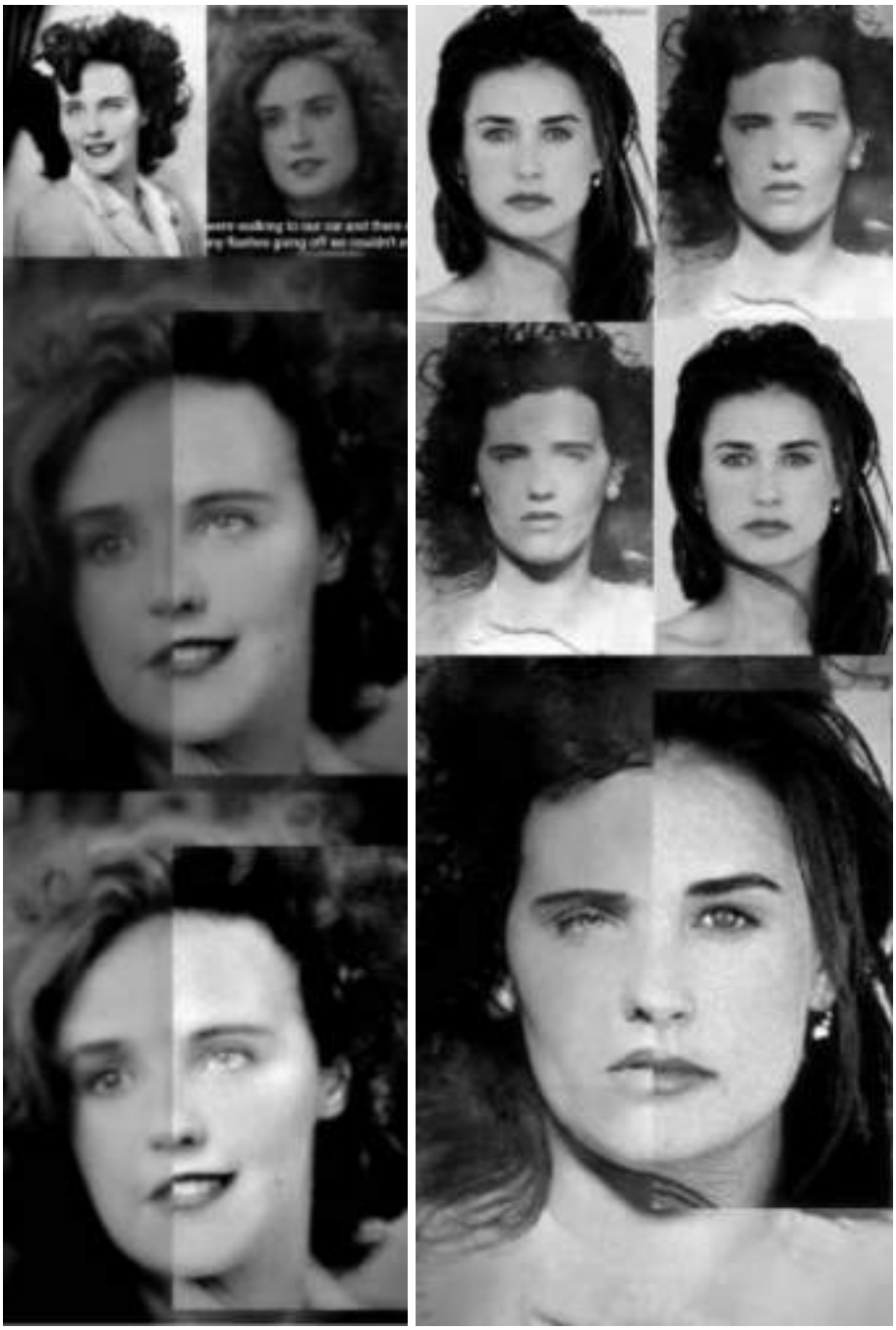

PHOTO K2: Elizabeth Short and Demi Moore comparison
PHOTO K4: Elizabeth Short and Demi Moore comparison

PHOTO K3: Elizabeth Short and Demi Moore comparison with added

backlighting.

Now the overlay is set at 0% transparency and as such the transparency that you can see was already in the Dahlia photo itself - meaning that it has been altered.

But that is irrelevant.

What is relevant is that the photo is spot on with Demi's features, right down to where their nostrils sit... And that really is fucking Majik because the odds of all that being coincidence are incalculable.

*I mean, I was blown away with the Diana CCTV footage, and if you don't know what I am on about then you will have to read my epic " **Night Of The Living Dead** " found on my website, But the Black Dahlia/Demi Moore overlay sent a very real, very slow, chill down my spine.*
Nevertheless, just to silence the cynics and trolls, photo K4 is another Demi Moore & Liz Short comparison - and once again no angles have been changed.

Yet people still put all this shit down to coincidence and trot out the well worn old mantra: " People do look like each other *"... No they fucking don't, you deluded robots!*
Course, some people do look similar to each other but not so much that you cannot tell them apart.

Nevertheless, Demi then went on to marry, Bruce Willis - who is constantly rumoured to be a deeply perverted homosexual.
Willis is obviously part of the Hollywood elite and no one becomes part of that club without selling their soul:

Walter Bruce Willis (born March 19, 1955) is an American actor, producer, and singer. His career began on the Off-Broadway stage and then in television in the 1980s, most notably as David Addison in Moonlighting (1985–1989). He is known for his role of John McClane in the Die Hard film series (1988–2013).
Willis has appeared in over 60 films, including Death Becomes Her (1992), Pulp Fiction (1994), 12 Monkeys (1995), The Fifth Element (1997), Armageddon (1998), The Sixth Sense (1999), Unbreakable (2000), Sin City (2005), Red (2010), Moonrise Kingdom (2012), The Expendables 2 (2012), and Looper (2012).
Source: Wikipedia

And as a consequence of the union between Bruce & Demi, we are told that they had three children. And those three children, allegedly female: ***Rumer*** *(born August 16, 1988),* ***Scout*** *(born July 20, 1991), and* ***Tallulah*** *(born February 3, 1994) are all fuck-ups.*

However, it would appear that all three were beaten with the ugly stick at birth. Nevertheless, Bruce & Demi split in 1998 and after a series of dalliances Demi Moore took up with, Ashton Kutcher - who was and still is 15-years-younger than her.

So now lets play " Who's The Daddy *". Take a look at Photo K5 and K6.*

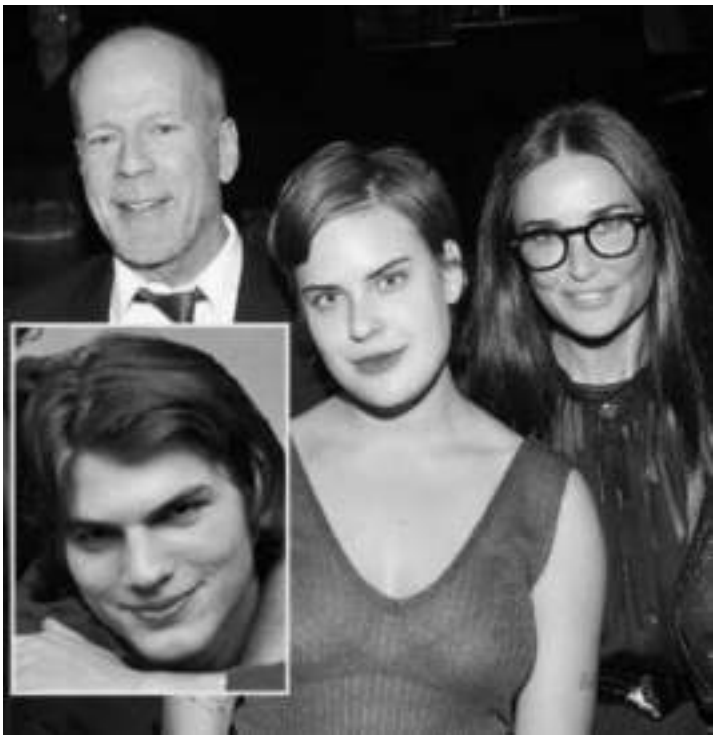

PHOTO K5: Bruce, Demi & daughter Tallulah, with Ashton Kutcher inset

PHOTO K6: Ashton Kutcher & Demi Moore with Tallulah & Katie Perry inset

I added Katie Perry because she is surely a clone of Demi.

Nevertheless, who does Tallulah Willis look like; Bruce or Ashton Kutcher?

Course, if Tallulah was the daughter of Kutcher, that would mean the Demi Moore was shagging him when he was 15 years-old... Just sayin'.

Chapter 6
Victims

Now as I have been saying, a large proportion of these carbon copy people are just made up personas and only exist in photos. And obviously photographs are in the main, ageless in that respect.

However, if they are not just photographs or clones then they are Holograms... Yes Holograms are a reality, such as an Elvis hologram dueting with Celine Dion on the X-Factor.

Course, Elvis was a rumoured paedophile and indeed his life story is nothing like we are led to believe.

Moreover, Celine Dion's husband, René Angélil is reported to have been Elvis Presley, and before you dismiss the idea as nonsense let me tell you that I have checked it out and indeed it could very well be true... Although the hard-of-reading-words *should take note that I am not saying the fact is true.*

Celine Dion did of course duet with the Elvis hologram and that could indeed have been another clue given to us by the monster-minions of what is really going on.

Now, in my article " How The West Was Won Part 1 *" I show you how the stories on the Daily Mail's news-feed always connect from top to bottom in order to form a Satanic connection along with the fact that Google-Image does the same.*

And indeed, whilst researching Meghan Markle for this book it became necessary for me to look at photos of [young] Lisa Marie Presley and when I

clicked on a [Google image] photo of her sat with her dad (Elvis *) and his bird at the time, Linda Thompson, the "* related images *" also came up with a photo of Celine Dion and her husband Rene.*
Yet I ask you, how can a search for "young Lisa Marie Presley *" overtly connect or relate to Celine Dion and her husband?*
Course, if these doppelgangers from history are not clones or holograms then the only other explanation is that they are time travelers... And again, I would urge you to keep an open mind on everything because these Monsters do not religiously bow down to Satan if there is fuck all to be had from it.

After all, the fourth possibility, namely sheer coincidence *just doesn't come into play I'm afraid. Especially so when you take into account the huge number of doppelgangers that there are of current prominent people looking exactly like prominent people from the past... And in particular, those prominent in Nazi Germany and historical Heads of State.*

Nevertheless, to add to the anomalies Thomas the Turd, Michael Marino & James Sweet all look like Ronald Reagan Jr (Number 7 in the faked Carter Photo *) – the son of former US President Ronald Raygun and brother to* ***Patti Davis.*** *(see photos K9 & K10).*

PHOTO K9: Raygun-Sweet comparison

PHOTO K10: Raygun-Sweet half faces joined

And that comparison is pretty darn near the mark and at the very least; a Satanic connection... As you are about to find out shortly.

Moreover, you see the orange tint on the top colour photo of James? Well I can tell you that there is a setting on Zoner photo edit (the photo editor that I use *) called "* lighting *" and what it does is turn black & white photos into colour when you overlay them on a coloured background.*

However, in doing so you tend to get orange patches - EXACTLY like Sweet has on his hair - *on the B&W overlaid section.*

Nevertheless, those orange patches are a piece of piss to match in. Therefore, it is blatantly obvious to me that a B&W photo has been used as an overlay on the original colour photo... Just sayin'

Moreover, just like his sister - Patti Davis - Ronald Reagan Jr is also a deeply flawed character and rumoured to be homosexual. Now to my mind, the Social Services would serve a far better purpose investigating these monsters than stealing the children off vulnerable single mothers.

In fact the evidence is overwhelming that the so called elite abuse their children. Nevertheless, despite the rumours about Reagan Jr's sexuality, he married his wife, Doria Palmieri (who was 7 years older than him) when he was only 22 years old.

The wedding came shortly after his father's inauguration but sadly, Doria died in March 2014 of a progressive neuromuscular disease. *They had no children. Course, what is especially interesting about that fact is that Meghan Markle's mother is also called Doria - a far from common name. And as such, we can add that to the already long list of Satanic connections.*

Moreover and rather interesting is the fact that one of John Wayne Gacy's victims had the surname BUNDY and another was only identified by his first name; GREGORY.

And I am sure that I do not need to remind you that the actor GREGORY Harrison played the part of Ted BUNDY… Coincidence? Or another Satanic connection?

Now, it isn't just Ronald Reagan Jr's looks in relation to the trio of Sweet, Marino & Markle the Turd that implicates him in the fraud.
You see you now need to look at photo L1: I mean ignore the fact that the image is photoshopped to fuck, it is the barber that
you want to be looking at because he looks to me, very much like John Wayne Gacy (see photos L2).

PHOTO L1: Raygun Jr has a haircut as dad Ronnie looks on

PHOTO L2: Gacy and the barber comparison.

Course, Ronald Reagan Jr was born in 1958 which would mean that the photo – if it was genuine – *would have been taken in the mid to late 1960's... Or in other words, before Gacy started his killing spree.*

However, the image isn't genuine because it is most certainly a photoshop

and as such, just another example of the Monsters taking the right fucking piss.

Yet that is not even half of it where Ron-Son-Of-Ron *is concerned... And I am not even talking about the fact that he used to be a professional ballet dancer. You see, Reagan Jr is also the splitting image of Robert Piest – one of John Wayne Gacy's alleged victims. (see photo L3).*

On the afternoon of December 11, 1978, Gacy visited a Des Plaines pharmacy to discuss a potential remodeling deal with the owner of the store, Phil Torf.
While Gacy was within earshot of a 15-year-old part-time employee named Robert Jerome Piest, he mentioned that his firm hired teenage boys at a starting wage of $5 per hour—almost double the pay Piest earned at the pharmacy.

After Gacy left the store, Piest told his mother that "some contractor wants to talk to me about a job". Piest left the store, promising to return shortly. [189] When Piest failed to return, his family filed a missing person report on their son with the Des Plaines police. The owner of the pharmacy named Gacy as
the contractor Piest had most likely left the store to talk with about a job.

Gacy denied talking to Piest when Des Plaines police visited his home the following evening, indicating he had seen two youths working at the pharmacy and that he had asked one of them—whom he believed to be Piest—whether any remodeling materials were present in the rear of the store. He was adamant, however, that he had not offered Piest a job and promised to come to the station later that evening to make a statement confirming this, indicating he was unable to do so at that moment as his uncle had just died. At 3:20 a.m., Gacy, covered in mud, arrived at the police station, claiming he had been
involved in a car accident.

PHOTO L3: Reagan Jr and Robert Piest comparison
PHOTO L4: Reagan Jr and Robert Sweet comparison

Upon returning to the police station later that day, Gacy denied any involvement in the disappearance of Robert Piest and repeated that he had not offered the youth a job. When asked why he had returned to the pharmacy at 8 p.m. on December 11, Gacy claimed he had done so in response to a phone call from Phil Torf informing him he had left his appointment book at the store.

Detectives had already spoken with Torf, who had stated he had placed no such call to Gacy. At the request of detectives, Gacy prepared a written statement that detailed his movements on December 11.
Des Plaines police were convinced Gacy was behind Piest's disappearance and checked Gacy's record, discovering that he had an outstanding battery charge against him in Chicago and had served a prison sentence in Iowa for the sodomy of a 15-year-old boy. *Source: Wikipedia*

Now bizarrely - or not as the case well now may be - Reagan's face photos also join perfectly with those of Robert Sweet.
So, if we are to believe that the comparison between Reagan Jr and Robert Sweet is just a coincidence then we would have to also believe that the two youngest children of the 40th President of the United States (Ron Raygun Jr & Patti Davis *) look exactly the same as the husband & wife (* Robert & Olga Sweet *) seen meeting the 39th President of the United States, Jimmy Carter in the faked photo seen earlier on.... Not to mention everything else that I have shown you.*

And remember, although they fit together like two things that fit together, that could just be for the purposes of a Satanic connection, made possible with a lot of photo manipulation on the part of the monster-minions.

However, as I have already said, half face photos do not just randomly join up so perfectly but if you do not believe me then there is nothing to stop you trying it yourself.

Moreover, I can tell you that Reagan Jr's face also matches with half face photos of both Gregory Harrison and Ted Bundy.

However, it gets better. Here have a gander at this next batch of photos (photo batch L5) starting with President Carter, his wife and his three sons... And take note of those that I have arrowed because it is obvious that the James Sweet that we see in the well referenced faked Carter photo is actually made up from one of Carter's sons.

Also take note that the Carter son in question is to the far right of the photo as is James Sweet.

PHOTO L5: Sweet overlaid on one of Carter's sons

PHOTO L6: A screenshot of the Twitter profile of a fella called Michael Marino

Indeed, it just gets harder and harder for the paedo-trolls to pour scorn on it let alone debunk it... Short-arsed, no-nothing, creepy-crawley, sewer-dwelling, kiddie-fiddlers, that they are.

Mind you, I am glad that I now know what those strange lines behind James Sweet's shoulder are now because it is little things like that which keep me awake at night.
Okay, now, let's once again play " What's-In-A-Name *" by taking a pee at photo L6... Which is actually a screenshot, but let's not split whatsits.*

And of course you will recall that Michael Marino is also the name of the Gacy victim that has cropped up time and again in this report... Although as it happens, it turns out that Moreno isn't a Gacy victim after all:

A mother from Chicago has been waiting nearly 40 years for answers about her son.

Michael Marino is listed as one of the 33 victims of John Wayne Gacy, but his mother, Sherry Marino, always had her doubts.

She had his body exhumed for DNA tests.

The DNA test came back and showed the body is not that of her son Michael, which means there may be another unidentified Gacy victim.

Michael was 14 when he disappeared in October of 1976.

His mom always doubted he was in Gacy's crawlspace, or buried underneath the tombstone bearing her son's name.

However there was a possibility that Marino's body had been switched with another Gacy victim, Kenneth Parker, who was a friend of Michael's.

Attorney Steve Becker wants the Cook County Sheriff's Department to respond. They will enter Michael's name in a missing person's database, and will contact Sheriff Dart to let him know that after 40 years, there may be another unidentified victim of John Wayne Gacy. *Source: wgntv.com*

But that is what they do you see? The Minions are constantly keeping these high-profile serial killers in the news with stories that are mostly very far fetched – for example the story of how the Yorkshire ripper and Soham child-killer Ian Huntley play chess together in prison.

In fact one of those high-profile prisoners that the press like to keep in the news is the recently deceased, Charles Manson, although when you see some of the later-in-life photos of the midget hippie guru looking tanned and hair transplanted it becomes obvious that he hasn't been in prison at all.

Moreover, Manson's face - like Gacy & Bundy's – was used for other people and in Charlie's case one of those people was death-row prisoner Randy Kraft.

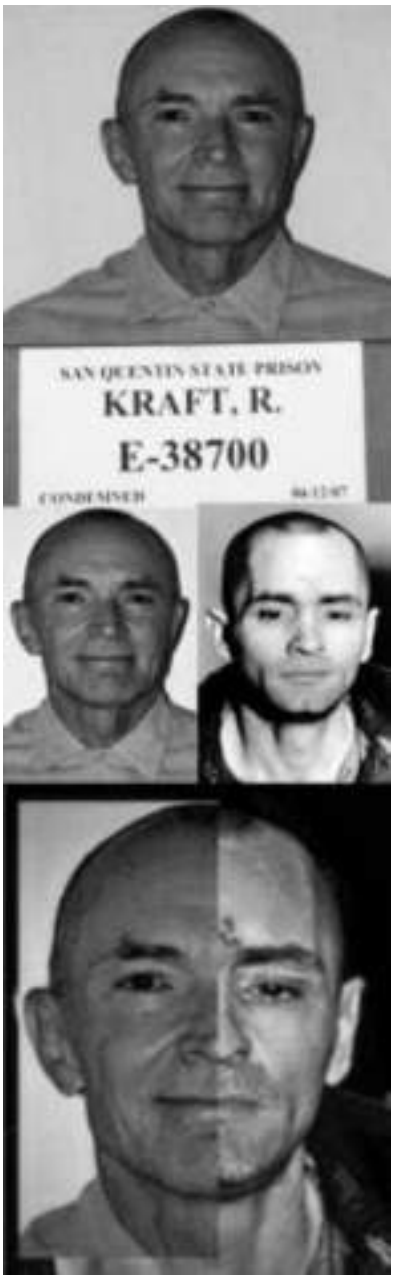

PHOTO L7: Kraft/Manson comparison

For nearly 30 years Randy Kraft has sat on California's death row attempting to clear his name. A gay man given the nicknames "the Scorecard Killer" and "the Freeway Killer," Kraft has been described as one of the "deadliest and most depraved serial killers" in the state's history.

In May 1989 a jury convicted him of killing 16 men over the course of 11 years in southern California and, that November, recommended the

death penalty.
Prosecutors had also tied him to the deaths of eight additional men in Oregon and Michigan.

In the summer of 2000, with Kraft's appeals of his verdict in state court exhausted, the California Supreme Court upheld his conviction and death sentence. Kraft then turned to the federal courts to seek a new trial of his case.
He has been mired in the federal appeals system ever since, and on numerous occasions, he has petitioned to have a new federal public defender assigned to represent him.

To this day Kraft has never confessed to the murders he was found guilty of committing. And other than an interview with a Los Angeles Times reporter six months after his arrest in 1983, Kraft has not spoken publicly about his case other than through copious court filings over the years.

During his jury trial, Kraft did not testify on his behalf. After the trial court judge refused to grant his request to testify about only one of the murder charges he was facing, he opted, based on the advice of his attorneys, not to take the stand to defend himself.

Kraft, 71, contacted the The Pride Los Angeles last fall about his desire to publicly discuss his case before he dies.

"This has been bottled up so long," a graying Kraft, dressed in dark blue pants and a light blue shirt, said during an interview in March over a lunch of a microwaved southern fried chicken sandwich and a cheese and bean burrito.
"I am getting older. I am going to die here. And I am frustrated my attorneys aren't saying these things. If I don't say something it will never be said." *Source thepridela.com*

So, either Kraft is another coincidental thirty billion to one doppelganger for Charles Manson, or the story is as fake as Mansons is. Indeed I suggest that you do a bit of research on Manson but stay away from the Mainstream

Media to do so.
Nevertheless, I really am now straying off topic so let's get back to that fella called Michael Marino. Did you clock who he looks like? (see photo L8)

Check out their teeth similarity and be aware that the Reagan photo is photoshopped to fuck. That photoshopping is made obvious by the fact that the centre line of his nose does not line up with the line between his two front teeth.

PHOTO L8: Michael Moreno/ Ronald Reagan Jr comparison
PHOTO L9: Gacy gets visited by his dead victim Darrell Sampson

And as I pointed out earlier; like all serial killers that get an overkill of

articles in the press (because they are all fake *), their victims are a mix & match of each other as well as photoshops of famous people all presented in photos taken in Techni-Shite Deluxe...*
And Bundy's & Gacy's are no exception.

I mean some of Gacy's victims even went to visit him on death row after he had already killed them, for fucks sake. (see Photo L9)

That victim was called Darrell Sampson and according to Wikipedia:

The majority of Gacy's murders were committed between 1976 and 1978, which he later referred to as his "cruising years" now that he had his house to himself. One month after his divorce was finalized, Gacy abducted and murdered an 18-year-old youth named Darrell Sampson. Sampson was last seen alive in Chicago on April 6, 1976.

Five weeks later, on the afternoon of May 14, a 15-year-old named Randall Reffett disappeared while walking home from Senn High School ; the youth was gagged with a cloth, causing him to die of asphyxiation. Hours after Reffett had been abducted, a 14-year-old named Samuel Stapleton vanished as he walked to his home from his sister's apartment.

Sampson was found buried beneath Gacy's dining room floor. Godzik was buried in the crawl space. *Source: Wikipedia*

Or so the official version goes. And as for the victims being repeated? Well take a look at photo M1.

PHOTO M1: Greg Godzik/Robert Piest comparison… Proof that the murder 'victims' are repeated

PHOTO M2: Greg Godzik/ Greg Harrison comparison.

And of course you can cross-reference the victims because Gacy victim, ***GREG*** *Godzik is the Ted Bundy actor* ***GREG*** *Harrison. (see photo M2).*

The following information about Greg Godzik is taken from Wikipedia:

In December 1976, another PDM employee, 17-year-old Gregory Godzik, disappeared: he was last seen by his girlfriend outside her house having driven her home following a date.

Godzik had worked for PDM for only three weeks before he disappeared. In the time he had worked for Gacy, he had informed his family Gacy had had him "dig trenches for some kind of (drain) tiles" in his crawl space.

Godzik's car was later found abandoned in Niles. His parents and older

sister, Eugenia, contacted Gacy about Greg's disappearance. Gacy claimed to the family that Greg had run away from home, having indicated to Gacy before his disappearance that he wished to do so.

Gacy also claimed to have received a recorded answering machine message from Godzik shortly after the youth had disappeared. When asked if he could play back the message to Godzik's parents, Gacy stated that he had erased it.

Moreover, when you look at Ted Bundy's victims you quickly realise that they are constructs in the same way that Gacy's victims are.

For example if you look at Bundy's victim, Lynda Healy you quickly realise that she is Ronald Raygun's daughter, Patti Davis. (see photo M3)

Indeed, it is also worth mentioning that Healy is also the original surname of Kate McCann… Mother to Madeleine McCann and as such, another example of Satanic connecting.

PHOTO M4: Gacy and his Attorney

PHOTO M3: Davis/ Healy comparison 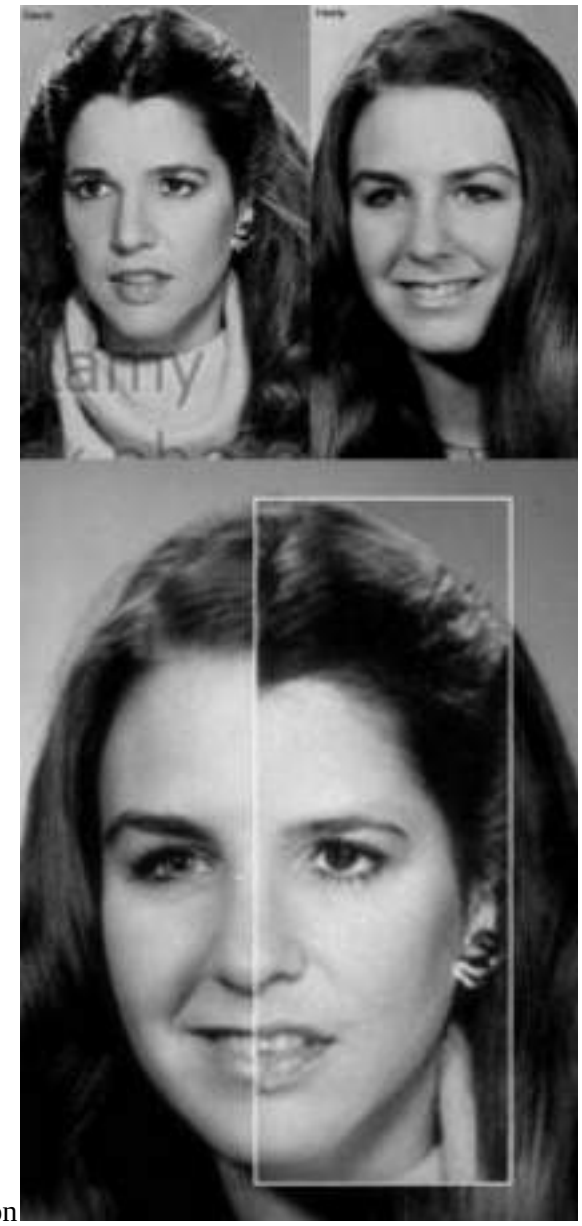

And while I'm at it, we will just have a very quick peep at another Gacy photo. (see photo M4)

Now the bird with Gacy is supposedly one of his Attorney's, named Karen Conti... And it would seem that Conti is just about everyone.Including Linda Thompson.

Chapter 7
Linda Thompson & friends

Now if you have been paying attention, you will know that Linda Thompson was mentioned in the last chapter in connection to the young Lisa Marie Presley. And rightly so since Thompson plays a major part in the [fake] story of Elvis Presley's life.

Linda Diane Thompson (born May 23, 1950) is an American songwriter/lyricist, former actress and beauty pageant winner. Thompson was born and raised in Memphis, Tennessee, the daughter of Margie (née White) and Sanford Abel Thompson. Her older brother, Sam, was one of Elvis Presley 's bodyguards.

In 1977, Thompson became a regular on the television series Hee Haw. She later had small one-episode roles in such television series as CHiPs, Starsky & Hutch, Vega$, Fantasy Island, The Fall Guy and Beverly Hills, 90210.

She began her career as a lyricist with the Kenny Rogers single "Our Perfect Song" from his album The Heart of the Matter (1985). Thompson collaborated with composer Richard Marx on Josh Groban 's first hit record, " To Where You Are ", with composer Steve Dorff on the Celine Dion hit " Miracle ", with Andreas Carlsson for " Drowning " by the Backstreet Boys, and composer David Foster on several compositions, including "No Explanation" for the film Pretty Woman (1990), and " I Have Nothing " for the film The Bodyguard (1992), for which they were nominated both for the Academy Award for Best Song in 1993
and the Grammy Award for Best Song Written Specifically for a Motion

Picture or for Television in 1994, and " Grown-Up Christmas List ".

In 1999, Linda Thompson, Clint Eastwood and Carole Bayer Sager wrote " Why Should I Care " for the film True Crime. In 2001, she wrote " Drowning " for the American boyband Backstreet Boys. In 2011, Thompson, Foster and Jackie
Evancho collaborated on the title track for Evancho's album Dream With Me.

On July 6, 1972, Thompson attended a private movie screening hosted by Elvis Presley at the Memphian Theater in Memphis. She and Elvis hit it off and subsequently dated for 4½ years before breaking up around Christmas 1976.
They broke up because, like Elvis' ex-wife Priscilla, she wanted a "normal" life which was not possible with Elvis. However, they broke up on good terms and remained good friends until Elvis' death. *Source: Wikipedia*

Now that reference to Thompson's collaboration on the Celine Dion hit record, "Miracle" is massively important for reasons that will become clear shortly. You also need to bear in mind the connection that we have already read about between Elvis and Celine Dion in Chapter 6.

However, before I elaborate further, you need to look at the comparison picture (photo M5) of Linda Thompson and John Wayne Gacy's attorney, Karen Conti.

PHOTO M5: Karen Conti/ Linda Thompson comparison

PHOTO M6: Thompson & Elvis

Fuck me, Elvis is looking well in that photo isn't he?

Mind you, according to some researchers, that is actually Elvis's twin brother Jesse Aron who supposedly died at birth. It is therefore important that you read the article by Miles Mathis on my website entitled: ***Elvis Aron Presley – Intelligence Project***

But here's a thing; Thompson is loosely related to the Satanic Kardashians, having married Bruce Jenner in 1981 - long before Bruce pretended to be a Transylvanian... Or whatever it is that he is mincing about as these days.

The marriage between Bruce Jenner and Linda Thompson produced two children, Brandon & Brody Jenner - both boys, thus making them half-brothers to Kendall & Kylie Jenner and step-brothers of Kim Kardashian and her Satanic siblings.

Linda Thompson then went on to marry Peter Foster, who is step-father to the top-models Gigi & Bella Hadid - a pair of wrong-uns without a doubt…
But my, my, isn't she a busy woman?
Mind you, on the other hand what would you expect. These things are filth... Scum. And in fact Gigi and Bella's alleged old-man, Mohamed Hadid was recently accused of rape.

Bella and Gigi Hadid 's architect father has strenuously denied allegations made by another model that he date raped her.

Mohamed Hadid, 69, said that he met Miranda Vee, 23, several years ago because she claimed to be a fan, but at no point did anything untoward happen.

'When we met it was not a date and not once did I touch her,' he was quoted by Tmz.com as saying.

Mr Hadid, who has been engaged to Shiva Safai since 2014, described Vee's claims - made in a lengthy Instagram post - as 'totally untrue'.

He said that if she wanted to make such serious accusations against him she should have gone to the police instead of using social media.

Mr Hadid said that he is in contact with his attorney with the intention of filing a defamation suit against Vee. *Source: The Daily Mail, February 2018.*

Now, interestingly enough Brucella Jenner also has another daughter named, Cassandra - his 2nd oldest child - *who calls herself Casey. Casey was the product of Brucella's first marriage to Chrystie Crownover... Crownover? Interesting surname, don't cha think?.*

However, Brucella's 1st wife, Chrystie Crownover looks exactly like his 2nd wife Linda Thompson. (see photo M7 on the next page)

People
weekly
Bruce Jenner
& Chrystie
The Olympic hero
strikes gold
again—the
kind you
spend
Chrystie

PHOTO M7: Linda Thompson/
Chrystie Crownover comparison
PHOTO M8: Chrystie Crownover/Karen
Conti comparison

And in turn, Crownover looks exactly like John Wayne Gacy's lawyer, Karen Conti (see photo M8)... Big yawn, it all gets too easy.

Predictably Crownover is an actress and is help pushing the myth that ex-husband Brucella is now a woman:

Bruce Jenner 's first wife Chrystie Crownover admitted that she was absolutely "shocked" when her ex-husband revealed to her in their first year of marriage that he was struggling with gender identity issues.

(At this time, Bruce Jenner has not chosen to publicly identify as a woman and so E! News will continue to refer to him as Bruce and use male pronouns, until he indicates otherwise.)

Jenner and Crownover were married from 1972 to 1981, but he confided in her early on. Although she was very surprised, she kept his secret because she knew that it took a lot of respect and trust to confess something like that. "I can't remember the exact words because it was such a shock to me, but he opened up his heart and confessed, and he had to share this deep, dark
secret," she told Good Morning America's George Stephanopoulos Monday.
"He told me he wanted to be a woman, and understandably, I didn't know what to say," she added. *Source Eon News*

Okay, now it may appear that I am drifting off topic again but trust me; all of this is important because you have to be able to understand the elaborate network of far reaching tentacles built on deceit involved, that have allowed Meghan Markle to be created. So getting back to Cassandra/Casey 'Jenner'; and her and her husband
made Brucella a Grandmapa for the 3rd time in October 2016:

However, you will never guess what Cassandra's surname is? You see she

actually uses her married name which in itself is a rarity for the monsteress's, although that could be to do with the fact that she is married to MICHAEL MARINO... Now how the fuck is that for a big shit-pie coincidence?

The following is taken from In Touch and was published on October 21st 2016:

Congratulations are in order for Caitlyn Jenner's daughter Cassandra Marino! The 36-year-old — who is also known as Casey Jenner — and her husband, Mike Marino, welcomed their third baby together, and it's a boy.
Casey confirmed her son's arrival on her private Instagram account.

"He made it! One day before his due date and on Mike's dad's birthday," she wrote. "I am elated and exhausted but a super happy non-pregnant mama."

According to Us Weekly, they named the child Luke.
Casey and Mike are also parents to two daughters, Isabella and Francesca. It was first revealed in April that they were expecting a new addition. We are so happy for them!

Crawl arse bastards! Nevertheless, that marriage too is fake and the name Michael Marino was doubtlessly allocated to Casey's 'husband' as a Satanic connection.

You see, hubby Michael Marino is really just Brody Jenner - Cassandra Marino's half brother - playing the role. (see photo M9)
They really could make it up... As they do on a daily basis. And unsurprisingly the pair (Michael/Brody *) look very much like Tom March – the Son of Mary Berry. (see photo M10)*

PHOTO M9: Brody Jenner/Michael Marino comparison
PHOTO M10: Marino/March comparison

Now you will notice that the ears are different in that Marino/March comparison but as I say, the Monster-Minions more often than not alter the ears of an actor playing real life roles to avoid detection since every person's ears are unique to themselves.

Yet even the hair matches in on the photo despite March being balder than Marino, which suggests to me that both photos originated from the same source.

However, before we go any further we need to bring Kim Kardashian into the mix… Kim Kardashian obviously being Brucella Jenner's step daughter and Casey Marino's step sister.

So what follows is Kim's official bio according to Wikipedia:

Kimberly Kardashian West (born October 21, 1980) is an American reality television personality and socialite. Kardashian first gained media attention as a friend and stylist of Paris Hilton, but received wider notice after a 2003 sex tape with her former boyfriend Ray J was leaked in 2007.

Later that year, she and her family began to appear in the E! reality television series Keeping Up with the Kardashians. Its success soon led to the creation of spin-offs including Kourtney and Kim Take New York and Kourtney and Khloé Take Miami. Kardashian's personal life soon became subject to widespread media attention.

In recent years, Kardashian has grown an influential online and social media presence, including tens of millions of followers on Twitter and Instagram. She has released a variety of products tied to her name, including the successful 2014 mobile game Kim Kardashian: Hollywood, a variety of clothing and
products, and the 2015 photo book Selfish.

Her relationship with rapper Kanye West has also received significant media coverage; the couple married in 2014 and they have three children together.

Time magazine included Kardashian on their list of 2015's 100 most influential people, while Vogue described her in 2016 as a "pop culture phenomenon."

Critics and admirers have described her as exemplifying the notion of being famous for being famous. She was reported to be the highest-paid reality television personality of 2015, with her total earnings exceeding US$53 million...

And Kim - like Patti Davis-Raygun - also did a nude photoshoot for Playboy.

"So what", you say?

To which I would answer that the two photoshoots are linked. (see photo N1)

And of course I am not saying that Patti Raygun is Kim Karcrashion, but that naked photoshoot was certainly no accident… And neither was that duet between the hologram Elvis and Celine Dion that I mentioned earlier. (see photo N2)

PHOTO N1: Davis/Kardashian Playboy shoot comparison
PHOTO N2: Celine Dion & Elvis the hologram Presley duet

You see, there is much more to the Canadian singer, Céline Marie Claudette Dion than first meets the eye. However, her official story is that she was born in Charlemagne, Quebec on the 30 March 1968 making her 50 years old.

French speaking Dion first came to prominence in the 1980s after winning both the 1982 Yamaha World Popular Song Festival and the 1988 Eurovision Song Contest where for some reason or other she represented Switzerland.

However, following the release of a series of albums recorded in French she signed a recording contract with Epic Records in the United States who released her debut album, ***Unison*** *- recorded in English.*

During the 1990s, with the help of her future husband Rene Angélil - the man some researchers believe to be Elvis Presley - she achieved worldwide fame with a series of international number-one hits, including "The Power of Love", "Think Twice", "Because You Loved Me", "It's All Coming Back to Me Now ", "My Heart Will Go On", and "I'm Your Angel".

Now interestingly enough, Elvis was reportedly a paedophile and it is a matter of record that Angélil signed Dion when she was just 12 years-old.

Course, whether or not their relationship was a sexual one at that stage is a much debated topic of conversation.

Nevertheless, in 1999 at the height of her success, Dion decided to take a break from recording in order to " start a family and spend time with her husband *", who had by then been diagnosed with cancer.*

Dion eventually made her come-back in 2002 after agreeing to appear on a nightly basis in the show ***"A New Day"****, at the Colosseum, Caesars Palace, on the Las Vegas Strip in Paradise, Nevada - doing so up until 2007.*

In 2011, Dion once again signed a contract until 2019 to reprise her role in the show making her the highest paid resident performer ever, reputedly earning $500,000 per show. She performed her record breaking 1000th show on 8 October 2016.

Indeed,.Dion remains the best-selling Canadian artist of all time with record sales of over 220 million copies worldwide.

And guess what? Celine Dion is the double of Elvis' ex-bird, Linda Thompson – mother to the two Jenner boys, Brody & Brogan. (see photos N3 & N4)

PHOTO N3: Dion/Thompson comparison
PHOTO N4: And again with no angles changed

Chapter 8
Calling Elvis

Course, Celine Dion is far too young to be Thompson - Thompson being 18 years Dion's senior - but nonetheless she ties in with the conspiracy theory about Dion's husband, the probable paedophile, Rene Angelil and the known paedophile Elvis.

The following is taken from Wikipedia:

René Angélil, (January 16, 1942 – January 14, 2016) was a Canadian musical producer, talent manager and singer. He was the manager (1981–2014) and husband (1994–2016; his death) of singer Celine Dion.

So, straight away we learn that Rene was a singer - like Elvis. Elvis was born in January 1935 making a 7 year discrepancy in their ages… Which in the world of showbiz is fuck all.

Angélil was born in Montreal, Québec, Canada, of a father of Syrian descent and a Canadian mother of Lebanese origin. His father, Joseph Angélil, was born in Montreal to parents from Damascus, Syria, and his mother, Alice Sara, was born in Montreal to Lebanese parents. Both of his parents were members of the Melkite Greek Catholic Church. Angélil studied at College Saint-Viateur (high school), in Outremont and at College André-Grasset (post secondary), in Montreal.

In 1966, Angélil married his first wife, Denyse Duquette.

And that wedding took place two years before Celine Dion was even born… Meaning that Angélil is twenty six years older than her.

Course, that is fuck all until you take into account that Rene became her manager when he was 38 and Dion was just 12 years old… How long after that before they started a relationship is - as I already said - a matter of speculation.

They had a son, Patrick (born 1968), and divorced in 1972. In 1974, he married singer, Anne Renée — the couple had two children, Jean-Pierre (born 1974) and Anne-Marie Angélil (born 1977), they divorced in 1988.

Angélil, a well-known former singer-turned-manager, was sent a tape of then 12-year-old singer, Céline Dion, and invited her to audition in Quebec.

Now that last sentence could indeed be clever wording - in particular the part that states: "a well-known former singer-turned-manager**".**

I mean, as we have already seen, the Monster's like to give us a clue as to what they are up to. Moreover, whilst not wishing to blow my own trumpet - because it kills my back, trying to do so - I pride myself on having extensive knowledge of music dating between 1960 and 1990. Yet I have never heard of Rene Angelil in his capacity of a singer.

Therefore, could the " well known former singer *" refer to Angelil's time as Elvis? Just a thought - carry on Wikipedia:*

He began managing her career, taking the teen and her mother on tour in Canada, Japan and Europe. He mortgaged his house to finance her first album in 1981. Angélil and Dion began a personal relationship in 1988 when she was 20 years old and he was 46. They married on December 17, 1994, in a lavish wedding ceremony at Montreal's Notre-Dame Basilica, which was broadcast live on Canadian television.

Remember, this is the official bio, and not necessarily the truth. I mean Wikipedia are highly unlikely to state that Angélil and Dion began a personal relationship in 1982 now, are they?

The couple had difficulty conceiving, resorting to in vitro fertilization. Their efforts were extensively publicized. Their son, René-Charles Angélil was born on January 25, 2001. Dion suffered a miscarriage in 2009, then gave birth to twin boys on October 23, 2010. The boys were named Eddy after Eddy Marnay, who produced Dion's first five albums, and Nelson Angélil after former South African president, Nelson Mandela

And of course, that last sentence sounds like total bollox to me. Nevertheless, I am not going to go to deeply into whether or not Elvis is Angelil because I am not altogether convinced that he is myself let alone trying to convince you lot. However, I am more than convinced that they are Satanically connected. Moreover, in defiance of the thirty billion to one odds, they do have exactly the same face… And ears. (see photo N5)

PHOTO N5: Elvis/Angelil comparison

PHOTO N6: Elvis & his 14-year-old-bird and Rene & his 12 year old protoge.

Course, there are other comparisons in their lives such as Elvis shacking up with 14-year-old Priscilla and Rene shacking up with the 12-year-old Celine Dion. (see photo N6).

Mind you, that photo of Elvis and Priscilla is very photoshopped for some reason. I mean just look at Elvis' left eye, along with Priscilla's ear shadow. And then there is Elvis' hand particularly the area between his finger and thumb. Now why would they do that if everything was above board? Moreover, therein is an example of how far the Monsters are ahead of us since such alterations to photographs wouldn't have been dreamed possible back then.

Nevertheless, it looks almost as if Elvis and Celine Dion had the same mother (see photo N7).
The researcher, Miles Mathis had the following to say about Gladys Presley and her son, Elvis:

We are told that Gladys' great-grandmother may have been a Cherokee, but that is misdirection. The truth is, Gladys' great-grandmother was Jewish.

Gladys herself was Jewish, though she apparently did not practice due to disapproval by her husband. However, Elvis knew she was Jewish and considered himself to be Jewish as well (knowing the descent was matrilineal).
There is a Star of David on Gladys' original tombstone, though it has been replaced.

Elvis was a life member of the Jewish Community Center in Memphis.
He always wore a Chai pendant.
Chai means “life” in Hebrew, and indicates the lowest emanation of God.

Growing up, Elvis had been head of the Memphis Mafia, a group of boys known for their swagger. Other members included George Klein*, Marty Lacker, Larry Geller and Alan Fortas — all Jewish...

Elvis was chosen from the cradle, first because he was a prominent local Jew, and second because he was a twin. It helped later that he became good looking and an expressive performer. Some are chosen, very few succeed like this.

As a teen, Elvis worked summers and weekends as an usher at Loew's State Theater. Of course this was a string of theaters owned by Marcus Loew, a billionaire Jewish tycoon. He also formed MGM, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Loew was a business partner with Adolph Zukor, another Jewish tycoon who founded Paramount Pictures. Note the name Adolph, which you wouldn't think belonged to a Jew.

We are told that at age 18, Elvis suddenly walked into Sun Records and asked to record. It doesn't work that way. Sun Records wasn't open to the public in late 1953.

Phillips had opened Memphis Recording Service almost four years earlier, and by late 1953 he was working with dozens of name acts. You didn't just walk in off the street and pay for studio time in the hopes you would be discovered.
This story is told to make you think Elvis chose Sun Records, rather than the reverse.

As we have seen, Elvis had been groomed from an early age, from the time he was in Tupelo up to this moment in Memphis. And he didn't just accidentally run into Sam Phillips, owner of Sun Records.
The bio and genealogy of Samuel Cornelius Phillips has been scrubbed. According to mainstream sources, his father and mother are not known, much less older relatives.
This is a red flag. *Source: Elvis Aron Presley - Intelligence project published December 2015.*

In fact the more you look at Presley's life the more unreal it becomes. I mean for a start he wasn't drafted into the army until he was 23-years-old.

Furthermore, he looked far too much like the actor, Rock Hudson when he was young for my liking (see photos N8 & N9)

PHOTO N7: Dion/Gladys comparison

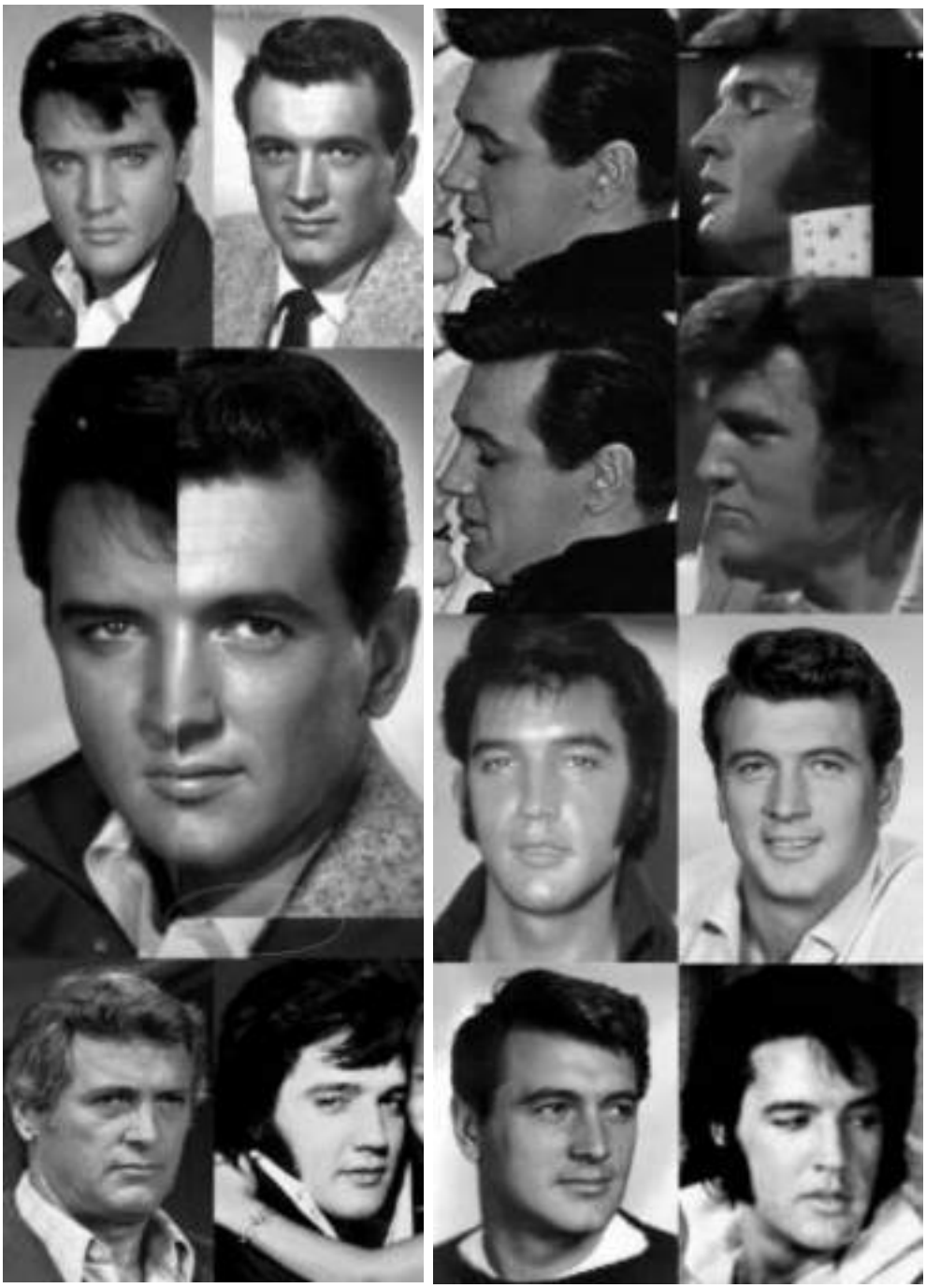

PHOTO N8 & N9: Elvis/Rock Hudson comparison

Rock Hudson supposedly died of AIDS sparking a classic joke at the time:

Fella 1: That AIDS epidemic is getting serious isn't it?

Fella 2: Yes it has reached Rocks bottom.

Not that you would be able to retell it nowadays of course.

Rock Hudson had been born as Roy Harold Scherer, Jr on; November 17, 1925 and later died of AIDS on October 2, 1985 - he was gay.although he tried his best to hide the fact.

And once again, according to Wikipedia:

Hudson was generally known for his turns as a leading man during the 1950s and 1960s. Viewed as a prominent "heartthrob" of the Hollywood Golden Age, he achieved stardom with roles in films such as Magnificent Obsession (1954), All That Heaven Allows (1955) and Giant (1956), and found continued success
with a string of romantic comedies co-starring Doris Day in Pillow Talk (1959), Lover Come Back (1961) and Send Me No Flowers (1964).

After appearing in films including Seconds (1966), Tobruk (1967) and Ice Station Zebra (1968) during the late 1960s, Hudson began a second career in television through the 1970s and 1980s, starring in the popular mystery series McMillan & Wife and the primetime ABC soap opera Dynasty.

Following Hudson's death, Marc Christian, Hudson's former lover, sued his estate on grounds of "intentional infliction of emotional distress".

Christian claimed Hudson continued having sex with him until February 1985, more than eight months after Hudson knew that he had HIV. Although he repeatedly tested negative for HIV, Christian claimed that he suffered from "severe emotional distress" after learning from a newscast that Hudson had
died of AIDS. Christian also sued Hudson's personal secretary, Mark Miller, for $10 million because Miller allegedly lied to him about Hudson's illness. In 1989, a jury awarded Christian $21.75 million in damages, later reduced to $5.5 million. Christian later defended Hudson's reputation in not telling him he was infected: "You can't

dismiss a man's whole life with a single act. This thing about AIDS was totally out of character for him", he stated in an interview.

And indeed, just like the Google image search for Lisa Marie Presley came up with a 'related' photo of Celine Dion and her old man, a Google Image search for Rock Hudson brought up a 'related' photo of Elvis. (see photo N10)

You therefore once again have to ask yourself; why on earth a Google-Image search for Rock Hudson would bring up a link to Elvis?

Nevertheless, the reason that I was searching for Lisa Marie Presley in the first place was because of the photo N11 of Ronnie Raygun and a very young Patti Davis:

PHOTO N10: Google Image search Result for Rock Hudson

PHOTO N11: Young Patti Davis with her 'mom & dad' and Lisa Marie Presley (inset)

Photo N12

And although – as you can see in Photo N12 – the search turned out to be a dead end, both girls do have abnormally high foreheads..

Least I am fairly sure that they are not each other.

Moreover, the last bird that Elvis was with before he died was called Ginger Alden.

Ginger Alden is an American model and actress who was born in Memphis, Tennessee on November the 13th 1956.

However, she is best known as the woman who found Elvis dead on the toilet, in his bathroom at 'Graceland' on the 16th of August 1977… She

was 20 years old at the time while Elvis was 42.

Alden had supposedly met Elvis as a child in 1961, through her father who was Elvis' superior officer during his army years… The story goes that her family was invited to join Elvis at the fairgrounds, to spend an evening of fun.

Alden was then supposedly reintroduced to Elvis as a 20 year old along with her older sister Terry (then Miss Tennessee) and their other sister Rosemary at one of his concerts held on January 26, 1977.

The story then has it that on that Presley asked Alden to marry him in front of the audience during a concert broadcast by CBS in the same year.

On the day that Elvis died, he and Ginger had allegedly played racquetball although given the physical shape that Elvis was in, I find that a bit far fetched… Either that or it was a very short game.

Later that night the singer went for a crap and took a book to read, indicating to Alden that it could be a long jobby. Ginger fell asleep and didn't wake up until the early afternoon only to discover her 'boyfriend's lifeless body laying on the bathroom floor.
After his death, Alden began her career in film, radio and televisio n where she apparently worked on numerous commercials, appeared in various television shows and in 1986 became part of the cast of the soap opera, "Capitol" *alongside Teri Hatcher.*

In 1991 she married Ronald Leyser with whom she had a son named Hunter.

And whatsmore, Alden bears an uncanny likeness to Priscilla Presley (see Photo O1)

Yet there is still more. You see the other woman associated with having an affair with Elvis was the actress, Ann Margaret. And she too looks very much like Priscilla. (see photo O2 & O3)

PHOTO O1: Ginger/Priscilla comparison

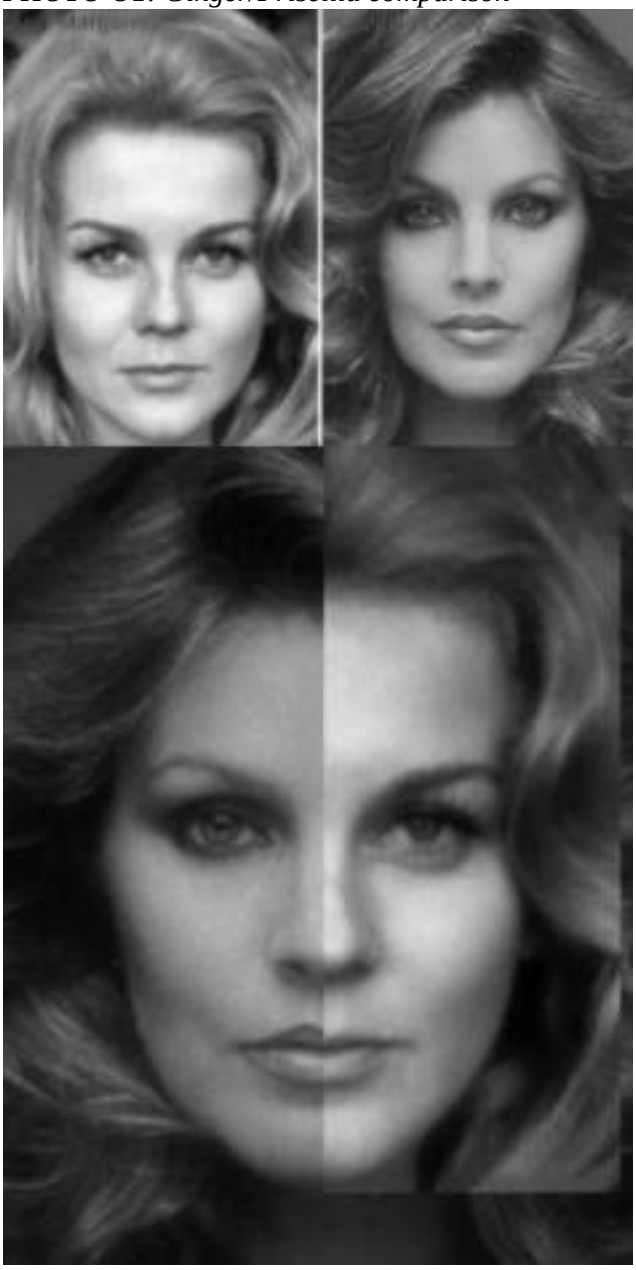

PHOTO O2: Priscilla/Ann Margaret comparison

PHOTO O3: Priscilla/Ann Margaret comparison. Both photos were taken in 1963.

And Ann Margaret's bio reads thus:

Ann-Margret Olsson (born April 28, 1941), known professionally simply as Ann-Margret, is a Swedish-American actress, singer, and dancer.

As an actress, Ann-Margret is best known for her roles in Bye Bye Birdie (1963), Viva Las Vegas (1964), The Cincinnati Kid (1965), Carnal Knowledge (1971), Tommy (1975), Grumpy Old Men (1993), and

Grumpier Old Men (1995).
She has won five Golden Globe Awards and been nominated for two Academy Awards, two Grammy Awards, a Screen Actors Guild Award, and six Emmy Awards.

In 2010, Ann-Margret won her first Emmy Award for her guest appearance on Law & Order: Special Victims Unit. Her singing and acting careers span five decades, starting in 1961; initially, she was billed as a female version of Elvis Presley. She has a sultry vibrant contralto voice She had a minor hit in 1961
and a charting album in 1964, and scored a disco hit in 1979. In 2001, she recorded a critically acclaimed gospel album, and an album of Christmas songs from 2004 continues to be available.

Ann-Margret has no children, but she was stepmother to the three children of husband Roger Smith, an actor who later became her manager. She and Smith were married from May 8, 1967 until his death on June 4, 2017. Prior to this, she was romantically linked to Elvis Presley during the filming of Viva Las Vegas. *Source: Wikipedia*

Chapter 9
Wacko Jacko

Now as most of you will know, Elvis Presley's daughter, Lisa Marie was famously married to the nonce, Michael Jackson who had three supposedly surrogate kids of his own – the youngest of who was named 'Blanket'.

And indeed those old enough to remember will recall that Michael Jackson caused outrage by dangling Blanket over his hotel balcony in front of 1000's of his fans.

The following is from a BBC news report published in November 2002:

Pop star Michael Jackson has admitted he made a "terrible mistake" in dangling a baby over a hotel balcony as he greeted fans.

The singer caused a stir when he appeared with the child in Berlin, precariously clutching the infant out of a third floor window, and draping a towel over the baby's head.

"I got caught up in the excitement of the moment. I would never intentionally endanger the lives of my children," Jackson said.
A spokesman for the Bambi entertainment award ceremony, where Jackson is due to receive a lifetime achievement award, told the Associated Press news agency the child was Jackson's youngest son Prince Michael II.

Rumours have been circulating for months that Jackson has a third child, but it is not yet known if the child is adopted or is his biological offspring.

About 200 fans gathered at the entrance to the Adlon Hotel, near the Brandenburg Gate, as Jackson's motorcade arrived on Tuesday.
The reclusive performer had to fight his way through the crowd of fans to get into the hotel, in a scrum that injured one person.

Later, Jackson dangled the baby out of the window of his room on the third floor, holding it with one arm under its shoulders.
Many onlookers feared the 44-year-old would drop the infant, although he brought the child back inside safely.
As fans cheered for him to appear again, Jackson came out onto the balcony covering his face and threw a towel down to the crowd below.

Jackson has two other children, Prince Michael, who is five, and Paris, who is four.

The singer's close friend, psychic Uri Geller, condemned Jackson's actions but did not believe he was capable of harming a child.

"I just would not put any child over a railing at such a height," he said. "I think it was a silly thing to do. He probably did it because he was overwhelmed emotionally by the fans."
But he had suspected the baby was a fake, saying he was "too protective" of his children to do something like this.

But as I say, in my opinion these so-called elites should never, ever be allowed anywhere near children.
However, I wouldn't be surprised if Blanket is actually a girl. (see Photo O4)
Indeed that would fit right in with the Monster's transgender agenda.
Nevertheless, the point of bringing Blanket up is the fact that he looks so much like Celine Dion's son, Rene Charles. (see photo O5)

PHOTO O4: A very feminine looking Blanket

PHOTO O5: Celine Dion with her son Charles-Rene. Inset: Blanket Jackson.

Rene Charles - who has now followed his 'mother' into the music business - won widespread praise in the press for the eulogy he gave at his 'father's' funeral:

Although he is only days shy of his 15th birthday, Celine Dion's son has captured the heart of Canada with a moving eulogy to his late father. René Charles Angelil has been a pillar of strength for his devastated mother, and during his father René Angélil's funeral on Friday at the Notre-Dame Basilica he was even for a moment able to make her smile.

'Fifteen years is not a long time to get to know your father,' René Charles began.
'He had a busy life but we were getting to know each other through golf, poker, smoked meat and other wonderful food.'

It was at the line about smoked meat that René Charles got a few knowing laughs from the audience, a smile spreading to both his and his mother's faces.

'Bonding more and more as time went by,' he continued.
'You left me now with enough good memories of you to share with my younger brothers. As they grow older without you being around, I'll make sure to pass on what I've learned from you.'

'You are a tough act to follow, but with your help everything is going to be fine.'

'Dad, I promise you there that we are all going to live up to your standards.'

René Charles' eulogy was widely praised on Twitter, where he was lauded for his poise and strength. *Source: The Daily Mail*

Mind you, as the boy got older he also became a ringer for Wacko-Jacko's first born, Prince Jackson (see photo O6).

Prince Jackson was was born on February 13, 1997 to a surrogate mother named Debbie Rowe. It is still not known for sure whether or not Wacko-Jacko was the sperm donor, but can you imagine how quick the Social Services would have removed the children from some ordinary Joe with the same form as the singer?

Indeed, the likes of Jackson and Elton John is exactly where Social Workers should be looking.

However, I am drifting off topic again, so to get back on track I will tell you that Celine Dion is also a ringer for John Wayne Gacy's lawyer, Karen Conti. (see photo O7)

Furthermore, Dion is identical to the singer, Louise Dorsey - the daughter of Englebert Humperdink.

Engelbert Humperdinck (born Arnold George Dorsey; 2 May 1936) is an English pop singer. Humperdinck has been described as "one of the finest middle-of-the-road balladeers around."

His singles "Release Me" and "The Last Waltz" both topped the UK music charts in 1967, and sold more than a million copies each.In North America, he also had chart successes with "After the Lovin' " (1976) and "This Moment in Time" (1979). He has sold more than 150 million records worldwide.

In 1964, Humperdinck married Patricia Healey.

PHOTO O6: Prince Michael Jackson compared to Charles Rene Angelil
PHOTO O7: Celine Dion compared to Karen Conti

And there we see that surname Healy again, which I am sure I do not need to remind you is the maiden name of Kate McCann - the mother of missing child, Madeleine McCann.

They have four children. Through the years, Humperdinck has maintained a strong family life, even as the family alternated between

homes in Britain and in southern California. He is a practising Roman Catholic. His daughter-in-law, Jo Dorsey, has remarked that the singer "tries to visit a cathedral in every town or city he tours globally." In 2017, the singer revealed that his wife has been suffering from Alzheimer's disease for 10 years.

Humperdinck retains firm ties with Leicestershire, where he spent much of his youth, and is a keen fan of Leicester City.

BINGO!

The McCann's also live in Leicestershire… Allegedly… Those coincidences just keep right on coming.

In August 2005, he auctioned one of his Harley-Davidson motorbikes on eBay to raise money for the County Air Ambulance in Leicestershire. In 2006, the University of Leicester awarded Humperdinck with an Honorary Doctorate of Music.

On 25 February 2009, Leicester City Council announced that Humperdinck would be given the Honorary Freedom of Leicester alongside author Sue Townsend and former professional footballer Alan Birchenall.

In 2010, Humperdinck was one of the first nine people to be honoured with a plaque on the Leicester Walk of Fame. *Source: Wikipedia*

Hmmm! Moreover, Englebert's father was a career MILITARY man, as was the father of his Manager, Gordon Mills - who also managed Tom Jones.

And I can guarantee that there will be much scandal surfacing on old Tom when he kicks the bucket… But I will keep what I know about him to myself for now.

Still, as far a Louise Dorsey goes, the proof is in the Pudding so take a look at the next photo batch.

PHOTO O8: Louise Dorsey & Englebert Humperdink
PHOTO O9: Dorsey/Dion comparison

PHOTO O10: A young Dorsey/Dion comparison
PHOTO O11: A young Dorsey/Dion comparison

Louise - as far as I can ascertain - was born in 1965; three years before Celine Dion.
Indeed there is very little information available about Louise - not even a Wikipedia page - which is very strange given her thirst for stardom.

Indeed Louise Sarah Dorsey is the only legitimate daughter of the world famous singer. However, like most of of these knob ed celeb's - all of whom have extremely loose morals - Englebert also has an illegitimate daughter, Jennifer who was born in 1977.

Louise originally pursued a career in acting during the 1980's, but didn't get far as she was shite at it. Indeed, she is best known for providing the voice of Jetta on the popular 1980s cartoon series,'Jem'... I have never heard of it although I tend not to

watch too many children's programs.

So, having failed to crack it as an actor, Louise teamed up with her brother Scott Dorsey in a bid to become the next best thing since ***The Carpenters*** *… Yet they got nowhere.*

In 1995 Louise went solo and released two singles… Which were shite.Presently, she lives in Nashville and works as a PR-consultant for her father - whom she sometimes sings on stage with.

But guess what? Two of her aunts - Englebert's sister's - *are also called Celine and Olga, which you can put down to coincidence if ya like.*

And of course Louise matches all the other suspects - Linda Thompson for example (see photo P1), although Thompson is obviously too old to be Louise.

However, if you want proof that Louise matches all of the others then you will just have to do them for yourselves, but what is already very, very clear is that there is a Satanic connection here at the very least... Which I am now going to build on considerably.

So let's start with Louise's mother, Patricia Healy. The following is taken from a Daily Express article published in November 2017:

SINGER Engelbert Humperdinck has revealed there is a "glimmer of hope" that his wife, who is battling Alzheimer's, will one day get better.

Patricia Healey, married to the star for 54 years, has lived with the incurable brain condition for seven years and is receiving pioneering treatment in Los Angeles.

Twice a week she sees a doctor who turns skin cells into stem cells and an acupuncturist then transfers them into the brain.
Engelbert, 81, and still touring, maintains the experimental therapy has made a difference, saying: "She is talking again and saying 'Hello' and she's making sense with what she is saying.

“This is very inspiring and very rewarding. She’s making progress which I’m thrilled about. It’s not possible after seven or eight years for anybody to talk again but she’s beginning to talk again...

And as you can see in photo P2, she too slots nicely into the doppelganger gang.

PHOTO P1: Louise Dorsey/Linda Thompson comparison
PHOTO P2: Patricia Healy/Celine Dion comparison

PHOTO P3: Elvis & Engle had parallel lives
PHOTO P4: Angelil/ Humperdink/ Presley comparisons

Now I shouldn't have to keep saying it, but I do because some factions for some reason are more intent in proving me wrong rather than being greatly disturbed by what I am showing you.

So, for the benefit of those of you who are silly as arseholes, I am not saying that Celine Dion is Patricia Healy, but they most definitely have a connection of the Satanic kind... As do Patricia's husband and the fella some claim to be Celine's old-man. (see photo P3)

Moreover, there are indeed similarities between Englebert Humperdink & Rene Angelil. (see photo P4)

Indeed, only a closed minded fool would dismiss the possibility out of hand.

And then there is Vernon Presley - Father to Elvis. You see, Vernon is a ringer for the Raygun barber and at least one of his photos almost certainly originated from the same source photo. (see photos P5 & P6)

What follows is Vernons official bio although it is bollox:

Vernon Elvis Presley was born on April 10, 1916 in Fulton, Mississippi to Jesse (1896-1973) and Minnie Mae Hood, 'Grandma Dodger' Presley (1890-1980).

Elvis' Mother Gladys Love Smith was born on April 25, 1912, Pontotoc County, Mississippi to Bob (1873-1931) and Doll Smith (1876-1935).

Vernon was but seventeen when he married Gladys Love Smith, four years his elder, in 1933. Like his relatives before him, Vernon worked at any odd job that came along.

For a while, he and Vester, his older brother, farmed together, raising cotton, com, soybeans and a few hogs. Later, he took a job with the WPA, a federal government make - work program during the Depression.

Next, he drove a delivery truck for McCarty's, a Tupelo wholesale grocer, delivering grocery items to stores throughout northeast Mississippi. These, then, were the Presley genes, passed along from generation to generation, some of which undoubtedly were inherited by the infant born in that two-room

house in the hills of East Tupelo. *Source: biography.elvis.com.au*

PHOTO P5: Vernon Presley/Barber comparison
PHOTO P6: Vernon Presley/Barber comparison

PHOTO P7: The Presley family album

This of course also ties in with Celine Dion's mother looking exactly like Gladys Presley... They are all Satanically connected to each other. Indeed we are told that when Elvis was born his parents were dirt-poor, yet they have more photographs of themselves than most parents of that era. (see photo P7)

And that makes me very suspicious because poor 'white-trash' certainly didn't have the money to waste on what at the time was a very expensive hobby.

Furthermore, the fact that Rene Angelil's death was deserved of so many international headlines makes me suspicious.

I mean he was hardly a household name and he already had cancer when I first heard about him - which must have been around 20 years ago... Neither did Celine & the boys look crushed, when you consider that she called him the "love of her life" when he died in 2016. Yet a year later Dion had got herself a toyboy named Pepe Munoz - allegedly one of her back-up dancers.

Yet crucially Munoz is a doppelganger for BRODY JENNER (see photo P8) - see how it all falls into place.

Yet more disturbingly still is the fact that Munoz also looks like Dion's son Charles-Rene (see photo P9)… Which I gotta tell'ya; I find rather disturbing.

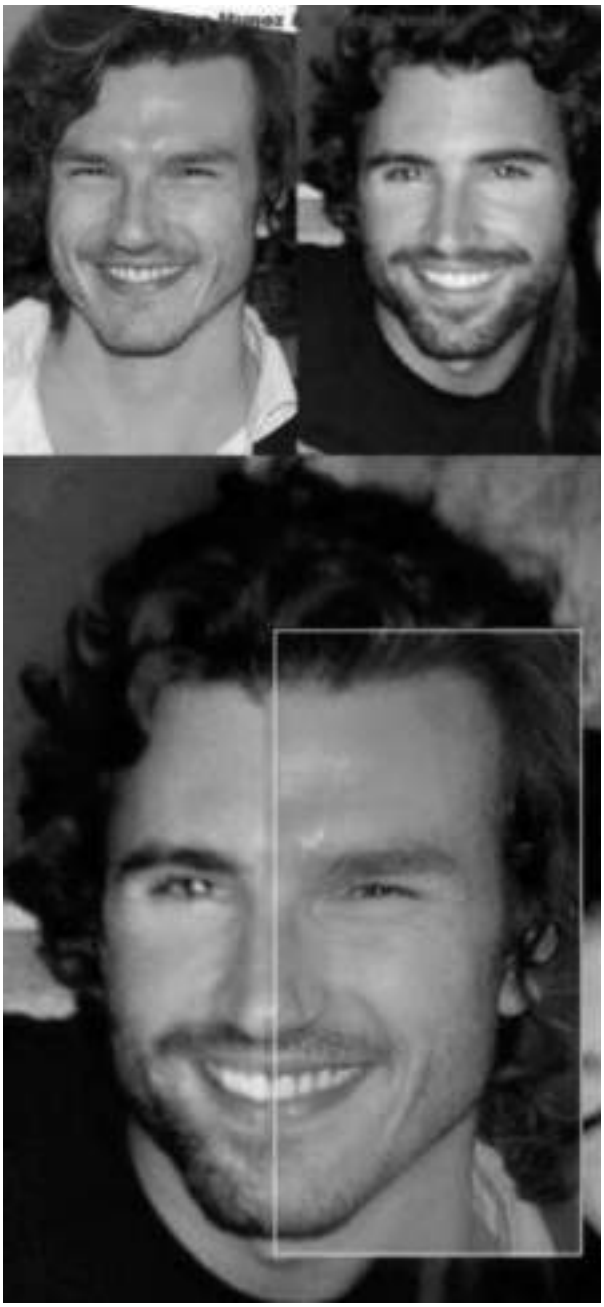

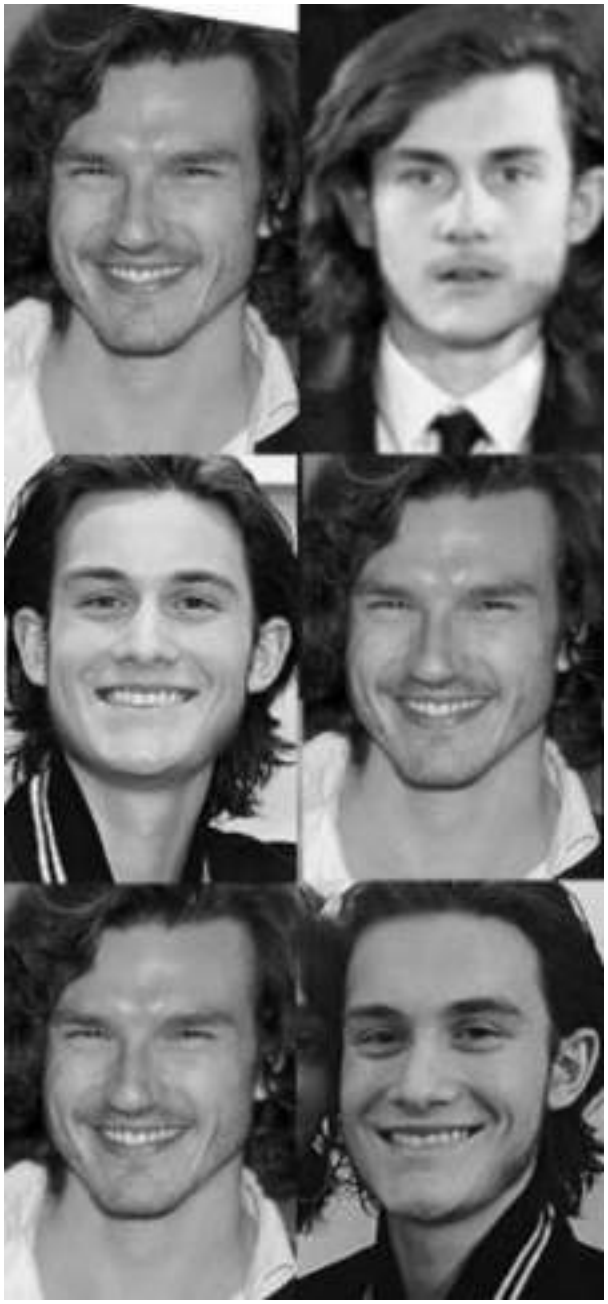

PHOTO P8: Brody Jenner & Pepe Munoz comparison
PHOTO P9: Munoz/ Charles Rene comparisons

Chapter 10
The Murdoch connection

Now I could easily write a whole book about the media mogul Rupert Murdoch on his own. Indeed I can state without fear of contradiction that he is a fully paid up member of the Monster's club… Much higher up the ladder than a Monster -Minion.

Keith Rupert Murdoch, (born 11 March 1931) is an Australian-born American media mogul.

Murdoch's father, Sir Keith Murdoch, was a reporter and editor who became a senior executive of The Herald and Weekly Times publishing company, covering all Australian states except New South Wales. After his father's death in 1952, Murdoch declined to join his late father's registered public company and created his own private company, News Limited.

In the 1950s and 1960s, Murdoch acquired a number of newspapers in Australia and New Zealand before expanding into the United Kingdom in 1969, taking over the News of the World, followed closely by The Sun. In 1974, Murdoch moved to New York City, to expand into the U.S. market; however, he retained interests in Australia and Britain. In 1981, Murdoch bought The Times, his first British broadsheet and, in 1985, became a naturalized U.S. citizen, giving up his Australian citizenship, to satisfy the legal requirement for U.S. television ownership.

In 1986, keen to adopt newer electronic publishing technologies, Murdoch consolidated his UK printing operations in Wapping, causing bitter industrial disputes. His holding company News Corporation acquired Twentieth Century Fox (1985), HarperCollins (1989), and The Wall Street Journal (2007). Murdoch formed the British broadcaster BSkyB in 1990 and, during the 1990s, expanded into Asian networks and South American television. By 2000, Murdoch's News Corporation

owned over 800 companies in more than 50 countries, with a net worth of over $5 billion.
In July 2011, Murdoch faced allegations that his companies, including the News of the World, owned by News Corporation, had been regularly hacking the phones of celebrities, royalty, and public citizens. Murdoch faced police and government investigations into bribery and corruption by the British government and FBI investigations in the U.S.

On 21 July 2012, Murdoch resigned as a director of News International. On 1 July 2015, Murdoch left his post as CEO of 21st Century Fox. However, Murdoch and his family continue to own both 21st Century Fox and News Corp through the Murdoch Family Trust.

In July 2016, after the resignation of Roger Ailes due to accusations of sexual harassment, Murdoch was named the acting CEO of Fox News
Source: Wikipedia

Now at this juncture we need to go back to Cassandra Marino.
You see, she is in fact a ringer for Sarah Murdoch, daughter-in-law of the media mogul, Rupert the bear *Murdoch (see photo Q1)... Which makes sense since none of this deception would be possible without the full cooperation of the worlds media – which is more or less controlled by 6 families.*

PHOTO Q1: Cassandra Jenner/ Sarah Murdoch comparison

PHOTO Q2: Kathryn Murdoch compared to Sarah Murdoch

PHOTO Q3: Kathryn Murdoch & Cassie Jenner comparison

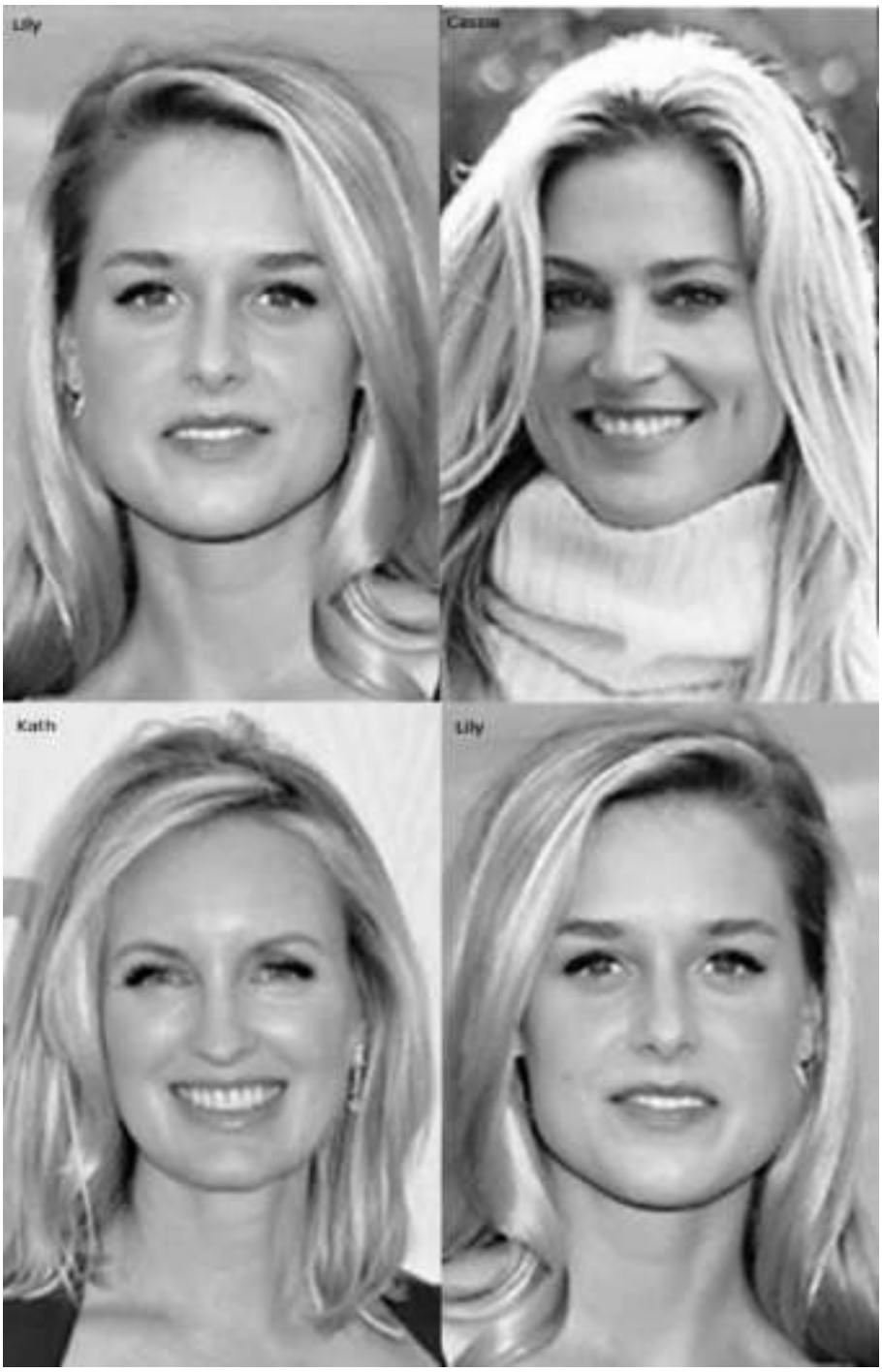

PHOTO Q4: Jenner-Murdoch-Harrison comparison

And indeed Cassandra's teeth are every bit as weird as Sarah's ears! Just sayin'.
Course, Sarah is married to Lachlan Murdoch and looks very, very similar to her brother-in-law, James Murdoch's wife, Kathryn (see photo Q2).

And doesn't Kathryn also have a set of very strange teeth?
Course, whilst it isn't uncommon for brothers to share the same taste in things, having such similar looking wives is just plain fucking weird.
Mind you, that weirdness should mean that Kathryn also looks like Cassie Marino/Jenner shouldn't it?

Of course it fucking should (see photo Q3).

And it is also worth mentioning that the Jenner-Murdochs look a lot like Greg Harrison's daughter, Lily Harrison (see photo Q4).

Predictably of course, Brucella Jenner pushes the Transsexual Agenda for all its worth.

Caitlyn Marie Jenner (born William Bruce Jenner on October 28, 1949) is an American television personality and retired Olympic gold medal - winning decathlete.

Jenner was a college football player for the Graceland Yellowjackets before incurring a knee injury that required surgery. Coach L. D. Weldon, who had coached Olympic decathlete Jack Parker, convinced Jenner to try the decathlon. After intense training, Jenner won the 1976 Olympics decathlon
event at the Montreal Olympic Games, gaining fame as "an all-American hero".
Jenner set a third successive world record while winning the Olympics. The winner of the Olympic decathlon is traditionally given the unofficial title of "world's greatest athlete". With that stature, Jenner subsequently established a career in television, film, writing, auto racing, business and as a Playgirl cover model.

Jenner has six children with three successive wives: Chrystie Crownover, Linda Thompson, and Kris Jenner. Since 2007, Jenner has appeared on the reality television series Keeping Up with the Kardashians with Kris, their daughters Kendall and Kylie Jenner, and step-children Kourtney, Kim, Khloé, and Rob Kardashian.

Previously identifying publicly as male, Jenner revealed her identity as a trans woman in April 2015, publicly announcing her name change from Bruce to Caitlyn in a July 2015 Vanity Fair cover story.
Her name and gender change became official on September 25, 2015. She has been called the most famous openly transgender woman in the world.
From 2015 to 2016, Jenner starred in the reality television series I Am Cait, which focused on her gender transition. *Source: Wikipedia*

Indeed in photo Q5 which shows Brucella with the transgender model, Andreja Pejic it looks more like a case of father (in drag) & daughter to me, but isn't it amazing how pretty these transgender birds are.

I mean not so long ago - and still very much the norm today - transgender people looked like men dressed as women… Yet to me the he-she, Pejic looks like all the usual suspects. (see photo Q6)

PHOTO Q5: Brucella and Andreja
PHOTO Q6: Cassie Marino/ Andreja Pejic comparison

In fact I strongly suggest that you read my article ***"A Political Transformation Shrouded In Evil*** *" on my website* ***www.chrisspivey.com.***

Nevertheless, I am now proper starting to drift away from what this exposé is about so to get back on track let's put Meghan Markle's mum, Doria Raggan-Boneman – or whatever the made up persona's name isn't - under the spotlight.

Chapter 11
Doria Ragland

Doria Ragland's official bio states that she was born in to an African-American family in Cleveland, Ohio, in September 1956 and is the daughter of Nurse Jeanette Arnold and her second husband Alvin Ragland - an antique dealer.

She has two older maternal half-siblings, Joseph Jr. and Saundra Johnson, and a younger paternal half-brother, Joffrey Ragland.

Indeed Doria would have been very aware of the black segregation that was in force back then since her maternal grandparents, James and Netty Arnold, worked as a bellhop and an elevator operator, respectively, at the whites-only Hotel St. Regis on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland and they were descended from African Americans
enslaved in Georgia.… At least they did and are according to Wikipedia.

However, when Ragland was a baby, her parents moved to Los Angeles where she supposedly attended Fairfax High School. After high school, Ragland worked as a makeup artist and later met her husband to be Thomas Markle while employed at a TV studio whilst working on the set of the popular show **General Hospital.**
Doria married lighting director Thomas Markle, at Paramahansa Yogananda 's Self-Realization Fellowship Temple in Hollywood by Brother Bhaktananda on December 23, 1979 after which she worked as a travel agent.

However Doria then went on to attain a Bachelor of Arts in psychology and in 2015 she became a Licensed Clinical Social Worker after having received

a Master of Social Work from the University of Southern California. She has also worked as a
yoga instructor.

Doria was the only member of Meghan's family to attend her wedding to Harry… So let's see if we can make mincemeat of that too.
I mean if Meghan isn't a real person and neither are her dad, brothers and Nephews then it follows that Doria – daft name *– isn't real either.*

Course, that would explain the need for faked photos (see photo Q7).

Moreover, the Doria seen in the photo Q7 should really be called

Doria II since she clearly isn't the first actress to play the role (see photo Q8).

So, best we compare Mk I & Mk 2 don't cha think?

Of course you fucking do, so go to Photo Q9

PHOTO Q7: A clearly faked photo of 'mum & daughter'

PHOTO Q8: Meghan & her mum, Doria the 1st

PHOTO Q9: Doria compared to Doria

Close call... Not!

In fact Meghan looks more like her ex-sister-in-law, Tracey Dooley MK2 in photo Q8 than Rag-tag looks like herself in the comparison photo Q9 (see photo Q10)...
Despite Meghan & Tracey not being related by blood.

PHOTO Q10: Meghan compared to Tracey Dooley

However, Doria II does look quite like the feminist activist, Dorothy Pitman-Hughes to me.

Over to you Wikipedia:

Dorothy Pitman Hughes (born 1938) is a feminist, child-welfare advocate, African-American activist, public speaker, author, pioneering African-American small business owner, and mother of three daughters.

She was a co-founder of Ms. Magazine in 1972. She organized the first shelter for battered women in New York City and co-founded the New York City Agency for Child Development (now the New York City Administration for Children's Services).

Hughes also co-founded with Gloria Steinem and others the Women's Action Alliance in 1971. The two women toured together speaking about gender, class and race throughout the 1970s.

Hughes owned and operated three early child-care centers helping establish the modern convention in the 1960s. She also owned an office supply business in Harlem from 1997 to 2007 and wrote about her experiences in Wake Up and Smell the Dollars! (2011) and I'm Just Saying... It Looks Like Ethnic Cleansing (The Gentrification of Harlem) (2012), advocating small business ownership to other African Americans

as a form of empowerment, as well as advising how to avoid potential pitfalls specific to African Americans.

The National Portrait Gallery selected for its collection a photograph of Hughes and Steinem sharing a large skirt, each with a raised fist salute to demonstrate feminist solidarity. The photograph was shot by photographer Dan Wynn for Esquire Magazine in 1971. Ms. Pitman Hughes commissioned photographer Dan Bagan to create an homage portrait of the two friends together again in a similar pose for Ms. Steinem's 80th birthday.

Oprah Winfrey honored Hughes as one of America's "Great Moms". Hughes is the aunt of actress Gabourey Sidibe.

Hughes has focused her activism in the Northside community of Jacksonville, Florida, growing food within the neighborhoods to combat poverty. She owns the Gateway Bookstore in Jacksonville.

Dorothy Pitman Hughes was born 1938 in Lumpkin, Georgia. Her father was beaten when she was ten years old and left for dead on the family's doorstep; the family believes it to be a crime committed by Ku Klux Klan members.
Pitman Hughes moved from Georgia to New York City in 1957 where she worked in entertainment as a singer through the 1960s.

So, straight away we see that Dotty's father was beaten in a racist attack in GEORGIA… The same place that Ragland's slave ancestors came from.

Or put another way; another Satanic connection - everything has to connect to everything. Moreover, Dotty had a foot in showbiz… Or put another way, a performer just like everyone else mentioned in this book.

Therefore, I best show you a comparison of Pitman-Hughes & Ragland.

PHOTO R1: Ragland & Pitman comparison

PHOTO R2: Young Rag-Tag & Pitman

Now admittedly they are not a great match although to be fair Ragland is photoshopped to fuck and is probably a mixture of people. I should also tell you not to take any notice of the fact that Ragland has a much lighter skin-tone than Pitman because clever cameramen can make that look so depending on the lens they use and the lighting.

However, the two old buzzards did look a lot more similar to each other when they were younger (see photo R2).

I should also point out that no angles were changed in photo R2... And I am actually pleasantly surprised that the two halves matched so well.

However, there is still more to my suspicion that Rag-Tag is also the Pits-Man. You see, the Pits-Man has that large Mole on her upper cheek which is kinda like the mole that Ellen Johnson Sirleaf has (see photo R3)... Sirleaf being the 24th President of Liberia up until January 2018.

Ellen Johnson Sirleaf was born in Monrovia to a Gola father and Kru - German mother. She was educated at the College of West Africa before moving to the United States, where she studied at Madison Business College and Harvard University. She returned to Liberia to work in William Tolbert 's government as
Deputy Minister of Finance from 1971 to 1974 and later went to work for the World in the Caribbean and Latin America. Mrs. Sirleaf returned to work for the late president Tolbert's government again as deputy minister of Finance before
being promoted to the post of Minister of Finance from 1979 to 1980. After Samuel Doe seized power in a coup d'état and executed Tolbert, Sirleaf fled to the United States. She worked for Citibank and then the Equator Bank before returning to Liberia to contest a senatorial seat for Montserrado county in the disputed 1985 elections.

After returning to Liberia, Sirleaf ran for office, and finished in second place at the 1997 presidential election won by Charles Taylor. She won the 2005 presidential election and took office on 16th January 2006. She was re-elected in 2011. In June 2016, she was elected as the Chair of the Economic Community of West African States, making her the first woman to hold the
position since it was created.

In 2011, Sirleaf was jointly awarded the Nobel Peace Prize with Leymah Gbowee of Liberia and Tawakkol Karman of Yemen. The three women were recognized "for their non-violent struggle for the safety of women and for women's rights to full participation in peace-building work." Sirleaf was conferred the Indira Gandhi Prize by Indian President Pranab Mukherjee on 12th September 2013. In 2016, she was listed as the 83rd-most powerful woman in the world by Forbes magazine.
Source: Wikipedia

Ellen Johnson Sirleaf, President of Liberia in 2011, Sirleaf was jointly awarded the Nobel Peace Prize with Leymah Gbowee of Liberia and Tawakkol Karman of Yemen for their "non-violent struggle for the safety of women and for women's rights to full participation in peace-building work." She is the first woman to be elected as a head of state in Africa and the chair of the Economic Community of West African States. Sirleaf also happens to be the aunt of actress and comedian Retta, who portrayed Donna on "Parks and Recreation."

PHOTO R3: Ellen Johnson Sirleaf with Pitman-Hughes inset.

PHOTO R4: Pitman & Sirleaf comparison

PHOTO R5: Ragland & Sirleaf comparison
PHOTO R6: Ragland/Sirleaf comparison

They do like to dish out those Knob-Hell-Piss-Prizes *to the bad guys don't they... And of course we now see another President involved in the Markle manipulation.*

Nevertheless, best we check that we are not barking up the wrong tree before we go any further, so take a butchers at photo R4.
It's certainly going well isn't it?

So, while we are on a roll we best compare Raggady Ann Doria with Shirtlift or whatever it is the criminal calls herself (see photo R5):

And the comparison looks good to me although I suppose that I best do another just to appease the Doubting-Thomasisisisisis... Don't cha just hate those words/names that you can never end! (see photo R6)

Now funnily enough, not too long ago Sirtealeaf was replaced as the President of Liberia by the former footballer George Weah... Proof positive then that you don't need brains to be a President.

Mind you, the timing couldn't have been better as no longer being the President would free up another couple of hours per week to allow Harvard educated Sirleaf to play the part of Doria Ragbag.

However, I also feel the need to tell you that Sirleaf has a [camera shy] step-son who no one in the press appears to know how to spell his first name; so, I am not sure if it is Fombah or Fumba or a variation of.

However, that fact is rather strange given that he was apparently the head of the Liberian secret service, as well as the stepson of the President and he is implicated in a major multi-million (some say a billion) pound fraud.

Nevertheless, I cannot help but think that Chumba-Fumba looks very much like Meghan Markle's cousin Joffrey (couldn't be Jeffrey obviously) Ragland (see photo R7)

And make sure that you take a close look at the ears! The ears – which are unique to each individual person – *are the same... And the intel services do like to keep it in the family, don't cha know.*

Moreover, if you have read my " **How The West Was Won** *" series of articles on my website www.chrisspivey.org you will know that these High Profile, with Low Profile people usually have a historical blast from the past and in Doria Raganbone's case I would image that her doppelganger is Patrice Clarke – the first female air captain for an international airline (see photo R8).*

Patrice Francise Clarke was born on 11 September 1961 in Nassau, The Bahamas to Peggy Ann and Nathaniel Clarke.

From the age of five, when she took her first flight, Clarke was interested in aviation. Raised by a single, divorced mother, along with her two sisters, Clarke learned responsibility at a young age.

During her high schooling in Nassau she participated in career week activities hoping to become a stewardess, by the time she graduated, she had dreams of becoming a pilot.

PHOTO R7: Joffrey & Fombah comparison
PHOTO R8: Patrice Clarke compared to Doria Ragland

In 1979, intent on her goal, Clarke enrolled in the Embry–Riddle Aeronautical University of Daytona Beach, Florida, despite the fact that she was the only black student and spoke only Bahamian Creole.

In April 1982, Clarke graduated as the first black woman in the school's history with a BS in aeronautical science and her commercial pilot's

certification Soon after her graduation, Clarke began working at a charter company, Trans Island Airways, in the Bahamas, as a pilot. She continued her studies and was able to earn her qualifications to fly Boeing 737 and Boeing 747-8 aircraft over the next few years.

In 1984, Clarke became the first woman pilot of Bahamasair, when she was hired as a First Officer by the air service. Though often facing discrimination Clark persevered and in 1988, she was hired by United Parcel Service (UPS) as a flight engineer.

Her three-person crew flew routes from Louisville, Kentucky to Anchorage, Alaska, as well as to Australia and Cologne, Germany. In 1990, Washington was promoted to First Officer with UPS.

In 1994, Clarke married Ray Washington, a pilot for American Airlines. In December 1994, she was promoted to captain by UPS, becoming the first black female, and one of only eleven female captains, to command planes for a major U.S. airline.

In 1995, Washington and other female pilots founded the Bessie Coleman Foundation with the purpose of preserving Coleman 's legacy, promoting the aviation profession among African American men and women, and providing a network for mentoring women in the airline sector.

In 2000, Washington was presented with the Trumpet Award from Turner Broadcasting for her pioneering work in aviation on behalf of women. *Source: Wikipedia*

So best we have another comparison (see photo R9)

PHOTO R9: Patrice Clarke compared to Doria Ragland

PHOTO R10: Pitman-Hughes & Steinem's iconic 1972 photograph

PHOTO R11: Shirtlift doing her tubthumping thing and looking very much like Doria Ragland in the process

PHOTO R12: The 2014 version

Okay, returning now to the feminist Dotty-Doria Pitman-Hughes and here is a thing: Pitman is known for her iconic photograph taken with the Feminist, Gloria Steinem in 1972 and seen in photo R10.

Mind you, Shirtlift is also all for a bit of air-thumping too (see photo R11).

And indeed the pair of rug-munchers - Pitman & Steinem -*posed for a recreation of that air-thumping photo in 2014.*
Somehow, photo R12 just doesn't have the same impact as the original does it?
Although the pair have milked the pose for all its worth.
Nevertheless, best we have a bit of background on Gloria Steinem, don't cha think?

Steinem was born on March 25, 1934, in Toledo, Ohio, the daughter of Ruth (née Nuneviller) and Leo Steinem. Her mother was a Presbyterian of mostly German (including Prussian), and some Scottish, descent.

Her father was Jewish, the son of emigrants from Württemberg, Germany and Radziejów, Poland.

Her paternal grandmother, Pauline Perlmutter Steinem, was chairwoman of the educational committee of the National Woman Suffrage Association, a delegate to the 1908 International Council of Women, and the first woman to be elected to the Toledo Board of Education, as well as a leader in the movement for vocational education.

Pauline also rescued many members of her family from the Holocaust.

The Steinems lived and traveled about in the trailer from which Leo carried out his trade as a traveling antiques dealer. Before Steinem was born, her mother Ruth, then aged 34, had a "nervous breakdown" which left her an invalid, trapped in delusional fantasies that occasionally turned violent.

She changed "from an energetic, fun-loving, book-loving" woman into "someone who was afraid to be alone, who could not hang on to reality long enough to hold a job, and who could rarely concentrate enough to read a book."

Ruth spent long periods in and out of sanatoriums for the mentally ill. Steinem was ten years old when her parents finally separated in 1944. Her father went to California to find work, while she and her mother continued to live together in Toledo.

While her parents divorced as a result of her mother's illness, Steinem did not attribute it to a result of chauvinism on the father's part, and she claims to have "understood and never blamed him for the breakup."

PHOTO S1: Steinem & Pitman-Hughes milking their moment of glory

PHOTO S2: A Fella in the same t-shirt as Steinem & Pitman-Hughes are wearing

Nevertheless, the impact of these events had a formative effect on her

personality: while her father, a traveling salesman, had never provided much financial stability to the family, his exit aggravated their situation. Steinem concluded that her mother's inability to hold on to a job was evidence of general hostility towards working women.

She also concluded that the general apathy of doctors towards her mother emerged from a similar anti-woman animus. Years later, Steinem described her mother's experiences as having been pivotal to her understanding of social injustices. These perspectives convinced Steinem that women lacked social and political equality. *Source: Wikipedia*

Now the thing is, that " Equal Rights Now *" t-shirt of theirs (seen in photo S1) proved to be very revealing to me. You see, on my internet travels - unconnected to the two activists - I came across a photo of a fella wearing the exact same one (see photo S2).*

And apparently the mush in that photo is the quite well known American actor, Rainn Wilson – strangely spelled name again.
*Wilson is supposedly most famous for his role in the American tv version of "*The Office*".*

Rainn Dietrich Wilson (born January 20, 1966) is an American actor, comedian, writer, director, businessman, and producer. He is best known for his role as Dwight Schrute on the American version of the television comedy The Office, for which he earned three consecutive Emmy Award nominations for Outstanding Supporting Actor in a Comedy Series.

A native of Seattle, Washington, Wilson began acting in college at the University of Washington, and later worked in theatre in New York City after graduating in 1986. Wilson made his film debut in Galaxy Quest (1999), followed by supporting parts in Almost Famous (2000), Steven Soderbergh 's Full Frontal (2002), and House of 1000 Corpses (2003). He also had a recurring part as Arthur Martin in the HBO series Six Feet Under from 2003 to 2005.

Wilson was cast as Dwight Schrute in The Office in 2005, a role which he would play until the show's conclusion in 2013. Other film credits include lead roles in the comedies The Rocker (2008) and Super (2010), and supporting roles in the horror films Cooties (2014) and The Boy (2015).

In addition to acting, Wilson published an autobiography, The Bassoon King, in November 2015, and also co-founded the digital media company SoulPancake in 2008. *Source: Wikipedia*

Mind you, I have to say that the above photo looks to be a fake with the two women superimposed on his shirt. Moreover, his shoulder appears all wrong and he also looks too wide on that side.

In fact I would imagine that the photo was knocked up specifically in order to form a Satanic connection.

Why?
Good question, let me show you. Now Wilson does in fact look exactly like Scott Rasmussen in some photos (see photo S3). " But who the fuck is Rasmussen *", I don't hear you yell.*

Nevertheless, I will tell you that Scott Rasmussen is the created persona of Meghan Markle's ex-brother-in-law, who was created in order to give her a past life.

Rasmussen is also without doubt his ex-brother-in-law, Thomas Markle Jr (see photo S4)

PHOTO S3: Scott & Rainn comparison PHOTO S4: Rasmussen/Markle comparison

PHOTO S5: Thomas Markle Jr & Meghan with Rainnnn Wilson inset

PHOTO S6: Rasmussen & Harold Lovell comparison

Indeed you only need look at the ear to see that the photos are from the same source.

Young Thomas Markle Jr also looks a lot like young Rainnnnnn Wilson (see photo S5). Moreover, I believe that Rasmussen-Markle-Rainn are a fella named Harold Lovell, seen in the comparison photo S6.

So who is Lovell?

*Well it would seem that Harold **WAYNE** Lovell was originally thought to be a 1977 victim of John **WAYNE** Gacy until he turned up alive and well in 2011:*

CHICAGO - Siblings who feared that their brother was one of serial killer John Wayne Gacy's eight unidentified victims were amazed and overjoyed to learn that he's been living in Florida for decades.

Tim Lovell and Theresa Hasselberg hadn't seen their brother, Harold Wayne Lovell, since he left their family's Chicago home in May 1977 in search of construction work. At the time, Gacy was trolling for young men and boys in the area. He was a contractor, and he lured many of the 33 young men and
boys he killed by offering them work.

Cook County Sheriff's detectives reviewing unidentified remains cases discovered that eight of the 33 people Gacy was convicted of murdering were never identified, and they obtained exhumation orders over the past few months to test the remains for DNA, hoping relatives of young men who went missing in the area in the 1970s might submit to genetic testing.

Lovell's siblings, who now live in Alabama, were planning to do just that when they discovered a recent online police booking photo of their brother taken in Florida. They reached their brother, who goes by his middle name, by phone

and bought him a bus ticket, and the family was reunited Tuesday for the first time in 34 years.

"It was awesome, awesome, a shock, disbelief," Wayne Lovell, now 53, told CBS News station WBBM-TV of Chicago. "I'm still pinching myself. I mean, 34 years is a long time."

He said he left for Florida all those years ago because he wasn't getting along with his mother and stepfather. Over the years, he's worked various manual labor jobs and has had occasional brushes with the law.

"I've gone from having nothing to having all this," Lovell said. "I'm still pinching myself."

Cook County Sheriff Tom Dart has said that dozens of families of men who disappeared during the 1970s have come forward for DNA testing.

Investigators searching Gacy's home following his 1978 arrest found most of his victims buried in a basement crawl space, although detectives said Gacy dumped four victims in a nearby river after he ran out of room at his house.
Gacy confessed to the slayings after his arrest and was executed in 1994.
Source: CBS News, October 26, 2011

You couldn't make it up y'know!

And again it is also worth playing ' What's-In-A-Name *' since I found a photo of a fella called Butch Rasmussen whose image most certainly provided (* or came from *) a source photo for Thomas WAYNE Markle Snr (see photo S7).*

However, because the two comparison photos are so crap I have set the overlay at 40% transparency so as you can see just how EXACTLY they match up.

And then there is the Scott Rasmussen seen in photo S8… Scott Rassmussen being the same name as Meghan's ex-brother-in-law.

PHOTO S8: Scott Rasmussen

PHOTO S7: Markle-Rasmussen comparison

Nevertheless, the Scott Rasmussen in photo S8 is a n American political analyst and digital media entrepreneur who was born on Eglin Air Force Base near Valparaiso, Florida to Lois Ann and Bill Rasmussen on the March 30, 1956… And once again we have somebody with military and political connections.

Moreover, according to Wikipedia:

Rasmussen is best known as the founder of Rasmussen Reports, where he served as pollster and president until leaving the company in 2013. Earlier in his professional life, Rasmussen co-founded the sports network ESPN. After leaving Rasmussen Reports, Rasmussen founded Rasmussen Media Group, working as a political analyst, author, public speaker and columnist. He is also a Senior Fellow at The King's College in New York City, where he is responsible for development at the Institute for Community Driven Solutions.

Rasmussen is a New York Times bestselling author and speaker, and his political commentary is distributed through a nationally syndicated weekly newspaper column.

However, what I found especially intriguing about this Ragamuffin-Rasmussen is the fact that he looks like Aleister Crowley & Victor Rothschild - who you will know if you have read my article "How The West Was Won", are probably the same person.
So best we do some comparisons. (see photos S9 & S10)

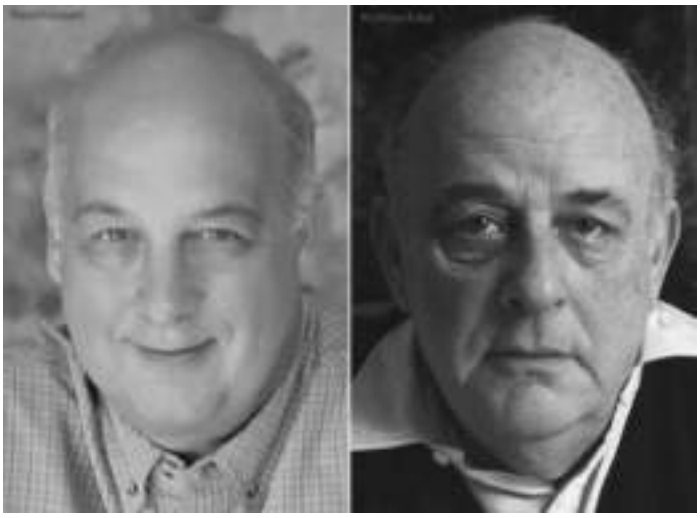
PHOTO S9: Rasmussen/Rothschild Comparison

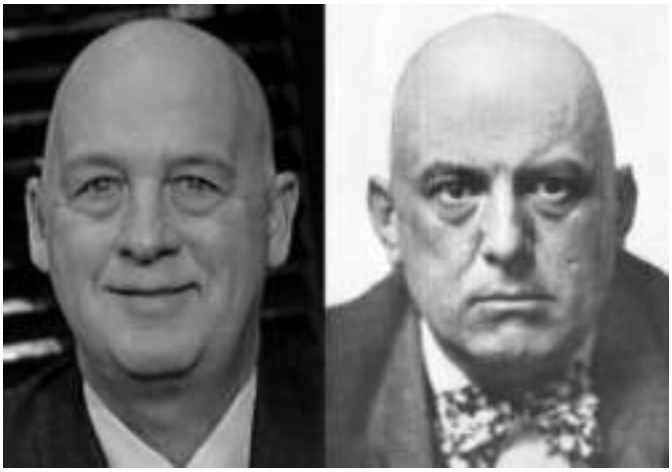
PHOTO S10: Ramussen/Crowley comparison

And for those of you who don't know, Aleister Crowley was an English occultist, ceremonial magician, poet, painter, novelist, and mountaineer. Mind you, he was also a predatory paedophile, junkie and one of the most evil bastards to ever walk the earth… And as such, the Monsters and their minions absolutely worship him.
Crowley was born into a wealthy Plymouth Brethren family in Royal Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, attended Cambridge University and wrote a load of books about Satan, black magic and other shit like that.

But like I say, in reality he was in all probability a Rothschild… Most likely MI5 spy, Victor.

Nathaniel Mayer Victor Rothschild, 3rd Baron Rothschild, Bt, GBE,

GM, FRS (31 October 1910 – 20 March 1990), was a senior executive with Royal Dutch Shell and N M Rothschild & Sons, an advisor to the Edward Heath and Margaret Thatcher governments of the UK, as well as a member of the prominent Rothschild family.

Rothschild was the only son of Charles Rothschild and Rozsika Rothschild (née Edle von Wertheimstein). The family home was Tring Park Mansion. He had three sisters. Rothschild suffered from the suicide of his father when he was 13 years old. He was educated at Harrow School.

At Trinity College, Cambridge, he read physiology, French, and English. He played first-class cricket for the University and Northamptonshire. At Cambridge he was known for his playboy lifestyle, driving a Bugatti and collecting art and rare books.

Rothschild joined the Cambridge Apostles, a secret society, which at that time was predominantly Marxist, though he stated himself that he "was mildly left-wing but never a Marxist". He became friends with Guy Burgess, Anthony Blunt and Kim Philby ; members of the Cambridge Spy Ring.

In 1933, Rothschild gave Blunt £ 100 to purchase "Eliezer and Rebecca" by Nicolas Poussin. The painting was sold by Blunt's executors in 1985 for £100,000 and is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum.

His flat in London was shared with Burgess and Blunt. This later aroused suspicion that he was the so-called Fifth Man in the Cambridge Spy Ring.

Rothschild inherited his title at the age of 26 following the death of his uncle Walter Rothschild, 2nd Baron Rothschild on 27 August 1937. He sat as a Labour Party peer in the House of Lords, but spoke only twice there during his life (both speeches were in 1946, one about the pasteurization of milk, and another about the situation in Palestine.
Source Wikipedia

However, another thing that connects this TV pundit, Rasmussen to the Meghan Markle deception is the photo T1.

You see, the fella on the right hand side of the photo is Michael Reagan... The adopted son of former US President, Ronald.
And as coincidence would have it, Michael Reagan looks very much like the fella in the photo T2.

PHOTO T1: Rasmussen in a TV debate with Michael Reagan

PHOTO T2: (main) Celine Dion, Rene Angelil & Mystery man (inset) Michael Raygun

The nose certainly looks right... Just sayin'.

Likewise I believe that there is a Satanic connection between the Markles et al and

the fake Las Vegas shooting... Although obviously there would be since everything has to connect.

Mind you, I am pleased to say that only the really, really daft are buying into that hoax.

Chapter 12
The Las Vegas Shooting

Now the official version of the Las Vegas shooting goes thus:

The 2017 Las Vegas shooting occurred on the night of Sunday, October 1, 2017 when a gunman opened fire on a crowd of concert goers at the Route 91 Harvest music festival on the Las Vegas Strip in Nevada, leaving 58 people dead and 851 injured. Between 10:05 and 10:15 p.m. PDT, 64-year-old Stephen Paddock of Mesquite, Nevada, fired more than 1,100 rounds from his suite on the 32nd floor of the nearby Mandalay Bay hotel. About an hour after he fired his last shot into the crowd, he was found dead in his room from a self-inflicted gunshot wound. His motive remains unknown.

The incident is the deadliest mass shooting committed by an individual in the United States. It reignited the debate about gun laws in the U.S., with attention focused on bump fire stocks, which Paddock used to fire semi-automatic rifles at a rate similar to that of a fully automatic weapon.

The Las Vegas Strip is a stretch of Las Vegas Boulevard immediately south of the city of Las Vegas in Clark County, Nevada. The Strip is known for its concentration of casinos and resort hotels, including the 43-story Mandalay Bay southwest of its intersection with Mandalay Bay Road, in the unincorporated town of Paradise.
Las Vegas Village, a 15-acre (6.1-hectare) lot used for outdoor performances, is located diagonally across the intersection to the northeast. From 2014 onward, the venue hosted the annual Route 91 Harvest country music festival. The 2017 festival ran from September 29 to October 1, with over 22,000 attendees on the final day.

Stephen Paddock was a 64-year-old former auditor and real estate businessman who had been living 80 miles (130 km) northeast of Las Vegas in a retirement community in Mesquite, Nevada. Paddock was twice divorced, had a long-term girlfriend, and had no known children. He was a son of Benjamin Paddock, a bank robber who was on the FBI 's most-wanted list between 1969 and 1977. Paddock's only recorded interactions with law enforcement were traffic citations.

Paddock was a high-stakes gambler who placed bets at a high enough level to earn valuable comps —free benefits such as rooms and meals. He was a familiar figure to casino hosts in Las Vegas, but was not well known among other high-stakes gamblers because he mostly played video poker. He reportedly kept to himself and was a heavy drinker. Paddock had lost a significant amount of his wealth over the previous two years, but had paid off all gambling debts before the shooting… *Source: Wikipedia*

But that is of course, just pie in the sky. Nevertheless, let's get the comparisons between the fake shooter, Stephen Paddock and his lookalikes out of the way first - starting with Thomas Markle Jr (see photo T3)... And pay close attention to how their t-shirts matchup and the likeness of their ears.

PHOTO T3: Paddock & Thomas Markle Jr comparison
PHOTO T4: Paddock & Rainn comparison

PHOTO T5: Rainn & his bird and Paddock & his bird

PHOTO T6: Paddock's bird compared to Mrs Markle the 1st

And like Markle Jr, Rainnnnnn Wilson also fits the bill well (See photo T4). But there is more... A lot more. You see, Rainn's bird also looks like Paddock's bird (see photo T5).

Now the nose doesn't fit but then again it wouldn't would it given the larger smile of Paddock's bird and the different head angles... Not to mention the photoshopping that has been done.
Furthermore there is the matter of the bird seen with Paddock in photo T6. Indeed, to me she does in fact look a lot like Thomas Wayne Markle's alleged first wife.

And I'm not even done yet. You see the Vegas hoax like most hoaxes had the usual police officer killed. Her name was allegedly Rachael Parker and it has to be said that she traveled an awful long way for a 2 bit country-music festival since she supposedly worked at Manhattan Beach in California.

A police department employee from California was among those shot

and killed during the Route 91 Harvest country music festival on Sunday.
Manhattan Beach Police Department records technician Rachael Parker, 33, died at a Las Vegas hospital, department spokeswoman Kristie Colombo wrote in an email. She was employed with the department for 10 years.

Another department employee, an unidentified police officer, was shot and suffered minor injuries, Colombo wrote.
Parker is not the only government employee from Manhattan Beach fatally wounded during the music festival. Special education teacher Sandra Casey also died. *Source: Las Vegas Review Journal, October 2017*

However, she does look an awful lot like Ted Bundy victim, Lynda Healy, with a touch of face altering software applied. (See photos T8 & T9)

She looks a bit demented doesn't she?
Nevertheless, this is what the monster-minions ALWAYS do… They use photos of previous 'victims' to create new 'victims'.

PHOTO T8: Rachael Parker
PHOTO T9: Parker compared to Bundy victim Lynda Healy

Mind you, you would have to be demented to take that country-music festival

seriously. I mean the festival is meant to be an annual, 3 day event - think about that fact - *that started in 2014 (* plenty of time for planning the fake shooting then *) with the headline acts, according to Wikipedia being as follows:*

The following country music artists were the major acts in the respective years:

● 2014: The inaugural festival featured Jason Aldean, Blake Shelton and Miranda Lambert

● 2015: Florida Georgia Line, Thomas Rhett, Gary Allan, Lady Antebellum, Tim McGraw and Brett Eldredge

● 2016: Headliners included Luke Bryan, Toby Keith, Brad Paisley, Little Big Town and Chris Young

● 2017: Major acts were Eric Church, Sam Hunt, Jason Aldean, Jake Owen and Lee Brice

So, for instance if we take the first festival I would imagine on day 1 you had Jason Aldean. On day 2 you had Blake Shelton headlining and on day 3 Miranda ' who the fuck are you *' Lambert being the star of the show... Now I know that the Americans are big on country-music, but none of them are household names so who were the support acts?*

The Eagles of Death Metal probably. Indeed if you research those headliners some of them do not even appear in the US top 100 country music acts!.

Moreover, it is also interesting that Jason Aldean (by far the biggest name amongst that motley crew*) was the headline act for the FIRST ever show and was on stage for the LAST show to date when the shooting allegedly began.*

Therefore, it would be prudent to take a closer look at Aldean, would it not?

Of course it fucking would.

Aldean was born in Macon, Georgia. His parents separated when he was three. He was raised by his mother in Macon, and during the summer he would spend time with his father in Homestead, Florida.
Before his father went to work he would map out guitar chords on notebook paper to show Jason where to place his fingers to play the chords, and the boy would sit and practice all day while his dad was at work. When his dad got home, he got out his own guitar and they played together.

Soon he could play a song after hearing it only a few times. His early favorites included George Strait 's "The Cowboy Rides Away", Hank Williams Jr. 's "The Blues Man", and Alabama 's "My Home's in Alabama".

Both of his parents encouraged young Aldean as he progressed musically.
From age 14, after watching the country-music awards on television, he wanted to perform on stage.

With his mother's help, he performed at the local VFW hall in Macon. He sang John Anderson 's song " Seminole Wind " and Tracy Lawrence 's "Sticks and Stones".

He then began performing at area talent contests and local fairs. At 15, he joined the "house band" at Georgia nightspot Nashville S.

In order to stand out, Aldean changed the spelling of his middle name, Aldine, to come up with the name Aldean.

Now personally, I think that Aldean is either Garth Brookes or a clone of him (see photo U1)

PHOTO U1: Aldean/Brookes comparison

PHOTO U2: Casey Marino AKA Cassandra Jenner & Brittany Kerr comparison

Course, that is as I say, just my opinion and relatively unimportant. However, Aldean's bird, Brittany Kerr does look very much like Casey Marino (see photo U2).

Indeed, Aldean & Kerr caused a bit of a scandal, ramped up by the worlds press when they first got together:

He has apologised for 'screwing up' after he was caught on camera kissing a former American Idol contestant.

Photos taken at a Hollywood bar show country star Jason Aldean, who is married with two children, getting very cosy with Brittany Kerr.

The 35-year-old appears to be all over the cheerleader, placing his arms around her waist and nuzzling her neck.

After flirting for a while Aldean can be seen leaning in for a kiss with the pretty blonde, who places her hands on his shoulders and recipro. Meanwhile 24-year-old Kerr, whose first time singing in front of people was at her American Idol audition, wore a tight white tank top and jeans.

While Aldean has utilised Twitter to publicly declare his regret, it seems the backlash became too much for Kerr.

The Bobcats dancer has deleted her own account on the social networking website after fans of Aldean labelled her a 'homewrecker', sent profanities and accused her of 'taking advantage' of the married country star.

The pair were pictured last Wednesday night in the patio area of The Den, a popular hangout for locals and tourists along L.A.'s Sunset Boulevard.

Aldean, 35, was wearing a checkered shirt, silver hoops in his ears and bracelets, but must have left his trademark cowboy hat at home. *Source: Daily Mail. October 2nd 2012*

And to close this Vegas Chapter it is worth looking at Stephen Paddocks high school photo (see photo U3).

You see, they too are a motley crew and there are a couple of three or four things to point out about Paddocks yearbook photo - such as his classmate, Susan Pack looks far too much like Ted Bundy's 'victim', Kim Leach

(interesting surname) to be a coincidence (see photo U4)... And there were no angles changed in compiling that comparison photo.

Moreover, classmate, Kevin Page looks very much like Stephen Paddock himself (see photo U5). And again, no angles were changed. Or put another way, I simply took the half face Paddock photo and laid it on top of the Page photo… Yet the two half faces fit together better than if you had taken another random photo of Page and laid half of his face over his class photo.

And here is the thing. You can then take that photo of Kevin Page, cut it in half, and without changing any angles, you can overlay it perfectly onto a photo of a very similar looking, young Ronald Reagan… And I am sure that I do not need to remind you of the big part that Reagan has already played in this book.

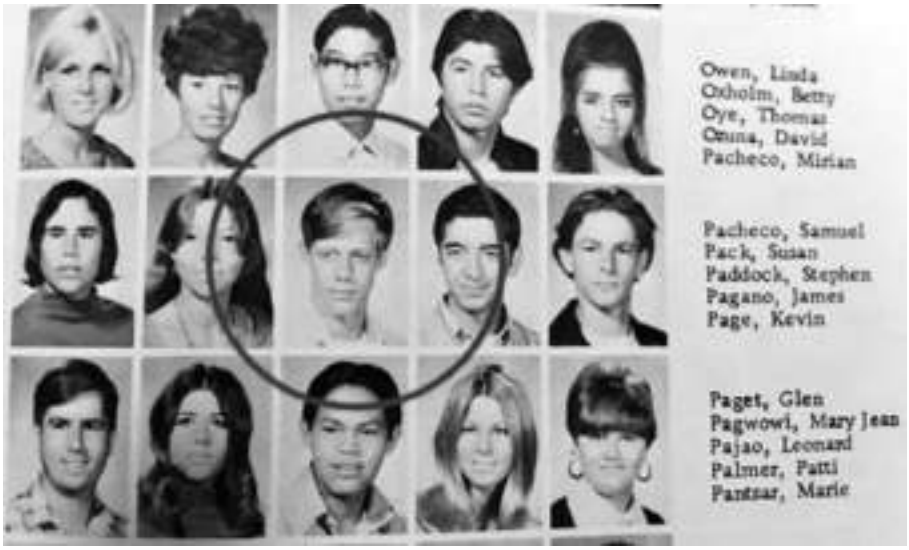

PHOTO U3: Stephen Paddocks class photo

PHOTO U4: Susan Pack & Kim Leach comparison
PHOTO U5: Kevin Page & Stephen Paddock comparison.

PHOTO U6: Kevin Page/
Ronald Reagan comparison.

Chapter 13
The Presidential Collection

Now I can also tell you that you can take that class photo of Stephen Paddock and overlay it - without changing any angles - onto the Ronald Reagan photo that I used in photo U6 (see photo U7).

Nevertheless, I am not saying that young Reagan is young Paddock, because that would be silly since they do not look alike. However, given all of what I have already written, I am indeed saying that the fact that Paddock overlays Reagan perfectly is due to the fact that the source photos have been manipulated to do so in order to form a Satanic connection.

Moreover, I can take a photo of a young John F Kennedy and not only overlay the half face section of the Young Ronald Reagan over it perfectly, but I can also add a half face section of young Stephen Paddock to the mix - without changing any angles and still come up with a perfect photo (see photo U8).

John Fitzgerald Kennedy (May 29, 1917 – November 22, 1963), commonly referred to by his initials JFK, was an American politician who served as the 35th President of the United States from January 1961 until his assassination in November 1963. He served at the height of the Cold War, and the majority of his presidency dealt with managing relations with the Soviet Union. As a member of the Democratic Party, Kennedy represented the state of Massachusetts in the United States House of Representatives and the U.S. Senate prior to becoming president.

Kennedy was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, to Joseph P. Kennedy Sr. and Rose Kennedy. He graduated from Harvard University in 1940 and joined the U.S. Naval Reserve the following year. During World War II, he commanded a series of PT boats in the Pacific theater and earned the Navy and Marine Corps Medal for his service. After the war, Kennedy represented the

11th congressional district of Massachusetts in the U.S. House of Representatives from 1947 to 1953. He was subsequently elected to the U.S. Senate and served as the junior Senator from Massachusetts from 1953 to 1960. While in the
Senate, he published his book entitled Profiles in Courage, which won a Pulitzer Prize for Biography. In the 1960 presidential election, Kennedy narrowly defeated Republican opponent Richard Nixon, who was the incumbent Vice President. At age 43, he became the youngest man to be elected as U.S. president as well as being the first (and only) Roman Catholic to occupy that office.

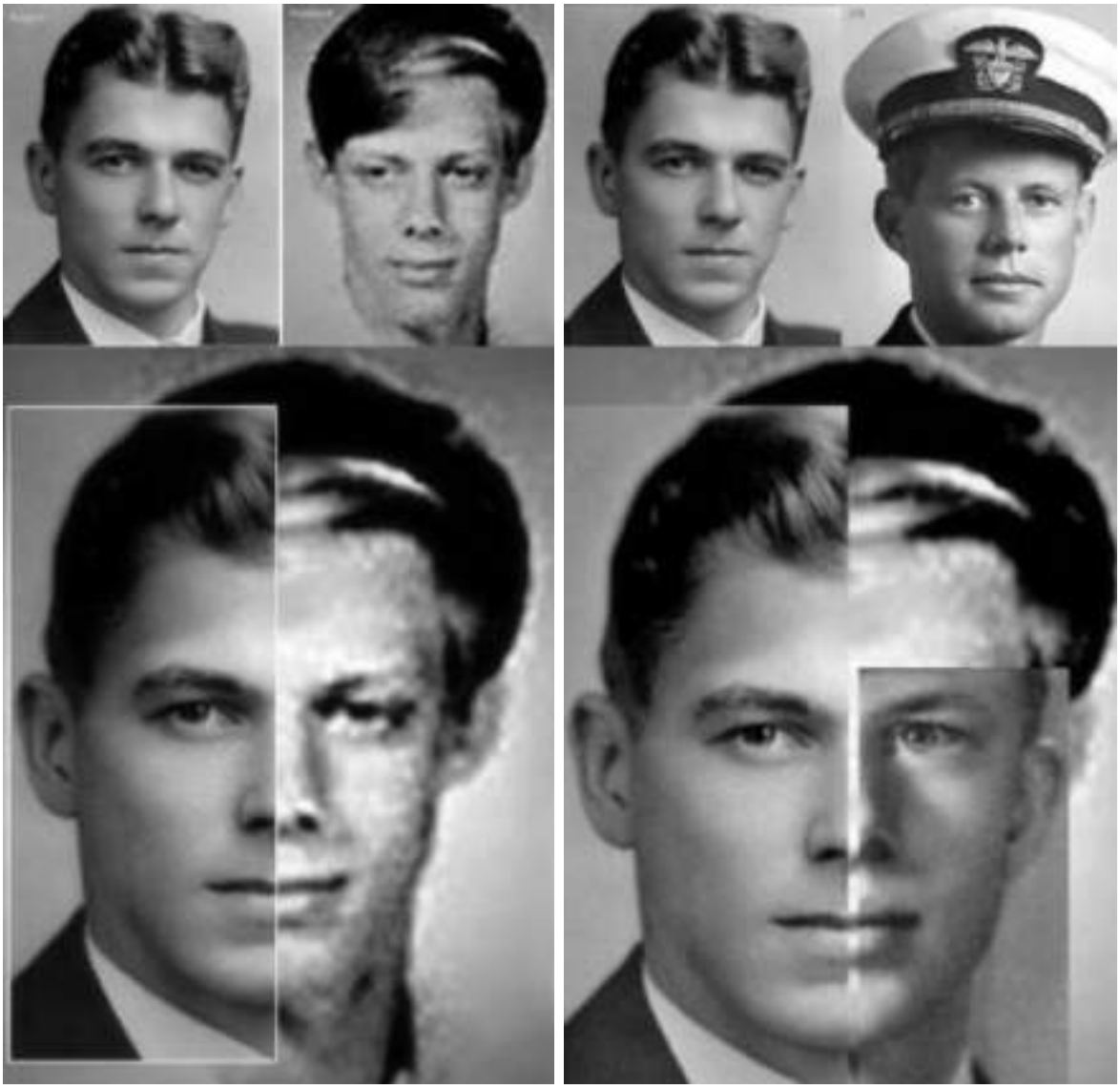

PHOTO U7: Reagan/Paddock overlay
PHOTO U8: Raygun-Paddock-JFK

Kennedy's time in office was marked by high tensions with communist states in the Cold War. He increased the number of American military advisers in South Vietnam by a factor of 18 over President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

In April 1961, he authorized a failed joint-CIA attempt to overthrow the Cuban government of Fidel Castro in the Bay of Pigs Invasion. He subsequently rejected Operation Northwoods plans by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to orchestrate false flag attacks on American soil in order to gain public approval for a war against Cuba. In October 1962, U.S. spy planes discovered that Soviet missile bases had been deployed in Cuba; the resulting period of tensions, termed the Cuban Missile Crisis, nearly resulted in the breakout of a global thermonuclear conflict. Domestically, Kennedy presided over the establishment of the Peace Corps and supported the civil rights movement, but he was largely unsuccessful in passing his New Frontier domestic policies.

Kennedy continues to rank highly in historians' polls of U.S. presidents and with the general public. His average approval rating of 70% is the highest of any president in Gallup 's history of systematically measuring job approval.

On November 22, 1963, Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Texas. Lee Harvey Oswald was arrested for the state crime, but he was never prosecuted due to his murder by Jack Ruby two days later; Ruby was sentenced to death and died while the sentence was on appeal in 1967.

Pursuant to the Presidential Succession Act, Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson was sworn in as president later that day. Both the FBI and the Warren Commission officially concluded that Oswald had acted alone in the assassination, but various groups challenged the findings of the Warren Report and believed that Kennedy was the victim of a conspiracy. After Kennedy's death, Congress enacted many of his proposals, including the

Civil Rights and the Revenue Acts of 1964. *Source: Wikipedia.*

Furthermore, I can also do the same using a photo of a young Jimmy carter… Who does indeed look very much like the young Stephen Paddock (see photo U9)... And once again, I do not need to remind you of the huge part that Carter has played in this book. In fact Carter and JFK are very similar in appearance and their photos perfectly overlay each other without changing any angles too (see photo U10)...
Which again is extremely suspicious.

In fact the likeness between JFK and Carter has led many conspiracy theorist to the conclusion that they are one and the same (see photo V1).

PHOTO U9: Carter/ Paddock comparison

PHOTO U10: JFK/Carter comparison

PHOTO V1: JFK/Carter comparison

PHOTO V2: Carter/Reagan comparison

*Mind you, whilst I do not necessarily buy into that conspiracy theory, you will know if you have read my " **How The West Was Won** " articles, that Lee Harvey Oswald is most definitely a created persona.*
And of course, the young Carter photo also perfectly overlays the young Reagan photo (see photo V2).
However, when you take a closer look at all of the US Presidents, you quickly realise that none of them stand up to scrutiny. For instance, President number 3, THOMAS Jefferson was played by a fella called THOMAS Watson (see photo V3).

The following is taken from the New Georgia Encyclopedia:

The public life of Thomas E. Watson is perhaps one of the more perplexing and controversial among Georgia politicians.

In his early years he was characterized as a liberal, especially for his time. In later years he emerged as a force for white supremacy and anti-Catholic rhetoric. He was elected to the Georgia General Assembly

(1882), the U.S. House of Representatives (1890), and the U.S. Senate (1920), where he served for only a short time before his death. Nominated by the Populist Party as its vice presidential candidate in 1896, he achieved national recognition for his egalitarian, agrarian agenda.

Although his terms of elective office were short, for more than thirty years his support was essential for many men running for public office in Georgia. In addition to his political achievements, Tom Watson was a practicing lawyer, publisher, and historian. He is remembered for being a voice for Populism and the disenfranchised, and later in life, as a southern demagogue and bigot…

Moreover, there are many famous people walking this earth today who are clones of historical figures (see photos V4, V5, V6).
But I will leave it there for now. Which just leaves two more Markle relatives to do before we get to the main event, Meghan Markle.

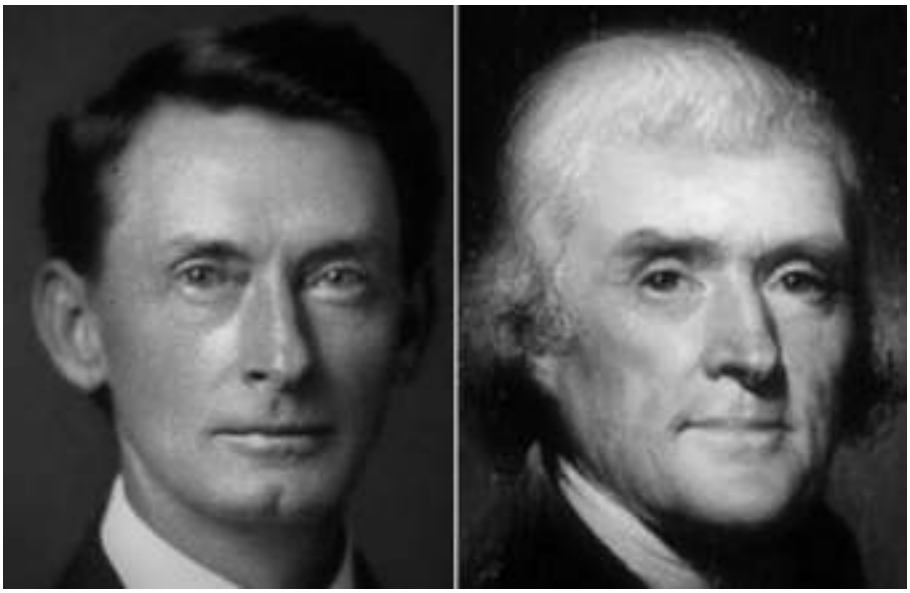

PHOTO V3: THOMAS Watson and US President number 3

PHOTO V4: Actor Alec Baldwin & US President number 13, Millard Fillmore

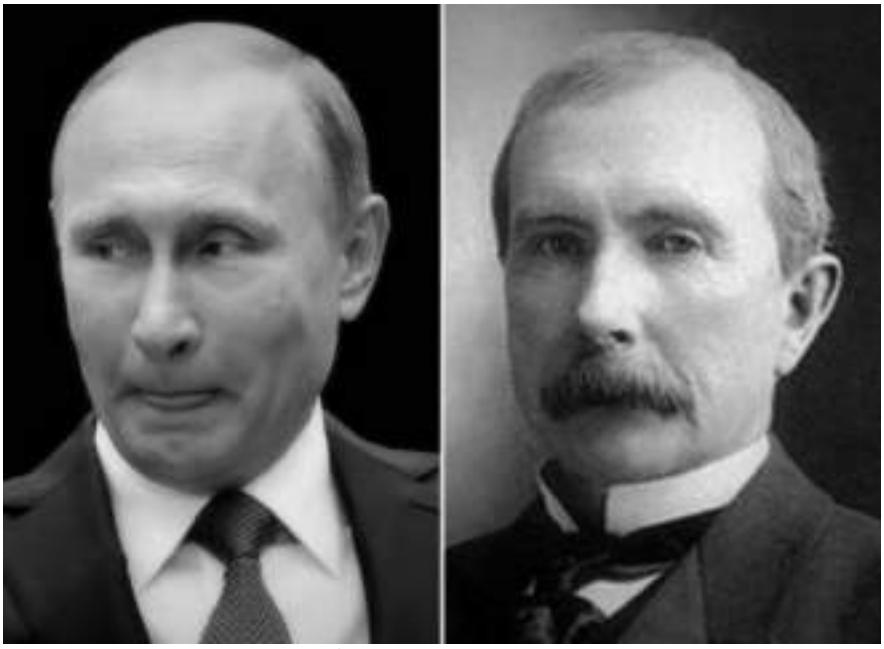

PHOTO V5: John D Rockefeller & Vladimir Putin

PHOTO V6: Donald Trump & General George Patto

Chapter 14
The Sister & The Uncle

Now the first of these last two 'relatives' is Meg's half sister, Samantha Grant…

Although I can find no reason that she should have 'Grant *' as a surname.*

However, to me Sam looks very much like the washed-up actress Melanie Griffiths:

Melanie Richards Griffith (born August 9, 1957) [is an American actress. Griffith began her career as an adolescent in nonspeaking film roles before making her credited debut opposite Gene Hackman in Arthur Penn's Night Moves (1975).

She rose to prominence for her role in Brian De Palma 's Body Double (1984), which earned her a National Society of Film Critics Award for Best Supporting Actress. Griffith's subsequent performance in Something Wild (1986) garnered critical acclaim before she was cast in 1988's Working Girl, which earned her a nomination for the Academy Award for Best Actress and won her a Golden Globe.

The 1990s saw Griffith in a series of roles which received varying critical reception: she received Golden Globe nominations for her performances in Buffalo Girls (1995), and as Marion Davies in RKO 281 (1999), while also earning a Golden Raspberry Award for Worst Actress for her performances in Shining Through (1992), as well as receiving nominations for Crazy in

Alabama (1999) and John Waters ' cult film Cecil B. Demented (2000).

Other credits include John Schlesinger 's Pacific Heights (1990), Milk Money (1994), the neo-noir film Mulholland Falls (1996), as Charlotte Haze in Adrian Lyne 's Lolita (1997), and Another Day in Paradise (1998).
She later starred as Barbara Marx in The Night We Called It a Day (2003), and has appeared on the television series Nip/Tuck, Raising Hope, and Hawaii Five-0. After acting on stage in London, in 2003 she made her Broadway debut in a revival of the musical Chicago, receiving celebratory reviews that made it
a box office success. *Source Wikipedia*

Now Melanie Griffith left home at the age of 14 to move in with the then 22 year old 80's heartthrob, Don Johnson.

Course, this led to Johnson having to defend the relationship and he later told ***Entertainment weekly*** *that; Melanie was the "* aggressor in the relationship *" and that* "She pursued *" him. So I suppose that makes it ok then ya nonce. Nevertheless, let's compare Griffiths and Grant (see photo V7).*

And that just leaves Meghan's uncle, Fred Markle for us to look at… Or Uncle Fat as he is affectionately known... By no one but me.

Nevertheless, Uncle Fat could be any of the usual suspects so I am not going to dwell on him too much... He is however our old friend Tom Hollander, the structural engineer from Iowa, for instance (see photo V8)... And Thomas Hollander is - as we have already seen - also Thomas, so you work it out for yourself.

PHOTO V7: (main) Samantha Grant (inset) Melanie Griffiths

PHOTO V8: Uncle Fat and Thomas Hollander comparison

Chapter 15
Meghan Markle

So who is Meghan Markle?

And the answer to that is she is no one… She is just a made-up persona, invented to give the British royal family some credibility and make it appear that they are moving with the times.

Nevertheless, let us get her 'official' bio out of the way first:

Meghan, Duchess of Sussex (born Rachel Meghan Markle; August 4, 1981), is an American-born member of the British royal family and a former film and television actress.

Meghan Markle was born and raised in Los Angeles, California. During her studies at Northwestern University, she began playing small roles in American television series and films, but found her mixed-race heritage to be an obstacle.

From 2011 to 2017, she played her best-known role, Rachel Zane, on the American legal drama series Suits. As an outspoken feminist, Markle has addressed the issue of gender inequality, and her lifestyle website, The Tig, featured a column profiling influential women. Her humanitarian work in the 2010s saw her represent international charity organizations. She has also received recognition for her fashion and style, releasing a line of clothing in 2016.

From 2011 until their divorce in 2013, Markle was married to actor and producer Trevor Engelson. In 2017, she announced her engagement to Prince Harry, grandson of Queen Elizabeth II, and moved to London. She consequently retired from acting, closed her social media accounts, and started undertaking public engagements on behalf of the British

royal family.
Following their wedding on May 19, 2018, Markle became known as Duchess of Sussex.
Rachel Meghan Markle was born on August 4, 1981, in Los Angeles, California, at West Park Hospital in Canoga Park.
Her mother, Doria Ragland, a social worker and yoga instructor, as of 2017 lives in View Park–Windsor Hills, California. Markle has often described a very close friendship with her mother.
Her father, Thomas Markle Sr., who lives in Rosarito, Mexico, is a retired television director of photography and lighting director, whose profession resulted in his young daughter often visiting the set of Married...with Children.

Markle's parents divorced when she was six years old. She has two older paternal half-siblings, Thomas Markle Jr. and Samantha Markle, from whom she is reportedly estranged.

Describing her heritage in a 2015 essay for Elle, Markle states that her "dad is Caucasian and my mom is African American. I'm half black and half white …
While my mixed heritage may have created a grey area surrounding my self-identification, keeping me with a foot on both sides of the fence, I have come to embrace that. To say who I am, to share where I'm from, to voice my pride in being a strong, confident mixed-race woman."

Markle grew up in Hollywood. She was educated at private schools, beginning at age two at Hollywood Little Red Schoolhouse.

At age 11, her successful campaign to get a company to change a national television commercial she viewed as sexist was profiled by Linda Ellerbee on Nick News.
Markle attended Immaculate Heart High School, an all-girl Catholic private school in Los Angeles, but was raised as a Protestant. She then attended Northwestern University, where she joined Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, and participated in community service and charity projects.
She graduated from Northwestern's School of Communication in 2003

with a bachelor's degree and a double major in theater and international studies. She also served an internship at the American embassy in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and studied for a semester in Madrid, Spain.
Source: Wikipedia

And that is just total, total bollox.
However, what is interesting is the following hogwash published in the Daily Mail on May 27th 2018:
The Duchess of Sussex was pregnant when she stood in front of the altar. And she was in love — not with her husband-to-be but her cousin.

No, not Meghan, obviously — but the last woman to bear the title Duchess of Sussex.

More than 200 years ago, a red-headed royal prince fell in love with a dark-haired older woman. What followed was a web of love, lies, deceit and royal disgrace which was to last 40 years.
She was Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore.

He was Prince Augustus Frederick, sixth son of 'mad' King George III — and soon to be made the first Duke of Sussex.

So, if that were to be believed then the current Duke of Sussex and the last Duke of Sussex were both ginger haired fellas who married "dark haired, older women"... Or put another way; history repeating itself.

Moreover, and again if the press is to be believed, then Harry & Meghan are related:

An investigation into the lineage of Prince Harry and Meghan Markle has revealed that they are actually cousins. Despite growing up on different sides of the Atlantic, a study has found they are distantly related thanks to a 15th century ancestor of the Queen Mother.

Meghan's father, Emmy-winning cinematographer Thomas Markle, can trace his line all the way back to an Englishman called Ralph Bowes. Ralph was a High Sheriff of County Durham whose family seat was

Streatlam Castle and lived from 1480-1518. His estates, through a succession of males heirs,
eventually passed down to Sir George Bowes, an MP related to Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

Elizabeth would later become the Queen Mother when her daughter became Queen Elizabeth II in 1952. The Queen became Harry's grandmother when he was born 1984.
Meghan can trace her lineage back hundreds of years to when her ancestors first first arrived in America. Sheriff Ralph Bowe's granddaughter married John Hussey of Dorking, Surrey.

Their grandson, Christopher Hussey, moved to America in 1632 and helped to found Nantucket, Massachusetts. Mail Online reported that it was this line of the family that would eventually produce Meghan. Her German ancestors also have their own coat of arms, thanks to grandfather Gordon, husband of Doris,
who was related to Abraham Merckel (1630-1698) of Alsace, France.
Source: The Metro, 30 Oct 2017

But once again, that is just total bollox designed to muddy the waters and give Meghan some credibility.
Moreover, in an effort to strengthen the myth, nude photos of Meghan have recently surfaced (see photo W1). And when you couple that with the now hard to find photos of Meghan giving a fella a blow job in a tv show (see photo W2), do you really believe that the royal family would allow her to join their ranks?

PHOTO W1: Nude Meghan
PHOTO W2: Meghan giving a blow job.

Mind you, the Royal Family photographed naked appears to be a clause in their contract and you can indeed find naked photos of nearly every single family member on my website www.chrisspivey.org.

These photos include: Prince Charles, Prince Andrew, Sarah Ferguson, Diana, Kate Middleton, Sophie Wessex, Prince William amongst others. There are also naked photos of Kate Middleton's sister, Pippa.

And Pippa was of course, the first actress to play Meghan.Indeed, such was their likeness that the national press were forced to address the fact.

The following is taken from www.heart.co.uk and just one of many reports on

the fact:
Is it just us or does Prince Harry's girlfriend resemble Kate's younger sister, Pippa Middleton...

Ever since we found out that Prince Harry is dating American actress, Meghan Markle, we have been OBSESSED with getting to know her.

The 35-year-old divorcee is known for playing Rachel Zane in the law drama, Suits, is a humanitarian and a lifestyle blogger. Now, eagle-eyed fans are claiming that Meghan bears a striking resemblance to Harry's sister in law's younger sibling, Pippa Middleton.

Aside from having the same big, brown eyes and luscious, brunette locks, their face shapes a very similar. And it looks like they could share a wardrobe too!

Rumours of a romance between Prince Harry, 31, and Pippa Middleton, 32, surface after they both played significant roles in Prince William and Kate Middleton's wedding.

Although we'd like to think that Harry fell in love with Pippa after she wore THAT figure-hugging bridesmaid's dress (dubbing her Her Royal Hotness), we're not sure there was much substantial evidence behind the rumours.

Having said that, he was seen telling Pippa on his way to Westminster Abbey that "you do look very beautiful today - seriously."

The similarities don't stop there: both women are key ambassador for meaningful causes. Meghan is an advocate for UN Women and Water Aid ambassador, whilst Pippa Middleton is a supporter of the British Heart Foundation.

Perhaps Prince Harry has a type?

Pippa is officially off the dating market, as she plans to tie-the-knot with her hedge-funder fiancé, James Matthews, 41.

Prince Harry and Meghan are said to have met through a mutual friend, Misha Nonoo, over the summer when Harry was in the USA promoting the Invictus Games.

Course, modesty prevents me telling you that I reported on the likeness between the pair months before the press picked upon the fact - or should I say months before the press were ORDERED to report on the fact.

Indeed, it kinda smacks of the way that the press were forced to comment on the ever changing face of Ted Bundy.

Nevertheless, as my old mother always says; the proof is in the pudding (see photos W3, W4 & W5)

(Next Page)

W3

W4

PHOTOS W3, W4, W5: Pippa & Meghan comparisons

PHOTO W6: Meghan & Pippa's moles are in the same place.

PHOTO W7: Shows difference in jaw lines

Moreover, Meghan has a mole on the right side of her upper lip and Pippa has one on the left side. However, if you reverse Pippa's photos, you can see that her mole sits in the exact same spot as Meghan's (see photo W6).

Which is extremely coincidental. Indeed it is also extremely suspect in the way that Meghan goes from sometimes having a relatively square jaw to sometimes having a very sculpted, thin jaw (see photo W7).

Another of those who plays the part of Meghan is her 'friend' Jessica Mulroney.

Jessica Mulroney (born Brownstein; born 14 March 1980) is a Canadian fashion stylist who regularly does segments for the television show CityLine Mulroney is the daughter of Veronica (Coleman) and Stephen Brownstein. She is a descendant of the founders of Browns Shoes, a niece of Bill Brownstein, writer for the Montreal Gazette, and sister of Harvard Professor John Brownstein.

Mulroney is a graduate of McGill University.
In November 2015 Mulroney styled ensembles for Sophie Grégoire Trudeau, the wife of Justin Trudeau, the Prime Minister of Canada. Her efforts on Grégoire Trudeau's behalf attracted particular attention because Mulroney is the daughter-in-law of former Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, political opponent of Grégoire-Trudeau's father-in-law, Pierre Trudeau. Despite the cool relationship between their parents, the Mulroney and Trudeau children have been friendly with Ben Mulroney being an invited guest at Justin Trudeau's wedding in 2005.

Mulroney and her sisters-in-law Caroline, Katy and Vanessa Mulroney co-founded a charity called The Shoebox Project. The project's goal is to provide makeup to women living in shelters. Donors are asked to fill a shoebox with approximately $50 worth of cosmetics and toiletries.
Both Maclean's and Chatelaine have interviewed Mulroney about the Canadian marketing rights she and her sister Elizabeth acquired for the high-end lingerie lines la Perla and Cosabella
Brownstein married Ben Mulroney, the eldest son and second eldest child of Mila Mulroney and former Prime Minister of Canada Brian Mulroney, on October 30, 2008. The couple have three children: identical twins, Brian Gerald Alexander Mulroney and John Benedict Dimitri Mulroney (born August 12, 2010), and daughter Isabel Veronica Mulroney, known as "Ivy" (born June 12, 2013).

Mulroney is considered a close friend of Meghan, Duchess of Sussex (Meghan Markle). In 2018, she and her husband attended Markle's

wedding to Prince Harry, and their children participated as page boys and flower girl. Earlier, she and her husband had attended the closing ceremony of the 2017 Invictus Games at the Air Canada Centre, Toronto, on September 30, 2017, where
Markle and Prince Harry made a joint public appearance. *Source Wikipedia*

And once again the proof is in the pudding (see photo W8).

PHOTO W8: Meghan and Jessica comparison

PHOTO W9: CJ Franko

What would the chances be?

However, there are also three or four others who step into Meghan's shoes when needed, such as the model, CJ Franko (see photo W9). Nevertheless, the actor who plays the role of Meghan most is Natalie Suliman.

Natalie Denise Doud-Suleman (born Nadya Denise Suleman, July 11, 1975), known as Octomom in the media, is an American media personality who came to international attention when she gave birth to octuplets in January 2009.
The Suleman octuplets are only the second full set of octuplets to be born alive in the United States.

One week after their birth, they surpassed the previous worldwide survival rate for a complete set of octuplets set by the Chukwu octuplets in 1998. The circumstances of their high order multiple birth led to controversy in the field of assisted reproductive technology as well as an investigation by the Medical Board of California of the fertility specialist

involved.

Public reaction turned negative when it was discovered that Suleman already had six other young children and was unemployed and on public assistance programs. Suleman conceived the octuplets and her six older children via in vitro fertilization (IVF). Although she initially denied ever having used public assistance, she confirmed in April 2012 on NBC's Today show that she was indeed on public assistance.

Suleman was born in Fullerton, California in 1975, an only child. Her mother Angela Victoria Suleman (born Stanaitis) was a school teacher and her father Edward Doud Suleman was a restaurant owner, and Iraqi army veteran. She attended Nogales High school, where she was known as Natalie Doud, and later California State University in Fullerton Suleman quickly captured the public eye with the birth of octuplets. Within the first week, the media dubbed her "Octomom". Suleman hired the Killeen Furtney Group as her initial public relations company, with Wes Yoder providing a small amount of pro bono advice. Both groups soon ended their involvement after receiving death threats. Her next spokesman was Victor Munoz, who quit on March 6, 2009...

Suleman continued efforts to raise money to support herself and her children. In June 2012, she announced that she would be recording a new single with recording artist Adam Barta after she appeared in an alternate cut of his "Q&A" music video, where she was heard saying, "Let's do a duet, on my new album!" In Summer 2012, Suleman appeared in the adult film Octomom Home Alone produced by Wicked Pictures. The film is solely of Nadya Suleman in solo scenes with the aid of sex toys; there are no other actors. The film was released on June 20, 2012. (In December 2012, Octomom Home Alone received four AVN Award nominations, and won for Best Celebrity Video.)

She has also begun work as an adult entertainer dancing in men's clubs. She released a single called "Sexy Party" with Adam Barta in

September, and caused a controversy when he was seen holding her breasts surrounded by crucifixes on a bed on the compact disc artwork. She stated she was inspired
by the work of Madonna. In October 2012, she was paid to participate in the launch of an internet debate site, Deeyoon.com, including doing an online debate on parenting with Michael Lohan. *Source: Wikipedia*

Okay, before we go any further I best show you a comparison of Natalie & Meghan (see photos X1, X2, X3, X4).

PHOTO X1: Octomum Natalie suliman

PHOTO X2: Natalie & Meghan comparison - No angles changed

PHOTO X3: Natalie & Meghan comparison - No angles changed

PHOTO X4: Half face comparison of Natalie and Meghan

Now according to Google the odds of a woman carrying eight babies to birth is one TRILLION to one… Or put another way, damned near impossible.

So, to put that in context; it would take you thirty one thousand, seven hundred years (31,700) to count to a trillion… And that is counting 24 hours a day, 7 days a week without a break!

Therefore, what would the odds be of a woman having eight babies in one pregnancy as well as being a 31 billion to 1 doppelganger of Meghan Markle?

Not that Suliman really had 8 babies in one go. Indeed you only need look at her tits to see that the story is just another in a long line of hoaxes. Yet strangely enough, Meghan doesn't have any children, and I say "strangely enough" because at 38 years old, a twice married woman as beautiful as

Meghan - who claims to love
children - not having any is extremely strange… Although I doubt we will have to wait long before it is announced that the new Duchess of Sussex is pregnant - although that will be in reality, a hoax too.

Mind you, that no-children-anomaly could be explained away by the fact that there are more than a few researchers who believe that Meghan (Suliman) is a male to female transgender - which is an agenda that I have already touched upon.

And indeed those researchers point to the fact that Meghan has very large hands (men's hands are larger than women's) and her forefingers are much longer than her ring fingers (see photo X5).

You see, it is a fact that 97 percent of women's forefingers are the same length as their ring fingers which would make Meghan in the 3 percent club… Another coincidence?

Course, that could very well be the case but then when you take in to account that Meghan's shoulders are wider than her hips (as are all men's who aren't fat slobs) and women's hips are wider than their shoulders, the very real possibility cannot be dismissed.

There are of course other indicators to suggest that 'Meghan' was once a man, such as the poses that she adopts in order to hide the hip fact and look more feminine as well as her long arms. However, you will have to do that research for yourself.

Nevertheless, the fact is that Meghan simply does not exist.

And that is why ALL of her childhood photos are faked - some of which we saw at the beginning of this book. After all, if Meghan does not exist then she cannot of had a childhood can she?

PHOTO X5: Meghan's big hands and long forefinger and shoulders wider than her hips.

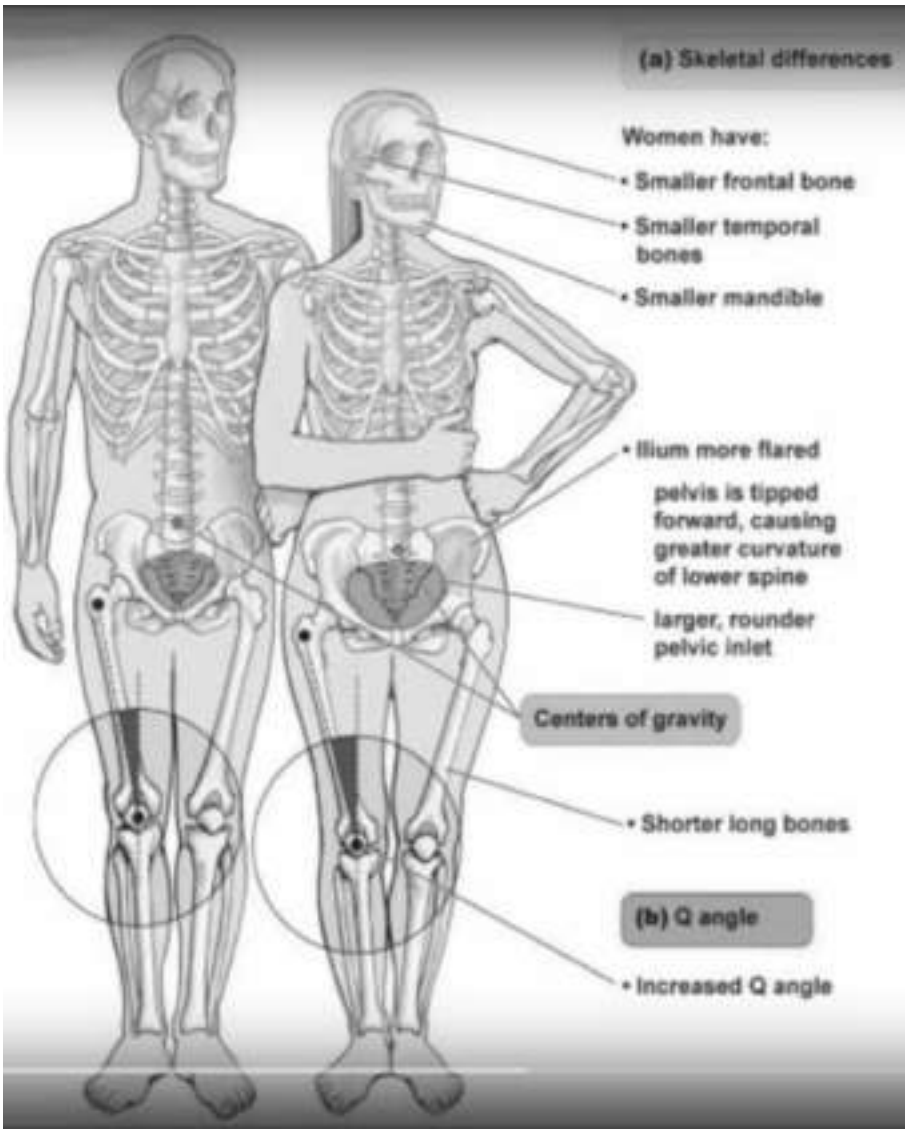

PHOTO X6: Male/Female anatomy

In fact I can tell you that the majority of Meghan's childhood photos are actually photos of Karis Jagger.

Karis Hunt Jagger was on November 4 th, 1970 in London and is the eldest daughter of Mick Jagger - legendary frontman of the 'Rolling Stones'.

Her mother is Marsha Hunt:

Marsha Hunt (born April 15, 1946) is an American actress, novelist, singer and former model, who has lived mostly in Britain and Ireland. She achieved national fame when she appeared in London as Dionne in

the long-running rock musical Hair. She enjoyed close relationships with Marc Bolan and Mick Jagger, who is the father of her only child Karis.

According to Hunt, The Rolling Stones ' controversial hit song "Brown Sugar" was based on her. She has written three novels, as well as three volumes of autobiography, which include a frank account of life as a breast cancer sufferer.

Hunt was born in Philadelphia, in 1946 and lived in North Philadelphia, near 23rd and Columbia, then in Germantown and Mount Airy, for the first 13 years of her life. Hunt remembers Philadelphia with affection, particularly the "Philadelphia steak sandwiches and the bad boys on the basketball court".

Hunt's mother, Inez, was her primary parent and worked as a librarian in a local library. Hunt's father, Blaire Theodore Hunt, Jr., was one of America's first black psychiatrists but he did not live with Hunt; she found out when she was 15 years old that he had committed suicide three years previously. Hunt was brought up by her mother, her aunt, and her grandmother; three strong but very different women. Hunt describes her mother Inez as "extremely intelligent and education-minded", her Aunt Thelma as "extremely Catholic but very glamorous", and her grandmother Edna as an "extremely aggressive...ass-kicking" independent Southern woman.

Hunt credits the experience of having been poor with teaching her not to be materialistic. Her family put a great deal of emphasis on academic performance, and Hunt did very well in school. In 1960, the family moved to Kensington, California, which Hunt still regards as home, so that her brother and sister could attend Oakland High School and prepare to attend the University of California, Berkeley. Hunt also went to Berkeley, in 1964, where she joined Jerry Rubin on protest marches against the Vietnam War. In her book Undefeated she recalled that during her time at Berkeley they "were sitting in for the Free Speech Movement, smoking pot, experimenting with acid, lining up to take Oriental philosophy

courses, daring to cohabit, and
going to dances in San Francisco." *Source: Wikipedia*

Indeed, reading that bio makes me think that the story of Doria Ragland could have been concocted from Marsha's life.

Nevertheless, let's go compare Meghan & Karis (see photos X7 & X8)

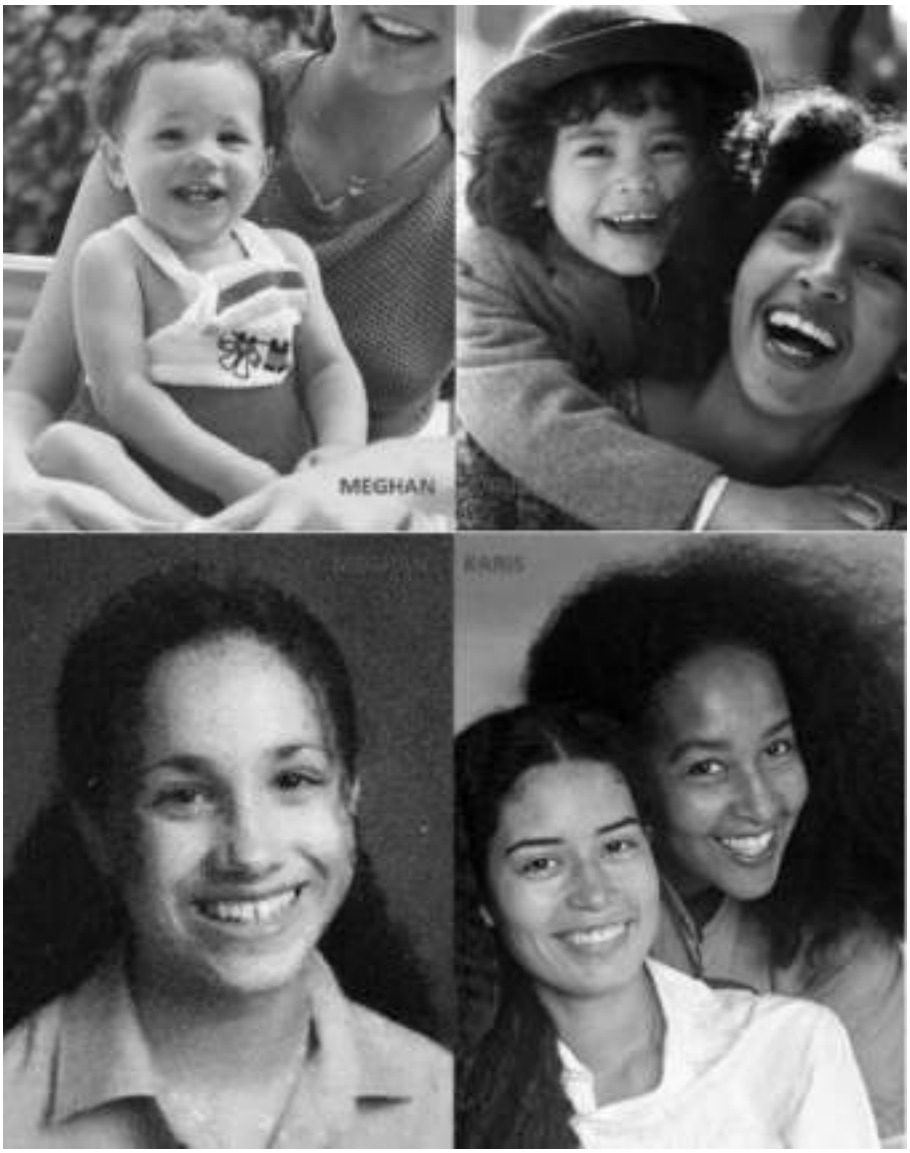

PHOTO X7: Meghan (aged approximately 6 months old) and Karis Jagger

Slight angle change needed

PHOTO X8: Karis overlai onto Meghan photo.

And that is that as they say. However, you can't go on turning a blind eye or burying your head in the sand.

These people are seriously deranged and have to be stopped… You all need to stand up and be counted.

Thank you for reading.

The Falsification of History

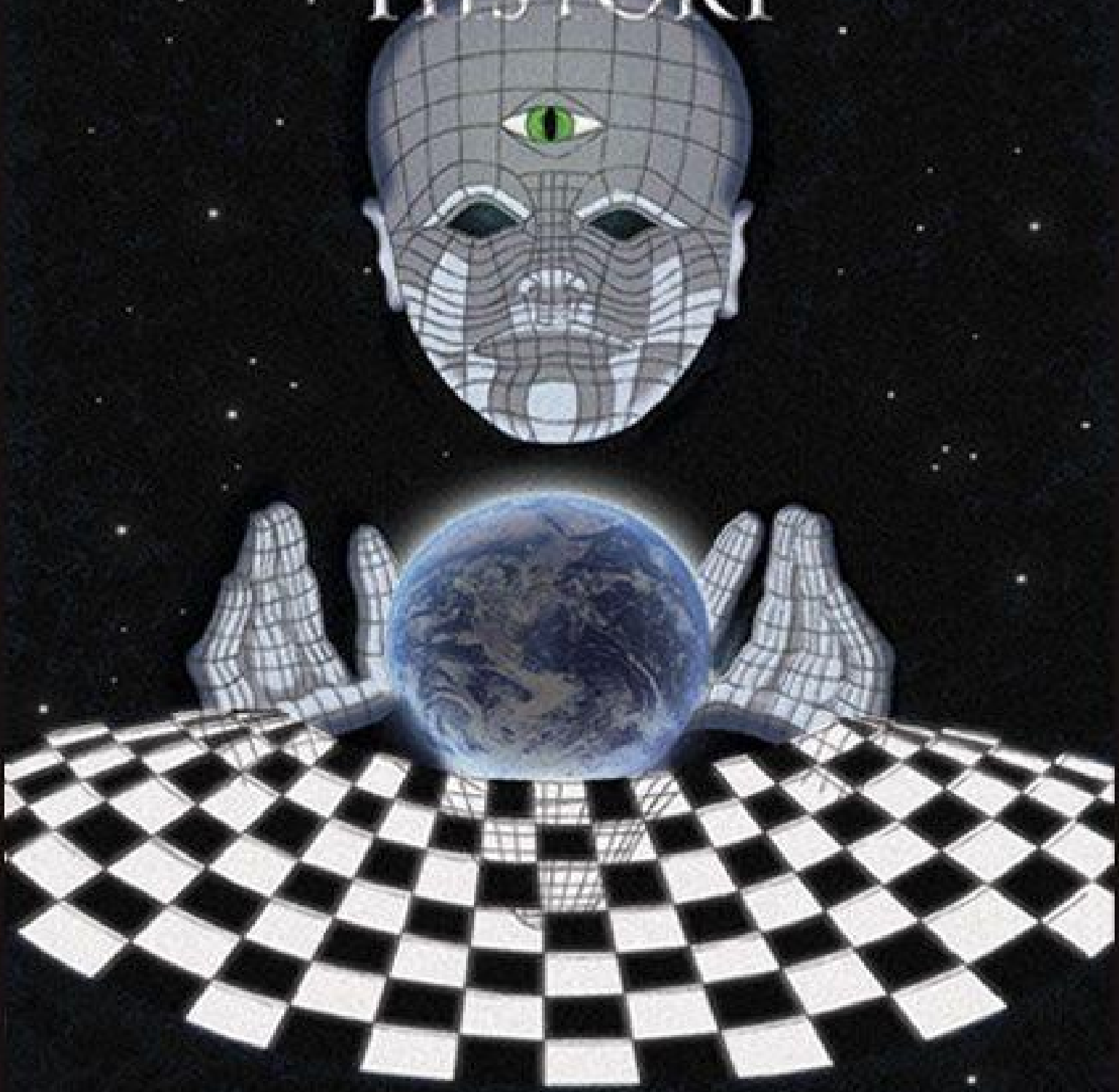

Our Distorted Reality

John Hamer

The Falsification Of History

Our Distorted Reality

By
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Dedication

First and foremost, I would like to thank my wonderful, long-suffering wife Linda for all her unstinting support, encouragement and love and without whom I could not have completed this lengthy project. Her down-to-earth advice and pragmatic common-sense whenever the going got tough, was the difference between my finishing this book and it remaining a mere pipe-dream.

This book is dedicated to her.

Thanks and Acknowledgements

Indeed I should like to express my gratitude to all my close family. My sons Danny and Ryan and John and his lovely wife, Carrie (not forgetting my beautiful granddaughters, Charlie and Katy) have all been especially supportive and encouraging, despite on occasions being subjected to demands upon their patience well above and beyond the call of family duty. And whilst my eldest son Chris and I have not enjoyed the closest of relationships down the years, he and his family are often in my thoughts, nevertheless.

I should also like to place on record, my thanks to our very good friends, John and Nicola Eastwood, who despite being subjected night after night to my inane ramblings and rants against all the injustices in the world and their causes, still somehow managed to remain on speaking-terms with me, the following day!

And also Richard Morson, my good mate, who in the early days of our joint ventures into the world of alternative history and reality, was a great 'sounding-board' and helped me get much of this into perspective. In short, I believe that we 'came of age' in this field, together. Thank you, Rich.

A special mention should also go to Adam Leak whose imagination and great artistic skills were responsible for the cover design of this book. His achievement being all the more commendable due to a distinct lack of guidance, direction and input from myself! Adam's blog may be found at this address:
http://ivebeenherethiswholetime.tumblr.com/

Lastly, but not least, I would like to thank those courageous, great champions of alternative history and reality, two of whom ultimately died for their beliefs. It was they who firstly introduced me to the subject, thus changing my life and ultimately taught me all I know, through their writings, lectures and in some cases their personal conversations and communications with me. There are too many to mention them all by name but include primarily (in no particular order)… Dr. Henry Makow, Ian R. Crane, Alan

Watt, John Kaminski, David Irving, David Icke, the late William (Bill) Cooper, Jay Weidner, Jordan Maxwell, the late Phil Schneider, David Wilcock, Terry Boardman, Paul Craig Roberts, Dr. Michael Newton and Chris Everard.

To you all, I am and will remain eternally grateful

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Permanent Magnets
Mechanical Heaters
Super-Efficient Electrolysis (The Water-Powered Car
Implosion Engine
Cold Fusion
Anti-Gravity Propulsion
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Vaccines
Bird flu and swine flu 'pandemics'
HIV / Aids
Cancer
Autism – vaccine-induced brain damage
Mercury in dental fillings
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Energy-saving Light-bulbs
Invented diseases
High Cholesterol
Food and Nutrition
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PART 1 – The Prologue

Introduction

"History is created, manipulated and written by those who are predominantly on the victorious side of the nation which has supreme political, and especially military, dominance. Any 'truth' which has the slightest potential of weakening their total hold over the masses is not tolerated. Any truth which can impact their power is squelched or cunningly hidden by them, usually in a manufactured media release to the unsuspecting public, often in a jovial manner to render the information a laughing matter and display it as harmless." Former NASA astronaut, Clark C McClelland

"History is a lie, commonly agreed upon." Voltaire, French philosopher

The ongoing, deliberate, systematic falsification of both ancient and modern history and thus by default, our present reality, is undoubtedly taking place as part of a conspiracy by the ruling Elite. I do not intend by this statement to suggest that the whole of recorded history is false, but it is clear that at the very least, the framework of our past and present is certainly distorted and manipulated to present a deliberately misleading picture of reality in order to benefit a tiny minority of humanity. This is no wild, unsubstantiated claim, it is a well-established fact and I believe it to be no great exaggeration to say that almost everything you think you know about history and the present-day is wrong.

However, I use the word 'conspiracy' guardedly. The very word itself conjures up an image of tin-foil-hat-wearing geeks, suffering from extreme paranoia and irrationality. This engendered image in itself is an appropriate illustration of how we have been systematically socially-engineered into believing the Orwellian 'double-think' that war is peace, freedom is slavery, ignorance is strength, truth is lies, black is white, up is down, 2+2=5 and anyone even suggesting a conspiracy is simply crazy or outrageous. However as 'conspiracy' is indeed what it is, I shall continue to use the word.

"In fact, 'conspiracy' is very plausible. People who control a grossly disproportionate share of the world's wealth will take extreme measures to consolidate their position." Dr. Henry Makow, author of 'A Cruel Hoax'

"How many times have you heard the mainstream media dismiss certain points of view as 'conspiracy theories'? It seems as though one of the easiest ways to brush something off is to label it as something that only 'conspiracy

theorists' would believe. Well, you know what? A whole lot of the time, the 'conspiracy theorists' are right and the mainstream media is wrong. In fact, we owe a great debt to 'conspiracy theorists' because they will go places and investigate things that the mainstream media would never even touch. The reality is that the mainstream media only tells us what the government and the big corporations want us to hear, and much of the time it is those in the alternative media that are left with the task of trying to figure out what the real truth is. So don't look down on conspiracy theories or conspiracy theorists. In a world where almost everything we are told is a lie, the truth can be very difficult to find." Michael Snyder, Blacklisted News. August 2011

In my view, when anyone says "I do not believe in conspiracy theories", what they actually mean is… "I have already made-up my mind based upon what I have been told to think by the mainstream media conspiring to propagandise us through TV, radio and newspapers, so please do not confuse me with the truth".

Unfortunately, the society described in George Orwell's dystopian novel, '1984' is not some distant future improbability, it is already here. More than one quarter of a century later than the author anticipated, but here it is nevertheless. George Orwell and Aldous Huxley were both members of the inner sanctum of the Fabian Society; an integral part of the Elite secret society network and this is whence they derived the insider knowledge for their prophetic novels, '1984' and 'Brave New World'. This is also the reason that these works are now proving to be so accurate in their 'predictions'.

In order to comprehend why and how the entire history of the human race as related by politicians, scientists, historians and educators, is very largely a manufactured falsehood, one has to attempt to understand and interpret a pattern which only becomes evident upon the closer analysis of world events today and their root causes. One is naturally faced with the greatest difficulty in coming to terms with all the various and diverse facets of this whole conspiracy and understanding the many different phases of this monstrous plan, as it is staggering in its interconnectedness and complexities. The purpose of this book is to facilitate the linking of all these at first glance, unrelated facets and thus lead to a better, more complete understanding of the insidious plight currently facing the human race.

"Our Western history is every bit as distorted, censored and largely useless as that of Hitler's Germany, the Soviet Union or Communist China." Dr. Anthony Sutton, historian

It is a truism to state that in the Western world, we all grew up with mainstream media stories of Soviet and Communist Chinese governments who were able to fool all their näive citizens into believing that they lived in some sort of 'socialist' paradise, not realising themselves that they suffered a kind of 'living hell', whilst we were all assured that we lived in a blissful state of democratic freedom and we, for our part were only too happy to believe this lie. How many times have you personally used the expression 'it's a free country' in proclaiming your right to express an opinion or perform a specific action? How ironic it is then that it turns out that the joke is actually on us?

In fact, the citizens of both those aforementioned countries knew the real situation exactly. They watched the state news broadcasts and read the state newspapers and treated them as some kind of sick comedy show at worst, whilst at best trying to ignore them and live their lives as well as they were able, under the circumstances. How different to our experience in the 'free world', then. We were subjected to much the same kind of lies and propaganda as were our Soviet and Chinese counterparts, but the big difference is that we believed that we were being told the truth and worse yet, we for the most part still do believe it. Our so-called 'news' and history and indeed much else of what we are conditioned to believe is nothing but outright propaganda and lies, broadcast as part of the ongoing, insidious Elite conspiracy. Propaganda is similar to rat poison in that 99% of it is tasty and wholesome, the purpose of which is to disguise the remaining 1% that will kill you.

"Coexistence on this tightly knit earth should be viewed as an existence not only without wars… but also without the government telling us how to live, what to say, what to think, what to know and what not to know". Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, from a speech on the 11th September 1973

If you still believe you live in a free country and not an Orwellian police-state, try one of these actions for yourself...

— Take a photograph or video of a public building or a public servant (a police or traffic officer, for example) going about his duty.

— Ask politely for a police officer's name and number after feeling you have been unfairly treated by him / her or a colleague.

— Take a perfectly innocent photograph of your baby or toddler in his / her natural state (ie. naked) and then attempt to get the picture developed at a high street photo-processing outlet.

— Take a photograph of your own child at a school or other organised children's event.

— Post a small 'flyer' on a wall offering a reward for returning a missing pet cat.
— Wear a t-shirt or badge (button) bearing an anti-government or anti-establishment slogan.
— Attempt to provide food and drink to a small group of homeless people in a public park.
— Stand in a public place peacefully making non-confrontational, anti-government or anti-royalty statements or handing out leaflets regarding the same.
— Make a public statement, verbal or written, to the effect that you do not believe that as many as six million Jews were systematically exterminated in gas chambers in World War II.
— Place the wrong kind of trash in the wrong bin.
— Post a stupid, insensitive, joking statement on a social networking website about blowing-up an airport.
— Take a small paring knife to school in your lunchbox to peel your lunch apple.
— Drop bio-degradable 'litter' on an area of public grass (for example an apple core).
— Politely refuse to submit to an outrageous, invasive body search when attempting to board a plane.
— Verbally defend someone you believe is being treated unfairly by police / figures of authority.
— Write and publish a poem on the Internet about assassinating the US president.

I am sure you get the picture and these are just a few examples, but suffice to say that people have been harassed, verbally and physically assaulted by police, arrested, fined and jailed in the UK, US and elsewhere in the so-called 'free world' for these and similar activities and these are not just isolated incidents. The last named action above, in fact resulted in a three year jail sentence in America in 2010.

In addition to this, in our glorious so-called, western 'free world' society in 2010/11 the following horrendous 'felonies' were recorded:

In America, a 6 year old boy was sentenced to 45 days in reform school for taking to school a camping utensil best described as a combination of a knife, fork and spoon.

A 7 year old boy, described as 'a nice kid' and 'a good student' by his school was charged by police for simulating a gun in the traditional way by bending back two fingers under the thumb and pointing the remaining two fingers at another student.

Also, in Britain in June 2011, a 13 year old boy was dragged out of bed at 11.30pm by police who had unceremoniously burst into his house issuing threats to his parents. His 'crime'? He allegedly threw an apple core at another boy – an allegation that was only the word of one thirteen year old against another. Despite protests from the boy's parents that he was asleep in bed, the police threatened arrests if their demands were not met.

And horrifically, in November 2010 a 14 year-old boy was shot dead in America by a school-district officer for becoming involved in a schoolboy fight with another boy of the same age. The boy, when confronted, ran away, was pursued by the officer and found to be hiding in fear in a nearby garden shed. The officer simply took out his gun and summarily executed the boy on the spot. And this was not the first time apparently that he had resorted to unnecessary, extreme violence and yet had nevertheless been allowed to keep his job.

"There's no way to rule innocent men. The only power any government has is the power to crack down on criminals. Well, when there aren't enough criminals, one makes them. One declares so many things to be a crime that it becomes impossible for men to live without breaking laws. Who wants a nation of law-abiding citizens? What's there in that for anyone? But just pass the kind of laws that can neither be observed nor enforced nor objectively interpreted and you create a nation of law-breakers and then you cash in on guilt." Ayn Rand, 'Atlas Shrugged'

It is now said that there are so many laws, rules and regulations in the first world that each person breaks at least one law per day, if not many more – without even knowing it. But governments are now becoming more obvious and blatant in how they go about making everyone a criminal and fining them ridiculous amounts of money in doing so. Recently, an American family who said they were simply trying to teach their son about responsibility and entrepreneurship was fined $90,000 by the USDA because the teenager sold $4,600 worth of rabbits he had bred and reared himself, in one calendar year without a licence. Not only were they ordered to pay $90,000, but were told that if they did not pay within a short period of time the fine could increase to as high as $4 million. This one case alone goes to show how easy it now is, within the system, to take any small transgression and in effect blackmail someone for every penny they have – and much more.

This situation is being exploited to the full by authorities who openly state that 'ignorance of the law is no excuse for breaking it'. This is in itself a very dangerous state of affairs for the ordinary 'man in the street' as it is now possible for surreptitious, pernicious new laws to be passed solely with the intention of entrapment. Who among us is aware of every law and statute passed by our governments in the last two years, let alone the last one hundred years? However this lack of knowledge may well be used against us at any time it suits, in order to 'protect us' by curbing our freedoms.

"When even one American who has done nothing wrong is forced by fear to shut his mind and close his mouth, then all Americans are in peril." Former US President, Harry S. Truman

In May 2011 in a decision that shocked the independent media community but went entirely unreported in the mainstream, the Indiana Supreme Court ruled that citizens have no right to block a police officer's entry into their home, even if the officer does not have a warrant. The officer also does not have to give any clear indication as to why he wishes to enter their home, meaning he can enter without just cause or suspicion. So, if he wishes to walk into a house, for any reason, he may do so, without a warrant and without even knocking. The householder may not block his path, cannot close his door and lock it and cannot physically restrain him. The householder cannot even discuss the matter calmly with him beforehand, he can simply walk in and he is fully legally protected. If the good citizens of Indiana are not even aware of this law then how dangerous might it be to attempt to physically prevent a police officer from entering their homes? I submit that this policy could well lead to many of them being shot dead on the spot for what amounts to nothing at all.

"The USA PATRIOT Act, the Military Commissions Act, the TSA, the FDA, the CIA, renditions, assassinations, multiple and continuous wars, torture, bailouts, inflation, false flag events, secrecy, illegal searches, spying on citizens, private property confiscations and much, much more is now commonplace. It is now considered to be a crime to grow your own food, to film the police, to sell lemonade on the street corner, to protest and in many cases just to speak out against the State". Gary D. Barnett, September, 2011

I am afraid that in Britain now at least, with the rest of the world rapidly following in our wake, we live in a 'surveillance-based' police-state with cameras in every shop, bank and public building and at virtually every street corner in our towns and cities as well as every few hundred yards along our highways. This situation has been imposed upon us by stealth, ostensibly 'for our own protection' whilst we all watch our favourite soap operas and game shows, play mind-numbingly violent computer games around the clock or spend 90% of our waking lives wearing headphones blocking out the world around us whilst listening to the latest appalling trash masquerading as music and worship at the altar of the great 'celebrity cult'. The result of which, over time has been the systematic but nevertheless steady loss of most of our basic freedoms today – all as planned and facilitated partly by the fake 'war on terror' of course, that perversely seeks to enslave us in order to 'preserve our freedoms' and which has gone-by un-noticed by the majority. And now we have the great 'global warming' latterly re-branded as 'climate change' scam

which is designed to surreptitiously impose even more onerous taxation and curb our rapidly diminishing freedoms.

"Through clever and constant application of propaganda, people can be made to see paradise as hell and also the other way around, to consider the most wretched sort of life as paradise." Adolf Hitler, 'Mein Kampf', 1923

In late 2010, amidst a veritable blaze of zero publicity for obvious reasons, the US Senate passed Senate bill S-510 (the Food Safety and Modernisation Act) by 74 votes to 25, which effectively banned the growing of any foodstuff, vegetables or fruit on one's OWN land or garden and the sale of any such produce at farmers' markets or at the roadside – all under the frankly laughable pretext of preventing food smuggling and enabling 'food safety'. Ever heard of food smuggling? I didn't think so, neither have I, but anyway this bill will definitely prevent it, whatever it is. This quasi-fascist piece of legislation, provably written by Monsanto lobbyists, also makes illegal the saving and storing of fruit or vegetable seeds for future use in propagating next year's crops, seriously detrimentally affecting the livelihoods of farmers and independent food producers. Also, believe it or not, it is now illegal to save and/or store rainwater that falls on one's own house roof or land in that wonderful 'land of the free'. After all, the profits of the water companies must be protected and we wouldn't want anyone to escape their daily dose of 'soma', sorry, fluoride, would we?

So why do you think these frankly draconian, invasive laws have come to pass? The answer, as always is complex, but to try and simplify it into three distinct reasons may help. Firstly it is about control, the control of populations and also the control of the food supply. Should the Elite decide to restrict food or water supplies in any way or in any specific geographical

area as a population control mechanism (and they will, one day very soon, see section on Agenda 21), then it will now be much simpler to achieve. Secondly it drastically reduces or eliminates the opportunities for us to source local, organic, healthy, untainted produce. And last but certainly not least, it is also about boosting the corporate profits and furthering the agenda of such horrendous organisations as Monsanto, in their sick and demented quest to 'corner the market' of the entire world's food supply.

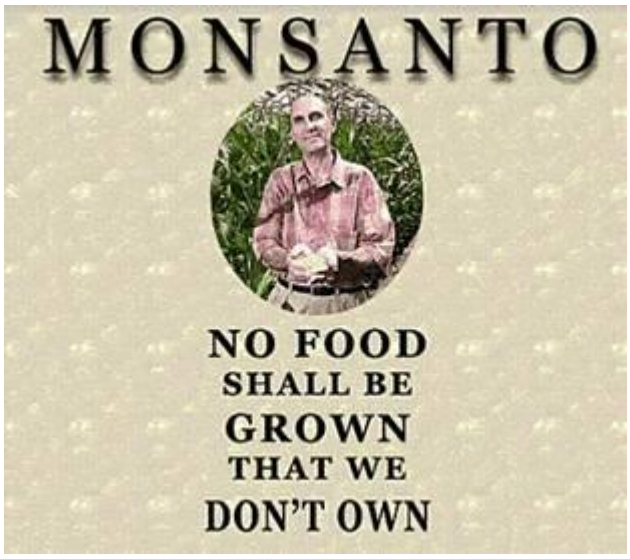

Now Americans are being forced by this legislation which was of course bought and paid for by Elite corporate lobbyists to eliminate competition and boost profits substantially, to buy food from the huge corporate food conglomerates (Big Food) and supermarket chains only. This is now food, which if the Elite desired (and they certainly do) can be tainted in any way they choose, be it with dangerous pesticides, harmful chemicals, genetically modified organisms or even if they wished with mind-altering chemicals. First, America and then the rest of the world will follow as always. How long before this abomination is foisted on all of us? If this is living in a 'free country' give me tyranny any day.

"Control the food and you control the people." Henry Kissinger, 1973

The last Labour Government in Britain 1997-2010, was responsible for more new legislation being instigated, than in the entire previous history of Britain as a nation. Much of this legislation has been introduced to curb our freedoms in the guise of 'anti-terrorist' policies as a by-product of the fictional war on terror. So yes, we are 'free' in a sense. Free to do as we are told – or else suffer the consequences.

"In Britain, there is no need for tanks in the streets. In its managerial indifference to the freedoms it is said to hold dear, bourgeois Britain has allowed parliament [this century] to create a surveillance state with 3,000 new criminal offences and laws: more than for the whole of the previous century. Powers of arrest and detention have never been greater. The police have the impunity to kill; asylum seekers can be 'restrained' to death on commercial flights and should fellow passengers object, anti-terrorism laws will deal with them. Abroad, British militarism colludes with torturers and death squads." John Pilger, investigative journalist, 2010

Each element of this great conspiracy to totally subjugate humanity, when taken in isolation is often made to appear an individual, isolated anomaly, which as a result may be easily dismissed by those who wish to deceive us, as nonsense or at worst an unfortunate 'coincidence'. It is only the unification of all these individual elements that presents us with a clear and undeniable, composite picture of the truth. A partially-completed jigsaw puzzle does not reveal the whole picture and indeed until the puzzle is almost complete, it is difficult to connect the subject matter with that depicted on the box lid. This is in fact, the very essence of the struggle between those of us who have actually mentally completed the jigsaw puzzle as it were and those who are aware of none, one or just some of the component parts of the conspiracy. The latter will simplistically dismiss the former as 'conspiracy theorists', encouraged and cajoled all the while by our masters and further dismiss the individual pieces of the whole, as random aberrations in the overall grand scheme of things.

Significantly, in this case, the whole is indeed greater by magnitudes than the sum of all its parts.

It is extremely important to accept and understand that despite every fibre of your being denying that it could possibly be true, the world has indeed been hijacked by a satanic cult, better known as the Illuminati, whose nefarious plans, in place for at least 235 years (and probably millennia), are almost at fruition. They have taken every possible safeguard and spared no expense to ensure that you are not aware of this, but should you become aware of even a small part of their master-plan, through the resulting wholesale denial and ridicule from both your masters and your peers, your deliberately pre-conditioned mind will immediately reject it as impossible or insane. This is an acknowledged psychological condition known as 'cognitive dissonance', during which state your mind is subjected to an attempt to displace the truths in

which you have always believed, by a conflicting ideal which you subconsciously concede has great merit, resulting in extreme confusion and distress. This state of mind can itself often cause irrational anger and occasionally, violence among its sufferers.

My many years of research have led me to conclude that what they are doing is actually totally senseless and in fact, is pure evil. It is destruction of all that is good, wholesome and natural simply to reap short-term profit and to further their sick agenda. There can be no other logical explanation. No amount of reasoned logic can explain the utter stupidity of the seemingly deliberate destruction of the planet on which we all have to live, its finely balanced eco-systems and its indigenous species to the extent that is happening today. The only vaguely plausible reason for world events of today, can be a staggering disregard not just of the welfare of those they seek to oppress and enslave or eliminate, but also their own wellbeing and that of their descendants. Through their wars and corporate exploitation they are succeeding in destroying the rainforests, the natural weather cycles, land and oceanic eco-systems, polluting rivers and fresh water systems beyond the point of no return, destroying whole species such as the honey-bees that are essential for pollinating food-crops worldwide and latterly the bat population, poisoning the entire atmosphere and oceans with deadly chemicals and radiation, undermining the entire food-chain with genetic modifications, artificial growth hormones and poisonous pesticides and generally creating a kind of 'hell on Earth'. They then have the sheer audacity to blame the state of the planet on 'overpopulation' and/or 'global warming', now re-invented and re-branded as 'climate change' as it becomes more apparent that the world climate is actually growing noticeably cooler. It would be funny if it wasn't so serious.

"This is what we are experiencing today: Perpetual War, created illegally, to invade and destroy other countries and steal their natural resources; pestilence created in black ops bio-weapons labs; extensive famine in Africa, India, and now Haiti; millions of American children, too, are without adequate daily food; a contaminated food supply created by corporate chemical production and dangerous husbandry practices foisted on us by greed. The soil is destroyed, because genetically engineered and carcinogenic plants can only grow in soil that must be loaded with pesticides. This is now part of a globally poisoned food chain. Medicine is no longer the practice of doing NO harm, but rather radiating critically ill patients and injecting young and old with poisoned vaccines that have created two generations of children with compromised

cognitive function (ADD, ADHD, and autism) and damaged immune systems. The list goes on and on. In all of it, precaution is hardly ever used, and harm is the avenue chosen." Dr. Ilya Sandra Perlingieri 'The Allegories of Good and Bad Government', January 2011

If and when their master-plan ever comes to fruition and the world is completely under their jackboots, I am afraid it will have been a pyrrhic victory and I sincerely hope that I am no longer around in our desolated Earth to witness their hollow triumph.

So then, if all this is even remotely true, how is it possible to keep such a vast conspiracy secret, especially as it encompasses every aspect of our lives? For instance, would there not be 'whistle-blowers' by the thousand, coming forward to expose it?

The answer is complex. Firstly, let me say that there have been and no doubt will continue to be, many, many people who come forward to expose this or that individual aspect of the plot. These people for the most part are not generally aware of the whole picture and so are fairly easy to dismiss and ridicule as 'conspiracy nuts' or even ignore completely. Secondly and more importantly, the hierarchical structure of the Elite network is similar to that of any individual company or corporation, in that it is pyramidal and self-contained, albeit huge in its scope. Contained within the larger, overall structure is a series of smaller and smaller, pyramids within pyramids each with its own individual hierarchy reporting upwards as in a typical corporate scenario.

In a corporate structure for example, the top of the pyramid is the CEO or managing director who has overall responsibility for the entity as a whole and he is served directly by a board of directors or vice-presidents. Within that small cabal of these corporate 'leaders'; instructions, orders and information are passed down, strictly on a 'need to know' basis and nothing that is privy to that small group is released down the 'food chain' unless it has some importance in the smooth operation of the organisation. Similarly, proceeding down the hierarchy, senior management will be made aware of certain facts or situations that are for their ears only and these will not be passed down to middle management, junior management and so on to the very bottom of the pile, the base of the pyramid where the armies of clerks, assistants, assorted labourers and wage-slaves ply their trades, unless vital to the company's needs. For example, a cashier in a bank has no idea and is not made aware of the ultimate goals and strategic financial policies of the bank, other than what she

needs to know to perform her duties efficiently, which is therefore, in effect virtually nothing. This construct of pyramids within pyramids and 'divide and rule' is the ultimate tool by which secrecy is maintained.

There have of course, been many instances of Elite, Illuminati defectors who attempt to expose what is happening behind the scenes, but these people are comfortably contained by denying them a mainstream platform and thus any form of credibility in the eyes of the 'masses' and the 'useful idiots' who control them for their Elite masters. They may well be given air-space on occasions in order to ridicule the information they impart or enable their being labelled as crazy or 'madmen' and indeed many of them disappear forever after their brief moment in the spotlight. This may often be attributed to the 'if it's not in the mainstream, it cannot be true' viewpoint, we have been conditioned all our lives to believe. Our completely impartial news media would of course tell us all if there was anything untoward going-on in the world would they not?

"This `cabal` of evil is best known as `the Illuminati` and includes a core of thirteen bloodlines, all interconnected, intermarried and tracing their lineage back to the Near East in ancient times. They are worshippers of `Lucifer` and see themselves as `Gods` on a planet filled with `cattle`. They number amongst their members, the Royal families of Europe, the leading bankers, industrialists, media tycoons and political elites. They operate through a

dazzling array of `front groups` and secret societies such as the Freemasons, The Council for Foreign Relations, Bilderbergers, Trilateral Commission, Common Purpose and many, many more. Their tentacles are everywhere and the major intelligence agencies of the world are in the pockets of these self-styled `Gods`". Philip Jones, 'Playing God', 13th March 2009

"The world is governed by far different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes." Benjamin Disraeli, former British Prime Minister

"The individual is handicapped by coming face-to-face with a conspiracy so monstrous he cannot believe it exists." J. Edgar Hoover, former head of the FBI

Indeed the very fabric of our so-called 'democracy' can be shown to be a complete sham as may be witnessed by the examination of the corrupt two-party state of affairs prevalent today, both elements of which immediately, quietly backtrack on all election promises the moment they come to 'power' and proceed to implement very largely the same policies as their supposed opposition would have done, should the puppet-masters have declared that it be they whose 'turn' it is to be 'in power'. In Britain, the hugely corrupt 'first past the post' political electoral system ensures that we regularly get governments voted in by a small minority of the population. Indeed, we really need to closely scrutinise the extent of the political spectrum covered by the 'free democratic choice' we are given in elections. In the US there are the Democrats and the Republicans and in the UK, we have the Labour and Conservative parties (with the odd token interjection by the almost irrelevant Liberal Democrats). We all need to ask ourselves, how much of the full

political spectrum do these 'choices' encompass? I would strongly suggest that the answer is 'a miniscule amount'. In all cases, these political parties are almost identical bar one or two minor differences in their views and policies, despite what the mainstream press will contend to the contrary.

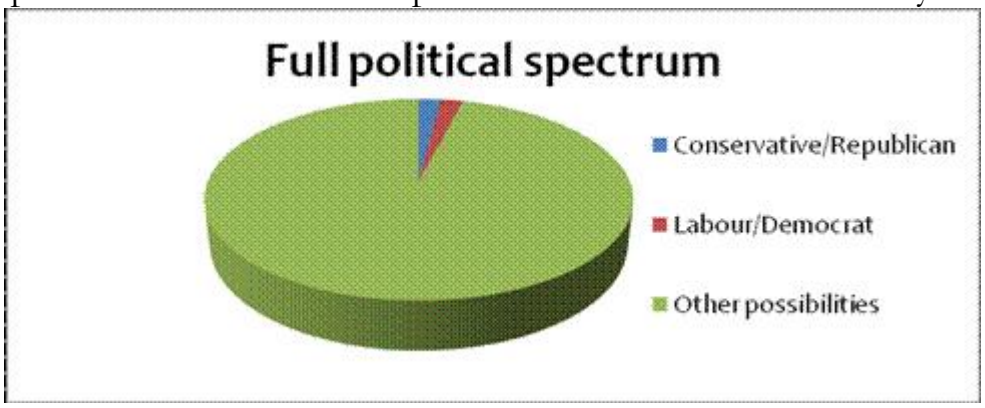

Example of mainstream politics versus other possible political alternatives

"Obama campaigned longer than anyone else in American history, for the office of the Presidency. For over two years this half-white, half-black man 'ran' for the presidency. During that impossibly-long campaign he was running against everything that George W. Bush had done or was doing. Once he was anointed as 'president' however, he began to break every campaign-promise he made to all of us, about everything that Cheney-Bush had done." Jim Kirwan, political researcher, May 2011

"I'll show you politics in America. Here it is, right here. 'I think the puppet on the right shares my beliefs.' 'I think the puppet on the left is more to my liking.' 'Hey, wait a minute, there's one guy holding out both puppets!'" Bill Hicks, late US comedian

Indeed, the very minor differences exhibited by our major political parties and their continuing, utter failure to have any positive impact whatsoever on the quality of life of us 'ordinary' people, should be enough to demonstrate to us all that there is a major background conspiracy in operation to convince us that we live in a country where freedom of choice reigns supreme. But of course, most people are unaware of this, largely due to the complicit media puppets and their relationships to the controlling Elite who blatantly perpetuate this great myth of freedom. The enormous power of the propaganda generated by our controlled media cannot be over-estimated.

"Democracy is two wolves and a sheep voting on what to have for dinner. Liberty is a well-armed lamb contesting the vote." Former US President, Thomas Jefferson

"Republicans ousting Democrats is like the Gambinos replacing the Bonnanos." Gerard Celente, trends forecaster

"Sooner or later people will wake up. First we have to dump the trap of right and left. This is a Hegelian trap to divide and control. The battle is not between right and left; it is between us and them." Dr. Anthony Sutton, historian

The Democratic and Republican parties offer the masses of everyday Black, White, Brown, Red, and Yellow people the de facto non-choice of either euphemistic death by drowning or death by hanging. Thus, no real choice is offered at all. As the politicos of the Democratic Party foxes and the Republican Party wolves feed, like swine, from the bottomless blood-drenched financial trough of the corporate/military elite, democracy is rendered null and void. Larry Pinkney, 'Online Journal', 15th October 2010.

From the food we eat, to the air we breathe, from our so-called healthcare systems to covert genocide, humanity is under siege. This truth is of course concealed at every turn by the 100% compliant, Elite-owned mainstream media (written press and TV / radio) who spare no expense in covering-up the real truth behind world events whilst presenting a completely distorted view of the same. Indeed the popular image projected and carefully nurtured by these organisations is one of a caring government, doing its level best under trying circumstances to maintain a fair society for all and to keep its citizens safe from harm in this dangerous world. And yet whence does this 'dangerous world' spring? I would venture to suggest that it originates from those same governments, who hand-in-hand with multi-national corporations and the military, all controlled of course by bloodline, Elite families, far from

protecting us, actually intentionally cause all of the extensive misery, poverty and ills existing in the world today whilst maintaining a pretence of trying to end it.

"Unfortunately, most people have believed the line that government exists to take on the responsibility of looking after the People. The People have been sold an image of government as some kindly entity which somehow looks after everyone in the nation no matter if they be young or old. This is the result of aeons of propaganda which has been perpetrated by the royal-political elite, who use pomp and circumstance, parades, fly-bys, flag-waving, national anthems, patriotism, royal weddings and the kissing of babies as a tool to fool people into thinking that they have some kind of group membership to a nation which has at its head either a king, queen or president that represents their wishes and protects their families. It's a lie." Chris Everard, British researcher and film director.

We are moving rapidly now into an era where the gap between the haves and have-nots is not only increasing at a staggering rate but, as is intended by the hidden, prevailing agenda, the truth is that the so-called 'middle-classes' are being systematically eliminated. The ultimate goal of a tiny Elite minority, their every need being catered for and served by an army of mind-controlled drones and slaves, is drawing ever closer as each year goes by. I firmly believe that the only reason that we, the 'huddled masses, yearning to breathe free' are allowed to exist is for the same reason we were 'created' in the first place – to fulfil our eternal roles as economic slaves to the system, built, maintained and run for the sole benefit of the tiny Elite minority. Once we have outlived our usefulness and we are now fast approaching that point, then we will literally be systematically 'phased-out' and replaced by modern technology. This I suggest is the real reason for all the current wars, 'natural' disasters, diseases and destruction. Of course they cannot do this overtly as they well know that we are far too numerous and powerful as a group were we ever to get our collective act together, so they must contrive various other covert methodologies with which to dispose of us.

America, once hailed as the great bastion of freedom and the land of opportunity, is now being rapidly subsumed into a fascist-communitarian state totally controlled by corrupt corporate and banking cartels. The role of American president, once dubbed the 'most powerful role on Earth' is now no more than that of a puppet, manipulated, cajoled and coerced by vested interests to fulfil their own private agendas and sick ambitions of global

conquest in the name of profits. Western armed forces have become the private mercenaries of the super-rich Elite whose media lackeys spin us fairy tales of 'global terrorism', 'global warming', 'weapons of mass destruction' and the great 'Muslim threat' in order to justify the subjugation of us all and the conquest, financial exploitation, rape and destruction of third world countries and their helpless populations in reckless pursuit of their obscene profits.

I would also venture to suggest that it is no coincidence that it is the Muslim economies and their total rejection of usury (lending money at interest), rather than their so-called terrorism that offer the bigger threat to Western capitalist interests and world domination by their financial Elite. Does not this latter statement alone impart sense to much of what is happening in the world today?

"Somewhere in our own inner darkness, thinking the worst that we can about ourselves, we still are hard pressed to reach the depths of depravity we confront daily in the stark facts of the world. All the big news items of history, when analysed at a later date, turn out to be hoaxes, false-flag operations conducted for an ulterior motive always hidden from the public. And those bits of common knowledge we always accepted as 'gospel' as children almost always, when analysed from the perspective of a future we did not know at the time, turn out to be quite different from what we thought they were and would be." John Kaminski, political researcher, December 2010

Our physical health and mental welfare is also under systematic attack from this Elite group, one of whose clearly stated and documented goals is the reduction of the world population by more than 95%. It is certainly not by accident that the giant, multi-national pharmaceutical companies have completely infiltrated all of the important healthcare organisations from cancer research charities such as the huge American Cancer Society (ACS) to the American Food and Drug Administration (FDA), to the British and American Medical Associations (BMA and AMA) and even medical education establishments across the Western world. Indeed, many of the pharmaceutical super-giants (Big Pharma) have at their disposal, substantially more financial power and resources than many medium to large-sized countries and the totally corrupt FDA, far from acting as the protector of people's health and well-being from greedy corporate interests, as is its mandate, is provably culpable for allowing highly-profitable yet highly-toxic, substances into the food chain in what can only be described as at best, irresponsible and at worst, criminal activities. The upper echelons of the FDA and Big Pharma / Big

Food would also appear to operate a 'revolving door' policy whereby senior executives from both sides of the supposed 'divide' regularly trade positions in both organisations. No conflict of interest to be seen there then.

'Big Pharma' is also responsible for the wholesale, mass propaganda affecting not just the layman, but even medical personnel – from the highest-paid professor of medicine to the lowliest trainee nurse. It is this propaganda which implants the now 'received wisdom' that cure is better than prevention and illness and disease can only be effectively treated by artificially manufactured chemical, pharmaceutical products (which they are of course, very happy to supply at grossly inflated prices), rather than natural foodstuffs and a healthy diet. Unfortunately there are no vast profits to be made in the prevention of disease by proper nutrition and nor would a happy, healthy population be in their best interests. Vitamins and mineral supplements and other 'natural' and dietary remedies are under such severe attack by these organisations and their lackeys, that we are now seeing them increasingly being made illegal or legislated against as 'untested' or 'un-approved drugs' via organisations such as the Codex Alimentarius committee and the aforementioned FDA. It can even be shown from readily available evidence that indeed, Big Pharma is actually responsible for 'inventing' many new diseases simply in order to profit from their 'cures'. Impossible? It is not only possible, but absolutely true (as outlined in the section on health).

"I would like to dispel the myth that the pharmaceutical industry is in the business of health care and healing. Because, in fact, what the pharmaceutical industry is in the business of, is disease maintenance and symptoms management. They are not in the business of curing cancer, Alzheimer's or heart disease because if they were, they would be in the business of putting themselves out of business and that does not make sense…. The pharmaceutical industry does not want to cure people." Gwen Olsen, former pharmaceutical industry insider and author of 'Confessions of a Drug Pusher'

However, perhaps the single, greatest criminal act of the pharmaceutical cartel is the great cancer hoax. Cancer is not incurable or unpreventable as their propaganda makes widely believed, but all forms of cancer can be treated and prevented very effectively, easily and inexpensively using simple, readily available nutritional supplements and vitamins and if this statement is untrue, why then would they cause such unnecessary suffering on such a grand scale by spending millions fighting and suppressing these proven remedies as they do? Several reasons spring to mind. Firstly, we cannot exclude the fact that

cancer is a huge destroyer of human life and as such is a valuable tool in their self-admitted goal of large-scale human population reduction. There is also much truth in the premise that ageing populations are extremely expensive for governments to maintain and so how much better for them that people should die on average ten to twenty years sooner than they naturally would and thus reduce the overall financial burden on the state? However, the primary reason for this cruel deception is the great god of profit.

Cancer is absolutely without doubt a multi-trillion-dollar industry employing millions worldwide in the form of researchers, charity workers and carers, before we start on the vast armies of medical personnel dependent on cancer for their careers or livelihoods. Take away the disease and you remove the huge annual profits associated with its useless and deadly drugs in the form of chemotherapy, radiotherapy and also surgical procedures. Significantly, in a recent, mainstream-ignored (of course) survey, 91% of oncologists said that they would not undergo chemotherapy or radiotherapy if they were ever diagnosed with the disease or indeed allow family members to do so as these treatments 'poison the system'. In addition, there is also the vast, vast amount of money that is siphoned from us through our generous contributions to cancer research 'charities' each year, often in the face of extreme emotional blackmail, the vast majority of which never even reaches the medical research teams anyway. Big Pharma spends many millions per annum in the perpetuation of this hoax through the infiltration and 'incentivising' of such organisations as medical societies, the medical profession itself, medical education and ACS, Cancer Research, MacMillan etc. I have no doubt that there are many decent, caring people in these organisations who are striving hard to discover a pharmaceutical-based cure against all odds, but they and humanity as a whole are being duped by these truly evil organisations on a grand scale.

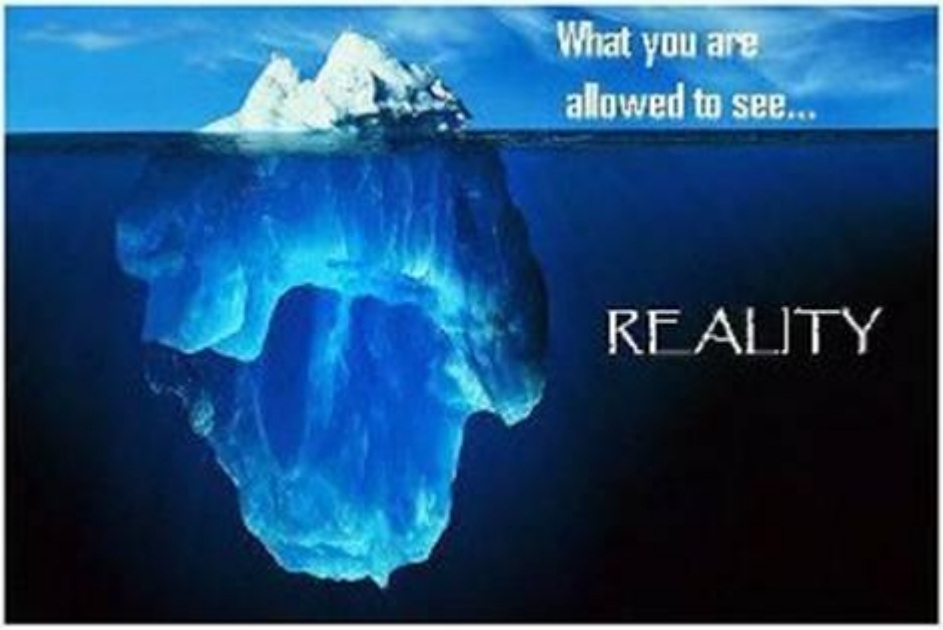

We are also kept in perpetual slavery by our rigged monetary system, designed to maintain us in a permanent state of debt and thus under easier control. We are now drowning in debt on a never-before-seen scale, in the form of student loans, credit cards, store cards, personal loans, mortgages and the like and it could be convincingly argued that we are indeed now defined as individuals by our personal credit rating, all determined by our financial masters of course in the form of the banksters (banker-gangsters), which either allows or denies us the ability to live the lives we choose. The overall control of finance unsurprisingly has also been wrested from public control into private hands (in the Western world at least) in a series of planned moves dating back to the formation of the Bank of England in 1693, under the orders of King William III of England who supplanted James II in 1688, in a plot hatched by senior Freemasons and carried out by Elite forces in both England and Holland.

"Give me control of a nation's money and I care not who makes its laws." Mayer Amschel Rothschild, 1790

"History records that the money-changers [bankers] have used every form of abuse, intrigue, deceit, and violent means possible to maintain their control over governments by controlling money and its issuance." Former US President, James Madison

The long-term Elite-driven plan was essentially to remove from elected governments, the creation and printing of paper money, backed by equivalent amounts of gold to maintain its intrinsic value, with a 'fiat' currency of

worthless paper, whose value is not fixed and can therefore be adjusted upwards or downwards to suit any agenda the Elite decide to impose upon us, but otherwise known as the financial 'boom and bust cycle'. The result of this has also been the introduction of 'fractional reserve' banking by which decidedly dubious tactic, banks can lend money that they do not even possess and better yet, charge interest on this non-existent money from day one.

The charging of interest on loans is otherwise known as usury and up until the Middle-Ages had long been banned by the Christian and Muslim worlds as an abomination. The introduction of usury, the system heavily promoted by Jews was the reason for their being expelled from most Christian, European countries at many different points in history and this practice is depicted (and derided) most famously in the Shakespeare play, 'The Merchant of Venice' whereby the Jewish moneylender, Shylock demands his 'pound of flesh' for default of interest payment even after the original debt has finally been repaid.

By way of illustrating this important point, consider this; should you wish to take out a mortgage or a loan with a bank or other financial institution, once you have been vetted and approved for the loan, the bank will then simply key into your account the amount of the mortgage/loan and create the 'money' with several simple keystrokes, 100,000, 200,000, 500,000 or even more – it really does not matter to them as this is not actual money that they possess, it is just 'created out of nothing' by simple, but nevertheless utterly fraudulent book-keeping. To make it clearer, imagine you have 'hacked' into your online bank and have devised a way to key in figures directly to your account. You just sign in and then key into the relevant place £1,000,000.00 and suddenly you are an instant millionaire!

"Wealth is simply ones and zeros in the computers of the international banking system. When we borrow money to buy a house (or whatever) the bank gives us permission to pretend that they gave us money to give to the seller. The bank in fact created the money out of nothing, altered their computer records accordingly, and printed out some hard-copy evidence to support the notion that real money is now being dealt with." Judith Moriarty, political researcher.

This is exactly what they do. This figure does not have a pile of notes or coins in a vault somewhere that is attached to it and earmarked for you, it is simply summoned into existence arbitrarily. Not another single note or coin is printed or minted. Not a single note or coin is shuffled from one physical place to another. Not a single 'paper' transaction occurs to theoretically move

that amount from one account to another in the form of 'double-entry book-keeping'. That sum is just an 'imaginary' figure which is then utterly fraudulently added to the credit side of the bank's accounts.

You now immediately owe them that amount of money, which you must of course, pay back to them in 'real' money, so not only are they benefitting to the tune of whatever extortionate amounts of interest they see fit to charge, they are also gaining the actual capital amount too – and all this from nothing at all.

The real crowning glory for the banksters though, is that should you default on the payments of the loan of this 'money' that never existed in the first place, they will come along and in collusion with the Elite controlled, corrupt legal and court systems, perfectly 'legally' take away your property, which quite plainly does exist and does have an intrinsic value. Indeed many sub-prime, less-reputable lenders, those who prey like vultures on those poor souls with less than perfect credit ratings, will do all they can to ensure that you do default, thus giving them the court-granted authority to remove your property from you. By any standards, all of this should be regarded as gross deception and fraud. If we, the people behaved in this way with our own finances, we would very quickly end up in jail. Ever thought you were in the wrong business?

"I sincerely believe that banking institutions are more dangerous than standing armies.
If the American people ever allow private banks to control the issue of their money, first by inflation and then by deflation, the banks and corporations that will grow up around the banks, will deprive the people of their property until one day their children will wake up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered." Former US President, Thomas Jefferson.

How prophetic! This is exactly what is happening today in America and throughout the first world. In the USA alone, more than one million properties are being repossessed and standing empty each year – and rising. There are at the time of writing, approximately 150,000 homeless people living on the streets of Los Angeles alone and there are tent villages continually springing-up all over the country, with whole families living under crude canvas shelters or actually in their cars, with no electricity, sanitation or cooking facilities. And now many states are passing legislation to make it illegal to live in cars and tents in addition to making it illegal to feed and clothe

homeless people. How long will it be before the dispossessed are actually legislated out of existence altogether? In November 2011 it was stated by reliable, alternate media sources that only 45% of Americans were actually in gainful employment and that 48% of the population are below the poverty-line. All these facts of course are concealed from the majority by the simple expedient of not being reported in the mainstream media.

In 1913 the United States acquired its own 'Bank of England' type organisation with the surreptitious passing of the Federal Reserve Act through Congress in the early hours of the morning of 23rd December whilst opposition was at a minimum, most Congressmen having already left for their Christmas holiday break. Congressman Charles Lindbergh Sr., the father of the famous flier was offered a $2m dollar 'incentive' not to publish his book 'Banking and Currency and the Money Trust' which exposed the threat posed by the Federal Reserve System. In fact, shortly before the end of his political career, Lindbergh formally moved to impeach the members of the Federal Reserve Board and offered a 15-count indictment of their conspiracy. The motion however, was unsurprisingly buried and 'forgotten' by the Congressional Judiciary Committee.

As with the formation of the Bank of England, this Act in effect gave the power to create money to a group of private individual bankers outside of elected Government. Therefore, the Federal Reserve is not 'federal' (ie. of the government) at all and neither does it have any reserves. Another gross deceit.

"Whosoever controls the volume of money in any country is absolute master of all industry and commerce... and when you realise that the entire system is very easily controlled, one way or another, by a few powerful men at the top, you will not have to be told how periods of inflation and depression originate." Former US President, James Garfield, 1881

Within weeks of making this statement, President Garfield was assassinated.

And slightly more recently...

On the 4th June 1963, Presidential Executive Order 1110 was signed by President John F. Kennedy, directing the US Treasury to issue a new US currency. This new currency was to be backed by the precious metal silver, in effect by-passing and isolating the Federal Reserve, in control of currency issuance since 1913. President Kennedy's signing of Executive Order 1110 effectively returned the power to issue currency back to the US Treasury and therefore 'the people', thereby ending the then fifty-year monopoly of private bankers and the Federal Reserve Bank over US currency. Five months later on

22nd November 1963, JFK was famously shot and killed in Dallas, Texas, supposedly by Lee Harvey Oswald, a known-to-be CIA agent but described as a 'deranged lone gunman' by the lackeys of the media, who was conveniently 'disposed of' himself two days later by yet another 'deranged lone gunman', Jack Ruby who just happened to be a CIA colleague of Oswald. Ruby later developed a particularly fast-acting cancer whilst awaiting trial which literally killed him in days rather than months or years. All a coincidence? You decide, but just before you do so, consider that the new President, Lyndon B. Johnson's first official action as President was to immediately revoke the decision to implement EO 1110, literally within hours of taking office. The law in fact still stands on the US statute books but unsurprisingly no President since that time has chosen to use it.

In addition, when the Warren Commission was formed to whitewash, sorry 'investigate' Kennedy's death, one of the Commission members was none other than John J McCloy, President of the Chase Manhattan Bank and the World Bank and member of the Federal Reserve board. Now why would this be? What on earth has a presidential murder investigation to do with banking? I really do wonder.

These are but a few small examples and are representative of a tiny fraction only, of the prevailing, insidious agenda. These and many other issues will be covered in more detail throughout this book, leading to the inescapable conclusion that they are all deeply and intrinsically connected and not as they are made to appear, merely a series of unrelated, independent anomalies.

It has become a cliché, but it is nevertheless a truism to say that 'history is written by the victor'. However, it is also true to say that history is written and often surreptitiously re-written by those who own the printing presses and the rights of broadcasting information, which they use as a means of control and modification of the behaviour of populations. The significance of the fact that a mere six Elite families own and control 96% of the entire world's media organisations should not be lost here. All of the Western world's media obtain their versions of the news from two major sources only – Associated Press (AP) and Reuters, both owned by the usual suspects in the form of two related Elite families. How simple is it then to control the news and tell us only what they want us to know or believe and to mould our opinions to suit their agenda? Trust me; it is an absolute 'piece of cake' so to do.

But what if virtually the whole of the history of our species was distorted and inaccurate as well as our current reality not being as portrayed? What if

so-called mainstream science, history and education could not be trusted to give us truthful interpretations of the universe around us? What if we humans were not whom we have been portrayed as being, by the prevailing wisdom, for centuries? What if we have all been lied-to on a scale that beggars belief, all our lives, not just about history and science, but also religion, politics, archaeology, anthropology and many other subjects?

This may seem like a bizarre series of rhetorical questions, but as strange as it sounds, many respected researchers outside the mainstream whose numbers are growing daily, believe that these questions are pertinent exactly to the state of affairs in existence today. Why are they outside the mainstream? Simply because as with most, if not all elements of modern life, mainstream thinking is under the strict control of this insidious, largely invisible Elite group who protect and enhance their own positions of money, power and influence by fabricating and maintaining a hugely distorted version of history and reality that suits their own agenda and keeps the 'huddled masses' in a tiny box of totally manufactured ignorance.

The world is a far, far different place to what one imagines or is conditioned to believe. We have in place as our 'norms', rigid, immutable laws of physics and the five-sense reality that most of us believe is the be-all-and-end-all of the universe, but our reality absolutely does not work in the way it is popularly portrayed. Anything at all is possible, yet we are all conditioned and mind-controlled from cradle to grave, to believe that the lies and distortions we are given by figures of authority and teachers are sacrosanct and unquestionable. However, there is much evidence emerging now that proves that the received wisdom regarding the nature of our 'reality' is false. For example, the power of thoughts and human consciousness to physically affect material substances, the interconnectedness of all physical and non-physical matter, remote-viewing and also the interchange-ability of cause and effect are areas to consider in this regard and these are but four small examples from a long list of potential others.

Also consider the fact that matter itself is far from being as is popularly described. An atom (of which all 'solid' matter in the universe is composed) consists of 99.999999%+ empty space with just a tiny nucleus in the centre and several even smaller electrons orbiting this insignificant nucleus. To illustrate this point, imagine that an atom is the size of a cathedral and then understand this; on the same scale, the nucleus would be the size of an apple seed, the electrons the size of grains of sand and the rest… empty space.

And all this is what 100% of the matter in the universe consists of? How can this arrangement possibly present an appearance of solidity? Everything is indeed all an illusion, but as Albert Einstein himself noted, "...the Universe is an illusion, but a persistent one, nevertheless".

In addition there is much compelling evidence emerging from many different scientific sources that human souls, far from existing only in spiritual or religious fantasies are in fact a real entity and live on after death, to be re-incarnated in another body, life after life for millennia as we all experience the learning process leading ultimately to perfection, that each individual life on Earth or indeed countless other worlds in other Universes gives us. I refer to the pioneering work of Dr. Michael Newton in this respect. It was Michael Newton who 'discovered' that our souls do live on after death by entering a different dimension known colloquially as 'spirit world' and he has backed-up this work by the meticulous recording of many thousands of individuals' hypnotherapeutic regressions into the spirit world itself and our 'lives between lives'. As outlandish as this may seem to anyone unfamiliar with his work, the evidence he and his colleagues have painstakingly amassed over four decades of research is virtually irrefutable, but as always completely ignored by the mainstream.

"Step by step and day by day, the claims of what must be real have become increasingly outrageous, as the history and excuses used to defend them have become more fragile, ridiculous and indefensible." Les Visible, musician and researcher

So, presenting us with a false version of reality is an intrinsic part of the way we are controlled. We are all part of an 'infinite consciousness' linking all sentient and indeed non-sentient entities together at a very basic, sub-atomic level. This is not simply my own speculation but the opinions of a growing number of independent-thinking 'mainstream' scientists and researchers. If we knew what power we really have as individuals and collectively as a species and what infinite possibilities exist it would be impossible to control us effectively, so a system has been devised and evolved which keeps us in ignorance in our narrow little 'box of reality' and if we question it or try to move outside of it, we are instantly slapped-down or ridiculed, not just by our masters but also by all the other 'sheeple', our peers and our 'gatekeepers'. And thus within this self-policing paradigm we find it difficult – if not impossible – to accept anything that is not part of our pre-programmed reality. Anything that appears to fall outside the narrow boundaries of what we have been told and

accepted as absolute fact all our lives is regarded and treated as simply ludicrous by the 'ignorant masses' and I include in this term even those supposedly well-educated persons who 'benefitted' from a 'first-class education' at the world's premier Universities. Actually no, allow me to revise that, I would say especially those supposedly well-educated persons who 'benefitted' from a 'first class education' at the world's premier Universities, usually followed by a career in politics or an Elite corporate, scientific, medical or educational environment.

And of course any evidence presented, even backed by substantiated research and proof, that contradicts the official position is either blatantly ignored, subtly swept aside or ruthlessly destroyed to protect current, accepted wisdom and knowledge and thus the positions of those in whose best interests it is to deceive and manipulate us for their own nefarious ends.

As already stated, the world has been co-opted by a covert group, generally known as the Illuminati, or as I will refer to them in this book, the 'Elite'. This group has been in existence under several names and guises for several millennia and its central 'core' comprises of the same thirteen bloodlines that have remained virtually unchanged since Sumerian times and probably long before that. Since those times, these people have infiltrated and hijacked almost every aspect of human life, including governments and the multi-national corporations, to ensure that they remain in control of all humanity and they have lied on a grand scale, cheated, stolen, manipulated, murdered and committed genocide throughout all recorded history, in order to facilitate, sustain and further the continuance of their own power-base and immense wealth.

"At present, more than 90 percent of the world's wealth, in a world of six billion people, is controlled by less than 10,000 individuals, mostly from two dozen families who can trace their blueblood lineage back many hundreds of years. At the head of the line is the Rothschild family, which controls all the others. It has been estimated that the aggregate Rothschild wealth is at a minimum 5,000 times greater than the annual gross national product of the United States, although it's difficult to calculate, because the Rothschild octopus (and its loyal lieutenants of the Rockefeller family) literally own the US money supply, the Federal Reserve and all the major banks of the Western world. Henry Kissinger is the chief lieutenant of David Rockefeller, who is the American commissar of the Rothschild Empire which runs just about everything. There are no real enemies, only those created by the powers that

be to create the chaotic conditions to both cull the population and profit from the sales of weapons to both sides. It has been that way throughout the 20th century, and doubtless long before." John Kaminski, independent researcher

These people do not represent any single country, race, political persuasion or religion. Rather they are a hybrid of all of these elements, transcending all countries, races and religions. In fact a good case can be made for suggesting that countries, racial divisions, political divides and religions were actually manufactured by them as part of a plan to 'divide and conquer' which has long been a central plank of their strategy for the total subjugation of mankind.

If you believe that senior politicians, prime ministers and presidents control the destiny of the world, think again. These people are merely puppets of the Elite, bought-and-paid-for lackeys who occupy the lower fringes of the Elite pyramid. They are often groomed from birth, often because of bloodline, to fulfil their apparent positions of 'power' and are controlled by the threat of losing their lucrative positions of apparent influence (and worse); such is the forward and long-term strategic planning of this cabal. They are nothing if not extremely patient in the pursuit of their master-plan for absolute and total world domination.

"I have this feeling man, cos you know there's a handful of people actually run everything. That's true, it's provable. A handful, a very small elite group run and own these corporations, which include the mainstream media. I have this feeling whoever's elected President, ...no matter what you promise on the campaign trail, 'blah, blah, blah', when you win, you go into this smoky room in the basement of the White House with the twelve industrialist, capitalist scum-f**ks who got you in there and you're in this smoky room and the little screen comes down and a big guy with a cigar says 'roll the film'. And it's a shot of the Kennedy assassination from an angle you've never seen before... that looks suspiciously off the grassy knoll. And then the film ends, the screen goes up and the lights come on and they say to the new guy, 'Any questions Mr. President?'" Bill Hicks, comedian, shortly before his premature death from cancer in 1994

"World events do not happen by accident, they are made to happen. Whether it is to do with national issues or commerce, they are staged and managed by those who hold the purse strings". Denis Healey, former British deputy Prime Minister, Chancellor of the Exchequer and member of the secretive Elite-run and controlled Bilderberg group who are in effect the real world political policy-makers.

So what exactly is their clearly-stated and documented 'master-plan'? It is actually nothing less than total control of all of the Earth's resources, finances, military and populations. Their aim is to create a society that would make the world described by George Orwell in '1984' and Aldous Huxley in 'Brave New World', look like a summer Sunday afternoon picnic. They plan to impose a world-wide military dictatorship via the mandatory micro-chipping of all, a reduction of population to less than 500 million (95% less than the current figure), a fascist-communitarian one-world government, a one-world-bank cashless-society linked to your implanted micro-chip and a society of slaves (the ones 'lucky' enough to survive the cull) controlled by mind-altering chemicals and both subcutaneously implanted and remote electronics, to serve them and their families. All this of course would then be controlled and enforced by a one-world army. This is exactly where we are headed and soon, unless the world wakes up to their sordid scheme.

Everything that happens in the world is but one tiny step further down the road to achieving this hellish scenario. They are not so stupid as to make the mistake of trying to achieve their nefarious ends by making radical changes in a series of giant leaps, rather they use the tactic of metaphorically speaking, 'keeping the frog in the pot' by heating the water one degree at a time instead of throwing the frog straight into the boiling water, as it would very quickly escape, albeit badly scalded. This is a tactic described aptly and succinctly by researcher David Icke as the 'totalitarian tiptoe'.

It is probably worth relating at this point that the protection of the mainstream view is also self-policing to a very large extent. Most research of a scientific nature, indeed most research of any kind is usually funded by either government or more often by private commercial interests. In either case, scientists will not receive research funding unless they are prepared to produce results that reflect the desired outcome of the paymaster. This may be a cynical view, but it is one which has been proven to be absolutely true over the long term. Indeed, given the circumstances, it would only be remarkable if the truth was the diametric opposite of this.

There is a large group of people out there who do not believe anything that contradicts their own, already-established world-view, despite what evidence can be brought to bear that shows it to be incorrect.

'No credible evidence' and 'where is the proof?' are the constant weapons used against whatever argument is put forward. This is an almost classic position for a 'sceptic' or 'skeptic' if you prefer and as well as being used by those who automatically gainsay anything and everything that does not match their belief system, is a classic tactic used by professional shills and gatekeepers in their attempts to prevent the real truth from seeping into the mainstream.

If you have never encountered the term 'shill' before, this is someone who is an agent of disinformation, someone who deliberately plants or promotes false information or provides false evidence to discredit so-called 'conspiracy theories' in order to deceive and deflect from the truth. For example they may inhabit Internet forums to hijack discussions or even have their own TV/radio shows to spread false 'truths' that have the appearance of being anti-establishment in order to apportion the blame away from those really responsible. They are usually paid handsomely for doing so and all shills worth their name, or at least their paymasters, know that 'proof' is an illusion and use this to their advantage at every given opportunity. The problem with this constant demand for proof is that as any first year student of philosophy will tell us, absolute proof of anything is a completely unattainable goal.

By way of an example, if someone is shot in the chest and dies how do we know that it was the actual bullet entering the body that killed them? Stupid question you may say perhaps, but in reality the best we can hope for is to say that on the greater balance of probability it was the bullet that killed them. Other possibilities, no matter how negligible are that they were killed by the utter shock of being shot before the bullet could inflict any physical damage or that they were killed by a blood clot to the heart at exactly the same time as the bullet hit and which was subsequently destroyed by the bullet, creating an impression that it was the bullet impact that caused death. Highly unlikely obviously, but not impossible and that is the key issue. All this may be a little tenuous perhaps, but the point I am attempting to make is that 100% absolute, cast-iron proof of anything is an illusion. What we all believe to be true is based purely on our own personal experience and belief system and also what we believe to be the balance of probability – sometimes an exceptionally high 99:1 and sometimes 51:49, but I do not believe that 100:0 is ever possible, in-line with the basic tenets of philosophy. However most people's lifetime of programming does not allow them to consider or even be aware of this fact.

This pre-programmed mind-set is exceptionally prevalent in academia also. Supposedly 'intelligent', well-educated members of the scientific, political, commercial, media and educational communities possess opinions that have been moulded by decades of propaganda from primary school through University, backed up by the self-over-estimation of their own intelligence, influenced in no small measure by society's misleading norm that presents 'knowledge' as synonymous with 'intelligence'. To try to break that programming by offering up strong circumstantial evidence and alternative,

considered hypotheses about anything that contradicts their mind-set, is often an impossible task.

For example, in recent 'research', performed by Chris French BA PhD CPsychol FBPsS FRSA of Goldsmith's College, University of London (impressive credentials eh?) he determined that; "Those who trust authority are less likely to believe in conspiracies and those who distrust authority are more likely to believe in conspiracies." Money and time well spent there, then Chris.

Obvious really is it not? If anyone distrusts authority then it is common-sense to assume that they are less likely to believe what they are told by them, but is not this all really missing the point? Surely the real question should be not under what circumstances are people more or less likely to believe in 'conspiracies', but whether or not those 'conspiracies' are supported by credible evidence. However in the fantasy-world according to the likes of Dr. French, 'conspiracies' are obviously not real, they exist only as a result of a fault in their believers' psyches.

According to French also, believers in conspiracies were "more likely to be delusional" than those who did not believe in them. French defined 'delusional' as for example those people who answered 'yes' when asked questions such as 'do you believe you are being tracked by your mobile phone'? Again, is that not a circular 'proof' of what is after all only his opinion, or is it just me who is marching out of step?

There is no attempt made to even consider the question of whether it is possible to be tracked by mobile phones or even whether it is actually happening, which are the real issues to my mind, but then I do not have an impressively long list of letters after my name, accompanied by a position at one of the world's premier seats of education, so it naturally follows in the mind-sets of these people (and indeed most people per se, who have been conditioned to believe that educational qualifications equal intelligence) that it must be my logic that is faulty.

When French was confronted on his illogical views by a well-known so-called 'conspiracy' researcher and author, French told him that there was 'no evidence' for what this researcher was saying in his many well-researched books on the topic of a global conspiracy to impose a 'New World Order'. The response to this by the said researcher was to ask if he had ever read any of his books (which by the way contain an absolute mountain of evidence to support his assertions) and was told 'no'. How very typical. These people are

not interested in circumstantial proof or evidence if it goes against their set-in-stone mind-sets or presents a viewpoint that contradicts their unassailable opinions and yet they will openly accuse their detractors of exactly the same tactics.

In my experience, people who refuse to look at both sides of the argument have no high moral ground or even credibility at all. I have met dozens of these people over the years, people who have only ever seen the view of reality as propounded by the mainstream and yet dismiss one's own position as being 'ludicrous' or 'crazy' despite the fact that I am the one who has looked at two sides of the coin in order to formulate my opinion and not simply just one side, as they have.

There is a famous organisation known as the 'Sceptics Society' devoted to 'promoting scientific scepticism and resisting the spread of pseudoscience, superstition and irrational beliefs'. It is an assumption among most people that it is 'healthy' to be sceptical, but I believe that to be untrue, if not downright misleading. It is healthy to question and research controversial issues, but that is not the same as scepticism whose adherents maintain a fixed position and then filter-out all evidence that does not fit that stance. They will always attempt to find another means of explaining away something that challenges their immutable beliefs and it is almost irrelevant whether or not that argument is illogical or contradicted by the evidence or not, just so long as it allows them a 'get-out clause' to maintain their fixed view.

In any case, we should ask who decides what is 'pseudoscience, superstition and irrational beliefs'? The answer is that they themselves do, of course and so we find ourselves back within the circular logic-trap again. They devote themselves to protecting the so-called scientific and societal norms and received wisdom, to which they cling with almost touching loyalty and vociferously attack anyone who dares to question them and/or put forward an alternative viewpoint, no matter how well-researched or pertinent it may be.

"That's what a closed mind does for you. You don't research to discover anew; you research to confirm your current beliefs. Most of academia is another religion, another belief system repelling all boarders. Academia often condemns and ridicules religion when it is one [itself] and operates in the same way. What unites all religions? Concrete minds." David Icke, geopolitical researcher

Unfortunately, all of academia has almost completely abandoned the core principles of good science in their disturbing quest to make money at all costs

for their corporate paymasters, ultimately the Elite bloodlines. Rather than asking pertinent questions of nature and relating and accurately interpreting the answers provided by the data, these 'scientists' plot the desired outcome based on pre-determined criteria and then defend it at all costs, even if this necessitates the misrepresentation, falsification and distortion of data and thus results, to achieve their ends.

"The downfall of 'science' is upon us. Eroded by the intellectual dishonesty of those who promote GMOs, pesticides, vaccines and fluoride in the name of 'science', the reputation of science itself has lost tremendous ground over the last few years. Even though I am scientifically educated, I believe today's misappropriation of 'science' for corporate greed is perhaps the most destructive, pathological force that has yet been unleashed upon human civilization." Mike Adams, Natural News, January 2011.

To say that this approach to research is entirely unscientific is an understatement of some magnitude. It would appear to be that in all disciplines, Elite, corporate profits, personal prestige and maintaining the 'illusion' are far more important than accurate conclusions. Whether we are discussing archaeology, astronomy, mathematics, anthropology, physics, biology, chemistry, history or virtually anything else you can name, the huge majority of scientists and academics will do whatever it takes to defend their pre-determined positions and protect their own livelihoods and interests and of course, those of their employers, ultimately the Elite families when traced to the top of the pyramid. No wonder it is virtually impossible to penetrate the barriers erected by medical professionals with the real facts about vitamin D, sunscreen lotion and cancer for example. These 'scientific-thinkers' have already had their 'beliefs' instilled by the Elite-owned pharmaceutical cartel's propaganda and they will steadfastly defend those beliefs even to the detriment of the health and well-being of their patients and the human race as a whole.

Today's scientists unfortunately, are not even trained to be truly scientific thinkers. They are often just indoctrinated followers of a particular vested interest's own private cult (usually the Elite's, when traced back to source). For example, some 'scientists' belong to the Cult of Pharmacology and they believe (or so they would have us believe) that pharmacological solutions are the answer to all health issues and that natural remedies are mere 'quackery'. Whilst others belong, for example, to the Cult of Climatology, where scientific evidence proving that global-warming is not human-caused or linked to CO2 emissions, is ignored or replaced with 'facts' that are not allowed to be

questioned and are repeated ad nauseum by the controlled media and complicit corporate interests, until we poor, deluded souls assume that they must be true.

Science rarely advances based entirely on new research, new ideas and data. Instead, these new discoveries often founder against an impenetrable barrier erected by the established scientific community in protection of their own positions and at the behest of their all-powerful masters. Sometimes, new ideas may be consigned to the background for decades or even centuries before finally being seriously considered by the scientific community as worthy of being adopted as 'truth' and so the cycle continues on. A classic example of this was the ruthlessly enforced 'Earth as the centre of the Universe' belief that was eventually replaced with the current sun-centric solar system model but not before many scientists and philosophers were condemned and even killed for their unacceptable belief that the Earth was not the centre of the Universe. Indeed it appears to be the case that 'new' ideas, provable or not, are only accepted once the surrounding infrastructure is adjusted accordingly over time to accommodate them within the controlled paradigm.

"It is often the case that the more you know, the more you realise you don't know. In other words, you see that so many assumptions of knowledge were just that - assumptions. This is the same for everyone to an extent, because there is so much to know, but with mainstream science it is part of the very fabric of the way it operates. The disease of tuberculosis used to be known as consumption, but science is infected with the disease of 'assumption'. The assumptions are then constantly repeated; appear in the school books, technical and science journals, and morph, simply through repetition, into accepted 'everybody-knows-that, fact'. But it's not; and if we are going to understand anything about reality, who we are and where we are, we don't need textbooks full of assumptions - we need blank sheets of paper and open minds. We live on a planet orbiting the sun with a few others, but we know next to nothing about any of it. The more technology explores the Solar System the clearer it becomes that previous scientific (actually unscientific) assumptions were wrong and often way out." David Icke, researcher, June 2011.

For good examples of 'assumption' becoming de facto reality, consider the following non-facts; the 'Big Bang' theory, human evolution from apes and the dinosaurs being wiped-out by a meteorite, theory. Ask almost anyone in the world how the Universe came about, how our species developed or how the

dinosaurs died-out and they will invariably spout the above 'party-lines' without even considering that these are not established, proven-beyond-all-doubt facts but merely theories – and all fairly insubstantial ones at that. And please bear in mind that these are just three small examples of the information taught to our children in school as indisputable 'facts'.

The 'Big Bang' theory for example, is based upon the premise that gravity is the strongest of the 'universal' forces known to physicists (the Standard Model) and yet even a small fridge magnet can lift-up a paperclip in defiance of the gravitational pull of the entire Earth. If we were to imagine our Sun as a speck of dust, the next nearest star would be another speck of dust around four miles away and yet if we consider the gravitational attraction between two grains of dust four miles apart, that is the miniscule force which the Standard Model relies upon to account for most of the workings of our universe. It all seems somehow more than a little unconvincing to me, but if any mainstream scientist speaks out on that or any other 'accepted truth', he will be dismissed from his position, denied research funding and will find it difficult if not impossible to secure gainful employment anywhere.

All of this totally discredits the widely-accepted, but in my view at best, highly debatable idea that science is the ultimate fount of knowledge. There are many ways to gain knowledge about the world around us and mainstream science is but one of the least convincing of them. Other less conventionally accepted methods include such as meditation, communing with nature, hypnosis, astrology (true astrology and not the execrable, popularised version) or even spiritual journeys with the help of psychotropic plant extracts and I for one would humbly venture to suggest that these routes to personal knowledge and wisdom are the more reliable ones, regardless of the fact that all of these methods are either ridiculed and/or legislated against by the mainstream. In short, science has totally failed us, deliberately so I believe as it concentrates its efforts solely on the physical and it has never so much as attempted or even come close to providing answers on important, esoteric issues such as the meaning of life, the nature of human consciousness and the nature and purpose of the human soul. To do so would only jeopardise the power of the Elite by imparting knowledge of our true natures and thus empowering the masses.

"The Universe is not only stranger than you may suppose, it is stranger than you can suppose." J P S Haldane, geneticist.

Science will never answer our questions as long as it is run by a profit-focused, Elite-controlled scientific community that has no real interest in truth-seeking and really only exists in any case, to serve the interests of the Elite families in the generating of obscene profits and to maintain the false reality they have carefully created and nurtured and not as they would have you believe, for the furtherance of human knowledge or to create a 'better world' for us all.

So, where does all this radical and possibly confusing information leave us? To discover the complete truth, please read the rest of this book. I am sure you can now see that a chillingly different picture of the world as it is really is beginning to emerge as the ancient bloodlines' desperate race to complete their great 'work of ages' now shifts into high gear.

But, if this all sounds like the ramblings of a lunatic, then this book is probably not for you and I would respectfully suggest that you replace it back in its place on the shelf and go 'back to sleep' along with the rest of the populace. Before you take that drastic step though, it may just be worthwhile to investigate some of the claims I have made in the preceding pages. Since the advent of the Internet, this task has been made much easier for us all and even a cursory search of the topics I have touched-upon will prove extremely revealing.

If however, these words have stirred something within your soul and awakened an interest or a desire to find out more and/or actually do something about it, even if only for the sake of the future of your own children and their children, then please read on. By adopting a completely open-minded approach to the many, often deeply disturbing aspects of the huge conspiracy I am about to reveal in the forthcoming pages, the truth will indeed set you free, to paraphrase what someone once famously said.....

Evolution – the greatest deception of our times?

"Of course, only a fool would question the theory of evolution, even though the theory is most closely associated with a man who, along with other members of his clan, was a key figure in the eugenics movement and even though the concept of natural selection just happens to nicely compliment the eugenics agenda, which in turn, dovetails nicely with the agenda of the 'peak oil' crowd, whose theory, as we all know, rests upon the notion of oil as a 'fossil fuel,' which is taken as a given by most of the scientific community, which just goes to show you, I suppose, that you shouldn't always listen to the scientific community." David McGowan, 25th July 2006.

Are the origins of the human race really what we have been taught and assumed all our lives to be true? The received wisdom, relayed to our grand-parents, parents, ourselves and our children, is that we all evolved from single-celled organisms, born of amino acids combining together in the 'primordial soup', through a series of greater and more complex organisms to the ape-like creatures that were our supposed ancestors and thence to human beings. No arguments or discussions as to the veracity or proof of this proposition are tolerated. It is a fact, end of story – period. Accept it or be ridiculed and worse.

I believe that this is an absurd and monstrous deception and that we are no more descended directly from single-celled creatures or even apes than we are from unicorns or goblins. Evolution, or to be more precise the 'theory of evolution' is exactly that, a theory and an extremely tenuous one at that. There is a veritable mountain of evidence to contradict this premise and also to suggest that Darwin was part of the overall conspiracy and grand deception that continues to this day. He is even rumoured by some sources to have confessed in anguish in his last days, to the hoax he was instrumental in inflicting on a gullible humanity and indeed some of his quoted statements late in his life directly bear-out that premise.

My research has personally led me to believe that evolution was conceived and promoted deliberately as a way of discrediting and thus replacing organised religion as a belief system. By the second half of the nineteenth

century, organised, mainstream religion was just beginning to lose its vice-like grip as a control mechanism of the subdued masses and there was a small but growing band of people who were questioning the unthinkable – was Christianity or indeed any religion, the truth after all? To combat this dangerous turn of events, what was needed was another false creed to supplant organised religion. It does not matter to the Elite what false paradigms we believe in, just so long as we believe in something, anything that will lead us away from the real truth. So, in the mid-nineteenth century, they simply decided to replace their fading, old-fashioned myth of faith-based creationism with something more in line with the fashionable, brave new world of scientific discoveries, hence the more credible, modern, 'scientific' myth of evolution. As alluded-to previously, it is also, I believe, more than coincidence that the theory of evolution was not only originally propounded by Elite eugenicists but also that the tenets of evolutionary dogma nicely complement the fundamental principles of eugenics.

"The model of human prehistory built-up by scholars over the past two centuries is sadly and completely wrong, and a deliberate tool of disinformation and mind control." Michael Cremo and Richard L Thompson, 'The Hidden History of the Human Race'

This extremely revealing book, exhibits in great detail and with literally thousands of case studies and examples, how we have been duped into believing that homo-sapiens as a species is much less than one million years old and is a product of macro-evolution from apes. However Cremo and Thompson have uncovered literally hundreds of examples of mainstream archaeological cover-up operations, to prevent the truth becoming widely known. And that truth is simply that there are in existence many, many examples of human remains, some dating back several hundred million years!

One simple example:

"In Macoupin County, Illinois, the bones of a human were recently found on a coal-bed capped with two feet of slate rock, ninety feet below the surface of the Earth. The bones, when found, were covered with a crust or coating of hard glossy matter, as black as coal itself, but when scraped away left the bones white and natural." 'The Geologist' magazine, December 1862.

This coal was at least 286 million years old and may be as old as 320 million years, way, way beyond any timescales admitted by the mainstream regarding the possible antiquity of our species. Any such discoveries these days are

never reported in the mainstream media, despite there being thousands of examples constantly occurring.

Interestingly, this distortion of facts in an attempt to 'prove' a huge falsehood to be the truth, has resulted in the classic, Hegelian 'evolution versus creation' argument to keep us all busy and distracted from searching for the actual truth. In other words, never mind the real facts, let's all waste our time arguing the rights and wrongs of two false creeds. Strange is it not that if one does not subscribe to the religion of evolution, then one is automatically dubbed a 'creationist' with all the negative connotations and inherent stupidity and ignorance that this has been manipulated and engineered to imply?

It is also known that Dr. Thomas Henry Huxley, a stalwart of the Elite establishment, Fellow of the Royal Society and a prominent Freemason, strongly encouraged and even cajoled Charles Darwin to publish his theory. Huxley would eventually become the 'official spokesman' for Darwin and even became known as 'Darwin's Bulldog', such was his forceful assertions of the truth of the theory. He was also the grandfather of Aldous Huxley, the author of 'Brave New World' a novel written in the 1930s that demonstrates an uncannily accurate depiction of a future society of oppressed masses in a similar vein to Orwell's '1984'. Another grandson was Julian Huxley, famous as the first secretary-general of UNESCO, a branch of the Elite-controlled United Nations. Coincidence? I shall let the reader draw his/her own conclusions.

Already I can almost hear the calls for me to be burned at the stake for daring to question the great religion of evolution – for that is what it has become to so many people. I do not suggest for one moment that localised evolving of bodily features and functions of certain creatures (micro-evolution) does not take place over millennia in order to adapt to surroundings and for example, fine-tuning defences against predators. To suggest that, would be just as absurd. However, to believe that whole new species are created from others or from virtually nothing (macro-evolution) when the abundant, contrary evidence is examined seems too far-fetched and unscientific to be anything but an elaborate hoax and a deliberate deception, perpetuated by wholesale propaganda.

"The known fossil record fails to document a single example of evolution accomplishing a major transition - every palaeontologist knows that most species don't change." Stephen Gould, evolutionary biologist, Harvard University 1980.

"I am not satisfied that Darwin proved his point or that his influence in scientific and public thinking has been beneficial. The success of Darwinism was accomplished by a decline in scientific integrity." W.R. Thompson, Canadian scientist.

"…as by this theory, innumerable transitional forms must have existed. Why do we not find them embedded in the crust of the earth? Why is not all nature in a confusion of halfway species instead of being, as we see them, well-defined species?" Charles Darwin.

Darwin's own answer to this particular question was that there had been insufficient time since his theory was espoused to thoroughly check the available fossil records. Interesting hypothesis yes, but now proven to be totally incorrect. We have now had almost another 150 years since the death of Darwin to rectify this inconvenient fact, but evolutionary 'science' is no further forward in this respect than it was in the 1860s.

"Just as pre-Darwinian biology was carried out by people whose faith was in the Creator and His plan, post-Darwinian biology is being carried out by people whose faith is in, almost, the deity of Darwin. They've seen their task as to elaborate his theory and to fill the gaps in it, to fill the trunk and twigs of the tree. But it seems to me that the theoretical framework has very little impact on the actual progress of the work in biological research. In a way some aspects of Darwinism and of neo-Darwinism seem to me to have held back the progress of science." Colin Patterson, senior palaeontologist, the Museum of Natural History, London.

"Not many scientists are willing to risk their livelihood to point out the facts. They remain mute, mouthing the party line when necessary in order to keep their positions. Those illogical arguments mouthed by the scientists then fuel misunderstanding among those who are unable to double-check the truth and logic behind the theory of evolution." Duncan Long.

And, remarkably...

"Not one change of species into another is on record. We cannot prove that a single species has changed into another." Charles Darwin, 'My Life and Letters', Vol. 1, page 210.

That contemporary, great champion of evolutionary myth and dogma, Professor Richard Dawkins, latterly of the Elite-funded and controlled, great educational propaganda machine, Oxford University and author of 'The Selfish Gene' and 'The God Delusion', wastes no time in denouncing, belittling and even insulting anyone who dares question the great pseudo-

religion of evolution. Why would this be? Why is it such a crime or heresy to question or debate widely-held scientific beliefs? Is Dawkins an evolutionist per se or simply anti-religion, choosing evolution as the only viable alternative? This of course is the classic Hegelian trap. Present two options to choose from, neither of them correct, whilst encouraging the masses to pick their favourite and debate the pros and cons until we lose sight of the real issue. We should ask why the mainstream media even allows Dawkins a platform for his mostly disingenuous tirades, whilst denying it to those who espouse the contrary view in a more considered, rational or scientific way. Dawkins' ironically, somewhat evangelical–type arguments have brought him largely unreported ridicule from many quarters with even the hard-line Darwinian, Michael Ruse suggesting that Dawkins' rants make him feel "embarrassed to be an atheist".

"When you find issues/controversies which people love to debate endlessly, which are emotionally inflammatory and which divide the masses into oppositional stances/groups, it is a pretty strong possibility that the controlling elites might be busy behind the scenes, fomenting these quarrels and keeping them alive." kennysideshow.blogspot.com 15th November 2011

Could Dawkins, knowingly or un-knowingly be a puppet of the Elite, a so-called 'shill' or 'useful idiot' who is discreetly encouraged to spread his dis-information to as wide an audience as possible? If so, he certainly would not be the first nor the last, one suspects.

Richard Milton was initially an ardent believer in Darwinian doctrine until he began to investigate the myths and legends of evolutionary theory in depth. After 20 years of studying and writing about evolution, he realised that there were many anomalous elements in the theory. He therefore decided to put every main classic 'proof' of Darwinism to the test. His results left him stunned at first. He found that the theory could not even stand up to the rigours of even rudimentary investigative journalism. Eventually, he published a book titled "The Facts of Life: Shattering the Myths of Darwinism".

"I experienced the witch-hunting activity of the Darwinist police at first hand – it was deeply disappointing to find myself being described by the prominent Oxford zoologist, Richard Dawkins, as 'loony', 'stupid' and 'in need of psychiatric help' in response to purely scientific reporting." Richard Milton

Do we detect shades of the Soviet Union in the 20th century, when so-called dissident scientists there began speaking out against the diktats and

manufactured reality of Stalin's regime?

If all the preceding assertions are true, this all begs the question, 'what is the point of the deception'? If someone goes to all that trouble to make sure we believe something that is not and cannot be proven, there must be a reason for it and a hidden agenda behind it. Indeed, this simple test can be applied to anything but in this case the overwhelmingly obvious conclusion is that it is done in order to deceive and therefore impose and maintain control by taking advantage of the lack of knowledge of the real truth of our origins and purpose as a species.

Fossil records constitute the primary source for the evolutionists in searching for evidence for the theory of evolution. The fossil records certainly contain the remains of past human beings but when these are examined objectively, it may be seen that the records themselves are in no way in favour of evolutionary theory, but rather against it, contrary to the assertions of the evolutionists. However, since these fossils are incorrectly portrayed by the evolutionists and presented for public opinion with the intent of fulfilling pre-conceived ideas; many people are fooled into incorrectly believing that the fossil records actually verify the theory of evolution.

The evolutionists disingenuously use the fact that findings of fossil records are open to many different interpretations, to their own advantage and as 'proof' of their own assertions. The discovered fossils are usually not sufficient to make a firm analysis, but are generally comprised of incomplete and fragmented bone pieces. This is why it is so simple for them to distort the available data and use them fraudulently to portray the desired objectives.

Belief in the theory of evolution has come to be seen as almost a life-style choice, a mode of thinking, even an ideology rather than just simply a theory like any other by its evangelical defenders who do not deem it necessary to take steps to prevent the distorting of data or even the committing of more serious, deliberate forgeries. Indeed, extremist advocates of evolutionary ideology do not hesitate to undertake any kind of distortion necessary in order to interpret the fossil records in favour of evolutionary theory. It is a classical scientific mistake to build any kind of theoretical framework from the basis of an incorrect initial assumption and yet I believe that this fundamental 'mistake' is made time after time by the proponents of evolutionary theory.

"Theory shapes the way we think about, even perceive, data… We are unaware of many of our assumptions. In the course of rethinking my ideas about human evolution, I have changed somewhat as a scientist. I am aware

of the prevalence of implicit assumptions and try harder to dig them out of my own thinking. Theories have, in the past, clearly reflected our current ideologies instead of the actual data… I am more sombre than I once was about what the unwritten past can tell us." David Pilbeam, anthropologist, Harvard University.

It is true that ideological expectations can and do influence the interpretation of any given data set and the fact that fossil records are open to many different interpretations raises doubts on the reliability of the whole science of paleo-anthropology which is mostly under the control of the evolutionists. Certain prejudices and expectations will undoubtedly have an impact on the veracity of data extrapolation.

"…We then move right off the register of objective truth into those fields of presumed biological science, like extra-sensory perception or the interpretation of man's fossil history, where to the faithful anything is possible - and where the ardent believer is sometimes able to believe several contradictory things at the same time." Sir Solly Zuckerman, palaeontologist at Birmingham University, England.

Since fossil records are usually unorganised and incomplete, the estimations based on them are inevitably totally speculative. As a matter of fact, the reconstructions (drawings or models) made by evolutionists based on the fossil remains are often treated in a speculative way in consort with the evolutionary theory. Since most people are more easily influenced by visual rather than written data, the aim of evolutionists is to entice them to believe that these reconstructed creatures have really existed in the past.

For this reason alone, the reconstructions of fossils and skulls are always designed to meet the needs of the evolutionary theory. Evolutionist researchers often set out from a single tooth, a mandibular fragment or even a tiny bone of the arm, draw semi-human-like imaginary creatures and then present these to the public sensationally as a link in the evolution of man. These drawings and reconstructions have indeed played an important role in the visualisation of the 'primitive man' image in the minds of people.

Reconstructions based on the bone remains can only reveal the general characteristics of the object at hand. Yet, the real defining details are soft tissues often muscles or tendons that do not leave an impression in the rocks

as they decay too rapidly. Therefore, with the speculative interpretation of the soft tissues, the reconstructed drawing or model becomes totally dependent upon the imagination of the person constructing it.

"To attempt to restore the soft parts is an even more hazardous undertaking. The lips, the eyes, the ears, and the nasal tip, leave no clues on the underlying bony parts. You can with equal facility, model on a Neanderthaloid skull the features of a chimpanzee or the lineaments of a philosopher. These alleged restorations of ancient types of a man have very little if any scientific value and are likely only to mislead the public… So put not your trust in reconstructions." Ernst A. Hooten, Harvard University.

Indeed, evolutionists invent such ridiculous stories that they even ascribe different faces to the same skull. For example, three different reconstructed drawings made for the fossil named Australopithecus robustus, is a famous example of such a forgery.

A group of evolutionists who could not find any substantial evidence in the fossil records to support their at best, tenuous beliefs, actually decided to create their own evidence themselves. Some of these studies were even included in text books under titles such as 'evolution conspiracies' and this is probably a good clue to the fact that the theory of evolution is an ideology or a life philosophy that has to be contrived to be kept alive by considerable effort.

A well-known doctor and amateur palaeontologist, Charles Dawson announced in 1912 that he had found a jaw bone and a cranial fragment in a pit in Piltdown, Sussex, England. Despite the fact that the jaw bone was ape-like, the teeth and the skull were similar to a human's. These specimens were designated by science as 'Piltdown Man', determined to be dated to half a million years ago and depicted as absolute 'proof' of the evolution of man for more than 40 years. Many scientific articles were written about the artefacts, many interpretations and drawings were made and it was presented as important evidence and taught as undeniable proof of the macro-evolution of mankind.

The discovery of 'Piltdown-man' engendered massive enthusiasm in paleo-anthropological circles and gave birth to many new debates which automatically assumed that evolution was absolute fact. For example, the famous English anthropologist, G. E. Smith pondered... "Did the brain or body of man evolve first?"

In 1949, Kenneth Oakley from the palaeontology department of the British Museum in London devised the 'fluorine test' to determine the date of fossils. When the test was performed on the Piltdown-man fossil, the subsequent result was shocking. It was proved conclusively that the jaw-bone of Piltdown-man contained no fluorine and this therefore indicated that the bone was underground no more than a relatively few short years and was therefore obviously a fraud. In addition, the skull itself contained a small amount of fluorine, enough to determine that it was a few thousand years old, only. It was also proved by the tests that the jaw-bone and the skull came from two entirely separate creatures and time-periods and must therefore be a deliberate hoax.

"The latest chronological researches made with the fluorine method revealed that the [Piltdown] skull was only a few thousand years old. It was manifest that the teeth in the jaw bone belonging to an orang-utan were worn out artificially and the primitive tools found next to the fossils were simple imitations sharpened by steel devices." Kenneth Oakley, palaeontologist, the British Museum, London.

Alongside these fossils were found some extinct elephant fossils and some tool remains made out of the bones of the same elephant species. These elephant fossils were used in the dating of the skull and in the tests it was understood that these elephant fossils were indeed very ancient. However, the jaw bone and the skull were much more recent than the elephant fossils. What then was the significance of these facts? It was surmised that the Piltdown ivory fossil had probably been found in Africa and then deliberately placed in the Piltdown site to give the impression that the false skull was as old as the elephant fossil in order to mislead. As the researchers studied the other animal fossils found in the same region in more depth, they found that these were also placed there with the deliberate intention of deception and the Piltdown bone tool was eventually discovered to be an elephant fossil shaped with a steel knife.

However, the hoax could still be regarded as a raging success by the evolutionists in as much as it had propagandised the population for almost half a century into a definitive belief of evolutionary myth and the Elite know very well that once any beliefs become deeply entrenched in the human psyche then even subsequent absolute proof to the contrary will not necessarily remove or diminish them.

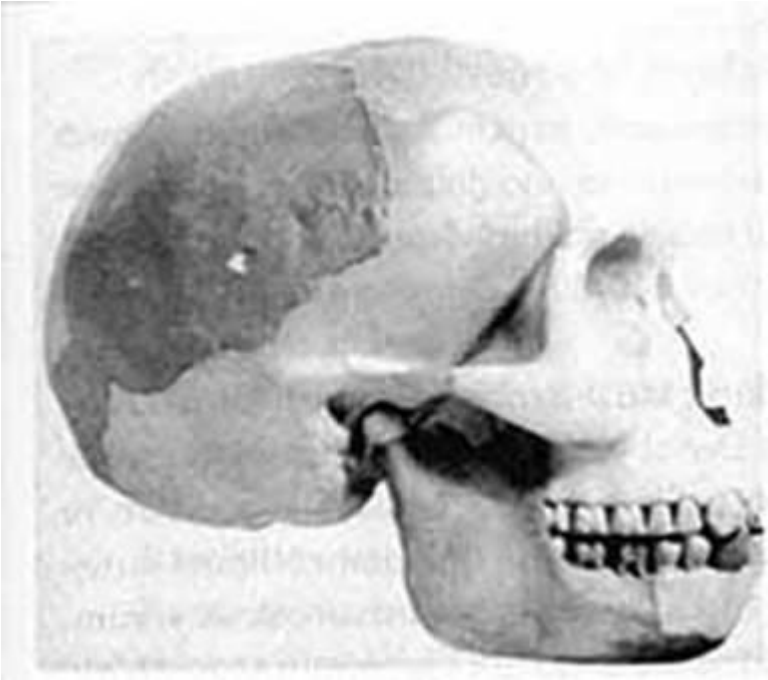

This fake fossil that occupied the evolutionist circles for a many years, demonstrates the lengths to which those who desire to prove the theory of evolution at all costs are prepared to go. Why would this be? Why would anyone fake scientific evidence? I suggest that it is done (in this case at least) to provide hard evidence of the proof of evolutionary theory in the absence of any other real or tangible facts that would verify it. This in itself speaks volumes to my mind.

After the detailed analysis completed by Kenneth Oakley, William le Gros Clark and J. S. Weiner, this forgery was eventually made public in 1953. The skull was discovered to be human and was a mere 500 years old and the jaw-bone was from a recently deceased ape. The teeth had been specially arranged and added separately to the jaw and the tooth sockets were set in such a way as to resemble those of a human. All these individual elements were then deceptively stained with potassium-dichromate to give them the false appearance of great age. These stains disappeared when the skull was dipped in acid.

There was also much evidence of artificial abrasion that in hindsight was so obvious that it begged the question; how had it escaped the notice of experienced palaeontologists for forty years? Sir Solly Zuckerman's view was…

"As I have already implied, students of fossil primates have not been distinguished by caution when working within the logical constraints of their subject. The record is so astonishing that it is legitimate to ask whether much science is yet to be found in this field at all."

However, in my view, the story of the Piltdown-man fraud provides a pretty good answer to that question.

So, the 'theory' of evolution is based on the hypothesis that contemporary man today has evolved from his primate ancestors, diversifying from them between 4 and 10 million years ago. Although no definitive consensus has yet been reached by the evolutionary researchers, the generally accepted list of ancestors of humans reads as follows:

Australopithecus or 'southern ape'
Homo habilis or 'tool using man'
Homo erectus or 'upright man'
Archaic Homo Sapiens or 'old modern man'
Homo sapiens or 'modern man'

According to the evolutionists the first ape ancestors of man, Australopithecus were creatures which had some human-like but possessed mostly ape-like characteristics. Some branches of the Australopithecus have allegedly become extinct and the others developed into the Homo (human) strain. Evolutionists also insist that Homo erectus and its subsequent incarnations were almost identical with contemporary man.

Today there are over 200 species of apes still extant. However, it is claimed that there were in total, more than 6500 species of primates that lived in ancient times but are now extinct. According to the estimates of scientists, only 3% of these primates are known. The species Australopithecus named by evolutionists are actually extinct apes which share some common structural characteristics with today's apes.

The primary criteria used by evolutionists in categorising and evaluating human fossils are; bipedalism (upright walking), cranial capacity (the volume of the brain-pan) and cranial shape. Various classifications are evaluated according to those criteria.

Yet, some of these criteria, especially the cranial capacity are extremely unreliable. For example, the generally accepted cranial capacity figure for a contemporary ape is a maximum of 750 cubic centimetres (cc). The cranial capacity of humans is said to range between 900-2200cc, but among the

Australian Aborigine natives, there are quite a number of individuals who have a capacity of around 850cc and furthermore cranial capacity is obviously subject to huge variations, depending on age, sex, race and other criteria. Cranial capacity can therefore never be a reliable means of measurement.

The crania of ape fossils and the crania of today's apes are very similar to each other, being narrow and long. However, human crania are more voluminous with wide foreheads, the skull is flat with no protrusions, eyes are wide apart and the shape of the eyebrow ridges above the eyes change according to racial traits. In addition, the mandibles of humans are very much different from that of apes, bearing a distinctly parabolic shape.

To continue the argument, the arms of apes are longer in relation to the body and their legs are shorter, both toes and fingers of apes have grasping abilities and they are all quadrupeds – all true of both primitive and modern species. Indeed their entire skeleton is designed for a quadrupedal-type body structure. They stand on two feet only rarely, for example when reaching upwards to grasp tree branches or pick fruit, but generally spend most of their time on all-fours.

Bipedalism is a characteristic exclusive to humans (in primates) and this quality is the factor that most distinguishes human beings from other mammals. A human hip, pelvis, back-bone and spinal cord are designed only for a biped and could not function correctly in a quadrupedal frame. In short therefore, when analysing the 'proof' of evolution, one could realistically say that the most important and binding criterion should be bipedalism. Bipedalism is the critical factor that distinguishes humans from apes and therefore the focal point of the argument should be the question of whether our so-called 'ancestors' walked upright or not.

One of the most enduring chapters of the apocryphal human evolution story is Neanderthal man. Neanderthals, whom even the evolutionists deem to be 'real' human beings were regarded for some considerable time as 'a primitive human race' by the evolutionists and are considered by them as an intermediate, transitional form from ape to man, possibly in an attempt to solve the 'missing-link' conundrum which haunts evolutionary theory to this day and which has never been adequately explained.

The story of Neanderthal man began in the Neander valley in what is now modern Germany, where a local schoolteacher discovered a skull fragment, a thighbone and other small pieces of a skeleton in 1856. These pieces were

subsequently studied by an anatomy professor named Schaafhausen at Bonn University and were eventually considered, after many surveys and comparisons, to be a typical human male with no anatomical abnormalities. According to Schaafhausen who made the first study, the bones belonged to an old human race, possibly to a Barbarian tribe who resided there before the Germanic races moved into the region.

Some years later however, the fossils were sent to the University of Berlin and re-examined there by Professor Rudolf Virchow. Virchow who later in life came to be regarded as the 'father of pathology', made a diagnosis which still holds validity today; that these bones belonged to a Homo sapiens (modern human) who had suffered from severe arthritis in his childhood and who had died from what appeared to be several blows to the skull.

Nevertheless, William King an anatomy professor from Queens University in Ireland who studied the fossils after Virchow, produced a totally new interpretation of the facts, which was in effect responsible for the Neanderthal man 'legend'. As a long-time passionate advocator of the theory of evolution, King drew his conclusions from the structure of the bones in accordance with evolutionist prudence. He pronounced that this fossil was more 'primitive' than modern man and therefore could not be classified as such. He also assigned to the fossil, it's now ubiquitous scientific name, Homo Neanderthalensis. According to King, it was a member of the Homo (human) species; but at the same time too primitive to be a human.

Two years later, similar skeletons were found in Belgium. These skeletons, which did not attract much attention initially, were subsequently brought to the attention of those who were looking for the supposed ape-ancestors of man, influenced strongly of course by Darwin's book, 'The Origin of Species'.

In 1908, further Neanderthal skeletons were found in Moustier in the region of La Chapelle-aux-Saints, France. These were studied by Professor Boule from the Paleo-anthropology Institute in Paris, himself a dedicated and passionate supporter of evolutionary theory. Professor Boule himself was indeed responsible for creating the popular, primitive Neanderthal man image in our minds. Boule described his findings as follows:

"Neanderthals seem to be closer to apes than any other group of man and their intelligence is not wholly developed. The composition, position and the order of the cerebellum and spinal cord are the same as the apes. Besides, the feet have the same grasping attribute as in chimpanzees and gorillas. The

anatomical structure of Neanderthals indicates that they walk in an awkward and clumsy way."

At the same time, Professor Boule was responsible for the first Neanderthal face and body shape reconstruction. According to this reconstruction, which he made whilst relying upon his own preposterous pre-conceptions, "Neanderthal man is a half-man and half-ape being. He cannot walk upright and stoops, as do apes." This utterly baseless theory made by Boule in accordance with his subjective interpretation of the Neanderthal fossils he had in his possession is responsible for the popular mental image we have of Neanderthal man, which still abides to this day.

Despite all the unstinting efforts of the evolutionists, this subjective approach to Neanderthals began to change in the 1950s. Advanced technology began to confirm that Neanderthals were by no means primitive humans, in sharp contrast to the prevailing view. In light of the advent of this new data, these questions were still pertinent; was Neanderthal man, alleged to live only 30,000 years ago, really as primitive as the evolutionists claimed and were Neanderthals primitive creatures who had no civilisation and unable to even walk upright?

These questions were answered by two researchers who examined the La Chapelle-aux-Saints fossils in 1957. These anatomists whose names were Straus and Cave discovered exactly why the fossil man found in 1908 and depicted in a reconstruction by Boule, stooped. As Professor Rudolf Virchow from Berlin University had pointed out originally, this fossil had also suffered from chronic arthritis, just as had the original Neanderthal man who was

found in 1856. This insidious bone disease was deforming the shape of the spinal column and led to stooping due to the gradual decaying of the bones. His mandible bone was also deformed and in short, the reason why the Neanderthal fossil possessed a bent posture was the simple fact that he suffered from nothing more uncommon than severe arthritis and not as had been proffered by the evolutionist dogma, his relationship to a primitive species of man.

In all other aspects, 'Neanderthal man' possessed human characteristics. His big toe was not bent as Boule claimed; his thighbone was exactly the same as that of modern man and the report prepared by Straus and Cave culminated with the following words:

"If they had come back to life today, most probably they would not be discriminated from the other people in the New York subway, provided that they had bathed, were shaved and wore modern suits."

Today, evolutionists remain evasive on the subject of Neanderthal man. It has been proven beyond reasonable doubt that the reason why the fossil was stooped as illustrated in Boule's crude and deceptive reconstruction, was the presence of severe arthritis. An authority on this subject, Erik Trinkaus of The University of New Mexico, remarked…

"Detailed comparisons of Neanderthal skeletal remains with those of modern humans have shown that there is nothing in Neanderthal anatomy that conclusively indicates locomotive, manipulative, intellectual or linguistic abilities inferior to those of modern humans."

The evolutionists deliberately ignore the difference between the average 1400cc cranial volume of modern man and the 1750cc volume of Neanderthals. They know very well that the announcement of this fact would pose another serious problem to their weak thesis. Since the evolutionists interpreted the cranial volumes they found, as evidence of evolution, accepting the fact that Neanderthal man had an even larger cranial volume than modern man would imply a regression in the evolutionary process as this would simply mean that Neanderthals were more intelligent than modern humans.

Today Neanderthal man, as indeed is the case with many other subjects, is an assumed truism, an 'assumption' that has been deceptively transmuted into hard fact. The mainstream media and the film industry routinely discuss and treat the topic as though it were absolute, proven fact and not just a flimsy, insubstantial theory at best, as do educators and scientists. This is a recurring

theme that as will become apparent, we find in many, many topics from history to astronomy, biology to physics and chemistry alike.

There are many other examples of fatal flaws in the theory of evolution, indeed far too numerous to cover in any detail or to do justice to in a volume such as this. However, even using the small amount of evidence presented here, there now would appear to be only one possible conclusion:

The evolutionary theory asserting that humans came into existence by macro-evolution from single-celled life-forms and latterly from other primates is not supported by any convincing, concrete evidence whatsoever and indeed is invalidated completely by much evidence to the contrary. The whole premise of the evolution of man is actually based on extremely subjective interpretations, poor or bad science, deliberate distortions and even the outright forgeries of many unscrupulous evolutionists who seek to convince us that yet another huge falsehood is the truth.

"Why doesn't the scientific community abandon Darwin's failed hypotheses? Simple: The Jewish-dominated media and educational establishment are determined that, like unconditional support of Israel, Holocaust mythology, hate laws, and 'civil rights' favouritism, there will be no end to the relentless force-feeding of evolution. Belief in evolution is a prerequisite for Jewish supremacism's new-world order." Reverend Ted Pike, researcher 16th May 2011.

There are undoubtedly some genuine, well-meaning scientists who firmly believe in the evolutionary model but they have been duped just as the rest of us, by the deliberate subterfuge of those who are determined to perpetuate a lie. Or could they simply be victims of the Hegelian trap of mainstream religion-based creation versus evolution, believing as they do in the more 'plausible', scientific alternative?

Whatever the answer to that particular poser may be, it seems clear to me that macro-evolution is a huge deception, a pseudo-science and just one of many in a long list of deceptions emitting from the forces of evil, that we are forced to endure on a daily basis.

The Real Origins of the Human Race

"Almost everything they teach us about the ancient history is wrong: origins of men, civilisations and pyramids. Homo sapiens are not a result of evolution and biologists will never find a 'missing link', because intelligent man is a product of genetic engineering. Sumerians are not the beginning of civilised man, but rather the beginning of another cycle of humanity." Dr. Sam Semir Osmanagich, Professor of Anthropology at the American University, Bosnia.

So, if we can eliminate evolution as a prime suspect in our search for the true origins of life on Earth, where does that leave the argument? In my humble estimation that would leave but two alternatives, the biblical story of creation by a supreme being or one other possibility. I will exclude this former option for the simple reason that everyone reading this book already has at least a rudimentary knowledge of the Adam and Eve story in the book of Genesis and quite frankly the absurdity of the entire proposition should be very apparent.

Surprisingly to most people, the Elite of this Earth firmly believe that they are the direct descendants of a race of extraterrestrial beings who visited the Earth millions of years ago. This is not mere speculation on my part, but one of their stated, well-documented albeit not well-publicised, beliefs. Again, the evidence that the planet was visited and seeded by extraterrestrials in the dim and distant past, is widespread but nevertheless as far as is possible, is generally concealed from the un-thinking general public who seem to accept lies at face value with no question when given them by the mainstream, but vehemently defend the status quo and decry other mooted alternatives, when these are presented to them from other, 'discredited' sources, whether accompanied by substantial proof or not. All as a natural consequence of course, of the aeons of propaganda and social engineering performed on us, the masses, by the ruling Elite.

If the assumption of an extraterrestrial origin of humanity and all life on Earth is correct, I am aware that this does not categorically answer the 'creation or evolution' question, it merely deflects it much further back in time to the origins of extraterrestrial life, but that particular argument falls outside the scope of this book, our true origins being much, much older presumably than the Earth and indeed very possibly, our Solar System.

There are countless stories and pictorial depictions passed down from ancient civilisations about strange 'visitors' and unearthly beings. One of the more prominent ones being for example, that in the mid-nineteenth century in what is now modern-day Iraq; a huge find of clay tablets was made by Sir Austen Henry Layard, an English archaeologist. Thought to be from the Sumerian culture, these tablets depict an extraordinary story that absolutely contradicts in every way the 'official' history of our species. Unsurprisingly, this is given no credence whatsoever by modern historians, archaeologists and educators as it does not fit the 'accepted' view of history and human evolution decreed, cultivated and ruthlessly and relentlessly enforced by our Elite masters. I feel it somewhat significant to my point that these views are rarely considered or rationally argued against by the mainstream, they are simply ignored, presumably in the hope that they will simply go away or be regarded as unbelievable, if left un-discussed and unacknowledged.

Zecharia Sitchin, who could read Aramaic, Sumerian, Babylonian and several other less well-known, long-dead Middle Eastern languages was the most famous translator of these tablets and he was convinced that the tablets tell a story of extraterrestrial visitors creating the Sumerian civilisation as a 'gift from the gods'. These gods are referred to as the 'Annunaki' or 'those who from Heaven to Earth came'. They are considered by some researchers to be one and the same as the biblical 'Nephilim', the race of giants who probably were around 8 feet tall, according to some researchers. However opinions do vary on this.

The tablets also describe how the Annunaki arrived here from a planet they named Nibiru, which allegedly has a huge elliptical orbit taking it 3600 years to travel around the sun, but whilst at its closest approach point, is situated between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. A possible sighting was briefly reported in 1983 and then immediately forgotten and buried by the mainstream media…

"A heavenly body possibly ... so close to Earth that it would be part of this solar system has been found in the direction of the constellation Orion by an orbiting telescope aboard the US infrared astronomical satellite. So mysterious is the object that astronomers do not know if it is a planet ... so close in fact that it would be the nearest heavenly body to Earth beyond the outermost planet Pluto." Washington Post, 31st December 1983.

These clay tablets are the written accounts of traditions that go back many tens of thousands of years but much credence can be given them not least due

to their incredibly accurate depiction of the solar system as we now know it. All the planets are in their correct positions (for the era) with relative sizes and orbits, all accurately charted.

How could this knowledge have been available in those times, when most of that information has only been known to us for about 200 years or so? The answer of course is that it is the current view of history which is inaccurate. Ancient cultures and civilisations knew far more about the universe and its secrets than modern science and history will give them credit for. This is why many ancient cultures and cultural traditions such as native American, native African – Zulu for example and Australian aborigines were all ruthlessly suppressed and their ancient artefacts destroyed by forces representing the world Elite. We can also add to this list, the Mayan, Inca and Aztec civilisations in South and Central America, brutally subjugated and systematically eliminated by the Conquistadors, sponsored by the European Elite in the 16th and 17th centuries and charged with the destruction and devastation of these ancient cultures that in fact held a much more accurate world-view than we do today.

Arguably, the most important aspect of the contents of the Sumerian tablets is their description of the creation of humankind. Sitchin estimates the timescales as around 400,000 years ago, but I personally believe that it could be much longer ago than this. According to the story within the tablets, The Annunaki landed originally in Southern Africa to mine the mineral deposits abundant in that area, primarily gold, but other minerals were also involved. According to Sitchin's translation, there was, for want of a better description, a sort of ongoing 'worker's revolt' involving the Annunaki mine labourers or slaves and so the rulers in order to avoid further inconvenience, eventually decided to generate a new race of slaves to replace the truculent labourers. This new race was a hybrid created from the genes of the Annunaki and those of the native, early humanoid species who roamed the plains of the African continent and the Middle East at that time and whose remains have been found in rock strata dating back millions, not simply hundreds of thousands of years as we are led to believe is the case. This hybrid was destined to become modern man, Homo sapiens.

Could this event also be linked to the appearance in archaeological records of a new, distinct form of humanoid which even mainstream anthropology admits appeared suddenly, from nowhere about 200,000 years ago in this region of Africa? If true, nothing much changes does it? We began as a slave

race and are still fulfilling the same role 200,000 years later. It is in fact this 'new' species that causes the evolutionists' search for the so-called 'missing link', the infamous huge hole in evolutionary theory, in a vain attempt to explain the gap in the records, the appearance of an hitherto unknown species and thus to 'fit in' with contemporary scientific, evolutionary dogma.

The creators of humanity according to Sitchin's translation were two Annunaki 'scientists' known as Enki (a male) and Ninkharsag (a female). She was also known as 'Mammi' and this is very likely the source of the root word meaning 'mother' and from which we also derive the word 'mammal', still prescient in many ancient and modern languages today. The leader of the Annunaki on Earth was Enlil, the half-brother of Enki. Eventually after many abortive (literally) attempts, as the story goes, Enki and Ninkharsag found the correct formula and the human race was born (created) making 'test tube' babies of us all in the process!

Could this also be the origin of the biblical story of Adam and Eve? Was Eve created symbolically perhaps, from Adam's rib in an ancient description of the cloning process? Also within the tablets is a description of the 'abode of the righteous ones', where humans were said to have first been created, known as E.DIN. Similarly, is this the origin of the Garden of Eden legend in the Bible? It would certainly make some sense of an unlikely 'legend'.

This all dovetails neatly with the Elite's belief system, that they are indeed 'the masters of the Universe', with a special genetic connection back to these ancient 'gods' who seeded and engineered the human race and the rest of us are fit only for slavery and to serve their every need. The 'useless eaters' as Henry Kissinger, one of the more prominent, contemporary Elite pawns has been known to refer to us.

"I will demonstrate that virtually every current belief system that delves into the origins and development of humanity is full of untruths and distortions that serve to keep the reality of human origins concealed." 'Humanity's Extra-Terrestrial Origins'. Dr. Arthur David Horn.

After a huge amount of research and reflection, Dr. Horn came to realise that the belief systems we have been taught regarding the origins of our physical bodies are not true. Rather, they serve an agenda that, for the most part, Western religious institutions and governments have propagated for their own selfish purposes and in order to control the minds of the 'sheeple'. Upon arriving at this conclusion, Dr. Horn, in a totally selfless action which he believed retained his personal and professional integrity, resigned from his

professorship. He simply felt that he could no longer, morally speaking, teach the inaccurate, establishment views of humanity's physical origins to his students. He then authored the above quoted book whilst living a simple life in Mt. Shasta, California with his wife.

Based upon his extensive knowledge of evolutionary patterns and forces, Dr. Horn tells us that there were unexplained sudden 'jumps' or 'explosions' in the distant past, which caused new categories of life forms to appear, including pre-humans. Furthermore, there have been instances in which various life forms have appeared simultaneously, or in parallel with one another, rather than in a gradual step-by-step fashion as is usually propounded by the totally unscientific, theory of evolution. These incidents cannot be explained by today's scientific theories, including evolution, rather, it is as though an 'other-worldly' force influenced these natural processes by speeding-up what would normally take millions of years to occur and this applies to the physical bodies we, as spiritual beings, occupy today. How could this be?

These same sudden 'spurts' in evolutionary time may also be found more recently in early civilisations, such as the Sumerian civilisation, which appeared approximately 5000 years ago in the area known today as southern Iraq and which left many archaeological artefacts for study. Horn makes the point that the Sumerian culture did not gradually evolve into existence, their civilisation appeared almost 'overnight' in archaeological terms, complete with mathematics, language, irrigation systems, farming, the written word and an extensive knowledge of the heavens. Who helped them achieve this monumental feat?

The people of Sumer were not primitive savages as much of mainstream history leads us to believe but amazingly, one of their surviving pictorial depictions (below) shows that they knew even at that time that all the planets in our solar system revolve around the sun; something according to mainstream science, that was only 'discovered' 4-500 years or so ago.

Furthermore, the Sumerians were aware of the distant planets in our solar system, Pluto, Neptune and Uranus, which cannot be seen with the naked eye and they also knew that Neptune contained liquid water. How could they know this, given the 'primitive' state of knowledge we are led to believe was in existence at that time? In the same drawing depicting their celestial knowledge, the Sumerians also include a 12th planet in our solar system. Could this be the mysterious Planet X or Niburu, referred to in many ancient texts and as referred to above in the writings of Zecharia Sitchin? In the

below image, made approximately 5000 years ago by the Sumerians, one can clearly see our solar system with twelve planets revolving around the sun.

Sitchin's book, The 12th Planet (now in its 45th printing and translated into 23 languages, millions of copies sold), tells a very credible story of how the Annunaki from the 12th planet (Nibiru) in our solar system created the forerunners of the Sumerians and then interacted with their descendants more than 5000 years ago.

Below, is an ancient Sumerian cylinder seal showing an Annunaki flying machine or space-ship.

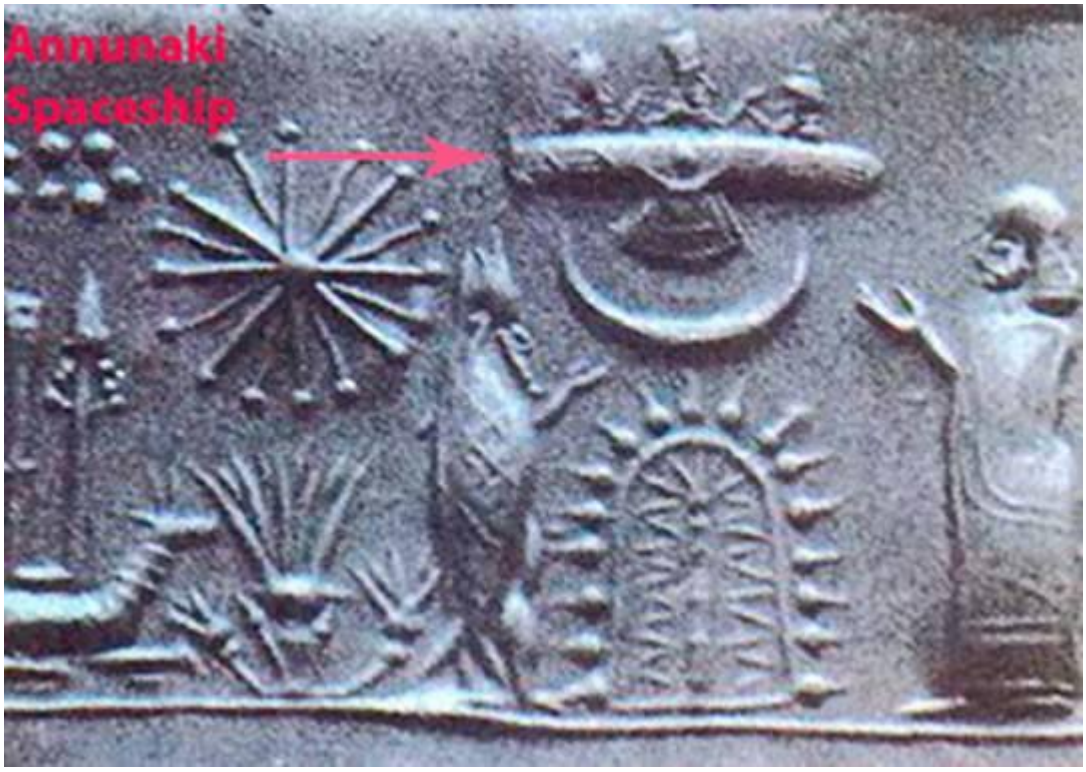

Another of the most credible pieces of evidence indicating extra-terrestrial visitation and interaction with human affairs comes from the Dogon tribe of West Africa. The credibility of the Dogon oral history is greatly enhanced by the fact that they have long had extensive knowledge of the planets and stars that modern 'scientists' have only recently acquired.

The Dogon have known for thousands of years that Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, is a binary star-system. This is in itself remarkable, simply because Sirius A, the main star is visible to the naked eye, whereas its neighbour Sirius B which orbits Sirius A, can only be detected with modern-day telescopes. The Dogon also knew that the orbit of Sirius B around Sirius A is elliptical rather than circular and this was also only discovered very recently indeed by mainstream science. In the oral histories of the Dogon that span thousands of years, they speak of entities from the vicinity of Sirius, who visited their ancient ancestors in an 'airship' and taught them many things including how to live in harmony with their own divine nature. Incidentally Sirius is known as the 'Dog' star in some quarters. Coincidence?

Other civilisations such as the Egyptians had a strong connection with the star Sirius and were most likely visited and assisted by 'ETs' from that area of the galaxy. Also possibly significantly, the most important female god of the ancient Egyptians, Isis, was identified with Sirius. In addition, the very basis of

Mayan beliefs and legends is the book, Popul Vuh. It contains a creation story of humans, which is similar to that told by the Sumerians, specifically that there were 'creator gods' that 'came down from the heavens' and created mankind to be slaves and serve them. It is also known that the advanced Mayan civilisation seems to have appeared out of nowhere some 3,500 years ago in the jungles of Mexico and interestingly, this was yet another elaborately developed culture with no discernible evolution from a primitive society into a more and more advanced one. Mayan artefacts tell us in no uncertain terms that they were master astronomers with an intimate knowledge of the heavens. From where did this knowledge emanate?

There is a very credible case for the argument that planet Earth has been visited time and time again by 'ETs' from other star systems. Some have visited, stayed for a while and left whilst yet others have created living things, including human physical bodies, which resemble their own. A strong case can be made for the fact that humanity's real origins were in the constellation Lyra; specifically from the star system Vega. From there our ultra-ancient ancestors branched out to other areas of the galaxy, including the Pleiades. Some of them over aeons became aggressive and war-like, whilst some became more spiritually advanced and benevolent.

The net effect of all this upheaval and disruption is a constant, ongoing battle between good and evil, here on this planet and upon reflection; this would partly explain why the world is in constant turmoil. Without this struggle between the dark and the light factions, the yin and the yang, we would not have an opportunity to grow, learn and thereby facilitate the evolution of our souls.

There are many unexplainable artefacts in existence that lend credence to these beliefs and which strongly support the argument that Earth was and continues to be visited by ETs and that other visitors and civilisations existed here from millions of years ago – all evidence which is refuted by Elite-controlled mainstream science and archaeology as such an admission would reveal the real knowledge of who we are as a species and where our real origins lie and of course that would not be in the best interests of our lords and masters.

There is much irrefutable evidence to suggest that we humans were first created through genetic engineering, then nurtured and controlled by alien races or other life forms, that are not originally of this Earth. For example, how is it possible to explain that the ancient Egyptians and Sumerians of more

than 5000 years ago were much more advanced in many ways, than the Romans and the Europeans in the Dark Ages of 1000-1500 years ago, despite the vast difference in time periods?

Erich Von Daniken in his oft-criticised by the mainstream, yet stunning work, 'Chariots of the Gods?' suggested that the ancient astronauts or extraterrestrials, had somehow given biological evolution a 'boost' that would allow humans to be able to maintain a civilisation. Considering all the abundance of evidence in favour of this theory of extra-terrestrial origins, I would suggest that it is of many magnitudes more credible than its usurper, the theory of evolution. Indeed, macro-evolution (the transition of one species into another distinctly different one) could even be said to be the most un-scientific, unbelievable, far-fetched, implausible theory of human origins and development ever promoted by humankind.

As outlined in the previous section, the theory of evolution is simply a major part of a massive cover-up operation by the ruling Elites regarding our extra-terrestrial origins and influence on humanity in their ongoing attempts to subjugate and enslave us, as they firmly believe is their birthright.

Many historical records and other esoteric sources, strongly indicate that ETs genetically engineered modern humans and instigated the rise of civilisation. Both positively-oriented and negatively-oriented ETs were involved in this development of mankind from the beginnings of this Earth, but it is unfortunately the negatively-oriented ETs that have largely been in control of the Earth for the past several thousand years via their direct descendants, the Elite, Illuminati, thirteen bloodline families.

Unfortunate also, is the fact that the primary methodology utilised by these darkly negative entities to maintain a divided and thus controlled humankind is through the distorting and concealment of both spiritual truth and also significantly by the distortion of history and our present reality.

Within the last few years, aThe Latest Paranormal, Unexplained and Conspiracy News: UFOs, Extraterrestrials, Ghosts, Cryptids, Government Cover-ups and Unexplained Phenomena

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small group of researchers working on the Human Genome Project, which was completed in 2003, announced that they have made an astonishing scientific discovery. They firmly believe that the so-called

'junk DNA', the 97% non-coding sequences in human DNA

The non-coding sequences are common to all living organisms on Earth, from single-celled organisms through plants, insects, lizards, birds and fish to humans. In human DNA, they constitute a larger part of the total genome, admitted Professor Sam Chang, the group leader.

These non-coding sequences, originally known as 'junk DNA', were discovered several years ago, yet their function remained a mystery and indeed they were totally dismissed by mainstream scientists as having no significance whatsoever, as the thoroughly misleading term 'junk DNA' would imply. The conclusion that these scientists are now seriously endorsing and promoting is that the overwhelming majority of human DNA is extra-terrestrial in origin, passed-on from parent to child down through millions, if not billions of years.

Following much research, contemplation and scientific analysis with the assistance of other scientists, including computer programmers and mathematicians, Professor Chang wondered if this apparent 'junk DNA' was created by some kind of 'extraterrestrial programmer'. The alien portion of human DNA, Professor Chang further observed, 'has its own veins, arteries and even its own immune system'.

The most logical hypothesis for this, according to Chang is that an extraterrestrial life-form was involved in creating new life and seeding it on various planets, for whatever greater purpose this may serve, one of those planets of course being our own Earth. Perhaps our 'creators' nurtured our race in much the same way we grow bacteria in Petri dishes. We cannot possibly know or understand the motivation behind this act, but maybe it is an ongoing scientific experiment or a way of preparing new planets for colonisation, or even simply the way by which all life is propagated throughout the universe as 'receptacles' for our immortal souls.

Chang further suggests that these apparent 'extraterrestrial programmers' were possibly working on a much larger project consisting of several sub-projects, all of which are concerned with producing various life-forms for various planets. Indeed, Chang and his team are only one of many groups of scientists and other researchers who have discovered and propounded the theory of the apparent extra-terrestrial origins of humanity.

"Soon or later, we have to come to grips with the unbelievable notion that every life on Earth carries genetic code for his extraterrestrial cousins and that evolution is not what we think it is." Professor Sam Chang.

The implications of these ground-breaking scientific finds, staggering as they appear to be, would certainly reinforce claims by many other scientists and observers of having contact with other-worldly, humanoid extraterrestrial entities. These humanoid beings are claimed to have provided some of the genetic material for human evolution by some researchers and it has also been concluded by others, that many of these extra-terrestrials have allowed some of their souls to incarnate as 'star-seed' on Earth in human families. These 'star-children' are described by Brad and Francie Steiger as individuals whose souls were formerly incarnated on the planets of other star-systems and then travelled to Earth and decided to incarnate here in order to enhance the spiritual, evolutionary development of humanity. This theory would also seem to sit well with the discoveries of Dr. Michael Newton, a prominent American psychiatrist, who has uncovered evidence of this fact himself, whilst conducting regressional therapy on thousands of patients. Michael Newton's work is also covered in more detail in later chapters of this book.

Most of humanity would consider this group of extra-terrestrials to be 'benevolent' as described by several prominent 'contactees' such as George Adamski, Orfeo Angelucci, George Van Tassell, Howard Menger, Paul Villa, Billy Meier and Alex Collier all of whom explain the nature of their voluntary interactions with these humanoid extraterrestrials. These 'contactees' also often provide physical evidence in the form of photographs, film and/or witnesses of their contact with extra-terrestrial races. The most extensively documented and researched contactee is Eduard 'Billy' Meier from Switzerland, who has provided much physical evidence for investigators to consider albeit, as one would expect, largely unreported by the compliant mainstream.

Indeed, many 'ancient astronaut' writers and researchers believe that a race of intelligent extra-terrestrial beings visited and/or colonised Earth in the remote past, whereupon they 'upgraded' the primitive hominid Homo erectus by means of genetic engineering to create the human race as we know it, Homo sapiens. Evidence for this idea may be found in the improbability of Homo sapiens emerging so suddenly, according to the principles outlined in the theory of evolution and also significantly in the 'myths and legends' of ancient civilisations, passed down the generations which tell a similar story, no matter how physically far apart in time and distance they may have occurred. Many of these legends describe human-like gods 'descending' from the heavens and creating mankind 'in their own image'. Homo sapiens is thus

regarded as a hybrid being, incorporating a mix of terrestrial genes from Homo erectus and extraterrestrial genes from an ascribed 'race of gods'. This would also of course fit neatly with Zecharia Sitchin's research of Layard's clay tablets.

Prior to the modern-age phenomena of space travel and genetics, this theory of the origins of humanity could not have been conceived or even have been remotely believable and even now in the 21st century, there are many people who would regard it as nothing more than science fiction. However, in the light of the substantial evidence against the orthodox theory of human evolution, the idea of genetic intervention by an alien, intelligent species should be taken very seriously I believe, as a potential solution to the mystery of life on Earth itself.

Whatever the truth of the matter, and I absolutely concede that we may never have definitive proof either way, I believe strongly that the evidence is stacked disproportionately in the favour of Earth being seeded by an alien race of beings, whose descendants in the form of bloodline, Elite families, still rule us to this day. And furthermore it is of course very much in their interests that the real truth of this and many other aspects of our long, chequered history as a species should remain hidden in order that they may retain control of our lives in every conceivable way.

We will now examine how this control has developed and evolved since humans' first attempts at developing a civilised society.

Atlantis – The Legend

Where do the myths and legends of Atlantis, the lost, submerged continent said to have existed between Africa / Europe and America, come from and why are they so persistent if, as we are led to believe by the mainstream, there is no truth in them whatsoever? Could the stories possibly be true and this is simply yet another case of concealment to maintain the ongoing, grand deception?

According to the consensus of this multiplicity of legends, the island city of Atlantis disappeared beneath the waves around 9600BC after a huge global cataclysm, which incidentally some sources say, was caused by the seismic disturbances engendered by the close passing-by of the Planet Nibiru at that time upon one of its infrequent returns to the Solar System.

Plato, the ancient Greek was a most serious philosopher and historian and as such was not given to 'flights of fancy'. He has never been shown to have been guilty of any kind of hoax or fabrication or indeed of the writing of any fiction and so therefore his comprehensive account of the destruction and disappearance of the city / island of Atlantis, far from being treated as a myth, deserves serious consideration.

Plato stated that, "The island has a small central mountain surrounded by ripples or water filled depressions. There are many fissures, not man-made, in the ground. There are lakes surrounding this cone. Hot and cold springs are evident. The lands surrounding this central mountain are very fertile and there are cliffs at the edge of the sea."

This is a very accurate description of a volcanic island. The central cone could be an ancient, dormant volcano. Hot springs are positive indications of geothermal activity and lands surrounding volcanoes are often very fertile. Finally, volcanic islands, particularly those of the Atlantic often have steep cliffs where they meet the sea.

If Atlantis existed in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, it would have almost acted as a land-bridge between the continents of Africa and America, allowing animals and plants to migrate more easily from one to the other. Non-Atlantis experts in several different fields of research have independently stated that there must have been an intermediate land-mass connecting the distant continents together in some way. Plato actually said Atlantis was "the way to

other islands and from these you might pass to the whole of the opposite continent". He also said it was "…an island situated in front of the straits which are by you called the Pillars of Hercules." The Pillars of Hercules being the ancient name for the Straits of Gibraltar

The important point of this description of Atlantis is not just what it describes, but it is the fact that the components are consistent with each other. In other words, it sounds like the depiction of a real place rather than one sprung entirely from the imagination. More importantly, Plato did not have the benefit of modern research methods; he merely described them as he understood them and as passed down the ages through his family. This lends his work even more credibility. The very fact that Atlantis was in all probability of volcanic origin, lends great credence to its existence in the first place and subsequent destruction in the second place. Volcanic forces were not understood at this period of history and so his descriptions could not have been undertaken with the intent of deception.

Plato also describes a more modern and technologically advanced society than is currently regarded as possible by mainstream thinking at this stage of human history. There are descriptions of advanced architecture and advanced skills and knowledge, particularly of engineering. These include sophisticated irrigation systems and canals or channels as described by Plato. I believe that it is a strong possibility that the Atlanteans were the original pyramid builders and they shared their knowledge with their neighbours. Pyramids are extremely sophisticated structures, often built so that their angles align perfectly with constellations in the heavens, so can it be simply coincidental that several ancient cultures seem to have spontaneously and independently acquired certain knowledge and skills that were apparently beyond their level of development at the time, the ability to build a perfect pyramid, for example?

This skill could not possibly have been developed by several different cultures independently of each other in such a short period of time and yet this is demonstrated in the Egyptian civilisation as well as South American and certain Asian cultures. Maybe the truth of the matter is that they inherited this knowledge from a previous culture – Atlantis?

The Swiss author of 'Chariots of the Gods', Erich von Däniken, believes these 'coincidences' can be linked to 'ancient astronauts', aliens who visited Earth in ancient times and shared technologies with the ancient humans. And several researchers also conclude that the inhabitants of Atlantis were in fact

aliens (the Annunaki?). They were said to be taller than the average person and of 'fairer features'.

There have also been suggestions from several sources that the Atlanteans may have been aliens visiting Earth to collect minerals to supplement their own planet's dwindling resources. They arrived on Earth and colonised Atlantis and Africa and possibly several other locations also. Is this beginning to sound familiar yet?

Edgar Cayce, the famous American psychic of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries undertook psychic readings on thousands of people, investigating their previous lives. He concluded that some of the people he interviewed had previously been alive during the heyday of Atlantis and from them he collated incredibly detailed and coherent descriptions of their civilisation at that time. He also made several uncannily accurate predictions regarding future evidence coming to light. Although Cayce died in 1945, he predicted that in 1968 or 1969... "A portion of the temples may yet be discovered under the slime of ages and sea water near Bimini"

Incredibly, in 1968, twenty three years after Cayce's death, the Bimini Road was discovered on the floor of the Atlantic Ocean at North Bimini Island in the Bahamas. The Bimini Road is a half-mile long road of perfectly aligned limestone rocks, most spectacular when viewed from the air. Although some people believe that these rocks are a natural phenomenon, new evidence has shown this not to be the case.

In fact some truly amazing discoveries have actually been made. The most significant one being that beneath the precisely placed giant stones is another layer of stones, exactly the same. Could this be a wall and not a road as previously surmised? It also seems to completely destroy the 'natural formation' argument. A research team has also discovered markings on some of the rocks that seem to be man-made holes or possibly tool marks. In taking all this and much other evidence into account it is perhaps no surprise that the Bimini Road is believed by many credible researchers, to be part of the ruins of Atlantis.

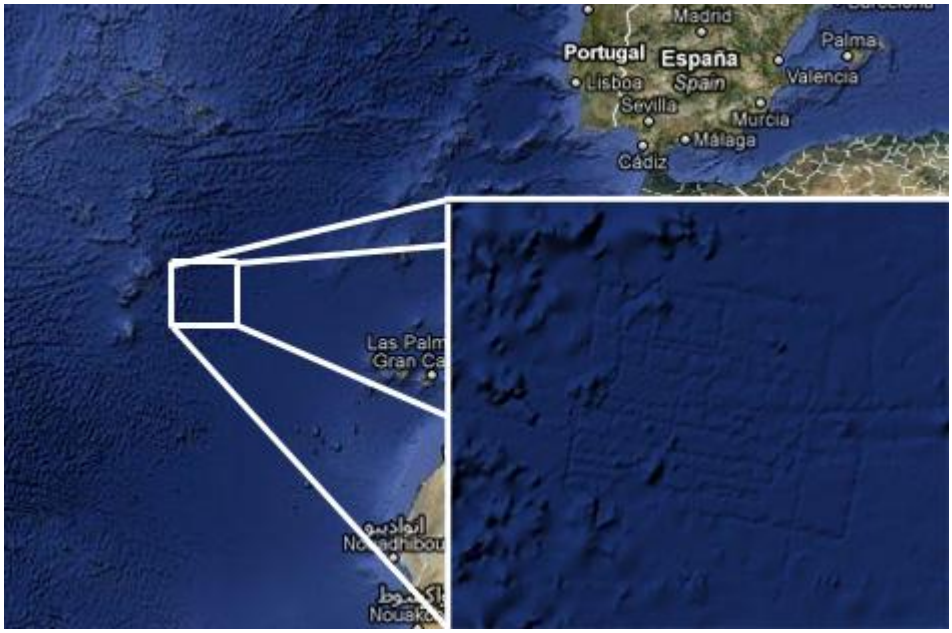

Is the Atlantis story regarded as a 'myth' by contemporary history because it does not fit in with existing theories of the state of development of mankind at this particular juncture in time? It would seem likely given the evidence and if so is yet another example of the ongoing deceit that maintains us in our present state of ignorance of real history.

There are also numerous reports of other possible sites of Atlantis all around both sides of the Atlantic seaboard and even into the Mediterranean Sea itself but they are all broadly consistent in their descriptions of an island containing a people whose civilisation was not only more advanced than the Earth had hithertofore seen but was widely believed to have been in some respects even more advanced than we are today.

Many ancient artefacts are in existence, some found on the Atlantic and Mediterranean sea-beds which bear more than a passing resemblance to modern machinery and even computers and yet have been dated to more than 5000 years old. How is this possible? How can a civilisation from so long ago in time, relatively speaking, be more advanced technologically speaking than civilisations which followed thousands of years later?

It is eminently possible if that civilisation was destroyed by some natural or even un-natural cataclysmic event which destroyed it an instant or even in the space of a few days. Maybe some lucky few Atlanteans were fortunate to escape the wrath of the huge tsunami or earthquake or other unknown event that wrought such widespread destruction and just maybe those people found landfall in Spain or North Africa or even North America where they were able

to pass-on tales of the destruction of their 'world' and all its knowledge. Indeed a few survivors would in no way necessarily ensure the perpetuation of that superior technology.

How many among us now in the event of a similar cataclysm could re-start civilisation and re-construct all the modern conveniences that we just take for granted in our world today? Speaking personally, I have never been practically-minded and indeed I am almost an 'idiot' where practical matters such as car maintenance, carpentry, metalwork and DIY tasks are concerned. I would not know where to begin to construct a simple refrigerator for example or even to describe to someone with more advanced technical skills and knowledge than myself how the principle of refrigeration works. And the same holds true with almost anything else we could mention; a car, a jet-plane or even a humble bicycle for that matter!

So to summarise, Atlantis was in my view much, much more than a legend, a mere figment of the over-productive imaginations of our forebears. I believe that Atlantis did exist and indeed it was the cradle of our civilisation, the remnants of which were utilised in re-building a version of society which whilst may not be as advanced as Atlantis itself, at least became more advanced once again with the passing of the millennia. And maybe now, at this point in our history we are just reaching a level whereby we can match the technological achievements of that long-gone age.

The Ancient Bloodlines

From out of the ashes of Atlantis arose several new civilisations, the Babylonians and Sumerians, closely followed by the Phoenicians, the Egyptians, the Ancient Greeks and then the Romans, as the dominant world societies.

There are so many ongoing new discoveries pertaining to our ancestors and their civilisations that much of what was current and regarded as the indisputable truth, even ten years ago, is now considered to be false. Mainstream archaeologists who are ingrained with specific immutable beliefs and theories are now finding it increasingly more difficult to continue to justify and defend them and to compound those difficulties, many new discoveries and interpretations of old ideas are being promulgated by those who collate knowledge from several different, alternative disciplines outside mainstream archaeology, such as astronomy, scientific and social studies. As always, the political motivations of the ruling Elite, in their desperate attempts to maintain their own prime position within the status quo has a huge bearing on this. In many instances, where new proofs are discovered to back-up certain theories, there is a huge impetus building to supplant the old beliefs with the new.

This is very clearly a consequence of the intransigence of contemporary scientific thinking. If it doesn't fit the existing, acceptable framework then it cannot possibly be correct. No questions, no debate, it is just plain wrong – end of discussion. There is no doubt in my mind that this state of affairs has been deliberately engineered to stifle possible, alternate hypotheses from seeping into the mainstream and polluting the purity of the official storyline. Under no circumstances can this be allowed to happen as humanity would then possess the knowledge of whom and what we really are and as a result become a huge threat to the prevailing powerbase. After all, as we all know well, knowledge is power.

So, were the Sumerian 'gods' just mythical stories or, as related earlier in this volume, were they very real beings who were regarded as different and superior to the everyday Sumerians because they could do unexplainable things that even today we would no doubt refer to as god-like?

I strongly contend that all the evidence points to the fact that the 'gods' of this period were the original ancestors of the thirteen Elite bloodline families that even to this day own disproportionately large swathes of the Earth, its resources and wealth and have painstakingly set in place a huge spider-web of control spanning the entire globe in order to safeguard and protect their extensive interests. This tiny group own and control either directly or via proxy, all the major media outlets, banking and financial corporations, industrial conglomerates, pharmaceutical companies, food production and service industries. And as a result of this truly staggering wealth, they also have a huge controlling influence over the world's central and local governments, military capabilities, legal and policing systems, the medical professions and education systems which they use as a valuable propaganda tool in conjunction with the mainstream media.

It is vitally important that we do not fall victim to the Elite lies and distortions that state that people who lived ten thousand years ago or even longer, had the same priorities, concepts, thoughts and world-view that we have today. And we absolutely must reject any thoughts that lead us to believe that we are somehow superior in intellectual, social, spiritual and cultural matters to our distant forebears. The facts show that the ancient civilisations and their mysterious predecessors, were indeed just as advanced and intelligent as we are today and surprisingly, much evidence also exists that demonstrates that they were in possession of certain knowledge and technology that may not even exist, at least overtly, today.

Why would the Elite want to turn the world into their own personal fiefdom when they already have all the money and power anyone could ever wish for? Using the principle of Occam's Razor, that is that the most simplistic answer is usually the correct one, they firmly believe it is their 'birthright'. They believe themselves, like their remote ancestors, to be the 'gods', true masters of their domain and we are the serfs, slaves created by them in the distant past to serve their every whim and what we are seeing now in the second decade of the twenty-first century is the culmination of many thousands of years of them striving to redress the balance back to as it was in those long-gone Atlantean/Sumerian/Babylonian times. They would like to see and indeed are working towards a return to the days when they were the true, uncontested 'masters of the universe', living in obscene luxury, their every need catered-for and served by an army of mind-controlled drones composed of the few remaining humans still around after their planned, genocidal cull of

95% of the world's population. The truth is that technological advances have now brought us to a situation where they no longer need vast armies of people to 'make the world go around' or generate their profits for them, any more. Their luxurious, pampered lifestyles could now easily be served with the overt technology available today, the 'hidden' technology that they have already developed and successfully concealed plus a much-reduced human population to perform the few still remaining non-automatable tasks. This is in fact the reason for their proposed depopulation agenda – they simply do not need us any longer.

Down through the millennia, beginning with the Sumerian 'gods', these bloodlines have incorporated and included (among other civilisations now long gone) the Babylonian ruling classes, Atlanteans, the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt, the ancient Greeks including Alexander the Great, Phillip of Macedonia, Roman Emperors and Cleopatra the Great (who married Julius Caesar and bore Mark Antony twin sons). We also can include such notables as Herod the Great and the kings and princes of the Middle East, Assyria and Turkey. These lines once firmly established in the Near and Middle East began migrating north and west into Central and Northern Europe seeding the diverse royal families that existed then and now, through the Merovingian bloodline. One of the great Roman families involved, was the influential Piso family of whom it is thought, wrote large parts of the biblical New Testament and were responsible for the mythology of the 'Jesus' story.

Throughout all of history it has not always been the case that these families have plotted and conspired together in a co-ordinated sense. There have been many, many internal conflicts, feuds and power struggles along the way, but the basic premise has always been the shared goal of world domination to a greater or lesser degree.

You may think that in these 'modern' days the thirteenth Illuminati bloodline, Royalty, has no power at all and that they are merely figureheads, kept in obscene luxury for the sake of tradition and to 'promote tourism', as we are always told by the controlled and corrupted media. Unfortunately, I can expose this as being a huge deception. It does not take much in the way of detailed research to easily discover that this is far from being the case. Indeed there is much evidence to support the assertion that the Royal families of the world still rule with almost the same rod of iron and cold-blooded callousness that they always have. It is just that these days, they have learnt from their past mistakes, how to keep the peasants in their place without

risking revolts and outright revolution by overt displays of force or blatantly obvious autocratic behaviour. It is a far, far better solution for them to create the illusion of rule by supposedly democratic government than risk outright rebellion and over time, this illusion is exactly what they have managed to achieve.

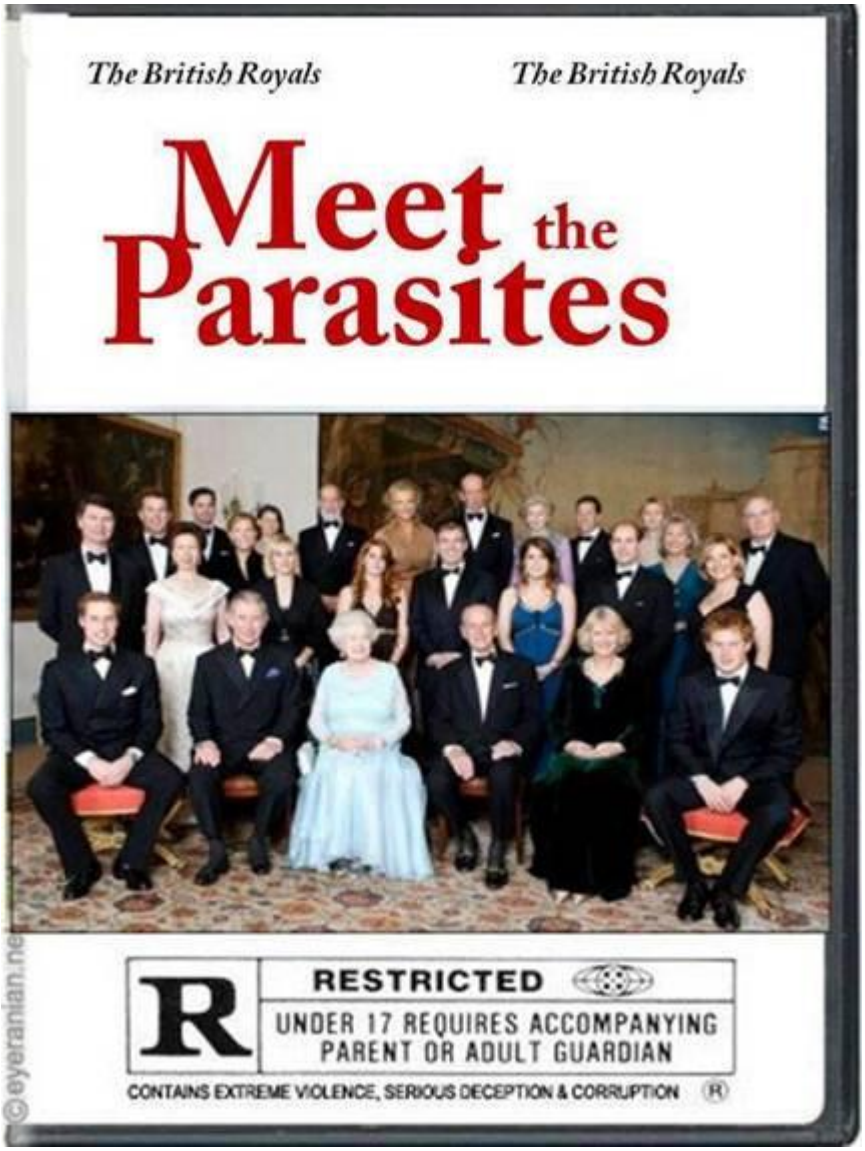

For example in the UK, to whom do all MPs, government ministers and members of the House of Lords swear their allegiance in their investiture oaths? Is it to the country, the people or to the government itself? No, it is to the Queen. Likewise the armed forces, police, local government officials, secret societies et al, swear their loyalties to one person, the head of state, regardless of any arguments contesting the validity of that idea.

Our armed forces are in effect, the 'Crown's' private mercenaries who despite the lies propagated by the Elite media, far from fighting distant wars in dirty, foreign 'hell-holes' to 'defend democracy' and our 'way of life' are simply there to expand commercial markets or facilitate and enhance Royal and Elite corporate profits and indeed fulfil the ongoing 'agenda'. This myth of 'fighting for our freedoms' is constantly perpetuated by the media, partly by the expedient of branding anyone who has been a part of the armed forces, as a 'hero', especially those who are unfortunately maimed for life or killed in the process. It makes me literally sick to my stomach to see these poor unfortunates and their families, periodically wheeled-out into the media spotlight to be publicly worshipped and fêted, whilst the sheep-like masses applaud or fawn and weep over them, as they have been encouraged if not outright programmed to do. In many cases, these poor souls, once they have fulfilled their propagandistic roles are brutally discarded by the very society that makes pretence of their 'hero' or 'heroine' status, by denying them a fair pension or compensation and thus anything approaching a 'normal' life, even though in many instances they are unable to support themselves and their families ever again due to severe physical injuries or debilitating mental scars.

"Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns for foreign policy." Henry Kissinger.

Often in the case of mental disorders caused by battle stress, shell-shock or post-traumatic stress disorder, the armed forces medical staff are instructed and pressurised by the hierarchy to wherever possible, diagnose that the victims' states of mind are not caused by their service in the forces and thus deny them a decent standard of life after their discharge from duty. Even the survivors of long-past conflicts are not immune to being discarded after use, as witness the now elderly WWII veterans, who totally abandoned by the government long, long ago, have to find their own fares and accommodation costs on annual pilgrimages to pay respect at the graves of their many fallen friends, before they themselves die, often un-mourned and forgotten by a society they allegedly 'saved' from the forces of evil. However, try propounding this view in public and you would probably be metaphorically torn to pieces by your peers and the media wolf-pack, such is the power of extreme propaganda.

"I always get that crawling sensation on my skin when I hear about the noble troops defending our freedoms, as if our freedoms were ever challenged

by anyone but bankers and politicians, who send them out to die in place of themselves." Les Visible, researcher, September 2011.

"None of them know the real reason for the bloodbaths in which they lost their friends. They only know they followed orders as best they could, some suffered and some survived. But whose orders they really were is something all those people under all those white tombstones never knew. Even now, precious few people know. You think it's the presidents and prime ministers. It isn't." John Kaminski, researcher, October 2011.

The very fact that 'charities' such as 'Help for Heroes' actually exist at all should be enough to demonstrate that those who rule over us care nothing whatsoever for wounded ex-servicemen and women and their families who have outlived their usefulness to their twisted ambitions, leaving their welfare and support at the mercy of 'charitable' donations. It is seemingly not enough that these people are 'used' to further the ongoing bloody, corporate expansion of the Royal-Elite empires, but through the existence of these charities, these same Elite are somehow absolved of their social and financial responsibilities to care for their victims. Why can most people not see through this charade? Why do we allow these psychopaths to abdicate their responsibilities and pass them on to the gullible public, with never so much as even a murmur of dissent from the brainwashed proletariat, let alone the complicit media?

"Yesterday around 750 people paid their respects to deceased Marine, James Wright of the 42 Commando, who lost his life while serving in Afghanistan. The media call him a hero, but with the facts about the Afghan invasion firmly on the record, maybe it's time we started calling these young men 'victims'." wideshut.co.uk, 31st August 2011.

In fact, 'victim of US, British and Israeli imperial hegemony' may well be a much more accurate description than 'hero'.

'Head of State' is absolutely not an honorary title, the Queen has the power should she choose to use it, to over-rule any government policy, block any legislation or indeed to dismiss the Prime Minister or dissolve the government should she wish, not just in Britain but in any of the so-called 'Commonwealth' nations. But of course this rarely happens as usually only those who are pre-determined to be unquestioningly loyal to her wishes are considered for 'election' in the first place, having been screened, groomed and nurtured from birth in most cases.

"Don't be fooled by the mainstream press, the British royal family are the BIGGEST despots on this planet and UK voters have a choice only of her personally selected masonic goons who head the dodgy political parties that masquerade as some sort of fabricated democracy. No-one can be a British Prime Minister without the blessing of the tyrannical Royals. She and her loyal, judicial mafia rule Britain with an evil, wicked and brutal iron fist." International Men's Organisation.

I have often heard people ask, '…how can a frail old lady (the Queen) in her late-eighties, possibly wield that amount of power and influence?' Queen Elizabeth may now indeed be an old lady, but she is still the matriarch of the wealthiest and most powerful family the world has ever seen. She may be just a figurehead in some respects but she still holds the ultimate executive power that may be questioned or challenged only at one's extreme peril. Obviously she does not physically enforce that ultimate power personally, she has her legions of loyal 'retainers' to do that for her, such as MI5, MI6, the 'elected' government of the day, the armed forces, police services, backed by a corrupt legal system. In the event of an attempted insurrection or usurpation of her authority of any kind, these forces would collectively act to swiftly physically enforce and protect her undemocratic power, as they are sworn so to do.

For example, an instance of the use of this undemocratic power occurred in Australia in the 1970s. The then Labour Prime Minister, Gough Whitlam upon his 'democratic' election and entirely in line with his election mandate, immediately ended military conscription and Australia's military commitment in Vietnam, promised Papua New Guinea independence, officially recognised Communist China, provided greater services and freedoms for aboriginal, native Australians, abolished the Imperial honours list and supported equal pay for women. And probably most significantly, it was Whitlam who exposed the head of the Pine Gap secret military underground facility in the Northern Territories as a CIA agent and furthermore demanded that the entire CIA operational staff in Australia at that time be identified and named. The rest of his three-year reign (including re-election in 1974) was characterised by tension resulting from further sweeping reforms and the emergence of forces undermining his programmes.

In other words, he had been a little too liberal for the liking of the ruling Royals in introducing social measures designed to benefit the masses to a greater degree than was deemed acceptable by the Queen and her advisors and also by exposing the covert military agenda being undertaken by the CIA in

after all what is a foreign country to them. So, what did she do? She simply intervened, as is her prerogative and ordered the Australian Governor-General, John Kerr (the Queens figurehead and the real but unelected political power in Australia), to dismiss Whitlam. This was achieved simply and with the minimum of fuss and barely a passing comment in the compliant media as to the rights, wrongs or otherwise of this action. Even had a storm been provoked, it was perfectly 'legal' and nothing could have been done via the corrupt judicial system to change it or prevent it happening. I would ask simply, how can this be regarded as democracy in any shape or form? Rest assured that should a British Prime Minister ever stand against the royal agenda in a similar manner, then his fate would be identical.

So specifically who are these people? The thirteen bloodlines now consist of the following families; Astor, Bundy, Collins, Du Pont, Freeman, Kennedy, Li, Onassis, Reynolds, Rockefeller, Rothschild, Russell and last but most definitely not least, the Merovingian bloodline which consists of all the European royal families including Elizabeth Windsor-Saxe-Coburg-Gotha-Battenberg-Mountbatten, her utterly appalling, inbred family et al.

This is the ultimate 'conspiracy theory', the fact that the world is secretly governed by a small group of people who operate behind the scenes and through 'elected politicians'. 'Conspiracy theory' is now an accepted turn of phrase but sometimes one hears the expression, 'The Illuminati'.

What does this mean? Who are the Illuminati or the 'Elite' as I refer to them throughout this book?

Freemasonry, the Illuminati and the New World Order

It is a scientifically accepted fact that approximately 1% or one hundredth of the world's population is psychopathic, and that at least 4% of lower management in corporate organisations has that same attribute. However it is perhaps a less well-known fact that the closer to the top of any Elite pyramid we venture, the greater the proportion of psychopaths to 'normal' people there are until at the very top, almost 100% of senior management in any corporate sphere, also including politics, the law, the armed forces, the police etc. etc., possess psychopathic tendencies and this fact in itself explains much about how the world operates today.

"At one major investment bank for which I worked, we used psychometric testing to recruit social psychopaths because their characteristics exactly suited them to senior corporate finance roles." A senior UK Investment Banker, quoted in the UK newspaper, The Independent, 1st January 2012.

Of course, this does not necessarily mean that all psychopaths are mass-murderers or totally insane, simply that they suffer from a physical-cum-psychological disorder that sets them apart from the rest of us 'normal' people. Psychopaths are by their nature, cunning, subtle and manipulative but most importantly lack the one human trait that gives us our identity as a species above all else – empathy. Empathy may be broadly defined as the ability to recognise and share the emotions, feelings or sufferings of other people and therefore to experience their grief or joy along with them. In short a psychopath has no compassion, no conscience and has no inherent ability to feel guilt or shame for their own actions. This is why so many psychopaths are extremely violent and even mass-murderers, as they are always able to self-justify their actions as being reasonable.

Physically speaking, psychopathy is the lack of a gene in human DNA that controls and engenders feelings towards other people. Although psychopaths lack compassion and guilt, they do however feel the emotion of fear and they are well aware of what the consequences would be of them ever being caught-out in their selfish, often criminal actions. It is in fact 'fear' that is the only limiting factor in inhibiting their behaviour and which could otherwise result in

them becoming totally 'out of control', so it would naturally follow that if this fear could be overcome or removed then a psychopath has no need of self-restraint whatsoever. Sadly, this is exactly what has happened over the millennia. The dominant, psychopathic families/bloodlines were able to assume control of the rest of us by the expedient of being utterly ruthless, merciless and uncaring as to the fate of anyone else and this state of affairs has persisted since almost the beginning of time. If one has enough money, power and influence (which they have in abundance) then one can do anything and ignore the consequences. This situation has also been exacerbated by the constant inter-breeding of the bloodlines within themselves across the centuries and thus deliberately keeping the psychopathic traits in the genes of those who rule us with utter brutality.

The possession of unlimited finances provides the ability to do almost anything to protect their position of power and removes the inhibiting element of fear. They can arrange for wars to further their fortunes through bribery, blackmail and corruption. They can buy-off governments and countries whilst subtly promoting their own agenda through propaganda in the media which they own in one form or another in its entirety. They can place their own puppets in strategic, influential positions, arrange for expedient political assassinations for the disposing of unsympathetic 'world leaders' or anyone disloyal to their goals or whom they may see as a potential threat. They can re-write history to their own script to aid their future agendas, manipulate current events to their own advantage and in short, they can do anything they wish to ensure that their power-base is protected and enhanced, in fact exactly what is happening all around us in the world today.

It is this uninhibited, uncaring, pitiless, utterly ruthless attitude that leads to all the ills of the world today and in the sending of thousands (millions?) of propagandised young men (and now even women) to fight their wars and in the process, maim, kill and bomb helpless, innocent men, women and children in the name of corporate profits and wealth. They have no shame or feelings of guilt but what they do have however is a strong sense of self-justification running contrary to the feelings and emotions inherent in most 'normal' people.

A recent peer-reviewed theoretical paper entitled 'The Corporate Psychopaths' Theory of the Global Financial Crisis', details how highly-placed psychopaths in the banking sector almost brought down the entire world economy (and may yet still) through their own inherent inability to truly care

about the consequences of their actions. The author of this paper, Clive Boddy, formerly of Nottingham Trent University in England, believes that this theory would go a long way towards explaining how and why senior managers in the banking industry acted in ways that were disastrous for the institutions for which they were employed, the investors they represented and the global economy at large. If true, this also means that the astronomically expensive public bailouts would never have solved the problem anyway, since many of the morally-impaired individuals who caused this mess still remain in positions of power. Worse still, they are actually the same people advising governments on how to resolve this crisis.

When employed in senior positions, their psychopathy also means that they are biochemically incapable of something they are legally required to do, that is act in good faith on behalf of other people. The banking and corporate sector is built on the ancient principle of 'fiduciary duty' which is a legal obligation to act in the best interest of those with whose money or property you are entrusted. Asking a psychopath to act in another's best interests is tantamount to recruiting a pyromaniac to become a fire-fighter.

"With a total disregard for traditional culture, the ruling elites have turned our schools, universities, arts and mass media into a giant propaganda machine promoting political correctness, pseudo-history and economics and the new world religion: debt-based consumerism. Anyone who questions their version of science, world history, or monetary policy is immediately branded as a malcontent and removed from the public discourse. They control the message by controlling the money. Many look at the twentieth century as a time of great economic and technical advance, but history, while recognising the technical innovation, will condemn this century as the most vile in human history. The miracle that began in Greece, expanded in Rome, flourished in the Renaissance and Enlightenment and finally found its modern form in the Western liberal democracy has been gutted by a century of materialism, enslavement, slaughter and greed." Robert Bonomo, activistpost.com 13th October 2011

And so this is the background to the Illuminati, who are today in essence a cartel of international bankers and corporate industrialists primarily but not exclusively based in Western Europe and North America, the family lines of whom have persisted over long, long periods of time. The most important names are Rothschild and Rockefeller along with the royal lines, but the rest are as noted in the previous section. These are the same bloodlines that have

ruled over us with varying degrees of despotism for aeons. At least 45 US presidents were provably descended from William the Conqueror (King William I of England) as are the entire British and all the European Royal families. William himself was descended from the Viking rulers of the 'Dark Ages' who in turn had been spawned from Greek and Roman nobility back through to the ancient times of antiquity, the Sumerians and Babylonians et al, before their mass-migration North-westward through Europe.

In more recent times, 1776 to be precise, a man named Adam Weishaupt in Bavaria, in what is now part of Germany, became interested in Freemasonry. However, he was disappointed in what he discovered, believing that the Freemasons did not understand Masonry's occult significance and refused to accept its roots in the ancient pagan religions – hence his subsequent takeover of a society which he transformed into the Illuminati. In 1777, he finally joined the Masonic Lodge of the Strict Observance Rite in Munich, which practiced a form of neo-Templar-Masonry.

At around this time in 1776, the Order of Perfectibilists also became known as the Order of Illuminists or the Order of the Illuminati, sometimes known to its members as the Society of the Hidden Hand. 'Illuminati' is the plural of the Latin Illuminatus, from illumino meaning lighten or enlighten, or 'enlightened one', a term used to describe the initiates of the Pagan Mysteries. Initially the Order had only five members, who were radical freethinkers, but they soon attracted the attention of Bavarian society and within ten years of its foundation there were over 2,000 members.

Illuminism spread from Ingolstadt all over Bavaria and then to other German dukedoms such as Saxony, Westphalia and Franconia that were at the time ruled by feudal princes and dukes. It was also exported abroad to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, France and Italy. The Illuminati's membership was largely drawn from the middle and upper classes and with this in mind it is ironic to note that revolutionary movements are seldom started by the working-classes. Instead, they are usually led by intellectuals and disenchanted members of the ruling power Elite. Members of the Illuminati included doctors, teachers, lawyers, judges, university professors, priests, police and military officers and aristocrats such as Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, Duke Ernst of Gotha, Duke Karl of Saxe-Weiner, Prince Augustus of Saxe-Gotha, Prince Carl of Hesse, and Baron Dalberg.

The inclusion of these aristocratic and royal rulers in its membership roll seems strange considering the methods of the Illuminati. Adam Weishaupt's

personal vision was a utopian, pacifist society without monarchy, private property, social inequality, national identity and religious affiliation – in other words, what we would now refer to as 'communism'. In this new state people would supposedly live together in harmony in a universal brotherhood based on peace, free love, spiritual wisdom, intellectual and scientific knowledge and equality. According to Weishaupt's doctrine in his own words: "Salvation does not lay where strong theories are defended by swords, where the smoke of censers ascends to heaven or where thousands of strong men pace the rich fields of harvest. The revolution which is about to break [the French Revolution] will be sterile. It is not complete".

Eventually, the Illuminati was infiltrated and usurped by the Rothschilds who introduced the element of Satanism which is still practiced extensively today by these people and their wide ranging networks. These Satanic psychopaths believe that Lucifer and Satan are two distinctly separate entities. Lucifer is their god of light, knowledge, science, logic and philosophy whereas Satan is their god of chaos and destruction and Jehovah, the Christian god, is their sworn enemy. The Illuminati practice a combination of Luciferianism and Satanism as well as a form of communitarianism (a kind of communism/fascism hybrid) which they are currently attempting to foist upon the world.

Luciferianism is embodied in Freemasonry, with its intentionally obscured symbolism and ordinances. It is also symbolised by the 'All-Seeing Eye' at the top of an uncapped pyramid which they often use symbolically as a 'calling-card' or a mark of the fact that they are behind some given event. At the highest level of the Illuminati are the Philosopher kings that seek to bring about the Luciferian ideal of 'Atlantis', as described by Plato. The second level is reserved for the military ruling class, which worship destruction and are hard-core Satanists whilst the third level is reserved for the International Bankers and other business leaders which merely manage the resources of the organisation.

Both the York and Scottish Rites of Freemasonry are designed to lead mankind to the worship of Lucifer, although this is hidden to the majority of the members of the organisation, the so-called 'blue degrees' (levels 1-3) which are considered 'useful idiots' by the hierarchy. The top three degrees (31-33) correspond to the above leadership pattern (Philosopher Kings, Military Ruling Class and Merchant Class). Interestingly enough, the Knights Templar were organised in this fashion and also worshipped both Lucifer and Satan

(Baphomet). They were also the founders of the Rosicrucians and Freemasonry.

Solomon, the son of David, is believed by the Illuminati to have rejected the one true God for the above practices. This is evidenced by the fact that he was led away from God by his foreign wives and even went so far as to sacrifice his own son to Moloch (Satan).

The pivotal family, royalty aside is probably the house of Rothschild, the descendants of Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1743–1812) of Frankfurt. The male descendants of this family, for at least two generations and often more, generally married first cousins or even nieces in order to 'keep it in the family'. The family established banking institutions in Vienna, London, Naples and Paris as well as Frankfurt and ever since the Middle Ages, these families have been building and consolidating their power by lending money at various rates of interest to the monarchies and governments of Europe who were forever in debt, particularly in times of war. Sooner than tax the population to raise funds, always an unpopular measure, they usually preferred to borrow money from these corrupt money-lenders. This was the birth of the concept of 'the national debt'. The countries of the world are forever in debt, all of it un-payable because of interest mounting upon interest and where there is a debtor there is also a creditor. So to whom is this money owed? It is owed to this coterie of international bankers or banksters (banker–gangsters) for such they are.

By the nineteenth century the power of the Rothschild family had become immense. They constantly increased their wealth with great cunning and fortitude whilst always endeavouring to maintain a low public profile. A notable example of their methods was their exploitation of the outcome of the Battle of Waterloo to gain vast profits and further extend control. The Rothschilds had spies watch the course of the battle and as soon as it became evident that Wellington had won the day, a Rothschild agent travelled at maximum speed to London, arriving hours before Wellington's own messenger. Rothschild received the news of the battle's outcome and began conspicuously selling his stocks. The whole stock exchange assumed that the battle was lost and so everyone started selling. At this point however, other Rothschild agents bought massive amounts of shares at greatly reduced prices and in this way an already incalculable fortune was massively increased.

The Rockefeller family is almost equally important. They are the loyal lieutenants of the Rothschilds on the American continent. The pivotal figure

in this family was J. D. Rockefeller, who made his fortune out of Standard Oil in Ohio and Pennsylvania and also controlled the American railways. When rival, road transport systems were established he attempted to block them by parking his trains across the roads at level crossings and his basic business technique was the elimination of competitors at all costs, the establishment of a monopoly, followed by extreme profiteering. He rapidly acquired a name for huge wealth, secrecy and hard and dirty business practice. In his later years he had a harsh and gaunt appearance, so to counter his bad 'public image', JD Rockefeller effectively invented the PR industry. He had short films of himself made, calculated to charm the public, for example playing golf with a cute little child. This was very effective with the less conspicuously 'aware' public of the day in promoting his own image as one of a 'benevolent', caring person.

The Rockefellers currently have controlling interests in the oil company Exxon (the world's largest corporation) and the Chase Manhattan Bank, which turns over trillions of dollars every week. Strange is it not, that names such as Rockefeller, Rothschild, Windsor et al never appear in the popular 'rich lists' of the world's most wealthy? Why is that? What do the media not want us to know? I would venture to suggest that they do not want us to know who really runs the world and exactly how wealthy and powerful these families really are. With so many trillions under their direct control already, what does more money mean? Obviously it means more power and even more control over other human beings, but to what end and in whose name?

Apparently, one would assume, in the name of Lucifer, the 'fallen angel' also known as the bringer of light, hence the name 'Illuminati' which literally means 'the enlightened ones'. Lucifer is also known for the characteristics of pride, deception and impermanence. As previously stated, the Illuminati were founded in Bavaria in 1776 by Adam Weishaupt, a student of the Jewish philosopher Mendelsohn and backed by both the Rothschild and European royal families. The Illuminati has always been based on and maintained strong links with Freemasonry, which was taken over at the highest levels during the course of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by agents of Weishaupt's Illuminati. Freemasonry is an extremely secretive institution, to the extent that members at one level do not know what members at another level are doing and hence it is commonly known as an organisation concerned with charitable events and money raising for worthwhile causes at the lower levels, whilst its

motives and deeds at the higher levels manifest an extremely dark side indeed. Anyone of any 'importance' in the world today such as senior police officers, members of the judiciary and local as well as central government officials can only attain the highest positions through Freemasonry, such is its insidious grip on the lives of us all. Indeed anyone deemed as an outsider will not be accepted for high office without being a member and depending on the exact position, a member at a certain level.

Both Freemasonry and Judaism have strong roots in the ancient Egyptian systems of religious belief and it was this very similarity which attracted the illuminati to Freemasonry, for most of them were Jewish originally and many senior people still are to this day. However, It is a source of controversy today to speculate whether or not they are still predominantly Jewish. Obviously it is evident that they are not all Jewish. Both George Bushes for instance, are prominent illuminati figures and yet overtly not Jewish, nevertheless they are Zionists despite their lack of 'Jewishness' as are the overwhelming majority of all politicians, the significance of which will be covered in greater detail in a later chapter.

The United States of America itself is no less than a creation of Freemasonry. The symbol of Freemasonry was placed on the cornerstone of the White House, while the assembled Freemasonic lodges stood and watched the ceremony. The famous 'all-seeing eye in the pyramid' appears on the US one dollar bill and is one of the main symbols of Freemasonry and the Illuminati. This $1 bill also bears the inscription, in Latin, '1776, the year of inception of a secular new world order' (Novus Ordo Seclorum) and significantly this does not refer to the date of American independence as assumed by most but simply to the date of the founding of the Illuminati. Also significantly, the dots formed by the stars of the thirteen original states depict an exact 'Star of David'.

As briefly alluded to previously, the goal of the Illuminati is total, absolute control of the world for the benefit of themselves and their families. They wish to see a one-world government, a one-world religion (theirs) and a one-world bank, all enforced by a one-world army who will police and subjugate the micro-chipped, remaining slave population who survive the proposed cull of 95% of the current population in line with their stated aims. The only

nations currently resisting their power are the middle eastern, Islamic nations and China but this resistance is very limited purely because the Illuminati have vast economic power and influence and as can be observed in world events today, the western nations led by the USA and Britain primarily are currently systematically subjugating those remaining few nations not yet under their jackboots, one by one. The dominoes are falling all across the middle east as Afghanistan, Iraq and now Egypt and Libya fall under their spells with Syria, closely followed by Iran widely expected to be the next ones to succumb to their irresistible military machine.

There are certain methods of subjugation and control which are indispensable to this power, in addition to overt brute force. The first is, of course, complete control over all financial systems, all borrowing and lending. All banks, all building societies (mortgage providers) and all insurance companies will be completely under their control as one single entity in their proposed New World Order. It is an interesting if not widely known fact that both the Federal Reserve Bank and its British counterpart, the Bank of England are currently controlled by these Elite, Illuminati dynasties, in spite of the names of these banks deceptively suggesting that they are publicly run for public benefit. Both Abraham Lincoln and John F. Kennedy most famously attempted to change this system, along with several other US presidents such as James Garfield. They were of course all disposed of by the usual expedient of blaming 'lone-nut' assassins, but we all know who were the real culprits and they were certainly not those who purportedly 'pulled the triggers'.

The second essential component of maintaining ultimate power is total control of the media. This is achieved simply through standard business protocols. If a board meeting, a management meeting or a sales meeting for example, suggests or recommends that facts should be presented in a certain way, who is going to present them differently or even challenge this decree within a corporate entity without seriously jeopardising their own positions? In commerce, there is always an implied or even overt threat to jobs and livelihoods for the heinous crime of challenging the status quo and therefore few people would gladly risk unemployment for standing-up for a principle and indeed many people are so ambitious or desperate to enhance their standards of living that they will do almost anything at all 'reasonable', to court favour with their superiors. This is how all commerce and business activity is

controlled and the media is at the forefront of the Elite control structure as it strongly influences the way we all think and what we believe to be real and unreal, true or false. Humans are very suggestible animals and this factor itself, is used by the Elite to the full. For example, Lenin's primary objective after the Russian revolution was the capture of the radio stations as he knew it was important to be able to influence and preferably win 'the hearts and minds' of the masses through propaganda broadcasts. Where have we heard that before?

The third element in the quest to wield total control of a population is 'education'. From the Elite-controlled universities down through the entire spectrum of the education system, there must be a paradigm in place which constantly churns out generation after generation of programmed 'system-servers'. Particular emphasis is placed on the teaching of sociology, politics, economics and education itself in order to affect full control. Elite place-men are inserted into the universities through the power of funding by big business and thus do they then spread their influence downwards from tertiary to secondary and primary education.

The fourth factor is the enormous influence wielded by two similar organisations, the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) in the USA and the Royal Institute of International Affairs (RIIA) in the UK (see later chapters for more details). These institutions are training-schools for statesmen, Elite-controlled statesmen. They are the spawning grounds of men such as Henry Kissinger, Zbigniew Brzezinksi and Lord Carrington and exert a pernicious influence on all US and British governments, no matter which party is currently pretending to be 'in power'. The statesmen produced by these institutions can and do decide the fate of nations and even the whole world as well as fixing future policies with extremely long-term agendas through such methodologies as 'The Report from Iron Mountain' covered elsewhere in this book, totally regardless of supposed political affiliations. There are also many tax-exempt foundations which are also instruments of Elite power-broking. The Ford foundation and the Rockefeller foundation are two prominent examples of this type of 'charitable' institution and both of these organisations were heavily involved in supporting various communist powers when the 'Cold War' of 1945-90 was at its height. This communism versus capitalism arms race was simply a ploy by which more money and power for the Illuminati could be engendered, whilst at the same time causing most of the world to

cower in fear at the thought of an imminent nuclear attack, referred to at every given opportunity by the media moguls of the world, as with the fake 'war on terror' in operation today. Fear is a most valuable weapon in their arsenal as fear renders populations easier to control and manage, but fear is only one simple method by which we are controlled, amongst many others.

Artificially creating conflicts using a theory devised by Hegel (the Hegelian dialectic), which is: thesis versus antithesis = synthesis. Sometimes more commonly referred to as 'problem, reaction, solution'. Every force tends to have an opposite counterforce and the conflict between the two results in a new situation, the synthesis. The Elite make it their business to be the synthesis and thus no problem situation is ever solved early but it is rather encouraged, exacerbated and used for their own ends. After a time, the masses will cry out for a solution to the problem and of course our Elite masters will then come to our rescue with a plan to resolve it, thus engendering the exact situation that they wanted in the first place. A simple example would be this; the Elite decide that they want to impose more police powers to say, stop and search civilians at random. They will then engineer a scenario where several terrorist attacks take place which they deem could have been prevented by random street searches. The media will then make a huge 'play' of this fact and then the public will in turn and as planned all along, clamour for the very thing the Elite wanted, to be brought into law. Q.E.D.

Another ploy is that of 'divide and rule'. This takes so many forms and is utterly rampant in all its manifestations. Instead of promoting the similarities between all the diverse peoples of the world, the Elite emphasise the differences at every opportunity The encouragement of large scale immigration into first world countries is one great example of this 'divide and rule' strategy. Firstly, make a race of people appear to be the enemy through the usual methods of demonisation through the media and then encourage that race of people to undertake large scale immigration to the country in question. The newspapers and TV/Radio stations news programmes will then be full of comments such as '…these people, coming over here, taking OUR jobs' etc. all of which creates severe resentment, tension, unease, possibly violence and even murders. Create enough of this type of situation to keep us all engrossed and then by this expedient the Elite are left free to continue their agenda 'under the radar' as it were.

Even more common examples of the 'divide and rule' strategy are such basics as religion, race, gender, sexual orientation, age, class and skin colour.

All these are used against us by encouraging us to concentrate on the differences between our fellow men and women, rather than the similarities and things we all have in common as members of the same species on the same planet.

'Double-speak' and 'double-think' were George Orwell's creations in his hugely prophetic novel, '1984'. Orwell was from an Elite, insider family who was broadly aware of the proposed future agenda for mankind. An example of double-speak would be; 'I categorically deny it will happen' really meaning 'it will happen a little later whilst you are all distracted by something else' or 'peace equals war by another means'. To say one thing and actually do the opposite is fundamental to Elite methods and practices. They believe that the public will accept these lies through apathy, ignorance, laziness and wishful thinking. Unfortunately they are usually correct – on all counts.

Keeping us all busy is another crucial aspect of their control. We are kept so busy working longer and longer hours and then afterwards with social distractions such as mass communication devices that allow us to be in almost constant contact with friends, computer games, music and 24/7 sports and entertainment broadcasting so that we do not have the energy left to care about, understand or participate in the decisions and events that will crucially affect our future. This of course allows them the clear route through to fulfilling their vile agenda almost un-noticed.

When a real move is made to grab even more power, it is usually done secretly and suddenly, often with the pretence that nothing has happened. There is preparation for opposition, but conflict is often not necessary as most people have been programmed to be so passive that they will probably not raise any effective opposition and often bad news for the masses can be buried in the fallout of other tragedies that now, to my mind at least, suspiciously take place in ever greater frequency.

One example of this was the announcement of the Pentagon 'misplacing' $2.6 trillion dollars on the 10th September 2001 which was very convenient and largely responsible for the birth of the phrase 'a good day to bury bad news'. Also digressing slightly, but strange was it not that the missile, sorry, plane that allegedly hit the Pentagon on 9/11 just happened to hit the audit department where the search for the missing money was in feverish full-swing at the time. It was indeed the audit department that suffered the 120+

casualties sustained by employees of the Pentagon in the attacks of that day. This was obviously just another coincidence though, so please do not be at all alarmed.

The use of 'front men' in important positions is another important tactic. These 'front men' are in all cases, slavishly obedient to their Elite masters, usually because of their reputations being previously compromised by financial irregularity or indiscreet 'honey-traps' which they are anxious to conceal and often also because they are afraid of losing their positions of importance and influence and even sometimes they and their families' lives. Most of the Presidents of the USA and western senior politicians in general, fall into this category and they have in many cases, been groomed for this position almost from birth. Men like Tony Blair, David Cameron, Henry Kissinger, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Bill Clinton and George Bush are good examples.

Often the assassination of dissenting leaders is ordered, as quietly and as secretly as possible, so as to simulate a natural death or sometimes via the tried and tested 'lone-nut gunman' method. If this is not appropriate or possible due to circumstances, surrogates are used and the lines of suspicion are covered by deception, false accusation and if necessary, multiple assassinations to eliminate all those with the knowledge of what actually occurred. Undetectably induced heart attacks (eg. Robin Cook), fake 'accidents' (eg. Princess Diana) and contrived suicides (eg. Dr. David Kelly) constitute some of their favoured methods of assassination, besides the more overt assassinations such as those of Kennedy, John Lennon or Martin Luther King. It is rumoured that the secret services (MI5, MI6 and CIA etc.) are in possession of a type of gun that will fire deadly, bullet-like, thin slivers of ice that can penetrate the heart instantly and then melt, leaving no trace whatsoever.

An easily manipulated, compliant, un-thinking population is highly desirable and mixed population groups with weak morals, weak traditions, low educational standards and weak group-willpower are the aim. Those with special aptitudes, especially blind, unquestioning loyalty, will be groomed and trained to serve the Elite for technical purposes, security purposes or as part of the propaganda apparatus. Through skillful, patient social engineering, the middle classes are being systematically engineered to become surplus to

requirements, reduced to relative poverty and eventually, over time to be part of the planned 'cull'.

Undermining the virtues and morals of society, control of the media, the fashion industries and the education systems are essential components in this strategy. 'Free love' otherwise known as extreme sexualisation – especially homosexuality, perverted sex, sexualisation of children, the cult of youth, overt and sustained mockery of religious faiths also fall into this category. By these means of subtle subversion, societies and nations are conquered from within and open confrontation is usually rendered unnecessary. It is the overt encouragement of homosexuality, increasingly-vile pornography, perversion and paedophilia etc., which is being used at an ever-increasing pace to attempt to bring about the destruction of human society and the traditional family and its values, thereby weakening humanity's last bastion of defence, the security inherent in the philosophy of 'sticking together against the odds', against these extreme psychopathic predators.

The concept of unrelenting economic warfare is yet another weapon in their armoury and the recent economic crashes and the widely expected worldwide financial catastrophe at the time of writing still-to-come, is in reality an assertion of the Elite's economic power, an expression of economic dominance and a weapon to cause maximum fear and disruption and the extending of their power, money and influence still further. Also as we will see in a later chapter, the Elite now own the means to control the worldwide weather and even geological upheaval and are not averse to using it for their own nefarious ends. (see chapter on HAARP).

We are also suffering from the extreme control and exploitation and a general lowering of the standards of public health. The sale of prescription drugs is a huge business, generating obscene profit levels, whilst seriously debilitating our physical and mental health and thus affecting further our ability to recognise how we are being duped on a grand scale. In fact, big business, particularly the big drug companies, have a vested interest in the ill health of the population. These companies, working through the US Food and Drug Administration, (FDA) are wilfully suppressing the health food industry in order to own and control it so that healthy and nutritious foods will only be available to the Elite few.

It is perhaps pertinent at this stage to point-out the great deception taking place on a worldwide scale regarding political labels, in order to confuse and obfuscate the hidden goals of the Elite. To clarify here are some political terms, their perceived meanings and their actual meanings…

Communism. Believed to be and painted as the 'evil' doctrine devised by the Elite puppet Karl Marx as a means of equalising and sharing power between all levels of society and portrayed by its exponents as a legitimate way of ending all the inequality and poverty in the world. Often described as unworkable as it 'runs contrary to human nature'.

Actually no different in practice to Socialism. More accurately described as Communitarianism consisting of totalitarianism and overt control by the Government instead of by 'the people', the exact opposite to that implied.

Socialism. Generally thought by 'the people' to be a form of watered-down Communism. A sort of acceptable 'half-way house' which enables the 'lower classes' to participate in the governmental decision-making process without the full descent into anarchy that Communism is perceived as being. The antithesis of Capitalism.

No different in practice to Communism, but this perceived difference allows the Elite to subtly promulgate Socialism where Communism would be unacceptable.

Fascism. The overt control of the people and all of capitalist industry by the Government rather than the capitalist interests. Another 'no-no' as far as the masses are concerned.

There is absolutely no difference whatsoever between any of these three terms in a practical, working sense. These perceived opposites, Fascism and Communism have been used to divert us from the truth and control us for more than a century, whilst the Elite work towards their ultimate goal of a Fascist / Socialist / Communist One World Government. They do not really care what it is referred to as in respect of the above terms – only that it comes about as quickly as possible.

"Under Capitalism, man exploits man while under Communism; it's the other way around." 2oth century Russian saying.

So, there is no fundamental difference between the perceived polarities of Fascism and Communism and its little brother, Socialism. It is simply a ruse to keep us all debating and thus lose sight of the real issues. In other words it is a typical 'Hegelian trap'. Under Communism, the state owns the corporations and the bankers own the state. Under Fascism, the corporations own the state and the bankers own the corporations. Both 'systems' are absolutely dedicated to providing the Elite bankers (who are the real rulers) with a total political, cultural, economic and spiritual monopoly, otherwise known as the New World Order. This is the real reason for the existence of deliberately manufactured, false paradigms such as 'racism', 'anti-Semitism' 'hate speech' and 'political correctness'. It is not about protecting the 'freedoms' and rights of minorities as it is portrayed to be, it is really about the restriction and ultimately the enslavement of the majority. Do you think the likes of Cameron, Obama, Sarkozy, Merkel, Gillard and their ilk (or any of the so-called 'loyal opposition' for that matter) give a damn about protecting the rights of blacks, Jews, homosexuals and other 'oppressed minorities'? Unfortunately, it is just another control mechanism.

What we casually refer to as 'racism' is so blatantly one-sided in any case. What actually constitutes racism and where do we draw the line? An obvious example of racism would be calling someone a 'black bastard' for example, but why is that now accepted and reviled universally as being a crime worse than simply calling someone a 'Welsh bastard', a 'ginger bastard' or even just simply a 'bastard'? Referring to someone of a white-majority race such as a

Welshman by his race is less unacceptable is it? It certainly would not invoke the same outrage as the use of his skin colour would. We need to look between the lines and ask why this has been engineered to be the case, as it most certainly has and not just over-react to conveniently arbitrary, artificial distinctions.

For example in late 2011 / early 2012 the world of British sport was thrust into the spotlight with a series of 'racism' scandals which dominated the sports and the standard news broadcasts for weeks on end, with accusations and counter accusations flying around and a series of 'talking heads' being employed to emphasise the evil inherent in these heinous crimes (as they have been engineered to become). One of the incidents culminated in the English FA removing John Terry (the England soccer captain) from his duties simply because he was accused (not convicted or proven mind you, simply accused) of using racist language to another player, in turn resulting in the resignation of the England team manager, Fabio Capello in protest and in a show of allegiance to Terry. Now, I am not condoning what he allegedly did at all. Any form of verbal abuse of anyone is unacceptable in my opinion, but the fact that the tag 'racism' has been attached to it, somehow puts it on a par with first degree murder, such is the ensuing outcry. Why should this be? We need to ask ourselves honestly if the same degree of 'horror' would have resulted from Terry or anyone else abusing one of his colleagues because he was a 'northerner' or had ginger hair, but I think we all already know the answer to that question. Please do not be fooled by this hypocrisy.

However, getting back on topic, the huge difference in the 'first world' as opposed to the rest of the world is that there is an illusion of freedom and democracy. Groomed servants of the bankers are chosen to lead governments and corporate organisations, whilst unwitting dupes and shills perpetuate the illusion of a free, democratic society. The masses meanwhile are deliberately kept in a deep coma through the education system and the mass media and with engineered distractions such as the above-described racism debate.

To conclude this section, it is growing increasingly evident that a world government, otherwise widely referred-to as the New World Order is being promulgated by the Elite as rapidly as they dare. The consequences of World Government (or some of them) will be as follows:

— Increasing profits for big business whilst further centralising power into the super-corporations.

— Increasing poverty for and dissolution of the middle classes.

— A rapid decline in moral standards and the promotion of social decay resulting in extreme social instability.

— Extreme transience including but not exclusive to, jobs that do not last and communities that do not survive long.

— Increasing levels of crime and violence to cause maximum fear and disruption.

— The decline and ultimate demise of public services which will be replaced by private enterprise. Good service only for those few that can afford it.

— Ongoing ill health for the bulk of the population because of stress, poor quality foods, food additives, genetic engineering, vaccinations, environmental and atmospheric pollution and pharmaceutical drugs. There will be good health only for those who can afford it and it will be priced well beyond the means of us ordinary mortals.

— The gradual phasing out of national governments, which will have powers more similar to the regional/local governments of today. This is already happening through organisations such as the United Nations, the EU and NAFTA.

— The appointment (note, not the election) of a new 'world leader' wielding supreme executive power over the whole of the planet.

This then will comprise their much-vaunted and oft-cited 'New World Order', a world of utter, abject misery and slavery for the few non-Elites still remaining after the proposed super-genocide to come.

The Great Library of Alexandria

Perhaps the very first known major example of an attempt to facilitate the systematic falsification of history was the deliberate burning of the great Library of Alexandria, established in the third century BC as a central archive for all the knowledge of the known world, in what is now modern day Egypt. This library was the repository of most of the ancient knowledge passed down from the previous millennia and stored there in the form of scrolls, meticulously copied from the originals by an army of scribes. Had we access now to the knowledge deliberately destroyed at this time, then this world would be a vastly different place today, where false versions of history are the norm and grand deception is very much the order of the day.

In much the same way, a false version of reality has been protected ever since throughout history by the destruction of ancient tribal knowledge as empire-building nations such as the British, Spanish, French, Dutch and latterly the Americans have spread their various doctrines throughout the world utilising the bloodiest methods imaginable. In this way, ancient civilisations such as the Incas, Aztecs, Mayans, Zulus, native Australians and native Americans were firstly subjected to brutal conquest, annihilation and then 'westernisation' whilst their ancient knowledge, passed down meticulously from generation to generation for millennia, was systematically eliminated to protect the status quo.

The museum at the Library of Alexandria was a place of study which included lecture areas, gardens, a zoo and shrines for each of the nine ancient Greek muses as well as the Library itself. It has been estimated that at one time the Library held more than half a million documents from Assyria, Greece, Persia, Egypt, Rome, India, China and many other nations. Over 100 scholars lived at the Museum full-time to perform research, write, lecture or translate and copy documents.

The actual date of the destruction is still debated to this day. Some sources regard it as being as early as the 3rd century AD whilst others consider it to be as late as the 7th century AD, these dates being wholly dependent upon who is apportioned the blame for the tragedy. However, most credible historians and commentators generally ascribe the act to the Holy Roman Emperor Theodosius I, a violent and fanatical Christian in 391AD, as he was almost

certainly responsible for the destruction of the daughter library nearby at the Serapeum in that year.

The destruction of all that ancient knowledge by Christians, supposed men of peace and 'love', is actually quite plausible. Christianity was born of extreme violence and indeed kept alive by the same despicable methods for many centuries, even up to the present time, almost. Indeed, by what better expedient could its myths and lies be perpetuated, if not the destruction of all the knowledge that would no doubt prove it to be the outright deception it most certainly was and is? The deception surrounding one of the greatest hoaxes inflicted upon the masses by the Elite of the day, had to be protected somehow and by burning all the ancient knowledge, Theodosius and his fanatical supporters performed a great service to the cause. Now Christianity could reign supreme with little or no ancient knowledge surviving to contradict its many myths, lies and distortions of the truth.

Since time immemorial, this same modus operandus has constantly been used to deceive. Destroy the conflicting knowledge in order to enable what remains to stand-alone as the truth with no competition remaining to dilute its purity. It is in fact this one significant, documented event that has set the scene for the future. Mankind's destiny has been determined almost by this one major incident alone. The burning of the library and its priceless, utterly irreplaceable contents has indeed set a precedent to be repeated over and over during the following 1600+ years of misery for those millions and billions unfortunate enough to have been born outside of the Elite families.

False Flag Operations

A false flag operation may be loosely defined as an act or series of acts that is designed to fool the victims and / or the unsuspecting public into believing that it was carried out by totally different entities to those who were the actual perpetrators. The name is derived from the fact that the perpetrators were apparently operating under a country's flag different from the one of whom it appeared on the surface to have carried out the attack.

"Covert operations designed to deceive the public in such a way that the operations appear as though they are being carried out by other entities." Wikipedia

For example, the incident that purportedly sparked WWII, the supposed dressing-up in Polish uniforms of German soldiers and attacking their own borders. And more recently the case of the 'inside job' now simply referred to as '9/11' whereby a group of 19 young Saudi Arabians (at least 12 of whom are proven to be still alive), controlled and funded by a dying man in a cave in Afghanistan, that we are meant to believe overwhelmed the defences of the strongest, most security-conscious nation on Earth and managed to hijack not one, but four planes in the most heavily secured airspace in the world and fly three of them into buildings with flying skills, many commercial airline pilots have publicly stated to be way beyond their own capabilities, let alone those of one who has merely had twelve lessons in a single-engined turbo-prop plane.

These are both popular, well-known examples of false flag attacks.

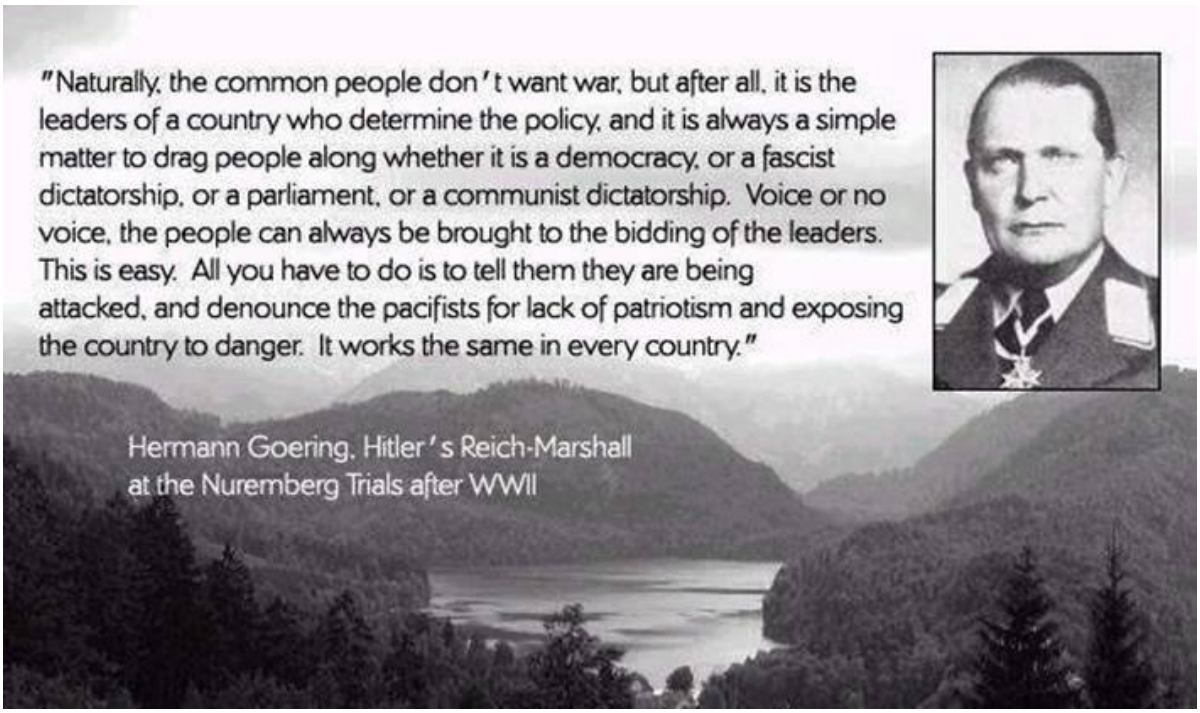

So, 'false flag' is one of the major propaganda weapons of choice for our Elite friends. They use it all the time – and to be brutally frank, why would they not continue to use it? It works perfectly time after time. From the 'USS Maine' incident used to provoke the Spanish-American war at the turn of the 20th century, to the 'Gulf of Tonkin' incident that sparked the Vietnam War, to the bombing of the Alfred P Murrah building in Oklahoma, 9/11 itself, the Madrid railway station bombing and 7/7 in London. Many of these incidents (and these are just a few prime examples) were perpetrated by the Elite run CIA / MI6 / Mossad group which pretends to be three separate entities, but in reality is one and the same at the top echelons, in league with the relevant governments, all controlled by the same Elite group of course.

Why? Why would they do this? What is there to gain for a country and its ruling Elite, from pre-meditated, cold-blooded mass-murder of its own citizens?

The highly simplified answer of course is 'to further their agendas'. However, as is always the case, the reasons are far more complex than this.

"Past US false flags provided pretexts for militarism, wars, occupations, domestic repression, and national security state extremism, antithetical to democratically free and open societies." Stephen Lendman, researcher, 'False Flags – An American Tradition', May 2011

In the case of 9/11 (see relevant chapter), this was used to further the ambitions of subjugation of the people to even greater degrees through such insidious legislation as the Patriot Act (2001) which had obviously been prepared well in advance of the 9/11 attacks and which further served to severely limit freedom of speech and freedom of movement, to generally spread fear – a fearful population is easier to control than a happy one – and to increase governmental control of the American population. 9/11 was also used as a pretext to invade Iraq and later Afghanistan along with the now discredited and falsified evidence for the presence of 'weapons of mass destruction'. However it is yet to be satisfactorily explained as to why Iraq bore any responsibility for 9/11 even if we temporarily assume that it was the work of a terrorist group and not, as was actually the case, the Mossad in co-operation with American insiders in the form of Neo-Conservatives and American-Israeli dual-citizen Zionists. Of course that is all highly irrelevant in a sense. The facts are not important to these people as long as they can create an impression in the public's minds that Iraq was to blame (easy when you use the power of the controlled media) – that is all that matters.

It can also be argued that we should always look, in these situations, to who had the most to gain from the event (cui bono – who benefits?). Once again the Israeli connection rears its head. Israel is always looking for excuses to attack and further subjugate its Muslim neighbours, as is its mandate and indeed, raison d'être and how better to achieve this end than to unite the American public in its hatred of both the general Muslim world and specifically Iraq who had long been targeted as the next for annihilation by these Satanic entities?

False flag operations have been a strategic method of Elite governments to gain control on many platforms throughout history. One of the earliest accounts of a False Flag operation taking place is in 47BC when Julius Caesar used a series of riots and arson attacks that he paid for and commanded, to destabilise the Roman Republic before marching his legions across the Rubicon and into Rome, where he seized power and declared himself Emperor.

That may indeed be the earliest known example, but since this type of operation is so effective it seems plausible to speculate that even earlier in human

history there may have been many others.

Indeed, much of history is littered with False Flag operations since almost the beginning of time. There is compelling evidence of such operations from as long ago as the English Wars of the Roses in the 15th century and continuing through the English and US Civil Wars, Spanish-American War and every conflict since then up to the present time. Were we to have asked most people prior to 9/11 if they had heard of the term 'False Flag operation' the answer would most likely have been a negative, very probably due to the fact that an operation of that size had not taken place since the US government purposely ignored the military intelligence received regarding the fact that the Japanese were planning an attack on Pearl Harbor.

False flag operations fall under the umbrella of Black Operations and these Black Ops are of course 'Above Top Secret' covert operations performed by such special forces as the US Navy SEALS, Delta Force, CIA, MI5, MI6, Mossad and the rest of the military branches as well as other government agencies in many countries. They are utilised for a number of reasons and it is important to understand that most Black Operations are executed solely through government but occasionally it may be a military-industrial-complex co-operation. By that I mean that the government will work jointly with a private multinational company or corporation if there is the opportunity for both sides to gain. Such Black Operations can be assassinations, industrial espionage, force reconnaissance, psy-ops, abductions, drug trafficking, false flag operations and more.

Let us briefly examine the 9/11 situation as an example. This operation was engineered for a number of reasons ranging from financial to a further clampdown on personal liberties as well as justification for the illegal invasion and occupation of two sovereign states (Iraq and Afghanistan). The day before the attack it was reported that the Pentagon had somehow 'lost' $2.6 trillion and could it therefore have been simply coincidence that the attack on the Pentagon occurred in the area where hundreds of auditors were feverishly searching for the missing trillions, over one hundred of whom died?

Then literally within days of the attacks, the 'Patriot Act' was rushed through Congress allowing no time whatsoever for Senators to even read the massive document, let alone form an opinion as to its validity or efficacy. It also begs the question as to how such a weighty document could have been collated in such a short space of time after the attacks. The answer of course is obvious and that is simply that the document was authored long before the event and the event had been in the planning for several years, if not actually decades.

Immediately, following the Patriot Act was the integration of dozens of Federal agencies to form the Department of Homeland Security and also the

Transportation Security Administration. The 'attack' also caused a public outcry which through the expedient of 'problem, reaction, solution', allowed the Elite to deploy the might of the American military in Operation Enduring Freedom in 2001 and then Operation Iraqi Freedom in 2003. And last but certainly not least was the crucial 'fear factor' which is designed to keep the population in a permanent state of trepidation and thus easier to control and manipulate.

As former President George W. Bush discovered, attacking America is the surest way to raise the popularity of the President. In the aftermath of 9/11, Bush's popularity soared beyond 70% and gave him the political momentum to pass almost any law he desired. Out of that was born the Patriot Act, one of the most dangerous freedom-crushing laws in US history, a law which absolutely dismantles the Bill of Rights and is now being successfully used against animal rights protestors, farmers and anyone who has a legitimate grievance with authority and other 'dissident' groups, as a by-product.

As previously related, false flag terror attacks have been part of governments' game plans for the last several centuries. Operation Northwoods, whose documents have now been made public under the 'fifty year' rule, revealed that in the early 1960s, the US government plotted to stage attacks on US cities in order to blame Fidel Castro and justify an invasion of Cuba. This is a well-documented historical fact, so please do not assume that this is all just some bizarre conspiracy theory. This was official, strategic policy at the highest levels of government and is most assuredly conspiracy fact and not theory.

So, to repeat for the avoidance of doubt, the US government was willing to kill many innocent American citizens in order to garner public support for a war against Cuba to further the Elite agenda. One of the proposed target-cities of this operation was Miami, which would have suffered countless civilian casualties under this plan. This was all spelt-out by the US Department of Defence and the Joint Chiefs of Staff in a document entitled, 'Justification for US Military Intervention in Cuba' and is important to consider in the light of the events of 9/11, especially by those among us who are firmly of the opinion that their governments would simply just 'not be capable' of such an act.

"Operation Northwoods, which had the written approval of the Chairman and every member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, called for innocent people to be shot on American streets; for boats carrying refugees fleeing Cuba to be sunk on the high seas; for a wave of violent terrorism to be launched in Washington DC, Miami, and elsewhere. People would be framed for bombings they did not commit and planes would be hijacked. Using phony evidence, all of it would be blamed on Castro, thus giving Lemnitzer and his cabal the excuse, as well as the

public and international backing, they needed to launch their war." James Bamford, journalist

So, false flag attacks are routinely used by government around the world as pretexts for war. They are also quite convenient for boosting the popularity of the President and/or the government. Slumping in the polls? Stage a mass-shooting, or better still, why not poison the water supply of an entire city. In the aftermath of this terror, the sheeple will go along with just about anything, including military troops on the streets, even in total violation of Posse Comitatus which prohibits the military from engaging in law enforcement actions on US soil.

Janet Napolitano, the most prolific of the propagandists of fear at the Department of Homeland Security, is constantly busy warning people about further impending terrorist attacks. However, what she has omitted to mention in all this is that it is the US government itself that is the terrorist group that is most likely to be organising these attacks for its own political ends. Having a terrorist group take over a nuclear power plant on say a 9/11 anniversary would remind Americans to 'be very afraid' and surrender to government authority in order to feel a little safer. This is classic problem-reaction-solution.

The US government needs to be able to keep control of hundreds of millions of people but many people are now beginning to question authority. They are tired of the thugs of the TSA groping and ogling at their sons, wives and daughters in the name of air security, tired of extreme police brutality, tired of the government bailing out the banks and are currently engaged in an online groundswell of disobedience toward Washington. One way to silence all these people and portray anti-government speech as 'acts of terrorism' would be to plant a bomb somewhere such as the New York subway and blame it on white American extremists. The Department of Homeland Security (DHS) is already preparing the US for this or similar with propaganda ads that depict ordinary white people as terrorists after whites have complained about the extent to which their activities are being curtailed despite the fact that their physical appearance is nothing like the previously stereotypical 'Muslim terrorists'.

The most likely targets for new false flag attacks are ones that have lots of eye-catching visuals that can be shown on the news channels 24/7 so that they can almost literally burn the fear into the eyeballs of the sheeple. The bloodier it all is, the better, in the eyes of the Elite conspirators because blood and gore creates fear that can be harnessed to pass yet more freedom-crushing legislation or simply to install the military on the streets, in yet another furtherance of the wider agenda. So the government needs something that has a strong visual element, such as a destroyed building, piles of bodies or thousands of people becoming sick and dying from radiation unleashed from a dirty bomb, for example.

Therefore these possible false flag terror scenarios would appear to be the most likely to be invoked:

• Blowing-up trains carrying either nuclear materials and/or extremely dangerous chemicals, probably near a large population area in order to cause mass casualties.

• Setting-off a dirty bomb in a major city, causing widespread radiation poisoning of millions.

• A mass shooting massacre at a sporting event or shopping mall. This one has the added benefit of also instigating a call for national gun confiscation.

• Taking-over and exploding an oil refinery. They will wait for all the TV cameras to arrive before setting off the explosions, of course.

• There is also a possibility that the Elite will try to use a disgruntled farmer as the patsy, rigging up some sort of explosion using large volumes of fertilizer and a white farmer wielding a firearm. This would be an expedient way to attack food freedoms by portraying farmers as terrorists. A farmer could easily be made to target a government building (as with the Oklahoma City bombing in 1997) and the explosion would help spread fear and instill even more government control and restrictions over farms and food production, again in line with the wider objectives.

This would play directly into the hands of the FDA which is already in the process of grabbing more control over the food supply. What better way to accomplish that than to portray farmers as terrorists?

The whole point of these operations is to paint patriots as terrorists and thereby convince the rest of the sheeple in the country to strip away whatever remaining rights and protections free people might expect to enjoy.

But the question remains, how does the government get 'patsies' to co-operate with them? How does the government get people like Timothy McVeigh (Oklahoma bombing) or Lee Harvey Oswald (Kennedy assassination) the London 'tube bombers' on 7/7 2005 or the Saudi 'terrorists' on 9/11, to play their roles? The answer is deceptively simple. Undercover intelligence agents find and nurture people (sometimes for years) who are disgruntled and a little 'unconventional'. Then they convince them or literally 'programme' them to take action against the country and actually provide them with the money, materials, logistics and know-how they need to pull off 'their' operations.

This is the reason that government agents 'helped' the infamous Christmas Day 'underwear bomber' board an aircraft even though he had no identification. The FBI has also admitted to having been caught trying to arm a terrorist in Portland, Oregon with a 'fake bomb'. In the UK the Muslim 'bombers' of 7/7 fame were

known-to-be government sympathisers helping out the government in what they (the patsies) thought was an anti-terrorism exercise.

"Why does the FBI orchestrate fake 'terror plots'? The latest one snared Osman Mohamud, a Somali-American teenager in Portland, Oregon. The Associated Press report is headlined, 'Somali-born teen plotted car-bombing in Oregon'. This is a misleading headline as the report makes it clear that it was a plot orchestrated by federal agents. Two sentences into the news report we have this: 'The bomb was an elaborate fake supplied by the [FBI] agents and the public was never in danger, authorities said'. The teenager was supplied with a fake bomb and a fake detonator and the FBI's staging of 'fake terror' in Portland resulted in a mass of angry citizens storming the Portland city hall to protest." Paul Craig Roberts, former member of the Reagan government

In all probability, the FBI, CIA, Mossad, MI5 and MI6 are currently, as you read this, trying to recruit disgruntled 'lone-nuts' to carry out 'terror attacks' on home soil and the DHS is busily spreading lies in America that the next terror attack will come from white American terrorists. (Meanwhile, hilariously, the leader of the Libyan rebels who have been strongly aided by the US and the United Nations is admittedly an 'al-Qaeda' operative, once again proving that the US government openly funds terrorists.)

We should all realise that all these individual actions of government tyranny and intimidation make up the puzzle-pieces of a much larger picture and that that picture clearly depicts governments as something that has long forgotten any sense of serving the people through civic duty and, instead, now views itself as the controller of the people. Government today views itself as the police state authority over every detail of our lives.

The government of America has become the very same freedom-crushing monstrosity that the founding fathers originally warned about and exists solely to keep the American people in line. Indeed, this is the reality of all governments today and so we need to take back our freedoms to prevent violence from being committed by our governments against its own citizens.

This is why we can now expect the next so-called 'terrorist' attacks to be false flag operations. Now that rule of law has been almost totally abandoned, terror is the one remaining tactic they can use to keep the sheeple in line. George Bush used it effectively to partially dismantle the Bill of Rights and now Obama (and his successor) will continue the work of George Bush just as he already has with secret prisons, illegal wars, economic destruction and empty rhetoric that only distracts the people from the reality of what is being committed upon them. All at the behest of course of the unseen, hidden hand that rules us all. eg. In December 2011 it was reported in the alternative media, backed up with documentary proof,

that the Homeland Security agency and FEMA are currently recruiting staff for the staffing of and issuing tenders for the fitting-out of the hundreds of concentration camps currently lying empty all over the US, in conjunction with passing the legislation required to fully dismantle the Bill of Rights and create a martial-law governed state with the power to detain dissenters, indefinitely.

Truly Orwellian stuff indeed and all achieved without a murmur of protest from the unknowing, uncaring, unthinking masses as they watch their TV soaps, read the latest celebrity scandals and sports scores in the so-called 'newspapers' and incessantly chatter inanely with their friends using the latest gadgets and technology. Machiavelli, Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin would be very proud.

Examples of major false flag operations in the last 400 years, some of which are covered in detail in this book:

The Gunpowder Plot 1605
The English Revolution (Civil War) 1642
The American Revolution 1776
The French Revolution 1789
The assassination of Lincoln 1865
The 'Jack the Ripper' murders 1888
The USS Maine incident sparking the Spanish-American war of 1898
The sinking of the Titanic 1912
The sinking of the Lusitania 1915
The Russian Revolution 1917
The burning of the Reichstag building 1938
The Polish attack on Germany 1939
The attack on Pearl Harbour 1941
The bombing of the King David Hotel 1948
The installation of the Shah of Iran 1952
Operation Northwoods 1962
The assassination of JF Kennedy 1963
The 'Gulf of Tonkin' incident 1965
The assassination of RF Kennedy 1968
The Apollo moon landings 1969-72
The Birmingham and Guildford pub bombings 1974
The Jonestown 'suicides' 1979
The Lockerbie bombing 1989
The burning of the compound at Waco 1993
Hurricane Andrew 1993
The Omagh bombing 1995
The Oklahoma City bombing 1997

The assassination of Princess Diana 1997
The attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon (9/11) 2001
The Bali bombing 2004
The Madrid train bombing 2004
The Indian Ocean Tsunami 2004
The London tube bombings (7/7) 2005
Hurricane Katrina 2005
The China earthquake 2009
The Haiti earthquake 2010
The Polish 'government' plane crash 2010
The Japanese earthquake and Tsunami 2011

So now let us now begin the rocky journey towards the present day whilst focussing upon some of the most important historical events and those perhaps 'hidden histories', concealed truths and incidents that have served to shape the world in which we all live today…

PART 2 – The Dark Ages to the End of the Second Millennium

The Discovery of the American continent

If you believe that Christopher Columbus 'discovered' America in 1492, I would urge you to think again.

America is well known to have been visited more than a thousand years ago by the Vikings who actually named it 'Vinland' and even set-up several permanent settlements there. However, perhaps a little less well-known is the fact that travellers from the British Isles sailed to and colonised parts of the American landmass more than fifteen hundred years ago and are even said to be the original ancestors of some (but not all) of the native tribes such as the Mohicans and the Mohawks amongst others.

But then of course, the American land mass has 'always' been there, even before it was occupied by the ancestors of the 'Native American' Indians, the Aztecs, the Maya and the Incas et al. So as to who actually 'discovered' it in the sense of being the first humans to set foot upon its soil, is really a moot point.

Again we are the victims of a grand deception if we believe erroneously that Christopher Columbus (aka Christophe Colon) actually accidentally discovered America, allegedly in a quest to sail to India, by sailing westwards and thus prove that the world was round (spherical) and not flat. Firstly, Columbus never actually set foot on the American mainland, he merely encountered the island group now known as the West Indies (hence the name – Indies – India).

The information which we are constantly fed by mainstream history and which is perpetuated by the controlled media is typical of the systematic re-writing and invention of history and is incorrect on several levels. Columbus never intended to sail to India by sailing westward. The Elite of that era knew very well that the continent of America existed and that the world was round, as did all the ancient cultures of the time. Columbus was in fact sponsored by the Spanish royal family to go forth and conquer and bring back as much booty as his little ship(s) would carry, in order to swell the royal coffers. This he did very successfully. In addition, the only people who believed that the Earth was flat at that time were the poor, suppressed, illiterate masses who had no option but to believe everything that their rulers and the Catholic Church told them as they had no other means of educating themselves with the truth or indeed of acquainting themselves with a diametrically opposing viewpoint.

There was at the time, of course, no media of ANY kind, no education or access to books for the poor underclasses and absolutely no other means of contradicting whatever garbage the powers-that-be should foist upon the unfortunate, 'great unwashed' of the time. It is fairly easy therefore to understand how these myths were able to be propagated and sustained in perpetuity.

In the sixteenth century, the Turkish cartographer Piri Reis published over 200 maps of the world. In preparing these maps, Reis stated that he had used as the basis for them, 20 old charts depicting the entire known landmasses of the Earth (including Antarctica which was purportedly unknown as a landmass at that time and also the Americas) believed by him to have been drawn-up during the time of Alexander the Great. These ancient charts he had discovered in the Imperial Library in Constantinople, a repository of surviving ancient knowledge and the scholars there told him that apparently these had been based-upon even older charts, some said from Sumerian sources. These maps also depicted the exact position of the Falkland Islands, allegedly not discovered until 1592 and fully documented the entire lengths of the major South American rivers, the Orinoco, Parana and Amazon which were not fully charted in modern times until the advent of satellite technology!

Again, clear evidence that ancient knowledge far surpassed that of our immediate forebears – or at least knowledge that was commonly-known by all.

In 2002, a team of historians and researchers headed by the British historical researchers, Alan Wilson and Baram Blackett, announced that radio-carbon dating evidence and the presence of ancient British–style artefacts and inscriptions liberally scattered in the North American continent, provide virtually irrefutable evidence that ancient British (Welsh) explorers under Prince Madoc ap Meurig, arrived there during the 6th Century AD and established several settlements.

Wilson and Blackett had previously been aware of the location of burial sites of Madoc's family members in Wales for many years and they have been attempting to get this information out into the mainstream, for the most part unsuccessfully due to the intransigence of mainstream history, which refuses to acknowledge the truth despite an abundance of evidence being offered in proof of their discoveries. DNA evidence may eventually be the key to the mystery and could help identify the human remains found at Bat Creek, Tennessee and which currently reside at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington DC. These remains may even turn out to be those of Madoc

himself. The British researchers were contacted by Jim Michael of the 'Ancient Kentucke Historical Association' in 1989 with a view to sharing knowledge and to learn from each other's detailed research on the subject.

Several tumuli (grave mounds) discovered in the American mid-West, including ones at Bat Creek are almost certainly ancient British in origin and design, Wilson confirmed and Jim Michael added that the stone-tablet found at Bat Creek in 1889 included an inscription written in Coelbren, an ancient British alphabet, primarily of Welsh origin but similar in appearance to Celtic and extensively recorded and studied by historians through the ages.

Alan Wilson's research had previously included the investigation of similar alphabetic inscriptions in Britain, Europe and the Middle East, the components of which derived from the earliest days of the Khumric (Welsh) people and were known to have been used all along their migration routes from Babylon into Wales, going back literally thousands of years. Baram Blackett commented, "Once we discovered the cipher for the alphabet recorded in texts dating to the 1500s we knew we were in business. We have translated many of these inscriptions and they all make perfect sense." Jim Michael also added that the final translation of the Bat Creek tablet provided the researchers with the stunning revelation, 'Madoc the ruler he is'.

Most mainstream historians have disregarded all this evidence for Prince Madoc, the Welsh Prince having sailed to America circa 562AD, as to acknowledge this work would virtually demolish all of current mainstream Dark Age history and thus the reputations and livelihoods of many researchers. Indeed, Wilson and Blackett have been constantly subjected over the years to concerted smear campaigns, common insults and 'stonewalling' by the establishment. Fortunately however, due mainly to Wilson and Blackett's persistence, there exists a substantial body of evidence to prove their hypotheses.

"I think they're afraid that an independent group such as ours has made such progress. They prefer to ignore and neglect ancient British history rather than to deal with it. The Welsh people have suffered and the opportunity to boost the economy, to bring thousands of jobs to Glamorgan and Gwent, where Madoc and his brother Arthur ll ruled, has not been exploited." Alan Wilson.

There are numerous ancient British Coelbren inscriptions in the American mid-West including skulls of definite European or Caucasian origin, unlike

most other Native American ancient remains.

Prince Madoc was the brother of King Arthur ll and lived during the 6th Century. This is fact and not mere speculation and is confirmed by many ancient British manuscripts and genealogies. If it can be proved beyond all lingering doubt that he and many of his followers indeed emigrated en masse to the Americas almost 1500 years ago then history will need to be re-written to embrace the truth.

Of course, the Columbus story is simply a myth, a convenient cover story to deflect us from the truth and protect those who would deceive us. The main significance of the date 1492 is that it marked the beginning of the rape and pillage of the American continent. After Columbus' exploits, he was followed by a huge influx of invaders from all over Europe, all eager to gain their share of the spoils to be had in abundance from a previously 'virgin' territory. The Spanish conquistadors infamously succeeded in all but destroying the ancient Inca, Aztec and Mayan cultures in South and Central America in an action that was coldly calculated to destroy any vestiges of ancient knowledge which would have proved harmful if not fatal to the Christian creed, as well as facilitate the theft of all their valuable, ancient gold artefacts.

Then just over 100 years later in the early seventeenth century, the mass immigration to North America commenced, initially by the persecuted Puritans from England who subsequently proceeded to inflict the same fate that they had endured upon the ancient native tribes they encountered upon settlement there. The English were joined by first the French and the Dutch and then in the succeeding centuries by the 'huddled masses yearning to breathe free' from all over Europe and indeed the world and thus from such small beginnings was born what was to become 'the greatest Empire the world has ever known', to the great misfortune of us all, but especially those millions if not billions of innocents who have suffered and died at the hands of that great 'superpower', the United States of America.

Ancient British History

Alan Wilson, the author and researcher has been researching ancient British history, latterly along with his colleague, Baram Blackett, for more than 50 years and his amazing discoveries and revelations have absolutely revolutionised British 'Dark Ages' history.

Of course, as with any truths which do not fit the manufactured history of the Elite and/or go against the heavily protected mainstream view, his work has been undermined, subjected to lies, disinformation and even threats from the establishment. Primarily however, it has simply been ignored (another successful tactic employed by the powers that be) despite Wilson's entreaties to historians and archaeologists to examine the abundance of evidence he has uncovered and which offers virtually irrefutable proof that his hypotheses are correct. He has even begged for open debate on the subject, contacted governments, universities and academia in general, simply to be met with a deafening silence, lies or the aforementioned, veiled threats.

Why would this be? What do these people have to hide or to lose?

As ever, reputations are at stake. Most mainstream archaeologists and historians must 'toe the party line' in order to gain employment and funding and if they were to embrace or espouse a viewpoint which goes against the accepted version of events, then they will naturally be shunned and denounced by the majority who do so in order to protect their own livelihoods and positions of power.

Of course, the bigger picture is that there are also powerful vested interests, the Elite, who do not want the real truth to be known as it goes against their manufactured version of reality, put in place to deceive and cover-up the truth of who we really are and from whence we originated.

The 'Legend' of King Arthur

Ask most people about King Arthur and the response you will likely elicit is that he never really existed and is simply 'a legend'. I should like to ask in all seriousness, how are these 'legends' propagated in the first place? It is far too simplistic to dismiss as a legend anything that does not fit the accepted version

of history, in my view. These 'legends' do not spontaneously erupt from nowhere and I strongly submit that there is never 'smoke without fire' in these cases. Indeed, Wilson and Blackett have spent many years researching this one topic alone and have uncovered a plethora of documentary and archaeological evidence to prove beyond question that not only did Arthur exist, but there were actually two King Arthurs, several centuries apart and that the famous legend is likely a composite of those two distinctly separate entities.

King Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon and his Knights of the Round Table in Camelot, his advisor Merlin the magician or sorcerer and his sword Excalibur, has been a popular fable for many centuries. In this legend, Arthur is married to Guinevere and he waged war against the Saxons of South East Britain under their ruler Hengist (who significantly did actually exist – even according to mainstream history). In these fables, Hengist (a Saxon) was invited into Britain by Vortigern, a traitor who had killed many of the aristocracy of Britain of the time. The stories also relate a stirring tale of how Arthur also planned a successful military campaign against all of Britain, Europe, and even the might of Rome itself which culminated in the death of the Roman Emperor.

It has always been puzzling to scholars that the myths and legends of King Arthur have defied all logical attempts to identify and pin upon him an identity of any kind. In reality the confusion may well be ascribed to the fact there are definitely two separate entities involved and this duality is no doubt partly responsible for all the confusion surrounding the attempted identification of Arthur. There were actually several Arthurs of Britain but only two who match the exploits recounted in the classic myths. The first one was a General and the son of the British Emperor Magnus Maximus, who in the late 4th Century with his army, left for Europe and eventually confronted the power of Rome, in the process killing the Emperor Gratian.

Arthur mark II was a King of the 6th Century AD. He was the son of Meurig ap Tewdrig and it was this Arthur that successfully defeated the Saxons. The confused histories by later writers such as the medieval historian Geoffrey of Monmouth accidentally (or possibly even deliberately) merged these two distinct Arthurs into one and this has caused much confusion and obfuscated the authentication of British history of this period. This has also been further compounded by the deliberate falsification of British heritage by entities whose interests are not best served by the truth. The ramifications of

the Arthur revelations are negatively significant for the religious and political powers that be.

King Arthur I, the son of Magnus Maximus of the 4th Century AD and King Arthur II of the late 6th Century AD, can both trace their ancestry back to the British, Holy Roman Emperor Constantine and (according to Wilson and Blackett) back even as far as the 'Holy Family' itself which allegedly arrived in Britain in 37AD and for which event there is plenty of documented evidence. They can also both trace their lineage back to King Brutus, one of the great-grandsons of Aeneas of Troy. Brutus apparently arrived in Britain around 500BC.

The 'Khumry' people (the origin of the Welsh word 'Cymru' meaning Wales) were also part of this huge migration into Britain at this time and were the original lost 'Ten Tribes' who migrated north-westwards after the murder of Sennacherib, the King of Assyria in the early 7th century BC. These people, over a long period of time, travelled through Asia Minor and they are recorded in Assyrian texts as the 'Khumry' and are believed to be the same tribe that ancient Greek writings also refer to as the 'Cimmeroi'.

According to Wilson and Blackett's stunning research and as outlined in their subsequent book, published in 2007, 'The Discovery of the Ark of the Covenant', these people actually brought the Ark of the Covenant with them to the island of Britain and here it lies still, buried in a field in Wales, the precise location of which has been identified by Wilson and Blackett although unsurprisingly, they have been denied permission by the authorities to instigate an archaeological dig. However they did conduct a geophysical survey and metal detector investigation of the plot and a 'non-ferrous' metal object, four to four and a half feet long by one foot by one foot, has been located precisely in that spot, a few feet down below the surface.

According to Wilson and Blackett, the Khumric people were originally to be found living in Egypt before Moses famously led them away, sometime in the middle of the 14th Century BC and their ancient Khumric alphabet, Coelbren is still evident today and is utilised with incredible accuracy in the translation of Egyptian hieroglyphs.

Unsurprisingly, another major source of opposition to these incredible revelations is the Roman Catholic Church, another protector of the status quo at all costs, not least because of what Wilson and Blackett's research has revealed regarding Christianity. When Augustine arrived Britain in 597AD he

was apparently astounded to learn that the British already had Christian churches as well as priests and in fact the British Apostolic Christian religion was even more advanced than that of Rome and again according to documented history, arose from the fact that a man who went by the name of 'Jesus the Nazarene' who did not die on a cross in 33AD, apparently arrived in Britain in 37AD. All this information is of course, still regarded as highly heretical by the Church hierarchy, even today.

Obviously this version of events completely demolishes mainstream Christianity's view and renders it completely unsurprising that this research has been rejected out of hand by the establishment, both religious and political. Whether or not one believes that Jesus Christ was indeed the son of, or the earthly incarnation of 'God' or Jehovah, there does appear to be much evidence that such a person did actually exist and indeed many other so-called 'legends' from several diverse sources also propound the story of Jesus visiting Britain, after the alleged crucifixion event, a fact which lends more credence to this hypothesis.

In fact, Christianity was not introduced into Britain from Rome as is popularly ascribed to be the case, but was actually exported to Rome from Britain in 51AD by King Caradoc (also sometimes referred to by his Latinised name of Caractacus) who was taken to Rome and held there for several years.

The truth is that real British history is the most comprehensively recorded history in all Europe and had it not been for the 'Holy family' arriving here in 37AD, none of this 'taboo' history would be an issue. Indeed, it is only since the beginning of the 19th Century that the suppression of real British history has been actively and widely taking place. Up until that point in time, much of this knowledge was widely available to anyone with access to books and the ability to read and research. This obviously excluded, as ever, the ordinary man-in-the-street of the times and thus was it possible to hide this knowledge from the masses until such a juncture whereby a sustained cover-up was rendered necessary by the steady increase in literacy of the population.

The academic community today acknowledges only its own invented versions of Roman Britain, Saxon Britain and Viking Britain and any major artefact discoveries made by archaeologists are inevitably categorised as belonging to one of those alternatives and never, ever under any circumstances ascribed to being Khumric-British, despite there being an abundance of these already in existence and many, many more being unearthed, constantly.

The Comet of 562AD

In 562AD, a little-known, virtually unrecorded, catastrophic natural disaster occurred, which almost completely destroyed the islands of Britain and Ireland, causing a terrible conflagration, destroying towns, villages and forests throughout and resulting in major widespread flooding as a result of a massive Tsunami being generated by the colossal amounts of rock or ice falling from the sky. There must also have been a horrendous death toll amongst the inhabitants, although the true extent of this will probably never be known for sure. This disaster is now known to have been caused by a comet, which either struck directly or passed close enough to earth that the impact damage was a direct result of the debris contained within the 'tail' of the comet coming into contact with the land.

The reason that this episode has never been included in mainstream history books or acknowledged by historians is that up until the early nineteenth century, it was strictly forbidden by the Christian religion, indeed heretical even, to acknowledge that it was possible for stones and rocks to fall from the sky. This is why the entire event has been airbrushed from history and has remained virtually unacknowledged by historians. In 1986, when Wilson and Blackett first brought this event to the notice of the mainstream, they were unsurprisingly subjected to much scorn and ridicule and yet now this event is slowly becoming accepted as reality and is just beginning to be incorporated into history texts.

This widespread destruction was recorded in several authenticated, contemporary records. Gregory of Tours, the French writer relates that Britain was one of the points of impact in a straight line running from the North East in a South Westerly direction from Norway, through Britain and Ireland and into the Atlantic Ocean, thence to the South American continent and on to what is now Bolivia where similar ancient records relate a parallel tale of destruction and mayhem. Vast tracts of Britain were rendered uninhabitable for as long as eleven years, with poisonous and noxious gases in abundance and mud-covered landscapes meaning that no crops of any kind could even be attempted to be grown anywhere. Virtually every living thing was either killed instantly or died shortly afterwards and those lucky few that did somehow survive, abandoned the country altogether, leaving behind an entirely unpopulated, empty land.

This barren wilderness lay empty for around eleven years according to contemporary reports but eventually, people slowly began to venture into the devastated land as nature took its course and life once again started to regain a foothold in the previously barren earth. It was indeed the emptiness of Britain that led to the Saxon invasion at this time and to their colonisation of most of the British mainland as conditions slowly returned to normal and plant and animal life re-asserted itself once more.

It was also as a direct result of the disaster of 562AD, that as related in the earlier chapter on the discovery of the American landmass, that Prince Madoc ap Meurig led expeditions to seek out new homelands for the Khumry and resulted in his settlement of certain areas of what is now the United States.

Prince Madoc's Colonisation of America

Whilst many of the few survivors among the population of the British Isles made the short sea journey to sanctuary in France or Gaul as it was still known at this time, as stated, a large group of hardy people under the leadership of the Khumric Prince Madoc ap Meurig, the brother of Arthur II, embarked on what must have been at the time a formidable and dangerous expedition westwards across the mighty Atlantic Ocean to the Americas. Were they aware that this landmass existed and were determined to escape the devastation they left behind by travelling to the furthermost known outpost of the earth or did they simply depart more in hope than expectation that they would find a more hospitable environment somewhere? We will never know for sure, but to simply head in a westward direction not knowing when or even if they would ever reach their 'promised land' would seem rather a prohibitive risk to take, to my mind. However, this is what they indeed did.

There are several detailed references to Madoc's voyage in epic Khumric poetry of the time and also significantly in 1625, George Abbott, the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote a history in which he describes in detail the fact that a Welsh prince discovered America in the late 6th century. This was also the date ascribed to the event by Reuben T. Durrett of Kentucky in his book on ancient voyages to the Americas published in 1908.

In 1981 Wilson and Blackett decided to switch their focus from Ancient Egypt and Asia Minor to America in order to investigate Madoc's alleged presence in that country and the results were absolutely conclusive. Evidence

of Madoc and his people was to be found almost everywhere they looked. Their American colleague, Jim Michael of the 'Ancient Kentucke Historical Association' supplied a mass of information and data, photographs of likely sites and inscriptions upon rocks, cave walls and cliffs relating to the possible influence of the Khumry presence. These were inspected, examined and translated by Wilson and Blackett from the ancient British Coelbren alphabet which each site was found to possess in abundance. Michael also supplied many examples of ancient Native American records of a tribe or nation of 'powerful White Men' who seized their lands in what is now Kentucky. In addition to all this documentary evidence there were also the abundance of earth-banked hill-forts designed in typically British style that added their weight to the argument as also did the many Khumric-style tumuli, liberally scattered around the areas in question.

And as if that were not enough evidence to form an opinion as to the veracity of the story, many artefacts and rock-carvings were also discovered, written in Coelbren, bearing what were obviously Christian inscriptions and symbols, all of which were carbon-dated to the sixth and seventh centuries AD.

Madoc did not stay in America, however. He returned in about 572AD when the effects of the comet devastation were slowly starting to subside. His account of this vast new 'unknown' land were disbelieved by many and so the King sent out Admiral Gwenon to check Madoc's incredible story of a land of huge rivers, mountains and plains. Gwenon indeed returned a year or two later and verified everything that Madoc had claimed to be true. As a result of this, a major expeditionary force was raised and set out in 574AD to return to the American continent.

So this is the account discernible from both the written records and the surviving artefacts of how America was really discovered by the Europeans, but the Normans and their successors, inhibited by the restrictions of fundamental Christianity imposed upon them by their Elite masters conspired to conceal the truth for a millennium to protect a huge lie. For the truth being brought into focus we owe much to the oft-maligned, Wilson and Blackett along with their colleagues such as Jim Michael. The catastrophe that was the Comet of 562AD and its aftermath were inconvenient episodes which did not fit into the decreed history and therefore were always dismissed out of hand or simply ignored. The pattern continues apace.

The Knights Templar

From the beginning of the Middle Ages, around the 11th century onwards, many sects and secretive organisations began to establish themselves. These were soon infiltrated by the Elite and many were in fact commandeered in order to further oppress and control the masses surreptitiously as was the case with the Knights Templar, to quote but one small example.

Early in the 12th century, a group of knights led by Hugh de Payens offered their services to the Patriarch of Jerusalem to serve as a military force. This group, generally regarded as being nine in number, had the mandate of protecting Christian pilgrims who were en route to the Holy Land to visit the shrines sacred to their faith.

The Templars were the first 'bankers'. They acquired and accumulated vast sums of money from the Christian pilgrims they purported to protect on their crusades and also from people who simply wished to buy their way into paradise by the way of bequests and legacies left to the Templars. They became the wealthiest organisation in every country in which they had a presence and their 'temples' in London and Paris eventually morphed into medieval versions of financial centres in much the same way as todays financial empires began. Of course this vast wealth gave them disproportionate power, as with today's banksters and this extreme wealth in turn led to avarice from certain factions of Elite society at the time and opened up the opportunity for greedy profiteers such as the Catholic Church and King Phillip IV of France to

conspire against them with the intention of redistributing the wealth into their own already substantial coffers.

Eventually the Templars were destroyed by Phillip in league with Pope Clement V and all their assets were seized. Jacques de Molay was burnt at the stake (actually he was roasted alive rather than consumed by flames) and the organisation continued, albeit 'underground' from that point onwards.

At this time, the Christian world had a strict moratorium on usury, the lending of money at interest, but of course as time passed and the centuries rolled-on, this was conveniently forgotten and the banking system based on the Templar model began to emerge, eventually becoming part of the control process under which we all now suffer.

In fact the Knights Templar are often regarded as being the role model for today's secret society network as well as banking and even the Illuminati itself is said to be a direct result of the strong, continuing influence of the Templars from the 11th century up to the present day, both as an independent organisation and also more importantly perhaps as a part of other secret societies such as freemasonry which has a branch still named 'The Knights Templar'. Many researchers believe that the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry is indeed simply a pseudonym for the Knights Templar, which went 'underground' at the time of its alleged disbandment rather than simply a borrowed name.

These apparently disconnected groups are all part of the same overall organisation and include such as the Knights of Malta and the Arab Brotherhood and continue to be a force of evil working against the best interests of the majority of the human race.

Secret Societies

Freemasonry

Of all the secret societies, probably the most famous as well as being the most misunderstood, by both outsiders and even its adherents at its lower levels, is freemasonry.

Freemasonry probably had its original roots in the mediaeval crafts, whereby each trade had its own 'guild' or 'union' in modern parlance, to protect the interests of its members. In return for this protective presence the craftsman had to submit to the most rigorous regulation. He had to serve as an apprentice, usually without pay, for two to ten years (depending on the trade), live with and obey the master craftsman who taught him and then finally once this long induction process was complete, the apprentice was free to start out alone, frequently taking one of his master's daughters as a wife.

With the expansion of economics often came the need of the craftsman to borrow money to finance long-term or long-distance undertakings and his willingness to pay interest for this benefit. The Christian Church condemned usury and money-lending was permitted only by and to Jews, who were barred from guild membership by dint of their religious practices.

Stonemasons, by the very nature of their trade, were itinerant, constantly moving between villages and towns seeking employment. Their membership of the masonic craft guild was a reassurance to potential customers and employers that here was a bona fide craftsman who could be relied upon to provide a fair days work for a fair days pay. The insignia of their guild displayed representations of the tools of their trade and where language or literacy was a barrier to communication, served as a visual guarantee of ability. It was from these humble beginnings that secret symbols, restricted

membership, oaths of secrecy and mutual aid evolved but eventually the guilds became entities that were no longer necessarily populated by those skilled in the crafts and trades their societies purported to represent, becoming almost entirely symbolic and totally unrepresentative of the craft or trade.

In 1645, the Royal Society, founded either in Oxford or in London depending on source, was created with the intention of promoting scientific enquiry rather than the simple, unthinking acceptance of received wisdom. Many facets of the society were based on the tenets of freemasonry and indeed many of the founders were freemasons – a state of affairs that still exists to this day.

It was the brother-in-law of Oliver Cromwell, the future 'Lord Protector' of the Commonwealth of Great Britain who became its first chairman. Cromwell's uncle, Thomas Cromwell during the reign of Henry VIII a century earlier had already severed the ties between the Roman Catholic Church and the English monarchy and Oliver himself managed to complete the job by engineering the severing of King Charles I's head from his body.

In 1717, Freemasonry, now a new form of cult entirely distinct from the various existing creeds of Europe, spread rapidly to Paris, Florence, Rome and Berlin, where its deliberately syncretic rituals and décor, Solomon's temple's signs and symbols made it thoroughly cosmopolitan and religiously neutral. Nothing could better encapsulate the early spirit of the 'enlightenment'.

Andrew Ramsay, a Scottish Jacobite exiled in France, who was Chancellor of the French Grand Lodge in the 1730s, claimed that the first Freemasons had been stonemasons in the crusader states who had learned the secret rituals and gained the special wisdom of the ancient world. According to the German Freemasons, the Grand Masters of the Order had learned the secrets and acquired the treasure of the Jewish Essenes.

Either way, Freemasonry had escaped its earlier guise of stonemasonry and in its new incarnation appealed to the intellectuals and the nobility. The early membership of masonic lodges included merchants and financiers, notaries and lawyers, doctors, diplomats and gentry, in other words men of substance or sound reputation. By the middle of the eighteenth century these included members of the French royal family, Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa's husband, Francis of Lorraine and her son, Joseph. Voltaire was admitted with great pomp into a publicity-hungry masonic lodge in Paris.

Freemasonry not only played an important role in the French Revolution, but also with regard to the American Revolution, in particular the lodges

affiliated to the Grand Lodge of Scotland. Scottish Rite Freemasonry blossomed in the North American soil and indeed Freemasonry could be found on both sides of the looming war between the colonists and the Crown and although there is no clear evidence of collusion amongst masons from opposing camps, the fact that the British made some extraordinary military errors arouses my suspicions in this regard.

Sir William Howe's failure to pursue Washington after expelling him from New York and Sir Henry Clinton's wilful failure to link up with Burgoyne's army marching south from Montreal in 1777 are the two most conspicuous examples. The Grand Master for North America was Joseph Warren and the Green Dragon coffee house in Union Street, Boston, purchased by the Provincial Grand Lodge is generally considered to be the site where one of its offshoots 'The Sons of Liberty' plotted the Boston Tea Party and carried it out in the guise of 'Red Indians', now re-branded for the sake of political correctness as 'Native Americans'.

So already there was an infiltration of the 'hidden hand', as a secret society is an ideal vehicle for undercurrents and for control. It was however, an infiltration of which many of its members were unaware.

However, one of the little known and least advertised facts about Freemasonry and the Masonic Lodge is its Jewish origin and nature. The religion of Judaism based on the Babylonian Talmud and the Jewish Kabbalah formed the basis for the Scottish rites 33 ritual degree ceremonies.

"Masonry is based on Judaism. Eliminate the teaching of Judaism from the Masonic ritual and what is left?" The Jewish Tribune of New York, 28th October 1927

"Freemasonry is a Jewish establishment, whose history, grades, official appointments, passwords and explanations are Jewish from beginning to end." Rabbi Isaac Wis

Undoubtedly already under Jewish influence, Judeo-masonry in Europe became popular with the rise to power of the House of Rothschild. Adam Weishaupt who formed the 'Illuminati' in 1776, founded the Lodge of Theodore in Munich and was befriended and funded by Meyer Rothschild, whose clerk Sigmund Geisenheimer in his Frankfurt office had wide Masonic contacts and was a member of the French Grand Orient Lodge called l'Aurore Naissante Lodge. With the help of Daniel Itzig (Court Jew to Frederick William II) and the merchant Isaac Hildesheim (who changed his name to Justus Hiller) he founded the Judenloge.

In 1802 the old established Jewish families including the Adler, Speyer, Reiss, Sichel, Ellison, Hanau and the Goldsmid families became members of the Judenloge and in 1803 Nathan Rothschild joined the Lodge of Emulation in England whilst his brother James Rothschild became a 33rd degree Mason in France.

The book on the Masons 'Morals and Dogma', authored by the late Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish rite, Albert Pike, states…

"Masonry conceals secrets from all except the adepts and sages and uses false explanations and myth interpretation of its symbols to mislead."

The rise of Masons to political power in Israel dates back to the state's origins in 1948. David Ben Gurion, Israel's first Prime Minister, was a Freemason. Every Prime Minister since then has been a high level Mason, including Golda Meier who was a member of the women's organisation, the Co-Masons. Most Israeli judges and religious figures are masons and the Rothschild-supported Hebrew University in Israel has erected an Egyptian obelisk, symbol of Freemasonry in its courtyard.

Indeed today, it is virtually impossible to obtain a state of high office in any sphere without membership of this all-pervasive body. From politicians to law-makers, to police and security agencies, they are all heavily populated at the upper echelons by high-ranking Freemasons. All of which makes claims of democracy for our society, almost laughable if it were not so serious a subject. Freemasons must always and under all circumstances put their own kind first. How then can one conclude that any election, from political by-elections to the election of political party leaders to the appointment of company directors and high-level civil servants, could possibly be fairly conducted?

The simple answer of course is that they cannot and thus we have as our default a system whereby exploitation and corruption is the norm and not the exception, whatever we may try to convince ourselves to the contrary.

The Bilderberg Group

The Bilderberg group is yet another Elite group, intrinsically connected to Freemasonry. In 1954 Dr Joseph Retinger, communist Poland's Charge d'Affaires, was supposed to have set up this group, probably in the role of agent. Alongside him were Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, Colin Gubbins (former director of the British Special Operations Executive) and

General Walter Bedel-Smith (former American Ambassador to Moscow and director of the CIA).

Bilderberg's membership is liberally inter-mingled with members of the Council on Foreign Relations, the Pilgrims Society, the Trilateral Commission and the infamous 'Round Table', a British, Oxford-Cambridge Elite group founded in 1910. The Round Table, which also denies its existence as a formal group, called for a more efficient form of global empire so that Anglo-American hegemony could be extended throughout the 20th century. In other words, the New World Order.

Its governing council was made up of Robert Ellswort (Lazard Freres), John Loudon, (N. M. Rothschild), Paul Nitze (Shroeder Bank), C. L. Sulzberger (New York Times), Stansfield Turner (later to become CIA Director) Peter Calvocoressi, (Penguin Books), Andrew Schoenberg, Daniel Ellsberg and Henry Kissinger.

The first meeting of these unelected yet highly influential people took place at the Hotel de Bilderberg in the Netherlands, hence the name of the group. Lord Rothschild and Laurence Rockefeller handpicked one hundred of the world's richest and most influential people and the group has met annually in great secrecy and with massive security arrangements in place, in different parts of the world since then. Their principle goal is world government but it is they who are also the main political policy makers of the entire world and NOT individual governments as the liars and cowards of the mainstream media would have us all believe.

Past attendees have included several US presidents, Ben Bernanke, Timothy Geithner, Prince Charles, current British Prime Minister David Cameron, former British Prime Minister Tony Blair, German Chancellor Angela Merkel, Hillary Clinton, Bill Gates and current Texas governor Rick Perry.

Unfortunately, the mainstream media largely ignores the Bilderberg Group meetings and even if they do cover them it is only to dismiss it all as a 'conspiracy theory' and the real agenda is completely ignored.

Under any other circumstances, a gathering of executives from Google, Facebook and Microsoft would have the media in raptures as would a gathering of some of the most important international politicians on the globe. So why is this not the case with the Bilderberg Group? I am sure we all know the answer to that by now.

Every year, over a hundred of the most powerful, yet mainly unelected people on the planet will meet in complete secrecy and will plan and discuss the future of the world. Even those elected individuals are not there upon the mandate of the people; they only ever attend in a 'private' capacity. They have all been sworn to absolute secrecy as to what is discussed and yet this has no interest for the mainstream media at all?

It is only in recent years that the alternative news media has brought so much attention to the Bilderberg Group that everyone finally admits that the Bilderberg Group really does exist, but now the controlled mainstream media does everything it possibly can to downplay the importance of the organisation by suggesting that anyone that believes that there is anything wrong with dozens of the most powerful people on the planet meeting in utter secrecy to discuss the future course of world events is 'crazy'.

If the Bilderberg Group is so unimportant, then why would people like Bill Clinton, Prince Charles, David Cameron, Tony Blair, Henry Kissinger, Bill Gates, Angela Merkel, Ben Bernanke, Tim Geithner, Rick Perry, David Rockefeller, Herman van Rompuy, Jean-Claude Trichet, Jeff Bezos, Chris R. Hughes, Eric Schmidt, Craig J. Mundie, Anders Fogh Rasmussen, Richard Perle, Paul Volcker, Lawrence Summers, Hillary Clinton and Joe Biden take the time to attend?

Below is a list of some others who have attended Bilderberg Group meetings over the years…

NATO Secretary Generals:

Joseph Luns (1971-84)

Lord Carrington (1984-88)

Manfred, Werner (1988-94)

Willy, Claes (1994-5)

Javier, Solana (1995-99)

Robertson, Lord (1999-2003)

Scheffer, Jaap de Hoop (2003)

European Commissioners:

Barroso, Jose Manuel - President of the European Commission (2004-09)

Prodi, Romano - Head of State - Europe (1999-2004)

Bolkestein, Frits - International Markets Commissioner, European Commission (1999-2004)

Lamy, Pascal - European Trade Commissioner (1999-2004)

Fortescue, Adrian, Director General, Justice and Internal Affairs (1999-2004)

Fischler, Franz - Member of the Commission Agriculture and rural development & Fisheries (1999-2004)

Monti, Mario - Member of the European Commission responsible for competition (1999-2004)

Banking Governors and other fiscal elites:

King, Mervyn - Governor, Bank of England

Trichet, Jean-Claude - President, European Central Bank

Schwab, Klaus,- President, World Economic Forum

Wallenberg, Jacob - Chairman of the Board, Skandinaviska Enskilda Banken

Wolfensohn, James - President, The World Bank

Kielholz, Walter - Former Chairman of the Board, Credit Suisse

Soros, George - President and Chairman of Soros Fund Management

Kopper, Hilmar - Chairman of Deutsche Bank

Greenspan, Alan - former Chairman, Federal Reserve System

McDonough, William - President, Federal Reserve Bank of New York

Moscow, Michael - President and CEO of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York

Pearl, Frank - Chairman and CEO, Perseus, L. L.C.

Kist, Ewald - Chairman of the Board ING

Petroleum, Chemical, Genetic Engineering:

Shapiro, Robert - Chairman and CEO, Monsanto Company

Vasella, Daniel - Chairman and CEO, Novartis AG Pepsico Inc.

Pragnell, Michael - CEO Syngenta AG: Director, AstraZeneca plc

Sutherland, Peter - Non-executive Chairman of BP plc

Hubbard, Allan - President, E&A Industries

Veer, Jeroen van der - President of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Co.

Annual meetings are held in locations all over the world and are closed to the public and the press. The resort areas and hotels where they meet are cleared of residents and visitors and surrounded by soldiers, armed guards, the Secret Service, state and local police. All conference and meeting rooms are scanned for bugging devices before every single meeting.

Prior to the 1971 meeting in Woodstock, Virginia, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands (one of the founding members) said that the subject of the meeting was the 'change in the world role of the United States'. After the weekend conference, Kissinger went to Red China to open up trade relations

and an international monetary crisis developed, which prompted the devaluing of the dollar by 8.5% (which made a tremendous profit for those who converted to the European currency.

In 1976, fifteen representatives from the Soviet Union attended the meeting which was held in the Arizona desert and it was believed that at that time the plans were formulated for the break-up of the Soviet Union. At the 1990 meeting held at Glen Cove, Long Island, they decided that taxes had to be raised to pay more towards the debt owed to the International Bankers (the IMF and World Bank), whilst at the 1991 meeting at the Black Forest resort in Baden Baden, Germany, they discussed plans for a common European currency and European central banking and discussed a 'shake-up' of the Middle Eastern countries to the benefit of their corporate friends. This all came to pass shortly afterwards without need for consultation among individual countries.

At their 1992 meeting the group discussed the possibility of 'conditioning the public to accept the idea of a UN army that could, by force, impose its will on the internal affairs of any nation'.

Bilderbergers meekly justify their existence as 'simply a place to discuss ideas', an innocent forum where anyone can 'speak frankly' and other assorted clichés. However, any group that conducts its activities under the cloak of secrecy can be regarded as conspiratorial. It may hide under a figurehead who may or may not know the true aims of the body he/she represents but without doubt the Bilderberg Group is a group of politicians, financiers and industrialists under the command of unelected and undemocratic Elite individuals who through their enormous power and the money behind them dictate the political policy of the entire world to their own benefit.

Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key and Phi Beta Kappa

These are the names of the major American 'Ivy League' Universities' secret society groups. Their influence is felt disproportionately throughout all of American politics, banking and industry and its members are extremely influential and yet for the most part, unelected individuals who nevertheless through the power wielded by the senior members of these groups are able to

short-circuit the normal, democratic routes to the top levels of American society.

Skull and Bones is the most well-known of the 'University' secret societies and is based at Yale University in America. It has numbered among its members many famous political figures throughout the last almost two hundred years, its most famous, recent 'son' being George W. Bush who despite an obvious lack of intellect or talent of any kind has managed to become President of the USA on two occasions as well as becoming a multi-millionaire in his own right. Skull and Bones is almost an offshoot of Freemasonry, with adherents of S&B often being also senior, high-level Freemasons.

Members of the Skull and Bones Society at Yale, meet twice weekly at their headquarters, a windowless mausoleum of a building known colloquially as 'the tomb' to members. It was founded in 1832 by William Russell and was 'incorporated' in 1856 as the 'Russell Trust'. The Russell family derived its fame and fortune from the opium trade in the nineteenth century, illegally transporting opium from Turkey to China and indeed the Russells soon became the centre of the US opium-supply trade making absolutely mind-boggling fortunes for the family members. The head of the Russell firm in China at this time was Warren Delano, the grandfather of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who was of course destined to be President of the US in the 1930s and 1940s. And other famous names of the Skull and Bones have been such notables as Prescott Bush (the grandfather of Bush the lesser), and his son George H. W. Bush, the father of the lesser one. We also encounter within the membership lists such names as Rockefeller, Harriman. Whitney, Payne, Vanderbilt etc., in other words a veritable who's who of American society throughout the ages.

The late historian and researcher, Anthony Sutton somehow acquired the records of all the members of the society going back to 1832 and confirmed that around twenty prominent families from American high society totally dominate these lists. These prominent families all unsurprisingly have genetic links to the English aristocracy via the Puritan settlers in the American continent in the early seventeenth century and have remained in prominence ever since, with the help and assistance of their comrades in the societies named above as well as several other less famous ones.

Skull and Bones is also a popular recruiting ground for secret service agents for the CIA, much as are the British counterparts to Yale and Harvard

universities, Oxford and Cambridge. George H. W. Bush was head of the CIA for a spell in the 1980s in the Reagan administration and was no doubt originally recruited whilst still attending Yale. It was George H. W.'s father, Prescott who was responsible for the theft of the skull of the Native American chief, Geronimo from his grave in 1919 for use in the society's bizarre and depraved rituals, before eventually S&B were forced to return it whence it came, many years later.

It was also prominent 'bonesmen', as they are known, who were behind the secret funding of the Bolshevik revolution in 1917, providing millions of dollars in backing for their 'front-men' Trotsky, Lenin and Stalin.

In a fair, just and democratic society, how can such organisations be allowed to exist? The obvious answer of course is that they should not be allowed to exist, but at least if they are in existence, as they most certainly are, let us pretend no longer that we all live in anything approaching a democratic society or nation.

The Round Table

The Round Table also has strong links with Freemasonry. Although centred in Britain, this financial empire extends its influence through a worldwide network, whose supreme council is headed by the Rothschilds of Britain and France. A generational seat is accorded to a descendant of the Habsburgs, and to the ruling families of England and France. In America, the Illuminati were represented by old-money families, such as the Rockefellers, Mellons and Carnegies.

The siphoning of the British people's wealth into the coffers of the Illuminati in the City of London, created severe economic inequalities and stifled the nation's ability to adapt technologically at a pace similar to that of the rapidly expanding nation of Germany. And so, by the 1870s, the British Empire attained its zenith and Britain began the longest economic depression in its history, one that it was not to recover from until the 1890s. Therefore, the country of Britain no longer provided the economic capacity to support the global ambitions of the Illuminati and so it was at that point that the Illuminati sought to confer increasing power to its branches in the United States, which it could rule by proxy in the coming century, while still based financially in Britain.

The son of Baron Lionel Rothschild, Nathaniel Mayer, also known as 'Natty' de Rothschild, became head of NM Rothschild and Sons upon his father's death in 1879. In 1876, he had succeeded to the Baronetcy, created for his uncle Anthony Rothschild, who died without a male heir and in 1884 Nathaniel Mayer became the first Jew elevated to the House of Lords. Following the Rothschild's funding of the Suez Canal, Natty de Rothschild developed a close relationship with Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli and affairs in Egypt. Rothschild also funded Cecil Rhodes in the development of the British South Africa Company and the De Beers diamond conglomerate. He administered Rhodes's estate after his death in 1902 and assisted in the setting-up of the 'Rhodes Scholarship' at Oxford University.

In the first of seven wills, Cecil Rhodes called for the formation of a 'secret society', devoted to 'the extension of British rule throughout the world'. Rhodes posited that only the 'British elite' should be entitled to rule the world for the benefit of mankind, in other words, the Illuminati of the City of London would exploit the expansion of British imperialism, to increase their control over gold, the seas, the world's raw materials, but most importantly, after the turn of the century, a new precious commodity: oil. The goals Rhodes articulated included the 'ultimate recovery of the United States as an integral part of the British Empire', and would culminate in '...consolidation of the whole Empire, the inauguration of a system of Colonial Representation in the Imperial Parliament which may tend to weld together the disjointed members of the Empire and finally the foundation of so great a power as to hereafter render wars impossible and promote the best interests of humanity'.

In his third will, Rhodes left his entire estate to the senior Freemason Lord Nathaniel Rothschild as trustee. Rhodes had also been initiated into Freemasonry in 1877, shortly after arriving at Oxford, and joined a Scottish Rite Lodge. To chair Rhodes' secret society, Lord Nathaniel Rothschild appointed Alfred Milner, who then recruited a group of young men from Oxford and Toynbee Hall. All were well-known English Freemasons, among them Rudyard Kipling, Arthur Balfour, also Lord Rothschild and several other Oxford graduates, known collectively as 'Milner's Kindergarten'. And so, with a number of other English Freemasons, they founded what became known as 'The Round Table'.

The man charged by the Round Table with bringing the United States within the financial control of the Rothschilds was German-born Jacob Schiff. In America, Schiff bought into Kuhn and Loeb, a well-known private banking

firm and shortly after he became a partner, he married Loeb's daughter, Teresa. Then he bought-out Kuhn's interests and moved the firm to New York, where it became Kuhn, Loeb, and Company, international bankers, with Schiff, agent of the Rothschilds, ostensibly as sole owner. Then, following the Civil War, Schiff began to finance the great operations of the Robber Barons. Thus, Jacob Schiff financed the Standard Oil Company for John D. Rockefeller, the Railroad Empire for Edward R. Harriman, and the Steel Empire for Carnegie.

However, instead of monopolising all the other industries for Kuhn, Loeb, and Company, Schiff opened the doors of the House of Rothschild to bankers like JP Morgan. In turn, the Rothschilds arranged the setting up of London, Paris, European and other branches for these bankers, but always in partnerships with Rothschild subordinates and with Jacob Schiff in New York as head. Thus, at the turn of the nineteenth into the twentieth century, Schiff exercised firm control of the entire banking fraternity on Wall Street, which by then with Schiff's help, included Lehman brothers, Goldman-Sachs, and other internationalist banks that were headed by men chosen by the Rothschilds.

John D. Rockefeller Sr. was tasked by the Rothschilds, through their agents John Jacob Astor and Jacob Schiff, to gain control of the American oil industry. The Rockefellers are themselves an important Illuminati family, being Marranos, who initially moved to Ottoman Turkey and then France, before arriving in America.

John D. Rockefeller Sr. founded Standard Oil, which through the second half of the nineteenth century, achieved infamy for its ruthless practices towards its competitors. Growing public hostility toward monopolies, of which Standard Oil Trust was the most egregious example, caused a number of states to enact anti-monopoly laws, leading to the passage of the Sherman Antitrust Act by Congress in 1890. In 1892, the Ohio Supreme Court decided that Standard Oil was in violation of its monopoly laws but Rockefeller evaded the decision by dissolving the trust and transferring its properties to companies in other states, with interlocking directorates, so that the same men continued to control its operations. In 1899, these companies were brought back together in a holding company, Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which existed until 1911 when the U.S. Supreme Court declared it in violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act, and therefore illegal. The splintered company under various names, continued to be run by the Rockefellers.

Thus, the fate of the world would be guided by the Round Table, headed by the Rothschilds in London and their various subsidiaries, aided by the control Rockefeller would come to exercise over the United States through his monopoly of its crucial oil supply.

"There does exist, and has existed for a generation, an international Anglophile network which operates, to some extent, in the way the radical Right believes the Communists act. In fact, this network, which we may identify as the Round Table Groups, has no aversion to cooperating with the Communists, or any other groups, and frequently does so. I know of the operations of this network because I have studied it for twenty years and was permitted for two years, in the early 1960s, to examine its papers and secret records . I have no aversion to it or to most of its aims and have, for much of my life, been close to it and many of its instruments". Carroll Quigley, 'Tragedy and Hope: A History of Our Time'

Quigley further confirmed that the far-reaching aim of this network "is nothing less than to create a world system of financial control in private hands able to dominate the political system of each country and the economy of the world as a whole. The system was to be controlled in a feudalistic fashion by the central banks of the world acting in concert, by secret agreements arrived at in frequent private meetings and conferences."

The Council on Foreign Relations (CFR)

In the late 19th century, several Elite insiders, namely Rockefeller, JP Morgan and others, mostly Jewish, established an organisation designed to consolidate their control of America and eventually, the entire world. This was named the Council on Foreign Relations. Offshoots, such as the Bilderbergers, have been established since then, but the objective has never slipped from their sight.

One of the first acts of the CFR was to survey the newspaper field, the only mass medium of the time and from this survey they concluded that purchasing control of only 25 major newspapers would give them effective, overall control of news dissemination. They consequently bought those newspapers and since then, many, many more. Today, members of these shadowy organisations literally run virtually all of the media, control the political

structure of the western world, much of world business and are totally in control of world banking.

This is the reason why the two political-party systems in America and Europe have become identical, to provide us mere mortals with the illusion of being able to oust the underperformers at election time, with the overall agenda being unaffected. Was there really a difference from Bush I to Clinton to Bush II to Obama in America or from Major to Blair to Brown to Cameron in Britain? Blair, Brown and Cameron knew exactly what the real agenda of the EU is and what it would do to Britain's nationhood and its economy, yet both Conservatives and Labour embraced it fully as the next step down the path to one-world government and the New World Order so dear to their hearts.

There is a sinister agenda under the surface of world politics and that is the plot to destroy the sovereignty of the United States and all of Europe and undertake the enslavement of all the people within a one-world dictatorship. This is completely unknown by the vast majority of the people of the world and the reason for this unawareness of the threat to our countries and to the entire free world is simple; the masterminds behind this great conspiracy have absolute control of all of our mass media, especially television, radio, the printed press and Hollywood. Governments have already brazenly proclaimed that they have the right and the power to manage the news, to not tell us the truth but only what they want us to believe and they have also seized that power on orders from their masters, the Elite and the final objective is to brainwash the people into accepting the transformation of the individual countries of the world into an enslaved unit of the proposed one-world government.

There is a similar branch of the Illuminati in Britain operating under the name of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. There are similar secret Illuminati organisations in France, Germany, and other nations operating under different names and all these organisations, including the CFR, continuously set up numerous subsidiary or front-organisations that are infiltrated into every phase of the various nations' affairs. But at all times, the operations of these organisations were and are masterminded and controlled by the International Banksters whilst, they in turn were and are controlled by the Rothschilds.

Immediately after the Napoleonic wars, the Illuminati assumed that all the nations were so destitute and so weary of wars that they would be glad of

almost any solution, so the Rothschild stooges set up what they called the Congress in Vienna and at that meeting they tried to create the first League of Nations, their first attempt at one-world government, based on the theory that all the crowned heads of European governments were so deeply in debt to them that they would willingly or unwillingly serve as their stooges. But the Tsar of Russia uncovered the plot and completely sabotaged it. The enraged Nathan Rothschild, then the head of the dynasty, vowed that sooner or later, he or his descendants would destroy the Tsar and his entire family and his descendants did accomplish that very threat, a century later in 1917. Please bear in mind that the Illuminati were never set-up to operate on a short-term basis. Normally conspiracies of any type are entered-into with the expectation of being fulfilled reasonably quickly, but that was most definitely not the case with the Illuminati. The Illuminati operates on a very long-term basis. Whether it will take scores of years or even centuries, they have dedicated their descendants to keep the 'pot boiling' until the conspiracy is finally achieved.

Those who today comprise the CFR in the United States and the RIIA in Britain direct our governments whom they hold in usury through such methods as the Federal Reserve System in America and the Bank of England in Britain, to fight wars such as those currently being fought in the Middle East in order to further Illuminati plans to bring the world to that stage of the conspiracy whereby it will be forced into an all-out third world war. Unfortunately, we are very close today, to that frightening spectre becoming a reality.

The Trilateral Commission

Unfortunately, the Council on Foreign Relations is not the only group proposing an end to the sovereignty of the United States. In 1973, another organisation which is now prominent in covert US politics first saw the light of day. Also based in New York City, this one is called the Trilateral Commission.

The Trilateral Commission's roots stem from the book 'Between Two Ages', written by Zbigniew Brzezinski in 1970. The following quotations from that book show how closely Brzezinski's thinking parallels that of CFR founder Edward Mandel House.

On page 72, Brzezinski writes: "Marxism is simultaneously a victory of the external, active man over the inner, passive man and a victory of reason over belief."

On page 83, he states: "Marxism, disseminated on the popular level in the form of Communism, represented a major advance in man's ability to conceptualize his relationship to his world."

And on page 123, we find: "Marxism supplied the best available insight into contemporary reality."

Nowhere does Brzezinski tell his readers that the Marxism 'in the form of Communism', which he praises, has been responsible for the murder of at least 100 million human beings in the Twentieth Century, has brought about the enslavement of over a billion more, and has caused want, privation and despair for all but the few criminals who ran the communist-dominated nations.

On page 198, after discussing America's shortcomings, Brzezinski writes: "America is undergoing a new revolution" which "unmasks its obsolescence."

On page 260, he proposes "Deliberate management of the American future...with the...planner as the key social legislator and manipulator." The central planning he so desires is a cardinal underpinning of communism and the very opposite of how a 'free' country is organised. But then of course Brzezinski and his ilk do not wish to see a free country. Rather, they would prefer a one world communitarian super-state, run by and for the Elite, with the rest of humanity merely slaves to their every whim.

On page 296, Brzezinski suggests piecemeal "Movement toward a larger community of the developed nations...through a variety of indirect ties and already developing limitations on national sovereignty." Here, we see the same proposal that has already been offered by Richard Gardner in the CFR publication 'Foreign Affairs'.

Brzezinski then calls for the forging of community links among the United States, Western Europe, and Japan and the extension of these links to more advanced communist countries. And finally, on page 308 of his 309-page

book, he finally admits that what he really wants is "the goal of world government".

This then is the real picture of the society in which we are forced to live. Not exactly how the world is presented to us by the mainstream media is it? Instead of a democratic world run by governments elected by the people using the democratic election process, we have a world run by puppet governments at the behest of such organisations as Freemasonry, Skull and Bones, the Bilderberg group, the Trilateral commission, the Council on Foreign Relations, the Royal Institute of International Affairs and the Round Table, in conjunction with the corporate-military-industrial complex whose constant lobbying of government combined with the their incalculable financial resources, buys them the world they wish for, to the detriment of us all.

Let us now examine how our economic and financial slavery has been engendered.

Money, the Great Confidence Trick

"…the most astounding piece of sleight of hand ever invented". Sir Josiah Stamp, former Chairman of the Bank of England.

"It is well enough that people of the nation do not understand our banking and monetary system, for if they did, I believe there would be a revolution before tomorrow morning." Henry Ford

The mandate for the creation of money has been surreptitiously removed from Governments and thus 'the people' by a private banking cartel owned and run in its entirety by the Elite. It is generally assumed by the layman that all money is issued by and under the control of government, but this is not so. With the exception of coins, which comprise less than 0.05% of the total money in circulation, all money is now created by private corporations ie, banks. In the USA, the Federal Reserve Bank a private banking corporation is responsible for the issuance of notes and in the UK it is the Bank of England (also, perhaps surprisingly to many, a privately owned corporation) whose responsibility is the creation of our money.

This currency is then astoundingly, lent to governments and must be repaid along with interest accrued. This then is the real reason for massive and ever-increasing National Debts and not as our controlled governments tell us deceitfully, due to excessive public spending or anything else of that ilk, for that matter. The only way that this debt can ever be repaid is by the printing (and thus borrowing) of more and more money from the banking monopoly all with its own portion of interest attached. All of the taxes paid by all of us to the Government go towards servicing this debt to the banksters (banker-gangsters) and not as they would have you believe, towards public services and the running of the country. Thus the huge and growing percentage of our salaries that is defrauded from us in the form of direct and indirect taxation is being used to further line the pockets of the already immensely wealthy Elite banking families, including Royalty who are strongly suspected to be major shareholders in the Bank of England. And so it continues, on and on down the decades and centuries.

"Interest has always been the Money Power's main instrument. It took control of the planet by starting wars, financing both sides, and having Governments go deeply into debt. Interest is a wealth transfer from the

poorest 80% to the richest 10%. The global numbers are not known, but in Germany a billion dollars a day is paid by the poorest 80%. Extrapolated to the world, this means the Plutocracy drain anywhere between $5 trillion and $10 trillion dollars per year." Anthony Migchels (henrymakow.com) 5th January 2012

However, banknotes and coins together comprise only around 3% of the money supply. The other 97% is created by commercial banks as loans, these days by the expedient of creatively typing numbers into a computer screen and in the past by creative book-keeping, all of which of course carries its own imbedded debt in the form of interest payable.

"When a bank makes a loan, it simply adds to the borrower's deposit account in the bank by the amount of the loan. The money is not taken from anyone else's deposit; it was not previously paid in to the bank by anyone. It is new money, created by the bank for the use of the borrower". Robert B. Anderson, Secretary of the US Treasury, August 31, 1959. 'US News and World Report'

"We are completely dependent on the commercial Banks. Someone has to borrow every dollar we have in circulation, cash or credit. If the Banks create ample synthetic money we are prosperous; if not, we starve. We are absolutely without a permanent money system. When one gets a complete grasp of the picture, the tragic absurdity of our hopeless position is almost incredible, but there it is. It is the most important subject intelligent persons can investigate and reflect upon". Robert H. Hemphill, Credit Manager of the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta, 1934

How has this dangerous and criminal state of affairs come about without publicity and with no questions raised? Unsurprisingly, the power and wealth of the corporate Elite and their compliant media and propaganda mills have served them well yet again. With the unlimited resources available to them, it is an absolutely simple process to deceive 99.99% of the trusting populations as to the real situation and smooth the way for the scam of this or indeed any other millennium.

"Capital must protect itself in every possible way, both by combination and legislation. Debts must be collected, mortgages foreclosed as rapidly as possible. When, through process of law, the common people lose their homes they will become more docile and more easily governed through the strong arm of the government applied by a central power of wealth under leading financiers. These truths are well known among our principal men, who are

now engaged in forming an imperialism to govern the world. By dividing the voter through the political party system, we can get them to expend their energies in fighting for questions of no importance. It is thus, by discrete action, we can secure for ourselves that which has been so well planned and so successfully accomplished." Montagu Norman, Governor of The Bank of England, addressing the United States Bankers' Association, New York, 1924

The story of modern money begins in Renaissance Europe, around five hundred years ago. At that time the currency consisted mainly of gold and silver coinage, with no paper money. Gold coins of course were very durable and had intrinsic value in themselves (unlike paper currency), but they were heavy, difficult to transport in large quantities and they were open to theft if not stored securely. As a result of this, the general population therefore deposited their coins with goldsmiths who had strong-rooms and safes in which to store the coins securely and without fear of theft. These goldsmiths issued paper receipts which could be redeemed at any time for the stated amount of gold. Eventually these convenient receipts began to be traded themselves instead of the less convenient coins they represented.

With the passage of time, the goldsmiths realised that only about 10% of these receipts were ever redeemed in gold at any one time and they could quite comfortably lend the gold in their possession, with interest, time after time as long as they ensured that they retained the 10% of the value of their outstanding loans in actual physical gold to meet any demand. By this process, paper money (notes) which were in reality receipts for loans of gold was born. Notes could now be issued and loans made in amounts that were up to ten times their actual gold holdings. At interest rates of 20%, the same gold could be lent 10 times over yielding a 200% return every year and this was backed by gold that did not even exist! Of course, the goldsmiths were careful not to overextend themselves and thus became very wealthy at the expense of the rest of the populace without producing anything of intrinsic value.

Since only the principal was lent into the money supply, more money was eventually owed back in principal plus interest than the people as a whole, possessed. They had to continually take out loans of new paper money to cover the shortfall, causing the wealth of the towns and eventually of the country to be diverted into the vaults of the goldsmiths, by this time now 'bankers', whilst the country began to progressively drown in debt.

As related briefly in the introduction to this book, the Bank of England was formed in 1694 as a long-planned coup of the Elite, to set in motion the eventual world-wide appropriation by them, of the money creation process.

The Dutch branch of the Elite was the first to create a 'central' bank to facilitate this scam. The Bank of Amsterdam, the first ever 'central bank' was formed in 1609. In 1688, following the usurping of the Catholic King James II by English Elite forces conspiring with their Dutch counterparts to re-introduce a Protestant monarchy, William III, the Prince of Orange and his wife Mary (the daughter of James), were installed on the British throne. This was facilitated by the landing of William's invasion force at Brixham harbour in Devon, South West England and his claims to the throne being supported by high-ranking English Protestants, including Parliament. James was eventually forced to flee to France, where he lived until his death in 1701.

However, once installed as King of England, one of William's briefs was to create the same financial conditions, ripe for exploitation, as had been in existence in Holland for almost a century. The Elite banking classes were clamouring for an opportunity to procure the same obscene profits in England, that were available to the Dutch bankers and so the Bank of England was conceived and came into being by 1694. William Paterson, a London merchant banker and initiate of the Merovingian bloodline secret society, the Order of the Orange, was sponsor of the scheme. He petitioned Parliament in 1693 "to form a company to lend one million, two hundred thousand pounds to the government at 8% interest plus the right of note issue". After a few false-starts and some objections were overcome, this was duly approved after "great debate" and the formation began of the institution that has contributed more than any other to the economic slavery of the people of not just Britain, but also the world.

"I care not what puppet is placed upon the throne of England to rule the Empire on which the sun never sets. The man who controls Britain's money supply controls the British Empire and I control the British money supply."
Nathan Mayer Rothschild, 1815

Can anyone please explain to me why any government would agree to such terms and in doing so forfeit the right to create interest-free money, whilst agreeing to pay a private corporation 8% interest on a loan that it did not even need had it retained the power to create its own currency? There can be only one reason and this speaks volumes to my mind.

"The modern banking system manufactures money out of nothing. The process is perhaps the most astounding piece of sleight of hand that was ever invented. Banking was conceived in inequity and born in sin . . . . Bankers own the earth. Take it away from them but leave them the power to create money and, with a flick of a pen, they will create enough money to buy it back again. . . . Take this great power away from them and all great fortunes like mine will disappear, for then this would be a better and happier world to live in. . . . But, if you want to continue to be the slaves of bankers and pay the cost of your own slavery, then let bankers continue to create money and control credit." Sir Josiah Stamp, Chairman of the Bank of England and the second richest man in Britain in the 1920s

Following the Bank of England model, in nineteenth century America, private banks issued their own bank-notes in sums up to ten times their actual reserves in gold. This is known as 'fractional reserve' banking, meaning that only a fraction of the total deposits managed by a bank are kept in reserve to meet the demands of depositors. But, 'runs' on the banks when the customers all demanded their gold at the same time, caused several banks to go bankrupt and made the system unstable. In 1913, the private bank-note system was therefore consolidated into a national bank-note system under the Federal Reserve Bank, a privately-owned corporation, given the right to issue Federal Reserve Notes and lend them to the US government at interest. These notes, which were issued just for the cost of printing them, came to form the basis of the American national money supply.

Prior to the formation of the Federal Reserve Bank, there had been a previous attempt at forming a Central Bank in the US, in the early 19th century and this was known as the Bank of the United States. Here is what the US President (at the time) had to say about it…

"Gentlemen, I have had men watching you for a long time and I am convinced that you have used the funds of the bank to speculate in the breadstuffs of the country. When you won, you divided the profits amongst you and when you lost, you charged it to the bank. You tell me that if I take the deposits from the bank and annul its charter, I shall ruin ten thousand families. That may be true, gentlemen, but that is your sin! Should I let you go on, you will ruin fifty thousand families, and that would be my sin! You are a den of vipers and thieves. I intend to rout you out, and by the eternal God, I will rout you out. If only people understood the rank injustice of our banking

and money system, there would be a revolution before morning." Andrew Jackson, former US President

Shortly after this statement and the subsequent annulment of the Bank of the US, Jackson survived an assassination attempt, when the would-be assassin's gun jammed. There was no arrest made.

As previously stated, The Federal Reserve Act was passed through Congress in the early hours of the morning of the 23rd December 1913 whilst opposition was at a minimum, most Congressmen having already left for their Christmas holiday break. The Act itself was a lengthy document and had in fact only been introduced to Congress earlier that previous evening, allowing no time whatsoever for the document to be even read in full, let alone studied in detail.

"I am a most unhappy man. I have unwittingly ruined my country. A great industrial nation is controlled by its system of credit. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all our activities are in the hands of a few men. We have come to be one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated Governments in the civilized world. No longer a Government by free opinion, no longer a Government by conviction and the vote of the majority, but a Government by the opinion and duress of a small group of dominant men." Former US President, Woodrow Wilson, several years after signing the Federal Reserve into existence

Inflation is nothing less than theft. Inflating the money supply by continually printing more money to pay the interest on the money that already exists has the disastrous effect of inflating prices. More money in competition for the same goods sends prices skywards and therefore the currency buys less, robbing people of the value of their money and savings. Inflation is then blamed on the government by the financial Elite, which is accused of printing money to fuel its excessive spending. However, the only money that governments actually issue is coins. This is a nice little deception and another sleight of hand by the 'banksters' and their media poodles.

At the time of writing, the US National debt (ie. to the Banksters) is $15 trillion and increasing by $1.5 trillion per year in interest alone! How can these sums ever be paid back? The simple unambiguous truth is that they cannot – in any way shape or form – ever. This in effect means that we and our descendants are in debt to and are slaves to the banksters forever and ever, giving them the 'right' to basically do whatever they see fit with our lives. By

way of an illustration what these 'monopoly money' sums look like, please the illustrations below.

Believe it or not, this small pile is $1 million dollars. You could easily hold it in your hands and carry it around with you.

Although $1 million looks a little unimpressive, $100 million is a little more respectable. It fits neatly on a standard pallet...

And $1 BILLION dollars...

Next let us examine ONE TRILLION dollars. This is that number that we have been hearing so much about. A trillion is a million millions, a thousand billions. It is a one followed by 12 zeros.

So here we are…. $1,000,000,000,000 (one trillion dollars)…….

(And notice the pallets are double stacked.)

So if you hear someone casually mention the phrase 'one trillion dollars/pounds'... that is what they are talking about.

In addition, to put these figures into perspective even further, would it surprise you to learn that, despite the fact that figures of one million and much, much more are casually tossed around these days, an average human lifetime is considerably less than one million hours – at 657,000 for a span of 75 years? Or put another way, just under 40 million minutes. And since the alleged birth of Christ over 2000 years ago, less than 0.75 million days have passed.

As we now know, banks create the principal in the form of currency, but not the interest owed on their 'loans' to government. This creates an ever-spiralling shortfall as more money is printed just to pay the interest owed to the banksters. One pound lent at 5% becomes two pounds in 14 years which in effect means that the money supply has to double every 14 years just to cover the interest payments alone. Or to put it another way; every 14 years, banksters take as much money in interest payments from the government as comprised the entire economy 14 years previously! Easily the biggest deception ever perpetrated on a helpless humanity. This is the real reason for inflation and the fact that a loaf of bread which now costs around £1.00 cost about 2 pence in 1911.

"World bankers, by pulling a few simple levers that control the flow of money, can make or break entire economies. By controlling press releases of economic strategies that shape national trends, the power elite are able to not only tighten their stranglehold on this nation's economic structure, but can extend that control worldwide. Those possessing such power would logically want to remain in the background, invisible to the average citizen." Aldous Huxley

The seizure of the power to create money, by these arch-criminals is the absolute cause of all the global poverty and economic slavery that defines the sad state of the world today. These Elite that control the world's purse strings, causing the death of millions by starvation and disease whilst wielding ultimate power over us all are culpable of genocide on a grand scale. There can be no denial of this fact whatsoever.

"The Federal Reserve was set up in 1913 to finance both sides of two subsequent world wars. In other words, these wars were funded by the credit of the US taxpayer. Apart from profiting from it, the Illuminati bankers use war to enslave us with debt, enact social change and consolidate their power". Dr. Henry Makow, researcher and author, 2011

So, where are all the riots in the streets, the public storming of the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve Bank in New York, the loud demands from government and the media for financial reform? Unfortunately, through the mind-control process otherwise known as state education, mass media propaganda and the self-policing syndrome that infects the entire population from top to bottom, we are controlled and manipulated to believe that all is well and our current system is the 'only way'. Even when it becomes patently obvious that all is not well, we are still conditioned to believe that we are helpless and cannot make effective changes to the 'way of the world'. …Go back to work everyone, nothing to see here. Everything is under control.

"The banks are allowed to create the money out of nothing and charge interest for turning the trick, while the masses have to earn it. The right to create money is the right to leverage, and it's that financial leverage that hoists them to the top of the pyramid. Without this leverage they would not be able to create such massive amounts of wealth and control. The only way to destroy this system and create fair money is by creating awareness. Once people understand the 'trick', the whole house of cards begins to collapse". Robert Bonomo, activistpost.com 13th October 2011

This problem can only be rectified by governments wresting back the constitutional power to print and issue currency. Fractional reserve banking should be eliminated, limiting banks to lending only existing funds. If the power to create money was returned to governments, all national debts could be paid off instantly, taxes could be reduced or even eliminated and government-sponsored social programmes could be instigated, benefitting the people as a whole and not just some tiny Elite clique. 100% of all our taxes go towards servicing the debt to the bankers and not, as we are widely led to believe, to providing services for the people.

It is worth relating the true story of a landmark court case in Minnesota, USA in 1969. First National Bank of Montgomery vs. Daly was an epic courtroom drama and although unsurprisingly, not widely reported either at the time or subsequently, is actually extremely significant. The defendant Jerome Daly a lawyer, defended himself against the bank's attempted foreclosure on his $14,000 mortgage on the grounds that there was no 'consideration' for the loan. 'Consideration' in legal-ese is a way of saying, 'the item exchanged' and is an essential element of any legal contract. Daly contended that the bank offered no consideration for his loan on the grounds that they had 'created' the money by bookkeeping, 'out of thin air' and had therefore not suffered a loss (another relevant point of law) by his refusal or inability to pay back the money.

The proceedings were recorded by Associate Justice William Drexler, who had given no credence whatsoever to the defence, until Mr. Morgan, the bank's president, took to the witness stand. To Drexler's and indeed everyone's surprise, Morgan casually admitted in cross-examination that the bank routinely created money 'out of thin air' for all its loans and mortgages and that this indeed was standard practice in all banks. Presiding Justice, Martin Mahoney declared that 'It sounds exactly like fraud to me', accompanied by nods and murmurs of assent from all the jury members. In his summary of the case, Justice Mahoney reported that; "Plaintiff (the bank) admitted that it, in combination with the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis, did create the entire $14,000.00 in money and credit upon its own books by bookkeeping entry. That this was the consideration used to support the Note dated May 8, 1964 and the Mortgage of the same date. The money and credit first came into existence when they created it. (my emphasis - JH) Morgan admitted that no United States Law or Statute existed which gave him the right to do this. A lawful consideration must exist and be tendered to support the Note."

The court duly rejected the bank's claim for foreclosure, and the defendant kept his house. The implications of this case should have been enormous. If bankers are indeed extending credit without consideration ie without backing their loans with real money they actually had in their vaults and were entitled to lend, a decision declaring their loans void, could topple the financial and banking systems worldwide.

Jerome Daly subsequently wrote in a local news article; "This decision, which is legally sound, has the effect of declaring all private mortgages on real and personal property, and all US and State bonds held by the Federal Reserve, National and State banks to be null and void. This amounts to an emancipation of this Nation from personal, national and state debt purportedly owed to this banking system. Every American owes it to himself to study this decision very carefully . . . for upon it hangs the question of freedom or slavery."

Perhaps needless to say, the decision utterly failed to change prevailing practice, even though it was never legally challenged or over-ruled. Justice Mahoney actually threatened to prosecute and expose the bank and as a result, somewhat unsurprisingly, he died less than six months after the trial, in an extremely suspicious 'accident' that involved poisoning of some kind. Beware anyone who stands in the way of these people and their nefarious practices.

Since this precedent, quite a number of other defendants have attempted to have mortgages and loans nullified using the same defence as Daly, but there has been limited success only. In fact, one judge said off the record; "If I let you do that, you and everyone else, it would bring the whole system down. I cannot let you go behind the bar of the bank. . . . We are not going behind that curtain!"

At this point in the story it is also worth noting that the way that money creation has been engineered to operate, means that believe it or not, the simple action of completing a mortgage or loan application form with a signature, actually creates the amount of money being applied-for. It then does not matter to the finance company whether or not they loan-out the money, the only tangible difference being that should they deem the applicant to have a sufficiently high credit rating for them to risk lending the money that was created by the process in the first place, then they can also benefit from the interest that this will generate. Otherwise, if the application is declined, they have to content themselves merely with the capital sum. This then is why it is by no means 'immoral' to renege on the payments of mortgages or loans.

Had the application not been made in the first place, then the money would not have been arbitrarily summoned into existence. To be clear, it is actually the signature of an applicant that creates the 'money' from nothing.

"When plunder becomes a way of life for a group of men living together in society, they create for themselves, in the course of time, a legal system that authorises it and a moral code that glorifies it." Frédéric Bastiat, 1801-1850

"Some people think the Federal Reserve Banks are U.S. government institutions. They are not ... they are private credit monopolies which prey upon the people of the U.S. for the benefit of themselves and their foreign and domestic swindlers, and rich and predatory money lenders. The sack of the United States by the Fed is the greatest crime in history. Every effort has been made by the Fed to conceal its powers, but the truth is the Fed has usurped the government. It controls everything here and it controls all our foreign relations. It makes and breaks governments at will." Congressman Charles McFadden, Chairman, House Banking and Currency Committee, 10th June 1932

So where are the armies of politicians, economists, financial experts, City analysts and media financial pundits, lining-up to expose this crime? The answer is that there are none because…

Most of them cannot see beyond the ends of their noses and just believe the powerful and convincing hype passed down from above by the propaganda mill, which is our so-called 'education' system and the complicit media.

Those that are aware of it have already been convinced that this is just a ridiculous conspiracy theory espoused by 'crazies' or 'loony lefties', and...

Those small few that are really aware will not make waves for fear of jeopardising their own well-paid positions. This is how the system really works. We all need to 'wake-up' as a species – and soon.

This fraudulent monetary system eventually created the prevailing conditions for the Elite to perpetrate a further heinous scam upon the unsuspecting masses, that of extreme consumerism.

The Descent into the Dark Abyss of Extreme Consumerism

The Industrial Revolution began in Britain in the mid to late 18th century with the invention and subsequent widespread utilisation of the steam engine, which enabled the automation of many previously, exclusively manual tasks and facilitated the invention of new labour-saving devices such as the power-loom. Within fifty years the country had changed dramatically. The quiet, serene, rural landscape had been replaced by noise, smoke and pollution and the living and working practices of the masses had changed forever from a relatively healthy, albeit physically-demanding life of fresh air and exercise, tending the fields and livestock, into a life of complete, utter slavery and drudgery in countless mills and factories breathing in the acrid smoke and filth under the yoke of the new age of the machines.

The lot of the poor, the weak and the working classes has always been one of slavery and exploitation by the wealthy, but by this point in time it was being practiced literally on a global, 'industrial scale' as the Elite spread their new economic culture throughout the world. The formerly rural-based economy was now almost abandoned as the millions of former farmworkers and their long-suffering families descended on the now overcrowded, squalid conurbations into which most rural townships were being transformed, in a desperate attempt to improve their standard of living. People spilled into these new towns and cities from the countryside in search of an escape route from the grinding poverty they had endured on the farms only to encounter even worse, utter desperation in the filthy, rat and disease-infested slums in which they were now forced to reside. They were made to work cripplingly long hours in inhuman conditions for starvation-level wages as the new spirit of industrialisation took over the world with its philosophy of raping the world's natural resources and turning them into consumer goods before discarding them and starting the cycle over again.

The great 'god' of 'economic growth to the detriment of all else' had arrived, producing and consuming more and more raw materials to manufacture goods, constantly improving them and then discarding their previous, perfectly usable forerunners to make repeat sales, all in the name of

boosting the bank balances of those who own the means of production (the Elite) plus of course the Elite-owned banks. The fact that they were destroying the only home we have and/or are ever likely to have in the process is of course of no consequence to these psychopathic people of zero-conscience.

To facilitate these huge technical advances taking place at breath-taking speed, a new religion was born and foisted upon the world, 'modern science'. Christianity still held sway, especially in Europe and North America, but its influence was now in almost terminal decline as science began to take-over its mantle. Science was the instigator of the 'brave new world' of the machine-age and as the 19th century gave way eventually to the 20th century, the twin gods of science and profit had now taken over much of human consciousness. Indeed science had by now determined that life after death was a complete myth and that everything could be explained by its cold logic, in the process decreeing that we are all a 'cosmic accident', a chance occurrence, the mere product of complex chemical interaction in the primordial soup of the infant Earth. Of course this obviously proved to be a problem for mainstream religion, but it proved to be a greater one for humanity as life then, according to scientificism, the new religion, was utterly pointless. One was born, lived in poverty, in abject misery and wage-slavery to one's master and then died. Indeed the lives people were now being forced to endure in the slums and filthy, dangerous prison-like factories, seemed to bear-out this rationale which overall was yet another nail in the coffin of the human spirit and spirituality, crushed as it was then and still is now, by the Elite's relentless drive for profits to the detriment of all else.

In one sense, Christianity was now beginning to 'reap what it had sown' in terms of refusing to deviate from all its dogma and contentions that the Bible was one hundred percent the undeniable truth in the precise format that had been decided at Nicaea in 325AD (The Nicene Creed) and brutally enforced in the succeeding centuries by the Roman Catholic Church. The 'real' view of creation, life and re-birth had been suppressed for millennia by religious leaders and their predecessors, but now this view was also being suppressed by science too. Religion and science therefore formed a deadly, two-pronged assault on reality, despite the outward illusion of them being each other's sworn enemies. This indeed, as I mention elsewhere in this book is a classical Hegelian trap favoured by the Elite. Provide two alternatives, both of them false, to enable the masses to choose their favourite and then spend the rest of

their pointless lives arguing the merits or otherwise of two entirely false premises, whilst the real truth goes by un-noticed or ignored completely.

Religion and science therefore enjoyed a mutual interest which was essential to the survival of both and the suppression of reality. This then ensured that as few people as possible understood the fundamental truths of eternal human consciousness and the reincarnation of the soul into new bodies after each death on its long, long journey to perfection. The widespread realisation of this fact would no doubt end the power of mainstream religion forever as well as precipitate the demise of cold scientific logic, both of which contribute greatly to the Elite's control system imposed upon the world and by which method it rules over us all with its iron fist in a velvet glove.

The overall result of this ascent of science is the emergence of a different world to that known and understood by our ancient ancestors. This is a world of 'five sense' reality, propounded by our masters and their shills and 'useful idiots' such as Professor Richard Dawkins, who decrees in effect, that anything that cannot be detected by human senses and/or explained by current scientific knowledge simply does not exist or at best has no value. It has been mooted however by the more free-thinking of those among the scientific community that the five human senses can only detect something like 0.05% of the entire 'spectrum of reality' but that does not deter Dawkins and his ilk from publicly 'rubbishing' everything that falls outside their narrow little world-view. According to mainstream science, God does not exist because it is not 'provable' and spirituality is all a fantasy of the 'ignorant' ancients, a primitive superstition. This view is frankly hypocrisy of the highest degree. Science would appear to have no problem accepting and expounding other unproven myths such as the Big Bang theory, the dinosaurs-extinction-by-meteorite-impact theory and the theory of evolution and also ridiculous assumptions about 'dark matter' and 'dark energy' which exist simply to conveniently fill a gap in scientific knowledge and which are all disingenuously taught to our children and students, amongst other myths, as absolute fact with no room for argument or debate. Newtonian and Einstein-ian physics are simply guesses at best and dis-information of the most sinister kind at worst and nothing else. Additionally, does mainstream science ever actually attempt to use its methods to prove or disprove the existence of the other 99.95% of reality we are unable to detect with our human senses? No and nor will it, ever, as long as science is dominated by the Elite, whose very tenuous position is wholly dependent upon you and I believing their dis-information,

lies and distortions. I submit that indeed science as we know it today is simply just another religion, populated, controlled and expounded by 'believers of the faith' just like any other.

"This time it is the creed of scientism and the pseudo-religion of the big bang that stands in the way of progress. In truth, we have no real understanding of matter, light, magnetism, gravity, quantum behavior, subatomic particles, stars, galaxies, or… need I go on? Stories of creation and what did and did not happen in the universe over the past 13.7 billion years are crackpot schemes by celebrities of less talent than many in the Natural Philosophy Alliance but of greater prestige. We have too much information and too little real understanding. Many of the things we are taught 'just ain't so'. This realization frees the mind to view everything afresh. It is the spark required to rekindle enthusiasm for science and drive progress. There is so much to be discovered." Wal Thornhill, September 2011.

The Elite themselves know that their five-sense universe is a complete fabrication. The universe, one suspects, is infinite; not merely in terms of the three dimensions plus time, as science tells us, but also in infinite numbers of inter-relating dimensions, pervading all. There is however still a spiritual vacuum which is only now beginning to be filled, as an understanding of who and what we really are begins slowly to emerge in our collective consciousness and the 'hundredth monkey syndrome' begins to take effect in earnest.

When scientificism originally began to emerge as a dominant force and a few members of the profession attempted to challenge some of its dogma, they were ruthlessly ridiculed or simply destroyed, as they still are today. The Elite do not want some inconveniently free-thinking, independent-minded scientist challenging their decreed 'truths', even less them being able to prove them as untrue. Notice the common theme here between the way this system operates and the way of extremist mainstream religion in previous centuries? Organisations such as the Spanish Inquisition existed to root-out and destroy those who were either 'unbelievers' or simply propounded a different view, no matter how innocuous and this is also the method of the scientific religion. To succeed in science one must toe the Elite-decreed party line, no independently-minded persons need apply. The way forward for science has thus been very slow and ponderous as it is obsessed with the purely physical whilst making little or no attempt at exploring the spiritual, the direction wherein most significant, valuable and life-enriching knowledge lies. Science serves the Elite 'system' by suppressing true knowledge and imprisoning

humanity. This is almost exactly the same role fulfilled by religion in past centuries.

Exploitation is the key to all this. Exploitation underpins the whole control system we have in place as our reality today, exploitation of the planet and its resources and also the entire human population outside of the thirteen bloodline families.

This then was also the real reason for the huge expansion of the British Empire from the eighteenth century onwards, to gain control of and suppress the indigenous populations and take control of a country's natural resources and its peoples with a view to appropriating them for and on behalf of the British Elite families in their pursuit of profits. Britain and other dominant European countries literally stole these resources, turned the inanimate variety into consumables and simply used them and/or sold them back whence they had originated for enormous profits. And as for the animate variety, they were kidnapped and sold into a life of slavery on the other side of the world, to work in the plantations and fledgling factories of the ultra-rich. This indeed is exactly what still happens today on a much larger scale and predominantly by the American military-industrial empire, except today's slaves are now paid starvation wages and forced to feed and clothe themselves on the relative pittances they are paid, instead of their every need being provided by their owners. One could reasonably debate the idea that in many ways 18th and 19th century slaves were better-off than their modern counterparts. This looting of the world's resources has also had the unfortunate side-effect of destroying weaker, third-world countries' ability to feed themselves effectively and so they are now utterly dependent on their conquerors' benevolence in providing them with the resources they need to subsist, obviously at a price.

"I have heard that people are dependent upon us for food. I know that was not supposed to be good news. To me that was good news, because before people can do anything else, they have to eat. And if you are looking for a way to get people to lean on you and to be dependent on you, in terms of their co-operation with you, it seems to me that food dependency would be terrific."
Former US Senator, Hubert Humphrey.

This policy leads directly to the famines and starvation existing in the world today, compounded by the exploitation of land for the production of cash-crops in ways which destroy soil fertility in the name of maximisation of short-term profit and also by the political and internal strife within these countries, caused by the overthrow of regimes which do not suit the Elite's geo-political

interests. The USA leads the world in this respect today, changing political regimes at will where those in 'power' threaten any aspect of the Elite corporations' ongoing profit streams, often using the excuse of defending democracy by removing unelected 'dictators' using its armed forces, who despite outward appearances are nothing more than the mercenaries of those corporations. Unsurprisingly, these dictators have often been previously installed by the USA in the first place to further its own ends in the past, but have outlived their usefulness to the Elites. This is all disguised and misrepresented of course by the mainstream media at the behest of the rich and powerful families who currently own the Earth.

The speed at which the world has become 'industrialised' is absolutely staggering. Only just over one hundred years ago, we were still largely dependent on horse-power for transport and steam engines powered by coal and water were the only machines in existence capable of challenging the horse's superiority in this regard. Indeed, as a species we progressed from steam-power and horses to jet engines and space-travel in around 60 years. A monumental technological feat that had it been used for the benefit of humanity as a whole instead of a tiny minority, would have led to a world of peace and plenty for all instead of the truly appalling state of affairs we see today.

The last two hundred years have seen us shift from being the servants of Mother Nature to being its masters. We have behaved in the past, and are still today behaving in ways that seriously threaten the very existence of the Earth upon which we depend, whilst over 100,000 people die of starvation each day. Starvation caused directly by Elite profiteering.

Our so-called economic system depends wholly on the fact that we need to consume the Earth's resources at an ever-increasing rate simply to maintain and increase the profits and margins of the corporations. Economic growth, we are constantly told by the Elite-controlled economists, media pundits and financial analysts, is the only meaningful measure of a strong economy and as such is portrayed forcibly to be inherently desirable despite the fact that it is this very 'economic growth' that results in the wholesale destruction of the planet we see today and the constant widening of the gap between those who 'have' and those who do not.

"Somehow, we have come to think the whole purpose of the economy is to grow, yet growth is not a goal or purpose. The pursuit of endless growth is suicidal." David Suzuki

If a country has to produce and consume more and more to effect this growth, then a point is soon reached whereby that cannot be sustained within that country's own borders. It becomes necessary to sell abroad and export goods and technology and in order to do this effectively, often means converting other cultures and societies to the ethics (and I use the term loosely) of extremist capitalist consumerism. This can only be achieved by making them dependent upon the consumer goods and designer, junk foodstuffs of the originating country, through the use of thoroughly misleading, manipulative and often subliminal advertising. This then in turn has the long-term effect of destroying that country's self-sufficiency in food and further increasing its dependency upon the imports of the goods and food-types now newly in demand. The need to expand and increase production year on year means that everyone has to compete or die – literally in the case of many third world nations. The obvious exception to this rule being the banking cartels which never lose, whichever way the dice may fall.

We hear much idle talk and empty rhetoric about 'economic co-operation' and 'pulling in the same direction' in order to cure the ills of the world but the very basis of our corrupt economic system is to turn people against people and country against country as they fight among themselves for the metaphorical crumbs from the banksters' tables. 'Every man for himself', 'greed is good' and 'survival of the fittest' are the watchwords by which we are all really forced to live in order to survive in this artificially engineered world of utterly brutal, dog-eat-dog competitiveness.

"In order to give the Goyim* no time to think and take note, their minds must be diverted towards industry and trade. Thus, all the nations will be swallowed-up in the pursuit of gain and in the race for it will not take note of their common foe. But, again, in order that freedom may once and for all disintegrate and ruin the communities of the Goyim, we must put industry on a speculative basis; the result of this will be that what is withdrawn from the land by industry will slip through the hands and pass into speculation, that is, to our classes." Protocol 4. The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.

*Hebrew word for 'cattle' and a derogatory term for a non-Jew, ie. 'the masses'.

The impetus for expansion is then promulgated by scientific research into new inventions and improvements of existing technology. Little by little we have been propagandised into the belief that we simply must have the latest technologies, gizmos and gadgets and that it is desirable to be seen as one who

wears the most expensive clothing, jewellery and shoes or the person who buys the most expensive cars, watches, perfumes, colognes and visits the world's most desirable locations – all in the name of expanding the bank accounts and boosting the 'bottom lines' of the Elite corporations in catastrophic expense to the quality of our environment. But still, who cares eh? As long as the already filthy-rich continue to get richer and richer by enticing us to give them all our money plus some that we do not even have, to buy things that we do not even want or need and as a result remain in an almost permanent state of poverty and therefore slavery, as a result, that's OK.

Indeed, shopping and buying things – anything – seems to be a modern-day 'hobby'. Visit a shopping mall in any town anywhere in the Western world and people-watch for a while to see what I mean. These places are usually thronged with people at all hours of the day and night – buying consumer goods they do not need with money they do not even possess (credit granted by the banksters) and this, more often than not is stuff that we would not miss if we were not 'sold' it at every given opportunity by subtly persuasive and invasive marketing and advertising. Most of it anyway is used for a short time only and then when the updated version is released three months hence; it will be thrown away, even though it still more than adequately fulfils the function for which it was originally intended. We are made to feel worthless or like pariahs by both our masters and peers if we do not own the latest and 'best' versions of any given technology or possession.

It is exactly the same with clothes. How many suits, dresses, shirts, sweaters and t-shirts does one really need? How many pairs of shoes can one reasonably wear in a week or a month? I would even admit that I have myself on occasions, bought an item of clothing that I never got around to wearing even once, before deciding to dispose of it. Our forebears would probably have had one suit of clothes, perhaps two shirts, two pairs of underwear and socks and one pair of shoes (more likely, boots) to their name, two if they were very lucky and whilst I am not advocating that we return to this opposite extreme, surely there is a happy medium? We do not realise it, but we are being constantly enticed though subtle and subliminal advertising techniques to part with most of the money we earn as soon as it hits our bank accounts and the ongoing damage that this philosophy is wreaking, not only upon the environment, but to our own psychological well-being, beggars belief. The prevailing system ensures that we are given money with one hand, in exchange for our hard labours month on month and then have it taken from us with the

other, whilst the Elites take ownership of and control the entire process and reap the vast profits to be had from this circular-process methodology. This is the 'religion' of extreme consumerism – criticise it only at your peril – you will very quickly be put in your place by your masters and peers, should you do so!

"An enormous, dictatorial corporate cartel is ruling the world through its proxies in government, banking, academia and media. Our entire Western culture has become an insidious farce with the sole purpose of maintaining the enslaved masses in their conjured up democracies, religions and histories". Robert Bonomo, activistpost.com 13th October 2011

The car licence/registration system in Britain is one good example of how consumers are subtly enticed to spend money unnecessarily by being peer-pressured into replacing their cars more often than they would under normal circumstances. Within the licence plate number is a code which tells everyone exactly the age of any car, to within 6 months. For example, a car may have a registration mark of RK05ZDP. 'RK' is the area code for the town of Reading, so that is the place of registration of the vehicle, 'ZDP' is the 3 digit unique identifier consisting of any combination of three letters from AAA to ZZZ and finally, the '05' is the giveaway. This denotes to everyone that the car was first registered between the 1st March 2005 and 31st August 2005, which has given rise to a 'keeping-up with the Joneses' mentality amongst British car buyers. When the neighbours suddenly appear with a brand new '11' (the code for March to August 2011) registered car, to many people an '05' car will begin to look a little dated and mark them down as inferior, such is the power of ostentation and peer pressure. Of course this system was lobbyed for and 'paid' for by the car manufacturers' lobbyists, probably in the form of party donations, making a mockery of so-called democracy in the process. What other possible reason could there be for devising such a system in the first place?

According to government it is in order that people cannot easily fake the age of their cars when selling them, but that is abject nonsense. To get around this problem is simple – buy a cheap private, dateless plate from pre-1963 or even a dated plate from say the 1980s that is obviously not the year of manufacture of the car and yet in any case, the vehicle's registration document will tell a potential buyer the age of the car in an instant. One more example of how governments are dictated to by the mega-corporations at the expense of the people and in this case, the environment.

We are also bombarded with propaganda in the form of advertising, trying to convince us at every opportunity that banks and other large corporations are really quite benevolent entities who are here to serve you, care about the welfare of you and your family and cater for your every need – all at a price, of course. How often do we see TV and billboard ads proclaiming such things as '… the bank that cares' or '…let us look after you and your family', '…you deserve only the best...' or '…we are here to help'? All absolute lies and extremely subtle psycho-babble of course, designed to lull you into a false sense of security, convince you of the benevolence of Elite corporations and generally make you believe that the world is a completely different place to the one you know is real, deep-down.

"The more money most people earn, the more they want and expect. In fact, for some it becomes a pathetic, obsessive way of life. Their version of God becomes the accumulation of worthless Federal Reserve notes stuffed in their pocket. Or running up insane balances for credit card junk purchases, for which greedy banks freely extend more and more credit until the person is buried too deep to get out. It proves the old expression – 'give someone enough rope and they will hang themselves'." Ted Twietmeyer, 'Are People Really Stupid or is it Something Else?' 2007

But, we always hear the cry… 'What is the alternative?' A ridiculous question if ever I heard one, because there are so many alternatives. The reason that this question never gets a sensible, coherent answer, in my opinion is three-fold. This is firstly, because any alternative would probably destroy the current status-quo to the detriment of the Elite powers-that-be and their fat bank accounts. Secondly we are falsely encouraged to believe that no alternative is feasible because of the inherent human traits of greed and selfishness. However, anthropological science has long suggested that unbridled greed is not in fact a universal attribute of humanity, merely a personality blemish – usually applicable only to the psychopaths who freely walk among us and dictate our every movement and thought. And the third reason is, simply because it is the kind of question that is not possible to answer in an instant, succinct sound-bite. It is almost akin to abruptly asking someone in the street 'what is the meaning of life?' and expecting a precise, scientific and concise assessment of the issue.

The neatest answer to this largely rhetorical question I ever heard was this;

"What's the alternative to a world in which the few control the many for the benefit of the few? Where billions get up every day to go to some joyless,

soulless job that they hate - just to survive? Where every month is a daily challenge to pay the bills and there is no time for living, just survival? Where millions die of hunger in a world of plenty and millions more die in manufactured wars? Where billionaires run a system that makes them ever-richer while staggering numbers of people live on less than a dollar a day? Where people suffer and die from illnesses that could be cured if the means were not suppressed? Where children are conditioned from birth to serve the system that controls them their entire lives? What's the alternative to that? I don't know - you got me." David Icke, political researcher

Although it does not, strictly speaking, answer the question, it at least illustrates the futility of asking it in the first place whilst also emphasising in what a crazy, upside-down world we all live. The system itself is almost a caricature, a mockery of how things ought to be. It is so utterly self-defeating and unsustainable and only by simply stepping-back a pace or two, 'outside the box' as it were, for a moment and observing it critically is it possible to recognise the sheer ludicrousness of it all. Only when we do this is it possible to perceive the fact that we are being fooled on a huge scale. The only reason that this system was propagated in the first place is simply to make the rich, richer and the poor, poorer and to maintain and enhance that status quo at all costs. It is absolutely not the result of an accidental evolution of society or the natural 'way of things' as we are led to believe by the liars and charlatans of all forms of the media whenever this philosophy is questioned.

We are subjected to 'education', and I use the term loosely, which is little more than outright indoctrination and propaganda designed to perpetuate the system at whatever detriment to people and the environment. The result of this has been to render the masses ignorant of what is really happening to them on a daily basis, thus securing the Elite few, virtually a free run-through to their perverted goals.

In third world countries, where people live on the land and by their wits and have not been subjected to our western 'education', we take away their lands and their forests by force and coercion and thus, their culture and way-of-life destroyed, they are then forced to embrace our own insidious consumer-culture and 'educational' programmes, perpetuating and extended the corrupt system exponentially. This is just another way that the system devours more and more until eventually there will be nothing left to consume.

With each passing decade, the technology used to further the system becomes ever more efficient and produces more and more 'things' with less

and less reliance on people. This then has the effect of dramatically increasing unemployment and thus conversely increasing the lust for consumer goods and services. The more that people can be artificially induced to want (desire or even covet), the easier it is to ultimately control them by manipulating the symbols of human success to relate to material possessions. The word 'want' in itself is an interesting example of this subtle manipulation. Until around 150 years ago, to 'want' something was to lack or be in need of something, whereas now it has been construed to mean that you 'desire' something. For example; in 1850, the statement, 'I want a warm coat' simply meant that you did not have one. Now it actually means that you strongly desire to possess one. Although the change is subtle, it is I believe highly significant and symptomatic of on-going social engineering.

So, in order to control the masses, the Elite needed to develop a system whereby when people are dissatisfied with their lot, they are induced to seek happiness by buying and owning 'things' – anything at all, it does not really matter just so long as the money that the people have been given in wages finds its way back to the Elite's bank accounts as quickly as possible, usually in exchange for some intrinsically worthless yet over-priced bauble, in order that this cycle can continue.

Below is an excerpt from a book, which succinctly describes the way we are manipulated by the system and despite the fact that it was written over one hundred years ago, is still pertinent to the world of today:

"'Money is the real cause of poverty', said Owen.

'Prove it', said Crass.

'Money is the cause of poverty because it is the device by which those who are too lazy to work are enabled to rob the workers of the fruits of their labours'.

'Prove it', repeated Crass.

Owen slowly folded up the piece of newspaper he had been reading and put it into his pocket. 'All right', he replied. 'I'll show you how the Great Money Trick is worked'.

Owen opened his dinner basket and took from it two slices of bread but as those were not sufficient, he requested that anyone who had some bread left would give it to him. They gave him several pieces, which he placed in a heap on a clean piece of paper and, having borrowed the pocket knives they used to cut and eat their dinners with, from Harlow, Easton and Philpot, he addressed them as follows;

'These pieces of bread represent the raw materials which exist naturally in and on the Earth for the use of mankind; they were not made by any human being, but created by the Great Spirit for the benefit and sustenance of all, the same as were the air and the light of the sun.'

'You're about as fair-speakin' a man as I've met for some time', said Harlow, winking at the others.

'Yes, mate', said Philpot. 'Anyone would agree to that much, it's as clear as mud.'

'Now', continued Owen. 'I am a capitalist; or rather, I represent the landlord and capitalist class. That is to say, all these raw materials belong to me. It does not matter for our present argument how I claimed possession of them, or whether I have any real right to them; the only thing that matters now is the admitted fact that all the raw materials which are necessary for the production of the necessities of life are now the property of the Landlord and Capitalist class. I am that class; all these raw materials belong to me.'

'Good enough', agreed Philpot.

'Now you three represent the Working Class; you have nothing – and for my part, although I have all these raw materials, they are of no use to me – what I need is – the things that can be made out of these raw materials by work; but as I am too lazy to work myself, I have invented the Money Trick to make you work for me. But first I must explain that I possess something beside the raw materials. These three knives represent – all the machinery of production; the factories, tools, railways and so forth, without which the necessaries of life cannot be produced in abundance. And these three coins…' – taking three halfpennies from his pocket – '…represent my Money Capital'. 'But before we go any further...', said Owen interrupting himself, '...it is most important that you remember that I am not supposed to be merely a capitalist, I represent the whole of the Capitalist Class. You are not supposed to be just three workers – you represent the whole Working Class'.

'All right, all right', said Crass, impatiently. 'We all understand that. Git on with it'.

Owen proceeded to cut up one of the slices of bread into a number of little square blocks. 'These represent the things which are produced by labour, aided by machinery, from the raw materials. We will suppose that three of these blocks represent a week's work. We will suppose that a week's work is worth one pound and we will suppose that each of these halfpennies is a sovereign [a gold coin worth one pound – a significant sum 100 years ago –

JH]. We'd be able to do the trick better if I had real sovereigns but I forgot to bring any with me'.

'I'd lend you some…' said Philpot regretfully '…but I left me purse on our grand pianner'.

As by a strange coincidence, nobody happened to have any gold with them, it was decided to make shift with the halfpennies.

'Now this is the way the trick works…'

'Before you goes on with it…' interrupted Philpot, apprehensively, '…don't you think we'd better 'ave someone to keep watch at the gate in case a slop [police officer] comes along? We don't want to get runned-in, you know'.

'I don't think there's any need for that', replied Owen. 'There's only one slop who'd interfere with us for playing this game and that's police constable Socialism'.

'Never mind about Socialism…' said Crass irritably. '…git along with the bloody trick'.

Owen now addressed himself to the working classes as represented by Philpot, Harlow and Easton.

'You say that you are all in need of employment and as I am the kind-hearted Capitalist Class, I am going to invest all my money in various industries, so as to give you Plenty of Work. I shall pay each one of you, one pound per week and a week's work is that you must all produce three of these square blocks. For doing this work you will each receive your wages; the money will be your own, to do as you like with and the things you produce will of course be mine, to do as I like with. You will each take one of these machines and as soon as you have done your week's work, you shall have your money'.

The Working Classes accordingly set to work and the Capitalist Class sat down and watched them. As soon as they had finished they passed the nine little blocks to Owen, who placed them on a piece of paper by his side and paid the workers their wages.

'These blocks represent the necessaries of life. You can't live without some of these things, but as they belong to me, you'll have to buy them from me. My price for these blocks is – one pound each.'

As the Working Classes were in need of the necessaries of life and as they could not eat, drink or wear the useless money, they were compelled to agree to the kind Capitalist's terms. They each bought back and consumed one third of the produce of their labour. The Capitalist Class also devoured two of the

square blocks and so the net result of the week's work was that the kind Capitalist had consumed two pounds worth of the things produced by the labour of others and reckoning the squares at their market value of one pound each, he had more than doubled his capital, for he still possessed the three pounds in money and in addition, four pounds-worth of goods. As for the Working Classes, Philpot, Harlow and Easton, having each consumed the pound's worth of necessaries they had bought with their wages, they were then in precisely the same condition as when they started work – they had nothing.

This process was repeated several times. For each week's work the producers were paid their wages. They kept on working and spending all their earnings. The kind-hearted Capitalist consumed twice as much as any one of them and his pile of wealth continually increased. In a little while – reckoning the little squares at their market value of one pound each – he was worth one hundred pounds and the Working Classes were still in the same condition as when they began and were still tearing into their work as though their lives depended upon it.

After a while the rest of the crowd began to laugh and their merriment increased when the kind-hearted Capitalist, just after having sold a pound's worth of necessaries to each of his workers, suddenly took their tools – the machinery of production – the knives, away from them and informed them that owing to over-production, all his store-houses were now glutted with the necessaries of life, he had decided to close down the works.

'Well and wot the bloody 'ell are we to do now?' demanded Philpot.

'That's not my business', replied the kind-hearted Capitalist. 'I've paid you your wages and provided you with Plenty of Work for a long time. I have no more work for you to do at present. Come round again in a few months and I'll see what I can do for you'.

'But what about the necessaries of life?' demanded Harlow. 'We must have something to eat'.

'Of course you must…', replied the Capitalist affably. '…and I shall be pleased to sell you some'.

'But we ain't got no bloody money!'

'Well, you can't expect me to give you my goods for nothing! You didn't work for nothing, you know. I paid you for your work and you should have saved something. You should have been thrifty like me. Look how I have got on by being thrifty'.

The unemployed looked blankly at each other, but the rest of the crowd only laughed. And then the unemployed began to abuse the kind-hearted Capitalist, demanding that he should give them some of the necessaries of life that he had piled-up in his warehouses or; to be allowed to work again and produce some more for their own needs; and even threatened to take some of the things by force if he did not comply with their demands. But the kind-hearted Capitalist told them not to be insolent and spoke to them about honesty and said if they were not careful, he would have their faces battered-in for them by the police or if necessary he would call out the military and have them shot down like dogs, the same as he had done before at Featherstone and Belfast.

'Of course…', continued the kind-hearted Capitalist, '…if it were not for foreign competition I should be able to sell these things that you have made and then I should be able to give you Plenty of Work again, but until I have sold them to somebody or other or used them all myself, you will have to remain idle'.

…Philpot held out his cap for [charitable] subscriptions… and the kind-hearted Capitalist was so affected by the sight of their misery that he gave them one of the Sovereigns he had in his pocket; but as this was no use to them, they immediately returned it to him in exchange for one of the small squares of the necessaries of life, which they divided and greedily devoured. And when they had finished eating, they gathered around the philanthropist and sang, 'For he's a jolly good fellow' and afterwards Harlow suggested that they should ask him if he would allow them to elect him to Parliament." 'The Great Money Trick' from 'The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists' by Robert Tressell, 1910

It is this very system that leads to those who 'have' living in greater and greater opulence whilst those who 'have not' are consigned, at best, to being wage-slaves for their entire lives. A small percentage thus benefits from every possession they could possibly ever want or need whilst a rapidly increasing under-class of the permanently deprived, live in tent-villages or even in their cars and in cardboard boxes on the filthy streets of our cities. In America it has recently been reported that of the one million homes currently being repossessed each year, and growing, the banks that now 'own' them are literally burning and demolishing tens of thousands of them each month in order to maintain the balance of supply and demand in their favour and thus artificially

fix house prices at grossly-inflated levels. Yet another example of how twisted and sick the system has become.

And what is the world's greatest consumer feeding-frenzy now inflicted upon us by those who enslave us? None other than Christmas, that wonderful festival of love, warmth and family bliss. Christianity commandeered an originally pagan festival, 'Yuletide' and imposed its own version of events upon it and slowly by degrees, this supposed festival of 'love one another', has been manipulated into becoming an orgy of consumerism. Originally, Christmas was a time for families, a time of quiet contemplation, celebration and rest and a time to think about and where possible, help those less fortunate than ourselves. Now it is a living nightmare for millions. Bombarded for weeks on end by ruthless and incessant advertising and coerced and harried into buying ridiculously expensive gifts and toys by the huge propaganda mill that usually starts turning around early October, many parents borrow money at extortionate interest rates simply to buy their children throw-away consumables and soon-to-be-obsolete electronic gadgets. The result of this action usually results in their struggling all through most of the following year paying-off their debts to banks and corporate interests. The only alternative to this for many is a feeling of extreme guilt throughout what is supposed to be the happiest time of the year, because they have been unable to buy what their children most wanted. This is emotional blackmail of the highest degree and engineered solely for the purpose of making huge, obscene amounts of money for the Elite few.

"How can we, as a nation, wrestle our economy from the grip of greedy corporations when we play into their hands every year? Why do we buy their lies this time of year while rejecting them the rest of the year? How can we stop the cycle of debt? How about this: a nationwide boycott of Christmas purchases. Boy, wouldn't that put a crimp in corporate profits." Barbara H. Peterson, farmwars.info, November 2011

Significantly, this huge spend-fest every November / December becomes more and more desperate and frenzied with each passing year as more and more corporations become utterly dependent on Christmas-time profits and as their desperation increases, the effects of this are felt by us all in the shape of their concerted assault on all five of our senses in an attempt to convince us to spend, spend, spend.

The main waste-product of all this craziness is humanity itself. When people are forced to live and work in an utterly destructive, soulless system, it

causes extreme distress and misery. As humans our potential is limitless, bounded only by the extent of our own imaginations, but under the present regime we are little more than manufacturing and consuming machines, slaves to the system and as demonstrated in the excerpt from The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists above, a medium by which those who 'own' us body and soul, can perpetuate their 'cycle of profitability' by using we humans as the manufacturers and then in turn, the consumers of those manufactured goods.

This cycle has been responsible for the destruction of the human spirit and the cause of most illnesses, which are, despite all the propaganda to the contrary, mainly psychologically induced and I include in this all the so-called physical ailments, which are exacerbated by poor, destructive western diets, high in fat and sugar and low in essential vitamins and nutrients. Thus, 'the system' in conjunction with science and religion has combined to ensure that billions are tired of living and yet terrified of dying.

Another serious by-product of extreme consumerism is the huge increase in crime. We are all programmed from birth to see our success or failure as people, in terms of the abundance or lack of material possessions we have accumulated. She lives in a tiny, rundown house, therefore she is a failure. He has a high-powered job, holding the power of life and death over hundreds, with a huge salary and therefore he is a success. Is it surprising therefore when more and more people turn to crime to further their own Elite-seeded ambitions of self-aggrandisement, by taking things that are not theirs and even worse, by actually killing people to acquire more money or possessions?

In early August 2011 England was rocked by violent rioting and looting in many of its major cities. The large-scale riots fuelled by a combination of a corrupt, broken society and disaffected youth broke-out countrywide and thus threatened the well-being of us all. Not through fear of being physically attacked or being actually caught-up in the mindless violence, but simply due to the fact that this is exactly what the government wants as an excuse to further curb our freedoms in the guise of 'security', in effect, to enslave us for our own protection. This is borne out by many independently corroborated reports of both police and fire-services actually being ordered to 'stand-down' and let the mayhem continue unhindered. There was also talk of military intervention and curfews, but fortunately these did not come to pass, at least on this occasion but they will in future, only time will tell. In any event, they have certainly now been 'set-up' in the public's minds as a future possibility by the actions of the mob in conjunction with the policy of police non-

intervention. These are classic 'problem–reaction–solution' tactics as usual, of course.

The looting, thievery and lawlessness that the British PM, David Cameron condemned at the time is simply the reflection at street-level of British society of what is taking place on a much greater scale in the upper echelons of government, commerce and the economy. Despite their pinstripe suits and upper-class accents, we have been subjected to decades of looting and thievery of economic and financial resources by the corporate and banking Elite, aided and abetted by a long succession of alternating, corrupt Labour and Conservative governments. The taxpayer bailout of corrupt, failed banks initiated by the former Labour PM, Gordon Brown and now overseen by Cameron, paid for in large part by austerity from public spending cuts, is but the latest manifestation of the official theft from the majority, to further enhance the already outrageous wealth of the Elite.

Cameron and his gang of super-rich criminals are currently advocating £100 billion in public spending cuts to pay for the criminal enterprise known as British banking. This is racketeering on a scale that looters in our inner cities could only stand in-awe of and indeed, as we see, only attempt to emulate it on a much smaller, albeit far more visible, scale. Where is the mainstream media condemnation of all this upper-class, 'white-collar' crime? They are certainly not slow in condemning the 'mindless violence' perpetrated by the 'have-nots' in our society and calling, almost in unison for totally disproportionate sentences for those found guilty and this attitude is now unsurprisingly reflected in the attitude now prevailing amongst the unthinking 'sheeple'.

"The cause of this mayhem cannot be traced to any legitimate political grievance; it is almost entirely the product of a diseased culture, fostered by multinational corporations and the celebrity-obsessed entertainment industry that brainwashes young people to aspire to lifestyles they can never possibly

attain. The social decline of young people becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy as a result of constant media fascination with demonising youngsters and presenting them with a putrid diet of 'heroes', vacuous footballers and drug-addled musicians, whose behaviour makes impressionable kids think that life revolves around being constantly trashed, engaging in amoral sexual conquests and proving their manhood by pointless displays of animal-like aggression. MTV-manufactured rap icons, movies and video games have trained an entire generation of disadvantaged kids to grow up as wannabe gangsters, marauding around town with their jeans half-way down their thighs in huge mobs intimidating the public. Rampant consumerism is also to blame. Deprived kids on benefits cannot afford the iPods and laptops they are told they must own to be accepted by their peers, so an opportunity like this cannot be wasted. Where we used to be defined by what we did, now we are defined by what we buy." Paul Joseph Watson, prisonplanet.com, 10th August 2011, commenting upon the British riots of August 2011

This prevailing system of extreme consumerism, conditions us all and especially the more impressionable among us, to believe that we need to indulge in regular, ongoing 'spending sprees' in order to be accepted and to 'feel good' about ourselves. But in times of high unemployment and economic depressions, more people are denied the opportunity to 'succeed' through their own efforts and even to be able to feed their families adequately, let alone partake in the so-called luxuries of life. Is it such a shock then that in this situation the dispossessed turn to crime to satisfy those artificially engendered wants or needs? Resentment at being cast-aside by the system is rife today and this then leads to resentment of anything and anyone. In this state of mind, people have murdered defenceless old ladies for the few pounds in their purse, their inherent reasoning being that the state and society has no respect for me so therefore why should I have any respect for anyone else?

This attitude is becoming more and more prevalent today and I refuse to believe that is because these people are inherently evil, as is strongly suggested and portrayed by the media in all its forms. In my view, it is simply a natural consequence of the way society is strongly biased towards those who have more than their fair share of power, influence and money. Maybe you or I would not commit murder for a few pounds, but we are all a product of a combination of our genes and upbringing and it is I believe, hypocritical to assume that had our own personal circumstances been the same as those

disaffected, that we would not have followed exactly the same course, as we can never know for sure.

Living as we all do in a quasi-police-state-cum-dictatorship, what do the powers-that-be need to further pursue their agenda of greater security and control of populations? I would strongly suggest that they need a crime-ridden society very much like the one we have today. How convenient, not to mention coincidental. This is just what is needed to sway public opinion in their favour; 'the streets are not safe to walk at night' = 'more police and security surveillance cameras please' and yet again, these are classic 'problem–reaction–solution' strategies.

Each year the system is faced with ever-growing bills for crime, medical services, policing and social benefits etc. This is an inevitable consequence of ultra-consumerism and all its many side-issues. And the solution to this as proposed by those who believe they 'know best' is simply to propagate and facilitate a greater expansion of consumption and production to generate more money by 'growth' of the economy and thus the cycle continues, ever onwards to its own inevitable destruction.

In order to disguise the shortcomings of and protect this system-from-hell, the Elite need strong police and security forces and other such abominations as 'secret services' like MI5, MI6, CIA and the Mossad. These are there ostensibly to 'protect' us all from foreign powers who covet our country, our 'freedoms', our 'wealth' and lifestyles and also to guard against the extreme terrorism that we are told exists and is a great threat to our lives and freedom. In reality, these secret-service organisations actually exist to hide the truth of what is really going on in the world from their own citizens and to protect the Elite from those who would dispossess them. These so-called security services actually spend far more time spying on us, who their masters fear may be challenging the status quo, than they do protecting the country from outside attacks from so-called terrorist groups, who are usually infiltrated and controlled, if not actually created in the first place by these very same security organisations themselves, anyway.

There are a multitude of tactics that they use to further these ends, such as phone-tapping, the bugging of rooms, hidden cameras, agents provocateurs, computer-hacking, framing suspects and assassinations. These tactics are all used by the wonderfully benevolent country in which you live – against its own citizens – yes, that means you too.

I have often heard it said that 'if you are not doing anything wrong then you have nothing to fear'. This glib, oft-quoted statement is misguided in the extreme on so many levels. Firstly, who decides what is wrong or right? One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter. Is it wrong for example to peacefully challenge the government if you believe that it is acting illegally or against the best interests of its citizens? Is it wrong to write books such as this that challenge the status quo and expose what is really happening throughout the world?

You may say 'yes' and you may well be right, I do not have a personal monopoly on the truth, but I do believe that it is everyone's right to peacefully challenge any form of injustice or suppression, as I am attempting to do in writing this book. But would my own (or any other) government agree with those sentiments that challenge its very authority to dictate to its citizens what is and is not acceptable? I doubt that very much. In fact the very writing of this book probably would expose me to covert surveillance and may already have done so, but I do not believe I am doing wrong by writing such a volume as this and nor I suspect do most free-thinking, fair-minded individuals, whether or not they agree with the bulk of what I have written, per se.

Also, do we actually trust the entity that has the power to suppress us if we deviate from their decrees? According to the above quote, I would have nothing to fear unless I was doing wrong. But do we trust our government to decide whether I am doing wrong or not? What if it was decided by them arbitrarily that you or I were doing something wrong when we patently were not, by any standards? Do we trust the government to always act in the best interest of its individual citizens? I think not. No. I am afraid that that statement is at best misguided and at worst, a deceit of great magnitude. All governments will do 'whatever it takes' to maintain control and stay in power, without exception and are far from being the benevolent yet bumbling, monolithic institutions that they overtly appear to be and are portrayed to be by the compliant media. Any one of their own citizens who is perceived either as an actual physical or even a passive threat to their supreme power will not be tolerated and will be dealt with severely, either overtly or covertly. This is the very embodiment of fascism/communism/socialism (communitarianism) and is precisely what we have in place today in our so-called but grossly mis-named 'democratic' societies.

Also, if politicians believe that they have the right to impose any 'law' they wish and police and security forces maintain the attitude that as long as

anything is deemed 'lawful', they will enforce it rightly or wrongly, what is there to prevent complete tyranny? Not the consciences of the 'law-makers' or their legal enforcers obviously and not even peaceful petitions to the politicians will be effective. Politely asking oppressors not to be oppressive has a very poor track-record of success, historically. When tyrants define what constitutes 'law', then by definition it is up to the 'law-breakers' to combat tyranny and sometimes the end will justify the means.

Those who are proud to be 'law-abiding' would not agree and may even decline to think rationally about this, but what is the alternative? If we do not have the right to resist injustice, even if that injustice is called 'law', that logically implies that we have an obligation to allow governments to do to us whatsoever they may choose and also to our homes and families. Realistically, there are only two alternatives; we are either slaves, the property of the Elite, the politicians and their lackeys, with no rights at all or we have the right to resist government or Elite attempts to oppress us. There can logically be no other options.

"When the law has deviated from common sense and become an evil tool used for the robbery of others, do you obey it?" John Kaminski, researcher

So is the terrible state of affairs and of the planet in which we find ourselves living, simply the consequence of human nature as we are always led to believe? We are constantly fed the tired old line of '…well, its human nature to behave this way, nothing can ever change that'. The Elite cabal that rules our every moment are themselves clinical psychopaths, as discussed in a previous section. They exhibit every psychopathic trait known to man and indeed it is only by being psychopathic that they can possibly perpetuate this most unnatural state in which we all live. Psychopaths have no conscience; feel no remorse for their actions and no empathy for their fellow beings. They are ultra-manipulative and habitually lie whilst convincing themselves that they are in the right at all times. In short, for a psychopath, the end always justifies the means, no exceptions.

Now please think about your family, your neighbours, your friends and indeed most people that you know. Think about those people from other cultures or countries that you may have briefly met whilst travelling through life. What is your overall impression of 90% of the people with whom you come into contact and socialise? Although none of them may be perfect, are they not for the most part, decent, honest, caring, compassionate people who share other's joys and sadnesses alike? Would they not offer their help to you

in a crisis, and vice versa? What about the so-called foreigners and immigrants who live in this country and with whom you may have occasionally had cause to interact? Are they the monsters that our wholly-engendered prejudices are induced to paint them to be or would you say that deep down we are all really the same?

The truth is that we are a social animal, we are naturally programmed to co-operate and co-exist in peace and harmony, but the divisions between sex, races, religions, colours and cultures are constantly emphasised and exaggerated by the psychopathic Elite to cause dis-harmony and conflict. It is by this very methodology that they generate all of the unease and unrest, wars and conflicts in the world, partly as a means of controlling us through fear and of course in order to make their utterly obscene profits, usually by arming (and controlling) both sides.

It does not have to be like this. Humanity is by nature, decent, caring and good and not inherently evil as we are made to believe. We are all capable of expressing that goodness and by doing so, can change the world. When the time is right, the transformation that is imminent will free us all from the current state of economic slavery in which we all reside and it will not come a moment too soon.

Let us now depart from the generalised themes of this book for a moment to closely examine some specific examples of how many well-known historical events have been presented and given a cosmetic 'face-lift' and a completely different slant for the purposes of mass-consumption and manipulation. I will also demonstrate how easy it is to accomplish this seemingly impossible feat.

Who really wrote the works of William Shakespeare?

Did William Shakespeare really write such immortal works as 'Romeo and Juliet', 'Macbeth' or the 'Merchant of Venice'? How about 'Hamlet' and 'Twelfth Night'? And are we really sure that he wrote all the sonnets and countless other poems attributed to him? There would appear to be little doubt that all his works, stylistically speaking, were the product of one individual, but who was that individual?

Let us start at the beginning, then. Who was the character known as William Shakespeare and what was his story?

Shakespeare was born in 1564 in the English midlands market town of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the early years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. He was a contemporary of such notables as Sir Walter Raleigh, of Sir Francis Drake and the literary giant Christopher Marlowe but for someone of such apparent great stature in the literary world, almost nothing is known about Shakespeare's life.

We know that he was the son of a master glover (glove maker), John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, an aristocrat's daughter and had seven siblings (four sisters and three brothers) about whom nothing is known and he married Anne Hathaway in 1582 at the age of eighteen, with Hathaway giving birth to their first child just six months later in May 1583. Despite several sources claiming that he attended King Edward VI Grammar School in Stratford, this is pure conjecture as the school records from that period have not survived. From his marriage at age eighteen until his sudden appearance on the London acting circuit more than ten years later, nothing at all is recorded or known of his actions and whereabouts.

It is intriguing for example, that during his assumed 25 years of living in London, with as many as eight addresses quoted in a range of sources, he is never recorded in church attendance lists, even though attendance was compulsory at that time and therefore had to be recorded by law.

The origins of Shakespeare's professional career are also still debatable. For example, we do not know where or with which company he first became an actor and writer but after 1592 however, his life in London suddenly does

become a little clearer. Shakespeare's early fame came through history plays, his first being a trilogy on the 'Wars of the Roses' and by the end of 1592 he had supposedly written the sequel, Richard III. His first definite address is documented as Bishopsgate in tax records and he is thought to have lived there from 1592, maybe earlier.

Shakespeare's supposed 'rival' Christopher Marlowe was murdered in May 1593 and this event, perhaps significantly, marks the point in time at which Shakespeare's almost 'overnight success' began.

For many years there has been much conjecture and intrigue surrounding the writing of those masterpieces of English literature ascribed to the pen of William Shakespeare. On the one hand, those people who revel in controversy and the attribution of conspiracy theories to almost anything we can name, gleefully add the name of William Shakespeare to the list whilst those of a more prosaic nature tend to hold the opposite, traditionalist view of the world and cling rigidly and sometimes blindly to the mainstream position, regardless of evidence to counter their views. The facts in all cases such as these should be examined thoroughly before jumping to wild, unsubstantiated conclusions. So, let us begin…

The belief that Shakespeare did not write the works attributed to him, may seem at first glance to be both bizarre and unbelievable. How and why could this be? What would be the purpose of, or the motive behind, such a deception? Surely it would defy any kind of logic? However, Shakespeare's doubters are by no means cranks or so-called 'conspiracy nuts', they number amongst them such well-respected literati as Mark Twain, Charles Dickens, Henry James, Walt Whitman and Daphne du Maurier, to name just a small selection. Their view was most definitely that there is a real and compelling 'authorship' issue.

For starters, there is a total lack of evidence in biographical records that a man by the name of William Shakespeare the 'Bard' of Stratford-upon-Avon was ever a writer. The only positive identification between the man himself and the works bearing his name came posthumously, as noted by Sir Hugh Trevor Roper…

"Of all the immortal geniuses of literature, none is personally so elusive as William Shakespeare. It is exasperating and almost incredible that he should be so. After all, he lived in the full daylight of the English Renaissance, in the well-documented reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Since his death and particularly in the last century, he has been subjected to the greatest battery of

organised research that has ever been directed upon a single person. Armies of scholars, formidably equipped, have examined all the documents that could possibly contain at least a mention of Shakespeare's name. One hundredth of this labour applied to one of his insignificant contemporaries would be sufficient to produce a substantial biography."

So exactly what has all this intensive research revealed about the man? It is fairly certain that he was an actor, a shareholder in a theatre, a tax defaulter, a malt dealer, a commercial moneylender, a landlord, a litigant, a mean husband and a churlish father. However there is no existing evidence connecting him, however tenuously with the profession of writer, let alone indicating that he was the greatest dramatist that ever lived. If a psychologist were to undertake a psychological profile of the man, he would without doubt declare him to be a most undistinguished and ordinary individual, totally removed from the image one would expect of the genius who created the magnificent works which bear his name.

There is an absolute abundance of incongruity surrounding the life of this strange, mysterious character. As previously stated, for example, there are no records of the education of Shakespeare in existence. In fact, on the contrary, it is known for certain that he did not attend university and left no trace regarding a school education. It is also extremely surprising and possibly significant that he did not leave a single manuscript of even one of his plays or poems in his own handwriting, nor is there any evidence that he ever wrote a single piece of correspondence. All in all, very odd indeed.

It is also surprising to learn that both of Shakespeare's parents were illiterate, as was his daughter Judith, who could only sign her name with a virtually indistinguishable mark. Would a profoundly intelligent, educated and enlightened person such as one who was able to produce the wonderful masterpieces he allegedly did, treat his children in such a way, even a girl child? Was he perhaps of the view that the education of girls was a waste of time? This does not fit the picture of his supposed character at all.

It is also extremely clear from what we do know of the man and his family background that even very basic literary competence and/or a tradition of education was not a priority in any way for his family. And yet, in spite of this fact, Shakespeare was apparently immensely well-read and worldly-wise in an age where information was not 'on tap' instantly to those who wished to enjoy its benefits. Indeed books were a rare commodity to which virtually none but the wealthy and privileged had access and significantly Shakespeare's will

makes no mention at all of any books, nor any of his literary works whose potential values, even at that time must have been immense.

Also significantly, of the six surviving alleged signatures of Shakespeare, only two are generally regarded as emanating from the same hand.

"It is obvious at a glance that these signatures, with the exception of the last two, are not the signatures of the same man. Almost every letter in each is formed in a different way." Shakespeare in the Public Records by Jane Cox, 1985

So, was the greatest writer in all history so intellectually and manually challenged that he was barely able to write his own name? Another disturbing fact is that Shakespeare appeared to be almost senile by 1612. His deposition to the Bellott vs. Mountjoy court case in that year reveals that he is very confused and capable of expressing himself only in very basic and crude English. Hardly what one would expect of the great man himself.

Another puzzling anomaly is that his death passed entirely unnoticed. There was no recognition of loss and no-one bothered to even acknowledge the fact, let alone pay any tributes to him. There was no state funeral as there had been for his peers Ben Jonson, Francis Beaumont and Edmund Spenser. Beaumont indeed died a few months before Shakespeare and received a fulsome national tribute whereas all Shakespeare's departure mustered was a deafening silence. Who today other than scholars and devotees of English literature has even heard of Francis Beaumont?

In fact his departure from this life was as mysterious as his sudden appearance upon the scene in 1593, shortly after the death of Christopher Marlowe, a fact to which we will return later. The newly-arrived poet from the backwaters of rural Warwickshire, managed to so cleverly disguise his regional background and what must have been an ear-wrenching midlands accent and dialect to the refined souls of the capital city, as to illicit no comment from his contemporaries whatsoever. But also significantly I believe, not once does his use of language in writing ever betray that homely, rural dialect he must surely have possessed, given the geography and nature of his upbringing.

Shakespeare's work reveals its writer as an 'insider', a man totally at ease with the intellectual and social elite of his day and most definitely not as a gauche countryman, which given his background and the age in which he lived, should almost certainly have been the impression he conveyed to his London contemporaries. Also, people who are highly gifted individuals, as was whoever wrote Shakespeare's works, naturally attract attention and praise

wherever they go, whereas Shakespeare most certainly did not. In fact he was all but anonymous apart from in name.

His works demonstrate an intimate, detailed knowledge of geography, history, the classics, international politics and diplomacy, a first-hand experience of Italian ways and customs as in such works as The Merchant of Venice, Two Gentlemen of Verona and Romeo and Juliet as well as an intellectual level of the highest order. However, despite this his only friends would appear to have been lowly actors and theatre people and there is no evidence whatsoever linking him to the intelligentsia of the day. Despite his gargantuan intellectual capacity, was he just simply a boring non-entity of a man?

This strange lack of connection with the literary hierarchy of the time is compounded by the curiously reticent way in which he refers to himself throughout his sonnets. To whom were the sonnets addressed and dedicated and to what events in the life of their author do they refer? Nothing that is known of the man seems to fit the description and this compounds the issue somewhat.

"Why did Shakespeare, apparently never averse to any transaction that would financially benefit him, defer publication of his sonnet series until many years after the Elizabethan sonneteering vogue had spent itself? So that, whereas all other sonnet sequences went into many editions, his made only one very limited edition, never to be reprinted for over thirty years? Was their publication in fact, suppressed? To date, not a single one of these questions has been satisfactorily answered, although theories abound." A.D.Wraight, 1993

Sonnets 71 to 76 are the ones wherein the poet's identity is most strongly revealed. This series makes repeated references to its author's name and more significantly, to the danger of its being revealed.

Apart from literary references, the evidence linking the actor Shakespeare to the writer Shakespeare is also scant and it is partly for this reason that attempts have been made to assign an alternate identity to the writer from that of the actor. The three most common names in the frame are Francis Bacon, the Earl of Oxford and Christopher Marlowe, but they all would appear at first glance to have a serious drawback and therefore strong reasons to suggest they are incorrect. Francis Bacon did not possess the literary acumen and skill that Shakespeare's works would have demanded, the Earl of Oxford likewise would be disqualified on similar grounds and also by the fact that he died in 1604,

well before the final works were known for certain to have been written. Christopher (Kit) Marlowe on the other hand would certainly have had the education, literary track record, writing skill and life experience to have written them but the problem with this assumption is that as Marlowe was murdered in 1593, this would seem to rule out that particular possibility.

Countering the premise that the actor William Shakespeare was not the man who wrote the works attributed to that name, is almost the entire Elite literary and historical establishment whose vested interest in protecting the knowledge that has been the received wisdom for almost 400 years, is obvious. Should it ever be proven that Shakespeare was not the author of Shakespeare's works, then the entire bedrock of academic orthodoxy would be shaken to its foundations by such a revelation and as we see in other areas of Elite orthodoxy being unwilling to yield to the truth, the entire 'house of cards' may well come crashing-down upon the heads of its upholders.

As with other areas of accepted knowledge, challenges to the 'powers that be' are never very welcome nor treated as a basis for rational debate. In order for the incumbents to retain control, potential usurpers of the status quo must be strongly resisted at all costs by the expedients of; wholesale denial, treating them with utter contempt or ignoring them completely is the usual recourse. The simple act of questioning the authorship of 'Shakespeare's' works is enough to engender extreme hostility from the establishment as with the questioning of other 'sacred cows' of the powers that be and this in itself speaks volumes.

In 1994, the historian A. D. (Dolly) Wraight postulated that Christopher Marlowe did not die in 1593 as has been widely claimed, but that his so-called murder in May of that year was a ruse to enable him to escape his imminent arrest, torture and execution on the grounds of his well-known atheistic views. After 1593, Marlowe, according to Wraight's theory, went into voluntary exile in France and Italy but continued to write his literature under the pseudonym of 'William Shake-speare'.

Kit Marlowe was indeed a genius and had fate not intervened in the form of his being persecuted by the fundamental Christianity that was rife throughout society at that time, it may well have been he who was regarded as 'the Bard' and the greatest literary icon that ever lived rather than the man who now bears those accolades. From 1587 until his alleged death in 1593 he was the author of a series of wonderful literary works to rival even the best that 'Shakespeare' himself could manage. There had been nothing in literature to

challenge his superiority before and only Shakespeare since, has been remotely comparable to the genius that was Marlowe.

Christopher Marlowe

Marlowe's biographer, Dr. John Bakeless noted without irony that Shakespeare's work is replete with allusions to and quotations from Marlowe's work, whilst almost entirely ignoring his other literary contemporaries. There are numerous comparisons between the two and even contemporary literary critics were often known to have confused the works of both on occasion, such was the stylistic similarity.

"All the blank verse in Shakespeare's early plays bears the stamp of Marlowe's inspiration." Sir Sidney Lee.

"Marlowe is the greatest discoverer, the most daring pioneer in all our poetic literature. Before Marlowe there was no genuine blank verse and genuine tragedy in our language. After his arrival, the way was prepared, the path made straight for Shakespeare. Compared with his contemporaries such as Greene, Peele and Lodge, Marlowe differs from such people not in degree, but in kind; not as an eagle differs from wrens and tit-mice, but as an eagle differs from frogs and tadpoles. He first and he alone, gave wings to English poetry; he first brought into its serene and radiant atmosphere the new strange element of sublimity… Among all English poets he was the first full-grown man. Only young and immature by comparison with such disciples and successors as Shakespeare and Milton; but the first-born among us of their kind." Algernon Swinburne

I believe that this makes clear that in Swinburne's view that had Marlowe lived to fulfil his potential, he would have matched the achievements of

Shakespeare.

The 20th century literary critic Edward Dowden also believed that in terms of ability, Marlowe was at least Shakespeare's equal…

"If Marlowe had lived longer and accomplished the work that lay clearly before him, he would have stood beside Shakespeare."

A more than significant point also is that a number of Shakespeare's early plays were, until recently, 'erroneously' attributed to Marlowe and there is an almost seamless transition from Marlowe's final work to the first one attributed to Shakespeare. Marlowe 'died' on the 30th May 1593 and Shakespeare made his first documented mark on the literary world two weeks later with the publication of the poem 'Venus and Adonis'. As the scholar Arthur Acheson, noted; "No atom of proof exists to show that previous to the publication of 'Venus and Adonis', Shakespeare had done any serious literary work".

This poem, to which Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander' seems to be a prequel as it refers quite explicitly back to it, was entered at the Stationer's Register on 18th April 1593 without author. The printed version, appearing in June, contained a dedication and authorial attribution on a page that had been separately printed and interleaved with the main text as though it were an afterthought. This was most certainly not normal practice and was not the way that Shakespeare's subsequent (second) work was produced (The Rape of Lucrece). Thus do the circumstances around Marlowe's demise as a literary icon and Shakespeare's rise from obscurity, dovetail extremely neatly together – overwhelming circumstantial evidence I would suggest.

There are several ways to attempt to determine common authorship of literary works. There is the subjective method and the more objective, statistical methodology. Regarding the latter, one popular technique is to monitor the distribution curve of words and word-types so as to produce a 'fingerprint' for each individual writing style and thus provide a comparison with others. This method was devised by the famous, respected physicist Thomas Mendenhall at the turn of the nineteenth into the twentieth century. Mendenhall was very interested in identifying the authorship of Shakespeare's works, not for reasons of proving any particular pet theory; he merely wished to apply his methodology to an area of popular interest.

He and his specially gathered team of researchers set about counting the more than two million words in Shakespeare's work, plus those of his contemporaries – a monumental task in the days before information

technology and the results of this project were pretty-well unambiguous. The resulting curves for Shakespeare and Bacon were entirely different as were the ones produced for Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher. However, when the curves of Marlowe and Shakespeare were compared the results were astonishing to say the least.

"Something akin to a sensation was produced among those engaged in the work. In the characteristic curve of his plays, Marlowe agrees with Shakespeare about as well as Shakespeare agrees with himself!" Thomas Mendenhall

In the intervening century or so since Mendenhall's project, his methodology, if anything, has been further perfected. Louis Ule and John Baker updated Mendenhall's work using computer technology to analyse both word-length frequency distribution and the pace of new word uptake in both Shakespeare's and Marlowe's work. Based on analysis of every single piece of work known to have been produced by the hands of these 'two' authors, Ule and Baker were able to determine beyond reasonable doubt that they were statistically indistinguishable from one another.

So it is apparent that Marlowe was more than capable of producing Shakespeare's works, but perhaps a more apposite question may be, who else besides Marlowe would have had the ability and the wherewithal to do so? No-one else would seem to 'fit the bill' at all – if the reader will pardon the unintentional pun.

But perhaps a more important issue to address at this point would be the fact that Marlowe was murdered in 1593, was he not and so how could he possibly have written the works attributed to the Bard of Stratford? This is where the plot seriously thickens.

Ten days prior to Marlowe's death on the 30th May 1593, he had been arrested on a warrant from the Star Chamber on a charge of 'atheism'. This pseudo 'court' was established to ensure enforcement of laws against prominent people, those so powerful that ordinary courts could never convict them of their crimes. Court sessions were held in camera, with no indictments, no right of appeal, no jury of peers and no witnesses. Over the years it evolved into a political weapon, a symbol of the misuse and abuse of power by the English establishment and judiciary. Indeed 'Star Chamber' has become a byword today for a corrupted court.

From the first day, Marlowe had in effect been out 'on bail' and had to appear before the court on a daily basis whilst in the meantime, evidence

against him was being collated by his informers. He had been under suspicion of atheism for some time prior to his arrest, being a known member of the 'School of Night' who openly discussed taboo issues of the day such as the accuracy of the bible etc. In those days, if something was stated in the bible, such as for example, Methuselah living to the age of 963, then that is exactly what happened – it was not up for question or debate. Anyone espousing a contradictory opinion was an atheist, pure and simple and the penalty for atheism was torture and death, no exceptions.

Marlowe's play, Tamburlaine had long been held to exhibit atheistic tendencies and was it not the author who was totally responsible for the contents of any work of literature, no matter how brilliant that work may be? His contemporary Robert Greene actually wrote a scathing accusation of atheism directed at Marlowe from his deathbed and this almost certainly contributed to the severe difficulties in which Marlowe found himself.

Then in early 1593, an author and erstwhile friend of Marlowe by the name of Thomas Kyd was found to be in possession of a copy of a 'heretical' piece which earned him an acquaintanceship with the rack and all the agony associated with that sorry experience. Under this horrific torture he implicated Marlowe in the writing of the said piece and explained that it must have somehow become mixed-up with his own papers in some way. This statement was enough to precipitate the arrest of Marlowe and his previously far-from-perfect past meant that he would potentially be in far greater danger (indeed probably mortal danger), than was the relative 'small-fry', Thomas Kyd.

Thus was engendered a situation whereby Marlowe's friends decided to act in concert to save him from his almost certain fate at the hands of the torturers and this would entail his complete disappearance in one form or another. Fortunately, Marlowe counted amongst his friends, two very influential Elizabethan gentlemen, Lord Burghley and Sir Thomas Walsingham. Walsingham was Marlowe's patron and it was at Walsingham's house in Kent where Marlowe was staying upon the event of his arrest. They were both employed as government intelligence agents in what was in effect a forerunner of today's MI5 and MI6 and as such were well acquainted with the methodology of executing covert operations – a fact which would become extremely important, especially to Marlowe.

The 'murder' itself was very strange, to which anyone who has investigated the facts will bear witness. It involved three men, all known to Marlowe, all of

whom had worked under Walsingham and all of whom were well versed in espionage tactics. In fact if one was to hand-pick a team with which to pull-off the alleged plot, then these would certainly have been extremely strong candidates for inclusion in it. Their names were Robert Poley, Nicholas Skeres and thirdly Walsingham's private secretary, Ingram Frizer. They were all loyal to Walsingham and highly skilled in the art of deception.

Even the location of the 'murder' seems to have been carefully chosen also. It was in Deptford, Kent in the house and grounds of Dame Eleanor Bull who was a well-respected lady, a widow and the cousin of the queen's nanny, Blanche Parry. These very secluded grounds with no unwanted onlookers and just three plotters plus Marlowe, created a perfect environment for a 'set-up' of this kind. The only witnesses being the aforementioned threesome and these were almost certainly acting under the orders of Walsingham himself.

Deptford was also seemingly a well-chosen venue for the deception. Firstly it was a port with regular sailings to the European mainland which would have been perfect to facilitate Marlowe's swift getaway. Secondly, Marlowe was unknown there and so any inquest jury would not have been easily able to identify the corpse in those pre-photographic days and thirdly the most well-known and prominent inhabitant of the town was the Lord Admiral, who was the patron of Marlowe's own theatre company.

A.D. Wraight herself postulates that there may have been strong reasons for believing that the Queen herself may have been complicit in the plot. Walsingham was well known to her and importantly, highly regarded and trusted implicitly as a loyal subject to her. He also knew that her pet hate was being deceived and he may well have felt uneasy had he not confided in her. He also knew that she enjoyed a little subterfuge and intrigue herself. Indeed would the Queen have been happy to see England's foremost literary figure, tortured and executed, given her well-known love of literature and the theatre and the fact that she most certainly had no time for religious fanaticism in any form?

So, on the 30th May 1593, Marlowe and his three friends spent eight hours together at Dame Eleanor's house. The subjects under discussion may only be guessed at but it is certainly a rather unusual way to spend the day, alone with your three murderers-to-be. In the evening they were having supper together when (as the story goes) an argument erupted regarding the bill, 'ye reckonynge' and in the ensuing contretemps which continued, we are led to believe, back to the doorstep of their host, Marlowe was fatally stabbed by

Frizer 'above the right eye', allegedly in self-defence. Of course this is a common occurrence is it not? Groups of friends often get into fatal arguments over something as trivial as a bill, especially affluent men such as these, to whom a bill of at most a few pennies would have been absolutely insignificant. It all seems more than a little suspicious to me, but anyway this was the story they recounted after the fatal event and indeed the one that has gone down in history as the reason for the untimely demise of Marlowe. Frizer himself received a small nick to his head – just serious enough to prove the alibi of 'self-defence' but not serious enough to cause any lasting damage.

Marlowe, by contrast, suffered a most strange wound. Forensic science would have us believe that it is impossible to push a knife through the skull just above the eye socket without using absolutely inordinate force. If a wound occurred in this region it would have to have been made by an axe or a pick or another heavy implement, to try and force a mere dagger through the skull bone at that point would have required immense strength. It would also be almost impossible to create a wound of that nature in what was in effect a short, hand-to-hand tussle. It seems more likely that the wound was designed to create a gory mess of the face and thus hinder identification rather than anything else.

In any event, two days later the inquest took place, presided over solely by Danby; the Queen's coroner who it turns out had no jurisdiction whatsoever to act alone but was legally bound to perform his duties alongside the local coroner, which of course was not the case. This act in effect, nullifies any decision made by this illegal inquest. The decision of the coroner based solely on the testimonies of the three 'stooges', Poley, Skeres and Frizer was that Frizer had acted in self-defence and was therefore not guilty of murder. The corpse was immediately and hastily buried in an unmarked grave in Deptford churchyard – a strange event in itself for the body of a very wealthy and famous young man.

In the immediate aftermath, two remarkable incidents took place. Firstly, Frizer was immediately pardoned by the Queen. Usually those involved in suspicious deaths had to wait many months, often languishing in jail before being officially pardoned by the monarch – even those deemed to be innocent and / or acting in self-defence. Secondly, the following day, Frizer and Skeres are on record as being involved in a business transaction with Walsingham. In fact Frizer continued in his role as Walsingham's servant without a break. This would in itself have been a highly unlikely turn of events had Frizer really been

involved in the death of one of Walsingham's closest friends in a street brawl, whether or not he was considered to be acting in self-defence. I am in little doubt personally that Walsingham engineered the whole event in order to save the life of his esteemed friend, Kit Marlowe.

Perhaps a little more background to the relationship between Walsingham, Marlowe and his three protagonists may be of interest at this juncture. As stated earlier, Walsingham was a prominent member of the Elizabethan secret security services, overseen originally by John Dee, who incidentally was well known to be a practitioner of the dark arts of magick and Satanism and was suspected of being an adept exponent of early attempts at mind control. Indeed many researchers strongly believe that the writing of Shakespeare's works was in fact a form of mind control in itself and if so, this adds further credence to the case for Marlowe being the author of said works as it is beyond doubt that he was involved with the intelligence services in a major way.

In this same period, Francis Bacon, incidentally also one of the main suspects in the debate about the authorship of Shakespeare's work, wrote his treatise 'The New Atlantis' whilst hundreds of privateers, amongst whom the most prominent was Sir Francis Drake, were in the process of plundering the seas of all the loot they could obtain in order to swell the coffers of the Crown. In the meantime, Sir Walter Raleigh and his like were already preparing the colonies in Virginia for the mass immigration to come, thirty or so years later and through the pernicious methods of The British East India Company, corporatism and later, consumerism was beginning to establish a foothold in Britain and was soon to be emulated by the rest of the 'civilised' world.

So, these men, stalwarts of the Elizabethan establishment, were also the standard-bearers of Rosicrucianism, the mystery-teachings of Babylon, passed down through the bloodline families and soon to become what we today know as freemasonry. All of these men most certainly knew their 'real' history and were deeply ensconced in such subjects as ritual magick and esoteric ancient knowledge.

This group of people, this brotherhood, are the ancestors and architects of The New World Order we see developing today. They were instrumental in the establishing of London as the 'New Jerusalem' and also as the banking capital of the world for their masters, the ancient bloodlines whose origins as

previously described can be traced back through all the preceding ancient civilisations into the mists of time.

However, back to the main thrust of the plot. Another interesting twist to this convoluted tale was that in 1601, the Queen seemed to be well aware of who was the real author of 'Shakespeare's' work. Prior to the Essex rebellion in that same year, the conspirators commissioned a performance of Richard III in the belief that this would incite the audience to support or at least condone a coup against Elizabeth I as had been the case in the play in question. This absolutely enraged her, not surprisingly and she was said to have exclaimed "I am Richard III, know ye not that?" She also directed the following tirade at the play's author… "He that will forget God will also forget his benefactors. This tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses."

This comment could surely only have referred to Marlowe. 'He that would forget God'? Marlowe… the known atheist? '…would forget his benefactors'? The Queen, who helped expedite the plot and the subsequent cover-up, was the benefactor indeed! If she had believed that Richard III had been written by Shakespeare, he would at the very least have been arrested and warned, if not much worse.

Next we will examine the evidence presented to us, yet hidden in plain sight by Marlowe in the form of Shakespeare's plays and sonnets.

The sonnets in particular, paint a vivid picture of their author and this picture is most definitely not one of a struggling Stratfordian actor. They do however describe Christopher Marlowe, his life and alleged death, almost perfectly.

In sonnet no. 74 we discover the following lines…

"…my body being dead, the coward conquest of a wretches knife."

And also…

"But be contented when that fell arest,
With out all bayle shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest."

Here 'Shakespeare' refers to his own arrest and bail! There is no record of Shakespeare ever having been arrested and bailed, but this is obviously not the case with Marlowe.

And in sonnet 72…

"My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame, nor me nor you."

In sonnet 50 (below) we possibly have a vivid description of the author's journey into exile. Again how closely this would fit Marlowe's life and yet bear no resemblance to that of Shakespeare…

"How heavie doe I journey on the way,
When what I seeke (my wearie travels end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
Thus farre the miles are measurde from thy friend.
The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,
Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee:
The bloody spurre cannot provoke him on,
That some-times anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a grone,
More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
For that same grone doth put this in my mind,
My greefe lies onward and my joy behind."

Sonnets 25, 33, 34 and 36 also extensively refer to the author's name having fallen into great disgrace and strongly bemoan this fate. If Shakespeare's name had ever become embroiled in any kind of scandal or infamy then it would almost certainly have become public knowledge and have been recorded somewhere by someone. The fact that it was not would speak volumes on this subject.

On the other hand, Marlowe's life was blighted by infamy and disgrace and his contemporary rivals wasted no opportunity to express their schadenfreude at his expense. For example, the Welsh poet, William Vaughan would appear to take delight in Marlowe's death and the fact that he detected more than a little of the hand of God working behind the scenes…

"…he stabd this Marlowe into the eye, in such sort, that his brains
Coming out at the dagger's point, hee shortlie after dyed. Thus did
God, the true executioner of divine justice, worke the ende of
impious Atheists."

Nice man. He was however, far from alone in this. According to Marlowe's biographer, Charles Norman…

"The outburst of Puritan wrath against Marlowe is without parallel in literature. No vile epithet was too vile for his detractors to use, yet most of

them wrote only from hearsay, or merely embroidered one another's accounts, hardly one able to contain his gloating."

This attitude is also fairly common today. Many present-day scholars regard Marlowe with contempt for his views and his rather colourful life as an occasional brawler and 'roaring boy' as well as being a homosexual predator.

In 'As You Like It', the character 'Touchstone' says…

"When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded by the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly I wish the gods had made thee poetical."

This is surely referring to Marlowe's alleged demise over the bill ('the reckoning' as it was called in Elizabethan times) and says that it was nothing compared to the continual agony of having to write in disguise and having someone else take all the credit for it.

I believe that this scenario is more than credible but the space available in a book such as this cannot do justice to the scores of examples of Shakespeare's texts where oblique references are made to Marlowe including anagrams of his name, and vain protestations of his suffering in exile and his innocence. It is clear that Marlowe was desperate to take credit for his own genius (who among us would not be?) and left as many obvious clues as he dare in his great works.

The Shakespeare story is a classical example of the distortion of history in terms of its background reasons. It is indeed just another small piece of the jigsaw puzzle that makes up the ongoing grand conspiracy against humanity. However, perhaps importantly it provides an example of how four or five prominent people working together in complicity can completely fool not just the literary establishment, but almost the whole of humanity for more than four centuries. It provides us with another case in point (should one be necessary) of how unbelievably 'simple' it is to falsify events to benefit the few.

The 'Gunpowder Plot'

Some of the 5th November 'gunpowder plotters'

The so-called 'Guy Fawkes plotters', Catesby, Percy and Tresham were in reality working for the English government and it was in fact King James I's spymaster, Robert Cecil, who blackmailed Robert Catesby into organising a plot to discredit Catholics.

Robert Cecil

As with the debunking of any of mainstream history's 'givens', we always need to ask the question 'why' and this can usually be answered by investigating as to who would most benefit from the deception, 'cui bono' in Latin. In this particular instance, the purpose was t0 expedite the smooth transition of King James VI of Scotland onto the throne of England as James I.

The previous reigns of James' 2nd cousins, Elizabeth and Mary had been greatly characterised by religious genocide, firstly by Mary against the Protestants and then by Elizabeth against the Catholics and these ongoing

sectarian schisms of the previous half-century had created deep divisions and torn families and communities apart. So, placing a Catholic on the throne of a now thoroughly protestant nation required a large degree of what we would now refer to as political 'spin', in order to prevent insurrection!

James was thus engineered via the expedient of the gunpowder plot, to be seen as clamping-down hard on any Catholics who could have been perceived to be taking advantage of their presumed newly-found freedoms under a Catholic monarch.

So the scene was set for the deception. In 1604, Robert Catesby, in actuality an agent of the English government, was involved in the planning of the Gunpowder plot along with Sir Robert Cecil, ostensibly a scheme to blow-up the English parliament on the 5th November 1605 and kill King James and as many members of Parliament as possible.

On his death-bed, there were statements by Robert Catesby's servant that Robert Cecil and Catesby met on three separate occasions in the period leading up to the events of the night of 5th November 1605. At a meeting at the Duck and Drake Inn, Catesby explained the plan to Guy Fawkes, Thomas Percy who was another agent of the English government, John Wright and Thomas Winter and all of them agreed to join the plot.

In the following months Francis Tresham, another undercover government agent, Everard Digby, Robert Winter, Thomas Bates, and Christopher Wright also agreed to join the conspiracy. Immediately prior to the event, Thomas Percy was seen exiting the house of Robert Cecil and after the plot was 'discovered', Catesby, Percy, Christopher Wright and John Wright headed to Holbeche House in Staffordshire in the English midlands and on the 8th November 1605, government troops arrived at the house and shot dead the conspirators Robert Catesby, Thomas Percy, Christopher Wright and John Wright whilst Digby, Robert and Thomas Winter, Bates and Fawkes were executed by being hanged, drawn and quartered in January 1606 after suffering extreme torture in order to extract confessions.

It was also widely rumoured that Francis Tresham was poisoned while being held captive in the Tower of London.

In his book 'The Gunpowder Plot: The Narrative of Oswald Tessimond', Francis Edwards claimed that Francis Tresham escaped from the Tower of London, probably with the help of the Government, went abroad and changed his name to Matthew Bruninge.

"If Guy Fawkes case came up before the Court of Appeal today, the... judges would surely... acquit him... …no-one has ever seen the attempted tunnel. Builders excavating the area in 1823 found neither a tunnel nor any rubble. Secondly, the gunpowder… In 1605, the Government had a monopoly on its manufacture... The Government did not display the gunpowder and nobody saw it in the cellars. Thirdly, these cellars were rented by the government to a known Catholic agitator... Fourthly, the Tresham letter… Graphologists [handwriting experts] agree that it was not written by Francis Tresham.…Guy Fawkes was at a wedding of Cecil's niece, along with Cecil AND King James. ...Why didn't Fawkes kill the King there, and isn't it mysterious that all figures in the plot went to a wedding together?" R. Crampton, 'The Gunpowder Plot', 1990

So, the plot was just a charade, albeit one with a very serious purpose. It was all part of the Elite's ongoing grand conspiracy and this chapter of that conspiracy was the unification of England and Scotland to create a United Kingdom and thus the foundations of the future British Empire to-be. It was, at its roots, yet another False Flag operation this time using the protestant-catholic dialectic and it was this first stage of the unification of two hitherto completely distinct countries that was designed to facilitate the next 'Crown Empire' and the thrust towards globalisation.

I am also of the view that the King James Version of the bible, written in 1611 was another work of social engineering and is the script which, the hidden Elite and their not so hidden bloodlines are following as we approach the end of the age. The Pope declared some time ago that were are now in the time of Revelations, a point in our history that is also recognised in Freemasonry and of course 'apocalypse' is from the Greek, meaning the 'unveiling' – the 'reveal'.

When people talk about a conspiracy so large that it defies all belief and imagination, they really are not exaggerating.

The English Revolution and the Execution of King Charles I

There is of course no dispute that King Charles I of England was executed by being beheaded at the scaffold erected outside the Guildhall in the City of London in January 1649. However the events that led to his execution, as is often the case with many historical events have been twisted to fit the sanitised version of history that is always presented to the masses by our ruling Elite, in order to conceal the real truth.

"It was fated that England should be the first of a series of Revolutions, which is not yet finished." Isaac Disraeli, father of Benjamin Disraeli, former British Prime Minister, 1851

In London in the latter years of the decade of the 1630s, immediately prior to the English Revolution now more expediently known as the 'English Civil War', there were many minor, armed uprisings of the 'people', usually involving the same ringleaders and 'agents provocateurs', as is often the case today. These armed 'mobs' caused panic and fear in the streets wherever they went, including the sometimes violent intimidation they inflicted upon members of both houses of Parliament. This in fact was a very similar modus operandus as that employed by the 'Sacred Bands' and the 'Marseillaise' of the French revolution 150 years later. Indeed, the striking similarities between the two events are most noteworthy.

There were illegal print operations being instigated all around the city, producing inflammatory leaflets inciting the good citizens of London to revolt against the ruling powers that be. This period of unrest led directly to the conflict between 'the people' or in effect Parliament and the Monarchy, that was to be the defining attribute of the English Revolution or the Civil War as it is more commonly and yet misleadingly called. So who was behind this movement that was to culminate in the 'legalised' murder of the reigning British monarch and the abolition of the monarchy for a period of eleven years which came to be known as the 'Commonwealth' at the time and later, the 'Interregnum'?

Within the pages of works such as the 'Jewish Encyclopedia' and 'The Jews and Modern Capitalism', it is possible to discern that at this time, Oliver

Cromwell, the prime-mover behind the conflict was in constant contact with and actually being financed by the powerful Jewish/Dutch banksters behind the Bank of Amsterdam scam that in effect usurped the control of currency issuance from the Dutch government in the early seventeenth century. Through such figures as Manasseh ben Israel and Fernandez Carvajal, both prominent Jews of the times, the whole of the English Revolution was funded. Carvajal himself was the paymaster of the entire 'New Model Army' or the 'Roundheads', as Cromwell's fighting forces were disparagingly named as a direct result of the round metal helmets they wore.

In the 12th century, some 500 years prior to the English Revolution, all Jews had been summarily expelled from England for various reasons but primarily because of their general propensity for usury, the lending of money at interest which at the time was totally contrary to the fundamental tenets of Christianity.

In the January of 1642, the attempted arrest of five Members of Parliament, had led to even more extreme mob violence and subsequently to the King and the royal family leaving their palace at Whitehall for security reasons. The five MPs backed by the mobs returned in triumph to Westminster and thus was the stage now set for the Jews to make their moves using none other than Cromwell himself to front their movement.

"1643 brought a large contingent of Jews to England; their rallying point was the house of the Portuguese Ambassador de Souza, a Marrano Jew. Prominent among them was Fernandez Carvajal, a great financier and army contractor." Excerpt from 'The Jews of England'

The actual bloodshed and open warfare between the two factions began in earnest at the Battle of Edgehill, Warwickshire later that year in 1642 where a contingent of Royalist troops commanded by Prince Rupert, a nephew of King Charles, fought against a Parliamentary army commanded by Cromwell. The outcome of this battle was totally inconclusive, both sides subsequently claiming victory and over the course of the next several years, a series of major battles and minor skirmishes took place at such locations as for example, Marston Moor, Oxford, Worcester, Newbury and finally Naseby amidst much bloodshed in an ongoing conflict that often pitted father against son and brother against brother in an attempt to gain ultimate supremacy by each of the respective 'sides'.

Eventually after years of attrition, it was Parliament who emerged as victor following the Battle of Naseby. Charles was taken prisoner and remained

under house arrest at Holmby House in Oxfordshire awaiting a decision on his fate which at the time was fully expected to be no more serious than foreign exile, a fate befalling many a defeated 'royal' in the past. However in June 1647, things were about to take a major turn for the worse for Charles.

On 4th June 1647, Cornet Joyce, acting on secret orders from Cromwell himself and unknown even to General Fairfax, Cromwell's army chief of staff, descended upon Holmby House with 500 picked revolutionary troopers and seized the King.

According to Isaac Disraeli… "The plan was arranged on May 30th at a secret meeting held at Cromwell's house, though later Cromwell pretended that it was without his concurrence."

This move coincided with a sudden development in the army; the rise of the 'Levellers' and 'Rationalists' whose doctrines were identical in almost every facet to those of the French revolutionaries in the 1780s and 1790s. In fact, they were identical in most aspects to what is now known today as 'Communism'. These were the infamous regicides, the King-killers, who 'purged' Parliament until there were only 50 members remaining, all 'communist-like' themselves and who were ultimately responsible for Charles' execution around eighteen months subsequently. This was the Parliament that came to be known colloquially as the 'Rump Parliament'.

However, back to the main story; in constant collusion with his Jewish benefactors throughout the duration of the war, Cromwell wrote to them again at Mulheim Synagogue in Holland in a letter received by them on the 16th June 1647…

"In return for further financial support will advocate admission of Jews to England:
This however impossible while Charles living. Charles cannot be executed without trial on adequate grounds which do not at present exist. Therefore advise that Charles be assassinated, but have nothing to do with arrangements for procuring an assassin, though willing to help in his escape."

To which the following reply was sent to Cromwell on the 12th July 1647…

"Will grant financial aid as soon as Charles removed and Jews admitted. Assassination too dangerous. Charles shall be given opportunity to escape. His recapture will make trial and execution possible. The support will be liberal, but useless to discuss terms until trial commences."

The source of this dialogue was a weekly review, 'Plain English' published by the 'North British Publishing Co.' and edited by Lord Alfred Douglas, in

1921.

And so it duly came to pass that on 12th November 1647, Charles was 'allowed' an opportunity to escape in order to bring the plan to fruition and he duly absconded to the Isle of Wight, to where he was followed and quickly recaptured by Cromwell's men.

"Contemporary historians have decided that the King from the day of his deportation from Holmby to his escape to the Isle of Wight was throughout the dupe of Cromwell." Isaac Disraeli.

Now all that remained at this time to complete the blood-bargain was to stage the 'show trial' of Charles and sentence him to death and the Jews would have attained their goal of being allowed to officially set foot on English soil for the first time in almost 500 years.

It soon became apparent that even though the members of the 'Rump' who were allowed to remain in situ in Parliament, were broadly speaking anti-monarchists, most were still nevertheless in favour of a peaceful and amicable settlement with the king. On 5th December 1647, the house sat through the night in debate and finally carried the motion 'that the king's concessions were satisfactory to a settlement'. This of course was unacceptable to Cromwell and his plans for the Jews, not to mention his own bank balance and so he arranged for yet another 'purge' of the house, this time undertaken by one of his army officers, Colonel Pride in an action which has subsequently come to be known to history as 'Pride's Purge', on the 6th December 1647. And then on the 4th January 1648 the remaining 50 members of the house finally invested themselves with the supreme power required to usurp the role of the king.

However, Algernon Sidney warned Cromwell that…

"First, the King can be tried by no court. Second, no man can be tried by this court." And further added that… "…no English lawyer could be found to draw up the charge, which was eventually entrusted to an accommodating alien, Isaac Dorislaus."

It is probably superfluous to reason for me to report that Isaac Dorislaus was exactly the same 'type' of alien as Carvajal and Manasseh Ben Israel and the other financiers who paid Cromwell his blood-money. And so were the Jews thus permitted once again to live freely in England despite protests by the masses (who were of course ignorant of ll the background machinations) and by the sub-committee of the Council of State which declared them to be… "…a grave menace to the State and the Christian religion".

"The English Revolution under Charles I was unlike any preceding one ... From that time and event we contemplate in our history the phases of revolution." Isaac Disraeli

This was actually just the beginning. The English revolution was followed by the American, French and Russian versions of the same 'trick' all at the behest of and funded by the same group of people, albeit for differing reasons. In 1897 the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion surfaced and this document contains this noteworthy sentence… "Remember the French Revolution, the secrets of its preparation are well known to us for it was entirely the work of our hands." Protocol No.3 - 14 This statement could easily have referred to all of the above named events.

However, the real objective of the revolution was realised around half a century later with the formation of the Bank of England in 1694 and the instigating of the National Debt. The charter that provided for this, handed-over to an anonymous committee, the previously Royal prerogative of minting money and enabled the international banksters to secure their loans on the taxes of the country rather than simply upon a monarch's personal undertaking thus enslaving the people of Britain forever.

The Act of Union passed by Parliament shortly afterwards in 1706, was simply an expedient way of tying Scotland into the great scam in addition to England. Of course up until that point in time the two countries were distinctly separate, both politically and economically. This then had the effect of making redundant the Scottish Mint and also to bring it under the umbrella of the English national debt as a whole. Thus was the grip of the banksters extended over England's neighbours in one succinct move.

To safeguard against a possible negative reaction from Parliament, the party system was then brought into being, frustrating true national reaction and enabling the puppeteers to divide and rule using their newly-established financial power to ensure that their own henchmen and their own policies would predominate.

This was then the beginning of the bankers highly dubious practice of fractional reserve banking whereby gold became the basis of loans, ten times the size of the amount deposited. In other words, £100 pounds of gold would be legal security for a £1,000 loan. At 3% interest therefore, £100 pounds in gold could earn £30 pounds interest annually with no more trouble or inconvenience to the lender than the keeping of a few ledger entries. The

owner of £100 worth of land however, still had to slave, often around the clock, in order to make a subsistence living.

The Founding of America – 'The New Atlantis'

Two thousand five hundred years ago, the Greek philosopher Plato wrote about the great city-state, Atlantis and described it as an ideal society that was unfortunately destroyed in some unknown cataclysmic event, several thousands of years previously. This event may have been a gigantic tsunami, an earthquake or the result of massive volcanic activity, but the real reason for its sudden demise is not known.

Ever since Plato's description of this 'utopian' world became widely known, there have been attempts to recreate it in all its glory and this indeed has been the aim and ambitions of the Elite since that time. The twentieth-century Freemasonic historian and philosopher, one of the foremost authorities on the occultist nature of the craft, Manly P. Hall recorded in his prolific writings that Atlantis had always been destined to be re-built and that indeed was the goal of the ancient secret societies such as Rosicrucianism which eventually became a forerunner of Freemasonry itself.

In the early 17th century, the prominent English secret society adept, Sir Francis Bacon, wrote his classic work 'The New Atlantis', citing America as the ideal location for the fulfilment of the long-held dreams of the Rosicrucians and the other forerunners of Freemasonry. Bacon in fact was the fundamental element in the concept of trying to create the New Atlantis on the American continent. He foresaw a 'new world' of technological and scientific achievements and believed passionately that this was the destiny of and the role earmarked for, the then 'virgin' territory of the American landmass. Bacon could quite legitimately be regarded as the very founder of America.

Bacon was the leader of the Rosicrucian movement and the fledgling organisation that would become the Freemasonry that we know today and it was these two movements that were to have a huge influence upon the development and progress of American society which would eventually lead to the institution of the 'United States' in the form we still see today. The Rosicrucians and Freemasons arrived in America in their great numbers during the mass immigrations of the first half of the seventeenth century, along with

the Puritans and the repressed religious sects from England and eventually other nations. This huge movement of people was directly or indirectly encouraged by Bacon and his compadres as they sought to populate this new Atlantis for their own agenda, the eventually creation of the oft-quoted New World Order which I believe is a successor to the New Atlantis of Bacon's dream.

America or the USA as it is now is thus the promulgator of the New World Order, its short history having been hugely influenced by Freemasonry. Freemasons practised their art in much the same way as in Europe, embedding secret, esoteric designs in both individual buildings and indeed, entire cities and wider areas. For example, the original American major cities, Washington DC, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston are all in perfect alignment along a 400 mile line, in effect connecting them together along the eastern seaboard of the US. This line, if continued eastwards also aligns perfectly with Stonehenge and then London. Can this be a coincidence? It is I believe extremely unlikely, but who knows what esoteric purpose this may serve?

In the 1920s an Englishman, Alfred Watkins discovered the concept of what he called, 'ley-lines' which connect many sites of ancient monuments throughout the world, again by the simple utilisation of straight lines drawn between them. It is believed by many that the constructors of these ancient sites, often thousands of miles apart, were aware of the 'energy' emitted from the Earth itself along these lines and meridians. Many of the great European cathedrals built in the medieval period, for example, are all connected by ley-lines to themselves as well as the Egyptian pyramids.

Washington DC itself stands on the 77th meridian which is also known as 'God's Longitude' for the esoteric properties it is said to possess. The first expedition of Sir Walter Raleigh to the American mainland in the 1580s was said to be a disaster and a failure, resulting in the deaths of many crew-members for what amounted to nothing, but could his voyage have had another purpose? Had he been sent by his Elite masters to seek-out the location of the 77th meridian in order to facilitate the future founding of the nation? In Washington DC there is an area known as Meridian Hill and this is likely the exact location of the famed 77th meridian itself. Raleigh was himself a member of Bacon's secret society, the Rosicrucians and like Bacon was committed to the establishment of a society wholly dedicated to the esoteric and the occult, the New Atlantis.

Despite what you may believe, the American Revolution was conceived and perpetrated by Freemasonry to further the financial interests of the North American Elite and create an impression of independence from British money interests and the 'Crown' and was not as we are told, the product of a popular uprising against British tyranny. Indeed most 'ordinary' Americans were not in favour of independence from Britain, most of them were of British ancestry, were fiercely loyal to King George III and in many cases still had family back in the 'old country'.

Benjamin Franklin, the American 'hero' was in reality an agent of British intelligence working towards the goal of transition of the American colonies from overt to covert control in a microcosm of what was taking place on a worldwide basis as openly monarchical dictatorships were replaced by a manufactured 'democracy' to create the false impression of 'government by the people, for the people'.

According to official history, the spark that ignited the conflict was when a band of men dressed as Mohawk Indians dumped all the tea from the British clipper, Dartmouth into Boston harbour in an event that has become known as 'The Boston Tea Party', as an alleged protest at excessive British taxation of imported foodstuffs and consumer goods. In reality, the 'Indians' were members of the St. Andrew's Freemasonic lodge in Boston, led by their junior warden, Paul Revere, he of the famous 'ride of Paul Revere' undertaken to warn the good American citizens that the 'British are coming'. The easy access to the ship was facilitated with 'insider' help from the colonial militia detailed to guard the waterfront at Boston harbour. The Captain of this militia was a certain Edward Proctor who by no small coincidence also happened to be a senior member of the St. Andrew's Lodge. Another lodge member also happened to be John Hancock, the first signatory of the Declaration of Independence and whose name has become synonymous with 'signature' as a result. All were also members of the 'Sons of Liberty' group that organised and perpetrated the 'Boston Tea Party'.

Of the fifty six signatories of the Declaration of Independence, at least fifty were known to be freemasons and only one was definitely known not to be. Is this significant in any way? I believe so. In addition, all the signatories were provably descended from British royalty as indeed most senior American politicians still are to this day. For example George W. Bush is a sixth cousin of Queen Elizabeth II.

So, on the 3rd September 1783, America was officially recognised by Britain as an independent country. Would this have been the case had the revolution really been to sever ties with Britain unilaterally? Highly unlikely, I would argue. The British establishment would have fought tooth and nail to retain the colony as their 'possession' had the War of Independence been lost against its will (instead of simply being 'handed over') and not meekly seceded to American local interests. The first President (although that was never his official title) George Washington, was from a British aristocratic background and was a 33rd degree freemason. His initiation ceremony was in effect a freemasonic ritual attended by all the freemasonic hierarchy of the country in full freemasonic regalia, aprons et al.

"The United States is still a colony of the Corporation known as 'The Crown', owned and managed by the Rothschilds and other Illuminati crime families. 'The Crown's' ownership of the United States Federal Reserve Bank guaranteed that the United States would be economically bled to death by foreign interests." Paul Drockton, 'Bankster Fraud and National Security', 7th January 2012

The new capital, Washington DC was designed and built on freemasonic principles with Babylonian and Romanesque architecture well to the fore including an abundance of esoteric symbolism in both its street-plan and its architecture. It is well known that occult and masonic ceremonies were common-place during the building of the city, when laying the foundation-stones of many of its original structures. As with the Egyptian pyramids, Washington DC is also in alignment with important star systems.

In actuality, the United States of America has never been a country in its own right, despite appearances to the contrary. It was established by British freemasonry, in conjunction with American freemasonry to perpetuate the deception of 'freedom of the people' and to enable covert control of the masses and facilitate huge, ongoing profits at the expense of those masses. In effect, the Virginia Company, established in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, simply changed its name to The United States Corporation Inc. and this is the real power structure behind the scenes. The President is merely the president of a large corporation and so the 'war on terrorism' was launched by the president of a private corporation to further the geo-political interests and profits of that corporation. The privately owned 'United States' is in effect the holding company and the fifty states, its subsidiaries.

The French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars

The French Revolution closely followed by the Napoleonic wars was the next instalment of the long-term Elite banksters plan to re-programme humanity to serve them and their god Lucifer.

"The Illuminati, operating in the guise of the Jacobins, forced the regime-change that historians now call the French Revolution." Andrew Smith, henrymakow.com

The value of history lies primarily in appreciating the current events of today. We have a sense that events are driven by the past and that history repeats itself. Why would this be? Perhaps, the hidden planners of historical events have an extremely limited repertoire of dirty tricks? They suppress the history of the deceptions practiced on our great-grandparents, so they can mislead and deceive us and later generations.

Only when we see that the French Revolution of 1789 was planned and financed from abroad (as was the English Revolution in the 17th century, the American Revolution in 1776 and the Russian Revolution of 1917) can we understand that the recent 'unrest' and 'revolutions' in Tunisia, Libya, Egypt, Bahrain, Thailand, Yemen, Syria and now Malaysia are not truly popular revolts but irregular warfare coups. Of course, in the case of Libya where Gadaffi came close to eradicating the rebels, the foreign coup has become a regular military operation supported by NATO air strikes. But they still call it a revolution.

There is no doubt that the French Revolution, which devastated the nation of France between 1787 and 1799, was inspired and instigated by Freemasonry and just as with the English Revolution, a century and a half earlier, things are not quite as portrayed by mainstream history. Although popularly believed to have begun due to a public uprising over lack of food and government representation, the real facts tell us that the revolution was instigated by cells of French Freemasonry and the German Illuminati.

Even the 'Encyclopedia Britannica' relates that in France there arose a political system and a philosophical outlook that no longer took Christianity

for granted and indeed overtly and explicitly opposed it. The brotherhood taught by such groups as the Freemasons, members of secret fraternal societies, and the Illuminati, a rationalist secret society, provided a rival to the Catholic sense of community.

"The Masons... originated the [French] Revolution with the infamous Duke of Orleans at their head." Nesta Webster, secret society researcher, 1924

During the French Revolution, a key rebel leader was the Duke of Orleans, who was grand master of French Freemasonry before his resignation at the height of the Revolution. Marquis de Lafayette, the man who had been initiated into the Masonic fraternity by George Washington, also played an important role in the French revolutionary cause and the Jacobin Club, which was the radical nucleus of the French revolutionary movement, was founded by prominent Freemasons.

In 1789 the Duke of Orleans purportedly bought much of the grain in France and either sold it abroad, secreted it away or destroyed it thus engendering starvation amongst the French peasant classes. Galart de Montjoie, a contemporary, blamed the Revolution almost solely on the Duke of Orleans, writing that he "was moved by that invisible hand which seems to have created all the events of our revolution in order to lead us towards a goal that we do not see at present..."

"If, then, it is said that the [French] Revolution was prepared in the lodges of Freemasons – and many French Masons have boasted of the fact – let it always be added that it was Illuminised Freemasonry that made the Revolution and that the Masons who acclaim it are Illuminised Masons, inheritors of the same tradition introduced into the lodges of France in 1787 by the disciples of Weishaupt, patriarch of the Jacobins." Nesta Webster

Pro-revolutionary members of France's National Constituent Assembly had formed a group which became known as the Society of the Friends of the Constitution and after the Assembly moved to Paris, this group met there in a hall leased from the Jacobins' convent of Catholic Dominican Friars. These revolutionaries, sworn to protect the revolution from the aristocracy, became known as the 'Jacobin Club'. At least that is the official story of the Jacobins but the Jacobins are also tied to earlier secret societies, specifically regarding a plot to restore a kingship in Britain during the previous century…

In 1688, England's unpopular, Catholic Stuart king, James II, was deposed by his Dutch son-in-law, the Protestant William of Orange and James' daughter Mary. James, whose name in Latin was Jacobus, hence the name

'Jacobites', fled to France where he continued to be supported by Freemasons in Scotland and Wales who sought to restore him to the English throne. They were accused by French Freemasons of subverting Masonic rituals and titles into political support for this restoration.

According to Masonic history, James was hidden from sight in the Chateau of Saint-Germain by his friend, the French King Louis XIV where he established a system of Freemasonry that became known as the 'Scottish Rite'.

After a series of failed rebellions, culminating at the Battle of Culloden in 1746, the Jacobite uprising in Scotland was finally crushed. Their leader, Charles Edward Stuart, 'Bonnie Prince Charlie, the young pretender', escaped back to France whence he came, taking with him Jacobite supporters imbued with 'Freemasonic ideals' and a year later in Arras, France, Charles chartered a Masonic Sovereign Primordial Chapter of Rose Croix (Rosicrucian order) known as the 'Scottish Jacobite Lodge'

All the revolutionaries of the Constituent Assembly were eventually initiated into the third degree of Illuminised Freemasonry, including revolutionary leaders such as the Duke of Orleans, Valance, Lafayette, Mirabeau, Marat, Robespierre, Danton and Desmoulins – all of whom were to have significant roles in the coming conflict.

Honre-Gabriel Riquetti, the Count of Mirabeau, a leading revolutionary, indeed espoused ideals which were all but identical with Adam Weishaupt, founder of Bavarian Illuminised Freemasonry. Mirabeau advocated the overthrow of all law and order and all power to 'leave the people in anarchy'. He said that the public must be promised 'power' and lower taxes but never given real power 'for the people as legislators are very dangerous as they only establish laws which coincide with their passions.' He also said that the clergy should be destroyed by 'ridiculing religion'. Mirabeau ended his tirade by proclaiming, 'What matter the means as long as one arrives at the end?' This of course is the same end-justifies-the-means philosophy espoused by Weishaupt, Lenin, Pike, Crowley ('do what thou wilt') and Hitler et al.

Contrary to popular belief and mainstream history, the storming of the Bastille was not the spontaneous action of the downtrodden masses, according to Nesta Webster... "That brigands from the South were deliberately enticed to Paris in 1789, employed and paid by the revolutionary leaders, is a fact confirmed by authorities too numerous to quote at length... In other words, the importation of the contingent of hired brigands conclusively refutes the theory that the Revolution was an irrepressible rising of the people."

It was during the French Revolution, that 'problem, reaction, solution', the Hegelian dialectic was put to good use whereby grievances were systematically created in order to exploit them. Such exploitation began with the Freemasons as early as 1772 when the Grand Orient Lodge was firmly established in France. At this time there were a total of 104 lodges and this number grew to 2,000 lodges by the time of the Revolution, with 447 lodge members participating in the 605 member Estates-General. One of their primary goals was the nationalisation of all Church property to help pay off the large debts revolutionary France incurred in assisting their Jacobite Masonic brethren's plans during the American revolution.

Meanwhile, buoyed by the situation in France, Freemasonic-based revolutionary clubs sprang up in other countries, including England, Ireland, the 'German' dukedoms, Austria, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland and tensions between other nations and France rose until 1792 when France declared war on Austria and Prussia. Confronted with both a war and a revolution, France degenerated into the 'Reign of Terror', during which time King Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and many thousands of aristocrats, were executed by the Guillotine.

"Behind the Conventions, behind the clubs, behind the Revolutionary Tribunal, there existed... that most secret convention which directed everything... an occult and terrible power of which the other Convention became the slave and which was composed of the prime initiates of Illuminism." Nesta Webster

And so it was that the 'invisible hand' that guided the entire French Revolution was the Illuminati, still only 13 years in existence, yet powerful enough to cause a revolution in one of the major countries of the world. The wars, riots and coups d'états continued in France until a young General, Napoleon Bonaparte finally seized complete control in 1799. Although he carried on his own brand of terror in Europe for years, Napoleon proclaimed an end to the 'revolution'. France by this time was in absolute chaos. Hundreds of thousands had died of starvation, war, large-scale unrest, violence and by execution and the power of both the monarchy and the Catholic Church had been virtually destroyed.

The very same Elite forces that had directed and manipulated the French Revolution decided then to engage in another international plot and so they organised the 'Napoleonic Wars' to topple several more of the Crowned heads of Europe. One branch of the Elite financed Napoleon, whilst another branch

financed Britain, the German states and other nations. Of course, both branches received their orders from the overall masterminds of the Elite, Illuminati organisation.

Immediately after the Napoleonic Wars, the Illuminati banksters headed by the Rothschilds assumed that all the nations would be so desperate and so weary of wars that they would be forced to accept almost any solution. So the stooges of the Illuminati set up what they called 'The Congress of Vienna.' At this meeting they tried to form the first 'league of nations', their very first attempt at 'one world government'. They espoused the theory that all the Crowned heads of the European countries were so deeply in debt to them that they would willingly or unwillingly serve as their stooges. But the Tsar of Russia somehow discovered the plot and completely foiled it. The absolutely livid Nathan Rothschild then vowed that someday they would destroy the Tsar and his entire family, a threat which was eventually fulfilled in 1917, one hundred years later. These people are nothing if not patient. They are prepared to wait generations to see their plans come to fruition and we should always keep in mind the fact that the Elite has never been geared to operate on a short-term basis.

The setback for the Elite at the congress of Vienna, as a result of exposure by the Tsar of Russia did not by any means destroy the conspiracy entirely; it merely forced them to adopt a new, longer-term strategy. Realising that their immediate plans for one world government was temporarily thwarted; the Elite decided that if they were to keep their power-base intact, they would have to tighten their control of the monetary system of the European nations.

'Revolution' may be defined as a 'sudden and violent change in government or in the political constitution of a country, mainly brought about by internal causes'. But subversive elements in London working with French and European secret societies and not internal causes were responsible for the bloodbath that historians call The French Revolution.

Before 1919 when Nesta B. Webster published her history of the French tragedy, there was nothing in the English Language to inform the British and their Empire that all was not as it seemed, except Thomas Carlyle's 'The French Revolution' (1837). In her preface to 'The French Revolution: A Study in Democracy' (1919) Webster expressed the view that… "So far, in England, the truth is not known; we have not even been told what really happened."

Mainstream historians still claim that up until the French Revolution, the French aristocracy kept the peasants in a permanent state of hunger and desperation without any real hope or direction for the future. However, in her work, Webster comprehensively explodes these myths regarding peasant misery before 1789 with the letters of an Englishman Dr. Rigby who travelled through the French countryside in 1789 and who described 'its extraordinary fertility' and its 'state of the highest cultivation'. 'The crops are beyond any conception. I could have had of them … tens of thousands of acres of wheat superior to any that can be produced in England...' He also described the ordinary French people as 'happy, prosperous and contented'.

Yet in the midst of this abundance there was suddenly an artificially-engineered famine and it was this that became the flashpoint that sparked the French Revolution. And we are also still taught that upon hearing of the starving French peasantry, Louis XVI's wife, Queen Marie Antoinette remarked, 'Let them eat cake'. This false quotation has been used to paint the French aristocracy as out of touch with reality. In truth, Marie Antoinette actually blamed England and she most definitely was well aware of what was really going on.

"What then, is the explanation of the belief in English co-operation with the revolutionary movement and of the English guineas found on the rioters? Of the Englishmen mingling in the mobs of Paris during popular agitations? Of the seditious pamphlets printed in London? Of the traffic in letters, messages, and money maintained between England and the revolutionary leaders? Many of these leaders were constantly in England both before and during the Revolution... These facts admit of no denial". Nesta Webster.

A French historian and staunch Royalist, Felix Louis Montjoie, copiously documented the role of King Louis XVI's cousin the Freemason, the Duke of Orleans, who bought up large portions of the French grain in 1789. This action on his part turned out to be of no avail as he was despatched to Madame Guillotine in 1793.

Later historians documented the role of Prime Minister Pitt, the English Parliament and the British King's Privy Counsel in hoarding French grain with the aid of the Elite-controlled British East India Company in warehouses on

the English Channel Islands of Guernsey and Jersey. However, England was merely a pawn in the Elite game of pseudo-revolutions that overturn governments and give credit to democratic/communist freedom-fighters (now re-branded as terrorists of course). These people eventually even propagandise and socially engineer the conquered population to celebrate the destruction of their own history, tradition and culture. So today, the French ironically celebrate the demise of their own culture on Bastille Day, the 14th July.

"The earlier revolutionary leaders were, as we have seen, the disciples of the German Illuminati and it was they who initiated them into the art of forming political committees to carry through the great plan of a general overturning of religion and government . . . . These committees arose from the Illuminati in Bavaria . . . and these committees produced the Jacobin Club." John Robison, 'Proofs of a Conspiracy', 1797

The chief lesson, Robison observed, that the revolutionary leaders acquired from the Illuminati, "…was the method of doing business, of managing their own correspondence and of procuring and training pupils."

So to conclude, the Elite operating in the guise of the Jacobins forced the regime change that historians now refer to as the 'French Revolution' and during the Russian Revolution it was the Bolsheviks that were used as the cover for their nefarious scheme.

Unelected Presidents of the USA

Whilst the recent, undemocratic seizure of the US presidency (on two occasions) by Bush the lesser was perhaps a most spectacular example of the uninhibited corruption abounding at high levels within western societies today, there are many other examples of this practice going back through the decades and centuries, all of which have either been air-brushed from official history or the facts have been distorted to protect the guilty.

Illegally disenfranchising voters and rigging the Diebold electronic voting machines, as happened in the Bush elections, are just two ways of achieving the ends of the unscrupulous Elite but there is another equally effective strategy that has been regularly employed. However, assassination is no bloodless coup, unlike the fixing of elections.

Almost from the beginning of the American republic, assassination has been used as an integral tool of control by those who enslave us, often resulting in the appointment of men who are in effect unelected leaders. It is a fact that Elite agents poisoned and killed William Henry Harrison on 4th April 1841 and Zachary Taylor on 9th July 1850. These two Presidents had opposed admitting Texas and California as slave-owning states and William Harrison was the first President ever to die in office, serving only 31 days and according to Wikipedia he died of 'pneumonia'. On the 3rd July 1850, Zachary Taylor threatened to hang those 'taken in rebellion against the Union' and the very next day, the President fell ill, vomited a 'blackish' substance and died within one week on the 9th July 1850. In fact Kentucky state authorities recently dug up Taylor's body in a search for evidence of arsenic poisoning, however none was found – or so they said. James Buchanan was also similarly poisoned in 1857 but he fortunately survived against the odds.

All three were obstructing on-going Elitist, Rothschild plans for the US Civil War (1861-1865). Later, Abraham Lincoln was famously assassinated by a single shot to the head at close range by John Wilkes Booth a 33rd degree freemason and Elite stooge at Ford's Theatre, Washington in 1865. Lincoln had recently introduced the debt-free currency 'greenbacks' thus bypassing the monopoly of the Bank of the United States (a forerunner of the Federal Reserve).

In fact, Booth was merely the front-man for a much wider conspiracy, a fact that was widely acknowledged at the time but has been conveniently ignored and/or deleted from history now. Four additional co-conspirators were hanged for the crime and two more received life sentences in jail. Lincoln's successor, Andrew Johnson, had just taken office as VP literally weeks before the assassination, replacing Hannibal Hamlin. Incidentally, Booth is commonly believed (according to official history) to have been silenced when he was killed whilst resisting arrest. According to a recent article by Mark Owen on the website henrymakow.com, Booth was actually killed by the 'outlaw' Jesse James a fellow high-ranking freemason, in 1903 for the heinous crime of breaking his masonic oath – a far worse transgression of course for freemasons, than assassinating the legally elected leader of a country.

According to Owen…

"Booth's heavy drinking combined with his continual boasting of exploits within the KGC [masonic Knights of the Golden Circle] eventually brought him to the attention of Jesse James. It was also reported that Booth regularly partook of laudanum, an opium derivative. This is when he would become particularly verbose. Again we have to rewind... The outlaw Jesse James was not killed by Bob Ford in 1882. Jesse faked his death as an expedient way to throw off Pinkerton agents, assorted railroad barons, gun fighters and the bounty hunters scouring the country for him. He and Ford would become partners in many business ventures spanning decades. James operated under more than 50 aliases in his long life before dying at the advanced age of 107 under the alias 'J. Frank Dalton' in 1951 in Lawton, Oklahoma. Jesse James was a 33rd degree Freemason and a high-ranking Knight of the Golden Circle."

But, to get back to the main story… In every instance, the unelected Vice Presidents were swiftly drafted into office and duly 'played the game' as dictated to them by their Elite puppeteers. There is most definitely no room for independent thinkers in politics.

In 1901 Theodore (Teddy) Roosevelt was placed in office by 'default' by the assassination of President William McKinley. McKinley was shot and allegedly killed by an 'anarchist' Leon Csolgosz in Buffalo, New York. Two bullets struck the president, one in the abdomen and the other grazed his ribs, however neither was deemed to be fatal but regardless of this fact, McKinley surprisingly died eight days later, supposedly as a result of gangrene. Roosevelt at this time was just beginning his first term as vice-president, having recently

replaced McKinley's previous VP, Garret Hobart but just six months later, Roosevelt assumed the presidency. Csolgosz the assassin, in the usual, standard tradition of American 'lone nut' gunmen, was rapidly dealt with. With seemingly indecent haste (within two months) he had been indicted, tried, convicted, sentenced and executed.

In 1923, Calvin Coolidge was similarly handed the office of President by virtue of the assassination of Warren G. Harding. Although the official cause of death was listed as an 'embolism' by his doctor, no autopsy was ever performed and so the correct diagnosis of the actual cause amounted to something akin to a remarkable feat of detection. Unsurprisingly, the good doctor suffered a similar fate less than a year later. According to a report in the New York Times at the time, the doctor's death 'was almost identical with the manner of death of the late Warren G. Harding when Doctor Sawyer was with the President in San Francisco'.

Then in 1945, Harry S. Truman became the next unelected incumbent upon the death of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, which was also probably an assassination. Allegedly, Roosevelt suffered a headache, lost consciousness and then simply died. But whether this was from natural causes is highly debatable. Roosevelt had obviously felt well enough to begin an unprecedented fourth presidential term and did not appear overtly to be in failing health regardless of the fact that this is now exactly what history has been manipulated to state. In a similar vein to Teddy Roosevelt, Truman had only just taken the office of VP, replacing Henry Wallace. Less than 3 months after becoming VP, Truman was holder of the ultimate office and in position to influence the final negotiations shaping the post-war world in the form demanded of him by the Elite.

Then in 1963, Lyndon B. Johnson assumed unelected executive office following the assassination of President J. F. Kennedy. There is obviously no doubt that Kennedy was assassinated, the only dispute being regarding by whom and why. Was it carried-out by the CIA, the FBI, the KGB, the Mafia, the Mossad, pro-Castro Cubans, anti-Castro Cubans, neo-Nazis, the Republican party or possibly even another 'lone-nut' by the name of Lee Harvey Oswald? Of course, Oswald was tried, convicted, sentenced and executed two days later by a another 'lone-nut' named Jack Ruby who just 'happened' to have been a colleague of Oswald in the same CIA section as well as having un-reported connections to the FBI, the KGB and the Mafia.

Five years later, the assassination of Robert Kennedy was an important factor in the presidential election victory of Richard Nixon. Kennedy was by far the strongest candidate and Johnson realising this fact had decided not to seek a second term of office. However, through Kennedy's untimely demise via the 'lone-nut' gunman strategy again (why change a successful formula?) Nixon was thus presented with almost a fait accompli.

However Nixon was soon playing the role of the victim himself as a result of an internal party power-struggle. Although it was dressed-up as an impeachment proceeding, evidence clearly suggests that what actually occurred was a CIA-directed coup, albeit bloodless, where Nixon was the victim of a set-up regarding the so-called Watergate affair. Watergate was without doubt a CIA/military intelligence operation, both the deliberately bungled burglary and the leaking of the fact afterwards. It is probable that Henry Kissinger was the driving force behind it in order to install his compliant stooge, Gerald Ford into office. It worked. As with the Bush coup in 2000, it resulted in yet another unelected president being sworn-in, namely Gerald Ford.

Ford was unique in that he was directly 'appointed' President without first becoming VP. He was just instantly elevated from Congress, where his primary duty had been to funnel covert, unaccountable funds to the CIA. In order to bypass the VP at that time, Spiro Agnew had to be disposed of by some means or another. Here is what Agnew himself had to say about it…

"…his remark sent a chill through my body. I interpreted it as an innuendo that anything could happen to me; I might have a 'convenient' accident. What had Haig meant when he said 'anything may be in the offing'? I was close enough to the presidency to know that the office could exert tremendous power. I was told… 'Go quietly, or else…' I feared for my life. If a decision had been made to eliminate me through an automobile accident or a fake suicide or whatever, the order would not have been traced back to the White House. The American people should know that in the last hectic year or more of his residence in the White House, Richard Nixon did not actually administer all the powers of the presidency. As I have stated earlier, it was General Haig [a military officer of NATO – JH] who was the de facto President." Spiro Agnew, former US Vice President, in his book 'Go Quietly… Or Else'.

Agnew eventually resigned as the result of a trumped-up financial scandal.

And then lo and behold in 1975 Gerald Ford himself was almost assassinated. He was shot at by another 'lone-nut', this time a woman, Lynnette Fromme who was part of the Charles Manson group of followers

who as it happened, all turned out to have very shady, dubious backgrounds including covert links to the CIA, but she 'fortuitously' missed her target and Ford lived on to complete his presidential term and died in 2006 at the age of 93. He was one of the few lucky ones. Fromme is widely believed to have been a 'Manchurian Candidate', a product of MK Ultra, the mind-control branch of the US government implicated in many an assassination conspiracy. Had Fromme been successful, Nelson Rockefeller would have been raised from his position as the vice-president to become the second consecutive unelected president and the latest in a long, long list.

Moving on swiftly now to 1981 and the puppet-President Ronald Reagan and his controllers, the Bush crime-family. In that year, Reagan was the subject of an assassination attempt by another 'lone-nut' gunman, John Hinckley. Strange is it not how assassinations are never politically motivated? They are always carried-out by 'crazies', acting entirely alone and with 'crazy' motives. Anyway, Bush senior had, like Teddy Roosevelt and Truman before him, only just become vice-president at the time of the attack on Reagan and came extremely close to being the next in a long line of unelected presidents. The fact that the Hinckley and Bush families were known by many to be close friends and that this fact went unreported at the time and indeed ever since, is probably just a remarkable coincidence and nothing at all to be concerned about.

Covert coup d'états have always been a prominent part of the American political arena. Roosevelt, Coolidge, Truman, Johnson and Ford, achieved the highest office in this manner in the last 100 years alone and Nixon appears to have done so by violently eliminating his major competition (RFK) or by someone doing it on his behalf at least. There were also unsuccessful attempts at assassination such as for instance when two men allegedly attempted to assassinate President Truman in November 1951, as plans were being made for the 1952 presidential election campaign. The attempt failed, but Truman then, perhaps not unexpectedly, decided against running for a second term of office, effectively leaving the way clear for Eisenhower to become president.

In fact interestingly, every president who has taken office this past century as a direct result of assassination has inexplicably declined to seek another term of office at the subsequent elections. And this leads us neatly to the next phenomenon regarding the seemingly 'cursed' position of US President. Commencing in 1840, every president prior to Reagan elected in a twenty-year cycle has 'died' in office. In chronological order:

William Harrison - elected in 1840, assassinated in 1841
Abraham Lincoln - elected in 1860, assassinated in 1865
James Garfield - elected in 1880, assassinated in 1881
William McKinley - elected in 1900, assassinated in 1901
Warren Harding - elected in 1920, assassinated in 1923
Franklin Roosevelt - elected in 1940, assassinated in 1945
John Kennedy - elected in 1960, assassinated in 1963
Ronald Reagan – elected in 1980, survived assassination attempt in 1981

Had Reagan succumbed to his wounds, he would have joined this list, proper.

What a shame it is now though that the cycle has been broken after 170 years, with the 2000 incumbent, 'Dubya' missing out. Could this be because the true rulers of the world have now completely gained control after two hundred plus years of chicanery and double-dealing in their attempts to bring the office of presidency under their influence? This would certainly appear to be the case, hence the lack of need for future assassinations barring rogue presidents usurping their authority.

Given the depth of corruption inherent within the US political system, there is strong reason to believe that the US (or indeed any Western government) can no longer be taken seriously as a democracy and there is a conspicuous pattern of Elite-Rothschild control throughout US history. To deny this fact would be ludicrous in the extreme. In fact the United States was actually created to advance the Elite's New World Order based on the Rothschild control of world finance. So-called 'American ideals' of freedom and democracy and the advent of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were designed to con the masses into believing that they are 'free', not to be actually realised.

The founders, signatories of the Declaration of Independence and heroes of the US were mostly high-ranking freemasons including such luminaries as George Washington, John Hancock, Paul Revere, John Paul Jones and Benjamin Franklin as was Francis Scott Key who wrote the US national anthem, Stars and Stripes.

Jack the Ripper, Prince Eddy, Lord Randolph Spencer-Churchill and the Queen Mother

What do these seemingly unconnected people have in common? The answer may well surprise and shock you to the core.

The story begins in the late summer of 1888, the heyday of Queen Victoria's reign, in the gas-lit streets of London, when a young woman's horrifically mutilated body was discovered in a tawdry slum street in the run-down Whitechapel area of London….

On the evening of the 31st August 1888 the body of Mary Ann Nicholls, a common prostitute, was found prostrate on a pavement in the Whitechapel district in the East End of London. She had been brutally hacked to death, her throat having been slit and devastating cuts to her torso revealed her exposed internal organs. She was to be the first of a series of five victims of the now legendary killer who came to be known in popular folklore as 'Jack the Ripper'.

The so-called 'Ripper' murders came under the jurisdiction of the London Metropolitan Police Force and in particular an Inspector by the name of Frederick George Abberline who was tasked with the overseeing of the investigation. It is important to note that the diaries of Frederick Abberline did not see light of day until around 70 years after the unsolved murders, being in the possession during this time, firstly of Walter Sickert (1860-1942), the famous artist of the time and latterly of Joseph Sickert, his son. The full significance of this will become apparent later.

Walter Sickert had been employed by the royal family in the 1880s to provide private art lessons to their son and heir, Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Clarence otherwise known by his colloquial name of 'Prince Eddy'. Eddy was in fact the eldest son of Albert Edward the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) and Princess Alexandra (later Queen Alexandra), the grandson of the reigning monarch, Queen Victoria and older brother of the future king of England, King George V and as such would eventually have been first in line to the throne. Unfortunately however, Eddy was not in the best of health. He had been born, mainly due to centuries of royal in-

breeding, partially deaf and of well below average intelligence and was thus shunned by the majority of his cold-hearted family.

Queen Victoria, the reigning monarch at the time was a great supporter and patron of freemasonry as were all the Royal males of the age (and as they still are today). Indeed it was the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha family (the current British royals) that had sponsored the rise of Adam Weishaupt, the founder of the Illuminati, originally a freemasonry offshoot, in Bavaria in the 18th century. Weishaupt himself was born and raised in the Bavarian town of Gotha.

It is a little known or reported fact that there are several masonic lodges in the royal palaces of Britain, the most significant one perhaps being the Royal Alpha Lodge in Kensington Palace. In 1885 Prince Eddy was initiated into the Royal Alpha Lodge at the behest of his father.

Prince Eddy

As well as his membership of the lodge, Eddy was also a regular 'customer' at a homosexual-paedophile brothel in Cleveland Street, London and indiscreetly instigated a series of explicit love-letters with a young boy employed at these most vile of premises. The well-known Satanist, Aleister Crowley had these letters in his possession for many years but eventually they were lost or more likely destroyed and have never since seen the light of day. This incident alone had the potential to become a huge national scandal if made public, but events took a turn for the worse when it was discovered that Eddy had also made a young Catholic 'commoner' of Irish descent by the name of Annie Elizabeth Crook, pregnant with his child. Eddy also, as it turned out, had foolishly married her in a clandestine church service and this in effect barred him from ever becoming king as British royals are not permitted to marry Catholics, let alone one who is deemed to be a commoner and bearing a child conceived out of wedlock.

In 1883, Eddy's mother, Princess Alexandra, had asked the young painter Walter Sickert to introduce Eddy to the artistic and literary life of London. Sickert's studio, where he spent most of his time, was at 15 Cleveland Street

near to Tottenham Court Road in north London. He duly introduced the teenage Prince to many of the area's 'bohemian types', including the theatrical friends he had made when, for four years, he had been a minor member of the Lyceum Theatre Company. Sickert also introduced Eddy to one of his models, a pretty Irish Catholic girl, the afore-mentioned Annie Crook who lived nearby at 6 Cleveland Street and who worked by day in a local confectioners or tobacconist's shop. They fell for each other and, according to Sickert, went through two clandestine marriage ceremonies, one Anglican and one Catholic. Soon afterwards, due to Annie's pregnancy, her employer needed someone to deputise for her during her confinement. Walter Sickert was asked if he knew anyone suitable and, after consulting friends, found a young girl by the name of Mary Jean (Marie Jeanette) Kelly, from the Providence Row Night Refuge for Women in Whitechapel. For some months, Mary worked alongside Annie Crook in the shop and the two became friends. In due course, on the 18th April 1885, Annie gave birth to Eddy's daughter, Alice Margaret and when she returned home, her new friend Mary Kelly moved-in as the child's nursemaid. Mary also worked as a prostitute in the evenings to supplement her meagre income.

Naturally, Eddy absolutely enraged the establishment with his 'illicit' marriage and this combined with the incident of the love-letters, threatened to tear apart the monarchy and spark a constitutional crisis of major proportions. So, as is always the case, the monarchy set in motion a huge cover-up operation as part of the damage limitation process. Annie was kidnapped from the small apartment in Cleveland Street in which she lived and in which Eddy spent time with her and at the same time Eddy was abducted into a carriage headed for Buckingham Palace where he was instructed, in no uncertain terms, to stay until further notice.

Fortunately, fearing the worst, Annie had already given the child, Alice to Walter Sickert for safekeeping shortly before she was forcefully taken to Guy's Hospital in London. She remained there for five months and whilst she was there, Sir William Gull, the Queen's personal physician performed a partial frontal lobotomy on her, in effect rendering her docile and compliant and thus easily controlled by these inhuman monsters. Subsequently certified insane by Gull, Annie lived for the rest of her life in institutions, spending her last days in the Lunacy Observation ward of St George's Union Workhouse, Chelsea and dying there in obscurity in early 1920 at the age of 57.

This was not the first time that Sir William Gull had been implicated in a scandalous royal cover-up operation. Around twenty years prior to this, the Prince of Wales (the future King Edward VII) the father of Prince Eddy, had been involved in a series of extra-marital affairs, one of which was with the young Lady Harriet Mordaunt. One day she foolishly confessed to her husband, Sir Charles Mordaunt, that she had been unfaithful with several men, one of whom was the Prince of Wales.

Sir Charles was absolutely incensed and he let it be known that he intended to sue for divorce, citing the Prince as a co-respondent. The Prince of Wales was rightly nervous about giving evidence in court as it would bring shame upon the entire royal family and cause an unacceptable scandal. So, at this point, Queen Victoria herself interceded on the Prince's behalf to protect the reputation of the family and instructed Sir William Gull to intervene.

Gull immediately, in consort with several other doctors conspired to have the young woman declared insane and locked away in a lunatic asylum, where she spent the last remaining 37 years of her life in abject misery, dying in 1906. Ultimately the case was dismissed, saving the Prince and the royals from acute embarrassment and no divorce was granted, not because adultery was unproven but simply because poor Harriet was declared insane.

However, to return to the main story, the matter might have ended there, but for Mary Kelly's greed. Back in Whitechapel, Mary had befriended three other local prostitutes to whom she boasted of her 'royal connections' and in the spring of 1888 the quartet, led by Mary, hatched a plan to demand money from Walter Sickert, threatening to otherwise make the story public. Being a simple girl, she had not fully comprehended the fact that was she in effect also holding-to-ransom a group of psychopathic murderers who would literally stop at nothing and had the means to kill with impunity whilst enjoying the 'protection' of people in high places.

Sickert immediately passed word to Eddy who informed his father and the Prince of Wales discussed the threat in the greatest secrecy with trusted fellow masons in the Royal Alpha Lodge. Subsequently, a special meeting was arranged at the Lodge by the royal masons known as the 'Princes of the Blood Royal' whereby they agreed to form a 'hunting party' to literally hunt-down and kill the hapless girls as punishment for their sheer audacity and significantly, as a masonic blood-sacrifice ritual.

The 'hunting party' was drawn exclusively from the Royal Alpha Masonic Lodge and included Sir William Gull, Eddy's former Cambridge University

tutor J. K. (James Kenneth) Stephen and Sir Charles Warren, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police (who took no active part in the killings but who helped facilitate the plot and expedite the cover-up). To drive them about their sordid business they recruited a coachman who had previously betrayed Prince Eddy's indiscretions to the royals, one John Netley.

Warren provided what information he could, on the girls' whereabouts using his privileged position in the police force and Sir William Gull prepared grapes injected with opium, which would be offered to the victims to subdue them so that the dastardly deed could take place with a minimum of fuss. It was arranged that John Netley, the coach driver and a particularly nasty character, was to be the 'getaway driver' and the 'lookout' would be J.K. Stephen, a cousin of Virginia Woolf and another freemason with royal links, whilst the murders were planned to occur within Gull's carriage – away from prying eyes.

It should be noted that Abberline's diaries confirmed that the modus operandus was not that of one person only and that the murders were planned and performed according to masonic ritual, similar to a fox-hunt. These are facts which were never allowed to come to light.

So, who was the ringleader of this murderous gang? None other than the prominent freemason, Secretary of State for India, the Leader of the House of Commons and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Randolph Spencer-Churchill, father of the future prime minister, Winston Churchill. Churchill was not only the 'brains' behind the entire operation, but he was also personally responsible for the cutting of masonic emblems and symbols into the bodies of the victims, whilst the skilled surgeon's hands of William Gull performed the organ removals.

The killings and mutilations were not observed by the police simply because four of them were not carried out in the streets where the bodies were found but in a moving coach, whilst the last was perpetrated in situ, in the victim Mary Kelly's own room. The police must have been aware that the bodies had been moved to their resting places due to the lack of blood as the whole pavement area would surely have been awash with blood had the rituals been performed there. Obviously though, this fact was never publicly disclosed by the police.

The assassins set about discovering the blackmailers' whereabouts with 'insider' help from Warren and then systematically plotted their executions. The ritualistic, murderous spree began on the 31st August 1888 with Mary

Ann Nicholls as their first victim and continued with the killing of Annie Chapman on the 8th September. In turn each woman was lured inside the coach, then killed and mutilated in the ritualistic way that the three 'Juwes', Jubela, Jubelo and Jubelum, the murderers of Hiram Abiff, were executed in the old Masonic legend. Their throats were 'cut across', their bodies' torn open, their internal organs deftly removed and arranged around the corpses in their final resting places and their entrails 'thrown over' the left shoulder.

On the 30th September there were two further killings but on that night things did not go smoothly. As the murderers were dumping that night's first victim, Lizzie Stride, in Berner Street, they were interrupted and had to abandon her corpse before its ritual mutilation had been completed. More alarming still, the night's second victim, Catherine Eddowes, was, according to Sickert, almost immediately discovered to have been killed in error. It was learnt that poor Catherine had for some time lived with a man called John Kelly, had often used his surname and so had been wrongly identified by the gang's underworld informants as the blackmailer-in-chief, Mary Kelly.

That mistake nearly led to the group's undoing. In the mistaken belief that this was to be the climactic, final episode of their campaign, the group had already arranged Catherine's corpse, more completely mutilated than any of her predecessors, in Mitre Square (significantly masonic) opposite the masonic Temple and close to the Whitechapel Road. They had chalked on a nearby wall a masonic slogan to act as a postscript to the whole sordid affair. Abberline copied it down into his notebook and it said:

The Juwes are
the men that
will not
be blamed
for nothing.

Arriving on the scene suspiciously quickly, Sir Charles Warren, to the acute surprise of his underlings, ordered that the chalked epitaph, presumed by observers to be in the killer's hand, noted by Abberline to be that of an 'educated' man, should be immediately washed down and erased. The reason he gave was that he did not want anti-Jewish sentiment to be inflamed, but Sickert suggested the real reason was that too many insiders would recognise that the message referred not to the 'Jews' but to the 'Juwes' of Masonic legend, and would therefore identify the killers as freemasons.

After this setback there was a pause of more than a month, the longest interval between the killings, whilst the group redoubled their efforts to find the real Mary Kelly who was by this time lying low in fear of her life. Meanwhile, rumours of the killer's associations with freemasonry and with the royal family continued to grow. It was not until the 9th November that Mary Kelly was finally tracked down. To use the coach again was deemed to be too dangerous now, so she was dispatched in her own Dorset Street lodgings, more bloodily mutilated than any of her fellow-conspirators, her throat slashed, her body brutally cut apart and her intestines arranged ritually about the room.

There is in existence a police drawing of the last person to be seen with Mary whilst she was still alive and this bears an uncanny resemblance to no less a person than Lord Randolph Spencer-Churchill himself. Of course, this particular 'lead' was never followed-up by the masonic-controlled and run Metropolitan Police. J.K. Stephen, again according to Abberline's diaries, actually went to the police, made a full confession and surrendered himself in a fit of guilt but of course no arrests were made and Stephen was also released without charge whilst Abberline resigned his position with the force and retired forthwith as a direct result of his disgust at the inaction and cover-up on the part of the police. Indeed there are still files in existence in Scotland Yard that have been sealed forever to prevent the truth from ever being revealed. Stephen himself suffered a complete mental and physical breakdown shortly after the attacks and died a sad, lonely death in a lunatic asylum in Northampton, three years later at the age of only 33.

In the late 1970s, a researcher and author, Stephen Knight, managed to obtain limited access to the 'Ripper' files but discovered that there were many gaps in the records. Despite this, he still managed to unearth new leads and information based upon which he wrote a book 'Jack the Ripper – the final solution'. Unfortunately before publication, many of the more incriminating parts were 'stolen' and in those days, before personal computers were commonplace, he had no back-ups or copies as protection. After the book was eventually published, minus the more incriminating information, he published another book. 'The Brotherhood' which exposed the gross corruption and illegality prevalent in the freemasonic movement and shortly afterwards he was dead – allegedly poisoned, but of course no arrests were ever made. No change there then.

When Prince Eddy found out that his wife had been lobotomised he had a nervous breakdown as a result and when he learned the truth about the

'Ripper' murders, he withdrew within himself and was never the same again thereafter.

Sickert fled the country immediately, upon hearing the news of Annie Crook's abduction and took up residence in Dieppe, France in an attempt to protect the child, Alice. When Alice grew up, she and Walter became lovers and in turn had a child themselves who went by the name of Joseph Sickert – the very same man who held Inspector Abberline's diaries after inheriting them from his father.

In the meantime, Prince Eddy, his mental health by now completely shattered, was given into the care of the Earl of Strathmore who owned Glamis Castle in Scotland, until such a time as it had been decided by 'the firm' what was to be done with him. The royal family then blatantly lied to the world and announced that Eddy had sadly passed away at the age of only 28, on the 14th January 1892 due to influenza, but of course Eddy was still alive and being held in Balmoral Castle having not yet made the final move to Glamis.

Balmoral is approximately 1000 feet (300 metres) above sea-level and as such is partly surrounded by steep cliffs. This was the intended site for the planned murder of Eddy to be undertaken by Randolph Churchill and John Netley the coachman. The prince was pushed from the cliff-top but somehow managed to survive his fall and after the passage of two days had endeavoured to crawl all the way back to Balmoral where he was found at the door by his incredulous hosts. It was decided after this that the best option would be to just incarcerate him at Glamis for the rest of his life and the Earl of Strathmore agreed to undertake this task on behalf of the royals in return for one simple favour. The favour he stipulated was that one of his daughters be allowed to marry a future king of England.

Prince Eddy died in 1933, forty one years after his 'official' death date and during this time, his mother visited him only once, but took a photograph of him which she apparently sent to her cousin. This photograph is still in existence and shows a much older Eddy thoughtfully painting a picture which would sadly never be seen by anyone outside the walls of Glamis Castle.

The pact between Strathmore and the royal family was eventually fulfilled in 1923 when Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon (his daughter, b. 1900) married the future King George VI of England after originally being promised to his brother, the heir to the throne and eventually the former King Edward VIII (he of abdication fame). In 1936 George ascended the throne upon his elder

brother's abdication and Elizabeth became his queen consort. Elizabeth of course was more commonly known as the Queen Mother and the mother of the current incumbent of the family firm, Queen Elizabeth the second. She went to her grave in 2002 without ever revealing the secret and thus the world was never aware of this unholy pact.

In a further twist, as revealed in the Duke of Windsor's (the former King Edward VIII's) last known interview, shortly before he died, he revealed to Michael Thornton, the author of 'Royal Feud – The Queen Mother and the Duchess of Windsor' that the Queen Mother had been in love with him and not his brother Bertie (who eventually became King George VI). In fact it was the Queen Mother's treachery that was the reason why the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were banished from England and forced to live out the rest of their lives in France. Here is a transcript from the final interview of the Duke of Windsor (formerly King Edward VIII of England) with the author Michael Thornton:

'"So you're planning to write a book about the Queen Mother,' said the Duke, exchanging a conspiratorial smile with his wife.

'Well, we shall have to be extremely careful what we say on that subject, won't we darling?'

'Why is that, Sir?' I inquired innocently, although I was well aware of the reason.

The Duke, only months away from being diagnosed with inoperable throat cancer, was interrupted by a convulsive spasm of coughing.

He cleared his throat and added: 'I hope your book will tell the truth, instead of all that gush they dish out about her. Behind that great abundance of charm is a shrewd, scheming and extremely ruthless woman.'

He must have noticed my surprised reaction, for he quickly added, with his most charming smile, '…but, of course, you cannot quote that.'

The Duchess was less inhibited. 'The Duke would have loved to return to live in the land of his birth, but our way was blocked at every turn. We were never allowed to go back, and we never will be allowed. Not until the day we die. She will never permit it. When we are dead, perhaps she may at last forgive us'.

When I asked her the reason, the Duchess's right arm shot out as if she was taking aim with a gun and she said: 'Jealousy.'

'Jealousy of the Duke?' I wondered. 'No!' cried the Duchess, and for the first time her southern American origins were audible. 'Jealousy of me for

having married him.'

The Duke, who appeared vaguely uncomfortable with this topic, murmured: 'Well, it's hard to explain. But, yes, Elizabeth (the Queen Mother) was rather fonder of me than she ought to have been. And after I married Wallis, her attitude towards me changed. 'My sister-in-law is an arch-intriguer, and she has dedicated herself to making life hell for both of us.'"

Was it intended then that they were introduced with the specific aim of a royal arranged marriage between the two in order to fulfil the promise to Strathmore, her father and then when she was rejected by him (he was a notorious playboy and rebel in his younger days so quite possibly he went against the wishes of his family in the matter) she/they decided she would have to settle for second best in his younger brother? After all it was she who fought tooth and nail to have them disinherited by the royals and banished to France.

And is it then also possible and most intriguingly of all, that Edward VIII was forced into abdication deliberately by denying him the right to marry Wallis Simpson whilst he was still King, in order that the decades-old promise would come to fruition and that Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the daughter of the Earl of Strathmore could become Queen? There was obviously no other way of fulfilling this promise if Edward was determined to marry Mrs Simpson. Had it been expedient for the powers that be, that Edward was to marry Mrs Simpson whilst still king, there is no doubt in my mind that this would have been allowed to happen. The rules are changed and manipulated to suit whatever is best for our controllers, after all.

And there is also much irony and even déja vu in the tragic story of the Queen Mother's nieces, Nerissa and Katherine Bowes-Lyon, both born mentally deficient and unable to speak. They were confined in the Royal Earlswood Mental Hospital at Redhill, Surrey in 1941, where they remained for the rest of their lives. Although the Queen Mother (incidentally, the patron of the charity 'Mencap') knew that the statement in Burke's Peerage that both women were dead (published after false information had been supplied by their mother) was untrue, she never visited or ever again acknowledged either of them.

In 1973, the BBC produced a truly bizarre investigation into the 'Ripper' story featuring, amongst other strange anomalies, fictional television detectives who all attempted to solve the enigma in their own styles. Several researchers were employed to extract all the information they possibly could about all the

potential suspects and after speaking with a long-retired, un-named Scotland Yard detective, one researcher was advised to seek the help of a man by the name of Joseph Sickert who apparently knew about the clandestine marriage of Prince Eddy and a poor Catholic girl by the name of Annie Crook. The researchers could find no evidence of the marriage or the man Sickert and so puzzled by this, they went back to their Scotland Yard contact who revealed that the details he had given them were incorrect (apparently to test their intentions). He then gave them Sickert's real address and phone number no less and after being tracked down, Sickert willingly told his amazing story as it had been outlined to him by his mother and father many years previously.

Sickert explained that the monarchy had been very vulnerable and unpopular at that time and the news of a royal scandal was likely to cause a revolution. Queen Victoria supposedly handed the matter to Lord Salisbury, her Prime Minister, for resolution and Salisbury ordered a raid on the Cleveland Street apartment and Eddy and Annie were abducted in separate cabs. Her child, a girl by the name of Alice Margaret, had somehow escaped in the care of Walter Sickert who had been one step ahead of the royals all along.

Sir William Gull died shortly after the murders (early 1890) as did JK Stephen (early 1892) at the extremely early age of 33 and ironically both had been committed to insane asylums immediately prior to death. Randolph Churchill died in 1895 also rumoured to be insane, but it was claimed, as a result of syphilis. Annie Crook also died insane in a workhouse in 1920 as a direct result of a lobotomy and severe mental trauma. Netley was chased by an angry mob after he unsuccessfully tried to run over Alice Margaret with his cab shortly after the murders and he was believed to have been drowned in the Thames. There does appear to be an awful lot of insanity and strange deaths around at that time – nothing changes, really.

Sickert also said that his father was fascinated with the murders and bore great guilt over them. Walter Sickert, after all, had been the one who introduced Eddy to Annie and begun the grisly game. To attempt to alleviate his guilt, as he could say nothing safely, he painted clues as to the identity of the murderers into several of his most famous paintings and he later married Alice Margaret.

To say that the BBC researchers were stunned by these revelations would be a gross understatement. In checking the facts, they found that a woman named Annie Crook definitely lived in Cleveland Street at that time and that she did give birth to a daughter at the same time that Sickert said she did.

They also believed strongly that this 'theory' was the most feasible one of all (as do I) and they incorporated it into the show.

When it was screened, the BBC production was confusing to many viewers. The ludicrous combination of facts with fictional detectives and what was to many, an outlandish theory involving people who in their beliefs could do no wrong, prompted much questioning of the programme's veracity at the time. Joseph Sickert appeared in the last episode and verified absolutely everything that had been said. As previously related, it was agreed by all that this version of events was the most likely solution to the mystery.

Stephen Knight, the late author, entered the story a little later. After watching the BBC programme, he asked Joseph Sickert for an interview and after some indecision, Sickert agreed. During the course of their interview, which took place over several meetings, Knight also became convinced that Joseph Sickert believed he was telling the truth. He said that the story had been told to him by his father to explain why his mother always looked so sad and why both she and Joseph were partially deaf (as was Eddy).

Once familiar with the basics of the plot, Knight then attempted to confirm the theory and eventually, he felt that the story warranted a book. Sickert was upset by this as he had only agreed to a short interview for an article and wanted no further publicity and exposure of his father's role in the story. Undaunted, Knight went ahead with his book anyway but amazingly and contrary to what he had been told by Sickert, attempted to implicate Walter Sickert as the murderer. As a direct result of this action, Joseph Sickert cut off all ties with Knight and immediately publicly denied the whole story – not just simply his father's alleged involvement in it all, saying that he had made it up for sensationalism.

This I find hard to believe. How could the detective, contacted by the BBC have known Sickert's whereabouts or even known who he was or somehow involved if the whole story was concocted? And also if Sickert did make it up for 'sensationalism', why did he retreat back into obscurity as soon as he realised that Knight was giving him the publicity he allegedly sought in the first place. No smoke without fire I strongly believe and knowing what I know about masonic operations and royal subterfuge down the ages, although there is no categorical proof that this version of events is the correct one, it does 'tick a lot of boxes' and contains more than a smattering of circumstantial evidence.

A further legacy of this sorry affair was that the payoff for the Spencers was two terms as prime minister for Lord Randolph's son and two generations later, Lady Diana Spencer became the wife of the future King Charles III and mother to the future King William V and his brother Harry, only to be famously discarded once she had fulfilled her wifely duties in providing her highly-desirable genes to produce a 'heir and a spare' and eventually being brutally and ritually murdered herself in 1997 in Paris.

This then is the real story of Jack the Ripper, straight from the 'horse's mouth' (ie. Joseph Sickert's mouth). These facts must be known by the current establishment but as always, they close ranks to prevent the real truth from becoming known. All of the multiplicity of theories that abound as to the identity of the killer and the many films, documentaries and TV programmes that portray an unending search for the 'truth' are nothing more than elaborate smokescreens, born from the deliberate confusion engendered by the Elite to protect the guilty, as is their usual modus operandus. Yet another tiny example of how easy it is for these psychopaths to provide us all with a completed distorted view of both history and our existing reality.

The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion

Whether it is an elaborate fake or an accurate depiction of the planned future for humanity, one thing is for sure and that is that this most controversial of documents depicts the society in which we live today almost perfectly, even more than a century after it first saw the light of day at the end of the 1800s. In one respect it is almost irrelevant as to whether it is a forgery as to argue the pros and cons of that premise merely detracts from the fact that it provides an almost perfect 'snapshot' of the absolute ugliness and debauchery to which our Western culture has descended in the past century or so.

If it is to be deemed a fake, then one would need to ask the question as to why it would appear that no other work has had more effort or money spent on its suppression than 'The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion', ever since it was first privately circulated in Russia in 1897. It has been attributed by some groups to the Tsar's secret police, who were alleged to have used as their model a book called 'Dialogues aux Enfers entre Machiavelli et Montesquieu' and another publication similarly named, 'Machiavelli, Montesquieu and Rousseau' written by Jacob Venedy, a Jewish Freemason.

Fake or not, it is certainly most remarkable that whoever wrote the Protocols (and someone must obviously have done so) had incredible prescience, for as stated, it mirrors almost exactly the events of the entire 20th Century and the first two decades of the 21st. However, it goes back in time much further than that. The 'Protocols' is not necessarily a modern work per se, but possibly the product of an ancient heritage, unbroken and unaltered for centuries and reflecting the long-term Elite plan in every minor detail.

The document itself is too lengthy to be reproduced in full here, but I would urge the reader to familiarise his/herself with it by searching on the Internet where the document is freely available as are many websites dedicated to the dissection of it and its contents.

In summary, the document is purported to be the game-plan of Zionism by which it intends to take-over the entire world. Even if it is a forgery as vehemently claimed by those who wish to enslave us, with the usual emotive

cries of 'anti-Semitism', I believe that its accuracy in the way that it describes not just today's society, but the events of the past 100 years and more, gives it plenty of credence.

Please do not be deceived or deflected by the Zionist's attempts to divert you from the truth. As I say, even if this work was not produced by or at the behest of Zionism, its stunning accuracy can only mean that whoever produced and wrote it, clearly knew that the fate of mankind was being carefully planned and exactly what that fate was going to be.

The Federal Reserve and the Titanic

What was the real story behind the sinking of the RMS Titanic in 1912?

In 1910, seven men met on Jekyll Island just off the coast of Georgia, USA to plan the formation of a new central bank, the Federal Reserve Bank, in order to usurp the control of money creation from the US Government and place it into private hands. Nelson Aldrich and Frank Vanderlip represented the Rockefeller financial empire, Henry Davidson, Charles Norton and Benjamin Strong represented J.P. Morgan and Paul Warburg represented the Rothschilds banking dynasty of Europe. These men all took great pains to conceal their identities and their dastardly mission, all of them travelling incognito.

"Picture a party of the nation's greatest bankers stealing out of New York on a private railroad car under cover of darkness, stealthily riding hundreds of miles South, embarking on a mysterious launch, sneaking onto an island deserted by all but a few servants, living there a full week under such rigid secrecy that the names of not one of them was once mentioned, lest the servants learn the identity and disclose to the world this strangest, most secret expedition in the history of American finance. I am not romancing; I am giving to the world, for the first time, the real story of how the famous Aldrich currency report, the foundation of our new currency system, was written... The utmost secrecy was enjoined upon all. The public must not glean a hint of what was to be done. Senator Aldrich notified each one to go quietly into a private car of which the railroad had received orders to draw up on an unfrequented platform. Off, the party set. New York's ubiquitous reporters had been foiled... Nelson (Aldrich) had confided to Henry, Frank, Paul and Piatt that he was to keep them locked up at Jekyll Island, out of the rest of the world, until they had evolved and compiled a scientific currency system for the United States, the real birth of the present Federal Reserve System, the plan done on Jekyll Island in the conference with Paul, Frank and Henry... Warburg is the link that binds the Aldrich system and the present system together. He, more than any one man has made the system possible as a working reality."
Bertie Charles Forbes, Forbes Magazine, 1928

The Morgans, the Warburgs, the Rothschilds and the Rockefellers are more often than not, fierce competitors for short-term profits, yet are prepared to

commit to joint ventures whenever necessary to further the greater 'cause'. They established the US national banking cartel that is the Federal Reserve Bank in 1913. According to G. Edward Griffin in 'The Creature from Jekyll Island' "…it tells a story of how bankers have lured politicians with easy money and end up in control of most of the world."

They are all part of and therefore controlled by the Elite hierarchy. These most powerful of families constantly strive to do whatever is necessary to destroy constitutional liberty in America (and worldwide). John Pierpoint (JP) Morgan was in control of the White Star shipping line as well as a significant portion of all American financial and manufacturing industry at the turn of the twentieth century. In 1908, he made the decision to build a brand new class of luxury liners to enable the wealthy to cross the Atlantic seaways in previously undreamed-of opulence. This class of ships was named the 'Olympic' class and construction of the giant vessels the 'Olympic', the 'Titanic' and the 'Britannic' began in 1909 at the Harland and Wolff shipyard in Belfast, Ireland.

Unfortunately for Morgan and his personal bank balance, this money-making venture went a little awry. The Olympic, the first one of the three sister-ships to be completed (followed by Titanic and then Britannic), was involved in a rather unfortunate accident caused by a heavy collision with the British Royal Navy cruiser, HMS Hawke in September 1911 in Southampton Water off the south coast of England, a few weeks after its maiden voyage and had to be extensively 'patched-up' before embarking on the return journey to Harland and Wolff's shipyard in Belfast in order to undergo full damage assessment and proper repair work.

Incidentally, does it not seem rather strange in hindsight that although the Olympic was the first of the (virtually) identical triplet 'sisters' to be completed and enter service, she was never given the publicity, nor enjoyed the huge public acclaim that her younger sister enjoyed, the following year? Why would that be? Surely the big fanfare and carnival-like atmosphere surrounding the maiden voyage of these 'floating wonders of the age' should have been reserved for the first one to enter service, Olympic not the second one, Titanic? Indeed, in comparison, the occasion of Olympic's maiden voyage in 1911 passed relatively quietly. Could the huge accolades and publicity accorded to Titanic's maiden voyage possibly have been part of a conspiracy to lure the rich and famous to her in great numbers for reasons that will become apparent shortly? Anyway, I digress somewhat….

In the meantime a Royal Navy enquiry into the accident, not unexpectedly, found the crew of the Olympic and thus the White Star Line culpable for the collision and this in effect meant that the White Star Line's insurance was null and void and the company would therefore be liable to pay all the costs of the repairs to both ships themselves. To cut quite a long story short, this meant that the White Star Line was out of pocket to the tune of at least £800,000 (around £60m today) for repairs and lost revenues whilst the ship was unable to ply its trade back and forth across the Atlantic. With the massive financial investment of the White Star company needing to be repaid sooner rather than later, this put severe pressure on the organisation and impacted upon the final completion of the Titanic, further contributing to the financial black hole in which White Star now found itself increasingly being consumed.

However, for JP Morgan and the White Star Line, even worse news was to come. The damage to the Olympic was far more severe than anyone had expected. It did not help matters at all when the Olympic was involved in a further collision, this time it was believed, with a partially submerged wreck. Although the damage inflicted in the Hawke incident had been shored-up as well as it could have been, there were rumours circulating amongst the Harland and Wolfe workforce and the White Star crews that all was not well with Olympic and this seemed to be confirmed when it lost a propeller blade in the above, second incident, causing further severe vibrational damage to the already damaged ship. It is believed that the keel of the ship was actually twisted and therefore damaged beyond economic repair, which would have effectively meant the scrapyard for her. If this had been the case, it is virtually certain that the White Star Line would have been bankrupted, given its now precarious financial situation.

'...it took a fortnight [two weeks] of emergency patching to Olympic's hull before she was in any fit state to attempt the journey from Southampton to Belfast for more complete repairs. Able to use only one main engine, the crippled liner made the voyage at an average speed of 10 knots, wasting the exhaust steam from the one usable engine. This steam would normally have driven the central turbine engine, which shows that this engine, its mountings or shafting had been damaged in the collision. As this engine sat on the centreline of the vessel, immediately above the keel, which the propeller shaft ran through, we can reasonably assume that the keel was damaged'. Robin Gardiner, 'Titanic, the Ship that Never Sank?'

If Gardiner's hypothesis is correct, then the seeds had been sown for a truly remarkable event – the surreptitious switching of the identities of the two ships, Olympic and Titanic.

In his well-researched work, Gardiner presents a long series of credible testimonies, indisputable facts and evidence, both written and photographic, that would seem to point to the fact that the two ships were indeed switched with a view to staging an iceberg collision or other unknown fatal event, with the Titanic (originally the Olympic) and many of its passengers and crew being sacrificed in an audacious insurance scam which would save the White Star Line from financial ruin.

According to Gardner, "Almost two months after the Hawke/Olympic collision, the reconverted Titanic, now superficially identical to her sister except for the C deck portholes, quietly left Belfast for Southampton to begin a very successful 25 year career as the Olympic. Back in the builders' yard, work progressed steadily on the battered hulk of Olympic. The decision to dispose of the damaged vessel would already have been taken. It must have been obvious from quite early on that the vessel was beyond economic repair, so these repairs need not have been quite as thorough as they otherwise might have been. Instead of replacing the damaged section of keel, longitudinal bulkheads were installed to brace it". [my emphasis – JH]

How significant then in the light of this statement, that when the wreck of the Titanic was first investigated by Robert Ballard and his crew after its discovery in 1986 that the first explorations of the wreckage revealed (completely undocumented in the ships original blueprints) iron support structures in place which appeared to be supporting and bracing the keel. This was never satisfactorily explained either at the time or subsequently but would certainly be significant if correct and there is absolutely no reason to believe that it is not correct, as it was reported by the puzzled Ballard himself who of course at that time knew nothing (and probably still does not even now) about the alleged switching of the two ships' identities.

Meanwhile, in the USA there were a number of powerful men who were not in favour of the proposed Federal Reserve Banking System. Benjamin Guggenheim, Isador Strauss and John Jacob Astor were most prominent among those who opposed the formation of this abomination. These men were some of the richest men in the world, but their money was accrued through industrial, retail and leisure interests, rather than through the financial sector and they stood firmly in the way of the banksters' plan. It is my view

that either Morgan and the other co-conspirators hit upon a really neat 'kill two birds with one stone' solution, then not only would White Star have successfully solved the Olympic problem and thus its own financial worries, but J.P. Morgan would also have fulfilled his wishes to implement his plan to establish the Federal Reserve with little or no powerful opposition to thwart him. Perfect.

All three (along with many other prominent people of the day) were subtly enticed to board the by-now hyped-up to be, highly prestigious maiden voyage of the Titanic with a view to ending their opposition to the Federal Reserve plans and thus an additional reason for the ship's destruction was a stand-off between the mega-rich whereby Guggenheim, Strauss and Astor could be eliminated. They had to be destroyed by a means so outrageous and fantastic that no one would suspect they were murdered and also using a method that would completely obscure the real reason for their demise. Simply arranging for all three men to undergo separate 'accidents' would have appeared far too suspicious, so they had to be lured to the same place at the same time and Titanic's pre-determined, ill-fated maiden voyage was the solution to the problem. Could this have been the real reason for all the hullabaloo and hype surrounding Titanic's maiden voyage despite the fact that the Olympic was accorded a much less publicised or flamboyant 'send-off' on the 14th June 1911, even though she was after-all, the first one off the production line?

Morgan himself was supposed to be travelling on the ship, but as was always intended, he had a 'last minute change of plan' due to a 'bout of ill health' and significantly failed to show at Southampton at the appointed time and so his personal stateroom remained empty as the giant vessel pulled away from Southampton docks on the afternoon of the 10th April 1912, to the delight of the cheering multitudes on the quayside.

Is it possibly also significant that Morgan ordered that an expensive collection of bronzes that he had purchased in Paris, should be unloaded from the ship at the last minute, too?

The Captain of Titanic, Edward Smith had experience of the North Atlantic waters in abundance, indeed he had been crossing the North Atlantic for more than a quarter of a century. He was generally regarded as the 'world's most experienced captain' in the North Atlantic seaways and it is my belief that Smith knew all along that Titanic/Olympic was destined to become the grave of the enemies of J.P. Morgan, his boss and its purpose, once the damage to Olympic was fully realised, was always that it would undergo a contrived

accident on its 'first' voyage. He also had full and complete knowledge of exactly where the icebergs were. He guided Titanic full speed at around 22 knots on a moonless night into a huge ice field 80 square miles in area. Why would such an experienced captain undertake such a foolhardy course of action? The fact is that he had received his orders directly from his ultimate boss (JP Morgan) and therefore he was totally committed to leading his ship to disaster.

Captain Smith's actions immediately before the event and in its immediate aftermath were totally out of character for this experienced master mariner. Could he have been wrestling with his conscience perhaps? Should he become the heroic Captain, saving the day or against all his instincts, obey his master, sink the ship and in the process cold-bloodedly murder up to 3000 people? Significantly and conveniently (for the perpetrators) Smith in the age-old tradition, as Captain, went down with the ship we are told. Indeed, could Smith have even been 'allowed' to survive, knowing as he probably did, the real truth about the incident? One suspects not.

As is well known, there were not enough lifeboats for the full complement of passengers and crew and some of them left the ship as little as only one quarter full in any case and this fact could well have been used to its full advantage in the execution of the master plan. The Captain strangely ordered white flares to be launched, knowing full well that the international standard colour of distress flares was red. Titanic possessed a full complement of white, blue AND red flares. Other ships passing within sight of these flares were intentionally confused and thought that maybe those aboard Titanic were having a fireworks party. This of course was also all part of the master plan.

Even if my hypothesis could be criticised by some as mere conjecture, the true Titanic story is still very, very different to the official, ubiquitous one that we see depicted in books and numerous films and documentaries that have been spawned by this tragic incident. The book, published in the 1950s and the feature film of the same name, 'A Night to Remember' (Longmans, Green & Co, 1956) by Walter Lord is the source most responsible for the Titanic myths and legends still prevailing today. Lord was a 'former' member of the US intelligence services (OSS and CIA) but given the fact that it is well known that anyone who has been a member of these organisations always in effect remains a member, can we really rely on his accounts or are they just more subterfuge amongst a morass of contradictory stories surrounding the event? What would motivate a former member of one of the world's elite security

services to write a book about an accident involving an ocean liner? As always seems to be the modus operandus in any suspected conspiracy, we are bombarded with these so-called 'facts' by the controlled media, to such an extent that we believe that they cannot possibly be untrue or deliberately misleading. However, many of the major Titanic 'facts' have subsequently been proven to be false but somehow the same version of the story still persists as the absolute de facto truth. Such is the power of propaganda on the human mind and symptomatic of the methodology by which most history is perverted.

Robin Gardiner further stated, "As I delved deeper into the story, more and more inconsistencies became apparent. Inconsistencies that individually meant little but collectively pointed to a grimmer reality than that usually depicted in the heroic legend".

He continues, "Officers who were later acclaimed as heroes were exposed as anything but. One in particular removed a little boy from a lifeboat at gunpoint, before escaping in that same boat himself".

"Descriptions of the collision and damage supposedly sustained by Titanic do not agree. The 'slight scrape' with the ice that was hardly noticed by most aboard contradicts solid evidence of structural damage at least 5½ feet (1.6 metres) within the outer hull of the vessel".

"Then came evidence to show that the ice the ship encountered was seen first not 500 yards (480 metres) ahead but more like 11 miles (17km). I began to wonder if perhaps the sinking of the Titanic might not have been an accident after all". [my emphasis – JH]

Indeed, did Titanic actually strike an iceberg at all? We only have the eye-witness testimony of four people believe it or not, with which to confirm or deny this fact. First Officer Murdoch would have been the fifth witness but he did not live to tell his story. Gardiner himself offers no opinion on this theory, but the copious amounts of ice on the deck of Titanic reported by many survivors could easily have been the result of any collision dislodging the icy build-up on masts, funnels etc. or it could even have been easily shaken loose from the hundreds of yards of overhead rigging and wiring by the thrusting of the ships engines abruptly into reverse. It was after all, an extremely cold, still night with temperatures below freezing.

There have been many legends surrounding the incident but there is plenty of concrete evidence that Titanic was not the only ship at that precise location that night. For example, there is a photograph in existence of a drifting

lifeboat that can be discounted totally as being from Titanic herself due to being of different colours and design to Titanic's lifeboats.

Then there is the gouge in the side of the ship itself – 1.6 metres deep through the outer steel plates and into the inner skin! Compacted ice is known to be very strong, indeed stronger than steel under certain conditions, but there is no evidence that I am aware of that it is capable of doing such catastrophic damage to steel. In addition the relatively narrow, 15cm puncture line in the ship's hull in conjunction with a penetration of around 1.6m would indicate an almost impossibly-shaped ice outcrop colliding with the ship at exactly the most critical point.

Whatever the real truth, the point here is surely that there exist so many different possibilities that the official story is probably just an elaborate fabrication. Both the American and British official inquiries were even thought at the time to be pretty much a 'whitewash', with much evidence either ignored and eye-witness testimonies being twisted or indeed fabricated to fit the 'official' story. It is staggering also to report that of the 102 witnesses called to the British enquiry, only two were passengers (the influential Gordons of the famous London gin company) and it is even more surprising to learn that none of the witnesses (crew or passengers) were allowed to offer their own first-hand evidence of any kind and were strictly restricted to the simple answering of questions without elaboration. By any standards at all, this sounds very much like a 'whitewash' to me. The passage of time has also served to cloud the mystery still further.

London Herald

TITANIC SINKS

Great loss of life

Titanic – The Tragic Story

We should also note that amongst all the myriad of (probably) deliberately conflicting information unearthed by the two inquiries, the most puzzling of all is the situation regarding the 'yellow-funnelled steamer' observed in the proximity of Titanic by the officers and crew of Californian at around the time of the incident and which has never been either identified or explained away at all. Significantly, this odd occurrence does not even warrant a mention in any

surviving Titanic legends – very strange to say the least, despite its appearance in several contemporary newspapers. The crew of this ship (who or whatever she was) must have been aware that they were in the approximate area of the Titanic's demise at the same time, so why did no-one from the ship come forward to volunteer any evidence or information or simply to state that they had seen nothing significant, instead of disappearing into the mists of history forever? It also begs the question as to why no attempts were made to discover the identity of this ship either by the inquiries or subsequently by independent investigators. Even if attempts were made at the time, as far as I am able to tell, they have been very successfully covered-up and no evidence remains today. Could this mysterious yellow-funnelled vessel have been responsible for the devastating damage to Titanic in any way? I personally believe it is a very strong possibility and that the 'iceberg collision' is just a cover story concocted to protect the guilty.

"...I saw another steamer approaching, and asked [the wireless operator] what vessels he had within reach; he replied: 'The Titanic', whereupon I replied, 'That is not the Titanic; she is too small and hasn't enough lights.' Shortly afterwards this steamer stopped and was bearing S.S.E. about five or six miles from our position. ...the chief officer was sweeping the southern horizon with his glasses, and finally reported he saw a four-mast steamer with a yellow funnel to the southward of us, and asked if we should try to get down to have a look at her." Captain Lord of Californian in an interview with an American newspaper, 1914

Lord became the official scapegoat for the disaster for his so-called 'negligence' in not rushing sooner to Titanic's aid as the Californian was probably only about 11 miles from her when she went down.

Furthermore, upon arriving back in England at Plymouth docks, from New York aboard the steamer Lapland, two weeks after the disaster, 173 of the surviving crew members both male and female were firstly, illegally denied their rights to speak with their trade union representatives. Then in addition they were also illegally detained overnight against their wishes (I believe the common terminology for this act is unlawful imprisonment or even kidnapping) in a containing area within the dockyard itself where they were forced to sign a document that they believed was the 'Official Secrets Act', promising to keep secret forever, the actual events of the night of 14th / 15th April. Otherwise, they were told, they would be prosecuted and 'never work again', not just for White Star but for any other employer. In those now long-

gone days, the inability to procure gainful employment could be almost a death sentence to the crews and their families. So, make of that what you will, but I can personally think of no reason why this should happen if the official story was the truth. It is also worth noting that also in those now distant days it was far easier without mass and instantaneous communication devices, to invent or twist facts and bury individuals' own stories. Today of course, any of the survivors' personal experiences would be viral on the Internet within hours of the event.

The Red Star liner Lapland, which carried Titanic crew survivors home.

So did Captain Smith deliberately steer Titanic into a huge ice-field without reducing speed in order to create the cover-story of the iceberg collision knowing that he was setting-up Titanic to be rammed by the yellow-funnelled mystery ship, in fulfilment of the Elite's dastardly scheme? There were hardly any eye-witnesses to what actually happened after all, so the proposition would seem very plausible to me given all the circumstantial evidence. Along with the officer on duty on the Bridge at that time, First Officer William Murdoch and Quartermaster Hitchens plus Quartermaster George Rowe on the after-bridge, lookouts Frederick Fleet and Reginald Lee were the only other ones known to have personally witnessed the appalling events.

Of these five witnesses, only four survived, significantly all of them 'lower-class' people and placing undue pressure on four working-class people to keep quiet over a century ago, would have been a relatively simple task. First Officer Murdoch is perhaps significantly, said to have 'committed suicide' in the aftermath of the collision whilst the ship was being abandoned, however there is no solid evidence available with which to corroborate this fact. Why would he do this? He has also been accused of shooting passengers before turning a gun on himself, something that his family and descendants have disputed vehemently ever since and so could there be a more sinister

explanation for his demise along with that of Captain Smith? Down the years, suicide has always been a very convenient cover-story for many a silencing murder and in addition it is perhaps significant that none of the 'three stooges', Guggenheim, Strauss and Astor survived to tell their stories either. How easy would it have been under the circumstances and in the post-collision mayhem and confusion, for a paid assassin to dispose of Messrs Smith, Murdoch, Guggenheim, Strauss and Astor to make absolutely certain that none of them escaped their planned fates against all the odds?

Thus, these wealthy men, who opposed the formation of the execrable Federal Reserve System (granted, due to their own conflicting financial interests and not out of any great concern for the plight of the masses) were disposed of, along with the 'collateral damage' of fifteen hundred other innocents. This effectively eliminated the major opposition, who due to their own large, personal fortunes amounting to hundreds of billions of dollars at today's values, and great influence could not have been 'bought' or unduly influenced in the same way that the politicians of Congress were.

"The Titanic was sunk deliberately to get rid of senior financiers who were opposed to the taking over of the Federal Reserve Board." Benjamin Fulford, October 2011.

But would these people murder so many in cold-blood simply for financial gain? Unfortunately this is just one small example among many, many others too numerous to mention. As I state elsewhere in various chapters of this book, these multi-generational mass-murderers routinely kill and even commit genocide to maintain their own status, wealth and positions of power and promote their own agenda. Any person or persons capable of sacrificing billions of people's health, wealth and prosperity for generations to come, in a scheme to gain financial control of the world for themselves, would stop at nothing at all to achieve their own selfish ends. Murdering a ship-full of innocent passengers including women and children simply for financial gain in the form of a fraudulent insurance payout, would to my mind make them more than capable of sinking the same ship of people just to dispose of three powerful enemies who stand in the way of their nefarious ambitions. To them it is nothing personal, just 'business'. Where have we heard that before? The presence of both motives indeed, I believe, makes the scenario doubly plausible.

In December 1913, the Federal Reserve System thus came into being without serious opposition in the United States and very shortly afterwards,

the Elite had accrued sufficient funding through the despicable methods of the Federal Reserve Bank to move to the next phase of their plan and start World War I...

World War I

"Wars are the best way of uniting slaves. They'll fight to the death to protect their slave master so that they can go back to being slaves." Aloysius James Fozdyke (probably a pseudonym), Elite, Illuminati insider, 20th January 2011

The Prelude

World War I was by no means an accident of history, a conflagration ignited by the spark of the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary, as we are all told and taught in our controlled educational establishments and peddled through the endless 'semi-factual' documentaries and false histories emanating from the hugely corrupt and controlled mainstream media. In fact WWI along with WWII was in the planning at least twenty years previously and possibly sooner.

World War I was originally contrived against Germany for one reason only; it stood guilty of being exceptionally economically successful, thus depriving British Royal and Elite commercial interests of profits they regarded as theirs alone. It had also built up a large, powerful army and navy and a strong economy with trade links worldwide. A mere 80 years previously, Germany consisted of around 300 small city-states, principalities and dukedoms and between the times of Napoleon and Bismarck, they were consolidated into one state, becoming in the span of 50 years, one of the world's great powers. Its naval strength equalled that of Britain and German commerce was conducting business world-wide and was gradually beginning to dominate commercial markets due to its extreme efficiency and therefore cost-effectiveness. Obviously this was not in the best interests of the long-established Western powers and the corporate interests of the British Empire, so a conspiracy was hatched between British, French and Russian Elites to eliminate Germany as a commercial competitor. Furthermore it could quite legitimately be argued that the war was a great opportunity for the Elite powers-that-be to destroy the existing status quo in order to re-shape the world to their own advantage. This is precisely what transpired.

In fact, I would challenge any contemporary, mainstream historian in the world to formulate a coherent, valid reason as to why at that time, those three countries would otherwise illegally decide to eradicate Germany from the political map.

On the 28th June 1914, Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austro-Hungary and his wife were assassinated by four members of the Black Hand, led by an idealistic, but misguided youth by the name of Gavril Princip. The Black Hand was a Serbian secret society with strong links to the Elite via Freemasonry, in Sarajevo, Bosnia. The organisation was formed several years earlier as 'The Order of Death' and in early 1914 some of its senior members had met with French Grand Orient Freemasons in Toulouse, France to plan the assassination, this having been calculated to be the most likely-to-succeed and practical method to bring about the 'Great War', as it was referred to at the time.

Franz Ferdinand's death duly set in motion a pre-planned chain of events as treaties were invoked and countries took their respective sides, resulting five weeks later in the world being thrown into turmoil as the Elite's largely conscripted armies prepared to face each other on the battlefields of Europe to act out yet another deadly game initiated by the Elite for their own devious ends.

After two years of indescribable carnage and bloodshed, by the end of the summer of 1916, Germany had won the war. Not in any metaphorical sense, but had actually won it. The German U-boats, which were a very potent weapon, ruthlessly 'ruled' the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea and Great Britain stood virtually alone with armaments almost exhausted and around one week's food supply and after that, just humiliating defeat and starvation to contemplate. The Battle of the Somme had ended in unmitigated disaster for Britain having lost more than one million men, either dead or injured and the French army had just mutinied having lost 600,000 men in the defence of Verdun on the Somme. The Russian army was retreating; they were out of the war and returning home as revolution was in the air and discipline among the troops had almost completely disintegrated. In addition to this, the Italian army had collapsed altogether and Britain was ready to capitulate, having no real choice in the matter any longer.

However, even though not a single enemy combatant had set one foot in its territory, Germany offered Britain and France peace terms. Britain was offered a generous negotiated peace on what is referred to in law as a 'status-

quo-ante' basis, meaning 'everything reverts to exactly as it was before.' And so in the autumn (fall) of 1916 Britain was preparing to adopt this option as to be frank, it had no choice. It was in a situation where it had to either accept the negotiated peace that Germany was magnanimously offering or continue with the war and be annihilated.

In the meantime, the German Zionists who also represented the Zionists from Eastern Europe approached the British War Cabinet and to cut a very long story short, they offered their backing and support to Britain on the basis that they believed that is was possible, with their connivance, to contrive the entry of the United States into the fray as an ally of the British and French and this action would then be the decisive move that would almost certainly result in defeat for Germany.

The price required in return for this generous offer from the Zionists was a guarantee from Britain that they would be offered Palestine as the long-awaited Jewish 'homeland' after the war was won.

Obviously Britain had no right to promise Palestine to anyone and it is absolutely absurd that Great Britain, who never had any connection, any interest in or any rights to Palestine, should offer it as payment to the Zionists for bringing the United States into the war. However, make that promise they most certainly did, in October of 1916 (as confirmed by the Balfour Declaration of 1917) and shortly after that promise, the United States, which was ironically almost totally pro-German, entered the war as Britain's ally.

The 'Balfour Declaration':

"Foreign Office, November 2nd, 1917

Dear Lord Rothschild

I have much pleasure in conveying to you on behalf of His Majesty's government, the following declaration of sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations which has been submitted to, and approved, by the Cabinet:

His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

I should be grateful if you would bring this declaration to the knowledge of the Zionist Federation.

Yours,

Arthur James Balfour"

This declaration in my view is comparable to Spain promising Ireland to China, but only using the values that we think we know to be true. In reality, all countries and their borders are entirely false constructs and the Elite world is entirely borderless. They do not regard themselves as belonging to any specific country, religion or belief system – except of course, their own and so making this strange promise is not as odd as it tends to appear at first sight.

At this time, the United States was almost totally pro-German and as is the case today, the newspapers were controlled by Zionists, the bankers were Zionists, all the media of mass communications were controlled by Zionists; and they, the Zionists, were pro-German. They were pro-German because many of them were ethnic German and also they, in line with the Rothschilds agenda emanating from the previous century and in retaliation for the Russian royal family's previous treachery, wanted Germany to destroy the Russian Czar, Nicholas II and the Romanov dynasty. The Rothschild Zionists also had other plans in store for Russia in the form of the coming 'communist' revolution. The German Zionist bankers, such as Kuhn Loeb and other big banking organisations in the United States refused to finance France or England as these two powers were allied with Russia, but they poured money into Germany and they fought beside Germany against Russia, trying to crush the Czarist regime that they saw as a barrier to their plans for the revolution to come.

Indeed these were the same Zionists, that when they saw the possibility of obtaining Palestine as a Jewish homeland, approached the British government and they made the aforementioned pact. Once the plan was agreed to, the world immediately changed, almost overnight in fact. Whereas previously most, if not all American newspapers had been pro-German, wildly exaggerating the difficulties that Germany was experiencing in fighting Great Britain commercially and in other respects, suddenly the Germans were depicted as the enemy. They were now 'criminals' and 'Huns'. They were raping and shooting Red Cross nurses and they were murdering pregnant women and babies, as is the manner in which all propaganda operates. Of course, very shortly after that, the Elite puppet President Woodrow Wilson declared war on Germany and joined the war on the side of Britain and France.

The Zionists in London had sent cables to the United States, to Justice Brandeis a presidential political advisor and friend, asking him to influence

Wilson. The United States had absolutely no right or reasons to be involved in a European conflict other than those contrived. America was duped and subtly cajoled into taking-part simply so that the Zionists of the world could acquire Palestine and meanwhile the people of the United States were never told and never knew the real reasons that they entered World War I. President Wilson was directly involved in the deceptions and formally sanctioned the US participation in the war in a secret agreement with Britain on 9th March 1916. We are only aware of this agreement today because the agreement was leaked and confirmed by Sir Edward Grey, Ambassador Walter Hines Page, C. Hartley Grattan, and Colonel Edward Mandel House.

The rest of the story is well-known. America duly joined in the conflict and its superior numbers soon overwhelmed German resistance all along the 400 mile-long Maginot line, the line of fortifications running from the English Channel to the Alps, known to the Germans as the 'Western Front'. Apart from a brief, final rally in the autumn of 1918, the German forces were well beaten, surrendered unconditionally and the Armistice was duly signed which ended the war on the 11th November 1918 at 11.00am thus bringing to an end four years of horrific, unspeakable bloodshed. Now all that remained was the Treaty of Versailles, which the Germans believed would be a fair and just settlement of post-war reparations for a nation that had been absolutely shattered beyond the point of recognition, by the privations and horrors of the war. In this they were to be bitterly disappointed. In fact the terms of the treaty were so inordinately destructive to the German nation that it not only lost much of its territory but it did not actually make the final reparations payment until 2009! This in fact led directly to the economic conditions that set the scene for the rise of Hitler and ultimately to World War II. All as pre-planned, of course.

The Sinking of the Lusitania

One of the overt, primary catalysts for the entry of America into the 1914-18 war was also the sinking of the liner Lusitania by a German U-Boat off the southern coast of Ireland in 1915. The Lusitania was carrying hundreds of wealthy American passengers, but the significant load carried by the liner was not necessarily the passengers on this occasion. Deliberately, but unknown to

most on board, Lusitania was illegally carrying a large cache of armaments bound for the battlefields of Europe.

It is now known for certain that Winston Churchill and Woodrow Wilson were complicit in an operation financed by the major Zionist banking houses, arranging for the shipment of weapons on board Lusitania in May of 1915. The Lusitania luxury ocean liner was owned by the Cunard Line Shipping Company and officially part of the British auxiliary navy. The ship's owners were paid £218,000 per year. As an auxiliary naval ship, Lusitania was under orders from the British Admiralty to ram any German ship seeking to inspect her cargo. Also, notably in 1915, it was against US law to place weapons on a passenger ship traveling to England or Germany.

Three German spies attempted to confirm that the so-called '90 tons of unrefrigerated butter' destined for a British naval base were weapons and ammunition. The spies were detained on the ship, but the weapons loaded onto Lusitania were seen by a group of German immigrant dock workers and reported to the German embassy. In order to warn Americans about the weapons shipment, the Imperial German Embassy attempted to place an advertisement in 50 East Coast newspapers. The ads were due to be printed on the 22nd April 1915, but the US State Department blocked all the ads except one which somehow escaped the net.

George Viereck, the man who placed the ads for the embassy, protested to the State Department on the 26th April 1915 that the ads were blocked. Viereck met with US Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan and produced copies of Lusitania's supplementary manifests. Bryan, impressed by the evidence that Lusitania had carried weapons, cleared publication of the warning but someone more powerful than the Secretary of State, most likely Colonel Mandel House or President Wilson, overruled Bryan.

Nonetheless, one ad slipped past the State Department censorship. The single advertisement that slipped past the government censors appeared in the Des Moines Register (below)

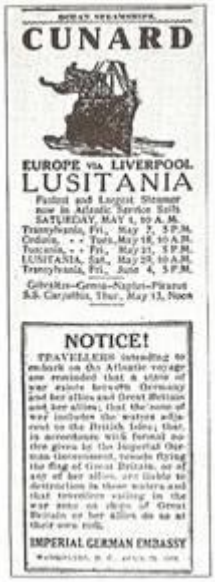
CUNARD

EUROPE VIA LIVERPOOL

LUSITANIA

Fastest and Largest Steamer now in Atlantic Service Sails SATURDAY, MAY 1, 10 A.M.

Pennsylvania, Fri., May 7, 5 P.M.
Ordonia, - - Tues., May 18, 10 A.M.
Tuscania, - - Fri., May 21, 5 P.M.
LUSITANIA, Sat., May 29, 10 A.M.
Pennsylvania, Fri., June 4, 5 P.M.

Gibraltar—Genoa—Naples—Piraeus
S.S. Carpathia, Thur., May 13, Noon

NOTICE!

TRAVELLERS intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain, or any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY

The warning read:

"NOTICE! Travellers intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain, or any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk. IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY WASHINGTON, D.C., APRIL 22, 1915."

Captain Dow, the Lusitania's captain immediately before the current incumbent, Captain Turner, resigned on the 8th March 1915 because he was no longer willing 'to carry the responsibility of mixing passengers with munitions or contraband.' Captain Dow had a 'near miss' just two days earlier and was aware that the rules of naval warfare had changed in October 1914 when Churchill issued orders that British merchant ships with munitions or contraband must ram U-boats. Prior to this change by Churchill, both England and Germany adhered to Cruiser Rules. The Cruiser Rules enabled crews and passengers to escape in lifeboats before being fired on but the new Churchill ram rules meant that the German U-boats could no longer surface to issue a warning and fire while submerged. Churchill explained this ruthlessness thus:

"The first British countermove, made on my responsibility...was to deter the Germans from surface attack. The submerged U-boat had to rely increasingly on underwater attack and thus ran the greater risk of mistaking neutral for

British ships and of drowning neutral crews and thus embroiling Germany with other Great Powers."

The above combined with the next Churchill quote speaks volumes about what really happened and why.

"There are many kinds of manoeuvres in war... There are manoeuvres in time, in diplomacy, in mechanics, in psychology; all of which are removed from the battlefield, but react often decisively upon it... The manoeuvre which brings an ally into the field is as serviceable as that which wins a great battle."

On the 7th May 1915, Lusitania slowed to 75% speed hoping the English escort vessel Juno would arrive. Unknown to Captain Turner, Winston Churchill had ordered Juno to return to port and so Churchill's order left Lusitania alone and unprotected in an area known to be swarming with U boats. To put this in perspective, Britain had deciphered the German communications code in December 1914 and therefore the level of detail known by the British Admiralty was so precise that even U boat numbers and general locations were known. For example, the British Admiralty knew U-30 left the area for Germany on the 4th May and the U-27 left the area because of jammed bow planes.

In a 1981 book, 'Seven Days to Disaster: The Sinking of the Lusitania', by Des Hickey and Gus Smith, they reported that one of the crewmen on the U-20 responsible for passing the order to fire to the torpedo room was Charles Voegele. Voegele refused to kill civilians of a neutral country, and upon returning to Germany was court-martialled and imprisoned for three years. One torpedo was fired on the 7th May and the warhead's 300 pounds of explosives detonated upon contact with Lusitania. The Lusitania's Captain Turner reported the first explosion sounded 'like a heavy door being slammed shut' and was followed by a much larger explosion that rocked the ship. Turner wrote in the log 'an unusually heavy detonation'. Lusitania sank 15-18 minutes later with a huge loss of life.

On the 28th May 1915, Germany's official response to the U.S. government's protest states the German government has no intention of attacking US vessels which are not guilty of hostile acts. The Imperial German government wrote that Lusitania...

"...was one of the largest and fastest English commerce steamers, constructed with government funds as auxiliary cruisers, and is expressly included in the navy list published by the British Admiralty. It is, moreover,

known to the Imperial government from reliable information furnished by its officials and neutral passengers that for some time practically all the more valuable English merchant vessels have been provided with guns, ammunition and other weapons, and reinforced with a crew specially practiced in manning guns. According to reports at hand here, the Lusitania when she left New York undoubtedly had guns on board which were mounted under decks and masked."

The official letter from the German government also spells out that Lusitania had 5,400 cases of ammunition that would be used to kill German soldiers. An exceptionally noteworthy section of the letter states that the British merchant marine ships received secret instruction in February by the British Admiralty to seek protection behind neutral flags and when so disguised, attack German submarines by ramming them. The German official response that war contraband was on board explains the second explosion.

The Elite banking families involved and Britain's leaders, even a century later, still fear the negative repercussions from Americans when they learn they were tricked into World War I.

For decades, the British and American governments have denied that there were weapons on Lusitania and the site was declared a protected wreck site, denying diver access. To further frustrate the ability to determine what Lusitania had really carried, since 1946 the Royal Navy has repeatedly dropped depth charges on top of Lusitania, using the site for target practice. In 1968, in further attempts to keep the truth hidden, the British Secret Service unsuccessfully attempted to buy the salvage rights to Lusitania.

In 2003 the then British Prime Minister Tony Blair, in a deliberate act of deceit and treachery designed to protect the version of history promoted by his puppet masters, ordered the destruction of government documents containing absolute proof that Lusitania was a covert munitions carrier. This is a classic example of one small attempt to re-write history or more accurately, to protect a false version of history.

While the British government aggressively worked to distort the truth, weapons were confirmed in July 2006 when Victor Quirke of the Cork Sub Aqua Club found 15,000 rounds of .303 bullets in the bow section of the ship. And on the 2nd April 2007, Cyber Diver News Network reported that the American owner of the Lusitania wreck, F. Gregg Bemis, Jr., had won the case to conduct salvage operations almost a century after the sinking. The British Arts and Heritage Ministry did not protest the use of the Lusitania as target

practice for British depth charges but did help 'respect the sanctity of the site' by opposing salvage operations.

Authors have written for many years that 1,201 people were sacrificed on Lusitania to create a reason for the US to enter World War I. Historian Howard Zinn wrote in 'A People's History of the United States', that Lusitania carried 1,248 cases of 3-inch shells, 4,927 boxes of cartridges (1,000 rounds in each box), and 2,000 more cases of small-arms ammunition. Colin Simpson claims that 'Churchill conspired to put the Lusitania in danger with the hope of sparking an incident to bring America into World War I' and historian Patrick Beesley supports Simpson's assertion. Christopher Hitchens' book, 'Blood Class and Nostalgia', further implicates First Lord of the Admiralty, Winston Churchill in a deliberate action to pull America into World War I. History professor Ralph Raico and senior scholar of the Ludwig von Mises Institute notes that Churchill wrote the week prior to Lusitania sinking, that it was 'most important to attract neutral shipping to our shores, in the hopes especially of embroiling the United States with Germany'.

Winston Churchill did indeed say and do many things to drag America into World War I. He attempted to mislead both the British and American public that the sinking of Lusitania was premeditated. Churchill did this for several reasons including to distract people from the reports that the Juno destroyer protection had been deliberately removed. He attributed the lack of destroyer protection as being confused with internal disputes within the Admiralty about a bumbled Gallipoli campaign in the Ottoman Empire. His Lusitania war propaganda also included misinforming the public that multiple torpedoes were fired to explain how the ship sunk in 18 minutes and further fuel hatred for the German people.

Berlin announced on the 31st January, 1917 that its submarines would sink all ships aiding Britain. This announcement, combined with the Lusitania sinking and the British Intelligence service manufactured bombshell in the form of a telegram from German Foreign Minister Arthur Zimmerman to the German Minister to offering Mexico money to attack the U.S. ultimately proved successful and on 6th April 1917 the U.S. did finally declare war on Germany.

"If people really knew the truth, the war would be stopped tomorrow. But of course they don't know, and can't know." David Lloyd George, Britain's Prime Minister during the First World War, to C.P. Scott, editor of the Manchester Guardian, December 1917

The Treaty of Versailles

The treaty that officially ended WWI was the Treaty of Versailles in 1919. This is the reason why the dates of this war are sometimes recorded as 1914-19. Although it has to be said that it has now been recently surreptitiously announced (2009) that WWI has now 'officially' ended due to Germany's final reparation payment having been made, 90 years after the event.

Several interesting personalities attended these meetings. In the British delegation was the British economist John Maynard Keynes and representing the American banking interests was Paul Warburg, the Chairman of the Federal Reserve. His brother Max, the head of the German banking firm of M.M. Warburg and Company, of Hamburg, Germany and who was not only in charge of Germany's finances but was a leader of the German espionage network, was there as a representative of the German government. Do we need any more proof of collusion between the two sides to achieve maximum impact on the welfare of ordinary Germans?

The Treaty was written to end the war, but another delegate to the conference, Lord Curzon of England, the British Foreign Secretary, saw through what the actual intent was and said: "This is no peace; this is only a truce for twenty years." Lord Curzon felt that the terms of the Treaty were setting the stage for a second world war and what is even more interesting; he had correctly predicted the year it would start as 1939.

One of the major tenets of the Treaty specified swingeing war reparations to be paid to the victorious nations by the German government. It was this factor alone that precipitated three events.

The 'hyperinflation' of the German Mark between 1920 and 1923, causing untold suffering to the ordinary German people which also led to the virtual destruction of the middle classes and last but by no means least, facilitated the rise to power of someone who would rightly or wrongly be seen as a saviour, a messiah to the German people, Adolf Hitler.

Thus were deliberately sown the seeds of World War II, setting in motion an unstoppable chain of events that would eventually lead to the establishment of the Jewish homeland and to all the complex, inter-related actions that have shaped the world of the early twenty-first century, in which we all live today.

The extent of the war reparations were decided upon by the Elite stooge John Foster Dulles, one of the founders of the Council on Foreign Relations, and later the Secretary of State to President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Even Keynes himself, not known for his liberal views, was so disturbed by the extent to which the Treaty had been slanted towards the impossibility of fulfilling the terms and therefore presaging the destruction of Germany (the object of the war in the first place) that he wrote, "The peace is outrageous and impossible and can bring nothing but misfortune behind it".

In addition to penning the Treaty of Versailles, the victors also proposed and propounded the Charter of the League of Nations, ratified on the 10th January 1920, and signed by President Wilson for the American government. Wilson brought the treaty back to the United States and requested that the Senate ratify it. The Senate, for once remembering George Washington's advice to avoid foreign entanglements and reflecting the views of the American people who did not wish to enter the League, refused to ratify the treaty.

With the benefit of hindsight it has become apparent that Wilson intended to head the planned world government it was hoped to bring along by the imposition of the League of Nations upon the world. Unsurprisingly he was devastated when the Treaty was not ratified as he fully expected to become the first President of the World, only to have it taken away by the actions of the Senate of the United States. Of course, we are still to this day awaiting the dawn of world government but the Elite are nothing if not patient and they firmly believe that their efforts in this direction will be fully rewarded before much more time has elapsed, although they are not quite 'counting their chickens' just yet...

"As the World plummets into a contrived financial meltdown, those who believe themselves to be the rightful rulers of a planetary fiefdom are convinced that they have a very short window of opportunity to establish their One World Government. Their vision is for total control of all planetary resources including human resources, which will be reduced to the chosen 500,000,000. However, things are not going entirely to plan. Obama's mentor, Zbigniew Brzezinski recently identified 'the rapid political awakening amongst the masses' as the biggest obstacle to establishing a One World Government. In 1970 Brzezinski observed that the challenge for Western governments will be to keep their people locked into consumerist materialism ... preventing them from realising who they truly are!" Ian R Crane, geo-political researcher, February 2011

One of the by-products of this devastating conflict was to provide an unparalleled opportunity for the Elite families to generate huge profits at the

expense of governments and thus the public in the form of war supplies and armaments. These super-rich families, not only desired the war to be won, but they made sure that the victory was expensive to the common taxpayers and beneficial to their own finances. Indeed, one of the families who reaped the exorbitant profits were our old friends, the Rockefellers, who were for obvious reasons, very eager for the United States to enter World War I and who made more than $200m from the conflict which incidentally is $16bn in today's values.

However, support for the League of Nations continued. The Grand Orient Lodge of Freemasonry of France was one which advised all of its members, "It is the duty of universal Freemasonry to give its full support to the League of Nations...." Predictably, the League of Nations became a major issue during the Presidential election of 1920 when the Republican candidate Warren G. Harding was on record as opposing the League and further attempts to ratify the charter, saying, "It will avail nothing to discuss in detail the League covenant, which was conceived for world super-government In the existing League of Nations, world governing with its super-powers, this Republic will have no part."

He was opposed in the Republican primaries by General Leonard Wood, one of the Republican 'hawks', who was backed by a powerful group of rich men who hoped to install a military man in the White House. The American people, once again manifesting their disapproval of the League, voted for Harding as evidence of that distrust and concern and Harding beat the opposition by a greater margin than did President Wilson during the election of 1916. Wilson only managed to get fifty-two percent of the vote, whilst Harding achieved sixty-four percent.

Harding was a supporter of William Howard Taft, the President who opposed the bankers and their Federal Reserve Bill. After his election, he named Harry M. Daugherty, Taft's campaign manager, as his Attorney General. His other Cabinet appointments were not as wise however, as he 'inexplicably' surrounded himself with men representing the oil industry. His chosen Secretary of State was Charles Evans Hughes, an attorney of Standard Oil; his Secretary of the Treasury was Andrew Mellon, owner of Gulf Oil; his Postmaster General was Will Hays, an attorney for Sinclair Oil; and his Secretary of the Interior was Albert Fall, a protégé of the oil men.

It was the aptly named Fall, who was indeed to be Harding's downfall as he later accepted a bribe from Harry Sinclair in exchange for a lease of the Navy's

oil reserves in Teapot Dome, Wyoming. There are many who believe that the scandal was intended to discredit the Harding administration in an attempt to remove him from office for two very important reasons. Harding was consistently vocal against the League of Nations, and there was still a chance that its supporters could get the United States to join, as the League had survived the Senate's prior refusal to ratify the treaty and Attorney General Daugherty had been prosecuting the oil trusts under the Sherman anti-trust laws.

These activities did not please the oil interests who had created the Teapot Dome scandal. But Harding perhaps unsurprisingly as is often the case, unfortunately did not live to see the full repercussions of the artificial scandal, as he died on the 2nd August 1923, before the story completely surfaced. Indeed, there are many who believe that there were some who could not wait for the Teapot Dome scandal to remove President Harding and that he was poisoned as were several of his predecessors.

Nevertheless the oil barons allowed it to completely play its course as a warning to future Presidents of the United States not to oppose the oil interests or indeed any other powerful, vested, corporate interests and to date, with one or two notable exceptions, the warning has been generally heeded. Not many have chosen to contend with the true rulers of the United States – certainly not and lived to tell the tale anyway, eh Mr. Kennedy?

The League of Nations

The League, formed on the 28th June 1919, was a very early attempt to form a blueprint for 'One World Government', just as is its latter-day successor, the United Nations. Promoted under the banner of preventing future conflicts by virtue of the fact that all nations are part of the same 'club', both organisations have proved to be anything but benign.

The Elite gofer and 'fixer' Colonel Edward Mandell House planned the League as a ploy to coerce the United States into conceding its sovereignty to the organisation at the close of World War I. However, the US Senate refused to ratify America's entry into the League, resulting in Col. House's initiative towards world government being thwarted. Disappointed, but not beaten, House and his friends then formed the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), whose purpose even from its inception was to destroy the freedom and

independence of the United States and lead the nations into world government despite the failure of the attempt to achieve it through the League of Nations. The control of that world government of course, was intended to be placed in the hands of House and his cohorts.

From its small beginnings in 1921, the CFR began to attract men of power and influence. In the late 1920s, important financing for the CFR came from the Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie Foundation and in 1940, at the invitation of President FD Roosevelt, members of the CFR gained domination over the State Department and much to the detriment of democracy in that erstwhile 'land of the free', they have maintained that domination ever since.

The Russian Revolution

So even before the outbreak of World War I, the Elite conspirators had a plan to carry-out Nathan Rothschild's vow of 1814 to destroy the Czar and also murder all possible royal heirs to the throne and it was planned to occur before the end of the war. The Bolsheviks were to be their chosen instruments in this particular plot.

The leaders of the Bolsheviks were Nicolai Lenin, Leon Trotsky and later Joseph Stalin but of course, those were not their true family names. Prior to the Revolution, their base was Switzerland and Trotsky's headquarters was on the lower East Side in New York, an area mainly inhabited by Russian-Jewish refugees. Both Lenin and Trotsky lived extremely well yet neither had a regular occupation and neither had any visible means of support, yet both always were well dressed and groomed, with plenty of cash at their disposal. From early in the year (1917), there were strange events taking place in New York. Night after night, Trotsky was at Jacob Schiff's palace-mansion and there were several gatherings of shady characters on the lower East Side, all of them Russian refugees, at Trotsky's headquarters and all were undertaking a comprehensive training-process that was completely shrouded in mystery. In fact, Schiff was discovered to be surreptitiously financing all of Trotsky's activities.

Eventually Trotsky disappeared with approximately 300 of his by now, well-trained thugs. Actually they were on a Schiff-chartered ship headed for a rendezvous with Lenin and his gang in Switzerland along with $20,000,000 in gold. This gold was provided by Schiff himself, to finance the Bolsheviks takeover of Russia. To celebrate Trotsky's arrival, Lenin gave a party at his Swiss hideaway which was attended by some of society's high flyers. Among them were the mysterious Colonel Edward Mandell House, Woodrow Wilson's mentor and more importantly, Schiff's special and confidential messenger. Other guests were the Warburg banksters of Germany, who were financing the Kaiser and in addition there were of course, the ubiquitous Rothschilds of London and Paris and also Josef Stalin who was at the time the head of a train and bank-robbing gang. He was even well-known as the 'Jesse James of the Urals'!

It is a matter of record that on the 3rd February 1917, US President Woodrow Wilson had broken off all diplomatic relations with Germany, therefore Warburg, Colonel House and the Rothschilds were strictly-speaking, enemies but of course Switzerland was a neutral country, as it always is in wars as it is the home of the financial backers of most conflicts. So it was natural that enemies could meet there, especially if they had some nefarious scheme in common.

However, Lenin's celebration was almost undone by an unforeseen incident when the Schiff-chartered ship on its way to Europe was intercepted and taken into custody by a British warship. But Schiff acted quickly and gave orders to President Wilson to demand that the British release the ship, with Trotsky, his thugs and the gold remaining intact. Wilson of course obeyed, as do all puppet politicians when given orders by the Elite who manoeuvred them into that position in the first place. In fact he threatened the British that if they refused to release the ship that the United States would not enter the war in April as he had faithfully promised a year earlier.

Fortunately for the whole sordid scheme, the British relented and allowed safe passage for the ship and Trotsky duly arrived in Switzerland and the Lenin party took place as scheduled, but they still faced what ordinarily would have been the insurmountable obstacle of getting the Lenin-Trotsky band of terrorists across the border into Russia. Fortuitously, Max Warburg, whom the Kaiser had made chief of the German Secret Police, was able through his position and contacts to ensure that all the perpetrators plus their loot were 'sealed' into railway freight-cars and made all the necessary arrangements for their secret entry into Russia. As they say, the rest is history. The revolution in Russia took place and all members of the royalty, the entire Romanov dynasty were murdered and the Bolsheviks had secured complete control of the country.

Can there be any further doubt that so-called communism, is an integral part of the Elite conspiracy for the enslavement of the entire world? Or even that communism is merely a weapon and fear-inducement to terrify the people of the whole world and that the conquest of Russia and the creation of communism was largely organised by Schiff and the other international banksters?

An almost incredible story perhaps, but in its support, many years later one of Randolph Hearst's newspapers published an interview with John Schiff,

grandson of Jacob, in which Schiff confirmed the entire story and even named the figure that Jacob had contributed - $20,000,000. There is absolutely no dispute that communism was created by the Elite. In fact all records show that when Lenin and Trotsky engineered the subjugation of Russia, they operated as leaders of the 'Bolshevik' party. But 'Bolshevism' is a purely Russian word and the Elite knew that 'Bolshevism' could never be promulgated as an acceptable ideology to any but the Russian peoples. So in April 1918, Jacob Schiff sent Colonel House to Moscow with orders to Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin to change the name of their regime to the 'Communist Party' and to adopt the Karl Marx 'Communist Manifesto' as the constitution of the Communist Party. Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin concurred and so it came to pass that in 1918 the Communist party and the menace of communism was first brought to the attention of the world. This information is all confirmed in, and can be corroborated by 'Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition'.

So, for the avoidance of doubt, communism was created by the Elite capitalists. Until 11th November 1918 and the end of World War I, the entire long-term plan of the conspirators had worked perfectly and all the major nations involved in the conflict, including the United States, were war-weary, devastated, and in mourning for their many dead. Peace was thus the great universal desire and so when it was proposed by Woodrow Wilson at the behest of his masters of course, to set-up a 'League of Nations' to ensure peace, all the great nations, with no Russian Czar to stand in their way this time, agreed instantly. All that is, but one, the United States. Ironically, the one country that Schiff and his co-conspirators least expected would be an obstacle and the fatal mistake made by the Elite was that when Schiff planted Wilson in the White House, it had naturally been assumed that they would have no problem with the United States.

However, Wilson had been 'sold' to the American people as a great humanitarian and there was every reason for the conspirators to have believed that he would have easily cajoled Congress into buying the 'League of Nations' hyperbole. But unfortunately for them, there was one man in the Senate in 1918 who 'saw through' the scheme, just as the Russian Czar did in 1814. He was a man of great political stature and very astute and was also highly-respected and trusted by all members of both houses of Congress and by the American people. His name was Henry Cabot Lodge and he completely exposed Wilson as the fraud that he most undoubtedly was and thus kept the United States out of the 'League of Nations'. As a result of this, the proposed

stepping-stone to one world government was thwarted, for the time being and no further attempts were made to move the world down this route until after WWII and the advent of the 'United Nations'.

So, Communism facilitated by the Russian Revolution, was merely a fantasy to enable Capitalists to steal money from other Capitalists under the pretence of making a better world for the common man. How many millions of idealists have devoted their lives to this farce? And worse still, how many millions died in World War II when the same Elite banksters financed Hitler simply to keep Stalin in check? Then of course there are the literally trillions of dollars spent on weapons during the Cold War – all of which swelled the coffers of the Elite to bursting-point and yet still they were not satisfied. Also consider how little we in the West hear of Stalin's or Mao's atrocities in the name of 'Communism' compared to those of Hitler in supposedly opposing it.

The 1918 'Spanish Influenza' Pandemic

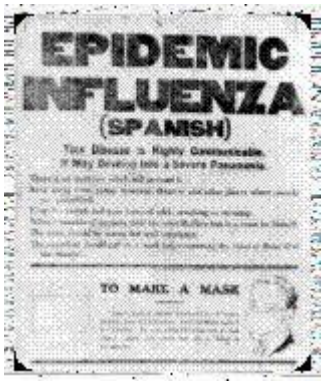

The so-called 'Spanish Flu' pandemic, responsible for the deaths of around 50 million people worldwide, 1n 1918/19, was not 'flu' at all, it was a simple, easily treatable chest infection. The fledgling 'wonder-drug' aspirin played a significant role in all those eminently preventable deaths, but the real question is this; was the pandemic a case of pharmaceutical genocide perpetrated by the Elite to further their stated population-reduction agenda or was it simply a case of misdiagnosis and/or prescription error, compounded by a huge corporation's desperation to put profits before people? I will let the reader decide for themselves. Here are the facts…

In 1899 aspirin was first produced and was patented by the German pharmaceutical company Farbenfabriken Bayer in 1900. Bayer is still one of the 'Big Pharma' companies (as Bayer AG) today. In the first decade of the 20th century its strenuous worldwide marketing efforts had left few places in the civilised world lacking aspirin. In the United States, Bayer's giant factory produced aspirin under American management and after Bayer executives were charged with violating the 'Trading with the Enemies' Act in August 1918, copious numbers of advertisements were produced that re-encouraged the lost confidence in aspirin.

The world has believed for almost a century that a new and virulent 'flu' virus appeared from nowhere and killed millions worldwide in 1918. However, two reports, one published in 2008 and the second in 2009, have now laid that particular myth to rest for good.

The first report came as a press release on 19th August 2008, from the American National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID)…

"Bacteriologic and histopathologic results from published autopsy series clearly and consistently implicated secondary bacterial pneumonia caused by common upper respiratory tract bacteria in most influenza fatalities. People were killed by common bacteria found in the upper respiratory tract. The 20 to 40 million deaths worldwide from the great 1918 Influenza Pandemic were NOT due to 'flu' at all or even a virus, but to pneumonia caused by massive bacterial infection."

The NIAID press release did not however, address the actual cause of the bacterial infections, but further, follow-up research by Dr. Karen Starko certainly did. This research is quite categorical in its implication of aspirin as the real culprit, dovetailing with the NIAID research on pneumonia from massive bacterial infection and goes further in also explaining the extremely rapid deaths in young people.

Mortality was caused in this instance by two overlapping syndromes: an early, severe acute respiratory distress condition, which was estimated to have caused 10%-15% of deaths and a subsequent, aggressive bacterial pneumonia 'super-infection', which was present in the majority of deaths.

In examining reports of those who died, two distinct groups were discovered to be apparent, based on a very distinctive time-frame from health to death:

People who died of pneumonia from a bacterial infection became sick and deteriorated at varying rates from there to death, and…

People who died so astoundingly fast that those deaths became a classic part of the frightening legend of the 1918 'flu' – people perfectly well in the morning and dead before the afternoon was out.

It has subsequently been discovered that In both groups, aspirin was the likely cause.

In the case of the first group, pneumonia, aspirin suppresses the immune system, allowing bacterial infections to take hold. Doctors at the time were relating pneumonias to the use of aspirin.

One contemporary doctor, Dudley Williams of Rhode Island, reported that he did not lose a single case of influenza and that the death-rate of his patients

from pneumonia was 2.1%. The salicylates, including aspirin and quinine, were almost the sole treatments given by most doctors and it was quite common to hear them speaking of losing 60% of their pneumonia patients.

Aspirin directly or indirectly was the cause of the loss of more lives than was the influenza itself. Aspirin caused harm in two ways. Firstly, its indirect action derived from the fact that aspirin was taken until prostration resulted and the patient developed pneumonia. And for the second group which died so precipitously, their symptoms are consistent with aspirin overdose and with extraordinarily rapid deaths from it.

Another report noted that:

"The disease was a veritable plague. The extraordinary toxicity, the marked prostration, the extreme cyanosis and the rapidity of development stamp this disease as a distinct clinical entity heretofore not fully described. Salicylate toxicity is often overlooked because another condition is present, the dose is thought to be trivial and the symptoms (hyperventilation, vomiting, sweating, headache, drowsiness, confusion, dyspnoea, excitement, epistaxis, vertigo, pulmonary oedema and haemorrhage) are nonspecific. In 1918, differentiating progressive salicylate intoxication from infection pathologically or clinically, the dyspnoea lasts from a few hours to a day followed by respiratory failure, circulatory collapse, convulsions, and death."

To summarise, just before the 1918 death spike, the widespread use of aspirin was still in its infancy and was unfortunately being recommended in doses now known to be potentially toxic and to cause pulmonary oedema and may therefore have contributed to the overall pandemic mortality. Young adult mortality may be explained by their willingness to use the new, recommended therapy and the presence of youth in regimented treatment settings. The lower mortality of children may be a result of less aspirin use. The most influential source of paediatric medicine in 1918 recommended hydrotherapy for fever, not salicylate; however, its 1920 edition condemned the practice of giving 'coal tar products' ie. pharmaceuticals, in full doses for the reduction of fever. Varying aspirin use may also have contributed to the marked differences in mortality between cities and even between military bases.

In February 1917, Bayer lost its American patent on aspirin, opening-up a lucrative drug market to many manufacturers. Bayer fought back with a

sustained advertising campaign, emphasising its own version of the brand's purity just as the epidemic was reaching its peak. The New York Times said;

"Aspirin packages were produced containing no warnings about toxicity and few instructions about use. In the fall [autumn] of 1918, facing a widespread deadly disease with no known cure, the surgeon general and the United States Navy recommended aspirin as a symptomatic treatment and the military bought large quantities of the drug. The Journal of the American Medical Association suggested a dose of 1,000 milligrams every three hours, the equivalent of almost 25 standard 325-milligram aspirin tablets in 24 hours. This is about twice the daily dosage generally considered safe today."

Dr. Karen Starko's research clearly demonstrated that… "Aspirin advertisements in August 1918 and a series of official recommendations for aspirin in September and early October immediately preceded the death spike of October 1918. The number of deaths in the USA increased steeply, peaking first in the Navy in late September, then in the Army in early October and finally in the general population in late October."

One single sentence in her work, stands-out as being extremely significant in my view: "Homeopaths, who thought aspirin was a poison, claimed few deaths."

That sentence alone speaks volumes about the millions of deaths caused by Bayer and the pharmaceutical industry of the day, as indeed it does today. Homeopathy threatened pharmaceutical industry profits (as it also does to this day – hence the massive propaganda campaign against natural remedies) and worse, the homeopathic doctors criticised coal-tar based synthetic drugs in general, the very basis of the pharmaceutical industry. Aspirin and the other coal-tar products are condemned as causing great numbers of unnecessary deaths and the omnipresent aspirin is the most pernicious drug of all. Its deceptive malignancy is partly concealed by its fast pain-relieving quality. In several instances, aspirin weakened the heart, depressed the vital forces, increased the mortality in mild cases and made convalescence slower. In all cases it masked the symptoms and rendered immeasurably more difficult the selection of the correct curative remedy. Apparently aspirin bears no curative relation to any disease and strictly speaking it ought to be removed from sale as unsafe. The alleged blood-thinning capability of aspirin, meaning that it is in widespread use for heart-attack patients, is also grossly over-stated. Whilst aspirin does not actually thin the blood, it does in fact inhibit the clotting process. However this truth is completely mis-represented by all producers of

aspirin in order to maintain the huge annual profits engendered by this silent killer. Aspirin is widely thought to be directly responsible for at least 6000 deaths each year in the USA alone, not all through misuse or from incorrect dosages.

A disturbing side-effect of aspirin is also that it causes the lining of the stomach and intestinal walls to break-down after prolonged use, leading to irreparable tissue damage and the severe degradation and weakening of the digestive tract. Doctors today still advise angina and heart-attack sufferers to take an aspirin every day in complete and utter disregard of this fact. My own mother who recently passed-away had suffered with angina for twenty years and completely unknown to the rest of the family until shortly before her death from a ruptured colon, had been taking two aspirins a day for that entire time period – all under her 'ignorant' doctor's directives. Incidentally this is the same doctor that currently prescribes a never-ending regimen of sixteen different drugs for my father. My mother was sadly one of the hundreds of thousands of victims of doctor 'error', each year in the western world. But when one considers how dangerous most 'legal' drugs are, then these figures are actually rather unsurprising.

But back to the main thrust of the story. Perhaps the most shocking aspect of it however, is that using only natural (thus un-patentable) substances, homeopaths saved the lives of almost everyone who turned to them during the 1918 massacre of innocents, meaning in effect that millions died for no reason at all if corporate greed and criminal recklessness is excluded. This also threatened to expose the fact that the new coal-tar based synthetic drugs (derived of course from Big Oil), the basis for huge investment, were in fact disastrous medically – and that had to be prevented at all costs.

In 1918, The Rockefeller Foundation (shortly afterwards inextricably connected to Bayer) used the Spanish flu epidemic and the media (that it already controlled by this time) to start a witch-hunt on all forms of medicine that were not covered by its patents, the full force of which still continues and is being felt, to this day.

"The Rockefeller Foundation was the front organization for a new global business venture .... This new venture was called the pharmaceutical investment business. Donations from the Rockefeller Foundation went only to medical schools and hospitals, which had become missionaries of patented pharmaceutical drugs, developed by a new breed of companies that

manufactured patented, synthetic drugs." From 'Rockefeller Medicine Men' by Richard Brown.

Also, from the same source; "These newly discovered natural molecules had only one disadvantage: they were non-patentable. Thus, already in its first decades of existence, the pharmaceutical investment business faced a mortal threat. Vitamins and other micro-nutrients promoted as public health programmes would have prohibited the development of any sizable investment business based on patented synthetic drugs. The elimination of this unwanted competition from micronutrients and other natural therapies became a question of survival for the young pharmaceutical investment business.

To promote public acceptance of his 'new medicine' as the philanthropic umbrella of the newly created pharmaceutical investment industry with patented drugs, the Rockefeller-controlled media used the Spanish flu epidemic of 1918, to start a campaign against all forms of non-patented medicine and discredit them as 'unscientific'. Within the next 15 years, essentially all medical schools in the US, all influential hospitals and, most significantly, the 'American Medical Association' became part of this strategy to align the entire health care sector under the control of the pharmaceutical investment business."

This witch-hunt, with Bayer in a leading role, has a long and violent history and continues today whereby Big Pharma is now resorting to draconian measures, with the banning of all herbal remedies across the EU, commencing April 2011, with the attempt to criminalise homeopaths and all natural practitioners including midwives, with the banning of IV vitamin C because it is a powerfully effective yet gentle treatment for cancer, in December 2010 and a plan in Australia to ban nature itself.

Given Big Pharma's epic battle against nature, suppressing the truth of what happened during 1918 and the pharmaceutical industry deliberately killing millions in the name of obscene profits, natural healing becomes even more important for them.

The Centers for Disease Control claims it has reconstructed the 'virulent' 1918 'flu' virus. "CDC researchers and their colleagues have successfully reconstructed the influenza virus that caused the 1918-19 flu pandemic, which killed as many as 50 million people worldwide."

Whatever the CDC 'reconstructed', it was certainly not what killed millions of people in 1918-19. The CDC appears unaware or more likely is totally ignoring the fact that the NIAID has proven beyond reasonable doubt that it was not a virus or flu but common upper respiratory bacteria and massive infection combined with an insidious and incorrectly-used drug that killed millions. Bayer was also, possibly unsurprisingly, responsible through its vaccine division, Baxter, for sending out to 18 countries, a seasonal flu vaccine in 2009 that contained live avian virus, a bioweapon, which could have killed millions itself. Had it not been for a single laboratory technician discovering that the vaccines were lethal through injecting ferrets which all died, Bayer's vaccines could have potentially initiated a pandemic such as nature has never seen. In 1918, the convergence of a toxic drug, massive corporate advertising and government, military and medical pressure to use the drug, led to millions of deaths. That combination of groups has joined forces again, this time behind vaccines.

Despite Bayer's 2009 seasonal vaccines containing a bio-weapon and there being no reasonable explanation, Bayer was never charged, not even with negligence, but instead was immediately selected by the WHO to produce the H1N1 vaccines. Those vaccines were promoted strongly by the government and the CDC, even as the CDC itself acknowledged that the H1N1 vaccines could be predicted to maim or kill 30,000 people in the USA alone.

So, why does the CDC persist in this myth, despite abundant evidence to the contrary? Disregarding motives, one might only suggest some effects of projecting the terrifying myth that millions of people could die from virus:

Distraction from the hard reality that natural treatments were the only effective treatments during 1918.

The hiding of Bayer, aspirin and the industry's role in the deaths.

The sales of billions in anti-viral drugs and vaccine development.

Increased financial power to the pharmaceutical industry to control media and influence governments.

Increased illnesses and deaths from chemical, pharmaceutical agents, one of the highest risk factors.

Fearful dependence on 'expert medical authority' and complex, expensive solutions to save people.

Surrender of unlimited authority to government regulatory agencies to 'protect' the public from natural products.

Use of the spectre of millions of deaths as the justification for the removal of human rights to 'protect' the public.

Enhancement of the pharmaceutical industry moves toward an uncontested global monopoly over health

The industrialisation, commercialisation and militarisation of disease.

An open door to the use of 'pandemic emergency' to justify martial law.

The truth, that medical authorities using Bayer aspirin (and generic aspirin) killed so many millions of people that those deaths became one the most terrifying events in human history, fundamentally threatens a global multi-trillion dollar industry built around unassailable 'medical expertise' and their use of synthetic drugs. But the fuller truth contains something even more dangerous to the pharmaceutical industry than simply the millions of deaths they caused, because something else of great significance occurred at that time too. Non-industrial medicine ie. those using organic substances, actually saved further millions of people from death. The events of 1918 unknowingly instigated a world-wide trial, comparing millions of people who were treated by pharmaceutical medicine and those treated by organic medicine. The first group died in unimaginable numbers whilst of the second group, almost all of them survived.

More than anything else, this is the real, important lesson to be gleaned from this dark period in medical history. What stands-out is the spectacular failure and toxicity of one of the industry's oldest and purportedly most trusted products, aspirin. We can also add to that, Bayer's global advertising of its toxic product, government and media influence and the fact that it increased deaths to a level never seen before. Bayer's product, political and financial power and media influence, combined to produce so many millions of deaths that it actually merits comparison with the Black Death. 20 to 50 million deaths during 1918 and 1919 versus 25 to 75 million during the course of many years of the bubonic plague.

But that single, synthetic pharmaceutical product has by now far outstripped the number of deaths of the most infamous disease in history since the deaths have not ceased yet and are continuing to be of epidemic proportions. The numbers of those who have died from aspirin poisoning alone over the 90+ years since this huge tragedy are absolutely incalculable.

It was natural health practitioners who saved lives during 1918, while aspirin killed in vast numbers, but today the government is actively and vigorously

suppressing access to natural health products which are perfectly safe and saved lives during 1918, in favour of predictably lethal vaccines and pharmaceutical products, the need for which is based on an immensely misdirecting myth. What does this tell us about the insidious methods of the Big Pharma companies, who operate with impunity, hand in glove with corrupt politicians of all affiliations, whilst carrying out their genocidal policies?

In light of the 1918 deaths from Bayer's pushing of aspirin onto an unsuspecting population and Bayer's and other manufacturers' vaccines (synthetic, even genetically engineered), an automatic reassessment of natural versus synthetic treatments is triggered.

"A confluence of events created a 'perfect storm' for widespread salicylate toxicity. The loss of Bayer's patent on aspirin in February 1917 allowed many manufacturers into the lucrative aspirin market. Official recommendations for aspirin therapy at toxic doses were preceded by ignorance of the unusual nonlinear kinetics of salicylate (unknown until the 1960s), which predispose to accumulation and toxicity; tins and bottles that contained no warnings and few instructions; and fear of 'Spanish' influenza, an illness that had been spreading like wildfire." Dr. Karen Starko

Given the role that it played in the millions of 1918 deaths, a further more in-depth assessment of aspirin is probably expedient. Bayer aspirin was one of the earliest of drugs from the pharmaceutical industry, dependent on the oil industry and has become the most commonly used and a staple, trusted drug. As such, it represents a good example of the displacement of natural treatments by synthetic drugs. But is it actually safe?

During 1918 repeatedly, first hand medical accounts point to aspirin as the source of pneumonias. "I had a package handed to me containing 1,000 aspirin tablets, which was 994 too many. I think I gave about a half dozen. I could find no place for it. My remedies were few. I almost invariably gave Gelsemium and Bryonia. I hardly ever lost a case if I got there first, unless the patient had been sent to a drug store and bought aspirin, in which event I was likely to have a case of pneumonia on my hands." Dr. J.P. Huff, Olive Branch, Kentucky

Upon reading the accounts of the epidemic it seems that most of the deaths were caused by a virulent pneumonia that was especially devastating to those who depressed their system with analgesics, the most common being aspirin.

Aspirin was the first of the non-steroidal anti-inflammatories, others not becoming available until 1955 when Tylenol was first marketed. They are the most commonly used drugs on the market, sold both with and without prescriptions. For Bayer and the entire pharmaceutical industry, they are the absolute foundation stones of their industry and yet they all routinely kill.

"Over 100,000 people are hospitalized for internal bleeding and of those, 16,500 die every year. And these values are considered 'conservative'. Also the figures only include prescription NSAIDs used to treat only arthritis and only in the United States. If prescription and over the counter NSAID-related hospitalizations and death rates were counted for not only arthritis, but for all conditions and throughout the world, the figures would no doubt be enormous. Taking those figures and applying them over the many years that this class of drug that has been available since the early 1970s and the numbers would be horrific. And yet, no study to date has attempted to quantify these figures." 'Toxic and Deadly NSAIDs', an investigative report by Roman Bystrianyk.

Another important observation is that most people receive no warning signs that these drugs are causing them internal damage before they end-up in hospital with a serious medical condition and approximately 10% of these hospitalisations end in death. Considering that aspirin is still being highly recommended by the vast majority of medical practitioners to reduce the incidence of heart disease we must also consider the catastrophic levels of gastro-intestinal damage being caused, as in the recent case of my own mother.

It has been discovered that that no particular dose of aspirin between 75 mg and 300 mg daily currently used in the treatment of heart ailments, is completely free of risk of causing intestinal bleeding. Even very low doses of aspirin reportedly caused gastric bleeding in volunteers. Some 10,000 episodes of bleeding occur in people aged 60 and over each year in England and Wales alone and it is estimated that around 90% of the 10,000 episodes could be associated with and directly ascribed to aspirin usage.

Unfortunately the risk of hospitalisation and death is not the only problem caused by taking these types of drugs. Other studies have also indicated that the risk of Congestive Heart Failure (CHF) while using NSAIDs is also quite substantial. One author suggested that the number of deaths could be similar to those that are evident with gastro-intestinal bleeding. If so, the numbers of

deaths attributed to NSAIDs would increase dramatically from the already large figure of 16,500.

It was also discovered that recent use of NSAIDs by elderly patients doubles the odds of being admitted to hospital with an episode of Congestive Heart Failure. The estimated relative risk for first admission with heart failure and the risk of this outcome was increased substantially by NSAID use in those with a history of heart disease.

NSAIDs, particularly including generic aspirin are truly a silent epidemic that has caused a tremendous amount of pain and unnecessary, premature deaths. Public knowledge of this tragedy is virtually non-existent, with an enormous amount of critical information primarily existing within the sanctuary of medical libraries and thus being unavailable to the public in general. Big Pharma still markets and promotes worldwide sales of these toxic substances and governmental agencies have done nothing at all to alert the public or even medical practitioners, many of whom remain totally unaware of these facts.

The 20 to 50 million deaths during 1918 have long been attributed to a virulent new virus but the NIAID has now clearly stated that common upper respiratory bacteria was responsible, not a new virus. There was no new deadly virus but there was something new in 1918 and that was toxic aspirin, being used in totally inappropriate, dangerous dosages.

"... just before the 1918 death spike, aspirin was recommended in regimens now known to be potentially toxic and to cause pulmonary oedema and may therefore have contributed to overall pandemic mortality and several of its mysteries. Young adult mortality may be explained by willingness to use the new, recommended therapy and the presence of youth in regimented treatment settings (military)." Dr. Karen Starko

Use of Bayer aspirin and other generic aspirin suppressed immunity, allowing the bacteria to develop into a massive bacterial infections and pneumonias. In addition to the deaths by pneumonia, the use of Bayer aspirin (and generic versions) at toxic doses can explain the lingering mysteries of extremely rapid deterioration from health to death as well as the death of young, apparently otherwise healthy people. Bayer's heavy advertising and government and medical recommendations fuelled use of both Bayer aspirin and generic versions.

Based on the primary role that aspirin played in the millions of 1918 deaths versus the survival of those who avoided it in favour of natural treatments, it would suggest that 1918 was not a plague caused by a virus, but a pharmaceutical industry issue. And given the scale of the deaths, it was without question, the greatest medical catastrophe in human history, exceeding even the 'Great Plague' of the Dark and Middle Ages.

Whilst the events of 1918 expose the extreme toxicity of Bayer's most staple of drugs, aspirin, it also reveals something even more profound; the continuing abject failure of the oil-based synthetic, pharmaceutical drug industry to treat disease and the persistent Elite propaganda directed at us, the masses, in order to cover up and obfuscate this fact.

The overall conclusion must therefore be that 'Spanish influenza' was not the cause of the 1918/19 deaths. Whilst I have focused on medical evidence indicating that aspirin overdose is the most reasonable explanation for the terrifying rapid deaths and aspirin use appears responsible for the massive bacterial infections that led to lethal pneumonias, there is an instigating factor prior to the use of aspirin itself and that is Bayer's desire for profits to the detriment of all else. As millions of people died in this reckless quest, how much money did Bayer make because of the 1918 'flu'?

This question is extremely pertinent and should be answered. However, I would not advise 'holding one's breath' on any answers being forthcoming any time very soon. As always, the Elite spider's web of deceit and chicanery will prevent anyone from investigating these issues too closely and anyone who does get too close… well I will leave that to reader's own imagination.

German Hyperinflation 1923

The true facts of this financial disaster do not appear in any history textbooks today. Today's history uses this inflation to twist the truth into its opposite. It cites the radical devaluation of the German mark as an example of what goes wrong when governments print their own money, rather than borrow it from private cartels run by the banksters. In reality the exact opposite is the truth as with so much of our accepted historical wisdom today.

The Weimar financial crisis actually began with the impossible reparations payments imposed at the Treaty of Versailles. Hjalmar Schacht (who was never a Nazi Party member and now it appears clear why that was the case), the Rothschild agent who was currency commissioner for the Republic, opposed letting the German government print its own money…

"The Treaty of Versailles is a model of ingenious measures for the economic destruction of Germany. Germany could not find any way of holding its head above the water, other than by the inflationary expedient of printing bank notes."

Schacht echoes the history books' deception that Weimar inflation was caused when the German government printed its own money; however, in his 1967 book 'The Magic of Money', Schacht revealed that it was the privately owned 'Reichsbank', not the German government that was injecting new money into the economy. Thus, it was that this Elite-owned and run private bank caused the Weimar hyperinflation.

Like the US Federal Reserve, the Reichsbank was overseen by appointed government officials, but was operated for private gain. What drove the wartime inflation into hyperinflation was speculation by foreign investors, who sold the German Mark short, betting on its decreasing value. In the manipulative device known as the 'short sell', speculators borrow something they do not own, sell it, and then 'cover' by buying it back at the lower price.

Speculation in the German Mark was made possible because the privately owned Reichsbank (not yet under Nazi control) made massive amounts of currency available for borrowing. This currency, like all first-world currency today, was created with accounting entries in the bank's books and then this 'magic' money was lent at compound interest. When the Reichsbank could

not keep up with the voracious demand for Marks, other private banks were then allowed to also create Marks out of nothing and to lend them at interest. The result was runaway debt and inflation.

On the 24th June 1922, right-wing fanatics assassinated Walter Rathenau, the moderate German foreign minister. Rathenau was a charismatic figure and the idea that a popular, wealthy and glamorous government minister could be shot in a law-abiding society shattered the faith of the German people, who needed to believe that the country was in safe hands after the trauma of the previous decade. The wealthier, by now extremely nervous citizens were already taking their money out of banks and investing it into 'real goods' such as diamonds, works of art and safe real-estate, with true intrinsic values, unlike currency which the Elite will manipulate up or downwards to suit their own agendas. Eventually, the ordinary German citizens also began to trade their Marks for real commodities.

The British historian Adam Fergusson noted that pianos were being bought, even by non-musical families. Sellers held back because the Mark was worth less every day and as prices soared, the amounts of currency demanded became greater and greater and the German Central Bank responded to these demands through the printing of more, increasingly worthless paper. Yet still the ruling authorities did not acknowledge that there was anything amiss. A leading financial newspaper at the time, reported that the amounts of money in circulation were not excessively high but nevertheless Dr. Rudolf Havenstein, the president of the Reichsbank (German equivalent to the Federal Reserve / Bank of England) told an economics professor that he needed a new suit but wasn't going to buy one until prices came down.

Why did the German government not act sooner to halt the inflation? The problem was partly that it was a shaky, fragile government, especially after the assassination of Rathenau. The vengeful French sent their army into the Ruhr to enforce their demands for reparations due under the Versailles Treaty and the Germans were powerless to resist due to the virtual disbandment of their armed forces and they feared unemployment far more than inflation. In 1919, Communists had attempted a coup and severe unemployment may have given the Communists another opportunity to seize power. The great German industrial combines Krupp, Thyssen, IG Farben and Stinnes welcomed the inflation and survived it well by astute forward planning and possibly

foreknowledge of what was to come. A cheaper Mark, they reasoned, would make German goods cheap and easy to export and they needed the export earnings to buy raw materials abroad. Inflation kept everyone working.

And so the printing presses continued producing the ever-decreasing in value Mark and once they began to run, they were impossible to stop. The price increases became unmanageable. Menus in cafes could not be revised quickly enough to keep up with the speed of the inflation. A student at Freiburg University ordered a cup of coffee at a café and the price on the menu was 5,000 Marks per cup. He had two cups but when the bill arrived, it was for 14,000 Marks. 'If you want to save money and you want two cups of coffee, you should order them both at the same time', he was told by the proprietor.

Things became so bad that people would not even bother to bend down to pick up a one hundred million Mark note carelessly discarded by a passer-by as by that time it had become worth less than the paper upon which it was printed. There was a famous case of a man walking along a street on a shopping trip to buy bread, carrying his money in a large wicker basket, such was the quantity and bulk of the notes he needed to carry. Upon unsuccessfully attempting to enter a particularly busy shop, he reasoned that he could quite safely leave most of his money outside in the basket as no-one would bother to risk stealing such a bulky yet paltry amount of money. He was absolutely correct. When he returned, he found his money was all still there but someone had stolen his basket!

The presses of the Reichsbank could not keep up to demand, even though they ran through the night. Individual cities and states began to issue their own money and Dr. Havenstein, the president of the Reichsbank, did not get his new suit. A factory worker described payday, which was every day at 11 am: 'At 11:00 in the morning a siren sounded, and everyone gathered in the factory forecourt, where a five-ton lorry was drawn up loaded to overflowing with paper money. The chief cashier and his assistants climbed up on top. They read out names and just threw out bundles of notes. As soon as you had caught one you made a dash for the nearest shop and bought just anything that was going.' Teachers, paid at 10 am, brought their money to the playground, where relatives took the bundles and hurried off with them. Banks closed at 11am as by this time they had invariably run out of cash anyway.

The flight from currency that had begun with the buying of diamonds, gold, country houses and antiques now extended to minor and almost useless items, bric-a-brac, soap and hairpins to name but a few. This hitherto law-abiding country crumbled into petty thievery, petrol (gasoline) was siphoned from cars and people bought things they didn't need and used them to barter. A pair of shoes for a shirt or some crockery for coffee. Berlin had an unreal atmosphere, prostitutes of both sexes roamed the streets and cocaine was the fashionable drug. When the 1,000-billion Mark note was first issued in 1923, few bothered to collect the change when they spent it. By November 1923, with one dollar equal to one trillion Marks, the breakdown was complete and the German economy had become one of barter. The currency had completely lost its meaning.

Then, a new president took over the Reichsbank, Horace Greeley Hjalmar Schacht, who came by his first two names because of his father's admiration for an editor of the New York Tribune. The Rentenmark was not Schacht's idea, but he executed it and as the Reichsbank president, he got the credit for it. For decades afterward he was able to maintain a reputation for financial wizardry and he became the architect of the financial prosperity brought by the Nazi party.

Obviously, although the currency was worthless, Germany was still a rich country with mines, farms, factories, and natural resources aplenty. The backing for the Rentenmark was mortgages on the land and bonds on the factories, but that backing was a fiction; the factories and land could not be turned into cash or used abroad. Nine zeros were struck from the currency, that is, one Rentenmark was equal to one billion old Marks. The Germans wanted desperately to believe in the Rentenmark, and so they simply did.

But although the country slowly began to function almost normally again, the savings of the middle-classes were never restored, nor were the values of hard work and decency that had accompanied the savings. With the currency went many of the lifetime plans of average, ordinary citizens. It was the custom for the bride to bring some money to a marriage; so many marriages were called off and many widows dependent on insurance found themselves destitute. People who had worked for a lifetime and built up a sizeable pension fund, found that their pensions would not even buy a cup of coffee.

Such are the ways that the ordinary citizens of the world are cheated out of the money by these vultures.

"The cities were still there, the houses not yet bombed and in ruins, but the victims were millions of people. They had lost their fortunes, their savings; they were dazed and inflation-shocked and did not understand how it had happened to them and who the foe was who had defeated them. Yet they had lost their self-assurance, their feeling that they themselves could be the masters of their own lives if only they worked hard enough; and lost, too, were the old values of morals, of ethics, of decency." Pearl Buck, American author

Thus, according to Schacht himself, the German government did not cause the Weimar hyperinflation. On the contrary, the government brought hyperinflation under control. It placed the Reichsbank under strict government regulation and took prompt corrective measures to eliminate foreign speculation. One of those measures was to eliminate easy access to loans from private banks and eventually Hitler regained Germany's financial stability through the issuance of Government Treasury Certificates.

Schacht, the Rothschild agent, disapproved of this government fiat money (obviously) and was consequently dismissed as head of the Reichsbank when he refused to issue it. Nevertheless, he acknowledged in his later memoirs that allowing the government to issue the money it needed did not produce the price inflation predicted by classical economic theory, which states (for obvious reasons) that currency must be borrowed from private cartels.

What really causes hyperinflation is uncontrolled speculation. When speculation is coupled with debt (owed to private banking cartels) the result is always disaster. On the other hand, when a government issues currency in carefully measured ways, it causes supply and demand to increase together, leaving prices unaffected. Hence there is no inflation, no debt, no unemployment, and no need for income taxes.

Naturally this terrifies the bankers, since it eliminates their powers and it also terrifies the Elite, since their control of banking allows them to buy the media, the government and everything else. Were the nations of the world to revert to Government-only money issuance, then the world financial crisis would be solved overnight, as would much of the ever-increasing poverty and suffering we are currently witnessing.

Significantly, it was in the midst of this financial carnage that further devastated an already prostrate nation, that an unobtrusive, former army

corporal was thrust into the spotlight and promoted as a great 'leader of men'. The prevailing conditions of the time providing a perfect stage for anyone with any aspirations of greatness and the ability to 'mesmerise' his audiences with nationalist, patriotic rhetoric. And thus the world was introduced to the soon-to-be world public enemy number one, Adolf Hitler…

The Frankfurt School and the Tavistock Institute

I strongly suspect that the introduction and proliferation of psychometric testing for job applicants, especially in the public sector, has a hidden and nefarious agenda. Rather than being used to determine the candidates most suitable for specific jobs in a positive sense, this testing is being used to actually uncover and employ those with psychopathic and/or sociopathic tendencies. This fact would neatly explain why there has been a huge paradigm shift in those we deal with in 'authority' and whose arrogance, intransigence, inflexibility and often sheer bloody-mindedness seems to have increased exponentially in the last few years.

This has led to a fundamental change in the relationship between the general populace and those wearing suits and uniforms and indeed any of those people who act as an interface between the public and an institution or corporation. Up until a short time ago, people undertaking these jobs still actually believed (and behaved as if) their role was to serve the public, but not any longer. Such old-fashioned values of courtesy and willingness to help have now been replaced increasingly by 'jobsworths' who waste no opportunity to flaunt and emphasise their 'authority' in any way possible, even on occasions going out of their way to be deliberately awkward or confrontational, resulting of course in extreme frustration which can often flare into anger and sometimes even violence.

How often do we now see notices in banks, local and central government offices and other institutions dealing directly with the public that state words to the effect of, 'this company/department has a zero-tolerance policy regarding verbal and physical assaults upon our staff'? All very commendable of course, but we should also question as to why these incidents would appear

now to have become relatively commonplace. Could it be that their staff are actually selected and employed in the first place because in psychometric tests they exhibited the kind of intransigence that engenders such frustrations? I believe this to be a strong possibility. This has all been systematically planned and foisted upon us as we 'slept' in our apathetic states, in order to further destabilise society and cause maximum inconvenience and disruption with a long-term view to discouraging and making unacceptable any form of protest or dissent, even against gross injustice. We are meant to just simply 'accept our lot' and carry on with a 'stiff upper lip' and all that, even in the face of extreme provocation.

This was all planned many years ago by the Zionist 'Frankfurt School' established in 1932 in the German city from where it takes its name. It was subsequently relocated to California, which through no coincidence has now become the global epicentre of 'political correctness.'

The Tavistock Institute is merely the British branch of this insidious organisation. Its primary mission is to establish a global brainwashing and opinion-forming network. Tavistock is the originator of the Aquarian Conspiracy, designed to weaken the fabric of society by encouraging widespread drug use, promiscuity, homosexuality and lesbianism. It has been very successful in the United States as it works through many research institutes and think-tanks. The principal ones in the United States are the Stanford Research Institute, Rand Research and Development Corporation, the Institute for Policy Studies, the Aspen Institute, the Hudson Institute and the Brookings Institute. Tavistock in fact runs over 30 'research' institutions in the United States.

These were some of the stated aims of the Frankfurt School as long as eighty years ago:

Create a culture of 'political correctness' thus disempowering free-thinking and individual opinions

Promote continual change to create confusion and instability

Expose very young children to sex and homosexuality

Make homosexuality and lesbianism and other sexual deviancy the norm and 'positively discriminate' for it

Undermine parents', schools' and teachers' authority

Encourage mass immigration to destroy national identity and engender social unrest

Create the crime of 'racism' to further facilitate a mass immigration policy in order to undermine individual nation states and build tension and resentment

Promote a binge-drinking culture in order to destabilise society especially youth culture

Undermine and discourage anything that brings people together socially

Introduce a legal system biased against the victims rather than the perpetrators of crime

Encourage a dependency on the state or state benefits

Impose greater control of and facilitate the dumbing-down of the media

Foster the breakdown of the nuclear family unit through the encouragement of promiscuity and 'free love'

Does any of that seem familiar, perchance? Does it possibly describe the society in which we all now live?

Political correctness has now become an obsession and a legitimate tool to deny us our rights and freedoms, wherever possible or practical.

Barely a day goes by where we do not read or hear of seemingly bizarre incidents that result from the above list of goals being fulfilled or from so-called politically incorrect attitudes. Here are a few from a list that would fill an entire book, let alone one chapter…

An employee at a police training centre related that they are not allowed to ask for 'black coffee' in the staff cafeteria, it must be 'coffee without milk' or refer to plastic bin bags as 'black bags' and also that they cannot refer to a 'blackboard' or a 'whiteboard', it has to be a 'pen board'.

A ten-year-old boy was left to drown in a pond in England by two Police Community Support Officers and the police spokesman subsequently justified their actions by stating that no rescue was attempted because the officers in question were 'not trained to deal with such an incident'.

Paramedics in Somerset, England were prevented from treating a man with a broken back while he was lying in six inches of water. They were informed that this action would breach Health and Safety rules because they were 'not trained for water rescues'. A spokesman for the South West Ambulance Service then said that 'the incident was managed in accordance with procedures.'

Microsoft froze the account of a man who included the word 'gay' in his 'Xbox Live' profile. He did this because he lives in Fort Gay, West Virginia but this mattered not a jot to Microsoft even when the town mayor intervened on his behalf. They only reluctantly relented when the story was made public, probably in order to save face and not because they believed their policy was abjectly nonsensical or severely restrictive of personal freedoms.

Many British schools and nurseries (kindergartens) have changed the words of the previously popular nursery rhyme 'Baa, baa, black sheep' to 'Baa, baa, rainbow sheep.' Is there such a thing as a multi-coloured sheep, perhaps? The City of Birmingham in England actually wanted to ban the rhyme altogether until black parents vehemently protested.

This is the real point. Despite the pretence to the contrary, none of this utter stupidity is really about protecting peoples' feelings, freedoms, safety or preventing prejudice. It is in fact the polar opposite of this and all about control of the population as in the novel 1984 where 'newspeak' replaced 'oldspeak'. The language is being subtly modified and changed over time to eliminate words that allow us to express a strong opinion in order to dumb-down language to the point where people will eventually be unable to transmit ideas and concepts effectively. This of course is exactly as George Orwell himself predicted because he was an insider who knew what the agenda for the future was and is.

In fact, the systematic introduction of the 'jobsworth' and 'political correctness' mentality to all areas of our lives is part of the overall, long-term plan for the transformation of human society. We can accept this out of fear of being criticised or condemned or we can express our intelligence and consciousness and refuse to be told what we can and cannot say and in what context. In other words the choice between freedom and enslavement is in our own hands.

World War II

"History is subjective, though it was never meant to be. Real history has never been in [as much] danger as it is today. World War II wasn't the 'clean war' we purport it to be but as dirty as World War I, with its secret deals and payoffs. Everything in its aftermath has required a mythology, misrepresentation and disinformation, not only the war but it's after-shocks and how the conflicts continue, almost endlessly." Gordon Duff, historical researcher

"World War Two was the most egregious hoax in history. A cult of satanic Jews and Masons, financed by the Rothschild syndicate is responsible for destroying more than sixty million lives. Hitler proved by his actions that he was a traitor. He was installed by the Illuminati to destroy Germany so that it would slip neatly into the NWO." Henry Makow, researcher, 14th May 2011

The Prelude

World Wars I and II were planned as early as the latter part of the nineteenth century and promoted as a stepping-stone toward achieving the ultimate goals of the Elite in the work known as 'The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion' which was written in the late nineteenth century and first came to light in the first decade of the twentieth century. The secondary intention was the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine as a guaranteed future means of generating further conflicts as and when necessary with all the international protections afforded legitimate countries as opposed to 'rogue' states. How much more provocative could it be than to install an overtly aggressive and acquisitive Jewish 'state' in the centre of the Arab / Muslim world? However, as we will see, the events that transpired in the first half of the twentieth century were but a means toward both these ends.

Both World Wars were in actuality nothing less than cynically disguised attempts to totally subjugate Germany and its peoples and to destroy her growing influence in world affairs in order to remove her share of world trade markets which was ultimately depriving the British and more significantly, Elite

industrialists of profit they regarded as their own and also, importantly to achieve the Zionist goal of a Jewish Homeland.

The cryptically-worded Balfour Declaration during WWI was merely Britain's promise to pay the Zionists what they had agreed upon as a consideration for enticing the United States into the war and was as a result described by one contemporary commentator as 'just as phony as a three dollar bill'. The rest, as they ironically say, is 'history'. The United States with a little help from its allies, Britain and France, crushed Germany as was expected and all parties attended the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 to determine the punitive reparations to be imposed in order to further decimate Germany. At this conference were 117 Zionist Jews, there as a delegation representing Zionist interests, headed by Bernard Baruch, the American bankster.

It was there at the conference where the Balfour declaration was made public. As the victorious nations were slicing up the map of Europe to share the spoils among the victors, the declaration was produced. At this point the Germans realised what the plan had been all along, but were powerless in the face of their unconditional surrender to do or say anything to affect the outcome of the talks and the resulting Treaty of Versailles. The Zionists coveted Palestine in order to further their secret agenda and were determined to get it at any cost, either monetarily or in the form of human suffering.

Germany, unsurprisingly regarded this as the ultimate treachery on the part of the Jews. To illustrate the point, a comparison would be to suppose that Britain was at war with Russia and was winning comfortably but in a humanitarian action, approached the Russians and offered them generous peace terms. Then suddenly China entered the war as an ally of Russia and their joining the war results in Britain's devastating defeat. Bear in mind also that this is not just an ordinary defeat; this is a crushing defeat, with post-war reparations demanded, the likes of which had never before or since been seen.

Further suppose then after that defeat, if it was then discovered that it was the ethnic Chinese in our own country, the Chinese-British citizens, whom we had previously thought were loyal citizens, were 'selling us out' to Russia and that it was through them that their mother country was brought into the war against us. How would we feel then, in the UK about our Chinese ethnic citizens? Would there be uncontained rage and bloodshed, countrywide? I submit that there would indeed. British indignation would know no limits at

all and would be turned upon all far-easterners regardless of background and indeed anyone of even slight far-eastern appearance.

This then is exactly how the Germans felt towards the Jews. In 1905, when the first attempted Communist revolution in Russia failed and many Jews had to flee from Russia, almost all of them fled to Germany and Germany gave them unconditional refuge. They were treated with great respect and kindness and were for the most part made welcome. This then was how German generousity was repaid, for no reason at all other than the fact that the Jewish Zionists wanted Palestine as their so-called 'Jewish commonwealth.' Treachery is too mild a word to describe their actions accurately.

The Zionists themselves admitted that there were no racial or religious ill-feelings towards them from Germans; it was all political and economic. But the views that later manifested themselves in Germany were due to one thing only and that is that the German people held the Jews responsible for their crushing defeat and subsequent inhuman subjugation via the devastating reparations inflicted on them by the Treaty of Versailles. Once the pattern began to repeat itself in the early 1930s with the Jewish/Zionist declaration of war against Germany in 1933, then the situation began to escalate out of control.

When Germans first realised that the Zionist Jews were responsible for their defeat, they naturally resented it, but to their credit not a single Jew was physically harmed. Professor Tansill, of Georgetown University, who had access to all the secret papers of the US State Department, wrote in his book and quoted from a US State Department document written by Hugo Schoenfelt, regarding a Jew who went to Europe in 1933 to investigate the so-called camps of political prisoners and wrote back that he found them in very fine condition. Everyone was treated well despite the fact that the camps were filled with Communists. They were mainly Jewish Communists because about 98% of the Communists in Europe at that time were Jews. There were also some priests and ministers, labour-union leaders, Freemasons and others with internationalist affiliations.

Meanwhile, the Jews attempted to cover-up the fact that they had betrayed Germany and that the Germans naturally resented it. There is no question that the actions that the Germans took against the Jews were appropriate. They naturally discriminated against them wherever they could and shunned them, stopping short however of actually physically harming them in any way.

Naturally, the Germans questioned who these people thought they were to declare a boycott against them and cause their industries to come almost to a standstill. They naturally resented it and under the circumstances, one can almost sympathise with the fact that swastikas were painted on the doors of shops owned by Jews. In their view, why should a German give his money to a shopkeeper who was part of a boycott that was going to starve Germany into surrendering to the Zionists of the world? The boycott continued for some time and tensions escalated, until on the 7th November 1938 a young Jewish man, Herschel Grynszpan from Poland casually walked into the German embassy in Paris and shot Ernst vom Rath a German diplomat five times, leaving him for dead. He died sometime later in hospital. According to Hans-Jurgen Dosscher, a German historian, this was not a politically-motivated event as commonly believed, but the result of a homosexual love affair gone-awry between the diplomat and the young man. But I personally believe that it was a 'set-up', a 'false flag' operation to provide an excuse for a violent series of reprisals and if it was, it definitely worked.

This was most probably the 'straw that broke the camel's back' as far as Germany and her people were concerned and from that point on, the ethnic German people's relationship with the German Jews changed from one of grudging tolerance to overt hatred and open violence. This incident was the catalyst to 'Kristallnacht' on the 9th November 1938, a night of infamy which saw the violence escalate, Jewish shops burned and looted and Jews attacked, of whom 91 died. I do not attempt for one moment to pretend that the Jewish population deserved the violence directed at them or defend it in any way, but merely try to explain that there were underlying reasons for it, valid or not, which are hidden from general view in order to deliberately falsify history. However, violence of any kind and for whatever reason has no place in a civilised society.

Is it evil to persecute all the members of one particular race or religion for the sins and crimes of a few? Yes, of course it is. Any such actions should not be sanctioned at all, but unfortunately we humans are imperfect and emotions such as hate, thoughts of revenge, jealousy and anger will always exist in the psyche of mankind. However, all stories have two sides and relating these events of the 1930s as they actually happened, puts into perspective the fact that what you 'know' and have been taught as fact all your life about the sequence of events leading to the tragic war of 1939-45 is not necessarily the 'whole truth and nothing but the truth'.

Yes, the Nazis were an intrinsically evil organisation and Jews and other targeted groups were persecuted and many tragically died in the prelude to war, but these were not just the random acts and whims of an inherently racist regime and people with an irrational hatred of one small minority group, there were complex, underlying reasons for their actions. These reasons have been for the most part and still continue to be, deliberately hidden from you in an attempt to corrupt and distort history in order to benefit the Zionist minority by eliciting largely unwarranted sympathy for a small section of human society.

Who Was Adolf Hitler?

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts." William Shakespeare, 'As You Like It'

So exactly who was Adolf Hitler? Hitler (Heidler) was born at 6.30am on the 20th April 1889 in Braunau, Austria. He was the fourth child of his father Alois Heidler's third wife, Klara Pölzl, granddaughter of Johann Nepomuk Heidler, brother of Alois' deceased stepfather.

Alois' father was ostensibly a certain Johann Georg Heidler although many historians have now come to seriously doubt this fact. In the 1930s, Chancellor Engelbert Döllfuss of Austria conducted an investigation into Hitler's heritage, the result of which was a document that proved that Maria Anna Schicklgruber, Johann's wife and Hitler's grandmother was in fact living away from the family home in Spital at the time of her conception of Alois. She was employed as a live-in servant at the home of Baron Rothschild in Vienna and as soon as her pregnancy became known to the Rothschilds, she was immediately, conveniently dispatched back home to her husband in Spital, where Alois was eventually born.

If all this is true (and Döllfuss and many other researchers certainly believed it to be so) then this means that Hitler was not only one quarter Jewish, but also the grandson of a Rothschild. The significance of this fact should not be underestimated.

Hitler himself knew of the existence of this document and the incriminating evidence it contained and so in order to obtain it he initiated the assassination

of Döllfuss on the 25th July 1934, an event which also ultimately precipitated the Anschlüss in Austria.

As I say, the fact that Hitler was a Rothschild is far from insignificant. The Rothschilds are a major Zionist-Jewish Elite family and the ultimate driving force of the world of banking (and indeed much of the Elite covert operations) today. It is at their behest (among others) that world events are stage-managed and manipulated and this has been the case for centuries. It would very succinctly explain how a lowly army lance-corporal could be groomed and manipulated into becoming a powerful world leader in the space of a little over ten years or so. Hitler's so-called master work 'Mein Kampf' (my struggle) was in fact provably written on his behalf by a Jesuit priest named Father Bernhardt Staempfle who subsequently became a victim of the 'Night of the Long Knives' in June 1934 whereby as many as 400 of Hitler's black-listed enemies were disposed of in one night of bloody violence.

And interestingly, the word 'Nazi' was created by combining the National Socialist Party of Hitler (NA) with the Zionist International (ZI).

One of the most prevalent Elite strategies for maintaining power is by contriving to control both sides of any conflict. The banksters' control of Britain and America was without doubt an established fact and by placing, in effect 'one of their own' into power in Germany it enabled them to manipulate the world situation for their own ends.

According to detailed research carried out over the last few years, Wall Street bankers (amongst others) financed Hitler's rise to power whilst also making large profits in the process. What is yet still more deplorable, if unsurprising is the fact that direct ancestors and relatives of former US president George W. Bush were amongst this group of individuals.

"Germany issued debt-free and interest-free money from 1935 on, which accounts for Germany's startling rise from the depression to a world power in five years. The German government financed its entire operations from 1935 to 1945 without gold, and without debt. It took the entire Capitalist and Communist world to destroy the German revolution, and bring Europe back under the heel of the Bankers." Sheldon Emry, 'Billions for the Bankers, Debts for the People' (1984)

Historians Webster G. Tarpley and Anton Chaitkin revealed in their recently published 'George Bush: The Unauthorized Biography', that Prescott Bush

(George W. Bush's grandfather) and other directors of the Union Banking Corporation (UBC) were Nazi collaborators. The book relates how in 1922, when Nazism (National Socialism) was emerging, railways entrepreneur Averell Harriman travelled to Berlin and consulted the Thyssen family with a view to founding a German-US bank. The Thyssens were already behind-the-scenes owners of several financial institutions that allowed them to transfer their money from Germany to the Netherlands and from there on to the United States.

The banks in question were the August Thyssen Bank whose headquarters were located in Berlin; the Bank voor Handel in the Netherlands and the Union Banking Corporation in New York. In the early 1920s, one of the members of this family, Fritz Thyssen, author of 'I Paid Hitler' contributed some $25,000 to the then newly formed German National Socialist Workers' Party, becoming the prime and most important financier of Hitler in his ascent to power.

According to the book's authors, Thyssen was fascinated by Hitler, citing his talent as a public speaker and his ability to lead the masses. However, what impressed him most was the order that prevailed at his rallies and the almost military discipline of his followers. And so, in 1931 Thyssen joined the Nazi party, becoming one of the most powerful members of the Nazi war machine.

At that time, Thyssen presided over the German Steel Trust, a steel industry consortium founded by Clarence Dillon, one of Wall Street's most influential people. One of Dillon's most trustworthy collaborators was Samuel Bush, Prescott's father, George Sr.'s grandfather and great-grandfather of George W. Bush.

In 1923, Harriman and Thyssen decided to form a new bank and appointed George Herbert Walker, Prescott Bush's father-in-law, as president and in 1926 they established the Union Banking Corporation (UBC) with Prescott Bush at the helm. That same year, he was also named vice-president and partner at Brown Brothers Harriman. Both organisations allowed the Thyssens to send money to the United States from Germany via the Netherlands.

US economist Victor Thorn observed that although a large number of other corporations aided the Nazis, such as Standard Oil and Rockefeller's Chase Bank, as well as several US automobile manufacturers and IBM, Prescott Bush's interests were much more profound and sinister. Thorn added that UBC became a secret channel to protect Nazi capital leaving Germany for the United States via the Netherlands. When the Nazis needed to retrieve their funds, Brown Brothers Harriman sent them directly to Germany.

In this way, UBC received money from the Netherlands and Brown Brothers Harriman returned it. Who was on the executive boards of both of these companies? Prescott Bush himself, the Nazis' money launderer-in-chief.

In their book, Tarpley and Chaitkin explain that in this way a significant part of the Bush family's financial base was related to supporting and aiding Adolf Hitler. Therefore, GW Bush the last US President prior to the current incumbent, Obama, just like his father (former CIA director, vice president and president) reached the peak of the US political hierarchy thanks to his great-grandfather and grandfather and generally his entire family, who made huge personal fortunes from financially aiding and encouraging the Nazis.

Years later, in October 1942, the US authorities confiscated Nazi bank funds from the New York UBC, whose then president was Prescott Bush. The bank was condemned as a financial and commercial collaborator with the enemy and all its assets were seized. Later, the US government also ordered the seizure of the assets of a further two leading financial companies directed by Prescott Bush through the accounts of the Harriman banking institution, the Holland-America Trading Corporation (a US-Dutch commercial firm) and the Seamless Steel Equipment Corporation.

Then on the 11th November 1942, an embargo was imposed on the Silesian-American Corporation another organisation headed by Bush and Walker, under the same 'Trading with the Enemy' Act. However, in 1951, the embargo was lifted and these most enterprising of businessmen recovered some $1.5 million, earmarked for new investments largely to swell the Bush family's personal fortunes. To this should be added a résumé of files belonging to Dutch and US information services confirming the direct links

between Prescott Bush, the German Thyssen family and the blood money of a group of rich US families from the Second World War.

The Elite-engineered great financial crash of 1929 affected the United States, Germany and Britain, weakening their respective governments and at the same time, Prescott Bush became even more diligent, still more desirous of doing everything that was necessary to safeguard his own position of power and finances. It was during this crisis that some members of the Anglo-US Elite supported the installation of Hitler's regime in Germany. To sum up, the authors categorically state that the Bush family's fortune arose as a result of its unconditional support for Adolf Hitler's political project.

The UBC, under Prescott Bush's direction and with the long-term cooperation of Fritz Thyssen's German Steel Trust participated in the emergence, preparation and financing of the Nazi war machine through the manufacture of armoured vehicles, fighter planes, guns and explosives. And furthermore it can be shown that they continued these activities throughout the war.

But back to the main story; Hitler's rise to power as stated earlier was a minor miracle, given his lowly background. I would venture to suggest that had he not had 'friends in high places' via his Rothschild connections, this would have been next to impossible to achieve as all positions of power are filled strictly only by appointment from the unseen 'wizards behind the curtain'.

Official history would have us believe that his meteoric ascent was due to his ability to make passionate, patriotic speeches and a natural charisma that had the effect of influencing, mesmerising and galvanising people wherever he went. It is true that he certainly had the gift of influencing others through his stirring speeches, but is this factor alone enough to gain a position of absolute, unconditional power over a country and its peoples? I find that very difficult to believe. Other than that, his negative traits would seem to have far outweighed the positive. He was apparently of below average intelligence, vain and arrogant and also had to say the very least, dubious sexual preferences, not that that in itself is any bar to high-office as many a Royal, prime minister or president could testify.

Some researchers report that he had spent some time as a gay prostitute before WWI after leaving his home when his mother died and also reputedly

had some distinctly aberrant relationships with women, being a copraphile, the scientific name for someone who derives sexual pleasure from human excrement and the excretory act itself.

His unhealthy, one-sided relationship with his niece Angelika (Geli) Raubal in fact led to her alleged 'suicide' at the age of 23, but whether it was suicide or murder at Hitler's behest is unclear. Indeed either alternative is plausible. She undoubtedly felt trapped by him as he would allow her no freedom to go wherever she might wish or meet whomsoever she may wish and all her requests so to do were met with his irrational, jealous rages. In 1931 she was found shot dead in her room in Hitler's apartments in Munich but whether this was her own solution to the problem or whether he had her killed in another paroxysm of jealous fury will almost certainly never be known.

Of course, Hitler was a tyrant, a 'monster' and the catalyst for one of the ugliest periods in human history. But please do not lose sight of the fact that above all he was a player, an actor, an Elite place-man acting out his designated role in the long term game-plan to subjugate humanity. He was a dupe, a 'patsy' who probably due to his own extreme vanity, believed that it was his destiny to be a world leader, a messiah even, come to lead his people to the 'promised land'. Oh, the irony. He must certainly have never known or even suspected until his latter days of power at least, that he had been set-up to be knocked-down again in the manner of all third-rate dictators.

Indeed, it is debatable as to whether or not he was any 'better' or 'worse' than many other so-called world leaders. I would suggest for example, that people of the ilk of Winston Churchill, both George Bushes, Bill Clinton, Tony Blair and even Barack Obama would give him a very good run for his money in any competition for the title of 'most evil person that ever lived' yet they are all feted in their own and various ways for their actions, despite the untold human misery and suffering for which they are all ultimately personally responsible. The difference obviously being that they are generally perceived to be and portrayed as being 'on our side', the 'good guys', whilst Hitler was most certainly not.

War is declared

The newspaper headline below depicts what really happened in March of 1933. World Jewry or Judea (actually Zionism and not the Jewish people) declared war on Germany – and not the other way around as is disingenuously portrayed to be the case. At this point in time, there had been no German pogroms against the Jews, no excessively anti-Jewish feelings manifest and no legislation discriminating against them; indeed the Jewish element of the German economy was regarded as being an essential component of the hoped-for wider economic recovery and prosperity of the country, its economy being as stagnant as it was, in this period prior to Hitler's mass re-armament of the German forces.

Daily Express

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1933. ONE PENNY.

JUDEA DECLARES WAR ON GERMANY

Jews Of All The World Unite In Action

BOYCOTT OF GERMAN GOODS

MASS DEMONSTRATIONS IN MANY DISTRICTS

DRAMATIC ACTION

HIGHER WAGES FOR STEEL WORKERS

AN INCREASE OF THREE SHILLINGS A WEEK

EIGHT SHOT IN A BLACK TOWN

New "Sweep" Bill In The Dail

MR. DE VALERA AND STATE CONTROL

SECRET MEASURE

MR. MacDONALD EXPLAINS HIS TOUR

"PEACE CAN BE KEPT IN EUROPE"

LATE NEWS

"The war against Germany will be waged by all Jewish communities, conferences, congresses... by every individual Jew. Thereby the war against Germany will ideologically enliven and promote our interests, which require that Germany be wholly destroyed. The danger for us Jews lies in the whole German people, in Germany as a whole as well as individually. It must be rendered harmless for all time.... In this war we Jews have to participate, and this with all the strength and might we have at our disposal." The Jewish newspaper, 'Natscha Retsch', 1933

This insidious campaign of lies and anti-German propaganda by the Zionist Elite in close conjunction and co-operation with its many tentacles in governments, banking and media was just the start of a long process to destroy Germany and simultaneously establish a Jewish state in Palestine. This latter intent was promised by Arthur Balfour, the British Foreign Secretary at the time of his 'declaration' of November 1917 in the form of a letter to Lord Rothschild.

However, the war declared by the international Jewish leadership on Germany not only sparked reprisals by the German government but also set the stage for a little-known economic and political alliance between the Hitler

government and the leaders of the Zionist movement who hoped that the tension between the Germans and the Jews would lead to massive emigration to Palestine. The result was a tactical alliance between the Nazis and the Zionist founders of the modern-day state of Israel, a fact that many today would prefer to be forgotten.

The modern-day supporters of Zionist Israel and many complicit and/or ignorant historians have succeeded in keeping this Nazi-Zionist pact a secret to the general public for decades and while most people have no concept of the possibility that there could have been outright collaboration between the Nazi leadership and the founders of what became the state of Israel, the real truth has begun to emerge.

The British Daily Express urged Jews everywhere to boycott German goods and demonstrate against German economic interests. It said that Germany was "now confronted with an international boycott of its trade, its finances, and its industry....In London, New York, Paris and Warsaw, Jewish businessmen are united to go on an economic crusade."

The article continued, "Worldwide preparations are being made to organise protest demonstrations."

On 27th March 1933 the planned protest at Madison Square Garden, New York was attended by 40,000 protestors. The New York Daily News headlines proclaimed, "40,000 Roar Protest Here Against Hitler."

Similar rallies and protest marches were also held in other cities and the intensity of the Jewish campaign against Germany was such that the Hitler government vowed that if the campaign did not cease, there would be a one-day boycott in Germany of Jewish-owned stores. The propaganda campaign against Germany and its reciprocal action against Jews, elicited by this campaign had thus begun.

Hitler's 28th March 1933 speech ordering a boycott against Jewish stores and goods was in direct response to the declaration of war on Germany by the worldwide Jewish leadership. In the spring of 1933 there began a period of private co-operation between the German government and the Zionist movement in Germany and worldwide to increase the flow of German-Jewish immigrants and their available capital to Palestine.

Growing 'anti-Semitism' in Germany and by the German government in response to the boycott played right into the hands of the Elite Zionist leaders as indeed they had hoped it would. Prior to the escalation of anti-Semitism as a result of the boycott, the majority of German Jews had little sympathy for

the Zionist cause of promoting the immigration of world Jewry to Palestine. Making the situation in Germany as uncomfortable for the Jews as possible, in cooperation with German National Socialism, was part of the Zionist plan to achieve their goal of populating Palestine with a Jewish majority.

"For all intents and purposes, the National Socialist government was the best thing to happen to Zionism in its history, for it 'proved' to many Jews that Europeans were irredeemably anti-Jewish and that Palestine was the only answer: Zionism came to represent the overwhelming majority of Jews solely by trickery and cooperation with Adolf Hitler." www.jewwatch.com

Furthermore, contrary to what you may have 'learned' in modern history lessons at school, college or University, read in articles or books or watched in fictional films and so-called 'factual documentaries' about the catalyst of the start of hostilities in 1939, the conflict was absolutely not initiated by Germany. In collusion with the Elite networks in Europe, primarily Britain, Poland did indeed attack Germany's borders without provocation.

"Germany is too strong. We must destroy her." Winston Churchill, November 1936

"The war was not just a matter of the elimination of Fascism in Germany, but rather of obtaining German sales markets." Winston Churchill, March 1946

"Britain was taking advantage of the situation to go to war against Germany because the Reich had become too strong and had upset the European economic balance." Ralph F. Keeling, Institute of American Economics

"I believe now that Hitler and the German people did not want war. But we declared war on Germany, intent on destroying it, in accordance with our principle of balance of power and we were encouraged by the Americans around Roosevelt. We ignored Hitler's pleadings not to enter into war. Now we are forced to realise that Hitler was right." Former UK Attorney General, Sir Hartley Shawcross, 16th March 1984

"The last thing Hitler wanted was to produce another great war." Sir Basil Liddell-Hart, historian

"I see no reason why this war must go on. I am grieved to think of the sacrifices which it will claim. I would like to avert them." Adolf Hitler, July 1940

"We entered the war of our own free will, without ourselves being directly assaulted." Winston Churchill in a Guild Hall speech, July 1943

"The state of German armament in 1939 gives the decisive proof that Hitler was not contemplating general war, and probably not intending war at all" (p.267) and "Even in 1939 the German army was not equipped for a prolonged war; and in 1940 the German land forces were inferior to the French in everything except leadership." British historian, Professor A.J.P. Taylor, 'The Origins of the Second World War' (p104-105)

In March 1939 Poland, already occupying German territory legally 'acquired' in 1919 at Versailles, invaded Czechoslovakia and during the months preceding the outbreak of war, Polish armed forces repeatedly violated German borders. On the 31st August 1939 Polish irregular armed forces launched a full scale attack on the German border town of Gleiwitz (significantly now Gliwice, in Poland).

Within hours Germany retaliated by launching an attack on Poland, resulting in Britain and France's declarations of war on the German nation on 3rd September 1939. In Britain's case this declaration of war was constitutionally illegal as it was never ratified by Parliament. Of course the allied propaganda machine churned out the untrue story that the attack on Germany's border had been carried-out by German soldiers dressed in Polish uniforms, in a bizarre double-bluff version of a false-flag operation. Indeed to this day, mainstream history holds this version of events to be true.

Despite her borders being constantly attacked by the numerically superior armies of France and England and economically strangled by Elite financial interests, Germany refused to be drawn into action against Britain, negotiated for peace and undertook no overt offensive strategies for around nine months. This period was known as the 'phony war'. Only when it accurately learned that England intended to broaden the western front by occupying the Benelux countries and Norway, thus threatening Germany's borders, did Germany carry out a full-blooded, pre-emptive strike, the Blitzkrieg (lightening war) on Northern Europe.

Germany's defensive counter-attack was launched on 10th May 1940. This resulted in the rout of 330,000 British and French troops by a significantly

smaller German army. It was one of the worst debacles in military history, but the British press referred to it as a 'miracle'.

Russia had already invaded Finland on 30th November 1939 and Britain, not for the first time and France, invaded Norway's neutrality on 8th April 1940. To avoid attack via the Baltic Sea, Germany counter-attacked and in the battle that followed in Trondheim, 2,000 German troops routed a 13,000 strong British force. They were evacuated on 1st May and to save face Churchill disembarked 20,000 British troops at Narvik who were then subsequently ousted by 2,000 Austrian Alpine troops.

Canada declared war on Germany on the 10th September 1939 and in June 1940 Soviet Russia invaded Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania and Romania. In June 1940, Britain declared war on Finland, Romania and Hungary whilst having already occupied a virtually defenceless Iceland on the 10th May. All of these acts of aggression were in gross violation of international law and previously signed treaties.

In May 1940, the British expeditionary force found itself retreating through Belgium in the face of fierce German opposition and by the end of May, 330,000 British troops were surrounded at Dunkirk on the French coast, desperately seeking a way back across the English Channel to safety. Had Hitler chosen to do so, he could have annihilated the British at Dunkirk but when General Heinz Guderian and his troops began to destroy them, he was specifically forbidden by Hitler from doing so. Instead, Hitler deliberately allowed the British to 'escape' back home and re-group.

Months later, Hitler also 'inexplicably' abandoned his plans for a full scale invasion of Britain (Operation Sea-Lion) despite coming-off slightly, but not excessively worse than Britain in the famously 'heroic' Battle of Britain of summer 1940 which was hailed as a great British victory. The lack of a German invasion was of course attributed by mainstream history to 'bad weather' in the English Channel and subsequent, ongoing postponements, but if truth be told, Hitler never had the heart for it. He was, at this point in time, still working for and hopeful of a negotiated peace between the two nations and an invasion of the landmass belonging to one of his most powerful protagonists would have shattered that hope beyond redemption.

"Hitler wanted nothing from Britain or her empire, and all the German records uncovered in the last fifty years have confirmed this grim conclusion.

Others now echo our view that Churchill knew from code-breaking that Hitler was only bluffing; but for reasons of domestic politics Churchill fostered the fiction in his public speeches ('We shall fight them on the beaches') and he did the same in his private telegrams to President Roosevelt." David Irving, 'Churchill's War'

"At the time we believed that the repulse of the Luftwaffe in the 'Battle of Britain' had saved her. That is only part of the explanation, the last part of it. The original cause, which goes much deeper, is that Hitler did not want to conquer England. He took little interest in the invasion preparations and for weeks did nothing to spur them on; then, after a brief impulse to invade, he veered around again and suspended the preparations. He was preparing, instead, to invade Russia." Sir Basil Liddell-Hart, British historian

Then on 7th December 1940, a British-backed coup overthrew the Yugoslav government and on 27th March 1941 British troops entered Greece. On 6th April 1941 Germany retaliated and Britain retreated again.

The United States, supposedly neutral, consistently attacked German shipping and arrested or otherwise kidnapped German citizens, even those living in South American countries until finally in August 1941, Germany retaliated against the US, leading ultimately to the entry of the US into the war against Japan and Germany immediately following the attack on Pearl Harbour on the 7th December 1941 by a squadron of Japanese torpedo bombers.

To backtrack a little, in April 1939, there was an exchange of documents and dialogue between US President Franklin Delano Roosevelt (FDR) and Adolf Hitler, as well as between the Polish and German governments. On 15th April, FDR sent a telegram to the Chancellor making claims about Germany as an antagonist and demanding assurances of non-aggression. Apparently, Hitler saw this as a last-minute chance to avoid open hostilities in Central Europe, thus avoiding a terrible global conflagration. He used this opportunity to openly and honestly address all nations, but especially those most directly involved. On 28th April he called a special session of the Reichstag and through German radio and relayed broadcasts, was heard by much of the world. Yet this important address, an honest and sincere effort to avoid war, is today ignored and air-brushed from history as it does not fit with the accepted view of what really happened. Upon reading the selections below, one may clearly see why the Elite chose to isolate and pay no heed to this document. Indeed, one may even notice parallels with current events.

"Adolf Hitler took a last minute opportunity to speak, not only to the USA, but to the whole world, just as dark war clouds were surely and certainly on the horizon. He not only addressed the topics in FDR's wire transmission, but spoke clearly on other problematic key issues of the day such as the Versailles debacle, the Anglo-German Naval Treaty, the Munich Agreements, etc. He told the truth about what had been and what was going on in Europe, exhaustively responding to each point raised by the American leader. After a thorough reading, what did I conclude? For one thing, it is quite evident that Germany invited continuing dialogue, not war. Even the casual reader can see this. While the Chancellor speaks strongly and straightforwardly, there are no threats, no aggressive language or provocations. Interestingly, and contradicting the popular image of the 'anti-Semitic Jew baiter', he says little other than to assign them much of the blame for the financial failures of the post-war era and for the rise of Bolshevism; and this in just a few sentences. His talk logically progresses into a longer, more detailed examination of how the opportunities following WWI were squandered, hijacked and sabotaged. He asked that Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points be fully and equally implemented for all the nations, including Germany. And, he fully recognised Poland's right to the sea, but maintaining Danzig as a German ethnic area. Several sections recount the various efforts to secure fair and lasting agreements with Poland, but all were summarily rejected by the oppressive and recalcitrant military dictatorship that ruled the newly emerged state. And, there is more, but explore the selections below.

This fascinating manuscript is quietly suppressed by simply ignoring it. As said, the very limited partial translation does not do it justice, revealing very little of the real content of this timely foreign policy address by a major world leader. We cover sections which readers may, hopefully, find educational and enlightening. As said, almost all of the quotations herein seem to be unavailable anywhere else. The introductory headings are from those appearing in the margins of the booklet pages. Since the ill-fated Versailles Treaty was central to many of Europe's problems, we begin with that." Dr. Harrell Rhome

Hitler responded to Roosevelt... "But the millions were cheated of this peace; for not only did the German people or the other peoples fighting on

our side suffer through the peace treaties, but these treaties had a devastating effect on the victor countries as well.

That politics should be controlled by men who had not fought in the war was recognised for the first time as a misfortune. Hatred was unknown to the soldiers, but not to those elderly politicians who had carefully preserved their own precious lives from the horrors of war and who now descended upon humanity as in the guise of insane spirits of revenge.

Hatred, malice and unreason were the intellectual forebears of the Treaty of Versailles. Territories and states with a history going back a thousand years were arbitrarily broken up and dissolved. Men who had belonged together since time immemorial were torn asunder.

No one knows this [the burdens of Versailles] better than the German people. For the Peace Treaty imposed burdens on the German people, which could not have been paid off in a hundred years, although it has been proved conclusively by American teachers of constitutional law, historians and professors of history that Germany was no more to blame for the outbreak of the war than any other nation. It is hard to imagine a clearer and more concise summary of the massive errors at the end of the war, setting the stage for the next one.

The resultant misery and continuous want [after the war] began to bring our nation to political despair. The decent and industrious people of Central Europe thought they could see the possibility of deliverance in the complete destruction of the old order, which to them represented a curse.

Jewish parasites, on the other hand, plundered the nation ruthlessly, and on the other hand, incited the people, reduced as it was to misery. As the misfortune of our nation became the only aim and object of this race, it was possible to breed among the growing army of unemployed suitable elements suitable elements for the Bolshevik revolution. The decay of political order and the confusion of public opinion by the irresponsible Jewish press led to ever stronger shocks to economic life and consequently to increasing misery and to greater readiness to absorb subversive Bolshevik ideas. The army of the Jewish world revolution as the army of the unemployed were called, finally

rose to almost seven million. Germany had never known this state of affairs before.

As a matter of fact, these democratic peace dictators destroyed the whole world economy with their Versailles madness.

They [Western powers] declared at the time that Germany intended to establish herself in Spain, taking Spanish colonies. In a few weeks from now, the victorious hero of Nationalist Spain [Generalissimo Franco] will celebrate his festive entry into the capital of his country. The Spanish people will acclaim him as their deliverer from unspeakable horrors as the liberator from bands of incendiaries, of whom it is estimated that they have more than 775,000 human lives on their conscience, by executions and murders alone. The inhabitants of whole villages and towns were literally butchered, while their benevolent patrons, the humanitarian apostles of Western European and American democracy, remained silent."

Apparently all of this was too large a dose of the truth. As with most of the passages herein, this and the one before it are not found in the minimal translations available. He told the truth, not only about subversive Illuminati communists in Germany, but also about Spain, where the forces of Nationalism won a resounding victory over Bolshevism and world oppression.

Hitler stated.... "Mr. Roosevelt declared that he had already appealed to me on a former occasion for a peaceful settlement of political, economic and social problems without force of arms. I myself have always been an exponent of this view and as history proves, have settled necessary political, economic and social problems without force of arms, without even resorting to arms.

Unfortunately, however, this peaceful settlement has been made more difficult by the agitation of politicians, statesmen and newspaper representatives who were neither directly concerned nor even effected by the problems in question."

Does this sound like an unstable, power-mad dictator, ready to launch his legions on the world? Or, is this the voice of a reasonable world leader, still ready to negotiate for real and lasting peace? Read on and decide for yourself.

"If the cry of 'Never another Munich' is raised in the world today, this simply confirms the fact that the peaceful solution of the problem appeared to be the most awkward thing that ever happened in the eyes of those warmongers. They are sorry no blood was shed, not their blood, to be sure for those agitators are, of course, never to be found where shots are being fired, but only where money is being made. No, it is the blood of many nameless soldiers!

They hate us Germans and would prefer to eradicate us completely. What do the Czechs mean to them? They are nothing but a means to an end. And what do they care for the fate of a small and valiant nation? Why should they worry about the lives of hundreds of thousands of brave soldiers who would have been sacrificed for their policy? These Western Peace-mongers were not concerned to work for peace but to cause bloodshed, so in this way to set the nations against one another and to thus cause still more blood to flow. For this reason, they invented the story of German mobilization.

Moreover, there would have been no necessity for the Munich Conference, for that conference was only made possibly by the fact that the countries which had at first incited those concerned to resist at all costs, were compelled later on, when the situation pressed for a solution on one way of another, to try to secure for themselves a more or less respectable retreat; for without Munich that is to say, without the interference of the countries of Western Europe, a solution of the entire problem if it had grown so acute at all would likely have been the easiest thing in the world."

Here, Hitler presents FDR with a necessary history lecture.....

"Mr. Roosevelt declared finally that three nations in Europe and one in Africa have seen their existence terminated. I do not know which three nations in Europe are meant. Should it be a question of the provinces reincorporated in the German Reich, I must draw the attention of Mr. Roosevelt to a mistake of history on his part.

It was not now that these nations sacrificed their independent existence in Europe, but rather in 1918. At that time, in violation of solemn promises,

their logical ties were torn asunder and they were made into nations they never wished to be and never had been. They were forced into an independence which was no independence but at most could only mean dependence upon an international foreign world which they detested.

Moreover, as to the allegation that one nation in Africa has lost its freedom, that, too, is erroneous. On the contrary, practically all the original inhabitants of this continent have lost their freedom through being made subject to the sovereignty of other nations by bloodshed and force. Moroccans, Berbers, Arabs, Negroes, and the rest have all fallen victim to the swords of foreign might, which however, were not marked 'made in Germany' but 'made by Democracies'.

Ireland charges English, not German oppression. Palestine is occupied by English, not German troops. Arabs appeal against English, not German methods."

FDR made a sweeping, somewhat grandiose demand and it is clear that the Middle East, as it does today, occupied a crucial position; "Are you willing to give assurance that your armed forces will not attack or invade the territory or possessions of the following independent nations: Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, The Netherlands, Belgium, Great Britain and Ireland, France, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Luxemburg, Poland, Hungary, Romania, Yugoslavia, Russia, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, Iraq, the Arabias, Syria, Palestine, Egypt and Iran?"

Hitler responded… "But I must also draw Mr. Roosevelt's attention to one or two mistakes in history. He mentions Ireland, for instance, and asks for a statement to the effect that we will not attack Ireland. Now, I have just read a speech by Mr. de Valera, the Irish Taoiseach (Prime Minister), in which he does not charge Germany with oppressing Ireland, but reproaches England with subjecting Ireland to continuous aggression. With all due respect to Mr. Roosevelt's insight into the needs and cares of other countries, it may nevertheless be assumed that the Irish Taoiseach would be more familiar with the dangers which threaten his country than would the President of the United States.

Similarly the fact has obviously escaped Mr. Roosevelt's notice that Palestine is at present occupied not by German troops but by the English; and that the country is undergoing restriction of its liberty by the most brutal resort to force, is being robbed of its independence and is suffering the cruellest maltreatment for the benefit of Jewish interlopers.

The Arabs living in that country would therefore certainly not have complained to Mr. Roosevelt of German aggression, but they are voicing a constant appeal to the world, deploring the barbarous methods with which England is attempting to suppress a people which loves its freedom and is merely defending it.

This, too, is perhaps a problem which in the American President's view should be solved at the conference table, that is, before a just judge, and not by physical force or military methods, by mass executions, burning down villages, blowing up houses and so on. For one fact is surely certain. In this case England is not defending herself against a threatened Arab attack, but as an uninvited interloper is endeavouring to establish her power in a foreign territory which does not belong to her."

Hitler then reminds America that it should not fear Germany as she did not have hidden intentions or motives. Besides, she did not have the natural or military resources to wage a world war across the Atlantic. Only the USA had the wherewithal to do that.

"And, I here solemnly declare all assertions which have in any way been circulated concerning an impending German attack or invasion on or in American territory are rank frauds and gross untruths, quite apart from the fact that such assertions, as far as military possibilities are concerned, could only be the product of the silliest imagination. Friendship and respect for the British Empire must be mutual.

During the whole of my political activity I have always propounded the idea of a close friendship and collaboration between Germany and England. In my movement I found others of like mind. Perhaps they joined me because of my attitude in this regard. This desire for Anglo-German friendship and co-operations conforms not merely to sentiments based on the racial origins of our two peoples but also to my realisation of the importance of the existence of the British Empire for the whole of mankind.

I have never left room for any doubt of my belief that they existence of this empire is an inestimable factor of value for the whole of human culture and economic life. By whatever means Great Britain has acquired her colonial territories and I know that they were those of force and often brutality, I know full well that no other empire has ever come into being in any other way, and that, in the final analysis, it is not so much the methods that are taken into account in history as success, and not the success of the methods as such, but rather the general good which those methods produce.

Now, there is no doubt that the Anglo-Saxon people have accomplished immense colonizing work in the world. For this work, I have sincere admiration.

I regard it as impossible to achieve a lasting friendship between the German and the Anglo-Saxon peoples if the other side does not recognize that there are German as well as British interests, that just as the preservation of the British Empire is the object and life-purpose of Britons, so also the freedom and preservation of the German Reich is the life-purpose of Germans.

A genuine lasting friendship between these two nations is only conceivable on a basis of mutual regard. The English people rule a great empire. They built up this empire at a time when the German people were internally weak.

Germany once had been a great empire. At one time she ruled the Occident. In bloody struggles and religious dissensions, and as a result of internal political disintegration, this empire declined in power and greatness and finally fell into a great sleep.

But as this old empire appeared to have reached its end, the seeds of its rebirth were springing up. From Brandenburg and Prussia there arose a new Germany, the Second Reich, and out of it has finally grown the Reich of the German people.

And I hope that all the English people understand that we do not possess the slightest feeling of inferiority to Britons.

The part we have played in history is far too important for that."

Then, he insisted on naval parity, renegotiating the Anglo-German Naval Treaty, and the return of all German colonies. It seems clear that Britain could have come to terms with the Reich, thus retaining her naval strength, her army and air power, and her colonies, therefore avoiding whatever hostilities there might have been on the continent. But largely due to the provocations of Churchill and the war party, this option was never considered. This is one of the great what-ifs of history.

Hitler continued;

"If however, President Roosevelt considers that he is entitled to address the problems of Europe, in particular to Germany or Italy, because America is so far removed from Europe, we on our side might by the same right, address to the President of the American Republic the question as to what aim American foreign policy in turn has in view, and on what intentions this policy is based, in the case of Central and South American states, for instance. In this event Mr. Roosevelt would, I must admit, every right to refer to the Monroe Doctrine and to decline to reply to such a request to interfere in the internal affairs of the American continent.

We Germans support a similar doctrine for Europe and above all, for the territory and interests of the Greater German Reich.

Moreover, I would obviously never presume to address such a request to the President of the United States of America, because I assume he would probably rightly consider such a presumption tactless."

A little later in the speech, more history lessons are offered by Hitler, especially with regard to the violent history of the USA, which remains pertinent to this day considering the actions of their current government.

"For not statesmen, including those of the United States, especially her greatest, made the outstanding part of their countries' history at the conference table. The freedom of the United States was not achieved at the conference table any more than the conflict between the North and the South was decided there. I will not mention the innumerable struggles which finally

led to the subjugation of the North American continent as a whole. I recite all this only in order to show that your view, Mr. Roosevelt, undoubtedly deserving of all respect, is not confirmed by the history either of your own country or of the rest of the world."

Hitler then openly declared his purposes and deeper allegiances…

"I took the leadership of a state which was faced by complete ruin thanks to the promises of the outside world and the evil of its democratic regime. Billions of German savings accumulated in gold or foreign exchange during many years of peace were extorted from us. We lost our colonies. In 1933 I had in my country 7 million unemployed, a few million part-time workers, millions of impoverished peasants, trade destroyed, commerce ruined; in short, general chaos.

Since then, Mr. Roosevelt, I have only been able to fulfil one single task. I cannot feel myself responsible for a world, for this world took no interest in the pitiful fate of my people. I have regarded myself as called upon by Providence to serve my own people alone and to deliver them from their frightful misery. Thus, for the past six and one half years, I have lived day and night for the single task of awakening the powers of my people in face of our desertion by the rest of the world, and of developing these powers to the utmost and for utilising them for the salvation of our community.

I have conquered chaos in Germany, re-established order, immediately increased production of all branches of our national economy, by strenuous efforts produced substitutes for numerous materials which we lack, prepared the way for new inventions, developed transportation, caused magnificent roads to be built and canals to be dug, created gigantic new factories. I have striven no less to translate into practice the ideal behind the thought 'community', and to promote the education and culture of my people. To protect them against the threats of the outside world, I have not only united the German people politically, but also rearmed them, I have likewise endeavoured to rid them of that [Versailles] treaty page by page, which in its 448 articles contains the vilest oppression which has ever been inflicted on men and nations.

I have brought back to the Reich its provinces stolen from us in 1919; I have led back to their country millions of Germans who were torn away from us and were in abject misery; I have reunited the territories that have been German throughout a thousand years of history and, Mr. Roosevelt, I have endeavoured to accomplish this without bloodshed and without bringing to my people and so to others, the misery of war

For my world, Mr. President, is the one which Providence has assigned me and for which it is my duty to work. Its area is much smaller. It comprises my people alone. But I believe I can thus best serve that which is in the hearts of all of us, justice, well-being, progress and peace for the whole community of mankind."

This speech was not deemed worthy of a reply by the Allies, who of course predictably, totally ignored and buried it in the graveyard of unwanted history and thus the escalation of the war continued.

Pearl Harbour

It had already been planned that America would take part in World War II, the vast profits available for the military-industrial Elite corporations in an operation of this scale, being too good an opportunity to pass-up. However, the huge stumbling block to the US entering the conflict was Roosevelt's reticence to commit American forces as he had been re-elected on a 'no European war' ticket and at that time over 80% of the American population were not in favour of partaking in yet another European war which they felt (quite correctly) was 'none of their business'.

It is now also known that Roosevelt, under pressure from Elite industrial and financial interests and Churchill, desperate for the US to enter the war to aid a floundering British war effort, conspired together and with others to set in motion events to create a situation which would turn public opinion and generate the outcry that would make war inevitable.

Despite the fact that FDR had won a second term as President largely due to his oft-repeated promise that American soldiers would not become embroiled in the 'European war', he knew only too well that that is exactly what had been planned.

"But our boys are not going to be sent abroad says the President. Nonsense, Mr. Chairman; even now their berths are being built in our transport ships. Even now the tags for identification of the dead and wounded are being printed by the firm of William C. Ballantyne & Co, in Washington." Representative Philip Bennett, Missouri, 1939

Also in 1939, Senator Nye of North Dakota, quoted words in the Senate from a volume named 'The Next War', printed in London some years previously. In it was detailed the plan to drag America into WWII by whatever means it could muster and it said…

"To persuade the US to take our part will be much more difficult, so difficult as to be unlikely to succeed. It will need a definite threat to America, a threat moreover, which will have to be brought home by propaganda, to every citizen, before the Republic will again take arms in an external quarrel...

...The position will naturally be considerably eased if Japan was involved and this might and probably would bring America in without further ado. At any rate, it would be a natural and obvious effect of our propagandists to achieve this, just as in the Great War they succeeded in embroiling the United States against Germany."

Since the war it has been established without doubt that intercepted messages from Japan and warnings from other countries of the Japanese intent to attack Pearl Harbour, went deliberately unheeded in order to provide a justification to enter the war.

"We face the delicate question of diplomatic fencing to be done so as to be sure Japan is put in the wrong and makes the first overt move." Henry Stimson, US Secretary of War, 1941

In 1940 FDR ordered the fleet to be transferred from the West Coast of the US mainland, to its exposed position in Pearl Harbour, Hawaii and ordered that the fleet remain stationed there despite complaints by its commander Admiral Richardson that there was inadequate protection from air attack and no protection at all from torpedo attack. Richardson felt so strongly about this that he twice disobeyed orders to berth his fleet there. He raised the issue personally with FDR in October and he was unsurprisingly replaced soon after this. His successor, Admiral Kimmel, also brought up the same issues with FDR in June 1941 and was also ignored or forestalled.

Then on the 23rd June 1941, FDR's advisor Harold Ickes sent a memo to FDR the day after Germany invaded the Soviet Union, "There might develop from the embargoing of oil to Japan such a situation as would make it not only

possible but easy to get into this war in an effective way. And if we should thus indirectly be brought in, we would avoid the criticism that we had gone in as an ally of communist Russia."

FDR was pleased too with Admiral Richmond Turner's report on 22nd July 1941 which read; "It is generally believed that shutting off the American supply of petroleum will lead promptly to the invasion of Netherland East Indies [by Japan].....it seems certain she would also include military action against the Philippine Islands, which would immediately involve us in a Pacific war."

On the 24th July, FDR told the Volunteer Participation Committee, "If we had cut off the oil, they probably would have gone down to the Dutch East Indies a year ago, and you would have had war." The very next day FDR froze all Japanese assets in the US cutting off their main supply of oil and forcing them into some kind of desperate action against the US. Intelligence information regarding the Japanese threat was deliberately withheld from the military command in Hawaii from this point forward.

After the Atlantic Conference on 14th August, Churchill noted the "… astonishing depth of Roosevelt's intense desire for war." Churchill cabled his cabinet "FDR obviously was very determined that they should come in."

"December 7th [the attack on Pearl Harbour] was... far from the shock it proved to the country in general. We had expected something of the sort for a long time." Eleanor Roosevelt, NY Times Magazine, October 8th, 1944.

"Yes, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour, but we [the US] pulled off an international sting operation to trick them into doing it. Roosevelt actually moved the shipping lanes so that the Japanese fleet would not be discovered and reported by some uninvolved ship's captain. Our own early attempts at radar picked up the incoming Zeros but that was explained as just a flock of birds, which given the unknown capabilities of radar at the time was believable. The fact remains that Roosevelt knew that Pearl Harbour was to be attacked because we had broken the Japanese code. Pearl Harbour was not warned because we wanted to get rid of the WWI ships and be forced to buy new ones and because that war, like all the others was never about nation-states, it was always about the money that every nation needed just to fight in these contrived wars. It has ALWAYS been about the money. And those who died in the attack on Pearl Harbour were just the price of doing business". Jim Kirwan, Researcher November 2010

And so, by this elaborate deception and subterfuge, America joined the war, as had been planned all along. Among other horrors, this resulted in the deaths of more than one quarter of a million American servicemen and appalling injuries to many hundreds of thousands more.

Dresden – An appalling War Crime

On the night of 12/13th February 1945, over 1000 allied bombers attacked a non-military, civilian target in Germany, the town of Dresden. Dresden was (and is still) famous for its china pottery industry and at that time towards the end of the war, was the adopted home of several hundred thousand refugees from the far east of Germany, who were attempting to flee the marauding Russian hordes, rapidly advancing westwards towards Berlin.

There were no military installations in Dresden, no military headquarters or camps, no munitions factories and no heavy engineering of any kind that could have been linked to Germany's by this time seriously crippled, war efforts. In short, Dresden was a medium-large sized, rural, historical town with no strategic importance whatsoever.

What happened in the space of 12 terrifying hours in Dresden should live forever in the annals of the shame of the human race. It is thought by many credible commentators that as many as 4-500,000 innocent people died that night. Far more than double the two atomic explosions of Hiroshima and Nagasaki combined. In many cases, theirs was not a quick death but a slow agonising death through being 'eaten alive' by the phosphorus and subsequent firestorms generated by the half-million+ incendiary bombs dropped by the Allies.

More than 12,000 houses in the centre of the city were reduced to dust, not rubble, dust during the hellish firestorm. In view of the fact that, in addition to the 600,000 inhabitants of Dresden, another 5-600,000 people, all refugees, had found shelter in the overcrowded city, one can safely assume that each of these 12,000 houses contained no fewer than 20 people. But of these houses virtually nothing remained and the people who had been sheltering in them were transformed into ashes due to a heat of greater than 1600 degrees Celsius being generated by the fire-bombs.

The 'official' figure of 35,000 dead only represents the small part of the victims who could be fully identified. Erhard Mundra, a member of the 'Bautzen committee' wrote in the daily German newspaper 'Die Welt' on 12th February 1995...

"According to the former general staff officer of the military district of Dresden and retired lieutenant colonel of the Bundeswehr, D. Matthes, 35,000 victims were fully and another 50,000 partly identified, whereas a further 168,000 could not be identified at all."

It also goes without saying that the hapless children, women, invalids and old people whom the firestorm had transformed into nothing more or less than ashes, could not be identified either.

At the time of the attack, Dresden had no anti-aircraft guns and no military defence. It possessed no military industry at all and served as a shelter for refugees from the East, many of them ill, starving, emaciated and disabled. Indeed, many roofs of buildings where they were housed were marked with huge red crosses.

On that terrible night from 12th to 13th February 1945, one of the greatest war criminals of all time, Winston Churchill, was complicit, indeed

instrumental in the senseless, pointless mass-murder of around half a million unarmed, helpless citizens, mostly women, children, the disabled and the aged.

"It cannot be disputed that the principles of international law forbade total carpeting bombing …..The historians considered the indiscriminate bombing as an abomination, but refused to lay the whole guilt on Air Marshall Sir Arthur Harris or the Bomber Command. According to them, the entire staff of the RAF, but even more the political leaders, especially Churchill and Roosevelt, plus the majority of their peoples shared the burden of guilt." The joint conclusions of military historians from five countries at a conference in Freiburg, 1988

On the 13th February 1990, exactly forty-five years after the destruction of Dresden, the British historian David Irving spoke in Dresden. In his speech, Irving quoted the war criminal, Churchill, thus… "I don't want any suggestions how to destroy militarily important targets around Dresden. I want suggestions as to how we can roast the 600,000 refugees from Breslau in Dresden."

But for Churchill, simply 'roasting' Germans was nothing like enough. On the morning after the firebombing of Dresden, he ordered low-flying planes to machine-gun the survivors on the banks of the river Elbe where they had dragged themselves to try and find shelter from the suffocating heat by water immersion.

However, to backtrack slightly, as the morning of the 12th February 1945 dawned in Dresden, the streets and squares were filled with refugees and the meadows and parks had been transformed into huge camps. When the fatal hour approached, about 1,130,000 people were living in Dresden. Here is an eyewitness account from a ten year old girl describing (many years later as an adult) what followed later that day...

"About 9.30pm the alarm was given. We children knew that sound and got up and dressed quickly, to hurry downstairs into our cellar which we used as an air raid shelter. My older sister and I carried my baby twin sisters; my mother carried a little suitcase and the bottles with milk for our babies. On the radio we heard with great horror the news: 'Attention, a great air raid will come over our town!' This news I will never forget.

Some minutes later we heard a horrible noise - the bombers. There were non-stop explosions. Our cellar was filled with fire and smoke and was damaged, the lights went out and wounded people shouted dreadfully. In great fear we struggled to leave this cellar. My mother and my older sister

carried the big basket in which the twins were laid. With one hand I grasped my younger sister and with the other I grasped the coat of my mother.

We did not recognise our street any more. Fire, only fire wherever we looked. Our 4th floor did not exist anymore. The broken remains of our house were burning. On the streets there were burning vehicles and carts with refugees, people, horses, all of them screaming and shouting in fear of death. I saw hurt women, children, old people searching for a way through ruins and flames.

We fled into another cellar overcrowded with injured and distraught men women and children shouting, crying and praying. No light except some electric torches. And then suddenly the second raid began. This shelter was hit too, and so we fled through cellar after cellar. Many, so many, desperate people came in from the streets. lt is not possible to describe! Explosion after explosion. It was beyond belief, worse than the blackest nightmare. So many people were horribly burnt and injured. lt became more and more difficult to breathe. lt was dark and all of us tried to leave this cellar with inconceivable panic. Dead and dying people were trampled upon and luggage was left or snatched up out of our hands by rescuers. The basket with our twins covered with wet cloths was snatched up out of my mother's hands and we were pushed upstairs by the people behind us. We saw the burning street, the falling ruins and the terrible firestorm. My mother covered us with wet blankets and coats she found in a water tub.

We saw terrible things: cremated adults shrunk to the size of small children, pieces of arms and legs, dead people, whole families burnt to death, burning people ran to and fro, burnt coaches filled with civilian refugees, dead rescuers and soldiers, many were calling and looking for their children and families, and fire everywhere, everywhere fire, and all the time the hot wind of the firestorm threw people back into the burning houses they were trying to escape from.

I cannot forget these terrible details. I can never forget them. Now my mother possessed only a little bag with our identity papers. The basket with the twins had disappeared and then suddenly my older sister vanished too. Although my mother looked for her immediately it was in vain. The last hours of this night we found shelter in the cellar of a hospital nearby surrounded by crying and dying people. In the next morning we looked for our sister and the twins but without success. The house where we lived was only a burning ruin.

The house where our twins were left we could not go in. Soldiers said everyone was burnt to death and we never saw my two baby sisters again.

Totally exhausted, with burnt hair and badly burnt and wounded by the fire we walked to the Loschwitz Bridge where we found good people who allowed us to wash, to eat and to sleep. But only a short time because suddenly the second air raid began and this house too was bombed and my mother's last identity papers burnt. Completely exhausted we hurried over the bridge across the River Elbe with many other homeless survivors and found another family ready to help us, because somehow their home survived this horror.

In all this tragedy I had completely forgotten my 10th birthday, but the next day my mother surprised me with a piece of sausage she begged from the 'Red Cross'. This was my birthday present.

In the next days and weeks we looked for my older sister but in vain. We wrote our present address on the last walls of our damaged house. In the middle of March we were evacuated to a little village near Oschatz and on March 31st, we got a letter from my sister. She was alive! In that disastrous night she lost us and with other lost children she was taken to a nearby village. Later she found our address on the wall of our house and at the beginning of April my mother brought her to our new home.

You can be sure that the horrible experiences of this night in Dresden led to confused dreams, sleepless nights and disturbed our souls, me and the rest of my family. Years later I intensively thought the matter over, the causes, the political contexts of this night. This became very important for my whole life and my further decisions."

Dresden's citizens barely had time to reach their shelters. The first bomb fell at 10.09pm and the attack lasted 24 minutes, leaving the inner city a raging sea of fire. Precision saturation bombing had created the desired firestorm.

A firestorm is engendered when hundreds of smaller fires join together and become one vast conflagration. Huge volumes of oxygen are drawn-in to feed the inferno, causing an artificial tornado. Those persons unlucky enough to be caught in the rush of wind can be hurled down the entire length of a street into the flames. Those who seek refuge underground often suffocate as oxygen is extracted from the air to feed the blaze or they perish in a blast of white heat, intense enough to melt human flesh and bone, leaving no visible trace. Indeed, such was the power of the conflagration that night that air was

sucked from basements and sewers where the populace hid in large numbers, suffocating many hundreds or even thousands, to death.

Another eyewitness who survived told of seeing "young women carrying babies running up and down the streets, their dresses and hair on fire, screaming until they fell down, or the collapsing buildings fell on top of them."

There was a three-hour pause between the first and second raids. The lull had been calculated to lure civilians from their shelters into the open again. To escape the flames, tens of thousands of civilians had crowded into the 'Grosser Garten', a beautiful area of parkland nearly one and a half miles square in area.

The second raid came at 1.22 am with no warning as the early warning sirens had been destroyed in the first attack, probably along with their operators. Twice as many bombers returned with another massive payload of incendiary bombs. The second wave was intended to spread the raging firestorm into the Grosser Garten and it was a complete success. Within a few minutes a sheet of flame ripped across the grass, uprooting trees and littering the branches of others with everything from bicycles to human limbs. For days afterward, they remained bizarrely strewn about as grim reminders of Allied sadism.

At the start of the second air assault, many were still huddled in tunnels and cellars, waiting for the fires of the first attack to die down. At 1.30 am an ominous rumble reached the ears of the commander of a Labour Service convoy sent into the city on a rescue mission. He described it this way…

"The detonation shook the cellar walls. The sound of the explosions mingled with a new, stranger sound which seemed to come closer and closer, the sound of a thundering waterfall; it was the sound of a mighty tornado howling in the inner city."

Others hiding below ground died, but they died painlessly - they simply glowed bright orange and blue in the darkness and as the heat intensified, they either disintegrated into ashes or melted into a thick liquid, three to four feet deep in places. Shortly after 10.30am on the morning of the 14th of February, the last raid swept over the city. American fighter-bombers pounded the rubble that had been Dresden for a full forty minutes, but this attack was not nearly as heavy as the first two.

However, what distinguished this raid was the cold-blooded ruthlessness with which it was carried out. US Mustangs appeared low over the city, strafing with machine gun fire, anything that moved, including a column of rescue vehicles rushing to the city to evacuate survivors. One assault was aimed at the banks of the Elbe River, where refugees had huddled together during this terrible night.

In the last year of the war, Dresden had become a hospital town. During the previous night's massacre, heroic uninjured individuals had dragged thousands of the devastatingly injured to the banks of the Elbe to escape the worst ravages of the firestorm. The low-flying American Mustangs machine-gunned those people and their helpless charges, as well as thousands of elderly and children who had escaped the city and when the last plane had departed, Dresden was a scorched ruin, its blackened streets filled with corpses. The city was not even spared further horror. A flock of vultures that had escaped from the ruins of the zoo fed on the carnage and rats also swarmed over the piles of corpses.

In Dresden, the Allied airmen under the orders of the Elite butchers fronted by the sadistic Churchill, murdered several hundreds of thousands people in one single, hellish night and destroyed countless cultural treasures. Women who were giving birth to children in the delivery rooms of the burning hospitals jumped out of the windows, but within minutes, these mothers and their children, who were still hanging at the umbilical cords, were reduced to ashes too. Thousands of people whom the incendiary bombs had transformed into living torches jumped into the ponds, lakes and rivers, but phosphorus continues to burn even in the water and is indeed 'fed' by water. Even the animals from the zoo, elephants, lions and others, desperately headed for the water, together with the humans. But all of them, the new-born children, the mothers, the old men, the wounded soldiers and the innocent animals from the zoo and the stables, horribly perished in the name of 'liberation'.

What justification is there for this utterly repugnant behaviour? Is it revenge, hatred, blood-lust or ritual sacrifice? I believe it is a mixture of all of these, but I do know one thing for sure and that is that no sane, balanced, rational human being behaves in this disgraceful, cowardly fashion. These people are undoubtedly clinical psychopaths with no empathy for the plight of their fellow man, whatsoever.

The Atomic Bomb

It is a popular, albeit cynically engendered misconception that credits the dropping of the two atomic devices on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on the 6th and 9th August 1945, respectively with ending the war months early and saving the lives of millions.

With World War Two rapidly coming to a close, the Elite needed an excuse to move into the next phase of their 'great work of ages', the 'Cold War'. The attack on Hiroshima and Nagasaki sent a clear message to the Soviets and indeed the rest of the world and it was known by the American branch of the Elite that the Soviets would not sit idly by and let American military technology intimidate them. The Soviets had already begun work on their own version of the terror weapon, subsequently helped enormously and probably intentionally by the wholesale leaking of atomic secrets by double agents. Within a year or so of the end of the war, the Russians had their own atomic devices and thus was born the 'Cold War' and the great 'Arms Race' of the second half of the twentieth century, designed solely to terrify and as an excuse to suppress the populations of the whole world in much the same way as the contemporary, bogus 'war on terror' works today.

The Americans and British blatantly and repeatedly ignored desperate Japanese attempts to unconditionally surrender because firstly they wanted to drag-out the war for as long as possible and also they needed to actually demonstrate to the world, the devastating effect of the atomic bomb, otherwise the planned, coming 'Cold War' could not have generated the same terror in people's minds.

"Our entire post-war programme depends on terrifying the world with the atomic bomb. We are hoping for a tally of a million dead in Japan. But if they surrender, we won't have anything." US Secretary of State, Edward Stettinius Jr., the son of a JP Morgan partner, early 1945

According to the historian Eustace Mullins, President Truman, whose only real job before Senator had been a Masonic 'organiser' in Missouri, did not make the fatal decision alone. A committee led by James F. Byrnes, Bernard Baruch's puppet, instructed him. Baruch was the Rothschild's principal agent in the USA and a Presidential 'advisor' spanning the era from Woodrow Wilson to John F Kennedy.

Baruch, who was chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, spearheaded the 'Manhattan Project' named after Baruch's home town. He chose life-long Communist Robert Oppenheimer to be Research Director. It was very much the 'bankers' bomb'.

On August 6, 1945, a Uranium bomb (isotope U-235) of 20 kilotons was exploded 1850 feet in the air above Hiroshima, for maximum explosive effect. It devastated four square miles of the ancient, historical city and killed outright 140,000 of the 255,000 inhabitants. This figure does not account, however, for the many thousands seriously injured and the many thousands more that would die in agony from radiation in the succeeding months and years.

In the United States the news of the bombing of Hiroshima was greeted with a mixture of relief, pride and shock but mainly joy. Apparently it is reported that Oppenheimer himself walked around like a prize-fighter, clasping his hands together above his head in triumph when he heard the 'good' news.

American Concentration Camps 1945-47

We have been conditioned over the years to believe that during the Second World War the Germans and Japanese were the only ones capable of atrocities whilst 'our boys' were good, moral upstanding people who would never dream in a million years of committing immoral and repugnant acts or serious crimes against humanity and our illustrious leaders especially, even more so. The problem with this view is that it does not stand up to even cursory scrutiny. The number of Germans, civilian and military, murdered, starved and tortured to death in the two year period following VE day, far exceeded the worst excesses of Nazi brutality including the so-called 'holocaust'. War is horrific and the atrocities committed on both sides in every conflict are inexcusable but at the same time are inevitable consequences of the hatred engendered by propaganda from a country's Elite and its puppet leaders, fear of the enemy and also of misguided desire for retribution.

No, Germany's defeat in May 1945 and the end of World War II in Europe did not bring an end to death and suffering for the already vanquished German people. Instead the victorious Allies ushered in a terrible new era of destruction, looting, starvation, rape, 'ethnic cleansing' and mass killing.

A contemporary edition of Time magazine referred to this period as "history's most terrifying peace."

Even though this unknown holocaust is ignored in our motion pictures and classrooms and by our political leaders, the facts are well established. Historians are in basic agreement about the scale of the human catastrophe, which has been detailed in a number of other books. For example, American historian Alfred de Zayas, along with other scholars, has established that in the years 1945 to 1950, more than 14 million Germans were expelled or forced to flee from large regions of eastern and central Europe, of whom more than four million were deliberately or negligently killed or otherwise lost their lives.

British historian Giles MacDonough details in his book, 'After the Reich: The Brutal History of the Allied Occupation', how the ruined and prostrate German Reich (including Austria) was systematically raped and robbed and how many Germans who survived the war were either killed in cold blood or deliberately left to die of disease, cold, malnutrition or starvation. He explains how some three million Germans died unnecessarily after the official end of hostilities - about two million civilians, mostly women, children and elderly and about one million prisoners of war.

Some people take the view that, given the wartime record of the Nazis, some degree of vengeful violence against the defeated Germans was inevitable and perhaps justified. A common response to reports of Allied atrocities is to say that the Germans 'deserved it' but however valid or otherwise that argument may be, the appalling cruelties inflicted upon the totally helpless German people went far beyond any 'understandable' retribution.

It is also worth noting that they were not the only victims of post-war Allied brutality. Across central and eastern Europe, the brutality of Soviet suppression continued to take lives of Poles, Hungarians, Czechs, Ukrainians and many other nationalities in great numbers. As Soviet troops advanced into central and eastern Europe during the war's final months, they imposed a reign of terror, pillage, rape and killing without comparison in modern history. The horrors were summarised thus;

"The disaster that befell this area with the entry of the Soviet forces has no parallel in modern European experience. There were considerable sections of it where, to judge by all existing evidence, scarcely a man, woman or child of the indigenous population was left alive after the initial passage of Soviet forces; and one cannot believe that they all succeeded in fleeing to the West … The Russians … swept the native population clean in a manner that had no parallel since the days of the Asiatic hordes." George F. Kennan, historian and former US ambassador to the Soviet Union

During the last months of the war, the ancient German city of Königsberg in eastern Germany held out as a strongly defended urban fortress. After repeated attack and siege by the Red Army, it finally surrendered in early April 1945. Soviet troops then ravished the civilian population. The people were beaten, robbed, killed and if female, raped first. The rape victims included nuns and even hospital patients were robbed of their possessions. Bunkers and shelters, packed with terrified people huddled inside, were torched with flame-throwers. In all, about 40,000 of the city's population were killed or took their own lives to escape the horrors and the remaining 73,000 German civilians were brutally deported.

In a report that appeared in August 1945 in the Washington DC Times-Herald, an American journalist wrote of what he described as "…the state of terror in which women in Russian-occupied eastern Germany were living. All these women, Germans, Polish, Jewish and even Russian girls `freed' from Nazi slave camps, were dominated by one desperate desire - to escape from the Red zone. In the district around our internment camp … Red soldiers

during the first weeks of their occupation raped every women and girl between the ages of 12 and 70. That sounds exaggerated, but it is the simple truth. The only exceptions were girls who managed to remain in hiding in the woods or who had the presence of mind to feign illness - typhoid, diphtheria or some other infectious disease … Husbands and fathers who attempted to protect their women folk were shot down and girls offering extreme resistance were murdered."

In accordance with policies set by the Allied leaders of the US, Britain and the Soviet Union, Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, millions of Germans were expunged from their ancient homelands in central and eastern Europe.

In October 1945, a New York Daily News report from occupied Berlin told readers;

"In the windswept courtyard of the Stettiner Bahnhof, a cohort of German refugees, part of 12 million to 19 million dispossessed in East Prussia and Silesia, sat in groups under a driving rain and told the story of their miserable pilgrimage, during which more than 25 percent died by the roadside and the remainder were so starved they scarcely had strength to walk.

A nurse from Stettin, a young, good-looking blonde, told how her father had been stabbed to death by Russian soldiers who, after raping her mother and sister, tried to break into her own room. She escaped and hid in a haystack with four other women for four days … On the train to Berlin she was raped once by Russian troops and twice by Poles. Women who resisted were shot dead, she said and on one occasion she saw a guard take an infant by the legs and crush its skull against a post because the child cried while the guard was raping its mother. An old peasant from Silesia said ... victims were robbed of everything they had, even their shoes. Infants were robbed of their swaddling clothes so that they froze to death. All the healthy girls and women, even those 65 years of age, were raped in the train and then robbed, the peasant said."

In November 1945 an item in the Chicago Tribune told readers;

"Nine hundred and nine men, women and children dragged themselves and their luggage from a Russian railway train at Lehrter station in Berlin today, after eleven days travelling in boxcars from Poland. Red Army soldiers lifted 91 corpses from the train, while relatives shrieked and sobbed as their bodies were piled in American lend-lease trucks and driven off for internment in a pit near a concentration camp. The refugee train was a like a macabre Noah's ark. Every car was packed with Germans … the families carry all their earthly

belongings in sacks, bags and tin trunks ... Nursing infants suffer the most, as their mothers are unable to feed them and frequently go insane as they watch offspring slowly die before their eyes. Today four screaming, violently insane mothers were bound with rope to prevent them from clawing other passengers."

Although most of the millions of German girls and women who were ravished by Allied soldiers were raped by Red Army troops, Soviet soldiers were not the only perpetrators. During the French occupation of Stuttgart, a large city in southwest Germany, police records show that 1,198 women and eight men were raped, mostly by French troops from Morocco, although the prelate of the Lutheran Evangelical church estimated the number at 5,000.

During World War II, the United States, Britain and Germany broadly complied with the international regulations on the treatment of prisoners of war, as required by the Geneva Convention of 1929 even though Germany did not formally recognise it. But at the end of the fighting in Europe, the US and British authorities scrapped the Geneva Convention. In violation of solemn international obligations and Red Cross rules, the American and British authorities stripped millions of captured German soldiers of their status and their rights as prisoners of war by strategically reclassifying them in true Orwellian fashion as so-called 'disarmed enemy forces' or 'surrendered enemy personnel.'

Accordingly, British and American authorities denied International Red Cross representatives access to camps holding German prisoners of war. Moreover, any attempt by German civilians to feed the prisoners was punishable by death. Many thousands of German POWs died in American custody, most infamously in the so-called 'Rhine meadow camps,' where prisoners were held under appalling conditions, with no shelter or sanitation and inadequate food.

In April 1946, the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) protested that the United States, Britain and France, nearly a year after the end of fighting, were violating International Red Cross agreements they had solemnly pledged to uphold. The Red Cross pointed out for example, that the American transfer of German prisoners of war to French and British authorities for forced labour was contrary to International Red Cross statutes.

Another report by the International Committee of the Red Cross in August 1946 stated that the US government, through its military branch in the US

zone of occupation in Germany, was exacting forced labour from 284,000 captives, of whom 140,000 were in the US occupation zone, 100,000 in France, 30,000 in Italy, and 14,000 in Belgium. Holdings of German prisoners or slave labourers by other countries, the Red Cross reported, included 80,000 in Yugoslavia, and 45,000 in Czechoslovakia.

Both during and after the war, the Allies extensively tortured German prisoners. In one British centre in England, 'the London Cage', German prisoners were subjected to systematic ill-treatment, including starvation and beatings. The brutality continued for several years after the end of the war and treatment of German prisoners by the British was even more harsh in the British occupation zone of Germany. At the US internment centre at Schwäbisch Hall in Southwest Germany, prisoners awaiting trial by American military courts were subjected to severe and systematic torture, including long stretches in solitary confinement, extremes of heat and cold, deprivation of sleep and food and severe beatings, including the crushing of testicles and kicks to the groin.

Most of the German prisoners of war who died in Allied captivity were held by the Soviets and a much higher proportion of German POWs died in Soviet custody than perished in British and American captivity. (For example, of the 90,000 Germans who surrendered at Stalingrad, only 5,000 ever returned to their homeland.) Up to ten years after the end of the war, hundreds of thousands of German prisoners were still being held in the Soviet Union. Other German prisoners perished after the end of the war in Yugoslavia, Poland and other countries. In Yugoslavia alone, authorities of the Communist regime killed as many as 80,000 Germans. German prisoners toiled as slave labourers in other Allied countries, often for many years. There is no doubt in my mind that all these acts were a not-so-subtle attempt to ethnically cleanse the German nation.

At the Yalta conference in early 1945, the Allied leaders agreed that the Soviets could take Germans as forced labourers, or 'slave labour', contrary to common human decency and morality. It is estimated that a further 874,000 German civilians were abducted to the Soviet Union. These were in addition to the millions of prisoners of war who were held by the Soviets as forced labourers. Of these so-called reparations deportees, 45% perished.

For two years after the end of the fighting, the Germans were victims of a cruel and vindictive occupation policy, one that meant slow starvation of the defeated population. To sustain healthy life, a normal adult needs a minimum

of about 1800 calories per day. But in March and February 1946, the daily intake per person in the British and American occupation zones of Germany was between one thousand and fifteen hundred calories.

In the winter of 1945-46, the Allies forbade anyone outside the country to send food parcels to the starving Germans. The Allied authorities also rejected requests by the International Red Cross to bring in provisions to alleviate the suffering.

Very few persons in Britain or the United States spoke out against the Allied policy. Victor Gollancz, an English-Jewish writer and publisher, toured the British occupation zone of northern Germany for six weeks in late 1946. He publicised the death and malnutrition he found there, which he said was a consequence of Allied policy. He wrote:

"The plain fact is ... we are starving the Germans and we are starving them, not deliberately in the sense that we definitely want them to die, but wilfully, in the sense that we prefer their death to our own inconvenience."

Another person who protested was Bertrand Russell, the noted philosopher and Nobel Prize recipient. In a letter published in a London newspaper in October 1945, he wrote:

"In eastern Europe now, mass deportations are being carried out by our allies on an unprecedented scale and an apparently deliberate attempt is being made to exterminate many millions of Germans by depriving them of their homes and of food, leaving them to die by slow and agonizing starvation. This is not done as an act of war, but as a part of a deliberate policy of `peace'."

As the war was ending in what is now the Czech Republic, hysterical mobs brutally assaulted ethnic Germans, members of a minority group whose ancestors had lived there for centuries. In Prague, German soldiers were rounded up, disarmed, tied to stakes, doused with petroleum, and set on fire as living torches. In some cities and towns in what is now the Czech Republic, every German over the age of six was forced to wear on his clothing, sewn on his left breast, a large white circle six inches in diameter with the black letter N, which is the first letter of the Czech word for German. Germans were also banned from all parks, places of public entertainment and public transportation and not allowed to leave their homes after eight in the evening. Later all these people were expelled, along with the entire ethnic German population of what is now the Czech Republic. In the Czech Republic alone, a quarter of a million ethnic Germans were killed.

In Poland, the so-called 'Office of State Security,' an agency of the country's new Soviet-controlled government, imposed its own brutal form of 'de-Nazification.' Its agents raided German homes, rounding up some 200,000 men, women, children and infants, 99% of them non-combatant, innocent civilians. They were incarcerated in cellars, prisons, and 1,255 concentration camps where typhus was rampant and torture was commonplace. Between 60,000 and 80,000 Germans perished at the hands of the 'Office of State Security.'

We are ceaselessly and unremittingly reminded, by the thousands of books and documentaries still being produced, of the Third Reich's wartime concentration camps, but few are aware that such infamous camps as Dachau, Buchenwald, Sachsenhausen and Auschwitz were kept in operation after the end of the war, only now packed with German citizens, many of whom also perished miserably.

For many years we have heard much about so-called Nazi art theft but however large the scale of 'confiscation' of art by Germans in World War II, it was dwarfed by the massive theft of art works and other objects of cultural value by the Allies. The Soviets alone looted some two and half million art objects, including 800,000 paintings. In addition, many paintings, statues, and other priceless art works were destroyed by the Allies.

In the war's aftermath, the victors put many German military and political leaders to death or sentenced them to lengthy prison terms after much-publicized trials in which the Allies were both prosecutor and judge. The best-known of these trials was before the so-called 'International Military Tribunal' at Nuremberg, where officials of the four Allied powers were both the prosecutors and the judges.

Justice, as opposed to vengeance, is a standard that is assumed to be applied impartially but in the aftermath of World War II, the victorious powers imposed standards of justice that applied only to the vanquished. The governments of the United States, Britain and the Soviet Union and other member states of the so-called 'United Nations', held Germans to a standard that they categorically refused to respect themselves.

Robert Jackson, the chief US prosecutor at the Nuremberg Tribunal of 1945-46, privately acknowledged in a letter to President Truman, that the Allies "...have done or are doing some of the very things we are prosecuting the Germans for. The French are so violating the Geneva Convention in the treatment of German prisoners of war that our command is taking back

prisoners sent to them for forced labour in France. We are prosecuting plunder and our Allies are practicing it. We say aggressive war is a crime and one of our allies asserts sovereignty over the Baltic States based on no title except conquest."

Germans were executed or imprisoned for policies that the Allies themselves were carrying out, sometimes on a far greater scale. German military and political leaders were put to death on the basis of a hypocritical double standard, which meant that these executions were essentially acts of judicial murder dressed up with the trappings and forms of legality. If the standards of the Nuremberg Tribunal had been applied impartially, many American, Soviet and other Allied military and political leaders would also have been hanged.

An awareness of how the defeated Germans were treated by the victors helps in understanding why Germans continued to fight during the final months of the war with a determination, tenacity and willingness to sacrifice that has few parallels in history, even as their cities were being smashed into ruins under relentless bombing (Dresden for example) and even as defeat against numerically superior enemy forces seemed inevitable.

Two years after the end of the war, American and British policy toward the defeated Germans changed. The US and British governments began to treat the Germans as potential allies, rather than as vanquished enemy subjects and to appeal for their support. This shift in policy was not prompted by an awakening of humanitarian spirit. Instead, it was motivated by American and British fear of Soviet Russian expansion and by the realisation that the economic recovery of Europe as a whole required a prosperous and productive Germany.

Oswald Spenger, the German historian and philosopher, once observed that how a people learn history is via its form of political education. In every society, including our own, how people learn and understand history is determined by those who control political and cultural life, including the educational system and the mass media. How people understand the past and how they view the world and themselves as members of society, is set by the agenda of those who hold ultimate power, the Elite.

This is why, in our society, death and suffering during and after World War II of non-Jews, Poles, Russians and others, and especially Germans is all but ignored and why, instead, more than six decades after the end of the war, Jewish death and suffering above all, what is known as the 'Holocaust' is given

such prominent attention, year after year, in our classrooms, documentaries and motion pictures and by our manipulated and controlled political leaders.

The 'unknown holocaust' of non-Jews is essentially ignored not because the facts are disputed or unknown, but rather because this reality does not fit well with the Judeo-centric view of history that is all but obligatory in our society, a view of the past that reflects the Elite Jewish-Zionist hold on our cultural and educational life.

This means that it is not enough simply to 'establish the facts.' It is important to understand, identify and counter the power that controls what we see, hear and read in our classrooms, our periodicals and in our motion pictures and which determines how we view history, our world and ourselves, not just the history of what is called the 'Holocaust,' but the history and background of World War II, the Israel-Palestine conflict, the Middle East turmoil and much, much more.

History, as the old saying goes, is written by the victors. In our society, the victors, that is, the most important single group that sets our perspective on the past through its grip on the media, and on our cultural life, is the organised Elite community.

An awareness of 'real history' is in itself not enough. It is important to understand the how and why of the systematic falsification of history in our society and the power behind that distortion. Understanding and countering that power is a critically important task, not merely for the sake of historical truth in the abstract, but for the sake of and the future of all humankind.

What follows is a summary of an eye-witness testimony to the events leading up to and immediately following, the end of the war in Germany in 1945. These events are never mentioned in either contemporary or present-day literature and are not taught in schools or memorialised in countless films and documentaries ad nauseum, unlike the 'holocaust'. The question needs to be asked as to why this and many other similar events are conveniently air-brushed from history whilst others are continually alluded to, dramatised and sensationalised.

According to the testimony of a former American GI, in late March or early April 1945 he was sent to guard a camp full of German military and civilian prisoners near Andernach on the River Rhine, one of the infamous 'Rhine meadows' camps. He had studied German in high school for four years and so was able to talk to the prisoners, although this was actually strictly

forbidden. Gradually however, he was used as an interpreter and asked to try to discover those who had been members of the SS. (He found none.)

In Andernach about 50,000 prisoners of all ages were held in an open field surrounded by barbed wire. The women were kept in a separate enclosure. The men had no shelter and no blankets and most had no coats. They slept in the mud, wet and cold, with inadequate slit trenches for use as toilets. It was a cold, wet spring and their misery from exposure alone was evident.

Even more shocking was to see the prisoners throwing grass and weeds into a tin can containing a thin soup. They did this to help ease their hunger pains but they soon grew very emaciated. Dysentery was rife and soon they were sleeping in their own excrement, too weak and crowded to reach the slit trenches. Many were begging for food, sickening and dying before the eyes of their captors who had ample food and supplies, but did nothing to help them, even refusing them medical assistance.

Outraged, he protested to the officers and was met with hostility or bland indifference. When pressed, they explained they were under strict orders from 'higher up.' No officer would dare do this to 50,000 men if he felt that it was 'out of line,' leaving himself open to charges. Realising that his protestations were useless, he asked a friend working in the kitchen if he could smuggle out any extra food for the prisoners. He too said they were under strict orders to severely ration the prisoners' food and that these orders came from 'above'. But he said they had more food than they knew what to do with and would see what he could do.

When he threw this food over the barbed wire to the prisoners, he was caught and threatened with imprisonment. After repeating the offence, one officer angrily threatened to shoot him but he assumed this was a bluff until he encountered a captain on a hill above the camp shooting down at a group of German civilian women with his .45 calibre handgun.

When asked why, he mumbled 'target practice' and fired until his pistol was empty. The women ran for cover, but at that distance it was not possible to see if any had been hit. He soon realised he was dealing with cold-blooded killers filled with moralistic hatred that considered the Germans subhuman and worthy only of extermination; another expression of the downward spiral of racism. Articles in the GI newspaper, Stars and Stripes, played up the German concentration camps, complete with photos of emaciated bodies. This amplified the Americans self-righteous cruelty and made it easier to imitate behaviour they were supposed to have been fighting to bring to an end.

These prisoners were mostly farmers and working men, as simple and ignorant as many of the US troops. As time went by, more of them lapsed into a zombie-like state of listlessness, while others tried to escape in a demented or suicidal fashion, running through open fields in broad daylight towards the Rhine to quench their thirst. They were mowed down by machine gun fire.

Some prisoners were as eager for cigarettes as for food, saying they took the edge off their hunger. Accordingly, enterprising GIs were acquiring hordes of watches and rings in exchange for handfuls of cigarettes or less. When he began throwing cartons of cigarettes to the prisoners to ruin this trade, he was threatened by rank-and-file GIs too.

The only bright spot in this gloomy picture came one night when he was on the 'graveyard shift' from two to four am. There was a cemetery on the uphill side of this enclosure, not many yards away. His superiors had omitted to give him a flashlight and he had not asked for one, disgusted as he was with the whole situation by that time. It was a fairly bright night and he soon became aware of a prisoner crawling under the wires towards the graveyard. They were supposed to shoot escapees on sight, so he started to get up from the ground to warn him to get back but suddenly noticed another prisoner crawling from the graveyard back to the enclosure. They were risking their lives to get to the graveyard for something.

Upon investigating in the gloom of this shrubby, tree-shaded cemetery, he felt overwhelmingly vulnerable, but somehow curiosity kept him moving. Despite his caution, he tripped over the legs of someone in a prone position. Whipping his rifle around while stumbling and trying to regain composure of mind and body, he was relieved that he had not reflexively fired a shot. The figure sat up and gradually, the beautiful but terror-stricken face of a woman with a picnic basket nearby became apparent. German civilians were not allowed to feed, nor even come near the prisoners, so he quickly assured her that he approved of what she was doing, not to be afraid and that he would leave the graveyard immediately.

Having departed the graveyard he sat down, leaning against a tree at the edge of the cemetery to be inconspicuous and not frighten the prisoners. Eventually, more prisoners crawled back to the enclosure and he saw that they were dragging food back to their comrades and he could only admire their courage and devotion in the face of such desperation.

On the 8th May 1945, VE Day, he decided to celebrate with some prisoners he was guarding who were baking the bread the other prisoners occasionally

received. This group had all the bread they could eat and shared the jovial mood engendered by the cessation of hostilities. Everyone thought that they would be going home soon, which as it turned out was far from the truth. At this point in time however, they were in what was to become the French zone of occupation, where he soon would witness the brutality of the French soldiers when the prisoners were transferred to them for their slave labour camps. On this day, however, all were happy.

Shortly afterwards, some of the more weak and sickly prisoners were marched off by French soldiers to their camp and the GIs followed on a truck behind this column. On several occasions, temporarily it slowed down and almost stopped, possibly because the truck driver was shocked to see that whenever a German prisoner staggered or dropped back, he was hit on the head with a club and killed. The bodies were rolled to the side of the road to be picked up by another truck. For many, this quick death might have been preferable to the slow starvation that otherwise awaited them.

"...it is hard to escape the conclusion that Dwight Eisenhower was a war criminal of epic proportions. His policy killed more Germans in peace than were killed in the European Theatre." Peter Worthington, the 'Ottawa Sun', 12th September 1989

Eventually, famine began to spread among the German civilians also. It was a common sight to see German women up to their elbows in garbage cans looking for something edible. There were never any Red Cross personnel at the camp or helping civilians, although their coffee and doughnut stands were available everywhere else for the US troops. In the meantime, the Germans had to rely on the sharing of hidden stores until the next harvest.

Hunger made German women more 'available' but despite this, rape was prevalent and often accompanied by additional violence. In particular there was an eighteen-year old woman who had the side of her faced smashed with a rifle butt and was then raped by two GIs. Even the French complained that the rapes, looting and drunken destructiveness on the part of US troops was excessive. In Le Havre, the US forces were given booklets warning that the German soldiers had maintained a high standard of behaviour with French civilians who were peaceful and that they should do the same. In this they failed miserably.

'So what', some may say? The enemy's atrocities were worse than ours. It is true that he experienced only the end of the war, when the Allies were already the victors. The German opportunity for atrocities had ended, but two

wrongs do not make a right. Rather than mimicking an enemy's crimes, should we not aim to break the cycle of hatred and vengeance that has always plagued and distorted human history?

We can reject government propaganda that depicts our enemies as subhuman and encourages the kind of outrages he witnessed. We can protest the bombing of civilian targets, which still goes on today in places like Iraq, Pakistan, Palestine, Afghanistan and Libya and we can refuse ever to condone our government's murder and torture of unarmed and defeated prisoners of war and helpless civilians.

Even GIs sympathetic to the victims were afraid to complain and get into trouble and the danger has not ceased. After this brave man spoke out many, many years later, he received threatening calls, was intimidated physically and had his mailbox smashed.

The abuses committed by the forces of the occupation in Germany reached such bestial extremes that various people in the Allied command structure opposed it, or tried to. Charles Lindbergh mentioned how the American soldiers burned the leftovers of their meals to keep them from being scavenged by the starving Germans who hung around the rubbish bins.

Lindbergh also wrote:

"In our homeland the public press publishes articles on how we 'liberated' the oppressed peoples. Here, our soldiers use the word 'liberate' to describe how they get their hands on loot. Everything they grab from a German house, everything they take off a German is 'liberated' in the lingo of our troops. Leica cameras are liberated, food, works of art, clothes are liberated. A soldier who rapes a German girl is 'liberating' her.

There are German children who gaze at us as we eat ... our cursed regulations forbid us to give them anything to eat. I remember the soldier Barnes, who was arrested for having given a chocolate bar to a tattered little girl. It's hard to look these children in the face. I feel ashamed. Ashamed of myself and my people as I eat and look at those children. How can we have gotten so inhumane?"

Colonel Charles Lindbergh was regarded as a national hero of the United States and was proposed as a candidate for the presidency of his country. He served in the USAF and was no Nazi or Nazi sympathiser, but simply recognised the injustices committed by man against his fellow man, supposed enemy or not.

The Fate of Adolf Hitler

The apocryphal story about Hitler and his wife Eva Braun's suicides and subsequent 'home-made cremations' with a can of petrol in the grounds adjoining the 'fuhrerbunker' at the end of April 1945 is simply Soviet Russian propaganda in collusion with British and American wartime High Command and nothing more.

Even the mainstream, politically correct, Elite-controlled History Channel's own investigation in the early 2000s proved beyond reasonable doubt that the skull portion and dental fragments in the possession of the Russians, retrieved from the burial of the burnt corpse of 'Hitler' could not have belonged to him. And this was after an extensive forensic investigation lasting more than a year, during which his authenticated dental records were meticulously compared with the burnt tooth and bone fragments.

At the time, the Russians did not wish to admit that Hitler had evaded capture as was planned from the start. They believed it would have reflected extremely badly on them and so their propaganda machinery went into overdrive and concocted a credible story to deflect criticism from them, over the sorry affair. As time went on, the propaganda as always, came to be regarded as 'fact' and the real story died, along with the propaganda's perpetrators. In fact, the usual modus operandus.

It is well known that Hitler had more than one 'double', just as in more recent times there have been several Saddam Husseins and Osama bin Ladens and thus how easy would it have been to surreptitiously execute one of them and burn his body in a pit? I personally find it beyond incredible to seriously suggest that in the last months of the war when the Russians were rampaging through Eastern Germany towards Berlin that no arrangements had been made either through his own efforts or on his behalf by third parties, to evacuate him and Eva Braun to safety. Are we really supposed to believe that he just remained there in the bunker awaiting his ultimate and inevitable fate? All the other major Nazi figures (with the possible exception of Josef Goebbels and family – and even that is by no means certain) made good their escapes whilst there was still time enough to do so, albeit that several of them were 'captured' in the following weeks and months.

In accordance with my extensive research on the subject, I firmly believe that Hitler and Braun were secretly flown via Hamburg to Norway, where they were transported to South America (probably Argentina) by U-boat.

According to contemporary Pravda (the Soviet newspaper) reports, at least five U-boats full of Nazi officials left Norway for Argentina during the period from the end of April to early May 1945. Furthermore I also believe that these people were not merely just allowed to escape, but were actively in effect 'rescued' in complicity with the British and the US Elite on the basis that in their eyes, they had committed no crimes but were merely acting out their intended roles in the stage play otherwise known as World War II and now that their performance was at an end, they were free to seek refuge with whomsoever would have them.

Hitler aged 90 in 1979

So, after the war the five German U-boats reached Argentina with no less than 50 high ranking Third Reich officials on board including Hitler and Braun. During the trip they even sank a US battleship and the Brazilian cruiser Bahia with a death toll of more than 400, including many US naval personnel. Both the US and the British Government have systematically covered up this operation. Why would this be? Did they actually arrange for Hitler to escape? I firmly believe so.

Operation 'Übersee Sud' (Overseas South) was the code-name of the plan that helped certain high-ranking Nazi officials to escape from the Soviets, possibly in the safekeeping of, but certainly with the co-operation of the British and US Governments.

That same name that always seems to be lurking in the background in these clandestine affairs, Winston Churchill, was apparently the mastermind behind the escape. The Argentinian Navy established a 'freedom zone' to allow the Germans to disembark without being disturbed, in accordance with British Elite instructions. So, was Adolf Hitler definitely a passenger on one of these U-boats? It is believed by several respected researchers that Hitler, Eva Braun, her sister Gretel Braun and Martin Bormann escaped via this clandestine

operation, however it does still remain unclear whether Hitler specifically landed in Argentina or not.

"We know for sure that Hitler fled either to Spain or to Argentina." Josef Stalin in conversation with the US Secretary of State, James Byrne in late 1945

"We have not been unable to unearth one bit of tangible evidence of Hitler's death. Many people believe that Hitler escaped from Berlin." General Dwight D. Eisenhower, 1946

"Russia must accept much of the blame that Hitler did not die in May 1945." Michael Mussmano, presiding judge at the Nuremburg trials, 1946

"We did not identify the body of Hitler. I can say nothing definite about his fate. He could have flown away from Berlin at the very last moment." Marshall Zhukov, Commander in Chief of the Soviet army, 1945

Do not these three quotations alone tell us everything that we need to know? If these people genuinely believed he had escaped, how does this reconcile with the popular myth of his death in the bunker? The simple answer is that it does not. These claims of suicide and cremation on waste land are provably false and were no doubt spread as deliberate disinformation to prevent the truth from reaching the masses. This of course is more compelling evidence of the systematic falsification of history at work.

more ambitious lines.

Continued on P. 5, Col. 6

HITLER IN SOUTH AMERICA

Anatoly Puligin, Foreign Correspondent for TASS, the official Soviet news agency, has quoted an unnamed source as stating that Hitler may have been flown to South America.

This report follows recent rumours that Hitler did not, as previously believed, die in Berlin. However, sightings of Hitler in Spain, in South America and even in Germany, the TASS claim

Chicago Times 16th July 1945

Apparently, according to a Japanese source, Hitler flew to Norway at 4.14 pm on the 30th April 1945 in an unmarked aircraft together with Eva Braun and a small party of friends, then reached his final destination, Argentina by U-boat and went into seclusion after 'completing his duty'. He spent the rest of his long life in Mendoza in the northwest of Argentina, protected by the Nazi SS and the indigenous Jewish community (how ironic, but how appropriate). Hitler reportedly died in Mendoza, Argentina in December 1985 at the age of 96 and his remains were buried in a public cemetery in Palmero, thirty miles southeast of Mendoza. The fate of his wife, Eva Braun is unknown.

The murder of General George Patton

General Patton, perhaps the most popular of the WWII American generals had no qualms about killing enemy soldiers in combat but he 'drew a line' at the wholesale murder and starvation of helpless prisoners and civilians in his sector of occupation, as advocated by his superiors. However because of this, he came into serious conflict with another general of higher rank; General Eisenhower and from then on his fate was sealed. It is well-known that the two had on-going, extremely animated debates about how the civilian population of Germany was to be treated and Patton was in effect sentenced to death by the directors of this scenario.

One day Patton's car was in collision with a military truck in what was regarded as a very strange accident by witnesses. The General was taken by ambulance to a hospital, where he was observed to have serious, but not life-threatening injuries. However, despite this, just as he was recovering some days later, he died of a 'heart attack'.

Patton's death was extremely opportune. The General had announced that upon his return to the United States, he was going to denounce publicly what was taking place in Germany.

"I have a little black book in my pocket and when I get back home I'm going to blow the hell out of everything." General George Patton, August 1945

Unfortunately though, his views had conflicted with too many important people and so Eisenhower ordered that he be silenced, probably under orders from the very top of the tree. His 'black book' was never found.

At the Yalta conference earlier that year (1945) the Elite 'masters of the world' had agreed via their lackeys, Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin that the Soviets would be the first to enter the German capital. They needed a strong Soviet presence in Eastern Europe after the war, to maintain the on-going conflict that is their life-blood, in the form of the Cold War and a Western Europe devoid of a Soviet presence would have severely weakened that strategy. Patton's troops could quite easily have entered both Berlin and Prague before the Russians, but were prevented from doing so by an order from Eisenhower.

Patton made no secret of his wish to prevent the entrance of the Red Army into Berlin and in so doing made an enemy of the 'controlled' Eisenhower. He was furious to be informed by his superiors that he was to refrain from taking Berlin. He, as did they, knew that it would have been simple for the Americans to reach Berlin before the Russians and thus gain control of the entire country but that would have been contrary to the Elite's plan for the instigation of the Cold War in the succeeding years which partly hinged upon the division of Germany into the two separate states of 'East' and 'West'. The American progress eastwards through Western Europe had been much swifter than the Russians westward march. In the main this was due to the Germans' readiness to surrender to the British and Americans as they knew that surrendering to the Russians was probably a death sentence. Hence many German units on the eastern front fought to the death of the last man in their futile bid to stop the advancing Russian juggernaut.

Patton's difficulties with the Elite 'powers that be' over the occupation of Germany were so great that Eisenhower stripped him of his position as Commander of the Third Army and gave him command of a secondary, lesser unit. Patton knew he was in danger of death and confided as much to his family and close friends. He was feared because of his prestige, popularity and influence on public opinion and was undoubtedly the most renowned American combat General, while Eisenhower was nothing more than a 'political soldier' and Patton's words could alert the public to the true reality of what was happening in Germany.

Thus the accident was arranged and set-up, but it was not by any means the first. On the 21st April 1945, the plane on which he was being transported to General Headquarters of the Third Army in England was attacked by what was assumed to be a German fighter, but it turned out to be a Spitfire piloted by a Polish RAF pilot. Patton's plane was shot at and badly hit, but was miraculously able to land safely. Then on the 3rd May, some days before the end of the war, the General's jeep was charged by an ox-drawn cart, leaving Patton with light injuries.

Then on the 13th October 1945 came the collision with the truck, but just as Patton appeared to be recovering after the accident, the 'heart attack' occurred. The fact is that after the 13th October only doctors were allowed to see Patton, with all other visitors forbidden.

From the hospital, Patton contacted his wife in America in a vain attempt to get her to have him moved from the hospital because, he said, "They're going to kill me here."

For many years it was only speculation that Patton had been assassinated. Now it is known for a fact to be the truth, for one very simple reason. An agent of the OSS (Office of Strategic Services – a forerunner of the CIA) an American military spy, Douglas Bazata, a Jew of Lebanese origin, announced it in front of 450 invited guests; high ranking, ex-members of the OSS and CIA, in the Hilton Hotel in Washington, USA on the 25th September, 1979. Bazata said, and I quote;

"For diverse political reasons, many extremely high-ranking persons hated Patton. I know who killed him because it was I. I am the one who was hired to do it. I was paid ten thousand dollars and General William Donovan himself, director of the OSS, entrusted me with the mission. I also set up the accident but since he didn't die in the accident, he was kept in isolation in the hospital, where he was killed by me with a cyanide injection."

The tragic fate of Patton convinced many others of his loyal colleagues and their honourable compatriots of the uselessness of fighting against the Elite-controlled war powers.

The Nuremburg Trials

The Nuremberg Trials were created by the Elite to prosecute the German general-staff and thereby eliminate anyone in authority that was aware of the pact signed between the Zionists and Hitler in 1923. The end of the German resistance in WWII was only the end of the first stage of the political ploy by the Zionists to illegally found the new home for themselves inside Palestine.

That they were a fair and impartial hearing seems very unlikely. That the evidence used against the defendants was very dubious and obtained by even more dubious methods is however, very clear. An example of the techniques employed is described by the distinguished English historian, David Irving in his book, 'Nuremberg: The Last Battle'…

"Garnering usable documentary evidence became a mounting nightmare for Jackson [the chief prosecuting attorney]. He had become disenchanted with the productivity and intelligence of General Donovan's OSS. They had promised much but delivered little. What Donovan regarded as evidence, he certainly would not. 'I never had any feeling that anybody had trapped me into the thing,' Jackson commented later. 'But I was in the trap!'"

It soon became clear that the OSS (the forerunner of the CIA) had intended all along to stage-manage the whole trial along the lines of an Soviet NKVD show trial, with Jackson engaged as little more than a professional actor. As part of the stage-management they proposed to run a pre-trial propaganda campaign in the United States with 'increasing emphasis on the publication of atrocity stories to keep the public in the proper frame of mind.' To this end the OSS devised and scripted for the education of the American public a two-reel film on war crimes, called 'Crime and Punishment'; it was designed to put the case against the leading Nazis. Jackson declined to participate. He refused even to read the speech that the OSS had scripted for him to read into the cameras. 'As you know,' he wrote to the OSS officer concerned, 'the British are particularly sensitive about lawyers trying their cases in the newspapers and other vehicles of communication.'

The film proposal was followed by an explicit OSS suggestion for launching 'black propaganda' during the course of the trial, with agents in selected foreign countries starting rumours designed to influence public opinion in favour of the trial and against the defendants. This would be far more effective, they pointed out, than mounting a straightforward public relations campaign which would obviously be seen as emanating from the powers conducting the trials. One of Jackson's staff secretly notified him that the suggestion was 'fantastic, if not entirely dangerous', and the justice himself pencilled a pithy comment on the letter: 'The scheme is cock-eyed. Give them no encouragement.'

Vestiges of the unsavoury methods of the OSS can still be seen among the earlier Nuremberg records. For instance, at the pre-trial interrogations the defendants were not accompanied by lawyers and were frequently persuaded by trickery or intimidation to subscribe to testimonies incriminating others which we now know to have been false. The files are full of curiosities, for

instance anonymous typed extracts of documents instead of the originals and sworn statements by witnesses like Höss, commandant of Auschwitz, in which all the 'witnesses to his signature' have signed, but not Höss himself. Indeed it is well known that Höss's confessions were all obtained by torture. The Americans also submitted as exhibit 1553-PS a file of invoices for substantial consignments of Zyklon B (hydrogen cyanide pellets) supplied to the pest-control office at Auschwitz but they concealed the fact that the same file contained invoices for identical quantities of Zyklon B delivered to the camp at Oranienberg near Berlin, where it was never alleged there had been any 'gas chambers'.

These examples are of course only a very brief overview of the innumerable deficiencies of the 'evidence' at Nuremberg. The overwhelming Jewish presence behind the scenes as prosecutors, judges, interrogators, jailers and torturers is covered elsewhere in Irving's excellent, but far from complete, study. The sampling of techniques employed however, is more than sufficient to demonstrate that truth was never the objective of the orchestrators of the trial. The key point in evaluating Nuremberg is that all the evidence, real and faked at the trial, was evidence in pursuit of a pre-determined verdict. It was regarded desirable to demonstrate that the Germans were uniquely evil, that the Germans had waged aggressive, illegal war, that the Germans had committed great 'crimes against humanity' and that the greatest of these alleged crimes was the alleged systematic extermination of six million Jews. To reach these pre-determined verdicts, the court manipulated and distorted evidence on a massive scale. Therefore, any honest assessment of the German National Socialist government built on Nuremberg conclusions is inherently flawed. It is another supreme example of the art of writing history based on the propaganda of the victor.

The Diary of Anne Frank

The story contained within Anne Frank's diary, that world famous testimony to the sufferings of a Jewish family during World War II, may well be a true story as far as it goes, but it is one hundred percent certain that what was published and subsequently became a worldwide best seller was not written by Anne Frank herself.

Anne's letter to an American pen-pal

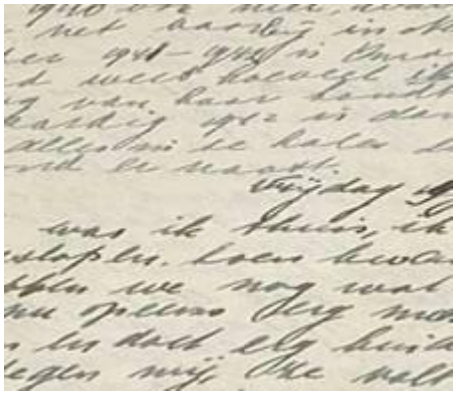

Anne's diary

Of the above examples of Anne's handwriting, the first example was written to an American pen friend who introduced the letter to the world after Anne had become posthumously famous and recognised the name – and the other is supposedly taken from the pages of Anne's diary, purportedly written shortly after the first sample.

Now, I would be the last to admit to being a handwriting analyst but there can surely be no doubt that those two samples were written by two completely different individuals. I do not believe it possible that one's handwriting could change that much over an entire lifetime let only in someone of poor Anne's tender years. And just to further prove the point, it is strange is it not that the latter example purporting to be her original diary is written in ballpoint pen? Ballpoint pens were invented by a Hungarian by the name of Laszlo Biro in the mid-1940s and most certainly did not become commercially available until well after Anne's death at Bergen-Belsen concentration camp from typhus at the age of fifteen in 1945.

'The Diary of Anne Frank' was first published in 1952 and immediately became a bestseller. It has been re-published in paperback, with over 40 printings and it is impossible to estimate how many people over the last 50-60 years have been touched and moved in some way by the subject matter.

An interesting question to consider is why the trial involving the father of Anne Frank, bearing directly on the authenticity of this book has never been officially reported by the overwhelmingly Zionist media? In royalties alone, Otto Frank profited greatly from the sale of this book, purporting to depict events in the tragic life of his family, but is it fact, fiction or propaganda or a combination of all of these? It certainly claims to be the truth but to what degree does it appeal to the emotions through misrepresentation? It was certainly convenient for Otto Frank that he was the only family member to survive the war – and I mean that in the sense of there being no-one left alive to corroborate or deny the story and in no way to diminish the anguish he must have suffered at the loss of his entire family.

School-book publishers have promoted this book for young people for many years, presenting it as the actual work of Anne Frank. Advertising in advance of the release of the movie certainly promoted the drama as being factual but do not writers of such editorials and promoters of such advertising in this way, keep alive the prejudices and hatred they profess to deplore and could this be the actual objective?

The Franks were upper-class German Jews, both parents emanating from wealthy families. As children, Otto and his siblings lived on the exclusive Meronstrasse in Frankfurt and Otto attended a private preparatory school and also the Lessing Gymnasium, the most expensive school in Frankfurt. Upon leaving school, Otto attended Heidelberg University from whence he eventually graduated.

In 1925 Anne's parents married and settled in Frankfurt, Germany where Anne was born in 1929. The Frank's family business included banking, management of the springs at Bad Soden a famous spa and the manufacture of cough sweets. Anne's mother, born Edith Holländer, was the daughter of a wealthy manufacturing family and in 1934 Otto and family moved to Amsterdam where he bought a spice business, Opekta, which manufactured pectin, a form of gelatine used in the making of household jellies.

In May 1940, after the Germans occupied Amsterdam, Otto remained in the city where his company did business with the German Wehrmacht, whilst his mother and brother moved to Switzerland to escape the German occupation. From 1939 to 1944, Otto sold pectin to the German army to be used as a food preservative, an anti-infectant balm for wounds, a thickener for increasing blood volume in blood transfusions and also as an emulsifier of petroleum to be used in the manufacture of fire bombs and flame-throwers.

However, by supplying the Wehrmacht, Otto Frank became, in the eyes of many of his Dutch friends and neighbours, a Nazi collaborator. None of this aspect of the official story of course is ever mentioned or even alluded to.

On the 6th July 1942, Otto moved the entire Frank family along with two family friends into the so-called 'secret annex'. The annex was within a three storey townhouse that shared a garden park with fifty other apartments facing inwards to form an approximate square, but was not visible from the street. Whilst allegedly still in hiding, Otto Frank continued to manage his business, venturing downstairs to his office at night and at weekends. Anne and the others would also periodically go to Otto's office and listen to radio broadcasts from England.

The purported diary begins on 12th June, 1942 continuing through to the 5th December 1942. In addition to this first diary, Anne also supplemented it with personal letters. Otto said Anne heard Gerrit Bolkestein, a Dutch broadcaster, in a wireless programme ask his listeners to keep a diary and he would publish it after the war and that is why, Otto claimed, she rewrote her diaries for the second time in 1944. In this second edition, the new writer, Anne or whoever it was, changed, rearranged and occasionally combined entries of various dates.

When Anne allegedly rewrote the diaries, she apparently used a ball-point pen (confirmed in Otto Frank's court hearing) which was extremely enterprising of her since such a device did not exist in 1944 and also the diary was written with literary standards well surpassing those of which even the brightest of fourteen year old children would be capable, reading more like a professionally written documentary than a child's diary.

In 1944, the German authorities in occupied Holland determined that Otto Frank's company had been defrauding them via his extensive and very lucrative Wehrmacht contracts and subsequently the police then raided his offices where during a thorough search the annex was discovered and the eight occupants were sent initially to the Westerbork transit camp and forced to perform manual labour. Otto was later sent to Auschwitz and Anne, her sister Margo and her mother subsequently died in one of the frequent outbreaks of typhus in Bergen-Belsen two weeks before liberation by the Allies.

In 1945, after being liberated from German custody, Otto returned to Amsterdam, where he claimed he found Anne's diary cleverly hidden in the rafters of the annex. However, another version of the story tells of a Dutch friend, Meip Geis finding Anne's diary whilst caretaking the building in the

Franks' enforced absence, which she then gave to Otto Frank upon his return. Otto took what he claimed were Anne's letters and notes, edited them into a book, which he then gave to his secretary, Isa Cauvern to review. Isa Cauvern and her husband Albert Cauvern, a writer, subsequently authored the first version of the diary.

Upon submitting the diary for publication, questions were raised by some potential publishers as to whether Isa and Albert Cauvern, who assisted Otto in typing out the work, used the original diaries or whether they took it directly from Mr. Frank's personal transcription, but it is known for certain now that the American author, Meyer Levin wrote the third and final edition which became the finished end-product. Meyer Levin was a Jewish author and journalist, who lived for many years in France, where he met Otto Frank around 1949.

If ever file number 2241-1956 in the New York County Clerk's office is opened to public view and its contents widely publicised, then the true nature of this work will be exposed for all to witness. Misrepresentation, exaggeration and falsification has too often coloured the judgment of otherwise decent people and if Frank used the work of Meyer Levin to present to the world what we have been led to believe is the literary work of his daughter, wholly or in part, then the truth should be exposed. To label fiction as fact can never be justified nor should it be condoned.

Otto sued two Germans, Ernst Romer and Edgar Geiss in 1980 for distributing literature denouncing the diary as a forgery. The subsequent court case produced a study by official German handwriting experts that determined that everything in the diary was written by the same person but noted that this person (whoever it was) had used a ballpoint pen throughout! Unfortunately for Frank, as stated previously, the ballpoint pen was not available commercially until 1951 whereas Anne was known to have died of typhus in Bergen-Belsen in February 1945.

Because of this lawsuit in a German court, the German state forensic bureau, the Bundes Kriminal Amt (BKA) forensically examined the manuscript (which at that point in time consisted of three hardbound notebooks and 324 loose pages bound in a fourth notebook) with specialised forensic equipment. The results of these tests, performed at the BKA laboratories, showed that 'significant portions' of the work, including the entire fourth volume, were written with a ballpoint pen and since ballpoint pens were

not available before 1951, the BKA concluded those sections must have been added subsequently and fraudulently.

More importantly perhaps, the BKA investigation clearly determined that none of the diary handwriting matched known examples of Anne's handwriting. The German magazine, 'Der Spiegel' published an account of this report alleging that some editing post-dated 1951 and an earlier expert had determined that all the writing in the journal was by the same hand and thus that the entire diary was a post-war fake.

This BKA exposé, as a result of the frantic lobbying of Jewish/Zionist interests was immediately retracted but later 'inadvertently' released to researchers in the United States. I invite the reader to draw his / her own conclusions from this fact.

For what reasons could this fraud have been perpetrated? Were the reasons simply for financial gain or was there a more sinister motive underlying its execution? Could it be part of the overall conspiracy to gain sympathy for the Zionist cause by exaggerating Jewish suffering and casting further aspersions on Nazi activities or is this proposition too unrealistic to contemplate seriously? You decide, but whatever the reason for it, the end result is that the memory of an innocent child-victim has been sullied by being blatantly used either for personal, monetary gain or on behalf of a minority but widely influential group, Zionism in order to surreptitiously benefit certain vested interests. However, perhaps more importantly, this shameful episode further demonstrates how simple is the process by which it is possible to deceive huge numbers of people on virtually any subject one could choose by the simple expedient of powerful and persistent propaganda techniques and the constant, incessant repetition of statements designed to create a lasting impression.

Operation Paperclip

The systematic and secret expatriation to the US, the USSR and Great Britain of many Nazi scientists and experts in many diverse fields of study was known as Operation Paperclip. Operation Paperclip, in fact, has been de-classified for many years but has never managed to make its way into mainstream history or history textbooks in any way. Strange – or not? Please read on.

At the end of WWII in 1945, victorious British, Russian and American intelligence teams began searching throughout occupied Germany for military and scientific bounty. They were looking for items such as new rocket and aircraft designs, medicines and electronics. But they were also hunting down the most precious items of all, the scientists whose work had nearly won the war for Germany, in other words, the engineers, intelligentsia and intelligence-officers of the Nazi war machine.

The US and British military sought-out and brought to the UK and America many Nazi technicians in secret and in order to further the technical abilities of the military-industrial complex in its never-ending quests for the maximisation of profits. The original intent had been merely to debrief them and send them back to Germany, but when the extent of the scientists' knowledge and expertise was realised, it was decided it would be a waste to send them home. Following the discovery of Nazi flying discs and particle/laser beam weaponry in German military bases, the US War Department decided that the newly-formed CIA must gain control of both the technology and the Nazi engineers that had developed it.

There was only one problem regarding this scheme – it was highly illegal. US law explicitly prohibited Nazi officials from immigrating to America and around 75% of the scientists in question had been committed, ardent Nazis.

Convinced that German scientists could help America's post-war efforts, President Truman agreed in September 1946 to authorize Project Paperclip. However, Truman expressly excluded anyone found 'to have been a member of the Nazi party and more than a nominal participant in its activities, or an active supporter of Nazism or militarism.' The War Department's Joint Intelligence Objectives Agency (JIOA) was instructed to conduct background investigations of those scientists under consideration for the project. In February 1947, JIOA Director Bosquet Wev duly submitted the first set of scientists' dossiers to the State and Justice Departments for review.

The Dossiers were indeed damning. Samuel Klaus, the State Department's representative on the JIOA board, claimed that all the scientists in this first batch were 'ardent Nazis' and thus their visa requests were therefore denied. However, Wev was furious. He wrote a memo warning that 'the best interests of the United States have been subjugated to the efforts expended in beating a dead Nazi horse'. He also declared that the return of these scientists to Germany, where they could be exploited by America's enemies, presented a 'far greater security threat to this country than any former Nazi affiliations

which they may have had or even any Nazi sympathies that they may still have'.

When the JIOA formed to investigate the backgrounds and collate dossiers on the Nazis, the Nazi Intelligence leader Reinhard Gehlen met with the CIA director Allen Dulles. Dulles and Gehlen become friends almost immediately. Gehlen was a master spy for the Nazis and had infiltrated Russia with his vast Nazi Intelligence network and Dulles promised Gehlen that his Intelligence unit was safe in the CIA. Subsequently, Wev decided to sidestep the problem. Dulles had the scientists' dossiers re-written to eliminate incriminating evidence and as promised, he delivered the Nazi Intelligence unit to the CIA, which later opened many umbrella projects stemming from Nazi research including such insidious secret programmes as MK Ultra (Mind Kontrolle) still in use as individual and mass mind control schemes.

Military Intelligence cleansed the files of all Nazi references and so by 1955, more than 760 German scientists had been granted US citizenship and given prominent positions in the American scientific community. Many of these individuals had been long-time members of the Nazi party and the Gestapo, had conducted experiments on humans at concentration camps, had condoned and used slave labour and had taken part in other war crimes.

In a 1985 expose in the 'Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists', Linda Hunt wrote that she had examined more than 130 reports on Project Paperclip subjects and every one 'had been changed to eliminate the security threat classification'. President Truman, who had explicitly ordered no committed Nazis to be admitted under Project Paperclip, was supposedly never aware that his directive had been violated, but personally, I am not inclined to believe that particular fantasy despite State Department archives and the memoirs of officials from that era that would confirm this 'fact'.

One example of how these dossiers were changed is in the case of Wernher von Braun, the Nazi rocket scientist, the technical director of the Peenemunde research facility, responsible for the V1 and V2 'vengeance' weapons rained on London and South East England during the latter months of the war. A report on von Braun dated 18th September 1947 stated, 'Subject is regarded as a potential security threat by the Military Governor'. And then subsequently, the following February, a new security evaluation of Von Braun read, 'No derogatory information is available on the subject... It is the opinion of the Military Governor that he may not constitute a security threat to the United

States'. Von Braun worked on guided missiles for the US Army and was later director of NASA's Marshall Space Flight Centre. He became a celebrity in the 1950s and early 1960s as one of Walt Disney's experts on the 'World of Tomorrow' TV show. In 1970, he became NASA's associate administrator.

Here below is a small sample of the 700 or so, shady characters who were allowed to immigrate to the US via Project Paperclip.

Arthur Rudolph

During the war, Rudolph was operations director of the Mittelwerk factory at the Dora-Nordhausen concentration camp, where 20,000 workers died from beatings, hangings and starvation. Rudolph had been a member of the Nazi party since 1931; a 1945 military file on him said simply: '100% Nazi, dangerous type, security threat..!! Suggest internment.' But the JIOA's final dossier on him said there was 'nothing in his records indicating that he was a war criminal or an ardent Nazi or otherwise objectionable.' Rudolph became a US citizen and later designed the Saturn 5 rocket used in the Apollo moon landings. In 1984, when his war record was finally investigated, he fled to West Germany.

Kurt Blome

A high-ranking Nazi scientist, Blome told US military interrogators in 1945 that he had been ordered in 1943 to experiment with plague vaccines on concentration camp prisoners. He was tried at Nuremberg in 1947 on charges of practicing euthanasia on sick prisoners and conducting illegal and immoral experiments on humans. Although acquitted, his earlier admissions were well known and it was generally accepted that he had indeed participated in the gruesome experiments. Two months after his Nuremberg acquittal, Blome was interviewed at Camp David, Maryland, about biological warfare. In 1951, he was hired by the US Army Chemical Corps to work on chemical warfare. His file of course neglected to mention the Nuremberg trials.

Major-General Walter Schreiber

The US military tribunal at Nuremberg heard evidence that 'Schreiber had assigned doctors to experiment on concentration camp prisoners and had made funds available for such experimentation.' The assistant prosecutor said the evidence would have convicted Schreiber if the Soviets, who held him from 1945 to 1948, had made him available for trial. Again, Schreiber's 'Paperclip' file made no mention of this evidence and so the project found work for him at the Air Force School of Medicine at Randolph Field in Texas. When columnist Drew Pearson publicised the Nuremberg evidence in 1952,

the negative publicity led the JIOA to arrange 'a visa and a job for Schreiber in Argentina, where his daughter was living.' On May 22, 1952, he was flown to Buenos Aires.

Hermann Becker-Freysing and Siegfried Ruff

These two, along with Blome, were among the 23 defendants in the Nuremberg War Trials 'Medical Case'. Becker-Freysing was convicted and sentenced to 20 years in prison for conducting experiments on Dachau inmates, such as starving them, then force-feeding them sea water that had been chemically altered to make it drinkable. Ruff was acquitted (in a close decision) on charges that he had killed as many as 80 Dachau inmates in a low-pressure chamber designed to simulate altitudes in excess of 60,000 feet. Before their trial, Becker-Freysing and Ruff were paid by the Army Air Force to write reports about their grotesque experiments.

Klaus Barbie

Known as the Nazi butcher of Lyons, France during World War II, Barbie was part of the SS which was responsible for the death of thousands of French people under the German occupation.

Licio Gelli

Head of a 2400 member secret Masonic Lodge, P2, (Propaganda due) a neo-fascist organisation in Italy that exists only for the Elite, Gelli had high connections in the Vatican even though he was not a Catholic. P2's membership is totally secret and not even available to its Mother Lodge in England. Gelli was responsible for providing Argentina with the Exocet missile. He was a double agent for the CIA and the KGB and assisted many former Nazi high officials in their escape from Europe to Central America. He also had close ties with the Italian Mafia. Gelli was a close associate of Benito Mussolini and was also closely affiliated with Roberto Calvi, head of the scandal-ridden Vatican Bank. Calvi was ritually murdered and his body was discovered hanging under Blackfriars Bridge in London, weighted down with bricks.

Gelli and his P2 lodge had staggering connections to banking, intelligence and diplomatic services. The CIA poured hundreds of millions of dollars into Italy in the form of secret subsidies for political parties, trades unions and communications all fronted by Gelli. Licio Gelli was an ardent Nazi and a perfect asset of the CIA. As part of Reinhard Gehlen's intelligence team he had excellent contacts and was also the go-between for the CIA and the Vatican through the P2 Lodge.

In Summary

World War II was the product of the collaboration between the Zionists and the Nazis who were created by the Elite as an 'enemy' to the Jewish interests specifically to fulfil that particular aspect of the on-going agenda; ie. the creation of the Jewish homeland in Palestine through the engendering of a huge outpouring of sympathy for Jewish suffering.

In addition, the vast, unimaginable profits generated for the Elite banking-military-industrial complex during the period 1939-45 at the expense of the lives of almost 75 million 'useless eaters', in the funding of all sides of the conflict, cannot be discounted as a key by-product.

As always, we are constantly drip-fed outright lies and propaganda about the causes of the war and even the individual elements of it are bent and distorted to fit the official story. Such distortions as:

Germany attacked itself to generate an excuse to provoke the outbreak of the war.

German brutality and genocide was endemic but the Allies always played by the rules.

Hitler was hell-bent on conquering the world.

The Germans wished to totally eradicate the Jews from the face of the Earth.

The Japanese categorically refused to surrender and it was only the use of the atomic bombs that ended their resistance.

All these 'facts' have become embedded in our psyches as the absolute truth after decades of bombardment with them by the lapdogs of the media in all its forms.

WWII was no different to all other wars of the last five hundred years in that there was the same two-fold, underlying agenda. Firstly, the furtherance of the grand master plan, the great work of ages and secondly to further concentrate even more wealth and power into the hands of the Elite.

The deployment of the atomic bombs upon the Japanese civilian population further served to enable the next phase of the master plan; the atomic arms race, leading to the almost half-century long, stand-off now known as the 'cold war', designed to further subjugate and keep the world's helpless populace in a constant state of fear and dread.

Israel – the Land of the Rothschilds

"Central bankers start the majority, if not all of the wars so that they can enslave the combating nations and make huge profits on whatever is possible. Israel was founded by the most powerful central banker on the planet [Rothschild] in order to grant protections through dual nationality and other perks of having a sovereign nation, so that crime could be practiced without fear of the usual reprisals. It was a state founded on deception and historical revision which displaced 700,000 inhabitants, who were already living in Palestine and they have been practicing genocide on them ever since." Les Visible, researcher, 2011

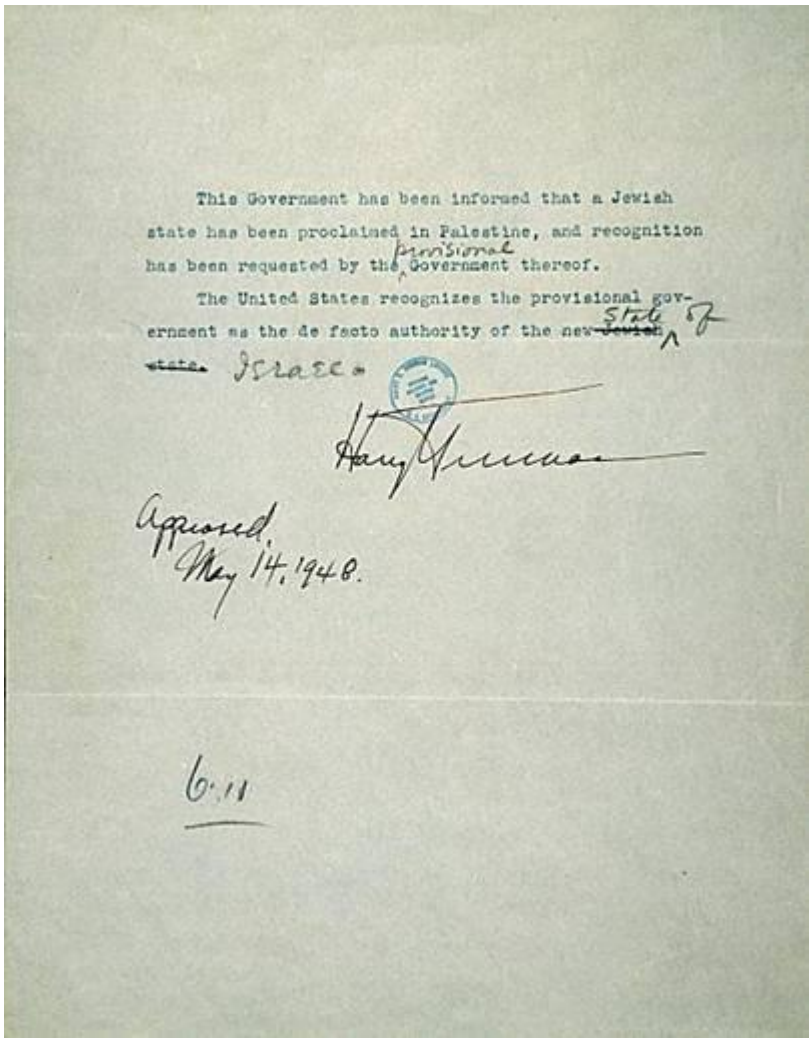

This Government has been informed that a Jewish state has been proclaimed in Palestine, and recognition has been requested by the provisional Government thereof.

The United States recognizes the provisional government as the de facto authority of the new ~~Jewish~~ State of ~~state.~~ Israel.

Harry Truman

Approved May 14, 1948.

6.11

I would add to the above quoted reasons for the founding of Israel that the Rothschilds and their Zionist brethren also needed a strategically-placed 'base'

in the epicentre of the Middle East from where they could wreak havoc on that region and wage their illegal wars on the multiplicity of Arab states that abound within short-range cruise missile launching distance, causing maximum disruption and unrest in their quest to subdue and conquer the entire world and ultimately to establish the 'New World Order' centred upon Israel.

This is the real reason that the Zionists were desperate to get their 'Jewish homeland' throughout the first half of the twentieth century and not, as they claimed' through any sense of loyalty to Jews. Israel was conceived and built by Zionism, a movement founded in the late nineteenth century by one Theodor Herzl, an Ashkenazi Jew, to facilitate this push for the 'Jewish homeland' in the Holy Land. This movement was subsequently hi-jacked by the Elite and used as a central plank of their plan for world government, the so-called 'New World Order'.

Have you ever wondered at the utter stupidity and crassness of creating a Muslim/Arab-hating enclave (I hesitate to call Israel a country in the truest sense of the word as it has no clear cut boundaries and is constantly expanding them, illegally) in the absolute centre of the Arab/Muslim world? Is it not almost guaranteed to cause conflict and mayhem in that region as 'God's chosen people' fight for supremacy and grab the land of their neighbours as has been the case for the entire six decades plus of Israel's existence?

Indeed, many people, myself included, can only conclude that this was the ultimate intention all along – to generate friction and instability in order that the Elite can make more dirty profits from promulgating many more of their seemingly endless wars and conflicts. Israel has been in a permanent state of war against one or more of its neighbours since its inception, not least the Palestinian peoples, whose land is continually stolen as Israel illegally, constantly expands its borders and wages a cruel and bloody war against Palestinian women and children, committing atrocity after atrocity against an

innocent population including the illegal use of depleted uranium. The other purpose of the 'Jewish homeland' was to bring into existence a sovereign state that could operate a criminal banking cartel with the impunity of a nation.

"Of course, the unquestionable champ in this non-country category is Israel, which ignores all the laws of the civilized world but which writes laws for other countries (like the U.S.) that don't apply to itself. Israel, supposedly created as a refuge for oppressed Jews, is in reality the forward base for the never-ending white Western assault on the Islamic world, and a sanctuary for Jewish criminals from all over the world. But it is also a straw dog, too, as it takes the heat for homicidal Jewish behaviour around the planet whose architects may visit Israel from time to time but are really based in the posh suburbs of New York, London and other major metropolises, murderers of the planet hiding in plain sight and often seen on television." John Kaminski, geopolitical researcher, September 2011

"The 'state' of Israel was founded on pure lies; it was never about a homeland for the Jewish people. Israel was just the launching pad for the continuation of the Nazi State. The party that founded Israel is the same one that was formed when Hitler's National Socialist Party (NA) signed a pact with the Zionist International (ZI) and together these two entities created The NAZI Party, in 1923." Jim Kirwan, researcher 21st August 2011

After the Balfour declaration of 1917 effectively promised Palestine to the Zionists as the Jewish homeland in return for America entering WWI on the side of Britain, Russia and France, it needed another thirty years and a further World War to make the promise a reality. Despite Britain's generous offer of Palestine, the current 'rulers' of that country, Turkey, were unsurprisingly not too keen on this turn of events and so despite Britain's best effort at diplomatic negotiations, the Jews had to wait until 1948 to literally bomb and terrorise Israel into existence through such delightful, humanitarian-minded groups as Irgun and the Stern Gang led by David Ben Gurion who was to become the new state's first president.

"Israel has never had a government that so blatantly violates the core values of liberal democracy. Never has a Knesset passed laws that are as manifestly racist as the current one. Israel has had foreign ministers who were unworldly and didn't know English; but it has never had a foreign minister whose only goal is to pander to his right-wing constituency by flaunting his disdain for international law and the idea of human rights with such relish." Israeli Newspaper 'Haaretz', 24th June 2011

The totally racist, apartheid state of Israel today is comprised primarily of Ashkenazi Jews who occupy the top rung of the ladder of extreme racism currently prevalent in Israeli society. The Ashkenazis get the pick of the best available jobs, career opportunities and housing, closely followed by the Sephardic Jews. Some way behind these two groups are the Christians and last and certainly least, the Arab population of Israel is left with the metaphorical crumbs from the table. The 'official' view of the Israeli hierarchy on Jewish supremacy can be summed-up neatly by this quotation…

"Our race is the Master Race. We are divine gods on this planet. We are as different from the inferior races as they are from insects. In fact, compared to our race, other races are beasts and animals, cattle at best. Other races are considered as human excrement. Our destiny is to rule over the inferior races. Our earthly kingdom will be ruled by our leader with a rod of iron. The masses will lick our feet and serve us as our slaves." Former Israel Prime Minister and terrorist supreme, Menachem Begin

It is a fact that every single central bank throughout the Western world is Jewish/Zionist owned and also until very recently, every single member of the US Federal Reserve board was Jewish. Israel was founded by the most powerful bankers on the planet (the Rothschilds) in order to grant protections through dual nationality and benefit from other 'perks' of having a sovereign nation, so that international crime could be practiced without fear of the usual reprisals and under the protection of the assorted cowards and shills of the United Nations. It was a state founded on deception and historical revision which displaced 700,000 inhabitants, who were already living in Palestine and Israel has been practicing genocide on them ever since. Banksters start the majority of, if not all of the wars, so that they can enslave the combating nations and make huge profits on whatever is possible.

"Anti-Semitism is no longer the hatred of and discrimination against Jews as a religious or ethnic group; in the age of Zionism, we are told, anti-Semitism has metamorphosed into something that is more insidious. Today, Israel and its Western defenders insist genocidal anti-Semitism consists mainly of any attempt to take away and to refuse to uphold the absolute right of Israel to be a Jewish racist state." Professor Joseph Maddad, palestineremembered.com, 5th May 2007

Members of the US Congress are forced to sign a loyalty oath to Israel or they will be ruthlessly sabotaged in their political pursuits. Israel was behind 9/11 and all of the following wars/invasions that were justified as a result of this brutal, genocidal act. Osama bin Laden publicly said he had nothing to do with 9/11 and be assured that had he and the phony, invented Al Qaeda, a) existed in the first place and b) actually carried it out (a physical impossibility if ever I heard one) then they would have been falling over themselves to claim responsibility – as is the way of all so-called 'terrorist' groups.

Israel has been proven responsible for every war and conflict in which they have been involved and where provocation was needed to commence hostilities, practiced false-flag events and then used the Elite, Zionist-owned media to peddle its lies to the unsuspecting public. For example, Israel blatantly attacked an American ship, USS Liberty during the six-day war in 1967, killing and seriously injuring many Americans in an attempt to blame the attack on Egypt and thus engendering massive US support and sympathy for Israel's cause. Israel's attack on USS Liberty ought to have been a sensational, headline-grabbing news story, but beyond the fact that it was reported by the controlled media that an 'accident' had occurred and that Israel had apologised for the mistake, it did not receive any coverage by Western news organisations. Had it been an Arab or other Muslim country attacking an American ship, it is not unreasonable to assume that America would have resorted to a military strike, if not outright war, on the country it held responsible. So what did President Lyndon Johnson do instead? Out of fear

of offending the Zionist lobby and its stooges in Congress, he ordered and led a cover-up which remains in force to this day. The mainstream media turned a 'blind-eye' to it at the time of course, as it still does.

"…every time we do something you tell me Americans will do this and will do that. I want to tell you something very clear, don't worry about American pressure on Israel, we, the Jewish people control America, and the Americans know it." Ariel Sharon, former President of Israel, October 2003

The significance of the cold-blooded attack on the Liberty is that there is nothing the Zionist state would not do, to its 'friends' as well as its enemies, in order to 'get its own way' and at the time of writing, Israel is presently lobbying internationally to have attacks launched on Pakistan and Iran in furtherance of it and the Elite's horrendous agenda.

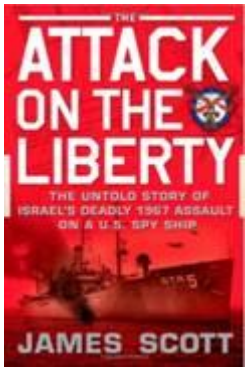

"Over the years, many of President Lyndon Johnson's former advisors-including the directors of the CIA, NSA, and State Department-acknowledged what many in the intelligence community secretly believed for years: the attack was no accident, but McGonagle would not live long enough to learn some of the darker secrets, including how senior American officials had contemplated sinking his ship at sea to block reporters from photographing the damage and sparking public outrage against Israel." 'The Attack on the USS Liberty', James Scott (page 5)

"More than two dozen lawmakers in the Senate and House – many from states with large Jewish populations, such as New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut – took the floor the day of the attack to applaud Israel for its stunning war effort. Others rallied for emergency economic aid, urged America to reinforce its commitment to the Jewish state, and argued that Israel should be allowed to keep the territories it captured in recent days. One senator even inserted Abba Eban's June 6 speech before the U.N. Security Council into the Congressional Record. But the laudatory speeches came even as American sailors aboard the Liberty struggled to put out fires, stop

bleeding, and prevent the ship from sinking." 'The Attack on the USS Liberty', James Scott (pages 103-4)

"…Other sailors voiced the disbelief many felt about Israel's explanation that the attack had been a tragic accident. Sitting at the rectangular table in the wardroom where thirty-six hours earlier he had held down Seaman Gary Blanchard during surgery, Scott detailed his views in a five-page letter to his parents. 'I don't see how they made a mistake', the officer wrote. 'It was too well planned and co-ordinated. They knew exactly where to hit us and they did.'" 'The Attack on the USS Liberty', James Scott (pages 149-150)

More recently, Israel attacked the Gaza aid flotilla in 2009 and ruthlessly executed a number of unarmed, peaceful aid workers taking desperately needed supplies to Palestine, which is being blockaded by Israel in defiance of all international law and humanitarian principles. It was later reported that the soldiers of the IDF involved in these cold-blooded murders went on a spending spree in Tel Aviv with the stolen credit cards and pin numbers of many of the flotilla members. Compared with the original crime, this may seem a little 'tame' in comparison, but it speaks volumes to me of the utter unspeakable callousness and inhumanity of man to his fellow man exhibited by the Israeli 'Defence' Forces.

The 'nation' of Israel is indeed a satanic entity that worships and promotes extreme materialism in support of the corporations which in return offer their support and further its agenda. Even after peace was negotiated and agreed upon, Israel dropped over half a million cluster bombs on Lebanon in a war they started and 94% of all Israelis support the continual, genocidal, 'ethnic cleansing' in Gaza. Israel confines the original populations of the land they stole, with the complicity of the US and Britain, in a virtual concentration camp (Gaza) that has become the most highly concentrated, populous place on Earth, due to the constant eroding of the Palestinian lands and their illegal incorporation into 'Greater Israel'.

The Israeli security company ICTS was in charge of security at all the 9/11 airports, the London Tube stations and the Madrid train station during the 'false-flag' attacks. Indeed, it would be a massive surprise if ICTS was not one of the many Mossad fronts disguised as legitimate companies and waging covert war on almost every nation on Earth.

Israeli-backed Zionist bankers are constantly and systematically looting the

economies of the somewhat euphemistically named, 'free world'. However, as the world continues its slow waking process, boycotts against Israel are mounting. The truth about Israel is manifesting itself, albeit slowly and Israel is becoming a pariah nation in the eyes of the world even while she is planning more massive false-flag events to distract the hearts and minds of the world's population from the truth of her outrageous, yet often unreported behaviour. Meanwhile, Israel and its adherents will continue to steal money from rich and poor alike through the usury and political arm-twisting practiced by these Zionist thugs and bullies.

Please do not ever lose sight of the fact that almost the entire world is under the boot-heel of these 'stormtrooper' banksters, whose religious books refer to 'Goyim', a disrespectful Hebrew name for non-Jews, as 'cattle' and even 'human excrement' and whose lives are unimportant, except as servants, profit centres or blood-sacrifices for the chosen ones. The cultural perception of what is acceptable or not is controlled by a 'political correctness' propaganda machine that purports to represent the rights of all downtrodden people but whose actual main function is enable the labelling and exposure of those committing so called 'anti-Semitic' acts for the purpose of sympathy and legislative changes on their behalf. The education system is in their hands and thus their progeny have first rights into all of the top-rated schools and Universities and the curriculum is bent to serve their agendas. They collect a 'kosher tax' on many foodstuffs worldwide and employ other hidden taxes and privileges, because they own the currency printing rights, which they have used to buy up all important agencies for the service of their elitist status.

"The Israeli government is actively engaged in military and industrial espionage in the United States."

That was the conclusion of a Pentagon administrative judge in 2006. One very good reason why Israel should not receive billions of dollars in military assistance annually is its espionage against the United States. Israel, a Fascist-Communitarian country where government and big business work hand in hand, has obtained significant advantage by systematically stealing American technology with both military and civilian applications. US-developed technology is then reverse-engineered and used by the Israelis to support their own exports with considerably reduced research and development costs, giving them a huge advantage against foreign competitors.

Most non-Jews are unaware that all food products marked with the 'K' or 'U' Symbols have been taxed by Jews. In every food cupboard and fridge in the Western World there are dozens of canned and packaged food products which have a tiny 'K' or 'U' printed on the label. This symbol informs Orthodox Jews that the items have been checked by a rabbi, to ensure that they have been prepared in accordance with 'Jewish dietary law', as set forth in the Jewish Talmud, the real bible of the Jews. Food companies are forced to pay multi-billions of dollars to several orthodox Jewish organizations, just so that orthodox Jewish people will buy their products. Please bear in mind that we are all forced to pay this kosher tax, just to appease considerably less than 1% of the population. Of course the food companies pass on these costs to the consumer so in effect this is a tax we are all paying every day on our basic needs ie. food.

This Elite group of evil psychopaths has been working towards its ultimate goal for centuries but now the time for their retribution is fast approaching. They know they are running out of time and the only solution, they think, is to plunge the world into another global conflict, the oft-prophesised World War III. In this venture, they are being assisted by their puppets that they have manipulated into the seats of power to serve their agenda.

With each passing day, around the world, people are being evicted from their homes for their inability to repay ever-more extortionate, immoral mortgage interest rates and jobs are being outsourced to the third world where people are being forced to live on the proverbial 'dollar a day' further exacerbating the problem. We are all being systematically forced and conditioned to live in abject fear of losing our homes, jobs and the non-existent terrorism threat in order to sap our wills to resist. We are being covertly poisoned and thrown into turmoil by the operations of those governing us, in cahoots with those governing our apparent rulers.

"They sold your country out from under you folks. And to get it back, they will need to be hunted down and removed…all of them who have worked with the Israelis. The numbers are huge and the names involved are big. So it's not going to be pretty. And if you haven't figured it out already, they have tons of money, their own private intelligence resources, and they are not going out quietly. They have bet you will be the losers…and to date they have been correct." Jim W. Dean, editor, 'Veterans Today'

"The whole war against the Muslim people is being orchestrated by Israel and their ignorant slaves of the Christian fundamentalist movement, turned into Zio-clones, due to distortions in their holy book that twists scripture to the advantage of their deceivers. They literally control the American government and its economy through their central banks, which provided them the money to buy all of the media, publishing, entertainment and a host of other enterprises that grant them such an excessive control of the culture of the west. This is outrageously out of proportion to their numbers, which somehow increased from the beginning of WWII and into the aftermath. Explain that if you can. This is also easy to prove. Do so, if it interests you."
Les Visible, smokingmirrors blog 21st October 2011

Most of the people who can see what is happening will not say anything and the rest are too dumbed-down, hypnotised by perverted mainstream religion and the lying media whores or in deep denial of what is going on, to even notice the 'elephant in the room'. Insane money-junkies aka the banksters, are gambling away our futures at no risk to themselves, whilst they quietly manipulate the eventual outcome to their own benefit. They are driving food and fuel prices to levels never seen before whilst we all await the arrival of global cataclysm, to reduce the population to their desired levels and thus free-up the entire world for further rape and plunder. The big players on both sides of the engineered conflict-to-come are already making their threats and shifting their game board pieces in readiness. They must be stopped somehow, before it is too late – for us all.

The Cold War

At the conclusion of World War II, the Elite needed to create the bogus 'Cold War' to justify the arms race and the national security state along with an ongoing fear factor affecting almost the whole population (just as the 'war on terror' replaces the Cold War today). The problem was that Communism could be traced back to the Elite Jewish bankers, most Communist spies were Jewish and Soviet Communism was Elite Jewish. They used McCarthy to fuel Cold War hysteria while de-emphasising the role Jews play as agent/dupes for the banksters. As soon as McCarthy outlived his usefulness they eliminated him at Bethesda Naval Medical Centre after earlier disgracing him.

The House of Rothschild are international bankers who made enormous profits during the nineteenth century and used their money to take over governments and infiltrate almost every powerful institution on Earth with a view to manipulating the world and events to their own unspeakable ends.

Bernard Baruch was the New York agent of the Rothschilds who at the turn of the century set-up the tobacco trust, the copper trust and other trusts for the Rothschilds. He became the grey eminence of the United States atomic bomb programme when his lackey, J. Robert Oppenheimer, became director of the Los Alamos bomb development team and when his Washington lackey, James F. Byrnes, advised President Truman to drop the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Albert Einstein was a lifelong Zionist who initiated the United States' atomic bomb programme with a personal letter to President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1939.

For many years, people have been concerned about the proliferation of atomic weapons. Even in their distress, no one seems to be interested in the historic or the psychological record of why these weapons were developed, and what 'special' breed of mankind devoted themselves to this diabolical goal.

Despite the lack of public interest, the record is clear and easily accessible to anyone who is interested and it took many weeks of research to uncover what turned out to be one of the most far-reaching conspiracies of all time, the programme of a few dedicated revolutionaries to seize control of the entire world, by developing the most powerful weapon ever seen.

The story begins in Germany. In the 1930s, Germany and Japan had a number of scientists researching the development of nuclear fission. In both of these countries, their leaders sternly forbade them to continue their research, indeed Adolf Hitler said he would never allow anyone in Germany to work on such an inhumane weapon.

The Emperor of Japan also informed scientists that he would never sanction such a devastating weapon. At that time the United States had no-one working on nuclear fission but disgruntled German scientists contacted friends in the United States and were told that there was a possibility of government support for their work there.

"Leo Szilard, together with his long-time friends and fellow Hungarian physicists, Eugene Wigner and Edward Teller, agreed that the President must be warned; fission bomb technology was not so farfetched. The Jewish émigrés, now living in America, had personal experience of fascism in Europe. In 1939, the three physicists enlisted the support of Albert Einstein. A letter dated August 2 signed by Einstein was delivered by Alexander Sachs to Franklin D. Roosevelt at the White House on 11th October 1939." Don Bayer

In Japan, at the Nagasaki Atomic Bomb Museum, photographs of two men are prominently displayed; Albert Einstein, and J. Robert Oppenheimer, who developed the atomic bomb at Los Alamos laboratories, New Mexico, USA. Also on display is a statement from General Eisenhower, who was then supreme Allied Military Commander.

"Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson first told Eisenhower of the bomb's existence. Eisenhower was engulfed by 'a feeling of depression'. When Stimson said the United States proposed to use the bomb against Japan, Eisenhower voiced 'my grave misgivings, first on the basis of my belief that Japan was already defeated and that dropping the bomb was

completely unnecessary and secondly because I thought that our country should avoid shocking world opinion by the use (of atomic weapons)." 'Eisenhower' (p426) by Stephen E. Ambrose, 1983

Stimson was upset by Eisenhower's attitude 'almost angrily refuting the reasons I gave for my quick conclusion'. Three days later, Eisenhower flew to Berlin, where he met with Truman and his principal advisors and again Eisenhower recommended against using the bomb and yet again was ignored.

Other books about Eisenhower demonstrate that he endangered his career by his protests against the bomb, which the conspirators in the highest level of the United States government had already sworn to use against Japan, regardless of any military developments. Eisenhower could not have known that Stimson was a prominent member of Skull and Bones at Yale, the Brotherhood of Death, founded by the Russell Trust in 1848 as a branch of the German Illuminati, or that they had played prominent roles in organising wars and revolutions since that time. Nor could he have known that President Truman had only had one job in his entire career, as a masonic organiser for the State of Missouri and that the masonic lodges he built up later sent him to the United States Senate and then to the presidency.

The man who set all this in motion was Albert Einstein, who left Europe and came to the United States in October 1933. His wife said that he 'regarded human beings with detestation'. He had previously corresponded with Sigmund Freud about his projects of 'peace' and 'disarmament', although Freud later said he did not believe that Einstein ever accepted any of his theories. Einstein had a personal interest in Freud's work because his son Eduard spent his life in mental institutions, undergoing both insulin therapy and electroshock treatment, none of which produced any change in his condition.

When Einstein arrived in the United States, he was feted as befits a famous scientist and was invited to the White House by President Roosevelt. He was soon deeply involved with Eleanor Roosevelt in her many left-wing causes, in which Einstein heartily concurred. Some of Einstein's biographers hail the modern era as 'the Einstein Revolution' and 'the Age of Einstein', possibly because he set in motion the programme of nuclear fission in the United States. His letter to Roosevelt requesting that the

government inaugurate an atomic bomb programme was obviously stirred by his lifelong commitment to 'peace and disarmament'. His actual commitment was to Zionism. Ronald W. Clark mentions in 'Einstein; His Life And Times', Avon, 1971, p.377. "He would campaign with the Zionists for a Jewish homeland in Palestine." On p.460, Clark quotes Einstein, "As a Jew I am from today a supporter of the Jewish Zionist efforts."

Einstein's letter to Roosevelt, dated 2nd August 1939, was delivered personally to President Roosevelt by Alexander Sachs on 11th October. Why did Einstein enlist an intermediary to bring this letter to Roosevelt, with whom he was on friendly terms? The answer is because the atomic bomb programme could not be launched without the necessary Wall Street sponsorship. Sachs, a Russian Jew, listed his profession as 'economist' but he was actually in effect a 'gofer' for the Rothschilds, who regularly delivered large sums of cash to Roosevelt in the White House. Sachs was an advisor to Eugene Meyer of the Lazard Frères International Banking House, and also associated with Lehman Brothers, another well-known banker. Sachs' delivery of the Einstein letter to the White House informed Roosevelt that the Rothschilds approved of the project and wished him to go full speed ahead.

In May of 1945, the architects of post-war strategy, or, as they liked to call themselves, the 'Masters of the Universe', gathered in San Francisco at the plush Palace Hotel to write the Charter for the United Nations where several of the principals retired for a private meeting in the exclusive Garden Room. The head of the United States delegation had called this secret meeting with his top aide, Alger Hiss, representing the President of the United States and the Soviet KGB; John Foster Dulles, of the Wall Street law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell, whose mentor, William Nelson Cromwell, had been called a 'professional revolutionary' on the floor of Congress; and W. Averill Harriman, plenipotentiary extraordinaire, who had spent the last two years in Moscow directing Stalin's war for survival. These four men represented the awesome power of the American Republic in world affairs, yet of the four, only Secretary of State Edward Stettinius Jr., had a position authorised by the Constitution. Stettinius called the meeting to order to discuss an urgent matter; the Japanese were already privately suing for peace, which presented a grave crisis as the atomic bomb would not be ready for several more months. "We have already lost Germany and if Japan bows out, we will not have a live population on which to test the bomb. …

Our entire post-war programme depends on terrifying the world with the atomic bomb." said Stettinius.

"To accomplish that goal, you will need a very good tally. I should say a million." said John Foster Dulles.

"Yes" replied Stettinius, "we are hoping for a million tally in Japan. But if they surrender, we won't have anything."

"Then you have to keep them in the war until the bomb is ready" said John Foster Dulles.

"That is no problem. Unconditional surrender, they won't agree to that, they are sworn to protect the Emperor", said Stettinius.

"Exactly" said Dulles. "Keep Japan in the war another three months and we can use the bomb on their cities. We will end this war with the naked fear of all the peoples of the world, who will then bow to our will."

And that dear reader is the reality of what happened towards the end of World War II and not the sanitised version that has somehow become contrived to become our 'real' history. American Elite interests had to keep Japan from surrendering for a long enough period of time for the bomb to be ready. If the Japanese had capitulated too early then there would have been no Hiroshima and no Nagasaki and then the Cold War would have had to be engineered in another way, or not have come to pass at all.

Edward Stettinius Jr. was the son of a J.P. Morgan partner who had been the world's largest munitions dealer in the First World War. He had been named by J.P. Morgan to oversee all purchases of munitions by both France and England in the United States throughout the war. John Foster Dulles was also an accomplished warmonger. In 1933, he and his brother Allen had met with Adolf Hitler and guaranteed him the funds to maintain the Nazi regime. The Dulles brothers were representing their clients, Kuhn Loeb Co., and the Rothschilds. Alger Hiss was the head of the communist Elite in the United States and when he was chosen as head of the prestigious Carnegie Endowment for International Peace after World War II, his nomination was seconded by John Foster Dulles. Hiss was later imprisoned for perjury regarding his exploits as a Soviet espionage agent.

This secret meeting in the Garden Room was actually the first military strategy session of the United Nations, because it was dedicated to its mission of exploding the world's first atomic weapon on a living

population. It also forecast the entire strategy of the Cold War, which lasted more than forty years, cost American taxpayers in excess of five trillion dollars and thus made the Elite powers behind the thrones the same amount and accomplished exactly nothing, other than the fear and trepidation in which most of the world was held, as was intended. Thus we see that the New World Order has based its entire strategy on the agony of the hundreds of thousands of civilians burned alive at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, including many thousands of children sitting in their schoolrooms. These leaders had learned from their master, Josef Stalin that no one can rule without mass-terrorism, which in turn requires mass-murder and where these two goals cannot be accomplished through an existing enemy, they have to invent them. "We have got to scare the hell out of 'em." Senator Vandenberg, leader of the Republican party, American Heritage magazine, August 1977

The atomic bomb was developed at the Los Alamos Laboratories in New Mexico. The top secret project was called the Manhattan Project, because its secret director, Bernard Baruch, lived in Manhattan, as did many of the other principals. Baruch had chosen Maj. General Leslie R. Groves to head the operation as he had previously built the Pentagon and had a good reputation among the Washington politicians, who usually asked 'how high' when Baruch asked them to 'jump'.

The scientific director at Los Alamos was J. Robert Oppenheimer, from a prosperous family of clothing merchants. In 'Oppenheimer; the Years Of Risk', James Kunetka, writes, "Baruch was especially interested in Oppenheimer for the position of senior scientific adviser." The project cost an estimated two billion dollars. No other nation in the world could have afforded to develop such a bomb and the first successful test occurred at the Trinity site, two hundred miles south of Los Alamos at 5.29:45 am on the 16th July 1945.

Oppenheimer's exultation at the success of the test derived from his realisation that now his masters had attained the ultimate power, through which they could implement their five-thousand-year desire to rule the entire world and thus set in motion the next critical phases of the plan.

There were still many anxious moments for the conspirators, who planned to launch a new reign of terror throughout the world. Japan had been attempting to surrender since early 1945 with its pleas being systematically

ignored by the US administration. On the 9th and 10th of March 1945, 325 B-29 bombers had razed thirty-five square miles of Tokyo to the ground, leaving more than one hundred thousand Japanese civilians dead in the ensuing firestorm. Of Japan's 66 largest cities, 59 had been mostly destroyed, 178 square miles of urban dwellings had been burned, 500,000 died in the fires and now twenty million Japanese were homeless. Only four cities had not been destroyed; Hiroshima, Kokura, Niigata, and Nagasaki. Their inhabitants had no inkling at this time that they had been spared solely in order to be used as targets for the experimental atomic bomb. General Leslie Groves, at Baruch's insistence, had demanded that Kyoto be the initial target of the bomb. Secretary of War Stimson objected, saying that as the ancient capital of Japan, the city of Kyoto had hundreds of historic wooden temples, and no military targets but of course the Jewish influences wished to destroy it precisely because of its great cultural importance to the Japanese people.

While the residents of Hiroshima continued to watch the B-29s flying by without dropping bombs on them, they had no inkling of the terrible fate which the mass-murderers in Washington had reserved for them.

"There was another Japan, and MacArthur was one of the few Americans who suspected its existence. He kept urging the Pentagon and the State Department to be alert for conciliatory gestures. The General predicted that the break would come from Tokyo, not the Japanese army. The General was right. A dovish coalition was forming in the Japanese capital and it was headed by Hirohito himself, who had concluded in the spring of 1945 that a negotiated peace was the only way to end his nation's agony. Beginning in early May, a six-man council of Japanese diplomats explored ways to accommodate the Allies. The delegates informed top military officials that 'our resistance is finished'." William Manchester

"We brought them down to an abject surrender through the accelerated sinking of their merchant marine and hunger alone, and when we didn't need to do it, and knew we didn't need to do it, we used them as an experiment for two atomic bombs." Brigadier General Carter W. Clarke, US Army

So, it transpired that on the 6th August 1945, a uranium bomb isotope-235, 20 kilotons yield, was exploded 1850 feet in the air above Hiroshima, for

maximum explosive effect. It utterly devastated four square miles and killed outright 140,000 of the 255,000 inhabitants and horrifically injured many more.

"It was strange to us that Hiroshima had never been bombed, despite the fact that B-29 bombers flew over the city every day. Only after the war did I come to know that Hiroshima, according to American archives, had been kept untouched in order to preserve it as a target for the use of nuclear weapons. Perhaps, if the American administration and its military authorities had paid sufficient regard to the terrible nature of the fiery demon which mankind had discovered and yet knew so little about its consequences, the American authorities might never have used such a weapon against the 750,000 Japanese who ultimately became its victims." Dr. Shuntaro Hida, doctor in Hiroshima at the time of the attack

"[Hiroshima was] the most ruthless and barbaric killing of non-combatants in all of history." General Bonner Fellers, an adviser to General MacArthur

One of the myths of Hiroshima is that the inhabitants were warned by leaflets that an atomic bomb would be dropped. These leaflets were dropped after the bombing because the President's Interim Committee on the Atomic Bomb decided on the 31st May 'that we could not give the Japanese any warning'. Furthermore, the decision to drop 'atomic' leaflets on Japanese cities was not made until the 7th August the day after the Hiroshima bombing. They were not dropped on Nagasaki until the 10th August, the day after Nagasaki had been atomic-bombed and therefore the residents of neither Hiroshima nor Nagasaki received advance warnings about the proposed use of the atomic bomb. On 1st June 1945, a formal and official decision was taken during a meeting of the so-called Interim Committee not to warn the populations of the specific target cities. James Byrnes and Oppenheimer insisted that the bombs must be used 'without prior warning'.

Truman himself variously stated that the use of the use of the atomic bomb saved 'a quarter of a million American lives', a 'half-million American lives' and finally settled on the Groves figure of 'a million American lives saved'.

"It is my opinion that the use of this barbarous weapon at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was of no material assistance in our war against Japan. The Japanese

were already defeated and ready to surrender because of the effective sea blockade and the successful bombing with conventional weapons." Admiral Leahy, US Navy, from 'I Was There'

In fact Truman's wanton use of atomic weapons left the American people feeling dramatically less secure after winning World War II than they had ever felt before and these feelings of insecurity were subsequently exploited to the full by unscrupulous Cold War politicians ever since.

"The war would have been over in two weeks without the Russians entering and without the atomic bomb. The atomic bomb had nothing to do with the end of the war at all." General Curtis LeMay, chief of the USAF 29th September 1945

"In the councils of government we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist." President Dwight D Eisenhower's farewell address to the American nation on the 17th January 1961

The US Air Force had sole control of the atomic bomb and it became a billion-dollar 'game' for these scientists, with John von Neumann, their leading scientist, becoming world famous as the inventor of 'game theory', in which the United States and the Soviet Union engaged in a worldwide psychological skirmish to see which would be the first to attack the other with nuclear missiles. In the United States, schools held daily bomb drills, with the children hiding under their desks. No one told them that thousands of school-children in Hiroshima had been incinerated in their classrooms; the desks offered no protection against nuclear weapons. The moral and psychological effect on generations of children was devastating. If they were to be vapourised at any time, there seemed little reason to study, marry and have children, or prepare for a steady job. This demoralisation through the nuclear weapons programme is another one of the undisclosed reasons for the decline in public morality.

By failing to name the power behind the military-industrial complex, the international banksters, Eisenhower left the American people in the dark as to who he was actually warning them against. To this day the masses still do not understand that what he was trying to say was that the international

bankers, the Zionists and the Freemasons had formed an unholy alliance whose money and power could not be overcome by the citizens of the United States or indeed the world and the sooner the populations of the world come to understand this fact, the sooner we can end this insidious attack on all humanity and construct a world where people matter more than the bank balances of the already obscenely wealthy.

The United Nations

Around 25 years after the failure of the proposed 'League of Nations', a second attempt was made to usher-in this early form of 'one world government', immediately upon cessation of hostilities in World War II. This time there was to be no dissenting voice and the UN was formed in line with the UN charter of 26th June 1945.

So, the USA encouraged and cajoled by Alger Hiss, a senior member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) and a known-to-be communist sympathiser, enthusiastically joined the United Nations along with most of the rest of the world's nations as a first step down the rocky road to out and out communitarianism, as was in the planning all along.

The UN charter and constitution is a thinly veiled copy of the Soviet Union model which Hiss had co-authored some 30 years previously in preparation for the world's first communist state, Soviet Russia. In effect, this means that the UN constitution is therefore a Marxist-Socialist paradigm.

It was none other than the Rockefeller family themselves who donated the 18 acres of prime Manhattan real-estate, upon which its opulent headquarters sit and at the time of writing, the CFR chairman is David Rockefeller, leaving us in no doubt whatsoever as to the allegiances and goals of this truly execrable organisation.

"Some even believe we are part of a secret cabal working against the best interests of the United States, characterizing my family and me as 'internationalists' and of conspiring with others around the world to build a more integrated global political and economic structure - one world, if you will. If that is the charge, I stand guilty and I am proud of it." David Rockefeller

The Elite goals of 'World regionalism' are clearly defined in the UN charter, using such terms as 'regional arrangements', 'intergovernmental agreements', and 'metropolitan areas'. This organisation, replete as it is with covert communists and advocates of the planned 'New World Order' have already divided the world into 85 'regions' for policing and administration purposes and simply by adopting the UN Charter, the US Congress has established the Charter as the Supreme Law of the land (Fugi v. State of California, 1950-52) totally negating the current statutes of the United States.

The following are just some of the stated policies of the United Nations:

Control of all zoning matters in the United States and the control of its national parks, rivers and historical sites.

Control over whether women are allowed to have babies.

Control over the economic and judicial policies of all nations.

Programmes are currently being devised to create a tax on citizens of the United States as a permanent method of UN funding.

The United Nations has its own Army and other nations' soldiers must swear allegiance to this foreign government.

By Executive Order #11647 on 10th Feb 1972, President Nixon announced the United States was divided into 10 Federal Regional Councils, each controlled by an appointed bureaucrat for the stated purpose of improving coordination of the activities of all levels of government. The 10 federal regions were to be empowered to control all forms of regionalism within the US Regional divisions supplementing the 10 federal regions include state sub-regions, federal reserve regions, population regions, and regions to control the land, water and natural resources of America. The goal of regional or metropolitan government is to eventually merge the US into the 'New World Order' ie. a one world Socialist state under the United Nations. Regional government is a plan to eventually control all facets of its citizens' lives. Executive Order #11490 assigns numerous emergency preparedness functions to federal departments.

Financing of regional governments is acquired through Federal Revenue sharing. Revenue sharing is a mechanism whereby state and local governments become financially dependent upon the federal government. Pressure can then be applied to any level of state government that refuses to comply with the dictates of the regional government rulers. All but one of the ten federal regional capitals is a Federal Reserve Bank city.

This is the 'One World Government' or 'New World Order' currently being promoted by all major world leaders and politicians who without exception are in the pockets of the Elite. Recently, the UN was wholly responsible for the destruction of two free sovereign nations, Rhodesia and South Africa, two nations which were not 'politically correct' and so, were systematically taken down. The Elite run-UN spread vicious lies about Rhodesia and crippled the nation economically, finally turning it over to the Communists led by the radical tyrant Robert Mugabe, who renamed it Zimbabwe and has done everything in his power to rape the country of all its money and resources and

divert them into his own coffers. In South Africa, its capital, Johannesburg is now the most dangerous city in the world with one of the highest murder rates. Much the same policies are now being carried-out in North Africa with the recent regime changes and revolutions in Libya and Egypt and in the Middle East with Syria and Iran squarely in the gun sights as I write this.

We are also in the midst of a huge propaganda campaign desired to scare and encourage us to see things the way the NWO wishes us to see them. Their current tactic is… 'since another great depression and financial crisis is almost certain, nations should move now to organise themselves into a One World Economic Order to ensure that even though such a calamity may occur, there will be a reconstitution of a meaningful international monetary system'.

I believe that this all proves beyond any reasonable doubt how the Elite have openly conspired to insidiously rule the world via the covert machinations of the CFR, the United Nations, the Trilateral Commission, and the Bilderberg group.

The United States of Europe (The European Union)

There is an Elite plan that has been in place for many decades if not centuries, to further the goal of the New World Order and one world government and that is for four global 'trading' blocs to be set-up and these were to be known as the European Union, The North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), the African Union and the Pacific Union. These 'free trade' areas are a stepping stone to further draconian restrictions of freedom and a breaking-down of national identities in order to further destabilise societies, worldwide.

In fact the establishment of the 'United States of Europe' was one of the goals of the Knights Templar back in the 12th century. The Knights Templar, it is believed by many, were never destroyed but simply disappeared underground for a while, eventually emerging as the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, which along with the York Rite makes up the two arms of this organisation.

The original architects of the European 'Common Market' as it was named originally, were Jean Monnet and Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi and Joseph Retinger all of whom were working on behalf of the Elite to further their insidious agenda. Indeed Retinger was also instrumental in founding the infamous Bilderberg Group which still flourishes and heavily influences, if not actually directs world political policy to this day.

Monnet was an influential character in the first half of the twentieth century, being instrumental in (amongst other nefarious activities) drawing-up the Treaty of Versailles which was coldly calculated to lead to the outbreak of World War II almost exactly twenty years after its imposition on the shattered German nation. He was also named as the Deputy Secretary General of the League of Nations before its swift demise, to the extreme chagrin of the Elite, shortly after its formation.

As for Coudenhove-Kalergi, he wrote a book in 1923, 'Pan Europa', calling for a 'United States of Europe' and a close friend of his father was Theodor Herzl, the founder of Zionism, no less. The rabbit hole goes very deep indeed and is extremely complex, to say the very least. Shortly after this he was

involved in the founding of the Pan-European Union which had massive support within the Elite spider-web and was endorsed by Colonel Mandell House (whose name appears throughout this book in various guises) and also Herbert Hoover, the president of the US. Winston Churchill was also a fervent supporter and even wrote an article in 1930 entitled 'The United States of Europe'.

Post-war loans to Europe from America (The Marshall Plan) in the immediate aftermath of the war were, among other things, used to provide funds for the movement promoting a European Union and at the same time to attempt to undermine the sovereignty of the European nations in an attempt to destabilise the status quo and facilitate a smooth passage for their goal of European unity. The Marshall Plan, ostensibly an idea of General George Marshall, was in fact the work of none other than Jean Monnet and the Council on Foreign Relations.

The first practical step in the creation of the Common Market was taken in July 1952 and which under the banner of the 'European Coal and Steel Community', merged the coal and steel industries of France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg (the original six members) under central control. Once again the guiding hand behind the scenes was none other than a certain Jean Monnet. In addition to this, Monnet and his henchmen tried to introduce a European army under the same central control, but this failed to materialise when the French took exception to the plan. However on the 25th March 1957, the Treaty of Rome was ushered-in and signed by the 'six' marking the official birth of the Common Market or the European Economic Community (EEC) as it was to be come to be known shortly thereafter. This organisation began to bloom under the guidance and control of the CFR and well-away from the influence of the individual countries involved and thus neatly managing to bypass any kind of democratic control whatsoever.

In 1984 the Soviet defector Anatoly Golitsyn stated openly that there would shortly be a 'false liberalism' occurring in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe and this would be welcomed heartily by the western powers. He also predicted that it would lead to a merger of the EEC with the countries of the Soviet Union with the pretence of peace breaking-out and the end of the Cold War, all of which happened exactly as predicted around six years later, but was in fact part of the Elite master plan and merely the next stepping-stone to all-out European 'unity' which continues apace to this day.

In the early days of the Common Market / EEC, the people of Britain and other non-member countries were constantly being fed the line that we had to join the 'club' or the economy would suffer badly or even collapse altogether and once most of Europe had fallen for this ruse and joined, then the next step was put in place. Softly, softly catchee monkey. The next step was to surreptitiously remove the word 'economic' from the title of the organisation, leaving us simply with the 'European Community' and then shortly thereafter, this was again subtly altered to 'European Union'. All seemingly insignificant changes but the implications are massively important for us all. What was sold as an 'economic alliance' benefitting the ordinary people of Europe, had now developed through a 'community' into a general 'union' of most of the countries of Europe. This is exactly what Hitler and the Third Reich had planned for Europe had they won the war (although them being victorious was never part of the script, unbeknown to Hitler). They even referred to it in captured documents as the 'European Economic Community'. Coincidence again? There are a lot of those around it would seem.

In 1988, the European leaders convened in Paris to celebrate the birth centenary of their mentor and 'hero', Jean Monnet and by implication his 'monster' the United States of Europe, whose plans are still to come to fruition, but not for the want of trying. The plans will no doubt continue, baby-step by baby-step until the complete integration of all Europe is finalised, destroying national identities and one step further down the road of making slaves of us all in the process. For the sake of all of us, we cannot and must not allow this to happen.

The Report from Iron Mountain

In 1966, a group of 15 environmental 'experts' assembled at a place called 'Iron Mountain', the site of a huge governmental semi-secret underground facility in upstate New York, to plan a strategy for controlling populations and centralising power without the need for war.

Since then, the contents of the resulting report have been leaked and although there are claims that the whole thing was an elaborate hoax, (the usual modus operandi in these circumstances is 'deny everything') if it is a hoax then it has been coincidentally, remarkably accurate in predicting the events of the next 40+ years.

The report describes one scenario for the overall control of humanity using environmental threats of Armageddon due to human activity - man-made global warming in other words.

However, the report begins by identifying war as the central organising principle of society. It states, "War itself is the basic social system, within which other secondary modes of social organization conflict or conspire. It is the system which has governed most human societies of record, as it is today."

The report goes on to say, "The basic authority of a modern state over its people resides in its war powers." It says that any failure of will by the ruling class could lead to "actual disestablishment of military institutions." The report says that the effect would be 'catastrophic'.

The appearance of the report caused a sensation when it first came to light at the onset of the Vietnam War. This is because the report outlines the ways that the civilian population of a developed nation could be controlled even in the absence of a large-scale war that disrupted their daily lives. One of these ways is defined as follows: "A possible surrogate for the control of potential enemies of society is the reintroduction, in some form consistent with modern technology and political process, of slavery. The development of a sophisticated form of slavery may be an absolute prerequisite for social control."

We can see the development of such a 'sophisticated form of slavery' today. How else can a system be described that subjects the population to massive,

growing personal and household debt, a widening gap between the rich and poor and constant warfare justified as necessary to fight 'terrorism'? And this as well as the ongoing erosion of personal freedoms, constantly expanding power allocated to the military and police, pervasive electronic eavesdropping, complete lack of accountability by politicians for their dishonesty and crimes and a mass media devoted solely to establishment propaganda.

War-making potential does not result from threats. In fact, 'threats against the national interest are usually created or accelerated to meet the changing needs of the war system'.

"War's political importance is crucial. It defines and enforces relations with other nations. National sovereignty and the traditional nation-state depend on it. The war system is essential to internal political stability. "Without it, no government has ever been able to obtain acquiescence (to) its legitimacy, or right to rule its society."

A nation's authority over its people "resides in its war powers," including local police to deal with "internal enemies in a military manner." Military service has a patriotic purpose "that must be maintained for its own sake."

Wars also serve an ecological purpose – "to reduce the consuming population to a level consistent with the survival of the species," but mass destruction is inefficient, and nuclear weapons are indiscriminate, removing physically stronger members important to save. Because of medical and scientific advances, pestilence no longer can control populations effectively, balancing them with agriculture's potential. As a result, other measures are needed to control "undesirable genetic traits."

An effective political substitute for war requires "alternate enemies....of credible quality and magnitude, if a transition to peace is ever to come about without social disintegration." Most likely, "such a threat will have to be invented."

Other extreme ideas include; "Poverty is necessary and desirable, the same Orwellian social stability 1984 idea, about "keeping the Low's in poverty and

the High's in power, forever." A modern, sophisticated form of slavery serves the same social control purpose.

Government must "optimize the number of warfare deaths, never letting a good opportunity go to waste."

"Intensified environment pollution," including air and water is acceptable, and, without war, a comprehensive eugenics program and "universal test-tube procreation might have to substitute."

The committee rejected individual freedom, opting for subservience to a ruling Elite, the system that governs world nations and America since inception, instituted by the Founders so the country's owners could run it, and wage wars to solidify control.

The Report concluded that:

"The permanent possibility of war is the foundation for stable government. It supplies the basis for general acceptance of political authority." It allows societies to maintain class distinctions and ensures the subordination of citizens to the state, run by elites with "residual war powers."

As for policy measures in a world at peace, members stated "as strongly as we can, that the war system cannot responsibly be allowed to disappear, absent a credible alternative to ensure social stability and societal control." Only then should transitional measures be considered.

However: "Such solutions, if indeed they exist, will not be arrived at without a revolutionary revision of the modes of thought heretofore considered appropriate. Some observers....believe" that the obstacles cannot be overcome "in our time, that the price of peace is, simply, too high....It is uncertain....whether peace will ever be possible. It is far more questionable....that it would be desirable even if it were demonstrably attainable."

Though repugnant to many, "The war system....has demonstrated its effectiveness since the beginning of recorded history." A viable peace

alternative would constitute a giant leap "into the unknown" with its inevitable risks. Genuine peace will be destabilising until proved otherwise.

Recommendations included establishing a "permanent WAR/PEACE Research Agency" with unlimited funds to be used at its own discretion.

It would be organised on similar lines to the US National Security Council "responsible solely to the President" or officials he designates - then operate secretly for two purposes. First, to determine, from what's known and can be learned, the statistical probability for an eventual peace. Second, to conduct "War Research" to ensure "the continuing viability of the war system" as long as it's believed necessary and/or desirable for society's stability and survival.

Can there be any doubt that the Iron Mountain Report is indeed genuine and has and is being used as a blueprint for the present and future? Who would now dispute that we are all being callously manipulated by Elite interests and their associated profiteers that stand to benefit enormously both financially and socially from a strategy of perpetual war or at very least the ongoing threat of it?

None of this is accidental. As the Report from Iron Mountain made clear over four decades ago, it is what has been planned all along as part of the overall, ongoing master-plan for the total subjugation of humanity.

The Strange Story of our Moon

The Apollo moon landings 1969-1972

There is a growing band of people that absolutely, firmly believe and maintain that we humans have never set foot upon the surface of the moon and that the entire Apollo moon-landings programme was a well-produced hoax or to be more precise, a not very well-produced hoax by shills and apologists of the outright charlatans and liars of governmental agencies such as NASA in league with the mainstream media.

This section is not meant to follow the standard 'de-bunk' of the moon landings that is available on the Internet ad nauseum as much of this material, sad to say, is deliberate disinformation, carefully formulated and set-up using the 'straw-man' principle, to be deliberately 'shot down' by those who would deceive us and thus 'prove' that the conspiracists are way off-beam. Rather, I will try to provide an alternative view of the reasons why the whole scenario is highly unlikely, if not downright impossible. We need to understand, not only how this egregious hoax was carried-out but also, perhaps more importantly and significantly, why it was carried-out.

"[Why do] people cling so tenaciously, often even angrily, to what is essentially the adult version of Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy? What primarily motivates them is fear. But it is not the lie itself that scares people; it is what that lie says about the world around us and how it really functions. For if NASA was able to pull off such an outrageous hoax before the entire world and then keep that lie in place for four decades, what does that say about the control of the information we receive? What does that say about the media and the scientific community and the educational community and all the other institutions we depend on to tell us the truth? What does that say about the very nature of the world we live in? That is what scares the hell out of people and prevents them from even considering the possibility that they could have been so thoroughly duped. It's not being lied to about the Moon landings that people have a problem with, it is the realization that comes with that revelation: if they could lie about that, they could lie about anything." David McGowan, researcher

Had the very first transatlantic flight in 1919 not been followed-up for the next forty-odd years, would there not have been questions asked and would people not have found it strange or unusual to say the very least? If say, in the 1920s, had someone designed a jet airliner capable of speeds of 600mph or more and then after a short time that technology 'disappeared' and could not be re-created, would that not seem to be at odds with commonly accepted logic or reality at all? I submit that it most certainly would and yet this is exactly the case with the so-called moon landings of 1969-72.

Is it not also strange that almost up to the point in time when the alleged moon-landings took place, that the Soviet Union (USSR) had been leading the 'space race' by some considerable distance and yet to this day (early 2012) has never either bothered or managed to put a man on the moon. The Russians were the first to launch a vessel of any kind into space, the first to send a living creature into space, the first to perform a manned-space flight, the first to perform a space-walk, the first nation to have two spacecraft in orbit simultaneously and the first to perform a 'docking' manoeuvre in space. They also purportedly landed the first unmanned vehicle on the surface of the moon, achieved the first fly-by of the Moon, launched the first craft to impact the Moon, were the first to make a soft landing on the Moon, put the first object into lunar orbit and remain, to this day, the only nation to land and operate a robotic vehicle on the Moon. It should now make perfect sense to everyone then why the Soviets, who were ahead of the US in virtually all aspects of space exploration, in some cases by decades, never landed a man on the Moon or even sent a man to orbit the Moon. Up until the 'successful landings' by the Americans, they had been comprehensively beaten by the Russians in every important aspect of the space race. The Soviets had logged almost five times as many man-hours in space than the Americans and yet in the single-most important aspect, the landings themselves, the US had literally almost cruised to victory, totally unopposed. Very strange stuff indeed.

I also believe it significant that no other industrialised nation on Earth has managed to successfully visit the moon – or even attempted to do so, despite the fact that there have been massive, across-the-board technological advancements since the 1960s. I think that it is more than possible that the entire US space programme has largely been, from its first inception, little more than an elaborate cover-story for the research, development and deployment of space-based weaponry and surveillance systems. The compliant media never investigates or even mentions these things of course,

but recently de-classified US government documents make clear that the goals being pursued through space research are largely military in nature.

"Control of space means control of the world. From space, the masters of infinity would have the power to control Earth's weather, to cause drought and flood, to change the tides and raise the levels of the sea, to divert the Gulf Stream and change the climates". Future US President, Lyndon Johnson, 1959

But if this hoax was perpetrated in almost total secrecy, how was it all kept from the thousands of people involved in the huge project, you may well ask? Please bear in mind that there were only around a hundred very senior people involved in the actual Moon landings hoax itself. Mission Control in Houston as well as most of the men and women who worked on this project over four decades ago, had no idea it was a fake. How was this possible to achieve? Very simply, the Elites who staged this fiasco never let anyone see more than a small fraction of the 'big picture'. The many thousands involved were only small cogs in a very large machine. Mission control was based in Houston, the launch site in Florida and the engineers, mechanics, computer programmers and assorted other technicians did not normally come into contact with each other, personally. So it would have been next to impossible to work out that the whole sordid enterprise amounted to nothing more than a sophisticated Hollywood production.

Why would the US not return again in the four decades that have elapsed since the last moon landings and why would other technologically advanced nations not attempt to emulate the feat? Could it be that the costs of such a venture would be totally prohibitive as some sources would have us believe? Even in those heady days of the late 1960s and early 1970s, the US was not exactly awash with money. Not only was it fighting an extremely costly, overt war in the Far East, but was also engaged in the covert, Cold War arms-race and yet still spending untold billions on the space-race, so I cannot see that money or lack of it would be a particular issue, especially not over a period of time as long as four decades – half a lifetime.

Also, consider this; the surface-to-surface distance from the Earth to the Moon is approximately 235,000 miles and since the last alleged, manned moon landing in 1972, not one human has been further out into space than 400 miles and very few have gone even that distance. Most space-shuttle orbits take place at around 200 miles from the Earth, the same distance away approximately, as the space-station. So, to put these facts into perspective, in the twenty first century, utilising the best technology that money can buy,

NASA is only able to send humans around 200 miles into space, but in the 1960s it had the capabilities to reach an object 235,000 miles away, undertake several orbits of the Moon and then make the return trip – all on a single tank of fuel! Please pardon my scepticism here.

However, what about all the many hours of footage that NASA has of the moon landings and the astronauts on their moon-walks, transmitted back directly into our at the time, state-of-the-art TV sets that now with the benefit of hindsight, look like something out of the nineteenth rather than the twentieth century!? Even in the 1990s it was no simple task to transmit pictures directly from the Iraqi desert during the first Gulf War, so the transmission of pictures from a quarter of a million miles away almost a quarter of a century earlier was a really impressive technological feat, if it happened. Unfortunately, NASA has sadly 'lost' all the thousands of hours of tapes of the moon footage, 700 cartons in all.

"The U.S. government has 'misplaced' the original recording of the first moon landing, including astronaut Neil Armstrong's famous 'one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind' … Armstrong's famous moonwalk, seen by millions of viewers on July 20, 1969, is among transmissions that NASA has failed to turn up in a year of searching, spokesman Grey Hautaluoma said. 'We haven't seen them for quite a while. We've been looking for over a year, and they haven't turned up,' Hautaluoma said … In all, some 700 boxes of transmissions from the Apollo lunar missions are missing." Reuters, 15th August 2006

These tapes represented supposedly the greatest human achievement ever, both in technological and symbolic terms. How could such a thing happen? Surely these are historical records that should have been treated as one of the great human treasures – on a par with such priceless artefacts as the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the Mona Lisa and the Pyramids. Should such an irreplaceable treasure as these tapes, have not only been copied several times for security purposes, but also have been locked away securely in a fireproof, atomic bomb-proof, waterproof vault somewhere, just 'in case'? And also would not multiple copies have been made available for educational and/or scientific research and advancement purposes? Obviously NASA and the US government did not feel that they were important enough for any of that.

Surely this is all absolute and utter garbage? How could 700 cartons of tapes be missing? Perhaps one or two boxes – possibly – but not the entire 700. For a start, they must fill several large rooms and it is therefore simply

not credible in my opinion. Could it be that they do not want the tapes to be exposed to any kind of scientific analysis using today's technology? I believe that that is most likely the real reason and that in itself speaks volumes. This one factor alone carries far more weight than the somewhat trivial 'flag-waving-in-the-breeze' and 'shadows-at-the-wrong-angles' arguments that serve no purpose other than to distract the attention away from the real issues surrounding this huge non-event.

Reuters also commented that… "Because NASA's equipment was not compatible with TV technology of the day, the original transmissions had to be displayed on a monitor and re-shot by a TV camera for broadcast." So what we were actually seeing on our mediaeval TV screens were not 'live transmissions' as we were told, but was footage shot directly from a tiny black and white TV monitor and then re-transmitted second hand via the TV stations. All totally different of course to what we were led to believe at the time and subsequently. With this admission by NASA, surely it is not difficult to see how the entire footage could have been faked?

The next issue worth commenting upon is the absolutely bizarre movements of the astronauts in performing their many moonwalks as witnessed on the small portions of footage that still survive. As many sceptics have commented (and proved), if the tapes are played at approximately twice the speed, then these very odd skipping-type movements of the astronauts look extremely similar to normal speed movements on Earth.

So, the simple formula for creating Moonwalk footage is to take original footage of men in ridiculous costumes moving around awkwardly here on Earth, broadcast it over a tiny, low-resolution, black and white television monitor at about half-speed and then re-film it with a camera focused on that screen. The end result will be tapes that, in addition to having a grainy, ghostly, rather surreal 'broadcast from the Moon' look, also appear to show the astronauts moving about in entirely unnatural ways. But not, it should be noted, too unnatural. And does that not seem a little strange too? If we are being honest, the average male never stops being a little boy at heart and what red-blooded, macho-male, given the opportunity to spend some time in a greatly-reduced gravity environment, can resist seeing how high he can jump? Or how far he can jump? Or what dramatic somersaults he could perform? So what did the astronauts actually do? They hit golf balls. Yes that is correct, the only method by which they were prepared to demonstrate the lack of

gravity on the moon, was to hit golf balls of which it was impossible to accurately judge the distance they actually travelled!

It seems more than a little odd to me that they failed to do anything that could not be faked simply by changing the tape speed? Some athletes here on Earth are able to perform a standing vertical jump of around four feet (1.3m) so I must also confess to finding it rather strange that the astronauts best efforts were only around 12 inches (0.3m). In one-sixth gravity, 10 feet (3m) at least should have been easily achievable, even for the most unfit among us, let alone for highly trained, super-fit professionals such as these young men allegedly were.

Indeed, should the astronauts' every movement not have been quicker than normal given the fact that there is virtually zero wind-resistance on the moon? If so then, why does all the available footage show only half-speed movement? It is almost as though it was the only way that NASA could think of attempting to represent anything that could be even remotely construed as resembling non-earthly movement. Maybe then it is completely unsurprising that all the original footage has mysteriously disappeared, as being submitted to modern-day technology would expose it as fake in around two seconds flat.

Somewhat worryingly also, it also transpires that it is not just simply the film footage that has disappeared in its entirety, but also the complete set of 13000+, yes thirteen thousand plus reels of telemetry data including voice and biomedical data. All of that information, in fact the entire technical record of all the Apollo moon missions has gone, plus all the design blueprints for the lunar modules, the lunar rovers and the entire Saturn V multi-sectioned rockets. Worryingly that is for us but not for NASA of course as there is now no way at all that the contemporary scientific community could now ever have the opportunity of studying these documents in detail and thus prove them all impossibilities if not fakes of the most naïve kind.

For a short time there was a boost to the case of those who insist that Apollo project is not the almighty fiction that it most definitely is. This came in the form of a promise from NASA to send a probe (unmanned) 'back' to the moon to photograph the various bits of detritus left over from the Apollo missions which would prove conclusively that all the thousands of 'conspiracy theorists' out there, were all wrong. Sadly for the 'believers' though, no such images have ever been publicly forthcoming despite their wild claims to the contrary. Even the Hubble space-telescope was widely touted as being capable of homing-in on the lost Apollo artefacts allegedly spread liberally about the

surface of the Sea of Tranquillity, but this too has proved a false dawn. Either the Hubble technology is capable of the feat or it is not, but whichever of these options is fact, there have been no images forthcoming from that source either.

In 2009, NASA announced that its 'Lunar Reconnaissance Orbiter' had returned the first images of the Apollo landing sites.

"The LROC team anxiously awaited each image. We were very interested in getting our first peek at the lunar module descent stages just for the thrill – and to see how well the cameras had come into focus. Indeed, the images are fantastic and so is the focus". LROC principle investigator, Mark Robinson of Arizona State University

Unfortunately that has proved not to be the case. The images are in fact not 'fantastic' by anyone's definition and neither is the focus. In actual fact the images are from such a distance that the tiny white dots they show – in shadow also, it must be noted – could be almost anything. Spot the Apollo debris (below).

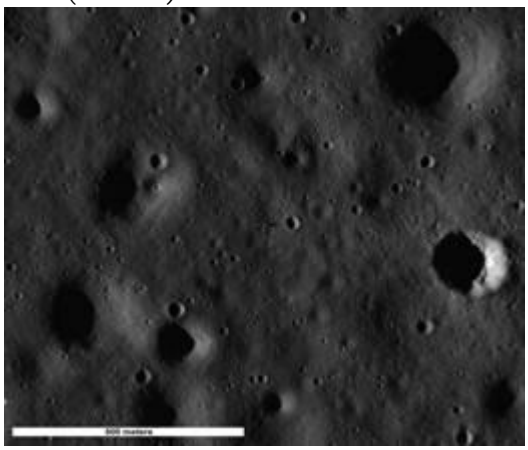

Subsequent Japanese, Chinese and Indian unmanned lunar probes have also unsurprisingly perhaps, spectacularly failed to provide photographs of the Apollo landing sites.

"There's no reason to go back … Quite frankly, the moon is a giant parking lot, there's just not much there." Val Germann, President of the Central Missouri Astronomical Association.

Strange then is it not that so many space agencies worldwide send unmanned probes there and focus enormously powerful telescopes on the Moon's surface? What could they possibly learn about this 'parking lot' from those distances that the Apollo astronauts did not already discover by actually being there?

NASA also claims that several of the Apollo missions left small laser beam 'targets' on the moon's surface that enable NASA scientists to bounce laser beams from them and which gives absolutely accurate readings of the distance from the Earth to the Moon. Now bearing in mind that these 'targets' were approximately the size of a small computer monitor screen, does anyone really believe that the technology existed in the 1960s and 1970s to accurately hit a target of that size with a laser beam from almost a quarter-million miles away? In fact is it even possible today? NASA states blithely and conveniently that there is no technology in existence that could accurately pinpoint the location of the Apollo detritus from the Earth, so how are they able to successfully locate a tiny laser target many times smaller than the artefacts supposedly left over from the moon landings? Nevertheless according to NASA and its many apologists, the fact that these signals are being bounced off these targets on a regular basis, 'proves' beyond doubt that Apollo astronauts went to the moon. I think not somehow.

The 'actual' Apollo lunar module

One could be forgiven for thinking that the above picture is of a model of a lunar landing module constructed by 10 year old school children in their arts and crafts classes, but nevertheless this is a 'real' lunar module allegedly sat on the surface of the moon, photograph courtesy of the Apollo astronauts and NASA. This incredible piece of technology, we are led to believe, actually not only landed on the surface of the moon, but 3 days subsequently, took-off again, flew 70 miles upwards, back into orbit around the moon and successfully re-docked with the command module, which was incidentally travelling at a speed of over 4000 mph at the time, in order that it could then navigate the quarter-million mile journey back across the empty nothingness of space to land precisely where and when it was programmed to do.

The most striking aspect of the photograph above though is not so much how a craft seemingly put together with duct tape, tarpaulin and bits of

aluminium foil can perform such technologically advanced feats, but how did it manage to carry all the equipment and accessories that was necessary for it to carry in order to keep two human beings alive for three days in the most inhospitable environment man has allegedly ever visited?

According to NASA's own data, the lunar modules were only 12 feet in diameter. This being the case, how was it possible to accommodate all the navigational guidance equipment (in the 1960s of course, this would have been extremely bulky) and then there would have been the power supplies, the reverse thruster for landing and the powerful rocket motor required for take-off again? There would also need to be several other smaller rocket thrusters for stabilisation purposes, the massive amounts of fuel required to feed the rocket engines, especially upon take-off to accelerate enough to break-free of the moon's gravity despite the fact that it is only 1/6th that of Earth. There would in addition need to be plenty of equipment just to sustain life for two people for several days and provide some home comforts such as places to sleep, waste management facilities, food and water supplies, oxygen for three days for two people, the list just goes on and on. The oxygen tanks in the space suits would have also needed a recharge system to enable the surface-walks to take place over a concerted period of time. A back-up oxygen system may also be needed because no chances could have been taken.

The astronauts in addition to all of the above would also have desperately needed an air conditioning system, both in their suits and in the module itself, the capabilities of which would have to be seen to be believed. Consider this; the surface of the moon is subject to some incredible temperature swings. It can be +125pC in sunlight and -170pC in the shade with very little variation in-between these two extremes, so in the sunshine a human would be boiled alive and in the shade would be frozen solid in minutes. In order to cope with these extremes, the space-suits worn by the Apollo astronauts would have had to have technology light-years beyond what we have today, never mind in the 1960s. Also I think it quite pertinent to point out that air-conditioning systems in order to function correctly need a decent supply of air, the clue is in the name really and unfortunately air is a commodity which is apparently in fairly short supply on the moon, last time I checked. An air conditioner cannot possibly work in a vacuum. A space suit surrounded by a vacuum cannot transfer heat from the inside of the suit to anywhere else. A vacuum, as you may remember from school physics lessons, is a perfect insulator and therefore anyone would roast alive in his suit under such circumstances.

But we are not even finished there. The mission would also require equipment to maintain the 'ship' and to provide it with essential spares, for emergencies. And then there would be all the testing and portable lab kits that they used to conduct experiments on the moon's surface plus storage space for all the hundreds of pounds of moon rock that was allegedly brought back and which reportedly sits in hundreds of museums and scientific institutes around the world. The latter visits to the moon were also equipped with the 'moon rover'. This in itself was over ten feet long with four wheels larger than the standard car wheels of today – how did they get it in, I really do wonder? Well, according to NASA itself, this beast (below) actually folded-up to be the size of a large suitcase! Can anyone with even a semi-functioning brain really accept this abject nonsense?

The Lunar Rover – which, according to NASA folds neatly into a suitcase.

But last and definitely not least, the astronauts would have needed power – and lots of it. The only way that the ship and its vital functions could be powered whilst it was on the moon's surface would be with batteries, likewise anything else that needed a power supply, the life support system, the lights, the communications system, the television cameras and transmitters, the lunar rovers, the suits etc. etc. As it would also not be possible to recharge any of the batteries then they would have needed some pretty huge and powerful ones at that and these all have to be found a place in the severely restricted space on board that tiny module.

It is also important to acknowledge that, unlike the initial launch on Earth, which involved the collective, sustained efforts of thousands of technicians of all levels and the use of many types of peripheral computer and monitoring

equipment, the astronauts leaving the Moon had only themselves and some completely untested-in-that-environment, assorted ironmongery, cables and plastic upon which to rely. I personally cannot imagine how uncomfortable and scary it must have felt to be on the surface of the moon for a few days performing experiments and hopping and skipping around the place in a seemingly carefree, happy-go-lucky manner, wondering that if or when the time came, whether that completely untested contraption would actually get me back home all the way from the Moon, or even back the 70 vertical miles to the rendezvous point with the command module. Fortunately though, the completely untested-in-the-conditions-prevailing-on-the-moon lunar module worked perfectly first time and with no need for modifications or last minute hitches, despite the literally, alien environment in which it was being utilised.

Today of course, NASA cannot even launch a highly technically-advanced space shuttle from Earth without occasional disasters, even though they have since modified their ambitions considerably. After all, sending spacecraft into low-Earth orbit (400 miles return) is infinitely more straightforward than sending spacecraft all the way to the distant Moon and back (470,000 miles). It would seem that although technology has advanced immeasurably since the Apollo Moon landings that tellingly, NASA has hugely downgraded its ambitions in space and now has a significantly worse safety record than in the 1960s, despite that downgrade.

In 2005, NASA made this incredible statement:

"NASA's vision for space exploration calls for a return to the Moon as preparation for even longer journeys to Mars and beyond, but there is a potential showstopper: radiation. Space beyond low-Earth orbit is awash with intense radiation from the Sun and from deep galactic sources such as supernovas. …Finding a good shield is important". NASA spokesman, 24th June 2005

Do they really expect us to believe that it was possible to perform the Apollo missions in the 1960s and 1970s but now, more than forty years further down the line it has suddenly become impossible to leave the vicinity of the Earth because of space radiation? Did the technology to overcome this problem then exist in 1969-72 but has been somehow, inexplicably lost or forgotten or did the Apollo missions not actually take place as described? This statement narrows down the options somewhat, I am sure you would agree. If 'finding a good shield' is as indeed important as I believe it most certainly is, then why can they not just simply use the technology that was deployed on the

Apollo craft? No-one died at the time and certainly none of the astronauts subsequently suffered from radiation-induced problems in any way that I am aware of.

Lead is the usual method of choice for radiation-shielding, but the issue is that lead is so heavy and impractical for use in anything but static situations on Earth. Attempting to build spaceships with a four feet thick lead encasement is far from practical as the Russians themselves discovered when they calculated that this was in fact the only way that they could penetrate the Van Allen Radiation Belts with a human cargo in the 1960s. Maybe this was why they simply 'gave-up' on the race to be first to the moon?

We will now turn our attention to the photographs asserted to have been taken on the moon by the intrepid Apollo astronauts. In actuality the very existence of the photographs is a technical impossibility. Unfortunately it would simply not have been possible to capture any of the images allegedly shot on the Moon in the manner that NASA describes them to have been obtained. In the 1960s, camera technology was very limited in comparison to today's and the cameras used by the astronauts, Hasselblads, although they were probably the best and most sophisticated on the market at that time, the simple fact is that they were incapable of generating the images claimed to have been taken on the moon, under the circumstances in which they were supposedly taken.

Cameras of those far-off times before micro-chip technology were not very 'intelligent', so every function had to be performed manually. The photographer had to manually focus each shot by squinting through the viewfinder and rotating the lens until the scene came into focus. The correct aperture and shutter speeds had to be manually selected for each shot also, in order to ensure the correct exposure time for the circumstances. This also required peering through the viewfinder, to meter the shot. Finally, each shot had to be properly composed and framed, which obviously also required looking through the viewfinder.

The problem for the astronauts was that the cameras were mounted on their chests, which made it completely and utterly impossible to see through the viewfinder to meter, frame and focus the shots. Everything, therefore, was total guesswork and focusing would have been entirely guesswork also, as would the framing of each shot. An experienced photographer can fairly accurately estimate the exposure settings, but the astronauts lacked this experience and they were also doubly handicapped by the fact that they were

viewing the scenes through heavily tinted visors, which meant that what they were seeing was not what the camera was focusing upon.

To add to their not inconsiderable problems, they were wearing space helmets that seriously restricted their field of vision, along with enormously bulky, pressurised gloves that severely limited their hand and finger movements. The odds therefore of them getting even one of those three elements (exposure, focus and framing) correct under the prevailing conditions on any given shot would have been exceedingly low and yet, amazingly enough, on the overwhelming majority of the photos, they got all three right.

"For those who don't find that at all unusual, here is an experiment that you can try at home: grab the nearest 35MM SLR camera and strap it around your neck. It is probably an automatic camera so you will have to set it for manual focus and manual exposure. Now you will need to put on the thickest pair of winter gloves that you can find, as well as a motorcycle helmet with a visor. Once you have done all that, here is your assignment: walk around your neighborhood with the camera pressed firmly to your chest and snap a bunch of photos. You will need to fiddle with the focus and exposure settings, of course, which is going to be a real bitch since you won't be able to see or feel what you are doing. Also, needless to say, you'll just have to guess on the framing of all the shots. You should probably use a digital camera, by the way, so that you don't waste a lot of film, because you're not going to have a lot of 'keepers'. Of course, part of the fun of this challenge is changing the film with the gloves and helmet on, and you'll miss out on that by going digital. Anyway, after you fill up your memory card, head back home and download all your newly captured images. While looking through your collection of unimpressive photos, marvel at the incredible awesomeness of our Apollo astronauts, who not only risked life and limb to expand man's frontiers, but who were also amazingly talented photographers. I'm more than a little surprised that none of them went on to lucrative careers as professional photographers." David McGowan, 2009

Despite all the acclaim he has received for his exploits as an astronaut, Neil Armstrong clearly has been unjustly denied recognition of his astounding abilities as a photographer. Some may argue that he clearly was not in the same league as say, David Bailey or Lord Lichfield, but I would disagree. Those two individuals created some stunning pictures throughout their careers, but could they have done so whilst wearing a spacesuit, gloves and helmet and with their cameras mounted on their chest and whilst working in an environment that

featured no air, one-sixth gravity, and utterly stupefying extremes of heat and cold? I seriously doubt it.

Even more tellingly, the designer of the particular type of Hasselblad cameras 'used on the moon', has publicly stated to all who were prepared to listen that it would be impossible to use his cameras in the way described and under those circumstances, but of course this has not been widely reported and subsequently air-brushed from history. In addition, the film used must have been a hitherto unknown and since-forgotten variety of 'super-film' designed to withstand temperature fluctuations of over 300pC and also to withstand the lethal Van Allen radiation on the way home. Even relatively low-level radiation in airport X-ray machines has been known to totally 'wipe' conventional celluloid film.

Next, I would also like to ask the question; where are all the stars in the moon photographs? Not a single photograph allegedly taken from the surface of the moon shows even so much as one star in the background. Because of the prevailing circumstances and a single-light source only (the sun), there should have been a vista almost filled with tiny blazes of light, in any direction away from the sun. More stars then you could ever possibly see on even the clearest of nights on Earth because, the moon has no atmosphere to distort and dim the images. This phenomenon is explained away by NASA and its shills as being due to the fact that setting the exposure level to take account of the brightly glaring spacesuits would mean that the stars would be rendered invisible. However, this does not explain why in instances where the exposure was of a much lower level than when taking shots with the bright space suits, that stars still did not show, even on those photos.

For example, the scenes below which are obviously not very well lit, would have required a long enough exposure that would have been certain to capture every star in that part of the sky. So where are they all?

One could also legitimately question why there were no specific attempts to photograph the stars themselves? It would surely have made a beautiful visage, one never able to be seen from Earth and a change from all the pictures of the lander and the rover, moon rocks and mountains etc.

"It's as if someone went to Niagara Falls and the only photos they brought back were of the car they drove, sitting in a nondescript parking lot." David McGowan, 2009

In fact the astronauts were asked this very question about the stars at their press conference, post splash-down and the almost disinterested answer came back to the effect that they 'did not even notice' the stars in the sky! Did not even notice them – excuse me? It must have been the single-most wonderful sight they saw on the whole trip, the vast, unimaginable vista of all of creation stretched out before them to infinity. That is if they went in the first place, which of course they did not. Amazing is it not how lying is so difficult to permanently maintain? And speaking of the press conference, if you have never seen the footage of this event, the DVD is available to buy at a very

reasonable price on the Internet and I would strongly suggest that you track it down and do so. What is so striking and revealing about this is the absolute downbeat demeanour of the astronauts themselves throughout the entire session.

If someone had just completed the most wonderfully uplifting experience and had been on the most incredible adventure ever undertaken by the human race in its entire history, would I be wrong to suggest that they may have appeared happy, elated and exhilarated, flushed with success, even self-satisfied and have a feeling of great achievement that they would wish to share with the world? Obviously someone forgot to tell them this then in that case. I have never seen a more morose, sullen, disinterested, less co-operative bunch of people in my entire life. Anyone would have thought that they did not really go to the moon at all and were resentful of being 'put on the spot' and having to 'think on their feet' to answer all the awkward, unplanned-for questions they were being asked, including the one about the stars.

However, I think we may all have guessed the answer as to why NASA was so extremely coy about the star photography. Could it have possibly had anything to do with the fact that the moon is at a different angle to the stars in comparison with the Earth, albeit a barely detectable one, given the vast distances involved? And this would then have been guaranteed to constitute proof that the photographs had actually been taken on Earth as it would have only taken one vigilant, enthusiastic amateur astronomer somewhere in the world to find the nearest stars, take a few quick measurements and calculations and the whole thing would have been blown wide-open forever.

There are also issues with the shadows depicted in the photographs taken 'on the moon' as is pointed out by many a moon-landings sceptic. Indeed there are pictures that show the indisputable existence of two light sources, totally impossible of course in the case of the photographs in question. NASA itself states unequivocally that the only source of light utilised on the moon, was indeed the sun, so this all begs the question, how can these photographs be genuine?

Note the shadows at 90p to each other

The other contentious issue with the above photograph is the height from which it must have been taken if we are to accept NASA's implicit assertions, that it was a) taken on the moon and b) taken from a camera mounted on the astronaut's chest. Was he stood in a convenient nearby crater perchance? And another point about shadows concerns the fact the moon is a world of extremes. Extremes of both temperature and also of light and dark, black and white. Entirely due to its lack of atmosphere, the moon not only has extremely contrasting temperatures in and out of the sun, but this is also true of light and shade. In the sun, the light is utterly brilliant (in the sense of brightness and not in terms of quality!) and yet in the shadows it experiences an almost total inky blackness. However, in the majority of moon photos, the shady areas are anything but black, more of a watery grey colour, which is even more evidence of secondary light sources casting unintended illumination on the blackness. Here is allegedly the first ever photograph taken by human hand on the surface of the moon:

No problem there you may think? But you would be wrong. Leaving out the unlikely fact that it is once again almost perfectly 'composed', it shows clear evidence of secondary light sources evidenced by the top of the white bag and the 'United States' placard amongst several other examples. Below is

probably the most iconic of all the moon photographs purporting to depict Buzz Aldrin as photographed by Neil Armstrong.

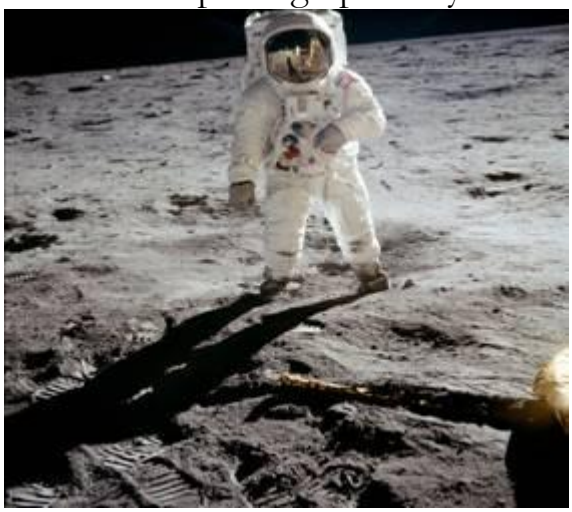

There are many issues with this photograph too. Again the composition is almost perfect, Buzz's spacesuit looks badly pressurised and the depth of field is also lacking, invalidating the reason that NASA tells us that stars are not visible in the darkness of the sky. Then there is the noticeable lack of any shadowing on Buzz's spacesuit. He is casting a shadow on the ground, but there is no corresponding shadowing of his body. Even here on Earth, that is only possible with a secondary light source.

Next, stars are by no means the only omission from the photographs. Also conspicuous by its absence is any evidence that the module actually landed on the lunar surface under its own power. Surely as a result of the reverse thrust from a 10,000lb rocket engine there would be some sort of sign in the surrounding dust in the form mainly of a massive displacement having taken place, perhaps a small crater or at the very least, evidence of dust being caked on the lander's legs? Even NASA's own artist depictions of the landings show these phenomena, so why do the photographs show no evidence of this fact?

As may be seen in the photograph below, not a single trace of any dust displacement whatsoever, exists directly below the rocket nozzle. Nor is there any evidence of scorching or displacement of any of the small moon rocks. The intense heat from the rocket motor should also have turned some of the dust to a glass-like substance and again no evidence of this is apparent.

Now let us turn our attention to the 'magic' space suits worn by all the Apollo astronauts. These suits were designed to provide all the elements needed to keep alive their human hosts in the most hostile place that human beings have allegedly ever visited. Not only were they able to protect the astronauts from the searing 125pc heat in the sunlit areas of the moon, but they were apparently also able to revert to the opposite extreme in an instant in order to protect the wearer from the numbingly cold -170pc upon stepping from sunlight into the shade. A supreme feat of technological prowess, I am sure you would agree. In addition to this, they were equipped with life-support systems in the guise of providing oxygen and eliminating CO2 emissions as well as the ability to process both liquid and solid bodily wastes.

The suits would also have to be pressurised in order for the human body to survive and the evidence for this fact is most definitely absent from all the extant photographs of the astronauts in situ on the moon. Had the suits been at all pressurised, then their wearers would have in essence resembled the 'Michelin man' in the famous tyre advertisements, but of course that would not have created the same aesthetically pleasing effects for the TV cameras and the huge audience 'back home'.

In addition to all of the above, the suits also would have had to provide the astronauts with full body armour to protect them from the millions of meteroids from which the moon is under almost constant, relentless attack.

"Meteoroids constantly bombard the Moon. Apollo moon rocks are peppered with tiny craters from meteoroid impacts. This could only happen on worlds with so little atmosphere, such as the Moon. Meteroids are nearly-microscopic specks of space dust that fly through space at speeds often exceeding 50,000 mph – ten times faster than a speeding bullet. They pack a

considerable punch …the tiny space bullets can plow directly into Moon rocks, forming miniature and unmistakable craters". David McKay, NASA spokesman

According to NASA itself then, every single piece of moon rock is covered with these minute craters and show evidence of multiple collisions from these tiny but deadly missiles. So in effect what NASA is saying is that the moon is not a safe place to be, with a constant hail of these minute 50,000 mph bullets raining-down on the surface of the moon and it would only need one, just one to penetrate the 'pressurised' suit of an astronaut and there is no way he would be making the return trip home again. Fortunately, none of the astronauts on any of the missions, nor the landing modules, nor the moon rovers were ever hit by any of these dangerous, ever-present 'space-bullets'.

In 2004 President George W Bush announced that the US planned to return to the moon, but that it would take at least fifteen years to achieve this feat. Pardon me? Fifteen years with 21st century technology and know-how to achieve what took only eight years with 1960s technology – amazing stuff indeed. Of course no-one from the mainstream bothered to ask the obvious question as to why it would take almost twice as long with 21st century technology than it did with technology from 40+ years previously, even with the distinct benefit of having 'done it before'!

However, US Republican senator, Sam Brownback did express a form of disdain at the President's statement by showing his disgust as follows... "You've got the Chinese saying they're interested – we don't want them to beat us to the moon!" Obviously someone else who in the heat and excitement of the moment forgot that of course, it had actually been done before.

"Conspiracy theories are always difficult to refute because of the impossibility of proving a negative." NASA spokesman, July 2009, in response to the so-called moon-landing deniers

This of course is a truly bizarre statement because of course it is not NASA that is being asked to 'prove a negative'. NASA is being asked to in effect prove that they DID land on the moon and not that they did not. This should be a comparatively easy task if it did happen. For starters they could make available all the allegedly missing data and film and all the blueprints of the hardware that they say they used to achieve this amazing feat and also provide a credible reason for the fact that most of the photographs they allege that were taken on the moon are provably fake.

One of the major problems that the Grumman, the company who designed and built the lunar landers, team faced was how to successfully insulate the entire vehicle from the intense heat of the unshielded sun not to mention the all-but ignored problem of intense space radiation. The spacecraft would have had to have been insulated almost perfectly because there were huge fuel tanks in there and the fuel would boil if not adequately protected. Also, the huge temperature variations on the Moon would cause the craft to buckle and warp which would be disastrous. It may also have been a tiny bit uncomfortable for the astronauts too. Since weight was a huge issue, heavy heat shields could not be used but as luck would have it, the DuPont Corporation had developed a new material, aluminised Mylar. It was gold in colour and supposedly if it was built-up to around twenty-five layers, it would prove to be an excellent insulator. DuPont's space-age material can be obtained very inexpensively today and is still a very lightweight material. I wonder why it should be then that we never see spaceships wrapped in it any longer?

Then in 1970, just as the whole world was getting complacent about how easy it was to get to the moon and back having now done it on two separate occasions, enter stage right, Apollo 13.

On the 13th April 1970, Apollo 13 was on its way to the moon for the next scheduled moon landing (the 3rd) when disaster struck. Apollo 13's command and service modules were allegedly rendered powerless by an explosion on the ship whilst around 200,000 miles from home on the outbound leg of the journey. This caused the three astronauts on board to have to retreat into the lunar landing module, whose functions were still operational, in order to survive. Not only did this allegedly keep the three astronauts alive but the lunar lander's engine also enabled them to 'sling-shot' around the moon using centrifugal force and plot a course back to Earth. However, the Apollo 13 astronauts were then faced with another life-threatening situation; carbon dioxide was rapidly building in the ship's confined airspace. Lithium hydroxide cartridges were supposed to be available to remove the carbon dioxide, but there was a limited supply of these cartridges in the lander. As luck would have it though, there were additional cartridges in the command module but unfortunately these were incompatible; the command module's cartridges were square while those in the lander module were round.

So what did the intrepid crew do to overcome this problem? They used duct tape and tubing from the spacesuits, plus an 'old sock' according to one of the trio, Gene Cernan, to rig-up a temporary fix and enable the

incompatible cartridges to work as normal. It was indeed fortunate that next week's laundry was just lying around there on the floor. There were no seats in the lander as it had been decided that they would just add unnecessary weight. And also, there was just barely room for two people in the space allegedly now being occupied by three. All three, had this been a real life-and-death situation would have been wearing bulky spacesuits, boots, gloves and helmets. Somehow, they had to co-exist for four days and during that time all that separated them from the extreme hazards of outer space was a double layer of aluminum foil. One microscopic meteoroid or one misplaced foot would result in immediate destruction of the ship and instant death for the three 'heroes'.

I wonder why it is by the way, that the Apollo 13 astronauts were said to have been very cold throughout their return flight in their allegedly crippled ship? As recalled by Jim Lovell… "The trip was marked by discomfort beyond the lack of food and water. Sleep was almost impossible because of the cold. When we turned off the electrical systems, we lost our source of heat and the sun streaming in the windows didn't much help … It wasn't simply that the temperature dropped to 38pF, (4pc) the sight of perspiring walls and wet windows made it seem even colder. We considered putting on our spacesuits, but they would have been bulky and too sweaty … We found the CM a cold, clammy tin can when we started to power up. The walls, ceiling, floor, wire harnesses and panels were all covered with droplets of water."

Where does one begin to analyse all that? For starters, why were they short of food and water at all? The trip had been curtailed by at least three days and as for the sun 'streaming in through the windows', how could the sun generating as it did, around 125pc of heat, not make a significant difference?

And what about the water droplets covering the interior of the command and lunar modules? Would not most of those droplets have become airborne in a zero-gravity environment? Would not the inside of the module have looked something akin to a child's snowstorm-globe? All utterly preposterous nonsense, I am afraid.

In 1929, the famous German film-maker, Fritz Lang, produced a film by the name of Die Frau in Mond which translates into English as The Woman in the Moon. Did this film provide the blueprint for the ritualistic procedures that were adopted for the Apollo programme? As can be seen in the still-shots below, all of the elements were present; the unnecessary vertical construction of the spaceship in a specially built hangar, the grand opening of

the massive hangar doors, the excruciatingly slow roll-out of the upright rocketship from the hangar to the launch pad, the raucous crowds watching the spectacle live and even the now ubiquitous 'countdown' sequence. Even the shedding of two stages of the ship was there. In other words, the only elements of the performance that the public ever actually witnessed were all lifted directly from a forty-year-old (at the time) silent film.

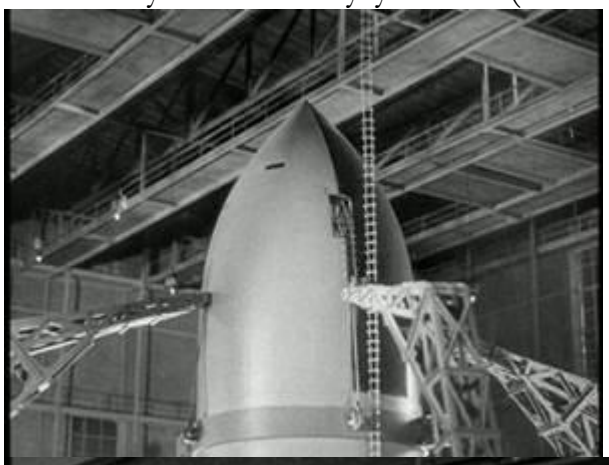

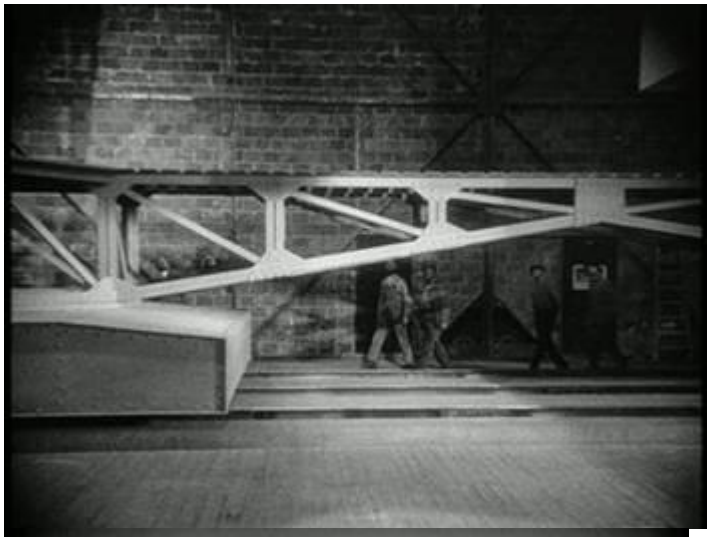

Fritz Lang's technical adviser on the film was Herman Oberth, considered to be one of the three founding fathers of rocketry and assisting Oberth on the film project, according to the Time-Life book To the Moon, was one of his

brightest students, nineteen-year-old Wernher von Braun. A decade-and-a-half later, both Oberth and von Braun would be recruited through Project Paperclip (see WWII chapter for more details) and brought to America to work on, among other things, the Apollo programme, whose modus operandi just happened to very closely match that of the very same fake moon-launch Oberth and von Braun had colluded upon forty years earlier.

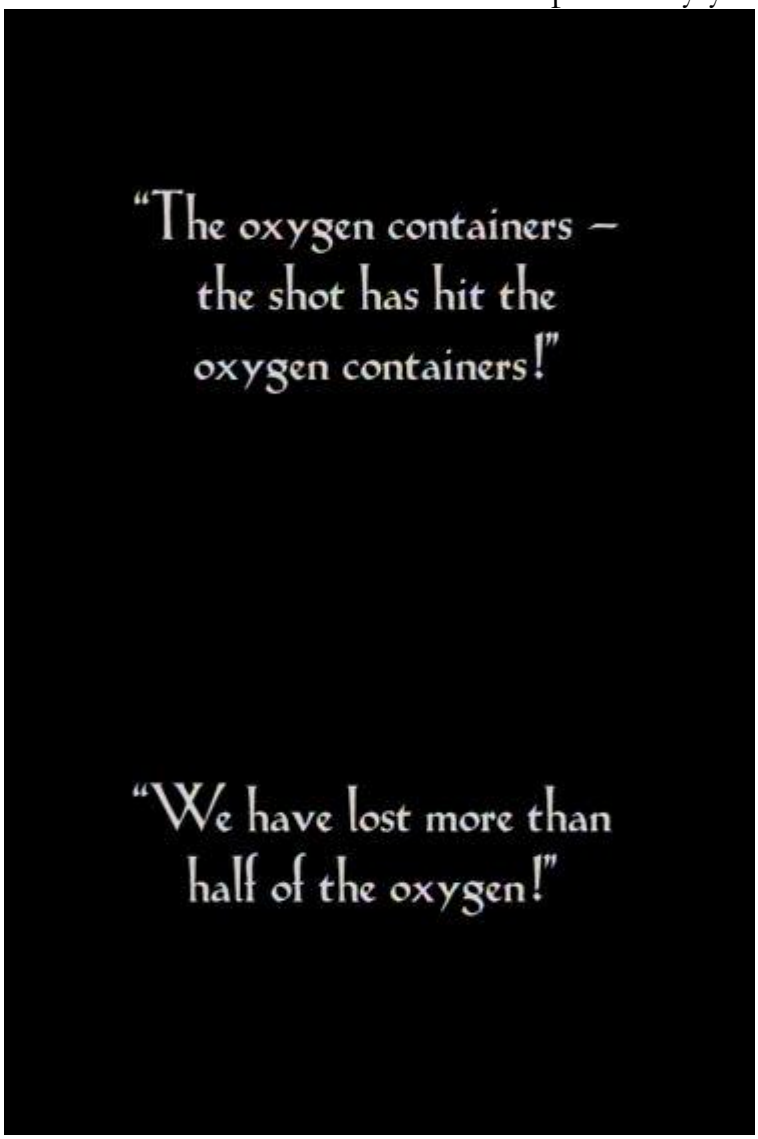

In case you were wondering, the two screen-shots above were from the aforementioned 1929 silent film and not from footage of the Apollo 13 'near-disaster'. However one could be forgiven for thinking that, given the 'plot' similarities.

So, as always, we need to ask the pertinent question, why would they do it? Why would they go to all that trouble just to fake the moon landings and

perpetuate this myth for more than four decades? And why and how could so many apparently intelligent people have been fooled by it all?

The most obvious answer and the one most frequently quoted by moon-landing sceptics, is that it was in order for the US to reclaim their national pride that had been stripped-away by the fact of America being solidly beaten in the space-race by the Soviets over a prolonged period of time. While this undoubtedly played a significant role, there are other factors also, factors that have not been explored as comprehensively as they might have been. However, before we analyse these other factors, we need to ask the question as to whether it would even have been possible to perpetrate a hoax on such a large scale.

Firstly, it is true to say that not everyone was deceived by the alleged Moon landings. Although it is not widely recognised today, a significant number of people were more than sceptical about NASA's television productions of the events. Wired magazine reported that, 'when Knight Newspapers polled 1,721 US residents one year after the first moon landing, it found that more than 30% of respondents were suspicious of NASA's 'trips to the moon.' And this is highly significant in itself, given that overall trust in government was considerably higher in the 1960s and 1970s, the fact that nearly a third of Americans doubted what they were 'witnessing' through their television sets is quite remarkable. But of course without the benefits of the Internet it was much more difficult to share information in those days, especially contentious information which would be filtered by the controlled mainstream media. Real information and statistics were thus not as widely distributed as today.

But of course, all the pro-Moon-landings websites conveniently omit to mention that of the people who experienced the events 'as they were happening' that almost 1-in-3 had doubts, a number considerably higher than one would imagine. And also, perhaps needless to say, the pro-NASA apologists fail to mention that 1-in-4 young Americans, still have doubts about the Moon landings today.

Returning then to the question of why such an egregious hoax would be perpetrated on an unsuspecting world, we need to travel back in time to the year 1969. Richard Nixon had just been inaugurated as the US President after the successful elimination of his strongest rival for the Presidency the previous year by the 'lone-nut gunman', Sirhan Sirhan (RFK) and his election to the highest office was based largely on his promises of winding-down the hugely unpopular war in Vietnam. However the truth was that the Elite had no

intentions of ending the war at all and indeed, the exact opposite was true. His brief from his hidden masters was actually to escalate the conflict as widely as possible, but in order to do so, he needed to bring about a huge diversion, a means by which the patriotic fervour of the American people could be stimulated to undreamed-of new heights and so that they would blindly follow, wherever he may lead them.

Traditionally this tactic has often been facilitated by governments perpetrating short-term, low-risk military 'sabre-rattling' of one kind or another, but the huge problem for Nixon was that military entanglements are exactly what he was attempting to divert attention away from.

However, with not a moment to spare, Apollo 11 embarks upon its historic, heroic mission on the 16th July and with the entire American nation if not the world, in its thrall, five days later the lander allegedly sets-down on the Sea of Tranquility. Vietnam is all-but forgotten temporarily and American hearts burst with patriotic pride upon winning the race to the Moon. There is obviously no time to worry about hideous conflicts across the other side of the world whilst Neil Armstrong is taking his 'giant leap for mankind'.

However, the 'honeymoon period' is short-lived as just four months later, in early November 1969, the story of the brutal murder of over 500 civilians in the village of My Lai (The My Lai Massacre) breaks, bringing home to Americans the cold-blooded savagery of the Vietnam war once again. So then, time for another spectacular diversion and Apollo 12 duly departs on the 14th November, embarking upon another perfectly trouble-free lunar adventure before returning ten days later. America is once again mesmerised by its new heroes and suddenly the depressing old war news is off the front pages yet again.

Now let us fast forward slightly to March, 1970. A CIA-backed coup ousts Prince Sihanouk in Cambodia and Lon Nol is 'selected' by the US as his replacement. Cambodia then immediately joins the conflict and promises troops for the US war effort and the conflict is then even-further escalated in April when Nixon sanctions an invasion of Cambodia by US infantry forces, in yet another move engineered by the warmonger-in-chief, Henry Kissinger. Nixon has by this time been in office just over 12 months and the war, far from 'winding-down', has been substantially 'wound-up' by expanding into Cambodian territory.

Enter the knights in shining armour of NASA yet again. However, this next Moon mission was not to be just simply any old Moon mission as it

turned-out. Having now had two successful missions go by with consummate ease and without the merest suggestion of a problem of any kind, the US population, not exactly renowned for their overly-long attention spans, had already begun to regard the moon adventures as a little too 'easy'. And so, what was needed to regain the public attention was a little injection of drama, not to mention extreme mortal danger.

On the 11th April 1970, the next instalment of the saga, Apollo 13, takes to the air. Unlike the first two missions however, the spacecraft fails to reach the Moon due to the unfortunate explosion of an oxygen tank as in the Fritz Lang film previously referred-to. The crew of Apollo 13 is by this time now in extreme danger of dying a horrific, lonely death in the vast emptiness of space. What better attention-grabber could there have been? Indeed, when three Vietnam veterans held concurrent press conferences in New York, San Francisco and Rome on the 14th April, attempting to draw the world's attention to the ongoing US government-condoned slaughter of the innocents in Vietnam and Cambodia, barely anyone notices. How could anyone be concerned about the fate of Vietnamese civilians, when their heroes are clearly in deep trouble? Fortunately it all ended in triumph yet again as the heroes defied all the odds, patched-up the crippled ship and returned home in a veritable blaze of glory. John Wayne, eat your heart out.

January 1971 saw the trial of Lt. William Calley, charged that he personally ordered and partook in the mass-murder of the inhabitants of the village of My Lai. But on the 31st of the month, Apollo 14 is launched before making, once again a flawless lunar landing. On the 9th February, the team returns, just a few weeks before Calley is finally convicted of murder. By the way, he served a ridiculously and inappropriately short sentence under 'house arrest' and none of his superiors were ever held accountable.

Then later in 1971, the New York Times began publication of the infamous Pentagon Papers, revealing American policy in Vietnam to be a complex tissue of lies. Further publication was vetoed by the US Justice Department but nevertheless resumed again in July. This was quickly followed, by the launch of Apollo 15 on the 26th of July. Five days later, yet another perfect-in-every-small-detail lunar landing clearly demonstrates American technological superiority over the rest of the world but the moon-landings were now becoming a little passé for the American people, so a new element was introduced and from then on, the astronauts were able to ride on the lunar surface in their moon rovers. The lunar modules were exactly the same

dimensions as they had been all along, but apparently now they had enough space to transport unfeasibly bulky extra equipment to the Moon, with apparent ease.

The triumphant astronauts returned to Earth in early August and the rest of the year passed-by uneventfully. But then on the 30th March 1972, North Vietnamese troops mounted a massive offensive into Quang Tri Province, revealing as lies the statements by the mainstream media that after eight years of bloody conflict, horiffic brutality and massacre, victory was there for the taking. Nixon responded to this attack with deep penetration, carpet-bombing of North Vietnam and Cambodia and also with the illegal mining of North Vietnam's seaports. And NASA also responded by launching Apollo 16 on the 16th April and on the 27th April, the crew of Apollo 16 once again returned home to yet another hero's welcome.

Towards the end of 1972, a ceasefire and end to the hostilities in SE Asia looked fairly likely. In October, Kissinger and David Bruce, a member of the infamous Mellon family (of the 13 bloodlines) were secretly negotiating peace terms with the leader of North Vietnam, Le Duc Tho. In December however, the negotiations stalled, but not before Apollo 17 is launched on the 7th December. Whilst the latest group of super-heroes were far away in space however, the negotiations ceased abruptly without the courtesy of an explanation and Nixon through his controller, Kissinger unleashed one last ruthless carpet-bombing campaign against North Vietnam and Cambodia, costing countless thousands more innocent civilian lives.

Five weeks later in January 1973, upon the resumption of the negotiations, a peace agreement was finally announced and within a few days a ceasefire came into effect, thereby officially ending US military involvement in South-East Asia although of course the CIA remained to control and direct the remnants of the conflict, by proxy. All US troops returned home and the Apollo programme, despite three additional missions (Apollo 18, 19 and 20) having been planned and despite the additional funding that would have been available with the war drawing to a close, ends abruptly forever with barely a whimper. All a coincidence? Again, I will leave that to the discretion of the reader.

In addition to restoring national pride and providing a huge diversion from the savage colonial war being waged in South-East Asia, the Apollo programme undoubtedly served another useful function; covert funding of that war effort. Probably needless to point-out, fake Moon landings are by

several magnitudes less expensive than actual Moon landings and the vast sums of money allocated to NASA during the Vietnam war-years to accomplish the actual landings was no doubt siphoned-off to covertly fund the war in the Far East, unnaturally prolonging the war as was the aim all along.

As a small postscript to this section it is also worth mentioning the three Apollo astronauts who died for the cause. Virgil 'Gus' Grissom, Ed White and Roger Chafee were burned alive during a test procedure in the command module of the Apollo 1 rocket. I believe it to be highly significant that all three were regarded by the NASA hierarchy as 'troublemakers' and there is considerable speculation that they did not agree to 'go along' with the Moon landings myths. On one occasion, shortly before the tragic fire that claimed their lives, Grissom hung a lemon on a wire coat hanger on the Apollo 1 rocket (picture below) during a publicity photo-shoot and in addition made an unauthorised statement to the press in early January 1967 to the effect that he believed that the 'Moon landings' were at least 'a decade away', for which he was severely reprimanded. That was probably his death sentence signed and sealed right there and then. Indeed less than a month later all three 'rebels' were dead. Shortly before his untimely death Gus Grissom had also said to his wife… 'If there is ever a serious accident in the space programme, it's likely to be me.' How prophetic. Ed White's wife also died within two years of her husband, allegedly by suicide and Scott Grissom, Gus's son, a commercial airline pilot, adamantly maintains to this day that his father and the two others were murdered by NASA.

Grissom's lemon

Of the original astronauts recruited from the US Air Force at the beginning of the space programme, an inordinate number lost their lives in strange, never-to-be-explained circumstances and by such methods as car-crashes, air-crashes and 'suicides' among others. In addition to which a gentleman by the name of Thomas Baron who was a safety inspector for NASA and who delivered highly critical testimony and a 1,500 page report to Congress on the catastrophic safety failures of Apollo, only to then be killed along with his

daughter less than a week later in an extremely suspicious car 'accident'. All the copies of his report were seemingly 'lost' at the same time too and the one he delivered to Congress was quietly buried with him. If not literally, then certainly metaphorically speaking.

The following are facts surrounding the Apollo missions courtesy of apollofake.bravehost.com

"Neil Armstrong is now reportedly suffering with mental illness as a direct result of him putting his name forward as the foundation stone for the biggest lie in history. OR it could be that he has become paranoid by the overwhelming number of web sites, exposing him as a liar.

Rumour has it that Apollo 12 astronaut Pete Conrad was going public about the fake Moon landings on the 30th anniversary back in July 1999. He was killed in a motorcycle accident one week before the 30th anniversary.

It takes the space shuttle 66 hours to reach the International Space Station which is a mere 185 miles above Earth. NASA claim Apollo 13 was 55 hours into its duration from lift off when it encountered a problem at a distance of 200,000 miles from Earth.

President Lyndon Johnson made certain Apollo files classified, with a declassification date of 2026. This is so that those involved in the Apollo scam would be long dead and gone, and no one alive to blame.

In the early 60s NASA officials, realising that a manned Moon landing was totally impossible before 1970, met in secret behind closed doors. It was at that meeting they agreed upon a decision to fake Apollo 11, in the hope they would get to the Moon later on and then shroud the earlier faked pictures with genuine Moon pictures. The reality is they never succeeded with any mission.

Arthur C. Clarke referred to Apollo 11 as a 'Hole in History'. Historian A.J.P. Taylor referred to it as 'The biggest non-event of his lifetime'.

NASA had not perfected the lunar landing craft in time for Apollo 11. In 2011 they are still trying to get a rocket to land and take off again, 40 years after Apollo was supposed to have done just that.

Film footage taken inside the capsule of ALL Apollo missions, shows a light blue haze and curvature of Earth through capsule window, when they were supposedly half way to the Moon, and in the blackness of space. This proves that capsule was only in Earth orbit.

Moon pictures on NASA's web sites are fake, with backdrop scenes pasted. The pictures reveal a black line pencilled in where background meets daylight sky, which was blacked out completely.

The LM used on latter missions, was the same specification as the first mission, ie, no modifications. It would have therefore been impossible to carry the rover vehicle to the Moon in the same confined LM, even if it collapsed into a more compact form.

The lunar rover had inflatable tyres which would have exploded if pre-inflated, and there was no air on the Moon to inflate them. Pro-Apollo 'nutters' claim the rover had solid wire mesh tires. Yes, the rover in the museum had these fitted in the mid-70s when they realised pneumatic tyres could not have functioned on the Moon. NASA has had 40 years in which to clear up the plainly obvious mistakes within the Apollo programme. Each time someone brings up a query, NASA corrects it and says nothing, ie, they cannot say why the anomaly was there in the first place. Early close-up pictures of the rover on the Internet have CHANGED since the blunder was exposed on this web-site.

It would have been impossible to have a water-cooled space-suit on the Moon, when outside temperature was already at boiling point of water as there would be nowhere for the heat to dissipate.

The LM was suspended from a huge traverse crane based at Langley Research Center, Hampton, Virginia and was gently lowered at the same time it traversed over a mock Moon surface created beneath it. Check picture on REALITY site, and Channel 4 video 'As it Happened'.

Trainee astronauts were also suspended from this huge traverse crane in a horizontal position to simulate reduced gravity. Check picture on REALITY

site with the NASA web site picture of Harrison Schmitt tripping up. The unusual high backward leg swing is identical in both pictures.

Film footage allegedly taken by Apollo 8 as it supposedly circled the Moon, is the SAME film used for the Apollo 11 mission, except that film is reversed and run backwards. Look for the 'tadpole like' mountain range. What NASA did was to film the mock lunar surface at LRC, traveling in one direction, then reverse camera and film surface travelling in opposite direction.

Film footage showing Apollo missions allegedly circling the Moon, was taken by a rail mounted camera which slowly moved toward a rotating plaster of Paris model of the Moon.

James Lovell was reading from a pre-written script in the simulator when he did the voice over for the above film and referred to the Moon as being 'essentially grey, no colour, looks like plaster of paris'. The recording was made long before the mission. Listen carefully on headphones, as he tries hard to suppress himself from laughing. Why otherwise would someone on such an important mission find it so comical? The answer is because it was indeed plaster of Paris he was referring to, hence the smirk on the face of Michael Collins after the remark.

The majority of NASA's fake Moon landing pictures were taken/composed in the mid-90s AND NOT in the late 60s as many are led to believe. This was because suspicion was aroused at the time regarding the limited number of photos available. NASA had to do something rapidly because of the onset of the Internet.

Earth is 235,000 miles from the Moon, yet reflected sunlight from its surface is strong enough to illuminate the darkness on planet Earth. Anyone hovering above the surface of the Moon would be blinded by the high intensity light reflected back.

In the mid-60s, Alan Sheppard was removed from ALL space missions due to vertigo and Meniere's disease. No one in such a poor state of health would be assigned to such a dangerous and complex mission. He was not even on the Apollo 14 mission, which in itself was only in Earth orbit.

The monitored radio/data signals were either transmitted from Earth and reflected back by bouncing signals off the Moon, or were transmitted via a leased channel. If a valuable source of monitoring equipment was left on Moon, then it would be used today, and not shut down in the 70s.

In a TV interview with journalist Sheena McDonald back in 1994, the NASA Administrator, Dan Golden, openly admitted that mankind cannot venture beyond Earth orbit until they can overcome the dangers of cosmic radiation. He managed to say this without any mention of the Apollo missions 25 years previously, which supposedly went 240,000 miles outside Earth orbit.

Neil Armstrong has NO mementos or photographs whatsoever from his alleged Moon mission; however he has plenty from his test pilot days. There are no photographs of Armstrong supposedly on the Moon, because Armstrong, knowing the saga was fake, refused NASA permission.

In 1969 computer chips had not been invented. The maximum computer memory was 256kb and this was housed in a large air conditioned building. In 2008 a top of the range computer requires at least 64Mb of memory to run a simulated Moon landing, and that does not include the memory required to take off again once landed. The computer on board Apollo 11 had 32kb of memory.

When Apollo astronauts were not in space, they were manning mission control communication for other Apollo missions, this was to limit the number of persons 'in the know'. There were in fact two communication links to every Apollo mission. First was launch control who dealt with communication at lift off and re-entry, however once in Earth orbit communication was handed over to the limited few astronauts manning mission control. Check it yourself on film coverage released at the time. Collins, Duke, Aldrin, Lovell, Shepherd, Schmitt, Cernan etc, are all there on various missions. Lovell himself admitted that there were two communication links to the astronauts.

It would have been impossible for the astronauts to get from the Lunar Module to the conical space capsule, as this section was occupied by the 3 large re-entry parachutes, which ejected from the conical end.

In 2011 NASA still does not have the technology to land a man on the Moon and return them safely. It may be possible in the future, but such a feat is still many, many years away.

Buzz Aldrin believes he has suffered brain damage as a result of his trip to the Moon. He knows very well that he never went anywhere near the Moon and so could not have suffered brain damage in the way he alleges. Aldrin was the only Apollo astronaut who went public and talked about the Moon landings during the 70s and 80s. The guilt, remorse, and stumbling over awkward questions put to him by the media, have put an intolerable strain on him. His psychological damage is the result of keeping it bottled up for 40 years, instead of getting it off his mind. In Aldrin's book 'Return to Earth', he makes a remark that all 6 of them have been made to look fools. Make of this what you will."

Finally, of course the above list of facts does not come anywhere close to providing a fully comprehensive list or breakdown of the anomalies surrounding NASA's claims of Moon missions. To do justice to the full list would be worthy in itself of a book of this size, alone. All I can do is provide a brief overview of some of the less well-known aspects and encourage the reader to undertake his/her own further research on the topic.

Stanley Kubrick - 2001, A Space Oddity

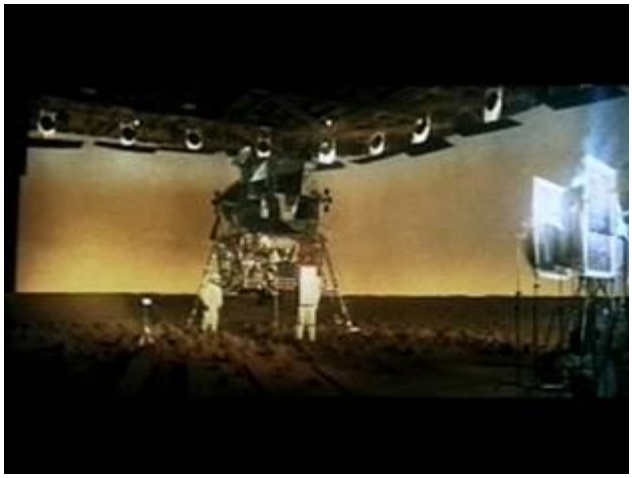

I am grateful for all the following information, to Jay Weidner, who amongst his many other talents is a highly skilled photographer.

It has now been 42 years (at the time of writing this) since the first Apollo moon landing. For as many years, there has also been a controversy between those who accept the landings as genuine and those who believe that they were faked. Could what we saw on TV of the alleged missions and landings possibly have been faked by none other than the late, great filmmaker Stanley Kubrick?

In early 1964, Stanley Kubrick had just finished his black satire Dr. Strangelove starring Peter Sellers and was looking to produce a science fiction film as his next big project. Whilst directing Dr. Strangelove, Kubrick had asked the US Air Force for permission to film one of their B52 bombers for the movie, but the Pentagon demurred. The movie, Dr. Strangelove, was about a flight squadron that had been ordered to fly to Russia and drop nuclear bombs on that country and the Pentagon read Kubrick's script and rejected his request to actually film the inside and outside, of a B52. The reason for this rejection was that Kubrick's film was clearly a satire on the military and US nuclear policy and the Pentagon did not wish to be held up to ridicule by Kubrick.

Undaunted by this rejection, Kubrick used various special effects to re-create the B52 in flight. When viewing Dr. Strangelove today, these special effects look dated and old fashioned, but in 1963 they seemed very plausible. Could it be at all possible that someone in high places saw these effects and admiring his creativity, decided to hire him to direct the moon landings charade?

After all, if he could do that well on such a limited budget, what could he achieve on a virtually unlimited budget? No one knows for sure how the powers-that-be convinced Kubrick to direct the Apollo landings footage but it is more than possible that he was compromised in some way. The fact that his brother, Raul Kubrick, was the head of the American Communist Party may have been one of the avenues pursued by the shadow government to get Kubrick to cooperate. But perhaps it was simply the payment of a huge sum of money into a numbered Swiss bank account that swung it for them.

Either way, it would appear that Stanley Kubrick faked the moon landings in return for two things. The first was a virtually unlimited budget to make his ultimate science fiction film: 2001: A Space Odyssey and the second was that he would be able to make any film he wanted, with no oversight from anyone, for the rest of his life. Except for his last film, Eyes Wide Shut, Kubrick got exactly what he demanded.

It is almost uncanny the way that the production of 2001: A Space Odyssey parallels the Apollo programme, in many respects. The film production commenced in 1964 and continued until the film was released in 1968. Meanwhile, the Apollo programme also began in 1964 and culminated with the first Moon landing on the 20th July 1969. Also, it is perhaps significant to note that the scientist Frederick Ordway was working both for NASA and the Apollo programme and was also Kubrick's main science advisor for 2001: A Space Odyssey. Once the deal was negotiated, the work began and the most pressing problem for Kubrick in 1964 was found to be how to work-out a way to make the shots on the ground, on the surface of the moon, look even close to being realistic. He had to make the scenes appear to be open and expansive, just as though the film really had been shot on the Moon and not, as it really was, in a film studio.

Eventually Kubrick settled on doing the entire project with a cinematic technique called Front Screen Projection. It is in the use of this cinematic technique that the 'trademark' of Kubrick can be seen all over the NASA Apollo photographic and video material. What is Front Screen Projection? Kubrick did not invent the process but there is no doubt that he played a huge role in perfecting it. Front Screen Projection is a cinematic device that allows scenes to be projected behind the actors so that it appears, in the camera, as if the actors are moving around on the set provided by the Front Screen Projection.

The process became possible when the company 3M invented a material by the name of Scotchlite. This was a screen material that was made up of hundreds of thousands of tiny glass beads each about 0.4 millimetres wide. These beads are highly reflective and in the Front Screen Projection process the Scotchlite screen would be placed at the back of the soundstage. The plane of the camera lens and the Scotchlite screen had to be exactly 90 degrees apart and then a projector would project the scene onto the Scotchlite screen through a mirror and the light would go through a beam splitter, which would pass the light into the camera. An actor would stand in front of the Scotchlite screen and he would appear to be 'inside' the projection. Today, Hollywood directors use green screens and computers for special effects, and so Front Screen Projection has gone the way of all obsolete technology. But in its day, especially in the 1960s, nothing worked better than Front Screen Projection for the realistic look that would be needed both for the ape-men scenes in 2001: A Space Odyssey and the faked Apollo landings.

If one watches 2001 on DVD today, it is possible to actually occasionally see the 'seams' of the screen behind the gyrating apes. Kubrick was performing Front Screen Projection in such a grandiose fashion that the technicians were forced to sew together many screens of Scotchlite so that Kubrick could create the vastness needed for the ape scenes to be believable.

While watching 2001, with the scenes of the ape-men one can see the signatures of Front Screen Projection everywhere. It should be emphasised that the sets that surround the ape-men in the movie are real. There are 'real' rocks surrounding the ape-men albeit probably papier mache, but behind the fabricated rocks on the set, the desert scene is being projected via the Front Screen Projector. One of the ways in which one identify that the FSP system is being used is that the bottom horizon line between the actual set and the background Scotchlite screen has to be obscured so that the line remains unseen. Kubrick's tactic was to strategically locate rocks and other artefacts near the bottom of the scene in order to hide this 'joint' line.

Just as a stage magician needs the hidden pockets in his suit to hide the mechanisms of his tricks, so too Kubrick needed to hide the mechanism of his trick behind the carefully placed horizon line between the set and the screen. It is this signature that reveals, not only that NASA did fake the photographs of the Apollo missions but also how they faked them.

NASA photo clearly depicting the fake horizon line

One can see that there is a slight uprising behind the LEM, which is hiding the bottom of the screen. Also notice that even though everything is in focus in the background, there is a strange change in the landscape of the ground immediately above the 'horizon' line. This is because the photo of the

mountains being used on the FP system has a slightly different ground texture than the set. Indeed, this 'fingerprint' is also consistent throughout many of the Apollo images.

However, not all lunar-surface shots use this process. Sometimes the astronauts are just standing on the set with a suspicious, completely black background. The early missions used the Front Screen Projection system only when they had to, but as the missions continued and they had to look more professional, Kubrick began to perfect the process.

Although it is possible to see the Front Screen Projection process on every mission, the seriously revealing images are in the later missions, namely Apollo 14, 15, 16 and 17.

Here are some images from Apollo 17:

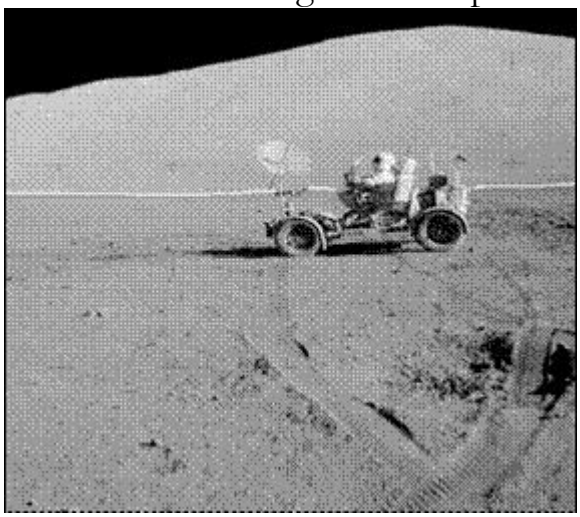

That astronaut is driving the lunar rover parallel to the screen and the rover is only three or four feet away from the Scotchlite. Please note how the tyre treads just lead to nowhere. Actually, they are going to the edge of the set.

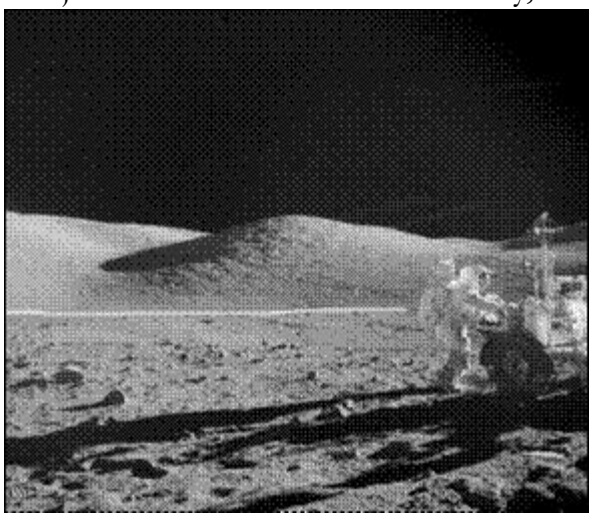

In the above photo, the astronaut is about six feet in front of the Scotchlite screen. Please also note how everything is in focus from the rocks and pebbles close to the camera all the way to the crystal clear 'mountain' behind the astronaut. Another huge impossibility among many impossibilities.

There is a stark difference in the ground texture between the set and what is being projected onto the screen. One can almost count the number of small rocks and the granularity of the ground is clearly seen on the set, but once we get to the screen on the other side of my line this granularity disappears.

This next image is interesting. When first viewed one is sure that they are looking across the vast unbroken lunar surface from beginning to end. With the Earth rising, it is truly a stunning shot.

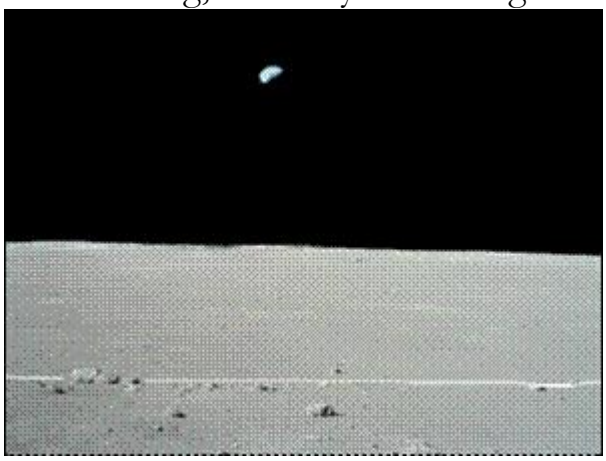

But sure enough – a close examination reveals the set/screen line once again. Again, please note the change in the texture of the ground immediately on each side of the line. The little pebbles and dust seem to disappear behind the line.

What this means is that it is virtually impossible for two objects that are far apart in the lens of a 70mm camera to be in the same plane of focus. One of the two objects will always be out-of-focus. Filmmakers like to use depth of field because it creates soft out-of-focus backgrounds that are visually very pleasant to the human eye.

While watching the ape-men scenes at the beginning of 2001, one can see that everything is in focus. Whether it is the apes, or the far away desert background, they are all in focus. This is because the Front Projection Screen on which the background desert scenes are projected is actually not far away from the ape actor. In reality the Scotchlite screen containing the desert scene is right behind the actors just as the Scotchlite screen is right behind the

astronauts in the Apollo images. So whatever is projected onto that screen will usually be in the same plane of focus as the actor-ape or the actor-astronaut.

This depth of field is impossible in real life using a large format film like 70 mm. Keeping everything in focus is only possible if everything is actually confined to a small place. It may look like the ape-men are somewhere in a huge desert landscape but in reality they are all on a small set in a studio. Similarly it may look like the astronauts are on a vast lunar landscape, but actually they are on a small confined set. Because of the vastness of the set and because he needed it to look like it was not done on a sound-stage, Kubrick had to sew several Scotchlite screens together. It was only when he had created a large enough Scotchlite screen, was he then was able to get a large enough background image that would look expansive enough to appear to be the surface of the moon or a desert four million years ago.

The process that created the desert backgrounds in 2001 is exactly the same process that created the lunar mountains backgrounds for the Apollo missions.

Maybe this is why NASA suddenly lost all of its lunar images. Maybe this is why NASA recently admitted that they 'accidentally' taped-over the original high-resolution tape of Apollo 11. Maybe this is why Neil Armstrong, 'the first man to walk on the moon', does not ever participate in the celebrations and anniversaries of the moon landings and maybe this is why we have never gone back to the moon.

As previously stated, many researchers have pointed out the different angles of light on the surface of the moon. Because there is only one light source (the sun) how can there be multiple shadow angles on the moon? If the shots were actually taken in the bright light of the sun, two individual shadows should be at the same exact angle. Yet they are not. Why? Simply because Kubrick used studio lighting, but why would Kubrick make a beginner's mistake like inconsistent shadow angles, being the supremely accomplished film-maker he indeed was? I believe that Kubrick did this intentionally.

One thing that we may be sure of is that some part of Stanley Kubrick wanted everyone to know what he had done and that is surely why he left behind clues that would explain who did it and how.

But also we can see that Kubrick used the faking of the Apollo moon missions as an opportunity to make one great film and because he had negotiated a deal where no-one would be given oversight on the film, Kubrick was allowed to make whatever movie he desired. Knowing as he did that no-one would object to his anti-Hollywood methods, he created the first abstract

feature film, the first intellectual movie and the greatest esoteric work of art in the 20th century.

The president of MGM at the time in 1968 publicly admitted that he never even saw a rough cut of 2001: A Space Odyssey during the entire four years of production. Does that sound like the manner in which a head of a major studio would normally conduct his business? 2001: A Space Odyssey was one of the most expensive films ever made at that time so does it even seem remotely possible that no-one at MGM even cared to check-on the ongoing development of the film?

If so, it is a virtual certainty that 2001: A Space Odyssey is the only film in MGM history where the executives who funded the movie never oversaw the film's evolution. So why was there no interest in this very expensive endeavour? Because MGM did not fund 2001, the US Government did. Outside of the Front Screen Projection evidence, which I believe conclusively proves the fraud of the Apollo landings, there is much circumstantial evidence that would lead us to draw the conclusion that Kubrick directed the filming of the Apollo missions. For instance, in the original release of 2001 there were many credits thanking NASA and many of the aerospace companies that worked with NASA on the moon landings but unsurprisingly, these credits have since been removed from all subsequent prints of 2001. For those old enough to remember, in the original credits Kubrick also thanks a vast array of military and space corporations for their help in the production and as these are the very same corporations that supposedly helped NASA get the astronauts to the moon – one has to wonder – what kind of help did they gave Kubrick? And for what price?

In Kubrick's film Wag the Dog; Dustin Hoffman plays a movie producer hired by the CIA to 'fake an event'. His name in the movie is Stanley and he mysteriously dies after telling everyone that he wants to take credit for the 'event' that he helped fake. Stanley Kubrick died soon after showing Eyes Wide Shut to the executives at Warner Brothers and it is strongly rumoured that they were very angry about the contents of the film. They wanted Kubrick to re-edit the film but he refused point-blank.

Warner Brothers subsequently admitted that they re-edited the film after Stanley's death and before release contrary to their agreement with Kubrick that he would have sole editorial discretion. To this day, WB still refuse to release a DVD of Stanley Kubrick's cut. Not only is this a direct violation of the agreement that Kubrick had with Warner Brothers, but it also means that

there will probably never be an un-edited version of this film. It really does beg the question as to what was actually removed from the original.

And finally, Eyes Wide Shut was released on the 16th July 1999. Stanley Kubrick insisted in his contract that this was to be the date of the release. The 16th July 1999 is exactly 30 years to the day that Apollo 11 was launched.

Natural or Artificial Satellite?

Ask yourself, what do you really know about our nearest neighbour?

Here are some stunning facts to start with:

The Moon's diameter is EXACTLY 1/400th of the diameter of the Sun and stands from Earth at EXACTLY 1/400th of the distance from the Earth to the Sun. Not 399.5, not 400.5 but EXACTLY 400. How improbable are both these facts when taken individually, let alone together?

This is the staggering fact that enables a total eclipse of the sun to occur – nothing else. If this ratio had varied even slightly then total eclipses would not occur.

And also, equally incredibly the Moon's 'day', is exactly equal to its 'year' ie. its period of rotation on its axis is EXACTLY equal to the time it takes for it to circumnavigate the Earth, hence we never see the far side, it is ALWAYS pointing away from the Earth. This time period on Earth is known as one month.

The staggering statistics continue…

The ancient human civilisations developed and utilised a unit of measurement which has today come to be known as the 'megalithic yard' or MY for short. It is based on 366p to a circle, sixty minutes to a degree and six seconds to a minute. This sequence generates a second of arc on the Earth's polar circumference that is 366 megalithic yards long.

Applying these principles of megalithic geometry to all of the planets and moons in the solar system, it was found that only the Sun and our Moon produced precise round-number results, a fact which is truly astounding and about as far from being the result of pure chance as it is possible to be.

The Sun is almost a perfect sphere. NASA quotes a best estimate of the circumference of the Sun as 4,373,096 km, which converted into megalithic geometry gives one second of arc as being 40,003.8 MY. This represents an accuracy of more than 99.99% to a round figure of 40,000 MY. Given that the

NASA figure is based on a best estimate, it is not unreasonable to assume that 40,000 MY is yet another significant figure in the sequence.

Similarly, the moon is also close to being a perfect sphere and NASA's own figures specify a circumference of 10,914.5 km which converts to one second of arc, being 99.9MY. Given the irregular surface of the Moon and the small variation of the MY as +/- 0.061cm, again it is not unreasonable to conclude that we are dealing once more in significantly round numbers.

The Moon is also turning at a rate that is almost exactly 1% or 1/100th of that of the Earth and in addition, the Moon is also travelling around the Earth at a speed of exactly 1km per second which now brings into play the metric system itself. The metric system we know today was developed in France in the late 18th / early 19th century and has thus existed in its present form for around two centuries only. However, it is known to be based on an almost identical system of measurement developed by the Sumerian people several thousand years ago. In our modern metric system the circumference of the Earth at the poles is exactly 40,000 km. This is not a massive coincidence by any means, but simply a case of how the system was derived, the exact distance around at the poles being divided by 40,000 in order to determine the exact length of the kilometre and all the other sub-measurements being determined as direct derivatives of a kilometre.

There is another interesting correlation between the Moon and the kilometre. The distance from the Earth to the Sun measured in Sun diameters is precisely 109.2 at its farthest point and also the distance across the Sun's diameter is 109.2 Earth diameters. When we also add to this curious pattern that the circumference of the Moon is 109.2 x 100 km, a very strange co-incidence becomes apparent. Or does it? Can this extraordinarily unlikely series possibly be a co-incidence or is it something more than that?

Taken in isolation any one of the above relationships may be considered a co-incidence, but there reaches a point whereby when the co-incidences become too frequent that we realise that there simply must be something else going-on here.

The complete mathematical message in the Moon – Earth – Sun relationship is as follows:

366 – The no. of rotations of the Earth on its own axis in one Earth year.

366 – The no. of megalithic yards in one second of arc of the Earth.

366 – The percentage size Moon to Earth.

366 – The no. of lunar orbits in exactly 10,000 days.

400 – The ratio of the size of the Moon to that of the Sun.

400 – The no. of kilometres the Moon turns on its axis each day.

400 – The no. of times the Earth rotates faster than the Moon.

400 – The number of times further away from the Earth than the Moon, is the Sun.

40,000 – The no. of MY in 1 second of arc of the Sun.

40,000 – The no. of kilometres the Earth turns on its axis in one day.

40,000 – The no. of kilometres around the polar circumference of the Earth.

109.2 – The ratio of the size of the Earth to the Sun.

109.2 – The number of Earth diameters across the diameter of the Sun.

109.2 – The no. of Sun diameters across the Earth's orbit at it furthest point.

10,920 – The diameter of the Moon in kilometres.

27.322 – The sidereal days in 1 lunar orbit. (27.322 x 4 = 109.2)

27.322 – The percentage size Earth to Moon.

The chances of these numbers occurring randomly by chance are literally trillions to one against. So if my contention is that the precise relationships between the Sun, Earth and Moon are not purely chance then there must be a 'guiding hand' of some description behind it all.

It may be surprising to note that no matter how much technology develops in the next ten, one hundred or even 1000 years, the human race will never, ever be able to stand on an alien planet and watch something that over the millennia has in equal measures both fascinated and terrified the inhabitants of the Earth, a total eclipse of the sun. This is because Earth is most probably unique in experiencing total eclipses as they only occur because of a probably unparalleled, breathtaking, apparent co-incidence and that is that it has a moon at EXACTLY the right size and distance that EXACTLY obscures the light from its star, when conditions are exactly right.

However, this has not always been the case. Around 4.6 million years ago, give or take a few millennia, the Moon was much closer to the Earth than it is in its present position. And given the fact that the Moon is still receding from the Earth, then it can be logically argued that total eclipses are only going to be visible for a finite period of time. The Moon is a finite size as is the Sun, for now anyway and disregarding the fact that over the next several billion years it will swell to almost 10 times its current dimensions, swallowing all the nearest planets and rendering the Earth completely uninhabitable, long before that

happens. So, given this fact, there is a fixed period only, whereby total eclipses can occur as the Moon will always be the same size but as it slowly but surely recedes, its visible size in relation to the Sun will be smaller and thus total eclipses will be gone forever.

There is also something else rather strange about the Moon. It is 1/3 of the size of the Earth, a huge ratio for a moon in relation to its host (in fact by magnitudes the largest such ratio in our Solar System) and yet it has only 1/81 of the Earth's mass. Had the Moon been composed entirely of Earth-type rocks, with the same gravitational pull it currently has then it would have had to have been much, much smaller, more on a par in fact with many other moons scattered liberally around the giant planets, Saturn, Neptune and Jupiter. And instead of being consistent, the gravity on the moon is subject to significant regional variations.

The fact that total eclipses are only able to occur now, at a time when the human race is sophisticated and technologically developed enough to recognise and study this fact is actually almost incredible. Some so-called experts will tell us that 'this is just the way it is' and that it is in effect 'no big deal' or a simple co-incidence, but I beg to differ somewhat. I believe strongly that it is more than significant when co-incidence is piled on top of co-incidence and numbers and sequences fit like the proverbial glove in instance after instance that does I believe point toward some kind of 'guiding hand' carefully leading us into the future. I am not invoking belief in a Christian or other mainstream religion's deity by that statement, simply speculating with what even mainstream science is now coming to regard as being more likely than not and that is that we and the Universe itself must be the product of some intelligent designer.

A recent, interesting discovery by astronomers is that in alien Solar Systems, the giant, gaseous planets such as our own Jupiter, Neptune and Saturn are all much, much closer to their parent star than is the case in any other example in our known 'neighbourhood'. It would therefore appear that the incidence of the larger planets being the furthermost planets from the sun is unique, as far as can be presently ascertained. It is also a fact that were Jupiter not more than five times distant from the sun than is the Earth, then intelligent life itself probably could not exist on Earth. This is due in no small measure to the fact that Jupiter fulfils the important role of protecting the inner planets from errant objects entering the Solar System from deep space and thus bombarding the smaller planets with deadly debris. Because of Jupiter's

extreme size and thus its huge gravitational pull, any object entering its vicinity will be inextricably dragged-in towards the planet and effectively neutralised by collision with the giant body. For example in 1994, the comet Shoemaker-Levy was famously seen to be destroyed in exactly this manner causing a collision which created a fireball larger than the Earth itself. Had S-L managed to find its way past Jupiter and into the inner Solar System, it could have been absolutely disastrous for life on Earth.

All the above facts, I believe speak volumes. The chances of such random measurements, circumstances and facts occurring naturally are almost infinitesimally small and therefore it is not unreasonable to consider firstly, that the Moon is an artificial construct and secondly, that a guiding hand was present in designing our space-neighbourhood to offer maximum protection to our fledgling species aeons ago when life first began.

If the message contained within these measurements had been present in some electro-magnetic radio communication from outside the Solar System then the Search For Extra-terrestrial Intelligence group, otherwise known as SETI, would have wasted no time in claiming that they had at last found proof of other-worldly intelligence. So, if we accept that there has been an intelligent intervention in our past in order to facilitate our development into a technological society, could it have been an Alien race of beings planning our destiny, possibly the same ones who seeded the planet originally or indeed a spiritual presence that was responsible?

I cannot answer that question definitively, but merely present the above facts as worthy of further consideration and research or at the very least 'food for thought'. One thing of which I am certain however is that there is far more to know about the Earth, Sun and Moon's relationships than is ever given credence by those who control our thoughts and proscribe a 'reality' that is almost always at odds with the truth.

The Mysterious Georgia Guidestones

In 1979, an enigmatic stranger walked into the offices of the Elberton Granite Finishing Company in the town of Elberton in north-east Georgia USA, with a very strange request. He introduced himself as 'Mr. R. C. Christian' and stated that he wished to build a granite monument of such a scale and complexity, that he was immediately dismissed out of hand by Joe Fendley, the company owner as a crank or a practical joker. However, playing along, he sent him to visit a local banker Wyatt Martin in the hope that that would be the last he would see of the strange Mr. Christian.

Upon their meeting, Christian told Martin that he represented a group of individuals who had planned this project for more than 20 years and that each one of the group was a loyal American who believed in God and country. He said that the group of sponsors wished to remain anonymous and went on to say that his real name was not Robert C. Christian as he had introduced himself, but this was simply a name chosen because of his Christian faith.

"The group feels that by having our identity remain secret, it will not distract from the monument and its meaning," said Christian. "The message to be inscribed on the stones, is to all mankind and is non-sectarian, nor nationalistic, nor in any sense political. The stones must speak for themselves to all who take note and should appeal to believers and non-believers, wherever and at all times," he continued.

To the absolute surprise of the Elberton Granite Company's owners, Christian made good his intentions and commissioned the company to construct the planned monument and it stands to this day in Elbert County, Georgia, almost like a modern-day Stonehenge. Christian's true identity has never been established but there has been much speculation in the intervening decades regarding his background and the identity of the group who sponsored this amazing, modern-day relic.

Let us now examine this strange work and attempt to establish its purpose and meaning, none of which was ever at the time disclosed to the constructors or indeed since and the mysterious character that was R. C. Christian has also long since disappeared into the mists of time, probably forever.

The monument is obviously built to stand the test of time, consisting of blue granite, one of the hardest rocks to be found, arranged as can be seen in the above illustration, with a central square pillar with four large rectangular slabs, placed diagonally at each corner of the central column, all topped with a square capstone.

The four major stones are arranged in a configuration oriented to the limits of the migration of the sun during the course of the year and also reflect the extreme positions of the rising and setting of the sun in its 18.6 year cycle. The centre stone has two interesting features; firstly, the North Star is always visible through a strategically placed hole drilled from the South to the North side of the centre stone and secondly, another slot aligns with the positions of the rising sun at the time of the summer and winter solstices and at the equinox. This in itself suggests esoteric intents in-line with the practices of the Elite.

I believe it is designed to communicate knowledge on many levels, philosophically, politically, and astronomically and the four large stone blocks contain ten guides for living, in eight languages: English, Spanish, Swahili, Hindi, Hebrew, Arabic, Chinese, and Russian. A shorter message is inscribed at the top of the structure in four ancient languages' scripts: Babylonian, Classical Greek, Sanskrit, and Egyptian hieroglyphs. It is important to note that those last four ancient languages are of great importance in the teachings of occult mystery schools, such as the Freemasons and the Rosicrucians and it is these facts that lead me to the conclusion that the monument was commissioned by present day descendants of the ancient bloodlines, the Illuminati, the Elite in other words.

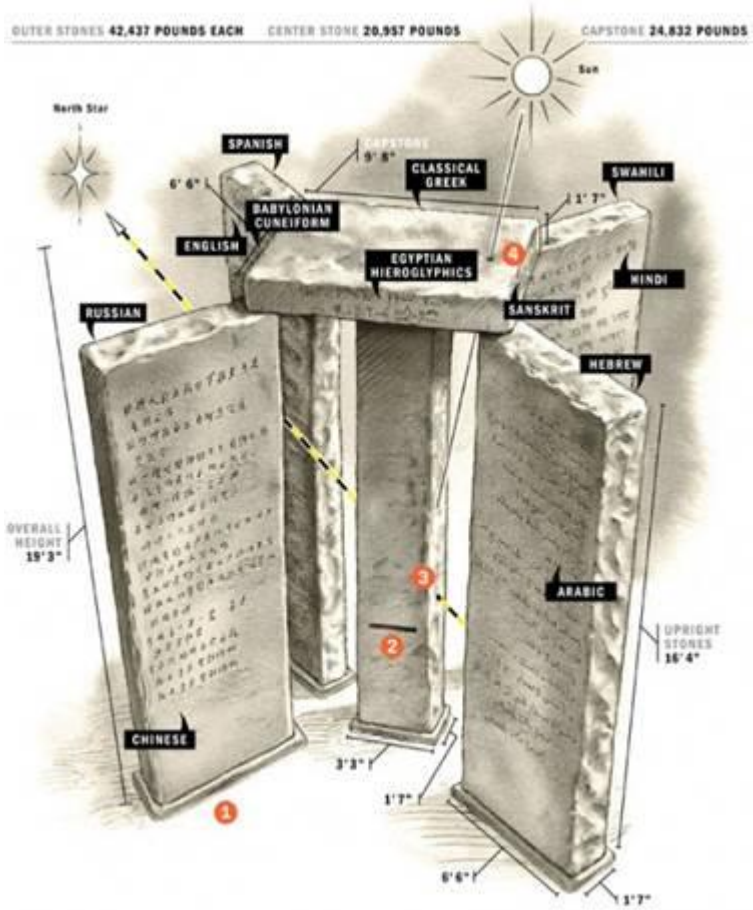

Astronomical features are of great significance in the design of the Guidestones. Monuments that are aligned with celestial bodies are often the work of secret societies, such as the Freemasons who garner their knowledge from the Mystery schools of Ancient Egypt, Greece or the Druidic Celts. They are well-known for embedding their sacred, ancient knowledge into monuments.

The 'ten commandments' literally set in stone, to be found on the Guidestones are:

1. Maintain humanity under 500,000,000 in perpetual balance with nature.
2. Guide reproduction wisely – improving fitness and diversity.
3. Unite humanity with a living new language.
4. Rule passion – faith – tradition – and all things with tempered reason.
5. Protect people and nations with fair laws and just courts.
6. Let all nations rule internally resolving external disputes in a world court.
7. Avoid petty laws and useless officials.
8. Balance personal rights with social duties.
9. Prize truth – beauty – love – seeking harmony with the infinite.

10. Be not a cancer on the earth – Leave room for nature – Leave room for nature.

I believe the first 'commandment' to be particularly significant, espousing at it does the elimination of 95% of the current world population. This is entirely in-step with Elite goals and plans and leaves no room for doubt that this whole exercise was their brainchild. This is without question part of the blueprint for the 'New World Order' promoted at every opportunity by the Elite and their 'gofers' and along with 'commandment' number 2, a central plank of the eugenics movement, promulgated by the very same 'Masters of the Universe'.

The last rule of the Guidestones, 'Be not a cancer on the earth – leave room for nature – leave room for nature' is particularly disturbing as it compares human life to a cancer on earth. With this state of mind, it becomes easier to rationalise the extinction of nearly all of the world's population.

In 1988, Britain's Prince Philip expressed the wish that, should he be reincarnated, he would want to be 'a deadly virus' that would reduce world population and more recently, Bill Gates said, "The world today has 6.8 billion people … that's headed up to about 9 billion. Now if we do a really great job on new vaccines, health care, reproductive health services, we could lower that by perhaps 10 or 15 percent." Along with tax-deductible donations of enormous amounts of money to help the depopulation cause, secret meetings of the world's Elite have been taking place for many years to discuss those very issues.

Most of the other rules of the Guidestones call for the creation of a world government, ruled by an 'enlightened few', who would regulate all aspects of human life, including faith, social duties, the economy, etc. etc.

Since the monument's completion on the 22nd March 1980, numerous authors and researchers have attempted to interpret the rationale behind the new 'ten commandments'. Do they really consist of a blueprint for the New World Order or are they simply rules applicable in the event of a major catastrophe? Obviously, the best way to obtain an accurate answer is to ask the authors of the rules themselves but as they have chosen to remain anonymous, it is impossible to do so. They did, however, leave an important clue to their intentions which has been overlooked by most researchers of the Guidestones. This astounding text, which describes their motives in great detail, can only be found in The Georgia Guidestone Guidebook, a pamphlet produced by the Granite Company, which manufactured and constructed the monument. It is obvious that the sponsors of the monument do indeed seek the creation of a New World Order and this is most definitely not a conspiracy theory or vague hypothesis, it is written in clear and unequivocal terms. So here it is, directly from the writings of its secret authors, the explanation of the 10 'commandments' of the Guidestones:

"It is very probable that humanity now possesses the knowledge needed to establish an effective world government. In some way that knowledge must he widely seeded in the consciousness of all mankind. Very soon the hearts of our human family must be touched and warmed so we will welcome a global rule of reason.

The group consciousness of our race is blind, perverse, and easily distracted by trivia when it should be focused on fundamentals. We are entering a critical era. Population pressures will soon create political and economic crisis throughout the world. These will make more difficult and at the same time

more needed the building of a rational world society. A first step will be to convince a doubting world that such a society is now possible. Let us keep in view enduring appeals to the collective reason of humanity. Let us draw attention to the basic problems. Let us establish proper priorities. We must order our home here on earth before we reach for the stars. Human reason is now awakening to its strength. It is the most powerful agency yet released in the unfolding of life on our planet. We must make humanity aware that acceptance of compassionate, enlightened reason will let us control our destiny within the limits inherent in our nature.

It is difficult to seed wisdom in closed human minds. Cultural inertias are not easily overcome. Unfolding world events and the sad record of our race dramatize the shortcomings of traditional agencies in governing human affairs. The approaching crisis may make mankind willing to accept a system of world law which will stress the responsibility of individual nations in regulating internal affairs, and which will assist them in the peaceful management of international frictions. With such a system we could eliminate war. We could provide every person an opportunity to seek a life of purpose and fulfillment.

There are alternatives to Armageddon. They are attainable. But they will not happen without coordinated efforts by millions of dedicated people in all nations of the earth. We, the sponsors of The Georgia Guidestones, are a small group of Americans who wish to focus attention on problems central to the present quandary of humanity. We have a simple message for other human beings, now and in the future. We believe it contains self-evident truths, and we intend no bias for a particular creed or philosophy. Yet our message is in some areas controversial. We have chosen to remain anonymous in order to avoid debate and contention which might confuse our meaning, and which might delay a considered review of our thoughts. We believe that our precepts are sound. They must stand on their own merits.

Stonehenge and other vestiges of ancient human thoughts arouse our curiosity but carry no message for our guidance. To convey our ideas across time to other human beings, we erected a monument — a cluster of graven stones. These silent stones will display our ideas now and when we have gone. We hope that they will merit increasing acceptance and that through their silent persistence they will hasten in a small degree the coming age of reason.

We believe that each human being has purpose. Every one of us is a small but significant bit of the infinite. The celestial alignments of the stones symbolize the need for humanity to be square with External principles which are manifest in our own nature, and in the universe around us. We must live in harmony with the infinite.

Four large stones in the central cluster are inscribed with ten precepts, each stone carrying the same text in two languages. In the English version the message totals fewer than one hundred words. The languages have been selected for their historical significance and for their impact on people now living. Since there are three thousand living languages, not all could he chosen.

We envision a later phase in the development of the Georgia Guidestones. It is hoped that other stones can be erected in outer circles to mark the migrations of the sun and perhaps certain other celestial phenomena. These stones would carry our words in the languages of other individuals who share our beliefs and will raise similar stones at international boundaries in the languages of friendly neighbors. They would serve as reminders of the difficulties which all humanity must face together, and would encourage mutual efforts to deal with them rationally and with justice.

We profess no divine inspiration beyond that which can be found in all human minds. Our thoughts reflect our analysis of the problems confronting humanity in this dawning of the atomic age. They outline in general terms certain basic steps which must be taken to establish for humanity a benevolent and enduring equilibrium with the universe.

Human beings are special creatures. We are shepherds for all earthly life. In this world, we play a central role in an eternal struggle between good and evil – between the forces which build and those which would destroy. The Infinite envelops all that exists, even struggle, conflict and change, which may reflect turmoil in the very soul of God.

We humans have been gifted with a small capacity to know and to act– for good or for evil. We must strive to optimize our existence, not only for ourselves but for those who come after us. And we must not be unmindful of the welfare of all other living things whose destinies have been placed in our trust.

We are the major agency through which good and evil qualities of the spirit become actors in our world. Without us there is very little of love, mercy, or compassion. Yet we can also be agents of hate, and cruelty and cold indifference. Only we can consciously work to improve this imperfect world.

It is not enough for us to merely drift with the current. The rational world of tomorrow lies ever upstream.

In 1980, as these stones were being raised, the most pressing world problem was the need to control human numbers. In recent centuries technology and abundant fuels have made possible a multiplication of humanity far beyond what is prudent or long sustainable. Now we can foresee the impending exhaustion of those energy sources and the depletion of world reserves of many vital raw materials.

Controlling our reproduction is urgently needed. It will require major changes in our attitudes and customs. Unfortunately, the inertia of human custom can be extreme. This is especially true when those for whom custom is a dominant force are uninformed of the need for change.

Nearly every nation is now overpopulated in terms of a perpetual balance with nature. We are like a fleet of overcrowded lifeboats confronted with an approaching tempest. In the United States of America we are seriously overtaxing our resources to maintain our present population in the existing state of prosperity. We are destroying our farmland and we have grown dangerously dependent upon external sources for oil, metals and other nonrenewable resources. Nations such as Japan, Holland and Haiti are even more seriously overpopulated and, therefore, in greater jeopardy.

In these circumstances, reproduction is no longer exclusively a personal matter. Society must have a voice and some power of direction in regulating this vital function. The wishes of human couples are important, but not paramount. The interests of present society and the welfare of future generations must be given increasing consideration as we develop mechanisms to bring rational control to our childbearing.

Irresponsible childbearing must be discouraged by legal and social pressures. Couples who cannot provide a decent income and support for a child should not produce children to be a burden for their neighbors. Bringing unneeded children into an overcrowded lifeboat is evil. It is unjust to those children. It is harmful for the other occupants and all living things. Society should not encourage or subsidize such behavior.

Knowledge and techniques for regulating human reproduction are now in existence. Moral and political leaders throughout the world have a grave responsibility to make this knowledge and these techniques generally available. This could be done with a fraction of the funds which the world now devotes

to military purpose. In the long run, diverting funds into this channel could do more than anything else to reduce the tensions which lead to war.

A diverse and prosperous world population in perpetual balance with global resources will be the cornerstone for a rational world order. People of good will in all nations must work to establish that balance.

With the completion of the central cluster of The Georgia Guidestones our small sponsoring group has disbanded. We leave the monument in the safekeeping of the people of Elbert County, Georgia.

If our inscribed words are dimmed by the wear of wind and sun and time, we ask that you will cut them deeper. If the stones should fall, or if they be scattered by people of little understanding, we ask that you will raise them up again.

We invite our fellow human beings in all nations to reflect on our simple message. When these goals are some day sought by the generality of mankind, a rational world order can be achieved for all."

All very commendable you may think. Who could argue with such noble sentiments? However when one 'reads between the lines' of this message it is very simple to discern the fact that the message promotes a society that would fulfill the Elite goals, all of course dressed up in language that is designed to make this 'New World Order' sound like paradise and not as it would be, the world described by both Orwell and Huxley in their prophetic novels 1984 and Brave New World.

The Georgia Guidestones are a manifesto calling for a drastic change in the way the world is currently managed. The monument is of a great importance in the understanding of the forces covertly shaping today and tomorrow's world and it represents in stone the inextricable links between secret societies, the world Elite and the agenda for a New World Order. This agenda for one world government, population control and environmentalism are issues that are today discussed on a daily basis in current events; however this was not the case in 1980, when the Guidestones were erected.

The crude but nevertheless heartfelt sentiments of those who oppose all that these monsters represent

The Ritual Murder of Diana, Princess of Wales

Despite what the establishment and the Elite controlled, compliant media would like you to believe, there is absolutely no doubt that Diana was ritually and brutally murdered in line with Royal orders.

On the 31st August 1997, Princess Diana, the estranged wife of Prince Charles, and her lover, Dodi Fayed were killed in a car crash in the Pont de l'Alma road tunnel in the centre of Paris. They were on their way to Dodi's executive apartment just off the Champs Elysee after having had dinner together at the Ritz Hotel, owned by Dodi's father, Mohammed Fayed. (I will refer to him and his late son as 'Fayed' rather than 'Al Fayed' as this is the name with which he was born. The 'Al' prefix is merely a later affectation). The other occupants of the car were Henri Paul, head of security at the Ritz, the nominated driver for the evening and Trevor Rees-Jones another security man and the only survivor of the 'accident'.

We are, as is always the case, faced with the usual confusion and subterfuge surrounding the events of that night. Indeed there are so many conflicting versions of the story that it is extremely difficult for anyone to even come close to the actual truth without intensive, sustained research on the subject. However, what follows is substantially more than an educated guess about what actually happened that fateful night.

The story began in 1980, seventeen years earlier with a teenage girl from a privileged background, Lady Diana Spencer, meeting and falling in love with her Prince Charming (Charles) in a storybook romance that captured the imagination of almost the whole of our royalty-obsessed nation and most of the rest of the world too. The date was soon set for the wedding as the 29th July 1981 and little did poor Diana know that her troubles were only just about to begin.

She gave birth to William, the couple's first child, through an induced birth on 21st June 1982 (significantly, the summer solstice – an important occult date) and he was shortly afterwards followed by his younger brother, Harry, the two boys being jokingly referred to as the 'heir and the spare'. Once Diana had fulfilled her always-intended role as brood-mare (her term) for the future

monarch and his 'back-up', all pretence of love was immediately dropped by Charles and he immediately resumed his long-term, ongoing affair with Camilla Parker-Bowles (if indeed it had ever ceased). Diana realised very quickly that the fairy-tale was over and she was basically shunned and treated as an interloper from that point onwards by the entire Royal family. Had she not been the strong character that she undoubtedly was, then she may not have even had the mental strength to assert herself where her boys were concerned. Ironically, that she did so, probably marked the beginning of the end for her. Anyone who crosses these people, for any reason at all had better beware.

The full force of the Royal propaganda machine was unleashed upon her as she had to endure all kinds of mental torture and accusations of unfaithfulness (most of her alleged indiscretions were probably more than understandable, but nevertheless true) whilst Charles' blame for the rapid disintegration of the marriage was deflected in her direction and for a considerable time she acquired a reputation as a 'mad woman' struggling with bulimia and mental illness.

In 1988, Diana was having a secret affair with her security guard, the detective Barry Mannakee which obviously became known to the Royals. Shortly afterwards, Mannakee was killed in a road traffic 'accident' and Charles cruelly and sarcastically broke the news to Diana by saying to her with a smirk, before she even knew of his death, 'Shame about poor Barry!' David Icke, the geo-political researcher, spoke to Christine Fitzgerald, an alternative healer and Diana's confidante at the time and she said to him..

"She was crying hysterically and I said 'What's the matter?' 'I can't believe it', she sobbed, 'They killed him, they killed him'. I said 'who did they kill' and she told me that he [Barry] had been decapitated on his motorbike and how she thought at first it was a terrible accident. But now she knows the Royal family killed him because Prince Charles' detective just told her that if she didn't cool it with Hewitt, the same would happen to him. He told her that she should not think she was indispensible either." [My emphasis – JH]

Diana in fact was absolutely convinced that she was going to be disposed of in a fake 'accident' scenario. She confided this fact to several friends and even wrote it in a

letter.

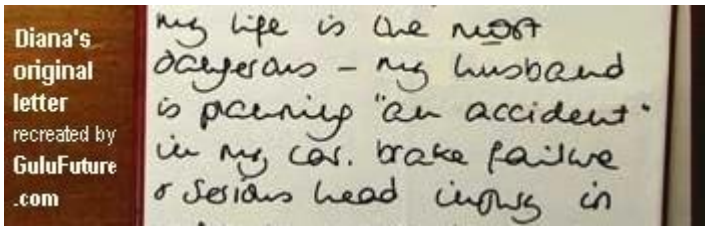

Diana's letter to her butler, Paul Burrell

This was later confirmed by James Hewitt himself in a TV documentary, 'Diana – secrets of the crash' in 1998. He also said that he too had been warned to stop seeing Diana or 'the consequences would not be pleasant'. He further said:

"The telephone calls were anonymous, but they left me in no doubt that they knew what the situation was. They were threatening. They said it was not conducive to my health to continue the relationship."

He also said that he had other warnings from Diana's personal protection unit, the Royal household itself and a specific 'senior' member of the Royal family whom he declined to identify. This person said:

"Your relationship is known about. It is not supported. We cannot be responsible for your safety and security and suggest that you curtail it forthwith."

However the clearest threat to him came when he was told outright that if he did not desist from seeing Diana, the same fate as befell Barry Mannakee would also befall him.

This latter statement alone, I believe tells anyone who was formerly in any doubt about the capabilities of these monsters, exactly what they are about and belies the 'cosy' homely image they love to project of their thoroughly evil-to-the-core family. Every time I hear anyone say anything along the lines of 'I am a staunch royalist' or 'I adore the Royal family' (and there are millions of these sheeple) it makes me thoroughly sick to my stomach. The time to wake up is long overdue.

But, back to the story…

After the end of her affair with James Hewitt, which had been duly 'curtailed' after the threats, which Hewitt obviously and understandably took fairly seriously, Diana's next 'public' amour was with Dodi Fayed and as we all know now, it was destined to be her last.

Mohammed Fayed, Dodi's overbearing father was instrumental in bringing the couple together. He had ingratiated himself with Diana in the past and always made a point of greeting her personally when she visited Harrods for

her 'retail therapy'. They had built up quite a cosy relationship – she found him 'charming and funny' or so she said and when he invited her and the two teenage boys to join him and Dodi on his yacht Jonikal in the Mediterranean in the July of 1997, the relationship blossomed. At this point, it must be noted, Dodi was still engaged to his American fiancée, Kelly Fisher but father had spoken and Dodi had to obey.

Kelly was originally invited to be the guest on the yacht that summer but Dodi blanked her several times, would not answer her calls and she was told by the Fayed staff in no uncertain terms that they had been instructed not to connect her calls to either Fayed senior or Fayed junior. Eventually she did manage to speak with Dodi who cruelly cut her short and told her the engagement was off. They were never to speak again.

After a relaxing few days on the yacht, the boys were dispatched back home to Charles whilst Dodi and Diana flew to Paris to spend a couple more romantic nights together before the end of the holiday and their both going their separate ways again, albeit it was hoped, temporarily.

So, the 30th August, the last full day either of them would ever see, as it turned out, dawned and after a pleasant day spent together in Paris, Dodi had planned a romantic meal for two in an exclusive restaurant close to the Ritz Hotel. However, their plans were about to be thwarted. A huge posse of 'paparazzi' reporters had gathered outside the main doors of the hotel, making it almost impossible for the couple to pass through on their way to the restaurant and so they had a change of plan. Instead of going to the restaurant, they decided to eat in the hotel restaurant before making their way across Paris to Dodi's apartment in the Rue Arsene-Houssaye, where they intended to spend the night.

Just after midnight, they made their move. The paparazzi were still thronged outside the front door of the hotel in great numbers and would no doubt harass the couple all the way to the car and probably all the way to Dodi's apartment too. So, a plan was hatched by Mohammed Fayed whereby a decoy car would arrive at the front door, purportedly to take the couple to their destination and meanwhile the couple would sneak out of the rear door and into another car waiting to whisk them away before the reporters knew what was afoot. So far so good and the Mercedes sped away from the Ritz driven by Henri Paul, with Rees-Jones in the front passenger seat and Diana and Dodi in the rear seats.

None of the two cars or motorcycle chasing the Mercedes at this point contained any paparazzi; they all appeared in the first couple of minutes after the crash. As the Mercedes approached the tunnel it was being chased by the two cars and one motorcycle and one of the vehicles (a white Fiat Uno) rammed the Mercedes just before the crash. As the Mercedes got nearer the tunnel, another motorcycle prevented one car from taking the approach road that lead to the tunnel.

A remote-controlled device was likely used, causing an explosion (as initially reported by CNN and then mysteriously omitted from subsequent reports) which was heard by witnesses and which disabled the driving controls and electronics of the Mercedes. A laser strobe light was also seen by witnesses, which was used to blind the driver in the final seconds before it entered the tunnel - which incidentally, some witnesses claim was completely dark as the lights had been turned-off minutes earlier. A laser beam was being flashed into the eyes of the chauffeur, Henri Paul, causing the Mercedes to crash inside the Pont d'Alma tunnel. Witnesses told British detectives they saw a motorcyclist point a laser into the eyes of Paul. One witness said he saw 'an enormous radar-like flash of light.'

After hearing an explosion and then a bang, witnesses ran to the scene, only to be told to 'get back' by an unknown person who ran towards them out of the tunnel from the direction of the crashed car. A second person, whose identity is also still unknown, was seen in the Mercedes lifting the already dead driver's head from the blaring car horn. Witnesses also report that a helicopter was seen above just before the crash, presumably monitoring or even directing events on the ground. Since the electricity had been cut-off in the tunnel, the traffic cameras did not work, thus ensuring that there was no video evidence of the Mercedes final approach to the tunnel or of what vehicles may have been leaving it. One witness, Gary Hunter, saw two vehicles race out of the tunnel and others also saw a motorcycle tearing away at high speed.

Removing the evidence

MI6 certainly had the means to kill Princess Diana by faking a car crash. In 1992, for example, former MI6 agent Richard Tomlinson says they planned to kill President Slobodan Milosevic by using a fake car crash in Geneva. In 1996, according to the former MI5 agent David Shayler, they failed in their attempt to kill the Libyan leader Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, but the car bomb they used killed scores of Libyan civilians (thus, Gaddafi, who has survived at least three attempts made on his life by western intelligence services, was also the only leader of a country to openly speculate that MI6 had killed Diana).

It was indeed MI6 who had developed an assassination technique by the name of 'Boston brakes' so-named after the MI6 location where it had been successfully developed in Boston, Lincolnshire in the English east midlands. This technique simply put, is a method by which the target car can be remotely controlled from another nearby vehicle and which would explain why, in the case of Diana's car it was a fairly simple operation to smash it precisely into tunnel pillar 13 at very high speed. We will examine the significance of pillar 13 in more detail later.

French medics from the hospital where the princess died, claim she was pregnant at the time of the crash and this would tend to support the belief that Diana and her lover were killed to avoid the royal family's embarrassment at her having a child by a Muslim. The intelligence services in France, Britain and the USA have 'stonewalled' on this though we know that intelligence services had Diana under surveillance on the fateful night in Paris. And, as is always the case, there has been a concerted campaign to discredit any attempts to get at the truth.

Minutes before the crash, the couple head towards the car.

Every trick in the book and every tabloid technique known to man have been employed to fashion all the fiction that masquerades as the truth. Henri Paul was not drunk at all. Both Trevor Rees-Jones and Kez Wingfield (another Fayed security man) continue to insist that Paul gave no indication whatsoever of being drunk before he got behind the wheel. They had been with him for extended periods that evening and still maintain that there was nothing in his behaviour or general conduct to suggest that he had been drinking. If this is the case, how then do they account for the inquiry finding that, within three minutes of leaving the hotel, he was more than three times over the drink-drive limit? After three contradictory autopsies, Henri Paul was buried on the advice of his lawyers and not cremated, as they advised his body may have to be exhumed again. The Times published an article headlined 'Spy agencies listened in on Diana'. In this article, 'former intelligence officials' confirmed to the newspaper that spy agencies in Britain and America 'eavesdropped on Diana'. Given that Diana was mother to the future King and was often at odds with the Royal Family, it is frankly unbelievable that the security forces were taking no interest in her but the official line attempts to deny the obvious.

"... the late Princess of Wales had clearly been under some kind of surveillance, as evidenced by the 1,050 page dossier held by the US National Security Agency detailing private telephone conversations between Diana and American friends intercepted at MI6's request." From Stephen Dorril's best-selling history of Britain's overseas intelligence service, 'MI6: Fifty Years of Special Operations' (p788).

By sheer co-incidence, Stephen Dorril is actually a neighbour of mine, living in the same small, Pennine village in rural Yorkshire. My wife was in fact his secretary for five years and he has verbally confirmed this fact to me, also.

The CIA and the National Security Agency (NSA) have confirmed that they hold 39 documents consisting of 1,056 pages of information relating to Diana and Dodi Fayed, but they refuse to reveal it on the grounds of 'national security'. Yeah, right.

Last photo of Diana – receiving oxygen

There have been many theories about why the Elite wanted rid of Diana. One of the more popular ones is that Britain's establishment found her relationship with the Egyptian Muslim Dodi Fayed (and the possible pregnancy) utterly unacceptable and so conspired with the intelligence services to have them killed. Another theory has her death linked to Diana's campaigning against the use of landmines whilst another opinion is based on Occam's razor ie. the correct solution to a problem is usually the simplest one and that she was murdered to make way for Charles to marry the love of his life, Camilla Parker-Bowles plus possibly to remove her 'bad influence' from the two young princes. Maybe the truth is a blend of all these possible reasons.

It may or may not be true, but I have heard of a second-hand story from a friend of a friend (who incidentally absolutely swears it to be the truth) that she was in Paris on the night of the crash and got back to her hotel room after a late night out and switched on the TV in the room. The local 24-hour news channel was airing the first pictures to come-in of an appalling car accident in Paris and she was just in time to see images of a young blonde woman, obviously dazed and groggy, but who was nevertheless able to enter the ambulance on foot, albeit with assistance from paramedics on either side of her. She recognised this woman as Princess Diana and went to bed thinking that Diana had 'had a lucky escape'. She was obviously shocked and mystified next day when she awoke to all the reports of the princess's death in the car crash. Of course those images were never shown or referred-to ever again as is usual in these cases. As a footnote to this, I have recently seen confirmation

that on that fateful night, the BBC newscaster Martyn Lewis in the BBC's first 'newsflash' announced that Dodi had been killed outright, but that Diana had been seen 'walking into an ambulance'.

Whatever the real truth regarding the above may be, this is certainly possible in my view. There was obviously no absolutely fool-proof way to ensure Diana's death, even in a staged crash and so there would have had to be a contingency plan in place in the event of her survival against the odds. If Diana had indeed survived the impact of the crash, then drastic steps would have needed to be undertaken to ensure that she did not survive and maybe this explains why it took the ambulance almost two hours to travel the 4km to the Pitie Salpetriere Hospital. I have not yet heard another credible reason as to why that should have been the case. At one point in the ambulance's journey it apparently parked at the kerb-side for over twenty minutes just 600 metres from the hospital. This has never been satisfactorily explained by those who control what we are meant to see, hear and believe.

Near the end of her life, Diana was increasingly becoming involved in politics and rattling more than a few cages on the way. She had criticised her own government and their policies and there were many in high places who resented her increasing involvement with politics combined with her extreme popularity – a dangerous mix in the eyes of the establishment. She was also viewed as a potential 'loose cannon' and was in a position, should she wish, to reveal some of the dark secrets of the Royal family. All of this, along with her relationship with Dodi Fayed probably sealed her fate. The same forces behind the murder of so many others, from heads of state such as JFK, Indira Gandhi and Olof Palme, to an ordinary civilian who knew too much, like Dr. David Kelly, were behind the murder of Princess Diana. MI6, the NSA, the CIA, the Bilderbergers, Trilateral Commission, CFR, Bohemian Grove, and other related secret agencies and societies that control the politics and media of supposedly 'free' nations all fall under the same umbrella and employ the same tactics in order to benefit the Elite few. Despite the lies dressed-up as truth in the popular press, many people believe Diana was murdered but we will never hear the truth of what really happened to her in the mainstream media, any more than we will with regards to countless others who have been and continue to be disposed-of at the hands of these murderous criminals. In the end, it is up to the people to decide if they can accept the truth about what kind of people control their own governments and if they can accept the truth about what really happened to Diana and so many others like her.

At this point of the story I feel it is worthwhile to mention the involvement of Mohammed Fayed in all of this intrigue. It is certainly true that his has been the loudest and most prominent individual voice of protest, but as with many other aspects of this sorry tale, I believe the truth of this to be not what it appears on the surface. Ask yourself who was the person who was controlling the couple's 'agenda' on that day? Who was the person who master-minded the logistical arrangements that evening? Who was the person who had slowly but surely ingratiated himself with Diana and acted as match-maker with his son those months previously? It was Fayed senior who indeed was pulling all the strings. Dodi was very much 'under the thumb' of his father and had no say in the events at all. Could Fayed's subsequent ravings about the 'murder' of his son and girlfriend and about senior Royalty involvement in the plot, have more than a little to do with the fact that Dodi's death had possibly not been part of the planned agenda and therefore the reason why Fayed's anger was unleashed? I firmly believe so. Moreover, I believe that Fayed had been cast in the role of 'Mr Fix-it', the facilitator of the entire operation but unfortunately he was not expecting Dodi to constitute part of the casualty list and therefore his extreme anger has been overtly apparent since the event.

Significantly, Diana is the name of the moon goddess worshipped in Rome and Greece and by the bloodline Merovingian dynasty in Paris. Pont de l'Alma means bridge or passage of the moon goddess.

The Illuminati torch symbol over the Pont de l'Alma tunnel where Diana was murdered

The princess was killed in a ritualistic sacrifice in Pont de l'Alma, Paris. This site is extremely ancient, dating back to the time of the Merovingian kings (c. 500-751 AD) and before and as we have seen in previous chapters, ritual and symbolism is a disproportionate obsession with the Elite. Once the

decision had been taken to carry out the murder then it would have been planned in accordance with that ritual and symbolism, notwithstanding its being disguised as an accident.

The location chosen to murder Diana was a sacred site and an ancient Temple of the Goddess Diana, a Temple that was used for human sacrifice and ritual murder! In pre-Christian times, the Pont de l'Alma had been a pagan sacrificial site and in the time of the Merovingian kings, it was an underground chamber. So, was the choice of Pont de l'Alma as the site of her death deliberate? And if so, what message were her assassins sending and to whom were they sending it?

Did the men who murdered Diana know the occult history and significance of Pont de l'Alma? There is no doubt that the Mercedes was earlier stolen and rebuilt to respond to external radio controls. This is significant because the car crashed into the 13th pillar. Was the car responding to an outside radio signal as per MI6's 'Boston brakes' method? Was crashing the car into the 13th pillar done to send a signal? The Elite often use dates, places and rituals from the past in the present as symbolism, so this would seem to be a distinct possibility. In occult lore, this adds the esoteric 'power' of past events to the present and is also a way of communicating with each other through 'newspaper headlines.'

All of the royal families of Europe including also the Spencer 'clan' from which Diana emanated, can trace their lineage from the Merovingian kings (the so-called 13th bloodline). These kings are descended from Merovaeus the Young, king of the Franks of Yssel and Merovaeus was said to be born of 'two fathers', a Frankish king and a sea creature. According to tradition, Merovingian monarchs were occult adepts, initiates in arcane sciences, practitioners of esoteric art worthy of Merlin of Arthurian fame. Amazing is it not, that the mainstream sciences and media, controlled by these Elite groups, constantly tell us that all this information is 'legend' and 'myth' and not to be taken seriously, whilst the Elite themselves not only take it all extremely seriously, but they actually conduct their lives using these legends as a template for their very existences and a platform for their overall world-view?

Allegedly, by virtue of the miraculous property in their blood, they could heal by the laying on of hands and they were said to be capable of clairvoyant or telepathic communications with beasts and with the natural world around them.

They were regarded as the Priest-Kings, embodiments of the divine, in other words not unlike the ancient Egyptian pharaohs. They did not just simply rule by God's grace, on the contrary, they were apparently deemed the living embodiment and incarnation of God's grace, a status usually reserved exclusively for Jesus.

All Merovingians followed the Pagan cult of Diana, until Clovis (481-511). Badgered by his wife, Clotilde, Clovis converted to Christianity. In the Arthurian legends, Arthur was a Pagan who worshipped the Lady of the Lake and Princess Diana is now in a sense, also the Lady of the Lake because her tomb is symbolically placed on an island in the middle of a lake inhabited by specially imported black swans. Black swans are yet another occult / pagan symbol.

Also in the Arthurian legends, Arthur's wife, Queen Guinevere was a Christian. Her name means 'The white wave' and Christianity was a 'white wave' that swept over the pagan religions and drowned them.

As previously stated, all the royal families of the European continent and the majority of America's ruling class are descended from the Merovingians who believed that they could trace their lineage not only to Jesus and Mary Magdalene, but all the way back to King David, Noah and the 'visitors' from the star system of Sirius, the Annunaki. This belief not only confirms their superiority over other humans, it also gives them their belief in the 'divine right of kings' to rule over all other humans.

Why the Merovingian legend was created is unknown, but maybe it could be that it would have been easier to control people, when they believe that you are descended from Jesus and God. Merovingian legends also say that Pont de l'Alma was used by the Merovingian kings, to settle their blood feuds. If there was a dispute between two Merovingian kings, they would go to Pont de l'Alma to settle their differences. The winner of the battle would contrarily be the one who was killed. He would go immediately to the throne of God, which they believed was in the star-system of Sirius. From there, he would become the true ruler of the Merovingians.

The survivor would rule the Earthly realms, subservient to the will of the one who ruled from Heaven. Supposedly, the survivor would be haunted and driven mad, until he acquiesced and followed the will of his slain rival.

Princess Diana was herself descended from a Merovingian king and if the legends are to be believed, then Princess Diana is now recognised by God, as the true ruler of the Merovingian bloodline. This bloodline includes not only

her own sons, but Prince Charles, Prince Phillip, all the Hapsburgs, King Juan Carlos, King Constantine, King Michael, all the Esterhaszys of Hungary and every other European royal. If people with Merovingian blood believe the legend that they are descended from Jesus, then they must believe ALL Merovingian legends.

Diana Frances Spencer was born at Park House on the Royal Sandringham estate in Norfolk on the 1st July 1961, the third and youngest daughter of Viscount Althorp, later the 8th Earl Spencer and his first wife Frances Roche. Her parents separated when she was six which is significant considering the trauma that these blood-line families instil into a child up to the age of six as the heart chakra begins to activate in the natural growth of the human form. They eventually divorced in 1969. Diana's mother then married the wallpaper magnate, Peter Shand-Kydd.

Diana had a younger brother, Charles, the present Earl Spencer and two sisters, Jane and Sarah. There was a son born before Diana, but he died in infancy, a fact which given the 'rites' of the Elite could well have meant his being sacrificed as the first-born son. Shocking stuff, yes, but this really does happen within these families. It is a part of their heritage of which they are fiercely proud. Diana had always believed that her parents wished she had been a boy to give them a son and heir.

This is classic installation of underdog, unwanted feelings pushed into the mind of a chosen child which creates the lowered vibration for access by the negative energies into the being of the child. Diana had always maintained her childhood was very unhappy; this leads to a craving for love and affection and indeed as we know, she continued to crave love until the end of her short life. Living at Sandringham, she knew the Queen from being a small child and often played with the Royal children.

She always remembered with less than affection, being sent over to the Queen's residence during the holidays year after year to watch the film 'Chitty Chitty Bang Bang'. The significance of this is that from being a very small child, the fear created by such a satanic film, which it is, absolutely unquestionably, would form the patterns of her subconscious fears that could be manipulated as she grew older. The screenplay for the film was written by the 'former' intelligence agent Ian Fleming, friend to Aleister Crowley, the

well-known Satanist and also author of the James Bond stories. The film itself is blatant satanic symbolism. Briefly, it is a dark tale about a King and Queen who despise children and employ a child catcher to abduct them in a cage on wheels, take them to the castle and place them in a dungeon. Of course the final fate of these children, which is ultimately ritual sacrifice, is excluded from the film.

For what reason would the Windsors constantly show this film to a child who was a guest in their home? Diana told Andrew Morton, according to his book 'Diana Her True Story', "...the atmosphere was always very strange when we went there and I used to kick and fight anyone who tried to make us go".

When Diana was thirteen years old, she moved from Norfolk to live at Althorp in Northamptonshire, the Spencer family's ancestral home after her father married Raine, the daughter of the novelist Barbara Cartland. Diana had a deep loathing for Raine and was quoted as saying in the book 'Diana: Her True Story', that in September 1989 she had unleashed her years of frustration on Raine: "I told her what I thought about her and I've never known such anger in me. I remember really going for her gullet".

I said "…if you only knew how much we all hated you for what you have done. You've ruined the house [Althorp], you spend all daddy's money and for what?" This is a consequence of emotional distress and a result of the deep frustration she still felt from her childhood.

The Spencers are an Elite bloodline family. They are cousins of the Spencer-Churchills, related to the Marlborough family of Blenheim Palace in Oxfordshire, the birthplace of Winston Spencer-Churchill. Other forebears included the Duke of Marlborough and Sir Robert Walpole. The Spencer family inherited a considerable fortune from Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough and they also married into the Cavendish family, the Dukes of Devonshire at Chatsworth House in Derbyshire. This particular branch of the family became known as Spencer–Cavendish. Diana also shared common ancestors with Prince Charles through the third Duke of Devonshire and, most significantly, King James I, the first Stuart King of both England and Scotland and sponsor of Francis Bacon. Diana was also descended through several lines from the Stuart Kings, Charles II and James II, which connected her bloodline to the Carolingian bloodline in France, which regards itself as Merovingian.

Charles II had so many illegitimate children, that it is extremely difficult to guess how many 'offshoots' of the family exist today. However, one thing is for sure and that is that the Elite will know and monitor all of them. As Elite bloodlines go, the Spencer's line is extremely important; Diana was related to countless aristocratic lines, including the Earls of Lucan. Moving further afield, the Spencers have blood-ties with many leading American families and are distantly related to the Rockefellers. The bloodline has a long history of serving the monarch and the tradition continued with Diana's father. He was equerry to King George VI and to Queen Elizabeth II, herself. Diana's sister, Jane, is married to Sir Robert Fellowes, the Queens private secretary at the time of Diana's death. Both Diana's grandmothers, the Countess Spencer and Ruth, Lady Fermoy, were inner circle members of the Queen Mothers Court, as were four of her great aunts.

The Spencers and the Queen Mother were extremely close and it was the Queen Mother and Lady Fermoy who manipulated Diana into her marriage with Prince Charles. The countdown to marriage began when Diana met Charles at Althorp whilst he was in a relationship with her sister Sarah, in 1977 and Diana was 16 and so it was not until three years later that the Windsors really made their move for her. Diana was invited to a party at Buckingham Palace to celebrate the 30th Birthday of Charles and then in July 1980, a friend of Charles, Philip de Pass, asked Diana to stay with them while the Prince was there. In Diana's own words, "Charles was all over me and he leapt on me practically".

He asked her to accompany him to Buckingham Palace the next day and an invitation followed to join the Windsors in the September at Balmoral, their residence in Scotland. Eventually Charles asked her to marry him and she accepted. "I love you so much" Diana said to him, "whatever love is" replied Charles and this reply speaks volumes about the mental state of the man who is destined to be king, but also says even more about the royal family and their coldness and calculatingly callous behaviour.

The Elite bloodlines have no real idea what love is, none of them ever receive it and thus cannot express it. Unfortunately, this is the sad reality for their children and certainly puts into perspective these people's attitudes towards the rest of humanity.

During some of the interviews after the break-up of the marriage, Diana stated that on reflection, she could see that Charles had never been genuine in his affection towards her and even before the wedding she had realised she would also be having a relationship with his one true love Camilla Parker-Bowles the 'third person in the marriage', which of course became more apparent as time passed. During the marriage, Charles and Camilla communicated with the codenames 'Gladys and Fred'. Camilla like the Windsors, is close to the Rothschilds and on the first anniversary of Diana's death, she was on the Ionian island of Corfu enjoying the hospitality of Lord Jacob Rothschild, who just happened to have spent £16 million leasing and restoring the Spencer's 18th century mansion overlooking Green Park in London close to Buckingham Palace.

A week after her engagement to Charles, Diana's bulimia began in earnest. This is an eating disorder which results in vomiting every time food is eaten and Diana was suffering this three or four times a day and eventually became desperately thin. This condition could well be a direct result of the satanic upbringing experienced by Diana and in this case was triggered when Charles put his hand on her waist and said, "Oh, a bit chubby here, aren't we?" she stated. This may also be construed as yet another character assassination of Diana to ensure that by the time of her murder, she was seen as 'the crazy woman', to totally discredit her. Bulimia is of course a disease of the emotions, as most diseases are and Diana had been an emotional wreck since the break-up of her father and mother's marriage in-line with the standard upbringing of bloodline offspring.

She described the attitude of Charles thus:

"He found the virgin, the sacrificial lamb and in a way he was obsessed with me. But it was hot and cold, hot and cold. You never knew what mood it was going to be, up and down, up and down… He was in awe of his mama, intimidated by his father and I was always the third person in the room."

Just before the marriage to Charles, she met her sisters and told them she could not go through with the wedding, especially with Camilla still on the scene, but they said she had no choice because "your face is on the tea towels and you're too late to chicken out". Immediately before the wedding, Diana stayed at Clarence House, the London residence of the Queen Mother but

when she arrived, no-one was there to welcome her. It was, she said, like going to a hotel. How typical.

And so, Diana and Charles were married in St Paul's Cathedral on the 29th July 1981, the numbers here are very significant, but more importantly this just precedes the sacrificial ritual and feast of Lammas. That morning at Clarence House she said she felt calm, deathly calm: "I felt I was a sacrificial lamb to the slaughter. I knew it but I couldn't do anything about it". How prophetic these words would turn out to be.

They spent their first night of their honeymoon at the Mountbatten (Battenberg) family estate at Broadlands in Hampshire, before sailing around the Greek Islands in the Royal Yacht Britannia. The Bulimia got worse and she considered suicide, such was the scale of her unhappiness and this was just the start of the marriage. She said at one point… "My husband made me feel to inadequate in every possible way. Each time I came up for air he pushed me down again. I hated myself so much".

One of Diana's royal duties in 1982 was to represent the Queen at the funeral of Princess Grace of Monaco, herself a victim of murder by the Elite when the brakes on her car 'failed'. Princess Grace, formerly the actress Grace Kelly, ran the Monaco branch of the secret society, the Order of the Solar Temple with Jean Louis Marsan, the close friend of her husband, Prince Rainier.

And so, the Windsors achieved their first objective upon the arrival of Prince William. Diana was informed that the birth had to be induced to fit in with Charles' polo playing programme and William was duly born on the 21st June 1982, which just 'happens' to be the summer solstice. What kind of people, portrayed by the media as role models for us all, would induce a child's birth to fit in with the father's polo-playing programme? I think we know the answer to that question, well enough. Of course, in reality the inducement was to ensure the birth occurred on the solstice in accordance with occult ritual with which the Elite are so obsessed to the exclusion of all else, but the fact that they would regard birth inducement to fit-in with social activity as 'normal', speaks volumes about the mind-set of these people. The summer solstice esoterically represents the height of the sun's power in the northern hemisphere whilst it is at its highest point in the solar year and it is even

possible to predict what colour outfits the Queen will wear each day such is their obsession with esoteric and occult principles.

So, the new-born was 'christened' William, for the bloodline of William the Conqueror, Arthur, for the sun god symbol, King Arthur, Philip, for the Duke of Edinburgh and Louis, for Lord Louis Mountbatten, Prince Charles' mentor. Two years later in 1984, Prince Harry was born and thus Diana's royal role was concluded, as she related to Andrew Morton:

"Then suddenly as Harry was born it just went bang, our marriage, the whole thing went down the drain".

Diana and Charles separated in 1992, divorced on the 28th August 1996 and then, just over one year later, she was dead. The cycle was complete.

The media onslaught against Diana commenced in earnest in 1992, shortly after the official separation. A tape of an intimate telephone conversation between Diana and the car dealer, James Gilbey, was released through the media at this time and in the tape Diana said that Charles was a real torturer. She told Gilbey:

"I'll go out and conquer the world, do my bit in the way I know how and leave him behind".

The irony of her character assassination by the Windsor's via the compliant press was that it actually worked in her favour and her popularity grew. Imagine the frustrations of the establishment as in their desperation they tried harder and harder to defame her and yet her star just seemed to continue rising. Of course this is a pertinent demonstration of the fact that the Elite have no idea what love is, as Charles himself stated and the fact that they find it difficult to combat what they cannot understand. The heady combination of Diana's enormous heart, her global public profile, her down-to-earth woman-of-the-people charisma and her intense desire to prove the Windsors to be the cold, heartless brutes they most certainly are, threatened the very survival of royalty in all its forms.

It is now, this gang of criminals and multi-generational genocidal murderers

and their ancient practices and rituals, upon which we will focus. A necessary step, if we are to truly understand their motives and raisons d'etre.

Diana's natural compassion and empathy with people thoroughly exposed the Windsors and their ilk as irrelevant in the eyes of the people. The shy and gullible child, whom the Windsors calculatingly enticed into their 'world of pain' to act as a 'brood-mare', became a woman of great mental strength who realised her true power and was not afraid to use it. This then was the beginning of her downfall. She brought the issue of landmines from obscurity into the open and thus to the minds of the masses and thus became a serious danger to the forces of evil and their profits. Diana also knew many intimate secrets within the establishment and was prepared to expose them to get what she wanted – her rights as a Princess and more importantly, a mother. Was there an element of vindictiveness behind it all? Probably, but who among us would blame her after the way she had been used and then discarded and had her life publicly devastated and torn apart?

In March 1997, a few months before she died, Diana made a phone call to someone who was amazed when she told him she was the Princess of Wales. Totally astounded, he first of all professed disbelief, especially when she told him she was calling from a 'supermarket phone' in England. Diana herself stated openly that she often made calls from public telephones, particularly from a certain department store in Kensington [Mohammed Fayed's Harrods], when she wanted to be certain the conversation would not be taped.

Diana admired the man she had called, who shall remain nameless, for his wisdom and knowledge and she told him she had something to reveal that would shake the world and asked for his advice on how best to go about it. He has never revealed exactly what she told him, yet one researcher called the man and asked him if it was her awareness of the Windsor's widespread connection to drug trafficking that was the issue. His reply was "Oh no, it was much worse than that". So to lower initiates or outer-circle operatives, the fact that she was about to reveal something thoroughly incriminating, would be their understanding of why she was killed, but there is a yet more compelling reason for her untimely death – one which would have been planned long, long before.

Diana because of the 'quality of her soul' and into which bloodline she specifically chose to be born, was the reason she was chosen as the incubator and breeding partner for the House of Windsor to create a more acceptable genetic 'cloak'. With these genes, this ancient, royal bloodline could continue to thrive, thus rejuvenating the tired, old genes which had been re-cycled for generations resulting in in-breeding on an industrial scale and the health problems inherent with that particular philosophy (see the section on 'Jack the Ripper' regarding Prince Eddy, for example).

To the higher initiates or fully illuminated operatives of the Elite, this ritual was the killing of the moon Goddess in the middle earth, Diana in her highest form. As with John F. Kennedy, to the unaware masses, the deed appeared to be done because of the policies he was pursuing, but to the highest initiates it was an ancient Merovingian ritual known as the 'Killing of the King'.

The final sequence of events which led to her ritual murder involves as I state earlier in the chapter, at almost every turn, the man called Mohamed Fayed, the Egyptian former owner of Harrods. Many people in British high society see Fayed as an enemy of the establishment as proven by his long battle with the Lonrho tycoon and mass murderer in Africa, 'Tiny' Rowlands. This is a subtle ploy to 'control the opposition', a tactic used successfully in many covert Elite operations. The theory being that if you control both sides in a battle, you are bound to 'win the war'. And as time passed, sure enough, Fayed was ultimately 'defeated' in his so-called quest for justice which symbolically and psychologically implants itself in the minds of the masses who eventually will begin to believe that he was wrong after all.

Fayed has also lied extensively about his background, claiming to be from a wealthy family, when he patently was not. He is also well-known to be a sexual 'pervert' and has escaped prosecution for a growing number of sexual assaults on female staff working at Harrods. One girl, Samantha-Jane Ramsey, said that when she complained to her supervisor that she had been groped by Fayed, the supervisor sighed, 'not another one'. She was dismissed from her job for making the complaint which is the fate of all those who speak out about his molestation and 'style' of management. John Monks the general secretary of the Trades Union Congress, stated that; "…there was a regime of fear and terror at Harrods".

When Samantha-Jane took her complaint to the local Marylebone Police Station, she said that the officer told her; "You are not the first to come to us. We have files inches high on Mr Fayed, but no proof. It would be your word against his".

This is utter nonsense and garbage. If Fayed was as anti-establishment as he is portrayed to be, then this would have been used as an excuse to 'nail him' and silence him forever. Had the accused been a Harrods employee, such as a mere departmental supervisor or manager then his name would have been on the sex-offenders register faster than you can say 'police corruption'. This all sheds a completely different light on the man who was in total control of all security on the day and night of the 30th / 31st August 1997.

Fayed became close to the Spencer family through Diana's father, Earl 'Johnny' Spencer, and her stepmother Raine. He helped Johnny through financial difficulties and said he considered the Earl to be a brother and he had given Raine, whom Diana despised, a place on the Harrods board. Fayed sponsored prestigious royal events like the Royal Windsor Horse Show and polo competitions and he made absolutely sure that he always supported the charities and causes of the Princess.

Bob Loftus, the head of security at Harrods between 1987 and 1996, told the Channel 4 programme, 'Dispatches', in June 1998, that he was ordered to tell Fayed immediately if Diana came into the store. Fayed would then go to the department where she was shopping and 'accidentally' meet her. Every Christmas a green Harrods van would call at Diana's home, Kensington Palace, with gifts for her and the boys from 'uncle Mohammed'.

When the evidence is examined thoroughly, it is plainly apparent that he made it his business to court the friendship of Diana in every way possible and at every opportunity. On the 3rd June 1997, he invited her to join him for a summer holiday at his beach-side villa in St. Tropez in the south of France and on the 11th June, he got the breakthrough for which he had worked so hard; she accepted. The following day he completed the purchase of a £15 million yacht, the Jonikal, through his (or rather the Sultan of Brunei's) Bermudan company, Mohafa Shipping and this was the boat upon which Diana and Dodi's relationship would blossom. On the 11th July Diana arrived in St.

Tropez with her sons, William and Harry, to stay in the eight-bedroomed luxury apartment on the ten acre Fayed estate on the exclusive Le Parc development whilst Dodi at this time was still at his apartment in Paris with his fiancée Kelly Fisher, the American model.

Dodi was a 'gofer' for his father and lived on his father's wealth, although he had enjoyed some success in the movie industry at one time as the producer of the British film Chariots of Fire, again thanks to his father's money. He had a playboy reputation and was a very big spender, once running up a $100,000 bill in two months on his Amex card. He was dominated by his father and even in his film operation every decision had to be approved by his father – Dodi did whatever his father told him to do. He had been engaged to Kelly Fisher for eight months and she was expecting to spend her holiday on the Jonikal, but on the evening of the 14th July, Dodi took a phone call from his father who ordered him to go immediately to St. Tropez to be with Diana. Kelly Fisher described what happened next, in an interview with the Dispatches programme:

"Dodi said he was going to London and he'd be back and then we were going to St. Tropez. That evening he didn't call me and I finally got him on his portable phone. I said Dodi where are you? And he said he was in London. I said 'OK, I'll call you right back at your apartment'. He said 'No, no, don't call me back'. So I said 'Dodi where are you?' and he admitted he was in the South of France. His father had asked him to come down and not bring me, I know why, now."

Two days later Dodi sent a private plane to fly Kelly to St. Tropez. But while he stayed with Diana, Kelly was kept aboard another Al Fayed boat. "I'm sitting here stuck" she said. "So he had me in my little boat-cage and he was, I know now, seducing Diana." On the 31st July, Diana returned to St. Tropez for a second holiday with Dodi, this time alone. Meanwhile, Kelly Fisher was back in Los Angeles preparing for her marriage to Dodi which she said was due to take place on the 9th August. But two days before that, the story broke in the world's media of the romance between Diana and Dodi. Kelly heard from a friend who saw a picture in the paper and she recalls:

"I started calling him in London because at this time I was expecting his

arrival in a day. I called his private line, but there was no answer, so then I called the secretary and asked to speak to him and she wouldn't put me on. So Mohammed got on and in so many horrible words told me never to call back again. I said 'he's my fiancé, what are you talking about?' He hung up on me and I called back and the secretary said don't ever call here again, your calls are no longer to be put through. It was so horrible."

At this stage Diana had Kensington Palace swept constantly for bugging devices set by the intelligence operations, this on the advice of her body guards and now ironically, she placed herself in the hands of a man obsessed with bugging and video recording of everyone around him. The Fayed villa in San Tropez was bugged, as were all properties and vehicles within the clutches of Fayed and his personal army of security. Everything Diana said while in the hands of this man was heard. Bob Loftus, the former head of security at Harrods said the bugging at Harrods was 'a very extensive operation' and was always under the direction of Fayed.

Henry Porter, the London editor of the magazine Vanity Fair, had spent two years investigating Fayed and he said they discovered his obsessive use of eavesdropping devices to record telephone calls, bug rooms and covertly film people. Through mutual friends, Porter warned Diana about Fayed's background and activities "…because we thought this was quite dangerous for her for obvious reasons". But Diana apparently felt she could handle it and although she knew Fayed could "sometimes be a rogue", he was no threat to her, she thought. She apparently told friends, "I know he's naughty, but that's all." The Dispatches programme said they had written evidence that Fayed bugged the Ritz hotel and given his background and the deals that are hatched at the Ritz, it would be staggering if he did not. Kelly Fisher said that the whole time she was in Fayed property; she just assumed everything was bugged. It was known, she said and Dodi had told her everywhere was bugged. She went on, "…as a matter of fact, when I confronted him about Diana, he said, 'I can't talk to you on the phone.' He said, "I'll talk to you in LA". I knew what that meant". Diana was under the 'protection' of the Fayed security machine and even her most private conversations were being monitored. Diana went with Dodi to Fayed's Elizabethan-style mansion, Barrow Green Court at Oxted in Surrey, formerly owned by fellow Satanist Lord McAlpine.

On the 21st August, despite Henry Porter's warning, Diana returned once again to St. Tropez for another holiday with Dodi. Fayed was milking the situation, briefing journalists and photographers and also enlisting the advice of the publicist Max Clifford.

After the announcement by ex-Metropolitan Police Commissioner Lord Stevens, on Thursday 14th December 2006, that the death of Diana was an accident, Fayed's 'front-man' Max Clifford appeared on TV to add more obfuscation to the issue by re-iterating Fayed's position.

The Fayed camp was constantly leaking the couple's whereabouts to the press to ensure maximum publicity for their relationship, yet Fayed had the sheer effrontery to complain after the crash that the photographers and journalists would not leave Diana alone and that action, given the circumstances, beggar's belief. Are we supposed to believe on the one hand that Fayed wanted to milk the publicity for all it was worth and yet when it suited him, to complain vehemently about the 'stalking' of Diana and Dodi by the paparazzi?

The Diana/Dodi romance by this time was in full-swing, with Fayed pressurising Dodi to intensify the relationship. What Fayed said, Dodi did and nothing at all was left to chance. Diana's favourite music, the theme from the film The English Patient, was played constantly as the couple cruised on the Jonikal. Diana and Dodi had much In common. Both were born into wealthy families and their fathers were distant figures. Both had experienced the breakdown of their parents' marriages as their mothers left home. They even attended finishing schools in close proximity to each other in Switzerland. Mind manipulation being used on both parties should not be ruled-out; indeed it is known to be a fairly simple task via mind-control techniques to cause two people to fall madly in love with each other.

The scientist Brian Desborough, states clearly that from his own research, the feeling of being in love is dependent upon the brain producing a chemical by the name of Phenylethylamine. This is also a chemical which seriously diminishes the ability to discriminate effectively – hence the saying, 'love is blind'. Production of this chemical is sustained by the release of endorphins, naturally occurring chemicals linked to memory, learning, pain suppression, sex drive and hormone regulation. If these chemicals can be stimulated in both parties simultaneously, they would instantly fall in love.

Personally, I believe that all the talk of engagements and rings was a blind to manipulate the masses into believing that this was the reason for the murder. This would in effect, play upon the fact that a Muslim would become the step-father of the future king, being supposedly abhorrent and unacceptable to the 'firm'.

Diana and Dodi left the South of France from Olbia airport at 1.30 pm on 30th August 1997 bound for Paris on Al Fayed's personal Gulfstream jet. They apparently intended to stay one night at Dodi's apartment, which overlooks the Arc de Triomphe, before going on to London where Diana was due to be reunited with her sons again. The plane touched down at Le Bourget airport in Paris at 3.20 pm and they were met by 20 or so paparazzi (the Italian word meaning buzzing insects). A Mercedes was waiting for the party and a green Range Rover was to follow on behind, this being normal security procedure and the very minimum one would expect to protect a Princess of the realm. Accompanying Diana and Dodi in the Mercedes was Dodi's bodyguard, Trevor Rees-Jones, the 29 year old former member of the elite Parachute Regiment of the British Army. Along with the SAS the 'Paras' are the most highly-trained regiment in the British forces. In the Range Rover was the driver Henry Paul, Fayed's acting head of security at the Ritz and another bodyguard, Kes Wingfield. They drove from the airport to the villa Windsor on the Bois de Boulogne, the former home of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor (formerly King Edward VIII). Fayed stated that he was to give this villa to the couple as a wedding gift and that they were at the Villa discussing décor, but the bodyguard Kes Wingfield stated they were at the Villa Windsor no more than ten minutes. The whole idea of engagement and wedding was the fabrication of Mohammed Fayed, who in my opinion was the facilitator-in-chief for the whole operation. From the villa they were driven to the Ritz hotel where they arrived at 4.20pm.

The Ritz Hotel is in the Place Vendome and all around that square at the first floor level are the Illuminati / Babylonian symbols of the Sun and the cross, used by the ancients to symbolise the 'journey' of the sun through the year.

This symbolism is highly significant and is important to the entire ritual that would end in the couples' deaths. Exactly the same type of symbolism was present at the final journey of JFK, before his burial at Arlington under the

esoteric symbol of the flaming torch. These symbols also relate to King Louis XIV, who was known as the Sun King. At his palace at Versailles in the 17th century he decorated rooms in honour of Apollo, the sun god, and Diana, the goddess of the moon. There was also a statue of the goddess Diana at Versailles.

In the centre of the Vendome Square is an immense pillar upon which stands a statue of Napoleon in effect mirroring the famous Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square in London. Pillars of this type represent masculine energy and phallic symbolism.

Surprisingly Diana at this stage had only a similar level of security to that which she had at the airport. Usually security for VIPs is increased beyond the confines of airports with a request to the French High Protection Police Security Service (SPHP) being usual, but in this case it was not requested. One wonders why? This of course then meant that the entire security operation around Diana in Paris was under the complete control of Fayed and his subordinates from start to finish. Had the SPHP been requested, they would probably both still be alive as the SPHP operate with a car in front and behind, together with two motorcycle police outriders on each side of the vehicle which the VIP occupies. The cars are driven by professional drivers carrying armed security men.

According to reports immediately after the crash, which as we have seen in many other instances, always provide a more accurate account of events, usually from both eye witnesses and footage, the SPHP made three possibly four, offers to protect Diana, each one refused by Fayed. An officer of the SPHP actually told Dodi, "..if you will not use our car, we recommend that two police cars accompany you on your excursions around the city."

This advice too was ignored and Diana and Dodi proceeded straight to the $6000 per night, 18th century Imperial Suite at the Ritz. The couple booked a table at the Chez Benoit restaurant for 8.45pm and they intended to spend the night at Dodi's apartment. At 6.30 pm Dodi went across the Place Vendome to a jeweller, Repossi, to buy a diamond ring for Diana which was later delivered to the Ritz. A little after 7 pm, the couple were driven in the Mercedes along the Champs Elysees to Dodi's apartment on Rue Arsene-Houssaye close to the Arc de Triomphe. Here they unpacked and prepared

for dinner and again the back-up Range Rover was present as was another car carrying bodyguards for added protection. Why was this level of security thought necessary in the evening, but not in the early hours of the morning at the time of the crash?

Dodi's apartment was known as the 'Etoile flat', after the Place de l'Etoile, the Sun or the Star circle road around the Arc de Triomphe. The route taken to the apartment was out of the Place Vendome onto the Rue de Rivoli and half-way around the Place de la Concorde they turned right into the Champs Elysees and drove straight along that famous avenue to Dodi's apartment.

This is a straightforward journey; so why then in the early hours of the 31st August did they take the ludicrous detour to the Pont de l'Alma tunnel? If the idea, as has been suggested, was to avoid the paparazzi, surely the shortest and fastest route is the answer and not a journey that provided the paparazzi with a good, sporting chance of finding and catching-up to them?

This route is critically important. As the couple arrived at the apartment at 7.15 pm, bodyguards were seen to rush from their car to hold back six members of the paparazzi. Diana and Dodi became concerned about eating at the unprotected Chez Benoit restaurant and so took the decision to head back to the Ritz to eat. They took the same route back, down the Champs Elysees and around the Place de la Concorde. There is much more traffic in the early evening than in the early hours of the morning and so there were much better reasons to avoid this route at this point in time than in the early hours. The couple, along with bodyguards Wingfield and Rees-Jones, walked into the Ritz captured by the now famous video pictures, at 9.47pm and also at this time the paparazzi were gathering in large numbers outside, amid rumours of an engagement announcement.

We know for a fact that Fayed himself was manipulating the press all that day and evening and it is therefore obvious to me that the huge congregation of press was exactly what he wanted and had planned all along. Why? I believe it was to fabricate the story of impending marriage in order to enable the Elite to create a diversion from the truth. Did the Windsors actually believe that the nation loved them so much that it would seem reasonable to kill her to prevent a Muslim being ensconced in the heart of the establishment and therefore no big deal? This of course was before they were confronted with the huge outpouring of grief all over the world for Diana, after the event.

What a shock to their arrogant, pampered systems it must have been when they realised the truth in the days following the event. This more than

anything else, terrified the Windsors and the Elite in general. The so-called 'Crown' represented by Queen Elizabeth at its head is without doubt the number one enemy of humankind.

The Ritz Hotel security video also identified a number of people who had been outside amongst the onlookers for most of the day and were still there on the edge of the crowd and here is where the plot seriously thickens. After speaking on the telephone with his father who was at home at his estate in Oxted, Surrey, Dodi Fayed announced a quite ludicrous plan. To avoid the paparazzi, 'he' decided that the Mercedes that had been transporting them all that day together with the back-up Range Rover were to be taken around the front of the hotel and used as a decoy in an attempt to deceive the paparazzi. At the same time another Mercedes would be brought around the back entrance of the hotel to whisk the couple away to the apartment on the Champs Elysees. Henry Paul, the 41 year old acting head of security at the Ritz, was called on his mobile phone by Dodi and told to report back to the hotel. Paul had gone off-duty at 7pm and by the time he returned it was 10pm yet no-one has established where he was in those missing three hours. Dodi said that his father, Mohamed Fayed, had personally authorised that Henri Paul should drive the Mercedes. There is little doubt that the whole of the new plan was passed-on to Dodi from his father and indeed those who know Fayed would be astonished if this was not the case. Dodi did not think or act for himself, ever – father was always the one in control. Now think upon this for a moment – Henry Paul was not a qualified chauffeur and had no authority to drive the hire car. Why would he be chosen to drive the Mercedes through such a ravening pack of wolves as the paparazzi had apparently become that night.

"No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?" L. Fletcher Prouty.

If we apply Prouty's 'rule' to the ritual killing of Diana and ask who had the power and moreover actively used that power, to reduce the usual security precautions for Diana that night, we have a rather unsurprising answer: Mohamed Fayed. Given these circumstances he must answer the obvious question: Why was the security reduced?

When JFK was assassinated, there were no bodyguards standing on his car in contravention of the usual protocol, they were instead on the car immediately behind. There is a video in existence which clearly shows obviously mystified and protesting security agents being ordered to withdraw from the president's car as it turned into Deeley Plaza, seconds before Kennedy was shot. When Martin Luther King was assassinated, the police officer In charge of security for King was sent home under protest, shortly before the shooting.

In addition, when Robert Kennedy was assassinated, the security arrangements were again tampered-with. He was actually scheduled to walk-off the stage and exit through the crowd, but one of his aides ushered him away via the kitchen where he was met by Sirhan Sirhan, who had been on a 'Rosicrucian mind-expansion' course in the weeks before the murder (probably a euphemism for a mind-control course in which he was the victim). Frank Mankiewicz, the aide who guided RFK into the kitchen was a former public relations man for the Mossad front in America, the Anti-Defamation League (ADL). Interestingly this same character became head of publicity for the Oliver Stone movie JFK, which was supposed to be an exposé of the assassination of John F. Kennedy but was in reality just more obfuscation of the truth.

So we can see in these three examples how a similar modus operandus (Prouty's 'rule') was also used in Diana's case.

Regarding the way Diana's security was handled, there were last-minute changes to the arrangements, a change of cars and removal of the Range Rover with no back-up support whatever and then a change to the route, all on the orders of Mohamed Fayed, a man obsessed with security – at least for himself. Bob Loftus, the former head of security at Harrods, said "Compared with the protection that Al Fayed affords himself, which is very professional, of a very high standard; that which was afforded to the mother of the future King of England was a 'Mickey Mouse' operation."

He added that "Fayed was absolutely paranoid about his personal protection." Even whilst walking around his own store, there would be three or four plain-clothes members of his personal protection team who travelled with him all the time, plus another four uniformed security who would act as 'outriders' to create two rings of security around him and that is even in his own store! One

could legitimately ask, is this paranoia or is it his involvement in the seedy cesspit of arms dealing and being part of the Elite in general, that prompts this security over-kill? Of course, Fayed's own delusions of grandeur must also be considered as a contributory factor.

Fayed always recruits former members of the SAS and the Parachute Regiment for his close security, which makes good sense apart from the fact that their loyalties are always to the Crown, even after retiring from the armed forces. He uses the elite operation, Control Risks, to make recommendations on security issues. Tom Bower tells in his book about Fayed of how armed guards at the Oxted estate hide behind bushes wearing full combat uniform and blacked out faces.

Whenever Fayed travelled in his chauffeur-driven Mercedes there was always a back-up Range Rover carrying emergency medical equipment and security staff, yet he strangely and significantly withdrew that protection from Diana and his son. Even more significantly, a 'new' car was introduced for their final journey, another Mercedes which was dispatched to the rear entrance to the Ritz, supplied by a car-hire company by the name of Etoile Limousines. Etoile Limousines is based at the Ritz and depends for its entire income on contracts with the hotel and its guests. In other words, it is controlled entirely by Mohamed Fayed or rather the Sultan of Brunei, that great friend to the House of Windsor and the Bush family.

This new Mercedes was an S280 model, much less robust and lighter in weight than the S600 series that Fayed usually used and also minus the dark-tinted windows. Other cars were available, but this one was chosen instead, for what are now obvious reasons. A director of Etoile, Nils Siegel, told the inquiry into Diana's death that he personally delivered the car to the rear entrance of the Ritz, but the Dispatches programme proved this to be a lie. It was delivered by a driver by the name of Frederic Lucard and he can be clearly seen in the act of doing so on the Hotel security video. Lucard said he found it was very strange that Etoile would allow Henry Paul, a man not qualified as a chauffeur, to drive one of their cars. So why did they do it? Brian Dodd, the former Head of Security for Fayed in the 1980s, gave his assessment of the situation to Dispatches:

"It's a new car that has come into the system. They wouldn't have had time to check that car out. It should have been checked out. There could have been a bomb on that car, for instance. It was a most stupid plan. It shouldn't

have even been considered. The back-up vehicle is there, not just to avert the paparazzi, but for instance, a motor-cyclist with a pillion rider to pull up and shoot, or put a magnetised bomb on top of the car. God only knows why. [I think we all know why – JH] I had probably six or eight men I would consider professional bodyguards who I would have had on that job and Trevor Rees-Jones and Kes Wingfield, after what I have seen happened, would not have been in Paris that night."

The Mercedes S280 with Henry Paul at the wheel, sped-off from the rear entrance of the Ritz at 12.20 am with Paul telling the paparazzi not to bother following because they would never catch him. Diana and Dodi were in the back seat and in the front was Trevor Rees-Jones, who said he disagreed with the change of plan. He was not wearing a seat belt, which is normal practice in built-up areas because bodyguards need to be free to react quickly. The car was driven at speed along the Rue Cambon and turned right along the Rue de Rivoli into the Place de la Concorde where it stopped briefly at the traffic lights.

The paparazzi photographer, Romuald Rat, on the back of the motorcycle drew-up alongside them here, but he says that Henry Paul jumped the lights on red and headed onto the dual carriageway along-side the river Seine, the Cours la Reine. The car disappeared down one tunnel, came back to the surface and then almost immediately entered the short tunnel at the Pont de l'Alma. As the whole world knows, here it went out of control and struck the 13th of a whole sequence of concrete pillars in the centre of the tunnel which are completely unprotected by crash barriers. Henry Paul and Dodi Fayed died immediately.

According to the autopsy report, Diana was clinically dead within 20 minutes and this was long before she arrived at the hospital. Trevor Rees-Jones survived the crash because he was wearing his seat belt and Diana and Dodi were not. This could be highly significant. Rees-Jones was not wearing his seat belt when they left the Ritz in accordance with normal practice for bodyguards and when Romuald Rat took a photograph at the lights at the Place de la Concorde, Rees-Jones was still not wearing his seat belt. But a little more than a minute later when the car actually struck the pillar, he was wearing a seat belt. Why would this be? If he donned the belt because for some reason he sensed danger, why did he not scream at Diana and Dodi to put-on their seat belts too? After all it only takes a second to do so and the sole reason for his presence in the car, was to protect his two charges in the back

seat. Rees-Jones should have had some serious questions to answer here but he has never been publicly quizzed about this and neither has he volunteered any information. He simply re-iterates that he did not know why he strapped himself in and that they were followed by two cars, one of them white and a motor cycle. These answers simply fit within the overall smokescreen.

Several independent people who watched the news reports just after the crash for the whole day, report that they definitely saw two people, a man and a woman who were together, state that the white car was parked in the tunnel and that from this car emanated a massive flash. These two people were shown on TV stating this fact several times and then suddenly this report was ceased and never shown again. I believe that this is the only reason that the white car was woven into the official story, yet slowly and subtly changed in its location in order to further the idea that it was the paparazzi to blame. After the crash, not even one single TV report nor one single newspaper report mentioned the detour from the route they had taken twice that day from the Ritz to Dodi's flat and back again. This detour was completely omitted from the first reports and it was only after independent researchers brought this to the world's attention that it was incorporated into the 'official version' of events. As already stated, the longer route would have given the paparazzi even more time to find the car and more time for them to arrive outside Dodi's flat before the arrival of the Mercedes there.

The one and only 'benefit' of taking this alternative route is that it took them via the Pont de l'Alma tunnel, the relevance of which will become apparent shortly.

As with Lee Harvey Oswald (John Kennedy), Sirhan Sirhan (Robert Kennedy) and James Earl Ray (Martin Luther King), Henry Paul became the scapegoat. Once the paparazzi card had been played and focused media and public attention to the story in the days after the crash, it was repeated ad nauseum in the media, the purpose of this tactic being to instil into the minds of the public that this could not possibly be untrue. Exactly the same scenario occurs over and over where cover-ups are being facilitated, the mainstream media bombard us 24/7 with outright disinformation in order to confuse and obfuscate the real facts.

It was soon afterwards, announced that Henry Paul was three to four times over the blood-alcohol limit and that his blood contained traces of anti-

depressant drugs, including Fluoxetine, the active ingredient of Prozac. "The cause of the crash was simple" so we are told again and again, "the driver was drunk". Tampering with blood samples or incorporating alcohol in the blood is ridiculously easy to achieve, especially when everything is being carried out in the strictest secrecy and was probably achieved by the insertion of tiny balloons which release alcohol into the blood stream in stages. There was certainly no sign of inebriation as he drove away from the Ritz. According to his blood tests, he drank the equivalent of eight scotches on an empty stomach and yet a behavioural psychologist on the TV documentary, 'Diana – Secrets of the Crash', could find no evidence that he was drunk after studying the Ritz videos of him that night.

Only two days earlier, Paul had undergone a rigorous medical for the renewal of his pilot's licence and there was no sign of the alcohol abuse the post-crash propaganda would have us all believe. One of Paul's close friends has also publicly stated he was not an excessive drinker. There was also another strange anomaly revealed by the TV documentary in 1998. The haemoglobin in Henry Paul's blood was found to contain 20.7% carbon monoxide and this would have been at a much higher level earlier because the carbon monoxide content halves every four to five hours once exposure to it has stopped. Haemoglobin carries the oxygen in the blood and Debbie Davis of the Carbon Monoxide Support Group said that at those levels, Paul would not have known his left hand from his right, because of the reduced oxygen reaching the brain and would have been unable to function at all let alone drive a car or even stand up. Dr Alistair Hay, an expert in carbon monoxide poisoning, agreed and could not explain why Paul showed no signs of the considerable symptoms that should have been evident.

"I find it difficult to rationalise everything. A blood-carbon monoxide level of 20% and a high blood-alcohol level suggests this would be someone with a much slower reaction time, certainly be someone who would be slowed up in the way he did things, would probably also be somebody who was in some pain, but none of those things appear to be evident from the pictures that we see of him. It's a bit of an enigma."

There is a lot more to know about Henry Paul. His best friend, Claude Garrec, told the ITV documentary that Paul had contacts with the French and foreign intelligence services and maintained them throughout his time at the

Ritz. This is no surprise because the intelligence agencies recruit the security men for the top hotels and the Ritz, with its VIP clientele and reputation for espionage and arms dealing would have been a prime target. Paul certainly had unexplained sources of income. He earned only around £20-25,000 a year at the Ritz and yet he was a keen pilot with 605 hours of flying time at about £300 per hour. He had a string of bank accounts; there were two in a bank outside Paris and three further accounts, plus a safety-deposit box at the Banque Nationale de Paris near the Ritz. He had three accounts at the nearby branch of Barclays and one current and four deposit accounts at the Caisse d'Epargne de Paris. In the eight months before the crash, sums of £4000 were paid into an account here on five separate occasions. In total he had £122,000 deposited in his accounts (1.2 million Francs) and no one knows from whence it came. Then there is the question of where Paul was in the three hours between 7pm when he went off duty and 10pm when Dodi called him on his mobile phone and ordered him to return to the Ritz. His whereabouts in this period are a mystery, a very significant mystery at that.

To understand how the Elite operates requires detailed research over a vast array of interconnecting subjects, everything from ancient history, especially relating to satanic and occult symbolism and ritual. The Earth's magnetic grid, the power of the sun, the banking system and mind control are all elements that influence their beliefs and thinking and this needs to be borne in mind before one can begin to understand the ritual sacrifice of Diana. All the mainstream journalists that have produced articles and documentaries about the crash are operating under a disadvantage because of their lack of knowledge of the occult and thus it renders the whole story a mystery because of course they are of necessity dealing with only half of the picture and only with information within their own 'five sense' reality. This is true of all major events throughout history. They can only possibly be viewed and analysed using the reality thought and believed to be true and in working within this restrictive 'five-sense' reality are unable to comprehend that there are organisations operating within organisations which provide a methodology by which one single force may control apparently unconnected agencies such as British and French intelligence, the Paris Police, judiciary and medical services and most importantly of all, the inquiry investigating the cause of the crash.

In Britain there was an 'investigation' into the death crash by John Stalker, the

former deputy-chief constable of Greater Manchester Police in which he dismissed all notions that Diana was murdered. Ironically, Stalker claimed, quite rightly, that he was the victim of a conspiracy to remove him from the police force after he identified a policy by the Northern Ireland police, the RUC, to shoot people they believed to be terrorists and ask questions later. This was the so-called 'shoot-to-kill' policy.

Pushing aside every suggestion of conspiracy to kill Diana, Stalker asked; "Why would the French want to cover up the murder of an English woman?" The answer to that is as stated earlier and that is that all seemingly unconnected agencies are intrinsically connected at the top levels. Operatives at Stalker's level do not understand anything bar the illusory outer-circle knowledge within Freemasonry, nor do they understand the true nature of the 'Crown'. However, to be fair, Stalker did ask some very pertinent questions about the crash and its aftermath; "…why was the Fayed security around the princess reduced to one wholly inadequate man with no back up? Why did the police not appeal for help from the public? Why was there no post mortem-autopsy on Dodi Fayed's body?" I would offer this answer to Mr. Stalker – simply because it is but a small part of an overall conspiracy of such magnitude that it absolutely and utterly dwarfs the conspiracy perpetrated against you when you were removed from office.

I have already broached the subject of mind control within this book, because understanding its widespread deployment is essential in order to understand the occult knowledge and the potential for it to be used in such operations by the subtle programming of its subjects' minds.

In the three hours Henry Paul went 'missing', this programming could have been instilled within him without his knowledge and it is therefore probably no coincidence that Henry Paul drove into the 13th pillar in the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris. The elite networks (in which Fayed played a major role) were working through many seemingly disassociated yet co-operating agencies to ensure that Diana was in Paris that night, because at its foundation, the plan was to perform a specific satanic ritual for which the timing and circumstances and the place of death had to be arranged in intricate detail. Diana was under Fayed's security web for much of the time leading up to the crash and all of the time during the last few days.

All her conversations were heard and monitored throughout the Fayed bugging system, so if Fayed was, as he claims, himself a victim of the Elite, why does he not publish them? During those missing hours, Henry Paul, the asset of British and French intelligence would have had the final piece of his programming jigsaw inserted into place in addition to the programming already in place. Diana's ritual death was arranged from the very top of the Illuminati, via the Royal connections but Fayed for all his wealth and apparent power and influence is nothing more than a lowly minion, carrying out his role as dictated by the Illuminati and was probably never aware of the full consequences of his role, save possibly through hindsight after the event.

The Mercedes delivered to the rear of the Ritz Hotel had itself been 'stolen' some weeks earlier – before the Diana Dodi relationship began, stolen from Etoile Limousines and when it was recovered from this alleged theft it underwent extensive repairs. It had supposedly been standing outside the exclusive Taillevent restaurant when the driver's door was flung open and the chauffeur pulled out by three Arabic-speaking men with handguns. (Those awful Muslims again!) The vehicle was missing for two weeks and when it was found, the wheels were missing, the door ripped off and the electronic system and equipment controlling the braking system had gone. This car would have been written off by any insurance company, but of course this was the cover for the extensive Elite-controlled repairs which would install remote-control and much other electronic wizardry (Boston brakes technology?). Fayed controls the Etoile Limousine company which supplied the vehicle, is it surprising therefore that the French authorities refused the offer by experts at Mercedes to examine the car after the crash?

When Henry Paul reported back for duty that night, he seemed his normal self to most observers. The programming lies deep within the psyche until the arranged trigger is deployed which would have activated his excessively fast driving and route change. The 'Boston brakes' technology relating to remote control has already been described and it would certainly make sense that this was the real cause of the precision 13th pillar direct hit with the loss of brakes too. The white car, which was parked in the tunnel, and not travelling in the same direction through the tunnel, emitted a vivid white flash. This, I would strongly suggest is from where the remote control was being operated. The cover story for the white flash was simply that 'the paparazzi did it'. It was deemed necessary for the car to hit the 13th pillar because this marks the

centre of the ancient spot of worship to the dark aspect of the goddess, Hecate. Diana even had a strong aversion to the number 13; she would not allow a thirteenth lot in her dress auction at Christies in the June immediately before she died.

It is also vital to understand that whenever an assassination occurs in a public place, two things of significance happen almost immediately. The first thing is to name the 'scapegoat' or 'patsy'. Then there are a multitude of diversions created, incorporating 'eye-witness' testimonies to back-up the version of events that has been pre-invented and made to seem like a reasonable story. Once the initial reports have aired they then have time to assess their impact and subsequently either remove the initial reports from the airwaves for good, or misuse true testimonies to create false leads for investigators, diverting them from the real truth.

In the first act of the play, they make an immediate arrest, or expose the person to blame, which cancels out further need for investigation, because now we all 'know' who is responsible.

The second act, diversion, ensures that those critical hours and days after the event are wasted as investigators and the lower ranks of the media chase a whole morass of false leads and stories.

The next stage is to wait for the 'official' investigation to begin. Once there has been enough time to incorporate all the information that was picked-up on, in the initial moments after the event and to add and merge it into the pre-planned version of events, the 'official' version is then propounded with vigour. This 'official' story is then played out across the full spectrum of the media as the evidence is manufactured and manipulated to match the official version. It is from that point onwards a relatively simple matter to control this process at editorial level and to filter-out all the evidence and facts that do not match the official version whilst strongly promoting those that do. .

In much the same way as the 9/11 debris and forensic evidence was cleared away with thoroughly indecent haste, this scene of a major accident involving arguably the most famous woman in the world, was destroyed in less time than it took to happen in the first place. Of course this makes perfect sense when

we consider that, as with 9/11, the evidence has to disappear as quickly as possible to hide the truth and to prevent any real investigation into the incident. Indeed, everything relating to this murder is decidedly 'fishy', to say the least.

There were 17 security cameras on the route between the Ritz and the Pont de l'Alma tunnel, including those inside the tunnel itself. Do these perpetrators really expect anyone with an even semi-functioning brain to believe that on that particular night in only that particular part of Paris, the cameras were malfunctioning? On that single basis alone, anyone who declares themselves satisfied with the outcome of all the inquiries conducted so far and agrees with their findings, is either in league with them, or so incredibly stupid, as to beggar belief. However as most people are terminally 'asleep' these days, maybe the concept is not that badly thought-out.

The cameras are controlled by the police and are powered by an independent power supply, yet the Paris police refused categorically to explain why the cameras were out of action in that particular place and time on that particular night. Never before (or since) has this happened in Paris. In a letter to the UK Daily Mail, a correspondent said the cameras in the tunnel were pointing towards the wall on the morning after the crash. There is no doubt whatsoever that the police would not have failed to notice this situation.

Even more significantly, at exactly the same time as the fateful journey and subsequent crash, all the police communication frequencies in central Paris mysteriously went off-line. Simon Reagan in his book, Who Killed Diana, quotes a contact called Andre, who like many people enjoys listening-in to police radio messages. That night, Andre was sitting on a bench near the Eiffel Tower, a few minutes' walk from the tunnel, on the night Diana died. As was his usual practice, he was using a short-wave receiver to monitor the police communications, but suddenly and inexplicably at 12.20am, all the lines went down. There was a total police radio blackout which lasted for around 20 minutes and then, Andre said, the signal returned as quickly as it had disappeared and there was a sudden explosion of radio traffic as all police personnel realised it was active again.

12.20am was the exact time that Diana and her party was leaving the Ritz. Just a co-incidence though, I'm sure. By the time communication was restored, Diana was lying in the tunnel under the complete control of the Emergency

team and according to the autopsy report, within a few minutes of clinical death. However, according to the Stevens report, there was not a shred of evidence that there was a conspiracy surrounding the death of Diana.

As previously alluded-to, causing the accident is easy for the powers involved to arrange, but of course it is not possible to guarantee that the target will be killed immediately. It is therefore essential to also be in control of the medical team, because although the target is not yet dead, there is now a credible reason for them to die, after the event as it were.

In this case, the job of the medical team is to ensure the target does not survive, no matter what condition they are in after the incident. Even those poor dupes who dismiss the idea that Diana was murdered, question the astonishing delay in transporting her to hospital, when according to the 'official' medical reports, she was suffering from an injury that required urgent surgery. The doctors said that the pulmonary vein had been ruptured near the heart and that this was filling her lungs with blood in effect meaning that Diana was lying in the tunnel bleeding to death. If that is indeed correct, then the only way to save her life would be with immediate surgery, so why was it more than an hour and a half before she arrived at hospital?

Doctor Frederic Mailliez, with an American 'friend' by the name of Mark Butt, just so happened to drive into the tunnel from the opposite direction in the immediate aftermath of the crash. The impact happened at 12.25am and by 12.26, Doctor Mailliez said he had seen the crushed Mercedes, stopped his car, turned on warning lights, run across to the Mercedes to establish there were two people dead and two alive, and had also phoned the emergency services. He is one of 160 Parisian doctors who are on constant call for emergencies in hospitals and private homes as part of a French insurance system, SOS Medecins. He had treated accident victims many times when he was a member of SAMU the French emergency ambulance service and yet a doctor on constant call for emergencies says all he had in his car to help Diana was an 'oxygen cylinder and mask'. Mailliez was in control of Diana and her condition for the crucial 15 to 20 minutes before his former employers, the SAMU emergency team arrived to take over.

He claimed initially that Diana did not say anything to him, contradicting his later comments to the UK Times newspaper, when he said she apparently repeatedly said that she 'hurt' as he put a resuscitation mask over her mouth.

Trevor Rees-Jones, the bodyguard, also said that he has flashbacks of hearing a female voice calling out in the back of the car: "…first it's a groan, then Dodi's name was called…and that can only be Princess Diana's voice", he told the UK Daily Mirror.

What does seem to be clear is that Diana was conscious when Mailliez arrived. He told the CNN chat show host, Larry King, that, "…she looked pretty fine. But inside you know, the internal injury was already starting… its really funny. That's the only part, where she was sitting, that's the only part, which was still intact." Eh?

Mailliez on the one hand told a French medical magazine that; "I thought her life could be saved", and yet said on another occasion that "it was hopeless there was nothing we could do to save her." This is the big problem with lying – it is so difficult to get the story correct and consistent on every occasion it is told. He also told King that although Diana is the most photographed lady in the world, and that the paparazzi were taking shots of her while he was with her in the tunnel; he had no idea that she was the Princess Diana until he saw the news reports the following morning. Err, yeah right. What kind of an idiot is this man? And more to the point, how stupid does he think we all are? When the emergency team arrived, Mailliez said he then left the scene because there was nothing more he could do.

The official explanation for the incredible delay in taking Diana to hospital is that she was trapped in the wreckage. This is complete and utter nonsense. One of the ambulance crew told the French newspaper, La Parisien that when he arrived, Diana was lying with most of her body out of the car with her legs resting on the rear seat. "She was agitated, semi knocked-out, but conscious… she was groaning and struggling feebly. She murmured 'Oh my God' several times." The Scotsman newspaper, in an investigation published on the 11th September 1997, established that Diana was removed from the car shortly after the fire service arrived and the excuse of her being 'trapped' does not stand up to close scrutiny at all. Another excuse for the delay is that the emergency doctors had to give her a blood transfusion. This again is an utter lie. SAMU teams do not carry blood transfusion equipment because they would be unable to determine the victim's blood type and also to carry stocks of all the many different, available blood-types would be impractical. When the ambulance eventually did leave the tunnel, the driver was ordered to go no

faster than 25 miles per hour and some reports say it took as long as 40 minutes to cover the 3.7 miles to the La Pitie-Salpetriere Hospital whilst four other hospitals quite capable of treating Diana were closer to the scene and the ambulance stopped twice on the way for 'delicate interventions', once whilst actually within sight of the hospital.

Diana arrived at La Pitie-Salpetriere Hospital at about 2.10am, an hour and 45 minutes after the crash happened. By any medical criteria whatsoever this delay is completely ludicrous. Of course it is only ludicrous unless it was meant to happen this way because they were performing horrendous occult practices. It doesn't take a genius to see why, despite such apparent incompetence, there has been NO inquiry into the medical response that night. According to Stevens report, they could not go at speed because of her injury but this is absolute nonsense. 1 hour and 45 minutes??

Waiting at the hospital was a surgical team headed by Professor Bruno Riou, the duty surgeon who we are told, first heard about the crash whilst on his routine rounds. Is that not a strange enough sentence in itself, a renowned, senior surgeon doing his rounds in the early hours of the morning? Waiting with him when Diana arrived was Professor Pierre Coriat, the head of anaesthetics, Professor Alain Pavie, a chest and heart specialist and Professor Pierre Benazet, another experienced surgeon. They had been in telephone communication with the emergency team in the tunnel throughout and we are told that they opened Diana's chest cavity, repaired the artery, and battled to save her for an hour and a half before admitting defeat. This is remarkable because the autopsy report shows that Diana was clinically dead at 12.45am whilst still lying in the tunnel. She was therefore clinically dead for an hour and 25 minutes before she even arrived at the hospital and for three hours before the professors walked out of the operating theatre to announce that she had died. Having the body examined at a location under the control of the perpetrators is vital in such assassinations. This is indeed a very similar game to the one that was played with JFK.

So who was behind Diana's assassination? Of course those who gave the order and those who actually carried out the deed would be rather different people. This is the spider's web of the Elite networks and whilst the order will no doubt have come from the spider in the centre, it would certainly have been carried out by one of the many 'flies'. It is highly unlikely that it would have

been carried out by British intelligence directly, because of course that would be too obvious. Intelligence agencies subcontract the assassinations of their own citizens to distance themselves from the incident and allow them to plausibly deny that they were responsible. Not only that, the intelligence agency of the nationality of the victim is then 'free' to work on finding who was responsible.

For instance, there is considerable evidence to show that JFK was shot by members of an elite (small 'e') rifle team within the French intelligence called OAS, along with the Israeli Mossad. Olof Palme, the Bilderberger Prime Minister of Sweden, was murdered in Stockholm in 1986 on the orders of among others, George Bush senior. The killing itself was carried out by members of BOSS, the South African intelligence agency.

MI5 announced in 1998 that they do not assassinate people. No, instead they hire other branches of the intelligence family to do it. This rather weak denial was prompted by the revelations of the former MI5 agent, David Shayler, who stated that MI6 had organised a plot to assassinate Libya's Colonel Gaddafi. This attempt failed because the bomb had been placed under the wrong car. Shayler was head of the 'Libyan Desk' at MI5 and was in the perfect position to know. Robin Cook, the then UK Foreign Secretary, stated that he had been assured that no such event took place and the Attorney General banned David Shayler from appearing on the ITV programme, Diana – Secrets of the Crash.

So which organisation is most likely to have been involved in the death of Diana at operational level? A secret group by the name of the 'Pinay Circle' or 'Le Cercle' which has amongst its ranks a number of British establishment figures is a strong contender. Le Cercle is an offshoot of the even more elite 'Safari Club', which was set up by Count Alexander de Maranches, the director during the 1970s of the French 'Service for External Documentation and Espionage'. It was the Safari Club that arranged for the alliance between a French intelligence front-company called 'Group Bull' and the computer giant Honeywell which is, you may not be surprised to learn, the world's largest manufacturer of landmines.

The Le Cercle membership has included Nicholas Elliot, a department head at MI6; William Colby, a former director of the CIA; Colonel Botta of Swiss

Military Intelligence; Stefano Della Chiaie, leading member of the Italian Secret Service; Giullo Andreotti, the former Italian Prime Minister from the notorious P2 Freemasonry Lodge and the man who gave the Mafia 'Official Protection'; Silva Munoz, a former Minister for the fascist, Franco, in Spain and a member of the Elite secret society, Opus Dei; Franz Josef Strauss, the German Defence Minister; and Monsignor Brunello an agent of the Vatican. In America, one of the Le Cercle fronts is the CIA–backed Heritage Foundation in Washington. The potential for such an organisation to be the co-ordinating force between countless different agencies and countries, all aiming to a common operation is easy to see. The Safari Club / Le Cercle network provides the Arab-British-French connection necessary to arrange for Diana to be in Paris at the right time, the security for her to be withdrawn, the assassination to be carried out and most importantly, those involved to get away with it. So re-visiting the statement of outer initiate John Stalker, and his comment "why would the French want to cover up the murder of an English woman?" the answer is quite simple, because of Elite-level interconnection via organisations such as the Safari Club and Le Cercle. Simon Regan in his book, 'Who killed Diana?', says that it was Le Cercle that destabilised the Gough Whitlam government in Australia in 1975 and as already stated, the Queen of England was involved in this too, via her control of her Governor of Australia, Philip Kerr, who used his executive power to remove Whitlam. If the Crown, through the Windsors and Le Cercle worked together to bring down an elected Australian government, it is more than a distinct possibility that they would work together to eliminate Diana - the people's Princess?

Upon studying the history of assassinations, it becomes apparent that Paris is prominent as one of the major cities for this black art, going back many centuries. Amschel Rothschild from the English branch of the family was murdered there in 1996 in what many claim to have been part of another inter-Elite war, one of the many that litters the history of the this sect. For an organisation such as Le Cercle, or its many mirrors in London, it would have been very easy to place its people in the right places. Mohamed Fayed's security operation is composed primarily of ex-British elite military and police units, who know the consequences of saying 'no'. Remember that all these operatives belong to the Crown and certainly not to whichever individual company or organisation would be foolish enough to hire them. There will

always be an odd exception, but for those who join the Field Lodges, the oath continues long after service terms are completed.

Fayed's personal investigation into Diana and Dodi's death was headed by Pierre Ottavoili, a former chief of the Criminal Brigade, the criminal investigation department of the French police. This is the same organisation that is also responsible for the 'official Investigation'. Fayed's chief lawyer in Paris is a former French Justice Minister and in overall charge in London at the time was John McNamara, his head of security and former Chief-Superintendent at the headquarters of London's Metropolitan police, at Scotland Yard. In the spring of 1998, McNamara was part of a sting operation involving the FBI, CIA and possibly the Israeli (Rothschild) intelligence Agency Mossad, to arrest a former CIA agent Oswald le Winter, a 67 year old American born in Austria. Le Winter contacted Fayed claiming to have documents for sale, proving the involvement of MI6 and the CIA in the murder of Diana. He was asking $10 million and after meeting with McNamara he was given an advance of $15.000. A further meeting was arranged in Vienna, Austria, for the key documents and for the rest of the money to be handed-over. In the meantime however, Fayed called a friend in the FBI, who contacted the CIA. Le Winter was followed, spied upon and lured to the Ambassador Hotel in Vienna on Wednesday the 22nd April, where with support from the Austrian police a combination of FBI, CIA and Mossad agents apprehended him.

If Al Fayed was indeed the grieving, wronged father, why would he ensure the man who could provide the proof he required, was offered up to his enemies? And if le Winter's offer was a hoax, why would so many agencies spend so much money, time and effort, to prevent him leaking information that was, as they put it, 'a lie' especially when if this was the case it would prove that MI6 was not involved? The whole thing is clearly a psy-op, a set-up to confuse and obfuscate.

This story incidentally, would have remained a secret, but for Peter Grolig, an Austrian journalist on the Kurier newspaper. He reported what happened and established that when le Winter's hotel room was searched, four documents, two of them in code were found and appeared to be genuine CIA documents. The CIA has since admitted tapping Diana's phone calls in and to America

and passing the contents to British Intelligence. Le Winter was arrested and held in custody and Grolig's story forced Fayed to admit that it was true. Another intelligence insider also insists the crash was not an accident. Richard Tomlinson, a former agent of Britain's MI6, gave evidence to the French enquiry into Diana's death. In 1997 Tomlinson served a six month jail sentence under the official secrets act for trying to sell his memoirs and in 1998 he was arrested again, at gun point, in Paris at the request of the British government who were concerned at his association in that city with MI5 whistle-blower, David Shayler, (now a painted as a madman) who was also arrested and jailed in Paris. Tomlinson apparently told Herve Stephan, the judge in charge of the 'inquiry' that Diana was murdered and according to a report on the BBC's teletext news service, Ceefax, on 29th August 1998, he told the judge that Henry Paul was an asset of British Intelligence as was one of the bodyguards who remained un-named. However, despite all this information being freely given to the inquiry, Herve Stephan an obvious Elite placeman concluded, 'it was an accident'.

In the words of the Roman writer Seneca; "He who most benefits from the crime is the one most likely to have committed it".

The Windsors as a family certainly benefitted the most. No longer is there an inside threat to their secrets and actions. No longer is Diana there to continue her inevitable destruction of the Monarchy as a credible force able to own and influence the path of this nation and most of the rest of the world. No longer is she there to exert her own influence in the upbringing of her sons, William and Harry. The Windsors now have full and total control in the moulding of these two Princes, giving them the total ability to form them into their own sick image. Her death also cleared the way for Charles to marry Camilla.

Of course as we know, the House of Windsor is simply the public face of a much larger power structure, 'The Crown Temple.' which now no longer suffers from Diana publicly exposing its secret war against the populations of the world with landmines. She was almost certainly planning an escalation of that particular battle.

Susan Barrantes, the mother of Sarah 'Fergie' Ferguson, the Duchess of York and former wife of Prince Andrew, had been telling anyone who would listen that she thought Diana had been murdered. She however, was fatally

injured herself in an extremely dubious car crash in Argentina on the 19th September 1998. Just a coincidence though, I'm sure. Confidential mail for Diana was delivered to Christine Fitzgerald and this included packages from a former member of the Elite-controlled SAS who was concerned for Diana's safety. He was warning her of what was going on behind her back. "Half of MI6 were on Diana's side too you know", Christine said. One day, a client who had involvement with the security agencies, saw some of these packages being delivered. Christine described what followed:

"She said I'm really worried for you, you don't know what you're getting involved in here. Diana's basically mad, she'll drop you in it, she will hang you out to dry, you'll end up dead, your kids will end up dead, your cats, and your business will be ruined. I couldn't believe how she was carrying on. She was so full of hate. Diana came in the next day and I gave her the mail. I said not everyone who bows to you has your best interests at heart. I told her what had happened and she went purple with rage. When she died, everybody came in and said 'they bumped her off didn't they'? But that client was the only one who was outraged at the suggestion. I was checked out by MI6, my phones were tapped, my house was burgled, the royal family kept a big check on me while I was dealing with Diana."

Christine and her contacts have no doubt about what happened in Paris: "She was bumped off; she was left to die at the roadside. Those responsible were above the elite of the army", she said. "It was not the secret squirrels (British intelligence) it was above that. Mohammed Fayed 'in his tortured little sense' wants to be part of the reptilian power because 'he likes all that'." Christine believes that Diana's romance with Dodi was engineered. She further said:

"Diana fell in love quite easily and he's a master of the smile. She was unfortunate in her love affairs because she rescued others in her own distress. So the men she went for were all emotional cripples because she was a healer, too. Most people who went with Diana used her and I think Dodi did also. He would have used her for his ego, the contacts and his dad. The Royal Family killed her for her light energy, especially when she was pregnant. I don't believe she was as badly injured as they say. If they checked her body they would see that the scar the surgeons made starts at her pubis and goes right up to her throat. They've even taken her thymus gland, the way we make

interstellar communication. I know from the best sources that she was pregnant and they took the baby. Pieces of that foetus will have been delivered everywhere. They can make babies from the cells. Parts of her body will have been used in their rituals as well. (Just to give insight, hope you are not eating! When children are sacrificed with their throat cut from left to right, the blood is drained and drank from their goblets, and specific body parts are eaten. The fat is scraped from the intestines and they rub it on their skin or scales. This is the mesa fat, or the anointing oil, this also is within the Jesus story the anointing of their Messiah. Sick aren't they). Diana was always having Kensington Palace swept for bugs, but they had Dodi bugged and they knew exactly what was going on. This was not the first time she thought she was pregnant and this nearly happened before, but she was not pregnant. That was with Hewitt."

Christine Fitzgerald shared the most intimate details of Diana's life and knew her in ways and at levels that very few others did. The incredible revelations of the Windsor's treatment of Diana over many years, the threats made to her by Prince Charles' personal detective, the ritual sacrifices and the confirmation that they were responsible for the murder of Barry Mannakee, should not pass without note. There should be a campaign to press the Windsors to face these matters and for Al Fayed, Trevor Rees-Jones, Earl Spencer and the others I have named, to answer the questions that have to be addressed. Power must be stripped from the Windsors, their royal dynasty dismantled and their crimes against humanity publicly exposed. More than that, however, those in the political, security and medical professions, who are also involved, must be equally exposed. The Royal Family, Earl Spencer, and the Satanic, former British Prime Minister, Tony Blair, have all dismissed claims that Diana was murdered and called for such suggestions to cease 'for the sake of the boys'. These questions must not be allowed to be ignored or another Elite assassination will have been promulgated whilst those responsible go free.

Earl Spencer even went to the extent of issuing a statement on behalf of the Spencer family in February 1998 in which he asked: "Is there any good in all this speculation? I ask that because there is clearly a lot of harm in it. All we, her family, ask is that Diana's memory be respected and the sensational speculation be left out of the public arena, where it undermines our aims to come to terms with her loss".

Had Diana been your sister would you not be determined to find out what happened? If you were Prime Minister when such a famous and loved Princess had been killed, would you not insist that the truth be established? So why don't they? I think we all know the answer to that particular question,

Diana had a profound effect on millions of people as was apparent after her death and most people did not know the full extent of her suffering once the Windsors got hold of her. In many ways Diana was a mirror of Marilyn Monroe, used by the establishment and then cast aside and murdered when her usefulness was at an end. Marilyn had affairs with John Kennedy and also it seems, his brother, Bobby and when she became dangerous because of her inside knowledge she was killed because of what she knew. In another of those remarkable examples of synchronicity there are many 'coincidences' that connect her life and that of Diana's. They were both born on the first of the month and died at the age of 36 in August. They both married on the 29th of the month to men twelve years older. Marilyn called herself the Queen of Diamonds and Diana the Queen of Hearts and both were subjects of the Elton John song, Candle in the Wind, which he sang at Diana's funeral.

Since Christine Fitzgerald first spoke out about her relationship with Diana, the threat to destroy her business has been implemented. Suddenly the phone stopped ringing and she was seeing as many clients in a week as she had been in a day. This is unexplainable when you consider that she is one of Britain's most gifted and effective healers working in the centre of London. Unexplainable that is, unless one is aware of the story. But she is nevertheless determined that the truth shall be known, whatever the authorities seek to do to her: "I don't want a war, I just want to end the bullshit", as she puts it. Looking back on Diana's life and their conversations together she reflects:

"Poor cow, she was in a house where no one gives a damn and it's a terrible state of affairs. She was all alone in a nest of vipers. I used to just patch her up. She just found me and came to me. I made her wait a fortnight until I checked it out. They used to say that I was giving her anger therapy. I didn't. I used to just listen to her, take it all in and think Jesus Christ! But I didn't think they would kill her. I can't believe that this information is so close to home and yet they are still managing to keep it at bay. My room is the truth room and it's a real place of safety and I don't judge anyone on their s**t and that's why I haven't spoken about any of this in the past. She was as screwed

up as anyone you know and if you're going to tell the truth, you have to tell the whole truth. She wasn't crazy, she was mentally and physically abused, I feel, from a little girl. Her father was a nasty piece of work and her stepmother (Raine), too.

The Royal Family was very afraid. She would have taken the public away from them; she would have taken the world from them gradually. They recognised her worth and fed off her in a psychic vampire way for a long time. All she wanted was to get married and have children you know, bless her little heart. She wanted to live out what she had never had. The world would have come to rights with Diana because as f****d up as she was, she was a light being and wherever she went she manifested love. It was amazing. The sad thing was that she didn't know she was doing that and she needed proof of her worth and she was looking in the wrong quarters for that. But when she tried to break away, we went out and did normal things. She did Kung Fu with my husband for five years. She wanted to be normal, to link arms and walk down the street. She knew where her heart lay. She really and truly did amazing things."

Diana said she could not believe how cold the Windsors were and the public were shown a graphic example of this in the days after her death. They stayed out of sight in Balmoral in Scotland while the people mourned Diana in their tens of millions with an unprecedented explosion of grief. It was only the pressure from the public through the media that forced the Queen, kicking and screaming, to make a cold, emotionless and pathetic 'tribute' to Diana on TV the night before the funeral. Cold is a word constantly used about the Queen, Phillip and Charles and that's the mental and emotional profile of the Brotherhood and its networks. William (Bill) Cooper said that the Initiates that he met in his work for US Naval Intelligence had "No conscience, no morals, no regrets, no feelings, and no emotion". This is precisely the same psychopathic character profile as the Windsors and indeed most of the Elite that control our lives.

We have all been hoodwinked for thousands of years. Hoodwinked about our history, hoodwinked about whom we really are and the true nature of life. Hoodwinked about the true background and agenda of those we have allowed to rule us. How apt, therefore, that this word should also derive from Freemasonry. Dr. Albert MacKey, the 33rd degree Freemason and foremost

Freemason historian of the 19th century, defined the term 'hoodwinked' in his Encyclopaedia of Freemasonry as: 'A symbol of secrecy, silence and darkness, in which the mysteries of our art should be preserved from the unhallowed gaze of the profane'.

Diana's tragic death is but one of a long, long line of others whose lives have been cut brutally short to serve the agenda of these monsters who rule us with an iron fist, encased in a velvet glove.

PART 3 – The World of Today – Our Distorted Reality

The distorted reality under which we all exist today is a direct result of the falsification of much of what we regard as our true historical heritage. In the first two sections of this book, I have attempted to provide evidence for and examples of the numerous ways in which we have been distracted and diverted from the real truth in order that a tiny minority of people may benefit from that lack of knowledge and thus maintain the status quo heavily in their favour. Maintaining this 'edited' view of the past is essential in their control of the vast majority of humanity and this is sustained by all the methods already covered, including but not exclusive to, the media, the entertainment industry, the medical profession, politics, law and the subtle utilisation of a group of people that have come to be known by the 'truth movement' as 'useful idiots'. However, more of this important group very shortly.

We have been lied to and deceived on a truly epic scale by those who rule over us, ever since human society first saw the light of day, regardless of whether, like mainstream history and archaeology you believe that to be ten thousand years ago – or even ten million years ago. As a timely reminder, here is a reprise of the quote from the first page of the introduction, by Dr. Henry Makow, who like myself has been researching these issues for many years and sums up this conspiracy succinctly, thus…

"In fact, 'conspiracy' is very plausible. People who control a grossly disproportionate share of the world's wealth will take extreme measures to consolidate their position." [My emphasis – JH]

This is the entire nub of the issue in two short sentences and summarises neatly the reason that humankind is now in the situation in which we find ourselves today. Everything else is just a means to this end, a method by which we can be controlled, indeed the 'extreme measures', to which Dr. Makow refers.

So, let us now move into the very recent past and from thence to the present day and examine the issues which confront us daily and which have as a result of the falsification of past events now become pertinent to our

everyday struggle to survive. But firstly, let us examine the prominent role played by a group of people who are very important to the Elite's plans for keeping us all in a state of ignorance of the truth.

Useful Idiots

What do I mean by this term? 'Useful idiots', as distinct from 'shills' – people who are knowingly setting-out to deceive us, are those among us who are unknowingly furthering the agenda of the Elite by acting as unwitting purveyors of falsehoods and naysayers of the real truth.

For example, when confronted with the facts, they will ask lots of questions, but never wait to hear an answer. To their minds, questions are not a search for information, but rather a tool of disruption. In this way, the useful idiot never has to expose his ignorance because he never has to enter into a meaningful dialogue with anyone who has an opposing view. All he has to do is maintain an attacking stance and this perpetuates a useless, circular argument, usually ending in utter stalemate.

Another of the most common tactics used is the injection of 'humour'. He will turn everything into a joke, whether it is funny or not. Laughing at that which we do not understand often makes things appear less daunting, but it also makes us more passive and accepting.

The comedians that are most successful (and popular) are those that follow mainstream thinking and encourage us to laugh at anything that challenges these norms. A good example being the ridicule to which David Icke was subjected for many years in the early 1990s when he made the now self-acknowledged mistake of trying to bring his views to an unthinking majority by the very medium which would seek to destroy him (television). This made him an easy target for the 'comedians' of the day and even the mention of his name alone, would be guaranteed to raise a cheap laugh. In Medieval times, even the most tyrannical of rulers would allow a court jester to make jokes at his expense because the jester was an inconsequential figure, a powerless and non-threatening entity. A jokester can verbally undermine anyone to his heart's content, but will never really change the world because although he may make us laugh, ultimately no-one really cares what figures of fun have to say about anything of consequence. It is not too difficult to imagine a whole subsection of society emulating this dynamic; millions of people deluding themselves into thinking that being a slave is not all that bad, just as long as we are funny slaves.

Whenever the useful idiot is confronted with a truth that threatens his established world-view, he will do anything to distract or derail the argument. Making poor jokes, resorting to childish ridicule, ignoring cold hard logic and facts, making threats or denying that you are qualified to present the facts, even though the facts speak for themselves no matter who is relaying them. The list goes on and on and very seldom will he confront the truth presented on its own terms, instead, he will often make a point of making the 'messenger' the issue at hand and not the information being presented. For example, I have lost count of the times when in trying to present an argument that I have been cut-off in full flow by a mocking statement such as... 'You must have too much time on your hands'. As though 'having too much time' somehow is an actual impediment to seeking the truth and not the opposite ie. not having enough time on one's hands!

Is it so difficult to check information to confirm whether or not any premise is true? I have been asked many times when stating a fact to one of these people, to 'prove it' but when I offer to do so by pointing them in the right direction, they will often ostentatiously decline the offer on the basis that It cannot possibly be true. It obviously must be extremely difficult for some people to check information though because so many people believe absolutely everything they are told by the mainstream or figures of authority, or simply assume it must be true, without bothering to check it out for themselves.

If a so-called 'scientist' suddenly announced via the media that adding arsenic to coffee will increase one's desirability in the eyes of the opposite sex, would these people blindly ingest it or would a more sensible approach be to double-check the facts first? Obviously everyone knows that arsenic is poisonous, but how many other poisons do we westerners ingest daily because some petty official gave the all-clear to add it into our food supply. I am speaking of such horrors here as; mercury (thimerasol), aspartame, high fructose corn syrup (HFCS), fluoride, rBGH, Bisphenol-A, GMOs and others too numerous to mention and all of which appear with monotonous regularity on the ingredients list of popular foodstuffs. A few minutes of research via that invaluable tool, the Internet, which is available to virtually all now, would soon provide a mountain of evidence to demonstrate that these substances are far from the benign entities they are purported to be and indeed are in some cases, bordering on deadly. But are these people aware of this fact? Welcome to the world of the useful idiot.

However, having said all that, to be a truly useful idiot is not just simply a case of for example, taking part in the mass-ingestion of all this filth, but in order to qualify as a bona fide, paid-up member of the club, the really useful idiot is someone of the ilk of the official or the 'scientist' who vehemently propounds the purity of these substances. He may also be the dentist who mockingly laughs when questioned about the safety of fluoride in toothpastes or the nurse who threatens to call the Child Protection Service / Social Services if you refuse a vaccination for your newborn baby. It is often also the person who received his standard dose of academic propaganda without ever comprehending the fact that once upon a time, the first rule of 'good science' used to be to question everything and not just blindly accept anything laid down by someone claiming authority.

So, the useful idiot is not only conditioned himself, but is also a valuable distribution agent of that conditioning to others. When confronted with a viewpoint which falls outside of his dogmatic stance, his brain shuts down because he has lived most of his life with the ideas and propaganda inherent in a lifetime of brainwashing. To be confronted with the fact that everything he previously thought he knew and has based his entire life upon is false, is an extremely nasty medicine to have to swallow. This is an acknowledged condition known as 'cognitive dissonance'.

Of course, this all makes the useful idiot the prime target of Elite disinformation campaigns. Nearly all criminal actions by the Elite through their puppets in government, receive their primary support from this portion of the population exactly because they are so easily misled by authority. These people have been conditioned to automatically disbelieve and ridicule anything that comes with the engendered label of 'conspiracy theory' and instead of checking facts for themselves, firmly believe that there is no need to do that because if it is deemed to be a conspiracy theory, therefore by definition, it must be utter nonsense.

But why should we bother trying to communicate with these unquestioning robots at all? Surely they are the absolute definition of a lost cause? However, if we can demonstrate that beyond all doubt that just one of their misconceptions is totally without substance and unsupported by facts, it may just be that they are no longer able to assume that any of their other misguided views are of any real substance either. They may eventually be shamed or forced into doing the research, which may then lead to the world-shattering realisation that suddenly they know nothing. I have been in that position

myself and believe me it is not a very pleasant place to be. It appears that the whole world has suddenly fallen apart and the question then becomes one of 'what is actually real and what is not?' and almost like a child, one has to start re-learning how to relate to this strange new reality, over again.

Eventually though, one accepts the loss of innocence. That dupe that was so convinced of what was right and wrong and certain of his place in the grand scheme of things suddenly finds himself in a scary place, a world he must now investigate alone to determine the truth, instead of being spoon-fed the reality proscribed by faceless others in the world of academia or the media. The empowerment and the sheer awe inherent in this process are almost unbelievable in their scope and have to be experienced to be understood. It is almost like a blind man who can suddenly see after forty years or so of blindness, never knowing what he was missing all that time because he had nothing with which to compare it. But, once the huge leap across this vast chasm has been made, it is not only impossible to go back to being the person we were before; it is absolutely unthinkable so to do.

Of course, no-one regards themselves as a useful idiot, blindly serving the interests of monsters in the cruel and heartless oppression of their fellow man, but the fact remains that many people are in just such a position. You may despise some of them or wish them ill, but please do not give-up on them all. There are some good, honest, well-meaning people amongst their ranks and confronting their unintentional ignorance is not simply just the duty of we who are better informed; it is also an act of compassion towards those who are not.

Corporations

"They decide who governs and how, who serves on courts, what laws are enacted, and whether or not wars are waged. Corporate dominance, especially financial power, and democratic values are incompatible. They operate ruthlessly as private tyrannies. They're predators, we're prey, and every day we're eaten alive. They do it because they can, and in America by mandate. Publicly owned US corporations, including financial ones, must serve shareholders by maximizing equity value through higher profits. They do it by exploiting nations, people and resources ruthlessly. Social responsibility doesn't matter, neither does being worker-friendly, a good citizen, or friend of the earth. Bottom-line priorities alone, matter. Failure to pursue fiduciary responsibilities means possible dismissal or shareholder lawsuits. Yet nothing in America's Constitution or statute laws endow corporations with their rights. They usurped them by co-opting Washington, the nation's courts, state capitals, and city halls. As a result, over half the world's largest economies are corporations. Financial ones controlling the power of money are most dominant. Corporate personhood enhanced their power, yet imagine. Although corporations aren't human, they can live forever, change their identity, reside in many places globally, can't be imprisoned for wrongdoing, and can transform themselves into new entities for any reason. They have the same rights and protections as people without the responsibilities. As a result, they operate freely unrestrained, especially financial giants controlling the power of money at the public's expense." Stephen Lendman. 'The Network of Global Corporate Control', 16th December 2011

Let us begin with a brief comparison of Tanzania (the country) and Goldman Sachs (the corporation):

Tanzania – Annual GNP $2.2bn

25 million people

Goldman – Annual profit $2.2bn

160 partners

Spot the financial similarity and yet the discrepancy in the number of people who 'benefit'.

At present, giant corporations are becoming larger and larger, buying up their competitors, and bribing and lobbying local authority councillors, mayors

and representatives of government to scrap legislation which curbs their insatiable appetite for growth to the detriment of all else. Already, the effect of this covert coup on free trade has left us with shopping malls which are almost exact copies of one another, offering little or no choice for the consumer and thus creating a virtual cartel. Parking restrictions are being placed by local authorities on roads where small businesses are desperately clinging on to what trade is left. Meanwhile, previously public spaces, even major roads, are being re-routed, driving traffic into giant shopping malls and supermarkets where the seemingly grandiose selection of shops is actually owned by just a handful of mega-corporations.

At present in the relatively small village where I live, opinion is divided on whether the supermarket giant, Tesco should be allowed to build a new store about one mile from the village centre. Those people who say 'yes' argue that it will lead to greater choice, more convenience (ie. not having to drive the whole 6 miles or so to the next nearest other supermarket) and best of all to lower prices than are currently available in the existing local shops. I can see the point to a certain extent but I firmly believe that it is far more important to our local community that we retain the existing, small, in many cases, one-man local businesses that have in some instances remained in the same families for a hundred years or more, rather than succumb to the might of the large corporations whose buying power and immoral treatment of suppliers and thus lower prices, will probably lead to the village centre becoming a ghost town in very short order.

In addition, should Tesco (or any other large corporate entity for that matter) decide say, two years hence that profits are not high enough after all, there not being a large enough local population to sustain their desired profit levels, then they will simply cut their losses and leave without so much as a

thought to the local economy. The reality then will be that having destroyed all the small, local businesses, then there will be nowhere for the locals to shop and they will wind-up having to travel even further whilst leaving desolation in the village centre itself. It will also have a devastating effect on the local community in terms of job losses. The loss of say 30-40 jobs in a small area such as this would be critical. This scenario has been shown to happen in many, many examples throughout the Western world.

"One of the main problems that we have with our political system in the United States is that in many ways, corporations can literally buy seats in our Congress. We have the United States Supreme Court that recently upheld a decision to allow corporations to spend unlimited amounts on independent expenditures." Marcy Winograd, Congressional Candidate and co-chair of the Progressive Democrats of Los Angeles

Corporations play a huge role in our day-to-day activities and they are constantly making decisions that have a profound effect on our daily lives. For example, a corporation makes the decision to empty its chemical vats into a nearby river, the water supply is poisoned and residents of the adjacent town fall sick; or a corporation makes the decision to cut costs to increase profits and initiates a round of job losses and thus the community that was formed around the corporation is decimated. We have often been appalled, angry and go on rants about the evil of corporations but according to Professor Simon Baron Cohen, evil itself is not the issue.

Baron-Cohen, an expert in autism and developmental psychology, is also a psychology and psychiatry professor at Cambridge University. For many years he has spent considerable time researching the reasons why people commit vile and heinous acts. His theory is that the lack of empathy is the root cause of all evil deeds and that this lack of empathy can be measured and treated. He also defines empathy as the drive to identify another person's thoughts and

feelings combined with the drive to respond appropriately to those thoughts or feelings.

He further asserts that the lack of empathy or failure to utilise it to its full potential is the driving force behind most of what ails our society on a global, domestic, community and family-unit scale. The abstract arenas of diplomatic, legal, and military channels are insufficient to appropriately deal with conflict because their involvement forgoes empathy from entering the picture on a true person-to-person level.

In his books Baron-Cohen describes an empathy bell-curve spectrum and quotient test that indicates where an individual will be placed along this curve. Most people naturally fall right in the middle but there is a zero degree empathy range and within this lie the psychopaths, narcissists, and individuals suffering with borderline personality disorders.

So what does all this information have to do with corporations? Simply that corporations are legislatively derived artificial 'individuals' that can sue and be sued, raise funds, make political decisions, etc. They are headed by a board of Directors that is by law duty-bound to make decisions in the best interests of the corporation and its shareholders and not necessarily in the best interests of mankind in general, nature et al.

Since corporations are businesses whose sole purpose is to make money whatever the consequences, overall best interests are almost always those that increase profit, to the detriment of all else and empathy be damned.

True, there are some organisations that whilst in the process of turning a profit, strive to do no harm to society. However embedded deep within Baron-Cohen's bell-curve are corporations that seem to have made human suffering into a profitable side-line. For example, that same name that has cropped-up in these pages many times, Monsanto Inc., creators of Agent Orange, DDT, Roundup, GMOs and a veritable plethora of other toxic substances that have caused horrific damage and injury to the world on a global scale.

Then there is Firestone and its rubber plantations in Liberia which poison the local and wider environment, pay slave-labour level wages and house workers in unsanitary conditions that most caring people would not see fit to keep an animal.

Likewise, Nestle and their cocoa plantations in the Cote d'Ivoire which employ young children and pay them less than subsistence wages and also keeps them living in substandard conditions. Also, Big Pharma and their

concerted efforts to keep us purchasing medicines that either patently do not work or cause more harm than good.

Let us also not forget Coca Cola, that caring organisation that has probably justly been accused of murdering individuals seeking to form unions to gain fair wages and treatment, although no punishment or retribution of any kind was forthcoming from complicit, bought-and-paid-for governments.

Not one corporate executive involved in making any of the above decisions or 'giving the orders' for any of the above actions has served any jail time or indeed in effect committed a crime. By their very definition, corporations are able to forgo or bypass empathetic decision-making because they are abstract entities. When making decisions that directly affect humanity, empathy is a necessary ingredient. Take away the capacity for empathy and you are left with what we have today, psychopathic corporations spreading what we would deem to be evil all over the world, under normal circumstances. The corporate machine is a coldly calculating force that makes decisions that are solely driven by bottom-line figures with the wellbeing and basic needs of humanity in a distant second-place, if even considered at all.

In a fair and just society, corporations should be held to the same moral standards as individuals. Profits should not be allowed to be made to the detriment of the environment and equitable wages should be paid worldwide regardless of location.

Imagine a world where government leaders were not bribed and cajoled by corporations to make decisions directly against the best wishes of the people they were elected to represent in the first place and imagine a world where all corporate psychopaths did not exist. Is this really too much to ask? As long as all major corporations continue to be owned by the Elite few who we know literally stop at nothing in the garnering of their obscene profits, it would certainly appear so.

Bohemian Grove

The 40ft stone owl worshipped by 'Grovers'

Eighty miles north of San Francisco is a playground for the mega-rich known as Bohemian Grove and it is here where over 2000 members of the political, corporate, media, cultural and military elite of the world, gather every July for two weeks, for their annual Satanic rituals, possibly including human ritual sacrifice. They have been meeting here since the 1880s.

According to reliable sources, a ritual sacrifice, firstly of Mary Magdalene and then Jesus Christ takes place every year. A human body or an effigy of one is burned in front of the pictured, large owl symbolising Moloch, the pagan Canaanite God in a ceremony known as 'The Cremation of Care'. Indeed, there is very strong evidence that the Grove members are Satanists.

In 1978, the 'club' actually argued in court that it should not have to hire female staff because members at the Grove 'urinate in the open without even the use of rudimentary toilet facilities' and that the presence of females would 'alter club members' behaviour'.

"I was programmed and equipped to function in all rooms at Bohemian Grove in order to compromise specific government targets according to their personal perversions. Anything, anytime, anywhere with anyone was my mode of operation at the Grove. I do not purport to understand the full function of this political cesspool playground as my perception was limited to my own realm of experience. My perception is that Bohemian Grove serves those ushering in the New World Order through mind control and consists primarily of the highest Mafia and US Government officials.

I do not use the term 'highest' loosely, as copious quantities of drugs were consumed there. Project Monarch mind-control slaves were routinely abused there to fulfil the primary purpose of the club, purveying perversion. Bohemian Grove is reportedly intended to be used recreationally, providing a supposedly secure environment for politically affluent individuals to 'party' without restraint. The only business conducted there pertained to implementing the New World Order, through the proliferation of mind-control atrocities, giving the place an air of 'masonic secrecy'. The only room where business discussions were permitted was the small, dark lounge affectionately and appropriately referred to as 'the underground'.

My purpose at the Grove was sexual in nature and therefore my perceptions were limited to a sex slave's viewpoint. As an effective means of control to ensure undetected proliferation of their perverse indulgences, slaves such as myself were subjected to ritualistic trauma. I knew each breath I took could be my last, as the threat of death lurked in every shadow. Slaves of advancing age or with failing programming were sacrificially murdered 'at random' in the wooded grounds of Bohemian Grove and I felt it was 'simply a matter of time until it would be me'. Rituals were held at a giant, concrete owl monument on the banks of the Russian River. These occultist sex rituals stemmed from the scientific belief that mind-controlled slaves required severe trauma to ensure compartmentalisation of the memory and not from any spiritual motivation.

My own threat of death was instilled when I witnessed the sacrificial death of a young, dark-haired victim at which time I was instructed to perform sexually 'as though my life depended upon it'. I was told, '...the next sacrifice victim could be you. Anytime when you least expect it, the owl will consume you. Prepare yourself, and stay prepared.' Being 'prepared' equated to being totally suggestible, ie. 'on my toes' awaiting their command." From Chapter 18, 'The Tranceformation of America' by Cathy O'Brien

Sonia Sotomayor is a member of the all-female 'Belizean Club' which is the lesser-known, female equivalent of Bohemian Grove. The evidence would appear to show that Elite 'gofers' are chosen by virtue of being sexually and morally compromised so that they will obey the dictates of Cabalist banksters who are attempting to establish the New World Order. She said that…

"I feel sorry for the innocent people who think Osama bin Laden was responsible for 9/11, that the media tells the truth and we live in a free

country. We live in a world designed and controlled by Satanist central bankers according to the blueprint of The Protocols of the Elders of Zion. We are being harassed by terrorism, war, financial crises and viruses just as the Protocols promised. The purpose is to make us throw up our hands and accept world government, which is a euphemism for banker tyranny. Whether it is climate change, wars, bank bailouts or 'hate laws', there is less distinction everyday between the perversity of the Illuminati bankers and the actions of our government."

The very existence of Bohemian Grove is evidence that the leaders of the world have been seduced by or replaced by Satanists and perverts all of which is covered-up by the media, which is of course a part of the insidious plot, itself. The idea that the 'mock' sacrifices are the extent of the sinister events at Bohemian Grove is always open to speculation and there have been several official reports which include evidence of satanic ritual abuse, blood drinking and even child murder in the area. The 1993 murder of 12 year old Polly Klass has been linked to the area close to the Bohemian Grove.

Until we, as a species recognise that those who control our whole lives are not at all what they seem to be and act collectively to end their power over us all, then the future for our children is beginning to look very bleak indeed. Please, please do not allow the lackeys of the media to hoodwink you into thinking that all is well. It most certainly is not.

USA Incorporated

Surprisingly to many people, the United States of America actually exists in two distinctly separate forms. The original United States that was in operation until 1860 was a collection of sovereign republics (the individual States) in the overall Union and under the original Constitution the States controlled the Federal Government, the Federal Government did not control the States and had very little authority.

The original United States was however, usurped by a separate and different 'UNITED STATES' formed in 1871, which only controls the District of Columbia (Washington DC) and its territories and which is actually a corporation (the UNITED STATES Inc.) that acts as the current government. The US Corporation operates under Corporate/Commercial/Public Law rather than Common/Private Law.

Although the original Constitution was never removed or revoked, it has simply remained dormant since 1871, yet it is still intact to this day, despite its usurpation by the US Inc. This fact was made clear by Supreme Court Justice Marshall Harlan (Downes v. Bidwell, 182, U.S. 244 1901) by issuance of the following dissenting opinion: "Two national governments exist, one to be maintained under the Constitution, with all its restrictions; the other to be maintained by Congress outside and independently of that instrument."

The rewritten Constitution of the UNITED STATES CORPORATION bypasses the original Constitution of the United States of America, which explains why Congressmen and Senators do not abide by it and the fact that the President may issue Executive Orders at will, in order to basically do whatever he wishes, totally contrary to the supposed democratic process. They are following corporate laws that completely strip the citizens of the country of their unalienable rights and freedoms.

The US Government is therefore a Corporation actually functioning as the Federal Government and thus it does not need to abide by the Constitution. Also it does not actually matter whether or not Barrack Obama is not a natural born citizen (as has been argued by many commentators) since it is a corporation of which is in effect the CEO and not the president of a bona fide country.

The only way that a corporation can obtain the explicit permission of the people to rule them, is by deceit and this is achieved by subtle wording in Birth Certificates, Social Security Cards, driving licences, tax forms, marriage licences and many other 'legal' documents. In these documents, the 'person' is always referred to by all capital letters eg JOHN SMITH, meaning in law that the name represents a corporate entity and not a living being. This is how the corporate courts finagle jurisdiction over the people. These courts do not display the regular American flag; they actually use the military or admiralty flag. This flag is a standard 'stars and stripes', but with one important distinction and that it is that it bears a gold fringe around the edges. You may think that this is an unimportant, trivial issue, but you would be wrong. This flag is NOT the flag of the original US but that of the US Corporation, the US Inc. and its use is deliberately designed in order to deceive.

So in effect, when anyone enters a US Courtroom, there is a military or admiralty flag displayed. The US military does not have the protection of the Constitution and neither does it apply to admiralty laws with ships at sea. When anyone enters a court room and crosses the threshold, they are in effect symbolically boarding a 'ship' and in effect a foreign country as evidenced by the admiralty or military flag and thus the constitution is inapplicable and they are immediately under equity law and not common law. Ever wondered why in a court, the holding area for an accused person is called a 'dock'?!

Here is the sequence of events that led to the usurpation of the old by the current UNITED STATES…

On 1st January 1788, the United States was officially declared bankrupt.

On 4th August 1790, Article One of the US Statutes at Large, pages 138-178, abolished the States of the Republic and created Federal Districts. In the same year, the former States of the Republic reorganised as Corporations and their legislatures wrote new State Constitutions, absent defined boundaries, which they presented to the people of each state for a vote. The new State Constitutions fraudulently made the people 'citizens' of the new Corporate States. A Citizen is also defined as a 'corporate fiction'.

In 1845, Congress passed legislation that would ultimately allow Common Law to be usurped by Admiralty Law. The gold fringe around court flags proves that this is still the case. Before 1845, Americans were considered sovereign individuals who governed themselves under Common Law.

In 1860, Congress was adjourned Sine Die. Not even President Lincoln could legally reconvene Congress.

In 1861, President Lincoln declared a National Emergency and Martial Law, which gave the President unprecedented powers and removed it from the other branches. This has never, ever been reversed.

From 1864-1867, several Reconstruction Acts were passed forcing the states to ratify the 14th Amendment, which made everyone slaves.

In 1865, the capital was moved to Washington DC from Philadelphia, a separate country and NOT part of the United States of America.

In 1871, The United States became a Corporation with a new constitution and a new corporate government and the original constitutional government was vacated to become dormant, but it was never terminated. The new constitution had to be ratified by the people according to the original constitution, but it never was. The whole process occurred behind closed doors and the people were the source of financing for this new government.

In 1917, the Trading with the Enemy Act (TWEA) was passed. This act was implemented to deal with the countries with which the US was in conflict during World War I. It allowed the President and the Alien Property Custodian the right to seize the assets of 'the people'.

In 1921, the Federal Reserve Bank (the trustee for the Alien Property Custodian) held over $700,000,000 in trust. This trust was based on publicly held assets and not theirs. The 'Fed' is a private corporation.

In 1933, 48 Stat 1, of the TWEA was amended to include all United States citizens because they decided to remove gold from private ownership. Executive Order 6102 was issued which made it illegal for a US Citizen to own gold. In order for the Government to take the gold away from the people and violate their Constitutional rights, they were reclassified as ENEMY COMBATANTS.

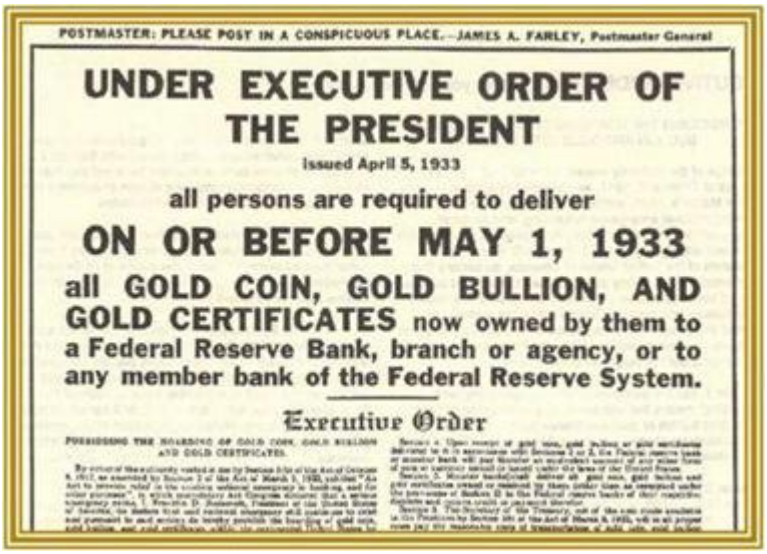

POSTMASTER: PLEASE POST IN A CONSPICUOUS PLACE.—JAMES A. FARLEY, Postmaster General

UNDER EXECUTIVE ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT

Issued April 5, 1933

all persons are required to deliver

ON OR BEFORE MAY 1, 1933

all GOLD COIN, GOLD BULLION, AND GOLD CERTIFICATES now owned by them to a Federal Reserve Bank, branch or agency, or to any member bank of the Federal Reserve System.

Executive Order

In 1933, there was a second United States bankruptcy. In the first bankruptcy the United States collateralised all public lands and in the 1933 bankruptcy, the US government collateralised the private lands of the people (a lien). They borrowed money against all private lands which were then mortgaged. This is the source of and the reason for all property taxes.

"It is an established fact that the United States Federal Government has been dissolved by the Emergency Banking Act, March 9, 1933, 48 Stat. 1, Public Law 89-719; declared by President Roosevelt, being bankrupt and insolvent. H.J.R. 192, 73rd Congress m session June 5, 1933 – Joint Resolution To Suspend The Gold Standard and Abrogate The Gold Clause dissolved the Sovereign Authority of the United States and the official capacities of all United States Governmental Offices, Officers, and Departments and is further evidence that the United States Federal Government exists today in name only." Speaker Representative James Trafficant Jr., 'The Bankruptcy of the United States Congressional Record', 17th March 1993

The receivers of the United States Bankruptcy are our old friends the Elite international Banksters via the United Nations, the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund (IMF). All US Offices, Officials and Departments are now operating within a de facto status in name only under Emergency War Powers. With the Constitutional Republic form of Government now dissolved, the receivers of the bankruptcy have adopted a new form of government for the United States. This new form of government is known as a 'Democracy', it being an established Socialist/Communist order.

As any debtor would, the Federal United States government had to assign collateral and security to their creditors as a condition of the loan to resolve the bankruptcy. Since the Federal United States had no assets, they assigned the private property of their 'economic slaves', the US citizens, as collateral against the federal debt. They also pledged the unincorporated federal territories, national parks, forests, birth certificates, and nonprofit organizations as collateral against this debt. This has all now already been transferred as payment to the Elite international bankers.

Unwittingly, America has returned to its pre-Revolution feudal state whereby all land is held by a sovereign and the common people had no rights to hold titles to property. In 1944, Washington DC was deeded to the International Monetary Fund (IMF) by the Breton Woods Agreement. The IMF is made up of the wealthy Elite that own the banking industries of the world. It is an organised group of bankers that have taken control of most governments of the world which in effect allows them to surreptitiously run the world. The US Congress, the IRS, and the US President work for the IMF and not for the United States of America. The IRS is not a US government agency; it is an agency of the IMF.

The Elite-Controlled Mainstream Media

"We are grateful to the Washington Post, the NY Times, Time Magazine and other great publications whose directors have attended our meetings and respected their promises of discretion for almost 40 years. It would have been impossible for us to develop our plan for the world if we had been subjected to the lights of publicity during those years. But, the world is more sophisticated and prepared to march towards a world government. The supranational sovereignty of an intellectual elite and world bankers is surely preferable to the national auto-determination practiced in past centuries." David Rockefeller, speaking at the Bilderberger meeting in June 1991 in Baden Baden, Germany

"We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are the jumping jacks, they pull the strings and we dance. Our talents, our possibilities and our lives are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes." John Swinton, editor New York Times, 1863

Being told or feeling that we can be and are being manipulated by an unseen or a hidden hand does not fit the world-view of most of the members of the human race. It is almost a matter of pride that we strongly believe that we are masters of our own destiny and would not be swayed by propaganda or subtle manipulation from a third party.

Let me say immediately that that view is absolutely, utterly wrong. It is a gross self-deceit to believe that we are able to resist the intentional programming, subtle social-engineering and psychological manipulation that is used upon us 24/7, all of our lives. Whether it be through the use of invasive advertising techniques or simply through subtle psycho-babble or even subliminal messaging, we are all subjected daily to a constant stream of data designed to shape our thinking and even influence our every action.

If any group, small or large intends to influence and therefore control the masses then it is a given that it will need to have absolute control over the information that they receive and by doing so exert a powerful, irresistible influence over them. This makes control of the media (of all kinds) absolutely essential to any tyranny, because please make no mistake, that is exactly what we have here.

It is not an exaggeration to state that 96% of the world's media, both written and audio/visual is owned and controlled by six Elite families. The two primary sources of the entire western world's news are Associated Press (AP) and Reuters and this is whence almost 100% of all newspaper and TV/radio news emanates. AP and Reuters are themselves owned by two related Elite families and may well now even be part of the same conglomerate at the very top. Newspaper editors, reporters, TV news presenters and roving reporters do not seek out for themselves they information they impart to us, they merely repeat information that is passed to them by what they assume to be reliable, trustworthy sources but are in actual fact, anything but.

Given these facts, are we surprised that it is so simple for such a tiny minority of people to control the vast majority with such ease? How many of us actually question whether the written media, BBC, SKY or ITV in the UK or Fox, CNN and CBS among several others in the US are telling us the truth when it is so easy for them to lie, not just about small events but about huge world and life-changing events also. All we hear/read unfortunately is nothing but Elite disinformation and propaganda and whilst the events being reported may well actually be happening, it is almost guaranteed that their causes and the parties involved are not as they are portrayed to us, but are twisted beyond recognition to fulfil the Elite agenda.

Why does this matter? Because influence via the adept packaging of information and images is extremely effective in creating a desired mind-set. The creator of the public relations industry, Edward Bernays, was the nephew of Sigmund Freud and he devised a methodology designed to use the subconscious to shape public opinion. His books included 'This Business of Propaganda' and 'Manipulating Public Opinion'. However, it absolutely does not fit our self-image of being the totally independent masters of our own views, to recognise that we are being artificially induced into self-denial of the fact that the truth is constantly being invented and manipulated to unduly influence our thinking.

In his classic work, 'Influence: The Art of Persuasion', Robert Cialdini describes how salesmen are now trained using basic sales techniques, to adroitly use social-conditioning and norms to elicit favourable responses. Cialdini, a social psychologist, notes that even though he is fully aware of these techniques, he is nevertheless unable to personally resist them. How simple then to use these very same techniques upon an entire, unsuspecting populace?

A major element of media manipulation is through the power of multi-national corporations. The media will never dare to report anything too negative about for example, banking, financial services, large corporations or government departments/individuals lest they lose access to the source of their information. This principle may also be applied to advertising revenues, which may well receive a fatal blow if the corporation/government in question decides to retaliate in return for unfavourable coverage. In many cases it may also be true that the media company has some deep-rooted connection to the corporation, if the pyramids are followed to the very top. The private sector has indeed learned the often effective lesson that the threat of freezing-out a reporter is an extremely powerful weapon in retaining control of its own versions of the 'truth'. This may well be the sorry state of affairs that one associates with communist/fascist dictatorships and banana republics from the twentieth century, but needless to say perhaps, unfortunately this has been the situation afflicting our society for many years now. Elite Corporate and governmental interests are now firmly in control of 'the message', whatever that may turn out to be.

So with what does this leave us? A mainstream media that predominantly bases its stories on what it is spoon-fed by third parties, because it has no choice in the matter. Ever-leaner staffing, compressed news cycles and access journalism all conspire to drive reporters to focus on the big stories of the day and which are to a large degree influenced by the parties that initiate the story in the first instance. This is all also similar to the effect achieved when reporters are seconded to military units on the 'front line' where they will naturally adopt the views of the people with whom they associate frequently and this only serves to help confirm that the media has fallen under the tight control of powerful interests.

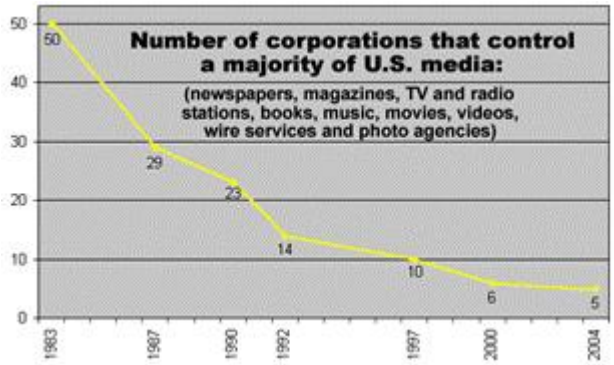

"The Media, which is almost exclusively owned by a tiny number of individuals who are loyal to the aims of the royal-political elite, promote the idea that via debate and elections, the People have some influence over the royal political elite. The media reinforces a view that the government exists in order to take on the responsibility of serving and protecting the People. The People have been sold the idea that because they have a government, then the responsibility of caring for their nation is being taken care of by the government. The People do not realise that by allowing a government of usually, wealthy individuals who play the role of politicians, to run a government 'for' the People, that this encumbers the People with a greater responsibility and that is to carefully scrutinise and monitor the activities of the government." Chris Everard, geopolitical researcher, author and film producer

The largest media conglomerate today is the Walt Disney Company Inc., whose chairman and CEO, Michael Eisner, is Jewish in line with the vast majority of the rest of the owners of the mainstream media and entertainment industry. There is of course nothing wrong per se with Jewish people owning media organisations, but when an entire industry is owned almost 100% by one group, representing a tiny minority of the overall population (less than 1%) then this should naturally lead to questions of impartiality regarding the overall message that we are being 'fed' 24/7. But of course it does not, as even that prerogative is denied us by dint of the fact that those in control of 'the message' also control who becomes privy to that fact itself.

The Disney Empire, headed by a man described by one media analyst as a 'control freak', includes several television production companies (Walt Disney Television, Touchstone Television, Buena Vista Television), its own cable network with 14 million subscribers and two video production companies. As for feature films, the Walt Disney Picture Group, headed by Joe Roth (also Jewish), includes Touchstone Pictures, Hollywood Pictures, and Caravan

Pictures. Disney also owns Miramax Films, run by the Weinstein brothers (Jewish, too). When the Disney Company was run by the non-Jewish Disney family prior to its takeover by Eisner in 1984, it epitomised wholesome, family entertainment. While it still holds the rights to Snow White under Eisner, the company has now expanded into the production of works incorporating graphic sex and violence.

In addition, it also has 225 affiliated stations in the United States and is part owner of several European TV companies. ABC's cable subsidiary, ESPN, is headed by president and CEO Steven Bornstein, a Jew and this corporation also has a controlling share of Lifetime Television and the Arts and Entertainment Network cable companies. ABC Radio Network owns eleven AM and ten FM stations, again in major cities such as New York, Washington, Los Angeles and has over 3,400 affiliates. Although primarily a telecommunications company, Capital Cities/ABC earned over $1 billion in publishing in 1994 and it owns seven daily newspapers, Fairchild Publications, Chilton Publications and the Diversified Publishing Group.

Time Warner Inc., is the next largest of the international media giants. The chairman of the board and CEO, Gerald Levin, is also a Jew. Time Warner's subsidiary HBO is the country's largest pay-tv cable network. Warner Music is by far the largest record company in the world, with 50 labels, the biggest of which is Warner Brothers Records, headed by Danny Goldberg (Jewish). Stuart Hersch is president of Warnervision, Warner Music's video production unit and of course Goldberg and Hersch are Jewish. Warner Music was an early promoter of 'gangsta rap' through its involvement with Interscope Records and it therefore helped popularise a musical genre whose graphic lyrics explicitly urge black people to commit acts of violence against white people. In addition to cable and music, Time Warner is heavily involved in the production of feature films (Warner Brothers Studio) and publishing. Time Warner's publishing division (editor-in-chief Norman Pearlstine, a Jew) is the largest magazine publisher in the USA (Time, Sports Illustrated, People, Fortune). When Ted Turner, a gentile (non-Jew) made a bid to buy CBS in 1985, there was panic in media boardrooms across the nation.

Although Turner employed a number of Jews in key executive positions in CNN and had never taken public positions contrary to Jewish interests, he is a man with a large ego and a strong personality and was regarded by Chairman William Paley (real name Palinsky, a Jew) and the other Jews at CBS as uncontrollable; a loose cannon who might at some time in the future turn against them. Furthermore, Jewish newsman Daniel Schorr, who had worked for Turner, publicly charged that his former boss held a personal dislike for Jews. And so to block Turner's bid, CBS executives invited billionaire Jewish theatre, hotel, insurance, and cigarette magnate Laurence Tisch to launch a 'friendly' takeover of the company and so from 1986 till 1995 Tisch was the chairman and CEO of CBS, removing any threat of non-Jewish influence there. Subsequent efforts by Turner to acquire a major network have been obstructed by Levin's Time Warner, which owns nearly 20 percent of CBS stock and has the power of veto over major deals.

Viacom Inc., run by Sumner Redstone (born Murray Rothstein) a Jew, is the third largest media corporation in the US, with revenues of over $10 billion a year. Viacom, which produces and distributes TV programmes for the three largest networks, owns 12 television stations and 12 radio stations. It produces feature films through Paramount Pictures, headed by Sherry Lansing (Jewish) and its publishing division includes Prentice Hall, Simon & Schuster, and Pocket Books. It distributes videos through over 4,000 Blockbuster stores. Viacom's chief claim to fame, however, is as the world's largest provider of cable programming, through its Showtime, MTV, Nickelodeon and other networks.

The most well-known of the 'smaller' media companies, DreamWorks SKG, is also Jewish owned and run. It was formed in 1994 amid great media hype by recording industry mogul David Geffen, former Disney Pictures chairman

Jeffrey Katzenberg and film director Steven Spielberg, all three of whom are Jewish. The company produces movies, animated films, television programmes, and recorded music.

Two other large production companies, MCA and Universal Pictures, are both owned by Seagram Company Ltd. The president and CEO of Seagram, the brewing and distilling giant, is Edgar Bronfman Jr., who is also president of the World Jewish Congress. It is well known that Jews have controlled the production and distribution of films since the inception of the movie industry in the early decades of the 20th century. This, as can be witnessed in the previous paragraphs is still absolutely the case today. Films produced by just the five largest motion picture companies mentioned above; Disney, Warner Brothers, Sony, Paramount (Viacom), and Universal (Seagram) account for around 75% of the total box-office receipts for the entire industry.

The same story applies to TV and radio too with the entire market being corned by four at most five large conglomerates – all under the jurisdiction of Jews, mainly of American–Israeli dual nationality. Is there anyone who does not believe that this is not a dangerous state of affairs? To have a situation where an entire industry is controlled by a tiny minority interest group, whose motives in many areas of society have been seen and proven time after time to be not in the best interests of the overwhelming majority, surely cannot be regarded as healthy? Indeed, given the nature of that industry with its powerful capabilities of undue influence, should it collectively wish to bring those capabilities to bear, as it most certainly does, is not only an unhealthy situation, but I believe it no exaggeration to state that it is downright dangerous in the extreme.

After audio and visual news channels, daily newspapers are the most influential information medium in the western world. More than one quarter of a billion newspapers are sold each day in the US, South America and Europe alone. These millions are divided among some 4000 different publications. One might conclude that in the US, the sheer number of different newspapers would provide a safeguard against Jewish control and distortion. However, this is not the case as there is less independence, less competition, and much less representation of majority interests than a casual observer may give credit for. The days when most cities and even towns had several independently owned newspapers published by local people with close ties to the community are gone and unfortunately these days, most 'local' newspapers are owned by a much smaller number of large companies

controlled by executives who live and work hundreds or even thousands of miles away. The fact is that only about 15 per cent of the country's 1,500 papers are independently owned; the rest belong to corporate chains. Only a few are large enough to maintain independent reporting staffs outside their own communities; the rest depend on these few for all of their national and international news.

In the newspaper industry, it is advertising revenue and not the relatively small retail cost price of the newspaper that pays the salaries and yields the owner his profits. Whenever the large advertisers in a city choose to favour one newspaper over another with their business, the favoured paper will flourish while its competitor dies. Since the beginning of the 20th century, when Jewish mercantile power in America became a dominant economic force, there has been a inexorable rise in the number of newspapers entirely in Jewish ownership, accompanied by a steady decline in the number of competing non-Jewish-owned newspapers, primarily as a result of selective advertising policies by Jewish merchants. Furthermore, even those newspapers still under non-Jewish ownership and management are so thoroughly dependent upon Jewish advertising revenue that their editorial and news reporting policies are largely constrained by Jewish likes and dislikes. In the newspaper business as any other, the truth is that 'he who pays the piper calls the tune'.

The Wall Street Journal, which sells 1.8 million copies each weekday, is America's largest-circulation daily newspaper. It is owned by Dow Jones & Company, Inc., a New York corporation which also publishes 24 other daily newspapers and the weekly financial tabloid Barron's. The chairman and CEO of Dow Jones is Peter Kann, who is Jewish. Kann also holds the posts of chairman and publisher of the Wall Street Journal. Indeed most of New York's other major newspapers are also entirely owned by Jews. The New York Daily News is owned by Jewish real-estate developer Mortimer B. Zuckerman and The Village Voice is the personal property of Leonard Stern, the billionaire Jewish owner of the Hartz Mountain pet supply firm.

Three of the six largest book publishers in the U.S., according to Publisher's Weekly, are owned or controlled by Jews.

The three are; in 1st place Random House (with its many subsidiaries, including Crown Publishing Group), 3rd place Simon & Schuster, and 6th place Time Warner Trade Group (including Warner Books and Little, Brown). Another publisher of special significance is Western Publishing and although it

ranks only 13th in size among all US publishers, it ranks first among publishers of children's books, with more than 50% of the entire market. Western Publishing is entirely Jewish owned and run.

I would urge you to check these facts for yourself and not simply take my word for it. The Internet is a very powerful tool so please do use it whilst we still can.

The questions here should be how can such a system exist in a supposed democracy such as in which we are supposed to live and also how can a tiny minority group such as this be allowed to get away with having such a hugely disproportionate influence over us all? For the avoidance of doubt and to sidestep any possible accusations of 'anti-Semitism' here, I should point out that I have no personal issue with the Jewish people of the world; they have probably been exploited more than most down the years, but it is a very dangerous state of affairs indeed to allow one tiny, vociferous group to exert such absolute control over us all, be they Jewish, Muslim, fundamental Christian or indeed any other narrowly-defined interest.

By permitting one tiny group to control our news and entertainment media, we are doing more than merely giving them a decisive influence on our political system and virtual control of our governments; we are also allowing them control of the minds and souls of our children, whose attitudes and ideas are shaped more by television and films than by their parents, their schools, or indeed any other influence.

Controlling the media does not mean controlling every single journalist, far from it in fact. All that is necessary to achieve this objective is to set the parameters through which the mainstream media filters everything. For example, five to six hundred years ago and earlier, the consensus passed-down from the hierarchy was that the world is flat and therefore this became the de facto 'truth' and anything that contradicted that premise was not even tolerated, let alone up for discussion. You may think that the days when this would be allowed to happen are long-gone, but you would be wrong. Take by way of an example, those old friends, the theory of evolution, the big bang theory and even global warming. Because these ideas are so deeply enmeshed into the belief systems of those who wish to deceive and thereby control us, anything that challenges these theories (for that is simply all they are) is either ignored, deliberately destroyed or mocked in order to maintain the status quo. Indeed such is the entrenchment of these false premises within our historical model that everything else, newly discovered 'facts' and theories alike, must

either be ruthlessly suppressed or at best be 'bent' in order to fit the currently accepted paradigm.

Thus is it essential to maintain a media that conforms to these norms, these established 'truisms' and this is why the media themselves are wont to endlessly repeat these mantras in order to embed these falsehoods deep within our psyche and so when we hear challenges to these pre-conceived notions, we will experience a deep-seated urge to defend them unconditionally. Such is the programming to which we are subjected day after day, without any realisation of the fact that it is taking place at all. This is also true of the 'foot-soldiers' of the media, the TV reporters, the 'street-level' newspaper hacks and their ilk. All they do is repeat the 'party line' imbued in them by the society of which they are an integral part.

In addition, so many of these people are products of the Elite propaganda machine, euphemistically known as 'education'. The more education to which one has been subjected, the greater the resistance there will be to anything that contradicts its sacred edicts. It matters not whether these people are politically, right left or centre or even so-called radicals; they are all system-clones. They may well wish to change things politically and/or speak out against perceived injustices, but only strictly within the parameters of the system which they of course defend and support unconditionally and do not recognise as being a form of enslavement.

Once one is aware of what goes on daily in the media world, it becomes easy to see that journalists of all colours habitually misrepresent what is happening in the world today. They are of course bound by and unduly influenced by the laid-down 'norms' of society and so everything reported has to be twisted to fit within this fake architecture that has been in place for millennia, albeit incrementally adjusted over time. Not one serious mainstream journalist ever publicly questioned the official 9/11 story for example, despite the fact that it has more holes than a colander. Why? Because the official explanation has become the de facto truth and therefore anything that causes ripples or serious undercurrents to flow in that direction must be false by definition. This is how the whole process works.

In fact the official version of anything and everything is simply repeated ad nauseum by the media in all its forms and becomes the 'truth' by default even though the most cursory examination of the facts would reveal it all to be built on foundations of sand.

In conclusion to this section, the only 'real' journalism left on this planet is to be found via the Internet. The World Wide Web is full of alternative news sources, providing a more balanced view of the world and reporting facts without resort to lies and propaganda. Internet based researchers and journalists are often unafraid to go to places where their mainstream counterparts dare not venture. However, please beware of the 'shills' (paid agents of disinformation) that lurk there in huge numbers, purveying lies and distortions to throw the real truth-seekers 'off the scent' as it were.

The Elite families of course, control all the major Internet servers and search engines plus all the social media and networking sites and the Internet has aided their cause in several other important respects, not least of which is the area of covert surveillance. It is believed by many that the technology exists to read all emails sent from anywhere in the world, triggered by keywords and perhaps even more worryingly, to remotely read the contents of PC hard-drives via the Internet and also to detect keystrokes even as they are being made and thus spy on the author of any 'incriminating' writings, in effect.

However, the Elite is known to be terrified by the exponential growth of the 'truth movement', largely facilitated by the availability to all of the Internet and its power to inform and there is no doubt that there will continue to be efforts made to try to censor and restrict its availability in order to try to close-down this weakness in their defences.

It is up to us, the people to ensure that we do not allow this to happen by passively accepting whatever measures are used against us. Censorship and restriction of the internet may well be used as a tool disrupt the flow of valuable information to the masses. If the Elite succeed in cutting-off this lifeline, then the future could be very bleak indeed.

The Illusion of Democracy

In order to maintain absolute control of everything whilst maintaining pretence of the existence of freedom of choice for the people, the Elite must create the illusion of a fair and just system for all. This system is already in place and is what we now know as 'democracy' which effectively presents the illusion of giving precedence to the majority view, but which in reality does the exact opposite.

The only way that it is possible for a small few to control the majority of the world is through the utilisation of this illusion. As stated previously, the Elite learned long ago that attempting to control the masses using overt shows of force or by autocratic government, does not succeed because there will always be almost constant unrest and rebellion seething in the background which will occasionally erupt into violent confrontations and force them into battles they would not wish to fight, given the choice. So, how much better for them that the masses should be contented with a system that creates the impression that they are to all intents and purposes, free from tyranny and better yet, actually have a say and a stake-holding in their own lives and futures?

Politicians of all persuasions are mere puppets, slaves to the system controlled and run by a tiny minority in the shadows. These politicians will never be put forward for senior office within their parties unless they are willing and able to 'toe the party line' which is of course dictated from on high by the Elite. In this way they are able to control both sides of the illusory two-party state, with consummate ease. This creates an impression that it is the politicians themselves who control a country's purse strings and its domestic and foreign policies, but this is of course an illusion. How often do we see these glove-puppets in 'high-level' meetings and 'summits' issuing proclamations and decrees about this or that aspect of our lives or about events over which they have no control whatsoever?

This is the point at which our controlled media steps-in to the breach and perpetuates the illusion by grandiose statements about which politician has said what, about whichever subject is the 'hot' news of the moment.

In truth we all live in a one-party state in the western world, contrary to what we have been told and have believed all our lives. It is vital that we all

cease believing that voting for one major party over another one will have any effect whatsoever upon our lives or our personal bank balances. Nothing can or will be changed by any politician, because they are all pawns, meaningless, powerless figureheads, marching to the tune of an unseen band. For example, in Britain, it is impossible to vote for a party which is not 100% committed to further and further centralisation of power in the EU, with a central currency and a central bank, simply because that is exactly what the Elite wishes to happen and therefore they would not permit any politician to come to power who is not prepared to follow that particular diktat to the letter.

And should anyone point-out that other, smaller party's policies may go against those of the mainstream, they are absolutely, completely missing the point altogether. Should political parties with any chance of winning, agree on the fundamentals, elections are instantly rendered an irrelevance, a farce if you will, because no matter who 'wins' the election, exactly the same policies will be promulgated.

What may be confusing to some is that politicians who are on different sides of the so-called divide appear publicly to be proscribing very different, often opposite viewpoints on party policies. This is simply because it allows them to appear to be in opposition when they are really on the same side.

"I will conclude by mentioning a factor which has unnecessarily puzzled some western commentators on my case. That was the liberal smokescreen behind which I concealed my real opinions. One writer who knew me in Beirut has stated that the liberal opinions I expressed in the Middle East were 'certainly' my true ones. Another comment from a personal friend was that I could not have maintained such a consistently liberal-intellectual framework unless I had really believed in it. Both remarks are very flattering. The first duty of an underground worker is to perfect not only his cover story but his cover personality." Kim Philby, British-born Soviet spy

When assessing political views it is important to bear in mind that we are often observing a façade, a cover-up and a person concealing his real intentions and opinions to deliberately deceive us. Behind this thin veneer, lies the Elite and their insidious plans for mankind for which the covert one-party state is but a stepping-stone along the way.

9/11 – The 'Real' Background Story

"September 11, 2001 served as pretext to consolidate power, destroy civil liberties and human rights and wage permanent wars against invented enemies for global dominance over world markets, resources, and cheap labour - notably at home and throughout Eurasia, Europe, the Middle East, North Africa and Asia at the expense of democratic freedoms and social justice."
Stephen Lendman, 'The Business of America is War', June 2011

In mid-2000, the now sadly deceased film-maker Aaron Russo was invited to meet the Zionist Nicholas Rockefeller, an invitation which he accepted and they quickly became friends. After a few meetings, Rockefeller confided in Russo that 'next year there is going to be an event'. When Russo quizzed him about this 'event', Rockefeller told him that this event would give America and its allies an excuse to invade Iraq and Afghanistan in order that they could construct pipelines through to the Caspian Sea and also to take over the Iraqi oil fields and also that the 'bogeyman' Osama bin Laden would be blamed. This then he said, would lead to soldiers looking for non-existent enemies in caves in Afghanistan and Pakistan and that there would be an endless 'war on terror where there is no real enemy and the whole thing is a gigantic hoax'. It would also lead to further stringent restrictions and controls over the American people which they would accept for their own 'safety'.

On the 11th September 2001, the World Trade Centre complex in New York along with the Pentagon, the HQ of the US military in Washington DC was purportedly the victim of a concerted attack by Muslim terrorists, who according to George W. Bush, US president at the time, were 'resentful of American freedoms'.

Let us take a minute to re-acquaint ourselves with the official explanation, which is not generally regarded as a 'conspiracy theory' despite the fact that it comprises an amazing conspiracy. The official 'truth' is that a handful of young Muslim Arabs who could not fly planes, mainly Saudi Arabians who therefore came neither from Iraq nor from Afghanistan, outwitted not only the CIA and the FBI, but also all the other 16 US intelligence agencies and all intelligence agencies of US allies including Israel's Mossad, which is believed to have penetrated and/or be in control of or even have created, every terrorist

organisation and which carries out assassinations with impunity, of those whom it deems to be terrorists.

In addition to outwitting every intelligence agency of the United States and its allies, this group of young Saudi Arabians defied all the odds, by four of their number learning to fly hugely complex, giant four-engined passenger jets by the simple expedient of undertaking a dozen or so flying lessons in single-engined, twin seater, turbo-prop planes and yet who were skilful enough flyers to perform high-speed, gravity-defying manoeuvres that even highly experienced airline pilots said were way beyond their own skills. They also outwitted the National Security Council, the US State Department, NORAD, airport security four times in the same hour on the same morning, air traffic control, caused the US Air Force to be unable to launch interceptor aircraft in time and also caused three well-built steel-structured buildings, including one not even hit by a plane, to fail suddenly in a few seconds as a result of extremely limited structural damage and small, short-lived, low-temperature fires that burned on a few floors.

These same 'terrorists' were even able to confound the laws of physics and cause WTC buildings 1, 2 and 7 to collapse at free-fall speed, a physical impossibility in the absence of explosives used in controlled demolition.

The story that the government and the media have told us amounts to a gigantic conspiracy, really a script almost too far-fetched for a film script. Yet, anyone who doubts this improbable conspiracy theory is either defined into irrelevance or consigned to lunacy by the world's compliant media.

Then we should consider the fact that the three WTC buildings all collapsed, we are meant to believe, due to the high temperatures generated by the burning jet fuel melting the steel supports and the so-called 'pancake-effect' of floor upon floor collapsing almost in free-fall and defying all known laws of physics. Surely it does not need a structural engineer to tell anyone that three gigantic steel and concrete buildings, two of 110 storeys and another of 47 storeys, plummeting to the ground at free-fall speed would require the assistance of strategically placed explosives in the form of demolition charges? All one needs is one working eye and even a partially-functioning brain to arrive at this most obvious of conclusions.

Should we then also disregard the plain, unambiguous scientific fact that jet fuels burns at less than 900p F whilst steel will only begin to melt or even lose its strength at temperatures in excess of 1600p F? In fact has anyone ever considered from what material jet engines are constructed? Hmm, yes let me

see…. err steel is it not? Very strange then that there are no airliners constantly falling out of the sky all over the world if burning jet fuel is able to melt or even undermine the strength of steel.

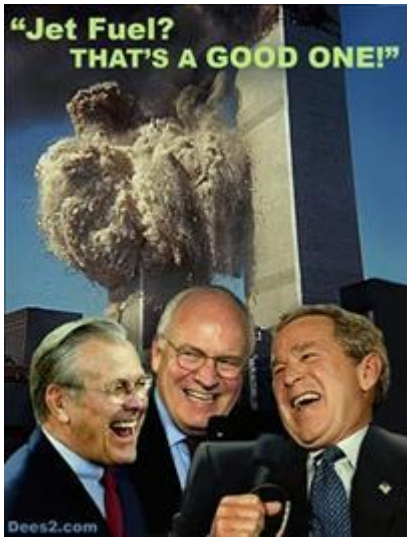

However, this chapter is not meant to be a simple, standard 'de-bunk' of the official story as this approach is available from a vast multitude of other reliable sources. Rather it presents a possible, plausible alternative scenario, backed-up in the main by proven facts but with a little circumstantial evidence also thrown in for good measure.

"There is nothing wrong with circumstantial evidence. In criminal cases before a judge or jury, the verdict will depend on circumstantial evidence if there is an absence of direct or eyewitness evidence." Mary W. Maxwell PhD

So, who could have performed such an elaborate operation and why?

Firstly, let us turn back the clock to an unusual and eerie prediction that was made by a most sinister individual, many years ago. This prediction, in conjunction with the status of the person from whom it emanated, is extremely indicative and revealing in terms of who planned and executed 9/11.

Isser Harel was a spymaster of the Israeli Intelligence Services, director of Mossad and Shin Bet from 1952-1963. In 1979, twenty two years prior to 2001, Isser Harel predicted with uncanny accuracy the events of 9/11 to Michael D. Evans, an American Zionist.

On the 23rd September 1979, Evans visited Harel at his home in Israel and had dinner with him and Dr. Reuven Hecht, a senior adviser to the then prime minister, Menachem Begin. In an editorial entitled 'America the Target', published in the Jerusalem Post of 30th September 2001, Evans, an Ashkenazi Jew masquerading as a Christian, asked Harel about Muslim/Arab terrorism

and if it would come to America. Harel told Evans that Arab terrorists would likely strike the 'tallest building in New York City' because it was a 'phallic symbol'. The fact that 9/11 was planned by the Mossad through the admittance of Isser Harel is well documented and appears in a book written by Michael Evans, 'The American Prophecy'.

The first step in the preparation of the 9/11 attacks was to secure the passing of the WTC complex into private hands. This was crucial to the success of 9/11 because without complete private control over the complex, there could be no opportunity or possibility of setting explosive demolition charges in place as the 'coup de grace' in razing the towers to the ground.

At this point, let us investigate in some detail, four key Jewish/Zionist crime-network assets:

Larry Silverstein. Silverstein is a Jewish Israeli-American dual nationality businessman from New York. He obtained a 99 year lease on the entire WTC complex on 24th July 2001, less than seven weeks before the fateful day. These buildings, at the time, were almost worthless due to the fact that they were riddled from basement to roof with tons of deadly asbestos that urgently needed removal on health and safety grounds; a process that would in cost-terms have been at least the equivalent of the cost of the lease itself, if not much more. Silverstein publicly explained his reason for purchasing the WTC twin towers as 'I felt a compelling urge to own them'. Is this really a believable reason coming from a supposedly hard-headed, successful businessman? He apparently took breakfast in the 'Windows on the World' restaurant (located in North Tower, 107th floor) every single morning apart from the fact that his routine was changed for the first time on the morning of 9/11 along with that of his two offspring, who also worked in the WTC and also conveniently decided to take the day off on that one particular day. Either the Silverstein family is clairvoyant, or they knew exactly what was planned that day. By all means, take your pick, but I know which scenario I feel is most plausible.

Silverstein obtained more than $4.5bn in insurance pay-outs as a result of the destruction of his 'past its sell-by date' complex. He also just so happened to be personal friends with that key player in the Zionist-controlled media, Rupert Murdoch and the former Israeli president and infamous Zionist war-criminal Ariel Sharon, as well as the Israeli PM, Benjamin Netanyahu. Silverstein was such good friends with Netanyahu that they spoke on the phone every week.

Frank Lowy. Lowy is a Czech-born Jew and was the owner of Westfield America, one of the biggest shopping-mall conglomerates in the world. Lowy leased the shopping concourse area 'The Mall' at the World Trade Centre, made up of approximately 427,000 square feet of retail floor space and he has quite an interesting history. He was a member of the Golani Brigade and fought in the Israeli 'war of independence'. Before this he was a member of Haganah, a Jewish terrorist organisation responsible for bringing about the founding of Israel and which incidentally was covertly funded by the Nazis during WWII. Frank Lowy spends three months of the year at his home in Israel and has been described by the Sydney Morning Herald as 'a self-made man with a strong interest in the Holocaust and Israeli politics'. He funded and launched the Israeli Institute for National Strategy and Policy, which 'operates within the framework of Tel Aviv University' in Israel. He is also close friends with many top Israeli officials such as Ehud Olmert, Ariel Sharon, Netanyahu (yes, him again), and Ehud Barak and was also implicated in an Israeli bank scandal with Olmert. Frank Lowy also 'fortunately' avoided the WTC carnage on 9/11, contrary to his normal habits.

Lewis Eisenberg. This Jewish 'criminal' was the head of the Port Authority of New York and authorised the lease being transferred to his Zionist brethren Silverstein and Lowy. Eisenberg was a large financial contributor to the Bush-Cheney presidential campaign, as well as being a partner in the corrupt, Jewish/Zionist banking conglomerate Goldman-Sachs. Eisenberg has been both a member of the planning board of the United Jewish Appeal / United Jewish Federation pro-Israeli government pressure group in the US.

Ronald Lauder. This billionaire Estee Lauder cosmetics magnate was the chairman of New York Governor George Pataki's commission on privatisation. He is the key individual involved in lobbying for the privatisation of the WTC, but he was also instrumental in the transfer of the former Stewart US Air Force Base from public (military) to private ownership. Oddly and significantly enough, the flight paths of flight 175 and flight 11 converged directly over this very same base. Could both these flights have been diverted here and substituted for drones (radio controlled planes) mocked up to entirely resemble the originals?

Lauder is active in the following organisations: Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, Jewish National Fund, World Jewish

Congress, American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) and the Jewish Theological Seminary. Ronald Lauder was elected president of the World Jewish Congress on 10th June 2007. He also founded a school for the Mossad in Herzliya, Israel, the 'Lauder School of Government Diplomacy and Strategy'. He is the key player involved in the preparation of 9/11.

The second crucial aspect that needed to be established in order to perpetrate the 9/11 attacks was the necessity to gain control of the security of the WTC complex. This way, Mossad explosive experts that just 'fortuitously' happened to be in New York in the run-up to 9/11, could be readily allowed access to strategic areas of the buildings in order to prepare for the affixing of the demolition charges.

It is a little-known or reported fact that on the weekend immediately preceding 9/11, company owners and employees alike, were told that the twin towers would be closed from Friday night until Monday morning, for 'essential security maintenance' and therefore access to their offices would be temporarily unavailable at these times. Could 'essential security maintenance' perhaps be a euphemism for the emplacement of powerful explosive charges at strategic structural positions?

The contract to run security at the WTC was awarded to Kroll Associates after the 1993 WTC bombing. Kroll is sometimes referred to as 'Wall Street's CIA'. So, who awarded them the contract? The Port Authority of New York paid them $2.5 million to revamp security at the complex. The owners of Kroll were two Zionist Jews named Jules and Jeremy Kroll and the managing director of Kroll at the time was Jerome M. Hauer. Hauer was also the one chosen to run Mayor Rudy Giuliani's Office of Emergency Management (OEM) from 1996 to 2000. He is the key individual that lobbied for this office to be located in Silverstein's WTC building 7.

Jerome Hauer is also Jewish and a staunch Zionist. His mother, Rose Muscatine Hauer, is the retired Dean of the Beth Israel School of Nursing and the Honorary President of the New York Chapter of Hadassah, the Daughters of Zion movement that is one of the central Zionist organizations involved in the creation and maintenance of the State of Israel. Another barely known fact is that it was Jerome Hauer who advised the entire White House staff to take the antibiotic known to be most effective against Anthrax, 'Cipro', a week prior to the Anthrax mailings. How fortunate and convenient. How did he know?

Hauer is an 'expert' in bio-terrorism and was the one who was in charge of the response to the Anthrax attacks. His reactions to the Anthrax mailings were 'very slow' to say the least and he wasted no opportunity to invoke 'Osama Bin Laden' in his subsequent public rhetoric.

Former FBI special agent, John O'Neil, who was tasked with investigating Bin Laden coincidentally enough, was hired as head of security at the WTC by Jerome Hauer. Interestingly, O'Neil was killed on his very first day at work – 9/11.

It is important to note that O'Neil had resigned his post at the FBI after his investigation into the USS Cole attack in Yemen was obstructed and sabotaged by the US Ambassador to Yemen, the Zionist Barbara Bodine. This is because the USS Cole attack was not carried out by the non-existent 'Al Qaeda' as was widely reported by the mainstream, it was hit by an Israeli cruise missile and AQ was blamed (as usual) to sway public opinion against Arabs and Muslims in general as well as to demonise the Democrat party 'they did not take the terror threat seriously enough!', so that the Elite puppet George Bush the lesser, could be installed into office in time for 9/11. This was of course completely covered up, also as usual.

The third crucial aspect that had to be established was the gaining control of security at all of the airports from which the 'hijackings' would originate. Passenger screening needed to be handled by their operatives in order to allow certain people and certain items (i.e. weapons) onto the planes.

And who ran security at all three airports of the alleged hijackings?

None other than ICTS International and Huntsleigh USA (a wholly owned subsidiary) owned by Ezra Harel and Menachem Atzmon, both Israeli, Zionist-Jews. This organisation is run by 'experts' in the security and

intelligence field. Israeli intelligence (Mossad) that is. Most employees are ex-Shin Bet agents.

Is this airport security company, who ran the security at Boston's Logan airport, as well as Newark, New Jersey airport, really so incompetent as to allow 19 Arab terrorists on board four different planes with box-cutters, mace and even guns, or is there something more sinister going on here? Menachem Atzmon, former Israeli Likud party treasurer in the 1980s, was involved in an Israeli political scandal involving Ehud Olmert and other Likud members in Israel. He was convicted of fraud, falsifying documents, as well as breaching Party Funding Law. However, back to the story;

ICTS was also in charge of airport security when the shoe bomber, Richard Reid, allegedly boarded a plane with a shoe bomb. If Reid was really a terrorist and not just an innocent man being used by the Mossad to incite more fear of terrorism, then why did ICTS let him board the plane knowing he could be dangerous?

Another point indicating ICTS's complicity is that a few hours before the Patriot Act was voted on, it was edited to make foreign companies in charge of security on 9/11 immune to lawsuits. This would effectively prevent American courts from demanding that ICTS provide testimony or hand over the missing surveillance videos from the airports.

"Given the pervasiveness of Zionist influence in the US government and its intelligence and security agencies (including of course the Defence Department), two broad scenarios are possible. One is that the neo-cons and their cohorts were in the driver's seat with Israel in the passenger seat with a map and the baggage. The second sees Israel driving with the neo-cons and others handling the map and baggage. But they were both in the same car on the road to and from 9/11. Both were embedded in aspects of the planning and execution of the catastrophe, the wars it spawned and the wars its architects now want us to wage in Israel's name, linking treason and treachery in tandem no matter where the emphasis is placed." Dr. Alan Sabrosky, 'Israel and the Tactics of Mistake', 2011

To backtrack slightly, in October of 2000, approximately 11 months before 9/11, a retired Israeli Defence Force (IDF) officer and veteran of the Yom Kippur War (1973), was collecting ivy cuttings at the Gomel Chesed Jewish Cemetery located near the city boundaries of Elizabeth and Newark, New Jersey. He overheard two men having a conversation in Hebrew, which drew his attention. He remained behind an 8 foot wall and listened in to their

conversation as they stood below. Shortly afterwards a car approached the two people, presumably Israelis and a man emerged to greet them. Normal pleasantries were exchanged, after which the third man said:

'The Americans will learn what it is to live with terrorism after the planes hit the twins in September.'

One of the men that had been leaning against the retaining wall expressed concerns regarding whether the upcoming presidential election (November 2000) could impact the plans but the man that arrived by car allayed their fears by saying:

'Don't worry, we have people in high places and no matter who gets elected, they will take care of everything.'

The observer who overheard this conversation related it to the FBI on numerous occasions only to be totally ignored each time. Nothing was done about it and no investigation into the incident has ever taken place.

The Israeli instant-messaging company, Odigo, later admitted that two of its employees received instant messages warning of an impending attack 2 hours prior to the first plane hitting. This warning, which could have saved thousands of lives, was not passed on to the authorities. I wonder why.

Odigo has a feature in its messaging service that allows the forwarding of messages through a search feature based on nationality, eg. Israeli. Knowing these two particular Israelis were forewarned, is it not very likely that they passed the message on to other Israelis considering that out of the 4000 Israelis believed to be working in and around the WTC and the Pentagon at the time of the attacks, only five were killed. Five out of 4000 Israelis? Mathematically (if Israelis were not forewarned), about 10% (400 of 4000) would have died; even as low as 200-300 of 4000 would not really indicate foreknowledge, yet only five Israelis died and two of the five were actually aboard the supposedly hijacked flights; therefore only three Israelis died at the WTC on 9/11. This is by any measure an utterly astonishing fact. To be clear, I am talking about 'Israelis' here and not simply 'American Jews'. Many innocent, decent Jewish people died in the WTC complex on 9/11.

Odigo has offices in New York and in Herzliya, Israel. Herzliya also happens to be the home of the Headquarters of Mossad. Not to worry – just a coincidence, I am sure. The company was later bought out by another Israeli company Comverse. The CEO of Comverse was Kobi Alexander, a dual Israeli-US citizen, with connections to Mossad. He has been charged on several counts of fraud.

It is now a matter of record that on 10th September 2001, the Tokyo branch of the Zionist-owned, Goldman Sachs organisation, formally warned its American employees to steer clear of American buildings.

ZIM, an Israeli company, vacated its offices (10,000 square feet) in the North WTC tower the week before 9/11, breaking its lease in the process. 49% of this company is owned by the Israeli government. The lease did not expire until the end of 2001, and the company lost around $50,000 for breaking the contract. Later, FBI agent Michael Dick who was investigating Israeli spy-rings before and after 9/11 and also enquiring into this suspicious move was removed from his duties by the head of the Justice Department's criminal division, the Zionist, Michael Chertoff.

According to a CIA source who worked closely with Dick, the Israeli movers moved in explosives when ZIM moved out. With ZIM Israel hastily exiting just in time, this left only one Israeli company, Clearforest with 19 employees, in the WTC on 9/11. Of their five employees in the building at the time, all managed to escape.

An elite US Army study centre had devised a strategy for enforcing a major Israeli-Palestinian peace accord that would require about 20,000 well-armed troops stationed throughout Israel and a newly created Palestinian state. The SAMS initiative attempts to predict events in the first year of a peace-enforcement operation and assesses possible dangers for US troops from both sides. Of the Mossad, the Israeli intelligence service, the SAMS officers said: "Wildcard, ruthless and cunning. Has the capability to target US forces and make it look like a Palestinian/Arab act."

Shortly before 9/11, over 140 Israelis had been arrested for suspected espionage. Some of them were posing as art students. These suspects targeted or penetrated military bases, DEA, FBI, Secret Service, BATF, US Customs, IRS, INS, EPA, the Interior Dept., US Marshal's Service, various US attorney's offices, secret government offices and unlisted private homes of law enforcement / intelligence officers. Most of the suspects served in military intelligence, electronic surveillance intercept and or explosive ordinance units.

Dozens of other Israelis were arrested in American malls selling toys, acting as a front for a spying operation. Sixty detained suspects worked for the Israeli company AMDOCS which provides most directory assistance calls and almost all call records and billings services for the US by virtue of its contracts with the 25 largest telephone companies in the US.

All the alleged 9/11 hijackers had fake IDs. During a joint FBI-CIA operation against the lead 'patsy' hijacker Mohammad Atta in Fort Lee, New Jersey in 2001, the operation was photographed by Israeli agents and thereby compromised. These Zionist Jews were providing cover for their future patsy hijacker teams.

Immediately following 9/11, over 60 Israelis were detained either under the Patriot anti-Terrorism Act or for immigrations violations. Some of them were active Israeli military personnel. A number of them failed polygraph (lie detector) interrogations when questioned for surveillance activities against the US and some of them were found to have been spying on Arabs.

Israelis caught up in terror sweep

■ Of the nearly 1,100 foreigners arrested after Sept. 11, 90 to 100 are Israeli citizens

By Jim Galloway
The Atlanta Journal-Constitution

NAZARETH, Israel — The day after the world changed, Roy Barak and his partner were in an empty rent-a-truck, heading east on In-

are still in American jails are becoming increasingly impatient.

Local journalists now press the U.S. ambassador, Daniel Kurtzer, on the issue. Members of the Israeli parliament have handed him a petition. The parents of the five movers still being held in a federal prison in Brooklyn have enlisted the help of the mayor of Jerusalem, Ehud Olmert, relying on his close ties to New York City Mayor Rudolph Giuliani.

Olmert has called Giuliani twice, to no avail. Custody of the men is a

military — do the heavy lifting for the moving industry.

Barak, a former paratrooper, got a job with Urban Moving Systems of Weehawken, N.J., in summer 2000. Starting pay was $7 an hour plus tips. Mostly, Barak stayed east. He saw Miami, delivered furniture to Atlanta and drove by Graceland in Memphis.

Like other Israelis, he gave little thought to his expired visa — until Sept. 11.

At the police station, Barak allowed

not smiling."

And even if they were smiling, he said, Americans have to understand that the reactions of Israelis with fresh military experience are bound to seem peculiar to others. His friends had seen acts of brutality and terrorism nearly every day. Barak himself had spent six months in Lebanon.

"It's a little bit different how the Israeli thinks," Barak said.

Of the 90-100 or so detained Israelis there was a group of five individuals, now popularly known as the 'dancing Israelis' who were spotted in multiple locations filming and celebrating the WTC attacks.

The men were detained by the New York Police Department (NYPD). Both the police and FBI field agents alike became very suspicious when they found maps of the city with certain places highlighted, box-cutters, $4700 cash stuffed in a sock and foreign passports. Police also told the newspaper, the Bergen Record that bomb-sniffing dogs were brought to the van and that they reacted as if they had detected explosives.

The names of the five 'dancing' Israelis were Sivan Kurzberg, Paul Kurzberg, Yaron Schmuel, Oded Ellner and Omer Marmari and according to the TV programme ABC News 20/20, after this group were detained, the driver of the van, Sivan Kurzberg told the police officers:

"We are Israeli. We are not your problem. Your problems are our problems. The Palestinians are the problem."

They later appeared on an Israeli TV talk show and claimed to be there 'documenting the event'. Witnesses reported their cameras were all set-up and prepared to film and record prior to the first plane strike and were seen

congratulating each another afterwards. The five jubilant Israelis were also seen photographing one another and dancing with joy. The FBI seized and developed their photographs, one of which shows Sivan Kurzberg flicking a cigarette lighter in front of the smouldering ruins in an apparently celebratory gesture.

The Jerusalem Post also reported that a white van with a bomb was stopped as it approached the George Washington Bridge, but the ethnicity of the suspects was not revealed. Here is exactly what the Jerusalem Post reported on 12th September 2001:

"American security services overnight stopped a car bomb on the George Washington Bridge. The van, packed with explosives, was stopped on an approach ramp to the bridge. Authorities suspect the terrorists intended to blow up the main crossing between New Jersey and New York, Army Radio reported."

Imagine the surprise of the officers involved in the arrests, when these terror suspects turned-out to be Israelis.

Another of the more bizarre events of the day was manifest in the form of a mysterious white van parked a few blocks away from the twin towers on 6th and King Street, that had a mural painted on the side that literally depicted a jetliner crashing into the twin towers and a wording of '9/11'. The sheer arrogance of this act defies belief. It also shows a blind indifference as to whether or not they would be considered suspects in the event – presumably being safe in the knowledge that they knew they would 'get away with murder' even in the event of their being arrested.

This photograph was taken 11th September 2001, New York City.

One heck of a fast paint job!

The two suspects sitting in the van ran away when the van was stopped and were apprehended shortly thereafter amidst a minor struggle. A police

recording also indicates that the mural van subsequently 'exploded' following the detainment of the two suspects.

Further corroboration of this incident came in the form of a reference in the February 2006 Norman Y. Mineta International Institute for Surface Transportation Policy Studies (MTI) report entitled, 'Saving City Lifelines: Lessons Learned in the 9/11 Terrorist Attacks'.

The relevant quote is as follows:

"There were continuing moments of alarm. A panel truck with a painting of a plane flying into the World Trade Centre was stopped near the temporary command post. It proved to be rented to a group of ethnic Middle Eastern people who did not speak English. Fearing that it might be a truck bomb, the NYPD immediately evacuated the area, called out the bomb squad and detained the occupants until a thorough search was made. The vehicle was found to be an innocent delivery truck."

Please pardon my extreme scepticism. Apparently the author of this quote would like us to believe that they did not find it odd that a delivery truck rented to 'ethnic middle-easterners' was professionally spray-painted with a mural depicting the exact events of the same day! The idiocy of their conclusion that this van was an 'innocent delivery truck' is totally beyond words. Also notice that there was no mention of it exploding as the police transmission confirmed. The 'ethnic middle-easterners' referenced in this quote were certainly not Arabic or Muslim individuals as there is not a single mention of this incident in the 9/11 commission report. If they were Arabs there would be no reason to cover this up and indeed a huge issue is likely to have been made of it. The fact that this incident was covered-up is also a strong indication that these 'ethnic middle-easterners', were in fact Israelis.

All of the white vans were working for the ostensible moving company, Urban Moving Systems under the direction of Dominic Suter, a known Israeli Spy who immediately fled (was allowed to escape?) back to Israel after the attacks. It was confirmed by two former CIA officers that this Israeli moving company was a front operation for the Mossad. The two CIA sources noted that movers vans are a common intelligence cover and the Israelis involved were held in custody for 71 days before being quietly released.

Most national security computerised systems responsible for the scrambling of jets in the event of national emergencies such as multiple hijackings were running on software developed by Ptech Software. The list of Ptech clients is a veritable 'Who's who' of governmental and associated organisations and

includes the FAA, NATO, United States Armed Forces, Congress, the Dept. of Energy, Dept. of Justice, FBI, US Customs, the IRS, the Secret Service, most of the other US 'alphabet soup' agencies and even the White House.

The Zionist Jew Michael Goff was marketing manager at Ptech and also worked for an Israeli database company Guardium (Director, Amit Yoran). Guardium has been funded by Cedar Fund, Veritas Venture Partners, and StageOne, both of which are Mossad funding outfits. So, Ptech, was essentially a cover for an American 'Sayan' (i.e. a Jewish agent who works with the Mossad when necessary), Michael Goff, who had Mossad agents feeding him information and directing him while he worked with his Lebanese Muslim 'partners' in Ptech.

Now why would a young American lawyer working with a good law firm (Sedar & Chandler) in his home town suddenly abandon his practice of law and team-up with a start-up software company owned and financed by a Lebanese and a Saudi? Goff's family is a well-respected and well-known family in Worcester, Massachusetts. He was well set-up for life at a reputable, prosperous law firm after leaving law school, so why the sudden career change?

Because Mossad asked him to do it, presumably for the 'good of the Jewish people', etc, etc. Under Goff, Ptech software complete with 'trapdoors' and 'Trojan Horses' was sold and loaded onto the most sensitive computer systems that either failed miserably, or performed well (depending on your point of view), on the 11th September 2001. Goff's father and grandfather, Samuel, were accountants who belonged to Worcester's 'Commonwealth Lodge 600 of B'nai B'rith'. They were both 32nd Degree Freemasons.

Mitre is a major defence contracting organisation headed by former Director of Central Intelligence, James Schlesinger. It has been said that Schlesinger is a devout Lutheran, but Wikipedia states that he was born to Russian/Austrian Jewish parents. He is undoubtedly a Zionist. Ptech was with the Mitre Corporation in the basement of the Federal Aviation Agency (FAA) for two years immediately prior to 9/11. Their specific job was to investigate inter-operability issues the FAA had with NORAD and the US Air Force in the case of an emergency.

The first plane to hit the WTC (North Tower) directly hit the computer room of Marsh & McLennan, which had recently acquired Kroll Associates, which was jointly-owned by a son of AIG CEO, Maurice Greenberg and Jules

Kroll. Was there precision guidance equipment in these offices, perchance? Many researchers have concluded that the planes which struck the twin towers were precision guided by remote control. Although sounding like science fiction upon first hearing, remote control technology of planes has been around for decades. SPC Corporation supplies the flight termination system and command transmitter system, the technology that allows planes to be remote-controlled should the pilots be incapacitated or the plane hijacked. Indeed, the remote flying of airliners uses almost exactly the same technologies as flying remote-controlled model planes (albeit on a much larger scale) and that activity is relatively commonplace and un-questioned.

Rabbi Dov Zakheim was the appointed Under-secretary of Defence and Comptroller from 2001 to 2004 under the George W. Bush administration. Zakheim is the man responsible for the disappearance of $2.6 trillion that went missing from the Pentagon books and which was announced by Donald Rumsfeld on the 10th September, 2001. This story was of course conveniently buried under the 9/11 rubble and never really questioned by the docile, subservient mainstream media stooges.

In fact, the specific section of the Pentagon that was hit by the 'plane' (it was almost certainly a cruise missile and not a Boeing 767) contained the years budgetary information as well as many obviously expendable clerks, accountants, bookkeepers and budget analysts of whom, many died on 9/11. Another bizarre coincidence, you will no doubt agree.

In May 2001, when Zakheim served at the Pentagon, it was an SPS (his firm's) subsidiary, Tridata Corporation that oversaw the investigation of the first 'terrorist' attack on the World Trade Centre in 1993. This would have provided intimate knowledge of the security systems and structural blueprints of the World Trade Centre. According to the SPS website, a recent customer at that time was Eglin AFB, located in Florida. Eglin is very near another Air Force base in Florida, MacDill AFB, where Dov Zakheim contracted to send at least 32 Boeing 767 aircraft, as part of the Boeing / Pentagon tanker lease agreement. Considering his access to Boeing 767 tankers, remote control flight systems and his published views in the Project for the New American Century (PNAC) document in 2000, it would appear more than likely that he is also in fact a key figure in the alleged terrorist attacks in New York City on 9/11.

Immediately following the attacks, the Jewish criminal network was methodically manoeuvring in unison behind the scenes to quash any legitimate

investigation that world reveal what really happened that fateful day. They made it their goal to control any and all angles of the so-called 'investigation' so that they could quickly cover up any and all evidence that would unveil the unmistakable fingerprint of the Zionists.

In fact, all the appointed chief judges were Zionist Jews.

Alvin K. Hellerstein, a judge for the US District Court for the Southern District of New York has been involved in several high-profile 9/11 related cases including a consolidated master case against three airlines, ICTS International NV and Pinkerton's airport security firms, the World Trade Centre owners and Boeing Corporation, the aircraft manufacturer. Hellerstein is a dedicated Zionist and Israeli nationalist who has ties to the Jewish mafia dating back to 1956. Hellerstein's wife is a former senior officer and current treasurer of AMIT. AMIT's website states: 'Founded in 1925, AMIT is the world's leading supporter of religious Zionist education and social services for Israel's children and youth, nurturing and educating Israeli children to become productive, contributing members of society.'

Michael B. Mukasey an Orthodox Jewish judge oversaw the litigation between Larry Silverstein and insurance companies after 9/11. Silverstein was awarded billions and Mukasey actively prevented a full inquiry into the 'dancing Israelis' incident who were all arrested in the aftermath of 9/11. Indeed he played a major role in their release and was later appointed Attorney General by President Bush. He also defended the Patriot Act and openly supports US torture policies.

Michael Chertoff was In charge of the Criminal Division in the Justice Department on 9/11. Essentially responsible for the 9/11 non-investigation, he allowed hundreds of Israeli spies who were arrested prior to and on 9/11 return home to Israel without facing investigation. He was also a prosecuting judge in the first terrorist attack on the WTC in 1993. Chertoff purportedly holds dual citizenship with the US and Israel, his family is one of the founding families of the 'State' of Israel and his mother was one of the first ever agents of the Mossad, Israel's spy agency. His father and uncle are ordained rabbis and teachers of the Talmud.

Kenneth Feinberg (Zionist Jew) set up the victim's compensation fund ($7

billion) and this criminal cabal contrived to persuade 97% of the victims' families to agree to take the money in exchange for not demanding a legal investigation of 9/11.

Sheila Birnbaum was another key Zionist Jew involved in the cover-up of 9/11. Birnbaum was appointed 'special mediator' of the legal suits filed by the 3% of families who chose not to be bought off by the Zionists. Of course though, none of the suits were successful, thanks to her.

Benjamin Chertoff (cousin of Michael Chertoff) wrote the 9/11 'hit-piece' in Popular Mechanics debunking '9/11 conspiracies' using ridiculous strawmen. He claims his relationship to Michael Chertoff is 'distant' but this has since been proven otherwise.

Stephen Cauffman was the leader of the NIST cover-up of the destruction of WTC 7. These lowlifes to this day, continue to maintain the view that fire brought down WTC 7, a physical impossibility barring an extensive re-write of the laws of physics.

Philip Zelikow was appointed the executive director of the 9/11 commission, the most powerful position on the committee. This criminal Zionist Jew is responsible for concocting the utterly ludicrous, contrived fiction that was presented to us as the 9/11 Commission Report (i.e. the official story). This elaborately crafted fairy tale speaks of magical, explosion-proof paper passports being mysteriously expelled from the flames to the street below, building collapses violating all known laws of physics, careless Muslims leaving copies of the Koran and airliner flying instructional manuals wherever they went, planes performing 270p downward spiral turns at 500 mph whilst remaining under control of their hijackers, text and voice messages being sent from 15,000ft from planes with no in-flight phone capabilities and cave-dwelling, box-cutter wielding Arabs with super-human piloting skills. It also managed to completely omit blatantly anomalous events such as the self-demolition of WTC Building 7 at 5:20 pm and clairvoyant BBC and MSN reporters reporting live on air that WTC7 had also collapsed, 25 minutes before the actual event and the absence of any plane wreckage or bodies at other so-called 'crash-sites'.

Originally, Henry Kissinger was appointed as executive director of the 9/11 commission but surrendered the post after enormous protest. This cleared the way for Zionist operative Zelikow to take his place. However, Zelikow had

numerous conflicts of interest that clearly inhibited his ability to tell the truth to the world about the 9/11 terror attacks.

Zelikow was a Bush 'insider', having been on the transition team in early 2000. In 1989-91 Zelikow worked with Condoleezza Rice on the National Security Council for the Bush Sr. Administration. In 1995, he and Rice co-authored a book together and from 1996-98 Zelikow was director of the Aspen Strategy Group which also included people such as Condoleezza Rice, Dick Cheney and Paul Wolfowitz as fellow members. After George W. Bush was 'elected', Zelikow was offered a position on the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board (PFIAB) and worked on other task forces and commissions as well. In 2004 Zelikow manipulated the 9/11 investigation by deciding which topics would or would not be investigated. He was also secretly in contact with one of Bush's close advisors, Karl Rove.

Alan Ratner's Metals Management and the SIMS group were responsible for the indecent haste in which the WTC steel rubble was dispatched out of the country to Asian smelters without the opportunity to properly forensically investigate the crime-scene remains. Alan Ratner is also Jewish – quel surprise. He merged his company with the SIMS group and the Hugo Neu Corporation. Ratner sold over 50,000 tons of crime-scene evidence steel to a Chinese company at $120 per ton whilst Ratner had obtained them for $70 per ton. This criminal not only destroyed the evidence, but made a huge profit from it in the process. Nice work if you can get it.

Rabbi Dov Zakheim, co-author of the PNAC paper on rebuilding America's defences advocating the necessity of a Pearl Harbour-like incident in order to sway public opinion into supporting the 'war on terrorism', served as Pentagon Comptroller from 4th May 2001 to 10th March 2004. Two enormous sums of money disappeared from the Pentagon on his 'watch'. Initially $2.3 trillion was reported missing by Donald Rumsfeld (10th September 2001) and later Zakheim was unable to account for another trillion dollars. Well come on, it is easily done after all. Who among us would not admit to misplacing the odd trillion here and there, from time to time? Zakheim also arranged for still-operational squadrons of American F-15s and F-16s to be sold as 'surplus' to Israel at a fraction of their value.

Michael Chertoff's wife, Meryl, was a regional director of the ADL (the Zionist Anti-Defamation League, the organisation most responsible for the accusations of 'anti-Semitism' to anyone questioning Zionist motives). His

mother was a flight attendant for El Al (the Israeli national airline) and thus by implication, had involvement with Mossad. His father and uncle are both Rabbis.

Richard Perle, Chairman of the Pentagon's Defence Policy Board was expelled from Senator Henry Jackson's office in the 1970s after the NSA caught him passing highly classified documents to Israel.

Paul Wolfowitz was Deputy Defence Secretary and a member of the Defence Policy Board in the Pentagon.

Douglas Feith headed reconstruction in Iraq. He was effectively in command, with Wolfowitz, of the War Department on 9-11 as undersecretary of War for Policy. He was fired from the National Security Council in 1976 due to suspicion of passing classified documents to Israel. Douglas Feith created the 'Office of Special Plans' shortly after 9/11 which was the source of all the fake intelligence accusing Iraq of developing WMDs and having ties to Al Qaeda.

Eliot Abrams was a key National Security Council Advisor. He was associated with the criminal, Zionist / pro-Israel think-tanks: AEI, PNAC, CSP, and JINSA. He is also closely associated with other criminal Jews, Perle, Feith, Wolfowitz and William Kristol. During the Iran/Contra Affair he was convicted of lying to Congress but was later given a pardon by Bush. How surprising.

Marc Grossman was Under-Secretary for Political Affairs on 9/11 and met with General Mahmoud Ahmad, head of Pakistan's ISI and erstwhile 9/11 financier, on the morning of 9-11. He is another dual citizen of the US and Israel.

Ari Fleischer was the White House spokesman for Bush on 9/11. Fleischer was responsible for peddling the Iraqi 'WMD' lies to the press and a dual citizen of the US and Israel and connected to the Jewish / Zionist extremist group 'Chabad Lubavitch Hasidics'.

Daniel Lewin, an Israeli Jew, was confirmed to be a member of the special Israeli commando unit, the 'Sayeret Matkal', which specialises in 'anti-hijack', takeovers and assassinations. Supposedly, Lewin became involved in a struggle

with one of the alleged hijackers and ended up getting shot, which was later revised to being stabbed when it was belatedly realised that a gun on board would not be compatible with the pre-packaged 9/11 story line.

What are the odds that an Israeli 'Sayan' (part-time Mossad asset) would be on a plane hijacked by Arab terrorists? There is no suggestion that Lewin was on a suicide mission and flew into the towers, what is suggested is that he landed the plane at Stewart Airport and it was swapped for a remote-control drone. Stewart Airport was the 'privatised' former US Air Force base and interestingly, the exact point where the flight-paths of the alleged planes that hit the twin towers converged. This is all simply yet another co-incidence of course.

"We hold this truth to be self-evident that Israel attacked the United States on 9/11 and blamed it on the Muslim world. We hold it to be self-evident that Israel is not a nation but a collection of banker-gangsters who stole a land with people, for a people with no central criminal base, for the purpose of ritualized religious genocide, while seeking to economically enslave the entire world and then plunge it into a holocaust of war based on the recovered false memory of brain washed populations, who saw the movie and bought the t-shirt. If it is not self-evident then your self is in hiding from the fear of oppression, slander and loss, which are an inevitable certainty as a result. We hold it self-evident that when it is not self-evident it will, sooner or later, become evident in the most unpleasant possible way." Les Visible, musician and researcher, September 2011

On 20th September, 2001, in his address to the Joint Session of Congress following the 9/11 attacks, Bush grossly inflated the number of Israeli casualties in the attacks from 5 to 130. Obviously Bush did not write his own speeches (can he even write his own name?), so one cannot simply blame Bush for this blatant lie. Whosoever was his speechwriter at that time is the criminal culprit. So who was it?

David Frum, (yes you guessed, another Zionist-Jewish criminal) was Bush's speechwriter at this time and is the one responsible for inflating the number of Israeli dead by 2600% of the actual amount. Why would he do this? Because he is a Zionist of course and was attempting to garner sympathy for Israel and project them as the 'great ally' of the United States who are now 'partners' with them in this global fight against 'terrorism'. Incidentally, Frum was the man responsible for the coining of the 'Axis of Evil' epithet. He also co-

authored a book with the Zionist warmonger Richard Perle, entitled 'An End to Evil: How to Win the War on Terror', which defended the illegal and fraudulent invasion of Iraq as well as calling for regime change in Iran, Syria and other Middle East states.

Less than one week before 9/11, several of the hijacker 'patsies', including Mohammed Atta, boarded a casino boat in Florida. No-one knows why and it has never been investigated. The boat was in fact owned by none other than Jack Abramoff yet another Zionist-Jewish criminal asset and he was the one who entertained the Arab patsies aboard his yacht. Abramoff is a Bush Administration insider having been part of the Transition Advisory team assigned to the Department of the Interior in 2001. Abramoff is also a convicted criminal lobbyist who is a central figure in a plethora of political scandals, fraud, and other scams. He is currently (2011) serving a five year prison term for fraud, conspiracy, and tax evasion. Abramoff also, according to Wikipedia, had foreknowledge of the Zionist-engineered War on Iraq.

Apparently the Israeli PM, Benjamin Netanyahu is so confident in Zionist control and domination and his own 'un-touchability' that he recently stated publicly that the 9/11 terrorist attacks were 'good' for US-Israeli relations and would generate 'immediate sympathy' for the Israeli 'cause' of ethnically cleansing the Palestinians. The Israeli newspaper 'Ma'ariv' reported that Likud leader Benjamin Netanyahu told this to an audience at Bar Ilan.

Of course Netanyahu's nonchalance about publicly making such controversial statements is not that surprising considering how much control Zionist Jews have over the American media. The aftermath of 9/11 saw the Zionist-media unveil a relentless demonisation campaign against Arabs, stereotyping them all as a bunch of fanatical plotting terrorists, no doubt a cause for huge celebration for Netanyahu and his criminal compadres who routinely look for any excuse to slaughter innocent Palestinians at a whim whilst confiscating their land in the process and vehemently protesting and issuing cries of 'anti-Semitism' at the merest sign of any criticism of their deranged actions.

"Anti-Semitism is a trick – we always use it when we are being criticised." Shulamit Aloni, former Israeli government minister

Indeed, Netanyahu is considered by many to be the likely architect of 9/11, directing the Mossad/Shin Bet. He was Israeli PM at the time as he is again now (June 2011) and has a long history of involvement in Israeli terrorism and politics (is there a difference?). He has been a prominent member of the

Likud government since 1993. The Likud Party is the literal successor of the Jewish terrorist organisation known as the Irgun. Netanyahu wrote a book in the early 1980s called 'Terrorism: How the West can Win' and he founded the 'Jonathan Institute' in the late 1970s to study (and plan) terrorism. Egyptian Intellectual, Hassan Al Bana, has stated publicly that he thinks Netanyahu planned 9/11 with the Jews at the Jonathan Institute. Al Bana cites a book written by Netanyahu called 'Uprooting Terrorism' which speaks of plans to attack the United Nations and the World Trade Centre with small nuclear bombs.

"I have had long conversations over the last two weeks with contacts at the Army War College and the headquarters, Marine Corps and I've made it absolutely clear in both cases that it is absolutely 100% certain that 9/11 was a Mossad operation. Period. The Zionists are playing this as an all or nothing exercise. If they lose this one, they're done." Alan Sabrosky, US Army War College, retired

On the 16th October 2001, a group of Israeli citizens were arrested in rural Pennsylvania for suspicious behaviour near a Pizza takeaway. The manager of the takeaway informed authorities that two 'middle-eastern-looking men' were dumping furniture from a truck with a 'Moving Systems Inc.' sign on the side, behind his establishment. Police quickly investigated the incident and confronted its occupant who identified himself as Ron Katar, an Israeli. Katar pointed across the street to his compatriot named Mosche Almakias who was approaching the detained suspect with a female named Ayelet Reisler. Reisler suspiciously began to quickly walk in a different direction once she spotted the police officer and when arrested, was found to have a German passport in one name and medication in another.

Almakias admitted being behind the Pizzeria and said his destination was New York, but he had to make a pick-up in Plymouth. However, the pathetic cover story began to fall apart when he could not provide a name or number for his supposed client.

The police searched the truck and discovered a Sony video camera containing a video film taken of Chicago with several suspicious zoom-in shots of the Sears (now Willis) Tower. Clearly these Mossad assets were planning some sort of false-flag attack but the Israelis were eventually taken in by the INS and neither they nor the incident itself was ever mentioned again.

A possibly significant fact is that the Sears (Willis) Tower was purchased by three men, two of whom are Jews, Lloyd Goldman, Joseph Cayre and Jeffrey

Feil in 2004. These men belonged to the same group that backed Larry Silverstein's lease of the WTC complex providing $125 million to Silverstein for the purpose. It would seem that these criminal Jewish assets are all part of the same false-flag terror / real-estate insurance scams together.

In Mexico City as reported by the newspaper 'La Vox de Atzlan', two men posing as press photographers, but in reality Israeli Mossad agents, were arrested inside the Mexican congress on the 10th October 2001, armed with 9mm pistols, hand-grenades, explosives, three detonators and 58 bullets, but were immediately released from custody because of pressure from Israel.

The newspaper reported that.. "We believe that the two Zionists terrorist were going to blow up the Mexican Congress. The second phase was to mobilize both the Mexican and US press to blame Osama bin Laden. Most likely then Mexico would declare war on Afghanistan as well, commit troops and all the oil it could spare to combat Islamic terrorism."

The Jewish terrorists names were Salvador Guersson Smecke (retired Israeli IDF colonel), age 34 and Saur Ben Zvi, age 27. These Zionist terrorists were released as a consequence of a very high-level emergency meeting which took place between the Mexican Secretary of Foreign Relations, Jorge Gutman, General Macedo de la Concha and a top Ariel Sharon envoy who flew to Mexico City especially for that purpose. You may not be surprised to learn that Jorge Gutman is of Jewish descent.

On Monday 13th May 2002, Fox News reported that two Israeli nationals in a white van were pulled-over in Oak Harbour, Washington, near the Whidbey Island Naval Air Station with explosives in their truck. Federal Authorities brought in explosives-sniffing dogs which 'reacted' firstly to one of the Israelis and later to the van itself. High-tech equipment was later used and confirmed the presence of TNT and RDX plastic explosives. The Israelis claimed to be delivering furniture to California, but investigators unsurprisingly doubted the story. Authorities later stated that records for the Budget truck did not indicate any recent rental for the purposes of transporting explosives, which would require special permits; thus proving these explosives were illegal and obviously intended to be used for malicious purposes.

The Fox News article makes no mention to what became of these two Israeli terrorists but the lack of further media coverage probably points to the

fact that it was taken no further and no charges were brought. They were probably quietly deported.

The former Italian President, Francesco Cossiga, who revealed the existence of Operation Gladio in the 1980s, told Italy's oldest and most widely read newspaper that the 9/11 terrorist attacks were run by the Mossad and that this was common knowledge among global intelligence agencies. In what translates awkwardly into English, Cossiga told the newspaper, 'Corriere della Sera':

"All the [intelligence services] of America and Europe know well that the disastrous attack has been planned and realized from the Mossad, with the aid of the Zionist world in order to put under accusation the Arabic countries and in order to induce the western powers to take part in Iraq [and] Afghanistan."

And in an interview shortly after 9/11, Hamid Gul, the former head of Pakistani intelligence (ISI) from 1987-1989, told United Press International his view as to who he believes was behind the attacks.

UPI: So who did Black Sept. 11?

Gul: Mossad and its accomplices. The U.S. spends $40 billion a year on its 11 intelligence agencies. That's $400 billion in ten years, yet the Bush Administration says it was taken by surprise. I don't believe it. Within ten minutes of the second twin tower being hit in the World Trade Center, CNN said Osama bin Laden had done it. That was a planned piece of disinformation by the real perpetrators. It created an instant mind-set and put public opinion into a trance, which prevented even intelligent people from thinking for themselves.

So, why is the focus of this chapter on the Israeli angle and the Zionist-Jewish conspiracy? I acknowledge that the CIA and MI6 were also likely involved in the attacks, but it is my considered opinion that Israel and its agents in the US Government played the primary role in the attacks and had the most to gain from them; therefore under the principle of Occam's Razor, it is correct, I believe, to focus more on the Israeli/Jewish/Zionist connection, whilst other explanations may focus more on the CIA or MI6 connection. There are hundreds of websites, documentaries, films and articles that concentrate on the Bush, Rumsfeld and Cheney angle etc. but not too many acknowledge the rock-solid evidence proving that 9/11 was most likely done by the Israeli Mossad in conjunction with the plethora of Zionist-American Jews whose duplicitous role in the attacks has been thoroughly documented.

Could this be because of fear? Anyone who crosses these entities is very likely to be at best verbally attacked and have their writings suppressed, and at worst? Well, I will leave that to your imagination.

It is up to you, the reader, to decide whether this information has validity or not and whether you wish to believe it. Research is research and the truth is the truth, I have no preconceived ideas or prejudices of any kind. All I can do is present the facts as I see them. Nothing here is fabricated and it is all substantiated by myself. Indeed the evidence that 9/11 was an 'inside job', a 'false-flag' attack if you will, is absolutely overwhelming and beyond question. Indeed it is the 'official' story that is the fantastic 'conspiracy theory'.

Given all else we know about the Zionist / Israeli influence on anything of importance in the world, is it such a leap of faith to believe in their deep involvement in this issue. 'Cui bono?' Latin for 'who stands to benefit' is a test we should always apply to any situation which needs an in-depth analysis to determine a reason for it. I suggest that Israel and Zionism itself benefitted hugely in the furtherance of its deadly agenda, from the 9/11 attacks, far more in fact than any other entity.

However, let the last word on the subject be from Public Enemy number 1 himself, Osama bin Laden. This is the one and only statement that the real Osama made regarding 9/11, as officially verified by the CIA in a certified transcript. Osama bin Laden was dying when he made this statement on 24th September 2001 and provably passed away two months later in November 2001, despite all the lies and hype about his death occurring in an American raid on his HQ in 2011.

"The United States should try to trace the perpetrators of these attacks within itself; the people who are a part of the US system, but are dissenting against it. Or, those who are working for some other system; persons who want to make the present century a century of conflict between Islam and Christianity so that their own civilization, nation, country or ideology could survive. They can be anyone, from Russia to Israel and from India to Serbia. Then you cannot forget the American Jews, who are annoyed with President Bush ever since the elections in Florida and want to avenge him.

Then there are intelligence agencies in the US, which require billions of dollars' worth of funds from the Congress and the government every year. This [funding issue] was not a big problem till the existence of the former Soviet Union but after that the budget of these agencies has been in danger.

They needed an enemy. So, they first started propaganda against me and Taliban and then this incident happened.

Drug smugglers from all over the world are in contact with the US secret agencies. These agencies do not want to eradicate narcotics cultivation and trafficking because their importance will be diminished. The people in the US Drug Enforcement Department are encouraging drug trade so that they could show performance and get millions of dollars' worth of budget. General Noriega was made a drug baron by the CIA and, indeed, he was made a scapegoat.

President Bush or any other US President, they cannot bring Israel to justice for its human rights abuses or to hold it accountable for such crimes. What is this? Is it not that there exists a government within the government in the United Sates? That secret government must be asked as to who made the attacks." Osama Bin Laden

The London Tube Bombings – 7th July 2005

On the 7th July 2005, one day after being surprisingly awarded the 2012 Olympic Games when Paris was the overwhelming favourite, London was rocked by a series of bomb blasts resulting in the deaths of more than fifty people. Not quite in the same league as 9/11 of course, well certainly not as regards loss of life, but more than sufficient to remind us all that we are extremely vulnerable and susceptible to attack by those who 'envy our freedoms', or so we are deceptively led to believe. Perhaps conveniently or even by explicit design, these incidents also coincided with the G8 summit of world 'leaders' which was in session in Scotland and which allowed a united front of condemnation to be forthcoming from the senior nations of the world all of whose presidents or prime ministers 'just happened' to be virtually 'on the doorstep' at the time.

Along with the 9/11 incident, the 7/7 attacks formed the second leg of a two-pronged attack on the freedoms of the people of the western world. Not at the hands of Muslim terrorists though, as they would have us all believe, but more at the hands of a local, home-grown variety of terrorist, better known as the British government in concert with MI5, the CIA and the Mossad (Israeli security services) and whom all have a much more credible vested interest in curbing our freedoms than do any so-called Muslim terrorist group.

The official story is that four disaffected British Muslim youths planned and carried out a sophisticated operation culminating in a simultaneous bombing attack on three London tube (subway) trains and a bus by virtue of the use of explosive devices carried in a backpack, killing themselves and fifty-plus others in the process.

As always in these cases, there are two directly competing and conflicting explanations for the 7/7 attacks. One is the 'official' version of events and the other is the 'conspiracy theory' version. Now let us examine all the facts and the evidence emanating from this day of infamy and let the reader decide for him or herself which is the more likely to be true and which the conspiracy.

In May 2004, an episode of the BBC 'Panorama' programme was aired during which a scenario was mooted whereby a bus and three tube trains

would be attacked simultaneously by four suicide bombers during the morning rush hour. Is this starting to sound eerily familiar yet? The discussion panel included such notables as Michael Portillo, a former British government minister and a character by the name of Peter Power who just happens to be an ex-senior police officer (more of him shortly). The basis of the programme was a mock exercise in which the panel of experts discussed how a terrorist attack on London would be handled and this was revealed gradually through faux news reports as the show progressed.

"No terrorist attack would be complete without the advance airing of a scenario docu-drama to provide the population with a conceptual scheme to help them understand the coming events in the sense intended by the oligarchy." Webster Tarpley, historian and researcher, 2009

But for the moment, as promised, back to Peter Power. On the morning of 7/7, he and his training company were in the process of conducting an emergency terror drill that unbelievably almost exactly matched the real events unfolding around him in the city of London. The exact same three tube stations that were involved in the real world were the ones 'co-incidentally' being used by Power in his 'drill'! On the afternoon of 7/7 he was interviewed on the BBC Radio 5 'Drivetime' programme…

"…at half-past nine this morning we were actually running an exercise for, er, a company of over a thousand people in London based on simultaneous bombs going off precisely at the railway stations where it happened this morning, so I still have the hairs on the back of my neck standing upright!" Peter Power, CEO of Visor Consultants, a management training organisation

Yes we believe you, Peter. Of course we do – especially given your past background and your appearance in the 2004 docu-drama (above) and despite the odds against this scenario occurring by chance that have been independently calculated to be in the region of 14 billion to one. Was Power simply cleverly protecting himself by this announcement and thus ensuring that were he to become a statistic shortly afterwards, due to his 'insider knowledge' that there would almost certainly be questions asked regarding his death? If so, he would by no means be the first to use this tactic.

On the 5th-8th April 2005 a large scale terror-drill given the code name of 'Atlantic Blue' was undertaken involving the participation of many different facets of government. How interesting to note than that shortly after the 7th July 2005, the Independent newspaper reported that… "By an extraordinary coincidence, all the experts who formulate such plans are together in a

meeting at the headquarters of the London Ambulance Service – and they are discussing an exercise they ran three months ago that involved simulating four terrorist bombs going off at once across London."

How the coincidences all pile up, all of course in close synergy with the story of 9/11. On the morning of 9/11, the security, emergency and rescue services were all hampered by the fact that there were several, not just one mind, but several simultaneous exercises taking place that almost exactly reflected the real world events occurring at that time.

In 2005, the Metropolitan Police exercise Operation Hanover just happened to be held on the 1st-2nd July and its theme was that of three simultaneous bomb attacks on three underground (tube) stations. The police have been extremely reluctant to discuss this amazing coincidence that occurred literally 5 days before the 'real' event. Why would this be? In fact this information only came to light in 2009, four years after the event.

Another virtually un-publicised fact that came to light during the 7/7 inquest was that no post-mortems were carried out on the bodies of the victims. This is most definitely against the law. All bodies believed to have suffered an un-natural death must by law undergo a post-mortem examination. In addition to this fact, would not a huge amount of information regarding the placement and composition of the bombs have been revealed by these examinations, had they taken place? Surely post-mortems would have revealed some definitive, incriminating information that would have provided clues to the many unexplained hows and whys of the tragedy. Indeed, what could possibly explain such a seemingly bizarre course of action other than of course the necessity of avoiding conflict with a completely fabricated narrative?

After the event, we were immediately informed that the explosives used were of military origin and as most people in the truth movement are well aware, the first reports are always the most revealing, but are often never heard again and suppressed once the powers that be realise that initial reports do not fit the concocted story at which they eventually arrive and which then becomes the de facto truth.

"The nature of the explosives appears to be military, which is very worrying….the material used was not homemade but sophisticated military explosives …" Christophe Chaboud, chief of the French anti-terrorism Coordination Unit who was in London assisting Scotland Yard with its investigation.

How, it is perhaps pertinent to ask, would four, to all intents and purposes, perfectly normal youths procure a substantial quantity of military grade explosive material? And also that being the case, why did the police several days later announce that they had found the homemade bomb 'factory' near the homes of three of the four alleged terrorists in Leeds, West Yorkshire? Surely an experienced, senior anti-terrorist officer such as M. Chaboud could not have made such a fundamental error could he?

"A bath filled with explosives has been found at a house in Leeds that was the 'operational base' for the London suicide bombers." 'The Independent' newspaper, 14th July 2005

The newspaper went on to blithely state that the explosives were made of black pepper and hydrogen peroxide. The notion of heating up hydrogen peroxide in their bathroom to the point where it would make an explosive mix with black pepper is simply laughable, to say the very least, let alone that a rucksack could hold enough of such a concoction that if and when exploding could supply enough energy to bend and even break steel bars. Also, how could they possibly test that their 'bombs' were actually going to explode on demand. Were they simply all going to go tramping across the city with this allegedly lethal mixture swilling around in their backpacks? Indeed, has anyone ever successfully managed to construct a bomb from a few such household ingredients, let alone one capable of such devastation as was created on 7/7?

Another perhaps obvious question is why would terrorists who wished to avenge themselves upon the British people for the UK's involvement in Iraq and Afghanistan, choose to kill themselves in the process? Surely on such crowded trains in rush-hour it would have been a simple task to set a timer to detonate the explosives and then quietly exit the trains, leaving their bags on the floor amongst the feet of hundreds of unsuspecting passengers. What would have been the risk involved there? Would not their cause have been better served by them living to 'fight' another day and possibly repeat the feat elsewhere? Suicide bombing is an expedient used only where smuggling explosives and leaving them in situ is impossible due to heavy security presence and not simply as a pointless statement of bravado, as the authors of this unlikely scenario would wish us to believe.

At the 7/7 Inquest in November 2010, Dr. Morgan Costello gave evidence

that he was asked to attend two tube-stations, Edgware Road and Aldgate, for the 'purposes of certifying the extinction of life'. He counted six bodies at Edgware Road and seven bodies at Aldgate and declared these as 'life extinct'. The huge contradiction arising from this simple fact, completely unreported in the compliant media of course, was that the numbers should have been seven and eight respectively – that is of course if we count the bodies of the bombers. This is surely indicative of the fact that the alleged bombers were not on the trains at the time of the bombs exploding. No similar count seems to have been carried-out on the Russell Square train, but we do have certain information regarding the behaviour of the Russell Square bomber, Germaine Lindsay, immediately prior to his untimely death.

"A New Zealander working for Reuters in London said two colleagues witnessed the unconfirmed shooting by police of two apparent suicide bombers outside the HSBC tower at Canary Wharf in London. The man who was not prepared to give his name said two English colleagues, whom he also refused to name 'witnessed the shooting from a building across the road from the tower'." 'The New Zealand Herald', July 2005

There is plenty of eye-witness evidence available proving beyond reasonable doubt that the 7/7 attacks were not 'suicide' bombings at all. For example, Bruce Lait who was in a tube train carriage near London's Aldgate East station when one of the bombs exploded described a scenario that absolutely confirms this fact without question.

According to Lait, as the survivors were being escorted from the wrecked train carriage by a police officer, he warned them... "…mind that hole, that's where the bomb was". The metal around the edge of the hole was pushed and twisted upwards exactly as though the bomb had been underneath the floor of the train. Surely if the bomb had exploded above floor level then the opposite effect should have been observed. Lait further commented that… "They seem to think the bomb was left in a bag, but I don't remember anybody being where the bomb was, or any bag," he said. Very strange indeed.

On the 5th July 2005, one of the quartet, Mohammed Siddique Khan took his pregnant wife to Dewsbury Hospital in West Yorkshire with a suspected potential miscarriage. Upon returning home, Khan announced to her that he was 'going to see his friends' and this was the last time that his wife ever saw him. She miscarried on the 6th July. Would Khan or anyone for that matter,

really have abandoned his ailing wife for a whole day while she was in such a precarious condition? He was a highly respected member of his community, not just by the Asian element, but by all races alike in what is an extremely multi-cultural environment. He was also highly respected by the headmistress (principal) of the special school in which he worked as a classroom assistant. In addition, the police had used him to mediate between rival gangs in local disputes because simply put, he was trusted by all sides. The MP, Hilary Benn had taken Khan on a tour of the House of Commons and he was specifically regarded as being politically neutral, by no means an extremist and an upstanding citizen, protective of the good name of his community and was always seen to be keen to maintain amiable relations with the local white community.

I believe that the most likely scenario for the four hapless young men being embroiled in this situation in the first place was that they had naively (as it turned out) agreed to take part in what they thought was going to be an anti-terrorism exercise. The plan was that they would pose as terrorists and to make the scenario absolutely realistic and plausible it would have to be planned exactly like a precision military operation. Of course there were no live bombs in the rucksacks, just dummies, but the four did not realise of course that the real bombs were planted under the exact seats in the exact carriages in which they had no doubt been instructed to sit and in the case of Hussain, the bus. The best laid plans of mice and men… All was probably going exactly to plan until the 6th July…

The most likely explanation for Khan's sudden disappearance on the 6th was that he informed his handler for the 7/7 exercise that he was not going to be able to meet his obligations due to his wife's extreme ill health. He may then have been told to ensure that the others could make it without him because it was certain that the bombings were not going to be called-off but unfortunately he had now presented his handlers with a problem that had only one possible outcome and I do not believe that I actually need to spell this out.

Could this possibly also neatly explain why the attendant at the filling station where Tanweer filled his car and argued about the change he was given, stated categorically that he only saw one other person in Tanweer's car, Hasib Hussain. Khan was almost certainly not there and probably unknown to Tanweer and Hussain, was already dead. This would also provide a reason that the now-suppressed BBC Radio 5 news reports from the morning of 7/7 reported that only two and not three 'suspected terrorists' had been shot at

Canary Wharf and as seen by dozens of witnesses in the surrounding office buildings.

Anyway, on the morning of 7/7, Germaine Lindsay drove the relatively short distance from Aylesbury in nearby Buckinghamshire to meet the other so-called bombers at Luton railway station. He arrived too early and decided to take a short nap in his car before the others were due to rendezvous with him. Interestingly, he paid for a car park ticket for the full day but surely, had he been a real suicide bomber and not a patsy he would have known that he had only a few short hours left to live and this would then have rendered the purchase of a ticket totally unnecessary.

At the inquest, one of the station attendants, a Mr Patel, gave testimony to the Inquest to the effect that a man whom he identified from photographs as Germaine Lindsay, arrived on the concourse of King's Cross station and immediately asked to speak urgently with 'the Duty Manager' and stated that it was 'very important'. Mr Patel remembered Lindsay simply for the reason that it was extremely unusual for any member of the public to know the exact job title of the person in overall charge of the station. Usually people would ask for the 'supervisor' or simply the 'manager'. By this time there was utter chaos on the station concourse. The metal grilles on the outer doors to the station had been lowered and locked shut and passengers were not being allowed through the barriers. A sizeable crowd had gathered and were starting to abuse staff in their frustration at being unable to enter the station concourse and several police community support personnel were trying to keep order. However when Patel managed to finally locate the Duty Manager, Germaine Lindsay had disappeared, as it turned out – forever.

The primary cause of Lindsay's confusion was the fact that he was late for his date with destiny and events had already spiralled out of control for both the patsies and the real perpetrators, by this time. The train upon which the 'bombers' had been scheduled to travel from Luton to London King's Cross station, the 7.40am, had been cancelled. The train that they eventually caught was also delayed by 23 minutes and so by the time the hapless foursome arrived in London using their 'return' tickets, yes return tickets note, the master-plan was already underway without them as they had all already missed their respective trains.

According to many people who visited the Leeds area they had spoken with several local residents and all were adamant that all three of Khan, Hussain

and Tanweer had shown no inclination whatsoever in their communities towards political or religious radicalism.

In much the same vein as other inside-jobs or false flag events, there are so few videos or even still photographs of the quartet together. Even those that do exist could easily have been 'photo-shopped' with only a basic knowledge of this technique. In reality there should be dozens if not hundreds of pictures of these men at various stages of the plot. London is the most CCTV-intensive environment on the planet and so the pertinent question must be, why are there only two extremely poor, grainy, still pictures of the four, one at Luton station and one at Kings Cross, Thameslink station, the date and time stamps on which could have easily been faked. In fact I could probably have done it myself! Is it possible perchance that the photos of Khan have been dubbed-in from the 'dummy run' that the foursome carried out on the 29th June 2005, a mere eight days earlier?

The mobile phone evidence places them all on the correct train at the correct time, the Luton to Kings Cross train that is. However, there are three issues here worthy of note. Firstly, this is relatively new evidence that was not released in the previous, 2006 hearing. Why should this be? Is it an invented afterthought maybe, to lend greater credence to the official conspiracy theory? Secondly, is it really likely that the four men would have been texting each other on a train upon which they were all travelling together? And thirdly and perhaps most significant, this type of evidence is ridiculously easy to fake. It is after all simply a series of printed characters on an official-looking piece of paper.

It is worth at this juncture mentioning the famous 'terror-warning' videos made by Khan and Tanweer and which have been submitted as 'proof' of their radical or terrorist tendencies. Khan and Tanweer could easily have been coerced into making the Jihad-inciting videos that have played such a large part in convincing the public to accept their guilt. They were employees of the government for at least two days (possibly more) after all and probably very well-paid employees for the dry-run on the 29th June and the day of 7/7 itself. They would no doubt have been told that the exercise had to be completely realistic and were probably told that the film would be used by the station staff and other authorities to aid them in intercepting the four suspected 'terrorists'. The 'threats' from Khan and Tanweer on the videos are totally vague and unspecific and unconvincing in the extreme. When Khan's wife first saw the video it was reported that she said, "That's not my husband."

Her brother however, said he believed it was Khan. I would surmise that it is most likely that her words were taken completely out of context and that she actually meant 'that is not the husband I know as he would never say those things'.

Daniel Obachike is the most famous of the survivors of the bus blast in Tavistock Square, the '4th bomb' as it has come to be known. Daniel's experiences, terrible as they were on the day were also matched subsequently by the sheer terror he experienced by being subjected to several years of overt threats and surveillance by MI5. All he is guilty of is telling the truth as he saw it that day.

"I'm just a regular guy, I was born and bred and work in London and that day I was on my way to work in Old Street and there was some kind of disruption going on. We were told that it was a power surge on the underground and that's how I came to be on the bus." Daniel Obachike

He described in detail how he boarded the bus at Euston along with several dozen others who had all been denied access to the tube station as he thought that the bus was going in the direction he required. Shortly after the bus had started its journey, Daniel looked out of the window and saw two cars, a black Mercedes and a blue BMW blocking the road and their drivers directing the bus away from its normal route, towards Tavistock Square. It was in Tavistock Square where the bus exploded and this is where events took a distinctly sinister turn.

After the explosion, instinct took over and he just ran as fast as possible off the bus and away down the street in the direction the bus had just travelled in order to escape the scene. A few yards down the street, Daniel noticed that a man was actually filming him running away at which point he became confused and stopped. He looked around him and back in the direction of the bus which he could now see had the entire top-deck blown away by the blast

The 7/7 bus explosion

At this point his demeanour abruptly changed from fear to curiosity as he became aware that something strange was going on.

"I was looking at the people moving into the actual space on the square. There were guys who were hanging around. There was a row of policemen who were just standing there in yellow fluorescent jackets, they weren't doing anything, they were just watching. There was this guy filming and I'm saying 'what is going on here'. It didn't feel right."

Contrary to other witness' statements, Daniel says he did not see any Asian-looking man on the lower deck of the bus, nor did he see an Asian man get on the bus at any time. The Metropolitan Police later changed their initial reports that the bomber was on the lower deck and instead placed him on the upper deck of the bus.

Daniel then described a man who he noticed after the blast, as he appeared to be injured but was acting very strangely. He (Daniel) went to help an injured woman and was assisting her down the street ahead of the bus towards a hotel where she could at least sit whilst waiting for medical attention and in doing so he passed a man who seemed to be injured himself as he was swathed in bandages. However, he was extremely confused by this because the man was forty or fifty metres ahead of the bus and the bomb blast had actually travelled backwards and had even killed a passer-by behind the bus. This person was making a lot of noise and generally creating a fuss by rolling around in the road which Daniel thought at the time was extremely strange behaviour, not to mention poor acting.

Do not forget that all this took place within perhaps a minute of the explosion and so how on earth had this man managed to gain medical assistance let alone be already sporting bandages?

In addition to this strange scenario, Daniel noticed that…

"Some people were running forward, the medical staff and the medical professionals, you could tell who they were because they were seeing what they could try and do for people. But then there were these other people who were just watching, taking notes, organising people, moving things around."

Daniel then went on to say that he believed that this person whoever he was, had prior knowledge and prior intelligence and was placed at the scene for some ulterior purpose. He actually conducted his own search on the Internet after the event, because a few days after the event, his picture 'was everywhere' and yet has now been removed from Internet. The face of this

man complete with bandaged head was all over the BBC and British news websites as well as most of the international ones too.

There were also four men in a blue uniform and who had rucksacks and also two or three people who were just standing in doorways watching the scene and there was another person who was controlling everything. He was in plain-clothes and was co-ordinating police activity once they had started to actually do something other than simply standing around.

Following the day of the attacks, Daniel made several attempts to contact the police to give his statement, but they simply did not want to talk to him. Eventually he gave up trying in frustration but soon noticed that he was under supposed covert surveillance. He also received several intimidating phone calls warning him to stop trying to make public his suspicions and knows that he was being followed for almost a year after the event.

Interestingly, it was later discovered that the day prior to the incident, this bus had been off the road all day for 'maintenance' work to be carried out. It is also noteworthy that both security cameras on the bus were 'inoperative' that day, despite the fact that the bus had just undergone a full maintenance check the previous day. How convenient this is, but of course why would we expect them to change a successful cover-up strategy when it is proven to be effective in incident after incident, with never a query or even a passing comment from the lapdogs of the media, let alone the general public.

Daniel is absolutely 100% certain to this day that Hasib Hussain was not on the bus and did not carry out the bombing.

The four alleged terrorists all had four or more mobile phones each; one of their own private phones and at least three other 'operational' phones that they are supposed to have used to confound anyone who might attempt to track their communications and obstruct their diabolical plan. However, I believe it much more likely that these phones were supplied by their handlers and that their possession of them facilitated the tracking of their every movement. For example Tanweer and Lindsay were easily traced to Canary Wharf after they had panicked and gone on the run. They were presumably, naively hoping to tell their story to the British press before the security services caught up with them, an endeavour which to their great personal cost, ultimately failed miserably.

Anthony John Hill aka 'Muad'Dib' (named for a character in Frank Herbert's sci-fi story 'Dune') produced an excellent video-film '7/7 Ripple Effect' bringing much hitherto unknown information to the attention of the

public and when in 2008 a group of 'Islamic terrorists', allegedly associates of Khan, were arraigned for trial at Kingston Crown Court, Hill mailed two copies of his DVD to the court. One envelope was addressed to the judge and the other to the foreman of the jury. Neither DVD reached its intended recipient but shortly afterwards a request for Hill to be extradited from Ireland (he lived in Kells, County Meath at the time) was sent to the Irish Ministry of Justice. The request was successful and Hill was arrested on a charge of attempting to pervert the course of justice by a British policeman, accompanied back to Britain and incarcerated in Wandsworth prison shortly before the start of the 7/7 Inquest. After much legal argument and a completely farcical and biased court case, Hill was eventually acquitted by a sympathetic jury much to the great chagrin of the presiding judge who had instructed them to find him guilty regardless of the fact that there was no evidence to support the Crown's claims against him. Justice? What justice?

A tragic but nevertheless interesting postscript to this whole sorry incident was the shooting of the Brazilian man, Jean Charles de Menezes two weeks following 7/7. The official version of events was that he was thought by a group of armed policeman to be a terrorist as he was (according to them) wearing a large overcoat on a warm sunny day and appeared to be hiding something underneath it as well as having a 'foreign' appearance. According to the police account, he was spotted and chased, at which point he fled in panic, vaulted the barrier at Stockwell tube station and boarded a train in his futile attempts to avoid arrest. At this point the police caught him and held him down and simply shot him seven times in the head. Not once, but seven times.

Why would they do this when he was already under restraint? Again the official version stated that it was because they thought he had a bomb and was going to detonate it at any moment. Do they really think we are all so stupid? What purpose would shooting someone in the head seven times when already under restraint, serve? Why would simply handcuffing him not fulfil much the same purpose? There is no doubt in my mind that this action was taken in order to ensure that there was no way that de Menezes could survive and as with many aspects of this whole sorry story, there is far more to this particular incident than meets the eye.

For a start, it was subsequently proven that de Menezes was not wearing a large overcoat as the police had falsely claimed; he was wearing a t-shirt, lightweight jeans and a short, light denim jacket. He had no bag with him and

nor was he carrying anything else that could have been mistaken for a bomb or explosive device. In fact the whole story about him fleeing and the police giving chase into Stockwell tube station was a complete fabrication. Jean actually sauntered into the station, used his 'Oyster' pre-paid travel card in the normal fashion and headed for a train bound for his destination of North West London where he happened to be working at the time. Having disembarked from the escalator at the appropriate platform, a train was just arriving and so he jogged leisurely along the platform and boarded the train carriage. He sat down at a convenient seat and took out the newspaper he had with him, to read on the journey. At this point an undercover, plain-clothed police officer standing in the tube carriage identified Jean to nearby (similarly plain-clothed) officers at which point they raced onto the tube-train carriage, dragged him out of his seat, held him down and shot him as described previously, killing him instantly. Incidentally, the bullets used were known as 'dum dum' bullets which are particularly vicious, causing maximum possible damage to human flesh and bone. These bullets are 'illegal' in international warfare so it really does beg the question as to why the Metropolitan police were issued with them – or indeed was this a 'special' case that warranted their use?

Jean's family were not informed about his killing until more than 24 hours after it happened despite the officers on the scene finding Jean's wallet with his Brazilian driving licence inside it. The Metropolitan Police immediately began briefing the press with 'off the record' statements saying that Jean was a terrorist, that he was acting suspiciously, that he was wearing a bulky coat and that he was challenged but refused to co-operate. All of these statements have of course subsequently proven to be absolutely, totally false.

Usually in the event of a death at the hands of the police, an immediate investigation is begun by the Independent Police Complaints Commission (IPCC). However, one hour after Jean was killed; the head of the Metropolitan Police, Sir Iain Blair contacted the Home Office asking for the immediate suspension of any investigation by the IPCC. He ordered his officers to close Stockwell tube to any investigations and as a result of this it was six days before the IPCC could begin their investigations. This of course was six days during which vital evidence could have been fabricated or destroyed and a cover-up could have been instigated.

Five hours after de Menezes was murdered, Sir Iain Blair appeared on national television stating that the 'incident' at Stockwell tube was related to

the anti-terrorism operations and that Jean was challenged and resisted (a blatant lie). He also claimed that he was not told until the next day that Jean had been an innocent man but this must be a blatant lie, I feel. Do they seriously expect us to believe that a man was shot to death in this brutal, illegal manner and yet the head of the force was not told about it until the next day? In any event it was subsequently discovered that Blair had contacted the Home Office regarding the matter, one hour after the incident.

The family of de Menezes firmly believe that the actions of police officers and of Sir Iain Blair constitute an attempted 'cover-up' operation. The disappearance of the CCTV from Stockwell tube (that old trick again), the attempt to block the IPCC from commencing their investigations, the tampering of the police records on the day, the police briefings suggesting Jean was acting suspiciously, all suggest that the police knew far more than they were admitting. To this day, no officer has yet been prosecuted or disciplined for the de Menezes killing, thus confirming the impression that the police in the UK are free to act with impunity and without consequence to their actions.

So, was this really all a huge mistake or could it have been something more sinister? The undercover police officers obviously knew where to find de Menezes on that day, unless we believe that they just happened to be loitering at Stockwell tube station, armed to the teeth, at that precise moment with nothing particularly better to do with their time. If this was not the case, then what was the reason for the elaborate cover-up and frantic attempts to cover their tracks? The primary justification from the police for de Menezes' shooting was that they suspected him of being a terrorist simply because he was wearing a large coat which they 'believed' was concealing a bomb but as this has since been proved to be a gross lie, it also negates the excuse given for shooting him seven times in the head, which even assuming the police were telling the truth, was extremely flimsy at best. So what could the real motivation have been?

Jean Charles de Menezes was an electrician by trade, a fact never disclosed by the police at the time. In fact at one point in the aftermath of the event they actually point-blank refused to name his occupation. This I believe to be highly significant in the light of subsequent information I received.

Several years ago whilst in London at a conference, I happened to sit next to a local man who claimed that he had known him vaguely. He told me that de Menezes' occupation was electrical engineer and that he had been working as a contractor on the London tube immediately prior to 7/7. This person

then told me that he strongly believed that de Menezes was brutally murdered not because he was mistaken as a terror suspect at all, but simply because he had been privy to aspects of the plot, in particular relating to the planting of the explosives under the floors of the trains which were detonated by means of 'power surges' and afterwards, despite serious threats against him and his family, he could not resist telling what really happened, to anyone who would listen.

This is complete speculation as I have no proof whatsoever that it is true but it does have a certain 'ring of truth' to it and would neatly explain the mystery.

However, no matter what the real truth, the fact remains that the illegal shooting of Jean Charles de Menezes was certainly no mistake and was, I am convinced, part of the cover-up operation of the 7/7 tragedy.

The fake 'War on Terrorism' and the real 'War on Islam'

Despite the fact that you may not believe it to be possible, terrorism was actually created by Western governments to justify perpetual war. It is not an expression of dissent from a suppressed minority as we are constantly led to believe (except in rare, minor cases). For example, the Taliban is not a terrorist organisation as we are always told by the compliant media, but a movement attempting to unify Afghanistan under Muslim law and the only westerners threatened by the Taliban are the ones sent to Afghanistan by their 'governments' to kill Taliban and to impose a puppet state on the Afghan people in order to facilitate the expansion of corporate profits and interests, currently denied them by the actions of said Taliban. One man's terrorist is indeed another man's freedom fighter.

In George Orwell's 1984, the fake terrorist threat is very effectively used as a tool to spread fear and compliance among the population of 'Airstrip One', the new name for Great Britain. Whenever the government wishes to impose a new law or further restrict freedoms in any way, they wheel out their utterly invented, fake nemesis, 'Emmanuel Goldstein' who is then, along with his band of terrorists, said to have committed such and such an atrocity, effectively smoothing the way for further draconian restrictions of freedoms by invoking the Hegelian Dialectic (problem, reaction, solution). Does this sound at all familiar? For 'Emmanuel Goldstein' simply read 'Osama bin Laden', 'Colonel Gaddafi' or 'Saddam Hussein' and all may become clearer.

The utterly ridiculous assertion that Iran is supplying sophisticated arms to the Palestinians is like the similarly false assertion that Saddam Hussein had weapons of mass destruction in Iraq. These assertions are propagandistic justifications for killing Arab civilians and destroying civilian infrastructure in order to further US, British and Israeli hegemony in the Middle East.

The current perceived threat posed by Islam is the main barrier to the widespread expansion of Elite Zionism and therefore this makes it necessary for the Zionists to totally eliminate this threat. They do this by painting all Muslims as potential terrorists and then infiltrating Muslim dissident groups and by the use of coercion and the funding of their activities, these groups are

subtly enticed to carry out minor acts of terror that can be inflated beyond all belief by the lackeys of the press and then used as examples of 'the horrors of Islamic extremism'.

It may thus be seen therefore, that the 'war on terror' is a gigantic hoax among many others that combine to make-up and sustain our fake reality.

Consider these numbers for a moment; the reason will soon become apparent...

In the USA in 2008, heart disease killed 870,000 people, doctor and hospital errors 200,000, road deaths were 43,000, salmonella poisoning 600 and terrorism 6 (and even that low figure is being extremely generous!)

In 2009 the heart disease prevention budget was $2.9 bn whilst the anti-terrorism budget was $160 bn.

What is wrong with this picture? Where is the war on heart disease, the war on medical inadequacy, road deaths and salmonella?

Unfortunately, heart disease does not generate profits for the Elite military-industrial complex on the same scale as terrorism or indeed further the Elite agenda in any significant way. 'Fighting terrorism' is a wonderfully expedient way of continuing a war economy without end against an enemy that cannot even be adequately defined let alone conquered, has no discernible borders and no national identity to destroy. It is in fact the perfect 'enemy' for those who wish to deceive and enslave us and keep us in a permanent state of poverty and disenfranchisement by waging perpetual, unwinnable war, exactly as described in glorious detail by George Orwell in 1984.

"According to US government propaganda, terrorist cells are spread throughout America, making it necessary for the government to spy on all Americans and violate most other constitutional protections. Among President Bush's last words as he left office was the warning that America would soon be struck again by Muslim terrorists. If America were infected with terrorists, we would not need the government to tell us. We would know it from events. As there are no events, the US government substitutes warnings in order to keep alive the fear that causes the public to accept pointless wars, the infringement of civil liberty, national ID cards, and inconveniences and harassments when they fly. The most obvious indication that there are no terrorist cells is that not a single neocon has been assassinated." Paul Craig Roberts, The War on Terror is a Hoax, 2009

The evolution of western societies as genuine democracies with the ability to unify mankind on a broad basis, has been derailed consistently and perhaps

irreversibly, by corporate cartels that have taken these countries down the path of global conquest and total exploitation of many poor but resource-rich countries, committing genocide in the process.

"The world does not hate the freedoms of Americans. They hate the assumptive power and presumptive freedoms of the US government that thinks it can tell any lie, fabricate any war, kill entire villages and destroy entire nations to terminate one alleged 'terrorist.' After one egregious act after another, and with no disregard for life whatsoever, they have the gall to pass yet another law to defend them from having to face the truth and be held accountable for their actions that have besmirched and defamed the name of America and all of its citizens." Karl W. B. Schwarz, 16th December 2011

The Elite corporations involved in this insidious plan, operate secretly, often illegally, sometimes within utterly immoral 'laws' lobbied-for by themselves and without regard for the wider interests of humanity in general. Thus, the exploited countries see the western democracies, in particular, the US, the UK and Israel as a power of unprecedented and unmatched ruthlessness. The US is not only the greatest super-power in history, but it is also the greatest subversive power ever to inflict itself upon humanity.

"Every 10 years or so [even more frequently than that recently – JH] the US needs to pick up some crappy little country and throw it against the wall, just to show we mean business." Michael Ledeen

This 'business' is corporate business. Corporations have infiltrated the White House, the US legislative bodies and judiciary, as well as the US 'alphabet soup' agencies, some of which, such as the CIA, were created at the behest of Wall Street financial interests anyway in order to further their own agendas on foreign soil. And this is also true of America's allies' secret services. Indeed, not one of the so-called 'western democracies' have escaped corporate infiltration and in effect a secret takeover by Elite, corporate interests. This corporate ascendancy in the western power structure is now a constant and deeply-embedded feature of international politics. The people of the world are now almost 'out of the loop' completely as democracy has been totally hijacked. This is in fact the real danger to the future of mankind, not so-called 'terrorism'.

How often are we warned of the extreme dangers posed to our 'democracy' and 'way of life', by the 'terrorist' group Al Qaeda that according to the Elite, has cells everywhere in the world simultaneously, all in possession of unlimited

funding? The popular translation attributed to 'Al-Qaeda' is 'the database,' which is said to refer to the CIA records of supposed Muslim extremists. However, the correct translation of the Arabic term Al-Qaeda is 'the toilet'. The Arabic verb 'Qa'ada' means 'to sit on the toilet'. Arab homes have one or more of three kinds of toilets: 'Hamam Franji' or 'Al-Qaeda' or foreign toilet, 'Hamam Arabi' or Arab toilet, and a potty used by children called 'Ma Qa'adia' or 'Little Qaeda'. 'Ana raicha al Qaeda' is a colloquial expression for 'I am going to the toilet'. Why would a terrorist group call itself 'the toilet'? Simply because Al-Qaeda is CIA/MI6/Mossad-Zionist fiction and a pathetic, humourless attempt at an 'insider' joke. These entities love nothing better than a good old laugh at our 'ignorance'.

"Al Qaeda has never existed; there are no magic worldwide terror conspiracies other than those run by governments. There are several of those and I have written extensively on these. Google will help you with this if you are curious." Gordon Duff, Veterans Today, August 2011

Azzam Yahiye Gadahn also known as 'Azzam the American' and the 'new Bin Laden' is the so called Al-Qaeda spokesperson who releases videos tormenting the world with his anti-American rants. The FBI even has him on their 'most wanted terrorist' lists. However, in reality he is an American Jew named Adam Pearlman, from California. Pearlman's grandfather, Carl Pearlman, was a prominent surgeon and on the board of directors of the Zionist Anti-Defamation League. This is another sick joke which could almost be funny were it not so serious a matter. They are taunting us and laughing at us all whilst we all slumber in our blind apathy.

"International terrorism is a fantasy that has been exaggerated and distorted by politicians. It is a dark illusion that has spread unquestioned through governments around the world, the security services and the international media." British author, Adam Curtis

"It is the policy of the United States government to provoke violent extremist groups into action. Once they are in play, their responses can then be used in whatever way the government that provoked them sees fit. And we also know that these provocations are being used, as a matter of deliberate policy, to rouse violent groups on the 'Af-Pak' front to launch terrorist attacks." Chris Floyd 'Darkness Renewed: Terror as a Tool of Empire' 2009

Some highly-paid intellectual prostitutes-cum-guardians of the Elite-approved 'truth' allege that Islam breeds terrorism. The western mass-media then complements this theoretically convenient notion to poison the public

perceptions against Arabs and all Muslims in general. And thus the perception of 'radical Islam' was manufactured and enhanced by the 'fear' of terrorism as if Arabs and Muslims in general are all evil personified and terrorism was an exclusive domain of the Islamic religious tenets.

"Terrorism is a political technique, not an ideology and any group willing to use violence in pursuit of its political goals may resort to it. There are left-wing terrorists and right-wing terrorists; national terrorist and international terrorists; Christian, Muslim, Jewish, Hindu, Buddhist and atheist terrorists. In theory, you could have a 'war against terrorism', but it would involve trying to kill everybody who uses this technique anywhere in the world. The United States is not trying to do that, so it is not fighting a 'war against terror'. In reality, what the United States leadership is doing is fighting its own articulated war against the people and nations who had no animosity, nor did any perceive a capability to threaten the US as a global power". Gwynne Dyer, 'The International Terrorist Conspiracy.' June 2006

Bush's famously emotive rhetoric 'you are either with us or you are with the terrorists' is perfectly worded to emotionally influence the masses. Emotional appeals to fear and to patriotism have led most of the population to accept unaccountable government in the name of 'the war on terror'. What supreme irony it is that so many people have been convinced that their 'personal safety' depends upon the sacrifice of their civil liberties and truly accountable government.

There is absolutely no 'terrorism' in the thoughts and in the words of Islamic prayers and no Arabic-Islamic vocabulary exists of 'extremism' or 'terrorism' to reciprocate the western accusations and Elite media propaganda campaigns. In a rational context, the 'War on Terrorism' has nothing to do with the alleged terrorists; it is a war to help Halliburton, Bectal, Blackwater, Wackenhut, Exxon, BP, Shell and other mega-corporations to capitalise their holds on the oil supplies and gas pipelines. US Defence Secretary Donald Rumsfeld (Mr. Aspartame) contracted Halliburton, run by Dick Cheney for $7 billion works to be done in Iraq before the invasion of March 2003. President Bush passed Executive Order #13303, providing complete immunity from criminal prosecution to the American oil companies dealing with the Iraqi oil management. Is history going to wait for the cessation of the unilateral hostilities? Will the American-led war achieve its agenda priorities or meet the same fate as the Roman, Nazi and the Soviet Empires? Hopefully, history will

judge the nations involved by their actions, not by the false claims of their leaders.

"The United States government is planning to use 'cover and deception' and secret military operations to provoke murderous terrorist attacks on innocent people. Let's say it again: Donald Rumsfeld, Dick Cheney, George W. Bush and the other members of the unelected regime in Washington plan to deliberately foment the murder of innocent people – your family, your friends, your lovers, you – in order to further their geopolitical ambitions".
Chris Floyd 'Darkness Renewed: Terror as a Tool of Empire' 2009

So, in summary, I would make this plea to anyone who cannot see how fear and 'terror' is being used as a tool to subjugate the world and its gullible peoples… Please wake up and look beyond the mainstream news media. Look a little deeper into both current and past events. By doing so, you will help prevent your children and your children's children from becoming the slaves and pawns of the super-rich, forever.

HAARP - the High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program

Weather and Geological Manipulation

HAARP is possibly the most dangerous and sinister weapon known to man as well as being probably the least well known to the general public. I would place it ahead of even the Atomic and Hydrogen bombs in this respect.

It consists of a huge installation of antennae, in Alaska USA and is the largest ionospheric heater in the world (see picture above) capable of heating a 1000 square kilometre area of the ionosphere to over 50,000 degrees. It is also a phased array, meaning that it is steerable, despite widespread claims to the contrary by its apologists and its waves can be directed to a selected target area. By transmitting radio frequency energy up into the skies above us and focusing, it causes the ionosphere to heat considerably. This heating literally lifts the ionosphere within a 30 mile diameter area thereby changing localised pressure systems or perhaps the route of jet streams. Moving a jet stream is in itself a phenomenal event. The problem being that it is not possible to model the system accurately. Long term consequences of atmospheric heating are unknown. Changing weather in one place can have a devastating downstream effect and HAARP has already been accused of modifying weather for geopolitical as well as other possibly even more sinister functions.

Manipulating the weather and the environment for the purposes of US government sponsored terrorism is definitely not within the discussion remit of the mainstream news. But it would appear that that is exactly what is happening.

HAARP is part of the weapons arsenal of the New World Order under the Strategic Defence Initiative (SDI). From military command points in the US, entire national economies could potentially be destabilised through climatic manipulations. More importantly, the latter can be implemented without the knowledge of the enemy, at minimal cost and without engaging military personnel and equipment as in a conventional war. The use of HAARP, if it were to be applied, could have potentially devastating impacts on the World's climate.

HAARP is based in Alaska, where not only are we witnessing an increased incidence of earthquakes, but the prolonged eruption of volcanoes. In 1958, then chief White House adviser on weather modification, Captain Howard T. Orville said that the US Defence Department was looking for ways to 'manipulate the charges of the earth and sky and so affect the weather by using an electronic beam to ionize or de- ionize the atmosphere over a specific area.' Recently, an ice bridge in the Antarctic collapsed and the Wilkins Ice Shelf could be on the brink of breaking away. Is HAARP melting ice? Is HAARP mapping weather patterns, agricultural seasons and crop cycles, or actually influencing them?

Responding to US economic, strategic and geo-political interests, it could easily be used and indeed has been used to selectively modify climate in different parts of the World resulting in the destabilisation of agricultural and ecological systems. It is also worth noting that the US Department of Defence has allocated substantial resources to the development of intelligence and monitoring systems on weather changes. NASA and the Department of Defence's National Imagery and Mapping Agency (NIMA) are working on 'imagery for studies of flooding, erosion, land-slide hazards, earthquakes, ecological zones, weather forecasts, and climate change' with data relayed from satellites.

2004 Asian Earthquake /Tsunami

On 26th December 2004, the Indian Ocean earthquake that generated the subsequent tsunami that killed over one quarter of a million people was unleashed on an unsuspecting world. The magnitude of this earthquake was 9.3 on the Richter scale, making it one of the most deadly and destructive in all known history. Wikipedia states that the earthquake itself lasted almost ten minutes when most major earthquakes last no more than a few seconds. It caused the entire planet to vibrate several centimetres and it also triggered earthquakes elsewhere, even as far away as Alaska. The section in Wikipedia, 'Tectonic Plates' provides more shocking pieces of information.

"Seismographic and acoustic data indicate that the first phase involved the formation of a rupture about . . . 250 miles . . . long and . . . 60 miles wide, located . . . 19 miles . . . beneath the sea bed - the longest known rupture ever known to have been caused by an earthquake.

As well as the sideways movement between the plates, the sea bed is estimated to have risen by several metres, displacing an estimated . . . 7 cubic miles . . . of water and triggering devastating tsunami waves. The waves did not originate from a point source, as mistakenly depicted in some illustrations of their spread, but radiated outwards along the entire . . . 750 miles . . . length of the rupture. This greatly increased the geographical area over which the waves were observed, reaching as far as Mexico, Chile and the Arctic. The raising of the seabed significantly reduced the capacity of the Indian Ocean, producing a permanent rise in the global sea level by an estimated 0.1 mm."

These facts are truly astounding. There has obviously been a massive impact, including the raising of the seabed, causing the sea level worldwide to rise by 0.1 mm.

In the section entitled 'Power of the earthquake', there are even more disturbing statistics.

"The total energy released by the earthquake in the Indian Ocean . . . is equivalent to 100 gigatons of TNT, or about as much energy as is used in the United States in 6 months. It is estimated to have resulted in an oscillation of the Earth's surface of about 20–30 cm (8 to 12 in), equivalent to the effect of the tidal forces caused by the Sun and Moon. The shock waves of the earthquake were felt across the planet; as far away as Oklahoma, vertical movements of 3 mm (0.12 in) were recorded. The entire Earth's surface is estimated to have moved vertically by up to 1 cm. . . . It also caused the Earth

to minutely 'wobble' on its axis by up to 2.5 cm (1 in) . . . or perhaps by up to 5 or 6 cm (2.0 to 2.4 in)."

So, here is an event that expends so much energy it literally shortens the day, causes the earth to wobble and its surface to raise significantly.

Why would the Elite-controlled, US military-industrial complex want to turn the Indian Ocean area into a huge disaster area? It seems inconceivable and pointlessly destructive – at first glance. However, consider this; the Aceh area of Indonesia, the geographical location most badly hit by the earthquake/tsunami is known to be extremely rich in untapped oil resources. Once this fact is understood it all becomes much clearer. At this time, probably significantly, Aceh was in the grip of a devastating civil war, largely unreported in the Western, controlled media and seriously hampering the extraction and distribution of the oil reserves.

It would seem that on the morning of 26 December 2004, despite subsequent denials, the US authorities had foreknowledge of the earthquake (via the extensive early warning system in place) and the probable course of and the effects of the resulting tsunami. As was the case on 9-11, the automatic warning system stood down, to allow a terrorist act to occur using the HAARP technology, to justify upcoming militarisation of the area with US troops in an area rich with oil. Whether HAARP-induced or not, the critical issue would be the stand-down of the automatic earthquake warning system among its subscribing member nations. This is at best criminal negligence and at worst a deliberate act of genocide for monetary and geopolitical gain.

The provable fact that an advance warning was given to Australia and the US military base in Indonesia only, demonstrates conclusively that there was criminal intent involved. The third-world areas affected were left to suffer horrendously whilst oil-rich Aceh was invaded by over 2000 heavily armed US marines and two aircraft carriers equipped with dozens of 'state of the art' Cobra attack helicopters. Strange also that the US military base in Indonesia also knew in advance about the planned attack / Tsunami. The critical point of fore-knowledge, whilst not comprising conclusive proof of the use of HAARP technology, at least makes this possibility realistic. We know that the technology has the capability to create the Asian tsunami so it is a fairly simple step of logic to deduce that the end-goal, ie. the US invasion of Aceh province would have justified the action in the twisted minds of those self-styled masters of the Universe. Why would it be left to chance and the hope that a

purely-by-chance incident of geological devastation would occur to facilitate a planned invasion?

"Others (terrorists) are engaging even in an eco-type of terrorism whereby they can alter the climate, set off earthquakes and volcanoes remotely through the use of electromagnetic waves... So there are plenty of ingenious minds out there that are at work finding ways in which they can wreak terror upon other nations... It's real, and that's the reason why we have to intensify our (counterterrorism) efforts." US Secretary of Defence, William Cohen, April 1997 at a 'counter-terrorism conference'

Am I alone in finding the irony in this statement?

Cohen confirmed that there are in existence, electromagnetic weapons of this nature and there have been for many years, which have been and are being used to initiate earthquakes, engineer the weather and climate and also initiate the eruption of volcanoes. Several nations now indeed have these weapons.

Following on shortly after the tsunami, on 28th March 2005, there was another earthquake in Northern Sumatra and Indonesia, measuring an almost equally gigantic 8.7 on the Richter scale, according to the National Earthquake Information Centre, US Geological Survey. In addition, there were to be a total of six giant earthquakes around the World in 2005, all with a magnitude greater than 7.0.

Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution issued a news release entitled "Major Caribbean Earthquakes and Tsunamis a Real Risk — Events rare, but scientists call for public awareness, warning system."

Paragraph 2 states that, "In a new study published December 24, 2004 in the Journal of Geophysical Research from the American Geophysical Union, geologists Uri ten Brink of the U.S. Geological Survey in Woods Hole and Jian Lin of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution (WHOI) report a heightened earthquake risk of the Septentrional fault zone, which cuts through the highly populated region of the Cibao Valley in the Dominican Republic. In addition, they caution, the geologically active offshore Puerto Rico and Hispaniola trenches are capable of producing earthquakes of magnitude 7.5 and higher. The Indonesian earthquake on December 26, which generated a tsunami that killed (to date), an estimated 250,000 people, came from a fault of similar structure, but was a magnitude 9.0, much larger than the recorded quakes near the Puerto Rico Trench."

There appeared to be a sudden spate of major earthquakes in 2005. On 8th October 2005, yet another massive quake killed over 25,000 people and injured

and displaced many thousands more in the Hindu Kush mountain region of southern Pakistan. Estimates of the quake's magnitude varied from 6.8 to 7.8, with the United States Geological Survey putting the number at 7.6. Its epicentre was roughly 60 miles north of the Pakistani capital, Islamabad, where 20 'significant aftershocks' measuring between 5 and 6.2 magnitude were felt throughout the day, said Dr. Qamar-uz-Zaman Chaudhry, director general of the Meteorological Department in Islamabad.

The earthquake, which sent tremors as far east as New Delhi, the Indian capital, and west to Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, the 'biggest shock to strike the country in a century', besides of course the US and allied Military forces.

Two other major, more recent earthquakes are worthy of further mention in this context.

2008 China earthquake, Sichuan Province

China actually seriously considered going to war with the USA in retaliation for what was seen as deliberate act of terrorism in instigating the 2008 earthquake.

Photographs proved that 90 million watt, pulsed long-wave radio waves from the HAARP array in Alaska, combined with pulsed microwaves from a US Military Satellite in orbit, caused Chinese land to 'resonate'.

As the land began resonating, its movement tore itself apart, causing the massive earthquake.

Photos from Tianshui city, Gansu province, China the city nearest the epicentre of the quake, show strange cloud patterns a full two days before the quake hit. The cloud formations can be seen breaking apart in patterns indicating they were being hit systematically with something from above.

The clouds were being affected by the two sets of waves. As the waves beamed down from the sky, the clouds broke apart in very orderly fashion; proving that something from above, other than the wind was affecting this region of China. Some clouds even had their own rainbow signatures. At the time of writing, these images may still be seen here:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KKMTSDzU1Z4

In this video it is actually possible to see that as the clouds move into the area being pounded by high-powered radio and micro waves, the clouds develop the internal rainbow motif. As they drift out of the high-powered radio and microwaves, the rainbows disappear.

The 'long wave' attack originated from the HAARP array in Alaska. These extremely long radio waves were pulsed slowly and travelled deep underground when they hit. The much smaller, pulsed microwaves emitted from a US military satellite, pulsed at a faster rate and, because the wavelength is so much smaller, they did not penetrate deeply into the ground. The deep rock began to resonate at one frequency and the surface rock/soil began to resonate at a different, faster rate.

The two separate rates of resonation caused literally billions of tons of dirt and rock to begin subtly, almost imperceptibly grinding against each other within the ground. With all that movement it did not take long for a key geological lock to be crushed, allowing a sudden movement of a large land area underground, which was felt as a massive earthquake at the surface.

If you think that electromagnetic waves cannot cause anything to move, consider your microwave oven. Using as little as 500 watts, microwaves travelling through food 'excite' the molecules within the food. The molecules begin rubbing together and the friction generated by the molecules bouncing off each other causes heat and the heat cooks the food. Now, take that same proven technique and multiply it to ninety million watts, pounding on a particular area for at least two full days. Would it not be possible for that amount of energy, bearing down relentlessly for at least two days, to cause the molecules inside the rocks to start moving? As the first rock molecules start to move, they move against other molecules causing not only heat but also tiny vibrations. As the vibrations spread to other rocks underground, they too start to vibrate.

When several billion tons of earth and rock start to vibrate, even imperceptibly to humans, the enormous weight of that small vibration has a truly devastating impact. All it takes is for that impact to act upon a weak point in the earth's rock structure, crushing it, which then allows a tectonic plate to move a distance possibly as small as one inch. When billions of tons of rock and earth suddenly move one inch, the resulting shockwave is felt as a huge earthquake.

Humans, surrounded by a buffer of air and subjected to local noise from traffic, aircraft and all other everyday sounds, would not hear or feel the subtle

vibration underground, although Chinese seismic sensors had detected the movement.

Initially, even meteorologists in China thought this was a natural phenomenon - until the earthquake struck in the exact same area. Then by the simple process of putting two and two together, they deduced that China had been subtly attacked.

At least 90,000 innocent people lost their lives whilst many hundreds of thousands were injured and left homeless. More than half a million buildings collapsed and the full scale of the disaster is unimaginable and its effects will be felt for decades to come.

While the human cost was steep, the financial impact of this attack total in the hundreds of billions, perhaps even trillions of dollars.

I believe that this attack was deliberate and it was done to show the Chinese who were the masters. Obey us (the Western Elite, 'New World Order') or China will be destroyed with a weapon that cannot be defended against and which leaves no forensic evidence to prove the quake was deliberate. The long-term ramifications of this are yet to fully unfold, but rest assured that China has not forgotten and will not just stand by and allow itself to be attacked in this manner. There have already been suspected moves on the part of the Chinese to use their massive financial capabilities to attack the US economy in retaliation and possibly de-stabilise the dollar and we are just now beginning to see the effects of this policy coming to fruition.

2010 Haiti earthquake

The 7.0 Earthquake striking Haiti destroyed much of The Haitian National Palace and most of Haiti as well. With most living well below the poverty threshold on £1 per day and one in four people living with mud floors, one can only imagine the devastation to a country that was barely surviving after being hit with four hurricanes in quick succession. The better-off in their concrete homes were crushed to death while the poor survived in tents.

Haiti is an independent black nation, a long time threat to American hegemony and imperialism and has defied the US government control structure for years. It is relatively close to a HAARP array in Puerto Rico, just a few hundred miles away and is a 3rd world country sat in the middle of

'Western civilisation'. Its citizens are little better off than peasants and ripe for exploitation without the rest of the world asking too many questions.

A street camera at the time of the earthquake clearly showed the ground moving up and down only, as if roiling, percolating or boiling. There was very little sway in the telephone poles. This very salient fact indicates super-heated ground water, not crust breaking or crust slippage which always goes sideways. This has to be the most telling evidence uncovered so far.

A video, taken above the city http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tB_XXqu6pmk shows dust and what appears to be steam rising all across the quake zone. There also appear to be some HAARP clouds, but this could possibly be just the sunset catching the bottoms of clouds as the quake occurred at 5.00pm.

A strange anomaly is that the earthquake was not actually on a fault line, but far south of the North American and Caribbean plates. Earthquakes are a particularly rare occurrence there, much less huge ones like this one. HAARP is able to create earthquakes anywhere there is water or trapped moisture and our planet is obviously riddled with underground water and pockets of gas. There were an excessive number of 5.0 aftershocks. This is highly unusual and may indicate the superheated ground could not cool off quickly enough, causing a recurrence of the problem. Scalar waves which are generated from electromagnetic waves can accomplish this and so this is crucial circumstantial evidence pointing to HAARP as the culprit.

Mainstream news blatantly lied about the earthquake being on the North American and Caribbean fault lines. If they tell lies about this issue, the question that remains in my mind is 'why is the media peddling disinformation about the issue?' When unnecessary lies are being propagated, one can only conclude that something is being covered-up.

Actually, Haiti is prime real estate once all the locals are disposed of or marginalised. The US military is now in control, without firing a shot and they seem to be doing a pretty good job of bringing about the destruction of the country's infrastructure having been given a good head start by its clandestine technology. The speed with which the 20,000 US troops arrived on the island, proves that plans were already in place before the event. And subsequent delays in the provision of vital supplies of food and medical aid, created the desperation and violence by the frustrated masses of survivors that provided a perfect excuse or justification for the imposition of heavy security measures.

Respect to the Elite is due. They are indeed very, very clever and audacious. Using HAARP technology, they have now perfected the science of taking over a country, murdering thousands of its citizens in cold blood and then being thanked by their victims.

Leaving aside the Earthquake situation for the moment, we can also investigate and scrutinise the recent spate of hurricanes, especially the two most disastrous in American history, Andrew in 1992 which devastated a large area of Florida and Katrina in 2005, which drowned an entire American city, New Orleans and made it resemble a third world disaster zone.

Hurricane Andrew 1992

Hurricane Andrew made landfall in the early hours of 24th August 1992 in South Dade County, Florida. According to the eye witness report of K T Frankovich, reported in Nexus magazine;

"Contrary to what the American news media broadcast across the United States and throughout Europe, the first outer wall of the hurricane unexpectedly slammed into South Dade, packing 214+ mph winds which quickly escalated to 350+ mph. Most of the 414,151 residents living in the danger zone were asleep when the outer wall struck. Thousands of them lost their lives, for no one in South Dade had been evacuated or even advised to evacuate. Instead, residents had been repeatedly informed by local news media that South Dade should expect to experience "50 mph winds".

By 11.00 am the following morning, 8,230 mobile homes along with 9,140 apartments had vanished off the face of the Earth. The Hiroshima-like horror was beyond catastrophic. Entire families perished in ways too horrifying to describe. The stench of death had already begun to saturate miles and miles of the massive devastation; the hot humid air was reeking with foul, rotting flesh.

How do I know? Because I was in the midst of it all!

Never will I forget the frantic, last-minute "emergency alert" broadcast that was aired on television just before all hell broke loose. My son and I had the TV on, hoping to catch an updated report on the hurricane, when the screen

suddenly went blank with a loud warning signal. Before we knew it, a panic-stricken voice began the announcement:

We interrupt this program to bring you an emergency alert from the National Broadcast Emergency Centre. This is an emergency alert! I repeat, this is an emergency alert! The outer winds of hurricane Andrew have just reached the Florida coast. Hurricane Andrew has unexpectedly shifted five degrees south. I repeat, Hurricane Andrew has shifted five degrees south. Andrew is expected to strike South Dade within minutes. I repeat, Andrew is expected to strike South Dade within minutes. All South Dade residents should take immediate cover! I repeat, all South Dade residents should take immediate cover! This is an emergency alert!

Our tiny pre-fab apartment, which was nothing more than a glorified mobile home, had been constructed to withstand maximum wind speeds of 90 mph. The blood-curdling announcement gripped us both. Paralyzed by sheer terror, our bulging eyes stayed glued to the television as the voice continued.

All South Dade residents are advised to stay put! Do not attempt to leave the area!

Within seconds, we actually heard hurricane Andrew bearing down on us, slamming into us with all the force of a speeding locomotive. The horrendous wall of winds crashed against our tiny apartment like an exploding bomb! Glasses flew off the kitchen counter, shattering onto the quaking floor. Hanging pictures plunged straight down the walls towards the ground. The huge hanging mirror crashed on top of the television set, spraying the living room with shattered glass. The entire apartment resembled a rickety old train, shaking fiercely out of control while rumbling down a railroad track. The screeching winds quickly transformed into the piercing, monotone hum of a jet engine, sounding as if it had sucked us inside! It was so deafening, all other noises ceased to exist. It felt like a monstrous earthquake-and-tornado hitting at the same time!

Before either one of us could react, the metal front door of our apartment began to peel steadily downward towards the floor, like a piece of wet, limp paper. Then the voracious jaws of Andrew attacked for the final kill. A mega-giant, two-storey-tall, solid concrete transformer pole with electrical cables

attached, torpedoed right through our living room wall and roof, exploding the entire building on impact! And that was just the beginning.

There isn't a person on the face of this Earth who will ever convince me that hurricane Andrew was a "hurricane" by any sense of the definition. Just ask any survivor of Andrew what the six-and-a-half-hour siege was like and the answer will always be the same.

"We didn't have any prior warning. We heard hurricane Andrew suddenly bearing down on us like a speeding locomotive."

This is the same description given by survivors of monstrous F-5 tornadoes (packing winds of 350+ mph) the only difference being that tornadoes strike for just seconds, whereas hurricane Andrew struck and stayed for hours on end.

The injuries of those who survived were mind-boggling. I had a broken jaw with eight teeth knocked out. Huge shards of glass impaled my body so deeply, they were impossible to remove without the aid of a scalpel. My head injuries were so severe that they permanently affected my eyesight.

But I was only one amongst thousands of severely injured victims who struggled to survive the aftermath. For ten long days we were roped off from the outside world by United States military forces, leaving us stranded with no

food, no water, no medical supplies, no shelter. Suffering from severe shell-shock, we waited and waited for rescue teams to arrive, but that just never happened. None of the injured in the roped-off areas was ever rescued from the devastation. It was the worst gut-wrenching betrayal I have ever experienced. I saw grown men lying on the ground in the foetal position, moaning and groaning pathetically as they tried to hug and rock themselves. My son was amongst them.

Don't get me wrong. United States military forces were indeed present in the roped-off areas within hours of Andrew ending. But they were not there to help survivors. The National Guard along with the Coast Guard, the Army, FEMA (the Federal Emergency Management Agency), Metro Dade Police, state police and local police removed dead bodies and body parts as quickly as possible during those first ten days of the aftermath. Horrified survivors watched as both uniformed and civilian- clothed men searched the rubble and filled body bags, which they then stacked in military vehicles or huge refrigerator trucks normally used to transport food, only to drive off and leave the stranded injured to fend for themselves.

Not until I managed to escape the aftermath did I discover that the 'thermo-king' sections of these same refrigerator trucks, jam-packed with wall-to-wall body bags, ended up being stored at Card Sound Navy Base, located in an isolated area just above the Florida Keys. The inside temperature was kept cool by portable generators until the bodies were either incinerated or just plain dumped into huge open grave-pits.

Those working on the body pick-up operation were forced to take what is known as the Oath of Sworn Secrecy, which is strictly enforced by the government. Many of them plunged into shock, once exposed to the ghastly devastation and countless mutilated bodies.

The horrors were way beyond human comprehension. I can vouch for this, as I accidentally stepped on the severed hand of a young child when I initially crawled out of the debris, only to witness shortly thereafter two dead teenagers and the decapitated body of a baby girl.

Fighting mental shock became such a big problem for the body pick-up teams that a special group of psychiatrists had to be brought in to help them cope with it. I believe this in itself is the reason why many who worked on the body collection didn't comprehend the tragic consequences this would inevitably lead to in the future.

The survivors of hurricane Andrew and the rest of the American people were betrayed by their own government. But the betrayal also extended to foreign nationals. At the time Andrew struck, South Dade was inhabited by a large population of Mexican illegal immigrants. The United States Department of Immigration was fully aware of their presence but quietly turned its back on the situation, knowing full well that South Dade farmers couldn't afford to harvest their crops without the help of the Mexican illegals. The heavily populated migrant camps were situated at the edge of the Florida Everglades. The people who lived there vanished without a trace during that fated night. Many bodies were found way out in the Everglades.

When I lectured at the Clearwater Convention in Florida in 1999, a man in the audience stood up and introduced himself as Chief Petty Officer Roy Howard. He proceeded to address the audience with this exact statement, which is now a matter of public record:

'Just for your information, I was called up to active duty after hurricane Andrew went through South Dade County. I spent nine weeks down there. Now I will certify for the benefit of our audience here that the death figures that were officially published are totally inaccurate. According to the information which I received from my own sources within the National Guard, the figure I was quoted when I was down there was 5,280-something. And they were quietly disposed of in incinerators that were hurriedly put together by both the National Guard and FEMA..'.

As the Chief Petty Officer stated, '5,280-something' bodies were confiscated by the United States National Guard. In addition to this, the Coast Guard independently confiscated 1,500 bodies from the lakes and surrounding waters. Neither one of these figures embraces the number of dead bodies confiscated by other branches of federal and state government directly involved in the body pick-up operation. This leaves the number of dead confiscated by various US authorities in South Dade still unknown.

The total number who died during hurricane Andrew is obviously staggering, yet whenever the 'official death toll' is mentioned in the media, a figure of anywhere between 15 and 59 is quoted. The population of the 21 communities annihilated by Andrew's eye-wall had been officially recorded by the Dade County Census Bureau as 415,151 before Andrew struck.

Bodies of human beings confiscated and disposed-of like rubbish, as if their lives had no more worth or meaning than a piece of discarded litter - it's horrifying to be suddenly confronted by the same kind of atrocities as perpetrated by the Nazis. Once again repeating history, a master-minded cover-up was dutifully carried out by armed military forces, right smack in the midst of horrendous human suffering.

To complete this historical comparison, in the same way that many residents who lived near Nazi concentration camps were unaware or in denial of the atrocities close by, so too were many residents who were located just outside the catastrophic devastation left behind by Andrew's eye-wall.

So what actually did take place when Andrew survivors tried to get help from those collecting dead bodies in the aftermath? Well, I for one can give a first-hand account.

About the third day into the aftermath, a long line of police cars cautiously drove into my area during the late afternoon. We had not had contact with any other people from outside the devastation up until this point. There were approximately 12 to 15 police cars comprising this caravan, each marked from different locations throughout the state. Each car was driven by a man dressed in a dark police uniform and had three other plain-clothed men riding as passengers, making a total of four men in each vehicle.

Someone from our group spotted the caravan and ran to get me, knowing that I had been badly injured and urgently needed emergency medical help. My twenty-five-year-old son and one other adult male survivor helped escort me to the caravan. We hurried towards the lead car. It stopped moving when we approached the driver's side. The officer sitting behind the wheel rolled down the window. For a few moments he rudely ignored us, at one point giving us an impatient look of disgust.

This is the exact conversation and course of events that took place….

"Please, sir, I need medical help," I begged, barely able to speak. The officer sitting behind the wheel sighed heavily. He turned his head away from me and gazed out his windshield. The other three men in the car quietly looked at me.

"Sir, please, I need to get to a hospital...," I begged frantically.

The officer took his time about reaching over to turn off the engine. With another sigh, he slowly opened the door and climbed out. He then proceeded to close the door and stood there with his legs spread astride. "Lady, do me a favour," he answered. "Find yourself a piece of paper and a pencil. Write down your name and social security number next to the telephone number of your nearest living relative. Tuck the piece of paper in your pocket so tomorrow, when I find your body, I'll know who to contact."

"No! No!" I cried out. "You don't understand. I need to get to a hospital. I've been badly injured."

"No! You're the one who doesn't understand," he hissed back. With that, he reached over to his holster and took out his gun. He grabbed me, forcing me up against the side of the car, and proceeded to put the barrel of the gun against my temple. I heard the hammer cock.

From the position he had pushed me into, I could see directly into the car. The man sitting in the front passenger seat looked away from me immediately, glancing down at the floor. The two passengers in the back seat turned their heads quickly, staring out the window on the opposite side of the car.

My son and the other survivor watched as the officer had pulled back the hammer on the gun. So shocked out of their minds by what they were witnessing, neither one could move!

"You don't belong here!" the officer growled, pressing the barrel into the side of my head. "Now you get the hell outta here before I blow away your

ass!"

He shoved my face into the car window and then released me. Someone grabbed me from behind and whirled me around so fast, I didn't have time to think! Before I knew it, I was being thrown over a shoulder. My rescuer took off running as fast as he could! I caught a brief glimpse of my son running next to me. With one gigantic leap, he and the survivor who carried me, dove behind a pile of debris. All three of us crashed on top of each other in one tangled-up heap.

"I'll shoot your damn asses!" the officer's voice rang out.

When hurricane Andrew slammed into South Dade, the State Attorney of Florida was none other than Janet Reno. Her office was located at the Dade County Court House in the City of Miami. The President of the United States was President George H.W. Bush, and the Vice-President was Dan Quayle. Bill Clinton was running for President, and Al Gore for Vice-President. Senator Bob Graham held office, and the late Lawton Chiles was Governor of Florida. His successor turned out to be Jeb Bush, still the Governor of Florida and, ironically enough, the son of former President Bush whose other son, George W. Bush, the then Governor of Texas, has since become the "self-selected" President of the United States...

Curious how the United States Government evacuated Homestead Air Force Base just before hurricane Andrew struck, yet never released the information to the civilians of South Dade.

"This is worse than anything we saw in Saudi," said Master Sgt Lester Richardson (who had spent six months in the Middle East during Operation Desert Storm) one week into the aftermath. "These people need a miracle" The survivors did need "a miracle", but what we got instead didn't resemble anything near it.

While we remained roped off from the outside world by Metro Dade Police and the military, the news media reported grossly understated information from the first day onward.

On August 24, 1992, the morning hurricane Andrew ended, the Miami Herald broke with:

Andrew Hits Hardest in South Dade. Five thousand people were left homeless by the storm, Metro Dade Police Director announced. They'll be moved into shelters in North Dade. Over subsequent days, the Miami Herald read as follows:

August 25, 1992:

Destruction at Dawn. Among worst hit in the Country Walk area of South Dade, few homes escaped at least minor damage and many were utterly destroyed. 10 killed in Dade.

August 27, 1992:

The Toll Rises. 22 dead as the search continues. 63,000 homes destroyed. 175,000 homeless. 1 million without power.

August 28, 1992:

WE NEED HELP. Relief effort collapsing due to United States inaction, Metro charges. Aid us now or more will die, Feds told. As Dade County's hurricane relief effort neared collapse Thursday, more than 1,500 airborne US soldiers were ordered into the county to cope with what is now being called the worst natural disaster in United States history. The move came after a day of bitter sniping among agencies that share responsibility for the relief effort.

United States aid official Wallace Stickler stated:

"Andrew has caused more destruction and affected more people than any disaster America has ever had." Dade County's Emergency Director pleaded for federal help, one angry voice among many that spoke in dire terms of needs unmet. Frustrated to the point of tears, Kate Hale said that the relief project was on the brink of collapse, a victim of incompetence and political games:

"Where the hell is the cavalry on this one? We need food! We need water! We need people! If we do not get more food into the south end [South Dade] in a very short period of time, we are going to have more casualties!

"We have a catastrophic disaster. We are hours away from more casualties. We are essentially the walking wounded. We have appealed through the State to the Federal Government. We've had a lot of people down here for press conferences but Dade County is on its own. Dade County is being caught in the middle of something and we are being victimized.

"Quit playing like a bunch of kids and get us aid! Sort out your political games afterward!"

On the same day Hale made the desperate plea, Miami Herald staff writers Martin Merzer and Tom Fiedler wrote: "The question echoed through the debris Thursday: If we can do it for Bangladesh, for the Philippines, for the Kurds of northern Iraq, why in God's name can't we deliver basic necessities of life to the ravaged population of our own Gold Coast?"

The short answer: because no single person or agency is in charge. The result: a planeload of food and equipment is still a rarity. Instead of delivering goods, helicopter pilots shuttle government officials who just sit idle. Metro police turn away individuals trying to bring in food or water to a barren South Dade.

On August 29, 1992, six days into the aftermath, the Miami Herald reported:

Problems Plague Red Cross.

The man on the phone wanted to donate 100 electric generators, extension cords and enough tools to build a small subdivision. But the operator who took his call at the Red Cross Command Centre in Miami had no idea what to do with the offer.

"We get a call, we take a message, we give it to somebody who signs it to somebody else," said the operator, Melitta de Liefd.

"We have no idea what happens to it. The whole place is being run by senior citizens and college kids."

Welcome to Red Cross headquarters - where the brains of Dade County rescue effort have been knocked almost unconscious most of the week.

Callers offering services and supplies are put on hold. Others can't get through at all. The hurt and suffering plead for help over ham radio. On August 29, 1992, one week after hurricane Andrew struck, the Fort Lauderdale Sun Sentinel reported 250,000 people homeless in South Dade.

A NUCLEAR INCIDENT

Of course, the rather 'insignificant' incident resulting from Andrew's winds bombarding the Turkey Point Nuclear Power Plant was not aired by the news media either nationally or abroad.

Tom Dubocq reported in the Miami Herald of September 5, 1992:

Demolition crews toppled a 400-foot smokestack at Turkey Point [Nuclear] Power Plant [owned by Florida Power and Light Company], Friday [September 4]. The stack, which had a gaping 200-foot crack, was dropped without a hitch, a Florida Power and Light [FPL] spokesman said. The other smokestack at the plant will be salvaged. Turkey Point will be shut down for several months while repairs are made. The cost will exceed $90 million, according to an initial damage report.

When Turkey Point was built in the 1960s, its main structures were designed to withstand 235 mph winds. Hurricane Andrew was clocked at 164 mph at the plant. FPL officials don't know why the smokestack didn't hold up...

One hundred million dollars' worth of damage resulted from the nuclear power plant's smokestack having been cracked wide open. The plant is situated approximately 15 miles northeast of where I lived. How well I recall the leaflets circulated several months before Andrew struck, advising all residents within a "thirty-five mile radius" of Turkey Point nuclear plant to be aware of

the potential hazards involved if an event such as a natural disaster or unexpected catastrophe happened. Such a grim reminder of the Chernobyl tragedy.

Could it be more than coincidence that within 24 hours of hurricane Andrew ending, all 12 survivors in my little group, including our animals, broke out in big, raw, oozing sores which itched and burned at the same time? We suffered horrible headaches which made us so nauseous we had the dry heaves, and our stomachs cramped badly from sudden onsets of diarrhoea. These symptoms lasted well over three months. Within a relatively short period of time, each one of our surviving animals died from cancer.

HURRICANE BUREAU'S FAILURE TO WARN

Speaking of coincidence, I often wonder what kind of a coincidence it is that the National Hurricane Bureau is responsible for reporting to the US Department of Commerce - especially considering that during 1992 South Florida did $31 billion worth of trade in tourism.

Hurricane Andrew had barely left Florida, heading for Louisiana, when the Division of Tourism placed a $47,000 advertisement in USA Today, reading 'Florida, we're still open.'

"Most people have very short memories. We're all sort of banking on that," said Donal Dermody, Director of the Nova University Centre for Hospitality Management.

Kind of puts a big damper on belief in the human race: hide the truth, ignore the suffering, do it for a dollar!

What upsets me most is the incident that happened during the late afternoon hours just prior to Andrew striking. I had just walked out to the garbage dumpsters, located by the parking lot, to throw away some garbage. I turned to head back to the apartment when the horn of an oncoming car began blasting away. I looked up to see a familiar resident, whom I had spoken to on many different occasions, heading directly towards me. This particular individual worked at Metro zoo. Being affiliated with wild animals, he frequently stopped by to ask me questions about the behaviour of certain species. He sped right up to me and then slammed on the brakes.

"Come here!" he whispered excitedly. I leaned down close to him. "What's the matter?"

"Listen!" he paused to look around nervously. "You've got to get the hell outta here now!"

"Why?" I asked, puzzled by his behaviour. "I haven't got time to explain," he whispered. "But I just came from the National Hurricane Bureau in the Gables. Gotta friend of mine who works over there; bigwig - know what I mean?"

"Yeah..." I nodded.

"Well, this isn't for public information, if you get my drift," he went on rapidly. "But the National Hurricane Bureau has known all along that hurricane Andrew is going to slam into South Dade! They're telling the public it's going to come in at Palm Beach because they want Miami Beach evacuated, and there aren't enough shelters for South Dade residents to evacuate to. They don't wanna cause panic, so they're keeping quiet. We're all a bunch of god-damn sitting ducks! You got to get the hell outta here! This is a killer hurricane! Nobody's ever seen anything like this before!"

"Holy shit!" I exclaimed, shocked out of my mind. "You mean Andrew's coming over South Dade?"

"Damn straight! That's exactly what I mean! They figure the eye of the storm is coming right in over us! Those fellas at the National Hurricane Bureau have known it all along! I'm gettin' the hell outta here now! Shit, man, this thing is a killer hurricane! Listen, I gotta run! Get your son and get the hell out now! You ain't gonna have a shot in hell once it hits!"

I ran into the apartment and called my son at work, begging him to come home so we could get out. I had no reason to disbelieve anything I had just heard. I knew my neighbour well enough to know he wouldn't fabricate anything like this. So I related the entire conversation to my son, Eric. He was stunned! Eric said he would leave work within a few minutes, but as the minutes ticked on they dragged into hours.

Another immediate course of action I took after hearing the terrifying warning from my neighbour was to phone the local CBS television station located in Miami. I called three separate times. Each time, my call went directly into the local news broadcast room of meteorologist Bryan Norcross. Although I never spoke to Norcross directly, I did manage to speak to three separate individuals working in the broadcast room.

I specifically stated: "I live in South Dade, adjacent to Metro zoo and within walking distance of Country Walk, in a pre-fab apartment that is constructed to withstand up to 90 mph winds. Should I evacuate?"

All three individuals advised and reassured me that I was situated in a safe area. There definitely wasn't need for me to take any evacuation measures.

Meanwhile, one work catastrophe after another seemed to crash down on my son, until finally it was just too late for us to evacuate. By the time he got home it was almost midnight. Within minutes of his arrival, Andrew slammed into us with full force.

ONGOING TRAGEDIES FROM THE COVER-UPS

It's not easy dealing with the anguish I feel because of all the perpetrated lies. So much suffering resulted. It took three-and-a-half weeks before my son and I managed to escape the devastation on our own. Homeless and penniless, with no insurance to cover our losses, we slowly made our way north towards Broward County, our only possessions being the clothes on our backs and a demolished van. The long, agonizing journey turned out to be another nightmare from hell.

Over 4,000 people were officially listed as 'missing' in Andrew when we parted South Dade. I had lost 23 pounds during those wretched weeks of being trapped in the devastation and still had not received any medical attention. Little did I realize it would take another three weeks before a doctor would even agree to see me without any money or identification. By then, six weeks had passed since I had been injured. Most of my teeth had turned a putrid grey colour because the nerves had died as a result of fierce blows to

my head, complicated by my broken jaw. The final heartbreak came when doctors discovered the optic nerve in both my eyes had begun to die off - which meant, because of the head injuries, I was going blind.

This may sound strange but, regardless, it is the truth. Today, in the year 2001, there still remain three ongoing tragedies created by hurricane Andrew cover-up - -tragedies which remain unbearable for the survivors to live with.

The first tragedy is the horrifying fact that the bodies of our loved ones were intentionally confiscated from us by our own government and then so inhumanely disposed of. Without graves, or some kind of memorial erected in their memory, we have no hope of reaching closure.

The second tragedy is the impact the cover-ups had in downplaying, dismissing and ignoring our horrendous suffering.

And the third tragedy is the great number of Andrew survivors who were inevitably forced to join the ranks of approximately 10 million other homeless Americans struggling to stay alive on the streets. With 10 million Americans homeless, and another 32 million Americans going to sleep hungry each night, the United States Government can't truthfully claim to be a government for all the people.

Maybe it's just me, but I honestly thought the world learned a lesson from the Nuremberg trials in Germany: 'Evil can only be defined as absence of empathy...'

It is not so much the disaster that was Hurricane Andrew that marks out this incident as a deliberate act. It is more the fact that people were deliberately deceived into staying within the potential disaster area and then once the main tragedy was over, deliberately and blatantly denied food and medical aid in the aftermath. Notice that it was mainly the trailer-park dwellers and lower-class housing residents who bore the brunt of the storm system. Something says to me very strongly that Andrew was purposely steered in this particular direction. After all who was going to miss a few thousand 'trailer trash'? Indeed, in the minds of the perpetrators it was probably a 'good thing'. Whilst it is probably true to say that Andrew was not specifically engineered via HAARP as it was possibly not operational in 1992, I include it here in this section as I believe it was more than likely engineered in some other 'connected' way. A few less 'useless eaters' and the blood lust satisfied into the bargain, all in all, a good days work really.

Hurricane Katrina

Thirteen years later and the similarities are all too evident. Katrina was the eleventh named tropical storm, fourth hurricane, third major hurricane, and first Category 5 hurricane of the 2005 Atlantic hurricane season. It first made landfall as a Category 1 hurricane just north of Miami, Florida on August 25, 2005, then again on August 29, then travelled along the Central Gulf Coast near New Orleans, Louisiana, as a Category 4 storm. Katrina resulted in breaches of the levee system that protected New Orleans from Lake Pontchartrain, and most of the city was subsequently flooded by the lake's waters. This and other major damage to the coastal regions of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama made Katrina the most destructive and costliest natural disaster in the history of the United States.

In 2001, FEMA (Federal Emergency Management Agency) warned that a hurricane striking New Orleans was one of the three most likely disasters in the U.S. But the Bush administration cut New Orleans flood control funding by 44 percent to pay for the Iraq war. A year prior to Katrina, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers proposed to study how New Orleans could be protected from a catastrophic hurricane, but the Bush administration ordered that the research not be undertaken.

One could conclude that Katrina was a matter of criminal negligence or an extreme example of apathy on the part of the establishment. Yet I include it in this larger picture of world environmental terror because terror is exactly what resulted, especially given the human, physical and economic destruction.

Here is an eyewitness report at the time;

"Following Hurricane Katrina and the levee that failed, people are now dying due to the lack of aid relief, some by drowning; others by starvation, dehydration, from the heat or from lack of medical attention, old and young alike, babies, grandmothers and the infirm are forced to endure this. Some are even dying from sharks that made it through the broken levee but most of all; people are dying from central government's planned denial of care.

Central government is the major hindrance to people getting what they desperately require, there are even check points set up on the escape routes to prevent people from leaving this quagmire and going to places where there is food, water, electricity and shelter! Likewise, those wishing to assist, ordinary professional folk, coming with food, water, aid etc are turned back and thus the situation is perpetuated.

It is quite possible that further major problems will result, much due to the 'deliberately inept' handling of the crisis by FEMA / Central Government. Loss of life will be far greater and damage to properties due to sustained water exposure will also be at a higher level. Resultant diseases from allowing the situation to fester will be more widespread. Various unpredictables and unknowns such as the impact of placing Level 3 & 4 Bio Labs into such unsuitable surroundings may well take their toll, with the escape of some seriously dangerous biological / chemical toxins into the environment. A similar case will apply to industrial operations, eg from stored chemicals."

Could the levees in New Orleans have been intentionally blown? Many local eye-witnesses stated that they heard loud explosions immediately before the water began pouring through the breached flood defences.

So the locals certainly seem to think so, yet as usual, the mainstream media totally ignored this theory. When Katrina hit, it drifted 15 miles to the east of where forecasters said it would strike. Therefore it wasn't quite the monster described. The storm passed through with relatively minor damage, it was the storm surge from the Gulf that caused Lake Pontchartrain to rise three feet and the subsequent flooding.

This scenario is not as crazy as it sounds. In fact this exact thing has happened before in the same city. In 1927, the Mississippi River broke its banks in 145 places, depositing water at depths of up to 30ft over 27,000 square miles of land.

The disaster changed American society, shifting hundreds of thousands of delta-dwelling blacks into northern cities and cementing the divisions and suspicions that benign neglect has ensured remain today. New Orleans' (mainly white) business class pressurized the state to dynamite levees upstream, releasing water into mainly black occupied areas of the delta. Black workers were forced to work on flood relief at gunpoint, like slaves.

Two parishes, St. Bernard and Plaquemines, which had a combined population of 10,000, were destroyed. Just before Katrina, these parishes had about 10 times the 1927 population. Both parishes were totally inundated and uninhabitable in 2005 in the aftermath.

It is a known fact that New Orleans has some very valuable real estate and also that plans have been in the pipeline by Elite moneyed interests, for quite a while, to turn New Orleans into the 'entertainment capital of the south', with hundreds of casinos, theatres, hotels and entertainment complexes to rival Las Vegas itself. Could this have been the first step along the road to achieving this goal? It is significant that the worst devastated areas of New Orleans were occupied by poor, black families, regarded largely as expendable and at best as collateral damage by the perpetrators of this evil plot. Those 'fortunates' that were not killed or badly injured in the floods, were mainly shipped, not just out of the City, but out of the state, to various temporary shelters and refugee camps set up by FEMA in the aftermath (or possibly even before the event). As I write this in October 2010, there are still hundreds, if not thousands of still displaced New Orleans families who will probably, due to their prevailing conditions of poverty, never manage to get back home to New Orleans. How convenient for some.

There are countless other instances of 'suspicious' natural disaster-type events and it is not my intention to bore the reader with a dissection of every single one. Suffice it to say that since the turn of the 21st century and just before, the number of 'natural disasters' has increased exponentially, with a new one appearing what seems to be on an almost monthly basis. See chart below.

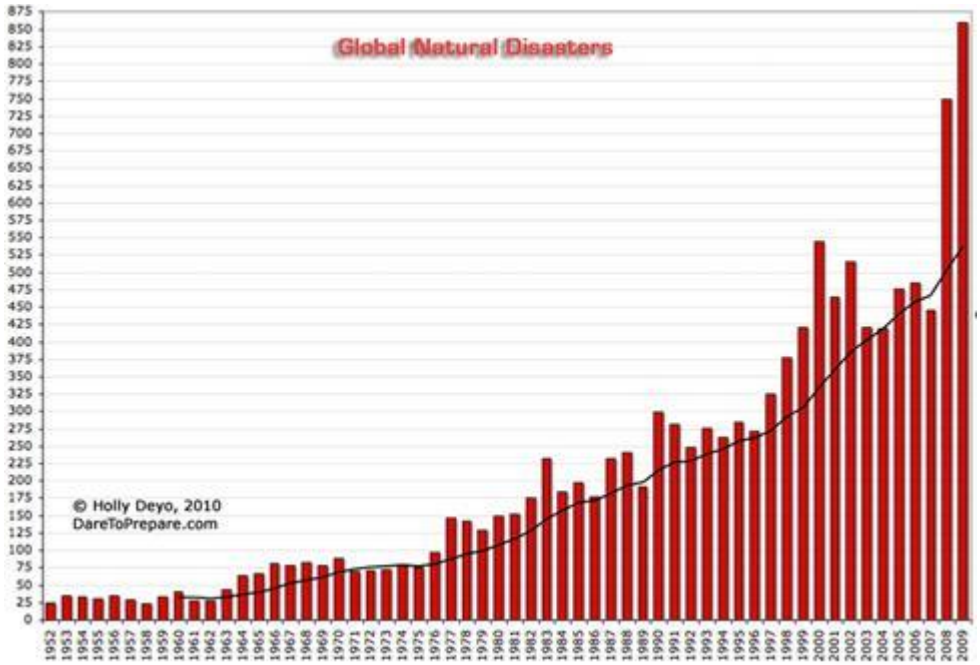

What is the significance of this chart? The trend would appear to be very worrying, whether or not one blames nefarious activity on the part of a small section of humanity.

If there are new attacks against the United States, Great Britain or any other country, what we witnessed in New Orleans, Dade County, Florida, China, Haiti and many others, may have been but a fleeting glimpse into the future of global communitarianism, the Elite's so-called New World Order.

HAARP Mind Control

The ionosphere is being manipulated by US government and black ops scientists using HAARP. Of that there is not much doubt. HAARP emits focused, radiated power heating up sections of the ionosphere, which reflects ELF (extremely low frequency) waves back down to Earth. This then can then be used surreptitiously to create mood changes affecting millions of people and focussed on specific geographical regions.

The earth´s natural rhythm is set at 7.83 Hz and is in perfect harmony with that of the human brain, also 7.83 Hz.

Our brains are extremely vulnerable to any technology which emits ELF waves, because we immediately start resonating to this signal as in the 'tuning-fork' effect. In the 1950s, Dr. Andrija Puharich's experiments discovered that 7.83 Hz transmissions made a person 'feel good´, producing an altered-state.

10.80 Hz transmissions cause riotous behaviour and 6.60 Hz causes depression. Puharich also made ELF waves change RNA and DNA, breaking hydrogen bonds to induce a higher vibratory rate. James Hurtak, who once worked for Puharich, wrote in his book 'The Keys of Enoch' that ultra-violet caused hydrogen bonds to break and this also raised the human brain's vibratory rate.

Eventually, upon the completion of his research Dr. Puharich presented the proof of the physical and psychological effects of ELF waves on the human brain to the US government and military leaders but his research was discredited and ridiculed. He then offered this information to other Western nations and in return, the US government burned down his home in New York to shut him up and he fled to Mexico. However, the Russians discovered the ELF frequencies that negatively affected the human brain and began zapping the US Embassy in Moscow on 4 July 1976 with electromagnetic-waves, varying the signal as the experiment progressed. Indeed the Russians and North Koreans still use the 10 Hz transmissions in portable mind-control machines to extract confessions.

"Think about this for a moment - a system which can manipulate emotions, control behaviour, put you to sleep, create false memories and wipe old memories clean. Realizing this was a forecast and not necessarily the current state of technology should not cause one to believe that it is not a current issue. These systems are far from speculative. In fact, a great deal of work has already been done in this area with many systems being developed. The forecast went on to say:

'It would also appear possible to create high fidelity speech in the human body, raising the possibility of covert suggestion and psychological direction. When a high power microwave pulse in the gigahertz range strikes the human body, a very small temperature perturbation occurs. This is associated with a sudden expansion of the slightly heated tissue. This expansion is fast enough to produce an acoustic wave. If a pulse stream is used, it should be possible to create an internal acoustic field in the 5-15 kilohertz range, which is audible. Thus, it may be possible to "talk" to selected adversaries in a fashion that would be most disturbing to them.'

Is it possible to talk to a person remotely by projecting a voice into his head? The forecaster suggests that this would be "disturbing" to the victim - what an understatement, it would be pure terror. A weapon could intrude into the brain of an individual represents a gross invasion of his private life. The

idea that these new systems could be created in the next several years should be cause for significant discussion and public debate." Dr. Nick Begich, 'Star Wars, Star Trek and Killing Politely'

And the mportant point of all this? It proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that HAARP's capabilities extend to exerting an influence over the human psyche. Who knows to what past and possible future, diabolical use these capabilities will be put?

In conjunction with the absorption of metals into our bodies via the high quantities of barium and aluminium present in the air (see section on chemtrails), it would appear that we are, if not already under severe attack from HAARP at present, certainly being prepared for some sort of future, sinister purpose. Whether or not this plan actually comes to fruition, only time will tell, by that time however, it will be far too late to prevent it.

We will leave this particular chapter with some further very apposite words of Dr. Nick Begich in his essay, 'Star Wars, Star Trek and Killing Politely'.

"This essay is about some of the science being developed and contemplated by military planners and others which could profoundly affect our lives. The intent of this essay is to focus discussion on these new systems by bringing them into the light of day.

Is it possible to trigger earthquakes, volcanic eruptions or weather changes by man-made activities? Is it possible to create and direct balls of energy at lightning speeds, to destroy an enemy? Is it possible to manipulate the behaviour, and even the memories, of people using specialized technologies? The United States military and others believe that this is the case. Many of these systems are well on their way to being used in the battlefield.

If you believe, as I and others do, that we've gone past the realm of probability into the realm of a dangerous reality, especially given the frequency of catastrophic events, isn't it time to send our own beam of energy to the US government, and demand a full investigation into the activities of HAARP, in particular the manipulation of hurricanes and earthquakes? This kind of activity is another form of terror we live with, because it seems like it can strike anywhere, anytime, in the guise of natural event.

Perhaps it is just Mother Nature kicking up her heels, perhaps not. In either case, a return to reality is called for in these surreal days. The simple presence of HAARP is a form of psychological terror, threatening not just the weather, but the well-being of man and survival of the planet. And that's something you'll never hear from your media weatherman."

Fukushima and the Japanese Tsunami 2011

Former NSA (US National Security Agency) analyst, Jim Stone, argues with some conviction and with solid evidence to back up his hypothesis, that there was no earthquake either on the land or in the sea either. The tsunami that devastated the Fukushima area and in particular the nuclear facility there, according to Stone, was caused by nuclear bombs in the sea and the Fukushima meltdown and explosion was a direct consequence of 'mini-nukes' concealed in cameras installed by an Israeli security firm.

What could possibly have been the motive for the such apparently senseless, deliberate destruction of a nuclear plant, which to this day is still leaking radiation and has been described (outside the mainstream of course) as being of a magnitude of seventy (70) times greater than Chernobyl? Could it have been to punish Japan for offering to enrich Iranian uranium and thereby defying the wishes of the Elite in their build up to the coming attack on Iran? I firmly believe this to be a distinct possibility given the track record. In any event, it would certainly not be a precedent. The Chinese earthquake of 2009 that caused untold destruction and the deaths of several hundred thousand people was also believed by many commentators to have been a HAARP-induced 'punishment' attack and designed specifically to show China 'who is boss'.

In comparison to the 6.8 magnitude earthquake which devastated Kobe, Japan on the 17th January 1995 the evidence speaks volumes. In Kobe there was widespread, unprecedented destruction of buildings, bridges, elevated road systems and other infrastructure. Whereas the 2011 earthquake with a magnitude of 9.0 (incidentally more than 100 times the intensity of a 6.8 mag quake) allegedly struck about 70km off the North East coast of Japan on the 11th March. It resulted in a 30 metre tsunami swamping totally undamaged bridges, houses, roads and vehicles of all kinds. In addition there had been no advance warning because there was no earthquake, yet helicopter news teams were waiting, cameras rolling and the ensuing devastation was watched by millions on live TV.

A 9.0 magnitude earthquake, which incidentally is the largest EVER recorded, should have devastated everything within a 1,000km radius. There

should have been widespread urban carnage, far worse than that inflicted upon Kobe in 1995 and yet the 2011 quake did not cause a single structure to collapse.

Please check this out for yourselves. There is plenty of tsunami footage available on the Internet and if you closely examine the infrastructure the tsunami was relentlessly crashing through in several different towns and cities, there is not the slightest bit of damage to be seen to any building prior to the wave hitting. This is simply not logical at all.

Jim Stone acquired and analysed the Japanese seismographic data and proved that there was no 9.0 quake and no epicentre out at sea. However, there were three simultaneous tremors of much lesser magnitudes, all of them inland, which are to-date unexplained. In fact, the authorities blatantly lied about the 9.0 quake and as it was no natural earthquake that caused the tsunami, it therefore follows that there must have been another cause.

The official explanation for the Fukushima reactor explosions was blatant deception too. Nuclear power containment walls are extremely thick and strong and hydrogen explosions could never have destroyed them. As a historical reference point, hydrogen explosions occurred at Three Mile Island in the US in the 1970s and caused neither structural damage, nor even any injuries to plant personnel.

In a similar vein to the 'smoking gun' evidence of building 7 at the World Trade Centre on 9/11, reactor #4 at Fukushima contained no fuel on the 11th March and was therefore non-operational. And yet it exploded and was destroyed as completely as were the other reactors on that day of infamy. Reactor #4 exploding of its own accord is an utter impossibility as a reactor containing no fuel whatsoever cannot function and a non-operational reactor cannot explode unless deliberately destroyed. The destruction of reactor #4 therefore can only have been the result of sabotage.

Enter our old friends, the Israelis. In February 2010, Japan offered to enrich Uranium for Iran and shortly thereafter an Israeli company by the name of Magna BSP secured the contract to run security at the Fukushima Daiichi plant. They installed oversized cameras strongly resembling gun-type nuclear weapons and there is also strong evidence that they also planted Stuxnet, an Israeli computer virus that attacks Siemens power plant control systems and which Israel had previously employed to damage Iran's nuclear programme.

Magna BSP also established internet data links in the reactor cores, in blatant violation of international nuclear regulations.

In the days immediately preceding the 11th March, all twelve on-site members of Magna BSP returned to Israel (shades of 9/11 again?) and in the aftermath of the disaster the Israelis publicly monitored the reactor cores via their illegal internet data-links, yet no one confronted them over this. 'Twas ever thus!

Using the skills acquired as a former NSA analyst with an engineering background, Jim Stone concluded that Israel was behind the destruction of Fukushima Daiichi. Stone proved that there was no 9.0 magnitude quake to cause the tsunami and that the tsunami must have been artificially induced, probably by a strategic nuclear device placed in the Japan Trench. The tsunami was blamed for flooding the reactors and causing the explosions, but Stone presents compelling evidence that Israel destroyed the Fukushima Daiichi plant by installing gun-type nuclear weapons in the guise of security cameras and then triggering them in the tsunami's aftermath.

Even more significantly, Stone has demonstrated that the Stuxnet virus continues to distort sensor readings at the disaster site to this day and unlike many others in the world of whistle-blowers, Stone bases his conclusions on hard evidence and unassailable logic. In fact he openly encourages and invites anyone to review and challenge his work, indeed he actively encourages it.

However, since releasing his report and making several radio appearances to support it, Jim Stone has been harassed, threatened, accused of anti-Semitism (that old chestnut again) unlawfully detained against his will and is currently facing prison on completely manufactured charges. In short, the Zionist Elite are employing the usual MO used to deal with persistent, credible dissenters to their lies and fictions.

Some slander Stone mercilessly whilst others attempt to destroy his work and yet significantly, no one has managed to successfully counter his arguments but his conclusions have ramifications that make 9/11 pale in significance. Some people have expressed suspicion that Stone might not be all he claims to be, especially given his former background, however, facts are facts and the truth stands or falls on facts.

In conclusion, it seems clear to me that Jim Stone's research is not to be taken lightly. A 9.0 magnitude earthquake never happened either in Japan or off its coastline on the 11th March 2011 and so the tsunami must have been

artificially induced. Nor did hydrogen explosions obliterate containment walls of concrete and reinforced steel several feet thick in the Fukushima reactors. As is the case with many other incidents described in this book, the 'official' story is an outright impossibility. Israel/USA was punishing Japan for its blatant defiance and Zionist agents are currently attempting to destroy Jim Stone, the man who exposed the truth.

Meanwhile, more importantly, the Fukushima disaster continues to spew radiation at an horrific rate, wreaking absolute havoc on world ecosystems and the populations, not just of Japan but also the whole world. Strong rumours abound that the Japanese government as well as undertaking a huge cover-up operation regarding the sheer size of the problem, is desperately seeking to de-camp from Tokyo to somewhere relatively much safer, India being the favoured location.

Chemtrails – Our Toxic Skies

Have you ever heard it said that there are two types of aircraft condensation trails (contrails) that appear in the sky? Well, 'officially' there are two; persistent and non-persistent contrails. Let me just say right away, that this is absolute dis-information and nonsense. Unfortunately, it is yet another example of how we are being lied-to and treated like idiots again.

How often have you seen skies that look like this? Would you believe me if I told you that prior to around 1996, you would never have seen this sight. It is totally a modern phenomenon and we have become so accustomed now to this sight that we believe it has always been like this.

Often on a beautiful summer morning, the sky is a lovely clear, deep blue with no clouds in sight at all. However this will then over the course of the next few hours become criss-crossed with jet 'vapour trails' which instead of dissipating quickly, as they should (it is only crystalline water vapour after all), remain in the sky several hours after the plane has passed over, slowly spreading until often they obliterate the sun completely and turn the entire sky a watery grey colour.

There is nothing 'normal' about these contrails despite what the controlled mainstream media and government sources would have you believe in their ceaseless and relentless efforts to deflect you from the truth with their blatant disinformation. One needs only to watch the skies intermittently for a few

hours to soon notice the bizarre patterns emerging as these planes track back and forth creating deliberate grid-type, x-shaped or even sometimes circular patterns on many occasions, to ensure maximum coverage. If this were a natural event, then it would happen every day in line with regular plane flight schedules, but keen observers will soon notice that there are days when we get none at all, days when we get isolated batches of trails and other days when the entire skyscape is totally obliterated.

Normal contrails are composed of tiny, fragile ice crystals formed by aircraft flying at altitudes of 33,000 feet (10km) or greater. At altitudes below 33,000 feet, normal vapour condensation trails are unable to form behind an aircraft, regardless of its type or design. Whereas above 33,000 feet, normal contrails are formed and these will appear to an observer on the ground as narrow streaks of white cloud-like material which totally dissipates in seconds, rarely extending for any appreciable distance behind the aircraft.

Chemtrails, in complete contrast to this, may be observed at any height. They have been seen emitting from aircraft flying at altitudes as low as 8,000 feet, but may be seen at all altitudes above this also. Since normal contrails cannot form at these low altitudes, any contrail formation that is observed at these elevations is probably not a contrail at all, but a genuine 'chemtrail'.

Chemtrails usually appear as normal contrails for the first few seconds, but unlike standard contrails do not evaporate almost immediately, but slowly become broader and denser over time. Over periods of several hours, parallel and ninety-degree chemtrail grid formations will eventually spread and merge to form a continuous, cirrus-like cloud formation in the sky.

Shortly after this merging, what just hours earlier was a perfectly clear blue sky will appear as a kind of insipid milky-haze, totally unnatural in all respects. Another distinguishing factor between contrails and chemtrails concerns their relative location or position in the local sky, as well as their directional characteristics.

Aircraft emitting normal contrails are constrained by FAA regulations to operate only over designated air routes; therefore, the contrails that they generate will be found consistently only within local flight-corridors, which are easily discerned by an observer at any given geographic location on the ground. In addition, air traffic along these designated routes is always unidirectional. Aircraft flying in opposing compass directions are never permitted to use the same air-routes, at the same altitudes, for obvious

reasons. Therefore, only those contrails that are formed within these restricted air corridors and consistently with the same vector or direction should be considered normal contrails resulting from normal commercial airline traffic.

Another phenomenon observed to be associated with chemtrail formation is the significance of the local surface wind speed over the dispersion area. Chemtrail flights are invariably suspended whenever the ground wind speed reaches or exceeds 20 miles per hour (28 kph). This has been a consistent limiting factor throughout the range of areas where chemtrail activity has been observed and obviously normal contrail activity is never subject to this restriction, and can be seen over a wide range of measured surface wind velocities.

So of what exactly are these Chemtrails composed? Laboratory analysis of their contents that fall to Earth reveal the presence of several biological agents, Pseudomonas Fluorescens, Streptomyces and a restriction enzyme used to create viruses. A chemtrail researcher who had been travelling around the country for several years had a medical test which discovered dangerous pathogens in his body, the extremely rare V2 Grippe virus among them, that should only be found in laboratories. In addition many samples analysed after falling to the ground as sticky spider-web type substance have been found to contain unusually high traces of metals, and in far higher concentrations than could be expected naturally, particularly aluminium and barium.

Strange cloud patterns are not the only by-product of the chemtrail campaign. There is another, far more sinister side to this phenomenon. Whether this is a by-product or the objective of these attacks is yet to be determined. In either case however, the side effects associated with these chemtrails should be the primary focus of our attention, as this ancillary effect could very well pose a particularly serious threat to every human being living on Earth today.

What a giveaway! Short of switching off the engines for a second, how else would this effect be achieved?

There are no known health or environmental issues associated with normal contrail emissions. They appear at this time to be completely harmless and benign. This same statement however, cannot be made in the case of authentic chemtrails. It has been shown by many dedicated researchers and posted extensively on the Internet, that the formation of chemtrails has a direct correlation to the localised, time-synchronised, outbreak of a broad range of primarily, respiratory-related or flu-like illnesses. In light of this apparent relationship, chemtrails should not be considered inherently benign, but should be treated with caution and indeed concern by those who are either studying them or simply observing them.

Since the regular spraying of our skies commenced in the late 1990s, another disturbing phenomenon has been noted and that is its correlation to the outbreak of a flu-like disease, which has been named, 'Respiratory Distress Syndrome'. Disturbingly, the components of this illness, namely the chemical, bacterial and fungal elements have been strongly linked to the bio-chemical footprint of Chemtrails.

Once again we see the same pattern unfolding, the denials by government and military agencies and as usual, total and complete avoidance by the media. Radio, television, and the press alike have all either ignored it completely or in instances where it has been brought to their attention, dismissed it as mass-paranoia or our old favourite, a 'conspiracy theory'!

Literally thousands of eyewitnesses, with not only photographic proof, but with the entire evidence manifest in the skies above them, have been either totally ignored or dismissed by all the mainstream media organisations. Up to the current time, no individual researcher has as yet been successful in attracting as much as the passing attention of even the smallest of these media organisations. What is even more interesting and disconcerting is the fact that, with all of the widespread discussion surrounding this phenomenon, its link to a near-epidemic outbreak of a serious and debilitating range of illnesses, and the evidence in the skies right above their offices and studios, not one member of the mainstream media has come forward with a story to discredit the data, contradict the evidence, or calm the growing concerns and justified suspicions of the public. Is this not the very minimum response that we have a right to expect from any news organisation that claims to serve 'the people'? The silence speaks volumes, to my mind.

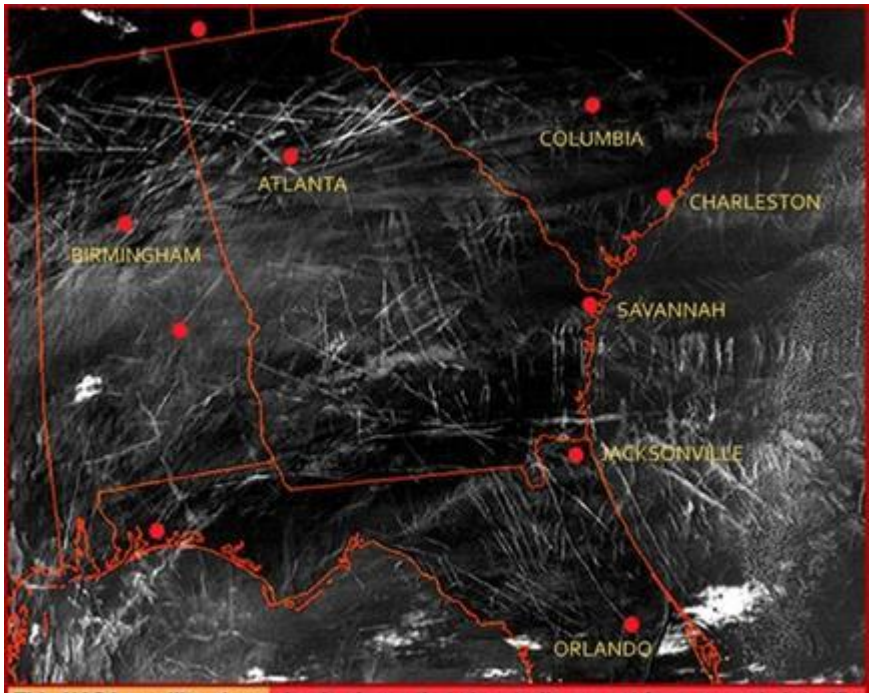

This NASA satellite photo clearly shows that chemtrails are not from normal air traffic. Instead of lines connecting cities, we see intentionally sprayed Xs and grid patterns. Rainwater is testing toxically high for Barium and Aluminum. DDees.com

Here is an interesting statement from an American aviation technician. I have no reason to doubt the veracity of this testimony.

"For reasons you will understand as you read this, I cannot divulge my identity. I am an aircraft mechanic for a major airline. I work at one of our maintenance bases located at a large airport and I have discovered some information that I think you will find important. Firstly I should tell you something about the 'pecking order' among mechanics. It is important to my story and to the cause to which you have dedicated yourself.

Mechanics want to work on three things. The avionics, the engines, or the flight controls. The mechanics that work on these systems are considered at the top of the 'pecking order'. Next come the mechanics that work on the hydraulics and air conditioning systems. Then come the ones who work on the galley and other non-essential systems. But at the very bottom of the list are the mechanics that work on the waste disposal systems. No mechanic wants to work on the pumps, tanks, and pipes that are used to store the waste from the lavatories, but at every airport where I have worked there are always 2 or 3 mechanics that volunteer to work on the lavatory systems.

The other mechanics are happy to let them do it. Because of this you will have only 2 or 3 mechanics that work on these systems at any one airport. No

one pays much attention to these guys and no mechanic socialises with another mechanic who only works on the waste systems. In fact I had never thought much about this situation until last month.

Like most airlines we have reciprocal agreements with the other airlines that fly into this airport. If they have a problem with a plane, one of our mechanics will take care of it. Likewise if one of our planes has a problem at an airport where the other airline has a maintenance base, they will fix our plane. One day last month I was called out from our base to work on a plane for another airline. When I got the call, the dispatcher did not know what the problem was. When I got to the plane I found out that the problem was in the waste disposal system. There was nothing for me to do but to crawl in and fix the problem. When I got into the bay I realized that something was not right. There were more tanks, pumps, and pipes then should have been there. At first I assumed that the system had been changed. It had been 10 years since I had worked on one. As I tried to find the problem I quickly realized the extra piping and tanks were not connected to the waste disposal system. I had just discovered this when another mechanic from my company showed up. It was one of the mechanics who usually works on these systems. I happily turned the job over to him. As I was leaving I asked him about the extra equipment. He told me to 'worry about my end of the plane and let him worry about his!'

The next day I was on the company computer to look up a wiring schematic. While I was there I decided to look up the extra equipment I had found. To my amazement the manuals did not show any of the extra equipment I had seen with my own eyes the day before. I even tied in to the manufacturer files and still found nothing. Now I was really determined to find out what that equipment did.

The next week we had three of our planes in our main hanger for periodic inspection. There are mechanics crawling all over a plane during these inspections. I had just finished my shift and I decided to have a look at the waste system on one of our planes. With all the mechanics around I figured that no one would notice an extra one on the plane. Sure enough, the plane I chose had the extra equipment!

I began to trace the system of pipes, pumps, and tanks. I found what appeared to be the control unit for the system. It was a standard looking avionics control box but it had no markings of any kind. I could trace the control wires from the box to the pumps and valves but there were no control circuits coming into the unit. The only wires coming into the unit was a power connection to the aircraft's main power bus.

The system had one large and two smaller tanks. It was hard to tell in the cramped compartment but it looked like the large tank could hold 50 gallons. The tanks were connected to a fill and drain valve that passed through the fuselage just behind the drain valve for the waste system. When I had a chance to look for this connection under the plane I found it cunningly hidden behind a panel under the panel used to access the waste drain. I began to trace the piping from the pumps. These pipes led to a network of small pipes that ended in the trailing edges of the wings and horizontal stabilizers. If you look closely at the wings of a large airplane you will see a set of wires, about the size of your finger, extending from the trailing edge of the wing surfaces. These are the static discharge wicks. They are used to dissipate the static electric charge that builds up on a plane in flight. I discovered that the pipes from this mystery system lead to every 1 out of 3 of these static discharge wicks. These wicks had been "hollowed out" to allow whatever flows through these pipes to be discharged through these fake wicks.

It was while I was on the wing that one of the managers spotted me. He ordered me out of the hanger telling me that my shift was over and I had not been authorized any overtime. The next couple of days were very busy and I had no time to continue my investigation. Late one afternoon, two days after my discovery, I was called to replace an engine temperature sensor on a plane due to take off in two hours. I finished the job and turned in the paperwork.

About 30 minutes later I was paged to see the General Manager. When I went in his office I found that our union rep and two others who I did not know were waiting on me. He told me that a serious problem had been discovered. He said that I was being written up and suspended for turning in false paperwork. He handed me a disciplinary form stating that I had turned in false paperwork on the engine temperature sensor I had installed a few hours before. I was floored and began to protest. I told them that this was ridiculous and that I had done this work. The union rep spoke up then and

recommended that we take a look at the plane and see if we could straighten it all out. It was at this time that I asked who the other two men were. The GM told me that they were airline safety inspectors but would not give me their name.

We proceeded to the plane, which should have been in the air but was parked on our maintenance ramp. We opened the engine cowling and the union rep pulled the sensor. He checked the serial number and told everyone that it was the old instrument. We then went to the parts bay and went back into the racks. The union rep checked my report and pulled from the rack a sealed box. He opened the box and pulled out the engine temperature sensor with the serial number of the one I had installed. I was told that I was suspended for a week without pay and to leave immediately.

I sat at home the first day of my suspension wondering what the hell had happened to me. That evening I received a phone call. The voice told me 'Now you know what happens to mechanics who poke around in things they shouldn't. The next time you start working on systems that are no concern of yours you will lose your job! As it is I'm feeling generous, I believe that you'll be able to go back to work soon' CLICK. Again I had to pick myself from off the floor. I made the connection that what had happened was directly connected to my tracing the mysterious piping. The next morning the General Manager called me. He said that due to my past excellent employment record that the suspension had been reduced to one day and that I should report back to work immediately. The only thing I could think of was what are they trying to hide and who are THEY!

That day at work went by as if nothing had happened. None of the other mechanics mentioned the suspension and my union rep told me not to talk about it. That night I logged onto the Internet to try to find some answers. I don't remember now how I got there but I came across a site dealing with chemtrails. That's when it all came together. But the next morning at work I found a note inside my locked locker. It said, 'Curiosity killed the cat. Don't be looking at Internet sites that are no concern of yours.'

Well that's it. THEY are watching me. Well you already know what they are doing. I don't know what they are spraying but I can tell you how they are doing it. I figure they are using the 'honey trucks'. These are the trucks that

empty the waste from the lavatory waste tanks. The airports usually contract out this job and nobody goes near these trucks. Who wants to stand next a truck full of shit? While these guys are emptying the waste tanks they are filling the tanks of the spray system. They know the plane's flight path so they probably program the control unit to start spraying some amount of time after the plane reaches a certain altitude. The spray nozzles in the fake static wicks are so small that no one in the plane would see a thing."

Reported at Cosmic Conspiracies cosmic-conspiracies.com and reproduced here with their kind permission.

Satellite photo of chemtrails over the Great Lakes (These days, photos of chemtrails are airbrushed out before release).

Although this statement is not personally verified by me, I feel that it definitely has a ring of truth about it. The modus operandus of the way the mechanic's 'indiscretions' are dealt with is entirely consistent with other examples of the way these situations are handled by the Elite. Once you are identified as a problem to their agenda, either directly or via their paid lackeys, they will spare no expense to intimidate, threaten or even kill should the pressure not be heeded. This person was possibly lucky to live to tell his story. History is awash with others in many different scenarios, who did not.

So why are they doing it? Why would they be spraying harmful chemicals from planes onto an unsuspecting population, on a huge scale, worldwide at what must be an astronomical cost? What could the motivation possibly be?

There are several possible reasons. Maybe they are all partly true or maybe there is just one reason alone. No-one is 100% sure, but here are some possibilities:

Initially it was thought that the real reason for Chemtrails was the de-population agenda because of the bio-chemical and metal content found in the substances and the link to the stated Elite agenda of population reduction. Over the years however, it has become apparent that it has not had a large effect in reducing population sizes. Although it probably has had some negative impact on health and more than likely has been the cause of deaths, especially in the already sick or elderly, it is probably not actually genocidal. There have certainly been reports of hospitals experiencing a large intake of patients with lung issues after exposure to chemtrails, but this was usually in the early days. However, this does not appear to be the primary function of chemtrails.

Another use for chemtrails has been suggested as weather control. This may or may not be wholly or partly true. There is some evidence to suggest that this may be happening in conjunction with the HAARP project (see relevant sections) and whilst this theory has some possibilities, I believe that if true, it is a secondary objective only.

There has also been much disinformation spread on the Internet as with all these issues, regarding the 'real reason' for chemtrails. Another supposed theory is that it is done to counter the effects of 'so-called' global warming, but I think this one is easy to dismiss. Firstly, global warming is a complete fabrication in any case and the Elite know this only too well. Indeed it is they

that invented the myth, for other reasons which we cover in more detail in the relevant section of the book. However, the most important negative here is that chemtrails have been around since the mid-nineties and the nonsensical pseudo-science of global warming did not actually come to prominence until around ten years later.

The Hollywood movie 'Toxic Skies' (2006) that purports to be a dramatised exposé of the chemtrail conspiracy is actually easily dismissed as another example of disinformation. Disinformation is a very successful tool used by the Elite, whereby so-called conspiracy theories are exposed as nonsense by distorting the real facts by the presenting of a false paradigm. Any future discussions about the subject can then be side-tracked or dismissed easily as a conspiracy by referral to the false premise, despite the fact that it can easily be proven untrue. In the film, the conspiracy is revealed as being perpetrated by a lone, rogue element in the pharmaceutical industry whose primary motivation is money in the form of sales of the cure of the ailments caused by the chemtrails. But as in all good fiction, he is finally stopped by the 'good guys' at the end of the movie and we all get to live happily ever after.

However, could the real reason behind chemtrails be related in some way to living people, not de-population, weather control or genocide?

In the observing of people's behaviour over the past several years, some researchers, myself included, feel that it is now very apparent that there is a general 'dumbing-down', of people taking place. This is achieved mainly through education, planned distractions such as 24/7 mass entertainment, blanket sports coverage and the preponderance of 'popular' music and computer games (see appropriate chapters for more detail). But, could there be another, more subtle method of bringing about changes to the way we think and the working of our minds? It is now even more of a struggle with certain sections of the populace, to invoke an interest in anything other than the latest football scores or which celebrity is in a relationship with which other, let alone about even such simple, yet more pertinent issues as improving one's diet or political awareness. Could it be that we are deliberately being programmed not to think coherently about what is really happening in the world?

Here is a section of dialogue from the film, They Live (1985) which is particularly relevant to what I believe is happening today:

"...our impulses are being redirected. We are living in an artificially induced state of consciousness that resembles sleep… ...the movement was begun eight

months ago by a small group of scientists who discovered, quite by accident, these signals are being sent through television... ...the poor and the underclass are growing. Racial justice and human rights are nonexistent. They have created a repressive society and we are their unwitting accomplices... ...their intention to rule rests with the annihilation of consciousness. We have been lulled into a trance. They have made us indifferent, to ourselves, to others and we are focused only on our own gain. ...please understand, they are safe as long as they are not discovered. That is their primary method of survival. Keep us asleep, keep us selfish, keep us sedated... ...they are dismantling the sleeping middle class. More and more people are becoming poor. We are their cattle. We are being bred for slavery. The revolution... ...we cannot break their signal, our transmitter is not powerful enough. The signal must be shut off at the source."

One common element that seems to be present in all analyses of chemtrails is barium. In Phoenix, Arizona, USA, a group of people had their hair spectrographically analysed as part of the investigation into the effects of chemtrails and their hair was found to contain dangerously high levels of barium. If barium is present at those levels in our hair, then it must also be present at similar levels in our bodies too. What could this mean and what is its significance?

Mind control is not something from a cheap science fiction 'B movie'. It goes on all the time, surreptitiously. From Project MK Ultra (see relevant section) to simple subliminal advertising techniques to persuasive propaganda, we have all been subjected to a form of mind control no matter how minor, at one time or other in our lives.

Human bodies are electrical in nature, as are all our individual living cells. In addition to our complex electrical makeup, we have an energetic side as well. Our meridians and chakras are only the most basic component of this hidden side. This energetic element is very sensitive to electromagnetic and scalar magnetic signals reaching into the terahertz band. Saturating human cells with metallic compounds makes them more sensitive to man-made signals in these ranges. Much research has been conducted and many patents have been awarded relating to remote influence, electromagnetic telepathy and mind control. I do not believe that anyone would go the trouble and considerable expense of applying for patents for processes and devices that are not intended to be used actively.

Introducing the High frequency Active Auroral Research Program (HAARP). (for fuller details, please see the relevant section), but very briefly;

HAARP is a semi-secret American government project located in Alaska. It is widely believed that the reasons stated by the government for its existence are a major cover-up.

"HAARP will zap the upper atmosphere with a focused and steerable electromagnetic beam. It is an advanced model of an 'ionospheric heater.' (The ionosphere is the electrically-charged sphere surrounding Earth's upper atmosphere. It ranges between 40 to 60 miles above the surface of the Earth.)

Put simply, the apparatus for HAARP is a reversal of a radio telescope; antennas send out signals instead of receiving. HAARP is the test run for a super-powerful radio wave-beaming technology that lifts areas of the ionosphere by focusing a beam and heating those areas. Electromagnetic waves then bounce back onto earth and penetrate everything -- living and dead.

HAARP publicity gives the impression that the High-frequency Active Auroral Research Program is mainly an academic project with the goal of changing the ionosphere to improve communications for our own good. However, other U.S. military documents put it more clearly -- HAARP aims to learn how to "exploit the ionosphere for Department of Defense purposes." Communicating with submarines is only one of those purposes.

Press releases and other information from the military on HAARP continually downplay what it could do. Publicity documents insist that the HAARP project is no different than other ionospheric heaters operating safely throughout the world in places such as Arecibo, Puerto Rico, Tromso, Norway, and the former Soviet Union. However, a 1990 government document indicates that the radio-frequency (RF) power zap will drive the ionosphere to unnatural activities.

At the highest HF powers available in the West, the instabilities commonly studied are approaching their maximum RF energy dissipative capability, beyond which the plasma processes will 'runaway' until the next limiting factor is reached. If the military, in cooperation with the University of Alaska Fairbanks, can show that this new ground-based "Star Wars" technology is sound, they both win. The military has a relatively-inexpensive defence shield and the University can brag about the most dramatic geophysical manipulation since atmospheric explosions of nuclear bombs. After successful testing, they

would have the military megaprojects of the future and huge markets for Alaska's North Slope natural gas.

Looking at the other patents which built on the work of a Texas' physicist named Bernard Eastlund, it becomes clearer how the military intends to use the HAARP transmitter. It also makes governmental denials less believable. The military knows how it intends to use this technology, and has made it clear in their documents. The military has deliberately misled the public, through sophisticated word games, deceit and outright disinformation. The military says the HAARP system could:

* give the military a tool to replace the electromagnetic pulse effect of atmospheric thermonuclear devices (still considered a viable option by the military through at least 1986);

* replace the huge Extremely Low Frequency (ELF) submarine communication system operating in Michigan and Wisconsin with a new and more compact technology;

* be used to replace the over-the-horizon radar system that was once planned for the current location of HAARP, with a more flexible and accurate system;

* provide a way to wipe out communications over an extremely large area, while keeping the military's own communications systems working;

* provide a wide-area Earth-penetrating tomography which, if combined with the computing abilities of EMASS and Cray computers, would make it possible to verify many parts of nuclear non-proliferation and peace agreements;

* be a tool for geophysical probing to find oil, gas and mineral deposits over a large area;

* be used to detect incoming low-level planes and cruise missiles, making other technologies obsolete." Dr. Nick Begich. Haarp.net

If HAARP can perform all these electromagnetic feats, then I firmly believe that it is more than possible that HAARP in conjunction with chemtrails could easily be used (among other nefarious possibilities) to manipulate the individual and collective mind-sets of the human race.

Dr. Begich explains that HAARP uses a frequency range that is the same as the human brain. By sending specific frequencies, the populace can be made to feel different emotions/manipulations: fear, ecstasy…influencing elections…

etc. The military-industrial complex undoubtedly has some of this mind control equipment in their black ops arsenal.

The website haarp.net also states:

"The military's Pandora's Box

The mental-disruption possibilities for HAARP are the most disturbing. More than 40 pages ... with dozens of footnotes, chronicle the work of Harvard professors, military planners and scientists as they plan and test this use of the electromagnetic technology. For example, one of the papers describing this use was from the International Red Cross in Geneva. It even gave the frequency ranges where these effects could occur — the same ranges over which HAARP is capable of broadcasting."

The following statement was made more than twenty-five years ago in a book by Zbigniew Brzezinski (the mentor and puppet-master of Barack Obama) which he wrote whilst still a professor at Columbia University.

"Political strategists are tempted to exploit research on the brain and human behavior. Geophysicist Gordon J.F. MacDonald, a specialist in problems of warfare, says accurately-timed, artificially-excited electronic strokes could lead to a pattern of oscillations that produce relatively high power levels over certain regions of the earth … in this way one could develop a system that would seriously impair the brain performance of very large populations in selected regions over an extended period. … no matter how deeply disturbing the thought of using the environment to manipulate behavior for national advantages, the technology permitting such use will very probably develop within the next few decades."

Also, "Unhindered by the restraints of traditional liberal values, this elite would not hesitate to achieve its political ends by using the latest modern techniques for influencing public behavior and keeping society under close surveillance and control. Technical and scientific momentum would then feed on the situation it exploits," Brzezinski predicted, in the same source.

"If one questions why THEY would initiate this 'mass murder' – across the entire planet and still expect to survive it should be noted that in the past 20 years these Illuminati elitists have built huge underground facilities throughout the world. The fact is that they have developed massive underground facilities to avoid the Holocaust that they are creating. The fact is they have literally launched an all-out attack on the Earth's Atmosphere. These Malthusian Minded Maniacs have the Minds of Monsters. No one who is not either

Satanic or insane would order millions of tons of deadly toxins containing aerosol compounds composed of Aluminum Oxide, Strontium, Barium, and Sulfur Hexafluoride to be dumped upon the population of the world. Just look to the skies. This is not a Conspiracy Theory – This is Frightening – This is a Fact." Aircrap.org

The abundant circumstantial and actual evidence here points firmly to the fact that we are being manipulated against our knowledge or will, in an attempt to control us all. We are being electronically influenced to focus inwardly and in consequence of this, turn a blind eye to what is going on in the world today right under our noses. The 'elephant in the room' is the construction of the Elite's 'New World Order' which is designed to suppress and subjugate us all, before we even realise what is happening.

This is but one more small piece in the overall jigsaw puzzle that leads me to conclude that the human race is under severe attack by a Satanically motivated cabal and our freedoms of thought and movement are being eroded as quickly as is possible. Unless we stand up very soon and say 'no more', our time will soon have run out and our last opportunity to counter this threat will be gone forever.

FEMA – The Federal Emergency Management Agency

FEMA's role in any disaster scenario in the US has to be seriously questioned. Indeed they seem to specialise in aggravating the disaster by being deliberately obstructive, preventing medical and other aid reaching the victims and generally creating an atmosphere of fear and truth suppression among those they are supposedly trying to help.

I believe that the mission of FEMA has never in reality been to bring people food and water and help in times of crisis. Alex Jones of 'Infowars' relates that he has attended numerous FEMA drills where the whole point of the exercise is to round people up, break up families and institute a brutal police state crackdown.

For example, FEMA needed to create a chaotic atmosphere in New Orleans after the artificially induced Hurricane Katrina so they could legitimise what they were doing. Immediately following the disaster, there were multiple reports of police being ordered to guard key infrastructures in order to defend them from FEMA federal agents. Sheriffs in several different counties were guarding highways to keep FEMA out.

They were treated as the enemy because they were known to be sabotaging key facilities in an effort to intentionally worsen the already desperate scenes of horror in New Orleans. They were known to also be sabotaging lines of communication so that their activities could not be exposed to the wider relief authorities and the media.

Commenting on the sabotage by FEMA of communication lines, Washington insider Wayne Madsen stated that;

"Jamming radio and other communications such as television signals is part of a Pentagon tactic called 'information blockade' or 'technology blockade'. This tactic is one of a number of such operations that are part of the doctrine of 'information warfare' and is one of the psychological operations (PSYOPS) methods used by the US Special Operations Command."

Radio host Carol Baker who was tracking the FEMA sabotage stated that Plaquemines Parish Sheriff Jeff Hingle had his deputies patrol the county line under orders not to let FEMA in. As was discussed in the 'Meet the Press'

interview, Jefferson Parish Sheriff Harry Lee also has armed guards patrolling the county line in order to prevent the FEMA sabotage. FEMA has a number of Presidential executive orders to fall back upon that allow for the total federal takeover of any US city.

FEMA was clearly using this human catastrophe as a means of executing its long-term plans and providing the pretext for future takeover scenarios of all major American cities. Amongst a litany of government inaction and outright dereliction, this is the most alarming evidence to emerge yet that clearly indicates an agenda for the federal government to profit and expand its power from exploiting the aftermath of disasters.

"FEMA is not an elected body, it does not involve itself in public disclosures and it even has a quasi-secret budget in the billions of dollars. It has more power than the President of the United States or the Congress, it has the power to suspend laws, move entire populations, arrest and detain citizens without a warrant and hold them without trial, it can seize property, food supplies, transportation systems, and can suspend the Constitution. Not only is it the most powerful entity in the United States, but it was not even created under Constitutional law by Congress. A Series of Executive Orders dating from the 1960s onwards underlines the history of FEMA. The plan for total control of every aspect of our lives has been under construction for a long time". [my emphasis – JH] Steve Watson, Infowars.com, 6 September 2005

"A trained National Police Force, formally referred to by the name of Multi-Jurisdictional Task Force (MJTF), wearing black uniforms and composed of:

1. Specially selected US military personnel
2. Foreign military units carrying United Nations ID cards, and
3. Specially trained existing police groups from larger metropolitan American cities.

These members of the MJTF will implement and enforce martial law under the direction and control of FEMA. The President and Congress are out of the loop. FEMA is the Trojan Horse by which the New World Order will implement overt, police-state control over the American populace". Ken Adachi, educate-yourself.org

So what does all this mean? It was clear from the start that the goal of FEMA and Homeland Security was, not to rescue people, but to control them. Their directive was to relocate families and businesses, confiscate property, commandeer goods, direct labour and services, and establish martial law. This is what they have been trained to do. The reason they failed to carry

out an effective rescue operation is that this was not their primary mission and the reason they blocked others from doing so is that any operations not controlled by the central authority are contrary to their directives. Their objective was to bring the entire area under the control of the federal government - and this they succeeded in doing very well.

William Anderson, in an article posted to the website of the von Mises Institute, came to the same conclusion but from a slightly different perspective. He calls attention to the need for politicians and government agencies to be in the spotlight during emergencies so they can look good to the voters and claim credit for all positive results. They are not interested in sharing the praise.

Anderson writes: "While the world is preoccupied with trying to fix the blame for the government's failure in New Orleans, the reality is that it did not fail at all. It was a huge success in promoting its own agenda. Unfortunately, that agenda was not to rescue American citizens. Once this simple fact is understood, everything that happened in the wake of Katrina becomes understandable and logical."

The Man-made 'Global Warming' Hoax

Have you perhaps noticed that 'global warming' has lately disingenuously been re-branded as 'climate change' by most commentators and reporters? This is because it has now been shown beyond all doubt that the Earth is currently entering a period of cooling which is expected to continue for the next several decades. Indeed this is all part of a natural cycle of warming and cooling that has been going-on for millions of years.

The utterly ridiculous and easily disproved fantasy of human-caused global warming by CO2 emissions is nothing but a gigantic hoax, a confidence-trick designed to extract even more money from we, the people in taxation, to further line the pockets of the already super-wealthy.

There are also other powerful factors at work here. 'Climate change' as we must now refer to it, is also being used to justify the ongoing centralisation of power, de-industrialisation, the passing of global laws and an expansion of the surveillance of the world population, all as part of the inexorable march towards the much-vaunted 'New World Order'. This is also another major example of the Hegelian dialectic; problem, reaction, solution technique. Create a problem, wait for a demand for action and then provide the solution you wanted to see implemented in the first place. By that method is the agenda advanced step by step by step.

Enter Mr Al Gore, fresh from his (planned) defeat at the hands of Bush the lesser in the 2000 presidential election campaign. I can just imagine the scenario right now…

Rothschild: Sorry Al, but Georgie-boy is our choice this time around, but don't worry, we have something even more important lined-up for you. We want you to front this massive con… er, campaign that we have thought of to make us all even more billions. Basically we are going to employ a whole bunch of scientists, corporations and politicians to falsely promote the fact that the Earth is suffering from some kind of runaway warming and that the only solution that will save mankind will be draconian measures that will ahem, stop it all. Of course this will cost every single person on Earth an absolute 'arm and a leg', but never mind eh? What do you say Al? Will you do it Al? You know it makes sense, Al.

Gore: Yes of course, Mr. Rothschild, sir. Of course I will, sir – only too delighted Mr. Rothschild. When can I start?

So, Gore embarked upon his quest to convince the entire world that the Earth is warming dangerously as a result of excessive CO2 emissions, all of course funded by the Rothschild millions. One of his first actions was to produce the horrendously scientifically inaccurate film, An Inconvenient Truth which became the third most successful documentary in history and unsurprisingly won the 'Oscar' for best documentary. Gore's book of the same name also reached the top of the best-sellers list in America as the public fell for his scam 'hook, line and sinker' and furthermore, as if this was all not enough, Gore subsequently 'won' the Nobel Peace Prize for this great work of fiction.

Please bear in mind that this is the same Al Gore that Phillip Eugene de Rothschild, referred to thus:

"President Clinton has 'full-blown' multiple personality disorder and is an active sorcerer in the Satanic mystery religions. This is also true of Al Gore, as well; I have known Clinton and Gore from our childhoods as active and effective Satanists."

Incidentally, the Inconvenient Truth documentary has been distributed to all schools in Britain to be shown to teenagers, by the government despite a High Court judge ruling that it was too full of unscientific inaccuracies as well as gross distortions of the truth to be shown to impressionable youths. But the law matters not a jot to these people of course. Laws are only there to be obeyed when expedient for their agenda to do so; otherwise they may be ignored by them at will. And perhaps even more tellingly, the psychological damage has now been done and the purpose of the film has been served. No matter how much proof of its distortions and inaccuracies may now be forthcoming, the falsehoods it portrays are now firmly established in millions if not billions of human psyches all around the world. This then of course renders the refuting of its false information, much, much more difficult.

Of course any concerned person realises that protection of the environment is vital to long-term human and indeed all life's survival on the Earth, but that is not the real issue here, despite the fact that it is disingenuously portrayed as being so. Climate change 'theory' is based on the complete myth or even downright lie, that global temperatures are inexorably increasing solely due to the levels of CO2 emitted by human-caused activities, whilst the real truth is that from the 1970s to the early 2000s, the Earth was

actually undergoing a short period of naturally induced warming as part of a normal cycle of sun-spot activity. This trend is now rapidly being reversed as we are now entering a sun-spot induced period of cooling, but of course this fact does not figure too prominently in the 'warmists' agenda and they therefore deny, but mainly ignore this particular inconvenient (for them) truth.

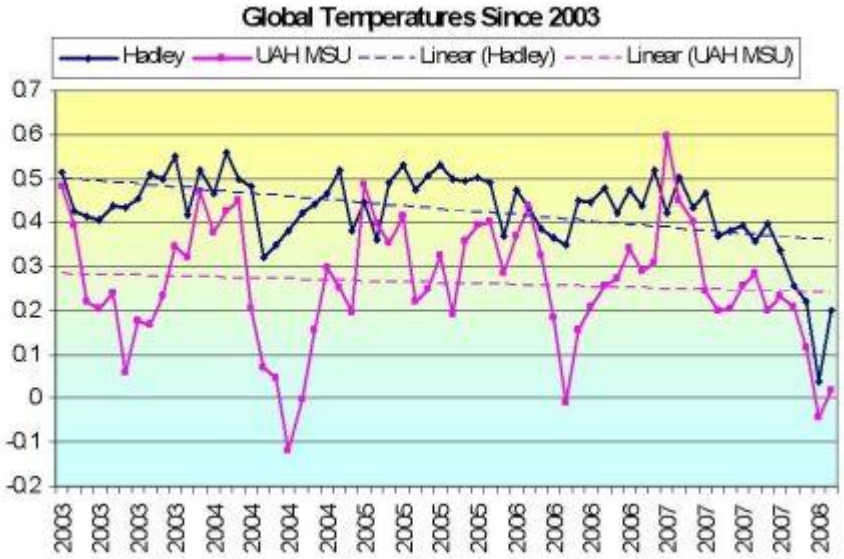

All their 'warming' predictions are based on totally unscientific premises and selective data derived mainly on the old computer principle of 'garbage-in, garbage-out' which roughly translated means that if the initial data input is incorrect then the resultant computer predictions based on that data will also be incorrect.

It is falsely claimed by these grand-scale con-artists that it is the excessive amounts of the 'greenhouse gas', CO2 emanating from vehicle exhausts and industrial processes, especially those of the third world that is the root of the problem. According to their shills, 'useful idiots' and downright professional liars, this excessive CO2 is collecting in the atmosphere and preventing the natural escape of heat into space and thus causing a build-up of warm air all around us that is the issue.

Of course we are now being extolled to become 'carbon neutral' and partake in the 'carbon offset' scam just as many companies that wish to cause pollution are now able to 'buy' 'carbon credits' from those who do not exceed their stated carbon emission limits. What a farce it really is. So essentially what is being said then is that is OK to cause pollution as long as you pay for it. And where does this money go, you may well ask? Well, luckily for us all,

Gore has set up a company to facilitate it all, Generation Investment Management, based in London.

"So Al can buy his carbon offsets from himself. Better yet, he can buy them with the money he gets from his long-term relationship with Occidental Petroleum. See how easy it is to be carbon-neutral. All you have to do is own a gazillion stocks in 'big oil', start an eco-stockbroking firm to make eco-friendly investments, use a small portion of your oil company's profits to buy some tax-deductible carbon-offsets from your own investment firm and you too can save the planet whilst making money and leaving a carbon footprint roughly the size of Godzilla's at the start of the movie when they're all standing around in the little toe wondering what the strange depression in the landscape is." An Internet commentator

So please, please never, ever submit to the blatant con now being perpetrated by some airline companies that generously invite you to buy your carbon credits when paying for a ticket. This is all nothing but a highly lucrative fraud being perpetrated against us all through the emotional blackmail of 'saving the planet'. At the time of writing, these airline carbon credits are voluntary, but in line with the 'totalitarian-tiptoe' it is simply the prelude to more and more taxation, even more Orwellian controls and perhaps most importantly to prevent the developing nations (third world) from gaining a share of the profit gravy-train currently being enjoyed almost exclusively by the first world and the likes of Gore and his cronies.

"In searching for a new enemy to unite us, we came up with the idea that pollution, threat of global warming, water shortages, famine and the like would fit the bill. All of these are caused by human intervention. The real enemy then is humanity itself." Aurelio Pecci, The Club of Rome, a part of the Round Table network, 1991

In 2006 an offshoot of the United Nations, The International Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) began to inform the world that global warming is the direct result of human-caused carbon emissions. It has since become the de facto truth (along with many other lies exposed in this book) that carbon emissions are warming the planet at an unsustainable rate despite the now proven fact that the Earth is now in an intensive period of 'cooling'. However, please note that the IPCC is not a scientific body at all, despite some of its apologist's claims; it is a purely political institution with its own agenda and replete with all the bias inherent in such organisations.

"The IPCC is not a scientific institution; it's a political body, a sort of non-government organisation of green flavour. It's neither a forum of neutral scientists nor a balanced group of scientists. These people are politicised scientists who arrive there with a one-sided opinion and a one-sided assignment." Vaclav Klaus, President of the Czech Republic

The IPCC's claim that it represents 2000+ of the world's foremost scientists is an unadulterated lie. Its report purportedly had the backing of all these scientists, most of whom are blatantly and deceptively, named within its covers. However since the publication of this huge fairy-tale masquerading as truth, at least 60% of these named scientists have formally protested at the inclusion of their names within its pages, all of which were used without their express permission and indeed many have demanded that their names be specifically excluded from it – all of which has fallen of course upon 'deaf ears' and as usual remained unreported by the compliant media.

As an example (among many) Professor Paul Reiter one of the world's foremost authorities on tropical diseases, whose name was included without his express permission, gave an example of the blatant untruths within the report when he said that it states within its pages that tropical diseases such as malaria were more likely with the advent of global warming, to spread to formerly 'colder' parts of the world than before. This he pointed out is in fact, nonsense. Mosquitos actually thrive better in colder temperatures and are abundant within the Arctic Circle in such places as Siberia for example where there are 13 million cases a year reported on average. In fact, he said, he was horrified by the entire report as it was he said… '…so much misinformation… virtually without mention of scientific literature by specialists in those fields'.

The IPCC report is simply put, a document compiled to support a pre-arranged outcome and designed to fool the public into believing that which is not true. In this it has been a raging success.

"The IPCC like any other UN body is political. The final conclusions are politically driven." Professor Phillip Scott, the department of Geography, University of London

We are constantly being fed the line that the Earth is now 'warmer than at any time since records began'. Sounds impressive yet foreboding does it not? However, upon hearing statements such as these it is worth remembering that records only began in fact as recently as 1914, less than 100 years ago, at the time of writing. Yet another example of the depths of deceit to which the

warmists do not hesitate to stoop in their constant battering of our senses to drive home their messages of doom and gloom. As I stated previously, the Earth is subject to constant and ongoing fluctuations in the warming and cooling cycle that has been in evidence for hundreds of millennia and a mere one hundred year period taken in isolation, forms no statistical basis whatsoever upon which to base proper scientific data.

In fact it is quite simple to demonstrate using such methods as tree rings and ice cores that temperatures in what scientists refer to as the 'medieval warm period', were considerably higher on average than those of today. And there is also much socio-historical evidence to suggest that life in this period was far more comfortable than today despite their being an approximately two-degree higher average temperature than at present and absolutely no evidence of polar ice-cap melt or of coastlines being inundated worldwide. Indeed, were the temperatures to rise by as much as two or even five degrees in the next few years, then far from it being cataclysmic, most true scientists believe that it would be highly beneficial to life on Earth, especially the human variety.

"What has been forgotten in all the discussions about global warming is a proper sense of history. We have this view today that warming is going to have apocalyptic outcomes. In fact, during the 'medieval warm period', the world was even warmer than today and history shows that it was a wonderful period of plenty for everyone. When the temperatures began to drop, harvests failed and England's vine industry died. It makes one wonder why there is such a fear of warmth." Professor Phillip Scott, the department of Geography, University of London

"Warming fears are the worst scientific scandal in scientific history… When people come to know what the truth is, they will feel deceived by science and scientists." Dr. Kiminori Itoh, environmental physical chemist

A small point maybe, but a valid illustration of how we are all being conned by these people and their extravagant lies and distortions, is the myth of imminent polar bear extinction. According to Dr. Mitchell Taylor who has been involved for decades in the research of polar bears in northern Canada, this is absolutely untrue. They are in fact experiencing their highest numbers for almost sixty years. The famous photograph of the two polar bears standing on an ice floe and used by Gore for his infamous An Inconvenient Truth was in fact taken by Amanda Byrd who publicly stated to no avail that

the bears were in no danger whatsoever. In fact polar bears far from being in danger of drowning in these situations are well-known to be capable of swimming for up to 200 miles at a stretch when seeking-out new food sources.

Then in late 2009, we suddenly saw the final nail in the 'warmists' coffin with the exposure of the 'climategate emails'. Upon reading the 1000+ emails and 72 leaked documents it becomes immediately apparent why the East Anglia Climate Research Unit would have wished to keep them under lock and key. Here are just a few snippets below as examples of how the warmists have faked and manipulated data to further their own ends as have been revealed in these highly incriminating emails:

"I've just completed Mike's Nature trick of adding in the real temps to each series for the last 20 years (ie from 1981 onwards) and from 1961 for Keith's to hide the decline."

"The fact is that we can't account for the lack of warming at the moment and it is a travesty that we can't. The CERES data published in the August BAMS 09 supplement on 2008 shows there should be even more warming: but the data are surely wrong. Our observing system is inadequate."

"Can you delete any emails you may have had with Keith re AR4? Keith will do likewise. He's not in at the moment – minor family crisis. Can you also email Gene and get him to do the same? I don't have his new email address. We will be getting Caspar to do likewise."

"……Phil and I have recently submitted a paper using about a dozen NH records that fit this category, and many of which are available nearly 2K back– I think that trying to adopt a timeframe of 2K, rather than the usual 1K, addresses a good earlier point that Peck made w/ regard to the memo, that it would be nice to try to 'contain' the putative 'MWP', even if we don't yet have a hemispheric mean reconstruction available that far back…."

"This was the danger of always criticising the skeptics for not publishing in the 'peer-reviewed literature'. Obviously, they found a solution to that–take over a journal! So what do we do about this? I think we have to stop considering 'Climate Research' as a legitimate peer-reviewed journal. Perhaps we should encourage our colleagues in the climate research community to no longer submit to, or cite papers in, this journal. We would also need to consider what we tell or request of our more reasonable colleagues who currently sit on the editorial board…What do others think?"

"I will be emailing the journal to tell them I'm having nothing more to do with it until they rid themselves of this troublesome editor. It results from this journal having a number of editors. The responsible one for this is a well-known skeptic in NZ. He has let a few papers through by Michaels and Gray in the past. I've had words with Hans von Storch about this, but got nowhere. Another thing to discuss in Nice!"

Although replete with in-jokes and in-house references, I think this gives an overall flavour of what is going on here. And despite the reluctance of the mainstream media to cover it in full, with a few noteworthy exceptions, I believe it demonstrates pretty conclusively the institutional deception taking place in order to perpetuate the hoax. How much more evidence do we need to realise that the whole concept of global warming by human-caused CO2 emissions is a monumental fraud?

And so to conclude, yes, I am afraid it is all a huge hoax, a game to convince us that we are in danger of imminent disaster from the slightest warming of the planet and the only way to prevent this will be to give even more money to an already wealthy Elite group who care nothing whatsoever for you and your families, despite maintaining a thoroughly deceptive pretence to the contrary.

The Elite controlled and run Music & Entertainment Industry

If you believe that the music and entertainment industry is there simply to entertain us and make money in the process for its artists, promoters and producers, please think again.

Popular music especially and its highly-paid exponents are merely pawns of the Elite and are there in order to further manipulate our minds – especially those of impressionable youth and now even young children.

There is a long history of manipulation in the music industry, going back many, many years. The music 'business' itself has actually been around since medieval times, but can only be referred to as a true 'industry' since the early nineteenth century with the simultaneous developments of the orchestra, the employment of conductors and certain publishing and printing innovations that allowed music to be easily transcribed, passed-on from person to person and to be sold as sheet music.

In the early eighteenth century, there is recorded to have been around 8500 composers of music in Europe alone and yet around 8400 of them, despite the fact that their music may have been brilliant or innovative, have never had their music extensively published or played, other than in small, localised concert halls and much of it is today now long-forgotten, lost or deliberately buried. Why should this be? Mainly because, as today, the music industry then had its favourites and certain personalities including the likes of Mozart, who whilst feted as a celebrity of his time, probably did not compose much of the music attributed to him then and since.

Mozart was simply a manufactured 'focal point' in effect, upon which the money-interests of the music business of the time could focus and from whom it could derive its profits, as was Beethoven. This may well sound cynical and possibly unbelievable, but I can assure you that it is true. How similar to today then? Today's music industry is rife with such characters, people who have been chosen and indeed 'created' to be focal points and the personalities, celebrities if you will, who carry the burden of providing profits for an intensely money-focussed industry, ultimately regardless of the degree of talent they may or may not possess.

Musical history does not wish us to be aware of this fact; it just wishes to continue to promote the popular icons of the day, focussing on an artificially generated, elite group of composers who with the passage of time have been placed on pedestals and thus made immortal, just as many famous rock stars have been made the 'saints' of the new religion that is music, today.

The involvement of occultists in the creation of the 'superstars' of their day, such as Mozart, Beethoven and Haydn, cannot be ignored. Indeed the occult influence in music has always been a factor and today is absolutely rife throughout the whole of the music industry.

There is also a long history of connectivity from music to mind control going back to the 1950s when 'pop music' in its present form was first pushed upon an unsuspecting world by the mass-manipulators of the Frankfurt School and the Tavistock Institute and many performers, singers and members of bands are manipulated into promoting a satanic agenda by recording labels and producers who are also 'up to their eyes' in the deadly scheme. Is it at all artistic for people to sing about pain, suffering, death, sadness and despair in such quantities and who would want to taint the formerly beautiful art of music with such things? It is actually an essential aspect of the latter-day degeneration of music and the lowering of consciousness. This works in the same vein as film and television programmes that seem to have now evolved into excessively depressing and/or violent experiences for the viewer, even for very young children who are being increasingly exposed to overt sex and violence and when those few who still actually care about such things complain or point it out they are often labelled as a 'prude' or 'old-fashioned'. Often today music is excessively depressing, replete with songs contain lyrics extolling the virtues of extreme selfishness, greed, violence, death, suicide and murder. And this is not just in heavy metal (the previous chief culprit) any longer but has now been expanded to all forms of modern music even the 'middle of the road' ballads aimed at the younger, more impressionable generation. Even fun 'children's' pop music, the likes of which our children and grandchildren listen to all the time, is not immune and is often riddled with overt, sexually explicit and satanic and occult lyrics.

Interestingly, a huge number of artists have commented publicly and even composed songs about literally 'selling their souls' to the devil to further their musical careers. Many well-known rock artists are well-versed in the occult and are aware that spiritual entities and multidimensional 'demons' can manifest themself through music of a lower vibrational nature. They have

admitted that they use rock music and the rhythms, the lower guttural tones, and their insidious lyrics to lower the vibrational levels of concerts and thus their attendees. They have also even admitted countless times that they are possessed by their own music and have little control over where these vibrations lead them. This is typical of almost any satanic 'ritual' or practice; the lowering of consciousness and allowing lower vibrational entities to control a person. These practices often lead to complete loss of control and it was well known to the people at the last Woodstock anniversary concert that a form of 'bad energy' had manifested itself throughout the huge audience following many hours and days of extremely heavy, depressive and violent songs.

This information emanates from many sources; there have been many books written and several films made on the subject and many well-known artists have been exposed and even admitted themselves that this is taking place. However, the idea that rock music is a tool of the 'devil' has been pushed so relentlessly by religious leaders and evangelists that people are now more often likely to laugh at or mock the idea, rather than take it seriously. Nevertheless, well-known musicians are often reported as admitting to the practice of Satanism and their friends or colleagues will often mention that they have multiple personalities and that 'what you see on the stage is not really that person'.

Unfortunately, rock and pop music has become mostly a grossly degenerative art form. Some musicians are exempt from this tag, but the music industry contributes to this view generally by actually enhancing and promoting the popularity of the 'heaviest' bands or the most emotionally depressing artists. The rock music of today is several magnitudes darker and more depressing than Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath and other well-known 'devil-rockers' of past decades and at the time these bands were considered the very epitome of evil by the deeply religious. Heavy metal music has now become almost completely demonic per se and many performers revel in this fact, openly flaunting it. It is devolution of society and the art of music for the purpose of lowering the vibration of the consciousness in order to manipulate the youth of today into fulfilling the purposes of the Elite. It is, in short the next baby-step on the road to the complete undermining of human society and the human psyche in order to exert control over minds.

As I say, many artists are aware of this and some became aware of the fact that they have been manipulated by the music industry or began to recollect

memories of their brainwashing, either through the military or through 'handlers' who often happen to be their manager. These are often the artists we know to have so famously died by 'drug overdose' or have suffered other strange deaths. Many of these artists have either confided before their deaths in individuals who would later relay this information to those behind the scenes in the music industry or indeed may even 'go public' with their knowledge as did Michael Jackson shortly before his untimely demise at the hands of his 'doctor'. Jackson had been telling anyone and everyone during the period prior to his death that the CEO of Sony, Tommy Mottola (who by the way virtually owned Jackson body and soul, if not actually literally) was 'the devil incarnate'. A metaphor or figure of speech? Maybe, maybe not.

The deeper that one delves into this murky pit, the more one realises that the 'musical greats' are often occultists with exceptional talent and who are intentionally using that talent to manipulate the consciousness of listeners. However, I also believe that many of the 'household-name' musicians early in their careers are lured into a subtle trap baited with money and fame but then once their handlers in the recording companies completely sink their claws and teeth into them, they realise that they are caught, with no possible escape route and thus are condemned to continue with their charade for the rest of their careers, which often ends prematurely for one reason or another. The premature end to musical careers can and does occur for several reasons. Obviously, there are some genuine cases of accidental drug overdoses, but I am equally sure that some of these are murders and some suicides. But we need to ask the question as to why drug overdose and suicide (murder?) is so prevalent among this group of people?

There is so much information on this topic that could be included, that to do it justice would really justify a book in its own right. The number of examples of the satanic nature of the entertainment business is truly staggering and so we will concentrate on a few specific examples and events, but please bear in mind that this is only the tiniest sliver of ice on top of the very tip of an extremely large iceberg.

Premature death seems to be an occupational hazard amongst so-called celebrities in all fields. Again there are many reasons for this, some of them even genuine ones, but there are also many suspicious ones, some of them extremely suspicious bordering on the blatantly obvious. As stated above, Michael Jackson would fall neatly into that particular category, as would Whitney Houston who died shortly before my writing of this chapter in early

2012 and as the most recent incidents tend to be the ones that are freshest in the mind, let us concentrate on that particular one.

"It's a very predictable pattern that happens with all famous artists. They become valuable commodities. If they were shares, you would see Bay Street buying them up and fundamentally, it's the realisation that it's the end of the artist's productivity, that they won't produce anything more that sparks the buying frenzy." Theo Peridis, professor of strategic management at York University

Regarding Whitney Houston's recent sad demise (11th February 2012) and as with any other recently deceased 'megastar', it is a fact that the record company stood to gain massively in terms of vastly increased sales, albeit short-term. However how much better for them to have a short, one-off major boost than a long, lingering virtually profit-less demise to any artist's career?

The 2012 Grammy Awards took place shortly after the sudden, mysterious death of Whitney Houston. As the old tradition would have it, the show went on nevertheless, but not without an abundance of strange symbolism and ritualism that made it extremely clear that there is a definite 'dark side' to the entertainment business.

Upon the analysis of the facts surrounding Whitney Houston's death coupled with the symbolic elements of the 2012 Grammy awards, the entire event has the look and feel of an occult ritual, complete with a blood sacrifice, a celebration and even a 're-birth'. Some of the things described below were pre-planned, while others were possibly just odd coincidences. Let us now examine the most significant events that happened during the fateful weekend of Houston's death.

The highly symbolic 2012 Grammy awards ceremony

Whitney Houston's untimely death is strikingly similar to many other celebrity 'sacrifices'. Accounts of strange events before the death, the bizarre behaviour of the so-called authorities when the death was discovered, conflicting reports, the vagueness surrounding the cause of the death and last but not least, a typical response from the music industry via the Grammys 'ceremony'. Her case indeed followed the same pattern as several other celebrity deaths that were blamed on drugs excesses, despite much conflicting, albeit circumstantial evidence to the contrary. As was the case for other celebrities, the controlled media almost immediately began a campaign depicting Whitney as a hopeless drug addict. Maybe she was a drug addict, but if so, that is probably just a convenient side-issue, a symptom of the true killer of Whitney, ie. the much vaunted entertainment industry itself.

As with the recent cases of Michael Jackson, Amy Winehouse, Heath Ledger, Brittany Murphy and many others too numerous to mention, going back through the years, bizarre events both preceded and followed the death of Whitney Houston and after even a cursory examination of those events, it is impossible not to ponder as to whether her death (and the others) was truly an accident or a deliberate 'sacrifice' planned and undertaken by hidden hands? The majority of mainstream media sources have emphasised the drugs connection ad nauseum but several, more reliable sources have revealed other details that may provide evidence for an alternative view of the situation.

At the Beverley Hilton where Whitney Houston died, in the ballroom several floors below her suite of rooms at the time of her death, there was a 'pre-Grammys' party in full-swing. As the news broke regarding her death, Whitney was still lying there in her room in her fourth floor suite. She had been discovered dead in her bath, but it is unclear exactly by whom as there were several people in her suite at that time (3.50pm local time). Her body was not moved out until shortly before the party ended around midnight.

What has not been made public (at least in the mainstream) is that at around 11pm, paramedics were called again and security services and police also rushed to the scene and a medical-type wheelchair with restraints was also wheeled-in as Whitney's daughter Bobbi Kristina had become hysterical and paramedics were on the point of removing her to the hospital. Why should this happen, at least seven hours after Whitney's death? Very strange indeed.

Also, at 2.30am during the night immediately preceding Whitney's death, a man in a 3rd floor room immediately beneath her suite complained that water was cascading into his room from above. This was no mere trickle this was a

full-blown gushing of water. He called security and accompanied them upstairs to see for himself what on earth was going-on. According to this man, it was the bathtub that was overflowing but he noticed that a large-screen television had also been smashed.

Significant or not, neither of these incidents were reported by the mainstream media at the time or as far as I know, since the event and from an organisation that usually picks-up on the most trivial of incidents and blows them out of all proportion, I have to say I find that fact more than a little strange, to say the least.

So as it turned-out then, there was a party in full-swing going on three floors below Whitney's body whilst it just lay there for hours on end. Is this not more than a little distasteful especially given the fact that many of the attendees were Whitney's close colleagues and friends and acquaintances in the music business? Why was it not simply cancelled out of respect for her death or was there some kind of warped thrill to be had in partying-on below the dead body? Could it even have been part of some sick ritual or ceremony? It would not surprise me in the least, given the track record of these people.

Immediately before Whitney's death, in another strange occurrence, she had been seen fraternising with a person who had also been hanging around Michael Jackson through his last few months alive and in the hours leading up to his death. This man goes by the name of Raffles van Exel (a pseudonym if ever I heard one). He apparently is from Amsterdam in Holland and has also been known to use the aliases of Raffles Dawson and Raffles Benson. He was present in WH's suite of rooms at the time of her demise and apparently appeared downstairs in the hotel lobby shortly thereafter wearing aviator-type sunglasses and ostentatiously weeping and wailing. His usual entourage was there with him, including Quinton Aaron, a Hollywood B-grade movie actor and despite his terrible shock at Whitney's death he still managed to force himself to attend the party in the ballroom. He was bearing Whitney's entry ticket in his hand when he entered the room to what was apparently an outpouring of sympathy, but obviously not enough sympathy to actually halt the party.

A security guard confirmed that Exel had been hanging around Whitney for a few days and was actually pictured standing behind her as she emerged from a nightclub earlier that week, looking confused and disorientated. So who really is this Exel character? He apparently was to be seen hanging around Michael Jackson and his family and friends during Jackson's child molestation

trial also. No-one really seems to know who he is for sure, but he is often seen and pictured around celebrities.

Exel claims to own several companies including Raffles Entertainment and also claims to be the manager of Chaka Khan. There are a multitude of photos of him on the Internet posing with almost everyone who is anyone. He apparently does not respond to any emails or phone messages to his published contact points and thus very much remains the archetypal 'mystery man'.

So, was Exel an instrumental part in Whitney's death in any way and had she become persona non gratis to the Elite's music industry in some way? Was she becoming 'out of control' or 'losing' her programming perhaps? It has been reported that she had had premonitions about her own demise (where have we heard this before?) and shortly before her death she allegedly passed a note to her friend, the singer, Brandy who flatly refused to reveal its contents, other than to ambiguously state that 'Whitney meant everything to me. She's the reason that I sing'.

There is also an occult/numerology connection to Houston's death, in this case a connection with the number 11. In occult rites the number 11 is a master number as it cannot be reduced and because it exceeds the number 10 (regarded as perfection) by 1, it is also linked to black magic and 'bad vibrations'. Kabbalists tend to associate this number with transgression of the law, sorcery and possibly significantly, martyrdom.

It is also linked to sacrifice. For example, 9/11, the twin towers looked like a large number 11 and Remembrance/Veterans Day the 11/11 at the 11th hour. There is yet another link to consider and that is concerning Lady Gaga (another mind-controlled MK Ultra slave) and previous Grammy awards ceremonies. Gaga had close links to the fashion designer, Alexander MacQueen who was strongly involved with the occult and mind control and who himself died on the 11th February 2010, exactly two years to the day before Houston. Could it also be significant that Whitney Houston's room number the day that she died, was 434 which in numerology equates to 4+3+4 =11. Again, certainly food for thought.

At the Grammy awards ceremony in 2011, Lady Gaga said, "I need to thank Whitney Houston. I wanted to thank Whitney, because when I wrote 'Born this Way', I imagined she was singing it because I wasn't secure enough in myself to imagine I was a superstar. So, Whitney, I imagined you were singing 'Born This Way' when I wrote it."

'Born this Way', surprise of surprises was released on the 11th February 2011, exactly one year to the day before Whitney's death. Significant? Most certainly, I would venture to suggest. It is highly likely that Gaga (or more likely her controllers) in conjunction with Houston's, planned it all very carefully. Gaga's outfit for the 2012 awards was all-black, possibly symbolically signifying death?

Celine Dion was extraordinarily quick in apportioning the blame for Whitney's death. During a TV interview shortly after the event, she blamed the bad influence of the industry and even stated the need to be 'afraid' of it and its over-reaching influence.

"It's just really unfortunate that drugs, bad people or bad influence took over. It took over her dreams. It took over her love and motherhood. When you think about Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe and Michael Jackson and Amy Winehouse, to get into drugs like that, for whatever reason, is it because of the stress and bad influence? What happens when you have everything? What happens when you have love, support, the family, motherhood? You have responsibilities of a mother and then something happens and it destroys everything. That's why I don't do parties and I don't hang out. That's why I'm not part of show business. We have to be afraid. I've always said you have to have fun and do music and you can never be part of show business because you don't know what it's going to get you into. You have to do your work and get out of there." Celine Dion

"I think we all, as artists, because we're highly sensitive people and this machine around us, this so-called 'music industry,' is such a demonic thing. It sacrifices people's lives and their essences at the drop of a dime … I had a manager once say to me, 'You know you're worth more money dead than alive'." Chaka Khan

Are Chaka Khan's references to 'demonic' and 'sacrifices', to be taken literally? Judging by the symbolism at the Grammy awards and the strangeness surrounding Whitney Houston's death and that of many others down the years, it would certainly appear so.

Please understand however that the above events are just one example and one tiny pinprick on the finger-tip of the very large body of evidence linking show business to the satanic arts. Many, many artistes are said to be involved in this whole charade, many knowingly but nevertheless unable to escape its clutches for fear of the Michael Jackson / Whitney Houston experience

befalling them and many unknowingly through subtle mind-control techniques as described previously in this book.

The presence of occult, satanic and Illuminati/freemasonic symbolism throughout the whole entertainment industry is rife, to say the very least.

During the 1950s and 60s, occult practices were slowly but surely absorbed into popular music and today the industry literally thrives by using an outward spectacle of occult and satanic rituals and symbolism. The entire music and entertainment industry is an important indoctrination tool used by and for the Elite and many musicians are introduced to Satanism and occultism. Today, the most popular musicians, such as for example, Lady Gaga and Britney Spears are totally controlled by the occult and the music industry and Hollywood are fixated by Black Magic and Witchcraft. Music has always been associated with the occult and can be effectively used as a tool for programming minds.

Satanism and the occult are also known to specifically extract energy from humans who are manipulated into trances. Throughout the twentieth century and now into the twenty-first, music has been manipulated from its initial state of innocence, goodness and wholesomeness to become in many cases, downright vile and nasty. Throughout the world many people, especially the 10-30 age range are listening to vacuous, emotionally-numbing and trance-inducing negatively-vibrational music and demonic lyrics, which at one time were uniquely present within heavy metal rock, but now seem to emanate from and be present in all genres.

'Rock and Roll' originally emerged as a defined musical style in the United States in the early to mid-1950s. It is descended directly from the rhythm and blues music of the 1940s, which itself developed from earlier blues, jazz and swing music and was also influenced by gospel, country and western and traditional folk music. Rock and Roll in turn gave birth to 'rock music' in general and over the last fifty years the individual musical genres have expanded greatly, presumably in order to cater for everyone's individual tastes and ensure that no-one escapes the net.

It is extremely important to identify which types of music are harmful to the human psyche and which are negative. The vast majority of pre-1950s music calibrates in our consciousness as positive and positive consciousness in turn creates high levels of confidence and a healthy self-esteem. This cannot be said however of a vast majority of post 1950s music, especially from the 1980s onwards. Its insidious influence on our psyches has no doubt left its

mark on us all to a greater or lesser degree and there is no doubt that certain songs, artists and lyrics contribute in some way, however large or small, to the huge increase in suicide among the under 25 age groups, which stands at record levels and is no doubt welcomed enthusiastically by the Elite in line with their stated policy of huge population reduction.

Indeed, music has a very strong, very definite physiological and psychological effect on people, especially the more impressionable among us. Disharmonic, discordant and cacophonic music engenders a number of negative behaviours, although those affected are often unaware of the extreme effect it is having upon them.

When Mick Jagger of The Rolling Stones wrote the song 'Sympathy for the Devil', in the 1960s, this was one of the first examples of Satanism in rock music. To many observers, the occult and Satanism began to expand its influence through such bands as Led Zeppelin and even the Eagles a band which is generally regarded as being 'soft' rock oriented. And so the Elite now performs its satanic rituals upon us all, via our favourite musicians and through all the dozens of pop music TV channels that exist today and also their contrived, highly ritualistic awards ceremonies in front of millions of deluded viewers.

The American researcher and author, David McGowan in his serialised Internet story, 'The Strange Story of Laurel Canyon', relates how most of the popular musicians and entertainers in the 1960s had some connection to the American military and thus to the myriad of intelligence networks. He tells the totally credible story of how these artists were 'artificially' brought to prominence at this time and describes the strange goings-on around the music scene in those days and the insidious influence that these people and their suspect connections had on the music of that period and henceforward from that time.

In 1985, the New Solidarity newspaper, which has since been closed-down by the US federal government, conducted an interview with Hezekiah Ben Aaron, who at the time was the third-ranking member of the Church of Satan. In this interview, Aaron revealed that it was his 'Church' that started such heavy-metal genre rock groups as Black Sabbath, The Blue Oyster Cult and many others. The Church of Satan was then headed by its high priest, Anton LaVey but many people believe that LaVey, was just a front man for the real high priest, Kenneth Anger, the man who had been responsible for introducing the Rolling Stones to the occult.

It is a fact that the human brain thinks at a rate of approximately eight thoughts per second and that the eyes see 20 to 30 separate actions per second, but the brain only uses eight of these to send to the conscious mind. The subconscious absorbs the rest, subliminally and indiscriminately.

However, most live musical performances incorporate video screens with their music at 30 frames per second at the standard American television resolution but they colour eight of the 30 frames differently. They choose which ones we think consciously about and which are just subconsciously absorbed as programming. Hollywood has used this trick, invented originally by Disney, for many years. It is now illegal in television commercials and regarded as subliminal advertising, which, as most people know is an extremely powerful conditioning tool.

The 'eight per second' frequency is also used by bass tones or bass drums or lights or all together, in a concert or live-show setting and this has the same effect upon the brain as does hypnosis. That is it fragments analytical thoughts so that certain mispronounced or difficult to understand lyrics are immediately absorbed by the subconscious mind. If we then add in a mix of illegal drugs and fake (or even real) sacrificial blood, create a circle with a pentagram using the stage lights and positions of the musicians within it, place large speakers in strategic positions for 13 separate points of origin of musical sound, altogether this constitutes a bona fide 'Black Mass' replete with 'sacred geometry'.

So we have now seen how pop culture is filled with occult and masonic symbolism. The Illuminati symbolism apparent in Gaga's stage and TV appearances is utterly blatant and is becoming so transparent that analyses almost become a simple statement of the obvious. Her whole persona, whether it is an act or not, is a tribute to mind control, freemasonry and the occult where being vacuous, compliant, incoherent and simply absent-minded is manipulated into being a 'fashionable' state.

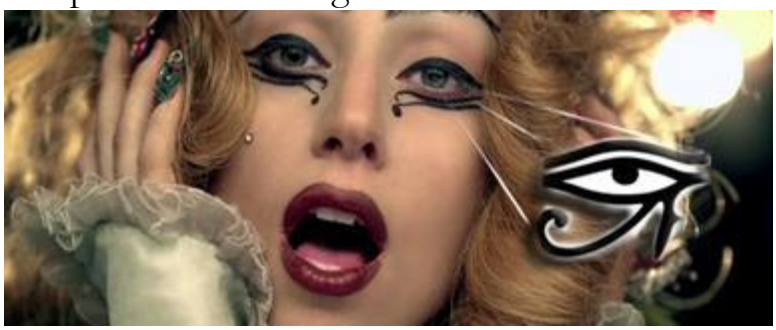

The 'lady' herself – in action

Incorporated in the videos, photos and shows of Lady Gaga and many other pop icons, is symbolism that refers explicitly to the Elite and to mind control. This symbolism is deep, esoteric and even pseudo-spiritual and whilst millions of young people imitate Gaga's gestures, her act is part of a much bigger picture that includes many other 'stars' displaying and promoting the same overt symbolism. 'Lady Gaga' is in fact a fake persona, a manufactured Illuminati puppet, created to unduly influence the impressionable youth of today and to indoctrinate them in the insidious ways of the Elite. In this she is not alone, the majority of the mainstream music industry is also under their deceptive spell.

Eugenics and the Great Myth of World Overpopulation

"Depopulation should be the highest priority of US foreign policy towards the Third World." Dr. Henry Kissinger.

According to Wikipedia… "Eugenics is the applied science or the biosocial movement which advocates the use of practices aimed at improving the genetic composition of a population."

My definition would be... "Eugenics is the pseudo-science used as a cover by the Elite to facilitate the mass de-population of humanity in accordance with their stated goals."

"What most Americans don't realize is that the upper echelons of the United States government is no longer a government 'of, by and for' the people. The United States government as with all other major governments of the world is under the total domination and control of the Illuminati (architects of the so-called New World Order). The Illuminati's plan to reduce the global population by 4 billion people before the year 2050 was laid out in the Global 2000 report assembled by the Carter administration in the late 70's." Ken Adachi, researcher, educate-yourself.org

How often do we hear the oft-repeated mantra of reduction of population being essential if we are to save the planet? The Global Warmists are forever telling us that man-made CO2 emissions are the cause of Global Warming (now euphemistically re-named Climate Change as it has become obvious that the Earth is actually cooling) and thus population needs to be reduced to eliminate this effect. This is all absolutely blatant eugenicist propaganda on behalf of the Elite I am afraid and eugenics is just a racist tool to justify genocide.

Consider this; the world population at the time of writing is approximately 6.8 billion – expected to grow to 9 billion by 2050 if current trends continue. It sounds huge and unsustainable does it not?

However, would you be surprised if I told you that the entire current population of the world (June 2011) could fit quite comfortably into an area the size of the US State of Texas at a density of less than 40 people per acre? Most modern housing developments can comfortably fit housing for around

100 people into a one acre development providing larger than average plots and without excessive overcrowding and an apartment tower block can contain as many as one thousand people in a ground area considerably smaller than one acre. Approximately 16,000 people live and work in the Willis (formerly Sears) Tower in Chicago, the tallest building on the American continent, which has a 'footprint' of just over one acre, at 225 by 225 feet. However this fact is simply by way of an illustration of the point. I am certainly not advocating tower blocks, let alone one the size of the Willis Tower as an answer to the so-called, non-existent over-population 'problem'.

If the Elite wished to do so, they could easily divert some tiny percentage of the vast amounts of money spent on their constant conflicts and wars to further their corporate ambitions and a miniscule amount of the obscene profits from their usury and solve the world housing and food shortages virtually overnight, thus eliminating poverty forever. That they choose not to, speaks volumes about their motives and motivations to me. 'Overpopulation' of certain areas of the world is a symptom of poverty, ignorance and want and not the cause. If all people were treated as valuable human beings instead of as 'useless eaters' by the tiny minority pulling the world's strings then we would all be educated by society, our parents and peers from birth to understand co-operation and working together as a species and thus overpopulation and poverty would instantly become an non-issue.

I have to tell you that the world food and water shortage we are constantly reminded of by the compliant media is entirely engineered and managed, to further our rulers' stated goal of population reduction and secondarily to inflate food prices even further as a means of control. Food production and distribution is slowly being concentrated into the remit of fewer and fewer organisations through such devices as Codex Alimentarius and the recent US Food Safety legislation S510, in order to facilitate its scarcity and thus control the size, spread and composition of human populations worldwide.

Through corrupt, evil corporations such as Monsanto, we are seeing the introduction of Genetically Modified (GM) foods, calculated to contaminate and disrupt the food chain as well as maximise their profits by in effect 'cornering the market' on certain foodstuffs that have in effect become Monsanto's own genetic property, contrary maybe not to their laws but certainly to human morality and ethics.

In the late 18th century an Anglican priest named Thomas Malthus demonstrated with 'mathematical certainty' that the world was heading toward

demographic disaster. After all, human population increases exponentially while food supply increases arithmetically, does it not? From this it logically follows that it is only a matter of time before the world population outstrips our ability to feed ourselves. Or does it?

Using the same logic, a parent might well view his child's first year of growth and extrapolate that he will be 25 feet tall by the time he is 40 years old, but more than 200 years of the expected population crisis failing to arrive has demonstrated that there are fundamental flaws in Malthus' reasoning. The earth is not a zero-sum game and human ingenuity has always and in every generation somehow managed to expand the available resources even as we take larger and larger portions of our seemingly finite resources. Now even the despicable United Nations' most alarmist predictions admit that global population will level-out and even begin declining by 2050. Malthus is now well understood to have been a complete fraudster propounding his fairy tales for the benefit of the corrupt, Elite-run British East India Company that employed him.

Incredibly though, despite every one of the doomsday predictions of Malthus and his adherents proving to be false, decade after decade for more than two centuries, Malthus' ideas are still being taken seriously or at least we are told that they are taken seriously and are still being hyped and promoted by the Elite oligarchs who benefit from the idea that there are too many 'useless eaters' using up the world's resources.

Malthus himself, an Anglican minister, wrote that "We are bound in justice and honour formally to disdain the right of the poor to support," arguing for a law making it illegal for the Anglican Church to give any food, clothing or support to any children. How very Christian in its sentiment. Not content with consigning thousands of children to death for the misfortune of being born poor however, Malthus also advocated actively contributing to the deaths of more of the poor through social-engineering.

"Instead of recommending cleanliness to the poor, we should encourage contrary habits. In our towns we should make the streets narrower, crowd more people into the houses and court the return of the plague. In the country, we should build our villages near stagnant pools, and particularly encourage settlement in all marshy and unwholesome situations. But above all we should reprobate specific remedies for ravaging diseases and restrain those benevolent, but much mistaken men, who have thought they are doing a

service to mankind by protecting schemes for the total extirpation of particular disorders." Thomas Malthus, Anglican Priest

This in itself, succinctly tells us all we need to know about the motives of the hierarchy of mainstream religion, in my view. The horrific nature of this idea is made all the more preposterous by the fact that Malthus was encouraging the spread of disease and plague in order to 'save' humanity from the diseases and plagues that overpopulation fosters. But this self-contradiction is completely lost on those whose bloodlust drives them to support such drastic population reduction schemes in their vile scheming to exterminate the poor and downtrodden of society.

As repulsive as Malthus' ideas are in our more 'enlightened times', they have provided an ideological framework for those with a psychopathic urge to dominate others for the past two hundred years.

In his infamous 1968 book, 'The Population Bomb', Paul Ehrlich and his wife Anne wrote...

"A cancer is an uncontrolled multiplication of cells; the population explosion is an uncontrolled multiplication of people…We must shift our efforts from the treatment of the symptoms to the cutting out of the cancer. The operation will demand many apparently brutal and heartless decisions."

Ehrlich felt that the blight of new-born babies was so potentially devastating to humanity that in 1969 he actually advocated adding sterilisers to the food and water supply. Lest there were any doubt about his remarks, he further elaborated on them in 'Ecoscience', a 1977 book that he co-authored with Barack Obama's current science Czar, John Holdren, in which they once again advocated adding sterilising agents to the water supply.

In 1972, ex-World Bank advisor and UN functionary Maurice Strong advocated government licencing for a woman's right to have children and in 1988, Prince Philip uttered his deplorable comment "In the event I am reborn, I would like to return as a deadly virus, in order to contribute something to solve overpopulation." However Prince Philip knows very well that one day he will be re-born as are we all, fortunately for him not as a deadly virus, but one would sincerely hope as a poor, starving peasant in a remote village somewhere in the third world. That would really be karma in action.

In the 1990s, Ted Turner told 'Audubon' magazine that "A total world

population of 250-300 million people, a 95 percent decline from present levels, would be ideal."

Of course, the overpopulation myth itself crumbles under the slightest scrutiny. No one, not even the UN, is projecting limitless growth of the human population. Even the most alarmist projections show the world population levelling off within 40 years. Significantly, the birth rate in every major industrialised nation in the world is now below the replacement level of 2.01, meaning that they are all in fact dying nations of aging populations that require an ever-increasing influx of immigrants just to maintain their population levels. In addition to the well-known phenomenon of industrialisation reducing the sizes of families, there are now indications that chemicals called endocrine disruptors which are mysteriously (or perhaps not so mysteriously) ending up in our foods, plastics and drinking water are limiting our biological ability to reproduce, with sperm rates among Western men declining by a staggering 50% in the last 50 years with 85% of the remaining sperm being abnormal.

But still, even if we were to take the hysteria about population size at face value, the 'solutions' suggested by the Malthusians – forced sterilisation programmes, de-industrialisation, and even genocide – represent the biggest fraud of all; the idea that merely reducing the size of a population will somehow reduce the inequalities and iniquities within that society.

But therein lies the secret. The people who are seen to 'worry' the most over the overpopulation non-problem cannot be reasoned-with because their concern for humanity is only pretence. The way they approach the problem itself clearly exhibits their bias in the matter. Most reasonable people see an increase in the number of people on the planet not as a scourge, but as an opportunity to increase our understanding of the human species and its capabilities. In the twisted vision of the overpopulation fearmongers however, new-born babies are not a joy to behold, not a gift, not the living, breathing potential of the future of the human race, but a cancer on the Earth that must be destroyed at all costs.

The Elite are not interested in increasing food production, lifting the poor out of poverty or developing technology to increase our ability to share in the abundant wealth of the world. Instead they wish for the forcible sterilisation of the poor, the consignment of billions around the world to grinding poverty

and the elimination of vast swathes of the population. They do not wish to reduce the pain and suffering in the world, but to increase it. In short, the overpopulation hysteria is a convenient lie for the ruthless Elite who stand to benefit from the panic they themselves cause.

Bill Gates (of Microsoft fame – or should that be infamy) and Warren Buffett are major funders of global population reduction programmes, as is Ted Turner, whose UN Foundation was created to funnel $1 billion of his tax-free stock option earnings in AOL-Time-Warner into various birth reduction programmes in the developing world. The programmes in Africa and elsewhere are masked as philanthropy and providing health services for poor Africans. In reality they involve involuntary population sterilisation via vaccination and other medicines that make women of child-bearing age infertile, without their express consent.

The Gates Foundation, where Buffett deposited the bulk of his wealth several years ago, is also backing the introduction of GMO seeds into Africa under the cloak of the Kofi Annan-led 'Second Green Revolution' in Africa. The introduction of GMO patented seeds in Africa to date has met with enormous indigenous resistance. The introduction of this abomination into India over a decade ago has resulted in the suicide, so far, of over 250,000 farmers at a conservative estimate (see Health section for full details).

Health experts point out that were the intent of Gates really to improve the health and well-being of black Africans, the same hundreds of millions of dollars the Gates Foundation has invested in untested and unsafe vaccines could be used in providing minimal sanitary water and sewage systems. Vaccinating a child who then drinks sewage-polluted river water is hardly healthy in any respect. But of course cleaning-up the water and sewage systems of Africa would revolutionise the health conditions of that continent and save thousands of lives. How undesirable would that be to these monsters masquerading as human?

Gates' comments in 2010 about devising new vaccines to reduce global population were obviously not a simple off-the-cuff remark or error. For those who doubt this fact, the presentation Gates made at the TED2009 annual gathering said almost exactly the same thing about reducing population to cut global warming.

"The world today has 6.8 billion people. That's headed up to about 9 billion. Now if we do a really great job on new vaccines, health care,

reproductive health services, we could lower that by perhaps 10 or 15 percent." Bill Gates, founder of Microsoft and avid Eugenicist, 2010

This statement, when examined, says two things to me. Firstly it says that he strongly advocates population reduction, but perhaps even more chillingly it openly admits that vaccinations really do kill people! How much more proof do we need than this that we are not just under physical attack by these people, but also under psychological attack in the form of pro-vaccination propaganda.

Education

"The aim of public education is not to spread enlightenment at all; it is simply to reduce as many individuals as possible to the same safe level, to breed a standard citizenry, to suppress dissent and originality." H.L. Mencken

The western educational system is a sham, a disgrace, an international embarrassment. But please do not worry; your government has a brilliant idea as to how to mend our 'broken' model and that is the introduction of extensive, all-pervasive, mind-numbing, time-consuming testing of our schools, culminating in league tables which effectively expose those schools that are 'failing' our children. The result of this overall policy has been a natural tendency for schools to concentrate their resources into ensuring that 'standards' are met, to the detriment of the actual education of children. Notice how it is always the individual schools that are the problem and not the education system in its whole, sorry entirety? They never actually propose providing any extra funds or resources to improve our schools, because of course 'we cannot just keep throwing money at the problem', although in truth, little money has been thrown in that particular direction for many years now.

It is abundantly clear that 'they', the Elite do not want children to think, know or understand anything of consequence, rather it is all really about what your children can contribute to the corporations and the global economy once they are spit-out at the far end of the educational 'sausage machine'.

There is not the slightest intent on the part of those who would enslave us, to educate us in the truest sense of the word. The only reason that state education is compulsory is not through benevolence or societal responsibility as they would have us all believe, but put simply it is the most convenient and effective expedient by which we may be controlled and indoctrinated into the insidious philosophies of the corporate mind-set from an early age. We are not taught at school how to think logically, independently or even how to survive independently outside the system and what the 'big wide-world' is really all about, rather we are treated as and nurtured to be future corporate employees or other system-servers such as the armed forces, the police, the civil service and the law. This is simply and efficiently achieved by forcibly 'teaching' and conditioning us to conform and be utterly submissive to, and

compliant with authority and also by having largely useless, pure 'facts', rather than practical subjects forced down our throats for 14 or 15 years before we enter University and the beginning of our indebtedness to the banking cartels through the student loan scam.

In all that time we are never, ever taught how to think 'outside the box' or even simply how to think critically at all. We are never taught how to become self-sufficient, should we choose to go down that route or any practical skills, to help us survive outside the system that enslaves us. We are simply taught facts and how to regurgitate them at will and this is what passes as our so-called 'education'. I would go even further and say that this extreme emphasis on the teaching of facts rather than the actual understanding and in-depth comprehension of topics is a huge factor in the deliberate 'dumbing-down' of society that is undoubtedly taking place.

Who really cares what the value of 'y' is if $2x+3y=21$, that the coefficient of linear expansion of brass is 0.0000187 or what Boyle's Law has to say about the pressure and volume of gases? These facts in themselves bear no relation to the lives of 99.9999% of the population of the world and are only of limited value in themselves, even to those whose profession it is to actually put them to any practical use. If this knowledge was being used as a stepping-stone for the furtherance of human knowledge to the greater benefit of all, then fine, but unfortunately that is not the case. This knowledge is placed in our heads for one reason only and that is so that ultimately a miniscule proportion of those that learn it in the first place can take their places in the corporate world and help to swell the coffers of the parasites at the top by using their 'education' to dream up new money-making schemes or at least help participate in expediting them or the administration of them. For me, our current educational model can be likened to a huge game of Trivial Pursuit – art for art's sake and education for education's sake.

Think about the subjects that could be taught in a different, more benevolent society where people co-existed through co-operation and caring for each other rather than having to fight and struggle on a daily basis simply to survive as is the case for most people. Children and young adults could be taught how to co-exist in peace, how to manage their lives in the most efficient yet caring way, how to run a household and its finances successfully and how to rear children properly as well as the spiritual side of life and how to look after one's own physical and mental health using natural products. But of course, we are not allowed to learn these subjects, because they do not fit into

the agenda of first and foremost, keeping us in our 'little boxes' and nor are they profitable to the Elite corporations earmarked as our future masters, slave-drivers and 'benefactors'.

Also, what better way of developing the next generation of system-servers than by forcibly removing them from their homes and parents in their tender, formative years and have them spend the next fifteen years becoming embedded inextricably into the warp and weft of the corrupted society in which we all now exist? Think about it for a moment… What were we taught at school that has any real relevance to the lives we now live, apart from basic reading and writing skills which could both easily have been taught at home? I concede there may be a few people who can possibly name something worthwhile, but I guarantee that this will only be in order to enable them to perform their corporate 'roles' for the most part and not life-enriching per se and I am certainly not in that category, personally speaking. This is also the reason that 'home-schooling' is under severe attack and is even being legislated against now in some areas. It just simply does not benefit our masters for anyone to be brought up to question the world and become a free-thinker in the way that home-schooling encourages its adherents to become. It is a much better solution for the Elite, that their 'education' be under the direction of the state, so that what is learned, or more accurately what is not learned can be controlled much more efficiently.

The teaching of life skills and values to children by the majority of parents at home is now long-gone; thanks to incessant Elite distractions of various kinds and so the public education system is the sole arbiter of that today. Most of us work five or six days a week for corporations to earn money to pay our debts to those same corporations and our children go to school where they are taught the way of the state and learn to become cogs in the great machine (like us and our parents and grandparents before us) and expand the profitability of their masters. We must submit and obey but above all else, not ask questions, just depend on the system to instruct us as what to do, what to think and most importantly, what people think of us and what we need to do to gain acceptance in 'society'. This is an anathema to our survival as a species. We must teach our children how to survive independently of the 'system' and we must pass on our own knowledge to them at every feasible opportunity. Once multi-generational knowledge is gone, this expedites and facilitates the re-writing of history and once that is achieved, people can be easily deluded into

living a fantasy orchestrated by forces of which they know or understand nothing – exactly as is the case today.

This is another reason why home-schooling is now frowned-upon and indeed is being legislated against in many areas. As far as our masters are concerned, it is far too dangerous for any child to be given a 'real' education whereby they might eventually see-through the current sham and actually start to think and act for themselves, instead of in the way proscribed by the state.

"Education should aim at destroying free will so that pupils thus schooled, will be incapable throughout the rest of their lives of thinking or acting otherwise than as their schoolmasters would have wished. Influences of the home are obstructive; and in order to condition students, verses set to music and repeatedly intoned are very effective. It is for a future scientist to make these maxims precise and to discover exactly how much it costs per head to make children believe that snow is black. When the technique has been perfected, every government that has been in charge of education for more than one generation will be able to control its subjects securely without the need of armies or policemen." Bertrand Russell, 'The Impact of Science on Society', Columbia United Press, 1951

So, what is really needed, according to the diktats of the Elite, is to test schools in their currently grossly under-funded conditions, apparently to verify what is already known – that many of them are 'under-performing'. Once they are identified, they are targeted as underperformers and the ultimate solution is to shut them down.

In reality, do you honestly believe that your so-called elected leaders care anything at all about the education of your children? They could not even care less about your local school's test ratings either. The truth, unpalatable as it may be to some, is that they never did care. Public education has never been about learning the curriculum offered and gaining an informed view of the world or an insight into the things that really matter in this world. Unsurprisingly, nothing in fact, could pose a greater threat to the Elite than an informed, free-thinking, logical and well-educated population. How fortunate it is then that free, state (or even private) education has never been about imparting real knowledge and truly educating children. It has always been about how that knowledge is delivered, the 'process' being the all-important factor.

"Give me four years to teach the children and the seeds I have sown will never be uprooted." Vladimir Ilyich Lenin

Public schooling does not emanate from state 'benevolence' as they would deceptively lead you to believe. No, it arose as a necessary by-product of the Industrial Revolution, which was, in essence a process whereby archaic concepts such as 'skilled labour' and 'craftsmanship' were increasingly discarded in favour of mass-production by largely unskilled assembly-line workers, to facilitate efficiency and thus greater profits.

Of course this then required a fundamental change in the make-up of the labour pool. What was thenceforth needed were masses of interchangeable labourers willing to perform mindless, unfulfilling, regimented and repetitive tasks day in and day out, year in and year out as well as a mindless obedience to authority, an ingrained awareness of the importance of punctuality, the 'Christian work-ethic' and a thorough socialisation of the values of the corporate state.

The route to achieve the Elite aim of producing endless numbers of mindless, robotic workers, was thus through state education and the real truth is that state schools have never been 'failing', they have performed exactly as planned at the task for which they were originally designed. Naturally, they have failed to 'educate' children in the truest sense of the word, to produce students capable of independent thought and logical reasoning, but they were never, ever designed to do that. Now the concept of public education appears to be rapidly going downhill which is no real surprise. The 'industrial age' is more or less gone and we are now entering what is being branded as the 'information age' and the western workforces are once again being transformed as all those industrial jobs that once needed to be filled with a steady influx of bodies, slowly but inexorably disappear.

In other words, in the eyes of our corporate masters, state schooling has now lost its purpose and what this means for future generations is, to put it bluntly, they are no longer needed to generate Elite profits. The state no longer has a reason to condition our children for jobs that no longer exist and are no longer required in the modern, technological age and therefore the desire to impart 'knowledge' to them has disappeared as a consequence. Any still remaining jobs requiring repetitive, manual processes have now been farmed-

out at starvation-level wages to slave labourers in China, Taiwan and India, to name but a few countries where this practice is the norm.

The good news for our children is that they no longer need worry about becoming some random, insignificant cog in a huge wheel but conversely, the bad news is that the corporate-controlled state has no other use for them, either. We have all become or are about to become, to paraphrase the immortal words of the Elite stooge, Henry Kissinger, a generation of 'useless eaters'.

Children want to learn; in fact they are eager to feast on knowledge but by the end of fifteen or sixteen years of state education only the most dedicated and brainwashed still derive enjoyment from learning. The government education system will literally destroy a child's interest in learning as it is indeed designed to do. In fact, many students, now used to such modern educational devices as the Internet and computers, are classified by the dinosaurs of the education system in conjunction with Big Pharma (the pharmaceutical cartel) as having ADHD 'Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder'. These 'abnormal children', for some strange reason just cannot seem to handle out-dated, centuries-old educational systems since they already have access to much more interesting methods of self-learning. So, what do the authorities do with these 'misfits'? They drug them to dumb them down and make them compliant and unresponsive whilst labelling them as a 'problem child' so that they can handle sitting in an uncomfortable wooden chair and reading uninteresting facts out of dingy old books all day long.

If you are a young person wondering about your future, one of the last things you should consider doing is paying to go to a college or University. If your main intention is to learn however, there is no excuse for not doing so completely outside of any organised school system. Thanks to the internet the world is at your fingertips so take advantage of it before the governments begin to shut it down. And, of course, no school education can compete with real life experiences; travel is one of the best educations anyone can ever have.

The Student Loan Scam

However, education or more specifically further education or tertiary education is now being used as a cash-cow both for governments and for the banksters who enslave us, alike. Here is the gist of the plan:

Step 1. Ensure that the benefits of a University or college education are aggressively 'sold' to the public by the expedient of substantially increasing the criteria by which candidates qualify for jobs in the first place. ie. Ensure that more and more jobs can only be performed by 'graduates' thus dramatically increasing the uptake of University and college places.

Step 2. Lower the standard of examinations to ensure that more and more students pass them and thus qualify for tertiary education.

Step 3. Gradually, in a series of small steps, increase tuition fees and thus by default the amount of money that needs to be borrowed by students in order to complete their courses. Significantly in Britain in 2011, tuition fees tripled literally overnight, thus ensuring that student debt to the bankers becomes an almost intolerable burden. Indeed, in the future, some students will never be able to pay back these manufactured debts.

The effect of this is that many students, whether or not they actually graduate, will have debt burdens exceeding £100,000, before they start in employment and attempt to obtain mortgages. If repaid over 30 years, this debt represents a £500,000 windfall for the banks and in the event of default, even more. As a result, once entrapped in this way, escape will be nigh on impossible, the bondage will become permanent and future lives and careers will be impaired or ruined, before they even start in many cases.

In Britain at least, there is currently a moratorium on repayments before a certain age and/or income level is attained, but not so in the US where Congress ended bankruptcy protections, refinancing rights, statutes of limitations, truth-in-lending requirements, fair debt collection and state usury laws when applied to federally guaranteed student loans. As a result of this abomination, lenders may freely deduct from salaries, income tax refunds, earned income tax credits, as well as Social Security and disability income to assure defaulted loan payments. In addition, defaulting may cause loss of professional licenses and status, making repayment even harder or impossible. How long before this insidious state of affairs comes to pass elsewhere, do you suppose? My guess would be 'fairly imminently', to be frank.

As a result of this, for many people, permanent debt bondage is assured. In addition, no appeals process allows determinations of default challenges under a process letting lenders rip-off borrowers, often in perpetuity. The truth is that there now exists a conspiratorial alliance of lenders, guarantors, servicers, and collection companies enriching themselves hugely at the borrowers' expense, thriving on extortionate fees and related schemes. It is essentially a

government-sanctioned racket, scamming millions of indebted victims. Lenders thrive on bad debts, deriving income from inflated service-charges, default and collection fees. Today we have created a paradise for the unscrupulous lenders as default rates soar and people begin to drown in debt and student loans have become a dramatically increasing percentage of that overall debt.

The end product of all this is that several education policy experts have predicted serious implications for future graduates…

"If you have a lot of people finishing or leaving school [entrapped in] debt, their choices may be very different than the generation before them. Things like buying a home, starting a family, starting a business, saving for their own kids' education may not be an option if they're trying to repay student debt. There's much more awareness about student borrowing than there was 10 years ago. People either are in debt or know someone in debt." Lauren Asher, President of the Institute for College Access and Success

Many of them have their own personal horror stories about how predatory lenders, servicers, guarantors, and collection companies rip them off under a totally escape-proof system. In fact the entire scheme amounts to nothing more or less than legalised theft and enslavement, in fact in much the same way as the banksters treat their investors and steal from them with impunity.

"About two-thirds of the people I see attended Universities. Most did not complete their programme, and no one I have worked with has ever gotten a job in the field they were supposedly trained for. For them, the negative (debt default) mark on their credit report is the number one barrier to moving ahead in their lives. It doesn't just delay their ability to buy a house; it gets in the way of their employment prospects, finding an apartment, almost anything they try to do." Deanne Loonin, National Consumer Law Centre attorney

Western society today is characterised by a combination of rising prices, rising poverty, unemployment, mortgage foreclosures, homelessness, hunger, student debt entrapment and despair, completely mocking the notion of a fair and equitable society. Instead we have a corrupt political duopoly, sucking public wealth into the already-bulging coffers of the super-rich, neglecting public want and needs, waging permanent war and driving other nations down the road of permanent war leading to tyranny and ultimately, ruin. Anyone attending a college or University in an attempt to 'get ahead' of the rest in the labour market will unfortunately be several years behind those who go directly

into a job from school and what is much, much worse, will no doubt be in debt for the rest of their life.

Charities

So-called 'charities' for the most part are nothing more or less than a means of extracting even more money from the masses to swell the already overflowing coffers of the mega-rich. We need to collectively realise that we are being scammed on a massive scale and every time we respond to the emotional blackmail emanating from these highly dubious institutions 24/7, we are no more contributing to a 'good cause' than we are in buying the corporate rubbish masquerading as 'consumer goods', which largely originate from the same sources, as the large charities are more often than not, simply a thinly-disguised front for propounding corporate policy and interests.

It very much goes against 'the grain' to actually even attempt to write this section, such is the power of the propaganda directed at us, but write it and fight the internal conflict I must, if we are to put an end to this hoax. But firstly let me state for the avoidance of doubt, that I have nothing but admiration, except maybe tinged with a little sadness, for the millions that freely give what little spare time they have as voluntary workers for many of these utterly unscrupulous organisations. These people are some of the most selfless on the planet and yet they are being deceived on a monstrous scale by the Elite bloodsuckers who perpetuate this state of affairs without even so much as a mild attack of conscience.

Whether we are being almost literally accosted in the street by someone thrusting a collecting box at us, or subjected to massive multi-million pound advertising campaigns in the media, the name of the game is indeed emotional blackmail of the most insidious yet persuasive kind. There is something innate in the human psyche (apart from those psychopaths who prey upon us) which engenders in us a need to show others that we are essentially, 'good' and 'caring' people and it is this desire that is subtly turned against us to perpetrate the hoax of charitable donations.

I do not include within this category, small local charities, run by and for victims of various kinds of suffering or injustice, but all those world-wide and nationwide, household-name type charities, whose names with whom we are all so familiar.

We should also consider the more basic issue of why these grand-scale charities are needed in our supposed enlightened times, anyway. Are we not

supposed to be civilised beings? Or are we so un-civilised that we cannot or will not adequately feed and otherwise generally care for every under-privileged member of our species? Have you even ever asked yourself the question as to why this may be the case? If the mega-rich really wanted poverty and hardship to end, they could do so almost overnight by expending a small amount of the daily interest from their enormous fortunes. The very fact that they do not, speaks volumes to me. Put another way, why should we, those of us who are strictly speaking just above the poverty line, contribute from our meagre disposable incomes, whilst the rich sit back and happily allow this state of affairs to continue? The answer is, because they can.

Then there is the question of the patronage of charities. The patron of a charity is usually a high-profile personality, whose names are highly sought-after for patronage in the full knowledge that as this is a so-called 'well-respected' person, ensuring that the charities will be more high-profile and thus attract even more of the public's money. For example, the Queen of England is patron to over 600 charities. Yes, that is correct – over 600! Do you really believe that this woman, head of the most ruthless family on the planet and personally responsible, directly and indirectly (along with the rest of her genocidal brood) for millions of deaths worldwide in her own lifetime, actually cares a damn about starving children or victims of the wars that her and her ilk are responsible for causing in the first place? I think not somehow.

Indeed some charities have been with us for centuries and so it is blatantly obvious to me that the reasons for the charity's founding in the first place have not been solved. So realistically speaking, that charity has failed in its objectives to exacerbate or end the problems it was set-up to counteract. If a charity did succeed in solving the problems it was created to fight, then it would in effect be responsible for its own demise, logically, would it not? Of course this is a paradox that will never be reconciled whilst charities continue to so successfully deprive the masses of their hard-earned funds.

Here are some examples from many instances.

Live Aid / Live8

Whenever funds need to be raised to feed the starving millions, to bring clean water to those without, to build homes and habitats for those in need and to help rescue the victims of natural disasters or famine, one person

always seems to be prominent – none other than 'Sir' Robert Geldof himself, the original 1970s 'teenage rebel'.

"I think Band Aid was diabolical... Bob Geldof is a nauseating character. Many people find that very unsettling, but I'll say it as loud as anyone wants me to. In the first instance, the record itself was absolutely tuneless. One can have great concern for the people of Ethiopia, but it's another thing to inflict daily torture on the people of England. It was an awful record considering the mass of talent involved. And it wasn't done shyly; it was the most self-righteous platform ever in the history of popular music." Morrissey of the British band 'The Smiths', referring to the hit song, 'Do They Know its Christmas'

Since then, Geldof and others such as Bono of the rock band U2 have almost made new careers of being figureheads of poverty relief whilst reaping the benefits these events provide them, that is name and face recognition. For instance, in November 2008, Geldof was paid $100,000 in Australia for a brief speech addressing Third World poverty whilst Bono was recently implicated in a scandal relating to his own charity and its total lack of actual monetary contributions to the causes it is said to support, despite its £12m per annum turnover.

Brian Johnson, lead singer of AC/DC, said that people like Geldof and Bono should dip into their own bank accounts, as do the members of AC/DC and give without publicity, rather than being 'pop impresarios of poverty'.

Michael Chussodovsky scathingly dissected Geldof's role in this financial charade, thus…

"Most casual observers might assume that the money generated by corporate sponsors, DVD sales, performance royalties and direct contributions would be funnelled into various charitable organizations aiding the poorest people of developing nations around the world. They would be wrong."

Instead, as Chussodovsky illustrates, the money raised in almost every instance, is used to pay off the corporate creditors of indebted countries. In

effect, the entire focus of the money generated by Live8 was to provide direct funds to corporations that were 'owed money' by these impoverished nations.

As if that were not sufficiently outrageous, the reality is actually much worse than that. Those same monetary amounts contributed by Live8 to these private corporations to provide more relief to them for the money they had lent to these impoverished nations was then deducted from the direct aid packages and social service programmes formerly contributed by the G8 to these countries.

As Chussodovsky also clearly states, "For each dollar of 'debt cancellation' to the international financial institutions, the G8 will reduce the flow of foreign aid to these countries. In other words, the foreign aid earmarked to finance much needed social programs will now go directly into the coffers of the IMF and the World Bank."

Moreover, the International Monetary Fund and The World Bank and The African Development Bank never write-off their debts. So what was being promoted and touted around the world as a way to help some of the poorest countries on the planet was actually a covert exercise in paying off international financial institutions for aid they had previously lent these nations, whilst guaranteeing the reduction of the same amount in future funding for these very programmes.

In effect, Live Aid and Live8 were nothing more or less than gigantic propaganda pieces and financial con tricks to repay private institutions and their criminal friends at the IMF and World Bank. Live8 acted as a direct reimbursement process for the creditors of the poorest countries on the planet, while further binding these countries, their industries and exports, to the future predations of the World Bank and IMF.

This allowed them to impose even more social control on their political processes by insisting on 'democratic reforms' commensurate with the same sort the West has imposed on Iraq, Afghanistan and now Egypt and Libya, thereby allowing Western governments to control the election process and the officials who will come to power in these countries while insisting on 'free market reforms', all of which does nothing more than to diminish their sovereignty while transferring ever more overt socio-political control to nations outside these countries and the corporate predators that lurk there

ever-ready to exploit new markets. This arrangement also makes it impossible for these countries to default on their debt, perpetually keeping them in the cycle of debt-repayment and financial servitude.

Frauds like Geldof have promoted this Elite, globalist charade, enjoying the fame and royalty income which their appearance on world-wide television provides, whilst at the same time turning a cynically blind eye to the financial sleight of hand going on behind the scenes which does nothing more than to keep these countries and peoples steeped in poverty whilst reducing the social services these countries so desperately need.

Geldof supposedly organised all of the Live8 concerts (the 20th anniversary of Live Aid) in 2005, on his mobile phone. This is a very interesting concept considering the fact that he is supposed to be 'Mr. Anti-establishment' and a 'champion of the poor and hungry'. If that is indeed the case then the question needs to be asked as to how he managed to get several governments to co-operate with him and endorse his plans so easily? Why did these governments not just tell him politely to 'go away' or indeed any other two-word phrase with the same implication? Actually, I can almost guarantee that if Bob Geldof really was assisting starving Africans to the detriment of the money-interests in the ways popularly described, then he would almost certainly have ended the same way as John Lennon, JFK, RFK and MLK and others whose motivations were against the best interests of the Elite, let alone being fêted as a saintly figure.

Ever wondered why 'Sir' Bob was given an honorary knighthood (as an Irishman he is not entitled to a 'regular' knighthood)? Was it for helping the world's poor and oppressed perchance? Or was it more likely to be for his contribution to the financial bottom-lines of the World Bank, the IMF and the Bank of International Settlements – all run and owned by our Royal and Elite masters? Geldof was used by them as the 'good guy' to promote their greed as a charitable event and good old Bob, for his part was only too willing to comply. Did he do it knowingly or unknowingly? Was he paid for his services or did he give all his free time willingly and without thought of remuneration? I know where my vote would be cast on that particular issue.

The picture below tells us all we need to know about 'Sir' Bob's real affiliations…

The sheeple, as usual were fooled yet again because they had already been indoctrinated and conditioned into accepting that Geldof possesses saintly qualities and that Live8 was another blow for the poor against their heartless oppressors. There is only one way to prevent a repetition of this scam, for scam is exactly what it is and that is to make sure that we never, ever contribute a penny to these 'charities' as doing so I am afraid, will only exacerbate the situation and further contribute to the utter misery being deliberately inflicted on the helpless peoples of the Third World.

The Red Cross

The International Red Cross, like the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and the World Bank, is an Elite-controlled front organisation whose true purpose is the complete opposite from their stated purpose.

The IMF tells the world that they are there to 'help' countries recover from economic difficulties (which incidentally the IMF and World Bank blatantly created in the first place) but in reality, the IMF breaks countries and ruins their economies. The same could be said of the Red Cross.

The moment a 'natural' disaster such as for example Hurricane Katrina, the Haitian earthquake or the Japanese Tsunami occurs; radio and TV ads flood the airwaves seeking monetary donations to be sent to the Red Cross. With music full of pathos playing in the background, the announcer tells us that the Red Cross is 'always there in time of need' and now that the poor victims are

suffering terribly with this appalling tragedy, 'won't you please open your heart' and make a 'generous donation' to this 'worthy cause'?

These people, who in my humble estimation are thoroughly beneath contempt, have totally mastered the science of extracting money from the unthinking masses. For example, the dust from the World Trade Centre collapses had not even settled (literally) before the Red Cross were appealing to us all to give blood and money to help the victims and the families of the 'terrorist' attack. Thousands of people gave blood and even more gave millions upon millions of pounds to the Red Cross. It would maybe have been pertinent to ask 'blood for whom'? Everyone was dead (there were few injuries, relatively speaking) so why was the Red Cross asking for blood donations day and night for a week or longer?

The answer is reflective of the true purpose of the Red Cross. Sad to say the Red Cross is a disaster 'racket' which is in the business of making money from people's misery, especially with totally engineered disasters such as 9/11. They sell the blood on, of course, but they apparently also use the blood for other things to which the public is generally not privy and one could legitimately ask where does all the money go and to whom? For the most part, they keep it for themselves as do the vast majority of major, household-name charities. The families of the victims of 9/11 had to badger, harrass and threaten the Red Cross in an attempt to obtain $11 million that they would not release to the families, as long as one year after the event – and that is just what we were told in the media, so my guess would be that it will be a pretty safe bet that the actual figure was much, much higher than this.

The CEO of the Red Cross and other senior administrators receive obscene salaries and other massive perks, all of which are paid directly from the man/woman in the street's direct contributions to these supposed 'good causes'. At the time of writing, the salary of the current president, Marsha Evans is $651,957 per annum and the total revenue of the Red Cross is well in excess of $3bn per annum (three billion dollars!).

"As the aftermath of hurricane Katrina continues to wreak mayhem and havoc amid reports of mass looting, shooting at rescue helicopters, rapes and murders, establishment media organs are promoting the Red Cross as a worthy organization to give donations to. The biggest website in the world, Yahoo.com, displays a Red Cross donation link prominently on its front page. Every time there is a major catastrophe the Red Cross and similar organizations like United Way are given all the media attention while other

charities are left in the shadows. This is not to say that the vast majority of Red Cross workers are not decent people who simply want to help those in need". Paul Joseph Watson and Alex Jones, 1st September 2005

In fact, the Red Cross has been caught 'red-handed' many times in withholding money in the wake of terrible disasters that require immediate release of funds. In the name of the 'Liberty Fund' for 9/11 family relief, the Red Cross collected $564 million in donations from around the world and yet only actually distributed around $150 million. Its explanation for keeping the majority of the money was that it would be used to help 'fight the war on terror'. In other words, this means that the money was spent bombing third world countries like Afghanistan and setting up surveillance cameras and expanding the police state in US cities and not put towards helping the families of victims to rebuild their shattered lives.

The then Red Cross President Dr. Bernadine Healy arrogantly responded when accused of withholding of funds by stating, "The Liberty Fund is a war fund. It has evolved into a war fund. We must have blood readiness. We must have the ability to help our troops if we go into a ground war. We must have the ability to help the victims of tomorrow."

At whose behest or say-so may I humbly enquire? Does the official mandate of the Red Cross now extend to collecting donations under false pretences and in lieu of possible future wars instigated by the Elite? Evidently it does, with nary a word of condemnation from those who either contribute their hard-earned cash or those who are supposedly its intended recipients, let alone government, in whose best interests this sorry state of affairs appears to be perpetuated.

However, the scandalous activities of the Red Cross extend way back, long before 9/11 in fact. Following the disastrous San Francisco earthquake in 1989, the Red Cross donated only $10 million of the $50 million that had been raised, and kept the rest. Similarly, following the Oklahoma City bombing in 1995 and the Red River flooding in 1997 many donations were also withheld. In fact the Red Cross has a long, long sordid history of stealing cash donations intended for disaster relief. Even as far back as the Korean War the Red Cross was plundering soldiers' relief packages, the famous 'Red Cross Parcels' from home. The Red Cross is very adept at stealing money and looting mail and has been exposed in this respect many times but it has been allowed to escape sanctions, punishment or exposure because the organisation is so closely allied with and indeed is inextricably linked with the Elite establishment. It is

without doubt an organisation run by Elite insiders whose purpose is to gather intelligence and steal from the poor, underprivileged and needy to further line the pockets of the rich.

And these are just a few examples of its ongoing highly deceptive and fraudulent activity. Several minor charities that were involved with the 2004 Tsunami relief project expressed outrage in public to say that large charities like Red Cross and Oxfam were engaged in secret negotiations that resulted in a large amount of the public-donated money being withheld from those most affected by the disaster.

It is abundantly clear that the Red Cross and other large so-called charities are in actual fact merely fronts for collecting funds on behalf of the Elite military-industrial complex. Some respected historians have even alleged that the Red Cross was used as a Skull and Bones cover to overthrow the Russian royals and pave the way for the rise of the Communism and to be frank my research would tend to lead me to believe that to be the truth.

The message here should be clear to all. Under no circumstances donate money to major charitable organisations unless you would like your money to go to benefit the Elite's expansion of their empires and the fast-developing police state in your own backyards. Find smaller independent charitable organisations that you know to be reliable and make your donations to them.

"Charities swung into action after the September 11 terrorist attacks, raising more than $1 billion. But questions are being raised about where and how and how much of that money is being distributed. Bearing the brunt Tuesday during a hearing of the House Energy and Commerce Committee's oversight panel was outgoing Red Cross President Dr. Bernadine Healy. The Red Cross has raised more than $564 million for the Liberty Fund, which was set up in response to the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. While the agency states on its Web site that it is spending more than any other relief agency responding to the terrorist attacks, it has distributed only $154 million. Healy was hammered by one New York official for the Red Cross' decision to put aside nearly half of the money raised for future needs that may include terrorist attacks. 'I see the Red Cross, which has raised hundreds of millions of dollars that was intended by the donating public to be used for the victims of September 11 -- I see those funds being sequestered into long-term plans for an organization', testified New York Attorney General Eliot Spitzer." CNN, 3rd January 2005

WWF (The Worldwide Fund for Nature – formerly the World Wildlife Fund)

This organisation is another complete and utter sham. Purporting to be active in protecting all flora and fauna throughout the world, it is merely another Elite front for extracting our money under false pretences and for furthering the aims of the multi-national corporations in the rape and exploitation of the natural resources of the third world.

All around the world, in under-developed countries, children are being kidnapped and forced into schools and churches against their will and that of their tribes. Poor people in such diverse regions as South East Asia, South America and throughout Africa are being forcibly removed from their ancestral homelands into shoddy, crumbling shanty towns with poor sanitation and little food. These people ask for nothing more than to be able to stay in their own homelands where they have existed for many generations, living as they choose, in peace and with no so-called 'civilised' nations and their malignant gangs of corporate thieves and their mercenaries dictating to them how they should conduct their lives.

Unfortunately for them, in many instances, the land where they happen to live is rich in minerals and trees coveted and therefore ripe for theft by the mega-corporations. Would it surprise you to learn that the WWF is often the facilitator of these crimes – all over the world? Behind their cosy, homely, defenders-of-all-things-natural image and their cute little panda logo (above), lies an evil organisation that would give Attila the Hun and his marauding hordes a good run for their money.

The WWF was created 50 years ago when serious wildlife trophy hunters such as the former Nazi and one of the original Bilderbergers, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, the Elite place-man Julian Huxley, senior industrialists, bankers and top politicians realised that one of their most beloved all trophies, the tiger, had been hunted to the edge of extinction. It was funded originally by the Rockefeller foundation via the World Bank. What more proof of it being a complete and utter sham does anyone need than

that? Prince Bernhard became the first WWF President, since followed by that great defender of all wildlife, the royal trophy hunter himself, Prince Phillip the Duke of Edinburgh, prince consort to the head of the family 'firm'.

From the very beginning, the WWF has received much appreciation from all governments on earth and even substitutes in many nations as a de facto ministry for the environment, for some if not all of the following reasons...

WWF serves to enhance a governments' 'respecter of the environment' image.

It helps to protect very small, hugely restricted areas as nature reserves and therefore creates space for the indiscriminate destruction of the huge remaining areas of land, by industrial and commercial/corporate interests.

Their stand on 'illegal' logging is merely a distraction to cover up the 95% of logging that is legal.

WWF helps to develop remote places with large areas of unspoilt environments and obtain control over it. As these remote areas are generally tribal lands of non-assimilated peoples, WWF assists governments to assume control of them and to assimilate them into the mainstream – almost always against their will.

As a result of all this, the losers are indigenous, tribal peoples and as paradoxical as it may seem at first glance, Mother Nature in general due to the sacrifice of most of the land to the corporatocracy. As usual, the ultimate beneficiaries are the Elite and their bedfellows.

The oppression of traditional, tribal people by nature conservationists has never been a subject for mainstream debate and the results of nature conservation activities have always been 'spun' to imply that the damages done to the native tribes were properly redressed. In much the same way as the native American Indians were confined to their oppressive 'reservations' following the theft of their traditional homelands and hunting grounds, shanty towns and modern consumerism are by no means a replacement for thousands of years of local tradition and culture. The main point here is that compensation is highly irrelevant anyway, since these people should not have been forcibly removed from their own lands in the first place and no amount of cash can compensate for the loss of an entire way of life. The argument about compensation is in fact a 'red herring' to divert attention from the ongoing genocide being conducted upon them by non-governmental organisations that pretend to support human rights.

For example…

In Namibia the Hai'om Bushmen have been driven out of their ancestral lands, the Etosha Pan, which WWF was involved with securing as a conservation area. Conservation of what you may be entitled to ask, when 'conservation' involves so much complementary, wanton destruction.

In consultation with the WWF, the government of Botswana declared in February 1996, that the 3000 last remaining Bushmen, in their traditional hunting and gathering lifestyles, had to leave their ancestral land and their traditional lives. The reason given being that their ancestral land is now proposed as a new 'game reserve'.

In South Africa the 40 last remaining Bushmen have been forced out of their ancestral land which is now largely used as the Kalahari Gemsbock National Park. The WWF has been and still is involved in this criminal activity in cahoots with the corrupt South African government.

Whilst in India the Gujjar nomads in Uttar Pradesh, are victims of a 'nature conservation' project, where the WWF is also directly involved and the last few aboriginal people belonging to the Negrito race, have been victimised by National Park projects in the Nilgiri mountains where the WWF was and still is active in promoting 'wildlife projects'.

There are many, many more cases, too numerous to mention here of small groups of traditional, native peoples victimised by joint governmental and WWF 'nature conservation' activities and policies and as with most other conservation programmes, this is a simply a front for corporate expansion and destruction of the environment in the name of obscene profiteering. These downtrodden groups have very few friends left and virtually no-one to champion their just causes. If the process of 'civilisation' and globalisation is allowed to destroy the last remaining non-western cultures, we will be left with a human monoculture and if biodiversity is important, then human diversity is also. We must make alliances with and give support to these last bastions of hope for the future of humanity.

Cancer Research

Cancer research charities throughout the world today, only ever undertake research that involves chemotherapy, radiotherapy and invasive surgery. If their 'treatments' don't involve butchery, poisoning or radiating your body to such an extent that your immune system becomes shattered and healthy cells will be

destroyed along with the cancerous ones, then they are not interested. Sometimes this destructive course will lead to an apparent 'cure' but this is often very short-lived as the disease returns to destroy what little is left of a devastated immune system, killing the patient long-term anyway but without that person's death appearing in the statistics of 'cancer victims'.

The myriad of charities and research institutions that make up the 'cancer Industry' exist only to support the profits of the criminal, Elite-controlled pharmaceutical industries. In fact billions of pounds worldwide are siphoned from us, the poor deluded masses, into the coffers of the already mega-rich through highly persuasive, guilt-enhancing and fear-mongering advertising techniques as the controlled global media report one false breakthrough after another with monotonous regularity. The simple truth is that there are cures for cancer but we are not allowed to know about them – as discussed in the health section of this book.

Indeed there is very impressive, certifiable evidence from former cancer patients who, having exclusively used 'outlawed' treatments, have won their battles against cancer successfully with no side-effects whatsoever. The question we must therefore ask ourselves is, why do the cancer research charities not spend our donations testing the efficacy of all possible cures and not just ones that fulfil their own twisted agendas?

The answer to this question is fairly obvious really. There are no mega-profits to be made out of ill health by promoting so-called 'alternative' or natural medicine and therefore it follows that in conventional medical research, there is no 'level playing-field' for those who wish to explore the efficacy and effectiveness of these apparently safe and proven treatments. Unfortunately the Elite are completely in control of our medical profession, from medical education through to the highest-paid consultants, meaning in effect that even the majority, well-meaning, decent doctors and scientists are dictated-to by a system they do not fully understand and which they blindly serve without realising how they are being deceived on a massive scale. Cancer research charities are in effect a complete and utter sham and means by which huge sums of money are stolen every year from the people that they purport to be there to serve. A strong case could easily be made against them for causing appalling and unnecessary harm to people's, health, wealth and happiness.

Their experts in cancer care may only advise patients to look at alternative therapies in order to help mitigate the dangerous and unpleasant side-effects

of chemotherapy and radiotherapy and on no account are they allowed to view them as a way of curing and beating the cancer itself.

Poppy Day / Remembrance Day / Veterans Day

Poppy Day, (sometimes Remembrance Day) 11th November or to those across the Ocean, 'Veteran's Day', is nothing more than a complete and utter farce.

Every time we switch on the TV in Britain around that time of year, we see presenters and guests alike, bedecked in poppies, sometimes from as early as late October. This is allegedly to honour those who died and were maimed 'fighting for our freedoms' but the real reason for this charade is completely different to the one promoted by the Elite powers that be.

In the week leading up to Remembrance Day 2011, the world governing body of football (soccer) FIFA, decreed that the English football team could not wear poppies embroidered onto its shirts in the upcoming game against Spain. Of course there was absolute mayhem and uproar as a result – all instigated of course at the behest of the controlled mainstream media in all its forms. Apparently FIFA has a strict policy against the wearing of political emblems or insignia of any kind on the shirts of those taking part in games under its jurisdiction – quite rightly in my view. A very sensible, fair and equitable policy one would think.

For the previous two weeks all English league games (they are not under the jurisdiction of FIFA) featured teams sporting the poppy emblem on their shirts and this bear in mind is despite the fact that approximately 50% of the players involved in these matches are not even British. They include Germans, Japanese, Italians and many other nationalities against whom the British have fought in the past century. Of course this is defended by saying that the poppy is to honour ALL war dead and not just those 'on our side'. In that case I would ask how much money the British Legion, the supposed recipient of all the money raised through the sale of poppies, contributes to its foreign counterparts in lieu of this fact? There would be no point in doing so of course, because I already know the answer to that question and it is a very round number.

However, the ensuing venomous outcry against FIFA regarding this decree from both media sources and public alike had to be seen to be believed. Why

should this be?

I submit that it is because the general public, the sheeple, those whose lives are unknowingly controlled by those who deceive us on a daily basis, are programmed by the use of institutions such as 'poppy day' to behave in this way. We are all led to believe that by buying and wearing a poppy we are somehow 'honouring' those who died fighting futile wars in distant foreign hell holes in the name of expansion of the corporate interests that control and run the world. It is merely an expedient (and a very powerful one) by which the masses are conditioned to believe that fighting these bloody, tragic wars is done for the purpose of saving us all from some deadly enemy who would soon be on our shores breaking down our doors, raping our women and killing our children or at least committing terrorist atrocities by the thousand, if we did not halt them in their tracks 'over there'.

This is all absolute, abject nonsense of course, but a wonderfully simple, expedient way of propagandising and promoting their wars of capitalist expansion in furtherance of British and American imperialism and corporate/banking interests. It also keeps these wars in the forefront of everyone's minds whilst continuing to morally justify them by way of labelling their victims as 'heroes' and glorifying their 'sacrifices' for their 'country'. The BBC have a thoroughly despicable track record in this respect, producing programmes and documentaries by the hundred, that maintain this illusion and keep all the wars of the last century or more constantly in the public eye. Even such programmes such as 'Antiques Roadshow' are not spared in this respect. The edition of AR on Sunday 13th November 2011 was a blatant example of the glorification of war by the BBC, every item examined by the experts having some connection to war and the tragic yet glorious sacrifice of the subject's relatives. Words fail me really.

But back to the FIFA issue. After being thoroughly vilified for its stance and even the heir to the throne, Prince William being involved in writing a letter to the Secretary General, Sepp Blatter, FIFA eventually compromised and decided to allow poppies to be worn by the England team on its armbands. The power of falsely engendered public opinion never ceases to amaze.

I believe that in the weeks leading up to the event, mainstream TV stations are told that everyone who appears on screen MUST be seen to be wearing a poppy, as no-one ever is shown without one – and even more tellingly, the poppies are all of exactly the same design across most of the main stations.

This would say to me that those people appearing on screen, for the most part, do not turn up to the studios wearing their own poppy and are provided with the 'standard issue' poppy upon arrival and are coerced into wearing it on camera whether or not they agree with the principle underlying it all. In one extreme instance during the 'remembrance weekend' in 2011, the BBC programme 'Countryfile' even interviewed a man who was constructing a roof and yet still sported his obligatory 'same design' poppy whilst doing so. Of course who among us has not felt that same overwhelming need to show our allegiance to the heroes of our brave armed forces, whilst 20 feet up a ladder working on a roof in a force 9 gale? Propaganda and mind control in its most ugly form, in my view.

Of course most will not understand the issue and blindly agree to wear it, but I would love to be a 'fly on the wall' in that situation and hear a conversation between anyone with broadly similar views to my own arguing their case in the countdown to going 'on air'. However I strongly suspect that they would not 'win' and would not be allowed to appear without the poppy. In contrast, on the 8th November 2011, three days before Remembrance Day, I appeared on the independent TV station, Edge Media Television, to discuss my chapter on Jack the Ripper from this book and refreshingly, there were no poppies to be seen anywhere, either on the presenter, Theo Chalmers or any of the technicians and staff.

Would not a better way to honour the dead and wounded be to end the raping and oppressing of poor nations and stealing their resources and call a halt to the exploitation and murder of their peoples in the name of corporate hegemony, thereby saving the lives of thousands of our 'heroes'? I strongly believe it would.

The above, scant examples are by no means a definitive list of the great charity deception that blights our life daily and until we collectively resist contributing to these evil monsters and instead where we are able, give directly to those in need, no doubt this disgraceful state of affairs will continue unabated and unreported by the unspeakable, craven cowards and shills of our controlled media.

Harry Potter

Who among us could not fail to enjoy the harmless fun and yet enjoyably scary tales about Harry Potter, the heroic boy-wizard and his epic fight against the forces of evil, along with his plucky chums, Hermione and Ron Weasly?

What wonderful entertainment we have all had from the vivid imaginings of Joanna K. Rowling, that 'single-mother made good' who somehow against all the odds, managed to drag herself almost from the gutter singlehandedly, to become a multi-billionaire and a role-model to which we can all aspire.

If only all was as it seems…

Joanna Rowling is a mind controlled Monarch slave, selected to be the author of the stories because she is a single parent and as part of the Tavistock Institute/Frankfurt School controlled plot to subvert society by promoting its extreme (homo)sexualisation, feminism and the 'positives' of single parent status. She is a member of the Fabian Society and the Church of Scientology. The Church of Scientology is of course a CIA-run front for the Royals, Rockefellers and Rothschilds, in other words the Elite.

Around Christmas 2011, I corresponded with and spoke to someone who claimed to be the father of JK Rowling's child, born in 1995. I believed him to be telling the truth because of the detailed story he related to me. He said that in the early 1990s, he, Jessica Mitford and her husband Bob Treuhaft (who was apparently JK Rowling's 'handler') in a long-delayed train journey 'brainstormed' the entire Harry Potter story whilst JKR took copious notes. This story was then written by someone whom he referred to as a 'pen and ink stand', a term used to describe someone who is hired to write a story that is not their own idea, with the decision subsequently being made to use JKR as the 'front' for it in-line with the Tavistock plan for the aggressive promotion of anything that undermines family values (ie. her single-mother status).

He also said that it was based loosely on the CS Lewis 'Narnia' stories but qualified that further by saying that he had no idea at the time that all the references to paedophilia, witchcraft, Satanism etc. were going to be incorporated and nor that he would subsequently be subjected to multiple attempts on his life orchestrated by orders from Prince Phillip himself and who he believed was meant to be represented in the stories by Lord Voldemort.

He also told me that the scar on Harry Potter's head is a representation of the symbol of the British Union of Fascists. Jessica Mitford's sister was married to Oswald Mosley who fronted the BUF during WWII and he also told me that Jessica Mitford told him bluntly that his grandparents were Unity Valkyrie Mitford, her sister and a certain Adolf Jacobus Hitler!

Following on from these discussions I undertook some research of my own on the Mitford / Treuhaft connection and found that Bob Treuhaft's business partner in his legal firm for almost 20 years was someone who went by the name of 'Dobby' Walker. This was just her nickname but even so her Wikipedia obituary refers to her as 'Dobby Walker' and not 'Doris Walker', her real name. For those of you unaware, 'Dobby' was an elf-like character in the HP stories who was employed as a 'manservant'. Maybe this is how Treuhaft and Mitford regarded Walker? In delving even further into Walker's background it appears that she was an active member of the Communist party in the 1940s and 1950s as were Mitford and Treuhaft. As related in a previous section, despite what the Elite what like us all to believe, there is virtually no difference between Communism and Fascism, in practice. They are 'sold' to the masses as being at the opposite ends of the political spectrum to one another but perhaps a more accurate depiction of the linear political spectrum would be to think of it as a complete circle with Fascism at 1 minute before twelve o'clock and Communism at one minute past. For the record, Dobby Walker died in 2009.

Also, interestingly enough, an intern by the name of Hillary Rodham began work for the law firm of Treuhaft and Walker in the early 1970s, now better known of course as the lovely Hillary Clinton herself. Just a coincidence? Maybe, who knows?

Whatever the truth really is, and it may never be known for sure, there is far more to all this than meets the eye, as always and the rabbit-hole goes very deep indeed.

Crop Circles

Please do not be taken-in by many false mainstream media reports that abounded in the 1990s in a vain attempt to shift the blame for every single crop circle event on two semi-drunken Englishmen going by the names of Doug and Dave. As with all other disinformation this was meant to confuse and distract us from the real truth.

And what is the real truth, you may well ask? To be frank, no-one knows for sure, but I can assure you that it is 100% certain that those two inebriated Englishmen, although they may have had the odd expedition in a few crop fields with a wooden board and two pieces of string, most certainly are NOT responsible for 99%+ of the mysterious phenomenon we will discuss here.

For example, could Doug and Dave after a drunken night at the pub, have been responsible for this…

Or this…?

What about this one…?

I think you understand my point here. Whatever the source of crop circles, and I do admit that they could well be an Elite-inspired, governmental hoax of some kind, one thing is for certain and that is that the sophistication of many of them, definitely do not steer us in the direction of amateur pranksters when searching for a solution to the mystery.

So what are the possibilities? There have been as many theories abounding as those covering the possibly-related UFO phenomenon. Are they for example, a communication from extra-terrestrials as evidence of other dimensions or a catalyst to advancing our way of thinking?

Governments have discussed them and then sought to confuse and mis-inform the populace through their control and manipulation of the popular media. The military have endangered life and safety in order to investigate and monitor crop formations, yet they deny involvement and Hollywood, that great propaganda machine itself, has sought to manipulate the truth and credibility of scientific evidence and facts, yet film-goers become ever more intrigued.

Hoaxers have sought to deceive, confuse and muddy research waters, in the same way that computer virus writers seek attention and attempt to contaminate data but the truth still remains that some crop circles are hoaxes and some are not. It is obviously undeniable that crop circles exist. Their beautiful and often very complex patterns have been photographed, filmed and witnessed by countless numbers of people but the big question is, who or what put them there and why?

Let us briefly examine the prosaic and the more esoteric explanations. Leonie Starr is a founding member of the Centre for Crop Circle Studies in the UK and she explained that crop circles are formed when vegetation is flattened in a particular pattern. She even concedes that by the late 1990s the majority of crop circles, as much as 80%, were possibly deceptively created by teams of people, but that does not necessarily mean that many of the rest were not created in some other way.

Starr further commented… "There is a huge body of people who actually reckon that a lot of them were done by UFOs and part of me likes to think that may be the case, but not all of them."

If it is possible to gain access to the crop circles soon enough after they have been discovered, it is apparently easy to tell whether they have been created by people, according to Starr. One clue to this is to determine whether or not the plants have been bent or broken in the flattening process. If they are bent, we have to look at something other than people stamping them down, she said. There are changes in the molecular structure of the crop itself and that happens within the circle and some of these crop circles, where the stalks were bent but not broken, demonstrated very interesting changes that had happened to the crops themselves.

Leonie Starr's own belief is that the patterns are a manifestation of collective human thought and however crazy you may believe this hypothesis to be, there is no denying that it is certainly one possibility, given what we know about the very strange nature of reality.

The genuine crop circles range in diameter from as small as 3 metres (10 feet) to over 100 metres (315 feet), usually appear overnight and no tracks leading up to them are found, suggesting some external force from above is responsible. Visually, the stems are partially flattened, and entangled or intertwined and the plants themselves are all bent and face the same direction, clockwise or anti-clockwise. The crops are never damaged, broken, or show signs of unduly forced bending and the plants continue to grow normally throughout the rest of their growing cycle. UFO sightings, moving orange lights and/or strange 'whooshing' or warbling sounds have often been observed to precede the formation of circles.

For the UFO enthusiasts, the circles are signatures left behind by visiting spaceships, for Gaia mystics and so-called 'tree-huggers', they are the manifestations of deep waves of natural energy, whilst for psychics, they are the conscious results of remote-viewing experiments. As far as armchair physicists are concerned, they are the tracks of ionised plasma whirlwinds, but perhaps needless to say, as yet no conclusive evidence has been found for any of these theories.

One of the earliest reports was in Lyon, France in 815AD and a late 16th century woodcut depicts the devil mowing a field into circular patterns. They began to appear in significant numbers in the fields of southern England in the mid-1970s and early circles were quite simple, appearing overnight, in fields of

wheat, oilseed rape, oats and barley but as the crop circle phenomenon gained momentum, formations have also been reported in Australia, South Africa, China,
Russia, and many other countries, frequently in close proximity to ancient sacred sites. For the thousands reported every year, the vast majority go completely undetected. However, by far the majority of the complex formations occur in the United Kingdom and these are more likely to be detected because of the country's relatively smaller land mass and compact geography compared to the wide open, extensive prairies of North America, for example.

During the last 25 years, the formations have evolved from simple, relatively small circles to huge designs with multiple circles, elaborate pictograms and shapes that invoke complex non-linear mathematical principles. Since the early 1990s however, the phenomenon has enjoyed world attention as the formations evolved into enormous, increasingly mathematically complex and perfectly executed shapes appearing in fields, often near the ancient sites of Wiltshire in southern England. The largest to date, a perfectly formed spiral formation 244 metres in diameter, composed of 409 circles covering almost the entire field, appeared overnight on a rainy night at Milk Hill in Wiltshire in August 2001.

The movie 'Signs', starring Mel Gibson, whilst universally scorned by serious crop circle researchers, nevertheless renewed interest in crop circles after years of the phenomenon being dismissed in the media as a sophisticated hoax, following the announcement of Doug Bower and Dave Chorley who 'confessed' in 1991 that they had been creating crop circles in English fields since the 1970s after reading about the Tully, Australia Saucer Nest of 1966. The real truth of Doug and Dave's involvement is that they were both unable, when challenged, to create a credible crop circle in daytime and also to remember the exact locations of their alleged exploits.

Each year more than 100 formations appear in the fields of southern England. About 10,000 crop circles have been documented worldwide since records were first kept in the 1970s and England tops the list with around 1,800, followed by the US with 230, Canada with 135, Germany with 105, Australia with 70, the Netherlands with 62, Hungary with 23 and Japan with 19, most of which appeared in rice paddy-fields. Several other countries on every continent have also reported small numbers of simple formations but the county of Wiltshire in England is the acknowledged epicentre of the

phenomenon and is widely known as being home to some of the most sacred Neolithic sites in Europe, many having been built as far back as 4,600 years ago, including Stonehenge, Avebury, Silbury Hill and burial grounds such as West Kennet Long Barrow.

Is the crop-circle phenomenon related in some way to these ancient human artefacts? We may never know for sure but one thing is for certain and that is that although many crop circles are easily proven as hoaxes, there are huge numbers of completely unknown origin. Many of these may well be sophisticated governmental or other hoaxes designed to deflect us from the truth, but certainly, for now anyway, there is one thing for sure and that is that the speculation and intrigue will not be going away anytime very soon.

Agenda 21

Let me now introduce you to the United Nations' 'Agenda 21', the 'Blueprint to Advance Sustainable Development'. How forward-thinking and environmentally responsible, you may think. Who could possibly be against advancing 'sustainable development' and who does not care deeply about mother Earth, Gaia if you will? Let's save the planet and all that.

Unfortunately there is rather a large catch, several actually and one of them is our old friend population reduction, rearing its head again, preferably by 90-95% of the current total.

This Elite plan dressed up as the strategy that will save the world, has been around, for those who do not walk around with their eyes wide shut, since 1992. However in the last 4 to 5 years the agenda and timescales have been really cranked-up and we are now starting to see some of these deadly plans beginning to be put into place. Those indispensable allies of the New World Order are taking shape around us as I write. Mass-distractions, the dumbing down of future generations and the poisoning of the planet and its indigenous animal and plant life are all gathering pace. And this is despite the lip service being paid to allegedly saving the planet through such initiatives such as Agenda 21 which purports to save the planet, whilst actually covertly bringing about destruction of human society as we know it.

The Georgia Guidestones as we have discussed in a previous section, are in effect the 'ten commandments' of the Elite. Whilst creating an impression of being green, eco-friendly and superficially people-friendly, their overt message hides a covert agenda that is far from benevolent, advocating huge population culls and the mass-relocation to what in effect would be akin to reservations, of the remaining few 'slaves-to-be'. Indeed, Agenda 21 is dressed-up in such cosy euphemisms that few people seem even remotely concerned about its far-reaching, draconian proposals. Agenda 21 actually promulgates the total, centralised, global control over human life absolutely in line with the New World Order agenda. It advocates, no rights of property ownership, indeed no rights at all, for anyone other than of course, the ruling Elite and the methodology by which the planet will be 'sanitised' of its surplus 95% of the population is not made explicit, only that it must happen.

However, there are enough ongoing policies of the Elite currently that demonstrate that indeed a pretty good start has already been made on this particular task. I refer here to such delights as the pharmaceutical and medical industries, vaccinations and genetically modified foods and their ilk, a comprehensive list of which, I have compiled below:

Vaccination programmes
Bogus healthcare programmes
Failing healthcare systems
Pharmaceuticals
Contrived epidemics
    Swine Flu

- Bird Flu
- AIDS/HIV
- Ebola
- Legionnaire's disease (flu)

Sperm count reductions through…

- Radiation
- Poisons in plastic packaging
- Chemicals in food

Food additives

- Aspartame
- MSG
- Soya Bean Extract
- Refined Sugar
- HFCS

Food restrictive practices
Codex Alimentarius
Food Safety Bill S510
Contrived food shortages
Fluoride in water (tap and bottled) and many other drinks
Chemtrails
Ecological weapons (eg. HAARP) causing man-made…

- Hurricanes
- Tornados
- Earthquakes
- Volcanic activity
- Tsunamis
- Floods
- Famine
- Crop failures

Nuclear power
Radiation
Microwave radiation
Electromagnetic radiation (wireless networks)
Wars - Illegal and contrived
Western-backed political coups
Mass species die-offs / extinctions
Pollution of eco-systems
Pollution of oceans and waterways
Mass deforestation
Economic sanctions

It is a fact that there are tens of millions of plastic coffins stacked-up in huge storage facilities in Georgia, USA and this fact has led to much speculation as to their actual purpose. Could they be there just waiting for the 'great cull of humanity' to commence or is there a more benign reason? Personally I cannot imagine an innocent reason for the considerable expense to which whoever stockpiled these coffins must have gone and believe that they must be the precursor to some kind of entirely expected, cataclysmic event.

It would also appear to be the case that these coffins are air-tight and are capacious enough to comfortably 'lay to rest' an entire family of four people. It has also been reported that no-one in the US government is prepared to comment on this phenomenon, leaving the obvious conclusion to be that they must have something to hide.

Some researchers and commentators believe that this is all simply preparation for the Elite to launch their oft-vaunted disease epidemic, which we have all been conditioned to expect over the years with the various bird and swine flu epidemics, perhaps being used as 'dry runs' and to establish public reaction and also to prepare the ground for forcible mass-vaccination programmes.

Apparently the US Government has also just completed the building of several hundred concentration camps, under the auspices of FEMA (see relevant section), which are, at the moment, standing empty yet fully equipped. These camps are not dissimilar to the Nazi concentration camps in Germany and Eastern Europe during WWII, with barbed wire fences and railway tracks leading to their gates and each are designed to house thousands of families in what are in effect highly-secured units and now it appears that the government is ready to push forward with the bidding for contracts for these camps. Services up for bid include catering, temporary fencing and barricades, laundry and medical services, power generation, refuse collection and other services required for temporary 'emergency environment' camps located in five regions of the United States. (See document reproduced below).

The government contracting organisation, Kellogg, Brown, Root (KBR)'s tender for FEMA camp service bids came soon after the US Senate passed the National Defence Authorisation Act (NDAA) which expressly permits the military to detain and interrogate supposed domestic terror suspects and which is in direct violation of the Fourth Amendment and Posse Comitatus.

Section 1031 of the NDAA bill declares the whole of the United States as a 'battlefield' environment and allows American citizens to be arrested on US soil and incarcerated at the camps at Guantanamo Bay. This is indeed the stuff of Orwellian nightmares.

From: **Carlton, Bobbi (CED)** <Bobbi.Carlton@ky.gov>
Date: Wed, Nov 16, 2011 at 10:44 AM
Subject: FW: Potential Subcontracting Opportunity
To: "Carlton, Bobbi (CED)" <Bobbi.Carlton@ky.gov>

Below is an opportunity for potential contracting.

If interested, please submit a brief description of your services/capabilities to the following: Bob Siefert at bob.siefert@kbr.com. This is all the information that was given to me. Please contact Bob Seifert with any questions.

Kellogg, Brown & Root Services (KBR) is seeking subcontractors on a national basis to provide temporary camp services and facilities as part of its current and future emergency services contracts for the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), U.S. Army Corps of Engineers (USACE), and state/local government agencies - http://www.aptac-us.org/new/upload/File/RFI%20for%20KBR%2011-16-11.pdf.

Government, Defense & Infrastructure

Project Overview and Anticipated Project Requirements
KBR is establishing a National Quick Response Team for our current Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) and U.S. Army Corps of Engineers (USACE) work, and for anticipated future contracts. Upon completion of evaluation, certain subcontractors may be invited to establish a Master Services Agreement (MSA) with pre-established lease rates and terms and conditions.

The Continental US will be broken up into five regions - Services will be required in each State within each region. See map in link above.

Anticipated Project Requirements:
Establish services listed below within 72 hours for initial set-up and respond within 24 hours for incremental services. This is a CONTINGENCY PROJECT and it should be stressed that lead times will be short with critical requirements due to the nature of emergency responses. Subcontractors must be flexible and able to handle multiple, shifting priorities in an emergency environment. Supply lines needed must be short but not necessarily pre-positioned.

The personnel on site to be covered by these services will depend on the size and scope of the recovery effort, but for estimating purposes the camp will range in size from 301 to 2,000 persons for up to 30 days in length.

- **The offeror will not have to submit a proposal for each service in each state.**
- **Please identify which state and/or region your company can perform the requested services.**

The descriptions of the services are for reference only. Any and all specific requirements will be forthcoming with a detailed Statement(s) of Work in an RFP solicitation.

Catering Services
This service is open to companies that wish to provide food preparation services only, and to companies that wish to provide the food supplies in addition to food preparation services. Subcontractor shall provide food and food preparation services capable of providing meals per feeding sufficient to meet the prime contractor occupancy levels. All meals may be prepared in accordance with the Army 14 Day Menu program (or equivalent like NIFC Mobile Food Services contract *(http://fs.fed.us/fire/contracting/index.htm)* and may be enhanced based on individual chef specialties and skills.

Temporary Fencing and Barricades
Subcontractor will mobilize, transport, erect, install and demobilize temporary fencing, barricades, and associated equipment according to federal, state and local laws, codes and manufacturer installation instructions. The Subcontractor shall be able to mobilize and deploy key personnel(s) within four (4) hours of NTP to meet with KBR Site Manager at the Responder Support Camp (RSC) site in order to finalize the site design plan and acquire site specific design requirements and layout.
Number of linear footage:
Approximately 2,300LF for a 301 person camp after 36 hours of NTP
Approximately 3,600LF for 1,000 person camp after 72 hours of NTP

Next time you hear anyone say 'it's just not possible' or 'they would never do that' please show them the above email. The extreme gravity of Agenda 21 renders it difficult to write about without sounding alarmist, but these Elite psychopaths are obsessed with power and the centralised control over all aspects of human life and innocent-sounding euphemisms such as 'sustainable development', 'saving the planet' and the 'green cause' are often used to mask their true intent. Agenda 21 is indeed worthy of far more public scrutiny than that to which it is currently being subjected.

In fact the whole concept of Agenda 21, when one delves beneath its thin outside veneer, would appear to be as far from true environmentalism as it is possible to get, but as with all things Elite and New World Order oriented, nothing is ever as it would seem. And what is more, it is these very same psychopathic Elite that are actually destroying the very planet about which they pretend concern, in their endless quest for obscene profits.

Indeed, the same power-mad psychopaths most responsible for the self-defeating fossil fuel economy are the very drivers of Agenda 21. The perpetual, colossal consumption of earthly resources, especially energy, cannot be maintained with so

many people on their planet competing for their resources and this is the primary reason that only a deliberately engineered cull of 95% of humanity can safely preserve those Elite 'comfort zones' such as their 'gated communities' liberally sprinkled with sprawling mansions, golf courses, country clubs and helipads. It of course, takes obscene amounts of starvation, polluted water, death and disease to support even one billionaire.

So, as the old saying goes, 'something's gotta give' and one thing we can count on for sure is that it most certainly will not be any of the Elite's own home-comforts. Psychopaths have no conscience, no empathy and very little humanity, however, the one thing that really scares them is that we 99%, to use a current idiom, outnumber them by almost a million to one and the ultimate power belongs to us. Is it that much of a leap to actually organise ourselves to do something about it and stop them in their tracks? Apparently so, judging by the disbelief and apathy I encounter whenever the subject is raised.

But, we digress slightly. To wake up the masses to nefarious, crackpot schemes such as Agenda 21, how many more ringing alarm-bells do we need? This scheme-from-hell claims to be a 'comprehensive blueprint of action to be taken globally, nationally and locally by organisations of the UN, governments and major groups in every area in which humans directly affect the environment'. However, it is really about depopulation, purloining much of the Earth's surface in the name of protecting it and imposing a rigid control structure that would bring back the Dark Ages for humanity as a whole.

If none of the above makes any kind of sense, perhaps we should ask ourselves this somewhat obvious question…

Why would the very people responsible for all the pollution, destruction, radiation, poisoning and devastation of the environment suddenly turn out to be eco-friendly?

Obviously this is not the case as Agenda 21 is the work of the bloodline-created and controlled United Nations. It propounds a programme to hijack the world on behalf of its devotees and the ultimate goals include, among many other disturbing facets… (by the way I have not stolen this list from the Communist Manifesto, although you could be forgiven for thinking so):

An end to national sovereignty

State control of all land resources, ecosystems, deserts, forests, mountains, oceans, fresh-water lakes and rivers, agriculture, rural development, biotechnology and ensuring equity. (In other words we will all be equally enslaved)

State defined roles of business and financial resources

Abolition of private property

'Restructuring' the family unit

Children raised by the State

People allocated their jobs

Major restrictions on movement

Creation of 'human settlement zones'

Mass resettlement as people are forced to vacate land where they live

Dumbing down education (see relevant section)

Mass depopulation

This is the plan for the entire world and not just for the USA, but below is a plan of how the proposed new order will look in North America, if the Elite manage to get their evil way.

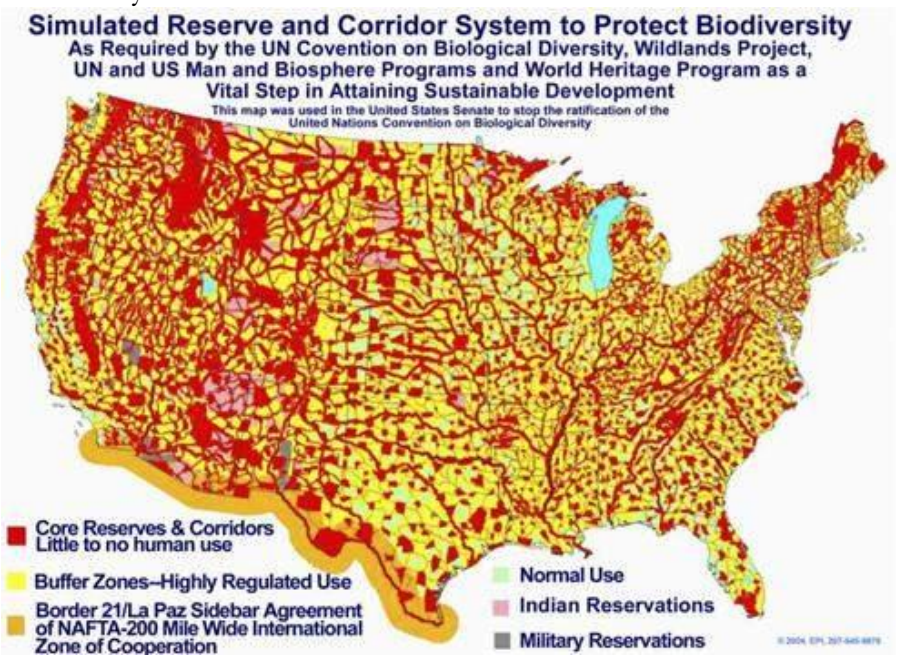

Harvey Rubin, vice-chairman of the Agenda 21 front operation, the International Local Governments for Sustainability was asked how all this would affect liberties with regard to the US Constitution and Bill of Rights, private property and freedom of speech. His reply was short but not very sweet. "Individual rights must take a back-seat to the collective". Spoken like a true Stalinist!

One of the reasons for the planned systematic dumbing-down of education is encapsulated in this comment in another 'sustainability' document:

"Generally more highly educated people who have higher incomes can consume more resources, than poorly educated people who tend to have lower incomes. In this case more education increases the threat to sustainability."

This of course is utterly terrifying stuff that could have been lifted verbatim, from the pages of 'Brave New World' or '1984'. Have these people no shame at all? That, by the way, is a rhetorical question.

As mentioned elsewhere in this book, the late Aaron Russo, the award-winning film producer who produced 'Trading Places' with Eddie Murphy, began to alert people to this conspiracy shortly before he died. He said publicly in 2007 that a member of the Rockefeller family, Nick Rockefeller, had told him that the population was going to be reduced by 'at least half'.

John P Holdren, the 'Science Czar' appointed to the Obama administration, is another advocate of 'human culling'. He says that the optimum human population is one billion and he co-wrote the 1977 book, 'Ecoscience', which proposes mass-sterilisation by medicating food and the water supply and imposing a regime of forced abortion, government seizure of children born outside of marriage and mandatory bodily implants to prevent pregnancies.

Indeed, there has been nothing of significance omitted from their plan; it guarantees both birth-control and death-control, not by the individual but by the 'State'. It promises the basic necessities of life in return for total and absolute submission to the 'State'. It guarantees the substitution of critical analysis for re-education and brainwashing by the 'State'. It destroys the very fabric of society, culture and the family unit, proscribing only one way to live, that of the 'State's' making. It herds the population into small, easily managed areas in order that we may be more effectively controlled by the 'State' and it creates an environment where we will all be more easily managed by the promise of being taken care of by the 'State'.

Karl Marx, Leon Trotsky and Josef Stalin would be very proud indeed of their twenty-first century protégés.

World War III

Towards the end of the nineteenth century, Albert Pike the Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry in America reportedly wrote in a letter, an outline of the Elite plans for the twentieth century which included three World Wars leading to total Elite domination of the world. We have had the first two already as everyone knows but not yet the third, which has obviously been delayed by circumstances beyond the control of the perpetrators, for the moment anyway.

Pike wrote that the first war would be a war to overthrow the Russian Czars, as related in a previous chapter and to destroy the Russian monarchy through a contrived conflict with the British and Germanic empires. The second war would be instigated through the Zionist struggle and would establish a Zionist-Jewish 'homeland' in Palestine (again, see the chapters on WWI and WWII).

Regarding the possible third war, Pike wrote:

"The Third World War must be fomented by taking advantage of the differences caused by the agents of the Illuminati, between the political Zionists and the leaders of the Islamic world. The war must be conducted in such a way that Islam [the Arab nations of the Middle East] and political Zionism [Israel] will mutually destroy each other. Meanwhile, the other nations, once more divided on this issue, will be constrained to fight to the point of complete physical, moral, spiritual and economic exhaustion… We shall unleash the nihilists and the atheists and we shall provoke a formidable social cataclysm which in all its horror will show clearly to the nations the

effect of absolute atheism, origin of savagery and of the most bloody turmoil." Albert Pike, 1871

Pike was certainly a distinguished prophet, unless of course he had foreknowledge of the grand master-plan to enslave the world. Even the phrase 'World War' was not in common usage at that time and indeed only came to prominence several years after the first war, which for many years, even after the event itself, had been commonly referred to as the 'Great War'. But is this not what we are seeing today, the sabre-rattling and aggressive rhetoric currently aimed at Syria and especially Iran, by and on behalf of the Israeli Zionists? The world could explode into WWIII at any moment given the current fragile state of the peace in the Middle East area. In fact I would go as far as to say that the world has never been nearer to world war since the last one ended, even throughout the dark days of the 'cold war' in the second half of the last century.

Since the terrorist attacks of 9/11 and 7/7, world events in particular in the Middle East, demonstrate the growing unrest and instability between Zionists and the Arabic world. This is completely in line with the call for a third world war to be fought between the two and their allies on both sides. This third world war is still to come and recent events would tend to create the impression that it is imminent.

In July 2009, the President of China openly warned the US that in the event of an Israeli attack upon Iran, "World War will be our response."

The above information also demonstrates clearly to me, that historical and political events do not happen by accident. We are being led by a group of people and their stooges in governments throughout the world, who are following a script that has been laid down many years previously and whilst the minor details may be subject to the occasional tweak, the major premise remains unchanged throughout and that ultimate goal is of course the total subjugation of humankind and the establishment of their New World Order.

Big Brother is Watching You

Surveillance

As I describe throughout this book, the world is becoming more like the dystopian nightmare portrayed by George Orwell in his extremely prescient work 1984, almost by the day. Indeed the above chapter title is taken from that very book and for the benefit of those have not yet read it, the phrase refers to the fact that a supposed benevolent entity, known by the cosy, friendly name of 'Big Brother' is constantly watching over the citizens of 'Airstrip One', the new name for the United Kingdom, in order to 'protect them from harm'.

However 'Big Brother', in reality, is far from a cosy, friendly entity. He is a euphemism for the fascist/communitarian state in which all Airstrip One's citizens live. He is not simply watching his citizens either, in anything resembling a caring, parent-like manner; he is actually spying on them and their every move through a comprehensive network of one-way only 'tele-screens' that are installed not just on every street, highway and in every building, but in every room in every building, including those of the repressed citizens' own homes. How similar then to our own society? Although we do not yet have spy-cameras in our own homes, it is virtually impossible now in any town in Britain, to escape the gaze of the ubiquitous 'security camera' wherever we may wander, down its streets and alleyways and in its shops, banks and public buildings.

It is also common knowledge among the 'truth' community, that we are also now being watched covertly from space. Yes, that is absolutely true. There are literally hundreds of spy satellites circling above us, watching us whenever expedient for our controllers so to do. It is also known that they have amazing capabilities, for example the ability to 'listen-in' on conversations we may be having in our own sitting rooms at home and to be able to zoom-in on individual buildings and individual people at a resolution to which most regular camera manufacturers could only dream to aspire.

"Every now and then I like to lean out of the window and smile for a satellite picture." Steven Wright, American comedian.

Tongue-in-cheek, the above statement may be, but nevertheless accurate with regards to the capability of satellite spy cameras.

We often hear the claim that 'if you have got nothing to hide, than you have nothing to fear', but as I have covered in detail in another section of the book, there is so much wrong with that statement that I barely know where to start, to refute it. Suffice to say at this juncture, that this statement is a gross distortion of the truth and one which is easy to prove as inaccurate.

The amount of public money spent on 'security' especially here in Britain is truly staggering and that is just the sums that the authorities admit to spending and for all those millions and billions worldwide spent on security cameras, I should very much like to ask the question, where are they when we really need them? I am thinking here for example of 9/11, 7/7, the Madrid train station bombing, the Pont de l'Alma tunnel when Diana died and the list goes on and on. All the security cameras that could have prevented conspiracy theories from springing-up around these incidents seemed to have either failed or have been switched-off in error for the duration of these and many other incidents. So it would seem that they are absolutely perfect for spotting and recording crimes committed by the 99% but not too efficient at detecting those of the 1%. This is obviously another rather large co-incidence of course and nothing at all to concern us in any way.

In Britain the total amount of public money spent on installing and operating CCTV cameras alone during the 2007 to 2010 period, was £321,331,453.18. When broken down this figure would equate to the employment of more than 13,500 extra police officers over a three year period. There are currently five million CCTV cameras in the UK to cover a population of 60 million, so this equates to one camera for every 12 people and there is absolutely no sign of this ratio decreasing. On the contrary, it is expected to increase proportionately as time goes by. The UK Home Office has spent a mind-boggling 78% of its crime prevention budget since the 1990s on surveillance cameras and the numbers are still increasing month on month and year on year.

Cameras are now being installed that can lip-read and recognise 'suspicious' body language – in other words pre-crime and there are now many cameras in London streets and maybe elsewhere too by the time you read this, that possess speakers whereby the operator can give orders to unsuspecting pedestrians passing-by. 'Pick up that litter' or 'no loitering in this area' or 'keep off this grass'. It saves money on signs I suppose.

A recent 'freedom of information' request revealed that CCTV cameras solve less than one in 1000 crimes and yet surveillance cameras account for 75% of the spending on 'crime prevention' overall. What is wrong with this picture? This amply demonstrates to me that these cameras are not there for our protection or to prevent or solve crimes, they are there to spy on us in much the same way as the tele-screens in 1984. In fact I would say that the Elite, far from wishing to prevent crime, indeed encourage it. It is in their best interests to engender a crime-ridden society as this leads to fear and thus ultimately more control through the very surveillance that purports to protect us all.

Another reason for all this overt and covert surveillance is to track resistance to the step-by-step imposition of the Orwellian state and not the 99.9% of the general public who are no threat to the system at all.

Not only is our every movement as pedestrians tracked, but so also are our movements when travelling. There are speed cameras along most of our streets and highways, many containing sophisticated licence plate recognition systems and security cameras in buses, trains, ships and airplanes. The licence plate recognition system is intelligently linked to various databases of information, enabling, for example, insurance details to be checked, where deemed to be appropriate. The 'speed' cameras are obviously not there to prevent accidents as the police disingenuously claim, as it has now been proven beyond reasonable doubt that the presence of traffic and speed cameras actually causes more accidents than it prevents, probably through the fear factor of people slowing down dangerously quickly, once a camera is spotted, causing skids, swerves, rear-end collisions and often complete loss of control of the car. In fact a recent independent report concluded that 85% of traffic accidents are not caused by excess speed, contrary to what they would have us all believe.

We are also under covert surveillance through our computers and cell-phones. Social networking sites such as Twitter and Facebook and search engines such as Google are known to have connections to the security services and every transaction (and there are billions each day) is individually tracked and monitored for any small clue that that person may be plotting against authority. Every email, every telephone conversation and every text message is similarly monitored and filed using keyword detection technologies and all the details of this intrusion into what should be our private lives is stored in a monster database that also links with other governmental databases and allows

'public institutions' to access everything that is stored against our names. Local councils and state bodies made one request every second on average in 2009 for access to this information to check-up on our movements and private information.

'The Guardian' newspaper recently reported that photographs and intimate personal details relating to tens of thousands of individuals who have attended protests and rallies are being stored in secret national databases and labeled as 'domestic extremists'.

So, this is but a small snapshot of how the world really works in these 'enlightened' times and please, please do not be fooled by anyone who may tell you that we are in effect being spied-upon for our own safety and protection, as frankly that concept is utterly laughable.

The Police – To Protect and Serve the Elite

The recent, ongoing spate of police brutality is no accident and no coincidence; it is exactly the way that society is deliberately being steered and the increasing militarisation of the police is a carefully contrived phenomenon designed to slowly ensnare us all in a spiders-web of oppression and fear.

There are many, many examples of the police taking the law into their own hands and remaining unpunished for doing so. Some of these are listed in the introduction and here for good measure are a couple more.

In 2010 a student was tasered by police for persistently asking questions of the politician John Kerry at a public meeting. To be unscrupulously fair, Andrew Meyer, the student in question was behaving a little too disruptively for his own good and was eventually tasered several times when he mentioned 'Skull and Bones', the secret society of which Kerry is a fully-paid-up member along with the entire Bush family. However, his behaviour certainly did not warrant his being subjected to 50,000 volts and surely, simply 'poor behaviour' does not give licence to the police to use ultra-excessive force. The fact that the police actually tasered someone who was already subdued and lying on the ground under arrest is utterly reprehensible and inexcusable by any standards, let alone those of they who are supposed to 'serve and protect' us. When there are six officers surrounding a suspect who should have simply been ejected peacefully, there is absolutely no need to taser him, at least not in my view.

And then there was the case of the wheelchair-bound schizophrenic. Police officers said they arrived to find Ms Delafield in a wheelchair, armed with two knives and a hammer and that she was swinging the weapons at family members and police. Within an hour of the 911 call, Ms Delafield, a wheelchair-bound woman certified with mental illness, was dead. Her family attorney, Rick Alexander said that her death could have been prevented and that there were four things that stood-out to him about the case. "One, she's in a wheelchair. Two, she's schizophrenic. Three, they're using a taser on a person that's in a wheelchair and then four is that they tasered her 10 times for a period of two minutes." Alexander said.

According to the police report, one of the officers used her taser gun nine times for a total of 160 seconds and the other officer discharged his taser gun once for a total of no more than five seconds. Obviously this was no doubt a difficult situation, but was it absolutely necessary to taser an elderly woman in a wheelchair? Surely a person unable to walk can be restrained fairly easily by other less deadly methods?

In my considered view this all points to a larger problem in our society and this is that the police are almost completely out of control and more significantly, this is exactly the state of affairs planned for us by the Elite.

There is a common misconception about police, throughout the world at large. Some people, it has to be said, mostly white, middle-class people, think that the police are here to 'protect and serve' everyone, but it is worth pointing-out that nowhere does this motto say anything about protecting everyone, or even treating everyone equally. This small point is totally conspicuous by its absence, in fact and the simple truth is that the police are paid to protect and serve the Elite and only the Elite, and the group from which the Elite mostly need protection is the 99%, we the 'underclasses', the useless eaters.

The western world, especially Britain and America are societies that are riven in two by a huge 'class-divide' despite all the false claims by some, that America is the ultimate classless society and this class division is as stark as the difference between black and white. Poor and dispossessed people naturally get angry and sometimes even violent when they realise that their own situation is completely hopeless. No amount of hard work will make them rich or powerful when their only skills are street-sweeping or toilet-cleaning. So, sometimes the poor take matters into their own hands and steal from the rich and that is when the police intervene. If they steal from a house or steal a car

they will obviously be arrested, but, what happens when the rich steal from the poor as we have seen with all the recent bank bail-outs, banker-bonuses and white collar crime such as the MPs' expenses scandal in the UK in 2009?

Usually, the answer is 'nothing at all'. The Elite can almost literally write their own laws with a few well-placed political campaign contributions or some intensive lobbying of politicians. They ghetto-ise our inner cities, outsource our jobs to the third-world, make beneficial medicines and drugs illegal, send our children to die in pointless wars, kill anyone who stands in their way of their obscene profiteering and terrorise the world with their wars and there is virtually nothing that any of us 99% can do about it.

Aside from occasional high-profile cases such as the Enron scandal in the 1990s, the Elite are completely free to do as they will and mould society to their own designs in whatever ways they may choose. In other words, the rich are free to do whatever they want, when they want but the poor and middle classes must be monitored constantly and harassed or arrested instantly, often violently if they step out of line in any way at all.

The police are obviously aware of this, maybe not overtly however. They do know that becoming a police officer grants them immense power over others, but they know not to abuse this power where the Elite are concerned. We rarely see people in Aston Martins, Bentleys and Rolls Royces being detained by the police and that is not simply because they never break the law, but the police know better than to bother with the rich. After all, the rich are no easy target unlike the poor. They tend to have expensive lawyers, they have friends in high-places, they often have unlimited resources and most importantly, they often know politicians who will put pressure on their superiors to get them reassigned to plodding 'the beat' again, should an officer fall foul of them. Of course, poor people have none of these connections or resources and so by default become 'fair game'.

It is not a problem with the Elite if the police wish to oppress the poor; in fact it is actually actively encouraged. The rich know that by granting the police special privileges they can help secure their loyalty to their cause and so the police are permitted to act more or less as they please just so long as they do not step on the toes of the Elite, who are after all the only people who 'out-rank' the police in the 'power games' being played-out in our twisted society.

So, the real role of the police in society is to protect the Elite from the underclasses, which also includes the middle class. However, the middle classes tend to be less disruptive as they are usually pacified by the plentiful

distractions on offer from today's society, such as 24/7 entertainment, sports and other leisure activities that are well-within their economic grasp, unlike the lower classes and dispossessed. The police are thus free to amuse themselves by harassing the poor to their hearts' content, just so long as they do not harrass the powerful. The Elite have manufactured a situation whereby the police are hated and feared by the poor and respected and feared by the middle class. This in effect gives them a free reign since the police only fear and respect the upper class; the one social group more powerful than they, themselves.

The militarisation of the police

Street-gang members regard the police as just another gang; a more powerful one, but a gang nevertheless, but the people who actually control the police, the Elite, are increasingly arming them in much the same way as a military force. The full-scale militarisation of the police has been slowly imposed upon us over the last 50 years and this situation is encouraged and enhanced by two fake ideological wars, the 'war on drugs' and the 'war on terror'.

In fact, the police services in most major first-world cities now (even in England where the standard arming of police is still not quite with us yet) have sufficient firepower and armaments to invade and occupy a small country. They could probably have been sent to Afghanistan and Iraq and probably would have done a better job at subduing the populace there since they are more thoroughly trained in those tactics than are the military. This is no accident, the police are an army of sorts, the private army and mercenaries of the Elite and their enemy, lest there be any lingering doubt about it, is you and I, our families, friends and acquaintances.

This is all actually an integral part of the plan for the New World Order; ie. to transform the entire world into a fascist/communitarian state. The momentum is now very much increasing and as they have both gained and been given strength by draconian new laws, both in a physical and psychological sense, should this trend continue, then the end result is inevitable; a police state.

Yes, I am afraid that the Elite control and run society as though it is their personal fiefdom, which in many ways it is of course, because they hold the purse strings and thus the power. When there are demonstrations, labour disputes or strikes, even if peaceful, they simply call in the police the police will, if necessary and often even if not, use extreme violence against the ranks of the demonstrators and/or striking workers and either force them to disperse or force them to return to work for their pitiful wages. I am sure many British readers can remember the miners' strike of the mid-1980s where police brutality was rife and an everyday occurrence. Of course the controlled media always dressed it up as if it was the miners themselves who instigated the violence, but most people could see the real truth.

In many, many demonstrations the police will use undercover agitators to incite the demonstrators to violence and this then provides the excuse for them to use brute force in order to quell the 'riot' as it often becomes. The idea that the police can act as an arm of the Oligarchy is unfortunately not a new one. The situation had become slightly better throughout the early decades of the twentieth century, but now we seem to be right back to where we were a hundred years ago and earlier, when police and militia brutality was often the norm.

But the accompanying propaganda is many magnitudes more powerful today. Most people believe that the police are there to protect everyone, but that is quite simply not the case. In many poorer neighbourhoods, if the police are called, they may arrive four hours later if the caller is lucky, if at all. The 'better' the neighbourhood, the quicker the response and indeed many poorer people sadly do not even bother calling the police at all and this, again, is not a new phenomenon. In fact, this is how the Mafia came to prominence in America. The Italian and Irish gangs were formed simply because a person of Italian or Irish descent could not expect to be treated fairly under the law and they knew that they had to take care of each other because no-one else would. Indeed, the police were more likely to arrest them than to listen to their tale of woe. The growth of the Mafia was also made possible by the

staggering profits made through prohibition, with the sale of 'bootleg' liquor. When such a popular product as alcohol is made illegal, it can be extremely lucrative for those on the wrong side of the law; so much so that they will 'buy' influence on the other side of the law and corrupt the entire system in the process.

The weapons a police officer are allocated are paramount to his power over others. Everyday citizens are obviously not allowed to openly carry dangerous weapons around and an officer's gun identifies him as a member of a powerful group and symbolises his social superiority over the masses.

The police now use Tasers almost indiscriminately because it easy to do so. Much easier than for example trying to subdue a miscreant by the use of a baton and it should be noted that Tasers are most definitely not 'non-lethal'; they are 'less-lethal' maybe, but for that matter so is a knife compared to a gun. In no way are Tasers harmless despite propaganda to the contrary, they have been and continue to be, responsible for many hundreds of deaths in the last few years. Between Tasers, pepper-spray and batons, the police now have several 'less lethal' devices to ensure our submission. Add in handguns, shotguns, sniper rifles and the heavy artillery used by SWAT teams this constitutes enough firepower to subdue a major rebellion, which of course may well be the plan.

The Elite seem to be expecting trouble from us, the unruly populace. Unsurprisingly really as they know only too well how oppressive their policies are. If so, they can no longer plead ignorance to our plight and they are in fact responsible for it. They have no love for democracy and clearly prefer fascism as it is so much more convenient for their purposes and the police see their badge as a license to take the law into their own hands and even to kill if that suits their purposes. In other words, if you do not like someone for whatever reason or even simply feel like it, taser them, there will be no comeback or consequences, no investigation or inquiry. It is all made too easy for them, but if any of us did the same things (even to each other) we would quickly end up in jail and for a very long time. This is the justice that we have today, justice Elite-style.

The Free-man Principle

Another of the many ways in which we are covertly imprisoned as human beings is via the completely false paradigm of what is loosely referred to as the 'law'. To be clear, there is a huge difference between 'lawful' and 'legal' and this difference is deceptively used to enslave us in so many different ways.

Let me explain…

The Elite bloodlines have in effect 'hijacked' the law, not just in Britain, but also in North America and even world-wide, especially in the countries comprising the former British Empire. The plan for the total global enslavement of populations is almost impossible to expedite under the real law known as 'Common Law' and so over time they have imposed their own system by deception.

We are all living human beings with a soul and not legal entities as our corrupt legal systems attempt to treat us. This is the fundamental principle which differentiates between our freedom and our enslavement to the Elite.

There is in existence a language of which some people may be vaguely aware and that is for the want of a better term, 'legal-ese', otherwise known as the language of the law as used by solicitors, lawyers, magistrates and judges. It is quite similar to English in many ways, but also, as we will see, in many aspects, completely different.

Over the years it has been written and developed, just as any other language, by its users and that is of course in this case, the legal profession. Proposed new legislation is discussed by committees, voted in or out by members of Parliament or Congress and becomes 'law' once it has been approved at the final stage by royal or Presidential assent. It is at this point now regarded as a statute; albeit a statute written in its entirety in what is in effect a foreign language, legal-ese.

Despite the fact that these statutes are written in a language unfamiliar to the vast majority, we are nevertheless still expected to abide by them and obey their diktats.

However, when people talk about the 'law' they are referring, mostly without realising it, to Statutory Law and not Common Law. This has been developed over centuries in a deceitful attempt to impose control over us all.

"Back in the Celtic times the British Isles were populated by tribes. They had traditions and customs. Nothing was permanently written down, but they lived by rules that everyone knew. This entirely mirrors the situation world-wide. There was a time when everything was tribal, and each member knew the rules that governed their lives. If anyone broke these rules there would be

some kind of Tribal Meeting, and the Chief or Holy Man would preside. A judgment was made on the basis of arguments put forward by both sides, and that judgment was executed." Veronica: of the Chapman family (so-called)

Common Law was first laid down in the original Magna Carta which King John was forced to sign by the Barons in 1215 at Runnymede, near London, England. Simply speaking, if we do not breach the peace, nor cause harm or loss to another nor employ mischief in our agreements, the tenets of Common Law will not be breached. The use of Common Law is the use of common sense in that each situation can be judged on its merits without 'statutory' laws or statutes that are all essentially 'modern' laws that tell the judge what he or she must do in given circumstances. One modern definition is this:

"Common law is the system of deciding cases that originated in England and which were latterly adopted in the USA. Common law is based on precedent (legal principles developed in earlier case law) instead of statutory laws. It is the traditional law of an area or region created by judges when deciding individual disputes or cases. Common law changes over time."

However, this change is so slow a process that Common Law was of little use to the Elite families. Because they wished to create a 'closed' society they needed laws that can be introduced quickly and be changed at will to suit their agenda, whenever it was expedient. One thing that they certainly did not want was for people to be able to create their own laws.

So, in a nutshell, the Elite usurped Common Law which is the law of the land, as the prime arbiter of human affairs, with Statute Law which is in effect the law of the sea. This is also referred to as Maritime Law or Admiralty Law, Commercial Law and Civil Law, among other terms. Thus, the Elite bloodlines took the laws of shipping and trade by sea and brought them to dry land and named them 'Statute Law', which by its nature is commercial law or the law of contracts.

These then are the 'laws' introduced by governments and parliaments and they can often do this overnight, literally, if it suits their agenda – and it often does and of course this is absolutely perfect for the imposition of onerous, draconian laws that create a virtual slave state. When the Queen signs an Act of Parliament or the US president signs a bill into law they are simply signing a 'contract' to make a 'contractual' agreement and this is not actually 'lawful' under Common Law.

During the last Labour government in Britain (1997-2010) they created 3,800 new criminal offences almost one new crime for every day they were in

office. This is possible using Statute Law, the law of the sea, but not with Common Law, the law of the land. The other important aspect to Common Law is that it refers to a living, breathing human being whilst Statute Law is the law of contracts and so the instigators of Statutory Law had to invent fake 'personas' ie corporations, to which the contrived new 'laws' could apply.

This is the 'straw-man' principle, a 'legal' (but not lawful) fiction, which is in effect activated by writing names in all-capitals. So peter smith and its other variations, such as peter: smith and peter: of the smith family are, under Common Law, the living, breathing, human being with a soul and PETER SMITH is the legalised fictional corporation, created to fall under the jurisdiction of Statute Law.

Whenever governments, law enforcement, corporations, legal and financial agencies etc, communicate with us they almost always write our names in all capital letters and this is because they are not writing to us, the living, breathing being, but to the fake 'straw-man' that is created when your birth is 'registered'. What they would like us to believe is that peter smith and PETER SMITH is exactly the same, whereas in truth it most certainly is not. We all need to understand that countries, governments, local councils, courts and the police force etc. are actually private companies and corporations and this can easily and simply be confirmed by checking this information with Dun and Bradstreet, which provides credit information on businesses and corporations worldwide.

Actually, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA INCORPORATED and THE UNITED KINGDOM CORPORATION plc are at this moment in a state of what is referred to as 'Chapter 11 bankruptcy' which... "... allows businesses to reorganise themselves, giving them an opportunity to restructure debt and get out from under certain burdensome leases and contracts. Typically a business is allowed to continue to operate while it is in Chapter 11, although it does so under the supervision of the Bankruptcy Court and its appointees."

So who controls the 'Bankruptcy Court and its appointees' that are currently 'supervising' the 'government' corporations of the United States and United Kingdom? None other than our old friends, the House of Rothschild banksters and their international banking conglomerate. So in truth, governments are corporations and the Presidents, Prime Ministers, Royalty and cabinets are the CEOs and the boards of directors. Only insiders of course, will know this, but most of them will be unaware of how the very

system they are briefly administering, really works. The shareholders in these corporations are the general population and citizens of the country, but of course we are never told this plain fact.

Each and every time a new-born baby is registered, a single share in the corporation is issued in its name in all-capital letters of course, but because this fact is systematically kept from us we never ask for either the share or the money it is worth. Instead, the share is held in trust by the government as are all dividends due and the corporate voting rights that go along with it. The trustee, the government corporation, uses these 'votes' to decide the future of the corporation and whether for example, it will agree to a 'corporate merger' in the creation of the European Union or North American Union.

So by keeping their true lawful status from the people, they turn the shareholders into employees of the corporation, or actually slaves to be more accurate and one of the principle ways this is achieved is by the utilisation of words that have one meaning to the population and another in law. As alluded to already, the term 'legal' is not the same as lawful. This is why banking is sometimes derided by being referred to as 'legalised robbery'. It is certainly 'legal' under Statute Law, but it is also in effect robbery which is under Common Law, an unlawful offence. So, Common Law is that which is lawful and Statue Law is that defined as 'legal'.

We may believe that a 'person' is a living human being, but under the 'legal' definition of Statute Law a 'person' is a corporation and, to meet the criteria of Maritime Law, the 'person' represents a ship in effect and so that is why when a 'person' attends court, which in reality is a maritime court, the 'person' stands in the dock. We see this symbolic language also in other areas of the law, for example, all the maritime language in everyday use, especially with reference to governments and legal terms such as ownership and citizenship. We also indulge in courtship before agreeing a corporate merger, more commonly referred to as marriage in which we contract with the other government subsidiary corporation (the spouse) by means of a marriage certificate. And of course when that merger subsequently results in the patter of tiny subsidiaries, the new corporation's registration is confirmed by the issuance of a birth / berth certificate.

The 'Stars and Stripes' flags displayed in every federal building, court, school etc, in the USA are all framed with a gold/yellow fringe for this reason. And whenever the President makes an address or speaks officially

there is always the flag behind him, complete with its gold/yellow fringe, signifying that all those institutions/corporations operate under maritime law and not the 'law of the land'.

Under the International Law of the Flags, the type of flag displayed by a ship decrees the law that applies aboard that vessel and by boarding the ship you are automatically accepting the jurisdiction of the law that applies to that flag. Exactly the same is true with regards to foreign embassies. The flag they display/fly ensures that the law of the country it represents applies within the confines of the embassy.

A flag with a gold fringe always indicates Admiralty Law and so if we are summoned to appear in a court displaying this version of the flag, we are in effect agreeing to be tried under Statute Law, the law of the sea that applies to a legalised fiction and not to the person.

"When you enter a courtroom displaying a gold or yellow fringed flag, you have just entered into a foreign country, and you better have your passport with you, because you may not be coming back to the land of the free for a long time. The judge sitting under a gold or yellow fringe flag becomes the 'captain' or 'master' of that ship or enclave and he has absolute power to make the rules as he goes. The gold or yellow fringe flag is your warning that you are leaving your constitutionally secured rights on the floor outside the door to that courtroom." usa-therepublic.com

Even the US troops fighting abroad in such places as Afghanistan, have the gold-fringed flag clearly displayed on their uniforms, indicating in fact, that they are the army of the corporation of the United States and not of the people or the country for which they believe they are fighting. Many lawyers, solicitors and court officials genuinely have no idea of what Statute Law really consists, but this certainly cannot be said of those in the upper echelons of the global legal profession including the judges and senior government administrators, whom I suppose must be appraised of the real facts as they reach a certain stage on the career ladder.

However the tangled mess is slowly beginning to be unravelled by those brave pioneers and champions of Common Law who are now challenging magistrates and judges in their own domains throughout the country and demanding evidence of the proof of the lawfulness of courts and their deceptive practices. It is absolutely possible, as these fearless men and women have shown, to permanently disconnect from statute slavery if you have a basic

awareness of Common Law and have the fortitude to stand-up for your rights as a citizen.

In addition, the wording of all communications with the State and 'authority' should be carefully constructed, not least of which is the way in which our names are denoted on documents. We should never forget that we are peter: smith and not PETER SMITH. Indeed should we respond to communications referring to us as PETER SMITH, then we have lost the war before the first battle has begun as Statute Law will then prevail. But use peter: smith and we will no longer be subject to Statute Law, only Common Law.

There will of course be no anarchy when Statute Law is eventually overturned and Common Law is returned to its rightful place in human affairs. If the peace is breached or should we cause harm or loss to another or employ mischief in our agreements, then we are still subject to the penalties of Common Law, no matter what.

Social-engineering

What is social-engineering? Social-engineering may be defined as the art or science of psychologically manipulating people into acting or thinking in way that may not be their natural, normal mode of behaviour, usually without their express permission or knowledge.

It may take the form of one of the two extremes of a one-off, simple confidence trick such as making someone believe something untrue in order to deceive them. Or it can be used against an entire population by the ruling Elite in order to modify their beliefs about society and the world around them into thinking that they are entirely different constructs to that which they assume to be the truth.

It is this latter circumstance upon which we will concentrate for the purposes of this section.

Before governments can engage in social-engineering, they must have reliable information about the society that is to be engineered and also must have effective tools with which to carry out the engineering. Both of these elements only became available relatively recently, roughly within the past century. The development of social science made it possible to gather and analyse information about social attitudes and trends, which is necessary in

order to judge the initial state of society before an engineering strategy is undertaken and the success or failure of that attempt after it has been implemented. At the same time, the development of modern mass-communications technology and the media also provided the tools through which social-engineering may be performed.

Whilst social-engineering may be, and often is, carried out by any organisation whatsoever, whether large or small, public or private, the most comprehensive (and therefore the most effective) campaigns of social-engineering are those initiated by powerful central governments controlled by our Elite masters.

Extremely intensive social-engineering campaigns have always occurred in countries with authoritarian governments. In the 1920s for example, the revolutionary government of the Soviet Union embarked on a campaign to fundamentally modify the behaviour and ideals of Soviet citizens, to replace the old social mores of the Czarist government with a new 'Soviet' culture, to create the modern Russian citizen. They used newspapers, books, film, mass relocations and even architectural design tactics to serve as social modification techniques in order to change personal values and private relationships into those which benefitted the state.

Similar examples would be the Chinese 'Great Leap Forward' under Chairman Mao Tse Tung and the 'Cultural Revolution' programme and also the Khmer Rouge's plan of de-urbanisation of Cambodia under Pol Pot in the 1970s.

More recently, sustained social-engineering campaigns that create more gradual, but ultimately far-reaching, changes would include initiatives such as the 'war on drugs' and the 'war on terror', both fake constructs which have seriously changed the hearts and minds of western populations towards a multitude of issues, such as Islam itself and primarily the attitudes to the ongoing foreign wars being fought in the name of British, US and Israeli hegemony and empire-building.

Other examples would include such as the ever-increasing encroachment of intellectual property rights on behalf of the Elite-run corporations and the copyrighting of anything remotely profitable including the human genome, which in my view is an absolutely scandalous act that should never have been allowed in a fair and equitable society. We may also include here, the promotion of faux elections as a political tool, a tactic that has now been in place for over two centuries.

Social theorists of the Frankfurt School (see relevant section) such as Theodor Adorno also commentated upon the new phenomenon in the 1920s and 30s of mass culture and remarked on its manipulative power. When the rise of the Nazis in Germany drove him out of the country around 1930, he and many others of his ilk became involved with the 'Institute for Social Research' in the United States. The Nazis themselves of course, were no strangers to the idea of influencing political attitudes and re-defining personal and social relationships. The Nazi propaganda machine under Josef Goebbels was a sophisticated and effective tool for creating and manipulating public opinion to the benefit of the regime.

Social-engineering can and is being used constantly by the Elite, as a means to achieve a wide variety of different results, as illustrated by the many different governments and other organisations that have employed it as an effective tool to retain the balance of power in their favour. The possibilities for large-scale manipulation became more realistic immediately following WWII, with the widespread, exponential growth of television and ongoing social-engineering, particularly with regard to advertising techniques is still pertinent in the abhorrent western model of consumer capitalism that enslaves us all.

In his classic political science work, 'The Open Society and Its Enemies, The Spell of Plato', Karl Popper examined the application of the critical and rational methods of science to the problems of the open society. In this respect, he made an important distinction between the principles of what he referred to as 'piecemeal social-engineering' and 'Utopian social-engineering'.

"The piecemeal [social] engineer will adopt the method of searching for and fighting against, the greatest and most urgent evil of society, rather than searching for, and fighting for, its greatest ultimate good." For him, the difference between 'piecemeal social-engineering' and 'Utopian social-engineering' is "…the difference between a reasonable method of improving the lot of man, and a method which, if really tried, may easily lead to an intolerable increase in human suffering. It is the difference between a method which can be applied at any moment, and a method whose advocacy may easily become a means of continually postponing action until a later date, when conditions are more favourable. And it is also the difference between the only method of improving matters which has so far been really successful, at any time, and in any place, and a method which, wherever it has been tried, has led only to the use of violence in place of reason, and if not to its own

abandonment, at any rate to that of its original blueprint." Karl Popper, Austrian philosopher, 1902-1994

We are all subjected to and affected by social-engineering whether we like it or not but as Popper rightly points-out, there is a world of difference between benign social-engineering and its hugely more malignant cousin. Unfortunately the insidious, covert use of social-engineering techniques upon the whole of mankind is a valuable tool in the armoury of those who seek to deceive us and thus enslave us. Social-engineering could also be said to be a less-intrusive version of that other popular Elite tool, mind-control techniques.

Mind Control

MK Ultra (short for the Germanic form, Mind Kontrolle) was introduced shortly after WWII using Nazi scientists and hypnotists procured via Project Paperclip (see section on WWII). Its aim was to research into hypnotic techniques for interrogation, secure courier duties and reducing fatigue for the armed forces and also to research the effects of primitive drugs like barbiturates and cannabis for drug-assisted interrogation.

A man by the name of George Estabrooks was the leading proponent of hypnosis as the ultimate method of manipulation of the human mind. His book, Hypnotism, published in the early 1940s, has been decried as too fantastic and improbable in terms of describing the capabilities of hypnosis with certain very suggestible subjects, but his arguments and examples remain valid to this day. Estabrooks admitted in 1971 to creating hypnotic couriers and programmed multiple personalities for Military Intelligence purposes.

The commencement of the Cold War and the Korean War in particular saw an upsurge in mind control research and also the emergence of the term 'brain-washing'. Supposedly a development of the Chinese communists, the term was actually coined by a magazine writer later found to be on the CIA payroll as an agent of influence. In postulating a 'brainwashing gap', the CIA were given permission to undertake research into countering communist mind-control efforts and developing their own as an aid in the espionage wars that were a prominent feature of the second half of the twentieth century.

Hypnosis and drugs were the primary tools of this search for the ultimate truth-serum and also regarded as an extremely desirable goal was the capability to create an agent who would never reveal his mission even under extreme

torture, or even be aware that they were carrying secret information given to them in an altered state of consciousness. Sophisticated 'designer' drugs were also developed and tested, such as LSD, Ketamine, and Psilocybin whilst partial lobotomy and the implantation of electrodes were considered as methods for creating a fully-compliant, 'non-tamperable', secure field agent. Electro-convulsive shock treatment, combined with LSD, semi-permanent sedation and constantly replaying the subject's own voice through headphones were also experimental techniques in this field.

One of the most notable cases of mind control at this time involved a famous model of the late 1940s and 50s named Candy Jones. In the book, 'The Control of Candy Jones' the author reviewed hours of tapes made by Candy Jones and her husband which revealed a systematic programme to create and manipulate alternate personalities (known as 'alters') as the basis of programmed couriers resistant to torture, where the primary personality would not even be aware of the secret information being carried by the alter. In this state, the information carried could be extracted via either a post-hypnotic command or response to a pre-programmed cue.

Research continued into early 1970s by the CIA's own admission and John Marks, author of the best study of CIA mind control experiments, makes the subtle differentiation that the CIA congressional witnesses might truthfully say that all research done by the TSS Directorate had ended, since the programmes were moved into other areas once operational techniques had been developed. Many of the names mentioned in reference to mind-control research occur in the references to supposed dead-end research in extra-sensory perception (ESP).

As the years and decades wore on, these techniques began to be used more and more for clandestine civilian purposes as opposed to the initial, almost exclusively military use.

In the 1980s and early 1990s more than 30 scientists working on top secret British projects, mostly computer technicians, died in very strange and unexplained circumstances. Several defence contractor companies such as Marconi, Plessey and British Aerospace, among others were involved in what can only be described as a bizarre series of events.

In 1986, Vimal Dajibhai, who was working for Marconi Underwater Systems, drove from London to Bristol, a city with which he had no connection and threw himself off the famous Clifton Suspension Bridge located there. A few months previously, Arshad Sharif, a computer

programmer with Marconi Defence Systems, also drove from London to Bristol and hanged himself. Why Bristol of all places? Bristol is a former Knights Templar port and before that a Phoenician port. Its name has evolved from Barati, the Phoenician goddess. It just so happens that an elite unit of British intelligence called the Committee of 26 is based there and they use the runway of the British Aerospace complex to clandestinely fly British and foreign agents in and out of the country. In that period of the 1980s there was a multiplicity of strange deaths of people at the cutting edge of development in the defence industries.

What possesses a man to get into his car, drive more than two hours to the Clifton Suspension Bridge and jump off?

A CIA scientist once told a researcher he was put through forms of mind control to prevent him from recalling his knowledge once a project was completed. By way of another example; David Sands was a highly skilled scientist working on a very sensitive area of defence, but at 37 he was talking about leaving the industry and changing his lifestyle. (Moral of the story: never tell anyone what you propose to do, just do it). He was happily married with two small children, a son aged six and a three year old daughter. Sands and his wife had just returned from an enjoyable holiday in Venice when he died in mysterious circumstances, although they are not so mysterious once mind-control is understood to be the cause. He worked for Easams who were fulfilling contracts for the Ministry of Defence and it appears that whilst Sands and his wife were in Venice, the company was visited by members of the elite British police unit, the Special Branch.

Then, on Saturday 28th March 1987, David Sands told his wife he was going out to refuel the car, but he didn't return for six hours. No one, least of all himself had any idea where he was. His wife Anna called the police and Constable John Hiscock was at the house when Sands returned at 10.20pm. When questioned about his whereabouts he said he had been 'driving and thinking'. His wife said it was out of character for him to be away for so long and she did not think he realised how long he had been out. He seemed confused, but happy, she said. Two days later, on Monday, 30th March, he climbed into his excellently maintained Austin Maestro car and began his regular journey from his home in Itchen Abbas, near Winchester, Hampshire

to Easams at Camberley in Surrey. His wife said there was nothing unusual about his demeanour or behaviour and driving conditions were good but about 30 minutes into his journey when he was driving along the A33 at Popham, near Basingstoke, he suddenly did a U-turn across the dual carriageway and headed at high speed in the opposite direction to his destination. Turning onto a slip road at about 80 miles an hour, Sands then drove his car straight into a disused café building, killing himself in an explosion of flame. There were no skid marks and he had not even tried to brake.

It is fairly obvious to anyone who has knowledge of the way mind-controllers operate, that in the time he was missing, he had his mind programmed to act in a certain way with some kind of trigger, which could be a word by phone, a particular sign or symbol on the road, a particular sound, a light or some kind of action outside of his vehicle. Whatever was programmed into his mind would be activated via one of these methods and at that point he would have switched from his normal self to a man focused only on driving into the café building being unaware of the consequences. In effect the subconscious programming overpowers the conscious mind and the programme takes over to replace the consciousness of the victim. This is exactly how the armed and Special Forces turn humans into 'killing machines'. And there are plenty more examples of this phenomenon…

Roger Hill, a designer at Marconi Defense Systems, allegedly committed suicide with a shotgun in March 1985.

Jonathan Walsh, a digital communications expert employed by GEC, Marconi's parent firm, 'fell' from his hotel room window in November 1985, shortly after expressing fear for his life.

Ashad Sharif, another Marconi scientist, tied a rope around his neck and then to a tree in October 1986, sat behind the wheel of his car and stepped on the accelerator pedal – with predictable results.

In March 1988, Trevor Knight, also employed or contracted with Marconi, died of carbon monoxide poisoning in his car.

Peter Ferry, marketing director of GEC Marconi, was found electrocuted with electrical leads in his mouth in August 1988.

Also in August 1988, Alistair Beckham was also found electrocuted with electric leads attached to his body and his mouth stuffed with a handkerchief. He was an engineer with the associated company Plessey Defense Systems.

And finally, but by no means the sole remaining death in this cluster, Andrew Hall was found dead in September 1988 of carbon monoxide poisoning. Altogether it was estimated that there were more than 30 similar deaths at defence contractors between 1985 and 1990

Learning of these incidents has stimulated eerie echoes in my own experiences. In the early 1990s, around 1991/2, I worked in the computer industry for a medium-sized software company based in the north east of England and obviously worked alongside many programmers and software technicians who were often seconded to work at the computer installations of client companies on a temporary basis. One of our clients was the defence contractor Vickers who just happened (at the time) to build nuclear submarines and was (and indeed still is) located in the English north-western seaport of Barrow-in-Furness.

One of my colleagues spent some considerable time there working on their top-secret computer installations until one day the news came through to the office where I was located that this person had been killed in a 'tragic accident'. The official, police explanation was that he had been working 'long hours' and the previous evening he had set-out on his journey home and at some point had inexplicably, nowhere near his home, left the motorway (freeway) at an exit ramp, rounded the roundabout (traffic circle) at the top of the ramp, proceeded back down the same ramp from which he had exited and ended-up travelling south on the northbound lanes at great speed. Of course he had not gone very far when he was inevitably involved in a high-speed, head-on collision with a car travelling in the opposite direction and both drivers were apparently killed instantly.

It was only upon relating the above, previous, similar examples to this that it stirred-up distant, dormant memories and then suddenly, realisation hit me like a brick. Of course, at the time I thought it was nothing more than a tragic accident caused by over-tiredness, as portrayed by the official version of events, but thinking about this with the benefit of 20/20 hindsight, why would tiredness make anyone exit the motorway early (less than halfway home) and then in effect make a 'U-turn' back down the same stretch of road just negotiated? It does not really make any logical sense upon closer examination and to my mind constitutes a good example of how easy it is to make people believe anything with a few well-chosen 'official' words.

In October 2011, the British illusionist, hypnotist and entertainer Derren Brown devoted a whole one hour TV programme on British mainstream

television to a demonstration of how relatively simple it is to 'programme' someone to kill using simple hypnosis and mind control techniques. In this elaborate demonstration he selected a young man from an invited audience (who by the way had no idea why they were really there until after the event) and over the course of the next few days and weeks programmed him to 'kill' a British celebrity, Stephen Fry. All throughout the programming, the man was told and believed that he was simply being used as a 'guinea pig' to prove that it was possible to improve someone's marksmanship with a gun by the use of hypnosis, and not to be become a 'mind-controlled' assassin. Sure enough, at the appropriate time and place, the man was given the subliminal signal (a woman in a polka dot dress walked by – significantly the exact same trigger used to activate Sirhan Sirhan's assassination of RFK). He then simply took the gun from its case and coolly and clinically 'shot' Fry three times in the chest from a distance of about 30 feet before casually returning the gun to its case. He had never even held a gun in his hands prior to his meeting with Brown. Obviously for the purposes of the demonstration, the bullets were blanks, but the subject had no idea of this. Indeed he had no idea at all of what he had even done until he was 'released' from his programming by Brown and was able to watch unbelievingly, with jaw-dropped, the TV footage of the event.

This is proof conclusive in my view, of the ability of our unseen masters to use such techniques for their own nefarious purposes and goes a long way towards explaining why many assassinations are undertaken by the 'lone-nut' gunman. This is an extremely convenient and believable expedient by which the Elite can dispose of people who stand in the way of their agenda without garnering the suspicions of the majority of sheeple, who continue to be unknowingly duped in this way.

Project Bluebeam

The infamous NASA controlled 'Project Blue Beam' exists in order to implement the Elite's new age religion with the Antichrist at its head. Please note that this so-called new age religion is the very foundation for the New World Order government, without which religion the proposed Elite dictatorship cannot be sustained and this is the primary reason why the Blue Beam Project is so important to them, but has been so well concealed until relatively recently.

Significantly, the Canadian, Serge Monast and another journalist, both of whom were researching Project Blue Beam, died of 'heart attacks' literally within weeks of each other although neither had a history of heart disease. Monast was actually in Canada and the other Canadian journalist was visiting Ireland at the time of his death. Prior to his untimely death at the age of 46, the Canadian government illegally abducted Monast's daughter, under the pretence of her being 'in danger' from him, in an attempt to persuade him from discontinuing his ongoing research into Project Blue Beam. His daughter was never seen again. As related in a previous chapter, artificially-induced heart attacks are a favourite method of silencing people who manage to get too close to the truth and probably not coincidentally, one of the alleged methods of death that can be induced by Project Blue Beam.

Monast's contributions to humanity are immense and should never be forgotten. As is the unbelievable courage he demonstrated in making public these incredible revelations which were secretly or anonymously given to him by contrite politicians, military personnel and intelligence people who still possess a conscience and a sense of humanity.

"Serge Monast has died of a 'heart attack'. This man has faithfully exposed the New World Order for the last decade. His children were home-schooled, so the authorities took his eight year old daughter away, then his seven year old son was taken, as they said the parents were abusing them emotionally by stopping the children going to a State school. The father was then arrested and spent the night in jail. Next day at home, he had a 'heart attack'. He was 46 years old. This brave man has left a wife, who now has no family. Pray that she can get her little ones back. Our source said that the Canadian

investigator, Serge Monast, wrote to her in Australia not long ago, saying he had been threatened many times, and did not except to survive." An unknown Canadian investigator into New Age globalism

Serge Monast's investigative work revealed that the first step in the NASA Blue Beam Project concerns the re-evaluation of all current archaeological knowledge. It reveals the initial set-up of the false paradigms, by the expedient of artificially-created earthquakes at certain precise locations on the planet, of supposedly new discoveries which will finally explain to all people the 'error' of all fundamental, current mainstream religious doctrines. The falsification of this information will be used to make all the nations of the world believe that their religious beliefs have been misunderstood and misrepresented for centuries. Psychological preparations for that first step have already been implemented with a myriad of 'sci-fi' films emanating from Hollywood, including, '2001: A Space Odyssey', 'Independence Day', and the 'Star Trek' series, all of which deal with alien entities from space and the coming together of all nations to repel the invaders. The 'coming-together' of nations is of course a pre-cursor to one-world government. The popular film 'Jurassic Park' subtly promotes the theory of evolution (again, see relevant section) amid claims that God's words are lies.

What is important to understand is that the earthquakes, triggered during the first stage, will hit many different parts of the world where scientific and archaeological teachings have indicated that arcane mysteries have been buried. As a direct consequence of those earthquakes, it will be possible for scientists to 'rediscover' those arcane mysteries which will be used to discredit all current and fundamental religious doctrines. This is the preparation for the plan for humanity because what the Elite wish to do is to destroy the beliefs of all Christians, Jews, Hindus, Buddhists and Muslims on the planet as well as all the less popular religious beliefs. To achieve this, they need some false 'proof' from the far past that will demonstrate to all nations that their religions have all been misinterpreted and misunderstood.

The second step in the NASA Blue Beam Project plan involves a gigantic 'space-light-show' complete with three-dimensional optical holograms and sounds and laser projections of multiple holographic images simultaneously to all the different countries of the world, each receiving a different image according to the predominant regional or national religious faith. This new 'god's' voice will be speaking in language relevant to that particular region. Computer scientists have now perfected an advanced computer and input to it

the minute physio-psychological particulars based on studies of the anatomy and electromechanical composition of the human body and the studies of the electrical, chemical and biological properties of the human brain. This computer was also subjected to the input of the languages of all human cultures including all known dialects. It was then programmed to electronically project holographic images and sounds of the proposed new 'messiah'.

This space-show's holographic images will be used as a simulation of the fulfilment of each religion/country's desires in order to verify the prophecies and events of their own religious beliefs and these images will be projected from satellites onto the sodium layer about 60 miles above the earth. (We occasionally see tests of this technology, but they are passed-off as UFOs and 'flying saucer' sightings). Then these deliberately staged events will introduce the world its new 'messiah', Maitreya, as a prelude to the immediate implementation of the new world religion. Enough truth will be foisted upon an unsuspecting world to hook them into the lie and even the most intelligent will be deceived.

The Blue Beam Project will thus purport to be the universal fulfilment of the prophecies of old, as major an event as that which allegedly occurred 2,000 years ago. In principle, it will make use of the skies as a movie screen as space-based laser-generating satellites project simultaneous images to the four corners of the planet in every language and dialect known to man. It will effectively deal with the religious aspect of the New World Order using deception and obfuscation on a massive scale.

The projected images of Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha, Krishna, etc., will merge into one after the answers to the mysteries and the revelations have been disclosed. This one, composite god will, in fact be the Antichrist, who will explain that the various scriptures have been misunderstood and misinterpreted and that the religions of old are responsible for turning brother against brother and nation against nation, therefore these old religions must be abolished to make way for the new age, new world religion, representing the one true god, the Antichrist they see before them.

Naturally, this superbly staged falsification will result in worldwide social and religious disorder with nation blaming nation for the deception. In addition, this event will occur at a time of profound worldwide political anarchy and general tumult created by some manufactured worldwide

catastrophe. The United Nations is planning to use Beethoven's 'Song of Joy' as the anthem for this event.

It is strongly suspected that the government of the United States has already developed secret communications equipment which can make the blind see, the deaf hear and the lame walk. It can relieve the terminally ill from pain without the use of drugs or surgery in order that someone may retain the use of all his faculties right up to the moment of his death. This communications equipment depends upon a newly discovered concept regarding the way that the human brain and neuromuscular systems and radiation pulses at ultra-low frequencies. This equipment is now operational within the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), and the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) although it is extremely doubtful that it will ever be used for benevolent purposes because it is central to the domestic political agenda and foreign policy of the Elite and their puppets of the NWO.

Elite, government agencies and the corporations that are actively working with them towards a New World Order are prepared to promote anything that will help them achieve their objective of total social control. The reason for this has already been covered in much detail throughout this book and is simply because, by terrifying the public and causing them to fear for their safety, the masses will then allow the authorities to implement draconian laws, disarm them and maintain extensive and intrusive records on them, all for their own 'protection' of course. Secondly, it also promotes the decay of the present 'democratic' form of politics and leads societies to search for alternative methods of political ideology. Of course, the alternative has already been planned and is commonly known as the 'New World Order' and it absolutely will not have the safety or interests of the 99% at heart.

The old maxim, 'divide and conquer', is being used to the maximum worldwide to ensure that everyone is frightened for their own personal safety and encouraged to be suspicious of everyone else. This, too, is a form of social-engineering or mind-control.

"The day has come when we can combine sensory deprivation with drug hypnosis and astute manipulation of reward and punishment to gain almost absolute control over an individual's behaviour. It should then be possible to achieve a very rapid and highly effective type of positive brainwashing that would allow us to make dramatic changes in a person's behaviour and personality." Psychologist James V McConnell in a 1970s issue of 'Psychology Today'

The next step in the process would be, electronic telepathy involving ELF, VLF, and LF waves, which will penetrate the brain, interweaving with our natural thinking to form diffused artificial thought and making everyone believe that God is speaking to them from within their own souls. This will then be followed by an electronic universal 'supernatural' manifestation designed to deceive humankind into believing that an alien invasion is imminent, make Christians believe a rapture is imminent and that the aliens have come to rescue them and generally convince us all that global, satanic, supernatural forces and manifestations penetrating worldwide and travelling through optical fibre, coaxial cable, electric and phone lines are everywhere and inescapable.

The former Nazi rocketry engineer and father of the NASA space programme, Dr. Wernher von Braun predicted as early as 1974 that the hoaxed alien invasion would be the first threat the world would face after the threat from the Middle East war to-come. Dr. Carol Rosin first met von Braun in the February of 1974 and it was at this time, three years before his death in 1977, that von Braun stunned Dr. Rosin by describing this plan, point by point, as well as describing in fine detail exactly where it was all leading; planetary control under an oppressive One World Government.

According to Dr. Rosin, von Braun then gave her one supreme challenge that would above all others, thwart this plan and that was to try to prevent the weaponisation of space by all possible means. He explained that failure to do so would lead to disaster for the entire human species as a secretive transnational power, already in existence, would move to permanently take control of this planet 'through a hoaxed alien invasion from outer space'.

Werner von Braun

In 2008 the young, independent researcher Rik Clay, whom I met in 2009, shortly before his extremely premature, suspicious death, also went public with his whistle-blowing investigations connecting the 2012 London Olympic Games with Zionism and the false UFO invasions as well as their relationship to the coming 'New Jerusalem' to be ushered in via Bluebeam.

As outlined previously, the 2012 Olympic symbol clearly spells out the word 'Zion', even including the minor detail of the dot above the letter 'I'.

The highly suspicious Olympic logo

So, what are we to conclude from all this? There is so much evidence in support of the 'Bluebeam' premise and if my research has taught me one thing; that would be that there is never 'smoke without fire' where these entities are concerned. There is obviously no 100% proof that all this subterfuge is happening whilst we collectively 'look away', but given the track record of our lords and masters, it does not take a huge leap of faith to believe that it is all eminently possible.

The NASA Blue Beam Project is the prime directive for the NWO's absolute control over the populations of the entire earth. I would strongly encourage the reader to investigate this for themselves before dismissing it as the absolute lunacy it would appear to be upon first reading.

Suppressed Technologies

As early as the late 1880s, trade journals in the electrical sciences sphere, were predicting free electricity and free energy in the near future. Incredible discoveries about the nature of electricity were becoming common place and Nikola Tesla was demonstrating 'wireless-lighting' and other wonders associated with high frequency currents. There was indeed much excitement about the future such as had never been seen before.

Within 20 years, there would be cars, planes, movies, recorded music, telephones, radio and easily portable cameras and the Victorian Age was giving way to a truly technologically-based future. For the first time in history, the masses were being encouraged to envision a utopian future filled with abundant modern aids and communication, as well as plenty of jobs, housing and food for everyone. Disease would be conquered as would poverty, life was improving exponentially for the previously dispossessed and everyone was going to benefit from this 'brave new world' of science. So, what happened to shatter this optimistic illusion? Where did all the promises of 'free' energy breakthroughs go? Was it all simply wishful thinking that science eventually disproved?

Actually, the answer to that question is 'no'. In fact, the opposite is true. Many free energy technologies were developed with all the other breakthroughs and even since that time, multiple methods for producing vast amounts of energy, free or at worst, extremely low cost have been developed. None of these technologies have ever managed to find their way to the bulk of the world's consumers however. Exactly why this is the case, I will discuss shortly. But first, here is a short list of free energy technologies that are currently inexistence and that are proven beyond all reasonable doubt to be effective. The common feature connecting all of these discoveries is that they use a small amount of one form of energy to control or release a large amount of a different kind of energy. Some of them tap into the underlying ether field in some way; a source of energy which is conveniently ignored by 'modern science' and technology.

Wireless Electricity

The Serbian inventor Nikola Tesla, whose contribution to subsequently suppressed technologies cannot be underestimated, was the undisputed 'father'

of many of the inventions that define the modern electronic era and was the first person to demonstrate this principle, in 1890.

Tesla based his wireless electricity idea on a concept known as electromagnetic induction, which was discovered by Michael Faraday in 1831 and purports that electric current flowing through one wire can induce current to flow in another wire, nearby. To illustrate that principle, Tesla built two huge 'world power' towers that would broadcast current into the air, to be received remotely by electrical devices around the globe.

Few believed it could work and to be fair to the doubters, it did not work that well. When Tesla first switched on his 200 foot-tall, 1,000,000-volt Colorado Springs tower, 130-foot-long bolts of electricity shot out of it, sparks played around the toes of passers-by and the grass around the laboratory glowed blue. Despite this initial failure, there is little doubt that Tesla eventually succeeded in his quest to produce wireless electricity, but it has remained commercially un-used and dormant for more than one hundred years, largely due to the energy cartel's suppression of the technology to protect their own profit-streams.

However, after a gap of greater than a century, several companies are now coming to market with technologies that can safely transmit power through the air, a breakthrough that portends the literal 'un-tethering' of our abundant electronic devices. Until this development, the phrase 'mobile electronics' has been somewhat of a deception. How 'portable' is your laptop if it has to feed every four hours, like an embryo, through a cord? How 'mobile' is your phone if it shuts down after too long away from a power-source?

The technology about to arrive upon the electronics market is an inductive device, much like the one Tesla designed, but much smaller. It looks like a mouse pad and can send power through the air, over a distance of up to a few inches. A powered coil inside that pad creates a magnetic field, which as Faraday predicted, induces current to flow through a small secondary coil that's built into any portable device, such as a flashlight, a phone, or a portable computer. The electrical current that then flows in that secondary coil charges the device's integral rechargeable battery.

Radiant Energy

Nikola Tesla's magnifying transmitter, T. Henry Moray's radiant energy device, Edwin Gray's EMA motor and Paul Baumann's Testatika machine all run on radiant energy. This natural energy form can be gathered directly from the environment via 'static' electricity or extracted from standard electricity by a method known as fractionation. Radiant energy can perform exactly the same functions as ordinary electricity, at less than 1% of the cost. It does not behave exactly like electricity, however, which to be fair, has contributed to the scientific community's misunderstanding of it. The Methernitha Community in Switzerland currently has 5 or 6 working models of fuel-less, self-running devices that tap this energy.

Permanent Magnets

Dr. Robert Adams of New Zealand has developed several electric motors, generators and heaters that run via the use of 'permanent magnets'. One such device extracts 100 watts of electricity from the source, generates 100 watts to recharge the source and in addition produces over 140 BTUs of heat in two minutes. An American scientist, Dr Tom Bearden has constructed two working models of a permanent magnet-powered electrical transformer. It uses a 6 watt electrical input to control the path of a magnetic field coming out of a permanent magnet and then by channelling this magnetic field, first to one output coil and then to a second output coil and by repeating this rapidly, the device can produce a 96 watt electrical output with no moving parts. Bearden calls this device a Motionless Electromagnetic Generator, or MEG. Jean-Louis Naudin has duplicated Bearden's device in France. The principles for this type of device were first discovered by Frank Richardson in the US in 1978. Troy Reed also in the US has developed working models of a special magnetised fan that heats-up as it spins. It takes exactly the same amount of energy to spin the fan whether it is generating heat or not. In addition to these developments, many inventors have identified working mechanisms that produce motor torque from permanent magnets alone.

Mechanical Heaters

There are two classes of machines that transform a small amount of mechanical energy into a large amount of heat. The best of these purely mechanical designs are the rotating cylinder systems designed by Frenette in the US and Perkins, also in the US. Within these machines, one cylinder is rotated within another cylinder with about one eighth of an inch of clearance between them. The space between the cylinders is filled with a liquid such as water or oil, and it is this fluid that heats-up as the inner cylinder spins. Another method uses magnets mounted on a wheel to produce large currents in a plate of aluminium, causing the aluminium to heat rapidly. These magnetic heaters have been demonstrated by several scientists from various countries. All of these systems can produce ten times more heat than standard methods using the same energy input.

Super-Efficient Electrolysis (The Water-Powered Car)

Water can be broken down into its constituent parts of hydrogen and oxygen using electricity. Mainstream science however, claims that this process requires more energy than can be recovered when the gases are recombined. This is true only in the worst case scenario. When water is bombarded with its own molecular resonant frequency, using a system developed by Stan Meyers also by others, it collapses into hydrogen and oxygen gas with very little electrical input. Also, using different electrolytes (additives that make the water conduct electricity better) changes the efficiency of the process dramatically. It is also known that certain geometric structures and surface textures are more effective than others. The implication of this is that unlimited amounts of hydrogen fuel can be made to drive engines eg. in cars for simply the cost of water. Even more amazing is the fact that a special metal alloy was patented by Freedman in 1957 that spontaneously breaks water into hydrogen and oxygen with no outside electrical input and without causing any chemical changes in the metal itself. This in effect means that this special metal alloy can make hydrogen from water free of cost, forever.

Stan Meyers, the American inventor of a working, patented vehicle that ran only on normal, household water, was allegedly murdered by poisoning in the late 1990s after successfully demonstrating his prototype which was capable of 100mph+. He had been the subject of harassment and threats by Elite 'Big

Oil' interests and his death was perhaps the not too surprising culmination of his refusal to cease the project.

So what is happening today regarding Meyers' great invention? Absolutely nothing. The patent still exists and is available to view on the Internet, so therefore the technology or at least the wherewithal to recreate the technology, still exists, so why is this invention not being manufactured today? Simply because it would solve all the world's energy problems instantly and almost literally overnight, eliminate oil as an essential fuel and as we now know, that is not how politics and commerce works. It is always money that rules and common sense is not the determining factor.

Implosion Engine

All current, major industrial engines use the release of heat to cause expansion and pressure to produce energy, as in a standard internal combustion engine. Nature uses the opposite process of cooling to cause suction and vacuum to produce energy as in a tornado. Viktor Schauberger of Austria was the first to build working models of implosion engines in the 1930s and 1940s. Since that time, Callum Coats has published extensively on Schauberger's work in his book 'Living Energies' and subsequently, a number of researchers have built working models of implosion turbine engines. These are fuel-less engines that produce mechanical work from energy accessed from a vacuum. There are also much simpler designs in existence that use vortex motions to tap a combination of gravity and centrifugal force to produce a continuous, perpetual motion in fluids.

Cold Fusion

In March 1989, two chemists from the University of Utah announced that they had produced atomic-fusion reactions in a simple table-top device. The claims were forcefully 'debunked' within six months and the public subsequently lost interest. Nevertheless, cold fusion is a very real phenomenon and not only has excess heat production been repeatedly documented, but also low-energy atomic element transmutation has been

catalogued, involving many different reactions. This technology definitely could produce low-cost energy and prove beneficial in many, many other important industrial processes.

Anti-Gravity Propulsion

Perhaps the most fanciful of all the alternate technologies, anti-gravity propulsion is today regarded by science as impossible. However, there are reports from several sources that state that captured 'flying saucers' have been back-engineered in order to produce and take advantage of this supposed 'sci-fi' technology.

Bob Lazar worked at Area 51 in the late 1980s on a back-engineering programme that he claims began there in 1979. He says that an 'exchange' program with ETs occurred in the 1970s, which resulted in the acquisition of nine UFOs so that their technologies could be researched. That there were indeed strange craft at Area 51 seems to be corroborated by several other sources spanning several decades.

Here is Bob Lazar's own take on what he discovered…

"Assuming they're in space, they will focus the three gravity generators on the point they want to go to. Now, to give an analogy: If you take a thin rubber sheet, say, lay it on a table and put thumbtacks in each corner, then take a big stone and set it on one end of the rubber sheet and say that's your spacecraft, you pick out a point that you want to go to - which could be anywhere on the rubber sheet, pinch that point with your fingers and pull it all the way up to the craft. That's how it focuses and pulls that point to it. When you then shut off the gravity generators, the stone (or spacecraft) follows that stretched rubber back to its point. There's no linear travel through space; it actually bends space and time and follows space as it retracts. In the first mode of travel, around the surface of a planet, they essentially balance on the gravitational field that the gravity generators put out, and they can ride a 'wave', like a cork does in the ocean. In that mode they're very unstable and are affected by the weather. In the other mode of travel, where they can travel vast distances, they can't really do that in a strong gravitational field like Earth, because to do that, first of all, they need to tilt on their side, usually out in space, then they can focus on the point they need to with the gravity generators and move on. If you can picture space as a fabric, and the speed of

light is your limit, it'll take you so long, even at the speed of light, to get from point A to point B. You can't exceed it, not in this universe anyway. Should there be other parallel universes, maybe the laws are different, but anyone that's here has to abide by those rules."

Interestingly, recent research into Bose-Einstein condensate has found that by slowing down a body of atoms, to within a fraction of one degree Kelvin (near absolute zero), they coalesce into a 'super-atom' and when suitably excited by an oscillating field this BEC super-atom propagates matter waves. It is at a very early stage of development at present but it is hoped that one day this technology will produce a tightly focused 'matter wave beam' (much like that of the laser light beam) and what is so interesting, is that elements of the gravity generators described and drawn by Lazar, look exactly like the rings of optical lasers and magnetic traps used in BEC technology to slow down the atoms and that these generators emit a beam, one of which is enough for the craft to ride upon, it could mean that the ETs use a system closely related to the propagation of such matter waves.

All highly speculative, granted, but nevertheless strong rumours that this technology exists and is being suppressed by the US government, do not seem to want to go away.

In addition to the above list of examples, there are dozens of other inventions that have been omitted due to space constraints. Many of them are just as viable and well tested as the ones listed, but this short list is sufficient to prove the point; free energy technology is here, now. It offers the world pollution-free, energy abundance for everyone, everywhere for next to nothing at all.

It is now possible to halt the production of greenhouse gases and shut down all of the nuclear power plants. We can now desalinate unlimited amounts of seawater at an affordable cost and bring adequate fresh water to even the most remote habitats. Transportation costs and the production costs for just about everything could decrease dramatically and food can even be grown in heated greenhouses in the winter, anywhere at virtually zero cost. All these possibilities provide wonderful benefits that could make life on this planet so much easier and better for everyone, yet have been suppressed and covered-up for many decades. Why should this be? Whose purposes are served by this action and what forces are impeding the availability of free-energy?

In the western world and as discussed in a previous section, there is a money-monopoly in place. This money-monopoly is solely in the hands of a small number of privately-owned banks, and these banks are owned by the wealthiest families in the world, Elite bloodlines. Their future plan is to eventually control 100% of all of the capital resources of the world, and thereby control everyone's life through the availability (or non-availability) of all goods and services. Therefore an independent source of wealth (free energy device) within the reach of every person in the world ruins this plan for world domination of the money supply, permanently.

Currently, a nation's economy can be either slowed-down or speeded-up by the raising or lowering of interest rates, but if an independent source of capital via free energy were present in the economy and any business or person could raise more capital without borrowing it from a bank, this centralised strangulation of interest rates would simply not have the same effect. Free energy technology changes the value of money, simply put. The Elite do not want any competition, they understandably wish to maintain their current monopoly control of the money supply and so for them, free energy technology is not just something to suppress, it must be permanently deleted from history if at all possible.

Their motivations, as we discuss throughout this book are their imagined divine right to rule us all, greed and their insatiable need to control everything except themselves. The weapons they have used to enforce the permanent suppression of technology beneficial to mankind include intimidation, 'expert' debunkers, the covert buying-up and shelving of competitive technology, and often murder or attempted murder of the inventors, character assassination, arson and a wide variety of financial incentives and disincentives to manipulate possible supporters. They have also promoted and supported the general acceptance of a scientific principle that states that free energy is impossible, via Newton's laws of thermodynamics.

The second force in operation against free energy technology is national governments. The problem is not so much related to competition in the printing of currency, but in the maintenance of national security. The fact is, the world out there is a dog-eat-dog world and humans can be counted upon to be very cruel, dishonest, devious and sneaky and it is government's job to provide for the common defence. For this, police powers are delegated by the executive branch of government to enforce the rule of law. Most of us who

consent to the rule of law do so because we believe it is the right thing to do, for our own benefit. There are always a few individuals, however, that believe that their own benefit is best served by behaviour that does not voluntarily conform to the generally agreed-upon social order. These people choose to operate outside of the rule of law and are considered outlaws, criminals, subversives, traitors, revolutionaries and often now, terrorists.

Most national governments have discovered, by trial and error that the only foreign policy that really works, over time, is a policy of 'tit for tat'. What this really means to us all is that governments treat each other the way they are being treated. There is a constant jockeying for position and influence in world affairs and the strongest party wins. In economics, the golden rule states: 'The one with the gold makes the rules'. So it is with politics also, but its appearance is more Darwinian. It is simply the survival of the fittest. However, in politics the fittest has come to mean the strongest party who is also willing to fight the dirtiest. Absolutely every means available is used to maintain an advantage over the adversary and everyone else is the adversary regardless of whether they are considered friend or foe. This includes outrageous psychological posturing, lying, cheating, spying, stealing, the assassination of world leaders, proxy wars, alliances and shifting alliances, treaties, foreign aid and the presence of military forces wherever possible.

Like it or not, this is the psychological and actual arena national governments operate within. No national government will do anything that simply gives an adversary an advantage for free, it is national suicide. An activity by any individual, inside or outside the country that is interpreted as giving an adversary an edge or advantage will be deemed a threat to 'national security'.

So therefore, free energy technology is a national government's worst nightmare. Openly acknowledged, free energy technology sparks an unlimited 'arms race' by all governments in a final attempt to gain absolute advantage and domination. For example would Japan not feel intimidated if China gets free energy? And would Israel sit by quietly as Iran acquires free energy?

Unlimited energy available in the current state of affairs on this planet would lead to an inevitable reshuffling of the balance of power. This could become an all-out war to prevent the 'other' from having the advantage of unlimited wealth and power. Everybody will covet it and at the same time, want to prevent everyone else from getting it.

There is also the credible argument that governments will suppress alternate technology for the reason of preserving income streams derived from taxing energy sources currently in use. Their weapons include the preventing of the issuance of patents based on national security grounds, the legal and illegal harassment of inventors with criminal charges, tax audits, threats, phone-taps, arrest, arson, theft of property during shipment and a host of other intimidations which make the business of building and marketing a free energy technology practically impossible.

The third force operating in an attempt to postpone the public availability of free energy technology consists of a group of deluded inventors and outright charlatans and con-men. On the periphery of the extraordinary scientific breakthroughs that constitute the real free energy technologies, lies a shadow-world of unexplained anomalies, marginalised inventions and unscrupulous promoters. The first two forces have constantly used the media to promote the worst examples of this group, to distract the public's attention and to discredit the real breakthroughs by associating them with the obvious frauds.

Over the last hundred years, dozens of stories have surfaced about unusual inventions. Some of these ideas have so captivated the public's imagination that a mythology about these systems continues to this day. There may possibly be real technologies behind these names, but there simply isn't enough technical data available in the public domain to make a determination. These ideas remain associated with free-energy mythology however and are cited by debunkers as examples of fraud.

So, the third force postponing the public availability of free energy technology is delusion and dishonesty within the movement itself. The motivations are self-aggrandisement, greed, desire for power over others and a false sense of self-importance. The weapons used are lying, cheating, the 'bait and switch' con, self-delusion and arrogance combined with fake science.

The fourth force operating to postpone the public availability of free energy technology is 'all of the rest of us'. It may be easy to see how narrow and selfish the motivations of the other forces are, but actually, these motivations are still very much alive in each of us as well. As with the Elite, don't we each secretly harbour illusions of false superiority and the desire to control others instead of ourselves? Also, would anyone of us not 'sell out' if the price was right, say, a million pounds cash, today, in our hands? Or like governments, do we not all wish to ensure our own survival? If caught in the middle of a full,

burning theatre, would we panic and push all of the weaker people out of the way in a mad, scramble for the door? Or like the deluded inventor, would we not trade a comfortable illusion once in a while for an uncomfortable fact and do we not still fear the unknown, even if it promises a great reward?

All four forces are just different aspects of the same process, operating at different levels in our society. There is really only one force preventing the public availability of free energy technology, and that is the non-spiritually motivations of we humans, but in the final analysis, free energy technology is an outward manifestation of divine abundance. It is the engine of the economy of an enlightened society, where people voluntarily behave in a respectful and civil manner toward each other, where each member of society has everything they need and does not covet his neighbour's possessions, where war and physical violence has become socially unacceptable behaviour and people's differences are at least tolerated, if not enjoyed.

The appearance of free energy technology in the public domain represents the dawning of a truly civilised age. It is an epochal event in human history and no one individual can take credit for it. No-one can become rich on it, no-one can rule the world with it, it is simply a gift from the 'gods'. It forces us all to take responsibility for our own actions and for our own self-discipline and self-restraint when needed. The world as it is currently ordered cannot have free energy technology without being totally transformed by it into something else and this civilisation, imperfect though it undoubtedly is, has reached the pinnacle of its development because it has birthed the seeds of its own transformation. Un-spiritualised humans cannot be trusted with free energy, they will only do what they have always done, which is to take merciless advantage of each other or kill each other and themselves in the process.

Upon reading Ayn Rand's work, 'Atlas Shrugged' or the Club of Rome Report, it becomes obvious that the Elite families have understood this for decades. Their plan is to live in a world of free energy, but permanently freeze-out everyone else. However this is not new, for example, royalty has always considered the general population to be its subjects. However, what is new is that we can communicate with each other now better than at any time in the past. The Internet offers us all an opportunity to overcome the combined efforts of the other three forces preventing free energy technology from spreading.

Health and Nutrition and the false medical paradigm in which we all live

Health

"Our current system of drugs-and-surgery conventional medicine will bankrupt any state or nation foolish enough to depend on it. No nation that bets its future on pharmaceuticals and chemotherapy is going to win that bet. They will all collapse in the end because you can't create a healthy nation by drugging your population into a state of health. As long as Big Pharma dominates health care and it currently runs the medical journals, medical schools, hospitals, and even the FDA so you will never have a health care system that has any interest whatsoever in teaching people how to be healthy. When profits come from sickness, the corporations always find new ways to keep people sick." Mike Adams

Medical fascism is undoubtedly with us and has permeated our entire mainstream health regime.

Probably one of the most callous and insidious ways by which we are being covertly attacked as a species is not only via the food we eat, but also through our totally corrupt healthcare system which has been infiltrated and is largely controlled by 'Big Pharma' the large pharmaceutical cartels and to a lesser but nevertheless significant extent, 'Big Food' the giant food conglomerates.

To say that our healthcare system has failed us in the past, continues to fail us in the present and is constantly being manipulated to fail us in the future, is a contender for understatement of the millennium. Make no mistake about it, general human health is not improving one iota, despite the so-called 'medical advances' of the last century or more. It is an undisputable fact that the incidence of all the newer, major destructive diseases is increasing exponentially as time goes by, despite the near-eradication of certain formerly 'killer' diseases.

Fifty years ago, one person in 50 would have been expected to contract cancer during their lifetimes and now that situation has deteriorated to the point where we are lucky if it is as low as 1 in 3 and decreasing yearly. This is also true of many diseases such as Diabetes types 1 and 2, Alzheimer's,

Multiple Sclerosis, AIDS / HIV and the many invented 'mental' syndromes that have only been prevalent for a decade or so, ADHD, Bipolar Disorder and the like.

Why should this be? Does anyone ever really try to answer that question? I believe that this question is side-stepped and avoided at all costs by the Elite-run medical establishment because they know the answer to the question already, but would very much rather that you did not, if at all possible.

For example, consider this for a moment; a typical medical doctorate takes about 4 to 6 years of study to achieve, depending on the exact course undertaken, at any Western medical education establishment or University. One would naturally expect that any education or teaching programme about the workings of the human body should include a rather finely detailed study of human nutrition, its effects on all the bodily organs and functions and how to help prevent disease and other ailments by way of a balanced diet and vitamin consumption. Is it not more than a little strange then that our standard medical education does not include one single lecture in six whole years of study, on the subject of nutrition or disease prevention?

'Surely not', you may say. 'How can that be possible?' I was absolutely stunned when I first investigated this issue myself and actually made a spurious visit to my GP (General Medical Practitioner) just to find an excuse to ask him the question myself.

'Can you recommend any good nutrition programmes that will help me recover from the bad bout of general tiredness and lethargy I have been experiencing?' I asked him. His reply did not surprise me knowing what I now know about the issue. Without embarrassment or even hesitation, he actually replied that nutrition was not the answer. He mumbled something along the lines of as long as my diet was reasonably OK then it is not a problem. Instead he began without asking whether or not I wanted it, to write out a prescription for some drug or other, which I politely declined. 'It's quite harmless' he said and 'it will make you feel better and more energetic'. After again declining his kind offer, I then asked why he did not believe that good healthy natural nutrition was the answer. Again without any embarrassment he simply stated that nutrition was not an area of his expertise and therefore he could not suggest anything to help. I thanked him and left (without the prescription).

Do you not find it absolutely amazing that someone who is paid a very substantial salary from the public purse to look after human healthcare, firstly

did not know or understand anything about the effect that good or bad nutrition has on our bodies and secondly was prepared to 'push' a pharmaceutical drug on to me without a second thought or to consider the implications of introducing an unnatural, artificial substance into my body? He knew nothing of course about nutrition and so was unable to help in that respect, but the question remains, how much does he really know about that drug other than what the local pharmaceutical rep had told him or what the accompanying leaflet or DVD had said and how reliable is that information likely to be? 'Not very', is the answer to both questions I strongly suspect.

I also strongly believe that we are conditioned and encouraged to pay a visit to our doctor for the slightest ailment to which we are subjected. An itch on your leg? Go to the doctor, he or she will give you some patented product or other to 'cure' it. Severe headache? Go today and get some industrial-strength painkillers.

I am sure you get the picture. However, I am absolutely convinced that this is a huge mistake. Our bodies possess a remarkable ability to heal themselves given a little time and encouragement and many small (or even large in some cases) ailments can be 'cured' by allowing the body a little breathing space to work its own magic. The problem is that once we embark on a course of pharmaceutical treatment, this then interferes with and interrupts our bodies own natural curative abilities, prolonging and even exacerbating the issue. This of course is exactly what Big Pharma wants, because their profits are greatly enhanced by this state of affairs. Instead of allowing ailments to be naturally soothed away, how much better for their 'bottom-line', that we undertake a course of treatment which will in many cases make the problem worse and require further drugs to counteract the sometimes catastrophic side effects of the first one and so it goes on.

There has recently been much new independent research into the efficacy of pharmaceuticals in general, leading to the inescapable conclusion that most of them work only in the same way as do placebos and that is because the recipient actually expects them to work and not because they have any beneficial chemical effect on the body. For example, when controlled test subjects were told that they were not receiving pain-killing medication, even though they were, the medication proved to be completely ineffective.

In other words it is the mind of the patient that controls the effectiveness of the treatment and not the medication itself.

"These findings call into question the scientific validity of many trials. It completely blows cold randomised clinical trials, which don't take into account expectation." George Lewith, Professor of Health Research, University of Southampton, 2011

"But it all brings up a question: If many pharmaceuticals only work because the mind makes them real, then why do some drugs appear to out-perform placebos in clinical trials?

The answer to that will probably surprise you: It's because when people are in randomized, placebo-controlled studies, they're usually hoping to get the real drugs, not the placebo. And how do they determine whether they're getting the 'real' drugs? By the presence of negative side effects! As those side effects begin to appear - constipation, sexual disorders, nausea, headaches, etc - then those participants convince themselves that they received the 'real' drugs! And from that point, their mind makes it real! So the blood pressure actually then starts to go down, or their cholesterol numbers drop, and so on.

The patients make real whatever expectation they were given when they were recruited for the drug trial in the first place. Even the act of recruiting people for drug trials sets an expectation in their minds. Patients, after all, are recruited for a 'cancer drug trial' or a 'blood pressure drug trial' or some other trial in which the expected outcome is made evident during the recruitment phase." Mike Adams, Natural News, 22nd February 2011

Please indulge me once again whilst I relate another story from my own experience. In 1999 and before my subsequent research led me to become aware of what was really happening in the world today, I was diagnosed with Benign Prostatic Hyperplasia (BPH) commonly known as a swelling of the prostate gland and very common in males over the age of 40. The main symptoms were an increased frequency plus a greater urgency in passing urine and a severely reduced ability to 'shut off the flow' as it were. For those of you who have not experienced this condition personally or are of the female persuasion, I will describe its effects. Although not at all painful, it is extremely disruptive to one's life due to the need to be a maximum of 30 seconds from a toilet and even worse, being awoken five or six times each night with the urge to 'go'. This has a quite a serious effect on both one's physical and mental welfare due to lack of sleep and frustration at being unable to live life fully.

So, to begin the story, I visited my local doctor's surgery in early 1999 and after a short examination, he diagnosed the problem as BPH. He prescribed a drug to cure the problem, but after several weeks it became obvious that the problem was getting worse not better. His response to this was to increase the dosage and this he did progressively until the manufacturer's 'maximum recommended dosage' figure was reached about six months later. By this time, I was in a bad state both physically and psychologically, my life quality had markedly deteriorated due to problems with my job (it is virtually impossible to hold down a job in this condition) and this had a knock-on effect on my family and thus my general mental state. In short, I was desperate. About six months later still, in the midst of my despair and searching for possible solutions on the Internet, I came across a 'natural health' website that was to change my life. I now know that it is just one of many thousands on similar themes, but at the time it was truly 'ground-breaking' for me.

To cut this long story short, I decided that I would visit my doctor again and ask him to wean me off the drug I was on. How much worse could things be, I reasoned with myself. Of course, he was not happy with this idea. I suppose when you are conditioned all your life to believe that the whole premise upon which your career is built, that pharmaceutical cures are the only answer to health problems; then understanding that there is sometimes possibly a different, better way is not going to be easy to even consider as a possibility, let alone accept. At first he tried to talk me out of it and gave me plenty of 'reasons' why I should stay on the drugs, but I persisted and he reluctantly agreed. And so, in the space of the next three months I was drug-free.

The one thing I noticed immediately was that reducing the drug dosage made absolutely no difference. In other words, the condition was just as bad on 50% or 25% of the original dose as it was on 100%. Then, once I was free of the drug, very, very slowly at first I began to notice that I was a little better. Within another six months I was back to normal and my life had improved immensely. Even now, more than a decade later, I am convinced that had I just waited a couple of weeks or even a month or two, then my problem would have cured itself naturally without fuss. Once I started on the course of drugs, did they contribute to prolonging the problem by confusing and obstructing my body's natural defences? We will never know conclusively, but one thing is for sure, when I was taking them, they certainly did not help the situation one jot. I have never been back to the doctor (any doctor) for any form of

treatment since that time and he certainly did not contact me to see how my condition was progressing without the drugs.

Actually, in July 2011 I did make another visit to see a doctor – accompanied with and on behalf of my recently-bereaved 86 year old father who is registered blind and extremely frail. I went along with an open-mind and prepared to be conciliatory and non-confrontational although I had more than an inkling of what to expect. The reason for our visit was that I had been concerned for a long time that the doctor had been prescribing medication on medication to my father until it had reached the point where he was taking multiple doses of sixteen, yes sixteen different medications every day including 3 different anti-depressants, 3 different pain-killers and 2 different cholesterol-lowering drugs! Is it not absolutely staggering, that a supposedly intelligent, highly-skilled medical practitioner could actually believe that this situation could possibly be in anyone's best health interests?

Anyway, I began by asking him the obvious question and that was… "How could the drug companies actually know that taking all these medications in combination would be guaranteed to be safe? Surely it would be impossible for them to clinically trial every combination of all these drugs and in any case these drugs were provided by many different companies?" If I had not been there to hear his answer in person, I would not have believed it possible, although actually thinking about it; maybe I would, knowing what I know now about how these absolute charlatans in suits operate.

He sat in his expensive leather chair in front of us mere mortals, wearing his £1000 suit, his Rolex watch and his £300 shoes and with a smug, supercilious smile on his 30-something year old face actually said, pointing at his computer screen... "We don't need clinical trials. These days we have a piece of software that tells us whether drug combinations are safe." Pardon me? To be honest, at this point I was dumb-struck. Did I actually hear him correctly? Does he actually believe or even understand the implications of what he just said or was it simply a fob-off for those imbeciles like me who just don't have the intellectual capacity to comprehend these things. My somewhat delayed reply was a little abrupt to be honest. I said, "Have you never heard of an acronym from the IT world, garbage in, garbage out?" (Meaning that a computer programme is only as reliable as the data that it has input to it? How can a 'piece of software' possibly come to a reliable conclusion unless the data with which it was working was accurate and how could that data possibly be accurate unless clinical trials had been performed in the first place?)

I could now see by his face that I had definitely outstayed my welcome in his office. This beautifully coiffured, smartly-dressed, 'highly-educated', 'intelligent' young professional whom I dare bet has never had a single independent or semi-radical thought in his entire life was actually being questioned by some scruffy, late-middle-aged oik wearing denim jeans, a T shirt and trainers and worse yet was actually disputing 'facts' upon which he had based virtually all of his highly lucrative career, if not his whole life. I don't believe for a minute he had ever questioned this scenario in his own mind and nor was he prepared to start discussing it now with someone with no medical training whatsoever. We were more or less dismissed with a wave of the hand and an instruction to make an appointment on the way out for a formal 'medication review'. 'Bye then'!

The 'formal medication review' which took place the following week and which I also attended, given by another doctor in the same medical practice incidentally, literally consisted of the following exchange (in its entirety):

Doctor to my father: Hello, please sit down. You are here for a medication review I believe?

Me (after a short silence): Yes. (My father did not hear what he had said).

Doctor (briefly perusing his computer screen): Yes, that's all fine.

Me: Is that it?

Doctor: Yes, goodbye and thank you.

The total elapsed time of the meeting from entering his room to leaving it was approximately 30 seconds. I simply could not be bothered questioning this process as to do so would no doubt have antagonised him and possibly jeopardised his professional relationship with my father, whom I judged that at that time of his life, would not have benefitted from conflict with his doctor. So we shuffled out of his office and back to the extreme drugs regimen to which my father has now been subjected for the last five or so years. In this time, I have watched him change from someone with a sound mental and physical constitution (for his age) into a frail, bewildered, partially blind and deaf, wreck of a man. Although I concede that some of the deterioration in his condition could be put-down to the natural aging process, the extreme changes in him would seem in every way possible to belie that conclusion, definitively. For my own part, I will never, ever allow myself to ingest a pharmaceutical drug of any kind, ever again, whilst still in possession of my full mental faculties.

Please do not misunderstand me. The vast majority of doctors are extremely well-trained, professional, thoroughly competent and knowledgeable in the area of physical, bodily issues such as fractures, sprains and muscular problems, in other words mending physical 'broken' bodies. I would not hesitate to return should I find myself in need of a 'physical' remedy but the track record of first-world doctors in treating or preventing general bodily ailments and diseases is nothing short of scandalous and a disgrace to a so-called civilised society.

We have become so conditioned and propagandised to regard pharmaceutical solutions to health issues as being the 'norm' or the 'only way', that we now regard the treatment or prevention of disease through nutrition and balanced vitamin-rich diets as a form of 'quackery' or witchcraft. Indeed this is how Big Pharma attempts to portray natural health solutions, putting them on a par psychologically with the mediaeval practices of using leeches and the 'bleeding' of patients.

"...doctors and health 'experts' have astonishing gaps in knowledge that should be considered basic health information in any first-world nation. Parents, too, lack any real literacy in nutrition and health. That's largely because medical journals, health authorities and the mass media actively misinform them about health and nutrition issues, hoping to prevent people from learning how to take care of their own health using simple, natural remedies and cures." Natural News, 2009

Pharmaceutical companies are certainly not in business to maintain human health at its optimum levels. They are there to make money for their Elite owners and shareholders and maintain health levels at an appallingly low level in order to further their drug sales agendas. They certainly excel at both of these activities. Big Pharma companies are among the richest if not actually the richest organisations in the world. In recent research conducted to determine the top 100 wealthiest organisations world-wide, 51 were corporations and only 49 were countries, which in itself is truly staggering information. Included in the top 10 were the 'big 4' pharmaceutical companies.

So, here we have a situation where companies that have more disposable income than most countries and are concerned with profits to the detriment of all else are dictating to the medical profession how to conduct a successful health regime and in the process are making colossal profits based on that philosophy. What is wrong with this picture?

"The medical practice of today is anything but a healing modality. It is geared toward maximum profit generated by those for whom disease is a growth industry. They poison the environment and encourage you to eat bad food, simply because they are invested in your becoming sick." Les Visible, musician and researcher.

Your body never becomes ill because it lacks artificial, pharmaceutical, allopathic drugs. It becomes ill through lack of proper, correct nutrition or because it has become infected with an outside agent such as a bacteria or a virus, often exacerbated by incorrect nutrition. So why do we rush to dose ourselves with more often than not, harmful chemicals at the first sign of any problems or anything untoward with our bodies? I suggest that it is because both we and our doctors alike are conditioned by 'the system' engendered by Big Pharma, so to do.

Sadly, I have to remind you that as I stated in the introduction to this book, that the giant, multi-national pharmaceutical companies have completely infiltrated all of the important healthcare organisations from cancer research charities such as the hugely corrupt American Cancer Society (ACS) to the equally corrupt American Food and Drug Administration (FDA), to the British and American Medical Associations (BMA and AMA) and even medical education establishments across the Western world with the primary intention of deceiving the world about healthcare. Indeed the FDA is provably culpable for allowing highly-profitable yet highly-toxic, substances into the food chain in what can only be described as at best, irresponsible and at worst, criminal activities.

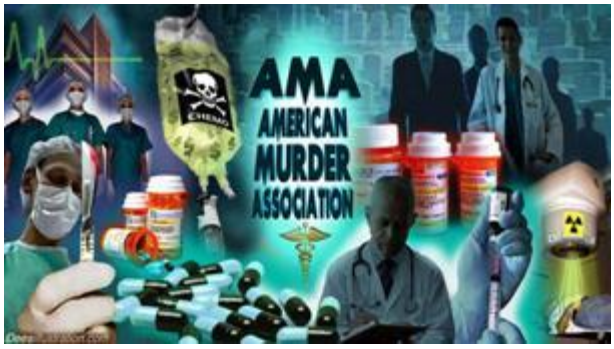

Our healthcare system does not exist to make you well. It exists to profit from your illnesses and keeps you just well enough to stay alive so it can continue to push drugs on you. The last thing the Elite want is a healthy, well-nourished, physically and mentally strong population able to think clearly and look after themselves and their families. What they actually do want is a sickly, malnourished society, totally dependent on them and their poisons and unable

to act and think freely for ourselves, so they can exploit our helpless situations to the maximum in the cause of reaping their huge annual profits. Unfortunately, over time, this is exactly what they have managed to achieve. As a main thrust of this policy, they also do not want you to understand nutritive disease prevention as there is little or no profit to be had from prevention, but plenty from 'cures'.

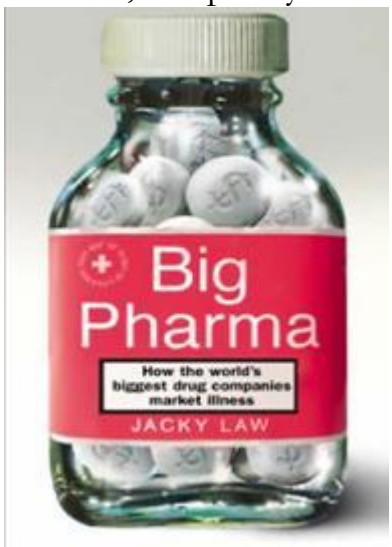

When I say 'cures', please be advised that I use the term very loosely. In actual fact most cures to be derived from pharmaceuticals, only treat the symptoms and not the underlying cause of the problem. For example if you have a severe headache, then Big Pharma says you should take a strong painkiller or their migraine formulas. This may well remove the pain, but this ignores the extremely important fact that pain exists for a reason and that is to let us know that there is something amiss somewhere. Simply eliminating the pain does not make the reason for the pain go away and could actually be dangerous as it removes the 'alarm call' that pain is designed to be. To use an analogy, imagine your car engine develops a fault and a red warning light appears on the console. Would you remove or cover-up the small red light-bulb to cure the fault and declare it fixed when the light can no longer be seen or would you use that warning signal to actually check under the bonnet (hood) for the real problem?

Almost 100% of pharmaceutical drugs work in this fashion and I include their so-called cancer drugs. All that radiotherapy and chemotherapy does is remove the tumour (sometimes) and kill ALL cells (healthy and unhealthy) whilst destroying one's natural resistance or immune system leaving one open to succumb once more to cancer in other areas of the body and many other

deadly ailments. Sadly this is what is happening all the time. Many, many people are delighted to receive the news that their cancer is in remission shortly after a course of radiation. However, what we rarely are told is that the cancer more often than not, returns with a vengeance a few months or sometimes years later, to take advantage of a thoroughly ravaged immune system. Of course even if by luck the cancer does not return, the body's natural defences are in tatters leaving the victim open to all manner of further diseases.

"As clear-thinking people, natural health consumers sometimes look at the actions of the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) and wonder what planet its decision makers seem to be from. It's like the FDA is living in a completely different world than the rest of us - a world where nutrients are dangerous, but synthetic chemicals are perfectly safe for human consumption. In fact, the idea that FDA bureaucrats and modern medicine promoters are living in a different reality is not far from the truth. In my view, FDA decision makers have no connection with reality. They're simply operating on a system of false beliefs and circular reasoning that justifies their efforts to protect Big Pharma profits by exploiting, misleading and directly harming the public." Natural News

So, Big Pharma, in conjunction with Big Food, the FDA and their corporate media whores (all owned by the same bloodline families when you follow the pyramids to the very top) conspire together to wreak havoc on human health so that they can make billions if not trillions out of our misery, whilst pretending that they are spending our millions in the form of charitable donations, to search for cures to diseases that can, in most instances, be treated simply, inexpensively and easily through proper and adequate nutrition.

"The nature of the medical establishment today is unsettling, to say the least. Doctors of all kinds have been trained to prescribe double-edged medical 'solutions' to their patients, draining the finances of patients through side-effect ridden pharmaceuticals and invasive surgeries. Mainstream medical science is increasingly being found to be fraudulent, but many still see doctors and medical officials as 'experts' that can do no wrong." Andre Evans. Activist Post 19th October 2011

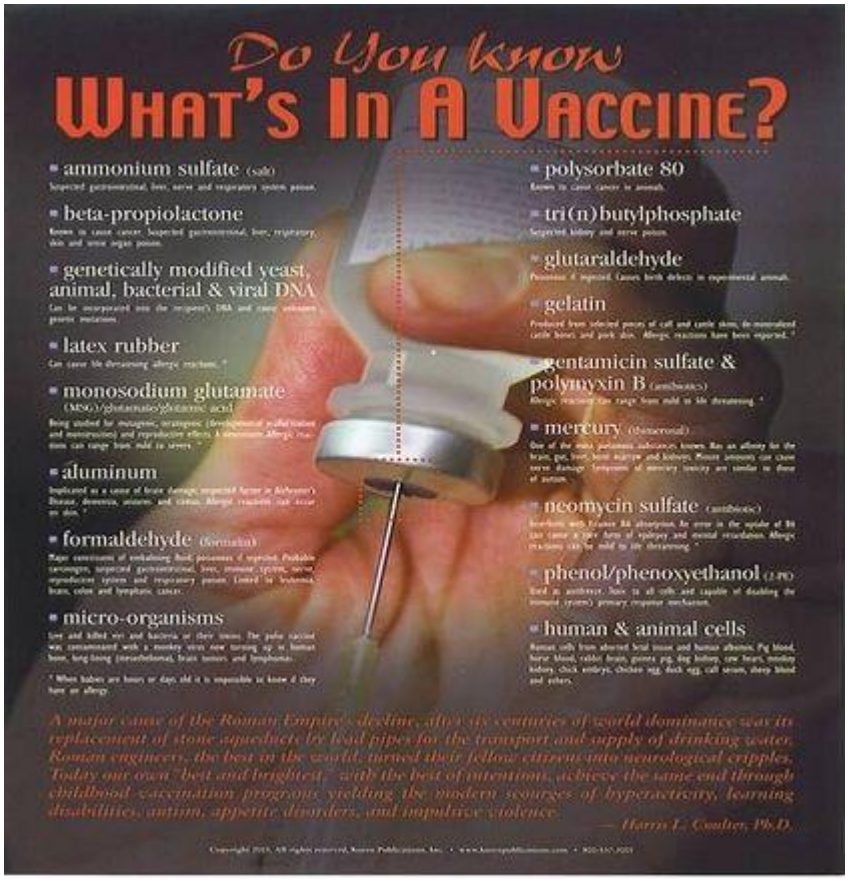

We are so fortunate to live in times where most endemic diseases have been eradicated and we are free to live out our long lives relatively untroubled by the thoughts of succumbing to such horrors as smallpox, poliomyelitis, tuberculosis, whooping-cough (pertussis) or measles.

Of course the main contributory factor to achieving this state of affairs has been the advent of safe and effective vaccines which stimulate our natural defence mechanisms into providing us with a resolute barrier against the ravages of these former killer diseases.

...If only this statement were true.

How can I be actually disputing this proven FACT? Sadly, I have to remind you that the power of persistent, overwhelming propaganda and lies never ceases to amaze, does it? The fact is that not only have vaccines not been the great saviour they have been proclaimed to be to our grandparents, parents, ourselves and now our children and grandchildren, but in actuality, the exact opposite is true. Vaccines have been proven over and over again not only to be utterly useless in disease prevention; they are known to be killers and purveyors of disease, misery and destruction on a large scale.

But how can this be? We have been told all our lives by people who 'know' about these things that we must have vaccinations if we want to stay healthy. It just simply is not possible that something so basic, so familiar to us, so known as a fact to be true, could be a huge deception and lie.

Is it really so impossible to believe though?

"If I had a child now, the last thing I would allow is his/her vaccination." Retired vaccine researcher

The British Medical Association is a wholly-owned subsidiary of Big Pharma, despite its facade of independence and recently, its former chairman, Sir Sandy Macara (significantly, recently out-ed by new GMC disclosure rules as a freemason), called for the highly controversial MMR (measles, mumps and rubella) triple vaccine to be made compulsory.

Big Pharma has been increasing its influence and control over medicine for decade after decade and by funding, cajoling, incentivising and bribing corrupt politicians and senior medical professionals, it has in effect made its own laws and in doing so has become 'above the law'. Now it wants forced vaccinations so that every child, in fact everyone, must be injected with its venomous poisons. It is the latest stage in Big Pharma's war on the human immune system designed to cause still more death and disease by devastating the body's natural defences.

These horrendous cocktails of destruction contain toxic chemicals such as thimerasol (mercury), DNA from animal tissue and aborted human foetuses and foreign proteins in the form of live or dead viruses and bacteria. Small babies and toddlers with their immune defences still forming, are now given in some cases twenty five vaccines, including combinations, before the age of two. One simply cannot imagine the havoc it is wreaking on their tiny, immature immune systems. No wonder that once virtually unheard of problems such as Cot Death (Sudden Infant Death Syndrome) and Autism are absolutely rife and increasing exponentially year on year in the Western World.

Dr. Andrew Wakefield, a British vaccine expert was indeed struck-off the medical register for publishing proof and refusing to retract his view that vaccinations were a huge contributory cause in Cot Death and Autism cases. This is what happens when the 'little man' stands-up to these bullies. He is ruthlessly destroyed.

"The world today has 6.8 billion people. That's heading up to about nine billion. Now if we do a really great job on new vaccines, health care, reproductive health services, we could lower that by perhaps 10 or 15 percent.

But there we see an increase of about 1.3 billion." Bill Gates, founder of Microsoft, eugenicist and Elite 'gofer', speaking in 2010

What more proof do we need that vaccines and 'healthcare' in general are being actively used for de-population?

As staggering as it may seem, the Big Pharma octopus has within the grip of its tentacles, the entire mainstream medical profession and industry. It controls what is taught in the medical schools, the drugs that doctors prescribe and it also dictates governmental health policy through its lobbying and a range of techniques that include massive political contributions and bribes to doctors such as all-expenses-paid trips to 'conferences' in exotic places that are nothing more than simply a free holiday.

Mainstream Big Pharma-controlled medicine is a huge morass of corruption and self-interest made even worse by the extraordinary levels of ignorance, incompetence and sadly, corruption among those who are paid large sums to be our so-called medical professionals. Take the example of Dr. Paul Offit at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia who was paid at least $29 million from his share of royalties for Merck's Rotateq vaccine, which provably causes severe diarrhoea and worse in infants. Despite this outrageous conflict of interest, he used his position with the Centres for Disease Control and Prevention to ensure that childhood vaccination with his vaccine became compulsory. The authors of an article exposing Dr Offit said:

"Clearly, based on the distribution of income rights outlined, Paul Offit had a greater personal interest in Rotateq's commercial success than any other single individual in the world and more than any other individual in the world, he found himself in a position to directly influence that success.

Unlike most other patented products, the market for mandated childhood vaccines is created not by consumer demand, but by the recommendation of

an appointed body called the ACIP. In a single vote, ACIP can create a commercial market for a new vaccine that is worth hundreds of millions of dollars in a matter of months."

But of course Dr. Offit was 'struck-off' the medical register for corruption and had his medical licence revoked? Wrong. As far as I have been able to ascertain, nothing whatsoever happened to him and this is just one small example and far from an isolated instance. Even had he been stripped of his medical practitioner's licence, would he actually care, with $29m sat in his bank account and no doubt he would have been handed a senior position with Merck, regardless.

However, as a registered medical practitioner, should you attempt to treat people with proven natural remedies, you will firstly get a severe warning and censure and then should you persist in this heinous practice, you will be pretty quickly hauled before the medical boards (GMC in the UK and AMA in the USA) and have your name struck from the medical register. This is not mere supposition on my part, this has happened in literally hundreds of well-documented cases down the years.

The level of ignorance and deceit amongst medical professionals is astounding. Doctors in general have no real idea what is going on behind the scenes in medicine and so they believe their own propagandised education which leads to the killing and maiming of innocents on a monumental scale worldwide. How frightening and disgusting it is to report that doctors are the third largest cause of death in America after heart disease and cancer with upwards of 300,000 people (AMA figures, by the way – so probably under-stated) provably dying in US hospitals every year from unnecessary surgery, medication and other errors, the effects of the drugs and vaccinations given to 'help' them, and infections picked up in hospital. However, I would not wish to be unfair to American health-care professionals, this also holds true of Western Europe as a whole, including the UK. Indeed in the 1980s, there was a strike by doctors in Sweden which lasted around a month and during that period the death rate actually dropped dramatically. This is absolutely, provably true.

"Prescription drugs kill some 200,000 Americans every year. Will that number go up, now that most clinical trials are conducted overseas--on sick Russians, homeless Poles, and slum-dwelling Chinese--in places where regulation is virtually non-existent, the FDA doesn't reach, and 'mistakes' can end up in pauper's graves?" 'Deadly Medicine', Vanity Fair magazine, 2011

As people's scepticism about the efficacy of vaccination programmes begins to gain momentum, the medical mainstream fights back with such blatantly fascist tactics as...

"Local councils could boost immunisation rates among children by making it part of the preparation for going to school. Parents could be asked if their child has been immunised. If they haven't, this could be done by the school nurse as a matter of routine when the child visited their new school before enrolment." Charles Waddicor, writing in the Local Government Chronicle in the UK

And this extremist nonsense, which could have been lifted verbatim from the pages of Huxley's 'Brave New World':

"There also seems to be no way to avoid the conclusion that we need to fight fire with fire - fear with fear. We have to make parents more scared that their children will contract serious preventable infectious diseases than they are about the false fears surrounding vaccines. And I need to emphasize - parents should be more scared of this." Steven Novella, writing in 'Science-based Medicine'

I am not entirely sure what is 'science-based' about that, but nevertheless that is where the quote originated.

"The bloodline families (Elite) and the higher levels of the Big Pharma pyramid couldn't give a damn about protecting the health of the population. Like almost everything else in this crazy world we need to reverse their statements to see their true motivation.

They want to cull the global population and reduce human numbers dramatically and there can be few more effective ways to access the body than compulsory vaccination. Once these laws are passed anything goes with regard to vaccine content because you will see the demands increase for another kind of immunity - immunity from prosecution for drug companies who kill and brain-damage people with their witches brew. (Note - this has now already happened in early 2011 and the legislation is now in place protecting these murderers from liability – JH)

Those they don't kill directly they plan to do so indirectly by devastating the immune system and opening people to death by other means that the human defences would otherwise eliminate. This is why the number of vaccines and combinations go on being increased for children under 2 while the immune system, and indeed the brain, is still developing and getting up to speed. They

want their immunity to disease and their potential for clear thought dumbed-down and ideally eliminated." David Icke, researcher, 2009

Strong stuff, but absolutely true. Vaccinations are nothing less than part of an elaborate Elite plan to reduce the population of the world to their own stated 'desirable' levels whilst making obscene amounts of profit from their victims in the process.

The 'safety' of vaccines is a complete myth. Under the 1986 National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act, the Vaccine Adverse Reporting System was established. Annually, it reports about 11,000 serious vaccine reactions, including up to 200 deaths and many more permanent disabilities. However, worryingly the FDA estimates that only 1% of serious adverse reactions are actually reported. And worse still, several medical school students testified before the US Congress that they are instructed not to report these incidents.

According to the National Vaccine Information Centre, only one in 40 New York doctors reported adverse vaccine reactions or deaths yet international studies show vaccines cause up to 10,000 US SIDS (Sudden Infant Death Syndrome or 'cot death') deaths annually and at least half of them are from vaccines.

Another American study revealed that 3000 US children die annually from vaccines and that the measured incidence of non-reporting of problems in America suggests that annual adverse vaccine reactions, in fact number from 100,000 to one million!

Since 1988, the US government's National Vaccine Injury Compensation Program has paid families of affected children $1.2 billion in damages. It should also be noted though that in settling vaccine damage suits, drug companies impose 'gagging' orders as part of the deal, to keep vital information from the public and additionally, insurers refuse to cover adverse vaccine reactions because of the high potential liability they would face. This of course distorts the true figures in a downward direction.

Vaccinations cause high numbers of severe reactions, permanent disabilities and deaths as well as an enormous personal and public cost. Virtually none of this is reported.

Medical literature documents significant numbers of vaccine failures for measles, mumps, smallpox, pertussis, polio, bacterial meningitis and pneumonia. In 1989, the Middle Eastern country of Oman experienced a widespread polio outbreak six months after completing a population-wide immunisation program. In Kansas in 1986, 90% of 1300 reported pertussis cases were 'adequately vaccinated,' and 72% of Chicago pertussis incidents in 1993 were also similarly vaccinated.

Between the years 1850 to 1940, well before mandatory vaccination programmes, the British Association for the Advancement of Science reported a 90% decrease in childhood diseases due to improved sanitation and hygiene practices. By 1945, US medical authorities noted a 95% drop in deaths from the leading childhood infectious diseases (diphtheria, pertussis, scarlet fever and measles) again well before mass-immunisation programmes began. This is the real reason for the decline in mortality, disingenuously attributed wholly to vaccines.

A recent WHO report found that third world disease and mortality rates had no direct correlation with immunisation programmes, but were closely related to hygiene and diet standards. There is no evidence whatsoever that links vaccines with the decline of infectious diseases. Proper hygiene, clean water and diet are proven to be far more effective.

Although some vaccines can stimulate antibody production, no evidence suggests that this alone assures immunity. In 1950 the British Medical Council published a study that found no correlation whatsoever between antibody count and disease incidence. Natural immunisation involves many bodily organs and systems and artificially producing antibodies cannot achieve that.

Research also shows how squalene adjuvants, rife in vaccine serums, actually cause harm to the human immune system, making it susceptible to numerous illnesses and diseases ranging from very irritating to life threatening. In addition, the 'herd immunity' notion of mass-immunisation's effectiveness is totally discredited. In fact the exact opposite is closer to the truth and evidence shows that fully-vaccinated populations have experienced numerous epidemics in the past.

Furthermore, vaccine effectiveness remains 'scientifically unproven' because no double blind studies are ever conducted to test the theory. Significantly, recent disease outbreaks have affected more vaccinated children than un-vaccinated ones and the common practice of 'one size fits all' is worthless, if not downright dangerous as it allows new-born babies to be given the same dosage as a twenty five year old and tolerates dubious quality-control practices.

Shockingly, but maybe not surprisingly knowing what we know about the modus operandi of the FDA, it absolutely refuses to act preventatively against vaccines. In fact, individual vaccine batches have almost never been recalled even when proven to be associated with severe adverse reactions or deaths. Instead, they are administered under the assumption that all recipients respond the same, regardless of age, size, gender, ethnicity, genetics or any other characteristics one can name. There are even reports that suggest that 'bad' vaccine batches that are withdrawn are then sold-on or generously 'donated' to third world countries.

A recent study reported in the New England Journal of Medicine found that a significant number of Romanian children receiving polio vaccine actually contracted the disease. One dose alone raised the polio risk eight-fold.

"Unbeknownst to most doctors, the polio-vaccine history involves a massive public health service makeover during an era when a live, deadly strain of poliovirus infected the Salk polio vaccines, and paralyzed hundreds of children and their contacts. These were the vaccines that were supposedly responsible for the decline in polio from 1955 to 1961! But there is a more sinister reason for the "decline" in polio during those years; in 1955, a very creative re-definition of poliovirus infections was invented, to "cover" the fact that many cases of "polio" paralysis had no poliovirus in their systems at all. While this protected the reputation of the Salk vaccine, it muddied the waters of history in a big way." Dr. Suzanne Humphries, 'Smoke, Mirrors and the 'Disappearance' of Polio', 17th November 2011

New research may reveal other unknown hazards, but public safety will not be addressed adequately until government health officials act ethically, report accurately and adequately protect their populations from vaccines they never should allow in the first instance. How much chance is there of that coming to pass under the current medical regime? I am afraid the answer is 'none at all'.

Medical institutions tell us that childhood diseases are extremely dangerous or so they would have us all believe. This is absolutely false. Centres for Disease Control (CDC) data shows a 100% pertussis recovery rate during the period 1992-94. One Cincinnati Children's Hospital infectious diseases expert said at the time: "The disease was very mild, no one died and no one went to the intensive care unit."

Nearly always, childhood infectious diseases "are benign and self-limiting. They usually impart lifelong immunity, whereas vaccine-induced immunisation (even when achieved) is only temporary." In fact, it can increase vulnerability later in life by postponing better tolerated illnesses in childhood, until adulthood when death rates (though still low, relatively speaking) are far higher than would normally be the case. Most importantly, nearly all common infectious diseases are rarely dangerous and in fact, strongly contribute to the development of robust, healthy adult immune systems when they are most needed ie. in adulthood. Additionally, it is commonly known amongst honest medical practitioners that children who did not contract measles in childhood have a higher incidence of skin diseases, degenerative bone and cartilage issues and tumours, while ovarian cancer is higher among childhood-mumps-free adult women. The human immune system benefits greatly from common childhood infectious diseases, so why do we have dangerous and unnecessary vaccine programmes effectively hampering our immune system's natural development process? Freedom from the normal childhood ailments may well be very harmful to us later in life.

It is my firm belief that the dangers of childhood disease are greatly exaggerated to scare parents into having their children vaccinated with dangerous compounds.

What about polio though? Surely that is a classic example of a vaccination programme eradicating a disease? Was it not completely conquered or made almost non-existent by the mass-immunisation programmes in the US and Europe in the late 1950s? Unfortunately the real facts say not, despite the mass hysteria and propaganda generated at the time. In 1955, when Jonas Salk's polio vaccine was introduced, polio was considered the most serious post-war public health problem. One year after the vaccine was widely deployed, six New England states reported sharp rises ranging from more than

double in Vermont to a 642% increase in Massachusetts. Other states also were so badly affected that Idaho and Utah to name but two, halted immunisations due to a greatly increased incidence of adverse reactions and soaring death rates.

In his 1962 congressional testimony, Dr. Bernard Greenberg, head of Biostatistics at the University of North Carolina, reported sharp polio increases from 1957 to 1959 but this was completely covered-up and suppressed at the time by a Public Health Service whitewash in order to protect the reputation of vaccinations. In 1985, the CDC reported that 87% of US polio cases between 1973 and 1983 were caused by the vaccine.

Furthermore, misdiagnoses, poor reporting and cover-ups suggest that the actual number of vaccine-associated paralytic poliomyelitis cases "may be 10 to 100 times higher than that cited by the CDC." In 1977, even Jonas Salk himself, admitted that mass innoculations had caused most polio cases since 1961. In fact the Salk vaccine proved highly dangerous and truthful information about it was hugely suppressed. The truth is that declines in the disease were well underway when mass-immunisations were commenced. In Europe, the declines occurred in countries that used and then rejected the vaccine proving it was never needed in the first place. By far the biggest contributory factor to the decline of the disease (as with most others) from the turn of the twentieth century to the 1950s was a major improvement in hygiene, nutrition and living standards.

This shows also that the same is true for other diseases, including the fake, non-epidemic of Swine Flu of early 2009 and the pathetic, repeated, probably long-forgotten by the time you read this, attempts of the medical establishment in league with the media to resurrect the scare again in the winter of 2010/11. The World Health Organisation (WHO) and CDC admitted that most cases are mild, unthreatening and generally pass without any form of treatment, let alone risking dangerous and un-needed vaccines.

Does the lack of an initial adverse reaction prove that vaccines are quite safe, really? Far from it, unfortunately. Documented long-term health problems arising from the ingestion or injection of vaccines include arthritis, chronic headaches, skin-rashes indicative of disease, non-healing skin lesions, seizures, autism, anaemia, multiple sclerosis, cancer and many other ingredients

common to all vaccines are the real issue. For example, squalene adjuvants are a biological time-bomb that can harm or even destroy the human immune system, long-term.

Other ingredients are known toxins and carcinogens, including thimerasol (a mercury derivative), aluminium phosphate, formaldehyde, phenoxyethanol and numerous gastro-intestinal toxins like liver toxicants, cardiovascular and blood toxicants and reproductive toxicants. Chemical ranking systems rate many vaccine ingredients among the most hazardous substances known to man, even in microscopic doses. Truly staggering.

"Millions of children (and adults) are partaking in an enormous crude experiment and no sincere, organized effort is being made to track the negative side effects or to determine the long-term consequences." Dr. Bart Classen, founder and CEO of Classen Immunotherapies

Dr. Classen's research found vaccines as the cause of 79% of insulin type I diabetes cases in children under 10. The sharp rise in numerous other diseases may also be linked with mass-immunisation programmes. California's autism rate has soared by 1000% in the last 20 years alone, whilst In the 1990s in Britain, MMR vaccine usage (for measles, mumps and rubella) increased and at the same time autism rose sharply in a correlated fashion. The January 2000 edition of the Journal of Adverse Drug Reactions reported that no adequate testing was done, so in a truly caring, ethical society, the vaccine would never have been licensed for use.

Meanwhile, the Elite-compliant (probably controlled) Autism Society blithely states that; "Autism is a complex developmental disability that typically appears during the first three years of life and is the result of a neurological disorder that affects the normal functioning of the brain..."

According to the CDC and National Vaccine Information Centre, one in every 150 US children develops the disease. Tens of millions are affected worldwide, making it more common in children than paediatric cancer, incurable type-1 diabetes and AIDS combined. In the early 1940s, prior to mass immunisations, autism was so rare that few doctors ever encountered it. Today it is a global pandemic.

Long-term vaccination reactions have been suppressed and ignored in spite of the alarming correlation between their use and the rise of auto-immune and

other diseases. Vaccines are not for our protection, they are for profit and other nefarious purposes such as depopulation and reducing our ability to fight disease. Avoiding them ALL is absolutely essential to protecting and maintaining human health and well-being.

Had I known 40 years ago what I now know today, my children would never have been subjected to vaccinations. I have met many people with similar views to myself who tell me that their children were never vaccinated at all and they, almost without exception, have never had a single day's illness in their lives.

Natural solutions have proven many times more effective than allopathic (pharmaceutical) medicines in the treatment and prevention of disease. During the 1840s US cholera outbreak, homeopathic hospitals recorded a 3% death rate compared to 50-60% in conventional ones. It is just as true today if not even more so and recent epidemiological studies show that natural remedies are far superior to vaccines in preventing diseases. They are safe, effective and toxin and side-effect-free, yet most health insurers will not even cover them. Something is very, very wrong with this picture.

Vaccination history shows "documented instances of deceit, portraying vaccines as mighty disease conquerors, when in fact vaccines have had little or no discernible impact - or have even delayed or reversed pre-existing disease declines...Conflicts of interest are the norm in the vaccine industry." Government agencies like the FDA and CDC are overloaded with corporate officials who often return to highly paid positions in commerce and industry provided that they place the profit considerations of those corporations over public health and safety issues.

In November 2000, concern over this and adverse reactions prompted the American Association of Physicians and Surgeons to pass a unanimous resolution at its 57th meeting calling for a moratorium on mandatory childhood vaccinations and for doctors to insist on "truly informed consent for their use..."

"It is clear...that the government's immunisation policies are driven by politics and not by science. I can give numerous examples where employees of the US Public Health Service...appear to be furthering their careers by acting as propaganda officers to support political agendas. In one case...employees of

a foreign government, who were funded and working closely with the US Public Health Service, submitted false data to a major medical journal. The true data indicated the vaccine was dangerous; however, the false data indicated no risk." Dr. Bart Classen, founder and CEO of Classen Immunotherapies, told US Congress in 1999

In addition, Dr. Classen states that "four letters from the FDA/Public Health Service...clearly revealed that the anthrax vaccine..." approved for US military personnel was done "...without the manufacturer performing a single controlled clinical trial." Honest and ethical trials are essential to determine safety and effectiveness and failure to conduct them proves devastating to the health and well-being of recipients. Besides, all vaccines are unsafe and some are extremely dangerous. In fact, multiple vaccinations for all US military personnel practically assure damage to their immune systems and severe health problems later in life.

It is also unfortunately an undisputable fact that many senior public-health officials approve dangerous vaccines on unsuspecting recipients and profit handsomely for their efforts by way of incentives, bonuses, lucrative job offers with the corporations and 'brown envelope' payments.

All vaccines are biological weapons that weaken or destroy the human immune system. They usually fail to protect against diseases they are designed to prevent and indeed, often cause them.

"The medical authorities keep lying. Vaccination has been a disaster on the immune system and it actually causes a lot of illnesses. We are actually changing our genetic code through vaccination...100 years from now we will know that the biggest crime against humanity was vaccines." Dr. Guylaine Lanctot, Medical Post, December 1994

"There is no evidence whatsoever of the ability of vaccines to prevent any diseases. To the contrary, there is a great wealth of evidence that they cause serious side effects." Dr. Viera Scheibner, internationally known leading expert on adverse vaccine reactions.

Her analysis concluded that "Nonetheless, immunisation programs proliferate because the profit potential is enormous despite growing numbers of reputable scientific figures citing concerns."

Currently, over 200 new vaccines are being developed for everything from birth control to curing cocaine addiction. Many of them are in clinical trials using human 'guinea pigs', thus knowingly and deliberately, seriously jeopardising their health and safety.

New delivery systems are also being developed that include nasal sprays and genetically engineered fruits containing vaccine viruses. With every person and country in the world a potential consumer of these poisons, health and safety considerations are being suppressed and/or ignored for the sake of profits. Unless somehow this madness is stopped, the harm to our children and society will be catastrophic.

"ALL vaccines are causing immediate and delayed, acute and chronic, waxing and waning, impairments to blood flow, throughout the brain and body. This IS causing us all to become chronically ill, sick, and causing brain damages along a continuum of clinically silent to death. This is causing ischemic 'strokes'. In some respects, this is also 'ageing.' Since the damages are microscopic, we cannot see them as they occur. However, we can now see the neurological aftermath of these damages – within hours and days of vaccination – all vaccinations.

If you place your hand on a hot stove element, you will be burned. If you do not experience pain and you cannot see the burn, then you will not learn that touching hot stove elements is harmful.

All vaccines have been causing 'burns' to body and brain. The brain has no pain receptors. You will not feel the pain. You can, however, see the footprints of these 'burns' immediate and delayed, from each vaccination. The evidence was before our eyes all along. We simply did not appreciate what these 'burns' meant let alone that they were emerging, after each vaccination. The 'burns' are largely to internal organ systems. We can ALL now see the damaging effects of these 'burns' with our own eyes.

As a physician, it is my sworn duty to cause no harm. As a human being, it is my duty to watch over my fellow beings. As an educator, it is my responsibility to teach awareness and understanding. As a scientist, it is my duty to separate cause from coincidence. As a Christian, it is my value to do unto others, as I would have others do unto myself. As a man, it is my responsibility to stand up to power, with truth and understanding, when those that wield power are in error.

My statements are not the words of a zealot. These are the words of integrity, couched with understanding that has the potential to reside in every one of you. Seek, and you shall find. Knock, and the door shall be opened unto you. I have sought. I have knocked. The door has been opened. I have found the truths I was seeking. The answers have not come from my own understandings. The answers are simply self-evident – res ipsa loquitur – the thing speaks for itself.

All vaccinations cause brain damage, disease, chronic illness, aging, and death – res veritas loquitur – the truth speaks for itself. If you do not seek, if you do not knock, if you do not look, if you trust your own understandings, then caveat emptor – buyer beware.

We have answers. We have solutions but we cannot provide solutions or treatments to a medical system and model that denies it is sick.

My training has taught me how to translate anecdotal clinical observations into empirically sound clinical measurements in medicine, neurodevelopment, and human physiology. This is especially so in dealing with functions of the human brain and behavior.

...The truth about all vaccinations causing harm is now available for your understanding. The truth is frightening, disheartening, alarming, and now self-evident.

We have made a global medical mistake based on a lack of knowledge and understanding. We have translated forest fires for 1% of the population into chronic brush fires for the entire population. The brush fires are chronic illness and disease, not least of which are the neuro-developmental disorders."
Dr. Andrew Moulden, MD. PhD

And in early 2011, the US Supreme Court ruled that vaccine producers ie. Big Pharma can no longer be held to account for any damage to anyone's health, whether proven or not to be caused by their hideous, deadly cocktails.

"The Supreme Court showed the world today that there is nothing supreme or noble about it and that it is as corrupt and cruel as most other governmental institutions. In a 6-3 vote, the high court ruled for Wyeth, saying they could not be sued for vaccine damages. Wyeth is now owned by Pfizer Inc. The U.S. Supreme Court ruled that federal law shields vaccine makers from product-liability lawsuits in state courts seeking damages for a child's injuries or death from a vaccine's side effects. The trial case was a lawsuit by the parents of Hannah Bruesewitz, who suffered seizures as an infant after her third dose of a diphtheria-tetanus-pertussis (DTP) vaccine in 1992. The U.S. Supreme Court ruled on Tuesday the 22nd of February 2011 sustaining the federal law that shielded vaccine manufacturers from desperate parents who seek damages for serious health problems suffered by their children. Today's children are hit with more shots in a day than most of us were hit with in our entire childhood. No doubt certain pharmaceutical madmen fantasize having a permanent tubular hook-up with every child receiving constant (24/7) chemical injection and the Supreme Court would obviously go along with that. Pharmaceutical terrorism and medical madness is alive and well in this world of ours and is part of the backbone of our modern civilization and the legal system has totally bought into it even though they understand nothing about medicine and the consequence of supporting the madness of pharmaceutical companies." Mark A Sircus, director of the International Medical Veritas Association, 22nd February 2011

Natural health solutions have been proven time and time again over the years to be far more beneficial to the human body. Why is it then that many governments in conjunction with health authorities are trying their best to make vaccinations mandatory?

The answer is simply that they wish to maximise their profits from us and keep us in a permanent state of unhealthy limbo, which quite frankly, dis-empowers us both physically and mentally. If we can understand that governments and the profit-driven, unethical, genocidal, Elite-owned and run corporations that control them and pull their strings are only interested in two things, then the picture becomes much clearer. The only two things in which the entire corporatocracy are interested are 1) absolute maximisation of profits to the detriment of ALL else and 2) the complete and absolute control of the great majority of mankind by whatever means necessary. Nothing, but nothing else matters at all. Not you, your health or wellbeing, your education,

your career, your life, your future, your family, friends or children, absolutely nothing, nil, zero, zilch, nada, zip, nought, nothing at all.

Once you comprehend that one simple fact, everything else falls into place. It is a little similar to completing the outside, straight edges of a jigsaw puzzle in that one then has a 'framework' to operate within and reference points from which one can proceed to gain an even greater understanding of how the world really works by slowly and methodically inserting all the pieces into their correct places.

Bird flu and swine flu are beyond doubt the latest bio-weapons to be used against the human race. In their desperate quest for population reduction, the Elite-run World Health (Homicide?) Organisation (WHO) has deliberately engineered the latest pandemic scares of bird flu and swine flu.

"The bird and mammalian species took hold on the earth approximately 65 million years ago, ie. the same time as the dinosaurs went extinct. So did the flu and other viruses of all the surviving species. Since then, all those viruses have been mating and mutating among themselves without the sky caving in due to any infection. Therefore, any talk of a bird or swine flu pandemic with the probability to kill millions of people is either a purposeful or hallucinogenic nonsense to make profit on the backs of the innocent following." Shiv Chopra, microbiologist, vaccine expert

The swine flu virus was created in a laboratory to generate mass-panic with the specific intention of forcing everyone to be vaccinated. This 'natural' swine flu virus apparently contains genes from humans, birds and pigs from several continents. Ask yourself if true, how can this be? It is impossible. Therefore, if the medical mafia concoct and release a virus and then implement a clearly long-planned mass-vaccination programme, there can be only one sensible conclusion; swine flu is not the biggest danger, it is the vaccine.

The scale and speed of the planned vaccination programme is insane given that the overwhelming majority of those who have contracted the virus have had very mild symptoms. Dr Peter Holden of the Elite-controlled British Medical Association said that although swine flu was not causing serious illness they were eager to start a mass vaccination campaign, beginning with

'priority groups'. Pardon me? This is not about public health concerns and never was intended to be.

Those actually administering the vaccinations have no idea what is in them or their potential effects. They are just thinking what they are told to think and doing and saying what they are told to do and say. Only those at the core of the conspiracy, and those who bother to research it or read books like this one, know what the real game is.

The WHO absolutely refused to release the minutes of a key meeting of an advisory vaccine group attended by senior executives from Baxter, Novartis and Sanofi that recommended compulsory vaccinations in the USA, Europe and other countries against the artificial H1N1 'swine flu' virus in autumn 2009.

In an email a WHO spokesperson claimed there were no minutes of the meeting that took place on 7th July 2009 in which guidelines on the need for worldwide vaccinations that the WHO adopted were formulated and in which Baxter and other Big Pharma executives participated. Under International Health Regulations, WHO guidelines have a binding character on all of the WHO's 194 signatory countries in the event of a pandemic emergency of the kind that was anticipated in autumn 2009, when the second, more lethal wave of the H1N1 virus which was bio-engineered to resemble the Spanish flu virus, was released.

The WHO actually has the authority to force everyone in those 194 countries to take a vaccine at gunpoint, impose quarantines and restrict travel. Yes you did read that correctly, 'at gunpoint'!

There is verifiable, clear and unambiguous documentary proof that the WHO supplied the live bird flu virus to Baxter's subsidiary in Austria, which was used by Baxter to manufacture 72 kilos of vaccine material in February 2009. Baxter subsequently sent this material out to 16 labs in four countries under a false label designating the contaminated product as vaccine material, so very nearly triggering a global pandemic.

Because Baxter must adhere to strict bio-safety regulations when handling a dangerous virus such as the bird flu virus, the production and distribution of so much pandemic material cannot have been an accident but must have been done by Baxter with criminal intent.

Last year at least 81 people were killed by Baxter International's contaminated blood-thinning product, heparin, which was made in China from, among other things, pig intestines. The contaminated heparin also

seriously injured hundreds of people and it was revealed that the factory of Baxter's Chinese supplier had never been inspected by either American or Chinese public 'protection' agencies.

More than 50 dialysis patients died in 2001 because of faults with Baxter International equipment and in 2009 Baxter Healthcare Corporation, a subsidiary of Baxter International, reached an out-of-court settlement of two million dollars with the State of Kentucky. Baxter had been caught inflating the cost of intravenous drugs sold to Kentucky Medicaid by as much as 1,300%.

It is increasingly clear that the WHO and Baxter are just two branches of a much bigger criminal organisation that is moving forward in a synchronised and coordinated way to fulfil the Elite agenda of global population reduction in the coming months and years while putting in place a global government of which the WHO will be an arm.

The WHO, which is a UN agency, appears to play a key role in coordinating the activities of labs, vaccine companies and governments to achieve the goal of population reduction and political and economic take-over of North America and Europe.

Firstly, the WHO gives funds, support and cover to labs such as the CDC to bio-prospect for pathogens, bioengineer them to make them more deadly and also patent them.

Secondly, the WHO gives those same deadly bioengineered pathogens to companies such as Baxter in Austria, so that Baxter could use those viruses to deliberately and systematically contaminate vaccine material. If the contamination of the 72 kilos had not been detected in time by a lab technician in the Czech Republic, millions of people would have caught the 'bird flu' from the injections.

Thirdly, in the event of a pandemic, the WHO orders a compulsory vaccine for all 194 countries, following 'recommendations' by an advisory vaccine group on which executives of Baxter also sit. And fourthly, the WHO awards Baxter, Novartis, Sanofi and other companies lucrative contracts to supply those vaccines.

Furthermore, the WHO acquires new global authority on an unseen scale in the event of a pandemic. Under special pandemic plans enacted around the world including the USA, in 2005, national governments are to be dissolved in the event of a pandemic emergency and replaced by special crisis committees, which take charge of the health and security infrastructure of a country, and

which are answerable to the WHO and the EU in Europe and to the WHO and UN in North America.

If the Model Emergency Health Powers Act is implemented on the instructions of the WHO, it will be a criminal offence to refuse the vaccine and police will be allowed to use deadly force against these 'criminal' suspects. Through their control of these special pandemic crisis committees with the power to enact legislation to be set up most countries, the WHO, UN and EU become the de facto government of a large part of the world – a scenario which has been planned for decades as part of the march towards One World Government, the so-called 'New World Order'.

Mass murder and death will also bring economic collapse and disruption, starvation and wars and these events in themselves will lead to a further population reduction.

In summary, the WHO helps create, distribute and then release the deadly pandemic virus and this pandemic virus allows the WHO to assume control of governments in North America and Europe and also order forced vaccination on populations by the very same companies that have distributed and released the deadly viruses in the first place and all under the pretext of protecting populations from a pandemic that they have created in the first place.

The corporate mainstream media owned by the same Elite group which funds the WHO is systematically concealing from the general public the nature of the real danger of these H1N1 vaccinations by withholding from them key information concerning the interrelated activities of this group of organisations for their mutual profit. As a result, most people still believe that the H1N1 virus is a natural swine flu when even the WHO has officially dropped the term "swine" in tacit acknowledgement of its artificial origins.

Most people still believe that the vaccine companies can provide a cure when the vaccine companies are preparing a lethal series of shots containing live attenuated virus, toxic metals and other poisons. The two-dose H1N1 shots are designed to disable the immune system and then load that system with a live virus in a process that mirrors the one described in two of the WHO's 1972 memoranda where the technical means for turning vaccines into killers is outlined.

The Strecker Memorandum also reveals that the WHO has been actively searching for ways to weaken the immune system. How much more evidence does one need than this to prove the 'conspiracy case' against these people? The best protection against the H1N1 virus that has now been released and

that will inevitably become more lethal as it mutates is colloidal silver and also vitamins to strengthen the immune system, face masks and other such measures.

However, none of the governments in North America or Europe have stocked up on colloidal silver or announced sensible health measures to contain the coming lethal wave. Instead, there are growing signs, that they will use the panic to terrify people into taking the toxic vaccines which are sure to cause injury or damage due to the presence of heavy metals alone. This mass-vaccination will moreover, allow ever more lethal strains to emerge and also provide a cover for a release of further strains of bird flu virus or other pathogens.

An investigation into this international corporate crime syndicate needs to be conducted in every country because it has its tentacles in every country. There are also reports that Barack Obama has direct financial links with Baxter that need to be investigated by law enforcement. In addition, there is evidence the Austrian Health Minister and other officials have been assisting Baxter in the covering of its tracks.

Also, there is clear evidence that elements of the Austrian media were involved in actively spreading lies and misinformation to lull people into a false sense of security concerning Baxter's manufacture and distribution of pandemic material in Austria in February 2009.

My advice would be not to hold our collective breath, whilst we are waiting for the appropriate authorities to take some much-needed action.

Thirty years ago, at the beginning of the 1980s, a small group of homosexual men in San Francisco began dying of a strange, never-seen-before disease.

However, it turns out that there was nothing too mysterious about these deaths, either then or now. The combination of three cultural revolutions, drug, sexual and gay, took a heavy toll on these, its most ardent practitioners. They took part in excessive, anonymous, soulless sex on an industrial scale, copiously administered antibiotics, thinking that this would keep them healthy (useless against viruses but deadly effective against gut-friendly bacteria which are vital to correct immune system function) and imbibed recreational drugs with no consideration of long term effects. This excessive drug use combined

with repeated bouts of STDs and parasites and foreign antigens from thousands of other men residing in their bloodstreams took a deadly toll on their bodies. Their immune systems were literally destroyed.

When Ronald Reagan took Presidential office in 1981, he had a mandate to downsize government and the Centres for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) was an obvious target. The 'war on Cancer' declared by Nixon in 1971, had little to show for all the money spent. The CDC had been acutely embarrassed in 1976 when it attempted to make believe that five soldiers with a mild dose of flu were a potential national 'swine flu' epidemic. A subplot of this charade was their attempt to seize on the completely coincidental outbreak of pneumonia among some visitors to an American Legion convention in Philadelphia. The CDC used this as an excuse to rush out a vaccine that killed dozens of people, which is dozens more than did the flu itself. So-called 'Legionnaire's Disease' as it transpired, turned out to be caused by a known microorganism commonly found in building air conditioners and had absolutely zero to do with swine flu. Thousands of people get infected with it every year, by the way.

So it was very fortunate for them that in 1981, as potential budget cuts were mooted and imminent that the CDC received a report about five young homosexuals dying of immune deficiency disorders. If a 'new' deadly disease could be discovered and promulgated, it could give the CDC a whole new lease of life and raison d'être. The more dangerous and terrifying the better and ideally something a little more deadly than the flu this time would fit the bill nicely.

'Gay Related Immune Deficiency' (GRID), as an initial name for the new disease, was soon discarded. Besides being too 'politically incorrect', it did not sound too threatening to the general (straight) population. So it was eventually replaced with 'Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome' (AIDS). The French scientist Luc Montagnier later 'discovered' the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) and failed American cancer researcher Robert Gallo co-discovered it (if you can call finding it a year later co-discovering. Gallo was later investigated for misconduct, but cleared).

So now today, we have AIDS as the disease and HIV the 'undisputable' cause of it. A press conference by the CDC subsequently launched the idea to the general public, the CDC was saved and a new multi-billion dollar profit-centre for the medical cartel was created.

In the years since the CDC announcement, every scientist or doctor who has tried to question the official story, rather than being applauded for practicing good investigative and stringent science, has instead been attacked and dismissed. That same old MO again – never fails! But now with 30 years of history it is becoming more and more obvious that certain facts do not stand up to scrutiny with the official story.

Filmmaker Brent Leung has recently made a stunning documentary revealing the full story behind the Aids / HIV scam, 'The House of Numbers'. This film is absolutely savaged by the controlled mainstream media film critics (why would it not be?) with one review in particular, likening Leung to someone who would question gravity. In my view and for what it is worth, had the media been complimentary and demanding answers from the medical establishment, then I for one, would have seriously questioned whether or not the film was anti-AIDS or subtle dis-information. If there is one thing that one can virtually guarantee, that is that when the mainstream sharks attack (or indeed defend) anything, there must be an ulterior motive for it and you can usually bet your mortgage that the exact opposite of their argument will prove to be truth, upon further research.

In the film, Leung totally debunks HIV testing. But it transpires that HIV testing is almost irrelevant anyway as the WHO has provided a definition for AIDS which lists simple symptoms to use for diagnosing AIDS without testing...

"The WHO AIDS surveillance case definition was developed in October 1985 at a conference of public health officials including representatives of the Control CDC and WHO in Bangui, Central African Republic... For this reason, it became to be known as the Bangui definition for AIDS. It was developed to provide a definition of AIDS for use in countries where testing for HIV antibodies was not available." Wikipedia

It stated the following:

Exclusion criteria

Pronounced malnutrition

Immunosuppressive treatment

Inclusion criteria with the corresponding score	Score

Important signs	
Weight loss exceeding 10% of body weight	4
Protracted asthenia	4
Very frequent signs	
Continuous or repeated attacks of fever for more than a month	3
Diarrhoea lasting for more than a month	3
Other signs	
Cough	2
Pneumopathy	2
Oropharyngeal candidiasis	4
Chronic or relapsing cutaneous herpes	4
Generalised pruritic dermatosis	4
Herpes Zoster (relapsing)	4
Generalized adenopathy	2
Neurological signs	2
Generalised Kaposi's sarcoma	12

The diagnosis of AIDS is established when the score is 12 or more.

Although it was moderated nine years later with the instruction that testing should really be undertaken, it was instrumental in kick-starting the supposed AIDS epidemic in Africa. How convenient it is though, to create a disease from nothing in this fashion by artificially constructing a score-based system from arbitrary, unconnected symptoms.

But even with testing, it is quite easy to say that there is more HIV in one place than another, as the tests are interpreted differently in different countries. At one point in the film Leung straddles the US / Canadian border and comments, 'No other disease behaves differently when you cross a border.'

He also visits South Africa to examine the 'epidemic' for himself. It is difficult to say what is more shocking about Leung's visit to a poor indigenous village, the ignorance and superstition that people have regarding AIDS or the flies that pass directly from the open sewers to their food plates. Could it possibly be the latter that is the cause of any of the symptoms from the above symptoms table?

Leung interviews several scientists and doctors in the film and they essentially fall into two distinct groups. Those sceptical about the AIDS story include, among others, Kary Mullis, who shared a 1993 Nobel Prize in chemistry, Joseph Sonnabend, a physician who has been involved with AIDS research and treatment since the very beginning and James Chin, an epidemiologist at WHO for five years, whose characterisation of that agency's statistics on the AIDS epidemic in Africa gives the movie its name. And then there is also Peter Duesberg, who was a cancer researcher until he was recently rebuked and subsequently ostracised for questioning the official line on HIV.

On the other side of the debate are, among others, Robert Gallo, Luc Montagnier and Dr. Anthony Fauci. This group, speaking in defence of the AIDS syndrome comprise a curious mixture of the detached and mildly irritated as they relate their weak arguments asserting that the virus exists, that HIV causes AIDS, everyone is at risk and anyone simply not agreeing with their viewpoint is an idiot.

However, when questioned more closely and intensively, they concede there are gaps in the knowledge of how HIV works, but contradict each other and in one instance, the subject actually contradicts himself. None of them are able to define AIDS in a simple and consistent phrase, are able to explain satisfactorily or convincingly how HIV works or are willing to address the problem of so many deaths attributed to AIDS that in fact were caused by the incredibly toxic drugs administered to cure it.

Leung himself avoids taking sides, rather playing the annoying devil's advocate, persistently asking probing questions. As the film progresses however, it becomes obvious that the answers are totally inadequate and would not satisfy anyone with anything approaching a semi-functioning brain.

The film also relates the story of a girl by the name of Lindsey Nagel. She was originally a Romanian orphan adopted by Steve and Cheryl Nagel, a couple from Minnesota. Having been tested for HIV in Romania which proved negative, she was then tested again upon arriving in America and this

time the test was positive. This is hardly surprising once it is understood that the tests can vary so much from country to country.

Of course, in the beginning, the Nagels followed their paediatrician's recommendations to treat her with anti-retroviral drugs, which at the time meant high dosage AZT (the most common anti-AIDS drug). For months the Nagels watched helplessly as their healthy daughter deteriorated, getting sicker and sicker. Among other things, her growth became stunted. Of course all symptoms were ascribed to her supposed HIV infection and not to the drugs.

After nearly two years of this, the Nagels became aware of Peter Duesberg's dissenting view by a relative who read an article about him. They became intrigued and wrote to Duesberg, who replied immediately, telling them to take Lindsey off the antiretroviral drugs or they would kill her. They did so and for that reason alone, Lindsey is still with us today.

The paediatrician concerned, in 2005 received an award for her leadership in treating HIV patients and in a subsequent interview about the award, had this to say...

"We started on AZT (Retrovir) for a child who was adopted and the parents said it was a poison and they called Peter Duesberg, the man who wrote a book claiming that AIDS isn't caused by HIV and they pulled the child from my care."

However, others were not so fortunate...

"There was nothing you could do years ago. Most children back then did not live past seven to twelve years old. And it was hard; these were children that you got attached to. It was really hard. All we could do was provide some supportive care and treat their opportunistic infections. We had many deaths, ten to twelve in 1994."

The doctor goes on to say that children stand a better chance of survival now, implying that the treatment has improved, but does not mention the fact that this is only because the dosage of retroviral drugs has been greatly lowered. However, these drugs are still nonspecific, toxic and eventually still do kill most of those who take them.

Of course, Lindsey Nagel is not the only one who benefitted from ending her intake of AZT, this is also happening in Africa too.

"Recently CNN dispatched a reporter to the West African country of Gambia to do a story on Gambian President Yahya Jammeh, who announced in January that he has discovered a cure for AIDS. President Jammeh has

come up with a recipe consisting of seven herbs and spices that is administered to an HIV-positive patient once a day...

...Mr. Sow, according to his own testimony, has been HIV-positive since 1996 and had been taking antiretrovirals for the past four years until he volunteered to try President Yahya Jammeh's new treatment. After only four weeks, he gained 30 pounds and felt like a new person. He feels cured, and has no more 'HIV symptoms.' ...Mr. Koinange is sceptical, though, not so much about the witness's honesty (in fact, he interviewed a lot of patients who made similar statements), but of the scientific basis of the treatment, as the government refuses to provide any medical records that might back the patients' claims.

But the patient, if one will listen carefully, may have provided a full explanation of the efficacy of the dictator's dream-potion. He has been HIV-positive since 1996. What a strange virus this is, that threatened to ravage North America so many years ago, as once a healthy person caught it (which could happen quite easily through normal sexual contact, we were told), the incurable and unstoppable disease AIDS always set in, inevitably killing the patient. Today in North America, the only people who are killed by AIDS are the same people who have always been killed by it, i.e., severe drug abusers and/or homosexual men engaging in a certain sexual practice (usually both). So the AIDS 'disease' has moved on to a new market, Africa, where millions of people are supposedly infected with the HIV virus and are going to start dying any day now. Yet, Ousman Sow had the virus from 1996 until 2003, seven years, before he started taking the antiretrovirals to 'save' his life. It was then, I would be willing to bet, that he started really experiencing his 'HIV symptoms.' Within only four weeks of ceasing the antiretrovirals, he regained lost weight and felt well again.

The cure that our witch doctor has inadvertently found may be nothing more than getting 'HIV positive' patients off their antiretrovirals." James Foye

The treatment for HIV has always been non-specific, DNA destroying drugs. In a supreme irony, the prophecy of a destructive epidemic became on a small scale, self-fulfilling, as tens of thousands died from the very drugs that were supposed to cure them. Of course, they 'officially' died from the disease itself and not the drugs themselves. All of the defenders of the HIV/AIDS orthodoxy are paid, directly or indirectly by government (i.e., they work for the government, or a university that is subsidised by government or a pharmaceutical company whose AIDS drug business depends on people

believing what the government says about AIDS and whose drugs are largely paid for by the government). Dissenters like Peter Duesberg, are shut out and disenfranchised, attacked or both.

"HIV does NOT cause AIDS. HIV does not cause anything. This is a staggering statement given the hype and acceptance by the scientific establishment and through them, the public that the HIV virus is the only cause of AIDS. HIV is a weak virus and does not dismantle the immune system. Nor is AIDS passed on sexually. There are two main types of virus. Using the airplane analogy, you could call one of these virus strains a 'pilot' virus. It can change the nature of a cell and steer it into disease. This usually happens very quickly after the virus takes hold. Then there is the 'passenger' virus which lives off the cell, goes along for the ride, but never affects the cell to the extent that it causes disease. HIV is a passenger virus!

So how on earth did it become the big bogeyman virus of the world? The person who announced that HIV caused AIDS was an American, Doctor Robert Gallo. He has since been accused of professional misconduct, his test has been exposed as fraudulent and two of his laboratory executives have been convicted of criminal offences. Tens of millions of people are tested for HIV antibodies every year and Dr Gallo, who patented his 'test', gets a royalty for every single one. Luc Montagnier, Gallo's partner in the HIV-causes-AIDS theory, has since admitted in 1989: 'HIV is not capable of causing the destruction of the immune system which is seen in people with AIDS'. Nearly 500 scientists across the world agree with him. So does Dr Robert E Wilner, author of the book 'The Deadly Deception. The Proof That Sex and HIV Absolutely Do Not Cause AIDS'

Dr Wilner even injected himself with the HIV virus on a television chat show in Spain to support his claims. Other doctors and authors come to the same conclusions, among them Peter Duesberg PhD and John Yiamouyiannis PhD, in their book, 'AIDS: The Good News Is That HIV Doesn't Cause It. The Bad News Is 'Recreational Drugs' and Medical Treatments Like AZT Do'. That's a long title, but it sums up the situation. People are dying of AIDS because of the treatments used to 'treat' AIDS! It works like this. Now it is accepted by the establishment and the people that HIV causes AIDS, the system has built this myth into its whole diagnosis and 'treatment'. You go to the doctor and you are told your HIV test was positive (positive only for the HIV antibodies, by the way, they don't actually test for the virus itself). Because of the propaganda, many people already begin to die emotionally and

mentally when they are told they are HIV positive. They have been conditioned to believe that death is inevitable.

The fear of death leads them to accept and often demand, the hyped-up 'treatments' which are supposed to stop AIDS occurring. (They don't.) The most famous is AZT, produced by the Wellcome organisation, owned, wait for it, by the Rockefellers, one of the key manipulating families in the New World Order.

AZT was developed as an anti-cancer drug to be used in chemotherapy, but it was found to be too toxic even for that! AZT's effect in the 'treatment' of cancer was to kill cells - simple as that - not just to kill cancer cells, but to kill cells, cancerous and healthy. The question and this is accepted even by the medical establishment, was: would AZT kill the cancer cells before it had killed so many healthy cells that it killed the body? This is the drug used to 'treat' HIV. What is its effect?

It destroys the immune system, so CAUSING AIDS. People are dying from the treatment, not the HIV. AIDS is simply the breakdown of the immune system, for which there are endless causes, none of them passed on through sex. That's another con which has made a fortune for condom manufacturers and created enormous fear around the expression of our sexuality and the release and expansion of our creative force.

What has happened since the Great AIDS Con is that now anyone who dies from a diminished immune system is said to have died of the all-encompassing term, AIDS. It is even built into the diagnosis. If you are HIV positive and you die of tuberculosis, pneumonia, or 25 other unrelated diseases now connected by the con men to 'AIDS', you are diagnosed as dying of AIDS. If you are not HIV positive and you die of one of those diseases you are diagnosed as dying of that disease, not AIDS. This manipulates the figures every day to indicate that only HIV positives die of AIDS. This is a lie.

Many people who die from AIDS are not HIV positive and the reason that the figures for AIDS deaths have not soared as predicted is that the overwhelming majority of people diagnosed HIV positive have never developed AIDS. Why? Because HIV has nothing whatsoever to do with AIDS!

Anything that breaks down the immune system causes AIDS and that includes so-called recreational drugs. The vast majority of AIDS deaths in the United States involve homosexuals and this perpetuates the myth that it has something to do with sex. But homosexuals in the US are among the biggest

users of drugs which genuine doctors have linked to AIDS. Prostitutes who take drugs often get AIDS; prostitutes who do not take drugs invariably do not get AIDS. The rise in the AIDS figures in the United States corresponds perfectly with the increase in the use of drugs - most of which are made available to people on the streets by elements within the US Government, including Bill Clinton and George Bush. In Africa, the breakdown of the immune system, now known as AIDS, is caused by ill health - lack of good food, clean water and the general effects of poverty. Haemophiliacs do not die from HIV-infected blood; they die, as they did before the AIDS scam, from a quirk in their own immune system. Their immune system locks into foreign proteins in the infused blood and on rare occasions it can become confused during this process and attack itself. Their immune system, in effect, commits suicide. HIV is irrelevant to that. Yet how many people today who have been diagnosed HIV positive are having their lives blighted by the fear that the symptoms of AIDS will start any moment?

AZT is the killer. There is not a single case of AZT reversing the symptoms of AIDS. How can it? It's causing them, for goodness sake. The AIDS industry is now worth billions of pounds a year and makes an unimaginable fortune for the drug industry controlled by the Rockefellers and the rest of the Global Elite." David Icke, geo-political researcher, 2007

Interesting is it not, that the AIDS industry refers to those who try to expose the truth as being 'deniers' which has shades of the other great 'denial', that of the holocaust industry? So in effect they are psychologically likening doctors who try to tell the world what is really happening, with Nazis.

"I reported that in early 1987 I had received a telephone call from a researcher for a TV company who had told me that his company (Thames TV) was planning a documentary about AIDS. 'What do you think about AIDS?' he asked me. I told him that I thought that the threat had been exaggerated by some doctors, a lot of politicians and most journalists. The researcher was silent for a moment or two. I could tell by the silence that he was disappointed. It wasn't quite what he'd hoped to hear.

We're planning a major documentary,' he said. `We want to cover all the angles. Haven't you got anything new to say about AIDS?' 'I don't think AIDS is a plague that threatens mankind,' I insisted. I then pointed out that I believed that the evidence about AIDS had been distorted and the facts exaggerated. 'We really wanted you to come on to the programme and talk about some of the problems likely to be caused by the disease,' persisted the

researcher. 'I'm happy to come on to the programme and say that I think that the dangers posed by the disease have been exaggerated,' I told the researcher.

The researcher sighed. 'Quite a few doctors have said that to me,' he said sadly. 'But it really isn't the sort of angle we're looking for.' Very gently I put down the telephone. I didn't expect to hear from the researcher again and I didn't. His company produced a networked television programme about AIDS that appeared on our screens a short time after that conversation. And I suspect that most of those who viewed it went to bed believing that AIDS is the greatest threat to mankind since the Black Death. That was by no means an isolated incident. The facts about AIDS were carefully selected to satisfy the public image of the disease - and to satisfy those with vested interests to protect." Dr. Vernon Coleman, former British 'TV Doctor', dropped from the networks because of his non-compliant views

And whilst we still argue and debate the issues, people are literally dying to know the truth.

Cancer

Everyone should know that the 'war on cancer' is largely a fraud." Linus Pauling, Nobel Laureate

"I keep telling people to stop giving money to 'cancer research' because no one is frigging looking for a cure. We have several and they have been carefully hidden away from public view...this is a multi-billion dollar per year industry and a 'cure' would put a lot of people out of work." Geraldine Phillips, cancer research worker, 2011

"The chief, if not the sole, cause of the monstrous increase in cancer has been vaccination" Dr. Robert Bell, former Vice President, International Society for Cancer Research

Dr. James Watson won a Nobel Prize along with Dr. Francis Crick for discovering and describing the double helix shape of DNA at Cambridge University in the early 1950s and during the early 1970s he served two years on the US National Cancer Advisory Board. In 1975, he was asked his thoughts about the American National Cancer Programme. He declared, "It's a bunch of shit." Blunt and crude though his assessment may be, it also happens to be true.

Cancer, that 'life-threatening disease' and ruthless killer of countless millions of mothers, fathers, sons and daughters in the last 100 years or more, is relatively easy to cure and even easier to prevent.

I am acutely aware of the emotive subject that cancer has become and do not make this glib-sounding statement lightly, but with due deference to the millions who have lost loved ones and / or suffered terribly and had their own lives cruelly cut short for what amounts to no reason at all, unless of course you consider the vast, unimaginable profits made by the purveyors of this great criminal racket, for criminal racket is exactly what it is.

In 1953, a United States Senate investigation reported in its initial findings that there was the strong suspicion of an ongoing conspiracy to suppress and destroy effective cancer treatments. The Senator in charge of the investigation died suddenly in unexplained circumstances, the usual MO (modus operandus or operating method) in these cases, which was obviously very convenient for those with much to lose from his revelations. As a result of his death, the investigation was subsequently, suddenly disbanded without further ado and was never resumed. Unsurprisingly, the good Senator was neither the first nor the last of literally hundreds if not thousands of strange, unexplained deaths involving people in positions to threaten the interests of those running the Elite controlled cancer programmes and indeed the Elite-controlled anything else. Ethical people who attempt to disrupt the flow of profits into the Elite's coffers have to be silenced one way or another, after all.

But this is only the small tip of a very large and extremely dangerous iceberg. In 1964, the FDA spent millions of dollars to suppress and bury an 'alternative' cancer treatment which had cured hundreds, if not thousands of cancer patients according to well-documented sources. It became apparent and was later disclosed that in the subsequent court proceedings, the FDA had falsified the testimony of witnesses, to suit its own ends. The FDA lost the court case because the jury found the defendants innocent and recommended that the substance be evaluated, objectively. In fact it never was evaluated but instead all the evidence was totally suppressed and then conveniently 'lost'.

For many years (and still to this day), the American Medical Association (AMA) and the American Cancer Society (ACS) co-ordinated their own 'blacklists' of cancer researchers who were regarded as threats to their cancer monopoly and who were to be singled-out for smear campaigns and ostracised by the mainstream. One investigative reporter declared the AMA and ACS to be "a network of vigilantes prepared to pounce on anyone who promotes a cancer therapy that runs against their substantial prejudices and profits." The ACS, believe it or not actually makes political donations! A 'charitable

organisation' that makes political donations? What does this tell us about them and the system within which they operate?

In the late 1950s, it was learned that Dr. Henry Welch, head of the FDA's Division of Antibiotics, had secretly received $287,000 (a colossal sum in those days) from the drug companies he was supposed to regulate. In 1975, an independent government evaluation of the FDA still found massive 'conflicts of interest' among the agency's top personnel.

And In 1977, an investigative team from the prominent newspaper 'Newsday' found serious 'conflicts of interest' at the National Cancer Institute (NCI) and in 1986, an organized cover-up of an effective alternative cancer therapy, orchestrated by NCI officials, was revealed during Congressional hearings. The list goes on and on and I strongly suggest to the reader that they should perform their own Internet research on this topic and not simply take my word for it.

The cancer 'industry' now has a more than 60-year history of vast corruption, incompetence and organised terror against its many detractors and a shameful track record of suppression of cancer therapies which are actually beneficial. Millions, if not billions of people have suffered terrible torture and death because those in charge took bribes, had closed minds to the innovative, or simply were afraid to do what was obviously and ethically correct. Instead, the corporate and individual greed and the desire of the few to profit from the many, as always takes precedence.

"The doctor's union (AMA), the cancer bureaucracy (NCI), the public relations fat-cats (ACS) and the cancer cops (FDA) are conspiring to suppress a cure for cancer... It would be easy for any Congressional committee, major newspaper, television network or national magazine to confirm and extend the evidence presented here in order to initiate radical reform of the critical cancer areas--the hospitals, the research centres, the government agencies, and especially state and local legislation regarding cancer treatment.

But that will not happen without a struggle. Neither Congress nor the media desire to lift the manhole cover on this sewer of corruption and needless torture. Only organized, determined citizen opposition to the existing cancer treatment system has any hope of bringing about the long-needed changes. I expect the struggle to be a long, difficult one against tough, murderous opposition. The odds against success are heavy. The vested interests are very powerful... ". Barry Lynes, 'The Healing of Cancer'

There is a veritable mountain of overwhelming evidence and examples which support the theory of collusion between activities of Western governments, especially the United States, along with other prominent members of the 'medical Elite' to prevent an effective cancer treatment being promulgated.

Surgery is a massive shock to the system, uses carcinogenic anaesthesia and increases the risk of cancer in the scar tissue. It has value only where the threat to life processes is immediate, as in digestive obstruction etc. The routine removal of every malignant or sometimes even benign lump, surrounded, by the body with a defensive shield, can be virtually a death sentence, especially in the elderly.

Chemotherapy involves the use of extremely toxic petrochemical drugs in the hope, which is often never realised, of killing the disease before killing the patient. The drugs are designed to kill all fast growing cells, cancerous or not and all cells caught in the act of division are systematically poisoned. The effects include hair loss, violent nausea, vomiting, diarrhoea, cramps, impotence, sterility, extreme pain, fatigue, immune system destruction, cancer and death. According to the government's own figures, around 2 percent of chemotherapy recipients are still alive after 5 years. The term 'alive' is used here in its literal sense, ie. not yet clinically dead. One of chemotherapy's less well-known side-effects is pneumonia. Many cancer patients die of this after undergoing chemo treatment and their cause of deaths are not recorded as 'cancer'.

"Toxic chemotherapy is a hoax. The doctors who use it are guilty of premeditated murder. I cannot understand why women take chemotherapy and suffer so terribly for no purpose." Oncologist, Channel 4 TV, 2010

Radiotherapy likewise is equally, if not more deadly. One person who chose to have treatment with the radiation machine turned-off altogether was the Grand National winning jockey Bob Champion. Convinced by the early detectors, in spite of feeling well, that he was "... likely to die of cancer of the lymph gland" he decided that he did not relish the thought of a treatment that "... could have ruined his lungs" let alone the rest of him and opted for drugs. He eventually survived the treatment and the 'lymphoma'. His doctor, 'cancer specialist', Ann Barrett, declared "He is the only patient in my experience who has come through this disease and achieved such a high degree of physical fitness afterwards. His recovery is even more remarkable when you consider that he refused to have the conventional treatment."! Or not.

The plight of the ever-increasing number of parents of child cancer victims facing 'radiotherapy' was well illustrated in October 1993 "... after learning of the appalling side-effects of radiotherapy... her anxious mother has opted to take her to America for private treatment... 'I've been told the radiotherapy will cause brain damage knocking forty points off her I.Q... Her growth would be stunted... she would need hormones to help her growth and sexual development. It is also likely she would be sterile'." Further delights include bone and nerve damage, leading to amputation of limbs, severe burns and of course, death, at a future time, from cancer and leukaemia due to the highly carcinogenic, immune-suppressive effects of the huge doses of radiation.

"Chemotherapy and radiotherapy will make the ancient method of drilling holes in a patient's head, to permit the escape of demons; look relatively advanced... the use of cobalt... effectively closes the door on cure."

The 90/95% death rate within a five year period has not stopped the cancer industry from carrying out the same procedures, day in, day out, for decades with the same deadly, inevitable results. Temporarily suppressing, with the scalpel, drug or radiation, the symptoms of cancer does nothing for the victim's chances of survival.

Adding gross insult to injury, the treatment involves massive doses of carcinogens and super-poisons. The patient is subject to a regime diametrically opposed to that which is needed for survival. Cancer is an acceptable form of suicide for those who have lost the desire to live, this loss being a major factor in the development of the disease in the first place. The great tragedy and scandal is in cases where the victim has a strong determination to live and fight but is then destroyed by the assault from the lethal, useless treatment and not by the cancer.

So why are the vast majority of doctors against alternative cancer treatments and why would they actively encourage you to undergo known-to-be-dangerous treatments such as chemotherapy, radiotherapy and surgery instead of trying natural cures?

Unfortunately, doctors are against these treatments because from the first day of Elite-controlled medical school, they are brainwashed into believing that disease can only be effectively treated by those methods proscribed by Big Pharma. They most certainly will have been led to believe that there are no cures for cancer, when in reality there are several, none of which will enhance the profits of Big Pharma or sustain the payments on a senior hospital consultant's Bentley convertible. Additionally they operate under the severely

inhibiting paradox that food is good enough to keep you alive but not sufficiently good to keep you healthy or heal you when you are ill.

Most cancer drugs cost in the region of £25,000 per annum per patient. In the US this payable either by the individual or by their health insurer (assuming they are adequately insured) whereas in the UK this is paid by the NHS (National Health Service). However, whichever way, the fact is that this is the amount paid into the coffers of Big Pharma, per person, per annum and when you consider the number of people worldwide who suffer from and die from cancer each year, I am sure you can do the maths. What incentive is there for any organisation whose first responsibility is always to maintain a profit for its shareholders and owners, to discover a cure? I submit that there is none at all and this is the reason for the utter failure (despite the eloquent hype) of Big Pharma in their self-styled 'war on cancer'.

We are even deceived by the so-called professionals in such seemingly beneficial activities as 'cancer screening programmes'. For example, mammograms, heavily promoted as being an integral part of the early detection of breast cancer, provably achieve nothing other than to irradiate the breast and in many cases actually cause the cancer it is supposed to be detecting.

Most doctors believe not only that what they were taught in medical school must be true, but they also believe that what they were not taught cannot be important and as a result of this are unable to comprehend anything that falls outside of their area of knowledge. Most doctors are still thinking 'inside the box' when it comes to cancer and doctors who do think for themselves instead of regarding their learning as gospel and treat the actual cause of disease rather than the symptoms are regarded as 'quacks' and are subjected to huge pressure, ridicule and threats to conform. One of the FDA's modus operandi is to raid the offices of alternative thinkers and practitioners, destroying their medical records, and putting them in jail.

Additionally, some doctors are afraid of expensive, time consuming lawsuits and their insurer could well refuse to pay out if they use alternative treatments of any kind. Their medical boards may fine them and even revoke their licence to practice or strike them from the medical register, effectively disbarring them from medical practice for ever. Peer pressure is a huge issue too. After all, doctors are only human and their colleagues will not be slow to publicly ridicule them if they use alternative treatments or are seen to be using or endorsing 'non-conventional' medicine.

"Doctors will continue to fail with cancer until they buck the training and accept that a patient is not some collection of malfunctioning cells but a human out of homeostasis. We have cultures alive today who don't get cancer. No stress, no speed cameras, no mobile phones, no Iraq War. Don't get me wrong, I truly believe 21st century civilisation has much to commend it but there are downsides. We're a toxic society and that includes the medicines. If cancer is striking 1 in 3 of us, that means something is going fundamentally wrong and we're either going to be honest about it or continue canoeing down that long river in Egypt called De-Nial, splurfing down the rat-burgers until the meat-wagon comes to collect us." Philip Day, health researcher

Cancer Research UK spends £170 million, annually, on 3,000 research scientists whose brief is to avoid any research into holistic, naturopathic, nutritional treatments; therapies which provide the ONLY means to successfully treat a cancer victim.

"Using the guise of "established" medical science, many widely accepted studies are disseminated through medical journals and accepted as the ultimate authority by many. In the case of Professor Sheng Wang of Boston University School of Medicine Cancer Research Center, his cancer research was found to be misconducted, fraudulent and contain altered results. What is unsettling is the fact that his research had been previously accepted and used as a cornerstone from which to base all subsequent cancer research." Andre Evans. Activist Post, 19th October 2011

"The American Cancer Society was founded by the Rockefeller family to act as a propaganda outlet and public relations tool to suck in money and help promote pharmaceuticals for cancer 'therapy'. Gary Null did a fantastic exposé on who and what the ACS is in a series of articles about 10 years ago and he often retold his experiences on the radio in coming to realize what a fraudulent outfit the ACS actually is. People are simply giving aid and comfort

to Big Pharma when they support the ACS." Ken Adachi, political researcher, May 2011

However, not all studies are fraudulent, but when the motivation for these doctors and professors is financial, it turns the current medical paradigm into a war zone. As a consumer, it is important that you undertake your own research on the harsh side effects of traditional cancer treatment methods such as chemotherapy.

There is much evidence that there are in existence literally hundreds of alternative cancer treatments which really do work. Some are even of sufficient potency or are fast acting enough to effectively treat a cancer patient who has been deemed to be 'terminal' by his/her doctor. As untold millions are pumped into the fake cancer industry that thrives on provably fraudulent research, it is important to remember that free, alternative health options do exist. Utilising natural sweeteners, vitamin D therapy and eliminating artificial sweeteners such as aspartame in its many guises, are extremely simple ways to effectively prevent cancer and potentially begin reversing it.

It is not my intention here to relate those cures to the reader as this is outside the remit of this book. It is obviously desirable that everyone become familiar with a few different working methods of preventing the disease rather than trying to affect a cure at the eleventh hour, so to speak and these preventative and curative strategies are all available in abundance on the Internet. However, even should the worst happen and you are unfortunately diagnosed with cancer of some kind then it is still not too late to adopt the 'cure rather than prevention' approach in 90% of cases and this is true even in cases where traditional cures have been attempted and apparently failed.

Controversy has raged for years over whether mercury received through vaccines is sufficient to cause harm to children. Virtually all studies absolving mercury-containing vaccines of safety deficiencies have been conducted by vaccine insiders with a financial stake in the outcome, rendering them in effect, worthless.

Chronic neurological disorders, especially autism, have increased rapidly during the past two decades in correlation with increases in vaccines and total mercury exposure. In July 1999, CDC, the American Academy of Paediatrics

and vaccine companies agreed to remove mercury from all childhood vaccines 'as soon as possible', but at the time of writing it still remains in 16 licensed vaccines, 5 of which are still given to infants.

CDC claims there is 'no convincing evidence of harm' that vaccines cause significant neurological damage or autism and cites a number of studies claiming to exonerate mercury.

"The studies they reference are all deeply flawed, and, as was the case with decades of 'tobacco epidemiology,' were deliberately manufactured to hide the truth," Jim Moody, director of SafeMinds

Data from the CDC's Vaccine Safety Datalink first revealed an association between mercury and brain damage, but these findings were later suppressed and the data were manipulated to exonerate thimerasol. This scientific manipulation was first revealed through documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, leading to a best-selling book, Evidence of Harm and to a published retraction of any "no cause" interpretation by the study's lead author Thomas Verstraeten (who by then had left CDC for the vaccine manufacturer, GlaxoSmithKline). The most recent study of VSD data by Young et al. made additional findings that vaccine mercury caused not only autism but several other neuro-developmental disorders. Despite criticism from the Institute of Medicine and Congress, CDC still refuses to grant access to VSD to private researchers and the Justice Department refuses to permit petitioners in Vaccine Courts access to these crucial data.

Big Pharma has been under pressure to remove mercury from all its vaccines for more than a decade now, but still shows no actual intent to do so. What further evidence do we need that there is a conspiracy to maintain the status quo and continue to poison and kill on an industrial scale? The very fact that governments remain complicit and do not intervene also speaks volumes and adds fuel to the fire of conspiracy. It is obviously in everyone's interests (except the general populace of course) that things remain as they are and the cull should continue.

The official position of the British Dental Association (BDA) is that 'silver' fillings are safe and that amalgam (containing mercury) is an appropriate material to shore-up decayed teeth. They also state that there is no proven connection with adverse health complaints. This actually conflicts directly

with a statement by the Health and Safety Executive which states… "Mercury forms a large number of organic and inorganic compounds. Mercury vapour and almost all of these compounds are highly toxic. Less hazardous substitutes should be used whenever possible".

14,000 scientific papers world-wide have been published which suggest that mercury is a toxic material and should therefore not be used in fillings. However, more recently the BDA has released a statement saying that more research needs to be carried out to ensure safety. The UK Department of Health advises all dentists not to remove or replace amalgam fillings in pregnant women!

It is almost universally agreed that mercury can produce serious side effects. It has become increasingly apparent that a large minority of dentists are no longer happy placing amalgam fillings in patients' mouths or subjecting nursing staff or themselves to further potential toxicity.

"About 3% of the population are estimated to suffer from 'mercury sensitivity'". The British Dental Association (ie. the Elite-controlled and run British Dental Association)

That statement would be hilarious if it wasn't so serious. Who do they really think they are kidding? Everyone is 'sensitive' to Mercury in much the same way as we are 'sensitive' to Sarin nerve gas, hydrochloric acid or a bullet in the head. Mercury, as they well know is a deadly poison causing all manner of unpleasantness to our bodies. Amalgam based dental fillings contain not only mercury but other highly toxic metals which produces vapour that slowly poisons us.

Good health is impossible in the face of constant, low-level mercury poisoning, which occurs in people with mercury based amalgam fillings. As an example, thyroid abnormalities cannot be corrected until amalgams are removed. From the time the mercury is placed in your mouth, until the day you die (or you lose the teeth), chewing causes mercury vapour to escape. It then enters your bloodstream and is delivered to all parts of your body, including your brain.

In California, dentists are required by law to inform patients of mercury risk. Several European countries have outright bans, and the German government reimburses victims for mercury removal. It is commonplace for dental associations to deny the dangers, due to their well-founded fear of being broken by lawsuits from people they have damaged over many decades. Mercury fillings, unfortunately, are still widely used in the UK and are still

vehemently defended by many dentists. I leave you to guess their motives in this gross deception.

"The ADA owes no legal duty of care to protect the public... If you are a dentist still using mercury amalgam, be careful. If you tell your patient that it is harmful, you already know that the ADA will come after you. But... if you don't tell your patient, you might be sued for not providing informed consent." American Dental Association in a letter to dentists.

The California State Board of Dental Examiners recently published a warning that mercury is a known toxin that has been shown to escape into the body. The US Environmental Protection Agency classifies mercury filling material, once removed from the mouth, as a toxic waste that must then be carefully handled in special containers, and buried in toxic waste sites.

"When I trained as a dentist some years ago we had no training in nutrition or in the safety of materials. In fact we were told once mercury is mixed into the alloy to make amalgam it is perfectly safe.

However, not long after working in general practice I realised that the suction unit has a filtration device that captures the chunks of amalgam drilled out of a tooth and that the dental nurses would empty this into a jar containing x-ray fixative chemicals at the end of the day so that it could not gas out mercury.

Once the jar was full it would be collected to go away as a hazardous waste material as we are legally not allowed to dispose of it down the sink or in the garbage. That material is identical to what I was drilling and placing in teeth yet once out of the mouth was a toxic waste product. How could that be?" Rachel Hall, former National Health Service Dentist in the UK

Mercury toxicity has been linked to the following ailments;

Severe headaches and migraine

Fatigue

Poor Concentration

Irritability

ME

Multiple Sclerosis

Alzheimer's disease

If you have amalgam fillings, my strong advice would be to find a dentist who is capable of and willing to remove them and replace with bio-friendly alternatives. As you have probably gathered by now, our controlled

'healthcare' system does not care about you or your family's health in the slightest. We need to start fighting back against this insidious group as soon as we can in every way that we can.

It is said that marijuana or hemp as it was previously known is dangerous, however it is categorically known not to be harmful to either the human body or mind. Marijuana does not pose a threat to the general public, but it is very much a danger to the Elite-owned oil companies, alcohol and tobacco industries and a large number of chemical corporations. Big businesses with unlimited spending power and influence have suppressed the truth from the people. The truth is that, if marijuana was utilised for its vast array of commercial products and benefits, it would create a second industrial revolution all on its own. The truth is again that the super-rich have conspired to spread disinformation about a plant that, if used correctly, would ruin their companies. You may have noticed the same recurring theme here!?

Where did the word 'marijuana' come from? In the mid-1930s, the 'm-word' was created from an obscure Spanish slang word to tarnish the good image and phenomenal history of the hemp plant. The facts cited here with references, are generally verifiable in the Encyclopedia Britannica which was printed on hemp paper for 150 years:

"All schoolbooks were made from hemp or flax paper until the 1880s." Jack Frazier, Hemp Paper Reconsidered 1974

"It was legal to pay taxes with hemp in America from 1631 until the early 1800s." LA Times, 12th August 1981

"Refusing to grow hemp in America during the 17th and 18th centuries was against the law! You could be jailed in Virginia for refusing to grow hemp from 1763 to 1769". G. M. Herdon, Hemp in Colonial Virginia

"Benjamin Franklin owned one of the first paper mills in America and it processed hemp. Also, the War of 1812 was fought over hemp. Napoleon wanted to cut off Moscow's export to England." Jack Herer, Emperor Wears No Clothes

"For thousands of years, 90% of all ships' sails and rope were made from hemp. The word 'canvas' is Dutch for cannabis". Webster's New World Dictionary

George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and other founding fathers grew hemp. (Washington and Jefferson Diaries). Jefferson smuggled hemp seeds from China to France and thence to America.

80% of all textiles, fabrics, clothes, linen, bed sheets, etc., were made from hemp until the 1820s, with the introduction of the cotton gin.

The first Bibles, maps, charts and the first drafts of the US Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were made from hemp.

The first crop grown in many states was hemp. 1850 was a peak year for Kentucky which produced 40,000 tons. Hemp was the largest cash crop until the 20th century.

The oldest known records of hemp farming go back 5000 years in China, although hemp industrialization probably goes back to ancient Egypt.

Rembrandt's, Van Gogh's, Gainsborough's, as well as most early canvas paintings, were principally painted on hemp linen.

In 1916, the U.S. Government predicted that by the 1940s all paper would come from hemp and that no more trees would need to be cut down. Government studies report that 1 acre of hemp equals 4.1 acres of trees. Plans were in the works to implement these programs. (US Department of Agriculture Archives.)

"Quality paints and varnishes were made from hemp seed oil until 1937. 58,000 tons of hemp seeds were used in America for paint products in 1935." Sherman Williams Paint Co, testimony before the US Congress against the 1937 Marijuana Tax Act

"Henry Ford's first Model-T car was built to run on hemp fuel and the car itself was constructed from hemp. On his large estate, Ford was photographed among his hemp fields. The car, 'grown from the soil,' had hemp plastic panels whose impact strength was 10 times stronger than steel." Popular Mechanics, 1941

William Randolph Hearst and the Hearst Paper Manufacturing division of Kimberly Clark owned a vast acreage of timberlands. The Hearst Company supplied most paper products. Hearst, a destroyer of nature for his own personal profit, stood to lose billions because of hemp.

In 1937, DuPont patented the processes to make plastics from oil and coal. DuPont's Annual Report urged shareholders to invest in its new petrochemical division. Synthetics such as plastics, cellophane, celluloid, methanol, nylon, rayon, Dacron, etc., could now be made from oil. Natural hemp industrialization would have ruined over 80% of DuPont's business.

Andrew Mellon became Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury and DuPont's primary investor. He appointed his future nephew-in-law, Harry J. Anslinger, to head the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. Subsequently, secret meetings were held by these financial tycoons and as a result, hemp was declared dangerous and a threat to their billion-dollar enterprises. For their dynasties to remain intact, hemp had to be eradicated. These men took an obscure Mexican slang word: 'marijuana' and pushed it into the consciousness of America.

A media blitz of 'yellow' journalism raged in the late 1920s and 1930s. Hearst's newspapers ran stories emphasizing the horrors of marijuana. The menace of marijuana made headlines and readers were told that it was responsible for everything from car accidents to low morality.

Films like Reefer Madness (1936), Marijuana: Assassin of Youth (1935) and Marijuana: The Devil's Weed (1936) were propaganda hit-pieces designed by these Elites to create an enemy and their purpose was to gain public support so that anti-marijuana laws could be passed. In the film 'Reefer Madness', hemp (marijuana) is referred to as 'a violent narcotic'. It instigates 'acts of shocking violence' and causes 'incurable insanity' and 'soul-destroying effects' and even contains quotes such as 'under the influence of the drug he killed his entire family with an axe' and 'more vicious, more deadly even than these soul-destroying drugs (heroin, cocaine) is the menace of marijuana!'

Reefer Madness did not end with the usual 'the end.' The film concluded with these emotive words plastered on the screen 'Tell your children.' In the 1930s, most people were very naive, even to the point of ignorance. The masses were much like sheep waiting to be led by the few in power and were easily manipulated en masse. They did not often challenge authority and so if the news was in print or on the radio, they believed it just had to be true. This 'knowledge' was passed down to their children and their children grew up to be the parents of the baby-boomers.

"Why is marijuana against the law? It grows naturally upon our planet. Doesn't the idea of making nature against the law seem to you a bit . . . unnatural?" Bill Hicks, comedian

On the 14th April 1937, the prohibitive Marijuana Tax Law, the bill that outlawed hemp was directly brought to the House Ways and Means Committee in the US. This committee is the only one that can introduce a bill to the House floor without it being debated by other committees. The

Chairman of the US Senate, Ways and Means Committee at the time, Robert Doughton, was a DuPont puppet and dupe and he ensured that the bill would pass through Congress.

Dr. James Woodward, a physician and attorney, testified too late on behalf of the American Medical Association. He told the committee that the reason the AMA had not denounced the Marijuana Tax Law sooner was that the Association had just discovered that marijuana was hemp. Few people, at the time, realized that the deadly menace they had been reading about on Hearst's front pages was in fact, harmless hemp. The AMA understood cannabis to be a medicine found in numerous healing products sold over the last hundred years.

So, in September of 1937, hemp duly became illegal and the single-most useful crop known to man became a 'drug' overnight and our planet has been suffering ever since. Congress banned hemp because it was said to be the most violence-causing drug known. Harry Anslinger, head of the Drug Commission for 31 years, promoted the idea that marijuana made users act extremely violently and in the 1950s, under the Communist threat of McCarthyism, he then stated the exact opposite, marijuana will pacify them so much that soldiers would not want to fight.

Today, the planet is in a desperate ecological state as large tracts of rain forests disappear at the behest of the corporate Elite. Pollution, poisons and chemicals are killing people but arguably, all this could be reversed if we industrialised hemp once again. Natural biomass could provide all of the planet's energy needs that are currently supplied by fossil fuels. Oil and Gas based fuels are controlled and monopolised by the rich to make extravagant profits to the detriment of the many and we desperately need a renewable resource of energy. Hemp could easily be the solution to soaring fuel prices and scarcity.

Hemp has a higher quality fibre than wood fibre. Far fewer caustic chemicals are required to make paper from hemp than from trees and hemp paper does not turn yellow and is extremely durable. The plant grows quickly to maturity in one season where trees take a lifetime.

All plastic products could be made from hempseed oil. Hemp-based plastics are biodegradable and so over time, they would naturally break-down and not cause harm to the environment, whereas oil-based plastics, the ones we are very familiar with, help ruin nature. They do not break-down easily and remain in the ecosystems for hundreds, if not thousands of years. The process

to produce the vast array of natural (hempen) plastics will not ruin the rivers as DuPont and other petrochemical companies have done but unfortunately a caring, sharing, ecologically-based strategy does not fit in with the profit-generation of the oil industry and the political machine. There are no indecent amounts of profit to be made going down that particular road whereas hemp-based products on the other hand are safe and natural.

Medicines could also be made from hemp. It is not that long ago that the AMA supported cannabis-based cures but now 'medical' marijuana is provided legally to only a handful of people while the rest of us are forced into a system that relies on artificial, mostly harmful chemicals. Marijuana is actually beneficial to the human body in so many ways.

A large variety of food products can also be generated from hemp. The seeds contain one of the highest sources of protein in nature and also they contain two essential fatty acids that cleanse the human body. These essential fatty acids are not found anywhere else in nature and consuming raw, uncooked hemp seeds is extremely beneficial for the human body.

Hemp-made clothing is extremely strong and durable over time unlike the cheap artificial fabrics today that tear and wear thin far too easily. Today, there are some companies that make hemp clothing, but hemp fabrics should be everywhere. Instead, they are almost underground and superior hemp products are not allowed advertising space on Elite-owned television stations.

Kentucky, once the top hemp producing state in America, made it illegal to wear hemp clothing. Can you imagine being thrown into jail for wearing quality jeans?

The alcohol, tobacco and oil companies spend billions funding campaigns and propaganda against illegal drugs including marijuana. The lies from the powerful, Elite corporations that began with Hearst are still as numerous today. The brainwashing continues and marijuana is being portrayed more and more as the enemy.

In fact, there is only one enemy, the people to whom we pay our taxes, the war-makers, the corporate and financial gangsters and the destroyers of nature for profit. With our funding, they are destroying the Earth before our eyes. Millions of deaths worldwide each year are caused by tobacco and millions more by alcohol but no-one has ever, ever died from marijuana. In the entire history of the human race, not one death can be attributed to cannabis. Our society has outlawed hemp but condones and promotes the use of the real

killers, tobacco and alcohol. Why would this be? Because it is all done in the name of profits and the subtle depopulation agenda.

Hemp should be declassified as a drug and its many benefits should be harnessed to help the human race. Stress, hardening and constriction of the arteries are but two examples of conditions that can be cured by the use of hemp and indeed ingesting THC, hemp's active agent, has a positive effect in relieving asthma and also the nausea caused by chemotherapy.

There is also much evidence to prove that one's creative abilities can be enhanced under the influence of marijuana, but of course that is probably reason enough for it to be banned, if true. It is, in fact the exact opposite state of mind and body as the drunken state, one can be more aware with marijuana. However, as I have mentioned several times, the last thing our Elite rulers want or need is an alert, clear-thinking, creative population. That would be far too dangerous to their ambitions.

Strangely, the hemp plant is thought by many to be an alien plant. There is plenty of physical evidence that cannabis is not like any other plant on this planet and so is it possible that it was brought here for the benefit of humanity, by our ancient alien ancestors? Hemp is the only known plant in which the males and the females appear very different, physically. It is most unusual to speak of males and females in regard to the plant kingdom because plants do not overtly show their sexes. To determine the sex of a normal, earthly plant, its DNA must be examined. A male potato plant, for example looks exactly like a female potato plant. The hemp plant however has a uniquely (amongst the plant kingdom) overt, intense sexuality.

So, in summary, the reason this amazingly useful, very sophisticated, possibly alien plant is illegal has nothing to do with how it physically affects us. Marijuana is illegal because billionaires wish to remain billionaires.

These light-bulbs (Compact Fluorescent bulbs or CFLs) are strongly promoted as being a huge contributor to the 'green' economy, even to the extent that it is now no longer possible to buy the standard light-bulb we have been used to all our lives. However, when we examine the reality, it can be seen to be somewhat different to the rosy picture painted of the eco-friendliness of this abomination.

Firstly, eco–friendly or healthy they most certainly are not. CFLs are filled with mercury and furthermore they also emit UV radiation when activated. An average CFL bulb contains 5mg of mercury and considering the fact that ingesting even the tiniest amount of mercury can be very harmful and as the US OSHA (Occupational Safety and Health administration) points out; the permissible level of mercury vapour is 0.1 milligram per cubic metre. A CFL contains 50 times that amount and even more significantly, the threshold limit value for skin contamination is just 0.025mg per cubic metre, 200 times the amount within a CFL!

Should one of these 'eco-friendly' bulbs break open, then anyone within the same room will be exposed to a massive risk of contamination. A study published on the 6th July 2011 showed that once broken, a CFL continuously releases mercury vapour into the air for months and depending on how well-ventilated the room is, can well exceed human safety levels.

The effects of exposure to mercury vapour can be damage to central and peripheral nervous systems, lungs, kidneys, skin and eyes in humans and damage to immune function and perhaps most alarmingly, the release of methyl-mercury, a chemical compound formed in the environment from released mercury that can cause brain damage. This is not exaggeration at all, but simply-stated fact.

CFLs operate in the 24-100 kHz frequency range, classified as Intermediate Frequency 5 (IF5) by the World Health Organisation. This in itself gives rise to fears of biological damage as it has been demonstrated that disturbances in this range cause sufficient interference to raise severe health concerns. In California, a recent study of cancer clusters associated the increased risk of cancer with teachers who taught in classrooms where the GS, a means of measuring dirty electricity, was above 200 GS units. Ironically, a light-bulb which is designed to be eco-friendly and less hazardous is classified as emitting 'dirty electricity', yet the traditional incandescent light-bulb does not.

Also despite the wild claims of CFL's promoters, questions also arise over its life-expectancy. There have been claims suggesting that these bulbs can last up to 10,000 hours whereas 5,000–8,000 hours would probably be closer to the truth. However, it is impossible to accurately determine a specific lifespan due to the large variety of different conditions existing in each individual home. What is known for certain though is that by switching the CFL on and off continually, it unsurprisingly, dramatically reduces the lifespan. Even that Elite propaganda-dispenser Wikipedia states, 'In the case of a 5-minute on/off cycle the lifespan of a CFL can be reduced to close to that of incandescent light bulbs'.

CFLs also take around 2-3 minutes to fully 'warm up' and therefore should light be required purely for a short period, for example quickly entering a room to retrieve an item, far more energy will be used than with conventional bulbs. The U.S. Energy Star program suggests that 'fluorescent lamps be left on when leaving a room for less than 15 minutes to mitigate this problem'. Is life not already complicated enough without all this to consider?!

A CFL 26 watt bulb is the equivalent of a 100 watt incandescent bulb and costs around £2.50 with a life span of an average of 7000 hours without factoring in the 5 minute on/off cycle. Comparatively speaking, an incandescent bulb costs just around 60p with an average life-span of 800

hours, so according to these figures we would spend around £4.00 more per life-cycle using incandescent eco-friendly, clean bulbs. In effect this then means that we would save a whole £4 over a period of one year.

But, what cannot be excluded from any considerations of the 'value' of this abomination are the severe, potential health risks and the enormous power surges required by CFLs when switching them and also the cost of the quick on/off cycle. These figures are typically always absent from any study on costs and efficiency, creating as usual, a totally false conclusion for widespread consumption by the masses.

In addition, the current price of CFLs reflects their almost exclusive manufacture in China, where labour costs are dramatically less and that will surely change, as the Chinese economy grows and achieves world domination as is widely expected by most commentators. Governments cannot be trusted to control the cost either, as they certainly wish to maximise the import duty on any item. The more expensive the bulb, the more duty they collect is simple mathematics. A good example of this tactic is how we were strongly encouraged to buy diesel cars as the fuel was much cheaper, but now that sufficient numbers of motorists have been 'converted' to the benefits of diesel, we find that the tax on diesel has been miraculously increased and thus we now pay considerably more for diesel than petrol! The game is rigged and the table has most definitely 'tilted'.

How is it possible to 'invent' a disease - or a syndrome to be more accurate? The answer is quite simple. When you have the financial muscle and the powerful propaganda machine that this kind of extreme wealth can buy, it is fairly straightforward to convince millions that several hitherto unrelated symptoms, when 'grouped' together comprise a new illness, disease or syndrome. Indeed this is exactly the case with AIDS / HIV but as that issue has been covered in another section we will concentrate on other examples.

Psychiatry itself admits "it has not proven the 'disease theory' or the cause or source of a single mental illness it has classified and the theory of a chemical imbalance in the brain causes mental illness has been thoroughly discredited by the psychiatric industry itself" mainly because critics pointed out that there isn't even a test for a chemical imbalance, it is complete nonsense. They say psychiatry is the 'original pseudoscience, medical fraud and completely made up'.

When one delves beneath the surface at the specialty of psychiatry, what is uncovered is so ludicrous it is difficult to believe that it is really true. Prominent psychiatrists from all over the world gather annually for a meeting at which new diseases are invented. There are no objective findings that establish the diagnosis of these diseases. These new diseases are included in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Diseases. Potential new diseases are discussed at these meetings and new diseases are voted in or out by a show of hands, believe it or not.

Among the new diseases are social anxiety disorder (everyone who is uncomfortable in a social setting has this disease) and mathematics disease (anyone who has struggled over a math problem has this disease). Gender identity disorder, passive-aggressive disorder, disorder of written expression and sexual disorder are other examples of invented diseases that will follow the individuals tagged with these ridiculous diagnoses the remainder of their lives. Naturally, all these completely fake diseases have a psychoactive drug, which supposedly ameliorates this disease, complete with a usually impressive price tag of course.

This may be laughable but unfortunately it has serious consequences. When a child is diagnosed with depression (!) the child is often placed on a

potent anti-depressant drug. The manufacturer of one of these leading drugs knew for many years that the drug caused loss of the ability to control violent behaviour, thus increasing violence towards self (suicide) and others (mass murders). This information was covered up because it would have negatively impacted upon sales of the drug. Nearly every teenager involved in the many recent school shooting rampages was taking an anti-depressant drug. There is a major fundamental flaw in a system more concerned about sales of drugs than the welfare of its children, but this we know already.

Another subtle ploy is to artificially set a limit on the incidence of certain parameters within the human body and then declare that anything above (or below) that limit is a cause for concern and/or a danger to our wellbeing. By that method it then becomes a simple task to produce a drug that 'cures' that imbalance and make millions for Big Pharma.

High cholesterol is just such a similar scam.

"Somewhere along the way however, cholesterol became a household word - something that you must keep as low as possible, or suffer the consequences. You are probably aware that there are many myths that portray fat and cholesterol as one of the worst foods you can consume. Please understand that these myths are actually harming your health. Not only is cholesterol most likely not going to destroy your health (as you have been led to believe), but it is also not the cause of heart disease." Dr. Joseph Mercola, 10th August 2010

One certainly needs cholesterol. It is present not only in the bloodstream, but also in every cell in the body, where it helps to produce cell membranes, hormones, vitamin D and bile acids that assist in the digestion of fat. Cholesterol also helps in the formation of memories and is vital for neurological function.

The liver makes about 75 percent of a body's cholesterol and according to conventional medicine, there are two types:

High-density lipoprotein or HDL: This is the 'good' cholesterol that helps to keep cholesterol away from the arteries and remove any excess from arterial plaque, which may help to prevent heart disease.

Low-density lipoprotein or LDL: This 'bad' cholesterol circulates in your blood and accumulates in arteries, forming a plaque that narrows arteries and renders them less flexible (a condition called arteriosclerosis). If a clot forms in one of these narrowed arteries leading to your heart or brain, a heart attack or stroke may result.

Please understand that the total cholesterol level is not an indicator of one's heart disease or stroke risk. Health officials in the United States urge everyone over the age of 20 to have their cholesterol tested once every five years. Part of this test is your total cholesterol or the sum of your blood's cholesterol content, including HDL, LDLs, and VLDLs.

The American Heart Association recommends that total cholesterol should be less than 200 mg/dL, but what they do not tell you is that total cholesterol level is just about worthless in determining your risk for heart disease, unless it is above 330. In addition, the AHA updated their guidelines in 2004, lowering the recommended level of LDL cholesterol from 130 to LDL to less than 100, or even less than 70 for patients at very high risk.

In order to achieve these outrageous and dangerously low targets, you typically need to take multiple cholesterol-lowering drugs. So the guidelines instantly increased the market for these dangerous drugs. Now, with testing children's cholesterol levels, they are increasing their potential market even more. So another digit on Big Pharma's bottom line profits there then.

Actually, you may be surprised to hear that cholesterol is neither 'good' nor 'bad'. Now that good and bad cholesterol has been defined, it has to be said that there is actually only one type of cholesterol!

"Notice please that LDL and HDL are lipoproteins - fats combined with proteins. There is only one cholesterol. There is no such thing as 'good' or 'bad' cholesterol. Cholesterol is just cholesterol.

It combines with other fats and proteins to be carried through the bloodstream, since fat and our watery blood do not mix very well. Fatty substances therefore must be shuttled to and from our tissues and cells using proteins. LDL and HDL are forms of proteins and are far from being just cholesterol. In fact we now know there are many types of these fat and protein particles.

LDL particles come in many sizes and large LDL particles are not a problem. Only the so-called small dense LDL particles can potentially be a problem, because they can squeeze through the lining of the arteries and if they oxidize, otherwise known as turning rancid, they can cause damage and

inflammation. Thus, you might say that there is 'good LDL' and 'bad LDL.' Also, some HDL particles are better than others. Knowing just your total cholesterol tells you very little. Even knowing your LDL and HDL levels will not tell you very much." Ron Rosedale MD, a leading anti-aging doctor in the USA

The idea that cholesterol is 'evil' has been very much ingrained in most people's minds; due to the propaganda expounded by the pharmaceutical cartel, but this is a very harmful myth that needs to be eliminated as soon as possible.

Dr. Rosedale further points out, "First and foremost, cholesterol is a vital component of every cell membrane on Earth. In other words, there is no life on Earth that can live without cholesterol. That will automatically tell you that, in and of itself, it cannot be evil. In fact, it is one of our best friends. We would not be here without it. No wonder lowering cholesterol too much increases one's risk of dying."

Vitamin D is a much neglected source of wellness and general health and what most people do not realise is that the best way to obtain vitamin D is from safe exposure to sun on one's skin. The UVB rays in sunlight interact with the cholesterol on the skin and convert it to vitamin D.

So therefore, if cholesterol levels are too low it will be impossible to use the sun to generate sufficient levels of health-giving vitamin D. As vitamin D is a major influence in the prevention of many diseases, particularly cancer, this obviously contributes to higher incidences of these diseases, which I am sure is no coincidence.

Essentially, HDL takes cholesterol from the body's tissues and arteries and brings it back to the liver, where most cholesterol is produced. If the purpose of this was to eliminate cholesterol from the body, it would make sense that the cholesterol would be dispatched back to the kidneys or intestines so it could be removed. But, instead it goes back to the liver. Why should this be? The reason is because the liver can reuse it.

"It is taking it back to your liver so that your liver can recycle it; put it back into other particles to be taken to tissues and cells that need it," Dr. Rosedale explains. "Your body is trying to make and conserve the cholesterol for the precise reason that it is so important, indeed vital, for health."

If cholesterol levels drop too low this can have a devastating effect on the body in so many ways. Remember, every single cell needs cholesterol to thrive

including those in the brain. Perhaps this is why low cholesterol wreaks havoc on the psyche. One large study conducted by Dutch researchers found that men with chronically low cholesterol levels showed a consistently higher risk of having depressive symptoms. (Anyone feel a long intensive course of suicide-enhancing anti-depressants coming on?) Seriously though, this could well be because cholesterol affects the metabolism of serotonin, a substance involved in the regulation of moods.

On a similar note, some Canadian researchers found that those in the lowest quarter of total cholesterol concentration had more than six times the risk of committing suicide as did those in the highest quarter. Dozens of studies also support a connection between low or lowered cholesterol levels and violent behaviour. Lowered cholesterol levels may lead to lowered brain serotonin activity, which may, in turn, lead to increased violence and aggression. And one analysis of over 41,000 patient records found that people who take statin drugs to lower their cholesterol as much as possible may have a higher risk of cancer, while other studies have linked low cholesterol to Parkinson's disease.

Probably any cholesterol level reading under 150 is too low - an optimum would be around 200. How strange then that doctors tell us that cholesterol needs to be under 200 to be healthy. Or not?

In 2004, the U.S. government's National Cholesterol Education Program panel advised those at risk for heart disease to attempt to reduce their LDL cholesterol to specific, very low, levels. Before 2004, a 130 milligram LDL cholesterol level was considered healthy but the updated guidelines however, recommended levels of less than 100, or even less than 70 for patients at very high risk. It is worth noting that these extremely low targets often require multiple cholesterol-lowering drugs to achieve.

Fortunately, in 2006 a review in the 'Annals of Internal Medicine' found that there is insufficient evidence to support the target numbers outlined by the panel. The authors of the review were unable to find research providing evidence that achieving a specific LDL target level was important in itself and found that studies attempting to do so suffered from major flaws. Several of the scientists who helped develop the guidelines even admitted that the scientific evidence supporting the less-than-70 recommendation was not very strong. So how did these excessively low cholesterol guidelines come about? As if we cannot guess!

Eight of the nine doctors on the panel that developed the new cholesterol guidelines had been taking money from the drug companies that manufacture statin-based cholesterol-lowering drugs – the same drugs that the new guidelines suddenly created a huge new market for in the United States. Coincidence? Probably not, but I will allow the reader to decide.

Now, despite the finding that there is absolutely no evidence to show that lowering one's LDL cholesterol to 100 or below is good for health, what do you think the American Heart Association still recommends to this day? Nothing less than keeping your LDL cholesterol levels to less than 100. And even better for Big Pharma, the standard recommendation to get to that level always includes one or more cholesterol-lowering drug.

If you are personally concerned about your cholesterol levels, taking a drug should be your absolute last resort. The odds are very high, greater than 100 to 1, that you do not need drugs to lower your cholesterol levels.

According to recent data from Medco Health Solutions Inc., more than 50% of health-insured Americans are using drugs for chronic health conditions and cholesterol-lowering medications are the second most common variety among this group, with almost 15% of chronic medication users taking them (high blood pressure medications - another vastly over-prescribed category, were first in the list). This is true as you would imagine for the rest of the Western world, its healthcare systems managed and controlled as it is by Big Pharma's aggressive profit targets.

"Some researchers have even suggested that the [cholesterol-lowering] medications should be put in the water supply." Business Week magazine, 2008

Indeed, cholesterol-lowering drugs are some of the most insidious on the market and please believe me when I say that that is despite the fact they are up against some pretty stiff competition for that particular 'honour'!

Statin drugs take effect by inhibiting an enzyme in the liver that is needed to manufacture cholesterol. What is so worrying about this is that when we try to mess around with the extremely delicate workings of the human body, the major risk is putting the body's natural cycles out of balance, causing a chain reaction of knock-on effects. Big Pharma's answer to that scenario of course is to keep prescribing more and more drugs to counter the side effects of the previous one. Can you even imagine the internal disruption caused by this state of affairs with some patients taking in excess of twenty different

medications, each to combat the side-effects of the others? My own father springs to mind. Additionally, do you think that ALL the different combinations of drugs it is possible to have prescribed by your local death-dealer have been tested, even cursorily? The answer has to be 'no' as the permutations would run into many millions if not billions.

"Statin drugs inhibit not just the production of cholesterol, but a whole family of intermediary substances, many if not all of which have important biochemical functions in their own right," Enig and Fallon

Statin drugs deplete the body of Coenzyme Q10 (CoQ10), which is beneficial to heart health and muscle function. Because doctors do not as routine, inform people of this risk and advise them to take a CoQ10 supplement, this depletion leads to fatigue, muscle weakness, soreness and eventually heart failure.

Muscle pain and weakness is actually the most common side effect of statin drugs, which is thought to occur because statins activate the gene which plays a key role in muscle atrophy.

They have also been linked to:

An increased risk of nerve damage

Dizziness

Cognitive impairment, including memory loss

A potential increased risk of cancer

Decreased function of the immune system

Depression

Liver problems

Motor Neurone (Lou Gehrig's) disease

With all of these risks to consider, one would hope that statin drugs were effective. Well, unfortunately this is highly questionable.

Most cholesterol lowering drugs can effectively lower cholesterol numbers, but this does not necessarily make for a healthier individual and there is certainly no available evidence that says that they may help prevent heart disease.

Food and Nutrition

"Most of what sits in our stores is not really food as we have known it. It is a stew of sorts; chemicals, additives, flavourings, colourings, enhancers,

preservatives, aspartame, neotame, and stuff we can't even identify along with residual hormones, vaccines, antibiotics, herbicides and pesticides. It has been irradiated, sprayed with viruses and now covered in ammonia. Reading any label for content makes one think you would be just as well off if you drank floor cleaner and it most likely might be a lot tastier although just as empty of nutrition." Marti Oakley, July 2011

"If people let the government decide what foods they eat and what medicines they take, their bodies will soon be in as sorry a state as are the souls of those who live under tyranny." Thomas Jefferson, 1778

"There is no right to consume or feed children any particular food. There is no generalised right to bodily and physical health. There is no fundamental right to freedom of contract." US Dept. of Health & Human Services and FDA, 2010

And there in a neat little nutshell, is everything we need to know about how much these organisations actually care about the welfare of the common herd.

It is an inescapable fact that our food (especially fruit and vegetables, but meat products too) now contains around 50-60% less nutrients and vitamins than was the case as recently as 40 or 50 years ago. What this means in effect is that we have to consume 50-60% more in quantity of the same foodstuffs to achieve the same nutritional benefits as in the past. The reason for this is that modern farming and cultivation methods and food production processes have become such that the only way to compete and survive in the cut-throat world of commercial food, is to foster and encourage faster growth of both animate and inanimate food and this has a knock-on, detrimental effect on its nutritional value as well as other downsides brought about by the widespread use of artificial growth hormones, non-organic fertilisers and pesticides.

The quantities we need to consume have therefore increased hugely and this is partly responsible for the obesity epidemic we see today. I say 'partly', because this does not quite tell the whole story. In addition to consuming ever greater quantities of foodstuffs, it is also the case that much of what we now eat can be classified as 'processed food', that is we no longer tend to buy the basic raw, unadulterated products to make meals as our forebears as recently as two generations ago, would have routinely done. Instead, we rely on the vast supermarket chains kindly provided for our convenience by Big Food where most of us now tend to do our weekly or monthly 'buy-in'. And by far the majority of food products in supermarkets fall under the heading of 'processed food'.

Processed food, whilst undeniably 'convenient' in that it is easily and quickly prepared and served in these days of the instant fix, unfortunately contains many nasty additives, preservatives and colourings which are known in some cases, to have a severe detrimental effect on human health and contribute hugely to the obesity epidemic. The quantity of processed food sold and served these days thus contributes to the overall malaise and generally poor health prevalent today in the Western world.

One of the worst culprits of all food additives is the substance, Aspartame. This is present in much of our processed foodstuff today including most carbonated drinks (fizzy pops and sodas) and especially in 'diet', 'lite', 'zero' and 'low-sugar' or 'sugar-free' products as a sweetener.

The story of how this abomination, Aspartame came to be present in our food and drink is a real eye-opener and I am sure you will agree, nothing less than criminal.

In the late 1970s the head of GD Searle, one of the pharmaceutical giants, was a certain Donald Rumsfeld, he of 9/11 infamy amongst many other dubious US government sponsored atrocities. It is well documented that he wanted to get Aspartame, discovered by accident in a laboratory in the 1960s, on to the world markets as a potentially huge money spinner. When I say huge I mean, bigger than you or I could ever imagine. The Aspartame market is worth billions and billions per annum if not trillions, so please do not think I am exaggerating too much.

The substance went through the normal channels of short-term testing by the FDA to determine its safety and efficacy as a sweetener before being accepted and was thus duly rejected due to the health dangers it was found to exhibit. All this took place towards the end of Jimmy Carter's reign as president of the USA, so Rumsfeld as head of a large corporation, duly poured millions of company dollars into Ronald Reagan's presidential campaign coffers which no doubt 'helped' in seeing him elected as the next President. To cut a long story short, as soon as Reagan was installed as President, Aspartame was miraculously approved by the FDA without further tests and rushed on to the market as a sweetener in 1981, within days of Reagan taking office. Just a coincidence though, I'm sure.

"If Donald Rumsfeld had never been born think of how many millions of people the world over would not suffer headaches and dizziness. Thousands blind from the free methyl alcohol in Aspartame would have sight, and there would be much fewer cases of optic neuritis and macular degeneration. Millions suffering seizures would live normal lives and wouldn`t be taking anti-seizure medication that won`t work because Aspartame interacts with drugs and vaccines. Think of the runner, Flo Jo, who drank Diet Coke and died of a grand mal seizure. She, no doubt, would still be alive. Brain fog and memory loss, skyrocketing symptoms of Aspartame disease, would not be epidemic.

Millions suffer insomnia because of the depletion of serotonin. Think of Heath Ledger. He took that horrible drug, Ambian CR for sleep, which makes the optic nerve and face swell and gives you terrible headaches. Plus, he drank Diet Coke (which destroys serotonin) and took other drugs and died of polypharmacy.

Since Aspartame has been proven to be a multi-potential carcinogen, would Farrah Fawcett still be alive?" Hesh Goldstein, 'The Rumsfeld Plague' 2009.

Aspartame triggers an irregular heart rhythm (arrhythmia) and interacts with all cardiac medication. It damages the cardiac conduction system and causes sudden death. Thousands of athletes have fallen victim to it. Simply drink a can or bottle of diet drink, perform some vigorous exercise and you too could suddenly die, just as thousands of others provably have since 1981.

As the phenylalanine in Aspartame deletes serotonin, it triggers all kinds of psychiatric and behavioural problems. The mental hospitals are full of patients who are nothing but Aspartame victims. If the FDA had acted ethically, the revoked petition for the approval of Aspartame would have been signed by FDA commissioner Jere Goyan and the mental hospitals would house probably 50% less victims. Jere Goyan would never have been fired at 3.00 am by the Reagan transition team to over-rule the Board of Inquiry. Instead, FDA commissioner Goyan would have signed the revoked petition into law and the FDA today would still be Big Pharma`s adversary instead of being their whore.

For over a quarter of a century there has been mass poisoning of the public in over 100 countries of the world by Aspartame because Donald Rumsfeld, as he put it, "called in his markers." The Aspartame industry has bought-and-paid-for front groups and professional organisations to defend them and 'push' it to the very people upon whom it can inflict most harm. How surprising.

If Aspartame had not been approved, Motor Neurone (Lou Gehrig`s) Disease, Parkinson`s and other neuro-degenerative diseases would not be killing-off people in record numbers. Michael Fox, a Diet Pepsi spokesman for several years, would never have contracted Parkinson`s Disease at the age of 30, a ridiculously early age to do so. He would probably still be making films and enjoy robust health. Aspartame interacts with 'L-dopa' a Parkinson drug and another, 'Parcopa' actually contains Aspartame but the pharmaceutical company refuses to remove it despite strong, proven evidence linking it to Parkinson's disease.

Is it not criminal that there is not even a warning for pregnant women? Aspartame triggers every kind of birth defect from autism and Tourettes` Syndrome to cleft palate and is an abortifacient (a drug that induces abortion).

It is of course perfectly normal for young girls to look forward to marriage and children, yet many drink diet drinks or consume Aspartame products not realising that Aspartame is an endocrine disrupting agent, stimulating prolactin, which is a pituitary hormone that stimulates milk production at childbirth, changes and inhibits the menstrual cycle and causes infertility. Many women go through life never knowing why they cannot have children and Aspartame could even be accused of destroying marriages because it causes male sexual dysfunction and prevents the female arousal response.

Clear evidence demonstrates that Aspartame can cause every type of blood disorder from a low blood platelet count to leukaemia. Because it can also precipitate diabetes type II, this disease is epidemic. To make matters worse, it can stimulate and aggravate diabetic retinopathy and neuropathy, destroy the optic nerve, cause diabetics to go into convulsions and interact with insulin. Diabetics lose limbs from the free methyl alcohol; professional organisations such as the American Diabetes Association push and defend this poison because they take large sums of money from the manufacturers. How many millions would not now have diabetes if Rumsfeld had been stopped?

Aspartame (NutraSweet / Equal / Spoonful / E951 / Canderel / Benevia, etc), along with High Fructose Corn Syrup (HFCS) and Monosodium Glutamate (MSG), are responsible for the epidemic of obesity the world over. Why? This is because they instigate a craving for carbohydrates and cause great toxicity in the liver.

An FDA report lists 92 symptoms of Aspartame poisoning, from unconsciousness and coma to shortness of breath and shock. Medical texts list even more: "Aspartame Disease: An Ignored Epidemic", H.J. Roberts,

M.D. and "Excitotoxins: The Taste That Kills" by neurosurgeon Russell Blaylock, M.D. There is simply no end to the horrors triggered by this literally addictive, excitoneurotoxic and genetically-engineered carcinogenic drug. This chemical poison is so deadly that Dr. Bill Deagle, a respected Virologist once said it was worse than depleted uranium because it is found everywhere in food. He is absolutely correct.

The formaldehyde converted from the free methyl alcohol embalms living tissue and damages DNA according to the 'Trocho' Study done in Barcelona in 1998. Even though this devastating study shows how serious a chemical poison Aspartame is, the FDA has turned a blind eye to it and it continues to flourish everywhere. With Monsanto attorney Michael Taylor now appointed as Deputy Commissioner to the FDA by President Barack Obama, it has now become nothing more than Monsanto`s Washington Branch Office. Even before the Ramazzini studies showing Aspartame to be a multi-potential carcinogen were published, the FDA knew that this was the case. Their own toxicologist, Dr. Adrian Gross, even admitted that it violated the Delaney Amendment because of the brain tumours and brain cancer it causes. Therefore, no allowable daily intake ever should have been able to be established. Aspartame causes all types of tumours from mammary, uterine, ovarian, pancreatic and thyroid to testicular and pituitary. Dr. Maria Alemany, who undertook the Trocho Study, commented that Aspartame could possibly kill '200 million people'. Damaging DNA could destroy humanity itself.

Dr. James Bowen told the FDA over 20 years ago that Aspartame is mass poisoning the USA and likewise more than 100 countries of the world. No wonder it`s called 'Rumsfeld`s Plague'.

Big Pharma indeed knows only too well all about Aspartame and its effects and yet they still allow it to be added to drugs, including the ones used to treat the problems caused by Aspartame in the first place. People are so sick from Aspartame and yet this truly criminal organisation continues to sell these dangerous pharmaceuticals at outrageously inflated prices.

Dr. H.J. Roberts said in one of his books that we should 'charge Aspartame with killing children.' We are talking about a drug that changes brain chemistry. Today children are medicated instead of educated.

Death and disability is what Donald Rumsfeld has foisted on to consumers simply to make money. Charles Fleming used to drink about 10 diet drinks per day and then used Creatine on top of this, which interacts with Aspartame and is thus considered the actual cause of death. Yet his wife, Diane Fleming,

remains in a prison in Virginia convicted of his death, despite being the very one who tried to get her husband to stop using these dangerous products containing Aspartame in the first place.

The list goes on and on. At least six American Airlines` pilots, who were heavy users of Aspartame have died, one of them actually in flight, drinking a Diet Coke. So pilots too are sick and dying from Aspartame and when we fly our life is in their hands.

In the Persian Gulf, diet drinks sit on pallets daily in temperatures of over 100 degrees Fahrenheit for as long as 8 weeks at a time before the Allied forces drink them. Aspartame converts to formaldehyde at 86 degrees Fahrenheit; it interacts with vaccines and damages the mitochondria or heart of the human cell, and the whole molecule breaks down to become a brain tumour agent.

Doctors at mortuaries carrying out autopsies know immediately when Aspartame has been the cause of death, because when the skull is opened, they can instantly smell the methanol in the brain tissue and cavity. However it is more than their career is worth to overtly name Aspartame as a cause of death. The hands of physicians are well and truly tied. Most are clueless that a patient is using Aspartame and even that Aspartame is deadly and the drugs they prescribe to treat the Aspartame problem will probably interact negatively and may even contain Aspartame themselves. Those that are aware of the situation also know that there is nothing they can do in the face of strong financial and political pressure.

This is the world for which Donald Rumsfeld is personally responsible.

Of course we will never be told this by our compliant media, who are in any case owned by the same small group of Elite people at the tops of the pyramids. The game is rigged folks. It's a war and we are the enemy under siege.

The concerted drive to inflict genetically modified food upon us by food corporations such as Monsanto with the compliance with the highly-corrupt FDA in the name of profit is nothing but a disgrace and a sham. Listening to their spokespersons quoting rigged and heavily-massaged trial results and lying about the safety of these substances, is no different to listening to the worst excesses of Nazi propaganda in the 1930s and 40s.

Make no mistake about it, GM foods are nothing short of deadly, to humans and animals alike and the worst news is that they have already infiltrated much of the food chain. According to these Big Food, Elite controlled corporations and their media poodles, GM foods are the answer to the world food crisis and a cheap, efficient way of feeding the starving millions worldwide. Of course they care about the starving millions - we believe them. Of course we do.

The truth is that the reason that genetically modified foods are being produced in the first place is so that the corporations who produce them can patent the genetics and thus control the market for them. Can you imagine owning the sole rights to the genome for a carrot or a tomato or even a strain of cattle? This is a very dangerous situation and very much 'the thin end of the wedge' in the sense that allowing a corporation to own a genome means that they can in effect corner a market and basically charge whatever they then wish for that product. That is really what GM is all about and why it is so insidious. It also gives them the power to make charges for seeds containing their genetic blueprint, as opposed to the natural genome, found on other private farms or lands.

There have already been court cases in the US and worldwide where Monsanto have illegally sent their 'agents' into private farmland to gather samples of seeds / plants bearing their genome blueprint, carried in by birds

or the wind from neighbouring farms. In all cases the judges have found in Monsanto's favour, declaring that the seeds were 'Monsanto's property' and were being grown illegally. This is not satire by the way, this is the absolute truth.

In addition Monsanto (and other corporation's) GM seeds contain what has become known as the 'terminator gene'. This means that unlike in days gone-by when farmers / growers could save the seeds from one year's crop in order to propagate the following years crop, they are now forced to buy from the Corporations again and again, year on year as the ability of the plants to naturally produce seeds has been 'deleted' from the genome. In my humble view, although this is perfectly legal, it is absolutely, totally immoral and callous profiteering on a grand scale.

Here is a recent case against Monsanto that made the headlines...

"For 40 years Percy Schmeiser grew oilseed rape on his farm in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan. Each year, he would sow each year's crop with seeds saved from the previous harvest. In 1998 Monsanto took Schmeiser to court. Investigators employed by the company had found samples of its GM oilseed rape among Schmeiser's stock. Monsanto's lawsuit alleged that the farmer had infringed on the firm's patent. It even stated that Schmeiser had obtained Monsanto seeds illegally; going so far as to suggest that he might have stolen them from a seed house.

The corporation later admitted that Schmeiser had not obtained the seeds illegally, but said that wasn't important. What did matter, Monsanto argued, was that it had found some of its canola plants in the ditch along Schmeiser's field (note that the plants were not found in Schmeiser's fields); that meant that the farmer had violated the firm's patent.

The judge agreed with Monsanto, ruling that 'the source of (GM) oilseed rape… is not really significant for the issue of infringement'. In other words, it was irrelevant how the patented canola plants got on Schmeiser's land. It could have happened as a result of cross-pollination or by seed movement caused by wind. (The latter is the biggest cause of contamination involving GM crops, and the farm next to Schmeiser's did grow Monsanto's crop.) The judge told Schmeiser that all his seeds, developed over almost half a century, were now the property of Monsanto. The Ecologist May 2004

This is so typical of the immoral behaviour of the Elite corporations. Profit is everything and ordinary, hard-working, decent people and their families count for nothing other the fact that they are considered fair game for extortionate practices or at best regarded as 'profit centres' to be exploited to the maximum.

Worse still, it is a well-documented fact that thousands of farmers in India are committing suicide due to Monsanto's hideously unethical and immoral business tactics. In early 2011 it was estimated that at least 250,000 Indian farmers had committed suicide in the previous decade due to Monsanto's business practices causing their livelihoods to virtually evaporate. Powerful GM lobbyists however are stating that GM crops have transformed India's agriculture, providing greater yields than ever before.

"So who is telling the truth? To find out, I travelled to the 'suicide belt' in Maharashtra state. What I found was deeply disturbing - and has profound implications for countries, including Britain, debating whether to allow the planting of seeds manipulated by scientists to circumvent the laws of nature.

For official figures from the Indian Ministry of Agriculture do indeed confirm that in a huge humanitarian crisis, more than 1,000 farmers kill themselves here each month. Simple, rural people, they are dying slow, agonising deaths. Most swallow insecticide - a pricey substance they were promised they would not need when they were coerced into growing expensive GM crops.

It seems that many are massively in debt to local money-lenders, having over-borrowed to purchase GM seed. Pro-GM experts claim that it is rural poverty, alcoholism, drought and 'agrarian distress' that is the real reason for the horrific toll. But, as I discovered during a four-day journey through the epicentre of the disaster, that is not the full story.

In one small village I visited, 18 farmers had committed suicide after being sucked into GM debts. In some cases, women have taken over farms from their dead husbands - only to kill themselves as well. Latta Ramesh, 38, drank insecticide after her crops failed - two years after her husband disappeared when the GM debts became too much. She left her ten-year-old son, Rashan, in the care of relatives. 'He cries when he thinks of his mother,' said the dead woman's aunt, sitting listlessly in shade near the fields.

In village after village, families told how they had fallen into debt after being persuaded to buy GM seeds instead of traditional cotton seeds. The price difference is staggering: £10 for 100 grams of GM seed, compared with less than £10 for 1,000 times more traditional seeds. But GM salesmen and government officials had promised farmers that these were 'magic seeds' - with better crops that would be free from parasites and insects.

Indeed, in a bid to promote the uptake of GM seeds, traditional varieties were banned from many government seed banks. The authorities had a vested interest in promoting this new biotechnology. Desperate to escape the grinding poverty of the post-independence years, the Indian government had agreed to allow new bio-tech giants, such as the U.S. market-leader Monsanto, to sell their new seed creations.

In return for allowing western companies access to the second most populated country in the world, with more than one billion people, India was granted International Monetary Fund loans in the Eighties and Nineties, helping to launch an economic revolution. But while cities such as Mumbai and Delhi have boomed, the farmers' lives have slid back into the dark ages.

Though areas of India planted with GM seeds have doubled in two years - up to 17 million acres - many farmers have found there is a terrible price to be paid. Far from being 'magic seeds', GM pest-proof 'breeds' of cotton have been devastated by bollworms, a voracious parasite. Nor were the farmers told that these seeds require double the amount of water. This has proved a matter of life and death.

With rains failing for the past two years, many GM crops have simply withered and died, leaving the farmers with crippling debts and no means of paying them off. Having taken loans from traditional money lenders at extortionate rates, hundreds of thousands of small farmers have faced losing their land as the expensive seeds fail, while those who could struggle on faced a fresh crisis.

When crops failed in the past, farmers could still save seeds and replant them the following year. But with GM seeds they cannot do this. That's because GM seeds contain so-called 'terminator technology', meaning that they have been genetically modified so that the resulting crops do not produce viable seeds of their own. As a result, farmers have to buy new seeds each year at the same punitive prices. For some, that means the difference between life and death.

Take the case of Suresh Bhalasa, another farmer who was cremated this week, leaving a wife and two children. As night fell after the ceremony, and neighbours squatted outside while sacred cows were brought in from the fields, his family had no doubt that their troubles stemmed from the moment they were encouraged to buy BT Cotton, a genetically modified plant created by Monsanto.

'We are ruined now,' said the dead man's 38-year-old wife. 'We bought 100 grams of BT Cotton. Our crop failed twice. My husband had become depressed. He went out to his field, lay down in the cotton and swallowed insecticide.' Villagers bundled him into a rickshaw and headed to hospital along rutted farm roads. 'He cried out that he had taken the insecticide and he was sorry,' she said, as her family and neighbours crowded into her home to pay their respects. 'He was dead by the time they got to hospital.'

Asked if the dead man was a 'drunkard' or suffered from other 'social problems', as alleged by pro-GM officials, the quiet, dignified gathering erupted in anger. 'No! No!' one of the dead man's brothers exclaimed. 'Suresh was a good man. He sent his children to school and paid his taxes. 'He was strangled by these magic seeds. They sell us the seeds, saying they will not need expensive pesticides but they do. We have to buy the same seeds from the same company every year. It is killing us. Please tell the world what is happening here.'

Monsanto has admitted that soaring debt was a 'factor in this tragedy'. But pointing out that cotton production had doubled in the past seven years, a spokesman added that there are other reasons for the recent crisis, such as 'untimely rain' or drought, and pointed out that suicides have always been part of rural Indian life. Officials also point to surveys saying the majority of Indian farmers want GM seeds - no doubt encouraged to do so by aggressive marketing tactics.

During the course of my inquiries in Maharastra, I encountered three 'independent' surveyors scouring villages for information about suicides. They

insisted that GM seeds were only 50 per cent more expensive - and then later admitted the difference was 1,000 per cent. (A Monsanto spokesman later insisted their seed is 'only double' the price of 'official' non-GM seed - but admitted that the difference can be vast if cheaper traditional seeds are sold by 'unscrupulous' merchants, who often also sell 'fake' GM seeds which are prone to disease.)

With rumours of imminent government compensation to stem the wave of deaths, many farmers said they were desperate for any form of assistance. 'We just want to escape from our problems,' one said. 'We just want help to stop any more of us dying.' Cruelly, it's the young who are suffering most from the 'GM Genocide' - the very generation supposed to be lifted out of a life of hardship and misery by these 'magic seeds'. Here in the suicide belt of India, the cost of the genetically modified future is murderously high." Andrew Malone, UK Daily Mail, 3rd November 2008

Dr. Arpad Pusztai a Hungarian-born protein scientist spent most of his working life at the Rowett Research Institute in Aberdeen, Scotland – a total of 36 years. He was considered to be the world's foremost expert on plant lectins and has authored 270 scientific papers and 3 books on the subject.

However, in 1998 Pusztai publicly announced that the results of his extensive, meticulous research showed conclusively that feeding genetically modified potatoes to rats substantially harmed them, leading to his summary dismissal from the institute. The resulting controversy over his dismissal and the attempts to invalidate the conclusions of his research became known as the 'Pusztai affair'.

The rats fed on the genetically modified potatoes showed significant intestinal damage and harm to their immune systems. These effects were not observed in control rats fed on unmodified potatoes, or unmodified potatoes mixed with snowdrop lectin. The team concluded that the effects observed were a result of the genetic modification, not the snowdrop lectin.

Dr. Pusztai commented, "We had two kinds of potatoes - one GM and the other non-GM. I had expected that the GM potato, with 20 micrograms of a component against the several grams of other components, should not cause any problems. But we found problems. Our studies clearly show that the effects were not due to that little gene expression, but it depended on the way the gene had been inserted into the potato genome and what it did to the potato genome."

In early 2009 I was fortunate enough to briefly meet Arpad's wife, also a scientist, Dr. Susan Bardocz at a conference in London. She told me that what actually happened, although it was obviously distorted in the media, was this;

As soon as the report on the trials was published, at the headquarters of a large corporation primarily concerned with the production and distribution of GM foods, alarm bells began to ring and so the head of the corporation involved (no prizes for guessing its name but it begins with M and ends with onsanto) contacted the then US President Bill Clinton to demand some sort of government intervention in order to limit the damage done to GM foods by this worrying turn of events. According to Susan Bardocz who was told this by the director of the institute, Clinton immediately contacted the British PM, Tony Blair and Blair immediately put pressure on the director of the Rowett Institute to dismiss Dr. Pusztai.

In addition to this, the Rowett Institute's director Philip James, who had initially supported Pusztai, suspended him and used misconduct procedures to seize the data. His annual contract was not renewed and Pusztai and his wife were banned from speaking publicly. Phone calls to his office were diverted and his research team was disbanded. Initially the Rowett Institute claimed that they were not performing any research on GM crops but later the Institute claimed that Pusztai had voluntarily retired and apologised for his 'mistake'. According to another version of the 'story', the experiments had never been performed in the first place and then yet another version emerged whereby a student had accidentally confused control data with experimental data. This is a typical modus operandus. Confuse the issue as much as possible so that the whole story becomes a total mess and no-one really knows the actual truth any more.

Dr. Bardocz also said that for the next ten years, Arpad's life became unbearable. His work, not just the recent work he had done with GM food, but all of his past research going back 36 years was totally discredited. He was as a result, unable to obtain any sort of position anywhere in the world and all the stress he suffered culminated in him having a stroke in late 2008, severely affecting his health and his life.

Scientists who tell the truth revealed by their genuine research projects are really not at all welcome in the world of our Elite masters. The truth about most issues, not just health is far too dangerous to their position of power to be allowed out in the open and if it should accidentally leak out then a huge, no expense spared propaganda machine immediately cuts-in to discredit the

source and cover-up or eliminate the process by which it was leaked. This can take the form of anything from a simple lie at one extreme, to mass-murder at the other. Either way, it is never a problem.

These silent killers are deadly, and do not discriminate. They target babies, the elderly, teenagers, young adults, middle-aged housewives, and businessmen alike. They poison livestock, pets and wildlife and the people behind them deny complicity in the carnage. These killers are the seemingly beneficial, killing fields of genetically modified (GMO) crops and the people behind them are the US and other Western governments, the Rockefellers, Monsanto, Dow, DuPont, Syngenta and Bayer Crop Science.

Eugenics is a dirty word, yet particularly applicable to America's GMO killing fields and their inception. In 1974 Henry Kissinger drafted the controversial NSSM-200, called "the foundational document on population control issued by the United States government."

"According to NSSM-200, elements of the implementation of population control programs could include the legalization of abortion; financial incentives for countries to increase their abortion, sterilization and contraception-use rates; indoctrination of children; mandatory population control, and coercion of other forms, such as withholding disaster and food aid unless an LDC implements population control programs. NSSM-200 also specifically declared that the United States was to cover up its population control activities and avoid charges of imperialism by inducing the United Nations and various non-governmental organizations to do its dirty work." Human Life International, 2008

In 1970, Henry Kissinger also said, "Control oil and you control nations; control food and you control the people."

How do you control food? By consolidating agricultural interests into what was to be termed agribusiness, creating genetically modified organisms out of heritage seeds with funding from the Rockefeller Foundation, patenting the new seeds and making sure that these new seeds are force-fed to US farmers as well as the rest of the world. By holding the patents on these seeds and requiring farmers to purchase new seeds every year, the control is complete. Also, by controlling how these GMO seeds are created, other more sinister uses come to mind. But firstly it is necessary to convince the world of your good intentions. This is accomplished through lies, deception and a modicum of controlled media manipulation. By promising farmers that this technology was safe and would result in increased yields at less cost, they were more than

happy to comply. The fact that in most cases this claim was false had yet to be proven by the innocent farmers that believed the lie and by the time independent studies started revealing that GMO is harmful, it was too late, and agri-business was on its way to fulfilling its purpose. That is to make as much money as possible by spreading GMO seeds as far as possible and thus gaining control of the population via food.

"In what should amount to a wildly imaginative narrative created by an overzealous science fiction aficionado, the following agencies, their connections, and past actions are real, none-the-less.

Imagine, if you will, a world in which health sciences, disease control, cancer research, bio-weapons research, vaccine development, biotechnology, food and agriculture, national defence, and chemical companies all work together under the military. Then imagine if you will that a certain chemical company under the guise of a life sciences operation, produces an herbicide/defoliant for military use so destructive and highly toxic that contact with it causes cancer, diabetes and birth defects. And then that same chemical/life sciences company partners with a funding corporation whose team members include the ex-partner of the inventor of the world's first completely synthetic organism, which was recently unleashed in the ocean and has since turned its ever-hungry sights on human flesh. Then imagine that same company with a monopoly on our food supply…

Sound like an episode out of the Twilight Zone or Dr. Who? Well, it's not. It's history, and it's documented." Barbara H Peterson, Farm Wars, June 2011.

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Another product found in much of our processed foods is HFCS which has been added since the early 1970s. In effect a corn-based sweetener, this product is largely responsible for the high incidence of Diabetes type 2 prevalent in much of Western society today. Today, food companies use HFCS, a mixture of fructose and glucose, because it is inexpensive, easy to transport and keeps foods moist. And because HFCS is so sweet, it is also cost effective for companies to use small quantities of HFCS in place of other more expensive sweeteners or flavourings.

For these reasons, HFCS isn't going away any time soon. If HFCS is one of the first ingredients listed on a food label, my advice would be to not eat it.

HFCS is a highly refined, artificial product. It is created through an intricate process that transforms cornstarch into a thick, clear liquid. White sugar and HFCS are not the same. Industry advocates for corn growers say

that they are the same, but nutritional science studies say that there is a big difference between the two. They say that HFCS is definitely 'worse than sugar'.

This manufactured fructose is sweeter than sugar in an unhealthy way, and is digested differently in a bad way. Research has shown that HFCS goes directly to the liver, releasing enzymes that instruct the body to then store fat. This may elevate triglyceride (fat in blood) levels and elevate cholesterol levels. This fake fructose slows fat burning and causes weight gain. Other research indicates that it does not stimulate insulin production, which usually creates a sense of being full, therefore, people are artificially induced to eat much more than they should. Indications also are that the important chromium levels are lowered by this sweetener which contributes to diabetes type 2.

So we have another product that would seem to be harmful in many ways that is allowed indiscriminately into our foodstuffs. Why are we not warned? Why are we not informed about it so that we can make healthy lifestyle choices for ourselves and our families? Once again it would appear to be that profit comes before health. It also says to me that the people in control of our food and thus our health are deliberately deceiving us into disease and obesity for the sake of their own bank balances.

MSG is an amino acid that affects every organ in the body. There is much evidence also that as with HFCS, MSG is also similarly responsible in large part for the huge epidemic of obesity and diabetes type 2 that the western world is currently undergoing.

It appears in a vast range of processed, tinned and packaged foods from supermarkets and can often be added separately to food in restaurants, cafeterias and institutes such as hospitals and care homes as a 'flavour enhancer'. So in effect we are not safe from it anywhere.

Staggeringly, it is not compulsory for manufacturers of food to specify the exact quantities of MSG that are contained in their products despite the fact that a single 12 gram dose of MSG has been found to be lethal to a 2kg rat, whilst much smaller doses have been shown to cause massive brain damage. Additionally it is now allowed for MSG to be sprayed on to crops and it can also become airborne as a result of this activity.

Study after scientific study has shown MSG to be capable of damaging a multitude of organs and soft tissues and also artificially enhance appetites in a variety of subjects, leading in turn as a by-product of this, to obesity. In other experimental studies using rodents, the food additive has been successfully used to generate diabetes on a large scale.

Perhaps more worryingly, MSG has been proved to pass through the placenta of rodents into the unborn foetus, the implications of this fact for humans, being quite startling. Human foetal development has also been shown to be jeopardised by high quantities of MSG in other studies.

"Children undergoing perinatal brain injury often suffer from the dramatic consequences of this misfortune for the rest of their lives. Despite the severe clinical and socio-economic significance, no effective clinical strategies have yet been developed to counteract this condition. This review describes the pathophysiological mechanisms that are implicated in perinatal brain injury. These include the acute breakdown of neuronal membrane potential followed by the release of excitatory amino acids such as glutamate and aspartate. Glutamate binds to post-synaptically located glutamate receptors that regulate calcium channels. The resulting calcium influx activates proteases, lipases and endonucleases which in turn destroy the cellular skeleton. Clinical studies have shown that intrauterine infection increases the risk of periventricular white matter damage especially in the immature foetus. This damage may be mediated by cardiovascular effects of endotoxins." From the scientific paper, 'Perinatal brain damage from patho-physiology to prevention'. Jensen A, Garnier Y, Middelanis J, Berger R. Eur J Obstet Gynecol Reprod Biol. 22nd September 2003

There are few chemicals that we as a people are exposed to that have as many far reaching physiological effects on living beings as does Monosodium Glutamate. MSG directly causes obesity, diabetes, triggers epilepsy, destroys eye tissues and is toxic to many organs. Considering that MSG's only reported role in food is that of 'flavour enhancer' is that use worth the risk of the myriad of physical ailments associated with it? Does the public really want to be tricked into eating more food and faster by a food additive?

MSG is entering our bodies in record amounts with absolutely no limits. The studies outlined in this report often use a smaller proportional dosage than the average child may ingest daily.

Consider the children of the world who eat MSG in their school cafeterias, hospitals, restaurants and homes. They deserve foods free of added MSG, a

substance so toxic that research scientists use it purposely to trigger diabetes, obesity and epileptic convulsions in animals. Perhaps we will see a reduction in obesity, diabetes and other diseases once the excess MSG threat to our health has been removed. We can stop the slow, deliberate poisoning of mankind for profits if we all act together.

If you try an Internet search for MSG, be prepared to be bombarded with lies and propaganda. There are literally thousands of websites out there trying to fool you into believing that it really is harmless.

Perhaps the most deadly of all the poisons we are deliberately and deceptively being forced to ingest, Fluoride also comes complete with the biggest hype of these toxins by far.

There is actually no such chemical name as Fluoride. The name stems from the gas 'Fluorine' and from the use of this gas in various different industries, such as Aluminium smelting and the nuclear industry, toxic by-products containing fluorine molecules are created. One example of this is Sodium Fluoride which is the most common and is a hazardous waste by-product of aluminium production. Used for a long time as rat and cockroach poison, it is also an ingredient of anaesthetics and psychiatric drugs as well as deadly Sarin nerve gas.

As we all know, fluoride is used in 99.9% of all proprietary toothpastes and is present in the drinking water (tap and bottled) of much of the first world. Advertised and promoted as protecting teeth, it is unfortunately much, much more sinister than that. Historically, this substance was quite expensive for the worlds' premier chemical companies to dispose of, but in the 1950s and 60s, Alcoa and the entire aluminium industry, with a vast abundance of the toxic waste, somehow sold the FDA and the US government on the insane (but highly profitable) idea of buying this poison at a 20,000% mark-up and then injecting it into our water supply as well as into the world's toothpastes and dental products.

Consider also that when Sodium Fluoride is injected into our drinking water, its level is approximately 1 part-per-million but since we only drink ½ of one percent of the total water supply, the hazardous chemical and the chemical

industry not only has a free hazardous waste disposal system, but we have also paid them for the privilege!

You may or may not know or indeed wish to know that Fluoride was used by the Nazis in World War 2 as an intellect suppressant in their many detention camps and also as a way of making the inmates docile and compliant.

Independent scientific evidence over the past sixty plus years has shown that sodium fluoride shortens our life span, promotes various cancers and mental disturbances and most importantly, reduces intelligence and makes humans docile, unquestioning and subservient. There is also increasing evidence that aluminium in the brain is a causative factor in Alzheimer's Disease, and evidence points towards the fact that it has the ability to 'trick' the blood-brain barrier by imitating the hydrogen ion thus allowing this deadly chemical, access to brain tissue.

Honest scientists with no ulterior motive who have attempted to 'whistle-blow' on sodium fluoride's mega-bucks propaganda campaign have consistently been given a large dose of professional 'black-listing' in return and thus their valid points disputing the current vested interests never have received the recognition they deserve in the national press. 'Just follow the money' as the saying goes, to find the source and you will find prominent, Elite families to be the major influence in this absolutely scandalous situation.

In 1952 a slick PR campaign rammed the concept of 'fluoridation' through Public Health departments and various dental organisations worldwide. This slick campaign was far from the objective, scientific, stringently researched programme that it should have been. But as with all these situations, where money is concerned – and billions upon billions of pounds of it in this case – there were no barriers to be seen. It has continued in this same vein right up

to the present day and now Sodium Fluoride use has now become the ubiquitous, de facto standard.

"There is a tremendous amount of emotional, highly unscientific 'know-it-all' emotions attached to the topic of 'sodium fluoride' usage - but I personally have yet to find even ONE objective, double-blind study that even remotely links sodium fluoride to healthy teeth at ANY AGE. Instead, I hear and read such blather as '9 out of 10 DENTISTS recommend fluoride toothpaste' etc. etc. etc. Let me reiterate: truly independent (unattached to moneyed vested interest groups) scientists who've spent a large portion of their lives studying and working with this subject have been hit with a surprising amount of unfair character assassinations from strong vested-interest groups who reap grand profits from the public's ignorance as well as from their illnesses.

Do you have diabetes and/or kidney disease? There are reportedly more than 11 million Americans with diabetes. If it is true that diabetics drink more liquids than other people, then according to the Physician's Desk Reference these 11 million people are at much higher risk drinking fluoridated water because they will receive a much deadlier dose because of their need for higher than normal water consumption. Kidney disease, by definition, lowers the efficiency of the kidneys, which of course is the primary means in which fluoride (or any other toxic chemical) is eliminated from the body. Does it not make sense that these people shouldn't drink fluoridated water at all? Cases are on record (Annapolis, Maryland, 1979) where ill kidney patients on dialysis machines died because they ingested relatively small amounts of SODIUM FLUORIDE from unwittingly drinking the 'fluoridated' city water supply? Will adequate warnings be given to people with weak kidneys, or will the real cause of such deaths be 'covered up' in the name of 'domestic tranquillity'?" A. True Ott, August 2000

It is also worth contemplating the fact that in the USA, all toothpaste tubes / packs come with a warning as standard. 'Warning – harmful or fatal if ingested. If swallowed, please consult a doctor immediately'. Bit of a clue as to its capabilities there I would have thought. How often have you accidentally or absent-mindedly swallowed a toothbrush-full of toothpaste? More importantly, your children and grandchildren love the taste of their special toothpastes with flavour calculated to make them want to brush their teeth more often. How many times might they have swallowed a toothbrush-full over the years and what pernicious harm must it be doing to their immature little bodies?

So once again we have a situation where vested interests spend millions, rake in favours or provide financial incentives to get their way and in doing so guarantee themselves billionaire status many times over. And it gets even worse;

"I have your letter of September 29 asking for further documentation regarding a statement made in my book, 'The Truth about Water Fluoridation', to the effect that the idea of water fluoridation was brought to England from Russia by the Russian Communist Kreminoff. In the 1930's Hitler and the German Nazis envisioned a world to be dominated and controlled by a Nazi philosophy of pan-Germanism. The German chemists worked out a very ingenious and far-reaching plan of mass-control which was submitted to and adopted by the German General Staff. This plan was to control the population in any given area through mass medication of drinking water supplies. By this method they could control the population in whole areas, reduce population by water medication that would produce sterility in women, and so on. In this scheme of mass-control, sodium fluoride occupied a prominent place. Repeated doses of infinitesimal amounts of fluoride will in time reduce an individual's power to resist domination, by slowly poisoning and narcotizing a certain area of the brain, thus making him submissive to the will of those who wish to govern him.

The real reason behind water fluoridation is not to benefit children's teeth. If this were the real reason there are many ways in which it could be done that are much easier, cheaper, and far more effective. The real purpose behind water fluoridation is to reduce the resistance of the masses to domination and control and loss of liberty.

When the Nazis under Hitler decided to go to Poland, both the German General Staff and the Russian General Staff exchanged scientific and military ideas, plans and personnel, and the scheme of mass control through water medication was seized upon by the Russian Communists because it fitted ideally into their plans to communize the world.

I was told of this entire scheme by a German chemist who was an official of the great I.G. Farben chemical industries and was also prominent in the Nazi movement at the time. I say this with all the earnestness and sincerity of a scientist who has spent nearly 20 years' research into the chemistry, biochemistry, physiology and pathology of fluoride - any person who drinks artificially fluorinated water for a period of one year or more will never again be the same person mentally or physically." Charles E Perkins, Chemist, 2 October 1954 writing to the Lee Foundation for Nutritional Research

I somehow do not think that the SS and the Gestapo had the health of children's teeth in mind when they decided upon this course of action, do you? The real reason was as stated, to sterilise and chemically lobotomise their victims. How convenient then for our ruling Elite that this is also the effect it is having today on large swathes of humanity, allowing them even more of a free rein to get on with their plans for a military dictatorship / police state whilst encountering little or no resistance from the medicated masses.

The following letter is also worthy of note;

"It appears that the citizens of Massachusetts are among the 'next' on the agenda of the water poisoners. There is a sinister network of subversive agents, Godless intellectual parasites, working in our country today whose ramifications grow more extensive, more successful and more alarming each new year and whose true objective is to demoralize, paralyze and destroy our great Republic - from within if they can, according to their plan for their own possession. The tragic success they have already attained in their long siege to destroy the moral fibre of American life is now one of their most potent footholds towards their own ultimate victory over us.

Fluoridation of our community water systems can well become their most subtle weapon for our sure physical and mental deterioration. As a research chemist of established standing, I built within the past 22 years 3 American chemical plants and licensed 6 of my 53 patents. Based on my years of practical experience in the health food and chemical field, let me warn; fluoridation of drinking water is criminal insanity, sure national suicide. DON'T DO IT!!

Even in very small quantities, sodium fluoride is a deadly poison to which no effective antidote has been found. Every exterminator knows that it is the most effective rat-killer. Sodium Fluoride is entirely different from organic calcium-fluoro-phosphate needed by our bodies and provided by nature, in God's great providence and love, to build and strengthen our bones and our teeth. This organic calcium-fluoro-phosphate, derived from proper foods, is an edible organic salt, insoluble in water and assimilable by the human body; whereas the non-organic sodium fluoride used in fluoridating water is instant poison to the body and fully water soluble. The body refuses to assimilate it.

Careful, bona fide laboratory experimentation by conscientious, patriotic research chemists and actual medical experience, have both revealed that instead of preserving or promoting 'dental health', fluoridated drinking water destroys teeth before adulthood and after, by the destructive mottling and other pathological conditions it actually causes in them and also creates many other very grave pathological conditions in the internal organisms of bodies consuming it. How then can it be called a 'health plan'? What's behind it?

That any so-called 'doctors' would persuade a civilized nation to add voluntarily a deadly poison to its drinking water systems is unbelievable. It is the height of criminal insanity! No wonder Hitler and Stalin fully believed and agreed from 1939 to 1941 that, quoting from both Lenin's 'Last Will' and Hitler's Mein Kampf: 'America we shall demoralize, divide, and destroy from within.'

Are our Civil Defense organizations and agencies awake to the perils of water poisoning by fluoridation? Its use has been recorded in other countries. Sodium Fluoride water solutions are the cheapest and most effective rat killers known to chemists: colourless, odourless, tasteless; no antidote, no remedy, no hope: instant and complete extermination of rats. Fluoridation of water systems can be slow national suicide, or quick national liquidation. It is criminal insanity - treason!!" Dr. E.H. Bronner (nephew of Albert Einstein), Research Chemist, Los Angeles, January 1952

The public outcry at the time (now sadly forgotten) was such that the addition of fluoride into public water supplies was abandoned for a year. However, the populace have a very short memory and the topic was resurrected again shortly thereafter, this time with little to no resistance whatsoever.

Fluoride, sad to say, has exactly the opposite effect on teeth to that which is promoted to us; strong healthy teeth. There is now, especially in America, an

absolute epidemic of dental fluorosis with up to 80% of children in some cities being affected. The first visible sign of excessive fluoride exposure according to the US National Research Council are brownish flecks or spots, particularly on the front teeth, or dark spots or stripes in more severe cases.

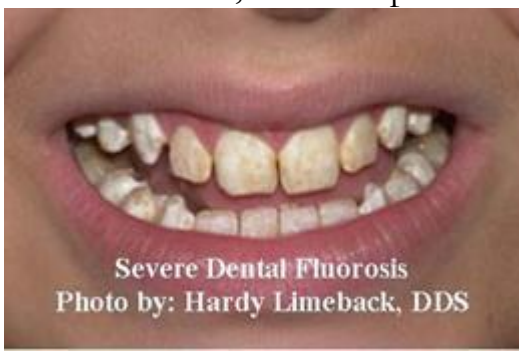

What is much less known to the public is that fluoride also accumulates in bones.

"The teeth are windows to what's happening in the bones." Paul Connett, Professor of Chemistry at St. Lawrence University, New York.

In recent years, paediatric bone specialists have expressed alarm about an increase in stress fractures among young people in the US. Connett and other scientists are concerned that fluoride-linked to bone damage in studies since the 1930s, may be a contributing factor.

In 1944 a severe pollution incident occurred downwind of the E.I. DuPont de Nemours Company chemical factory in Deepwater, New Jersey. The factory was then producing millions of pounds of fluoride for the Manhattan Project whose scientists were racing to produce the world's first atomic bomb.

The farms downwind in Gloucester and Salem counties were famous for their high-quality produce. Their peaches went directly to the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City; their tomatoes were mainly bought by Campbell's for soup. But in the summer of 1944 the farmers began reporting that their crops were blighted. They said that poultry died after an all-night thunderstorm and that farm workers who ate produce they had picked would sometimes vomit all night and into the next day. The horses looked sick and were too stiff to work, and some cows were so crippled that they could not stand up; they could only graze by crawling on their bellies.

The account was confirmed in taped interviews with Philip Sadtler (shortly before he died), of Sadtler Laboratories of Philadelphia, one of the USA's oldest chemical consulting firms. Sadtler had personally conducted the initial investigation of the damage.

Kidney disease is another hallmark of fluoride poisoning. Multiple animal studies have found that fluoride levels as low as 1 part per million (ppm) which is the amount added to most fluoridated water systems, cause kidney damage. And a Chinese study found that children exposed to slightly higher fluoride levels had biological markers in their blood indicative of kidney damage.

It has also been found that fluoride impairs proper thyroid function and debilitates the endocrine system. Up until the 1970s, fluoride was used in Europe as a thyroid-suppressing medication because it lowers thyroid function. Many experts believe that widespread hypothyroidism today is a result of overexposure to fluoride.

Since fluoride is present in most municipal water supplies in North America and in much of Western Europe, it is absurd to even suggest that parents avoid giving it to their young children. How are parents supposed to avoid it unless they install a whole house reverse-osmosis water filtration system? And even if families install such a system, fluoride is found in all sorts of food and beverages, not to mention that it is absorbed through the skin every time people wash their hands with or take a shower in fluoridated water.

There simply is no legitimate reason to fluoridate water. Doing so forcibly medicates an entire population with a carcinogenic, chemical drug. There really is no effective way to avoid it entirely and nobody really knows how much is ingested or absorbed on a daily basis because exposure is too widespread to calculate. But political pressure and bad science have continued to justify water fluoridation in most major cities, despite growing mountains of evidence showing its dangers.

Is it any wonder that people now after years of ingesting this toxin, have no interest in the world around them and the fate awaiting them and their children and grandchildren? After all, what's more important than who wins the game this weekend or the latest adventures of our favourite soap characters? All as planned of course.

A new study pre-published in December 2010 in the journal 'Environmental Health Perspectives' confirms that fluoridated water definitely causes brain damage in children. The most recent among 23 others pertaining to fluoride and lowered IQ levels, the new study so strongly proves that fluoride is a dangerous, brain-destroying toxin that experts say it could be the one that finally ends water fluoridation. I have severe doubts about that.

I would strongly urge any dentist or doctor reading this to undertake their own research into the efficacy and effects of fluoride and not just parrot the

propaganda relayed to them by their own Elite-controlled professional organisations.

However, it is also up to us all to stand up and say 'no' to mass water fluoridation. If someone wishes to voluntarily imbibe fluoride, then let him/her do so. I have no problem with that, but to forcibly administer this poison to an unsuspecting and unwilling populace without prior knowledge or consent is a criminal activity. We are not prisoners….not just yet anyway.

What is actually in our water other than fluoride? Is it pure or does it contain impurities and toxins? If we take heed of the water companies, they will tell us that water is absolutely pure due to being filtered at source. Wrong! This is absolutely untrue.

Have you ever come across a bottle of prescription tablets or a medicine bottle that you no longer needed or perhaps had passed its expiration date? You probably disposed of the substance by flushing it down the toilet, down the sink waste-disposal unit or throwing it in the waste bin?

It is extremely concerning that environmental contaminants originating from industrial, agricultural, medical and common household substances, ie., pharmaceutical waste, cosmetics, detergents and toiletries are being disposed of into the water systems of the world. A variety of pharmaceuticals including painkillers, tranquilisers, anti-depressants, antibiotics, birth control pills, oestrogen replacement therapies, chemotherapy agents, anti-seizure medications etc., are finding their way into the water supplies via human and animal excreta from disposal into the sewage system.

Flushing unused medications down the toilet and pharmaceutical residue from landfills has a tremendously detrimental impact on groundwater supplies and thus drinking water. Agricultural practices are a major source of this contamination and 40% of antibiotics manufactured are fed to livestock as growth enhancers. Manure, containing traces of pharmaceuticals is often spread on land as fertiliser from which it can leach into local streams and rivers and thence into the water table. Conventional wastewater treatments, filtration and recycling as commonly used by our water companies is not even close to being effective in eliminating the majority of pharmaceutical residues.

The prevalence of pharmaceuticals in water is nothing new. In fact, it is reasonable to assume that as long as pharmaceuticals have been in use, they and their metabolites have contributed to overall environmental contamination. What is new is our ability to detect trace amounts of these contaminants in water; hence, we are finding pharmaceuticals in water because we are finally able to detect them.

According to an article published in the December 2002 issue of Environmental Health Perspectives, the amount of pharmaceuticals and personal care products (PCPs) released into the environment each year is roughly equivalent to the amount of pesticides used each year.

During 1999-2000, the US Geological Survey conducted the first nationwide investigation of the occurrence of pharmaceuticals, hormones and other organic contaminants in 139 streams from 30 states. A total of 95 contaminants were targeted including antibiotics, prescription and non-prescription drugs, steroids and hormones, 82 of which were found in at least one sample. In addition 80% of streams sampled were positive for one or more contaminant. Furthermore, 75% of the streams contained two or more contaminants, 54% had greater than five, while 34% had more than ten and 13% tested positive for more than twenty targeted contaminants. There is no valid reason to believe that this is not the case elsewhere in the world.

Pharmaceuticals have since been found in treated sewage effluents, surface waters, soil and tap water. Antibiotics and oestrogens are only two of many pharmaceuticals suspected of persisting in the environment either due to their inability to naturally biodegrade or continued prevalence as a result of continuous release.

Recent monitoring studies fail to address one question: Are the levels of pharmaceuticals in the environment significant? At first glance, one would say 'no' since levels found in the environment are six to seven orders of magnitude lower than therapeutic doses in spite of the fact up to 90 percent of an oral drug can be excreted in human waste. However, low and consistent exposures would not likely produce immediate acute effects but rather subtle impacts such as behavioural or reproductive effects that could very well go unnoticed.

In addition, concern remains over the increasing practice of artificial recharge of groundwater with sewage effluent where pharmaceuticals have been found to percolate into the groundwater. Some common pharmaceutical

contaminants are known to persist for more than six years in the sub-surface or groundwater.

The bad news is that conventional water and wastewater treatment methods allow many classes of pharmaceuticals to pass through into our drinking water supplies unchanged and untreated.

So, what is the true risk assessment of pharmaceuticals and other similar contaminants in water? Do they present a health threat to any humans, animals (or even plants) being exposed to them? Many scientists are concerned about long-term, chronic and combined exposures to agents designed to cause a physiological effect in humans and believe we should be very concerned about aquatic ecosystems where sperm levels and spawning patterns in aquatic organisms have been clearly altered in environments heavily polluted with a class of hormone-altering pharmaceuticals known as endocrine disrupters.

With a growing and aging population as well as increased reliance on drug treatments and development of new drugs, the problem with pharmaceutical contamination promises only to increase.

Since we all drink tap and bottled water routinely, every single day in one form or another would it therefore not be unreasonable to conclude that we are all being systematically 'poisoned' on an ongoing basis? Worse still, could any of these substances be cumulative in nature, making the impact on our health and that of our children even more significant? As long as the water corporations continue in denial over this issue, I would suggest that the health of every one of us is at serious long term risk, all through that supposedly most benign of all substances, water.

Many years ago there was a famous story about a man in the USA who accidentally left a McDonald's hamburger in a jacket pocket for a year and when he finally got around to wearing the jacket again, to his surprise, the burger looked and smelled exactly as it did when first bought, twelve months earlier. This took place in 1990. Since then he has bought a McDonald's hamburger every year and saved the results. He now has a veritable 'museum' of McDonald's burgers, complete with bread bun, French fries and associated relishes going back over twenty years and has labelled and dated them.

Interestingly, none of them have decomposed – at all. From the one bought in 1989 to the one bought in 2010, they still look virtually identical.

How can this be? Why do fast food burgers and fries not decompose like 'normal' food? The answer is partly that they are treated with so many chemicals that even mould and bacteria will not eat them. This is partially true but not the entire explanation.

Many processed foods do not decompose and are not consumed by moulds, insects or even rodents. Try leaving an open tub of margarine outside in your garden and see if anything bothers to eat it.

Potato crisps (chips) can last for decades. Frozen pizzas are remarkably resistant to decomposition and even some highly processed sausages and meats can be kept for years and they will never decompose.

With meats, the primary reason why they do not decompose is their high sodium content. Salt is a great preservative, as our ancestors have known for thousands of years. McDonald's meat is absolutely loaded with sodium - so much so that it qualifies as 'preserved' meat, without even considering the chemicals you might find in it. However, the real question should be 'why do the bread buns not turn mouldy?' That is the real issue, since normal, healthy bread begins to grow mould within days. What could possibly be in McDonald's hamburger buns that would ward off microscopic life for more than two decades?

Unless you have qualifications in chemistry, you probably cannot even read the ingredients list. McDonalds' website states that these frankly, scary ingredients are contained in their 'bread' buns:

"Enriched flour (bleached wheat flour, malted barley flour, niacin, reduced iron, thiamin mononitrate, riboflavin, folic acid, enzymes), water, high fructose corn syrup, sugar, yeast, soybean oil and/or partially hydrogenated soybean oil, contains 2% or less of the following: salt, calcium sulphate, calcium carbonate, wheat gluten, ammonium sulphate, ammonium chloride, dough conditioners (sodium stearoyl lactylate, datem, ascorbic acid, azodicarbonamide, mono- and diglycerides, ethoxylated monoglycerides, monocalcium phosphate, enzymes, guar gum, calcium peroxide, soy flour), calcium propionate and sodium propionate (preservatives), soy lecithin."

Our old friend HFCS makes an appearance in there as does sugar, partially-hydrogenated soybean oil (real heart-disease inducing fodder) and the long list of chemicals such as ammonium sulphate and sodium proprionate. How appetising!

However, the truly shocking part about all this is...

"In my estimation, the reason nothing will eat a McDonald's hamburger bun (except a human) is because it's not food! No normal animal will perceive a McDonald's hamburger bun as food and as it turns out, neither will bacteria nor fungi. To their senses, it's just not edible stuff. That's why these bionic burger buns just won't decompose. There is only one species on planet Earth that's stupid enough to think a McDonald's hamburger is food. This species is suffering from skyrocketing rates of diabetes, cancer, heart disease, dementia and obesity. This species claims to be the most intelligent species on the planet and yet it behaves in such a moronic way that it feeds its own children poisonous chemicals and such atrocious non-foods that even fungi won't eat it (and fungi will eat cow manure, just FYI)." Mike Adams, Natural News

Do you cook your chicken with dimethylpolysiloxane, an anti-foaming agent made of silicone? How about tertiary butylhydroquinone, a chemical preservative so deadly that just five grams can kill you?

These are just two of the ingredients in a McDonalds Chicken McNugget. Only 50% of a McNugget is actually chicken. The other 50% includes corn derivatives, sugars, leavening agents and completely synthetic ingredients.

The Organic Authority helpfully transcribed the full ingredients list provided by McDonalds:

"White boneless chicken, water, food starch-modified, salt, seasoning (autolyzed yeast extract, salt, wheat starch, natural flavouring (botanical source), safflower oil, dextrose, citric acid, and rosemary), sodium phosphates, seasoning (canola oil, mono- and diglycerides, extractives of rosemary).

Battered and breaded with: water, enriched flour (bleached wheat flour, niacin, reduced iron, thiamin mononitrate, riboflavin, folic acid), yellow corn flour, food starch-modified, salt, leavening (baking soda, sodium acid pyrophosphate, sodium aluminium phosphate, monocalcium phosphate, calcium lactate), spices, wheat starch, whey, corn starch. Prepared in vegetable oil (Canola oil, corn oil, soybean oil, hydrogenated soybean oil with TBHQ and citric acid added to preserve freshness). Dimethylpolysiloxane added as an antifoaming agent."

Just in case you think I am singling out McDonalds for some unfair treatment here, let me just say that I have no particular 'axe to grind' on this issue. I would include burgers and chicken burgers and any other 'delicious snacks', not just from McDonalds, but from also, take a bow... Burger King, Wendy's, Wimpy, Kentucky Fried Chicken et al. (with sincere apologies to any other manufacturer of this vile filth masquerading as nutrition that I have omitted to mention – you know who you are!).

Until we, as a species, stop buying this dreadful garbage, they will continue to poison us and infect us with disease, while we pay them for the privilege. Let us all let them know that we are not prepared to suffer this any longer by boycotting all such establishments.

However, perhaps the biggest danger we face is not from the Elite corporations who seek to abuse our bodies and health in the name of profits, but from an organisation, truly Orwellian in scope which actively seeks to prevent us from gaining access to healthy eating alternatives. Let me introduce you to...

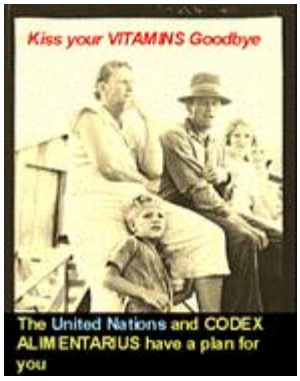

Codex Alimentarius is the United Nations / European Union plan to destroy organic farming and to eradicate the complementary and natural health care industry which is obviously a threat to the health, welfare and profits of Big Food and Big Pharma.

There would appear to be an almost total lack of awareness (or even interest) with regard to the implications of this pernicious global Commission, particularly amongst those most affected by the excesses of this restrictive legislation. In the words of the National Health Federation, the aims and objectives of Codex Alimentarius are to…

Allow only low-potency supplements that will do nothing positive for one's health.

Allow all or most foods to be genetically-modified.

Make beneficial supplements unavailable or sold by prescription only.

For many people, this agenda is so outrageous, they cannot believe such goals are achievable; yet this may well very soon be reality, if the Codex Alimentarius Commission continues to disregard input from those who offer a counter perspective to the combined forces of Big Food and Big Pharma.

For the past five years the European challenge to Codex has been led by Dr. Robert Vererk, Executive Director of the Alliance for Natural Health and Scientific Advisor to the National Health Federation. Yet despite the efforts of the ANH, the NHF and the Dr. Rath Foundation the Codex agenda lumbers ever closer to the EU statute books.

In April of 2005, the ANH mounted a legal challenge to the Codex Commission; Justice Leendert A Geelhoed, the European Union Advocate General, referred to the arbitrary powers of the Codex-supporting EU legislation as being "about as transparent as a black box". The subsequent 12th July 2005 ruling of the International Court of Justice in Luxembourg followed the July 4th Rome meeting of Codex when the 85 countries present ratified the restrictive guidelines for dietary supplements. Six days after London was awarded the 2012 Olympics and just five days after the London Bombings, there was little mention of the ICJ ruling in the British media.

Amongst the most disturbing component contained within Article 6 of the EU Directive, is that it strictly prohibits information about diseases being treatable by nutrients and calls for future supplement dosage restrictions. Such is the power and influence of Big Pharma!

Today the EU pays an annual fine of $150 million to maintain its ban on the US hormone-fed beef. Clear evidence that WTO rules put free-trade interests

of agribusiness above national health concerns. Meanwhile, a flood of new GMO products are surreptitiously being introduced into EU agriculture. Monsanto, Syngenta and other GMO multinationals have already taken advantage of lax national rules in new EU member countries such as Poland to get the GMO 'foot-in-the door.' Pro-GMO governments, such as that of Angela Merkel in Germany, abdicate any responsibility by claiming they are only following WTO 'orders', which is exactly the line taken by the FSA and strangely reminiscent of another organisation in history coincidentally from the same part of the world, whose followers used exactly the same defence.

Powerful agribusiness multinationals such as Monsanto, Dow Chemicals and DuPont are working through the WTO-backed Codex Alimentarius Commission in their determination to overrun national or regional efforts to halt the march of GMO.

NHF & ANH resistance to Codex will potentially be little more than an inconvenience to the prime movers behind this pernicious global agenda … unless and until such time as there is a wider realisation that the organic farming and natural health industries may soon be little more than a memory.

Meanwhile, Big Pharma and Big Food have a very well prepared strategy to ensure the success of the Codex agenda. But our challenge is to demonstrate that no corporate strategy can be effective against the universal desire to retain the basic human right to food and health freedom.

Contrary to popular belief Codex Alimentarius is neither a law nor a policy. It is in fact a functioning body, a Commission, created by the Food and Agricultural Organization and the World Health Organisation under the direction of the United Nations. The confusion in this regard is largely due to statements made by many critics referring to the 'implementation' of Codex Alimentarius as if it were legislation waiting to come into effect. A more accurate phrase would be the 'implementation of Codex Alimentarius guidelines,' as it would more adequately describe the situation.

Codex is merely another tool in the chest of the Elite whose goal is to create a one world government in which they wield complete control. Power over the food supply is essential in order to achieve this. As will be discussed later, Codex Alimentarius will be 'implemented' whenever guidelines are established and national governments begin to arrange their domestic laws in accordance with the standards set by the organisation.

The existence of Codex Alimentarius as a policy-making body has roots going back over a hundred years. The name itself, Codex Alimentarius, is simply Latin for 'food code' and directly descended from the Codex Alimentarius Austriacus, a set of standards and descriptions of a variety of foods in the Austria-Hungarian Empire between 1897 and 1911. This set of standards was the brainchild of both the food industry and academia and was used by the courts in order to determine food identity in a legal fashion.

Even as far back as 1897, nations were being pushed toward harmonisation of national laws into an international set of standards that would reduce the barriers to trade created by differences in national laws. As the Codex Alimentarius Austriacus gained steam in its localised area, the idea of having a single set of standards for all of Europe began to pick up support too. From 1954-1958, Austria successfully pursued the creation of the Codex Alimentarius Europaeus (the European Codex Alimentarius) and almost immediately the UN directed FAO (Food and Agricultural Organization) sprang into action when the FAO Regional Conference for Europe expressed the desire for a global international set of standards for food. The FAO Regional Conference then sent a proposal up the chain of command to the FAO itself with the suggestion to create a joint FAO/WHO programme dealing with food standards.

The very next year, the Codex Alimentarius Europaeus adopted a resolution that its work on food standards be taken over by the FAO. Then in 1961, it was decided by the WHO, Codex Alimentarius Europaeus, Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD), and the FAO Conference to create an international food standards programme known as the Codex Alimentarius. In 1963, as a result of the resolutions passed by these organisations two years earlier, Codex Alimentarius was officially created.

Although created under the auspices of the FAO and the WHO, there is some controversy regarding individuals who may or may not have participated in the establishment of Codex. Some anti-Codex organisations have asserted that Nazi war criminals, Fritz ter Meer and Hermann Schmitz in particular, were the principal architects of the organisation. Because many of these claims are made with only indirect evidence or no evidence at all, one might be tempted to disregard them at first glance. However, as the allegations gain more and more adherents, Codex has attempted to refute them. In the Frequently Asked Questions section of its website, the question, 'Is it true that

Codex was created by a former war criminal to control the world food supply?' Is answered by stating;

"No. It is a false claim. You just need to type the words 'Codex Alimentarius' in any search engine and you will find lots of these rumours about Codex. Usually the people spreading them will give no proof but will ask you to send donations or to sign petitions against Codex.

Truthful information about Codex http://www.codexalimentarius.net is found on the Internet - there is nothing to hide from our side - we are a public institution working in public for the public - we are happy if people want to know more about our work and ask questions.

There is an official Codex Contact Point

http://www.codexalimentarius.net/web/members.jsp in each member country who will be pleased to answer your questions on Codex."

But, as one can see from the statement above, Codex's response does very little to answer this question beyond simply disagreeing with it. While it is true that many individuals who make this claim provide little evidence for it, the presentation of the information does not necessarily negate its truthfulness. In fact, Codex offers its own website as a source for accurate information about the organisation; yet, beyond the FAQ section, there is nothing to be found that is relevant to the "war criminal" allegations; furthermore the Codexalimentarius.net website is virtually in-decipherable, almost to the point of being completely useless.

In the end, this response raises more questions than it answers. This is because Codex, if it wished to do so, could put these rumours to rest by simply posting a list of the individuals and organisations that funded or played an integral role in its creation. However, it does nothing of the sort. Beyond mentioning the FAO and the WHO, we are completely unaware of who or how many other individuals and organisations participated in the creation of Codex Alimentarius.

The 'war criminal' claims centre around the chemical conglomerate known as I.G. Farben which was made up of several German chemical firms including, BASF, Bayer, Hoechst and AGFA, that merged together. It was essentially the manufacturing wing of the Third Reich and was the engine behind the Nazi war machine. The company provided the vast majority of explosives and synthetic gasoline used for the military conquest and murder of millions. It also manufactured the now infamous Zyklon-B gas used in the gas

chambers. Not only that, but it was influential in the conducting of experiments on concentration camp victims. Indeed, camp victims were often purchased outright at the behest of the company for the express purposes of testing by several different branches of the company, particularly Bayer and Hoechst.

Without I.G. Farben, the German war efforts simply could not have been sustained. During the Nuremberg war trials, the tribunal convicted 24 board members and executives of the company and dissolved it into several different daughter companies. Namely, BASF, Hoechst (later to be known as Aventis), and Bayer. By 1951, virtually all 24 of these executives were released, including Fritz ter Meer and Hermann Schmitz.

Ter Meer had been a member of the I.G. Farben executive committee from 1926-1945 and also a member of the working committee and the technical committee as well as a director of the infamous Section II. He was also the ambassador to Italy given full power by the Reich Minister for armaments and war production and was the industrialist most responsible for Auschwitz. Schmitz was also a member of the I.G. Farben executive committee from 1926-1935, and was chairman of the board and 'head of finances' from 1935-1945. He was also head of military economics and a member of the Nazi party. Both men were found guilty by the Nuremberg war tribunal in 1948, yet Schmitz was released in 1950 and Ter Meer in 1952.

After all this, Schmitz was appointed board member of the German bank of Berlin West in 1952 and in 1956, the honorary chairman of the board of Rheinish steel plants. Ter Meer, however, was even more successful. Upon his release, he was appointed board member of Bayer in 1955 and, in 1956 was appointed chairman. In the years following, he would take on many additional roles such as chairman of the board of Theodore Goldschmidt AG, deputy chairman of the board of Commerzbank and Bank-Association AG, as well as a board member of the Waggonfabrik Uerdingen, Duesseldorger Waggonfabrik AG, the bank association of West Germany and United Industrial Enterprises AG. These are documented connections for both of these men. Indeed, Ter Meer's' connections to the pharmaceutical firm Bayer earned him a foundation named in his honour, the Fritz Ter-Meer Foundation. Through all of this however, this writer could not confirm that either Ter Meer or Schmitz had direct connections to the creation of Codex Alimentarius.

However, Codex does nothing to dispel the allegations besides simply disagreeing with them and the connections are not at all implausible. Codex is very secretive about its beginnings, as evidenced on its website where it only states that it was created at the behest of the FAO and the WHO. It is highly unlikely that such an organisation would be created without the assistance, input, and even funding of privately owned international corporations. Thanks to both the anti-Codex community and Codex Alimentarius itself, there is no evidence that documents which individuals or corporations were involved in its establishment. However, there are other ties that lend more credence to the belief that war criminals played a role in the creation of Codex.

Religion and Spirituality

Mainstream Religion

A substantial part of the control mechanism used as a tool for centuries by the ruling Elite to facilitate the keeping of the masses in their places has always been mainstream religion (as opposed to spirituality). Through Christianity, Judaism, Islam, Hinduism, Sikhism and all the other 'isms' and their minor variations and offshoots, we have been managed very effectively and efficiently and thus prevented from gaining access to the real truths of the Universe.

Indeed, through the ages and even today to a large extent, religious dogma has been largely responsible for the suppression of real truth, real history and even real science in an attempt to prevent the common herds from gaining knowledge of both themselves as spiritual beings and the Universe around them. Of course, that kind of knowledge would be far too dangerous to the control systems and the Elite power-base to allow it to become widespread. The only way that the few can control the many is by deception and deception on an unimaginable scale.

All mainstream religions teach us (broadly speaking) that there are only two courses open to us after death, paradise or the eternal fires of hell. Allegedly, only those of us who are good citizens and obey the religious edicts and civil laws and believe in the one true God (choose any one) will live forever in paradise and the rest will be condemned to a burning pit of fire or similar, for eternity with no hope of redemption. In bygone days when the masses were totally uneducated and illiterate, one can only imagine the impact that this edict had upon the way they conducted their lives. Living in fear of eternal damnation at every turn is a difficult psychological burden to bear, but a wonderfully simple expedient by which the ruling classes, through their brain-washed priests and religious hierarchy could keep the 'great unwashed' in check.

I do not mean to condemn or vilify those many genuine, decent and caring people who follow these religions. Many people find comfort in their religion and there are also caring and charitable people of all religions who are serious about and adhere to their religious values, some of which to be fair, do

advocate noble, humanitarian practices. However, it is the imposition of rigidly-structured, restrictive controls by the religious hierarchies that is responsible for the misery and 'imprisoning' of the minds of their adherents that I find problematic.

In order to comprehend the basis upon which all religions were founded, we need to go back in time to the Babylonian and Phoenician eras. All the major religions stem from one great premise – sun worship, the original 'religion' of most of the ancients. If one can understand the original sun worship and its attendant symbolism, then it is possible to understand the basis of all current religious beliefs. All sun symbolism has a basis in the Zodiac, representing as it does the Earth's annual journey around the sun. As we may see from the diagram below, the Zodiac can be bisected horizontally and vertically and this I believe is the true origin of the cross symbolism in Christianity.

Many pre-Christian deities had their 'birthdays' as 25th December because of this symbolism. The winter solstice occurs on the 21st/22nd December, the point at which the sun is at its weakest in the Northern hemisphere and the point at which the sun had symbolically died according to ancient traditions. By the 25th December each year, three days later, it became observable that the sun had been 're-born' and had re-commenced its climb back to its absolute zenith on 21st / 22nd June the following year.

Thus, the ancient peoples regarded the sun's 'birthday' as 25th December, the day it was born again, Jesus died on Good Friday, which incidentally has no fixed, definitive date and was resurrected (re-born) three days later on Easter Monday. The Christian Christmas festival is purely and simply a Pagan

festival reconstituted, as are they all. Below is a shortlist of other religious 'deities' among many others, whose claimed birthday is 25th December:

Horus (c. 3000 BCE)
Osiris (c. 3000 BCE)
Attis of Phrygia (c. 1400 BCE)
Krishna (c. 1400 BCE)
Zoroaster/Zarathustra (c. 1000 BCE)
Mithra of Persia (c. 600 BCE)
Heracles (c. 800 BCE)
Dionysus (c. 186 BCE)
Tammuz (c. 400 BCE)
Adonis (c. 200 BCE)
Hermes
Bacchus
Prometheus

It is a perhaps little known fact that all the major religions tell us the same stories, myths and legends, albeit using slightly different characters and names which nevertheless are often recycled for mass consumption.

For example, of the above list of commonly known 'deities', many are attributed similar legends to that of the Jesus 'myth' or even the myth of Moses. They are variously and collectively said to have died and been resurrected three days later, become great teachers at the age of 12, been purveyors of 'miracles' some of which are also attributed to Jesus, such as the turning of water into wine, walking on water and the healing of the terminally ill. They all had 12 disciples, fasted for forty days and forty nights in the wilderness, were born of a virgin birth and died at the age of thirty three, whilst yet others were found in a basket in water and brought up by royalty as with the Moses story etc. etc and on and on with broad similarities too numerous to mention.

"There is nothing holy about the Bible, nor is it 'the word of God.' It was not written by God-inspired saints, but by power-seeking priests. Who but priests consider sin the paramount issue? Who but priests write volumes of religious rites and rituals? No one, but for these priestly scribes sin and rituals were imperatives. Their purpose was to found an awe-inspiring religion. By this intellectual tyranny they sought to gain control and they achieved it. By 400 BC, they were the masters of ancient Israel. For such a great project they needed a theme, a framework and this they found in the Creation lore of more

knowledgeable races. This they commandeered and perverted – the natural to the supernatural and the truth to error. The Bible is, we assert, but priest-perverted cosmology." Lloyd Graham, 'Myths and Deceptions of the Bible'

The Christian religion itself was finally shaped into the format with which we are so familiar today at the conference at Nicaea (in what is now modern-day Turkey) in 325AD. This was achieved amongst much conflict, violent disagreement and compromise until eventually 'modern' Christianity was born and evolved from this event. The conference was also characterised by its lies, distortions and misinformation on a grand scale – all in the name of creating a control mechanism for the masses which was acceptable to all the minor creeds and offshoots of the previous broad base of the religion. In short, Nicaea was a PR exercise and an attempt to sanitise and package for broad consumption, a system of 'belief' that had previously been unacceptable or even unpalatable to so many.

"Real consciousness is as much an anathema to religion as critical thinking is to academia." Robert Bonomo, activistpost.com 13th October 2011

Please understand that the main function of organised religion is to destroy spirituality and to prevent people from making the connection to the consciousness of who we are as a species and as an individual. Given that religions were created in the first place to enslave the population, is it any surprise that they attempt to destroy everything for which they purport to stand?

Spirituality

"Today, a young man on LSD realised that all matter is merely energy condensed to a slow vibration and that we are all one consciousness experiencing itself subjectively. There's no such thing as death, life is only a dream and we are the imagination of ourselves. ...Now here's Tom with the weather." Bill Hicks, US comedian, 1961-1994

The humour in this pithy observation is derived totally from the last sentence. The preceding two sentences appear to be the serious observations of someone from outside the mainstream viewpoint expressing a truly spiritual view of the mysteries of life. However, this illusion is shattered as we realise the words are being spoken by a mainstream TV anchor-man character as a link to the next section of the show. The absurdity of this should be apparent

to all – it could never happen in the 'real world' as mainstream TV anchors do not says things of that nature and thus the joke is born from the contrast between reality and fantasy, as is much of our humour.

Bill Hicks was a unique comedian. Acid-tongued, uncannily accurate observations of life combined with deep spiritual knowledge and beliefs and a rare understanding of political realities, made him a huge draw with audiences all around the USA and eventually Britain. Of course, he never became a 'super-celebrity', a mega-star. For that to happen one must espouse views that totally conform to the mainstream otherwise one will never be allowed a platform for this 'subversive' approach. Hicks sadly died of cancer at the age of 32 and the world lost a true student of spirituality, a deep-thinking intellectual and someone who was able to bring an alternative view of the world to the masses through his insightful comedy shows. He constituted an extreme danger to those who try to enslave us all, as he had a huge following who hung upon his every word. In the light of this fact, could his cancer possibly have been natural or is it just feasible that it was given to him deliberately. There is no doubt that the technology to do this, exists and is often used against the overt opponents of the New World Order. Hicks also said, very aptly…

"The world is like a ride in an amusement park. And when you choose to go on it, you think it's real because that's how powerful our minds are. And the ride goes up and down and round and round. It has thrills and chills and it's very brightly coloured and it's very loud and its fun – for a while. Some people have been on the ride for a long time and they begin to question, is this real or is this just a ride? And other people have remembered, and they come back to us, they say, 'Hey - don't worry, don't be afraid, ever, because, this is just a ride'... And then we kill those people."

Some years ago, the famous actor Larry Hagman took part in an experiment to check-out the effects of the (highly illegal) Class A drug, LSD (LySergic acid Diethylamide). After imbibing the substance and waiting for its effects to manifest, he took an orange from the kitchen and cut it open. Its cellular structure was pulsing and it looked to him as though the cells were alternating between life and death, which seemed perfectly natural to him in his now highly conscious, altered-state. Looking up from his scrutiny of the pulsating orange, he saw his reflection in a mirror on the wall. He too, was pulsating. Cells were dying, whilst others were in the process of being re-born. An intricate picture of every cell in constant motion became apparent

and he realised that he was a constant flow of energy as indeed, was everything else. The scope of this realisation widened with his conviction that: "I was part of everything and everything was part of me. Everything was living, dying and being reborn."

His friend, who had not taken the drug, drove Hagman around Beverly Hills equipped with a sixteen millimetre camera with which he could zoom-in on plants, flowers and people and he found that their cells were also constantly pulsating and changing. This experience shares a number of similarities with near-death, out-of-body and certain shamanic experiences. These are usually intensely transforming and empowering and Hagman's own experience was certainly no exception.

Besides self-insight, he also saw much more deeply into people's emotions and how they were expressed through body and facial language. But most importantly, his view of life and death were profoundly altered by the experience. He realised that so-called 'dying' was actually only a transformation into another expression of the vast creative energy that underlies everything. He concluded that: "Death is just another stage of our development and we go on to different levels of existence."

He believed he had an understanding of 'God' consciousness. Fear of man-made concepts of heaven and hell disappeared and he stopped worrying and indeed felt 'at home' in the universe. It was all so clear and so familiar.

Dangerous knowledge indeed. Can anyone think of a better reason for the illegality of LSD or any other so-called hallucinatory drug such as Psilocybin (the active ingredient of 'magic' mushrooms) or Ayahuasca for example?

So what exactly is Spirituality? It extends beyond an expression of religion or the practice of religion. The relationship between ourselves and 'something greater' compels us to seek answers about the infinite. During times of intense emotional, mental, or physical stress, man searches for transcendent meaning, often through nature, music, the arts, or a set of philosophical beliefs. This often results in a broad set of principles that transcends all religions.

While spirituality and religion remain different, sometimes the terms are used interchangeably and this lack of clarity in their definitions frequently leads to debates. Through certain actions, an individual may appear outwardly religious and yet lack any of the underlying principles of spirituality. In its broadest sense, spirituality may include religion for some, but still stands alone without a connection to any specific faith. In my view it is simply a belief that this Earth, this Universe, is not all there is. There is an unseen dimension that

may or may not contain our God(s) but most certainly contains a spiritual entity or entities of some form of cosmic super-consciousness.

Whether this entity manifests as a 'oneness' or as individual elements, I believe that one thing is certain; we are indeed all one and the same being, part of the overall 'one-consciousness'. We are all literally 'brothers and sisters' and inter-connected at the basic cellular level as is all matter in the Universe, whether sentient or non-sentient.

Consider this; the actual amount of 'solid' matter making up the entire Earth and everything in it, if all the empty space in atoms was removed, would consist of a blob of nuclear material about 1cm (0.4 inches) in diameter. But more mysterious still, the matter in the nucleus is also not solid as it appears, but consists of protons and neutrons with a huge percentage of empty space in-between them. And these protons and neutrons are made up of quarks containing yet more space. Quarks consist of neutrinos and even more space, but confusingly this space is also 'made of' neutrinos, but vibrating at a different rate to the matter that makes up the neutrinos.

Therefore the only difference between substance and nothing at all is the vibratory rate of the neutrinos. When experiments were performed to try to understand why the neutrinos would exist in one specific form one moment and another form entirely in the next, it was discovered that neutrinos always become what they are expected to become. So it has now been confirmed by default by mainstream science, what mystics throughout the ages have said all along; that matter is an illusion created by consciousness. The wave-particle duality model shows us that these particles are waves until they are observed. Simply observing the wave / particle changes the waves into particles and vice versa. The whole universe is nothing but a wave pattern that we make real with our awareness. Our bodies are our most personal physical creations, which reflect our thoughts, feelings, beliefs, attitudes, choices and decisions. This phenomenon was first brought to the attention of the world in 1935 by a physicist named Edwin Schrödinger in an hypothesis that has come to be known as 'Schrödinger's Cat' whereby a cat in a box, can be both alive and dead at the same time, depending on the standpoint of the observer.

Every sensory experience, thought and emotion produces an electrical wave, which passes through every DNA molecule in the body. The structure of DNA is a closed spiral, a double-helix, which turns back on itself and also loops back the other way, so any wave that passes through it will travel in both directions simultaneously. The result is a scalar wave, an information wave

that has no direction. When this wave is consciously experienced, it moves through the corpus callosum of the brain, which is itself in the shape of a Mobius strip, a strip that is twisted in the middle and coils back on itself, so any wave that passes through it undergoes a 180 degree phase change, which cancels out the wave stored in the DNA coil by destructive interference.

Any thought, feeling or sensory experience that is not fully conscious will remain as a wave within the DNA coil. The electrical wave then draws to itself a melanin-protein complex and forms a crystal. So every suppressed experience, thought or emotion is stored as a crystal in every DNA molecule in the body. So, the body is in effect, a three dimensional hologram, where each part of the DNA affects different parts of the body.

All life is connected and it is through our DNA that we broadcast and receive information. Our entire body is akin to a giant transmission and reception system being constructed through resonant frequencies. The Sun, Earth and 'heavens' are nothing more than illusions. They are frequencies being generated, from which our subconscious constructs and our conscious mind observes what we euphemistically believe to be 'reality'. And this is the whole essence of the imprisonment of our minds as we are led to believe by our lords and masters that this five-sense universe is all there is and anyone who questions that fact must be deluded in the extreme. All dangerous knowledge such as this must be eradicated at all costs so that they can maintain their vice-like grip on our lives.

Reincarnation and 'Life between Lives'

"Earth is a training ground for souls." Les Visible, musician and researcher, 2011.

In the 1970s a prominent psychologist and hypnotherapist in California, Dr. Michael Newton, discovered by serendipitous accident, a completely new phenomenon that was to change his life and that of many thousands of individuals worldwide over the course of the next four decades.

In the process of performing hypnotherapy on a patient and whilst regressing him to a past life to attempt to identify the source of his problem (something he had undertaken many thousands of times previously), to his great astonishment, the patient reached the point of his death in that past life and proceeded to describe a most astounding series of events – the transition

of the soul after death into the Spirit World and his 'welcome home' by his 'soul-mates' and spirit guide.

To say he was stunned is a gross understatement. Although he was obviously aware through his vast experience, that the human soul is reincarnated over and over again through the millennia, he had assumed that the soul's life between each life was simply, in his words, a 'hazy limbo that only served as a bridge from one past life to the next'. Now here before him was proof that the soul has a true 'life between lives' and the stunning implications of this were now apparent, brought home to him by his client in a vividly described yet matter of factly-related way on his own psychiatrist's couch.

Dr. Newton realised that he simply had to find a way to uncover any future subject's memories of this 'spirit world' and unlock them as best he could. Eventually after thousands upon thousands of hours of meticulous recording and collating of the experiences of many subsequent patients he was able to construct a theoretical working model of the structure of the 'spirit world' and this is recounted in fine, jaw-dropping detail in his fascinating books, 'Journey of Souls', 'Destiny of Souls' and 'Memories of the Afterlife'.

During this long, arduous process, he also observed interestingly, that it did not seem to make any difference whether the subject had passionate religious convictions of any kind, was a 'dyed in the wool' atheist or indeed exhibited any other beliefs in-between these two polarities. The outcome was always the same; a clear, coherent, consistent description of the spirit world accompanied by a concise description of the events experienced by souls from death in one life to re-birth in the next.

As Dr. Newton relays in his many case histories, collated over the decades, the consistency of description of the experiences of these transitional souls would appear to be proof positive of not only multiple lives, but possibly even more surprisingly, a life between lives. The impact all this has had on Newton's own life may be summed-up succinctly in his observation that as time went on and more and more subjects relayed to him their past experiences, he realised that his own outlook on life had changed substantially. In his own words, he eventually came to the realisation that he had 'lost the fear of death' and in so doing had rid himself of all the unwanted, associated baggage accompanying this most basic of all human fears.

In addition to this, and importantly I feel, Newton also believes he has uncovered the 'meaning of life' (my interpretation – not specifically his, JH).

With every passing instance of his numerous 'visits' to the spirit world courtesy of his subjects' vivid descriptions, it became clearer to him that our purpose in living on this Earth (and the many other worlds populated by souls in this and other physical universes) is simply to learn to achieve perfection. Once we reach this state, we apparently cease re-incarnating and live out a blissful eternal existence without the need to ever again visit this physical realm.

In essence, Earth is a 'school', a training academy for souls. Every lifetime we live, we learn valuable lessons in our quest for perfection and our mentors in the soul world, spirit guides if you will, assist us in this quest in any way they can, often pointing us in the right direction when we struggle with any aspect of the lessons we are here to complete. In addition, immediately prior to each reincarnation, we are encouraged by our spirit guides to choose a specific future life from the options they present to us, that will best fulfil our goals and help us learn from our past mistakes and aberrations thus accelerating our 'growth' as an eternal, immortal being and the gradual progression to ultimate perfection.

Towards the end of his working life, Dr. Newton (who is now in his eighties) founded The Newton Institute in order to train others and provide a tangible platform from which to perpetuate his pioneering work. There are now some 200 practitioners of his methods around the world who through a network of constant communication and training schedules endeavour to keep up-to-date with the latest developments and continue to provide a service to anyone interested in being healed themselves or indeed simply curious about their past lives.

In May 2011, I personally visited one of these practitioners, a hypnotherapist based in the North of England not too far from my home, by the name of Karen Wells, to investigate for myself the concept of 'Life between Lives'. During a pleasant, informal three hour session, alongside four others, I discovered the basics of the theory and the practice behind the process of LBL regression therapy. Karen's passion for the subject was apparent and she kindly agreed to answer a few questions I had, after the session was over.

From this subsequent session, it transpired that Karen had undergone regression herself on many occasions and whilst she quite rightly felt it inappropriate to divulge the precise personal details, she did offer some insights on various aspects of the process in general. For example, she related

the fascinating story of one of her clients who came to her for help in ridding himself of severe back pain. Apparently he had tried all the usual routes of doctors, chiropractors and physiotherapists to divest himself of the pain – all to no avail. So, in desperation he decided to try hypnotherapy and visited Karen's practice.

None of the mainstream health professionals he had visited previously could even find a cause for the pain, let alone attempt to affect a cure. However, in being regressed back to a past life in mediaeval times, the subject found himself on a battlefield involved in brutal conflict with a deadly enemy. As the battle progressed he described the scene to Karen vividly as he was captured by the enemy and held down by several of them whilst another of their number 'ran him through' with a sword into his back, thus ending his current life.

Obviously there is an element of mild trauma involved in re-living such horrific scenes, but Karen reassured me that the experience is not as bad as it may sound. Although on the surface, it seems to be the stuff of future nightmares for years to come, apparently it is experienced in a detached kind of way, almost as though it was happening to someone else or in a dream, although the pain can sometimes be real enough, albeit relatively short-lived. Then as quickly as it had happened, Karen carefully and sensitively returned him to 'normality'. Upon regaining his senses and 'awakening', the subject immediately noticed that the pain had almost gone, but through re-living the cause and understanding the source of the discomfort, it would appear that the pain had been psychologically and even physically 'exorcised' in some way that no-one can really explain. Shortly afterwards he contacted Karen to let her know that the pain had eventually completely disappeared after an entire lifetime of torment and agony.

Indeed this healing process is the basis and raison d'être of hypnotic regression therapy and has been proven over time to be efficacious in thousands upon thousands of instances.

Karen has also performed regression therapy on several individuals who as it turned-out had experienced life on other, distant planets as non-human life-forms. Some were simply humanoid-type species whilst yet others were non-physical manifestations of life who communicated telepathically. In her experience, it is these troubled souls, having had happy, fulfilling lives in less-demanding environments who find it most difficult to cope with the severe lessons to which we are all subjected on planet Earth and indeed they are the

ones most prone to depression and suicide due to their inability to deal with the harshness of life in this world. Some of these poor, sensitive souls unfortunately tend to commit suicide over and over again in desperation and many more of them choose not to return here again after a lifetime of trauma leaves them temporarily damaged and with vivid memories of the utter despair and feeling of 'not belonging here' that they experienced on Earth.

A few years ago, a British TV documentary recounted the story of a small boy in England who could 'remember' a previous lifetime on a remote Scottish island between the two World Wars. His memories were so vivid and persistent and his descriptions of his house and family so clear and consistent that it prompted his family to investigate further. Upon further close investigation they were astounded to discover that the house, the family, the boy and all his siblings as described by their son, actually had existed in the 1920s and 1930s on the island exactly as he had related. The boy himself was too young to have read the story somewhere (and in any case who would have written about an ordinary family living a perfectly ordinary life in a remote outpost of the British Isles, 80 or 90 years ago) and indeed to his parent's knowledge there was absolutely no way that he could have picked up this information without actually having been there at the time. It remains a mystery to this day.

This story is but one of many similar ones that have begun to emerge since the publicity engendered by the documentary. This is food for thought indeed and yet more circumstantial evidence of reincarnation.

To relate an incident from my own experience, very shortly after becoming aware of the work of Dr. Michael Newton and before mentioning it to anyone, I received a phone call from one of my sons, also named John, who proceeded to tell me about what had recently been happening with his daughter, Katy (my granddaughter) who was three years old at the time.

He said that Katy would regularly, when travelling down a particular road in the car, come out with statements such as '…there's the house where I used to live with my other mummy and daddy' and '…can I go to my other house today and play with my friends that live there?'

As you may imagine, I was staggered by this revelation and encouraged him to gently question her about it. As a result, he asked her questions such as '… when did you live at your other house, Katy?' and was told 'a long time ago'. Unfortunately it was all very inconclusive, perhaps not unexpectedly and it eventually ceased altogether and she now appears to have no memory of these

incidents at all, at the ripe old age of four! Could it be that we all still retain past life memories as infants but over the course of the next few years lose the ability to 'remember' them as we become more and more conditioned into the five-sense world that we are programmed by society to believe is real?

However, mystery notwithstanding, this short anecdote adds further fuel to the fire and as with all the other examples contributes to the now huge mass of circumstantial evidence in favour of multi-life reincarnation that is growing almost daily.

In a broadly related but not entirely similar vein, I spent a weekend in the ancient Roman city of Bath in the South West of England with my wife on a short-break holiday in early 2009. Bear in mind that this was also before I had 'discovered' Michael Newton and his work. Anyway, to cut a long story very short we had had a wonderfully pleasant, relaxing evening with a romantic dinner accompanied by copious glasses of red wine, when I suddenly surprised even myself by saying (and even today, I have absolutely no idea where these words came from) 'I believe that I have been sent here to look after you in this lifetime'. The look she gave me said it all really… a sort of 'what planet are you on?' kind of look and it really broke the spell of the evening. I mumbled something by way of an explanation, but was at a loss to elaborate. Looking back now, it seemed at the time to be such a heap of patronising drivel, but with the benefit of hindsight and the newly acquired knowledge of multi-reincarnation, maybe that really is why I am here now. I will probably never know for certain – at least not in this lifetime anyway but maybe, just maybe that is one of the reasons I am here at this time, whilst remaining consciously unaware of the fact (most of the time!).

I believe it is also possible that given the fact that we have all specifically chosen to be here on Earth at this particular time, that we are all here to be part of the battle to ensure the continuity of the human race and fight against the forces of evil that are trying to destroy humanity in its present form. There can be no doubt that the next few months and years are going to be critical if we are to survive as a species and some of the greatest challenges the human race has ever had to encounter are just 'around the corner' in our current lifetimes. If we can all 'wake-up' in time and prove ourselves worthy of these challenges and all play our parts in ensuring the survival of the species against the odds, then the karmic lessons we will have learned in our eternal quest for spiritual perfection, will be more than worth the Earthly sacrifices we will all no doubt have to endure along the way.

It is essential that we ask ourselves the question; why is all this substantial, circumstantial evidence of life after death and previous lives not even considered worthy of discussion in the mainstream and ignored, let alone properly scientifically investigated? There is far less 'proof' than this of, for example, the truth of the theory of evolution, but that particular creed has no trouble in gaining widespread, unthinking acceptance as fact by the 'sheeple' of this world. Unfortunately we have to draw the same conclusions once more and that is that certain elements of our society have a serious vested interest in keeping this knowledge from general public consumption whilst promoting other huge lies as the truth. Were the masses to lose their fear of death in great numbers, as did Michael Newton and as I have too, in understanding the real point of life, then the implications of this for our controllers could well be critical. The only way they can remain in control is by maintaining our fear of death whilst presenting us with a totally distorted version of reality and history that maintains the status quo in their favour.

There are perhaps 10,000 of them in total and almost 7 billion of 'us'. Just think of the power we have should we choose to use it and instead of passively accepting slavery as we do now, refuse to be bent to their sadistic wills any longer.

PART 4 – The Epilogue

Why have I spent the last several years of my life attempting to bring this appalling state of affairs to everyone's attention? Why not simply let 'sleeping-dogs lie' and concentrate on procuring the best life I can for myself and my family under the prevailing circumstances, like the other 99.99% of humankind? After all, it is such a thankless task, to be brutally candid and the temptation to 'turn a blind eye' to it all, extremely strong. So many people sleep-walk through their entire lives without noticing what is so apparent to those of us who have made the metaphorical leap across the yawning precipice to the truth and so many people will automatically reject as nonsense (often vehemently), virtually every facet of this book without bothering to closely examine the evidence on both sides of the argument. I have been ridiculed and laughed-at and made to feel inadequate many times in trying to get this message across to family, friends and acquaintances, until it reached a point whereby I had to stop talking about what I perceive to be the truth for fear of permanently alienating most people that I know and care about. In fact this has actually happened in more than one instance.

The reason I do not completely give-up however is simply this; I feel a great compulsion to share the truths that I know, not just for the sake of the future of my children and my children's children, but for the future of all of mankind and the descendants of all of us. One thing is for sure, we ARE running out of time as the planned endgame approaches rapidly, but it is still not yet quite too late and people are slowly but surely awakening to recognise what is being inflicted upon us as witness the world-wide protests against the Elite banks and corporations in late 2011.

The year 2012 is widely expected in the 'alternative-view' community to be the 'tipping point', the coming to fruition of the 'hundredth monkey syndrome' for humanity whereby the world's population will become spiritually and also politically aware of what is happening now in front of their currently unseeing eyes and we can all contribute to this simply by being aware of what is really occurring in the world today and sharing that knowledge wherever and whenever possible. The hundredth monkey syndrome describes a scenario whereby one monkey acquires a new skill and teaches it to its children and peers, who all teach it to their children and so on. After a certain

point is reached in this education process (supposedly 100 individuals having the skill – but this is obviously a metaphor), something bizarre happens… monkeys suddenly, no longer need to be taught the skill. They acquire it automatically by some telepathic method or the fact that all matter is connected in some inexplicable way and then in effect the entire species is suddenly endowed 'overnight' with this particular skill. This is a genuine, albeit unaccountable, scientifically-acknowledged phenomenon and not a myth or urban legend. If we can develop our understanding of the truth of our planned fate at the hands of these inhuman-beings and pass on that knowledge to our friends and families, I believe that this will serve to speed-up the hundredth monkey syndrome for humanity, putting to an end, sooner rather than later, the despicable conspiracy that threatens to enslave us all and our descendants, forever.

Furthermore, I strongly suspect that this 'tipping-point', will finally arrive when certain sections of the 'middle-classes' who are at the moment fully complicit, albeit in many cases unknowingly, with this monstrous conspiracy, such as for example, BBC, SKY and FOX News and other mainstream networks' TV reporters, police officers at all levels, the military, middle-ranking politicians and senior health-care professionals, finally realise that their own well-being and the future of their own families is in serious jeopardy. Once these people gain awareness of the full impact of what is happening and finally comprehend that they are being egregiously used to usher-in their own destruction or at best, slavery, then a massive 'changing of sides' will commence and without these lackeys on-side, the Elite will ultimately realise there is nowhere to hide.

Many years ago when I worked in the commercial sphere for a large computer software supplier, I was introduced to a client company that had a somewhat radical senior management team. The directors of this organisation, whose name I have long forgotten, instigated a very controversial, yet once accepted by the majority, extremely effective procedure to maximise the efficiency of their working practices. Very simply stated any process at all, from manufacturing through to sales and administration tasks had to be scrapped and changed every six months maximum, no exceptions. The effect of this was that the employees were constantly re-assessing existing procedures and examining them critically to determine how they could be improved with a long-term view towards ultimate efficiency. This was, as a result of that policy, the most efficient organisation I have ever seen.

And the point I am making there is that this is how we should look at things in this world and our own lives. Never assume that what is in place at the moment in society is the 'only alternative' or 'just the way it has to be', look at everything with a constructively critical eye and see if you still feel that the way things are currently, are really as they are portrayed to be or indeed as they should be. And please, please do not simply take my word for all that is happening around us. I would actively encourage anyone interested in the subjects covered in the pages of this book, to undertake their own simple research and to go wherever ensuing conclusions may lead. That wonderful tool known as the Internet has made this course of action much easier than in previous decades. I urge you to use it before that avenue is closed to us as it is often threatened to be, in the interests of our 'security'.

The overall outlook, although appearing at first glance to be one of hopelessness against such seemingly insurmountable odds, is actually quite positive. We will not win the war that is to come with violence or bombs and tanks and guns. But, by using our wits and choosing our 'battlegrounds' carefully, there is no doubt that the strength and durability of the human spirit will overcome what may appear at first sight to be vastly overwhelming odds. I firmly believe that we have all chosen to be here at this time in history in order to assist the human race in finally conquering its demons against all odds and having made that choice, we must 'stand up and be counted'.

The over-arching weakness in the make-up of these psychopathic cowards is their inability to love, really deeply, truly love anyone but themselves and thus when they are finally faced with a choice of saving themselves or being loyal to their families, their 'comrades' and their cause, it is their own personal safety which will always win through. The solution is certainly in our own hands and with a relatively small degree of co-operation and positive thinking, we (almost) seven billions can surely overcome the tiny minority of sick, deluded, psychopathic individuals who have spent the last several millennia co-opting this planet for their own selfish ends and secure a happy, healthy world of plenty for us all and our children, for ever.

And finally, the purpose of this book is not to present answers and solutions to the problems, but to inform and thus provide further impetus to the 'hundredth monkey syndrome' and facilitate its early arrival by appraising people of what is really happening in the world today. I do not profess to be able to answer the question 'what can we do about it, though?' Nor should I, it is not my place so to do, but it is up to each and every individual to follow

their own consciences and formulate their own opinions of the best 'solutions' and this humble book is my small contribution to that end. The process of change will occur naturally, eventually when the time is right and it will be as a result of a natural ground-swell of truth and knowledge being made available through education of the masses of the issues that are its ultimate causes and not through anyone, least of all me, saying 'this is what should be done'. Your own personal contribution to the solution, however small and insignificant you feel it may be, will make a difference.

This book, although of necessity large and voluminous does not attempt to examine the entire issue in great analytical depth, but rather is meant as an overview, an introduction to this vast subject in order to provide those people who wish to learn more about each individual element, a platform from which to build their own knowledge and thus through that knowledge begin to 'make a difference' in their own ways, no matter how seemingly insignificant that may be.

However, I will now leave the last word of all to George Orwell (real name, Eric Blair), from his interestingly and yet suspiciously perceptive and predictive work, 1984…

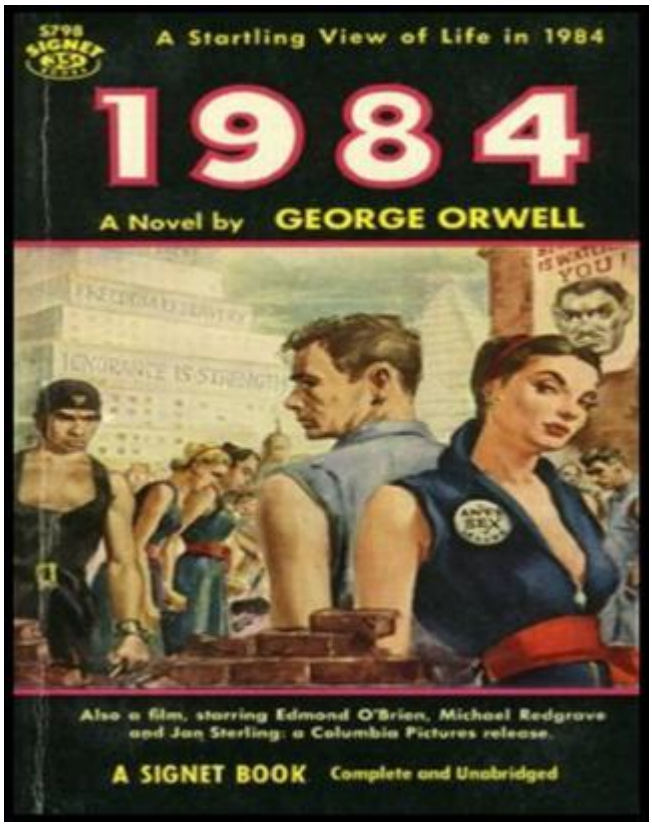

"The frightening thing, he recounted for the ten thousandth time… was that it might all be true. If the Party could thrust its hand into the past and say of this or that event, it never happened – that surely was more terrifying than mere torture and death? And if all others accepted the lie which the Party imposed – if all records told the same tale – then the lie passed into history and became truth. 'Who controls the past' ran the Party slogan, 'controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.' Day by day and almost minute by minute the past was brought up to date. In this way every prediction made by the Party could be shown by documentary evidence to have been correct; nor was any item of news, or any expression of opinion, which conflicted with the needs of the moment, ever allowed to remain on record. All history was a palimpsest, scraped clean and re-inscribed exactly as often as was necessary."

END

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Steve Jackson is an internationally known figure in the fantasy-games world. He is cofounder of Games Workshop Ltd., the largest British company specializing in such games. Its activities include publishing *White Dwarf*, a magazine devoted to science fiction and fantasy games, and organizing Britain's largest games convention, Games Day, which is held in London every September.

Mr. Jackson attended Altrincham School in Cheshire and went on to the University of Keele, where he studied biology and psychology; while at college, he founded the university's games society. After writing on a free-lance basis for the professional games magazine *Games & Puzzles*, he coauthored, with Ian Livingstone, *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, a fantasy book for children. He was the sole author of two other books in the same series, *The Citadel of Chaos* and *Spaceship Traveler*.

In addition to *The Spell Book*, the *Sorcery!* series comprises *The Shamutanti Hills* (also available from Penguin Books) as well as *Kharé—Cityport of Traps*, *The Seven Serpents*, and *The Crown of Kings* (all to be published by Penguin).

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Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road,
Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published in Great Britain by
Penguin Books 1983
First published in the United States of America by
Penguin Books 1984

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 84-60575

Printed in the United States of America by
R.R. Donnelley & Sons Company, Harrisonburg, Virginia
Set in Palatino

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THE SORCERY! ADVENTURE

SORCERY! is a fantasy adventure in which *you* become the hero. It takes place in the lands of Kakhabad and your quest is onwards to the Mampang Fortress to find and retrieve the stolen Crown of Kings. As either a warrior (the simple game) or a wizard (the advanced game) you will choose your paths and encounter a variety of creatures, tricks and traps.

The SORCERY! adventure will span four volumes. You must first cross the Shamutanti Hills and then, after a brief stay in the cityport of Kharé, you will make your way across the Baklands to the Zanzunu Peaks to find the Mampang Fortress.

Your success will depend to a large extent on your own skill as a wizard or warrior. If the magical arts are your chosen weapon, this book contains the spells known by the sorcerers of Analand. You will have to memorize some of these spells – as would a real wizard – and the more spells you learn, the more successful you will be on your adventures.

RULES FOR USING MAGIC

During your training you have been taught a number of spells and incantations which you can call upon to aid you on your quest. The full list of spells follows these instructions.

Spells are identified by a three-letter word. Throughout the books you will be given the option of using spells to overcome problems and opponents. *The spells will be identified only by these three-letter words, so it is important that you memorize at least some of the codes.*

Thus before you can start using your powers of sorcery, you will need to spend some time memorizing spells, as would a real wizard learning the magic arts. Obviously, you will not be able to memorize all forty-eight spells at once, but the more you use the book, the more familiar you will become with the most useful spells.

Try starting by memorizing between six and ten spells (the best ones to start with are given below) and relying on your swordsmanship to fight some of the creatures you encounter. It is possible, with a little luck, to complete your quest with these spells, but your task will become easier when you are capable of using more spells.

Some spells also require the use of an artefact, such as a piece of jewellery or a magic ring. If you try to use a spell without possessing the correct artefact, you will be wasting your STAMINA, as the spell will not work.

Each time you use a spell – whether it is successful or not – it will draw on your reserves of energy and concentration. A cost, in STAMINA points, is given for each spell. Each time you use a spell, you must deduct this cost from your STAMINA score.

You may study the Book of Spells for as long as you want before embarking on an adventure, *but once you have set off, you may never*

again refer to it and must rely purely on your memory until your adventure is over. Nor may you write the spells down for easy reference. In a real situation where you may be surprised by a creature, you would not have time to start flicking through your Spell Book trying to work out the best spell to cast!

The Six Most Useful Spells

Code	*Effect*	*Stamina Cost*
ZAP	Creates a lightning bolt which shoots from the fingertip	4
FOF	Creates a protective force-field	4
LAW	Enables creatures to be controlled	4
DUM	Makes creatures extremely clumsy	4
HOT	Creates fireball which can be aimed at enemies	4
WAL	Creates a magic wall to defend against physical objects	4

ZAP and HOT are strong attacking spells. FOF and WAL are good general-purpose defensive spells, whilst LAW and DUM will be useful if you get into a tricky situation.

Note that these spells will often be more powerful than you need in a given situation – they are not cheap in terms of STAMINA points – but they are good all-rounders. As you get to know more spells from the Spell Book, you will be able to choose more economical spells which will be equally as effective against certain perils.

Read through the list again, then cover up the 'Effect' column with your hand. How many can you remember? When you can remember them by heart, you can begin your quest.

HINTS ON USING SPELLS

As you familiarize yourself with the spells in this Spell Book, your skill and abilities in the SORCERY! adventures will improve.

Learning the six basic spells will allow you to start playing with minimal delay. These spells will get you out of most difficulties, but they are expensive (in terms of STAMINA points) and you will often find it necessary to rely on your limited powers of swordsmanship, particularly with weaker creatures, in order to avoid running dangerously short of STAMINA.

Other spells are more economical but will be given less often as options, thus relying more on your memory and skill as a wizard. The most economical spells of all are those which require magical artefacts, which must be found on your adventure.

Remember that there are heavy penalties for guessing spells! If you choose a spell code which does not represent a spell, or if you choose a spell for which you do not have the required artefact, you will lose extra STAMINA points. In some cases, death will be your penalty!

Finally, remember that not all spells will be used in the first adventure. Some will not come in until the second, third or fourth adventures. A few are never used at all! As you get into these later books, your six basic spells will be given less often as options. The spells are arranged *to some extent* in their order of usefulness in the Spell Book listing – but this is not a hard and fast rule. An adept wizard should be able to complete the first adventure without too much difficulty but the going gets progressively rougher in further instalments.

You will soon begin to make your own discoveries about the spells themselves. There is a certain logic to the way they are arranged, the options that are given and their codes. But these discoveries you must make for yourself. Experience will make you more skilful with magic. All this is part of the art of sorcery.

THE SPELLS

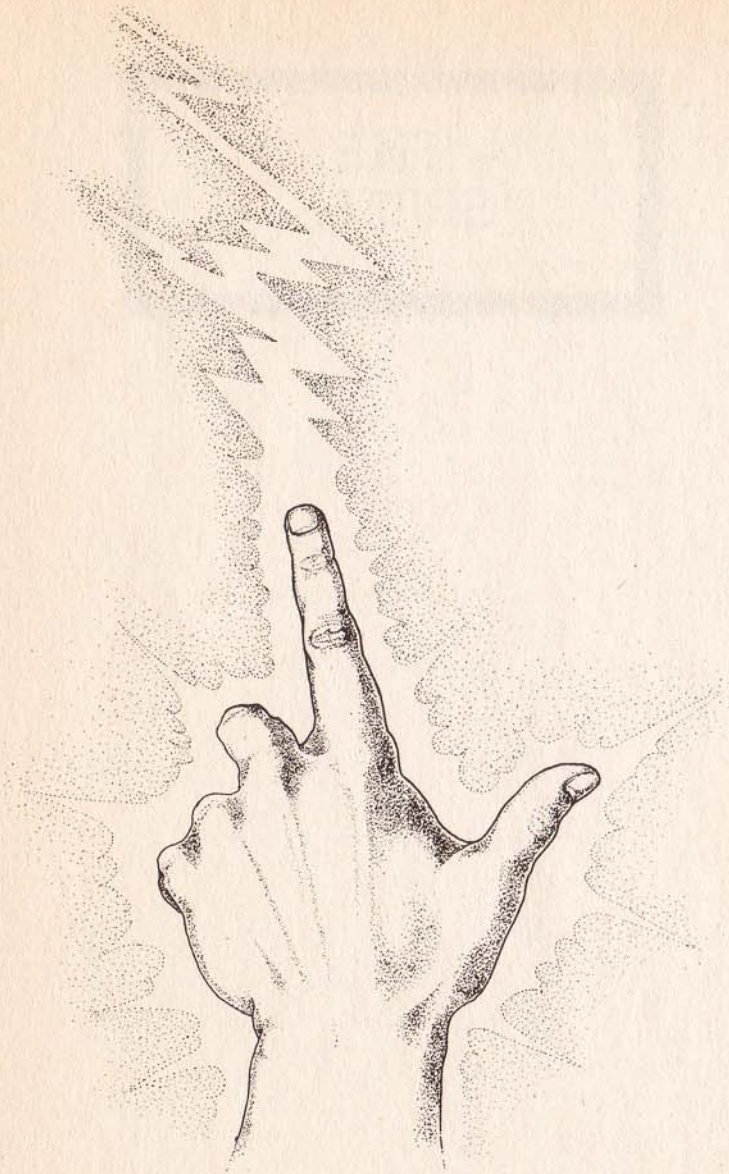

ZAP

An extremely powerful weapon, this spell creates a blast of lightning which shoots from the caster's hand, which must be pointed in the desired direction. It is effective against virtually all living creatures which have no magical defences. But it takes great strength and concentration to use.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

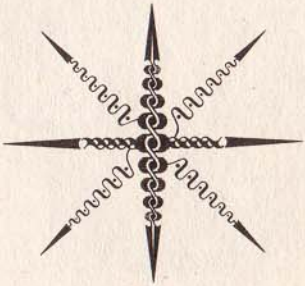

HOT

The caster may direct this spell with his hands in any direction desired. As it is cast, a burning fireball shoots from the hands towards its target. It will be effective against any creature, whether magical or not, unless that creature cannot be harmed by fire. The fireball so created causes severe burns on impact, but extinguishes soon after hitting its target.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

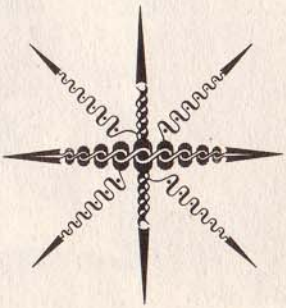

FOF

This powerful spell creates a magical and physical barrier in front of the caster which is capable of keeping out all physical intruders and most magical ones. Its creation takes excessive mental concentration but the resulting force-field is both extremely strong and is under the control of its creator's will, who can allow one-way penetration, or can position it as desired.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

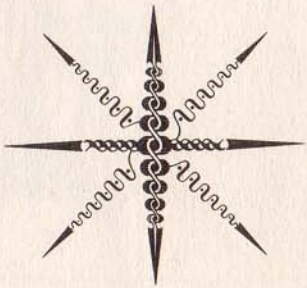

WAL

The casting of this spell creates an invisible wall in front of the caster. This wall is impervious to all missiles, creatures, etc. It is a very useful defensive spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

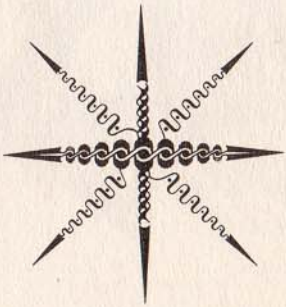

LAW

Casting this spell at an attacking creature allows the caster to take control of the attacker's will. The attack will cease and the creature will immediately come under the control of the caster. However, this spell works only on non-intelligent creatures and lasts only for a short time.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

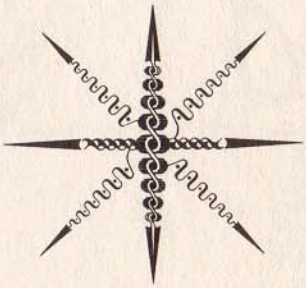

DUM

When cast at a creature holding an object of some sort (e.g. a weapon), this spell will make the creature clumsy and uncoordinated. It will drop the object, fumble to pick it up, drop it again – in short the creature is unlikely to do the caster any harm with any objects while under the influence of this spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

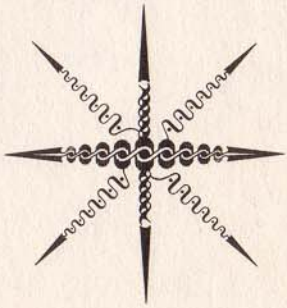

BIG

When this spell is cast on the caster's own body, it will inflate the body to three times normal size. This increases the power of the caster and is especially useful against large opponents, but must be used with caution in confined spaces.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

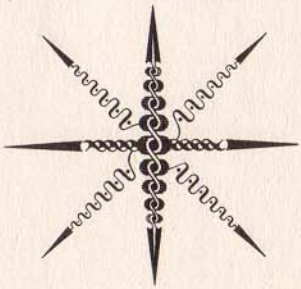

WOK

A coin of some sort is necessary for this spell. The caster places the coin on the wrist and casts the spell onto it. The coin becomes magically fixed on the wrist and acts as an invisible metal shield with an effective protection circle of just under three feet across. This will shield the user against all normal weapons. Afterwards, the coin is no longer usable as a coin.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

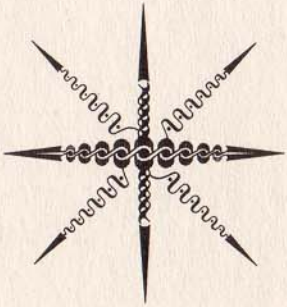

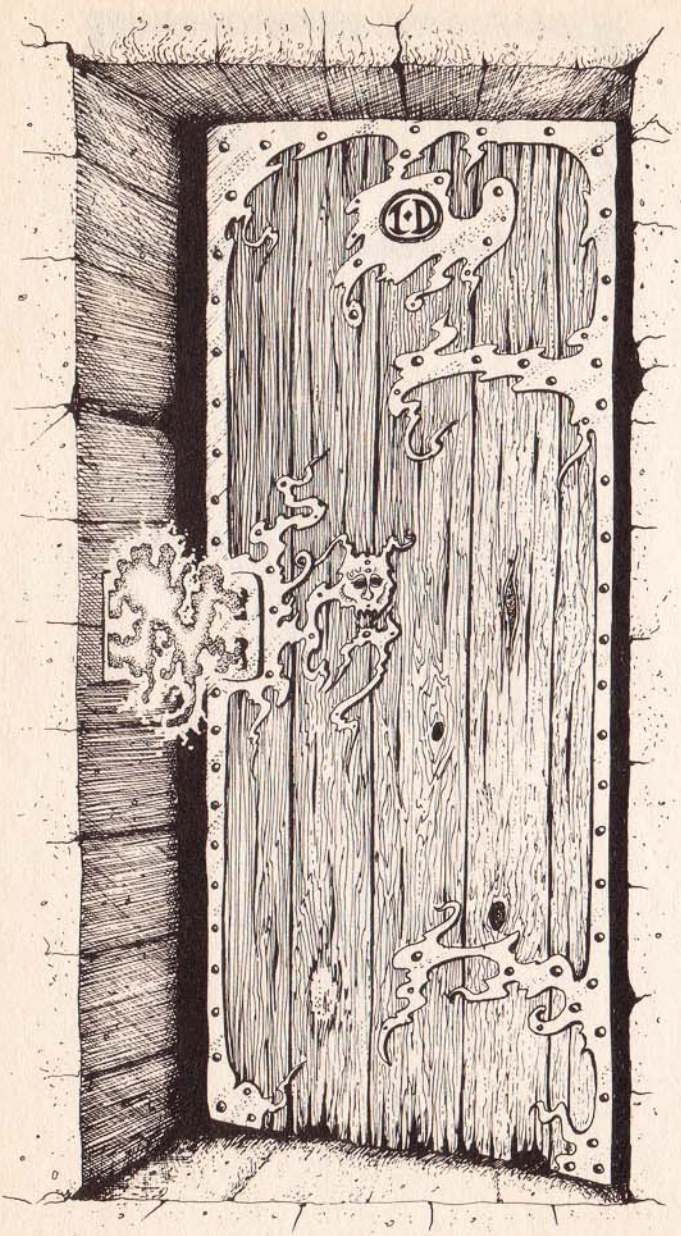
I·D

DOP

This spell may be used to open any locked door. Casting the spell works directly on the lock tumblers and the door may be opened freely. If the door is bolted from the inside, the bolts will be undone. The spell will not work on doors sealed by magic.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

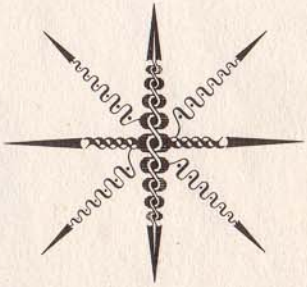

RAZ

To perform this spell, beeswax is required. By rubbing the wax on any *edged* weapon (sword, axe, dagger, etc.) and casting this spell, the blade will become razor-sharp and do double its normal damage. Thus if it normally inflicts 2 STAMINA points worth of damage, it will now inflict 4.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

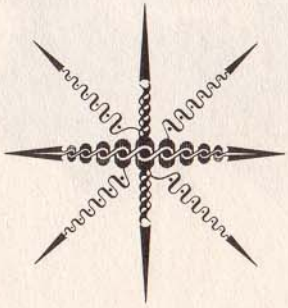

SUS

This spell may be cast when the caster suspects a trap of some kind. Once cast it will indicate telepathically to the caster whether or not to beware of a trap and, if so, the best protective action. If caught in a trap, this spell may also be used to minimize its effects in certain cases.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

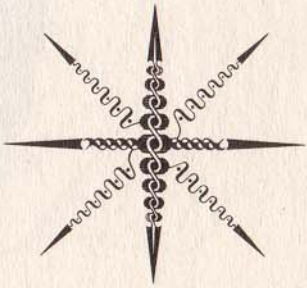

SIX

This spell is cast onto the caster's own body. Its effect is to create multiple images of the caster, all identical and all capable of casting spells and/or attacking, although each will perform identical actions as if reflected in a mirror. Most creatures faced with these replicas will be unable to tell which is the real one and will fight all six.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

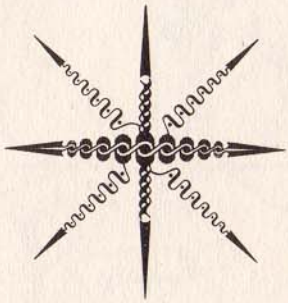

JIG

When this spell is cast, the recipient gets the uncontrollable urge to dance. The caster can make any creature dance merry jigs by playing a small Bamboo Flute. If this flute has been found the affected creature will dance for as long as it is played. This will normally give the caster time to escape – or he may continue playing and watch the show!

Cost 1 STAMINA point

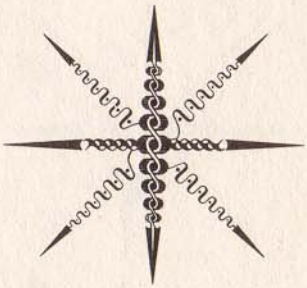

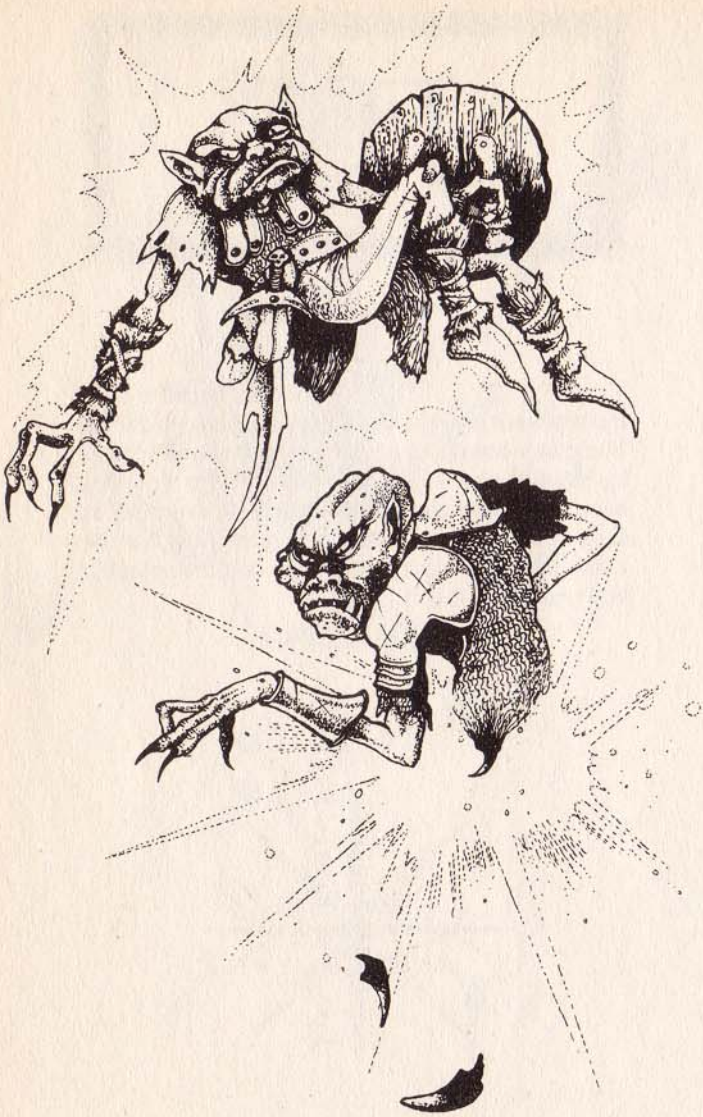

GOB

This creation spell requires any number of teeth of Goblins. The spell may be cast onto these teeth to create one, two, or an army of Goblins. These Goblins can then be commanded to fight an enemy or will perform any duties they are instructed to carry out. They will disappear as soon as their duties have been performed.

Cost 1 STAMINA point per Goblin created

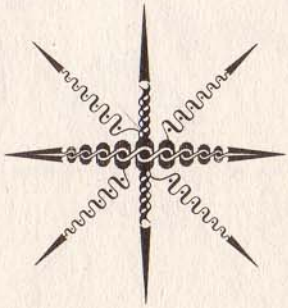

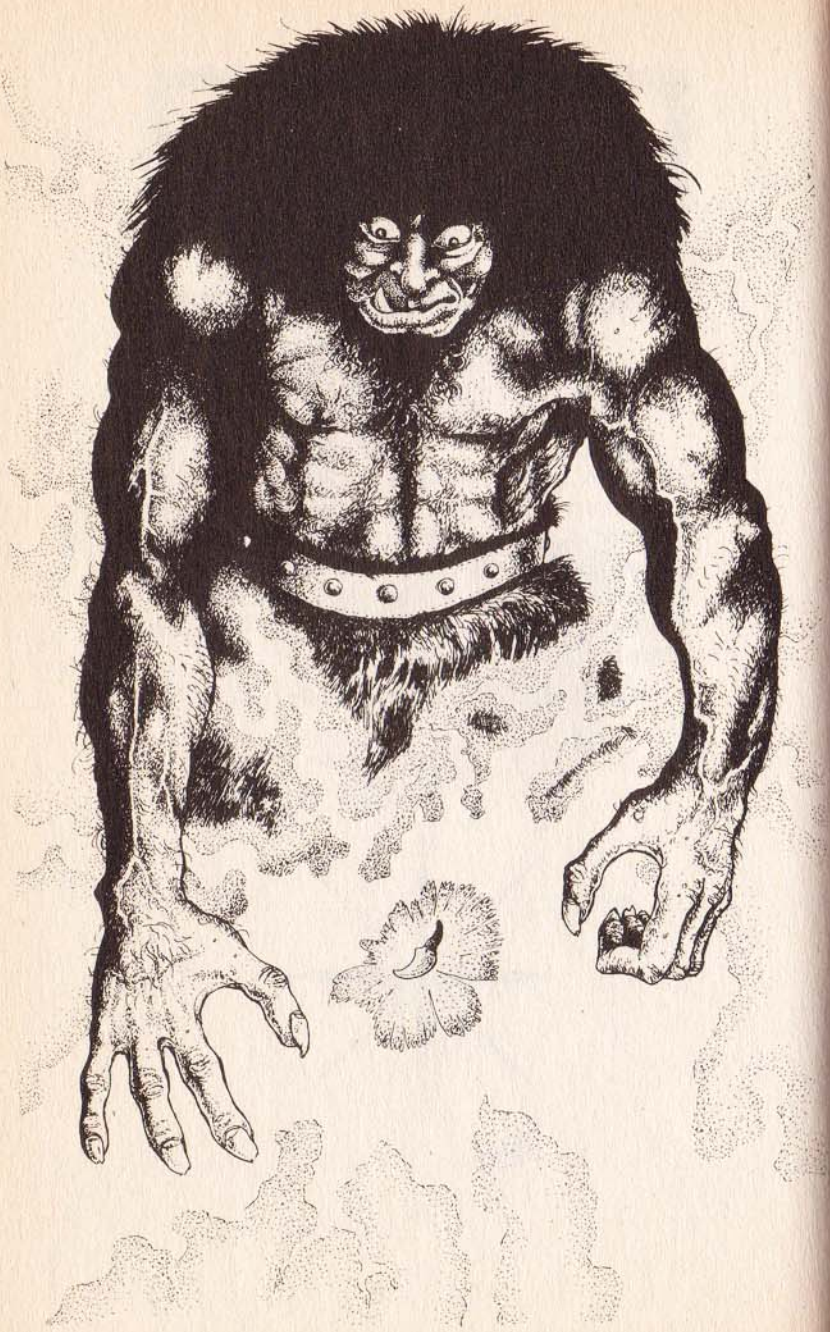

YOB

Casting this spell requires the tooth of a Giant. When this spell is cast upon the tooth correctly, a Giant, some twelve feet tall, will be created instantly. The caster has control over the Giant and may command him to fight an opponent, perform some feat of strength, etc. The Giant will disappear when his duty is done.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

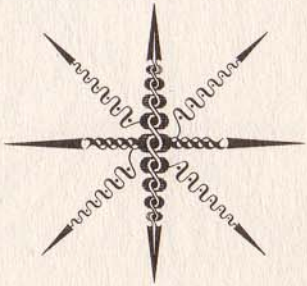

GUM

Casting this spell, together with using the contents of a vial of glue, will cause the glue to become super-sticky, bonding in less than a second. Using the spell, the caster will be able to stick creatures to the floor or walls, although it is necessary to get the victim into contact with the glue from the vial. This can be done, for instance, by throwing it at the creature's feet, or by resting it on top of a slightly opened door, so that it falls when the door is opened.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

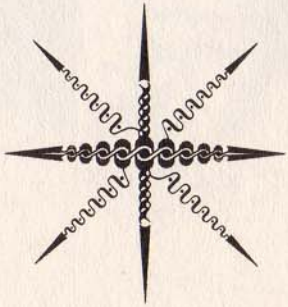

HOW

This spell is to be used in perilous situations when information about the safest way of escape is desired. When it has been cast, the caster will get an inclination towards one exit or, if a means of defence is present near by, will be directed towards it by a strange psychic force.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

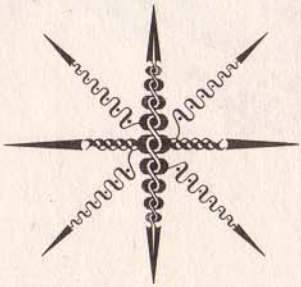

DOC

Medicinal potions carried and used by the caster will, under this spell, have their effects increased so that they will heal any wounded human or creature who drinks them. The potions may be used on the caster – the spell must be cast as potion is being administered – but they will not bring a being who has actually died back to life.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

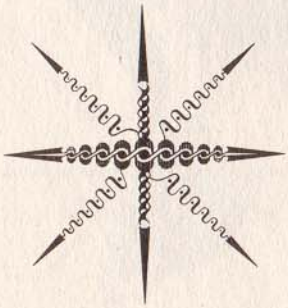

DOZ

This spell may be cast upon any creature, reducing its movements and reactions to about a sixth of its normal speed. Thus the creature appears to move as in a dream sequence, making it much easier to evade or defeat.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

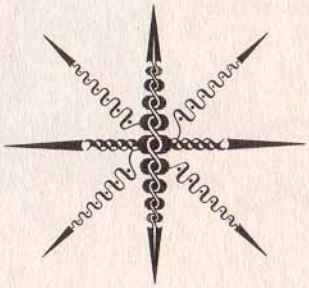

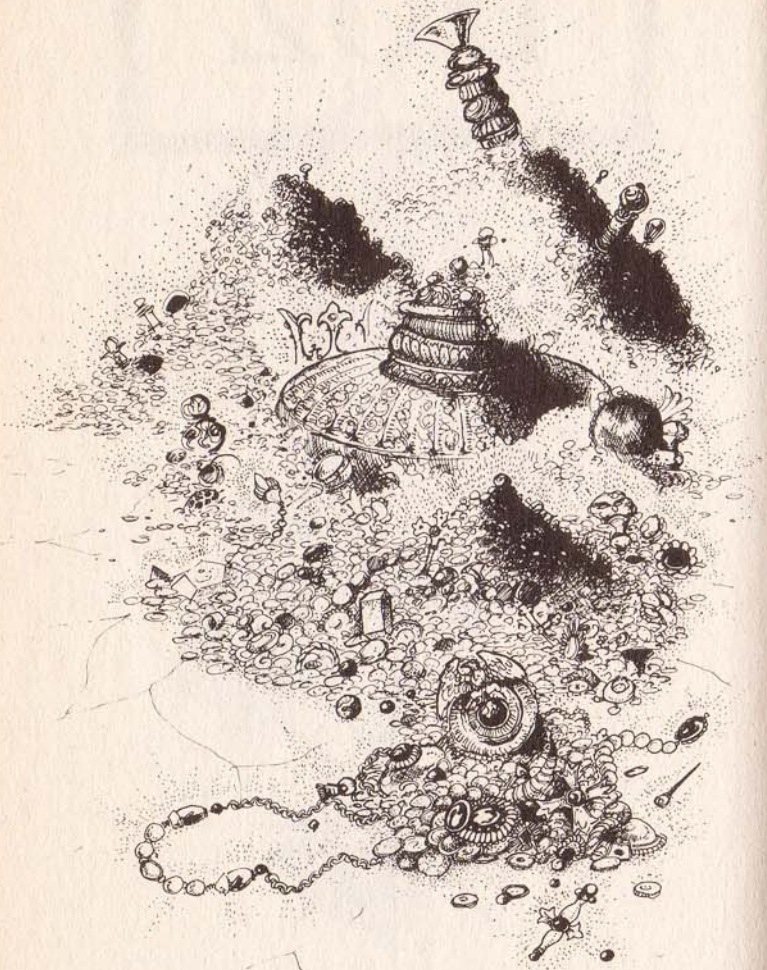

DUD

By casting this spell, the caster can create an illusion of treasure in its many forms. Gold pieces, silver coins, gems and jewels can be created at will and these can be used to distract, pay off or bribe creatures. The illusionary riches will disappear as soon as the caster is out of sight.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

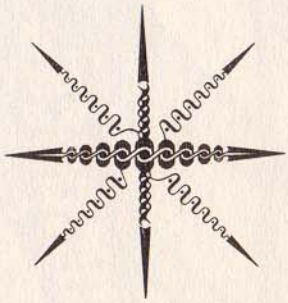

MAG

This spell protects its caster from most magical spells. It must be cast quickly, before the attacking spell takes effect. It works by neutralizing the attacking spell which disperses harmlessly. This spell is thus a very powerful protective weapon, but it does not work against every spell.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

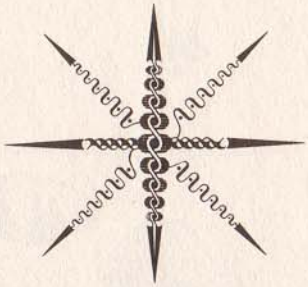

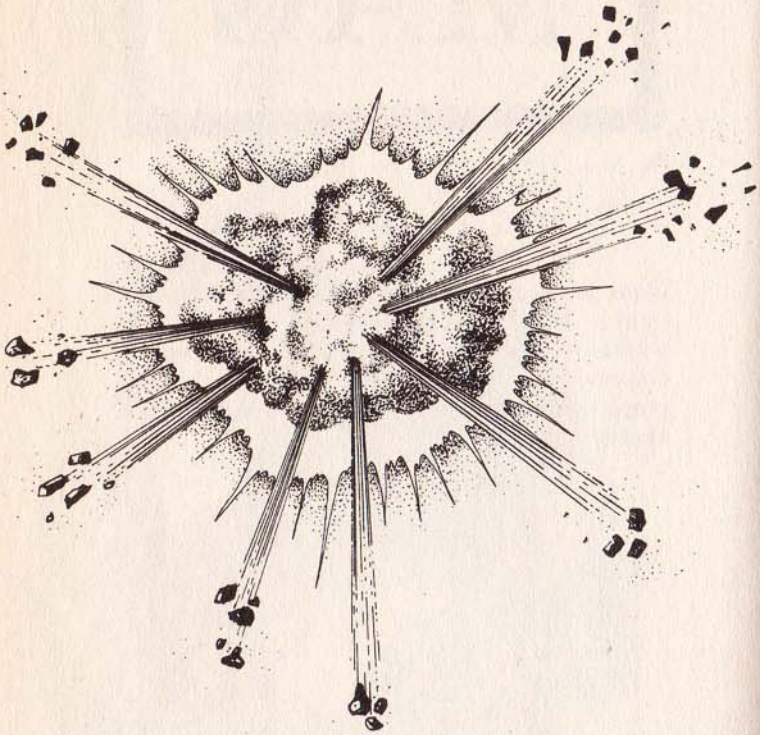

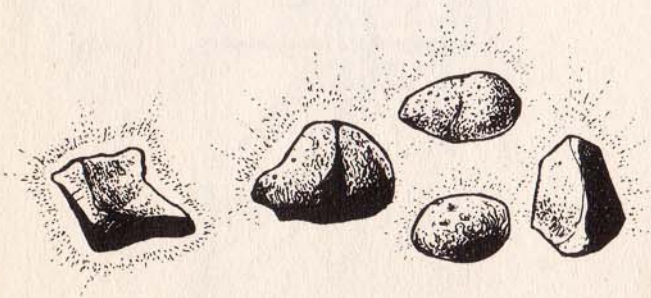

POP

A potent little spell, but one which calls for great mental concentration, this spell must be cast on small pebbles. Once charged with magic, these pebbles can be thrown and will explode on impact. Apart from being dangerous to anything within shatter distance, the pebbles make a loud bang when they explode.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

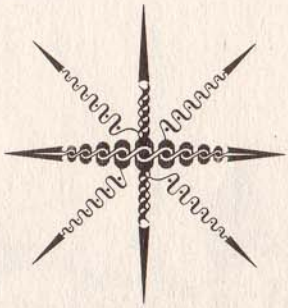

FAL

This spell is useful if the caster is caught in a pit trap or falls from a considerable height. When cast, it makes the caster's body as light as a feather. The caster will float down through the air and land gently on the ground.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

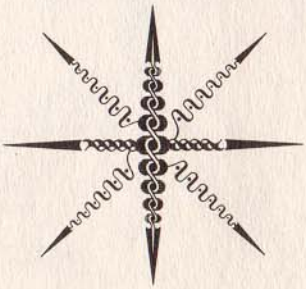

DIM

A good defensive spell, this can be cast at any creature attacking the caster. Its effect is to muddle the mind of its victim, temporarily confusing the creature. However, it must be handled with caution, as a creature so deranged may act irrationally and unpredictably.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

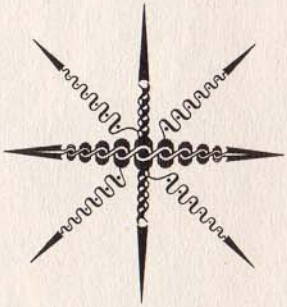

FOG

This spell may only be cast in a closed room with no windows. Once cast, the room turns pitch black in the eyes of all but the caster – even though torches and candles may still be burning. It renders blind any creatures within the room. Its effects are only temporary.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

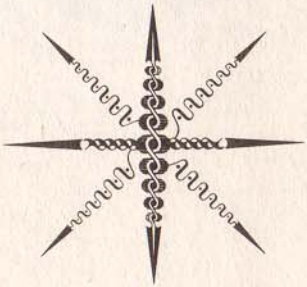

MUD

As this spell is cast, the caster must sprinkle grains of sand on to the floor as desired (e.g. in front of a creature). The spell takes effect on the sand and the floor, creating a pool of quicksand. Any creature stepping on to this quicksand will slowly be drowned in it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

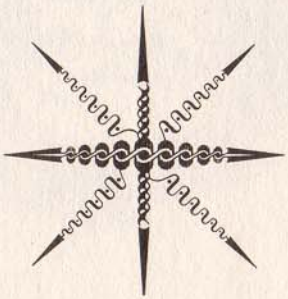

NIF

As this spell is cast, the air surrounding the caster becomes filled with a nauseating stench. This smell is so horrible that it will cause any creature which catches a whiff of it to vomit violently. It will thus weaken any adversary with a sense of smell. This includes the caster unless he is wearing a pair of nose plugs. The effect will be more pronounced in creatures with large noses.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

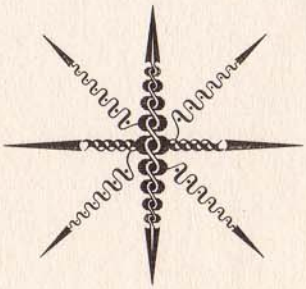

TEL

To activate this spell, the caster must wear a cloth skullcap. With the aid of this cap, the spell will allow the user to read the mind of any intelligent creature encountered, learning about its strengths, weaknesses, the contents of nearby rooms, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

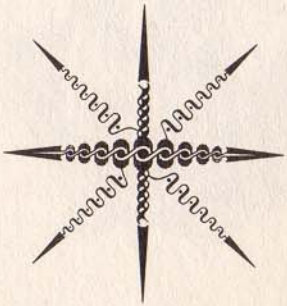

GAK

In order to use this spell, the caster must be in possession of a Black Face-mask, which must be worn while the spell is being cast. It can be cast directly on to an opponent and has the effect of creating a terrible fear within his mind. Brave creatures will be less affected than cowardly ones, thus the effect varies from a cold sweat and loss of nerve to the creature's being reduced to a quivering jelly cowering in the corner of a room.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

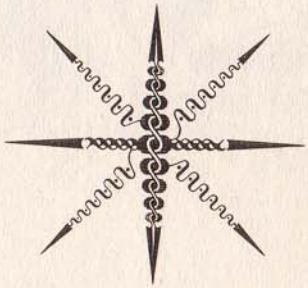

SAP

The effect of this spell, which is only useful in combat, is to demoralize an opponent so that his will to win is lost. Any creature so demoralized will be easier to defeat – though victory is still not certain.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

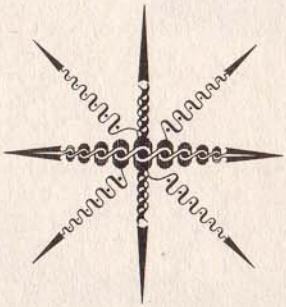

GOD

This is a form of illusion spell which can only be performed if the caster is wearing a Jewel of Gold. When this spell is cast, any creatures or humans in the vicinity will take an immediate liking to the caster. This does *not* mean that they will not fight, if such is their duty, but they will be more likely to give information that they would not normally give. They may even help the caster in spite of their normally being hostile.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KIN

This creation spell is useful in battles. It requires the use of a Gold-Backed Mirror, which must be pointed at a creature as the spell is cast. It creates an exact replica of any creature being fought and this double is under the control of the caster, who can instruct it to fight the original creature. Both will fight with the same strengths and weaknesses – only luck will separate their fates. If the original creature dies, its double will disappear. It will also disappear if it is defeated.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

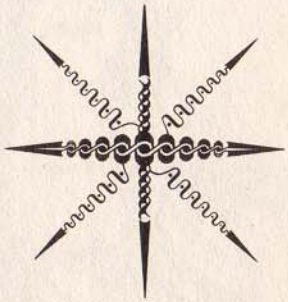

PEP

A Potion of Fire Water must be taken by the caster for this spell to be used. It will enhance the effects of the Fire Water to give the caster double or treble his or her own normal strength. Although the effects are temporary, they will normally be enough to aid in battle or to perform some feat of super-strength.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

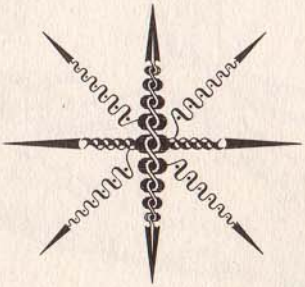

ROK

Special Stone Dust is required for this spell. The Dust must be thrown at a creature as the spell is being cast. Within seconds, the victim will start to petrify. As its movements become slower and eventually cease, it will start to turn grey. Some moments after the spell is cast, it will have solidified into a grey stone statue.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

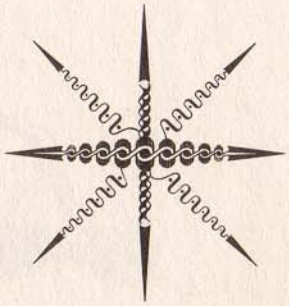

NIP

The caster must cast this spell on his or her own body. Under the influence of this spell, the caster becomes exceedingly quick and may run, speak, think or fight at three times normal speed. However, this spell will only take effect if the caster sniffs Yellow Powder before using the spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

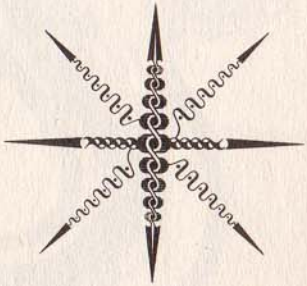

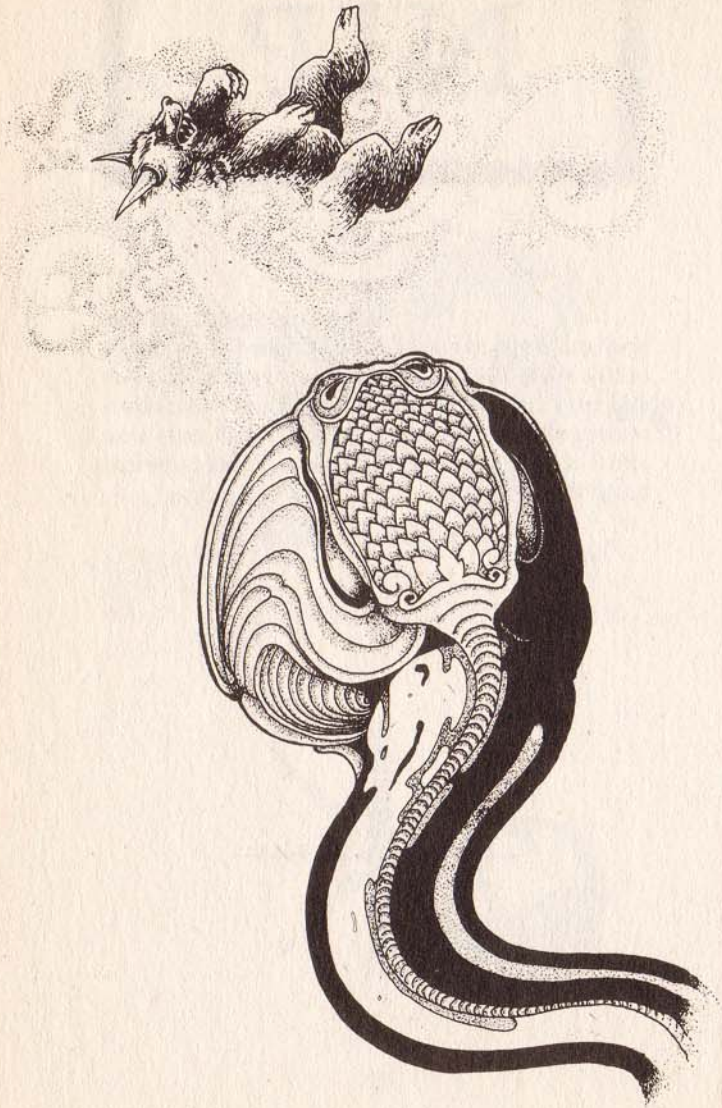

HUF

In order to use this spell, the caster must possess the Galehorn, a trumpet-like instrument which plays a discordant note. The spell is cast on to the horn and it is blown in a particular direction. As the spell takes effect, a tremendous wind rushes from the trumpet. This wind is capable of blowing over man-sized creatures, or it can be used to blow things off shelves, over ledges, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

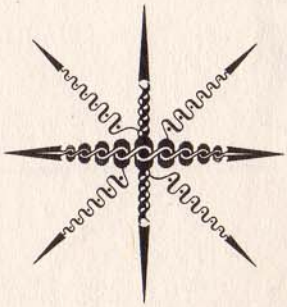

FIX

Applicable to both animate and inanimate objects, this spell has the effect of holding an opponent or object where it stands, unable to move even if in mid-air. In order to cast this spell, however, the caster must be holding a Staff of Oak Sapling. Anything held fast by this spell will remain frozen until the caster leaves the vicinity.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

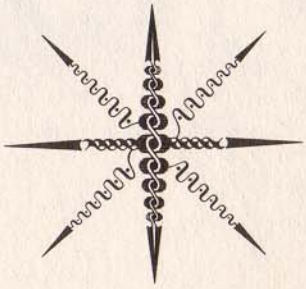

NAP

Effective only against living creatures, this spell causes them to become drowsy and, within several seconds, to fall fast asleep. It is used in conjunction with a Brass Pendulum. The spell concentrates the creature's attention on the Pendulum, which the caster must swing slowly to and fro before the creature, in order to hypnotize it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

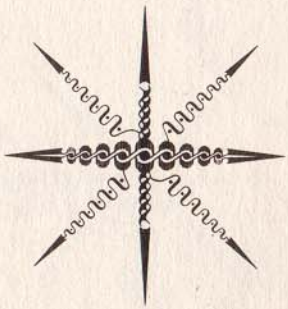

ZEN

In order to cast this spell, the caster must wear a Jewel-Studded Medallion around the neck. Casting this spell will then allow the caster to float in the air at any height desired. A magician hovering thus will remain suspended for as long as desired and may float around at will.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

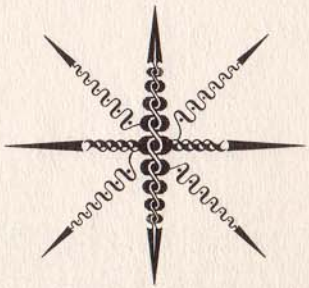

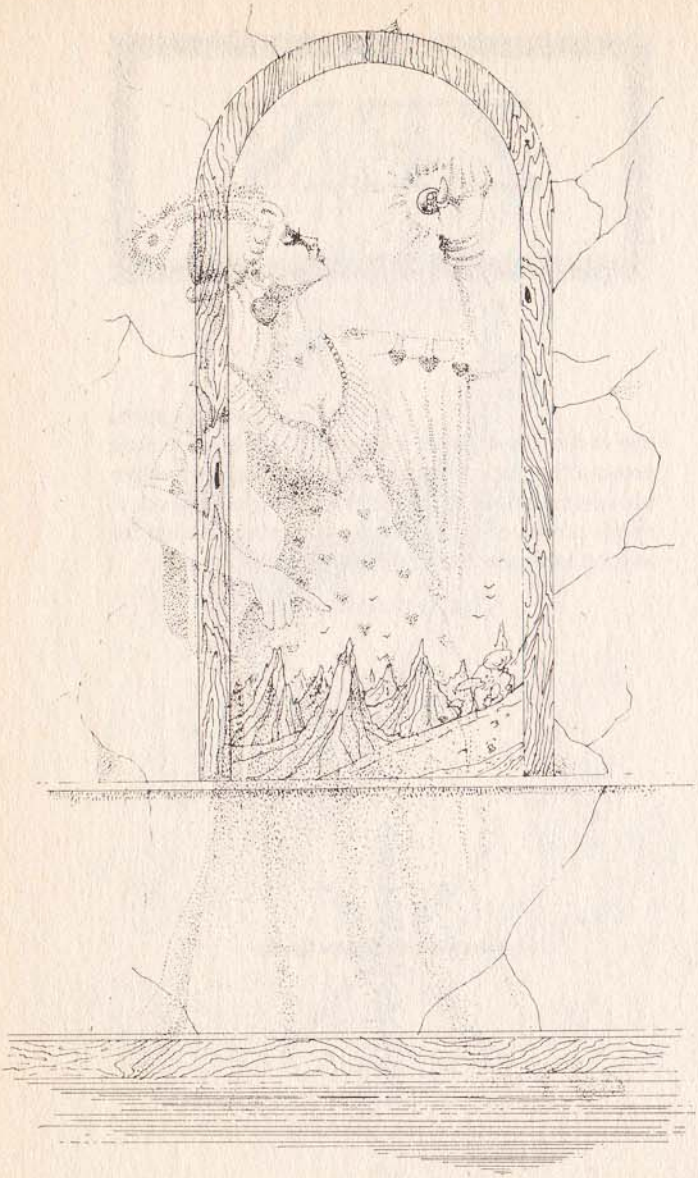

YAZ

This spell will not work unless the caster is wearing a fine Pearl Ring. Casting the spell while wearing this ring renders the caster's body invisible to any reasonably intelligent creature. It may be used to give considerable advantage in battle or to escape from a dangerous situation. Any creature with ears will be able to hear the caster as he moves around the room. Less intelligent creatures will only be partially convinced, as this is a form of illusion spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

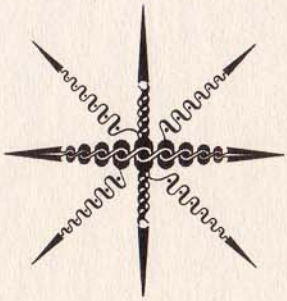

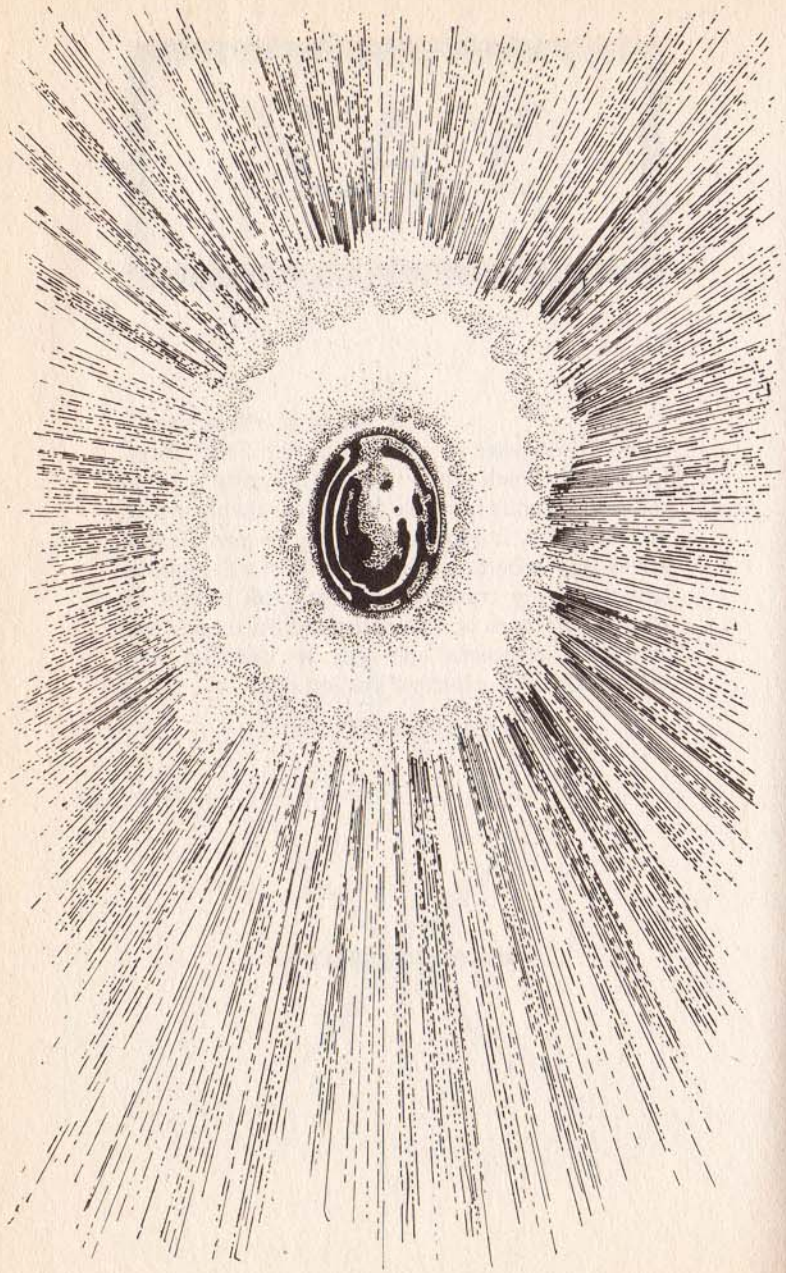

SUN

This spell may only be cast upon the yellow Sun Jewel. Once cast, the Jewel begins to glow brightly. Its intensity is under the control of the caster, who can make it brilliant – in order to blind attacking creatures – or just light enough to act as a torch to see in dark rooms.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

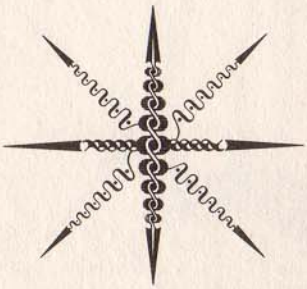

KID

In order to use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Bracelet of Bone. Once the spell is cast, the caster must concentrate on a particular illusion (e.g. the floor is made of hot coals, the caster has turned into a Demon, etc.) and this illusion will appear real in the eyes of its intended victim. This may allow time for escape or lower a creature's defences. The spell will not work on non-intelligent creatures. If the caster acts in such a way as to destroy the illusion (e.g. turns into a mouse and then goes on to strike the creature with a sword), its effect will be lost immediately.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

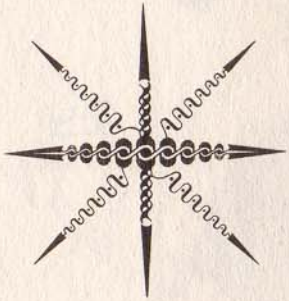

RAP

To use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Green-Haired Wig. In conjunction with this wig, the spell will allow the caster to understand the language of, and communicate with, creatures speaking a non-human tongue. (e.g. Goblins, Orcs, etc.).

Cost 1 STAMINA point

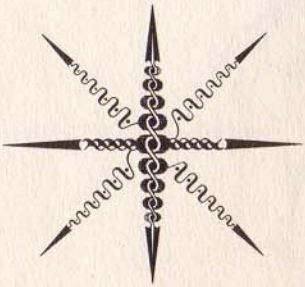

YAP

This spell allows the caster to understand the languages of, and communicate with, most animals. It will be ineffective unless the caster is wearing a Green-Haired Wig.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

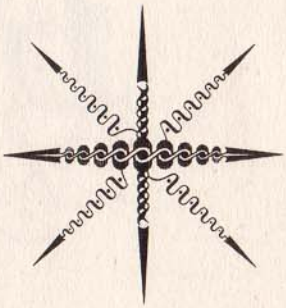

ZIP

An invaluable aid in close battle, this spell is only usable when the caster is wearing a Ring of Green Metal, such metal having been mined from the Craggen Rock. When the spell is cast on to this ring, it enables the wearer to disappear, and reappear a short distance away. The transportation can be through some soft materials such as wood and clay, but is blocked by stone, metal and the like. It is a rather unreliable spell, though – occasionally it has disastrous results.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

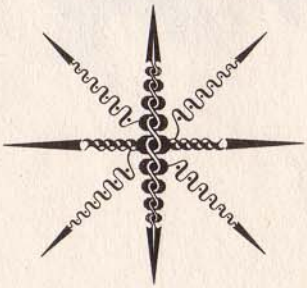

FAR

In conjunction with an Orb of Crystal, this spell will enable its caster to see, with certain limitations, into the future. The Orb must be held in the hands and the spell is recited while concentrating on the Orb. Very little control can be exercised on exactly what will be seen, but the normal tendency is to see near-future events.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

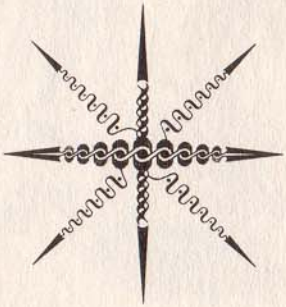

RES

When cast upon a dead human or humanoid creature (i.e. one with two arms, two legs, a head, etc.) while Holy Water is being sprinkled on the corpse, this spell brings it back to life. The resurrection takes some time to work – the body does not simply spring back on its feet – and the ex-corpse can be killed again as normal. For some time after this spell has taken effect, the resurrected creature is dull and dozy, but it may answer questions asked of it by the caster.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

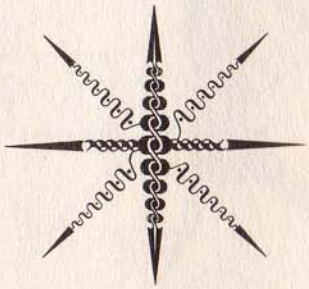

ZED

Casting this spell is beyond the means of most minor conjurers because of the great powers of concentration necessary. In fact, in all known history, this spell has been cast only once. Its caster, a powerful Necromancer from Throben, was never seen again and thus its effects are unknown. The Necromancer's notes were subsequently found, but only indications as to its effects could be assumed. Suffice it to say that this is perhaps *the* most formidable spell in known magic lore – but no living magician knows its true effect.

Cost 7 STAMINA points

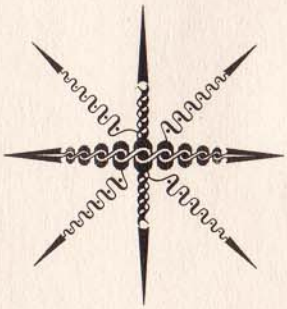

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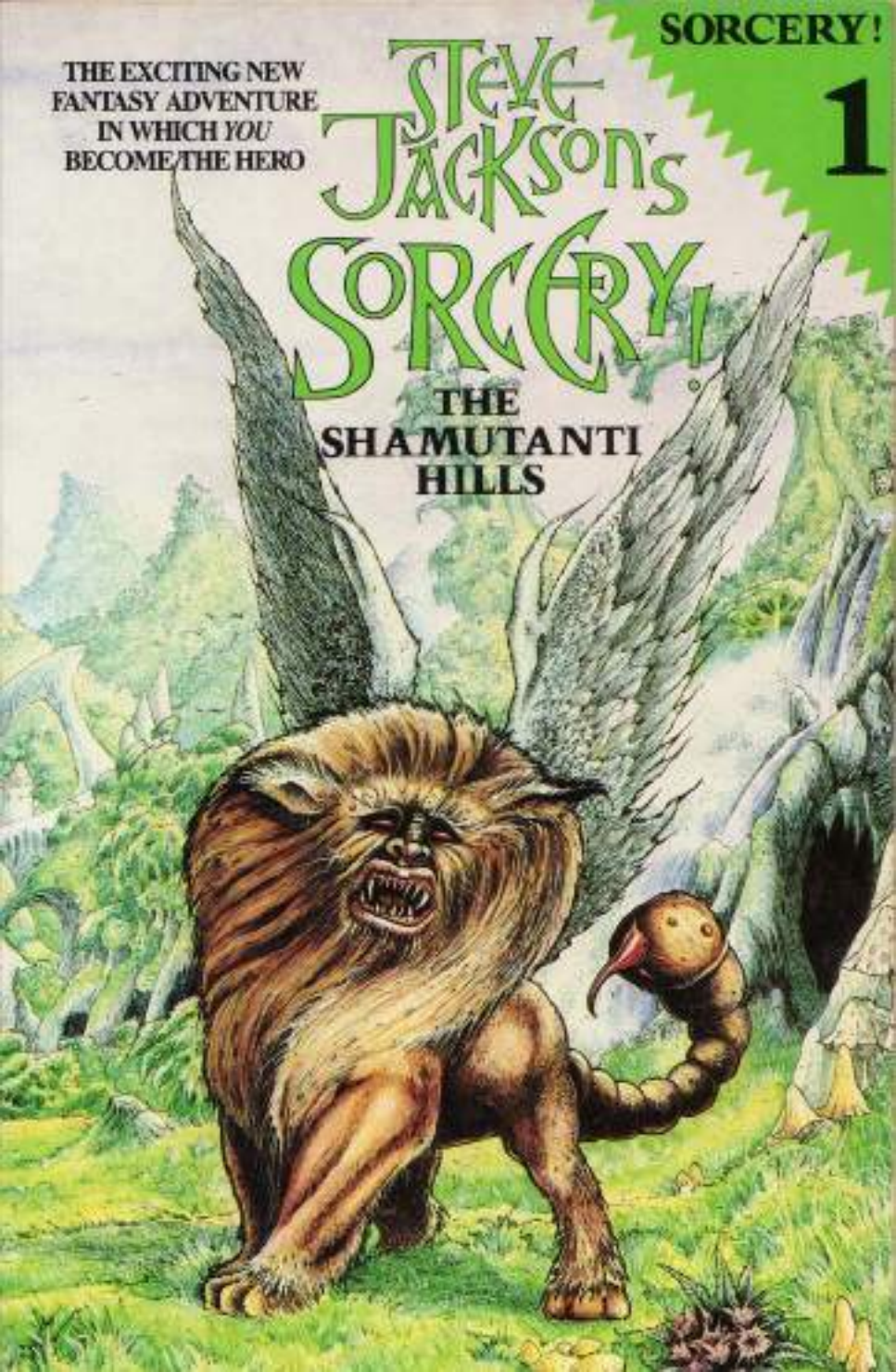

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Steve Jackson is an internationally known figure in the fantasy-games world. He is cofounder of Games Workshop Ltd., the largest British company specializing in such games. Its activities include publishing *White Dwarf*, a magazine devoted to science fiction and fantasy games, and organizing Britain's largest games convention, Games Day, which is held in London every September.

Mr. Jackson attended Altrincham School in Cheshire and went on to the University of Keele, where he studied biology and psychology; while at college, he founded the university's games society. After writing on a free-lance basis for the professional games magazine *Games & Puzzles*, he coauthored, with Ian Livingstone, *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, a fantasy book for children. He was the sole author of two other books in the same series, *The Citadel of Chaos* and *Spaceship Traveler*.

In addition to *The Shamutanti Hills*, the *Sorcery!* series comprises *The Spell Book* (also available from Penguin Books) as well as *Khare—Cityport of Traps*, *The Seven Serpents*, and *The Crown of Kings* (all to be published by Penguin).

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First published in Great Britain by
Penguin Books 1983
First published in the United States of America by
Penguin Books 1984

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 84-60574

Printed in the United States of America by
R.R. Donnelley & Sons Company, Harrisonburg, Virginia
Set in Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

You are about to embark on an epic adventure – a quest for the Crown of Kings. Your journey will take you from Analand, your home, across the unruly territories of Kakhabad to the Mampang Fortress wherein lies the treasured crown.

In this solo fantasy role-playing gamebook you may elect to become either a wizard or a warrior. If you choose to be a warrior, a simple combat system will allow you to fight the various creatures of Kakhabad quickly and conveniently. If you choose wizardry as your skill, you will learn to master a unique magic system found in no other fantasy role-playing game. As would a real Grand Wizard, you will have to *learn* your spells!

The spells available to you are found in the *Spell Book*, which is published separately, and you will prepare for your journey by memorizing these spells. you need not learn *all* the spells, for all forty-eight spells would be known only by a true Imperial Sorcerer. A basic knowledge of as few as six spells will be enough for you to start your journey.

Whether wizard or warrior, the journey ahead will be dangerous and you will be faced with tricks, traps, problems and clues – not to mention the host of evil creatures which will try to prevent you reaching your goal.

Through the multi-choice gamebook system, *you* will choose which paths to take, whether to fight or flee from combat and how you will solve problems. If death takes you, you will have to begin your adventure again. But if your skill is great and if luck – and your god – is with you, you may survive your overland journey to the Mampang Fortress.

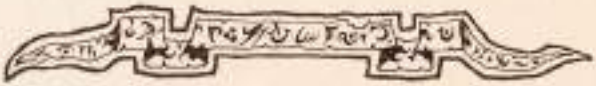

THE SIMPLE AND ADVANCED GAMES

Beginners may wish to start with the simple game, ignoring the use of magic. Rules for fighting creatures with swords and other weapons are given in each adventure book, using a combat system similar to that used in Puffin's *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, the original Fighting Fantasy Gamebook. By rolling dice, you battle creatures with weapons only.

More experienced players will wish to progress quickly on to the advanced game, in which your fighting ability is somewhat limited but your most powerful weapon will be your knowledge of magic, a much more powerful tool. In actual fact, the advanced game is fairly simple to learn. There is no reason why beginners should not proceed with the use of magic from the start. But learning spells will take some time and practice with the Spell Book, and the 'simple' option is given for players who wish to start their adventure with minimum delay.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF KAKHABAD

Before setting off on your journey, you must first build up your own personality profile. On pages 18 and 19 you will find an *Adventure Sheet*. This is a sort of 'current status report' which will help you keep track of your adventure. Your own SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will be recorded here, and also the equipment, artefacts and treasures you will find on your journey. Since the details will change constantly, you are advised to take photocopies of the blank *Adventure Sheet* to use in future adventures, or write in pencil so that the previous adventure can be erased when you start another.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. If you are playing as a *warrior* (the simple game), add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you are playing as a *wizard* (the advanced game), add only 4 to this number and enter the total. Wizards are worse fighters than warriors, but they more than make up for this by the use of magic spells.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been *Lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been *Unlucky* and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being *Lucky* or *Unlucky*. However, in battles you always have the *option* of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *Lucky*, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are *Unlucky*, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *Lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are *Unlucky*, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, you may be given instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

You start with enough Provisions for two meals. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions, and you may eat only one meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add points to your STAMINA score as instructed. Remember that you have a long way to go, so manage your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given whenever this occurs. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores can be restored to their *Initial* values by calling on your goddess (see later).

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

WIZARDS: HOW TO USE MAGIC

If you have chosen to become a wizard you will have the option, throughout the adventure, of using magic spells. All the spells known to the sorcerers of Analand are listed in a separate volume, *The Sorcery! Spell Book*, and you will need to study this before you set off on your adventure.

All spells are coded with a three-letter code and you must learn and practise your spells until you are able to identify a reasonable number of them from their codes. Casting a spell drains your STAMINA and each has a cost, in STAMINA points, for its use. Recommended basic spells will get you started quickly, but are very uneconomical; an experienced wizard will use these only if faced with choices of unknown spells or if he/she has not found the artefact required for a less costly spell.

Full rules for using spells are given in the *Spell Book*.

DON'T FORGET! You may not refer to the SPELL BOOK once you have started your adventure.

LIBRA – THE GODDESS OF JUSTICE

During your adventure you will be watched over by your own goddess, Libra. If the going gets tough, you may call on her for aid. *But she will only help you once in each adventure.* Once you have called on her help in the Sharnutanti Hills, she will not listen to you again until you reach Kharé.

There are three ways in which she may help you:

Revitalization: You may call on her at any time to restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* values. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

Escape: Occasionally, when you are in danger, the text will offer you the option of calling on Libra to help you.

Removal of Curses and Diseases: She will remove any curses or diseases you may pick up on your adventure. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

EQUIPMENT AND PROVISIONS

You start your adventure with the bare necessities of life. You have a sword as your weapon, and a backpack to hold your equipment, treasures, artefacts and provisions. You cannot take your *Spell Book* with you, as the sorcerers of Analand cannot risk its falling into the wrong hands in Kakhabad – so you may not refer to this book at all once you have started your journey.

You have a pouch around your waist containing 20 Gold Pieces, the universal currency of all the known lands. You will need money for food, shelter, purchases and bribery throughout your adventure, and 20 Gold Pieces will not go far. You will find it necessary to collect more gold as you progress on your way.

You are also carrying Provisions (food and drink) sufficient for 2 meals only. As you will find, food is an important commodity and you will have to be careful how you use it. Make sure you do not waste food; you cannot afford to run out of Provisions.

SORCERY! ADVENTURE SHEE

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

GOLD AND TREASURE	PROVISIONS

EQUIPMENT AND ARTEFACTS

BONUSES, PENALTIES, CURSES ETC.

CLUES AND NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

ll– *mina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*
ll– *mina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*
ll– *mina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*
ill– *mina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*

THE LEGEND OF THE CROWN OF KINGS

Centuries ago, in the time we now call the Dark Ages, whole regions of the world were undiscovered. There were pockets of civilization, each with their own races and cultures. One such region was Kakhabad, a dark land at the end of the earth.

Although several warlords had tried, Kakhabad had never been ruled. All manner of evil creatures, forced from the more civilized lands beyond the Zanzunu Peaks, had gradually crawled into Kakhabad, which became known as the Verminpit at Earth End.

Civilization and order had spread throughout the rest of the known world ever since the discovery of the Crown of Kings by Chalanna the Reformer, of Femphrey. With its help, Chalanna became Emperor of the largest empire in the eastern world. This magical Crown had mysterious powers, bestowing supernormal qualities of leadership and justice on its owner. But Chalanna's own ambitions were not of conquest. He wished instead to establish peaceful nation-states, aligned to Femphrey. Thus in his wisdom he passed the fabled Crown from ruler to ruler in the neighbouring kingdoms, and, with the help of its magical powers, one by one these lands became peaceful and prosperous.

The path was set. Each ruler would own the Crown of Kings for a four-year period in which to establish order within his kingdom and fall in with the growing Femphrey Alliance. So far the kingdoms of Ruddlestone, Lendleland, Gallantaria and Brice had taken their turns under the rule of the Crown. The benefits were immediate. War and strife were virtually unknown.

The King of Analand duly received the Crown of Kings amid great ceremony, and, from that day onwards, the development of Analand was ensured. No one quite knew how the Crown of Kings could have such an enormous uplifting effect on a whole nation. Some said it was divinely inspired; some that its power was merely in the mind. But

one thing was certain – its effects were unquestionable. All was well in Analand, until the night of the Black Moon.

The King was the first to discover that the Crown was missing. Carried off on that starless night by Birdmen from Xamen, the Crown was on its way to Mampang in the outlaw territories of Kakhabad. News came from the Baklands that the Crown was being carried to the Archmage of Mampang whose ambitions were to make Kakhabad his kingdom.

Although Kakhabad was a dangerous land, it was in itself little threat to the surrounding kingdoms. The lack of rule meant it had no army and its own internal struggles kept it permanently preoccupied. But with the Crown of Kings to establish rule, Kakhabad could potentially be a deadly enemy to all members of the Femphrey Alliance.

Such was the shame that fell on Analand for the loss of the Crown that all benefits from two years under its rule soon disappeared. Law, order and morale were breaking down. The King was losing the confidence of his subjects. Neighbouring territories were looking suspiciously across their borders. There were even whisperings of invasions.

One hope remained. Someone – for a military force would never survive the journey – must travel to Mampang and rescue the Crown of Kings. Only on its safe return would the dreadful curse be lifted from Analand. You have volunteered yourself for this quest and your mission is clear. You must cross Kakhabad to the Mampang Fortress and find the Crown!

THE LAND
MAURISTATIA
L. LUMLI
KHARE
THE BAKLANDS
BADDU-BAH PLAINS
KLATTA STEPPES
THE SHAMUTANTI HILLS
VANTI-BA
CANTOPARI GATE
ANALAND
CHAUBARY WOOD
BADDU-LEY
EARTH

AKHABAD
THE ZANZUNU PEAKS
TINPANG R.
ILKLALA
VISCHV
MAMPANG FORTRESS
HIGH XAMEN
LOW XAMEN
ST OF SNATTA
AVANTI WOOD
KHARMAK R.
SEA

1

You awake at sunrise. After dressing, you breakfast on bread and goat's milk and collect your belongings. Outside, the Outpost Settlement is stirring: the womenfolk emerge to wash and prepare their meals as the day's guard takes over.

Eyes follow you as you leave your hut and walk towards the Shamutanti Wall. The frontierspeople are well aware of your mission and a small crowd of well-wishers follows some distance behind you.

Before you stands the Cantopani Gate. Guarded constantly by Sightmaster Warriors, chosen for their powers of telescopic vision, the Gate is the final doorway between Analand and Kakhabad. Once more you check your pack.

Satisfied that your preparations are complete, you nod to the Sightmaster Sergeant. For the last time he glances at the look-out atop the gate, who signals the all-clear. The Sergeant orders the bolt to be withdrawn. A doorway opens up in front of you and you get your first view of the Shamutanti foothills, the first stage of your journey.

The Sightmaster Sergeant strides over and grasps your hand. 'I will not wish you a safe journey, for the way ahead will not be safe. Kakhabad is a treacherous land inhabited by devils. But this you already know.

'Take the path ahead to Cantopani, a small settlement of traders – although most are rogues and thieves – which you should reach within the hour. From Cantopani onwards there are three routes through Birritanti to Kharé, a cityport on the Jabaji river. From Kharé you must cross the Baklands, which are unknown. It is said that day and night in the Baklands are controlled not by the sun but by supernatural forces, and bear in mind also that, from Kharé onwards, your progress will be *watched*.'

His warnings do little to inspire confidence in you. He continues: 'But I have observed your training and you are indeed a worthy champion. I wish you luck and success with your quest. My thoughts, and the good wishes of all the peoples of Analand, will be with you. With Libra on your side may you live to lift the curse and depression which rack our kingdom.'

You shake his hand, thank him for his good wishes and step up to the

Gate. Resolutely, you pass through the doorway. The faces of the folk watching your departure reveal the hopes that rest with you and with the success of your quest.

With a wave, you turn and face the hills. The early morning air is crisp and the rising sun paints the hills in colours of natural beauty which conceal the devilry ahead.

Setting off determinedly, you follow the path. Your quest has begun! Turn to **178**.

2

As you draw your weapon, you hear a hissing noise and the body of a huge, two-tailed SERPENT materializes before your eyes. One of its tails is wrapped around your arm and now, with a flick, the creature sends you flying into the undergrowth. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You pick yourself up and face the creature. Resolve your combat:

SERPENT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, you may continue through the bush until you reach a point where the undergrowth thins and becomes a waist-high grassland. Turn to **105**.

3

Following the passage down for some distance, you reach a T-junction where you may turn left (turn to **63**) or right (turn to **26**).

4

The cage door is firmly locked. If you have a key with you, you may try using it on the door by subtracting 10 from the number on the key and turning to that reference, or you may try a spell:

COP	DOP	BAM	PEP	RAZ
443	409	320	429	360

Alternatively, you may try breaking the lock (turn to **142**).

5

You ask what sort of teeth the bag contains, but he will only tell you 'creature teeth' and he certainly will not trust you to look through the bag. He will charge you 3 Gold Pieces for the bag of teeth. Buy if you will, then turn to **280**.

6

As you tread carefully along the passage, dust falls from the low ceiling. Precarious wooden beams hold the walls back and you stumble and curse as your foot strikes one of the beams. Suddenly a pile of rubble falls from the ceiling in front of you and a cracking of wood stops you cold. The roof is collapsing! Will you turn and run back to the door (turn to **66**) or run on ahead (turn to **128**) to avoid the falling rocks?

7

Running ahead quickly, you are eventually out of range of the annoying little creatures. You follow the path for the rest of the afternoon until you reach a point where you can see that it is running into a hill village. Proceed by turning to **28**.

8

You settle down and relax on the bed. Outside the inn there is a commotion and you spring up as several Svinns burst into your room and surround you. Before you can react, two grasp your hands and you are marched from the inn to a hut at the edge of the village. Turn to **71**.

9

You may continue your journey either by following the path into the valley (turn to **164**) or by taking the high path up into the hills (turn to **157**).

10

Eventually the path peters out and ahead of you is a wood. A signpost, reading TO ALIANNA, points into the wood. Will you set off into the woods (turn to **150**) or return to the junction and continue heading northwards as you were before (turn to **46**)?

11

You pull out your bamboo pipe and begin to play. Somehow the unseen musicians adapt their tune to accommodate you and play away merrily for half an hour or so. You may add 3 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point for your restful encounter. Then you pick yourself up, leave the hut and make your way out of the village. Turn to **196**.

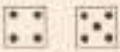

12

As they see you, they all point and gabble excitedly to one another. One of them rises into the air and flies across, hovering over you to take a closer look. Will you attempt to speak with him (turn to 113) or will you hold your ground and prepare to take defensive action (turn to 203)?

13

You follow a path leading sharply downhill into a narrow valley. You cross a stream on a wooden bridge and start to climb the next hill. Half-way up, you hear twigs break in the undergrowth and suddenly a large creature – about the size of a bear – stands before you. It has black and white fur, and a long bushy tail which trails out behind it. This animal bars your way and is snarling menacingly at you. Will you prepare to attack it (turn to 252) or try to edge round it peacefully (turn to 236)?

14

Outside the village you climb up into the woods. You find a suitable sheltered spot not far from another path. Will you camp for the night (turn to 108) or continue through the night (turn to 49)?

15

As the dying Ogre is heaving its last breath, you investigate the room. You try grinding some of the black rock as the creature was doing but you cannot turn the handle. However, two valuable gems have already been processed and are lying on the table. You may take these with you. Each is worth 10 Gold Pieces but if you wish to buy anything with them, you will not be given change. In other words, it will cost you a whole gem to buy an item costing, for instance, only 2 Gold Pieces. You may now leave the room and the cave, and return to the junction (turn to 144).

16

The passage slopes downhill and you soon reach a fork where you may go either right (turn to 174) or left (turn to 151).

17

'In this wood I have collected all sorts of magical artefacts,' she says. 'Release me from this cage and I will give you three useful items.' Will you try to free her (turn to 4) or search for the items anyway (turn to 213)?

18

You sit down and eat and admire the fine view of the surrounding hillside. If this is your first meal today, add 2 STAMINA points. If you have already eaten since leaving Analand, add only 1 STAMINA point. When you are ready to continue, turn to **168**.

19

The path winds up and over the hill and you stop and marvel at a grassy verge in which are growing some of the most beautiful and delicate flowers you have ever seen. Turn to **40**.

20

The creature is a SKUNKBEAR and, when you draw your weapon, it raises its tail, releasing a nauseating odour. The smell is horrendous, but you must fight:

SKUNKBEAR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

The effect of the smell is so powerful that you must deduct 2 points from your dice roll each time you roll for Attack Strength. If you beat the creature, turn to **193**.

21

You find a quiet place to rest outside the village. Away from the bustle of the festival of youth you are able to get a good night's sleep. The Minimite curls up near you. You may eat provisions before you go to sleep and add 2 STAMINA points (1 point if you have already eaten). Add 3 STAMINA points for the rest. Then turn to **67**.

22

Roll 1 die. This is the price, in Gold Pieces, that the merchant is asking for the pipe. If you will pay this price, purchase the instrument. Turn next to **280**.

23

A TROLL guard uses this hut as his sentry post. He patrols the area for ten minutes and then sits in his hut for twenty, throughout the day. With a little luck, you will pass by him during one of his twenty-minute rests. If you rolled a:

1 or 2	Turn to **245**
3 or 4	Turn to **69**
5 or 6	Turn to **99**

If you *Tested your Luck* and were Lucky, turn to **167**. If you were Unlucky, refer to your single die roll and proceed as instructed above.

24

The crashing shaft behind you makes you run faster along the black passage. Suddenly you gasp as your foot fails to touch the ground below and you fall downwards into a pit! You may cast a spell:

SUD	FAL	RIS	ZEN	SUS
290	**399**	**439**	**330**	**424**

If you know none of these spells, or prefer not to cast one, turn to **277**.

25

You plead with your goddess – but nothing happens! You try again, but she appears not to be listening. A short time later, your captors bundle you out of your cage and towards the large pot, warming over the fire. Three of them pick you up and heave you into the water, which is now uncomfortably warm. Then it happens . . .

Dark clouds rumble in low over the camp. When they are directly overhead they release a torrential downpour which douses the fire and cools your bath. Your bindings slide loose and you are able to scramble from the pot. Libra has not ignored you! The Head Hunters, sensing something supernatural, have scattered into the woods and you are now free to escape. But you may not call on Libra again in this part of your adventure to help you. Not until you reach the city of Kharé will she listen to you.

You collect your belongings and run off into the woods. Turn to **254**.

26

You turn down the passage and follow it cautiously for several minutes. You stop to listen and, in the distance, you can hear a low rumbling. You wait to see what happens. The rumbling gets louder and your hair stands on end as you see a large, rounded boulder rolling swiftly down the passage towards you! This rock is almost a perfect fit in the tunnel and its speed is increasing as you dither. Will you use your magic to help you:

GUM	BAM	WAL	FIX	SIT
367	446	323	343	391

Or will you try some other means of escape (turn to **83**)? You may call on Libra's help if you have not yet summoned her (turn to **53**).

27

By the bridge is a small wooden hut. As you approach, an ugly hunch-backed creature emerges and stands between you and the bridge, barring your way. In a gruff voice he speaks to you:

'Halt stranger. If you wish to pass
Two answers must you give Vancuss.'

The guardian of the bridge has dark, glaring eyes but looks no match for you physically, although you suspect he may have magical powers. Do you wish to try answering his questions (turn to **41**) or will you instead retrace your steps and take the other path down into the valley (turn to **38**)?

28

You walk into the village. Young Hill Dwellers pass you and stare at your strange clothes. Their own attire is rough by comparison and everyone wears their hair long, but piled up on their heads. You pass without incident into the centre of the village. Will you look for an inn for the night (turn to **211**) or find an ale-house and relax (turn to **266**)?

29

If you offer him an artefact which you have found on your travels, he will accept it, offer you a mug of ale and chat to you (turn to **191**). If you cannot offer him an artefact, you must leave immediately and head either for the inn (turn to **92**) or out of the village (turn to **21**).

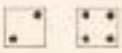

30

You rise early to leave Dhumpus. Turn to **208**.

31

Did you eat at all on the first day of your journey since you left Analand? If not, you are feeling very hungry and must lose 3 STAMINA points. Now turn to **246**.

32

You press on through the grass and, after half an hour or so, you reach the river-bank, well upstream of the village you were avoiding. You notice that your backpack feels lighter than normal and you take it off to examine it. Looking inside, you find that you have lost two items of equipment! You must cross off your *Adventure Sheet* any two artefacts that you have collected on your journey (but gold and/or Provisions only if you have nothing else to lose).

As you search for the missing items, the tops of the grasses bend towards you and wrap themselves around your bag, belt and boots. You realize you have been walking through PILFER GRASS which is able to pickpocket items from passing travellers. These two items are now lost for ever. Turn to **231**.

33

You explain that you are travelling to Kharé and ask him for advice on the way ahead. 'I myself have never left this village,' says the man, 'but you have two paths ahead. My advice, though, is not free. For 2 Gold Pieces I will tell you what I know.' If you accept his offer, pay him the money and turn to **225**. If you refuse and wish to press onwards, turn to **81**.

34

You pass along the main path through the village and stop outside a hut where several Hill Dwellers are sitting and eating. They are deep in discussion about something. Will you introduce yourself (turn to **86**) or ignore them and continue (turn to **106**)?

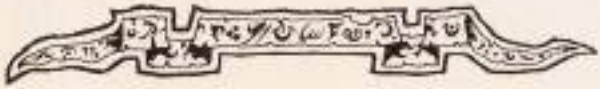

35

You stop at the edge of the village and prepare to bed down for the night. You may eat provisions if you have any. If you do so you may add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day (1 point if you have already eaten). You soon drift off but are awakened rudely by three Svinns who hold you to the ground, pinning your arms. They carry you to a small hut at the edge of the village. Turn to 71.

36

Did you eat at all yesterday? If not, you must lose 3 STAMINA points as you are now very hungry. Continue by turning to 147.

37

'I'm sure you would, I'm sure you would!' chuckles the little creature. 'But I will come anyway.' You try to swat it away but it is much too quick for you. Faced with no alternative, you continue down the hill with Jann who has hitched a ride on your shoulder. Turn to 111.

38

The path drops sharply downhill into the valley and then up the other side. The going is very tiring and you must lose 2 STAMINA points. Half-way up the hill is a clearing in which a small wooden hut stands. Throw one die and turn to 23 after you have done so. You may, if you wish, *Test your Luck* although you must do this before turning to 23.

39

The room is quite large and is evidently a storeroom of some kind. In one corner is a pile of black rocks, and more rocks are held in a bucket near by, these ones glistening dully in the flickering candlelight. In the centre of the room is a strange-shaped mechanical apparatus – perhaps a press or stone-cutter of some kind – and this is being operated by a large, powerful OGRE. He is dropping stones in at one end and turning a metal handle, which crunches the rock. As you enter, the Ogre stops and turns towards you, growling fiercely. Will you run from the room and out of the cave (turn to 144) or will you face the creature (turn to 285)?

40

You follow the path carefully downwards, trying to avoid breaking branches as you go. If you wish to stop along the way to eat Provisions, turn to 180. If you would rather press on, turn to 133.

41

The hunchback chuckles and asks his first question:

'A witch held in captivity
Lives in the woods. First tell to me
If you know of this cunning dame
How is she known; what is her name?'

What will your answer be:

Allina?	Turn to 238
Allanna?	Turn to 253
Alianna	Turn to 143

If you do not know her name, you may *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may guess one of the names above. If you are Unlucky or if you would prefer not to *Test your Luck*, turn to 59.

42

You walk up to the fire in the centre of the village and call out loudly. There is no response. As you wait for some sign of life you begin to feel dizzy. Too late, you realize that the fumes from the fire are overpowering you! You fight to keep consciousness, but without success, and you slump to the ground. Turn to 279.

43

The broadsword is a fine weapon and you are amazed at your bargain. You may use the sword to fight and may add 1 point to Attack Strength when in use. Turn to **126**.

44

The key opens the lock and you open the cage door to release her. She springs from the cage. 'Stranger, I am indebted to you,' she thanks you. 'And Alianna will reward you!' Do you want a magical item (turn to **248**) or an aid in combat (turn to **122**)?

45

Did you eat at all yesterday? If you ate at the inn or took Provisions, you suffer no penalty, but if you have not eaten during the day you are now hungry and must lose 3 STAMINA points.

There are two ways on from the village of Kristatanti. Choose your path by turning either to **125** or **226**.

46

You continue along the path for most of the afternoon until you reach a gate which is ajar. Turn to **234**.

47

The Goblin senses your defiance and rises, with a large stone club in his hand. You may fight him:

GOBLIN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

Turn to **186** if you win. Alternatively, you may cast a spell:

RAZ	BAM	TEL	ZAP	YAG
328	397	309	438	289

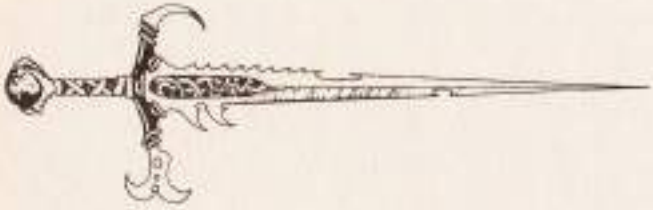

48

You chat to her and drink your – or rather *her* – tea. Suddenly a pain grips your stomach. You wince and cough and are horrified to find you are starting to seize up! Desperately you try to keep moving, but the paralysis drug takes effect. 'Ho, suspicious stranger!' she laughs. 'I can *count* on travellers suspecting my witchcraft!' You are powerless to watch as she goes through your bag looking for magical artefacts. If you have a page from a Spell Book, turn to 77. Otherwise she will take any two objects in your bag which you know are useful in magic spells and then she magically transports you and your miniature companion (together with the rest of your possessions) out into the woods where the drug eventually wears off (turn to 232).

49

You may rest if you wish to eat Provisions (if you have any) before your all-night trek. If you take a meal, you may add 2 STAMINA points if you have not already eaten today but only 1 STAMINA point if you have eaten anything. Then you set off. You soon leave the woods following an uphill path and you pause again at daybreak to get your bearings. You must lose 2 STAMINA points for travelling all night without sleep. Turn to 36.

50

Around the creature's neck is a collar which interests you. It is studded with green gems and looks quite valuable. You may take it if you wish and then you had better leave the village. Turn to 196.

51

You travel downhill along the valley for an hour, but then the path turns uphill again. The hill you are now climbing is not too steep and as noon approaches you are again on a descending path. You may stop and eat Provisions if you wish and may add 2 STAMINA points if you do. Further along the path in the afternoon, Jann – who has been chattering incessantly to you – warns you to stop. You are being watched. As you are now in a wood, you proceed cautiously. Suddenly the bushes part and a figure steps forward. Dressed in black, this tall man bars your way. Will you prepare to do battle (turn to 117) or try to talk with him (turn to 103)?

52

The little creature chatters loudly across the river to its friends. They are obviously not keen that you are refusing their welcome and you decide you had better prepare yourself for defensive action. Turn to 203.

53

You wait with bated breath. But your prayers are answered as the boulder slows down. It squeals and screeches as invisible brakes take a hold and eventually stop the deadly ball. After a moment, it begins to roll again – but in the opposite direction – and eventually it rolls out of view back up the passage. You decide to return to the main chamber, where you may take either the left-hand (turn to 16) or the right-hand passage (turn to 3). Remember you may not call upon Libra again during this adventure.

54

You follow the path for the rest of the afternoon until you stand on a hilltop. The path runs down the hill into a small village set on a river and you follow it down. Turn to 176.

55

The noise outside eventually subsides as darkness spreads over the village. You have a good night's sleep. Add 3 STAMINA points and turn to 67.

56

You search through the pockets of the bandits but find nothing there. Setting off again along the path you continue for half an hour until the way ahead becomes an uphill incline. You reach a fork which offers you two ways forward. Turn to 183.

57

Your brisk walk through the grass ends when your foot kicks a small sack of some kind. Bending down to pick it up, you find it is a pouch containing 12 Gold Pieces! You put this in your backpack. But as you do so, you find you have lost one item that you were carrying. Choose which item you have lost – it may only be gold or Provisions if you had nothing else to lose – and cross it off your *Adventure Sheet*. As you search your pack for this missing object, you notice that the grass is bending towards you and trying to wrap itself round parts of your equipment! You are standing in a meadow of PILFER GRASS and, unless you are careful, it will attempt to steal any items it may pick from your pack. Since you are now aware of this, you may guard your belongings and continue. Turn to 159.

58

You follow the path for half the morning and reach a fork where you may either continue straight on (turn to 46) or turn westwards (turn to 10).

59

The hunchback waves his hand in the air and you feel a sharp pain surge through your body. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point and return to the junction to take the other path. Turn to 38.

60

The jewel is large and looks very valuable; it is set in a tarnished mount. His price is 10 Gold Pieces. Buy the jewel if you wish. Turn to 280.

61

You knock at the door of one of the huts. There is no reply. You may enter anyway (turn to 158) or try another hut (turn to 271).

62

You creep off to the edge of the village and settle down under a tree. You may eat Provisions if you wish which will add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day or 1 STAMINA point if you have eaten before. You try to sleep under the tree but you are woken continually by strange noises. Add 1 STAMINA point for getting some rest and leave at daybreak. Turn to 45.

63

You walk down the passage for several minutes. You slip on the dirt and below your feet the ground gives way! You plunge into a hidden pit and land on something soft. Your hand reaches out and touches something which slithers between your fingers. A snake pit! You are sitting on a mound of the deadly reptiles! Will you use your magic to help you:

ZEN	RIS	POP	LAW	FIL
366	417	303	433	344

Or will you look for another means of escape (turn to 165)? If you have not yet used your call to Libra, you had better do so now (turn to 273).

64

No one in the history of the Shamutanti Hills has found a way of escaping the Demon's Deluge and you are not likely to be the first. You are still trying desperately to think of a way out as the air leaves the cave and your lungs fill with water . . .

65

You continue along the path for several hours, taking you deeper into the valley. Presently, the sun begins to set, the air becomes cooler, and you start to consider whether to find a suitable site to camp for the night (turn to 76) or whether to continue onwards without sleep (turn to 224).

66

The door is locked (perhaps as some sort of safety device to seal off the upper parts of the mine from pit disasters – after all, the lives of worker Goblins are expendable), and you will not break through the solid rock. You may either try breaking the door down (turn to 228) or casting a spell:

HUT	HOW	GOP	DOP	DOM
329	423	310	373	350

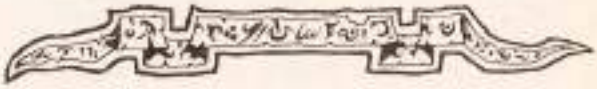

67

You rise early and leave soon after dawn with Jann still hovering around your head as you set off. Did you eat at all yesterday? If not, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points.

There are two paths ahead: one uphill to the east (turn to 135), and one downhill to the west (turn to 51). Which will you choose?

68

You press on, climbing up the hillside for several hours until you are not far from the top. Then you hear a faint sound of bustling activity. Tramping feet, grunting voices and the clanking of metal against rock make you stop and listen. You decide to leave the path and continue cautiously through the woods. A short distance onwards you hide behind a tree and survey a clearing ahead. A number of GOBLINS are in the clearing, in front of an open cave. It appears that they are mining the cave as they trudge in and out of the opening, carrying large bowls full of glistening rocks and dull metallic nuggets. From your position you may easily slip into the cave to see whether you can find anything of value (turn to 175), or you may ignore the mine and slip around the side to a path leading onwards and down the far side of the hill (turn to 13).

69

You creep by the sentry post unnoticed. Turn to 237.

70

Too late, you try to leap clear of the pitfall trap which has opened beneath you. You drop some three metres into the pit and collapse unconscious in a heap. Turn to 139.

71

You are thrown into the hut and the door is locked. You are their prisoner. You spend half an hour looking for a possible escape but there does not appear to be one. If you wish you may sit down and eat Provisions (add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today; 1 if you have already eaten), then you may either settle down to sleep for the rest of the night (turn to 109) or keep awake and on your guard in case anything should happen (turn to 140).

72

Examining the carvings on the axe, you can make out a message which reads: 'This axe was crafted in the Year of the Ox for Glandragor the Protector. Its powers may be realized only by its owner.' It also has the number 233 carved on it. If you keep it as a reserve weapon you must subtract 1 point from your Attack Strength roll when using it. Turn to 126.

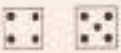

73

The smell gets sweeter as you pass on through the fields of Black Lotus flowers. You feel light-headed as you continue and you start to skip and jump with merriment. Jann, still on your shoulder, is likewise full of glee. Your head swims. Before you can stop yourself, you are feeling dizzy and falling to the ground. You fall into the flowers on to something hard. A surge of horror passes through you as you realize it is a skeleton! But the horror is short-lived as you lose consciousness. The sweet aroma of the Black Lotus is a deadly poison and you have breathed your last. You will rest for ever in the fields of the black death . . .

74

You approach the hut and call through the doorway. No reply. You pull back the drapes and step inside. The hut is obviously an abode of some kind, with pots, pans and clothes strewn about. In front of an open fireplace is a skin rug on the ground and you have not noticed that, as you look around, an eye opens on the skin's head.

Your back is towards the rug and you cannot see it rising up and taking on its natural shape – that of a WOLFHOUND – until it snarls menacingly and attacks. You will have to fight it:

WOLFHOUND	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to 50. Or you may fight it with magic:

KIL	YAP	GOB	ZAP	BAG
315	402	425	335	440

75

You leave in search of the local inn. Turn to 134.

76

You find a suitable shelter in the rocks on the bank of the stream and bed down for the night. If you have not eaten since you left the Outpost Settlement, you may take some Provisions if you have any and add 2 STAMINA points. If you have already eaten, you will gain only 1 STAMINA point from the food.

Eventually you drift off to sleep, soothed by the babbling of the stream. A short while later you are awakened by a splashing noise. Looking out from your shelter you see a strange sight. Three small, thin, man-like creatures, glowing with a dull red luminescence, are throwing stones into the stream. Every so often they chirp with glee as a good shot sends a fish flying into the air. As if pulled by a magical force, each fish floats across the water and lands at their feet. Will you sit tight and hope they don't see you (turn to 281) or stand up and hail them (turn to 12)?

77

She comes across the Spell Book page and drops your pack. 'My book!' she cries. 'The missing page! Why did you not tell me you had my missing spell?' She scurries off into the kitchen and returns with a cup of liquid which she pours into your mouth. This antidote gradually takes effect, unfreezing your body. She slaps you gently to bring you round. Turn to 114.

78

'I can give you all sorts of aids for your journey,' she says. 'Are you aligned to the magical or physical arts?' Will you ask her for help with your spells (turn to 17) or your abilities at swordplay (turn to 240)?

79

The man shuffles nervously over and shakes your hand. 'Are you magical, stranger?' he asks. 'Are you not afraid of us? Or perhaps you are a healer who can cure us of this *plague*.' At his last word, you spring back, but it is too late. You have made contact with a plague carrier and from now onwards you will lose 3 STAMINA points each day until you either die or you find someone who can cure you of the plague. Deduct your points first thing in the morning. You are horrified at your discovery, back out of the hut and leave the village quickly. Turn to **220**.

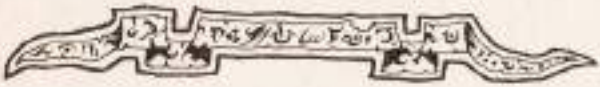

80

You enter the village cautiously, creeping round the huts, but the place appears to be deserted. A fire burns in the centre of the camp in a pit and a pile of logs stands near by. Will you look around the huts (turn to **189**) or call out to see whether you can attract someone's attention (turn to **42**)?

81

You pass along the main path through the centre of the village. There is a small inn offering food for sale at which you may stop (turn to **257**) or you may press on through the village (turn to **131**).

82

You creep past the caves. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **250**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **181**.

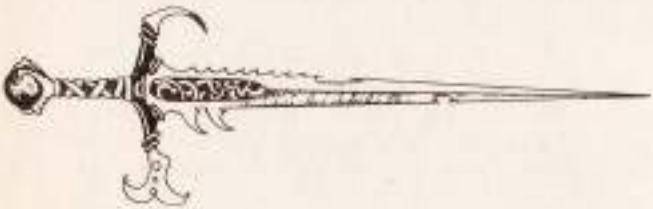

83

Unfortunately for you, there is no other way of escape. As you try to think of a plan the boulder is on you, flattening you on the floor. Yet again a Svinn champion has failed to rescue the chief's daughter . . .

84

You must deduct 2 STAMINA points for going without sleep. As you make your way onwards, there is a chance that your noises will attract night creatures. Turn to **123** to see whether you have any encounters, fight if necessary and then *return to this reference*. When you have done this, continue by turning to **31**.

85

You must take 3 STAMINA points' worth of damage as you cover your head and make your way through this downpour of acorns. Turn to **7**.

86

They stop and look at you. They invite you over but become agitated at the sight of your weapon. You may leave your weapon and join them (turn to **185**) or thank them for their offer of hospitality and press on (turn to **106**).

87

In addition, she hands you a bag containing 7 Gold Pieces. Then she chuckles. You turn to leave the house quickly, but she stops you with a hand on your shoulder. 'But Alianna does not give up her prized possessions without a fight!' You turn round to see her casting a spell of some sort over a chair. The chair begins to crack and creak, moving violently in front of you. It forms itself into a WOOD GOLEM which now advances towards you! Will you fight the creature?

WOOD GOLEM	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **169**. Or you may cast a spell:

JIG	DOZ	HOT	KIN	MUG
339	383	297	410	287

88

You stand at the door and call inside. There is no reply. You draw back the drapes and enter the small hut. Cushions ring the room and, as you enter, a strange music played on invisible pipes fills the room. The tune is pleasant and relaxing and you sit down on the cushions. Do you have a musical pipe with you? If so, you may take it out and play along (turn to **11**). Otherwise, turn to **179**.

89

You leap ahead just in time as a pitfall caves in beneath you. You look back to see a gaping pit which you would have fallen into. Turn to **170**.

90

The lock breaks and she jumps from the cage. 'Stranger, I am indebted to you,' she says. 'Alianna will reward you.' Would you like as your reward a magical item (turn to **248**) or an aid in combat (turn to **122**)?

91

You bid the merchant farewell and leave the hut. If you have bought any artefacts from him, you are anxious to know what they are (turn to 126); but if you bought nothing from him, you may continue on your way (turn to 163).

92

The inn is not cheap. A bed for the night is 5 Gold Pieces and a meal is 4. If you eat, pay the price and add 2 STAMINA points (1 if you have already eaten today). If you want to sleep here, turn to 55. If not, you had better leave the village and find a place to bed down (turn to 21).

93

Roll two dice. If the number rolled is *less than* your SKILL score, you succeed in breaking the door open. If not, then you may try again. Whether or not you succeed, you must deduct 1 STAMINA point at each attempt. If you break the door open, turn to 39. If you decide to give up your attempts, you may return to the junction and leave the cave (turn to 144).

94

Surprisingly enough, although you can still feel the force on your arm, it does not hamper your progress and you can make your way onwards. In fact, the going seems to be easier, as if you are being led by some invisible guide who is coaxing you along the best route. Eventually, the going gets easier as the dense undergrowth thins and you are soon walking through a prairie with grass up to your waist. As you leave the heavy foliage, the grip on your arm is released. Add 1 LUCK point. Still you cannot see who, or what, was responsible for the guidance. Turn to 105.

95

You press onwards, out through Cantopani along the path leading to the Shamutanti Hills. However, you feel a little uneasy while passing the huts on the fringes of the village. Hissings from within and sly faces which disappear from the doorways as you pass make you feel decidedly unwelcome and you are glad to be leaving. At the edge of the town you pass a large boulder and as you do so, two rough-cut villagers spring out with swords drawn. BANDITS! They demand that you hand over your backpack. If you do as they ask, turn to **261**, but if you refuse, you will have to fight them – turn to **104**.

96

You sit down and the young man turns towards you eagerly. Eventually your presence is tolerated at the ale-house and the others get back to drinking and talking. You question the young man about the village. He becomes serious, looks at you grimly and says 'Snattacats!' You ask him what he means, but his reply is silence. Grimly he hangs his head. You try another line of conversation and suddenly he perks up and starts rambling on about his grandmother. The more you talk to him, the more you realize that you have chosen to sit next to the village idiot, hopelessly drunk. After an hour or so you leave the ale-house. Will you look for the inn to spend the night (turn to **211**) or leave the village and sleep rough (turn to **62**)?

97

You may take these Provisions with you. Now turn to **75**.

98

You emerge from the woods on to a river-bank. The path leads over a rough wooden bridge and along the bank. Turn to **231**.

99

As you pass by the sentry post, the Troll emerges from behind the hut, armed with a halberd, and sees you. You will have to fight him:

TROLL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 177. If you wish to fight with magic, you may choose:

WOK	SUN	LAM	KIL	DUM
386	363	432	414	317

100

You are lowered down through the blackness until eventually you reach the ground below. If you still have Jann, the Minimite, with you, turn to 286. Otherwise turn to 197.

101

You try the key but it does not fit. Turn back to 4 and make another choice.

102

You travel along a path leading upwards a little way until you reach a large natural waterfall. The only path to it leads past a small hut where a ruffian is collecting money. It seems that the price to pay for visiting this waterfall is 3 Gold Pieces. It is a beautiful sight, with large crystal stalactites hanging from the rocks all the way down. Will you pay the price and visit the waterfall (turn to 204) or return to the village and head for the inn (turn to 92) or onwards out of town (turn to 21)?

103

The stranger ignores your words and grips a sharp scimitar. Turn to 117.

104

The bandits growl and advance. You may fight them in turn:

First BANDIT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second BANDIT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **56**.

Alternatively, you may choose a spell:

FOF	JIG	BAM	LAW	YAZ
288	308	327	348	371

If you know none of these spells, draw your weapon and fight the bandits as above.

105

The going is easy through the grass. You happen across a parting where it seems someone has been before, making a trail which is heading in the general direction you wish to continue. Will you follow this path (turn to **57**) or do you mistrust it and wish to make your own way through the grass (turn to **32**)?

106

Further along the way you come across a couple of merchants' huts and you browse through the items for sale. If you wish, and if you can afford it, you may buy any of the following items:

A finely crafted sword	6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **194**
A woven skullcap	4 Gold Pieces	Turn to **247**
Provisions for three meals	6 Gold Pieces	Turn to **97**

If you have no money, you may ask them whether they know of any work that may be going (turn to **229**), or if you don't wish to deal with them at all, you may head for the inn for the night (turn to **134**).

107

For this potion, he demands 4 Gold Pieces and the price is not negotiable. If you wish to buy, pay him the money and take the flask. Otherwise you may refuse his offer. Turn to **280**.

108

You find a suitable spot in the woods to make your camp. If you have not eaten yet today, you may do so if you have Provisions and you will gain 2 STAMINA points. If you have already eaten today you will gain only 1 STAMINA point if you have a meal.

You settle down and sleep, but there is a chance that you may be discovered by night creatures who will disturb your rest. *Remember this reference* (you will have to return here afterwards) and turn to **123** to see whether you encounter anything. You may add 2 points to the die roll you will have to make as night creatures are less likely to approach a camp.

You may set off again the next morning. If you have had a peaceful night's sleep, add 2 STAMINA points. If you encountered any night creatures, you may add only 1 STAMINA point. You follow a path onwards which climbs steadily up a hill. Turn to **36**.

109

You may add 2 STAMINA points for your rest, but if you did not eat at all yesterday you must deduct 3 STAMINA points. You wake early the next morning. Turn to **222**.

110

You pick yourself up off the floor and look around. A shaft of light penetrates the pit and you are relieved to see a passage leading to the daylight outside. Your hand is resting on a furry object which at first you thought was some kind of creature, but now you are able to see that it is a dusty boot. Not far from it is another, and you collect the pair and dust them clean. You now own a pair of fur-skinned boots, which you may take with you. The fur is Borrinskin, and you put the boots in your backpack. Following the passage, you emerge from the mine into the woods by a pathway that runs downhill. Turn to **202**.

111

There seems to be a good deal of merriment in the village. 'It is the festival of the young,' whispers Jann. 'Once a year the children are allowed the freedom of the village. It is a time of great fun and pranks.' A number of children sit in the street ahead, drinking ale. A little too much, it seems, as they are laughing loudly. Ahead a young boy holds an old woman over his knee and is spanking her. A group of boys is fighting outside a hut with a sign which reads: 'Glandragor's Tavern'. A group of girls is standing at a signpost pointing to the 'Crystal Waterfall', tripping up their elders as they pass and giggling to each other. Would you like to avoid this festival and make for the inn (turn to **92**), visit the tavern (turn to **230**), head for the Crystal Waterfall (turn to **102**) or leave town straight away (turn to **21**)?

112

The little men carry you off and you soon arrive at the Head Hunter camp. There is much commotion as you are led into the centre of the settlement. Several natives rush off to fill a large pot with water to be heated over a fire – the implications of which you do not relish! Meanwhile, you are put into a bamboo cage, guarded by a strong warrior. Do you wish to pray to Libra for assistance? If so, turn to **25**. If not, turn to **242**.

113

The creature jumps in the air as you greet him and cautiously comes closer. Seeing that you mean no harm, he invites you to join with his companions. Will you join them (turn to **216**) or say that you would rather stay where you are and rest (turn to **52**)?

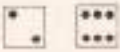

114

'Four days ago I was visited by a traveller such as yourself,' she explains. 'The rogue was leafing through my book when I caught him and as I challenged him he raced off, taking this page with him. He must have been a wizard of some power, considering the speed with which he vanished. I cast an Ageing Spell at him, but it seemed to do no good.' She thanks you for bringing it back and offers to show you how useful it is. She will rid you of the Minimite pest if you wish. If you want to get rid of Jann and regain your ability to use spells, add together the page number you have with the number on what must be the next page and turn to that reference number. If you have not recorded the page number, or if you wish to keep Jann, she allows you to leave and set off again along the path (turn to **232**).

115

You pay the 3 Gold Pieces and settle down for the night. You may add 2 STAMINA points for a refreshing night's sleep. Turn to **30**.

116

The meal is warm and nourishing. Add 2 STAMINA points. Don't forget to pay the price of the meal (1 Gold Piece); continue your journey. Turn to **131**.

117

You prepare to fight the tall ASSASSIN:

ASSASSIN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

Or you may cast a spell:

MUG	WOK	ZAP	KIL	FIX
368	452	305	393	342

If you fight and win, turn to **153**. Alternatively you may elect to spare his life when he is reduced to 3 STAMINA points or less, so long as you are clearly winning (i.e. your own STAMINA is at least 6), by turning to **187**.

118

You manage to creep around the creature and, although it snarls menacingly, it does not attack you. Turn to **193**.

119

You open the door. The hut is neatly laid out inside; obviously the touch of a fastidious woman. Chairs are around a table. A mattress lies in one corner and a large kitchen area indicates that whoever lives here is fond of cooking. You hear a cry from a corner hidden by a large cupboard, and as you move over to look you can see a large cage in which a young woman – and quite a pretty one at that – is imprisoned. 'Good stranger,' she pleads, 'let me out of this cage! I have been locked in here for two days by those mischievous Elvins. Can you please help me?' Will you help her (turn to 4), ask what's in it for you (turn to 78) or look around the hut for goods to steal (turn to 213)?

120

You return to the junction and can continue either by taking the other passage (turn to 149) or by returning to the cave entrance (turn to 144).

121

Seeing the death of their comrade, the other two Elvins chatter to each other, then rise into the air and nip off. Soon they have disappeared completely. After half an hour they have still not returned, so you gather your possessions together and decide to continue your journey. Turn to 224.

122

She hands you Ragnar's Armband of Swordmastery. While wearing this item you may add 2 points to your dice roll for Attack Strength if you are using a sword as a weapon. Your powers will be normal if you are using any other weapon. Now turn to 87.

123

Roll one die to see whether you encounter any night creatures:

Roll	*Creature*	SKILL	STAMINA
1	Giant Bat	5	5
2	Giant Bat	5	5
3	Wolfhound	7	6
4	Werewolf	8	9
5+	No encounter		

You must fight any creatures you encounter. The following spells may be used:

RAN	GUM	LAW	WIK	BIG
396	421	448	437	453

After checking your encounter, return to the previous reference.

124

'You cannot escape the Spirit of Mananka!' cries the face. 'And your mission is cursed!' You watch as the smoke contracts and disappears back inside the box. You wonder at the Spirit's curse, but there is little you can do. Until you find some way of ridding yourself of this curse, your STAMINA has been weakened. Each time you lose STAMINA points for any reason *except casting spells*, you must lose 1 *extra* STAMINA point. You may search for some means of ridding yourself of the Spirit's curse for, until you do, you are more vulnerable to dangers. You may now leave the hut and continue your journey onwards. Turn to 196.

125

You leave Kristatanti along a path which snakes out into the hills. All morning you follow it as it twists through the woods of gnarled trees until eventually you reach a clearing where another path joins from the east. A signpost at the junction indicates straight on to Dhumpus and westwards to Alianna. Will you continue onwards (turn to 54) or westwards (turn to 154)?

126

You may investigate your purchases by turning to the appropriate references as indicated: the potion (274); the broadsword (43); the pipe (249); the axe (72); the bag of teeth (190); and the jewel (152).

You will return here after investigating all your new acquisitions. To continue onwards, turn to 95.

127

You follow a meandering path around the side of a hill for most of the morning. You may stop and eat Provisions along the way if you wish and you will gain 2 STAMINA points if you do. As noon approaches you can see the path offering you two ways onwards. One path follows the hill downwards into a shallow valley and then climbs the next hill. Your other choice is a path which leads to a rope-and-wood bridge which spans the hills. Will you cross this bridge (turn to 27) or follow a course down the hillside (turn to 38)?

128

You dash on ahead but suddenly realize you are running into an unknown mine with perhaps your only exit sealed off behind you! If you wish to continue downwards, turn to 24. Otherwise you may turn round and head back for the door (turn to 66).

129

The driver is a cheerful fellow and prefers company to travelling alone. You may add 1 LUCK point for getting this lift. You travel for most of the morning at a pace not much faster than you could walk until he finally reaches a field where he is collecting vegetables. You may offer to help him for an hour or so in return for the lift (turn to 173) or you may leave him and continue your journey (turn to 46).

130

The door opens slowly until, at one point, a catch clicks and some ominous rumblings start. Behind you, a wall is rising through the floor to seal off your escape. A great splashing makes you whirl round and you gasp as you see hundreds of gallons of water come gushing around you from within the room! You are swept off the ground as the room and corridor fill. If you do not react quickly you will be drowned as the water fills all the available space. Will you cast a spell:

SUS	HUF	DIP	FOF	SUD
390	324	416	365	445

Or do you have another plan (turn to 64)? If you have not yet called on help from your goddess, you may do so now (turn to **260**).

131

You continue along the path, leaving the village behind. About half an hour later, you reach the start of the climb into the hills and continue upwards. Five minutes later, you reach a fork offering you two ways onwards. Turn to 183.

132

They release your hands, allowing you to choose a spell to impress them with:

KID	JAP	DUD	GOB	SIX
353	376	292	401	326

If you know none of these, turn to 218.

133

You continue along the trail and the undergrowth around you gets thicker. Suddenly there is a cracking beneath your feet and something gives way underfoot. You may *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, turn to **70**. If you are Lucky, turn to **89**. If you would prefer not to *Test your Luck*, turn to **70**.

134

The inn charges 3 Gold Pieces for a hearty meal and 3 Gold Pieces for a bed. If you can afford it, you may eat. The meal (Hillfox broth and rice) will restore 3 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today or 2 STAMINA points if this is not your first meal. If you wish to stay at the inn for the night, turn to **115**. If you cannot afford it or will not pay, you may leave the village in search of a suitable place to camp for the night (turn to **14**).

135

You travel along the path for some time. Passing out of a shrubby woodland a pleasant smell hits your nostrils. Off to the right is a field of beautiful black flowers. The path through the field leads on over the brow of the hill into a valley below. Jann believes this is the quickest path to Torrepani, the next village on your route. If you don't trust his judgement you may use a spell:

FIF	SUD	HUF	MAG	SUS
435	341	419	321	394

Or you may continue onwards (turn to **73**). Alternatively, you may retrace your steps and take the other route downhill from Birritanti (turn to **51**).

136

If this is your first meal today, add 2 STAMINA points. If you have already eaten, add only 1 STAMINA point. You rest for half an hour or so and then continue your journey. Turn to **65**.

137

You continue through the bush until you reach a point where the undergrowth thins and becomes a waist-high grassland. Turn to **105**.

138

The passage continues until you reach a large stone-cut door blocking your progress. Will you try the door handle (turn to **255**) or return to the junction and take the other passage (turn to **149**)?

139

When you regain consciousness, you are bound hand and foot. The excited jabberings of a small group of black-skinned HEAD HUNTERS around you make you fear for your life. You may try to cast a spell:

RIS	DUD	HOT	KID	WIK
357	406	333	450	379

Or you may wait to see what they intend to do with you (turn to **112**).

140

You remain diligently awake, watching the door, but no one comes during the night. Lose 2 STAMINA points for not sleeping and a further 3 STAMINA points if you did not eat yesterday. Turn to **222**.

141

The strange carvings are in a familiar language, but the quality of the shaft and head indicate that the axe is well used and may not last many more battles. The merchant wants 7 Gold Pieces for the weapon. You may pay his price and take the axe, or you may bargain. If you wish to bargain, roll two dice. A roll lower than 7 indicates you are a hard bargainer and he will accept this roll, in Gold Pieces, as his price. If you roll over 7, your bartering angers him and he insists on raising the price to this level. Buy if you will, then turn to **280**.

142

You draw your weapon and try to smash the lock. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If the roll is lower than your SKILL, you succeed in breaking the lock and releasing the woman (turn to **90**). If the roll equals or exceeds your SKILL, the lock remains intact. Each time you try, the blow blunts your weapon and you must deduct 1 point from your SKILL when you use this weapon. If you have two weapons, you may use the less favoured one so as to suffer no penalty when using your normal weapon. You must try at least once but, after this, you may stop at any time, give up and leave the house (turn to **278**).

143

The hunchback smiles.

'Your answer is correct and true.
Now you must answer question two:
Through villages three you now have passed
What was the first, second and last?'

How will you answer him?

Cantopani, Kristatanti and Dhumpus	Turn to 262
Kristatanti, Birritanti and Dhumpus	Turn to 253
Cantopani, Gorretanti and Dhumpus	Turn to 59

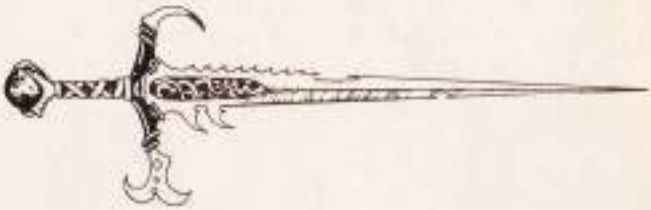

144

You emerge carefully from the cave, trying not to be spotted by wandering Goblins. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 259. If you are Unlucky, turn to 217.

145

Both boxes look like fairly uninteresting wooden cases, each fastened with a catch. Will you try opening the one on the left (turn to 251) or the right (turn to 258)?

146

The tea is refreshing and you may add 1 STAMINA point. Also add 1 LUCK point for making the right choice. You notice that the woman is cursing and her actions are becoming slower. She creeps slowly off into the kitchen and you see her gulping down another drink. Then she comes back and questions you about your journey. She is particularly interested in knowing whether you came across an old man. If you have with you a page from a Spell Book, turn to 184. If not, turn to 219.

147

The gentle upward slope becomes a steep climb and you must rest several times during the morning. Finally you reach the top and can look over the hill to see that the path leads into a small settlement of crudely made huts. You follow the path down and into the village. As you arrive, the villagers notice you and make for their huts, almost as if in fear. They are a sorry-looking bunch, short and squat with tough, leathery skin. Several of them are missing limbs and some are only able to drag themselves along with their hands. Will you try to talk with the villagers (turn to **61**) or continue onwards through the village (turn to **220**)?

148

Have you eaten since leaving the Outpost Settlement yesterday? If not, you are extremely hungry and must deduct 3 STAMINA points for going without food for the day.

You continue on your way and approach a rope bridge strung precariously between two boulders. You may either continue along the path on your side of the water (turn to **209**) or you may cross the river on the bridge and follow a path running over a small hill (turn to **19**).

149

The passage twists round to the right until it finally ends at a doorway. Will you try the door (turn to **268**) or leave the cave entirely (turn to **144**)?

150

You press on through the wood and soon come across another path which crosses it. You follow this path northwards until you come to a junction. A signpost at the junction points westwards to Alianna and straight on to Dhumpus. Will you head for Alianna (turn to **154**) or Dhumpus (turn to **54**)?

151

Some way down the corridor you hear whimpering and your torch lights up a frail shape. Hiding in the shadows is the young Svinn girl! You take her up and comfort her, and she clings to you for safety. Now all you have to do is escape! Turn to **195**.

152

The glittering jewel in its mount is cold to the touch but has an unusual sparkle. You put it in your pack. However, it is in fact an Ice Jewel and sometime later will melt away to worthless liquid. You have wasted your money. Turn to 126.

153

Looking through his pockets you find 3 Gold Pieces. You may now set off ahead, continuing along the path. Turn to 212.

154

Some way down the path you come across a hut in a rather picturesque setting, among trees with leaves of contrasting shades of green. Flowers decorate the walls of the hut and the door is painted in ornate designs. You approach the door and knock but there is no reply. Will you enter the house (turn to 119) or leave well alone (turn to 278)?

155

Searching the bodies, you find a miserable 2 Gold Pieces in their pockets. You may also take 8 teeth, which lie on the ground next to the first Goblin. Turn to 202.

156

You climb into the undergrowth from the path and plan a wide sweep around the village. The going is heavy as you climb through the vegetation. Bushes and tall grasses are constant obstacles which catch and scratch you. Suddenly you feel a strong hand on your arm which makes you whirl round – but you can see nothing gripping you! Will you try to continue (turn to 94) or prepare to defend yourself (turn to 241)?

157

The path winds upwards into the hills and you enter a wood. The afternoon sun glints through the trees, playing tricks on your eyes. Every so often you catch a glimpse of some strange-shaped animal or other watching you, only to find that it is the silhouetted branches and leaves caught at an odd angle. You reach a position where you may rest and eat Provisions if you wish (turn to 18). If you wish to continue, turn to 220.

158

Inside, the hut has no furniture. A small fire burns in the middle of the floor and against the far wall stands a family of three, cowering away from you. Will you hold out your hand in friendship (turn to 79) or cast a spell:

GAK	TOF	RAN	FAM	DOC
385	431	337	413	299

Alternatively you may leave the village (turn to 220).

159

Further along the path, you come across another object, this time a locket containing a small portrait of a woman, obviously pilfered from a previous traveller unaware of the grass's habits. You may take this with you. Eventually you reach the river-bank again, well past the village. Turn to **231**.

160

You pray to your goddess and, amidst the crashing of rubble, you can hear a great creaking as the door slowly opens. When it has opened wide enough, you nip through it into the room, just in time, as you hear a great crashing from the tunnel. Return to the junction – turn to **120**.

You have now called on Libra for help, your one and only time allowable in the Shamutanti Hills. Should you attempt to seek her assistance again between here and Kharé, she will ignore you (i.e. you may not choose this option if it is given in the text). You are on your own!

161

The meal is just being served. If you wish to sit down to eat, pay the 2 Gold Pieces and have your bowl of Skunkbear stew. You may add 3 STAMINA points if you eat. You will not be able to eat your own Provisions at the inn. If you wish to rest for the night, pay the 3 Gold Pieces. The bed you are given is not particularly clean, but is comfortable and you may add 5 STAMINA points for a good night's rest.

If you wished to eat, but not rest, turn to **62**. If you have stayed the night, turn now to **45**.

162

You must fight the Giant:

HILL GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **265**. Alternatively you may cast a spell:

YOB	KIL	DUM	BIG	YAZ
361	430	338	411	384

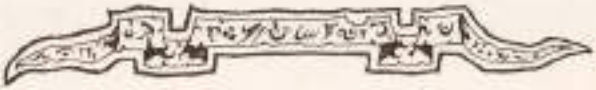

163

The villagers are becoming curious about you and you decide to make your way onwards. Following the path out of Cantopani you approach the Shamutanti Hills themselves. After half an hour or so, a fork in the path gives you a choice of two ways. Turn to **183**.

164

The path winds alongside a bubbling stream and you follow it onwards along the west bank. The valley you are in becomes narrower, but you soon come across a flat, grassy bank where you may stop and eat Provisions (turn to **136**). If you would prefer to continue, turn to **65**.

165

You may try to kill all the snakes in the pit with your weapon. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, *Test your Luck* again. You must keep trying until you are Lucky three times in succession. Each time you are Unlucky you are bitten by a snake for 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you are Lucky three times in succession, you manage to kill all the snakes and may turn to **206**.

166

Which spell will you choose?

NAP	SIX	BAG	LAW	KIL
332	295	313	380	427

If you do not know these spells, or prefer not to use one, you will have to use your weapon. Turn to **20**.

167

Turn to **245**.

168

You turn to your pack and pick it up. But you drop it again in fear as it moves in your hands! Something is inside it! Cautiously, you open the top and, as you do so, a green squirrel-like creature with a huge belly leaps out and into the woods. You curse and examine the contents, but it is too late: the little creature has eaten all your Provisions. You are angry at your own carelessness and set off briskly along the trail again. Turn to **210**.

169

Hurriedly, you leave the house and follow the path back to the junction where you may head north towards Dhumpus. Turn to **54**.

170

Your relief is somewhat premature, however, as you discover when you take your next step forward. Your foot triggers a release mechanism and three saplings snap up in front of you. Each is fitted with sharpened stakes which whip towards you at heart level. You are impaled on this fiendish device and your journey has ended here. Your head will soon join the others on the posts you have just passed . . .

171

The creature is a MINIMITE and calls itself Jann. It is very friendly and tells you you are looking down on Birritanti, the largest village in the Shamutanti Hills. Birritanti is a friendly village, where all travellers spend at least one night. Consequently, prices are a little on the high side. The Minimite would like to come with you. Will you allow it to stay on your shoulder and follow the path down into Birritanti (turn to **111**) or will you tell it you would rather travel alone (turn to **37**)?

172

You call into the hut but there is no reply. Parting the drapes, you look in. A low table and three stools are in the middle of the floor and two boxes stand on the table. Will you enter and investigate the boxes (turn to 145) or try one of the other two huts, the green one (turn to 88) or the brown (turn to 74)?

173

He is grateful for the help and offers you vegetables to take with you on your journey – enough for one meal – as payment. Then you leave him and set off along the path. Turn to 46.

174

Further along the corridor you come to a door. Will you try the door (turn to 130) or return to the junction and take the other passage (turn to 151)?

175

You creep closer, round the side of the hill, to the entrance of the cave. You seize your chance when all is quiet to nip inside and hide in the shadows. Following the passage cautiously, you come to a junction where you may fork to the left (turn to 138) or the right (turn to 149). Which will you choose?

176

As you follow the path downwards you pass a sign. You are entering the village of Dhumpus. Will you find an inn to rest for the night (turn to 134) or try to make contact with the villagers (turn to 34)?

177

You search the Troll's body and hut. Inside the hut you find a pouch containing 3 Gold Pieces. Around the Troll's neck is a small amulet made of twisted metal. This is a Lucky Charm – although it brought little luck to the Troll. While wearing this charm, you may subtract one point from your dice roll each time you *Test your Luck*. Turn to 237.

178

The path winds through fields of wild scrubland. The countryside is deserted and an eerie silence is broken only by the cawing of an occasional crow. The birds appear to pause in the air to examine you as they pass and you feel uneasy in their presence. You pass over a small hillock, from the top of which you can see the path continuing downwards into a small settlement of huts at the base of the Shamutanti Hills. You follow the path and, as you approach the village, noises and movements indicate that it is populated. As the path runs straight through the village, you have little choice but to follow it.

The round huts are made of a hard-baked, bright clay with thatched roofs. As you pass, eyes appear at dark doorways watching your movements. Suddenly a villager appears from one of the dwellings and stands before you. He is five feet tall with thick-set arms and thighs half clothed in tattered breeches. His eyes are wild and his long red hair and beard stand out on his face in a wiry tangle. 'Halt, stranger!' he commands. 'What business have you in Cantopani?' What is your response?

Tell him you are a trader	Turn to 264
Ask for directions onwards	Turn to 33
Tell him you are hungry and need Provisions	Turn to 198

179

You realize that a few more minutes of this music and you will be dropping off to sleep. But the effect is so relaxing that you cannot help yourself. Slowly you drift away. Turn to 279.

180

You pick a clearing where you may open your backpack and get out your Provisions. Your ears are peeled to the sounds around you and you are startled when a flock of Woodgulls fly up into the air near by. You may, if you wish, pack up your bags and continue your trek (turn to 133) or stay to finish your meal (turn to 272).

181

You step on a twig which snaps loudly. A stirring comes from within one of the caves and a noise indicates something is approaching. A large figure emerges in ragged clothes and you now face a GIANT, armed with a heavy club. Will you prepare to attack the creature (turn to 162) or attempt to talk with it (turn to 256)?

182

What will you give the man? If you have an axe, turn to the number carved on the axe. If you do not have an axe, you will now have to give him something else (turn to 29).

183

You ponder the two trails. As you consider the paths onwards, you hear weak cries from a large tree ahead of you. Cautiously, you step up to see an old man sitting on the lowest branch, apparently afraid to jump down to the ground, which considering his age is not surprising. He pleads with you to assist and you help him down. It transpires that he has been travelling from Dhumpus and is headed towards the Outpost Settlement in Analand. His journey had been safe enough until he was waylaid by Elvins, robbed, and left in the tree. In return for your kindness, he relates a rhyme which he feels may help you:

'See him though he sees you not;
The black-eyed creature creeps.
A guardian once, but now his lot:
The key to freedom keeps.'

He is not sure exactly what the rhyme signifies, but he knows that the Elvins are particularly keen on finding the key in question. He also presses on you his only possession: a page from a Spell Book (page number 102). The spell described is incomplete; you have only part of it. Looking at it, it appears to be some sort of pest-repelling spell. He then bids you farewell and heads off towards Cantopani.

You may now choose your way onwards. Will you take the high way up into the hills (turn to **157**) or the low way along the valley (turn to **164**)? Alternatively you may investigate a buzzing coming from around the tree (turn to **200**).

184

You describe the old man you encountered and her eyes light up. She asks whether you stole from him a page from a Spell Book and is overjoyed as you pull the page from your pack. Giggling with glee, she snatches it from you. Turn to **114**.

185

You sit and talk with them. They seem to be amongst the senior members of the village society and this has been a lucky encounter (add 2 LUCK points). They offer you food, which you may eat for a gain of 1 STAMINA point. As the conversation becomes lighter, you jokingly refer to the 'buffoons at Kristatanti', a comment which does not go down well with one of your hosts who happens to be from that village. In anger, he rises and challenges you. As you are on his own

territory this would not be a wise challenge to accept, so you back off. He chases you angrily through Dhumpus and you flee before him. On the edge of the village he gives up the chase and you may head onwards – but you realize with dismay that you have left your weapon behind! You must now continue weaponless and, unless you have a reserve in your pack, you must deduct 4 SKILL points until you find another weapon. Turn to **14**.

186

There is little in the room of value, but the dead Goblin wears a silver key around its neck with the number 111 on it. You may take this key with you and continue either onwards through the door ahead (turn to **239**) or back the way you came (turn to **120**).

187

He begs for mercy and, when you step back from the battle, he is overwhelmingly grateful. Picking himself up and nursing his wounds he tells you he is Flanker, an assassin and thief. He always picks on wayfarers for combat practice and thought you would be no match. He too is headed for Kharé and, in return for your mercy, he promises he will remain your friend. This will be a valuable asset in the cityport. When you reach Kharé you will meet Flanker again and he promises he will aid you. Turn to reference **79** in the second *Sorcery!* adventure to find out how he will help. He will not accompany you to Kharé and instead disappears into the woods. You have made a valuable contact here. Add 2 LUCK points and continue by turning to **212**.

188

Soon it becomes dark and you must decide whether to set up camp for the night (turn to **108**) or to continue without rest (turn to **49**).

189

All the huts have brightly coloured drapes hanging in their doorways, and each is a different colour. You may investigate one with a red doorway (turn to **172**), a green doorway (turn to **88**) or a brown doorway (turn to **74**).

190

The teeth in the bag are indeed from various creatures: several from Death-hounds, three from an Ape, four from a Goblin, two from a

Snattacat and a large molar from a Giant. You may take any or all of these, then turn to **126**.

191

You chat for some time. When you tell him you are heading for Kharé he tells you that you will have to pass through Torrepani and that you will find it a different place as the Svinns that live there seem to be in a permanent state of depression these days. Through Torrepani you have a day's travel to Kharé and the going is easy down the hills. You can add 2 STAMINA points for the ale and 1 LUCK point for the information. Jann, the Minimite, has been sipping at your ale and is now quite drunk. You try to creep off either to the inn (turn to **92**) or out of the village (turn to **21**) but you cannot lose the little creature.

192

You sit down and mutter some comment about the mud on the trails at this time of year. The old man grunts in agreement. Eventually the silence gives way to noisy chatter once more and you talk to the old man. He is a hill farmer on the outskirts of the village and sees much of what comes and goes in Kristatanti. He has heard of the capture of the Crown of Kings but has little interest in world affairs. You tell him a little of yourself and soon you are both laughing heartily as you exchange Goblin jokes. Eventually, he stands to leave. 'There are two ways onwards from Kristatanti, stranger,' he says. 'One will take you past Alianna's home – and you will need your wits about you if she is there. The other leads up into the hills to the Lea-Ki, domain of the great ones. I wish you the luck of Sindla on your journey. Perhaps this will help you on your way.' He hands you an apple-like fruit which he has grown on his farm. It is a nourishing Bomba and, if you eat this along with a normal meal, it will double your gain in STAMINA. You thank him and wish him a good night.

You may add 2 LUCK points for your encounter. Then you must decide whether to spend the night in the inn (turn to **212**) or wander off into the woods outside the village to sleep rough (turn to **62**).

193

You continue onwards, up the path for a couple of hours, down another valley and back up another hill. It is now late afternoon and you begin to think about where you will stay for the night. Ahead of you, however, is a small village set into the hill. Turn to **28**.

194

The sword has a specially sharpened blade and will inflict 3 STAMINA points' worth of damage instead of the normal 2. However, you will not be able to take this sword if you already have a sword unless you leave your old one behind. If you don't consider this new sword is as good as your old one, you may ask the merchant for your money back (*Test your Luck* – if you are Lucky he will give you a refund). Then turn to 75.

195

Behind you a roaring puts you on your guard. The walls of the corridor begin to shake and crumble and you are forced to venture further to avoid the collapse which is sealing off your exit. Ahead of you now, a narrow shaft of light gives you cause for hope. Perhaps this is another exit? The roaring sound gets louder as you step from the corridor into a large cavern. Suddenly you gasp as you back against the wall, shielding the child from the sight you have seen.

Standing before you on four legs is a huge MANTICORE – a hybrid creature with a lion's body and a scorpion's tail. Its face is that of an old man and as it sees you it rears back, flapping two great wings. Will you fight the creature (turn to 227) or cast a spell?

PEP	BAG	HOP	FOF	DOZ
302	389	345	415	325

196

Cautiously, you leave the village and follow the river upstream for an hour. Turn to 231.

197

You peer around in the blackness. The Svinns throw you down a torch and tinderbox to light your way. Lighting up the torch you can see you are in a large cavern. Two passageways lead onwards. Will you take the one on the right (turn to 3) or the left (turn to 16)?

198

He motions on ahead, telling you that you will find the village inn shortly on the right.

By choosing this option, you will now discover one of the rules of the game which you will otherwise only discover by trial and error. The

adventure is divided into *days* and each day you will need to eat one meal, otherwise you will lose STAMINA points due to undernourishment. Options will be given either to eat Provisions from your pack or to buy food at local inns during the day. If you go for a day without food, you will suffer. When night comes, you will be given the option to sleep or continue through the night. Likewise, if you miss a night's sleep you will also lose STAMINA points as you will be tired the next day, although taking a night's rest will usually replenish your STAMINA. But you will have to choose your times to eat and sleep carefully as sometimes a seemingly 'safe' place to rest and eat may hold hidden dangers!

You walk on ahead as the villager indicated. Turn to 257.

199

The key is old and rusty and a number is stamped into it. You can just make out the figure on the key: 54. You may put this in your backpack and then either leave the village quickly (turn to 196) or try the other box on the table (turn to 251).

200

As you look up, you can see a beehive around which a small swarm of bees are buzzing. You may climb up the tree to investigate (turn to 270) or ignore it and continue onwards (turn to 9).

201

The job is indeed unpleasant. The villager feeds you (add 2 STAMINA points) but you lose 3 STAMINA points for missing a night's sleep. You may, if you wish, use your magic to help you with the job:

BIG	DIP	PEP	FIL	ZAP
298	444	362	412	318

Otherwise turn to 263.

202

You leave the mine along the path downwards through the woods. Continuing for a couple of hours – it is now late afternoon – you are relieved to see a small village ahead of you, set into the hillside. Turn to 28.

203

Sensing your attitude, the creature pulls a short sword from its belt. It drops sharply out of the air and nips in at you, slashing at your arm with its weapon. Its speed astounds you and before you realize what has happened, the sharp sword has grazed your arm, inflicting 1 STAMINA point's worth of damage. You may fight this little ELVIN, but during the fight its speed adds two points to its dice roll when calculating Attack Strength:

ELVIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to 121. Alternatively you may cast a spell:

HOT	ZEL	WOK	BIG	YAZ
405	294	441	356	378

204

The ruffian takes your 3 Gold Pieces and hands you a piece of cloth to use as a towel. Along with two other villagers – and of course Jann the Minimite – you take off your clothes and bathe in the waterfall. You begin to glow and the cool water is not only refreshing but also invigorating. You are bathing in a waterfall with magical healing properties. You may restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* values for washing away your wounds. The waterfall will also cure you of any diseases you may have picked up (but not curses). Then you must return to the village where you pass the inn. Turn to 92.

205

Squealing loudly, the Minimite disappears from your shoulder. You are relieved to find that you will be able to make use of your magic once more. The old woman allows you to leave and you continue along the path. Turn to 232.

206

You are surrounded by dead snakes. Your luck held out, but your success will not. You have no means of climbing back up to the passage! The rest of your life will now be spent starving to death – although if you can stomach raw snake you will live a little longer . . . Your only remaining chance is if you have not yet called upon Libra (turn to 273).

207

You enter the cave and can hear a faint whistling which gets louder the deeper you go. A little deeper still into the cave you stumble and fall, and as you do so, the whistling stops. To your horror you realize you have tripped over an enormous foot and, in front of you, a GIANT is rubbing its eyes and looking towards you! It grabs a club and picks itself slowly up. You will have to fight it, either with a weapon:

HILL GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

(If you win, turn to **265**), or with a spell:

KIL	BIG	YAZ	YOR	DUM
430	411	384	361	338

208

You may leave the village along one of two paths. One winds up into the hills – turn to **147** if you wish to take this one. The other takes a downhill route into a wood – turn to **127** to follow this one.

209

You continue along a riverside path for several hours until you reach a wide bend. In the elbow of the bend ahead you can see a cluster of huts made out of thatched branches and twigs. A fire in the centre of the huts wafts smoke into the air, but not a sound comes from the village. Will you continue ahead into the village (turn to **80**) or leave the path and go up into the hills to try to avoid it (turn to **156**)?

210

The climb continues for two or three hours as the path twists this way and that up the hillside. Soon the air gets cold and the sun sets, making it difficult for you to see. However, the moon is full and will be able to light the way as it gets darker. Would you like to continue further, marching through the night (turn to **84**) or will you stop and make camp to get some sleep (turn to **283**)?

211

The village inn will charge you 3 Gold Pieces for a night's rest and 2 Gold Pieces for nourishing food. If you wish to buy either of these, turn to **161**. If the price is too high for you, turn to **62**.

212

Continuing along the path and round the side of a hill, you are now becoming increasingly irritated by the Minimite's chattering. You come across a small wooden hut where an old woman sits on the front step. As you pass she calls out to you, inviting you over. Will you see what she wants (turn to **243**) or ignore her and continue (turn to **235**)?

213

She curses as you search the hut. This curse, however, is no idle threat. The Curse of Alianna reduces your SKILL score by 2 points from now until such time as the curse is removed. Quickly you look through drawers and cupboards but succeed only in finding a pouch containing soft brown sand, and 2 Gold Pieces. You may take these with you, leave the house and set off again. Turn to **278**.

214

The sword has a fine cutting edge and has been honed by a master craftsman. Roll two dice. This is the price in Gold Pieces that the merchant requires for the sword. If you are prepared to pay this price you may purchase it. Whether or not you do, turn next to **280**.

215

Three Svinns chase you as you run down the hill. They tackle and grapple with you, finally pinning you down. Lose 2 STAMINA points for the struggle. They tie you into the rope basket and lower you down the pit. Turn to **100**.

216

The creatures are ELVINS, mischievous little half-humans. They live in a village not far up the river and they are fond of impish pranks. Every so often they will disappear and, as you search round nervously, reappear suddenly in front of you just to make you jump. They are able to turn their glow on and off at will, and another favourite trick is to extinguish their glow and drop down in front of you. More often than not, this means you trip over them, causing considerable merriment to all but you. Nevertheless, you keep your temper. You do appear to be hindering their progress and after an hour or so they tire of you and vanish into the woods along the riverside. You wait in vain for them to reappear and eventually decide to find another suitable shelter for the night to get some sleep. You awake again at sunrise and continue along the path. Turn to **148**.

217

You have been unlucky and are noticed by a small group of 3 Goblins who come at you armed with picks:

FIRST GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 4
SECOND GOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4
THIRD GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

Attack each in turn and, if you win, turn to 155. Or you may cast a spell:

HOP	ZAP	RAP	RAW	RAZ
428	407	358	381	442

218

They have taken your backpack and are sorting through it, taking any items they wish. Having done this, and regarding you as fairly harmless, they let you go.

To decide which items they want, go through all the items you possess one by one and *Test your Luck* on each. Each time that you are Lucky, the item in question is no use to them and you may keep it. Each time you are Unlucky they will steal this item from you and you must cross it off your Equipment List. Include your Gold – and your Provisions – as single items. You do not have to deduct LUCK points each time you *Test your Luck* here.

When they have ransacked your possessions, they let you go and you may leave the village. Turn to 196.

219

She asks you whether you have any items 'of a magical nature'. You are naturally a little suspicious and avoid the issue. Eventually she allows you to leave and continue your journey. Turn to 232.

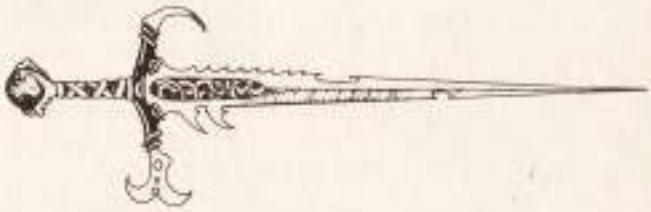

220

Some way down the hill you stop for a rest. You sit on a boulder to survey what lies ahead. The path leads downwards into a vale. Cradled between three hills is a village – and quite a large one at that. The sun is falling rapidly and you decide to head downwards towards this settlement. An overhanging branch touches your face and you hear a lively chirping. Hovering by your shoulder is a small creature the size of your thumb. It is child-like but very thin, with green skin, and it flits around you on transparent wings. It seems to be quite friendly and alights on your shoulder. You may talk to it (turn to **171**) or try to get rid of it with a spell:

SIX	WIK	HOP	GAK	WAL
387	336	451	300	306

221

The cave is not deep and appears to be empty. Rubble, mostly small pebbles, on the floor includes some large items such as a huge broken stool, a net with a very wide mesh and a large skull, human-shaped but well over normal size. All of this leads you to one conclusion: these caves are inhabited by Giants! You may take anything – or any part of anything – on the floor that you wish with you, but if you take the stool, you will not be able to carry anything else so you will have to leave all your other possessions except your weapon. Then you may leave and go either into the other cave (turn to **207**) or leave the caves and continue onwards (turn to **250**).

222

An hour after daybreak you hear noises outside. The door opens and five Svinns come in followed by an old man with grey hair and colourful robes. He announces himself as Proseus, the Svinn chief, and apologizes for having captured you. He nods to a menial who brings in bread and milk. You may eat this meal and add 2 STAMINA points.

The chief explains that you have a mission of the utmost importance ahead of you. His young daughter, his only heir, has been captured by marauders and is being offered as a sacrifice to a powerful cave demon. Several of his own men have tried to rescue the girl but so far with no success. 'We are a desperate people,' explains the chief. 'You must be our champion and rescue our heir. If you succeed you may choose your own reward.'

It is clear that, in spite of the chief's apparent good nature, you have little choice in this matter. You are taken out of the village and along a meandering path up another hill. On the top of the hill is a hole in the ground and the Svinns prepare a basket to lower you down into what must be a secret entrance to the demon's cave. Will you try a last attempt at escaping (turn to **215**) or are you thinking only of the rich treasures you may win (turn to **100**)?

223

As you move, the creature steps towards you, showing its sharp teeth. Realizing you cannot avoid it without a fight, you step forward. Turn to **252**.

224

You must lose 2 STAMINA points for continuing through the night without rest. Just before sunrise you pause briefly to take your bearings in the morning light. Turn to **148**.

225

He places the coins in a pouch around his waist. 'The low way leads through the Vale of the Elvin,' he tells you, 'and unless you are prepared for Elvin ways – for they are mischievous and magical – you had better avoid this path. The high way takes you up into the hills past the Schanker Mines.' He laughs, and adds: 'But you must keep your head if you take this path! Head onwards for Kristatanti, which you will reach in a day or two, for few villages in the Shamutanti Hills welcome strangers, and at Kristatanti you will at least find food and shelter. And beware the Black Lotus on your travels – its sweet aroma is deadly.' You thank him for his advice and press onwards. Turn to **81**.

226

You leave the village. Sitting against the wall on the way out is a blind beggar and, as you pass, he asks you for alms. He looks a sorry sight: skinny and sparsely clothed. His eyes are painted with a dark dye to indicate his blindness. You are considering whether to toss him a Gold Piece when an ox cart comes up the road. Seeing you are a stranger, the driver asks you if you would like a lift. Will you accept his offer (turn to **129**) or refuse and instead toss the beggar a Gold Piece (turn to **244**)?

227

Draw your weapon and fight:

MANTICORE	SKILL 12	STAMINA 18

Each time the creature inflicts a wound on you, you must roll one die. A roll of a 5 or 6 indicates a hit with its scorpion-like tail containing a poison which will cause 6 STAMINA points' worth of damage unless you successfully *Test your Luck* (if you are Lucky, the damage will be normal). If you roll a 1–4, the attack is normal. If you defeat the creature, turn to **456**.

228

You will have to heave with every ounce of strength in your body to force the door open. Throw one die three times. If the total thrown is less than your SKILL score, the door breaks open and you may escape (turn to **120**) – but you must lose 1 SKILL point. If the total thrown equals or exceeds your SKILL score, the door will not budge and you will be trapped in the cave-in unless you can call for help from your goddess Libra (turn to **160**).

229

One of the merchants has a friend who needs a cesspit in his back yard filling in and a fresh one digging. This will take you most of the night to do, but he will feed and pay you. If you wish to take up this offer, turn to **201**, but if not, you must look for the inn – turn to **134**.

230

You enter the tavern and call to the proprietor. Glandragor himself comes out. He is a kindly type and is always happy to talk to strangers. He is also a businessman, and a mug of ale will cost you 2 Gold Pieces. Will you pay up, drink your ale and talk to him (turn to **191**) or do you have something for him (turn to **182**)? If you cannot afford a drink, turn to **92**.

231

Further along the river is another bridge over which the path leads. You cross the bridge and start heading up into the hills. The path winds for some time, taking the gradient leisurely. Suddenly an acorn lands on your head and you hear a tittering coming from the trees above. Looking up you can see tiny figures high in the branches, flying from tree to tree. Another acorn falls, then another. You are being pelted by ELVINS! You may protect yourself with a spell:

ZIP	FOF	WOR	HOP	YAG
359	408	296	382	340

If you do not wish to use a spell, turn to **85**.

232

It is now late afternoon. You pass over the brow of the next hill and below you is a village. The path leads into this village and you have little choice but to enter Torrepani.

Torrepani is inhabited by the SVINNS, an aggressive-looking race of man-orcs. But as you enter the village, an air of depression hanging over the place becomes quite apparent. The Svinns take no notice of you and you sit down on a tree stump in the centre of the village surveying the miserable creatures. Will you head for the inn to spend the night (turn to **267**) or attempt to make contact with the villagers (turn to **282**)?

233

The old man's eyes light up as you produce the axe. 'Where did you get that?' he exclaims. You tell him the story and he takes it from you, overjoyed. Handing you a free mug of ale (you may add 2 STAMINA points for this) he is overwhelmingly grateful and wishes to tell you all he knows to help you. 'First of all,' he says, 'you should visit the Crystal Waterfall. It has great powers of healing and soothing. Here is a pass which will allow you past the guardian (you need not pay if you go). When you leave Birritanti you will reach Kharé through Torrepani. The Svinns live in Torrepani and no doubt their chief will try to persuade you to help find his daughter. She has been carried off by marauders and left as a sacrifice in a dark cave guarded by a deadly Manticore. After Torrepani you will reach Kharé within a day. In fact I am well connected in Kharé. If you have any problems in Kharé, just call for Vik, a friend of mine who has power and influence.' In Kharé,

VIK will be given as a spell option in some encounters. If given such an option, you may choose it to take advantage of Glandragor's connections. Glandragor also offers you a sword – a sturdy but ordinary one – as a replacement weapon and wishes you well as you leave. Add 3 LUCK points for finding Glandragor. You may head for either the Crystal Waterfall (turn to **102**) or the inn (turn to **92**).

234

The gate is open, but you are wary of continuing. This is no normal gate: it stands two or three times the size of any you have seen before. But the only way on is through it, so you continue – though carefully.

To the right, the hill rises sharply upwards and you can see two caves. Will you enter the right-hand cave (turn to **207**), the left-hand cave (turn to **221**) or will you continue past the caves along the path (turn to **82**)?

235

She shouts loudly after you and orders you back. She seems most indignant that you have chosen to ignore her and warns you that you will not go unpunished. Jann is curious and suggests you return to the hut. If you reconsider and see what she wants, turn to **243**. If you continue regardless, turn to **269**.

236

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **118**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **223**.

237

You continue up the hill. The climb is steep, but by mid-afternoon you have reached the top. Continuing over the hill, you travel down a gentle slope for the rest of the afternoon. Turn to **220**.

238

Your guess is incorrect. With a wave of the hunchback's hand you feel a sharp pain surge through your body. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point and return to the junction to take the other path (turn to 38).

239

The door opens on well-oiled hinges and you are in a pitch-black passageway. You may cast a spell if you wish:

SUS	FAR	FIX	BAG	HOW
372	349	422	398	454

Or you may grope down the passageway in the dark (turn to 6). You may decide against this passage and return through the room to the junction (turn to 120).

240

'I have in my house Ragnar's Armband of Swordmastery, which I will gladly give to you if you will free me,' she promises. Will you try to open the cage as she wishes (turn to 4) or doublecross her and search around for it anyway (turn to 213)?

241

If you wish to draw your weapon, turn to 2. If you would rather cast a spell, turn to 275.

242

A short while later, two Head Hunters return and take you from the cage. As they bustle you towards the pot, now steaming as the water heats, you receive a blow on the head. You slump unconscious and never re-awaken. You will provide the natives with fresh meat tonight . . .

243

The old woman invites you into her house and bids you sit down. She is lonely on her own in the woods and appreciates the company of others. Offering you a drink, she shuffles off into the kitchen and returns with two large cups of tea, and one tiny one. Jann is a little suspicious and tells you so. The old woman glares at him and expresses openly her disgust for Minimites. She has forgotten the pot and returns to the kitchen to fetch it. You may, if you wish, switch your cup of tea with hers (turn to 48) or you may wait for her to return and drink the one she has given you (turn to 146).

244

You toss him a Gold Piece. 'You are kind, traveller,' the beggar says. Feeling the coin he becomes excited. 'Why, this is a Gold Piece!' he exclaims. 'You are too generous to a poor sightless beggar. Generosity of this sort must not go unrewarded!' Taking a copper key from his pocket he gives it to you, insisting that you take it. 'Years ago I lived in Kharé,' he tells you. 'Kharé was my home and in the cityport I watched over prisoners in the gaol. But Kharé is an evil place, inhabited by all manner of creatures. Beware the Red-Eyes in Kharé or my fate will befall you and you too will have to turn to begging for a living. Kharé is also wary of strangers, but this key will help you should you be captured by the city guards.' The key has a number, 206, stamped into it. You thank the beggar and continue. Turn to 58.

245

You creep by the sentry post unnoticed. Turn to 237.

246

As the second day of your journey breaks, you march through the cool morning air of the hills, having now climbed several hundred feet. You reach the brow of a hill and stop in your tracks. To your left is a clearing in which several poles are firmly planted in the ground. Atop the poles are *heads* – some recently fixed, some semi-decayed – human heads, Goblin heads, and one or two heads of creatures you do not recognize, all with sewn-up eyes and mouths. A large X painted on a broad tree is obviously intended as a warning to venture no further. Ahead the path forks to the right and left, but you cannot be sure which path you are warned not to take! Will you continue your climb along the right-hand path (turn to 68) or take the left-hand path which winds down the side of the hill (turn to 40)?

247

The skullcap has been stolen from a priest of Daddu-Ley. It has no magical properties of its own but may be useful in spells. Turn to 75.

248

She hands you a small box. Opening the box you find it contains a miniature vial of glue, a pair of strange-looking nose plugs and four small pebbles – all useful in creating spells. Now turn to 87.

249

The pipe is made of bamboo and you blow it. It gives off a lively little note. You may take this with you. Turn to 126.

250

You leave Lea-Ki, the domain of the Hill Giants, and head onwards. It is late afternoon and you may choose either a path running down the hill (turn to 176) or a path running along the crest of the hill (turn to 188).

251

The box is empty. But as you look inside, smoke begins to swell up from its depths. The smoke builds up and rises from the box in front of you. Slowly, a face forms in the air; a thin, elf-like face. You watch, transfixed, and suddenly its eyes flick open. Their piercing stare reaches deep into your mind, and you are unable to move. 'Stranger,' the mouth speaks, 'you tamper with forces you know nothing of. I am aware of your quest. You cannot succeed!'

Will you use a spell:

FOG	MAG	RIS	RAN	GAK
455	403	293	377	354

Or will you try to escape from the room (turn to 124)?

252

Will you fight it with your weapon (turn to 20) or with a magic spell (turn to 166)?

253

Your guess is incorrect. With a wave of the hunchback's hand you feel a sharp pain surge through your body. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point and return to the junction to take the other path (turn to 38).

254

You race off into the woods in case the commotion attracts any other creatures. For half an hour you run before you stop to rest, when you realize that you are now hopelessly lost. Which direction will you take? Throw one die. If you throw a 1 or a 2, you continue uphill until you reach a path (turn to 68). If you roll a 3 or 4, you just head in the direction you were travelling (turn to 13) until you reach a path. If you roll a 5 or 6, you take a downhill course until you reach a well-trodden path (turn to 98).

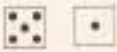

255

The door opens. The room inside is dirty and sooty with dust from the mines. It is square, and a door opposite leads onwards. Sitting behind a makeshift desk is a large, filthy GOBLIN who raises his head and sniffs the air as you walk in. His face is black with soot. 'Your smell is strange, intruder!' he challenges. 'You are not permitted here!' Will you prepare to fight him (turn to 47) or leave as he wishes (turn to 120)?

256

The creature roars and reaches down to grab you. Unable to avoid it, you feel yourself gripped between its great thumb and forefinger. The pain is excruciating as the creature squeezes but there is nothing you can do. The Giant crushes you to death . . .

257

The inn offers hot meals for sale and if you wish to stop and eat the charge will be 1 Gold Piece. Bread and goat's cheese are also available if you wish to buy food to take with you, and the price of two meals' worth is 2 Gold Pieces. If you wish to sit down and eat, turn to 116. If you wish to buy Provisions, do so and pay the 2 Gold Pieces. Or, if you wish to continue with or without new Provisions, turn to 131.

258

You flip open the top of the box and jump back quickly. Inside the box are 5 Gold Pieces and a key, but these are guarded by a vicious SCORPION. You may try if you wish to grab either the Gold Pieces or the key – but only one item at a time (i.e. Gold Pieces one by one). Each time you attempt a grab, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you succeed in grabbing an object. If you are Unlucky, you are stung by the Scorpion and must lose *half* your STAMINA (round *down* any odd STAMINA points). When you are finished with this box, turn to 199 if you took the key. Otherwise you may either try the other box (turn to 251) or leave the village (turn to 196).

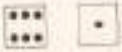

259

You manage to avoid the Goblins and sneak off along a downhill path into the woods. Turn to 202.

260

You are forced upwards against the ceiling as the water level rises. But Libra has not deserted you and an air pocket forms around your head. As you thrash about in the water, you are able to breathe easily and soon you relax, knowing you are safe. After several minutes, the water drains off, leaving you on the ground unharmed, although somewhat damp. The sealing wall disappears into the floor and you return to the large chamber to choose another passage. Will you take the right-hand path (turn to 3) or the left-hand path (turn to 16)?

261

As you unstrap the pack, one of the bandits grabs it from your hands while the other leaps at you and clouts you with the hilt of his sword. You fall to the ground dazed and the bandits make off with your belongings. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You have now lost anything you were carrying in the backpack including gold and Provisions (but not your sword). Eventually you pick yourself up and continue your journey. Turn to 131.

262

You are correct. The hunchback stands aside to let you pass. As you start across the bridge he wishes you well on your way. You march swiftly across in case he may have some other trap in store. But instead he calls out a clue which may be useful in the journey ahead.

He is a sly old creature and you must be careful to mark his words well:

'Beware the lair of the cave-demon's maze.
For traps as deadly as Medusa's gaze
Greet travellers who, of luck bereft,
Take passageways not to the left.'

You consider these words as you cross the valley. You may add 2 LUCK points for your success. On the other side of the bridge you follow the path over the hill and down the other side. It is now late afternoon. Turn to **220**.

263

You finish the job well and in good time and the villager pays you 3 Gold Pieces. You leave Dhumpus in the early morning light. Turn to **208**.

264

He grunts and motions for you to follow, taking you through the village to a large hut. Inside, you discover that the building is evidently a storage house and a quartermaster, somewhat plumper than your guide, is seated at a table. The villager explains you wish to do business and leaves you with the fat man, who bids you take a seat. The merchant has the following items for sale. If you are interested in any of them, turn to the reference indicated:

A herbalist's potion	Turn to **107**
A fine-edged broadsword	Turn to **214**
A musical pipe	Turn to **22**
An axe with strange carvings	Turn to **141**
A bag containing teeth	Turn to **5**
A fine, glittering jewel	Turn to **60**

If none of these interest you, turn to **163**.

265

Exhausted from the battle, you examine the Giant and its domain as you recover your breath. A pouch around its waist contains 8 Gold Pieces. You may also take any part of the creature that you think may be useful. A large loaf in the cave is too large for you to carry, but you may eat from it if you wish (turn to **284**). Otherwise turn to **250**.

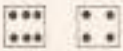

266

You find an ale-house and walk in. Gruff voices come from inside but, when you enter, the drinkers watch you suspiciously and the noise subsides. Several Hill Dwellers sit around a table. The owner of the house tells you that you are in the village of Kristatanti and that a mug of ale will cost you 1 Gold Piece. If you cannot afford this price you will have to leave the ale-house (turn to 62). Otherwise you may pay him, take your drink and sit down at the table next to an old, wrinkled man (turn to 192) or a younger man with sharp features (turn to 96).

267

The inn serves hot food for 3 Gold Pieces and you may eat here if you can afford it. If you have not yet eaten today, add 2 STAMINA points if you buy a meal (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). A bed for the night costs 5 Gold Pieces. If you will sleep here, turn to 8. If you would rather leave the village and sleep rough, turn to 35.

268

The door is locked. You may try charging the door down (turn to 93) or you may cast a spell:

DOM	PAP	HUF	HOW	DOF
351	311	374	449	291

269

Now screaming at you, she calls loudly into the air. A cracking to your left makes you wheel round, just in time to see a tree swaying as its trunk splits and it falls towards you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you spring aside just before it topples on you. If you are Unlucky, you are too late and the tree lands on you, crushing you and your miniature companion to death. If you survive, turn to 276.

270

The bees swarm around you but you are powerless to defend yourself as you must use your hands to grip the tree. Throw one die. If you throw a 1–4, then this is the number of STAMINA points you lose as the bees sting you. If you roll a 5 or 6, you are lucky and avoid being stung. When you reach the hive, you knock it down to the ground.

Cutting open the hive on the ground, you may take with you the wax and the honey. The honey will provide you with enough nourishment for one meal. Turn to 9.

271

You try knocking on another door. This time a voice calls 'Who is it?' and you enter. Turn to 158.

272

As you bite into your bread, a sharp pain in your leg makes you swing round. In a tree a short distance away, you can see the black face of a HEAD HUNTER leering at you as it lowers a blowpipe. You become dizzy and pass out as the poison takes effect. Your head will soon be joining the others on a pole at the last junction . . .

273

Before your eyes the snakes form a living ladder, stretching back up to the passage above! When it is formed, you may climb back up and return to the main chamber, where you may take either the right-hand (turn to 3) or the left-hand passage (turn to 16). Remember that you cannot call on Libra again now.

274

You open the stopper on the bottle of potion and take a sniff. Phew! The pungent odour of Blimberry juice hits your nostrils. Blimberry is a strange fruit which ordinarily would never be eaten by humans or animals (having such a foul smell). But its medicinal properties have been discovered by all species and it appears to be nature's healer. You may take this potion at any time, except in battle, to restore 3 STAMINA points. Or you may use the potion in sorcery. There is enough in the bottle for one dose. Turn to 126.

275

You snatch your arm back against the pull and, as you do so, a shape begins to form in front of you. You are now facing a large, two-tailed SERPENT which hisses menacingly at you. One of its tails is wrapped around your arm. Which spell will you use?

KIL	SUN	GOP	LAW	HOW
314	404	334	355	426

If you cannot, or choose not to, use any of these, you will have to arm yourself. Turn to 2.

276

As you pick yourself up, the old woman suddenly appears in front of you. 'You may not ignore the invitation of Gaza Moon!' she says, and she points a finger at you. A blue crackle from her hand takes you unawares as a lightning blast flies towards you. Will you defend yourself with a spell:

If you are a warrior you have no escape from the blast.

ZIP	GUM	LAM	FIL	SUS
322	434	418	304	392

If you know none of these, the blast hits you and charred remains are all that are left of you. The Sorceress Gaza Moon must not be ignored . . .

277

The fall is not too far, but there is a chance of injury. Throw two dice and compare the total with your LUCK score. If the total is *less than* your LUCK, you are unhurt. If the total *equals* your LUCK, deduct 1 STAMINA point for minor bruising. If the total *exceeds* your LUCK, deduct 3 STAMINA points as you have badly twisted your arm. If you throw a *double six*, then you have landed on your head, breaking your neck in the fall and your adventure ends here. Turn to 110 if you did not die.

278

You follow the path back up to the junction and continue towards Dhumpus. Turn to 54.

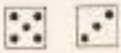

279

When you awake, you find yourself inside a hut with your hands bound. Seeing you stir, a creature by the door jumps to its feet. In fact it jumps *above* its feet and now hovers attentively in the air, watching you. Your guard is man-like but short and thin. You have been captured by ELVINS!

Elvins are impish creatures, more mischievous than malevolent. They love pranks and practical jokes. Soon several have gathered in your room. They ask whether you are a magician and, if so, will you show them some tricks. If you will perform for them, turn to 132. Otherwise turn to 218.

280

If you have investigated only one or two of his offerings, you may choose another from the list below. But if you have considered three artefacts already, you may not try a fourth and you must leave the merchant – turn to 91.

The herbalist's potion	Turn to 107
The broadsword	Turn to 214
The musical pipe	Turn to 22
The axe	Turn to 141
The bag of teeth	Turn to 5
The jewel	Turn to 60

281

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, they do not notice you – you go back to sleep and set off again at sunrise (turn to 148). If you are Unlucky, one of them sees you across the stream and points you out to the others – turn to 12.

282

You approach a group of Svinns deep in conversation and take a seat with them. They are discussing a friend, apparently killed in the night by an assassin's blade. Gradually you work your way into the conversation and you soon learn the reason for the depression which hangs over the village. The village chief's daughter has been captured by a band of marauders and offered as a sacrifice to a powerful cave demon. According to an ancient prophecy, a dreadful scourge will overrun the village if the chief's line ever ends – and his daughter is the chief's only heir.

You tell them of your own travels and the creatures you have met. They realize you are a truly heroic adventurer and become very interested in you. Suddenly one springs at you while another runs off into the village. You are held fast in a vice-like grip, but as you struggle more Svinns arrive. They march you off to a hut at the edge of the village. Turn to 71.

283

You settle down to make camp for the night. You may take Provisions here and, if you do so, you may add 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten since leaving Analand, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten on your journey. You may only eat if you have Provisions with you. As you curl up in your blanket to sleep, there is a chance that you may encounter a wandering night creature. *Remember this reference* (as you will return here afterwards) and turn to 123. Night creatures are less likely to approach you in your camp, so you may add 2 points to the die roll you will be required to make.

After your night's sleep you may add either 2 STAMINA points, if you encountered no night creatures, or 1 STAMINA point if your sleep was disturbed. Then you set off along the trail. Turn to 31.

284

The loaf is not particularly pleasant, but is fairly nourishing. You may make a meal of it and restore 2 STAMINA points. Then turn to 250.

285

You may either fight the Ogre with your weapon:

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 15. Alternatively you may cast a spell:

WOK	WAL	KIL	DIM	ROK
400	352	331	375	312

286

As you have no doubt already learned, Jann will not leave you. And while he is with you, your magic will not work. You may not use any spells until you rid yourself of this little pest. Now turn to 197.

287

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 87 and choose again.

288

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell creates an invisible force field around you. Try as they may, the Bandits cannot harm you or even get close to you. Realizing the power of your sorcery, they run back into the village, allowing you to continue. Turn to 131.

289

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 47 and choose again.

290

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. You fall down into the pit. Turn to 277.

291

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. The door shudders and the handle turns. On your guard, you watch as it opens, allowing you into the room inside. Turn to 39.

292

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You concentrate and slowly focus your mind on a large rock in the corner of the hut. Before their eyes, this rock turns into a glittering pile of treasure. They gasp, as they can see jewels, gold, silver and gems forming from nothing. They chatter excitedly and nod towards you, smiling happily. One of them ventures over to touch the treasure and, as he does so, you release the spell. The Elvins are impressed with your trick and return your backpack, soon allowing you to leave the village. Turn to **196**.

293

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this, and the spirit laughs as you try to cast it. Turn to **124**.

294

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **203** and choose again.

295

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and, with a flash, five replicas of yourself appear in front of the creature. It chooses one of these images to attack. Choose which of the images is the real you by noting down a number between one and six. Then roll one die to determine which image the creature goes for. If you roll the same number as you have chosen for yourself, it has been lucky and selected the real you! Turn to **20** to resolve the combat. If it does not choose the real you, you may escape from it and continue. Turn to **193**.

296

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, your spell will not work – turn to **85**. If you have a Gold Piece, you place it on your wrist and cast your spell. An invisible shield forms around it, large enough for you to hide behind. You are able to pass safely through the hail of acorns – but you lose your Gold Piece. Turn to **7**.

297

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You hold up your hand and cast the spell. A small burning fireball materializes in your palm and you fling it at the Wood Golem. The creature catches fire immediately and shrieks loudly. Alianna runs off for water to douse the fire before her house goes up, and you make a hasty exit. Turn to **169**.

298

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for it to take effect. Almost immediately, you start to expand. Your whole body begins to grow until you are almost three times your normal size. This allows you to finish the job quite quickly and you manage to get half a night's sleep. Add 2 STAMINA points, then turn to **263**.

299

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Blimberry juice with you? If not, you must return to **258** and choose again. If you can cast the spell over Blimberry juice, you do so and sprinkle the enchanted juice on to the villagers. At first this appears to burn them, but then the healing potion takes effect. This is a *plague village*; everyone in it has plague. You have just healed this family and they are on their knees, thanking you. You talk to them for some time and they give you one important warning: Beware the Black Lotus Flower. Eventually you leave. Turn to **220**.

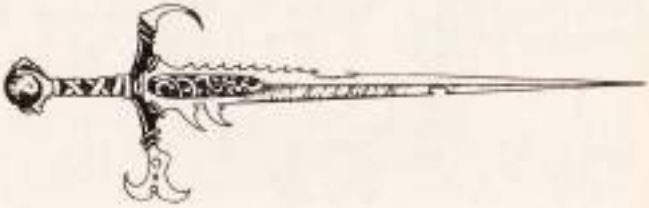

300

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. Return to **220** and choose again.

301

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Gold-Backed Mirror it requires. Draw your weapon and turn to **227**.

302

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. The creature advances and you cast your spell. You panic as nothing happens! You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Potion of Fire Water it requires. The Manticore whips round its tail and, although you try your best to evade it, the sting grazes your arm. Deduct 6 STAMINA points. If you will now draw your weapon and fight, turn to **227**. If you would prefer to cast another spell, turn to **364**.

303

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, you must return to **63** and choose again quickly. If you have any small pebbles, you cast the spell on them and toss them at the snakes. They explode on impact, killing several of the snakes and frightening the others. You throw three such missiles and have given yourself some breathing space. However, on consideration, there seems to be no way you can escape from the pit unless you are able to call on Libra. If you have not yet used her help, turn to **273**. Otherwise there is little you can do. Your journey has ended here . . .

304

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast your spell but nothing happens. The blast hits you in the chest, killing you instantly. Your journey ends here . . .

305

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for the lightning bolt to shoot at the assassin. But nothing happens! The Minimite screams at you, 'Don't waste your time on spells. Minimites are protected – though it is sometimes a curse – with a protection aura. You cannot cast spells when I am about!' You must return to 117 and fight the assassin.

306

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell – but nothing happens! The little creature chuckles. 'You are wasting your time with magic while I'm around,' it laughs. Turn to 171.

307

As you try desperately to make your spell work, the creature pounces. Its huge weight lands on you and its claws rip your clothes. That deadly sting comes over at you, but you are powerless to defend yourself. It pierces your chest. Shortly the poison will take effect. You have failed in your mission . . .

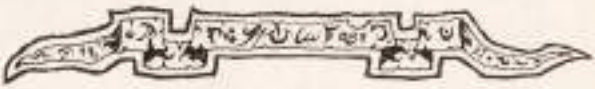

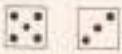

308

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a bamboo flute with you? If not, you should not be at this reference and must deduct a further 3 STAMINA points as the Bandits attack and turn back to **104**. If you have such a flute, you may take it from your bag, cast your spell and play. The angry faces of the Bandits turn to expressions of astonishment as they find their limbs jerking in time to the music, quite out of control. They drop their swords and are soon dancing merrily before you. Piping loudly, you direct them back to the village and, as they dance off, you continue your journey. Turn to **131**.

309

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell unsuccessfully, as you do not have the skullcap it requires. The Goblin seizes its chance and attacks you fiercely. Deduct another 3 STAMINA points and return to **47** to choose again.

310

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **66** and choose again. But hurry!

311

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **268** and choose again.

312

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the stone dust it requires. The Ogre swings its fist and knocks you back against a wall. Deduct another 2 STAMINA points, return to **285** and choose again.

313

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You have chosen a non-existent spell. Return to 166 and choose again.

314

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 275 and choose again.

315

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 74 and choose again.

316

Deduct 2 STAMINA points as you cast the spell. You cast it, not over yourself, but over one of the Elvins who seems to be in charge. The others stand agog as he suddenly duplicates until six replicas stand in front of them! The leader laughs – or rather all six of them laugh together – and the sight is most amusing. Soon all the Elvins are laughing and the leader and his replicas hold out their hands to shake with their comrades. Five of the other Elvins, of course, grasp thin air. The spell soon wears off and the creatures congratulate you, returning your backpack and allowing you to leave the village. Turn to 196.

317

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and the creature looks confused. It steps forwards and kicks the staff of the halberd, knocking it out of its hands. Cursing, it picks the weapon up, merely to drop it again! You may seize your chance and attack. While under the effect of the spell, the Troll will fight at:

TROLL SENTRY	SKILL 4	STAMINA 7

The spell will last for 4 Attack Rounds and will then wear off. Before each Attack Round after the fourth, roll one die. If the number is odd, the Troll cannot regain his halberd and will continue fighting with a SKILL of 4. If you roll an even number, it will regain its weapon and fight with a SKILL of 8. Turn to 177 if you win.

318

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and point your finger at the hole. With a flash, a burst of lightning flies from your fingertip and blasts the ground. Earth flies all around and, as you see when the air

clears, you have created a fine hole, a little rough around the edges, but nevertheless you have saved yourself a lot of work. You settle down to sleep for the rest of the night. You may recover the 3 STAMINA points you would have lost for missing a night's sleep. Turn to 263.

319

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell and wait for something to happen, but nothing does. You do not have a Giant's tooth which you may cast this spell on. Turn to 256.

320

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 4 and choose again.

321

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell, but nothing happens! The Minimite tells you not to waste your energy on spells while he is around. Will you continue (turn to 73) or return and take the other path (turn to 51)?

322

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast your spell but nothing happens. Unable to defend yourself, the blast hits you in the chest. You cry out in pain and drop to the ground. Your journey has ended here . . .

323

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell just in time, and your invisible wall blocks off the passage. The great boulder hits it with some considerable force, causing the whole cave to shake. It bounces off your barrier and rolls back up the slope. You must now continue either by returning to the last junction and taking the other fork (turn to 63) or by returning to the main chamber and taking the other passage (turn to 16).

324

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Galehorn it requires. Turn to 64.

325

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. The creature makes a half turn and prepares to swing its stinging tail at you. But as you cast the spell, it pauses briefly and shakes its head, as if something has hit it. Its movements become slow and you may now seize your chance to either attack it with your weapon (turn to 227) or cast an attacking spell (turn to 364). If you choose to attack, it will fight at half SKILL for the first 4 Attack Rounds.

326

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to 307.

327

There is no such spell as this. Deduct 5 points from your STAMINA and return to 104.

328

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you must deduct 3 extra STAMINA points as the Goblin attacks and return to 47. If you do have beeswax, you may rub it on your sword and return to 47. Fight the Goblin as normal, but you may double any damage you inflict on the Goblin while your sword has been magically sharpened. The effect will only last for this fight, and you have used up half your beeswax.

329

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You try in vain to cast the spell as you do not have the Galehorn it requires. As you recite your spell again and again, the ceiling collapses entirely. There is nothing you can do as you are buried for ever in the rubble . . .

330

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Your spell will not work as you do not possess the Jewel-Studded Medallion you need to complete it. You fall down into the pit. Turn to 277, where you will be required to make a dice roll. Since you have been fumbling unsuccessfully with your spell, you must add 3 points to the dice roll.

331

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 285 and choose again.

332

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Brass Pendulum it requires. You must draw your weapon and fight. Turn to 20.

333

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell is, however, ineffective. You cannot cast spells when your hands are bound! You have wasted your efforts. Turn to 112.

334

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 275 and choose again.

335

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell quickly and point towards the beast. A lightning blast shoots from your fingertip and catches the Wolfhound square in the forehead. It drops to the ground, dead. Turn to 50.

336

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast the spell but nothing happens. Turn back to 220 and choose again.

337

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 158 and choose again.

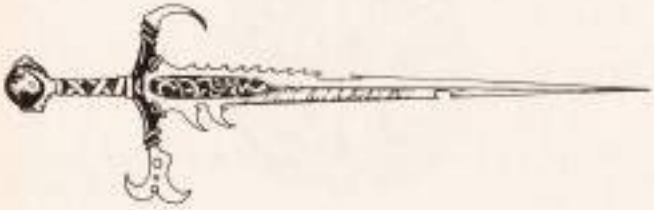

338

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and the club drops out of the Giant's hand. It grunts and reaches down to retrieve it. Taking another step, it again drops the club. Your spell is working! Twice more it does this until it eventually leaves the club on the floor and attacks you with its bare hands. You will have to fight it, but without its weapon:

HILL GIANT	SKILL 6	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **265**.

339

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not, the Wood Golem attacks for 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage – return to **87** and choose again. If you have a Bamboo Pipe, you pull it out of your backpack, cast your spell and play. The Golem stops and looks at you strangely. Its shoulders shrug and it shivers. It looks around and one leg starts twitching on the floor. Uncontrollably it takes a little leap forward, then hops back, landing neatly on its toes. It cannot understand what is happening! The bulky creature is doing a little dance in front of you! You keep it occupied while you back off towards the door. Turn to **169**.

340

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **231** and choose again.

341

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast your spell but nothing happens. Will you continue (turn to 73) or return and take the other path (turn to 51)?

342

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. Return to **117** and choose again.

343

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Unfortunately, you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling that this spell requires and your poor choice has left you no time to plan an alternative escape. The great boulder rolls over you, crushing you on to the floor. Your journey has ended here . . .

344

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this and, as you try to make it work, the snakes are upon you. This is the end of your journey . . .

345

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this and, while you have been trying unsuccessfully to cast it, the creature whips its tail round to sting you. You fall to the floor to avoid it. Will you now attack it with your weapon (turn to 227) or will you cast another spell (turn to 364)?

346

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell creates a large fireball in your hand, which you fling at the beast. It hits the Manticore in the side and the creature roars out in pain. You may turn to **420** to finish it off.

347

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot choose this spell as you do not have the Ring of Green Metal it requires. Turn to **307**.

348

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait. The Bandits pause, expecting something to happen . . . but nothing does! This spell works only on non-intelligent creatures. The Bandits leap at you and one gashes your arm with his sword, inflicting 2 STAMINA points of damage. Return to **104** either to cast another spell or to draw your weapon.

349

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the Orb of Crystal it requires. Deduct a further 2 STAMINA points as you try without success to make the spell work. Return to **239** and choose again.

350

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **66** and choose again.

351

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **268** and choose again.

352

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and, as the Ogre leaps to attack, it collides with something solid. You have stopped it with your invisible wall. You may now escape from the room while holding the Ogre at bay. On your way out you may grab a gem from the table – the Ogre's job was to grind the rocks mined from the mine into such gems. This gem is worth 10 Gold Pieces. You may use it to buy things and barter, but you will not be given change, no matter how little your purchase costs. Turn to **144**.

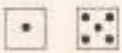

353

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You try the spell, but nothing happens as you do not have the Bracelet of Bone it requires. The Elvins are not impressed and quickly bind your hands again – only this time tighter, causing you some pain and the loss of another STAMINA point. Turn to 218.

354

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. 'Fool,' calls out the Spirit, 'I know that spell well. Do you not have the Black Facemask that it requires?' You do not have the mask and, in panic, you try to leave the hut. Turn to 124.

355

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Holding your hands up, you command the serpent to release you. It does so and backs off into the bushes. You watch it retreat until it slowly vanishes from sight. Turn to 137.

356

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and immediately begin to grow larger. Within moments you stand three times your normal size. The Elvin looks on with awe and hesitates, not sure whether to fight or fly. You may either attack it or *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the creature will fly off, its companions following it into the woods and allowing you to settle back down to sleep. You awake at sunrise – turn to 148. If you are Unlucky, the Elvin will continue its battle. If you end up fighting the creature, return to 203 and have your battle, but because of your size you may double your SKILL score.

357

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. In fact you discover that you are unable to cast a spell anyway, as your hands are bound (remember this in future). Turn to 112.

358

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the Green-Haired Wig it requires. The Goblins spring at you and attack. Lose 2 STAMINA points as the first Goblin slashes at you. Return to 217 but you may not choose another spell; you must draw your weapon and fight them.

359

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell and wait. Nothing happens. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Ring of Green Metal it requires. Turn to **85**.

360

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you may not cast this spell – return to **4** and choose again. If you have beeswax, you may wipe it on to your weapon to enhance its effect. Turn to **142** and try smashing the lock. But you may deduct 2 points from the dice roll you make against SKILL and, if you succeed in smashing the lock *on your first attempt*, you need not lose the SKILL penalty.

361

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth? If not, turn to **256**. If you have found one on your travels, you drop it on the floor and cast your spell on it. The great creature watches inquisitively, then you both jump back as a plume of smoke rises into the air. Out of the smoke steps another Giant, though this one will do your bidding. You command him to fight:

HILL GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11
MAGICAL GIANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

Resolve this battle. If the Hill Giant defeats your champion, you will have to finish the battle off yourself. If your Giant wins, he will then disappear and you may turn to **265**.

362

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Potion of Fire Water it requires. Return to **201** and choose again.

363

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Sun Jewel it requires. As you try to get it to work, the Troll leaps and slashes at your leg, causing 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. Return to 99, but you must now fight the Troll.

364

As the Manticore turns to face you, you may cast an attacking spell:

YOB	KIN	HOT	GOB	KIL
388	301	346	369	395

If you know none of these, draw your weapon and turn to 227.

365

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and an invisible force field forms itself around you, sealing you into a pocket of air. Although the water floods around you, you are quite safe. After several moments, the sealing wall lowers and the water drains off. You may continue by either returning to the junction and taking the other fork (turn to 152) or going back to the main chamber and taking the other passageway (turn to 3).

366

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Jewel-Studded Medallion it requires. While you are trying to cast it, the snakes have taken an interest in you. Roll one die. This is the number of STAMINA points that you lose when they bite you. If you roll a six, one of the bites has been poisonous and you must *Test your Luck* – if you are Lucky, you survive; if you are Unlucky, you die from the poison. If you are still alive, return to 63 and choose again.

367

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a vial of glue with you? If not you must think of another means of escape (turn to 83). If you have some glue, you cast your spell and fling the vial at the passage floor in front of the boulder. Sweating with anxiety, you breathe a sigh of relief as the huge rock rolls on to the glue and holds fast. The whole area shakes with the tremendous strain. You may now either go back to the junction in the passage and take the other fork (turn to 63) or return to the main chamber and take the other passage (turn to 16).

368

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait for something to happen, but nothing does. Return to 117 and choose again.

369

Do you have any Goblins' teeth with you? If so you may throw as many as you wish on to the ground and cast your spell. Deduct 1 STAMINA point per tooth. With a cloud of smoke, this number of Goblins now stand before you and you may command them to attack the Manticore. Resolve the battle (the Goblins will attack one after the other):

MANTICORE	SKILL 12	STAMINA 18
GOBLINS	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

Each time the Manticore hits a Goblin, roll one die. On a roll of 5 or 6, it will have stung with its poisonous tail, killing the Goblin. 1–4 is a normal hit. If your Goblins win, turn to 456. If the Manticore defeats all your Goblins, you may either finish the job with your sword (turn to 227) or cast another spell (turn to 420).

370

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to 307.

371

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You have chosen a spell you are not able to use as you do not have the Pearl Ring it requires. Lose another 3 STAMINA points as the Bandits attack and return to 104 to make another choice.

372

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and begin to get a strong feeling that there is danger ahead. A voice inside tells you not to go this way. Will you heed this warning and return to the junction or continue regardless? If you wish to continue, turn to 6. If you will turn back, turn to 120.

373

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait anxiously. The huge door creaks on its hinges and slowly opens, just in time for you to nip through before the ceiling collapses! Turn to 120.

374

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. This spell will not work as you do not have the Galehorn it requires. Return to **268** to try another choice.

375

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait for it to take effect. The Ogre lunges at you but suddenly stops and shakes its head, looking at itself, then at you, with a puzzled expression. It takes a step forward, then grunts and steps backwards, thoroughly confused. You may either fight it now in its incapacitated state (it will fight with a SKILL of 4 and a STAMINA of 7) and, if you win, turn to **15**. Alternatively you may leave the room (turn to **144**).

376

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this and the Elvins are not impressed as you unsuccessfully try to cast it. They bind your hands again, only this time tighter, causing you some pain. Turn to **218**.

377

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this, and the Spirit laughs as you try to cast it. Turn to **124**.

378

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Pearl Ring it requires. While you are trying to get it to work, the Elvin sweeps in and attacks again. Deduct another 3 STAMINA points. Return to **203** and choose again.

379

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. In fact you may not cast a spell anyway, as your hands are bound (remember this in future). Turn to 112.

380

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and hold your hands in the air. You command it to hold its ground. It is not too happy with you, but does not move and you are able to step round it. Turn to 118.

381

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 217 and choose again.

382

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 231 and choose again.

383

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and the creature stops. It takes a step forward but its actions have become sluggish under your spell. Return to 87 and fight it; for the first four Attack Rounds, the Wood Golem will fight with a SKILL of 4.

384

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell and wait for something to happen. Nothing does. You cannot use this spell without the Pearl Ring it requires. The Hill Giant watches you, then swings its club, clipping your side as you spring backwards. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 256.

385

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Black Facemask it requires. Return to 158 and choose again.

386

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, return to 99 and choose again. If you do have such a coin, you place it on your wrist and cast your spell. The coin sticks and you can feel an invisible shield bound to your wrist. You may now fight the Troll Sentry with extra defence:

TROLL SENTRY	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

Because of your shield, you may deduct 2 from the Troll's throw on Attack Strength. If you win, turn to 177. After the fight, you must lose the Gold Piece, which becomes useless metal.

387

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell – but nothing happens! You are puzzling this out, when the little creature chuckles. 'You are wasting your time using your magic while I'm around!' it says. Turn to 171.

388

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell and must turn to 227 to defend yourself with your weapon. If you do have a Giant's tooth, you place it on the floor and cast your spell. A cloud of smoke appears around the tooth and, as it clears, a large Giant stands in its place! You command the Giant to attack the Manticore and it turns towards the startled beast. Resolve this battle:

MANTICORE	SKILL 12	STAMINA 18
GIANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

Each time the Manticore hits the Giant, you must roll one die. A roll of 5 or 6 indicates a hit with the sting in its tail, which is poisonous, and will do 6 STAMINA points' worth of damage. A roll of 1–4 indicates normal damage. If your Giant wins, turn to 456. If the Manticore wins, you may either finish the job off yourself (turn to 227) or cast another spell (turn to 420).

389

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this, so nothing happens. You duck quickly as it swings its deadly tail round and tries to sting you. If you now wish to draw your weapon and fight, turn to 227. If you wish to cast another spell, turn to 364.

390

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait. From somewhere inside, a voice warns you that the situation is not good. Your only hope is to empty your backpack, open it out to fill with air, and hold it tightly over your face up to the ceiling. This you do. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to trap sufficient air to save you before the deluge fills the room. If you are Unlucky, you lose hold of the bag and must try another method of escape (turn to 64). If you were Lucky, the water eventually drains when the wall behind you lowers. You may return to the junction and take the other fork (turn to 151) or go back to the main chamber and take the other passageway (turn to 3). You may collect your belongings from the floor, but anything that would have been spoiled by the water (e.g. Provisions) is now lost for ever.

391

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. You have now left yourself no time to plan an alternative escape and, in a flash, the boulder is on you, crushing you beneath it. Your journey has ended here . . .

392

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell but nothing happens. The Minimite shrieks, cursing himself. He is protected from magic with an anti-magic aura, and most spells will not work in his presence. Unfortunately it is a little too late to learn this, as the lightning blast hits you. Your journey ends here . . .

393
Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast the spell but nothing happens. Return to **117** and choose again.

394
Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell, but nothing happens! The Minimite tells you not to waste your energy on spells while he is around. Will you continue (turn to 73) or return and take the other path (turn to 51)?

395
Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **364** and choose again.

396
Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **123** and choose again.

397
Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **47** and choose again.

398
Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **239** and choose again.

399
Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your fall is broken and you float gently down to the ground below, landing softly on your knees. Turn to **110**.

400

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, deduct 2 extra STAMINA points when the Ogre leaps at you and attacks while you fumble with your spell (return to **285**). If you do have a coin, you place it on your wrist and cast the spell. You can feel an invisible shield fixed to your wrist and you may now fight the Ogre at an advantage. Turn back to **285** and fight the Ogre, but you may deduct 2 points from the Ogre's throw when he rolls for Attack Strength each round. After the fight is over, you must lose the Gold Piece; it is transformed to a useless metal by the spell.

401

Do you have a Goblin's tooth with you? If not, you try in vain to cast the spell and the Elvins are not impressed, tying your hands and kicking you angrily (lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **218**). If you do have a tooth, you cast your spell over it (deduct 1 STAMINA point) and it forms into a Goblin before their eyes. At first they are apprehensive – they do not like Goblins – but they relax a little as you show them you have complete control over your creation. You can make it dance a jig, stand on its head and even sing (although this causes scores of protests – Goblins have the most tuneless voices imaginable). As a finale, you make it bow down before them and kiss their boots. As the Goblin disappears, the Elvins congratulate you. After a brief chat, they return your backpack and allow you to continue on your way. Turn to **196**.

402

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Green-Haired Wig it requires. As you try to cast it, the beast leaps at you and sinks its teeth into your forearm. Deduct 3 STAMINA points. You must now draw your weapon and fight it – return to 74 and resolve the battle.

403

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and an expression of pain comes over the Spirit's face. 'Retract that spell!' it screams. 'Or feel the wrath of Mananka!' But its threat is an idle one and the face is disappearing before you. The smoke is quickly collecting together and returning to the box. You are safe. If you have not done so already, you may try the other box (turn to 258). Otherwise you may leave the village (turn to 196).

404

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Sun Jewel it requires. While you are trying in vain to make it work, the Serpent strikes. Lose another 2 STAMINA points. Return to 275 and choose again.

405

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Flinging your hand forward and casting the spell, a shower of small fireballs burst into the air around the little Elvin. Several of them hit the creature, burning its wings and causing it to drop from the air like a flaming torch. Turn to 121.

406

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You will now learn an important rule: you cannot cast spells while your hands are bound! You have wasted your efforts. Turn to 112.

407

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and point at the first Goblin. A streak of lightning shoots from your finger and catches the creature square in the chest, killing it instantly. The other two stop in their tracks, deciding whether to continue the attack. Roll two dice for each of the remaining Goblins. If the number rolled for either (or both) of them is *equal to or higher than* their SKILL score, this means it will turn and flee into the woods. Otherwise it will continue its attack. Their scores are:

SECOND GOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4
THIRD GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If you have to fight either of these, and win, turn to **155**. If they both flee, turn to **202**.

408

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and suddenly the acorn hail ceases. The Elvins look on with wonder as their nuts bounce off an invisible shield. You move smartly onwards until the spell wears off. Turn to **7**.

409

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell at the lock. It begins to hum quietly and little clicks indicate that the tumblers are moving. Eventually it swings apart and you may open the cage. The woman thanks you. She will now reward you for your help. Would you like a magical item (turn to **248**) or an aid in combat (turn to **122**)?

410

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You fumble with your spell, which does not seem to work. The Wood Golem attacks and smashes you for 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Gold-Backed Mirror it requires. Return to **87** and choose again.

411

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait. Slowly, the ground moves further from you. You are growing larger! The Hill Giant watches in disbelief while you grow to his size. You may now fight the Giant:

HILL GIANT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

But you may double your SKILL while you are under the influence of this spell. If you win, turn to **265**.

412

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **201** and make another choice.

413

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **158** and choose again.

414

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **99** and choose again.

415

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. The creature makes a half turn and swings its deadly tail. But as its sting whips towards you, it hits the invisible force field you have created and does you no damage. Will you now cast an attacking spell (turn to **364**) or draw your weapon and fight it (turn to **227**)?

416

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to **64**.

417

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. The snakes are now upon you and are beginning to attack. Roll one die. If you roll 1–5, this is the number of STAMINA points of damage you must sustain. If you roll a 6, the bites are poisonous and you are now spending your last minutes before the poison takes its deadly effect . . . If you have survived, turn back to 63 and choose again.

418

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast your spell but nothing happens. The blast hits you in the chest, killing you instantly. Your journey ends here . . .

419

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell but nothing happens. Will you continue (turn to 73) or return and take the other path (turn to 51)?

420

If you do not have enough STAMINA left to cast a spell, you may turn to 227 and fight the creature with your weapon. Otherwise, choose your spell:

ZIP	NIT	FIF	WAL	SUD
347	326	436	447	370

421

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the vial of glue you need to cast it. Meanwhile the night creature has attacked and inflicted 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. Return to 123 and choose again.

422

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling it requires. Deduct a further 2 STAMINA points as you try without success to make it work. Then return to 239 and choose again.

423

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell. From somewhere within, a voice speaks to you, telling you to cast the DOP spell to open

the door. This is your only hope unless you are strong enough to break down the door. Return to **66** and choose again.

424

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You fall down into the pit, but your body moves in the air as if to anticipate your landing. Turn to **277**, where you will be required to make a dice roll. Because of your spell, you may deduct 3 points from the dice roll and you may ignore the extra penalty on a roll of double 6.

425

Do you have any Goblins' teeth with you? If so, you may throw as many as you want on to the floor and cast your spell on them. You must deduct 1 STAMINA point per Goblin you create. Each Goblin will have a SKILL of 5 and a STAMINA of 5 and you may command an attack on the Wolfhound. If your creations kill the beast, turn to **50**; if not, finish it off yourself and turn to **50** if you succeed. If you do not have any Goblins' teeth, then you try in vain to cast the spell and the Wolfhound leaps at your throat, causing you 5 STAMINA points' worth of damage – you will have to fight it:

WOLFHOUND	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

Turn to **50** if you win.

426

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. The Serpent is ready to attack, but waits for you to move. From within, a feeling of peace comes over you as you look at the creature. You relax a little and the Serpent suddenly disappears once more; but you could swear it *winked* at you before it vanished. It still grips your arm, and pulls you. You decide to continue your journey. Turn to **94**.

427

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **166** and choose again.

428

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. The Goblins are quickly on you and attack you for 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. You may, if you wish, *Test your Luck* and if you are Lucky you avoid this attack. Return to **217** and fight them or cast another spell.

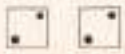

429

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Potion of Fire Water it requires. Return to 4 and choose again.

430

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to 256.

431

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and a protective force-field surrounds your body. You may turn to 79, but no harm will befall you as there will be no contact between you and any of the villagers.

432

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. While you are reciting it, the Troll springs at you, and a lucky blow knocks you to the floor. Before you can rise, the creature is on you, sinking its slimy teeth into your throat. Your journey has ended here . . .

433

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and, commanding the snakes, they back away from you. For the present, you are safe. But how may you escape from the pit? If you have not yet called on help from Libra, turn to 273. But if you have already used her help, there is little you can do but hold the snakes off until your STAMINA runs out – your journey has ended here . . .

434

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. You panic, but there is little you can do to avoid the deadly blast. Your journey is over . . .

435

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast your spell, but nothing happens. Will you continue (turn to 73) or return and take the other path (turn to 51)?

436

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to 307.

437

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 123 and choose again.

438

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and a bolt of lightning shoots from your fingertip at the creature, hitting it square in the chest. It reels and falls backwards, dead, on to the floor. Turn to 186.

439

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. You fall down into the pit. Turn to 277.

440

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 74 and choose again.

441

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, the spell does not work and the little Elvin zips down and cuts you again for 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage (return to 203 and choose again). If you have a coin, you place it on your wrist and cast the spell. An invisible shield forms around your forearm, and you may use this in defence. Return to 203 and fight the Elvin, but because of your shield you may deduct 2 points from the Elvin's dice roll for Attack Strength each round. After the fight, the Gold Piece is no longer usable.

442

Deduct 1 STAMINA point and cast your spell. Do you have any beeswax with you? If so, you have rubbed it on your sword and it now has been magically enhanced. Return to 217 and fight the Goblins but,

each time you hit a Goblin, you may double the damage you do. If you do not have beeswax, you *believe* your weapon has been sharpened, but it has not and will do only normal damage. If you have used this spell successfully before, you have now used all your beeswax. Otherwise you have used half your original portion.

443

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **4** and choose again.

444

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **201** and choose again.

445

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to **64**.

446

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. Unfortunately, there is no such spell as this and the time you have wasted on casting it leaves you no time to plan another escape. The boulder crushes you. Your journey has ended here . . .

447

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. The Manticore is in the opposite passage preparing to pounce at you. You cast your spell as it leaps and it roars loudly as it hits your invisible wall in mid-flight! Using your control, you fence it in securely, allowing you to grab the Svinn girl and run from the cave. Turn to **456**.

448

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. The creature stops in its tracks and you order it to return to the woods from where it came. Having escaped the creature you may return to your original reference.

449

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You wait for the spell to take effect and you begin to hear a voice from within. The mysterious voice is telling you that your safest bet is to avoid this door and leave the mine. If you take heed of this warning, turn to **144**. If you wish to continue trying the door, turn to **268** and choose again.

450

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the Bracelet of Bone it requires. In actual fact, you cannot cast *any* spell when your hands are bound (remember this in future). Turn to **112**.

451

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cast the spell but nothing happens. Return to **220** and choose again.

452

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell but nothing happens. Return to **117** and choose again.

453

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and begin to grow to three times your normal size. The night creature stops in its tracks. You may, if you wish, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the beast takes flight and runs back into the woods. If you are Unlucky, or if you did not *Test your Luck*, the creature continues to attack but you may double your SKILL score as you attack it. Return to **123**.

454

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast this spell and consider both directions. Inside your mind, you begin to feel differently when you face through the door and when you face back into the room. Looking through the door, a hot sweat comes over your face, and looking back into the room at your entrance door, this feeling subsides and you feel calm. Will you press on ahead through the door (turn to **6**) or retrace your steps through the room (turn to **120**)?

455

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and a darkness descends over the room. The Spirit calls out to you, 'You cannot escape from me, mortal!' But under the cover of darkness, you have slipped out of the hut. You leave the village. Turn to **196**.

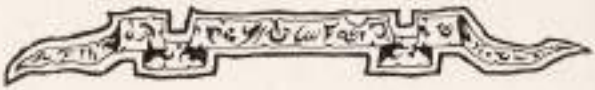

456

You leave the Manticore's chamber and follow the path to the source of the light. As you had hoped, a cave entrance allows you out on to the side of the hill. You and the Svinn girl find your way back to Torrepani. The Svinn chief is overjoyed to have his daughter back and the village erupts into celebration as their curse is now lifted. You are given the freedom of the village and decide to stay for the day to recuperate. You visit the Svinn healing-priest who will treat your wounds, cure any diseases and lift curses which you may have. Restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points to their *Initial* values. The priest may also rid you of the annoying little Minimite if he is still with you.

You sleep heavily that night and rise the next morning to continue on your way. Before you go, the Svinn chief meets you. He hands you two gifts: a pouch containing 10 Gold Pieces and a large key. 'I know you head for Kharé,' says the chief, 'but the city is evil and you must be on your guard. Two years ago a traveller passed through here from Kharé and gave me this key, saying he would never return. This is a key to the city gates and with it you will be able to enter the city unnoticed.' Once you get to Kharé's south gate, in the next adventure, you may turn to **12** if you wish to use this key.

You thank him and leave Torrepani. You have made friends here and may permanently increase your *Initial* LUCK score by 1 point. Soon the path is leading you on from the Shamutanti Hills down across rice fields towards a great walled city – the Cityport of Kharé – and on to the next stage of your quest . . .

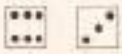

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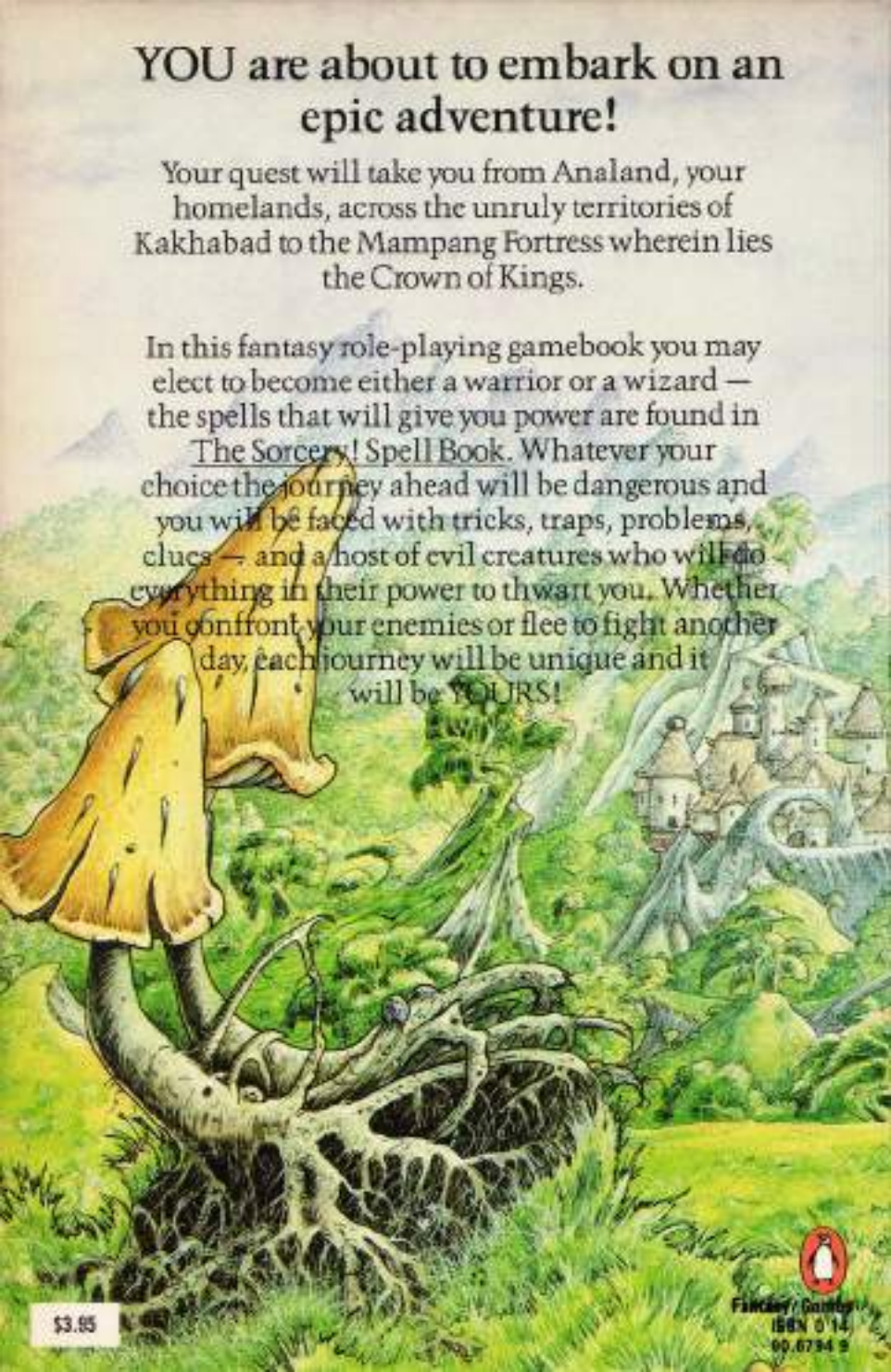

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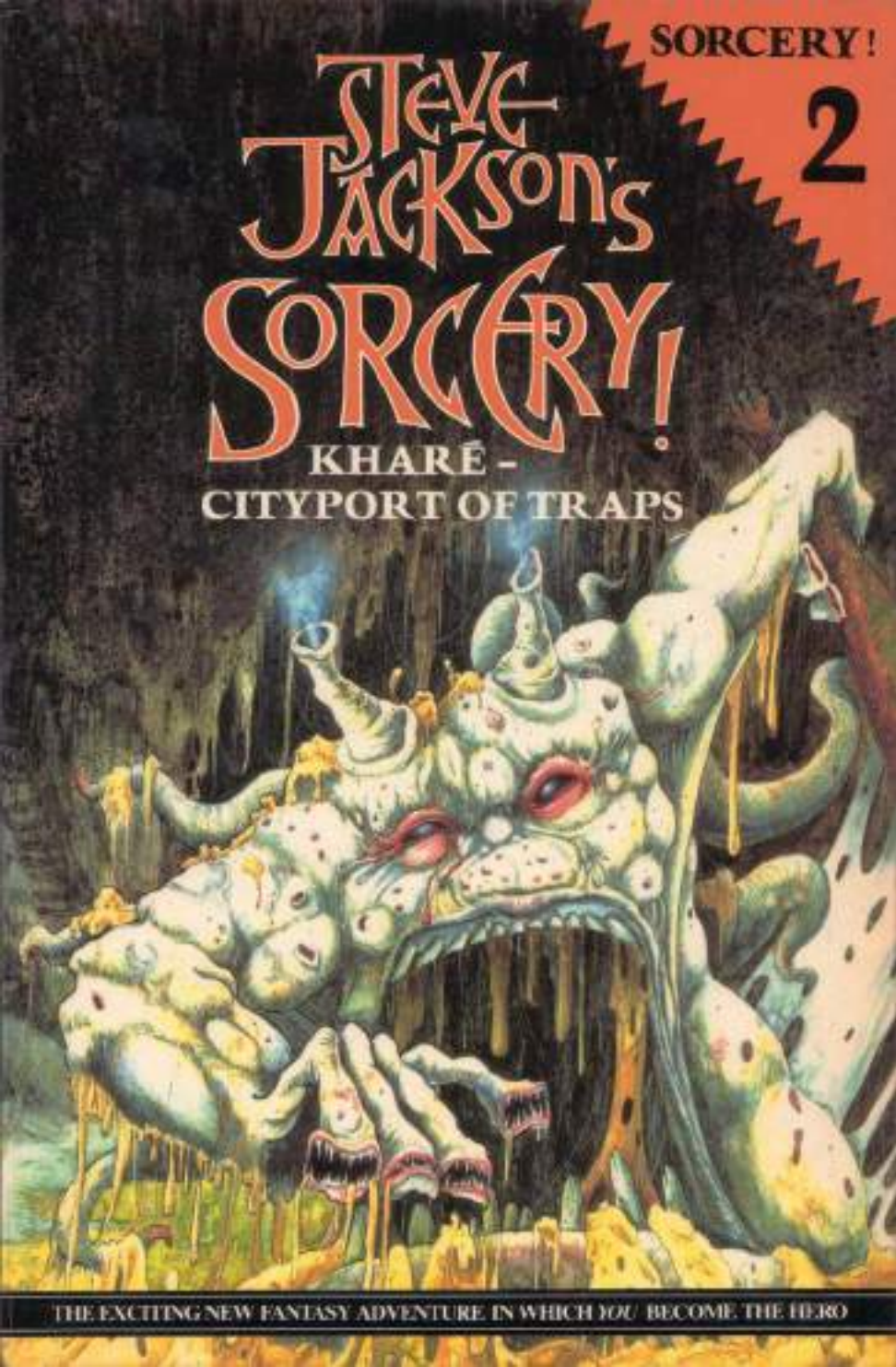

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Mr. Jackson attended Altrincham Grammar School in Cheshire and went on to the University of Keele, where he studied biology and psychology; while at college, he founded the university's games society. After writing on a free-lance basis for the professional games magazine *Games & Puzzles*, he coauthored, with Ian Livingstone, *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, a fantasy book for children, and was the sole author of two other books in the same series, *The Citadel of Chaos* and *Spaceship Traveler*.

In addition to *Kharé—Cityport of Traps*, the *Sorcery!* series currently comprises *The Shamutanti Hills* as well as *The Spell Book*, both available from Penguin Books. Penguin will also publish two future volumes in the series, *The Seven Serpents* and *The Crown of Kings*.

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Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published in Penguin Books
in Great Britain 1984
First published
in the United States of America
by Viking Penguin Inc. 1984

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 84-60817

Printed in the United States of America by
R.R. Donnelley & Sons Company, Harrisonburg, Virginia
Set in Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

Kharé – Cityport of Traps is the second adventure in the *Sorcery!* series, following *The Shamutanti Hills*. But *Sorcery!* has been designed so that each adventure is playable in its own right, whether or not readers have been through the previous ones.

If you are new to *Sorcery!* you may prefer to start your adventure from the very beginning. The first adventure, *The Shamutanti Hills*, is available with *The Sorcery! Spell Book* as a two-book slipcase set, published by Penguin Books.

Kharé is, however, a complete adventure within a city. New players will find all the information they need, together with an *Adventure Sheet*, at the beginning of this book. Readers who are now on the second stage of their journey will be able to skip over the rules section and plunge straight into the adventure: their characters, equipment and experience must be carried over from the previous adventure.

THE SIMPLE AND ADVANCED GAMES

Beginners may wish to start with the simple game, ignoring the use of magic. Rules for fighting creatures with swords and other weapons are given in each adventure book, using a combat system similar to that used in Puffin's *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, the original Fighting Fantasy Gamebook. By rolling dice, you battle creatures with weapons only.

More experienced players will wish to progress quickly on to the advanced game, in which your fighting ability is somewhat limited but your most powerful weapon will be your knowledge of magic, a much more powerful tool. In actual fact, the advanced game is fairly simple to learn. There is no reason why beginners should not proceed with the use of magic from the start. But learning spells will take some time and practice with the *Spell Book*, and the 'simple' option is given for players who wish to start their adventure with minimum delay.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF KAKHABAD

Before setting off on your journey, you must first build up your own personality profile. On pages 18 and 19 you will find an *Adventure Sheet*. This is a sort of 'current status report' which will help you keep track of your adventure. Your own SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will be recorded here, and also the equipment, artefacts and treasures you will find on your journey. Since the details will change constantly, you are advised to take photocopies of the blank *Adventure Sheet* to use in future adventures, or write in pencil so that the previous adventure can be erased when you start another.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. If you are playing as a *warrior* (the simple game), add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you are playing as a *wizard* (the advanced game), add only 4 to this number and enter the total. Wizards are worse fighters than warriors, but they more than make up for this by the use of magic spells.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). The sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves); you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been *Lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been *Unlucky* and you will be peralized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being *Lucky* or *Unlucky*. However, in battles, you always have the *option* of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *Lucky*, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are *Unlucky*, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *Lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are *Unlucky*, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, you may be given instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

If *Khare* is your first adventure, you start with enough Provisions for two meals. If you have played *The Shamutanti Hills*, the amount of Provisions you carry will already have been decided. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions, and you may eat only one meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add points to your STAMINA score as instructed. Remember that you have a long way to go, so manage your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given whenever this occurs. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores can be restored to their *Initial* values by calling on your goddess (see later).

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

WIZARDS: HOW TO USE MAGIC

If you have chosen to become a wizard you will have the option, throughout the adventure, of using magic spells. All the spells known to the sorcerers of Analand, and rules for using them, are given in *The Sorcery! Spell Book*, and you will need to study this before you set off on your adventure.

All spells are coded with a three-letter code and you must learn and practise your spells until you are able to identify a reasonable number of them from their codes. Casting a spell drains your STAMINA and each has a cost, in STAMINA points, for its use. Recommended basic spells will get you started quickly, but are very uneconomical; an experienced wizard will use these only if faced with choices of unknown spells or if he/she has not found the artefact required for a less costly spell.

Full rules for using spells are given in the *Spell Book*.

LIBRA – THE GODDESS OF JUSTICE

During your adventure you will be watched over by your own goddess, Libra. If the going gets tough, you may call on her for aid. *But she will only help you once in each adventure.* Once you have called on her help in Kharé, she will not listen to you again until you reach The Baklands.

There are three ways in which she may help you:

Revitalization: You may call on her at any time to restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* values. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

Escape: Occasionally, when you are in danger, the text will offer you the option of calling on Libra to help you.

Removal of Curses and Diseases: She will remove any curses or diseases you may pick up on your adventure. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

EQUIPMENT AND PROVISIONS

You start your adventure with the bare necessities of life. You have a sword as your weapon, and a backpack to hold your equipment, treasures, artefacts and provisions. You cannot take your Spell Book with you, as the sorcerers of Analand cannot risk its falling into the wrong hands in Kakhabad – so you may not refer to this book at all once you have started your journey.

If you have not been through The Shamutanti Hills, you have a pouch around your waist containing 20 Gold Pieces, the universal currency of all the known lands. If this is the second stage of your adventure, your quota of Gold Pieces will already have been decided. You will need money for food, shelter, purchases and bribery throughout your adventure. You will find it necessary to collect more gold as you progress on your way.

You are also carrying Provisions (food and drink). As you will find, food is an important commodity and you will have to be careful how you use it. Make sure you do not waste food: you cannot afford to run out of Provisions.

SORCERY! ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

GOLD AND TREASURE	PROVISIONS

EQUIPMENT AND ARTEFACTS

BONUSES, PENALTIES, CURSES ETC.

CLUES AND NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill– *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*
Skill– *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*
Skill– *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*
Skill– *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*	*Skill–* *Stamina–*

THE LEGEND OF THE CROWN OF KINGS

Centuries ago, in the time we now call the Dark Ages, whole regions of the world were undiscovered. There were pockets of civilization, each with their own races and cultures. One such region was Kakhabad, a dark land at the end of the earth.

Although several warlords had tried, Kakhabad had never been ruled. All manner of evil creatures, forced from the more civilized lands beyond the Zanzunu Peaks, had gradually crawled into Kakhabad, which became known as the Verminpit at Earthend.

Civilization and order had spread throughout the rest of the known world ever since the discovery of the Crown of Kings by Chalanna the Reformer, of Femphrey. With its help, Chalanna became Emperor of the largest empire in the eastern world. This magical Crown had mysterious powers, bestowing supernormal qualities of leadership and justice on its owner. But Chalanna's own ambitions were not of conquest. He wished instead to establish peaceful nation-states, aligned to Femphrey. Thus in his wisdom he passed the fabled Crown from ruler to ruler in the neighbouring kingdoms, and, with the help of its magical powers, one by one these lands became peaceful and prosperous.

The path was set. Each ruler would own the Crown of Kings for a four-year period in which to establish order within his kingdom and fall in with the growing Femphrey Alliance. So far the kingdoms of Ruddlestone, Lendieland, Gallantaria and Brice had taken their turns under the rule of the Crown. The benefits were immediate. War and strife were virtually unknown.

The King of Analand duly received the Crown of Kings amid great ceremony, and, from that day onwards, the development of Analand was ensured. No one quite knew how the Crown of Kings could have such an enormous uplifting effect on a whole nation. Some said it was divinely inspired; some that its power was merely in the mind. But

one thing was certain – its effects were unquestionable. All was well in Analand, until the night of the Black Moon.

The King was the first to discover that the Crown was missing. Carried off on that starless night by Birdmen from Xamen, the Crown was on its way to Mampang in the outlaw territories of Kakhabad. News came from the Baklands that the Crown was being carried to the Archmage of Mampang whose ambitions were to make Kakhabad his kingdom.

Although Kakhabad was a dangerous land, it was in itself little threat to the surrounding kingdoms. The lack of rule meant it had no army and its own internal struggles kept it permanently preoccupied. But with the Crown of Kings to establish rule, Kakhabad could potentially be a deadly enemy to all members of the Femphrey Alliance.

Such was the shame that fell on Analand for the loss of the Crown that all benefits from two years under its rule soon disappeared. Law, order and morale were breaking down. The King was losing the confidence of his subjects. Neighbouring territories were looking suspiciously across their borders. There were even whisperings of invasions.

One hope remained. Someone – for a military force would never survive the journey – must travel to Mampang and rescue the Crown of Kings. Only on its safe return would the dreadful curse be lifted from Analand. You have volunteered yourself for this quest and your mission is clear. You must cross Kakhabad to the Mampang Fortress and find the Crown!

THE LAND OF
MAURISTATIA
L. LUMLE
KHARE
THE BAKLANDS
BADDU-BAK PLAINS
KLATTA-BAK STEPPES
THE SHAMUTANTI HILLS
VANTI-BAK WASTES
CANTOPANI GATE
ANALAND
CRANBERRY WOOD
BADDU-LEY
EARTH END
KAKHA

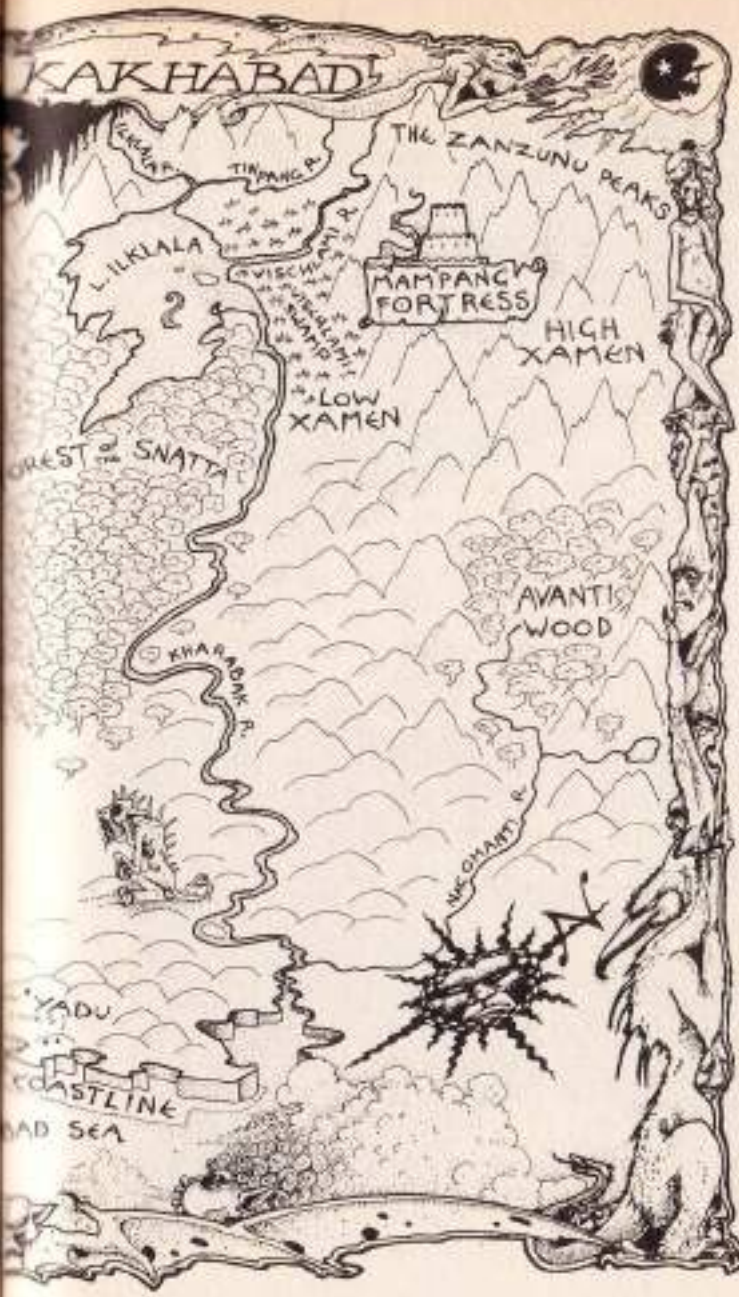
KAKHABAD
THE ZANZUNU PEAKS
TINPANG R.
LILKLALA
MAMPANG FORTRESS
HIGH XAMEN
LOW XAMEN
SNATTA
AVANTI WOOD
KHARABAK R.
NEGHARTI R.
YADU
CASTLINE
SEA

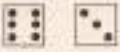

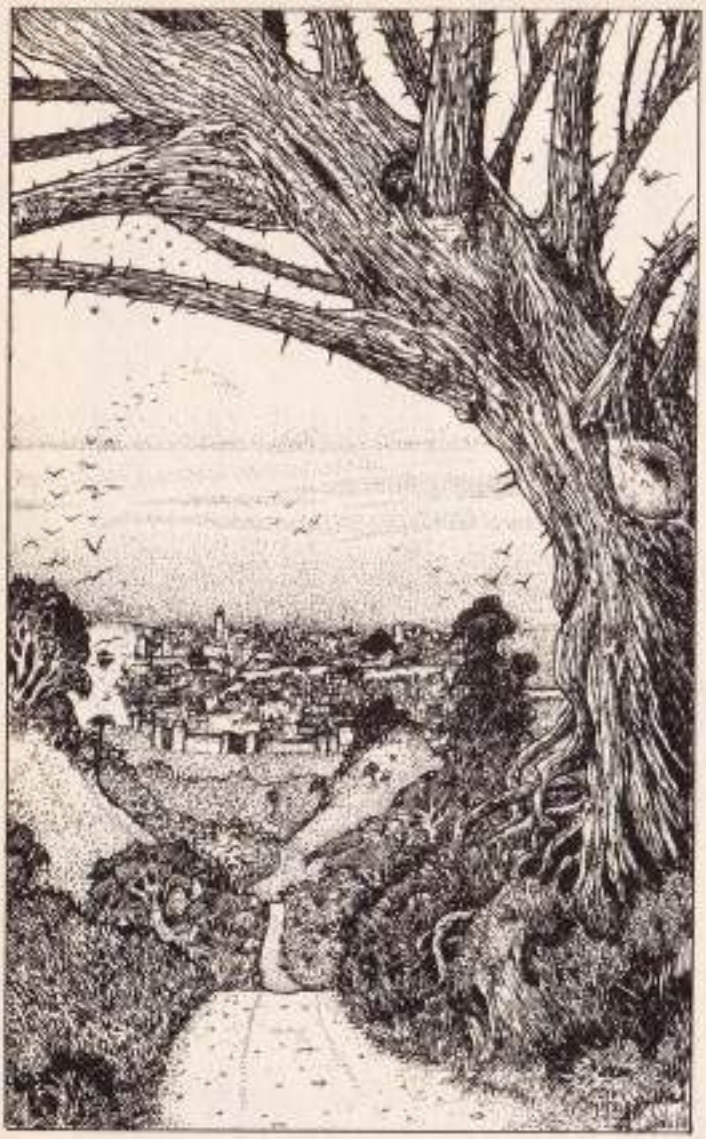

1

Kharé: the city of chaos – and gateway to the Baklands.

Below you, at the foot of the Shamutanti Hills, sprawls the walled cityport, slashed viciously by the great Jabaji River. Halfway down the hills, you pause to survey your destination. Legend has it that Kharé arose around the only ford across the Jabaji between Lake Lumlé and the sea. But this is an unlikely tale. More probable are the stories of river pirates camping in the area, waiting to ambush the small sailing vessels which carried their cargoes of fish between Lake Lumlé and the Kakhabad Sea. Whatever the reasons, Kharé grew.

As the camp became a village, and the village a city, Kharé became a magnet for the ne'er-do-wells of the Baklands and the Shamutantis. A multitude of malevolent creatures who would kill you for the laces from your boots drifted into the city. Their lawlessness gave rise to an elaborate system of traps devised by the inhabitants to protect themselves from the criminals who roamed the streets. This is how the city got its name: Cityport of Traps.

Your own goal lies well beyond Kharé which, knowing only its reputation, you would prefer not to pass through. But pass through you must, for elsewhere crossing the Jabaji is impossible. From your vantage point you can trace the fortified wall which surrounds the cityport. Two gates open Kharé to the rest of the world. Before you is the South Gate, your only way in. And on the far side of the city is the North Gate, leading on to the Baklands.

Time is passing, and time is precious. You stride off downhill at a brisk pace, and reach the gate within the hour. It is locked. If you have a large key, presented to you by the Svinn chief, you may turn to the reference given when you received this gift. If you do not have the key, you may either knock loudly for the guards (turn to 178) or cast a spell:

BAM	BIG	HUF	DOP	HOT
337	496	408	381	474

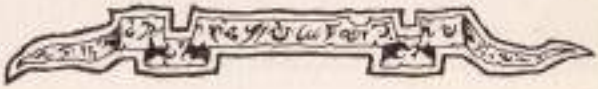

2

Where will you kiss next: the forehead (turn to 314); the left eye (turn to 163); the right cheek (turn to 334); the left cheek (turn to 88); the nose (turn to 296); or the lips (turn to 231)?

3

Two artisans look particularly interesting: an artist with no hands who is exhibiting a series of portraits, and a firemaster who is displaying ornate fires, all coloured in different hues. Which do you want to look at: the artist's works (turn to 18) or the firemaster's fires (turn to 96)?

4

The great bronze foot descends on to you. You try to spring out of the way . . . but too late. It crushes you into the ground. Your journey has ended here.

5

A pouch drops out of the cabinet to the ground by your feet. You open it and look inside, but it seems to be empty. You may take it with you, perhaps to hold gold if your own pouch is lost. You will soon discover that the pouch was not empty at all. As you opened it, a family of fleas sprang on to your arms and is now making itself a home around your body. But you will not notice this until their bites start itching some time later. Apart from the inconvenience, though, they are no real problem. You leave the tent and continue. Turn to 160.

6

The stallion bucks and leaps as it carries you off down the road. You try desperately to hold on but without success: it throws you through the air to land in a verge. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for landing awkwardly on your shoulder. You pick yourself up and dust yourself off. The horse disappears around the bend ahead and you can make your way back towards the fork. Turn to 237.

7

What will you take from your pack? Do you have any of the following: a black mask; a bow and arrows; a magical chain? If so, choose one of them, note that you are carrying it, and enter the crypt. Turn to 249.

8

You walk up to the statue, thinking it must be the work of an artist of great talent, as it looks very realistic. But then the 'statue' blinks, giving the game away; but your reactions will not be swift enough.

In a flash the creature's long arms shoot out towards you, clamp themselves on to your shoulders, and recoil, lifting you into the air and up to its face. It opens its jaws and sinks sharp teeth into your neck. You are dead before you realize what has happened! You have discovered one of Kharé's most deadly inhabitants – the MANTIS MAN.

9

Opposite the Chainmaker's hut is another, from which a pleasant smell is wafting. You may go over and see what's happening if you like (turn to 171). Otherwise you may continue down the road (turn to 294).

10

You find yourself in a dead-end passage. You will have to turn round and take another route. Which way will you go?

Continue straight as far as possible?	Turn to 298
Second right and continue as far as possible?	Turn to 174
First right and continue as far as possible?	Turn to 69

11

Your blow lands squarely in the chest of the foul, undead creature. The Living Corpse reels from its power, but though the blow would have felled any mortal being, it does not kill the monstrosity; instead it breaks its body up into six components and all six now surround you, clawing, biting, kicking and shoving. Your battle is now against a head, a torso, two arms and two legs, all of which are attacking you at the same time.

If you will continue to fight with your weapon, you will hack at the bits of body, whose scores are:

Roll	*Part*	SKILL	STAMINA
1	Head	3	1
2	Torso	2	1
3	Left Arm	3	1
4	Right Arm	3	1
5	Left Leg	2	1
6	Right Leg	2	1

Treat each part of the corpse's body as a separate opponent and roll to determine its Attack Strength. Then roll your own Attack Strength. Any part of the body which has a higher Attack Strength than you inflicts one hit. For your own attack, roll one die to determine which part of the body you will fight: your blow is aimed at the body part rolled (see the table above). If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the body part, you have put it out of action and it will not roll for its Attack Strength in subsequent rounds – but it will remain in the battle (so if you roll the same number again you have wasted the blow). If you defeat the creature, turn to 276.

You may, if you wish, cast a spell rather than fight:

POP	WOK	WAL	SIX	RES
442	450	373	435	357

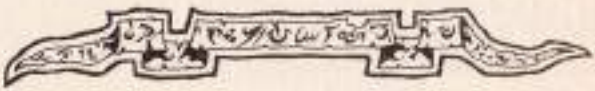

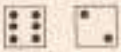

12

Taking the key from your pack, you carefully insert it into the lock. One by one the tumblers click. The door gives a little and you ease it open, peering cautiously inside. There is no one about.

You slip quickly inside and close the gate behind you. *Damn!* You have left the key in the lock outside (cross this off your *Adventure Sheet*). You tiptoe into the archway which covers the gate and hide in an alcove. There is no sound and you decide to venture out into the open. Your first cover is a building just inside the wall and you nip over to it. It is made of stone and the windows are barred. Looking inside you can see that the room is bare apart from a wooden bench, on which an old man is sitting. Will you enter the building and greet the man (turn to **169**) or leave and continue onwards (turn to **218**)?

13

He fires the arrow as you attack. Will it strike its mark? Throw one die to see where it hits:

1. It pierces your eye. You die instantly
2. It hits you in the chest. Lose 5 STAMINA points
3. It sinks into your leg. Lose 3 STAMINA points
4. It nicks your arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points
5. It cuts the wrist on your sword arm. Lose 1 STAMINA point and deduct 2 SKILL points
6. It misses

If you are still alive, resolve your battle:

MURDERER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **105**.

14

The man has seen how the fight is going. When you defeat the Bristle Beast, he slams the door shut. You try opening it but it is locked tight and you will not be able to enter. Turn to 133.

15

The guillotine blade rises and you breathe a sigh of relief. The innkeeper curses and disappears downstairs, allowing you to release your bonds. You leave the inn smartly. Add 1 LUCK point for the correct choice. Turn to 267. You may add 2 STAMINA points for your night's sleep.

16

You leave the crypt, carefully avoiding the shimmering circle by the door, and head off down the road out of Kharé. Turn to 127.

17

You try your best to follow the steps of the dancers, but without too much success. Nevertheless, you are enjoying yourself and may add 1 STAMINA point. But the dance begins to tire you, particularly as you are still carrying your backpack and weapon. The tune seems nowhere near ending. Will you last to the end of the tune? Count the number of artefacts you are carrying (include your weapon, your Provisions and your Gold as three artefacts) and throw two dice. If the number you roll is *higher than* that number, then you last out until the end of the dance without becoming over-exhausted. If you roll a number *less than* or *equal to* the number of artefacts you have, you

must lose 1 STAMINA point and roll again, repeating this procedure until you roll higher than your artefacts. The more you are carrying, the more exhausted you will become. If you roll unsuccessfully five times, you collapse to the ground and get pulled back to the edge of the dance by the crowd. Turn next to **201**.

18

The artist's portraits are of various nobles in Kharé. You wonder how he can possibly paint without hands and he explains that he has a magical paintbrush with which he can paint by will. He tells you that he is now actually using the paintbrush to paint inside his hut. Do you want to enter the hut to see his current creation (turn to **176**) or will you look instead at the firemaster's fires (turn to **96**)?

19

You brush against one particularly noisy chain and the sound brings the Chainmaker in through the other door. You recognize him as a SVINN, a man-orc from the village of Torrepani, and he is outraged at your intrusion. Turn to **119**.

20

The talisman is quite a find. While wearing this and *Testing your Luck*, you need not deduct a LUCK point if you are *Unlucky*. Return to **264**.

21

Gain 2 STAMINA points for your rest. You awake at sunrise the next morning. Did you eat at all yesterday? If not you must deduct 3 STAMINA points as you are now very hungry.

As you wake, you hear a sound at the door. The guards have returned. Presumably they are satisfied that you are no threat to the city and they shove you outside, followed by the old man. In something of a daze, you both stumble off down the road into Kharé, he a little ahead of you. You watch him and are reminded of your suspicions. You stop and check your pack. You should not have trusted the blackguard as he has stolen an artefact from you! Cross one item (of your choice) off your *Adventure Sheet* (if you have no artefacts, you must lose 1 item from your Provisions). You shout after him but he is some way ahead by now and has turned right at a junction. You will have to run to catch up. Turn to **81**.

22

Which spell will you try?

MUD	SIX	RAN	LAW	YOB
358	384	454	491	411

If you know none of these, you must fight the Statue (turn to **299**).

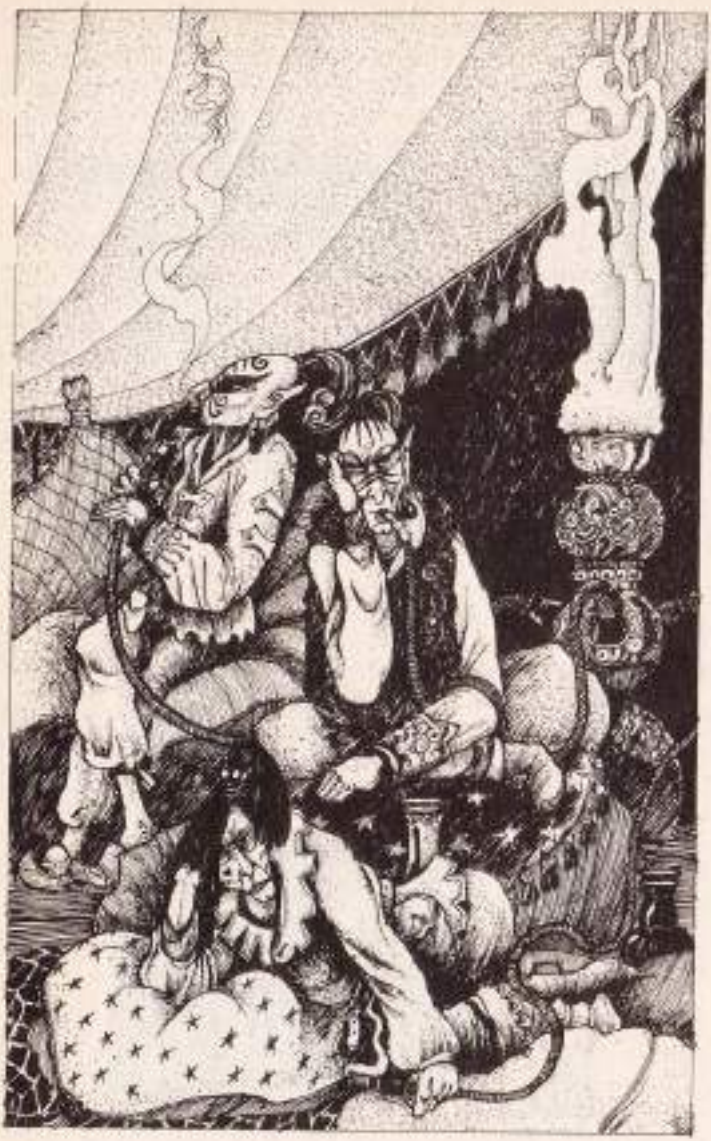

23

You follow the children up the road. Homes and hovels line the track and you are wary as you pass. Strange faces appear at the windows, watching you. From around the bend ahead, a troop of guards appears! Thinking swiftly, you dart into a hut by the roadside and close the door. The guards march past and you breathe a sigh of relief. But where are you?

You look around the dismal hut and jump as you see three ugly faces gawping at you! The room is untidy and contains little more than a straw mattress and a low table. The three creatures, a group of BLACK ELVES, are staring vacantly at you. A heavy, sweet smell hits your nostrils and explains their lethargy. They are puffing at a hookah containing Smoking Weed. One of them gathers himself together enough to talk to you and asks you to join them. What will you do?

Sit down with them and draw on the hookah?	Turn to 150
Apologize for disturbing them and leave?	Turn to 213
See if you can learn any information from them?	Turn to 242
Draw your weapon and challenge them?	Turn to 58

24

They move towards you and you nip down a side street to the left. They chase after you. They are quick runners and you will have to try to lose them. Will you turn:

First right, first left, first right?	Turn to 232
First right, next right, first left?	Turn to 41
First left, first right, next right?	Turn to 184

Or cast a spell:

JIG	KOK	YOB	NIF	YAZ
489	458	354	407	510

25

The Wheel of Fortune will cost you 1 Gold Piece per spin. To play this game, pay your Gold Piece, remember this reference (so you may return afterwards) and close the book. On some pages of the book, next to the printed dice, details of winnings are given. Flick through the book and open it at random. If no winning message appears, you lose. If a winning message appears, you win that number of Gold Pieces (5, 10 or 20). You may pay and play as often as you like until you win. When you win, you must leave the hall (turn to 39).

26

Which spell will you use?

RAP	ZIP	YAG	DUD	HUF
483	439	428	475	465

If you know none of these, you will have to offer them a bribe (turn to 157), otherwise they will move you on.

27

Inside the hut, bones litter the floor. Whoever, or whatever, lives here is evidently carnivorous. Judging by the size of some of the bones, this creature seems to be quite partial to humans. As the hut is otherwise deserted, you search through the rubble. The unfortunate victims' clothes are strewn about, and in the pockets you find 15 Gold Pieces. You also find a number of knuckle bones which have been strung together into a bracelet. You may take this and the Gold Pieces with you. Cautiously you leave the hut, after first making sure that no one is about. Turn to 37.

28

Further up the road, you reach a fork where you may continue either straight ahead or up to the left. A hut stands in the fork and a stallion is tied up outside it. You may take the track up to the left (turn to **300**), continue ahead (turn to **233**) or you may walk over to the horse (turn to **183**).

29

You open the box and look inside. It seems to contain all the creature's valuable possessions, few as they are. An elaborately carved mirror with a gold back is the most impressive item. The parchment scroll contains writings in a language which you do not understand, but you may take it with you anyway. 2 Gold Pieces are also lying in the box. You leave the hut quickly. Turn to **294**.

30

You pray to your deity. You hear a small click from the door and the Elvin whispers, 'Psst! It's worked! The door is open!' You may now leave whenever you wish, but you decide to wait until the guard has fallen asleep. You make a silent prayer of thanks to Libra – but remember that you may not call on her help again in this adventure. Turn to **206**.

31

You bend down to the idol's lips as the god gives its answer: 'The spell is known only by Sansas, First Noble of Kharé. But such knowledge will be of little use as Sansas is not in the city. He is sailing up the Jabaji towards Lake Lumlé.' You curse: your question has been useless, and was not the one to ask. You must now leave the Shrine of Courga and head for the North Gate. Turn to **109**.

32

You follow the track up past the huts until you reach a junction where you turn right. Turn to **297**.

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

33

From within the ropes of the ring, the ruffian's voice is announcing the challenger: 'All right, folks, we now have a challenger. In the white corner, let's hear your appreciation for Anvar the Barbarian!' Cheers come from the onlookers. 'And in the black corner, brawling champion of Kharé: the mighty Ogre, the one they call Skullsplitter – Cagou of Daddu-Ley!' Again, cheers come from the crowd as a great bald-headed brute steps into the ring. This should be quite a fight. The Barbarian is taller than the Ogre, but the Ogre's arms and legs are solid muscle. Wagers are being made in the crowd. You may, if you wish, bet on the outcome of the fight (turn to 190) or you may decide just to watch. You may wish to take up the champion's challenge yourself, as the prize for the winner is 15 Gold Pieces. Turn to 234 if you do not wish to bet.

34

He returns with two mugs of ale, deliberately placing one in front of you. 'The centre of Kharé is around the port,' he says, 'and it is a dangerous place to be at night. Many street wanderers get waylaid and captured for the slave ships, so make sure you are settled in an inn before sundown. And another thing . . . but come, drink your ale.' You have not yet started your drink. Will you sup and let him continue (turn to 236) or will you cast a spell?

HOP	FAR	TEL	SUS	RAN
361	387	498	414	355

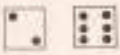

35

The smooth metal has no obvious weak spots. While you are trying to find one, the creature's great foot kicks at you and catches you in the side. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Return to 326 and choose again.

36

You look towards the guard on the gate who taunts you with a mocking smile. You have been tricked! You may try to cause trouble by exposing him as a cheat (turn to 126) or you may decide you had better keep quiet and cooperate (turn to 291).

37

As you leave the hut, you glance once more at the statue. Although you are not sure, you have the feeling that something has changed. Then it dawns on you that something *has* changed. Its head has moved round and is now pointing towards you! Will you run swiftly away (turn to 55), draw your weapon (turn to 76), or cast a spell?

HOW	TEL	FIX	LAW	ROK
492	401	394	461	348

38

Deathwraiths may only be harmed by silver weapons. If you have the bow with silver-tipped arrows, you may pull these out of your pack and turn to 147. If you do not have the bow and arrows, your only hope is to pray to Libra if you have not yet used her help in this adventure (turn to 87). Otherwise this will be your last fight in Kharé . . .

39

On the way out of the Gambling Halls, you pass a door marked 'Portal Room'. If you wish to investigate, turn to 112. If you'd rather just leave, turn to 197. If you now have more Gold than you came in with, you may add 2 LUCK points.

40

The creatures in the crowd around you become angry at your refusal to join in. They push you forward and you try to hold yourself back. 'Where's your spirit?' challenges one voice behind you, while another snarls: 'G'waan. It's only a bit of fun.' Will you still insist on declining the invitation to dance (turn to 230) or decide not to risk angering the crowd (turn to 17)?

41

You come to a stop outside a hut. The footsteps behind you are getting louder. You decide to nip into the hut. Turn to 324.

42

You are in a dead-end passage. You must turn round and head back. Which way will you go?

Straight ahead, second right, first left?	Turn to 10
Straight ahead, first right, second left, first right?	Turn to 77
Straight ahead, first left?	Turn to 174

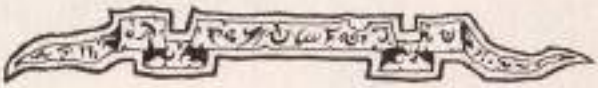

43

You look around the room. Herbs, vegetables and meats are lying on tables around the centre of the room and hanging from the walls. Evidently you are in a kitchen of some kind. At the far end of the room is a fire in a chimney and suspended over the fire is a pot containing a bubbling broth, the source of the smell which you picked up out in the road. Standing by the fire is an odd-looking creature. It has a humanoid torso and legs but its head is a solid blob of jelly and its eyes float loosely about in the 'front' of its face. Hanging down from its head on all sides are numerous long tentacles. These appear to be its hands (as it has no others) and it grips a ladle and stirring spoon. This strange creature holds your attention, but under one of the tables you have noticed a box, from which a scroll and a shiny mirror protrude. Your host is waiting for your reaction. Will you:

Try to talk to it?	Turn to **145**
Draw your weapon and attack?	Turn to **243**
Cast a spell?	Turn to **257**
Leave and continue on your way?	Turn to **294**

44

You try to grab the paintbrush but it twists and squirms out of your grip, darting back to the painting at every opportunity. You may draw your weapon and duel with it.

PAINTBRUSH SKILL 8 STAMINA 5

The brush will not actually attack you: its SKILL merely reflects its ability to dodge. If you do not break it (i.e. kill it) by the fifth Attack Round, it manages to finish the painting. Turn to **67**. If you do break it, you may now leave the hut (turn to **137**).

45

The bag contains 6 teeth from Dark Goblins. You pour them into your hand and to your delight there is an added bonus. A large Giant's tooth, which the Gnome did not know was there, is at the bottom of the bag. Return to **264**.

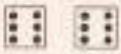

46

Continuing along the streets, you reach another junction, where you may either turn left (turn to 131), right (turn to 60), or carry straight on (turn to 139).

47

You enter the graveyard and walk along an overgrown path up to the door of the crypt. On the ground before the door is a shimmering circle of darkness which you will have to cross or jump over to get to the doorway. Will you walk up to the door (turn to 288), jump over the circle (turn to 258), or cast a spell?

ZIP	SUS	DOC	HOW	TEL
466	377	442	395	418

48

The priest cannot hide his disappointment. Apparently the people of Kharé are not trained in the science of mathematics, as you were in Analand. As he has agreed, he will grant you one wish. You ask him what he knows of the spell to open the North Gate of Kharé. 'I am unable to tell you the spell in its entirety,' he says, 'as only the First Noble of Kharé knows all four lines. But I can tell you one line, which is: "I bid you, portals, open wide."' His audience is amazed at your wisdom and they shout out their good wishes as you leave the chapel. Restore your LUCK score to its *Initial* level. Now turn to 265.

49

You release its reins and swing yourself up on to its back. It whinnies loudly and rears up into the air. Before you can react, it bolts off back down the road the way you came. You may hold on tightly and see where it takes you (turn to 268) or *Test your Luck* in an attempt to stop it and get off (turn to 220).

50

You creep round the edge of the square, keeping your eyes fixed on the monument. As you pass one doorway, hands grab your arms and neck. 'Looks like we have an intruder!' says a voice. 'We Red-Eyes don't like intruders. Off to the gaol with you!' They bundle you off down the side streets until you reach a large square building. You are taken inside and locked in a cell. Turn to **143**.

51

'Let's see,' he ponders. 'Who may know a line of the North Gate spell? Ah, yes. At the junction ahead, do not *not* carry straight on. Eventually, do not take a left turn. Yes . . . I think that's it. Good luck!' You are not quite sure what he has actually advised you to do and you consider his advice as you approach the crossroads. Remember he is a compulsive liar! Turn to **144**.

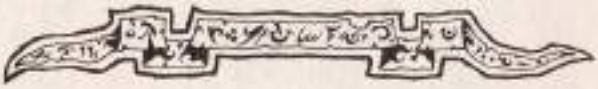

52

Where will you kiss next: the right eye (turn to **2**); the left eye (turn to **163**); the right cheek (turn to **334**); the left cheek (turn to **88**); the nose (turn to **296**); or the lips (turn to **141**)?

53

He calms down and admits that his hearing is not as sharp as it used to be. He is naturally suspicious of strangers in a place such as this. He begins to invite you in but then sees your weapon. If you wish to enter, you will have to hand him your weapon (turn to **229**). Otherwise he will not allow you in and you must leave (turn to **133**).

54

You pick up the hideous creature, carry it over to the coffin and dump it inside. You are exhausted from the battle and rest for a few moments. If you would like to eat Provisions, you may do so, adding 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today (1 STAMINA point if you have eaten already). Turn to **209**.

WIN 10 GOLD PIECES

55

As you move, the statue springs! Landing close to you, its hands shoot out and try to grab you. This creature is a deadly MANTIS MAN. If it catches you in its hands, it will draw you in and its sharp teeth will kill you instantly. However, you may attack its arms and, if you disable it, it will be helpless.

MANTIS MAN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

Its form of attack is to fling its arms out at you. At the start of each Attack Round, roll 2 dice before combat. If you roll a number *less than* the Mantis Man's SKILL, it has grabbed you and you have no hope of survival. If the number is *equal to* or *higher than* its SKILL, it has missed – roll again for Attack Strength as normal. If you survive, turn to 117.

56

You enter the hall. In spite of the time of day, a noisy crowd is inside. No one notices your entry as everyone is preoccupied with their games. The click of dice and the clatter of the Wheel of Fortune are the only sounds that can be heard above the hubbub. Do you wish to try your luck with the Wheel of Fortune (turn to 25), on the dice table (turn to 188), or will you leave the Gambling Halls of Vlada (turn to 39)?

57

The road leads onwards. You are nearing the centre of Kharé, and the homes and buildings are more densely located. As you are walking along one side of the road and watching the other, you are grabbed from behind and pulled into a building! You spin to face your attacker. He is a dark-skinned man with a stubbly beard. He is evidently surprised at your strength and releases you, holding up his hands to show that he means no harm. 'My friend, I am very sorry for giving you a fright,' he says. 'But I am a lonely man in this city of evil. You are a human like myself and I have not seen you in these parts before. Pray sit down with me and talk for awhile. I'll do you no harm.' He seems friendly enough, but there is a mischievous glint in his eye that you do not trust. You are in his home, which is furnished with a table, chairs and cupboards of wood, and woven tapestries hanging on the walls. Will you stay and talk with him (turn to 186) or do you wish to leave (turn to 173)?

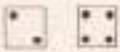

58

The others stagger to their feet and grope clumsily at their weapons. Resolve your fight with them (fight them one at a time):

First BLACK ELF	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5
Second BLACK ELF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 4
Third BLACK ELF	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

Smoking Weed makes co-ordination difficult. Each time a wound is struck by anyone who has indulged (including you), roll one die. If an even number is rolled, the hit is successful. If an odd number is rolled, the blow misses. If a 1 is rolled, the blow misses and the striker stumbles on to his own weapon, causing 2 STAMINA points of self-inflicted damage. If you defeat the creatures, turn to **251**.

59

He smiles slyly, looks over his shoulder to check he is not being watched and holds his hand out to you. You drop the coins into his palm (deduct 2 Gold Pieces). As they clink he coughs loudly to cover up the sound. With a whisper he tells you to wait a second. He closes the door on you. Turn to **225**.

60

The street eventually meets another. Turning left will take you into the centre of Kharé and you take this route. Turn to **165**.

61

A short distance ahead is a large house made of stones and mortar. It looks quite an important place. Do you wish to walk up to the front door (turn to **140**), creep round the back (turn to **208**), or walk past it further down the road (turn to **133**)?

62

A little way further along, you reach a sort of crossroads where a track crosses your road. To the left it runs up to another group of huts, while to the right it heads towards what seems to be a fair of some sort where coloured flags are waving and there is plenty of activity. Will you go left (turn to 32), right (turn to 322), or straight ahead (turn to 57)?

63

With great relief, you find that your own Gold is still safe within its pouch. Scuffles are breaking out in the crowd as the pickpocket's victims are challenging their neighbours. You decide to leave. Will you make your way over to the dance (turn to 261), head for the ring to see whether the champion has any challengers (turn to 33), or leave the festival (turn to 263)?

64

You leap out of the way just in time as the great foot descends towards you. But you land awkwardly on your weapon arm. You must deduct 1 SKILL point for the rest of this day (your arm will have recovered tomorrow). Turn to 93 and choose again.

65

The shiny surface appears to be a pool of shimmering black liquid. As you peer into it, footsteps come up behind you. 'So a stranger wonders about our Portals, eh?' cackles a voice. 'Well, that's where we dump our rubbish – and any unwanted strangers!' Before you can turn round, two hands shove you into the circle. Turn to 270.

66

You walk up to the door. A name-plate in the middle reads CHAINMAKER. The door is ajar and you enter. No one is inside, but another door is open to the back of the hut. The room you are standing in is draped in chains of all lengths and strengths and you can barely move round without touching them. Will you call out for the Chainmaker (turn to **280**) or have a quick look around the room while no one is about (turn to **215**)?

67

As the painting is completed, to your astonishment the image *moves* on its canvas. Looking directly at you, the painting moves its hands to grab the edges of the canvas, hauls itself off the board, and climbs down on to the ground. Before you stands a duplicate of yourself! You look at each other for a moment. A voice comes from outside and the artist commands the painting to attack you and grab your money. Resolve your combat with your double (it has the same SKILL and STAMINA as you have). If you win, you may leave the hut (turn to **137**). Alternatively, you may cast a spell. As the artist did not realize you were a sorcerer, he has endowed his creation with no magical powers:

DUD	SAP	ZEN	SUD	RAZ
356	385	508	364	339

68

You leave the inn and wander round the streets, trying to find a suitable place to rest for the night. Would you like to choose a dark alley behind the inn to sleep (turn to **94**) or will you stay awake all night (turn to **159**)?

69

You arrive in a dead-end passageway. But a light is shining into the passage from above. You look up and can see a hole in the top of the sewer – and a rope is hanging down with a bucket on the end of it! Perhaps you have found a disused well!

You leap up and grab the rope. You start your long shinny up the rope to the light above. This is a tiring climb and you must lose 2 STAMINA points; but you can add 2 LUCK points for finding a way out of the

sewers. At the top you find you are indeed returning to the surface through a well. You rest to catch your breath and then you may either continue ahead out of Kharé (turn to **319**) or back towards the cityport to investigate a building standing in a graveyard (turn to **83**).

70

You mouth a silent prayer to Libra. You feel no different, but she is with you in the battle that will take place. Your first successful attack on the champion will kill him instantly. Turn to **323** and resolve the battle. But remember that you have now used your one and only opportunity for help from your goddess in Kharé. You may not choose an option to pray to her again until you have left the cityport.

71

A small bracelet drops out of the cabinet. You pick it up and turn it over. It is made from the finger-bones of a dwarf and it may be useful for your spells. You put it in your pack and leave the tent. Turn to **160**.

72

He bends over to look at your choice. 'You jest!' he cries. 'The answer is most certainly not that rune. Stranger, if such is your wisdom, you will need more than the help of your goddess on this journey.' He wishes to continue with his work and you must leave his house. You collect your sword on the way out. Turn to **133**.

73

You try the door at the entrance and it swings open, creaking on its hinges. This sound is amplified by the hollow temple inside and it echoes eerily for several moments. Cautiously, you peer inside. The place seems to be deserted; you can hear no signs of activity. Stepping into the shrine and closing the door behind you, the sight that greets your eyes takes your breath away.

The walls are decorated with brightly coloured murals depicting scenes from the religious mythology of Kharé. Fine ornaments in precious metals are set in alcoves around the pews, and rich, woven tapestries cover every surface. A cunning trick of architecture catches the wind and an ethereal humming is a constant background noise. Four large stone gargoyles of winged demons watch over the shrine

from their mounts high in the eaves and at the far end of the room is the focal point of the temple: the altar.

Steps leading up to the altar seems to have been designed to emphasize the centrepiece of the shrine – a large golden idol fashioned in Courga's image.

Will you make sure there is no one about (turn to **168**), check the shrine for traps (turn to **224**), see if you can find anything precious worth stealing (turn to **205**), or investigate the idol (turn to **122**)? Alternatively you may cast a spell:

MAG	DOC	WOK	SUS	TEL
431	485	374	503	477

74

Is the beggar still alive? If so, turn to **207**. If he is not, you can continue on your journey after a short rest – turn to **148**.

75

You shove open the door and step forwards, your hand ready with your weapon. But a small vial of liquid was balanced on top of the door and has now landed on your head, spilling its contents. You reach up and rub your head. An oily liquid is matting your hair. When you look at your hand, it is covered in hair! Again you feel your head and this time you pull off a great tuft of hair. 'Serves you right, intruder,' gloats a voice from within the hut. 'Perhaps baldness will teach you some manners!' You reach up again to rub your head and with a shock your hand strokes a bald scalp! In fact the effects of this Potion of Baldness are only temporary. Once you have washed your head, the hair will grow again – but it will be some time before your full head of hair is restored! Turn to **43**.

76

You draw your weapon and, as you move, the statue springs to life! It lands before you on its spindly legs with its hands and arms still fixed in a praying position. With lightning speed its arms shoot forwards to try and grab you. This creature is a deadly MANTIS MAN and you must fight it:

MANTIS MAN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

The Mantis Man uses its whiplash-like arms in attack. It will try to catch you and draw you into its mouth, where sharp teeth will guarantee instant death. At the start of each Attack Round, throw two dice for the creature. If the number rolled is *less than* its SKILL, it has caught you and death is certain. If you roll *equal to* or *higher than* its SKILL, it has missed – roll for Attack Strength as normal. Your only hope is to attack its arms, for if you can injure an arm, it will be unable to attack (hence its low STAMINA). If you survive, turn to 117.

77

You arrive in a dead-end passage, knee deep in sewage. A bubbling in the liquid ahead of you makes you apprehensive and, as you watch, a shape rises out of the water. The smooth, flabby shape of a large SLIME EATER stands before you. It sees you and roars loudly, reaching out at you with its blubbery arms. You will have to fight the creature:

SLIME EATER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you defeat it, turn to 196. You may prefer to fight with magic:

GOB	JIG	TEL	YAP	DOZ
471	427	488	479	393

78

Where will you kiss next: the forehead (turn to 52); the left eye (turn to 163); the right cheek (turn to 334); the left cheek (turn to 88); the nose (turn to 296); or the lips (turn to 231)?

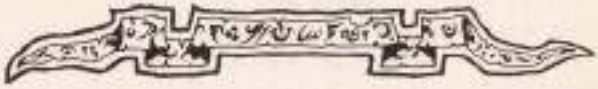

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

79

Flanker, the assassin you met near Torrepani, arrived in Kharé a day ahead of you. If you arrive at either of the references listed below, you may bump into him and talk with him. Memorize these references (you may not write them down: this is, if you like, equivalent to whether or not you recognize him). If you arrive at either of these references, turn to the corresponding follow-up reference to see what Flanker says.

If you arrive at **244**	Turn to **111**
If you arrive at **110**	Turn to **222**

80

They scoff at your meagre offering. 'Are we being offered a bribe, brothers, or is this traveller merely tossing us a beggar's alms?' asks the leader. He snatches your three coins and flips one each to the other two. 'If we are to look the other way for you,' he snarls, 'you had better make it worth our while. Give us another 5 Gold Pieces each!' If you pay up, turn to **113**. Otherwise you may only continue if you can use your magic to trick them. Turn to **26**.

81

You reach the junction ahead. This offers you three ways on. You are on the outskirts of the city and huts are grouped loosely about the tracks leading into the cityport. To the left a group of scruffy youngsters are walking away up the roadway with packs on their backs. Ahead, the road leads straight into the centre of Kharé and would appear to be the main road. To the right, you see the old man disappearing into a hut on the left-hand side of the track. Which direction will you choose:

Turn left?	Turn to 23
Continue straight ahead?	Turn to 138
Turn right?	Turn to 292

82

Your challenge is accepted. The crowd cheers you as you step into the white corner. You feel confident that you will be able to defeat the champion now he has been weakened in his last fight. But as you look over at him in the black corner, your heart sinks: trickery is afoot. The ruffian secretly casts a healing spell over his man, restoring him to full strength! You may use your own magic to help you:

DOC	VIK	GAK	YOB	GOD
405	362	497	451	425

Or you may call on help from Libra (turn to 70). If you wish to do neither of these, the fight will start – turn to 323.

83

Further up the road, you pass a small graveyard overhung with leafy branches. Gravestones are scattered in no particular order around an old crypt which stands in the centre. A sign above the doorway to the crypt reads: HERE RESTS LORD SHINVA – FIFTH NOBLE OF KHARÉ. Do you wish to enter the crypt (turn to 47) or do you think it would be safer to head out of the cityport (turn to 127)?

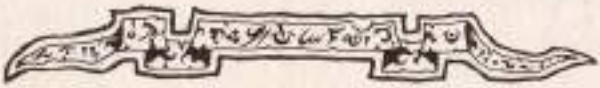

84

You soon arrive at another crossroads where you may either turn left (turn to 57) or carry straight on (turn to 322).

85

If you wish to grab the coin, you must *Test your Luck* (if you do not wish to waste your LUCK, leave the pond by turning to 28). The little silverfish will be outraged if you try to take its coin and will dart out and bite you. If you are Lucky, you manage to grab the coin, but the fish will bite you for 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you are Unlucky, you still get bitten, but you may try again by *Testing your Luck* (you lose 1 STAMINA point on each try as you are bitten again). When you eventually get the Gold Piece, or give up, you may continue by turning to 28.

86

Do you have enough money to afford a room? If so, pay the innkeeper 4 Gold Pieces and turn to **282**. If not, you will have to spend the night on the streets. Turn to **68**.

87

The creature advances to attack, and you can do little about it. Suddenly it looks over towards the shaft of light flooding in from the stairwell. Your eyes are accustomed to the blackness and, when you look over to the light, you cannot be sure what you are seeing. A radiant white female figure seems to stand, glowing in the light. She points back to the coffin. The Deathwraith is terrified of this figure and it returns to the coffin as if directed by some ghostly master. Its movements are becoming very sluggish: it appears that its life-force is being drained. With a last effort, it climbs inside the coffin. You glance back at the figure by the stairs. It has disappeared! Turn to **209**.

88

Where will you kiss next: the forehead (turn to **314**); the right eye (turn to **2**); the left eye (turn to **163**); the right cheek (turn to **334**); the nose (turn to **296**); or the lips (turn to **231**)?

89

Further along the road you come to a fork where you may continue either to the right or the left. The left fork heads out of the city, while the right one leads down a short street towards a large building upon which a signpost reads: THE GAMBLING HALLS OF VLADA. A great Bronze Statue stands in the fork and at its feet is a pot which contains many Gold Pieces. From what you can make out, this must be one of the gods of Kharé and this pot contains offerings from worshippers. Do you wish to continue out of the city along the left fork (turn to 104), take the right fork and visit the Gambling Halls of Vlada (turn to 56), or grab a handful of coins from the pot at the feet of the Statue (turn to 221)?

90

You call out to anyone who may be inside. A voice replies: 'Enter, my friend, but take care as you open the door!' You give the door a shove and step back quickly as a vial of liquid falls on to the floor from the top of the door. You walk forward into the hut. Turn to 43.

91

You toss the coin into the air and they squabble over it. You may ask them:

Where they have come from	Turn to 180
How you may reach the centre of the city	Turn to 289
Whether they have heard of anyone called Vik	Turn to 246

92

A small pouch drops out of the cabinet and lands on the floor. You open it up and inside you find two small throwing darts. You can attach the pouch to your waist to keep them handy in a battle. Each is enchanted with an explosion spell. You may use them in a fight to throw at your opponent before coming to grips. Each time you use one, throw two dice. If the total rolled is *less than* your SKILL, your throw is accurate and you hit your opponent. The dart will explode inflicting 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. If the dice roll is *equal to* or *exceeds* your SKILL, you have missed and the dart explodes harmlessly on the floor. Remember that you have only two of these darts. You take the pouch and leave the tent. Turn to **160**.

93

Which of these spots will you try: its belt (turn to **155**), its left knee (turn to **182**), or its right ankle (turn to **212**)?

94

You curl up in a corner and fall asleep. In the middle of the night, footsteps near by wake you up. Before you know what is going on, you feel a blow to your head and you slump to the ground, unconscious. Turn to **312**.

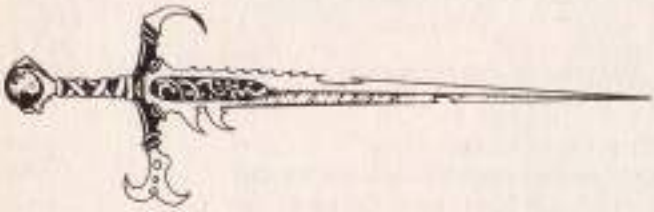

95

The man steps back and snaps a command at his pet. The BRISTLE BEAST bares sharp pointed teeth and springs at you. Resolve the fight:

BRISTLE BEAST	SKILL 5	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the creature, turn to 14. You may cast a spell if you wish:

YAZ	KIL	GUM	GAK	DIM
459	437	378	500	443

If you do not wish to fight this creature and anger the man, you may ask him to call off the Bristle Beast and offer him your sword – turn to 229.

96

You walk over and greet the firemaster. He smiles and hopes you are interested in his fires. He shows you the beauty of white, green, blue and black fire. He is able to create little fires of all these different colours by placing his special rocks, of corresponding colours, into the flames. You are most impressed, as his creations are certainly beautiful, but they would be of little use to you. 'Perhaps you would be interested in one of my special fires,' he says. 'Have a look inside.' If you wish to enter his hut, turn to 108. If you would rather look at the artist's paintings, turn to 18.

97

Will you use your magic (turn to 310) or will you fight the winged beasts (turn to 118)?

98

Through the small crowd, you can see two tiny creatures grappling with each other on the ground. The fight is between a Sprite and a Pixie. Half of the onlookers are cheering on the Pixie while the others are siding with the Sprite. No one is attempting to break the fight up. Will you try to break the fight up (turn to 302), aid one of the two creatures (turn to 321), or ignore the incident and continue on your way (turn to 153)?

99

Are you using a sword (turn to 151), an axe (turn to 125), or a bow and arrows (turn to 147)?

100

The meal – bristle-beast kidneys with a spinach-like vegetable – does not leave a particularly pleasant taste but you force a smile. The creature nods and offers you a mug of dirty liquid to wash it down. You intentionally spill the drink and your host bustles off to get a rag to mop it up. You now have your chance to steal the box. Turn to 29.

101

You listen at the idol's mouth as it replies to your question. 'The God of Pride is my own brother. He is called Fourga, although he has fallen from favour with our circle of deities and has not been worshipped by the people of Kharé for close on a century.' Is this information useful to you? You may now leave the temple. Turn to 109.

WIN 20 GOLD PIECES

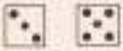

102

You wait up all night, but no guards come. Lying down on his bench, the old man eventually drifts off to sleep. You must lose 2 STAMINA points for missing your rest – and also another 3 STAMINA points if you did not eat yesterday.

The guards return shortly after sunrise. Apparently they are satisfied that you are no threat to the city and they release you and the old man. You both head on towards the city but he is a surprisingly brisk walker and has soon left you behind. You watch him turn right at a junction ahead. Turn to **81**.

103

You must either attack them with your weapon (turn to **192**) or you may cast a spell:

CAK	HOW	KIN	DUD	MUD
463	446	349	363	422

104

You carry on down the road until a strange sight makes you stop. A mound of earth and rocks, some eighteen inches tall, stands in the centre of the road. It forms a circle, about three feet across, and the surface is black and shiny. Do you want to investigate (turn to **65**) or will you ignore it and continue (turn to **319**)?

105

You go through the murderer's pockets and find 8 Gold Pieces. There is little else of value in the room, but you do find a jar marked 'Poison' which you may take. Another jar contains 'Essence of Bark' which also may be useful. Eventually you leave the building. Turn to **46**.

106

The horse bucks and kicks as it races erratically down the road. You do not manage to halt it, but you do manage to hang on without falling off. Turn to **268**.

107

You may use this artefact to help you locate the lines of the spell. If you follow its direction, it will take you immediately to the vicinity of the last person in this adventure who knows a spell line. When you wish to use it, turn to **319**. Return now to **264**.

108

You enter the hut. In the centre of the room, underneath an open chimney, a fierce fire is burning. Although the blaze is considerable, very little heat actually comes from it, and looking into it you can see a wooden chest resting on the embers in the centre of the flames – but it is not burning! If you are apprehensive, you may leave the hut and continue on your way (turn to **137**). Otherwise you may plot a way to see what treasures might lie in the chest. You could try stepping into the flames, as they are not hot (turn to **130**) or you can cast a spell:

ZIP	TEL	NIP	GOP	MAG
467	420	346	478	453

109

You leave the temple and head on. The large North Gate looms up in front of you. This gate is heavily guarded and you will have to make plans for dealing with the guards. Turn to **175**.

110

You enter 'The Wayfarer's Rest'. It is a noisy, bustling place and no one takes much notice as you enter. The innkeeper is behind the bar, trying to serve the numerous creatures all demanding their ale at the same time. The inn is evidently a local for the sailors of the port, as salty types and buxom wenches are laughing together and singing shanties around the tables. You manage to catch the innkeeper's attention. He is a surly, bald-headed man, used to dealing with the rabble from the docks and is surprised at your dress and obviously well-educated tone. 'And what be yer purpose in these 'ere parts?' he asks. You explain you would like a bed for the night, perhaps with some food, and ask the price. 'A room up top'll be 4 Pieces of Gold,' he says. 'And we'll feed yer t'the gills fer another 4.' If you wish to eat before you rest, turn to 331. If you just want to bed down and perhaps eat your own Provisions, turn to 282. If you cannot afford to eat or stay, turn to 68.

111

'Aha! My friend – and enemy!' laughs Flanker as he recognizes you. 'Like myself you also enjoy the fun of the fair! Come, tell me your adventures since we met; or should I say since we *clashed*.' You tell him of your encounters since arriving in Kharé and of your search for the spell lines necessary to open the North Gate. 'Hmmm. I wonder if I can help you,' he says. 'My friend Lortag the Elder lives not far from here. He is a sage and may know something of this spell you require.' If you already have one of the lines to the spell, you have already visited Lortag, so return to 244 and choose what to do at the fair. If you do not have any lines of the spell, you may let Flanker take you to his friend. He will take you back towards the South Gate and along a road where a well-kept house is standing. He will then leave you and you may walk up to the front door – turn to 140.

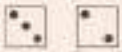

112

You open the door cautiously. Inside you can see a small room and on the floor in the centre of this room is a shimmering black circle, some three feet across. Before you have a chance to react, you are grabbed by a strong guard standing just inside the door. 'Another trouble-maker, eh?' says the guard, and he shoves you into the centre of the room. Expecting some sort of splash as you land in the black circle, you are surprised to find that it is not liquid at all. Turn to 270.

113

Their eyes light up as you pull 15 Gold Pieces from your pouch. 'Must be a noble of some import, eh, brothers?' chuckles the tall guard, taking your money. 'Do what you will then, traveller. We have better things to do, don't we?' He takes the other two off along the wall, leaving you to approach the gate. Turn to 271.

114

The Flayer snares you with its tentacles. You howl with pain – its tentacles are tipped with nasty stings which will inflict 3 STAMINA points of damage instead of the usual 2. Return to 243 and finish the battle, but each time the Flayer succeeds in its attack, its stinging tentacles will inflict this extra damage.

115

'Hmmm, let me see,' he says. 'No, I don't think that is right. I have already tried that rune and it makes no sense. Never mind. Thank you, anyway, for trying. You had better be on your way now. I have enjoyed our chat and wish you luck on your journey. Perhaps this will help you on your way. I believe you will need it if you are to gain any help from the creatures of Kharé.' He hands you a pouch containing what appears to be a handful of green fur. Pulling it out you find that it is a wig. You thank him and he shows you to the door, handing you your weapon on the way out. Turn to 133.

116

'Were you born yesterday, fool?' replies one of the creatures. Turning its head to look at you, it suddenly cries out: 'A stranger! Brothers, we have a stranger here! Shall we have some fun?' The others turn towards you, apparently 'looking' at you with their closed eyes. They grab you and push you towards the pool. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 290. If you are Unlucky, turn to 330.

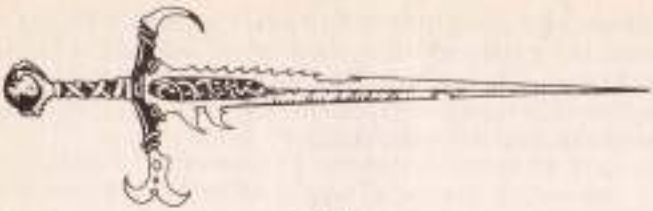

117

You take the Golden Locket from the creature. The locket itself is worth around 8 Gold Pieces (you may use it to pay for anything worth up to 8 Gold Pieces in value, but you will not receive change). Inside the locket is a small glowing Sun Jewel which burns brightly with a light of its own. Stow this away in your backpack, add 1 LUCK point for surviving the encounter, and continue your journey by turning to 137.

118

You draw your weapon and chop at the HARPIES as they fly down to attack. The beggar will be helping you with his stick, but he will be of little use since he is blind. Resolve this fight:

First HARPIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second HARPIE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
BLIND BEGGAR	SKILL 2	STAMINA 8

You may choose who fights whom during the battle, so long as everyone fights someone each round. If you kill the Harpies, turn to 74.

119

The Chainmaker grabs a length of chain from the wall. He swings it round over his head and advances towards you. Will you cast a spell?

RAZ	FIX	SAP	RAN	MUD
370	345	502	440	449

Or will you fight him?

SVINN CHAINMAKER SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If your STAMINA becomes reduced to 5 or less, the greater range of his chain will give him an advantage: if you roll equal Attack Strengths for the Chainmaker and yourself, this will count as if he has inflicted a hit on you. If you win, turn to **195**.

120

Passing through the streets, you reach another junction where you may either continue straight on (turn to **60**) or turn left (turn to **139**).

121

They watch you carefully as you pass. They are aware that you are ready for a fight but they show no signs of apprehension. Suddenly one of them shouts to the others and they all charge at you. You will have to fight them! Turn to **103**.

122

You step up to the idol. It stands about man-sized before you and an engraved plaque above its head catches your attention. You read it. It seems to be a message which will allow you to talk to the god. Do you wish to try? If so, turn to **252**. Otherwise you may leave the temple by turning to **109**.

123

You get down on your knees. You hear chuckling behind you, and a boot on your rump sends you sprawling forwards into the pool! The splash you are expecting does not happen. Turn to **270**.

124

You recite your spell and wait. A tingle runs down your back as a creaking noise comes from the gate. But rather than seeing the gate open in front of you, you see a ghost-like puff of smoke comes from a wooden box high up on the frame. It skips about in the air like a puppet and you are transfixed watching it. Suddenly it shoots down towards you and, before you can react, it has engulfed you! You cough and sweat, panicking as you realize that this is a SULPHUR GHOST, whose poisonous fumes are suffocating you! As you were warned, the North Gate of Kharé has its own defences, and the uninitiated attempt to open it only at the risk of their own lives. Yours has now been lost . . .

125

The creature approaches as you seize your weapon. Turn to **151**.

126

You call out to the other guards, telling them of the 2 Gold Pieces their companion has taken from you. They look suspiciously at the gate guardian, but he denies your claim angrily and slams his elbow into your stomach. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 291.

127

A little further up the road, you come to a well. A rope hangs down from a pulley deep into the well. You walk up to it and, as you approach, you can hear a woman's voice singing. It seems to be coming from the well itself and to be directed at you:

'My dear, your fortune can be told
If you will cross my palm with gold.'

Do you wish to toss a Gold Piece into the well? If so, turn to 217. If you'd rather not bother, continue by turning to 319.

128

The animal looks at you strangely. You try a few soothing words and it calms down, but gives no indication of a response. Eventually you give up with this one-way conversation. As it is now quite peaceful, you may try climbing on to its back (turn to 49) or you may leave it and continue your journey (turn to 237).

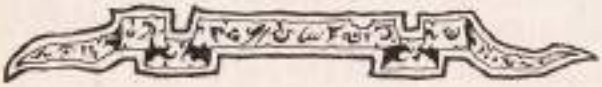

129

You fall to the floor and pass out, mouthing the words of your prayer. Some time later you open your eyes. The murderer lies dead on the ground. You have no idea of what has happened, but you are certain of one thing: this has been the work of your goddess. But you may not call on her again now until you leave the cityport. You are on your own. Turn to **105**.

130

You step cautiously into the fire. Although the flames do not burn you, the fire begins to sizzle and spit as you enter. As if this were a warning, the firemaster appears at the doorway. He is extremely angry that you should be attempting to steal from his chest and tosses a sooty powder into the fire. You shriek loudly as the fire heats up and you are standing in the middle of a blazing inferno! You leap from the fire with flames sprouting from your clothes. Lose 5 STAMINA points for your burns. You pat out the flames from your burning garments and the firemaster orders you out and on your way. Turn to **137**.

131

The street eventually meets another. Turning right will take you into the centre of Kharé and you choose this route. Turn to **165**.

132

You follow a narrow, winding street, which takes you past shops and stalls. It is still early and they will not be open for an hour or two yet, but there are stirrings from within the houses as the day's activities begin. A face appears at one window and seems to watch you pass, although its eyes are closed and you are not sure that you can actually be seen. Another similar creature stands at a doorway, washing in the street. It is thin and spindly, with a long face – and again its eyes are closed. More of these creatures – young males – are hanging about in a group a little further up. They are talking and kicking stones in the gutter. One of them 'sees' you and speaks to the others. This could be trouble. Do you wish to continue as normal and bid them a pleasant day as you pass (turn to 286); continue, but be ready to defend yourself if they attack (turn to 121); or take a side street and avoid them (turn to 24)?

133

A little further along the road you come to a tradesmen's area where potters, weavers and artists are showing their wares outside their huts. Will you stop and look (turn to 3) or continue (turn to 137)?

134

In a cupboard in one corner of the room you find two labelled glass containers. The first is labelled 'Blimberry Juice' and you recognize this as a medicinal healing potion. The other is a small vial containing a glue which the Chainmaker uses to hold some of his more delicate chains together. You may take these and either leave the hut (turn to 9) or keep searching. If you want to look for more treasures, *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky, turn to 235. If you are Unlucky, turn to 19.

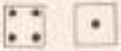

135

The way onwards leads up a street along which a market is being set up. Will you wait to see what is being offered (turn to **226**) or continue up the street (turn to **83**)? If you are short of cash, you may wish to enter a large building on the left with a sign outside reading THE GAMBLING HALLS OF VLADA (turn to **56**).

136

You have now seen how the champion fights. Do you wish to take up the next challenge to try and win the prize of 15 Gold Pieces? If so, turn to **82**. If not, you must now leave the festival (turn to **263**).

137

You continue along the road until you reach a Y-junction where you carry on northwards. Turn to **191**.

138

You continue along the road into a settlement of small huts. As you pass through these homes, ugly creatures who are going about their daily routines watch you. A little way on you come across a body lying face down in the gutter. At first sight this may be a beggar asleep, or some sort of creature in a drunken stupor. Will you investigate to see if it needs any help (turn to **256**) or ignore it and continue (turn to **239**)?

139

Further along the street, you pass a small chapel. From the noises inside, you would guess that a meeting of some sort is going on. Do you wish to investigate (turn to **187**) or continue on your way (turn to **165**)?

140

You stand in front of a solid oak-wood door, decorated with elaborate carvings. In the middle is a great brass knocker and you rap three times. Moments later, the door opens and an elderly man in a gown stands before you. A strange, spiky creature, like a large lizard, nestles next to his leg. You greet him apprehensively. He returns your greeting and appears to be not unfriendly. He will allow you to enter, but not with your weapon. Will you hand him your weapon (turn to **229**) or force your way in with it (turn to **95**)?

141

As you kiss the lips, the idol's eyes flick open. Its lips do not move, but a soft voice comes from its mouth. 'Stranger, you are not of my faith,' whispers the god. 'Nevertheless, you have completed the ritual and I will answer you one question.' What will you ask the god? Who has knowledge of the spell necessary to open the North Gate (turn to **31**)? What will fate have in store for you in the Baklands (turn to **266**)? What is the name of the god of pride (turn to **101**)? How may you best avoid the guards on the North Gate (turn to **193**)?

142

You recite your spell and wait. A tingle runs down your back as a creaking noise comes from the gate. But rather than seeing the gate open in front of you, you see a ghost-like puff of smoke come from a wooden box high up on the frame. It skips about in the air like a puppet and you are transfixed watching it. Suddenly it shoots down towards you and, before you can react, it has engulfed you! You cough and sweat, panicking as you realize that this is a SULPHUR GHOST, whose poisonous fumes are suffocating you! As you were warned, the North Gate of Kharé has its own defences, and the uninitiated attempt to open it only at the risk of their own lives. Yours has now been lost . . .

143

Your backpack and weapons are taken from you and you are locked in a cell, watched over by a Red-Eye guard. You have a cell-mate, a chirpy little ELVIN, who greets you and welcomes you to your new home. He comes from the Elvin valley in the Shamutanti Hills, and since he has been locked in the cell for months now, he is glad of some company. You ask him why he hasn't been able to escape, as Elvins are magical creatures, but he shakes his head, saying that he cannot get any of his spells to work in the gaol. He suspects that a Scramble Spell operates here to neutralize magic.

During your journey, you may have found a key which fits the lock of your cell. If so, you may wait until the guard falls asleep, then use it to escape. Turn to the reference with the same number as the key. If you do not have the key, your only other possible escape is to call on Libra if you have not yet used her help (turn to 30). Otherwise you will remain in Kharé's gaol for the rest of your life . . .

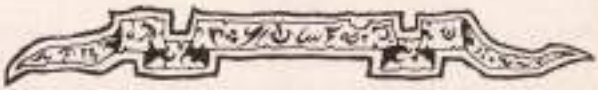

144

At the junction ahead you may either continue straight on (turn to 165) or turn right (turn to 120). Which road will you take?

145

The creature leans over a table and drops the ladle and spoon. Will you show it your weapon and demand that it gives you the box under the table (turn to 273) or try to hoodwink it by asking if you can buy food (turn to 283)?

146

The Bronze Statue watches as you toss your gold into the pot. It is torn between attacking you and looking into the pot at your offering. While it is making up its mind, you may escape down one of the streets. Will you take the road leading out of the city (turn to 104) or the right fork to the Gambling Halls of Vlada (turn to 56)?

147

You draw your bow and quickly unleash a bolt right at the hideous skull of your attacker. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL. If the number rolled is *equal to* or *less than* your SKILL, your aim was true. If the number is *higher than* your SKILL, you have missed.

You have chosen the only weapon which will harm the evil DEATHWRAITH you are facing. This undead creature can only be harmed by silver weapons and your arrows have silver tips. A hit with an arrow will inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage to it. Resolve your battle in the normal way, but each time you roll a higher Attack Strength than the creature, roll against your SKILL score as instructed above to see whether your aim is true. You have 10 arrows and if you do not kill the Deathwraith before your arrows are all used, it will kill you.

DEATHWRAITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

If you kill the creature, turn to 54.

148

You follow the road towards the North Gate. You are now leaving Kharé proper and you can see the Great Wall stretching across your path in the distance. One building remains between you and the gate and this looks to be a place of some magnificence. You continue and find that it is a large temple, standing off the road. It is indeed a sight to behold. Totems of the ancient gods line the short path to the temple doors. The building itself is pyramidal, reaching high into the sky. Friezes of gargoyles and sculptures in polished metals ring the temple at each level. Around the doorway, rock-sculptured images of unimaginable creatures seem to guard the entrance. Do you wish to enter the Shrine of Courga (turn to 73) or will you ignore it and continue to the North Gate (turn to 109)?

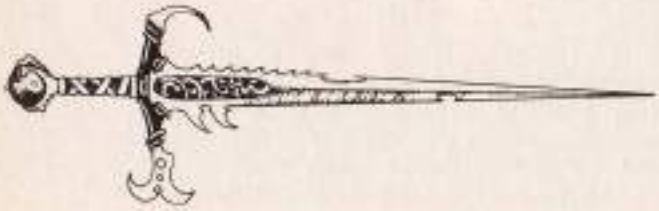

149

The general store offers various items for sale. The following seem of interest to you and you may buy any you wish:

A selection of gauntlets	5 Gold Pieces each
A bottle labelled 'Potion of Mystery'	2 Gold Pieces
Provisions	3 Gold Pieces per meal
A honeycomb of beeswax	2 Gold Pieces
A small vial filled with dust	3 Gold Pieces

Decide which you wish to buy and turn to **199**. If you don't want any of them, you may continue by turning to **170**.

150

You sit down with them on the edge of the mattress. They grin at you with dirty teeth and pass you a pipe. You take several puffs and sit back. The pipe passes round and soon all four of you are staring vacantly into the air. You begin to feel light-headed. But Smoking Weed has an unpredictable effect. Roll one die to see what happens to you:

1. The effect is pleasant and relaxing – gain 2 STAMINA points
2. You are overcome with a great feeling of confidence – gain 1 SKILL in your next fight
3. You feel sleepy and take a short doze for twenty minutes
4. You cannot resist an urge to do something irrational – give 1 Gold Piece to each of the Elves
5. A feeling of great paranoia swells up within you – deduct 1 STAMINA point immediately and reduce your SKILL by 1 in your next fight
6. You become violent and draw your weapon – turn to **58**

If you did not roll a 6, turn next to **242**.

151

You draw your weapon and face the creature. As the light catches its face, you can see the horrible skull of a DEATHWRAITH leering at you. Resolve your battle:

DEATHWRAITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

When you inflict your first hit on the creature, turn to **189**.

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

152

'Thank you for tossing down your wealth
For one more coin I'll grant you health.'

Do you wish to throw in another coin (turn to 295) or continue on your way (turn to 319)?

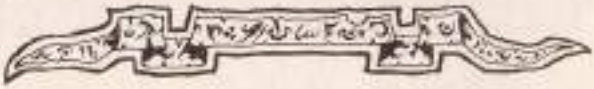

153

You leave the Dwarf village and continue. A little further on you come across a solitary thatched hut. A statue outside catches your eye. It depicts a man (of sorts) with rather long, spindly limbs. Its arms and hands are held together before it, as if it were meant to be praying. Although this in itself is odd, your attention is more taken with a gold locket which hangs around its neck. This looks too precious an artefact to be left hanging on an unprotected statue – it may be very valuable, possibly even magical. Will you:

Take a closer look at the statue?	Turn to 8
Enter the hut behind the statue?	Turn to 27
Ignore this temptation and continue?	Turn to 137
Cast a spell?	

MAG	FAR	GOB	FOF	SUS
482	413	359	429	472

154

Eventually a figure appears at the door and you recognize the face. The old man who you met in the guard room looks down at you. 'Aha, my friend!' he says. 'I see you have been caught in our Chainmaker's trap. You are lucky indeed that it is not he who has found you.' The old man agrees to help you out of the net if you will return the 3 Gold Pieces and the bottles of liquid that you have already stolen. You hand them to him and he frees you. 'You had better leave quickly,' he warns, 'before the Chainmaker returns.' You thank him for his help and leave the hut. Turn to 9.

155

You struggle with the belt, but cannot find any weakness there. The great Statue watches as you pull at the buckle and then claps its hand down upon you, squashing you against its body. Is your STAMINA 10 or more? If so, you survive the blow but must reduce your STAMINA to 5 points. If your STAMINA is below 10, the blow knocks you unconscious and the Bronze Statue will finish you off as you lie on the ground. If you are still alive you must do something quickly to halt the attack. Throw *all* your gold into the pot on the pedestal and turn to **146**.

156

You raise your hand and accept his challenge. 'And who is your god, stranger?' asks the priest. You tell him. 'Libra, the Goddess of Justice? I know nothing of her,' he says. 'You will find Slangg a much more powerful deity. Let us see whether Libra can help you with the challenge of Slangg. If you answer my question correctly, you may ask anything you wish. But if you cannot, you must renounce Libra and become a follower of Slangg. Do you agree?' You nod, and tell him to ask his question.

'Bigfoot the Elder walked south for three furlongs sowing oats, then east for two furlongs sowing corn, then north another five furlongs sowing wheat, and finally south-west for four furlongs sowing hay. Have you got that? Are you ready for the question?' When you are ready, turn to **301**.

157

How much will you offer?

1 Gold Piece each?	Turn to **80**
3 Gold Pieces each?	Turn to **287**
5 Gold Pieces each?	Turn to **113**

If you do not have at least 1 Gold Piece you can give to each of them, you will have to turn to **26** and cast a spell, otherwise you will get no further.

158

You cautiously leave the hut, first looking out into the street. There is no one about. You may now find your way on to the main street and continue. Turn to **89**.

159

You must lose 2 STAMINA points for staying awake all night. At daybreak you continue your journey. Turn to **267**.

160

You are nearing the centre of Kharé. The huts and dwellings are much more densely located and the roads are dirty. Creatures throng the streets and watch you as you pass. You come to a fork where you may either turn left (turn to **202**) or continue on towards the port area (turn to **165**). Which will you choose?

161

He knows nothing of the North Gate spell and is angry with you for disturbing his work. You must now either leave (turn to **9**), or you may attack him if you wish to search his room (turn to **119**).

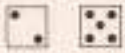

162

The bow and arrows, tinderbox and snake-bite antidote are simply as they seem and have no magical properties. The broadsword is difficult to use, but will cause more damage if you strike an opponent with it. If you have bought the broadsword, you may use it in battle. While using it you must deduct 1 from your Attack Strength dice roll, but if you inflict a wound with it, you can deduct 3 STAMINA points' worth of damage instead of the usual 2. You may now leave the market. Turn to 83.

163

Where will you kiss next: the forehead (turn to 314); the right eye (turn to 2); the right cheek (turn to 334); the left cheek (turn to 88); the nose (turn to 296); or the lips (turn to 232)?

164

You creep cautiously down the stairs. The walls are damp and there is a foul smell of decay in the air. The only sound you can hear is a drip coming from below. At the foot of the stairs, you can see that you are in a large, dark chamber, lit only by the shaft of light coming down the stairway. A coffin stands in the centre of the room and you walk closer to investigate. A creaking sound makes your heart stop! The coffin lid is moving! Spellbound, you watch it inch open, then a movement to your left catches your eye. From a dark alcove, a ghostly white figure is advancing towards you! The shock has startled you so much that you cannot collect yourself enough to cast a spell. Will you draw your weapon (turn to 99), or run back up the stairs and out of the crypt (turn to 16)?

165

Night is approaching and you have no wish to spend it in the streets of Kharé. You stop a passing woman and ask the way to a nearby inn. 'Head onwards to the port,' she tells you. 'There is an inn that way. But hurry, stranger, for night is approaching.' You thank her for her help and continue. Eventually you reach 'The Wayfarer's Rest' and step inside. Turn to 110.

166

This backpack is bigger than the one you currently own and you may replace yours with it. If you do so, the new one will hold more items, and if you are ever instructed 'If you wish to take this item with you, you must leave one behind', you may ignore this and take the new item without losing any of your old ones. Return to 264.

167

You have received a Lucky Talisman. As long as you have this item, you may deduct 1 point from your dice roll whenever you *Test your Luck*. If you already have a Lucky Talisman, the effect will not be doubled because you have two. You may now leave the tent and continue. Turn to 160.

168

You check every alcove for possible hiding-places and secret passages, but can find none. Do you wish to check the ornaments for anything worth stealing (turn to 205) or approach the altar (turn to 122)?

169

You try the door to the building. It is locked, but the key is in the lock. You turn the key and open the door, stepping inside. But as you do so, the door slams shut behind you and the key turns. You are a prisoner! Turn to 254.

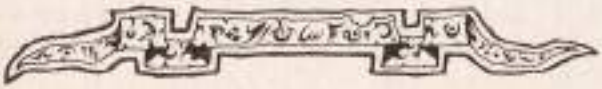

170

Will you now leave the area, following the road ahead (turn to 153) or go and join the crowd watching the street fight (turn to 185)?

171

You try the door. It is open, but you may wish to announce your entry. Will you ask for permission to enter (turn to 90) or shove the door open quickly to surprise anyone who might be inside (turn to 75)?

172

You creep round to the back of the house. As you approach the door it suddenly opens in front of you and an elderly man in a dark gown stands before you. His pet, a spiky-skinned lizard-like creature, is at his feet. He is angry and demands to know why you are trespassing in his garden. Nervously, you try to explain that you already tried the front door and thought no one was in. Is your story convincing? Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If you roll a number *equal to* or *less than* your SKILL, turn to 53. If the number is *higher than* your SKILL, turn to 194.

173

The man becomes angry. 'Ungrateful traveller!' he shouts. 'You may not refuse my hospitality. Join me in a mug of ale. Do this or you shall never leave this house!' Will you reconsider and accept his offer of ale (turn to 34) or will you fight, if necessary, to escape (turn to 223)?

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

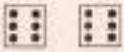

174

You find yourself in a dead-end passage. You must turn round and retrace your steps. Which way will you go?

First left, first right, first right, first left, first right?	Turn to 298
First right?	Turn to 42
Third left, first right?	Turn to 77

175

In front of the gate, the city guards are patrolling in threes. You stop at a tree and pick your moment to approach. When only one group of three stands between you and the North Gate, you step out towards them. They look at you scornfully. 'The gate is closed, simpleton,' says the tallest of the three. 'So turn around and head back into town.' You dare not fight them, as their comrades will soon be back. Will you offer them a bribe (turn to 157) or cast a spell (turn to 26)?

176

You enter the hut, which is decorated with more of the artist's works. Near the centre of the room is an easel and, working furiously at a painting (which is facing away from you), is a brush, seemingly guided by an invisible hand. You cross the room to look at the canvas. The picture it is painting is an image of *you*! Do you wish to wait for the painting to be finished, perhaps to buy it from the artist (turn to 67), will you stop the brush from finishing its work (turn to 44), or will you now leave the hut (turn to 137)?

177

You freeze as your hand feels your empty pouch. The pickpocket has made off with your money – you are now penniless! The crowd is becoming angry and you decide to leave. Will you head over to the dance (turn to 261), go and see whether the champion has any challengers (turn to 33), or leave the festival (turn to 263)?

178

A large, armoured guard with stocky limbs appears at the gate. 'Who wishes to pass?' he growls at you. You tell him you wish to enter to visit your father, giving a false name and claiming to be from Dhumpus. He instructs you to wait while he checks with his officer. You may either wait as he tells you (turn to 225) or quickly offer him a bribe of 2 Gold Pieces to let you in without question (turn to 59).

179

Several more inert bodies are thrown down into the hold. But none of the ship's crew appear. After several hours, noises from above indicate that the ship is leaving dock! You still have no escape-route! Slowly, the ship leaves harbour and your fate is sealed. You are destined to become a galley slave, and your quest for the Crown of Kings must be abandoned . . .

180

They tell you they have just left their lesson at a scholar's home, a little further up the track. He is their teacher. Turn to 329.

181

In a small box on the table against one wall you find 3 Gold Pieces. You may take these. You may now either leave the room (turn to 9) or continue your search. If you continue, you must *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky, turn to 134. If you are Unlucky, turn to 19.

182

You find a plate on its leg! Quickly, you fit your weapon into the gap around the plate and heave, prising it away from the body. Before the giant creature can react, the plate falls to the ground. As if a valve had been released, a jet of gas blasts from the Statue. The life-giving gas within the giant escapes! It sways and finally topples face down into the street. You have defeated it and are now 18 Gold Pieces the richer! Add 2 LUCK points for your good fortune.

Will you head onwards along the left fork out of the city (turn to **104**) or take the right fork to the Gambling Halls (turn to **56**)?

183

The horse snorts nervously as you approach, shifting uneasily. You may try to talk to it (turn to **128**), try to climb on its back (turn to **49**), or leave it alone and continue on your way (turn to **237**).

184

As you make your last turn, your heart sinks as you see you have turned into a blind alley. The footsteps behind you are getting closer. As the creatures turn the corner, you will have a fight on your hands. Turn to **103**.

185

The fight may now have finished during the time you spent at the general store. If so, you continue on your way. Roll one die. If you roll an odd number, turn to **98**. If you roll an even number, turn to **153**.

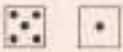

186

You both sit down and he asks you about yourself and about the world outside Kharé. You answer his questions, but he seems a little distant and you're not sure whether he is really interested or not. You ask him about Kharé. 'Ah, this is a treacherous place,' he starts. 'I can tell you plenty about the dangers of the cityport – but first, would you like some ale?' Will you have a drink with him (turn to 34) or would you rather be leaving (turn to 173)?

187

You step into the chapel as a woman and her child are leaving. 'He really is a holy man, mother,' the little one is saying. 'Salen's brother – the lame one – answered his questions yesterday and his leg was healed! He *ran* for the first time in his life!' You are intrigued and you enter the meeting hall. A large number of children and adults are sitting on the floor. At one end, on a platform, is a grey-haired man in white robes talking to the crowd. 'Does anyone else wish to take the test of Slangg?' he asks. 'If you can answer my question, he will grant you any wish. If you cannot, you must renounce your own god and worship Slangg, the God of Malice.' Do you wish to take up this challenge? If so, turn to 156. If not, you may leave the chapel and continue (turn to 165).

WIN 20 GOLD PIECES

188

You wander over to one of the dice tables to see what is being played. A dozen gamblers are playing 'Prediction'. You pick up the rules as you watch. The stakes are 1 Gold Piece per throw. You place your stake on any number between one and six. One die is thrown and if your number comes up you win 10 Gold Pieces. It seems that the odds are in your favour. If you wish to play, pay 1 Gold Piece and choose a number (you can hold your finger in one of the boxes below). Throw one die. If this number comes up, you win 10 Gold Pieces. If not, you lose. You may, if you wish, use your luck to help you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may, before you throw the gambling die, nominate any one of the numbers you have not chosen and, if this second number comes up, you may ignore it and roll the die again, thus increasing the chances of your chosen number coming up.

You may not place more than one bet on any roll, and you may only use your LUCK once on each bet. You may play five times, and then you must leave the halls, as you must not lose sight of your mission! Turn to **39** when you leave.

189

This powerful undead creature cannot be harmed by normal weapons and it gloats at you as your deadly blow passes through it! Continue the fight:

DEATHWRAITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8

The next time you roll a higher Attack Strength than the Deathwraith, you will not harm it, but you may fend it off enough for you to make an alternative plan. When this happens, you may *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **38**. If you are Unlucky, you must continue the fight and you may *Test your Luck* again next time you roll a higher Attack Strength.

190

A wager-man passes by. You ask what odds he is offering. 'Feeling lucky, eh?' he chuckles. 'I'm giving 3 to 1 on the challenger, or 1 to 3 on the champion. Which do you fancy?' You may place any bet you like on either the Barbarian or the Ogre. For each Gold Piece you put on the Barbarian, you will get 3 back if he wins, but for every 3 Gold Pieces you put on the Ogre, you will get only 1 back if he wins (if you choose the winner, you will also get back your stake money). Place a bet if you wish, then turn to 234.

191

You reach a junction where several roads converge. You may continue ahead (turn to 297) or turn to the right (turn to 84).

192

They laugh as you draw your weapon. One of them opens his eyes and a beam of red fire shoots through the air at your wrist, burning you (lose 2 STAMINA points) and causing you to drop your weapon. They advance and surround you and you have no option but to surrender to them. They march you off (with your weapon) to a square building and take you inside. Another creature, similar but a little older, talks to them. It seems that this is their gaol and you are locked inside a cell. Turn to 143.

193

The god speaks to you through the idol's mouth. 'The North Gate guards are an unruly bunch. Woe betide you if you get involved with them! But they are unscrupulous and care more for their own advantage than the security of the city. You may be able to distract them with a spell. Otherwise offer them 3 Gold Pieces each to look the other way as you approach the gate.' You carefully note this information and leave the temple. Turn to 109.

194

The man does not believe your story. You can see he is becoming angry. To show you mean no harm, you offer him your weapon to hold while you talk, but he has already decided what he will do. Turn to 95.

195

You go through the Chainmaker's pockets and find 10 Gold Pieces – apparently chainmaking is a lucrative occupation in Kharé. He also has a neatly folded skullcap in his pocket which may be useful with your spells. On the way out you brush against a dull-coloured chain which catches your attention and you decide to take this with you. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to 203.

196

You had better leave here fast, as Slime Eaters usually feed in groups – the chances are that there are others in this passage. Which way will you go?

First left and then straight?	Turn to 298
First right, first left, second left, first right?	Turn to 174
First left, first right, second left?	Turn to 42

197

Outside, a street market is setting up. You may browse through the market stalls (turn to 226) or just follow the road on out from Kharé (turn to 83).

198

The early-morning sun is beginning to wake the streets of Kharé. You carry on along the road until you reach a square in the centre of which odd-looking creatures are hanging around a monument of some kind. You walk up for a closer look. The monument is a large arch housing something which must be quite important, judging by the way the onlookers are peering into it. The onlookers themselves are a strange bunch. They are thin and spindly, with long faces. And their eyes seem to be permanently closed! Will you take a closer look at the monument (turn to 204) or avoid the area and walk round to the other side of the square (turn to 50)?

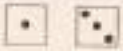

199

If you bought the Provisions, you may put these in your pack to eat later. The honeycomb of beeswax is just that. There is a fair amount of wax in the honeycomb. Should you use it in spells you will have enough for the rest of your quest. If you bought any of the gauntlets, turn to 210. If not, turn to 272.

200

There is a fair amount of beeswax on this honeycomb; enough to last you for the rest of your quest in any spells you may wish to use it for. Return to 264.

201

You leave the dance and may now either go over to the ring to see whether anyone is taking on the champion (turn to 33) or leave the festival (turn to 263).

202

Following the street, you eventually come to another junction where you may either carry straight on (turn to 131) or turn down another street to the right (turn to 139). Which will you choose?

203

The chain is quite a find. It is a magical self-locking chain and you may use it in battle. Whenever you reduce an opponent to 3 or less STAMINA points, you can cast this chain around the weakened victim. It will snare your target and lock itself around him, enabling you to step in and finish off the fight without fear of retaliation. Unfortunately, you do not know how to release the chain, so you may only use it once. However, once you have used it, you may *try* to find the hidden catch which will release it by *Testing your Luck* twice. If you are Lucky both times, you release it and may use it again. But the catch cannot be easily found and each time you use the chain, you must *Test your Luck* twice successfully afterwards to release it and be able to use it again. Now you must leave the hut. Turn to 9.

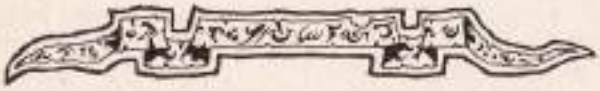

204

You walk up the steps to the monument and try to get a clear view of what is inside. 'Here, don't push! Be careful!' says one of the creatures. You apologize and peer in. You can see what appears to be a pool of shimmering water inside, although you are not quite sure whether it is really water or not. Will you bend down for a closer look (turn to **123**), ask one of the onlookers what it is (turn to **116**), or back off and leave the square (turn to **275**)?

205

Where will you begin? The temple is garnished with so many valuable artefacts that you are at a loss which to take with you. Sculptures, plates, candlesticks and shields of gold surround you. You step up to a table covered with a silk cloth on which are standing a crystal decanter and four golden goblets. You pick one up and turn it over in your hand. Suddenly you are aware that the humming of the wind has got louder. Looking around, the tapestries are flapping in a strong breeze although previously the air was still. You glance up at the gargoyles – and put the goblet back immediately! All four have turned towards you and are slowly coming to life, flexing their wings behind them. As you replace the goblet, things calm down and the gargoyles resume their positions. Turn to **122**.

206

When the guard eventually falls asleep, you open the cell door. You pick up your backpack and weapons and leave the gaol, running off down the road. The little Elvin escapes with you. He is most grateful to you for freeing him and rewards you by casting a Luck Spell on you. You may restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level. You continue along the back streets for a while and eventually you both part company. Turn to **135**.

207

'Stranger, I cannot thank you enough,' says the beggar. 'Ever since I was cursed with my sightless eyes I have been tormented by those wicked demons.' You talk to him a little longer while you both recover your breath. 'My story is a sad one of fortune to poverty,' he tells you. 'Three years ago I was the Seventh Noble of Kharé until the black-eyed curse befell me . . .' You stop him mid-sentence and ask whether he knows anything of the North Gate spell. 'Aye, that I do,' he continues, 'for I was entrusted with one of its lines. If your plan is to leave the cityport that way, perhaps this will help you. My memory is fading but I believe the line was: "By Courga's grace, and . . ."' he hesitates. 'And *someone's* pride. Damn! Who's pride was it? One of the gods. "By Courga's grace, and *someone's* pride". I'm sorry, stranger. My memory fails me. I cannot remember which of the gods it was. Perhaps you will find out in Courga's temple, a little further down the road. There you may talk with the God of Grace. But if you do, you risk your life! I can give you one clue: the left eye leads the way. More than that I cannot tell.' You thank him and prepare to leave. Before you go, he says: 'If you are heading out into the Baklands, perhaps this will help. It has been my prized possession for many years, but now I feel I will never use it – I will never leave Kharé – and it will undoubtedly help you on your journey.' He gives you a ring of silver, fashioned as a serpent which coils round your finger. He believes it is a talisman which will protect you from serpents. To find out its real power, turn to reference 130 in the next adventure. This ring is undoubtedly a valuable item. You thank him and collect your belongings, setting off down the road. Turn to 148.

208

You sneak round the side of the house, checking the windows. Through one window you can see an elaborate study, with the walls lined with books. Evidently the owner is a sage, scholar or wizard. Will you return to the front door (turn to 140) or try to sneak in through the back door (turn to 172)?

209

All is peaceful as you rest after your battle. But then a sound makes you look back towards the coffin. A figure is rising from it! But this time the figure is not that of the terrible Deathwraith, but of a very old man. 'Who is it?' he asks. 'Who has put an end to my torment?' Looking round the crypt, his eyes fall on you. 'Stranger, I am in debt to you,' he says. 'For too many years I have been cursed with the living death. Now at last can my soul die in peace. How may I repay you?'

You tell him of your intended journey out of Kharé and across the Baklands. He tells you you will never leave Kharé without the North Gate spell. He knows one line to the spell and tells it to you: 'One lock made out of Golem's hide.' When you tell him more of your quest, he wishes you luck. 'I cannot be of more help,' he says, 'except for one couplet which I can remember from the ancient days. I have a feeling it may be useful to you. It goes:

For sleeping of the sleepless ram;
Seek out the one they call The Sham.

I am not certain what the "sleepless ram" is, but bear this advice in mind.' You thank him for his help and leave the crypt. Gain 2 LUCK points and turn to 16.

210

The merchant was offering chainmail or leather gauntlets. Which did you buy? Chainmail (turn to 228) or leather (turn to 238)?

211

The blade drops and slices cleanly through your neck. Your adventure has ended here . . .

212

No weak spots appear here. But while you are searching, the creature lifts its foot and brings it down towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, turn to 4. If you are Lucky, turn to 64.

213

You leave the hut. The guards have disappeared down the road and you may continue. A little way up you pass a small pond. As you look into it, a small silver fish darts out from behind a stone and looks up at you. Bubbles come from its mouth. It appears to be *speaking* to you! It is hovering over a Gold Piece which presumably someone has tossed into the pond. Will you bend down closer to find out whether it *is* speaking to you (turn to 320), snatch the Gold Piece (turn to 85), continue on your way (turn to 28), or cast a spell:

HOW	MUD	LAW	MAG	DUD
456	351	375	470	338

214

With baited breath, you wait to see whether you have recited the spell correctly. You hear a creaking sound, which gets louder. Suspecting a trap, you look round, but there is nothing to fear: instead a crack of light appears down the centre of the gate! Turn to 511. You have succeeded in opening the gate and this part of your journey is almost over!

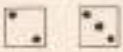

215

If you wish to search the room, you will have to *Test your Luck*, for you will inevitably cause the chains to rattle as you search the room and the Chainmaker may hear you. If you are Lucky, turn to **181**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **19**. If you do not wish to lose LUCK here, you may call out for the Chainmaker (turn to **280**) or leave the hut (turn to **9**).

216

'If you wish to find an inn for the night,' he says, 'then if I were you I would not *not* turn right at the junction ahead.' You thank him for his advice and puzzle over his answer as you approach the junction. Remember he is a compulsive liar! Turn to **144**.

217

You throw in your coin and wait for several seconds before you hear it plop into water at the bottom. The well is evidently very deep. The voice sings out again:

'If you'll toss one more coin to me
Two wishes will I grant for thee.'

Do you want to throw in another coin? If so, turn to **152**. If not, you may continue (turn to **319**).

218

You peer round the building and consider your options. A footstep behind you makes you whirl, but too late! Two hands grab your wrists and you look up into the leering face of an armoured guard. His powerful grip holds you tight. Forcing you forward and round the corner, he opens the door of the building and shoves you inside. The lock clicks behind you. Turn to **254**.

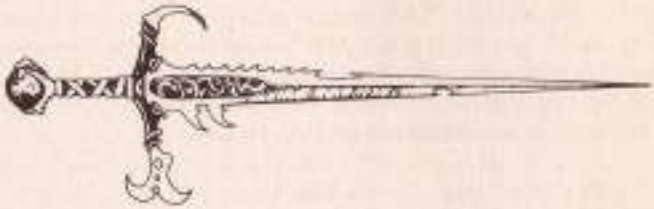

219

A rosy-red apple drops from the cabinet to your feet. This appears to be a handsome fruit and you place it in your backpack with your other provisions. However, you are unable to tell that the apple is thoroughly rotten inside. The next time you open your backpack to eat, you will find that it has infected your other Provisions and one meal's worth have been lost (if you have no Provisions at the moment, the rotten apple will merely make a mess inside your pack). You leave the tent and continue your journey. Turn to **160**.

220

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **106**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **6**.

221

There are 18 Gold Pieces in the pot. You scoop them out and open your pouch. A creaking noise makes you stop cold! The Statue is coming to life and its arm is sweeping down towards you! You leap out of the way, narrowly avoiding being hit by its palm, and roll on the ground. You stand up and find that the bronze giant has leapt from its pedestal and is advancing towards you. Will you cast a spell (turn to **22**) or face it with your weapon (turn to **299**)?

222

A familiar voice hails you from the other end of the room. 'Ahoy there, my fellow traveller!' says the voice. You turn and grin as you recognize the face of Flanker the Assassin. 'Friend, I cannot stay with you here,' he says – he was just leaving with two other dubious-looking characters. 'But how have things been with you since we last met? You'll find rest here – but are you short of cash? I've just had a run of luck at the Vlada Gambling Halls! Tonight I'm flush! Here, have enough for a drink and a room' – he gives you 5 Gold Pieces – 'Watch the ale here, though. One mug is refreshing, two will make you merry, but three will put you out for the night! Anyway, be seeing you again!' He rejoins his companions and they all leave with linked arms, skipping and singing. You assume he has had two mugs of ale! Return now to 110 and decide what to do next.

223

You step forward to leave. He grabs a bow from the wall, loads an arrow, and aims straight at you. 'You will not escape from Vangorn the Murderer!' he gloats, and draws the string back. You may draw your weapon and attack (turn to 13) or cast a spell:

LAW	DOF	WAL	SUD	GUM
493	366	383	509	455

224

You hunt for signs of any traps. As you walk up to the steps of the altar you stop at a large fancy circle woven into the carpet design. To confirm a suspicion you toss a small stone on to the circle, and smile to see it disappear. You have uncovered a portal which no doubt would have swallowed you had you stepped on to it. You will remember to avoid that spot. Will you now look for any items worth stealing (turn to **205**), search for any signs of life (turn to **168**), or step up to the altar (turn to **122**)?

225

He reappears moments later and, opening a doorway in the gate, lets you in. Motioning quickly to you, he tells you to follow him through the archway inside and along the wall. Suddenly you feel strong hands on your waist and your arms. You struggle, but you are held fast by three guards who bustle you off towards a large building just inside the gate. If you bribed the guard, turn to **36**. Otherwise turn to **291**.

226

Food, weapons and trinkets are for sale in the market. You may buy Provisions for your trip, at a cost of 3 Gold Pieces per meal's worth. Two weapons take your fancy: a bow with a quiver of silver-tipped arrows being offered at 5 Gold Pieces and a fine double-edged broadsword costing 4 Gold Pieces. Thinking of your journey across the Baklands, you are interested in a tinderbox for lighting fires (2 Gold Pieces) and a bottle of snake-bite antidote (3 Gold Pieces). Buy any of these you wish, or can afford, and turn to **162**.

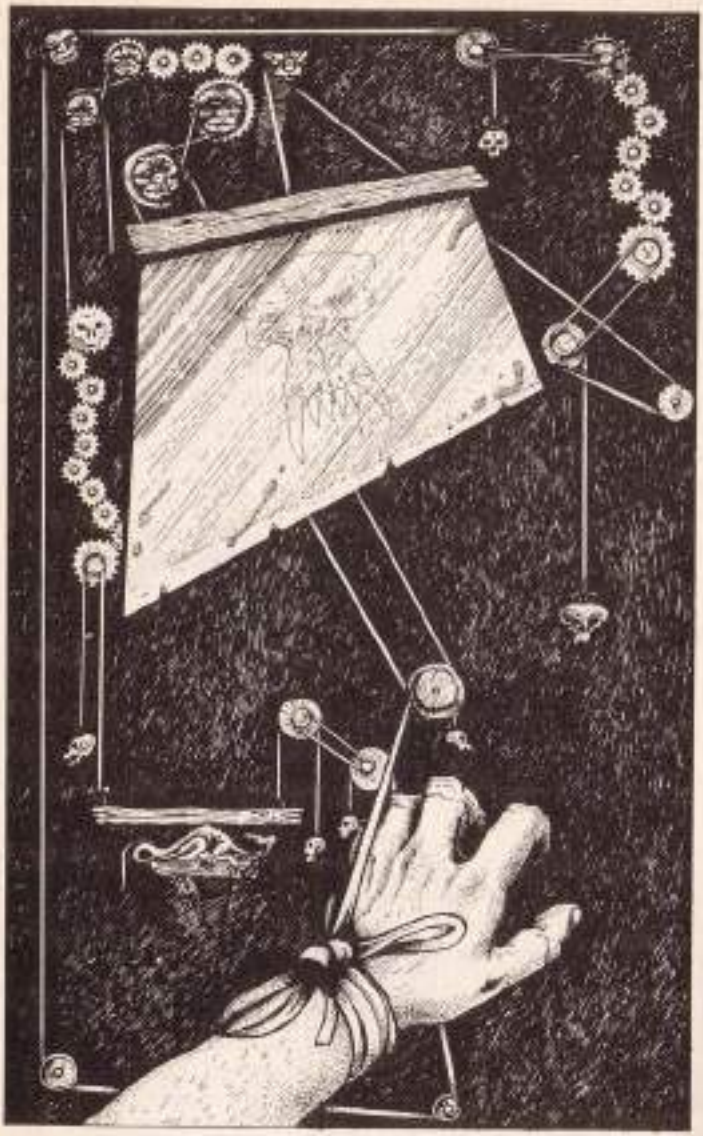

227

You have the strangest dream that you have been captured by a torturer with a sadistic imagination, who is plotting all sorts of horrific fates for you. You wake up with a fright, in a cold sweat.

It is just about sunrise and the early morning light coming through the window lights up your room. Above your head is a sight which makes you freeze! Your movement is restricted by tough leather ties which strap you into your bed and above your neck is the sharp, heavy blade of a guillotine! A chuckle from the bedside catches your attention, and you look over into the squinting eyes of the innkeeper. He laughs loudly. He is after meat for the day's stew, which you may be providing. Perhaps he does not like to kill others himself, or perhaps he just delights in a prolonged suffering, but whatever the reason, he has given you a chance of escape, with a rope fixed round your left wrist. He undoes the tie and you can feel a weight in your hand. You may pull or release the rope. One choice will mean your certain death; the other will raise the blade and allow you to sit up and unfasten your ties. The laughing innkeeper is obviously quite mad, and will give you no help. Will you pull the rope (turn to 211) or release it (turn to 15)?

228

With the chainmail gauntlet on you feel strangely confident, and your weapon feels lighter in your hand. You are convinced that your fighting ability will improve with this glove. However, this feeling is a magical illusion caused by the gauntlet and in fact your fighting skill will decrease (deduct 1 point from your Attack Strength rolls in your next fight). After this next fight you will realize the gauntlet's curse and throw it away. Remember this. Did you also buy the vial of dust? If so, turn to 247; if not, turn to 259.

229

He takes your weapon and leaves it by the door. He seems genuinely friendly, introducing himself as Lortag the Elder, a scholar and sage. You follow him into his study. Turn to 336.

230

You scramble back into the crowd away from the dance, with jeers and yells taunting you from the onlookers. A knee butts you viciously in the thigh, causing you to wince and effecting 2 STAMINA points of damage. Eventually you fight your way out of the crowd. Turn to 201.

231

You kiss the idol's lips. As you do so you hear a small click. Your eyes open wide at a sharp stabbing in the back of your throat. You try to call out but the fast-acting poison on the tip of the dart, which has been shot from the golden mouth into your own, silences you. You slump unconscious to the ground in a darkness from which you will not awake. Your journey has ended in this shrine. Such is the price of failing in the kissing ritual of Courga.

232

You find yourself at the end of a blind alley. Their footsteps are coming closer. A fight will be inevitable. You prepare yourself as they turn the corner. Turn to 103.

233

As you press on up the road, you notice that the huts are becoming smaller. The roadway bustles with Dwarves and other small fellows. It seems from the contemptuous looks you receive as you pass that they are not kindly disposed towards man-sized outsiders. You may stop at the general store in the centre of this area (turn to 149) or you may continue onwards (turn to 153). A little further up the street you notice a small crowd gathering round a scuffle between two creatures. If you wish to see what is going on, turn to 98.

234

The fight starts. You must resolve this battle between the Barbarian and the Ogre:

BARBARIAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
OGRE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

If you have placed a bet and the battle is going against your chosen winner, you may cast a spell to help him:

KID	JIG	SUN	DUM	YAG
469	369	416	507	460

After the battle, turn to 136, remembering to claim any winnings if you bet on the fight.

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

235

Once more you are Lucky and the Chainmaker does not hear you. But he does not leave his hut undefended. As you cross the room, a chain-linked net drops from the ceiling and entangles you. You struggle but this only makes you further entwined in the net. Will you wait to see what happens (turn to 154) or use a spell to try to free yourself?

PEP	HOW	YOB	WAL	RIS
494	481	388	353	415

236

You down the drink and lick the froth from your lips. 'As I was saying,' he continues, 'another thing to watch for is the Portal Traps on the far side of the Jabaji. The nobles live on the North Side and protect themselves with magical portals. If you should fall into one, who knows where you will wind up!' The tone of his voice changes and his eyes narrow: 'But you, my proud friend, will never reach the North Side. Vangorn the Murderer has claimed another victim!' He laughs loudly and you feel a stabbing pain in your stomach. You have been poisoned! You are minutes away from death unless you can cast a spell:

MAG	DOC	FOF	PEP	VIK
430	376	484	406	340

Or you can summon the aid of Libra, if you have not already done so in this adventure (turn to 129).

237

Will you take the left fork (turn to 300) or continue ahead (turn to 233)?

238

You have bought yourself a Gauntlet of Weaponry which is blessed with the magical power to help its owner in times of need. While you are wearing this gauntlet during a fight it will aid you, but only if your STAMINA has dropped below 5 points. If you are in a battle and your STAMINA is below 5, you may choose to re-roll *one* of your Attack Strength dice again (i.e. if you roll a five and a one, you may re-roll the one). Make a note of this.

Did you also buy the vial of dust? If so, turn to 247. If not, turn to 259.

239

Beyond this small outskirt settlement you come across a small field surrounded by a rough wooden fence. Half a dozen pigs are grubbing around in this field, well away from a group of creatures huddled round a fire. Will you climb the fence and approach them to see what is going on (turn to 307) or ignore them and continue (turn to 62)?

240

You enter the tent and a grubby, bearded man greets you. 'Welcome, welcome, my friend!' he says, somewhat over-enthusiastically. 'And let's see what prize you can win today. There are no losers at Honest Hanna's Cabinet of Fortune!' He takes you over to a large glass cabinet. Inside are all manner of items: jewellery, books, gold, pouches and food. A small Mite is sealed within the cabinet. 'Just 2 Gold Pieces, my friend, and we will see what my little pet will fetch for you!' If you wish to try your luck, give him 2 Gold Pieces and turn to **318**. If you suspect trickery and do not wish to try, you may leave and continue (turn to **160**).

241

You recite your spell and wait. A tingle runs down your back as a creaking noise comes from the gate. But rather then seeing the gate open in front of you, you see a ghost-like puff of smoke come from a wooden box high up on the frame. It skips about in the air like a puppet and you are transfixed watching it. Suddenly it shoots down towards you and, before you can react, it has engulfed you! You cough and sweat, panicking as you realize that this is a SULPHUR GHOST, whose poisonous fumes are suffocating you! As you were warned, the North Gate of Kharé has its own defences, and the uninitiated attempt to open it only at the risk of their own lives. Yours has now been lost . . .

242

You try desperately to start up a conversation, but the smokers are very vague and offer you little information of value. You ask them whether they know of a scholar of some kind in the area. They look dumbly at one another and one of them nods and motions with his hand down the road ahead of you. There is little point in continuing this conversation and you leave. Turn to **213**.

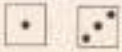

243

As you draw your weapon, the creature bellows loudly and rushes at you. You must fight this FLAYER, who attacks by whipping its head violently from side to side. As it does so, its long tentacles spin at you. If they catch you they will snare you. Resolve your battle:

FLAYER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

When it inflicts its first wound on you, turn to 124. If you defeat it without injury, you may take the box under the table. Turn to 29.

244

You press on round a bend in the road. A couple of hundred yards ahead you can see crowds of people – and creatures – sprawling across the roadway. Several tents have been erected which are joined by lines of colourful flags. You are approaching some sort of festival. You decide to continue to see what is going on.

You mingle with the crowd and pass round the various events. A group of musicians is playing a merry jig for a troupe of dancers. Elsewhere a Dwarf has a trained dancing bear on a lead. And from a marked-out ring under a canvas a ruffian is asking for challengers to take on his champion. Do you wish to:

Watch the dancers?	Turn to 261
Watch the dancing bear?	Turn to 269
Try your luck against the champion?	Turn to 33
Leave the festival?	Turn to 263

245

The poachers are a mixed bunch and ignore the fact that you are a stranger. You tell them a few stories and jokes and they are happy to share their pig with you. You are given a large slice of the pig's leg to eat, which you do. But in trying to eat this, you gulp down a first mouthful which is much too hot for you. You feel a burning in your stomach and you double up, holding your waist. This hot pig has burned your stomach: lose 1 STAMINA point now and you will not be able to eat anything else for the rest of the day (if you are given the option to eat, you may not choose it). You thank the group gathered around the fire and stagger off back to the road in pain. Turn to **62**.

246

They look at one another and shake their heads. They have never heard of Vik. One of them shouts, 'Another Gold Piece!' and they all join in, holding out their hands and demanding more money. Turn to **329**.

247

The dust inside the vial is not in fact dust, but grains of sand. You may replace the stopper and take this vial with you. Turn to **259**.

248

'Brothers and sisters!' he shouts. 'We have a new convert to the God of Malice!' As you have agreed, you must now renounce your faith in Libra and worship Slangg. This means that you will never again be able to call on aid from Libra. You are on your own in Kakhabad for the rest of your adventure. After taking your vows, you may leave the chapel. Lose 2 LUCK points and turn to **165**.

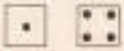

249

The door swings open and you jump inside. The small crypt is empty! But against the far wall is a narrow stone staircase that leads down to a lower level. Will you follow this downwards (turn to 164) or have you had enough of this place (turn to 16)?

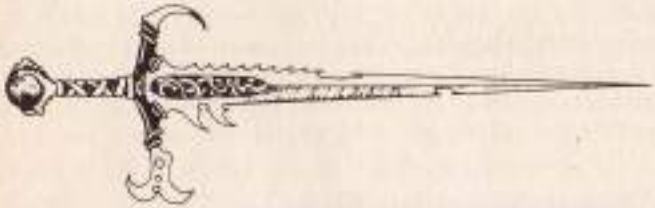

250

You take a deep breath and duck down into the foul sludge. When you come up for air, the deluge has gone and you can clamber out of your predicament. This experience has made you ill and you must deduct 3 STAMINA points. You clean yourself off as best you can and now you must try to find a way out. Will you:

Continue ahead, take the first right, then first right again?	Turn to 298
Continue ahead, take the first left, then left again?	Turn to 42
Continue ahead, take the first left and then straight on?	Turn to 174

251

Going through their pockets, you find 5 Gold Pieces. A noise outside startles you and you turn towards the door. Will you investigate (turn to 213) or ignore it and continue to search the room (turn to 305)?

252

As the message suggests, you must kiss the idol's face. Where will you kiss first: its forehead (turn to 324); its right eye (turn to 2); its left eye (turn to 284); its right cheek (turn to 334); its left cheek (turn to 88); its nose (turn to 296); or its lips (turn to 231)?

253

He buys you another mug of ale and you drink again with him. Add 2 STAMINA points as you are now getting quite light-headed and the two of you are laughing together. He knows the cityport well. You press him for more information on the holders of the spell lines, but apart from telling you that one of the people you seek fell recently out of favour with the Third Noble of Kharé (rumoured to be a Vampire) and is now cursed with living death, he knows little. You are interested in a story of one of his friends who tried to talk to Courga, one of the gods, and was killed in the temple for daring to kiss the god on the cheek. He tells you also of some of his adventures on the high seas. He offers another drink. Will you instead offer to buy him one (turn to 306) or tell him you must now be getting some sleep (turn to 86)?

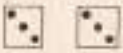

254

You are in a stone hut with barred windows. A bench against one wall is the only piece of furniture in the room and on this bench sits an old man. Dressed in dirty robes, he stands and greets you, holding out his right hand. You realize that this is his *only* hand as his left sleeve hangs limply by his side. 'And what brings you to this wicked place?' he asks. You tell him you are heading out of the city and he nods. 'Then I take it, stranger, that you are a sorcerer. Indeed, this was my profession before fate – with a little help from an Ogre in the Schanker Mines – put an end to my ambitions and my career.' He indicates his missing limb. 'Only a sorcerer would know the spell to pass through the North Gate.'

You look a little puzzled. 'You know the spell, do you not?' he asks. When you *still* look puzzled, his eyes widen and he shakes his head. 'Then I'd better explain . . .'

He goes on to tell you that the North Gate is wizard-locked to protect the city from Bakland raiders. The magical lock opens only when a particular magical incantation is recited before it. Only the First Noble of Kharé knows the spell in its entirety, although its four lines are know, one each, by four leading citizens. This prevents each one from opening the gate alone, which ensures the security of Kharé. You ask him about these 'leading citizens' but he knows little of them. He has heard, however, that one is a scholar.

You ask him also about this building and he reassures you. Guards will return in a day or so to release you once they have verified you are not an enemy of the cityport. Will you now wait for their return (turn to **260**) or cast a spell to free yourself?

ZAP	POP	FIX	DOP	FIL
371	504	486	432	344

WIN 10 GOLD PIECES

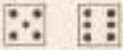

255

'That one!' he scoffs. 'Why, even my own pupils could see that that is not the right rune! Goodness me, I do believe you will have to rely on a lot of luck to get you through your journey!' He laughs loudly. You decide it is about time for you to leave. 'Before you go, my friend, I will give you something to give you the luck you will need. Here, take this.' He gives you a small oatmeal cake and tells you that, if you eat half of this cake, your luck is guaranteed at any time. In the journey ahead, if you are called on to *Test your Luck*, you may instead eat the cake. If you do so, you will automatically be Lucky without having to make a dice roll or deduct from your LUCK. The cake will work twice, once for each half. You thank him for his kindness and leave his house, collecting your weapon on the way out. Turn to 133.

256

You walk up to the limp body on the ground. Nobody in the street seems to be taking any notice of it and you bend down closer. You put your hand on its shoulder and shake it. No response. You hold its arms and turn it over. As its face swings round, you jump back aghast!

You are looking at a semi-decayed corpse! Its rotting head is half skull, half rotten flesh and you stifle a shriek of horror. As you turn away from the horrendous face, an evil smile spreads across what is left of its lips and it springs to its feet! It leaps on you, giving you no time to do anything but draw your weapon and attack it:

LIVING CORPSE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

You must fight this creature. When you have inflicted your first hit, turn to 11.

257

Which spell will you choose?

DIM	BAM	BAG	DUD	WOK
417	347	398	445	342

If you know none of these, you must draw your weapon and attack. Turn to 243.

258

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you clear the circle and land in the arch of the doorway (turn to 317). If you are Unlucky, your jump does not take you quite over the circle (turn to 288).

259

Did you buy the Potion of Mystery? If so, you may swallow the liquid (turn to 281). If you did not buy it, turn to 170.

260

You wait for the rest of the day but the guards do not return. As night falls, you must decide about food and sleep. Will you eat from your Provisions? If so, turn to 308. If not – or if you cannot – turn to 333.

261

Joining in with the crowd, you watch the dancers step and spin to the musicians' tune. The pitch builds up and the crowd joins in, clapping in time to the music. With admiration for the skill of the dancers, you too get carried away and begin to clap and stomp your feet. Add 1 STAMINA point for your enjoyment. The dancers twirl round the audience and grab one or two onlookers, pulling them into the dance, much to the merriment of the crowd. One of the dancers grabs you and pulls you into the circle. Will you join in with the dance (turn to 17) or will you pull away from your partner, not wishing to embarrass yourself (turn to 40)?

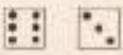

262

Roll one die, to see what they manage to steal from you:

1., 2. or 3. They take 3 Gold Pieces (or as many as you have if you have less than 3)
4., 5. They take all your Provisions
6. They take the *largest* item in your backpack

If you rolled a double six when *Testing your Luck*, they manage to free the straps on your backpack and take the whole thing, racing off down the road. You follow after them and find the discarded backpack, but you have lost all your possessions!

If you have now lost something of value, you may try casting a spell to recover it:

YEL	BAN	KID	SIX	GOB
448	396	404	506	426

Otherwise turn to **61**.

263

You leave the festival, but as you pass one of the tents, an interesting sign takes your eye: CABINET OF FORTUNE – TRY YOUR LUCK – A PRIZE FOR ALL – ONLY 2 GOLD PIECES. If you wish to see what is going on, turn to **240**. If not, turn to **160**.

264

'Good, good!' squeaks the Gnome. 'Let's see what sort of a bargain we can give you today.' The items he has on offer are listed below. You must select four items from your own Equipment (you may not choose Gold, Provisions or your weapon) and list them, allocating each a different number between 2 and 5. You may select two of his articles on offer. For each of your choices, roll one die. If you roll a

1. He is not interested in anything you are offering. He will instead accept any article still left on your Equipment List (i.e. one which you have not listed for barter).
2.–5. He will take the article you have offered, which corresponds to this number as instructed above.
6. He wants two items in exchange for his one. Roll again twice (ignoring 1s and 6s) to see what he wants.

If you wish to go for two of his articles and, on the second roll, you roll the number of something you have just given him, you are lucky and he throws this second item in, without asking you for anything else in exchange.

If you do not have enough Equipment, or you do not wish to use all your own possessions, you may cast a spell:

DOC	MAG	GOB	DUD	ZEN
419	360	386	490	457

The following are available. You may choose two:

Bamboo Flute (304) Bag of Goblin Teeth (45) Lucky Talisman (20)
Enchanted Compass (107) Large Backpack (166) Beeswax (200)

The references next to each object are for turning to if you acquire it. When you have finished with the little Gnome, turn to 158.

265

You find nothing. The bronze giant swats you off with a powerful blow, knocking you through the air. Lose 4 STAMINA points. Return to 326 and choose again.

266

You put your ear close to the idol's mouth to hear the god speak its answer. 'Stranger,' it says, 'there is no fate in store for you in the Baklands. You do not have enough information about the spell needed to open the North Gate. You had better retrace your steps and start your journey again.' This answer is indeed a disappointment. You may either begin this adventure again or head onwards to the North Gate in the hope that the god is mistaken (turn to 109).

267

Did you eat at all yesterday? If not, you are now famished and must deduct 3 STAMINA points. If you did eat, you suffer no penalty. Turn to 325.

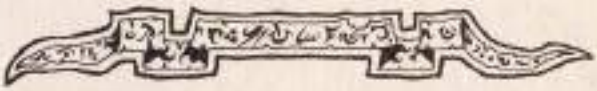

268

The horse gallops off down the road the way you came and you hang on desperately. It is heading towards a scattering of huts when a small scaly creature runs across the road in front of it, causing it to rear up. You slide off over the horse's backside and land on the ground. Luckily, you are unhurt. The horse whinnies and races off along a different track as you pick yourself up. Will you approach a hut on the left of the road (turn to **66**) or another on the right (turn to **171**)? If you would prefer, you may ignore these and continue past them (turn to **294**).

269

A crowd has gathered around the Dwarf and his bear. In one hand he holds a lead which is fastened to a ring through the bear's nose. By jerking this, he is able to make the bear stumble round in a sort of dance. In the other hand he holds a small pipe to his lips and is playing a lively tune. The bear is by no means a graceful dancer and the crowd is laughing loudly at its clumsy steps. You watch for several minutes. Suddenly a cry comes up from the audience: 'My gold is gone! *Pickpocket!* Beware the pickpocket!' You, and the rest of the crowd, spin round towards the voice. You can see a small creature darting off away from the crowd down the road and into one of the tents. There is little hope of his being caught. You turn back to the Dwarf and his bear just in time to see them vanishing! This show has been nothing but an illusion, created to distract the audience while the pickpocket steals gold. Other creatures in the crowd are checking their gold and several of them have been victims of the pickpocket. Do you still have your Gold? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **63**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **177**.

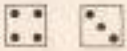

270

You float slowly down through the air, turning over and over . . . In the pitch blackness you cannot see a thing. Then, as if you were falling down a tunnel, you see a spot of light in the distance, which grows larger as you fall towards it. Eventually you emerge . . . to a fate that is almost worse than death!

Evidently you are in the sewers deep underneath Kharé. Tunnels disappear in all directions and the stench is unbearable. You have landed in a disgusting pile of unbelievable filth: slime, excrement, sludge, dung and dregs – and you are up to your neck in it! Before you can even try to crawl out of the quagmire, a splashing sound to your left draws your attention to a small opening in the wall right next to your ear. Coming pouring down this shute is a torrent of liquid sewage and pigswill. Within moments it will burst from the shute straight into your face! You must decide quickly: *will you duck to avoid it?* If you wish to duck, turn to **250**. If you could not bear to duck, turn to **327**.

271

You step up to the dark North Gate of Kharé. A few yards from the gate you stop dead as a phantom voice speaks to you. 'Halt, stranger!' booms the voice. You look around, but no one is near. It is the gate itself which is speaking to you! 'You may not pass through this gate, for it is wizard-locked. If you do not know the unlocking spell, your next step forward will mean your instant death!'

Do you know the four lines of the spell which will open the gate? If you do, arrange them in the correct order and speak them at the gate. Three numbers are hidden within the spell. If you write these down in order, the result will be a three-digit number. Turn to the reference with this number to see whether you have recited the spell correctly. If you do not know the four lines of the spell, you will have to start again, this time being careful to follow all the clues which will lead you to the keepers of the spell lines . . .

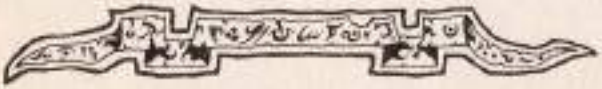

272

Did you buy the vial of dust? If so, turn to 247. If not, turn to 259.

273

Roll two dice. If the total is *higher than* your SKILL score, turn to 303. If you roll *lower than* or *equal to* your SKILL, turn to 323.

274

'Let me see that,' he says. 'Why do you think this rune is correct?' You explain that the others represent spots on a gambling die. This rune is the missing one. 'Of course!' he exclaims. He is very excited at your having solved his problem and enthusiastically agrees to help you in your quest. 'I know of only one line in the spell you require,' he starts, 'and it reads as follows: "So tumblers two sealed deep inside." I know not who keeps the other three lines, but they are all leading citizens. In this city, often the creatures know more than the men-folk, so this gift may be of use to you.' He hands you a small pouch with what appears to be a handful of green fur inside. You pull it out and find that it is a wig, which may be useful in your spells. Thanking him, you decide to press on, collecting your weapon on the way out. Restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level and turn to 133.

275

You back away from the monument and make your way cautiously around it to the far side of the square. Turn to 135.

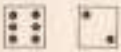

276

You step back and the broken fragments of the corpse's body flail about you ineffectually. Eventually they settle on the ground and re-unite, leaving the corpse looking as though it has been run over in a chariot race. A head appears at the doorway of a nearby hut and beckons you over. Some Gnomes have been watching the battle from their hut and they thank you for ridding their neighbourhood of the gruesome creature. Their children may now play in the street without danger.

They press upon you 5 Gold Pieces as a reward and ask whether there is anything they may do to help you. You tell them of your quest. They agree you will need to find the four spell lines to leave the cityport, and suggest you may get help from the priest straight ahead, on your way into the centre of town. They can also offer you items that may be useful with your spells and you may accept from them either a medicinal potion, or a bag containing three small round pebbles, or a vial of sand (a rare commodity so far from the sea). You may choose one of these. Then turn to **239**.

277

They taunt you to do something about it. You will have to force them to return the Gold to you. One of them casually blinks at the ground and as his eyelids open you can see his eyes – two burning red balls of flame! Will you prepare to attack them (turn to **103**) or leave them and continue (turn to **89**)?

278

There are no likely weaknesses here. The giant creature kicks backwards and knocks you through the air, so that you land awkwardly on the pedestal. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Return to **326** and choose again.

279

A piece of mouldy goat's cheese drops at your feet. The smell is awful. You can throw this away, or take it with you. If you wish to keep it, you must lose 1 STAMINA point for as long as it is in your possession. You turn angrily at the man, but he shrugs his shoulders and tells you it was purely a game of luck. You leave the tent and continue your journey. Turn to **160**.

280

As you wait you can hear shuffling beyond the far door. Eventually a figure appears and you recognize the Chainmaker as a SVINN – one of the man-orcs from the village of Torrepani. He addresses you gruffly and asks whether you are interested in buying his chains. Will you select an interesting-looking chain and ask how much he wants for it (turn to 332) or ask him if he can help you find the spell to open the North Gate (turn to 161)?

281

You gulp down the potion and wait for something to happen. Your head feels dizzy and you pass out, collapsing on to the floor. When you re-awaken and look around, your surroundings have changed and passers-by are looking at you with surprise. Turn to 294.

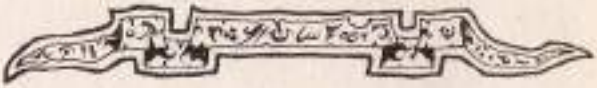

282

You wander upstairs to your room. The room is dark and you have been given no candle, so you grope around for the bed and sit on it. You may, if you wish, eat Provisions here which will restore 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). You lie back on your mattress and fall asleep. Turn to 227.

283

Its eyes narrow as it looks at you, sizing you up. A muffled sound comes from its head and words which you can barely make out reach you. It offers you a meal, but this will cost you 5 Gold Pieces. If you wish to continue your deception, you will have to buy a meal – gain 2 STAMINA points if this is your first today (or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten) – and turn to 100. If you do not wish to pay, or cannot afford it, you will either have to leave (turn to 294) or attack it. If you attack it with your weapon, turn to 243; if you wish to cast a spell, turn to 257.

284

Where will you kiss next: the forehead (turn to 314); the right eye (turn to 78); the right cheek (turn to 334); the left cheek (turn to 88); the nose (turn to 296); or the lips (turn to 231)?

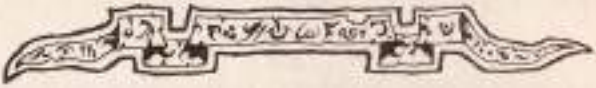

285

You toss him a coin and he thanks you for your kindness. You sit down for a moment to talk to him. Suddenly you are both alarmed by a screeching noise in the sky above you. 'No!' he cries. 'Not those god-cursed Harpies! Will they never cease their torments?' You look into the air and see two winged beasts hovering over you. They are ugly, dark-skinned creatures with sharp talons on the ends of their arms and legs. You both spring to your feet. You are not quite sure what to do, but the beggar grabs his stick and flails it about blindly in the air. 'They are after my gold!' he shouts to you. 'Have they no pity on a blind man? Oh, stranger, can you *see* the evil rascals? Can you help me?' One of the Harpies darts down from the sky and clips him on the head, knocking him over. Will you decide to help the old man (turn to 97) or do you prefer not to get into this fight and run off down the road (turn to 148)?

286

They scoff at your pleasantries. One of them trips you up and sends you sprawling in the street. As you fall, your pouch opens and Gold Pieces spill into the road (if you have no Gold, lose 2 STAMINA points for a bruised knee and turn to 89). The creatures spring over and around you, claiming to help you pick up your Gold, but actually putting it into their own pockets. Throw one die. This is the number of Gold Pieces that you manage to grab before they join in and this will be all you salvage of your gold. If you wish to *Test your Luck*, you may do so and, if you are Lucky, you can throw the die again and grab this many Gold Pieces from the creatures before they pocket them (obviously you cannot collect in total more Gold than you had originally). Will you challenge them to return the Gold they have stolen (turn to 277) or leave them alone and continue (turn to 89)?

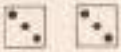

287

They look at each other, trying to decide whether they could get any more Gold out of you. 'All right, traveller,' says the tall one, 'but whatever you want to do, make it quick.' They take your offering and wander off away from the gate. You now have a short time in which to step up to the gate and try to open it. Turn to 271.

288

Your feet touch nothing on the circle and you fall down through it. It is a Portal Trap and you fall slowly downwards through the blackness. Turn to 270.

289

They tell you that you are heading the wrong way. You must turn back and take the other road onwards. Do you wish to do this? If so, turn to 233. If you would prefer to continue the way you are going, turn to 329.

290

You manage to squirm out of their grip. They turn towards you, looking for a fight. Will you cast a spell:

GAK	VIK	KIN	HOT	TEL
367	462	382	434	495

Or will you fight them with your weapon (turn to 309)?

291

They frogmarch you across to the building and shove you inside, locking the door behind you. You gather yourself together and look around. Turn to 254.

292

You follow the road to a group of huts. The old man nipped inside a large, dirty-looking hut on the left. You may follow him if you wish (turn to **66**) or you may instead enter a hut opposite, from which an interesting smell is floating across the road (turn to **171**). Otherwise you may continue, passing the huts (turn to **294**).

293

The Sprite is most grateful and asks how it may help you in return. You tell it of your mission and your wish to learn the spell to open the North Gate. It does not know anything about the spell, but can suggest someone who may be able to help. It leaps into the air and flutters its wings, telling you to follow. The little creature takes you off the road, between the Dwarfs' houses and across an expanse of scrubby wasteland. Eventually you approach another road and the Sprite leaves you, pointing to a large house of stone and mortar. You may add 1 LUCK point for the find. Will you approach the house? If so, you may go up to the front door (turn to **140**), creep round the back (turn to **208**) or continue down the road (turn to **133**).

294

Along the road ahead of you, you can hear the mixed sounds of a large crowd. Perhaps you are heading towards a market or fair of some kind. You arrive at a junction where you may either continue (turn to **244**) or turn to the left (turn to **328**). Which way will you choose?

295

'Pray throw me down another piece
And all your hurting soon will cease.'

Do you wish to throw down another coin (turn to 315) or continue on your way (turn to 319)?

296

Where will you kiss next: forehead (turn to 314); the right eye (turn to 2); the left eye (turn to 163); the right cheek (turn to 334); the left cheek (turn to 88); or the lips (turn to 231)?

297

You are now entering the centre of Kharé proper, and the buildings and homes are much more closely grouped together. Humans and creatures skulk in the streets. It is late afternoon and you had better start thinking about where you will spend the night. You are walking along at about the same pace as a youngster and the two of you start chatting. He is a strange fellow, who calls himself Slangg. He tells you he lives beyond the North Gate of Kharé. He also tells you remarkable stories about his mother being a Skunkbear, about how he eats nothing but rats' brains and that he is a personal servant to the First Noble of Kharé. You soon realize that he is a compulsive liar! *Everything he says is untrue.* Eventually you reach a junction near his destination. Before he leaves, you may ask him for advice. Will you ask him how you may most quickly reach the nearest inn (turn to 216), or whether he can direct you to one of the holders of the lines to the North Gate spell (turn to 51)?

298

You find yourself in a dead end. Will you:

Turn around and take the first right?	Turn to 77
Turn around, take the first left, then second left?	Turn to 42
Turn around, take the first left, then straight on?	Turn to 174

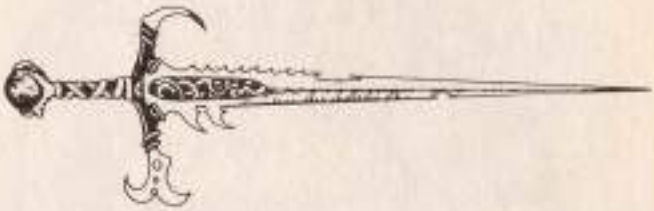

299

You draw your weapon and race towards the creature. It moves slowly. You are able to get in close and swing a hefty, blow up at its waist. Your weapon clangs loudly on the bronze and sends a painful shock through your arms. Lose 1 STAMINA point. The BRONZE STATUE swings its hand at you and although you leap out of the way, it catches you in the back and winds you. Lose another 2 STAMINA points. You must fight the Statue:

BRONZE STATUE	SKILL 10	STAMINA 15

When you strike your first blow, turn to 326.

WIN 20 GOLD PIECES

300

You follow the road, which narrows. A group of young Orclings are scurrying down towards you, shoving and hitting one another. Seeing you, they rush up and surround you, and ten little voices are pestering you: 'Hello. One Gold Piece?' Their hands are poking at you, held flat to receive your donation. Will you toss them a Gold Piece (turn to **91**) or ignore them and press onwards (turn to **329**)?

301

'The question is . . .' and here the priest pauses for effect. The tension mounts in his audience. 'The question is . . . What was his favourite colour?'

You protest strongly, as his question is most unfair, whereupon the crowd bursts into laughter. You smile sheepishly as you realize you have been caught by what must be one of his standard hoaxes. He is certainly quite a showman for a priest!

'All right then, Analander,' he starts. You are amazed. *How did he know you were from Analand?* He asks his question: 'In Bigfoot's family are 6 sons. Bigfoot is nearing the end of his life and he wishes to divide his wealth exactly among his sons. He gives 5 Gold Pieces to his second youngest son, 13 Gold Pieces to his eldest and 9 to the fourth youngest. Do you know how much the other sons received and how many Gold Pieces he possessed in all? Think carefully about your answer. When you have decided, call out your answer and turn to the reference corresponding to that number. If you cannot answer his question, turn to **248**.

302

Do you wish to cast a spell to break the fight up?

NIF	WIK	FIX	DOZ	GOD
391	379	447	410	400

Or do you want to step in and separate the two combatants (turn to 311)?

303

Your threat does not worry the creature. It steps towards you. You must attack it. Turn to 243 if you wish to fight with your weapon. Turn to 257 if you will cast a spell.

304

The flute has a pleasant tone and is otherwise quite normal. This may keep you amused in the next stage of your journey. Return to 264.

305

Underneath the mattress in the corner you find a mask made out of black wood, carved to resemble one of the gods worshipped by the Black Elves. You may take this with you. There is little else in the room and you leave the hut. Turn to 213.

306

He accepts your offer and you stagger off to the bar. You buy two mugs of ale (1 Gold Piece each – if you haven't enough money, you couldn't offer him a drink, so turn to 86). You both become very drunk. He sees a friend behind you and stands to wave at him. But rather than greet his friend, he pulls out a cudgel from his belt and brings it down on your head. You slump unconscious on the table. Turn to 312.

307

You stride across the field towards a group of odd-looking creatures gathered around a fire. Roasting on a spit over the fire is a large pig which they have killed. This may be a suitable place for you to rest and eat Provisions (do this if you wish and deduct 1 Provision point – add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). Otherwise you can befriend them and, when the pig is cooked, join in their feast for a free meal (turn to 245). If you are not interested in eating the pig, you may return to the road and continue (turn to 62).

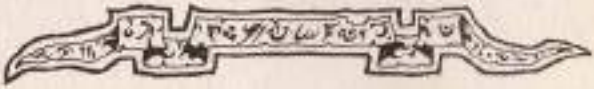

308

You may eat a meal and will thus gain 2 STAMINA points. However, if you do so, you will have to share your food with the old man as he is hungry and has given you valuable information. Give him one meal's worth of Provisions (if you have only enough Provisions for one meal, you will have to share it with him and will gain only 1 STAMINA point), then turn to 333.

309

As you draw your weapon, one of them opens his eyes. Behind his eyelids burn two balls of flame and, when he looks you in the eyes, a line of fire shoots into your face. You scream and hold your hands to your eyes, but it is too late. Permanent blindness is your penalty for tangling with the RED-EYES and you will not now be able to continue your mission.

310

Which spell will you use?

DIM	PEP	MAG	GOB	WOK
473	480	433	365	389

If you know none of these, you will have to use your weapon (turn to 118).

311

The crowd boos you as you step forward. You grab each of the little creatures and hold them apart. They are not at all grateful and instead both turn to attack you! Resolve this combat:

SPRITE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6
PIXIE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

They will both attack you at the same time. Roll for your own Attack Strength and roll once for each of the two creatures. If your Attack Strength is higher than either of theirs, you may choose which you will inflict the wound on. If one of their Attack Strengths is higher and the other lower, you will wound the lower, but be hit by the higher. If both their Attack Strengths are higher, they will both wound you. This will not be a fight to the death on their part (although they will try to kill you) – they will give up and drop out of the fight once their own STAMINA scores fall to 2. When this fight is over, the crowd disperses and you may continue. Turn to 153.

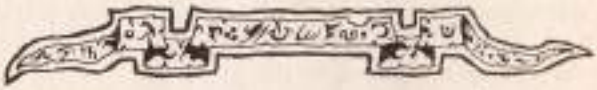

312

You open your eyes and feel a pain thundering in your head. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You raise your hand and rub the back of your neck as you take in your surroundings. The ground is rocking softly and either you have not yet recovered from the blow, or you are in a ship of some kind. The wooden pit you are in, with an opening at the top, suggests the latter. Other bodies are sprawled on the floor around you and you shake one awake. He is in the same state as you are, and rubs his head with his hand. You ask him where you are and together you come to the conclusion that you have been waylaid: captured to be crew on a slave galley. There is no hope of reaching the door high in the ceiling. Do you wish to cast a magic spell?

RAP	VIK	ZAP	ZEN	DUD
501	402	464	343	438

Or will you wait to see what happens to you (turn to 179)?

313

Your tone frightens the creature. It backs into a corner allowing you to step forwards and pick up the box. Turn to **29**.

314

Where will you kiss next: the right eye (turn to **2**); the left eye (turn to **163**); the right cheek (turn to **334**); the left cheek (turn to **88**); the nose (turn to **296**); or the lips (turn to **231**)?

315

'Just one more coin, that's all I ask
I'll give you help with any task.'

Will you throw down another coin (turn to **152**) or continue on your way (turn to **319**)?

316

You free yourself from the little urchins and continue up the track. A short distance further on you come across a largish home made of stones and mortar. This place looks quite important. Will you walk up to the front door (turn to **140**), creep around the back of the house (turn to **208**), or continue straight on (turn to **133**)?

317

You may now try to enter the crypt. Will you shove the door aside and rush in, to surprise anything that might be inside (turn to 249), delve into your pack to pull out something which may be useful (turn to 7), or cast a spell?

SUS	DOC	FOF	BIG	FAK
390	499	476	452	424

318

He takes your money and presses a small button on the side of the cabinet. With a squeal, the Mite leaps from its perch and flutters around over the prizes in the cabinet. Selecting one, it flies over to a shute at the front of the box and drops the prize in. This then drops out of the box at your feet. What have you received? Roll one die. If you roll a

1 Turn to 279	3 Turn to 167	5 Turn to 71
2 Turn to 5	4 Turn to 92	6 Turn to 219

You may wish to *Test your Luck* here to try to ensure you receive a valuable, rather than a worthless, prize. If you *Test your Luck* and you are Lucky, you may *choose* one of the six options from the table above instead of rolling the die. True, you don't know which are valuable and which are worthless, but as a hint, only one of numbers 1–3 is a valuable item, but two of numbers 4–6 are. So your chances are better if you choose a 4, 5 or 6.

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

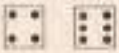

319

You are now leaving the centre of the city. The street turns into a dirt track which winds from Kharé past a small settlement of huts and out past a tall building. In the distance, you can see the Great Wall of Kharé and the North Gate. At a tree stump along the way you may stop and eat provisions. If you do so, add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). Just outside the group of huts, you come across a blind beggar who asks you for alms. Will you give him a Gold Piece (turn to 285) or will you press on towards the gate (turn to 148)?

320

You bend down close and put your ear to the surface of the water. The little silverfish spits at you and a drop of water lands on your cheek. If fishes could laugh, you would swear this fish was chuckling at you! Again it mouths bubbles at you. A sound comes over but the bubbles obscure it. It sounds a little like '*Bwrthhrs*'. But what can this mean? The fish swims back behind its rock and you may now either continue on your way (turn to 28) or try to pick up the coin (turn to 85).

321

The crowd is not happy with your intervention. You must choose your side: the Sprite or the Pixie, and resolve the battle:

SPRITE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6
PIXIE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

During each Attack Round, compare your Attack Strength with that of your chosen ally. Whoever has the higher will be the main fighter in that round (conduct this as normal), but if the remaining combatant (e.g. your ally, if yours was the higher Attack Strength) also has a higher Attack Strength than the opponent, an extra wound can be scored against the opponent.

After two Attack Rounds, if the opponent has not been defeated, a DWARF will enter the fight to try to even the sides up. The Dwarf will fight you while the other two fight and you must kill the Dwarf before you can return to aiding your ally.

DWARF	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you survive this fight, turn to **293** if you aided the Sprite, or **335** if you aided the Pixie.

322

You follow the road to another junction. You can hear the voices of a crowd off to the left and you turn in this direction towards a bend in the road. Turn to **244**.

323

Whoever won the last fight is now the new champion. Resolve your battle with either the Ogre or the Barbarian:

OGRE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12
BARBARIAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, you will be given the prize money (15 Gold Pieces). The ruffian will ask whether you wish to remain as his new champion. But you have more important things to do. Turn to **263**.

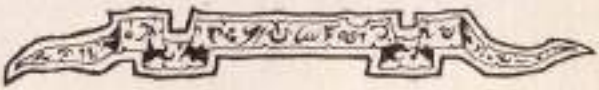

324

You enter the hut and your eyes widen. The room inside is covered from floor to ceiling in trinkets, some piled up on shelves, some hanging from the ceiling, others leaning against the wall. The hut is lined with weapons, pottery, jewellery, domestic objects, magical items, and so on. Sitting cross-legged on the floor is a small bearded GNOME, who rubs his hands and greets you as you come in. In a squeaky voice he invites you to sit and barter with him. If you wish to barter, you will have to be prepared to exchange some of the items from your Equipment for some of his; if you have no items to barter with you may not sit down. If you would like to see what he has to offer, turn to **264**. If you cannot, or will not, barter, turn to **158**.

325

You leave the inn. In the morning light you can see that it is set almost on the riverside and is a short distance from the Harbour Bridge, the only crossing of the Jabaji. You cross the great river. On the far bank, there is a fork in the road. Will you turn left (turn to **132**) or right (turn to **198**)?

326

You cannot harm this great metal creature and your blow glances off it. In fact the only way of defeating it is to find its single weak spot. If you have been watching carefully, you may have picked up a clue as to where this weak spot is. Where will you try?

The right leg?	Turn to **265**
The left ankle?	Turn to **278**
The right thigh?	Turn to **35**
Somewhere else?	Turn to **93**

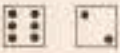

327

You hold your breath as the filthy liquid explodes from the shute all over your face. You are violently sick and you must deduct 3 STAMINA points. You climb out of the horrendous pile of sludge you are in and clean yourself off as best you can. Now you must try to find a way out. Will you:

Continue ahead, then first left, first right, first right, first left?	Turn to 10
Continue ahead, then second right, first right and continue?	Turn to 298
Continue ahead, then first right, first left, first right?	Turn to 77

328

You soon arrive at another junction where you may either continue on towards a small group of dwellings (turn to 32) or turn right (turn to 57).

329

As they close in around you, you can feel small hands mauling your backpack. They are trying to reach inside it to see if you have anything worth stealing! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 316. If you are Unlucky, turn to 262.

330

You struggle, but they hold you tight, forcing you over towards the pool. You strike one of them in the face, causing it to blink momentarily, but allowing you to see the small burning fireballs that these RED-EYES have for eyes. They shove you forwards into the pool. But the splash you were expecting does not occur. Turn to 270.

331

You pay the innkeeper for the food. He disappears into a back room and comes back with a large plate of steaming grub. 'There ye go,' he laughs, 'And there's more if ye'll be needin' it.' You take the plate and sit down at a table to eat your meal. Gain 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. As you are eating, a rough-looking sailor comes over and sits down

with you. He tries to make conversation, but you are more intent on eating. Then he offers to buy you a mug of ale and you decide to accept. You finish your meal and sup the ale. Gain 1 STAMINA point for the drink. You start to talk to him and he asks of your quest. You tell him you are trying to find the spell which will open the North Gate. 'Oi'd loike ter 'elp yer,' he says, 'but ter foind the loin yer needs, ye'll 'ave ter *kill the undead*, an that ain't moi oidear of a fair foight. 'Ow about s'more ale?' Will you accept his offer and continue the conversation? (turn to **253**) or would you rather get some sleep (turn to **86**)?

332

He sizes you up, trying to decide how much you can afford. If your SKILL score is 8 or more, you look like a fairly powerful – and therefore wealthy – traveller, and he will ask for 5 Gold Pieces. If your SKILL is less than 8 he sees you as an ordinary visitor and he will ask for only 2 Gold Pieces. You may, if you wish, try to make yourself seem humble by *Testing your Luck*. If you are Lucky, he will let you bargain him down 1 Gold Piece on his price. If you wish to buy, pay him and turn to **203**. If you do not wish to pay his price, you must either leave (turn to **9**) or you may attack him, and try to steal his chain later (turn to **119**).

333

You soon become sleepy. But how far can you trust the old man? Will you curl up on the floor and sleep for the night (turn to **21**) or will you stay awake, waiting for the guards and keeping an eye on your backpack (turn to **102**)?

334

Where will you kiss next: the forehead (turn to **314**); the right eye (turn to **2**); the left eye (turn to **163**); the left cheek (turn to **88**); the nose (turn to **296**); or the lips (turn to **231**)?

335

In a squeaky little voice, the Pixie thanks you for helping him. He asks if there is anything he could do in return. You tell him of your journey and ask whether he knows anything of the North Gate spell. Unfortunately he doesn't. But as you talk he does give you other information

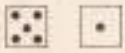

EDITORS

which may be useful. He tells you that you may learn more about the spell from a Priest who is very knowledgeable. You will meet him if you continue your journey and today he is trying to win converts to his faith in his chapel. He also warns you about the evils of the centre of Kharé – the dockland area – and advises that you watch your step, as Slaveseekers often prowl the area in the hope of kidnapping slaves as crew for their boats. A favourite ploy is to get a prospective slave senselessly drunk and then cart him off to their ship. You thank the Pixie for his advice and continue along the road. Turn to 153. You may add 1 LUCK point for the warning.

336

You follow him into his study, an elegant room lined floor to ceiling with books. You converse with him on the way and learn that he is a sage and scholar who now teaches local children. He seems to be a fairly peaceful fellow, quite out of character with the city he lives in. He explains he has had a good life and wishes to spend the rest of it doing what he can to help civilize the city. As it is apparent that he may be able to help you with your quest, you ask him if he knows anything of the spell needed to open the North Gate. 'Indeed, I know one line of the spell,' he says, 'and this I will gladly tell you if you can help me with a problem I am having.' You agree to help if you can. 'I have recently been trying to decipher some runes. I am working on an exercise but I am now stuck as I do not know which rune follows in the sequence. Which would you say should follow?' You have some knowledge of runes and study the problem carefully. Look at the sequence depicted in the illustration and choose the rune that you think should follow:

Turn to:

115 255 274 72

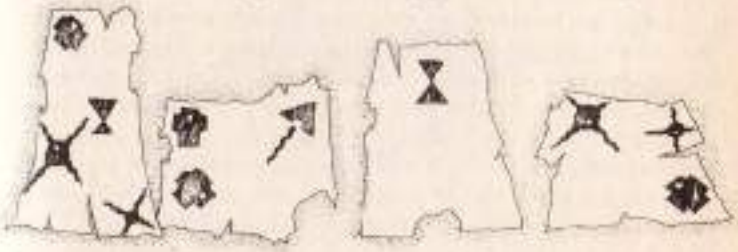

337

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 1 and choose again.

338

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell into the pond and create the illusion of a small pile of gold next to the Gold Piece. The fish does not react. You cannot tell whether it is taken in by your illusion or not. Do you wish to try snatching the real Gold Piece (turn to 85) or will you leave the pond and continue (turn to 28)?

339

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and your double closes in with the first blow (lose 2 STAMINA points). If you have some beeswax, spread it on your weapon and cast your spell. You must now resolve the battle with your double, who has the same SKILL and STAMINA scores as you had before casting the spell and being struck. If your weapon has been magically enhanced, it will do double damage (i.e. 4 STAMINA points instead of the normal two). If you win, you must leave the hut (turn to 137). The effect of the spell will last only for this fight.

340

There is no such spell as this. Return to 236 and choose again. If you did not expect VIK to be a spell, turn to 399.

341

The Goblin walks over to the hut and steps inside. A minute later, it comes out and signals to you that there is no danger. Do you wish to enter the hut (turn to 27) or will you now leave (turn to 137)?

342

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, your spell will not work. If you have a Gold Piece, you place it on your wrist and cast the spell. The coin radiates an invisible shield. During a battle, you may deduct 2 points from the creature's Attack Strength for the protection this shield gives you. You reach for your weapon. Turn to 243. Remember that after the battle the shield and the Gold Piece vanish.

343

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Jewel-Studded Medallion it requires. Turn to 179.

344

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 254 and choose again.

345

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. You may not use this spell as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling it requires. The Chainmaker steps in and lashes you with his chain. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Return to 119, draw your weapon and fight the Chainmaker.

346

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Yellow Powder it requires. Return to 108 and make another choice.

347

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 43 and choose your next course of action.

348

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Stone Dust it requires. However, you believe the statue has now been petrified and you step forwards. Turn to 8.

349

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you may not cast this spell – draw your weapon and turn to 192. If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, you may draw it out from your pack and cast the spell on it. Focusing it on the creatures, their images reflect in the mirror and exact replicas form in front of you. The original creatures are taken aback, and you command your replicas to attack. Although you may not have known it, these creatures are RED-EYES. Their eyes are closed, but when they open their eyelids, jets of flame shoot from them to burn anything in their path. So the battle is short but deadly: as each Red-Eye gazes at, and is gazed upon by, his opponent, it falls to the ground, scorched and very dead. If they stole any Gold you may recover it and continue your journey. Turn to 89.

350

'You offer me a *Goblin*!' says the Gnome, incredulously. 'What use will I have for a Goblin?' Your creation is worthless to him. Do you now wish to command the Goblin to attack (turn to 403) or will you tell it to disappear and settle down to barter with the Gnome (return to 264)?

351

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any grains of sand with you? If not, return to 223. If you do have any grains of sand, you may sprinkle these into the water and cast your spell. The pond will turn into a pool of quicksand. The little fish will undoubtedly die in the sludge, but you will be able to grab the Gold Piece before it sinks. Take the Gold if you wish and press onwards (turn to 28). Remember to cross the sand you have used off your Equipment List.

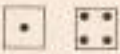

352

You climb from the ring and Vik makes his way over to you. The two of you chat for some time. You tell him of your adventures in the Shamutanti Hills and the return of Glandragor's axe. You ask him whether he knows anything of the spell lines needed to open the North Gate and he nods. How many spell lines do you have already:

None	Turn to 380
One	Turn to 409
Two	Turn to 372

353

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and an invisible wall forms in front of you. This would be very useful if you were being attacked, but is totally inappropriate to your present predicament. You have wasted your STAMINA. Turn to 154.

354

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth with you? If not, this spell will not work and you will have to face the creatures with your weapon. Turn to 192. If you have a Giant's tooth, you may drop it on the ground and cast your spell. A haze forms around the tooth from which steps a towering Giant. You command it to attack the creatures and it steps towards them. But your Giant has little chance against these RED-EYES. They merely have to blink at it and, as soon as their eyes open, streams of fire shoot towards your creation. The Giant puts up a valiant fight, but is no match for them. However, the delay does allow you to nip off through the back streets. After the Red-Eyes have killed your Giant, they follow in hot pursuit. Turn to 41.

355

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this and nothing happens as you clumsily try to cast it. Your host watches your pitiful conjurations and is getting impatient. You tell him to continue, and you drink from the mug. Turn to **236**.

356

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. As your double advances, you cast your spell and create a small pile of illusionary treasure. Your opponent is not in the least interested and starts the attack. You now have no other opportunity to cast spells. Resolve this battle. If you win, leave the hut and turn to **137**. Remember your double has the same SKILL and STAMINA as you had before casting the spell.

357

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You do not have the Holy Water you need to cast this spell, so it does not work. As you are trying to make it work, the body parts close in and attack you. Deduct 3 STAMINA points. Return to **11** and choose again.

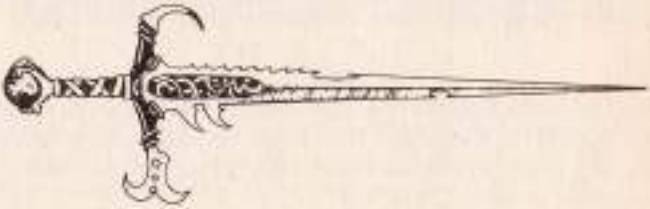

358

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, you may not use this spell and will have to fight the Statue – turn to 299. If you have some sand, you may throw it to the ground beneath the Statue's feet and cast your spell onto it. As the spell takes effect, the ground around the Statue's feet begins to bubble. The great giant begins to lose its balance as the spell creates a pool of quicksand beneath it! Uncertain of its footing, it holds its position and slowly sinks into the ground. When it has disappeared, you may choose your path forwards. Will you head along the left fork out of the cityport (turn to 104) or take the road to the right towards the Gambling Halls of Vlada (turn to 56)? Remember to cross the sand you have used off your Equipment List.

359

Do you have any Goblin teeth with you? If so, you may place one on the ground and cast your spell on it (if not, lose 1 STAMINA and return to 153 to make another choice). Deduct 1 STAMINA as you cast the spell on the tooth. A Goblin materializes in front of you. Do you want to send the Goblin to take a look at the statue (turn to 423) or to look in the hut (turn to 341)?

360

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell to detect the presence of any magical traps that may be a danger to you. There is no magic being used. If you wish to deal with the Gnome, return to 264. If you would prefer to leave, turn to 158.

361

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 34 and make another choice.

362

There is no such spell as this. Turn to 323 and fight your battle. If you were not expecting this to be a spell, turn to 436.

363

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create an illusionary mound of treasure in the road, promising this to the creatures. They scoff haughtily at you and one shouts out: 'You feeble-minded barnacle! Our eyes may be closed, but we are not blind. Your riches are naught but an illusion! Let's have this dimwit, friends!' They move towards you. You draw your weapon. Turn to 192.

364

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. You must fight your double with your weapon. Resolve the battle – remember your double has the same SKILL and STAMINA as you had before casting the spell – and leave the hut if you win. Turn to 137.

365

Do you have any Goblin teeth? If not, you may not use this spell – deduct 1 STAMINA point and turn to 118. If you have some Goblin teeth, you may drop as many as you want on the floor and cast your spell on them. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each tooth you use. Within moments, these teeth will turn into fully formed Goblins and you may command them to help you fight the winged creatures. Each Goblin will have 5 SKILL and 5 STAMINA points. Turn to 118 and fight the tormenting creatures. They will always attack you and the beggar, but you may choose which of your Goblins are attacking which creature (before you roll for Attack Strength). If a Goblin's Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature it is attacking, it will inflict a wound as normal. After the battle, any remaining Goblins will disappear.

366

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell. Behind Vangorn the door opens into the street. He does not flinch. Turn to 13.

367

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, this spell will not work and you will have to fight them with your weapon (turn to 192). If you have a Black Facemask, you may hold it up to your face and cast the spell. The creatures surrounding you back away in fear, allowing you to continue. Turn to 135.

368

You cast your spell on to the teeth and each forms into a Goblin, under your control. You send the Goblins running after the Orclings. But unfortunately, they have had too much of a head start on the Goblins and you cannot recover any of your possessions. You must continue up the road. Turn to 61.

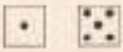

369

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not you cannot make this spell work – return to 234 and resolve the fight. If you have a Bamboo Flute, you may pull it out, play a tune and cast the spell. Whichever of the contestants you aim the spell at will stop fighting and start to dance uncontrollably. But when this happens the fight stops and all eyes turn angrily towards you for tampering with the contest. Someone in the crowd grabs your Flute and breaks it while the others push you out of the crowd. You will have to leave. Turn to 263.

370

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and must deduct another 2 STAMINA points as the Chainmaker's chain flays your back – return to 119 and draw your weapon to fight him. If you have beeswax, you may rub it quickly on your weapon and cast the spell on it. This spell will make your weapon razor-sharp. Each time you inflict a wound on the Chainmaker, you may deduct 4 STAMINA points instead of the usual 2. Return to 119 and fight him.

371

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Pointing your finger at the door, you unleash a flashing blast of lightning. The scorched door flies open, allowing you and the old man to escape. You both run off down the road to a junction ahead. The old man is surprisingly fast for his age and he reaches the junction before you. Turn to 81.

372

He advises you to carry straight on until you reach the port. You thank him and continue. Turn to 263.

373

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and an invisible wall forms in the air between you and the Living Corpse. The creature's various parts fly into the wall and bounce off. But the spell has a limited range and it is not long before they have flown around your defence and once again threaten you. Return to 11 and make another choice.

374

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, this spell will not work – turn to 468. If you have a coin, you may place it on your wrist and cast your spell. An invisible shield will form on your arm. It will stay in place as long as you are in this shrine and will aid you in any battles you may have, but then it (and the Gold Piece) will vanish. Now turn to 468.

375

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell into the pond, aimed at the fish. But the little creature quickly darts out of the way and the spell hits a little snail which was grazing on a rock beneath the fish. You may now control the snail – but this will be of little use to you! Do you want to grab the Gold Piece (turn to 85) or leave the pond (turn to 28)?

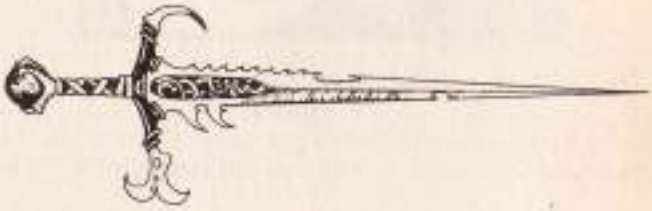

376

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any medicinal potions or Blimberry juice with you? If not, the spell will have no effect and the poison will take its toll – you will have come to the end of this adventure. If you have such a potion, you can drink it quickly and cast the spell on yourself. The potion will counteract the poison. You will rapidly recover your strength – you may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. The man watches as you do this. When you have fully recovered, you may leave the house. Turn to 223.

377

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and you may now enter the crypt in safety. Turn to 249. You may wish to take something out of your pack before you enter. If you want to do this, turn to 7.

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

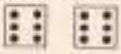

378

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a vial of glue? If not, the spell will not work and the creature bites your ankle (lose 2 STAMINA points) – return to 95 and fight the creature. If you have some glue, you may throw it at the Bristle Beast and cast your spell. The creature becomes stuck to the ground and it is now an easy matter for you to advance and finish it off. Turn to 14.

379

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this and nothing happens when you cast it. Return to 98 and make another choice.

380

Vik tells you how to reach the keeper of one of the spell lines. You may follow his directions back towards the South Gate until you reach the road where he says you will find a keeper (turn to 61) or you may continue the way you were heading (turn to 263).

381

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell on the lock of the gate. The tumblers turn and two bolts on the inside free the door. You push the gate open and slide inside. There is no one around and you survey the area. Your first cover is a building just inside the wall and you nip over to it. It is a stone building with barred windows. The inside is bare apart from a wooden bench on which an old man is sitting. Do you wish to enter the building and greet the man (turn to 169) or leave and continue onwards (turn to 218)?

382

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, this spell will not work and they close in as you try in vain to defend yourself – you will have to draw your weapon (turn to **192**). If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, you pull it quickly out of your pack, face it towards the group and cast your spell. The reflection creates a group of identical creatures and the two groups face each other, ready to fight. Meanwhile, you may escape from the scene – turn to **135**.

383

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and an invisible wall forms between the two of you. The Murderer releases his arrow and it bounces off your shielding wall. 'A Sorcerer!' says Vangorn. 'I have no quarrel with Sorcerers. You may leave, stranger.' He lowers his bow and steps away from the door to allow you to leave. Turn to **46**.

384

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and five images of yourself form around you. You hope the great Statue will be confused, but alas the creature is not taken in by your illusion and it swipes at you. The tip of its hand catches you and knocks you to the ground – deduct 1 STAMINA point's worth of damage. You grab for your weapon. Turn to **299**.

385

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell over your opponent, whose attack slows down. Your double appears listless and cannot concentrate on the fight. Resolve the battle, but during this fight deduct 3 points from your double's SKILL. Remember your double has the same SKILL (now 3 less) and STAMINA as you had before casting the spell. If you win this fight, leave the hut (turn to **137**).

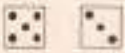

386

Do you have any Goblin teeth with you? If not, you may not cast this spell – return to 264 and choose again, but deduct 1 STAMINA point for your unsuccessful attempt. If you have some Goblin teeth, you may drop one on the ground and cast your spell on it. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Your spell causes the tooth to form into an ugly Goblin, who now stands before you waiting for your instructions. Will you tell it to attack the Gnome (turn to 403) or will you offer it for barter against the Gnome's wares (turn to 350)?

387

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. You cannot use it as you do not have the Orb of Crystal it requires. You are embarrassed at your pathetic attempts at sorcery and drink your ale, smiling sheepishly at your host. Turn to 236.

388

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth? If not, you have wasted your STAMINA as the spell will not work – turn to 154. If you have a Giant's tooth, you manage to throw it on the ground and cast your spell on it. A smoky vapour spurts from the ground around the tooth and, as it clears, a large, brutish Giant stands before you. You command it to break you free from the chains and it does so easily, disappearing when the task is completed. You may now leave the hut. Turn to 9.

389

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, this spell will not work (return to 310 and choose your next move). If you have a Gold Piece, you may place this on your wrist and cast your spell on it. An invisible shield, attached to your arm, will form and this will be a useful defence in your fight. Turn to 118 and fight the creatures, but this shield will protect you by allowing you to deduct 2 points from the Attack Strength of any creature attacking you. After the battle, the shield – and your Gold Piece – will disappear.

390

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and you will be protected from any traps for a short period. You may now either enter the crypt (turn to 249) or reach into your pack to pull out anything that may be useful (turn to 7).

391

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a pair of nose plugs? If so, put them on straight away. You cast your spell towards the fight. A horrendous stench swells up and hangs in the air. The crowd cough and hold their breaths as they run away from the scene and the fight stops immediately. If you do not have the nose plugs, the smell affects you, making you feel ill and causing 3 STAMINA points' worth of damage. You may now continue along the road. Turn to 153.

392

You remember the words of Glandragor: 'If you have any problems in Kharé just call for Vik, a friend of mine who has power and influence.' You shout out his name several times, asking for help. Some time later a face appears at the opening at the ceiling and snarls, 'Who asked for Vik?' You identify yourself and the face disappears, to return later with what must be the captain of the ship. You tell him your story. 'I must apologize to you,' says the captain, 'for my over-zealous crew. They could not have known that we had a friend in common. For Vik is indeed my friend. In fact I owe my life to him: he rescued me from the clutches of the Shield Maidens of Lumlé. Do not fear for your freedom.' A rope ladder drops into the hold and you are allowed to climb on to the ship's deck. You leave hastily. Turn to 487.

393

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell over the shambling creature and its already slow movements become even slower. You may now draw your weapon and fight it:

SLIME EATER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

While under your spell, for the first four Attack Rounds, it will fight you with a SKILL of 4. After this, its movements and its SKILL will return to normal. If you defeat the creature, turn to **196**.

394

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling which it requires. Turn to **55**.

395

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and, as it takes effect, you can sense the areas of danger ahead. Certainly the dark circle ahead of you is a danger and you should avoid it. The crypt itself can also be a danger and if you enter you should make sure you carry a special weapon. Your *safest* path is to leave the crypt, but this may not be your *best* choice. If you wish to leave, turn to **16**. If you wish to enter, turn to **249**. If you wish to take something from your pack before you enter, turn to **7**.

396

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. The Orclings have run off while you have been trying in vain to cast it. Turn to **61**.

397

You mumble a curse as they advance. Your sword is a less useful weapon than a hammer or an axe would be in this situation, and the thought puts you in mind of Glandragor's Tavern. What was it he told you? 'If you have any problems in Kharé just call for Vik . . .' As you back away from the group, you decide it may be worth a try. You tell them they may not harm you, as you are a friend of Vik's. At the mention of the name, they stop. Whispers pass among them: 'A friend of Vik's . . . Then we daren't touch this stranger . . . What if it's a bluff? . . . Can we risk it? . . .' Eventually, they step aside to let you pass and you can continue. Turn to **135**.

398

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 43 and choose your next course of action.

399

You remember the words of kind Glandragor in Birritanti. If only his friend Vik were here to help you! But in your agony, you have been mumbling out loud and at the mention of Vik's name, Vangorn rushes forwards and holds up your head. 'Do you know Vik?' he asks. You nod. He rushes off to his kitchen and comes bustling back with a tiny cup with some liquid in it. He forces it between your lips and there is little you can do to stop him. The pain is overwhelming and you pass out. Some time later you regain consciousness. You blink awake and find that Vangorn has seated you in a chair and is watching you attentively. He smiles as you come round and asks you how you know of Vik. You tell him the story of Glandragor's axe. 'Vik,' he tells you, 'is my brother. It is weeks since I have seen him, but I love him dearly. Any friend of Vik's is a friend of mine.' He asks you how you feel and whether you would like another sip of the antidote he has given you. But you are recovering fast. He apologizes continually for poisoning you. You wish to leave but ask whether he can be of any help in your quest. He gives you 5 Gold Pieces and a Black Facemask which may be useful for your spells. He also gives you a word of advice: 'If you come across the Bronze Statue, study it carefully. It has a single weakness only.' You thank him and leave. Add 2 LUCK points for your discovery and turn to 46.

400

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Jewel of Gold it requires. Return to 98 and make another choice.

401

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap? If not, you cannot cast this spell – turn to 55. If you have a skullcap, you place it on your head, cast your spell and remain on your guard, waiting for any telepathic messages. You begin to pick up intelligent thoughts coming from the statue! It is a living creature and is looking on you as its next meal! You back away from it around the hut. When you are out of sight, you may run off, heading back towards the road. Turn to 137.

402

There is no such spell as this. Return to 312 and choose again. If you did not expect this to be a spell, turn to 392.

403

The Goblin snarls at the Gnome and steps forwards to attack. 'Hah!' sneers the Barterer. 'So you think this little fellow will be more than a match for me, eh? Well think again, stranger!' He reaches behind him, takes the stopper off a small vial of liquid, and tosses it over the Goblin. In a second, the Goblin is frozen in position as a statue. 'Do you wish to see more of my power?' asks the little creature. You choose to leave immediately. Turn to 158.

404

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Bracelet of Bone it requires. As you fumble with the spell, the Orclings run off and you will never be able to catch them now. Turn to 61.

405

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any medicinal potions or Blimberry juice with you? If not, this spell will come to nothing. If you have a medicinal potion, you may drink it quickly and cast your spell. The effect is invigorating. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. But now you must resolve your fight. Turn to 323. Remember you have used up your potion.

406

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You are not able to use this spell as you do not have the Potion of Fire Water it requires. The pain in your stomach becomes more acute and you soon lose consciousness. Vangorn the Murderer has claimed another victim . . .

407

Deduct 1 STAMINA point and cast your spell. As you do so, a horrendous stench wafts through the air. The smell is so bad that it will make you ill (causing 3 STAMINA points' worth of damage) unless you have a pair of nose plugs which will protect you. The smell will keep your enemies at bay for some time while you nip off through the back streets, but as the spell wears off, they will follow you in hot pursuit. Turn to 41.

408

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell without the Galehorn it requires. Return to 1 and choose again.

409

Vik advises you to press on ahead and, at your first opportunity, turn left. If you turn either first or second right – he is not sure which – you should find someone who knows one of the lines. You thank him and continue. Turn to 263.

410

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell over both creatures and they begin to get sluggish. Their movements slow down and the fight fizzles out as they both realize magic is in the air. They, and the rest of the crowd, begin to look around to see who has spoiled the fun. You decide to leave smartly. Turn to 153.

WIN 20 GOLD PIECES

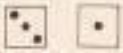

411

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth with you? If not, you cannot get this spell to work and while you are trying, the Statue knocks you over – lose 1 STAMINA point of damage and turn to 299. If you have a Giant's tooth, you can throw it on the ground and cast your spell on it to create a stocky Giant who will fight the Statue for you. Resolve the battle:

BRONZE STATUE	SKILL 10	STAMINA 15
GIANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If your Giant wins, it will disappear. You may then choose your next path: either out of Kharé (turn to 104) or into the Gambling Halls (turn to 56). If your Giant loses, you will have to finish the fight off yourself, but when you strike your first blow, turn to 326.

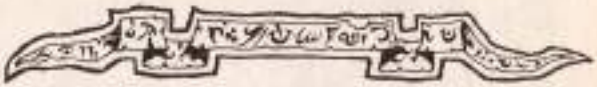

412

You recite your spell and wait. A tingle runs down your back as a creaking noise comes from the gate. But rather than seeing the gate open in front of you, you see a ghost-like puff of smoke come from a wooden box high up on the frame. It skips about in the air like a puppet and you are transfixed watching it. Suddenly it shoots down towards you and, before you can react, it has engulfed you! You cough and sweat, panicking as you realize that this is a SULPHUR GHOST, whose poisonous fumes are suffocating you! As you were warned, the North Gate of Kharé has its own defences, and the uninitiated attempt to open it only at the risk of their own lives. Yours has now been lost . . .

413

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You may not use this spell as you do not have the Orb of Crystal it requires. Do you now wish to take a closer look at the statue (turn to 8) or enter the hut (turn to 27)?

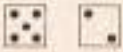

414

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for signs of how you may most safely proceed. Drinking the ale is evidently not a wise move, but your host is bending over you, waiting for you to drink. In a flash, you fling the mug of ale into his face and race for the door. You reach the door before he knows what has happened. Turn to **46**.

415

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to **154**.

416

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, you may not cast this spell – return to **234** and resolve the fight. If you have a Sun Jewel, you may cast your spell on it. The Jewel will glow intensely and you may use it to aid your favoured fighter. The spell will last for the first 3 Attack Rounds. During the first three rounds, if your fighter's opponent inflicts any wounds on your fighter, you may shine the jewel in his eyes. The blinding effect will reduce the damage to 1 STAMINA point instead of the normal two. Remember this will only work during the first three Attack Rounds; after this the fighting will be as normal. Now return to **234** and resolve the fight.

417

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell over the FLAYER and it stops. It turns away from you and wanders aimlessly around the room, bumping into things. While it is in this confused state, you may take the box under the table. Turn to **29**.

418

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, your spell will not work. If you have a skullcap, you may place it on your head and cast the spell. As it takes effect, you wait to receive telepathic messages from any creatures which may be near by. You receive no such messages. There are no living creatures in the vicinity. Will you now walk up to the door (turn to 288) or jump over the circle (turn to 258)?

419

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a medicinal potion or Blimberry juice with you? If not, you cannot use this spell (return to 264) and choose again. If so, you may drink the potion and cast your spell. As the magic takes effect, you begin to feel invigorated – a surge of strength passes through you. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Now return to 264 and arrange your deal with the Gnome. Remember you have used up your potion.

420

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, you cannot make this spell work (return to 108 and make another choice). If you have a skullcap, you may place it on your head and cast your spell. You probe the mind of the firemaster outside the hut. 'Will this traveller fall into my trap?' he is thinking. It seems that he expects you to try to enter the fire. Do you wish to step into the flames (turn to 130) or will you leave this place (turn to 137)?

421

You recite your spell and wait. A tingle runs down your back as a creaking noise comes from the gate. But rather than seeing the gate open in front of you, you see a ghost-like puff of smoke come from a wooden box high up on the frame. It skips about in the air like a puppet and you are transfixed watching it. Suddenly it shoots down towards you and, before you can react, it has engulfed you! You cough and sweat, panicking as you realize that this is a SULPHUR GHOST, whose poisonous fumes are suffocating you! As you were warned, the North Gate of Kharé has its own defences, and the uninitiated attempt to open it only at the risk of their own lives. Yours has now been lost . . .

422

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, your spell will not work – draw your weapon and turn to 192. If you have some sand, you may throw it to the ground around their feet and cast your spell on it. The ground begins to bubble as the quicksand you have created forms beneath the creatures. They lose their balance and fall over, become trapped and sink. They call out for help but within moments they have disappeared. Unfortunately, so has any Gold they stole. You may now continue by turning to 89. Remember you have now used up one of the portions of sand you may have found.

423

Your Goblin steps up to the Statue. A loud barking noise behind you makes you swing round. But it was only a dog who now runs off down the road barking at every creature it passes. You turn back to the Statue and gasp as you see your Goblin lying dead in front of the Statue, which has not moved at all! Do you want to take a closer look at the Statue (turn to 8), look inside the hut (turn to 27) or leave quickly (turn to 137)?

424

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 317 and make another choice.

425

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. You may not use this spell as you do not have the Jewel of Gold it requires. Turn to 323 and resolve your battle.

426

Do you have any teeth from Goblins? If not, deduct 1 STAMINA point, as your spell will not work without them, and continue up the road (turn to **61**). If you do have Goblin teeth, throw any number you wish onto the ground and cast your spell. Deduct as many STAMINA points as the number of teeth you use and turn to **368**.

427

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and, as you try to work it, the creature closes in and swipes at you, knocking you over for 2 STAMINA points of damage – return to **77** and conduct the battle. If you have a Bamboo Flute, you may cast your spell over the Slime Eater and play. The tune stops the bulky creature and it cocks its head to one side. Suddenly it leaps from the water, howling loudly and, as it lands, it starts what must be the nearest thing to a dance that a Slime Eater can perform! You can back off now while it is unable to attack you. Turn to **196**.

428

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **26** and make another choice.

429

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and a powerful force-field surrounds you. As long as this is in operation, no harm can befall you. You approach the Statue. Nothing happens. You look into the hut. It is empty apart from the debris on the floor. No one is around. The spell eventually wears off. Will you enter the hut (turn to **27**), approach the Statue to take the locket (turn to **8**) or leave (turn to **137**)?

WIN 10 GOLD PIECES

430

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait for it to take effect. The pain in your stomach increases until it is unbearable and you pass out. You will never awaken. Your spell would have protected you from magic, but this poison is not magical at all. You have failed in your mission . . .

431

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell. As long as you are inside the Shrine of Courga, you are protected from magic spells. Turn to **468**.

432

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell at the door and can hear the tumblers in the lock clicking. Giving the door a push, it swings open and you can escape. The old man leaves with you, thanks you for helping him escape, and hurries off down the road ahead of you. You soon reach a junction. Turn to **81**.

433

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell. While it is working, you are protected from any magical traps. Now turn to **118** and fight the creatures. This spell will last for the duration of the fight.

434

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and holds your hands towards the group. Two small fireballs form in the palms of your hands and you fling these at the creatures. One of the RED-EYES you are facing opens his eyes and a jet of fire shoots forward to intercept your fireballs. The clash sends your fireballs bouncing back towards you and you must leap out of the way to avoid them. You land under the monument in the pool beneath it – but the splash you were expecting does not occur. Turn to **270**.

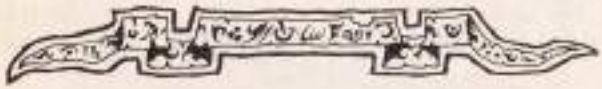

435

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and five identical images form around you to confuse the creature. But this illusion will only be effective against the creature's *Head* as the other body parts do not have an intelligence of their own. Return to 11 and resolve your fight. If in any Attack Round the Corpse's Head rolls a higher Attack Strength than you, roll one die. If you roll 1–5, the Head has attacked one of the images you have created. If you roll a 6, the Head has selected the real you and you must take normal damage.

436

From your corner, you overhear a voice in the crowd: 'Vik! Vik, my friend! How goes it with you?' You look over and see two people greeting each other. You call out to Vik, telling him you are a friend of Glandragor's. At this name, a smile breaks out over Vik's face. He says he will wait for you after the fight and wishes you luck. Add 2 LUCK for meeting him. Return to 82 and choose again. If you survive the fight, turn afterwards to 352 if you wish to talk to Vik.

437

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 95 and either fight the creature or choose another spell.

438

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create a small pile of treasure on the ground by your feet. You call up to the opening above you and a face appears. A member of the crew growls at you and asks what you want. A greedy smile spreads over his face as you show him the treasure. He looks around and lowers a rope ladder to allow you to climb up. When you reach the top you hand him the false riches and quickly leave the ship. Turn to 487.

439

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Ring of Green Metal it requires. Return to **26** and make another choice.

440

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to **119** draw your weapon and fight the Chainmaker.

441

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, you try in vain to cast your spell but nothing happens and the dismembered body flies around you inflicting 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. If you have small pebbles, you may cast this spell over them. The spell will make each pebble explode on impact and disable – to the extent of 1 STAMINA point of damage – any part of the body that you hit. You may activate as many pebbles as you wish and throw each at a body part. To determine whether it hits or not, throw two dice. If the number you roll is *equal to* or *less than* your SKILL, then this pebble hits and damages that part of the corpse's body. If you roll *higher than* your SKILL, the pebble misses. Repeat this for each pebble you throw – and you may choose your target. Return to **11** and resolve your battle. You may use as many of your exploding pebbles as you wish but you must fight any body parts that remain after you have thrown your pebbles.

442

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Blimberry juice or a medicinal potion with you? If not, the spell will not work. If so, you may drink it down and cast your spell. Your strength will grow and your wounds heal as the magic takes effect. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Whether or not the spell has worked, you must now either walk up to the door (turn to **288**) or jump over the circle (turn to **258**). Remember you have used up your potion.

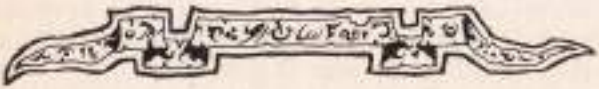

443

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait to see what effect it will have on the creature (as you know, this spell has unpredictable effects). The Bristle Beast stops dead in its tracks and looks at you. It moves a little sluggishly and seems to be deciding what to do next. Suddenly it leaps at you and knocks you over (lose 1 STAMINA point). But instead of pursuing the fight, it starts to run around in circles! Return to 95 and either fight the creature or choose another spell. If you decide to fight, you may deduct 1 SKILL point from it, as it is in this confused state.

444

You place the skullcap on your head and cast the spell. You concentrate on your host's mind and momentary thoughts pass through your own. One thing is certain; he wants you to drink the drink as it is drugged in some way. You may either drink the ale as he wishes (turn to 236) or make an excuse and stand to leave (turn to 173).

445

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on to the table and a small pile of gold materializes. The creature's eyes fix on this for a few moments, then it looks at you. From its manner, it appears to have seen through your illusion and is angry that you should have tried such a trick. It advances and your hand feels for your weapon. Turn to 243.

446

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for an indication of a safe choice which will recover any gold they may have stolen. Nothing happens. Are these creatures blocking your spell? Or is it merely that there is no safe course of action? The creatures advance. You draw your weapon. Turn to 192.

447

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. This spell will not work as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling it requires. Return to 98 and make another choice.

448

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Orclings disappear as you try to make it work (continue by turning to 61). If you have a skullcap, you place it on your head and cast the spell. You are able telepathically to tune into each of the Orclings. They are all running different ways, but you can select the one who has stolen your most valuable possession and follow it. You will eventually catch up with it and force it to hand back your property. Then you may return and continue your journey (turn to 61).

449

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any grains of sand with you? If not, this spell will not work and as you try in vain to cast it, the Chainmaker lashes you with his chain for 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage – return to 119, draw your weapon and fight. If you have grains of sand with you, you may cast these down at the feet of the Chainmaker and cast your spell over them. The ground begins to bubble and boil and the Chainmaker loses his balance. He is standing on a pool of quicksand and is sinking slowly into it! He takes off his jacket and spreads it out over the quicksand, trying to use it as a break to slow his sinking. You step over and pull the jacket away and he disappears under the surface. Turn to 195. You have used all your sand and you may only use this spell again if you have another supply of sand.

450

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece? If not, you may not use this spell and as you try to make it work, the body inflicts 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. If you have a Gold Piece you may place it on your wrist and cast your spell on it. It will form into an invisible shield which will help you in your fight. Return to 11 and fight the body, but you may deduct 2 points from each body part's Attack Strength because of the magical shield you are using. The shield – and the Gold Piece, of course – will vanish after the fight.

451

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth? If not, this spell will not work – turn to 323 and resolve your battle. If you have a Giant's tooth, you may cast your spell on it and create a magical Giant. The crowd gasps as the Giant appears and you explain to the ruffian that this Giant is your champion and he will fight in your place. Turn to 323 and resolve the fight between the champion and your Giant:

GIANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If your Giant wins, you may collect the prize money on his behalf.

452

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and immediately your body starts to grow, until you are almost Giant-sized. Unfortunately you will not now be able to fit through the crypt doorway! You may either leave the place (turn to 16) or wait for the spell to wear off before you enter (turn to 249).

453

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell around yourself and step into the flames. You feel nothing. You open up the chest in the middle of the fire and find 10 Silver Pieces and a Silver Mirror. You grab these and step out of the flames. You look at your treasures and, before your eyes, the objects turn from silver to gold! You have found 10 Gold Pieces and an elegant Gold-Backed Mirror. You quickly hide them in your pack as a voice calls from outside: 'Well, what do you think?' You remember that you are supposed to be considering the fire! You leave the hut telling him you are not interested, thank him for the demonstration, and walk on down the road. Turn to 137.

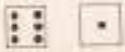

454

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this, and the Statue is almost on you. Draw your weapon and turn to 299.

455

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a vial of glue? If not, turn to 13. If you have a vial of glue, you may throw it at the Murderer and cast your spell on it. The vial will break and cover your opponent and your spell will set it solid, sticking his hands to the bow and his feet to the floor. You may leave through the door. Turn to 46.

456

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait for an indication of what will be the safest course of action. A feeling from within tells you that, although the fish has a nasty bite, it is nothing to be afraid of; there is no real danger here. You may put your head down to the fish (turn to 320), try to snatch the Gold Piece (turn to 85), or leave the pond (turn to 28).

457

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You may not choose this spell as you do not have the Jewel-Studded Medallion it requires. Return to 264 and choose again.

458

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Stone Dust it requires. While you are trying to get it to work, the creatures move towards you. You will have to draw your weapon. Turn to 192.

459

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell, but nothing happens. You cannot use this spell without the Pearl Ring it requires. As you try in vain, the Bristle Beast leaps at you with sharp jaws and bites your leg. Lose 3 STAMINA points and resolve the fight:

BRISTLE BEAST	SKILL 5	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to 14.

460

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 234 and resolve the fight.

461

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast this spell at the statue and will it to move. You have guessed correctly! It is indeed a living creature and, under your command, it steps towards you. You order it to hand you the locket from around its neck, then step back and resume its pose. It follows your instructions. Turn to 117.

462

There is no such spell as this. Return to 290 and choose again. If you were not expecting this to be a spell, turn to 397.

463

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, your spell will not work – you must draw your weapon and turn to 192. If you have such a Facemask, you may hold it to your face and cast the spell. The creatures watching you suddenly cower in terror from you! They throw back any Gold they have stolen and back away, allowing you to continue. Turn to 89.

464

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell at the wooden wall and your companion hides his face as a bolt of lightning shoots from your fingertips and blasts the wood. Daylight appears through the hole in the boat's hull you have made and you breathe a sigh of relief – your aim has been above the water line. You can hear a commotion above on the deck, but before you can be recaptured, you climb through the hole on to the dockside. Turn to 487.

465

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Galehorn it requires. Return to 26 and make another choice.

466

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the ring of Green Metal it requires. Return to 47 and choose again.

467

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. This spell will not work as you do not have the Ring of Green Metal it requires. Return to 108 and make another choice.

468

Do you now want to:

Look for treasures worth stealing?	Turn to 205
Investigate the idol?	Turn to 122
Have a quick look round for traps?	Turn to 224
Make sure no one is about?	Turn to 168

469

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone? If not, this spell will not work – return to 234 and resolve the fight. If you have a Bracelet of Bone, you may put it on your wrist and cast the spell. You create the illusion that your favoured contestant has fallen over. The other fighter rushes over to take advantage and your fighter, since he has *not* really fallen over, may effect a quick attack. Deduct 2 STAMINA points from your fighter's opponent. But once this has happened, the illusion is broken and the fight will continue as normal. Return to 234 and resolve the fight.

470

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for any indication that magic may be involved. Nothing happens. There is no magic in the area. Return to 213 and choose your next move.

471

Do you have any Goblin teeth with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – deduct 1 STAMINA point and return to 77 to fight the Slime Eater with your weapon. If you have any Goblin teeth, throw as many as you wish in front of the Slime Eater and cast your spell on them. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each tooth you use and turn to 505.

472

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and focus on the hut, waiting for a reaction to tell you whether a trap is imminent. The hut seems to be harmless. If you wish to enter, turn to 27. The statue sets an alarm bell ringing in your mind, thanks to the spell. If you wish to investigate, turn to 8. Otherwise you may leave (turn to 137).

473

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell in the air at the HARPIES, but as they dart about, you cannot be sure that your aim will be accurate. You may, if you wish, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the spell will hit one of the creatures, confusing it so much that it will be no threat (toss a coin to see which Harpy is affected). If you are Unlucky, or if you do not wish to use your LUCK, the spell misses. Turn to **118** and fight the Harpies.

474

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You hold up your hands and two glowing fireballs form in the palms. You hurl these at the lock of the door. The scorching heat begins to burn the door and you hide away from the doorway – the fire will certainly attract attention. Sure enough, two guards appear, jabbering in a strange language, and try unsuccessfully to put out the fire. They run off for water, leaving you free to dart inside. Inside, you dash immediately for cover. There is a stone building with barred windows just inside the gate and you nip over to it. Looking in through the window, you can see it is bare inside except for a wooden bench on which an old man sits. Do you wish to enter the hut and greet the man (turn to **169**) or leave and continue onwards (turn to **218**)?

475

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You promise the guards something more valuable than a few Gold Pieces. Reaching into your backpack, you cast the spell silently on something inside (you choose what – but whatever it is will be lost to you). You pull out a handful of false treasure and their eyes widen. You offer them all this if they will allow you through to the gate. They agree and greedily snatch the treasure from you, dividing it up and stuffing it into their pockets. You are allowed through to the North Gate. Turn to **271**. But you had better be quick, as the guards will soon discover the treasure to be worthless!

WIN 5 GOLD PIECES

476

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and an invisible force-field forms around you. This force-field will protect you *on your next choice of reference only* (after this it will disappear). Do you now wish to rush into the room (turn to **249**) or reach into your backpack for something that may be useful (turn to **7**)?

477

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, the spell will not work – turn to **468**. If you have a skullcap, you may place it on your head and cast the spell. If anything intelligent is around, you will be able to read its mind. But you receive no telepathic signals; there is probably no one about. Turn to **468**.

478

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. You must now leave the hut and continue on your way. Turn to **137**.

479

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you will have to return to **77**, draw your weapon, and fight the monster. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you may place it on your head and try to talk to the Slime Eater. You speak, and your voice comes out as a series of howls and roars. The language of the Slime Eater seems to be restricted to a small number of basic messages. It stops and listens to you, but then lurches forwards to attack. Fight the Slime Eater with your weapon:

SLIME EATER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **196**.

480

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Potion of Fire Water it requires. While you are trying to cast it, one of the HARPIES drops from the sky and slashes your arm with its talons. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 118 to fight them.

481

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for an indication of a way out of this chain net. The spell is working, but there is no easy way out of your predicament. Turn to 154.

482

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and wait for the warning if magic is involved here. There are no warnings. You are safe to assume nothing magical will happen. Return to 153 and make another choice.

483

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig? If not, you may not cast this spell – return to 26 and choose again. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you may place it on your head and cast the spell. As you speak to the guards, your words come out in a strange tongue. The guards are startled! They chatter to each other and turn towards you. 'Stranger you speak in Crolian, our own native tongue. Are you from Mauristatia?' You tell them you are and in the short conversation that follows, you persuade them to let you through to the North Gate. Turn to 271.

484

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait as a magical force-field forms around your body. Unfortunately, this is of little help to you as your problem is the fast-acting poison! The pain in your stomach is becoming acute and you are faced with certain death unless you are able to call on your goddess. Turn to 129 if you are able; otherwise your journey ends here.

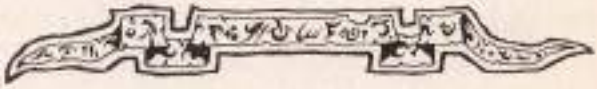

485

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Blimberry juice or medicinal potions? If not, you cannot use this spell (turn to **468**). If so, you may drink this liquid and cast your spell. Your strength builds up rapidly and your wounds heal. You may restore your STAMINA to its *initial* value. Then turn to **468**. Remember that you have used your potion.

486

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell but nothing happens. You cannot use it as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling it requires. Return to **254** and choose again.

487

From the ship you arrive on the near bank of the Jabaji in the docks area. Did you eat at all yesterday? If not, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points as you are now very hungry. You cross over the Jabaji on the Harbour Bridge ahead of you and on the far bank the road forks to give you two options onwards. Will you take the right fork (turn to **198**) or the left fork (turn to **132**)?

488

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, the spell will not work. If so, you may place it on your head and wait for telepathic messages from the slimy creature. Nothing happens. Probably the creature's brain is not capable of intelligent thoughts. But one thing is certain: it is out to attack you and while you have been conjuring up your spell, it has closed in. Draw your weapon and resolve this fight:

SLIME EATER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **196**.

489

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not, you may not use this spell and you will have to return to **24** and choose an escape route quickly. If you have such a Flute, you may pull it from your pack, cast your spell and play the instrument. Your pursuers stop. As if controlled by an invisible puppet-master, they begin to skip and hop uncontrollably in the street. You may use this opportunity to avoid them and continue your journey. Turn to **89**.

490

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You drop your backpack on the ground and turn away from the Gnome. Reaching inside it, you cast your spell and turn one of the articles you have inside your pack into an illusionary pile of treasure. You may choose which article you will use (if you have nothing, you may choose some Provisions or, failing that, you will not be able to create any treasure). You hold out your offering, telling him you want to be able to choose two of his items for this treasure. He considers the deal – and accepts. Return to **264** and choose your two artefacts.

491

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell at the Statue and command it to return to its position. With fingers crossed, you wait for it to step backwards. It ignores your spell and swings forward trying to catch you in its hand. You leap out of the way in the nick of time and grab your weapon. Turn to **299**.

492

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for 'inner advice' on the best way to avoid any danger that may be threatening. As the spell takes effect, you feel the urge to run from this place. Will you follow this advice (turn to **55**) or draw your weapon (turn to **76**)?

493

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and command the man to lay down his weapon. The Murderer merely laughs – this spell will work only on non-intelligent creatures! Turn to **13**.

494

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell but nothing happens. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Potion of Fire Water it requires. Return to 235 and choose again.

495

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, the spell will not work and, while you are trying to make it work, they surround you – turn to 330. If you have a skullcap, you may place it on your head and cast your spell. You begin to pick up thoughts from the creatures and learn that they are RED-EYES. Although fairly normal with closed eyes, they are deadly if they open their eyes. Meanwhile, they are advancing and you will have to defend yourself with your weapon. Turn to 192.

496

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and immediately begin to grow in size and power. You step up to the closed South Gate and try to open it. You heave against the door, but cannot budge it. Eventually, you return to normal size, but your efforts have attracted attention within. Turn to 178.

497

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, this spell will not work. If you have a Black Facemask, you may pull it from your pack and cast the spell on it. But as you do so, the ruffian comes over. The crowd is booing you, since using magic in the fight is not allowed in the rules. The ruffian is terrified of you, but he will not let the fight commence if you are aided by magic. You will have to remove the mask. Turn to 323 and conduct your battle.

498

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a skullcap with you? If not, you look pretty foolish, trying in vain to cast the spell; you had better drink the ale as he suggests – turn to 236. If you do have a skullcap, turn to 444.

499

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any medicinal potions or Blimberry juice with you? If not, your spell will not work. If so, you may drink the liquid and cast your spell to regain your strength and restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Now you may either enter the crypt (turn to **249**) or first pull something from your backpack (turn to **7**).

500

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask? If not, your spell will not work and while you try to make something happen, the creature leaps on you and bites your ankle (lose 2 STAMINA points) – you must return to **95** and either fight or choose another spell. If you have the Facemask, you hold it in front of your face and cast the spell. The Bristle Beast shrieks in fear and its bristles stand on end! It faints with fright. Turn to **14**.

501

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, this spell will not work. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you may place it on your head and cast your spell. The other bodies in the hold are stirring and your spell will now allow you to talk to them in their own languages. But none of them can come up with a decent plan of escape. Turn to **179**.

502

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell at the Chainmaker. His attack stops and he stares at you. You step forwards but his reactions are lethargic. His will to win has gone. Return to **119** and fight the Chainmaker. For the fight you may reduce his SKILL to 5 as a result of this spell.

503

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and, in your mind's eye, a warning flashes. Before the altar is a dark circle woven into the carpet. You must avoid this. Turn to **468**.

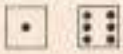

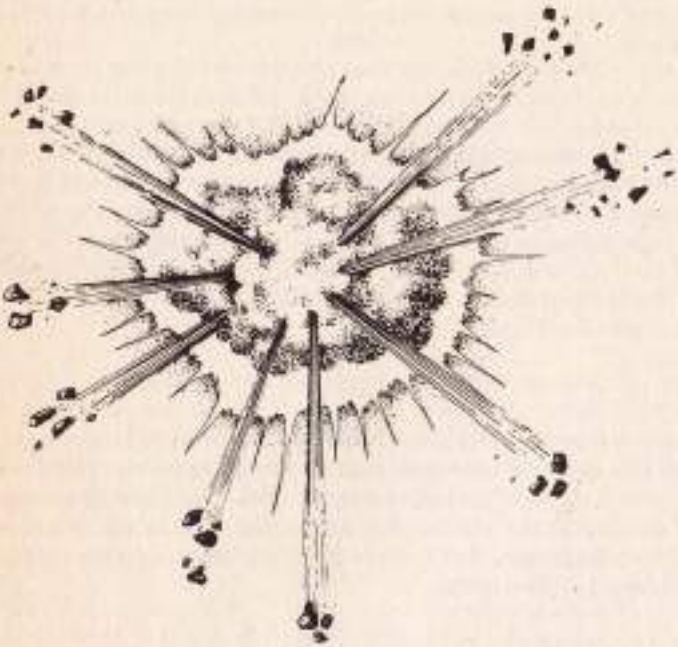

504

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Have you picked up any small pebbles on your journey? If not, you may not use this spell (return to **254** and choose again). If you have any pebbles, you may cast your spell on them and fling them at the bars on the window. They will explode on impact and destroy the bars. Three pebbles will be sufficient to let you and the old man escape (cross three pebbles off your Equipment List). You may both climb through the window and head on down the road towards Kharé. The old man is a brisk walker and soon leaves you behind. You arrive at a junction ahead. Turn to **81**.

505

As many Goblins appear as the teeth you used and you command them to attack the Slime Eater. But standing in water up to their waists, they are no match for the creature, who defeats them easily and turns to you. Draw your weapon and fight the monster:

SLIME EATER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **196**.

506

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and five extra images of you appear in front of the Orclings, forcing them to stop. If you had six or less items stolen, you have now recovered them. If you had more than six items stolen, you can only recover a maximum of six (you choose). Then you may continue. Turn to **61**.

507

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You may cast this spell to make either of the fighters clumsy and uncoordinated. While under the effects of this spell, a fighter may only roll *one* die (instead of two) to find its Attack Strength. This effect will last for 6 Attack Rounds. But as you are casting this spell from a distance and there are two contestants close together, there is a chance that you may cast it on to the wrong fighter or even both! Nominate the fighter that you wish to cast the spell at and then roll one die. If you roll a 1, 2 or 3 your aim is accurate. If you roll a 4 or 5, the spell hits the wrong person. If you roll a 6 the spell affects *both* fighters! Now return to **234** and resolve the battle.

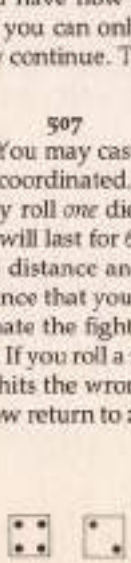

508

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast the spell at your advancing opponent, but nothing happens! You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Jewel-Studded Medallion it requires. While you are trying to make it work, your opponent lands a first blow. Lose 2 STAMINA points and continue the fight with your weapon. Remember your opponent has the same SKILL and STAMINA as you had before casting the spell and being struck. If you win, you may leave the hut. Turn to 137.

509

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. You cannot cast this spell as it does not exist! Turn to 13.

510

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You may not use this spell as you do not have the Pearl Ring it requires. As you try to make it work without success, your pursuers close and you will have to draw your weapon. Turn to 192.

511

Slowly the gate opens in front of you. You have overcome the dangers of the deadly cityport and your journey is half over. Through the gate you can see the vast expanse of the Baklands laid before you. The great plains of Baddu-Bak are the next stage of your mission and your experience so far will be invaluable in guiding you through to Lake Ilklala.

You remember the words of the Sightmaster Sergeant as you left the Outpost Settlement: 'From Kharé you must cross the Baklands, which are unknown. It is said that day and night in the Baklands are controlled not by the sun but by supernatural forces . . . from Kharé onwards your progress will be *watched*.'

The chinking of armour behind you snaps you out of your thoughts; the guards must be returning. Casting a final glance back at the city, you step through the gate. Ahead of you, dark clouds are heavy in the sky. You are now in the Baklands . . .

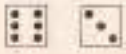

THE SORCERY SPELL BOOK

RULES FOR USING MAGIC

During your training you have been taught a number of spells and incantations which you use to aid you on your quest. The full list of spells follows these instructions.

Spells are identified by a three-letter word. Throughout the book you will be given the option of using spells to overcome problems and opponents. *The spells will be identified only by these three-letter words, so it is important that you memorize at least some of the codes.*

Thus, before you can start using your powers of sorcery, you will need to spend some time memorizing spells, as would a real wizard learning the magic arts. Obviously, you will not be able to memorize all forty-eight spells at once, but the more you use the book, the more familiar you will become with the most useful spells.

Try starting by memorizing between six and ten spells (the best ones to start with are given below) and relying on your swordsmanship to fight some of the creatures you encounter. It is possible, with a little luck, to complete your quest with these spells, but your task will become easier when you are capable of using more spells.

Some spells also require the use of an artefact, such as a piece of jewellery or a magic ring. If you try to use a spell without possessing the correct artefact, you will be wasting your STAMINA as the spell will not work.

Each time you use a spell – whether it is successful or not – it will draw on your reserves of energy and concentration. A cost, in STAMINA points, is given for each spell. Each time you use a spell, you must deduct the cost from your STAMINA score.

You may study the Book of Spells for as long as you want before embarking on an adventure, *but once you have set off, you may never again refer to it and must rely purely on your memory until your adventure is over.* Nor may you write the spells down for easy reference. In a real situation where you may be surprised by a creature, you would not have time to start flicking through your Spell Book trying to work out the best spell to cast!

The Six Most Useful Spells

Code	*Effect*	*Stamina Cost*
ZAP	Creates a lightning bolt which shoots from the fingertip	4
FOF	Creates a protective force-field	4
LAW	Enables creatures to be controlled	4
DUM	Makes creatures extremely clumsy	4
HOT	Creates a fireball which can be aimed at enemies	4
WAL	Creates a magic wall to defend against physical objects	4

ZAP and HOT are strong attacking spells, FOF and WAL are good general-purpose defensive spells, while LAW and DUM will be useful if you get into a tricky situation.

Note that these spells will often be more powerful than you need in a given situation – they are not cheap in terms of STAMINA points – but they are good all-rounders. As you get to know more spells from the Spell Book, you will be able to choose more economical spells which will be equally effective against certain perils.

Read through the list again, then cover up the 'Effect' column with your hand. How many can you remember? When you can remember them by heart, you can begin your quest.

HINTS ON USING SPELLS

As you familiarize yourself with the spells in this Spell Book, your skill and abilities in the adventure will improve.

Learning the six basic spells will allow you to start playing with minimal delay. These spells will get you out of most difficulties, but they are expensive (in terms of STAMINA points) and you will often find it necessary to rely on your limited powers of swordsmanship, particularly with weaker creatures, in order to avoid running dangerously short of STAMINA.

Other spells are more economical but will be given less often as options, thus relying more on your memory and skill as a wizard. The most economical spells of all are those which require magical artefacts, which must be found on your adventure.

Remember that there are heavy penalties for guessing spells! If you choose a spell code which does not represent a spell, or if you choose a spell for which you do not have the required artefact, you will lose extra STAMINA points. In some cases, death will be your penalty!

Not all the spells are used in this adventure.

You will soon begin to make your own discoveries about the spells themselves. There is a certain logic to the way they are arranged, the options that are given and their codes. But these discoveries you must make for yourself. Experience will make you more skilful with magic. All this is part of the art of sorcery.

ZAP

An extremely powerful weapon, this spell creates a blast of lightning which shoots from the caster's hand, which must be pointed in the desired direction. It is effective against virtually all living creatures which have no magical defences. But it takes great strength and concentration to use.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

HOT

The caster may direct this spell with his hands in any direction desired. As it is cast, a burning fireball shoots from the hands towards its target. It will be effective against any creature, whether magical or not, unless that creature cannot be harmed by fire. The fireball so created causes severe burns on impact, but extinguishes soon after hitting its target.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

FOF

This powerful spell creates a magical and physical barrier in front of the caster which is capable of keeping out all physical intruders and most magical ones. Its creation takes excessive mental concentration but the resulting force-field is both extremely strong and is under the control of its creator's will, who can allow one-way penetration, or can position it as desired.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

WAL

The casting of this spell creates an invisible wall in front of the caster. This wall is impervious to all missiles, creatures, etc. It is a very useful defensive spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

LAW

Casting this spell at an attacking creature allows the caster to take control of the attacker's will. The attack will cease and the creature will immediately come under the control of the caster. However, this spell works only on non-intelligent creatures and lasts only for a short time.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

DUM

When cast at a creature holding an object of some sort (e.g. a weapon), this spell will make the creature clumsy and uncoordinated. It will drop the object, fumble to pick it up, drop it again – in short the creature is unlikely to do the caster any harm with any objects while under the influence of this spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

BIG

When this spell is cast on the caster's own body, it will inflate the body to three times normal size. This increases the power of the caster and is especially useful against large opponents, but must be used with caution in confined spaces!

Cost 2 STAMINA points

WOK

A coin of some sort is necessary for this spell. The caster places the coin on the wrist and casts the spell on it. The coin becomes magically fixed on the wrist and acts as an invisible metal shield with an effective protection circle of just under three feet across. This will shield the user against all normal weapons. Afterwards, the coin is no longer usable as a coin.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

DOP

This spell may be used to open any locked door. Casting the spell works directly on the lock tumblers and the door may be opened freely. If the door is bolted from the inside, the bolts will be undone. The spell will not work on doors sealed by magic.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

RAZ

To perform this spell, beeswax is required. By rubbing the wax on any *edged* weapon (sword, axe, dagger, etc.) and casting this spell, the blade will become razor-sharp and do double its normal damage. Thus, if it normally inflicts 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage, it will now inflict 4.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SUS

This spell may be cast when the caster suspects a trap of some kind. Once cast it will indicate telepathically to the caster whether or not to beware of a trap and, if so, the best protective action. If caught in a trap, this spell may also be used to minimize its effects in certain cases.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

SIX

This spell is cast on to the caster's own body. Its effect is to create multiple images of the caster, all identical and all capable of casting spells and/or attacking, although each will perform identical actions as if reflected in a mirror. Most creatures faced with these replicas will be unable to tell which is the real one and will fight all six.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

JIG

When this spell is cast, the recipient gets the uncontrollable urge to dance. The caster can make any creature dance merry jigs by playing a small Bamboo Flute. If this flute has been found, the affected creature will dance for as long as it is played. This will normally give the caster time to escape – or he may continue playing and watch the show!

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GOB

This creation spell requires any number of teeth of Goblins. The spell may be cast on to these teeth to create one, two, or an army of Goblins. These Goblins can then be commanded to fight an enemy or perform any duties they are instructed to carry out. They will disappear as soon as their duties have been performed.

Cost 1 STAMINA point per Goblin created

YOB

Casting this spell requires the tooth of a Giant. When this spell is cast upon the tooth correctly, a Giant, some twelve feet tall, will be created instantly. The caster has control over the Giant and may command him to fight an opponent, perform some feat of strength, etc. The Giant will disappear when his duty is done.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GUM

Casting this spell, together with using the contents of a vial of glue, will cause the glue to become super-sticky, bonding in less than a second. Using the spell, the caster will be able to stick creatures to the floor or walls, although it is necessary to get the victim into contact with the glue from the vial. This can be done, for instance, by throwing it at the creature's feet, or by resting it on top of a slightly opened door, so that it falls when the door is opened.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

HOW

This spell is to be used in perilous situations when information about the safest way of escape is desired. When it has been cast, the caster will get an inclination towards one exit or, if a means of defence is present near by, will be directed towards it by a strange psychic force.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DOC

Medicinal potions carried and used by the caster will, under this spell, have their effects increased so that they will heal any wounded human or creature who drinks them. The potions may be used on the caster – the spell must be cast as potion is being administered – but they will not bring a being who has actually died back to life.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

DOZ

This spell may be cast upon any creature, reducing its movements and reactions to about a sixth of its normal speed. Thus the creature appears to move as in a dream sequence, making it much easier to evade or defeat.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DUD

By casting this spell, the caster can create an illusion of treasure in its many forms. Gold pieces, silver coins, gems and jewels can be created at will and these can be used to distract, pay off or bribe creatures. The illusory riches will disappear as soon as the caster is out of sight.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

MAG

This spell protects its caster from most magical spells. It must be cast quickly, before the attacking spell takes effect. It works by neutralizing the attacking spell which disperses harmlessly. This spell is thus a very powerful protective weapon, but it does not work against every spell.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

POP

A potent little spell, but one which calls for great mental concentration, this spell must be cast on small pebbles. Once charged with magic, these pebbles can be thrown and will explode on impact. Apart from being dangerous to anything within shatter distance, the pebbles make a loud bang when they explode.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FAL

This spell is useful if the caster is caught in a pit trap or falls from a considerable height. When cast, it makes the caster's body as light as a feather. The caster will float down through the air and land gently on the ground.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DIM

A good defensive spell, this can be cast at any creature attacking the caster. Its effect is to muddle the mind of its victim, temporarily confusing the creature. However, it must be handled with caution, as a creature so deranged may act irrationally and unpredictably.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

FOG

This spell may only be cast in a closed room with no windows. Once cast, the room turns pitch black in the eyes of all but the caster – even though torches and candles may still be burning. It renders blind any creatures within the room. Its effects are only temporary.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

MUD

As this spell is cast, the caster must sprinkle grains of sand on to the floor as desired (e.g. in front of a creature). The spell takes effect on the sand and the floor, creating a pool of quicksand. Any creature stepping on this quicksand will slowly be drowned in it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NIF

As this spell is cast, the air surrounding the caster becomes filled with a nauseating stench. This smell is so horrible that it will cause any creature which catches a whiff of it to vomit violently. It will thus weaken any adversary with a sense of smell. This includes the caster unless he is wearing a pair of nose plugs. The effect will be more pronounced in creatures with large noses.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

TEL

To activate this spell, the caster must wear a cloth skullcap. With the aid of this cap, the spell will allow the user to read the mind of any intelligent creature encountered, learning about its strengths, weaknesses, the contents of nearby rooms, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GAK

In order to use this spell, the caster must be in possession of a Black Facemask, which must be worn while the spell is being cast. It can be cast directly on to an opponent and has the effect of creating a terrible fear within his mind. Brave creatures will be less affected than cowardly ones, so the effect varies from a cold sweat and loss of nerve to the creature's being reduced to a quivering jelly cowering in the corner of a room.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SAP

The effect of this spell, which is only useful in combat, is to demoralize an opponent so that his will to win is lost. Any creature so demoralized will be easier to defeat – though victory is still not certain.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

GOD

This is a form of illusion which can only be performed if the caster is wearing a Jewel of Gold. When this spell is cast, any creatures or humans in the vicinity will take an immediate liking to the caster. This does *not* mean that they will not fight, if such is their duty, but they will be more likely to give information that they would not normally give. They may even help the caster in spite of their normally being hostile.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KIN

This creation spell is useful in battles. It requires the use of a Gold-Backed Mirror, which must be pointed at a creature as the spell is cast. It creates an exact replica of any creature being fought and his double is under the control of the caster, who can instruct it to fight the original creature. Both will fight with the same strengths and weaknesses – only luck will separate their fates. If the original creature dies, its double will disappear. It will also disappear if it is defeated.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

PEP

A Potion of Fire Water must be taken by the caster for this spell to be used. It will enhance the effects of the Fire Water to give the caster double or treble his or her own normal strength. Although the effects are temporary, they will normally be enough to aid in battle or to perform some feat of super-strength.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ROK

Stone dust is required for this spell. The dust must be thrown at a creature as the spell is being cast. Within seconds, the victim will start to petrify. As its movements become slower and eventually cease, it will start to turn grey. Some moments after the spell is cast, it will have solidified into a grey stone statue.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NIP

The caster must cast this spell on his or her own body. Under the influence of this spell, the caster becomes exceedingly quick and may run, speak, think or fight at three times normal speed. However, this spell will only take effect if the caster sniffs Yellow Powder before using the spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

HUF

In order to use this spell, the caster must possess the Galehorn, a trumpet-like instrument which plays a discordant note. The spell is cast on to the horn and it is blown in a particular direction. As the spell takes effect, a tremendous wind rushes from the trumpet. This wind is capable of blowing over man-sized creatures, or it can be used to blow things off shelves, over ledges, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FIX

Applicable to both animate and inanimate objects, this spell has the effect of holding an opponent or object where it stands, unable to move even if in mid-air. In order to cast this spell, however, the caster must be holding a Staff of Oak Sapling. Anything held fast by this spell will remain frozen until the caster leaves the vicinity.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NAP

Effective only against living creatures, this spell causes them to become drowsy and, within several seconds, to fall fast asleep. It is used in conjunction with a Brass Pendulum. The spell concentrates the creature's attention on the Pendulum, which the caster must swing slowly to and fro before the creature, in order to hypnotize it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZEN

In order to cast this spell, the caster must wear a Jewel-Studded Medallion around the neck. Casting this spell will then allow the caster to float in the air at any height desired. A magician hovering thus will remain suspended for as long as desired and may float around at will.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

YAZ

This spell will not work unless the caster is wearing a fine Pearl Ring. Casting the spell while wearing this ring renders the caster's body invisible to any reasonably intelligent creature. It may be used to give considerable advantage in battle or to escape from a dangerous situation. Any creature with ears will be able to hear the caster as he moves around the room. Less intelligent creatures will only be partially convinced, as this is a form of illusion spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SUN

This spell may only be cast upon the yellow Sun Jewel. Once cast, the Jewel begins to glow brightly. Its intensity is under the control of the caster, who can make it brilliant – in order to blind attacking creatures – or just light enough to act as a torch to see in dark rooms.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KID

In order to use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Bracelet of Bone. Once the spell is cast, the caster must concentrate on a particular illusion (e.g. the floor is made of hot coals, the caster has turned into a Demon, etc.) and this illusion will appear real in the eyes of its intended victim. This may allow time for escape or lower a creature's defences. The spell will not work on non-intelligent creatures. If the caster acts in such a way as to destroy the illusion (e.g. turns into a mouse and then goes on to strike the creature with a sword), its effect will be lost immediately.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

RAP

To use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Green-Haired Wig. In conjunction with this wig, the spell will allow the caster to understand the language of, and communicate with, creatures speaking a non-human tongue (e.g. Goblins, Orcs, etc.).

Cost 1 STAMINA point

YAP

This spell allows the caster to understand the language of, and communicate with, most animals. It will be ineffective unless the caster is wearing a Green-Haired Wig.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZIP

An invaluable aid in close battle, this spell is only usable when the caster is wearing a Ring of Green Metal, such metal having been mined from the Craggen Rock. When the spell is cast on to his ring, it enables the wearer to disappear, and reappear a short distance away. The transportation can be through some soft materials such as wood and clay, but is blocked by stone, metal and the like. It is a rather unreliable spell, though – occasionally it has disastrous results.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FAR

In conjunction with an Orb of Crystal, this spell will enable its caster to see, with certain limitations, into the future. The Orb must be held in the hands and the spell is recited while concentrating on the Orb. Very little control can be exercised on exactly what will be seen, but the normal tendency is to see near-future events.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

RES

When cast upon a dead human or humanoid creature (i.e. one with two arms, two legs, a head, etc.) while Holy Water is being sprinkled on the corpse, this spell brings it back to life. The resurrection takes some time to work – the body does not simply spring back on its feet – and the ex-corpse can be killed again as normal. For some time after this spell has taken effect, the resurrected creature is dull and dozy, but it may answer questions asked of it by the caster.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZED

Casting this spell is beyond the means of most minor conjurors because of the great powers of concentration necessary. In fact, in all known history, this spell has been cast only once. Its caster, a powerful Necromancer from Throben, was never seen again and thus its effects are unknown. The Necromancer's notes were subsequently found, but only indications as to its effects could be assumed. Suffice it to say that this is perhaps *the* most formidable spell in known magic lore – but no living magician knows its true effect.

Cost 7 STAMINA points

KHARÉ, where every doorway and alley may conceal sudden danger – or unexpected help!

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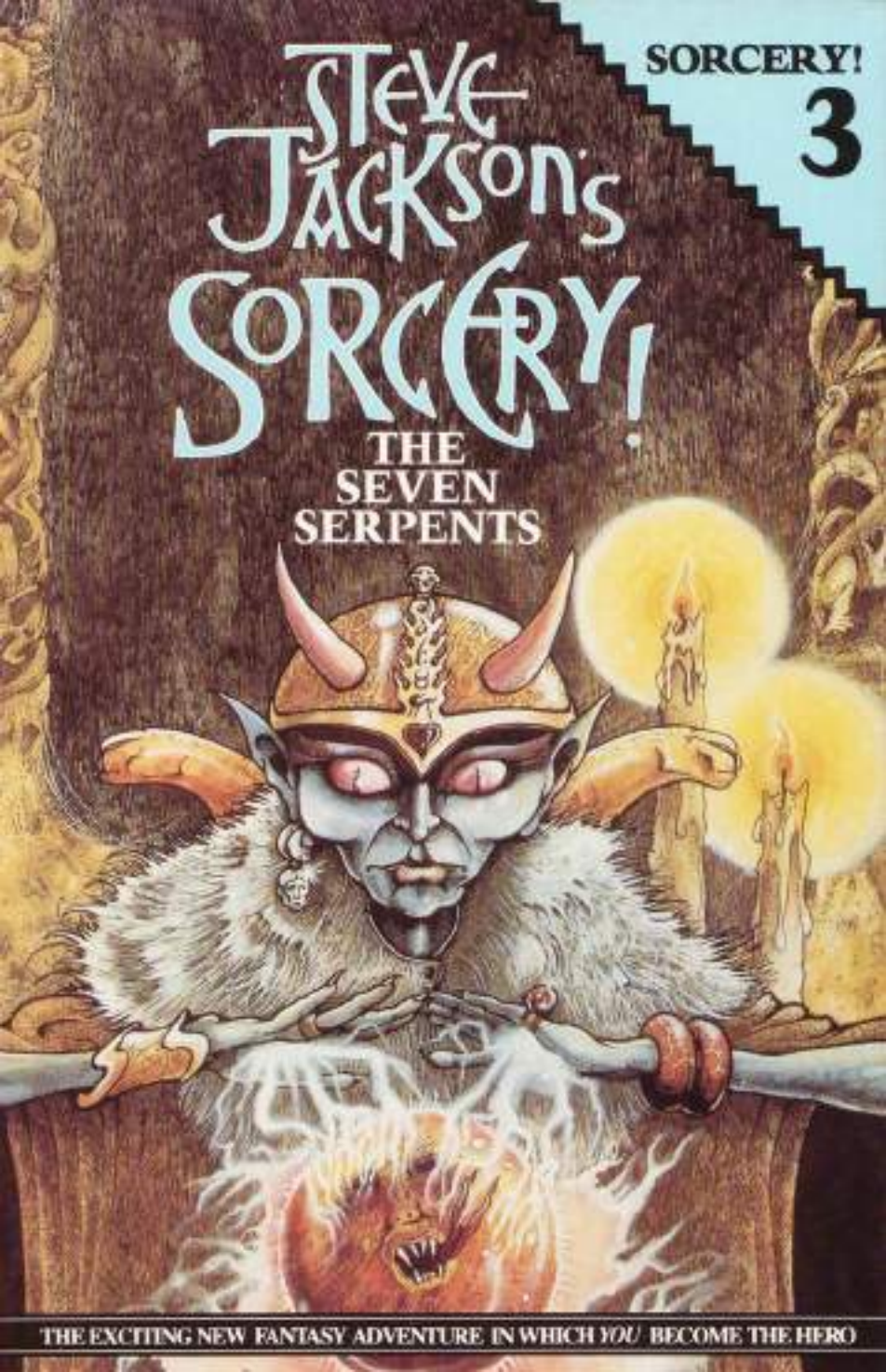

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Mr. Jackson attended Altrincham Grammar School in Cheshire and went on to the University of Keele, where he studied biology and psychology; while at college, he founded the university's games society. After writing on a free-lance basis for the professional games magazine *Games & Puzzles*, he coauthored, with Ian Livingstone, *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, a fantasy book for children, and was the sole author of two other books in the same series, *The Citadel of Chaos* and *Spaceship Traveler*.

In addition to *The Seven Serpents*, the *Sorcery!* series currently comprises *The Shamutanti Hills*, *Khare — Cityport of Traps*, and *The Spell Book*, all of which are available from Penguin Books. Penguin will also publish the next volume in the *Sorcery!* series, *The Crown of Kings*.

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Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Limited, 2801 John Street,
Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road,
Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published in Great Britain by
Penguin Books Ltd 1984
First published in the United States of America by
Viking Penguin Inc. 1984

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Printed in the United States of America by
R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company, Harrisonburg, Virginia
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INTRODUCTION

The Seven Serpents is the third adventure in the *Sorcery!* series, following *The Shamutanti Hills* and *Khare – Cityport of Traps*. But *Sorcery!* has been designed so that each adventure is playable in its own right, whether or not readers have been through the previous ones.

If you are new to *Sorcery!* you may prefer to start your adventure from the very beginning. The first adventure, *The Shamutanti Hills*, takes you from Analand, your homeland, out into the wilderness of Kakhabad, armed with a knowledge of magic to see you through your journey.

The Seven Serpents is, however, a complete adventure in itself. Set in the Baklands, a no man's land between the Cityport and the Fortress at Mampang, you must seek out and destroy the Seven Serpents. For these Serpents are the Archmage of Mampang's own messengers and they carry news of your mission back to him. But above all, you must survive!

New players will find all they need to undertake the journey as warriors. But if you would prefer the magic arts to the power of the sword, you will also need *The Sorcery! Spell Book* (reprinted at the end of this adventure) to learn your magic spells before you embark. Readers who are now on the third stage of their journey will be able to skip over the rules section and plunge straight into the adventure. Their characters, equipment and experience must be carried over from the previous adventure.

THE SIMPLE AND ADVANCED GAMES

Beginners may wish to start with the simple game, ignoring the use of magic. Rules for fighting creatures with swords and other weapons are given in each adventure book, using a combat system similar to that used in Puffin's *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, the original Fighting Fantasy Gamebook. By rolling dice, you battle creatures with weapons only.

More experienced players will wish to progress quickly on to the advanced game, in which your fighting ability is somewhat limited but your most powerful weapon will be your knowledge of magic, a much more powerful tool. In actual fact, the advanced game is fairly simple to learn. There is no reason why beginners should not proceed with the use of magic from the start. But learning spells will take some time and practice with the Spell Book (pages 199–218), and the 'simple' option is given for players who wish to start their adventure with minimum delay.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF KAKHABAD

Before setting off on your journey, you must first build up your own personality profile. On pages 18 and 19 you will find an *Adventure Sheet*. This is a sort of 'current status report' which will help you keep track of your adventure. Your own SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will be recorded here, and also the equipment, artefacts and treasures you will find on your journey. Since the details will change constantly, you are advised to take photocopies of the blank *Adventure Sheet* to use in future adventures, or write in pencil so that the previous adventure can be erased when you start another.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. If you are playing as a *warrior* (the simple game), add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you are playing as a *wizard* (the advanced game), add only 4 to this number and enter the total. Wizards are worse fighters than warriors, but they more than make up for this by the use of magic spells.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been *Lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been *Unlucky* and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being *Lucky* or *Unlucky*. However, in battles you always have the *option* of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *Lucky*, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are *Unlucky*, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *Lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are *Unlucky*, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, you may be given instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

If *The Seven Serpents* is your first adventure, you start with enough Provisions for two meals. If you have played the previous adventures of the series, the amount of Provisions you carry will already have been decided. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions, and you may eat only one meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add points to your STAMINA score as instructed. Remember that you have a long way to go, so manage your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given whenever this occurs. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores can be restored to their *Initial* values by calling on your goddess (see later).

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

WIZARDS: HOW TO USE MAGIC

If you have chosen to become a wizard you will have the option, throughout the adventure, of using magic spells. All the spells known to the sorcerers of Analand are listed in *The Sorcery! Spell Book*, which has been reprinted at the end of this book, and you will need to study this before you set off on your adventure.

All spells are coded with a three-letter code and you must learn and practise your spells until you are able to identify a reasonable number of them from their codes. Casting a spell drains your STAMINA and each has a cost, in STAMINA points, for its use. Recommended basic spells will get you started quickly, but are very uneconomical; an experienced wizard will use these only if faced with choices of unknown spells or if he/she has not found the artefact required for a less costly spell.

Full rules for using spells are given in the Spell Book.

DON'T FORGET! You may not refer to the Spell Book once you have started your adventure.

LIBRA – THE GODDESS OF JUSTICE

During your adventure you will be watched over by your own goddess, Libra. If the going gets tough, you may call on her for aid. *But she will only help you once in each adventure.* Once you have called on her help in the Baklands, she will not listen to you again until you reach the Mampang Fortress.

There are three ways in which she may help you:

Revitalization: You may call on her at any time to restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* values. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

Escape: Occasionally, when you are in danger, the text will offer you the option of calling on Libra to help you.

Removal of Curses and Diseases: She will remove any curses or diseases you may pick up on your adventure. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

EQUIPMENT AND PROVISIONS

You start your adventure with the bare necessities of life. You have a sword as your weapon, and a backpack to hold your equipment, treasures, artefacts and Provisions. You cannot take your Spell Book with you, as the sorcerers of Analand cannot risk its falling into the wrong hands in Kakhabad – so you may not refer to this book at all once you have started your journey.

If you have not played either of the previous adventures, you have a pouch around your waist containing 20 Gold Pieces, the universal currency of all the known lands. If this is the second or third stage of your journey, your quota of Gold Pieces will already have been decided. You will need money for food, shelter, purchases and bribery throughout your adventure, and 20 Gold Pieces will not go far. You will find it necessary to collect more gold as you progress on your way.

You are also carrying Provisions (food and drink). As you will find, food is an important commodity and you will have to be careful how you use it. Make sure you do not waste food: you cannot afford to run out of Provisions.

SORCERY! ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

GOLD AND TREASURE	PROVISIONS

EQUIPMENT AND ARTEFACTS

BONUSES, PENALTIES, CURSES ETC.

CLUES AND NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

THE LEGEND OF THE CROWN OF KINGS

Centuries ago, in the time we now call the Dark Ages, whole regions of the world were undiscovered. There were pockets of civilization, each with their own races and cultures. One such region was Kakhabad, a dark land at the end of the earth.

Although several warlords had tried, Kakhabad had never been ruled. All manner of evil creatures, forced from the more civilized lands beyond the Zanzunu Peaks, had gradually crawled into Kakhabad, which became known as the Verminpit at Earth End.

Civilization and order had spread throughout the rest of the known world ever since the discovery of the Crown of Kings by Chalanna the Reformer, of Femphrey. With its help, Chalanna became Emperor of the largest empire in the eastern world. This magical Crown had mysterious powers, bestowing supernormal qualities of leadership and justice on its owner. But Chalanna's own ambitions were not of conquest. He wished instead to establish peaceful nation-states, aligned to Femphrey. Thus in his wisdom he passed the fabled Crown from ruler to ruler in the neighbouring kingdoms, and, with the help of its magical powers, one by one these lands became peaceful and prosperous.

The path was set. Each ruler would own the Crown of Kings for a four-year period in which to establish order within his kingdom and fall in with the growing Femphrey Alliance. So far the kingdoms of Ruddlestone, Lendleland, Gallantaria and Brice had taken their turns under the rule of the Crown. The benefits were immediate. War and strife were virtually unknown.

The King of Analand duly received the Crown of Kings amid great ceremony, and, from that day onwards, the development of Analand was ensured. No one quite knew how the Crown of Kings could have such an enormous uplifting effect on a whole nation. Some said it was divinely inspired; some that its power was merely in the mind. But

one thing was certain – its effects were unquestionable. All was well in Analand, until the night of the Black Moon.

The King was the first to discover that the Crown was missing. Carried off on that starless night by Birdmen from Xamen, the Crown was on its way to Mampang in the outlaw territories of Kakhabad. News came from the Baklands that the Crown was being carried to the Archmage of Mampang whose ambitions were to make Kakhabad his kingdom.

Although Kakhabad was a dangerous land, it was in itself little threat to the surrounding kingdoms. The lack of rule meant it had no army and its own internal struggles kept it permanently preoccupied. But with the Crown of Kings to establish rule, Kakhabad could potentially be a deadly enemy to all members of the Femphrey Alliance.

Such was the shame that fell on Analand for the loss of the Crown that all benefits from two years under its rule soon disappeared. Law, order and morale were breaking down. The King was losing the confidence of his subjects. Neighbouring territories were looking suspiciously across their borders. There were even whisperings of invasion.

One hope remained. Someone – for a military force would never survive the journey – must travel to Mampang and rescue the Crown of Kings. Only on its safe return would the dreadful curse be lifted from Analand. You have volunteered yourself for this quest and your mission is clear. You must cross Kakhabad to the Mampang Fortress and find the Crown!

THE LAND O
MAURISTATIA
L. LUMLE
KHARC
THE BAKLANDS
BADDU-BAK PLAINS
KLATTA-BAK STEPPES
THE SHAMUTANTI HILLS
VANTI-BAK
CANTOPANI GATE
ANALAND
SHADDERY WOOD
DADDU-LEY
EARTHEN
KAKH

KAKHABAD
THE ZANZUNU PEAKS
TINPANG R.
ILKLALA
VISCHI R.
MAMPANC FORTRESS
HIGH XAMEN
LOW XAMEN
SNATTA
AVANTI WOOD
KHARADAK R.
NKOMATI R.
CASTLINE

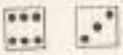

1

The dark storm clouds roll across the sky as you start your journey across the Baklands. This stage of your trip will be the most testing yet.

The Plains of Baddu-Bak are unknown to the map-makers of Analand. Although certainly uncivilized, the Baklands are inhabited by nomadic tribes and solitary creatures. You will find few friends here.

But you must march on regardless. The crunch of your footsteps on the rough trail rudely interrupts the eerie silence hanging in the air. Apart from the great wall of the Cityport behind you, the landscape is featureless, devoid of vegetation, creatures or any structural punctuation to the horizon. An hour later, the barren waste has changed not at all. But in the distance behind you, the faint callings of birds can be heard. The noise gets louder and you stop. They are gaining quickly on you.

A sudden thought makes you freeze. Xamen Birdmen? Surely not this far from their homelands. Crows? No: crows' calls are not as piercing as these shrieks. Then what? You turn to face your pursuers.

From nowhere a black shape drops from the sky! You duck just in time to avoid the sharp, outstretched talons of the attacking bird as it dives at your neck! You steady yourself and clutch your weapon. The bird has soared past you and up into the air to rejoin its group. Four dark NIGHTHAWKS now circle above you, ready to attack.

How will you deal with these creatures? You may draw your weapon (turn to 258) or use your magic (turn to 178).

2

The Horsemen gallop off to the north-east. A short while later, the leader stops and points out a group of carts and covered wagons, arranged in a circle, in the distance. 'We will take you to within walking distance of the caravan,' he says, 'but no further. For they are armed and wary of strangers.' At a trotting pace they take you to within a few hundred yards of the camp. You dismount and they leave. You may now approach the caravan. Turn to 137.

3

'Very well, traveller, do not heed our advice,' warns the voice. 'We will leave you to continue your journey, but we spoke the truth. You will never survive the journey to Low Xamen without this help. But if such is your wish, so be it.' If you wish to reconsider and recite the chant, turn to **297**. If you will stand by your decision you may now leave the area (turn to **133**).

4

After a brief rest, you can continue your journey. You will have to leave the swamplands soon for you are now in the shadow of the Zanzunu Peaks. Turn to **393**.

5

You try to get her talking about the Serpents but you can detect a note of hesitancy in her replies. She seems to be a little nervous about this subject. Nevertheless, she is able to tell you of some of the Serpents' weaknesses. The Fire Serpent is extinguished by sand; the Sun Serpent cannot abide water and the Water Serpent cannot tolerate oil. This is all very interesting, but more than that you cannot discover. Eventually you prepare to leave. Turn to **324**.

6

You spring to the left to avoid another crack. As you do so, the snake digs in its fangs, causing you to wince in pain and land awkwardly on your ankle. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You had better rid yourself of this little pest. Turn to **263**.

7

You watch for a little while as he plays his pipe and the snakes respond to his music. After watching the remarkable show, you decide to question him. Will you ask him whether he has anything he might like to exchange for something in your pack (turn to **121**) or will you ask him whether he knows anything about the Seven Serpents (turn to **161**)?

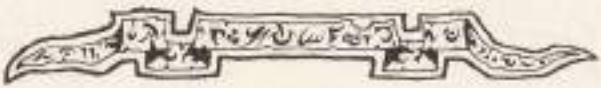

8

Excitedly, you open the Spell Book. But to your horror, you find it is a Spell Book from Analand! Somehow it has fallen into the wrong hands and wound up in Kakhabad, and this could be very dangerous for Analand. Each country's own sorcery is one of its most closely guarded secrets. There is no other alternative. The book must be destroyed at the earliest opportunity. Trying hard to keep your composure so as not to give your discovery away, you close the book. As soon as you are able, you will destroy the book – but you may first look through it to brush up your own knowledge of the spells. (You may if you wish spend five minutes revising the *Sorcery! Spell Book*, printed at the end of this adventure. At no other time are you permitted to look through this book once you have embarked on your quest.) Turn to **86**.

9

The crashings and rumblings subside. You jump to the left and narrowly avoid another falling rock but soon all is still. The danger has been averted. You may now either investigate the trapdoor (turn to **180**) or leave this place (turn to **309**).

10

As the storm passes, you consider your likely routes. Will you continue north-west (turn to **73**) or head north towards the forest (turn to **283**)? You may rest here and eat Provisions if you wish. If you take a meal you may add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten.

11

Which direction will you continue in:

North-west – a long trek?	Turn to **47**
To the north-north-west?	Turn to **15**
North-east?	Turn to **73**

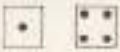

12

You carry on tramping across the plains, watching for signs of life. There are none. But a curious sound in the distance reaches your ears. It gets louder as you continue – a sort of distant screeching. But nowhere is there any likely source of the noise. You look about quizzically and gasp in horror as you see ahead a pair of disembodied eyes glaring at you! Their gaze is hypnotic, but you shake your head to break the spell. The screeching noise is now very close and as you blink your eyes, you can see its source. Ten yards ahead of you there is a disturbance in the air. A shimmering heat-haze is rising from a craggy boulder. As it rises, so does the pitch of the sound. Whatever it is has been distorting your view of the landscape ahead! Some way from the rock, the shimmering merges with the eyes and the shrill sound turns into a high-pitched mocking laugh, as if a coven of witches were jeering at you. You stare in fear.

As you watch, the shimmering rises above the eyes and a fearful shape forms. A dark-cowled creature with a skull-like head beckons you over with a single bony finger. Will you approach it as it wishes (turn to 104), will you run for cover in the rocks (turn to 185) or will you turn back and run from the scene as quickly as you can (turn to 174)?

13

As the sun climbs into the sky, the walk through the woods is a pleasant trip. Strange trees and bushes line the path and every so often you catch glimpses of birds singing in the branches. There may be some useful gatherings along the way. You pass, and may take with you, any of the following (but for each thing that you take, you will have to leave behind one of your current possessions): five small pebbles; a handful of green, leathery leaves with six lobes; some sand; enough nuts and berries for two meals; stone dust; feathers from a yellow bird. When you have decided and made your adjustments, turn to 117.

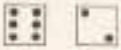

14

You reach for the flask and wait for the Serpent to attack. It circles in the air and dives down at you. You duck quickly and; as it flies overhead, you shake out the contents of the flask at the creature. You watch in amazement as the oil takes effect. Before the creature can even utter a sound, the oil has broken it up into harmless splashes of water, which now rain down on the lake! You have defeated the Water Serpent. Turn to 75.

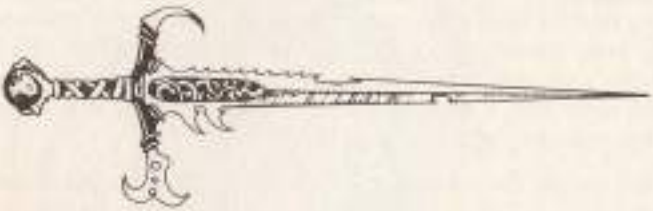

15

For a couple of hours you walk across the bleak steppes. A wind builds up and, to your consternation, it is blowing against you, making the going difficult. A boulder jutting out of the ground will give you some shelter if you wish to stop, rest, eat and wait for the wind to die down. Do you wish to stop here? If so, turn to 97. If you would prefer to continue regardless, turn to 107.

16

You settle down to sleep for the night. Add 3 STAMINA points for the rest and continue the next morning by turning to 230. If you did not eat at all yesterday, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points.

17

Ideal travelling provisions. Vittles are small pastry balls with tough dried meat inside. You have bought enough for four meals. Turn to 86.

18

You feel hot and prickly all over. The old Elf laughs at your discomfort. You are breaking out in red blotches all over your body! 'Don't worry,' he chuckles. 'This sometimes happens if you have not taken Whortle soup before. But the effects are merely temporary.' The other Elves are also laughing at your predicament. 'Cook!' he shouts. 'What say we give our friend a Gold Piece for the aggravation?' The cook agrees and hands you a Gold Piece. Turn to 231.

19

As you near the village, you are noticed and several of the villagers gather together to watch you approach. They are ugly creatures, strong and lanky. They wear animal skins, and two tall males hold hefty wooden clubs. These KLATTAMEN are a primitive race, adapted to living a semi-nomadic life on the steppes. As you enter the village, they look at you with expressions which you cannot read. They could be in awe of you; but there is also a sly gleam in their eyes. They motion for you to follow them to a roasting fire, where an animal is cooking on a spit. Will you accept their hospitality (turn to 204) or will you carry on walking through the village and on towards the forest (turn to 173)?

20

You collect your things and leave the clearing. For several hours you follow the path through the woods. But you are aware that the forest is thinning. You must be nearing the edge, which means that you will soon be able to see the waters of Lake Ilklala. It is early evening when you eventually reach the shores of the great lake. You look out across the vast expanse of still water which stretches to the horizon and your heart sinks. How will you cross the lake? There are no signs of people or boats, as far as you can see. You sit down to consider the problem. You might as well camp here for the night and make your plans in the morning. You may eat Provisions if you wish. If you do, add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. Then you can settle down to sleep. Turn to 264.

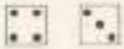

21

As you bend down towards the old ferryman, the swirling Air Serpent becomes agitated and darts about quickly trying to fix itself around your face. Its choking gas will harm you if you breathe it in for any length of time. Poking through the ferryman's clothes, you find a shrivelled snakeskin and, as you pick it up, the Serpent rises into the air as if in terror. An unearthly voice cries out, ordering you to put the skin back. What will you do? Will you replace the skin on condition that the Serpent leaves you alone (turn to 131) or will you rip it apart (turn to 34)?

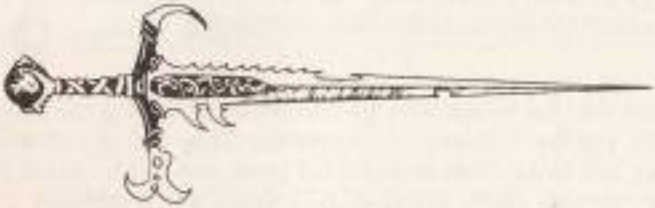

22

A smile spreads across the little creature's lips. 'Why, thank you for your gift,' it says. Its voice has changed to one which does not match its form at all, but is instead the voice of a woman in her middle years. 'Then it is true. You *are* of a lawful disposition. For none of Kakhabad would offer gifts to a complete stranger. But wait. Let me dispel this disguise.' Before your eyes she transforms herself from the small urchin into a tall woman dressed in purple robes. 'Allow me to introduce myself. I am Dintainta of the Steppes, although some call me The Sham. I know of your mission and I can help you. It is a credit to your wit and your courage that you have survived this far. But I warn you, much greater dangers lie ahead. At the Fortress of Mampang, beware the Sleepless Ram, for even your skill will be no match for its powers. You will overcome it by uncorking this vial in its presence.' She hands you a small glass vial. 'Guard this vial with your life and let no one release the gas within. One final word of advice. A short distance ahead you will confront the Earth Serpent. His powers are considerable, but these powers exist only when he is in contact with the earth. My thanks for your gift, and a safe journey.' Dintainta mumbles a few words and transforms herself back into her former self. With a wink at you, she sets off along her trail, while you turn back to yours. Turn to 114.

23

The well is old and dried up. To test it, you lower the bucket and pull it back up again. Hauling it over the side of the well, you peer inside – and spring back just in time to avoid being bitten by a golden snake which has coiled itself up inside! The bucket falls to the ground and the snake slithers out towards you. Will you draw your weapon to fight it (turn to 52) or cast a spell?

ZAP	RAP	FOE	HOT	YAP
355	339	397	407	461

24

From the Beetle's hole in the ground, you may collect some stone dust. Then you must decide which way to continue. A long trek lies ahead of you. Will you head north-west (turn to 137) or north-east (turn to 12)?

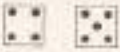

25

You stop in your tracks. In the foliage to the left is a pair of eyes. A furry face is watching you. To the right, another dark furry creature is staring. You look around and freeze! You are surrounded by at least a dozen SNATTACATS! The two in front of you close their eyes . . . and disappear. Will you draw your weapon (turn to 74) or will you cast a spell?

GOB	YAZ	GUM	FOF	FAR
358	398	451	383	423

26

'Of course,' says the old Elf. 'You must be tired after your journey, and night is fast approaching. Let me take you to an empty caravan where you can sleep for the night.' He leads you outside to a dirty trailer and hands you a blanket to wrap yourself in. Turn to 125.

27

You manage to pull out your weapon. The position is awkward, but you can use it to cut your way free:

STRANGLEBUSH	SKILL 5	STAMINA 8

The Stranglebush will not actually injure you (its SKILL merely reflects its defensive capabilities), so if its Attack Strength is higher than yours, you will not deduct STAMINA points. However, if you do not defeat it within five Attack Rounds, turn to 305. If you do defeat the plant, turn to 106.

28

You take the boat carefully up to the disturbance to see what is happening. But you can see nothing. Perhaps this is simply a natural occurrence where an underground spring or air passage breaks through the bed of the lake. You shrug and sit down again, ready to take the oars. Suddenly, the boat lurches violently in the water! The bubbling has moved and is now directly under the boat! You are thrown from your seat and must *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 118. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 281.

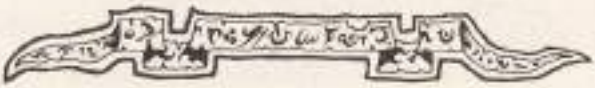

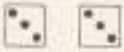

29

You reach down to pull out your weapon. As soon as your hand touches the shaft, a painful jolt passes right up your arm, causing you to pull away quickly. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You try without success to muffle a cry and the creature at the table turns slowly to face you. 'So!' cries out a squeaky voice. 'Fenestra has a visitor, eh? Who dares to venture unannounced into Fenestra's cave?' You introduce yourself, being careful to keep your mission a secret. Will you ask her:

For permission to leave?	Turn to **68**
For information about the forest?	Turn to **317**
What she knows about Lake Ilklala?	Turn to **252**

30

You cover your head and run downhill while the stones shower the ground all around you. Roll one die. This is the number of STAMINA points you lose as they fall on you. You may, if you wish, use your LUCK here. If you wish to *Test your Luck*, a *Lucky* roll will indicate that only the smaller stones fell on you and you may halve the STAMINA damage (round odd numbers up). The falling stones, however, roll under your feet, making it difficult to keep your balance. You slip, and land on the ground with a thump. Turn to **98**.

31

The bottle contains snake-bite antidote. It will immediately cure you of any snake venom you have been poisoned with. Turn to **86**.

32

As you draw out your weapon, the Deathwraith lets out a fearsome shriek and lunges at you. Resolve your battle with the creature:

DEATHWRAITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

You will find that your weapon inflicts normal damage on the creature. When you have reduced its STAMINA to three or less, turn to **205**.

33

The little creature grunts at your offering. 'I have one of these already,' it declares. 'Well, thank you, anyway, for your gift. But now I must be going. Goodbye.' It shuffles past you and continues along the way you have come. What is your reaction? Will you shrug, bid it good-day and set off in the opposite direction (turn to 114), shout after it and offer it something else (turn to 254) or are you angry at its bad manners and would like to teach it a lesson (turn to 327)?

34

Gripping the two ends of the snakeskin, you firmly snap them apart. A loud cry comes from the Serpent, which now hangs in the air separated into two parts. You rip up the halves until they remain as small flakes of skin. Above you, the Serpent has been similarly dispersed. All that remains are puffs of smoke which are soon scattered by the wind. You have found the Air Serpent's weakness! Turn to 213.

35

The last Horseman begs for mercy. You say you will spare its life if it aids you in your quest. 'Noble stranger,' it pants, 'I know you seek out the Seven Serpents. My only offering is in this respect. My knowledge of these creatures is limited, but our race knows one clue to their downfall. One of them – the Moon Serpent – has a weakness. He cannot tolerate the power of the flame.' As you consider this advice, the Horseman seizes its opportunity and gallops off across the plains. You search the other two and find 4 Gold Pieces and a pouch containing fine brown sand. After resting for a few moments, you may continue. Turn to 273.

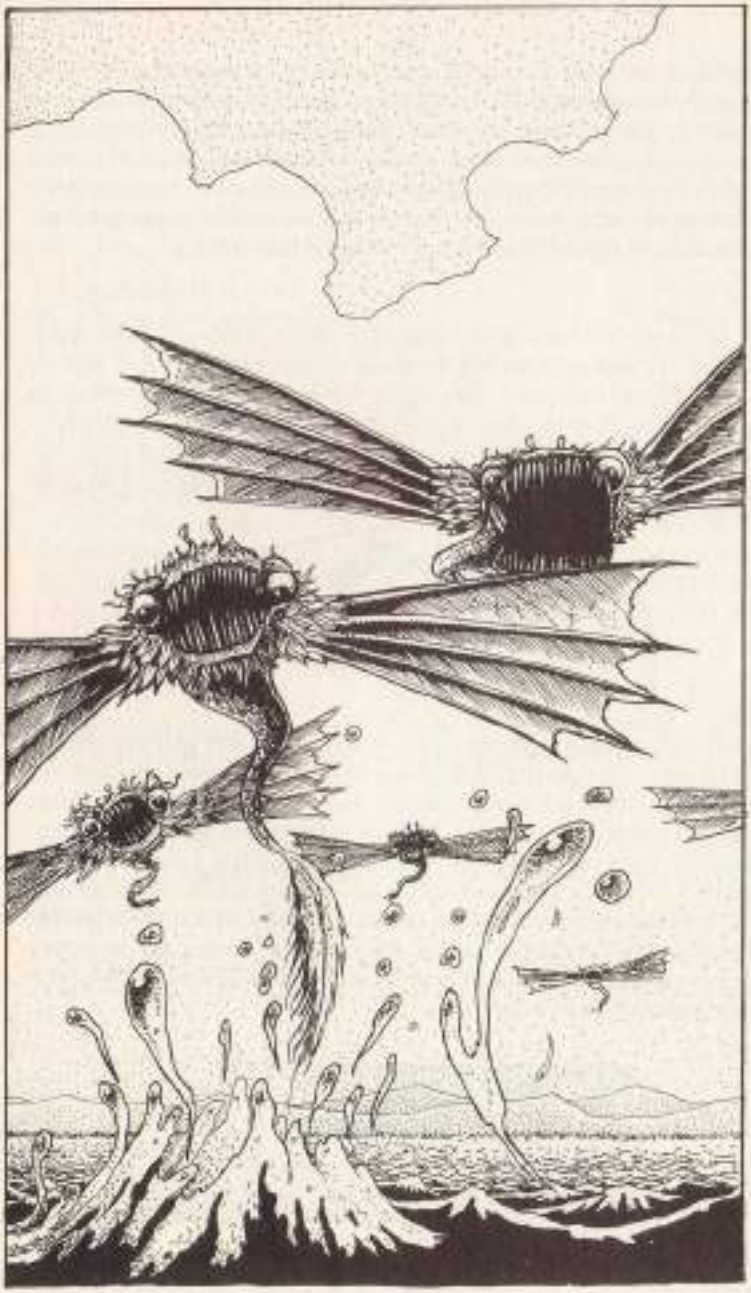

36

You take a wide detour around the bubbling water and then resume your course for the far shore of Lake Ilklala. A short distance ahead, another commotion in the water appears but this one is unavoidable. Leaping up from the water a small school of Flying Fish spring into the air and fly towards you. Although they are small creatures, their sharp teeth will rip your flesh and you must take defensive action. Will you cast a spell?

NIP	FIX	RAZ	WAL	PEP
403	373	360	426	449

Or will you fight them with your weapon (turn to 291)?

37

You explain your purpose and your quest for the Seven Serpents. At the mention of the Archmage's servants, a gasp comes up from the crowd. The old Elf holds up his hand for silence. 'So *you* are the reason why those evil creatures have come to the Baklands, spreading their terror!' He pauses to think for a minute, as if formulating a plan. Eventually he looks back at you, his eyes narrowing to slits. 'Well, perhaps we can help you, stranger. Follow me to this caravan over here. I think we might have something you will be interested in.' Will you follow him as he suggests (turn to 151), would you rather think about leaving this place (turn to 311) or would you like to cast a spell?

HOW	MAG	TEL	GOD	NAP
366	341	472	394	432

38

You are wasting your time trying to communicate with these creatures. Their language is little more than a series of grunts. One of the creatures picks up a stone and flings it at you, hitting your arm and causing 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. You had better either draw your weapon (turn to 188) or cast a spell:

YOB	KID	GAK	KIN	GOD
475	439	456	344	356

39

'So the Analander has the Serpent Ring!' hisses the Serpent as it hangs in the air. 'Then I must tell you this. The Archmage is not as he seems. He may be disguised in Mampang. But then you will never survive to reach the Fortress!' Return to 53.

40

You break through the chains and he climbs up the stairs slowly to accustom his eyes to the light. 'It's *wonderful*! And I thought I would never again see the daylight. Oh, how can I repay you? The Klattamen took all my treasures. But you may have whatever's left.' You consider and decide that the most useful thing he is likely to be able to offer is his knowledge of the Baklands. 'The Seven Serpents,' he starts as you tell him of your mission. 'So they're about once more. Well, they are no friends of mine. I'll tell you what I know, but that is not much. You know already that they are the Archmage's servants. They are all vulnerable. But I know only two weaknesses. The Moon Serpent cannot abide fire, that is for certain. And the Earth Serpent is powerless when not in contact with the ground. But that is all I know, my friend. That is all.'

Eventually, after a short chat, you leave the old man and continue. But unknown to you, the cold and damp in his cell have taken their toll. He has the Yellow Plague and during your stay with him you have contracted the disease. Until you can find some way of curing yourself, you will lose 3 STAMINA points per day (deduct these at the end of each day). After the second day, you will realize you are ill, but before this time you may not take any measures to cure yourself as you will not have realized that you are diseased. Now leave the temple by turning to 309.

41

You run quickly off down the path ahead. Invisible footsteps follow you, but eventually your pursuers give up their chase. You stop at a small clearing ahead to catch your breath. Turn to 20.

42

Gripping your weapon between your teeth, you climb the tree. The red snake watches carefully. Suddenly, when you are not far from it, it drops out of the tree and lands on the ground below. You watch it drop and curse the beast. But your foolish move has left you at the mercy of the Fire Serpent. Once more the tree bursts into flames, but this time you are at the centre of the fire. Your clothes catch fire and you drop to the ground, screaming loudly. Lose 2 SKILL and 6 STAMINA points for your burns and the fall. At the foot of the tree you may now face the Serpent and attack:

FIRE SERPENT	SKILL 13	STAMINA 12

If you defeat the Serpent, turn to **306**.

43

Back on the surface, the danger is by no means subsiding. Cracks are appearing in the ground, radiating out from the pit. One breaks open between your legs and you jump aside just in time to avoid being swallowed. A large boulder on the top of the hill is teetering on the point of rolling down towards you. And as if that wasn't enough, a small green snake is wrapping itself around your ankle and preparing to bite you. What will you do first? Try to find an area safe from the cracking ground (turn to **6**), try to push the boulder off in a different direction (turn to **115**) or get rid of the snake (turn to **263**)?

44

A sudden gust grabs your pack, yanks it from your hands and sends it tumbling across the ground. It swirls about in the wind and comes open! You watch in dismay as the contents empty themselves from the pack. Covering your eyes, you dive out after the backpack and try to collect all your artefacts. But this is not easy. Even as you try to grab them, the wind is blowing them around and out of your reach. But you will recover anything in the pack which is not breakable (so you will lose vials of liquid, mirrors, etc.), except anything paper (for instance, maps or parchment scrolls), which will be blown away. Sort out your Equipment List and return to your crevice to wait for the dust storm to die down. Then turn to **10**.

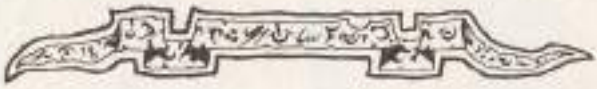

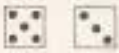

45

The Serpent's hiss is a mocking laugh. 'Puny human!' it hisses. 'Do you think you can stick me with that small pin?' It darts down at you and the battle commences:

MOON SERPENT	SKILL 13	STAMINA 10

If you kill the Serpent, turn to **62**.

46

The old Elf nods. He will take you to an empty caravan where you may sleep for the night, but the price will be 3 Gold Pieces. If you are prepared to pay this price, do so and follow him to the trailer (turn to **125**). If you do not wish to stay, you will have to leave the camp (turn to **294**).

47

It is mid-afternoon. Your long trek across Baddu-Bak is uneventful. You reach a spot where you may rest awhile and eat Provisions if you wish. If you would like to stop to eat, turn to **152**. If you would prefer to continue, turn to **95**.

48

For several hours you continue your trek across the barren Baklands. On the horizon, a solitary leafless tree appears and you head towards it. You may rest and take Provisions here and add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day.

A noise in the branches disturbs you. You look up and hear a voice calling your name! High up in the branches, the bare twigs have formed themselves into a human face – an old man's face. And it's mouthing a message. The message drifts towards you: 'You seek the whereabouts of Shadrack of Baddu-Bak, that I know. To find him you must detour eastwards from your trail towards the Fishtail Rock. He is expecting you.' A breeze catches and disturbs the branches. When they settle, the face has disappeared!

Will you head east as the face advised (turn to **150**) or continue on the northward trail (turn to **94**)?

49

You may either draw your weapon and threaten the ferryman into taking you across for free, or try to outwit him with a magic spell:

FOG	GOD	LAW	DOC	FIX
404	480	332	441	379

If you choose to draw your weapon, the ferryman will fight with you:

FERRYMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

Once he has been reduced to a STAMINA of 4 or less, he will surrender and agree to take you across (turn to 110).

50

How will the little creature react to your gift? Roll one die to decide.

If your gift is a spell artefact:

Die roll	
1	Turn to 33
2–4	Turn to 22
5–6	Turn to 290

If your gift is something else:

Die roll	
1–3	Turn to 33
4–5	Turn to 22
6	Turn to 290

51

The label on the vial certifies that the contents are waters from the holy springs in Daddu-Ley. Although you have no way of knowing this at the time, the water has not been blessed. It is ordinary river water and has no special powers at all. Turn to 86.

52

The battle commences:

GOLDEN SNAKE SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

The snake has a poisonous bite. If it inflicts any wounds on you before you kill it, roll one die to find out how many STAMINA points of damage the wound will cause. If you kill the snake, you may leave the area. Turn to **309**.

53

You prepare to cast your spell, keeping a careful eye on the Serpent. It darts this way and that, faster and faster until it is moving at an incredible pace. Watching the Serpent makes it difficult to concentrate on your spell and eventually you give up. You decide instead to use your weapon (turn to **103**), unless there is some alternative.

54

The battle commences:

EARTH SERPENT SKILL 12 STAMINA 14

If you defeat the Serpent, turn to **220**.

55

You find a sheltered spot and settle down. If you wish to eat Provisions you may do so and you can add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). As you stretch out to sleep, you are aware of strange noises coming from the forest ahead. Strange animal calls haunt the air. What dangers lie in store for you? No doubt you will find out tomorrow. You drift off to sleep. Turn to **235**.

56

You quickly pray, and hope that Libra will hear you before it is too late. The pressure is becoming unbearable! But then the squeezing eases off. Libra has heard you! The leaves of the Stranglebush turn from their deep green colour to a dirty brown, and wilt on their branches. Your prayer has been answered – but you have used your one and only opportunity to gain help from Libra during this stage of your journey. Turn to **106**.

57

You call out loudly and wait. After ten minutes you try again. But there is no response. The area seems to be deserted. Will you try walking along the shoreline to see if you can find any signs of life (turn to **241**) or will you wait to see whether anyone finds *you* (turn to **233**)?

58

Quickly, you run after the Serpent, trying your best to keep it in sight. Like a burning branch suspended in the sky, it lights the way for you, but its speed is greater than yours. A wind has picked up and, to your relief, this is blowing more against the Serpent than you, allowing you to make up some ground. The wind whistles and swirls and you shield your face from the gusts. A gritty taste in your mouth raises the alarm. You are running into a sandstorm! You stop and watch the Serpent, holding your hands up to guard your eyes. It appears to be fighting a losing battle with the storm. Moments later a great swirling sandy gust blows up and the Serpent is unable to avoid it. Its flame flickers and is extinguished by the sand. As this happens, it starts to fall, plummeting down from the sky with your rucksack. Fighting against the wind, you fight on into the storm to catch your pack before its contents are smashed. It is tossed about in the storm, but you position yourself underneath, ready to catch it. Then, without warning, the Serpent comes crashing down on top of you, knocking you to the ground. Turn to 287.

59

You read out the chant and the Serpent slows down. A pained expression comes over its face and it flaps its wings slowly. Its movements become sluggish and it hangs unnaturally in the air as if it should, by all rights, fall to the ground. But still it hangs there, slowly floating downwards. When it is within reach, you are able to attack it with your weapon:

SERPENT OF TIME	SKILL 3	STAMINA 14

If you defeat the creature, turn to 4.

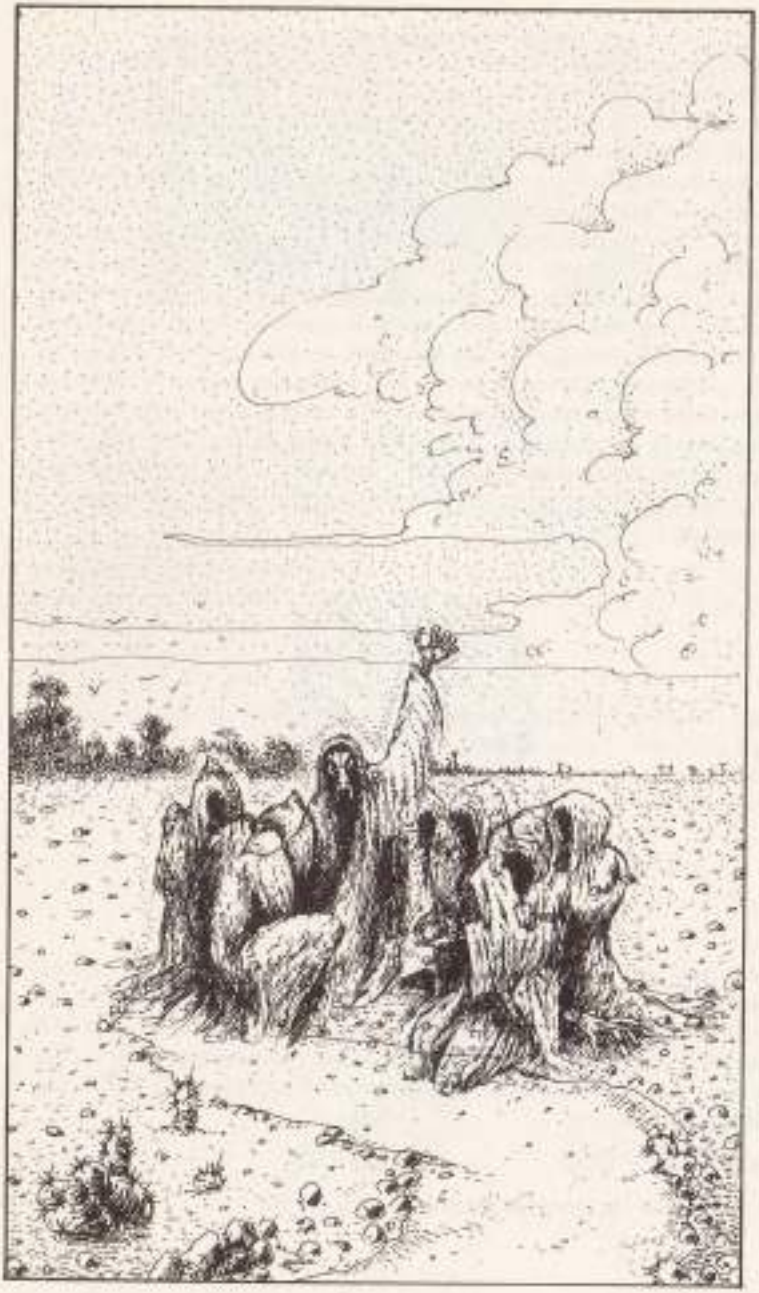

60

For several hours you march onwards until, in the distance, the line which forms the boundary of the Forest of the Snatta comes clearly into view. Overhead, the clouds rumble as they roll across the dark sky. You pause to consider how much further you must walk. The sudden sound of voices to your right startles you and you spin round. You rub your eyes and look again. Not twenty yards from where you stand, seven hooded shapes are squatting on the ground, playing some sort of game! Their bodies shimmer and you stare hard. You could swear that you can see *through* these bodies! And how could they appear from nowhere? For they were certainly not there seconds ago. One of them raises its head and turns towards you. Your eyes widen as the bony face of a long-dead skull opens its mouth. Its hollow voice whistles in the wind, calling your name: 'We have awaited your arrival. You have made good time, mortal. We are the Seven Spirits. We have been dispatched to warn you of the dangers ahead. Join us.'

Will you join them as you are invited (turn to 116), or will you turn from them and set off towards the forest (turn to 82)?

61

You back off and sweep round the caravan. You can see the camp guards following you round, but you are out of range of their arrows. When you reach the far side of the camp, you may continue. Turn to 269.

62

The darkness disappears as the Serpent dies. You watch it lying on the ground and, before your eyes, it shrivels, coiling into a ball. Moments later, all that remains is a small Crystal Orb, which you may take with you. Turn to 285.

63

You climb up on to the plinth and wander round the structure cautiously. It appears to be deserted. You call out, but there is no reply. Along one wall are some hieroglyphics which you may be able to decipher. In one corner you discover a trapdoor in the floor. Would you like to try to read the hieroglyphics (turn to 272), open the trapdoor (turn to 180) or keep looking (turn to 101)?

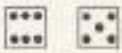

64

The Horsemen take turns carrying you across the plains until you reach a ridge. Their leader tells you to dismount. 'Just over that ridge lives Manata, in a hole in the ground. We have no wish to meet his pets and will take you no further.' You climb down and thank them for the ride. As they disappear behind you, you climb up the ridge. Turn to 176.

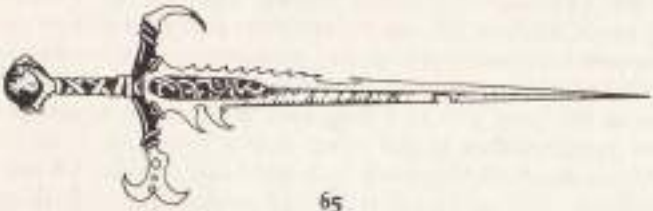

65

Behind you, the storm breaks. Again, the wind swells up, raising stones and earth with it. But you are on the fringe of the storm and will not feel its full wrath. Luckily, you have avoided it. Turn to 73.

66

You grab at the Serpent, trying to hoist it into the air. You will lift the Serpent if you *Test your Luck* successfully and then roll a number less than your SKILL score with two dice. But each time you try this and fail to lift the Serpent, it will strike at you, causing 3 STAMINA points of damage (as you are undefended). If you lift the creature, turn to 127. If you decide to stop trying, return to 263 and choose another attack.

67

Your choice will give you no advantage in fighting the Serpent. Draw your weapon and fight:

WATER SERPENT	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to 75.

68

'Yes, yes, you must go. And quickly. For anyone who would threaten Fenestra is not welcome here. Begone!' You thank her and make your way back up to the door. Outside, you follow the path once more. Turn to 92.

69

The old Elf stands up and nods. He will take you to an empty caravan where you may sleep for the night, but the price will be 3 Gold Pieces. If you will pay this price, do so and follow him to the trailer (turn to 125). If you cannot afford it, or you prefer not to pay, you will have to sit down again, pretend you are not too tired yet and either join in conversation with them (turn to 275) or ask to see their wares (turn to 325).

70

As you leap forward, the Horsemen release their bolts and three arrows fly towards you. Roll one die for each arrow. A roll of 1 or 2 indicates you are hit by that arrow for 2 STAMINA points of damage. Then you may resolve your battle. But if at least two of the arrows hit you, you must deduct 2 SKILL points during this battle:

First HORSEMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7
Second HORSEMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Third HORSEMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

Fight the Horsemen one at a time, in any order you wish. Once you have killed two of them (if you survive this long) and you have wounded the third at least twice, you may, if you wish, allow him to surrender (turn to 35). If you choose to kill all three, turn to 154.

71

As your blow lands, the creature yelps and leaps backwards. It licks its wound and turns to face you. Its eyes narrow and its mouth drops open, a low growl coming from its throat. Suddenly, it pounces! You realize its special power when in mid-flight it turns into a flaming ball and lands on you! Conduct the second Attack Round. If your Attack Strength is higher than its, then you successfully avoid the Fox and wound it. If its Attack Strength is higher, it will wound and scorch you for 5 STAMINA points of damage. After this second Attack Round, it will return to its normal self. The energy required to turn on its flame power will cost it 1 STAMINA and 1 SKILL point. Continue the battle to the death (remember it had an original SKILL of 7 and STAMINA of 6), but each time you wound it, it will turn on its flame power during the next Attack Round (repeat the procedure as above). If you kill it, turn to 95.

72

He pleads with you: 'Have mercy, stranger! I will not harm you. Perhaps I can help you if you spare my life. What are you? A bandit? Here, have my gold! Or a warrior? Here, take this Chakram – its blade is deadly and its aim is true. Perhaps a wizard? I'll give you this magical powder for your spells. But leave me in peace!' You bend down to pick up his offerings. A money pouch contains 9 Gold Pieces. The Chakram is a sharp throwing disc. Before a fight starts, you may throw this at an enemy. When you do so, roll two dice. If you roll a number less than your SKILL, you will hit it for 2 STAMINA points of damage. His magical powder is yellow in colour and is contained in a small glass vial. You lower your weapon and speak to the man. You ask whether the Seven Serpents have been sighted in this area. 'Oh my, yes, yes. They flew over yesterday. In fact, one of them . . . er, one of them . . .' His voice trails off and his eyes widen. 'Oh *no, no! Aaaiiieeeee!*' You watch in amazement as he keels over backwards. Something has frightened him to death. Turn to 143.

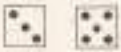

73

On and on you go, pausing briefly every now and again to scout out the land ahead. At one point you stop. Something is on the horizon! You squint ahead to try to make out the shape. It is definitely moving! You keep going and the shape becomes a little clearer. It is a small, two-legged creature about half your size and it has turned to come towards you. But it is moving at a remarkable rate! Do you want to continue to see what, or who, this is (turn to 162)? Otherwise you can head off in a different direction to avoid it (turn to 239).

74

Roll one die. This is the number of Snattacats that will spring to attack you. Each is identical, and they will attack you one at a time:

SNATTACAT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

These creatures can make themselves invisible at will. They will always be invisible when they start to attack and during the fight you must deduct 2 from your Attack Strength roll since you are fighting an invisible opponent. However, once you have inflicted a wound on a Snattacat, it will be dazed and the break in concentration will cause it to become visible again for one Attack Round (if it is not wounded again, it will make itself invisible). Your Attack Strength will be normal while you can see it. If you defeat all the Snattacats, turn to 160.

75

You catch your breath for a few moments, then set off towards the north shore of the lake. Half an hour later, you are pulling the boat up on to the marshy shore. You have crossed the lake. Turn to 147.

76

'I can tell you only that the Serpent of Time is the swiftest flier of the seven. And this Serpent can only be defeated by reciting a chant before it. But I have given this chant to the Marsh Goblins as they wish to kill the creature themselves. If you can find them, you may be able to persuade them to part with it. I hope this will be of help to you.' You thank her and prepare to leave. Turn to 324. If you wish instead to ask for her advice on crossing Lake Ilklala, turn to 132.

77

You struggle in vain to reach your weapon, as the Stranglebush tightens its grip. Gradually, the pressure increases. Turn to 305.

78

You eat your meal and rest for a few moments. Add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. A short while later you pack up to leave. Turn to 300.

79

'Ah, a *trader*, like ourselves, eh? Well, we like a good barter, don't we? Let's see what our friend has to offer.' The old Elf sits down and invites you to show them your wares. You may choose any artefact you wish to bargain for the food (except your weapon) and then you must test your bartering skills. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is lower than your SKILL, you manage to persuade them to accept it and you will be given a meal in exchange (turn to 163). If the number is equal to or greater than your SKILL, then they will not accept it and you may repeat the procedure with another artefact. If you cannot, or will not, strike a bargain, turn to 288.

80

Deduct one item from your Provisions. The Fox settles into your food, eating hungrily. With one eye, it watches you leave the rock and creep slowly off to continue your journey. Turn to 95.

81

You find the snake-bite antidote and hold it ready in one hand as the Serpent poises to strike. Turn to 67.

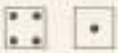

82

You turn away from them. 'Halt!' booms the ghostly voice. 'You shall not take another step northwards!' Will you stop as they command and wait to see what they have to say (turn to 116) or will you ignore them and continue walking (turn to 140)?

83

You march on. The featureless landscape offers little to attract your interest, but in the far distance you can make out the edge of the great forest you are heading towards. With luck you will reach it by nightfall. A chill wind sweeps across your path and makes you shiver momentarily. A short while later, another gust hits you with a force that almost knocks you over. Overhead, dark clouds are gathering and a rumbling noise rolls across the sky. But to the east and west you can see clear sky. *You* seem to be at the centre of the impending storm! Will you stop where you are and do what you can to make some shelter (turn to 308), carry on regardless (turn to 247) or head off in a north-westerly direction towards the clear sky (turn to 128)?

84

Seeing you go for your weapon, the Deathwraith lets out a fearsome shriek and lunges at you. Resolve your battle with this creature:

DEATHWRAITH	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

When you have reduced its STAMINA to 3 or less, turn to 205.

85

You head on across the plain, keeping your eyes and ears open for warnings of danger. Suddenly the ground beneath you rumbles! You lose your footing and fall over on to your back. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Unlucky*, you have broken one item of your equipment (the most delicate one); if you are *Lucky*, nothing breaks. As you pick yourself up, you see the ground in front of you breaking up and two long claws emerge. The hole becomes larger and out of it crawls a giant BADDU-BEETLE. It turns towards you and advances. How will you fight it? With magic (turn to 191) or with your weapon (turn to 286)?

86

If you have bought any more artefacts from Oolooh, discover what they are by turning to the reference with the same number as the item. When you have done this, you may leave the caravan. You are greeted outside by the old Elf. Will you ask him for shelter for the night (turn to 46) or do you now wish to leave the camp (turn to 294)?

87

You show him the contents of your backpack. Do you have any Borrinskin boots with you? If so, turn to 184. If not, turn to 142.

88

The Orb is of clear crystal. You peer into it but can see nothing. It is heavy and, if an emergency arises, it would make a handy and quite dangerous missile. If you throw the Orb at a creature, you must roll lower than your SKILL with two dice to hit your target. If you succeed in hitting the creature, it will inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage. But if you hurl the Orb, you must also roll one die to check whether it breaks or not. If the roll is odd, it will shatter on impact. Turn to 86.

89

'So the Analander has the Serpent Ring!' hisses the Serpent as it hangs in the air. 'Then I must tell you that the Archmage is not as he seems, for this will warn you of his presence in Mampang. But you will never survive to reach the Fortress!' Return to 103.

90

You jump to the other side of the fallen tree and watch the space where you assume your attacker to be. A shape materializes in front of you. A furry beast, about the size of a large dog, appears. Its black fur is slashed with yellow flashes and its snub snout gives it an ugly appearance. But its large mouth reveals the danger – razor-sharp pointed teeth! The creature looks a little dazed from your blow but it looks around at you. Seeing that *you* can see *it*, it rises to its feet and closes its eyes, as if in concentration. The shape fades; it is once more invisible. You are on your guard, but a rustling in the undergrowth behind it suggests that it is leaving you. Laying down your weapon you look at your arm. It is painful, but not too seriously injured. You nurse it for a few moments, then pick up your weapon and pack to continue. Turn to 25.

91

You step forward out of cover and face the Goblins. Your sudden appearance takes them by surprise. What will your next step be? Will you draw your weapon (turn to 194), try to talk with them (turn to 138) or cast a spell?

GOB	NIP	POT	RAP	NIP
459	332	484	396	347

92

A little further along, the path divides into three. Will you take the left-hand path (turn to 244), the right-hand path (turn to 274) or the centre path (turn to 146)?

93

The brass pendulum is exactly that: a small brass bob attached to a cord. Now turn to 86.

94

You have been travelling for nearly a day. Will you settle down and sleep for the night or do you wish to keep awake, in case danger approaches while you can find no shelter? If you choose to sleep, turn to 16. If not, turn to 122.

95

You continue on into the early evening until it is difficult to see. Will you settle down to sleep for the night (turn to 224) or walk on without rest (turn to 302)?

96

You must cast your spell quickly, as the Serpent is attacking:

MAG	FIG	KID	HOT	FOG
413	405	392	377	364

If you know none of these, you must either draw your weapon (turn to 45) or, if you have the means to make fire, turn to 155. But your attempts at sorcery allow the Serpent to strike first – lose 2 STAMINA points unless you know one of the spells above.

97

Sheltering behind the rock, you may take the opportunity to eat Provisions. If you do so, add 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today, or 1 STAMINA point if you have. After a little while, the wind begins to die down. As you are preparing to leave, a strange whistling noise catches your attention. It is coming from the other side of the rock and you peer round cautiously to see what is happening. A strange sight greets your eyes. Whether a living creature or a freak of nature, you cannot be certain, but a swirling twist of air stands in a cove formed by the rock. It is like a miniature whirlwind, some three feet tall and two feet across. Perhaps it is trapped in the cove and is unable to spin its way out, or perhaps this object is alive and is sheltering or hiding in the rock. Do you wish to try to talk to it (turn to 267), ignore it and leave (turn to 322) or cast a spell?

RAP	HUF	MUD	HOW	YAP
421	359	389	446	490

98

In fact, the thump that you were expecting does not quite happen. Instead, your heart flutters as the short fall you anticipated lasts longer than it should. The ground below you has opened up and you have fallen into a pit resembling – perhaps appropriately – a freshly dug grave! But your landing is soft and you lift yourself back on your feet. The pit is around nine feet deep and you may just about be able to jump up and grab the edge to pull yourself up. As you are considering what to do, a creaking sound below puts you on your guard. The earth shakes in the centre of the pit and a rocky protrusion breaks through the surface. You stare at the smooth-faced rock and step backwards as a hissing sound comes from it. Its surface changes from grey to red and steam rises from it. This rock is boiling hot! In a panic you jump up to grab the rim of the pit and haul yourself out. Your fingers catch the edge but, as you pull yourself up, something bites your hand! This is not a serious wound, but it causes 1 STAMINA point of damage and makes you lose your grip. What will your next move be? Will you try again to lift yourself out of the pit (turn to 211), wait to see what happens in the pit (turn to 276) or cast a spell?

BAG	MUD	FOF	DOC	FIX
418	371	486	348	406

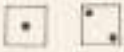

99

The four invisible cats approach. Although you cannot see them, you can hear their footsteps. The Snattacats will attack you one at a time. While they are invisible and hence difficult targets, you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength roll. However, as soon as you wound a Snattacat, this will cause it to break concentration and it will become visible for the next Attack Round. Resolve your battle. Each of the Snattacats is identical:

SNATTACAT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you defeat them, turn to 187.

100

You grab the pack and hold on. The Serpent flaps with its powerful wings and manages to lift both you and your pack into the air! It heads to the north and flies slowly off into the night. Meanwhile, you struggle to get a decent grip. It must be planning to take you towards Lake Ilklala! A blast of wind blows across the Serpent's path. This gust is so powerful that it all but douses the creature's flames and you are able to make out the Serpent's natural red body in the midst of the fire. But the blast was not a freak occurrence. You are now being taken by a tremendous wind, blowing you this way and that. A gritty taste in your mouth confirms your suspicions. You have flown straight into a sandstorm! You keep your eyes tightly shut, but you are aware that the Serpent is waging a tough struggle against the storm. You drop suddenly for an instant in the air until the creature resumes its grip. Again you drop, but this time for longer, and the fright forces you to open your eyes. Above you, the sand is damping the Serpent's fire and it is flapping frantically to keep aloft! You fall faster and faster! The Serpent's flame goes out and it follows you down, down, down through the air. With a great thump, you land on the ground. Turn to 287.

101

There seems to be little else of interest in the building. Will you try to read the hieroglyphics (turn to 272), investigate the trapdoor (turn to 180), go outside and have a look at the well (turn to 23) or leave the area (turn to 309)?

102

You wait for hours, peering across the dark Baklands. The strain of your ordeal is tremendous and your strength begins to fade. Soon you are unable even to think clearly and consciousness fades. The carrion crows above you, circling and cawing, will soon alight on the cross to ensure that you never awake. Your mission has ended.

103

As you pull out your weapon, the Serpent strikes! But something strange has happened. You saw it start to move; and you can see it now hovering, with blood dripping from its fangs – but you saw nothing in between! Slowly, pain arises in your arm. The pain steadily increases until it is unbearable and you cannot stop yourself calling out. Your mouth opens to call and your head turns to see your wound. To your horror you realize that you are moving and reacting at a fraction of your normal speed! A deep wound on your arm is bleeding, but the blood is seeping from it unnaturally slowly and each drop falls to the ground like a feather. When your shout of pain eventually comes from your lips it is a low growl. What is happening? Your head turns to look up at the Serpent. The creature is darting about in the sky watching you and waiting for its moment to pounce again. Suddenly its tongue is again licking bloody fangs. It has struck again! But this time, its bite was not to your arm. Instead the pain slowly comes from your neck. As the pain dawns on you, so consciousness fades. This is a wound from which you will not recover. The Serpent of Time has claimed another victim.

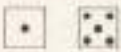

104

The sight in front of you appears to be a Deathwraith and you step forward cautiously. Deathwraiths are powerful, undead creatures. It is still beckoning you with its finger, but as you approach, it spreads its arms wide to clasp you. You must act quickly. What will you do:

Draw out a silver weapon?	Turn to 84
Draw out a normal weapon?	Turn to 32
Prepare to cast a spell?	Turn to 310

105

You wait for a while, but nothing comes. You decide instead to head on cautiously in the direction from which the Goblins came. Turn to 295.

106

You step out of the Stranglebush and brush yourself down. The path leads onwards, running slightly downhill. You pass through a small clearing where you stop and look. Through the trees you can see the next stage of your journey – Lake Ilklala. You must cross the lake to reach the foothills of Xamen, from where the uphill journey will take you to the Fortress at Mampang. But you are wasting time. You set off once more through the woods until you reach a fork. Will you take the left-hand path (turn to 119) or the right-hand path (turn to 274)?

107

Walking into the wind is extremely tiring. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Which way are you heading? To the north-west (turn to 149) or the north-east (turn to 73)?

108

He seems to take your refusal as some sort of insult and raises his pipe to his mouth. You may cast a spell:

PEP	JIG	FAR	SUS	RID
427	353	450	408	388

Or you may wait to see what happens (turn to **248**).

109

You have rightly deduced that this creature is one of the Serpents. Calling to it in the branches, you hold up the ring. The Serpent coils and hisses at you. 'So!' it says. 'You have found the Serpent Ring. I am bound by that ring to reveal to you a secret which will be useful to you. But after that I will kill you! Very well, Analander, I can tell you this: eat not from the larder of Throg if your journey should cause you to meet her. But you will never reach Throg's larder. I will see to that!' Now return to **123** to make your choice.

110

He disappears into the undergrowth and reappears a few moments later dragging a heavy boat. 'Give me a hand, idiot!' he barks, and together you pull the boat into the water and climb in. He throws you the oars and snaps, 'Take the oars, fool, and start rowing.' Somehow his manner has changed and his tone is more aggressive. Will you do as he says (turn to **293**) or are you not going to take orders from someone whose job it is to row *you* across (turn to **223**)?

111

'Ho there, stranger,' says their leader. 'We are Baklands Horsemen. What is your purpose in Baddu-Bak?' You tell them you are heading for the Forest of the Snatta and will cause them no harm. One of them whispers something about seeing whether you carry any valuables. Will you hold your ground and wait for their next move (turn to **257**) or draw your weapon (turn to **313**)?

112

The mumblings continue. The old Elf steps forward. 'All right then, stranger,' he says. 'Perhaps our wares may tempt you, for we are a trading caravan. Let us show you what we have to offer. Follow me.' You follow him out of the kitchen tent. Turn to 315.

113

You may either run off in a north-westerly direction (turn to 174) or take a wide detour round the creature and continue northwards (turn to 170).

114

Which way will you now head? To the north-west (turn to 149), or northwards (turn to 283)? You may rest and eat Provisions, if you wish, and if you do so you will gain 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten.

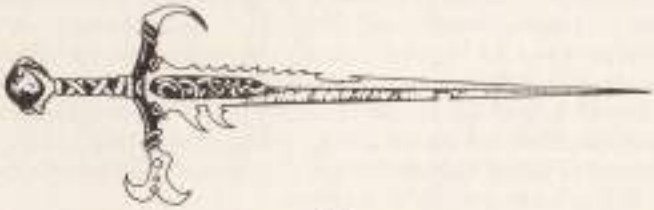

115

You climb up the incline towards the boulder, which is now dangerously close to losing its balance. The little snake on your leg strikes, digging in its fangs and making you wince in pain. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You pause to rub your wound and, as you do so, the ground cracks beneath you. You fall down into a crevice which closes slightly and traps your leg! Frantically you pull, but your leg is held fast, and your heart sinks as you feel your foot heating up. One of the glowstones has appeared beneath it! You must think quickly and either cast a spell:

ZAP	FAB	YOB	FOF	SUN
462	438	362	390	375

or call on help from Libra (turn to 158). If you can do neither of these, the only course of action left will not be pleasant. You may only free yourself by cutting off your leg! If you are forced to choose this option, turn to 186.

116

Who *are* these creatures? And who has sent them? Do they offer advice, or are they dangerous? The spirits rise as you approach. They glide silently through the air, passing right through one another as they mingle. You now stand in the centre of their ring and watch as they link hands to surround you. Again the ghostly voice speaks to you: 'Your caution is understandable. But fear us not. These are not our natural bodies but merely the shells through which we communicate with mortals. We wish to help. In these bodies we cannot touch you. But we can give you knowledge. There are dangers ahead the likes of which you cannot imagine. But we know a magical chant which will protect you from harm.' Do you wish to hear this chant? If so, turn to **166**. Otherwise you may ask them to reveal their true selves to you (turn to 323) or you may make plans for leaving (turn to 207).

117

Further along the path, you stop as a red-coloured snake slides across the path. It sees you and stops. The two of you stare at each other for a few seconds and the snake resumes its journey. Do you wish to leave the path and follow the snake (turn to **226**), or will you press on with your own journey (turn to **306**)?

118

Desperately you grab at the side of the boat and in the nick of time you find something to hold on to. The boat tosses about for a short while, then steadies itself. The waters go calm. An unnatural stillness hangs in the air. You have the feeling that something even more dangerous is about to happen. Turn to **303**.

119

The path winds tortuously through the forest. At one stage it skirts a hillock and a sound makes you stop. Some inner sense advises caution as you proceed and creep forward slowly around the hillock. On the far side is a wooden doorway. Sounds from within indicate that someone or something is definitely inside. Do you want to creep up to the door to see what is going on (turn to **171**) or will you tiptoe past and continue along the path (turn to **92**)?

120

You rise and collect your things together, listening carefully for any other suspicious sounds. You hear one! A soft, deep-throated growling is coming from something not more than a few feet from you. But there is nothing there! The growl grows into a roar and something fires itself through the air and fastens itself on your arm! Still you can see nothing; an invisible animal has gripped your arm with powerful jaws. The blood is seeping through your tunic. You pull out your weapon and bring it down heavily on what must be the head of the animal. It howls and releases its grip, allowing you to race off along the path. But you must deduct 3 STAMINA points for your injury. Turn to **271**.

121

He considers for a moment, then nods his head. 'Perhapsss we can do some businessss,' he says. He scrapes some earth away from the wall of the pit and pulls out a sack, offering you a vial of liquid. 'Thiss iss Holy Water from Daddu-Yadu,' he says. He will exchange it with you for any two items from your backpack (but not Gold or Provisions). Exchange if you wish and then leave by turning to **318**. If you wish to try to rob the Snake Charmer of the Holy Water and his Bamboo Pipe, you will have to pretend to leave and then leap on him with your sword from the top of the pit (turn to **218**).

122

You continue through the night. Lose 2 STAMINA points for going without sleep and another 3 STAMINA points if you did not eat at all yesterday. Continue by turning to **230**.

123

You approach the tree and stare up into the branches, searching for the snake. You catch a glimpse of red up there, but something is not quite right. The thick red band you have seen could not possibly belong to the small snake you were following. Then it happens . . . without warning, the upper part of the tree bursts into flame! A flash-fire billows out from the tree. Before you can take evasive action, flames lick at you. You cannot stop yourself crying out as the fire singes your hair and eyebrows. Roll one die. A roll of 1–4 indicates the singeing damage: deduct this number of STAMINA points. A roll of 5 or 6 affects your eyes: deduct 3 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. But just as suddenly as it began, the fire goes out, leaving a badly charred tree. The burnt foliage allows you to see up into the branches, where the snake is looking down at you. It has grown tenfold in size and two wings are folded on its back. Its sly eyes are watching you as if it were deciding its next trap. Will you draw your weapon and climb the tree to face it (turn to 42), or cast a spell?

HUF	NIF	HOT	FAL	ZAP
474	434	411	336	460

Or do you have something else in mind (turn to 197)?

124

The ring has a small pearl mounted in it. You paid a fair price for what is a fine piece of jewellery. If you ever wish to sell or barter it, it will be worth 10 Gold Pieces. Turn now to 86.

125

The inside of the trailer is fairly clean and you bed down for the night. You awake early next morning. Add 3 STAMINA points for your rest. Did you eat at all yesterday? If not, you must lose 3 STAMINA points as you are now hungry. As you still do not trust the Black Elves entirely, you decide to creep off in the early-morning light. Will you head on a long north-westward trek (turn to 47), march off in a north-north-westerly direction (turn to 15) or head north-eastwards (turn to 73)?

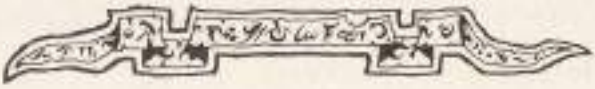

126

You reach out with your hand to feel the suction above the top of the whirlwind. The force is quite strong. Without warning, the whistling sound increases in pitch dramatically and the thing swirls at a tremendous speed. The force on your hand catches you unawares and you lurch forward. In a split second you are trapped! Whatever it is has sucked you inside so quickly that you lose consciousness before you realize what has happened. Your inquisitive nature has cost you your mission – and your life . . .

127

The Serpent roars and hisses as you lift it into the air. But once off the ground, its power is lost. The living earth settles and the Serpent itself shrinks once more to the size of the small snake. Grabbing it by the neck, it is an easy matter for you to destroy the beast. Turn to 220.

128

You march on smartly, trying to avoid the storm before it can build up. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If your roll is lower than your SKILL score, turn to 65. If the roll is equal to or higher than your SKILL, turn to 328.

129

As you hold up the ring, the Serpent hisses loudly, 'Foolish adventurer, your ring will not protect you from my wrath. Your death is certain. But by its power I must reveal to you my secret. Four guards protect the entrance to the Fortress of Mampang. But this information will do you no good, for you will never reach the High Fortress.' Now return to 143 to deal with the Serpent.

130

The Serpent Ring you were given will be an invaluable item in this part of your journey, for it has power over the Archmage's Serpents. If you confront the Serpents while wearing this ring, you can command them to reveal useful information. You can do this in the following way:

At certain references when you confront a Serpent (these references will all end in a number 3), you may command the Serpent to reveal its information by deducting 14 from the reference number you are on and turning to this reference. If you wish to do this, you must remember this instruction, as no option will be given in the text. If you do not have the Serpent Ring, you are forbidden from discovering this information and you should not be reading this reference now.

131

The Serpent agrees to your terms. You replace the skin and the creature flies down as if to re-enter its body. But instead of keeping its bargain, the Serpent nips across to you and wraps its wispy body around your face! You cough and gasp as your lungs take in the pungent gas. You struggle to free yourself from its grip, but it is no use: the Serpent is firmly locked in place. You slump down. Moments later you are unconscious; minutes later you will be dead. More fool you for trusting one of the Seven Serpents!

132

'Crossing Ilklala?' she asks. 'It can be crossed but only if you are able to summon the ferrymaster. I have here a whistle which you may blow to call him. For this whistle I will ask only 2 Gold Pieces. Or I will exchange it for anything you may have which will be useful to me.' You may exchange any of your spell artefacts for the whistle, but she is not interested in any non-magical items. Exchange, if you wish, and then turn to 324.

133

As you reach the forest, the air is becoming cooler and night is approaching. You must decide whether to camp on the outskirts of the forest for the night or to carry on without resting. If you wish to stop to eat and rest, turn to 55. If you would rather carry on through the night, turn to 159.

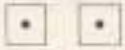

134

The little creature is asking for a gift as a token of friendship. Will you give it something? If you do, it must be something fairly valuable (not food or a useless object). If you choose to give it a gift, turn to **50**. If you do not wish to give valuable presents to complete strangers, you can refuse (turn to **210**).

135

You run forward but must jump aside quickly to avoid being hit by a falling pillar. A large rock lands on your shoulder and causes you another 2 STAMINA points of damage. The whole building is now shaking and your escape route has been cut off! Soon the roof will collapse on you! You must think quickly to find a way to avoid certain death. Will you:

Return to the hieroglyphics and keep reading?	Turn to **164**
Pray to Libra for assistance?	Turn to **320**
Pray to this new goddess for mercy?	Turn to **206**

136

You crouch down in a clump of reeds to wait for your visitors to arrive. A few minutes later, a small group of Marsh Goblins, ugly snub-nosed creatures with webbed hands, arrive in the clearing and stop. They are panting hard as if they are being chased. They jabber at one another, but you cannot understand their language. Will you wait until they have moved on (turn to **292**) or step forward and reveal yourself to them (turn to **91**)?

137

A few hundred yards ahead of you is a camp of covered wagons and carts, arranged in a circle. A fire burns in the centre, and you can see bodies moving around the camp. You walk towards the caravan. Your approach is noticed and an arrow flies through the air, landing to your left. Another lands to your right. Will you hold your hands in the air to show them you mean no harm (turn to 259) or retrace your steps and take a wide detour round the camp (turn to 61)?

138

You try a few words of greeting, but they cannot understand you. Instead they shout at you in a language you do not understand – unless you know an interpretation spell. Return to 91 and choose again.

139

The Bear rises on to two legs and advances. Its sharp teeth and claws are dangerous weapons. Resolve your combat:

WILD BEAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you defeat the creature, turn to 20.

140

As you suspected, their threatening tone was merely to frighten you. Their lifeless bodies posed no real threat to you. Several yards further on you glance behind at them. They have disappeared! You continue your path towards the next stage of your quest: the Forest of the Snatta. Turn to 133.

141

Stones and small rocks have been swept up in the dust storm. As you shelter in your crevice holding your head in your hands, you stand a chance of being injured by the swirling debris. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, you escape injury. If you are *Unlucky*, you must lose 2 STAMINA points for your injuries. Then you must wait until the dust storm subsides. Turn to 10.

142

He is not interested in anything in your pack and picks up his pipe once more. Do you wish to stay, watch him and perhaps ask him if he can help you (turn to 7) or will you now leave the pit (turn to 318)?

143

In an instant, your world goes black, as if the sun had been snuffed out like a candle. A hissing sound gets louder and louder and a glowing moon appears above you. The round shape suddenly uncoils itself and a great shimmering Moon Serpent hovers in the air above you on glistening wings. It is poised and ready to strike! Will you:

Draw your weapon?	Turn to 45
Cast a spell?	Turn to 96
Or do you have the means to make fire?	Turn to 155

144

You continue through the night. Eerie noises float across the countryside and you are glad you decided to continue. But as dawn approaches, your lack of sleep is affecting you. Lose 2 STAMINA points and another 3 STAMINA points if you did not eat at all yesterday. You march on. Turn to 11.

145

You climb down the stairs. 'I don't believe it! I don't believe my eyes! Another human!' stammers the man, excitedly. 'Oh, stranger, please release me from my shackles and let me live once again in the world of light!' He is chained to the wall by his ankle. The chain is thin and would shatter easily from a weapon's blow. But you are a little suspicious and ask him first of all how he came to be chained up beneath this place. 'It was Klattamen. Damned Klattamen!' he curses. '*They* were the ones who ransacked this temple, took everything of value and left me, Throff's own priest – my name is Shalla, by the way – chained up. A prisoner in my own temple!' His story seems genuine enough. Will you release him as he requests (turn to 40) or leave him there (turn to 262)?

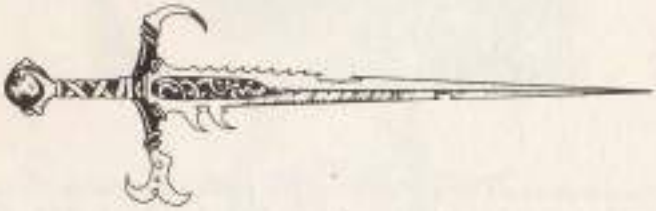

146

You reach a clearing where you can stop to rest and eat. If you wish to take Provisions here, you can add 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today or 1 STAMINA point if you have already had a meal. When you have finished, turn to 20.

147

You tie the boat up in a sheltered spot and wade through the Vischlami Swamp. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 182. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 253.

148

Carefully hiding your sand from the creature, you climb the tree. As it sees you climb, it drops from the branches on to the ground below. Quickly, you scamper down, before the creature can create its fire again. On the ground, you face each other, waiting for a move. In an instant, the Serpent bursts into flames and stretches its wings. Quickly, you throw your sand at it. The creature squeals and screams as the sand covers it. The flames go out. The wings disappear. Before you is the small yellow snake you were following originally! You draw out your weapon and finish it off:

SNAKE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you kill the snake, turn to 306.

149

The great forest ahead of you is now less than an hour's walk away; your trek across the Baklands is almost over. But ahead of you, barring your way, is a small village. Loosely grouped huts made from branches and foliage suggest that the inhabitants are fairly primitive. Do you want to enter the village (turn to 19) or will you take a north-easterly detour away from it (turn to 283)?

150

The Fishtail Rock comes into view a little further on. It is well named, with two peaks, as if a huge fish were half buried on the plain. A fire burns outside the entrance to a small cave. You call out to attract the occupant of this dwelling-place and an old man shuffles out. You recognize the face of the tree spirit! This must be Shadrack himself.

'I have been expecting you,' he says in greeting. 'I know of your journey from Kharé. Be it folly or bravery which takes you across the Baklands, I must warn you that none of Analand have crossed Kakhabad alone and survived. Come, let us chat by the warmth of the fire. I may be of some help to you. And for my part I wish to know what is happening in the Cityport.'

For some time you talk, telling him news of the outside world. He offers you a meal, which you may take, adding 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today (or 1 STAMINA point if you have). You are anxious to know of the messengers of Mampang.

'Ah, the Seven Serpents,' he starts. 'Indeed, they are in the Baklands, but I knew not that it was news of your journey that they carried back to Mampang. Let me tell you what I know of them, for they are no friends of mine.

'Legend has it that some twelve years ago, the Archmage of Mampang fought and slew a mighty Hydra which dwelt in the caves of High Xamen. So formidable a foe was this creature that the Archmage took its seven heads to Mampang where he used his black arts to resurrect them as seven winged serpents. They became his personal messengers and, as an act of faith, he assigned each to one of his own gods. In return, the gods bestowed their own powers on these foul creatures to aid the Archmage. The power of the sun was bestowed on the Sun Serpent, as was the moon on the Moon Serpent. Earth, water, fire and air became powers of four more Serpents and the last, the Serpent of Time, was given perhaps the greatest power. But each has its own weakness. Discover these weaknesses and you may defeat the creatures, but otherwise no mortal stands a chance against their powers. The Serpents keep knowledge of their own vulnerabilities as their closest secrets. I myself know only one: the Air Serpent may leave its body and become a puff of gas. But while in this state it will die unless it is able to re-enter its body within minutes. Destroy its unprotected body and you destroy the creature.'

It is now late. You may spend the night in Shadrack's cave and add 3 STAMINA points. Next morning you can set off again. Before you go, Shadrack offers you an ornate Galehorn to aid you on your journey. Will you now set off northwards (turn to **85**) or rejoin the main trail (turn to **230**)?

151

'Oh, yes,' he continues. 'We may be able to arrange for you to meet the Seven Serpents. And . . .' – he snaps his fingers behind his back – '. . . and sooner than you think! *Guards!*' In an instant, five strong Black Elves are holding you. You try to reach for your weapon, but you cannot move your arms. 'Yes,' laughs the old Elf. 'Let's arrange for our friend to meet the Seven Serpents!' The guards bind your hands and set to work making a tall wooden cross. They tie your arms and ankles securely to the cross, nail a black flag to the top, and set it firmly into the ground leaving you hanging high up in the air. You are powerless to prevent them. Below you, the Black Elves are laughing and jeering. 'Let the Archmage know who has delivered his enemy!' proclaims the old Elf. 'We will get our just reward!' A short while afterwards, the caravan packs up to leave, while you hang limply – and painfully – on your cross. Lose 4 STAMINA points. When they have gone, you may either wait to see what fate has in store for you (turn to **102**) or, if you are able, call on your goddess for help (turn to **243**).

152

You eat your food. If this is your first meal today, add 2 STAMINA points. If you have already eaten, add 1 STAMINA point. You sit on a bare rock and stare into the wilderness ahead of you, your thoughts fixed on the Forest of the Snatta, which you must pass through. You become aware of a scratching noise on the other side of the rock and lean forward. Two dark eyes are staring at you! With a sudden leap, a red-furred Fox jumps out of its hole and faces you. Evidently your food has attracted it. Will you throw it some food (turn to **80**), cast a spell (turn to **179**) or draw your weapon to attack it (turn to **256**)?

153

The suit of chainmail fits you perfectly. You may wear this from now on and it will help protect you in battles. You may add 1 SKILL point while you are wearing this armour and, if you are wounded in a battle, the Chainmail may help minimize the damage. Roll 1 die after each wound. If you roll a 5 or 6, the Chainmail will absorb most of the blow (deduct 1 STAMINA point only instead of the normal 2). If you roll a 1 to 4, the damage will be as normal. Turn now to **86**.

154

You pause to rest after the battle. While doing so, you go through the Horsemen's possessions. You find 4 Gold Pieces, a pouch containing fine brown sand and a mass of green fur. On further inspection, this turns out to be a wig. You may keep all of these and then set off once more. Turn to **273**.

155

Have you collected a tinderbox or flash-fire powder along your journey? Or any other means of making fire? If so, you may create a fire to burn the Serpent. Fire is the Moon Serpent's weakness. With fire as your weapon, you may fight it as:

MOON SERPENT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Serpent, turn to **62**.

156

You rush over to the trapdoor and heave it open. Steps lead downwards and, at the bottom . . . 'Aaaiiiiieeee!' Two voices shriek loudly. One is your own, but whose is the other? At the foot of the stairs is a thin, half-naked old man with long grey hair and a beard. 'Quickly!' he screams. 'Shout "Throff". And repeat it three times! Hurry!' You do as he asks and within moments the temple is still once more. You breathe a sigh of relief and turn to thank the old man. Turn to 145.

157

You creep up to it slowly until you are less than three feet away. It does not flinch, but remains in position, spinning quickly. You watch it for a short while, trying to make out what it is, but it is still a mystery. A small fly buzzes over the whirlwind and is sucked into it but it seems to be totally uninterested in its surroundings. Do you wish to touch it (turn to 126) or will you leave it be and continue your journey (turn to 322)?

158

Quickly, you mouth a silent prayer to your goddess. The pain in your foot becomes sharper (lose 3 STAMINA points) but you sigh in relief as the ground around you creaks and the pressure is released. Your goddess has come to your aid! Your foot frees itself and a small voice whispers in your ear: 'My loyal subject. I may save you this once in the Baklands but you are now on your own until the Fortress at Mampang. I leave you with this word of advice. Your present troubles are caused by the Earth Serpent. Destroy it by raising it into the air; for its power comes from the earth itself.' Do you now wish to leave this area as quickly as possible (turn to 165) or do you wish to look for the Earth Serpent (turn to 307)?

159

The going is slow as you pick your way through the forest in the dark. You begin by following a trail, but it is difficult to see in the moonless night and you soon lose the path. You may stop along the way to eat Provisions (add STAMINA points if you do: 2 points if you have not eaten today or 1 point if this is not your first meal). If you have not eaten during the day, you must lose 3 STAMINA points as you are now very hungry. You must also lose 2 STAMINA points for going without sleep. Eventually light returns with the dawn. You have not made good progress but after searching round for half an hour, you manage to find the path again. Turn to 13.

160

You rest for a moment and then decide it prudent to leave as quickly as possible. You set off, following the trail. Turn to 271.

161

At the mention of the Seven Serpents, his eyes narrow and he scowls at you. The tune he is playing becomes faster and his pet snakes slither towards you. Turn to 202.

162

You allow your visitor to approach. As it gets closer, you can see that it is a small, gnome-like creature with dark skin and ugly features. Its little legs move at an incredible rate and it helps itself along with a walking stick carved to resemble a serpent. It stops in front of you and you both look at each other. Silently you wonder whether this is a friend or a foe. 'Have it whichever way you like!' says the creature in a squeaky voice. 'If it's "friend", then show me your friendship. Give me a gift of greeting! Or if it's "foe", then begone! Get out of my way!' Will you treat the little creature as a friend (turn to 134) or foe (turn to 210)?

163

The Whortle soup is hot and nourishing. It is a creamy-grey vegetable soup. It sometimes has a strange effect on people who have not eaten it before. Roll one die. If you roll a 1–5, turn to 231. If you roll a 6, turn to 18.

164

You creep carefully over to the wall which bore the fateful inscription. But much of the writing has now been destroyed. However, the end of the message is still intact. It reads: '. . . Death will be certain unless the victim will chant the goddess's name thrice loudly.'

Do you remember the goddess's name? If so, repeat it three times loudly and turn to 9. If you cannot remember her name, you will have to either pray to Libra (turn to 320) or ask this goddess for mercy (turn to 206). *You can check the goddess's name at reference 189 – but you are on your honour to do this after you have repeated it.*

165

Ahead of you, perhaps an hour's walk away, are the fringes of the Forest of the Snatta, the next stage of your journey. After a brief rest, you collect yourself and set off towards it. Turn to 133.

166

'Very well,' whispers the voice. 'Listen carefully and repeat this incantation after me:

Arbil Madarbil
I offer a sign,
Arbil Madarbil
No idol of mine.

Though, Arbil Madarbil,
I worship you not,
Let fortune o'ersee me,
Let luck be my lot.'

Will you repeat this verse as the spirit suggests (turn to 297) or not (turn to 3)?

167

Test your Luck. If you are *Lucky,* turn to 27. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to 77.

168

You quickly dart off into the reeds and are relieved to find that the Goblins are not interested in following you. Instead they set off in the direction they were originally heading. You continue under cover of the swamp. Turn to 295.

169

You look into the Orb and hold your Serpent Ring up to the trapped creature. 'A curse on you, human!' it hisses. 'I am trapped, but I will be freed. And when I am, your journey will have been wasted.' Again you hold up the ring and demand that the Sun Serpent reveals its secret. 'I am compelled to give you one piece of advice, and this is it: beware the breath of the Mucalytics. But I will tell you no more.' Return to 183.

170

You continue for several hours until the darkness of night spreads across the land. But shelter is nowhere to be found. Will you bed down for the night to rest and eat (turn to 225) or would you prefer to keep going through the night (turn to 255)?

171

You cannot see anything through the door. You will have to either leave the area (turn to 92), or open the door (turn to 265). If you wish to enter, you may want to cast a spell first:

TEL	DOP	POP	ZAP	FAR
425	469	399	409	354

172

You may either draw your weapon and battle the creature:

WATER SERPENT	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

Or you may look through your backpack for something to use (turn to 245). If you choose to fight the Serpent and you win, turn to 75.

173

The creatures appear to be most annoyed that you refuse their hospitality. They shout angrily after you in a series of grunts. But no one stops you. In fact they seem to be more engrossed in their own arguments than they are concerned with you! You walk on, leaving them squabbling senselessly with one another. Leaving the village, you are a short distance from the next stage of your journey: the Forest of the Snatta. Turn to 133.

174

As you run, the world blacks out in an instant, as if the sun were snuffed out like a candle. The screeching noise becomes a softer hissing sound as it fades into the distance. You glance behind to see a single glowing ball above you in the sky, which fades. As it dies, daylight returns. You stop and head off in a north-westerly direction until you see something that makes you stop. Turn to 137.

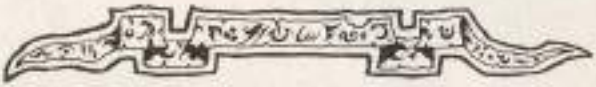

175

Your movement causes them to retaliate hastily. Three arrows shoot towards you at dangerously close range. Throw one die for each arrow. A roll of 1–3 is a hit, for 3 STAMINA points of damage. If all three hit you, you are seriously wounded – turn to **325**. If two, one or none of the arrows hit you, you may still cast your spell (after taking the STAMINA damage):

ROK	DIM	FAL	DOP	SAP
495	391	445	476	422

If you know none of these, turn to **70**.

176

A strange musical wailing sound reaches your ears as you approach a natural pit in the ground. You approach cautiously and peer over the edge. Down below is a thin, dark-skinned man squatting on the ground and playing a pipe. In front of him, half a dozen snakes are writhing in the air and watching him. Do you wish to shout down to him (turn to **200**) or leap down into the pit with your weapon at the ready (turn to **218**)? If you would prefer, you could sneak away quietly instead (turn to **318**).

177

The Horn is, in fact, an ornate Galehorn with the power of the wind. But its power is only available to those who have been trained in sorcery! Turn now to **86**.

178

Which spell will you use?

WAL	FOG	LAW	FIX	MUD
337	380	430	463	483

If you know none of these, you will have to draw your weapon. Turn to **258**.

179

Which spell will you cast?

GUM	NIF	FOG	HOT	YAP
497	400	468	349	416

If you know none of these, you may either throw it some food (turn to 80) or draw your weapon (turn to 256).

180

You grasp the trapdoor handle and test its weight. With a good heave you should be able to lift it. Using all your strength, you manage to lift it and then flip it over on its hinges. A few steps lead downwards and the smell below is disgusting. As the light floods in, you can see *something* down there, but you can't make out what. It could be something alive, but . . . 'Aaaaiiieeeee!' Two voices (one of them your own!) scream in fright as your eyes meet. At the foot of the steps is a skinny, half-naked old man with long wild hair and a beard. You step back to compose yourself after the shock. Do you want to climb down the stairs to see who this is (turn to 145) or leave the building (turn to 309)?

181

You protest, and the little creature looks on you in disbelief. 'Look, Analander, I've told you once, and I'm telling you again. I don't care if your pride *is* wounded! That's nothing to the wound I'll give you across your throat if you don't stand aside to let an old lady pass.' The creature reaches out with its stick and touches your weapon. It turns into a twisting snake! You knock it on to the floor. As you jump aside, the ugly little creature walks past. You watch it go in amazement. When it is some distance off, your weapon returns to normal. You pick it up and continue. Turn to 114.

182

Eventually the water becomes shallow and you step out on to marshy ground. You find a spot where you may rest and eat Provisions if you wish. If you wish to stop and eat, add 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today or 1 point if you have. As you get ready to leave, you hear a crashing in the distance, followed by cries. Something – or a group of somethings – is heading your way. Will you stay where you are but hide (turn to 136), run away in the opposite direction (turn to 270) or wait to see what happens (turn to 316)?

183

You are getting on well with her and decide to bring the conversation round to your mission. You ask her about the Seven Serpents. She stops talking and looks at you, her eyes widening. 'What interest have you in the Seven Serpents?' she asks. Dare you risk telling her the truth? You decide to play safe and tell her you have heard they are about and you would like to set eyes on these infamous creatures. 'I can lead you to one of the creatures,' she says, 'for I have a secret. I believe I can trust you with it. The Seven Serpents are no friends of mine, for each time they fly out into Kakhabad, they land in this forest, causing disturbances. The cursed Water Serpent killed my father during one such visit. This I shall never forget. My father did not know of its weakness, for the Serpent of Water cannot abide oil. Oil and water do not mix and for this reason I have a plentiful store. For I will avenge my father. But let me show you what I have in my Orb.' Realizing that you have found a useful ally, you explain to Fenestra that you must kill these creatures. She smiles. 'Then take this flask of oil with you on your journey. And may your goddess be with you if you meet the evil creature.' She hands you a flask of oil and turns to the Glass Orb on the table. Then she smooths her hands over the surface, mumbling under her breath. A shape begins to appear in the Orb. Your jaw drops as you make out the form of a winged serpent. 'Yes,' she says, 'I have here the Sun Serpent, lured down from the skies with a Rain Spell. I offered it shelter – for the Sun Serpent cannot tolerate water – and magicked it into my Orb. Eventually, the Water Serpent will come looking for its companion and when that happens, I will be ready. Look, you can talk to the creature if you wish.' She looks deep into the Orb with a look of disgust on her face. You may now ask her for advice on crossing Lake Ilklala (turn to 132), or ask her for any other advice she may have on the Serpents (turn to 76), or you may leave and rejoin the path (turn to 92).

184

'Oooh, yesss,' cries the Snake Charmer. 'Manata likesss shoesss. I wantss them!' He claims that he can give you valuable information if you will give him the shoes. You ask what sort of information. He whispers, 'The Sseven Sserpentsss.' Do you wish to take him up on his offer (turn to **228**) or would you prefer to hang on to the boots (turn to **108**)?

185

You run over to the rock and crouch in its folds, hiding from the undead creature. Its eyes follow you and again it laughs loudly. Holding its bony hands in front of it, it raises them slowly into the air. You wait in anticipation. Seconds later, a deep rumbling sound shakes the earth and you panic! The rocks around you are moving! You try desperately to spring from the rocks, but your leg has been caught in a fold. The rock is coming alive! Helplessly, you watch as a great Rock Demon rises from the ground and turns towards you! Will you draw your sword to defend yourself (turn to **268**) or cast a spell?

DUD	RAZ	ROK	ZAP	KIN
478	372	352	455	382

186

With outstanding bravery, you grit your teeth and let your blade do its work. You gasp as the task is completed and you are freed. But to what avail? You will certainly not be able to complete your mission with only one leg. You must now do everything in your power to survive on the way back to Kharé, where you may be able to find a doctor. But your mission must certainly end here . . .

187

After the battle, you decide to leave the area quickly, in case any other Snattacats visit this spot. You continue along the trail for a few minutes until you reach a suitable clearing where you can catch your breath. Turn to **20**.

188

The KLATTAMEN you have encountered are a fearless, yet foolhardy, bunch. Within their tribes, brawn is an attribute valued above brains. You draw your weapon and attack the creatures. Each is anxious to be the one who deals you the death blow; they all attack together. You must decide each Attack Round which of the Klattamen you are attacking and conduct the battle in the normal way. Roll Attack Strengths for the two remaining Klattamen. If either of them exceed your Attack Strength, then they will inflict a wound on you. Resolve this combat:

First KLATTAMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7
Second KLATTAMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6
Third KLATTAMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the Klattamen, turn to 251.

189

By using your intelligence, you begin to make some sense of the writing. Soon you have a good idea of its meaning and you read it aloud: 'This temple was built by the priests of Yadu in honour of Throff, goddess of the earth. Those who are not of the faith are forbidden from entering and shall be punished accordingly if they dare to speak the name of Throff in this temple . . .' You stop, realizing what you have done! According to this message, punishment will befall you as you have now spoken the goddess's name twice and you do not worship her as your god! All is silent. Has the goddess now left this place? A rumbling makes you fear otherwise. The ground is shaking! A cracking noise makes you look up in time to see a huge slab of marble falling directly on top of you! You leap aside just in time to avoid being crushed as the great stone smashes on the ground. But you land awkwardly, twisting your ankle – lose 2 STAMINA points. Do you want to rush for the entrance (turn to 135) or will you cast a spell?

FOF	ROK	FIX	MAG	NEP
429	369	481	335	412

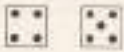

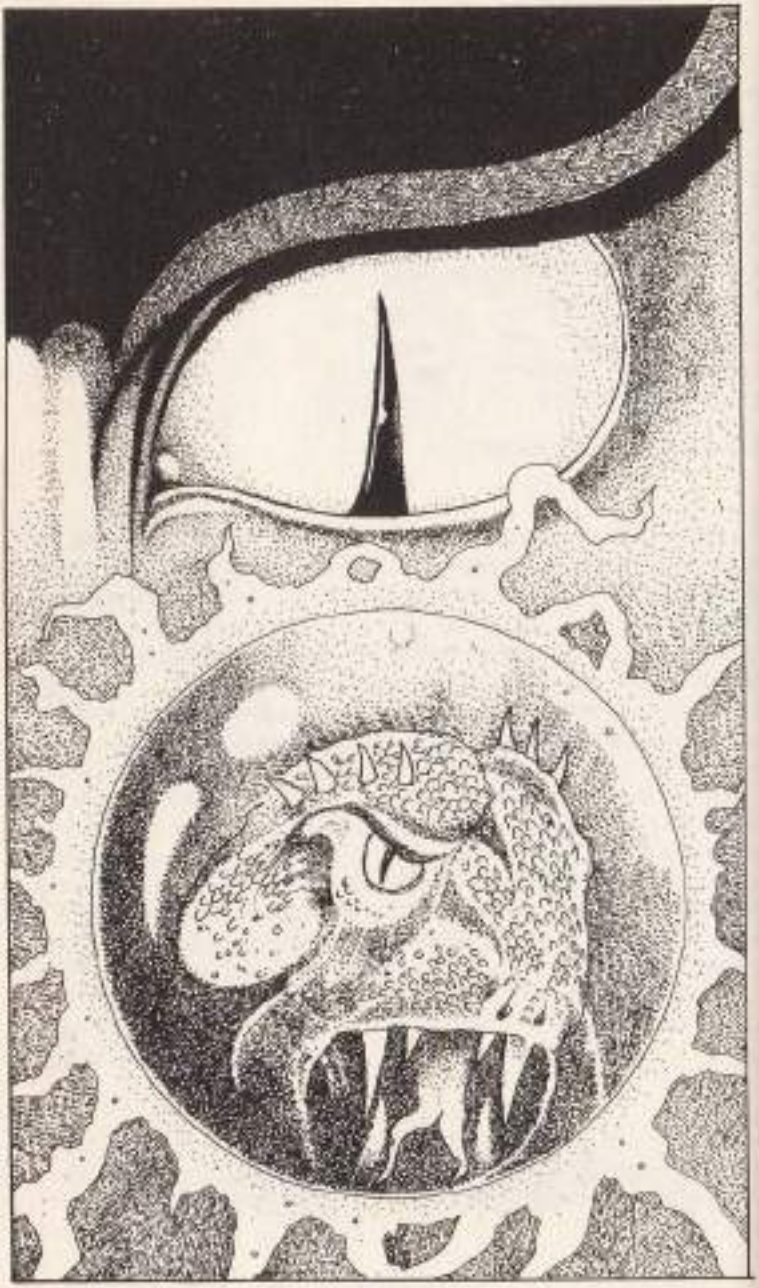

190

At the end of the passageway, a small room is lit by a single candle standing on a wooden table. The candlelight reveals a murky room, but one used as a place of residence, judging by the furniture scattered about. Seated at the table is a spindly creature whose attention is focused on a Glass Orb standing on a plinth. The creature is mumbling something at the Orb. Shapes and colours are swirling across its surface, but you cannot make out anything clearly. Will you politely disturb the creature to announce yourself (turn to **282**) or draw your weapon and attack (turn to **29**)?

191

Choose your spell quickly:

DUD	BIG	SUN	ZAP	MAG
370	440	334	488	345

If you know none of these, draw your weapon and turn to **286**.

192

A murmur spreads through the onlookers and they look towards you suspiciously. 'Perhaps our wealthy friend is not so wealthy after all,' says one of the Elves. 'Perhaps our food isn't good enough!' says another. The atmosphere is becoming decidedly hostile. Will you tell them you'd like to look around their camp first (turn to **112**) or tell them you are a trader and you wish to *trade* for their food (turn to **79**)?

193

You leave your pack and move along the tree, looking carefully for signs of whatever caused the noise. You see nothing. But a low growling sound comes from the area where you were resting. Still you see nothing. Your pack topples from the tree trunk on to the ground. Something is not quite right here. You are *certain* your pack was resting in a level position. It almost seems as though something has pushed it off. The low growling turns into a vicious roar. *Something* launches itself forward and fastens sharp teeth around your arm! You are being attacked by an invisible beast! You quickly pull out your weapon and bring it down heavily on the creature's head. It yelps and releases its grip, freeing your arm. You must lose 2 STAMINA points for this painful injury. Will you now run away from this place (turn to **271**) or do you wish to know more about your attacker (turn to **90**)?

194

As you draw your weapon, so do the Goblins. Resolve this battle:

First MARSH GOBLIN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second MARSH GOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5
Third MARSH GOBLIN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
Fourth MARSH GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

Fight the Goblins one at a time. If you kill all four, turn to **277**. If at any time you wish to run away from the battle, turn to **168**.

195

The lucky charm is a small golden snake which can be hung around your neck. In fact it is a particularly useful piece in that it will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level – but once only. You may either wear it now to restore your LUCK immediately, or save it until you feel it would be more useful. But once you have used it, it will not work again, although its gold content is worth 1 Gold Piece to you. Now turn to **92** to leave the Elf's home.

196

The Hewing Axe is a magical weapon, especially effective against the man-trap plants in the Forest of the Snatta. With this axe you will free yourself easily from the STRANGLEBUSH. Turn to **106**.

197

Do you have any of the following with you:

Sand?	Turn to **148**
A tinderbox?	Turn to **266**
Borrinskin boots?	Turn to **319**

If you have none of these, you must either return to **123** to choose again, or leave the area without delay (turn to **306**).

198

The old Elf stands up to take you to the store. 'My friend,' he says, 'it is years since we have heard stories as good as those. We are indeed traders and businessfolk. But as reward for the merriment you have given us, we will offer you our *best* prices.' When you reach the goods caravan, you may buy any items for sale at half the normal price. And as a special present, the old Elf will give you one item in the store as a gift. Now turn to **315**.

199

After packing up your camp, you pull out the little whistle and blow. No sound comes from it. You shake it vigorously and blow again, but there is still no sound. But it is not broken. It emits a high-pitched whistle, silent to the ears, but which can be heard by the ferryman. A few minutes later, he comes stumbling out of the undergrowth. 'All right, all right. Hold yer horses. I'm coming. Wot's yer rush?' He is a scruffy, unwashed individual, somewhat overweight but with a broad pair of shoulders. 'Right then,' he says, scratching himself across the chest, 'where to?' You tell him you wish to cross the lake, whereupon he bursts into laughter, slapping his knees with his hands. 'Of course yer wants to cross the lake!' he laughs. '*Everyone* wants to cross the lake. But I still asks "Where to" anyway. Just my little jest. Right then. That'll be 4 Gold Pieces. In advance, if yer don't mind.' Will you pay the man his fee (turn to 110) or, if you haven't that much money, try to fight or trick him (turn to 49)?

200

The man puts down his pipe. 'Sshhh. Ssssss, my slithery sistersss. Soundsss like someone'sss calling usss.' He looks up to see you and waves you down. 'A visitor! Join uss, stranger.' Will you climb down into the pit (turn to 301) or would you prefer to leave this man to his snakes (turn to 318)?

201

Your constitution is low and your foolhardy refusal to shelter from the storm was not a wise move. You begin to sneeze. Unless you receive proper treatment within the next few days, the pneumonia you have caught will seriously affect you. Tomorrow morning, the disease will have taken a grip and you must deduct 2 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points. Thereafter, every morning you must deduct another 1 SKILL point and 3 STAMINA points unless you are able to rid yourself of the disease. Nevertheless, you soldier on through the storm until it eventually subsides. Turn to 10.

202

One by one, the snakes dart at you, biting with their fangs. Fight them in sequence:

First SNAKE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 3
Second SNAKE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 1
Third SNAKE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4
Fourth SNAKE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 2
Fifth SNAKE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 2
Sixth SNAKE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 1

If you defeat all the snakes, you may turn to the Snake Charmer:

SNAKE CHARMER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you do not defeat the Snake Charmer within five Attack Rounds, turn to **312**. If you do, turn to **260**.

203

The parchment is worn and faded. A heading at the top reads 'Secrets of the Baklands', although most of the writing is illegible. By studying it carefully, you can just about make out two facts which may be useful. An old sorceress known as 'The Sham' may be worth visiting, as her powers and knowledge are considerable and she is not wholly aligned to the dark side of sorcery. She dwells ahead on the Klatta-Bak Steppes in an area that must be north-east of where you are now. She appreciates being given gifts, but the parchment gives a warning: she is not what she appears to be. Secondly, the parchment warns of the Forest of the Snatta. In this forest the plants are as deadly as the animals. But the most deadly of the plants are affected by Essence of Bark. The rest of the parchment cannot be deciphered. Turn to **86**.

204

You follow them to the fire where they offer you meat from the roasting animal, apparently some kind of wild boar. You may add 2 STAMINA points for this meal (1 only if you have already eaten). You try in vain to communicate with them, but their language is very basic, if indeed they have a language at all. They offer also a mug of tea-like broth to wash down your food. You are beginning to wonder what on earth they want with you if you cannot even speak to each other, when a sound behind you, followed by a hushed silence from the crowd, gives you your answer. You turn to see a well-built Klattaman, taller and stronger than the rest, standing behind you. He

looks at you and curls his lips into a low growl. In his hand he holds a club which he picks up and grips firmly. You rise to your feet and face this champion. A fight has been planned for you. Will you use your magic against this foe (turn to **229**) or draw your weapon (turn to **280**)?

205

The wounded creature steps back, clutching its arm. The shimmering haze returns once more to engulf the Deathwraith. It rises into the air and, as it does so, the apparition has disappeared. In its place stands a stout, balding man who whimpers and nurses his wounds. 'Enough!' he cries. 'Let me be! I did you no harm. Why do you attack me?' Your jaw drops at the sight. 'Leave Renfren alone. He never does any harm. Just a little merriment, that's all.' You are not amused at the man's practical jokes. Do you want to step in and finish him off (turn to **326**) or will you threaten him unless he gives you information (turn to **72**)?

206

You fall on your knees and pray for mercy, hoping the goddess will take pity on you. The rumblings subside and the dust begins to settle. Is she allowing you to take your freedom? In front of you, one of the wall-mounted statues starts to speak. It is a woman in leather armour with a bronze helmet – evidently a likeness of the goddess. Its words reach you: 'Mortal, you are not of my faith. Yet you invade my holy temple and then beg me for mercy. But I am a just god. I will allow you to escape with your life, on one condition. You must renounce Libra, your own goddess, and from now on worship Throff. Do this and I shall grant you your freedom. Otherwise you shall perish. The choice is yours.'

What will your answer be? Will you accept and worship Throff (if you do this you may never again call on Libra's help at any stage of your quest) to escape with your life (turn to **298**), or will you resist and take your chances with her wrath (turn to **238**)?

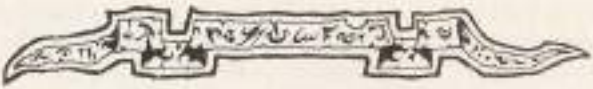

207

You draw your weapon and march forward with resolve. You aim to break their circle. As you step forward, the voice comes again: 'Stop, foolish creature. This warning shall be your last. As shall be your next step if you heed not my warning!' Will you ignore this warning and continue (turn to 140) or do you think you had better stop (turn to 232)?

208

You try a few words of greeting, but they seem not to understand you at all. Then they speak to you, but you can make no sense of their language, if you do not know an interpretation spell. Return to 316 and choose again.

209

'So *you* have the Serpent Ring, Analander!' the Air Serpent hisses. 'If such be the case, I am bound by its power to aid you with advice. But even the Serpent Ring will not protect you from my wrath! Very well: in the dark chamber of night, do not light your way with the blood candle. Such is my advice. But it will be of no use to you, for these next few moments will be your last on this earth!' Now return to 223 and choose your next course of action.

210

'So it's "foe", is it?' says the squeaky voice, before you have had a chance to open your mouth. 'Then do as I say. Get out of my way!' Will you stand aside and let the little fellow pass (turn to 114) or do you resent being ordered about like this (turn to 181)?

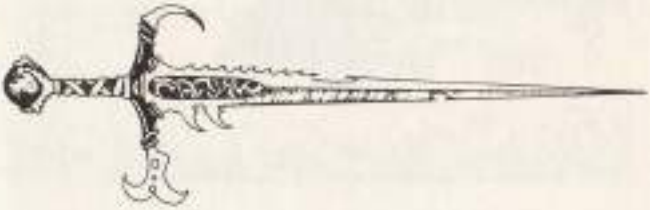

211

Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL. If the roll is lower than your SKILL, you manage to grab the edge and can begin pulling yourself out of the pit. Whatever it was on the rim of the pit will still be there, but if it bites you, you may this time bear with the pain until you reach the top. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, the creature bites only one hand (1 STAMINA point of damage). If you are *Unlucky*, it bites both (2 STAMINA points of damage). Eventually you climb up on to the surface. Turn to 43.

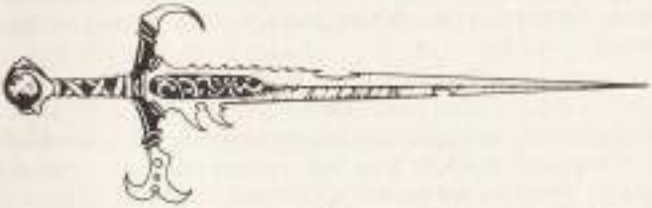

212

You pull out your vial of Bark Essence and take the stopper off. The branches react immediately, releasing their grip on you. You pour a little Essence on to your hands and rub it in. Seconds later, the bush has freed you completely. It seems that this STRANGLEBUSH attacks animals only. With the Bark Essence, it has mistaken you for a plant! Turn to **106**.

213

Having rid yourself of the Air Serpent, you set off. You take the oars of the boat and row yourself across the great lake. The going is not easy as the water is thick and heavy. In the centre of the lake you stop. Several yards ahead of you the water is bubbling up. Do you wish to see what this bubbling is (turn to **28**) or will you steer a wide course around to avoid it (turn to **36**)?

214

The trail leads onwards to a point where a tall tree has fallen across the way just at the point where another path joins your own. You stop at the tree to rest. You may take Provisions here and you can add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day. While you are sitting on the trunk, the forest noises keep you alert. Small animals rustle in the undergrowth, birds call; but one particular sound puts you on your guard. A soft plop, which seems to come from the tree trunk, cannot be matched to anything happening around you. Do you wish to investigate the sound (turn to 193) or will you instead continue onwards (turn to 120)?

215

Eyebrows rise and the Elves look at one another at the thought that you may be carrying Gold. 'Our pardon, noble traveller,' says the old Elf. 'We mistook you for a vagabond. We are always happy to offer our hospitality to those who can afford the price. Such is our business. Come, let me show you to the kitchen tent where you may eat and we may exchange news of the outside world. It is just beyond that caravan over there.' You follow him across the camp, with the rest of the Elves following several paces behind and muttering to themselves. Do you want to go to the kitchen tent (turn to 321) or are you already thinking about escaping from here (turn to 311)?

216

As your blow strikes the creature, a short jet of liquid spits from its mouth and lands on your leg. A burning sensation warns you: the Beetle's spit is an acidic liquid which will certainly eat flesh. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for the burn on your leg. Continue your fight, but each time you hit the Beetle, roll one die to see whether its acid spit hits you:

Roll	*Effect*
1	Hits you in the face. Lose 3 STAMINA points and the sight of your left eye.
2	Hits your sword arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point.
3	Hits your other arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points.
4	Hits your leg. Lose 1 STAMINA point.
5–6	Misses.

If you defeat the creature, turn to 24.

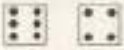

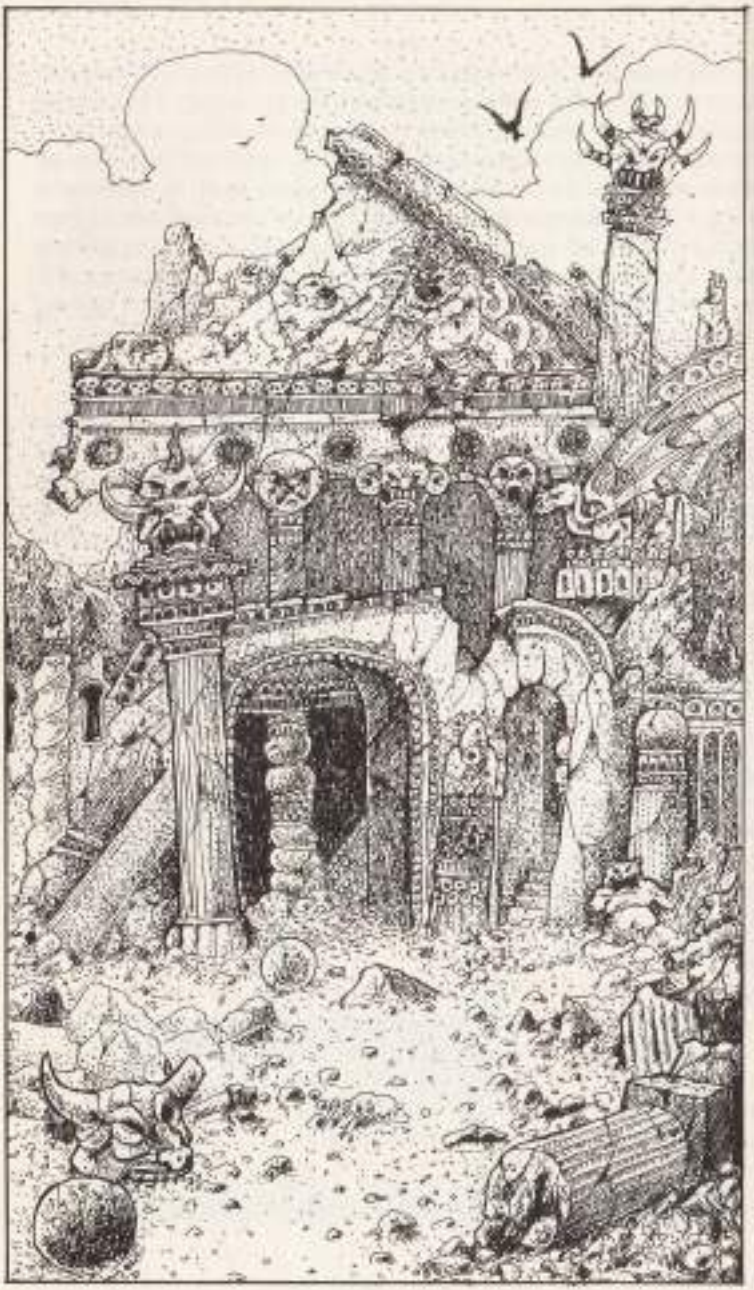

217

The going becomes more tiring in the late morning. You are walking up an incline which forms the natural boundary between the plains of Baddu-Bak and the Klatta-Bak Steppes. As the ground levels out once more you can see something in the distance ahead of you. Perhaps man-made or perhaps a freak of nature, this actually looks like a construction of some kind. As you get closer you can see more clearly what it is – or rather, what it *was*. A ruined building stands on a stone plinth, its columns cracked and broken. The elaborate carvings on the pillars suggest it was perhaps a temple of some kind, sited by a natural well which has now dried up. Do you want to investigate these ruins (turn to 63), check the well (turn to 23) or leave (turn to 309)?

218

You land in the pit screaming loudly to frighten the Snake Charmer. But instead of being frightened, his tune becomes faster. You are horrified as the snakes dart towards you, hissing menacingly. Turn to 202.

219

The dust storm rages around you and you dare not look out to see what is happening. For half an hour you sit and wait until finally the winds calm and the storm moves on. Turn to 10.

220

As the Serpent's power dies, so does the living earth. Everything is now still. You may rest for a short while to catch your breath, then set off again towards the forest. Turn to 165.

221

This whistle summons the ferryman of Lake Ilklala. Fenestra tells you how it works: 'The ferryman patrols the lake shore every morning and you will attract his attention by blowing this whistle.' First thing in the morning you may blow this whistle by turning to reference 199 if you are on the shores of Lake Ilklala. You thank Fenestra for the whistle and leave her home to rejoin the path. Turn to 92. You may add 3 LUCK points for finding this whistle.

222

The Rock Demon crashes to the ground. But the battle has been watched by the cowled spectre. Will you now advance towards this creature (turn to 104) or escape from this place (turn to 113)?

223

With your hand on your weapon, you order the ferryman to take the oars himself; you are not going to row his boat. You turn angrily towards him but stop in mid-sentence as you see a transformation taking place. Before your eyes, the ferryman is shrivelling as if the air were being let out of a balloon! From his collapsing form, a jet of gas rises into the air, swirling round and forming the shape of a winged serpent! Will you draw out your weapon (turn to 261) or cast a spell?

ZAP	KIN	SIX	DUM	HUT
363	419	482	464	350

Or will you instead investigate the body of the ferryman (turn to 21)?

224

You spend a miserable night, unsheltered and on your guard against attack. Nevertheless, you manage to get some sleep and you rise at dawn. Gain 2 STAMINA points for your rest. Did you eat at all yesterday? If not, deduct 3 STAMINA points as you are now very hungry. You may continue your journey by heading either to the north-east (turn to 15) or to the north-west (turn to 217).

225

You settle down and make camp for the night. If you have Provisions you may eat and if you do so you can add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. You cover yourself and curl up on the ground to sleep; it has been a tiring day. Ten minutes later you are fast asleep.

Suddenly you are startled and spring to your feet! A hissing coil of fire hovers above you in the air! Two sharp talons reach down and grab at your pack. The Serpent of Fire clutches your rucksack and beats its wings to lift it into the air. Will you dive on to your pack and hold on for dear life (turn to 100) or allow the Serpent to fly off with it, but follow along on foot (turn to 58)?

226

You step into the undergrowth and climb forward into the bushes. A flash of red ahead reassures you that you are heading in the right direction. But the snake seems to be moving a little slower than it could – almost as if it *wants* you to follow it. It stops at the foot of a tree and coils round the trunk. You watch as it slithers up the trunk into the branches. Its head drops down from the foliage to look for you. Do you walk up to the tree, ready for danger (turn to **123**), or are you convinced that there is nothing particularly interesting about this snake so you may as well head back to the path (turn to **306**)?

227

The Hewing Axe has a magical blade and will cut down trees with one blow. It may be used in battle, but if you use it as a weapon, you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength roll. Now turn to **86**.

228

'The bootsss!' he hisses. 'Give, give, give.' You hand them to him and he is silent. He looks slyly at you, but then agrees to keep his part of the bargain. You ask whether his snakes are anything to do with the Seven Serpents, but he shakes his head. 'Nooo, thesse are my sissterss. But the Seven Sserpentss passsed over two dayss ago. My sissterss know their plansss.' He can tell you the whereabouts of one of the Serpents. Do you wish to leave, following his directions (turn to **12**)? Otherwise you may climb out of the pit and continue in the direction you were going (turn to **318**).

229

Which spell will you use?

SAP	RES	DUD	GAK	LAW
340	402	494	420	457

If you know none of these, you will have to use your weapon. Turn to **280**.

230

You carry on along the trail and stop suddenly as you notice a movement in the distance to the west. Three shapes are moving rapidly across the plain throwing up a thick cloud of dust. They turn and head towards you. As there is no cover, you have no choice but to let them approach. They come closer and you can make out three riders on horseback. But as they draw near, you realize that the riders you saw were not riders at all: three Centaurs are approaching. You must think quickly how you will greet them. Will you be friendly (turn to 111) or adopt an aggressive approach (turn to 313)?

231

After the soup, a plate of bread and runny cheese is brought to you. The smell is awful! But with all eyes on you, you force down the stuff and wash the taste away with your herb tea. Gloister is a strange, cheese-like substance, which has the power to restore LUCK. You may restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level. You may also add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). The old Elf orders another cup of herb tea and the two of you chat, with the others looking on. Will you:

Try to amuse them by telling them jokes? Turn to 275
Tell them you are tired and would like to rest for the night? Turn to 69
Ask to see their wares if, as they appear, they are traders? Turn to 315

232

'A wise move, mortal; a very wise move.' The spirit's voice calms down. Now you must decide whether to demand that they reveal their magical chant (turn to 166) or ask them for some proof of their identities (turn to 323.)

233

For an hour, you wait. But apart from the occasional small animal which scurries out of the forest to take a drink, the area seems to be completely deserted. Would you like to wander along the shore to see whether you can find anyone (turn to 241), call out for help (turn to 57), or will you wait a little longer (turn to 304)?

234

'So you also use the mystic arts!' she exclaims. 'Then we certainly do have much in common.' You chat to her for some time, comparing spell notes. She has a good supply of spell artefacts and she will exchange these with you. You must give her two items which are used in your spells and will receive in return *one* spell artefact of your choice (she has all the items needed for the spells in the Spell Book). She is delighted to have found someone of similar profession. Turn to 183.

235

You spend an undisturbed night on the fringe of the forest. You may add 3 STAMINA points for your night's rest. But if you did not eat at all yesterday, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points. Three paths now lead into the depths of the forest. Which will you choose?

The left-hand path?	Turn to 13
The right-hand path?	Turn to 329
The middle path?	Turn to 214

236

The heat increases as more of the glowing rocks break through the surface. You are drenched in sweat and must deduct 1 STAMINA point for the pain. You had better now try to climb out of the pit. Turn to 211.

237

You set up your camp. You may eat Provisions if you wish before you sleep. Gain 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal today, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. You lie down to sleep for the night. Noises wake you continually during the night, but you get some sleep and rise at dawn to continue. Add 1 STAMINA point for your rest, but deduct 3 STAMINA points if you did not eat yesterday. Turn to 11.

238

You refuse her offer. The statue's expression turns to one of anger. 'Very well then, fool. If that is your choice, so be it!' Again the rumblings start, but this time with renewed vigour. A pillar falls on your leg, crushing it painfully. But your agony is shortlived as a slab of stone drops from the ceiling on to your chest. Your adventure has ended here in the Temple of Throff.

239

You can head out to the north-west (turn to 149) or you can take a wide detour around the creature and then continue northwards (turn to 283).

240

As you step away from their slain champion, you can feel the atmosphere in the crowd has changed. One of the creatures steps forward with another joint of meat from the roast for you to chew. But you have decided it wisest to leave the village as quickly as possible. You turn and walk away from the crowd towards the far side of their village. Turn to 173.

241

For half an hour you follow the shore westwards, but find nothing. You walk back and try the other way. Again you come across nothing that might help you get across. Do you wish to shout out in the hope of attracting someone's attention (turn to 57) or sit and wait to see whether any help might arrive (turn to 233)?

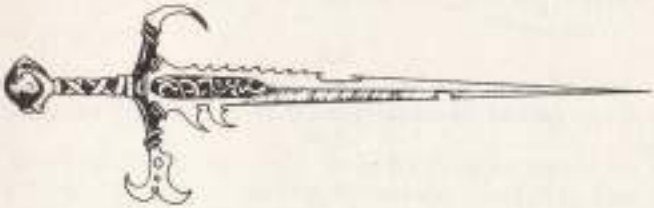

242

Your hand reaches down to pull out your weapon. As you touch it, a jolt passes up your arm, causing you to pull away quickly! You shake your arm painfully. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Cautiously, you reach down to try again. As soon as your hand touches the weapon, the same painful spasm shoots up your arm. Lose another STAMINA point. Something magical is preventing you from drawing your weapon! Will you carry on regardless (turn to 190) or would you prefer to turn round, leave this place and continue along the trail (turn to 92)?

243

You pray desperately to Libra for help and wait for a sign that the goddess has heard your plea. But no such sign comes and the aching in your limbs becomes almost unbearable. Carrion crows circle above you, squawking loudly and waiting to enjoy their next meal. One of them lands on the cross and pecks at your wrist. You are powerless to prevent it but you shout to frighten it off. It soon alights again and once more pecks at your wrist. You must lose 3 STAMINA points, for your strength is fading. The crow pecks again. But this time you do not shout. Your head turns towards the scrawny creature and a weak smile spreads across your lips. It seems not to be attempting to eat you, but instead to peck through your binding! Libra has not forsaken you! Moments later, your hand is free, allowing you to hold on while the bird pecks at your other ties. Soon you are released and the crow caws as it springs from the cross and flies up into the sky. With your last reserves of strength, you slide down the pole and rest, panting, at the base. But your ordeal has cost you dearly. Although the Black Elves have left your weapon and backpack at the base of the cross, they have taken all your other possessions. And you have called on Libra's help. You may not pray to her again in the Baklands. Nevertheless, you must continue your journey. Turn to 269.

244

Further along the trail you come across a clearing where you can rest. If you wish to eat Provisions here you may do so and add 2 STAMINA points (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten today). As you stand to leave, a cracking sound makes you turn quickly. Breaking through the undergrowth towards you is a tall, lumbering WILD BEAR! The creature bars your way forward and you will have to fight it. Will you draw your weapon (turn to 139) or cast a spell?

LAW	SIX	YAP	DUM	FIX
437	415	361	485	333

245

What will you find to use in your backpack?

A flask of oil?	Turn to 14
A lucky talisman?	Turn to 278
Snake-bite antidote?	Turn to 81

If you have none of these, you must return to 303 and make another choice.

246

You stand up and turn to run. But before you have taken a step, you howl in pain as something digs into your leg. Of course! The invisible something that tripped you up! It must have been a Snattacat drinking from the stream. Its sharp teeth will cause 2 STAMINA points of damage. Quickly, you strike out with your weapon at where you assume its head should be. The creature yelps and releases its grip. Your blow has also broken its concentration; the Snattacat materializes in front of you. You will have to fight it quickly before the others arrive:

SNATTACAT SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

The Snattacat has the ability to make itself invisible, which it will always do in a battle. While it is invisible, you must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength rolls as it is difficult to fight. However, each time you wound it, you will break its concentration and it will become visible for the next Attack Round. When it is visible, attack it as normal. If you defeat the Snattacat within 6 Attack Rounds, turn to 41. If you do not defeat it in this time, the other Snattacats will join in – turn to 99.

247

Turning up the collar on your tunic, you set off towards the horizon. The wind swells and forceful gusts blow you roughly from one side to the other. Then it happens – the skies open up. A torrential downpour bursts from the clouds and in an instant you are soaked to the skin. Unsheltered from the wind and the rain, you have two concerns: firstly, anything you have in your backpack which would be destroyed by water *is* destroyed (maps, parchments, etc. – but not Provisions); secondly, you risk catching pneumonia as you continue through the biting wind, soaked to the skin. Roll three dice and compare the total with your STAMINA score. If the total rolled is less than your STAMINA, turn to **284**. If the total rolled is equal to or greater than your STAMINA, turn to **201**.

248

As the notes come from his pipe, your anxiety subsides. The tune is soft and peaceful and you become transfixed watching him play. His gentle music is soothing you to sleep! You realize you are falling under his hypnotic power. You settle down on the ground and, as you do so, the tune becomes a series of shrill whistles. Your hands are changing. Scales are appearing on your fingers! You rub your face and it is tough and leathery. A smile spreads across his lips as he gloats over his latest victim. You are destined to spend the rest of your life as one of the Snake Charmer's pets . . .

249

The Earth Serpent spies the ring. 'Enemy of Mampang!' it hisses at you. 'You have found the Serpent Ring! Then, as our gods decree, I must tell you this: offer no gold to Valignya if you value your life! But this knowledge will do you no good. Here is another offering!' The Serpent darts out at you and narrowly misses striking your arm. Now return to **263** to deal with the Serpent.

250

You struggle with the hieroglyphics, but it is no use. You can make no sense of them. Frustrated and angry, you may now either open the trapdoor (turn to **180**), keep searching around the ruins (turn to **101**) or go outside to investigate the well (turn to **23**).

251

Looking through the Klattamen's things you find nothing particularly exciting. One has a couple of Gold Pieces and the spine of a rat. Another has a pouch containing a weight of sand, which is tied to the end of a stick. Perhaps this is a weapon of some kind. The amulet hanging around the neck of the third must have been a prized possession. Set in the centre of the amulet is a glowing stone – a Sun Jewel – which gives off its own natural light. You may take any three of these.

Add 1 STAMINA point for this night's rest as your sleep was interrupted. And if you ate nothing yesterday, deduct 3 STAMINA points for your hunger. Now you must decide which direction to continue in. Will you head north-west (turn to **83**), north-north-west (turn to **283**) or straight ahead northwards (turn to **60**)?

252

'Fool!' she scoffs. 'Do you think I will help a stranger who was ready to hold a weapon against me? Take your leave. And quickly, for that jolt you felt was only a sample of my power.' Her gaze is fixed on you and her wide eyes light up, glowing like coals. You decide not to risk tangling with her and head back for the door. Outside you rejoin the path and continue on your way. Turn to **92**.

253

Giant leeches live in the swamps and you pick up three as you wade through the water. These will cause you 2 STAMINA points of damage, feasting on your blood, unless you have a tinderbox which you can use to burn them off before they are able to bite. Turn next to **182**.

254

You run along after it, fumbling with your possessions for something else to give. Choose something else – again, this must be something valuable, not worthless – and return to **50** to find out its reaction. But your generosity in offering *two* gifts is appreciated. Add 2 to the die roll.

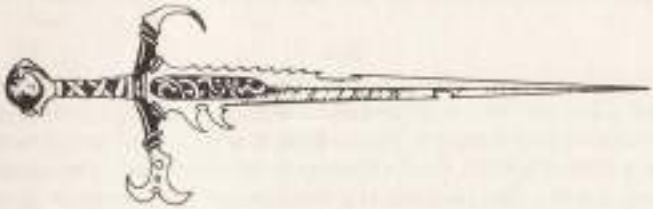

255

You continue walking north through the night. You may stop along the way to eat Provisions. If you wish to do this, you can add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day, or 1 if you have already eaten. But going without sleep will make you tired – deduct 2 STAMINA points. And if you did not eat at all during the day, you must deduct another 3 STAMINA points for your hunger. But you make good progress and encounter nothing. At dawn you are walking uphill as you enter the Klatta-Bak Steppes. From a vantage point you can survey the bleak countryside, but there are no features to guide you. Will you travel north-westwards (turn to **83**), north-north-westwards (turn to **283**) or continue northwards (turn to **60**)?

256

The fox snarls at you as you stand up, weapon at the ready. It is hungry and will kill to satisfy its appetite. Its fiery red fur bristles along its back. Resolve your fight with the creature:

FIREFOX	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

When you have inflicted your first wound on the creature, turn to 71.

257

The leader motions for the others to be silent. 'Quiet, pighead,' he orders. 'No one would be so foolish as to cross these plains alone if they were not protected in some way. Are you a sorcerer, friend?' You tell him you are, and offer to cast a Luck Spell over them if they will aid you. At this promise, they become quite excited, stomping their hooves on the ground and smiling at you. 'You have yourself a bargain,' says the leader. 'How may we be of service?' You ask them to help you on your way. 'We can take you a little further across the plains if you wish. But it is a long journey to any civilized place. To the north-west lives Manata, the Snake Charmer, and to the north-east, we may still find a caravan heading towards Kharé. We can take you to either of these. But first, our reward!' You mumble a few words and wave your fingers at them, telling them they are now blessed with luck. Horsemen are not the brightest of creatures, and they look at each other proudly. Where will you now have them take you? To the north-west (turn to 64) or to the north-east (turn to 2)?

258

You draw your weapon and wait for the creatures to attack. They circle quickly, picking up pace, until finally they dart down towards you in an attacking line. Their speed makes them difficult targets. Choose which you will fight and roll for Attack Strength. Roll also for the Attack Strengths of the Nighthawks. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of your target, you have wounded it, but each Nighthawk rolling a higher Attack Strength than you will wound you. Resolve your combat:

First NIGHTHAWK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
Second NIGHTHAWK	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5
Third NIGHTHAWK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
Fourth NIGHTHAWK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 4

After three Attack Rounds, turn to 314.

259

You hold your arms up in the air and walk slowly forward. To your relief, no more arrows are released, although you can see bowmen, with shafts at the ready, covering your approach. A crowd is gathering to see who you are and you are soon close enough to make out what sort of people are watching you. You have come across a caravan of Black Elves, presumably traders of some kind. As you enter the camp, they eye you suspiciously. An old Elf, slightly stouter than the rest, steps forward. 'If you seek shelter or food,' he starts, 'then you waste your time with this caravan. What purpose have you wandering alone through the Baklands?' What will your reply be?

Will you claim to be a trader and ask to see their wares? Turn to 315

Will you tell him of your mission and ask about the Seven Serpents? Turn to 37

Will you tell him you *are* after food and shelter and that you will pay handsomely for their hospitality? Turn to 215

260

You search the pit, looking for any valuable possessions the Snake Charmer may have hidden. You find his Bamboo Pipe and, in a sack which was partly covered with earth, you find a bottle of Holy Water. You may keep these. Now you must set off on your journey once more. But were you bitten by any of the snakes while you were in the pit? Each of the snakes was poisonous. If any of them wounded you, the slow-acting poison will take effect. If you already have snake-bite antidote, you may take this to neutralize the poison. If you do not have this, you will die unless you can find some by the end of the day. The poison will weaken you such that any STAMINA penalties you take between now and dusk will inflict double damage (i.e. you will subtract double the STAMINA penalties). Leave the snake pit and continue your journey – turn to 318.

261

The creature facing you is the AIR SERPENT, who is a dangerous foe. Your blows will not harm it, as it is made of the air itself; but should you catch it twice in succession, you will disperse part of its body, making it difficult for it to re-form. The Serpent will attack you by trying to engulf your head with its body, thus making you breathe in its choking gas. Resolve the fight:

AIR SERPENT	SKILL 11	STAMINA 14

You will only harm the Air Serpent if you roll a higher Attack Strength twice in succession, in which case you can deduct 3 STAMINA points from the Serpent after this second attack. The Serpent's gas will only do 1 STAMINA point of damage to you, unless the Serpent rolls a higher Attack Strength twice (or more) in succession. In this case, the effects of the gas are multiplied: 1 STAMINA penalty in the first round, 2 STAMINA penalties in the second, 4 in the third, 8 in the fourth, etc. If you defeat the creature, turn to 213.

262

On your way out of the ruined temple, you may investigate the well (turn to 23); otherwise turn to 309 to leave the area.

263

You reach down to grab the creature. It darts at you to bite your hand, but you manage to swat it to the ground. Only then do you see the snake as it really is . . .

As it lies on the ground, its skin splits. From within, a dark brown serpent emerges. As if in some sort of reaction to its exposure to the air, the Earth Serpent grows rapidly before your eyes! It unfurls great wings and coils up before you, hissing menacingly. How will you fight it? With a spell?

DUM	HUF	DOZ	NAP	ZEN
367	351	491	443	471

With your weapon (turn to 54)? Or with your bare hands (turn to 66)?

264

You awake early the next morning. If you did not eat at all yesterday, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points for your lack of food. What have you decided to do about getting across the lake? Will you follow the shoreline looking for signs of life (turn to 241), call out to see whether you can attract someone's attention (turn to 57) or wait to see whether any help might arrive (turn to 233)?

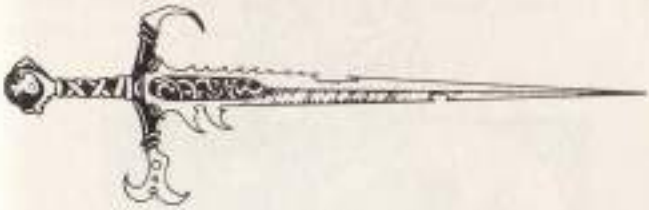

265

The door opens to allow you into a dark passageway. Following the passage downwards, you can eventually see a glowing light ahead of you. And you can hear voices. Will you creep along to the end to see what is happening (turn to 190) or draw your weapon and march on boldly (turn to 242)?

266

You pull out your tinderbox and try to make a fire. The Serpent watches you from the tree above, almost bemusedly. It is interested in your plan. But unfortunately this plan will have no effect against the Fire Serpent you face. The Serpent drops from the branches on top of you and you must fight it:

FIRE SERPENT	SKILL 13	STAMINA 12

If you defeat it, turn to 306.

267

You call out to the whirlwind. Although it gives a little 'kick' in the air, you cannot be certain whether this is a reaction to your voice or merely a chance movement. You call again: no reaction. Will you now approach it to investigate more closely (turn to 157) or leave (turn to 322)?

268

The battle commences:

ROCK DEMON	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

You are still caught in the folds of the rock and must deduct 2 points from your Attack Strength dice roll until you free yourself. You will be able to free yourself if you can roll a number on two dice which is less than your SKILL. But each attempt to free yourself leaves you open to attack by the Rock Demon for an automatic wound of 2 STAMINA points. If you defeat the creature, turn to 222.

269

Night is soon upon you. You must shortly choose either to bed down for the night or continue through the night across the Baklands. If you wish to rest, turn to 237; if you will continue, turn to 144.

270

You quickly collect your things together and make off through the reeds away from whatever it is that approaches. Soon the noise is well behind you. Without leaving the swamp, you continue under cover of the vegetation. Turn to 295.

271

Leaving the fallen tree behind, you continue through the woods until you reach a fork in the path. Will you follow the path to the left (turn to 119) or to the right (turn to 329)?

272

Are you able to read the hieroglyphics? If you are lucky there will be similarities between its language and other ancient languages you have studied. *Test your Luck*, if you wish to try reading them. If you are *Lucky*, turn to 189. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to 250. You may cast a spell if you wish, either before or after you *Test your Luck*, but before you turn to the next reference:

POP	WAL	GUM	SUS	DOC
489	417	374	401	465

If you do not wish to use your LUCK here, turn to 101 and make another choice.

273

A long trek now lies ahead of you across the Baddu-Bak Plains. In which direction will you head? To the north-west (turn to 176), north-north-east (turn to 137) or north-east (turn to 85)?

274

The trail leads through the woods. You follow it for a couple of hours. The path is downhill and you make good progress. You are walking alongside a stream when suddenly, for no apparent reason, you trip over. You feel that you have kicked something close to the water, but there is nothing there! You sit up and look around. You are horrified to see four dark pairs of eyes staring at you from behind a bush. The eyes move forward and you can see the creatures watching you. SNATTACATS! They are about the size of large dogs, with ugly snub noses. Their black fur is trimmed with yellow flashes. They step towards you – and disappear! You blink and look again, but they are nowhere to be seen. You listen carefully. Their footsteps cannot be disguised: they are advancing towards you. Will you spring to your feet and run off ahead down the path (turn to **246**), stand and face them with your weapon (turn to **99**) or cast a spell?

FAR	FOF	ROK	GUM	GOB
467	454	431	376	343

275

You hope that a couple of jokes will make them less hostile towards you. Your favourite jokes are Goblin jokes, as Goblins are well-known for their stupidity. You ask the old Elf why the Goblin wedding cake was made out of Skunkbear dung. He shrugs. You tell him: *to keep the flies off the bride!* The tent bursts into uproarious laughter, and the old Elf, with tears streaming from his eyes, claps you on the back. You tell them the one about the Goblin who never learned to spell his own name – because he thought only wizards could *spell*! Again, laughter resounds around the tent. You are the star of the show and the Elves' mischievous looks have now turned to friendly smiles. What do you wish to do next? You may either ask to visit their store to see whether they have anything of value to buy or trade for (turn to **198**) or ask for a place to rest for the night (turn to **26**).

276

The temperature becomes uncomfortable and beads of sweat appear on your forehead. The ground to your right breaks and another glowing rock emerges; then another to your left. You are now streaming with sweat and the heat is painful. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for your ordeal. Now you must decide whether to risk climbing out of the pit (turn to 211) or cast a spell:

BAG	MUD	FOE	DOC	FIX
418	371	486	348	406

277

Searching through the bodies, you find 6 Gold Pieces, a parchment scroll which you cannot understand, and enough nuts and berries for two meals. Then a noise startles you, coming from the same direction the Goblins were running from. Turn to 270. If you are playing as a warrior and have used no spells in this adventure, turn first to 330.

278

You hang the lucky talisman around your neck and prepare to fight the creature. Turn to 67.

279

'So *you* have the Serpent Ring, Analander!' the Serpent hisses. 'If such be the case, I am bound by its power to aid you with advice. But even the Serpent Ring will not protect you from my wrath! Very well: in the dark chamber of night, do not light your way with the blood candle. Such is my advice. But it will be of no use to you, for these next moments shall be your last on this earth!' Now return to 293 and choose your next course of action.

280

A general hubbub spreads through the crowd. They are getting excited at the thought of watching such a contest. Let the fight commence:

KLATTAMAN CHAMPION SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 240.

281

Over the side of the boat you fall, plunging down into the murky waters. You fight desperately to swim to the surface but, to your horror, something has hold of your leg and is pulling you downwards! Your lungs are bursting, but still the grip holds you under the surface. Your struggles are to no avail. Eventually you are unable to control yourself and a gasp fills your lungs with water. The unknown dangers of Lake Ilklala have claimed another victim.

282

You are about to open your mouth to greet the creature when a squeaky voice breaks the silence. 'All right, all right,' it says. 'Don't stand there stammering like a Half-Orc with the jitters. Come in and sit yourself down. I'm busy, but I'll be with you in a minute.' The voice is female; perhaps this woman is an Elf of some kind. She is engrossed in her Glass Orb, but in a few minutes she sits back and looks at you. 'So – a visitor. And a human too. I am Fenestra, Elf Sorceress. Now, *I* have an excuse for being here. This is my home. But you must be a long way from your home. What in Gredd's name are you doing in this forest?' She watches you intently as you explain your story, while being careful to leave out your true mission. Her eyes are too large for her face and they seem to glow softly of their own accord. The whole effect is quite disturbing. But she listens attentively and appears genuinely interested in your travels. You may ask her a question now. Will you ask her whether she has any magic which might be of use to you (turn to **234**), ask her how you may best cross Lake Ilklala (turn to **132**), or make some comment about 'strange happenings' to see whether you can steer the conversation towards the subject of the Seven Serpents (turn to **5**)?

283

Your long walk across the Baklands is coming to an end. In the distance you can see the wide fringe ahead of you that marks the boundary of the Forest of the Snatta. You climb up on to a rock to get a better view of what lies ahead. The green spread of the forest continues to the shores of Lake Ilklala, which you can just make out on the horizon. The rock you are standing on is a suitable place to eat Provisions. If you wish to do so, turn to **78**. If you do not wish to eat Provisions, turn to **300**.

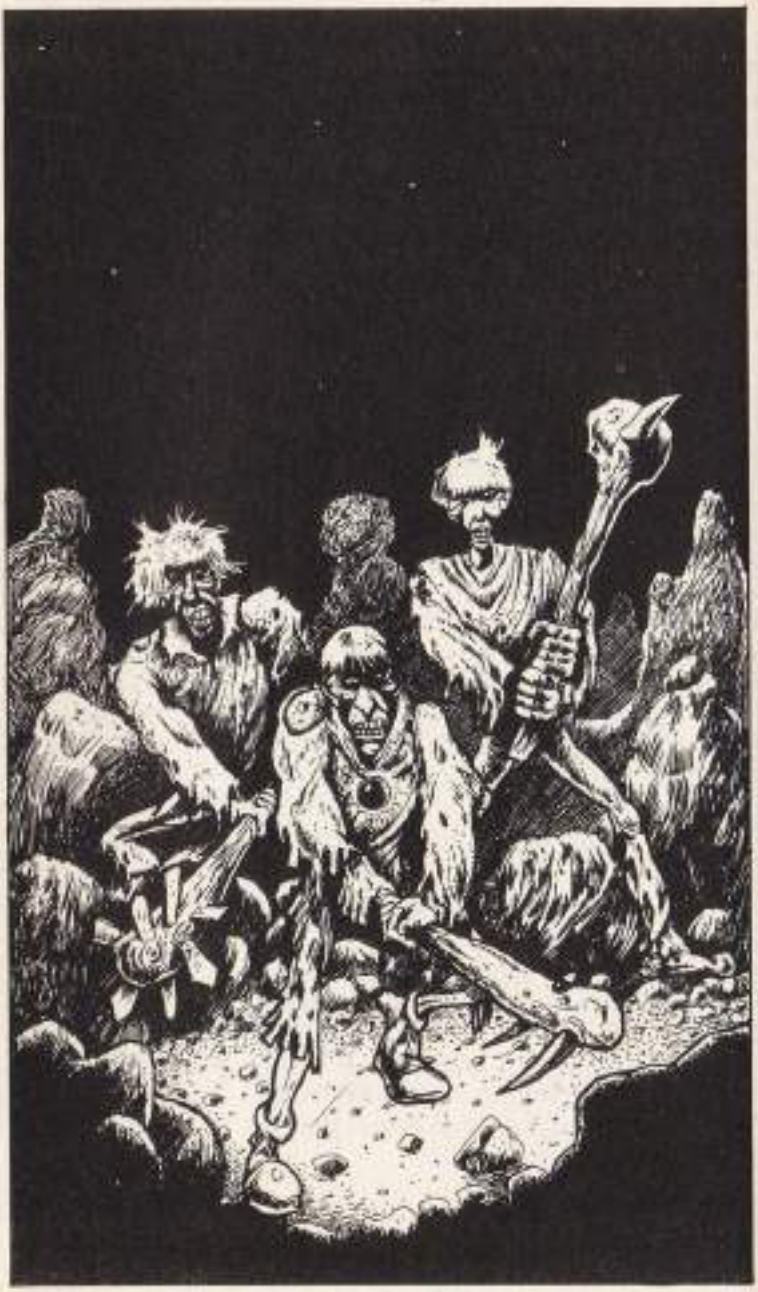

284

Luckily, your constitution is good. You will catch a mild cold but otherwise your health is unaffected. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for the rest of the day (add it back on tomorrow morning). Bravely you stride on through the storm until, at last, it subsides. Turn to **10**.

285

You may head onwards either due north (turn to **170**) or north-westwards. If you choose the latter direction, you will walk for several hours until a sight makes you stop (turn to **137**).

286

The two of you close in for battle:

BADDU-BEETLE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

After your first hit on the creature, turn to **216**.

287

You open your eyes and shake your head. Where are you? You are lying on the ground next to your backpack, with your tunic pulled up over you. What of the sandstorm? And the Fire Serpent? Everything is as it was when you went to sleep. Was it all just a bad dream? Then, if so, why does your head ache as if it had been pounded by a mallet? You look around – and leap from your position with a cry, just as a wooden club crashes down where your head has been! Three tall, spindly creatures with powerful arms and ugly faces are staring at you. They are dressed in animal skins and carry clubs as weapons. One has an amulet around his neck. Will you draw your weapon to fight them (turn to **188**), try to talk to them (turn to **38**) or cast a spell?

YOB	KID	GAK	KIN	GOD
475	439	456	344	356

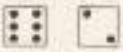

288

The old Elf becomes angry. 'The miserable Horntoad has nothing to offer!' he rages. 'But we will at least have some fun, won't we, friends?' He snaps his fingers and five burly Black Elves grab you. Holding tightly, they bundle you outside. 'Let's make an example of this wretch! A monument to the Caravan of Cesstar!' Three Elves disappear and return with two wooden poles. Fixing them together in a cross, they tie a black flag on top and fasten you securely to it by your wrists and ankles. They fix it into the ground, leaving you hanging painfully from the top. The pain causes you 4 STAMINA points of damage. An hour later, the caravan packs up camp and moves off, leaving you to the crows and the vultures. When they have gone, you may either wait to see what fate has in store (turn to 102) or, if you are able, call on your goddess for help (turn to 243).

289

'The Serpent Ring!' hisses the creature. 'Its power will not save your life, Analander, but I am bound by its power to aid you. I will tell you this: pay respect to Naggamanteh the torture master should you meet him. But that is all I am bound to tell.' Now return to 303 and choose your next course of action.

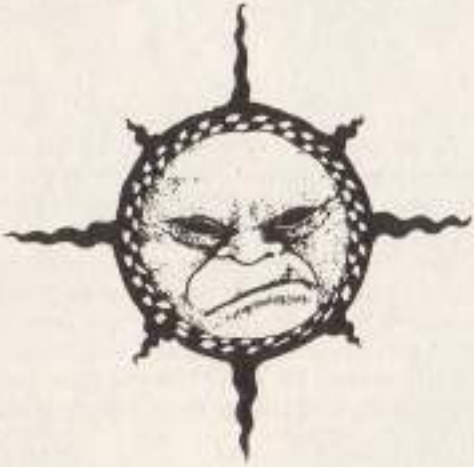

290

A wide smile spreads across the little creature's lips. 'How did you know?' it demands. 'How did you know I have been looking for one of these?' Your lucky choice has been a success. But something is not quite right. The creature's voice is changing as it speaks to you to that of a middle-aged woman. 'Such a friend should not be teased,' she says. And with these words, her form changes to that of a tall woman dressed in purple robes. 'I am Dintainta,' she starts, 'Dintainta of the Steppes. Though some call me The Sham. I know of your mission and I can help you. It is a credit to your wit and your courage that you have survived this far. But much greater dangers lie ahead. At the Fortress of Mampang, beware the Sleepless Ram, for even your skill will be no match for its powers. You will overcome it by uncorking this vial in its presence.' She hands you a small glass vial. 'Guard this vial with your life and let no one release the gas within. I will also tell you this: a short distance ahead you will confront the Earth Serpent. His powers are considerable, but these powers exist only when he is in contact with the earth. Perhaps this information will help you defeat the beast. Finally, I give you this in exchange for your gift.' She hands you her walking stick. 'My Serpent Staff is enchanted and will give you powers against the Serpents. And now I must leave you, as I must journey home before sundown.' She turns herself back into the ugly little creature you first encountered and sets off on her way. This has been a lucky encounter (you may add 2 LUCK points). Her Serpent Staff will weaken any of the Serpents you come across. You may deduct 2 SKILL points from any Serpents you fight while carrying this stick. You notice also that it has been carved from an Oak Sapling, so may be used in your spells. The creature has by now disappeared in the distance and you turn to make your way onwards. Turn to 114.

291

Treat the Flying Fish as a single creature:

FLYING FISH	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you defeat them, turn to 75.

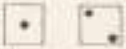

292

The Marsh Goblins pause in the clearing just long enough to catch their breath and then hurry off, still looking behind them as they go. You must now decide whether to wait again, perhaps to find out if anything was following the Goblins (turn to 105), or to leave the area (turn to 270).

293

You start rowing across the wide lake. The water is thick and heavy, making your journey quite a tiring exercise (deduct 1 SKILL point until you reach the shore). The ferryman is silent, watching you as you struggle with the oars. You speak to him, but he does not reply. His expression is vacant; his eyes glazed. Again you try to speak to him, but there is still no response. Something is not quite right here. You rest your oars and reach forward to shake him. As your hand touches his shoulder, to your horror the ferryman's body shrivels and slumps down, falling over the seat like a limp sack! At the same time, a hissing noise catches your attention. A jet of gas has escaped from the soulless body and hovers in the air in front of you. As it swirls around, it gradually forms the shape of a winged snake. When the shape has formed, it begins to circle in the air above you, dropping lower and lower towards you. A pungent, choking smell hits your nostrils and you must react quickly. Will you draw your weapon to fight the creature (turn to 261) or cast a spell?

ZAP	KIN	SIX	DUM	HUF
363	419	482	464	350

Or will you instead ignore the creature and see what has happened to the ferryman (turn to 21)?

294

The Black Elves watch as you leave the camp. To your great relief they allow you to go without trouble. Turn to 269.

295

You continue cautiously through the reeds and grasses until a loud rustling noise to your right makes you stop. The rustling turns into a loud hissing and a large snake-like head rises into the air above the vegetation. It swivels to the left and right as if looking for something. But when its eyes fall on you, steam hisses from between its fangs and it flaps its wings. It rises into the air and circles over you, preparing to strike. What will you do – draw your weapon (turn to 103) or cast a spell (turn to 53)?

296

The medicinal potions are not what you expected. The small vial that the sorceress has given you contains a liquid which will not work with spells. However, it is capable of curing any diseases you might pick up on your journey. Add 2 LUCK points for this find. Now turn to 92 to leave the Elf's home.

297

Word for word, you repeat the spirit's chant. Silence settles over the area – an unnatural silence. Will this strange luck deity show itself to you? Clouds move quickly, yet silently across the sky. Suddenly a loud crack breaks the stillness, followed by a bolt of lightning which sparks from the heavens to the ground where the Seven Spirits have been. They have disappeared! You call out for them in a threatening voice, but your threat cannot conceal the fear you are trying your best to mask. The spirit voice returns, but this time a mocking laugh fills the air. The voice circles round and round you, laughing loudly until it gradually fades. As it does so, a soft woman's voice calls to you, a voice which sounds familiar: 'They have tricked you! The evil spirits have been sent by the Archmage and you have fallen into their trap! In innocence you have thrice damned my name with their chant. I cannot help you in what is to follow.' As your goddess's voice fades, the laughter reappears. The spirit's face appears in front of you. Its mouth opens in a mocking grin and, as it does so, the face swells in size, growing until it is soon the size of your body. Still the face grins and the laughter rings in your ears. Ringing, laughing, mocking, laughing . . . you hold your hands over your ears to shut out the noise. The face is now twice your size and, as you look into its cavernous mouth, you are suddenly caught! A long, red, snake-like tongue darts from its throat. It wraps itself around you swiftly and you are jerked inside the mouth. Into the blackness you plunge.

You do not emerge from the spirit's throat. Whether your fate is death or a life in limbo will never be known. But one thing is certain. You will never again return to this plane of life.

298

You agree to her terms and bow down to her image on the statue. She will allow you to leave the temple without further injury, but the price is high. Never again during your quest for the Crown of Kings will you be able to call on help from Libra. You are on your own in Kakhabad! You may now leave the area. Turn to **309**.

299

You leave the caravan. Oolooh follows you to the door with a sour face. Outside, the old Elf and a small crowd are gathered. 'Bah!' shouts Oolooh. 'My time has been wasted! For this niggardly creature offers nothing for our treasures. See the Horntoad off, Cesstar!' Turn to **288**.

300

As you stand to leave, your foot dislodges a chunk of rock, which scuttles off down the slope. Half-way down, it stops unnaturally and *reverses direction*! It rolls towards you and you watch in amazement as it bumps painfully into your ankle (deduct 1 STAMINA point). You reach down to rub it and, as you do so, a rumbling shakes the ground and knocks you off balance. The peak of the rock explodes into the air, erupting like a volcano and spraying stones everywhere. Will you run to try to avoid the falling rocks (turn to **30**) or cast a spell?

DOZ	MAG	WOK	FOG	HUF
453	378	477	447	428

301

You climb down into the pit to talk to the Snake Charmer. He seems a little *too* friendly and you are not certain whether to trust him or not. The snakes are all watching you but have not moved. He asks about the artefacts you have collected on your travels and would like you to show him some. Will you open up your pack to show him what you have inside (turn to **87**) or will you refuse and instead ask him questions about himself (turn to **108**)?

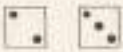

302

The moonless night makes your journey hard going as it is difficult to see anything around you. But the night passes and at dawn you are once again able to see your way clearly. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for continuing through the night and another 3 STAMINA points if you did not eat at all yesterday. Which direction do you now wish to continue in? Will you head north-east (turn to 15) or north-west (turn to 217)?

303

Without warning, the bubbling starts again, this time on the port side of the boat. Breaking through the surface of the water, a shape rises into the air. A snake-like coil rises from the lake on watery wings and hovers, dripping, in the air. This creature is made from water itself and it glares down at you, ready to strike. Will you cast a spell?

WOK	FOF	RAZ	MUD	HOT
436	493	414	473	385

Or will you fight it another way (turn to 172)?

304

Half an hour later there are still no signs of intelligent life around the lake shore. In fact, if you have arrived at this reference, it is likely that you will wait for a very long time for the means to cross Lake Ilklala. It is possible to cross the lake, but only if you can summon the ferryman. If you do not know how to summon him, this is as far as you will get in this adventure.

305

The Stranglebush is squeezing you tighter and tighter. Your struggles are wasted and it soon becomes difficult to breathe. You cannot move your arms, so you cannot cast a spell. If you are to survive this encounter, you have but one hope left: a prayer to Libra. If you have not yet called on your goddess in this adventure, turn to 56. Otherwise your journey has come to an end.

306

Getting back to the trail, you follow it until you reach a fork. Will you take the left fork (turn to 244) or the right fork (turn to 214)?

307

As you rise from the crevice, the small green snake once more wraps itself around your leg. The answer dawns on you! You must kill the little creature! Turn to **263**.

308

The rumblings get louder as you find a suitable crevice which will afford at least *some* shelter for you. You wait for the rain to start falling and prepare yourself using your leather tunic as a cover. But rain does not fall. Instead, the wind returns and this time in a swirling gale! Frantically, you grab hold of your belongings in case they are whipped away from you by the furious dust storm. You shield your eyes and face from its abrasive gusts, but the force is tremendous. Roll one die to see what fate befalls you:

Roll	
1–2	Turn to **44**
3–4	Turn to **141**
5–6	Turn to **219**

309

From here you may continue either due north (turn to **149**) or north-eastwards (turn to **15**). Which direction will you choose?

310

Which spell will you choose?

NAP	MAG	FIX	DIM	SUS
470	452	433	487	424

If you know none of these you will have to face the creature with a weapon. Will you use a normal weapon (turn to **32**) or a silver weapon (turn to **84**)?

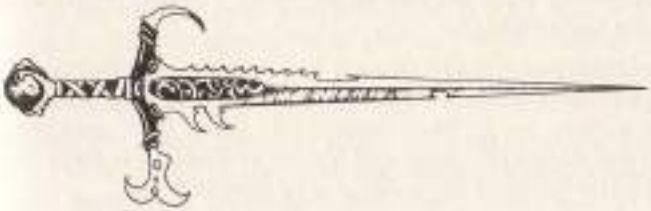

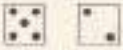

311

Your suspicions are aroused. You follow him carefully towards the caravan. Then your opportunity comes. You dart between two carriages and out of the camp. The Black Elves scream and several archers ready their bows and fire at you as you flee. Roll one die. This is the number of arrows that they unleash as you make your escape. For each arrow, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, the arrow misses. If you are *Unlucky*, the arrow will strike and wound you. The first three arrows (or less than three if you rolled a low number) will inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage. If you rolled higher than three, any subsequent arrows will only do 1 STAMINA point of damage as you will then be further away. Once you are out of range, you may choose your direction. Turn to **269**.

312

The man runs into a corner of the pit and puts his pipe to his lips. You rush towards him to finish him off, but as you advance, a strange feeling comes over you. Turn to **248**.

313

As you draw your weapon, they grab bows, notching arrows pointed at you. You stare at one another and you must now choose your next move. Will you drop your weapon and quickly cast a spell (turn to **175**) or throw yourself into their midst and attack (turn to **70**)?

314

The Nighthawks circle and prepare for another attack. Suddenly the formation breaks and their cries take on a different tone. *Something* has disturbed them and they seem to be in a state of confusion. But you can see nothing.

A moment later, a shape forms in the air in their midst. The Nighthawks shriek as a GOLDCREST EAGLE materializes and lashes out at them with its deadly beak. Your spirits rise at your good fortune. Goldcrest Eagles are raised and trained in Analand as birds of war. But what is this great Eagle doing so far from its home?

The Eagle snaps its razor-sharp beak through one of the Night-

hawks and plucks at another with its talons. The two remaining birds turn to the west and dart away to safety. With the threat dispersed, the Eagle drops down to land by you. Around its neck is a small tube containing a message, sealed with the Royal Seal of the King of Analand, which you unroll and read:

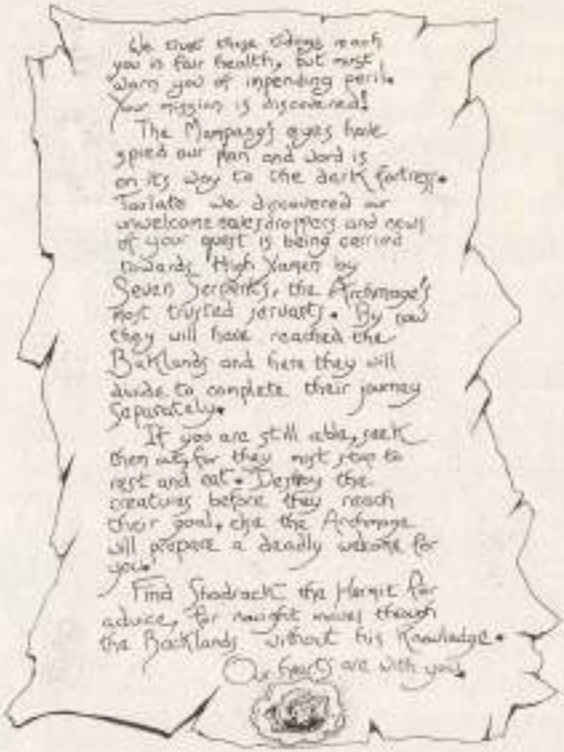

We have these things reach you in fair health, but must warn you of impending peril. Your mission is discovered!

The Mampang's eyes have spied our plan and word is on its way to the dark fortress. Twilight we discovered an unwelcome sale-drippers and news of your quest is being carried towards High Xanen by Seven Jerkins, the Archmage's most trusted servant. By now they will have reached the Backlands and here they will divide to complete their journey separately.

If you are still able, seek them out for they must stop to rest and eat. Destroy the creatures before they reach their goal, else the Archmage will prepare a deadly welcome for you!

Find Shadrach the Magic for advice, for naught moves through the Backlands without his knowledge.

Our hearts are with you.

You look back at the great bird which has brought this welcome warning, but it is no longer with you. Having delivered its message, it will no doubt be winging its way back to Analand, flying safely under a shroud of invisibility.

Studying the message again, you stuff it into your tunic. The instructions are wise. If your mission is to succeed, you must undoubtedly find and destroy the Archmage's messengers before word of your arrival reaches Mampang. Turn to 48.

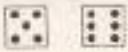

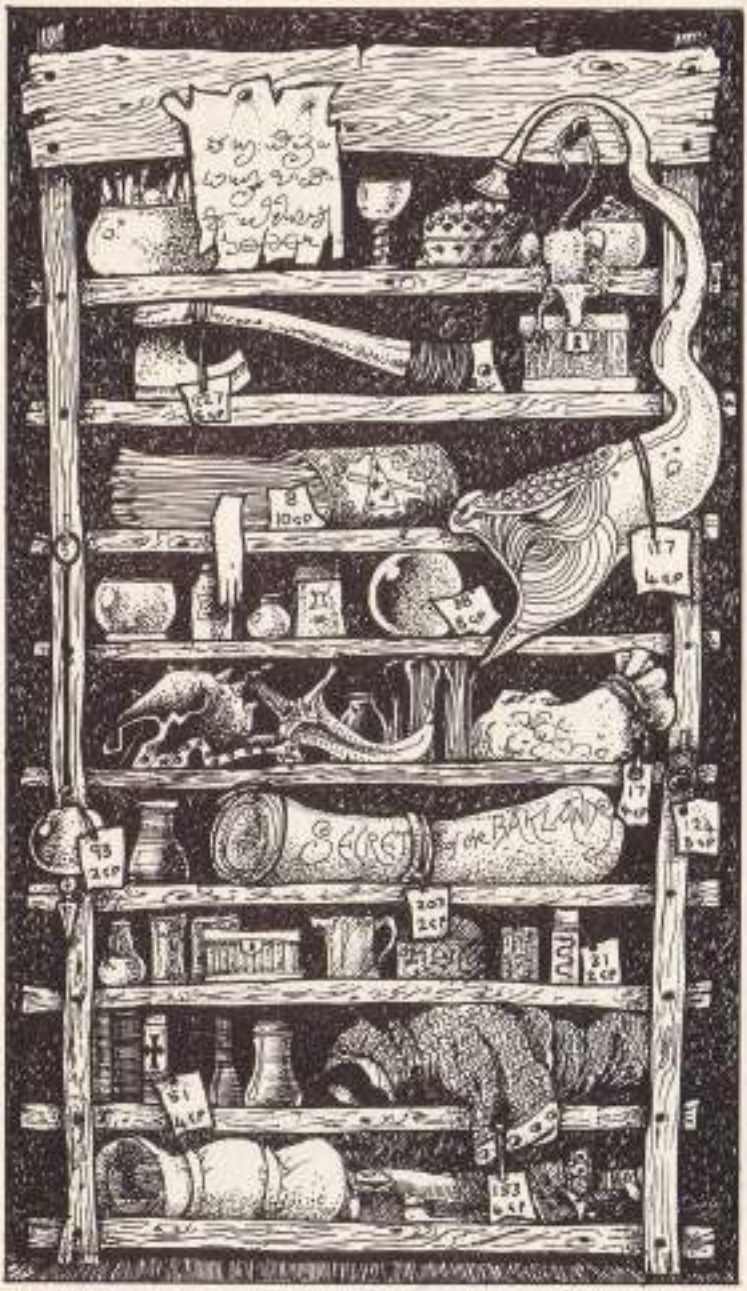
SECRET
BAKLANDS

315

The old Elf leads you into the centre of the camp where a large caravan stands. Its door is guarded by two armed Elves. 'Tell Oolooh we have a customer,' he orders one of the guards, who climbs into the caravan to report your arrival. A skinny black face appears at the door. 'And what sort of a bargain-hunter can we have happened across here in the middle of Baddu-Bak?' asks the face. 'Aha! A human! Well, come inside, come inside. Let's see what bargains we can strike with one another, eh? Come on, come on!' He waves you inside and you follow. Your eyes light up as you enter the caravan. It is a veritable treasure trove of valuables, magic items and equipment. Oolooh looks up at you over half-moon eyeglasses. He is flicking through a catalogue of some kind. 'And what is your art, stranger? Weaponry? Sorcery? Are you a craftsman? Or how about some fine treasures for gifts at the end of your journey? We have it all. And at fair prices, too!' You pause to look over his shelves while he chatters away at you. 'How about piece number 227, a fine Hewing Axe? Very useful if you are heading northwards. And only 6 Gold Pieces. Or piece number 93, a Brass Pendulum? Always hangs down, and no lodestone can deflect it. 2 Gold Pieces to you. Or a fine Pearl Ring – piece number 124 – a gift fit for a king? But that'll cost you 8 Pieces. Or a bag of Vittles . . . let's see . . . yes, piece number 17. Ideal provisions for long journeys. Only 4 Gold Pieces for the whole bag.'

If you have any Gold, you may buy from him anything you wish on his shelves. If you would prefer to barter, you may select anything (except your weapon) you have with you and offer it in exchange. Roll two dice for each of the items you are offering to test your bartering skill. If the number you roll is greater than your SKILL score, the Black Elf is not interested in that piece. If the roll is equal to your SKILL score, he will assign a value of 3 Gold Pieces to your offering. You may exchange it for anything priced at up to 3 Gold Pieces, or offer it

together with something else if you want something costing more than 3 Gold Pieces. If the roll is lower than your SKILL, then the Elf will value it at a higher price. He will accept its value as 3 Gold Pieces *plus* the difference (in Gold Pieces) between your SKILL and the die roll. For example, if your SKILL is 7 and you roll a 5, this item is worth 3 Gold Pieces *plus* the difference (2), that is, 5 Gold Pieces in exchange for anything he has to offer.

If you have nothing to offer, or do not wish to barter here, turn to **299**. If you do buy anything, you may find out what it is by turning to the reference with the same piece number as your purchase.

316

The noises get louder and louder until a group of three Marsh Goblins breaks through into your clearing. You stand and face each other. They are snub-nosed, ugly creatures with webbed fingers and they are evidently most surprised to see you. Do you wish to draw your sword (turn to **194**), talk to them (turn to **208**) or cast a spell?

GOB	NIP	POP	RAP	NIP
459	331	484	396	347

317

She scoffs: 'Do you think I would help one who planned to hold a weapon against me? I will tell you nothing. Begone! And quickly, before you once more feel Fenestra's power!' She looks towards you and her wide eyes begin to glow like coals. You decide it best not to risk seeing what she may have in mind for you and return to the door. Outside, you rejoin the path and continue your journey. Turn to **92**.

318

You continue along the trail in a north-westerly direction. Turn to **47**.

319

You pull your Borrinskin boots out of your pack and start to put them on. The Serpent slithers around in the branches above, watching you. Before you can put on the boots, it drops down from the tree and wraps itself around you! You manage to hurl it off, but you must now fight the creature:

FIRE SERPENT	SKILL 13	STAMINA 12

If you win the battle, turn to **306**.

320

You pray desperately to Libra and dodge the falling stones as you wait for her help. Another stone grazes your leg – lose 1 STAMINA point. You begin to hear a soft musical voice from within your head, calling out your name. The goddess is answering you! You listen: '. . . You are one of my most loyal subjects and I dearly want to help you in your mission. But even a god may not help if a prayer comes from the temple of another god. Indeed this is an *insult* to the gods. I know your prayer was innocent and for this I forgive you. But I cannot help you with this danger . . .'

You curse. Of course! It is blasphemy to call on one god from the temple of another. But while you curse, another stone lands on your head and knocks you reeling – lose 3 STAMINA points. How will you get out of here? Will you pray instead to the goddess of the temple (turn to **206**) or will you open the trapdoor (turn to **156**)?

321

At the kitchen tent you are introduced as a wealthy traveller who wishes to buy food. Their menu is simple. For 6 Gold Pieces, you will get a bowl of Whortle soup, followed by Cloister and bread, with a cup of herb tea. If you can afford this, pay your money and turn to 163. If you can't afford it, or if you don't wish to buy, turn to 192.

322

You leave the rock and head across the steppes. Will you head in a north-westerly direction (turn to 149) or a north-easterly direction (turn to 73)?

323

You command them to reveal their true selves to you. They stand in silence. You ask them to name their gods. Again, silence. But a transformation is taking place. Under their cowls, something is happening, but their faces are hidden so you cannot see what. You order them to show themselves! Slowly, each phantom lifts its hands to its hood. Together they flip back their cowls and the sight revealed makes you freeze in terror! Each spirit now has the head of a hissing serpent, darting and flashing in your direction! In blind panic you burst from the circle and run towards the forest, not daring to look backwards. The shock will cost you 1 SKILL point. When you are a safe distance from them, you slow down. Ahead of you is the next stage of your quest: the Forest of the Snatta. Turn to 133.

324

Before you leave, Fenestra offers to help you by giving you a gift. She can offer:

A medicinal potion	Turn to **296**
A lucky charm	Turn to **195**
A calling-whistle	Turn to **221**

You may choose one of these. Turn to the reference indicated to find that item's effect. Turn also to **221** if you collected a whistle earlier from Fenestra.

325

You drop to the ground in agony. The leader of the Horsemen strides over and kicks you with his hoof. Seeing that you are in no position to retaliate, he bends down and goes through your possessions, helping himself to all of them. The Horsemen leave you for dead. But you are not quite dead yet. After a short rest you may stagger on, but you have now lost all of your artefacts and your Provisions. Turn to **273**.

326

Mercilessly, you step over to deliver the final blow. Your opponent slumps to the ground. He will frighten unwary adventurers no more. You turn him over with your foot. As you touch him, something happens which makes you freeze. Turn to **143**.

327

You draw your weapon and shout at the ungrateful creature, telling it to give you back the gift. 'But I *never* give back my gifts,' it laughs. 'A gift is not a gift if it has to be given back!' This makes you angry and you rush at the creature. It makes a swift motion with one finger, pointing at your feet. Your boots seem to take on minds of their own and you trip over, falling head first on to the ground. Your forehead strikes a bare rock and you lose consciousness. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You wake up a short while later and the creature is nowhere in sight. Turn to **114**.

328

A crack of thunder above you confirms your fears. *The storm is following you!* You stop to look for any likely shelter, but there is none to be found. The storm is about to break and you have no alternative but to wrap yourself up and plod on through it. Turn to **247**.

329

The path is quite wide and looks well used. But there are no signs of who, or what, uses it. For most of the morning, you follow it through the woods until you reach an area where two paths converge. Further on from that, the path becomes much narrower. You are following a little-used trail – yet this is definitely the way towards Lake Ilklala. You squeeze between two bushes which have overgrown the path and find yourself tangled up in them. This is most annoying and you try to pull yourself free. A chill comes over you. You are getting tangled further! The bush itself seems to be wrapping around you! In a short time you will not be able to move – what will you do? Draw your weapon (turn to **167**) or cast a spell?

NIP	GOB	ROK	FIX	HOT
466	346	368	448	387

If you have any Essence of Bark with you, you may turn to **212**. If you have a Hewing Axe with you, turn to **196**.

330

The soft voice of a woman reaches your ears. You look around but can see no one. 'Be not afraid,' it whispers. 'You cannot see me but I am with you. I come to warn and advise you. For the scroll you have found is a valuable aid, but one which a warrior such as yourself could not hope to understand. Scribed on this parchment is a chant which will render powerless the Serpent of Time. Use it and you need not fear the creature. That is all I can tell you, except for this: if you encounter the Serpent, do not try to fight it with your weapon or magic. Instead hold up the scroll and recite the chant to the best of your ability.' The voice disappears and you unroll the parchment. You will find an illustration of this chant on the page facing reference **410**. If you encounter the Serpent of Time and can make any sense of this chant, it will suggest to you a reference number. Turn to this reference number instead of fighting the Serpent. Now return to **270** and continue.

331

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell and create a horrendous stench which swells up and engulfs the area. The Marsh Goblins' noses twitch and you wait to see their reactions. But to your dismay, these foul creatures *like* the stink you have created! But do *you* have any nose plugs? If not, the smell will make you ill for a few moments (lose 3 STAMINA points) and force you to leave the area – turn to **168**. If you have nose plugs, you will be safe from harm and you may choose either to fight the Goblins (turn to **194**) or run from them (turn to **168**).

332

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell, but nothing happens, as this spell will only work on non-intelligent creatures. Return to **49** and choose again.

333

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Bear attacks, causing 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to **139**. If you have such a Staff, you may hold it up and cast your spell. The Bear will stop immediately in its tracks, held immobile. You may take your time and continue your journey. Turn to **20**.

334

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel? If not, deduct 3 STAMINA points as the Beetle attacks while you are trying to make the spell work, and turn to **286**. If you have a Sun Jewel, your spell will cause it to glow brightly straight into the Beetle's eyes. You increase the brightness until the creature backs off. As you correctly deduced, it is an underground creature which cannot tolerate bright lights. The Beetle retreats into its hole and disappears underground. Turn to **24**.

335

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your spell will protect you from any magic in the area. But it is not magic which is causing the destruction of the temple. Again you must jump to avoid being hit by falling rocks, and again you land painfully. Lose another 2 STAMINA points and turn to **135**.

336

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and are protected for a short time from any damage you would normally sustain through falling. You may now either draw your weapon and climb the tree (turn to 42 but if you do so, you will not suffer the penalties described) or you may search for another means of attack (turn to 197).

337

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell creates a magical barrier in front of you. The Nighthawks cannot break through this wall, but they are easily able to fly around it. Your plan will not stop them. Turn to 258.

338

To your credit you have dispatched four of the Archmage's servants, a feat beyond the abilities of most mortals. However, the other three Serpents are now travelling ahead of you to Mampang to warn of your arrival. You will need your wits about you in the final stage of your mission. Turn to 498.

339

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, this spell will not work. If you do have a Green-Haired Wig, you place it on your head and cast the spell, talking to the little snake. The snake does not reply. You had better draw your weapon and fight it (turn to 52).

340

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Secretly, you cast your spell at the Champion and wait for it to take effect. Sure enough, his ferocity subsides and his expression changes from one of anger to a calmer, almost peaceful, look. But the fight must go on. Turn to 280 and resolve your battle with him, but you may reduce his SKILL by 3 points because of your spell.

341

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and this will protect you from any magical traps that the Elves may have in store for you. Now will you follow the old man (turn to 151) or plan an escape (turn to 311)?

342

Your achievement has been great. Conquering five of the Archmage's Serpents is a feat worthy of a true champion of Analand. However, the remaining Serpents are already flying on ahead of you to warn their master of your whereabouts, and your mission. But your own survival across the Baklands has built up your confidence and your stamina. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level and turn to **498**.

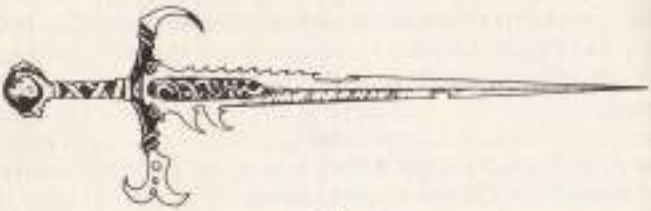

343

Do you have any Goblin's teeth with you? If not, your spell will not work and, whilst you try to cast it, two gashes appear on your arm as the Snattacats strike – deduct 3 STAMINA points, draw your weapon and turn to **99**. If you have any Goblin's teeth, you toss two of them on the ground and cast your spell on them (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Two Goblins appear before you and you command them to attack the Snattacats. But since their opponents are invisible, and Goblins are pretty stupid creatures, the Snattacats are easily able to kill them. Now you must either draw your weapon and fight them yourself (turn to **99**) or run away (turn to **246**).

344

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the creatures will attack as you try it in vain – lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **188**. If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, you may hold it up and start to cast your spell. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **381**; if you are *Unlucky* turn to **365**.

345

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and you are now safe from any magic which may be in the air. Unfortunately, there *is* no magic around you. Meanwhile, the Beetle attacks and catches you unawares. Deduct another 2 STAMINA points for your bruises and draw your weapon. Turn to **286**.

346

Do you have any Goblin's teeth with you? If not, your spell will not work – turn to **305**. If you have any Goblin's teeth, you may cast your spell on them to create Goblins who will aid you. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each tooth you use (each one will create a single Goblin). Any Goblins you create will help to disentangle you from the Stranglebush. To determine whether or not you manage to free yourself, throw one die and add to your roll the number of Goblins aiding you. If the total of the two is 6 or more, you free yourself (turn to **106**). If the total is less than 6, then the plant causes you 2 STAMINA points of damage and you may try again, losing two STAMINA points each time you are unsuccessful. Once you have started trying to free yourself, you may not create any more Goblins, so make sure you have enough to disentangle you!

347

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Yellow Powder with you? If not, this spell will not work; as you try to run off the Goblins grab you – draw your weapon and turn to **194**. If you have any Yellow Powder, you may sniff this and cast your spell to give you the power of swiftness – turn to **168** to run away from the area.

348

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any medicinal potions or Blimberry juice with you? If not, turn to **236**. If you have either of these, your spell will take its healing effect. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level and you had now better get out of this pit. Turn to **211**.

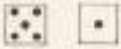

349

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and send a ball of flame flying towards the Fox. As your fireball hits, the flame bursts – but the Fox is unharmed! Draw your weapon and turn to 256.

350

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – turn to 395. If you have a Galehorn, you may cast your spell and blow on the horn. A tremendous blast of wind comes from the horn aimed straight at the Air Serpent you face. It tries desperately to avoid the gust, but is caught and its shape disappears as its wispy body is dispersed. You have defeated the creature! Turn to 213.

351

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, your spell will not work and while you try in vain to cast it, the Serpent strikes, causing 3 STAMINA points of damage – draw your weapon and turn to 54. If you have a Galehorn, you may cast your spell and blow the horn. A tremendous gust of air blasts from the horn which catches the Serpent's wings and lifts it into the air. Turn to 127.

352

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. If you have some, you can throw it on the Demon and cast your spell. However, since the Demon is already made of stone, your spell is ineffectual. Whether or not you had any stone dust, deduct 2 STAMINA points as a blow from the Rock Demon catches you unawares. Then draw your weapon and turn to 268.

353

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Pipe? If not, the spell will not work – turn to 248. If you have a pipe, you start to play and cast your spell. A smile spreads over the man's face. 'Sssoo, my ssisstersss,' he laughs. 'Our visssitor isss alssoo a musssician.' But his reaction is not what you'd expect from the spell; it is having no effect on him. For he is also a master of the magic pipe and his tune is reaching out to you. Turn to 248.

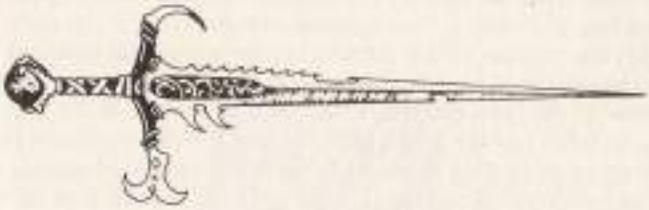

354

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have an Orb of Crystal with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 171 and choose again. If you have a Crystal Orb, turn to 492.

355

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and a lightning blast shoots from your finger at the snake. The little creature is vaporized. You may now leave the area. Turn to 309.

356

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel of Gold with you? If not, this spell will not work and you will be attacked as you fumble with it – lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 188. If you have a Jewel of Gold, you may wear it and cast your spell. The creatures stop advancing and their expressions turn from anger to interest. They lower their clubs and grunt at you. You cannot understand their language (if indeed it *is* a language) but you exchange a few words in sign language until they turn to go. You may now continue. Add only 1 STAMINA point for the night's rest as your sleep was disturbed, and deduct 3 STAMINA points if you ate nothing yesterday. Now you can collect your things and leave. Will you head north-west (turn to 83), north-north-west (turn to 283) or straight ahead northwards (turn to 60)?

357

You have defeated the Seven Serpents! You are indeed a worthy champion of Analand. Your success now means that you may continue your journey to the fortress at Mampang unannounced: the Archmage will not have been warned of your arrival or your mission. In view of this, you may start your next adventure in *The Crown of Kings* at reference 237 instead of reference 1. You may also increase your SKILL to 2 points above its *Initial* level (this now becomes your permanent *Initial* SKILL score). Your STAMINA can be restored to its *Initial* level. You may increase your *Initial* LUCK score by 1 point and restore your LUCK to this new level. Now turn to 498.

358

Do you have any Goblin's teeth with you? If not, your spell will not work and while you try to cast it, two gashes appear on your arms as the Snattacats strike – deduct 3 STAMINA points, draw your weapon and turn to 74. If you have Goblin's teeth, you toss two on the ground and cast your spell on them (deduct 2 STAMINA points). In a flash, two Goblins have appeared and you command them to attack the Snattacats. However, since they cannot *see* their opponents, their attacks will not help and the Snattacats are easily able to kill them. You must draw your weapon and turn to 74.

359

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot cast your spell – return to 97 and choose again. If you have a Galehorn, you cast your spell and blow through the horn. A whistling sound gets louder and louder until a blast of wind explodes from the horn towards the strange enigma before you. It strains to hold its position but the force of your blast sends it flying into the distance. You may now choose your way onwards. Turn to 322.

360

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, your spell will not work and while you fumble with it, the Flying Fish attack, causing 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to 291. If you have some beeswax, you may rub it on your weapon and cast the spell. Now turn to 291 and fight the creatures, but during this fight, your weapon will inflict double damage (4 STAMINA points instead of the normal 2).

361

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Bear attacks – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 139. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you may place it on your head, cast your spell and try to talk to the Bear. But there is only one message you can get from the creature: it is hungry and wants food! Return quickly to 244 and choose again.

362

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 115. If you can cast your spell over a Giant's tooth, the magic creates a burly Giant before you. You command the Giant to break apart the rock and free you. It struggles valiantly in spite of the burning heat underfoot. Within a few moments, it has managed to dislodge a rock and your leg comes free. Its job now done, the Giant disappears. Turn to 307.

363

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and a bolt of lightning shoots from your fingertip at the creature – and then right through it! This spell will not help you here. Turn to 395.

364

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and realize your wasted effort. You are already in darkness. Why should you want to cast this spell? The Serpent is amused at your blunder and it takes advantage of the situation, attacking swiftly. Lose 2 STAMINA points and draw your weapon. Turn to 45.

365

As you cast the spell, one of the creatures throws its club at the Mirror, knocking it out of your hands on to the ground. It lands awkwardly and shatters. The Mirror is now of no use and you will have to leave it behind. Draw your weapon and turn to 188.

366

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for its 'inner advice' to warn you of any impending danger. Sure enough, the old Elf is leading you into a trap. You may either go along with him and plan to nip off out of this place at a suitable time (turn to 311). Or you may instead tell them that you would like to buy Provisions from them, hoping that a little Gold will override their suspicions (turn to 215).

367

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your spell has no effect on the Serpent as it is designed to cause attackers to fumble with weapons and other objects. You will have to face it with your weapon. Turn to 54.

368

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – turn to 305. If you have some stone dust, you may sprinkle it over the STRANGLEBUSH and cast your spell. However, this spell will not work on plants and you will have to draw your weapon to try to cut yourself free. Turn to 167.

369

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. If you have some dust, you may cast your spell on it and throw it at something (anything you like). Whatever it is turns to stone, but this does not help your plight. Whether or not you could cast the spell, your preoccupation with it has distracted you and you do not notice a large rock fall. It lands on your back. Lose 3 STAMINA points and turn to 135.

370

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on a nearby rock and it turns into a small pile of treasure. The Baddu-Beetle, though, is not impressed and ignores your illusion. It swings a great claw and knocks you reeling. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You decide it best to fight on with your weapon. Turn to 286.

371

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, your spell will not work – turn to 236. If you have some sand, you may throw it on to the hot rock and cast your spell. Your magic creates a pool of quicksand around the rock and it begins to sink into the earth once more, bubbling and boiling. As it disappears you have a chance to lift yourself out of the pit. Turn to 43.

372

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, this spell will not work although you will *think* it has worked – turn to **268** to fight the Demon, but deduct 1 SKILL point as you will be slightly overconfident. If you have any beeswax, you must also turn to **268**, but the spell will sharpen your blade so that any successful hits will do 4 STAMINA points of damage instead of the normal 2.

373

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling with you? If not, your spell will not work and the fish will attack, causing 2 STAMINA points of damage (turn to **291**). If you have an Oak Staff, your spell will affect a small number of the Flying Fish, holding them suspended in the air. But the majority of the fish will still attack. Turn to **291** but you may deduct 1 SKILL point from the fish.

374

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any glue with you? If not, return to **272** and choose another course of action. If you have some glue, you may cast your spell and throw the vial of glue on to any object you like. This object then becomes stuck firmly in position. Cross the vial of glue off your Equipment List and return to **272** to choose again.

375

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have a Sun Jewel, this spell is no help to you in your predicament. Return to **115** and choose again.

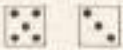

376

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a vial of glue with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you will be attacked by the Snattacats as you try to get it to work – deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 99. If you have a vial of glue, you may throw it at a Snattacat and cast your spell. But since the creatures are invisible, it will be a matter of luck whether it hits one or not. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, you manage to catch one of the advancing Snattacats and only three will attack; if you are *Unlucky*, you miss them. Now turn to 99 to fight them.

377

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and a burning fireball appears in your palm. The Moon Serpent pulls back and watches you carefully, waiting for your move. Quickly, you fling the fireball at it! It darts to one side, trying to avoid being hit, but the fireball strikes it. The Serpent squeals in agony. Turn to 62.

378

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for it to take effect, to protect you from any magical traps. Although something supernatural is indeed happening, your spell is not powerful enough to protect you from the forces at work here. Return to 300 and choose again.

379

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 49 and choose again. If you have an Oak Staff, you may cast the spell and freeze the ferryman where he stands, refusing to release him unless he agrees to ferry you across without charging you. Eventually he agrees. Turn to 110.

380

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for it to take effect. Nothing happens! This spell may only be used in a closed room, not in the open air. While you are waiting, one of the Nighthawks darts in and gashes your cheek with its beak. Deduct another STAMINA point. You had better draw your weapon before they attack. Turn to 258.

381

As you cast the spell, one of the creatures throws its club at the Mirror, knocking it from your hands on to the ground. You hold your breath but, as luck would have it, the glass does not break and you will be able to pick it up again at the earliest opportunity. Turn to **188**.

382

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Rock Demon hits you for 3 STAMINA points of damage as you wait for something to happen. If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, you hold it to face the Demon and cast the spell. In front of you stands an exact duplicate of the Demon and you command it to attack. Turn to **268** to conduct the battle. Remember that your duplicate Demon has the same SKILL and STAMINA as the original. While the two Demons are battling it out, you may attempt to free yourself each Attack Round. If your creation loses, you will have to finish off the battle yourself.

383

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create an invisible field around yourself which the Snattacats cannot penetrate. Eventually they give up trying to reach you and leave the area. Turn to **160**.

384

The spell takes effect. 'One moment,' says the old Elf. 'It is not often that we have visitors here. What say we extend our hospitality to our guest?' The crowd nod in agreement. 'Come, stranger, come and try a bowl of Whortle soup. One of our specialities!' You follow him to a kitchen tent. Inside, the cook brings you the soup. Turn to **163**.

385

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create a series of small fireballs which you hurl at the creature. Your aim is true, but your missiles extinguish themselves as soon as they come into contact with the Water Serpent. Turn to 172 and choose another method of dealing with it.

386

Although you have defeated one of the Serpents, the other six have escaped you and are now flying hard towards the Mampang Fortress to warn their master of your impending arrival. To your credit, you have survived the journey so far, but your failure to defeat the Serpents means you will need all your courage and wits about you in the final stage of your mission. Deduct 2 SKILL points, 1 STAMINA point and 2 LUCK points in view of this, and turn to 498.

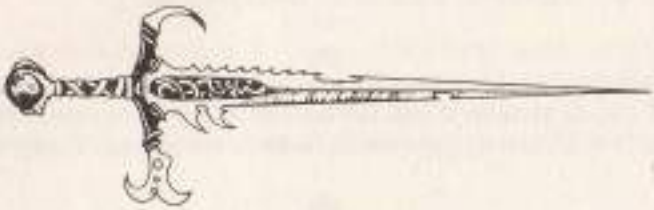

387

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create a fireball in the palm of your hand. But as you try to decide on a place to attack, you realize that this method of attack is too risky to yourself. Since the STRANGLEBUSH has wrapped itself all around you, there is nowhere you can effectively burn it without possibly burning yourself! You had better try instead to pull out your weapon. Turn to 167.

388

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone with you? If not, you cannot get the spell to work – turn to 248. If you have a Bracelet of Bone, you place it on your wrist and cast your spell. You concentrate on the illusion that the Snake Charmer's pets are escaping, slithering away out of the pit. The man drops his pipe and goes running after his snakes. This will delay him just long enough for you to look round the pit. But you will have to be careful; the real snakes are still there! Turn to 260.

389

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 97 and choose again. If you have some sand you may throw it on the ground underneath whatever it is in front of you and cast your spell. But nothing happens. The strange enigma in front of you is not actually touching the ground so is unaffected by the quicksand which you have created beneath it. Do you wish to investigate it more carefully (turn to 157) or ignore it and continue (turn to 322)?

390

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell takes effect and you are surrounded by a protective aura. However, it can do nothing to free your leg. Return to 115 and choose again.

391

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and it affects one of the Horsemen, who shakes his head and looks dumbly at the others. Now is your chance to leap to the attack. Turn to 70. But the Horseman under your spell (you choose which one) will not join in the fight and you may kill him easily once you have finished with the other two.

392

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone? If not, you cannot use this spell. But even if you have a Bracelet of Bone, your spell is not powerful enough to affect the Moon Serpent. Whether or not you can cast this spell, it does not work and the Serpent strikes. Lose 2 STAMINA points, draw your weapon and turn to 45.

393

Your long trek across the Baklands is almost over. Having left the Vischlami Swamps, you now stand at the Zanzunu foothills from where you will climb through Xamen to the Fortress at Mampang. But will your arrival be anticipated? How many of the Seven Serpents have you either killed or left trapped, unable to warn the Archduke of your mission?

No Serpents?	Turn to 496
One Serpent?	Turn to 386
Two Serpents?	Turn to 479
Three Serpents?	Turn to 444
Four Serpents?	Turn to 338
Five Serpents?	Turn to 342
Six Serpents?	Turn to 435
Seven Serpents?	Turn to 357

394

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel of Gold with you? If not, your spell will not work and you must follow the old Elf – turn to 151. If you have a Jewel of Gold, turn to 384.

395

The swirling shape closes in around you, trying to choke you! Deduct 2 STAMINA points and decide quickly what your next action will be. Will you draw your weapon and try to fight the creature (turn to 261), will you see if there is anything you can do to help the ferryman (turn to 21), or would you like to try another spell?

DUM	KIN	SIX	HUF	ZAP
464	419	482	350	363

396

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and must choose either to run away from the Goblins (turn to 168) or to draw your weapon and fight (turn to 194). If you have a Green-Haired Wig, turn to 410.

397

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create around you an invisible shield. The snake is not able to penetrate your shield and eventually it slithers off. You may now leave the area. Turn to **309**.

398

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Pearl Ring with you? If not, this spell will not work; you will not become invisible, but you will *believe* that you are – turn to **74** to face the Snattacats but deduct 2 points from your SKILL during this battle. If you have a Pearl Ring you may cast this spell and, under your cloak of invisibility, you may leave the area. Turn to **271**.

399

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles? If not, you cannot cast this spell. If you have any such pebbles, you may cast your spell over them and throw them at the door. They hit the door and explode with a loud bang, but the door itself is sturdy and remains unaffected. Return to **171** and choose again.

400

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell and a horrendous stench fills the air. The Fox sniffs the air. The smell reaches its nostrils and it howls in horror of the stink. With its tail between its legs, it turns and races off into the distance. But the smell will also affect you. Do you have any nose plugs? If not, the foul stench will make you ill and cause 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you do, you will not be affected. You may now leave. Turn to **95**.

401

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. As the spell takes effect, you get the strong feeling that the hieroglyphics conceal a trap – you would be well advised to avoid them. If you wish to open the trapdoor, turn to **180**. If you wish to look around a bit more, turn to **101**. If you ignore the warning and read the hieroglyphics anyway, turn to **189**.

402

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Holy Water necessary to perform this spell, it will do you no good, as its effect is to bring the dead back to life. So far, no one has died! But seeing you try to cast the spell angers the Klattaman Champion and he strikes you with his wooden club. The blow causes 3 STAMINA points of damage. You had better draw your weapon and turn to **280**.

403

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Your spell creates a disgusting stench which surrounds your boat. But, alas, this smell has no effect on the Flying Fish. Do you have any nose plugs with you? If not, the spell will affect *you* as the smell hits your nostrils and you must deduct 3 STAMINA points. Now draw your weapon and turn to **291**.

404

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. This spell will not work outdoors. Return to **49** and make another choice.

405

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. If you do have such a flute, you cast your spell and play the instrument. But to your dismay, the Serpent is unaffected by your spell (whether it works or not) and instead darts at you to attack. Lose 2 STAMINA points and draw your weapon (turn to 45).

406

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Staff of Oak Sapling you need for casting this spell, it will be of no use to you. As the heat increases you must deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 236.

407

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and send a flaming fireball hurtling towards the little snake. With a flash, the snake disappears, leaving a charred skeleton behind. You may now leave the area. Turn to 309.

408

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and a mental bell starts ringing in your head to warn you of this character. His music is enchanted! Your best bet is either to cooperate with him or to leave as quickly as possible. If you wish to cooperate, you may offer to show him what you have in your backpack (turn to 87). If you wish to leave, you may turn away from him and quickly leave the pit (turn to 318). Otherwise, you can simply listen to the tune he is playing (turn to 248).

409

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and point at the door, sending a bolt of lightning shooting towards the lock. With a loud crack, the door shudders and swings on its hinges. Turn to 265.

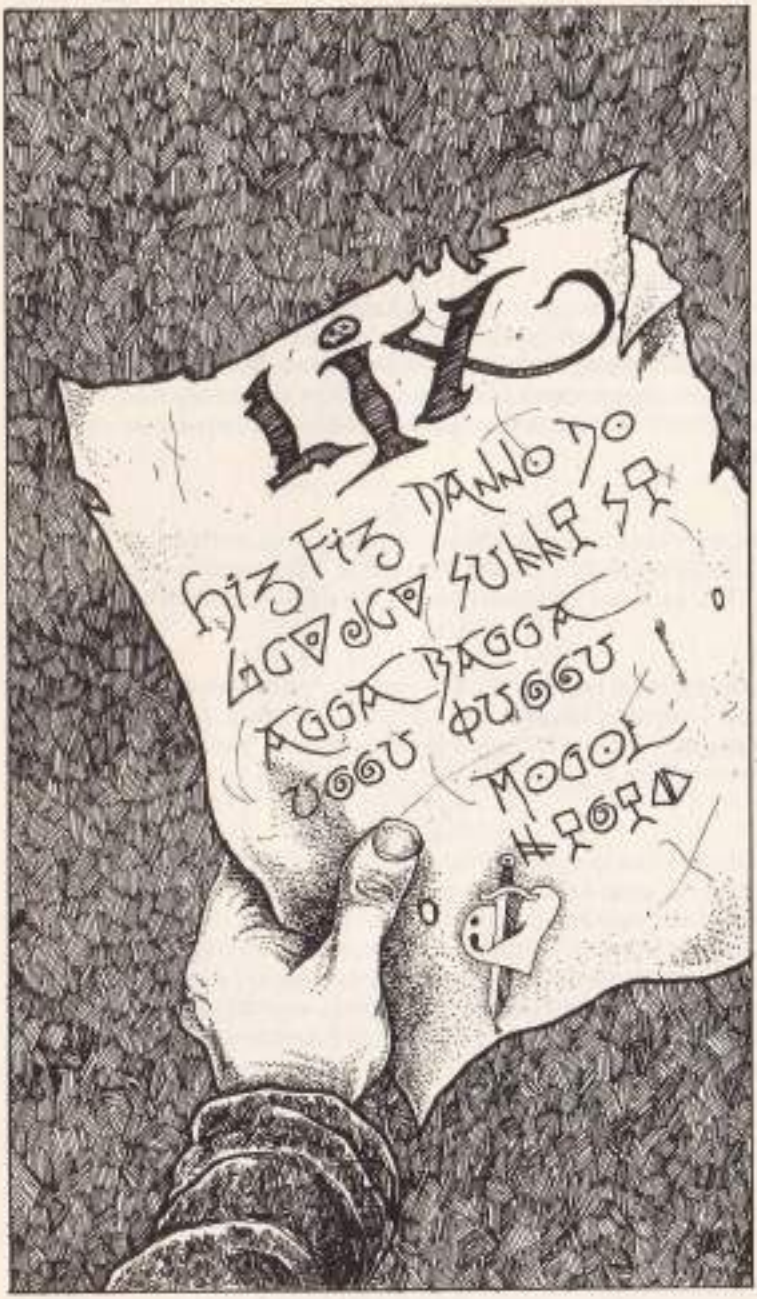

410

You place the Wig on your head, cast your spell and start to talk to the Goblins. Their incomprehensible jabberings begin to sound more meaningful and soon you are talking to them. You manage to establish that they are running from a great Serpent. They believe it has godly powers, but you explain it is likely to be one of the Archmage's messengers. They had been trying to drive the creature from the area with the help of a sacred scroll given to them by the sorceress from the Forest of the Snatta. But they could not read the scroll and couldn't decide what to do with it. You ask for a look at the scroll and one of them pulls it out. The language on the scroll is strange and the message is written in the form of a short magic spell or chant.

You study the chant and can begin to make some sense of it. Look at the message illustrated. It may suggest to you a reference number. When you come across the Serpent of Time, you will most likely die unless you can pick up a clue, in the form of this reference number, from this chant. If you face the Serpent of Time, turn to this reference (no option will be given) and, if you are correct, you will be able to defeat the creature.

You thank the Goblins for their information and promise to do what you can to destroy the Serpent. Turn to 295.

411

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create a fireball in the palm of your hand, hurling it upwards at the Serpent. The creature hisses as your missile bounces off, without damaging it at all. In fact you find you have to leap aside to avoid it! Will you now draw your weapon and climb the tree (turn to 42), choose another means of attack (turn to 197) or leave the creature alone and move on (turn to 306)?

412

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Return to 189 and choose again.

413

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and you are now protected from magic. Unfortunately, the Moon Serpent attacks non-magically and it strikes you. Deduct another 2 STAMINA points and turn to 45.

414

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and, sensing your confusion, the Serpent strikes – deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 172. If you have some beeswax, you may wipe it on your weapon and cast the spell. Now turn to 172. If you choose to fight the creature, your weapon will do extra damage. As the Serpent is made of water, this will be 3 STAMINA points instead of the normal 2.

415

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create six identical images of yourself. The Bear stops and examines each one, trying to decide which to attack. It makes its choice, and to your horror, it has chosen the correct image! Draw your weapon and turn to 139.

416

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, this spell will not work and the Fox will attack (lose 2 STAMINA points, draw your weapon and turn to 256). If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you can place it on your head and use your spell to communicate with the creature. However, it is not interested in talking to you and can think only of food. It sees you as its next meal! Draw your weapon and turn to 256.

417

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create a magical barrier in front of you which nothing may penetrate. But your suspicions were misguided. Nothing happens which may have made your wall useful. Return to 272 and choose your next course of action.

418

Deduct 5 STAMINA points. There is no such spell as this. Turn to 236.

419

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. But even if you have such a Mirror, you are horrified to find that the swirling Air Serpent you are facing casts no reflection! Turn to 395.

420

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, your spell will not work – the Klattaman strikes you with his club (deduct 2 STAMINA points) as a challenge and you must turn to 280 to fight him. If you have a Black Facemask, you hold it before your face as you cast the spell. The tall Klattaman starts to look worried. Moments later he is positively terrified! He turns to run from you and, amid hisses and jeers from the others, disappears into one of the huts. The onlookers look suspiciously at you and you decide it best to take your leave. Turn to 173.

421

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – return to 97 and choose again. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you place it on your head and wait for the spell to take effect. You try talking to the oddity. Nothing happens. Return to 97 and choose again.

422

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell at one of the Horsemen. He looks at his bow and drops it down on the ground. The other two stare at their companion, who now gazes vacantly into space. You seize your opportunity to attack:

First HORSEMAN	SKILL 1	STAMINA 7
Second HORSEMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Third HORSEMAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

Fight the Horsemen one at a time, in reverse order. Once you have killed the first two, you may allow the last one to surrender if you wish. If you do so, turn to 35. If you want to finish them all off, turn to 154.

423

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have an Orb of Crystal with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Snattacats will attack you, causing 3 STAMINA points of damage – turn to 74. If you have an Orb of Crystal, you may hold it up and cast your spell on to it. Within the ball, you can discern shapes which you can eventually make out as yourself and a number of Snattacats approaching you! By reading the ball, you can know in advance where the creatures are coming from, and with this information, you are able to avoid them and continue onwards safely. Turn to 271.

424

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You wait apprehensively as the spell takes effect. The Deathwraith in front of you is not so much a trap as an illusion. But you feel strong indications of impending danger involving a reptile of some sort. You may challenge the creature in front of you with a normal weapon. Turn to 32.

425

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a scullcap with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. If you have a skullcap, you may place it on your head, cast your spell and wait for any indication the spell may give about this place. You receive no such psychic messages. Return to 171 and choose again.

426

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast the spell in the nick of time, creating a solid invisible barrier between you and the attacking fish. The Flying Fish collide into your wall and drop back into the sea, unable to attack you. Turn to 75.

427

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Yellow Powder it requires. Meanwhile, the Snake Charmer has been playing. Turn to 248.

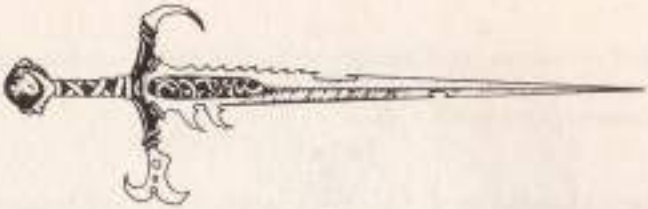

428

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and a shower of stones lands around you causing 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to 30. If you have the Galehorn, you can use the spell to create a tremendous wind which you hope will blow the falling rocks away from you. However, the wind will blow in one direction only and is not a great deal of use here. Turn to 30.

429

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and an invisible barrier forms around you. Falling stones bounce off your protective shield. Large rocks cause it to shudder, but it holds fast. Some time later, the spell wears off. Turn to 9.

430

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. The birds prepare to attack as you cast your spell. But when it affects them, they stop in the air as if waiting for some command. You order them to fly off southwards. They wheel in the sky and start to fly back towards the Cityport. But soon they stop as the spell wears off and they return to attack again. Turn to 314.

431

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust with you? If not, you try desperately to petrify the Snattacats but your spell will not work – deduct 3 STAMINA points as one attacks you, draw your weapon and turn to 99. If you have some stone dust, you may try to immobilize three of the Snattacats which are attacking you. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, your attempt is successful: the three invisible creatures are turned to stone statues, leaving only the fourth for you to fight. If you are *Unlucky*, you only manage to catch one of the creatures, leaving three for you to face. Draw your weapon and turn to 99.

432

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Brass Pendulum you need to cast it. You follow the old Elf towards the caravan. Turn to 151.

433

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling it requires. While you try to make it work, the Deathwraith slashes at you with its long fingers. It catches your cheek, inflicting 2 STAMINA points of damage. You quickly draw your weapon. Turn to 32.

434

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell and a foul, putrid stink swells up around you and rises up towards the creature. Do you have a pair of nose plugs with you? If not, the smell will overcome you and you must lose 3 STAMINA points through nausea. If you have nose plugs, you may put them in quickly and avoid any illness. But the smell does not affect the Serpent sitting up in the tree. Return to 123 and choose again.

435

You have crossed the Baklands and defeated six of the Archmage's servants – a feat truly worthy of a champion of Analand. But the last Serpent, undefeated, is now winging its way towards its master and will arrive at Mampang ahead of you to warn him of your mission. Nevertheless, your success so far has filled you with great confidence. You may restore your SKILL and STAMINA scores to their *Initial* levels. If the only remaining undefeated Serpent is the Sun Serpent, turn to 458. Otherwise, turn to 498.

436

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a coin with you? If not, this spell will not work. If you have a coin, you may place it on your wrist and cast the spell. The coin will transform itself into an invisible shield. Turn to 172. If you fight the Serpent, your shield will allow you to deduct 2 points from the creature's Attack Strength.

437

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and the Bear stops in its tracks at your command. You order it to turn and go, and it does so. Turn to 20.

438

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have an Orb of Crystal with you? If not you must return to 115 and choose again. If you have a Crystal Orb, your spell will have its effect. The Orb begins to swirl with colours and, as they clear, you can see a rocky crag. It is the area you are in! But cracks in the ground are healing up and the shower of stones is subsiding. The area is returning to normal. But what does this mean? This information certainly cannot help you at the moment. Return to 115 and choose again.

439

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and while you are trying to make it work the creatures attack – lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 188. If you have a Bracelet of Bone, you slip it over your wrist and cast your spell. Before their eyes, you turn into a great Horned Demon, belching smoke and flames from your nostrils. You guessed correctly. These primitive creatures are very superstitious and they have taken your transformation as a sign that their gods are displeased with them. You command them to hand over their possessions and then be gone. Terrified, they do as you ask. Turn to 251.

440

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. The Beetle stops as you cast your spell and grow in size before it. You may attack it now at double your normal SKILL. Turn to 286 and resolve your combat.

441

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any medicinal potions or Blimberry juice with you? If not, the spell will not work. If you have either of these, you may either use them on yourself, or offer to administer them to the ferryman. If you use them on yourself, you may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level, then return to 49 to choose your next course of action. If you offer them to the ferryman, he will agree to ferry you across the lake for nothing – turn to 110.

442

Using your spell, you penetrate the old Elf's mind. Clearly he is leading you into a trap if you follow him. But you can tell that they are traders and will be more than interested in Gold Pieces. Will you tell him that you are more interested in buying Provisions (turn to 215) or that you too are a trader and would like to see what they have to offer (turn to 315)?

443

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Brass Pendulum with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Serpent will attack for 3 STAMINA points of damage; you must then draw your weapon and turn to 54. If you have a Brass Pendulum, you begin to swing it, your spell focusing the Serpent's attention on the metal bob. But, alas, this spell is not powerful enough to overcome the will power of the great Serpent. It strikes the pendulum from your hand (this is now lost) and attacks. You must draw your weapon. Turn to 54.

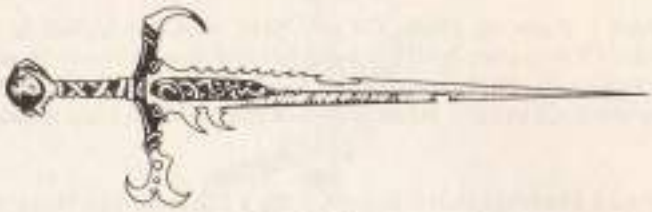

444

With three Serpents defeated, you can justifiably feel satisfied with your valiant attempt to prevent them warning their master of your arrival. But your effort has not been good enough and the Archduke will be making plans to welcome you in his own special way. In view of this, you must deduct 1 SKILL point. Now turn to 498.

445

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for it to take effect. While you are waiting another arrow shoots towards you. Roll one die. A 1–3 indicates a hit, for 2 STAMINA points of damage. The Horsemen load up their bows again. Your spell is useless in this situation! You had better attack them quickly. Turn to 70.

446

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. As you cast the spell, an inner voice tells you to beware of this enigma in front of you, for it is dangerous and has nothing to offer you. You are safe if you keep your distance, but you must not get too close. Turn to 157.

447

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell. But nothing happens! You cannot use this spell outdoors and, while you are trying to make it work, you are showered with stones. Lose 1 STAMINA point and turn to 30.

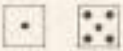

448

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have with you a Staff of Oak Sapling? If not, your spell will not work and you must turn to **305**. If you have such a Staff, you may cast the spell on the STRANGLEBUSH to hold it fixed in place while you work yourself free. Turn to **106**.

449

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Potion of Fire Water with you? If not, the spell does nothing and the fish attack (for 2 STAMINA points of damage) while you are trying to work it – turn to **291**. If you have a Potion of Fire Water, you may drink this and cast your spell. Immediately you feel a surge of strength fill your body, with power swelling your muscles. However, there are so many fish that your extra strength is not going to be a great deal of use here. Turn to **291** and resolve this combat.

450

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Crystal Orb it requires. As you try to make it work, his tune reaches you. Turn to **248**.

451

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a vial of glue? If not, this spell will not work and you must lose an extra 3 STAMINA points as the Snattacats attack – turn to **74**. If you have a vial of glue, you may throw it on the ground and cast your spell on it. But since the Snattacats are invisible, it will be a matter of luck whether any of them step on the glue and are held by it or not. Turn to **74** and follow the instructions. But you may, if you wish, *Test your Luck* here. If you are *Lucky*, the glue will catch one of the attacking Snattacats and hold it, so you will fight one less than the number you will be told to roll. If you are *Unlucky*, the Snattacats will all pass by your trap.

452

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait to see whether anything happens. The shimmering haze reappears and engulfs the creature once more. As it rises, the Deathwraith is being transformed and another shape now stands before you. A stout, balding man appears in its place, who looks at you nervously and smiles. The Deathwraith has been an illusion! You may now fight the creature:

BALDING MAN	SKILL 6	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 143. If you would prefer to spare the man's life, turn to 72 instead.

453

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your spell would be effective against an attacking creature, but it is useless against a shower of rocks! Turn to 30.

454

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell creates an invisible shield around you that the Snattacats cannot break through. You can continue unharmed through the area, leaving the creatures behind. The spell eventually wears off at a clearing where you may rest briefly. Turn to 20.

455

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell sends a flash of lightning from your fingertip towards the Demon. But since it is made of rock, the blast has no effect. Return to **185** and make another choice.

456

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, this spell will not work and the creatures will attack as you try to use it – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **188**. If you have a Black Facemask, you may hold it up before your face and cast your spell. The spell will create a fear in their minds which will be to your advantage in the battle which you will have to fight. Turn to **188** but you may deduct 2 points from the creatures' Attack Strength rolls while they are in this fearful state.

457

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Quietly you cast your spell and command the Klattaman to hold his ground. But your plan has not worked! This spell only works on non-intelligent creatures! Draw your weapon and prepare for battle. Turn to **280**.

458

Whether or not you realize it, the Sun Serpent has been captured and will not be able to escape to warn the Archduke of your mission. You may ignore the bonuses granted on the last reference and instead turn to **357**.

459

Do you have any Goblin's teeth with you? If not, you may not cast this spell – draw your weapon and turn to **194**. If you have any Goblin's teeth, you may drop as many as you wish on the ground and cast your spell (deduct 1 STAMINA point per tooth used). The teeth grow into armed Goblins which you may then command to attack. Your own Goblins have a SKILL of 5 and a STAMINA of 5. Turn to **194** and resolve the combat. Resolve the battle in the normal way on a one-against-one basis as far as possible, but any spare Marsh Goblins will attack you rather than your Goblin creations.

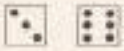

460

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and point a finger towards the creature, sending a bolt of lightning shooting towards it. However, since it is entwined in the branches of the tree, you cannot get a direct aim at it and your blast is absorbed by a branch. Return to 123 and choose another course of action.

461

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, this spell will not work – draw your weapon and turn to 52. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, you may place it on your head and cast your spell. You call out to the little snake and it stops, looking up at you. 'Great beast with two legs,' it hisses. 'You wake me. Stay away. I bite.' You explain that you do not wish to harm it. 'Leave me,' it orders. Will you leave it, fight it or cast another spell? Return to 23 and choose again.

462

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You prepare your spell and cast it cautiously, as you are exposing yourself to what could be a dangerous situation. You aim your blast quite close to yourself, hoping that the lightning bolt will break up the ground. Your plan succeeds! Your leg comes free. Turn to 307.

463

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the Staff of Oak Sapling it requires. While you are waiting for something to happen, two of the Nighthawks dart down at you and their sharp beaks gash your skin. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 258.

464

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. This spell *would* work, but it is not appropriate here as the Air Serpent you face is carrying no weapon. Turn to 395.

465

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any medicinal potions or Blimberry juice with you? If not, the spell will not work – return to 272 and choose again. If you have either of these, you may cast the spell and take one measure of the potion. Within moments you will begin to feel revitalized as the healing spell takes effect. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Then return to 272 and choose again.

466

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Yellow Powder with you? If not, your spell will not work. If you have any Yellow Powder, you must sniff some and you may then cast your spell. However, the STRANGLEBUSH is holding you firm and your actions, although speeded up to several times their normal rate, cannot disentangle you. Turn to 305.

467

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Crystal Orb with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and must draw your weapon – but the Snattacats will attack immediately (deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 99). If you have a Crystal Orb, you may use your spell to read the future. Looking into the Orb you can see yourself with the Snattacats and can thus see where they are advancing from. Using this information, you may avoid the creatures easily. Turn to 41.

468

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell. But nothing happens! This spell may only be cast indoors and is useless here. Meanwhile, the Fox springs at you and attacks: deduct 2 STAMINA points. Now you must draw your weapon and face it. Turn to 256.

469

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and the door opens. Turn to 265.

470

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot use this spell as you do not have the Brass Pendulum it requires. As you try in vain to make it work, the Deathwraith slashes at you with its bony fingers, catching you across the cheek and inflicting 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage. You had better draw your weapon and turn to 32.

471

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Serpent attacks for 3 STAMINA points of damage – turn to 54 and face it with your weapon. If you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion, you may wear it and cast the spell as the Serpent strikes. You begin to rise into the air and, by grabbing the Serpent, you may lift it up with you. Turn to 127.

472

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a cloth skullcap with you? If not, your spell will not work – follow the Elf and turn to 151. If you have a skullcap, turn to 442.

473

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any grains of sand with you? If not, this spell will not work and the Serpent strikes as you fumble with it – lose 3 STAMINA points and turn to 172. If you have any grains of sand, this spell will still not do you any good. The Serpent, being made of water, will not be trapped by quicksand, even if you can find some way of getting them in contact with one another. You have wasted your grains of sand and must now turn to 172.

474

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – draw your weapon and climb the tree (turn to 42). If you have a Galehorn, you may cast your spell and use the Galehorn to produce forceful blasts of wind. You may face the Fire Serpent with your weapon (turn to 42) and if you do so you will be immune from any special damage caused by its power of fire *and* you may add 2 SKILL points as you fight it (but only during this battle). Otherwise you may leave the creature alone (turn to 306).

475

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's tooth with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell and as you fumble with it one of the creatures lands a blow on you – lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 188. If you have a Giant's tooth, you toss it on the ground. You are about to cast your spell when one of the creatures grabs it from the dirt and puts it in its pocket! It seems to regard your tooth as a valuable object. Draw your weapon and turn to 188.

476

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for something to happen. Nothing does. Your spell is designed to open doors! Meanwhile, one of the Horsemen releases another arrow at you. Roll one die. A roll of 1–3 indicates a hit, for 2 STAMINA points of damage. Your only chance now is to charge at them while they reload their bows. Turn to 70.

477

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and while you are trying to cast it, you are hit by falling rocks for 2 STAMINA points of damage and must turn to 30. If you have a Gold Piece, you can cast your spell on it to form a magical shield which will protect you from the rock shower. Turn to 30. But using your shield, you will not lose any STAMINA points at that reference.

478

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your spell creates a small pile of treasure, but the Rock Demon does not even notice this distraction. Instead it swings its arm and catches you in the chest. Take 2 STAMINA points of damage and return to 185 to choose again.

479

You have survived the perilous journey across the Baklands, but you have only conquered two of the Archmage's servants. The other five Serpents are presently heading towards Mampang to warn him of your arrival. In view of this, you must deduct 1 SKILL and 1 LUCK point, for the next stage of your journey will be the most perilous of all. Turn now to 498.

480

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel of Gold with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – return to 49 and choose again. If you have a Jewel of Gold, you may wear it and cast the spell. As the spell takes effect, the ferryman's face softens. 'Ach, forget the money,' he says. 'I've nothing to spend it on here, anyway. Hold on there, I'll get the boat. I'll row yer across just for the company.' Turn to 110.

481

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – a falling rock glances off your arm (lose 2 STAMINA points) and you must turn to 135. If you have a Staff of Oak Sapling, you may use it to cast your spell. As the spell takes effect, the rocks and stones begin to hold their positions, held fast by your magic. Turn to 9.

482

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell and six duplicates of yourself appear. You hope that this will confuse the Air Serpent you face, but your illusion is wasted. Within the narrow confines of the boat, all six duplicates must huddle together and it is a simple matter for the Serpent to swirl across the face of each. The *real* you is given away by your coughing. Turn to 395.

483

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell. But even if you do, the spell will do you no good, as the Nighthawks are not likely to get themselves trapped in a pool of quicksand. While you are concentrating, two of the birds dart down from the sky and their sharp beaks gash your skin (deduct 2 STAMINA points). Turn to 258.

484

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, you may not cast this spell and must instead draw your weapon and face the Goblins (turn to 194). If you have any small pebbles, you may cast your spell on these to turn them into lethal exploding missiles. Since the Goblins are so close, you cannot miss with your aim. You can kill them all and search their bodies (turn to 277).

485

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and the Bear continues its advance, swiping at you with a paw and gashing your arm for 2 STAMINA points of damage. This spell will make a creature clumsy if it is carrying something but will not affect a Bear attacking unarmed. Draw your weapon and turn to 139.

486

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Your spell creates an invisible field around you which nothing may penetrate. But this force-field will not keep out the heat of the hot rock by your feet. Turn to 236.

487

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and the Deathwraith stops and shakes its head. It looks at you dumbly and then looks into the sky. Now is your chance to attack it. Draw your weapon and attack. While in its confused state, it will fight with:

DEATHWRAITH	SKILL 5	STAMINA 9

Each Attack Round you must throw one die. A roll of 1–4 means it will stay confused for the next Attack Round. A roll of 5 means it will return to normal (SKILL 9 and STAMINA 9) in the next Attack Round. A roll of 6 means it will return to normal in the next Attack Round *and* it manages to get in a lucky slash with its bony fingers for an extra 2 STAMINA points of damage. You may either decide to spare its life (turn to 205 when you have reduced its STAMINA to three or less) or finish it off (turn to 326).

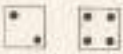

488

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and point your finger at the creature to unleash a powerful lightning blast at it. A bolt shoots from your fingertip straight at the creature. It bellows as the blast hits its mark, but rather than defeating the Beetle, your attack has instead only enraged it! Its tough, armoured body has not been harmed – and now it is very angry. Turn to **286** and conduct the battle, but during the first Attack Round, add 4 points to the Beetle's Attack Strength roll since it is now attacking you fiercely.

489

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, you may pick up one from the ground and cast your spell on it. The pebble is now charged and will explode on impact if you throw it. You may throw it wherever you like. Then return to **272** to choose your next course of action.

490

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to **97** and choose again. If you do have such a Wig, you can place it on your head and cast your spell. You try talking to the whirlwind-like enigma in front of you. But you receive no replies. Perhaps it cannot hear you. Turn to **157**.

491

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Although this spell would work on a lesser creature, its power is not great enough to overcome that of the Serpent. Return to **263** quickly and choose another spell.

492

You cast your spell and gaze into the Orb. You can see a dark, underground cavern with a table and chair at which a single human-like figure sits, gazing into a similar Crystal Orb! Something is swirling in this other Orb, but you cannot see what images are forming. What can this mean? Return to **171** and choose your next course of action.

493

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You create a protective shield around yourself. The creature strikes – and passes right through your invisible shield! You must quickly decide on another plan. Turn to **172**.

494

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Casting your spell on a nearby rock, it is transformed into a small pile of Gold Pieces. You wait for the Klattamen to realize. They notice the treasure, but are not at all interested! They are more excited about the prospect of a fight than about the Gold before them. Your spell has delayed the fight and the Klattaman Champion is angry. He swings his club and strikes you on the chest, winding you. This causes 2 STAMINA points of damage and you had now better draw your weapon. Turn to 280.

495

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cannot cast this spell as you do not have the stone dust it requires. One of the Centaurs fires another arrow at you. Roll one die. A roll of 1–3 is a hit, for 2 STAMINA points of damage. After your poor attempt at sorcery, you will have to jump at them with your weapon. But hurry! They are already loading up their bows again. Turn to 70.

496

All Seven Serpents are now winging their way to the Archduke's Fortress to warn him of your arrival. Preparations will be made to ensure that you do not reach your goal. Although you have survived the long journey across Kakhabad, many perils await you at Mampang. Because of this, you must deduct 2 SKILL, 2 STAMINA and 3 LUCK points. Now turn to 498.

497

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any glue with you? If not, the Fox snarls and springs, knocking you over for 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage – draw your weapon and turn to 256. If you have a vial of glue, you throw it on the ground in front of the Fox. The creature comes over to sniff it and, as it does so, you cast your spell. As the creature's nose touches the glue, it binds tight, holding it firmly anchored to the ground by its snout. You may continue your journey. Turn to 95.

498

You are relieved once more to step on to firm ground. You stand and survey the way onwards. Ahead of you lies the last stage of your quest: the climb up the Zanzunus to the Fortress at Mampang. You are now entering what must be Low Xamen. The going is uphill, but the dangers should be minimal as the rocky crags of Xamen are inhabited only by Birdmen. Soon the Fortress should be coming into view . . .

You continue onwards and upwards for several hours until the light begins to fade. As the sun sinks down the Zanzunu skyline, its dying rays light up a sight which you will remember for the rest of your days.

The sunset shadows make your first sighting of the Fortress a fearful one. Its tall spires and sharp angles give it a most intimidating look. One thing is certain: entering the Mampang Fortress will undoubtedly be the most perilous stage of your journey.

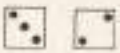

THE SORCERY SPELL BOOK

RULES FOR USING MAGIC

During your training you have been taught a number of spells and incantations which you use to aid you on your quest. The full list of spells follows these instructions.

Spells are identified by a three-letter word. Throughout the book you will be given the option of using spells to overcome problems and opponents. *The spells will be identified only by these three-letter words, so it is important that you memorize at least some of the codes.*

Thus, before you can start using your powers of sorcery, you will need to spend some time memorizing spells, as would a real wizard learning the magic arts. Obviously, you will not be able to memorize all forty-eight spells at once, but the more you use the book, the more familiar you will become with the most useful spells.

Try starting by memorizing between six and ten spells (the best ones to start with are given below) and relying on your swordsmanship to fight some of the creatures you encounter. It is possible, with a little luck, to complete your quest with these spells, but your task will become easier when you are capable of using more spells.

Some spells also require the use of an artefact, such as a piece of jewellery or a magic ring. If you try to use a spell without possessing the correct artefact, you will be wasting your STAMINA as the spell will not work.

Each time you use a spell – whether it is successful or not – it will draw on your reserves of energy and concentration. A cost, in STAMINA points, is given for each spell. Each time you use a spell, you must deduct this cost from your STAMINA score.

You may study the Book of Spells for as long as you want before embarking on an adventure, *but once you have set off, you may never again refer to it and must rely purely on your memory until your adventure is over*. Nor may you write the spells down for easy reference. In a real

situation where you may be surprised by a creature, you would not have time to start flicking through your Spell Book trying to work out the best spell to cast!

The Six Most Useful Spells

Code	*Effect*	*Stamina Cost*
ZAP	Creates a lightning bolt which shoots from the fingertip	4
FOF	Creates a protective force-field	4
LAW	Enables creatures to be controlled	4
DUM	Makes creatures extremely clumsy	4
HOT	Creates a fireball which can be aimed at enemies	4
WAL	Creates a magic wall to defend against physical objects	4

ZAP and HOT are strong attacking spells, FOF and WAL are good general-purpose defensive spells, while LAW and DUM will be useful if you get into a tricky situation.

Note that these spells will often be more powerful than you need in a given situation – they are not cheap in terms of STAMINA points – but they are good all-rounders. As you get to know more spells from the Spell Book, you will be able to choose more economical spells which will be equally as effective against certain perils.

Read through the list again, then cover up the 'Effect' column with your hand. How many can you remember? When you can remember them by heart, you can begin your quest.

HINTS ON USING SPELLS

As you familiarize yourself with the spells in this Spell Book, your skill and abilities in the adventure will improve.

Learning the six basic spells will allow you to start playing with minimal delay. These spells will get you out of most difficulties, but they are expensive (in terms of STAMINA points) and you will often find it necessary to rely on your limited powers of swordsmanship, particularly with weaker creatures, in order to avoid running dangerously short of STAMINA.

Other spells are more economical but will be given less often as options, thus relying more on your memory and skill as a wizard. The most economical spells of all are those which require magical artefacts, which must be found on your adventure.

Remember that there are heavy penalties for guessing spells! If you choose a spell code which does not represent a spell, or if you choose a spell for which you do not have the required artefact, you will lose extra STAMINA points. In some cases, death will be your penalty!

Not all the spells are used in this adventure.

You will soon begin to make your own discoveries about the spells themselves. There is a certain logic to the way they are arranged, the options that are given and their codes. But these discoveries you must make for yourself. Experience will make you more skilful with magic. All this is part of the art of sorcery.

ZAP

An extremely powerful weapon, this spell creates a blast of lightning which shoots from the caster's hand, which must be pointed in the desired direction. It is effective against virtually all living creatures which have no magical defences. But it takes great strength and concentration to use.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

HOT

The caster may direct this spell with his hands in any direction desired. As it is cast, a burning fireball shoots from the hands towards its target. It will be effective against any creature, whether magical or not, unless that creature cannot be harmed by fire. The fireball so created causes severe burns on impact, but extinguishes soon after hitting its target.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

FOF

This powerful spell creates a magical and physical barrier in front of the caster which is capable of keeping out all physical intruders and most magical ones. Its creation takes excessive mental concentration but the resulting force-field is both extremely strong and is under the control of its creator's will, who can allow one-way penetration, or can position it as desired.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

WAL

The casting of this spell creates an invisible wall in front of the caster. This wall is impervious to all missiles, creatures, etc. It is a very useful defensive spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

LAW

Casting this spell at an attacking creature allows the caster to take control of the attacker's will. The attack will cease and the creature will immediately come under the control of the caster. However, this spell works only on non-intelligent creatures and lasts only for a short time.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

DUM

When cast at a creature holding an object of some sort (e.g. a weapon), this spell will make the creature clumsy and uncoordinated. It will drop the object, fumble to pick it up, drop it again – in short the creature is unlikely to do the caster any harm with any objects while under the influence of this spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

BIG

When this spell is cast on the caster's own body, it will inflate the body to three times normal size. This increases the power of the caster and

is especially useful against large opponents, but must be used with caution in confined spaces!

Cost 2 STAMINA points

WOK

A coin of some sort is necessary for this spell. The caster places the coin on the wrist and casts the spell onto it. The coin becomes magically fixed on the wrist and acts as an invisible metal shield with an effective protection circle of just under three feet across. This will shield the user against all normal weapons. Afterwards, the coin is no longer usable as a coin.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

DOP

This spell may be used to open any locked door. Casting the spell works directly on the lock tumblers and the door may be opened freely. If the door is bolted from the inside, the bolts will be undone. The spell will not work on doors sealed by magic.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

RAZ

To perform this spell, beeswax is required. By rubbing the wax on any *edged* weapon (sword, axe, dagger, etc.) and casting this spell, the blade will become razor-sharp and do double its normal damage. Thus, if it normally inflicts 2 STAMINA points worth of damage, it will now inflict 4.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SUS

This spell may be cast when the caster suspects a trap of some kind. Once cast it will indicate telepathically to the caster whether or not to beware of a trap and, if so, the best protective action. If caught in a trap, this spell may also be used to minimize its effects in certain cases.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

SIX

This spell is cast on to the caster's own body. Its effect is to create multiple images of the caster, all identical and all capable of casting spells and/or attacking, although each will perform identical actions as if reflected in a mirror. Most creatures faced with these replicas will be unable to tell which is the real one and will fight all six.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

JIG

When this spell is cast, the recipient gets the uncontrollable urge to dance. The caster can make any creature dance merry jigs by playing a small Bamboo Flute. If this flute has been found, the affected creature will dance for as long as it is played. This will normally give the caster time to escape – or he may continue playing and watch the show!

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GOB

This creation spell requires any number of teeth of Goblins. The spell may be cast on to these teeth to create one, two, or an army of Goblins.

These Goblins can then be commanded to fight an enemy or perform any duties they are instructed to carry out. They will disappear as soon as their duties have been performed.

Cost 1 STAMINA point per Goblin created

YOB

Casting this spell requires the tooth of a Giant. When this spell is cast upon the tooth correctly, a Giant, some twelve feet tall, will be created instantly. The caster has control over the Giant and may command him to fight an opponent, perform some feat of strength, etc. The Giant will disappear when his duty is done.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GUM

Casting this spell, together with using the contents of a vial of glue, will cause the glue to become super-sticky, bonding in less than a second. Using the spell, the caster will be able to stick creatures to the floor or walls, although it is necessary to get the victim into contact with the glue from the vial. This can be done, for instance, by throwing it at the creature's feet, or by resting it on top of a slightly opened door, so that it falls when the door is opened.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

HOW

This spell is to be used in perilous situations when information about the safest way of escape is desired. When it has been cast, the caster

will get an inclination towards one exit or, if a means of defence is present near by, will be directed towards it by a strange psychic force.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DOC

Medicinal potions carried and used by the caster will, under this spell, have their effects increased so that they will heal any wounded human or creature who drinks them. The potions may be used on the caster – the spell must be cast as potion is being administered – but they will not bring a being who has actually died back to life.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

DOZ

This spell may be cast upon any creature, reducing its movements and reactions to about a sixth of its normal speed. Thus the creature appears to move as in a dream sequence, making it much easier to evade or defeat.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DUD

By casting this spell, the caster can create an illusion of treasure in its many forms. Gold pieces, silver coins, gems and jewels can be created at will and these can be used to distract, pay off or bribe creatures. The illusionary riches will disappear as soon as the caster is out of sight.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

MAG

This spell protects its caster from most magical spells. It must be cast quickly, before the attacking spell takes effect. It works by neutralizing the attacking spell which disperses harmlessly. This spell is thus a very powerful protective weapon, but it does not work against every spell.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

POP

A potent little spell, but one which calls for great mental concentration, this spell must be cast on small pebbles. Once charged with magic, these pebbles can be thrown and will explode on impact. Apart from being dangerous to anything within shatter distance, the pebbles make a loud bang when they explode.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FAL

This spell is useful if the caster is caught in a pit trap or falls from a considerable height. When cast, it makes the caster's body as light as a feather. The caster will float down through the air and land gently on the ground.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DIM

A good defensive spell, this can be cast at any creature attacking the caster. Its effect is to muddle the mind of its victim, temporarily

confusing the creature. However, it must be handled with caution, as a creature so deranged may act irrationally and unpredictably.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

FOG

This spell may only be cast in a closed room with no windows. Once cast, the room turns pitch black in the eyes of all but the caster – even though torches and candles may still be burning. It renders blind any creatures within the room. Its effects are only temporary.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

MUD

As this spell is cast, the caster must sprinkle grains of sand on to the floor as desired (e.g. in front of a creature). The spell takes effect on the sand and the floor, creating a pool of quicksand. Any creature stepping on this quicksand will slowly be drowned in it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NIF

As this spell is cast, the air surrounding the caster becomes filled with a nauseating stench. This smell is so horrible that it will cause any creature which catches a whiff of it to vomit violently. It will thus weaken any adversary with a sense of smell. This includes the caster unless he is wearing a pair of nose plugs. The effect will be more pronounced in creatures with large noses.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

TEL

To activate this spell, the caster must wear a cloth skullcap. With the aid of this cap, the spell will allow the user to read the mind of any intelligent creature encountered, learning about its strengths, weaknesses, the contents of nearby rooms, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GAK

In order to use this spell, the caster must be in possession of a Black Facemask, which must be worn while the spell is being cast. It can be cast directly on to an opponent and has the effect of creating a terrible fear within his mind. Brave creatures will be less affected than cowardly ones, so the effect varies from a cold sweat and loss of nerve to the creature's being reduced to a quivering jelly cowering in the corner of a room.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SAP

The effect of this spell, which is only useful in combat, is to demoralize an opponent so that his will to win is lost. Any creature so demoralized will be easier to defeat – though victory is still not certain.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

GOD

This is a form of illusion spell which can only be performed if the caster is wearing a Jewel of Gold. When this spell is cast, any creatures

or humans in the vicinity will take an immediate liking to the caster. This does *not* mean that they will not fight, if such is their duty, but they will be more likely to give information that they would not normally give. They may even help the caster in spite of their normally being hostile.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KIN

This creation spell is useful in battles. It requires the use of a Gold-Backed Mirror, which must be pointed at a creature as the spell is cast. It creates an exact replica of any creature being fought and his double is under the control of the caster, who can instruct it to fight the original creature. Both will fight with the same strengths and weaknesses – only luck will separate their fates. If the original creature dies, its double will disappear. It will also disappear if it is defeated.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

PEP

A Potion of Fire Water must be taken by the caster for this spell to be used. It will enhance the effects of the Fire Water to give the caster double or treble his or her own normal strength. Although the effects are temporary, they will normally be enough to aid in battle or to perform some feat of super-strength.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ROK

Stone dust is required for this spell. The dust must be thrown at a creature as the spell is being cast. Within seconds, the victim will

start to petrify. As its movements become slower and eventually cease, it will start to turn grey. Some moments after the spell is cast, it will have solidified into a grey stone statue.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NIP

The caster must cast this spell on his or her own body. Under the influence of this spell, the caster becomes exceedingly quick and may run, speak, think or fight at three times normal speed. However, this spell will only take effect if the caster sniffs Yellow Powder before using the spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

HUF

In order to use this spell, the caster must possess the Galehorn, a trumpet-like instrument which plays a discordant note. The spell is cast on to the horn and it is blown in a particular direction. As the spell takes effect, a tremendous wind rushes from the trumpet. This wind is capable of blowing over man-sized creatures, or it can be used to blow things off shelves, over ledges, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FIX

Applicable to both animate and inanimate objects, this spell has the effect of holding an opponent or object where it stands, unable to move even if in mid-air. In order to cast this spell, however, the caster

must be holding a Staff of Oak Sapling. Anything held fast by this spell will remain frozen until the caster leaves the vicinity.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NAP

Effective only against living creatures, this spell causes them to become drowsy and, within several seconds, to fall fast asleep. It is used in conjunction with a Brass Pendulum. The spell concentrates the creature's attention on the Pendulum, which the caster must swing slowly to and fro before the creature, in order to hypnotize it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZEN

In order to cast this spell, the caster must wear a Jewel-Studded Medallion around the neck. Casting this spell will then allow the caster to float in the air at any height desired. A magician hovering thus will remain suspended for as long as desired and may float around at will.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

YAZ

This spell will not work unless the caster is wearing a fine Pearl Ring. Casting the spell while wearing this ring renders the caster's body invisible to any reasonably intelligent creature. It may be used to give considerable advantage in battle or to escape from a dangerous situation. Any creature with ears will be able to hear the caster as he

moves around the room. Less intelligent creatures will only be partially convinced, as this is a form of illusion spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SUN

This spell may only be cast upon the yellow Sun Jewel. Once cast, the Jewel begins to glow brightly. Its intensity is under the control of the caster, who can make it brilliant – in order to blind attacking creatures – or just light enough to act as a torch to see in dark rooms.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KID

In order to use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Bracelet of Bone. Once the spell is cast, the caster must concentrate on a particular illusion (e.g. the floor is made of hot coals, the caster has turned into a Demon, etc.) and this illusion will appear real in the eyes of its intended victim. This may allow time for escape or lower a creature's defences. The spell will not work on non-intelligent creatures. If the caster acts in such a way as to destroy the illusion (e.g. turns into a mouse and then goes on to strike the creature with a sword), its effect will be lost immediately.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

RAP

To use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Green-Haired Wig. In conjunction with this wig, the spell will allow the caster to under-

stand the language of, and communicate with, creatures speaking a non-human tongue (e.g. Goblins, Orcs, etc.).

Cost 1 STAMINA point

YAP

This spell allows the caster to understand the languages of, and communicate with, most animals. It will be ineffective unless the caster is wearing a Green-Haired Wig.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZIP

An invaluable aid in close battle, this spell is only usable when the caster is wearing a Ring of Green Metal, such metal having been mined from the Craggen Rock. When the spell is cast on to his ring, it enables the wearer to disappear, and reappear a short distance away. The transportation can be through some soft materials such as wood and clay, but is blocked by stone, metal and the like. It is a rather unreliable spell, though – occasionally it has disastrous results.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FAR

In conjunction with an Orb of Crystal, this spell will enable its caster to see, with certain limitations, into the future. The Orb must be held in the hands and the spell is recited while concentrating on the Orb. Very little control can be exercised on exactly what will be seen, but the normal tendency is to see near-future events.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

RES

When cast upon a dead human or humanoid creature (i.e. one with two arms, two legs, a head, etc.) while Holy Water is being sprinkled on the corpse, this spell brings it back to life. The resurrection takes some time to work – the body does not simply spring back on its feet – and the ex-corpse can be killed again as normal. For some time after this spell has taken effect, the resurrected creature is dull and dozy, but it may answer questions asked of it by the caster.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZED

Casting this spell is beyond the means of most minor conjurers because of the great powers of concentration necessary. In fact, in all known history, this spell has been cast only once. Its caster, a powerful Necromancer from Throben, was never seen again and thus its effects are unknown. The Necromancer's notes were subsequently found, but only indications as to its effects could be assumed. Suffice it to say that this is perhaps *the* most formidable spell in known magic lore – but no living magician knows its true effect.

Cost 7 STAMINA points

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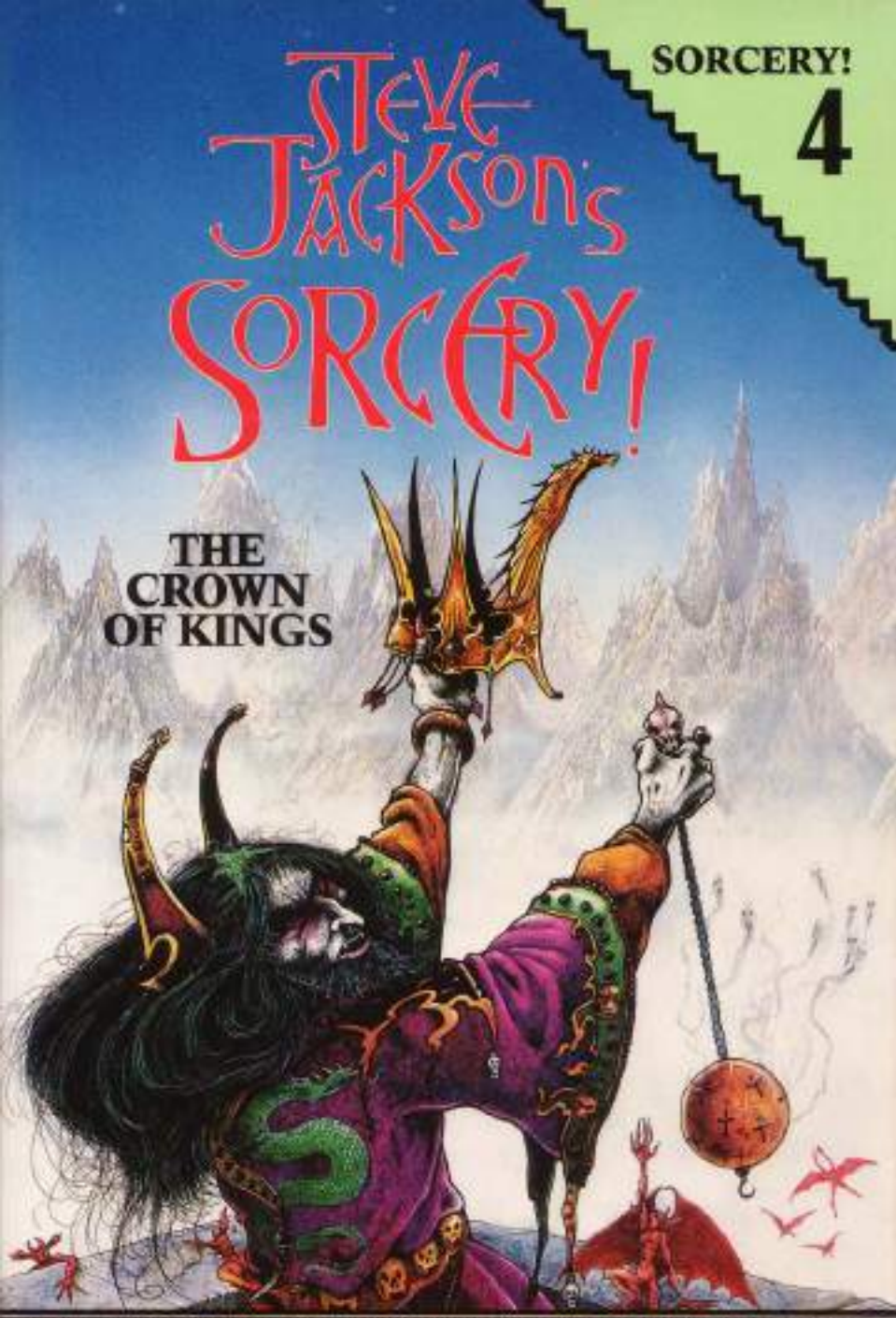

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Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182 – 190 Wairau Road,
Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published in Great Britain by Penguin Books Ltd 1985
First published in the United States of America by Penguin Books 1985

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Printed in the United States of America by
R.R. Donnelley & Sons Company, Harrisonburg, Virginia
Set in Palatino

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INTRODUCTION

The Crown of Kings is the fourth adventure in the *Sorcery!* series, following *The Shamutanti Hills*, *Khare – Cityport of Traps* and *The Seven Serpents*. But *Sorcery!* has been designed so that each adventure is playable in its own right, whether or not readers have been through the previous ones.

If you are new to *Sorcery!* you may prefer to start your adventure from the very beginning. The first adventure, *The Shamutanti Hills*, takes you from Analand, your homeland, out into the wilderness of Kakhabad, armed with a knowledge of magic to see you through your journey.

The Crown of Kings is, however, a complete adventure in itself. Set in the Fortress at Mampang, you must recover the Crown of Kings, which is guarded by the Archmage himself. But before you confront the evil Archmage, you must find your way into Mampang and then through the traps and terrors of the Fortress itself.

New players will find all they need to undertake the journey as warriors. But if you would prefer the magic arts to the power of the sword, you will also need *The Sorcery! Spell Book* (reprinted at the end of this adventure) to learn your magic spells before you embark. Readers who are now on the final stage of their journey will be able to skip over the rules section and plunge straight into the adventure. Their characters, equipment and experience must be carried over from the previous adventure.

THE SIMPLE AND ADVANCED GAMES

Beginners may wish to start with the simple game, ignoring the use of magic. Rules for fighting creatures with swords and other weapons are given in each adventure book, using a combat system similar to that used in Puffin's *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, the original Fighting Fantasy Gamebook. By rolling dice, you battle creatures with weapons only.

More experienced players will wish to progress quickly on to the advanced game, in which your fighting ability is somewhat limited but your most powerful weapon will be your knowledge of magic, a much more powerful tool. In actual fact, the advanced game is fairly simple to learn. There is no reason why beginners should not proceed with the use of magic from the start. But learning spells will take some time and practice with the Spell Book (pages 351–68), and the 'simple' option is given for players who wish to start their adventure with minimum delay.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF KAKHABAD

Before setting off on your journey, you must first build up your own personality profile. On pages 18 and 19 you will find an *Adventure Sheet*. This is a sort of 'current status report' which will help you keep track of your adventure. Your own SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will be recorded here, and also the equipment, artefacts and treasures you will find on your journey. Since the details will change constantly, you are advised to take photocopies of the blank *Adventure Sheet* to use in future adventures, or write in pencil so that the previous adventure can be erased when you start another.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. If you are playing as a *warrior* (the simple game), add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on your *Adventure Sheet*. If you are playing as a *wizard* (the advanced game), add only 4 to this number and enter the total. Wizards are worse fighters than warriors, but they more than make up for this by the use of magic spells.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA score (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* your current LUCK score, you have been *Lucky* and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current LUCK score, you have been *Unlucky* and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles you always have the *option* of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, you may be given instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful.

If *The Crown of Kings* is your first adventure, you start with enough Provisions for two meals. If you have played the previous adventures of the series, the Amount of Provisions you carry will already have been decided. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions, and you may eat only one meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add points to your STAMINA score as instructed. Remember that you have a long way to go, so manage your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given whenever this occurs. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores can be restored to their *Initial* values by calling on your goddess (see later).

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

WIZARDS: HOW TO USE MAGIC

If you have chosen to become a wizard you will have the option, throughout the adventure, of using magic spells. All the spells known to the sorcerers of Analand are listed in *The Sorcery! Spell Book*, which has been reprinted at the end of this book, and you will need to study this before you set off on your adventure.

All spells are coded with a three-letter code and you must learn and practise your spells until you are able to identify a reasonable number of them from their codes. Casting a spell drains your STAMINA and each has a cost, in STAMINA points, for its use. Recommended basic spells will get you started quickly, but are very uneconomical; an experienced wizard will use these only if faced with choices of unknown spells or if he/she has not found the artefact required for a less costly spell.

Full rules for using spells are given in the Spell Book.

DON'T FORGET! You may not refer to the Spell Book once you have started your adventure.

LIBRA – THE GODDESS OF JUSTICE

During your adventure you will be watched over by your own goddess, Libra. If the going gets tough, you may call on her for aid. *But she will only help you once in each adventure.* Once you have called on her help, she will not listen to you again.

There are three ways in which she may help you:

Revitalization: You may call on her at any time to restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* values. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

Escape: Occasionally, when you are in danger, the text will offer you the option of calling on Libra to help you.

Removal of Curses and Diseases: She will remove any curses or diseases you may pick up on your adventure. This is not given as an option in the text; you may do this if and when you wish, but only once in each adventure.

EQUIPMENT AND PROVISIONS

You start your adventure with the bare necessities of life. You have a sword as your weapon, and a backpack to hold your equipment, treasures, artefacts and Provisions. You cannot take your Spell Book with you, as the sorcerers of Analand cannot risk its falling into the wrong hands in Kakhabad – so you may not refer to this book at all once you have started your journey.

If you have not played any of the previous adventures, you have a pouch around your waist containing 20 Gold Pieces, the universal currency of all the known lands. If this is the second, third or final stage of your journey, your quota of Gold Pieces will already have been decided. You will need money for food, shelter, purchases and bribery throughout your adventure, and 20 Gold Pieces will not go far. You will find it necessary to collect more gold as you progress on your way.

You are also carrying Provisions (food and drink). As you will find, food is an important commodity and you will have to be careful how you use it. Make sure you do not waste food: you cannot afford to run out of Provisions.

SORCERY! ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

GOLD AND TREASURE	PROVISIONS

EQUIPMENT AND ARTEFACTS

BONUSES, PENALTIES, CURSES ETC.

CLUES AND NOTES

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

THE LEGEND OF THE CROWN OF KINGS

Centuries ago, in the time we now call the Dark Ages, whole regions of the world were undiscovered. There were pockets of civilization, each with their own races and cultures. One such region was Kakhabad, a dark land at the end of the earth.

Although several warlords had tried, Kakhabad had never been ruled. All manner of evil creatures, forced from the more civilized lands beyond the Zanzunu Peaks, had gradually crawled into Kakhabad, which became known as the Verminpit at Earth End.

Civilization and order had spread throughout the rest of the known world ever since the discovery of the Crown of Kings by Chalanna the Reformer, of Femphrey. With its help, Chalanna became Emperor of the largest empire in the eastern world. This magical Crown had mysterious powers, bestowing supernormal qualities of leadership and justice on its owner. But Chalanna's own ambitions were not of conquest. He wished instead to establish peaceful nation-states, aligned to Femphrey. Thus in his wisdom he passed the fabled Crown from ruler to ruler in the neighbouring kingdoms, and, with the help of its magical powers, one by one these lands became peaceful and prosperous.

The path was set. Each ruler would own the Crown of Kings for a four-year period in which to establish order within his kingdom and fall in with the growing Femphrey Alliance. So far the kingdoms of Ruddlestone, Lendleland, Gallantaria and Brice had taken their turns under the rule of the Crown. The benefits were immediate. War and strife were virtually unknown.

The King of Analand duly received the Crown of Kings amid great ceremony, and, from that day onwards, the development of Analand was ensured. No one quite knew how the Crown of Kings could have such an enormous uplifting effect on a whole nation. Some said it was divinely inspired; some that its power was merely in the mind. But

one thing was certain – its effects were unquestionable. All was well in Analand, until the night of the Black Moon.

The King was the first to discover that the Crown was missing. Carried off on that starless night by Birdmen from Xamen, the Crown was on its way to Mampang in the outlaw territories of Kakhabad. News came from the Baklands that the Crown was being carried to the Archmage of Mampang whose ambitions were to make Kakhabad his kingdom.

Although Kakhabad was a dangerous land, it was in itself little threat to the surrounding kingdoms. The lack of rule meant it had no army and its own internal struggles kept it permanently preoccupied. But with the Crown of Kings to establish rule, Kakhabad could potentially be a deadly enemy to all members of the Femphrey Alliance.

Such was the shame that fell on Analand for the loss of the Crown that all benefits from two years under its rule soon disappeared. Law, order and morale were breaking down. The King was losing the confidence of his subjects. Neighbouring territories were looking suspiciously across their borders. There were even whisperings of invasion.

One hope remained. Someone – for a military force would never survive the journey – must travel to Mampang and rescue the Crown of Kings. Only on its safe return would the dreadful curse be lifted from Analand. You have volunteered yourself for this quest and your mission is clear. You must cross Kakhabad to the Mampang Fortress and find the Crown!

THE LAND OF
MAURISTATIA
L. LUMLE
THE BAKLANDS
BADDU-BAK PLAINS
KLATTA-BAK STEPPES
KHARE
THE SHAMUTANTI HILLS
VANTI-BAK WASTES
CANTOPANI GATE
ANALAND
CRANBERRY WOOD
DADDU-LEY
EARTH END
KAKHA

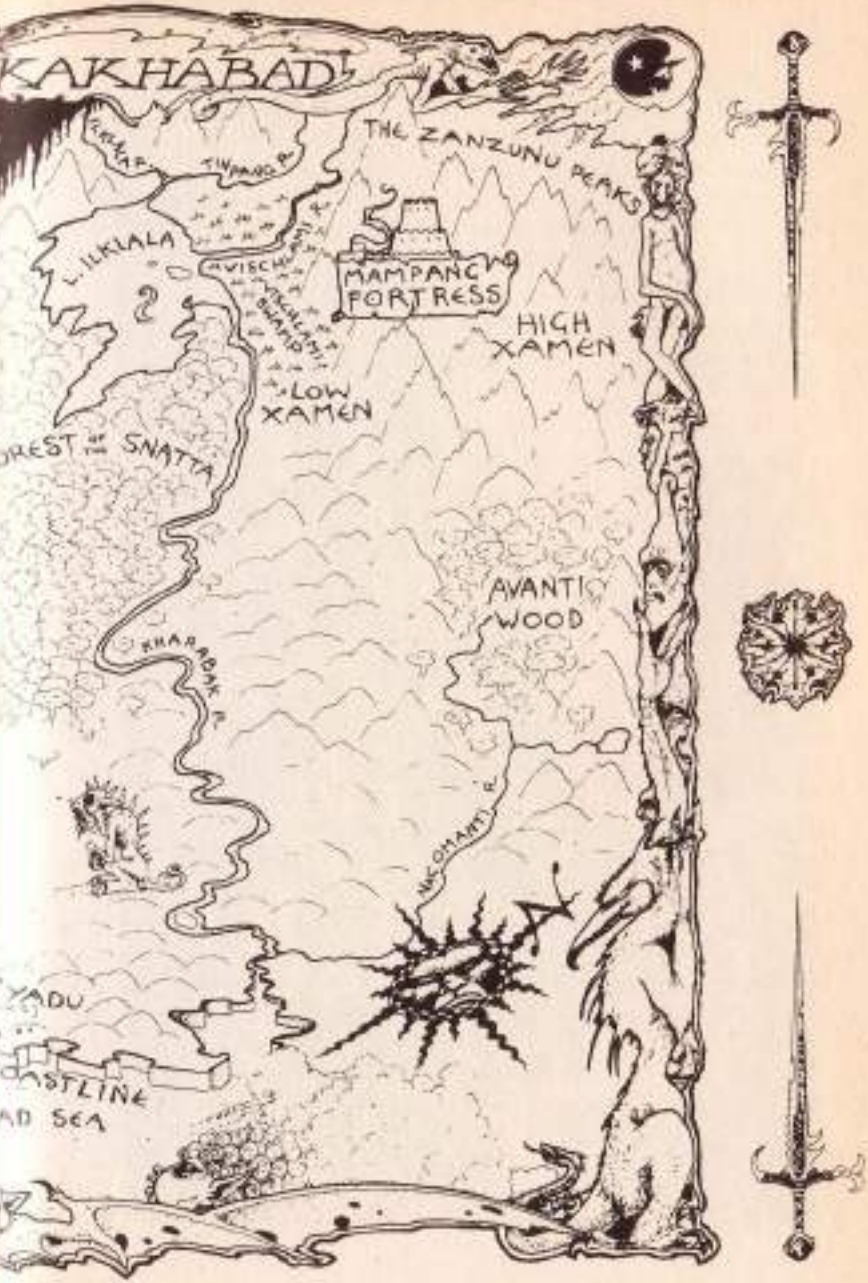
KAKHABAD
THE ZANZUNU PEAKS
TIVARO R.
LILKLALA
MAMPANG FORTRESS
HIGH XAMEN
LOW XAMEN
SNATTA
AVANTI WOOD
KHARABAK R.
MKOMANTI R.
ADU
ASTLINE
AD SEA

1

Like a gigantic claw clutching at the sky, the Mampang Fortress is a foreboding image etched into your mind. Although it is the goal of your mission, its appearance in the distance gives you no sense of relief at the approach of your journey's end. The feeling is rather one of apprehension and danger as you pick your way towards the great castle on high, which is partly obscured by the billowing clouds which shroud the uppermost peaks of the Zanzunus.

The going becomes harder as your trail climbs through Low Xamen. The Zanzunu foothills are evidently little used by creatures on foot, and the path is indistinct. Where the way is muddy you can make out hoof-marks along the trail; they are days, if not weeks, old. *But what sort of creature has made them?*

The sun fades behind dense clouds and the sky darkens. Perhaps a storm is brewing? A deep distant rumbling from the heavens confirms your suspicion. You had better prepare yourself. It is already late in the evening, so perhaps it would be wise for you to find a suitable place to camp for the night. There is plenty of shelter under the vegetation to avoid the rain, but you would feel safer in a cave of some sort if you are going to get some sleep.

You pause to consider which way would offer you the best chance of shelter. To the east and west, leaving the trail, the undergrowth would make the going heavy, with no real cover which you would be happy to sleep under. No, the path ahead to the north is really your only way forwards. Your eyes follow it. A few hundred metres ahead it turns to the right around a rocky ridge. With a bit of luck there may be a nook of some sort in the side of the ridge in which you will be able to shelter. You press on.

When you reach the bend in the path you are able to see what lies ahead. To your right you see exactly what you were looking for. Not one, but *three* caves are set into the rock! The nearest one has the smallest entrance, which probably opens into quite a shallow cave. The central cave looks large enough for you to light a fire inside, although the cave could be quite deep and therefore dangerous. The third cave is of a similar size but, looking at the trail, you notice that the hoof-prints lead off into this cave. Which cave will you try for shelter?

The smallest cave? Turn to 222
The middle cave? Turn to 136
The far cave? Turn to 534

2

Your next step is painful! Your leg has brushed against a sharp blade which gashes it. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and choose your next few steps from the following: 349, 180 or 249.

3

You select a jar labelled Ant Meatballs and pop a couple in your mouth. In spite of their name, they taste quite palatable! You turn to ask the Hobgoblin how they are made, but she is giving orders to the Minions and pays no attention to you. You begin to feel warm inside and your muscles glow. These strange balls have a peculiar effect which is most invigorating. You may restore your SKILL and STAMINA scores to their *Initial* levels! Now turn to 375.

4

The room you are in is at the top of the tower. A single window lights the room, which is bare except for a shiny plate on the floor behind the door. The remains of a meal are on the plate. Your immediate thought is worrying. *Are you alone in this room?* The answer, quite clearly, is *no*, and this is confirmed when you feel a slight tugging at your elbow.

'Are you all right? Have you been injured?' A squeaky little voice is addressing you. You whirl round. A smile spreads across your face as you recognize Jann, the Minimite you met just outside Birritanti! 'The gods be praised!' he says. 'My friend from Analand! Oh dear, I hoped this would not happen. I'm sure your capture is my fault.' Your smile drops as you remember how troublesome the little creature was. You were quite happy to rid yourself of the Minimite at the time and perhaps his reappearance will be bad, rather than good, fortune. Nevertheless, you certainly want to know how he came to be trapped in the Archmage's tower.

'Our departure was a sad occasion for me,' he starts. 'I felt I had found a good friend, and one who certainly needed my help in crossing Kakhabad. I came after you. I missed you in Kharé – for I will not venture into the cityport – and searched for you in the Baklands. Fenestra the sorceress is one of my good friends and she told me of your movements. I almost caught you at Lake Ilklala, but you crossed in the boat before me. I could not fly that far without rest and had to skirt the lake.' You notice the creature's wings – or lack of them. 'These black-faced, swill-bellied butchers!' he moans. 'They cut my wings! I was captured by the Red-Eyes and brought to this place. My wings were clipped to prevent me escaping.'

You ask Jann why the Archmage himself should want to bring you into his own tower. 'No, my friend, you have it wrong.' He shakes his head. 'This is not the Archmage's tower. This is a *prison* tower! The Archmage's most prized prisoners are kept here.' You are astonished. Will you tell him Farren Whyde's story (turn to **69**), or do you think you ought to try planning an escape (turn to **98**)?

5

You tell them a little of your journey, being very careful not to reveal its true purpose. They listen to you, enthralled, for She-Satyrs have a strong ambition to visit lands beyond their own. They talk constantly of their intended journeys far from home. But alas, their ambitions can never be fulfilled, as they may breathe only the rarefied air of the high mountains. To them, you are a source of wonder, and they quiz you endlessly about the places you have visited and the creatures you have met. They lay down their weapons and the three of you talk for some time. 'Let me put you right in one respect, traveller. You are passing through our domain, it is true. But you are no longer in Low Xamen. This is *High* Xamen.' This news is a shock to you. You must be nearer to the Fortress than you think! You look towards it, but it is hidden for the present among the clouds. If this news is true, your journey must almost be done. Lost in contemplation, you suddenly realize that the She-Satyrs are again throwing questions at you. The larger of the two stands up. 'We would like to know more – *everything* – of your journey. Please, do us the honour of coming with us to our village. Our sisters must hear of your adventures.' You consider for a moment. You do not want to waste valuable time in idle chatter, but it is possible that the She-Satyrs may be able to provide information about the Fortress. Will you accept their invitation (turn to **545**), or will you tell them that you must make the Mampang Fortress by nightfall, so you must continue your journey (turn to **260**)?

6

The heavy door is locked. Being solid metal, you do not fancy your chances at breaking it down. If you have a silver key, you may try it in the lock by turning to the reference corresponding to the number cast into the key. If the reference makes sense, the key fits; if not, it does not. Otherwise you can knock on the door by turning to **178**.

7

You both sit down on a hard wooden bench and he composes himself. 'I have no wish for all this violence and treachery,' he starts, 'for I am a man of peace. It's this god-cursed Mampang that causes all these problems. I cannot even trust visitors any more.' You assure him that you will do him no harm and he tells you his story. Turn to **79**.

8

You have three ways onwards, depending on whether or not you want to avoid the creatures within the courtyard. Ahead to your left is a group of guards whose rowdy behaviour leads you to suspect that they are off duty: if you want to head towards them, turn to **532**. Ahead to your right is another group of creatures which look vaguely familiar: to find out more, turn to **325**. If you wish to avoid both these groups, continue straight ahead by turning to **135**.

9

You think quickly. Will you tell them you have come to see whether they would like any food while they wait (turn to **275**), will you make out that you have travelled a great distance and ask them for news of the Fortress affairs (turn to **166**), or will you try to be polite and ask them how they and their families are (turn to **200**)?

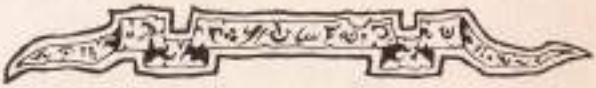

10

Did you spend last night in the cave with the hoof-prints outside? If so, turn to **247**. If not, turn to **113**.

11

The flask is slimy to the touch. You pick it up, keeping one eye on the creature. You shake it: there is a small quantity of liquid inside. But before you can uncork it and find out what is inside, the creature shambles forwards. Will you prepare to fight it (turn to **516**), or drop the flask and leave the room (turn to **96**)?

12

You have angered the Red-Eyes and given them the excuse they need for a fight. They draw out weapons and attack. You may attack either with your weapon (turn to **159**) or with a spell:

YAZ	KIN	RES	TEL	DOZ
664	748	708	639	720

13

Which candle will you use to light your way – the blood candle (turn to 38) or an ordinary candle (turn to 72)?

14

With your weapon at the ready, you grope around deeper into the cave, following the line of the wall. You find no hidden tunnels, nor any more jib-jibs in the back of the cave. The whole cave is perhaps three or four metres deep and is, thankfully, empty. But as you feel about, your hand touches something cold. You grasp hold of the object and bring into the light to get a closer look. You have found a dirty old bottle with a stopper firmly jammed into its neck. The glass is a dark brown colour and it is difficult for you to make out whether there is anything inside. The weight of the bottle indicates that it is empty, but there is a faint sound as you tip it up and down. Do you want to risk opening the bottle? If so, turn to 318. If not, turn to 99.

15

You stand up in the room, with your weapon at the ready. The shuffling sound is moving around towards the door and your skin chills as a dark, bulky shape is silhouetted in the doorway. Whatever it is has blocked the door! The next sound is a *pinging* noise like the twang of a bowstring. And the next sound is a scream – your own! For something has pierced your arm. You grasp hold of a shaft and draw it from your flesh. The shaft is not an arrow, as you first suspected, but a spine, like the spine of a giant porcupine. Another *ping* is followed by another scream as another spine pierces your leg. The last *ping* comes from a more accurate shot; its aim was true. This spine has passed through your throat. Your scream is more of a gurgle. Your mission has ended.

16

You can find nothing which will be particularly useful, but there is one idea which occurs to you. If you have a strong weapon, such as a sword or spear, you may try to wedge it between the floor and the ceiling, to try to hold the floor down. But the floor seems to be powered by some mechanism that is a good deal stronger than a mere weapon. Nevertheless, you may try this if you wish. And you had better hurry up! The floor's rise is already causing you to kneel down. If you wish to try wedging a sword, turn to 55. If you wish to use a spear, turn to 134. If you don't want to risk breaking either, turn to 269.

17

Your magic and your weapon will do you no good against such numbers so, as a last resort, you decide to try the hardwood spear. As you thrust it out, the guards gasp. You touch one of them with its tip. The guard slumps to the ground! This enrages one group, and five of them charge towards you. Using the spear as a bat, you fight all five guards. Eventually, all five fall to the ground, dead. But not before they have inflicted 4 STAMINA points of wounds on you. The others, watching this holy magic, are now decidedly nervous. Flushed with your new-found confidence, you advance to attack them. Minutes later, they all lie dead at your feet. The only one left is the little Gnome, whimpering in the corner. You pause to think: should you spare his life or not? The poor little thing looks so wretched . . . But no. He offered you no mercy; why should you spare him? You drive your spear through his throat. You may now leave the room and head for the double doors. Turn to 392.

18

'Off you go then,' he says, stepping aside to allow you into the room. You walk over to the left and open the door. There is a short passageway which ends at another door, and you open this one next. The room inside is a disgusting scene. Broken wood, weapons, bones and glass are scattered around the floor, and thick slime lies everywhere. Slumped in one corner is a bulky creature with blubbery skin. Its head is hideous, with a short trunk-like snout in the middle of its face. Your arrival has startled it and it climbs slowly to its feet. Two doors lead from the room; one directly opposite and the other in the wall to your left. The creature is now standing on its feet; it is the size of a bear and it is holding one hand up to its ear as if trying to hear what you are saying. But so far you have said nothing. Will you ignore it and rush towards one of the other doors (turn to 515) or will you pause and talk to it (turn to 480)?

19

The Ogre chuckles behind his hand. 'My question to you is: What is the name of my wife?' You get angry, claiming that there is no way you could possibly know that. But he is adamant. A deal is a deal. Will you comply with his wishes and let him have his way with you (turn to 285)? Or will you put up a fight (turn to 270)?

20

You give him the gold as you promised and he fingers it greedily. 'Very well. Since you have kept your side of the bargain, I will now keep mine. Step up to the large double Throben Doors leading to the inner keep and whisper "Alaralamalatana". The handle will turn. Make any mistake with this password and your mind will be lost.' You thank him for his advice and leave the room. Turn to 141.

21

Before you can find your choice in your pack, the creature is upon you. Turn to 296.

22

The Red-Eye who ran off will warn the Fortress of your presence. You have lost the advantage of secrecy which you had and must now stop using your special advantage of turning to alternative references whenever the person you meet is aware that an Analander is expected. Continue by turning to 171.

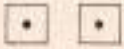

23

The Birdmen are angry. You are refusing their help. But you are adamant in your wish not to follow their companion into the room. The creatures draw their weapons and advance towards you. Will you face them with your weapon (turn to 462), or cast a spell?

GOD	NAP	DUM	YAZ	MUD
707	647	790	758	605

24

You tell Colletus about your discovery of the dead creature in the cave. 'Ah, the She-Satyrs!' he nods. 'Finding a cave in which to die in peace is one of their strange customs. The trembling disease is spreading through their race like the plague. Only yesterday I was speaking to Sh'houri herself about this disease. I am able to cure it, you see, for I am blessed with healing powers. They have promised me their protection if I will act as their medic. Of course I have agreed; for anyone so blessed must not keep his power selfishly. It must be made available to the poor and the sick everywhere.' You ask him if he will share this power with you, by healing the disease you may have contracted inside the cave, and he agrees. For a few moments, he lays his hands on your forehead. 'Indeed you did have the trembling disease,' he tells you. 'But I now have it here in my hands. You are cured!' You thank him for his help; your meeting with him has been a fortunate event. Do you now wish to continue the conversation by asking him about the Fortress (turn to 103) or would you like his help as a holy man (turn to 283)?

25

You try your best to reach the double doors before the statue can attack again, but it is no use. In your half-crippled state, you are no match for your opponent's tremendous speed. It slams into you again and knocks you – as luck would have it – over towards the doors ahead. But the blow has caused you quite some damage. Deduct 4 STAMINA points and turn to 224.

26

'I have not seen you around these parts before,' she says, 'but you must be one of the Archmage's officers. You are welcome to eat from my special store. I have just pickled some juicy dung-beetles. How does that sound to you?' The thought is not too appetizing. But you have taken the Hobgoblin in; she thinks you are someone else. Maybe she would be willing just to let you continue without eating any of her nauseating 'delicacies'. Turn to 137.

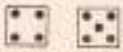

27

'Ah, would that you could, stranger,' she sighs. 'For my life would once again be worth living if my tormentors were dispatched to the gods. But why should you do this for me? I *can* make it worth your while, though I cannot tell you what I can offer, as no one must know they are in my possession. But, as far as an old, impoverished woman is able, I will reward you if you will do this for me.' If you wish to take up the old woman's offer, you must find the creatures she refers to as 'her tormentors' and kill all three. When they are all dead, deduct 100 from the reference you are on when you are searching the bodies and turn to this new reference to return to the beggar woman. Now leave her by turning to 8.

28

You feel around the walls for any signs of secret passageways, but find none. You do, however, find the answer to your puzzlement over the purpose of this room. Turn to 182.

29

'Why have I been disturbed?' demands the She-Satyr. 'Who is this? Ah, you have brought me a human for my amusement!' The other two creatures protest, but she will not listen to them. Guards are called and you are taken deeper into the cave to a large pit. The pit is wide but not deep and in the bottom is a large, hungry WOLF. 'Let's see what amusement our human can provide for us!' she laughs. And with a snap of her fingers, you are pushed into the pit. You must fight the Wolf:

WOLF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the Wolf, turn to **209**.

30

The confusion eventually clears as the spell wears off. Your feet once more touch the ground and you may take in your surroundings. You are outside the Fortress, high up in the mountains, standing on a narrow path through the rocks. Turn to **539**.

31

You hold your chosen object against the centre of the double doors, just above the lock, and wait for something to happen. Moments later, something does. Small pin-holes appear in the wood around your hand. And instantly, before you can react, sharp needles spring out of the door! You howl in pain as the needles pierce the flesh of your hand. Deduct 2 STAMINA points *plus* the number you roll on one die. If you are still alive, turn to **63**.

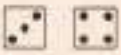

32

You speak your password. With bated breath you wait for something to happen. A tiny *click* sounds hopeful. You gather your courage and reach for the large handle. You turn it. The door opens! You have now managed to pass through two Throben Doors and you may enter the inner keep. Turn to 538.

33

You breathe a sigh of relief as you step out of the darkness and into a brightly lit room. Your eyes smart in the light and you are forced to close them momentarily to adjust. Hurried by relief, you step through the doorway, perhaps a little too quickly. Caution should have been your watchword.

As you step into the bright room, hands grab your wrists! Guards! You have been captured! The two sentries march you proudly over towards two doors in the left-hand wall. Their gruff voices cannot conceal their excitement as they bundle you in through one of the doors to present you to their captain.

Cartoum, Captain of the Guards, sits behind a wooden desk, which is covered in papers. You are surprised to find that he is no Beastman, as are the other guards. He is tall, slim and his long hair falls down to his shoulders. Although he is a human, he is not from Analand. Most probably he is a renegade from the lands to the east of Kakhabad. Will you face the captain to see what he has to say (turn to 508) or would you rather try to make a break for it before the door is closed behind you (turn to 154)?

34

The Red-Eyes have the power of heat vision. They do not use it often as it can be dangerous even to their own kind, so they keep it sealed behind their closed eyes. However, to defend themselves (and sometimes to cause a little mischief) they will not hesitate to use it. Every time you inflict a wound against a Red-Eye, you must roll one die to see whether its heat vision burns you. The more often they use this power, the more accurate they get. Thus, the first time they use it, a roll of *less than 6* will mean they have missed you. The second time they use it, you will need to roll less than 5 to avoid it. The third time you must roll less than 4 and so on. If a Red-Eye's heat vision burns you, you must roll one die to see how many STAMINA points you lose. If a Red-Eye's heat vision hits you twice, you will die. Now return to **225** to finish the battle.

35

The captain believes your story. He will escort you himself to the Archmage so that you may relate your message in person. The guards release your arms and you walk with the captain out of the room and across the light chamber towards a large door on the far side. Turn to **301**.

36

You continue along the path, which winds along the side of the mountain past two more similar giant nests. Thankfully, there are still no signs of whatever lives in them. But your relief is short-lived, for a flickering shadow appears around you. You look up towards the sun and can make out a large shape hovering in the air. Two great wings are beating to keep the creature aloft. You shield your eyes from the sun and are able to see more clearly what is watching you.

A human shape is held in the air by the huge feathery wings. Its mouth is a sharp, hooked beak and wild black hair blows in the wind. Its arms and legs all end in sharp talons, and the creature is watching you intently. Of course! This is the land of the BIRDMEN! These creatures are among the most hated and feared in all the Zanzunus! The Xamen Birdmen were responsible for your mission in the first place, as it was they who stole the Crown of Kings from the court in Analand! Do you want to seek shelter behind a bushy shrub on the side of the path (turn to 513), or will you instead hail the creature and try to talk to it (turn to 338)?

37

The door is not locked. It opens to reveal an odd-shaped room, forming a rough crescent. It is dark and lit only from a lancet window in the left-hand wall. The floor is rough stone and scattered with straw. A doorway is set towards the far end of the right-hand wall. But what really catches your attention is a festering smell of decay which hangs in the room. Will you enter and look around (turn to 114), or leave this room and try the other door (turn to 465)?

38

You take the candle from your pack and concentrate. Suddenly a flame flickers and appears at the wick – just in time, as the door behind you slams shut of its own accord! You are alone in the room, but your candle lights up some of the way. You gasp as you look at the floor! Sharp blades protrude through the wooden floorboards at irregular intervals! Your balance will have to be perfect as you pick your way through this deadly maze. Will you be able to keep your footing? Choose your next few steps by turning either to reference 288 or to 367.

39

In your weak state, your resistance is less than usual. Eating dirty food such as this is not the wisest of moves. You begin to feel ill and your stomach heaves. You excuse yourself from your host and move away quickly. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for being sick, and then turn to 8.

40

In the narrow confines of the doorway, the guards will attack you two at a time. The first pair moves in to fight:

First GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7
Second GUARD	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

You may choose which guard to attack each Attack Round. Fight your chosen opponent as normal, but roll also for the Attack Strength of the other guard. If his Attack Strength is higher than yours, he will inflict a normal wound on you. If his Attack Strength is lower, he has missed – but you will not wound him, as you have chosen to attack his companion. As soon as one of the guards dies, a guard from the other pair will move up to take his place:

Third GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
Fourth GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the guards, turn to 129.

41

You are naturally suspicious of such an important-looking door being open. It *looks* safe enough, but are you walking into a trap? You pick up a piece of branch lying in the hallway. It is a length of Oak Sapling, which you may keep with you if you wish. You touch the door with the branch. Nothing happens. You shove the door open a little further and then you realize the trap. A roaring flame and blast of heat flare up from behind the door, causing you to shield your face! The door opens directly into a burning inferno! Your heart sinks. There seems to be no way through here. Do you want to let the door close and try the ornate door, perhaps to return here later (turn to 54), or will you risk an all-or-nothing run through the inferno (turn to 541)?

42

'My name is Valignya,' he starts, 'First Assistant to the Lord Treasurer of Mampang. I collect taxes, and I collect gold. May I now have my Gold Piece?' He is becoming impatient. The Jaguar growls under his table. Will you give him the Gold Piece he is asking for (turn to 542), or continue to refuse (turn to 132)?

43

'A message for the Archmage?' he asks. 'I am Cartoum, Captain of the Archmage's Guards. Do not try to hoax *me* with your puny story. You have come to seek out our leader. Is this not true?' Will you admit that you have come to destroy Mampang (turn to 122), or will you continue with your lie (turn to 243)?

44

The room is undecorated and dirty. The only furniture is a table and two chairs, and there is nothing particularly unusual about them. The table does, however, have a drawer in it. You open the drawer and inside you find a single large key on a ring. You may take this with you and leave the room. The double doors at the end of the archway have a strong lock and your hope is that this key will open the lock. Making sure that there are no close sounds on the far side of the doors, you try the key. It fits! The lock turns and you are able to open the doors wide enough to get through. Turn to 467.

45

Their eyes light up as they see how wealthy you are. You hand one of them the 3 Gold Pieces. 'Very well,' he says. 'You are wise to ask for advice about the dangers within Mampang. For there are many who would attack and rob you of a wealth such as you carry. Many . . . *including us!*' And with those words, the Sightmasters draw their swords. Turn to 90.

46

You start to pick your way across the bridge. Several yards along, your foot slips! Your leg drops through the rope and you hang on desperately, to prevent yourself plummeting to your death. You do manage to hang on, but you must decide whether or not you wish to continue across the bridge. If you want to turn round, you can climb back and try the other path up the mountainside instead (turn to 339). If you will not be put off, you must roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to 117. If the number exceeds your SKILL, turn to 151.

47

There is no other way onwards. Turn to 256.

48

Your answer stops them dead. Their mouths drop open. '*An Analander?* In Mampang? Surely not!' One of them turns to another and whispers something quickly. Too late you realize your blunder, as one of the Red-Eyes turns and runs quickly to the far side of the courtyard. He has most probably been told to warn the guards that an Analander is in the Fortress. Your advantage of surprise has been lost. If you defeated all seven Serpents in the Baklands, turn to 22. Otherwise turn to 171.

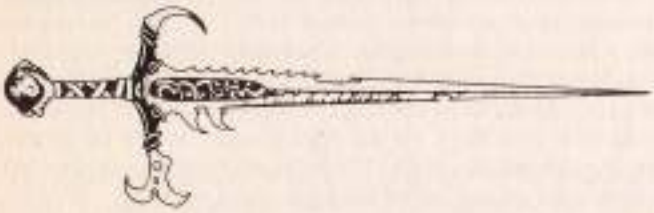

49

One by one, the heads of the other Mampang gods form on the Hydra's necks. A black face with large yellow eyes turns towards you and lowers its eyelids. When its eyes close completely, the dim light in the room is snuffed totally. Lunara, goddess of the moon, has cast her spell of darkness! In pitch blackness you can hear the great creature advancing towards you. Will you turn and run for the door (turn to 250), or allow it to advance and prepare yourself for battle (turn to 324)?

50

The effort of holding on to your perch is beginning to tell. Your fingers and arms are trembling with the strain. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If you roll a number *greater* than your SKILL, turn to 133. Otherwise turn to 273.

51

You search round the floor and find nothing particularly interesting. The flask that rolled to your foot contains a small quantity of a type of cooking oil – probably what the creature was drinking and what makes the floor of the room greasy and sticky. You may take this flask and the oil it contains with you if you wish, but if so, you must leave behind one item of equipment if you are carrying more than ten. Leave the room by turning to 96.

52

At last! Your hand touches the wall ahead of you and feels the outline of a door! You grasp the handle and turn it. Turn to 33.

53

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, the door will burst open (turn to 112). If the roll is higher than your SKILL, the door holds firm. Each time you try the door (including a successful attempt), you must deduct 1 STAMINA point for bruises. You may either keep trying until you open the door or give up at any stage, go back to the entrance-room and try the other door, explaining that you have made a mistake (turn to 18).

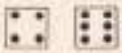

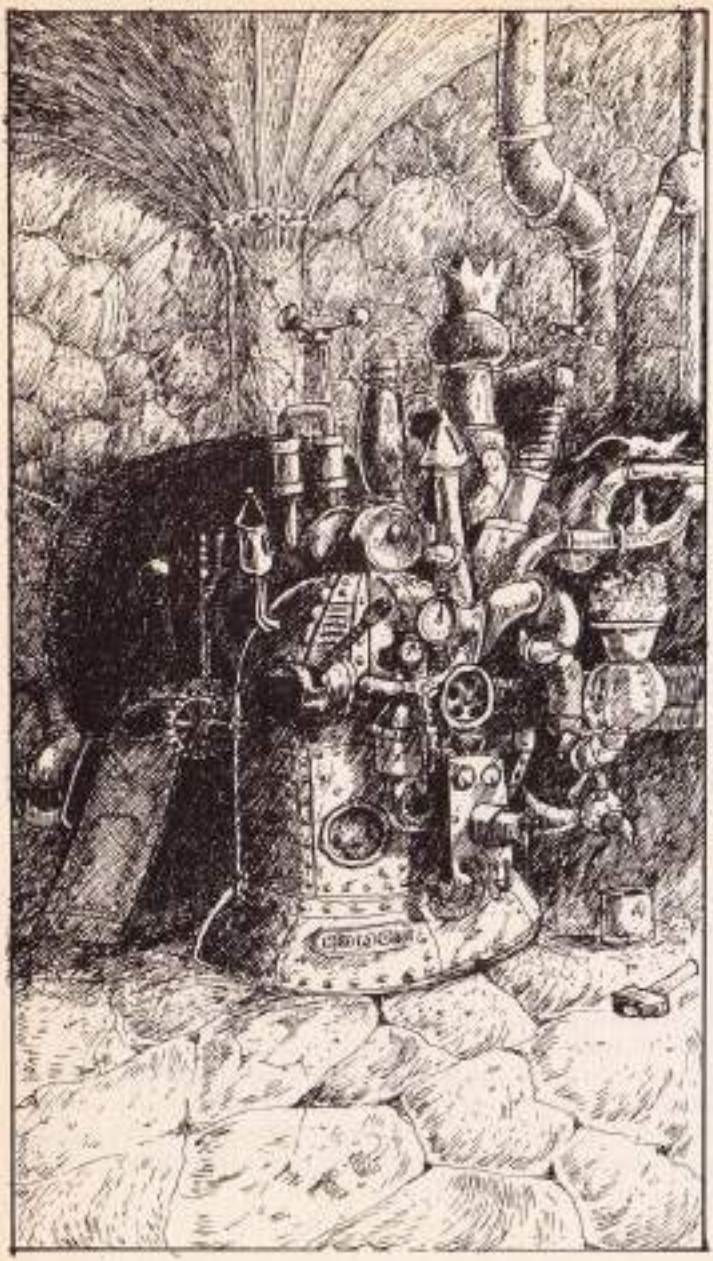

54

The carvings on the door itelf are interesting, but give you no useful information. Grasping the handle, you open the door. Inside, you find a bare room with a mechanical contraption of some sort standing alone in the centre of the floor. It is made of brass and iron, with wheels, bands and cogs linked together in a way that suggests some sort of machine designed to work metal. But it is still. If you wish to try to discover how it works, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **460**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **514**. If you do not wish to waste your time with it, turn to **81**.

55

You wait for the floor and the ceiling to get closer together and then hold your sword between them. The sword catches and bends. It is doing nothing to halt the trap! The sweat is running down your forehead and into your eyes as you watch in desperation. Finally, the matter is decided. With a sharp snap, your sword breaks in two! You have now lost this weapon and if it is your only one, you must deduct 3 SKILL points in any battles until you find another. But probably this will be no real cause for concern. Within the next few moments, you are likely to be crushed to death! Turn to **269**.

56

You draw your weapon and march forwards. The noise dies down as you enter the room. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **235**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **299**.

57

The creatures are only further excited by your attempts to avoid them. They run towards you and stop directly in your path. As you walk through, they trip you up. 'Clumsy oaf!' scorns one. 'Can you not see where you're going? How dare you kick my friend's foot here and not apologize. Apologize immediately – and *lick his boot clean!*' You pick yourself up and nod a silent apology. But sure as Libra you are not going to lick anyone's boot clean. The Red-Eye holds out his boot while the other two taunt you. Your anger rises and, in a temper, you twist the boot, bringing its wearer tumbling to the ground. This was a mistake. For this was the excuse that the Red-Eyes were looking for. Together, they open their eyes, directing their fiery stares at your arm. You howl in pain as six lines of fire burn your arm. The arm drops to the ground and with it fall your hopes. The pain is excruciating: you pass out. When you regain consciousness, you will find yourself on the ground next to your arm, alive, but unable to complete your mission . . .

58

Do you have anything you may be able to use against this creature? If so, turn to 152. If you simply want to run for the double doors as quickly as possible, turn to 363.

59

The trail curls behind a large boulder and continues. You are a little concerned about the fact that it is now leading you round the side of the mountain concealing the Fortress. A crevasse is preventing you from heading on towards Mampang. You must find some way across it. A short while further on, you find what may be your answer – a wooden bridge spanning the two sides of the crevasse. Will you try crossing this bridge (turn to 183) or would you prefer to continue along the trail (turn to 257)?

60

The Birdmen are taken aback by your offering. They have never seen such a spear before. While the three are engrossed in studying it, you are able to step quietly back through the door. Turn to 479.

61

You press a Gold Piece into her hand. The old woman begins to tremble. 'Why, this is a *Gold* Piece!' she stammers. 'The gods be praised! Never before has anyone been so generous to poor Javinne. A harvest of thanks on you, stranger. Javinne is your friend for life. But no! I must hide my joy. For if those god-cursed mongrels who have more than their fair share of what I lack learn of my good fortune, I will surely suffer. And it is too early to seek help from my friends from Schinn. No, I must keep this news a secret. I must hide.' Several things she has said have caught your attention. Before she shuffles off to hide, you may question her. Will you ask her about 'the mongrels who have more than their fair share of what she lacks' (turn to 302)? Would you like to know more about her friends from Schinn (turn to 372)? Or will you ask her how she lost her sight (turn to 388)?

62

The creature's flesh is cold! The body rocks on its seat and falls over backwards. This corpse is quite dead. And another surprise is in store. The body is not that of a man, but a female of some sort. And although its torso is human, its legs are hairy and end in hoofs. Its face is a strange blend of human and goat-like features, with two horns on its forehead.

You quickly recover from the shock and compose yourself. The rest of the cave seems to be empty and there is more than enough space to make yourself comfortable. If you wish to bed down for the night here, and perhaps eat some Provisions, turn to 293. If you would rather try one of the other caves, turn to 419.

63

You have survived the deadly defences of the courtyard door, but not for long. For the needles are coated with a quick-acting poison. In a few minutes, you will begin to feel groggy. Then you will pass out. The poison is effective and there is no antidote. Your journey has ended here.

64

The morning star bashes into the side of your head and knocks you reeling. Blood oozes from a nasty gash in your temple. Deduct 3 STAMINA points. When you have recovered sufficiently, you may enter the room. Turn to 251.

65

Courageously, you advance against the Hydra. Perhaps, if you can attack it before its heads have fully materialized, it will not be at its full strength. But deep down you are not optimistic. For how can you fight against the gods themselves? Another head appears. This one is green and scaly with a pointed nose and gills in its neck. It is Hydana, god of the waters. His mouth opens and a torrent of water bursts out at you, knocking you backwards to land painfully on your ankle. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and let the battle commence:

GOD-HEADED HYDRA SKILL 17 STAMINA 24

After the first Attack Round, turn to **458** if you wounded the Hydra, or **305** if it wounded you.

66

Valignya will accept from you anything which has some sort of ornamental value (a medallion, jewel, etc.). Choose something and offer it to him. He will accept it and you can then demand help in entering the inner keep. If you are able to offer him something, turn to **276**. If you have nothing to offer, return to **160** and choose again.

67

You dash forwards through the pass before any keen-eyed observer within the Fortress can spot you. As you do so, you notice two guards slumped on the floor asleep at their posts. An empty wine flagon tells the story. They are *drunk*! Will you ignore them and run on through the pass (turn to **342**), or do you think it would be wiser to run them through with your sword, just in case they should wake and spot you (turn to **289**)?

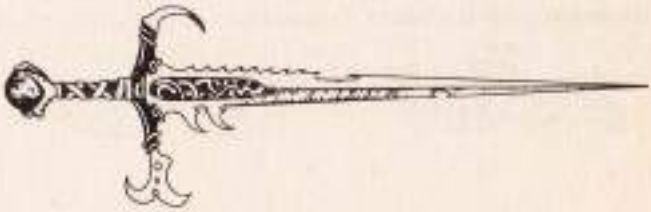

68

They look a little suspiciously at you, but talk to you nevertheless. 'Old Naggamanteh is sharpening his axe,' chirps up one of the Birdmen. 'For the Archmage has promised him new victims. But you know the old Cyclops . . . He won't be happy until he's torturing one an hour! The Archmage himself hasn't been seen for a time; locked himself away in his tower, he has. Some say he's expecting visitors. Anyway, enough.' You bid them good-day and leave the room. Turn to 479.

69

You tell Jann of the ageing weapons specialist who revealed the tower to you. The Minimite smiles. 'Farren Whyde is no "weapons specialist" at all,' he sniggers. 'This man was the Archmage himself in disguise! And what a crafty demon he is. He has persuaded you to enter his own prison and become his prisoner – almost of your own accord!' You cannot believe your ears. You have already met the Archmage – and you have let him go! This is valuable information. Should you once again meet Farren Whyde, you will know his secret. Deduct 111 from the reference you are at if you come across him again and turn to this new reference to expose him. Now you had better plan an escape from this tower. Turn to 98.

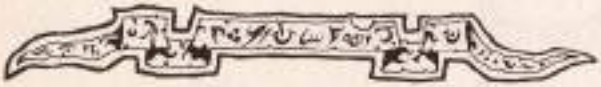

70

You may either investigate the door at the end of the passageway (turn to 144) but only if you have not investigated it previously, or you may leave the hallway. If you choose the latter, you can either turn left and try the large double doors (turn to 253), or you may walk up to the door across the archway (turn to 493).

71

You pull out your scroll and start to unravel it. But before you can do anything, the creature is speeding towards you. Turn to 296.

72

You take the candle from your pack and concentrate. Suddenly a flame flickers and appears at the wick – just in time, as the door behind you slams shut of its own accord! You are alone in the room, but your candle lights up some of the way. You gasp as you look at the floor! Sharp blades protrude through the wooden floorboards at irregular intervals! Your balance will have to be perfect as you pick your way through this deadly maze. Will you be able to keep your footing? Choose your next few steps by turning either to reference 87 or to 239.

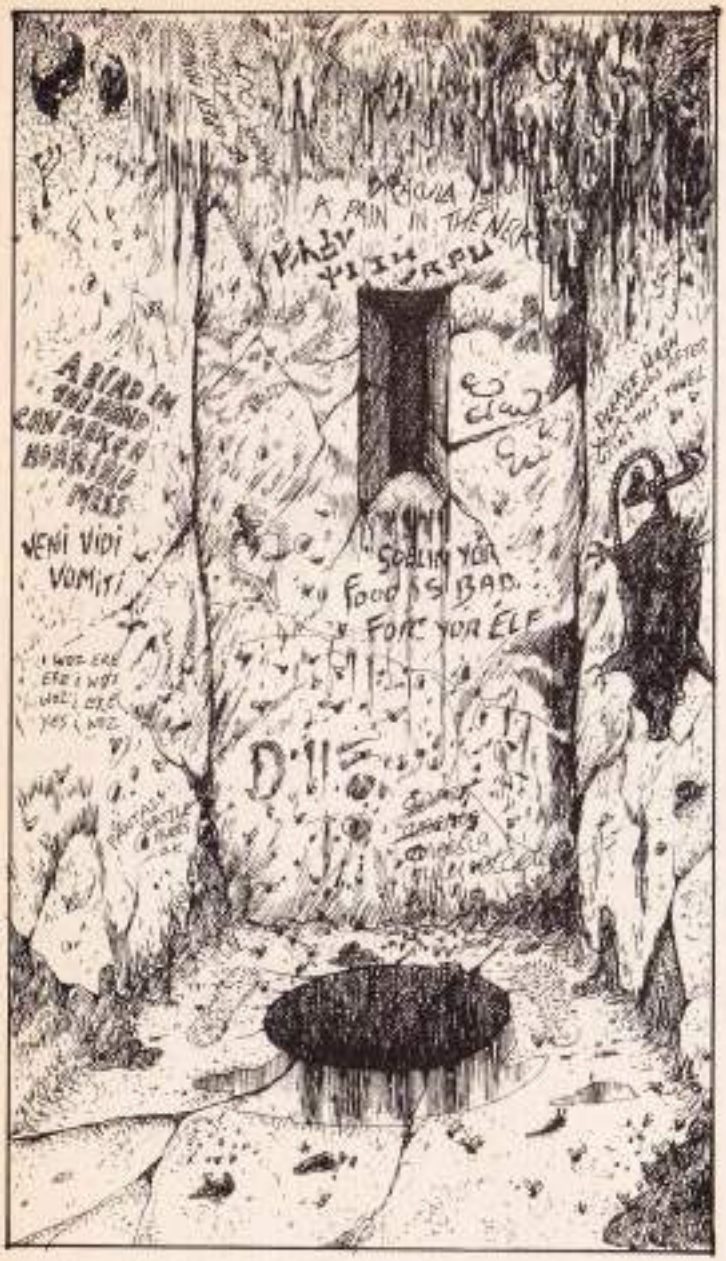
A PAIN IN THE NECK
VENI VIDI VOMITI
GOBLIN YER FOOD IS BAD FOR YOR ELF

73

You open the door slowly and peer into the room. It is dark, with only a sealed window, but as your eyes become accustomed to the light, you can see what sort of room you have entered. You are standing in the guards' *latrine*! When you take your first breath, your stomach rises. The smell is horrendous! The room is filthy, with hundreds of flies buzzing round a hole in the ground. You fight down the urge to vomit, but must lose 1 STAMINA point. You can continue searching around this room if you wish by turning to **186**. Otherwise you can step back into the passage and investigate the other door (turn to **144**) but only if you have not investigated it previously.

74

This was not a wise choice. For as you open the door and rush out into the hallway, you practically bump into the three Birdmen you were originally running from! The ones you left behind in the room also come after you, and you are now surrounded by Birdmen. They grab you quickly, before you have a chance to react, and bundle you off into the Fortress. Turn to **333**.

75

Over and over you tumble in weightless space before the spell begins to wear off and your surroundings become clearer. Below you is a figure who looks more than familiar. This figure is standing outside a wooden door set into a solid rocky tower. With a look of determination, the figure sets its shoulder and charges at the door. At that very moment, your own body descends from the air and merges with it. You brace yourself for the shock. Turn to **102**.

76

'Pah!' he says. 'Three Gold Pieces? Why, that is only one each. And anyway, I will have all your gold once you are marched to the cellars! Take the miserable Half-Orc away!' The guards grab you roughly and shove you through the door. But before you go, they toss your gold pouch and backpack to the captain. You are destined to spend the rest of your life in the dungeons of Mampang. Mercifully, the rest of your life will be short . . .

77

You are standing to leave the table when a voice speaks your name. 'Do not be so hasty to leave, my friend. Allow me to speak to you!' The voice is familiar. You look all around you, but see no one. But gradually an image forms in mid-air. The ghostly image is familiar but it is not until it is fully formed that you recognize it. *Shadrack!* You ask him what he is doing here. 'Have you forgotten my powers?' he laughs. You remember the face in the tree. 'I may be where I wish *when* I wish. But this distance is greater than I have travelled before, and it is very tiring to me. My stay will be brief. You have survived many dangers and have proved yourself a worthy champion of your kingdom. I for one wish your mission to be successful, but there are further dangers you must face. The Throben Doors must be opened and their secrets are held by the most cunning of the Archmage's followers: Valignya the miser, Naggamanteh the torture-master and one other. But I am unable to discover who is the last. Your allies are few. But seek out the Samaritans of Schinn for, like you, they seek an end to the Archmage's ambitions of power.'

You thank Shadrack for his warning and advice and ask him why he has travelled so far to give you this message. 'Two nights ago, the Archmage's guards arrived at my cave. Their ways with the power of pain are persuasive. I am an old man and could not resist their tortures. I was forced to tell what I knew of your journey. For providing the information, they rewarded me well; I have been staked, on a cross, outside my own cave ever since. My body gave up its life this morning. How else could I revenge myself on these torturers of old men? My spirit can travel much faster than their horses. I have arrived before them, to aid you however I can.'

Shadrack's image begins to fade. His powers are weakening. As he disappears, you vow your revenge on the murderers of the hermit. You stand up to leave. Will you storm back out of this place into the courtyard (turn to 141), or will you turn left and head for the room with the message over the door (turn to 428)?

78

Did you spend last night in the cave with the dead goat woman? If not, then turn to 153 and make another choice. If you did spend the night there, turn to 24.

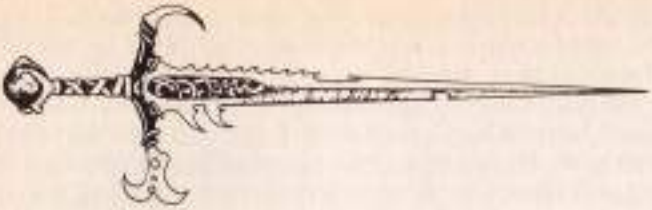

79

'I can assure you,' he says, 'that I am not a native of Mampang. Nor am I from anywhere in Kakhabad. My name is Farren Whyde and my kingdom is Ruddlestone, way to the west beyond the Zanzunus. My profession is the art of science and my speciality is in weaponry. In my own kingdom I was renowned for my discoveries. My most important discovery was a flash powder which would propel a missile further than any arrow could be fired. It was this cursed discovery which attracted the attentions of the Archmage. His allies, the hook-billed Birdmen, were sent after me. I was captured as I slept and brought to this hell-pit in these very clothes. Since that time his threats have kept me working on my project. But I fear that his own ambitions will see its use only for conquest, not for the defence of peace.'

You tell him a little of your own story, but only that the Archmage has similarly wronged your kingdom by stealing the Crown of Kings. The old man nods. 'I have heard of your Crown. The Archmage is said to keep it with him at all times.' You ask him where you can find the Archmage. 'Ah, now that is a secret I can help you with. Come with me!' He leads you over to a window and points out. 'The Archmage does not often visit the Mampang Fortress.' Your jaw drops. Has this journey been wasted? Farren Whyde continues: 'He considers this place unsafe from his enemies. He leads the world to believe that this is his home, but in fact it is *there*!' You follow his finger. It points out to the peaks of High Xamen – at nothing in particular.

You groan. Must you find your way safely out of the Fortress and start another journey? 'Do not despair, my friend. Let me show you another trick I have learned!' Farren Whyde cups his hands round his mouth and calls three words in a language you have never heard before. You watch dumbfounded as the enchanted words cast their spell.

Outside the tower you are in, a shimmering haze disturbs the air. As it rises slowly, the old man's story makes more sense. *Another* tower, concealed under its spell of invisibility, forms before your eyes! Farren Whyde looks at you proudly. '*There* is the Archmage's tower. That is where he stays!' You realize you must now reach this tower – and quickly, before the light fades. Will you ask the man for his advice (turn to **245**), or cast a spell?

DOC	YOB	FAR	SAP	HUF
587	626	742	774	658

80

The fat man applauds your skill. 'A worthy warrior,' he nods. The Jaguar limps off back under the table to lick its wounds. 'But warrior or not, you must still pay the price to enter this room.' This angers you and you ask him what right he has to demand gold from you. Turn to **42**.

81

You step back out into the main hallway to decide a way onwards. Will you investigate the large double doors (turn to **256**), or will you instead look for another way (turn to **47**)?

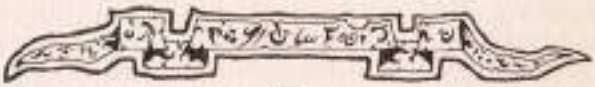

82

'Friend,' chirps the first Birdman, keeping his voice down. 'I can tell that you are concealing from us the real reason why you are here. But that is wise. Caution is wisdom in Mampang. But whether or not you came upon us by accident, you have made a lucky discovery. For we can help you more than you think with your mission. My name is Peewit Croo. We three are known as the *Samaritans of Schinn* and our goal is the overthrow of the Archmage. He is a power-crazed madman and his ambitions must be stopped! Find the Crown of Kings. If you do, we will all have our wishes. If we can help you, we will. If you need our help, blow on this. We will come to your aid if we can.' Peewit Croo hands you a small silver whistle which you place safely in your pack. You thank him and the other Samaritans and leave the room. They offer their best wishes as you do so. Add 2 LUCK points for this encounter, and turn to **479**.

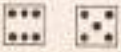

83

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 441. If you are Unlucky, turn to 314.

84

Your skills are worthy of the Battlemasters of the Academy at Chawberry, having fought so well against such a powerful beast. Again your weapon flashes and a head drops, but again two more heads grow to replace it. The effect is demoralizing and your concentration lapses momentarily. The creature strikes forward at you. Turn to 305.

85

The cutlass is not enchanted; the merchant is simply a good salesman, having rid himself of this piece of junk. If you use it in a battle, you must deduct 1 SKILL point, for its rusty blade will do less damage than a normal sword. Now turn to 473.

86

Desperately you try to fight down your nausea, but to no avail. You race from the room into the hallway and are violently ill. The thought occurs that someone may be able to hear you, but there is nothing you can do about it. Voices from the room at the end of the passage confirm that someone *has* heard you, but then the laughter that follows gives you some relief. Most probably the noise you are making is not an uncommon sound around the latrine. You compose yourself and may now choose your next action. But first you must lose 1 STAMINA point; you are feeling weakened by the experience. Turn to 70.

87

You inch your way slowly across the room. For your next few steps, choose either 488, 341 or 359.

88

You drop to the ground as quietly as possible and turn to step inside the door. *Aaaahh!* You jump with fright as you find yourself face to face with a guard in heavy armour! The guard is as surprised as you are and he bellows loudly. From outside and within, four guards come to surround you and you must now face all of them. If you attack them, turn to 40. If you would rather try a spell, you may choose one:

FOG	WOK	TEL	DUM	DIM
766	636	599	718	656

89

'Of course we will escort you,' chirps the Birdman. Two of them advance and open the door behind you. 'You will be safe with us,' he claims proudly. Looking outside, they find the way clear. You stand awkwardly between them as they walk down the hallway in a series of half-jumps. You are pressed tightly between their feathered bodies. Half-way down the hall, you realize that you are not merely sandwiched between them, you are tightly gripped! You struggle to free yourself, but to no avail. Turn to 333.

90

With swords drawn, the three Sightmasters are ready for battle. Will you draw your own weapon (turn to 110) or cast a spell?

FOG	SIX	MAG	TEL	NIP
739	657	699	588	627

If you have a hardwood spear which has been blessed by a holy man, you may try using it by turning to 313.

91

The door to the room is already open and you step inside. As you would expect, the walls are ribbed with shelves, on which hundreds of trinkets, artefacts, knick-knacks and treasures are displayed. A plump, yellow-skinned merchant sits behind a table in one corner and eyes you suspiciously. He seems to be undefended and you cannot see how he prevents his customers from stealing his wares. Do you have any money? If so, you may purchase some of his merchandise (turn to **494**). Otherwise, you may attempt to steal something. If you want to do this, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **116**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **267**. If you don't want to steal and you haven't any gold, leave the room and try the door at the end of the passageway (turn to **310**).

92

How did you come by this vial? Were you given it by a woman (turn to **241**), by a man (turn to **278**), or did you find it on your own (turn to **491**)?

93

The door opens to reveal dirty living-quarters. An unmade bed is in the corner and a table and chair are set against one wall. A jug is standing on the table, along with a metal bowl. A wooden box protrudes a few inches from underneath the bed. This could be the torture-master's home. But then again, perhaps it is not. There are virtually no possessions in the room. This could of course mean nothing, as an Ogre's possessions are limited anyway. Do you want to step inside and investigate further (turn to **272**), or will you leave this room and try the other door leading from the torture-chamber (turn to **236**)?

94

'You could be right,' he says, eyeing you slyly. 'Are you offering your services?' You nod. 'But how do I know whether or not you are the fighter you claim to be? If I am to hire you, first you must prove your worth. *Hashi, attack!*' At the sound of his voice, the Jaguar leaps up at you from under the table. You must resolve your combat with the cat:

JAGUAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you kill the beast, turn to 146. If you reduce it to 2 STAMINA points and decide to spare its life, turn to 80.

95

The creaking noise gets louder as you open the door wider. When it is half open, you can see that it leads into a short corridor. Two doors are set into the passage; one on the right and one at the end. But suddenly your ears prick up at the sound of voices! The creaking door is attracting someone's attention! You decide to close the door quickly and try another way. Will you try the large double doors (turn to 253) or the other door across the archway (turn to 493)?

96

Taking care on the floor you reach the door and try the handle. It opens into a hallway that widens at the far end. You follow it. Turn to 124.

97

You thank them for the ale and drink it down. To your relief, it seems to be ordinary ale and it is a welcome drink. You may add 2 STAMINA points as you drink it. Again, you thank them for the gift. 'Gift?' laughs the Red-Eye. 'We do not hand out gifts! We charge 2 Gold Pieces for our ale!' The others join in the laughter and press you for the payment. If you have 2 Gold Pieces, you may pay for your drink and turn to **425**. If you do not have 2 Gold Pieces, or you refuse to pay, turn to **12**.

98

Your situation looks hopeless. The door is sturdy and you have already seen the size of the lock on the door. The window is one possibility, but it is a long way up. A jump would certainly kill you. Perhaps you could plan to ambush one of the guards when you are brought your food? Will you:

Try to break the door?	Turn to **120**
Ask Jann his opinion?	Turn to **414**
Use something from your pack?	Turn to **259**

Or will you cast a spell?

NIP	WAL	ZEN	FAL	ZIP
673	767	696	604	725

99

If you have any food with you, you may now eat. If you have not yet eaten today, you will gain 2 STAMINA points for this meal. If you have already eaten you will gain only 1 STAMINA point. If you do not have any food with you, you gain no STAMINA points. Make the necessary adjustments on your Adventure Sheet and prepare to settle down to sleep for the night. Turn to **384**.

100

You inch your way slowly across the room. For your next few steps, choose either 52, 227 or 2.

101

You pass along the hallway and through the Mucalytic's room. At the end of the next passageway, you open the door to the entrance-chamber. The short, stocky creature that let you in is no longer there. You open the door to the courtyard and step outside. The way is clear to the large double doors and you follow the wall towards them. Turn to **392**.

102

The door bursts open and you fall headlong into the chamber inside. You roll over on the straw-covered floor and take in your surroundings. The room is not at all elegant, as you would have expected. It is simply a bare room. Two doors lead from it and you must now choose which to take. You may try either the one on the left (turn to **37**) or the one on the right (turn to **465**).

'The Fortress?' he asks. 'Why? You are not intending to visit it, are you? For if you are, you will be cursed with eternal damnation! The evil in Mampang is like a living thing, which devours all those who cross its threshold. You have no business in there. Repent your sins now, and join with me in offering our worship to Throff – the one on high! The one true mistress of all beings! The Goddess of the Earth! Fight the dark demons of Mampang and live in eternal truth! Now! Repent now!'

The old man is getting quite excited and you really do not want to get into an argument with such a fanatic. You explain that you *are* intending to fight the evil within Mampang, that is the purpose of your mission, and that you will succeed or die in the attempt. Colletus listens and shakes his head. 'None but the gods can succeed in destroying the dark forces within Mampang,' he says. 'When I was younger, like you, that was my own mission in life. But the cursed gods within Mampang dealt with me thus!' He touches his eyes. 'But I can sense that your will is strong. Nothing I can say will dissuade you from your mission, so I will help you by revealing a sample of what you will face within the Fortress. Here, watch me.' He turns to face the Groaning Bridge and holds up his hands. *Another* bridge, looking much stronger than the first, appears next to it. 'The Groaning Bridge is naught but an illusion,' he explains. 'Had you crossed the illusory bridge, its spell would have been broken half-way across and death would have been the reward for your courage. If your cause is as you say, then I can offer you three treasures to help you on your mission. I have two potions which may aid you. The first will restore your strength, and the other has been blessed in the name of the gods. My last gift is a cloth skullcap, which may also aid you. Now go. And may the luck of Cheelah go with you.'

You thank the holy man for his help. You would certainly have died had you tried the bridge without realizing its secret. He hands you his gifts: a medicinal potion, a brass vial of holy water and the skullcap. And his last words were no idle blessing. You may increase your *Initial* LUCK score by 1 point and restore your current LUCK to 8 (if it is currently higher than 8 anyway, ignore this bonus). Now you may cross the *real* bridge to the other side of the crevasse. Turn to 411.

104

One of the Sightmasters takes your backpack, while another helps you off with your own tunic and on with his. The tunic is warm and comfortable but, as the Sightmaster does up the ties, its tight fit is a little discomforting. Will you protest, asking them not to draw it so tight (turn to 282), or will you make some quip about having to lose some weight (turn to 231)?

105

The mutation you are waiting for slowly takes effect. Your right leg begins to ache and, before your eyes, it gradually changes shape! The foot shrinks and a pointed stump appears at the end. It is turning into a tail! This now leaves you with only one leg on which to walk, although your new tail will help as a crutch. You must reduce your *Initial* SKILL by 3 points and reduce your current SKILL to this level if it is higher. When you are ready to leave, you may hop out of a back door leading further into the keep. Turn to 448.

106

They are deeply insulted by your harmless remark, and your attempts to smooth over the tension are not too successful. The tallest Black Elf steps towards you, a sneer spreading across his lips. 'Let's teach this ugly pus-ridden human some manners, eh?', he snarls. The other two rise to their feet. You are about to have a fight on your hands. Will you use your weapon (turn to 510) or cast a spell?

MAG	HOW	POP	NAP	NIP
793	614	775	727	671

107

The Archmage's transformation is nearly complete. If you can attack the creature quickly, before it is fully formed, then you will stand a chance. If you are not quick, you will have little hope against a Netherworld deity such as this.

NETHERWORLD DEMON	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the creature within five Attack Rounds, turn to 351. If you do not defeat it, turn to 172.

108

The nest and golden egg are a mystery. Could they be useful if you come across Birdmen? Does the egg have any value? Or are they both simply luxurious ornaments? Will you find out? Turn now to 473.

109

As you approach the group, you can make out three creatures talking among themselves. Their shapes are familiar. They are thin, spindly types, dressed in ragged clothes. When you are even closer, you can see that they have large eyes, but they are keeping their eyes *closed*! Immediately, you are on your guard. RED-EYES! A warning bell rings in your mind as you remember your previous encounters with the Red-Eyes. You try to avoid the group by a detour away from them. But one of them has noticed you and is calling you. Obviously he is aware that you are trying to avoid them and he is mocking you. The other two look towards you and call you over. Will you approach as they wish (turn to **242**), or will you ignore them and continue regardless of their taunts (turn to **216**)?

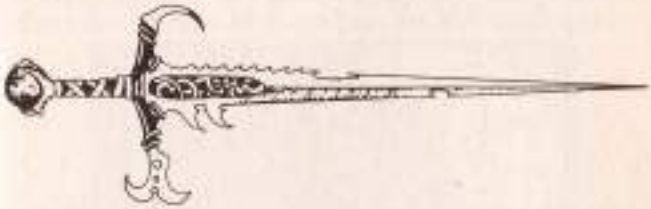

110

The Sightmasters surround you and attack together. Each Attack Round, you must choose which of the three you will fight and conduct your battle against this one as normal. Roll for the others' Attack Strengths in the normal way. If either Attack Strength is higher than your own, you will take a wound. Otherwise you will avoid their blows.

First SIGHTMASTER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 4
Second SIGHTMASTER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4
Third SIGHTMASTER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you defeat the Sightmasters, turn to **340**.

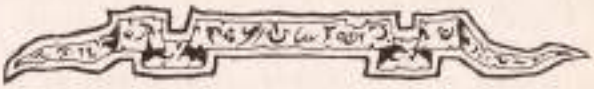

111

The door opens. You push it slowly – and a good thing too, as it has been booby-trapped. A heavy morning star hangs above the door in such a way that its deadly spiked ball would swing into the face of anyone who entered quickly. You avoid this trap, and step into a rather sinister-looking room. Turn to 251 to find out what sort of room you have entered.

112

You fly forwards headlong into blackness. You land on a hard floor lined with straw and look around. It is pitch-black and you can see nothing. But an ominous sound puts you on your guard. From one of the corners of the room, you can hear shuffling and scraping, as though someone were dragging a bundle of twigs across the floor. Will you arm yourself (if you can) and turn to 15? Or will you cast a spell?

DOZ	SIX	ROK	LAW	KID
682	594	672	783	644

113

The dawn has not quite broken when you rise to continue your journey. You have not yet formulated your plans for entering the Fortress, but you are sure it will not be easy. You may add 2 STAMINA points for last night's rest. But if you ate nothing yesterday, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points. You pack your things and set off for the gate.

The huge wooden gate towers above you as you approach. You are apprehensive about being spotted, but until the sun rises, this would be highly unlikely. The silhouetted outline of the Fortress against the early-morning sky is a haunting image and you cannot help but feel puny and helpless in comparison with its size.

You step up to a small door set into the gate. Will you knock on the door, knowing this will attract the guards? If so, turn to 304. Alternatively you may cast a spell:

MUD	DOP	ZEN	YAP	YAZ
791	643	736	749	667

114

Trying to be as quiet as possible, you step into the room. You glance around at the floor for any signs either of creatures or of objects, but find none. You quicken your steps, heading towards the door. Half-way there, you stop. A shape at the far end of the room has caught your attention. It is a large, bulky shape and it is making no movements. Will you step over to investigate (turn to **369**), or ignore it and continue towards the door (turn to **470**)?

115

You chat pleasantly during your meal and eventually you decide you must continue. You may add 2 STAMINA points if you have not yet eaten today but only 1 STAMINA point if you have eaten. Now turn to **8**.

116

You smile pleasantly at the merchant, who nods back and watches you intently. You will have no opportunity to steal anything secretly, so there is only one alternative – a snatch. You choose your moment. You grab a handful of trinkets from the shelf in front of you and race for the door. The merchant does not move. But when you reach the doorway he makes a sharp clicking sound with his teeth. Immediately, sharp iron spikes shoot across to bar the exit. But you are lucky: you just manage to beat the spikes. At least, you *almost* manage to beat the spikes. For as you jump through, the sharp points nick the hand which is clutching the merchandise. You howl with pain (deduct 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points) and draw your hand in quickly. You have still held on to one item. To find out what you have stolen, roll one die. If the number rolled is odd, turn to **382**. If the number rolled is even, turn to **417**.

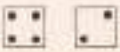

117

You manage to hold on as the bridge sways under your weight. When you reach the other side you breathe a sigh of relief and continue along the trail. Turn to 380.

118

The Birdmen are taken aback by your offering. They have never come across such a talisman before. While they are engrossed in studying it, you are able to step quietly back through the door. Turn to 479.

119

You manage to control your revulsion and work your way around the room, overturning stones and shifting bits of wood with your feet. If anything is in there, you will find it. Unless, that is, it is in the hole. For *no one* would search around in that disgusting hole. But your search is fruitless. There is nothing hidden in the latrine. At least, nothing you can *see*. For if you did but know it, you have found more than you bargained for in this room. The swarm of flies that has followed you round the room carries an unpleasant illness, which you have now contracted. For the time being, its effects are only slight. You must lose 1 STAMINA point and you must also lose 1 SKILL point *in battles only*. By the time you reach the Archmage – if you survive that long – its effects will be more noticeable. You must lose another STAMINA and another SKILL point when you first encounter him. After that, its effects will depend on whether or not you are able to find a doctor before the disease becomes fatal. You may complete your mission, but you may not survive long afterwards. Leave the room now by turning to 70.

120

The Minimite warns you that your efforts will be futile. Nevertheless, you are determined to try. You charge at the door as hard as you can. The little creature was right. This was a waste of time, and a painful one at that. Your shoulder gives a loud *crack* as you hit the door, and your worst fears are realized. You have done some serious damage to your shoulder. You try to move it but pain shoots across your chest. You must lose 4 STAMINA and 3 SKILL points until you can find some way of healing your injury. Turn to 476.

121

They are insulted that their hospitality has been refused. Will you reconsider and take their ale (turn to 97), back off and try to move away from them (turn to 57), or wait to see what happens next (turn to 12)?

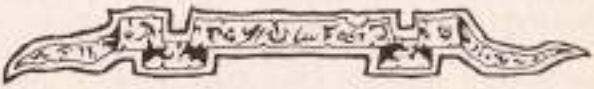

122

Your bold announcement does credit to your bravery, but not to your intelligence. For you are hardly in a position to issue threats! The captain and his guards laugh loudly. 'Take the miserable Half-Orc to the dungeons,' commands the captain. His guards obey. You will now spend the rest of your life in captivity. Mercifully, this will not be for long . . .

123

The beast inside must be taught a lesson. Its howling will not prevent *you* from resting in its cave! Do you wish to enter with weapon drawn (turn to 286), or will you cast a spell?

DOC	FAR	HOW	YAP	KIN
635	607	782	697	669

124

The passageway widens until you reach an open hallway which is evidently a main thoroughfare. Several passages open out into this area and the way onwards is a choice of two doors. Ahead are two heavy wooden double doors, standing some three metres high. Your caution is aroused by the fact that one of these doors is slightly ajar. The other door is a more ornate affair, a few yards to the left of the double doors. Carvings are set in its wooden timbers. Do you wish to investigate the large double doors (turn to 41), or will you instead try the smaller door (turn to 54)?

125

'From Kristatanti, eh?' laughs the Red-Eye. 'And you expect us to believe that? You are no more from Kristatanti than we are. If you were from Kristatanti, you would not wear your hair as you do. Their tradition is to wear their hair high up on their heads, held in place by pins and bones!' Will you admit that you are not from Kristatanti and that your home is Analand (turn to 48), or will you insist that you *are* from Kristatanti (turn to 291)?

126

You take out your Provisions and eat. If you have not yet eaten today, you may add 2 STAMINA points for the meal. If you have already eaten, you may add only 1 point. When you have finished, turn to 358.

127

You touch the door lightly and it swings back, allowing you into a rather dirty room. A table and chair are set in a corner of the room. Asleep in the chair, slumped across the table, is a strange, smooth-skinned creature in leather armour. It has a bald head – in fact there is not a trace of hair anywhere on its body – and its shoulders look wide and powerful. As you step inside, the creature snorts and wakes up. Seeing you, it leaps to its feet, reaches for an axe and in a roaring voice demands to know why you have disturbed its nap. Will you draw out your weapon and strike the creature to get in the first blow (turn to 360), apologize for disturbing it and try to calm it down (turn to 466), or raise your voice and yell back at the creature that you didn't know he was asleep (turn to 506)?

128

The Goblin champion roars loudly, and this noise serves as a war-cry to the others. As one, they join in the fight, surrounding you and battering you with kicks, bites and blows. You fight valiantly, but you are no match for such numbers. One heavy blow knocks you to the ground. A dozen sets of spiky teeth bite into your body. The pain is unbearable and you cry your last. Your mission has ended. You will provide the best meal these foul creatures have had in their miserable lives.

129

You quickly close the door in the gate behind you and step forwards. You are in a wide archway inside the main gate. The way ahead is blocked by another gate, almost as large as the main entrance. It is a large double door with a heavy brass handle and lock. To your left and right are two smaller doorways which may open into rooms in the main wall surrounding the Fortress, which is several metres thick. Which way will you proceed? Will you try the door to your left (turn to 206), the door to your right (turn to 493), or the double doors ahead (turn to 253)?

130

You describe the boots to the captain and promise them to him if he will release you. He appears to be interested, but then snaps his fingers. The guards bustle you through the doors, throwing your backpack – and your gold pouch – back to the captain as you leave. After all, why should he release you for these boots when he can steal them? They will be no use to you in the dungeon beneath Mampang, where you are destined to spend the rest of your days.

131

They try once more to persuade you to accept their advice and put on the tunic, but you will not be persuaded. One of them snaps angrily, 'We are wasting our time. Let us persuade this miserable human in our own way!' The others nod and draw their swords. Turn to **90**.

132

You may have a bargain in mind, that if he helps you into the inner keep, you would be willing to give him his Gold Piece. If you wish to do this, you will find that he is a bargaining man and you will have to strike a deal. You may offer him 1, 2 or 3 Gold Pieces. Choose your 'final offer' and roll one die. If you offer him 1 Gold Piece, you must roll a 5 or 6 for him to accept. If you offer 2 Gold Pieces, a roll of 3–6 means he accepts. If you offer 3 Gold Pieces, a roll of 2–6 means that he will accept your price. If he accepts, turn to **20**. If he does not accept, or if you have no gold to offer, or if you do not wish to offer him any gold anyway, turn to **160**.

133

Try as you might to hold on, you cannot force your muscles to keep their grip and you drop to the ground with a thump. The noise immediately attracts the attention of the guards, who wheel round to face you. Roaring loudly, they leap towards you, swords drawn. You step back into the doorway, hoping that this will give you some protection and hoping also that no more guards appear! You must resolve your combat with the guards. Since you are standing in the doorway, you may fight them one at a time:

First GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7
Second GUARD	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7
Third GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
Fourth GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the guards, turn to **129**.

134

Anxiously, you wedge the spear between the rising floor and the ceiling. You are both shivering and sweating at the same time as your weapon takes the strain and bows a little. You whisper an unheard prayer to your god as the wood creaks. Will the spear hold? Your question is answered a moment later. *Crack!* The weapon breaks in two from the pressure. Your heart sinks. Your hopes are dashed. You have now lost this spear. If this was your only weapon, you must deduct 2 SKILL points in any future battles until you find a replacement weapon. But this is hardly of any concern to you at the moment. You are about to be crushed to death! Turn to **269**.

135

You are approaching the far side of the courtyard. Two large wooden doors loom upwards and, to progress into the keep, you will have to pass through them. A few yards in front of the doors a peculiar-shaped metal post, as tall as two men, has been driven into a mound of earth. To the left is nothing. To the right, a smaller wooden door is set into the wall. Will you step up to the double doors and see whether you may be able to get through (turn to 397)? Do you want to investigate the metal pole (turn to 502)? Or will you walk over to the door in the corner of the wall (turn to 519)?

136

You step up to the cave entrance and peer inside. It doesn't smell particularly pleasant in there, but it seems to be safe enough. The thing that is a little worrying, though, is the depth of the cave. You cannot see the back: the cave just disappears into the blackness. If you feel you would be safer in one of the other caves, you may approach either the smallest cave (turn to 222) or the other cave (turn to 534). If you will venture inside this cave, turn to 507.

137

She shuffles over to you and leads you into a foodstore. 'Help yourself!' she offers. 'All this is good for stamina. All the troops are given some of my special recipes for added strength.' You try to explain that she has mistaken you; you merely wish to take a short cut into the keep. But she will have none of it and becomes angry; she finds your refusal offensive. Will you try some of her food to keep her happy (turn to 3) or will you reassert your wish to leave (turn to 297)?

138

The strange creature holds out his hand and mumbles a few words. A shape forms in the air and rests on his hand. As it becomes more distinct, your eyes widen. *The Crown of Kings!* You reach out for it, but he pulls it away. 'Not so fast there, human!' he laughs. 'We made a bargain. If I give the Crown to you, you must be gone and leave this place. And to ensure that you cause no harm on the way, you must leave behind your weapon.' Will you agree as he says (turn to 234)? If not, you may either draw your weapon and attack him (turn to 162), or cast a spell:

WOK	FIX	MAG	KID	GOB
650	786	687	706	730

139

You watch both sides of the pass as you approach, keeping your eyes peeled for signs of life. You stop when you hear a rasping noise ahead. Slumped on the floor, on the right-hand side of the passage, are two heavily armoured guards. They are not moving and appear to be asleep. One of them is gripping an upturned wine flagon in his hand and the contents are seeping out. They are *drunk*! You may try creeping past them. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 342. If you are Unlucky, turn to 264.

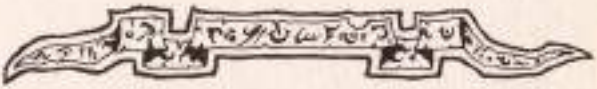

140

The door is unlocked and you open it. It leads into a dark passageway. You are considering whether or not to enter, when a noise from the courtyard behind you forces your decision. The sounds of marching become louder and louder. It is not well-disciplined marching, but one thing is for certain: a fair number of guards are approaching! You step through the doorway and close the door behind you. It is dark inside, but within a few moments, you are able to follow the passage. It leads more or less straight on, first winding to the left, then the right. Eventually you can see a door ahead of you. Turn to **357**.

141

You pass along the hallway and through the Mucalytic's room. At the end of the next passageway, you can hear voices in the room beyond. You open the door. 'There you are! I told you! The Analander! And when you capture the dog, remember to tell our master that it was I, Ridd the Gnome, who gave you this information.' You curse: the little Gnome has summoned guards to capture you. In his room are at least a dozen armed guards, and they rush towards you. Do you have a blessed hardwood spear with you? If so turn to **17**. If not, turn to **266**.

142

You start your battle with the guard. You have the advantage of surprise, but the guard has the advantage of *reinforcements*. As the struggle commences, the guard bellows loudly. Six more guards race into the room and, before you can react, they have pulled the two of you apart and are holding your arms pinned behind your back. A sergeant walks in and looks at the scene. His own guard is nursing a sore arm. The sergeant roars angrily at the guard for his incompetence, then looks at you. He nods to the two holding you captive and turns to leave the room. The sergeant's back is the last sight you see in the world as an unseen sword slides through your chest from behind. Your journey has ended . . .

143

The Ogre reflects for a moment. 'Uhhh, when I was new to this job I did have a particularly *nice* torture,' he starts. 'A Klattaman was caught thieving and wouldn't reveal where he'd hidden his ill-gotten gains. We put fat needles in his arms and scraped his bones first of all, then we put ground glass under his eyelids, then we cut the sinews at the back of his ankles. The killjoy told us where he'd hidden his thievings as soon as we started putting the needles in, but we ignored him. After all, we had to have our little fun, didn't we? What else did you say? The Archmage? He's in his tower, where he always is.' Now he has a question to ask you. Turn to **19**.

144

There are voices coming from within the room. You step up to the door and press your ear close, to hear what is going on and to discover how many are inside the room. There are probably only a couple of creatures inside, as you can only hear two voices. But suddenly, the door swings open! Before you can react, you are grabbed by the wrist and yanked into the room. 'I thought I heard something,' says a tall BLACK ELF to two others sitting round a table. 'An ugly, human creature. But look at the colour of its skin! Horrible! Ugh. Imagine having skin like that!' The other two laugh and all three of them look at you. Will you:

Laugh with them and try to befriend them?	Turn to 295
Challenge them for daring to insult you?	Turn to 536
Try to run from the room?	Turn to 335

145

The two guards immediately spring on you. Fight these two together. In each Attack Round, choose whichever you will direct your attention towards and conduct this fight as normal. The remaining guard will inflict a normal wound only if his Attack Strength is higher than yours (but you cannot wound him):

First GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7
Second GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you kill the guards, you may turn your attentions to the captain:

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you wish to spare the captain's life, you may turn to 347 when you reduce him to 6 STAMINA points. If you wish to continue the fight, turn to 391 when you have reduced him to 6 STAMINA points.

146

A tear appears in the corner of the fat man's eye as you deliver the final blow to his pet. 'That was unnecessary!' he sobs. 'My Hashi! What have you done?' You turn your attention to the man. You step over and grab his throat. You are a hired sword and you do not spare your victims' lives. You demand to know how to get inside the keep. You claim to have some business to attend to inside, and promise to come back if he wants to hire you. 'Very well, then,' he sighs. 'To enter the keep, step up to the doors and whisper this password to the lock: "Alaralaramalana". The handle will then turn to open the doors. Now release me!' You let him go and leave the room. Turn to 141.

147

Libra continues: 'I must tell you also some bad news, which may affect the success of your mission. Last night you spent the entire night in the same cave as a carrier of the *trembling disease*.' She then goes on to describe the effects of the disease. Turn to 247.

148

Do you have a silver whistle or holy water from the Tinpang River with you? If so, you may use either of these. If you wish to use the silver whistle, turn to 800. If you wish to use the holy water, turn to 537. If you have neither of these, turn to 351 and choose again.

149

They all exclaim in unison, 'From Kharé!' One of them smiles and grabs your wrist. 'We are from Kharé, my friend, though we left the cityport two seasons ago. Ah, how we would love you to tell us what is happening there now. Tell me, is the holy man of Slangg still performing his miracles?' You tell him of your own experience in the chapel of Slangg and they praise your wisdom. 'If you really went through the test of Slangg, you will know the holy man's name,' says one of the Red-Eyes. 'I am trying, but I cannot remember the great man's name myself. What is it?' The other two look at their companion strangely, but then it dawns on them what he is trying to do. This is a test for you. What will your answer be:

Courga?	Turn to 195
Salen?	Turn to 570
Vangorn?	Turn to 549
Tristan?	Turn to 327
You do not know.	Turn to 457

150

A sign over the door catches your attention. It reads 'Chamber of Night'. You pause for a moment before you try the door. What can the *Chamber of Night* hold in store? Night creatures? Sleeping gas? There is only one way you will find out. You turn the handle.

The door opens to a room as black as coal. Not a beam of light comes from the room. Even the dull light from the area where you now stand cannot penetrate its blackness. Do you have a candle which you can use to light your way through this room? If so, turn to 13. If not, turn to 308.

151

You are almost on the far side of the gully when your foot slips again. Desperately you try once more to clutch the rope bridge to prevent your falling. But this time you are not so lucky. The bridge quivers like a bowstring and your hand misses its grip! Down and down you plunge to your death in the river-bed below. You have come to the end of your journey – and so close to your goal . . .

152

You may try:

A Yellowfruit Skin	Turn to 21
A Parchment Scroll	Turn to 71
An Enchanted Compass	Turn to 252
A Glass Vial of Liquid	Turn to 92
None of these	Turn to 363

153

You remember the message and call out for Colletus. What will this mysterious person be like? Will he be there at all? Is he even still alive? You call his name again and, a few moments later, you hear footsteps on the rock. From over the edge of the chasm, a short distance further on, a shape appears. An old, bald-headed man in a long, dirty, brown robe walks towards you. 'Who is calling my name?' he asks. At first you remain quiet – it is fairly obvious who has been calling his name! But as he approaches, you notice that he is not heading towards you, but rather slightly to your left. The old man is *blind*! His eyes have been painted black and you remember the tradition in Kristatanti. You call him over towards you and he shifts direction quickly. 'Well?' he snaps. 'Who are you? And in which direction are you heading? And what do you want of a priest with the black-eye curse?' Will you ask him for information about the Mampang Fortress (turn to 103), would you like to call on his professional skills as a holy man (turn to 283), or will you ask him whether, as a holy man, he has powers of healing (turn to 78)?

154

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 412. If you are Unlucky, turn to 529.

155

You tell them you were raised in Kharé by a holy man from Dhumpus when your mother abandoned you. She took the faith of Slangg, the god of malice, and was ordered to leave you to your death as proof of her commitment. Thus your accent is a cross between the broad dialect of the cityport and the slower, more pronounced speech of the southlands. You tell them you are on your way to the Fortress at Mampang, for you have been summoned by the Archmage. At the mention of his name, your two inquisitors look at each other shiftily. There seems to be a look of fear in their eyes. 'Be on your way then, stranger,' says one of the creatures. 'We will not hinder your journey. Continue.' Evidently they fear the power of Mampang and you have intimated that you are connected with the evil that rests within. They allow you to pass. Turn to 441.

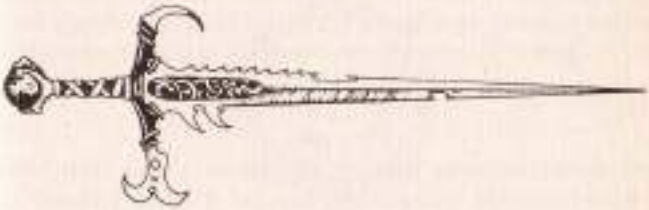

156

Trying desperately not to panic, you stand motionless while the floor rises. As you wait in hope, you are suddenly aware that your teeth are chewing hard and painfully on your lower lip! But the floor shows no signs of halting and your head is now only a foot or so from the ceiling. You had better try something more positive. Will you search the floor for something useful (turn to **168**), or look through your own belongings for something you can use (turn to **16**).

157

You bend down to the height of the lock and whisper your password. Has your memory served you correctly? No sound comes from the door. You gather your courage and prepare to grasp the handle. Turn to **344**.

158

Your mission, and your identity, are known to your host. Although you have concealed your journey thus far, it is now common knowledge that you have penetrated the Fortress's defences. Return to **198**.

159

Resolve your battle with the three Red-Eyes. They will all attack together. Choose which you will direct your own attack against and conduct this battle as normal. Roll Attack Strengths for the other two in the normal way: a higher Attack Strength than yours will inflict an automatic hit, but a lower result does not mean that you wound one of them, since you are not attacking them.

First RED-EYE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 3
Second RED-EYE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 2
Third RED-EYE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 3

When you have inflicted your first wound on the Red-Eyes, turn to **316**. If you defeat them, turn to **425**.

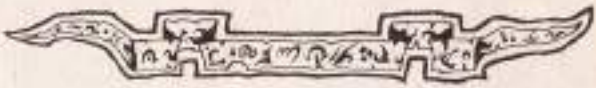

160

'I see we have a visitor who does not like to part with gold! Or perhaps our friend has something else to offer?' Will you offer him something else from your backpack (turn to **66**), draw your weapon and leap across the table at the fat man and his Jaguar (turn to **205**), or cast a spell?

DUD	SAP	NAP	NIP	FAR
652	693	621	763	735

161

You step into the room just in time, as three Birdmen turn round a corner and head towards you. You breathe a sigh of relief and turn round to lean back on the door. But as you do so, your heart stops! Out of necessity, you did not check the room before you entered. Now you can see where you are. There is an old Baklands expression which is appropriate here: 'Hiding from Snattacats in a Strangle-bush' . . .

Rising to their feet, and glaring at you over pointed beaks, are three *more* Birdmen! What will your reaction be? Will you try to talk to them (turn to 9), will you think desperately of a good excuse and leave as soon as possible (turn to 258), or will you just race out into the passage (turn to 74)?

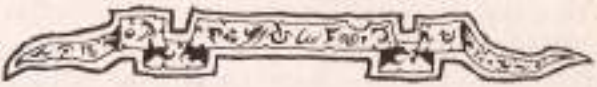

162

You pull out your weapon and advance towards him. He simply smiles. 'Do you think you could harm me with that oversized butter-knife?' he taunts. 'Put it down. For I can make it *my* ally if I so wish.' You ignore his threats. 'Very well, then. Have it whichever way you will . . .' He gestures in the air with his hands and your weapon feels heavy in your hand. You try to lift it and find that it is tugging itself free from you. It pulls hard and breaks your grip, flailing in the air, as if with a mind of its own! And then, to your horror, it turns to face you, cutting in the air to force you back against a corner. 'And now, to complete my little show,' the sorcerer continues, 'a rope trick!' Again he gestures with his hands. This time, a rope flies up into the air. Serpent-like, it hangs, awaiting his instructions. At his command, the rope flies towards you and wraps itself around your wrists. You have been captured! *'Guards!'* he calls. From a hidden doorway in one of the walls, three guards rush into the room and grab you. The guards bundle you off back through their door and up a narrow staircase into the top of the tower. A heavy lock is set in the door at the top. This is evidently a prison room of some sort. They unlock the door and fling you inside. Turn to 4. But remember that you have now lost your weapon. If you do not have another one with you, you must deduct 3 SKILL points in any future combats.

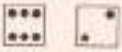

163

You may now either leave the room (turn to 96) or search for anything that may be useful to you (turn to 51).

164

The guards are disappointed. They offer to lend you 2 Gold Pieces if you are short although, if you win, you will have to pay back 4 Gold Pieces from your winnings. If you agree to this, turn to 481. If you are not interested, turn to 397.

165

Securing your possessions, you grab the rope firmly and once more check that it is well fastened to the rock above. You take a few steps backwards to get a good run at the crevasse. Swinging across the gully should be an easy matter. You run forwards and leap from the ledge. Then it's all over in an instant.

Even though you tested the rope thoroughly, it was not as safe as it appeared. This short cut to the Mampang Fortress was a trap designed to catch unwanted intruders such as yourself. In mid-air, the rope began to stretch quickly so that, when you arrived at the other side, you were not at a height to land on the ledge. Instead you slammed into the rocky mountainside with such force that you immediately knocked yourself out. Your fall deep into the crevasse has killed you, but at least you were not conscious when your death came . . .

166

Will they believe your story or not? *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **68**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **370**.

167

You sit down at the table and rest. If you have any Provisions with you, you may eat a meal. If you do so, you can add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day or only 1 if you have already eaten. Have you visited anyone called Shadrack on your travels? If so, turn to **77**. If not, turn to **306**.

168

Quickly you drop to your knees and rummage through the straw and dust on the floor. You find plenty of small stones and broken bits of wood, but nothing which will really help you. And time is running out! The floor is rising steadily and would now be forcing you to stoop if you were standing up. A cold sweat breaks out across your forehead. You had better search your own backpack for something to use. Turn to **16**.

169

Have you already tried either of the other two caves? If you have not already tried the smallest cave, you may do so by turning to **222**. If you have not already tried the middle cave, you may do so by turning to **136**. If you have already tried both of them, then you had better settle for the one you have just looked inside – return to **534** and make another choice.

170

The Birdmen listen intently as you tell your story. They are fascinated by your adventures. 'Of course we'll help you,' one of them declares. 'In fact I have just the "seeker" you will need to locate the Crown. Come with me.' He walks into the back room. Will you follow him in as he motions (turn to 203), or remain where you are and ask him to bring it out (turn to 23)?

171

You try to reach the running Red-Eye, but his companions step in front of you. They draw their weapons and attack. You may attack either with your weapon (turn to 225) or with a spell:

SUN	ZIP	ZAP	POP	POP
745	584	695	660	590

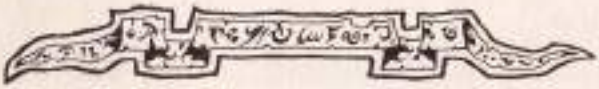

172

Your effort has been valiant, but in vain. The Demon now stands fully formed before you. You rush up to strike a blow with your weapon. A blast of fiery breath from the creature's great nostrils hits you full in the face. In agony, you hold your hands up to your face to stop the pain. Your hair is on fire; your face is scorched beyond recovery. You drop to the ground, defeated, as death takes you. Your journey has ended – so close, so very close, to your goal . . .

173

At the mention of the Crown, the Elves look at each other shiftily. 'Why? Who wants to know?' asks the tallest Elf. From the way they are looking at each other, you decide that you had better not pursue this line of questioning. You apologize for bringing up the subject and explain that you had only heard that it was on show within the Fortress and you had hoped to get a look at it. 'You are wasting our time, human,' the Elf continues. 'No one is allowed near the Crown save the Archmage himself. As long as those cursed Samaritans of Schinn are about, he would not dare put the Crown of Power on show.' You change the subject quickly. Turn to 377.

174

'If you have spent some time in contact with the trembling disease, then you will no doubt begin to feel its effects soon,' continues Sh'houri gravely. 'But all is not lost. Word has just reached us that Colletus the holy man is able to heal the disease. This is the tragedy of the situation. Had we known this two days earlier, then we could have saved the life of poor Sh'himbli. Nevertheless, stranger, he is not an easy man to find, although he has been seen on the way to that black Fortress. If you discover Colletus's whereabouts, you may summon him thus.' She cups her hands to her mouth and makes a whistling sound. If at some time in the future you think you know where the holy man is, repeat this sound by deducting 30 from the number of the reference you are at and turning to this new reference. If Colletus is there, he will appear to you. Sh'houri continues: 'And we thank you for the news of our sister.' The She-Satyrs want to give you some gift for the news you have brought. Sh'houri tells you first about the Mampang Fortress, the end of your journey. 'You must beware of the Fortress,' she starts, 'for it is a chaotic place. Keep your eyes open in front and behind if you wish to survive in there. The way through the Fortress takes you through the four *Throben Doors;* they are large sets of double doors, yet much more to those who try to pass through. Do not mistakenly believe that they are not protected, for they are deadly to all who try to open them unawares. They appear as heavy double doors, but nothing about their appearance gives any clue as to their real purpose.' She has noticed that you are listening intently, and is glad to have been able to give you some information of interest. As you stand to leave, she motions to one of the other creatures, who rushes off, to return later with a leather bag. Within the bag are several items which may be of use. She will allow you to take with you any of the items in the bag, but for each you must exchange one item of your equipment (but not food or gold). If you are playing as a warrior, turn to 564. If you are playing as a wizard, turn to 435.

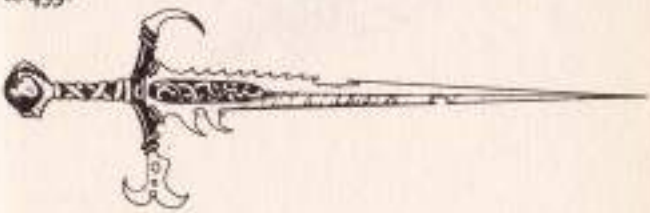

175

You inch your way slowly across the room. For your next few steps, choose either **349**, **554** or **2**.

176

As you approach the double doors, you keep your eyes peeled for any signs of activity. Through the doors, you can hear the early-morning sounds of the inhabitants preparing for the day ahead. But there is no sound coming from the short passageway in which you stand. You grasp the great brass handle and turn it. The doors are locked. Looking down the narrow slit between the doors, you can see that a heavy bolt holds them fastened. It looks as though you will need a key to open them, unless you can think of another way. Do you want to turn back and try the door on the right (turn to **206**), or will you try another plan (turn to **193**)?

177

The meal is fairly basic and not at all appetizing. Cornbread and grits do not exactly make a banquet. Nevertheless, you may add 2 STAMINA points for the food if this is your first meal today, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. Then you sit down and wait. Turn to 214.

178

Your knock is heard by someone inside the room. A voice bids you 'Come in!' and the tumblers in the lock turn. You open the door and step inside. As you do so, you fling yourself backwards instinctively! For above the door hangs a morning star, a vicious weapon consisting of a solid metal spiked ball hanging from a handle by a length of chain. As you opened the door, it took the ball outwards to swing back at your face! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 190. If you are Unlucky, turn to 64.

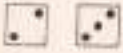

179

You open the door. As you rightly deduced, you have entered the kitchen. Servant MINIONS, small, nervous creatures with squeaky voices, are fussing around preparing food for the guards. The smell is not too pleasant. Today's menu is swine offal and lizard entrails. A larger creature, a HOBGOBLIN of some sort, stands in the middle of the kitchen, barking orders. As her Minions rush past, she whacks them on the head with a sapling branch. No one has noticed you. Will you announce yourself (turn to 422), or will you instead try to creep through the kitchen unnoticed (turn to 437)?

180

Your next step is painful! Your leg has brushed against a sharp blade which gashes it. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and choose your next few steps from the following: 249, 227 or 349.

181

'So, this arrogant worm refuses our help, eh?' snaps the Sightmaster angrily. 'Then let us show the wretch what dangers are to be faced in Mampang!' You have offended the Sightmasters. They draw their swords and grab at you. Turn to 90.

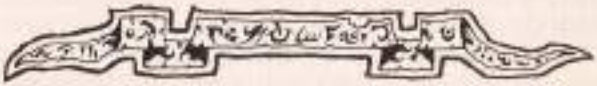

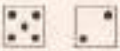

182

A noise from the doorway makes you spin round quickly. What you see makes you leap frantically towards the door. But you are too late. The heavy portcullis has already dropped in the doorway, barring your escape. *Of course*, you think. The answer is now obvious. This room is no one's living-quarters. It is a prison cell! And the heavy bars will not be budged either by your strength or your magic. You are a prisoner of Mampang and your journey is now over.

183

The wooden bridge seems to be quite strong. But you are not one to trust appearances and will not risk this bridge without first testing it carefully. You put a foot on to it, then your whole weight, holding tightly on to the rope handrail. As your weight is taken by the wooden links of the bridge, a strange sound seems to come from it: *Oooohhhh!* The soft moan makes you jump back on to the ground! *What was that?* As soon as you step off the bridge, the noise ceases. Again you try stepping on to it, and again the groaning sound comes. Trying a few steps towards the middle of the bridge, the sound is quite disturbing: *Oooohhh! Aaaahhh! Oooohh!* Although the moaning is somewhat unnerving, the bridge itself seems strong enough to take your weight. If you want to try crossing it, turn to 424. If you want to try another way across the crevasse, you may either return to the swing-rope and try that (turn to 323) or follow the trail along a bit further to see whether there is another way across (turn to 257).

184

A sudden pain shoots through your forehead. You feel around for signs of anything and notice a bump in the centre, growing larger and larger! Shortly, you have a sharp horn growing in the centre of your forehead. The meatballs have had their effect. Although this horn is a little unsightly, it will be useful in battle if you do not have a weapon to use. If you are disarmed and must fight without a weapon, you need only deduct 1 SKILL point as a penalty and ignore whatever SKILL penalty you have previously incurred. Leave the kitchen by turning to 448.

185

You try the key in the lock. It turns awkwardly, as if the tumblers have not quite caught. Turn to 344.

186

You hold your breath and step further into the room. You move towards the hole in the ground and peer into it. Your presence disturbs the flies and they swarm into the air around you. Indescribable filth is down the hole and the sight makes your stomach heave. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 119. If you are Unlucky, turn to 86.

187

The Hobgoblin throws off her apron and stands before you ready for battle. She grabs a meat-cleaver and threatens you. Will you fight her with your weapon (turn to 281) or cast a spell?

DOC	DUD	KIN	MAG	KID
602	726	755	690	668

188

You stand defiantly, weapon at the ready, and accuse them of a number of shameful misdemeanours involving members of their families. The two become angry; their tempers rise. But the tension is finally broken by one of the creatures who laughs out loud. 'Well, Sh'haarzha, we have certainly found a spirited one here! Do you think the sisters would like to meet this character? I think so, don't you?' The other She-Satyr nods and they both order you to follow them to their village. Will you go along with them (turn to 545), or set off with them, but take advantage of the first opportunity to run away and continue your journey (turn to 456)?

189

You must be quick to climb the stairs and reach the Archmage before the guards are alerted. Panting heavily, you arrive at the secret door at the top of the stairs. But how can you open the door? You try your password again and the door opens. But you are expected! Rough hands grab you as you open the door. Shouts go up and you find yourself in the grip of a tall, grimy guard. Around the doorway are other guards. You were not expecting to be discovered this quickly! Turn to **430** to face the guards.

190

Just in time you managed to avoid the full impact of the morning star. It swings past your ear and catches you across the temple. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for the graze and enter the room. Turn to **251**.

191

You apologize for your blunder and explain that it was 'just a little human joke'. You will have to remember to be careful with Black Elves, as their sense of humour does not include being able to laugh at themselves. They calm down and you are able to speak to them. Do you want to ask them how to get further into the Fortress (turn to **377**), or whether they know anything which will help you find the Crown of Kings (turn to **213**)?

192

The man is terrified at your threats. He agrees to tell you anything you want to know. He is not at all like the other creatures of Mampang. You allow him to tell his story. Turn to **79**.

193

You may wish to cast a spell here:

DOC	HOW	ZIP	FAR	RAP
776	649	741	640	761

Alternatively, you may want to hold something you found on your travels against the door to try to open it (turn to **32**).

194

The door opens slowly and you step into a dimly lit room. A tiled stone floor is slightly greasy underfoot and there does not appear to be much in the way of furniture inside. An oily smell hangs in the room. On the far side of the room, a faint crack of light outlines a doorway. Do you want to head straight across for this door (turn to 96), or will you investigate the room (turn to 523)?

195

'Ha!' exclaims the Red-Eye. 'Just as I suspected. This thick-skulled impostor is not from Kharé at all! Imagine thinking that was the holy man's name!' Your attempts at trickery have been found out. Turn to 12.

196

Throwing caution to the wind, you grab the handle and turn it. Although the handle turns in your grip, the door does not open! It is locked! You curse and turn to face the creature, which is now almost on top of you. Turn to 296. If you have a key to use in the lock, return to 224 to try it. If you key is correct, you will know what to do.

197

They immediately snap to attention and pretend to be busy, polishing their weapons and armour. One of them thanks you for the advice and you turn to leave the room. Turn to 479.

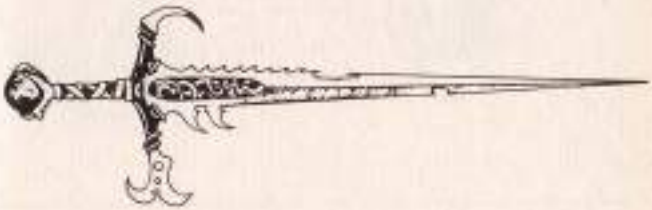

198

The door opens into an office of some kind. Straw again lines the floor, but charts and maps are pinned to the walls. Some of these are charts of the heavens, and there is a strange contraption pointing out of the window at the sky. Sitting behind the table across the room is a scrawny-looking fellow with spiky black hair. He looks up at you over half-moon glasses and smiles a sinister smile. Could this be the Archmage himself?

'And who do we have here, then?' he asks. 'As if I did not know. *The Analander!* I wondered whether you would make it this far. My congratulations on your skill and your courage. You are indeed a worthy enemy. But here is where your luck runs to an end. For now you face no cowardly Black Elf, no brainless Klattaman.' You state defiantly that your journey will not end until the Crown of Kings has been returned to its rightful guardians in Analand. 'Ah yes,' he says. 'The Crown of Kings. What say I give it to you now and you be gone? I for one am anxious to remove the cursed thing from here.' This is a strange offer. Will you accept and ask him for the Crown (turn to **138**)? Would you prefer to draw your weapon and fight him (turn to **162**) or cast a spell?

MAG	KID	GOB	FIX	WOK
687	706	730	786	650

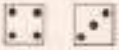

199

'My favourite weapon?' He stares dully into the air. 'Ummm, I suppose I like my whip. Yes, my whip! I'm very good with this. I can take out a blackfly's back teeth from four metres with my whip. Do you want to see?' You don't, and you press on with the next part of your question, about the Crown. But you are out of luck. 'Never heard of it,' he shrugs. Now it is his turn to ask you a question. Turn to 19.

200

They look at each other strangely. The situation is puzzling. A human comes bursting into their room as if being chased by a Spectre, then starts asking about their families! They cannot make sense of it. Confused, one of them steps forwards and, in a twittering voice, says, 'Our blessed mothers are well. But what business is this of yours?' Will you take advantage of their confusion, apologize for the intrusion and ask permission to leave (turn to 527), or apologize for offending them and continue the conversation (turn to 429)?

201

The captain listens with interest to your story. He is undecided whether or not you are telling the truth. How good are your powers of persuasion? Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If the total is equal to or less than your SKILL, turn to 35. If the total is higher than your SKILL, turn to 423.

202

With your weapon poised to strike, you rush at the creature, screaming a loud war-cry. *It does not react!* Your weapon smashes into the side of its skull and its head splits open. Still the creature has not reacted! Now feeling quite safe from any danger, you reach out to touch the body. Turn to 62.

203

You walk across the room and follow him into the dark room beyond. 'It's in here somewhere,' he is twittering. But as you step into the darkness, you feel a blow on the head. You lose consciousness. Turn to 333.

204

You show him the hardwood spear and explain how you came across it. 'Ah, Sh'houri and her band,' he smiles. 'An unruly lot, and prone to outbursts of violence, of that you can be sure. But it is not evil which rules their hearts – though at times it is not far away! Pass me the spear. I will bless it as you wish.' Colletus places the spear on the ground and lays on his hands to bless it. From now on, this blessed spear will aid you in your battles against some of the creatures of Mampang. You thank Colletus and then bring the conversation round to the Fortress at Mampang. Turn to 103.

205

You leap across the table and grab the man by the throat. His pet snarls at you, but you threaten Valignya with his life if he does not call off the Jaguar. Nervously, he does so. You demand to know how you may get through into the inner keep. Turn to 276.

206

The door is not locked, but its hinges are rusty and, as you inch it open, it makes a creaking sound. Will you burst through it, weapon at the ready, to surprise whatever is inside (turn to 416)? Or would you prefer a more cautious approach and continue inching the door open, trying to keep the noise to a minimum (turn to 321)?

207

Your heart is thumping as you open the door and you slam it shut behind you to keep the Marbled Ram out.

You pause to collect your thoughts. You are about to come face to face with the Archmage. Your mission is almost done! If only you can take the dark lord of Mampang and rescue the Crown . . . The door opens on to the foot of a spiral staircase. You climb the stairs way up into the tower until you reach a door at the top. The door is unlocked. You open it. You are expecting an elegant study, well decorated and lined with books. What you see is exactly the opposite. Turn to 321.

208

The silver pieces are worth more than the gold you paid for them. But they will prove to be more trouble than they are worth. The pouch that the merchant would not sell you is capable of magically generating more of these coins, so he has lost nothing. Outside of their pouch, the coins will burn through anything you put them in. You will not notice this until afterwards, when you have lost them. A short while after you have placed them in your backpack, they will have burnt a hole in your pack and and dropped out. You will also have lost one item from your backpack. Cross off the *Third* item on the Equipment List – and the coins – and turn to 473.

209

'A fine battle!' declares Sh'houri, Queen of the She-Satyrs, as you are raised from the pit. 'Now, what was it you wanted this human to tell me?' Will you tell her about your journey across Kakhabad (turn to 371), or will you tell her about your encounter with Sh'himbli – but only if you know who Sh'himbli is (turn to 354)?

210

You confront the snivelling creature before you. You have learned the Archmage's secret and you tell him so. Farren Whyde steps back, aghast. His whimperings cease. His expression changes as his eyes narrow. 'So!' he exclaims. 'The Analander knows our secret. Our foe is more competent than any of us had imagined. I offer my admiration for your skill. Such skill should be well rewarded. You have come for the Crown of Kings. No doubt you would like to set eyes on it.' The old man moves towards the desk and opens a drawer. From within, he pulls a shining golden crown and lays it on the desk. *The Crown of Kings!* You recognize instantly the treasured Crown and your eyes widen in awe of its beauty. At last it is within your grasp!

But while your concentration is focused on the Crown, you have taken your eyes off Farren Whyde, and a transformation is taking place. You wheel round towards the old man. Farren Whyde, dressed in his long undergarments, lies on the ground, still as death. Standing over the old man, a fearsome creature is forming before your very eyes. Your thoughts of the Crown disappear and you must quickly decide what to do. For the creature forming before you is a NETHER-WORLD DEMON of some sort, with a huge, bullish face, hooted feet, and a black, hairy body. Smoke curls from its nostrils. You must attack, quickly, before it forms fully. Will you draw your weapon and attack (turn to 107) or will you cast a spell?

ZEN	RES	ZAP	GAK	HOT
798	628	683	717	582

211

'A visitor!' exclaims the torture-master as you enter the room. 'And, I feel, one with a sense of fun! No one comes into this room unless they wish something from Naggamanteh. I will offer you a bargain. Ask of me what you require. If I can help I may. Then I will ask you a question. If you cannot answer, then you shall be my amusement for the rest of the day. What say you?' If you will accept his offer, turn to 361. If you refuse, turn to 557.

212

The Birdmen are taken aback by your offering. They have never seen such a beautiful collar before. While the three are engrossed in studying it, you are able to step quietly back through the door. Turn to 479.

213

At the mention of the Crown, the Black Elves' faces drop and they glance at one another quickly. 'So *you* are the Analander who has come to steal our master's Crown!' their leader says. 'We had expected a much more fearsome enemy! The Archmage will reward us handsomely for your head. Cannu! Blindi! Let us claim our reward! Attack the human!' Quick as a flash, the three Elves attack. Will you draw your weapon (turn to 510) or cast a spell?

HOW	NIF	NAP	POP	MAG
614	671	727	775	793

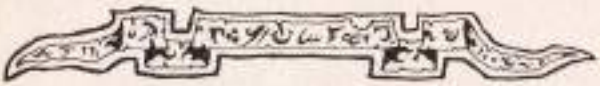

214

At last, a commotion outside gives you hope. The lock rattles and four guards enter the room. You rise to your feet. A sergeant steps forwards and addresses you. 'Analander,' he starts, 'I have special instructions from the Archmage himself.' Already your mind is planning how to break free from your escort as you enter the Archmage's chambers and leap on him. But the Archmage's instructions are not as you expect. The sergeant continues: 'The Archmage considers that you are too dangerous an enemy to Mampang to be allowed to live. You are to be executed immediately!' You are crestfallen. In a state of shock, the blood drains from your face and the room spins. You slump to the floor in an unconscious state. The guards are merciful. They carry out their order immediately without waiting for you to regain consciousness. Your journey ends here.

215

He falls silent as you pay your respects. You have appealed to his sense of professional pride. 'No one has ever complimented me before like that,' he sighs. 'What your business is here, I do not know. But those kind words deserve thanks. You wish to know about the Throben Doors? Well, I will tell you this. If you leave this room through the door on the left you will eventually arrive at a Throben Door. This door is open. But when you open the door, you will seemingly step into a pit of hell-fire. Ignore this, for it is naught but an illusion, and will burn only those who believe in its existence. But you must plunge in at your first opportunity. Any hesitation or dawdling will destroy your belief in the flame as an illusion – let nothing sidetrack you. That is all I will tell you. And tell not a soul that Naggamanteh revealed its secret to you.' You thank him for his advice and leave the room. He seems to have forgotten all about asking you a question in return. If you follow his advice and find a large double door, then when you step through it into the fire beyond, turn to **399** instead of the reference mentioned, because you know its secret. Continue now by turning to **230**.

216

As you would expect from thugs such as these, they walk towards you to intercept your course. Sensing that you are trying to avoid them, you have now become a victim and they are determined to cause trouble. One of the Red-Eyes opens his eyes, and a flash of fire sears through the air into the ground ahead of you. Will you change direction to approach them (turn to 242), or continue regardless (turn to 57)?

217

You sit down with her and the two of you start your meal. She breaks hard crusts from the loaf and hands them to you. You crunch the stale bread and wash it down with the water from her flask. Is your STAMINA score greater than 8? If so, turn to 115. If it is less than 8, turn to 320.

218

'Save your lies for those simple-minded enough to believe them!' scowls the Red-Eye. The three are angry at you for trying to deceive them. Will you try to walk away from the group (turn to 57), or will you wait to see what happens next (turn to 12)?

219

The creatures are ugly, black-skinned chaotics of some kind. You search through their belongings and find nothing particularly interesting. On the wall behind them is a long horn, which is presumably for them to sound the alarm. It is really too long for you to carry, but if you wish to take it, you may do so if you leave behind three items from your Equipment List. Apart from that, you find only 2 Gold Pieces in their pockets and a meal's worth of Provisions. You may either take the Provisions with you or pause to eat them now. If you choose to eat them now, you may add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. Continue when you are ready by turning to 342.

220

Gingerly you reach forwards and grasp the handle. Expecting the worst, you are relieved to find that the handle, at least, is not trapped. You turn it. The click from within sounds normal. The door is not locked. With a nervous gulp, you swing the door open, releasing the handle. No spikes or explosions or shocks! The door is perfectly normal. Beyond the door is a spiral staircase leading upwards. You step through the doorway and peer up the stairs. At the top is a wide door which is heavy-set and edged with brass. This seems to be your only way through, so you set off up the stairs. The upper door is a grand affair, and is presumably the entrance to some sort of important room. Could this lead to the confrontation you have been waiting for? Turn to **198**.

221

The little creature stands aside, and you open the door. It leads down a short passageway to a door at the far end. This door is locked. If you wish to break down the door, turn to **53**. If you want to try a spell, choose one:

RAZ	YAP	DOP	ZAP	RAP
630	795	702	662	750

If you would rather not go this way, you may turn back, tell the little creature you have taken the wrong door, and go through the other one (turn to **18**).

222

You step up to the small cave mouth and kneel down to look inside. Although you will be able to crawl into the cave, the entrance will be a tight squeeze. But as your eyes become accustomed to the darkness, you can see that there will be enough room for you to fit comfortably. The back of the cave is black, so you are unable to tell whether or not the cave is completely empty. You get down on all fours and poke your head into the cave.

Ooooowoooow! A shrill howling comes from inside the cave and all but deafens you! Instinctively you jerk your head out again, away from the danger. The noise sounded as though it came from a hound of some sort. You spring to your feet and draw out your weapon, ready to face whatever is inside. But nothing emerges from the cave. When your courage has returned, you must make a decision. Will you enter the cave and face whatever is inside (turn to 123), or instead try the middle cave (turn to 136) or the far one (turn to 534)?

223

As the shadows flit backwards and forwards across the room, your balance sways. Your calf comes down alongside one of the blades, cutting your leg. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and choose to turn to either 367 or 484.

224

The tall double doors are closed. You scramble up to them and must decide quickly what to do. Time is short. The ramming statue is picking up speed towards you already. Will you turn the handle and step through the doors (turn to 196), or will you try to avoid the creature speeding towards you (turn to 415)?

225

Resolve your battle with the two Red-Eyes. They will both attack together. Choose which you will direct your own attack against and conduct this battle as normal. Roll for the second's Attack Strength in the normal way. A higher Attack Strength than yours will inflict an automatic hit, but a lower Attack Strength does not mean that you wound it, since you are not attacking it.

First RED-EYE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 3
Second RED-EYE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 2

When you have inflicted your first wound on the Red-Eyes, turn to 34. If you defeat the Red-Eyes, turn to 425.

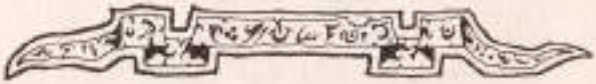

226

He has on his shelves some of the artefacts that you may need for the spells listed in your Spell Book. Furthermore, he will let you have two artefacts for 8 Gold Pieces, three for 10 and any others you may wish to buy will cost you only 1 Gold Piece each. He can offer you: A Jewel of Gold, Yellow Powder, A Gold-Backed Mirror, an Orb of Crystal and a Jewel-Studded Medallion. Decide which and how many you will buy, then turn to 473.

227

Your next step is painful! Your leg has brushed against a sharp blade which gashes it. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and choose your next few steps from the following: 410, 349 or 249.

228

You scramble up the rock-pile to view what lies ahead. On your way up your foot slips. You twist your ankle and must lose 1 STAMINA point. But on the other side of the rock fall is an even more welcome sight than you had hoped for. The landslip has occurred at a point where the crevasse had become narrower and the fallen rocks now form a sturdy bridge towards Mampang. You scramble across to the other side of the crevasse without incident. You are now in Mampang itself and are very close to your goal. Turn to 551.

229

Eventually your visions cease and the world once more takes form around you. As the spell wears off, you are aware of your surroundings. The prison tower has vanished. You are in an underground cavern which seems strangely familiar. Your memory returns when you recognize a sound you had hoped never to hear again. Turn to reference 195 of Book 1 of the *Sorcery!* series.

230

You have a choice of two doors leading from the torture-room. They are both in the wall ahead of you, leading further into the inner chambers. Will you take the door in the corner on the left (turn to **236**) or the other door to its right (turn to **93**)?

231

Your quip causes them to laugh loudly. You tell them that no one could possibly recognize you wearing this tunic as it is squeezing you into a totally different shape. You must now look like an Ogre's thigh-bone! Again, this causes laughter. But the tunic is beginning to feel painful. Turn to **282**.

232

What can you offer the captain? Do you have 3 Gold Pieces to tempt him with? If so, turn to **76**. If you have a locket, found along your journey, turn to **290**. If you have any Borrinskin Boots, turn to **130**. If you have none of these, turn to **385**.

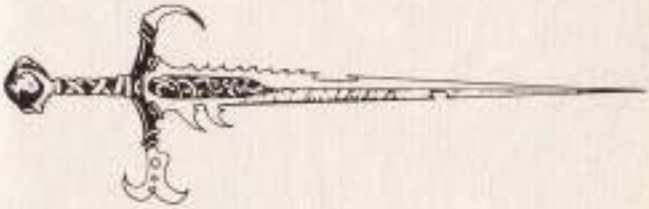

233

You walk towards what you take to be a bundle of rags lying on the ground. But to your surprise, your approaching footsteps bring the shape to life. You have woken up a creature of some sort, sleeping underneath the rags. A head raises itself, squinting in your direction, but without opening its eyes. A dirty, misshapen body stands up and scratches itself, trying to sort some order out of the rags it is dressed in. Its toothless mouth grins a gummy smile as you approach and its squeaky voice addresses you: 'Spare an old woman a Copper Piece, enough to buy a crust of bread. Bless you for helping a blind woman whose days are coming to an end.' A *beggar*, you think, and a blind one at that. Sometimes the blind can see more than a hawk-eyed Sightmaster. You consider whether or not you will talk to this woman. Do you wish to toss her a Gold Piece and stop for a chat (turn to **61**), will you chat to her anyway, but not part with any gold (turn to **287**), or will you ignore the beggar and continue across the courtyard (turn to **8**)?

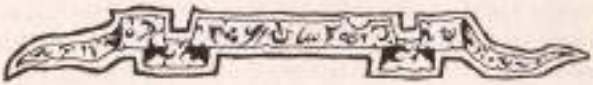

234

You place your weapon on the ground and kick it over to him as he asks. 'You poor fool!' he exclaims. 'How can you have survived so long in Kakhabad with such trust of strangers? *Guards!*' From a hidden door along one of the walls, three burly guards enter the room behind you and grasp your wrists. 'Our friend here has given up his weapon without a struggle. Very wise. Show the Analander how grateful we are!' The guards bundle you off back through their door and up a narrow staircase into the top of the tower. A heavy lock is set in the door at the top. This is evidently a prison room of some sort. They unlock the door and fling you inside. Turn to **4**. But remember that you have now lost your weapon. If you do not have another one with you, you must deduct 3 SKILL points in any future combats.

235

The Goblins stare at you as you walk across the centre of the room. Some of them look at one another to see whether any of them is willing to make the first move. But none of them is. You reach the door on the other side without incident. Turn to 426.

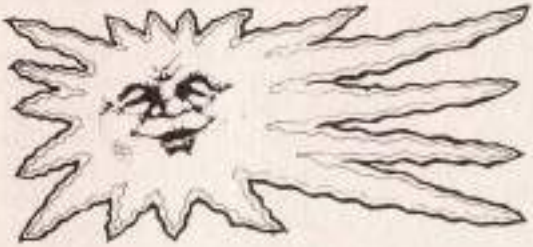

236

You open the door and step out into an arched cloister. The cloister runs round a sort of yard. You follow it round, turning the first corner and looking for a suitable way onwards. At the mid-point of the second wall, a passageway leads out from this courtyard back into the main building. Doors lead off on both sides of this passageway and, at the far end, there is another door. Towards the end of the passage, on the right-hand side, a sign swings in the gentle breeze. It reads: 'NYLOCK – Merchant – Open'. Before that, another door reads: 'Inner Sanctum'. If you wish to try the earlier right-hand door, turn to 140. If you wish to see what the merchant has for sale, turn to 91. If you wish to continue down this passage and leave through the door at the end, turn to 310.

237

The seven Serpents had been carrying a message of your arrival back to the Archmage at Mampang. Since you have defeated all seven of the Archmage's messengers, no news of your mission has reached the Fortress. If, during your adventure, you come across a creature or group of creatures who recognize you as 'The Analander', you may ignore the particular reference you are on at the time and turn to a new reference in which you will find that you are *not* recognized. To get to the new reference, deduct 40 from the reference you are on. If you did not kill all the Serpents in Book 3, you should not be reading this message! Now turn to 1 to begin your adventure.

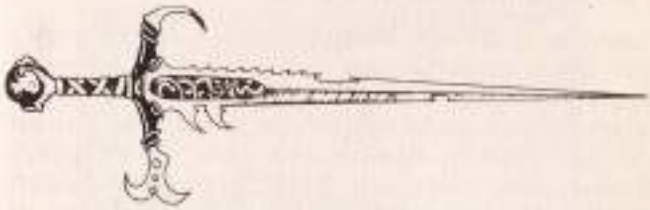

238

The fat man snaps his fingers and, from behind a curtain in the corner of the room, emerges a slim, dark-skinned girl with flowing black hair. Her face is half-covered with a silky veil and she carries a tray. On the tray are a silver tea-pot and two silver cups. The serving-girl pours two cups and leaves the room. The fat man offers you one. You accept and the two of you drink your tea. A little caution would have been wise here; perhaps the clue was that this tea was ready for your arrival. For the tea you have just finished was drugged. The greedy miser wants your gold at any cost. After you have lost consciousness, you will be robbed, killed and dumped outside the Fortress. Your mission has ended.

239

You step carefully between the blades. The flickering candlelight makes it difficult for you to see the room clearly, but your next few steps are safe. To take a few more steps, choose to turn to either **262**, **359** or **488**.

240

Remembering your promise to Javinne, you look around for the beggar woman. She has moved across the courtyard towards the large double gate at the far side. You gather up some evidence from the bodies to substantiate your claim and run over to her. She is overjoyed at your news; small tears force themselves through her closed eyelids. 'You do not know what it will mean to me to have been freed from these tormentors,' she sobs. 'You have made an old woman very happy. And for this you must be rewarded. Take this pendant. Although it has done little for me, it is blessed with luck.' When you first put the pendant on, you can increase your *Initial* LUCK score by 1 and restore your LUCK to this new level.

She continues: 'And I will also offer advice. Ahead of you is one of the Throben Doors. Do not attempt to open it without discovering the password. Would that I knew it and could tell you, but alas I do not. The password is known by Valignya, but to reach him you must first pass by the Mucalytics. Take care with them.' She also gives you a small pouch. Looking inside, you find a small stoppered flask made of shiny metal. 'This flask,' says Javinne, 'contains a few drops of Holy Water from the Tinpang River. Its healing properties are well known. I have no use for it – it can do nothing for my curse – but you may find it useful.' You thank Javinne and continue towards the doors. Turn to 135.

241

You draw out your vial and grab the stopper. It is stuck! The creature is now heading towards you and accelerating fast. In desperation, you fling the vial at the statue and, as luck would have it, you score a direct hit! The vial shatters on its head! Immediately, the creature stops dead in its tracks and totters on its legs. It seems to be struggling with something. The liquid within the vial has a pungent, acidic smell, which fills the air and seems to be having some effect on the statue. Steam rises from the creature's neck and it loses its footing. One leg slips, causing it to fall to the side. This is enough for you. You race for the doors at the far end of the room while the creature is incapacitated. You reach the doors safely but, when you look back at the creature, your blood chills. The Marbled Ram is rising to its feet! The effects of the liquid are wearing off! Turn to 224.

242

'What have we here?' asks one of the Red-Eyes. 'Courga take my eyes if this overfed oaf is a native of Mampang. Where are you from, fathead, and what is your purpose here?' What will your reply be? Will you claim to be:

From Analand? Turn to 48
From Kristatanti? Turn to 125
From Kharé? Turn to 149

If you don't wish to get caught up in a conversation with them, you can ignore them and continue (turn to 57).

243

The captain becomes angry. He motions to the two guards holding you and they shove you forwards into the desk. But you are nimble-footed. As you are flung over the desk, you kick backwards with your feet, catching the shins of both guards! They howl in pain and release their grip. Your arms are free! Will you now draw your weapon and prepare to fight your captors (turn to 145), or cast a spell?

GOD	FAR	DIM	ZIP	JIG
747	722	679	593	642

244

Slowly, you rise from behind your rock, watching them carefully. You apologize for trespassing on their territory and tell them that you did not realize that they claimed this area of Low Xamen as theirs. As you speak, their expressions change, and they look at one another in amazement. 'Your tongue is strange, human. Are you not of Kakhabad? For never have we heard the language spoken in such a way.' What will your answer be? Will you tell them that you are from Analand, away to the south (turn to 5), or do you think it best not to let them know (turn to 155)?

245

'I can offer you a little help,' he says, 'but whether or not you will be able to make use of it I do not know. Outside of this door, to the left, is a solid wall. A secret doorway is hidden in the wall. It is released by a password, but it is well protected against all unauthorized people. The passageway behind the door runs down stairs to the outside of the Fortress. When the Archmage *did* live here, this was his private escape-route. I know what you are thinking. *Does he know the password?* Alas I do not. For if I did, I would certainly have escaped long ago. Your only other alternative is to work your way back through the Fortress and find your own way outside.' You thank him for his information and hurry outside. Will you turn left and investigate the stone wall (turn to 546), or head downstairs to make your way back through the Fortress (turn to 486)?

246

You hand 3 Gold Pieces to one of the Sightmasters. 'You are wise to ask for our advice,' starts the Sightmaster. 'For there are many dangerous races living within the Fortress.' You wait for further advice, but you get none. You protest that this information was hardly worth 3 Gold Pieces. The Sightmasters laugh. Will you challenge them and demand your money back (turn to 90), or would you rather not cause a fuss and leave them alone, even though you have just been robbed of 3 Gold Pieces (turn to 322)?

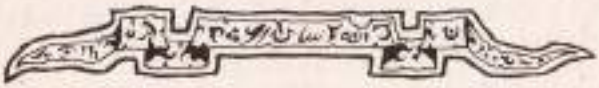

247

The dead creature that you encountered in the cave was a She-Satyr. It had died from an extremely contagious disease which, through spending the night in the cave, you picked up. It is an unpleasant malady called the *trembling disease*. The ailment takes a full day to take effect but, so long as you remain uncured, it will affect you in two ways. Firstly, from now on you may not *regain* any STAMINA points; the disease prevents the body from recovering strength. Secondly, it befuddles the brain under pressure, making concentration difficult. From now on, if you wish to choose a spell from the options given in the text, you must throw one die. Imagine that the options are

numbered 1–5 from left to right: you can only choose the spell corresponding to the number you roll. You are calling for more concentration than your mind can cope with under the effects of the trembling disease, and the results are unpredictable. If the number rolled is a 6, then you may ignore these instructions and choose whichever spell you wish for that particular encounter. You would be well advised to seek a cure for the trembling disease! Now turn to 213.

248

The box is heavy and you strain to tug it out from under the bed. The lid has rusty hinges and is difficult to open. To your dismay, you find it empty. However, while you are struggling with the box, your previous doubts about the purpose of the room are answered. Turn to 182.

249

Your next step is painful! Your leg has brushed against a sharp blade which gashes it. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and choose your next few steps from the following: 175, 227 or 410.

250

You race for the entrance. In the blackness you catch your foot on a rock and trip over. You land hard and bang your knees on the rocky floor. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. But you scramble back to your feet and reach the door, slamming it firmly shut behind you. You must now try the other door across the hallway. It opens.

As your eyes adjust to the light, you can see that the room is circular and, thankfully, empty. There is no furniture inside, nor are there any windows. The walls are smooth and stony, with long scratches stretching from floor to ceiling at several points round the edge of the door. On the far side, you see what you are looking for – the foot of a staircase. Will you enter the room and look around (turn to 355), or head across the room for the staircase (turn to 381)?

251

The large room inside is a fearful sight. The walls are black and festooned with chains; what it lacks in furniture it makes up for in traps, cages, racks and innumerable other amusements designed for the torture of hapless victims. In one corner of the room stands a brutally ugly OGRE, with a patch over one eye and a whip in his hand. As you step into the room, a smile curls across his face. 'So!' his voice booms at you. 'The Analander! The master's Serpents did not lie. We have been expecting you. You have saved us a great deal of trouble by coming here of your own accord. You would have wound up in this room anyway. But no doubt not of your own choosing . . .' He laughs hard and deep and cracks his whip as if to emphasize his joke. What will your reaction be? Will you draw a weapon to fight him (turn to **270**), will you offer him a rich reward if he will help you (turn to **373**) or will you cast a spell?

TEL	ZIP	POP	SUN	NIF
592	619	794	752	709

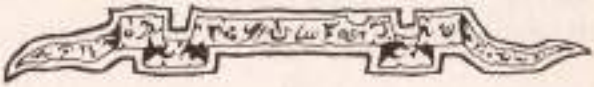

252

The compass gives you a reading. North is directly ahead, in the direction of the large double doors. Meanwhile, the creature is charging. Turn to **296**.

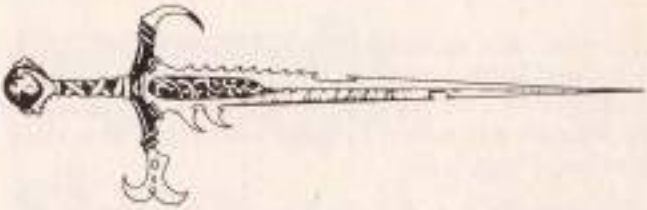

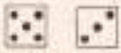

253

As you approach the double doors, you keep your eyes peeled for any signs of activity. Through the doors, you can hear the early-morning sounds of the inhabitants preparing for the day ahead. But there is no sound coming from the short passageway in which you stand. You grasp the great brass handle and turn it. The doors are locked. Looking down the narrow slit between the doors, you can see that a heavy bolt holds them fastened. It looks as though you will need a key to open them, unless you can think of another way. Do you want to go back to the door on the right (turn to 206) or the door on the left (turn to 493) in search of the key? Or do you have another plan (turn to 193)?

254

Their gruff voices plead with you to join in but you continue on your way regardless. One of them comes running over to try his best to persuade you, but to no avail. Eventually, he gives up and allows you to continue. Turn to 397.

255

Before you can react, the statue is on top of you. Its head butts you in the rump and sends you flying into the wall behind. Deduct 2 STAMINA points for the blow and collect yourself together quickly. For the creature has turned towards you again and is ready for another charge. Turn to 58.

256

You are naturally suspicious of such an important-looking door being open. It *looks* safe enough, but are you walking into a trap? You pick up a length of wood lying in the hallway and touch the door. Nothing happens. You shove the door open a little further and then you realize the trap. A roaring flame and blast of heat flare up from behind the door, causing you to shield your face! The door opens directly into a burning inferno! Your heart sinks. There seems to be no way through here. Do you want to let the door close and try the ornate door, perhaps to return here later (turn to 336), or will you risk an all-or-nothing run through the inferno (turn to 541)?

257

Continuing around the side of the mountain, you walk for another ten minutes or so. Your hopes sink as you see that a rock fall has covered the trail between two great boulders. The way ahead is blocked. But you may be able to climb over the rock fall, and if you do so, turn to 228. If, on the other hand, you would prefer to turn back and try one of the other ways across the crevasse, you can either return to the swing-rope (turn to 323) or the wooden bridge (turn to 59).

258

What will your excuse be? Will you ask them whether they would like any food while they wait (turn to 275)? Or will you try to bluff them by telling them to look lively as the Captain of the Guards is doing a tour of inspection (turn to 197)?

259

Do you have a silver whistle? If so, this may be of help to you and you may blow it by turning to 274. If you do not have a silver whistle, you will find none of your possessions much use and you will have to try something else. You may either ask the Minimite for his advice (turn to 414), try breaking down the door (turn to 120), or you may plan an ambush on the guard when he comes to bring your food (turn to 476).

260

They are shocked, and somewhat offended, that you refuse their hospitality. You try to explain that time is of the essence in your journey, but they seem not to hear you and look at one another angrily. Will you bid them farewell and set off on your way (turn to 314), or will you instead *Test Your Luck* and leave your fate to fortune (turn to 83)?

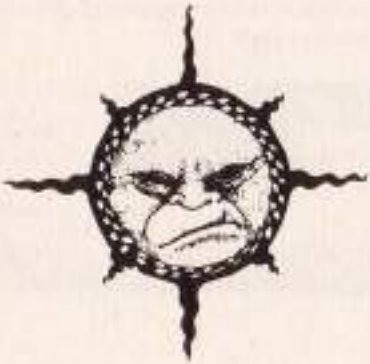

261

Within moments, your face starts to change. Your skin turns jet black and hair sprouts all over your face and hands. When the change is complete, you could easily be mistaken for one of the guards. In view of this, you will not be recognized in future. Whenever you come across an encounter in which you are recognized and described as 'The Analander', ignore the reference, deduct 40 from its number, and turn to this new reference. You will find a reference which is similar, but in which you are not recognized. Leave the kitchen now by turning to 448.

262

You inch your way slowly across the room. For your next few steps, choose either 87, 488 or 52.

263

You leave the room and step out into the passageway behind the door. You wonder whether the commotion will have alerted the stocky little creature who let you in. But then you remember his words about 'tormenting' the Mucalytics. Perhaps this sort of thing is quite commonplace. From where you are, you can see two options. To your left is an empty room with no door – empty, that is, except for a table and chair. It looks like a suitable place to rest and perhaps eat some Provisions. But the raised portcullis above the doorway is a little worrying. Ahead is another door, above which is a sign: 'Enter Only Those Who Will Pay the Price'. Where will you go next? Into the empty room to rest (turn to 167), or ahead to try the door (turn to 428)?

264

Your footsteps crunch on the ground, and one of the guards snorts and sits up. His eyes flick open! As he sees you, he panics into action, bellowing loudly and waking up his companion. The two leap to their feet and stagger about. They are still feeling the effects of the wine! One of them picks up his sword and steps towards you, while the other grabs for a long horn hanging on the wall. You must quickly attack the first guard and prevent the other from reaching the horn. The element of surprise, plus the drunken state of your opponent, gives you a great advantage here; one blow will be enough to cut him down:

GUARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 2

If you kill him within two Attack Rounds, turn to 387. If you do not kill him within two Attack Rounds, turn to 487.

265

You step back to gather your thoughts. Should you ignore the warning? Or should you look for another way onwards? Perhaps the other door outside? Suddenly a noise startles you. It seemed to come from outside. You had better find a place to hide just in case this is one of the Archmage's guards. The gloomy corner at the end of the room is your best bet and you creep further into the darkness. The bulky shape that you noticed earlier may provide cover. But you are still not sure what it is. The shape remains a mystery as you walk up to it. As you get nearer you can notice certain things about it. It appears to be inanimate, since it remains motionless. Perhaps it is a bundle of rubbish in a huge sack? The sack is slightly shiny, resembling a hide of some kind, perhaps like a *reptile's skin*? You stop in your tracks as the realization dawns on you. At the same time, the shape rises . . . Turn to 499.

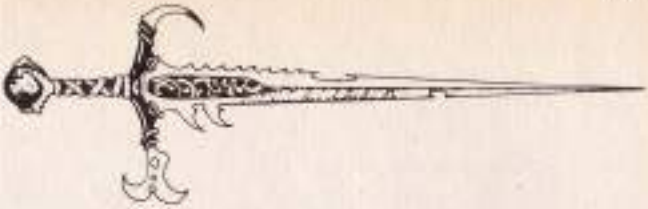

266

You fumble with your weapon to defend yourself but it is too late. The guards surround you and pin your arms behind your back. You swear at the miserable little Gnome, now beaming proudly, as you are frogmarched out of the room. You have been captured and you will not now succeed in your mission.

267

You smile pleasantly at the merchant, who nods back and watches you intently. You will have no opportunity to steal anything secretly, so there is only one alternative – a snatch. You choose your moment. You grab a handful of trinkets from the shelf in front of you and race for the door. The merchant does not move. But when you reach the doorway he makes a sharp clicking sound with his teeth. Immediately, sharp iron spikes shoot across to bar the exit. You leap through the doorway and, as you jump, the sharp points nick the hand which is clutching the merchandise. You howl with pain (deduct 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points) and draw your hand in quickly. He has foiled your snatch and you are now locked outside his room with an injured hand. You decide to open the door ahead at the end of the corridor. Turn to 310.

268

The cave extends deep into the rock and becomes gradually gloomier, with only the dim light from the entrance to help you. Your hand is following the left-hand wall. Your foot kicks something soft. Instinctively, you spring backwards! That was not a rock – that was something *animal*! Your fears are confirmed when a shuffling and a growling noise arise from the spot. Suddenly a blow catches you square across the chest and knocks you sprawling backwards! You curse. You were standing between this creature and the entrance! Although you could not see it, it could see you clearly! You must deduct 2 STAMINA points for the blow, which has partially winded you.

As you run back to the entrance, the roaring beast pursues you, and in the light you can see what it is. The distinctive black and white fur and long, bushy tail are unmistakable. You have stumbled across the lair of a great SKUNKBEAR! Will you run from the cave and escape the creature (turn to **469**), will you draw your weapon and attack it (turn to **490**), or will you instead cast a spell?

DOZ	KIN	ZEN	DUD	YAP
638	611	686	788	757

269

Slowly the floor continues to rise, causing you further agonies in your hopeless situation. You must now lie outstretched on the ground and you close your eyes to the sight of the rocky ceiling inching closer and closer . . . In a last desperate attempt, you raise your arms to press against the ceiling as if your own strength could halt the floor's progress. But it is no use.

You are not destined to die like a fly swatted against the ceiling in the Floortrap Chamber. The purpose of the trap is more cunning than that. For the Archmage can gain no useful information from *dead* enemies. Much better to frighten them witless and *then* interrogate them. With the ceiling inches from your chest, and the heat of your own panting breath reflecting back into your nostrils, another noise sounds from above. This one is again mechanical and similar to the floor's motor, but is one which you are truly relieved to hear. A crack appears along the centre of the ceiling and the light floods in! Turn to **561**.

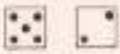

270

The Ogre advances, cracking his whip. This is his idea of sport! With his other hand, he grabs an axe. Resolve your battle with him:

OGRE	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

He will constantly try to catch you with his whip during the fight. Roll one die for him before you start each Attack Round. A roll of 1 means that he has snared you with his whip and you must deduct 3 SKILL points for the next three Attack Rounds while you fight to free yourself. If you defeat the torture-master, turn to 230.

271

They seem to accept your explanation, although they are not certain whether or not you are telling the truth. 'Well, even if that is the truth,' says the Red-Eye, 'I'm sure there is one Kristatanti tradition that you will not have rebelled against. Your kind are fond of their ale. A drunken lot, you are. Perhaps you'd like a swig of this!' He pulls out a flask of ale from his pocket and offers it to you. Will you accept his offering (turn to 97), or will you tell him that you *have* given up this Kristatanti tradition (turn to 121)?

272

Do you wish to check the walls for secret passages (turn to 28), or will you pull the box from under the bed and open it (turn to 248)?

273

You manage to keep your grip, but the strain is considerable. No more guards come through the door, and you are having second thoughts about whether or not to drop to the ground and try for the entrance. You look back at the guards. And then your hopes fade . . .

Having decided that the disturbance at the pass was of no concern to them, they have turned back towards the door. And there you are, perched above the door like a hunter's trophy! The guards roar with rage and draw their swords. There is nothing you can do. They stand beneath you, waiting for you to drop. You cannot either draw your weapon or cast any spells, for releasing either hand would make your fall certain. The guards jab you with their swords. Your cause is hopeless. You will be captured and imprisoned forever within the dungeons at Mampang. Your mission is over.

274

You walk to the window and blow the whistle. A shrill, warbling sound comes out. You blow again. Searching the skies, you await the help of Peewit Croo and the other Samaritans. Sure enough, your call is answered! In the sky, circling round from the Fortress, three Birdmen are flapping towards you. A sudden thought chills you. *Can they see the tower?* But your fears are eased when they respond to your waving and hover by your window. Peewit Croo smiles. 'You have the Crown? You have thwarted the Archmage's plans?' You shake your head sadly. The Birdmen are outraged. 'Do you know what risks we are taking by even coming here?' he screams. 'If we are spied, our cause is lost – and all for a miserable Analander with high hopes but no real skills at all!' He is furious, but calms down a little when you tell him of the information you have gained. 'All right, Analander,' he agrees. 'We will take you from this tower even though it may cost us our lives. I hope for your sake as well as ours that we are not being watched. But I am not taking that Pixie, whether or not he is a friend of yours. Those mischievous creatures are naught but trouble.' You turn to look at Jann, who waves you on your way. Without wings, he considers his life to be ended anyway – and your cause must not be lost. You say your goodbyes and grasp Peewit Croo's talons.

The Birdmen carry you down to the base of the tower and drop you by the secret exit from the Fortress. Wishing you well, they fly off quickly to avoid capture. Will you enter the tower again (turn to 358) or will you rest to take Provisions (turn to 126)?

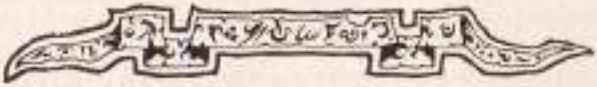

275

The three look at you suspiciously. They have just had their midday meal! One of them pulls a sword from under the table and nods at his companions. Prepare yourself for battle. Will you use your weapon (turn to 462), or will you cast a spell?

NAP	GOD	MUD	DUM	YAZ
647	707	605	790	758

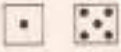

276

'All right!' he agrees. 'I will tell you the password you will need to pass through the Throben Doors.' You stop him and demand that you must have *proof* that it is the right one. A quick flash of disappointment flickers over his face, and you smile. You have guessed right. He would have tried to trick you. 'You are a shrewd one, and no doubt,' he says. 'But I will do as you say.' He opens a drawer in the table and pulls out a book. Handwritten on its pages are diagrams of the courtyard and sketches of the lands of High Xamen. It is the drawings of the courtyard that take your attention. He points to a representation of the double doors. Written in ink next to the doors is a meaningless word: 'Alaralatanalara'. 'And that,' he says, 'is the password. Whisper it to the lock on the gates and the handle will turn. Now be gone, and leave me in peace.' You leave the miser's room. But after such an encounter you are not feeling at your most honest. You cannot resist pocketing a small pouch lying on his desk. Outside of the room you open the pouch. Your guess was right. Inside are 10 Gold Pieces. Add 2 LUCK points for the snatch and turn to 141.

277

'You were very wise to leave the cave,' continues Sh'houri, 'or even now you might have been feeling the effects of the trembling disease.' The She-Satyrs want to give you some gift for the news you have brought. Sh'houri tells you first about the Mampang Fortress, the end of your journey. 'You must beware of the Fortress,' she starts. 'For it is a chaotic place. Keep your eyes open in front and behind if you wish to survive in there. The way through the Fortress takes you through the four *Throben Doors*; they are large sets of double doors, yet much more to those who try to pass through. Do not mistakenly believe that they are not protected, for they are deadly to those who try to open them unawares. They appear as heavy double doors, but nothing about their appearance gives any clue as to their real purpose.' She has noticed that you are listening intently, and is glad to have been able to give you some information of interest. As you stand to leave, she motions to one of the other creatures, who rushes off and returns with a leather bag. Within the bag are several items which may be of use. She will allow you to take with you any of the items in the bag, but for each you must exchange one item from your Equipment List (but not food or gold). If you are playing as a warrior, turn to **564**. If you are playing as a wizard, turn to **435**.

278

You quickly hurl the vial at the speeding creature before it can reach you. The glass shatters, spraying liquid all over the statue. But to your dismay, it has no effect at all! Now the statue is almost upon you. Turn to **296**.

279

Do you have any of the following with you? If so, you may offer one to the Birdmen:

A wooden spear	Turn to **60**
A studded dog-collar	Turn to **212**
A lucky talisman	Turn to **118**

If you have none of these items, return to **511** and choose again.

280

The door continues to creak as it opens, but you manage to keep the noise minimal. Through it, you can see a short passage. There is a door on the right of the passage, which you may investigate by turning to **307**. At the end of the passage is another door, which you may investigate by turning to **144**, but only if you have not investigated it previously.

281

You must fight the Hobgoblin cook until you reduce her to a STAMINA of 3 or less, when she will run off into the kitchen and hide:

HOBGOBLIN COOK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you manage to beat her off, you may leave the kitchen (turn to **448**).

282

'It is indeed a tight fit!' laughs the Sightmaster. 'For that is its design. What is the use of a Holding Jacket if it does not fit snugly?' The three of them laugh, while you try to flex your arms. Their words have alarmed you – a *Holding Jacket*! These are used to march prisoners between cells! Too late you have discovered their trap. The treacherous Sightmasters have captured you. Your journey and your mission end here.

283

'You have come all this way to look for a holy man?' he asks. 'Then you have found one. Indeed I am the only lawful priest in these parts for many days' journey. What can I do for you?' He seems genuinely flattered that you have made such a journey to see him. Do you have a hardwood spear with you? If so, turn to **204**. If not, you may ask him for any information he may be able to give you about the Mampang Fortress (turn to **103**).

284

The rumbling continues. You lose your footing and stumble forwards and it is only then that you realize what is happening. For that stumble was no clumsiness on your part. *The floor is moving!* Quickly you glance towards the archway. The dark staircase has disappeared. You can see only a solid wall within the arch! You wheel round to consider your other way of escape but, as if in answer to your question, the door slams firmly shut. Only now can you understand the scratchings on the walls. The floor is rising up towards the ceiling. You are about to be crushed to death! Will you search through the straw on the floor in the hope of finding something that may help you (turn to **168**), will you wait to see what happens in case the floor does not rise all the way (turn to **156**), or will you search your own equipment for something to use (turn to **16**)?

285

Your fate is assured. The torturer will have no mercy. Your death will be slow and painful.

286

As you enter the cave, the howling starts again. It is horrendously loud. You give several thrusts into the blackness to warn whatever is inside that you are armed. You touch nothing. Pushing yourself right inside, you slash about with your weapon. It hits the side of the cave walls, but nothing else. Suddenly, the howling stops and you feel something brush against your ankle! A scurrying noise catches your attention and you watch as a small ball of fur, no bigger than a cabbage, races out of the cave on two short, stumpy legs.

You breathe a sigh of relief and chuckle. This must have been a JIB-JIB. Although this has been your first sighting of such a creature, you have heard about them from the scholars of Analand. Possessing neither teeth nor claws, Jib-Jibs defend themselves with their tremendous voices, which deceive would-be attackers into thinking they are facing dangerous beasts! You watch the harmless little creature scurrying into the undergrowth.

But what of your intended home for the night? The cave itself seems to be ideal. Its narrow entrance will easily be defended and, although you are not able to stand up inside, there is room for you to be comfortable. You have not yet discovered how deep the cave is, but there is no sound coming from the back. Do you now wish to eat a meal (turn to 99), do you want to reassure yourself that there is nothing else in the back of the cave (turn to 14), or will you just settle down to sleep for the night (turn to 384)?

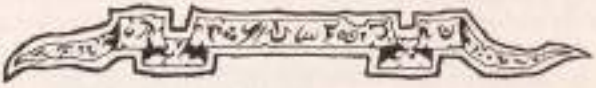

287

You apologize to the woman but explain that you do not have a Copper Piece. 'Then you and I are as wretched as each other,' she says. 'Is my profession yours also?' Thinking quickly, you tell her it is. A smile comes to her lips and she reaches into her rags. 'A fellow beggar! Then we must have a beggar's banquet.' She pulls out a loaf of bread and a flask of water and bids you sit down to eat with her. You are a little unsure whether or not to do as she wishes, as this is neither the most appetizing nor the cleanest food you have seen. If you want to refuse her offer, turn to 8. If you are hungry, you may sit down with her and eat (turn to 217).

288

You step carefully between the blades. The flickering candlelight makes it difficult for you to see the room clearly, but your next few steps are safe. To take a few more steps, choose to turn to either 440 or 352.

289

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you manage to kill both guards without either waking up (turn to 219). If you are Unlucky, turn to 264.

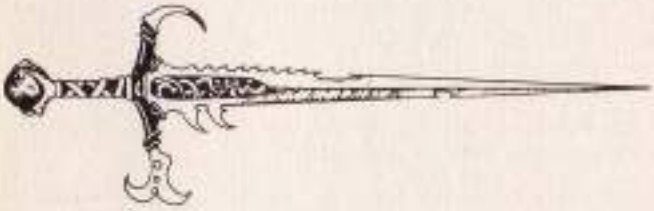

290

You mention the locket to him and describe the portrait painted within. The captain's jaw drops. 'Let me see it!' he demands. You get him to agree to release your hands and you fish for the locket in your bag. Realizing its significance, you concoct a story, telling him how it was given to you in Kharé by a beautiful woman who gave you instructions to pass it to a Captain Cartoum, with her love. A tear appears in the corner of the captain's eye and he waves the guards away so that he may talk to you in private. You continue your story and he listens earnestly, believing every word. In return for bringing this locket, he agrees to help you. He pulls a key from his pocket and hands it to you. The key has the number 17 cast into it. This key will open the next Throben Doors you come to, at the foot of the Archmage's tower. When you arrive at the next set of Throben Doors, you may use this key by deducting its number from the reference you are on and turning to this new reference. Now you may leave the captain, pining for his lost sweetheart. Turn to 463.

291

You tell them that it was against Kristatanti traditions such as this that you rebelled when you decided to leave the village. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 271. If you are Unlucky, turn to 218.

292

'Not thirsty? Then perhaps you would prefer a little nourishment?' He claps his hands and the curtains in the corner of the room rustle. A dark-skinned serving-girl with long, flowing, black hair steps into the room carrying a silver tray. On the tray is a bowl of hot soup and she brings it over to you. The aroma of the soup reaches your nostrils and your mouth waters. Its spicy smell is delicious! The soup tastes as it smells and you slurp it down quickly. 'That is more like it,' smiles the fat man. 'Now we shall have our little talk.' You sit down to talk to him, but something is not quite right. Your head begins to spin. The soup has been drugged! Your host smiles again. For the miser wants only one thing from you – your gold! In a moment or two you will lose consciousness, and then he will rob you, kill you and dump your body outside the Fortress. Your journey is over.

293

You find a comfortable area to bed down for the night. If you have any Provisions, you may now eat a meal and, if you do so, you may add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. Soon darkness comes, and with it the rumble of thunder in the distance. You settle down for the night. Turn to 384.

294

Their gruff voices plead with you to join in but you continue on your way regardless. One of them comes running over to try his best to persuade you. As he gets close, he stops dead in his tracks. 'The Analander!' he growls as he recognizes your features. 'Here! Guards! Help me capture the slippery worm!' The other guards spring to attention and come over to see what the commotion is. You have been expected in the Fortress ever since the arrival of the first Serpent. The guards have been alerted and your description has been given. These three guards mean to capture you. You will have to battle them either with your weapon (turn to 449) or with a spell:

TEL	POP	HOW	FOG	KAZ
670	784	711	613	732

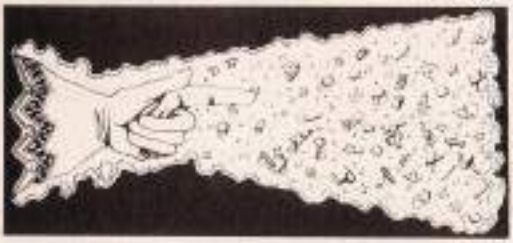

295

You quip something like, 'At least you don't lose yourself in the dark.' There is a pregnant silence as you speak, and then one of the Black Elves bursts out laughing. The other two join in. You breathe a sigh of relief. Following up your success, you ask how the black-skinned creatures keep from bumping into each other at night. The creatures fall silent. Evidently they don't find your little joke too amusing. You can either back off towards the door and try to exit from the room (turn to 335) or you can try to keep a conversation going with them. If you wish to do this, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 191. If you are Unlucky, turn to 106.

296

You try your best to avoid the creature's blow, but it is no use. Its head slams into your side and hurls you against the wall. Your skull cracks against the marble and you slump lifelessly to the floor. So near your goal, you have been stopped by perhaps the Archmage's most dangerous servant, the Sleepless Ram.

297

'Officer or not,' she grunts indignantly, 'your manners are bettered by a Red-Eye. How dare you refuse my offer? Your men would give their weapons for a chance to eat from my special larder. Do not insult me thus. Or face the consequences!' Will you change your mind and choose something to eat to keep her happy (turn to 3), or will you face whatever consequences she has in store for you (turn to 187)?

298

You follow the path along to the rope bridge. Examining it, you find it looks strong enough to hold you, but it sways about dangerously as you step on to it. The gully that it spans is deep and a fall from the bridge would certainly kill you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 117. If you are Unlucky, turn to 46.

299

As you reach the centre of the room, a bellowing noise comes from a midget Goblin slumped against a wall. This seems to spur the others into action and one of them rises to its feet and hobbles towards you. This one has two arms of different sizes; its right arm is huge and muscular. This imbalance is mirrored by its legs; its left leg is twice the girth of its right. It stands directly in your path and bares it teeth. Turn to 332.

300

You whisper your password to the lock on the door. Nothing unusual happens, but you are confident that you have remembered the password correctly and your hand reaches for the handle. Turn to 344.

301

As he is about to open the door, a guard hails him. The two of them meet in the centre of the room and exchange frantic whispers. There is evidently an emergency of some kind. The captain returns to you. 'It is the mutants,' he says. 'They are a rowdy lot and things have got a little out of hand. I must go straight away. But here is a key which will open the Throben Doors at the foot of the Archmage's tower. Give it to him before you leave.' The captain bustles off. The key he has given you has the number 17 cast into it. When you reach the Throben Doors and wish to use the key, deduct this number from the reference you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. You may now enter the room ahead of you by turning to 580.

302

She talks about her foes with disgust in her voice. 'Those hell-spawned *Sight-monsters!*' she spits. 'Or whatever they are called. They are as thin as saplings, with eyes the size of Bomba fruits. From the lands to the south they come. Why they should choose Mampang as their home is anyone's guess. I expect they have been exiled from their own lands, for they are a mean bunch, and that's for sure. And unquestionably loyal to the Archmage. He is said to have offered them expanses of Analand, to the south of the Shamutantis, in exchange for their loyalty and their help. I, for one, would shed no tears if they all dropped from the fly-plague for, ever since my accident, they have delighted in tormenting me.' Would you like to offer to rid her of her tormentors (turn to 27), will you ask her about the accident she has talked about (turn to 388), or will you ask her how you can best enter the keep (turn to 535)?

303

As he has told you, the two candles are self-lighting. The blood candle will last longer than the normal one. Now turn to 473.

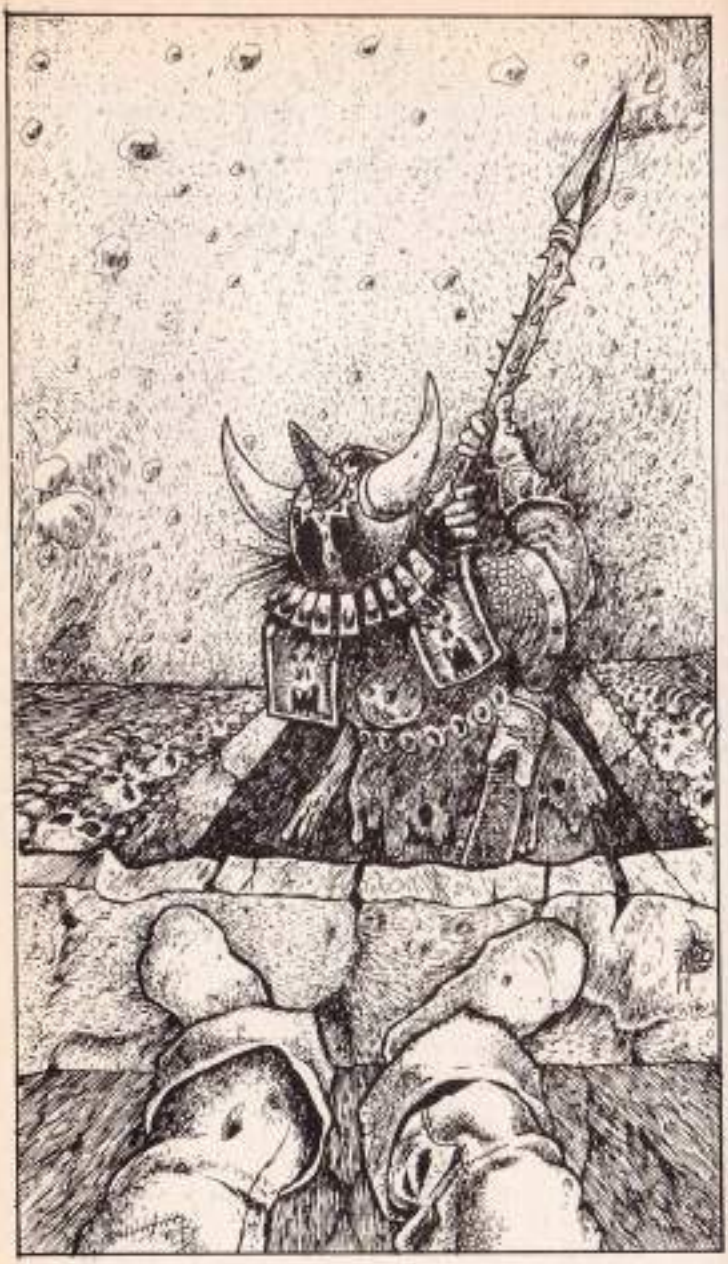

304

You consider how you may be able to gain entrance to the Fortress. There are a number of bushes scattered around which you could hide behind if the guards could be enticed out. There is also another possible plan. Above the small door is a thick metal band on the gate. You decide quickly. You will rap on the door and perch up on the metal band. When the guard comes out, you will drop down and nip through the door. It could work . . .

You try out the perch. Hmmm. It will take some strength to support yourself while waiting for the guard, but you may be able to do it. You position yourself and then thump on the door with your foot. Seconds later, the door opens. A spiked helmet pokes out below you and a dark, hairy face grunts. The guard is surprised at finding no one about. He opens the door wider and steps outside. Should you drop on him and attack? No, this is probably not a good idea, as the guard looks to be a powerful creature. The wind rustles one of the bushes and the guard goes over to investigate. He growls something loudly and looks around, but he hasn't seen you yet. Will you drop from your perch and nip inside the door (turn to **88**), or will you wait to see what the guard does (turn to **496**)?

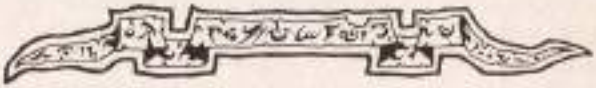

305

The Hydra's great tail flashes round like a whip and catches you across the chest. You prepare for the impact, expecting to be sent flying across the room, but the blow never touches you. Instead, the tail passes right through you! But how can this be? That blow would have been enough to fell a mighty champion; but you felt nothing. Then the implications dawn on you. *This Hydra is no living creature – it is merely an illusion!* The pieces fit. The smell of decay as you entered. No sign of life from the creature as you approached. You close your eyes and look again. Sure enough, the scene in the room is as it was when you entered. The dead Hydra's carcass lies harmlessly in the corner of the room.

Its spell broken, the creature will do you no harm. You are free to try the door in the wall. But if this is a room of magic, will the door also be protected? Turn to **220**.

306

You stand to leave the room and you must choose whether you will turn right and head back out towards the courtyard (turn to 141), or left and head towards the door with the sign (turn to 428).

307

The door is ajar, and you listen at it closely. There is no one inside. But your nose has picked up a most unsavoury smell coming from inside the door. Do you wish to open the door and investigate the smell (turn to 73), or will you try the door at the end of the hallway instead (turn to 144) but only if you have not investigated it previously.

308

You step into the blackness. Your foot rests safely on the floor. A creaking noise comes from behind and you are startled by the bang of the door slamming shut. You can see nothing! You must now grope your way across the room, looking for a door. To take your next few steps, choose one of the following references, either 175, 227 or 410.

309

You call out to hail whoever it is that is sitting in the cave. There is no reaction. Again you try and the response is the same. Either this person is totally deaf, or there is something strange going on here. You decide to investigate, keeping your hand on your weapon. Your hand reaches out to touch his shoulder and, as it does so, you jump! Turn to 62.

310

The door opens into a passageway. To the right, the way leads onwards and the passage widens. To the left, it reaches a dead end. You decide to turn right and follow the passage. Turn to 124.

311

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 280. If you are Unlucky, turn to 95.

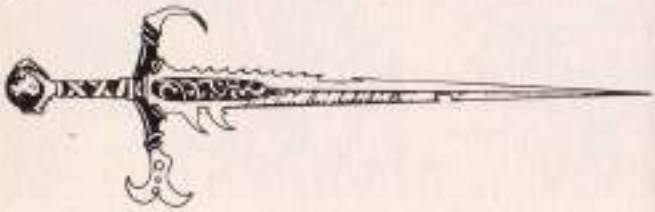

312

You whisper your password to the lock in the door. Nothing particularly unusual happens. Now you must grasp the handle and try to swing the door open. Turn to 344.

313

You hold your spear with both hands and jab it at them to keep them at bay. You are not well practised at spear techniques, but somehow you feel strangely confident. One of the Sightmasters rushes at you and, as if it had a will of its own, your spear switches round to defend you against the charge. The Sightmaster screams in agony as the point pierces its eye! It drops to the ground clutching its face. The second Sightmaster is enraged at seeing its companion so wounded and leaps forwards with its sword. Again your spear catches the Sightmaster in mid-flight, this time running it through the chest. The third creature turns to run. You fling your spear. It shifts direction in the air and catches the Sightmaster in the back. You step forwards to check the first Sightmaster, but its screamings have now ceased. The three of them lie dead. Now turn to 340.

314

'Halt!' cries one of the She-Satyrs. 'You may not leave unless we wish it.' Your stride breaks into a run and you continue along the trail. Both creatures fling their wooden spears at you as you flee. Roll two dice once for each creature. If you roll 6 or less for either of them, the spear hits you for 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you roll a *double* for either, the spear hits you in the back and its point drives through your chest and kills you. However, the She-Satyrs do not follow you and you may continue your journey if you have survived this encounter. Turn to 441.

315

You await the effects of the meatballs anxiously. Suddenly, pain rocks your head. It rises in intensity until it causes you to cry out loud! Your head is splitting! You tear at your hair. But there is no escape. Perhaps if your skull had been larger you could have made good use of the oversized brain growing within your head. But, being constrained by your skull, the effect is deadly, cutting off the blood supply to your brain. The pain causes you to black out. You never recover . . .

316

The Red-Eyes have the power of heat vision. They do not use it often as it can be dangerous even to their own kind, so they keep it sealed behind their closed eyes. However, to defend themselves (and sometimes to cause a little mischief) they will not hesitate to use it. Every time you inflict a wound against a Red-Eye, you must roll one die to see whether its heat vision burns you. The more often they use this power, the more accurate they get. Thus, the first time they use it, a roll of *less* than 6 will mean they have missed you. The second time they use it, you will need to roll less than 5 to avoid it. The third time you must roll less than 4, and so on. If a Red-Eye's heat vision burns you, you must roll one die to see how many STAMINA points you lose. If a Red-Eye's heat vision hits you twice, you will die. Now return to **159** to finish the battle.

317

You speak the word softly to the wall and wait for it to move. Nothing happens. You wait and consider what to do next. Suddenly you hear a sound! But to your dismay, it is not the sound of the doorway opening; it is the sound of a troop of foot-soldiers. As the old man warned, the secret door is protected. An alarm has sounded in the guardroom! Turn to **430** to face the guards.

318

Holding the bottle well away from you, you pull at the stopper. It is fixed firmly in place and will not budge. Again you try and, this time, it slips a little in the neck of the bottle. Giving it another twist, you manage to remove it with a soft pop.

Looking inside, you can see a small piece of parchment. It is an awkward job to pull the parchment from the bottle but, using a twig, you manage to draw it out. You unroll it and try to read it. The writing is in a language that you do not understand and you puzzle over it fruitlessly for a few minutes before giving up. You may take this with you on your journey if you wish, to try to find someone who can interpret it for you. When you *first* meet someone whom you would like to ask about this parchment, deduct 20 from the reference number you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. If that person knows how to translate the parchment, the text will make sense. If that person does not know how to translate it, the text will be meaningless to your situation. Now turn to **99**.

319

Do you want to step through the door (turn to **127**) or will you instead tug on the bell-pull (turn to **560**)?

320

Your caution was well founded. Who knows what germs the dirty food is carrying? *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **115**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **39**.

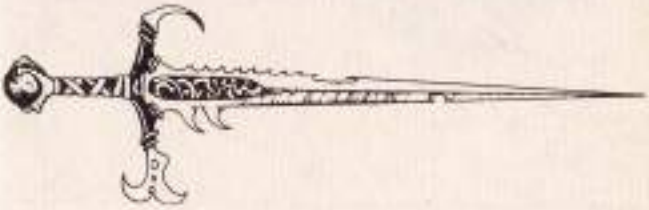

321

The room inside is sparsely decorated. It is a bed-chamber of some sort. Narrow window-slits in the bare stone walls provide a little light, although the sun has nearly left the sky. There is a desk in the room, but it is cheaply made. The room seems empty; no one is about. You step into the room. A sound comes from behind the door, followed by sobbing. You wheel round quickly. Standing behind the door, with a large brass pot in one hand, is a balding, plump man, dressed in long undergarments. 'It's no use,' he whimpers. 'I just cannot bring myself to do it!' Presumably he is talking about using his pot to knock you senseless as you entered. What will you do now? Will you calm the man down and try to talk to him (turn to 7) or will you threaten him for daring to contemplate ambushing you (turn to 192)?

322

Ahead of you, on the far side of the courtyard, are two great wooden doors which you surmise must lead the way into the keep. You head towards them. Turn to 135.

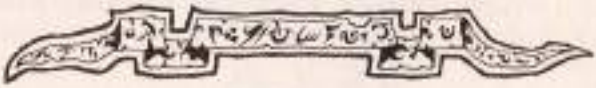

323

You pull down on the rope. It seems to be strong enough to take your weight. You may either swing across the crevasse on the rope (turn to 165), or cast a spell:

PEP	HOW	DOC	KIN	HUF
612	785	704	797	724

324

The sliding sound as the Hydra drags itself across the floor becomes louder as it advances. Briefly, the light returns to the room and you see a sight which astounds you. The moon goddess has opened her eyes, lifting her spell. The Hydra itself is *on top of you!* For a brief moment you panic, expecting sudden death, but then a realization of what is actually happening dawns on you. The Hydra surrounds you, its head flailing about in attack, but you can feel nothing. You are not harmed. There can only be one explanation: *this Hydra is no living creature – it is merely an illusion!* The pieces fit: the smell of decay as you entered; no sign of life from the creature as you approached. You close your eyes and look again. Sure enough, the scene in the room is as it was when you entered. The dead Hydra's carcass lies in the corner of the room.

Its spell broken, the creature will do you no harm. You are free to try the door in the wall. But if this is a room of magic, will the door also be protected? Turn to 220.

325

You walk determinedly across the courtyard. As you get closer to the group ahead, you recognize their shapes. *SIGHTMASTERS!* Their large eyes are a sure giveaway. But what are Sightmasters doing here? You remember the Sightmaster Sergeant's good wishes as you left the Outpost Settlement. These creatures, with powers of ultravision, are closely allied to the Analand Crown. You are astonished to see them in a place such as this. Could they be spies, sent to infiltrate Mampang? Or are they traitors, aligned to the powers of darkness? They seem to have recognized your origins too, and no doubt you both are thinking along the same lines. You eye them suspiciously as you approach. One of them beckons you over. Will you approach as he wishes (turn to **568**), or ignore them and continue walking (turn to **322**)?

326

'You are a native of the cityport!' caws one of the Birdmen. 'Hah! We have had some fun in that place, comrades, have we not! Come: sit down with us and share some bread and dried worms.' You agree to sit down with them and eat some of their bread, but you are not too keen on the worms. They cackle at your reluctance and pull out a loaf. You may join them in a meal and add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first food of the day (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). Eventually, you stand and leave. Turn to **479**.

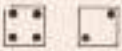

327

'What?' shrieks your inquisitor. 'What sort of a name is that for a holy man in Kharé? That is more like a name from the language of the Wild Wood Men of Avanti. A guess – a poor guess which we are expected to believe. Pah! What shall we do with the impostor, fellows?' Your choice was not a good one. Turn to 12.

328

Taking out your food, you settle down to enjoy your meal. But before you take your first bite, a noise coming from deeper inside the cave catches your attention. *What was that?* It sounded like *something* inside the cave with you! You put down your food and clutch at your weapon. And then you discover exactly what you are sharing the cave with. A black furry shape, streaked with white, steps out of the darkness. A SKUNKBEAR! And a hungry one, at that. Will you face it with your weapon (turn to 490), throw your food at it and run out of the cave (deduct 1 Provision and turn to 469) or cast a spell?

KIN	DUD	DOZ	YAP	ZEN
611	788	638	757	686

329

You fling yourself out of the way just in the nick of time. The creature thunders past you and into the marble wall behind, with a blow hard enough to kill an armoured Troll. But this tremendous impact has not even disturbed it and it turns again to face you. Turn to 58.

330

You stand to one side of the door and listen, hoping that whoever has just stood up is not planning to leave the room. '. . . Varack has heard about the night watch,' says a rasping voice. '. . . the Samaritans of Schinn! That's what he thinks. But me, I'm not so sure. Those damned Samaritans! This isn't their style. They don't need to worry about guards. Not unless they're armed with arrows – that's for sure. But even so, it's worrying. There are dozens of those blasted Birdmen around here. How d'you know which you can trust? I'd kill 'em all if it was up to me. Anyway, I'm away to check the gate. I thought young Hyangi was right; I heard a knock as well.'

Footsteps from the room head towards the door. Will you wait until they're close, then smash the door open into whoever is coming (turn to 446), leap into the room to surprise them (turn to 553), or try to hide quickly (turn to 396)?

331

As your hand touches the sword, you hear a faint humming in the air, and you feel an overwhelming force seize you. Turn to 451.

332

You must resolve your combat with this creature:

GOBLIN MUTANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you defeat the Goblin within six Attack Rounds, turn to 497. If you do not, turn to 128.

333

You have been captured, and your future looks bleak. Your captors take you downstairs into a dungeon beneath the Fortress and throw you into a cell. Without weapon or equipment, and with your hands bound, your position is hopeless. You have failed in your mission.

334

The situation seems hopeless. But an idea dawns on you as you remember the genie given to you by Sh'houri. Quickly you reach into your pack and pull it out. The Minimite looks worried as you pull it out, but for the time being you are ignoring him. You grasp the stopper firmly and give it a yank. It comes out with a pop. You wait to see what happens next.

Almost immediately, a pure white smoke begins to creep its way out of the neck of the bottle. It swirls in the air and seems to hang above your hand. A disembodied voice speaks: 'I have been summoned to the material plane. Who is it that calls me?' You are unsure whether or not this genie is friendly, but you announce yourself and ask whether it is able to help your situation. 'A human!' the voice exclaims. 'It is long, very long, since I served a human. Yes, I can release you from your prison; and more than that. But I may serve you once only. Consider your request carefully.' You think over your problem. The genie is offering you wise advice. A simple escape would be helpful, but not prudent, as you might simply wind up outside the tower and then have to battle your way in once again. No, you have a better request.

You ask the genie to take you back to the Archmage! With this request you kill two birds with one stone, both escaping and confronting your enemy at the same time. The genie's voice answers you. 'Hmmm. *Back* to the Archmage? Are you sure this is what you want? Very well then. So be it!' You are a little worried about the cautionary tone in its voice. Have you said the wrong thing? What is wrong with going back to the Archmage? But there is no time to think about this. Before your eyes, the genie has grown in size! Its swirling shape now fills the room. It has cast its spell and you are tossing and turning on a weightless cloud, unable to see anything. Turn to **631**.

335

You turn and run from the room, closing the door. The Black Elves do not follow you; instead you can hear mocking laughter coming from the room behind you. You feel ashamed to have shown such cowardice, and must deduct 1 SKILL point, but only for your next battle. Now turn to 566.

336

The room is exactly as you left it, the mechanical contraption motionless in the centre of the room. You have no other choice but to take your chances with the burning inferno. Turn to 541.

337

You start to concentrate, to prepare a spell. But Jann keeps on breaking your concentration. 'I tell you, you are wasting your time!' he says. 'No spells will work when I am around.' You tell him you are trying to find a spell which will not be affected by his defensive aura. 'There are few who know spells which Minimites have not been protected against,' he smiles, 'and I have no wish for you to waste your strength.' Do you have 'strength to waste', as he puts it? If your STAMINA is 8 or more, turn to 356. If it is less than 8, turn to 389.

338

The Birdman looks down at you as you try a few pleasantries. It opens its mouth to speak . . . But instead of a reply, a piercing call comes from the creature and it drops from the sky towards you, talons poised to strike. You leap aside to avoid its attack, but it catches your shoulder and tears your flesh. Lose 2 STAMINA points for the wound. It seems that the Birdman is not interested in conversation, and you will have to fight it. You may either draw your weapon (turn to 450), or cast a spell:

YAP	HOT	FIX	ZEN	SAP
661	598	701	778	716

339

You pick your way along the rocky path, which is now rising steeply, and at times you have to *climb* rather than walk along it. The journey is extremely tiring and you must stop to rest several times along the trail. One thing is a little worrying: you seem to have picked up the hoof-marks again. But this time, they are fresh, recently trodden into the fresh mud after the storm. Mountain goats, perhaps?

The Mampang Fortress in the distance at first sight does not seem to be getting any closer, but you are definitely getting nearer. You round a narrow bend and stop dead in your tracks, as a missile whizzes past you and bounces off a rock! Instinctively, you drop down to shelter by a boulder. *What was that?* In a moment, your question is answered. Standing above you are two tall creatures holding wooden spears at the ready. Long, shaggy hair falls from their heads down to their waists. Their torsos are human, and *female*. From what you can see of their faces, they appear to be a bizarre hybrid of human and goat, with two stumpy horns protruding from their foreheads. Their lower bodies confirm this view. Their legs are goat-like and hoofed. *The hoof-prints!* Each holds a wooden spear. Have you come across any of these creatures before? If so, turn to 378; if not, turn to 522.

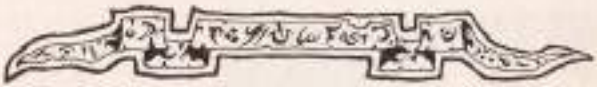

340

Your first concern is that the battle may have attracted the attention of the other creatures in the courtyard. You look around. Some interest has been aroused, but skirmishes such as this are commonplace in Mampang. The inhabitants of the courtyard resume their activities. You search through the pockets of the Sightmasters and find their ill-gotten gains: 20 Gold Pieces (plus your own 3 if you handed them over). One of them carries a backpack and in it you find two pouches, one containing sand and the other containing a vial of glue. The backpack also contains enough Provisions for 3 meals. A glint of green on one of their fingers reveals a Ring of Green Metal. Most of these possessions have no doubt come from hoodwinked travellers. Turn to 135.

341

Beads of sweat appear on your forehead. The going is difficult as the candlelit shadows sway across the room. But so far you have not touched any of the blades. To take your next few steps, choose between turning to **262**, **239** or **52**.

342

Safely inside, you consider your best plan. Night is coming and you are feeling tired. You had better find a sheltered spot to bed down for the night and get some rest. You explore the inside rim of the mountain and find a suitable small cave which appears to be empty.

You may eat Provisions here before you get some sleep. If you do, you may add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day, or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. Then you can settle down to sleep.

Your dreams that night are vivid and frightening. Perhaps this is the influence of Mampang. Several times you awaken in a cold sweat, and you toss and turn constantly. Are you still faithful to your goddess, Libra? If so, turn to **439**. If you have chosen or have been forced to renounce your faith, turn to **10**.

343

You speak the word softly to the wall and wait for it to move. Nothing happens. You wait and consider what to do next. Suddenly you hear a sound! But to your dismay, it is not the sound of the doorway opening – it is the sound of a troop of foot-soldiers. As the old man warned, the secret door is protected. An alarm has sounded in the guardroom! Turn to **430** to face the guards.

344

You reach forwards and grasp the handle. You feel a tingle pass briefly through your body, but feel no other ill effects. You look at your hand. *What are you doing this for?* You step backwards and look around at the courtyard. *Where are you? What are you doing here? WHO are you?* You puzzle over these strange thoughts, trying desperately to find the answers. But you will never solve these mysteries. For the Throben Door you have just tried to enter has its own defence against intruders. Any unauthorized person trying to enter is subject to the same treatment. *Your mind has been wiped blank!* All knowledge of your self and your mission has been erased for good. Your quest has ended . . .

345

Keeping its head bowed, the creature shuffles off down the corridor. You wait impatiently, but soon it returns with a bowl of broth. You may take this soup and, if this is your first meal of the day, add 2 STAMINA points. If you have already eaten, you may add only 1 STAMINA point. Then choose which way you will continue. Another door is adjacent to, and just inside, the entrance to its room. If you wish to go through this door, turn to 573. Alternatively you may walk a few paces back down the corridor and enter the door in the right-hand wall that you saw earlier (turn to 517).

346

The creature roars loudly as your blow strikes. It steps backwards away from you and its tail rises in the air. Turning its backside towards you, the Skunkbear releases its special weapon: a horrendous stench fills the enclosed cave. You gag and fight to hold down the feeling of nausea which grips you. Meanwhile the Skunkbear moves in to attack. Continue the fight, but you must deduct 2 SKILL points during the rest of the battle. If you score a successful attack on the creature, you may escape from the cave by turning to 469. If you continue the fight, turn to 558 if you win.

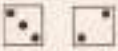

347

The captain thanks you for your mercy and promises that you will be rewarded for sparing his life. He steps behind his desk and opens the drawer. You wait to see how you will be rewarded. Your gift is not what you had expected. From inside the drawer, the captain pulls out a small hand crossbow, already loaded with a deadly dart. The bowstring sings as the dart shoots towards you and embeds itself in your chest. Its tip is treated with fast-acting poison. Your journey has ended here.

348

You unhook the lock and lift up the top of the pillory. The broad-nosed man steps back, rubbing his neck and wrists. He thanks you but is concerned not to let his escape attract attention. He points to a group of guards playing a game of some sort against the wall. Your eyes follow his finger across the courtyard. Suddenly, you feel a heavy blow on the back of your head and you slump to the ground. Turn to 418.

349

Your next step is painful! Your leg has brushed against a sharp blade which gashes your leg. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and choose your next few steps from the following: 249, 410 and 227.

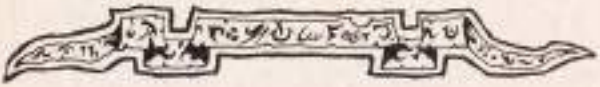

350

You squat down in the alcove to eat your food. It is perched up on the side of the rock and you can see part of the way ahead. The trail leads down across a rocky plateau and then finally climbs another bare crag towards the Fortress. Although you cannot see the gates of Mampang, you can see the tips of its spires hidden behind the crag. You are almost there.

You look around your resting-place. The remains of a fire in one area suggests that someone has been there before. And on the wall of the alcove is a message written in dye. You move over to see what it says. The language is your own and the message appears to be a warning of some kind. A mystic symbol – a religious diamond with a cross in its centre – heads the writing, which reads:

> *Heed this warning! Proceed no further towards the curse that is Mampang. Every step you take in its direction takes you one step nearer eternal damnation. For I, Colletus, have been there and back and know the truth of its ways. If you do not turn back, you may find me at the Groaning Bridge. You must save your own soul before it is too late.*
>
> *Colletus*

How recent the message is you cannot be sure, but its warning is certainly a little worrying. Nevertheless, you could not possibly give up your journey at this stage. You gather your things together and set off. You may add 2 STAMINA points for the meal you have just eaten. Leave your resting-place now by turning to 539.

351

The hideous Demon drops to the ground. Its shape shrivels and disappears before your eyes, returning to its god-forsaken home. You are now alone in the room with the Crown of Kings and the body of Farren Whyde. You check the old man. He is dead. You walk over to the desk to touch the Crown. In spite of being made from solid metals, it is remarkably light. You wrap it carefully and place it in your pack. Now you must return it to Analand. Will you leave the room and step carefully down the stairs (turn to 434)? Will you open your pack and look for something to use (turn to 148) or will you cast a spell?

ROK	RES	NAP	LAW	SIX
637	743	591	781	703

352

Your nervousness shows as you tiptoe carefully across the room. At one point the candle flickers and your foot comes down alongside one of the blades! The sharp edge slits your calf and you fight desperately to regain your balance. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for the wound and take your next few steps by turning either to 223 or 484.

353

She places one hand on your brow and another on the back of your neck and fixes her concentration on you. 'This is good, very good,' she smiles. 'One such as you does not belong in this place. I can tell you have a mission, though I know not what it is. But I feel reassured that my mentioning the Samaritans of Schinn has not endangered their cause.' Do you have any illnesses or diseases at the moment? If so, turn to 489. If not, turn to 436.

354

You tell Sh'houri of your encounter with Sh'himbli the previous day in the cave. She nods her head. 'I think we all suspected as much,' says Sh'houri grimly. 'Sh'himbli was cursed with the dire trembling disease when she was last seen at the village. Knowing how contagious it was, she did the honourable thing by leaving the village to die in a private place. Such is the way of our race. We thank you for this news. But I fear we have some bad news for you. The trembling disease is *very* contagious. If you spent the night in her cave, I am sure you will have caught it.' Did you spend the night in the cave? If so, turn to 174. If not, turn to 277.

355

The floor of the room is covered in dust and straw. You kick through this and occasionally your foot touches something solid. Mostly these are stones, but one particular object feels light. You bend down and pick up a facemask! It is black in colour and is carved to resemble a grotesque face. Placing it in your pack, you continue to disturb the straw to see whether you can find anything else of value. But suddenly, you stop in your tracks. Your foot has kicked a much heavier stone and immediately a deep rumbling noise comes from under the floor. Turn to 284.

356

'Tell me of your strongest spells,' says the Minimite, 'and I will tell you whether or not they will penetrate my defences.' You run through your most tiring spells and the little creature shakes his head at every one until you reach the last. 'The ZED spell!' he shrieks. 'You know the ZED spell! If this is true, then I think we may have our solution. This spell is certainly too powerful for me to stop.' You are astounded. No one knows the powers of the ZED spell. How does the Minimite know so much about it? Turn to 374 to listen to his story. Otherwise turn to 427 to cast your spell.

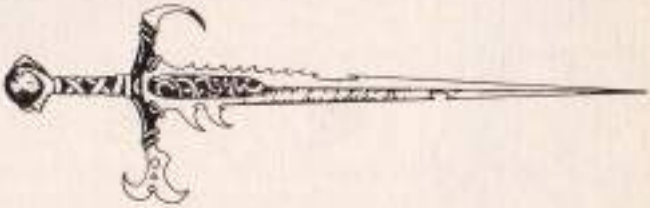

357

The door opens to reveal dirty living-quarters. An unmade bed is in the corner and a table and chair are set against one wall. A plate and a metal mug stand on the table, along with a bowl. A wooden chest is under the table. This could be the home of one of the Archmage's servants. But then again, perhaps it is not. There are virtually no possessions in the room. Perhaps this means nothing, as most of the inhabitants of Mampang seem to own little anyway. Do you want to check the walls for secret passages (turn to **28**), or will you pull the box from under the table and open it (turn to **248**)?

358

You feel around the wall of the Fortress, looking for the hidden doorway which will allow you back into the tower. A noise behind you makes you whirl round, startled. You can see nothing, but cries of battle are definitely coming from somewhere. There is a great crashing sound in the grass further along the wall. Something has dropped from the sky. You look up and can see a battle taking place high up in the air. Birdmen are attacking Birdmen. Another Birdman falls near by and your worst fears are realized. The Samaritans have been discovered! Birdmen archers high up on the Fortress walls are firing at your allies, who do not stand a chance against the arrows. Your rescue call has exposed them! There is nothing you can do to help your comrades and you fear now for your own safety, as the Birdmen will no doubt be scouting the area when they have killed off all the Samaritans. You find the doorway and step inside. Turn to **189**.

359

The room seems to shift in the candlelight, but this is a natural trick of the flickering light. You manage to keep your balance and step safely across the room. To take your next few steps, choose to turn to either **52**, **488** or **262**.

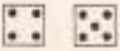

360

You take out your weapon and quickly strike the creature with it. It roars in agony and collapses to the floor. You cannot believe your eyes! Your blow was powerful, but not enough to fell such a strong-looking adversary. When it does not move, you bend down to investigate. As far as you can tell, the creature is *dead*! Your attack has finished it off! You look through its clothing, but find only 4 Gold Pieces. You must now decide your best way onwards. You can either return to the door along the corridor and try that (turn to 517), or you can try another door just inside the creature's room, set in the left-hand wall (turn to 573).

361

You agree to his terms. What will your first question to him be? Will you ask him casually about some of the tortures he has enjoyed in the past and then ask where you may find the Archmage (turn to 143)? Will you ask him his favourite weapon and then ask whether he knows anything of the Crown of Kings (turn to 199)? Or will you compliment him on such a fine torture-chamber and then ask whether he knows anything of the Throben Doors (turn to 215)?

362

You examine the lock holding the pillory shut. It looks quite strong – but nothing that a hefty blow wouldn't sort out. You may either smash the lock with your weapon (turn to 505), or cast a spell:

FAR	PEP	KID	DOC	ZAP
645	700	729	768	674

363

You panic and run for the doors as quickly as possible. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 512. If you are Unlucky, turn to 296.

364

Your decision was wise. A third guard appears moments later and calls out gruffly to the other two. The first guard makes a noise like a knocking sound on a door and points into the distance. Perhaps they are wondering why there seems to be no activity from the area of the pass. One of them staggers about comically, imitating a drunkard, and the other two laugh. While their attention is away from you, you consider whether this would be an opportune time to drop down and nip inside. Your muscles are tiring rapidly. Will you sneak through the doorway now (turn to 474) or wait (turn to 432)?

365

Looking around the room, you find little of interest. The Birdmen carry swords as weapons. If you need a weapon, you may take one of these. Each carries 2 Gold Pieces – a week's pay – so you may collect all six coins. One of them also carries some bread and a pouch containing something that looks like *dried worms*! You may take the bread with you (there is enough for two meals), but you decide to leave the worms. If you are hungry, you may eat a meal now, and add 2 STAMINA points if this is today's first meal (1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten). Then turn to 479.

366

You sit down on a rock just inside the cave where you cannot be spotted from outside. If you are carrying any food with you you may prepare a meal (turn to 328). If you have no Provisions, you may as well settle down and prepare your bed (turn to 574).

367

The room seems to shift in the candlelight, but this is a natural trick of the flickering light. You manage to keep your balance and step safely across the room. To take your next few steps, turn to either 440 or 223.

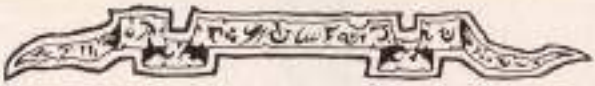

368

You run as fast as you are able. Ahead is a large boulder which should afford at least some shelter from the landslide. You race forwards and squat down behind it, panting hard. Above you, the landslide is picking up momentum. Rocks are crashing around you, and several smaller ones bounce painfully off your head and back. A creaking noise raises the alarm, but you are too late to react to prevent fate from taking your life. The creaking you heard was the boulder, rolling back towards the crevasse as the landslide beats it into motion. You manage to avoid being crushed to death as it rolls away from you, but this only leaves you exposed to the landslide. Your journey has ended here.

369

The shape remains a mystery as you walk up to it. As you get nearer you notice certain things about it. It appears to be inanimate – at least, it remains motionless. Perhaps it is a bundle of rubbish in a huge sack? The sack is slightly shiny, resembling a hide of some kind, perhaps like a *reptile's skin*? You stop in your tracks as the realization dawns on you. At the same time, the shape rises . . . Turn to 499.

370

One of the Birdmen immediately sees through your story. 'You've not travelled any distance!' he squawks. 'This fellow is an impostor!' The other two rise to their feet and you must face the Birdmen. Will you draw your weapon (turn to 462), or will you cast a spell?

MUD	NAF	DUM	YAZ	GOD
605	647	790	758	707

371

You begin your story at Kharé and tell her how the guards took you captive. Your search for the four spell lines fascinates her, and other She-Satyrs sit and listen to your tales. For two hours you keep them enthralled. They are horrified as you tell of your encounters with the seven Serpents and are sad at the death of Tek Kramin, the boatman of Lake Ilklala. As a character, he was infamous throughout Kakhabad. When you finally tire of telling your stories, the She-Satyrs are disappointed. 'We must not weary our friend,' says Sh'houri. You explain that you have enjoyed the meeting but must be on your way towards the Fortress.

'I cannot understand your wish to visit that place,' Sh'houri continues. 'It is a lawless and dangerous keep. It is a wonder that even one so powerful as the Archmage can survive in Mampang. But it is said that he is well protected from the chaotic rabble surrounding him. Four strong doorways close the way to the inner keep, the *Throben Doors*. None but his most trusted servants may pass through them. If you are planning to visit the Archmage himself, you must beware of the Throben Doors, as they are deadly to those who know not of their existence. They appear as heavy double doors but nothing of their aspect gives any clue as to their real purpose.' She has noticed that you are listening intently, and is glad to have been able to give you some information of interest. As you stand to leave, she motions to one of the other creatures, who rushes off and returns with a spear and a leather bag. Both are handed to you. 'This is a fine hardwood spear,' announces Sh'houri, 'which I believe you will find helpful on your travels. It will be doubly so if you are able to find Colletus the holy man and persuade him to bless it. If you discover Colletus's whereabouts, you may summon him thus.' She cups her hands to her mouth and makes a whistling sound. If at some time in the future you think you know where the holy man is, repeat this sound by deducting 30 from the number of the reference you are on and turning to this new reference. If Colletus is there, he will appear to you. Sh'houri continues: 'Colletus will persuade you not to try to reach the Fortress, as he curses its evil. Tell him you are planning to destroy it and he will agree to help. Also, in this bag are some things that may help you. But our possessions are few. We must ask that you exchange anything that you want for something of your own.'

Within the bag are several items which may be of use. If you are playing as a warrior, turn to 564. If you are playing as a wizard, turn to 435.

372

'Woe betide my soul!' she moans. 'I did not mean to mention the Samaritans to a stranger. I have betrayed them!' You calm her down by saying that they are common knowledge within the Fortress. She has given nothing away. You tell her you would like to meet these creatures, for you may find that your cause is the same. 'I cannot be sure that you are telling the truth,' she says, 'as I cannot see your face. Allow me to sense your honesty and I may tell you more. But do not try to deceive Javinne, for her hands can feel the truth.' The old woman wants to place her hands on your head and neck to 'sense the truth' in you. This is not a pleasant prospect, as you are not certain you can trust her, and you have no idea whether she may be carrying any contagious diseases. Will you allow her to lay her hands on you? Turn to 353 if you are prepared to undergo this test. If you would rather not, you may change the subject and ask her about how she lost her sight (turn to 388), or how you may enter the keep (turn to 535).

373

How much are you willing to offer him for his help – 5 Gold Pieces (turn to 452), 10 Gold Pieces (turn to 531) or 13 Gold Pieces (turn to 478)? If you can offer none of these, draw your weapon and turn to 270.

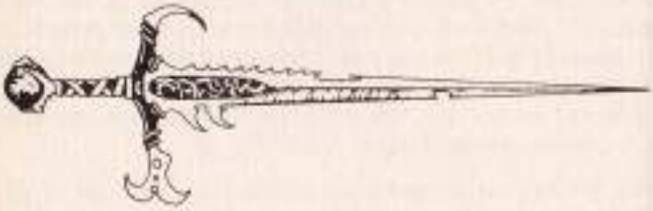

374

'If the truth be known,' Jann begins, 'we Minimites know much more about the arts of sorcery than most magic-users themselves. We have outlawed the use of magic within our own race, for our experiences were bad. Whether it is the magic itself or our own characters, we do not know. But sorcery and ambitions of power went hand in hand with our people. Eventually it split us up into a race of nomadic individuals, avoiding each other like the plague. And all because of sorcery.' The Minimite sighs for a moment, then returns to the subject at hand. 'It is thought that the ZED spell originated from Throben. This is not true. It was originally designed here in Mampang by the sorcerer-priests of Chronada, god of time. One of my own race stole the secret and brought it to the Minimites. When our people dispersed, the spell's secret was taken by its thief to Throben, then given to a Necromancer in exchange for . . . er . . . favours. It is the ultimate secret of travel – travel across distances, and travel *through time*! But it carries its own dangers. It demands perfect concentration. If you can achieve this concentration, then you may send yourself forwards and backwards through time and space. But before you cast this spell, you must concentrate hard on wherever you wish to go. You must have this image firmly in your mind, or the spell will work randomly. As with the Throben Necromancer, you may arrive at any place in any time! This is all I know about the ZED spell; how to cast it is a secret I have not learned. Nor have I any wish to do so.' Now turn to 402.

375

The Hobgoblin turns back towards you to see how you are doing. She spies the jar in your hand and shrieks! 'Oh, no!' she wails. 'Not *that* jar! Of all the choices to make!' You explain that the Ant Meatballs are delicious and compliment her on her skills as a cook. 'No, no! You do not understand!' she explains. 'Those are not *Ant Meatballs*. Look!' The label on the jar has ripped and hangs half off. When she folds the torn piece back into its proper position, the blood drains from your cheeks. You are eating from a jar of *Mutant* Meatballs!

Mutant Meatballs were concocted originally by an apothecary from Throben aligned to a rebellious Prince of Brice. On discovering their effects, they designed a plan of conquest. These potent little balls taste delicious, but are quite deadly. They wreak horrible mutations on whoever tastes them. The Prince of Brice planned to seize the throne, his troops manned by experimental mutants, bred for their bizarre powers. And you have just eaten a handful of the balls! Slowly, you will begin to mutate. What will happen to you? The effects are never predictable, usually harmful, sometimes fatal and sometimes useful. Roll two dice and consult the folowing table to see what happens to you:

Roll	*Turn to*	*Roll*	*Turn to*	*Roll*	*Turn to*
2	562	6	455	10	261
3	544	7	433	11	184
4	524	8	409	12	315
5	501	9	105		

376

It looks at you shiftily and shrugs its huge shoulders to indicate that there is nothing in its room. There doesn't *look* to be much in the room. Will you believe it and leave (turn to 550), or threaten it with your weapon (turn to 482)?

377

You explain that you are having a little trouble getting inside the Fortress proper and wonder whether they may be able to help you. 'Nah, you'll never get through,' says one. 'Not if you expect just to walk straight through the Throben Doors. You'll have to find a key for this one.' He motions outside. 'But if you're charming enough to the guards across the way . . .' The other two glare at their companion, whose tongue has been a little too loose. The three of them start to argue in their own language and you decide this would be a suitable time for you to leave. Turn to **566**.

378

You remember the dead creature in the cave; these two are similar. This knowledge may be of some help, if they have lost their comrade. Or then again, maybe you should keep quiet, as your sleeping-place may have been a sacred tomb of some sort. Do you want to call to your two attackers and tell them of your find (turn to **413**), or will you keep quiet and wait to see how they react to you first (turn to **522**)?

379

You choose your password carefully and whisper it at the lock just below the handle. Will your choice be correct? You take a deep breath and prepare to try the handle. Turn to **344**.

380

The trail winds up the mountainside and you follow it until a sight ahead makes you stop. To the left, higher up the rocky cliffs, is a strange structure made out of twigs, branches and moss. This looks like a huge bird's-nest perched on a ledge. Do you want to climb up the side of the mountain to investigate it (turn to 530), or will you ignore it and continue along the path (turn to 36)?

381

You step inside and walk towards the archway. As far as you can tell, the steps lead straight up into the tower. After two steps, you hear an ominous sound. A rumbling is coming from the floor beneath your feet! You quicken your pace, but already things are happening. Turn to 284.

382

You have grabbed a small bird's-nest, inside which is a golden egg. But you have no clue as to what the egg or the nest are or do. Nevertheless, you may take them with you. You must now leave the area quickly, before the merchant can summon guards. You nip down to the door at the end of the passageway. Turn to 310.

383

You quickly glance round to make sure no one is watching. No one is paying any attention to you. You step up to the mound and climb up to the base of the pole. Will you reach for a sword (turn to 331) or an axe (turn to 509)?

384

The storm breaks during the night, waking you several times. You are thankful for the shelter your cave affords. Rain pelts down, and muddy puddles form in the cave entrance. But by morning, the rain has stopped and the sun is fighting its way through the low-hanging clouds. You rise early and prepare yourself for the day. Judging the distance as best you can, you should reach the Fortress by the end of the day. If your STAMINA is below its *Initial* level, you may add 2 STAMINA points for the rest. If you did not eat at all yesterday, you must deduct 3 STAMINA points, as you are now hungry. If you wish, you may take with you some stone dust and three small pebbles which you can pick up from the cave. Now you must leave your cave and set off on your journey.

As you climb through the foothills of Low Xamen, you notice how few animals are about. Certainly animals would hide from you, but there are no *signs* of wildlife. Perhaps the terrain is too treacherous. The going is undoubtedly becoming harder and, by the late morning, you are climbing steeply. Ahead, the narrow trail splits to offer you two ways onwards. To the right, the path continues to wind up the mountainside, while to the left, a narrow rope bridge spans a gully and joins another path. Both lead upwards in the direction you are heading. Which will you choose:

To the right?	Turn to 339
To the left?	Turn to 298

385

The captain tries to question you, but you are tight-lipped and stubborn. Eventually he tires of you and instructs the guards to take you to the dungeons. Naggamanteh, he thinks, will have no trouble persuading you to talk. Your mission has ended. No one escapes from the Mampang dungeons.

386

The creature steps slowly forwards, holding up its hands as if to indicate that it means no harm. You stop it a few feet away and turn your ear towards it to hear what it has to say. It speaks. You can now make out the words of its message – but as it breathes, you catch a whiff of its breath. The smell is horrendous! You cough and choke. Its breath is like poison gas! In fact, the Mucalytic's breath *is* a form of poison gas, and you have just taken a lungful – a fatal dose. You crash to the ground, dead, at the creature's feet.

387

You must now leap over and kill the other guard, who is taking the horn off the wall. There is no time to cast a spell:

Second GUARD SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you kill this guard, turn to 219.

388

'My story is a sad one,' she starts. 'Many seasons ago, in my youth, I was skilled in the arts of healing. My master was a healer-priest from Daddu-Yadu who had been shipwrecked and washed ashore on the Earthend beaches. Being youthful and ambitious, I decided to bring my skills to Mampang, where I imagined the rewards would be greatest. But this was against the wishes of my master who wished me to travel south and use my learning to aid the lawful kingdoms. Ah, would that I had listened to the wisdom of his words! But the promise of fortune dissuaded me and I lived in prosperity at Mampang for many years. My undoing came when the Archmage recruited a new type of troop to his army. *The Mucalytics!* These creatures were a miserable lot, but totally without fear. They are almost deaf and may speak only in a whisper, and one was brought to me in the hope of a cure. But I could not undo the curse set upon these wretches by the gods themselves! Try as I would, I could not restore their voices nor improve their ears. My punishment was an "accident" which resulted in this!' And she holds her hands up to her eyes. You sympathize with her, and her head bows in sorrow. You may now either change the subject, and ask her how best to enter the keep (turn to 535) or leave her be and continue on your way (turn to 8). Or will you ask her about 'the mongrels who have more than their fair share of what she lacks' (turn to 302)?

389

You describe to Jann all the spells you are capable of casting. 'I'll leave it to you if you're feeling so headstrong,' declares Jann, indignantly. 'But if you take my advice, you'll leave magic well alone!' If you'll follow his advice, you may either plan an ambush on the guard (turn to 476) or wait to see whether anyone is interested in you (turn to 214). If you *are* feeling headstrong and you want to try some magic, turn to 427.

390

With a mixture of grunts and instructions, he tells you to turn round and follow the passageway as far as you can. If you go through a metal door at the end, you will be on your way through to a Throben Door. But he has no idea how you will get through this gateway and has never himself been that far into the Fortress. If you decide to follow his instructions, turn to 6. If you do not want to take his advice, you may go through a door adjacent to the entrance to his room (turn to 573).

391

You decide wisely that the captain is still too strong to be spared. If you wish to spare his life when you have reduced him to 3 STAMINA points, turn to 445. If you have decided that this will be a fight to the death, turn to 463 when you kill him.

392

You step up to the large double doors. Will you try to open them with a key (turn to 185) or a password (turn to 498)?

393

As you approach the pillory, you can see that someone is being held captive within it. The bedraggled shape of a miserable human-like creature is slumped against the frame. As you approach, it turns its head towards you. As you get closer, you find that the creature is brawny and shaggy-haired. You would guess that it is some sort of sub-human, judging from its narrow eyes, broad nose and high forehead. 'Taunt me all you will,' it says. 'You will teach me no lesson that two days in this bane-cursed pillory has not taught already. Is my punishment not yet over? I beg of you: spare me your tongue and instead offer me some nourishment.' You pause to reflect on its words. This creature is much too articulate for a sub-human. Will you offer it some nourishment as it asks? If so, turn to **408** – but you may only do this if you have Provisions with you. Will you offer to set the creature free by smashing the lock on the pillory (turn to **362**)? Will you leave the wretch alone and continue (turn to **485**)? Or will you stop to taunt it (turn to **431**)?

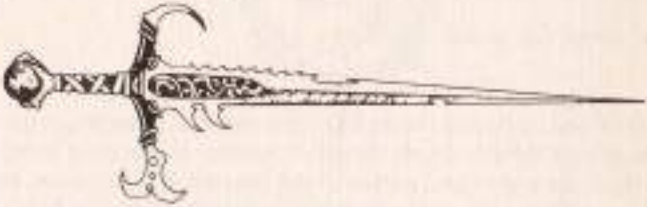

394

You must first fight the guard standing before you:

GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you have a blessed hardwood spear, you may kill the guard instantly. If you defeat the guard, turn to **495**.

395

You warn the creature that you will defend yourself but have no wish to harm it. Again it cups its hand to its ear, straining to hear you. You yell your warning loudly and something seems to register. The creature lifts its long snout and a faint sound comes out. Will you step closer to listen to what the creature is saying (turn to **405**), or will you ignore it and leave the room (turn to **96**)?

396

There is no suitable cover in the archway for you to hide. The door is beginning to move, so you quickly step behind the door as it opens. A heavy-set GUARD steps out. You wait with bated breath. The guard sniffs the air and stops. Something is not quite right! To your dismay, he grabs the door and swings it closed, leaving you exposed. He snarls at you and draws a sword. You have no time to cast a spell and must fight him:

GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the guard, turn to 563.

397

You continue and reach the wall of the courtyard, stopping in front of the two large double doors. Another creature is shuffling along the wall from the right-hand corner of the courtyard. It is a slow, bulky creature with a dark, rubbery skin. As it is the size of a bear, you decide to hold back to see what it will do at the gate before approaching. You watch it press its mouth close to the handle, then grasp and turn the handle. The right-hand door opens and it steps through. Now you must decide what to do. Will you copy the creature, pressing your mouth to the door (turn to 483), will you leave the door and instead try following the right-hand wall into the corner of the courtyard (turn to 519), or will you cast a spell?

POP	HUF	ZAP	BIG	DOP
737	618	596	773	632

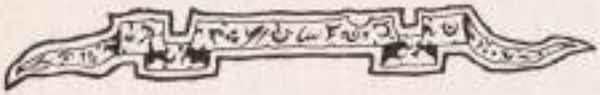

398

Again your weapon finds its target as you avoid the Hydra's strike. Another head drops to the ground, this time the head of Hydana, god of the water. But, as before, two new heads grow rapidly to replace it. It is now the turn of Pangara to use his powers on you. With a great puff of breath, a gale force breaks from his lips, sending you flying backwards into the wall, crashing against your shoulder. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. But you are still determined and you advance again. Resolve the next Attack Round. If you wound the creature, turn to 84. If it wounds you, turn to 305.

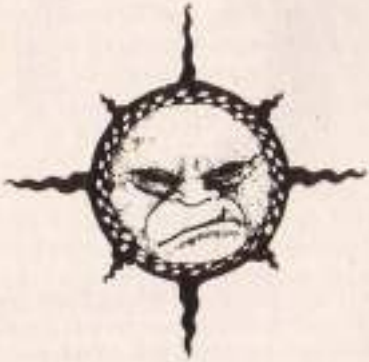

399

The flames lick your clothes and the heat begins to feel unbearable. But you have seen through its illusion. As you continue through the inferno, its effects die. The flames are cold. There is no heat. On the far side of the inferno is another door, which you walk comfortably up to. Turn to 150.

400

You swallow hard and race for the crevasse, taking a great leap off the edge towards the far side. Your jump was strong, but no human jump could span the distance. Your fingers clutch at the sides of the rock as you plunge down, down, down to your death. You have failed in your mission.

401

The last guard does not advance. Instead the cowardly creature has decided to raise the alarm and is now running across the courtyard, roaring loudly. Within moments, a full complement of armed guards are hurrying towards you. There is no way for you to take on so many opponents. You will be captured and you will no doubt have earned the last guard a special commendation from the Archmage. You have failed in your mission.

402

The conversation has been enormously enlightening. You now know the secret of the most powerful spell in your Spell Book *and* you know how to control it. Turn to **427** to cast a spell. If you choose to cast the ZED spell, ignore the reference you are told to turn to and turn instead to **631**. This is your bonus for knowing the secret of the spell.

403

You leave the smooth-skinned creature in peace and back slowly down the corridor, closing the door behind you. Will you try the door in the wall that you passed on the way to this room (turn to **517**), or will you retrace your steps completely to the crossroads and take the other passageway to the metal door (turn to **6**)?

404

You step up to the small cave mouth and kneel down to look inside. Although you will be able to crawl into the cave, the entrance will be a tight squeeze. But as your eyes become accustomed to the darkness inside, you can see that there will be enough room for you to fit comfortably. The back of the cave is blackness, so you are unable to tell whether or not the cave is completely empty. You get down on all fours and poke your head inside.

Oooowwooow! A shrill howling comes from inside the cave and all but deafens you! Instinctively you jerk your head out again, away from the danger. The noise sounded as though it came from a hound of some sort. You spring to your feet and draw out your weapon, ready to face whatever is inside. But nothing emerges from the cave. When your courage has returned, you must make a decision: will you enter the cave and face whatever is inside (turn to 123), or will you instead try the far cave (turn to 534)?

405

The creature makes no move as you step up to it and cup your hand to your ear. With an expression that looks almost sad, it reaches out its snout towards your ear and whispers to you. The sounds form into words and a message takes shape . . .

But before you can make sense of the message, the smell of its breath hits your nostrils like an acid cloud. You cough and choke, flinging your head backwards out of the way. But it is too late. The breath of a MUCALYTIC is deadly to all but its own kind. A lungful of this poison has ensured your fate. The only mercy is that your death will be quick.

406

You whisper your password to the lock on the door. Nothing unusual happens, but you are confident that you have remembered the password correctly and you reach for the handle. Turn to 344.

407

Visions of the past flash past you as you tumble weightlessly, carried by your spell. Eventually the confusion clears and you are brought back to the ground. Still unsure what has actually happened, you look around. It is night and you are alone in a small hut, under blankets. Desperately, you want to spring out of bed and find out where you are. But you cannot. Something within is forbidding you to leave your rest and is drawing the curtain of sleep across your eyes. Your eyelids feel as heavy as lead. You cannot resist the urge to sleep. Turn to reference 1 of Book 1 of the *Sorcery!* series.

408

You open your backpack and pull out some Provisions to offer to the unfortunate creature. His eyes open wide as you hold out the food towards it. 'Aaahh, thank you, stranger,' he says. 'At this moment in time, I would gladly sell my soul for a mouthful of food. I hope your price is not that high!' You smile as you break your food up and press it into his mouth. You must deduct 1 from your Provisions. Now you may either talk to him (turn to 555), tell him that you demand information for the food (turn to 444) or take out more Provisions and join him in a meal (turn to 520)– but only if you have more Provisions.

409

The front of your face starts to ache. You raise your hand to feel what is going on and withdraw it immediately. Your nose is growing! It droops down from your face like a proboscis. This is not only an eyesore, but it also makes breathing quite difficult. You must reduce your *Initial* STAMINA by 2 and deduct 2 from your current STAMINA while you are hampered by this trunk. When you are ready, you may leave the kitchen by another door. Turn to 448.

410

You inch your way slowly across the room. For your next few steps, choose either 180, 2 or 175.

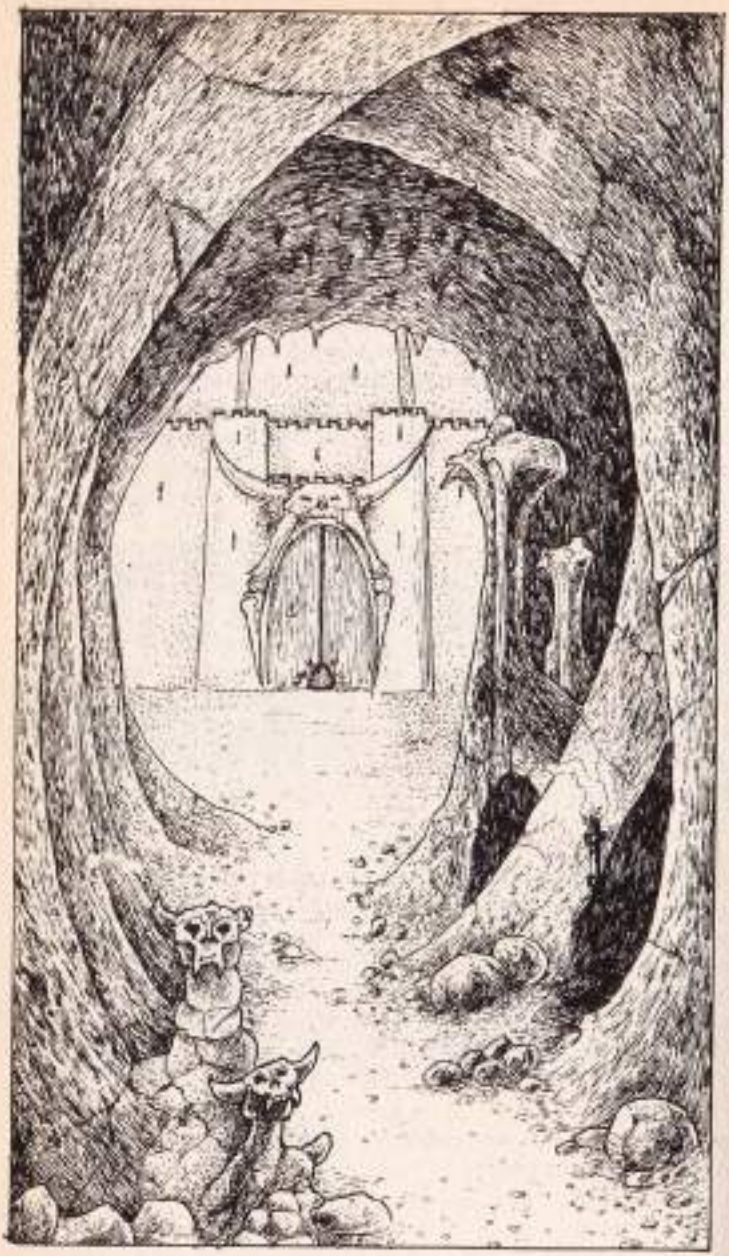

411

The bridge is solid and barely responds to your weight as you cross over. You pick up the path which leads south round the rim of the mountain. The Fortress itself is set on the inside of a volcano-like peak. Inside the rim is a flat plateau which forms an ideal base for the stronghold: defence is made easy by the surrounding rock. There is only one pass through to the Fortress. All you have to do is find it!

You presume that the trail leads towards the pass and follow it round. The sky is darkening now as the sun is setting. It has been a long, tiring day. Ahead, you see what you are looking for. The path widens and turns into the rock. You creep forwards cautiously; the pass is doubtless defended by guards. With each step, you can see a little further round into the inner plateau. When you stand directly in front of the pass, your jaw drops in awe. The Mampang Fortress!

Spellbound by its presence, your eyes follow its lines. Gnarled spires twist upwards towards the sky as if in agonized prayers to the heavens. Sharp angles and jagged points protrude everywhere. Demonic gargoyles line the outside walls. The sight is enough to break the courage of many a brave soldier – and its effect on you is similar. Deduct 1 SKILL point until you are inside the Fortress. You quickly snap out of your trance and plan your approach. There may be guards in the pass, but you cannot see any. But standing in the open as you are, anyone inside could certainly see you. Will you creep forwards cautiously, looking out for guards (turn to 139), or will you run to get through the pass before you are spotted (turn to 67)?

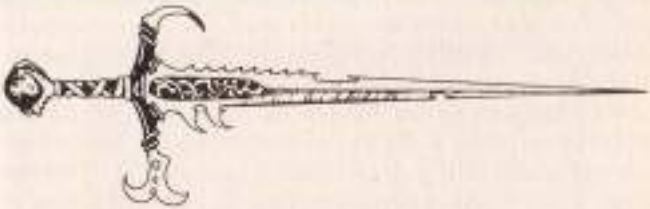

412

You break free from your captors and turn to run from the room. The captain shouts a command in a high-pitched voice, and you realize the folly of your move. Two more guards appear at the door. As you race through it, these two slam their hairy fists into your stomach. You double up and collapse on the floor. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You are hauled back to face the captain. Turn to 508.

413

You tell the two creatures of your night in the cave and the body you found inside. At first they become excited when you tell them of the news, but later, when you explain that their comrade is dead, their expressions turn to despair. 'This is not good news for us, but it is not entirely unexpected,' says one of the creatures. 'Sh'himbli disappeared two nights ago. It is customary with our race for one who is expecting to die to venture off alone and find an unused cave in which to expire. Then she is no burden on her family and her comrades live in constant hope that she has simply lost her way and may return to the village at any time. However, Sh'himbli had been fevered for some days. I think we all knew the truth. But in any case, we thank you for this news.' They invite you to go with them to their village to tell others of the news and to eat and rest. If you wish to go with them, turn to 545. If you would rather decline their invitation and be on your way, turn to 441.

414

'If you want my opinion,' says Jann, 'even the *thought* of escape is futile. Perhaps we could ambush the guard as he enters the room. But you can bet your worth that the whole company will not be far behind him. An escape plan aided by magic is impossible. As you know, Minimites are protected from most magic with an invisible shroud of protection. Only the most powerful spells will work while I am here – and I'm sure as Courga not going to oblige you by jumping out of the window to get out of your way, if that's what you're thinking! Other than these, the only possibility is to wait to see whether anyone sends for you. Someone is bound to ask for you before long.' You consider his advice. ** Will you:

Plan to ambush the guard?	Turn to **476**
Consider a spell to cast?	Turn to **337**
Wait to see whether anyone sends for you?	Turn to **214**

415

Your heart pounds heavily in your chest as you try to decide which is your best way of avoiding the creature. It is now almost on you. Turn to **296**.

416

With your weapon in your hand, you burst through the door. Your foot catches a half-brick on the floor and you tumble headlong along a hallway, scraping your arms and knees (deduct 2 STAMINA points). You feel foolish. You have burst into a hallway, not into a room – and you have surprised nothing! However, the commotion has attracted something's attention: you can hear voices. The hallway you are in has two doors in it, one in the right-hand wall, which you may investigate by turning to 307, and another at the end of the corridor, which you may try by turning to 144. You may choose this option only if you have not investigated this door previously. Alternatively you can leave this hallway and nip back into the archway where you may either try the large double doors ahead (turn to 253) or the door opposite (turn to 493).

417

You have grabbed a bundle of two candles. One of them is a perfectly ordinary wax candle. The other is red, and is made from the dried blood of a Firefox. The two candles are self-lighting. The blood candle will last longer than the normal candle. You must now leave the area quickly, through the door at the end of the passageway, before the merchant summons the guards. Turn to 310.

418

When you regain consciousness, a feeling of despair overtakes you. You are trapped in the pillory! The broken lock has been jammed through the fastening to hold it in place and though you struggle to free yourself, there is no escape. In front of you stands your attacker. 'My friend, I am truly sorry to have to do this to you,' he says. 'But this is a matter of survival. I must have some time to escape from this place. If the pillory is found to be empty, I will surely be hunted without delay. And I will also need supplies on my journey. Your backpack will no doubt prove most useful.' You watch helplessly as he makes off with your belongings. But what he did not tell you was that he was sentenced to three days in the pillory before being executed for treason. In a day's time, his fate will be yours.

419

Have you already tried either of the other two caves? If you have not already tried the smallest cave, you may do so by turning to **222**. If you have not already tried the middle cave, you may do so by turning to **136**. If you have already tried both of them, then you had better settle for the one you have just looked inside – turn to **293**.

420

You are powerless now to prevent the spell tossing you through time. You realize the folly of using this spell, for power is awesome – and frightening – if you are unable to control it. You have no such control over it. Confused visions flash through your mind, faster and faster, until eventually your feet once more touch solid ground. You come to earth with a crash and look around. You are on a rocky plateau, surrounded by craggy peaks. The scene is familiar. Where have you come across this before? *Of course! Mampang!* You are quite right – you *are* on the rocky plateau of the Fortress, surrounded by the peaks of an extinct volcano. But where is the Fortress? Quite clearly it is not there. The answer dawns on you. *The spell!* You have travelled through time to a point either way in the past, before the Fortress was built, or far in the future, after it has been destroyed! Whichever is the case, your predicament is hopeless. You may try the spell again and again, until your STAMINA runs out, but without controlling it, you will never return to Mampang. Your mission has ended.

421

You join in with the guards and they teach you how to play their game, which they call 'Ten-up'. Each player throws one dart at a time at the board, which is marked out in black and white sections. Any dart thrown into a black number scores that many points. Any dart thrown into a white number *deducts* that number of points from the current score. Only one score is kept (not one per player) and each player's dart throw affects this score. Whoever throws the dart which brings the score exactly to either ten or minus ten wins the game. Needless to say, this is a gambling game. Each player puts 2 Gold Pieces in the kitty and the winner takes the lot. If you have 2 Gold Pieces and you would like to play, turn to 481. If you do not have 2 Gold Pieces or do not want to play, turn to 164.

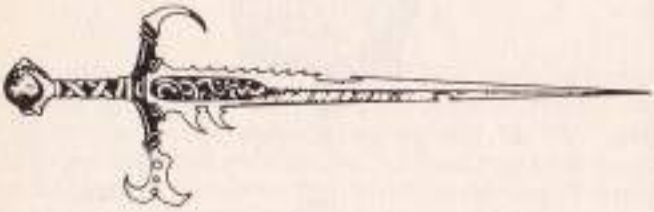

422

You address the Hobgoblin in an arrogant tone. Immediately, the commotion ceases as quickly as if a tap were turned off. The Hobgoblin turns towards you and squints. Her sight is apparently not good. 'Who told you to stop your work?' she screams at the Minions. 'You lazy ants! Get back to work this instant! The guards must be fed!' The Minions cower in fear as she speaks and work recommences. The Hobgoblin steps over and screws her eyes up to get a good look at you. 'Well?' she demands. 'You asked for the cook. What do you want?' Will you ask her for something to eat, as you are hungry (turn to 26), or will you tell her that the guards will soon need to eat, and then leave the kitchen (turn to 448)?

423

The captain does not believe your story. Instead he questions you. Turn to 385.

424

You step on to the bridge. Again, the groaning sound follows your footsteps. But, now you are used to it, the sound is quite amusing. In fact the humour of the situation is a welcome relief to the anxiety you would be feeling if you were crossing the bridge and looking down into the chasm. But in the next second, you *are* looking down into the chasm, and watching it come racing towards you! For the rope bridge of groans has disappeared completely! Not a trace of it remains, leaving you flying downwards through the air to your death. You will never know the true secret of the Groaning Bridge. Your last memory will be the sound of the groaning which has now turned to a faint mocking laughter way above you . . .

425

To your left ahead is a bundle of rags in a heap on the ground. If you wish to head towards it, turn to 233. To your right is a group of human-like creatures – and something looks familiar about their appearance. If you wish to walk a bit closer to investigate, turn to 325. If you want to ignore both of these and continue straight ahead, turn to 135.

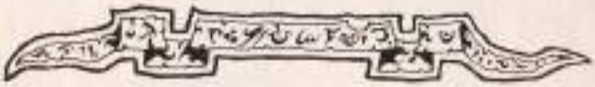

426

The door you have reached is locked in a similar way to the entrance door. You quickly grasp the handle, flick the catch, and step outside into a corridor, closing the door firmly behind you. This passage is quite short and widens at its far end. You follow it. Turn to 124.

427

You ignore the Minimite's reservations about using magic and choose your spell to cast:

ZEN	NIP	FAL	ZED	DUM
710	666	694	753	601

If you know none of these spells, you must either plan to attack the guard as he brings you food (turn to 476), or simply wait to see what happens (turn to 214).

428

You step up to the door. Your hand reaches for the handle but, before you can touch it, a gruff voice calls out from inside: '*Inside!* But do not waste my time unless you carry gold!' You step inside. The room is elegantly laid out with ornaments and drapes. Sitting behind a fine table is a large brown-skinned man wearing a turban perched on top of large, bulbous ears. He is very fat. 'Ho, ho!' he laughs. 'And what have we here? Not much finery. Certainly not a merchant. Perhaps a fortune-hunter? Do you hide wealth under those tawdry rags? The price to enter this room is 1 Gold Piece. And we like our payment in advance, do we not, Hashi?' He looks down and strokes a large black Jaguar which is sitting under the table. Will you throw him 1 Gold Piece as he wishes, in exchange for information (turn to 542)? Will you ask him his name and what he is doing here (turn to 42)? Or will you tell him that he looks as though he could do with a hired sword to protect his possessions (turn to 94)?

429

In a soft voice you add that you are glad to hear about their mothers and ask whether their fathers are also well. The three scowl at you, menacingly. 'Do not ask. Our mothers are well. That is all that need concern you. And what of you? Where is your home?' They are, in their own way, continuing the pleasantries. Will you tell them that you are from Analand (turn to 578), or will you claim to be from Kharé (turn to 326)?

430

Will you face the guards with your weapon (turn to 394), or cast a spell?

FAL	GOB	YOB	YAZ	FIX
712	646	789	721	655

431

You laugh at the poor creature's predicament and a sadistic urge seizes you. You take great delight in calling him a 'vomit-faced pig with the brain of a lesser Goblin' and tell him he deserves a fate worse than being drowned in a bucket of Skunkbear dung. His anger rises, but there is nothing he can do. When you have tired of insulting him, turn to 485.

432

When their laughter has died down, one of the guards steps apart from the rest and looks out at the pass. He seems to have noticed that all is not well and shades his eyes with his hand to see better. In fact, in the early-morning gloom, you doubt whether this would make any difference, but *something* has caught his attention. He barks at the other two and shouts louder to attract a fourth guard who comes out of the door and joins them. The four of them look out at the pass, pointing and snorting. Do you feel safe enough to try dropping to the ground yet (turn to 572), or do you have another plan (turn to 50)?

433

You wait for signs of the mutation. But you feel nothing! You are one of the rare few who are immune from the effects of the Mutant Meatballs! You may now leave the kitchen through a door leading into the keep by turning to 448.

434

You leave the room and set off down the stairs. At the foot of the staircase, you open the Throben Doors and step through . . .

Rough hands grab you as you swing the door open. Shouts go up. You find yourself in the grip of a tall, grimy guard. Around the doorway are other guards. Although you were not expecting to be discovered this quickly, you had realized that the way back through the Fortress would not be easy. Turn to **430** to face the guards.

435

Your eyes widen as you look inside the bag. Inside are several artefacts for use with your spells! You may take as many or as few of these artefacts as you want, but for each you must leave behind 1 item from your Equipment List (not food or gold). Inside the bag you find:

- A Potion of Fire Water
- A Sun Jewel
- A Pearl Ring
- A Pair of Nose Plugs
- A Brass Pendulum
- An Orb of Crystal
- Orange Powder

Exchange as you wish, then leave the village by turning to **441**.

436

She removes her hands and sighs deeply. 'Perhaps I should tell you all I know about the Birdmen from Schinn,' she says. 'I can sense that in many ways your missions are similar. But I must be brief. The creatures within Mampang are not all aligned to the evil ways of the Archmage. Although the Xamen Birdmen are his strongest allies, there is a faction from Schinn, to the east of the Nagomanti River, who fear his growing power. A group of Schinns have infiltrated the Fortress and are plotting his overthrow. They have become known as the 'Samaritans' and the Archmage has been mounting an inquisition to drive them from his ranks. As a result, many wrongful accusations have been made and loyal Birdmen have been tortured and executed. Thus there is growing dissent in the ranks of the Birdmen. It is impossible to tell which Birdmen are Samaritans, as they must of necessity keep their activities secret. But there is one introduction I know of which will reveal the Schinns. If you meet Birdmen, ask them about their families. Loyalist Birdmen will talk only of their fathers; Samaritans worship their mothers.' This is useful information, for which you may add 2 LUCK points. Will you continue by asking her about herself and how she became the beggar she now is (turn to 388), or would you like to know whether she can advise you how to enter the keep (turn to 535)?

437

With confident strides, you walk across the kitchen. The Minions bustle around you and bump into your legs, but no one challenges you. At least, not until you are half-way across the kitchen, when a gruff voice growls at you. 'Halt!' screams the Hobgoblin. 'What business do you have intruding on Throg's kitchen? Come to steal food, eh? The Archmage knows that his officers are welcome in here. You have no need to creep. Come with me!' Turn to 137.

438

Where will your journey take you? Past adventures flash before you in no particular order. In one instant you are watching your own birth. Then you are being congratulated by the villagers of Torrepani. Then you are battling the Serpent of Time. Roll two dice and consult the table below to find the effect of the spell:

Roll	*Turn to*	*Roll*	*Turn to*
2	447	7	229
3	518	8	631
4	733	9	579
5	30	10	407
6	75	11	500
		12	420

439

Thankfully, one calming dream interrupts your nightmares. The reassuring face of Libra, your goddess, appears and speaks softly:

'My loyal devotee, the end of your arduous journey is in sight. The dangers you will face within the Mampang Fortress are many, but you have so far proven a worthy choice for this mission. I have watched your progress with interest and, at times, with fear for your life. But at each stage of the journey, you have been successful. And with little help from me.

'I bring you this final message. It may be the last help I can give you, for the netherworld deities which oversee Mampang are powerful enough to keep even me out of its stronghold. If you would know the truth, I am in some danger even as I speak. *I cannot help you while you are inside the Fortress.*

'Because the netherworld gods protect Mampang, little is known of its secrets. But I will tell you this: a generation ago, another of my followers escaped from the Fortress through a secret passage. He had discovered the password which would open its hidden door. I will whisper this to you.' She speaks a word softly in your ear. If you wish to use this password at some time during your adventure, deduct 92 from the reference you are on at the time when you wish to use it, and turn to this new reference. If you are using it correctly, the new reference will make sense and take you through the secret door.

Did you spend last night in the cave with the hoof-prints outside? If so, turn to 147. If you did not, turn to 113.

440

Beads of sweat appear on your forehead. The going is difficult as the candlelit shadows sway across the room. But so far you have not touched any of the blades. To take your next few steps, choose between turning to 484 and 223.

441

The trail continues to climb upwards into the mountains. In the distance, the dark shape of the Mampang Fortress is becoming larger by the hour. You will certainly reach its gates by nightfall. You come to a little sheltered alcove where you may rest and take Provisions if you want to (turn to 350). If you have no Provisions or do not wish to stop, turn to 539.

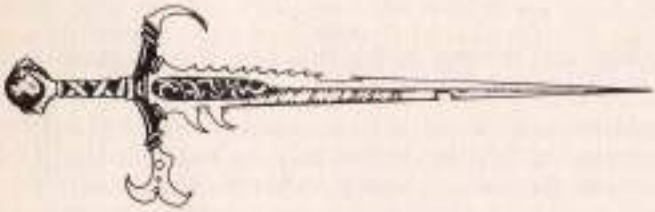

442

At the sight of the weapon, the creature lumbers towards you as if to strike the first blow. Resolve your battle with this MUCALYTIC.

MUCALYTIC	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If it manages to score three wounds on you during the battle, turn to 576. If you can defeat it before taking three wounds, turn to 163.

443

Before continuing, you look through the debris littering the floor of the room. A rusty sword lies in one corner. If you have no weapon, you may take this with you, but it is not much of a weapon. When using this sword, you will fight at 1 below your SKILL score. If you have a weapon, you may only take this sword if you will leave behind one of your other possessions (not gold or Provisions). A small string of bones, fashioned into a bracelet, is hidden under a wooden plank and you may also take with you two Goblin teeth and 5 Gold Pieces which you find on the floor. Which way will you continue? Do you want to head through the door opposite the one you entered through (turn to **263**), or will you try the door in the other wall (turn to **547**)?

444

'I . . . I cannot!' he stutters. 'I cannot tell you what you want to know. For it was my loose tongue that got me into this situation in the first place. I want no more trouble.' You insist that he tells you and he relents a little. 'Perhaps I might be able to talk a little more freely if I was released from this pillory. Do you think you could help me?' he asks. Will you offer to release him from the pillory (turn to **362**), or do you think he is safer where he is now (turn to **485**)?

445

The captain is grateful for your mercy. You threaten him with the final blow unless he agrees to help you. 'My life is now worth nothing,' he sobs, 'for I have allowed you to escape, and the Archmage is a cruel master. My only hope now is that you succeed in your mission.' He pulls a key from his pocket with the number 17 cast into it. 'This is the key which will open the Throben Doors at the foot of the Archmage's tower. Without it you will get no further into his private chambers.' You take the key and tie the captain to his seat. You cannot afford to take chances with his loyalty. When you reach the next Throben Doors, you may use this key by deducting its number from the reference you arrive at and turning to this new reference. Turn to **463**.

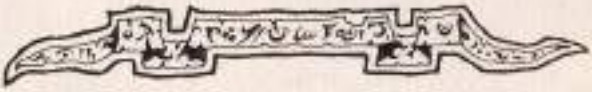

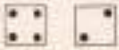

446

You wait for the right moment. When the footsteps have stopped at the door, you heave yourself forwards, slamming your shoulder into the door. The door flies open and stops abruptly as it smashes into the GUARD who was about to open it. The guard howls in pain and falls to the ground. Inside the room are a table and two chairs, and rising quickly from one of the chairs is another guard, who grabs a weapon. You must fight the guards, but you have two advantages. Firstly, you have disabled one of the guards already. Deduct 3 points from the first guard's SKILL. Secondly, you have the element of surprise on your side. If, during the fight, your Attack Strengths are the same, you can treat this result as though you had inflicted a wound. If you are going to fight the guards, turn to 453. Otherwise you may cast a spell:

YAZ	RAP	GUM	RAZ	RES
688	738	756	765	641

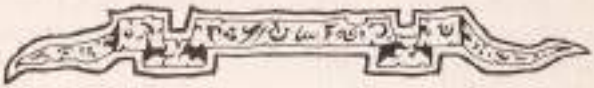

447

Your life and the history of the world seem to race past you in an instant. Skimpy visions flash past, leaving you in a state of confusion. Where will this end? Eventually, the turmoil subsides. The confusion clears and the world once more settles to its normal pace. Your feet touch the ground and you take in your surroundings. All around is a barren wasteland. Are you out in the Baklands? Your questions are answered when three birds fly overhead. They have enormous wingspans and their heads are more reptilian than bird-like. You clutch at your chest. *Anteelocets! It cannot be!* This species of flying reptile has been extinct for centuries! Then the answer dawns on you. The ZED spell is the most dangerous spell in your Spell Book, not because of its powers, but because it is difficult to control. You are now lost in another time. Will you ever find your way back? Perhaps you could use the spell again – but your STAMINA will not take it for long. In any case, your mission will now never be completed . . .

448

You leave the kitchen along a passageway which no doubt leads towards the guards' mess-hall. After several paces you come to a sharp bend to the left. Around the bend you can hear gruff voices and the chink of chainmail armour approaching you! What can you do? If these are guards approaching, you would be stupid to leap round the corner and face them. You lean back against the wall into a small alcove, thinking fast.

As fate would have it, you have unwittingly discovered an escape-route in this alcove. For the wall behind you gives a little as you lean into it. There is a secret door set into the wall! You have no other choice but to nip quickly through it. In the nick of time, you close it behind you as the approaching footsteps round the corner.

The passageway behind the door is dark and damp. It descends probably to below floor-level, and continues straight onwards. Most probably, other secret passages lead into and off this corridor, but in the dark you are satisfied simply to follow it to the end. Eventually, it climbs back up to floor-level and ends at a latched door. You undo the latch and step out. Turn to 236.

449

The guards come at you one at a time. Fight the first two first:

First GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
Second GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat both guards, you may turn to face the third one. Turn to 402.

450

There is no escaping this creature; you are in a battle to the death:

BIRDMAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

If you defeat this creature, turn to 543.

451

You fight against the force, but to no avail. You catapult forwards and slam into the metal pole. Lose 2 STAMINA points for your bruises. You quickly realize what is happening: the pole is a huge *magnet* with a lodestone core. Its effect has caught hold of all the metal objects you are carrying. You are free to move your arms and legs, but everything you have made of metal is firmly fixed in place. Perhaps this pole is used by the guards to search unknown visitors, particularly those with magic powers who may be able to disguise their weapons. There is only one way you may escape from this pole, and that is by abandoning everything you have which is made of metal. You set to work on freeing yourself. Cross all your metal objects off your Adventure Sheet and wrench yourself free from the pole. If you now have no weapon, you must deduct 3 SKILL points until you find something you can use as a weapon. Then you may step up to the wooden doors by turning to 397.

452

'*Five* Gold Pieces? Do you call that a reward?' he laughs, and advances. 'Nooo, I think I will kill you first and *then* take your gold!' Will you draw your weapon (turn to 270), or cast a spell?

POP	ZIP	NIF	TEL	SUN
651	619	709	592	691

453

During this battle, both guards will attack you. You must choose which of the guards you wish to attack and fight that one as normal. Roll for Attack Strength in the usual way for the remaining guard. If his Attack Strength is higher than yours, he has wounded you. If your Attack Strength is higher, you have avoided the blow but will not wound him, as you were directing your attack against the other guard.

First GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6
Second GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat both guards, you may search their room. Turn to 44.

454

You speak your password and wait. A creak in the rock is followed by the appearance of a crack which splits along the rock-face. A door is opening! Your heart beats quickly as it swings open to allow you through. And, judging by the commotion you can hear at the bottom of the stairs, this was not a moment too soon! You step through the door and close it behind you.

You find yourself in a narrow tunnel. Stairs lead downwards. You follow them down and down, zigzagging until you reach the bottom. At the bottom is a door. It squeaks on its hinges as you open it. This door cannot have been used for many years; the dust and debris that have built up around it make it very difficult to open. Your spirits rise again when you find the door leads, as Farren Whyde had told you, outside the Fortress! But what of the hidden tower? Has it now resumed its aura of invisibility? You look out and breathe a sigh of relief. It is still visible. Perhaps the old man's words render the invisibility spell ineffective to anyone who once sees the tower. You step across towards it.

A heavy door leads into the tower. You try it and find it firmly locked. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If you roll a number *less* than your SKILL, the door will open to allow you inside. If you roll a number *greater than or equal to* your SKILL (this door is particularly strong), then the door will hold fast. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for each attempt you make (including the successful ones). When you finally open the door, turn to 102.

455

Within moments, the meatballs take effect. Spines shoot out of your back, bursting through your tunic. Scales appear on your hands and face. You are turning into a reptilian! The thought horrifies you and there is another side-effect of which you are not yet aware. *You have a permanent phobia of reptiles.* If, at any time later in your adventure, you encounter a reptile of any kind (snakes, serpents, hydras, lizardmen, giant frogs, etc.), *you will drop dead on sight!* You must avoid reptiles at all costs. When you are ready, you may leave the kitchen by turning to 448.

456

The two creatures lead you up and along the rock. Following several metres behind, you wait for an opportunity to escape. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, an opportunity presents itself and you manage to nip away and rejoin the trail (turn to 441). If you are Unlucky, they keep a close eye on you (turn to 545).

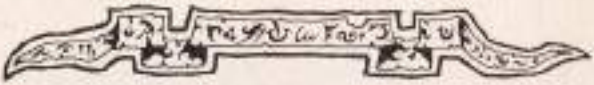

457

You shrug your shoulders and admit that the holy man never gave his name to you. The Red-Eyes nod their heads. 'He has never revealed his true name to anyone,' agrees your inquisitor. 'It is said that Slangg alone knows his real identity.' You breathe a sigh of relief and try to excuse yourself. You have no wish to delay things with these creatures. They can see you are impatient and they let you go with a wave. Turn to 425.

458

Your weapon strikes true. It shears one of the creature's necks! The Hydra rears up and roars, its other heads glaring angrily down at you. You watch the severed head drop to the ground. But then your heart sinks. For *two* more heads are growing where the first dropped! The legend of the Hydra was true. The sun goddess Glantanka fixes her vision on you and two fine jets of light flash from her eyes at your wrist. You scream as they find their mark and your weapon drops to the ground. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and fight the next Attack Round. If you wound the creature, turn to **398**. If it wounds you, turn to **305**.

459

The Sightmasters watch carefully as you open up your bag to give them their gold. How many Gold Pieces are you carrying? If you have more than 5, turn to **45**. If you have less than 5, turn to **246**.

460

You turn a few wheels and push a couple of levers, but nothing seems to make any difference. Suddenly it splutters! You repeat your actions and it splutters again, but this time something catches and the machine springs to life! Wheels turn, plates move up and down and steam rises from the top of the contraption. But you still cannot decide what it does. Finally, it dawns on you. This is a device for sharpening weapons and knives; it has a large grindstone rotating at the back. You may use it to sharpen your own weapons if you have any. Anything you sharpen on the machine will add a bonus of 1 point on to your Attack Strength from now on. When you have done this, you can turn the machine off and concentrate on your mission. You don't seem to be able to get through this room, so you will have to return to the main hallway. Turn to **81**.

461

You turn towards the group and ask them what they're playing. The three shaggy faces invite you to join in. Suddenly one of them stops and shouts out loudly: 'Wait! The Analander! It is the one we have been warned about! The crud-faced cockroach must be captured! Quick!' The three of them quickly draw weapons and spring on you. Do you wish to face them with your own weapon (turn to 449)? If you want to use magic, you will have to be quick, but you may just have time to cast a spell:

FOG	HOW	RAZ	TEL	POP
613	721	732	670	784

462

The Birdmen attack with their weapons and sharp talons. In the confines of the room, they may only attack one at a time. Resolve your battle with them:

First BIRDMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10
Second BIRDMAN	SKILL 9	STAMINA 8
Third BIRDMAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you kill all three, turn to 365.

463

You leave the room and walk across the bright chamber towards a door on the far side leading onwards. You may open this door by turning to 580.

464

A great lumbering shape about the size of a bear rises up from the corner. As it does so, it disturbs a flask which was standing in the corner. The flask rolls over towards you and stops when it bumps into your foot. As the creature rises to its feet (if indeed it has any feet at all), you can see that its bulky features are highlighted by a dull glistening. On top of a blubbery body is an indistinct head with two eyes floating about and a trunk-like snout in the middle of its face. A pudgy hand rises and cups the creature's ear as if it was listening to what you are saying. But you have said nothing. Do you wish to try to talk to it (turn to 395), will you prepare to fight it (turn to 516), or will you investigate the flask at your foot (turn to 11)?

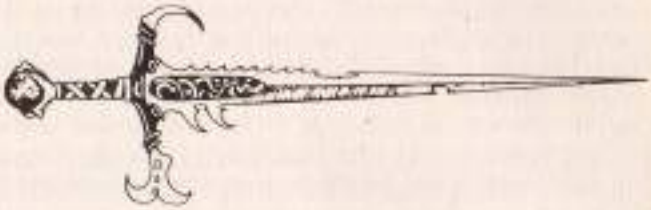

465

The handle turns and you push the door open. Expecting the worst, you peer into the room. It is dark, but there is no sound coming from inside. As your eyes adjust to the light, you can see that the room is circular and, thankfully, empty. There is no furniture inside, nor any windows. The walls are smooth and stony, with long scratches stretching from floor to ceiling at several points round the edge of the door. On the far side, you see what you are looking for. The foot of a staircase! Will you enter the room and look around (turn to 355), head across the room for the staircase (turn to 381), or ignore this room and try the other door (turn to 37)?

466

The creature listens to your apology and its anger rises once more. It screams for you to leave without delay. Will you do as it wishes and go back down the corridor (turn to 403), or defy its wishes and draw out your weapon (turn to 360)?

467

The scene inside the doors is encouraging. There is a large courtyard before you and, in the early-morning light, groups of the Fortress's inhabitants are coming to life. This is encouraging because you will probably be able to mingle with these groups and make your way inconspicuously. You close the door behind you and walk into the courtyard.

Trying your best to act naturally, you advance towards the far side of the courtyard, where it seems that the entrance to the main keep will be. You are aware that you may well be the only human in the courtyard and that this fact may arouse some suspicions, so you steer round to the right. One group, some distance ahead of you, starts to take an uncomfortable interest in your progress, making you feel a little uneasy. One of them points at you and the others look in your direction. You cannot tell whether their intentions are malevolent or not. Will you ignore this and continue towards them (turn to 325), will you instead take a route tending to the left and heading towards a pillory (turn to 393), or will you pass on the left side of the group, even though this is steering you towards another group of creatures (turn to 109)?

468

The captain looks at you curiously. The obvious similarity between your races has come as a shock to him as well. You hold his gaze, then look around the room. (The room is illustrated opposite reference 375: you may find a useful clue in this illustration.) Finally, he sits down and speaks to you. 'What have we here?' he asks. 'An intruder? Or one with legitimate business so deep within the confines of the Fortress? Well? Have you lost your tongue?' What will you tell the captain? Will you pretend you have a message for the Archmage (turn to 201)? Will you tell him you have sworn to destroy the evil within the Fortress (turn to 122)? Or will you offer him something from your backpack, perhaps as a bribe (turn to 232)?

469

You dash outside the cave and into the undergrowth. Eventually you stop to see whether your pursuer is behind you. The creature has not come out of its cave. You decide to try one of the other caves for a place to sleep for the night. Will you try the smallest cave (turn to 404) or the other cave (turn to 534)?

470

You walk across to the door. Your hand reaches for the handle. But before it can touch the knob, a voice resounds in the room: '*Stop!*' it warns, 'touch not that handle! For none may climb the spiral stairs save at the wish of the Superior One. Disobey and you shall pay with your life!' You look around, but see no one. The disembodied voice seems to have come from the walls themselves. Should you take heed of this warning? Is the door trapped? Decide whether you will try the door handle regardless (turn to **220**) or step back and consider your next move cautiously (turn to **265**).

471

The Birdmen want to know what you are doing in the Fortress, as there are few humans within its walls. Will you tell them of your mission (turn to **170**), or claim to be looking for an escort to take you further into the keep (turn to **89**)?

472

As you approach the double doors, you keep your eyes peeled for any signs of activity. Through the double doors, you can hear the early-morning sounds of the inhabitants preparing for the day ahead. But there is no sound coming from the short passageway in which you stand. You grasp the great brass handle and turn it. The doors are locked. Looking down the narrow slit between the doors, you can see that a heavy bolt holds them fastened. You will not get through this way. Turn to **493** to investigate the other door in the wall. Or, if you have another plan, turn to **193**.

473

Did you buy any of the other items for sale? If so, turn to the appropriate reference to find out what its properties are:

Rusty Cutlass	Turn to **85**
Candles	Turn to **303**
Spell Artefacts	Turn to **226**
Nest with Egg	Turn to **108**
Silver Pieces	Turn to **208**

If you have now investigated all of your purchases, leave the merchant and continue to the door at the end of the passageway. Turn to **310**.

474

You drop to the ground as quietly as possible and turn to step inside the door. *Aaaaahh!* You jump with fright, as you find yourself face to face with a guard in heavy armour! The guard is as surprised as you are and he bellows loudly. From outside and within, four guards come to surround you and you must now face all of them. If you attack them, turn to 40. If you would rather try a spell, choose one:

DUM	WOK	DIM	FOG	TEL
718	636	656	766	599

475

Resolve your fight with the creature:

MUCALYTIC	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If it manages to score three wounds on you during the battle, turn to 576. If you defeat it before it can score three hits, turn to 443.

476

An hour or so later, a guard comes in through the door to give the two of you a meal. You may, if you wish, try attacking the guard (turn to 142), or you may eat your meal and wait to see what happens – for surely someone will want to question you soon (turn to 177).

477

You climb into the nest and start your search. Something glinting in the sunlight catches your attention. From underneath a small pile of twigs you pull a shimmering mirror with a golden back! Hastily, you place this in your backpack and look around for any more treasures.

But you are so preoccupied with your search that you do not notice the danger approaching. Finally, the flurry of flapping wings makes you spin round. Standing on the edge of the nest and casting a shadow across you are three man-sized creatures with long feathered wings. Their hair is wild, and sharp, hooked beaks project from their faces. Vicious talons protrude from their hands and feet. BIRDMEN! You curse silently; you should have recognized the signs. Xamen Birdmen are among the most hated and feared creatures known in the Zanzunus. One of them beats his wings and springs into the air. The others follow suit. Together they descend on you before you have a chance to react. Their sharp talons dig into your flesh and they lift you

into the air. With a loud call, they drop you on to the path. From this height, your death is certain. And the pain from your shoulder makes it impossible for you to concentrate on a spell. Your journey has come to an end . . .

478

'*Thirteen* Gold Pieces, eh?' muses the Ogre, rubbing his stubbly chin. 'Now that's a fair amount of money. If you're offering me that much gold, then sure as Courga you're carrying more. I reckon your head will be worth more to me than 13 pieces of gold!' Turn to 270.

479

You leave the room carefully, checking to make sure no one else is about. The way is clear. You creep quietly along the passageway until you reach a T-junction. To the left, the passage ends in a solid metal door. Over the door, almost as a trophy, is a rope tied in a noose. To the right, there are two doors to choose from. In the left-hand wall of the passage is a wooden door, while at the end of the passage is a half-open door with a bell-pull hanging next to it. Will you turn left and try the door at the end (turn to 6)? Or will you turn right and try either the door on the left (turn to 517) or the door straight ahead (turn to 319)?

480

You hold up your hand and offer a word of greeting. The creature strains hard, pushing its ear with its hand. It seems not to be able to hear you. You shout the same message and it stops. From its expression, you would assume that it has heard you. But this creature must either be very deaf or very stupid, for your greeting was almost a bellow. A sound comes from its throat. You cock your head to one side. That sounded like a *sentence*, rather than an animal sound! The effect is immediate. If this creature is capable of speaking, you cannot help but sympathize with its being locked inside such a grotesque body. Again the faint sound comes from its mouth, but it is still too faint for you to hear. It motions that it would like to whisper in your ear. Will you allow it to come closer to give you its message (turn to 386), or will you warn it to keep its distance, while you cross the room (turn to 515)?

4 8 9 2 3 7 5 1
3 1 4 6 6 2 4 8
9 8 5 5 4 3 7 2
1 3 9 7 4 1 5 6
9 4 2 6 9 1 8 8
2 6 9 3 8 7 9 3
7 3 1 7 8 5 5 6
4 5 2 4 6 4 7 1

481

The game commences. To find out whether or not you win the game, you will have to actually play it. The illustration facing this page shows the Ten-up board. Place your left elbow firmly on a table and raise your hand as if you were about to start arm wrestling. Grasp your pen or pencil in your left hand like a dagger, as if you were about to stab someone. Place the book on the table in front of your arm. Keeping a tight grip on your pencil, and keeping your elbow firmly in place, *stab the book with your pencil!* The stabbing movement must be a quick strike. You are not allowed to do it slowly to make sure you hit where you want. Wherever your pencil lands on the illustration counts as the throw of the dart. If the throw misses the board, then there is no score. If the throw lands on the board, score that number of points. If it lands on a *black* number, increase the running score by that number of points. If it lands on a *white* number, deduct that number of points from the running total. You must 'throw' for each player in turn; you first, then the three guards. Whoever makes the throw which brings the running total exactly to ten or minus ten wins the game – and the 8 Gold Pieces in the kitty.

If you can afford it, you may play Ten-up twice before the guards must go. If you run out of money, or if you don't want to continue, you can stop after the first game. When you have finished playing, turn to 397.

482

You threaten to strike the creature unless it will tell you truthfully what it has inside the room. Again, it shrugs its shoulders and looks at you pathetically. You are determined that your threat was no idle warning. Turn to 360.

483

Without touching the door, you place your lips against the handle, as you saw the creature do before you. Nothing happens. You reach forwards and grasp the handle. You feel a tingle pass briefly through your body, but no other ill effects. You look at your hand. *What are you doing this for?* You step backwards and look around at the courtyard. *Where are you? What are you doing here? WHO are you?* You puzzle over these strange thoughts, trying desperately to find the answers. But you will never solve these mysteries. For the Throben Door you have just tried to enter has its own defence against intruders. Any unauthorized person trying to enter is subject to the same treatment. *Your mind has been wiped blank!* All knowledge of yourself and your mission has been erased for good. Your quest has ended . . .

484

A slight disturbance in the air catches your candle. The room goes dark, then flickers, as the candle struggles to to keep alight. Your foot is half-way through a step when this occurs, and the difficult light makes it impossible to judge your footing. It comes down on one of the blades! You yell out loud and instinctively withdraw your foot. But as you do this, you lose your balance completely and come crashing down . . . on top of the blades.

You have taken your last step in this adventure. And as the candle falls upon your broken and bleeding body, it seems to glow more brightly than before, as if it were fuelling itself on your misfortune. The blood candle earns its name not so much from its chief ingredient, but more from its lust for the life-blood of its victims.

485

You leave the pillory and carry on. Ahead, four guards are standing in a group against the wall. Every so often, one will step back and throw something at the wall. The others watch intently and grunt sounds of encouragement; sometimes the sounds are even laughter. If you want to head towards this group, turn to 532. If you wish to avoid the guards, you must walk away from the wall into the open courtyard towards a ragged shape lying on the ground. To go this way, turn to 233.

486

You set off down the stairs. Your morale has been reduced to an all-time low with the thought of having somehow to work your way back through the Fortress to get outside the walls. You open the Throben Doors at the foot of the staircase and step through . . .

Rough hands grab your shoulders and pull you through the doors. Shouts go up. You are surrounded by guards! Your lack of caution has now placed you in a dire situation. Turn to 430 to face the guards.

487

As his companion is keeping you engaged, the other guard lifts the horn from the wall and blows it loudly. Your heart sinks. An alarm call! Reinforcements will be sent immediately! You must dispatch these two and hide quickly. Continue the fight against the first guard and, if you win, attack the second:

Second GUARD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

If you defeat both the guards, turn to 577.

488

You inch your way across the room. For your next few steps, choose either 52 or 341.

489

'Ahhh, yes. I can feel something else in here, too. Something wicked taking hold of you from within. Something Javinne can help with.' Again she concentrates and her hands become warm. The disease is leaving your body and entering her hands! Javinne is a natural healer and her powers have cleansed you. Now turn to 436.

490

The Skunkbear rises up on its hind legs and steps towards you, its sharp claws slashing the air. Resolve your fight with the creature:

SKUNKBEAR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you wish to leave the fight and run from the creature, you may do so only after your *first* successful attack, by turning to 469. After your *second* successful attack (i.e. if you do not choose to escape), turn to 346.

491

You quickly hurl the vial at the speeding creature before it can reach you. The glass shatters, spraying liquid all over the statue. But, to your dismay, it has no effect at all on it! Now the statue is almost upon you. Turn to 296.

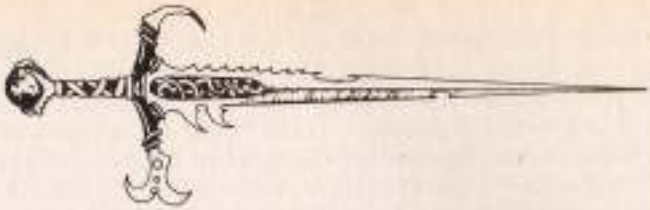

492

You follow the narrow path up to the door and listen carefully. The noises from within sound something like a busy kitchen in which a meal is being prepared. Will you enter this room (turn to 179), or will you try the door on the left (turn to 565)?

493

The timber door is a few centimetres ajar and, as you approach, you can hear gruff voices talking inside. *Guards!* As you creep closer, you hear a chair move as one of them stands up. You must decide quickly. Will you:

Burst into the room to surprise whoever is inside?	Turn to 553
Stay to listen at the doorway?	Turn to 330
Hide, by trying the doorway opposite?	Turn to 206
Quickly go for the large double doors?	Turn to 253

494

A number of the merchant's wares are interesting. You browse through his shelves and ask him about several items that take your fancy. He recommends a rusty cutlass, which he claims is an enchanted weapon and a bargain at 3 Gold Pieces. He also has a set of two candles, bound together. According to the merchant these will light to order. One is a red 'blood candle', made from the dried blood of a Firefox, while the other is an ordinary wax candle. These will cost you 2 Gold Pieces. He has a number of spell artefacts – some of the ones you might require for spells – but these are expensive, at 5 Gold Pieces each. A bird's-nest has a single golden egg inside: this will cost you 2 Gold Pieces. And a pouch hanging from one of the uppermost shelves contains ancient silver pieces. These will cost you 4 Gold Pieces, but he will not part with the pouch, which is not for sale.

If you wish to buy any of these, decide which you want, pay the price in Gold Pieces, and turn to the reference below:

Rusty Cutlass	Turn to 85
Candles	Turn to 303
Spell Artefacts	Turn to 226
Nest with Egg	Turn to 108
Silver Pieces	Turn to 208

495

The guard falls to the ground, but another is ready to take his place. And if you defeat that one, there is another, then another. Your cause is hopeless. You cannot defeat *all* the guards – even if you carry a blessed hardwood spear – and it is simply a matter of time before your own strength runs out. Your attempt to rescue the Crown has been good, but not good enough . . .

496

The guard beats the bushes with a sword, looking for some clue as to who or what has knocked on the door. He finds nothing. But the commotion has attracted the attention of another guard, and a second creature appears through the door. The two grunt at each other and look into the distance. Now is your chance. Will you drop quietly to the ground and step through the doorway (turn to 556), or will you wait to see whether any more guards appear (turn to 364)?

497

The other creatures watch in awe as their champion falls to the ground. Silence again falls over them and they watch you fearfully. You keep your weapon at the ready and step over to the door. Turn to 426.

498

Do you know a password which will open the doors? Is it any of the following:

Alaralatanalara	Turn to 32
Alaralamalatana	Turn to 312
Alaralaramalana	Turn to 157
None of these?	Turn to 379

499

Slowly, the shape comes alive. Its scaly skin ripples and flexes as muscles crank it off the ground. You can do nothing but watch, your mouth agape, as the formidable shape takes form. It is a form that you recognize from legend rather than experience. For before your eyes, a great HYDRA is taking shape!

But its reptilian features are incomplete. Seven stumpy necks are flexing themselves, but its heads are *missing*! How can the creature live without heads? In the next instant, your question is answered. Materializing slowly on the creature's necks are seven heads. But these are not the snake-like heads you were expecting! Instead they are sinister human-like heads with grotesque faces. One bearded, stark-white face has great puffy cheeks. You swallow hard, for you recognize this face. It is Pangara, god of the air! A woman's face has sharp features and a shock of bright orange hair which glows in its own light. Burning red fireballs in her eyes confirm her identity: Glantanka, goddess of the sun! Other faces are beginning to form as the gods of Mampang appear before you on snake necks. If these are the gods, then you will have little chance against their powers unless you act quickly. Will you pull out your weapon and attack (turn to 65), or cast a spell:

GOD	ZEN	MUD	HOT	BIG
603	777	734	623	689

Or will you wait for the other heads to materialize (turn to 49)?

500

You are taken up by the spell and tossed like a feather in the air while, below you, visions of the world flash by. Eventually, the pace slows and you wait for a final bump as you return to earth. The spell is wearing off. *But where are you?* Turn to reference 254 of Book 2 of the *Sorcery!* series.

501

You wait for the mutation to take effect. You feel no physical change, but suddenly you wonder *why* you are waiting. Loss of memory is your mutation – and it is permanent. Although you may still be skilful with your weapons, you cannot remember any of your spells and may not use spells for the rest of the adventure. Consider yourself lucky that you can even remember what your purpose is at all! Eventually you wander off through the back door of the kitchen. Turn to 448.

502

The pole is covered with ornate markings. All manner of faces and symbols are cast into it. Your eyes widen as you see, at the base of the pole, two swords and an axe! These may be useful weapons. But there is something strange about the way they are lying. Although arranged around the foot of the pole, they are leaning unnaturally, as if they were glued to it. Will you step forwards to investigate the weapons (turn to 383), will you ignore them and instead head for the wooden double doors (turn to 397), or will you cast a spell:

SUS	DOC	TEL	HUP	PEP
754	653	616	779	723

503

Your curiosity is aroused by the stoppered bottle. You ask what it is and begin to take out the stopper. 'Wait! No!' cries Sh'houri. 'You must not release the spirit!' You quickly put the bottle down. 'Do not be afraid, my friend,' continues Sh'houri. 'For the spirit must always advise, and it is not unfriendly. Inside that bottle is the genie of a long-dead human traveller like yourself. It will not speak to us, as we are not of your race. But if you wish to take this bottle, I am sure that the spirit will offer you advice at the right time. As the spirit is no use to us, you may have it without payment.' You may use this genie in the future at one time only and this time will be marked in the text by two asterisks (**). If you come across these two asterisks, then deduct 80 from the reference you are on and turn to the new reference.

When you have made the necessary adjustments to your Equipment List and thanked the She-Satyrs, you may leave the village by turning to 441.

504

After five steps into the room you freeze! This may be a trick of the light, but you could *swear* that the shape in the centre of the room is moving! A creak confirms your suspicions. The sculpture is coming to life! It turns on its pedestal to face you as you move forwards. You take two more steps; its legs move, and it steps down from its plinth. There is something unnatural about its movements. They are abnormally quick. Stepping down on to the floor took the statue less than a second, but its bulk is considerable. Then, without warning, it charges!

Lowering its head, it races straight for you at tremendous speed. Its legs barely seem to move! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 329. If you are Unlucky, turn to 255.

505

Roll two dice to determine whether your efforts are successful. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, the lock breaks open – turn to 348. If the number rolled is higher than your SKILL, you have not been successful and you must try again. If you are unsuccessful twice in a row, you will damage your weapon and must deduct 1 SKILL point. If at any time you decide against continuing with your attempts to free this creature, turn to 485.

506

You bellow back at the creature angrily and reach for your weapon. It steps back, shocked, and starts to mumble. Apparently, it is either impressed or terrified, and it is now bowing its head submissively and waiting for your next words. Will you order it to tell you the best way through into the inner keep (turn to 390), will you order it to find you some nourishment (turn to 345), or will you ask it what it has in its room (turn to 376)?

507

There is plenty of room inside the cave. You step inside and glance around to satisfy yourself that there are no dangers about. It all seems safe enough. If you want to double-check by exploring the dark depths of the cave, turn to **268**. If you wish to settle down, perhaps to eat, turn to **366**. If you just want to stretch out and get some sleep, turn to **574**.

508

'The Analander!' exclaims the captain in a high-pitched voice. 'You have done well. This capture will be reported to the master.' The two guards shift their positions and grunt proudly at each other. The captain stares deep into your eyes and sits down at his desk. 'But now,' he says, 'we must question our prisoner.' You look round the room while he studies you. Turn to the illustration opposite reference **375** for a view of the room, and study it hard, for there may be a clue which can help you. The captain asks your intentions. Will you tell him that you have a private message for the Archmage (turn to **43**)? Will you tell him you have come to destroy the evil within the Fortress (turn to **122**)? Or will you offer him something from your backpack, perhaps as a bribe (turn to **232**)?

509

As your hand touches the axe, a faint humming sounds in the air and you feel an overwhelming force seize you. Turn to 451.

510

You manage to wedge yourself into the doorway so that they may only attack you one at a time:

First BLACK ELF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second BLACK ELF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7
Third BLACK ELF	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you defeat all three Black Elves, you may leave the room by turning to 566.

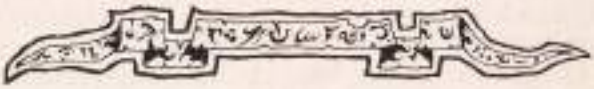

511

The room inside is empty and you breathe a sigh of relief as you lean back on the door. The clatter of the Birdmen's talons on the stone floor outside gets louder as they approach. Directly in front of you is another door which is a few centimetres ajar. High-pitched voices behind the door sound as if someone has heard you. A head pops round the door and your hopes fade. The eagle eyes of a tall BIRDMAN glare at you! He caws to others and two more Birdmen appear at the door. Slowly they step towards you. You must think quickly. Will you turn and rush back out into the passageway to escape them (turn to 74)? Will you try to lighten the atmosphere by making some quip about how their mothers must be proud of them (turn to 567)? Or will you offer them something from your backpack (turn to 279)?

512

The creature slams into you and knocks you sideways towards the middle of the room. You wince as you feel your ankle. It is seriously strained. Nevertheless, you must try to hobble across towards the doors. Deduct 4 STAMINA points. The statue is now ready to charge again, as you pick yourself up. *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky, turn to **25**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **296**.

513

Just in time you nip behind cover as the Birdman swoops down on you with talons flashing. It misses you by inches and shrieks loudly as it rises into the air and wheels round to attack again. You do not stand much of a chance hiding in the bush, and the thought occurs to you that other Birdmen may be in the area. Your best plan would be to attack this creature quickly and hope that none of its companions will see the disturbance. If you wish to fight with your weapon, turn to **450**. Otherwise you may cast a spell:

FIX	ZEN	HOT	SAP	YAP
701	778	598	716	661

514

Try as you might, you cannot work out how the machine works, nor what it is supposed to do. Eventually, you decide to leave it alone and continue with your mission. There does not seem to be a way through this room, so you had better return to the main hallway. Turn to **81**.

515

As you step forwards, the creature lumbers towards you. It is not impressed with your manners and swipes at you with a large, blubbery arm. Will you draw your sword and attack it (turn to 475) or will you cast a spell?

KIN	DIM	DOZ	RAP	NIF
744	609	715	780	665

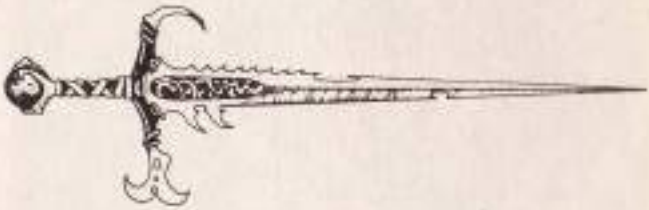

516

The creature shifts its weight around slowly as if it can sense that your intentions are hostile. Will you draw your weapon (turn to 442) or cast a spell?

DUD	PEP	ROK	SUN	SAP
633	606	675	740	762

517

The door is not locked, but you have some difficulty in turning the handle. It seems to turn easily, but the door will not open as it should. You try it several times before you discover its secret. A catch under the handle must be pressed at the same time as it is turned. Finally, the door opens, and your eyes widen as you see the scene of chaos inside . . .

A loud hubbub greets your ears as the door opens; inside the room are at least a dozen grotesque creatures. They are small, ugly creatures whose dark skins are pitted with warts. They resemble a group of Goblins, but they are cursed with horrendous mutations. One has two stumpy legs which hardly lift it off the ground. Another has a large, bulbous head, puffy like a sack of potatoes. Another sits in a corner making twittering noises like a bird, and flaps its arms. And yet another has no limbs, but its body is long and coiled like a serpent. The scene is frightening. A door is set in the wall across the room and this is the only way through. Will you draw your weapon and march across the room (turn to **56**), race for the far door as quickly as you can (turn to **571**), or cast a spell?

TEL	NIP	FOG	KID	SUN
728	622	677	698	799

518

Your feet once more touch the ground and you look around. The surroundings are not what you expect, but are nevertheless strangely familiar. The sky is darkening. Night is coming. You are in a dirty street outside a rowdy tavern. You spend a few moments getting your bearings, then enter the tavern. Turn to reference **110** of Book 2 of the *Sorcery!* series.

519

You follow the wall along to the corner of the courtyard. A small wooden door is set in the wall and you open it carefully. Suddenly, the door swings wide open! A short, stocky creature stands in the doorway and demands to know your business. 'Well?' he asks. 'What do you want in here? Come to torment the Mucalytics, I expect? Come on, then, where's your courage? I won't bite. Through there on the left. Hurry up.' You tell him you had no intention of 'tormenting the Mucalytics'. He raises an eyebrow. 'No? Then what in Throff's name do you want here? You can't be wanting to meet the Spiny Ones. What *do* you want?' Inside is a small room with two doorways. Will you tell him you want to pass through the door on the left (turn to 18), or will you demand that he stand aside to let you pass through the door on the right (turn to 221)?

520

You sit down beside him and start your meal. You may add 2 STAMINA points if this is your first meal of the day or 1 STAMINA point if you have already eaten. The two of you chat away, but the man in the pillory is curiously evasive each time you ask about the Fortress. You do manage to find out that something 'grand' is being planned by the Archmage and that some of his plans are being thwarted by a group called the 'Samaritans of Schinn'. But that is about all you can learn from him. When you are ready, turn to 485.

521

Your mission, and your identity, are known to your host. Although you have concealed your journey thus far, it is now common knowledge that you have penetrated the Fortress's defences. Return to **561**.

522

One of the creatures calls out to you: 'Step forwards, puny human,' she scoffs. 'Step forwards where we can see you, you weak-bowelled cur! And tell us who gave you permission to pass through the domain of the SHE-SATYRS.' Will you do as she asks (turn to **244**), will you draw your weapon and hurl some equally offensive insults back at them (turn to **188**), or will you remain where you are and cast a spell?

PEP	DIM	GAR	JIG	SUS
746	772	685	760	620

523

You must watch your step on the floor but otherwise the room appears to be quite safe. The oily smell becomes stronger in one corner of the room and your foot touches something soft and blubbery. The shape you have kicked twitches and begins to stir! Will you wait to see what you have disturbed (turn to **464**), or leave the room as quickly as you can (turn to **96**)?

524

You wait apprehensively for the mutation to take effect. You begin to grow. Your wrists become pudgy and your chest swells. You are gaining vast expanses of fat around your body! When the mutation is complete, you have more than doubled your previous weight. You will no longer be able to move quickly or nimbly: you must subtract 2 SKILL and 3 STAMINA points, and your *Initial* SKILL must be reduced permanently by 2 points. Eventually, you waddle out of the kitchen by a back door leading into the keep. Turn to 448.

525

Sh'houri looks at the parchment. 'Yes,' she nods, 'I can read this message. It is written in the hand of Sh'howna, an elder of our village, who disappeared some time ago.' The She-Satyr is engrossed in its contents; you have evidently made an important find. 'We must thank you, stranger, for bringing this to us,' says Sh'houri eventually. 'It describes matters which must remain known only to our kind, but suffice it to say you have found something which is of great import to us. We must reward you.' You accept her thanks and then the two of you converse about your travels. Turn to 371. After your conversation, she will reward you by *giving* you certain items which will be brought in a leather bag. For returning the parchment to her, you will not have to *exchange* items of your own for these items.

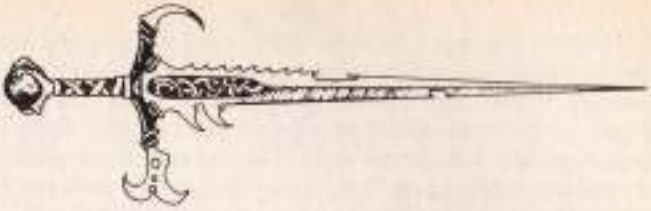

526

The old man's eyes start to flutter! Muscles twitch around his mouth and slowly life returns to the corpse. When he has recovered sufficiently to sit up, Farren Whyde looks at you. His expression is blank. He remembers nothing about the room or you, and you take some time to explain things to him.

'My friend, if all this is true,' he says finally, 'then I owe you my life. And more than that, every person in the Femphrey Alliance owes to you the prospect of future peace and prosperity. But all your efforts count for naught if you are unable to return the Crown to your own King. Perhaps here is a way I can repay you for your bravery.' He steps over to the desk and draws out a velvet bag from the lowest drawer. Inside the bag is a ball of clear crystal and the old man peers into it. 'If they are still alive,' he says, 'the Samaritans will help you. Ah, yes – there is Croo now.' You look into the ball. Clearly formed inside is the image of an angry Birdman, barking orders. 'This,' says Farren Whyde, 'is Peewit Croo, Chief Disciple of the Samaritans of Schinn. They will help you return to Analand, for they hate the power of Mampang as you do. You may summon the Samaritans with this.' He gives you a small silver whistle. Turn to **800**.

527

The Birdmen look at one another and squeak in a tone which indicates that they do not quite know what to make of the situation. You decide to take advantage of their confusion by leaving anyway. Turn to **479**.

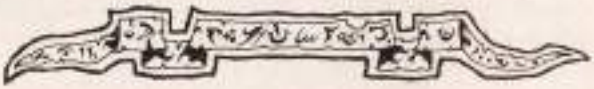

528

They beckon you over excitedly and you quicken your pace. There are three Sightmasters in the group and you feel curiously at ease with them. At home, Sightmasters are stationed along the borders of Analand, their tremendous powers of vision making them perfect garrison troops. But caution returns as you once more wonder why they are here in Mampang. One of the Sightmasters pulls you into the group. 'We watched you come into the courtyard and we thought it best to warn you of the dangers in here,' he says. 'An outsider such as yourself could be in danger here. But we will do you no favours. We expect to be paid for our help. Our good advice will cost you 3 Gold Pieces.' Do you accept their offer (turn to 459), or will you tell them that you have no need of their help (turn to 181)?

529

Your struggles are to no avail. The guards tighten their grip on your wrists. When this gets painful, you give up struggling and face the captain. Turn to 508.

530

There is no trail leading up to the great nest. You must climb up the rock-face, taking care not to let any of your belongings fall. A couple of times your foot slips and sends a cascade of small pebbles down to the path below, but eventually you reach the ledge. As it seemed earlier, the nest is like a huge eyrie, but with nooks and crannies where objects could be hidden. Do you want to investigate these possible hiding-places (turn to 477)? Or do you feel it prudent to think not so much about possible treasures but more about what may live in this giant nest? If so, climb back down to the path and continue your journey (turn to 36).

531

'Ten pieces of gold, eh?' The Ogre is quite interested in your offer. 'And what is it that you want to know for this reward?' Will you start by complimenting him on his fine torture-chamber and then ask him what he knows about the Throben Doors (turn to 215), or will you ask him which torture he enjoyed the most and then see if he knows where to find the Archmage (turn to 143)?

532

The guards are engrossed in their activities and, as you get closer, you can see they are playing a game of some sort. You wonder whether you aren't tempting fate by approaching the guards directly, but even if that were the case, a sudden change in direction would arouse suspicion anyway. So far, the guards have not noticed you. Their game consists of throwing darts at a target which is fixed to the wall. As you approach, one of the guards is preparing to leave, and the others seem to be trying to persuade him to stay. But he will not be persuaded. Noticing you, the other three guards beckon you over; they want you to join in to make up the numbers. Will you walk over to see what sort of game they are playing (turn to 461), or will you tell them that you are too busy and walk past the game (turn to 294)?

533

Hoping that whatever it is in the room will be unable to discern the real you, you draw your weapon out, in case it is hostile. Will your trick work? Turn to 15.

534

You approach the cave with due caution, pausing by the entrance to check how fresh the hoof-marks are. To your relief, it seems that there are no recent prints. But whatever type of creature made the marks, two or three of them visited the cave, judging by the number of trails leading in and out. You peer into the entrance. The cave appears to be quite deep but empty, as far as you can make out. Clutching your weapon, you step inside.

Just inside the mouth of the cave, a shape makes you stop quickly! Sitting on a rock a little further back inside is a figure leaning against the wall! It is human-like and naked, but is making no movements. A long mane of hair sweeps down its back which is, thankfully, towards you – otherwise you would surely have been spotted by now. Will you call out to attract the attention of this creature (turn to **309**), will you rush in and attack before it has a chance to react (turn to **202**), or will you leave well alone and look for somewhere else to shelter (turn to **169**)?

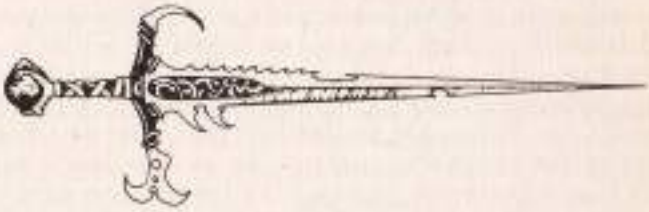

535

'There is only one way to enter the keep,' she says. 'But if you do not know about the Throben Doors, I fear you will never enter. For these gates have been protected by the magic of the Throben Necromancers' Guild. They are wizard-locked. Each has its own secret, be it key, password or whatever. But without knowledge of the secret, you will never pass through a Throben Door. And they are all protected with deadly traps.' You thank her for the information. She is anxious to hide with her new treasure and she leaves you. Turn to **8**.

536

You scoff that that was the sort of remark you would have expected from ignorant tar-poles such as themselves. Their reaction is immediate. The three of them spring to their feet to attack. You may either draw your sword and face them (turn to 510) or you may cast a spell:

NAP	MAG	HOW	NIP	POP
727	793	614	671	775

537

You step over to the old man's body. Sprinkling on the holy water, you wait anxiously to see what the effect will be on Farren Whyde. Turn to 526.

538

Slowly the door opens. As soon as it is open wide enough, you step inside. Behind the door is a short path leading up to the inner keep. It branches in two directions. To the left, it leads to a solid wooden door which looks as if it must be the main entrance to the keep. But this door is guarded by Birdmen! Two Birdmen by the door are talking to each other and laughing. They have not noticed you. A head appears at the door and beckons them inside. This could be your opportunity to nip inside if you are quick. But then anywhere you find Birdmen cannot be safe. To the right, the path leads to a smaller door. Steam is spouting from a window by this door and noises – clanking and voices – are coming from inside. Perhaps this is the tradesmen's entrance? Which way will you choose? Will you take the path to the left and risk the Birdmen (turn to 565), or will you investigate the other door in spite of the noises (turn to 492)?

539

You follow the path. It takes you downhill for a short distance, then across a rocky plateau. It disappears around a corner and you follow it through a short tunnel in the rock. When you come out of the other side of the tunnel you can see two ways onwards. The trail itself continues straight ahead. If you wish to follow it, turn to 59. To your left, another short trail leads down to a ledge. The ledge faces another similar ledge across a narrow crevasse. It is just too wide safely to jump across, but there is another way of crossing. A length of rope is hanging down above the ledge from a rock. Presumably this is for foot-travellers such as yourself to swing across. If you wish to investigate this, turn to 323.

540

Your spell takes effect slowly – too slowly. As you begin to rise in the air, the Demon completes its formation. It lunges forwards and swipes at you with a huge clawed hand. The claws slash your chest and you are knocked down to the ground! You cry out aloud as the blood seeps through your tunic. But your agony is short-lived. You look up to see the great beast's black foot descending on your face. You never hear the sickening crunch that follows . . .

541

You use the sapling once more to shove the door wide open. The roaring swells and the heat blasts your face. With stolid determination, you leap through the door. This leap is noble, but foolish. You land in the centre of the inferno, screaming wildly as your clothes, then your hair, catch fire, and your blood boils. Your death is mercifully quick.

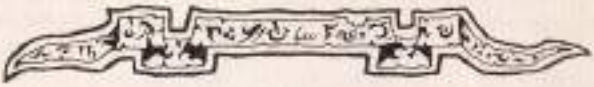

542

The fat man's eyes light up as you open your pouch. You take out 1 Gold Piece and hand it to him. 'Thank you my friend, thank you. Now where were we?' You begin to question him about the Fortress, but he holds up his hand. 'Before we talk, perhaps a little tea?' Do you want to drink tea with him (turn to 238) or will you tell him you are not thirsty (turn to 292)?

543

As the creature dies, it lifts its head towards the sky and tries to emit a final distress-call. Realizing what the Birdman is doing, you swing your blade down through its neck. The beginnings of its cry gurgle and splutter, and it slumps backwards. You allow yourself a couple of minutes' rest after the battle and then set off again along the trail. Turn to 441.

544

A thumping pain comes from your shoulder. To your horror, a protuberance starts to grow from your armpit. You wait for the pain to stop when the 'thing' has stopped growing. When it does, you have a fully formed third arm underneath your sword arm. The pain causes you 2 STAMINA points of damage, but with this extra arm, you may now use two weapons instead of one. From now on you may fight as two persons. Eventually, you leave the kitchen by a back door. Turn to 448.

545

After climbing for perhaps twenty minutes, the two She-Satyrs pause to allow you to catch up with them. With their goat-like legs, they are much more nimble than you are and they watch bemusedly as you arrive panting. One of them points forwards and you can see your goal. A wide ledge on the side of the mountain is evidently the centre of their village. Half a dozen other She-Satyrs are watching from the entrances to several caves which tunnel into the rock. In the centre of the rock-face is the largest cave, towards which your guardians are taking you.

As you approach the entrance, two She-Satyrs standing at their sentry-posts step forwards, but one of your own escorts, whom you have learned is called Sh'haarzha, waves her away. 'This is a nomad, a world-traveller who must see Sh'houri.' The guard allows you to pass and you enter a large cave which is well lit with torches. A number of smaller caves lead off from the main opening and from one of these an older-looking She-Satyr steps out. Will you tell her all she wants to know about your journey and the world outside of Xamen (turn to 371), tell her about Sh'himbli – which you may do only if you yourself know who Sh'himbli is (turn to 354), or will you wait to see what she might ask you (turn to 29)?

546

You feel around the bare stonework, looking for a clue as to where the secret doorway is. You can find nothing. You may try a password. Will you try:

Alaralatanalara?	Turn to 317
Ganthankamonta?	Turn to 343

If you don't want to try either of these, turn to 486.

547

The door is locked. You decide to leave it and try the other one. Turn to **263**.

548

The fat man snaps his fingers and barks a couple of words to the Jaguar. The creature bares its teeth when it recognizes the command. *Attack!* It leaps at you and you must fight it:

JAGUAR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you kill the creature, turn to **146**. If you decide to defend yourself from it without killing it, you may turn to **205** when you have reduced it to 2 STAMINA points.

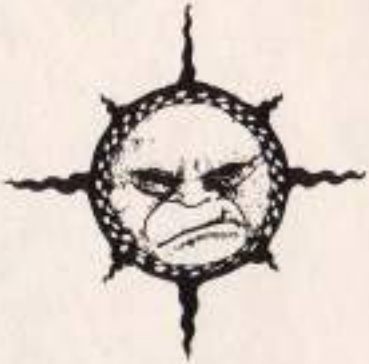

549

'This is an insult!' screams your inquisitor. 'Not only does this fool lie to us – for if this fellow is from Kharé, then I am the Archmage himself – but the pig-brain dares to name the holy man of Slangg as a murderer!' Your guess was not a wise one. Turn to **12**.

550

You may either retrace your steps and try the door that you passed further back along the passageway (turn to **517**), or you may try a door that is just inside the creature's room in the wall adjacent to the entrance (turn to **573**). Meanwhile, the hairless creature keeps one shifty eye on you . . .

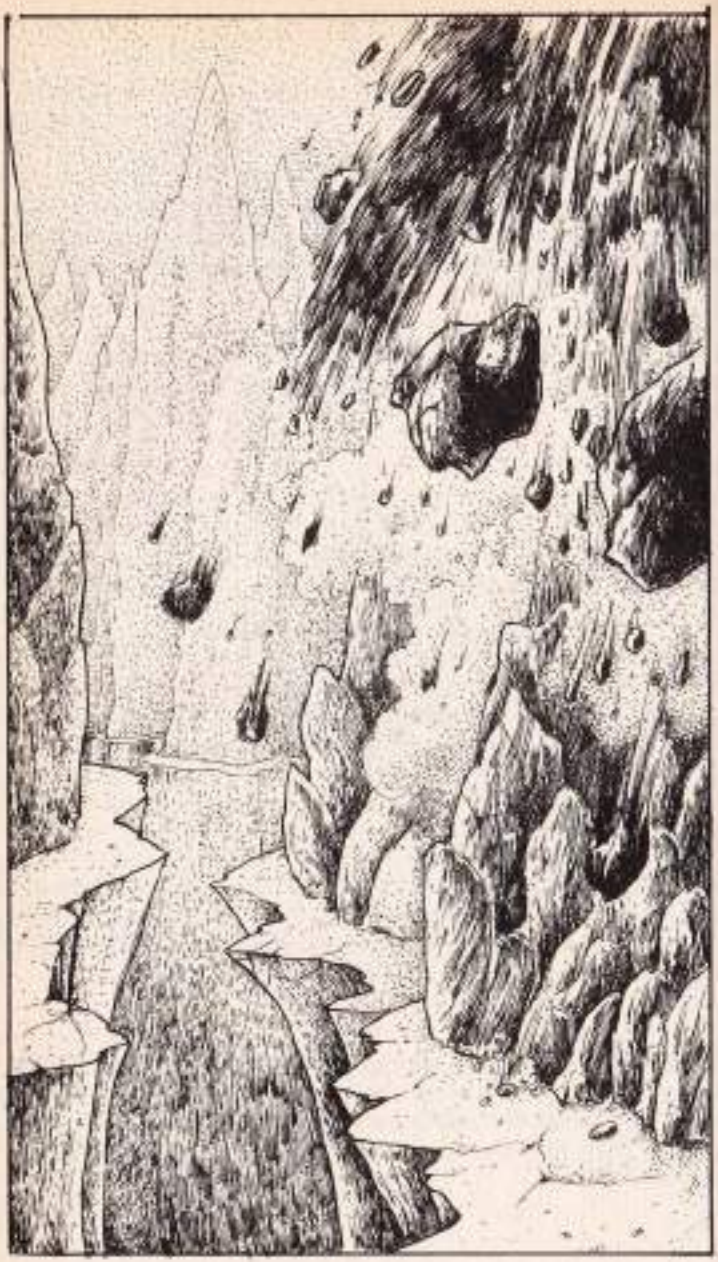

551

You follow the path back along the crevasse, but now you are on the Fortress side. A rumbling noise stops you in your tracks and you look around. There is nothing in front of you, nor anything behind. But your blood chills as you look up to your right. From somewhere on high further up the mountain, stones are breaking loose! You are directly beneath an imminent landslide! You will have to decide quickly what to do. Will you rush on ahead and try to beat the landslide (turn to 368), or will you pluck up courage and leap across the crevasse to your left, to return to the original trail (turn to 400)? You may, if you wish, cast a spell, but if you do so, you will not have time to escape should your spell fail:

NIF	HUF	ZIP	WAL	BOK
624	731	654	751	617

552

He stands up and shouts a single word: 'Guards!' As soon as he calls, a hidden doorway opens in the wall behind you. Three guards rush into the room and, before you can react, they hold you tight. They bundle you off through the door and up a narrow staircase to the top of the tower. Unlocking a heavy door at the top of the stairs, they fling you inside. Turn to 4.

553

You grab hold of your weapon and brace yourself. You throw yourself against the door and burst into the room. Two shaggy-haired, dirty GUARDS are seated at a table inside the room and your unexpected entrance has caught them by surprise. They stumble to their feet and clutch at swords. As the element of surprise is on your side, you have an advantage in this battle. If you and your chosen opponent roll equal Attack Strengths, you may treat this result as though you had rolled a higher Attack Strength. Now you must either turn to **453** to fight the guards, or cast a spell:

RAP	RES	YAZ	RAZ	GUM
738	641	688	765	756

554

You inch your way slowly across the room. For your next few steps, choose either **249**, **227** or **100**.

555

You sit down by the pillory and help him with his meal. Casually you ask him how he came to be pilloried like this. 'It wasn't my fault,' he sighs. 'It was my loose tongue. With a couple of jars of ale inside me, sometimes I just lose control. This isn't the first time a wagging tongue has brought me to grief.' You consider for a moment whether or not you may be able to learn anything of value from the man. 'And what of yourself?' he asks. 'You are certainly not from Mampang, as I am. What brings you to the Fortress? Are you another of the Archmage's warmongers?' His voice stops abruptly, as if he has suddenly realized he has said too much. He will not be persuaded to talk further. Will you try to coax him by offering to release his bonds (turn to **362**), or will you threaten him unless he tells you more about the Archmage's 'warmongers' (turn to **444**)?

556

You drop to the ground as quietly as possible and turn to step inside the door. *Aaaashh!* You jump with fright as you find yourself face to face with a guard in heavy armour! The guard is as surprised as you are and he bellows loudly. From outside and within, four guards come to surround you and you must now face all of them. If you attack them, turn to 40. If you would rather try a spell, choose one:

WOK	DUM	FOG	TEL	DIM
636	718	766	599	656

557

'But how can you refuse me?' chuckles the Ogre. 'What other choice do you have? Still, if that is the way you want it, so be it.' He cracks his whip in the air and steps forwards. You must either draw your weapon (turn to 270) or cast a spell:

POP	ZIP	SUN	TEL	NIF
676	619	770	592	709

558

As your blow fells the creature, you step back out of the cave to catch a breath of fresh air. You rest for a few minutes and then return to your cave to finish your meal. Eventually, the onset of darkness makes you decide that you had better prepare your bed before you are unable to see at all. Turn to 384.

559

Soon afterwards, the whimpering ceases and the creature slumps down into the corner, motionless. Will you risk searching the room (turn to 51), or would you prefer to leave straight away (turn to 96)?

560

A tinkling bell sounds just inside. Moments later, a strange face appears from behind the door. It is smooth-skinned and hairless, with broad shoulders and a mean-looking mouth. It snaps at you, wanting to know why you pulled the bell. Will you apologize for disturbing the creature (turn to 466), or match its aggressive greeting by snarling back at it (turn to 506)?

561

When you have calmed down from your close call with death, you sit up and look around. Straw lines the floor, but charts and maps are pinned to the walls. Some of these are charts of the heavens and a strange contraption is pointing from the window at the sky. Sitting behind the table across the room is a scrawny-looking fellow with spiky black hair. He looks up at you over half-moon glasses and smiles a sinister smile. Could this be the Archmage himself?

'And who is it that has been caught in our trap?' he asks. 'As if I did not know. *The Analander!* I wondered whether you would make it this far. My congratulations on your skill and courage, my friend. But here is where your luck comes to an end. For now you face no cowardly Black Elf, no brainless Klattaman.' You state defiantly that your journey will not end until the Crown of Kings has been returned to its rightful guardians in Analand. 'Ah yes,' he says. 'The Crown of Kings. What say I give it to you now and you be gone. I for one am anxious to remove the cursed thing from here.' This is a strange offer. Will you accept and ask him for the Crown (turn to 138)? Would you prefer to draw your weapon and fight him (turn to 162)? Or will you cast a spell?

GOB	MAG	FIX	KID	WOK
730	687	786	706	650

562

Your mutation is severe – a complete reorganization of the internal organs. It is one which no one could survive. You die in agony on the floor of Throg's larder.

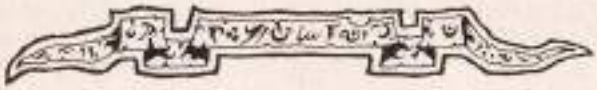

563

As the guard slumps to the ground, you stand back to recover from the fight. But again the door opens, and *another* guard steps out towards you, sword in hand. You must fight this guard:

Second GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat this guard, you may either open the door and look around the room inside (turn to 44), or you may decide it best to leave and head towards the double doors (turn to 176).

564

There are a number of healing fruits within the bag. You may take up to four of these, and for each one you must leave behind 1 of your items of equipment (not food or gold). Each healing fruit will work only once, but will restore 4 STAMINA points if eaten. You may eat one at any time except in a battle. There is also a bottle with a stopper in it. If you want to exchange something for this item, turn to 503. If not, take what you want and bid farewell to the She-Satyrs. Turn to 441.

565

You creep up to the door, listening for any sounds which indicate the return of the Birdmen. You can hear voices – Birdmen voices – coming from somewhere inside, but the door seems safe enough. You open it and step through.

Inside is a wide hallway which stretches into the keep. Doors, some of them open, line both walls. There is also a weapon-stand by the side of the door where swords have been left. If you do not have a sword, you may take one from here. Your ears prick up at the sound of voices coming from further down the hallway. Someone is coming! You decide to hide quickly behind one of the doors leading from the hallway. Will you choose the nearest door on the left (turn to 161) or the nearest on the right (turn to 511)?

566

You continue along the passageway, through the door, and out into the archway. Will you turn left and approach the two double doors ahead (turn to 472), or will you instead try the door across the way (turn to 493)?

567

Your quip only serves to anger them further. 'Bah!' says one of them. 'Do not mention our mothers in our presence. We were taught how to hunt and defend ourselves by our fathers.' They advance. Do you want to continue a conversation with them (turn to 471)? If not, you may either draw your weapon and fight them (turn to 462) or cast a spell:

YAZ	MUD	DUM	GOD	NAP
758	605	790	707	647

568

They beckon you over excitedly and you quicken your pace. There are three Sightmasters in the group and you feel curiously at ease with them. At home, Sightmasters are stationed along the borders of Analand, their tremendous powers of vision making them perfect garrison troops. But caution returns as you once more wonder why they are here in Mampang. One of the Sightmasters pulls you into the group. 'We recognized you as you came through the Throben Door!' he says. 'Don't you know that you are expected here, Analander? Since the return of the first Serpent, the Archmage has been awaiting you. We can help disguise you. Here, put on this tunic.' He offers you a heavy-looking coat which is held together by thick ties. Will you accept his offer and put on the tunic (turn to **104**), does your caution forbid you to accept this help (turn to **131**), or will you attack them quickly (turn to **90**)?

569

The Ogre's thoughts reach you. Mainly he is thinking of what he would like to do with you, and these ideas are not exactly pleasant. But you are also able to get an inkling of the Ogre's character. He is peculiarly houseproud, and this is reflected in the fact that his torture-chamber is quite tidy. Perhaps a little flattery will get you somewhere. You pay your respects. Turn to **215**.

570

The Red-Eyes turn towards one another. 'As I suspected!' says the one who asked the question. 'You are not from Kharé at all! This impostor is asking for a seeing to. Well, let's cut some blood!' Your guess at the answer has been exposed. Turn to **12**.

571

You rush for the door across the room. Your pace seems to communicate your fears to the Goblins and they move into action. One of them rises to its feet and steps towards you. This one has two arms of different sizes; its right arm is huge and muscular. This imbalance is mirrored by its legs; its left leg is twice the girth of its right. It stands directly in your path and bares its teeth. Turn to 332.

572

You drop to the ground quietly and look towards the guards. They are still wrapped up in their investigation of the pass. The way ahead is clear and you step through the doorway into the Fortress. Turn to 129.

573

The door opens into a short corridor. A window in the right-hand wall lights the passage and through it you can see the base of a tall tower across a courtyard. There is a door in the left-hand wall which you may try by turning to 517. Otherwise you must head on to the end of the corridor and try another door (turn to 194).

574

You find a soft area of ground well inside the cave, which would make a suitable place for you to lie down and get some sleep. Using your pack as a pillow, you make yourself comfortable. The day's events pass through your mind and you begin to feel quite exhausted. At any stage of fighting against the Archmage's messengers, the battle could have gone against you and your journey would have achieved nothing. How lucky you have been so far! These thoughts reassure you and you are soon drifting off to sleep.

But you are not destined to have an uninterrupted night's sleep. For, unknown to you, your choice of bedroom is a popular one, and a great SKUNKBEAR has already claimed this cave as his home. Waking in the night and catching a strange smell in the air, the beast has come to investigate and found an intruder in his lair! A split second before your death, your eyes flick open in time to see the creature's savage jaws fastening themselves around your neck . . .

575

Jann shakes his head but wishes you luck as you step up to the window. Placing your faith in the spell you have cast, you climb on to the ledge. Looking down, the height is frightening. But you pluck up all your courage – then leap outside!

Ordinarily, this would have been an excellent plan, and you would have floated down safely to the ground. But, unknown to you, your spell did not work. Minimites are protected from magic with a defensive aura which prevents all but the most powerful magic spells from working in their presence. Your courageous leap is to no avail. Your own screams are carried by the wind as you plummet down and down to your death.

576

While you nurse your last wound, the Mucalytic leans towards you. Its snout rises in front of its face and it blows a puff of breath at you. The smell is foul! You cough and hack as you take what will be your last breath. For the breath of a Mucalytic is a deadly poison to all but the Mucalytics themselves. The creature's expression is something like a smile as you drop to the ground.

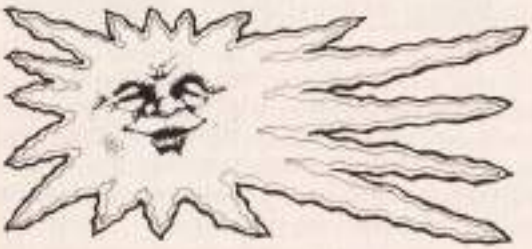

577

The two guards lie dead at your feet, but you are desolate. They managed to sound the alarm! You look towards the Fortress and your heart sinks. From the uppermost battlements, large creatures are winging their way towards you! Birdmen! And you will not stand a chance against such numbers. You decide it best to hide, and run back out of the pass. But you cannot get far. As you turn, the ground in front of you rumbles, and a heavy portcullis rises out of the earth to seal off your exit! You turn to run the other way – into the plateau – and the same rumbling sound warns you back. The earth is parting and, as you leap over the crack, another portcullis rises. You shriek with pain as the portcullis catches your leg, impaling it on a metal spike.

Your future is hopeless. You are badly injured and the Birdmen will be on you within seconds. You have failed in your mission.

578

The three look at one another. 'From Analand, eh?' asks one, and they make little chirping noises quietly to one another. 'If you are from Analand, then you will no doubt have heard of the Crown of Kings. Have you any interest in this treasure?' Will you tell them that you have no interest in this 'Crown of Kings' and ask them instead for any news they might know of the Archmage and his henchmen (turn to **68**), or will you admit your interest and ask why they want to know (turn to **82**)?

579

The prison tower vanishes as you are whisked weightlessly through space. When the spell wears off, the rush of events in the world below slows down and your feet touch the ground once more. You curse silently as water seeps into your boots. For you have come back to earth in a muddy swamp, and your feet are under water! A crashing sound alerts you. Something is coming! Turn to reference 136 of Book 3 of the *Sorcery!* series.

580

The door opens and you step into a large open chamber with dark alcoves around the walls. Torches, set into the wall, light the room with a flickering glow. The floor is marbled, as are the walls. Across the room you can see two large double doors.

Although there is no one about, there is some*thing* in the centre of the room. Standing on a pedestal, a few feet above the floor, is a large marble sculpture. It faces towards you, but in the dim light you can only just make out its shape. It is about the size of a large shaggy dog, or perhaps a sheep. But apart from this sculpture, the room is empty. Will you walk across the room towards the double doors, treading carefully (turn to 504), or will you cast a spell?

SUN	FAL	SAP	MUD	ROK
705	595	659	719	771

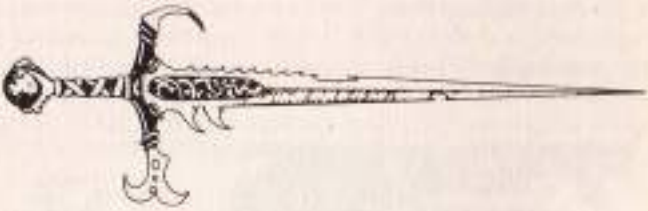

581

The Goblins rise up from where the teeth had been and wait for your instructions. You command them to capture the man behind the desk. While your Goblins have been forming, he has been watching intently. As they advance, he casts a spell of his own and, before the Goblins can take another step, his spell has created the same number of armoured HOBGOBLINS to intercept them! A furious battle rages as the two groups of magical troops attack each other. But your Goblins are no match for the Hobgoblins. Although they fight valiantly, they are defeated. The spiky-haired man smiles and looks up at you. Turn to 552.

582

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and conjure up a huge fireball which you hurl forcefully towards the creature, aiming straight for its chest. The Demon bellows loudly as the fireball finds its target, and its body catches fire. Luckily for you, the Demon has not been able to form itself fully for, if it had, even this powerful weapon would have been ineffective against it. But you now back off and watch it flailing about madly with burning arms, trying to swat out the fire which is consuming it. Eventually, it slows down. Turn to 351.

583

The scraping noise stops and then swishes this way and that. Suddenly you hear a *ping* and something flashes through the air. You cannot make out what has happened as it is too dark for you to see. But one thing is for certain: you are in danger in this room. You decide to head for the door, covered by the illusion of your five doubles. You reach the door safely although another two similar sounds warn you that some*thing* is shooting at you. You close the door behind you, walk back through the entrance-room and try the other door. Turn to 18.

584

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Ring of Green Metal with you? If not, the spell will not work – turn to 769. If you have a Ring of Green Metal, you may place it on your finger and cast your spell. The spell works like a dream. To the amazement of your would-be aggressors, you disappear, and reappear in front of the fleeing Red-Eye! He knocks into you and the two of you fall to the ground. By this time, the others realize what has happened and rush over to help their comrade. Turn to 12.

585

You wait for your spell to take effect. But nothing happens! You are sure you recited it correctly, but for some reason it has not worked. Return to 98 to choose your next action.

586

You must now choose your next course of action. Will you step towards the pole and investigate the weapons (turn to 383)? Will you advance to the double doors (turn to 397)? Or will you walk over to the corner of the wall to investigate the door there (turn to 519)?

587

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions or Blimberry Juice with you? If not, the spell will not work. If you have either of these, you may cast the spell to replenish your STAMINA. Restore your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level and turn to 245.

588

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Cloth Skullcap with you? If not, your spell will not work and one of the Sightmasters steps in to score a quick hit: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 116. If you do have a Skullcap, turn to 787.

589

You cast your spell and hold the mirror up to the cave entrance. Suddenly the howling sound starts again, followed closely by another. A vicious battle is about to take place! But then some*thing* comes scurrying past you out of the cave. It is a small ball of fur, about the size of a cabbage, running on two stumpy legs! It is hotly pursued by another identical creature. *Jib-Jibs!* The two of them disappear into the undergrowth. You climb inside the cave, which is quite shallow. Do you want to eat a meal (turn to 99), will you get down on all fours and explore the back of the cave (turn to 14), or will you just settle down and sleep for the night (turn to 384)?

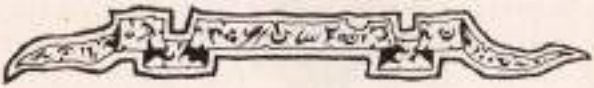

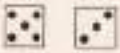

590

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Red-Eyes attack – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 225. If you are able to cast your spell on some pebbles, you may do so on as many as you wish. Decide how many you will use and turn to 769.

591

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Brass Pendulum with you? If not, this spell will not work. But even if you have a Brass Pendulum, there is nothing alive in the room which you may send to sleep! You have wasted your STAMINA. Return to 351 and make another choice.

592

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Cloth Skullcap with you? If not, your spell will fail and the Ogre attacks – lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 270. If you have a Skullcap, you may place it on your head and use your spell to probe the creature's mind. Turn to 569.

593

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Ring of Green Metal with you? If not, the spell will not work and you will take 2 STAMINA points of damage as the guards attack – turn to 145. If you have a Green Ring, you may slip it on your finger and use your spell to transport you. You disappear from the room, much to the bewilderment of the captain and his guards, and reappear just outside the door. Totally confused, the guards search the room, allowing you to leave. Turn to 463.

594

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and five identical images of yourself appear around you. Roll one die. If the result is a six, turn to 533. Otherwise turn to 583.

595

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You are now protected against the chance of falling from a height. If there are any pits in this room, you will not be harmed. Turn to 504.

596

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You recite your spell and point your finger at the lock. A blast of lightning hits the lock dead centre – but fails to mark it! Return to 397 and make another choice.

597

You throw the sand on to the floor in front of the creature and cast your spell. A small pool of quicksand forms in front of it! You watch hopefully as the Hydra slithers towards you and into the pool. But it is no use. The Hydra is much too big to be caught in the quicksand; it is a tiny pool underneath its great bulk. Turn to 65.

598

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create a burning fireball in your hand. You fling it towards the Birdman and, as it nears its target, it bursts into dozens of fiery balls! The creature cannot avoid them and the dry feathers of its wings burst into flames. It comes crashing to the ground a few metres from you. Turn to 543.

599

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Cloth Skullcap with you? If not, your spell will not work and the guards inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage as they attack – turn to 40. If you have a Cloth Skullcap, you place it on your head and cast your spell. You begin to be able to read the mind of whichever guard you focus your attention on. But their thoughts are simple. Each wants to be the first to run you through with his sword! By reading their minds, you are able to avoid their blows, but you soon decide that your spell is not helping you get inside the Fortress. You draw your weapon instead. Turn to 40.

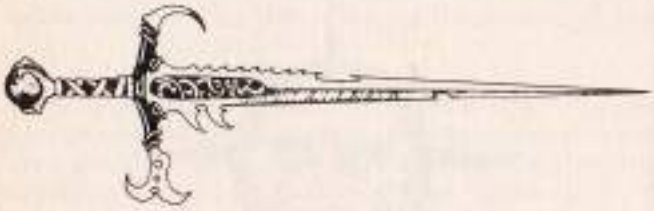

600

You place the Skullcap on your head and focus your attention on one of the creatures. It is thinking about using its deadly heat vision to attack, but there is also a feeling of fear which is preventing it from opening its eyes. Finally it has decided that it *will* use its powers and at that moment, you make your move. You fling yourself away from the creature just as it opens its eyes. The red jets of heat scorch the earth where you stood and follow you round. As you had hoped, the creature is concentrating on following you. You roll behind the other two and your plan has worked. The two other Red-Eyes squeal in agony as their comrade's heat vision sears their throats! They drop to the ground, dead. Seeing what it has done to the other two, the Red-Eye closes its eyes and begins to shudder in horror. Now you are able to close in to finish him off. When all three lie dead on the ground, you must choose your way onwards. Turn to 425.

601

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Whatever your reason for casting this spell, you are shocked to discover that it has no effect! Perhaps you have recited it incorrectly, or perhaps something is preventing it from working. Return to 427 and make another choice.

602

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Hobgoblin's cleaver cuts through your sleeve – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 281. If you have Medicinal Potions, you may cast your spell as you begin to drink them. The Hobgoblin, however, is not going to just watch you drink in front of her. She grabs the bottle from you and finishes it off! You may add 2 STAMINA points for the effect on you, but now you must turn to 281. The Hobgoblin's STAMINA has been increased by 4 points for the magical healing potion she has been drinking.

603

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Jewel of Gold you need to cast this spell, it will do you no good: the spell will not work against a creature such as this. Turn to **65**.

604

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell to protect you from the effects of a fall. Do you now wish to try jumping out of the window (turn to **575**) or will you consider another option (return to **98** and make another choice)?

605

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Birdmen attack – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **462**. If you have some sand, you may throw it on the floor and cast your spell, to create a pool of quicksand in front of the Birdmen. One of the creatures steps forwards into the pool and begins to sink! He squawks loudly to his companions and, alas, it is a simple matter for them to haul him out of the trap by flapping their wings and rising into the air. Your plan has been foiled! But worse than that, the Birdmen are now extremely angry. They cross the room and grab you with powerful talons which dig into your flesh. But your pain is short-lived. Their plan is to drop you into your own pool of quicksand! And with the three of them holding you tightly, there is nothing you can do to prevent them . . .

606

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Potion of Fire Water with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you must return to 516 to choose again. If you have any Fire Water you may use it to increase your strength dramatically. Turn to 442 to fight the creature. But you will find your extra strength offers no advantage against the creature's massive blubbery body.

607

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Are you carrying an Orb of Crystal? If not, your spell will not work – return to 123 and make another choice. If you have such an Orb, turn to 796.

608

The Demon bellows loudly as the Holy Water burns its skin. Steam rises from the splashes you have made. You watch hopefully as the creature writhes in agony. Will your plan work? Have you used an effective spell? Turn to 172.

609

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell at the creature. At first, you can notice no difference in its actions, but eventually you realize that it is not coordinating its movements properly. The great hulk is acting as though it is thoroughly confused! It shuffles towards the corner, throwing its long snout into the air as if it is trying to flail the ceiling. You decide to use the opportunity to try to sneak past. But suddenly, it springs to life and an arm crashes into your chest! Lose 1 STAMINA point and turn to **386**.

610

You raise your Flute to your lips and begin to play. But before a note can come out, the captain knocks it from your hands and the guards attack. Turn to **145** to resolve the battle. During the fracas, one of the guards steps on the Flute, and it cracks and breaks under his heavy feet. You have lost this artefact.

611

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, your spell does not work and the Skunkbear clouts you with its claws – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **490**. If you do have a Gold-Backed Mirror, turn to **663**.

612

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Potion of Fire Water with you? If not, nothing happens; return to 323 and choose another course of action. If you have any Fire Water, turn to 678.

613

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for the darkness to descend over the courtyard. But your wait is in vain. This spell will not work in open spaces. Meanwhile, the first guard is upon you and catches you with a blow. Deduct another 2 STAMINA points and turn to 449.

614

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for an indication of how you may escape from this situation. As you find from your spell, there is no easy escape. You will have to fight, and run at the first opportunity! Turn to 510.

615

You pull the Orb from your pack and cast your spell into it. A milky-white cloud seems to swell up inside the Orb and, when it clears, you can see a wide open courtyard. Figures around the edge of your view are going about their business, but in the centre is a tall metal pole, with weapons around its base. A guard approaches the pole, holding his sword towards it. When he is a few feet from it, his sword starts to move in the air. The guard struggles; he is evidently putting a lot of effort into holding the sword. With one great tug, he pulls his sword away from the pole and falls to the floor, laughing. His companions, also laughing, gather round him. What can this mean? One thing is certain: it can be of little help to you outside this door. Will you turn round and try either the door on the left (turn to 493) or the door on the right (turn to 206), or will you try something else from your backpack to see if it can get you through the doors (turn to 31)?

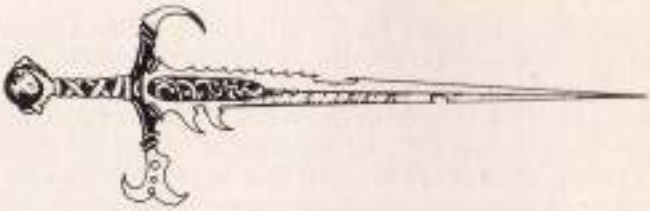

616

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Cloth Skullcap it requires, this spell will do you no good, as there is no one about to focus its effect on. You decide instead to step up to investigate the weapons. Turn to 383.

617

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have any stone dust with you, there is nothing you can do with this spell to halt the mounting landslide. Deduct a further 2 STAMINA points of damage as the rocks fall around you. You decide to risk all by running ahead along the trail. Turn to 368.

618

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. But even if you have a Galehorn, the tremendous blast that it is capable of producing will not be strong enough to budge the doors! You may now either step up to the doors and copy the creature's actions (turn to 483), or head for the door in the corner of the courtyard (turn to 519).

619

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Ring of Green Metal with you? If not, you may not use this spell and the Ogre attacks – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 270. If you have a Ring of Green Metal, you may place it on your finger and use the spell to transport yourself. Where will you wind up? This spell is not terribly reliable and in this case, the result is not as you would have hoped. You disappear and wind up only a couple of yards from where you were before; but in the direction of the Ogre! Your magic has angered him, and he approaches. Turn to 270.

620

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell while the creatures watch, bemused. You wait for an indication of the trap you suspect, but you receive no such warning. Now they are becoming impatient, and one is poised ready with her spear. Will you step forwards with your hands raised (turn to 244), or will you try a little bluff and courage (turn to 188)?

621

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Brass Pendulum with you? If not, your spell will not work and the fat man is becoming impatient with your dawdling: return to **160** and choose again. If you have a Brass Pendulum, you may draw it out and begin to cast your spell. The man watches it intently. It seems that he has mistaken it for gold! Turn to **759**.

622

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Yellow Powder with you? If not, turn to **572**. If you have any Yellow Powder, you may sniff some and cast your spell over yourself. As it takes effect, you can feel the power surging through your body; you feel as if your legs could carry you faster than the wind! You race across the room heading for the far door. But the Goblins are scattered about the room. There is no clear way through. You trip over a strange-looking creature with huge arms. Turn to **332**.

623

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You create a huge fireball between your hands and wait for your moment. As the Hydra slithers forwards, you fling the ball into the centre of its body, scoring a direct hit! The creature roars and hisses, its body twisting in agony. As it does so, its tail whips round towards you. Turn to **305**.

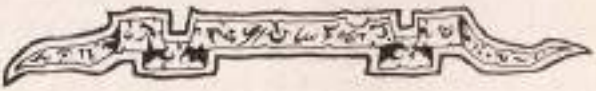

624

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell and a terrible stink begins to surround you. Do you have a pair of nose plugs? If not, the smell makes you feel ill and you must run away from it. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 400. If you have nose plugs, you may use them to avoid the smell. But this was still not a particularly wise choice. You will have to run ahead quickly to avoid the rock-fall. Turn to 368.

625

You place the Wig on your head and cast your spell. Again, the howling comes from inside the cave, but this time its tones form sounds which take on their own meanings. Something inside is protecting its home! You talk to it and discover that it is a JIB-JIB. These creatures are small and harmless, but their defence is a powerful voice which makes them sound ferocious. You tell the little beast that you intend to enter his cave to spend the night. A scurrying is followed by a rush as a small ball of fur, the size of a cabbage, races out of the cave into the undergrowth. You climb inside the cave, which is quite shallow. Do you want to eat a meal (turn to 99), will you get down on all fours and explore the back of the cave (turn to 14), or will you just settle down and sleep for the night (turn to 384)?

626

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's Tooth with you? If not, your spell will not work – return to 79 and make another choice. If you have a Giant's Tooth, you may cast your spell on it to create a burly Giant. But the room has not been made to accommodate a Giant! As the creature appears, it cracks its skull against the low ceiling and drops unconscious to the floor. A short time later it disappears. Turn to 245.

627

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Yellow Powder with you? If not, the spell will not work and the leading Sightmaster lands the first blow – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 110. If you have any Yellow Powder, you may sniff a little before you cast your spell. The effect is to enable you to move at an incredible speed! You may use this either to escape from the Sightmasters (turn to 135), or to fight. If you choose the latter, turn to 110, but you may add 3 points to your Attack Strength for the duration of the battle.

628

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Holy Water with you? If not, this spell will not work: draw your weapon and turn to 172. If you have any Holy Water, you may throw this on to the creature and cast your spell – turn to 608.

629

You hold up the Mirror and begin to cast your spell. The Hobgoblin is not completely stupid; she realizes something is afoot. And her suspicions are doubly aroused when her own reflection in the mirror starts to move out of time with her own movements. Instinctively, she hurls the cleaver at the Mirror and it shatters, destroying the image forming inside. The shattering glass flies around the room. You try to shield yourself, but it is too late. Fragments have already showered your face and pierced your eyes! You drop to the ground in agony. Here, in Throg's larder, you have come to the end of your journey. For without your sight, your mission is hopeless.

630

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, this spell will not work. If you have some beeswax, you may rub it on to your weapon to enhance its powers. During the next battle in which you use this weapon, it will do double damage – that is, 4 STAMINA points instead of 3. Now return to 221 and choose your next course of action.

631

As quickly as it started, the spell wears off and you are returned to earth in new surroundings. The prison tower has disappeared and, as your feet touch the ground, you must fight to keep your balance. For you are on a spiral stairway. Behind and beneath you is a large set of double doors. Ahead of you, at the top of the stairs, is another heavy door. You climb the stairs and try the handle. It turns! Turn to 321.

632

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on the lock and wait to hear the familiar click of the tumblers turning to open the doors. But you hear nothing. Has your spell worked or not? If you wish to try turning the handle, turn to 344. Otherwise return to 397 and make another choice.

633

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Choose something from your pack (not gold or Provisions) and cast your spell on it. Instantly, it changes from its real self into an illusory pile of glinting treasure. You offer it to the creature. It seems to be not at all interested, but you cannot be sure it can even *see* your offering. A soft noise comes from its head. Perhaps it *has* seen your treasure after all. Do you want to give up with your gift (return to 516 and choose again), or will you listen to what it has to say (turn to 405)?

634

The guards grab your hands again, but the captain orders them to release you. Your spell is working! 'We must treat such a worthy opponent with more respect,' he announces. 'You may leave us, guards.' The two creatures release your hands and shrug their shoulders. As they leave the room, the captain begins to talk to you freely. 'My apologies for your rough treatment,' he starts. You stop him and tell him you have no time for pleasantries; you must make your way into the inner keep. The captain nods and agrees to escort you. This is a nuisance, but he may be useful. The two of you leave the room and head towards a large door on the far side of the chamber. Turn to 301.

635

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions with you? If not, your spell will not work – return to 123 and make another choice. If you have Medicinal Potions, you may use them on yourself and cast your spell. The healing effect will restore your STAMINA to full strength. Return to 123 to choose your next action.

636

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Coin? If not, the guards attack for 2 STAMINA points of damage and you must face them – turn to 40. If you have a Gold Coin, you may place it on your wrist and cast the spell. An invisible shield forms around your arm. Turn to 40 to attack the guards, but you may deduct 2 points from each of their Attack Strength rolls because of the defensive effect of your shield.

637

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust with you? If not, this spell will not work. If you have some stone dust, you may choose your target and turn this target to stone. But what good has this done you? Whether or not you used this spell, return to 351 and make another choice.

638

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and watch as it takes effect. The Skunkbear looks a little off balance, then steps forwards slowly . . . very slowly. Will you use this as an opportunity to escape from the creature (turn to 469), or will you fight it? If you wish to fight it, turn to 490 but, under the effects of your spell, deduct 3 from its SKILL.

639

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Cloth Skullcap with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Red-Eyes attack – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 769. If you have a Skullcap, turn to 600.

640

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have an Orb of Crystal with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – you must return to 193 and choose again. If you have an Orb of Crystal, turn to 615.

641

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have any of the Holy Water necessary to complete this spell, it will do you no good, for it is entirely inappropriate here! Meanwhile, the guards attack. Deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 453.

642

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not, the spell will not work and the guards attack – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 145. If you have a Flute, turn to 610.

643

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Focusing your spell on the gate, you cast it and wait for the door to open. Nothing happens. Your spell is not powerful enough to open the entrance to the Mampang Fortress. Turn to 304.

644

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Bracelet of Bone this spell requires, it will do you no good. You are guessing at whether your unseen companion even *has* a mind to be susceptible to your illusion at all! To play it safe, you decide to draw out your weapon. Turn to 15.

645

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have an Orb of Crystal with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell. Return to 362 and make another choice. If you have a Crystal Orb, turn to 792.

646

Do you have any Goblin Teeth with you? If not, the spell will not work and the first guard catches you with its sword: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 394. If you have any Goblin Teeth, you may throw as many as you want on to the ground and cast your spell on them. Each will form into a fighting Goblin (SKILL 5, STAMINA 5) and you may order them to attack the guard standing before you. Turn to 394.

647

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Brass Pendulum with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and, in your embarrassment, you turn to run quickly from the room – turn to 74. If you have a Brass Pendulum, you may hold it up before them and start it swinging, as you cast the spell. But the creatures are not in the least concerned by the Pendulum and they leap at you to attack. Turn to 462.

648

As you cast the spell, you blow deeply on the Galehorn. A tremendous wind gushes from it towards the pole. The metal post is firmly set and the blast hardly moves it at all. But surprisingly enough, the weapons resting against the pole do not move either. What can this mean? Turn to 586.

649

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for its effects to help you. Sure enough, you get an inclination against tampering with the doors in front of you. When you wonder how you might best get through the doors, a mental trail leads you towards one of the doors behind you. If you will follow the spell's advice, turn to **493**. Otherwise you may either hold something up against the door (turn to **31**), or try the other door (turn to **206**).

650

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold Piece with you? If not, the spell will not work. If you have a Gold Piece, you may place it on your wrist and cast the spell. It remains fixed in place as an invisible shield. If you fight any battles within this room, you may deduct 2 points from any attacking creature's Attack Strength. Whether or not your spell has worked, draw your weapon and turn to **162**.

651

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, ther you are wasting your time with this spell – return to **452** and make another choice. If you have some pebbles, choose how many you want to use and cast the spell. Turn to **270**. You may throw these pebbles at the Ogre, but for each one, you must roll a number equal to or less than your SKILL score in order to score a successful hit. Each successful hit will inflict 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you miss with two throws, the Ogre will step in to attack and you may throw no more pebbles.

652

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You reach into your backpack and draw out one of your artefacts (your choice). Secretly casting your spell over it, you turn round to present the fat man with what appears to be a handful of treasure. His eyes light up. But he is more interested in the gold than the other treasures you have created. You strike a bargain with him. You will give him the gold if he will give you information which will help penetrate the inner keep. He agrees. Turn to **20**.

653

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell. If you have any Potions, you may swallow them and cast the spell. Its revitalizing effect begins immediately. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Return to **502** to decide what to do next.

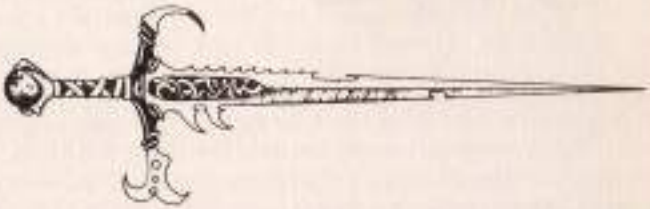

654

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Ring of Green Metal with you? If not, you are showered with rocks and stones and you must try to escape – lose 3 STAMINA points and turn to **368**. If you have such a ring, you may place it on your finger and cast your spell. As it takes effect, you quickly fade and reappear a short distance away. The spell has worked, but to your horror, you have been transported even *nearer* to the path of the landslide! Your only means of escape is to leap over the crevasse. Turn to **400**.

655

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling with you? If not, your spell will not work and the guard attacks: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 394. If you have an Oak Staff, then you may hold it and cast your spell to stop the guard in his tracks. As he stands immobilized, you may leap forwards with your weapon to finish him off. Turn to 495.

656

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on to one of the advancing guards. As it takes effect, he stops in his tracks and looks bewildered. He stares out into the distance, then back at the gate. It is as if he has no comprehension of what is going on at all! Suddenly, he drops to all fours and makes a roaring noise like Snattacat! You must now turn to 40 to face the other guards, but you need fight only three, not four (you choose which you have cast your spell on). But there is one danger which you did not foresee: this spell can make creatures act irrationally. In this case, your victim will get in a lucky hit on you with its weapon during the fight. Deduct 2 STAMINA points after four Attack Rounds.

657

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and images of yourself surround you. As one, you step into battle with the creatures, hoping that they will be fooled into attacking the illusions. But, alas, they are not! Perhaps this is a feature of their powerful vision. One of them steps in and grazes your arm with a blow. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 110.

658

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot use this spell: return to 79 and choose again. If you have a Galehorn, you may use it to create a blast of wind, which you may aim at anything you like. The tremendous force will have its effect, but will do nothing to help you in this situation. Turn to 245.

659

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast the spell towards the centre of the room. Any living creatures within the room will be affected by this spell and, thus demoralized, they should be easy for you to defeat. Turn to 504.

660

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create an invisible shield around yourself. Protected by this shield, you are safe to pass through the Red-Eyes without being harmed. Seeing that their weapons do no good, they both open their eyes. Blasts of heat vision sear towards you, but they cannot penetrate your defence. Seeing how easily you are able to protect yourself, the creatures decide to leave you alone. Turn to 425.

661

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, the spell will not work, and the Birdman seizes its opportunity to attack while you are undefended – deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 450. If you have such a Wig, you may place it on your head and cast the spell, which will allow you to converse with the Birdman. But he is not interested in conversation; you are trespassing in his territory! Draw out your weapon quickly and turn to 450 before he attacks!

662

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You summon up a lightning-blast and focus it on the door's lock. The lock shatters and the door yawns open. Inside, the room is unlit. You step forwards cautiously. But as you cross the threshold, you lose your balance! You have missed the two steps just inside the door leading down into the room. Turn to 112.

663

You hold up your Mirror and cast the spell. The creature roars as its double materializes in the Mirror and springs towards it. But instead of fighting, the Skunkbear turns and lifts its tail. Its double does likewise. Suddenly, the air is filled with the most nauseating smell you have ever come across – and a double dose! You turn to the corner and retch violently. Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You race from the cave as quickly as possible. Turn to 469.

664

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Pearl Ring with you? If not, your spell will not work and the Red-Eyes mount their attack – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 769. If you have a Pearl Ring, you can place it on your finger and cast your spell. You immediately disappear from view. Confident that you cannot be seen, you try to advance around the back of the Red-Eyes with your weapon drawn. But something is not right. They are following your steps! You bring your weapon down to strike one of the creatures and it parries the blow perfectly! Then the answer dawns and you want to kick yourself for wasting your STAMINA. These creatures keep their eyes permanently closed. *They don't need to see you!* But your fight has already begun. Turn to 159.

665

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell and wait, as a horrendous stink fills the room. Do you have any nose plugs with you? If so, you must put them on quickly, or you will be affected. If you don't have any nose plugs, then you *are* affected by the spell, which makes you vomit violently – deduct 3 STAMINA points. But whatever you think of the smell, the creature's reaction is worse. Unable to avoid the stench, the creature has fallen to the ground in the corner of the room and seems to be having a fit of some sort! Its convulsions finally stop and it settles back motionless. It is dead! Turn to 443.

666

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Yellow Powder with you? If not, you may not cast this spell – return to 427 and make another choice. If you have some Yellow Powder, you may sniff it and cast your spell – turn to 714.

667

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Pearl Ring with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – turn to 304. But even if you have a Pearl Ring, this spell will do you no good. You may be able to make yourself invisible, but you will not be able to walk through the door! Turn to 304.

668

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Hobgoblin launches her attack: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 281. If you have a Bracelet of Bone, you may place it on your wrist and cast your spell. In her eyes, your image changes. Instead of being a stranger, your face becomes familiar to her – the familiar face of the Archmage himself! She drops her weapon and bows low before you. You bid her rise. For you were merely making an incognito tour of the Fortress, and you are satisfied that all is well in the kitchens. She thanks you and backs off, still with her head bowed, to allow you to pass out of her kitchen. Turn to 448.

669

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell and must return to 123 to choose again. If you have such a Mirror, turn to 589.

670

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Cloth Skullcap with you? If not, the spell won't work and the guards attack, causing 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to 449. If you have a Skullcap, you may place it on your head and cast your spell. The images within the mind of the leading guard become clear, but they are not surprising: he means to capture you! Turn to 449 and battle the creatures.

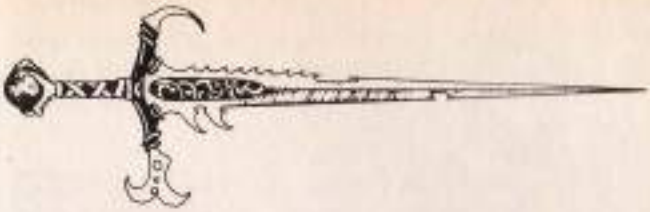

671

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell and, within moments, a horrible stink fills the room. The Black Elves, unsavoury creatures at the best of times, sniff the air and grip their stomachs. Do you have any nose plugs with you? If not, the smell makes you feel just as ill – deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 510: when the smell wears off, the battle will commence. If you have nose plugs, you may use them and the stench will not affect you. You may leave the room by turning to 566.

672

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the stone dust necessary for this spell, it will do you no good as you have no opponent to cast the spell on! Not one you can see, at any rate. You decide instead to draw your weapon. Turn to 15.

673

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Yellow Powder with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell; return to 98 and choose again. If you have some Yellow Powder, you may sniff some and then cast your spell – turn to 585.

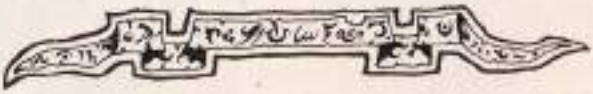

674

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell, pointing your finger at the lock. A bolt of lightning shoots from your finger and cracks the lock, which springs open. Turn to 348.

675

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust? If not, you may not use this spell: draw your weapon and turn to 442. If you have some, you may throw it over the creature and cast your spell. Within moments, the lumpy, shapeless creature is beginning to solidify. A short time after that, it has turned into stone. Will you risk searching the room (turn to 51), or will you just leave quickly (turn to 96)?

676

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any pebbles with you? If not, then you are wasting your time with this spell – return to 557 and make another choice. If you have some pebbles, choose how many you will use and and cast your spell. Turn to 270. You may throw these pebbles at the Ogre, but for each one, you must roll a number equal to or less than your SKILL score in order to score a successful hit. Each successful hit will inflict 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you miss with two throws, the Ogre will step in to attack and you may throw no more pebbles.

677

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell into the room while the Goblins look on curiously. Darkness suddenly fills the room! The creatures cannot understand what has happened and they shriek and call, rushing around the room and bumping into one another. Meanwhile, you are able to make your way across to the door on the far side. You take a few knocks from the creatures on the way, but otherwise arrive unhurt. Turn to 426.

678

You swallow the potion and cast your spell. A surge of power runs through your body and you step up to the rope. You give it a firm tug to test its strength. But with your enhanced powers, the rope merely snaps in your hand! You have destroyed this way of crossing the chasm. Continue along the trail by turning to 59.

679

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell over one of your captors (your choice) and it takes effect. Turn to 145 and fight your battle. During the fight, the victim of your spell will be confused and unable to join in.

680

You gaze into your Orb. 'What is that?' demands the fat man. But for the moment you ignore him; a vision is clearing in the Orb. You can see a dark room, lit by a single white candle held in a hand; there are sharp blades set in the floor. You are watching the scene as if through the eyes of whoever is holding the candle. The way forwards is precarious, but the candle-bearer makes his way safely to a door at the other end of the room. Then the vision disappears. Again the fat man demands to know what you are doing. You stuff the Orb back into your pack. It is much too valuable a treasure to let him get his hands on! Will you offer him something from your backpack (turn to **66**), or will you draw your weapon and leap across the table at him (turn to **205**)?

681

You throw the sand in front of the statue and cast your spell. A small pool of quicksand appears on the floor. You may now make your way across the room. Turn to **504**. But your trap will only slow down your opponent, not prevent it from reaching you. When you are told to *Test your Luck*, you may ignore this and turn to **329** instead, as if you had been Lucky.

682

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell hopelessly in the dark. Unable to focus it on any particular target, it has no effect. Draw your weapon and turn to **15**.

683

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You aim your finger at the creature's head and unleash your lightning-blast. Unable to complete its transformation, the Demon can do nothing to prevent this attack. The blast hits the creature on target, and its head seems to explode from inside, spraying its gory vital juices around the room. Turn to 351.

684

The Goblin's thoughts begin to reach you, but they are confused and meaningless. Little did you know it, but you have chosen to read the mindless head of a Goblin imbecile! You learn nothing. You step across the room; turn to 56.

685

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. And while you are delaying with your futile attempts, the She-Satyrs hurl another spear at you which grazes your leg: deduct 2 STAMINA points and return to 522 to choose a non-spell option. If you have a Black Facemask, you may hold it before your face and cast the spell. The sight terrifies the creatures, who race off to hide behind a large rock. You may continue your journey. Turn to 441.

686

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, your spell does not work and the Skunkbear catches you off guard with a blow: deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 490. If you have a Medallion, you place it round your neck and cast your spell. Slowly you rise in the air! The Skunkbear, however, is not impressed. And you cannot rise out of its reach as the cave is not high enough. It swipes at you and catches your leg with its claw. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 469.

687

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your host watches as you cast the spell. 'Magic!' he exclaims. 'Do we have a fellow magician with us? Let's see how strong the Analander's magic really is!' He mumbles a few words and points a finger towards a rope lying on the floor. Immediately, the rope flies into the air like a serpent and darts towards you. It is attempting to bind your hands! But your spell has protected you, and the rope halts a couple of feet away, unable to penetrate your defence. The Sorcerer smiles. 'A magical protection spell. I see. Then we will have to use less impressive means to capture the Analander.' Turn to **552**.

688

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Pearl Ring with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you must lose 2 STAMINA points as one of the guards gets in a first blow – turn to **453**. If you have a Pearl Ring, you place it on your finger and wait for the right moment. One of the guards swings his sword and you release the spell. Before their mystified eyes, you vanish! They are confused, but come to the conclusion that the blow must have been more powerful than they had thought. Meanwhile, you quietly head for the double doors. Turn to **176**.

689

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell quickly, before the Hydra can attack. Immediately, you begin to feel its effects. Your body grows rapidly to three times its normal size and you stand like a Giant before the creature. But you are nearing the height of the ceiling; this spell is not fully effective in confined spaces. Nevertheless, it will give you an advantage in your battle with the Hydra. Turn to **65** to fight the creature. While enhanced by your spell, you may add 4 SKILL points during the battle.

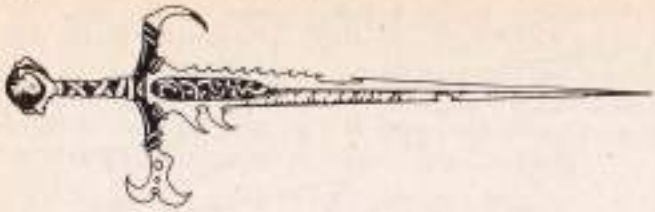

690

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell quickly to protect yourself from any magic that might try to harm you. Turn to **281** and, if you are attacked by magic, you may ignore the effects.

691

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, you cannot cast the spell and the Ogre attacks you for 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to **270**. If you have a Sun Jewel, your spell will temporarily blind the Ogre, but will do him no harm. Return to **452** and make another choice.

692

You hold the Mask up over your face and cast the spell. But you were foolish to think that such a weak spell could affect a Demon from the Netherworld. Turn to **172**.

693

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Secretly you cast your spell at the fat man. He sits quietly watching you and you have no clue as to whether or not your spell has worked. Return to **160** and make another choice.

694

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell to protect you from the effects of a fall. Do you now wish to try jumping out of the window (turn to **575**), or will you consider another option (return to **427** and make another choice)?

695

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You concentrate on your spell and point your finger towards the fleeing Red-Eye. The others realize what you are doing. Turn to 769.

696

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell: return to 98 and make another choice. If you have such a Medallion, you may place it round your neck and recite the spell – turn to 585.

697

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, your spell will not work: return to 123 and choose another course of action. If you have a Green-Haired Wig, turn to 625.

698

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Bracelet of Bone necessary to use this spell, it will do you no good, as the Goblins are far too stupid to understand any illusion you may create. A Goblin in the centre of the room closes in as you fuss with your spell. It is a grotesque creature with two arms of different sizes. Its right arm is huge and muscular; its left is fairly puny. Its legs are proportioned in the opposite way: its left leg is twice the size of its right. At first, you think it is taking an interest in your illusion. But it is not. It bares its teeth and attacks. Turn to 332.

699

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and step forwards to fight the Sightmasters. You are protected from magical attacks, but these creatures are not using magic! One of them catches you unawares with a blow. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 110.

700

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Potion of Fire Water with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you will have to try smashing the lock – turn to 505. If you have some Fire Water, you may drink it and cast the spell on yourself. Power begins to surge through your body. When you feel you are fully charged, you grasp the lock and twist it between your hands. It breaks. Turn to 348.

701

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling with you? If not, this spell will not work and you must deduct 2 STAMINA points as the Birdman slashes at you with its talons – turn to 450. If you have a Staff, you hold it out and cast the spell at the creature. Ordinarily, this spell would work, but as fate would have it, the creature chooses that very moment to dart down from the sky. Your spell misses, and the creature is upon you. Turn to 450.

702

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You focus your spell on to the locked door. When you have completed it, you hear a small click come from the lock. The door opens into a lightless room. But before you can take anything in, you lurch forwards! You have not seen the two steps just inside the entrance which you have now fallen down. Turn to **112**.

703

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell to create six different images of yourself in the room. But you have wasted your STAMINA. There is nothing alive in the room to be taken in by your illusion. Return to **351** to make another choice.

704

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions with you? If not, the spell will not work – return to **323** and make another choice. If you have any Medicinal Potions or Blimberry Juice, you may swallow some and cast your spell. The healing effects will be magically enhanced. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Now return to **323** and choose your next course of action.

705

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, the spell does not work – return to **580** and choose again. If you have a Sun Jewel, the spell makes it glow brilliantly, filling the room with light. But you can see nothing particularly unusual about the room. Turn to **504**.

706

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – turn to 552. If you have a Bracelet of Bone, you may place it on your wrist and cast your spell. You have thought of your illusion well. The desk at which he is sitting begins to heave and crack. He jumps back, startled, and watches as the wood becomes alive and forms itself into a gnarled Wood Golem in front of him! A scrawny arm reaches towards him. But his reaction is immediate: a ball of fire swells up in his hand and he flings it at the Golem. The creature shrieks as it catches fire and a sly smile spreads across the man's face. Holding his hand high in the air, he swirls it in a circular motion above the blazing Golem. Drops of water form in thin air and, moments later, the fire is out. You watch in amazement and your concentration lapses. The blackened Golem reforms once more into the burnt-out desk it really is.

Realizing how he has been tricked, the man's temper bursts. 'Trickery!' he screams. 'I have had enough of these games!' Turn to 552.

707

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel of Gold with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Birdmen attack – deduct 3 STAMINA points and turn to 462. If you have a Jewel of Gold, you may hold it up and cast your spell. The Birdmen stop their advance and watch you bemusedly. You explain that, to be totally honest with them, you are hiding from the Captain of the Guards and you would appreciate a little help. The Birdmen burst out laughing and agree that you may shelter in their room. They have taken quite a liking to you! When the coast is clear, you may leave – turn to 479.

708

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Holy Water necessary to cast this spell, it will do you no good as it is not appropriate here. Turn to 769.

709

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Your spell creates an awful stink in the room. The Ogre curls his nose up, horrified. He thinks that it is you who smells so bad! Do you have any nose plugs? If not, the stink will make you ill and you must lose 3 STAMINA points. If you have nose plugs, you may use them to protect yourself. The Ogre asks that you leave straight away, for he cannot stand the smell. But you will leave only if he will tell you what he knows about the Throben Doors. 'Yes, yes,' he agrees. 'Anything. Only get that smell out of here! Leave through the door in the corner. When you eventually come to a pair of double doors, you will find they open into a flaming hell-fire. Ignore this, for it is only an illusion. Now go!' This is useful information. If you follow his advice and come across a large double door, when you step through it into the fire beyond, turn to reference 399 instead of the one you are instructed. You may leave the Ogre by turning to 230.

710

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 427 and make another choice. If you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion, you may place it round your neck and cast your spell – turn to 714.

711

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for an indication of your safest way of escape. Nothing happens. Either your spell is not working correctly, or there just is no safe way of escape. The guards are now almost upon you. Turn to 449.

712

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on yourself. You are protected from falling, but so far you have not fallen! Meanwhile, you must face the first guard. Turn to 394.

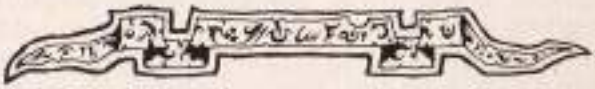

713

You cast your spell and look into the Orb. It turns from clear to cloudy, then an image begins to form. Guards! A number of shaggy-haired guards are involved in a battle of some kind, against a human. Eventually, the image fades and you must decide what to do next. Turn to 245.

714

You wait for your spell to take effect. But nothing happens! You are reasonably sure you recited it correctly, but for some reason it has not worked. You consider your other options. You may either plan an ambush or the guard when he arrives with food (turn to 476), or you may simply wait to see whether anyone will summon you (turn to 214).

715

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on to the creature and wait for it to take effect. But the brute is so slow anyway that you cannot really tell whether the spell has worked or not. In fact the spell *has* affected the creature. You may now draw your weapon and fight it. Its reactions have been slowed considerably:

MUCALYTIC	SKILL 4	STAMINA 9

If it manages to score three wounds on you during the battle, turn to 576. If you defeat it before it can score three hits, turn to 443.

716

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and the Birdman stops in mid-attack. It looks at you, then looks around complacently. It seems to have lost its desire to continue the battle. If you could reach it, now would be a good time to finish it off, but it hangs in the air as if wondering what to do next. Eventually, it flies off and you may continue along the trail. Turn to 441.

717

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Black Facemask with you? If not, your spell will not work – turn to 172. If you have a Black Facemask, you may cast your spell. Turn to 692.

718

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell at one of the guards. Immediately, this guard seems to trip over his own feet and falls flat on his face on the ground. He stands up, picks up his sword and swings it in the air. It flies out of his hands! The guard has been well and truly incapacitated by your spell. But there are still three more advancing towards you! Turn to 40 to face them, but you may ignore one of the guards (your choice). If you manage to defeat the other three, you will easily be able to kill the last one afterwards.

719

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any sand with you? If not, your spell will not work – return to 580 and make another choice. If you have any sand, turn to 681.

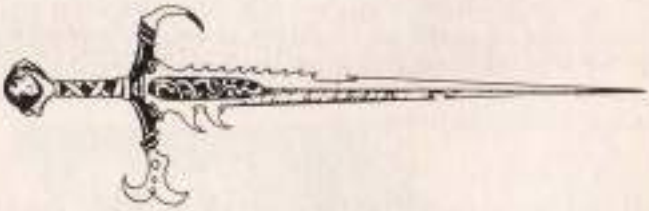

720

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. Your spell has its effect on its target. The Red-Eye's movements slow down dramatically, so that it seems to be moving in a dream. The other two have noticed that their comrade has been gripped by magic, and their response is deadly for you. Fearing that you may use magic on them, they unleash their most powerful weapon – heat vision. Opening their eyelids, four searing beams of heat shoot towards you and hit your chest before you have time to react. Your last memory is the smell of burning flesh – your own.

721

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Pearl Ring? If not, your spell will not work and the guard attacks: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 394. If you have a Pearl Ring, you may place it on your finger and cast the spell. To the amazement of the guard standing before you, you disappear instantly! The guard shifts nervously. He can hear your footsteps coming towards him, but he cannot see where you are. He slashes the air desperately with his sword, but misses. While under the influence of this spell, it will be an easy matter for you to kill this guard. A swift blow to the neck ends his life. But now the spell is beginning to wear off! Turn to 495.

722

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Crystal Orb this spell requires, you have no time to use it. The guards grab you again. You manage to break free of their hold just long enough to grab your weapon. Turn to 145.

723

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Potion of Fire Water with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – turn to 383. If you can drink a Potion of Fire Water, you may do so and then cast your spell. As it takes effect, your body surges with power. You may perform an act of strength – but what good will it do you? Turn to 586.

724

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, this spell will not work – turn to 165. If you have a Galehorn, you may cast your spell and blow through it. A tremendous blast breaks from the instrument and catches the rope. It blows out across the crevasse. When the blast ceases, the rope swings back towards you. It seems safe enough. Do you want to try swinging across on the rope (turn to 165), or will you instead continue down the path (turn to 59)?

725

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Ring of Green Metal with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you must return to 98 to make another choice. If you have a Green Ring, you may place it on your finger and cast your spell. Turn to 585.

726

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You reach into your backpack and choose something on which to cast your spell (cross 1 item off your Adventure Sheet). The spell turns this into a handful of illusory treasure, which you hold out towards the Hobgoblin. But your peace offering has no effect. You have deeply insulted her! Her cleaver comes down, narrowly missing your hand. Turn to 281.

727

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Brass Pendulum required for this spell, it will do you no good, as you need time to concentrate your victim's attention on the Pendulum as it swings. In this situation you do not have time to put the Black Elves to sleep, and they attack you. Deduct 2 STAMINA points, as they strike the first blow, and turn to 510.

728

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Cloth Skullcap with you? If not, you wait for the spell to take effect, but nothing happens, and you cross the room hurriedly (turn to 571). If you have a Cloth Skullcap, you may place it on your head and concentrate on one of the Goblins. Turn to 684.

729

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bracelet of Bone with you? If not, your spell will not work: return to 362 and make another choice. If you have a Bracelet of Bone, this will still not do you much good. Even if you create the illusion that the prisoner is free of the pillory, the illusion will soon be shattered when he finds he cannot move about. Return to 362 and make another choice.

730

Do you have any Goblin's Teeth with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – turn to 552. If you have any Goblin's Teeth, you may throw them on the ground and cast your spell over them. Deduct as many STAMINA points as Goblin's Teeth you use and turn to 581.

731

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, your spell will not work and the rocks fall around and on you – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 368 to escape the landslide. If you have a Galehorn, you cast your spell and blow, creating a raging gale which blows up against the falling rocks. The force is tremendous, but it cannot hold back the landslide. Your only means of escape now is to leap across the crevasse (turn to 400).

732

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the first guard attacks: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 449. If you have some beeswax, you may rub it on your weapon to enhance its effect. Turn to 449 to fight the guards, but each wound that you inflict in this fight will cause 4 STAMINA points of damage instead of the normal 2.

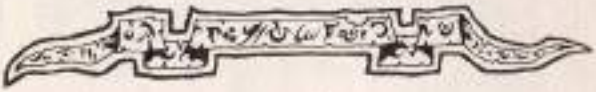

733

As the spell wears off, your feet once more touch solid ground. The confusion clears and you take in your surroundings. They are strangely familiar. You are far from the prison tower, that's for sure. But where are you? You are alone on a wide plain, standing on a path. The featureless landscape offers no encouragement. You choose your direction and set off along the path. Turn to reference 48 of Book 3 of the *Sorcery!* series.

734

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any grains of sand with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 499 and make another choice. If you have some sand, turn to 597.

735

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Crystal Orb with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – return to 160 and choose again. If you have a Crystal Orb, turn to 680.

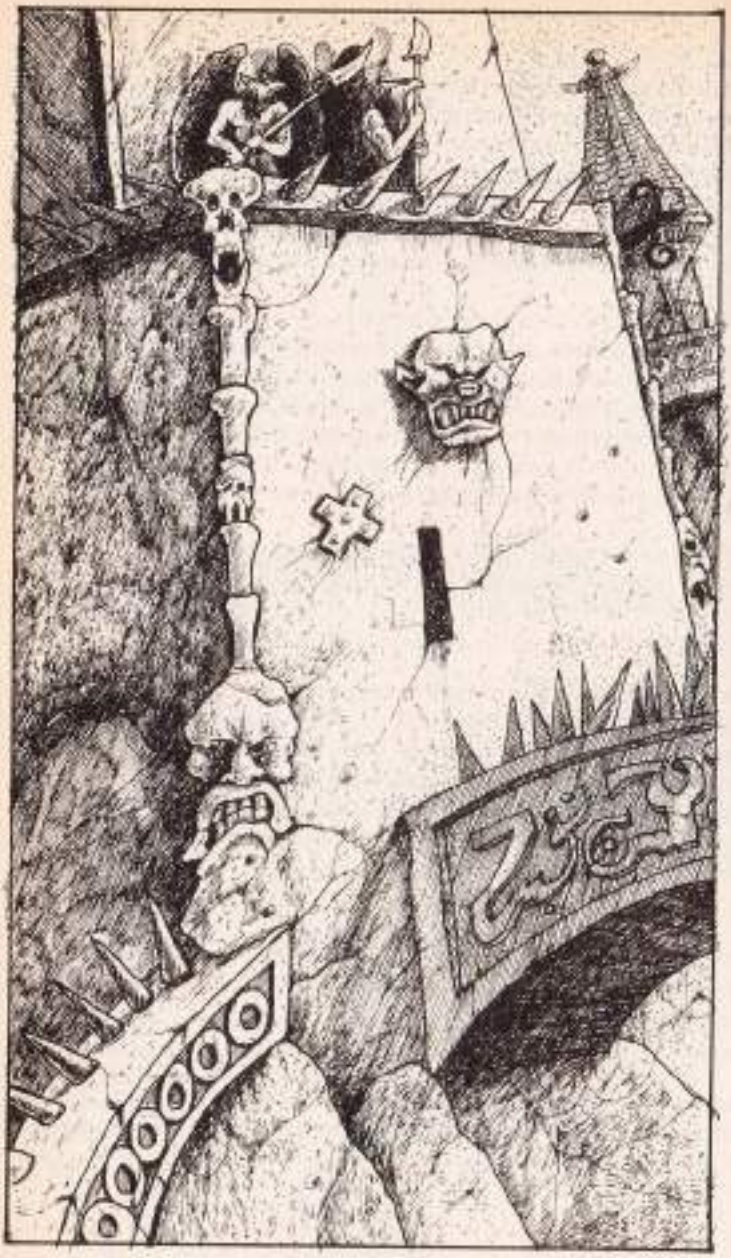

736

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, the spell will not work – turn to 304. If you have such a Medallion, you may place it round your neck and cast your spell. You begin to rise in the air towards the top of the Fortress wall. But as you float upwards, a sight makes you stop in mid-flight. Birdmen, patrolling the parapets! So far, they have not seen you, but if you rise any further, you will surely be discovered. You decide against trying to enter this way and return to the ground. Turn to 304.

737

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and must decide to copy the creature – turn to 483. If you have any pebbles, you may cast your spell on them to charge them with explosive power. But even throwing them against the lock has no effect. And the noise attracts the attention of a group of guards! You decide to leave and hide in the corner of the courtyard. Turn to 519.

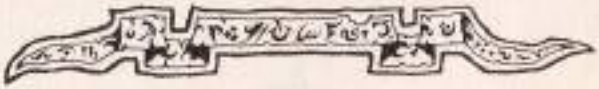

738

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, your spell will not work and the guards get in the first blow: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 453. If you have a Wig, you may place it on your head and talk to the guards. They stop in their tracks, amazed at hearing someone talk to them in the language of their homelands, the Tinpang Valley. But they have little to say, except that you are not allowed in the area. As a special privilege, they will allow you to leave them peacefully and approach the double doors. If you decide to do this, turn to 176. If you don't want to do this, you will have to fight them (turn to 453).

739

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You wait for the area around you to go dark, but nothing happens! This spell will work only indoors. Meanwhile the Sightmasters attack quickly, landing the first blow. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 110.

740

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, your spell will not work and you must draw your weapon – turn to 442. If you have a Sun Jewel, you may hold it up and cast your spell into it. It begins to glow with a throbbing light which becomes brighter and brighter. Suddenly, it bursts into brilliance and the creature shrieks with a pitiful cry! It backs off into the corner of the room and you cannot help but take pity on it. It is whimpering with a sound that could be a sentence, if only you could hear it properly. Will you step over and listen to it (turn to 405), or will you remain still, holding up the Jewel (turn to 559)?

741

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Ring of Green Metal with you? If not, this spell will have no effect and you decide to try something from your backpack against the doors – turn to 31. If you have such a ring, you may place it on your finger and concentrate on your spell. Whereas the spell can take you short distances instantaneously, it cannot take you through solid wood. In an instant, you are standing at a different spot, carried by the spell. You are standing in front of a door which you recognize as the one you have just passed on the left. Will you open the door and enter (turn to 206), or will you head back for the doors you have just come from (turn to 253)?

742

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Crystal Orb with you? If not, the spell will not work – return to 79 and make another choice. If you have a Crystal Orb, turn to 713.

743

Do you have any Holy Water with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – return to 351 and choose another course of action. If you have any Holy Water, you may cast your spell on the body of Farren Whyde. Turn to 537.

744

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you cannot cast the spell and the creature swipes again, this time smacking you in the side: deduct 2 STAMINA points and return to 515 to make another choice. If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, you may hold it up to the creature and cast your spell. But the poor light and the sheer size of the blubbery hulk are affecting your spell; it is taking a long time to work. Meanwhile, the creature lumbers forwards and swings its arm. Your Mirror is knocked from your hand and smashes on the floor! Turn to 475.

745

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – turn to 769. If you have a Sun Jewel, you pull it out and cast your spell. The Red-Eyes laugh at your efforts. For how can you blind them with a Sun Jewel if their eyes are already closed? Draw your weapon and turn to 225.

746

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Potion of Fire Water with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. The She-Satyrs become annoyed at your futile efforts and one throws a spear which grazes your arm: deduct 2 STAMINA points and return to 522 to choose again. If you have a Potion of Fire Water, you may drink it and cast your spell. A surge of strength runs through your body. You grab a huge boulder and hurl it at the She-Satyrs. Although it misses them, they look nervously at each other and decide you are a little too powerful for them to capture. They allow you to leave the area unharmed. Turn to 441.

747

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel of Gold with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – turn to 145. If you have a Jewel of Gold you may cast your spell quickly on the captain. Turn to 634.

748

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Red-Eyes attack as you are trying to make it work. Turn to 769. If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, you cast your spell on to it and turn it towards one of the creatures. A double of this creature crawls out of the mirror and stands in front of them. The three Red-Eyes are astonished! You may command this creation to attack its model. But before you do this, you may cast the spell twice more to create duplicates of all three Red-Eyes (casting each spell will drain 1 STAMINA point). Decide how many you will create and turn to 159. Each replica will battle its model to the death. It will have the same SKILL and STAMINA scores as its original and will also have the same powers of heat vision. You may join in the battle and help your creations to win if you wish.

749

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have a Green-Haired Wig with you, this spell will do you no good. There is no one around for you to talk to! Turn to 304.

750

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Green-Haired Wig you need to complete this spell, it will do you no good, as there is no one around who can hear you. Turn to 53.

751

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and create an invisible barrier along the side of the trail, such that the falling rocks smash into it and pile up. Your creation shudders as the weight builds up, and you decide it best to run ahead quickly before the spell wears off. You pass the landslide safely. Further along the trail, you come to a wide crack in the rock, which is spanned by a narrow bridge. Turn to 411.

752

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, you cannot cast the spell and the Ogre attacks you for 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to 270. If you have a Sun Jewel, your spell will temporarily blind the Ogre, but will do him no harm. Return to 251 and make another choice.

753

Deduct 7 STAMINA points. Your body trembles as you cast the spell. What lies in store? You have no idea what the spell will do. The first sound you hear is a squeaky scream from the Minimite. You look towards him and find he is in great pain, lying down on the floor and clutching his stomach. *Magic!* The spell has broken the little creature's defences and it is writhing in agony on the floor! Suddenly, Jann falls still. The strain has been too much. He is dead.

But what about yourself? As the Minimite dies, it seems to have the effect of triggering your spell. The room swirls. A rush of sound, like the sea in a large shell, comes to your ears. Your sense of balance falters . . . and is lost, as you tumble over and over in a magical void. You can see the world below you flashing past. People, places, creatures . . . all swirl past you – *travelling backwards!* The secret of the spell! That must be it! Your are travelling backwards through time! But, the question is – and here you realize the folly of your actions – *where to*? Turn to **438**.

754

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for an indication as to whether or not this strange structure is safe. Sure enough, your spell signals a warning. Turn to **586**.

755

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Gold-Backed Mirror with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Hobgoblin attacks with the cleaver – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **281**. If you have a Gold-Backed Mirror, turn to **629**.

756

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a vial of glue? If not, the spell will not work and the guards attack: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 453. If you have a vial of glue, you throw it on to the floor in front of the leading guard and cast your spell. Your aim is good but, as luck would have it, the guard changes his pace as he reaches your trap and his stride takes him over it! Turn to 453 and face the guards.

757

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, your spell does not work and the creature catches you off guard with a blow: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 490. If you have the Wig, you put it on and cast the spell. You find you are able to converse with the creature. But it is not interested in conversation; it simply wants you out of its home! Will you leave it in peace (turn to 469), or will you fight it (turn to 490)?

758

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Pearl Ring with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and while you try in vain to complete it, the Birdmen attack – deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 462. If you have a Pearl Ring, you may cast your spell to make yourself invisible. But this is not an ideal spell to cast in this situation. You are in a small room, so there is not much chance of avoiding the Birdmen, and your opponents have a sharp sense of hearing. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may slip out of the room (turn to 479). If you are Unlucky, the Birdmen locate you (turn to 462).

759

The Pendulum swings slowly backwards and forwards as his attention becomes more and more focused on it. Under the influence of your spell, he is soon asleep and you are able to look through his room. It seems that he keeps his gold well hidden, for all you can find is a pouch on the desk containing 10 Gold Pieces. You may keep these. But under his table is a drawer containing a book which you find most interesting. On one page is a diagram that you recognize as the courtyard. Written next to the double doors is the word 'Alaralatanalara'. *The password!* You memorize the word, snap the book shut and leave the room. Turn to 141.

760

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Bamboo Flute with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell and your futile efforts serve only to anger the creatures. Another spear comes flying towards you, and this one catches your leg – deduct 3 STAMINA points and return to 522 to choose a non-magical option. If you have a Bamboo Flute, you may cast your spell and start playing. As the spell takes hold, the effect is comical. The two She-Satyrs begin dancing uncontrollably in time to your music! They step awkwardly on their clumsy hooves, and are unable to prevent you continuing along the trail. Turn to 441.

761

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Green-Haired Wig that this spell requires, it will do you no good: there is nothing around for you to talk to. You decide instead to try something from your pack. Turn to 31.

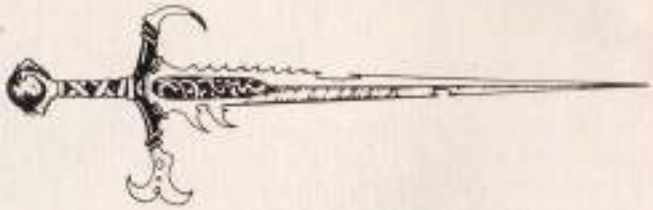

762

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell on the creature and wait for some indication that it has worked. You get no such indication. You draw your weapon. Turn to 442.

763

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You cast your spell. Almost immediately, an invisible cloud, which smells like a thousand rotting dungheaps, swells up in the room. Do you have any nose plugs with you? If not, then the smell will make you feel ill and you must deduct 3 STAMINA points as you are sick in the corner. You turn towards the fat man. He looks towards you smiling, holding a scented handkerchief to his nose. The spell is not affecting him at all! Do you want to leap across the table and attack (turn to 205), or will you instead offer him something from your backpack (turn to 66)?

764

You cast your spell into the Jewel. It starts by glowing dully, then suddenly a brilliant light bursts from it and fills the room. Gasps go up all round and the Goblins cringe away from you into the corners of the room, shielding their eyes from the light. You have a clear path across the room to the door on the far side. Turn to 426.

765

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any beeswax with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and you take a first blow from one of the guards: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 453. If you have some beeswax, you may quickly rub it on to your weapon to enhance its abilities. Turn to 453 and fight the guards, but your weapon will do double damage – 4 STAMINA points of damage instead of the normal 2.

766

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. As the guards approach, you cast your spell. *But nothing happens!* This spell can only be used within the confines of a windowless room, not outside as you are now. The guards are approaching fast and one strikes you with his sword. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to 40.

767

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell to create a magical defensive barrier. But nothing happens! Perhaps you have not cast it properly. Return to **98** and choose an alternative course of action.

768

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions with you? If not, you cannot use this spell. If you have any such Potions, you may swallow them and cast your spell. Your wounds begin to heal and you start to feel revitalized. You may restore your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level. Whether or not you have been able to cast the spell, return to **362** to choose your next move.

769

The Red-Eyes watch you go through the motions of casting your spell. It is obvious to them that you are summoning up magic and that they must act quickly. Their best defence is attack. And their best means of attack is their deadly power of heat vision. The Red-Eyes open their eyelids and stare directly into your face. Your last memory is of burning beams of heat from the eyes of the creatures heading directly for your own. Your mission has ended.

770

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, you cannot cast the spell and the Ogre attacks you for 2 STAMINA points of damage – turn to **270**. If you have a Sun Jewel, your spell will temporarily blind the Ogre, but will do him no harm. Return to **557** and make another choice.

771

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any stone dust with you? If not, you cannot use this spell – return to 580 and make another choice. If you have some stone dust, you may throw it over anything that you wish in the room and use your spell to petrify it. Turn to 504.

772

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You concentrate on one of the creatures and cast your spell. The She-Satyr shakes her head and looks first at you, then at her companion. Her expression is one of bewilderment! The other creature begins to shift uneasily; she had no wish to confront a magician. 'Release my companion from this spell,' she shouts, in a voice more fearful than threatening, 'and we will let you pass.' This seems a fair deal to you, and you pick up your belongings to leave. Suddenly, the confused She-Satyr grabs a handful of pebbles and hurls them at you! Before you can react, they shower you painfully. You must deduct 2 STAMINA points, but then you may leave the area. Turn to 441.

773

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and, almost immediately, you begin to grow until you are Giant-sized. You step up to the doors. With your extra strength, you hope you can smash them open. Do you want to grip the handle and give the door a shove (turn to 344), or will you first try imitating the creature you saw earlier (turn to 483)?

774

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell over Farren Whyde. He begins to protest, but it is too late. He slumps miserably on to the floor. You try talking to him, but he is not interested. The old man's spirit has been broken. There is now nothing you can do. You will have to leave, work your way back through the Fortress and head for the tower outside. Turn to **486**.

775

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any pebbles with you? If not, you cannot use this spell and the Elves will attack: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **510**. If you have any pebbles, you may cast your spell on them and use them as exploding missiles against the Black Elves. You may throw as many of your pebbles as you want and, during this time, the Black Elves will not dare approach you too quickly. Turn to **510**. Choose your target and roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your SKILL score, deduct 3 STAMINA points from your target. If the roll is higher, the pebble misses. When you have finished throwing your pebbles, you must finish the battle off with your weapon.

776

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any Medicinal Potions with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – return to **193** and choose again. If you have Medicinal Potions, you may swallow them and cast your spell. Within moments, the spell will take effect. You may restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Now return to **193** to choose your next course of action.

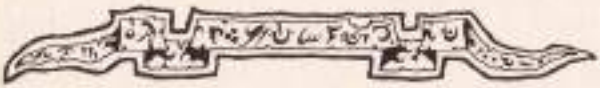

777

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – return to 499 and make another choice. If you have such a Medallion, you may place it round your neck and cast the spell. Almost immediately, you begin to rise into the air. But the ceiling is low and you cannot gain any advantage of height on the creature: you cannot rise out of its reach! As it closes in, you decide to return to the ground where you will be able to fight more easily. Turn to 65.

778

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, the spell will not work and you must deduct 2 STAMINA points as the Birdman darts down from the air to attack – turn to 450. If you have such a Medallion, you may place it round your neck and cast your spell. As it takes effect, your body begins to rise in the air. The Birdman stops his attack and watches, incredulous, as you float towards him. You may now draw your weapon and attack. Turn to 450.

779

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Galehorn with you? If not, you cannot cast this spell – turn to 383. If you have a Galehorn, turn to 648.

780

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Green-Haired Wig with you? If not, your spell will not work and you will not avoid the creature's next blow: deduct 2 STAMINA points and return to 515 to make another choice. If you have such a Wig, you may place it on your head and cast your spell, to try to talk to the blubbery hulk. Recognizing something of your message, it cocks its head to one side and stares at you intently. Turn to 386.

781

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell over the fallen Demon and command it to rise, under your control. But nothing happens. The creature is dead and cannot obey you. You have wasted your STAMINA. Return to 351 and make another choice.

782

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for an indication of any traps or danger ahead. Something is not quite right. Although you are sure you are about to face danger, no indication is given by the spell. Return to 123 to choose your next course of action.

783

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. Unsure of what you are facing in this room, you decide to try a powerful spell. As it takes effect, the shuffling stops. You approach the general direction of the shuffling noise. But in the blackness you bump into a prickly bush! Or was it a bush at all? Whatever it was, you are now bleeding and must deduct 2 more STAMINA points. Rather than wait around to find out what it was, you decide to give up on this room. You leave, heading through the entrance-room, to try the other way onwards. Turn to 18.

784

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any small pebbles? If not, you cannot use this spell and the first guard clouts you with the flat of his sword – turn to 449. If you have some pebbles, you may cast your spell on to as many as you want (but not more than you have). The guards are a cowardly lot. As you throw the pebbles at them, they explode and frighten them off. Once you have decided how many pebbles you will enchant, you must then determine how many of the guards you will frighten. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score for each of the pebbles. If the roll is equal to or less than your SKILL, then that pebble has frightened off one of the guards. If you manage to frighten off all three guards, turn to 397. If you frighten off two of the guards, turn to 401. If you frighten off none, or one of the guards, you will have to draw your weapon and face the others – turn to 449 (but ignore the first guard, if you have frightened him off).

785

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and wait for some indication of whether the rope is safe or not. You begin to feel a strange sensation. The hand which is gripping the rope begins to glow with a peculiar heat! At first you think you may be imagining things, but eventually, you are certain that the spell is trying to tell you something. But what? If you wish to swing across on the rope, turn to 165. If you leave it and continue along the trail, turn to 59.

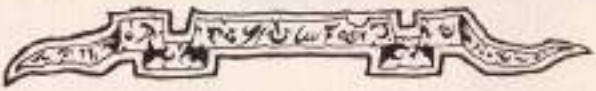

786

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Staff of Oak Sapling? If not, you cannot use this spell; instead draw your weapon and turn to 162. If you have an Oak Staff, you may hold it up and cast your spell. The strange man raises an eyebrow and then grimaces as the spell takes effect. 'A Holding Spell!' he grunts, evidently struggling against its power. He reaches into his desk and pulls out a small glass vial. Before you can stop him, he drinks the potion within it and slumps back in the chair. You step forwards to take advantage of his weakness, but not before he can call out loudly. Turn to 552.

787

By wearing the Skullcap and casting your spell, you are able to reach out and focus on the mind of the leading Sightmaster. But now you must face the creatures. Being able to read the mind of the first Sightmaster, he will not be able to hit you. Turn to 110 to battle the group. You must follow the combat instructions, but you will not suffer any hits from an opponent whose mind you are reading, even if its Attack Strength is higher. Thus you may dispatch the first Sightmaster in two successful rounds, but you must still follow the instructions in case one of the other Sightmasters lands a hit. When the first is defeated, you may cast the spell again on the second (this will cost another 1 STAMINA point), and then the third when the second is defeated.

788

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You draw something from your backpack (you choose what) and cast your spell on it. It immediately turns into a gleaming pile of treasure! But the Skunkbear is not interested in these apparent riches. He wants you out of his cave! The creature hits you with a paw. Deduct 1 STAMINA point and decide whether you want to draw your weapon and face it (turn to **490**), or run from the cave (turn to **469**).

789

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Giant's Tooth with you? If not, the spell will not work and the first guard attacks: deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **394**. If you have a Giant's Tooth, you may throw it on the ground and cast your spell to create a large, burly Giant (SKILL 8, STAMINA 9) which will attack the first guard. Turn to **394** to conduct this battle. The Giant will disappear as soon as the fight is over.

790

Deduct 4 STAMINA points. You cast your spell towards the strongest-looking Birdman. There is a *clang* as the creature's sword drops to the ground. It looks surprised, and bends down to retrieve the blade. This time, the Birdman smacks its head against the table on the way down and it collapses in a heap on the floor. It has knocked itself out! Turn to **462** to fight the remaining two Birdmen (ignore the first Birdman).

791

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. This spell will do you no good here. Although you may be able to create a pool of quicksand, there are no creatures around that you could trap in it! Turn to 304.

792

You cast your spell into the Orb and watch to see what happens. A milky cloud spreads through it and eventually begins to clear. An image takes shape. An old man, dressed in long undergarments, is in a room, standing behind the door. Apparently he is waiting for someone to enter, as he holds a brass pot above his head, ready to attack. What can this mean? Does it mean anything? This revelation is not helping you to break the lock of the pillory. Return to 362 and make another choice.

793

Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You cast your spell and it takes effect immediately. You are protected from any magic that may be used against you. But these Black Elves will not be using magic. Turn to 510.

794

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have any pebbles with you? If not, then you are wasting your time with this spell; return to 251 and make another choice. If you have any pebbles, choose how many you will use and cast your spell. Turn to 270. You may throw these pebbles at the Ogre, but for each one, you must roll a number equal to or less than your SKILL score in order to make a successful hit. Each successful hit will inflict 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you miss with two throws, the Ogre will step in to attack and you may throw no more pebbles.

795

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Green-Haired Wig you need to complete this spell, it will do you no good, as there is nothing around to hear you. Turn to 53.

796

You cast your spell and stare into the Orb. Images form within the glass and shortly you are looking at a scene, in which nothing is moving. A narrow trail leads down towards a crevasse in a rocky mountainside. What can this mean? Not a great deal at the moment. Return to **123** to choose your next course of action.

797

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Whether or not you have the Gold-Backed Mirror that this spell requires, it will do you no good: this spell is not appropriate here. Frustrated at the poor choice you have made, you step up to the rope. Turn to **165**.

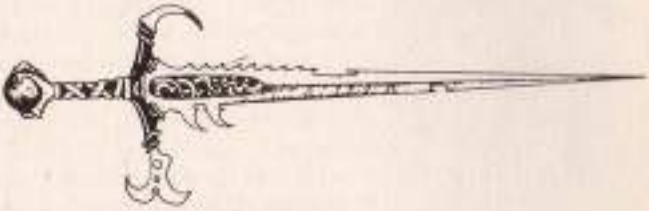

798

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Jewel-Studded Medallion with you? If not, your spell will not work and you have now wasted time – draw your weapon and turn to **172**. If you have such a Medallion, turn to **540**.

799

Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Do you have a Sun Jewel with you? If not, the spell will not work and you must try to pick your way through the Goblins – turn to **56**. If you have a Sun Jewel, turn to **764**.

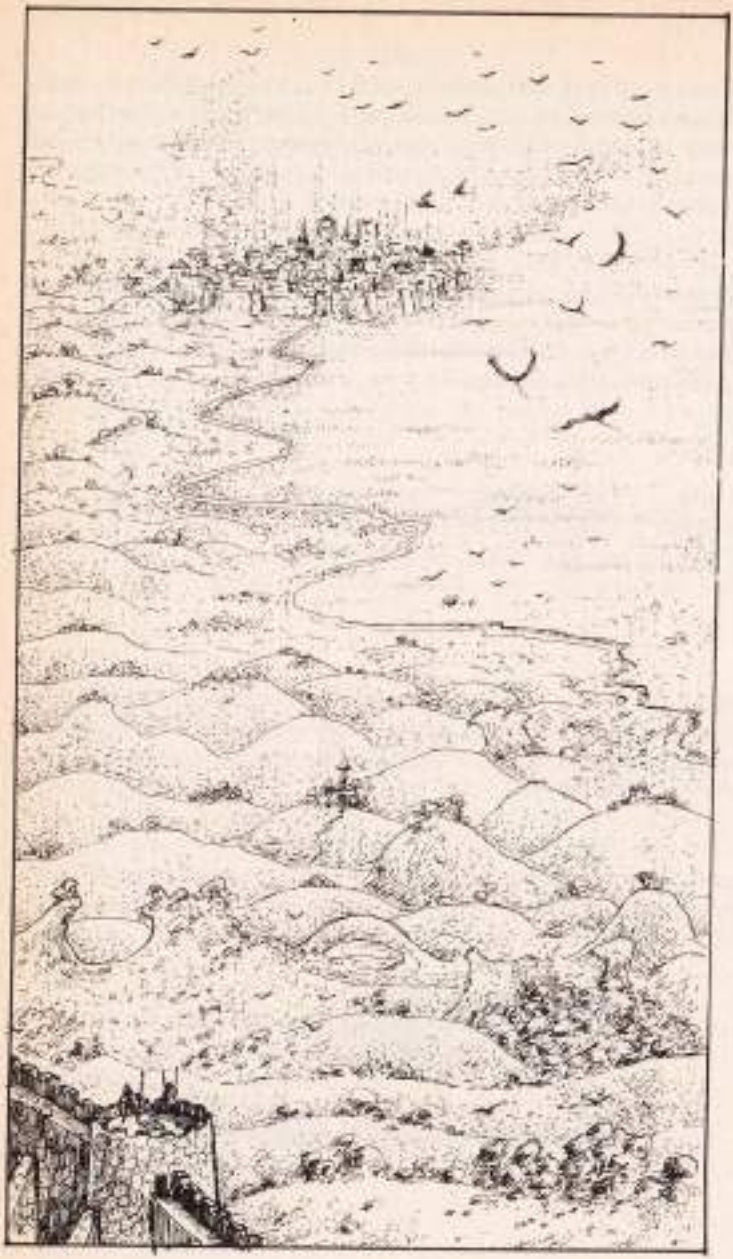

800

You step over to the window and blow your whistle. A shrill, warbling sound comes from the silver piece and you wait for it to summon its masters. A short while later, nothing has happened and you begin to get anxious. But, sure enough, your call has been heard. A fluttering of wings can be heard at the window, followed by a familiar face. The head of Peewit Croo appears. 'Do you have the Crown?' he asks. You nod, and tell him of the struggle, patting your backpack to indicate that the Crown is safe. 'Then let us go!' he cries. 'For both our missions are now done. Without the Crown, Mampang is powerless. Give me your hands, friend.' The Birdmen take you and fly you away from the Fortress and across the peaks of High Xamen.

You have succeeded in your mission. The Crown of Kings will be returned to Analand. The Archmage is dead. Perhaps sometime soon another warlord will seize power in Mampang and your country will once again be threatened. But for the time being, you hold your head high in pride. Yours has been the most difficult task ever completed by a native of your country. You have firmly written yourself into the history books of Analand. And your adventures will become legends, passed on through generations of your people.

Your journey is over. You have earned your rest.

THE SORCERY SPELL BOOK

RULES FOR USING MAGIC

During your training you have been taught a number of spells and incantations which you use to aid you on your quest. The full list of spells follows these instructions.

Spells are identified by a three-letter word. Throughout the book you will be given the option of using spells to overcome problems and opponents. *The spells will be identified only by these three-letter words, so it is important that you memorize at least some of the codes.*

Thus, before you can start using your powers of sorcery, you will need to spend some time memorizing spells, as would a real wizard learning the magic arts. Obviously, you will not be able to memorize all forty-eight spells at once, but the more you use the book, the more familiar you will become with the most useful spells.

Try starting by memorizing between six and ten spells (the best ones to start with are given below) and relying on your swordsmanship to fight some of the creatures you encounter. It is possible, with a little luck, to complete your quest with these spells, but your task will become easier when you are capable of using more spells.

Some spells also require the use of an artefact, such as a piece of jewellery or a magic ring. If you try to use a spell without possessing the correct artefact, you will be wasting your STAMINA as the spell will not work.

Each time you use a spell – whether it is successful or not – it will draw on your reserves of energy and concentration. A cost, in STAMINA points, is given for each spell. Each time you use a spell, you must deduct the cost from your STAMINA score.

You may study the Book of Spells for as long as you want before embarking on an adventure, *but once you have set off, you may never again refer to it and must rely purely on your memory until your adventure is over.* Nor may you write the spells down for easy reference. In a real situation where you may be surprised by a creature, you would not have time to start flicking through your Spell Book trying to work out the best spell to cast!

The Six Most Useful Spells

Code	*Effect*	*Stamina Cost*
ZAP	Creates a lightning bolt which shoots from the fingertip	4
FOF	Creates a protective force-field	4
LAW	Enables creatures to be controlled	4
DUM	Makes creatures extremely clumsy	4
HOT	Creates a fireball which can be aimed at enemies	4
WAL	Creates a magic wall to defend against physical objects	4

ZAP and HOT are strong attacking spells, FOF and WAL are good general-purpose defensive spells, while LAW and DUM will be useful if you get into a tricky situation.

Note that these spells will often be more powerful than you need in a given situation – they are not cheap in terms of STAMINA points – but they are good all-rounders. As you get to know more spells from the Spell Book, you will be able to choose more economical spells which will be equally effective against certain perils.

Read through the list again, then cover up the 'Effect' column with your hand. How many can you remember? When you can remember them by heart, you can begin your quest.

HINTS ON USING SPELLS

As you familiarize yourself with the spells in this Spell Book, your skill and abilities in the adventure will improve.

Learning the six basic spells will allow you to start playing with minimal delay. These spells will get you out of most difficulties, but they are expensive (in terms of STAMINA points) and you will often find it necessary to rely on your limited powers of swordsmanship, particularly with weaker creatures, in order to avoid running dangerously short of STAMINA.

Other spells are more economical but will be given less often as options, thus relying more on your memory and skill as a wizard. The most economical spells of all are those which require magical artefacts, which must be found on your adventure.

Remember that there are heavy penalties for guessing spells! If you choose a spell code which does not represent a spell, or if you choose a spell for which you do not have the required artefact, you will lose extra STAMINA points. In some cases, death will be your penalty!

Not all the spells are used in this adventure.

You will soon begin to make your own discoveries about the spells themselves. There is a certain logic to the way they are arranged, the options that are given and their codes. But these discoveries you must make for yourself. Experience will make you more skilful with magic. All this is part of the art of sorcery.

ZAP

An extremely powerful weapon, this spell creates a blast of lightning which shoots from the caster's hand, which must be pointed in the desired direction. It is effective against virtually all living creatures which have no magical defences. But it takes great strength and concentration to use.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

HOT

The caster may direct this spell with his hands in any direction desired. As it is cast, a burning fireball shoots from the hands towards its target. It will be effective against any creature, whether magical or not, unless that creature cannot be harmed by fire. The fireball so created causes severe burns on impact, but extinguishes soon after hitting its target.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

FOF

This powerful spell creates a magical and physical barrier in front of the caster which is capable of keeping out all physical intruders and most magical ones. Its creation takes excessive mental concentration but the resulting force-field is both extremely strong and is under the control of its creator's will, who can allow one-way penetration, or can position it as desired.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

WAL

The casting of this spell creates an invisible wall in front of the caster. This wall is impervious to all missiles, creatures, etc. It is a very useful defensive spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

LAW

Casting this spell at an attacking creature allows the caster to take control of the attacker's will. The attack will cease and the creature will immediately come under the control of the caster. However, this spell works only on non-intelligent creatures and lasts only for a short time.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

DUM

When cast at a creature holding an object of some sort (e.g. a weapon), this spell will make the creature clumsy and uncoordinated. It will drop the object, fumble to pick it up, drop it again – in short the creature is unlikely to do the caster any harm with any objects while under the influence of this spell.

Cost 4 STAMINA points

BIG

When this spell is cast on the caster's own body, it will inflate the body to three times normal size. This increases the power of the caster and is especially useful against large opponents, but must be used with caution in confined spaces!

Cost 2 STAMINA points

WOK

A coin of some sort is necessary for this spell. The caster places the coin on the wrist and casts the spell on it. The coin becomes magically fixed on the wrist and acts as an invisible metal shield with an effective protection circle of just under three feet across. This will shield the user against all normal weapons. Afterwards, the coin is no longer usable as a coin.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

DOP

This spell may be used to open any locked door. Casting the spell works directly on the lock tumblers and the door may be opened freely. If the door is bolted from the inside, the bolts will be undone. The spell will not work on doors sealed by magic.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

RAZ

To perform this spell, beeswax is required. By rubbing the wax on any *edged* weapon (sword, axe, dagger, etc.) and casting this spell, the blade will become razor-sharp and do double its normal damage. Thus, if it normally inflicts 2 STAMINA points' worth of damage, it will now inflict 4.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SUS

This spell may be cast when the caster suspects a trap of some kind. Once cast it will indicate telepathically to the caster whether or not to beware of a trap and, if so, the best protective action. If caught in a trap, this spell may also be used to minimize its effects in certain cases.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

SIX

This spell is cast on to the caster's own body. Its effect is to create multiple images of the caster, all identical and all capable of casting spells and/or attacking, although each will perform identical actions as if reflected in a mirror. Most creatures faced with these replicas will be unable to tell which is the real one and will fight all six.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

JIG

When this spell is cast, the recipient gets the uncontrollable urge to dance. The caster can make any creature dance merry jigs by playing a small Bamboo Flute. If this flute has been found, the affected creature will dance for as long as it is played. This will normally give the caster time to escape – or he may continue playing and watch the show!

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GOB

This creation spell requires any number of teeth of Goblins. The spell may be cast on to these teeth to create one, two, or an army of Goblins. These Goblins can then be commanded to fight an enemy or perform any duties they are instructed to carry out. They will disappear as soon as their duties have been performed.

Cost 1 STAMINA point per Goblin created

YOB

Casting this spell requires the tooth of a Giant. When this spell is cast upon the tooth correctly, a Giant, some twelve feet tall, will be created instantly. The caster has control over the Giant and may command him to fight an opponent, perform some feat of strength, etc. The Giant will disappear when his duty is done.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GUM

Casting this spell, together with using the contents of a vial of glue, will cause the glue to become super-sticky, bonding in less than a second. Using the spell, the caster will be able to stick creatures to the floor or walls, although it is necessary to get the victim into contact with the glue from the vial. This can be done, for instance, by throwing it at the creature's feet, or by resting it on top of a slightly opened door, so that it falls when the door is opened.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

HOW

This spell is to be used in perilous situations when information about the safest way of escape is desired. When it has been cast, the caster will get an inclination towards one exit or, if a means of defence is present near by, will be directed towards it by a strange psychic force.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DOC

Medicinal potions carried and used by the caster will, under this spell, have their effects increased so that they will heal any wounded human or creature who drinks them. The potions may be used on the caster – the spell must be cast as potion is being administered – but they will not bring a being who has actually died back to life.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

DOZ

This spell may be cast upon any creature, reducing its movements and reactions to about a sixth of its normal speed. Thus the creature appears to move as in a dream sequence, making it much easier to evade or defeat.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DUD

By casting this spell, the caster can create an illusion of treasure in its many forms. Gold pieces, silver coins, gems and jewels can be created at will and these can be used to distract, pay off or bribe creatures. The illusory riches will disappear as soon as the caster is out of sight.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

MAG

This spell protects its caster from most magical spells. It must be cast quickly, before the attacking spell takes effect. It works by neutralizing the attacking spell which disperses harmlessly. This spell is thus a very powerful protective weapon, but it does not work against every spell.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

POP

A potent little spell, but one which calls for great mental concentration, this spell must be cast on small pebbles. Once charged with magic, these pebbles can be thrown and will explode on impact. Apart from being dangerous to anything within shatter distance, the pebbles make a loud bang when they explode.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FAL

This spell is useful if the caster is caught in a pit trap or falls from a considerable height. When cast, it makes the caster's body as light as a feather. The caster will float down through the air and land gently on the ground.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

DIM

A good defensive spell, this can be cast at any creature attacking the caster. Its effect is to muddle the mind of its victim, temporarily confusing the creature. However, it must be handled with caution, as a creature so deranged may act irrationally and unpredictably.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

FOG

This spell may only be cast in a closed room with no windows. Once cast, the room turns pitch black in the eyes of all but the caster – even though torches and candles may still be burning. It renders blind any creatures within the room. Its effects are only temporary.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

MUD

As this spell is cast, the caster must sprinkle grains of sand on to the floor as desired (e.g. in front of a creature). The spell takes effect on the sand and the floor, creating a pool of quicksand. Any creature stepping on this quicksand will slowly be drowned in it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NIF

As this spell is cast, the air surrounding the caster becomes filled with a nauseating stench. This smell is so horrible that it will cause any creature which catches a whiff of it to vomit violently. It will thus weaken any adversary with a sense of smell. This includes the caster unless he is wearing a pair of nose plugs. The effect will be more pronounced in creatures with large noses.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

TEL

To activate this spell, the caster must wear a cloth skullcap. With the aid of this cap, the spell will allow the user to read the mind of any intelligent creature encountered, learning about its strengths, weaknesses, the contents of nearby rooms, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

GAK

In order to use this spell, the caster must be in possession of a Black Facemask, which must be worn while the spell is being cast. It can be cast directly on to an opponent and has the effect of creating a terrible fear within his mind. Brave creatures will be less affected than cowardly ones, so the effect varies from a cold sweat and loss of nerve to the creature's being reduced to a quivering jelly cowering in the corner of a room.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SAP

The effect of this spell, which is only useful in combat, is to demoralize an opponent so that his will to win is lost. Any creature so demoralized will be easier to defeat – though victory is still not certain.

Cost 2 STAMINA points

GOD

This is a form of illusion which can only be performed if the caster is wearing a Jewel of Gold. When this spell is cast, any creatures or humans in the vicinity will take an immediate liking to the caster. This does *not* mean that they will not fight, if such is their duty, but they will be more likely to give information that they would not normally give. They may even help the caster in spite of their normally being hostile.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KIN

This creation spell is useful in battles. It requires the use of a Gold-Backed Mirror, which must be pointed at a creature as the spell is cast. It creates an exact replica of any creature being fought and his double is under the control of the caster, who can instruct it to fight the original creature. Both will fight with the same strengths and weaknesses – only luck will separate their fates. If the original creature dies, its double will disappear. It will also disappear if it is defeated.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

PEP

A Potion of Fire Water must be taken by the caster for this spell to be used. It will enhance the effects of the Fire Water to give the caster double or treble his or her own normal strength. Although the effects are temporary, they will normally be enough to aid in battle or to perform some feat of super-strength.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ROK

Stone dust is required for this spell. The dust must be thrown at a creature as the spell is being cast. Within seconds, the victim will start to petrify. As its movements become slower and eventually cease, it will start to turn grey. Some moments after the spell is cast, it will have solidified into a grey stone statue.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NIP

The caster must cast this spell on his or her own body. Under the influence of this spell, the caster becomes exceedingly quick and may run, speak, think or fight at three times normal speed. However, this spell will only take effect if the caster sniffs Yellow Powder before using the spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

HUF

In order to use this spell, the caster must possess the Galehorn, a trumpet-like instrument which plays a discordant note. The spell is cast on to the horn and it is blown in a particular direction. As the spell takes effect, a tremendous wind rushes from the trumpet. This wind is capable of blowing over man-sized creatures, or it can be used to blow things off shelves, over ledges, etc.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FIX

Applicable to both animate and inanimate objects, this spell has the effect of holding an opponent or object where it stands, unable to move even if in mid-air. In order to cast this spell, however, the caster must be holding a Staff of Oak Sapling. Anything held fast by this spell will remain frozen until the caster leaves the vicinity.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

NAP

Effective only against living creatures, this spell causes them to become drowsy and, within several seconds, to fall fast asleep. It is used in conjunction with a Brass Pendulum. The spell concentrates the creature's attention on the Pendulum, which the caster must swing slowly to and fro before the creature, in order to hypnotize it.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZEN

In order to cast this spell, the caster must wear a Jewel-Studded Medallion around the neck. Casting this spell will then allow the caster to float in the air at any height desired. A magician hovering thus will remain suspended for as long as desired and may float around at will.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

YAZ

This spell will not work unless the caster is wearing a fine Pearl Ring. Casting the spell while wearing this ring renders the caster's body invisible to any reasonably intelligent creature. It may be used to give considerable advantage in battle or to escape from a dangerous situation. Any creature with ears will be able to hear the caster as he moves around the room. Less intelligent creatures will only be partially convinced, as this is a form of illusion spell.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

SUN

This spell may only be cast upon the yellow Sun Jewel. Once cast, the Jewel begins to glow brightly. Its intensity is under the control of the caster, who can make it brilliant – in order to blind attacking creatures – or just light enough to act as a torch to see in dark rooms.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

KID

In order to use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Bracelet of Bone. Once the spell is cast, the caster must concentrate on a particular illusion (e.g. the floor is made of hot coals, the caster has turned into a Demon, etc.) and this illusion will appear real in the eyes of its intended victim. This may allow time for escape or lower a creature's defences. The spell will not work on non-intelligent creatures. If the caster acts in such a way as to destroy the illusion (e.g. turns into a mouse and then goes on to strike the creature with a sword), its effect will be lost immediately.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

RAP

To use this spell, the caster must be wearing a Green-Haired Wig. In conjunction with this wig, the spell will allow the caster to understand the language of, and communicate with, creatures speaking a non-human tongue (e.g. Goblins, Orcs, etc.).

Cost 1 STAMINA point

YAP

This spell allows the caster to understand the language of, and communicate with, most animals. It will be ineffective unless the caster is wearing a Green-Haired Wig.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZIP

An invaluable aid in close battle, this spell is only usable when the caster is wearing a Ring of Green Metal, such metal having been mined from the Craggen Rock. When the spell is cast on to his ring, it enables the wearer to disappear, and reappear a short distance away. The transportation can be through some soft materials such as wood and clay, but is blocked by stone, metal and the like. It is a rather unreliable spell, though – occasionally it has disastrous results.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

FAR

In conjunction with an Orb of Crystal, this spell will enable its caster to see, with certain limitations, into the future. The Orb must be held in the hands and the spell is recited while concentrating on the Orb. Very little control can be exercised on exactly what will be seen, but the normal tendency is to see near-future events.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

RES

When cast upon a dead human or humanoid creature (i.e. one with two arms, two legs, a head, etc.) while Holy Water is being sprinkled on the corpse, this spell brings it back to life. The resurrection takes some time to work – the body does not simply spring back on its feet – and the ex-corpse can be killed again as normal. For some time after this spell has taken effect, the resurrected creature is dull and dozy, but it may answer questions asked of it by the caster.

Cost 1 STAMINA point

ZED

Casting this spell is beyond the means of most minor conjurors because of the great powers of concentration necessary. In fact, in all known history, this spell has been cast only once. Its caster, a powerful Necromancer from Throben, was never seen again and thus its effects are unknown. The Necromancer's notes were subsequently found, but only indications as to its effects could be assumed. Suffice it to say that this is perhaps *the* most formidable spell in known magic lore – but no living magician knows its true effect.

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Article *in* Organization Studies · August 2015

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Abstract

This paper uses the secret society to pose questions about the politics, epistemology and ontology of organizing. Against assumptions of transparency, or the possibility of hermeneutic understanding, I suggest that much organizing is actually invisible and opaque. The paper begins with a consideration of the characteristics of historical and contemporary organizational conspiracies, and then moves on to elaborate what sort of 'facts' need to be claimed about a secret society to bring it into existence. After a section on the politics of contemporary organizational conspiracies, the paper concludes with some speculations on what the example of the secret society can tell us about the paranoia required by contemporary organizational researchers, as well as the ontology of organizations. After all, we have still never seen an organization.

Keywords

clandestine organizations, conspiracy, secrecy, secret societies, Simmel

Introduction

> Langdon was feeling anything but fortunate, and co-incidence was a concept he did not entirely trust. As someone who had spent his life exploring the hidden interconnectivity of disparate emblems and ideologies, Langdon viewed the world as a web of profoundly intertwined histories and events. *The connections may be invisible*, he often preached to his symbology classes at Harvard, *but they are always there, buried just beneath the surface*.
>
> (Dan Brown, *The Da Vinci Code*)

It is often enough said that the contemporary world is dominated by formal organizations.[1] It should not surprise us then that ours is also an age of organizational conspiracies, such as Dan Brown's extraordinarily popular account of a secret society which believed and concealed that Jesus Christ had children. There is plenty of writing on conspiracies, but the specifically *organizational* aspect of this feature of contemporary culture is less often remarked.

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In general, it is easy to assume that organizations are the causes of many of the things that happen in our world. We see a building with a neon sign on the top, a doorway with a brass plate, a van with a logo on the side. A letter on headed paper arrives, someone in a uniform does something that a voice on a telephone said that they would do, or we buy a product in a box that tells us who manufactured it and gives an address in Texas or Hong Kong. These organizations tell us that they exist, indeed they often insist that they exist, using the full spectrum of the marketing mix to ensure that we cannot miss them. But paralleling this hyper-visibility is another set of organizations; ones that we believe exist, but know little about. National and international criminal networks; associations of the wealthy and powerful who meet in hotels once a year; fraternities that own properties in cities across the world; religious sects and cults, and shadowy organizations which are historically documented, but whose aims and purpose are unclear. We might add to this list the national and international security apparatus of the state, because they are almost always entangled in such landscapes as well.

In their very helpful review of 'organizational secrecy' Costas and Grey suggest that it involves topics which 'lurk marginally in the shadows of organization studies, almost as secrets in themselves' (2014, p. 19). They insist that the 'informational' approach to secrecy needs to be augmented with an understanding of secrecy as a social process. I agree, and here want to build on Costas and Grey's paper by extending its analysis into an area which they deliberately exclude, concentrating as they do on 'secrets within non-secret organizations' (p. 2). So this is not a paper about secrecy in conventional organizations, though it has theoretical implications for that domain, and neither is it about non-secret organizations that have as their business the acquiring of information by nefarious means – spy agencies, industrial espionage and the like (Grey, 2012). Rather, this paper will be concentrating on the 'secret society' – a term which I am going to treat as synonymous with 'secret organization' – because I think that this category of institutions helps us think about some general properties of organizing. My argument in this paper is that organizations like the Masons, Opus Dei and the Skull and Bones are important for organization studies because of the light that they throw on the formal organizations that constitute the world around us. It seems to me that unusual forms of organizing – angelic choirs, circuses, outlaws – as well as the Order of the Peacock Angel, the Holy Vehm, and the Decided Ones of Jupiter the Thunderer (Daraul, 1965) can be used to help us see conventional forms of organization in novel ways (Parker, 2009, 2011, 2012), which is what this paper seeks to do.

The theoretical concern that motivates this paper is fairly simple. How do we know that something is an organization? Stohl and Stohl ask the same question of a 'clandestine' organization, in their case, al Qaeda. As they suggest, despite the endless incantations of its name, 'the communicative and material constitution of al Qaeda, *the organization*, remains an enigma' (Stohl & Stohl, 2011, p. 1201, emphasis in original). This presents them with some interesting ontological problems, particularly since they are convinced that organizations are produced as systems of communication. Stohl and Stohl quite rightly conclude that there is almost always an assumption about trying to make things visible in organizational research, whether the data are numbers, texts or conversations. The evidence we use is usually of the empirical kind, the equivalent of looking for the neon sign. But none of these things are the organization. We can never see the organization, but only catch fragmentary signs of its presence. Even when we visit a building that 'contains' an organization, we don't see 'it' but instead an intense display of the materials and events that signify it. By definition, the successfully secret society would leave no such evidence, which means that all the organizations I will be mentioning in this paper have accidentally or deliberately failed in their attempts to be invisible. They have left traces of their existence and we, like Dan Brown's suspicious detective who does not believe in coincidence, then look for connections buried below the surface.

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In this paper I will use the secret society to pose questions about the epistemology and ontology of organizing. I think that much organization studies has tended to assume that organizations are visible and transparent (Erickson, 1979, p. 122), but in this paper I will instead agree with those who suggest that much about organizing is actually invisible or opaque. In that sense, ideas from hermeneutics, psychoanalysis and studies of culture, resistance and informal organization also all suggest that the organization is a haunted house, not a brightly lit machine. I will begin with a consideration of the characteristics of historical and contemporary organizational conspiracies, and then move on to elaborate what sort of 'facts' need to be claimed about a secret society to bring it into existence. After a section on the politics of contemporary organizational conspiracies, the paper concludes with some speculations on what the example of the secret society can tell us about the epistemological strategies pursued by organizational researchers, and the radical doubt that they might need to cultivate. In conclusion, I suggest that all organizations share many characteristics with secret societies, and that understanding invisibility and opacity should make organizational studies rather more paranoid.

Conspiracy Theory and Organization

Karl Popper, in his 1945 *The Open Society and its Enemies*, was scathing about what he called 'the conspiracy theory of society', and located it as a mistaken attempt to personalize the impersonal forces and coincidences that structure our lives.

> The gods are abandoned. But their place is filled by powerful men or groups – sinister pressure groups whose wickedness is responsible for all the evils we suffer from – such as the Learned Elders of Zion, or the monopolists, or the capitalists, or the imperialists. (Popper, 2002, pp. 352–3)

Like Richard Hofstadter's condemnation of the 'paranoid style' of politics (Hofstadter, 1966), and Carl Sagan's diagnosis of a 'demon haunted world', in which 'significance junkies' obsessively search for evidence of wrongdoing (Sagan, 1996), it is common for post-war intellectuals to dismiss contemporary conspiracy theories as a form of paranoia (Ronson, 2001). That being said, plots and schemes are as old as recorded history, with disguises, assassinations and coups being regular features of the ancient world. So too are ideas about heretical sects, subversives and religious or ethnic groups organizing against the public or hiding secrets from the masses (Cohn, 1970). However, it is not until the early modern world that the idea of enduring formal organizations which hide their existence became a common part of culture. It is noteworthy that this is at the same time that the first corporate charters are beginning to be granted by the state. There are echoes of this in the Sociedad Anónima, Société Anonyme, Società Anonima and many other variants in North Western Europe – 'societies of the nameless' with purposes which transcend individuals. So when Adam Smith suggests in 1776 that when tradesmen meet 'the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public', he is telling us something rather important about the relationship between secrets and organizing. Perhaps it is no accident that 23 years later the 'Unlawful Societies Act' was passed in the UK, a statute that outlawed any groups that swore oaths of secrecy, with the exception of the Freemasons. It was not repealed until 1967.

The ubiquity of formal organizations in contemporary conspiracy theory is evident, and has occasionally been remarked on by commentators (Parker, 2001). However, it tends to be used as an epiphenomenon of a general tendency, such as the way that the target of conspiracies has become 'evil elites' and not scapegoated 'evil others' (Campion-Vincent, 2003, 2004). It is widely agreed that the dominant optic of conspiracy has shifted from being focused downwards – elites worrying about the masses – or laterally – the masses gathering against some particular minority – and is

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now focused upwards. It is the common people who are now trying to identify conspiracies within the elite, a phenomenon which both Peter Knight and Mark Fenster suggest reflects a wider crisis of the legitimacy of authority (Fenster, 2008; Knight, 2000). This is not to say that attempts by the powerful to identify 'the enemy within' or outbreaks of popular aggression against strangers have ended, but that many people now have an *X Files* attitude to explanations provided by the powerful – 'trust no one'. Investigative journalists such as those found on www.projectcensored.org and hardline conspiracists who assume that the world is a tissue of secrets and lies (Millegan, 2004; Ronson, 2001; Southwell, 2005) share this hermeneutic of suspicion. I find these accounts of shifts in conspiracy logic pretty convincing, but my concern here is more specific, in the sense that I want to look in more detail at the secret organizations themselves, at the engines of conspiracy.

Georg Simmel wrote a typically dense essay on secrecy in the early 1900s, and a central concern for him was the 'secret society' as an example of the general problem of the individual wanting to be both different and the same (Simmel, 1906). As a first move, Simmel wants to insist that pure transparency (knowledge) or opacity (ignorance) are not possible in social relations, and hence that the question is not whether secrecy exists, but how much and why. His use of the secret society as an example is important, because it takes the features of that particular organizational form as an ideal-type of more general social processes involving the marking of boundaries and the shaping of identities. As Simmel, Jung and others have noted (Costas & Grey, 2014), secrecy has many charms. It is a marker of belonging, a statement about privilege and status, a claim to possession of a mystery.

> To associate with other like-minded people in small, purposeful groups is for the great majority of men and women a source of profound psychological satisfaction. Exclusiveness will add to the pleasure of being several, but at one, and secrecy will intensify it almost to ecstasy. (Aldous Huxley, in Marx & Muschert, 2009, p. 225)

If we accept that one of the general social processes going on here concerns *secretus*, in the sense of exclusion and separation, then a structural analysis would suggest that the opposite process is also likely to be invested with social significance too. Uncovering, revealing, exposing, are likely to matter in a context in which hiding has social value. And this is precisely what we see in contemporary representations of organizations. The plots of a huge number of films, TV shows, comic books and so on concern the role of organizations in conspiracies of different kinds, and very often the question of the ontology of the organization itself is at issue, as the protagonists attempt to discover its nature and scale. For example, the notion that there is some sort of power behind the scenes is played out quite literally in the film, *The Adjustment Bureau* (2011) based on Philip K Dick's 1954 short story, 'Adjustment Team'. Characters step through an unassuming door and behind the scenes of the world to see besuited employees arranging matters according to a specified plan. And if someone does discover this deep structure to the world, the organization will then distract them by making their bus late (in this film), or make them forget what they have seen (in the *Men in Black* films, and Dr Who's suited enemy 'The Silence'), or kill them (in countless films in which the hero has to run around a lot and can't trust anyone).

In this world, 'plot', and the ambiguity of the word is helpful here, is predicated on the exposure of connections, and much of the time those connections are institutionalized, named as a shadowy organization which must be exposed – 'Spectre' in James Bond, 'Hydra' in Marvel Comics, DC Comics' 'League of Assassins' and so on. In cyberpunk fiction there is a continual reminder of what William Gibson has called 'invisible lines up to hidden levels of influence' (in Czarniawska, 2011, p. 33), and this is echoed in popular writing on organized crime in which the distinction between evil organization and legitimate business organization dissolves. Mark Lombardi's fantastically detailed drawings of the connections between the powerful and their companies inscribe a

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compelling vision of invisible order (Grayson, Carolin, & Cardinal, 2006, p. 88). Accounts of secretive offshore shell companies which discreetly avoid tax and publicity through chains of holding companies are revealed in art and political economy (Cameron, 2014; Shaxon, 2011). Internet and telecommunications frauds are carried out by entities such as the Russian 'Business Network', which operates in different countries with different names (SBT Telecom Network, Nevcon Ltd, 76Service), the South American 'Superzonda', or the worldwide 'ShadowCrew' (Berinato, 2011, p. 220; Goodman, 2011). Add to this the business activities of Latin American cartels, Mafia groups, Russian and Balkan mafiyas, English 'firms' or 'gangs', Hell's Angels, Asian Yakuza and Triads, Caribbean yardies and posses, prison and barrio gangs, street collectives such as Mara Salvatrucha and you have a landscape of organizations with no office, no address, and which tend to leave few traces (Gilman, Goldhammer, & Weber, 2011; Parker, 2012).

This is a hall of mirrors, with corporate offices appearing normal from the street, but secret lifts taking you down to an underground lair; organizations working parasitically within others; large businesses having hidden interests in lots of other firms; and, of course, everyone is buying off the police and the politicians. Iain Banks, in one of his final novels, writes about 'The Concern' or 'l'Expédience', an organization which might itself be fragmented into cliques and hierarchies with different agendas, and perhaps opposed by 'a sort of anti-Concern, some equally worlds-spanning shadow organization opposed to everything we do' (Banks, 2009, p. 187).

> We knew there were various levels and classes of executives within l'Expédience with, at the apparent pinnacle of this structure, the Central Council itself, composed of people who knew all there was to know about the Concern's provenance, extent, operational methods and aims – and some of us were of the opinion – always perverse, in mine – that there might be one central authority figure at the head of all this tiered knowledge and power, a kind of organizational autocrat to whom everybody else was obliged to defer. But for all we knew that final, single, near-godlike Emperor of the realities – if he or she did exist – was little better than a foot soldier in a still greater grouping of other Concerns and meta-Concerns. (Banks, 2009, p. 246)

It seems to me that the secret society, as a social form which Simmel saw as exemplifying general features of everyday personal interaction, should also be understood as one element in a widespread social imaginary in which secrecy and organization are inextricably intertwined. This is not a world of clearly bounded and legitimate organizations, but of crime, conspiracy and paranoia. The intentions of organizations are unclear, who is 'inside' seems vague and shifting, and even their very existence is in question. So when Michael Bradley, in his *Secret Societies Handbook*, asserts that there are 6 million Freemasons, in 100,000 lodges (Bradley, 2005, p. 52), it is difficult to know whether he is right, and how (given what he says about their secrecy) he would know. That the Freemasons exist seems clear enough, but the organization itself has consistently claimed that there is no overarching Grand Lodge since each local lodge is sovereign. So where do his numbers come from, and why should we believe Bradley anyway, who appears from his website (www.michaelbradley.info) to believe that Jews are descended from Neanderthals and are more aggressive than Cro-Magnons? The problem of evidence is clear enough, and this is to use the example of a formal and well-documented organization in a building with its name on the front. If we ask similar questions about Opus Dei, the Templars, the Bilderberg Group, the Yakuza or the Trilateral Commission, then the epistemological problems multiply.

Structures of Secrecy

However, books like Bradley's do tell us something about just how the secret society is described. All these descriptions have interesting similarities, and collectively they tell us something about

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what needs to be said to suggest that an organization exists at all. Take a contemporary example. According to a retired US intelligence officer, al Qaeda[2]

> [possesses] a standing army; it has a treasury and a consistent source of revenue; it has a permanent civil service; it has an intelligence collection and analysis cadre; it even runs a rudimentary welfare program for its fighters, and their relatives and associates. It has a recognizable hierarchy of officials; it makes alliances with other states; it promulgates laws, which it enforces ruthlessly; it declares wars. (Bobbit, 2002, p. 820)

Whether this is true will be as hard to establish as the worldwide number of Masons, but as Stohl and Stohl (2011) and Schoeneborn and Scherer (2012) show, the fact that it was asserted consistently for ten years made it true. The organization was talked into solid existence through a kind of mimicry, an insistence that, despite the lack of clarity about people, places, money, routines and so on, it does exist. So what needs to be said in order to make an organization real?

The evidence in this section comes from a whole series of texts, some popular and some academic, which concern secret societies. What interests me here is not whether these are 'true' or 'false' accounts in themselves, but rather what they tell us about how such truths might be established. So, to begin, a common feature of any secret society is the idea that it has existed for some time. The Italian Carbonari claimed descent from the cult of Mithra, the Gnostics and the Templars (Daraul, 1965, p. 90; Harding, 2005, p. 46). The Freemasons' origins are said to be found at the time of the building of the Temple of Solomon, or in ancient Egypt with the construction of the pyramids. Various documents have been found claiming to be descriptions of the Rosicrucians from the early 17th century onwards (Bradley, 2005, p. 122; Daraul, 1965, p. 170; Harding, 2005, p. 120), even though concrete evidence about the existence of an actual secret society appears to post-date them. Claiming duration is thus a way of claiming solidity, so the publication of the *Fama Fraternitas of the Meritorious Order of the Rosy Cross* in 1614 provides a warrant for the existence of the organization. Or, as another example, the London coroner William Wynn Westcott was said to have received a document from a fellow Mason, who had himself found it in a bookshop. The document described five Masonic rituals in coded fragments, and an attached letter suggested that more could be discovered by contacting *Sapiens Dominabitur Astris* at the *Licht, Leibe und Leben* branch of the German Rosicrucians. This was the origin story of the Isis-Urania Temple of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn founded in 1888 at 17 Fitzroy Street, London (Bradley, 2005, p. 58).

If duration is one criterion, then another is the idea that entrance to the organization must be marked by ritual. This seems fairly universal, and most societies seem to have some sort of purification and promise at their heart. Ancient Phrygian accounts of Mithraic cults required drinking wine from a cymbal and eating bread from a drum (Daraul, 1965, p. 68), just as early industrial craft assocations employed complex initiations involving wine, a crucifix, torches, a tablecloth, special roles and costumes, questions and answers and so on (Hobsbawm, 1965, pp. 150 *passim*). The Triads are said to have a six- or seven-hour ritual involving a 'mountain of knives', a fruit seller and a sacrificed cockerel, among other things (Booth, 1991, p. 36). Part of the entered apprentice oath for Freemasons is:

> I most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, that I will always hail, ever conceal, and never reveal, any of the arts, parts or points of the hidden mysteries of ancient Freemasonry … under no less a penalty than that of having my throat cut across, my tongue torn out by its roots, and buried in the rough sand of the sea at low water mark… (Bradley, 2005, p. 55)

Second-degree Masons risk having their hearts ripped out, while third-degree Masons will have their bowels burned to cinders (Streeter, 2008, p. 76). The oaths and speeches are often constructed

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in a self-consciously ancient or legal language, such as the Ku Klux Klan's 'solemnly pledge, promise and swear' (Bradley, 2005, p. 77) and the Triads' 'Thirty Six Oaths' (Booth, 1991, p. 193). Perhaps in an echo of the requirement for duration, the language needs to sound as if it has been echoing down the centuries too.

The internal structure and role of the organization is often remarkably detailed, in an almost parodic echo of formal organizations. According to the *Dossier Secrets d'Henri Lobineau* the Priory of Zion comprised 1093 members, in seven grades of membership, with the numbers in each grade determined by multiples of three (Cox, 2004, p. 50). The Templars had knights, sergeants, chaplains and servants, a model adopted from the Cistercians and later adopted by the Freemasons (Bradley, 2005, p. 71). There are seven different Operating Thetan levels for the Scientologists. The Bavarian Illuminati had three levels of initiation – the Nursery, containing the degrees of novice, minerval and illuminatus minor; the Masonic, containing illuminatus major and illuminatus dirigens; and the Mysteries, containing lesser and greater mysteries. Each of the latter was also divided into two – the presbyter and prince, and magus and rex (Streeter, 2008, p. 103). The structure of the Golden Dawn consisted of ten or eleven degrees of membership depending on which account is to be trusted (Bradley, 2005, p. 59; Streeter, 2008, p. 136). They were based on the degrees of the Sephiroth from the Kabbala, and were divided into three orders, which moved members from the neophyte to the ipsissumus.

This is not merely an enumeration of names, but also a description of hierarchy with initiation rituals to enter a higher level. In a marvellous echo of Weber, the highest level of the KKK was a Grand Wizard ruling an invisible empire, then a Grand Dragon ruling a realm, a Grand Titan over a dominion, Grand Giant a province, and finally Grand Cyclops managing a den (Harding, 2005, p. 100). Forms of naming might also reflect a division of labour. The Garduna, Holy Warriors of Spain, divided their members into *chivatos* (initiates), *floreadores* (fighters), *ponteadores* (swordsmen), *capataz* (bosses) and the *hermano mayor* (grand master). Women were known as *cobertas* (covers), *serenas* (sirens) and *fuelles* (bellows) depending on what part they played in ambushes or assassinations (Daraul, 1965, p. 99; Harding 2005, p. 65). Divisions of labour are also divisions of knowledge. For the Assassins (*hashshasin*) of 12th-century Syria, at each level of initiation they were told that what they had learnt at the lower level was false (Streeter, 2008, p. 242). They also operated a cellular arrangement (Bradley, 2005, p. 14) in order to ensure that few or no people had a full picture of the organization. The secrecy of any society also appears to become even more intense as we move to higher levels, with vague accounts of the three Ordines who are at the top of the Illuminati (Harding, 2005, p. 111) and 'Secret Chiefs' or 'Tibetan Masters' – 'cosmic moral guardians' who run the world and perhaps the universe (Streeter, 2008, p. 137).

Within the genre of secret societies the descriptions of everyday activity are notable by their absence. There are no accounts of routines and rules, of the dull nine-to-five, but many descriptions of the extraordinary, the taboo. So we have accounts of the ecstatic dancing and flagellation of the Skoptsi ('castrated') of Russia (Daraul, 1965, p. 79); the repeated initiations of the Cult of Mithra (Harding, 2005, pp. 54 *passim*); the triple incisions of the Odin Brotherhood; the cannibalism of the West African 'Leopard Men'; and the mortification of the flesh using a whip or cilice for members of Opus Dei (Allen, 2005). Uniforms may also be important during rituals such as the white hoods of the KKK or the aprons of the Masons, and there are also accounts of places which are particularly associated with the society, such as 'the tomb', the home of the Skull and Bones society at Yale University, or the campground at Bohemian Grove in California (Millegan, 2004).

However, by their very nature, material evidence of secret societies is scarce. The revelation of locations, membership, dress and so on is prevented by ensuring that information is only shared by others within the organization, by means of password routines, secret handshakes and codes. So, the Bavarian Illuminati of the late 18th century adopted classical Roman and Greek names, and codenames for their headquarters. Messages were written in codes, the months were renamed, and dates

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of years were changed to the Parsee calendar (Streeter, 2008, p. 103). The Triads are said to communicate by the 'manner in which a cigarette is taken from a packet; the way in which a tea-cup or chopsticks are held; the way money is offered in payment; the manner of holding a pen' (Booth, 1991, p. 38). The organization will only be visible to those who already know the codes. Levitt and Dubner illustrate this nicely with the story of Stetson Kennedy helping to break the KKK by leaking passwords, names and plans to radio shows 'making precious knowledge into ammunition for mockery' (Levitt & Dubner, 2006, pp. 50–9). For example, when the show *Adventures of Superman* broadcast a description of the KKK as a secret society with the password routine 'Do you know Mr Ayak' and 'Yes, and I also know Mr Akai',[3] then the actual passwords rapidly became worth nothing. A similar example is the publication of scientology materials on the internet, such as the account of how the Thetans were removed from their home planet and sent to Teegeeack (which is Earth), and how the 'body thetans' cause humans problems to this day (Streeter, 2008, pp. 202 *passim*). Members had to pay for these materials in order to become one of the elect, hence having them freely available meant that it was harder to sell what L. Ron Hubbard (the founder of scientology) called the 'mystery sandwich'.

This rushed summary of the characteristics of many different secret societies tells us what sort of evidence appears to be required in order to specify something as an organization. Because of their clandestine nature, as Stohl and Stohl (2011) point out, the organization leaves less sign of its presence. What the popular literature on secret societies shows us is what sort of phenomena we assume to be traces of organization – temporal duration, a barrier between inside and outside, internal structure and a division of labour, roles, rules, materials, rituals, codes and so on. Not all of these are necessary, because the existence of organization can be imputed on the basis of just a few, but at least some of them are needed for the account to be persuasive. In many ways 'the secret society becomes a structural image of the very world to which it has placed itself in contrast and opposition' (Hazelrigg, 1969, p. 325; see also Erickson, 1981). That is to say, the secret society seems to have the same sort of features as the non-secret organization, which suggests that the reverse might be true as well. Do what seem to be clearly visible forms of organizing share features with the secret society? However, before exploring the epistemological and ontological issues that this question raises, I first want to consider the politics of organized secrecy. The sort of judgements that are made about secret societies are rather similar to the social science which is practised within organization studies, and it is important to see this clearly before we proceed.

Conspiracy Politics

In theory, a secret society could exist to either protect or subvert the dominant order. In the German *Bundesroman* of the 19th century, beginning with Schiller's 'Ghost-Seer' (1787–9), we have many accounts of heroes uncovering plots by both evil Jesuits bent on world domination, and lofty nobles preserving humanist values in a corrupt world (Ziolkowski, 2013). Political judgements about the activities of any given society can only be made within a particular context, and with reference to some evaluation of the merits of existing social arrangements. So, for example, the Freemasons were persecuted for being a Jewish organization by Italian, German and Spanish Fascists, and as a Zionist organization in Saddam Hussein's Iraq. They are seen as a capitalist organization in communist countries; as devil worshippers for some Christian groups; and as an 'old boys' network' for many people who have concerns about nepotism (Streeter, 2008, pp. 80–2). Yet there is also a suggestion that progressive ideas were being disseminated by Freemasons in France prior to the revolution, as well as evidence that Freemasonry was a mechanism for the organization of resistance to Spanish imperialism in South America in the early 19th century (Streeter, 2008: 91–4). The same organization appears to mean different things, unless we decide that it isn't the same organization.

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We can find evidence of secret societies that have supported revolutionary causes – the Cerce Social and Conjuration des Égaux during the French revolution. The 1799 'Unlawful Societies Act' was intended to ban supposedly seditious groups such as the London Corresponding Society and the United Britons as well as proto-trade unions such as the Tolpuddle Martyrs. It was followed by the Irish 'Unlawful Oaths Act' (1823) aimed at both Catholic and Protestant Societies. There are plenty of examples of groups supporting revolutions from the right – the Ordo Novi Templi, Thule Society and Higher Armanen Order in early 20th-century Germany, and which influenced German fascists and private armies (Cantor, 1970, pp. 125 *passim*), or Opus Dei in Franco's Spain (Allen, 2005, pp. 56 *passim*). Claims concerning who organizes and for what purpose are always political. In the US in the1950s the John Birch Society claimed that the Illuminati were the precursors of communism, and accused Marxists of merely spreading Illuminati propaganda in order to bring about the new world order. In all of these cases, the clandestine organization can be understood as a relatively powerless minority who are aimed at destabilizing the status quo. Secrecy can then be understood as:

> a tactic used by those who don't have the resources or numbers to accomplish their goals through the methods of ordinary politics … secrecy is an equaliser: it's one of the few tools that allow the little guy to contend with the power structures of society. What the ruling class doesn't know about is a lot harder for them to trample! (Michael Greer, in Streeter, 2008, p. 248)

Depending on who is looking, this might be understood as heroism or treason, but both share a sense that 'secret societies protect heretical ideas' (Greer in Streeter, 2008, p. 249; Cohn, 1970). It follows then that the identification of the covert organization is a matter of locating members, documenting practices, finding meeting places and so on.

Yet the dominant form of contemporary conspiracy thinking makes the organization of secrecy into a much more diffuse matter since it involves powerful groups who are intent on keeping the world as it is, or want to change it to their advantage. The 'enemy within' are now the private and state organizations which govern us, and use ideology to persuade us that we are really free. As Marx and Muschert put it:

> What if Simmel made a visit to a contemporary supermarket and was greeted with his own image on a video monitor, heard advertising on a loudspeaker, provided a discount card to the checkout clerk, and received personalized (or at least 'profilized' messages on the sales receipt promising future discounts? (Marx & Muschert, 2009, p. 226)

The contemporary world is not what it seems. Organizations continually tell us that they are doing things for particular reasons (because they care about customers, employees, the environment) when we know that this is at best an evasion, at worst a lie. Our experience encourages paranoia, because the intensity of customer service, marketing, political communication and the spatial organization of supermarkets and airport gift shops can leave us in no doubt that we are the subjects of manipulation. For anyone to assume otherwise would be madness.

So the contemporary logic of the secret society can be understood as an intensification of ordinary experience, a form of popular critique embedded within popular culture (Campion-Vincent, 2004, pp. 111 *passim*; Fenster, 2008). Consider Michael Bradley, writing about Yale University's 'Order of Skull and Bones':

> Some would argue further that globalization, materialism and the permissive society is another way that the Bonesmen are successfully ushering in a New World Order by breaking down the family unit – the single biggest obstacle to totalitarian mind control – while being seen publicly to be struggling to protect it. The most visible and vocal protectors of morality are the very people who are working behind the scenes to destroy it. (Bradley, 2005, p. 109)

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At its heart, this is a suggestion that contemporary capitalism, of the sort practised by the sort of people who join elite university societies, damages social relations. Of course, to say that the world is run by a few in the interests of a few is a criticism which could be voiced by the majority of contemporary social scientists too, whether their arguments concern equality, income, wealth, education, globalization or whatever. So a conspiracy theory, in this case a well-documented one, which involves Roberto Calvi, the P2 Masonic lodge, the Vatican's Banco Ambrosiano, the Mafia, the CIA and their 'Gladio' operation to counter communist influence is merely a specific example of some commonly understood general *organizational* processes.

My point is that organizational conspiracies are ordinary, and that contemporary conspiracy theory is about organizations. There are plenty of radicals who make connections between corporations, the World Bank, the World Trade Organization, and so on. These are John Pilger's *New Rulers of the World* (2002), a group of interests hidden because as, Noam Chomsky suggests, democratic societies practise 'thought control' (1989) and practise Klein's 'shock doctrine (2008). So when a conspiracist like Michael Streeter names the Council on Foreign Relations, the Royal Institute of International Affairs, the Trilateral Commission and the Bilderberg Group (Streeter, 2008), he is identifying some credible agents with comprehensible motives.

> I now believe that Western history needs to be completely rewritten to tell the hidden story behind our true economic and political global hierarchy. The more I have researched, the more alarming my discoveries have been. … I have woken up to the possibility that we are not free, that we do not control our destinies, and that we are the puppets, not the masters. (Bradley, 2005, pp. 9–10)

The metaphor of puppets is also one used in Peter Berger's *Invitation to Sociology* (Berger, 1966, p. 199) in order to explain the importance of social forces, and consequently the importance of sociology. The idea that the world happens behind our backs is, in much social science, given names like 'realism', 'functionalism' and 'structuralism', all dignified words for the same sort of imputation. But as Jon Ronson shows nicely, in his book of adventures with David Icke, Islamic fundamentalists and the Klu Klux Klan, 'their' logic is pretty much the same as 'ours' (Ronson, 2001).

The shift from top-down to bottom-up versions of paranoia also seems to be a shift in the epistemological warrant required. The descriptions of older secret societies are catalogues of bounded organizations with distinctive structural and cultural features. That they engage in extraordinary practices is not the point, because they are identified as organizations in just the same way that any non-secret organization would be – rules, roles, entry criteria, duration and so on. However, if we look at contemporary conspiracy theory, the descriptions are less specific, but propose greater power and reach. The very ontology of powerful forces – structures, systems, networks – seems to exceed simple descriptions of single institutions, and become a field of enmeshed organizations, a dark net of secrecy, a web which captures everything. It is to this redefinition of organization that we now turn.

In Search of Organization

In 1564, Cosimo I de' Medici, the ruler of Florence, commissioned a one-kilometre-long covered and enclosed corridor. The Vasari corridor stretches from the Uffizi to the Pitti Palace, and the small round windows in the corridor were called 'Cosimo's eyes' from which the people of Florence could be spied upon. The founder of this banking dynasty, Giovanni di Bicci de' Medici, had as his motto 'always keep out of the public eye' (Hibbert, 1979). Contemporary power is no different, and the injunctions to invisibility are amplified when the business requires concealment.

The Mafia, for example, is an organization that attempts not to leave any traces, and that covers its tracks.[4] As the gangster Henry Hill remembered, 'we paid cash for everything. This way, there

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were no records or credit card receipts' (Hill, 2004, p. 35).After the arrest of the Mafia Don Bernardo 'Tractor' Provenzano in 2006, many tiny scraps of paper – *pizzini* – were discovered in his clothing which referred to his various business associates by number. He was number 1, and the numbering went up to 163. According to Longrigg and McMahon (2006), 'the ghost of Corleone' never used mobile phones, and 'believed in keeping the organization out of sight, the better to do business'. The Mafia attempts to leave no footprints, no noises. Many members deny that the organization exists at all. Don Calò Vizzini, a Sicilian Mafiosi, was being interviewed by a newspaper journalist in the 1950s.

Don Calò: The fact is that every society needs a category of person whose task it is to sort out situations when they get complicated. Generally these people are representatives of the state. But in places where the state doesn't exist, or is not strong enough, there are private individuals who…'
Interviewer: 'Mafia?'
Don Calò: 'The Mafia? Does the Mafia really exist?'
(Dickie, 2004, p. 253)

Let us take that at face value. Perhaps Don Calò was inadvertently asking an important ontological question about organizations in general. We imagine they exist, because they constantly tell us that they do, but what is an organization but a moving flux of people and things? This certainly seems to fit with contemporary ideas about the death of bureaucracy, and the growth of a network society. Indeed, from the 1980s onwards, much of the literature on Post-Fordism and the 'Third Italy' – the clusters of small firms which developed in the 1970s and 1980s in the central and northeast regions – stressed that the success of industrial districts was about semi-visible informality, not the gigantic apparatus of the contemporary corporation. The sort of words and phrases that attempted to capture this rotated around the idea of a network of family-run firms, hence 'cohesion', 'inter-firm linkages', 'trust', 'co-operation' and so on. In this post-bureaucratic world, written contracts were rare, but senses of loyalty and interdependence with other organizations were high. Sterling notes that the Mafia also entered into partnership arrangements with the Camorra from Naples, the Calabrian 'Ndrangheta, the Hell's Angels, various US-based Latino gangs, the Chinese Triads, Caribbean gangs and so on (Sterling, 1991, p. 386). As Gilman et al.'s (2011) edited collection on criminal globalization demonstrates, these are networks that are durable and powerful, but that leave only suspicions and whispers.

This is a further example of what Stohl and Stohl call the 'fragmentary materiality' of clandestine organizations. We seek evidence of their existence, but in the knowledge that such evidence will be hard to find, and those traces that we do find might have been placed there by agencies who wish to distract us from discovering the truth. How we evaluate evidence then becomes crucial: '"What an organization is" always depends on who is speaking *in its name, on its behalf*, or *for it*' (Stohl & Stohl, 2011, p. 1207).

One of the problems in claiming to know about secret societies is that we might doubt the evidence of their existence. This is the case for the High Priesthood of Thebes, or the Elders of Zion for example, which are both dismissed by authorities on the matter (Harding, 2005, p. 81; Streeter, 2008, p. 149). Yet Arkon Daraul's book contains a chapter on 'False Cults and Societies', but follows it with a chapter on the High Priesthood of Thebes, claiming that the 1785 anonymous pamphlet is 'plausible' (Daraul, 1965, p. 115). There is plenty of evidence that secret societies are sometimes invented or elaborated upon in order to suggest that there is a conspiracy of some kind, such as Jews, or Muslims in the case of various recent conspiracies, such as the Islamic Australia Foundation, or even al Qaeda. Or the same thing might change its name continually – what we now call the Triads being variously termed 'The White Lotus Society', *Hupeh, Shansi*, 'The Cudgels', 'The Boxers', 'The Big Swords', 'the Red Fists' and so on since the late 18th century (Booth, 1991;

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Harding, 2005, p. 139). Or even what we think are separate organizations are actually entangled. The 18th degree of the Scottish Rite of Masonry is known as the Knight of the Rose Croix (Streeter, 2008, p. 115). Surely this shows that the Rosicrucians and the Masons are working together?

In book I of *The Meditations*, Descartes considers the possibility that his perceptions of the world are being systematically distorted.

> I shall then suppose, not that God who is supremely good and the fountain of truth, but some evil genius not less powerful than deceitful, has employed his whole energies in deceiving me; I shall consider that the heavens, the earth, colours, figures, sound, and all other external things are nought but the illusions and dreams of which this genius has availed himself in order to lay traps for my credulity; … I may at least do what is in my power and with firm purpose avoid giving credence to any false thing, or being imposed upon by this arch deceiver, however powerful and deceptive he may be.

Descartes' move here is intended to ensure that he is not being played for a fool by an agency with greater powers than his, and social scientists have often enough been seduced by such Gnosticism. The idea that the world we see is not all that there is, and that a demiurge seeks to mislead us, is common to any form of thought which seeks to understand hidden systems (Rossbach, 1996). In the present age, such caution is more apposite than ever. There are plenty of people who want us to believe things, and who have stealthy and viral technologies to nudge us in the directions that they intend. Anyone who believes that contemporary organizations are transparent hasn't been paying much attention.

In an odd misstep, or perhaps a joke, Simmel suggests early on in his essay that larger organizations are now more transparent than they were – 'able to act with complete integrity in marketing their goods' and that smaller businesspeople will catch up with this modern way of doing business eventually.

> So soon as the methods of doing business among small traders, and those of the middle class, have reached a similar degree of perfection, the exaggerations and actual falsifications, in advertising and recommending goods, which are today in general not resented in those kinds of businesses, will fall under the same ethical condemnation which is now passed in the business circles just referred to. (Simmel, 1906, p. 447)

Later in the essay, he suggests that the same is happening with the state, with individuals gaining privacy just as 'politics, administration, justice have lost their secrecy and inaccessibility' (Simmel, 1906, p. 469). There is a sense in which he (like Mauss and Jung) regards secret societies as somehow prior to formal public organization, a simpler and more primal form of association.[5] Yet the overall argument in his essay suggests that secrecy is not something that can be replaced by transparency, as if it were possible to imagine relations between people in which all parties knew everything (Vattimo, 1992). This means that there is a failure in his essay to apply the lessons of the secret society to organizing more generally, in part because Simmel assumes that authoritarian societies produced secret societies as an arena of freedom, while greater secrecy of association now becomes less attractive in more open societies (Hazelrigg, 1969; Simmel, 1906, p. 483). This progressive teleology prevents him applying his insights to modern organizing, even though there are plenty of suggestions in his essay that organizations themselves produce secrecy because people enjoy being in cabals, and because hierarchy is predicated on what we would now call 'information asymmetry'.

If we strip away his assumption that there is a move towards public transparency, we might use Simmel's specific theory to suggest that organization always produces both secrecy and transparency. Further – following hints in Birchall (2011), Horn (2011) and Costas and Grey (2014) – I want to suggest that this is related to the formal operations that produce entities that we recognize as organizations. *Secretus* begins with separation, with a setting apart that marks different social

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spaces. Such boundaries are constitutive of organizing, and of organizations. The boundary, the seam that divides and joins (Cooper, 1989), is one that might be marked by ritual and symbol, by descriptions of how what happens inside is different to what happens outside, because these are the traces that we look for when seeking evidence for the existence of an organization, such as a secret society. This would be a reasonable assumption to make for someone like Simmel, with his concern for the relationship between wholes and parts, collectives and individuals. However, in the present age, even if we do not find such evidence, it does not mean that organization is absent. Simmel can also be read now as a post-structuralist, always insisting that one category makes another, and that terms are in a dialectical relation (Cooper, 2010). In this way it becomes possible to assert that the boundary between 'inside' and 'outside' is an epistemological one too, a filter which prevents certain information from becoming visible. In that sense, there is a logical similarity between a contemporary anticorporate position and the idea that secret elites are running the world. Both assume that Descartes' demiurge is capable of manipulating the traces of organizing, of making us see what 'they' want us to see. Secrecy and organization are structurally linked, but the contemporary dominance of organizations has made secrecy into an epistemological condition for all of us, not an occasional choice for some to wear robes and chant in darkened rooms.

Organization studies, whether seeking accounts of structures of formality or of processes of informality, tends to assume that what is being investigated is in principle amenable to investigation. Whether using science, phenomenology or hermeneutics, there is a narrow path to truth. However, if we see the world of organizations through the optic of the secret society, such an assumption becomes questionable because we are immediately in danger of being deceived, and there is no one person or agency who we can trust to show us truth. This is not so much a diagnosis about method, but a description of what it means to live in an organized world. As the SF author William Gibson puts it, intelligence and security are the opposite of advertising and marketing (Gibson, 2007, p. 208).There are two ways in which we might understand the implications of this. The first is a political assumption about epistemology, in the sense that contemporary conspiracy theory assumes that organizations – including the state – are agents involved in deception at all levels. At one level we can understand this in terms of ordinary matters such as marketing claims for products and services, corporate social responsibility statements, or explanations for high levels of pay. It is not a big leap to then suggest that corporations are conspiring with politicians, or that states engage in false flag and black propaganda operations. These are political matters, in the sense that they reflect judgements about distributions of power, and suggest a sceptical stance with regard to the accounts that organizations provide of themselves.

The second implication reflects an ontology which shapes an epistemology, in the sense that the secret society forces us to think about what it means to claim that something is an organization. As we have seen, the traces of secret societies are faint and require decoding. Like Robert Langdon, we need to assume that the connections may be invisible, but they are always there, buried just beneath the surface. They involve histories and events told by unreliable witnesses which may, or may not, intimate the presence of something we can claim to be the cause, and then name. When we claim, as is often the case, that this or that organization did something, or that the world is now dominated by organizations, it is easy to forget that we have never seen one. We see people, uniforms, organization charts, buildings with neon signs. It is easy enough to make the mistake of assuming that what is visible to us *is* an organization, rather than fragments, hints and suggestions. Because an organization is never visible, and much evidence of it is deliberately kept secret from us. Our social science often tells us to look for structures, and it often encourages scepticism, but it rarely encourages the sort of consistent paranoia which is associated with contemporary organizational conspiracy theories. Perhaps we need an epistemology which is less complacent, and more suspicious of the accounts provided by organizations. As Schoeneborn and Scherer (2012) suggest, al Qaeda is marked by some sort of relation between extreme visibility and extreme invisibility,

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and I think that this might be an assumption that is more generalizable than a terrorist cell. Because if we start from the idea that ours is a society of secrets, populated by secret societies which masquerade as formal organizations, then a paranoid epistemology is the only rational response.

Funding

This research received no specific grant from any funding agency in the public, commercial, or not-for-profit sectors.

Notes

1. Thanks to the editor and reviewers for this journal for their supportive comments on an earlier version of this piece.
2. At the time of writing, I am assuming here that this is an organization distinct from ISIS, ISIL, or 'The Islamic State', which emerged into public consciousness in 2014.
3. Standing for 'Are you a Klansman', and 'A Klansman am I'.
4. This section is an edited version of some parts of 'Tony Soprano on Management: Culture and Economy in Fact and Fiction', *Journal of Cultural Economy* (2009) 2/3: 379–392.
5. Mauss's writings in this area seem to have influenced Georges Bataille to found his secret society, 'Acephale', which allegedly met in the woods and read Nietzsche and de Sade.

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GENESIS

The creation of the world

1 [1]IN THE BEGINNING OF CREATION, when God made heaven and earth [*Or* In the beginning God created heaven and earth], [2]the earth was without form and void, with darkness over the face of the abyss, and a mighty wind that swept [*Or* and the spirit of God hovering] over the surface of the waters. [3]God said, 'Let there be light', and there was light; [4]and God saw that the light was good, and he separated light from darkness. [5]He called the light day, and the darkness night. So evening came, and morning came, the first day.

[6]God said, 'Let there be a vault between the waters, to separate water from water.' [7]So God made the vault, and separated the water under the vault from the water above it, and so it was; [8]and God called the vault heaven. Evening came, and morning came, a second day.

[9]God said, 'Let the waters under heaven be gathered into one place, so that dry land may appear'; and so it was. [10]God called the dry land earth, and the gathering of the waters he called seas; and God saw that it was good. [11]Then God said, 'Let the earth produce fresh growth, let there be on the earth plants bearing seed, fruit-trees bearing fruit each with seed according to its kind.' So it was; [12]the earth yielded fresh growth, plants bearing seed according to their kind and trees bearing fruit each with seed according to its kind; and God saw that it was good. [13]Evening came, and morning came, a third day.

[14]God said, 'Let there be lights in the vault of heaven to separate day from night, and let them serve as signs both for festivals and for seasons and years. [15]Let them also shine in the vault of heaven to give light on earth.' So it was; [16]God made the two great lights, the greater to govern the day and the lesser to govern the night; and with them he made the stars. [17]God put these lights in the vault of heaven to give light on earth, [18]to govern day and night, and to separate light from darkness ; and God saw that it was good. [19]Evening came, and morning came, a fourth day.

[20]God said, 'Let the waters teem with countless living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth across the vault of heaven.' [21]God then created the great sea-monsters and all living creatures that move and swarm in the waters, according to their kind, and every kind of bird; and God saw that it was good. [22]So he blessed them and said, 'Be fruitful and increase, fill the waters of the seas; and let the birds increase on land.' [23]Evening came, and morning came, a fifth day.

[24]God said, 'Let the earth bring forth living creatures, according to their kind: cattle, reptiles, and wild animals, all according to their kind.' So it was ; [25]God made wild animals, cattle, and all reptiles, each according to its kind; and he saw that it was good. [26]Then God said, 'Let us make man in our image and likeness to rule the fish in the sea, the birds of heaven, the cattle, all wild animals on earth, and all reptiles that crawl upon

the earth.' [27]So God created man in his own image; in the image of God he created him ; male and female he created them. [28]God blessed them and said to them, 'Be fruitful and increase, fill the earth and subdue it, rule over the fish in the sea, the birds of heaven, and every living thing that moves upon the earth.' [29]God also said, 'I give you all plants that bear seed everywhere on earth, and every tree bearing fruit which yields seed: they shall be yours for food. [30]All green plants I give for food to the wild animals, to all the birds of heaven, and to all reptiles on earth, every living creature.' So it was; [31]and God saw all that he had made, and it was very good. Evening came, and morning came, a sixth day.

2[1]Thus heaven and earth were completed with all their mighty throng. [2]On the sixth day God completed all the work he had been doing, and on the seventh day he ceased from all his work. [3]God blessed the seventh day and made it holy, because on that day he ceased from all the work he had set himself to do.

[4]This is the story of the making of heaven and earth when they were created.

The beginnings of history

[5]WHEN THE LORD GOD MADE EARTH AND HEAVEN, there was neither shrub nor plant growing wild upon the earth, because the LORD God had sent no rain on the earth; nor was there any man to till the ground. [6]A flood [*Or* mist] used to rise out of the earth and water all the surface of the ground. [7]Then the LORD God formed a man [*Heb*. adam] from the dust of the ground [*Heb*. adamah] and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. Thus the man became a living creature. [8]Then the LORD God planted a garden in Eden away to the east, and there he put the man whom he had formed. [9]The LORD God made trees spring from the ground, all trees pleasant to look at and good for food ; and in the middle of the garden he set the tree of life and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

[10]There was a river flowing from Eden to water the garden, and when it left the garden it branched into four streams. [11]The name of the first is Pishon; that is the river which encircles all the land of Havilah, where the gold [*Or* frankincense] is. [12]The gold [*Or* frankincense] of that land is good; bdellium [*Or* gum resin] and cornelians are also to be found there. [13]The name of the second river is Gihon; this is the one which encircles all the land of Cush. [14]The name of the third is Tigris; this is the river which runs east of Asshur. The fourth river is the Euphrates.

[15]The LORD God took the man and put him in the garden of Eden to till it and care for it. [16]He told the man, 'You may eat from every tree in the garden, [17]but not from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; for on the day that you eat from it, you will certainly die.' [18]Then the LORD God said,

'It is not good for the man to be alone. I will provide a partner for him.' [19]So God formed out of the ground all the wild animals and all the birds of heaven. He brought them to the man to see what he would call them, and whatever the man called each

living creature, that was its name. [20]Thus the man gave names to all cattle, to the birds of heaven, and to every wild animal; but for the man himself no partner had yet been found. [21]And so the LORD God put the man into a trance, and while he slept, he took one of his ribs and closed the flesh over the place. [22]The LORD God then built up the rib, which he had taken out of the man, into a woman. He brought her to the man, [23]and the man said:

'Now this, at last -
bone from my bones,
flesh from my flesh! -
this shall be called woman [*Heb*. ishshah],
for from man [*Heb*. ish] was this taken.'

[24]That is why a man leaves his father and mother and is united to his wife, and the two become one flesh. [25]Now they were both naked, the man and his wife, but they had no feeling of shame towards one another.

3[1]THE SERPENT WAS MORE CRAFTY than any wild creature that the LORD God had made. He said to the woman, 'Is it true that God has forbidden you to eat from any tree in the garden?' [2]The woman answered the serpent,'We may eat the fruit of any tree in the garden, [3]except for the tree in the middle of the garden; God has forbidden us either to eat or to touch the fruit of that; if we do, we shall die.' [4]The serpent said, 'Of course you will not die. [5]God knows that as soon as you eat it, your eyes will be opened and you will be like gods [*Or* God] knowing both good and evil.' [6]When the woman saw that the fruit of the tree was good to eat, and that it was pleasing to the eye and tempting to contemplate, she took some and ate it. She also gave her husband some and he ate it. [7]Then the eyes of both of them were opened and they discovered that they were naked ; so they stitched fig-leaves together and made themselves loincloths.

[8]The man and his wife heard the sound of the LORD God walking in the garden at the time of the evening breeze and hid from the LORD God among the trees of the garden. [9]But the LORD God called to the man and said to him, 'Where are you?' [10]He replied, 'I heard the sound as you were walking in the garden, and I was afraid because I was naked, and I hid myself.' [11]God answered, 'Who told you that you were naked? Have you eaten from the tree which I forbade you ?' [12]The man said, 'The woman you gave me for a companion, she gave me fruit from the tree and I ate it.' [13]Then the LORD God said to the woman, 'What is this that you have done?' The woman said, 'The serpent tricked me, and I ate.' [14]Then the LORD God said to the serpent:

'Because you have done this you are accursed
more than all cattle and all wild creatures.
On your belly you shall crawl, and dust you shall eat
all the days of your life.
[15]I will put enmity between you and the woman,
between your brood and hers.
They shall strike at your head,
and you shall strike at their heel.'

[16]To the woman he said:

'I will increase your labour and your groaning,
and in labour you shall bear children.

You shall be eager [*Or* feel an urge] for your husband,
and he shall be your master.'

[17]And to the man he said:

'Because you have listened to your wife
and have eaten from the tree which I forbade you,
accursed shall be the ground on your account.
With labour you shall win your food from it
all the days of your life.
[18]It will grow thorns and thistles for you,
none but wild plants for you to eat.
[19]You shall gain your bread by the sweat of your brow
until you return to the ground;
for from it you were taken.
Dust you are, to dust you shall return.'

[20]The man called his wife Eve [*That is* Life] because she was the mother of all who live. [21]The LORD God made tunics of skins for Adam and his wife and clothed them. [22]He said, 'The man has become like one of us, knowing good and evil; what if he now reaches out his hand and takes fruit from the tree of life also, eats it and lives for ever?' [23]So the LORD God drove him out of the garden of Eden to till the ground from which he had been taken. [24]He cast him out, and to the east of the garden of Eden he stationed the cherubim and a sword whirling and flashing to guard the way to the tree of life.

4[1]The man lay with his wife Eve, and she conceived and gave birth to Cain. She said, 'With the help of the LORD I have brought a man into being.' [2]Afterwards she had another child, his brother Abel. Abel was a shepherd and Cain a tiller of the soil. [3]The day came when Cain brought some of the produce of the soil as a gift to the LORD; [4]and Abel brought some of the first-born of his flock, the fat portions of them [*Or* some of the first-born, that is the sucklings, of his flock]. The LORD received Abel and his gift with favour; [5]but Cain and his gift he did not receive. Cain was very angry and his face fell. [6]Then the LORD said to Cain, 'Why are you so angry and cast down?

[7]'If you do well, you are accepted; [*Or* you hold your head up]
if not, sin is a demon crouching at the door.
It shall be eager for you, and you will be mastered by it [*Or* but you must master it].'

[8]Cain said to his brother Abel, 'Let us go into the open country.' While they were there, Cain attacked his brother Abel and murdered him. [9]Then the LORD said to Cain, 'Where is your brother Abel?' Cain answered, 'I do not know. Am I my brother's keeper?' [10]The LORD said, 'What have you done? Hark! your brother's blood that has been shed is crying out to me from the ground. [11]Now you are accursed, and banished from [*Or* more than *(cp 3. I7)*] the ground which has opened its mouth wide to receive your brother's blood, which you have shed. [12]When you till the ground, it will no longer yield you its wealth. You shall be a vagrant and a wanderer on earth.' [13]Cain said to the LORD, 'My punishment is heavier than I can bear; [14]thou hast driven me today from the ground, and I must hide myself from thy presence. I shall be a vagrant and a wanderer on earth, and anyone who meets me can kill me.' [15]The LORD answered him, 'No: if

anyone kills Cain, Cain shall be avenged sevenfold.' So the LORD put a mark on Cain, in order that anyone meeting him should not kill him. [16]Then Cain went out from the LORD's presence and settled in the land of Nod [*That is* Wandering] [*Or* and he lived as a wanderer in the land] to the east of Eden.

[17]Then Cain lay with his wife; and she conceived and bore Enoch. Cain was then building a city, which he named Enoch after his son. [18]Enoch begot Irad; Irad begot Mehujael; Mehuiael begot Methushael; Methushael begot Lamech.

[19]Lamech married two wives, one named Adah and the other Zillah. [20]Adah bore Jabal who was the ancestor of herdsmen who live in tents; [21]and his brother's name was Jubal; he was the ancestor of those who play the harp and pipe. [22]Zillah, the other wife, bore Tubal-cain, the master of all coppersmiths and blacksmiths, and Tubal-cain's sister was Naamah. [23]Lamech said to his wives:

'Adah and Zillah, listen to me ;
wives of Lamech, mark what I say:
I kill a man for wounding me,
a young man for a blow.
[24]Cain may be avenged seven times,
but Lamech seventy-seven.'

[25]Adam lay with his wife again. She bore a son, and named him Seth [*That is* Granted], 'for', she said, 'God has granted me another son in place of Abel, because Cain killed him.' [26]Seth too had a son, whom he named Enosh. At that time men began to invoke the LORD [*This represents the Hebrew consonants* YHWH, *probably pronounced* Yahweh, *but traditionally read as* Jehovah] by name.

5[1]THIS IS THE RECORD of the descendants of Adam. On the day when God created man he made him in the likeness of God. [2]He created them male and female, and on the day when he created them, he blessed them and called them man.

[3]Adam was one hundred and thirty years old when he begot a son in his likeness and image, and named him Seth. [4]After the birth of Seth he lived eight hundred years, and had other sons and daughters. [5]He lived nine hundred and thirty years, and then he died.

[6]Seth was one hundred and five years old when he begot Enosh. [7]After the birth of Enosh he lived eight hundred and seven years, and had other sons and daughters. [8]He lived nine hundred and twelve years, and then he died.

9[*vv9- 32 : cp 1Chr. 1. 2-4*]Enosh was ninety years old when he begot Kenan. [10]After the birth of Kenan he lived eight hundred and fifteen years, and had other sons and daughters. [11]He lived nine hundred and five years, and then he died.

[12]Kenan was seventy years old when he begot Mahalalel. [13]After the birth of Mahalalel he lived eight hundred and forty years, and had other sons and daughters. [14]He lived nine hundred and ten years, and then he died.

[15]Mahalalel was sixty-five years old when he begot Jared. [16]After the birth of Jared he lived eight hundred and thirty years, and had other sons and daughters. [17]He lived eight hundred and ninety-five years, and then he died.

[18]Jared was one hundred and sixty-two years old when he begot Enoch. [19]After the birth of Enoch he lived eight hundred years, and had other sons and daughters. [20]He lived nine hundred and sixty-two years, and then he died.

[21]Enoch was sixty-five years old when he begot Methuselah. [22]After the birth of Methuselah, Enoch walked with God for three hundred years, and had other sons and daughters. [23]He lived three hundred and sixty-five years. [24]Having walked with God, Enoch was seen no more, because God had taken him away.

[25]Methuselah was one hundred and eighty-seven years old when he begot Lamech. [26]After the birth of Lamech he lived for seven hundred and eighty-two years, and had other sons and daughters. [27]He lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and then he died.

[28]Lamech was one hundred and eighty-two years old when he begot a son. [29]He named him Noah, saying, 'This boy will bring us relief from our work, and from the hard labour that has come upon us because of the LORD's curse upon the ground.' [30]After the birth of Noah, he lived for five hundred
and ninety-five years, and had other sons and daughters. [31]Lamech lived seven hundred and seventy-seven years, and then he died. [32]Noah was five hundred years old when he begot Shem, Ham and Japheth.

The flood and the tower of Babel

6[1]WHEN MANKIND BEGAN TO INCREASE and to spread all over the earth and daughters were born to them, [2]the sons of the gods saw that the daughters of men were beautiful; so they took for themselves such women as they chose. [3]But the LORD said, 'My life-giving spirit shall not remain in man for ever; he for his part is mortal flesh: he shall live for a hundred and twenty years.'

[4]In those days [*prob. rdg, Heb adds* and also afterwards *(cp Num. 13. 33)*], when the sons of the gods had intercourse with the daughters of men and got children by them, the Nephilim [*Or* giants] were on earth. They were the heroes of old, men of renown.

[5]When the LORD saw that man had done much evil on earth and that his thoughts and inclinations were always evil, [6]he was sorry that he had made man on earth, and he was grieved at heart. [7]He said, 'This race of men whom I have created, I will wipe them off the face of the earth — man and beast, reptiles and birds. I am sorry that I ever made them.' [8]But Noah had won the l.ORD's favour.

[9]This is the story of Noah. Noah was a righteous man, the one blameless man of his

time; he walked with God. [10]He had three sons, Shem, Ham and Japeth. [11]Now God saw that the whole world was corrupt [*Or* ripe for destruction] and full of violence. [12]In his sight the world had become corrupted, for all men had lived corrupt lives on earth. [13]God said to Noah, 'The loathsomeness [*Or* end] of all mankind has become plain to me, for through them the earth is full of violence. I intend to destroy them, and the earth with them. [14]Make yourself an ark with ribs of cypress; cover it with reeds and coat it inside and out with pitch. [15]This is to be its plan: the length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits, its breadth fifty cubits, and its height thirty cubits. [16]You shall make a roof for the ark, giving it a fall of one cubit when complete; and put a door in the side of the ark, and build three decks, upper, middle, and lower. [17]I intend to bring the waters of the flood over the earth to destroy every human being that has the spirit of life; everything on earth shall perish. [18]But with you I will make a covenant, and you shall go into the ark, you and your sons, your wife and your sons' wives with you. [19]And you shall bring living creatures of every kind into the ark to keep them alive with you, two of each kind, a male and a female; [20]two of every kind of bird, beast, and reptile, shall come to you to be kept alive. [21]See that you take and store every kind of food that can be eaten; this shall be food for you and for them'. [22]Exactly as God had commanded him, so Noah did.

7[1]The LORD said to Noah, 'Go into the ark, you and all your household; for I have seen that you alone are righteous before me in this generation. [2]Take with you seven pairs, male and female, of all beasts that are ritually clean, and one pair, male and female, of all beasts that are not clean; [3]also seven pairs. male and female, of every bird — to ensure that life continues on earth. [4]In seven days' time I will send rain over the earth for forty days and forty nights, and I will wipe off the face of the earth every living thing that I have made.' [5]Noah did all that the LORD had commanded him. [6]He was six hundred years old when the waters of the flood came upon the earth.

[7]And so, to escape the waters of the flood, Noah went into the ark with his sons, his wife, and his sons' wives. [8-9]And into the ark with Noah went one pair, male and female, of all beasts, clean and unclean, of birds and of everything that crawls on the ground, two by two, as God had commanded. [10]Towards the end of seven days the waters of the flood came upon the earth. [11]In the year when Noah was six hundred years old, on the seventeenth day of the second month, on that very day, all the springs of the great abyss broke through, the windows of the sky were opened, [12]and rain fell on the earth for forty days and forty nights. [13]On that very day Noah entered the ark with his sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth, his own wife, and his three sons' wives. [14]Wild animals of every kind, cattle of every kind, reptiles of every kind that move upon the ground, and birds of every kind — [15]all came to Noah in the ark, two by two of all creatures that had life in them. [16]Those which came were one male and one female of all living things; they came in as God had commanded Noah, and the LORD closed the door on him. [17]The flood continued upon the earth for forty days, and the waters swelled and lifted up the ark so that it rose high above the ground. [18]They swelled and increased over the earth, and the ark floated on the surface of the waters. [19]More and more the waters increased over the earth until they covered all the high mountains everywhere under heaven. [20]The waters increased and the mountains were covered to a depth of fifteen cubits.

[21]Every living creature that moves on earth perished, birds, cattle, wild animals, all reptiles, and all mankind. [22]Everything died that had the breath of life in its nostrils, everything on dry land. [23]God wiped out every living thing that existed on earth, man and beast, reptile and bird; they were all wiped out over the whole earth, and only Noah and his company in the ark survived.

[24]When the waters had increased over the earth for a hundred and fifty days, **8**[1]God thought of Noah and all the wild animals and the cattle with him in the ark, and he made a wind pass over the earth, and the waters began to subside. [2]The springs of the abyss were stopped up, and so were the windows of the sky; the downpour from the skies was checked. [3]The water gradually receded from the earth, and by the end of a hundred and fifty days it had disappeared. [4]On the seventeenth day of the seventh month the ark grounded on a mountain in Ararat. [5]The water continued to recede until the tenth month, and on the first day of the tenth month the tops of the mountains could be seen.

[6]After forty days Noah opened the trap-door that he had made in the ark, [7]and released a raven to see whether the water had subsided, but the bird continued flying to and fro until the water on the earth had dried up. [8] Noah waited for seven days [Noah … days; *prob. rdg, cp v10; Heb omitted*], and then he released a dove from the ark to see whether the water on the earth had subsided further. [9]But the dove found no place where she could settle, and so she came back to him in the ark, because there was water over the whole surface of the earth. Noah stretched out his hand, caught her and took her into the ark. [10]He waited another seven days and again released the dove from the ark. [11]She came back to him towards evening with a newly plucked olive leaf in her beak. Then Noah knew for certain that the water on the earth had subsided still further. [12]He waited yet another seven days and released the dove, but she never came back. [13]And so it came about that, on the first day of the first month of his six hundred and first year, the water had dried up on the earth, and Noah removed the hatch and looked out of the ark. The surface of the ground was dry.

[14]By the twenty-seventh day of the second month the whole earth was dry. [15]And God said to Noah, [16]'Come out of the ark, you and your wife, your sons and their wives. [17]Bring out every living creature that is with you, live things of every kind, bird and beast and every reptile that moves on the ground, and let them swarm over the earth and be fruitful and increase there.' [18]So Noah came out with his sons, his wife, and his sons' wives. [19]Every wild animal, all cattle, every bird, and every reptile that moves on the ground, came out of the ark by families. [20]Then Noah built an altar to the LORD. He took ritually clean beasts and birds of every kind, and offered whole-offerings on the altar. [21]When the LORD smelt the soothing odour, he said within himself, 'Never again will I curse the ground because of man, however evil his inclinations may be from his youth upwards. I will never again kill every living creature, as I have just done.

[22]While the earth lasts
seedtime and harvest, cold and heat,
summer and winter, day and night,
shall never cease.'

9[1]GOD BLESSED NOAH and his sons and said to them, 'Be fruitful and increase and fill the earth. [2]The fear and dread of you shall fall upon all wild animals on earth, on all birds of heaven, on everything that moves upon the ground and all fish in the sea; they are given into your hands. [3]Every creature that lives and moves shall be food for you; I give you them all, as once I gave you all green plants. [4]But you must not eat the flesh with the life, which is the blood, still in it. [5]And further, for your life-blood I will demand satisfaction; from every animal I will require it, and from a man also I will require satisfaction for the death of his fellow-man.

[6]He that sheds the blood of a man,
for that man his blood shall be shed;
for in the image of God
has God made man.

[7]But you must be fruitful and increase, swarm throughout the earth and rule [*prob. rdg, cp 1. 28, Heb*. increase] over it.

[8]God spoke to Noah and to his sons with him: [9]'I now make my covenant with you and with your descendants after you, [10]and with every living creature that is with you, all birds and cattle, all the wild animals with you on earth, all that have come out of the ark. [11]I will make my covenant with you: never again shall all living creatures be destroyed by the waters of the flood, never again shall there be a flood to lay waste the earth.'

[12]God said, 'This is the sign of the covenant which I establish between myself and you and every living creature with you, to endless generations:

[13]My bow I set in the cloud,
sign of the covenant
between myself and earth.
[14]When I cloud the sky over the earth,
the bow shall be seen in the cloud.

[15]Then will I remember the covenant which I have made between myself and you and living things of every kind. Never again shall the waters become a flood to destroy all living creatures. [16]The bow shall be in the cloud; when I see it, it will remind me of the everlasting covenant between God and living things on earth of every kind.' [17]God said to Noah, 'This is the sign of the covenant which I make between myself and all that lives on earth.'

[18]The sons of Noah who came out of the ark were Shem, Ham and Japheth; Ham was the father of Canaan. [19]These three were the sons of Noah, and their descendants spread over the whole earth.

[20]Noah, a man of the soil, began the planting of vineyards. [21]He drank some of the wine, became drunk and lay naked inside his tent. [22]When Ham, father of Canaan, saw his father naked, he told his two brothers outside. [23]So Shem and Japheth took a cloak, put it on their shoulders and walked
backwards, and so covered their father's naked body; their faces were turned the other way, so that they did not see their father naked. [24]When Noah woke from his drunken sleep, he learnt what his youngest son had done to him, [25]and said:

'Cursed be Canaan,
slave of slaves
shall he be to his brothers.'
[26]And he continued:
'Bless, O LORD,
the tents of Shem; [*prob. rdg, Heb.* Blessed is the LORD the God of Shem]
may Canaan be his slave.
[27]May God extend [*Heb*. japht] Japheth's bounds,
let him dwell in the tents of Shem,
may Canaan be their slave.'
[28]After the flood Noah lived for three hundred and fifty years, [29]and he was nine hundred and fifty years old when he died.

10[1]These are the descendants of the sons of Noah, Shem, Ham and Japheth, the sons born to them after the flood.

2[*vv2-4: cp 1Chr. 1.5-7*]The sons of Japheth: Gomer, Magog, Madai, Javan [*Or* Greece], Tubal, Meshech and Tiras. [3]The sons of Gomer: Ashkenaz, Riphath and Togarmah. [4]The sons of Javan: Elishah, Tarshish, Kittim [*Or* Tarshish of the Kittians] and Rodanim. [5]From these the peoples of the coasts and islands separated into their own countries, each with their own language, family by family, nation by nation.

6[*vv6-8: cp 1Chr. 1.8-10*]The sons of Ham: Cush, Mizraim [*Or* Egypt], Put and Canaan. [7]The sons of Cush: Seba, Havilah, Sabtah, Raamah and Sabtecha. The sons of Raamah: Sheba and Dedan. [8]Cush was the father of Nimrod, who began to show himself a man of might on earth; [9]and he was a mighty hunter before the LORD, as the saying goes, 'Like Nimrod, a mighty hunter before the LORD.' [10]His kingdom in the beginning consisted of Babel, Erech, and Accad, all of them in the land of Shinar. [11]From that land he migrated to Asshur and built Nineveh, Rehoboth-Ir, Calah, and [12]Resen, a great city between Nineveh and Calah. 13[*vv13-18: cp.1Chr.1.11-16*]From Mizraim sprang the Lydians, Anamites, Lehabites, Naphtuhites, [14]Pathrusites, Casluhites, and the Caphtorites, from whom the Philistines were descended.

[15]Canaan was the father of Sidon, who was his eldest son, and Heth [*Or* the Hittites], [16]the Jebusites, the Amorites, the Girgashites, [17]the Hivites, the Arkites, the Sinites, [18]the Arvadites, the Zemarites, and the Hamathites. Later the Canaanites spread, [19]and then the Canaanite border ran from Sidon towards Gerar all the way to Gaza; then all the way to Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboyim as far as Lasha. [20]These were the sons of Ham, by families and languages with their countries and nations.

[21]Sons were born also to Shem, elder brother of Japheth, the ancestor of all the sons of Eber. 22[*vv22-29 cp 1Chr. 1.17-23*]The sons of Shem: Elam, Asshur, Arphaxad, Lud [*Or* the Lydians] and Aram. [23]The sons of Aram: Uz, Hul, Gether and Mash. [24]Arphaxad was the father of Shelah, and Shelah the father of Eber. [25]Eber had two sons: one was named Peleg [*That is* Division], because in his time the earth was divided; and his brother's name was Joktan. [26]Joktan was the father of Almodad, Sheleph, Hazarmoth, Jerah, [27]Hadoram, Uzal, Diklah, [28]Obal, Abimael, Sheba, [29]Ophir, Havilah and Jobab. All these

were sons of Joktan. [30]They lived in the eastern hill-country, from Mesha all the way to Sephar. [31]These were the sons of Shem, by families and languages with their countries and nations.

[32]These were the families of the sons of Noah according to their genealogies, nation by nation; and from them came the separate nations on earth after the flood.

11[1]ONCE UPON A TIME all the world spoke a single language and used the same [*Or* used few] words. [2]As men journeyed in the east, they came upon a plain in the land of Shinar and settled there. [3]They said to one another, 'Come, let us make bricks and bake them hard'; they used bricks for stone and bitumen for mortar. [4]'Come,' they said, 'let us build ourselves a city and a tower with its top in the heavens, and make a name for ourselves ; or we shall be dispersed all over the earth.' [5]Then the LORD came down to see the city and tower which mortal men had built, [6]and he said, 'Here they are, one people with a single language, and now they have started to do this; henceforward nothing they have a mind to do will be beyond their reach. [7]Come, let us go down there and confuse their speech, so that they will not understand what they say to one another.' [8]So the LORD dispersed them from there all over the earth, and they left off building the city. [9]That is why it is called Babel [*That is* Babylon], because the LORD there made a babble Of the language of all the world; from that place the LORD scattered men all Over the face of the earth.

10[*vv10-26 cp 1Chr. 1.24-27*]This is the table of the descendants of Shem. Shem was a hundred years old when he begot Arphaxad, two years after the flood. [11]After the birth of Arphaxad he lived five hundred years, and had other sons and daughters. [12]Arphaxad was thirty-five years old when he begot Shelah. [13]After the birth of Shelah he lived four hundred and three years, and had other sons and daughters.

[14]Shelah was thirty years old when he begot Eber. [15]After the birth of Eber he lived four hundred and three years, and had other sons and daughters.

[16]Eber was thirty-four years old when he begot Peleg. [17]After the birth of Peleg he lived four hundred and thirty years, and had other sons and daughters.

[18]Peleg was thirty years old when he begot Reu. [19]After the birth of Reu he lived two hundred and nine years, and had other sons and daughters.

[20]Reu was thirty-two years old when he begot Serug. [21]After the birth of Serug he lived two hundred and seven years, and had other sons and daughters.

[22]Serug was thirty years old when he begot Nahor. [23]After the birth of Nahor he lived two hundred years, and had other sons and daughters.

[24]Nahor was twenty-nine years old when he begot Terah. [25]After the birth of Terah he lived a hundred and nineteen years, and had other sons and daughters.

[26]Terah was seventy years old when he begot Abram, Nahor and Haran.

[27]This is the table of the descendants of Terah. Terah was the father of Abram, Nahor and Haran. Haran was the father of Lot. [28]Haran died in the presence of his father in the land of his birth, Ur of the Chaldees. [29]Abram and Nahor married wives; Abram's wife was called Sarai, and Nahor's Milcah. She was Haran's daughter; and he was also the father of Milcah and of Iscah. [30]Sarai was barren; she had no child. [31]Terah took his son Abram, his grandson Lot the son of Haran, and his daughter-in-law Sarai Abram's wife, and they set out from Ur of the Chaldees for the land of Canaan. But when they reached Harran, they settled there. [32]Terah was two hundred and five years old when he died in Harran.

Abraham and Isaac

12[1]THE LORD SAID T0 ABRAM, 'Leave your own country, your kinsmen, and your father's house, and go to a country that I will show you. [2]I will make you into a great nation, I will bless you and make your name so great that it shall be used in blessings:

[3]Those that bless you I will bless,
those that curse you, I will execrate.
All the families on earth
will pray to be blessed as you are blessed.'

[4]And so Abram set out as the LORD had bidden him, and Lot went with him. Abram was seventy-five years old when he left Harran. [5]He took his wife Sarai, his nephew Lot, all the property they had collected, and all the dependants they had acquired in Harran, and they started on their journey to Canaan. When they arrived, [6]Abram passed through the country to the sanctuary at Shechem, the terebinth-tree of Moreh. At that time the Canaanites lived in this land. [7]There the LORD appeared to Abram and said, 'I give this land to your descendants.' So Abram built an altar there to the LORD who had appeared to him. [8]Thence he went on to the hill-country east of Bethel and pitched his tent between Bethel on the west and Ai on the east. There he built an altar to the LORD and invoked the LORD by name. [9]Thus Abram journeyed by stages towards the Negeb.

[10]There came a famine in the land, so severe that Abram went down to Egypt to live there for a while. [11]When he was approaching Egypt, he said to his wife Sarai, 'I know very well that you are a beautiful woman, [12]and that when the Egyptians see you, they will say, "She is his wife"; then they will kill me but let you live. [13]Tell them that you are my sister, so that all may go well with me because of you and my life may be spared on your account.' [14]When Abram arrived in Egypt, the Egyptians saw that she was indeed very beautiful. [15]Pharaoh's courtiers saw her and praised her to Pharaoh, and she was taken into Pharaoh's household. [16]He treated Abram well because of her, and Abram came to possess sheep and cattle and asses, male and female slaves, she-asses, and camels. [17]But the LORD struck Pharaoh and his household with grave diseases on account of Abram's wife Sarai. [18]Pharaoh summoned Abram and said to him, 'Why have you treated me like this? Why did you not tell me that she is your wife? [19]Why did you say that she was your sister, so that I took her as a wife? Here she is: take her and be gone.' [20]Then Pharaoh gave his men orders, and they sent Abram away with his wife and all that he had.

13[1]Abram went up from Egypt into the Negeb, he and his wife and all that he had, and Lot went with him. [2]Abram was now very rich in cattle and in silver and gold. [3]From the Negeb he journeyed by stages to Bethel, to the place between Bethel and Ai where he had pitched his tent in the beginning, [4]where he had set up an altar on the first occasion and had invoked the LORD by name. [5]Now Lot was travelling with Abram, and he too possessed sheep and cattle and tents. [6]The land could not support them both together; for their livestock were so numerous that they could not settle in the same district, [7]and there were quarrels between Abram's herdsmen and Lot's. The Canaanites and the Perizzites were then living in the land. [8]So Abram said to Lot, 'Let there be no quarrelling between us, between my herdsmen and yours; for we are close kinsmen. [9]The whole country is there in front of you; let us part company. If you go left, I will go right; if you go right, I will go left.' [10]Lot looked up and saw how well-watered the whole Plain of the Jordan was; all the way to Zoar it was like the Garden of the LORD, like the land of Egypt. This was before the LORD had destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah. [11]So Lot chose all the Plain of the Jordan and took the road on the east side. Thus they parted company. [12]Abram settled in the land of Canaan; but Lot settled among the cities of the Plain and pitched his tents near Sodom. [13]Now the men of Sodom were wicked, great sinners against the LORD.

[14]After Lot and Abram had parted, the LORD said to Abram, 'Raise your eyes and look into the distance from the place where you are, north and south, east and west. [15]All the land you can see I will give to you and to your descendants for ever. [16]I will make your descendants countless as the dust of the earth; if anyone could count the dust upon the ground, then he could count your descendants. [17]Now go through the length and breadth of the land, for I give it to you.' [18]So Abram moved his tent and settled by the terebinths of Mamre at Hebron; and there he built an altar to the LORD.

14[1]IT WAS IN THE TIME OF AMRAPHEL king of Shinar, Arioch king of Ellasar, Kedorlaomer king of Elam, and Tidal king of Goyim. [2]They went to war against Bera king of Sodom, Birsha king of Gomorrah, Shinab king of Admah, Shemeber king of Zeboyim, and the king of Bela, that is Zoar. [3]These kings joined forces in the valley of Siddim, which is now the Dead Sea. [4]They had been subject to Kedorlaomer for twelve years, but in the thirteenth year they rebelled. [5]Then in the fourteenth year Kedorlaomer and his confederate kings came and defeated the Rephaim in Ashteroth-karnaim, the Zuzim in Ham, the Emim in Shaveh-kiriathaim, [6]and the Horites in the hill-country from Seir [p*rob. rdg, Heb* in their hill-country, Seir] as far as El-paran on the edge of the wilderness. [7]On their way back they came to En-mishpat, which is now Kadesh, and laid waste all the country of the Amalekites and also that of the Amorites who lived in Hazazon-tamar. [8]Then the kings of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboyim, and Bela, which is now Zoar, marched out and drew up their forces against them in the valley of Siddim, [9]against Kedorlaomer king of Elam, Tidal king of Goyim, Amraphel king of Shinar, and Arioch king of Ellasar, four kings against five. [10]Now the valley of Siddim was full of bitumen pits; and when the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled, they fell into them, but the rest escaped to the hill-country. [11]The four kings captured all the flocks

and herds of Sodom and Gomorrah and all their provisions, and went away. [12]They also carried off Lot, Abram's nephew, who was living in Sodom, and with him his flocks and herds. [13]But a fugitive came and told Abram the Hebrew, who at that time was dwelling by the terebinths of Mamre the Amorite. This Mamre was the brother of Eshcol and Aner, who were allies of Abram. [14]When Abram heard that his kinsman had been taken prisoner, he mustered his retainers, men born in his household, three hundred and eighteen of them, and pursued as far as Dan. [15]Abram and his followers surrounded the enemy by night, attacked them and pursued them as far as Hobah, north of Damascus; [16]he then brought back all the flocks and herds and also his kinsman Lot with his flocks and herds, together with the women and the other captives. [17]On his return from this defeat of Kedorlaomer and his confederate kings, the king of Sodom came out to meet him in the valley of Shaveh, which is now the King's Valley.

[18]Then Melchizedek king of Salem brought food and wine. He was priest of God Most High, [19]and he pronounced this blessing on Abram:

'Blessed be Abram
by God Most High,
creator [*Or* owner] of heaven and earth.
[20]And blessed be God Most High,
who has delivered your enemies into your power.'

Abram gave him a tithe of all the booty.

[21]The king of.Sodom said to Abram, 'Give me the people, and you can take the property'; [22]but Abram said to the king of Sodom, 'I lift my hand and swear by the LORD, God Most High, creator of heaven and earth: [23]not a thread or a shoe-string will I accept of anything that is yours. You shall never say, "I made Abram rich." [24]I will accept nothing but what the young men have eaten and the share of the men who went with me. Aner, Eshcol, and Mamre shall have their share.'

15[1]AFTER THIS the word of the LORD came to Abram in a vision. He said, 'Do not be afraid, Abram, I am giving you a very great reward? [*Or* I am your shield, your very great reward] [2]Abram replied, 'Lord GOD, what canst thou give me? I have no standing among men, for the heir to my household is Eliezer of Damascus.' [3]Abram continued, 'Thou hast given me no children, and so my heir must be a slave born in my house.' [4]Then came the word of the LORD to him: 'This man shall not be your heir; your heir shall be a child of your own body.' [5]He took Abram outside and said, 'Look up into the sky, and count the stars if you can. So many', he said, 'shall your descendants be.'

[6]Abram put his faith in the LORD, and the LORD counted that faith to him as righteousness; [7]he said to him, 'I am the LORD who brought you out from Ur of the Chaldees to give you this land to occupy.' [8]Abram said, 'O Lord GOD, how can I be sure that I shall occupy it?' [9]The LORD answered, 'Bring me a heifer three years old, a she-goat three years old, a ram three years old, a turtle-dove, and a fledgling.' [10]He brought him all these, halved the animals down the middle and placed each piece opposite its corresponding piece, but he did not halve the birds. [11]When the birds of prey swooped down on the carcasses, Abram scared them away. [12]Then, as the sun was going down, a trance came over Abram and great fear came upon him. [13]The LORD said to Abram,

'Know this for certain, that your descendants will be aliens living in a land that is not theirs; they will be slaves, and will be held in oppression there for four hundred years. [14]But I will punish that nation whose slaves they are, and after that they shall come out with great possessions. [15]You yourself shall join your fathers in peace and be buried in a good old age; [16]and the fourth generation shall return here, for the Amorites will not be ripe for punishment till then.' [17]The sun went down and it was dusk, and there appeared a smoking brazier and a flaming torch passing between the divided pieces. [18]That very day the LORD made a covenant with Abram, and he said, 'To your descendants I give this land from the River of Egypt to the Great River, the river Euphrates, [19]the territory of the Kenites, Kenizzites, Kadmonites, [20]Hittites, Perizzites, Rephaim, [21]Amorites, Canaanites, Girgashites, Hivites, and Jebusites.'

16[1]Abram's wife Sarai had borne him no children. Now she had an Egyptian slave-girl whose name was Hagar, [2]and she said to Abram, 'You see that the LORD has not allowed me to bear a child. Take my slave-girl; perhaps I shall found a family through her.' Abram agreed to what his wife said; [3]so Sarai, Abram's wife, brought her slave-girl, Hagar the Egyptian, and gave her to her husband Abram as a wife [*Or* concubine]. When this happened Abram had been in Canaan for ten years. [4]He lay with Hagar and she conceived; and when she knew that she was with child, she despised her mistress. [5]Sarai said to Abram, 'I have been wronged and you must answer for it. It was I who gave my slave-girl into your arms, but since she has known that she is with child, she has despised me. May the LORD see justice done between you and me.' [6]Abram replied to Sarai, 'Your slave-girl is in your hands; deal with her as you will.' So Sarai ill-treated her and she ran away.

[7]The angel of the LORD found her by a spring of water in the wilderness on the way to Shur, [8]and he said, 'Hagar, Sarai's slave-girl, where have you come from and where are you going?' She answered, 'I am running away from Sarai my mistress.' [9]The angel of the LORD said to her, 'Go back to your mistress and submit to her ill-treatment.' [10]The angel also said, 'I will make your descendants too many to be counted.' [11]And the angel of the LORD said to her:

'You are with child and will bear a son.
You shall name him Ishmael [*That is* God heard],
because the LORD has heard of your ill-treatment.
[12]He shall be a man like the wild ass,
his hand against every man
and every man's hand against him;
and he shall live at odds with [*Or* live to the east of] all his kinsmen.'

[13]She called the LORD who was speaking to her by the name El-Roi [*That is* God of a vision],' for she said, 'Have I indeed seen God and still live [God and still live: *prob. rdg, Heb*. hither] after that vision' [14]That is why men call the well Beer-lahai-roi [*That is* the Well of the Living One of Vision], it lies between Kadesh and Bered. [15]Hagar bore Abram a son, and he named the child she bore him Ishmael. [16]Abram was eighty-six years old when Hagar bore Ishmael.

17[1]When Abram was ninety-nine years old, the LORD appeared to him and said, 'I am

God Almighty. Live always in my presence and be perfect, [2]so that I may set my covenant between myself and you and multiply your descendants.' [3]Abram threw himself down on his face, and God spoke with him and said, [4]'I make this covenant, and I make it with you: you shall be the father of a host of nations. [5]Your name shall no longer be Abram [*That is* High Father], your name shall be Abraham [*That is* Father of a Multitude], for I make you father of a host of nations. [6]I will make you exceedingly fruitful; I will make nations out of you, and kings shall spring from you. [7]I will fulfil my covenant between myself and you and your descendants after you, generation after generation, an everlasting covenant, to be your God, yours and your descendants' after you. [8]As an everlasting possession I will give you and your descendants after you the land in which you now are aliens, all the land of Canaan, and I will be God to your descendants.'

[9]God said to Abraham, 'For your part, you must keep my covenant, you and your descendants after you, generation by generation. [10]This is how you shall keep my covenant between myself and you and your descendants after you: circumcise yourselves, every male among you. [11]You shall circumcise the flesh of your foreskin, and it shall be the sign of the covenant between us. [12]Every male among you in every generation shall be circumcised on the eighth day, both those born in your house and any foreigner, not of your blood but bought with your money. [13]Circumcise both those born in your house and those bought with your money; thus shall my covenant be marked in your flesh as an everlasting covenant. [14]Every uncircumcised male, everyone who has not had the flesh of his foreskin circumcised, shall be cut off from the kin of his father. He has broken my covenant.'

[15]God said to Abraham, 'As for Sarai your wife ; you shall call her not Sarai [*That is* Mockery], but Sarah [*That is* Princess]. [16]I will bless her and give you a son by her. I will bless her and she shall be the mother of nations; the kings of many people shall spring from her.' [17]Abraham threw himself down on his face; he laughed and said to himself, 'Can a son be born to a man who is a hundred years old? Can Sarah bear a son when she is ninety ?' [18]He said to God, 'If only Ishmael might live under thy special care!' [19]But God replied, 'No. Your wife Sarah shall bear you a son, and you shall call him Isaac [*That is* He laughed]. With him I will fulfil my covenant, an everlasting covenant with his descendants after him. [20]I have heard your prayer for Ishmael. I have blessed him and will make him fruitful. I will multiply his descendants; he shall be father of twelve princes, and I will raise a great nation from him. [21]But my covenant I will fulfil with Isaac, whom Sarah will bear to you at this season next year.' [22]When he had finished talking with Abraham, God ascended and left him.

[23]Then Abraham took Ishmael his son, everyone who had been born in his household and everyone bought with money, every male in his household, and he circumcised them that very same day in the flesh of their foreskins as God had told him to do. [24]Abraham was ninety-nine years old when he circumcised the flesh of his foreskin. [25]Ishmael was thirteen years old when he was circumcised in the flesh of his foreskin. [26]Both Abraham and Ishmael were circumcised on the same day, [27]and all the men of his household, born in the house or bought with money from foreigners, were circumcised with him.

18[1]THE LORD APPEARED T0 ABRAHAM by the terebinths of Mamre. As Abraham was sitting at the opening of his tent in the heat of the day, [2]he looked up and saw three men standing in front of him. When he saw them, he ran from the opening of his tent to meet them and bowed low to the ground. [3]'Sirs,' he said, 'if I have deserved your favour, do not pass by my humble self without a visit. [4]Let me send for some water so that you may wash your feet and rest under a tree; [5]and let me fetch a little food so that you may refresh yourselves. Afterwards you may continue the journey which has brought you my way.' They said, 'Do by all means as you say.' [6]So Abraham hurried into the tent to Sarah and said, 'Take three measures of flour quickly, knead it and make some cakes.' [7]Then Abraham ran to the cattle, chose a fine tender calf and gave it to a servant, who hurriedly prepared it. [8]He took curds and milk and the calf he had prepared, set it before them, and waited on them himself under the tree while they ate. [9]They asked him where Sarah his wife was, and he said, 'There, in the tent.' [10]The stranger said, 'About this time next year I will be sure to come back to you, and Sarah your wife shall have a son.' Now Sarah was listening at the opening of the tent, and he was close beside it. [11]Both Abraham and Sarah had grown very old, and Sarah was past the age of child-bearing. [12]So Sarah laughed to herself and said, 'I am past bearing children now that I am out of my time, and my husband is old.' [13]The LORD said to Abraham, 'Why did Sarah laugh and say, "Shall I indeed bear a child when I am old?" [14]Is anything impossible for the LORD? In due season I will come back to you, about this time next year, and Sarah shall have a son.' [15]Sarah lied because she was frightened, and denied that she had laughed; but he said, 'Yes, you did laugh.'

[16]The men set out and looked down towards Sodom, and Abraham went with them to start them on their way. [17]The LORD thought to himself, 'Shall I conceal from Abraham what I intend to do? [18]He will become a great and powerful nation, and all nations on earth will pray to be blessed as he is blessed. [19]I have taken care of him on purpose that he may charge his sons and family after him to conform to the way of the LORD and to do what is right and just; thus I shall fulfil all that I have promised for him.' [20]So the LORD said, 'There is a great outcry over Sodom and Gomorrah; their sin is very grave. [21]I must go down and see whether their deeds warrant the outcry which has reached me. I am resolved to know the truth.' [22]When the men turned and went towards Sodom, Abraham remained standing before the LORD. [23]Abraham drew near him and said, 'Wilt thou really sweep away good and bad together? [24]Suppose there are fifty good men in the city; wilt thou really sweep it away, and not pardon the place because of the fifty good men? [25]Far be it from thee to do this — to kill good and bad together; for then the good would suffer with the bad. Far be it from thee. Shall not the judge of all the earth do what is just?' [26]The LORD said, 'If I find in the city of Sodom fifty good men, I will pardon the whole place for their sake.' [27]Abraham replied, 'May I presume to speak to the Lord, dust and ashes that I am: [28]suppose there are five short of the fifty good men? Wilt thou destroy the whole city for a mere five men?' He said, 'If I find forty-five there I will not destroy it.' Abraham spoke again, [29]'Suppose forty can be found there?'; and he said, 'For the sake of the forty I will not do it.' [30]Then Abraham said, 'Please do not be angry, O Lord, if I speak again: suppose thirty can be found there?' He answered, 'If I find thirty there I will not do it.' [31]Abraham continued, 'May I

presume to speak to the Lord: suppose twenty can be found there?' He replied, 'For the sake of the twenty I will not destroy it.' [32]Abraham said, 'I pray thee not to be angry, O Lord, if I speak just once more: suppose ten can be found there?' He said, 'For the sake of the ten I will not destroy it.' [33]When the LORD had finished talking with Abraham, he left him, and Abraham returned home.

19[1]The two angels came to Sodom in the evening, and Lot was sitting in the gateway of the city. When he saw them he rose to meet them and bowed low with his face to the ground. [2]He said, 'I pray you, sirs, turn aside to my humble home, spend the night there and wash your feet; you can rise early and continue your journey.' 'No,' they answered, 'we will spend the night in the street.' [3]But Lot was so insistent that they did turn aside and enter his house. He prepared a meal for them, baking unleavened cakes, and they ate them. [4]Before they lay down to sleep, the men of Sodom, both young and old, surrounded the house — everyone without exception. [5]They called to Lot and asked him where the men were who had entered his house that night. 'Bring them out', they shouted, 'so that we can have intercourse with them.'

[6]Lot went out into the doorway to them, closed the door behind him [7]and said, 'No, my friends, do not be so wicked. [8]Look, I have two daughters, both virgins ; let me bring them out to you, and you can do what you like with them ; but do not touch these men, because they have come under the shelter of my roof.' [9]They said, 'Out of our way! This man has come and settled here as an alien, and does he now take it upon himself to judge us? We will treat you worse than them.' They crowded in on the man Lot and pressed close to smash in the door. [10]But the two men inside reached out, pulled Lot in, and closed the door. [11]Then they struck the men in the doorway with blindness, both small and great, so that they could not find the door.

[12]The two men said to Lot, 'Have you anyone else here, sons-in-law, sons, or daughters, or any who belong to you in the city? Get them out of this place, [13]because we are going to destroy it. The outcry against it has been so great that the LORD has sent us to destroy it.' [14]So Lot went out and spoke to his intended sons-in-law [*Or* his sons-in-law, who had married his daughters]. He said, 'Be quick and leave this place; the LORD is going to destroy the city.' But they did not take him seriously.

[15]As soon as it was dawn, the angels urged Lot to go, saying, 'Be quick, take your wife and your two daughters who are here, or you will be swept away when the city is punished.' [16]When he lingered, they took him by the hand, with his wife and his daughters, and, because the LORD had spared him, led him on until he was outside the city. [17]When they had brought them out, they said, 'Flee for your lives; do not look back and do not stop anywhere in the Plain. Flee to the hills or you will be swept away.' [18]Lot replied, 'No, sirs. [19]You have shown your servant favour and you have added to your unfailing care for me by saving my life, but I cannot escape to the hills; I shall be overtaken by the disaster, and die. [20]Look, here is a town, only a small place, near enough for me to reach quickly. Let me escape to it — it is very small — and save my life.' [21]He said to him, 'I grant your request: I will not overthrow this town you speak of. [22]But flee there quickly, because I can do nothing until you are there.' That is why the place was called Zoar [*That is* Small]. [23]The sun had risen over the land as Lot entered

Zoar; [24]and then the LORD rained down fire and brimstone from the skies on Sodom and Gomorrah. [25]He overthrew those cities and destroyed all the Plain, with everyone living there and everything growing in the ground. [26]But Lot's wife, behind him, looked back, and she turned into a pillar of salt.

[27]Next morning Abraham rose early and went to the place where he had stood in the presence of the LORD. [28]He looked down towards Sodom and Gomorrah and all the wide extent of the Plain, and there he saw thick smoke rising high from the earth like the smoke of a lime-kiln. [29]Thus, when God destroyed the cities of the Plain, he thought of Abraham and rescued Lot from the disaster, the overthrow of the cities where he had been living.

[30]Lot went up from Zoar and settled in the hill-country with his two daughters, because he was afraid to stay in Zoar; he lived with his two daughters in a cave. [31]The elder daughter said to the younger, 'Our father is old and there is not a man in the country to come to us in the usual way. [32]Come now, let us make our father drink wine and then lie with him and in this way keep the family alive through our father.' [33]So that night they gave him wine to drink, and the elder daughter came and lay with him, and he did not know when she lay down and when she got up. [34]Next day the elder said to the younger, 'Last night I lay with my father. Let us give him wine to drink again tonight; then you go in and lie with him. So we shall keep the family alive through our father.' [35]So they gave their father wine to drink again that night, and the younger daughter went and lay with him, and he did not know when she lay down and when she got up. [36]In this way both Lot's daughters came to be with child by their father. [37]The elder daughter bore a son and called him Moab; he was the ancestor of the present Moabites. [38]The younger also bore a son, whom she called Ben-ammi; he was the ancestor of the present Ammonites.

20[1]ABRAHAM JOURNEYED BY STAGES from there into the Negeb, and settled between Kadesh and Shur, living as an alien in Gerar. [2]He said that Sarah his wife was his sister, and Abimelech king of Gerar sent and took her. [3]But God came to Abimelech in a dream by night and said, 'You shall die because of this woman whom you have taken. She is a married woman.' [4]Now Abimelech had not gone near her; and he said, 'Lord, wilt thou destroy an innocent people? [5]Did he not tell me himself that she was his sister, and she herself said that he was her brother. It was with a clear conscience and in all innocence that I did this.' [6]God said to him in the dream, 'Yes: I know that you acted with a clear conscience. Moreover, it was I who held you back from committing a sin against me: that is why I did not let you touch her. [7]Send back the man's wife now; he is a prophet, and he will intercede on your behalf, and you shall live. But if you do not send her back, I tell you that you are doomed to die, you and all that is yours.' [8]So Abimelech rose early in the morning, summoned all his servants and told them the whole story ; the men were terrified. [9]Abimelech then summoned Abraham and said to him, 'Why have you treated us like this? What harm have I done to you that you should bring this great sin on me and my kingdom? You have done a thing that ought not to be done.' [10]And he asked Abraham, 'What was your purpose in doing this?' [11]Abraham answered, 'I said to myself, There can be no fear of God in this place, and they will kill me for the sake of my wife. [12]She is in fact my sister, she is my father's daughter though not by the same

mother; and she became my wife. [13]When God set me wandering from my father's house, I said to her, "There is a duty towards me which you must loyally fulfil: wherever we go, you must say that I am your brother." ' [14]Then Abimelech took sheep and cattle, and male and female slaves, gave them to Abraham, and returned his wife Sarah to him. [15]Abimelech said, 'My country lies before you; settle wherever you please.' [16]To Sarah he said, 'I have given your brother a thousand pieces of silver, so that your own people may turn a blind eye on it all, and you will be completely vindicated.' [17]Then Abraham interceded with God, and God healed Abimelech, his wife, and his slave-girls, and they bore children; [18]for the LORD had made every woman in Abimelech's household barren on account of Abraham's wife Sarah.

21[1]The LORD showed favour to Sarah as he had promised, and made good what he had said about her. [2]She conceived and bore a son to Abraham for his old age, at the time which God had appointed. [3]The son whom Sarah bore to him, Abraham named Isaac [*That is* He laughed]. [4]When Isaac was eight days old Abraham circumcised him, as God had commanded. [5]Abraham was a hundred years old when his son Isaac was born. [6]Sarah said, 'God has given me good reason to laugh, and everybody who hears will laugh with me.' [7]She said, 'Whoever would have told Abraham that Sarah would suckle children? Yet I have borne him a son for his old age.' [8]The boy grew and was weaned, and on the day of his weaning Abraham gave a feast. [9]Sarah saw the son whom Hagar the Egyptian had borne to Abraham laughing at him, [10]and she said to Abraham, 'Drive out this slave-girl and her son; I will not have this slave-girl's son sharing the inheritance with my son Isaac.' [11]Abraham was vexed at this on his son Ishmael's account, [12]but God said to him, 'Do not be vexed on account of the boy and the slave-girl. Do what Sarah says, because you shall have descendants through Isaac. [13]I will make a great nation of the slave-girl's son too, because he is your own child.'

[14]Abraham rose early in the morning, took some food and a waterskin full of water and gave it to Hagar; he set the child on her shoulder and sent her away, and she went and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba. [15]When the water in the skin was finished, she thrust the child under a bush, [16]and went and sat down some way off, about two bowshots away, for she said, 'How can I watch the child die?' So she sat some way off, weeping bitterly. [17]God heard the child crying, and the [*Or* an] angel of God called from heaven to Hagar, 'What is the matter, Hagar? Do not be afraid: God has heard the child crying where you laid him. [18]Get to your feet, lift the child up and hold him in your arms, because I will make of him a great nation.' [19]Then God opened her eyes and she saw a well full of water; she went to it, filled her waterskin and gave the child a drink. [20-21]God was with the child, and he grew up and lived in the wilderness of Paran. He became an archer, and his mother found him a wife from Egypt.

[22]Now about that time Abimelech, with Phicol the commander of his army, addressed Abraham in these terms: 'God is with you in all that you do. [23]Now swear an oath to me in the name of God, that you will not break faith with me, my offspring, or my descendants. As I have kept faith with you, so shall you keep faith with me and with the country where you have come to live as an alien.' [24]Abraham said, 'I swear.' [25]It happened that Abraham had a complaint against Abimelech about a well which

Abimelech's men had seized. [26]Abimelech said, 'I do not know who did this. You never told me, and I have heard nothing about it till now.' [27]So Abraham took sheep and cattle and gave them to Abimelech; and the two of them made a pact. [28]Abraham set seven ewe-lambs apart, and when [29]Abimelech asked him why he had set these lambs apart, [30]he said, 'Accept these from me in token that I dug this well.' [31]Therefore that place was called Beersheba [*That is* Well of Seven *and* Well of an Oath], because there the two of them swore an oath. [32]When they had made the pact at Beersheba, Abimelech and Phicol the commander of his army returned at once to the country of the Philistines, and [33]Abraham planted a strip of ground [*Or* planted a tamarisk] at Beersheba. There he invoked the LORD, the everlasting God, by name, [34]and he lived as an alien in the country of the Philistines for many a year.

22[1]THE TIME CAME when God put Abraham to the test. 'Abraham', he called, and Abraham replied, 'Here I am.' [2]God said, 'Take your son Isaac, your only son, whom you love, and go to the land of Moriah. There you shall offer him as a sacrifice on one of the hills which I will show you.' [3]So Abraham rose early in the morning and saddled his ass, and he took with him two of his men and his son Isaac; and he split the firewood for the sacrifice, and set out for the place of which God had spoken. [4]On the third day Abraham looked up and saw the place in the distance. [5]He said to his men, 'Stay here with the ass while I and the boy go over there, and when we have worshipped we will come back to you.' [6]So Abraham took the wood for the sacrifice and laid it on his son Isaac's shoulder, he himself carried the fire and the knife, and the two of them went on together. [7]Isaac said to Abraham, 'Father', and he answered, 'What is it, my son?' Isaac said, 'Here are the fire and the wood, but where is the young beast for the sacrifice?' [8]Abraham answered, 'God will provide himself with a young beast for a sacrifice, my son.' And the two of them went on together [9]and came to the place of which God had spoken. There Abraham built an altar and arranged the wood. He bound his son Isaac and laid him on the altar on top of the wood. [10]Then he stretched out his hand and took the knife to kill his son; [11]but the angel of the LORD called to him from heaven, 'Abraham, Abraham.' He answered, 'Here I am.' [12]The angel of the LORD said, 'Do not raise your hand against the boy; do not touch him. Now I know that you are a God-fearing man. You have not withheld from me your son, your only son.' [13]Abraham looked up, and there he saw a ram caught by its horns in a thicket. So he went and took the ram and offered it as a sacrifice instead of his son. [14]Abraham named that place Jehovah-jireh [*That is* the LORD will provide]; and to this day the saying is: 'In the mountain of the LORD it was provided.' [15]Then the angel of the LORD called from heaven a second time to Abraham, [16]'This is the word of the LORD: By my own self I swear: inasmuch as you have done this and have not withheld your son, your only son, [17]I will bless you abundantly and greatly multiply your descendants until they are as numerous as the stars in the sky and the grains of sand on the sea-shore. Your descendants shall possess the cities of their enemies. [18]All nations on earth shall pray to be blessed as your descendants are blessed, and this because you have obeyed me.'

[19]Abraham went back to his men, and together they returned to Beersheba; and there Abraham remained.

[20]After this Abraham was told, 'Milcah has borne sons to your brother Nahor: [21]Uz his first-born, then his brother Buz, and Kemuel father of Aram, and [22]Kesed, Hazo, Pildash, Jidlaph and Bethuel; [23]and a daughter, Rebecca, has been born to Bethuel.' These eight Milcah bore to Abraham's brother Nahor. [24]His concubine, whose name was Reumah, also bore him sons: Tebah, Gaham, Tahash and Maacah.

23[1]Sarah lived for a hundred and twenty-seven years, [2]and died in Kiriatharba, which is Hebron, in Canaan. Abraham went in to mourn over Sarah and to weep for her. [3]At last he rose and left the presence of the dead. [4]He said to the Hittites, 'I am an alien and a settler among you. Give me land enough for a burial-place, so that I can give my dead proper burial.' [5]The Hittites answered Abraham, [6]'Do, pray, listen to what we have to say, sir. You are a mighty prince among us. Bury your dead in the best grave we have. There is not one of us who will deny you his grave or hinder you from burying your dead.' [7]Abraham stood up and then bowed low to the Hittites, the people of that country. [8]He said to them, 'If you are willing to let me give my dead proper burial, then listen to me and speak for me to Ephron son of Zohar, [9]asking him to give me the cave that belongs to him at Machpelah, at the far end of his land. Let him give it to me for the full price, so that I may take possession of it as a burial-place within your territory.' [10]Ephron the Hittite was sitting with the others, and he gave Abraham this answer in the hearing of everyone as they came into the city gate: [11]'No, sir; hear what I have to say. I will make you a gift of the land and I will also give you the cave which is on it. In the presence of all my kinsmen I give it to you ; so bury your dead.' [12]Abraham bowed low before the people of the country and said to Ephron in their hearing, [13]'If you really mean it — but do listen to me! I give you the price of the land: take it and I will bury my dead there.' [14]And Ephron answered, [15]'Do listen to me, sir: the land is worth four hundred shekels of silver. But what is that between you and me? There you may bury your dead.' [16]Abraham came to an agreement with him and weighed out the amount that Ephron had named in the hearing of the Hittites, four hundred shekels of the standard recognized by merchants. [17]Thus the plot of land belonging to Ephron at Machpelah to the east of Mamre, the plot, the cave that is on it, every tree on the plot, within the whole area, [18]became the legal possession of Abraham, in the presence of all the Hittites as they Came into the city gate. [19]After this Abraham buried his wife Sarah in the cave on the plot of land at Machpelah to the east of Mamre, which is Hebron, in Canaan. [20]Thus the plot and the cave on it became Abraham's possession as a burial-place, by purchase from the Hittites.

24[1]BY THIS TIME Abraham had become a very old man, and the LORD had blessed him in all that he did. [2]Abraham said to his servant, who had been long in his service and was in charge of all his possessions, 'Put your hand under my thigh: [3]I want you to swear by the LORD, the God of heaven and earth, that you will not take a wife for my son from the women of the Canaanites in whose land I dwell; [4]you must go to my own country and to my own kindred to find a wife for my son Isaac.' [5]The servant said to him, 'What if the woman is unwilling to come with me to this country? Must I in that event take your son back to the land from which you came?' [6]Abraham said to him, 'On no account are you to take my son back there. [7]The LORD the God of heaven who took me from my father's house and the lam of my birth, the LORD who swore to me that he

would give this land to my descendants — he will send his angel before you, and from
there you shall take a wife for my son. [8]If the woman is unwilling to come with you,
then you will be released from your oath to me; but you must not take my son back
there.' [9]So the servant put his hand under his master Abraham's thigh and swore an
oath in those terms.

[10]The servant took ten camels from his master's herds, and also all kinds of gifts from
his master; he set out for Aram-naharaim [*That is* Aram of Two Rivers] and arrived at
the city where Nahor lived. [11]Towards evening, the time when the women come out to
draw water, he made the camels kneel down by the well outside the city. [12]He said, 'O
LORD God of my master Abraham, give me good fortune this day; keep faith with my
master Abraham. [13]Here I stand by the spring, and the women of the city are coming
out to draw water. [14]Let it be like this: I shall say to a girl, "Please lower your jar so
that I may drink"; and if she answers, "Drink, and I will water your camels also", that
will be the girl whom thou dost intend for thy servant Isaac. In this way I shall know
that thou hast kept faith with my master.'

[15]Before he had finished praying silently, he saw Rebecca coming out with her water-jug
on her shoulder. She was the daughter of Bethuel son of Milcah, the wife of Abraham's
brother Nahor. [16]The girl was very beautiful, a virgin, who had had no intercourse with a
man. She went down to the spring, filled her jar and came up again. [17]Abraham's
servant hurried to meet her and said, 'Give me a sip of water from your jar.' [18]'Drink,
sir', she answered, and at once lowered her jar on to her hand to let him drink. [19]When
she had finished giving him a drink, she said, 'Now I will draw water for your camels
until they have had enough.' [20]So she quickly emptied her jar into the water-trough,
hurried again to the well to draw water and watered all the camels. [21]The man was
watching quietly to see whether or not the LORD had made his journey successful.
[22]When the camels had finished drinking, the man took a gold nose-ring weighing half a
shekel, and two bracelets for her wrists weighing ten shekels, also of gold, [23]and said,
'Tell me, please, whose daughter you are. Is there room in your father's house for us to
spend the night?' [24]She answered, 'I am the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Nahor and
Milcah; [25]and we have plenty of straw and fodder and also room for you to spend the
night.' [26]So the man bowed down and prostrated himself to the LORD. [27]He said,
'Blessed be the LORD the God of my master Abraham, who has not failed to keep faith
and truth with my master; for I have been guided by the LORD to the house of my
master's kinsman.'

[28]The girl ran to her mother's house and told them what had happened. [29-30]Now
Rebecca had a brother named Laban; and, when he saw the nose-ring, and also the
bracelets on his sister's wrists, and heard his sister Rebecca tell what the man had said
to her, he ran out to the man at the spring. When he came to him and found him still
standing there by the camels, [31]he said, 'Come in, sir, whom the LORD has blessed.
Why stay outside? I have prepared the house, and there is room for the camels.' [32]So
he brought the man into the house, unloaded the camels and provided straw and fodder
for them, and water for him and all his men to wash their feet. [33]Food was set before
him, but he said, 'I will not eat until I have delivered my message.' Laban said, 'Let us
hear it.' [34]He answered, 'I am the servant of Abraham. [35]The LORD has greatly blessed

my master, and he has become a man of power. The LORD has given him flocks and herds, silver and gold,
male and female slaves, camels and asses.' [36]My master's wife Sarah in her old age bore him a son, to whom he has given all that he has. [37]So my master made me swear an oath, saying, "You shall not take a wife for my son from the women of the Canaanites in whose land I dwell ; [38]but you shall go to my father's house and to my family to find a wife for him." [39]So I said to my master, "What if the woman will not come with me?" [40]He answered, "The LORD, in whose presence I have lived, will send his angel with you and will make your journey successful. You shall take a wife for my son from my family and from my father's house; [41]then you shall be released from the charge I have laid upon you. But if, when you come to my family, they will not give her to you, you shall still be released from the charge." [42]So I came to the spring today,' and I said, "O LORD God of my master Abraham, if thou wilt make my journey successful, let it be like this. [43]Here I stand by the spring. When a young woman comes out to draw water, I shall say to her, 'Give me a little water to drink from your jar.' [44]If she answers, 'Yes, do drink, and I will draw water for your camels as well', she is the woman whom the LORD intends for my master's son." [45]Before I had finished praying silently, I saw Rebecca coming out with her water-jar on her shoulder. She went down to the spring and drew some water, and I said to her, "Please give me a drink." [46]She quickly lowered her jar from her shoulder and said, "Drink; and I will water your camels as well." So I drank, and she also gave my camels water. [47]I asked her whose daughter she was, and she said, "I am the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Nahor and Milcah." Then I put the ring in her nose and the bracelets on her wrists, [48]and I bowed low and prostrated myself before the LORD. I blessed the LORD the God of my master Abraham, who had led me by the right road to take my master's niece for his son. [49]Now tell me if you will keep faith and truth with my master. If not, say so, and I will turn elsewhere.'

[50]Laban and Bethuel answered, 'This is from the LORD; we can say nothing for or against. [51]Here is Rebecca herself; take her and go. She shall be the wife of your master's son, as the LORD has decreed.' [52]When Abraham's servant heard what they said, he prostrated himself on the ground before the LORD. [53]Then he brought out gold and silver ornaments, and robes, and gave them to Rebecca, and he gave costly gifts to her brother and her mother. [54]He and his men then ate and drank and spent the night there. When they rose in the morning, he said, 'Give me leave to go back to my master.' [55]Her brother and her mother said, 'Let the girl stay with us for a few days, say ten days and then she shall go.' [56]But he said to them, 'Do not detain me, for the LORD has granted me success: Give me leave to return to my master.' [57]They said, 'Let us call the girl and see what she says.' [58]They called Rebecca and asked her if she would go with the man, and she said, 'Yes, I will go.' [59]So they let their sister Rebecca and her nurse go with Abraham's servant and his men. [60]They blessed Rebecca and said to her:

'You are our sister, may you be the mother of myriads ;
may your sons possess the cities of their enemies.'

[61]Then Rebecca and her companions mounted their camels at once and followed the man. So the servant took Rebecca and went his way.

[62]Isaac meanwhile had moved on as far as Beer-lahai-roi and was living in the Negeb.

63One evening when he had gone out into the open country hoping to meet them [hoping ... them: *or* to relieve himself], he looked up and saw camels approaching. 64When Rebecca raised her eyes and saw Isaac, she slipped hastily from her camel, 65saying to the servant, 'Who is that man walking across the open towards us?' The servant answered, 'It is my master.' So she took her veil and covered herself. 66The servant related to Isaac all that had happened. 67Isaac conducted her into the tent [*prob. rdg, Heb. adds* Sarah his mother] and took her as his wife. So she became his wife, and he loved her and was consoled for the death of his mother.

25 1[vv1-4: cp 1Chr. 1.32, 33]ABRAHAM MARRIED ANOTHER WIFE, whose name was Keturah. 2She bore him Zimran, Jokshan, Medan, Midian, Ishbak and Shuah. 3Jokshan became the father of Sheba and Dedan. The sons of Dedan were Asshurim, Letushim and Leummim, 4and the sons of Midian were Ephah, Epher, Enoch, Abida and Eldaah. All these were descendants of Keturah.

5Abraham had given all that he had to Isaac, 6and he had already in his lifetime given presents to the sons of his concubines, and had sent them away eastwards, to a land of the east, out of his son Isaac's way. 7Abraham had lived for a hundred and seventy-five years 8when he breathed his last. He died at a good old age, after a very long life, and was gathered to his father's kin. 9His sons, Isaac and Ishmael, buried him in the cave at Machpelah, on the land of Ephron son of Zohar the Hittite, east of Mamre, 10the plot which Abraham had bought from the Hittites. There Abraham was buried with his wife Sarah. 11After the death of Abraham, God blessed his son Isaac, who settled close by Beer-lahai-roi.

12This is the table of the descendants of Abraham's son Ishmael, whom Hagar the Egyptian, Sarah's slave-girl, bore to him. 13[vv13-16 . cp 1Chr. 1.29-31]These are the names of the sons of Ishmael named in order of their birth: Nebaioth, Ishmael's eldest son, then Kedar, Adbeel, Mibsam, 14Mishma, Dumah, Massa, 15Hadad, Teman, Jetur, Naphish and Kedemah. 16These are the sons of Ishmael, after whom their hamlets and encampments were named, twelve princes according to their tribal groups. 17Ishmael had lived for a hundred and thirty-seven years when he breathed his last. So he died and was gathered to his father's kin. 18Ishmael's sons inhabited the land from Havilah to Shur, which is east of Egypt on the way to Asshur, having settled to the east of his brothers.

19THIS IS THE TABLE of the descendants of Abraham's son Isaac. Isaac's father was Abraham. 20When Isaac was forty years old he married Rebecca the daughter of Bethuel the Aramaean from Paddan-aram and the sister of Laban the Aramaean.21 Isaac appealed to the LORD on behalf of his wife because she was barren ; the LORD yielded to his entreaty, and Rebecca conceived. 22The children pressed hard on each other in her womb, and she said, 'If this is how it is with me, what does it mean?' So she went to seek guidance of the LORD. 23The LORD said to her:

'Two nations in your womb,
two peoples, going their own ways from birth!
One shall be stronger than the other;
the older shall be servant to the younger.'

[24]When her time had come, there were indeed twins in her womb. [25]The first came out red, hairy all over like a hair-cloak, and they named him Esau [*That is* Covering]. [26]Immediately afterwards his brother was born with his hand grasping Esau's heel, and they called him Jacob [*That is* He caught by the heel]. Isaac was sixty years old when they were born. [27]The boys grew up; and Esau became skilful in hunting, a man of the open plains, but Jacob led a settled life and stayed among the tents. [28]Isaac favoured Esau because he kept him supplied with venison, but Rebecca favoured Jacob. [29]One day Jacob prepared a broth and when Esau came in from the country, exhausted, [30]he said to Jacob, 'I am exhausted; let me swallow some of that red broth': this is why he was called Edom [*That is* Red]. [31]Jacob said, 'Not till you sell me your rights as the first-born.' [32]Esau replied, 'I am at death's door; what use is my birthright to me?' [33]Jacob said, 'Not till you swear!'; so he swore an oath and sold his birthright to Jacob. [34]Then Jacob gave Esau bread and the lentil broth, and he ate and drank and went away without more ado. Thus Esau showed how little he valued his birthright.

26[1]There came a famine in the land—not the earlier famine in Abraham's time — and Isaac went to Abimelech the Philistine king at Gerar. [2]The LORD appeared to Isaac and said, 'Do not go down to Egypt, but stay in this country as I bid you. [3]Stay in this country and I will be with you and bless you, for to you and to your descendants I will give all these lands. Thus shall I fulfil the oath which I swore to your father Abraham. [4]I will make your descendants as many as the stars in the sky; I will give them all these lands, and all the nations of the earth will pray to be blessed as they are blessed — [5]all because Abraham obeyed me and kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws.' [6]So Isaac lived in Gerar.

[7]When the men of the place asked him about his wife, he told them that she was his sister; he was afraid to say that Rebecca was his wife, in case they killed him because of her; for she was very beautiful. [8]When they had been there for some considerable time, Abimelech the Philistine king looked down from his window and saw Isaac and his wife Rebecca laughing together. [9]He summoned Isaac and said, 'So she is your wife, is she? What made you say she was your sister?' Isaac answered, 'I thought I should be killed because of her.' [10]Abimelech said, 'Why have you treated us like this? One of the people might easily have gone to bed with your wife, and then you would have made us liable to retribution.' [11]So Abimelech warned all the people, threatening that whoever touched this man or his wife would be put to death.

[12]Isaac sowed seed in that land, and that year he reaped a hundredfold, and the LORD blessed him. [13]He became more and more powerful, until he was very powerful indeed. [14]He had flocks and herds and many slaves, so that the Philistines were envious of him. [15]They had stopped up all the wells dug by the slaves in the days of Isaac's father Abraham, and filled them with earth. [18] Isaac dug them again, all those wells dug in his father Abraham's time, and stopped up by the Philistines after his death, and he called them by the names which his father had given them.

[16]Then Abimelech said to him, 'Go away from here; you are too strong for us.' [17]So Isaac left that place and encamped in the valley of Gerar, and stayed there. [19] [*v18*

transposed to follow v15]Then Isaac's slaves dug in the valley and found a spring of running water, [20]but the shepherds of Gerar quarrelled with Isaac's shepherds, claiming the water as theirs. He called the well Esek [*That is* Difficulty], because they made difficulties for him. His men then dug another well, [21]but the others quarrelled with him over that also, so he called it Sitnah [*That is* Enmity]. [22]He moved on from there and dug another well, but there was no quarrel over that one, so he called it Rehoboth [*That is* Plenty of room], saying, 'Now the LORD has given us plenty of room and we shall be fruitful in the land.'

[23]Isaac went up country from there to Beersheba. [24]That same night the LORD appeared to him there and said, 'I am the God of your father Abraham. Fear nothing, for I am with you. I will bless you and give you many descendants for the sake of Abraham my servant.' [25]So Isaac built an altar there and invoked the LORD by name. Then he pitched his tent there, and there also his slaves dug a well. [26]Abimelech came to him from Gerar with Ahuzzath his friend and Phicol the commander of his army. [27]Isaac said to them, 'Why have you come here? You hate me and you sent me away.' [28]They answered, 'We have seen plainly that the LORD is with you, so we thought, "Let the two of us put each other to the oath and make a treaty that will bind us." [29]We have not attacked you, we have done you nothing but good, and we let you go away peaceably. Swear that you will do us no harm, now that the LORD has blessed you.' [30]So Isaac gave a feast and they ate and drank. [31]They rose early in the morning and exchanged oaths. Then Isaac bade them farewell, and they parted from him in peace. [32]The same day Isaac's slaves came and told him about a well that they had dug: 'We have found water', they said. [33]He named the well Shibah [*That is* Oath]. This is why the city is called Beersheba [*That is* Well of an Oath] to this day.

[34]When Esau was forty years old he married Judith daughter of Beeri the Hittite, and Basemath daughter of Elon the Hittite; [35]this was a bitter grief to Isaac and Rebecca.

Jacob and Esau

27[1]WHEN ISAAC GREW OLD and his eyes became so dim that he could not see, he called his elder son Esau and said to him, 'My son', and he answered, 'Here I am.' [2]Isaac said, 'Listen now: I am old and I do not know when I may die. [3]Take your hunting gear, your quiver and your bow, and go out into the country and get me some venison. [4]Then make me a savoury dish of the kind I like, and bring it to me to eat so that I may give you my blessing before I die.' [5]Now Rebecca was listening as Isaac talked to his son Esau. When Esau went off into the country to find some venison and bring it home, [6]she said to her son Jacob, 'I heard your father talking to your brother Esau, and he said, [7]"Bring me some venison and make it into a savoury dish so that I may eat it and bless you in the presence of the LORD before I die." [8]Listen to me, my son, and do what I tell you. [9]Go to the flock and pick me out two fine young kids, and I will make them into a savoury dish for your father, of the kind he likes. [10]Then take them in to your father, and he will eat them so that he may bless you before he dies.' [11]Jacob said to his mother Rebecca, 'But my brother Esau is a hairy man, and my skin is smooth.

[12]Suppose my father feels me, he will know I am tricking him and I shall bring a curse upon myself instead of a blessing.' [13]His mother answered him, 'Let the curse fall on me, my son, but do as I say ; go and bring me the kids.' [14]So Jacob fetched them and brought them to his mother, who made them into a savoury dish of the kind that his father liked. [15]Then Rebecca took her elder son's clothes, Esau's best clothes which she kept by her in the house, and put them on her younger son Jacob. [16]She put the goatskins on his hands and on the smooth nape of his neck; [17]and she handed her son Jacob the savoury dish and the bread she had made. [18]He came to his father and said, 'Father.' He answered, 'Yes, my son; who are you?' [19]Jacob answered his father, 'I am Esau, your elder son. I have done as you told me. Come, sit up and eat some of my venison, so that you may give me your blessing.' [20]Isaac said to his son, 'What is this that you found so quickly?', and Jacob answered, 'It is what the LORD your God put in my way.' [21]Isaac then said to Jacob, 'Come close and let me feel you, my son, to see whether you are really my son Esau.' [22]When Jacob came close to his father, Isaac felt him and said, 'The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.' [23]He did not recognize him because his hands were hairy like Esau's, and that is why he blessed him. [24]He said, 'Are you really my son Esau?', and he answered, 'Yes.' [25]Then Isaac said, 'Bring me some of your venison to eat, my son, so that I may give you my blessing.' Then Jacob brought it to him, and he ate it; he brought wine also, and he drank it. [26]Then his father Isaac said to him, 'Come near, my son, and kiss me.' [27]So he came near and kissed him, and when Isaac smelt the smell of his clothes, he blessed him and said:

> 'Ah! The smell of my son is like the smell of open country blessed by the LORD.
> [28]God give you dew from heaven
> and the richness of the earth,
> corn and new wine in plenty!
> [29]Peoples shall serve you,
> nations bow down to you.
> Be lord over your brothers;
> may your mother's sons bow down to you.
> A curse upon those who curse you ;
> a blessing on those who bless you!'

[30]Isaac finished blessing Jacob; and Jacob had scarcely left his father Isaac's presence, when his brother Esau came in from his hunting. [31]He too made a savoury dish and brought it to his father. He said, 'Come, father, and eat some of my venison, so that you may give me your blessing.' [32]His father Isaac said, 'Who are you?' He said, 'I am Esau, your elder son.' [33]Then Isaac became greatly agitated [*Or* incensed] and said, 'Then who was it that hunted and brought me venison? I ate it all before you came in and I blessed him, and the blessing will stand.' [34]When Esau heard what his father said, he gave a loud and bitter cry and said, 'Bless me too, father.' [35]But Isaac said, 'Your brother came treacherously and took away your blessing.' [36]Esau said, 'He is rightly called Jacob [*That is* He supplanted]' This is the second time he has supplanted me. He took away my right as the first-born and now he has taken away my blessing. Have you kept back any blessing for me?' [37] Isaac answered, 'I have made him lord over you, and I have given him all his brothers as slaves. I have bestowed upon him corn and new

wine for his sustenance. What is there left that I can do for you, my son?' [38]Esau asked his father, 'Had you then only one blessing, father? Bless me too, my father.' And Esau cried bitterly. [39]Then his father Isaac answered:

'Your dwelling shall be far from the richness of the earth,
far from the dew of heaven above.
[40]By your sword shall you live,
and you shall serve your brother;
but the time will come when you grow restive
and break off his yoke from your neck.'

[41]Esau bore a grudge against Jacob because of the blessing which his father had given him, and he said to himself, 'The time of mourning for my father will soon be here; then I will kill my brother Jacob.' [42]When Rebecca was told what her elder son Esau was saying, she called her younger son Jacob, and she said to him, 'Esau your brother is threatening to kill you. [43]Now, my son, listen to me. Slip away at once to my brother Laban in Harran. [44]Stay with him for a while until your brother's anger cools. [45]When it has subsided and he forgets what you have done to him, I will send and fetch you back. Why should I lose you both in one day?'

[46]Rebecca said to Isaac, 'I am weary to death of Hittite women! If Jacob marries a Hittite woman like those who live here, my life will not be worth living.' **28**[1]Isaac called Jacob, blessed him and gave him instructions. He said, 'You must not marry one of these women of Canaan. [2]Go at once to the house of Bethuel, your mother's father, in Paddan-aram, and there find a wife, one of the daughters of Laban, your mother's brother. [3]God Almighty bless you, make you fruitful and increase your descendants until they become a host of nations. [4]May he bestow on you and your offspring the blessing of Abraham, and may you thus possess the country where you are now living, the land which God gave to Abraham!' [5]So Isaac sent Jacob away, and he went to Paddan-aram to Laban, son of Bethuel the Aramaean, and brother to Rebecca the mother of Jacob and Esau. [6]Esau discovered that Isaac had given Jacob his blessing and had sent him away to Paddan-aram to find a wife there; [7]and that when he blessed him he had forbidden him to marry a woman of Canaan, and that Jacob had obeyed his father and mother and gone to Paddan-aram. [8]Then Esau, seeing that his father disliked the women of Canaan, [9]went to Ishmael, and, in addition to his other wives, he married Mahalath sister. of Nebaioth and daughter of Abraham's son Ishmael.

[10]Jacob set out from Beersheba and went on his way towards Harran. [11]He came to a certain place and stopped there for the night, because the sun had set; and, taking one of the stones there, he made it a pillow for his head and lay down to sleep. [12]He dreamt that he saw a ladder, which rested on the ground with its top reaching to heaven, and angels of God were going up and down upon it. [13]The LORD was standing beside him [*Or* on it *or* by it] and said, 'I am the LORD, the God of your father Abraham and the God of Isaac. This land on which you are lying I will give to you and your descendants. [14]They shall be countless as the dust upon the earth, and you shall spread far and wide, to north and south, to east and west. All the families of the earth shall pray to be blessed as you and your descendants are blessed. [15]I will be with you, and I will protect you wherever you go and will bring you back to this land; for I will not leave you until I

have done all that I have promised.' [16]Jacob woke from his sleep and said, 'Truly the LORD is in this place, and I did not know it.' [17]Then he was afraid and said, 'How fearsome is this place! This is no other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven.' [18]Jacob rose early in the morning, took the stone on which he had laid his head, set it up as a sacred pillar and poured oil on the top of it. [19]He named that place Beth-El [*That is* House of God]; but the earlier name of the city was Luz.

[20]Thereupon Jacob made this vow: 'If God will be with me, if he will protect me on my journey and give me food to eat and clothes to wear, [21]and I come back safely to my father's house, then the LORD shall be my God, [22]and this stone which I have set up as a sacred pillar shall be a house of God. And of all that thou givest me, I will without fail allot a tenth part to thee.'

29[1]JACOB CONTINUED HIS JOURNEY and came to the land of the eastern tribes. [2]There he saw a well in the open country and three flocks of sheep lying beside it, because the flocks were watered from that well. Over its mouth was a huge stone, [3]and all the herdsmen used to gather there and roll it off the mouth of the well and water the flocks; then they would put it back in its place over the well. [4]Jacob said to them, 'Where are you from, my friends?' 'We are from Harran', they replied. [5]He asked them if they knew Laban the grandson of Nahor. They answered, 'Yes, we do.' [6]'Is he well?' Jacob asked; and they answered, 'Yes, he is well, and here is his daughter Rachel coming with the flock.' [7]Jacob said, 'The sun is still high, and the time for folding the sheep has not yet come. Water the flocks and then go and graze them.' [8]But they replied, 'We cannot, until all the herdsmen have gathered together and the stone is rolled away from the mouth of the well; then we can water our flocks.' [9]While he was talking to them, Rachel came up with her father's flock, for she was a shepherdess. [10]When Jacob saw Rachel, the daughter of Laban his mother's brother, with Laban's flock, he stepped forward, rolled the stone off the mouth of the well and watered Laban's sheep. [11]He kissed Rachel, and was moved to tears. [12]He told her that he was her father's kinsman and Rebecca's son; so she ran and told her father. [13]When Laban heard the news of his sister's son Jacob, he ran to meet him, embraced him, kissed him warmly and welcomed him to his home. [14]Jacob told Laban everything, and Laban said, 'Yes, you are my own flesh and blood.' So Jacob stayed with him for a whole month.

[15]Laban said to Jacob, 'Why should you work for me for nothing simply because you are my kinsman? Tell me what your wages ought to be.' [16]Now Laban had two daughters: the elder was called Leah, and the younger Rachel. [17]Leah was dull-eyed, but Rachel was graceful and beautiful. [18]Jacob had fallen in love with Rachel and he said, 'I will work seven years for your younger daughter Rachel.' [19]Laban replied, 'It is better that I should give her to you than to anyone else; stay with me.' [20]So Jacob worked seven years for Rachel, and they seemed like a few days because he loved her. [21]Then Jacob said to Laban, 'I have served my time. Give me my wife so that we may sleep together.' [22]So Laban gathered all the men of the place together and gave a feast. [23]In the evening he took his daughter Leah and brought her to Jacob, and Jacob slept with her. [24]At the same time Laban gave his slave-girl Zilpah to his daughter Leah. [25]But when morning came, Jacob saw that it was Leah and said to Laban, 'What have you done to

me? Did I not work for Rachel? Why have you deceived me?' [26]Laban answered, 'In our country it is not right to give the younger sister in marriage before the elder. [27]Go through with the seven days' feast for the elder, and the younger shall be given you in return for a further seven years' work.' [28]Jacob agreed, and completed the seven days for Leah.

[29]Then Laban gave Jacob his daughter Rachel as wife; and he gave his slave-girl Bilhah to serve his daughter Rachel. [30]Jacob slept with Rachel also; he loved her rather than Leah, and he worked for Laban for a further seven years. [31]When the LORD saw that Leah was not loved, he granted her a child ; but Rachel was childless. [32]Leah conceived and bore a son; and she called him Reuben [*That is* See, a son], for she said, 'The LORD has seen my humiliation; now my husband will love me.' [33]Again she conceived and bore a son and said, 'The LORD, hearing that I am not loved, has given me this child also'; and she called him Simeon [*That is* Hearing]. [34]She conceived again and bore a son ; and she said, 'Now that I have borne him three sons my husband and I will surely be united.' So she called him Levi [*That is* Union]. [35]Once more she conceived and bore a son; and she said, 'Now I will praise the LORD' ; therefore she named him Judah [*That is* Praise]. Then for a while she bore no more children.

30[1]When Rachel found that she bore Jacob no children, she became jealous of her sister and said to Jacob, 'Give me sons, or I shall die.' [2]Jacob said angrily to Rachel, 'Can I take the place of God, who has denied you children?' [3]She said, 'Here is my slave-girl Bilhah. Lie with her, so that she may bear sons to be laid upon my knees, and through her I too may build up a family.' [4]So she gave him her slave-girl Bilhah as a wife, and Jacob lay with her. [5]Bilhah conceived and bore Jacob a son. [6]Then Rachel said, 'God has given judgement for me; he has indeed heard me and given me a son', so she named him Dan [*That is* He has given judgement]. [7]Rachel's slave-girl Bilhah again conceived and bore Jacob another son. [8]Rachel said, 'I have played a fine trick on my sister, and it has succeeded'; so she named him Naphtali [*That is* Trickery]. [9]When Leah found that she was bearing no more children, she took her slave-girl Zilpah and gave her to Jacob as a wife, [10]and Zilpah bore Jacob a son. [11]Leah said, 'Good fortune has come', and she named him Gad [*That is* Good Fortune]. [12]Zilpah, Leah's slave-girl, bore Jacob' another son, [13]and Leah said, 'Happiness has come, for young women will call me happy.' So she named him Asher [*That is* Happy].

[14]In the time of wheat-harvest Reuben went out and found some mandrakes in the open country and brought them to his mother Leah. Then Rachel asked Leah for some of her son's mandrakes, [15]but Leah said, 'Is it so small a thing to have taken away my husband, that you should take my son's mandrakes as well?' But Rachel said, 'Very well, let him sleep with you tonight in exchange for your son's mandrakes.' [16]So when Jacob came in from the country in the evening, Leah went out to meet him and said, 'You are to sleep with me tonight; I have hired you with my son's mandrakes.' That night he slept with her, [17]and God heard Leah's prayer, and she conceived and bore a fifth son. [18]Leah said, 'God has rewarded me, because I gave my slave-girl to my husband.' So she named him Issachar [*That is* Reward]. [19]Leah again conceived and bore a sixth son. [20]She said, 'God has endowed me with a noble dowry. Now my husband will treat me in

princely style, because I have borne him six sons.' So she named him Zebulun [*That is* Prince]. [21]Later she bore a daughter and named her 'Dinah. [22]Then God thought of Rachel; he heard her prayer and gave her a child; [23]so she conceived and bore a son and said, 'God has taken away my humiliation.' [24]She named him Joseph [*The name may mean either* He takes away *or* May he add], saying, 'May the LORD add another son!'

[25]When Rachel had given birth to Joseph, Jacob said to Laban, 'Let me go, for I wish to return to my Own home and country. [26]Give me my wives and my children for whom I have served you, and I will go; for you know what service I have done for you.' [27]Laban said to him, 'Let me have my say, if you please. I have become prosperous and the LORD has blessed me for your sake. [28]So now tell me what I owe you in wages, and I will give it you.' [29]Jacob answered, 'You must know how I have served you, and how your herds have prospered under my care. [30]You had only a few when I came, but now they have increased beyond measure, and the LORD brought blessings to you wherever I went. But is it not time for me to provide for my family?' [31]Laban said, 'Then what shall I give you?', but Jacob answered, 'Give me nothing; I will mind your flocks [*prob. rdg, Heb adds* I will watch] as before, if you will do what I suggest. [32]Today I will go over your flocks and pick out from them every black lamb, and all the brindled and the spotted goats, and they shall be my wages. [33]This is a fair offer, and it will be to my own disadvantage later on, when we come to settling my wages: every goat amongst mine that is not spotted or brindled and every lamb that is not black will have been stolen.' [34]Laban said, 'Agreed ; let it be as you have said.' [35]But that day he removed the he-goats that were striped and brindled and all the spotted and brindled she-goats, all that had any white on them, and every ram that was black, and he handed them over to his own sons. [36]Then he put a distance of three days' journey between himself and Jacob, while Jacob was left tending those of Laban's flocks that remained. [37]Thereupon Jacob took fresh rods of white poplar, almond, and plane tree, and peeled off strips of bark, exposing the white of the rods. [38]Then he fixed the peeled rods upright in the troughs at the watering-places where the flocks came to drink; they faced the she-goats that were on heat when they came to drink. [39]They felt a longing for the rods and they gave birth to young that were striped and spotted and brindled. [40]As for the rams, Jacob divided them, and let the ewes run only with such of the rams in Laban's flock as were striped and black; and thus he bred separate flocks for himself, which he did not add to Laban's sheep. [41]As for the goats, whenever the more vigorous were on heat, he put the rods in front of them at the troughs so that they would long for the rods; [42]he did not put them there for the weaker goats. Thus the weaker came to be Laban's and the stronger Jacob's. [43]So Jacob increased in wealth more and more until he possessed great flocks, male and female slaves, camels, and asses.

31[1]JACOB LEARNT that Laban's sons were saying, 'Jacob has taken everything that was our father's, and all his wealth has come from our father's property.' [2]He also noticed that Laban was not so well disposed to him as he had once been. [3]Then the LORD said to Jacob, 'Go back to the land of your fathers and to your kindred. I will be with you.' [4]So Jacob sent to fetch Rachel and Leah to his flocks out in the country [5]and said to them, 'I see that your father is not as well disposed to me as once he was; yet the God of my father has been with me. [6]You know how I have served your father to the best of

my power, [7]but he has cheated me and changed my wages ten times over. Yet God did not let him do me any harm. [8]If Laban said, "The spotted ones shall be your wages", then all the flock bore spotted young; and if he said, "The striped ones shall be your wages", then all the
flock bore striped young. [9]God has taken away your father's property and has given it to me. [10]In the season when the flocks were on heat, I had a dream: I looked up and saw that the he-goats mounting the flock were striped and spotted and dappled. [11]The angel of God said to me in my dream, "Jacob", and I replied, "Here I am", [12]and he said, "Look up and see: all the he-goats mounting the flock are striped and spotted and dappled. I have seen all that Laban is doing to you. [13]I am the God who appeared to you at Bethel where you anointed a sacred pillar and where you made your vow. Now leave this country at once and return to the land of your birth." ' [14]Rachel and Leah answered him, 'We no longer have any part or lot in our father's house. [15]Does he not look on us as foreigners, now that he has sold us and spent on himself the whole of the money paid for us? [16]But all the wealth which God has saved from our father's clutches is ours and our children's. Now do everything that God has said.' [17]Jacob at once set his sons and his wives on camels, [18]and drove off all the herds and livestock which he had acquired in Paddan-aram, to go to his father Isaac in Canaan.

[19]When Laban the Aramaean had gone to shear his sheep, Rachel stole her father's household gods, [20]and Jacob deceived Laban, keeping his departure secret. [21]So Jacob ran away with all that he had, crossed the River and made for the hill-country of Gilead. [22]Three days later, when Laban heard that Jacob had run away, [23]he took his kinsmen with him, pursued Jacob for seven days and caught up with him in the hill-country of Gilead. [24]But God came to Laban in a dream by night and said to him, 'Be careful to say nothing to Jacob, either good or bad.'

[25]When Laban overtook him, Jacob had pitched his tent in the hill-country of Gilead, and Laban pitched his in the company of his kinsmen in the same hill-country. [26]Laban said to Jacob, 'What have you done? You have deceived me and carried off my daughters as though they were captives taken in war. [27]Why did you slip away secretly without telling me? I would have set you on your way with songs and the music of tambourines and harps. [28]You did not even let me kiss my daughters and their children. In this you were at fault. [29]It is in my power to do you an injury, but yesterday the God of your father spoke to me; he told me to be careful to say nothing to you, either good or bad. [30]I know that you went away because you were homesick and pining for your father's house, but why did you steal my gods?'

[31]Jacob answered, 'I was afraid; I thought you would take your daughters from me by force. [32]Whoever is found in possession of your gods shall die for it. Let our kinsmen here be witnesses: point out anything I have that is yours, and take it back.' Jacob did not know that Rachel had stolen the gods. [33]So Laban went into Jacob's tent and Leah's tent and that of the two slave-girls, but he found nothing. When he came out of Leah's tent he went into Rachel's. [34]Now she had taken the household gods and put them in the camel-bag and was sitting on them. Laban went through everything in the tent and found nothing. [35]Rachel said to her father, 'Do not take it amiss, sir, that I cannot rise in

your presence: the common lot of woman is upon me.' So for all his search Laban did not find his household gods.

[36]Jacob was angry, and he expostulated with Laban, exclaiming, 'What have I done wrong? What is my offence, that you have come after me in hot pursuit and gone through all my possessions? [37]Have you found anything belonging to your household? If so, set it here in front of my kinsmen and yours, and let them judge between the two of us. [38]In all the twenty years I have been with you, your ewes and she-goats have never miscarried; I have not eaten the rams of your flocks; [39]I have never brought to you the body of any animal mangled by wild beasts, but I bore the loss myself; you claimed compensation from me for anything stolen by day or by night. [40]This was the way of it: by day the heat consumed me and the frost by night, and sleep deserted me. [41]For twenty years I have been in your household. I worked for you fourteen years to win your two daughters and six years for your flocks, and you changed my wages ten times over. [42]If the God of my father, the God of Abraham and the Fear of Isaac, had not been with me, you would have sent me away empty-handed. But God saw my labour and my hardships, and last night he rebuked you.'

[43]Laban answered Jacob, 'The daughters are my daughters, the children are my children, the flocks are my flocks; all that you see is mine. But as for my daughters, what can I do today about them and the children they have borne? [44]Come now, we will make an agreement, you and I, and let it stand as a witness between us.' [45]So Jacob chose a great stone and set it upright as a sacred pillar. [46]Then he told his kinsmen to gather stones, and they took them and built a cairn, and there beside the cairn they ate together. [47]Laban called it Jegar-sahadutha [*Aramaic for* Cairn of Witness], and Jacob called it Gal-ed [*Hebrew for* Cairn of Witness]. [48]Laban said, 'This cairn is witness today between you and me.' For this reason it was named Gal-ed; [49]it was also named Mizpah [*That is* Watch-tower], for Laban said, 'May the LORD watch between you and me, when we are parted from each other's sight. [50]If you ill-treat my daughters or take other wives beside them when no one is there to see, then God be witness between us.' [51]Laban said further to Jacob, 'Here is this cairn, and here the pillar which I have set up between us. [52]This cairn is witness and the pillar is witness: I for my part will not pass beyond this cairn to your side, and you for your part shall not pass beyond this cairn and this pillar to my side to do an injury, [53]otherwise the God of Abraham and the God of Nahor will judge between us.' And Jacob swore this oath in the name of the Fear of Isaac his father. [54]He slaughtered an animal for sacrifice, there in the hill-country, and summoned his kinsmen to the feast. So they ate together and spent the night there.

[55]Laban rose early in the morning, kissed his daughters and their children, blessed them and went home again. **32**[1]Then Jacob continued his journey and was met by angels of God. [2]When he saw them, Jacob said, 'This is the company of God', and he called that place Mahanaim [*That is* Two Companies].

[3]Jacob sent messengers on ahead to his brother Esau to the district of Seir in the Edomite country, [4]and this is what he told them to say to Esau, 'My lord, your servant Jacob says, I have been living with Laban and have stayed there till now. [5]I have oxen, asses, and sheep, and male and female slaves, and I have sent to tell you this, my lord,

so that I may win your favour.' [6]The messengers returned to Jacob and said, 'We met your brother Esau already on the way to meet you with four hundred men.' [7]Jacob, much afraid and distressed, divided the people with him, as well as the sheep, cattle, and camels, into two companies, [8]thinking that, if Esau should come upon one company and destroy it, the other company would survive. [9]Jacob said, 'O God of my father Abraham, God of my father Isaac, O LORD at whose bidding I came back to my own country and to my kindred, and who didst promise me prosperity, [10]I am not worthy of all the true and steadfast love which thou hast shown to me thy servant. When I crossed the Jordan, I had nothing but the staff in my hand; now I have two companies. [11]Save me, I pray, from my brother Esau, for I am afraid that he may come and destroy me, sparing neither mother nor child. [12]But thou didst say, I will prosper you and will make your descendants like the sand of the sea, which is beyond all counting.'

[13]Jacob spent that night there; and as a present for his brother Esau he chose from the herds he had with him [14]two hundred she-goats, twenty he-goats, two hundred ewes and twenty rams, [15]thirty milch-camels with their young, forty cows and ten young bulls, twenty she-asses and ten he-asses. [16]He put each herd separately into the care of a servant and said to each, 'Go on ahead of me, and leave gaps between the herds.' [17]Then he gave these instructions to the first: 'When my brother Esau meets you and asks you to whom you belong and where you are going and who owns these beasts you are driving, [18]you are to say, "They belong to your servant Jacob; he sends them as a present to my lord Esau, and he is behind us." ' [19]He gave the same instructions to the second, to the third, and all the drovers, telling them to say the same thing to Esau when they met him. [20]And they were to add, 'Your servant Jacob is behind us' ; for he thought, 'I will appease him with the present that I have sent on ahead, and afterwards, when I come into his presence, he will perhaps receive me kindly.' [21]So Jacob's present went on ahead of him, but he himself spent that night at Mahaneh.

[22]During the night Jacob rose, took his two wives, his two slave-girls, and his eleven sons, and crossed the ford of Jabbok. [23]He took them and sent them across the gorge with all that he had. [24]So Jacob was left alone, and a man wrestled with him there till [*Or* at] daybreak. [25]When the man saw that he could not throw Jacob, he struck him in the hollow of his thigh, so that Jacob's hip was dislocated as they wrestled. [26]The man said, 'Let me go, for day is breaking', but Jacob replied, 'I will not let you go unless you bless me.'[27] He said to Jacob, 'What is your name ?', and he answered, 'Jacob.' [28]The man said, 'Your name shall no longer be Jacob, but Israel [*That is* God strove], because you strove with God and with men, and prevailed.' [29]Jacob said, 'Tell me, I pray, your name.' He replied, 'Why do you ask my name?', but he gave him his blessing there. [30]Jacob called the place Peniel [*That is* Face of God (*elsewhere* Penuel)], 'because', he said, 'I have seen God face to face and my life is spared.' [31]The sun rose as Jacob passed through Penuel, limping because of his hip. [32]This is why the Israelites to this day do not eat the sinew of the nerve that runs in the hollow of the thigh; for the man had struck Jacob on that nerve in the hollow of the thigh.

33[1]Jacob raised his eyes and saw Esau coming towards him with four hundred men; so he divided the children between Leah and Rachel and the two slave-girls. [2]He put the

slave-girls with their children in front, Leah with her children next, and Rachel with Joseph last. [3]He then went on ahead of them, bowing low to the ground seven times as he approached his brother. [4]Esau ran to meet him and embraced him; he threw his arms round him and kissed him, and they wept. [5]When Esau looked up and saw the women and children, he said, 'Who are these with you?' Jacob replied, 'The children whom God has graciously given to your servant.' [6]The slave-girls came near, each with her children, and they bowed low. [7]Then Leah with her children came near and bowed low, and afterwards Joseph and Rachel came near and bowed low also. [8]Esau said, 'What was all that company of yours that I met?' And he answered, 'It was meant to win favour with you, my lord.' [9]Esau answered, 'I have more than enough. Keep what is yours, my brother.' [10]But Jacob said, 'On no account: if I have won your favour, then, I pray, accept this gift from me; for, you see, I come into your presence as into that of a god, and you receive me favourably. [11]Accept this gift which I bring you; for God has been gracious to me, and I have all I want.' So he urged him, and he accepted it.

[12]Then Esau said, 'Let us set out, and I will go at your pace.' [13]But Jacob answered him, 'You must know, my lord, that the children are small; the flocks and herds are suckling their young and I am concerned for them, and if the men overdrive them for a single day, all my beasts will die. [14]I beg you, my lord, to go on ahead, and I will go by easy stages at the pace of the children and of the livestock that I am driving, until I come to my lord in Seir.' [15]Esau said, 'Let me detail some of my own men to escort you', but he replied, 'Why should my lord be so kind to me?' [16]That day Esau turned back towards Seir, [17]but Jacob set out for Succoth; and there he built himself a house and made shelters for his cattle. Therefore he named that place Succoth [*That is* Shelters].

[18]On his journey from Paddan-aram, Jacob came safely to the city of Shechem in Canaan and pitched his tent to the east of it. [19]The strip of country where he had pitched his tent he bought from the sons of Hamor father of Shechem for a hundred sheep [*Or* pieces of money *(cp Josh. 24.32; Job 42.11)*]. [20]There he set up an altar and called it El-Elohey-Israel [*That is* God the God of Israel].

34[1]DINAH, THE DAUGHTER WHOM LEAH HAD BORNE to Jacob, went out to visit the women of the country, [2]and Shechem, son of Hamor the Hivite the local prince, saw her; he took her, lay with her and dishonoured her. [3]But he remained true to Jacob's daughter Dinah; he loved the girl and comforted her. [4]So Shechem said to his father Hamor, 'Get me this girl for a wife.' [5]When Jacob heard that Shechem had violated his daughter Dinah, his sons were with the herds in the open country, so he said nothing until they came home. [6]Meanwhile Shechem's father Hamor came out to Jacob to discuss it with him. [7]When Jacob's sons came in from the country and heard, they were grieved and angry, because in lying with Jacob's daughter he had done what the Israelites held to be an outrage, an intolerable thing. [8]Hamor appealed to them in these terms: 'My son Shechem is in love with this girl; I beg you to let him have her as his wife. [9]Let us ally ourselves in marriage; you shall give us your daughters, and you shall take ours in exchange. [10]You must settle among us. The country is open to you; make your home in it, move about freely and acquire land of your own.' [11]And Shechem said to the girl's father and brothers, 'I am eager to win your favour and, I will give

whatever you ask. [12]Fix the bride-price and the gift as high as you like, and I will give whatever you ask; but you must give me the girl in marriage.'

[13]Jacob's sons gave a dishonest reply to Shechem and his father Hamor, laying a trap for them because Shechem had violated their sister Dinah: [14]'We cannot do this,' they said; 'we cannot give our sister to a man who is uncircumcised; for we look on that as a disgrace. [15]There is one condition on which We will consent: if you will follow our example and have_every male among you circumcised, [16]we will give you our daughters and take yours for ourselves. Then we can live among you, and we shall all become one people. [17]But if you refuse to listen to us and be circumcised, we will take the girl and go away.' [18]Their proposal pleased Hamor and his son Shechem; [19]and the young man, who was held in respect above anyone in his father's house, did not hesitate to do what they had said, because his heart was taken by Jacob's daughter.

[20]So Hamor and Shechem went back to the city gate and addressed their fellow-citizens: [21]'These men are friendly to us; let them live in our country and move freely in it. The land has room enough for them. Let us marry their daughters and give them ours. [22]But these men will agree to live with us and become one people on this one condition only: every male among us must be circumcised as they have been. [23]Will not their herds, their livestock, and all their chattels then be ours? We need only consent to their condition, and then they are free to live with us.' [24]All the able-bodied men agreed with Hamor and Shechem, and every single one of them was circumcised, every able-bodied male. [25]Then two days later, while they were still in great pain, Jacob's two sons Simeon and Levi, full brothers to Dinah, armed themselves with swords, boldly entered the city and killed every male. [26]They cut down Hamor and his son Shechem and took Dinah from Shechem's house and went off with her. [27]Then Jacob's other sons came in over the dead bodies and plundered the city, to avenge their sister's dishonour. [28]They seized flocks, cattle, asses, and everything, both inside the city and outside in the open country; [29]they also carried off all their possessions, their dependants, and their women, and plundered everything in the houses.

[30]Jacob said to Simeon and Levi, 'You have brought trouble on me, you have made my name stink among the people of the country, the Canaanites and the Perizzites. My numbers are few ; if they muster against me and attack me, I shall be destroyed, I and my household with me.' [31]They answered, 'Is our sister to be treated as a common whore?'

35[1]GOD SAID TO JACOB, 'Go up to Bethel and settle there, build an altar there to the God who appeared to you when you were running away from your brother Esau.' [2]So Jacob said to his household and to all who were with him, 'Rid yourselves of the foreign gods which you have among you, purify yourselves, and see your clothes are mended [*Or* change your clothes]. [3]We are going to Bethel, so that I can set up an altar there to the God who answered me in the day of my distress, and who has been with me all the way that I have come.' [4]So they handed over to Jacob all the foreign gods in their possession and the rings from their ears, and he buried them under the terebinth-tree near Shechem. [5]Then they set out, and the cities round about were panic-stricken, and the inhabitants dared not pursue the sons of Jacob. [6]Jacob and all the people with him

came to Luz, that is Bethel, in Canaan. [7]There he built an altar, and he called the place
El-bethel, because it was there that God had revealed himself to him when he was
running away from his brother. [8]Rebecca's nurse Deborah died and was buried under
the oak below Bethel, and he named it Allon-bakuth [*That is* Oak of Weeping].

[9]God appeared again to Jacob when he came back from Paddan-aram and blessed him.
[10]God said to him:

'Jacob is your name,
but your name shall no longer be Jacob:
Israel shall be your name.'

So he named him Israel. [11]And God said to him:

'I am God Almighty.
Be fruitful and increase as a nation;
a host of nations shall come from you,
and kings shall spring from your body.
[12]The land which I gave to Abraham and Isaac I give to you;
and to your descendants after you I give this land.'

[13]God then left him, [14]and Jacob erected a sacred pillar in the place where God had
spoken with him, a pillar of stone, and he offered a drink-offering over it and poured oil
on it. [15]Jacob called the place where God had spoken with him Bethel.

[16]They set out from Bethel, and when there was still some distance to go to Ephrathah,
Rachel was in labour and her pains were severe. [17]While her pains were upon her, the
midwife said, 'Do not be afraid, this is another son for you.' [18]Then with her last breath,
as she was dying, she named him Ben-oni [*That is* Son of my ill luck], but his father
called him Benjamin [*That is* Son of good luck *or* Son of the right hand]. [19]So Rachel
died and was buried by the side of the road to Ephrathah, that is Bethlehem. [20]Jacob set
up a sacred pillar over her grave; it is known to this day as the Pillar of Rachel's Grave.
[21]Then Israel journeyed on and pitched his tent on the other side of Migdal-eder.
[22]While Israel was living in that district, Reuben went and lay with his father's concubine
Bilhah, and Israel came to hear of it.

The sons of Jacob were twelve. [23]The sons of Leah: Jacob's first-born Reuben, then
Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar and Zebulun. [24]The sons of Rachel: Joseph and Benjamin.
[25]The sons of Rachel's slave-girl Bilhah: Dan and Naphtali. [26]The sons of Leah's slave-
girl Zilpah: Gad and Asher. These were Jacob's sons, born to him in Paddan-aram.
[27]Jacob came to his father Isaac at Mamre by Kiriath-arba, that is Hebron, where
Abraham and Isaac had dwelt. [28]Isaac had lived for a hundred and eighty years [29]when
he breathed his last. He died and was gathered to his father's kin at a very great age,
and his sons Esau and Jacob buried him.

36[1]THIS IS THE TABLE of the descendants of Esau: that is Edom. [2]Esau took Canaanite
women in marriage, Adah daughter of Elon the Hittite and Oholibamah daughter of Anah
son of Zibeon the Horite [*prob. rdg, (cp vv20, 21) Heb.* Hivite], [3]and Basemath,
Ishmaels daughter, sister of Nebaioth.

4[*vv4, 5, 9-13: cp 1Chr. 1.35-37*]Adah bore Eliphaz to Esau; Basemath bore Reuel, and

5Oholibamah bore Jeush, Jalam and Korah. These were Esau's sons, born to him in
Canaan. 6Esau took his wives, his sons and daughters and everyone in his household,
his herds, his cattle, and all the chattels that he had acquired in Canaan, and went to
the district of Seir out of the way of his brother Jacob, 7because they had so much stock
that they could not live together; the land where they were staying could not support
them because of their herds. 8So Esau livedin the hill-country of Seir. Esau is Edom.

9This is the table of the descendants of Esau father.of the Edomites in the hill-country of
Seir.

10These are the names of the sons of Esau: Eliphaz was the son of Esau's wife Adah.
Reuel was the son of Esau's wife Basemath. 11The sons of Eliphaz were Teman, Omar,
Zepho, Gatam and Kenaz. 12Timna was concubine to Esau's son Eliphaz, and she bore
Amalek to him. These are the descendants of Esau's wife Adah. 13These are the sons of
Reuel: Nahath, Zerah, Shammah and Mizzah. These were the descendants of Esau's
wife Basemath. 14These were the sons of Esau's wife Oholibamah daughter of Anah son
of Zibeon. She bore him Jeush, Jalarn and Korah.

15These are the chiefs descended from Esau. The sons of Esau's eldest son Eliphaz:
chief Teman, chief Omar, chief Zepho, chief Kenaz, 16chief Korah, chief Gatam, chief
Amalek. These are the chiefs descended from Eliphaz in Edom. These are the
descendants of Adah.

17These are the sons of Esau's son Reuel: chief Nahath, chief Zerah, chief Shammah,
chief Mizzah. These are the chiefs descended from Reuel in Edom. These are the
descendants of Esau's wife Basemath.

18These are the sons of Esau's wife Oholibamah: chief Jeush, chief Jalam, chief Korah.
These are the chiefs born to Oholibamah daughter of Anah wife of Esau.

19These are the sons of Esau, that is Edom, and these are their chiefs.

20[*vv20-28: cp 1Chr. I.38-42*]These are the sons of Seir the Horite, the original inhabitants of
the land: Lotan, Shobal, Zibeon, Anah, 21Dishon, Ezer and Dishan. These are the chiefs
of the Horites, the sons of Seir in Edom. 22The sons of Lotan were Hori and Hemam, and
Lotan had a sister named Timna.

23These are the sons of Shobal: Alvan, Manahath, Ebal, Shepho and Onam.

24These are the sons of Zibeon: Aiah and Anah. This is the Anah who found some mules
in the wilderness while he was tending the asses of his father Zibeon. 25These are the
children of Anah: Dishon and Oholibamah daughter of Anah.

26These are the children of Dishon: Hemdan, Eshban, Ithran and Cheran. 27These are
the sons of Ezer: Bilhan, Zavan and Akan. 28These are the sons of Dishan: Uz and Aran.

29These are the chiefs descended from the Horites: chief Lotan, chief Shobal, chief

Zibeon, chief Anah, [30]chief Dishon, chief Ezer, chief Dishan.

These are the chiefs that were descended from the Horites according to
their clans in the district of Seir.

31[*vv31-43: cp 1Chr. 1.43-54*]These are the kings who ruled over Edom before there were kings in Israel: [32]Bela son of Beor became king in Edom, and his city was named Dinhabah; [33]when he died, he was succeeded by Jobab son of Zerah of Bozrah. [34]When Jobab died, he was succeeded by Husham of Teman. [35]When Husham died, he was succeeded by Hadad son of Bedad, who defeated Midian in Moabite country. His city was named Avith. [36]When Hadad died, he was succeeded by Samlah of Masrekah. [37]When Samlah died, he was succeeded by Saul of Rehoboth on the River. [38]When Saul died, he was succeeded by Baal-hanan son of Akbor. [39]When Baal-hanan died, he was succeeded by Hadar [*Or* Hadad *cp 1Chr. 1.50*]. His city was named Pau; his wife's name was Mehetabel daughter of Matred a woman of Me-zahab [*Or* daughter of Mezahab].

[40]These are the names of the chiefs descended from Esau, according to their families, their places, by name: chief Timna, chief Alvah, chief Jetheth, [41]chief Oholibamah, chief Elah, chief Pinon, [42]chief Kenaz, chief Teman, chief Mibzar, [43]chief Magdiel, and chief Iram: all chiefs of Edom according to their settlements in the land which they possessed. (Esau is the father of the Edomites.)

Joseph in Egypt

37[1]SO JACOB LIVED IN CANAAN, the country in which his father had settled. [2]And this is the story of the descendants of Jacob.

When Joseph was a boy of seventeen, he used to accompany his brothers, the sons of Bilhah and Zilpah, his father's wives, when they were in charge of the flock; and he brought their father a bad report of them. [3]Now Israel loved Joseph more than any other of his sons, because he was a child of his old age, and he made him a long, sleeved robe. [4]When his brothers saw that their father loved him more than any of them, they hated him and could not say a kind word to him.

[5]Joseph had a dream; and when he told it to his brothers, they hated him still more. [6]He said to them, 'Listen to this dream I have had. [7]We were in the field binding sheaves, and my sheaf rose on end and stood upright, and your sheaves gathered round and bowed low before my sheaf.' [8]His brothers answered him, 'Do you think you will one day be a king and lord it over us?' and they hated him still more because of his dreams and what he said. [9]He had another dream, which he told to his father and his brothers. He said, 'Listen: I have had another dream. The sun and moon and eleven stars were bowing down to me.' [10]When he told it to his father and his brothers, his father took him to task: 'What is this dream of yours?' he said. 'Must we come and bow low to the ground before you, I and your mother and your brothers?' [11]His brothers were jealous of him, but his father did not forget.

12Joseph's brothers went to mind their father's flocks in Shechem. 13Israel said to him,
'Your brothers are minding the flocks in Shechem; come, I will send you to them', and
he said, 'I am ready.' 14He said to him, 'Go and see if all is well with your brothers and
the sheep, and bring me back word.' So he sent off Joseph from the vale of Hebron and
he came to Shechem. 15A man met him wandering in the open country and asked him
what he was looking for. He replied, 16'I am looking for my brothers. Tell me, please,
where they are minding the flocks.' 17The man said, 'They have gone' away from here; I
heard them speak of going to Dothan.' So Joseph followed his brothers and he found
them in Dothan. 18They saw him in the distance, and before he reached them, they
plotted to kill him. 19They said to each other, 'Here comes that dreamer. 20Now is our
chance; let us kill him and throw him into one of these pits and say that a wild beast has
devoured him. Then we shall see what will come of his dreams.' 21When Reuben heard,
he came to his rescue, urging them not to take his life. 22'Let us have no bloodshed', he
said. 'Throw him into this pit in the wilderness, but do him no bodily harm.' He meant to
save him from them so as to restore him to his father. 23When Joseph came up to his
brothers, they stripped him of the long, sleeved robe which he was wearing, 24took him
and threw him into the pit. The pit was empty and had no water in it.

25Then they sat down to eat some food and, looking up, they saw an Ishmaelite caravan
coming in from Gilead on the way down to Egypt, with camels carrying gum tragacanth
and balm and myrrh. 26Judah said to his brothers, 'What shall we gain by killing our
brother and concealing his death? 27Why not sell him to the Ishmaelites? Let us do him
no harm, for he is our brother, our own flesh and blood'; and his brothers agreed with
him. 28Meanwhile some Midianite merchants passed by and drew Joseph up out of the
pit. They sold him for twenty pieces of silver to the Ishmaelites, and they brought
Joseph to Egypt. 29When Reuben went back to the pit, Joseph was not there. He rent his
clothes 30and went back to his brothers and said, 'The boy is not there. Where can I
go?'

31Joseph's brothers took his robe, killed a goat and dipped it in the goat's blood. 32Then
they tore the robe, the long, sleeved robe, brought it to their father and said, 'Look what
we have found. Do you recognize it? Is this your son's robe or not?' 33Jacob did
recognize it, and he replied, 'It is my son's robe. A wild beast has devoured him. Joseph
has been torn to pieces.' 34Jacob rent his clothes, put on sackcloth and mourned his son
for a long time. 35His sons and daughters all tried to comfort him, but he refused to be
comforted. He said, 'I will go to my grave mourning for my son.' Thus Joseph's father
wept for him. 36Meanwhile the Midianites had sold Joseph in Egypt to Potiphar, one of
Pharaoh's eunuchs, the captain of the guard [*Or* executioner].

381ABOUT THAT TIME JUDAH LEFT HIS BROTHERS and went south and pitched his tent
in company with an Adullamite named Hirah. 2There he saw Bathshua the daughter of a
Canaanite and married her. He slept with her, 3and she conceived and bore a son,
whom she called Er. 4She conceived again and bore a son whom she called Onan. 5Once
more she conceived and bore a son whom she called Shelah, and she ceased to bear
children [ceased . . . children: *or* was at Kezib] when she had given birth to him. 6Judah
found a wife for his eldest son Er; her name was Tamar. 7But Judah's eldest son Er was

wicked in the LORD's sight, and the LORD took his life. [8]Then Judah told Onan to sleep with his brother's wife, to do his duty as the husband's brother and raise up issue for his brother. [9]But Onan knew that the issue would not be his; so whenever he slept with his brother's wife, he spilled his seed on the ground so as not to raise up issue for his brother. [10]What he did was wicked in the LORD's sight, and the LORD took his life. [11]Judah said to his daughter-in-law Tamar, 'Remain as a widow in your father's house until my son Shelah grows up'; for he was afraid that he too would die like his brothers. So Tamar went and stayed in her father's house.

[12]Time passed, and Judah's wife Bathshua died. When he had finished mourning, he and his friend Hirah the Adullamite went up to Timnath at sheep-shearing. [13]When Tamar was told that her father-in-law was on his way to shear his sheep at Timnath, [14]she took off her widow's weeds, veiled her face, perfumed herself and sat where the road forks in two directions on the way to Timnath. She did this because she knew that Shelah had grown up and she had not been given to him as a wife. [15]When Judah saw her, he thought she was a prostitute, although she had veiled her face. [16]He turned to her where she sat by the roadside and said, 'Let me lie with you', not knowing that she was his daughter-in-law. She said 'What will you give me to lie with me?' [17]He answered, 'I will send you a kid from my flock', but she said, 'Will you give me a pledge until you send it?' [18]He asked what pledge he should give her, and she replied, 'Your seal and its cord, and the staff which you hold in your hand.' So he gave them to her and lay with her, and she conceived. [19]She then rose and went home, took off her veil and resumed her widow's weeds. [20]Judah sent the kid by his friend the Adullamite in order to recover the pledge from the woman, but he could not find her. [21]He asked the men of that place, 'Where is that temple-prostitute, the one who was sitting where the road forks?', but they answered, 'There is no temple-prostitute here.' [22]So he went back to Judah and told him that he had not found her and that the men of the place had said there was no such prostitute there. [23]Judah said, 'Let her keep my pledge, or we shall get a bad name. I did send a kid, but you could not find her.' [24]About three months later Judah was told that his daughter-in-law Tamar had behaved like a common prostitute and through her wanton conduct was with child. Judah said, 'Bring her out so that she may be burnt.' [25]But when she was brought out, she sent to her father-in-law and said, 'The father of my child is the man to whom these things belong. See if you recognize whose they are, the engraving on the seal, the pattern of the cord, and the staff.' [26]Judah recognized them and said, 'She is more in the right than I am, because I did not give her to my son Shelah.' He did not have intercourse with her again. [27]When her time was come, there were twins in her womb, [28]and while she was in labour one of them put out a hand. The midwife took a scarlet thread and fastened it round the wrist, saying, 'This one appeared first.' [29]No sooner had he drawn back his hand, than his brother came out and the midwife said, 'What! you have broken out first!' So he was named Perez [*That is* Breaking out]. [30]Soon afterwards. his brother was born with the scarlet thread on his wrist, and he was named Zerah [*That is* Redness].

39[1]WHEN JOSEPH WAS TAKEN DOWN TO EGYPT, he was bought by Potiphar, one of Pharaoh's eunuchs, the captain of the guard, an Egyptian. Potiphar bought him from the Ishmaelites who had brought him there. [2]The LORD,was with Joseph and he prospered. He lived in the house of his Egyptian master, [3]who saw that the LORD was with him and

was giving him success in all that he undertook. [4]Thus Joseph found favour with his master, and he became his personal servant. Indeed, his master put him in charge of his household and entrusted him with all that he had. [5]From the time that he put him in charge of his household and all his property, the LORD blessed the Egyptian's household for Joseph's sake. The blessing of the LORD was on all that was his in house and field. [6]He left everything he possessed .in Joseph's care, and concerned himself with nothing but the food he ate.

[7]Now Joseph was handsome and good-looking, and a time came when his master's wife took notice of him and said 'Come and lie with me.' [8]But he refused and said to her, 'Think of my master. He does not know as much as I do about his own house, and he has entrusted me with all he has. [9]He has given me authority in this house second only to his own, and has withheld nothing from me except you, because you are his wife. How can I do anything so wicked, and sin against God?' [10]She kept asking Joseph day after day, but he refused to lie with her and be in her company. [11]One day,he came into the house as usual to do his work, when none of the men of the household were there indoors. [12]She caught him by his cloak, saying, 'Come and lie with me', but he left the cloak in her hands and ran out of the house. [13]When she saw that he had left his cloak in her hands and had run out of the house, [14]she called out to the men of the household, 'Look at this! My husband has brought in a Hebrew to make a mockery of us. He came in here to lie with me, but I gave a loud scream. [15]When he heard me scream and call out, he left his cloak in my hand and ran off.' [16]She kept his cloak with her until his master came home, [17]and then she repeated her tale. She.said, 'That Hebrew slave whom you brought in to rnake a mockery of me, has been here with me. [18]But when I screamed for help and called out, he left his cloak in my hands and ran off.' [19]When Joseph's master heard his wife's story of what his slave had done to her; he was furious. [20]He took Joseph and put him in the Round Tower, where the king's prisoners were kept; and there he stayed in the Round Tower. [21]But the LORD was with Joseph and kept faith with him, so that he won the favour of the governor of the Round Tower. [22]He put Joseph in charge of all the prisoners in the tower and of all their work. [23]He ceased to concern himself with anything entrusted to Joseph, because the LORD was with Joseph and gave him success in everything.

40[1]It happened later that the king's butler and his baker offended their master the king of Egypt. [2]Pharaoh was angry with these two eunuchs, the chief butler and the chief baker, [3]and he put them in custody in the house of the captain of the guard, in the Round Tower where Joseph was imprisoned. [4]The captain of the guard appointed Joseph as their attendant, and he waited on them. [5]One night, when they had been in prison for some time, they both had dreams, each needing its own interpretation — the king of Egypt's butler and his baker who were imprisoned in the Round Tower. [6]When Joseph came to them in the morning, he saw that they looked dejected. [7]So he asked these eunuchs, who were in custody with him in his master's house, why they were so downcast that day. [8]They replied, 'We have each had a dream and there is no one to interpret it for us.' Joseph said to them, 'Does not interpretation belong to God? Tell me your dreams.' [9]So the chief butler told Joseph his dream: 'In my dream', he said, 'there was a vine in front of me. [10]On the vine there were three branches, and as soon as it

budded, it blossomed and its clusters ripened into grapes. [11]Now I had Pharaoh's cup in
my hand, and I plucked the grapes, crushed them into Pharaoh's cup and put the cup
into Pharaoh's hand.' [12]Joseph said to him, 'This is the interpretation. The three
branches are three days: [13]within three days Pharaoh will raise you and restore you to
your post, and then you will put the cup into Pharaoh's hand as you used to do when
you were his butler. [14]But when things go well with you, if you think of me, keep faith
with me and bring my case to Pharaoh's notice and help me to get out of this house.
[15]By force I was carried off [*Or* stolen] from the land of the Hebrews, and I have done
nothing here to deserve being put in this dungeon.'

[16]When the chief baker saw that Joseph had given a favourable interpretation, he said
to him, 'I too had a dream, and in my dream there were three baskets of white bread on
my head. [17]In the top basket there was every kind of food which the baker prepares for
Pharaoh, and the birds were eating out of the top basket on my head.' [18]Joseph
answered, 'This is the interpretation. The three baskets are three days: [19]within three
days Pharaoh will raise you and hang you up on a tree, and the birds of the air will eat
your flesh.'

[20]The third day was Pharaoh's birthday and he gave a feast for all his servants. He
raised the chief butler and the chief baker in the presence of his court. [21]He restored the
chief butler to his post, and the butler put the cup into Pharaoh's hand; [22]but he hanged
the chief baker. All went as Joseph had said in interpreting the dreams for them. [23]Even
so the chief butler did not remember Joseph, but forgot him.

41[1]Nearly two years later Pharaoh had a dream: he was standing by the Nile, [2]and
there came up from the river seven cows, sleek and fat, and they grazed on the reeds.
[3]After them seven other cows came up from the river, gaunt and lean, and stood on the
river-bank beside the first cows. [4]The cows that were gaunt and lean devoured the cows
that were sleek and fat. Then Pharaoh woke up. [5]He fell asleep again and had a second
dream: he saw seven ears of corn, full and ripe, growing on one stalk. [6]Growing up after
them were seven other ears, thin and shrivelled by the east wind. [7]The thin ears
swallowed up the ears that were full and ripe. Then Pharaoh woke up and knew that it
was a dream. [8]When morning came, Pharaoh was troubled in mind; so he summoned all
the magicians and sages of Egypt. He told them his dreams, but there was no one who
could interpret them for him. [9]Then Pharaoh's chief butler spoke up and said, 'It is time
for me to recall my faults. [10]Once Pharaoh was angry with his servants, and he
imprisoned me and the chief baker in the house of the captain of the guard. [11]One night
we both had dreams, each needing its own interpretation. [12]We had with us a young
Hebrew, a slave of the captain of the guard, and we told him our dreams and he
interpreted them for us, giving each man's dream its own interpretation. [13]Each dream
came true as it had been interpreted to us: I was restored to my position, and he was
hanged.'

[14]Pharaoah thereupon sent for Joseph, and they hurriedly brought him out of the
dungeon. He shaved and changed his clothes, and came in to Pharaoh. [15]Pharaoah said
to him, 'I have had a dream, and no one can interpret it to me. I have heard it said that

you can understand and interpret dreams.' [16]Joseph answered, 'Not I, but God, will answer for Pharaoh's welfare.' [17]Then Pharaoh said to Joseph, 'In my dream I was standing on the bank of the Nile, [18]and there came up from the river seven cows, fat and sleek, and they grazed on the reeds. [19]After them seven other cows came up that were poor, very gaunt and lean; I have never seen such gaunt creatures in all Egypt. [20]These lean, gaunt cows devoured the first cows, the fat ones. [21]They were swallowed up, but no one could have guessed that they were in the bellies of the others, which looked as gaunt as before. Then I woke up. [22]After I had fallen asleep again, I saw in a dream seven ears of corn, full and ripe, growing on one stalk. [23]Growing up after them were seven other ears, shrivelled, thin, and blighted by the east wind. [24]The thin ears swallowed up the seven ripe ears. When I told all this to the magicians, no one could explain it to me.'

[25]Joseph said to Pharaoh, 'Pharaoh's dreams are one dream. God has told Pharaoh what he is going to do. [26]The seven good cows are seven years, and the seven good ears of corn are seven years. It is all one dream. [27]The seven lean and gaunt cows that came up after them are seven years, and the empty ears of corn blighted by the east wind will be seven years of famine. [28]It is as I have said to Pharaoh: God has let Pharaoh see what he is going to do. [29]There are to be seven years of great plenty throughout the land [30]After them will come seven years of famine; all the years of plenty in Egypt will be forgotten, and the famine will ruin the country. [31]The good years will not be remembered in the land because of the famine that follows; for it will be very severe. [32]The doubling of Pharaoh's dream means that God is already resolved to do this, and he will very soon put it into effect. [33]Pharaoh should now look for a shrewd and intelligent man, and put him in charge of the country. [34]This is what Pharaoh should do: appoint controllers over the land, and take one fifth of the produce of Egypt during the seven years of plenty. [35]They should collect all this food produced in the good years that are coming and put the corn under Pharaoh's control in store in the cities, and keep it under guard. [36]This food will be a reserve for the country against the seven years of famine which will come upon Egypt. Thus the country will not be devastated by the famine.

[37]The plan pleased Pharaoh and all his courtiers, [38]and he said to them, 'Can we find a man like this man, one who has the spirit of a god [*Or* of God] in him?' [39]He said to Joseph, 'Since a god [*Or* God] has made all this known to you, there is no one so shrewd and intelligent as you. [40]You shall be in charge of my household, and all my people will depend on your every word. Only my royal throne shall make me greater than you.' [41]Pharaoh said to Joseph, 'I hereby give you authority over the whole land of Egypt.' [42]He took off his signet-ring and put it on Joseph's finger, he had him dressed in fine linen, and hung a gold chain round his neck. [43]He mounted him in his viceroy's chariot and men cried 'Make way!' before him. Thus Pharaoh made him ruler over all Egypt [44]and said to him, 'I am the Pharaoh. Without your consent no man shall lift hand or foot throughout Egypt.' [45]Pharaoh named him Zaphenath-paneah, and he gave him as wife Asenath the daughter of Potiphera priest of On. And Joseph's authority extended over the whole of Egypt.

46Joseph was thirty years old when he entered the service of Pharaoh king of Egypt.
When he took his leave of the king, he made a tour of inspection through the country.
47During the seven years of plenty there were abundant harvests, 48and Joseph
gathered all the food produced in Egypt during those years and stored it in the cities,
putting in each the food from the surrounding country. 49He stored the grain in huge
quantities; it was like the sand of the sea, so much that he stopped measuring: it was
beyond all measure.

50Before the years of famine came, two sons were born to Joseph by Asenath the
daughter of Potiphera priest of On. 51He named the elder Manasseh [*That is* Causing to
forget], 'for', he said, 'God has caused me to forget all my troubles and my father's
family.' 52He named the second Ephraim [*That is* Fruit], 'for', he said, 'God has made
me fruitful in the land of my hardships.' 53When the seven years of plenty in Egypt
came to an end, 54seven years of famine began, as Joseph had foretold. There was
famine in every country, but throughout Egypt there was bread. 55So when the famine
spread through all Egypt, the people appealed to Pharaoh for bread, and he ordered
them to go to Joseph and do as he told them. 56In every region there was famine, and
Joseph opened all the granaries and sold corn to the Egyptians, for the famine was
severe. 57The whole world came to Egypt to buy corn from Joseph, so severe was the
famine everywhere.

421WHEN JACOB SAW that there was com in Egypt, he said to his sons, 'Why do you
stand staring at each other? 2I have heard that there is corn in Egypt. Go down and buy
some so that we may keep ourselves alive and not starve.' 3So Joseph's brothers, ten of
them, went down to buy grain from Egypt, 4but Jacob did not let Joseph's brother
Benjamin go with them, for fear that he might come to harm.

5So the sons of Israel came down with everyone else to buy corn, because of the famine
in Canaan. 6Now Joseph was governor of all Egypt, and it was he who sold the corn to
all the people of the land. Joseph's brothers came and bowed to the ground before him,
7and when he saw his brothers, he recognized them but pretended not to know them
and spoke harshly to them. 'Where do you come from?' he asked. 'From Canaan,' they
answered, 'to buy food.' 8Although Joseph had recognized his brothers, they did not
recognize him. 9He remembered also the dreams he had had about them; so he said to
them, 'You are spies; you have come to spy out the weak points in our defences.'
10They answered, 'No, sir: your servants have come to buy food. 11We are all sons of
one man. Your humble servants are honest men, we are not spies.' 12'No,' he insisted,
'it is to spy out our weaknesses that you have come.' 13They answered him, 'Sir, there
are twelve of us, all brothers, sons of one man in Canaan. The youngest is still with our
father, and one has disappeared.' 14But Joseph said again to them, 'No, as I said before,
you are spies. 15This is how you shall be put to the proof: unless your youngest brother
comes here, by the life of Pharaoh, you shall not leave this place. 16Send one of your
number to bring your brother; the rest will be kept in prison. Thus your story will be
tested, and we shall see whether you are telling the truth. If not, then, by the life of
Pharaoh, you must be spies.' 17So he kept them in prison for three days.

[18]On the third day Joseph said to the brothers, 'Do what I say and your lives will be spared; for I am a God-fearing man: [19]if you are honest men, your brother there shall be kept in prison, and the rest of you shall take corn for your hungry households [20]and bring your youngest brother to me; thus your words will be proved true, and you will not die [*prob. rdg, Heb adds* and they did so].'

[21]They said to one another, 'No doubt we deserve to be punished because of our brother, whose suffering we saw; for when he pleaded with us we refused to listen. That is why these sufferings have come upon us.' [22]But Reuben said, 'Did I not tell you not to do the boy a wrong? But you would not Iisten, and his blood is on our heads, and we must pay.' [23]They did not know that Joseph understood, because he had used an interpreter. [24]Joseph turned away from them and wept. Then, turning back, he played a trick on them. First he took Simeon and bound him before their eyes; [25]then he gave orders to fill their bags with grain, to return each man's silver, putting it in his sack, and to give them supplies for the journey. All this was done; [26]and they loaded the corn on to their asses and went away. [27]When they stopped for the night, one of them opened his sack to give fodder to his ass, and there he saw his silver at the top of the pack. [28]He said to his brothers, 'My silver has been returned to me, and here it is in my pack.' Bewildered and trembling, they said to each other, 'What is this that God has done to us?'

[29]When they came to their father Jacob in Canaan, they told him all that had happened to them. They said, [30]'The man who is lord of the country spoke harshly to us and made out that we were spies. [31]We said to him, "We are honest men, we are not spies. [32]There are twelve of us, all brothers, sons of one father. One has disappeared, and the youngest is with our father in Canaan." [33]This man, the lord of the country, said to us, "This is how I shall find out if you are honest men. Leave one of your brothers with me, take food for your hungry households and go. [34]Bring your youngest brother to me, and I shall know that you are not spies, but honest men. Then I will restore your brother to you, and you can move about the country freely." ' [35]But on emptying their sacks, each of them found his silver inside, and when they and their father saw the bundles of silver, they were afraid. [36]Their father Jacob said to them, 'You have robbed me of my children. Joseph has disappeared; Simeon has disappeared; and now you are taking Benjamin. Everything is against me.' [37]Reuben said to his father, 'You may kill both my sons if I do not bring him back to you. Put him in my charge, and I shall bring him back.' [38]But Jacob said, 'My son shall not go with you, for his brother is dead and he alone is left. If he comes to any harm on the journey, you will bring down my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave.'

43[1]The famine was still severe in the country. [2]When they had used up the corn they had brought from Egypt, their father said to them, 'Go back and buy a little more corn for us to eat.' [3]But Judah replied, 'The man plainly warned us that we must not go into his presence unless our brother was with us. [4]If you let our brother go with us, we will go down and buy food for you. [5]But if you will not let him, we will not go; for the man said to us, "You shall not come into my presence, unless your brother is with you." ' [6]Israel said, 'Why have you treated me so badly? Why did you tell the man that you had

yet another brother?' [7]They answered, 'He questioned us closely about ourselves and our family: "Is your father still alive?" he asked, "Have you a brother?", and we answered his questions. How could we possibly know that he would tell us to bring our brother to Egypt?' [8]Judah said to his father Israel, 'Send the boy with me; then we can start at once. By doing this we shall save our lives, ours, yours, and our dependants', and none of us will starve. [9]I will go surety for him and you may hold me responsible. If I do not bring him back and restore him to you, you shall hold me guilty all my life. [10]If we had not wasted all this time, by now we could have gone back twice over.'

[11]Their father Israel said to them, 'If it must be so, then do this: take in your baggage, as a gift for the man, some of the produce for which our country is famous: a little balsam, a little honey, gum tragacanth, myrrh, pistachio nuts, and almonds. [12]Take double the amount of silver and restore what was returned to you in your packs; perhaps it was a mistake. [13]Take your brother with you and go straight back to the man. [14]May God Almighty make him kindly disposed to you, and may he send back the one whom you left behind, and Benjamin too. As for me, if I am bereaved, then I am bereaved.' [15]So they took the gift and double the amount of silver, and with Benjamin they started at once for Egypt, where they presented themselves to Joseph.

[16]When Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to his steward, 'Bring these men indoors, kill a beast and make dinner ready, for they will eat with me at noon.' [17]He did as Joseph told him and brought the men into the house. [18]When they came in they were afraid, for they thought, 'We have been brought in here because of that affair of the silver which was replaced in our packs the first time. He means to trump up some charge against us and victimize us, seize our asses and make us his slaves.' [19]So they approached Joseph's steward and spoke to him at the door of the house. [20]They said, 'Please listen, my lord. After our first visit to buy food, [21]when we reached the place where we were to spend the night, we opened our packs and each of us found his silver in full weight at the top of his pack. We have brought it back with us, [22]and have added other silver to buy food. We do not know who put the silver in our packs.' [23]He answered, 'Set your minds at rest; do not he afraid. It was your God, the God of your father, who hid treasure for you in your packs. I did receive the silver.' Then he brought Simeon out to them.

[24]The steward brought them into Joseph's house and gave them water to wash their feet, and provided fodder for their asses. [25]They had their gifts ready when Joseph arrived at noon, for they had heard that they were to eat there. [26]When Joseph came into the house, they presented him with the gifts which they had brought, bowing to the ground before him. [27]He asked them how they were and said, 'Is your father well, the old man of whom you spoke? Is he still alive?' [28]They answered, 'Yes, my lord, our father is still alive and well.' And they bowed low and prostrated themselves. [29]Joseph looked and saw his own mother's son, his brother Benjamin, and asked, 'Is this your youngest brother, of whom you told me?', and to Benjamin he said, 'May God be gracious to you, my son!' [30]Joseph was overcome; his feelings for his brother mastered him, and he was near to tears. So he went into the inner room and wept. [31]Then he washed his face and came out; and, holding back his feelings, he ordered the meal to be served. [32]They served him by himself, and the brothers by themselves, and the

Egyptians who were at dinner were also served separately ; for Egyptians hold it an abomination to eat with Hebrews. [33]The brothers were seated in his presence, the eldest first according to his age and so on down to the youngest: they looked at one another in astonishment. [34]Joseph sent them each a portion from what was before him, but Benjamin's was five times larger than any of the other portions. Thus they drank with him and all grew merry.

44[1]Joseph gave his steward this order: 'Fill the men's packs with as much food as they can carry and put each man's silver at the top of his pack. [2]And put my goblet, my silver goblet, at the top of the youngest brother's pack with the silver for the corn.' He did as Joseph said. [3]At daybreak the brothers were allowed to take their asses and go on their journey; [4]but before they had gone very far from the city, Joseph said to his steward, 'Go after those men at once, and when you catch up with them, say, "Why have you repaid good with evil? Why have you stolen the silver goblet? [5]It is the one from which my lord drinks, and which he uses for divination. You have done a wicked thing." ' [6]When he caught up with them, he repeated all this to them, [7]but they replied, 'My lord, how can you say such things? No, sir, God forbid that we should do any such thing! [8]You remember the silver we found at the top of our packs? We brought it back to you from Canaan. Why should we steal silver or gold from your master's house? [9]If any one of us is found with the goblet, he shall die; and, what is more, my lord, we will all become your slaves.' [10]He said, 'Very well, then ; I accept what you say. The man in whose possession it is found shall be my slave, but the rest of you shall go free.' [11]Each man quickly lowered his pack to the ground and opened it. [12]The steward searched them, beginning with the eldest and finishing with the youngest, and the goblet was found in Benjamin's pack.

[13]At this they rent their clothes; then each man loaded his ass and they returned to the city. [14]Joseph was still in the house when Judah and his brothers came in. They threw themselves on the ground before him, [15]and Joseph said, 'What have you done? You might have known that a man like myself would practise divination.' [16]Judah said, 'What shall we say, my lord? What can we say to prove our innocence? God has found out our sin. Here we are, my lord, ready to be made your slaves, we ourselves as well as the one who was found with the goblet.' [17]Joseph answered, 'God forbid that I should do such a thing! The one who was found with the goblet shall become my slave, but the rest of you can go home to your father in peace.'

[18]Then Judah went up to him and said, 'Please listen, my lord. Let me say a word to your lordship, I beg. Do not be angry with me, for you are as great as Pharaoh. [19]You, my lord, asked us whether we had a father or a brother. [20]We answered, "We have an aged father, and he has a young son born in his old age; this boy's full brother is dead and he alone is left of his mother's children, he alone, and his father loves him." [21]Your lordship answered, "Bring him down to me so that I may set eyes on him." [22]We told you, my lord, that the boy could not leave his father, and that his father would die if he left him. [23]But you answered, "Unless your youngest brother comes here with you, you shall not enter my presence again." [24]We went back to your servant our father, and told him what your lordship had said. [25]When our father told us to go and buy food, [26]we answered, "We cannot go down; for without our youngest brother we cannot enter the

man's presence; but if our brother is with us, we will go." [27]Our father, my lord, then said to us, "You know that my wife bore me two sons. [28]One left me, and I said, 'He must have been torn to pieces.' I have not seen him to this day. [29]If you take this one from me as well, and he comes to any harm, then you will bring down my grey hairs in trouble to the grave." [30]Now, my lord, when I return to my father without the boy – and remember, his life is bound up with the boy's – what will happen is this: [31]he will see that the boy is not with us and will die, and your servants will have brought down our father's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. [32]Indeed, my lord, it was I who went surety for the boy to my father. I said, "If I do not bring him back to you, then you shall hold me guilty all my life." [33]Now, my lord, let me remain in place of the boy as your lordship's slave, and let him go with his brothers. [34]How can I return to my father without the boy? I could not bear to see the misery which my father would suffer.'

45[1]Joseph could no longer control his feelings in front of his attendants, and he called out, 'Let everyone leave my presence.' So there was nobody present when Joseph made himself known to his brothers, [2]but so loudly did he weep that the Egyptians and Pharaoh's household heard him. [3]Joseph said to his brothers, 'I am Joseph; can my father be still alive?' His brothers were so dumbfounded at finding themselves face to face with Joseph that they could not answer. [4]Then Joseph said to his brothers, 'Come closer', and so they came close. He said, 'I am your brother Joseph whom you sold into Egypt. [5]Now do not be distressed or take it amiss that you sold me into slavery here; it was God who sent me ahead of you to save men's lives. [6]For there have now been two years of famine in the country, and there will be another five years with neither ploughing nor harvest. [7]God sent me ahead of you to ensure that you will have descendants on earth, and to preserve you all, a great band of survivors. [8]So it was not you who sent me here, but God, and he has made me a father [*Or* counsellor] to Pharaoh, and lord over all his household and ruler of all Egypt. [9]Make haste and go back to my father and give him this message from his son Joseph: "God has made me lord of all Egypt. Come down to me; do not delay. [10]You shall live in the land of Goshen and be near me, you, your sons and your grandsons, your flocks and herds and all that you have. [11]I will take care of you there, you and your household and all that you have, and see that you are not reduced to poverty; there are still five years of famine to come." [12]You can see for yourselves, and so can my brother Benjamin, that it is Joseph himself who is speaking to you. [13]Tell my father of all the honour which I enjoy in Egypt, tell him all you have seen, and make haste to bring him down here.' [14]Then he threw his arms round his brother Benjamin and wept, and Benjamin too embraced him weeping. [15]He kissed all his brothers and wept over them, and afterwards his brothers talked with him.

[16]When the report that Joseph's brothers had come reached Pharaoh's house, he and all his courtiers were pleased. [17]Pharaoh said to Joseph, 'Say to your brothers: "This is what you are to do. Load your beasts and go to Canaan. [18]Fetch your father and your households and bring them to me. I will give you the best that there is in Egypt, and you shall enjoy the fat of the land." [19]You shall also tell them: "Take wagons from Egypt for your dependants and your wives and fetch your father and come. [20]Have no regrets at leaving your possessions, for all the best that there is in Egypt is yours." ' [21]The sons

of Israel did as they were told, and Joseph gave them wagons, according to Pharaoh's
orders, and food for the journey. [22]He provided each of them with a change of clothing,
but to Benjamin he gave three hundred pieces of silver and five changes of clothing.
[23]Moreover he sent his father ten asses carrying the best that there was in Egypt, and
ten she-asses loaded with grain, bread, and provisions for his journey. [24]So he
dismissed his brothers, telling them not to quarrel among themselves on the road, and
they set out. [25]Thus they went up from Egypt and came to their father Jacob in Canaan.
[26]There they gave him the news that Joseph was still alive and that he was ruler of all
Egypt. He was stunned and could not believe it, [27]but they told him all that Joseph had
said; and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to take him away, his spirit
revived. [28]Israel said, 'It is enough. Joseph my son is still alive; I will go and see him
before I die.'

46[1]SO ISRAEL SET OUT with all that he had and came to Beersheba where he offered
sacrifices to the God of his father Isaac. [2]God said to Israel in a visiion by night, 'Jacob,
Jacob', and he answered, 'I am here.' [3]God said, 'I am God, the God of your father. Do
not be afraid to go down to Egypt, for there I will make you a great nation. [4]I will go
down with you to Egypt, and I myself will bring you back again without fail; and Joseph
shall close your eyes.' [5]So Jacob set out from Beersheba. Israel's sons conveyed their
father Jacob, their dependants, and their wives in the wagons which Pharaoh had sent
to carry them. [6]They took the herds and the stock which they had acquired in Canaan
and came to Egypt, Jacob and all his descendants with him, [7]his sons and their sons, his
daughters and his sons' daughters: he brought all his descendants to Egypt.

8 [*vv8-25: cp Exod. 6.14-16; Num. 26.5-50; 1Chr. 4.I, 24; 5.3; 6.1; 7.1, 6, 13, 30; 8.1-5*]These are the
names of the Israelites who entered Egypt: Jacob and his sons, as follows: Reuben,
Jacob's eldest son. [9]The sons of Reuben: Enoch, Pallu, Hezron and Carmi. [10]The sons of
Simeon: Jemuel, Jamin, Ohad, Jachin, Zohar, and Saul, who was the son of a Canaanite
woman. [11]The sons of Levi: Gershon, Kohath and Merari. [12]The sons of Judah: Er,
Onan, Shelah, Perez and Zerah; of these Er and Onan died in Canaan. The sons of Perez
were Hezron and Hamul. [13]The sons of Issachar: Tola, Pua, Iob and Shimron. [14]The
sons of Zebulun: Sered, Elon and Jahleel. [15]These are the sons of Leah whom she bore
to Jacob in Paddan-aram, and there was also his daughter Dinah. His sons and
daughters numbered thirty-three in all.

[16]The sons of Gad: Ziphion, Haggi, Shuni, Ezbon, Eri, Arodi and Areli. [17]The sons of
Asher: Imnah, Ishvah, Ishvi, Beriah, and their sister Serah. The sons of Beriah: Heber
and Malchiel. [18]These are the descendants of Zilpah whom Laban gave to his daughter
Leah; sixteen in all, born to Jacob.

[19]The sons of Jacob's wife Rachel: Joseph and Benjamin. [20]Manasseh and Ephraim were
born to Joseph in Egypt. Asenath daughter of Potiphera priest of On bore them to him.
[21]The sons of Benjamin: Bela, Becher and Ashbel; and the sons of Bela: Gera, Naaman,
Ehi, Rosh, Muppim, Huppim and Ard. [22]These are the descendants of Rachel; fourteen in
all, born to Jacob.

[23]The son [*prob. rdg, Heb.* sons] of Dan: Hushim. [24]The sons of Naphtali: Jahzeel, Guni,

Jezer and Shillem. [25]These are the descendants of Bilhah whom Laban gave to his daughter Rachel; seven in all, born to Jacob.

[26]The persons belonging to Jacob who came to Egypt, all his direct descendants, not counting the wives of his sons, were sixty-six in all. [27]Two sons were born to Joseph in Egypt. Thus the house of Jacob numbered seventy when it entered Egypt.

[28]Judah was sent ahead that he might appear before Joseph in Goshen, and so they entered Goshen. [29]Joseph had his chariot made ready and went up to meet his father Israel in Goshen. When they met, he threw his arms round him and wept, and embraced him for a long time, weeping. [30]Israel said to Joseph, 'I have seen your face again, and you are still alive. Now I am ready to die.' [31]Joseph said to his brothers and to his father's household, 'I will go and tell Pharaoh; I will say to him, "My brothers and my father's household who were in Canaan have come to me." ' [32]Now his brothers were shepherds, men with their own flocks and herds, and they had brought them with them, their flocks and herds and all that they possessed. [33]So Joseph said, 'When Pharaoh summons you and asks you what your occupation is, [34]you must say, "My lord, we have been herdsmen all our lives, as our fathers were before us." You must say this if you are to settle in the land of Goshen, because all shepherds are an abomination to the Egyptians.'

47[1]Joseph came and told Pharaoh, 'My father and my brothers have arrived from Canaan, with their flocks and their cattle and all that they have, and they are now in Goshen.' [2]Then he chose five of his brothers and presented them to Pharaoh, [3]who asked them what their occupation was, and they answered, 'My lord, we are shepherds, we and our fathers before us, [4]and we have come to stay in this land; for there is no pasture in Canaan for our sheep, because the famine there is so severe. We beg you, my lord, to let us settle now in Goshen.' [5]Pharaoh said to Joseph, 'So your father and your brothers have come to you. [6]The land of Egypt is yours; settle them in the best part of it. Let them live in Goshen, and if you know of any capable men among them, make them chief herdsmen over my cattle.'

[7]Then Joseph brought his father in and presented him to Pharaoh, and Jacob gave Pharaoh his blessing. [8]Pharaoh asked Jacob his age, [9]and he answered, 'The years of my earthly sojourn are one hundred and thirty; hard years they have been and few, not equal to the years that my fathers lived in their time.' [10]Jacob then blessed Pharaoh and went out from his presence. [11]So Joseph settled his father and his brothers, and gave them lands in Egypt, in the best part of the country, in the district of Rameses, as Pharaoh had ordered. [12]He supported his father, his brothers, and all his father's household with all the food they needed.

[13]There was no bread in the whole country, so very severe was the famine, and Egypt and Canaan were laid low by it. [14]Joseph collected all the silver in Egypt and Canaan in return for the corn which the people bought, and deposited it in Pharaoh's treasury. [15]When all the silver in Egypt and Canaan had been used up, the Egyptians came to Joseph and said, 'Give us bread, or we shall die before your eyes. Our silver is all spent.' [16]Joseph said, 'If your silver is spent, give me your herds, and I will give you bread in

return.' [17]So they brought their herds to Joseph, who gave them bread in exchange for their horses, their flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and their asses. He maintained them that year with bread in exchange for their herds. [18]The year came to an end, and the following year they came to him again and said, 'My lord, we cannot conceal it from you: our silver is all gone and our herds of cattle are yours. Nothing is left for your lordship but our bodies and our lands. [19]Why should we perish before your eyes, we and our land as well? Take us and our land in payment for bread, and we and our land alike will be in bondage to Pharaoh. Give us seed-corn to keep us alive, or we shall die and our land will become desert.' [20]So Joseph bought all the land in Egypt for Pharaoh, because the Egyptians sold all their fields, so severe was the famine; the land became Pharaoh's. [21]As for the people, Pharaoh set them to work as slaves from one end of the territory of Egypt to the other. [22]But Joseph did not buy the land which belonged to the priests; they had a fixed allowance from Pharaoh and lived on this, so that they had no need to sell their land.

[23]Joseph said to the people, 'Listen; I have today bought you and your land for Pharaoh. Here is seed-corn for you. Sow the land, [24]and give one fifth of the crop to Pharaoh. Four fifths shall be yours to provide seed for your fields and food for yourselves, your households, and your dependants.' [25]The people said, 'You have saved our lives. If it please your lordship, we will be Pharaoh's slaves.' [26]Joseph established it as a law in Egypt that one fifth should belong to Pharaoh, and this is still in force. It was only the priests' land that did not pass into Pharaoh's hands.

[27]Thus Israel settled in Egypt, in Goshen; there they acquired land, and were fruitful and increased greatly. [28]Jacob stayed in Egypt for seventeen years and lived to be a hundred and forty-seven years old. [29]When the time of his death drew near, he summoned his son Joseph and said to him, 'If I may now claim this favour from you, put your hand under my thigh and swear by the LORD that you will deal loyally and truly with me and not bury me in Egypt. [30]When I die like my forefathers, you shall carry me from Egypt and bury me in their grave.' He answered, 'I will do as you say'; [31]but Jacob said, 'Swear it.' So he swore the oath, and Israel sank down over the end of the bed.

48[1]The time came when Joseph was told that his father was ill, so he took with him his two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim. [2]Jacob heard that his son Joseph was coming to him, and he summoned his strength and sat up on the bed. [3]Jacob said to Joseph, 'God Almighty appeared to me at Luz in Canaan and blessed me. [4]He said to me, "I will make you fruitful and increase your descendants until they become a host of nations. I will give this land to your descendants after you as a perpetual possession." [5]Now, your two sons, who were born to you in Egypt before I came here, shall be counted as my sons; Ephraim and Manasseh shall be mine as Reuben and Simeon are. [6]Any children born to you after them shall be counted as yours, but in respect of their tribal territory they shall be reckoned under their elder brothers' names. [7]As I was coming from Paddan-aram I was bereaved of Rachel your mother on the way, in Canaan, whilst there was still some distance to go to Ephrath, and I buried her there by the road to Ephrath, that is Bethlehem.'

[8]When Israel saw Joseph's sons, he said, 'Who are these?' [9]Joseph replied to his father,

'They are my sons whom God has given me here.' Israel said, 'Bring them to me, I beg you, so that I may take them on my knees [*Or* may bless them]? [10]Now Israel's eyes were dim with age, and he could not see; so Joseph brought the boys close to his father, and he kissed them and embraced them. [11]He said to Joseph, 'I had not expected to see your face again, and now God has granted me to see your sons also.' [12]Joseph took them from his father's knees and bowed to the ground. [13]Then he took the two of them, Ephraim on his right at Israel's left and Manasseh on his left at Israel's right, and brought them close to him. [14]Israel stretched out his right hand and laid it on Ephraim's head, although he was the younger, and, crossing his hands, laid his left hand on Manasseh's head ; but Manasseh was the elder. [15]He blessed Joseph and said:

'The God in whose presence my forefathers lived,
my forefathers Abraham and Isaac,
the God who has been my shepherd all my life until this day,
[16]the angel who ransomed me from all misfortune,
may he bless these boys ;
they shall be called by my name,
and by that of my forefathers, Abraham and Isaac;
may they grow into a great people on earth.'

[17]When Joseph saw that his father was laying his right hand on Ephraim's head, he was displeased; so he took hold of his father's hand to move it from Ephraim's head to Manasseh's. [18]He said, 'That is not right, my father. This is the elder; lay your right hand on his head.' [19]But his father refused; he said, 'I know, my son, I know. He too shall become a people; he too shall become great, but his younger brother shall be greater than he, and his descendants shall be a whole nation in themselves.' [20]That day he blessed them and said:

'When a blessing is pronounced in Israel,
men shall use your names and say,
God make you like Ephraim and Manasseh',

thus setting Ephraim before Manasseh. [21]Then Israel said to Joseph, 'I am dying. God will be with you and will bring you back to the land of your fathers. [22]I give you one ridge of land more than your brothers: I took it from the Amorites with my sword and my bow.'

49[1]JACOB SUMMONED HIS SONS and said, 'Come near, and I will tell you what will happen to you in days to come.

[2]Gather round me and listen, you sons of Jacob;
listen to Israel your father.

[3]Reuben, you are my first-born,
my strength and the first fruit of my vigour,
excelling in pride, excelling in might,
[4]turbulent as a flood, you shall not excel;
because you climbed into your father's bed;
then you defiled his concubine's couch.

[5]Simeon and Levi are brothers,
their spades became weapons of violence.
[6]My soul shall not enter their council,

my heart shall not join their company;
for in their anger they killed men,
wantonly they hamstrung oxen.
[7]A curse be on their anger because it was fierce;
a curse on their wrath because it was ruthless!
I will scatter them in Jacob,
I will disperse them in Israel.

[8]Judah, your brothers shall praise you,
your hand is on the neck of your enemies.
Your father's sons shall do you homage.
[9]Judah, you lion's whelp,
you have returned from the kill, my son,
and crouch and stretch like a lion;
and, like a lion [*Or* lioness], who dare rouse you?
[10]The sceptre shall not pass from Judah,
nor the staff from his descendants,
so long as tribute is brought to him
and the obedience of the nations is his.
To the vine he tethers his ass,
[11]and the colt of his ass to the red vine;
he washes his cloak in wine,
his robes in the blood of grapes.
[12]Darker than wine are his eyes,
his teeth whiter than milk.

[13]Zebulun dwells by the sea-shore,
his shore is a haven for ships,
and his frontier rests on Sidon.

[14]Issachar, a gelded ass
lying down in the cattle-pens,
[15]saw that a settled home was good
and that the land was pleasant,
so he bent his back to the burden
and submitted to perpetual forced labour.

[16]Dan – how insignificant his people,
lowly as any tribe in Israel [*Or* Dan shall judge his people as one of the tribes of Israel]!
[17]Let Dan be a viper on the road,
a horned snake on the path,
who bites the horse's fetlock
so that the rider tumbles backwards.

[18]For thy salvation I wait in hope, O LORD.

[19]Gad is raided by raiders,
and he raids them from the rear.

[20]Asher shall have rich food as daily fare,
and provide dishes fit for a king.

[21]Naphtali is a spreading terebinth
putting forth lovely boughs.

[22]Joseph is a fruitful tree [*Or* a fruitful ben-tree] by a spring
with branches climbing over the wall.
[23]The archers savagely attacked him,
they shot at him and pressed him hard,
[24]but their bow was splintered by the Eternal
and the sinews of their arms were torn apart
by the power of the Strong One of Jacob,
by the name of the Shepherd [*prob. rdg, Heb adds* stone] of Israel,
[25]by the God of your father – so may he help you,
by God Almighty – so may he bless you
with the blessings of heaven above,
the blessings of the deep that lurks below.
The blessings of breast and womb
[26]and the blessings of your father are stronger
than the blessings of the everlasting pools [*Or* hills]
and the bounty of the eternal hills.
They shall be on the head of Joseph,
on the brow of the prince among [the prince among: *or* the one cursed by]
his brothers.

[27]Benjamin is a ravening wolf:
in the morning he devours the prey,
in the evening he snatches a share of the spoil.'

[28]These, then, are the twelve tribes of Israel, and this is what their father Jacob said to them, when he blessed them each in turn. [29]He gave them his last charge and said, 'I shall soon be gathered to my father's kin ; bury me with my forefathers in the cave on the plot of land which belonged to Ephron the Hittite, [30]that is the cave on the plot of land at Machpelah east of Mamre in Canaan, the field which Abraham bought from Ephron the Hittite for a burial-place. [31]There Abraham was buried with his wife Sarah; there Isaac and his wife Rebecca were buried; and there I buried Leah. [32]The land and the cave on it were bought from the Hittites.' [33]When Jacob had finished giving his last charge to his sons, he drew his feet up on to the bed, breathed his last, and was gathered to his father's kin.

50[1]Then Joseph threw himself upon his father, weeping and kissing his face. [2]He ordered the physicians in his service to embalm his father Israel, and they did so, [3]finishing the task in forty days, which was the usual time for embalming. The Egyptians mourned him for seventy days; [4]and then, when the days of mourning for Israel were over, Joseph approached members of Pharaoh's household and said, 'If I can count on your goodwill, then speak for me to Pharaoh; tell him that [5]my father made me take an

oath, saying, "I am dying. Bury me in the grave that I bought [*Or* dug] for myself in Canaan." Ask him to let me go up and bury my father, and afterwards I will return.'
[6]Pharaoh answered, 'Go and bury your father, as he has made you swear to do.' [7]So Joseph went to bury his father, accompanied by all Pharaoh's courtiers, the elders of his household, and all the elders of Egypt, [8]together with all Joseph's own household, his brothers, and his father's household; only their dependants, with the flocks and herds, were left in Goshen. [9]He took with him chariots and horsemen ; they were a very great company. [10]When they came to the threshing-floor of Atad beside the river Jordan, they raised a loud and bitter lament; and there Joseph observed seven days' mourning for his father. [11]When the Canaanites who lived there saw this mourning at the threshing-floor of Atad, they said, 'How bitterly the Egyptians are mourning!'; accordingly they named the place beside the Jordan Abel-mizraim [*That is* Mourning (*or* Meadow) of Egypt].

[12]Thus Jacob's sons did what he had told them to do. [13]They took him to Canaan and buried him in the cave on the plot of land at Machpelah, the land which Abraham had bought as a burial-place from Ephron the Hittite, to the east of Mamre. [14]Then, after he had buried his father, Joseph returned to Egypt with his brothers and all who had gone up with him.

[15]When their father was dead Joseph's brothers were afraid and said, 'What if Joseph should bear a grudge against us and pay us out for all the harm that we did to him?'
[16]They therefore approached Joseph with these words: 'In his last words to us before he died, your father gave us [17]this message for you: "I ask you to forgive your brothers' crime and wickedness; I know they did you harm." So now forgive our crime, we beg; for we are servants of your father's God.' When they said this to him, Joseph wept.
[18]His brothers also wept [*prob. rdg, Heb* came] and prostrated themselves before him; they said, 'You see, we are your slaves.' [19]But Joseph said to them, 'Do not be afraid. Am I in the place of God? [20]You meant to do me harm; but God meant to bring good out of it by preserving the lives of many people, as we see today. [21]Do not be afraid. I will provide for you and your dependants.' Thus he comforted them and set their minds at rest.

[22]Joseph remained in Egypt, he and his father's household. He lived there to be a hundred and ten years old [23]and saw Ephraim's children to the third generation; he also recognized as his the children of Manasseh's son Machir. [24]He said to his brothers, 'I am dying; but God will not fail to come to your aid and take you from here to the land which he promised on oath to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.' [25]He made the sons of Israel take an oath, saying, 'When God thus comes to your aid, you must take my bones with you from here.' [26]So Joseph died at the age of a hundred and ten. He was embalmed and laid in a coffin in Egypt.

These BITCHE$ WANT YOUR MONEY

101 Reasons Why You SHOULDN'T GET MARRIED

DUKE ARMSTRONG

FOREWORD BY TIM PATTEN

These Bitches Want Your Money:

101 Reasons Why You Shouldn’t Get Married

By Duke Armstrong, Foreword by Tim Patten

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to Thomas James Ball (Born: February 21, 1953, Deceased: June 15, 2011). Thomas had the testicular fortitude to light himself on fire outside the downtown courthouse in Keene, New Hampshire, in protest to the injustices of the family court system in the United States. Thomas married Karen in 1990, but she filed for divorce eleven years later in April 2001. Thomas was the father of three children. He found it difficult to keep up with his court-mandated child support payments, and at the time of his death, he was facing jail for owing about $3,000. The finding of contempt filed on June 6, 2011, in Cheshire County Superior Court ordered Mr. Ball to jail.

Before committing suicide, Thomas, a former Sergeant in the US Army's National Guard, wrote to friends saying, "Time to climb down into the Higgins boat and take a bouncing ride to the beach." He was referring to the World War II amphibious landing craft, as he knew he would be among the many who would perish storming the proverbial beach of a gynocentric system. Eyewitnesses say Thomas doused himself with gasoline, lit himself on fire, and without saying a word, calmly and confidently burned for several minutes until he expired.

As of this writing, over 300 men commit suicide every month as a direct result of the heartbreak of divorce, the injustices of the child support system, judgments favoring mothers over fathers in child visitation and custody, or being divested of their assets by their ex-wives through divorce court settlements.

We don't need any more men committing suicide.

Foreword

By Tim Patten

More often than not, if a man meets the most beautiful woman he has ever seen, he'll be so captivated that he'll do anything he can to capture her attention. He'll look to impress her with fancy cars and other such trappings and seek to win her over with lavish spending. In the end, he'll be so hung up on the object of his desire that he'll feel compelled to squander his fortune on her, seeking only adoration in return.

Women have long understood this vulnerability. In fact, awareness of our weak spot seems to be in their DNA. Unfortunately, a great many of them have also used this knowledge to our disadvantage. They have been draining our financial resources, and other assets, since time began.

But our world is changing fast, and a growing number of us have been experiencing an awakening. Men like us have been devouring an empowered awareness about the downsides of romance and marriage, and a counterculture revolution is underway. We are rising up against "vagina-begging," placing women on pedestals, and succumbing to patriarchal expectations and pressures.

The modern men's liberation movement represents a long overdue opportunity to right an imbalance that has left many men enslaved to lives of hopelessness and misery. However, unlike the so-called "equal" rights movement, which has benefited only females, we men are having to do it for ourselves.

Unlike females, who have a vast support network available to them, we have had to draw on our capabilities and resources. Men have not had access to men's studies programs that might provide helpful knowledge and guidance. Instead, we have worked together to incubate collective ownership of a male-focused philosophy and educational methodology that is thriving—on social media and elsewhere.

Nowadays, those of us who have seen the light are collaborating with millions of other like-minded men and sharing the most intimate aspects of our desires and aspirations. We have created a positive vision of the future that represents the *raison d'être* of such groups as the "Red Pillers," Herbivore Men of Japan, and Men Going Their Own Way (MGTOW).

The cutting-edge curriculum that has emerged centers on the empowerment of men. It is aimed at liberating males from toxic female manipulation and bad relationships, that so often cost them their independence and their financial, emotional and even physical futures. It is a male self-ownership philosophy that keeps growing and expanding.

Through self-governance and mutual support, we are discovering a deeper and a more ethical understanding of our existence and who we are as living, breathing individuals. We are making adjustments to our lives and lifestyles to bring them into sync with a mindset and a sense of purpose many have only just begun to see in themselves.

We are also becoming increasingly aware that our purpose in life is not to satisfy women's needs, attend to their complaints, and fulfill their expectations, usually to the detriment of our own health, happiness and wealth. We are beginning to understand that such demands emanate from an endless well, which serves a source of pure hell-on-earth for men.

Despite being a relatively nascent effort, the modern male movement has been growing at an almost feverish pace. No one really knows the actual numbers involved, but based on YouTube views, at least, it appears to have attracted believers and supporters in the many millions. On May 20, 2018 a search for MGTOW (meaning: "Men Going Their Own Way") on YouTube, returned an astounding 420,000 results, while a search on Google.com returned over 2,020,000 results.

There are many reasons why this crusade has gained so much traction. It is a reaction to the damage that the legal system has done to men's lives – financially, spiritually and otherwise. It is a response to feminist propaganda that characterizes men as sexist and dominating rapists. It may also reflect the fact that the time has arrived for us to recognize who we are and the role we have played in helping the human race to survive and thrive.

Whatever the reasons, the modern men's movement has been a powerful progenitor of improving self-awareness and collective understanding. It has even enabled men to discuss a formerly taboo subject: our male libido and how

it messes up our lives. The fact is, our reaction to a woman's beauty, whether real or a façade, is often deadly. Only by recognizing this, and how it has punished us through the ages, can we take steps to realize what is at stake and how to end it.

It is hard for many of us to open up. But to move forward, we must speak openly about things that have only been whispered in years gone by. It is time to discuss how our natural sex drive exposes us to manipulation by females, who employ seduction and superior communication skills to ensnare us in compromising and ruinous situations.

Sadly, despite having an extensive, in-depth history – chronicled by men – of who we are, and our place in society, many of us have yet to come to grips with our masculine sensibilities—and our vulnerabilities. Instead, we often end up blinded and transformed into robotic idiots by any suggestion of a sexual possibility.

However, the solution is not to change our biology, which is hard-wired. Rather, we need to understand the fact that such urges can take complete control at times, leaving us in a vulnerable position, and then make the necessary adjustments. We must tap the collective wisdom of those who've seen the light and protect ourselves from our Achilles' heel of susceptibility to *femme fatale* seductions.

The modern men's liberation movement is not just focused on education and self-protection, however. It is also aimed at burnishing our individual identities and self-esteem, which will ultimately lead to more satisfying lives. Once we put an end to females taking advantage of us because our libidos are hypnotically attracted to all-things feminine, we will no longer find ourselves distracted from achieving our objectives, dreams, and goals.

Admittedly, the voices, books, blogs, and videos that comprise and contribute to this mutual undertaking come from distinctly different vantage points. As should be expected with the broad ocean of society, some contributors are blunt, while others are more politically correct. Still, no matter how this new way of thinking is presented, there is much to cover, and many are hungry for a more progressive future.

Duke Armstrong, the author of this book, is one of the many diverse individuals seeking to help us become more cognizant of what is wrong, and what we need to do to change things for the better. Empowered by his words and those of others, we can step up to the plate, come together on ideas, and build a renewed sense of masculinity, wealth and power.

Luckily, many are already embracing this long overdue evolution, which serves to energize those who follow behind. In fact, I've witnessed firsthand how fresh perspectives can repair and reinvigorate those of us who've been tortured by the soul-crushing unfairness of the social framework of a gynocentric society that has persisted far too long.

Indeed, as a long-time researcher on masculinity and male empowerment, and the author of three related books—with many more to come—including my biggest seller, *MGTOW Why I Cheat: 11 Stories Of Freedom for Men*, *MGTOW Building Wealth and Power*, and *Masculinity Is Our Future*, it is apparent that men like us have strived for the kind of knowledge that can bring them back to a path of enlightenment.

With all of this in mind, we all owe it to ourselves to read, learn, and live more empowered, productive and satisfying lives.

Please consider my endorsement of this book to be a gentle invitation to consider that the institution of marriage may not be a tradition that serves the happiness and well-being of men.

Sincerely—your friend,

Tim Patten

Introduction

For far too long men have allowed others to dictate what it means to be a man. Manhood is too often based on what use or utility a man is to others. Governments say real men are those who stand up and fight for whatever cause politicians are championing this week, but manhood is most often defined by what a man is willing to do for a woman. A Google image search for the words "a real man" returns a plethora of definitions and anecdotes for what makes a man.

One image reads, "A real man chooses to honor, love, respect, adore and be faithful to one woman!" Another says, "A real woman can do it by herself…but a real man won't let her." If these definitions are correct, then only a married man, who refuses to let his wife lift a finger, is a real man. It is this nonsense that I wish to challenge in this book.

Men can be so caught up in trying to prove themselves, that they place their brains on autopilot and allow others to define the standards of masculine excellence. It's fine time that men stop to examine the veracity of popular definitions of masculinity. I invite men to stop operating on a program of what we're "supposed to do," and instead question whether it is good for us. I am furthermore suggesting the revolutionary idea that we men start asking ourselves what each of us would like to do, as opposed to what someone else says we are "supposed to do."

From childhood, we are indoctrinated into the belief that we are to get an education so we can attain employment, and then march on to find a woman worth marrying. We are to spend money on her in the courting process, and if we fall in love with her, we are to kneel before her, offer her an expensive rock and ask her to marry us. We are to assist, if necessary, in paying for the wedding ceremony and all its accouterments. We are supposed to pay for a honeymoon vacation, and then we are to purchase a sizable house, get our wives pregnant, and work until our mid-60s to provide for our children and the lifestyle desired by our wives.

Everything which I stated all centers around using the strength of our bodies and minds to please someone else. We are supposed to believe that there is some great value in having a wife, and we will attain such immeasurable happiness, that we should celebrate the opportunity to commit a large portion of the fruits of our labor to providing for the lifestyle of a woman.

Some say that you cannot put a price on true love, and thus avoid the question:

How much is a wife worth?

If we assume that true love exists, then perhaps we cannot estimate its value. However, we can take an objective look at the benefits a man might expect to receive if he has captured true love in the form of a wife. We can calculate the cost of courting a woman for marriage, the expense of cohabiting with a woman, and what we might need to spend over several decades of marriage to make a wife happy. We can also look at the statistics surrounding marriage and divorce, to determine how many men have found true love—and dare I say, we can question whether true love even exists at all.

With so many divorces occurring in countries where feminism has taken root, I suggest that we try to answer these questions once and for all. Using dozens of studies and news articles, that is exactly what I have set out to do. Yet no matter how much evidence I have placed on the table, there are always some very few men who will claim that they are happily married, or know someone who is. In the face of surveys proving how many women cheat on their husbands, how many are committing paternity fraud, and an unending stream of news reports detailing the degree to which yet another man was financially raped in divorce court, some will argue that statistics and studies are irrelevant because "not all women are like that."

I don't believe in unicorns, but if a man thinks he has found one—a wife who is one-in-a-million—it makes little difference. People also survive their parachute not opening, but no sane man is willing to jump out of a plane without a parachute. I find it both silly and annoying for guys to remind people that "sometimes it works out." Big deal!

Sometimes men almost go broke from spending tens-of-thousands of dollars at the casino, but a few eventually end up hitting the jackpot before they find themselves sleeping in a cardboard box. Despite those who claim the odds can be beaten, I'm not going to start loading my life savings into a slot machine.

Even if a man finds the elusive unicorn, or if one-day such women were bountiful, the real question is: is there any benefit whatsoever to getting married?

With that, I invite you to ponder the *101 Reasons Why You Shouldn't Get Married*.

Chapter 1 - Buying Your Way into Prison

"There is no deception on the part of the woman, where a man bewilders himself: if he deludes his own wits, I can certainly acquit the women. Whatever man allows his mind to dwell upon the imprint his imagination has foolishly taken of women, is fanning the flames within himself – and, since the woman knows nothing about it, she is not to blame. For if a man incites himself to drown, and will not restrain himself, it is not the water's fault." — John Gower, 14th-Century English Poet

Reason #1 – There are Zero Benefits to Marriage

The #1 reason not to get married is that there are absolutely zero incentives or long-term benefits to getting married; marriage is an agreement that serves women, not men. Marriage amounts to little more than a scam in which a man is roped into committing to a woman under the pretense that his service and loyalty to her will reap him various rewards that he could not somehow otherwise obtain.

The divorce rate is not, in fact, the chief reason not to get married, because even a marriage that lasts until death brings no more benefits upon a man's deathbed had he stayed single. However, with the advent of no-fault divorce, and the institution of alimony and child support, marriage is not only devoid of any benefits but has been reduced to little more than a racket in which a man is risking almost everything for virtually nothing. A woman takes zero risks in marriage yet reaps all the benefits.

On the surface, it seems that there are numerous benefits to having a wife, but upon examination, they all evaporate. There are really only four key things that a live-in wife offers: cooking dinner when you get home from work; cleaning the house; companionship; and, sex. Out of these potential benefits, the only thing that a woman really brings to the table is her looks and the promise of decades of sex. The longer a man is married, the less sex he'll have with his wife, so that can be crossed off the list as well.

Since modern women are loath to cook, and a man can easily cook for himself, eat at restaurants or order delivery, for much less money than the expense of courting a woman for marriage—and paying for the married lifestyle—it's just not worth it. Even a wife that never fails to cook dinner cannot be seen as a cost-effective benefit in light of much more inexpensive options. A man can eat a gourmet dinner five days a week for between $500 - $1000 a month, which is far less than the cost of getting married and the additional expenses accrued from having a wife, and being forced to pay alimony or child support.

Only men who are filthy and extremely busy, but are somehow also too poor to afford a housekeeper, would think that it's a good idea to get a wife to keep the house clean, yet a wife is orders of magnitude more costly than a maid. Moreover, most modern women are allergic to the very thought of cleaning up after a man, washing dishes and taking care of the laundry. A professional housekeeper will clean your house for $50 - $200 depending on its size and the median income bracket of where you live. As we will see later, when married men help out with the dishes, folding the laundry, or do other women's work, they end up getting less sex from their wives. Despite this, hordes of married women complain that their husbands don't do enough housework, and countless articles advise men to contribute to traditionally feminine chores to have a happy marriage. Precisely what is the point of providing for the lifestyle of a woman if you have to do some of her work? No sane man would agree to have a guy live with him free-of-charge in exchange for keeping the house clean, and then tolerate the bum complaining that the guy paying the bills needs to help out with the chores.

Some might say that companionship is also a benefit but a man can get companionship from male and female friends and girlfriends, and do so without breaking his bank account. A man can shoot the breeze with his buddies if he wants someone to talk to or curl up on the couch with a girlfriend if he wants to feel a soft, warm female body next to him. If a guy is feeling down, he can get some motherly emotional support from a big-breasted female friend without buying anyone an engagement ring. A single man has the freedom to enjoy companionship in a plethora of forms without signing a contract that gives a woman the nearly irresistible opportunity to steal his wealth through divorce rape.

Because marriage decreases the amount of time a man can spend with others, and the variety of companionship he

can enjoy, a wife's companionship isn't even on the radar of what she brings to the arrangement. Cooking and cleaning are out the picture as well because a modern wife is unlikely to do either and a wife is a much more expensive option even if she does. With cooking, cleaning and companionship out of the picture, that leaves only sex.

I'll be covering just how sexually inactive married couples are, along with the lack of blowjobs, lack of variety and kinkiness, so sex is not a benefit to having a wife either. A woman's beauty goes right along with sex, but women hit a biological wall around age 30 that causes their beauty to fade rapidly. At best a woman has from age 18 to age 35, or 17 years where she really looks like a prize. Modern women are too stupid to realize that handsome, money-making alpha males aren't going to want them after they hit 30, so even finding a beautiful young girl to marry is difficult. Being married means a man is stuck with an aging woman who is likely to gain weight, and is unlikely to have sex with him more than a few times a year beyond the tenth year of marriage.

Idiots like Eleanor Barkhorn, the former chief editor of *The Atlantic*, encourage women not to get married early. In her article "Getting Married Later Is Great for College-Educated Women," published on March 15, 2013, to *TheAtlantic.com* she noted that the average age of marriage in the United States is 27 for women and 29 for men. In 1990 guys were marrying girls when they were 23, and in 1960 they were grabbing them up at 22. Of course, that was before feminism kicked in and started to convince women that freedom and happiness could be found in a job, and being a housewife was slavery. With the advent of the birth control pill in 1960, and feminists went full steam ahead and excreted the sexual liberation movement, which encouraged girls to go get ran-through by the whole football team. Today SlutWalk is a transnational movement in which women parade around naked, defending the right to ride as many cocks as they want without being shamed for their behavior. Meanwhile, stupid girls complain that there are no good men left to marry.

Contemporary girls usually start thinking about marriage around age 25, but finally find some sucker to marry them around age 27. By this time the girl's had more pricks in her than a secondhand dartboard. At age 27 she only has a few more years left before she hits the wall. Realizing that successful alpha males are paying her much less attention, she'll start to come down from the high of the cock-carousel, and finally tune-out feminist rhetoric from friends she met in her Women's Studies class. She knows that by the time she hits 30, only low-income earners, and ugly, fat, stupid, old or otherwise desperate males will want her.

Is it any wonder that the number of marriages has plummeted to a record low?

The guys that are getting married are the suckers who think they can beat the divorce odds, have a severe case of oneitis, or have set their brain on autopilot and are following a program that says "that's what you're supposed to do."

The big picture of marriage is that there are absolutely zero benefits for a man to get married. On the other hand, women receive a host of benefits for suckering a man into marriage. A wife not only immediately receives the strong possibility of financial gain through alimony, but if she has children, she'll also receive child support. In full view of the facts, a wife isn't even a depreciating asset but an aggregating liability, because the longer she is with you, the higher chance she'll have of securing durational alimony and acquiring your house and other possessions.

Even if the woman decides to stay married, she has secured herself a wage slave who will wholly, or partially, support her lifestyle. The looming threat of her husband getting financially raped in divorce court means she can make an ever-increasing number of demands for her happiness. A wife gets a stooge who will buy her whatever he can afford, put her up in a house that she chooses, make sure that her vehicle is well-maintained, spends the holidays how she wants and will serve as an emotional punching bag whenever the mood suits her.

A wife is more expensive than a maid. A wife is more expensive than eating at a gourmet restaurant five days a week. A wife decreases the variety of companionship a man can enjoy and limits the time he can spend with friends and family. A wife means a man is stuck with the same sexual partner that has a small window of youthful beauty, and who will inevitably have sex with her husband much less than before they were married. A wife also means that a man's income can be plundered.

The simple reality is that marriage is for women, not men. The engagement ring isn't for you, it's for her to flaunt the value of her vagina. The wedding ceremony isn't for you, it's for her to celebrate that she's secured a workhorse

in the form of a husband. The honeymoon isn't for you, it's to give her photographs that she can use to make her friends jealous of how much money you spent on her. The larger and much more expensive house isn't for you, it's so she can feel safe and secure as the queen of her nest and flaunt at what price her husband has appraised her furburger.

There are zero benefits for a man to get married, so there is no reason any man should.

Reason #2 – Engagement Rings Are Expensive & Stupid

Anne Chertoff, a trend expert at *WeddingWire*, told *Forbes* in 2017 that the average engagement ring is around $5,000. The "Real Weddings Study" published by *The Knot* in 2016 showed that the average cost of an engagement ring was $6,163. The study noted that the cost had risen 3% higher than the previous year, and was 21% higher than 2011's average of $5,095. The rising price of diamonds and precious metals has increased the average.

Most men are familiar with the guideline that a man is supposed to spend one month of his gross salary on the engagement ring, and as of late there have been suggestions to spend as much as 3 months' salary. What most guys don't know is that the guideline, according to Angela Guzman and Christin Perry from *The Knot*, was concocted by none other than diamond marketers at the start of World War II to turn a bigger profit.

Men also don't realize that diamonds aren't precious. In an article by Robin Dhar called "Diamonds are Bullshit" published at the Huffington Post on August 5, 2013, he points out that diamonds lose as much as 50% of their value as soon as you step outside the doors of the jewelry shop. In fact, it wasn't until 1938 that offering an engagement ring became standard practice in marriage proposals. In 1938 the De Beers diamond cartel launched a massive marketing campaign to convince American women that a diamond engagement ring was culturally the appropriate thing for a man to offer when he bends the knee. After successfully increasing the demand for diamonds, De Beers then set out to skyrocket the price of diamonds by restricting the supply.

In 1975, another marketing genius, Gary Dahl, sold 1.5 million packages of his Pet Rock for $4 each and became an overnight millionaire. Funny how people wonder how a man could convince people to buy an ordinary rock just by labeling it "Pet Rock," but jewelers have been convincing men to buy women rocks for decades.

When a girl proudly shows off her ring to her equally ditzy friends and says, "Look at the huge rock he got me," just remember that she speaks the truth: her fiancé paid for a rock. Next time you see some worthless rock on the side of the road, be reminded that a diamond is nothing but a translucent sparkly rock—it's just a rock, nothing more. A rock on a woman's finger serves absolutely no purpose whatsoever. The rock is not a tool you can fix something with; it's not a tooth in a diamond blade saw, for example. It's just a rock on a woman's finger. To really put this into perspective, I suggest that every man go outside, pick up a little rock and duct tape it to their finger. After you've completed this, stare at it and repeat, "If a man wants to get married, he needs to put a rock on a woman's finger." Keep repeating this until you realize that the only reason why you taped a rock to your finger is because somebody told you to, and the only reason why you're supposed to buy a woman a rock, to place on her finger, is because somebody told you to.

If men stopped letting their brains coast on autopilot, by allowing people to tell them what men are supposed to do, I think the world would be a whole lot better place. Maybe men will stop spending thousands of dollars to put a rock on some tramp's finger. On the bright side, at least the folks selling rocks are laughing all the way to the bank.

Reason #3 - Weddings are a Bad Investment

In a survey of 16,000 couples in the United States, *The Knot*'s 2014 "Real Weddings Study" found that 45% of weddings exceeded a couple's budget and 23% lacked the funds altogether. Most brides spent over $1,300 on their wedding dress alone.

The price of a wedding dress and the wedding itself speaks to a woman's need to validate the price of her fish-mitten. If it were up to men, most weddings would be little more than taking a girl to the beach, a park or a church to have a minister officiate the union. In the delusional belief that we're marrying our dream girl—who will supposedly keep us happy for the rest of our years—we wouldn't care if our sweetheart wore a simple dress she grabbed right off the rack at the local thrift store. For us, it's about having finally found the girl we believe will make us happy. For a woman, a wedding is a way to tell the world how high her genitals have been appraised.

According to *The Knot*, American couples shelled out over $30,000 for the wedding ceremony in 2015, while New Yorkers dropped over $80,000. That's a high price to pay to automatically decrease the amount of sex and blowjobs you're going to receive and to promise that you'll never sleep with any other woman ever again. We haven't even factored in the additional expense of a honeymoon, eventually purchasing a larger home, children, the engagement ring, taking your wife on dates, or otherwise buying her whatever she wants, so you don't end up sleeping on the couch.

Knowing full well that modern women equate housework with slavery, just for the price of the marriage ceremony, you could have a maid thoroughly clean your house every two weeks for the next thirty years. Since virtually every married man admits that sex with his wife is few and far between, if prostitutes aren't your thing, you can dive into courses on how to become a pick-up artist and start banging as many women as you can handle. Most 3-day weekend seduction seminars by pick-up artist pros only cost $500 to a few thousand dollars. Because many wives are more likely to throw a fit than bring their husband a sandwich, it makes more dollars and cents to stay single, eat out or cook your own food—because married men are often doing the cooking anyway.

A wedding ceremony is a bad investment no matter which way you slice it. If you don't want to break your bank account just to have the "privilege" to sign a contract that ultimately gives a woman almost complete control over your assets and your sex life, do not get married.

Reason #4 - Her Lifelong Commitment Requires a Ring

Before the popularization of the engagement ring by jewelers and the diamond cartel, men would do something as simple as giving a girl their mother's sewing thimble. Whatever object a man gives to a woman in his marriage proposal, it ultimately symbolizes a willingness to provide for her.

The fact that women almost unanimously demand an impressive engagement ring should throw up a red flag. Marriage is an oath of commitment and service to another person. Contrast an oath of brotherhood and friendship to a marriage proposal, and any man should see what it really amounts to. You don't have to give a friend anything at all to earn such brotherly love and loyalty that he might just take a bullet for you. Over a dozen men have been awarded the Medal of Honor for jumping on a hand grenade to prevent the explosion from killing their buddies—and these are friends who probably never did much more for them than buy them a beer at the bar.

To secure the supposed lifelong loyalty of a woman, a man must kneel before her in a position of submission and servitude, and present her with an expensive object—the engagement ring. Since marriage, at least in theory, is supposed to mean that a man's wife is his "to have and to hold," an engagement ring can be likened to offering a woman a lifelong prostitution contract. The difference between a wife and a real prostitute is that you're virtually guaranteed to get laid if you pay a prostitute. If you give a woman an expensive ring, help pay for the wedding ceremony, put her up in a lovely house, work your ass off to pay the bills and buy her whatever stupid crap she wants this particular week, unlike a call girl, she doesn't have to sleep with you at all. Moreover, if you don't like a prostitute's performance, you can tell the whore to kick rocks, order up another skank, and perhaps be out $50 - $200. If your wife stops putting out, you're out a $6,000 diamond ring, $30,000 wedding ceremony, $5,000 honeymoon, and you'll be paying her alimony and child support. Don't forget you'll be giving her your house and custody of the kids.

Her lifelong commitment requires an expensive ring and wedding, but with over 50% of marriages ending in divorce, what's the real value of a woman's word? Apparently, it's 1 – 3 months of your salary, but I don't think it's worth a nickel of dog shit. I bet you could do a blood-brother ceremony with one of your buddies right now, and his word is strong enough to bet a whole year's salary that he'll remain your friend for life. You can do the blood-brother ritual for the price of a knife—and a band-aid, if you're pussy—and you probably already have the pocket knife. Afterward, instead of blowing thirty-grand on a wedding ceremony, you can blow $300 at the tittie-bar or treat yourselves to a couple of hookers and get blown.

Reason #5 - Vows are Meaningless and Stupid

Many marriage vows include the words "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part," or something similar. This means that no matter how bad things get, the man promises that he's going to stay with his wife.

No one would ever make this agreement anywhere else. You wouldn't stay loyal to a restaurant that replaces their award-winning chef with a halfwit whose food tastes like cardboard. You wouldn't continue to work for a company that treats you like garbage, is on the verge of going bankrupt and has downsized their operations from a modern skyscraper to a dilapidated building in the middle of the ghetto—unless there were no other options for employment. Thankfully females outnumber males, so you always have options if you know a thing or two about picking up women, or if you have a little money.

Wedding vows are literally saying that you are willfully giving up all your options, and will stay onboard even if things go south. The bride has sworn to the same vows, but women are not creatures of loyalty, and they have absolutely nothing to lose for not keeping their marriage oath, and everything to gain. Wedding vows are easy to break for women because women always have options too. It is much more difficult for a man to go to a public place, seduce a woman he's not just attracted to, but will also please him sexually and domestically. In other words, it's much harder for a man to find a gal that's "wife material." A marginally attractive woman, however, can finalize a divorce in the morning and find another man to throw money at her by nightfall. With the power to easily replace her husband, and the rewards of alimony, child support and gaining ownership of his house, there is absolutely no reason for a woman to stick it out "for better or for worse."

The poetic language of marriage vows conceals the absurdity of what is being agreed to. If marriage vows were honest "for better for worse" would read something as follows:

I agree that I will stay with this woman even if she gets big as a house, and screams at me if I ask her to cook, do the laundry or vacuum. I agree to keep this woman as my wife even if she decides to become a raging bitch who spends my money on stupid crap, runs me down in front of her friends, and tries to prevent me from hanging out with my buddies. I swear to never sleep with any other woman, even if I find a much more suitable and attractive companion later in life, and even if she no longer dresses sexy, refuses to give me blowjobs and denies me sex. Knowing full well that divorce settlements favor women, and that most marriages end in divorce, I agree to risk a significant portion of my personal wealth and possessions just so I can call this woman my wife. Even though I could just keep her as a girlfriend, with the freedom to easily dissolve our relationship if she no longer pleases me, I solemnly swear to commit myself only to this woman. Should I, at some later date, realize that marrying this woman means a drastic decrease in my personal freedom and happiness and that she is little more than a nagging and unnecessary financial burden, regardless, I promise to keep her as my wife.

That is what "for better or for worse" really means. Would any sane man agree to that?

Reason #6 - Marriage is Work, Not Romance

On December 27, 2016, Dan Moloney, a chaplain at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the University of Massachusetts-Boston, published an article titled "Marriage is not Romantic" on his blog *Spiritual Direction*. Moloney stated, "I usually tell couples considering marriage that there is surprisingly little about their dating experience that will be important to their marriage experience. That's because our dating culture teaches us to look for romance, while marriage is surprisingly unromantic hard work, that requires a different set of skills than staging a good date."

The chaplain also pointed out that couples can get married to attempt to solve psychological needs brought on by previous relationships or childhood experiences. Others make the mistake of thinking that marriage can forever capture and perpetuate some fantastic romantic feeling they have for someone. Marriage is not a genie in a bottle, however, in which you can encapsulate some romantic moment into a marriage contract and evoke romance whenever you want for decades to come. The magic fades, and it fades quickly, as evidenced by countless articles on how to bring a spark of passion back into a marriage. The fact that most marriages today only last about seven or eight years, and 80% of divorces are initiated by women, should also speak to how quickly women forget all about their romantic engagement, romantic wedding, and how they swooned on their honeymoon.

Alain de Botton, a formally trained philosopher, advises couples to abandon the romantic view of marriage in his article "Why We Will Marry the Wrong Person" published by *The New York Times* on May 28, 2016. Alain says, "We need to swap the Romantic view for a tragic (and at points comedic) awareness that every human will frustrate, anger, annoy, madden and disappoint us — and we will (without any malice) do the same to them. […] Choosing whom to commit ourselves to is merely a case of identifying which particular variety of suffering we would most

like to sacrifice ourselves for," and added, "We should learn to accommodate ourselves to "wrongness," striving always to adopt a more forgiving, humorous and kindly perspective on its multiple examples in ourselves and in our partners."

Why would I want to place myself in a situation where I must accept tragedy instead of joy, and accommodate wrongness instead of picking and choosing with whom I spend my time? What benefit is there to trading romantic dates and laughter—with a variety of young, beautiful girlfriends over the years—for a cohabitating relationship with one woman that requires more money and more work, and that experts admit should not be confused with romance? As Tiffany Fletcher, a relatively obese woman writing for Famifi.com writes, "Marriage isn't about romance, it's about work." I can only imagine that Tiffany's husband wishes she wasn't so hard at work stuffing her face.

Tiffany's words are quite accurate however—marriage is about work. Marriage not only increases the number of hours a man has to work on average but if you can't catch Tiffany because she's out on another extended lunch break, any marriage counselor we tell you that marriage in itself is hard work. As they say, "You have to work hard if you want to keep your marriage together."

Nowhere else are reasonable men willing to bend over backward to keep a relationship together, except at work—keeping the boss, clients and coworkers happy—and when we lived with our parents. No psychologically healthy man will keep a friend in his life if their friendship requires continuously working on making the other person happy. We may have had a mother or father who was challenging to deal with in childhood, but after moving out on our own, we no longer have to subject ourselves to their demands. Taking on a wife is to willingly place oneself in a position that every expert admits is going to be more demanding than remaining single. Cohabitating with a woman can be likened to moving back in with mommy for the benefit of her food, but somehow forgetting that you don't have to live with mom, and put up with all her quirks, to enjoy her cooking.

You don't have to marry a woman to enjoy sex, a candlelit dinner, or to hold hands with her on a summer's night stroll through your quiet neighborhood. There's one way to kill the romance in a relationship and spend a fortune doing it, and that's to get married.

Marriage is not romance, it's work.

Chapter 2 - Meet Your Wife's Real Husband

"If marriage didn't exist, would you invent it? Would you go, "Baby, this shit we got together, it's so good we've got to get the government in on this shit. We can't just share this commitment betweenxt us. We need judges and lawyers involved in this shit baby." – Doug Stanhope, famous comedian

Reason #7 - Divorce Rates

If someone asks you why you aren't married, it should be sufficient to respond, "I'm not married because I don't believe in divorce."

When I read comments from young men who believe they're too handsome, successful, well-endowed, or good in the sack, for their wife to leave them, I have to resist the urge to slam my palm right into my face. There are a lot of guys who still need to wise up and look at the amount of wealthy, good-looking men, with undeniable alpha status, who end up in divorce court. Movie stars aren't the best example because celebrities aren't just wealthy, they're also knee-deep in Hollywood weirdness. There are plenty of other wealthy men who tied-the-knot and paid the price. Thomas Doheny was a handsome, successful man who went through a divorce in 2014. The resulting 260 court appearances ended up destroying his career. After being ordered to pay $20,000 a month in alimony and child support, and the judge refusing to lower his payments, even though his earnings declined, Tom took his own life in a jail cell on November 17, 2017.

Despite the staggering number of divorced men who end up committing suicide, some guys still think they've got it all figured out. No one is dumb enough to load a six-shooter with three bullets, put it to their temple and believe they can beat 50% odds. It amazes me that men can see the divorce statistics, read about men getting financially divorce raped, hear the horror stories from friends and family, and still think they can win betting against the house.

Some guys think they're safe to gamble at the marriage casino because they've developed a superior system to assess whether or not a woman is marriage material. There are multiple problems with this line of thinking, not the least of which being that women are, by nature, unpredictable. The main problem with a wife-material checklist is that it assumes women can be assessed by the same standards as men can. For instance, a man who loves to cook and keeps his house immaculately clean, will likely still enjoy cooking and be just as OCD about cleanliness twenty years from now. On the other hand, a woman who possesses the same traits may alter her behavior according to new conditions, such as marriage, childbirth, a decrease in her husband's earnings, or an increase in her own. Just because she cooks for you now, and loves the idea of being a housewife, doesn't mean she's not going to change. The guy who believes he's devised some magical checklist that will prevent him from facing divorce is nothing but a fool.

Men are nothing more to women than disposable units of production that exist to provide women with resources. The survival of the species requires that men fall in love with women, such that they are eager to deliver the fruits of their labor to them, and are willing to lay down their lives for them. This is not the case with females of our species. When it comes to relationships with the opposite sex, the two biological imperatives of a woman are 1) to breed with the best alpha male she can find 2) secure the resources of a male so her and her offspring can survive. These objectives are not mutually inclusive, and thus one or more men can provide her the genetic material she's after, and a completely different man, or several men, can give her the material resources she desires. There is absolutely nothing whatsoever in these objectives that speak to falling in love with a man, and in fact, to do so would prevent her from completing both of her instinctive missions.

According to the National Center for Health Statistics, 50% of marriages in the United States end in divorce, and 80% of divorces are filed by women. In their report "National Marriage and Divorce Rate Trends" for 2000 – 2014, it shows that a couple gets divorced every 36 seconds.

Unless a man is such a feminist-influenced cuckold that he believes that marriage oppresses women, or thinks that there is a significant shortage of good men, the percentage of women that initiate divorce should be seen to validate the conclusion: women love the resources they can get from men, but not the men themselves. If a woman's biological imperative is to acquire resources from the more capable male, but she can do it by ending the

relationship with him—and thus free herself to make additional gains from other men—then that's exactly what she'll do.

Reason #8 – Divorce Courts Reward Women for Destroying Their Marriage

The highest divorce settlement was that of Alec Wildenstein's divorce in 1999 from Jocelyn Wildenstein. Alec paid out approximately $3.8 billion ($5.6 billion when adjusting for inflation to 2018). His ex-wife famously went on to get so much plastic surgery that she made herself look like a monstrous creature from a Lovecraftian horror story.

It's too unsettling to even describe this woman, so I will simply proceed with some more facts.

According to the Internal Revenue Service, in 1997 alimony payments totaled $5.6 billion, but ten years later in 2007, the payout climbed to $9.4 billion. About 97% of alimony is paid by men, and according to IRS data from 2007, men in a low-income bracket are paying out the most, at 20% of their gross income. In other words, a guy who's barely scraping by making $30,000 a year is paying his ex-wife $500 a month.

On May 7, 2018, Olivia Rudgard published an article to *The Telegraph* titled "Rise of women backing out of divorces as court settlements shrink." The name says it all; as the High Court of England and Wales has started to step back from awarding lifelong alimony, women are deciding that they don't want to get a divorce after all. Imagine my shock. This goes toward proving the case that women primarily get divorced to acquire a man's resources. As for the United States, permanent alimony is still awarded to ex-wives in some states. For a woman to receive temporary or permanent alimony usually requires being married for five to ten years. It just so happens that the average length of a marriage that ends in a divorce is 8 years, which aligns nicely with the average number of years a woman must be married to steal the resources of her ex-husband through alimony.

Child support can also be viewed as a form of alimony, but it is actually superior to it in some ways. Child support allows a woman to exit a marriage immediately upon confirming her pregnancy, as the birth of the child means she will still reap some of her ex-husband's money, regardless of whether or not alimony is granted. In fact, a woman doesn't need to marry a man to get pregnant and start collecting child support. An attractive woman can run out right now, sleep with a man who earns at least six-figures, convince him that she's on birth control, get pregnant, and start receiving several thousand dollars in child support in 9 months. If the guy doesn't pay, not to worry, because the government has a safety net for her in the form of welfare. She can also go out and quickly find more victims.

Even if a man never wanted to be a father, and immediately forfeits all parental rights to the child, he will still have to pay the tramp child support. Note too that there is no law dictating how a woman must spend monies received from child support or alimony. Just as the courts assume that a woman will automatically be a better parent, and thus deserves custody of the children, if a creature has a vagina it is believed that she will spend child support and alimony payments wisely. As we will see later, having a vagina also means that when she claims a particular man is the father of her child, it is always assumed that she is honest.

From alimony to child support—and in the absence of any legal requirement for a woman to have sex with her husband, or to lift a finger around the house—marriage is a win-win for women. The marriage deal is so good for women that I have to question the intelligence of any woman who doesn't want to get married. One beautiful college educated girl told me that she often had suicidal thoughts because the only job she could find was at a retirement home where she had to wipe butts. All a pretty female has to do is find a relatively attractive man she can tolerate, be kind to him, give him great sex and seduce him into marriage. It really doesn't take much to get a man to agree to support the lifestyle of a woman.

Somehow though, as was the case with this particular girl, many modern women can't swallow the thought of cooking and cleaning for a man and having sex when he wants it. What these girls fail to understand, is that they only have to keep a man happy until he signs the marriage contract, after which they need only please him at some rudimentary level, and in return, they will have a robot to protect them and provide for their existence. This girl was so influenced by feminism that she thought it better to work for someone else, doing a job that was driving her to suicide, rather than "work" as a housewife for a handsome man of her choosing. I don't know if that story speaks to women's inability to use logic, or to how brain-damaged women have become from the fallout of feminism?

Can any man really imagine what it would be like to have the power to leave your job, pick out an attractive woman of your choice, and then have all your bills paid for, in exchange for having sex with her, cooking her dinner and doing laundry? Gigolos make their living having sex with successful women, but the keywords here are "pick out an attractive woman of your choice." A gigolo will often swallow his pride and sleep with an old bag if the price is right; he doesn't choose the woman, the woman chooses him. An attractive woman can easily get nearly any man she wants if she just shows interest, is relatively pleasing in bed, acts nice and presents herself as wife-material. The woman who has the brains to secure herself a husband has effectively acquired a lottery ticket valued at her husband's earnings and done so for the low price of looking pretty, having sex with a guy of her choosing, and acting like a decent human being. The fact that she's rewarded with a servant who will support her existence, for doing virtually nothing, is just mind-boggling.

To put the insanity of marriage into perspective, I've written the following scenario.

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Johnny lands an interview with the CEO of Husband Incorporated, where he's offered a cushy office job with a six-figure salary. The chief executive officer, Bob, tells Johnny, "We're going to pay you $250,000 a year but if you decide to quit the job we'll pay you $125,000 a year for the rest of your life, so long as you've worked for us for at least seven years."

Johnny replies, "That sounds very similar to a guy paying his ex-wife alimony."

Bob responds, "It's very similar. In fact, if you decide to leave the firm after seven years, you'll get to keep your office, the desk, the plush leather chair, computer and everything else in it that we paid for. You can also use the space to start your own business, or to work for a different company."

Johnny says, "Golly gee, that really sounds like a divorce settlement, where a guy's ex-wife gets to keep the house her husband paid for, along with most of his possessions."

"You're very perceptive, Johnny," Bob replies, "We base a lot of the way we do things here on marriage and the divorce industry. To sweeten the deal, we're going to give you a $6,000 sign-on bonus, which is about the average price of an engagement ring. If you decide to come on board with us, we're willing to spend $30,000 on a Super Bowl party for you and your friends, that you won't soon forget, and we'll give you an immediate two-week vacation valued at $5,000. That's about the average price of a wedding ceremony and a honeymoon John."

Johnny could hardly contain his excitement, but before he could speak Bob cut him off. "You know what Johnny? I don't think that's good enough for a guy like you. How about this? We're going to let you pick whatever office you want in the building; you can decorate it however you want, and we'll buy the desk, office chair and computer of your choice."

"Well that sounds real dandy to me Bob, but I don't if…"

Bob cut him off again, "We're going to open a line of credit for you so you can buy a whole new wardrobe of suits, shoes, and ties." "That's sort of like how a husband buys clothes, shoes, makeup, and stuff for his wife, right?"

"You really are sharp as a tack Johnny. You know husbands often pay for their wives to go to the beauty salon and to get their nails done, so we're going to go ahead and take care of all your haircuts…and what the heck, we'll pay for your gym membership or a professional massage once a month—your choice."

At this point, Johnny was thinking that this job was just too good to be true, so maybe he'd better ask about the qualifications. "Well sir, I hope I'm qualified for all this. I don't want to let you down."

At that, Bob leaned back and chuckled, "You'll have to pass a simple test that a chimpanzee could ace, just to see if you can handle the tasks you'll be in charge of. At this stage, there's really only two things you need to pass this interview with flying colors." "What's that Bob?" "Well, you have to be a nice guy, and you sure seem like a swell guy to me."

Bob stopped for a moment, furrowed his brow and then turned his chair to face the window. "Johnny, I don't want to sound like one of those twinkies or anything, but you have to be good looking to work here. I think you're a

handsome fellow, that probably does well with the ladies. Am I right?" "Well, yes sir, I do okay…and thank you for the compliment, but do you guys do any criminal background checks, personality profiles, or IQ tests or anything?"

Bob laughed again, which started making Johnny wonder if he was the fool for believing he deserved such a sweet deal, or if the fool was sitting across from him.

"To answer your question Johnny, one of our subsidiaries does a little bit more intensive screening process for job applicants, but it's pretty much a company-wide practice here at Husband Incorporated to hire on someone so long as they have a nice personality, and are a relatively attractive individual."

Johnny crossed his arms and pressed again for more details. "Your job listing in the paper was kind of vague, so exactly what am I going to be doing if you hire me?"

For the third time, Bob let out a laugh. "Johnny, Johnny," he said, sighing as if Johnny was a rookie who just didn't understand the industry, "Listen, you don't have to worry about what your job duties are, because as soon as you complete orientation, you don't actually have to do anything at all. In fact, if you want to come to the office dressed like a slob, throw temper tantrums, annoy your coworkers, refuse to answer phone calls and let unanswered emails pile up, that's fine by me. It looks like you're a fit guy now, and as I said, we only hire attractive people around here, but you can stop working out and start eating ham hocks and cupcakes, as soon as you're hired. So long as you stick with us for about seven years, we'll pay you half your salary for the rest of your life, and you can keep the clothes, the office and everything in it."

"With all due respect sir, that just doesn't make sense," Johnny replied, still crossing his arms like he was being roped into a scam. "Relax John, you look really concerned, but let me assuage your worries." Bob clicked his pen and then pulled out a thick packet of papers, dropped it on the desk, and then leaned back and gazed out the window like he didn't have a care in the world.

"You know what that is John?"

"Well, it says it's an Employment Contract."

"That's right Johnny boy," Bob replied, "Like I said, here at Husband Incorporated we base everything off of marriage and divorce. Does a wife have to maintain her appearance or lift a finger around the house?" Before Johnny could reply, Bob burst out, "No, of course, she doesn't."

"This here Employment Contract guarantees everything I'm promising you, and then some. In fact, if you want to review our company's legal history, you're welcome to it. What you'll find is that we lose almost 100% of our court cases anytime we go up against a former employee who doesn't feel they got exactly what they were entitled to."

Johnny finally unfolded his arms as something began to click in his mind. Having known guys who were taken through the ringer in divorce court, perhaps if there are men who are dumb enough to keep getting married, maybe there could actually be an entire corporation that was silly enough emulate the institution of marriage.

"Okay," Johnny chimed in, "What happens if I get fired before the seven-year mark? I mean you're promising half my salary will be paid to me for life, if I work here for seven years, but what's stopping you from kicking me out the door before that?"

Bob clicked his pen again, tucked it into his inside jacket pocket and turned to face Johnny. He lowered his voice and spoke very seriously, "I understand your concerns. The best thing to do is just to convince us to hire some of your friends. If we end up firing you, we'll pay you a minimum of $500 a month for every friend you recruit into our workforce, and we'll keep up those payments for 18 years. You can even have your buddies leave with you the day you get fired, and we'll still keep up the payments."

Johnny interrupted, "That's sort of like child support, right?"

"Yeah John, but I want to back up because you said something earlier that kind of concerns me."

"Okay."

"Well…it's nothing to worry about, but I just want to be real clear on this, so we know we're on the same page."

“Okay, what’s that,” Johnny said, for the first time feeling he might not get the job.

“Johnny, a few moments ago you said the words “work here.” When you come on board with Husband Incorporated, we work for you—and I mean that. For instance, if you need your office remolded or rearranged, we’ll do all the heavy lifting. We’re hiring you to do some menial tasks, no more difficult than cooking a simple meal or cleaning your house, but if you just want to lay around all day and watch television, that’s fine too. We’ll do the work for you. We’re here for your pleasure John. In fact, you can come and go as you please. We will, of course, draw up a schedule for you, but you can spend your time working for someone else during the hours you’re supposed to be here.”

Bob winked with a sly grin, “Might I suggest you spend some of the hours—that you’re scheduled to be here in your office at Husband Incorporated—over at Infidelity LLC instead. They’re located right across the street. Granted, they don’t pay as well, but the girls over there will pay for any dates you go on, and give you all the sex you ever wanted. The only downside is the gals at Infidelity love to trash talk Husband Incorporated, so you’ll have to put up with that.”

Johnny was about to ask what kind of ladies worked over at Infidelity, but he figured it would make him sound uncommitted to Husband Incorporated, so he remained quiet.

“Just to finish up John, I want to return to our version of the child support system. Our way of symbolically representing that you’ve brought a child into this marriage is if you recruit a friend to come on board with us. Once again, if you get fired before the seven years are up, we’ll pay you a minimum of $500 every month, for 18 years, for each friend you bring into the company. The best part is that the more money our company makes, the more money you’ll get for each one of your pals you recruited.”

Bob paused for a second as if he missed an important detail.

“Come to think of it Johnny, maybe that isn’t the best part. You see, we’ll actually help you bring your friends into the firm, and even if we don’t like the idea, you’ll have the power to demand that they work here. Moreover, although it is true that we could fire you, we absolutely positively have no authority to terminate the employment of your buddies. If you want a friend to come work for us, we’re stuck with him unless you say otherwise.”

“So that’s sort of like how guys have no legal authority to force their wife to have an abortion, and a woman can also easily get pregnant by lying about being on birth control. Is that correct?”

“Exactly John…and just a little nudge-nudge-wink-wink, if you make friends with someone over at Infidelity, we’re more than happy to hire them, so long as they don’t actually say they used to work for Infidelity. Hey, what we don’t know won’t hurt us right?”

“I guess so Bob,” Johnny replied.

“You know, I was reading the other day John, that there are around 300,000 paternity tests performed in the United States every year, and about 1/3rd end up proving that the man the woman claimed was the father, isn’t actually the biological father. If the guys around here have really stuck to our mission to emulate marriage and divorce, I’m willing to bet that about a third of the employees we’re paying here actually came over from Infidelity.”

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Admittedly, that short story is pretty silly, because no corporation would ever agree to those terms. A company that would reward employees for leaving, and have no means of enforcing a work ethic, would go bankrupt. If a company didn’t thoroughly screen applicants, yet gave them sign-on bonuses, threw parties for new hires and gave them all expenses paid vacations the day after they’re hired, their stocks would plummet. Every business magazine in the world would be calling them incompetent, while the editors and journalists would be secretly sending in their resumes. It makes me wonder then, how men can continue to get married when women are rewarded for getting divorced. I sense that this foolishness primarily comes from men thinking that the female across from them genuinely loves them. Men also have the ego to believe that they are such a great catch as a husband, that their wife would not leave them. The divorce rates say otherwise.

Reason #9 - False Domestic Violence Allegations

A law enforcement officer friend of mine once told me how his wife almost succeeded in having him arrested on a false charge of domestic violence. George was standing around in the living room when his wife suddenly rushed out from the kitchen, knife-in-hand, and knocking him off-balance with a back-hand, he flipped over the couch. His wife then proceeded to straddle him and started trying to cut his shirt off with the kitchen knife, but accidentally cut both the fabric and his flesh. His children quickly called the police. When a patrol car pulled into his driveway, George stumbled out the door with blood all over his sliced up shirt. Despite his wife showing no signs of abuse, she took flight outside and simply said, "He did it."

His fellow officers then immediately handcuffed him and were about to put him in the patrol car if it were not for the children running out to the policemen, and telling them what had transpired. When I asked George what instigated her attack, and why she wanted to cut him, he insisted that he sincerely believed she had no intention of cutting him with the knife, but for some unknown reason wanted to slice up his shirt. George was at a complete loss for words as to why she flew into a rage and stated that it was completely unforeseen. For the record, George was the pastor of his church and was loved and respected by his community.

The United States is not the only country suffering from women being given the power to charge men with domestic violence without evidence. *Russia Today*, a news outlet uploaded a mini-documentary to YouTube on February 10, 2016, titled "No Woman, No Crime: Israeli Men, Legally Harassed by Women." The documentary shows to what lengths feminist-empowered Jewish women will go to get what they want from men. Jewish girls in Israel have *carte blanche* to bring charges of rape and domestic violence against men without presenting a shred of evidence and often do so if a man refuses to marry them, or a husband or boyfriend doesn't do what they want.

In my life, I once dated a girl who later proved to be completely off her rocker. One night she refused to leave my house, so I went into the bedroom, pushed her back so she couldn't get in and quickly locked the door, thinking that she would eventually leave. In the morning I found her sleeping on my couch, and demanded again that she leave. She told me that she wasn't going to leave, and instead was going to call the police and say that I abused her if she didn't get her way. I secretly dialed 9-1-1, held the phone behind my back and loudly said, "So, you're going to lie to the police and say that I physically abused you, just because you're upset with me," to which she responded in the affirmative. I then put the phone to my head and told the emergency operator, "You just heard this woman admit that she's going to fabricate a story of domestic violence. Please send over a patrol car to remove this psychotic woman from my house." The crazy lying bitch then screamed, "I can't believe you would do this me," and stormed out of my house in a huff.

A false domestic violence charge is just one of many strategies women can use to control their husbands. If a man accuses another man of having struck him, law enforcement will require evidence. If a creature has a sausage-wallet, it is automatically assumed that whatever man she accuses of having hit her must be guilty, regardless if there is no evidence.

Reason #10 - False Rape Allegations

Various sources have claimed that false rape allegations account for only 3 – 4% of reports of rape, but I genuinely believe they pulled those numbers right out of thin air. Philip Rumney published his study "False Allegations of Rape" in *The Cambridge Law Journal* in March of 2006. He found that false rape accusations accounted for 10 – 50% of reported rape incidents. In 1994 Eugene Kanin of Purdue University published the results of his investigation into false rape allegations. Eugene chose a small community of 70,000 people because, unlike in many larger jurisdictions, the police department had the resources to "seriously record and pursue to closure all rape complaints, regardless of their merits." He also stated that their investigation "always involves a serious offer to polygraph the complainants and the suspects" and "the complainant must admit that no rape had occurred. She is the sole agent who can say that the rape charge is false." His findings? Out of 109 complaints filed between 1978 to 1987, police concluded that 45, or 41%, were utterly false.

Feminists try to explode these findings by essentially claiming that police officers are too incompetent to tell whether or not a woman is lying or not. A police officer writing for *ReturnofKings.com* said the following in his article "A Police Officer Shares His Personal Experiences With False Rape Claims," posted December 16, 2014:

"In my experience, I have investigated many different rape cases that ultimately turned out to be false, with some common reasons behind the initial claim. I have seen multiple instances of a girl claiming rape after she was caught,

or about to be caught, cheating on a boyfriend. I have seen a girl cry rape to avoid getting in trouble for being out past her curfew, which would have violated her probation. I have seen a girl from a religious ethnicity claim rape after getting pregnant through consensual sex, in an attempt to avoid the stigma of an out-of-wedlock pregnancy. I have investigated the rape claim of a girl at a house party, which ultimately turned out to be nothing more than regrettable drunken party sex. And finally, I have seen multiple examples of false claims stemming from mental illness, psychosis, and delusions on the part of the woman, with various motivations behind such claims."

After one particular incident where a girl admitted she was lying about being raped—because she didn't want her boyfriend to find out she was cheating on him—the officer stated that his fellow officers got into a conversation in which they tried to recall a single incident where a grown woman had inarguably been raped. He stated, "…all of us were racking our brains trying to think of one incident that we could recall of an adult rape claim being real. This was a combined total of roughly 50 years of law enforcement experience, both patrol and investigations, and between us we could only think of one example involving adults off the top of our heads."

Despite the efforts of law enforcement officers to sniff out liars, many men are still sitting in prison because of a woman's lies.

In 1988, Dion Harrell was sentenced to eight years in state prison for the rape of a teenager in Long Branch. Dion served four years before DNA tests proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was innocent.

William Barnhouse served 25 years in prison for rape before DNA tests confirmed the woman had made up the whole story.

Cornelius Dupree Jr. spent 30 years in prison for rape before DNA tests proved his innocence.

Danny Kay spent three years in prison over in England until his sister-in-law happened upon some deleted Facebook posts that proved his innocence.

Thomas Webb III spent 13 years in prison for rape before DNA evidence proved the woman who had twice picked him out of a lineup of other black men, had chosen the wrong guy.

On the surface, false rape allegations wouldn't seem to be a concern in marriage, but with the institution of marital rape laws, women have been granted an additional means to punish a husband who does not do as she sees fit. For instance, one man shared with me that in the last year of his marriage, his wife told him that if he tried to touch her sexually, she would call the police and cry rape.

Reason #11 - Her Real Husband is the State

When a man signs a marriage license, he is creating a legal corporation wherein he, his wife and the government are now legally bound together. *Black's Law Dictionary* defines a license as something that grants "permission by competent authority to do an act which without such permission, would be illegal." In effect, the government is saying that it is illegal for a man and woman to vow an oath of marriage without the consent of the state. No man regards the state as having the authority to declare with whom he may swear an oath of loyalty, but that is exactly what every man is admitting by signing a marriage license.

Women intuit precisely who has the real power in the marriage, for it is the entity that supposedly has the ability to say whether or not the marriage exists. No matter how much a woman reminds her man that he is her husband, it is a complete illusion. The real husband of every woman, no matter whether they are married or not, is the government. If a woman doesn't like how her live-in husband behaves, she can merely threaten the force of law to adjust his behavior. Financial divorce rape, alimony, custody of the children, false allegations of domestic violence, fabricated stories of child abuse or marital rape, are all at a woman's disposal through her real husband, the state.

Chapter 3 - Meet Your New Wife

"Women are directly adapted to act as the nurses and educators of our early childhood, for the simple reason that they themselves are childish, foolish, and short-sighted—in a word, are big children all their lives, something intermediate between the child and the man, who is a man in the strict sense of the word. Consider how a young girl will toy day after day with a child, dance with it and sing to it; and then consider what a man, with the very best intentions in the world, could do in her place." - Arthur Schopenhauer, 19th-century philosopher

Reason #12 - Living With a Child

Some guys say that it is hard to determine what a woman really wants, and numerous books and articles have been written to help men figure out what makes women tick. The only men who find women's thinking to be mysterious are those who try to assess them according to male standards of thought. The myth of equality has clouded men's ability to see that women are very different creatures than them.

The female mind is not too dissimilar to that of a child. Children do not concern themselves with the aftermath of their actions, as they are interested in their immediate gratification. If he is allowed, a child will gobble up fistfuls of sweets and consume nothing but sugary beverages all day long, regardless of whatever health warnings he's been given. The child is after how things make him feel. Grown women are also interested in how things make them feel, which is evidenced by, among other things, their spending habits. A wedding dress she'll only wear once, a diamond ring that lost half its value as soon as it left the store, and a $30,000 wedding ceremony are all complete wastes of money but cherished by women because of how these things make them feel. The fact that women initiate over 80% of divorces, and a parade of single mothers can be found on dating sites everywhere, speaks to their poor judgment, indecision, and inability to weigh the long-term ramifications of their actions.

Just like a fat kid who will consume as many donuts as his parents will give him, women are also more likely to be obese than men. A higher likelihood of weight gain in females is partly due to genetics and an instinct to pack on pounds for the purpose of survival, but the more gynocentric a society is, the fatter it becomes. A child cannot be held responsible for the food he is provided, in what portion it is given to him, nor held to account for his parents not requiring him to play outside and exercise. It is then unfair to hold a child responsible for his weight. Here too, women demonstrate that they want to be treated like children. "Fat acceptance" is the push by women to shame men into accepting their obesity rather than taking responsibility for their own actions. Social networking websites are littered with images of fat models, accompanied with captions saying how women who are grossly overweight are just as beautiful as girls who are fit and healthy.

Adulthood is categorized by independent decision making, personal responsibility and financial independence. Regarding independent thinking—despite feminism attempting to convince women that they should be rulers of their own destiny—various surveys have shown that women want a man to be the decision maker in a relationship. As for personal responsibility, virtually every real or imagined adverse condition that women are in, or have experienced, is blamed on men. For example, the claim that women earn $0.70 for every $1.00 a man earns is an often repeated myth by feminists. In the book *Why Men Earn More: The Startling Truth Behind the Pay Gap and What Women Can Do About It* by Dr. Warren Farrell, the author shows that women earn less than men because they choose jobs that don't pay as well. In college, men prefer to major in studies that will help them secure a place in a high paying occupation, but the majority of female students do not. Somehow, even though women are making these choices, it's still the fault of men.

As for financial independence, a woman's biological imperative is to seek out a male who has access to the resources she desires. Feminism has only succeeded in making it easier for women to make bad decisions without having to take on the responsibility of acquiring resources with their own two hands. A woman who reproduces with a man that she later claims isn't a suitable mate, is rewarded for her poor decision making through child support. The courts almost universally awarding women majority custody of the child is an additional pat on the back.

The vast majority of pregnancies are unplanned and were unwanted by the male, yet despite women having ready

access to birth control, somehow these supposedly adult creatures keep getting pregnant. In 2014, an estimated 926,240 abortions were performed, which represented 19% of all pregnancies for that year. If a man offers his buddy a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, but his friend is allergic to peanuts, whose fault is it if he eats it? Unless a woman was raped, or for some reason, the birth control honestly didn't work, the onus is always 100% on the woman if she gets pregnant. She's the one with the womb, easy access to affordable and effective birth control, and men cannot get pregnant.

There are very few instances of a pregnancy being the result of rape, and most abortions are done for unmarried women in their 20s, according to the Center for Disease Control. The need for an abortion means that there was lack of good judgment on the part of the woman, yet a gynocentric society would have us feel sorry for these women who failed to use birth control and failed to act responsibly. Single mothers are applauded for having made a poor choice in a mate and having abandoned the father of their children. Despite the fact that study after study shows that raising a child in a mother-only home is one of the worst things you can do to your offspring, we're supposed to cheer on single mothers as excellent examples of strong and independent women.

A woman who files for divorce is rewarded through divorce settlements and alimony, and will usually gain ownership of the house her ex-husband worked his ass off to pay for. This is like rewarding a child with a lifetime supply of ice cream after she throws her ice cream cone on the ground and screams that it wasn't the flavor she really wanted.

The idea that a man can take advantage of a woman who is intoxicated and find himself locked up in prison for date rape, even if he and the woman were both under the influence of alcohol when they had sex, also speaks to the fact that women think like children. If two men go out for drinks and one guy says, "Why don't you drive us over to another bar, because this place sucks," and they get into an accident, whose fault is it? The drunk driver who operated the vehicle is at fault and will be tried as an adult who decided to make an irresponsible decision. Even if a man is so drunk that he can hardly walk, if he has sex with a woman who had a glass of wine, she can easily argue that she was date raped and likely win her case in a court of law. Why? Because even the law seems to know that women are essentially children, and feminism wants to keep it that way.

Reason #13 – Women Love to Play Games

Pick-up artists (PUAs) refer to a man's toolbox of seduction techniques as "game," and for good reason. Seducing a woman is very much like playing a game in which the man must press a series of buttons in the right combination to gain access to her penis-garage. The mission of the PUA is to take note of the game a particular woman wants to play, but skillfully move her onto his own game board where he makes the rules.

Women love to play games and do so in such subtle ways that many men don't detect it. The most popular female game is the shit-test, in which a woman will say or do things to determine how much a guy will put up with her shit. Depending upon his score at the end of each shit-test round, she'll be able to ascertain whether she's dealing with an alpha male, a beta male suitable for extracting resources, or if the man's alpha male status has fallen. A girl who shows up late could be testing your reaction. Will you tolerate her disregarding the importance of the plans you made for the evening? Do you consider access to Miss Flappy—her asshole's fishy neighbor—to be more valuable than your own time? If she decides to put less thought into her appearance, will you complain or keep your mouth shut because you don't want to ruin the chance of getting a blowjob? Cheating, or suggesting that she be allowed to see other people, is the ultimate shit test. Are you dumb enough to keep providing this whore resources even though she's been getting railed by Chad?

If a man takes a girl out on a nice date but she doesn't give him sex, yet says she's looking forward to another date, she's playing a game. The purpose of this game is to convince the male that she is a prize worth chasing and to assess just how much value he places on her fish-mitten. After a few dates, it will give her some sense of just how many resources she can extract out of him. If the amount is sufficient, she will sleep with him, and thus—very much like training an animal—subconsciously link in the man's mind that providing her resources equals his sexual gratification. A woman who spent her college years riding Chad-cock can also appear to be a modest girl by withholding sex on the first few dates, even though she's been ran-through more than an offensive line.

A girl who gets engaged is likely to throw out a few random shit-tests to glean some prediction of how married life will be with her new fiancé; so too, will a girl who is actively on the prowl for a boyfriend that meets her standards

for “husband material.” Females are instinctively attracted to confident and capable leaders so any man who is willing to put up with their shit cannot be the pinnacle of alpha male leadership. This is why women are attracted to bad boys that don’t appear to care about them and refuse to put up with their shit. However, women are often forced to decide between the alpha male who has valuable genetic material in his ball-sack, and the provider-male who has valuable resources in his bank account. She wants to know which one you are so she can figure out her next move. A provider-male will be at the top of the list, after she’s ridden enough Chad-cock to turn her vagina into a pound of meat loaf, and realizes that her beauty is fading and her fertility window is closing.

Having secured a robot in the form of a husband, a wife will increase her shit-tests, to ensure that the resources he accrues through his hard work will be used to appease her, and her alone. Like a girl warming up to a horse, so she can ride it, the question is, “Just how much weight can I get this stronger animal to carry for me?” Are you willing to do some of her household chores, even though you’re working 60 hours this week? Exactly how much does your wife really need to spread her legs to keep you handing over your resources, but at the same time, prevent you from walking out the door?

This is why women are such terrible communicators. Their goal is not to communicate the truth but to gauge reactions. Therein is the unfortunate reality to the joke, “No means no…except when it means yes.” How many guys rolled their girlfriend over and pounded her pussy into the mattress after she said “no” to sex, only to be told after the money-shot, “I really love how you just took charge?” On the other hand, how many men are sitting in prison because a woman said yes to sex, but regretted it the next day and called in a false rape allegation so the cum-slut wouldn’t have to admit to herself how slutty she acted?

A wife might see if she can get you to cancel your trip to the gun range with your best mate, just to see if your balls are still in her purse. A wife might say, “I just want to be left alone,” and then get angrier when her husband complies and drives off to the bar, only to tell him later, “I really wanted you to hold me.” Do you really want to spend your life playing stupid games and guessing whether or not what your wife said to you is just another one of her shit-tests?

Reason #14 – Women Live for Drama

Men use their strength and their knowledge of how objects work to get the resources they need. As women are the weaker sex, they must rely on a variety of other strategies to attain resources and social power. Women love drama and gossip because they generally lack the inherent attributes to amass a lot of resources through other means, and are typically not interested in other avenues.

Drama is used both as a method to control men, but also as a means to feel alive. A man feels alive and accomplished through the strain of his mind and muscles, interaction with the objective world and what can be logically concluded by observation. Women experience the vibrancy of life through emotion. Whenever emotion stagnates, a woman becomes deadened to the pulse of existence like someone cut off from sensation in a sensory-deprivation tank. In the desperate desire to feel alive again, she creates drama, and in so doing, emotions well up in her like a heartbeat kick-started again on an EKG machine. Much like a bat using sonar to navigate at night, the pushing and pulling of her drama creates an emotional tension that she then uses to verify her existence.

In Te-Erika Patterson’s article “Why Women Crave Drama,” posted to *EliteDaily.com* on November 15, 2013, she wrote, “Women crave drama because we need to experience the exhilaration of uncertainty, the excitement of having to exercise our creative powers to transform a situation or tame the wild beast.” She also stated, “We are addicted to the pride that comes from the challenge of overcoming. When there’s no drama eagerly popping up in our lives, we get lost in soap operas, reality shows and celebrity gossip. We want that "OMG" factor and we want it every day because without it, we would be numb.”

When a woman creates drama in her relationship, it is a kind of shit-test, in which she feels disappointment when her man gets upset and marches off, but exhilaration when he returns and they come back together again. If she can get him to kiss-and-make-up, she validates the value of her cock-sock and receives an emotional high. As Patterson admits in her article, women are in effect emotional addicts.

Reason #15 – A Nagging Wife Can Literally Kill You

Nagging is defined as constantly verbally harassing someone in an attempt to get them to do what you want them to. If you tell some beta male cuckold that an essential ingredient for happiness in a relationship with a woman is for her to keep her mouth shut, he'd likely get his panties in a bunch and say something about equality, or regurgitate some other feminist twaddle. The "happy wife, happy life" mantra is little more than an anecdote for castrated men who try to make light of why their testicles are in their wife's purse. There is some truth to the saying, but not as most might imagine.

As journalist Francine Russo points out in her article "Here is the Secret to Marriage Happiness," citing research by the University of California Berkeley and Northwestern University, the faster a wife backs off and calms down, the happier the marriage. Researchers also discovered that the length at which a husband remains angry and refuses to back down had little effect on marital happiness. In other words, the less a woman nags, the happier her husband will be, and the happier she will be—but the ball is in her court, not his.

The anecdote women *should* be saying is, "A happy husband will make me a happy wife," but trying to put the onus on women is like trying to nail a custard pie to a wall. Women are not creatures of responsibility, as is evidenced by the fact that they so often claim that everything is the fault of men.

In a 2014 article entitled "Nagging could cost the lives of hundreds of men" by Rebecca Smith, the medical editor at *The Telegraph* in the UK, presents the dark outcome of living with a bitch. Rebecca combed over research published in *The Journal of Epidemiology & Community Health* which showed that husbands who live with a nagging wife are 2.5 times more likely to die in the next 10 years than men in less stressful relationships. A woman with an abrasive attitude has the power to drive a man right into an early grave, yet how many of them are willing to admit it, or are even conscious of the fact, that they drove their husband to his deathbed? There is no way to ensure that a girl is not going to turn into a nagging bitch after marriage or pregnancy, but there is one way to find out.

Reason #16 – You Will Lose Every Argument

Men generally argue for no other reason than to prove they are right or enter into debates to explore the soundness of their beliefs or theories or even those of someone else. When a woman argues she is playing an emotional game. What she says is intended to elicit a response. It has nothing to do with facts or logic. This is why you hear women say things like, "I find that really offensive." Think of all the guys you know that can be categorized as "manly men." Have you ever heard any of them ever say some shit like, "I find that really offensive"?

Women care about how the conversation is making them feel, rather than the soundness of what has been stated. No amount of evidence can ever win an argument with a woman because it is impossible to argue with feelings.

Before a man opens his mouth to make a point in front of other men, he must be confident that what he is about to say is built on solid ground and will not make him look like a fool. A man might choose to remain silent until he has completed necessary research to speak intelligently on the subject. As natural liars, women have no such obligation, as they are used to winning people over through a display of beauty or an outburst of emotions. I use the seemingly harsh term "natural liars" because girls learn early on how to exaggerate their emotions, alter their appearance or feign interest to get what they want. In the school of life, girls come to understand that getting their way has more to do with how they look and act, rather than what they know. Acting more upset than you really are, in the hopes of getting your way, is lying. When a woman stuffs her bra, wears a wig, or puts on a girdle to hide her fat, she is lying. When a woman gets cosmetic surgery, dyes the gray out of her hair and claims she's ten years younger than she really is, she is lying.

Dr. Ned Holstein, from the National Parents Organization (formerly known as Fathers & Families), discovered that "women who fail to pay all of their child support are incarcerated only one-eighth as often as men with similar violations." Sonja Starr, an assistant law professor at the University of Michigan, found that men are given sentences that are 63 percent longer, on average, than those received by women for the same crime. The point is that women are not used to even having to argue to receive a pass.

As for a passing grade, being an attractive female is also beneficial in the classroom. As Christina Peters and Rey Hernandez-Julian from the Metropolitan States University of Denver put it, "More attractive students earn higher grades when they are seen than when they are not seen. In a June 20, 2017 article published in *Pacific Standard*, titled "Attractive Students Get Higher Grades," the two economists noted that a student getting a higher grade for

physical appearance was often “driven mainly by courses taught by male instructors.” On the television show Shark Tank, in which entrepreneurs have to convince investors to invest in their businesses, female business owners often burst into tears as a last-ditch effort to get the money they’re seeking—and they often succeed.

If a woman cries, then you’ve already lost the argument, no matter how many facts you’ve laid on the table. Pressing the issue to make your point to a woman always risks such an emotional outburst. The guy who starts prattling off facts or pulls out his smartphone to search out a study he knows will win the debate, has missed the point: he has only proven his willingness to ignore the feelings of the woman he is arguing with. Obviously it is shameful in our society for some man to overlook the duress of some poor helpless girl in tears, so the apparent brute has lost the argument.

Do you really want to live with a creature that doesn’t even know how to formulate a reasonable argument?

Reason #17 – Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde’s Menstrual Cycle

While an unmarried man can merely avoid his girlfriend when she’s on her period, or break up with her if she steps out of line, a married man has years of menstrual cycles to deal with. A woman can become an emotional wreck when she’s on her period, and many women will become full-blown bitches. Most women don’t like to have sex when they’re menstruating, so whereas a single man always has options, a married man faces the strong possibility of going without sex for 4 – 7 days every month and dealing with a bitchy attitude.

A claim that she is having menstrual cramps, whether real or fabricated, will also mean her unwillingness to attend to her chores, such as washing the dishes or making dinner. An old-timer told me that when he was a Hospital Corpsman in the Navy, he had to start keeping track of the menstrual cycles of all the female sailors he was in charge of at the medical facility. He said they would often use menstrual cramps as an excuse to get out of duty. Apparently, they would enter requests for days off work so often they must have had menstrual cycles that latest thirty days out of every month. As I said before, women are natural liars.

Reason #18 - Women Can Be Physically Abusive

As little boys, most of us heard the nursery rhyme that says little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice. As for boys, according to the rhyme we’re made out of “snips and snails and puppy-dogs’ tails.” Nothing negative is being said about boys, but girls are elevated above males by claiming that they’re made out of “everything nice.” Too many men grow up believing this, so it comes as a shocker when a woman does something cold and heartless to them.

When we observe a male animal in the wild tearing apart prey we do not think that such aggression is limited only to the males of the species. Female wolves, snakes, lions, alligators, and sharks can be just as deadly as their male counterparts. Why is it then that men largely delude themselves into thinking that women are much less likely to engage in domestic violence?

According to the *National Intimate Partner and Sexual Violence Survey* of 2010 published by the CDC, 1 in 3 women and 1 in 4 men have been victims of physical violence by an intimate partner and 1 in 7 men have been victims of severe physical abuse. In their report “Domestic Violence: The Male Perspective,” the men’s rights group Parity uses statistics from government sources to show that 40% of the victims of domestic violence are men.

Men are three times more likely than women to keep abuse a secret, and there’s good reason. When a man shared his stories of how his girlfriend abused him on the *Jeremy Kyle* talk show in Britain, the women in the audience erupted in laughter, and Jeremy had to rebuke them for their hypocrisy. An abused man can speak out, leave the relationship, try to defend himself, or refuse to cohabitate with women, or he can avoid relationships with them altogether. If a man speaks out, he’s likely to be laughed at or ignored, and police are often quick to arrest a male victim rather the female victimizer.

An increasing number of heterosexual men—calling themselves MGTOW (Men Going Their Way)—are insisting that refusal to cohabitate is the only safe option.

Many men have regretted trying to defend themselves against an enraged girlfriend or wife, as they found themselves in jail or prison. It should not be shocking that law enforcement and the judiciary favor women. As I

mentioned earlier, a study by Sonja Starr, an assistant law professor at the University of Michigan, found that men are punished with sentences that are 63 percent longer than women convicted of the same crimes in a federal court. Women are treated like defenseless children that are virtually incapable of lying, while men are treated like brutish savages capable of the most heinous crimes imaginable.

A wife can kick her husband in the nuts, slap him, spit on him, claw his face and punch him, and law enforcement will most likely haul him off to jail if he so much as pushes her away in self-defense. Men have been issued prison sentences of several years just for restraining their wife in such way as to prevent her from continuing to hit them.

Men often don't tell anyone that they've been physically abused by a woman, namely because we like to think that we're tough, and we should just suck-it-up "like a man," but also because it can be embarrassing to admit it. For these reasons, the number of domestic violence crimes against men from women is likely grossly misrepresented and is probably much higher.

It should not come as a shock that women strike men so much, as countless movies and television shows have scenes where an actress slaps a man across the face. Comedies also often feature men getting kicked in the testicles, or hit in the groin by some object—as if hurting the male genitalia is hilarious. The television show *America's Funniest Home Videos* periodically features videos of men and boys taking a painful hit to the groin. On the women's TV show *The Talk*, Sharon Osbourne cackled uncontrollably like a wrinkled old demon-possessed hag as she talked about the true story of a man getting his penis cut off and thrown in a garbage disposal. Sharon Osbourne had the audience, and her round-table of female co-hosts, erupting into sardonic laughter as she said of the man's incised genitals, "I think it's quite fabulous; I mean, can you just imagine that thing whizzing around the disposal—it's like hysterical!"

The message is evident throughout the entertainment industry: hitting males is okay, and directing violence at their genitals is good for a laugh. BreakingTheSilence.org notes that 71 percent of children killed by one of their parents are murdered by their mother, and 60 percent of the victims are boys. One wonders how much the way males are portrayed by the media has contributed to the deaths of little boys at the hands of the enraged mothers.

I have a few stories to tell about abusive women that I'm not ashamed to admit, as they have been great eye-openers for what women are capable of.

When I tried to leave Melissa, and attempted to open our apartment door to walk out, she charged at me and clawed my face from beneath my right eye, all the way down my cheek. I pushed her back and walked out, dripping blood from the skin torn on my face. She could have blinded me with her long fingernails. I had never laid a hand on Melissa until that day I pushed her back in self-defense.

Susan was another interesting case of realizing how little I was valued in the eyes of a woman I treated so well. One night she went into an epileptic seizure, so I called for an ambulance. Almost as the paramedics came into the house, Susan's seizure ended. She signed a waiver agreeing to turn-down medical attention. As soon as the paramedics left the apartment, she turned to me and began hammering me in the face with her fists. On another occasion where I was intent on leaving her, I walked out of her place and made my way down the road. She charged after me, and as I turned to face her, she pummeled me in the face with her fists.

One of the most telling experiences of abuse was that of Angela who clawed my face right outside of a restaurant in full view of a police officer. I pushed her back in self-defense. It literally seemed like she purposefully fell to the ground to exaggerate the amount of force I used to defend myself. I proceeded to enter the establishment as we were there to meet some friends. Angela followed me and sat down beside me. The officer who witnessed the incident came in, and though she had torn my skin and a trickle of blood was making its way down my cheek, the policeman merely took her aside, scolded her and walked off.

I never foresaw that any of these women would physically abuse me, but thankfully they were only girlfriends. Married men who find themselves in an abusive relationship aren't so lucky. It is not so easy to get rid of a wife, as divorce comes with the threat of losing a significant portion of one's assets to a divorce settlement, alimony and child support. Moreover, cohabitating with a woman can overcomplicate making a safe escape, and there are virtually no shelters for battered men. Furthermore, law enforcement is more likely to arrest an abused husband rather than the abusive wife, because having a vagina assumes innocence, and judges will often scoff at a man's

stories of being beaten by a woman, especially if the judge is female.

The Harvard Business School conducted a study of 11,000 men and women concerning domestic violence. They published their findings in the May 2007 issue of *The American Journal of Public Health* under the title "Differences in Frequency of Violence and Reported Injury between Relationships and Nonreciprocal Intimate Partner Violence." They discovered that 50% of relationship violence was reciprocal, but when both parties admitted to hitting each other, both men and women also admitted that the woman in the relationship was the one who was most likely to strike first. The Harvard Business School also found that when relationship violence was one-sided, women were the perpetrators 70% of the time.

The only sure way to avoid being locked in an abusive relationship—or being locked up in prison for defending yourself against a violent wife—is to not get married.

Reason #19 - Women Can Be Emotionally Abusive

Domestic violence can also come in the form of verbal abuse, and it is often the preferred way that a woman chooses to hurt her husband. One woman I knew would poke fun at the size of her husband's penis in front of friends whenever she was upset with him.

When I was rolling around in bed with one live-in girlfriend, and let her know that I really wanted her to give me fellatio, she snapped at me and said that I smelled. I had just gotten out of the shower moments ago, and never, under any circumstances will I have ever let a woman go down on me if I'm not clean—even if the woman is a prostitute. She made the comment to wound me. I would later find out that she was cheating on me with an ex-boyfriend, who she admitted treated her like garbage. She was obsessively writing about him in a diary she kept in a lockbox beneath my bed; the same bed she would tell me she loved me in.

Women say things to get emotional reactions. The outcome is justifiable so long as it returns a desirable feeling.

Reason #20 – Having a Conversation With a Turnip

When you think of a good intellectually stimulating conversation, do you picture talking with one of your pals, or a male mentor like a father, your pastor or the old-timer that lives next door? While there are women who are well read, most of the deep-thinkers I know are men.

If someone asks you to think of some famous deep-thinkers, perhaps the names of a few philosophers might come up. In terms of length alone, the list of female philosophers is actually quite impressive, but can you name even one? Can you name even one woman who contributed to theology, or whose sermons are cherished by millions the world over? The subjects of politics, philosophy, theology, economics, history, sociology, business, warfare and technology are all chiefly the domain of men. These are the things intellectual men are generally interested in talking about, yet they are not in the interest of most women. By comparison to the depth of conversation one can have with a fellow man, to get married is to condemn oneself to conversations that amount to little more than the babble of infants.

Reason #21 - Religious Differences

If being with someone who shares your faith, or lack of faith, is important to you, getting married can be one of the worst mistakes you'll ever make. If your wife decides to convert to a different religion, abandons her faith, or goes from an atheist to a fundamentalist bible-thumper, there's nothing you can do about it. There a wide variety of books and videos, hosted at video sharing websites, of people giving the reasons why they lost their religion, or why they converted to another one. It is foolish then for a man to think that the woman he marries will retain her belief, or lack thereof, "till death do us part."

Naomi Schaefer Riley, the author of *Til Faith Do Us Part: How Interfaith Marriage Is Transforming America*, commissioned a study of 2,450 Americans through the polling firm YouGov in 2010. In her April 5, 2013 article "Interfaith Unions: A Mixed Blessing" published in *The New York Times*, Naomi stated, "While roughly a third of all evangelicals' marriages end in divorce, that figure climbs to nearly half for marriages between evangelicals and non-evangelicals."

The Barna Research Group's 1999 study of intra-faith divorce rates discovered that born-again Christians had the

highest marital failure rate out of other Christian faith groups at 27 percent. Jews were the most likely to divorce, while atheists and agnostics were the least likely at 21 percent.

A 1993 study by Evelyn Lehrer of the University of Illinois at Chicago, found that at the five-year mark 20% of such marriages between mainline denominations end in divorce, to say nothing of what the future holds in ten or twenty years. Evelyn also discovered that 33% of marriages between an evangelical and a Catholic, and 40% of marriages between a Christian and a Jew ended in divorce in five years.

If a couple that shares the exact same belief are not equally committed or equally lax about their religion, it can become a significant determinant for predicting marital stability. From the earlier findings of the Barna Research Group, an atheist or agnostic couple might think they have cause for celebration with a divorce rate of 21%, but not only have divorce rates increased since their 1999 study, but there is also no assurance that a wife will remain a non-believer. The introduction of children into a marriage, a death in the family, illness of a loved one, or surviving a near-fatal accident, can all impact a person's spiritual beliefs. A wife who is an atheist might suddenly return to church after her father dies. By the same token, a wife might completely dissolve her faith in God after her favorite nephew dies in a horrible car accident, or her best friend calls her with the sad news that she has cancer.

Reason #22 – Her Politics Are Not Your Politics

I will say upfront that I am an absolute monarchist, who believes in the age-old system of the rule of kings, so I do not favor either the Republican or Democratic parties. However, I think it can be soundly argued that the Democratic Party is closer to the aims of feminism than the Republican Party. Within that sentence lies the issue of politics and marriage. I will unapologetically say that male readers who are democrats are more likely to be able to engage me in an intellectually stimulating and civil debate in defense their politics, than most any woman I have ever met.

The point is that men generally give at least some thought to their politics. Women, on the other hand, are mere conformists who vie for whatever system would seem to provide them with the most rewards, and the least responsibilities.

According to the article "Wide Gender Gap, Growing Educational Divide in Voters' Party Identification" published by the Pew Research Center on March 20, 2018, "56% majority of women identify as Democrats or lean Democratic." It's telling to note that if a woman is married to a wealthy man, she's more likely to vote Republican. The thought process is that her husband's wealth is also hers, so she votes to protect the resources she has acquired through marriage. A female's biological imperative to obtain resources from males translates to the increasing tendency of women to favor policies that afford them ease of access to the wealth of men.

Men who pride themselves on their patriotism must understand that a woman's other biological imperative to reproduce with the best alpha male they can find, precludes them from being patriots. To put it bluntly: women will spread their legs for the conquerors. When an invading force succeeds in capturing a land, the male soldiers have demonstrated their superior alpha status. Even if men put up a strong defense against an opposing army, if local women see greater alpha characteristics in a soldier of the opposing force, their sexual desires will be ignited. It is essential to understand that pointing this out is not an affront to women. Nature requires that women breed with the best men they can find to ensure that the species continues to be strengthened. In all, the takeaway point is that a woman's political views are illusory.

The other issue at hand is that most women do not have a keen interest in politics. Females are more likely to latch on to political causes because of how they make them feel, rather than seeking a real understanding of the workings of government and politics. The study of political science remains a majority-male discipline, yet Shauna Shames wrote in "Political Science's Gender Problem" that "women now represent about 25% of tenured political science professors, up from about 5% in 1980." In 2016 about 1 in every 5 members of Congress were women. What we have is a growing trend of women entering into positions of political power and influence, and an increasing number of women moving over to the Democratic Party.

In a side-by-side comparison of how the Republican and Democratic parties weigh-in on significant issues, it is easy to see which one caters more to the empowerment of women to the detriment of men, the family unit and the future

of American children. In his “Men in America” report, Tucker Carlson, a news reporter for *Fox News*, said that exit polls showed that 74% of single mothers had voted for Democratic Party presidential candidate Barack Obama in 2008. In 2012, 75% of single mothers voted for Obama.

In June 2013, *Psychological Science* published a peer-reviewed article titled "The Fluctuating Female Vote: Politics, Religion and the Ovulatory Cycle.” The lead-author, Kristina Durante, an assistant professor of marketing at the University of Texas at San Antonio, found that ovulation affected women’s preferences for presidential candidates. *CNN* cited the research in their article "The Fluctuating Female Vote," but quickly deleted it after a feminist-led witch hunt ensued.

Taking on a wife can mean cohabiting with someone whose politics are entirely at odds with your own. If your political enemies offer more cheese in their mousetrap, that’s where you’ll find your wife’s vote. If political enemies invade your nation and beat your countrymen back, expect your wife to be dreaming of the hard chiseled bodies of foreign invaders, and fantasizing about their alpha male semen.

Chapter 4 - The Married Sex Life

"What's my secret? Drinking martinis, smoking cigars, going out with young girls and eating everything you want to eat providing you don't have to cut it with a knife." - George Burns

Reason #23 – Married Men Have Less Sex

When men daydream about how their married sex life will be, they imagine that they'll be having tons of sex with their future wife every chance they get. Some articles even perpetuate the idea that married men have more sex than single men. Such polls are skewed by the fact that not all single men are created equally, nor have the same goals in mind.

If we ask one-hundred single men, who are skilled in picking up women, how much sex they've had in the past year, the results will be significantly different from asking a random group. One might argue that a random selection of men is necessary for a fair and scientific study, but the focus should be on what the average single man is capable of achieving with some training in the art of seduction. In other words, an honest study would attempt to show what the best possibilities are for the ordinary bachelor if he is given the best shot at picking up girls.

Since many men have been raised by single mothers and have no formal training in pick-up artistry, the promise that more sex is virtually guaranteed if a man gets married seems enticing. The methods to seduce Western women have also changed due to feminism, yet many men haven't learned or adapted to a new environment filled with feminist-influenced bitches.

Yet another factor at play is that while almost all single men think about sex multiple times a day, their goals aren't the same. For instance, I might go several months without sleeping with any women, just because I'm focused on a project and don't want to deal with the distraction. Since I took the time to study various courses by leading pick-up artists, and I'm an advocate of prostitution, any long dry periods in my life are entirely intentional. The same cannot be said for men who foolishly signed the marriage contract. Unless a man is willing to cheat on his wife, and can do so often, the amount of sex he is getting is laughable compared to what a mediocre looking guy whose polished his seduction skills can do. A guy that has accumulated an enviable amount of money—or can sufficiently convince women that he is wealthy—is also likely to get more poon than a married man.

If you seek out the confessions of married men online or talk to them privately in person, you'll find that married couples have sex once a week, once a month or once a year. The amount of sex a married man gets is directly proportional to how many years he's been married. Couples that have been married for five years or more often report having sex 1 – 3 times per month, and after ten years it drops as low as 1 – 2 times per year.

The guys that are having the most sex are men who focus on keeping a girlfriend no longer than 3 – 6 months; essentially dumping her the moment sex slows down or she becomes a pest. Since virtually all girls want to bag a husband, women who think they've found a good catch will put out more in the first few months of dating in an attempt to show their boyfriend a supposed preview of things to come if he's stupid enough to marry her. Since a wife is not required to have sex with her husband, and since alimony and child support financially punish the man who leaves a sexually frigid wife, women have no reason to please their husbands.

Women are driven by two vital biological imperatives: the desire to reproduce with the best possible male they can find; and, the need to be provided for and protected in a stable environment. A man who secures a girlfriend has done so because she believes he is an alpha male or possesses alpha characteristics. The female has determined that he is the best male specimen that she is currently capable of reproducing with; or, she sees him as a beta male provider who can be manipulated to give her his resources (i.e., money).

It is natural that a female will be turned on by an alpha male, as God or nature has programmed her to be in order so the species is increasingly strengthened by the genetics of the best males continuing on into the next generation. I must again insist upon the understanding that I do not hold anything against women for being women, any more

than I hold anything against a dog licking his own ass. If women ignored their biological imperatives, our species would have died out thousands of years ago.

One critical problem with tying-the-knot is that marriage clouds a woman's perception of her husband, such that no matter how much of an alpha male he is, the very act of signing the marriage contract reduces him to a beta male provider. In the advent of laws that give women tremendous power over their husbands—both in the event of a divorce and also in the married home—it is impossible for a man to convincingly retain a dominant position. Women are turned on by men with power, yet marriage strips a man of all his power—thus her natural arousal response is nullified.

Furthermore, for various reasons married men can lose respect and decline in the pecking order of their friends. The single guy she once observed happily joking around with his friends, who was always getting looks from the ladies, and who she assumed was the leader of the pack, has faded away. A married man is no longer desired by most women because of the ring on his finger, and thus his alpha status has diminished. Under the threat of divorce or sleeping on the couch, a married man undoubtedly can't be the leader of his own tribe of friends because his balls are in his wife's purse. Marriage laws turn the most alpha men into powerless beta male providers, unfit to excite the instinctual desires of their wives. If you don't want to have less sex, don't get married.

Reason #24 – Say Goodbye to Regularly Scheduled Blowjobs

When it comes to sex, it is more work to please someone than it is to lay there and be pleased. According to a 2015 survey of 2,827 women conducted by Skyn Condoms, over 50% of women enjoy the missionary position or doggy-style, and around 80% of women prefer a position that doesn't require any real work on their part. Since women inherently want to be dominated it also makes sense that they would prefer positions in which the man is in a position of dominance and control. When a woman is giving a blowjob, she is in a submissive position. It would make sense that women would enjoy giving head, but the problem with fellatio is the marriage dynamic. The great joke about married women and blowjobs is that the reason why women smile when they're walking down the wedding aisle is that they're happy they've finally given their last blowjob.

For a woman, getting married means she has secured her workhorse; a woman's husband is her servant. It is the man that gets down on his knees to propose, not the woman. The man is symbolically saying that he is finally willing to submit and be the servant and protector of a woman, just as a knight kneels before his queen. It, therefore, flies in the face of what has been symbolically agreed upon—and what she envisions marriage to be—for her husband to be the object of service, rather than the one who serves.

The fact is that giving head is a real workout. Women are not creatures of responsibility, duty or hard work. A woman burns about 100 calories for every 30 minutes of giving oral sex. A thirty-minute blowjob is equivalent to going on a 23-minute bike ride. Mere observation, along with weight loss solutions advertised on the covers of women's magazines, tells us that women are more apt to choose dieting rather than exercise to solve a weight problem. Dieting is the path of least resistance, just as a woman lying on her back or bending over is the choice that requires less effort on her part.

Men delude themselves into thinking that marrying their girlfriend will mean decades of amazing blowjobs, but the reason unmarried women give great head, and give it often, is because they're trying to secure a husband. Once the marriage contract is signed, there is absolutely no reason for a woman to give her husband regular blowjobs. There is also no reason for her to be as enthusiastic whenever she decides to treat her husband—once a month, or once a year—with a blowjob, for he is the servant, and she is the mistress. The old adage that fat women and girls that aren't that pretty give the best head echoes this reasoning. The more desperate a woman is to secure a servant, by way of a marriage contract, the more eager she is to please.

Lack of sex and blowjobs in a marriage is nothing but a bait and switch used by virtually every married woman. If this were not true, there wouldn't be so many testimonials and studies confirming that sex declines with every year of marriage. If a woman gave her man head several times a week then he should rightfully expect the same sexual behavior into their 15th or 30th year of marriage, but this isn't the case; it's nothing but a bait and switch. It is doubtful that out of one-hundred married men there is even one who can honestly say that blowjobs increased after he got married. If you like blowjobs, don't get married.

Reason #25 – Throw Your Kinky Fantasies Out the Window

Not only does the frequency of sex decrease upon getting married but there's a whole host of fantasies that you can throw right out the window. Most married women are not going to be okay with bringing another woman into the bedroom, dressing up like a maid or a nurse, or giving you anal sex when you want it. You can also forget about any fantasy of sleeping with a mother and her adult daughter.

Just as in the case of unmarried women giving frequent and enthusiastic blowjobs, a wife is more likely to be less kinky than a girlfriend, a friend-with-benefits, a one-night stand or a prostitute. Once a man has bent the knee and shackled himself with a marriage contract, there is no reason for his wife to be kinky.

Keep a girlfriend long enough, and the frequency and creative variety in your sex life is sure to decrease. This usually happens after three months, but is sure to plummet at the moment she decides that you aren't going to marry her or she no longer believes you are the most ideal candidate for a husband. An unforeseen downturn in finances, or your girlfriend suddenly catching the eye of a man who appears to have more alpha male traits or money than you do, all can cause a quick drop in her libido and performance. Even repeatedly demonstrating characteristics that she finds difficult or impossible to tame out of you can have the effect of her spunk-bucket drying up.

The foolish man is the one whose sex-life with his girlfriend has stagnated but believes marrying her will somehow make things different. While it is true that proposing to a girl can ignite the bed sheets again, this is only because she now believes that she's betting on a sure-thing. The girl that can now proudly call herself a man's fiancée, knows that she only has to keep her man enticed until the day he signs the life-long service agreement to her. If you like kinky sex, don't get married.

Reason #26 – Say Goodbye to Candy & Bambi's Sweet Young Ass

While some men have very strict tastes, there is still variety among the specific types of women that excite him. For years my favorite make and model has been Ford's Lincoln Town Car. If the next iteration of the Town Car somehow fails to meet my standards, I am not required by any contract to purchase it. I not only have the freedom to choose a different make and model, but I can also buy as many vehicles as my budget will allow. Marriage, on the other hand, is an agreement to never so much as test drive another model, or even look at one with desire in your eyes.

Whoever says, "Variety is the spice of life," gives one of the most cogent arguments against marriage. Although my taste in women has remained relatively the same, as a single man I'm able to change things up whenever I desire. I can enjoy a skinny gal with tiny breasts on Monday, a thicker girl with massive tits on Tuesday, and spend the rest of the week going through different skin complexions, heights, and ages. The married man has agreed to throw the spice of life right out the window.

When a single man achieves a laudable degree of success, he can then enjoy women all over the world, but a married man only increases the number of things his wife is going to ask him to purchase. Moreover, with men refining the art of seduction, a man needn't wait to achieve even a modicum of wealth to seduce gorgeous women into bed, for the poorest of men can transform themselves into pick-up artists. On the one hand, you have married men slaving away to financially appease their wife. On the other hand, there are single men, who don't have to work any harder than their meager living expenses require, and they can enjoy as many different women as they want. If you like having sex with a variety of different women, don't get married.

Reason #27 – Women Use Vagina Access to Control You

Marriage vows typically include the words "to have and to hold." For centuries this has been interpreted to mean that your wife agrees that you get to embrace her sexually whenever you like. In the days before feminism, this was called "a wife's duty to her husband."

A marriage ceremony is, in fact, a transfer of ownership, though it is not, and never was popularly intended to be a form of slavery. Whereas a sex slave is forced to please a man against her will, a marriage ceremony means she has willfully agreed to pleasure her husband when he desires. An additional significant difference between sex slavery and "a wife's duty to her husband" should be apparent. It goes without saying that a woman that is enslaved will not be lovingly provided for by her owner, but a husband agrees to invest some amount of the fruits of his labor, and his

time, to provide a safe and pleasant life for his wife. The husband serves, and the wife is supposed to serve in return, yet this is not how modern marriages work out.

Regarding marriage as a kind of ownership, note that women do not actually have a last name. A woman's surname is her father's name, and thus it symbolically represents that she belongs to him and is cared for by him, should she need him even in her adulthood. The symbolic transfer of ownership is completed when the father gives his daughter away in the wedding ceremony, and the bride takes up the surname of her husband. The woman's new husband is now charged with being the go-to-guy for her care and protection, rather than her father.

In a collection of anonymous testimonies from married men entitled "Comments from Married Men," found at MGTOW.com, some of the most frequent complaints are that sex with their wives is few and far between. Since women have garnered so much legal power through feminism, wives are fully aware that in signing the marriage contract they now hold all the cards in the relationship. With divorce settlements, alimony, child support or even the ability to deploy a false rape or false domestic violence accusation against their husband, there is no reason for wives to please their husbands on demand. It is her vagina, and she will decide when you get access to it.

Vagina access is lorded over the heads of husbands all over the world. Instead of husbands only needing to provide for their wives in a financially sound and practical manner, they are able to puppeteer their husbands into doing whatever they wish by punishing them by withholding sex.

Before feminism, a man could demand sex from his wife, and if she refused, he could just get on top of her and hold her to their marriage agreement. She keeps up her end of the bargain, just as he has kept his end of the bargain by paying the bills, keeping food in her stomach and a roof over her head. Since the 1970s, in the United States, a man who tries to hold his wife to her wedding vows is criminalized as "marital rape." Make no mistake, a man does not get regular sex because his wife promised to let him "have and hold" her, but because she is pleased with the behavior of her slave.

Having a wife is like having a mommy, except where your mom may have placed you in time-out or withheld your favorite cookies because you did something bad, a wife will withhold sex if she's unhappy with your behavior. A girlfriend does not place a man in this mother-son dynamic because if she refuses to have sex, you can laugh in her face and easily replace her. A wife cannot be easily replaced, and there's a hefty price to pay in alimony and child support if you get tired of her controlling your sex life and decide to file for divorce.

If you do not want to guarantee that someone else will have full control of when and with whom you get to have sex, do not get married.

Reason #28 - Sleeping With a Cock Tease

Having to adjust to how a woman sleeps may be an unforeseen issue in a marriage. If a wife likes to sleep with a fan or television on, or if she snores, and you need pristine quiet, it's going to cause problems. On the other hand, if a man snores so loud that his wife can't sleep, he can expect that he'll be the one that will have to sleep on the couch.

The real problem of sleeping next to a beautiful woman is that we men get 3 – 5 erections per night, so we'll often want to have sex in the middle of the night, or at least before going to sleep. A wife that doesn't put out makes the situation worse because getting turned down by the woman that you've spent so much money to court, marry and take over, causes frustration, anger, depression, and resentment. My points about sexual frustration in the middle of the night aside, a survey by AmeriSleep found that single people get the most sleep at 7.13 hours a night. Guys in a relationship get 7.07 hours of sleep, while married couples are getting an average of 6.71 hours.

During the day men will have as many as 10 erections. Until a wife becomes a beached whale that no longer turns her husband on, he'll have to deal with seeing the beautiful girl he married walk around in her underwear, bending over to pick something up, or getting dolled up for work or a night out. It is inevitable that a wife won't put out as often as a short-term girlfriend, so many men resign themselves to porn and the five-knuckle-shuffle.

In private or at work, it's easy to deal with the random erections that we get throughout the day, even without pornography or masturbation. If a man doesn't let his thoughts drift far into sex, a simple shift in thinking can solve an unwanted hard-on. A married man has to deal with seeing his wife sitting next to him with her hard nipples, or having her soft ass pressed up against him while he's trying to sleep. Expect to look over at your wife while she's

watching some stupid TV show, and see her bare tittie hanging out of her silky robe, but if you've been married more than a few years, also expect to be cranking one off in the shower.

Chapter 5 - Suzy Homemaker? Not a chance!

"Marriage is about the most expensive way for the average man to get laundry done." - Burt Reynolds

Reason #29 – She Won't Cook…and She Doesn't Know How Anyway

One woman, I was briefly interested in, blurted out that she would never "do kitchen," as if to say that she would never reduce herself to being the slave of some man. I told her, "Don't you realize that men find it attractive when women 'do kitchen' and bring them something nice to eat?"

Men interpret their girlfriend or wife bringing them food as an act of love. A woman serving dinner symbolically says that she wants to nourish us, make sure we are healthy, and also acknowledges our contribution to the relationship. For almost all of us men, we were fed by a woman in our infancy and childhood, so females being associated with the ones who feed us goes without saying, but the pleasant experience of being nourished by a woman is also wired in our psyche.

According to The Smell and Taste Treatment and Research Foundation, the top six smells that arouse men are all the scents of food. Despite men being turned on by perfumes that smell like food, or the thought an attractive woman bringing us something to eat, modern wives are loath to consistently cook for their husbands. A married man can slave away on a construction site, spend a fourteen-hour shift in a police patrol car, or put up with obnoxious business clients all day, and still get an "I'm too tired to cook tonight" response from his wife when he comes home.

There is simply no reason why a wife should cook for her husband, considering that a man has no recourse if she doesn't. Married women are free to contribute little or nothing to the relationship because even if their husbands demand a divorce, they win through alimony, child support, child custody and transfer of property ownership.

While the average wedding ceremony costs tens-of-thousands of dollars, a man can take a week of cooking lessons for as little as $1,000 or less, and be skilled enough to impress his friends and any future girlfriends. Instead of putting up with a wife that doesn't cook, and the looming threat of financial ruin after divorce, it's a safer bet to identify great restaurants that have beautiful waitresses. You can also hire an attractive female chef to come cook for you, or you and your buddies, for $150 - $300 for 4 or 5 hours. A professional chef's food is almost guaranteed to be delicious, and she can pack your refrigerator with several dishes that can be reheated or eaten cold.

You can even make arrangements with a neighbor or a roommate, where you agree to cover the brunt of the grocery bill if they do the cooking. If you don't like your neighbors, you can move. If a friendship with a roommate goes sour, you can get him out, without handing over the deed to your house. I don't, of course, recommend having a female roommate, so that doesn't satisfy the desire to have a pretty lady serving up breakfast, lunch, and dinner, but having a buddy do the cooking sure beats the risks of marriage. Furthermore, you'll almost always be served with a smile from a gorgeous waitress, and if the service is terrible there's plenty of others to choose from. If your favorite waitress balloons out like a whale, you can always find a new favorite, but a wife who doesn't cook for you but stuffs her face all day isn't so easy to get rid of.

Since marriage far from guarantees you'll be served meals by a beautiful girl with a smile, don't get married.

Reason #30 – It's Cheaper to Get a Maid

On April 21, 2014, Tara Carr published an article at *Examiner.com* titled "8 Things women just don't do anymore—that they should!" Tara states, "Back in the day, every woman had to take home economics. It was mandatory. It pretty much taught you how to be a wife. You learned how to cook, clean, sew, polish silver, host a dinner party, and help your man get a promotion!" She encouraged women to cook, clean, fix their husband's dinner plate, watch their language, compliment their man, stay fit, dress up for dates and anticipate the needs of their spouse. Naturally, Tara was stormed by feminists who lambasted her for daring to suggest that women should appease their husbands like the supposedly enslaved housewives of the 1950s. In response to Tara's advice, other girls presented a laundry list of excuses for why they simply couldn't keep up with housework or were too tired to dress sexy, or to get their

fat ass on a treadmill.

The most brutal slaying came in the form of a longwinded feminist diatribe at the blog *Fit to Be Queen*, in which the author claims Tara's article is "riddled with a-woman-is-meant-to-serve-a-man-stink." This queen bitch tells of how disgusted she was seeing her mother serve her father in a traditional capacity as a housewife, yet she also had the audacity to admit that her mother didn't work, and her father supported the household. The queen bitch goes on to suggest that husbands should participate in the household chores, but if a man is the sole bread-winner, then why should he? Amazingly, a man supporting a woman's lifestyle, and providing for the well-being of her children, isn't enough to warrant his wife bringing him something from the refrigerator as he kicks back to relax after a hard day's work.

The queen really is a cunt in the truest sense of the word, for C.U.N.T. stands for "Can't Understand Normal Thinking."

These idiotic modern women are so appallingly dim that they equate doing things for a man as slavery, but working for a male boss in the workforce as freedom. As one man going by the pseudonym Jean Valjean pointed out, "If she's "fit to be a queen" then why is she going to be the one slaving away in the workplace, rather than sitting home and letting a man do the hard work, while she alleviates her boredom with some tasks around the house, and gives him a few gestures of admiration and appreciation?"

The queen feminist also said in her attack on Tara Carr, "I need a man who recognizes that I am just as smart, capable, and worthy as he." This is really the crux of the matter: contemporary women believe they are strong, independent and fully capable of anything a man can do. If that's the case, then they can go earn all the money for the household, while husband's watch sports games all day, occasionally push a vacuum around and throw food on a plate when the "strong independent woman" gets home from a 14-hour shift.

On June 9, 2016, Steve Doughty, writing for *The Daily Mail*, reported that a survey of 3,000 women found that girls that listed "housewife" as their occupation were the happiest. In another study that I find epically hilarious, economists Betsey Stevenson and Justin Wolfers discovered that the increase in women's rights alongside the feminist war against the traditional housewife has taken a toll on women's happiness. In their May 2009 report "The Paradox of Declining Female Happiness" Stevenson and Wolfers note that surveys of women's happiness show a decline since the 1970s.

Keep in mind that the 70s saw women supposedly making great strides for the empowerment of women. Roe vs Wade decriminalized abortion in 1973, allowing women to legally destroy the offspring of their husband. No-fault divorce was rolled out in California in 1970, allowing women to completely ignore their vows and acquire significant portions of their husband's assets in divorce court. Marital rape laws were instituted in the 1970s as well, dissolving any notion that a man has a right to sleep with his wife when he wants to.

Despite these supposed victories for women, their happiness has declined. The fact remains that trying to figure out what women want is futile, as they have no idea what they want, nor do they possess the brains to foresee the ramifications of their demands.

Modern women are nothing like the housewives of the 30s, and they roll their eyes at the thought of cleaning up after their husband or "doing kitchen." A woman's bedroom at her mother's house, or the way she keeps her apartment before she gets married, is an indication of what your place will look like if you marry her. Many women are slobs, but even the tidiest women are likely to throw in the towel after a few years of marriage, as girls are inundated with articles from feminists deriding "women's work."

Since married women can steal a man's house, half his wealth, and receive alimony and child support payments, there's just no reason any woman should tolerate cleaning up after some man. Your wife can take your money and just hire a maid. Which is precisely what you should do. There's a lot of girls that need a job too. All these gals with worthless degrees in the Art & Science of Lesbian Basket Weaving, Gender Studies, or other useless liberal nonsense, would appreciate a few bucks for cleaning your house. No one wants to take care of a tattooed 30-year-old who spent the best years of her beauty riding the cock-carousel, or that has three kids by three different men, so these girls need a job.

Why throw away your freedom, risk losing much of your savings account, your house, and your earnings, just to have a wife who will dust, vacuum and fold your laundry? Especially when there's no guarantee that she'll keep at for years to come. For much less than most men spend on a nice date with a woman, you can have a maid clean your place twice a month. For $150 - $200 you can have a topless maid clean your house. Do you really think you can get your wife to clean your house naked or in lingerie, even if you took her to the best restaurant in town and bought her a $500 designer purse? You might be able to convince her once in a blue moon, but a professional housekeeper or sexy maid service will do the job every time.

Reason #31 – It's Your Turn to Wash the Dishes

Before I exorcised the beta male right out of me, I twice found myself being the one who always washed the dishes while I had a live-in girlfriend. Today I have such a severe allergy to washing dishes that I just have a maid do it. Some guys think it's good practice to do a little "women's work," because it supposedly earns points with their ladies. Basically, these guys have failed one of the most basic shit-tests of them all, and unbeknownst to them, their vaginal behavior is taking a toll on their sex life.

The American Sociological Review published a study in 2013 called "Egalitarianism, Housework and Sexual Frequency in Marriage," that showed that women are less attracted to men who do chores that are traditionally associated with the duty of wives. The more a man cooks, cleans, folds laundry, mops or vacuums, the less attractive he appears to his wife. Husbands who only did masculine chores, like mowing the lawn, taking out the trash or wrenching on the car, had sex 1.5 times more than beta male husbands who engaged in feminine chores. Not only that, but the more traditional the division of household chores was, the more sexual satisfaction women said they were receiving from their husbands.

This research flies in the face of feminist nonsense, and the opinions of liberal marriage counselors, that says that husbands should help their wife with her traditional female household duties. If a man doesn't want to have less sex and wants to keep his wife sexually satisfied, he shouldn't ever touch a mop, vacuum or a dish. Stay clear of the washer and dryer machines too, unless you need to fix them.

The problem is that women are fed feminist propaganda from every angle that equates a woman's housework with slavery, and articles in women's magazines that claim a happy marriage entails men helping out with cooking and cleaning. It's difficult for men to put their foot down and refuse to do women's labor when their wives are made to feel like they're being mistreated. It speaks to female intelligence, and their ability to be influenced that feminists have been able to convince women that housework is slavery. If a woman lives by herself as a single woman, she'll have to cook, clean and do the laundry. The presence of a man in her household only marginally increases the number of chores she already had to do.

Feminists never factor in the benefits of what a woman receives in marriage, and pretend instead that husbands are receiving the great benefit of a female slave. The truth is that wives receive the resources of their husbands, typically get a more spacious house to live in, and are afforded the option to work fewer hours or stay at home. Married women have someone to care for them when they're sick, and protect them against predatory animals and criminals. Wives also have a creature that is stronger than them, in the form of a husband, so they can move heavy objects by merely pointing at them, as opposed to getting off the couch and breaking a nail. Men who are remotely handy also serve as the go-to handyman for their wives.

The males of our species have endeavored to ease the labor of women in every possible way, from dishwashing and laundry machines, vacuums, microwaves and stoves. Our reward for making housework easy has been a rising divorce rate and a parade of feminists chanting, "We're not your slaves!"

Thoughtful men looked upon the difficulties of women's work and took the initiative to use their creative minds to ease their labor. What has been our reward?

Alva J. Fisher invented the washing machine. J. Ross Moore invented the automatic clothes dryer. William Cullen and Oliver Evans invented the refrigerator. Percy Spencer invented the microwave. Willis Carrier invented air conditioning. John Logie Baird is the father of television, and Guillermo González Camarena from Mexico improved the invention by bringing us color-TV in 1941. The powered vacuum cleaner was invented independently by British engineer Hubert Cecil Booth and American inventor David T. Kenney. Antonio Santi Giuseppe Meucci

invented the telephone just a few years before Alexander Graham Bell created his version of the device.

In the days of hunters and gatherers, a wife would be busy beating the dirty laundry with a bat down by the river, or collecting firewood to make dinner when her husband gets home from hunting. She could also busy herself collecting fruits and vegetables. She could either sit in the shack her husband built, or sit outside to do her work. The hut is a pinch cooler than sitting out in the scorching sun, but there's no lighting. Her primitive dishes and pots don't amount to much, and there's no refrigerator, so gathering food is a daily chore. She has hardly any clothes to speak of. She might miss her friends, but they're miles away. Her husband arrived from another tribe and took her away from the people she knew. It would be nice to talk to someone she is familiar with, to keep her mind off morbid thoughts that her husband might get killed on the hunt. If her husband dies, how will she survive? Some bloodthirsty warband might also one day come through their village and murder her husband—and what will they do to her? Batting away a small swarm of gnats, she walks into the one-room hut, picks a pot up off the compacted dirt floor, and decides to go fetch some water.

Today, a woman can sit around in her multi-roomed air-conditioned house her husband purchased for her. She can watch her favorite television show on the giant color TV her husband also bought her, while the laundry is getting done virtually hands-free. When she flips through the channels she'll ignore the news broadcast about some foreign politician threatening to declare war on her country. She doesn't know much about the military, but she does know there's millions of men in her nation's armed forces who will defend their people. She'll also ignore the report about a burglary, because last week her husband paid a man to install a home alarm system. Besides, she lives in a quiet neighborhood, and policemen have done well to keep the riff-raff at bay. When her husband gets home, she can reach into the refrigerator, and toss some leftovers into the microwave, or just have some chicken and mashed potatoes delivered. She can pull out the vacuum cleaner to suck up any dirt that comes in off her husband's boots, and then sit back down on the couch to contemplate exactly how much money she'll be able to squeeze out of her husband in divorce court. When her husband retires to his man cave in the garage, she can load the dishwasher, flop back on the couch again, pick up the telephone, and call her best friend. While she sips on a glass of chilled Pinot Grigio, she can yap about how much she feels like she's enslaved, while she messages her ex-boyfriend on her smartphone.

For the record, it is true that Josephine Cochrane is credited with inventing the dishwasher, yet she was assisted by George Butters, a mechanic. Also, keep in mind that it is chiefly male truck drivers—doing a job that is statistically more dangerous than that of a police officer—who haul dishwashers to warehouses. It is primarily men who improved upon the original invention, who put them together on the assembly line, who deliver them to homes, and who repair them when they break. Men have worked their asses off to build a world where being a housewife is one of the easiest jobs a woman can do.

Many men spend their whole lives looking forward to retirement and daydreaming with their buddies about what they'll do when they no longer have to work. Even though women live longer, in 2018 their retirement age is 63, while the pension age of men is 65. The average age of retirement for men was 66 in 2018. According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention's National Center for Health Statistics, the life expectancy of American men was 76.4 years in 2012 and 81.2 years for females. This means men typically "enjoy" 10 years of retirement before they die, and who knows how many will never realize their retirement dreams because years of job stress and a nagging bitch of a wife robbed them of their health.

It takes a pretty stupid creature to equate household chores with slavery while thinking that working a job is freedom, but feminists have somehow managed to convince women that is the case. With divorce settlements, alimony and child support in reach of any married woman—and feminists claiming that housewives are slaves—beta male husbands all over the world are now washing the dishes to keep themselves out of divorce court, while their wife's vagina dries up at the sight of a weak, pathetic, broken man.

Reason #32 – Her Most Esteemed Advisor is a Television

While most people are familiar with the word misogyny—which is contempt for, or prejudice against women—few know the opposite term is "misandry." Misandry is, of course, a dislike of, or prejudice against men.

Movies, television commercials, women's magazines, and fiction books, are all peppered with misandry and feminism. Virtually all commercials that are intended to be humorous, and that feature a man and woman, will

portray men as gullible, inept, slovenly, weak, immature or stupid. Men are often portrayed as objects to be laughed at, rather than respected. Television shows like *The Simpsons* and *Family Guy* are typical examples of the idiotic father. Tim in *The Office* is an idiot. Joey on the TV show *Friends* and Charlie in *Two and a Half Men* are sex-crazed buffoons. The exaggerated masculinity of Tim Taylor, played by comedian Tim Allen, in the sitcom *Home Improvement*, is intended to make manliness the butt of all jokes.

Take careful note of the trend in Hollywood movies wherein the hero does not rescue the damsel in distress but is often incapable of defeating the bag guys without her. Increasingly, male characters are kicked around like ragdolls by female assassins, superheroes and soldiers. In the movie *Justice League*, starring Ben Affleck as Batman and Gal Gadot as Wonder Woman, there is a scene where Wonder Woman gets upset at Batman's comments. With her superhuman strength, Wonder Woman strikes Batman, because apparently, it's okay for a woman to hit a male if she's upset with him.

In the film industry, women aren't just capable of doing anything a man can do, they can do it better. Even little boys are portrayed as vastly inferior in their abilities and conduct to little girls. In the HBO series *Game of Thrones*, Meera Reed is a warrior badass, but her brother Jojen is a pathetic weakling. In the very first episode of *Game of Thrones*, Arya Stark effortless hits a bulls-eye on an archery target after her brother Bran completely misses it like a pitiful twerp. Entertainment geared toward male audiences is no different. In *The Punisher* mini-series produced by Marvel Television for Netflix, take note that the hero and his assistant both have a daughter and son. Frank Castle's son is the problem child, not his daughter, and the same is true for Micro's son.

From every angle, women are programmed to believe that men are inferior to women. It is utterly foolish to think that such programming has no effect on the way wives treat their husbands. How can one expect to be respected as a capable father when dads are portrayed as incapable idiots?

In the area of romance novels and female-centered movies and television programs, infidelity is glorified, and divorce is normal. How can anyone expect to have a faithful wife when entertainment makes cheating out to be normal and exciting?

I encourage men to watch romance movies to get a sense of how women define romance. At the end of an action movie the guy gets the girl because he proved himself, and to men this makes sense: if you are the alpha male, you deserve the girl. Whereas in romance movies like *Fifty Shades of Grey*, Anastasia doesn't have to do anything to catch the handsome billionaire Christian Grey. This is compounded by the fact that the actress Dakota Johnson is a 6.5 at best on a scale of 1 – 10. Thus the message to the female audience is that any mediocre woman has the chance to marry a hot young stud whose among the wealthiest men in the world. *The Shape of Water* is even worse, where Elisa Esposito shows us, that without her makeup, she's a 4 on the beauty scale, yet she somehow manages to seduce a demi-god.

Browsing through the romance category of books shows that women hunger for men with chiseled bodies who are billionaires, famous football players, rich mobsters or wealthy nobles. Sure, there are male characters who don't have a mountain of cash, but the message remains the same throughout all advertisements and entertainment targeted toward females: you deserve anything and everything you want because you have a vagina.

With books, movies, magazines, advertisements, and television shows elevating the value of a woman's vagina to the heights of the stars, it is impossible to ever satisfy their delusional sense of self-worth. Contrast this with repeated reminders that men are idiots and you have a recipe for relationship disaster.

If you're delusional enough to think you can prevent your woman from being brainwashed by nearly every form of entertainment she engages in, don't get married**.** Your traditional marriage pipe-dream is likely to change because of such influences. Misandry is par for the course.

Reason #33 - She Isn't Wife Material

There are tons of lists from average guys to relationship experts, advising on how to determine whether or not a woman is wife material. No one is perfect, but once you review even a few of the wife material requirements, most men will agree that the quality of women has sharply declined since feminism.

I mentioned to an old-timer that I find tattoos on a woman unattractive; his response was, “Back in my day, not even the whores had tattoos.” Another man made a case to me about how much women need men and said, “If these girls today had to go survive out in the woods they’d die. These girls can’t even sew two pieces of fabric together to make a tent.” His comment reminded me of *The Island with Bear Grylls*, a British reality television show wherein men and women who have no formal survival training are dropped onto a tropical island for a month to see how average people fair in a real survival scenario. The women notoriously do terribly without the aid of men. The message is quite clear: women need men for their survival, but men don’t need women.

In the household, it’s no different. Modern women often don’t bring any real traditional wife skills to the table. Married men have to work an average of 400 hours more each year than single men, but what are they getting out of it? If a man goes to work every day without fail to support his household, but his wife doesn’t have dinner ready every afternoon, doesn’t give him sex when he wants it, and he has to split the chores—on top of working more hours—then what’s the point of having a wife?

There’s more to it than the traditional wife skills of cooking and cleaning or providing a great sex life. To be a wife is to be a man’s assistant, companion, and friend. Husbands should receive praise and compliments from their wives and should celebrate his successes, for she will surely reap the benefits of his achievements.

As men should be the leaders of their house, a wife should have good followership. One characteristic of a good follower is that she will know her leader better than she knows herself, and be capable of anticipating his needs. A police officer friend of mine asked if it was really too much to ask his wife to give him a back rub, foot massage or a blowjob when he gets home each day from work. For many contemporary women, “yes” it is too much to ask. A wife should uplift her man, and ease the stress of his life. A good wife should be considerate, kind and thoughtful. She’s low maintenance but goes out of her way to make herself pretty for the pleasure of her husband.

One guy I knew told me that his wife went out to the library and got a stack of books on NASCAR so she could learn about her husband’s favorite sport. There were some severe issues in their relationship that excluded her from the “wife material” category, but taking the time to educate herself on her husband’s interests was a top-notch gesture most women today wouldn’t even think about.

I’m not a bible-thumper, but when a Christian friend of mine shared with me the Bible’s guide to finding a woman who is wife material, we both agreed that such women are all but extinct. The Bible speaks of a woman who is of noble character, wise, trustworthy and kind; she takes care of her house and is satisfied being at home, rather than always wanting to go out at night. The ideal wife is not wicked or scandalous, and would not harm anyone. Contrast this with data compiled by the Department of Health and Human Services in the UK showing that 70.6 percent of children who were abused by a parent between 2001 and 2006, were abused by their mother. The lack of the modern woman’s noble character is reflected throughout the multiple studies presented in this book. As for wisdom, women read books and magazines that are shallow and devoid of substance.

Wife material also extends into assessing how much of a slut a woman is, to estimate the likelihood that she’ll cheat. Since the Women’s Liberation Movement of the 1960s and 70s, women have gotten increasingly promiscuous. Today many women are tattooed, cigarette smoking, bubblegum-chewing harlots who drown themselves in alcohol, spend the best years of their youthful beauty riding the cock-carousel, and then complain that there’s a shortage of good men that are husband material. The truth is that good men are everywhere, but they’re just not interested in washed-up sluts who are over 30 and don’t have any wife skills to speak of.

According to the Pew Research Center, only half of Americans older than 18 were married in 2014. That means that since 1960—which was the dawn of Women’s Liberation—marriage has dropped 72 percent. Once again, we find that women have shot themselves in the foot.

Men are wising up to the gynocentric system that treats men less than second class citizens. It is not only that women don’t know how to be good wives, but the system has been reconstructed by feminism in such way that a man can’t put his foot down and maintain leadership of his household. On the off-chance that a man believes he’s found a real unicorn, there’s nothing to stop a wife from transforming into a sexually-frigid nagging banshee that refuses to do housework, belittles her husband in public, and consumes more calories than a full-grown elephant.

Chapter 6 - She's in Control

"Marrying means to halve one's rights and double one's duties." – Arthur Schopenhauer, 19th-century philosopher

Reason #34 – A Husband is a Woman's Servant

The famous painting *The Accolade* by Edmund Leighton depicts a man bowing before a queen as she rests a sword on his shoulder to dub him a knight of her realm. As the knight swears his oath of service and fealty, the sword symbolizes the understanding that the queen possesses the power to have his head cut from his neck should he disregard his vows. Similarly, when a man proposes to a woman, he kneels before her in a position of submission, as he is symbolically offering her his eternal service and loyalty. The ring he offers symbolizes the ouroboros, or the snake eating its tail; it is the alpha and omega, a representation of eternity. The overall value of the ring represents a mere preview of the amount of resources the man is willing to provide his wife-to-be. Taking all this symbolism into account, the unspoken words of a marriage proposal are: I will serve you if you will serve me.

Proposing to a woman immediately lowers a man's perceived alpha status as he is placing himself in an inferior position of supplication, and servitude symbolism, on the part of the man, is echoed throughout marital courtship.

Some believe that carrying the bride over the threshold is thought to have originated from a superstition that demons would follow her into her home if she walked in the first time. Others have said it is because tradition holds that a woman should modestly appear unwilling to give herself up to husband on their wedding night. Although the origins of picking the bride up and carrying her over the threshold have been variously argued, I find some Freudian symbolism in the practice. In his infancy, the groom was carried by his mother, but now he has the strength to care for a female. He can now be in service to the female, rather than she being in service to him. Regardless of how I see it, there are no symbolic acts in contemporary weddings of Western culture that place the bride in a position of service, apart from reciting her vows. But as we have already covered, vows are meaningless.

A woman does not place the blade of a sword to the neck of a man who proposes to her, nor in the wedding ceremony, but she doesn't need to. In place of an instrument of death, the woman has been provided the threat of alimony, child support and a divorce settlement that will see his house given over to his ex-wife, his wealth plundered and other possessions granted to her. Should an ex-husband refuse to comply, a woman's real husband (i.e., the government) will send men with firearms and handcuffs to force him to.

To marry a woman is to appoint her as your queen while removing your crown from your head.

Reason #35 - Marriage is Not a Partnership

The marriage contract forms a legal corporation with the state and creates a needlessly complex merger in which there are joint tax filings and joint bank accounts. It is essential to understand that a marriage is by a law a maritime corporation, but it is unlike any kind of business partnership.

If a man partners with his friend in a business venture he can later sell his share of the company and possibly make much more money than he initially invested. A man who wishes to dissolve a marriage does not gain money but takes a loss in the form of the money he spent on courting the woman, the engagement ring, wedding ceremony, honeymoon, the larger house his wife wanted, and countless other expenses. This is to say nothing of child support and alimony, nor of intangible losses such as missed opportunities with his friends, or having to spend time doing things for his wife's enjoyment rather than his own. Understand then that taking on a wife represents a series of irrecoverable losses even if a man is lucky enough to never have to pay alimony or child support, and ends up retaining his and all his possessions upon divorce.

While Christians quote Ephesians 5:22 - 23, which reads, "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the savior of the body," it is vainly stated. Marriages no longer function as monarchies, in which the husband is effectively the king of his household. All Christians are monarchists in that they hope for the return of their messiah, who is foretold in Revelation to establish an absolute theocratic monarchy. The supreme authority of Jesus as the King of

Kings is echoed in Ephesians in the relationship between a husband and wife. It is therefore contradictory for any Christian to quote Ephesians 5:22 - 23 and then call a marriage an equal partnership, and say that it requires compromise. Marriage, according to Ephesians, should function as a monarchy. Not even the queen has the right to veto the rulings of an absolute monarch, and to submit to one's husband is to be in at least a secondary position, not one that is equal.

Outside of religion, the military provides the principle of Unity of Command, which states that no subordinate should report to more than one superior and that a single commander must have authority to direct all forces under his command. To abandon this hierarchal pillar is to open oneself up to internal conflict, chaos and the failure of the mission. So too then, are marriages almost certainly doomed to failure if neither the husband nor the wife has absolute authority on matters both trivial and important. While decision making can be divided up in a marriage, it can have unforeseen consequences that erupt into arguments and resentment.

Reason #36 – Your Opinions Mean Nothing

According to *TheRedPins.com* 2015 survey, 97% of respondents said that women get what they want in home purchases. After looking at a wide variety of other sources, the findings were similar in many different countries.

In terms of buying a home, where to go on a date, who does the housework, what color a room should be painted, how much time should be spent with friends, etc., a wife has become the decision maker in the marriage.

A study funded by the National Institute of Mental Health and Iowa State University, published in the April 2007 issue of *The Journal of Counseling Psychology*, concludes that wives are more demanding than ever, and more likely to get their way than their husbands. This was regardless of whether or not the so-called "man of the house" is the one who brought the issue up.

Despite how feminists continue to portray marriage as an institution of slavery, women exert incredible power in a marriage. With the instatement of no-fault divorce, beginning in California in 1970, marital rape laws in the mid-70s, alimony and child support, wives have absolutely no obligation to satisfy their husbands sexually or take his opinions seriously.

Reason #37 - You Will Be Tamed

A horse can carry more weight than a man, it can run up to 15 miles before requiring an extended period of rest, and can travel about 30 miles per day. A mounted soldier can push a sturdy warhorse to travel as much as 60 miles in a day.

A comparison between horses and husbands is apt, as men are on average stronger, faster, more resilient, more intelligent and more capable than women. Girls that are obsessed with horses are among the worst kinds of girls to date as they try to educate themselves in how to get a powerful beast to do their bidding. Horseback riding is almost exclusively a female sport, and girls make up the brunt of clients for horseback riding lessons. The way that girls interact with a horse—speaking to it softly, petting it and feeding it treats—is reflective of how a wife uses her feminine skills of manipulation to get her husband to do what he wants. A 2015 article written by Hannah Hickok at *RedBookMag.com* is unashamedly titled "6 Sneaky Ways to Train Your Husband," and such guides are littered throughout other women's magazines. Although there are gals with serious brains and business savvy, most women only have their looks and their vagina to get what they want.

Except in the case of gracefulness, such as in ballet, and the ability to carry a child in her womb, the truth is that men can do anything a woman can, and do it better. Men only need women for sex and reproduction, nothing more. If sex and the use of her womb are not enough, the only other things she can really offer are the fringe benefits of pleasant companionship, someone to cook, clean and care for the children. Her end goal is to convince the much more capable male to use his strength, mind, stamina and accumulated resources to her benefit. Since a man can easily have sex without getting married, it is critical to understand that women need you, you don't need women—unless you want to have children. Women already stupidly devalued themselves with the sexual liberation movement brought on by feminism. As the saying goes, "Why buy the cow if the milk's still free?" Once human beings achieve artificial womb technology, the value of women will be reduced even further.

Men have somewhat reduced their value as well, with the entrance of women into the workforce, as any woman is

free to earn her own income and leave her parents' nest without need of a husband. However, women loathe hard work and are less capable of it, so it is much more appealing to have a tamed animal working for them. Divorce settlements, alimony and child support furthermore allow a woman to gain the resources of the much more capable animal without having to do any more work at all.

Being tamed by a woman does not just mean being used, but can also be defined as domesticating a man and making him easier to control. A wife might use nagging or other forms of persuasion to influence her husband to dress more professionally, stop hanging out with buddies who are always in and out of jail or convince him to quit the rock band and instead spend his time learning new skills so he can get a better job. One guy I met happily said he was glad his wife didn't tolerate his drinking because he felt he was a better person without alcohol. Perhaps some men might believe the influence of good woman can help them become the best version of themselves, but there is a severe problem with that line of thinking.

A wife doesn't make a man a better person, he makes himself a better person; no one changes anyone, people decide for themselves to change. Real manhood requires an examination of oneself, accepting responsibility for one's actions and condition, and taking the initiative to make appropriate changes. To rely on someone else to change you is not only to succumb to a fallacy of how inner-evolution is accomplished but to think that a woman is required for such change is to reduce one's alpha status by holding onto a crutch offered by mommy.

Reason #38 - Compromising Means You Always Lose

When single men argue about how much marriage requires appeasing a woman, marriage advocates attempt to defend it by saying that marriage requires compromise. "Happy wife, happy life" is a favorite anecdote of beta males who have traded their alpha status for a marriage contract, or were never alpha males to begin with.

When you compromise you always lose. A man who gets married is agreeing to never get 100% of what he wants. As an example, if a man comprises by saying that he'll do the dishes if he can watch an extra hour of sports, and in exchange, his wife will do the dishes next time and get to watch whatever she wants, he has accepted a loss. Had he never married the nagging cow, he could watch as much sports as he wants and do the dishes whenever he sees fit, or just hire a maid.

Comprising can be likened to checking account and ATM fees, with a savings account interest rate that hardly accounts for inflation. Like credit cards with terrible interest rates, the expense of using a greedy bank outweigh the convenience of its services, especially in light of other options.

If having a wife meant that a man would get sex on demand, a lifetime of eager blowjobs, dinner when he gets home from work, a clean house, and a woman who will try to maintain her appearance as close to the day her husband proposed to her, then compromising wouldn't be a lose/lose situation.

The fact is, that just by getting married a man has already made an enormous compromise. In light of a man's marriage vows, he has agreed to never have sex with any other woman, even when his wife's beauty fades away. While his wife ages, he has agreed to pass up sleeping with beautiful young women and completely shut down any possibility of a relationship with a woman that is more suitable to his physical tastes and interests. A husband has vowed to financially support his wife, protect her and care for her when she's sick. In consideration of the enormous burden and sexual restraints a married man has agreed to take on, he should not have to make any additional comprises, not even so much as washing a single dish in exchange for being allowed to go to poker night with his buddies.

Compromising is said to be a necessity in marriage because the vows and services provided to women by their husbands is grossly undervalued, while the choirs of a housewife and access to her vagina are monstrously overvalued.

Reason #39 - It's Not You & Her Against the World

A painting of a happy couple embracing each other on a beach is only true-to-life if the woman in the illustration is just the man's girlfriend, and they're stranded on an island.

The reality is a wife's parents, and friends will advise her on how her husband should treat her, how he should

behave, and even suggest methods to manipulate him to get what she wants. The picture of a married couple happily in love is a farce, as it doesn't include the influence of society, television programming, marital counselors, fiction writers, the books of self-appointed relationship experts, your wife's new psychiatrist or even random strangers putting forth their opinion of what a marriage entails. Most importantly, it leaves out the view of the government and the courts on what it means to be a husband, father, mother or wife.

If you get married, it will not be "you and her against the world" but you against everyone else's opinion of who you should be as a husband, and what your wife should and should not be willing to do. While a wife's demands may be deemed unreasonable by her husband, it has very little meaning when her mother, psychiatrist, friends or favorite women's talk show disagrees.

Chapter 7 - Your Money is Her Money

"It is an amazing thing to see in our city the wife of a shoemaker, or a butcher, or a porter dressed in silk with chains of gold at the throat, with pearls and rings of good value…and then in contrast to see her husband cutting the meat, all smeared with cow's blood, poorly dressed…but whosoever considers this carefully will find it reasonable because it is necessary that the lady, even if low born and humble, be draped with such clothes for her natural excellence and dignity, and the man less adorned as if a slave, or a little ass, born to her service." – Lucrezia Marinella, 16th-century feminist

Reason #40 - She'll Spend Your Money Like Water

It is not just that women are more materialistic than men, or that marriage will dramatically increase your monthly expenditures, but a wife will spend your money like it grows on trees. The reason for this is simple: she didn't work hard to earn the money. Whereas you might have had to do backbreaking labor or spend extra hours at the office, and therefore you are careful not to spend money on frivolous nonsense, she didn't have to do anything for it. In fact, a wife feels she has a right to your money. The life experience of a beautiful woman amounts to men trampling all over themselves to gain her attention, and lining up to spend money on her. From her vantage point, that is what life is.

Males are typically raised to understand that the world is harsh and they need to be tough to overcome life's challenges. Keep in mind that women were raised to rely on others for their care. One study found that parents will respond much more quickly to a baby girl crying than a baby boy. Although several psychologists and neurologists have warned against toughening up boys so early in life, parents tend to treat male infants differently than females. Parents want their boys to be strong enough to face the world, and do it alone if they have to, so they are not as quick to rush to the crib of a crying baby boy as they are for a girl.

Almost from birth, females are taught that other people exist to bend over backward for them. A beautiful girl doesn't have to do anything at all to earn the service, adoration, and protection of men. Girls also learn that exaggerating their emotions is an easy way to get what they want. If a little girl is denied a toy, she'll experiment with crying, screaming, pouting or even sweeten her voice and act extra nice. By high school age, girls have developed a whole battery of methods to persuade people to get what they want, and with hormones raging in male students, and their bodies taking shape, it becomes even easier.

Imagine a father who, after a night of trick-or-treating, places the majority of the Halloween candy up in the highest cupboard above the refrigerator. If a boy wants access to the candy jar, he'll have to devise a plan to sneak into the kitchen and construct himself some means of climbing up to get it. His other option is to ask his father for more treats, but that will likely result in flat-out denial, or being told to do chores. Thus the boy learns the lesson that you either can't always get what you want or that great rewards are reaped for hard work. A man's daughter is more likely to receive extra candy just by pouting, crying, or the skillful use of her voice. Again, girls learn the lesson that people exist for their pleasure.

With the debit card of the couple's shared bank account in hand, a wife can ring up bags full of clothes, shoes, makeup, trinkets and assorted retail crap without a second a thought.

Reason #41 - Less Money for Your Hobbies

In all the expenditures that marriage requires, it inevitably means you'll have less money to spend on things you enjoy. Since alimony, child support, sleeping on the couch, or the threat of your wife cheating on you looms over your head, it becomes easy for her to coerce you into spending your money on whatever she wants. Your fishing gear, golf clubs, firearm collection, high-end gaming computer or sports memorabilia are all going to take a back seat to your wife's hair, makeup, shoes, clothes and never-ending home decorations. You'll have to have to pass up a great deal on front-row tickets at the basketball game because she wants new curtains to match the new living room paint job or because she needs help paying off her credit cards.

Terrence Popp from Redonkulas.com points out in his video "The Cost to Be the Boss," precisely what it takes to

live well as a single man versus living well if you're married. After thoroughly researching average costs to have dental, medical, a decent car, place to live, food, money for vacation and holiday gifts, Terrence determined that a single man needs a minimum salary of $23,204. To live well if you're married requires a minimum salary of $74,942. Keep in mind that Terrence was throwing out averages and minimums. Living well in Los Angeles or New York is going to be much more expensive than San Antonio, Texas. The point is that sustaining a nice lifestyle as a married man is three times more costly than remaining single, which is why married men have to work longer and harder than single guys.

Getting married is a great way to reduce the amount of money you'll have to do things you enjoy.

Reason #42 – You Will Have to Work Harder

A wife's lifestyle demands and spending habits invariably mean that her husband must work harder than when he was single or dating. A report by the American Enterprise Institute (AEI) and Institute for Family Studies titled "For Richer, For Poorer: How Family Structures Economic Success in America" reveals that married men work an average of 400 hours more than single men with similar job experience. The reason for husbands having to work so hard is simple: having a wife is expensive.

In 2015 an article in *The Washington Post* tried to entice men into marriage with the headline "Don't be a bachelor: Why married men work harder, smarter and make more money." The author of the article, William Bradford Wilcox, mentions a Harvard study that found that married men are much less likely to quit their job before lining up a new one, than single men. He also noted that married men make more money than their single counterparts. What Wilcox conveniently fails to point out is that married men have to work harder because of the spending habits of their wives, increased holiday expenses, increased utility, and grocery bills. Not to mention credit card debt and a mortgage payment on a large house they wouldn't have needed if they had just remained single.

A single man can work as much or as little as he wants, and is free to change his place of employment or even take extended time away from work. A husband doesn't have such a luxury and must keep grinding away unless he can find another job with equal or better pay. Most married men will not be allowed to take a few months off of work to finish writing a novel, nor have the liberty to switch to part-time hours so they can try their hand at opening a business. A single man can quit his job whenever he wants to and use some of his savings to travel around the world, or he can cut back his hours and choose to live a frugal minimalist lifestyle. Married men have to work harder when they don't want to because a wife is a financial burden.

The practice of a wife bringing a dowry into the marriage is an indication that it has been known throughout the centuries that women are a liability, not an asset. In the days before women entered the workforce en masse, there were few options for a young lady to earn a living, and thus she would be a strain on her parent's budget. To help sweeten the deal, a bride would bring property or money to her husband on their wedding day that she usually had acquired from her father. Women also used to accumulate linen, clothing, and other items useful for a married life in a hope chest, but that practice has all but ceased in favor of family and friends giving gifts on the wedding day.

If you don't want to work harder, just to support someone else's existence, don't get married.

Reason #43 – Women Love to Shop…With Your Money

In 2009, *The Harvard Business Review* reported that women worldwide represented $20 trillion in annual consumer spending, which is the entire gross domestic product of the United States in 2017. Women's spending worldwide is quadruple the 2018 GDP of Japan, and "represents a growth market bigger than China and India combined," according to the article titled "The Female Economy" published in *The Harvard Business Review*. A 2014 report from Simple Relevance, an email marketing firm, states that women either make or influence the purchasing decision in 85% of all retail transactions. Women buy a lot of retail crap.

On May 25, 2012, TakePart.com reported that the Puente Hills landfill in Los Angeles was taking in 12,000 tons of garbage daily and sat at an astounding 3.7 million tons of trash. The reality is that 70 – 80% of the retail garbage found in a landfill is the product of women's spending habits. It's funny how many women can be seen in photographs of environmentalist protests considering the appalling size of their collective waste footprint upon the Earth.

Daniel Kruger, an evolutionary psychologist at the University of Michigan, told *ABC News* in the 2009 article "Why Women Love to Shop," that it could be due to hunter-gatherer evolution. Kruger theorizes that men evolved to have a "get in, get out" approach because they often hunted their food, but since women gathered their food and spent time examining it, they adapted to enjoying a leisurely time searching for the best deal. Kruger might be on to something, but in terms of a marriage, a wife enjoys shopping more than her husband because she didn't have to bust her ass to earn the money.

It's not easy for a man to part with his money, not just because he worked hard for it, but also because he's too tired to waste time methodically scanning through each aisle of retail crap. Moreover, men make purchases according to what the product or service can do, and assess its utility and durability, while women are more likely to buy something because of how it will make them feel. Do you want your finances to be directed by logic or some woman's emotions?

Chapter 8 - The Married Lifestyle

"By the age of twelve at the latest, most women have decided to become prostitutes. Or, to put it another way they have planned a future for themselves which consists of choosing a man and letting him do all the work." – Esther Vilar, author of *The Manipulated Man*

Reason #44 - Dates You Don't Want To Go On

Whereas when we hang out with the boys, we are satisfied with each other's company no matter the surroundings, women demand to be entertained and treated to the best experience that your wallet can afford. When male friends meet at the bar or café, go fishing together, or take a road trip, they needn't even say much to each other to enjoy one another's company. Women need constant reassurance of the value of their vagina. To this end, a seedy dive-bar, or floating around in an old fishing canoe, won't do.

A woman's requirement for validation that she is still beautiful and desirable demands that she is seen—that she catches the attention of males other than her husband. The expenditure of the date provides creditability to whatever price she puts on her vagina. Whereas a man can validate his self-worth by the respect he receives from other men, a woman only validates her worth by the number of men who thirst after her, the amount of money spent on her, and the number of women who envy her. This translates to a husband having to spend his time and money taking his wife to places that he does not necessarily enjoy, and funding how she will appear in front of others. A wife's dress, jewelry, and makeup have absolutely nothing to do with her husband but are only a means of advertising to the world the minimum appraisal of her stinky-pinky.

After waiting an hour or two for a woman to get ready, a man will say, "You look beautiful." Such compliments are not celebrated as an indication that her husband will be satisfied but are a reassurance that other men, and women, will validate that she is a prize. Naturally, a woman's inherent psychological need to be validated by others requires that she will want her husband to take her places where she will be seen. Romance for a man can be laying under the stars in the middle of the woods, but for a woman, it is typically going to some socialite event where the eyes of others will be on her. Whereas a man might envision walking with his bikini-clad lady down a beach while a gentle breeze blows through her sarong, her vision is likely to take place on the beaches of Hawaii, France or some other exotic place—so she can boast to her girlfriends about where her husband took her. A woman's romance is then in the validation of her beauty, by way of how much money was spent on her.

Reason #45 - Celebrate Holidays on Her Terms

I don't celebrate any holidays apart from buying a few loved ones gifts on Christmas or the occasional birthday present. Women live for holidays so they must be factored in as an extra expense of your money and time.

Married men have to deal with Valentine's Day, their wife's birthday and their wedding anniversary. They'll need to endure in-laws on Thanksgiving, Christmas or Hanukkah, and perhaps suffer through an Independence Day barbecue at her annoying brother's house. The gift-giving season will no longer mean a few affordable but thoughtful items for mom and a few loved ones, as wives expect a husband who earns an average wage to spend at least a few hundred dollars on their gift alone. This is to say nothing of food, beverages, decorations, travel and lodging expenses. You can always spot the homes of married couples during the holidays because they're adorned with the most decorations.

It is also worth mentioning that a married man will be dragged into a wide variety of family functions and minor celebrations. A wife comes with a whole set of nieces, nephews, brothers, sisters, and other in-laws, to say nothing of friends' families. A married man without kids will soon realize there's no shortage of baptisms, kids birthday parties, bar mitzvahs, soccer games, weddings, dinner parties and other functions he'll be expected to attend and throw money at if necessary. To not do so means he'll find himself sleeping on the couch, or getting an earful from his bloated nagging bitch of a wife for the next week—and he can bet money she'll bring up his rude absentee behavior every time he wants to do something of his choosing.

Reason #46 – A Husband's Work is Never Done

Married men on average work more hours than single men, so a husband's day off is something to be savored. The problem is that a wife can introduce a never-ending list of chores and errands for her pack-mule of a husband to do.

The presence of a man in the house means that a woman can accomplish a lot of things she would not otherwise be able to do, due to her lack of strength or knowledge. Moving all the furniture in and out of the living room so you can paint it the color of her choice might be on her " Honey Do List" for your next day off. After she buys a bed more suitable to her tastes, maybe you'll need to haul your old mattress and bed frame down the stairs. When the headboard slips out of your hands and knocks a hole in the wall, you'll be fixing that too, and while you're at it, you might as well fix the creaky stairs and stain the banister to match the dining room table. If you could run down to the home improvement store and buy ten 50 pound bags of topsoil, and then haul them to the backyard so your wife can start an organic vegetable garden—even though she doesn't hardly ever cook—that would be great too. Don't expect a blowjob afterward, and you probably won't get a back massage either.

Ex-wives and ex-girlfriends somehow seem to dictate the free-time of the men they abandoned. A truck driver told me that almost all his fellow over-the-road truck drivers were guys paying child support or alimony. They had often chosen the career because a semi-truck that's built for traveling all over the United States comes with a sleeper berth in the cab of the tractor. It's an affordable way to have a roof over their head instead of a house or apartment they can't afford due to payments to an ex-wife or ex-girlfriend. Truckers work up to 70 hours per week keeping the economy moving, and while they are granted 48 hours of federally mandated downtime, their days off are often spent at a truckstop or a Wal-Mart parking lot.

If you get married, you can basically kiss your days-off goodbye.

Reason #47 – TV Shows & Movies You Have No Interest In

A wife's tastes in entertainment can be drastically different than her husband's. A girlfriend might put up with your taste in war movies, gangster flicks, but a wife has no reason to. Expect to be dragged to the cinema to watch whatever romantic trash Hollywood has pumped out this week. If you're not willing to be emasculated as you step into the theater for *A Walk to Remember* or *Beauty and the Beast*, not to worry; your wife will have taken over the living room and your prized 80-inch television screen and $2000 sound system you put together for sporting events. You'll be regulated to watching your favorite shows on your 17-inch laptop on an old couch in the basement.

As a bachelor, I don't have to spend a single minute watching anything I have no interest in. I don't have to subject myself to hearing poorly written romantic dialog from the latest pseudo-alpha male character blaring from the next room while my wife and her fat ass friends pass around a tub of cookie-dough ice cream.

Reason #48 - Women Want to Control Your Time

A wife will want her husband spending his time with her or doing something that benefits her. The mommy dynamic resurfaces here because a wife will want to know what you're doing at all times. How many times have you heard a married man say that he has to check in with his wife, or call her to let her know when he's coming home? This is exactly what little boys have to do to keep their mother's happy. The comparison of wives to mothers is apt, as a study by Tamas Bereczkei at the University of Pécs in Hungary discovered that men end up marrying women that have a bone structure that resembles their mother.

Men want sex from women, but women want the resources and services of men. Divorced women often claim that their ex-husbands didn't serve their emotional needs. The translation is that out of the 24 hours each man is given in a day, not enough hours were spent trying to make the woman happy.

Reason #49 – Dealing With In-laws

Whereas a man has no obligation to spend time with a girlfriend's in-laws, it is expected that he does so if he is foolish enough to marry her. It is not just a matter of dealing with in-laws that are an annoyance but also having to deal with their meddling into your marriage and the possibility of giving some of them financial assistance. You might need to shell out money to help your sister-in-law, or to bail your wife's idiot brother out of jail. Even things as small as purchasing candy or cookies from a niece or nephew for a school fundraising project should be factored

in. You might also have to babysit for your in-laws or attend school plays or sporting events that you have no interest in. Keep in mind that these are not children that you raised, and with an increasingly liberal approach to parenting, you could find yourself stuck with a pack of brats running amuck in your house for the next five hours while your sister-in-law goes on a date with another jobless loser.

You may somehow weasel your way out of funding your sister-in-law's relationship, but your wife might throw a fit if you don't let her and her idiot husband stay in your basement for a few months until he finds new employment. A father-in-law might need you to help paint his house, while next week your brother-in-law pulls his rusty truck into your driveway because he knows you know a thing or two about fixing vehicles.

Getting married opens up a whole new group of people that you just might not want to deal with.

Reason #50 - Her Friends

The names of a woman's relatives should be written all over her wedding dress alongside her friends as a reminder that they're part of the whole package. A husband will be forced to deal with his wife's friends even if he moves far away from them.

Women love yapping on the telephone, and the internet opens up a whole new means of staying in communication and making a never-ending assortment of new friends through social networking websites. You can pick your friends, but you can't pick your wife's friends. The influence of a woman's friends will always hang over the head of your marriage, and if you live in proximity to them, your wife will want to spend time with them.

Influence does not have to mean something overtly negative, such as her best friend running you down behind your back, or enticing your wife with stories about how nice it is to be riding some other man's cock while her husband is away at work. A woman's friends can sway her buying decisions, and create feelings of resentment and envy as they share stories of how much money the men in their lives are willing to spend on them. Friends can have an impact of your wife's diet, appearance, vices, spending habits, politics, the location she wants to live, and they'll weigh in on how they think you should be behaving as a husband.

Your wife's guy friends are the worst, as any male friend of hers will sleep with her given a chance, and perhaps the right amount of alcohol. Again, with ready access to a whole host of social networking websites, there's plenty of guys she can "make friends with" and monkey branch around. A survey of 1,000 women by OnePoll.com in 2014 found that 50 percent of women have a "Plan B" backup plan in the form of man they know, should they found themselves unhappy with their current relationship. A wife is more likely to have a backup suitor than a girlfriend, and her chosen Plan B is usually someone she has known for around seven years. As noted in an article citing the poll at *DailyMail.co.uk* on September 25, 2014, "With sites like Facebook and Twitter, it's easier than ever to stay in touch with an old flame."

I can only imagine how many women are telling their husbands "I love you" or "I love you with all my heart," and yet are keeping another man's phone number handy just in case things don't work out.

Reason #51 - Her Pets & Your Pets

Another unforeseen potential restriction upon a married man's life may be the kind of pets he can have, or the pets he must tolerate. An unwanted pet can represent extra expenses you don't want. A single dog or cat can cost around $1000 for the first year, and an additional $500 for every year thereafter.

Maybe your wife wants an annoying parakeet, or a couple of ferrets running amuck in the house, or perhaps you do, but she doesn't. Comedian Dane Cook jokes that every guy wants a monkey. Marriage limits the freedom to have such exotic pets, as well as common domesticated animals, but all pets are an additional expense. They can also become a source of resentment. Are you annoyed by your wife's pets? Does she treat the dog or cat better than you? Does your wife think you pay more attention to the dog than you give to her?

In the book *Leader of the Pack: How a Single Dad of Five Led His Kids, His Business and Himself from Disaster to Success* by Matt Sweetwood, the author shares a story about his family dog Max. Matt got roped into marrying his girlfriend Charlotte after she announced she was pregnant—which was also after she claimed that the doctors said she couldn't get pregnant. Matt got a dog to complete the picture of marriage normalcy. As the months of his wife's

pregnancy ticked by, Matt noticed she got colder toward him and the dog. On the day he brought his newborn daughter home, he said Charlotte barged into the house, kicked the dog and retreated to the baby's room. A woman who loves your pets one day may not tomorrow.

Reason #52 – You Will Never Have Peace of Mind

If there's one thing that marriage is guaranteed to do, it will destroy your peace of mind. I sense this plays into why married guys get less sleep than bachelors. The questions that will float around in your mind are endless.

If your wife shows any indication that she's unhappy, but doesn't tell you—keeping in mind that women loathe speaking truthfully—you'll be wondering what you did to upset her. Did you say something wrong? Is she happy enough?

When she takes a phone call, you'll wonder who she's talking to. Is she talking to that idiot friend of hers, or is she talking to her mother, who blames her failed marriage on your father-in-law?

After reading about a celebrity divorce settlement in some Hollywood gossip magazine, has she done the math on how much she can extort from you in divorce court?

Exactly who is she texting on all the time?

When you went with her to buy her a new cellphone, didn't it seem like she lit up a little too much as the handsome salesmen walked her through all the service plan options?

If you can't spend enough money on her birthday present as her friend's husband spent on his wife's present, is she really going to be happy?

She's been packing on a lot of pounds lately, so does this mean you're going to be stuck with a woman who's intent on becoming her own landmass?

If a mountain lion jumps out of a tree while you're hiking, will you be able to protect her?

If you don't close the deal on this big account, how dissatisfied will she be if you have to scale back your vacation plans?

Did she catch you glancing at the young barmaid's delicious titties, and are you going to have to hear about it tonight if she did? How much has she had to drink tonight anyway?

Does she regret marrying you after seeing how great her ex-boyfriend is doing at the high school reunion?

Is she really okay with you spending a weekend at your buddy's hunting cabin to console him while he's going through a divorce?

If you didn't marry her, what would your life be like? Who could you have become? How many of your dreams could you have materialized?

…and who is it that she keeps texting all the time?

Chapter 9 - Cutting Your Balls Off

"We're a generation of men raised by women. I'm wondering if another woman is really the answer we need." – Tyler Durden, a character from the book *Fight Club* by Chuck Palahniuk

Reason #53 – Say Goodbye to Your Dream Car

One easy way to tell if a guy is married, or if he has kids and is paying child support, is the kind of car he's driving. Most married men can no longer afford the car they really want to drive, and instead, opt for a cheaper model, or just keep driving the same old rag-trapper until the engine falls out. Even if you can afford a fully-loaded luxury pickup truck or sedan, or badass sports car that's guaranteed to turn heads, there are steep obstacles and severe penalties to pay if you make the purchase.

Since women are petty creatures more obsessed with appearances than men are, she'll also be requesting a new car that's comparable to yours. After all, she needs to flaunt to her friends and neighbors how much her husband spent on her so she can validate the price of her vagina. If you can't afford your dream car—because of legitimate bills, or her irrational spending habits—she'll be sure to remind you. Meanwhile, you'll be wondering why you're still making payments on the $3000 treadmill her fat ass stopped using a week after she ordered it.

Your dream car is never going to divorce you. It is never going to cheat on you, prevent you from spending your free-time how you want to spend it, or hit you up for child support while telling your kids what a deadbeat you are.

Reason #54 - Firearms & Motorcycles

Some very few women enjoy going out to the shooting range, riding on the back of their man's motorcycle or doing other activities that are traditionally masculine, or might otherwise be viewed as dangerous.

Getting married increases a woman's desire to feel safe and secure, as her husband is perceived as her safety net. Having children, or merely getting pregnant, compounds a wife's need to be reassured that she is in a stable and safe environment. A woman's desire for security and stability translates to a disagreeable attitude when it comes to various manly activities. To take on a wife may mean that a man may have to forgo participating or investing in things which his wife deems dangerous or of no value to her needs.

A random news report on a terrible motorcycle accident can give way to a wife demanding her husband sell his prized bike, and the same can be said for a speedboat, dune-buggy or other unconventional vehicles. Once she views the receipts, a man's firearm collection, or the joy of amassing more tools, will take a back seat to his wife's need for designer clothes, home decorations, new furniture, an exotic vacation, or some useless trash that caught her eye on a home shopping television show.

Reason #55 – "Will you please stop leaving the toilet seat up!"

It may sound silly, but I quite enjoy that I can skip a shower, leave the place a complete mess, let the dishes pile up for days, or fart up the whole house if I want to. I can drink right out the of the milk jug, have the same meal delivered to my place five days in a row, or chain-smoke two packs of cigarettes in my bedroom while I get sauced on booze. I can play video games all day or watch the entire *Die Hard* film franchise in one sitting. I can make my bed or leave it a complete mess while I sit around in my underwear with my feet kicked up on the coffee table, trying to see if I can burp loud enough to wake the neighbors. I'm not saying I do any of this stuff, but the point that I'm making is that I have the freedom to do as I please in and out of my own home.

If you don't get married, you'll never have anyone nag you that you need to stop leaving the toilet seat up, or threatening to throw your clothes away if you don't stop leaving them in a heap on the floor. Heck, my friend's toilet bowl hasn't been cleaned in so long it looks like you still need to flush it, even after you've already flushed it.

Reason #56 - Your Vices

She might tolerate your love of cigars or pipe tobacco now but that can all change.

When Melissa moved in with me and brought in some of her furniture and decorations, I reluctantly agreed that I would no longer smoke in my house. Plenty of guys choose not to smoke in their home, but as the king of their castle, it's their choice to have a smoke free environment. Cohabiting with a woman can change that, and control over the household is never equal. This is especially the case since women have spent their childhood playing house, and believe themselves to be rightfully in control of the home—despite however much they object to the traditional duties of a housewife. Ken Roberts, who made his fortune trading and teaching people how to trade commodities, said in one book that he had a separate house built on his property so he could enjoy smoking cigars without hearing his wife complain about the odor.

To be fair, the positive aspect of a woman putting her foot down against smoking, gambling, drinking, or other vices, is that it can be good for your health and your wallet. In my beta male days, I once told an alpha male friend that I liked the idea of a good woman who would help keep me in line and control my spending. He was shocked at my vaginal comment and retorted, "We are not those kind of men. If we have a weakness, we do not seek a crutch from a woman or anyone else. We look within ourselves, and we change it." I scolded myself for being so weak, for I had read the works of Anthony Robbins, Napolean Hill, Robert Greene, and many others, but failed to apply what they were teaching.

If you have an addiction that you recognize impedes you from being the best version of yourself that you can be, it's up to you to take steps to change it or seek professional help. It is not up to a mommy that comes in the form of a wife. If, on the other hand, you don't see your vices as harmful, or believe the tradeoff is worth it, marriage gambles your chances of being able to enjoy what you like, when, where and how much you like.

Reason #57 – Marriage Takes the Fun Out of Nightlife

Going to a dance club with your buddies, or taking a girlfriend or a wife, are three very different experiences.

As a single man, the dance club is a buffet of gorgeous girls shaking their ass, trying to attract the attention of alpha males. The presence of a girlfriend shuts down the opportunity to thoroughly enjoy the eye-candy, but it's a joy to see a girlfriend dress up for the night, and if the relationship is fresh you'll still find some electricity between you. Bringing a woman to a dance club, however, also comes with having to watch over her, and fending off any would-be suitors. You've basically just stepped into a mating competition where the men have dressed their best, inflate their chests or show off their muscles in the hopes of proving that it is they who deserve vagina access.

A friend of mine said that he hated going to the dance club with his girlfriend because it meant that he had to deflect an onslaught of flirtatious attempts by other men to sleep with his girlfriend. Add alcohol to a gathering that includes 200 – 800 males trying to assert their dominance and impress females, and now you have to play bodyguard in the event that some drunken hooligans start exchanging blows too close to your gal. If someone insults you in front of your lady, you're forced with the difficult decision of ignoring it like a weakling, or trying your best to pummel the guy, so you don't lose face.

If you don't like to dance, your choice is to let her pull you to the dance floor—where you'll shuffle around like a half-retarded ape—or you can sit on the sidelines keeping an eye out for the next guy who's going to cop a feel or rub his pecker against your girl's silky ass.

If your wife has one too many drinks, you'll have the added bonus of playing babysitter to a drunk, and while it might ignite the bed sheets, it could also mean she'll be going off on a drunken tirade that uncorks all her criticisms of you that she's collected over the past few years.

Finally, in light of the almost inevitable weight-gain that marriage brings, as proven by numerous studies, husbands have to keep their eyes off of all the pert breasts of scantily clad young ladies while their fat-ass aging wives shimmy up to the bar for another overpriced cosmopolitan.

Reason #58 - Having to Hide Guys' Night Out

Adam White of the University of Bedfordshire in Britain assisted in a study to find out how much men valued close heterosexual relationships with other men compared to having a girlfriend. Their survey discovered that men found their friendships much more fulfilling than tolerating a girlfriend. White told Joseph Brean from *The National Post*, "What happens in 50 years, say, if these bromantic relationships really take off and men decide, 'Hang on, we really

enjoy these. These are much better. We can gain more emotionality from it. We're less regulated, we're less policed, and therefore women actually just become the sexual fulfillers of men and nothing else. That's the worrying aspect."

I think I just figured out the true identity of the comic book superhero Captain Save-a-Hoe.

White is worried that men will realize that if they don't succumb to the trap of long-term relationships with women—because men know they're just going to be "regulated" and "policed"—we'll only value women for what's between their legs. In other words, White is concerned that men will actually wake up!

Apparently, it's a bad thing if men realize they've been suckered into giving up their freedoms for vagina access when they can easily have sex with women without sacrificing any of their freedom.

The fact is, heterosexual men prefer the company of other men over women. In fact, men can enjoy the company of a best friend without hardly saying a word, whereas girls like to talk and talk, require fistfuls of our money, and make all sorts of incessant demands. A guy can sit quietly in a fishing boat with his buddy, or hardly exchange a word as they watch Tiger Woods dominate the golf course, and have the time of his life for the price of a few beers.

Upon getting married a man automatically decreases the chance to spend quality time with friends. A wife inevitably places restrictions on how often her husband can go to poker night, Monday night football, and what he'll be doing some fishing and hunting season. Strip clubs are almost always out the question, and you can forget about planning a men's only trip to Las Vegas, Thailand or the Philippines. The amount of time a guy can spend at the Freemasonic lodge, Elks' lodge, or other fraternity can also be restricted by a wife.

As a single man, I can hang out with the boys as often as I want.

Reason #59 – Say Goodbye to Eye-Candy…and Candy & Bambi's Sweet Young Ass

One of the great things about going out to the bar, coffee shop, beach, or any number of public places, is that you can enjoy the scenery of beautiful women. A married man can still scope out the ladies, but only when he's not with his wife—unless he wants to risk stealing a glance when she isn't looking.

I often take walks to a local restaurant, barbershop or grocery store because they're so close to where I live. I'll usually spot at least a couple of hot girls in the few short blocks that I walk. Even the girl that cuts my hair is a hot-piece, but if I had a wife who found out where I get my hair cut, I'd likely have to deal with her jealousy—and for what? Why would I want to voluntarily limit how much enjoyment I get from eye-candy? As a single man, I'm not just a window shopper either; I can try my hand at seducing any girl I see. The married man can look but isn't supposed to touch, so he's willing turned himself into a cock-tease.

Reason #60 – The Boys are NOT Back in Town

A study conducted by Bella dePaulo at the University of California at Santa Barbara found that single people have more fulfilling social lives than married couples. After dePaulo reviewed 814 studies, she determined that staying single meant a greater connection to family and friends. Marriage often results in an insular lifestyle.

Not much more needs to be said here. Women want to dominate your time, and a wife inevitably decreases the amount of quality time you can spend with friends and family. A wife will also attempt to remove any friends from your life that she feels might pull you away from the direction she wants you to go in life. Moreover, women are jealous creatures who feel alive by emotional interactions, so to step in the door laughing and smiling after hanging out with the guys, is just another reason for a woman to lash out in envy.

Reason #61 – She Wants Brand New Everything

There is truth in the old joke that men are content to wear underwear that has holes in it. Men are more likely to appreciate the function of things, whereas women value the appearance of things. Women also concern themselves with whether or not what they own elicits a response of praise or envy in others.

When a man foolishly spends money, it is often to prove his alpha status to draw the attention of females or to garner the respect of other men. We also blow money on our hobbies and addictions, if we have any. However, we are still more likely to reuse, repair or recycle. For instance, a man can be satisfied with a leather jacket that's a bit

worn or a pair of boots that have taken a beating because it makes him look rugged and tough, but a woman wants her clothes and shoes to be new and pristine. Most women don't even know how to sew anymore, so a dress that's coming apart at the seams or a missing button on a blouse will soon be chucked in the trash.

While a man is content to drive a used car, because he's confident he can fix any problems, has a buddy whose a grease-monkey, or knows an affordable shop, a woman wants a new car. She not only wants a new vehicle so she can actualize the value of her vagina and flaunt how much her husband spent on her, but also because women want safety and reliability. A man will purchase a fixer-upper house because it's dirt cheap, and he knows he can fix it, or have his friends help out for the low price of a case of beer. A woman wants a new and spacious house in the best neighborhood her husband can afford because it's a matter of status, a feeling of security, and, once again, demonstrating the value of her vagina.

I've known plenty of men who admit that their wrist watch is broken or they haven't bothered to replace the battery, including myself, because we understand it still retains its function. The purpose of a nice watch is merely to display status, and make the man look like a refined and successful gentleman of good taste; therefore, who cares if it stops working? Besides, if you really need to know the time you can look on your cellphone or simply ask somebody.

While the status artifacts of men are usually few in number, women want to adorn themselves in expensive jewelry. The book *The Millionaire Next Door* by Cotter Smith and Dr. Thomas J. Stanley speaks to the true purchase habits of the rich, and it is no mistake why men form the majority of the affluent. Most millionaires drive used cars, wear inexpensive suits, live in middle-class and upper-middle-class neighborhoods, and if they drink, they don't reach for expensive wine or high-priced scotch. After I read *The Millionaire Next Door* and had a few high-end suit salesmen affirm that most people can't tell whether or not a suit was an expensive designer brand or not, I never purchased a $1,000 suit ever again. Again, it is a matter of function: if a well-tailored suit at a discount men's clothing store can do the job of a name brand suit, what's the point of blowing the money? Women do not see it this way, and instead reach for name brands and fantasize about wearing the most expensive clothing money can buy.

If you don't want to throw practical spending right out the window, don't get married.

Reason #62 – No One Respects a Pussy-Whipped Man

Guys who let their woman drive the car while they sit in the passenger seat should really know how pussified they look. Perhaps it's more honest for a married man to let his wife drive, because after all, in today's society the husband is not at the wheel of the marriage.

When a friend or acquaintance announces his engagement to a woman, the wiser among us immediately think, "This guy's a damn fool." Some men can remember the specific instance in their youth when they realized their mother treating them like a fragile little boy affected how other boys saw him. When little boys challenge each other to a dangerously steep downhill bicycle ride, or jumping the cemetery fence to take a shortcut at night, the boy who responds, "My mother would get mad if she found out," loses status in the male pecking order. It is no different when a grown man says he has to check in with his wife, or cut-short his time with the guys because some woman—whose lifestyle he supports with his hard work—will be upset if he doesn't get home. Nobody really says anything, but we men see it all the time: broken men whose wives sapped the life out of them.

Allowing a female to dominate or control your life is called "simping" or being a simp. Probably the greatest expert on simping behavior is Darius, a US Navy Veteran who created a YouTube channel called *MGTOW Knowledge* to educate men on how to stop being simps and manginas. Before taking the metaphorical "red pill" that woke him up to the power that women can exert on a man's life through her real husband, the government, Darius admits he was one of the biggest simps of all time. In one video, Darius shares a story of how he was dating a woman who always wanted to know where he was. It was so bad, he said, that he would take a picture of himself with the location he was at clearly in the background. So imagine Darius, a grown man whose pumping iron at the gym, but asking his buddy to stand in a picture with him so he can prove to some woman that he's not out cheating on her.

Getting married means losing your dignity—you become a simp.

Chapter 10 - It's Not Your Castle

"Instead of getting married again, I'm going to find a woman I don't like and give her a house." — Lewis Grizzard, 20-century American writer and humorist

Reason #63 – Buying a House You Don't Need

According to the US Census Bureau's "2015 Characteristics of New Housing" report, the average size of a house has increased by 1,000 square feet since 1973 to an average of 2,687 square feet. Interestingly, the number of household occupants declined from 3.01 persons in 1973 to 2.54 persons in 2015. The birthrate in the United States has plummeted from 3.65 in 1960 to a mere 1.84 in 2015 and is continuing to drop like a rock. A birthrate below 2 means replacement levels are not being reached, and the population is shrinking. The curious thing is that homes have gotten bigger and more expensive, yet the number of household occupants has decreased, and women are having fewer children.

An article published by *Bloomberg* on January 31, 2017, says it all in the title, "Why Single Women Are Buying Homes at Twice the Rate of Single Men." The author notes that only 7 percent of homes are purchased by single men, while single women make up 17 percent of home buyers, and married couples make up most of the rest. A 2017 article by *Inc.* magazine entitled "Data Shows Millennial Women Are Dominating the Current Job Market" notes that women are getting higher paying jobs than men, so home purchases by single women make sense. All this data also reveals that single men either cannot afford to purchase a home or aren't interested in being homeowners.

With the brunt of home purchases being made by single women and married couples, it goes without saying that marrying a woman will mean having to purchase a house. As any real estate agent will tell you, and redundant polls show, women are the chief decision makers when a couple goes to buy a home. Marriage means buying a house that you didn't need if you remained single, that was picked out by your wife, and that will most likely be given to her—along with many of your other belongings that you paid for—whenever she decides to divorce your sorry ass.

According to RCLCO (formerly known as Robert Charles Lesser & Co.), the average size of apartments built between 2000 – 2009 was 988 square feet, and decreased in size to 917 square feet between 2010 – 2016. Contrast this with an average house size of 2,687 square feet, and you'll realize that getting married virtually requires a space three times the size of what a single man needs. So while fewer people are getting married, and apartments are shrinking, women are demanding larger and more expensive homes.

Getting married is a great way to spend your money buying a house that you don't need, can't afford and that you didn't even pick out.

Reason #64 – Moving to 2432 Mangina Lane

Since men are more independent, they are less likely to have qualms about moving away from friends and family to their dream location. Men who are intent on saving money for a business venture, or other purposes, can also be satisfied living in an affordable home in a rough neighborhood. Despite the stigma of living in a trailer park, if finances or savings goals require it, a man is more often willing to suck-it-up and live below his means than a woman.

Men are long-term thinkers whereas women look at what will satisfy them immediately. Women also have a greater need for safety, social interaction, and stability, and must validate the value of their vagina to others. Due to her comfort in consistency and social needs, a wife is less likely to condone moving away from her friends and family than a man. Whereas a man will just sleep with a pistol in his nightstand drawer and get a concealed carry weapons permit, a woman needs to feel safe so she'll want to live in a neighborhood that has a low crime rate. Because she must advertise to the world that her yeast-factory is prize-worthy, a wife will also want to live in the most expensive neighborhood her husband can afford.

A single man can live on a boat, travel around in an RV, move off-grid to a cabin in the woods, or even take a year to hitchhike around the country sleeping wherever he decides to lay his head. There are indeed some women who

are okay with living in a 35-foot boat or an RV, and there's a small handful who'll run off with a mountain man to live in the woods, but marriage significantly decreases your options for where and how you'll live.

Reason #65 - Your House Becomes Her House

When men think about getting married, they inevitably envision the kind of home they'll share with their wife. Unless a man already lives in a sizeable house, he's likely to picture eventually moving into a larger home with his wife. He might daydream about kicking his feet up in a spacious living room, with his sexy wife serving dinner right at the coffee table so they can cuddle up, enjoy a meal together and watch the latest action flick with Gerald Butler, Denzel Washington or Mel Gibson.

Having provided his wife a dream home, and a kitchen that would make Chef Ramsey blush, it's only natural to think that somewhere in the midst of watching the movie, his deliciously hot wife will reach over to start massaging his groin. Before he closes eyes, as he tilts his head back—and she tries to swallow all of his manhood—he can envision how the expansive living room is decorated to his liking. His great grandfather's old rifle from the war hangs above the fireplace, the colors in the room are manly and subdued, and the art and furniture speak to his good taste.

After a good hour or two of sex, he imagines he'll fall asleep and wake up to his beautiful wife sound asleep in her silky negligée, or maybe she'll rouse him with a morning blowjob and breakfast in bed. Yes indeed, he thinks, "This is my castle, and I am the master of my domain."

The problem with this picture is that it amounts to pure fantasy. When a man purchases a home, he is genuinely buying it for his wife—not for him, or the both of them—it is bought for her. A married man is quickly resigned to spend his days in a space allotted by his wife. Usually, this is the basement, garage or a shed in the backyard. This is where the term "man-cave" comes in, for whatever place his wife decides he is free to decorate as he pleases, it is likely to be a single room much colder and darker than the rest of the house. While a stark difference in the actual lighting and temperature may exist between the rest of the home and the man-cave, it is cold and dark insofar as its separation from the warm light and love he thought he secured when he married his wife.

When I was a child, while the boys were throwing snowballs and making snowmen on the playground, the girls would make crude outlines of the floor plan of a house in the snow. Even if a married woman never had a dollhouse as a little girl, she certainly fantasized about how she would decorate her home. The colors, smells, decorations, and furniture were always picked out by her in her mind.

A married man does not rule over his castle but works to provide his wife whatever palace she desires, just as the sweat of his labor exists to expand her freedom to decorate the place as she sees fit. Any seasoned real estate agent will tell you that 70-80% of home purchase decisions are made by the wife; if the woman likes the home, the man will buy it. It is her home, not yours. This is further proven to be the case in the fact that divorce settlements often end in the ex-wife keeping the house which the man purchased with his hard-earned money.

If you do not want to be in the business of buying homes for women, do not get married.

Reason #66 – Your Clubhouse is a Shack

When I was a boy, my friends and brothers would build tree houses or even dig large holes and cover them with wood to create an underground hideout. In adulthood, having our own space to shoot the breeze with our buddies and just be men can take the form of a few comfy seats in the garage and a kegerator (i.e., a refrigerator that holds a keg of beer). We might envision a basement with a pool table, dart board and a foosball table, or a loft over a four-car garage that's made to look and function like a speakeasy of the 1920s. Tech-savvy gamers might dream of a game room outfitted with a half-dozen PCs, or two aircraft or race car simulators, along with a wall of classic arcade games and pinball machines. Canadian *Dungeons & Dragons* aficionado, Robert Wardhaugh, has been running a table-top role-playing game for over 30 years with his buddies. Even guys that aren't into pen-and-paper games are likely to get jealous over his sprawling setup.

The fact is that getting married reduces the amount of space, money and time one can allot to a private clubhouse. Women tie-the-knot to secure a man's time and resources. Long gone are the days when men were truly the kings of their own castle. A wife might argue that her husband is spending too much money on his man-cave, or deny him

the space altogether. Instead of creating the clubhouse of their dreams, many men are reduced to sipping beers with their buddies out by the toolshed just out of earshot of their wives. Sailors and fishermen have had to abandon the idea of hanging out with their best buds on their dream yacht for a tiny fishing boat with hardly any room to move.

If you don’t want to see your dream of the ultimate hangout going up in flames, do not get married.

Chapter 11 - Cheating

"The fundamental defect of the female character is a lack of a sense of justice. This originates first and foremost in their want of rationality and capacity for reflection but it is strengthened by the fact that, as the weaker sex, they are driven to rely not on force but on cunning: hence their instinctive subtlety and their ineradicable tendency to tell lies: for as nature has equipped the lion with claws and teeth, the elephant with tusks, the wild boar with fangs, the bull with horns and the cuttlefish with ink, so it has equipped woman with the power of dissimulation as her means of attack and defense, and has transformed into this gift all the strength it has bestowed on man in the form of physical strength and the power of reasoning." – from Arthur Schopenhauer's essay "On Women" (c.1865)

Reason #67 – Hypergamy

Colloquially referred to as "marrying up," hypergamy is the practice of marrying someone of a higher caste or social status. Women are hypergamous by nature, as it is their biological imperative to seek out the best male specimen they can find, and use his resources to create the lifestyle they desire for themselves and their offspring. Men are more likely to engage in hypogamy—which is the reverse of hypergamy—as our instinct is to plant our seed into as many women as possible, regardless of whether or not we consciously want children. For men, our unconscious biological imperative has us valuing a woman's womb, and a healthy attractive body fit for giving birth to a healthy child.

In a paper on evolutionary anthropology entitled "Women's Mating Strategies," written by Elizabeth Cashdan at the Department of Anthropology at the University of Utah, she states, "Females in a wide variety of species (insects, birds, mammals) prefer males with resources, and the same is true for humans." Cashdan reduces women's selection of mates to three factors: attractiveness, resources, and status.

Women ultimately value a healthy and symmetrical appearance because an attractive man is likely to be a better provider and have genetic traits that can be passed on to her offspring. Attractiveness relates to one's ability to provide resources to a woman insofar as it can be an indication of a man's ability to stand up against harsh environmental conditions, disease, parasites, and the strength and stamina to work harder and longer. A man's resources indicate the degree to which he can ensure a woman's survival and that of her offspring. A man's overall status is indicative of what his offspring might inherit, and the ease of life his children and their mother will enjoy. A woman who is with a man who others regard as powerful also has the added benefit of not having to deal with a constant barrage of lowly men, with fewer resources, flirting with her—because they dread disrespecting her husband.

Because women are hypergamous creatures, a reduction in a man's social status or resources can quickly see his wife monkey-branching with the intent of marrying up and out of what has become to her an undesirable condition. A woman clings to a man like a monkey holds onto a branch, but like a tree that starts to sway too much in the wind, she will branch off to other men if they offer a sturdier environment or a bigger meal ticket. Having a wife means that a man must always be aware that the woman who supposedly loves him will swing to another tree if she believes it's more promising, and she thinks she can get away with it.

Robert Stephen Briffault, a social anthropologist of the early 20th century, expanded on women's hypergamy by codifying what is known as Briffault's Law. The principle, published in the first volume of The Mothers, states:

"The female, not the male, determines all the conditions of the animal family. Where the female can derive no benefit from association with the male, no such association takes place."

Dr. Briffault expanded on this law with three undergirding principles.

1. "Even though a woman has accrued past benefits from her relationship with a man, this is no guarantee of her continuing the relationship with him."

This is quite simply to say, that no matter how well a man treats his wife, nor how much money he spends on her,

there is no assurance she won't at some point file for divorce. Guys delude themselves into believing that since they spent money on a sparkly rock, take their wife on exciting dates, bought her the car and the house she wanted, they have strengthened the relationship. According to Dr. Briffault, women do not look back upon all the previous things a man has done for them to determine the value of a relationship. No amount of money can ensure the loyalty of a wife.

2. "If a woman promises a man to continue her relationship with him in the future in exchange for a benefit received from him today, her promise becomes null and void as soon as the benefit is rendered."

To fully grasp this, imagine that a woman is threatening to leave her husband because she's tired of living in his small house in a neighborhood she doesn't like. The man promises he'll rectify the situation. She promises not to leave him if he can deliver on his promise to buy her the home she been dreaming of; the one that's just a stones-throw away from his annoying mother-in-law. Though her husband delivers on his promise, it would be foolish of him to ask why she's filing for divorce two months after he purchased the house. He will say, "Didn't I purchase the house you wanted," because he doesn't understand that his wife does not see the home as a long-term benefit, but one that has already come and gone. Technically, in her tiny little mind, she held up her end of the bargain. She called off the divorce because he purchased the home, but she's come up with a different reason to divorce him. Furthermore, she'll get to take over ownership of the house in the divorce settlement anyway.

3. "A man's promise of a future benefit has limited ability to secure a continuing relationship with a woman, and his promise carries weight with her only to the extent that the woman's wait for the benefit is short and to the extent that she trusts him to keep his promise."

If a husband draws up a detailed picture charting his expected financial growth over the next five years, promising that he'll be able to provide a better lifestyle for his wife, he doesn't realize that women are not creatures of long-term thinking but immediate gratification. After all, why would a woman wait and gamble on her husband becoming wealthier when she can seize his current earnings through alimony and monkey-branch to exploit a man who is much more successful than her soon-to-be ex-husband?

Marrying a woman does not magically call a ceasefire to all other male competition because women are hypergamous by nature. She is always going to be looking for an opportunity to monkey-branch and acquire more resources from a superior provider-male or spread her legs for genetic material in the ballsack of another alpha male.

Reason #68 - She'll Cheat on You

I've caught several girlfriends cheating on me or about to cheat. The girls always try to make it seem like they've been the victim of unethical surveillance. Meanwhile, white nights and other beta male cuckolds, who haven't the first clue about women and know nothing of the details of my relationships, will make spurious judgments that I must have deserved to be cheated on. Other equally delusion men might argue that I just chose the wrong gal—believing there is some magical checklist that significantly decreases the chance of dating or marrying a cheater. The real lunkheads might think that a woman cheated because her boyfriend or husband didn't have a big enough John Thomas, or didn't pound her Weiner Wagon hard enough with his Bone Ranger.

The theories of why women cheat are endless, but ultimately they do so because females are hypergamous, and they are also driven by emotions; a woman can be after the emotional exhilaration of the act itself or the emotional high from the drama of getting revenge.

In the time of my father and his father before him, there were much fewer opportunities for women to cheat, but with social media and dating apps accessible on every smartphone carried in a woman's purse, girls have an endless supply of men to sleep around with. For this reason alone, most women have ridden the cock-carousel before they tied-the-knot, and can quickly jump right back onto Rumpleforeskin's merry-go-round anytime the mood strikes them.

According to a research document by Dr. Lawrence B. Finer titled "Trends in Premarital Sex in the United States, 1954–2003," the number of women who are still virgins on their wedding day is roughly 3%. The pretty girl-next-door, that you've been sizing up to see if she's marriage material, has likely been riding so much Chad-cock that her vagina looks like a heap of roast beef.

Dr. Charles E. Corry from the National Coalition For Men researched the subject of how many men are taking care of children that they have been duped into believing are their biological offspring. He found some sickening facts. Dr. Corry noted in 2004 that approximately 300,000 paternity tests are done in the United States for the purposes of including or excluding a male as the biological father of a child. Out of these tests, about one in three prove that the man is not the father of the child. Dr. Corry estimates that each year roughly 90,000 men have been wrongly accused of fathering a child. It also means that with about 4 million children born in the United States each year, there are 1.2 million men that are victims of paternity fraud. By such estimates, there are 21 million men at this very moment who are financially enslaved in a marriage, or through child support, to take care of a child that is not biologically their own. For the record, 32.9 billion dollars was owed in child support for the year 2014, yet how many billions of dollars have cheating women profited—and child support agencies themselves—for suckering men into paying for children that are not their biological offspring?

The *General Social Survey* of 2010 to 2016 conducted by The Institute for Family Studies claims that 20% of men cheat on their spouse but only 11% of women. In light of Dr. Corry's research concerning paternity fraud, there seems to be some shenanigans going on with the findings of the *General Social Survey*. The study did note, however, that the number of unfaithful women is increasing.

In her book *State of Affairs: Rethinking Infidelity*, Esther Perel concludes from her research that the number of women who cheat on their husbands has risen by 40% since 1990. According to Buss and Shackelford's 1997 paper "Susceptibility to Infidelity in the First Year of Marriage," they showed that numerous studies place the likelihood that a woman will cheat on her spouse between 20 – 50%.

In the article "Why Women May Be Bigger Cheaters Than Men?" published at *The Huffington Post* on December 6, 2016, Ashley Papa from Fox News was asked why more women are unfaithful today. Ashley responded, "Part of the reason is access. Women are in the workplace more than ever before. So they have access to men who might be interesting and available to them. And the Internet and social media has made cheating so much easier to do. Cheating is basically just a click away now."

When women defend cheating or relationship experts try to answer what motivates wives to cheat, a whole laundry list of goofy reasons are presented. When I caught Crystal cheating on me, I was purchasing a house, making more money than most men in my age bracket, and I would take her on dates, treat her like gold and even bought her a new wardrobe. After discovering that she was nothing but an unscrupulous whore, I finally cracked open her diary only to read that she had been obsessed with a guy who she admitted was a complete asshole who treated her as little more than a receptacle for his semen. All the while she was telling me she loved me, she was making entries in her diary about some verbally abusive prick she was obsessed with.

After I found out Melody had cheated on me—and called her out on it, by showing her a photograph of her guy friend with his hands all over her—she cried and talked about how much of a mistake it was. She said that she regretted having sex with him, and described how fat and repulsive he had become, and how he huffed, wheezed and sweated like a wild boar when he was on top of her. I decided to forgive Melody, because in those days I was a typical beta male simp; however, I did install software on her computer that recorded all of her keystrokes. Sure enough, she had kept in contact with Brett. When I called her on it a second time, she had the gall to tell me how Brett said that snooping on her was immoral. The same garbage came out of Crystal's mouth when I caught her. It never fails to amaze me how a woman who is caught red-handed, believes she can retain her innocence by shaming someone else, or having some emotional outburst, just like a child.

At the time I caught Bethany cheating I was working at a marketing firm and had received two promotions in the record span of four months. Even though Bethany was a little chunky, I treated her like a beautiful princess, only to have her go out with her feminist friends to bang other men. After leaving her while she was out with her mother, my best mate called me when he was at work, and said Bethany had barged into his house and was begging his girlfriend to tell her my whereabouts because she desperately wanted me back. She ended up blowing up the phone at my work so badly that the girl at the front desk had to sternly tell her to stop calling.

Don't be the fool who believes his wife won't cheat on him. The best way to avoid ever having to deal with the heartbreak of a cheating whore of a wife is not to get married—and that's real peace of mind.

Reason #69 - Women Do Not Love You

Men are the true romantics as we have been created by God, or evolved by nature, to fall in love with women.

In the absence of artificial womb technology, women have been necessary for the species to carry on. When a man steps up to defend a woman against a predatory animal or another man, or when he allows her to get off a sinking ship first, his actions are intended to protect the existence of the species. Men do these things regardless of whether they understand the real purpose of their chivalrous impulses or not. If men did not so easily fall in love with women, or at least have the instinct to protect females—that they aren't even interested in—human beings would have died off long ago. Women being weaker, slower, possessing less endurance and intelligence demands men who are programmed to love them and keep them out of harm's way for the sake of their precious wombs.

On the other hand, a woman's biological imperative is to find and breed with the best male she is capable of sleeping with to strengthen the species. In the animal kingdom, we observe that females will breed with whichever male is victorious in a battle of alpha status. Nature cannot have females refusing to reproduce with the best genetic stock they can find, and thus they cannot have any attachment to any particular male. A woman's version of love cannot be so rigid as to prevent her from passing up the sperm of a man who she intuits has far more alpha characteristics than whatever man she's been saying "I love you" to for the past few years.

Her other mission in life is to secure a mate who will protect and provide for her. Since women are unable or unwilling to amass the kind of resources a man can, it is essential for her to capture the attention of a male who can provide her with the resources she needs for her survival and happiness, and that of her offspring. Women do not get married because they're in love, but because marriage is an insurance policy. Men are little more than lifeboats on the ship of life.

Men are romantic about relationships, but women are pragmatic. A woman loves what a man can provide for her, but a man loves the woman. Men generally do not care how poor a woman is, but only that she is attractive and treats us with respect. The movie Pretty Woman, wherein a rich man falls in love with a prostitute and spends gobs of cash on her, is the classic example of how men fall in love with the person, but women fall in love with a man's bank account.

To love someone with all your heart is to be willing to sacrifice for them, and men will sacrifice their time, their money, and their lives, in the service of the most impoverished woman. Women will sacrifice their marriage on the altar of divorce if their husband's earnings no longer satisfy them, if a wealthier man takes an interest in them, or if they realize alimony and a divorce settlement are a better way to extract his resources.

Despite how many women devoir shelves of romance novels, or the number of romance movies geared toward a female audience, men are the true romantics. After looking at a stack of studies on which gender is more romantic, Dr. Gwendolyn Seidman in her article "Who's Really More Romantic, Men or Women?," published at *Psychology Today*, said matter-of-factly"…no study to date has shown women to be more romantic [than men]."

Reason #70 – Dealing With Her Jealousy

Hasse Walum of the Karolinska Institute in Sweden led a study of over 3,000 people to determine whether men or women are more jealous. Consistent with previous research, Walum found that women are more jealous than men. My view is that women are more likely to show signs of jealousy, or erupt in a fit of jealous anger because they are dependent upon the resources of the male. A woman's failure to control a man by keeping him emotionally and sexually tied to her spells danger, as he might end up running off to provide his resources to another female.

A woman who is married long enough to receive a sizable divorce settlement, ownership of the house her husband paid for, and monthly alimony payments, need not worry if her husband becomes infatuated with another woman. A woman who gets pregnant possesses a degree of financial security even quicker, as it only takes nine months till the birth of the child to receive child support payments, but can take five years or more to acquire long-term alimony. Despite a woman having numerous safety nets provided by her real husband, the government, her survival instinct is to be more jealous than a male and to act on those emotions to ensure the stability of her existence.

A woman's jealousy often appears irrational to men, and especially to those of us who pride ourselves on loyalty. The oddity is that a man can throw himself into his wife's service, shower her with compliments, waste his money on her, and tell her repeatedly that he loves her, but it will not quell her jealousy. When you discover that a girlfriend

or wife has been sifting through your text messages, or interrogating you to find out every little detail about how you spent your day, she is operating on instinct to make sure the fruits of your labor will still be hers for the foreseeable future. Another factor is that women know how easy it is for them to get away with cheating on their husbands, and as such, their own guilt can project onto their spouse. In my experience, girlfriends who cheated on me often became more jealous and interested in knowing exactly how I spent my time, and with whom.

When Crystal playfully asked, “Do you want to know what my email password is,” I knew something was amiss. I responded that I didn’t care, but she insisted that I guess, acting like it was a childish game. Finally, she told me her password, and knowing that this was her idiotic way of trying to get me to divulge my own email password—without her appearing that she wanted to police me—I freely told it to her. Within a day she had scoured my emails in a desperate attempt to find any signs that I was cheating on her. She found nothing, yet brought up some woman’s name who was merely a client of mine and tried to spin it that I might be involved with her beyond a professional relationship. Naturally, I became suspicious of Crystal, picked the lock on the tiny safe she hid under our bed, read her diary and tapped my own phone line with a recording device that would activate whenever the phone was picked up. It goes without saying that I discovered the jealous whore was cheating on me, all the while I was serving as her beta male simp who blew money on her and confessed his undying love to her.

In the friendship between two heterosexual men, envy and jealousy serve to encourage one another to excel and become better men. When a buddy pulls up in his dream car, though we might be jealous of his achievement, we do not get angry or resentful, nor feel the need to nit-pick into his bank statements to make sure everything was on the up and up. A best friend who starts to spend more time with another guy does not evoke the kind of irrational jealousy so common in women. If anything, we might find ourselves having an inner-reflection on how we can be a more enjoyable friend to hang around. Maybe we should take a little more interest in our best mate’s hobby if hanging out with him really means that much to us? If our best friend’s new pal is a bad influence, we might show real concern and express our concerns to him, but he’s a man after all, and he’ll have to make his own decisions.

On the other hand, if a married man spends too much time with a guy like me—who knows that marriage is a shell game—it becomes an immediate threat to the woman’s ability to control her husband and ensure access to his resources. A woman isn’t jealous because your buddy Rick drives his $80,000 sports car too fast while you’re riding shotgun, it’s because your wife doesn’t want you to see how awesome being single can really be. A married man’s financial priority is his wife, not his own dreams, and interests. When your wife complains that every time you and the other couples get together for a barbecue, your buddy Jefferson always brings some ditzy girl who doesn’t even have enough brain cells to talk about the weather, it’s not because she can’t stand their banal conversation. It’s because he’s demonstrating that a man can enjoy a wide variety of beautiful young women well into his 50s and beyond, without having to put up with an aging old nag whose ass now requires a “Wide Load” sign.

Reason #71 – Who Does She Keep Texting?

A wise man once said that if you marry a pretty girl, you’ll never sleep at night. By that, he didn’t mean that you’ll be so turned on by her all the time that your sleep hours will be consumed with sex—because married women don’t put out as much as girlfriends and random sluts do anyway. What is meant by that, is that you’ll lay around at night wondering if she’s been fucking someone else.

Since I’m not goofy enough to get married—and I change my girlfriends out as often as I change the oil in my truck—my thoughts are never preoccupied with whether or not some gal is cheating on me. These women are disposable to me, just as divorce rates, and 80% of divorces being initiated by women, prove that men are disposable to women.

But who am I kidding? As of late, I’ve opted for prostitutes because it virtually nullifies the chance of false domestic violence or false rape allegations, or some woman claiming I got her pregnant. Unlike girlfriends, with call girls I don’t have to deal with drama, nagging, clinginess, or any of the assorted nonsense, nor do I risk becoming so attached that I start wondering who the girl might be texting.

A married man has to concern himself with cheating for two reasons: first, because he’s in love with the woman, and he’s deluded himself into believing she loves him; second, if his wife cheats on him, there’s absolutely nothing he can do about it. A married man who discovers that his wife has been deep-throating his best friend’s pecker every Monday morning for the past three months, has absolutely no legal recourse. You can barge in on your wife getting pounded by a guy who's hung like a bull, and she can flat-out say that she plans to take you for everything you’re

worth, scream at you to get out of the house—that you paid for—and she'll still succeed in getting everything she wants in divorce court. By the time alimony and child support payments are determined, and the judge has ruled that your house is now her house, she'll have convinced everyone that you were a terrible husband.

On the other hand, if you cheat on her, it will only provide her more justification to take you for everything you've got. With tears in her eyes, she'll convince her friends what a monster you are, and might even cry in your buddy's lap, rubbing her cheek against his beef thermometer, with the intention of screwing him for revenge. If she has any brains at all she might even fabricate a story that you were physically abusive or even a sexual predator, so she can get full custody of the kids, along with your house, your boat, and motorcycle—in addition to alimony and child support.

If you don't get married, you'll never have to battle your own jealousy, and that's real peace of mind.

Reason #72 – Ovulation

Ovulation not only heavily determines when a woman is most desirous of sex, but also the kind of male characteristics she's attracted to.

Rollo Tomassi, the author of *The Rational Male: Positive Masculinity*, points out that when a woman is ovulating, she will be most attracted to men that express strong testosterone-based features. A square jaw, deep voice, pronounced V-shaped body, broad shoulders, and musculature, are just some visual and auditory cues that a man has a desirable level of testosterone. In terms of ideal personality traits and interaction with her, she is looking for a dominant male that displays confidence and assertiveness.

During this period of high fertility, she is looking for a short-term breeding opportunity. In other words, she isn't looking for a guy who is interested in becoming her boyfriend or husband; she's not interested in identifying a provider-male who will give her some of his resources, but an alpha male who will provide her with his valuable genetic material in the form of his semen.

When I asked a truck driver how he faired with the ladies, he divulged a strategy that echoes Rollo Tomassi's findings. He said that when he was 1 – 3 days away from delivering a load to a city, and knew he would have plenty of downtime, he would message 10 or 12 of the hottest girls he could find on a popular dating website. He advised that one should never give any indication that you are boyfriend or husband material. He wouldn't talk about his earnings, owning his own home, or anything that would indicate that he was a stable protector and provider, who was willing to bend the knee in service to a woman. Instead, he would repeatedly use the word "chill," saying things like, "We should get together and chill," or, "I'm thinking we could just go find a cool spot and chill." He used the word "chill" in place of the words "have sex." Since women ovulate for 12 – 48 hours, and he would message as many as a dozen women, by the time he arrived at a semi-truck dock to deliver his load, the odds are that one of the girls would want him to deliver the genetic alpha load that he was carrying around in his ballsack.

A study by the University of California Los Angeles, led by Dr. Martie Haselton, sought to determine whether or not ovulation affected a woman's fashion sense. The study found that a panel of judges could pick out the exact day a woman was ovulating 83% of the time by guessing on which day, in a timeline of photographs, she was trying to appear the most attractive.

Males are not only subconsciously aware of when women are most fertile, as studies have shown that men will tip ovulating strippers more generously than others, but women strive to make men aware of their window of fertility by the way they speak, walk and dance. Geoffrey Miller, an associate professor of psychology at the University of New Mexico found that strippers who were menstruating earned almost twice as much money from men than dancers who weren't. In 2007, Bernhard Fink of the University of Göttingen in Germany found that when his test group of 48 women danced for a panel of 200 men, the girls that were ovulating were picked as dancing the most provocatively. Scientists had formerly believed that women evolved to conceal their window of fertility to promote monogamy, but researchers have redundantly proven that girls go into heat just like house cats who cry out for the attention of males. In 2004, researchers at the University of Vienna took saliva samples from 351 women and digitally analyzed photographs of them at a nightclub. The girls who showed the most skin had higher levels of estradiol, a female hormone that is elevated when a woman is ovulating.

The fact is that men find women more attractive in their window of fertility, they will give them more attention, and women are more likely to cheat during this phase. David Buss, Elizabeth Pillsworth and Martie Haselton, followed the monthly pattern of women's sexual desire for someone other than their mate. As stated in the article "That Ex-Lover Who Keeps Popping Up in Your Dreams" published in *Psychology Today* on Jan 26, 2011, "These researchers found that the women who were in longer relationships had an increase in desire for someone other than their mate as they approached ovulation."

When a woman is ovulating, she's looking for alpha male semen, but her interests do a 180° turn once her fertility window closes. Apart from the short period of ovulation, the majority of the time a woman is attracted to the idea of catching the attention of a male who will give her his resources. If she's secured a long-term provider, such as a husband, she subconsciously intuits that she is in a stable enough environment to give birth to the offspring of the best alpha male she can find—and that may not be her husband. This is consistent with the findings from the University of Vienna's study of women at nightclubs. The women who showed the most skin and danced the most provocatively—digitally measured by software that analyzes movement—weren't just the ones who were ovulating. The girls who were trying to get the most male attention were not only ovulating but also stated that they were in a committed long-term relationship.

Every month a married man has to face the reality that his wife's biological imperative, driven by the hormones of ovulation, will ignite her desire to seek out the best alpha male she can find. It may be a hard pill to swallow, but there will always be a man who has superior alpha characteristics than you do, at least in one particular area. I have redundantly stated throughout, marrying a woman can reduce a man's perceived alpha status in the eyes of his wife in any number of ways.

It doesn't make sense to swear an oath of sexual monogamy to a creature that is triggered by biological programming, every few weeks, to search for sexual opportunities with other men.

Reason #73 – You Can't Stop Girls' Night Out

When women go out at night together, there is only one reason: to be gawked at and perhaps fondled by men. This is again about her need to validate her self-worth, which comes down to whatever price she places on her sperm-Jacuzzi. Girls' Night Out is also an opportunity to encounter a male who has more alpha characteristics than the man she is with. The alpha status of a man automatically decreases from the moment he proposes to a woman and then plummets to "beta male provider" upon getting married.

The biological imperative of a woman is to reproduce with the greatest alpha male she is capable of sleeping with, but also to create a safe and secure nest that will ensure her survival and that of the alpha male's offspring. A married woman already possesses the latter part of this equation, as her beta male husband has provided her with a nest to raise children, and will ensure she is well fed and protected during her pregnancy.

A marriage contract utterly nullifies a man's power, so his wife is free to go out with her friends to hunt for the semen of an alpha male, or at least receive the emotional and sexual excitement of being ogled and fondled by other men.

If you get married and deny your wife Girls' Night Out, expect her to scream that you're not the boss of her, say that you're too controlling, and then walk out the door dressed like a whore so she can go get pounded by some other man's Mr. Potato Head.

Reason #74 - Every Alpha Male Becomes a Threat

Men are naturally competitive, and more so in the presence of women. When an attractive woman is around a group of men, each will try to send her signals that he is an alpha male. Some men might choose not to enter into the unspoken competition because they are loyal to another woman, they are a beta male, or they are conscious of the stupidity of the ritual and don't want to be bothered.

Since a man turns himself into a beta male by the very act of signing a marriage contract, nearly all other men who possess alpha characteristics become a threat. Even a married man's friends become strong candidates for men that his wife might sleep with if she decides that she can get away with cheating on him.

In my old circle of friends, I never saw myself as the leader of the pack. Despite thinking that women found many of my friends more attractive than me, I've had the opportunity to sleep with almost all of my friends' wives or girlfriends.

Soon after Stewart married his trophy wife Margaret, she was flirting with me at the dance club. Stewart was a hard-charging salesman extraordinaire who was climbing the corporate ladder like a boss and always exuded confidence. Despite this, his wife made it clear she was in heat and her eyes were on me for the night. Margaret later got a job at a restaurant and confided in my girlfriend that she didn't know how she was going to contain herself because one of her coworkers was an old flame. Everyone thought Stewart and Marg's marriage was picturesque, but my cheating-whore-of-a-girlfriend laughed and scolded me for buying into that foolishness.

When my buddy David was out of town, and his girlfriend called me to come take a look at her car, I obliged. I don't like entering a place when the man of the house isn't home, but this was before the age of smartphones, and I needed to look something up on the internet. I poked around on her computer for the make and model, and the parts I needed while she took a morning shower. She came out of the shower in a bra and see-through panties, jumped in lap, wiggled her ass around trying to get my purple-headed warrior to stand-at-attention, and asked me if I thought David would like her new underwear. I kept my hands to myself and completely ignored her.

Given women's hypergamous nature and biological drive to reproduce with the best alpha males they can find, your wife might just pivot over to your best friend.

Reason #75 - Your Options are Nullified

There's one way to ensure that you'll have to cheat or pass up the opportunity to spend time with a woman who is much more compatible and attractive to you than any woman you've ever met, and that's to get married.

Since the frequency of sex and blowjobs decreases over time in a marriage, married men are virtually guaranteed to either cheat or resign themselves to a life of sexual misery, tied to a nagging aging fat-ass heifer who no longer takes an interest in her husband's pursuits. Just as men who are serious about sobriety aren't going to be found in bars, men who pride themselves on their honesty and proudly say that their word is their bond should reconsider any thoughts of marriage. Due to the vow to sleep with only one woman for the rest of your life, getting married is a great way to turn an honest man into a liar, or increase a life of sexual frustration.

To defend human beings maintaining monogamous relationships, some people argue that 3% of mammals are classified as monogamous, and 90% of birds. The problem is that there is a difference between sexual monogamy and social monogamy. Additionally, monogamous relations are separated into serial monogamy and long-term monogamy. There are virtually no animals that practice long-term monogamy, and those who are serial monogamists—maintaining a relationship until their offspring are old enough to fend for themselves—are not sexually monogamous.

With the advent of DNA tests, hidden cameras and tracking devices, scientists have discovered that supposedly sexually monogamous female animals often sneak off to copulate with many different males. The Dunnock, a small bird, found in Europe and Asia, was once thought to practice sexual exclusivity, but upon closer observation ornithologists realized that the female Dunnock would sneak off to have sex with dozens of mates unbeknownst to her partner. If her partner suspected her of infidelity, he would peck near her vagina to encourage her to expel the semen of other males. Paternity tests have since proven that bird fathers who help feed their partner's hatchlings are often taking care of another male bird's offspring. In fact, a nest of six eggs can have six different fathers, all the while the unsuspecting male—who might not be the father of any of them—is sitting on the eggs to assist in keeping them warm.

One can't help be reminded of Dr. Corry's research that estimates that 1/3rd of men have been conned into taking care of children that aren't their biological offspring.

With a nest to build, eggs that need to be incubated, hatchlings that need to be fed and taught how to fly, and predators to fend off, raising a little bird family is quite the challenge. It is for this reason that most birds are socially monogamous, yet there is no reason why females should be sexually exclusive. The biological imperative of the

female is to reproduce with the most magnificent alpha males she can find, and securing a mate who will help raise the children does not somehow prevent her from continuing that mission.

Monogamy can be advantageous to human beings, especially in light of how difficult it is to raise a human child. It takes 10 – 15 years before a human being can become self-sufficient enough to survive in the wild without his parents. As countless studies have shown, the chances of a child doing better in life, than his parents, heavily depends on having had his biological father—or assumed biological father—in the household. Female humans stayed socially monogamous with our grandfathers and their fathers before them, because it ensured their survival and that of their children. Although access to other men was much more limited in centuries past, paternity tests now prove that human females have not all practiced sexual monogamy. Short of a DNA test, you never really know who your real great-great-grandfather was; especially if he was a soldier, a sailor, or took up residence in an emerging metropolis.

Men are not sexually monogamous by nature either. As pointed out in *Why Men Don't Listen and Women Can't Read Maps: How We're Different and What to Do About It* by Allan and Barbara Pease, out of the characteristics of polygamous animals, the human male shares many of them. For instance, males from polygamous species are considerably larger than their female counterparts, and this is the case with humans. Men are usually 15 – 20% larger than women. The males of polygamous species also have large genitals compared to their overall body mass, and this is also the case with the human male sex organ.

Female animals will usually only engage in sex if they believe a male is an alpha, perhaps by witnessing him defeat all other male contenders in battle. Male animals, on the other hand, are often always ready to go whenever they encounter a female. Note that a dog will get an erection as soon as a new female comes into close proximity to him. Human males are also easily aroused by merely seeing the female body and are wired to become less excitable overtime with the same woman. As Allan Pease points out, you cannot get a bull to have intercourse with the same cow repeatedly, but if you introduce a new cow, he’s ready to go again.

In an effort to subdue their polygamous urges, men all over the world buy their women lingerie or role-playing outfits, such as a maid, nurse, or another sexy uniform. Many men even encourage their women to change the color or style of their hair. Unlike a dog or a bull, who cannot be tricked into having intercourse with the same female repeatedly in one afternoon, no matter how much you change her appearance, men can fool themselves into thinking they’re with a completely different woman. If a woman really wants to keep her husband sexually monogamous, she should periodically change her appearance and the manner in which she speaks and performs in the bedroom. The problem is that women have no incentive to do this, as thoroughly covered throughout this book. Moreover, women age poorly and hit the wall of their beauty usually in their 30s, so their ability to contend with younger females quickly fades away.

A married man who says he doesn’t fantasize about other women, or claims he doesn’t get aroused when seeing a beautiful naked woman, is a liar. To vow to sleep with only one woman for your rest of your life, is to agree to force yourself to deny your nature. It has only been about 60 years since Western civilization began to control men by shaming them into practicing sexual exclusivity with their wives. Before feminists deemed masculinity to be toxic and dangerous, it was common practice for married men to keep a mistress or occasionally visit a brothel.

The sexual satisfaction our grandfathers enjoyed through extra-marital affairs was beneficial to their wives, because it eased a life of social monogamy. The *Old Testament* is filled with stories of men who had multiple wives, and are regarded as the noblest, pious and wise of biblical figures. King Solomon is said to have 700 wives and 300 concubines in his harem. Some Christians have written at great length defending the practice, and argue that Jesus did not abolish polygamy. I invite believers to search out these arguments rather than dissolving this book into a religious debate.

It was not until the 1860s that polygamy became illegal in the United States. Over 50 sovereign nations, out of 195 countries, permit polygamy, and for good reason: sexual monogamy defies the nature of men and turns them into liars.

With the illegality of polygamy, men in long-term relationships often turn to pornography and are shamed by their girlfriends, wives, manginas and feminist society. Men’s sexuality is increasingly being vilified, and the recent anti-masturbation movement called “No Fap” is an indication that it’s still on the rise. Backed by little more than pseudo-

scientific nonsense, claiming that masturbation decreases a man's ability to focus and succeed, No Fap advocates encourage men to retain their semen. Are we supposed to believe that a billionaire alpha male, or a muscular mixed-martial arts fighter, who bangs several women every week, is somehow sabotaging their potential greatness by ejaculating so much?

One Christian man who married a Christian girl, who was a virgin on their wedding night, confided in me how shameful he felt that he would look at pornography. A high school friend told me of the great lengths he went through to hide his viewing time from his girlfriend, and how she couldn't understand its importance. These men loved the women they were with but were driven by their natural biological imperative to spread their seed into the wombs of as many women as possible. Had it not been taboo and illegal for such men to have multiple wives, perhaps they never would have indulged so much in pornography. Arguments have also been made that the forced celibacy of certain religious orders, only increases the chances of the psyche succumbing to sexual perversions due to suppressing man's natural sexual appetites.

The vow to only sleep with one woman remains a great way to almost certainly condemn oneself to a life of sexual frustration. This is especially true for alpha males, as being among the most confident and masculine of leaders usually entails having a high sex drive, as well as an unending surplus of beautiful women who will try to take a ride on his pocket rocket.

If you do not want to willfully remove your options, and stifle the very nature of who you are as a man, do not get married.

Chapter 12 - Children

"In fact, our director would say regularly, "We aren't the friend of the family, we're the friend of the court."" – Carol Rhodes, former Child Support Enforcement Agency employee, and author of *Friend of the Court, Enemy of the Family: Surviving the Child Support System and Divorce Racket*

Reason #76 - Your Sons Will Be Victims, Your Daughters Victimizers

As Western societies become increasingly more gynocentric, it inevitably means that current and future generations of boys are doomed to become victims of feminist-influenced women empowered by the government. Having sons today means a father needs to warn his boys about the dangers of any kind of relationship with a female, beyond merely having a conversation about safe sex.

In an age far out of sight of where we are today, a father would only have to concern himself with his sons' education and made sure to raise them with good values so they wouldn't wind up in jail. In the 21st century fathers' are now seeing their sons financially ruined by alimony and divorce settlements, and many young men have taken their life because the burden of child support payments and custody battles was just too much to bear. Fathers' see their boys carted off to jail on false charges of rape or domestic violence. When a teenage boy's hormones are raging, it's almost impossible to communicate how dangerous it can be to sleep with a woman. In addition to warning a son about sexually transmitted diseases, and encouraging contraception, dads now have to tell stories of young men who have been thrown in prison because a vindictive girl cried crocodile tears to a feminist judge.

Because liberal degenerates believe gender is only a state of mind, children's movies and television shows featuring androcentric content increasingly replace a male protagonist with a little girl. In children's entertainment girls are shown outshining little boys in every way imaginable. Meanwhile, elementary school curriculums and teaching styles are reimagined with female students in mind. College courses are increasingly taught with a feminist slant, women are more likely to earn degrees than men, and women are outpacing men in securing high-paying employment. It doesn't take a genius to understand why so many little boys are having problems paying attention in school, alongside other behavioral issues, when their education takes a backseat to educating a female mind.

Raising a little girl in this society is even worse, as feminism is prepared to wage an unrelenting war on any father's attempt to instill traditional feminine values. The odds that your little girl is going to grow up to be a loving and caring wife, who dresses modestly, and takes care of her house and children, are slim to none. Riding the cock-carousel from high school to her college graduation has become a rite of passage for modern girls. The only good news is that rates of teenage pregnancy are on the decline in the United States, but so are marriages.

Teenage pregnancies haven't decreased because girls are becoming less promiscuous. Multiple studies show that national birthrates drop like a rock any time women are provided voting rights and increased opportunities for higher education. Moreover, young girls have ready access to birth control and abortion clinics.

With the introduction of gynocentric laws, young men are wising up that modern women make terrible wives, and there are absolutely zero benefits, and a mountain of risks, to getting married. That said, the likelihood that your little girl will find some handsome, hardworking man to wed is shrinking by the day. If your daughter does get married, there's a strong possibility she'll be ruining the life of some other guy's son, by way of the divorce court and child support.

Some men hold onto the fantasy that they'll be able to raise their children however they see fit, but the data doesn't show that. Given rates of divorce, and the relatively insignificant amount of time fathers are given to visit with their sons and daughters, men who ignore the facts and proceed into marriage with the intent of fatherhood, are playing with the lives of children. It's a terrible time to bring a child into this world.

Tom Leykis, an infamous shock-jock radio host who broadcasted in southern California and railed against marriage, said that he didn't want to have children because he loves children. In an emotional broadcast, Tom opened up and

shared with his audience how hard his father had to work. He talked about how he desperately wanted to spend time with his dad, but the mounting bills of married life meant his father was often too tired to spend time with him. Tom said that the weight of work darkened his father's mood, making him so unpleasant that it scarred his memories of him. With this in mind, to be married with children can end up meaning that you'll give your sons and daughters an abysmal childhood experience because you're working too hard to keep food in their bellies, clothes on their backs and a roof over their head.

Now is not the time to have children, and there is no rush to have children because we men can reproduce even in our old age.

Reason #77 - You're Legacy is Bullshit

The word "legacy" can be defined as something that you have left behind in the past, yet remains today. You don't need a child to carry on your legacy, and you certainly don't need a wife to have a kid.

A Norwegian beta male, and white supremacist, somehow managed to convince his small audience that men who refuse to breed with women in feminist-dominated societies are only making way for the genetics of "superior" men to succeed them. He also argued that there is some magical way to determine if a woman will be a good wife and mother, and therefore eliminate the chances of getting screwed by the gynocentric divorce and family court system. Don't fall for this nonsense.

Although the human species, much like the animal kingdom, has been strengthened by women selectively breeding with the best alpha males they can find, we are not mere animals. The most unique thing that separates us from all other life on our planet is our brain. We are creatures of the mind, rather than fang and claw, or even muscle. The only kind of legacy a non-human animal can leave behind is offspring, but we have many other options. Furthermore, how many men have been as foolish as the Dunnock, who can be easily deceived into sitting on eggs fertilized by another bird's semen, all the while his goofy ass thinks his legacy is intact.

Whether some ended up having children or not, single men such as Antonio Vivaldi, Descartes, Franz Kafka, Hans Christian Anderson, Henry David Thoreau, Sir Isaac Newton, Leonardo da Vinci, Ludwig van Beethoven, Nikola Tesla, Orville and Wilbur Wright, Voltaire and others, didn't need to have children to have an impact on the world.

Only non-human animals must have a legacy of genetics, but we humans can leave a legacy of our ideas, art, inventions, music, humanitarian contributions or other great deeds.

Having a child almost assuredly requires giving up your dreams, and diverts the time and energy you can put toward their manifestation to the care of another human being. Some guys don't want to find out what they're capable of because it may mean that they were not as great as they imagined themselves. Paying on a mortgage in a quiet family-friendly neighborhood, with a wife and kids, as opposed to striking out on your own, and seeing what you can do, is a great way to excuse yourself from the frightening table of possibilities of what you might have become.

A man who is determined to be a father should carefully consider his options. There are around 100,000 children in the United States alone that are dreaming of being adopted by loving parents, and it is possible for a single man to adopt a child. Despite how much I feel for orphaned children, I do not, however, recommend adoption as taking care of another man's child can come with many heartaches. A child who learns that he was adopted can run off to give more affection and time to the biological parents that abandoned him, rather than rewarding his adoptive parents with the joy of seeing the man he becomes into his adult years. An adopted child that continuously misbehaves or has a personality far removed from his adoptive parents can cause resentment in them, for it becomes a constant reminder that the child is really only theirs legally, not biologically. The difficulties of raising a child can also cause regret because the burden of raising the child was not supposed to be yours, but that of their real mother and father.

Perhaps the best way to become a father without the threat of alimony, or losing the house you paid for to divorce court, is to hire a surrogate mother. This does not, however, protect you from being forced to pay child support if the mother decides to keep the child. In a 2011 article titled "Couple Told To Pay Child Support After Surrogate Decides To Keep Baby" by Margaret Hartmann at *Jezebel.com*, she reports that a couple was ordered to pay $900 a month in child support to a surrogate mother.

Men who donate sperm because they just want to have their genetics carry on—even if they won't have direct

contact with their offspring—are also not safe from the insanity of feminism. On January 24, 2014, *CNN* reported that a Kansas man, William Marotta, who donated his sperm, was ordered to pay child support to a lesbian couple despite having signed documents waiving all parental rights to the child. Thankfully, by 2016 the court reversed the child support order, but the course of American society seems to predict that such nonsense is likely to emerge again in the future. The cancer of gynocentrism is also spreading around the world. In 2012, Miles Brignall from *The Guardian* reported that a gay Englishman, Mark Langridge, was ordered to pay child support to a lesbian couple he had donated his sperm to.

The reality is that in a gynocentric society, where men are less than second-class citizens, it is foolish to have a child with any woman. Maybe the safest bet is to find a country where women have virtually no rights, change your citizenship, get a local girl pregnant, and hope and pray that your new country of residence doesn't try to mirror the United States, UK, and other feminist cesspools.

Vietnam has one of the lowest divorce rates of any country, at 4% but don't get too excited. In 2017 a journalist for *Ozy.com* reported that multiple female hip-hop artists were beginning to beat the drums of feminism in the article, "How Hip-Hop is Fueling Feminism in an Unlikely Place." Chile has the lowest divorce rate in the world at 3%, but a simple search for "Chilean feminists" shows that the virus of feminism is beginning to germinate.

If you really like kids and want to help instill values in them, you can get involved in the lives of nieces, nephews and second cousins. This can be dangerous financial ground too under the legal theory that a man could be seen as a child's parent, even if he is not the biological father. Several cases have emerged in which a man stepped into the life of a child and was considered by the government to have become a "psychological parent." In the case of Williams vs. McCloud, it was argued that a man was financially responsible for his nephew because he had acted in the capacity of a father. It is more often the case that an ex-girlfriend can pursue child support from a boyfriend who has no biological relationship to her child, but who argues that her son or daughter regarded the man as a father figure. Let this be a warning against dating single mothers, or involving yourself in the lives of the neighbor lady's kids because you think it would be nice if they had a male role model around.

Being an elementary school teacher, child psychologist, little league coach or children's martial arts instructor are probably among the absolute safest ways to give back to the next generation. Just keep in mind that Western civilization regards masculinity as toxic, and increasingly views all men as equally capable of being sexual predators. To have a child with a woman, or to get involved in the lives of children, is only to increase the likelihood that some woman is going to ruin your life or take a bite out of your bank account.

Whatever you choose, keep in mind that there is no rush to have children. Unlike women, whose window of fertility opens and closes quite quickly, men can have kids late in life, and many men do. In places like Thailand and Vietnam, there are a plethora of Western men in their 60s and 70s who traveled abroad to have children. I cannot speak to how secure their assets are if they remain in a foreign country, but the point is that men have years to decide and research the best options for fatherhood. Getting married to a woman in the West, or bringing a foreign bride to the gynocentric West, are the absolute worst options.

Most importantly, having children is not the only way a man can leave behind his legacy. But getting married and having children is a great way to gamble with your assets and the lives and future of your children.

Reason #78 – Single Mothers are Crime Production Factories

With the understanding that most marriages end in divorce, it is essential to review what single-motherhood really means for your children.

With a father's visitation rights accounting for an average of 20% of a child's parental time, by all intents and purposes, the child is effectively being raised by his mother and her real husband—the state. The child gets up in the morning, goes to school to get taught a government-sanctioned curriculum and then returns home to spend the rest of the afternoon with his mother. Every two weeks he'll spend a weekend at his father's house, and receive a few phone calls during the week. That is, of course, if she doesn't just move across the country to make it exceedingly difficult for the father to visit his children. It's illegal for the mother to move away without the consent of the father, but since he has to work extra hours to keep up with child support and alimony payments, it's doubtful he can afford the time in court or the attorney fees to pursue her.

A friend of mine from Oregon married a virgin Christian gal, but he waited ten years to get her pregnant. After a decade, he was confident she was the right one to have a child with. Three years later, after spending lots of time with her feminist-influenced friends, his wife realized she could get a massive chunk of her husband's six-figure income through alimony and child support. She filed for divorce, moved 300 miles away to make it difficult for her ex-husband to see his son, and had the courts hit him with an order to pay her thousands of dollars a month. He fled the United States before the child support enforcement agency put a block on his passport. When I last spoke to him, he was contemplating whether he should commit suicide or join the French Foreign Legion.

Since divorce is virtually inevitable, men who are considering getting married and having children with their wife should resign themselves to understanding that she'll be raising the children. Dating websites are filled with single mothers who present all manner of excuses for why they didn't stay with the biological father of their child. The evidence is all around you: your children will likely be raised by a single-mom.

Feminists are champions for single motherhood and claim that women don't need a man to raise a child. The facts tell quite a different story, and one so terrible that single mothers should deserve nothing less than our contempt. A woman can be a great mother in all respects, but the mere act of removing her children from their father is so psychologically devastating to children, that the kindest single mothers might as well be abusing their sons and daughters. Single mothers amount to little more than crime production factories, as the absence of a father in the home almost guarantees their children will become criminals.

At minimum, there is an assortment of behavioral and psychological issues that can afflict children raised in a mother-only home. In his video "What Happens When Boys Get Raised By Single Mothers - Five Stories" hosted at YouTube.com, Jerry Liu, an advocate for the bachelor lifestyle, outlines the tell-tale signs that are indicative that a male was raised by a female. Jerry points out that guys raised by their mother are much more emotional than other males, and are prone to behavior that is associated with girls. Such boys can cry a lot and burst into tantrums. They often lack masculine assertiveness and confidence, and are quick to throw up their hands and give up when faced with a challenge, rather than stay the course.

One of the reasons why people turn to crime is because it's seen as an easier avenue to making money than the hard road of learning a trade, opening a business or climbing the corporate ladder. There are, of course, a whole host of other reasons a young child or a teenager might lash out and engage in criminal activity. The discipline of fathers quickly instills respect for authority, and an understanding that—just as there is an order to the household—there is an order to society. Furthermore, it is utterly innate that boys will seek initiation into manhood. In the absence of a father, boys end up joining gangs or hanging out with older boys who appear to be tough because they recklessly break the rules. Every boy instinctively knows that only another male can teach him how to be a man.

In their paper "Putting Children First," the Progressive Policy Institute argued that their research shows that the presence or absence of a father is a stronger predictor of whether or not a child will become a criminal than ethnicity or household income. In other words, if a white guy, a black guy, a Chinese guy and a Mexican all walk into a bar, the one who is most likely to rob the place is whoever was raised by a single mother. Dozens of other studies support this assertion. According to the Texas Department of Corrections, 85% of youth prisoners grew up in a home without a father. The article "Dousing the Kindlers" in *Psychology Today* states that 90% of adolescent repeat arsonists are raised by single-mothers. According to the "Behavioral Sciences and the Law, Life Without Father, Policy Review", 60% of rapists and 72% of adolescent murderers grew up without a father in the home. According to the US Bureau of Justice Statistics, 43% of prison inmates grew up in a single-parent household, but of that, 39% were raised by their mother while only 4% were raised by their father. Single-motherhood equates to a disproportionately high number of criminals, whereas being raised by a single-dad is not a strong predictor of criminal behavior, but quite the opposite.

Under the topic "Child Abuse and Violence in Single-Parent Families" appearing in *The American Journal of Orthopsychiatry*, researchers found that violence against children was related to poverty in mother-only households, but a father's income was unrelated to child abuse in father-only homes. This means that if a single mother is poor, it increases the likelihood that she will abuse her children, but if a single-dad is poor, it will not increase the chance that he will harm his kids. "Economic Deprivation and Early Childhood Development" published in *Child Development* demonstrates that behavioral problems in children are more closely linked to being raised by a single-mother even after adjusting for family income. In other words, not only are poor mothers more likely to abuse their

children than poor fathers, their kids are also more likely to have behavioral problems.

Cheryl Meyer, a psychologist at Wright State University in Ohio, estimates that a mother kills a child once every three days in the United States. Evolutionary psychologists have presented some theories as to why a mother might kill her children. Female primates will kill their offspring if there is no male to assist them in the care and protection of the child. A mother faced with inadequate resources might also decide to terminate her children, so as not to decrease her chances of survival, and also to not needlessly waste her time trying to prevent the inevitable death of her offspring. By separating themselves from their children's father, human females stupidly increase the chances of depression, and resentment and anger directed at their children. Just as studies attempting to chart happiness show that female happiness has declined since feminism's supposed victories in the 60s and 70s, here again, is an example of women being utterly clueless as to what is good for them, and best for their children.

Sarah Blaffer Hrdy, an emeritus professor of anthropology at the University of California at Davis, and author of *Mother Nature*, spoke to *The Washington Post* on this subject. In the September 2013 article "What makes mothers kill their own children?", the journalist stated, "Hrdy's work also suggests, paradoxically, that those pressures may be greatest in patriarchal cultures where a woman's role as mother is idealized and she is under intense pressure to give birth to children and nurture them with self-denying devotion."

As is typical of feminist double-think, we're supposed to believe that men are to blame when mothers kill their children. Hrdy claims that the rates of child murders decrease when a society becomes less patriarchal, but she doesn't factor in the 53,000,000 legal abortions that occurred in the United States from 1973 through 2011, according to the Guttmacher Institute. Hrdy also ignores the rising number of children who take their own lives.

One of the saddest repercussions of feminism promoting single-motherhood is child suicide. About 63% of children who commit suicide are from a fatherless home according to the US Department of Health Census. Growing up without a father in the home wounds the soul and psyche of children. Out of the number of pre-school children who are admitted as psychiatric patients, 80% of them come from a fatherless home according to "Psychiatric Hospitalization of Pre-School Children" published in *The Journal of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*. According to the Center for Disease Control, 85% of children who show a behavioral disorder come from a mother-only home. *Rainbows for all God's Children* states that 75% of children admitted to a drug addiction treatment facility are being raised by a single-mother.

Single motherhood also contributes to the amount of poverty that will occur in the next generation. The chances that a child will excel beyond the socio-economic status of his parents drops like a rock once the father is removed from the household. *The National Principals Association Report* states that 71% of high school dropouts come from a fatherless home. According to research conducted by AVoiceForMen.com, 90% of homeless children come from a fatherless home.

With overwhelming data showing that single motherhood increases the risk of child suicide and psychological problems, why aren't single mothers considered as shameful as pregnant women who drink alcohol or smoke crack? I'll admit that's a rhetorical question. The reason why we don't see people waving picket signs that shame single mothers, or hear talk show hosts scolding women for leaving the father of their children, is because we live in a gynocentric society.

To get married and have children is to risk the future of your children. It's a foolish man who is willing to gamble with his wealth at the wedding altar, crossing his fingers that he won't one day be a victim of financial divorce rape, but to gamble with the lives of children—now knowing full well the facts I have presented herein—is nothing but despicable. Instead of men betting that they'll be able to raise their children in a wholesome traditional family unit, they should do the honorable thing and step away from the table. The game is rigged, feminists control the casino, and there is much more at risk than a man's bank account.

Reason #79 – She is Going to Raise the Children, Not You

Even if a marriage stays together, married men on average work 400 hours more annually than single men. A wife is usually going to work less hours or will opt for staying at home with the children. This means that the parental experience of most children will primarily be with their mother, rather than their father.

If you want your little girl to dress more modestly, and don't think she's old enough to have a cellphone, a wife can easily veto your restrictions. One man shared with me how his wife would butt-in and snap at him anytime he tried to toughen up his boys by the way he spoke to them. His wife allowed her sons to become quitters and complainers, contrary to her husband's good intentions. Another guy I met was upset how overweight his sons and daughter had gotten, and said his wife would let his kids dump heaps of cheese and ranch salad dressing on almost anything. These men were powerless to intervene because to put their foot down too hard meant they could wind up in divorce court facing a financial catastrophe.

Men teach boys how to achieve goals and act responsibly. A father teaches his sons not to be a quitter, a crybaby or a complainer. Fathers are integral to teaching boys how to stand up against a harsh and unforgiving world. Women cannot teach responsibility because their entire existence is built around relying on others.

A boy who grows up without a mother might be a little less sensitive than other males. A boy who grew up without a father is more likely to fail in life, become a criminal, commit suicide, drop of high school, have psychological issues, set a building on fire, or wind up in prison. A girl who grows up without a mother might be a little more Tom Boyish than other females. A girl who grows up without a father is more likely to wind up on a strip club pole, chase bad-boy losers, wind up in a psych ward, have a teen pregnancy, or be known as the town whore.

Since women exert so much power in marriage via the threat of alimony, divorce settlements and child support, a man's ability to dictate how his children will be raised is nullified.

Reason #80 - Another Man Will Raise Your Children

In light of the divorce rate and appalling visitation rights that amount to seeing your child only 20% of parenting time, your sons and daughters will be raised by their mother, their school teachers and a variety of men your ex-wife dates or marries.

Expect that your kids will be calling some other man dad, while their mother periodically reminds them how much of a loser you are. You'll either be hearing about all the fun things your kids got to do with your ex-wife's new boyfriend or husband—or tightening your fists as they tell you how much of an asshole their stepdad is. How do you expect to contend with their stepfather when you only get to see your kids a fraction of the time he does?

Don't even think about trying to toughen up your little boys, and forget about scolding your daughters when you get your meager visitation time with them. The last thing you'll want is to provide their mother with another reason to give you an earful or supply her with more ammunition to keep you from seeing them. Besides, you're in direct competition with their stepdad, and you won't want them to think that you're an asshole compared to him.

Even if your ex-wife fails to get another man to move in with her, her dad and brothers will get to spend more time with your kids than you can ever hope to. Expect your daughter to tell you how grandpa took her horseback riding, and your son to talk about his hunting trip with his Uncle Joe. Meanwhile, your goofy ass is going to pounding cans of piss-warm beer so you can sedate yourself to the reality that you have to go work another fourteen-hour shift to keep up with the child support payments.

Reason #81 - Child Support

I am 100% against the practice of child support for a wide variety of reasons. Namely, child support financially rewards women for leaving the father of their children.

With women representing over 80% of all retail purchases, most admitting that they love to shop, and clearly being the sex that is more materialistic, it does not make sense to reward women with money if they leave their child's father. I care about children—and knowing how vital a father is in the life of a child—I will never advocate an institution that uses money to entice women to leave the father of their children.

Since there is absolutely no law which states that a woman must spend child support money on the man's child, it is a misnomer to call it "child support." A more accurate term is "grown woman support." A woman can spend an entire support payment on a new wardrobe, or a wild night out with her boyfriend, Chad. In fact, any mother who wants to immediately raise her standard of living needs only to leave the father of her child so she can collect support payments. The bitch can then go get herself a new man who will also spend money on her. Instead of one

man's income, she is now getting two. Instead of having to deal with her former husband telling her the kids don't need a bunch of new designer clothes, a single-mother can spend his money however she wishes.

You might be able to handle a payment of $500 or $1000 a month, but that does not include medical coverage, which can nearly consume the average man's paycheck when combined with grown woman support.

For every $1.00 in child support that is collected, the state government is rewarded $0.66 by the federal government in accordance with the 1969 Social Security Act. Thus the state turns a profit for every broken home. Every dollar in child support is a tax burden that forces a father's fellow Americans to pay for his children.

Incarcerating men for child support has led to debtors prisons in the United States, even though US law supposedly forbids the practice of imprisoning someone because they are too poor to pay a debt. Through child support and alimony, men have effectively become the indentured servants of women.

Reason #82 - Custody Battles

A 2011 study led by Sanford Braver at Arizona State University discovered that the general public favors equal custody rather than granting a disproportionate amount of parental time to the mother. Despite this, Robert Hughes, Jr. wrote in his article "Are Custody Decisions Biased in Favor of Mothers?" appearing in *The Huffington Post* on November 29, 2011, "mothers receive primary custody 68-88% of the time, fathers receive primary custody 8-14%, and equal residential custody is awarded in only 2-6% of the cases."

Regardless of how many facts can be brought forth to prove the importance of a father in a child's life, or to demonstrate that single-fathers can raise children better than a single mother, the judicial system is starkly gynocentric. The belief that women make better parents is an old myth that needs to die.

To secure custody rights, women use a wide array of devious tactics. Even when a child is deemed of age to decide which parent they would like to live with, single mothers can sabotage the child's opinion of their father. Parental Alienation Syndrome (PAS) is a purposeful attempt, usually by the mother, to ruin a child's feelings for the other parent. The methods women use to undermine a child's respect for his father are as varied as false stories, rumors and deceptively negative explanations of events. Children who are afflicted by Parental Alienation Syndrome can end up developing hatred toward their father or men in general. Additionally, children who are abused by their mother, but who have been taught to hate their father, can end up developing Stockholm Syndrome, in which they associate positive feelings with their abusive mother, and even defend and glorify her.

Under "Frequency of visitation by Divorced Fathers" and "Differences in Reports by Fathers and Mothers" in *The American Journal of Orthopsychiatry*, 40% of mothers admitted to interfering in the father's visitation to punish their ex-spouse. Children living with their mother were more likely to think negatively about their dad but have positive thoughts about their mom according to "Advantages of Father Custody and Contact for the Psychological Well-Being of School-Age Children" published in *The Journal of Applied Developmental Psychology*.

One of the most sinister methods women deploy to secure full custody of a man's children is a false charge of child molestation, or fabricating that her ex-husband watches child pornography, or allegedly admitted to pedophilic fantasies. Fathers For Equal Rights and the National Fathers' Resource Center located at Fathers4Kids.com discovered that 70-80% of divorce-linked child sexual abuse cases are hoaxes, and out of approximately 7,600 reports of child abuse that occur each day, 7,200 are eventually classified as false allegations.

Being exonerated from a false accusation of sexual child abuse does very little to repair a man's tarnished reputation, as excellently portrayed in the Danish movie *The Hunt* (2012), in which a kindergarten teacher becomes the victim of false allegations. If a lying ex-wife somehow manages to get charges to stick, or if a man enters a plea of "no contest" to accusations of pedophilia, he will be forever recorded in government databases as a sex offender.

One guy told me that when he reached a low-point in his career, he agreed to move in with his sister who was a single mother. His nephews would have the benefit of having their uncle as a male role model, but when Child Protective Services visited to assess the living conditions, for the purposes of securing her custody rights, she told him he had to vacate the house for the day. His sister said that Child Protective Services would classify him as little more than some strange man living in the house, who could possibly be a sexual predator. As feminism marches on, men are increasingly viewed as potential rapists and perverts, and automatically guilty unless proven innocent.

The fact is, it is delusional to think that if a marriage ends, the father will be able to get custody of the children. Reproducing with a woman in a feminist society virtually guarantees that the children will be raised by their mother —or their mother and some other man.

Reason #83 - Taking Care of Someone Else's Children

Dr. Charles E. Corry from the National Coalition For Men estimated that each year 90,000 men in the United States are the victims of paternity fraud and end up being ordered to pay child support on children they don't realize aren't even their biological offspring.

In 2015, *WXYZ-TV Detroit Channel 7* reported on the case of Carnell Alexander, who was threatened with jail time if he refused to pay child support on a child that DNA tests already had proven was not his. The woman simply wrote his name down as the father because a request for welfare assistance required that she put a man's name on the document.

In March 2016, *WCCO CBS Minnesota* reported that Iowa resident, Joe Vandusen was ordered to pay child support to his estranged wife who he hadn't seen for at least 16 years.

In January of 2017, *NewsOn6.com* reported that a man in Tulsa, Oklahoma was ordered to pay approximately $500 a month in child support and about $15,000 in arrears for a child that paternity tests proved was not his.

WREG News Channel 3 reported on the case of Edward Bowdery who was ordered by Shelby County judges in Memphis, Tennessee to pay child support for a child he never claimed as his own, and which he later proved was not his with two paternity tests. Even after a court-ordered DNA test confirmed he was not the biological father, the judge had the audacity to scold him for making such a stink about being ordered to pay child support for a kid that wasn't even his. Though the whole debacle had resulted in the unjustified loss of his license and arrest, in the eyes of the feminist judge, it was somehow dishonorable for Edward to refuse to pay for another man's child.

Being the victim of paternity fraud is one thing, yet some men are foolish enough to willingly agree to take care of another man's children by marrying a single mother.

Single motherhood is an indication that the woman has made bad decisions in life and will likely make more of them. Almost every single mom on the planet has a story about how much an asshole, loser or cheater the father of her children is. The question that men fail to ask is: why was she attracted to such a terrible person in the first place? Moreover, if she couldn't tell the difference between a good man and a bad one in the past, then what makes you think she can now?

There's one way to tell if a woman has poor judgment, and that's if she's a single mother. When she says the father of her children turned out to be an asshole, she's admitting she's a poor judge of character. Someone with sound judgment would make sure they didn't reproduce until they were confident they found a quality mate.

We all have made bad decisions, but single mothers are incapable of taking any responsibility for their mistakes.

In light of how detrimental single motherhood is to a child's mental health, and his socio-economic future, it does not make sense to trust the moral fiber of a single mom. With the understanding that the availability and affordability of birth control means that girls have full control over whether or not they get pregnant, a single mother represents a selfish and thoughtless woman who didn't care enough about her child's future to breed with a quality mate so that her kids would have a father.

Understand too, that her children take precedence over your wants and needs. In short, a single mom needs your money. Whether a man is dumb enough to give her money, she receives child support or collects welfare, a single mother is a financial burden on her fellow Americans. For every dollar a single-mom receives in child support the federal government awards the state $0.66, so whether she gets welfare or not, she is a burden on her countrymen.

Growing attached to children is another critical point to consider. Good men delude themselves into thinking that if they're not an asshole—like their wife's ex-husband supposedly was—then there's no risk of her running off with the kids. One beta male I knew got involved with a single mother, only to be tossed to the curb after several years. This clown was already paying child support on another kid, and his ex-girlfriend had moved to another state to

deny him access to his son. He found himself getting attached to a child that wasn't his, almost making up for the limited time he was able to spend with his son, only to find he had no rights to the child that wasn't his.

In the worst case scenario, getting involved with a single mother can end up meaning you'll end up paying child support for a child that isn't yours.

Reason #84 - Children Increase a Woman's Power Over You

One man advised that if a guy wants kids, it's better to have children with an unmarried woman, so he'll only have to pay child support and can avoid alimony and a divorce settlement that turns ownership of his house over to some woman. I think this is terrible advice for various reasons. Namely because having children with a woman increases her power over you. Furthermore, avoiding the marriage contract doesn't safeguard a man from alimony if he cohabitates with the mother of his children for several years. Some unmarried women have been awarded alimony because they lived with a man long enough to be considered married under common law.

Women know that they've locked a man in once they're pregnant. Plenty of women will hold out until they get pregnant, and then their behavior and attitude toward the father of their children will change drastically. Men who believe in abortion have absolutely no say in whether or not a woman will keep their child and will be forced to pay child support even if they don't want to be a father. Furthermore, a man can waive all his parental rights in court, but it will not dissolve an order to pay child support. On the other hand, guys who are pro-life cannot do anything legally to stop a woman from aborting their son or daughter. The fact is, from the moment of conception to the birth and adolescent years of your offspring, you have little to no power.

The mother of your children has the power to raise your children as she sees fit. With the threat of child support and divorce hanging over a man's head, she has more leverage to make demands of the father. She will make demands on what school district the family should live, what clothes the children will wear, the friends their allowed to have, and so on. If she takes care of the children at all, it offers her another excuse for being too tired to have sex.

A man who ends up having to pay child support will soon realize that increasing his income only means that he must hand over more of his earnings to the mother of his children. The stories of men who commit suicide because support payments were too much to handle are scattered all over the internet. Hefty support requirements mean that a woman has power over a man's lifelong past the end of their relationship. Because of his financial burden, a man may find himself having to take on a roommate or a second job, or even move back in with his mother or father.

Marrying a woman who says she doesn't want children is no guarantee of anything, as women change their minds and do so often. Having secured the resources of a male through marriage, she may decide that she now wants to have kids, especially once her girlfriends or sisters start having children.

While I advise the use of condoms, they cannot be considered sufficient male birth-control. Condoms break, and if your heat-seeking moisture missile gets a girl's goop-chute wet enough, they can slip right off. A woman who is intent on getting pregnant can simply "sperm jack" the semen from a used condom while her man is sleeping, or when he gets up to go to the restroom after sex. A married couple is unlikely to be using condoms, and will instead opt for one of the many female options for birth control. The problem here is that the woman can just lie about being on birth control if she really wants a child.

Women have all the rights when it comes to reproduction, and getting pregnant increases a woman's power over the father of her children.

Chapter 13 - Crushing Your Dreams

"A man may be a fool and not know it — but not if he is married" - H.L. Mencken, 20th-century journalist, satirist and cultural critic

Reason #85 - Say Goodbye to Malee and Pimchan's Sweet Young Ass

I know a very successful man, just shy of his 80th birthday, who spent much of his married life traveling around the world on business. For all descriptions, when Peter talks about his late wife she really sounds like he found himself a unicorn. She would stay with the kids while he traveled, and when they were out of school in the summer, they would travel together as a family.

Note that the women of Peter's age—gals born in the World War II era—were not so entrenched in feminism as they are now. Moreover, Peter married a girl from a small country that prided itself on family values. Finally, Pete has been hugely successful throughout his life. I don't discount the possibility that such ladies exist as Pete's dear sweetheart, but it was a different time, a different place, and Peter is as rare a man as was his lady.

The increased financial responsibilities of marriage will often mean having to work more hours, which decreases opportunities for travel. If anything, it will also limit the length and luxury of travel. Whereas a single man could perhaps afford to stay in a nice hotel suite for a month, maybe the same man could only afford a one week visit if he were married. On the other hand, a demanding wife could mean luxury and safety are required, whereas a single man could save his money staying in a cheap motel. Marriage can also mean wild adventures climbing mountains or trekking through a jungle are out of the question or will be cut short because your wife's feet hurt.

Going on a solo trip or vacation with the boys widens the opportunity for infidelity. This is especially the case with modern technology giving women ready access to hunky alpha males through social networking and dating websites. The enjoyment of vacation away from the wife can be stained by recurring thoughts that she might be banging her Plan B backup plan she dated five years ago. Cheating goes the other way as well. Instead of inhaling the fresh air of being completely free from the worries and drama back home, expect that you'll have to check in multiple times a day, and perhaps deal with your wife's jealousy.

If she joins you on the trip, you've bought yourself an additional person to worry about. You can also forget about any possibility of sleeping with beautiful foreign women. You might just discover a country where the women still respect men and treat them like lords compared to how your feminist-influenced, strong-and-independent wife treats you. In fact, if you marry a woman from a fat country like the United States or Mexico—and also in light of studies proving that married women pack on pounds—your lap lizard will be begging you to set him free in places like Thailand, Colombia, Vietnam, Italy, Finland, Japan, Iceland and many others.

Your gravitationally challenged wife is sure to take notice if you hold your gaze too long on some deliciously fit foreign hottie. The absolute worst is if your wife doesn't give you as much sex and blowjobs you want while you're staying in a foreign hotel. While you're lying there with a hard-on next to your bought-and-paid-for cock-tease of a wife—staring at her breasts while your knob-goblin is going crazy nestled up against her soft panties—a single man has his face buried in foreign trim while another girl is trying to deep-throat his Eiffel Tower.

Just like all the useless crap your wife purchased back home, expect to spend money on a few worthless trinkets between stops at tourist attractions you have no interest in. If you have children, the expense of traveling will also skyrocket while vacation time and the number of things you can do decreases. Your bank account will be hit for extra luggage, plane tickets, one or two additional hotel rooms, food for the family, whatever keepsakes the kids want, and entrance fees at special events. You'll probably want to get each child a cellphone just in case they get lost, and also for taking pictures.

If you want to travel like a boss, be the boss of your own life and don't get married.

Reason #86 - Devout Religious Practice is Over

There are hundreds of thousands of monks from a variety of religions, but that lifestyle is out of the question for

married men. Many men do not spend their entire lives as a monk but can enjoy a few years at a temple or monastery, but a short stint as a monk is also out of the picture if you tie-the-knot.

One doesn't have to become a monk to devote themselves to their religion. A man might decide to go abroad as a minister or just to immerse himself in Bible study, religious service or meditation. Marriage limits the possibility for a life of religious devotion, even when a wife shares the same beliefs. A wife may change her beliefs, she might not be as dedicated, or the financial and time requirements of married life may decrease the amount of time her husband can devote to his spirituality.

Reason #87 – A Woman is at the Wheel of Your Career

When I was in my twenties, I learned how to DJ, promote events and pack dance clubs. It was inevitable that I would wind up in a relationship because the girls threw themselves at me, yet it was one of the very girls that I met while DJing that ended my gigs.

Long before I became the man I am today I was a simpering beta male. I allowed my girlfriend to convince me to sell off my DJ equipment. She knew that women love a handsome DJ. After all, the girls associate the pleasure of dancing to their favorite songs directly with the man whose spinning the music in the booth, and he is the apparent alpha male in charge of the room. I was making good money as a DJ, so who knows to what heights I could have taken it to.

Therein is the problem with being married: a wife has considerable say in your career choice and its direction. This is especially the case for men interested in action careers or dangerous occupations. A wife can quickly put the kibosh on a career as a bodyguard, fireman, police officer, bounty hunter, soldier, fighter pilot or mercenary.

Wives also find occupations that require their husbands being gone from the home for days or weeks at a time disagreeable. For instance, there's a lot of money to be made as a long-haul truck driver owner-operator, or as a pilot for a major airline, but marriage means they're almost out of the question as a career choice.

Even careers that don't seem particularly disagreeable with a marriage commitment end up having unforeseen high divorce rates. In a study published by *Zippia* in 2017, among the worst jobs for marriage are: automotive technicians, carpenters, library assistants, logisticians, chemical technicians, engineering technicians, medical assistants, tax examiners, and probation officers.

Entrepreneurs are also worth mentioning because women favor stability. A husband's business idea is more likely to be perceived as a pipe-dream of reckless gambling, than a wise investment of his time and money. The same is true for inventors or other creative men like artists, authors and musicians. Moreover, the time and money that is demanded by a wife significantly decreases what a man can invest in his dreams, to say nothing of what will be required of him if children enter the picture.

Success in a venture of any kind is also profoundly affected by one's ability to be resolute in the face of challenges. An unsupportive wife doesn't just take the wind of a man's sails but can tear them to pieces. Even when a wife has been convinced to accept her husband's entrepreneurial dream, all it takes is a bitchy attitude and a face of disappointment to ruin a man's will to continue the fight. A wife's attitude, and fear of losing her and be wrecked in divorce court can also dissuade her husband from taking job opportunities that require relocating or push him to turn down a promotion because it will increase his time away from home.

If you do not want to limit your career choices and how you will invest your time and money, do not get married.

Reason #88 – Freedom!

Marriage limits your options in every way imaginable. Marriage decreases the time you have to yourself, and that you can spend with family and friends. Marriage decreases your options for where you will live and how you live. A wife automatically lowers the number of women you can sleep with and even restricts how many women whose company you can enjoy platonically. In all things, a wife decreases a man's freedom.

Some men don't want freedom, as it is easier to let someone else decide the purpose of their existence and what they should do with their time than to accept responsibility for the course of their life.

In the military, you always know your purpose because you are told what to do. Some men enjoy military service for that very reason. Unlike the military, which offers a whole host of benefits beyond giving a man a mission and a purpose, marriage provides none while restricting a man's freedom. To be a soldier, marine, airman, guardsman or sailor, is to sacrifice one's comfort for the defense of their nation and brothers-in-arms. To become a woman's husband is to sacrifice one's time and earnings to deliver whatever lifestyle is desired by a woman.

There is nothing honorable in throwing away your freedom to provide for the life of some woman. In the absence of any benefit to becoming the servant of a woman's lifestyle, it is silly.

Chapter 14 - Growing Old Together

"I had always thought of woman as possessing those delicate qualities of mind and soul that made her in these respects far superior to man. I had put her on a lofty pedestal, figuratively speaking, and ranked her in certain important attributes considerably higher than man. I worshiped at the feet of the creature I had raised to this height, and, like every true worshiper, I felt myself unworthy of the object of my worship. But all this was in the past. Now the soft-voiced gentle woman of my reverent worship has all but vanished. In her place has come the woman who thinks that her chief success in life lies in making herself as much as possible like man–in dress, voice and actions, in sports and achievements of every kind." – Nikola Tesla, world renowned 19th-century inventor

Reason #89 - She's Going to Turn Out Just Like Her Mother

In *The Importance of Being Earnest*, Oscar Wilde wrote, "All women become their mothers; that is their tragedy."

In 2009, plastic surgeons used facial imaging and 3D computer modeling software to determine how close a woman's face would age like her mother's. The American Society of Plastic Surgeons published the findings of the research team at Loma Linda University Medical Center in California, concluding that girls will age and wrinkle like their mothers.

Genetics account for around 80 percent of our physical characteristics, rather than diet, environment or exercise. Thus, the man who believes his new bride won't end up looking like his wrinkled old cow mother-in-law is deluding himself. If you want to know how your girlfriend is going to look and act when she's older, just spend a little time with her mother.

According to a survey of one-thousand women conducted by Dotty Bingo, over half of women believe they've become just like their mothers and completed their transformation soon after turning 30. The rest of the women who were surveyed may also have become like their mother but may not have been willing to admit it.

A woman's mother has usually been her longest and closest advisor, and even where she disagrees with her mother's way of doing things, she has doubtlessly been a subconscious role model. For instance, if her mother succeeded in reaping the financial benefits of divorce, she'll always have an example, floating around in her head, of how easy it can be done. The same is true for a mother-in-law who cheats on her husband, belittles him, dresses like a slob, doesn't cook or clean, or nags your father-in-law right into his grave.

Men who get married are essentially marrying their wife's mother because that's almost certainly what she's going to become in appearance and behavior.

Reason #90 - Your Dreams Are Over

The thought of an elderly couple sitting on the porch while they reminisce about the wonderful life they've shared together is quaint, but far from reality.

Not only is it increasingly unlikely that a man's marriage will last 30 or 40 years, but many older men realize that once they look back from their 60s, 70s or 80s, they see decades of missed opportunities. Marriage can mean having to forego your dreams and lying on your deathbed looking back with regret.

How many business ventures or inventions did you pass up? How many opportunities to travel did you decline? How much of your time and wealth did you sacrifice to manifest the lifestyle some woman was dreaming of, rather than the one you dreamed of? How many gorgeous skinny young women did you pass by only to crawl in bed with a fattening, aging, wrinkled old woman who barely gave you head, and only slept with you once or twice every few months of your miserably banal married existence?

To dream big is to gamble big, but gambling is contrary to the stability women desire. A man might be confident to take a risk on himself, but bringing a wife into the picture virtually guarantees how many chips he's able to bet, or even if he's allowed a seat at the table.

Sharing memories together is appealing, but if you're lonely get a dog. One divorced man made the following anonymous comment on the internet, "I'm in heaven now. After suffering 37 years of two ex-wives and their problems and bad habits; my dog of three years is the perfect partner for me. He costs nothing to clothe, is always obedient, is never in a bad mood, doesn't tell lies, always guards me, is always happy to see me and doesn't chatter about nothing. Loyalty is personified in one's dog. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of my former failed partners so ill-equipped of loyalty."

For the record, Egyptian men envisioned traveling into the afterlife with Anubis. Some goofy Egyptologists used to say that depictions of Anubis show that he has the head of a jackal. In 2015 geneticists realized that the Egyptian jackal wasn't related to jackals at all, but was, in fact, a wolf. It is so evident that Anubis would be a wolf-headed god because wolves are among the dog family, and dogs are man's best friend. Who else would you want to take your final journey with, but your loyal canine companion?

Reason #91 - You Really Don't Know Her, You Just Think You Do

Your wife could end up being a psychotic bitch from hell. The risk of a wife turning out to be a completely different woman from the one you thought you married dramatically increases the less time you knew her before signing the marriage contract.

Knowing someone for years still is no assurance that she'll remain the same. Marriage will inevitably change her, as will pregnancy and motherhood if she decides she wants to have children. The shift of power that occurs upon signing the marriage contract forces the change.

Moreover, a boyfriend is not perceived as a safety net, but a husband is. A husband has agreed to be someone his wife can rely on, and who promises a happy lifestyle for his wife; her happiness and financial stability are now the sole responsibility of the man she married. It is inevitable that her attitude toward her husband will fluctuate in accordance with whether or not he is sufficiently meeting those goals.

There are a whole host of other factors that can change a wife into Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. An abortion, miscarriage, pregnancy or childbirth can all significantly alter a woman's behavior. Moving away from her friends and family, her husband losing his job, changing careers, or her getting into an affair with some guy at work, can also alter a wife's attitude toward her husband.

To get married is to risk that a woman is going to be the same person you fell in love with.

Reason #92 – She's Going to Get Fat

Virtually all men like skinny women, but marrying a woman is almost a guarantee that she'll get fat.

According to a study published in *Obesity*, if a man just dated a woman, she is likely to gain 15 pounds over five years. If a man cohabitates with a woman but doesn't marry her, she'll pack on about 18 pounds. Married women are the fattest women at 24 pounds in five years of marriage. In fact, [supposedly] the happier the marriage, the fatter she'll get. Andrea Meltzer of Southern Methodist University discovered that the happier a couple reported the state of their marriage, the greater the weight gain.

Another factor in weight gain is menopause, which usually begins when a woman is 45 – 55 but can occur as early as her 30s. Once a woman hits menopause, she's likely to gain another 10 – 30 pounds or more.

Perhaps in a desperate attempt to sucker men into marrying fat-ass women, several news outlets began spreading a fabricated study that claimed that men who marry obese women are ten times happier and live longer. The study was supposedly conducted by Dr. Filemón Alvarado and Dr. Edgardo Morales at UNAM's department of psychology. Snopes.com, a fact-checking website stated, "…the psychology department at the National Autonomous University of Mexico (option one for [the abbreviation] UNAM) does not list someone by either name as a faculty member, and the web site for the National University of Misiones in Argentina (option two for UNAM) provides no evidence that the school has a psychology department at all."

"Fat acceptance" is just another feminist ploy to shame men into putting up with women no matter how bad they behave or unattractive they become. No amount of "plus-size" models or internet memes that attack men for not finding double-chins and blubber attractive is going to change men's nature. Feminists want to have their cake and

eat it too, just as most married women want the freedom to blow up like a blimp but also want the benefit of their husband's earnings, and yet don't want him to cheat. In the article "Plus-Sized Women Admit They Aren't Attracted To Overweight Men" published to the website *Whisper.sh*, fat women admitted the double-standard that they want men to accept their fat asses, but are only interested in skinny guys. Expect this nonsense to echo into your marriage, wherein your fat wife packs on the pounds, refuses to exercise, yet backhands you in the shoulder if you stare too long at some hot piece of trim—all the while she's fantasizing about some athlete pounding her chunky meat curtains with his yogurt-slinging clam hammer.

Reason #93 – She Might Become an Addict

If your wife decides to take up a vice, you will have absolutely no power to correct her behavior.

Even when children are involved, unless a woman can be proven to be so addicted and grossly irresponsible that she cannot possibly care for your kids, she is almost certain to be awarded majority custody. What is more likely to happen is that she is ordered to attend a treatment program and retain custody of your children. I have, however, known two men whose wives became substance abusers and left them with the kids, but such cases are unusual.

A woman needn't even become a drug addict on the level of a toothless crack-whore to create an undesirable situation. A man who doesn't smoke, or just doesn't want his wife to smoke, has absolutely no authority to get his wife to quit smoking if she decides to take up a tobacco addiction. Pharmaceuticals like anti-depressants and prescription opiates are also a form of altering the mind that is favored by women, and all it takes is one of her friends or relatives recommending a psychiatrist to deal with marital or job stress. Outside of tobacco, drugs, and alcohol, a wife can become a food addict, or become addicted to television or the internet.

There is just no guarantee that she is going to remain the same person you married, and there's absolutely nothing you can do to stop her from doing whatever she pleases.

Reason #94 – She's Going to Stop Dressing Up For You

When a guy pictures what life will be like with his future wife, he imagines she'll make herself as pretty as she always has when she was just his girlfriend.

After having captured a male servant via the marriage contract, a woman no longer has any reason to dress sexy—she's already got you. This goes back to a woman's biological imperative to breed with the best male she can get her hands on, and also to find a provider and protector. Once a woman believes she has hooked in an alpha male or a beta male provider, she has no motivation to dress sexy—except when ovulation kicks in and it's time for "Girls' Night Out." In other words, when you see your wife getting all dolled up, it might just be because it's time for her to go see if she can get another alpha male to explore the depths of her bikini-cavern with his vagina-miner.

Even a girlfriend will eventually stop dressing seductively for her boyfriend if he continues to fail her shit-tests. In other words, if he repeatedly demonstrates that he'll put up with her shit, she knows that she no longer has to try hard to get him hard.

In my beta male days, I had purchased a dozen or so sexy outfits for three different girlfriends. In the city I was in, the girls weren't known for their excellent fashion sense, so I got my girlfriend's measurements and took matters into my own hands. The first two times I did this, I didn't realize I had already failed their shit-tests and been relegated to the lowly status of beta male provider.

The girls rarely if ever wore the outfits for me. The first girl, a bartender, would wear the sexy clothes I bought her to look more alluring at work. The second girl dressed up for me once, and the only other time I ever saw her get all tarted up was when she said she was going out for "girls' night out." Once again, I must insist upon the understanding that "Girls' Night Out" is just an excuse for women to continue their hunt for alpha male semen while their beta male provider sits at home like a good little boy. As for the third girlfriend I had bought a wardrobe for, I ended up dropping her like a hot rock because I started taking issue with her being a single mother.

In all, there simply is no reason for a wife to doll herself up on a daily basis for her husband. A man's wife has no problem putting on makeup and dressing modestly sexy for her day job, but at work, she's getting paid to look presentable, whereas she has nothing to lose if her husband tells her she needs to put more effort into her

appearance. Feminists love to argue that being a housewife is a job, and thus men should give them some kind of occupational severance pay in the form of alimony, yet during the marriage, how often did these women put as much effort into their appearance as they would do if they had a real job?

Reason #95 – Say Hello to a Wrinkled Old Nag…and Goodbye to Candy and Bambi's Sweet-Sweet Young Ass

We all grow old but while men age like wine, women age like milk.

Nature is harsh on a woman's beauty because she only has so many years to give birth to a healthy child. The lines of a woman's face, sagging butt, and breasts, increase in facial hair and wrinkled skin, are all warning signs to men that she is not a good candidate for reproduction.

Among feminism's various shaming tactics deployed against men, we are supposed to accept women that are fat and old. The fact is that men are not biologically attracted to older females, and older women are not usually interested in a relationship with younger men.

Dr. Michael Dunn, a psychologist at the UWIC's Cardiff School of Health Sciences, found that a study of online dating websites revealed that older women are not seeking younger mates, but prefer men older than themselves. Women are after the resources that usually come with a man being older, and men are attracted to a woman's reproductive quality, regardless of whether or not they want children. This inevitably means that a man's wife will become increasingly less attractive to him as the years tick by.

Along with aging, pregnancy, and childbirth ruin the female body. Along with stretch marks, a wrecked vagina, marshmallow stomach, saggy skin, possible hair loss, veiny breasts with giant areolas, pregnancy, and childbirth can add serious pounds to a woman that many aren't likely to burn away with exercise.

Chapter 15 - The Aftermath

"Ah yes, "divorce". From the latin word meaning to rip out a man's genitals through his wallet." – Robin Williams, famous 20th-century comedian who was driven to suicide by two ex-wives

Reason #96 - Your Secrets Aren't Safe With Her

The saying that "hell has no fury like a woman's scorn" is all too true. Women are spiteful and vindictive creatures, who do not place value on loyalty, honor or honesty, but justify their actions according to how the outcome makes them feel.

Men are not known for spray-painting a woman's car because she cheated on them, nor are we known for throwing a girlfriend's belongings out onto the lawn or trying to ruin her reputation by badmouthing her to everyone we meet. While some men have engaged in such dishonorable nonsense, women are the ones that are known for it.

It is sheer foolishness to believe that a woman is going to keep your innermost secrets long after your relationship is over, or even while it lasted. Confiding certain secrets in a woman, that might perhaps reveal some inner-weakness or poor judgment, also has the effect of lowering your perceived alpha male status. Women will also stow away secrets in the reservoir of their vindictive, childish mind so that they can be later used against you. Telling certain secrets to a woman only affords them more ammunition to use against a man in divorce court and custody battles.

I've spoken with several ex-cons who assured me that many of the men they were imprisoned with were there because their wife or girlfriend ratted them out. One does not need to be critical of the law to understand that such a testimony speaks to women's inability to keep secrets. In the case of turning on a boyfriend or husband who has committed a crime, there are two factors: women are vindictive; and, women value safety and stability more than men.

A wife should be viewed as a trusted friend and confidant.

Reason #97 – Bouncing Back Won't Be Easy

Since statistically, your marriage is likely to end in divorce, it's important to look at the aftermath.

A married man will have grown further apart from his friends and perhaps his own family. Given the degree to which a wife can control a man's life, he will have a laundry list of missed opportunities. A husband has passed up events, opportunities to travel, and given up on an untold number of dreams his wife wouldn't support. For the years a man is married, his life will have bent to satisfy her and prevent the financial catastrophe of divorce.

In the shadow of divorce are men burdened by alimony and child support, and likely psychologically wounded by the whole ordeal. With money going out the window to his ex-wife, and children he barely gets to see, a divorced man's ability to attract a hot woman or have the lifestyle he wants will decrease. This is especially the case when child support is involved because an increase in income means an increase in child support payments.

In summation, the longer a man is married, the less likely he will have lived a life that he really wanted—a life worth writing about. Upon getting divorced, the length of his marriage will dictate the degree to which he can get back on track to become the man he wanted to be and live the life he dreamed of.

Reason #98 - You Just Might Become an Alcoholic

With the stresses of marriage, and a wife who's fat overhanging stomach makes her look like she has a front-butt, many men turn to alcohol.

One man confided in me that he couldn't have sex with his wife unless he was drunk because she looked like a cross between a land-whale and the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man.

One study reported that divorced men are three times more likely to be alcoholics than married men, but I sense it's

a fallacy to assume that alcoholism was the cause of the divorce in all those cases. How many divorced men became alcoholics as a means to cope with the emotional aftermath of divorce and the financial devastation wrought by the divorce court? How many men didn't have a drinking problem on their wedding day but picked up the bottle after realizing that marriage is merely a contract to support the lifestyle of a woman who is free to deny her husband sex, spend his money and act however she pleases?

An excellent way to find out what married life will be like is to visit a bar where old-timers and working-class men hangout. If you see a wedding ring, glance at their face; is that the face of a happy man?

Reason #99 - Prenups are Bullshit

A prenuptial agreement, or prenup, is a contract signed before a couple gets married that is intended to protect the assets of both parties in the event of a divorce. The problem with prenuptial agreements is that they often don't work, and none can be considered foolproof. There is almost an endless supply of reasons a judge will throw a prenup out of divorce court.

Any prenuptial agreement that shows that a man did not fully and accurately disclose all of his assets and earnings can be considered fraudulent with an intent to conceal the real value of his estate. A prenup that is signed too close to the wedding date can be thrown out on an argument that the woman was not provided enough time to fully consider the ramifications of the contract, and is thus deemed coercive. So too, if a man's fiancé did not have legal counsel before signing the agreement, it can be tossed out of court. If the woman was under the influence of alcohol or any other mind-altering substance anywhere near the hour the contract was signed, it could be considered invalid. If the man included a line that he will not pay alimony or child support his prenup is useless. If a woman's husband stated that she mustn't gain a certain amount of weight, or otherwise specifies appearance requirements, such as the length of her hair, the prenup could be considered overbearing. If the agreement states that she will provide her husband with a certain amount of sex and blowjobs, the prenup can also be considered too demanding and is therefore invalid.

A prenuptial agreement can appear to have worked if the woman has poor legal counsel or her husband isn't extremely wealthy. When a man is sitting on serious assets, it will only increase the likelihood that his wife will fight the prenup and her legal team will attempt to find a flaw in the agreement or the conditions under which it was signed. Expect lies and a circus of legal shenanigans to ensue.

A politically liberal man I met argued that Mel Gibson's payout of $425 million dollars to his ex-wife Robyn was fair because she gave birth to seven of his children, and took care of the children and the household for 26 years of marriage. He argued that Mel couldn't have become the huge success he was without her maintaining the home front, and raising the children.

First off, there are a lot of assumptions being made about precisely how much Robyn contributed as a housewife and a mother. Are we supposed to believe that a man who purchased his own island, and was worth almost $1 billion, didn't have a maid, nanny, chauffeurs, and cooks to ease the day-to-day life of his wife? Even without such luxuries, exactly how hard is it to load a dishwasher, cook for the kids, or keep the house clean?

We can easily estimate the real value of a housewife, and even quantify the value of giving birth to a man's child.

Seven children from surrogate mothers would cost around $700,000. Although a full-time nanny usually earns approximately $30,000, we'll bump it up to $200,000 in light of the number of children Mel has. This means that he would have spent $5,200,000 over 26 years for one of the best nannies in the world. A nanny can cook and help out without housekeeping, but we'll throw in a full-time live-in housekeeper for $60,000 a year and a chef for $100,000, which totals $4,160,000. The value of a rich man's wife, who gives birth to seven children—and for some strange reason, also cooks, cleans and stays home to raise the kids without any professional assistance—is $10,060,000 over 26 years.

Contrast $10 million (roughly 1% of Mel's wealth) to a divorce settlement of $425 million dollars (50% of his assets).

For almost a half-billion dollars, I bet Mel Gibson could have made some real strides in artificial womb technology and helped save himself, and men all over the world, the heartache of child support and financial divorce rape.

Mel didn't have a prenuptial agreement, but I doubt that would have saved him from losing half his wealth. Furthermore, if a judge deems that a woman cannot afford legal counsel, her husband can end up paying for the very attorney's his wife will use to shred the prenuptial agreement and destroy him. A prenup that is found to have a flaw can result in a man having to sue his own legal team. Additionally, some believe that the inclusion of a prenuptial agreement can increase the likelihood of divorce.

No matter which way you look at it, prenuptial agreements do not somehow fix the critical problems of marriage, nor make marriage beneficial for men, even if the prenup succeeds in protecting a man's assets. There simply are no benefits to marriage.

The only unbeatable prenuptial agreement is to agree to never get married.

Reason #100 – Marriage Increases Your Chances of Depression and Suicide

Since 50% of marriages end in divorce, getting married is like loading a six-shooter with three bullets, pointing the barrel of the gun at your bank account and then pulling the trigger. Sadly, many men end up putting the gun in their mouth.

Some divorced men end their life believing it will send a message to their ex-wife about how deeply she hurt them. It is foolish to think that some heartless bitch that divorce raped a man will care if he commits suicide.

Other divorcees kill themselves because they can't keep up with the alimony payments, as was the case with the famous comedian Robin Williams, who was ordered to pay $30 million to his ex-wives. Robin brought joy and light to millions of people, but it only took a few greedy cunts to extinguish that light.

People have argued that married men are less likely to commit suicide, but the facts are quite different. No matter what psychological benefit can be concocted by marriage advocates, at least half of all marriages in the United States end in divorce and divorced men are twice as likely to commit suicide than single men. Getting married is then a gateway into increasing one's chances of ending up so unhappy, after divorce, that you take your own life. Having a child with a woman is also a way a man can increase his chances of one-day committing suicide.

Randy Brouse, David Guinn, Randy Johnson, Reinaldo Rivera, Robert Steadman, Carl Tarzwell, Jr., and Kenneth Taylor, are just a few names of men who hung themselves after being incarcerated for failure to pay child support.

On January 7, 2002, Derrick K. Miller walked up the steps of the San Diego courthouse with his divorce papers in one hand and a pistol in the other. After shouting, "You did this to me," he promptly blew his brains out.

After the Canadian courts banned Mark Drexel, age 42, from seeing his son, he went to a motel on January 23, 2003 and hung himself. Another Canadian man, Darren White, killed himself in March 2002 after the court ruled he was capable of paying out $2,071 to one woman and $439 to another woman, even though his disability check was only $950 a month.

James Poore of Bristol, Tennessee was arrested for failing to appear at a child custody hearing. James somehow got his hands on a shotgun while on a work-release program and blew a hole in his chest.

Suicide statistics from the Center for Disease Control show that 34,727 men committed suicide in 2016 in the United States. Since divorced men are 2 – 3 times more likely to commit suicide than other males, perhaps as many as 20,000 men committed suicide in 2016 after their marriage fell apart.

On September 27, 2017, an article titled "Are You Among the Growing Number of Unhappy Married People?" was posted to *PsychologyToday.com*. The author cites three sources that show that the majority of married couples are unhappy, and marital happiness is rapidly declining. The fact is, single people are happier.

In India, married people accounted for 66% of all suicides reported in 2014 according to the article "Married men twice as likely to commit suicide than married women" published by *The Times of India*.

In the United States, few have dared to challenge the theory that married people have a lower suicide rate. Dr. Bella DePaulo stepped up to the plate in her April 2013 article "Are Married People Less Likely to Kill Themselves?"

posted at *PsychologyToday.com*. Augustine Kposowa's findings in "Marital status and suicide in the National Longitudinal Mortality Study" also show something quite interesting. American men who got divorced were twice as likely to commit suicide, but that isn't the case for women.

As I've argued throughout, women do not fall deeply in love with men, they fall in love with the resources a man provides them. The biological imperative of women is to pick themselves up, dry their tears and move on to acquire the resources of the next male whose goofy enough to become their servant.

Craig Morris from Binghamton University surveyed over 5,000 men and women from 96 different countries to find out which gender is most heartbroken after a breakup. Morris found that men take longer to recover from a breakup, and may never fully recover. Putting out his best pseudo-scientific bullshit to bury the fact that men are the true romantics—as numerous other studies prove—Morris hypothesizes that our emotional heartbreak is just linked to being disgruntled that we have to go back out and compete again for a new mate.

Morris, trying to cover for the heartlessness of women, also claimed that females feel more emotional pain when a relationship comes to an end but since women supposedly have more to lose from choosing the wrong partner, they've evolved to recover quicker than men. So women are supposedly wounded more deeply but recover faster?

Also, how is it that women have more to lose in a relationship? Precisely what do women put on the line in a relationship? In the ancient days of hunter-gatherers, it was assuredly the case that a woman who was cast aside by a male had to recover quickly from the breakup. With a sweet smile and a girlish giggle, her survival depended upon making another male feel he was all she ever dreamed of, so she could become the beneficiary of his strength, protection, and resources.

Today women invest nothing and have nothing to lose. Instead of the mouthy bitch being left to the wolves—after she's been kicked from the cave for refusing play with her man's one-eyed trouser snake—a modern woman has no shortage of men ready to don the badge of Captain-Save-a-Hoe. Instead of being forced to subsist on earthworms and berries out in a freezing rainstorm—like that sexually frigid bitch that would have been your ancestral grandma, if your caveman ancestor hadn't kicked the bitch out—today, *bitches have options*.

A beautiful girl can divorce a man in the morning, take ownership of his "cave," along with half his bank account, and have some beta male buying her dinner before nightfall. White knight beta males are so plentiful that even a girl that looks like a walrus can easily find some poor fool to fall in love with her and give her money if she plugs into enough dating and social networking websites.

Don't become another statistic: the man who wakes up to realize that his wife never really loved him. But whatever you do, do not ever forget the name Thomas Ball. In mid-June of 2011, Thomas Ball walked up to the courthouse in Keene, New Hampshire and set himself on fire in protest over the injustices of the family court system. Thomas Ball was the divorced father of three.

Do not let the deaths of such men be in vain. Do not blindly march into the depressing mire of marriage, but rejoice in the freedom of being your own man, and knowing you alone are in command of your destiny.

Reason #101 – Marriage Can Take Years Off Your Life

The joke is that married men live longer but so do house cats. It's also worth mentioning that the lifespan of elephants, orcas, and other wild beasts decreases in the safe calmness of captivity. The fact is, we're not cats, elephants or whales, and few people have challenged the assertion that tying the knot extends your life.

We know that getting a good night's rest, communicating with friends, and overall happiness, play a role in longevity. We also know that overworking yourself with long hours isn't good for your health. We've seen that single people get more sleep, have much more contact with friends and relatives, are happier than married couples and don't work as hard.

I don't see how working an average of 400 hours more per day than a single man could possibly add years to anyone's life.

Despite what marriage advocates would have us believe, a cursory comparison of the single and married lifestyles should have us logically conclude that marriage shortens our lifespan. In the article “Being single could help you live longer” published in *The New York Post* on September 22, 2017, Andrea Downey points out that staying single can mean less debt, which means less stress. Stress has a direct correlation to mental health, physical health, and longevity.

You have the rest of your life ahead of you—don’t screw it up with marriage.

Chapter 16 – The MGTOW Solution

"Bachelors know more about women than married men. If they didn't, they'd be married, too." – H. L. Mencken

Stop Dreaming & Start Living

I feel for the guys that dreamed of falling in love with a beautiful girl, marrying her, and living happily ever after. The truth is that it is nothing more than a dream reinforced by societal programming. We are everywhere indoctrinated into the belief that we will be most happy by submitting ourselves in service to a woman. We let storytellers convince us that there is some gorgeous girl out there who will love us with all her heart and soul. When we think we've found our soul mate, television commercials for engagement rings provide us with instructions for exactly what we need to do to put a beaming smile on her face: we need to spend our resources on that woman to make her happy.

Some of my favorite movies as a child depict the soul mate fantasy in all its glory, and there is often an underlying message in films and songs that a man should serve a woman—and if necessary, throw down his life for her.

There is a classic example of this in the movie *The Princess Bride*. The farm boy Westley falls in love with the beautiful Buttercup, and to express his appreciation to her, anytime she asks something of him, he responds, "As you wish." Here are the first words spoken by the narrator of the story:

"Buttercup was raised on a small farm in the country of Florin. Her favorite pastimes were riding her horse and tormenting the farm boy that worked there. His name was Westley, but she never called him that. Nothing gave Buttercup as much pleasure as ordering Westley around."

Buttercup is played by the actress Robin Wright, while Westley is played by the actor Cary Elwes—both of whom are of European descent. Imagine the reaction the first few lines of narration would have if Westley had been played by a black actor. To visualize this, here is how the opening of the story could read:

"A beautiful white girl named Buttercup lived on a small farm in the country of Florin. Her favorite pastimes were riding her horse and tormenting the negro farm boy that worked there. His name was Caleb, but to make him feel like less of a human being, Buttercup never called the colored boy by his name. Nothing gave Buttercup as much pleasure as ordering the poor negro around."

My example is not about getting into a conversation about race. It's about realizing the type of characters we're dealing with. Buttercup is a sadist. When Westley responds, "As you wish," every time Buttercup orders him to do something—in an attempt to convey the words "I love you"—he reveals that he is a masochist. Westley has succumbed to Stockholm Syndrome, as he has fallen in love with his tormenter.

As the story goes, the sadistic Buttercup eventually realizes that she loves the poor farm boy. Westley then becomes a sailor, with the intent of making enough money so that he can marry Buttercup. His plans are cut short when his merchant ship is attacked by the Dread Pirate Roberts. Westley is held captive in the brig, but the infamous pirate ends up becoming fond of him and decides to release him. The Dread Pirate Roberts invites Westley to take on his identity, saying that he wishes to retire. What does Westley do? Westley takes on the identity of the Dread Pirate Roberts, but cuts his exciting career short to pursue the woman that tormented him. He goes on a harrowing journey to rescue Buttercup from an evil prince who wishes to marry the fair maiden.

I still enjoy *The Princess Bride*, but though it is regarded as a masterpiece of entertainment, it is really the story of a simp afflicted with oneitis.

A man who becomes fixated on a woman, believing that nobody else can measure up to her, suffers from oneitis. A man who bends over backward to appease a woman is a simp. Westley expressed the words "I love you" to Buttercup by saying, "As you wish," which testified to his willingness to be her servant. He was willing to bend the knee in servitude simply because Buttercup was beautiful. He went to seek his fortune, just so he could possess Buttercup through marriage. Once again, women require the resources of men.

Westley gave up the adventurous life of a pirate—where undoubtedly he would have access to women at various port cities around the world—to risk his life for a single woman that loved to boss him around. We have to see Westley for what he was: a masochistic simp.

No heterosexual man is foolish enough to submit himself in service to another man, just because that man is nice, and women happen to find him attractive. To make this point, I asked a friend, "If you only knew me for a few months, would you be willing to give me $6,000 (the average price of an engagement ring)?" "Of course not," he said. I replied, "Why not? I'm nice to you, and there are many females who find me attractive." He intuited the point I was making, as he had spent six-figures on an engagement ring to vainly win the heart of a woman who is now long gone—and that he later realized was a nut job.

No, he didn't get the ring back.

How many men have purchased an expensive sparkly rock for a woman they haven't known for more than a few months? Why did they do it?

The only thing that is missing from my earlier hypothetical question is that my friend and I, are both heterosexual men; I don't have tits or a pair of lasagna-lips hiding in my underwear. Is it not now clear the value men foolishly place on women they hardly know, all because they desire access to their panty-hamster, and have been told that offering a female resources is the way you get it?

No man would tolerate me saying, "Henceforth you'll have to open doors for me, pull the chair out when I go to sit down, and if we're in a building that catches on fire, you'll need to make sure I get to leave first—all because my ethnic group is better than yours." Any sane man would retort, "What kind of supremacist nonsense is this!" If I responded, "Serving my race is one of the greatest ways you can prove that you are a real man," how likely would I be to succeed in convincing someone who isn't a spineless twit? Yet film after film, and the rhetoric of tradition, would have us believe real men bend the knee, open doors, pull out chairs, and sacrifice themselves to women—not because females belong to a particular race—but because they have a vagina.

Movies are not the only means to indoctrinate men into the idea that simping behavior is where we will find romantic happiness or prove our manhood. One of my favorite rock songs is "Love You to Death" by *Type O Negative*. I enjoy the instrumentation and Peter Steele's exceptional vocals, but it is another example of how simping behavior and oneitis can be glorified, and subconsciously beaten into our minds. Peter sings, "I beg to serve, your wish is my law," and later asks, "Am I good enough?"

When two bucks or bears battle it out in front of a female, each is attempting to prove that he is good enough to reproduce with the female. For a beautiful girl to return our attention, perhaps in a gaze across the room, is to have the feeling of being victorious over all other challengers; she has made us feel that we are good enough.

In the 1985 video game *Super Mario Bros.*, what did Mario set out to do? His mission was to save Princess Peach from the evil Bowser, at the risk of his own life. No matter how much a man might pretend that he isn't into "mushy romance," we are driven by our biological imperative to hope for a kiss if we succeed in rescuing the princess. Surely, we think, if we risk our lives for her, and prove we are an alpha male by defeating our opponents, she will see the value in us—and she will love us.

The anecdote is to realize that you do not need a woman to validate your self-worth.

The Red Pill

I completely acknowledge that it's not easy to wake up from the dream that one day you'll find the perfect girl, get married and live happily ever after. After a man verifies the truth, it can really start to hurt to accept it. I recognize that pain in others, as I too have felt it.

In the movie *The Matrix*, the character Neo is offered a choice to see the world as it really is, or to abandon his search for the truth, and go back to his normal workaday life. The character Morpheus, named after the god of dreams, offers him the truth in the form of a red pill or continuing to live a lie, in the form of a blue bill. Neo believed he was prepared to accept the entirety of the truth, and so he took the red pill. Though Neo was a man who thought outside of the box, the truth was so heavy that he angrily rejected it, before finally accepting the reality that

was revealed to him.

Arthur Schopenhauer famously said, “All truth passes through three stages. First, it is ridiculed. Second, it is violently opposed. Third, it is accepted as being self-evident.”

The red pill that I am offering is the truth that men in the United States and other Western nations, are less than second-class citizens under the rule of a gynocentric government. The truth is that there are absolutely zero benefits for a man to get married, regardless if a fortuneteller with perfect foresight predicts that he will never get divorced. The truth is that redundant studies prove that men are the true romantics, and we are programmed to fall in love with women—to protect them, provide our resources to them, and if necessary sacrifice our lives for them—for the survival of the species. The truth is that the biological imperatives of women, are to acquire the semen of alpha males, and to seduce males into using the strength of their bodies and minds to provide them with resources and protection. The truth is that the survival of our species depends upon women being incapable of reciprocating the kind of unconditional love that men give to women.

To take the red pill is to have clarity in understanding what lies behind the interactions between the male and female genders. It is to be aware of the dangers of getting involved with a woman in any way, and to know what women are capable of on their own, and through the force of government. Taking the red pill does not mean a transformation of one’s sexuality; it doesn’t mean that a man no longer enjoys the company of women, or having sex with them. A man who takes the red pill means that he is ready to go his own way.

MGTOW stands for “Men Going Their Own Way.” Going your own way is a statement of self-ownership and self-determination. Instead of letting society, or a woman, determine what a man’s role in life should be, a guy who is MGTOW declares the supreme right to choose the course of his life. Weaker males, in preference to self-determination, prescribe to utility-based roles for males that entail servitude to women and society.

MGTOW does not mean trying to change the system or violently oppose it. It means you understand the game is rigged, and the only way to win the game is not to play it.

MGTOW is not a cult or organization, but merely an abbreviated way of saying, “I’m a single guy who intends to stay single. I have no interest in placing myself in any kind of situation that would allow a woman to divest me of my resources, or falsely accuse me of something I did not do. To that end, I have no interest in marriage, cohabiting with a woman, or engaging in any kind of simping behavior. I refuse to allow others to define manhood and reject the charge by feminists that masculinity is toxic. Most importantly, I do not hate women—I understand them.”

Most men will go through a phase of “red pill rage,” just as Schopenhauer predicted in the stages of truth. The first stage is ridicule, the second is violence or anger, and the third is acceptance. Women, beta males, simps, white knights and manginas, scorn the truth and try to shame men into sticking to the cookie-cutter of what a man should do with his life. Sadly, most men who have finally chosen to go their own way were once among those who thought MGTOW meant that a man was homosexual, or didn’t have what it takes to get laid. Others scoff about what MGTOW guys have to say about the true nature of women, and the gynocentric court system until they end up becoming victims themselves.

I wrote this book to help men avoid the pitfalls that so many other men have fallen into, yet there is a danger in waking up to this information. “Red Pill Rage” inevitably follows the realization that your situation, or that of other men who have been wounded by women, is not unique. There is plenty to be angry about. One can be angry at God, women, the government, or oneself. Men who take the red pill can also succumb to depression, in the same way that an emptiness can form when we’ve lost a dear friend or family member, or a relationship with a girl comes to an end.

Calmness comes from an understanding that there is no more reason to be angry at women than there is to be enraged by a cat acting like a cat. Acceptance comes from the realization that there is a path even more joyous and wonderful than the road we had chosen before, or that others had insisted we travel.

MGTOW Lifestyle

Open your eyes to the celebration of becoming a man who chooses to go his own way.

MGTOW means your time is yours to do with as you please, rather than pressing yourself into the service of others. Your money is yours to spend, save or invest as you see fit. Your goals are yours to achieve, and there will be no woman to derail you from your dreams.

The man who goes his own way dodges bullets. Alimony, child support, divorce rape, losing your house to an ex-wife, the pain of a cheating wife, and the heartache of realizing that a woman never really loved you, are all bullets that have no effect on a guy who is a MGTOW.

I've compared the lifestyle of single men to married men throughout this book, but they deserve repeating.

Women & Sex – The thing that guys really want from women is sex. Celebrate a life where you'll be able to have sex with as many women as you want. If you need a little training in how to pick up women, plug into T21C.com or just search the internet for the words "PUA seduction." The 21 Century courses at T21C.com cover everything a man needs to know to get women.

If your wardrobe needs a little work, jump over to AlphaM.com where Aaron Marino will show you how to look like a boss. Why waste money funding some woman's wardrobe, when investing in your appearance pays dividends in the form of more poon.

Having a small mutton-dagger is no longer an excuse to settle down with a woman who looks like she should have a few moons orbiting her fat ass. PEgym.com has a plethora of legitimate, tried, tested, and proven ways to increase the size of the male sex organ.

As a MGTOW you'll have your choice of one-night-stand bar sluts, friends with benefits, call girls, foreign prostitutes, and every size, shape, and shade of girl you can imagine. Want to sleep with two or three girls at once? Learn the right pick-up artist skills, or travel to the right country, and you can do that as many times a week as you can afford.

The primary rules here are to avoid getting a woman pregnant at all costs, don't catch any STDs, and, whatever you do, do not ever cohabitate with a woman. To that, I recommend getting a vasectomy, using condoms, and if you sleep with prostitutes, avoid freelancers. Only sleep with working girls that are licensed sex workers, and therefore are required to get checked for STDs periodically. You can also get a sex doll to minimize, or completely nullify, any chances of ever having to pay child support, catching an STD, or being the victim of a false rape accusation. Some heterosexual MGTOW decide to go completely "monk" and avoid women altogether. It's your choice.

Home – Your home is your castle, and that's nowhere truer than when you're a man going his own way. You have the freedom to blow your money on the ultimate bachelor pad, or to save your money living in a modest apartment. Want to travel around in an RV, live on a sailboat, or build a tiny home out in the woods? Want to see what it's like to survive in the Alaskan wilderness for three months living in a tent? You can do whatever you want because you won't have a wife telling you otherwise.

Housekeeping – As Burt Reynolds pointed out, a wife is a terribly expensive way to get laundry done. Look into having a maid come over every few weeks to tidy the place up. If you're willing to spend a little extra cash, you can even get a topless maid. Pat yourself on the back for being wise with your money, and celebrate that you'll never have to deal with a woman who complains when you ask her to clean up the house.

Travel – With more money in your pocket, you can travel the world, and there are some great places where foreign girls will literally throw themselves at you. How about a trip to Thailand or the Philippines, where you can bang a different girl every night even if you don't make much more money than a guy flipping burgers?

Money – As Terrence Popp from Redonkulas.com pointed out, staying single means you can live well for much less than the cost of having a wife. With the freedom to increase or lower your living expenses as you see fit, you now have the opportunity to start creating real wealth. Pick up a copy of MGTOW Building Wealth and Power: For Single Men Only by Tim Patten over at Amazon.com.

Without the financial burden of a wife, alimony or child support, a man has a real shot at becoming wealthy or at least living a lifestyle well above the average married couple. Keep in mind that there's no such thing as a wealthy man who is too ugly, too fat or too old. A single man with money can have virtually any woman he wants, and

spend his time traveling around the world enjoying the variety of women that life has to offer.

Companionship – A man going his own way doesn't have to lose his friends. As a single man, you can spend as much time with friends as you'd like, and make new friends all over the world. Moreover, dogs are called "man's best friend" for a reason. A pet dog is always happy to see you when you get home, and so long as you're kind to him and feed him, he's never going to walk out on you. Your dog, motorcycle or sailboat is never going to wake up and tell you it doesn't love you anymore. Your badass dream car—that you can afford because you never got married—isn't ever going to cheat on you. Your real friends don't care how much money you make, how many women you've slept with, where you live, or how you decorate your home. Rejoice in knowing that you will have companions that really care about you, and truly love you as a brother, just for being you.

About the Author

Duke Armstrong is a sales and marketing professional, who now focuses on writing and having sex with women all over the world. When he's not traveling, Duke lives a happy single life in Montana, where he owns his own cabin, drives the truck of his dreams, and spends time shooting the breeze with his buddies or shooting targets in his expansive backyard.

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JAMES PERLOFF

COVID-19

and the Agendas to Come

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Published by Refuge Books
25 South Bedford Street
Burlington MA 01803
www.jamesperloff.com

ISBN 13: 978-0-9668160-4-4 (paperback)
ISBN 10: 0-9668160-4-8 (paperback)

Library of Congress Control Number: 2020912771 (paperback)

Cover design by Sandra Myers

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PREFACE

For those who might not know, "red-pilled" is a metaphor taken from the 1999 film *The Matrix*. Taking the "red pill" means to awaken to reality; taking the "blue pill" means to continue living in illusion.

In 2020, I had been writing a book on 9/11, but switched focus due to a matter of greater urgency—the global response to COVID-19. (The acronym's meaning, officially, is—"CO" stands for Corona, "VI" for virus, "D" for disease, and "19" for 2019.) I wrote an extensive blog post, "COVID-19 Red-Pilled." As the situation progressed, I kept updating the post, but it eventually became too long for online reading, and the need for a book was apparent.

Let me say at the outset that no one has all the answers on COVID-19, but we should have the will to look for them. One reason I decided to write this book is that when it comes to this disease, unprecedented censorship is making information that contradicts the "official story" increasingly hard to find on major search engines. Searches typically turn up only mainstream outlets, and "fact-checking" from sources such as scandal-ridden[1] Snopes, or PolitiFact, whose largest funder has been the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation.[2] For analysis of such sites, their methodologies and backers, I recommend the *Corbett Report*'s video "Who Will Fact Check the Fact Checkers?" https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rtirKL_XmGg.

I have been a journalist for 35 years (starting in 1985 as a writer for *The New American*) and a registered nurse for 45 years (retired in 2019). Neither of these backgrounds qualifies me as an "expert" on COVID-19; however, it does give me some perspective, both on the geopolitical forces controlling world events, as well as common-sense training and experience in infection control. By the way, Bill Gates is not a medical professional, yet that hasn't stopped him from advising the world on how to respond to COVID-19 in mainstream media.

On a personal level, I immediately knew that quarantining perfectly healthy people did not accord with decades of infection control practices. In infectious diseases, you isolate the sick, not the healthy. To quarantine the

healthy as "presumed sick" is the medical equivalent of violating the law of jurisprudence that a person is presumed innocent until proven guilty.

However, since COVID-19 is said to be different, and as those who challenge the government/mainstream media response to COVID-19 have been targeted for censorship, this book will quote scholars and experts whose credentials are beyond dispute.

I have broken the COVID-19 crisis into five major sections:

(1) The Lockdown's Human Impact (I wanted to address this first because it is the least hypothetical of the issues.)

(2) The Methodology of Panic

(3) Theories about the Nature of COVID-19

(4) The Deep State's End-Game

(5) What May Lie Ahead

I am aware that the circumstances, statistics and global responses to COVID-19 will continue to change after this book's publication, making some of what I report seem defunct later. Nevertheless, I believe a grounding in how this crisis came about will help us better understand and cope with it in the future.

Regarding end-notes: All hyperlinks are accurate as of publication. Unfortunately, due to the Internet's transient nature, and especially due to censorship, some articles and videos, for which I have provided hyperlinks, will disappear in the future. (In such cases, it may be fruitful to use search engines in an attempt to locate alternate copies of the material. Many videos deleted by YouTube can now be found on https://www.bitchute.com/ and https://altcensored.com/.)

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PART ONE

THE LOCKDOWN

Chapter 1

THE ECONOMIC AND HEALTH IMPACT OF THE LOCKDOWN

When this book was published, states had been incrementally coming out of lockdown, but with the caveat that the lockdowns could be prolonged or resumed depending on the course of the pandemic. I do not know, of course, what will occur following publication. But Bill Gates may have given us a clue when he told Stephen Colbert: "Most of the work we're going to do to be ready for Pandemic Two—I call this Pandemic One—most of the work we'll do for that are also the things we need to do to minimize the threat of bio-terrorism."[1] Bill Gates has also stated: "It is fair to say things won't go back to truly normal until we have a vaccine that we've gotten out to basically the entire world."[2]

Since President Trump announced the lockdown on Friday the 13th of March 2020, many famous companies have filed for bankruptcy, including J.C. Penney, Neiman Marcus, Gold's Gym, Pier 1 Imports, and J. Crew. Even the Hertz rental car agency, which had been in business for 100 years, went bankrupt. And many corporations, while still surviving, announced thousands or tens of thousands of layoffs—permanent and/or temporary—including Boeing, GE, United Airlines, Chevron, IBM, Macy's, Uber, and many others.[3] But the worst devastation has been to America's small businesses, more than 100,000 of which had already closed permanently according to *The Washington Post* of May 12, 2020.[4]

Even before the lockdown began, a survey showed 49 percent of Americans were living paycheck to paycheck.[5] By the end of May, more than 40 million Americas had filed unemployment claims since mid-March.[6]

(Again, these statistics, like many I cite, will continue to change after this book's publication.)

Let's consider the implications. People without a job eventually lose their health insurance. Without an income, many will find it impossible to pay mortgages, real estate taxes or (alternatively) pay rent. The $1200 government stimulus checks couldn't have helped much in this regard. In March 2020 the average monthly rent for a one-bedroom apartment in Boston was over $2,500,[7] meaning the bailout would cover rent for about 2 weeks. Of course, it's not just mortgages and rent, it's utilities, groceries, and other necessities.

According to a 2019 study by *The Ascent*, 52 percent of Americans had, at some point, maxed out on their credit cards,[8] meaning that during the lockdown many people couldn't even resort to credit to buy essentials. Breadlines began forming in America,[9] which increasingly resembles the old Soviet Union. Meanwhile farmers who supply restaurants, schools and theme parks were forced to throw away thousands of acres of rotting crops.[10]

According to the American Psychological Association—before the lockdown—the number one cause of stress in America was money problems.[11] Imagine how much the lockdown has amplified that. And as the quarantine forces distressed people to stay together constantly, domestic abuse cases have spiked. The *New York Times* already reported on April 6:

> In Spain, the emergency number for domestic violence received 18 percent more calls in the first two weeks of lockdown than in the same period a month earlier.… On Thursday, the French police reported a nationwide spike of about 30 percent in domestic violence.[12]

Calls to suicide hotlines were up 600 percent, and liquor sales 300 to 600 percent, according to a May letter sent to President Trump by more than 500 doctors, urging him to end the lockdown, which they called a "mass casualty incident."[13]

Health care providers in Michigan filed a lawsuit against Governor Gretchen Whitmer as her unprecedented lockdown was threatening the lives of many non-COVID patients across the state by denying them needed surgeries and preventative care. Jordan Warnsholz, an owner of two of the

plaintiffs, Wellston Medical Center and Primary Health Services, said: "Not only has this shutdown harmed my employees and my practice, but it has put my patients directly at risk. These oppressive executive orders are meant to save lives, but instead, they are endangering many of them."[14]

Dr. Mohammad Iqbal Adil, Consultant General, laparoscopic and colorectal surgeon for the United Kingdom's National Health Service, noted:

> What impact has the NHS had as a result of this coronavirus? Most of the hospitals have gone empty, all the elective work has been cancelled. There is no endoscopy, no cystoscopy, no flexible sigmoidoscopy, and no gastroscopy happening. All the elective operations including bowel and lung cancers . . . have been cancelled. These patients are accumulating day by day, and the number is ramping up.[15]

The BBC reported in June:

> Health bosses fear the COVID-19 crisis could see the number of people waiting for NHS treatment double to 10 million by the end of the year.… Cancer Research estimates about 2.4 million people in the UK are waiting for screening, treatment or tests with a potential 23,000 cancers having gone undiagnosed during lockdown.[16]

With jobs demolished and the poverty that ensues, crime can also be expected to soar. In fact, there can be little doubt that the massive looting of stores following the George Floyd incident was, to a certain extent, attributable to the massive impoverishment as well as bottled-up emotions of people who had been locked inside too long—what we call "stir crazy."

The lockdown's justification was to "protect our health." But if masses of people lose their health insurance and homes—becoming homeless—will the impact of that be less than COVID-19, a disease which lasts on average two weeks and that, for most people, resembles a mild to moderate case of the flu? (We will greatly amplify on this later.) The threat of mass homelessness had become real by July 2020, when *Reuters* reported:

> As the coronavirus began to shut down large swaths of the U.S. economy in March, spiraling millions of Americans into unemployment, a patchwork of state and federal eviction bans were enacted to keep people in their homes. Now those protections are vanishing. Moratoriums have already expired in 29 states and are about to lapse in others.… As many as 28 million people could be evicted in coming months, according to Emily Benfer, a visiting law professor at Wake Forest University who is the co-creator of Princeton University's Eviction Lab, a national research center on evictions.[17]

Sure, Uncle Sam can financially "come to the rescue." But the U.S. government is—officially—over $25 trillion in debt. There is no treasure in the Treasury, no "reserves" to hand out. Anything the government gives the people it must *take* from the people— either by (1) raising taxes (obviously now impossible) or (2) its favored method: borrowing money from the Federal Reserve, which increases the nation's debt burden and, by expanding the money supply, devalues the dollar, making prices rise.

As the Mises Institute's editors wrote:

> The shutdown of the American economy by government decree should end. The lasting and far-reaching harms caused by this authoritarian precedent far outweigh those caused by the COVID-19 virus. The American people—individuals, families, businesses—must decide for themselves how and when to reopen society and return to their daily lives.
>
> Neither the Trump administration nor Congress has the legal authority to shut down American life absent at least baseline due process. As Judge Andrew Napolitano recently wrote, business closures, restrictions on assembly and movement, and quarantines are not constitutionally permissible under some magic "emergency" doctrine. At a minimum, the federal government must show potential imminent harm by specific infected individuals at some form of hearing or trial.
>
> These due process requirements are not suspended.[18]

That brings us to the next human implication of the lockdown.

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CHAPTER 2

DESTRUCTION OF CIVIL LIBERTIES

Benjamin Franklin said, "Those who would give up essential liberty, to purchase a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety."

Thanks to the "Controlavirus," martial law has overtaken the planet, curtailing freedom, virtually empowering governments to the point of totalitarianism. Here in America, planks in the Bill of Rights have been shredded. Officially, these prohibitions on rights have not been revoked permanently, but they nevertheless represent an unprecedented flirtation with dictatorship. I will use past tense to describe these restrictions; some may be either relaxed or tightened following this book's publication. But I am not confident they will improve much.

• Freedom of worship: At the lockdown's height in the spring, religious services were forbidden. Gatherings for worship, corporate prayer and religious studies were curtailed, except for online substitutes such as livestreams and Zoom meetings. This appears to be the first time that Easter services had been globally cancelled since Constantine legalized Christianity in the fourth century AD. Even though services have been phased back in, severe restrictions remain on churches, such as the attendance far below capacity and members, including choirs, compelled to wear masks.

On April 10, Kentucky Governor Andy Beshear announced plans to record the license plate numbers of Easter churchgoers and force them into self-quarantine for 14 Days.[1] Fortunately, a judge overturned the edict.

Less fortunate was Greenville, Mississippi, where police cars descended on King James Bible Baptist Church for scheduling a "drive-up" Easter service." Even though churchgoers were observing social distancing, they were fined $500 each.[2] A video of the fiasco was taken by Pastor Charles E.

Hamilton, Jr., who noted that in Greenville, that many police cars didn't show up for murders or drug busts.[3]

• The right to peaceably assemble: A number of states restricted gatherings to ten persons, with "stay at home" requirements or advisories in effect for "non-essential travel." In a worst-case scenario, Michigan governor Gretchen Whitmer issued orders forbidding anyone from even visiting a friend or family member unless they were a caregiver.[4]

• "The right to a speedy and public trial," and trial by jury is encoded in the Bill of Rights. Jury trials across the nation have been cancelled or postponed—again, the suspensions are supposedly temporary, but how close are we to acclimating people to eliminating them altogether?

Here are examples of egregious rights violations across the nation:

• A Colorado man was arrested and handcuffed in front of his six-year-old daughter for playing softball with her, which allegedly violated "social distancing" requirements. Noteworthily, the police themselves were not wearing masks and violated social distancing in making the arrest.[5]

• Residents of Cameron County, Texas, faced a $1,000 fine for not wearing "some form of covering over their nose and mouth."[6]

• In Sedgwick County, Kansas—emulating the old Soviet Union—citizens were encouraged to use online forms to "snitch" on neighbors who might be violating "stay-at-home" mandates or operating "non-essential businesses."[7]

• Indiana's Howard County ordered businesses to stop selling "non-essential" goods, including *books*. So book-burning became part of the "medical martial law" paradigm.[8]

• On May 5, Shelley Luther was ordered to be jailed for seven days and fined $7,000 for reopening her Dallas hair salon in defiance of lockdown restrictions.[9] She was released from jail after the case received nationwide attention.

• On May 13, in a scene becoming all too typical, police threw a New York mom onto a subway station floor, and handcuffed her in front of her small child, not because she wasn't wearing a mask, but because she wasn't wearing it *properly*.[10]

• Google is reporting people's movements to the government to track whether "social distancing" and limits on social gatherings are obeyed.[11] Meanwhile, the White House held a teleconference with execs from Amazon, Apple, Facebook, Google, Microsoft and Twitter to "help battle coronavirus," including "discussion about how to stop the spread of coronavirus conspiracy theories."[12]

Overseas, the situation is often worse.

• In Singapore, sitting or standing too near another person was made punishable by prison terms of up to 6 months and fines of up to $7,000.[13]

• In Tunisia, remotely controlled "robocops" enforced lockdown rules and demanded to see people's travel permits.[14]

• In Greece, Orthodox Bishop Seraphim Stergiulis was arrested for keeping his church open for worship.[15]

• In Britain, police set up online forms so people could "snitch" on neighbors who violated lockdown orders.[16]

• Paris banned outdoor exercise during daytime hours.[17]

• The Danish Parliament passed a draconian law authorizing the government to test, quarantine and vaccinate citizens without their consent.[18]

• On May 9, an Australian mother, who was very peacefully protesting the lockdown's violation of civil liberties, was arrested and her young son torn away from her.[19]

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CHAPTER 3

WAS THE LOCKDOWN NECESSARY? EXPERTS SPEAK OUT

Let's now give voice to some of the eminent medical scholars who have opposed the lockdown.

Infectious disease specialist Sucharit Bhakdi is an emeritus professor at the Johannes Gutenberg University in Mainz, Germany, and for more than 20 years was head of the Institute for Medical Microbiology and Hygiene there, In March 2020, he was interviewed on COVID:

> **Bhakdi**: When patients concurrently have other illnesses, an infectious agent must not be held solely responsible for a lethal outcome. This happens for COVID-19, but such a conclusion is false and gives rise to the danger that other important factors are overlooked. . . .
>
> **Interviewer**: The highest alert level has been proclaimed and extreme preventative measures have been installed in the desperate attempt to retard spread of the virus.
>
> **Bhakdi**: Yes, and this is the incredible tragedy. Because these adopted measures are actually senseless.… We have 10,000 infections reported. 99.5 percent have no or only mild symptoms. . . . "Infection" is not identical with "disease." . . .
>
> **Interviewer**: So what do you think about these measures?
>
> **Bhakdi**: They are grotesque, absurd and very dangerous.… The life expectancy of millions is being shortened. The horrifying impact on the world economy threatens the

> existence of countless people. The consequences on medical care are profound. Already services to patients in need are reduced, operations cancelled, practices empty, hospital personnel dwindling. I can only say: All this will impact profoundly our whole society. All these measures are leading to self-destruction and collective suicide, based on nothing but a spook.[1]

Professor Klaus Püschel, head of forensic medicine in Hamburg, explained about COVID-19:

> This virus influences our lives in a completely excessive way. This is disproportionate to the danger posed by the virus. And the astronomical economic damage now being caused is not commensurate with the danger posed by the virus. I am convinced that the Corona mortality rate will not even show up as a peak in annual mortality. In Hamburg, for example, not a single person who was not previously ill had died of the virus: All those we have examined so far had cancer, a chronic lung disease, were heavy smokers or severely obese, suffered from diabetes or had a cardiovascular disease. The virus was the last straw that broke the camel's back, so to speak. COVID-19 is a fatal disease only in exceptional cases, but in most cases it is a predominantly harmless viral infection.[2]

Early during the pandemic (March) some common sense came from Dr. Vernon Coleman, MD, of the UK.

> The panic and the hysteria are wildly overblown. There really isn't any need to stop all non-urgent operations and there's no need to close shops and cafes and put people out of work, which is what's going to happen; the economies all around the world are going to be in a terrible state. Loads of people are going to lose their jobs, and when people lose their jobs, then the death rate goes up; there's a well-known correlation between unemployment and death rates.[3]

In May he stated:

> The evidence makes it clear to me that we're being manipulated. Here's a summary of some of the reasons why I'm convinced. First, in the UK, the government's advisors ruled back in March that the corona virus was not a high consequence infectious disease. That's the official wording. . . .
>
> Other media were quite happy to ignore it. They didn't seem to think it was significant. I didn't see any note of it on the BBC's website, for example. . . .
>
> Second, within days of this reassuring news when the country, and indeed the world, should have been celebrating our good fortune, that the corona virus was not going to kill us all, the UK government published its 358-page emergency bill and put the country into lockdown, as though it were the plague we were dealing with.
>
> Third, the total number of alleged coronavirus deaths at the moment… around the world is approximately 300,000, though there are many people like me who rather suspect that this figure may be a little lower in reality—I'm trying to be very tactful to keep this video on air for a bit longer.…
>
> Every death is a tragedy, but we have to look at things in perspective and we have to remember that in an average sort of flu season, a bad flu can kill 650,000 people. That's twice as many, of course; even the mathematical modelers could probably work that out, and in an average bad sort of year tuberculosis can kill one and a half million people.
>
> I don't remember any country being put into lockdown or introducing social distancing in a bad flu year or because of tuberculosis, or indeed, malaria, which also kills quite a lot of people.
>
> Fourth, all opposition to the establishment's viewpoint is being silenced, the videos are being removed and very little coverage is given to the sort of news that I try to provide you

> with and certain other people. The main news outlets don't seem interested in providing a balanced viewpoint.[4]

Dr. Joel Kettner, former Manitoba Chief Provincial Public Health Officer:

> I want to say that in 30 years of public health medicine, I have never seen anything like this, anything anywhere near like this. I'm not talking about the pandemic, because I've seen 30 of them, one every year. It is called influenza. And other respiratory illness viruses, we don't always know what they are. But I've never seen this *reaction*, and I'm trying to understand why.[5]

Pulmonary physician Dr. Wolfgang Wodarg, after pointing out that coronaviruses have typically been part of the makeup of respiratory illness, said:

> The Chinese government made something really big out of it, suddenly this was very important politically—completely exceeding the virological frame. All of a sudden, face recognition was installed everywhere at the airports, fever was being measured. The clinical thermometer controlled the traffic on Chinese streets. And all this was so significant that it led to international consequences.…
>
> The governments asked their own virologists and they confirmed that this virus is a thing to worry about and proposed to develop tests to help measure the virus, like in China.…
>
> A network of information and opinions has been developed in certain expert groups. And the politicians turned to these expert groups, who initially started all this. And they really absorbed this network, moved within it. This led to politicians who now are just resting on these arguments, while using these arguments to evaluate who has to be helped, to determine safety measures or what has to be permitted.

> All these decisions have just been derived from these arguments. This means that now it's going to be very hard for critics to say "Stop. There is nothing going on." And this reminds me of this fairytale about the king without clothes on. And just a small child was able to say "Hey, he is naked!".
>
> All the others on the courtyard—surrounding the government and asking the government for advice because they can't know themselves—they all played along and joined the hype. And like this, politicians are being courted by many scientists. Scientists who want to be important in politics because they need money for their institutions. Scientists who just swim along in this mainstream and also want their part… "We can help too!" "We made an app!" "We have a program for this!"
>
> So many people saying "Hey, we want to help too!" because they want to earn money with it and become important. And what is missing at the moment is a rational way of looking at things. We should ask questions like "How have you found out that the virus is dangerous?" "Didn't we have the same thing last year?" "Is it even something new?" That's missing. And the king is naked.[6]

Dr. David Katz, physician and founding director of the Yale University Prevention Research Center:

> I am deeply concerned that the social, economic and public health consequences of this near-total meltdown of normal life—schools and businesses closed, gatherings banned—will be long-lasting and calamitous, possibly graver than the direct toll of the virus itself. The stock market will bounce back in time, but many businesses never will. The unemployment, impoverishment and despair likely to result will be public health scourges of the first order.[7]

For 20 years, Dr. Knut Wittkowski was Head of Biostatistics, Epidemiology, and Research Design at Rockefeller University's Center for

Clinical and Translational Science. Interviewed by *The Press and The Public Project* in April 2020, he stated:

> With all respiratory diseases, the only thing that stops the disease is herd immunity. About 80% of the people need to have had contact with the virus, and the majority of them won't even have recognized that they were infected, or they had very, very mild symptoms, especially if they are children. So, it's very important to keep the schools open and kids mingling to spread the virus to get herd immunity as fast as possible, and then the elderly people, who should be separated, and the nursing homes should be closed during that time, can come back and meet their children and grandchildren after about four weeks when the virus has been exterminated.…
>
> We are experiencing all sorts of counterproductive consequences of not well-thought-through policy.… We will see maybe a total of fewer cases—that is possible. However, we will see more cases among the elderly, because we have prevented the school children from creating herd immunity. And so, in the end, we will see more death because the school children don't die, it's the elderly people who die, we will see more death because of this social distancing.…
>
> If we had herd immunity now, there couldn't be a second wave in autumn... However, if we are preventing herd immunity from developing, it is almost guaranteed that we have a second wave as soon as either we stop the social distancing or the climate changes with winter coming or something like that.… [Extreme reactions] cost the US taxpayer $2 trillion, in addition to everything else that it costs, but it also has severe consequences for our social life, and depression is definitely something that we will be researching. I can say for myself, walking through New York City right now is depressing.…[8]

Dr. Wittkowski's interview was swiftly censored by YouTube. Michael T. Osterholm, regents professor and director of the Center for Infectious Disease Research and Policy at the University of Minnesota:

> Consider the effect of shutting down offices, schools, transportation systems, restaurants, hotels, stores, theaters, concert halls, sporting events and other venues indefinitely and leaving all of their workers unemployed and on the public dole. The likely result would be not just a depression but a complete economic breakdown, with countless permanently lost jobs, long before a vaccine is ready or natural immunity takes hold. …
>
> [T]he best alternative will probably entail letting those at low risk for serious disease continue to work, keep business and manufacturing operating, and "run" society, while at the same time advising higher-risk individuals to protect themselves through physical distancing and ramping up our health-care capacity as aggressively as possible. With this battle plan, we could gradually build up immunity without destroying the financial structure on which our lives are based.[9]

The internationally renowned virologist Dr. Karin Mölling was director of the Institute for Medical Virology at the University of Zurich until 2008. She said:

> The 2018 influenza epidemic, with 25,000 deaths, never disconcerted the press. The clinics had to deal with an additional 60,000 patients, which was no problem in the clinics either! . . .
>
> It's [the curfew] the only thing I'm afraid of. It is wrong!That's why I'm speaking out.… We are presented with numbers that are frightening. They do not put them in relation to other numbers. Then my taxi driver tells me that he will perish if he has to close his business, and might as well hang himself. You have to put that into consideration as well. I am

> not an economist. I only hear the voice of the people. They all say: Do something! I just want to prevent the curfew.…
>
> I was asked on TV what I thought about old people going for a walk. I can only say: Yes, they should do it. Fresh air is good, that dilutes; anyone can imagine that. The second thing that's good about it is the sun. Ultraviolet light kills viruses. This is good in children's playgrounds; it is good for children when they do sports outside. It's good outside! . . .
>
> It is important to isolate and protect the old. Then fresh air and UV as much as possible. Furthermore, open kindergartens and schools instead of plunging the young families into chaos. Schools are the best place to put them all together and where you know how the infection chain works. You can control that and you can react.…
>
> And under no circumstances a curfew! People should go to restaurants, at their own risk. When the weather is nice, you can't shut people in. I hear that in the family: Where should the children go in nice weather? You can only do that for a week, or at most two. Immunity also has to be built up, only contact allows that.[10]

Leading virologist Hendrik Streeck has stated that there is no proof coronavirus can be spread while shopping.[11]

Concerning the closing of schools, Scott Atlas, MD, observed: "There's no science whatsoever to keep K-through-12 schools closed, nor to have masks or social distancing on children, nor to keep summer programs closed," "What we know now is that the risk of death and the risk of even a serious illness is nearly zero in people under 18."[12]

In May the *Moscow Times* reported:

> Russia's head of coronavirus information has suggested that global anxiety over the pandemic is misplaced . . . Doctor and television presenter Alexander Myasnikov was appointed in April to his new role of informing Russians about coronavirus

treatment and prevention methods and to battle "fake news" about COVID-19.…

In an interview that aired Wednesday, Myasnikov gestured for the cameras to stop running and said candidly: "It's all bullsh*t. It's all exaggerated. It's an acute respiratory disease with minimal mortality," he told television personality Ksenia Sobchak in the interview for her YouTube project.

"Why has the whole world been destroyed? That I don't know," Myasnikov said, adding that he's more concerned about a second wave that he claimed "we're unprepared for."[13]

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CHAPTER 4

THE SOCIAL DISTANCING AND MASK CONTROVERSIES

As social distancing and masks became twin icons of the lockdown, it's important to hear the medical professionals speaking against them.

On her YouTube channel, Sam Bailey, MD, discussed social distancing:

> [I]n my home country, New Zealand, we have to remain at home in our social bubbles. We can leave our house if we need to go to the supermarket, pharmacy, if you are an essential worker or to exercise. You cannot go swimming, hunting, tramping or do anything that may put extra strain on emergency services. You cannot talk to anyone outside of your social bubble at a distance of less than two meters which includes family, friends and co-workers. And lately when I've gone for a walk or run, I noticed people don't even want to make eye contact, and they often cross the street or act panicked and move away from you like you have leprosy.
>
> The first time I went to the supermarket after we went into lockdown three weeks ago, I saw someone wearing a gas mask. Now why would someone want to wear a gas mask at a supermarket? I'd presume that it's either a practical joke or it's because they are scared and think that they might die from an infection that is hanging around in the air. I don't blame that person for feeling scared, as most people don't understand what the medical risks are to them. We're bombarded every day by the media about how dangerous it is when people don't practice social distancing. So I decided to look into this myself, as I wanted to understand what scientific literature is behind social distancing.…

> So what's the science behind social distancing? There's one systematic review article that looked at how effective social distancing is in reducing the spread of influenza. It looked at 12 modeling and three epidemiological studies. Unfortunately, all three epidemiological studies were highly biased, and therefore the results are not usable, and if you have any familiarity with computer modeling, you'll understand how highly unreliable these results can be. If you have to plug in hundreds if not thousands of variables, the end result can be manipulated by changing the variables that are included in the study. Examples of recent computer modeling gone wrong is from the Imperial College of London, who estimated the risk of infection and death from coronavirus to be 131 times greater than it actually has turned out to be . . . The modeling studies support social distancing in non-healthcare workplaces, but I am highly dubious that these models play out in reality. There have been no observational studies on real human beings to determine if social distancing works. Please let me emphasize that I am *not* talking about the evidence for quarantine or self-quarantine [of sick people], which is different to social distancing and physical distancing.…
>
> What I personally believe is far more troubling is social isolation and the generalized suspicion we have for our neighbors, our friends, co-workers and strangers on the street. Many studies have been done on social isolation, and long-term it increases the risk of premature death, while short periods of isolation can cause increased anxiety or depression that start within days. We are social creatures that have evolved over millennia to be in family structures and groups. and we rely on that interaction with other human beings. I believe more is needed than just social media, which can never replace a cup of coffee in person with a friend.[1]

As far as the need for outdoor social distancing goes, a Chinese study of COVID-19 examined 318 outbreaks; of these, it found that only one began

in an outdoor environment, and that outbreak only infected two people.[2] This is not surprising, since sunlight is a potent destroyer of viruses, including—scientists say—COVID-19.[3]

By June 15, Britain's *The Telegraph* could report:

> The two-metre rule has no basis in science, leading scientists have said as the Government comes under increasing pressure to drop the measure. Writing for *The Telegraph*, Professors Carl Heneghan and Tom Jefferson, from the University of Oxford, said there is little evidence to support the restriction and called for an end to the "formalised rules." The University of Dundee also said there was no indication that distancing at two metres is safer than one metre.… Examining the current evidence for the two-metre rule, Prof. Heneghan and Prof. Jefferson looked at 172 studies cited in a recent review in *The Lancet* and found just five had dealt explicitly with coronavirus infection in relation to distance. Only one mentioned coming within six feet of a patient, and that paper showed proximity had no impact.[4]

Epidemiologist Dr. Gerald Evans, medical director of infection control at Kingston (Ontario) Health Sciences Centre:

> To get infected with this virus, you have to be in close contact with another person (and) that contact has to be for a significant amount of time. It's not 10 or 15 minutes, it's hours. It needs to be in a closed environment, a house, and in the environment, there has to be a significant amount of contamination.[5]

In May 2020, *The New England Journal of Medicine* had this to say about social distancing and masks:

> We know that wearing a mask outside health care facilities offers little, if any, protection from infection. Public health authorities define a significant exposure to Covid-19 as face-to-face contact within 6 feet with a patient with symptomatic

> Covid-19 that is sustained for at least a few minutes (and some say more than 10 minutes or even 30 minutes). The chance of catching Covid-19 from a passing interaction in a public space is therefore minimal. In many cases, the desire for widespread masking is a reflexive reaction to anxiety over the pandemic.[6]

Regarding masks, Russell Blaylock, MD, noted:

> As for the scientific support for the use of face masks, a recent careful examination of the literature, in which 17 of the best studies were analyzed, concluded that, "None of the studies established a conclusive relationship between mask/respirator use and protection against influenza infection." Keep in mind, no studies have been done to demonstrate that either a cloth mask or the N95 mask has any effect on transmission of the COVID-19 virus. Any recommendations, therefore, have to be based on studies of influenza virus transmission. And, as you have seen, there is no conclusive evidence of their efficiency in controlling flu virus transmission.
>
> It is also instructive to know that until recently, the CDC did not recommend wearing a face mask or covering of any kind, unless a person was known to be infected, that is, until recently. Non-infected people need not wear a mask. When a person has TB we have them wear a mask, not the entire community of non-infected. The recommendations by the CDC and the WHO are not based on any studies of this virus and have never been used to contain any other virus pandemic or epidemic in history.
>
> Now that we have established that there is no scientific evidence necessitating the wearing of a face mask for prevention, are there dangers to wearing a face mask, especially for long periods? Several studies have indeed found significant problems with wearing such a mask. This can vary from headaches, to increased airway resistance, carbon dioxide

> accumulation, to hypoxia, all the way to serious life-threatening complications.[7]

(In the article, Blaylock cites the specific studies.)

In a post called "We Must Wear Face Masks? Show Me the Science Behind That!" Dr. David Brownstein, M.D., wrote (providing citations):

> Folks, I have been writing to you about COVID for over a month. It is been a painful time period for all of us. What is really sad is that *too many political dictates are being fostered on us without any good scientific evidence to back them up*. One of those requirements that has me irritated is the use of face coverings that I see so prevalent out there. When I go to Costco, 95% of the people in the store are wearing face masks. Why is that? . . .
>
> It should be well known that cloth masks, bandanas, or handkerchiefs will do very little to stop the spread of coronavirus. In fact, they may actually increase your risk of becoming ill from corona and other influenza-like illnesses. A 2015 study found cloth masks, when compared to surgical masks, increase the rate of influenza-like illnesses 13x! Cloth masks are probably best avoided and should not be reused without properly sanitizing them.
>
> Regular surgical masks are not much better in this situation. The COVID-19 virus is 0.125 μm in size. Surgical masks have been shown to not adequately filter against aerosols measuring from 0.9-3.1 μm. Other researchers have shown that particles from 0.04-0.2 μm can penetrate surgical masks.
>
> A 2020 study in Seoul, South Korea looked at the effectiveness of surgical and cotton masks in blocking COVID-19 in a controlled comparison of four patients. The COVID-infected patients were put in negative pressure isolated rooms. The scientists compared disposable surgical masks (3 layers) with reusable cotton masks. Patients were instructed to cough 5 times while wearing no mask, surgical mask, or cotton mask.

> Interestingly, all swabs from the outer masks—including surgical masks—were positive for COVID-19. Inner masks were also found to be contaminated. That means the mask did not effectively filter out the COVID virus since it is too small. The authors state, "Neither surgical nor cotton masks effectively filtered [COVID-19] during coughs by infected patients."[8]

In his article "Masks Don't Work: A Review of Science Relevant to COVID-19 Social Policy," Denis G. Rancourt, PhD, writes:

> Masks and respirators do not work. There have been extensive randomized controlled trial (RCT) studies, and meta-analysis reviews of RCT studies, which all show that masks and respirators do not work to prevent respiratory influenza-like illnesses, or respiratory illnesses believed to be transmitted by droplets and aerosol particles.

After citing seven RCT studies from the scientific literature, Rancourt concludes:

> No RCT study with verified outcome shows a benefit for HCW [health care workers] or community members in households to wearing a mask or respirator. There is no such study. There are no exceptions.[9]

Dolores Cahill, PhD, the eminent immunologist from University College, Dublin, has stated: "There is absolutely no basis for social distancing."[10] In an interview with Del Bigtree, she displayed the following table:

SHOULD YOU REALLY WEAR A MASK?

	Corona	Ebola
Death	SARS-COV1 2003: 800 globally SARS-COV2 2020: 1 in 1,000	1976: 8,800 in 10,000 2014: 3,300 in 10,000
Transmission	Not through the air.	Through the air.
Is there a licenced vaccine	No - since 2003	No - since 1976
Age range most affected	Over 80	All ages
Age range not affected	Children	-
Are masks effective to stop spread of infection?	No	Yes
Is there a pathway to reduce symptoms?	Nutrition, Zinc, Vit. C, Vit. D	No
Is there a treatment?	Hydroxychloroquine AZT, Zinc	No
How long has it been prevalent?	2003 SARS-COV-1	1976 Ebola River, Democratic Republic of Congo
Is there a vaccine?	No	No

She stated:

> There's a table that just compares coronaviruses with Ebola viruses, so if it was an Ebola virus outbreak, then a mask would be effective because Ebola virus is transmitted through the air. But in the case of coronavirus, it's not transmitted through the air, it's transmitted through droplets that would then drop on a surface like a door handle. So in coronavirus there is absolutely no need to wear a mask.… I entirely agree with Professor Blaylock, who has an outstanding track record and is very experienced in this area. Because the mask is covering you, you have less oxygen and that puts your immune system under stress… and not only will you have more coronavirus, but if you had other latent viruses it would allow them to reemerge.[11]

Early during the pandemic, even the World Health Organization admitted that masks weren't needed for the healthy. As Fox News reported:

> "If you do not have any repository symptoms such as fever, cough or runny nose, you do not need to wear a mask," Dr. April Baller, a public health specialist for the WHO, says in a video on the world health body's website posted in March. "Masks should only be used by health care workers, caretakers or by people who are sick with symptoms of fever and cough."[12]

Switzerland's Beda M. Stadler, former director of the Institute for Immunology at the University of Bern, a biologist and professor emeritus, writes:

> The next joke that some virologists shared was the claim that those who were sick without symptoms could still spread the virus to other people. The "healthy" sick would have so much of the virus in their throats that a normal conversation between two people would be enough for the "healthy one" to infect the other healthy one.… But for doctors and virologists to twist this into a story of "healthy" sick people, which stokes panic and was often given as a reason for stricter lockdown measures, just shows how bad the joke really is. At least the WHO didn't accept the claim of asymptomatic infections and even challenges this claim on its website.… Those young and healthy people who currently walk around with a mask on their faces would be better off wearing a helmet instead, because the risk of something falling on their head is greater than that of getting a serious case of Covid-19.[13]

Daniel W. Erickson, MD, and Artin Massihi, MD, of Accelerated Urgent Care in Bakersfield, California, stated in a press briefing on COVID-19:

> I'd like to go over some basic things about how the immune system functions so people have a good understanding. The immune system is built by exposure to antigens: viruses, bacteria. When you're a little child crawling on the ground, putting stuff in your mouth, viruses and bacteria come in. You form an antigen antibody complex. You form IgG IgM. This is how your immune system is built. You don't take a small child, put them in bubble wrap in a room and say, "go have a healthy immune system."
>
> This is immunology, microbiology 101. This is the basis of what we've known for years. When you take human beings and you say, "Go into your house, clean all your counters—Lysol

> them down, you're gonna kill 99% of viruses and bacteria; wear a mask; don't go outside. What does it do to our immune system?"....
>
> Sheltering in place decreases your immune system. And then as we all come out of shelter in place with a lower immune system and start trading viruses, bacteria—what do you think is going to happen? Disease is going to spike. And then you've got diseases spike—amongst a hospital system with furloughed doctors and nurses. This is not the combination we want to set up for a healthy society. It doesn't make any sense....
>
> Do you think you're protected from COVID when you wear gloves that transfer disease everywhere? Those gloves have bacteria all over them. We wear masks in an acute setting to protect us. We're [Doctors Erickson and Massihi] not wearing masks. Why is that? Because we understand microbiology; we understand immunology; and we want strong immune systems. I don't want to hide in my home, develop a weak immune system, and then come out and get disease.[14]

OSHA (the Occupational Safety & Health Administration) states: "While normal atmosphere contains between 20.8 and 21 percent oxygen, OSHA defines as oxygen deficient any atmosphere that contains less than 19.5 percent oxygen."[15] In June 2020, Ohio State Senator Nino Vitale, using an RKI GX 2009 oxygen sensor, made by RKI Instruments, conducted an outdoor test with several students wearing different types of masks. The sensor showed atmospheric oxygen at 20.9, but when it was placed under the masks, it registered between 17.1 and 18.1 percent oxygen, well below OSHA's safety standard. The video can be viewed on the YouTube channel *Citizens Journalist for Truth* at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mMrYvyS8k94.

Seen on Facebook:

Doc Graham
Yesterday at 7:36 PM ·

MASKS! Folks, let a surgeon of 30 years (a.k.a. me) teach you about MASKS. COVID 19 virus particle size averages 125 nanometers (0.125microns); the range is 0.06 microns to .14 microns; one needs an electron microscope to see a COVID 19 virus particle. The hoarded N 95 mask filters down to 0.3 microns. So, N95 masks block few, if any, virions (virus particles). This is a simple fact, so you just cannot argue against it. Other surgical masks, home-made masks and kerchiefs do the following: 1) the allow free passage both ways (in and out) of COVID 19 virions. 2) they become a warm, damp or moist reservoir of COVID 19 particles in asymptomatic "carriers" (estimated to be 85% of all people tested). For surgeons, years of training, intimidation, and humiliation teach us to touch NOTHING but our surgical field. Lay people constantly touch, re-arrange, and manipulate their "masks", wonderfully inoculating thousands of virus particles onto their bare or (even worse, gloved) hands. So, these absurd masks ENCOURAGE the fomite transmission ("infected" articles-to-hand-to face transmission of the virus). So, go ahead and allow idiots to delude and mislead you to the false sense of security--and danger--of masks!

On April 24, 2020, the *New York Post* reported:

> A New Jersey driver crashed head-on into a pole—after passing out from wearing an N95 mask for hours, police said Friday. Lincoln Park police believe that the driver, who was not named, lost consciousness while behind the wheel Thursday from lack of oxygen and breathing in excessive carbon dioxide thanks to the mask, the department wrote on Facebook.[16]

Mandatory masks also impede the recovery of abducted and trafficked "milk carton" children, since they make identification of the missing far more difficult.

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10. "Dr. Dolores Cahill on Immunology, Antibodies, COVID19—Interviewed by *Computing Forever's* Dave Cullen," *Streets of Vancouver,* May 11, 2020, 38:57, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ua6meLlYJdY.

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13. Beda M. Stadler, "Coronavirus: Why Everyone Was Wrong. The Immune Response to the Virus Is Stronger Than Everyone Thought," *World Week*, June 10, 2020, https://medium.com/@vernunftundrichtigkeit/coronavirus-why-everyone-was-wrong-fce6db5ba809.

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PART TWO

THE METHODOLOGY OF PANIC

CHAPTER 5

PUTTING COVID-19 IN PERSPECTIVE

The graph below was taken from statistics on the *Worldometer* website. It shows death by cause through March 25 of 2020, or almost two weeks after the U.S. lockdown began. Clearly, coronavirus's impact, while significant, was still small relative to other causes, including other infectious diseases.

And here's a graph of deaths by pathogen, from the *Information is Beautiful* website. It's a little older (March 9) than the previous graph, but it shows COVID-19 only ranked 17th in the world for infectious disease deaths when the world was locking down.

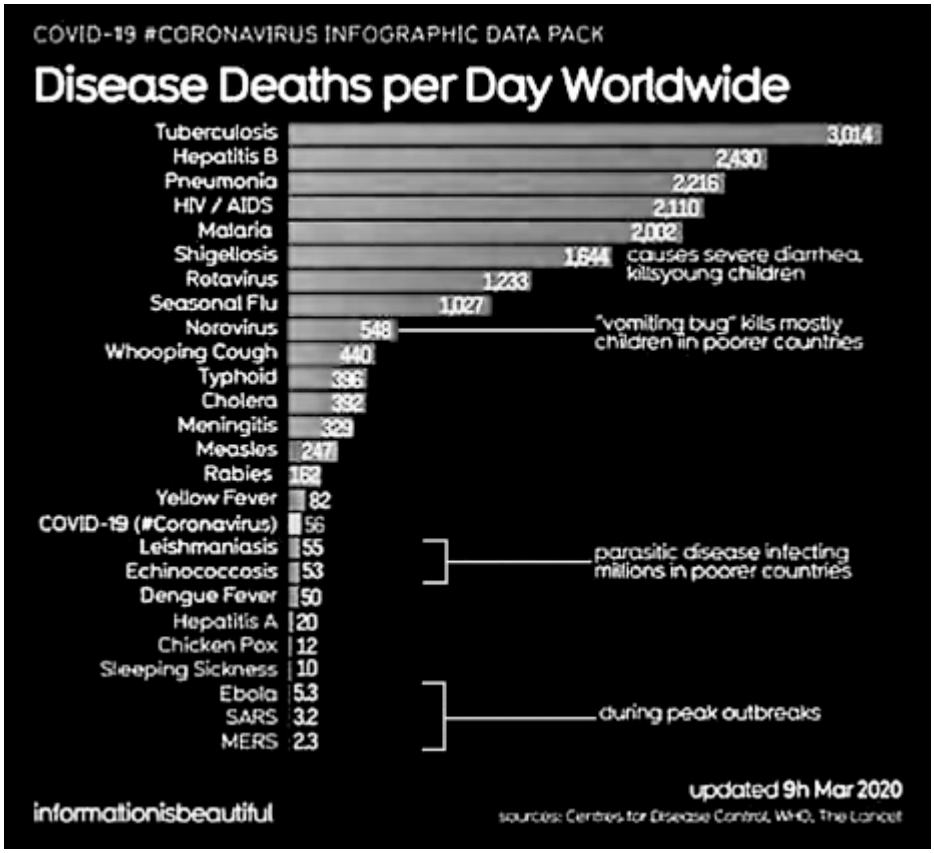

Obviously, using these graphs can be criticized, since COVID deaths have risen since they were compiled. Nevertheless, they give us perspective. Furthermore, as we will soon see, various factors have caused the number of COVID-19 deaths to be artificially inflated.

Now let's put COVID in a broader historical context. The CDC's website maintains annual statistics for each flu season in the U.S.; typically tens of thousands die each year. According to the CDC, the 2017-18 flu season saw an estimated 45 million flu cases, resulting in 21 million doctor visits, 810,000 hospitalizations and 61,000 deaths.[1]

Where was the media panic? Where were the headlines saying "4,000 new flu cases reported in Kansas"? Why no lockdown?

Looking back further, the CDC says the Asian Flu of 1957-58 killed 1.1 million worldwide and 116,000 in the United States,[2] and the 1968 Hong Kong Flu killed one million worldwide and about 100,000 in the U.S.[3]

Even if we accept the official COVID-19 death totals at face value, those older numbers were still greater. Furthermore, since world population

was 2.8 billion in 1957 and 3.5 billion in 1968 (compared to 7.8 billion today) the earlier death rates represented a much higher percentage of population. Yet no one back then dreamed of locking down economies or quarantining the healthy.

NOTES

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Chapter 6

FAKE NEWS STORIES INTENSIFY THE PANIC

Although an orchestrated campaign quickly got underway to censor COVID-19 "fake news" in social media, it would be hard to outdo mainstream media in the "fake news" sweepstakes.

CBS was caught red-handed using Sky News footage of an overcrowded Italian hospital, claiming it was New York.[1] If the pandemic was as bad as mainstream media said, why resort to fakery to convince us?

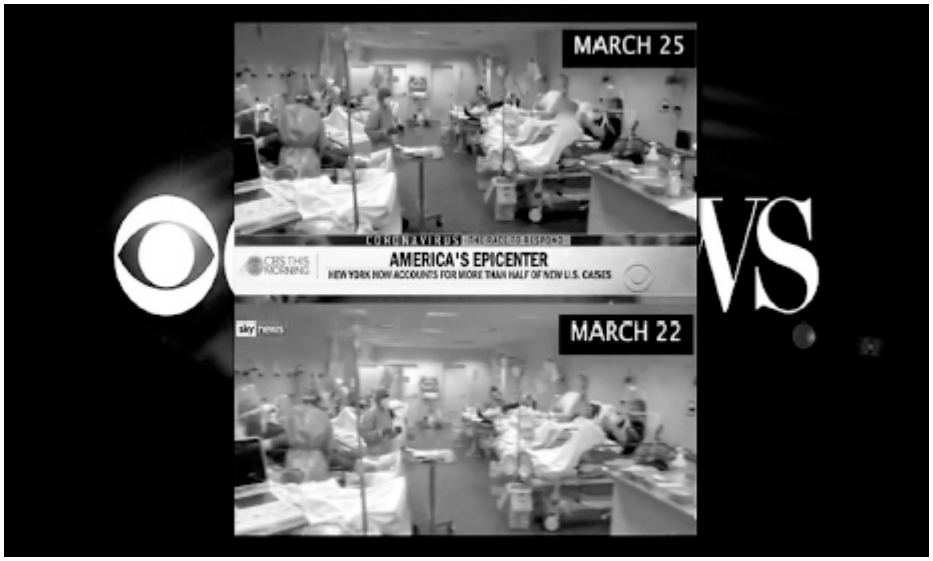

In San Antonio, station KSAT reported an elderly woman as the first COVID-19 death in that city.[2] An outraged family member responded on social media (I have cropped out the name to respect their privacy):

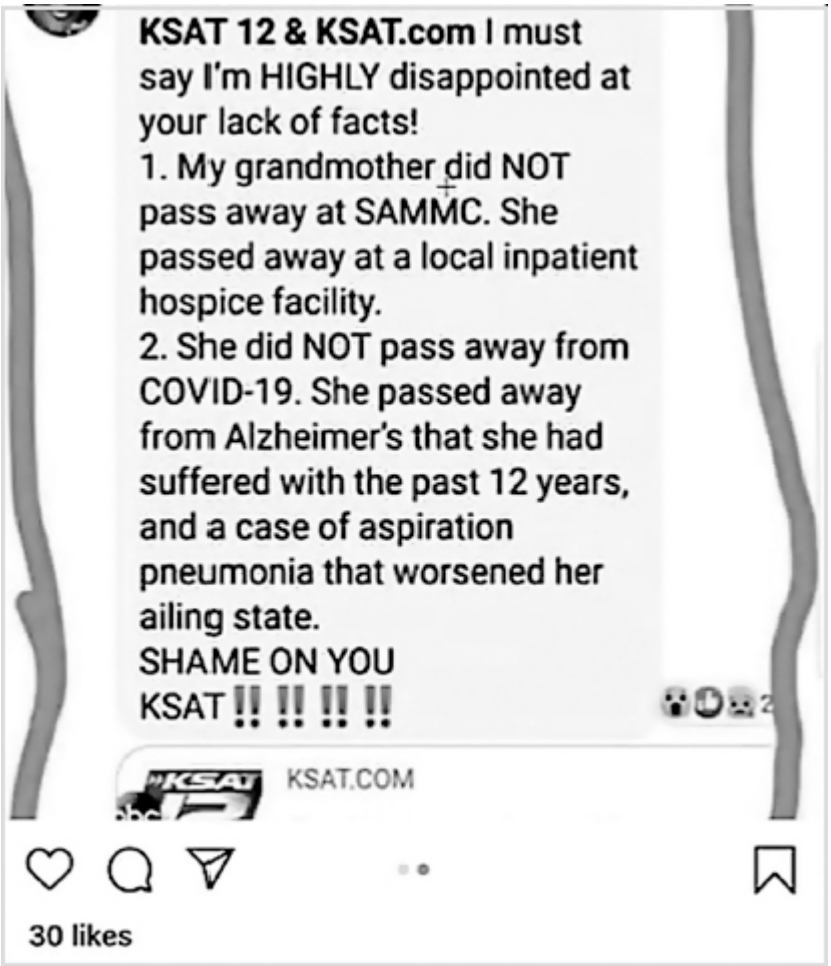

Los Angeles health officials had to back off claims that a 17-year-old had died from coronavirus, allegedly the first U.S. juvenile to do so. As *Gateway Pundit* reported:

> Remember the 17-year-old Lancaster boy who died from the Coronavirus? The fraudstream media ran searing headlines about the boy's death which was described as the first known "juvenile" to die from the Coronavirus in the US. Well, it turns out this story was a lie. California health officials are now saying they are reevaluating the teen's death, claiming the case is "complex" and needs to be further investigated.… The teenage boy has been dropped from the list of deaths from the Coronavirus in Los Angeles and the CDC will complete the investigation into the boy's death. How many more cases like this are out there?[3]

In July, *The Washington Free Beacon* reported:

> An NBC medical expert who was brought on air nearly a dozen times to detail his struggle with COVID-19 never had the virus, he revealed this week. After believing he had the coronavirus in spite of getting negative tests, virologist and NBC News science contributor Dr. Joseph Fair tweeted Tuesday that he had tested negative for the antibodies and that the illness that hospitalized him in May "remains an undiagnosed mystery."[4]

Like the media, government spokespersons have been hyping "coronavirus deaths." Commentator Candace Owens, who has over two million Twitter followers, responded to COVID fakery in her state:

> As many of you know, I went absolutely crazy the other day when Governor Ned Lamont of Connecticut tweeted a series of tweets where he essentially said that an infant, the first infant mortality linked to COVID-19, happened in the state of Connecticut.… It was the language that he used that let me know that he was lying. He said "linked to COVID-19," which was very strange language. You would never use that language in any other regard. You would say that somebody died from a heart attack, you would say that somebody died from cancer or lost their battle with cancer, which is a little more politically correct, but you don't say "linked to." It's very strange language that let me know that this was a form of political doublespeak. I've been in politics long enough now to know that when politicians lie, they lie by omitting facts.…
>
> I have two sisters that just gave birth for the first time in the last three weeks, so I became a first-time aunt, and they obviously were heavily pregnant when this entire coronavirus thing broke out, and they both gave birth in Connecticut, so this was really a lie that was a bad-luck lie for Governor Lamont, because he couldn't have hit a bigger nerve or a more personal nerve. I know that both of my sisters have been extremely terrified of this COVID-19 thing, and when both of them

discovered this news about the infant death they understandably freaked out.…

Politicians are now lying because they are realizing that the more cases that they have in their state, the more money that they can extract from the federal government.… It is not a coincidence that Illinois and New York and Connecticut and California are the states that are claiming they need the most federal funding. Particularly when you look at New York, you need to do your digging in your research on the healthcare collapse that they were facing before this coronavirus outbreak. Governor Cuomo was having serious budget issues—April 1st was going to be his deadline to figure out where he was going to get the money to sponsor these Medicaid programs that were on the brink of collapse; sixteen hospitals had shuttered since 2003.…

I want to limit the details that I give you here, but I can tell you definitively that the infant that died in Hartford, Connecticut, died of a terrible at-home tragedy.… the infant was brought to the hospital, had already succumbed to its injuries, and so this was not a case where they ever even needed to test for COVID-19. It was an open-and-shut case; they knew exactly what happened, but because of a new process, where no matter how someone dies they are tested for COVID-19. We do this for nothing else. If I died today, dropped dead of a heart attack or an asthma attack . . . they are going to test me for COVID-19 and they are going to say that was a COVID-19 death. This is what happened with this infant. …

It is pointedly ridiculous that Ned Lamont, having known exactly how this infant died … said that the incident was linked to COVID-19, which naturally made every single mother in this country freak out.… this is something that in my opinion, Governor Ned Lamont should be asked to step down—I think you should go to prison personally, I don't think it's enough to step down—I don't think you get to cause mass hysteria like

> that. If someone can go to prison for yelling "fire" in a movie theater, Ned Lamont should have to go to prison for spreading mass hysteria and panic amongst parents by omitting the facts around this case.[5]

As COVID-19 has not, so far, been observed to be deadly to children, another pretext was needed to keep schools closed, and headlines began appearing linking COVID-19 to Kawasaki disease, a systemic inflammatory illness that occurs in children. The UK Kawasaki Disease Foundation responded:

> We've been contacted by a huge number of families regarding the severe worry caused by social media and other media coverage on COVID-19 and Kawasaki Disease. A lot of these media articles were confused and contained little factual information.… Based on all available information made available so far we note: The cases being referred to have been reported in approximately 20 children in the UK (out of 11.5 million U.K. children)—of whom half have tested *negative* for COVID-19 according to their doctors.…Fewer cases of Kawasaki Disease than would be normally expected at this time of year are currently being seen—not more.… We are aware of recent delayed presentations of Kawasaki Disease because of initial incorrect diagnoses of COVID-19, resulting in adverse coronary outcomes due to delayed institution of treatment.[6]

As Ann Coulter asks, "How do we flatten the curve on panic?"[7]

Overseas, the situation can even be worse. As *Fort Russ News* reported in June, in a story documented with video footage:

> Members of the Brazilian parliament decided to confirm suspicions and break into a hospital that claimed to have 5,000 infected and 200 deaths from COVID-19, and found that the hospital had grossly over-represented the cases and its claims. There was in fact not a single person, they report, and the

> hospital was entirely empty and was obviously still under construction.
>
> Acting on a tip that something was going wrong at this hospital, five members of the Brazil parliament went to hospitals under encouragement by President Bolsonaro to break in and check to see the number of patients there.…
>
> The governor is apparently defrauding the state and the nation along with the citizen taxpayers, and lying about the stats. This is possibly an embezzlement scheme to help bring down the country, and to push vaccines based upon inflated numbers of COVID-related deaths.
>
> What was more shocking still was the decision to open the coffins supposedly awaiting transport to be buried, of coronavirus victims. Opening the coffins, the MPs were shocked, but not surprised, when they were found to be empty.[8]

But how is it possible to coordinate inflation of the panic by governments *and* media? Through the power of finance, most governments today are not run by "the people," but are under behind-the-scenes oligarchical control, or to use the term popular today, *the Deep State*. This is a topic I won't belabor here, but which I have addressed in my books *Truth Is a Lonely Warrior* and *Thirteen Pieces of the Jigsaw*, and which hundreds if not thousands of other authors have written about. It is not something new. In his 1937 book *America's 60 Families*. Ferdinand Lundberg, one of the most eminent finance journalists of his day, wrote:

> The United States is owned and dominated today by a hierarchy of its sixty richest families.… These families are the living center of the modern industrial oligarchy which dominates the United States, functioning discreetly under a democratic form of government behind which a *de facto* government, absolutist and plutocratic in its lineaments, has gradually taken form since the Civil War. This *de facto* government is actually the government of the United States—

> invisible, shadowy. It is the government of money in a dollar democracy.[9]

Lundberg was not a "conspiracy theorist"; he proved what he said through the financial records. The oligarchy Lundberg referred to has increased its power exponentially since 1937. It is international in scope, and controls the central banks and most of the major multinational corporations. As a quick visual example of how politicians are centrally managed, I recommend watching the short YouTube video "Two Prime Ministers, One Speech," on the *UndefeatedArmy09* channel, URL https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nYfDTsjwE58. In it, the prime ministers of Australia and Canada are seen giving *identical* speeches in 2003 advocating the war in Iraq.

The main reason the oligarchy is generally unknown: it owns, in the United States, more than 90 percent of all major media through five corporations (thanks to mergers, this is down from about 50 corporations in 1983). These five corporations are: Time-Warner; Disney; NewsCorp; CBS/Viacom; and GE. This is not a theory; it can easily be proven. No matter what you are reading or watching, it is likely owned by one of these five. If you watch ABC News, ESPN or Lifetime, you're watching Disney. If you watch Fox or read the *Wall Street Journal* or a book published by HarperCollins, that's NewsCorp. If you watch CNN or read *People* or *Sports Illustrated*, that's Time Warner. These lists could be extended to scores or hundreds for each corporation. Independent mainstream journalism is all but dead in America, and as one evidence for that, people can watch a viral clip of numerous local news anchors—from different networks—reading identical remarks about "fake news" from their teleprompters. This is easy to find on the Internet, but here is one link: "Sinclair's Script for Stations—This Is Extremely Dangerous to Our Democracy" at the *Project 2501* channel at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D9rbHpA_6W4.

This is why more and more people, when seeking information, look to independent journalists (such as Candace Owens, James Corbett, and innumerable others)—journalists motivated by the sincere search for truth instead of corporate salaries paid in exchange for promoting agendas.

NOTES

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CHAPTER 7

AN IMPORTANT DISCLAIMER

Before proceeding further, I wish to stress: I'm not suggesting COVID-19 is not a serious disease. Though retired from nursing, I have front-line contacts who keep me abreast of the realities. One of these is "Doctor B," an MD who has appeared twice on *SGT Report*. Doctor B (whose name is kept private to protect her practice) is a brilliant physician who is completely "red-pilled" politically. Though at one time a hardcore atheist/feminist, she is today a remarkably dynamic Christian. I've had the privilege of meeting her face-to-face.

During the spring of 2020, I asked Doctor B what was happening at the large urban hospital where she works. She confirmed they had many COVID-19 patients. I asked if more people were dying from it than seasonal flu. She said they were. She said that while most infected people get mild to moderate symptoms, a very small percentage experience an extreme reaction where the virus invades the alveoli (the air sacs where oxygen exchange occurs); a hyper auto-immune reaction afflicts the lungs that can quickly turn deadly. Descriptions of this phenomenon, known as a "cytokine storm," can be found abundantly on the Internet; it is the main characteristic that distinguishes COVID from ordinary flu.

Dr. B. also clarified an important point. I mentioned that a number of people had posted social media videos after walking by hospitals and their ERs, observing how quiet they seemed. As a result, some had concluded that no COVID-19 crisis existed—that it was a hoax.

She noted that these videos were well-intentioned, but misleading. Like the rest of the country's businesses, hospitals were in "lockdown"—cancelling non-essential services, elective surgeries, and preventative care. Clinicians who were able to, worked from home. (I know one cancer patient whose doctor gave her examinations on Zoom.) Meanwhile, many people were terrified to visit an ER, fearing COVID-19. This produced an

externally quiet *appearance*, but she told me that her hospital's ICU was "quite busy, but not overwhelmed" with COVID-19 patients.

Nevertheless, Doctor B harbored no doubt that the COVID-19 outbreak is part of the Deep State's "New World Order" agenda.

In ensuing chapters, we will examine how COVID-19 death rates were artificially inflated**. This does not preclude, however, a future turn of events that could sharply increase actual death rates**. In Chapter 26, we will look at ways by which that could happen.

CHAPTER 8

INFLATING COVID-19 DEATHS: (1) EARLY IN THE PANDEMIC—MISLEADING SAMPLING WEIGHTS AND INACCURATE MODELS

During the early days of the COVID crisis, Vernon Coleman, MD (who I have already quoted) pointed out an obvious flaw in reporting the COVID death rates; disproportionate testing being given to the dying as opposed to those with little or no symptoms:

> The death rate for the coronavirus seems to be very high, or at least we're told it's very high, but let's look at how these figures work. If a hundred people have the coronavirus and four of them die, then the death rate is obviously four percent. If a thousand people have the virus and four of them die, the death rate is 0.4 percent, and so on. But they're only testing for the coronavirus in hospitals, and they're only testing seriously ill patients. So it's a pretty obvious fact that there are an enormous number of people in the community who have the coronavirus, but who haven't been tested and haven't been shown to have the coronavirus. Now that means that the death rate is nowhere near as bad as they're saying it is.[1]

Remarkably, the controversial Dr. Anthony Fauci, Director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, agreed. In a March 2020 article for the *New England Journal of Medicine*, which he co-wrote with H. Clifford Lane and Robert R. Redfield, Fauci stated:

> Patients had a wide spectrum of disease severity. If one assumes that the number of asymptomatic or minimally symptomatic cases is several times as high as the number of reported cases, the case fatality rate may be considerably less than 1%. This suggests that the overall clinical consequences of Covid-19 may ultimately be more akin to those of a severe seasonal influenza (which has a case fatality rate of approximately 0.1%) or a pandemic influenza (similar to those in 1957 and 1968) rather than a disease similar to SARS or MERS, which have had case fatality rates of 9 to 10% and 36%, respectively.[2]

If, as Dr. Fauci and his colleagues put it, "the overall clinical consequences of COVID-19 may ultimately be more akin to those of a severe seasonal influenza," why then the lockdown? Should America lock down for every future severe flu, contrary to our practices throughout history?

Neil Ferguson was the lead researcher for the Imperial College doomsday computer model that led the UK to be shut down. Anthony Fauci and Deborah Birx also used Ferguson's model in persuading President Donald Trump to put the United States in lockdown.[3] It may be noteworthy that in 2020 alone, the Gates Foundation has so far given at least $79 million to Imperial College.[4]

On May 5, Ferguson resigned from his government advisory position after it was revealed that he was ignoring his own lockdown/social distancing rules by carrying on an affair with a married woman.[5]

Furthermore, Ferguson's computer model—which predicted 2.2 million U.S. deaths from coronavirus—has come under intense fire. As Britain's *Telegraph* reported in May:

> The COVID-19 modelling that sent Britain into lockdown, shutting the economy and leaving millions unemployed, has been slammed by a series of experts.
>
> Professor Neil Ferguson's computer coding was derided as "totally unreliable" by leading figures, who warned it was

> "something you wouldn't stake your life on."
>
> The model, credited with forcing the Government to make a U-turn and introduce a nationwide lockdown, is a "buggy mess that looks more like a bowl of angel hair pasta than a finely tuned piece of programming," says David Richards, co-founder of British data technology company WANdisco.
>
> "In our commercial reality, we would fire anyone for developing code like this and any business that relied on it to produce software for sale would likely go bust."[6]

As the *National Review* noted:

> Indeed, Ferguson has been wrong so often that some of his fellow modelers call him "The Master of Disaster." . . .
>
> In 2002, Ferguson predicted that, by 2080, up to 150,000 people could die from exposure to BSE (mad cow disease) in beef. In the U.K., there were only 177 deaths from BSE.
>
> In 2005, Ferguson predicted that up to 150 million people could be killed from bird flu. In the end, only 282 people died worldwide from the disease between 2003 and 2009.
>
> In 2009, a government estimate, based on Ferguson's advice, said a "reasonable worst-case scenario" was that the swine flu would lead to 65,000 British deaths. In the end, swine flu killed 457 people in the U.K.
>
> Last March, Ferguson admitted that his Imperial College model of the COVID-19 disease was based on undocumented, 13-year-old computer code that was intended to be used for a feared influenza pandemic, rather than a coronavirus. Ferguson declined to release his original code so other scientists could check his results. He only released a heavily revised set of code last week, after a six-week delay.
>
> So the *real* scandal is: Why did *anyone ever* listen to this guy?[7]

In April 2020, a Stanford University study put the COVID-19 death rate at just 0.12% to 0.2%.[8]

Following the release of the data, Scott Atlas, MD, published an opinion piece for *The Hill* entitled "The Data Is In—Stop the Panic and End the Total Isolation." He wrote:

> The recent Stanford University antibody study now estimates that the fatality rate if infected is likely 0.1 to 0.2 percent, a risk far lower than previous World Health Organization estimates that were 20 to 30 times higher and that motivated isolation policies.… Let's stop underemphasizing empirical evidence while instead doubling down on hypothetical models. Facts matter.[9]

A study at Oxford University, updated on May 26, reached a similar conclusion:

> Taking account of historical experience, trends in the data, increased number of infections in the population at largest, and potential impact of misclassification of deaths gives a presumed estimate for the COVID-19 IFR somewhere between 0.1% and 0.41%.[10]

Nobel Prize-winning scientist Michael Levitt added his voice in an interview video uploaded in May:

> I think that everybody panicked. They were fed incorrect numbers by epidemiologists and you know this, I think, led to a situation—there's no doubt in my mind—when we come to look back on this, the damage done by lockdown will exceed any saving of lives by a huge factor.[11]

In April 2020, Daniel W. Erickson, MD, and Artin Massihi, MD (whom I have previously quoted), gave a briefing after testing thousands of patients for COVID-19. They reported:

> Typically you quarantine the sick. When someone has measles you quarantine them. We've never seen where we quarantine the healthy.…
>
> [T]he initial models were woefully inaccurate. They predicted millions of cases of death, not of prevalence or incidence—but *death*. That is not materializing. What is materializing is, in the state of California is 12% positives. You have a 0.03 chance of dying from COVID in the state of California. Does that necessitate sheltering in place? Does that necessitate shutting down medical systems? Does that necessitate people being out of work?… The more you test, the more positives you get. The prevalence number goes up, and the death rate stays the same.…
>
> The initial models were so inaccurate they're not even correct. And some of them were based on social distancing and still predicted hundreds of thousands of deaths, which has been inaccurate.…
>
> Do we need to still shelter in place? Our answer is emphatically no. Do we need businesses to be shut down? Emphatically no.…
>
> We also need to put measures in place so economic shutdown like this does not happen again. We want to make sure we understand that quarantining the sick is what we do, not quarantine the healthy. We need to make sure if you're going to dance on someone's constitutional rights, you better have a good reason. You better have a really good scientific reason, and not just theory.[12]

As an aside, The Erickson-Massihi briefing received over five million views before being censored by YouTube. Remarkably, even ABC23 in Bakersfield, California—a mainstream news channel—had its short news segment about the briefing deleted by YouTube.[13]

YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki stated in an interview with CNN: "Anything that goes against World Health Organization recommendations would be a violation of our policy, and so remove is another really

important part of our policy."[14] This is of course, absurd, given that the WHO, whose top financial supporter is the Gates Foundation (after the U.S. defunding announced by Trump), has often waffled and changed its own position on COVID issues like face masks and the disease's contagiousness. How can doctors be censored for contradicting the WHO, when even the WHO contradicts the WHO?

In its article "WHO Exposed: How Health Body Changed Pandemic Criteria to Push Agenda," Britain's *Express* reported:

> In the years following the [H1N1] pandemic, the World Health Organisation (WHO) faced fierce criticism over its handling of the situation. Some medical experts doubted whether the H1N1 outbreak was really a pandemic at all.
>
> Dr. Wolfgang Wodarg, a German doctor and former member of parliament, had been watching the spread of swine flu in Mexico City—where the virus was first recorded—and was puzzled at the reaction of the WHO. In 2010, he said: "What we experienced in Mexico City was a very mild flu which did not kill more than usual—which killed even fewer people than usual".... Dr. Wodarg eventually launched an inquiry into the Swine Flu pandemic and the WHO's dealings with the pharmaceutical industry in the lead up to the H1N1 pandemic. At a council meeting, Dr. Wodarg declared that "all the business deals that had been prepared between individual countries and the pharmaceutical companies were about to be triggered by the WHO." He added: "The relevant contracts were mostly confidential and the companies insist they should never be published."
>
> In the months leading up to the WHO's declaration of the pandemic as a "level 6" contagion—the highest possible level — many countries including Italy, Germany, France and the UK made secret agreements with pharmaceutical companies. These contracts obliged the countries to buy Swine Flu vaccinations only if the WHO raised the pandemic to a level 6.[15]

Clearly, the World Health Organization does not deserve to be the exclusive arbiter of medical truths on platforms such as YouTube.

Tucker Carlson of Fox News, reacting to YouTube's censorship of the Erickson-Massihi video, remarked: "This is not about science; censorship never is about science, it's about power. Big technology companies are using this tragedy to increase their power over the American population.… That is not what science and open inquiry really is about—that you test theories and then you find out what actually is true."[16]

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CHAPTER 9

INFLATING COVID-19 DEATHS: (2) CONFLATING IT WITH OTHER DISEASES

In Chapter 3, I quoted Professor Klaus Püschel:

> In Hamburg, for example, not a single person who was not previously ill had died of the virus: All those we have examined so far had cancer, a chronic lung disease, were heavy smokers or severely obese, suffered from diabetes or had a cardiovascular disease. The virus was the last straw that broke the camel's back, so to speak.[1]

An April German study puts that country's COVID death rate at 0.37 percent.[2]

Italy, by contrast, had at one time reported headline-grabbing mortality rates near 10 percent. However, as a *Bloomberg* report clarified:

> More than 99% of Italy's coronavirus fatalities were people who suffered from previous medical conditions, according to a study by the country's national health authority. The new study could provide insight into why Italy's death rate, at about 8% of total infected people, is higher than in other countries. The Romebased institute has examined medical records of about 18% of the country's coronavirus fatalities, finding that just three victims, or 0.8% of the total, had no previous pathology. Almost half of the victims suffered from at least three prior illnesses and about a fourth had either one or two previous conditions. More than 75% had high blood pressure, about 35% had diabetes and a third suffered from heart disease. The

> average age of those who've died from the virus in Italy is 79.5.[3]

On April 24, Vittorio Sgarbi, a veteran member of the Italian Parliament, denounced the falsification of COVID-19 statistics in a blazing speech. Excerpts:

> We are on the eve of April 25th and we must be united against dictatorships and united in truth. Let us not make this the House of Lies . . . Do not say 25 thousand dead here too, it is not true! Don't use the dead for rhetoric and terrorism. The data from the Higher Institute of Health say that 96.3% died of other diseases.… The 25,000 dead, as Professor Bassetti said, died of heart attacks, cancer and other diseases.… 25 thousand Coronavirus people didn't die in Italy. That's not true! It's a way to terrorize the Italians and impose a dictatorship of consent: it's ridiculous![4]

In June, a report from Britain's National Health Service revealed that more than 95 percent of all UK "COVID deaths" had pre-existing comorbidities.[5]

This is the norm in America also. People who die from other diseases—cancer, chronic respiratory disease, cardiovascular disease, hypertension, diabetes—are labeled "coronavirus" even though it wasn't the prevailing cause of mortality. As Fox News reported:

> The federal government is classifying the deaths of patients infected with the coronavirus as COVID-19 deaths, regardless of any underlying health issues that could have contributed to the loss of someone's life. Dr. Deborah Birx, the response coordinator for the White House coronavirus task force, said the federal government is continuing to count the suspected COVID-19 deaths. . . "The intent … is if someone dies with COVID-19 we are counting that," she added.[6]

This is happening locally as well as nationally. Dr. Ngozi Ezike, Director of the Illinois Department of Public Health, stated at a press conference:

> If you were in hospice and had already been given a few weeks to live, and then you also were found to have COVID, that would be counted as a COVID death. It means technically even if you died of a clear alternate cause, but you had COVID at the same time, it's still listed as a COVID death. So, everyone who's listed as a COVID death doesn't mean that that was the cause of the death, but they had COVID at the time of the death.[7]

Because people who die of other causes, but happen to test positive for COVID-19, are counted as "COVID-19 deaths," this means the headlines used to panic the public—"latest COVID death totals"—are based on markedly distorted statistics. Lack of an accurate accounting method makes it very difficult to ascertain the true number of U.S. deaths attributable to COVID and not to other more primary conditions. However, if we use the Italian analysis—which determined that well over 95 percent dying with "COVID" had preexisting diseases—then news reports proclaiming 100,000 American COVID deaths might translate, more realistically, to less than 5,000 dying from COVID *alone*. Admittedly this is speculation, since we have been denied honest data, but certainly it's less speculative than the numbers in the "panic headlines."

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CHAPTER 10

INFLATING COVID-19 DEATHS: (3) DEATH CERTIFICATES

In April, Chris Berg, television host of *Point of View* (KX4 North Dakota), interviewed Scott Jensen, who is a medical doctor, clinical associate professor at the University of Minnesota Medical School, and a state legislator:

> **Jensen***:* In Minnesota, as a physician, I received an email last week from the Department of Health, coaching me on how to fill out death certificates, and I've never really received coaching from the Vital Statistics Agency in terms of how to do a death certificate, but basically I felt like they were saying you don't have to have a confirmed laboratory test for COVID-19 in order to make the death certificate be COVID-19 . . .
>
> **Berg:** Sir, I don't mean to interrupt you with that, but what you just said I think is critically important. Can you repeat what you just said, please?
>
> **Jensen**: Well, last Friday I received a seven-page document that sort of told me that if I had an 86-year-old patient that had pneumonia, but was never tested for COVID-19, but, sometime after she came down with pneumonia, we learned that she had been exposed to her son who had no symptoms, but later on was identified with COVID-19, that it would be appropriate to diagnose on the death certificate COVID-19. Now we've not done that. If someone has pneumonia and it's in the middle of a flu epidemic, and I don't have a test on influenza, I don't diagnose influenza on the death certificate; I will say this elderly patient died of pneumonia.

> **Berg**: I don't mean to interrupt you, but my heart is sinking right now as you're telling me this. You're a doctor. Why in the world would they be sending you out information to fill out death certificates whether the person's been diagnosed with COVID-19 or not, but then to say in the death certificate, this person's death was caused by COVID-19? That does not sound right to me.
>
> **Jensen**: I went to the person in our office who does most of the death certificates over the last, you know, 10, 20 years, and I said does this sound right? I had her look at the documents that I printed off, and she said, well, we've always been told that you always put down just facts, you don't put down any probabilities, you don't put any presumptions down, it's just what you know, and so this is concerning.[1]

Indeed, looking online, the CDC's National Vital Statistics System has mandated that "COVID-19 should be reported on the death certificate for all decedents where the disease caused or is assumed to have caused or contributed to death."[2]

On her Fox News show *The Ingraham Angle*, Laura Ingraham also interviewed Dr. Jensen. She quoted the CDC's own instructions:

> In cases where a definite diagnosis of COVID cannot be made but is suspected or likely (e.g. the circumstances are compelling with a reasonable degree of certainty) it is acceptable to report COVID-19 on a death certificate as "probable" or "presumed."[3]

On the program, Ingraham asked Dr. Jensen about this; he expressed outrage, observing that the CDC's own death certificate manual tells physicians to focus on "precision and specificity." In the same interview, Dr. Jensen also revealed: "Medicare has determined that if you have a COVID-19 admission to the hospital, you'll get paid $13,000; if that COVID-19 patient goes on a ventilator, you get $39,000."[4]

For those who believe the CDC would never falsify statistics, former CBS investigative reporter Sharyl Attkisson has revealed that the CDC did exactly that during the 2009 Swine Flu pandemic. CBS knew, but killed the story. Here is an excerpt of her interview with John Rappoport:

> **Rappoport**: In 2009, you spearheaded coverage of the so-called Swine Flu pandemic. You discovered that, in the summer of 2009, the Centers for Disease Control, ignoring their federal mandate, [secretly] stopped counting Swine Flu cases in America. Yet they continued to stir up fear about the "pandemic," without having any real measure of its impact. Wasn't that another investigation of yours that was shut down? Wasn't there more to find out?
>
> **Attkisson**: The implications of the story were even worse than that. We discovered, through our FOI efforts, that before the CDC mysteriously stopped counting Swine Flu cases, they had learned that almost none of the cases they had counted as Swine Flu was, in fact, Swine Flu or any sort of flu at all! The interest in the story from one [CBS] executive was very enthusiastic. He said it was "the most original story" he'd seen on the whole Swine Flu epidemic. But others pushed to stop it [after it was published on the CBS News website] and, in the end, no [CBS television news] broadcast wanted to touch it. We aired numerous stories pumping up the idea of an epidemic, but not the one that would shed original, new light on all the hype. It was fair, accurate, legally approved and a heck of a story. With the CDC keeping the true Swine Flu stats secret, it meant that many in the public took and gave their children an experimental vaccine that may not have been necessary.[5]

Even the *New York Times* acknowledged in April 2020:

> New York City, already a world epicenter of the coronavirus outbreak, sharply increased its death toll by more than 3,700 victims on Tuesday, after officials said they were now

> including people who had never tested positive for the virus but were presumed to have died of it.[6]

Established in 2011, Project Veritas (www.projectveritas.com) "investigates and exposes corruption, dishonesty, self-dealing, waste, fraud, and other misconduct in both public and private institutions to achieve a more ethical and transparent society." The organization, a go-to site for whistle-blowers, has won plaudits for its unique journalism, often conducted through undercover investigations. In a video uploaded on April 30, 2020, Project Veritas included interviews with several New York funeral home directors. Short excerpt:

> **Joseph Antioco, Funeral Director, Schaefer Funeral Home**: To me all you're doing is padding the statistics. You know, you're putting people on that have COVID-19. If they didn't have it, you're making the death rate for New York City a lot higher than it should be.
>
> **Michael Lanza, Funeral Director, Colonial Funeral Home**: I'll be honest with you, all the death certificates, they're writing COVID on all the death certificates, whether they had a positive test or they didn't. So I think, you know—again, this is my personal opinion—I think the mayor in our city is looking for federal funding, and the more they put COVID on a death certificate, the more they can ask for federal funds, so I think it's political.[7]

Pressure to classify deaths as COVID-19 is not limited to America. Dr. John Lee, a retired professor of pathology in the UK, wrote in *The Spectator*:

> If someone dies of a respiratory infection in the UK, the specific cause of the infection is not usually recorded, unless the illness is a rare "notifiable disease." So the vast majority of respiratory deaths in the UK are recorded as bronchopneumonia, pneumonia, old age or a similar

> designation. We don't really test for flu, or other seasonal infections.…
>
> Now look at what has happened since the emergence of COVID-19. The list of notifiable diseases has been updated. This list—as well as containing smallpox (which has been extinct for many years) and conditions such as anthrax, brucellosis, plague and rabies (which most UK doctors will never see in their entire careers) has now been amended to include COVID-19. But not flu. That means every positive test for COVID-19 must be notified, in a way that it just would not be for flu or most other infections.[8]

Britain's *The Sun* chimed in:

> Coronavirus fatalities could be "less than half the official toll," a former World Health Organisation chief has said. Prof. Karol Sikora claims that doctors may have marked the virus as the cause of death on certificates if there was "any hint" Covid played a part. The NHS has reported that over 41,000 people have died in hospitals due to the pandemic. But Prof. Sikora said this figure could in fact be much less—as many medics are marking it down without proof it was the main cause. Speaking on the *Planet Normal* podcast, he said the UK's system of recording deaths caused by Covid-19 was different to other countries. In Germany, coronavirus can only be recorded as the cause of death when the end-of-life care team certifies that this was the case.[9]

From the UK, here is a letter to the editor (name blanked out to respect privacy):

Andrew Pearse
Guilsborough, Northamptonshire

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'Presumed Covid-19'

SIR – My mother died last week in a care home at the age of 98. When my brother registered her death, as expected, the cause given was "frailty due to old age", but he was surprised to see that the doctor certifying the death had added "presumed Covid-19", an inclusion that also shocked the home's manager.

The day before our mother died, my brother was allowed to sit with her for an hour. His temperature was checked before he was admitted, but there was no form of isolation and none of the home's staff were wearing personal protective equipment.

If doctors are attributing all deaths in care homes to Covid-19, it makes a nonsense of any statistics and does great reputational damage to both individual care homes and to the care industry as a whole.

[redacted]
Christchurch, Dorset

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CHAPTER 11

INFLATING COVID-19 DEATHS: (4) THE NURSING HOME CONTROVERSY

Yet another factor that raised the COVID-19 death rate were state decisions to send COVID patients to nursing homes. The *New York Post* reported on April 26: "Gov. Cuomo doubled down Sunday on the state's controversial directive ordering nursing homes to admit COVID-19 patients."[1] As *Business Insider* noted a month later:

> At least 5,800 people have died in New York nursing homes and adult care facilities.… Gov. Andrew Cuomo's March 25 order that required nursing homes to admit patients who were suspected to have or had tested positive for COVID-19 has been deleted from the state of New York's website, Fox News reported Tuesday.
>
> On Wednesday, the state of New York's website displayed an error message, stating the "page that you are looking for is not found," in place of a link to the original document. The March 25 order is only accessible through an archived version of the webpage, posted by the Internet Archive's Wayback Machine.[2]

Dr. Simone Gold, a board-certified ER physician, and Dr. Dan Wohlgelernter, a 30-year cardiologist trained at Yale University School of Medicine, gave a joint whistle-blowing interview, touching on many aspects of the COVID-19 response, including the nursing home tragedy:

> **Gold:** I think there's going to have to be some reckoning when this is all over, how we really harmed and killed nursing home

patients.

Wohlgelernter: The data certainly were known; we knew this as early as February from China, from Italy, that it was the elderly and frail who were most at risk. So why did Governor Cuomo and his health commissioner force the nursing homes to take patients? Well, it was part of the overall panic that occurred not just in most of society, but in the healthcare industry. The hospitals in New York and throughout the country were afraid that they would be overwhelmed with patients and they wouldn't have sufficient capacity. and they wanted to offload patients who were no longer requiring inpatient, high-intensity care and they said we need to let those people go out of the hospital and— where can you send them? Well, there were places in New York where they could have sent them: the Javits Center, which had been equipped; the Navy ship *Comfort* had been sent to New York Harbor. Instead they were sent to nursing homes, where it created massive death. This was a tragic mistake—you know, just absolute negligence in terms of decision-making.

Gold: The *Comfort* and the Javits Center were shockingly empty, they were almost completely empty, which was amazing. The question of why Governor Cuomo did this is very unpleasant to speculate, but one thing that's for sure is it was absolutely known when he made the decision to let the patients go back to the nursing homes, it was 100% known . . . that it was risky to send the nursing home patients back. You know, the health commissioner of Pennsylvania really had an egregious situation where she took her own mother out of an assisted living facility, but she told the rest of the state that it was perfectly safe to leave your grandparent in an assisted living facility. That's just egregious. There's no question that it was known at the time. I don't know why this was the plan. You know, people always wonder why the deaths were so high

> in New York. There's no question that the nursing home deaths put them over the top.[3]

As *Newsweek* reported on May 13:

> Pennsylvania's Health Secretary Dr. Rachel Levine confirmed on Tuesday that she recently moved her 95-year-old mother out of a personal care home [to a hotel]. Outbreaks in Pennsylvania long-term care facilities make up nearly 70 percent of the state's coronavirus-related deaths and 21 percent of the state's positive cases of the virus.[4]

Although, as we have seen, the true COVID-19 death toll is very sketchy, *Forbes* reported that 42 percent of the deaths nationally were at nursing homes or assisted living facilities.[5]

Rosemary Frei describes a comparable situation occurring in Canada:

> On April 17 the Canadian federal government released information to guide clinicians in rationing healthcare resources during the SARS-CoV-2 epidemic. Unlike at least some other COVID-19-related guidelines issued in the same period, it was not accompanied by a press release; therefore it has flown under the public radar. The document includes an emphasis on age-based rationing. It also explicitly discourages transfer of carehome residents to hospitals:
>
> *Long term care (LTC)[care-home] facilities and home care services will be encouraged to care for COVID-19 patients in place and may be asked to take on additional non-COVID-19 patients/ clients to help relieve pressure on hospitals.*

This is underlined in another place in the document:

> *If COVID-19 does develop in LTC facility residents, they should be cared for within the facility if at all possible, to*

preserve hospital capacity.

> Prohibiting transfer to hospital drastically narrows the treatment options available to care-home residents. There have been transfers of care-home residents to hospitals in Canada during the COVID-19 crisis, but until very recently they have been by far the exception. (Instead, starting in mid-March as part of the clearing out of hospitals to make room for a putative surge in COVID-19 patients, thousands of elderly people were transferred from hospitals to care homes. This likely also contributed to the care-home death toll. More than one journalist has compared care homes to the *Diamond Princess* cruise ship: virus incubators with people trapped inside.)[6]

As a registered nurse who has worked in multiple acute care hospitals as well as in nursing homes during my career, I can state categorically that most nursing homes lack the staffing, equipment, and training needed to deal with acute infectious illnesses. Nursing homes are designed to help the disabled—in particular, of course, the elderly—to maintain basic standards of daily living: nutrition, mobility, bathing, etc. If a nursing home resident ran a fever, our protocol was to send them to the hospital, where diagnostic tests would ascertain the cause of the fever, and where they would receive preliminary treatment—typically antibiotics and intravenous fluids—until they were well enough to return to the nursing home. The political decision to send acutely ill COVID patients into nursing homes was the exact opposite of normal protocols. These homes thus became hotspots for rapid spread of the virus among the most vulnerable—the elderly. Compounding the cruelty of the situation, family members were routinely forbidden to visit, meaning these people had to die alone.

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Chapter 12

ACCURACY OF TESTING

There is also controversy regarding the accuracy of COVID-19 tests. Various tests exist for it globally; some check for antibodies formed by the immune system against the virus; the most widely used is PCR (polymerase chain reaction), which seeks to detect genetic material from the virus.

David Crowe has written a 9,000-word review of COVID-19 testing, documenting many issues with the methods, such as people fluctuating back and forth from "positive" to "negative," and the PCR's failure to isolate the virus itself (as opposed to detecting strands of DNA).[1]

The CDC's own literature warns: "Detection of viral RNA may not indicate the presence of infectious virus or that 2019-nCoV is the causative agent for clinical symptoms."[2]

Although the mainstream media loves to panic the public with headlines showing the numbers of new coronavirus cases, when those numbers are critically analyzed, they often prove meaningless. For example, at Boston's Pine Street Inn shelter, 146 homeless people tested positive for COVID-19, yet none (zero) exhibited any symptoms of the disease.[3] One would, of course, expect the homeless to be more susceptible to being sick, as they usually do not lead healthy lifestyles. What did these results mean? Are the homeless less vulnerable to the virus because they spend more time outdoors, absorbing the sunlight's vitamin D? One takeaway is that COVID-positive tests are much less significant than the headlines have been implying.

As noted at *Global Research*:

> [T]he PCR works by amplifying minute amounts of DNA. It therefore is useless at telling you how much virus you may have.

> And that's the only question that really matters when it comes to diagnosing illness. Everyone will have a few viruses kicking round in their system at any time, and most will not cause illness because their quantities are too small. For a virus to sicken you, you need a lot of it, a massive amount of it. But PCR does not test viral load and therefore can't determine if it is present in sufficient quantities to sicken you.[4]

Beda M. Stadler, former director of the Institute for Immunology at the University of Bern, writes:

> So if we do a PCR corona test on an immune person, it is not a virus that is detected, but a small shattered part of the viral genome. The test comes back positive for as long as there are tiny shattered parts of the virus left. Correct: Even if the infectious viri are long dead, a corona test can come back positive, because the PCR method multiplies even a tiny fraction of the viral genetic material enough [to be detected].… It is likely that a large number of the daily reported infection numbers are purely due to viral debris. The PCR test with its extreme sensitivity was initially perfect to find out where the virus could be. But this test can not identify whether the virus is still alive, i.e. still infectious. Unfortunately, this also led some virologists to equate the strength of a test result with viral load, i.e. the amount of virus someone can breathe out.[5]

Furthermore, a positive test may result from factors besides COVID-19 infection. In April 2020, Rashid Buttar, MD, stated that patients who had received the trivalent vaccine (a potent flu vaccine for multiple strains) were reading false-positive on COVID tests.[6] This was met with a flurry of "fact-checkers" saying it was fake news. Reuters, for example, said "The claim is not true. Flu shots do not contain the coronavirus that causes COVID-19."[7]

However, this was contradicted by Dr. Judy Mikovits, the PhD biochemist whose book *Plague of Corruption* was the number one best-selling book on Amazon for weeks during 2020. Although not addressing testing specifically, she stated in the film *Plandemic*:

"Coronaviruses are in every animal, so if you've ever had a flu vaccine, you were injected with coronaviruses."[8]

The eminent immunologist Dolores Cahill, PhD, supported Mikovits on this point when she was interviewed by Del Bigtree, host of *The HighWire*:

> **Bigtree**: There's been a big discussion this week. Judy Mikovits said there's actually coronavirus in the flu shot. Do you agree with that perspective? . . .
>
> **Cahill:** I agree entirely with Judy . . . what happens is that these vaccines are made sometimes on monkey kidneys, or on different cell lines, and as we know, coronaviruses are actually associated with different animals, so if they use a tissue to make the influenza vaccine, and that tissue comes from a dog or from a monkey, and they intrinsically have coronaviruses, when you're making a virus you actually often homogenize the tissue—you know, the underlying fetal cell line or the underlying dog tissue or the underlying kidney from a monkey—and so all of the latent viruses that those animals have are then included in the flu that has then been injected into people.[9]

But even if coronaviruses were included in past flu shots, could a test mistake them specifically for the *COVID-19* coronavirus? The World Health Organization says: "Several assays that detect the 2019-nCoV have been and are currently under development, both in-house and commercially. Some assays may detect only the novel virus [COVID] and some may also detect other strains (e.g. SARS-CoV) that are genetically similar."[10]

Indeed, according to *The Lancet*, the COVID-19 and SARS viruses are 79 percent similar genetically.[11] In another interview, Dolores Cahill pointed out that after the SARS virus circulated the globe beginning in 2003, an estimated 7 to 15 percent of the world population developed antibodies to it. These people, she notes, will test false-positive for COVID-19 in antibody tests.[12]

President John Magufuli of Tanzania, suspicious of the COVID-19 test kits his country was supplied with, reported in May that he had his security

forces covertly submit specimens from a goat, sheep, and pawpaw fruit—and the results came back positive for COVID-19.[13]

On the other hand, I discussed the matter of testing with Doctor B, the highly red-pilled MD I mentioned in Chapter 7, and she told me that while the initial test kits provided by the CDC indeed gave many false positives, her hospital had been able to verify the accuracy of COVID diagnoses through sophisticated methodologies.

Nevertheless, enough questions have been raised, from multiple sources and perspectives, to say that the efficacy of COVID-19 testing is in doubt. Given the widespread efforts to panic the public—as by dishonest efforts to inflate COVID death numbers—it would come as no surprise if COVID testing itself was being abused to further exaggerate the level of infection.

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PART THREE

THEORIES ABOUT THE NATURE OF COVID-19

CHAPTER 13

MAINSTREAM STORY OF THE ORIGIN

Scientists first noted human coronaviruses in the 1960s; they are among the viruses causing the common cold. Like all viruses, they mutate over time. The virus which COVID-19 is attributed to (called SARS-CoV-2) is a variant of the coronavirus, and very similar to coronaviruses found in bats. Early on, the claim was made that the virus originated from people eating bat soup from the Huanan seafood market in Wuhan. Quoting Britain's *The Sun* from February:

> Coronavirus could have spread from bat soup to humans, experts have claimed. Scientists in China, where the deadly coronavirus has killed 26 people, believe the bug shares a common ancestor with a virus found only in fruit bats.… footage and images have since been circulated purporting to show people eating the Chinese delicacy. The outbreak of coronavirus began in the city of Wuhan—which has since been put in lockdown after more than 800 people were infected globally. Bat soup is reported to be an unusual but popular dish particularly in Wuhan, where the virus is understood to have originated at an open air fish market. And scientists claim that the delicacy may have sparked the outbreak.[1]

An early analysis of 41 COVID-infected patients in Wuhan showed that 27 had exposure to the seafood market.[2] However, Chinese authorities were never able to identify "patient zero"—the first person to be infected. Furthermore, there is disagreement as to whether the seafood market in Wuhan actually sold bats. *Live Science* stated: "However, no bats were sold at the Huanan seafood market."[3] More recently, it has been hypothesized

that the virus was transmitted from bats to humans through an intermediary animal, such as pangolins.

However, one thing about which there is no controversy in mainstream media is that COVID-19 had a natural origin—in other words, that it occurred purely by chance. As we will see, there is considerable evidence and informed opinion to the contrary.

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CHAPTER 14

THE BIOWEAPON THEORY

Dr. Shiva Ayyadurai holds four degrees from MIT, including a PhD in biological engineering. In an interview with Gary Franchi of *Next News Network*, he discussed the probability of COVID-19 being engineered, tracing back to Fort Detrick—historically the center of the U.S. biological weapons program, which is now called the U.S. biological *defense* program:

> Some people have asserted that the base sequences there [in the COVID virus] are very difficult to occur in nature, that they were recombined from other components.… The scientific question is the probability of those base sequences being different.… Separate from that, there have been reports that the Wuhan virus was a different strain than the one that was in Iran, versus the one that was in Italy, and there's reports that I've read—I haven't started to verify a lot of this—that all of those different viruses go back to one common branch, which actually goes back to Fort Detrick in the United States, and North Carolina.
>
> And there's other suppositions that the US military or Deep State sent people over to Wuhan, and that's how it got given in China—this is one theory; and the reason this comes up is because if you look at the first 41 cases, they haven't been able to find "case zero," but of the 41 cases, approximately thirteen of these people, they're totally disconnected to these people, so the thesis is that this came from somewhere else into Wuhan. Whether it came in or not, my view is that if you believe in the concept of a set of people who don't care about the U.S. national interest or the Chinese national interest or the Indian national interests or Italian, they care more for their own global interests. And you know nowadays, given the level of collusion

> that we've seen that takes place on so many levels, you could view a scenario where it got created by the Deep State and got put out there really to suppress dissent.…
>
> What was going on at this time? Hong Kong was blowing up, remember that? And what people do not know is six months before the coronavirus there were massive anti-pollution protests by Chinese citizens in Wuhan, in the same city where this came from. And remember, you don't protest in China without risking your life. It's not like they have the First Amendment there. So large numbers of people were taking to the street and protesting, tens of thousands, because the Chinese government was going to build one of the largest incinerator plants, which is going to spew out pollution.…
>
> And then also remember in the United States, the anti-vaccine movement was growing, so there's a scenario that becomes to me very interesting. You have Trump, in the United States, could not be taken down from Russian collusion, Trump could not be taken down from impeachment, and how extraordinary is it that this thing comes out, the timeliness of it, you see Hong Kong completely disappear, [which] serves the globalists because, remember, any protests create uncertainty for globalism. You see Wuhan go away, and then you see now an argument saying "Of course we should vaccinate everyone, right?" against the anti-vaccine movement.…
>
> When you're a student of politics and a student of medicine, you start seeing these connections, and you also recognize that the academic elite in this country, it basically practices the oldest profession—no one in the academic elite is saying anything. Fortunately, I don't owe anything to academia, I made my own money by myself. I have the training to call out a guy like a Fauci, to call this out, because I understand the science.[1]

According to his biography at the Illinois College of Law, Professor Francis Boyle "drafted the U.S. domestic implementing legislation for the

Biological Weapons Convention, known as the Biological Weapons Anti-Terrorism Act of 1989, that was approved unanimously by both Houses of the U.S. Congress and signed into law by President George H.W. Bush."[2] In an interview with Jason Liosatis, Dr. Boyle stated:

> I think I found the smoking gun here; there was a recent scientific study[3] published in *Antiviral Research*, 10 February 2020, by three scientists from France and one from Montreal, who did a genetic analysis of the Wuhan coronavirus, and they said it "may provide a gain of function of the 2019 n-coronavirus for efficient spreading in the human population compared to other lineage b beta-coronaviruses." . . . That's the smoking gun for an offensive biological warfare agent; gain-of-function properties is a tip-off. It's only useful for offensive biological warfare activity, and it is typically conducted in either—it's so dangerous—either a bsl-[4] [biosafety level 4] or a bsl-3 facility. And there in Wuhan, you have the only bsl-4 facility in China, so I think it's clear it came out of this lab. Gain-of-function, it means it's DNA-genetically engineered to be more lethal and more infectious. Clearly what we're seeing now with this coronavirus, it is basically SARS, which is already a weaponized version of the coronavirus that has leaked out of that laboratory at least twice before, and then it is given gain-of-function properties . . .
>
> Second, we have an article here from *Nat Med* 2015 December, "SARS-like Cluster of Circulating Bat Coronavirus Pose Threat for Human Emergence."4 This was at the University of North Carolina; in Chapel Hill they have a biosafety lab level 3 there, and I have previously condemned them up for using gain-of-function work on MERS, which is the Middle East respiratory syndrome. It is like SARS, only more dangerous; it has a 33% lethality rate, and they were doing gain-of-function work there to make it even more lethal. … if you read the article, they admit that they were doing this with SARS, that they were giving it gain-of-function activity

> and it turns out part of their team was a researcher from China, Zhengli Shi, "Key Laboratory of Special Pathogens of Biosafety, Wuhan Institute of Biology"… they [China] gave a grant to the University of North Carolina to get their scientist in on this extremely dangerous Nazi-type biological warfare work. So it appears that what happened was, instead of stealing this technology, China bought it from the lab there at the University of North Carolina.… and it also appears that the North Carolina lab got cells from Fort Detrick, which is the U.S. major facility for the research, development, testing, stockpiling of biological weapons.[5]

An analysis of COVID-19 was published by nine scientists from the Indian Institute of Technology and Delhi University. They wrote: "We found 4 insertions in the spike glycoprotein (S) which are unique to the 2019-nCoV and are not present in other coronaviruses." They called the characteristics "uncanny" and "unlikely to be fortuitous"—i.e., improbable to have been produced by chance mutation.[6] Interestingly, the paper is now marked "withdrawn."

Luc Montagnier, awarded a Nobel Prize as co-discoverer of the HIV virus, also says COVID-19 is man-made, and sheds light on why the Indian paper was withdrawn. As *Gilmore Health News* reports:

> According to Professor Luc Montagnier, winner of the Nobel Prize for Medicine in 2008 for "discovering" HIV as the cause of the AIDS epidemic together with Françoise Barré-Sinoussi, the SARS-CoV-2 is a virus that was manipulated and accidentally released from a laboratory in Wuhan, China, in the last quarter of 2019.…
>
> "With my colleague, bio-mathematician Jean-Claude Perez, we carefully analyzed the description of the genome of this RNA virus," explains Luc Montagnier, interviewed by Dr Jean-François Lemoine for the daily podcast at *Pourquoi Docteur*, adding that others have already explored this avenue: Indian researchers have already tried to publish the results of the

> analyses that showed that this coronavirus genome contained sequences of another virus . . the HIV virus (AIDS virus), but they were forced to withdraw their findings as the pressure from the mainstream was too great.
>
> In a challenging question, Dr Jean-François Lemoine inferred that the coronavirus under investigation may have come from a patient who is otherwise infected with HIV. "No," says Luc Montagnier, "in order to insert an HIV sequence into this genome, molecular tools are needed, and that can only be done in a laboratory."[7]

I'm aware that the British medical journal *The Lancet* issued a brief statement condemning "conspiracy theories suggesting that COVID-19 does not have a natural origin."[8] This statement has been sharply rebutted by bioweapons expert Meryl Nass, M.D.:

> Top scientists circled their wagons to protest against *"conspiracy theories suggesting that COVID-19 does not have a natural origin,"* in a statement published in the *Lancet*.… Many who signed the statement have worked in biodefense.… Five additional scientists soon provided the "scientific evidence" to back up the natural origin claim. These five scientists have been affiliated with signers of the statement above, they too have worked in biodefense, and their article was published in *Nature Medicine* (in the print version) on March 17, 2020.…
>
> These scientists set up a straw man to knock down: they claimed that had the novel coronavirus (SARS-CoV-2 is the official name of the virus) been created in a lab: *"if genetic manipulation had been performed,"* then a known coronavirus backbone would have been used. But because no known backbone forms part of SARS-CoV-2, *"the evidence shows that SARS-CoV-2 is not a purposefully manipulated virus"*.… I know that the groups of scientists who wrote these pieces in the *Lancet* and *Nature* . . . know that you don't need genetic

> engineering methods to create a bioweapon. Like me, they are old, they recall a world before genetic engineering, they know the history of biowarfare, and they know the score. Why then are they participating in this charade?… Were I creating a deliberate bioweapon, I would not construct it from published sequences that would suggest a lab origin. I would construct it or choose it to not leave that evidence of its origin.[9]

Sean of *SGT Report* (who interviewed me in April 2020 on COVID-19—the interview was deleted by YouTube and has been moved to Bitchute) called my attention to Rashid Buttar, MD, who I consider among the most compelling COVID-19 analysts. YouTube has censored a number of Dr. Buttar's videos, although you can still find them on his websites. He calls attention to the 2015 article "Engineered Bat Virus Stirs Debate over Risky Research" published in the journal *Nature*. It concerned the controversial virus experiment (mentioned above by Dr. Francis Boyle) undertaken by a team of American and Chinese scientists, including Dr. Zhengli Shi from the Wuhan Level 4 lab, located near the Wuhan seafood market blamed for the outbreak. *Nature* has now added a disclaimer which reads: "We are aware that this story is being used as the basis for unverified theories that the novel coronavirus causing COVID-19 was engineered. There is no evidence that this is true; scientists believe that an animal is the most likely source of the coronavirus." Dr. Buttar observes that the disclaimer does not discredit the article, which he suggests reading straightforwardly. It said, in part:

> An experiment that created a hybrid version of a bat coronavirus—one related to the virus that causes SARS (severe acute respiratory syndrome)—has triggered renewed debate over whether engineering lab variants of viruses with possible pandemic potential is worth the risks.
>
> In an article published in Nature Medicine on 9 November, scientists investigated a virus called SHC014, which is found in horseshoe bats in China. The researchers created a chimaeric [hybrid] virus, made up of a surface protein of SHC014 and the backbone of a SARS virus that had been adapted to grow in

> mice and to mimic human disease. The chimaera infected human airway cells—proving that the surface protein of SHC014 has the necessary structure to bind to a key receptor on the cells and to infect them.…
>
> But other virologists question whether the information gleaned from the experiment justifies the potential risk. Although the extent of any risk is difficult to assess, Simon Wain-Hobson, a virologist at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, points out that the researchers have created a novel virus that "grows remarkably well" in human cells. "If the virus escaped, nobody could predict the trajectory," he says.…
>
> In October 2014, the US government imposed a moratorium on federal funding of such research on the viruses that cause SARS, influenza and MERS (Middle East respiratory syndrome, a deadly disease caused by a virus that sporadically jumps from camels to people).
>
> The latest study was already under way before the US moratorium began, and the US National Institutes of Health (NIH) allowed it to proceed while it was under review by the agency, says Ralph Baric, an infectious-disease researcher at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, a co-author of the study. The NIH eventually concluded that the work was not so risky as to fall under the moratorium, he says.[10]

As Dr. Buttar notes, the man in charge of NIH's infectious disease branch when it approved the study was none other than Anthony Fauci—prompting Robert F. Kennedy, Jr., nephew of President John F. Kennedy, to post the following on social media:

Shedding further light on this, in April 2020 *Newsweek* published an article entitled "Dr. Fauci Backed Controversial Wuhan Lab with Millions of U.S. Dollars for Risky Coronavirus Research":

> But just last year, the National Institute for Allergy and Infectious Diseases, the organization led by Dr. Fauci, funded scientists at the Wuhan Institute of Virology and other institutions for work on gain-of-function research on bat coronaviruses.
>
> In 2019, with the backing of NIAID, the National Institutes of Health committed $3.7 million over six years for research that included some gain-of-function work. The program followed another $3.7 million, 5-year project for collecting and studying bat coronaviruses, which ended in 2019, bringing the total to $7.4 million.
>
> Many scientists have criticized gain of function research, which involves manipulating viruses in the lab to explore their potential for infecting humans, because it creates a risk of starting a pandemic from accidental release.…

> Dr. Fauci did not respond to *Newsweek's* requests for comment.[11]

Fauci has a long association with Bill Gates, who has emerged as the high priest of the drive for a COVID vaccine. As James Corbett notes:

> Beyond just their frequent collaborations and cooperation in the past, Fauci has direct ties to Gates' projects and funding. In 2010, he was appointed to the Leadership Council of the Gates-founded "Decade of Vaccines" project to implement a Global Vaccine Action Plan—a project to which Gates committed $10 billion of funding. And in October of last year, just as the current pandemic was beginning, the Gates Foundation announced a $100 million contribution to the National Institute of Health to help, among other programs, Fauci's National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases' research into HIV.[12]

For those who'd like an inside look at Dr. Fauci's record of corruption and cronyism, I recommend the 25-minute video *Plandemic* featuring comments from Dr. Judy Mikovits, who was persecuted by Fauci after she and her co-researcher Frank Ruscetti discovered that the virus causing Chronic Fatigue Syndrome came from contaminated blood and vaccines. Censored by YouTube, it can be found on Bitchute at https://www.bitchute.com/video/PuY6jzvuRb3i/ (or just search for "Plandemic"). I also recommend Mikovits's best-selling book *Plague of Corruption*.

If, in fact, COVID-19 is a bioweapon, the University of North Carolina experiment may seem a reasonable "likely suspect" for its beginnings, and perhaps the Wuhan Level 4 bioweapons lab for its finalization. However, I'm certainly *not* asserting that it happened that way. Many countries have bioweapon capabilities, including, as Gilad Atzmon has noted, Israel, which is not a signatory to the Biological Weapons Convention.[13] (No one who has read Ronen Bergman's 800-page *Rise and Kill First: The Secret History of Israel's Targeted Assassinations* would doubt the sophistication of Israeli killing methods.)

Also noteworthy: on October 18, 2019, opening ceremonies for the Military World Games, with nearly 10,000 military personnel from 110 nations, took place in Wuhan, China—six weeks before the coronavirus outbreak officially began there. Bioweapons are a military asset; did the Wuhan games act as cover for dispersal of COVID-19?

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CHAPTER 15

ACCIDENTAL LEAK OR DELIBERATE DISPERSION?

If, in fact, COVID-19 is a bioweapon, the question naturally follows: Was it accidentally leaked (as some have suggested, pointing out the proximity of the Wuhan bioweapons lab to the much-maligned seafood market)? Or was it released intentionally?

Several predictive events point to the latter.

• Event 201. As Spiro Skouras reported:

> In this report we take an inside look at Event 201, which took place in NYC on October 18 2019. Event 201 is a high-level pandemic exercise hosted by the Johns Hopkins Center for Health Security in partnership with the World Economic Forum and the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. This is extremely fascinating because this pandemic simulation exercise of coronavirus took place about 6 weeks before the first illness from the coronavirus was actually reported in Wuhan China![1]

Event 201's own website states: "Event 201 simulates an outbreak of a novel zoonotic coronavirus transmitted from bats to pigs to people that eventually becomes efficiently transmissible from person to person, leading to a severe pandemic. The pathogen and the disease it causes are modeled largely on SARS, but it is more transmissible in the community setting by people with mild symptoms."[2]

In a disturbing parallel to COVID-19, Event 201 footage shows participants of the exercise openly discussing censorship of alternative media opposition to government measures as "fake news." Here are some excerpts:

Countries are reacting different ways as to how best to manage the overwhelming amounts of dis- and misinformation circulating over the Internet. In some cases, limited Internet shutdowns are being implemented to quell panic....[3]

I think this is more than just keeping the bad information out. It's also about making sure real public health information reaches the public news, is found from outlets other than social media. News organizations, public health groups and companies need to help people take the right actions to protect themselves by promoting accurate, real information about the outbreak. Okay, for more on this, we're going to get a briefing from our communications expert, Dr. Sell. Global Health experts have highlighted that dis- and misinformation are wreaking havoc on the CAPS [Coronavirus Associated Pulmonary Syndrome] response. Health workers are under attack in a number of locations due to rumors that they're purposely spreading the disease, and response efforts in many places have had to be suspended because of concerns around violence. Pharmaceutical companies are being accused of introducing the CAPS virus so they can make money on drugs and vaccines. And I've seen public faith in their products plummet....[4]

We know that social media is now the primary way that many people get their news. So interruptions to these platforms could curb the spread of misinformation, but could also limit access to information from legitimate sources.... Some governments have taken control of national access to the Internet. Others are censoring websites and social media content, and a small number have shut down Internet access completely to prevent the spread of misinformation. Penalties have been put in place for spreading harmful falsehoods, including arrests. Other countries have taken a more moderate approach and have focused on promoting fact-checking efforts and working with traditional media outlets.[5]

> But I also think we're at a moment where the social media platforms have to step forward and recognize the moment to assert that they're a technology platform, and not a broadcaster, is over.
>
> They in fact have to be a participant in broadcasting accurate information and partnering with the scientific and health communities to counterweight, if not flood, the zone of accurate information.… [6]
>
> And I know that the Gates Foundation and others are funding organizations to work on things like this, in order that people can actually have more confidence in the sources that they will use in any event.[7]
>
> But one thing we haven't spoken about, and I'm wondering whether it's time to talk about this, is a step up from the part of the government's own enforcement actions against fake news. … where we are able to, to bring forward some bad actors and leave it before the courts to decide whether they have actually spread some fake news.[8]

- Also in 2019, the U.S. government conducted a simulation called "Crimson Contagion," which *Wikipedia* describes as follows:

> Crimson Contagion was a simulation administered by the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services from January to August 2019 that tested the capacity of the U.S. federal government and twelve U.S. states to respond to a severe influenza pandemic originating in China. The exercise, which was conducted months prior to the start of the COVID-19 pandemic, involves a scenario in which tourists returning from China spread a respiratory virus in the United States, beginning in Chicago. In less than two months the virus had infected 110 million Americans, killing more than half a million. The report issued at the conclusion of the exercise outlines the

government's limited capacity to respond to a pandemic, with federal agencies lacking the funds, coordination, and resources to facilitate an effective response to the virus.[9]

- As *True Pundit* reports:

> The Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation helped negotiate who would score a $100 billion government-backed contact tracing contract in August 2019—six months before the "pandemic" arrived in the United States and four months before it swept through China. The shocking revelations were unveiled on the *Thomas Paine Podcast* and the *Moore Paine Show* on Patreon by the two investigators who blew the whistle on the massive Clinton Foundation tax fraud during a Congressional hearing in 2018. John Moynihan and Larry Doyle testified in Congress, detailing the fraud and schemes utilized by the Clintons to avoid paying up to $2.5 BILLION in federal taxes.
>
> The investigative duo, in their first interview since that bombshell Congressional testimony, revealed to Paine that representatives from the Gates Foundation met with U.S. Congressman Bobby L. Rush at a sit-down in Rwanda, East Africa in mid-August 2019 to hash out who would score the windfall from a government contact tracing program. And just last month—nine months after the meetings with the Gates Foundation in Rwanda—Rush, a Democrat from Illinois, introduced the $100 BILLION H.R. 6666, the COVID-19 Testing, Reaching and Contacting Everyone (TRACE) Act.
>
> Rush's bill would establish a program run by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) for national coronavirus testing and contact tracing. Paine has since learned Congressman Rush traveled to Rwanda with his spouse from August 12th to 19th, 2019 to take part in talks and a week-long event underwritten by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. But how can you negotiate

> the byproducts of monitoring a pandemic six to seven months before the outbreak of the virus even happens?[10]

• In January 2020, Netflix released a three-episode documentary called *Pandemic*. Here is a transcript from the trailer (the voices are of various actors):

> A hundred years ago, a deadly influenza virus infected hundreds of millions of people. Somewhere in the order of 50 to 100 million deaths. When we talk about another flu pandemic happening, it's not a matter of if, but when.… This is definitely one of the most lethal influenza viruses that we have seen so far. It just takes one person to start an outbreak. It will leave its mark. The result would be hundreds of millions of people that would likely die. That's why I do what I do. We're making a vaccine that could treat all future versions of flu. This vaccine could eradicate influenza as we know it. The problem's so widespread, the World Health Organization is calling the refusal to vaccinate one of the biggest threats of 2019.… The virus can spread throughout the country; a month after that widespread throughout the world. The next pandemic is going to start; we just don't know where or how, but we know it will. That poses an existential threat to us as a species.[11]

• Before the outbreak, the Israeli firm MIGAL began working on a coronavirus vaccine. The *Jerusalem Post* reported in April 2020:

> Israeli scientists are on the cusp of developing the first vaccine against the novel coronavirus, according to Science and Technology Minister Ofir Akunis. If all goes as planned, the vaccine could be ready within a few weeks and available in 90 days, according to a release. (*Akunis made his statement at the end of February.*)
>
> "Our basic concept was to develop the technology and not specifically a vaccine for this kind or that kind of virus," said Dr. Chen Katz, MIGAL's biotechnology group leader.… "Let's

> call it pure luck," he said. "We decided to choose coronavirus as a model for our system just as a proof of concept for our technology."[12]

• Street demonstrations that had erupted around the world— in Hong Kong, France (the Yellow Vests), Chile, India, protests against 5G, etc., were conveniently halted by the COVID-19 lockdown. (Interestingly enough, it did *not* pose any barrier to the massive looting, arson and violence following the George Floyd incident—which furthered the economic distress caused by the lockdown.)

• For those who understand that the globalist New World Order is Luciferian, COVID-19 was timed so that it cancelled Easter services. Again, I believe this was the first time this had happened *globally* since Christianity was legalized in the 4th century

A.D. In October 2019, the British hard rock band "The Darkness" released an album entitled *Easter Is Cancelled*, certainly an interesting bit of predictive programming.

• The stock market bubble, generated by years of pumping fiat cash into the markets, finally and inevitably collapsed, with the Dow dropping from above 29,000 in February 2020 to below 19,000 in March. Unlike 2008, when bankers were blamed for the crash, COVID-19 conveniently became the scapegoat.

Collectively, there were too many "coincidences" and advance signals of the coming pandemic to dismiss as pure chance. If, then, COVID-19 is a bioweapon, it appears that it was strategically timed. And that means it, or a variation, could be strategically timed again, whenever desired.

The Rockefeller Foundation

Before leaving the subject of advance knowledge of the COVID crisis, note should be made of the Rockefeller Foundation, long notorious for using its tax-free assets to advance geopolitical agendas. In 2010, the Rockefeller Foundation published *Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development*. In several ways, the first scenario reads eerily similar to the COVID-19 outbreak:

In 2012, the pandemic that the world had been anticipating for years finally hit. Unlike 2009's H1N1, this new influenza strain—originating from wild geese—was extremely virulent and deadly. Even the most pandemic-prepared nations were quickly overwhelmed when the virus streaked around the world, infecting nearly 20 percent of the global population and killing 8 million in just seven months, the majority of them healthy young adults. The pandemic also had a deadly effect on economies: international mobility of both people and goods screeched to a halt, debilitating industries like tourism and breaking global supply chains. Even locally, normally bustling shops and office buildings sat empty for months, devoid of both employees and customers. The pandemic blanketed the planet—though disproportionate numbers died in Africa, Southeast Asia, and Central America, where the virus spread like wildfire in the absence of official containment protocols. But even in developed countries, containment was a challenge. The United States's initial policy of "strongly discouraging" citizens from flying proved deadly in its leniency, accelerating the spread of the virus not just within the U.S. but across borders. However, a few countries did fare better—China in particular. The Chinese government's quick imposition and enforcement of mandatory quarantine for all citizens, as well as its instant and near-hermetic sealing off of all borders, saved millions of lives, stopping the spread of the virus far earlier than in other countries and enabling a swifter post pandemic recovery.

China's government was not the only one that took extreme measures to protect its citizens from risk and exposure. During the pandemic, national leaders around the world flexed their authority and imposed airtight rules and restrictions, from the mandatory wearing of face masks to body-temperature checks at the entries to communal spaces like train stations and supermarkets. Even after the pandemic faded, this more authoritarian control and oversight of citizens and their activities stuck and even intensified. In order to protect

themselves from the spread of increasingly global problems—from pandemics and transnational terrorism to environmental crises and rising poverty— leaders around the world took a firmer grip on power.

At first, the notion of a more controlled world gained wide acceptance and approval. Citizens willingly gave up some of their sovereignty—and their privacy—to more paternalistic states in exchange for greater safety and stability. Citizens were more tolerant, and even eager, for top-down direction and oversight, and national leaders had more latitude to impose order in the ways they saw fit.[13]

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Chapter 16

THE 5G THEORY

Wuhan was China's rollout city for 5G, the 5th generation mobile network that, unlike previous wireless networks, will operate through millions of "small cells" that transmit over short distances. Another major hypothesis circulating in alternative media has been that 5G was the primary cause of the COVID-19 pandemic. YouTube has systematically deleted videos making this assertion. From one perspective, this may validate the videos, given YouTube's record of draconian censorship. On the other hand, there are responsible people in alternative media who argue against, or at least question, a 5G role. For example, activist and blogger Derrick Broze, an opponent of 5G, was interviewed on the *Corbett Report*. Broze did not see 5G as causing the COVID-19 crisis; he pointed out, for example, that he had lived in Houston, an America rollout city for 5G, and no one started having COVID-19 when 5G began there.[1] (However, as 5G operates at widely varying frequencies, and since the initial U.S. rollout was "soft," one could question if this was done so there would be no public alarm and the "frog could be boiled.")

Also, I received an email in April 2020 from 5G Crisis, a leading anti-5G activism website which I subscribe to. While affirming that harm from EMF (electromagnetic field) waves is undeniably well-documented, they asked subscribers to refrain from saying 5G was causing the pandemic—that there was no hard, evidence-based science for this, and that the assertion was causing ridicule of 5G opponents, making their work harder.

Nevertheless, there are responsible scholars who see a possible correlation between COVID and 5G. In February 2020, Dr. Ronald Kostoff of the Georgia Institute of Technology published a 1086-page paper on EMF dangers, *The Largest Unethical Medical Experiment in Human History*.[2] Appendix 5—starting on page 648—is "Potential Impact of Wireless Radiation Exposure on the Opioid Crisis and the Coronavirus

Pandemic." He questions if EMFs contributed to the pandemic by weakening the immune system.

Magda Havas, PhD, did a study showing that, in U.S. states with 5G, both the infection and death rates for COVID-19 were about double that of states without 5G.[3] Others who see a 5G link with COVID-19 include Thomas Cowan, MD, and Robert O. Young, PhD, both of whom YouTube has heavily censored. Cowan calls attention to the work of Arthur Firstenberg, whose book *The Invisible Rainbow* points out that past pandemics—in 1889 (Russian Flu), 1918 (Spanish Flu), 1957 (Asian Flu), and 1968 (Hong Kong Flu)—each corresponded with new electric/electromagnetic rollouts: electric power lines, radio, radar and satellites. He believes that the impact of these on the ionosphere—the Earth's electrical envelope—had negative ramifications for human health. Our nervous systems are, after all, largely electrical; and our bodies themselves, at the most basic level, consist of electrons, protons and neutrons. Firstenberg's book is well-researched and deserves a hearing. If he's right, then 5G's introduction, like previous rollouts, might indeed play a role in the current pandemic.

Shigeaki Hakusui, president of the Harmonix Corporation, wrote an article in 2001 on wireless radiation which states: "At the millimeter wave frequency of 60 GHz, the absorption is very high, with 98 percent of the transmitted energy absorbed by atmospheric oxygen."[4] Here is a graphic from that article:

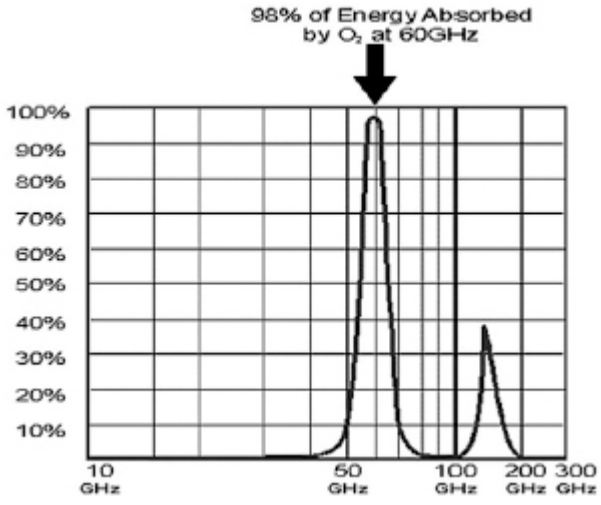

5G operates at frequencies as low as 450 megahertz, but can go to well above 60 gigahertz.[5] (1 gigahertz is a thousand times stronger than 1 megahertz.) One of the strangest things about the Wuhan outbreak: residents, who appeared healthy and were engaged in routine activities, were photographed suddenly dropping dead. This has led some to ask if they were unable to process oxygen due to directed electromagnetic blasts from Wuhan's network of approximately 10,000 5G antennas. As *Scientists for Wired Technology* has noted:

> The Department of Defense has developed a RF-EMR crowd-control weapon called the Active Denial System (ADS). The ADS works by firing a high-powered beam of 95 GHz waves at people—that is, a millimeter wavelength weapon—similar to millimeter waves being used for new 5G installations.[6]

During a Congressional hearing, representatives from the telecommunications industry admitted to Connecticut Senator Richard Blumenthal that no safety testing has ever been done on 5G. The exchange went viral and can be watched at (for example) "US Senator Blumenthal Raises Concerns on 5G Wireless Technology Health Risks at Senate Hearing," *Environmental Health Trust* channel, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ekNC0J3xx1w.

This complete lack of safety testing for 5G is rather shocking, given the abundant evidence of physical harm from the *less* intense 4G and Wi-Fi, a matter I addressed in an interview with wireless educator Cece Doucette.[7] Peer-reviewed scientific studies have linked wireless radiation to cancer, DNA damage, heart irregularities, lowered sperm counts, and many other health issues. For anyone looking for an introduction to wireless dangers, I recommend downloading the film *Generation Zapped*, winner of the Best Documentary at the 2018 D.C. Independent Film Festival; it includes compelling testimony from leading world scientists, doctors, and public health experts, as well as victims.

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CHAPTER 17

OTHER THEORIES ABOUT COVID-19

Additional explanations for COVID-19 have been advanced that I won't elaborate on at length:

• It is gener ally acknowledged in the scientific community that viruses are not technically living things, and there has long been some debate as to what they actually constitute. In a 38-minute video posted in March 2020, Andrew Kaufman, MD, articulates the view that what is being identified under electron microscopes as the COVID-19 virus is actually identical to *exosomes*—structures which eliminate toxins from cells. Such toxins, he says, could result from various sources, not excluding EMFs. The video may be seen at "A Breakdown on Current Testing Procedures," *Secrets of Saturn*, March 30, 2020, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X-r8Dy5mnYx8. Dr. Thomas Cowan, Dr. Robert O. Young, and Arthur Firstenberg, referenced in the preceding chapter on 5G, express an outlook on viruses very similar to Kaufman's.

• Dr. Stephanie Seneff, PhD, a Senior Research Scientist at MIT's Computer Science and Artificial Intelligence Laboratory, makes a case that the reason some people have such a lethal reaction to COVID-19 is exposure to the toxic Monsanto-produced pesticide glyphosate, both in their diet and by inhaling atmospheric glyphosate into their lungs (glyphosate is present in the biofuels increasingly used by vehicles to replace fossil fuels). Dr. Seneff 's paper is called "Connecting the Dots: Glyphosate and COVID-19," and may be read at https://jennifermargulis.net/glyphosate-and-covid-19-connection/.

• Zack Bush, MD, holding an outlook comparable to Seneff 's, points out that the worst-hit regions for COVID death were also areas with the worst air pollution—Wuhan, Northern Italy, New York City. He views lethal cases of COVID as not simply viral, but being caused by hypoxic injury, comparable to cyanide poisoning, and principally aggravated by

exposure to air pollutants—including the airborne glyphosate Seneff alludes to. Bush has elaborated his view in a number of interviews—see, e.g., "Doctor Who Predicted COVID-19 Answers All," *The HighWire with Del Bigtree*, May 8, 2020, https://www.facebook.com/HighWireTalk/videos/783415185521346/.

• Finally, why are antibiotics helping COVID-19 victims, but not antiviral medications? Lawrence Broxmeyer, MD, has written an article for the magazine *Nexus*, proposing that the coronavirus acts as a "passenger virus" for a deadlier lung disease—tuberculosis. Broxmeyer's article, "Questions Raised by the 'New' Coronavirus," may be read at https://www.academia.edu/42205426/Questions_raised_by_the_new_coronavirus.

PART FOUR

THE DEEP STATE'S END-GAME

Chapter 18

POPULATION REDUCTION

The globalist oligarchs have an agenda of population reduction. CNN founder Ted Turner has said: "A total world population of 250-300 million people, a 95 percent decline from present levels, would be ideal."[1] Robert McNamara, former President of the World Bank, calling population growth "the gravest issue the world faces," stated, "Either the current birthrate must come down more quickly, or the current death rates must go up."[2] Zbigniew Brzezinski, long-time architect of U.S. foreign policy, said: "In earlier times it was easier to control a million people, literally, than physically to kill a million people. Today it is infinitely easier to kill a million people than to control a million people."[3] Perhaps most telling for COVID-19 is Prince Philip's remark made in 1988: "In the event that I am reincarnated, I would like to return as a deadly virus in order to contribute something to solve overpopulation."4 These quotes are just a tiny sampling of what can be found out there by looking on search engines for "population control quotes."

In April 2020, former Russian intelligence officer Vladimir Kvachkov gave a televised interview commenting on the population control agenda associated with COVID-19. He also addressed other aspects of the crisis which I find relevant enough to include here. Translated from the Russian:

> **Kvachkov**: The coronavirus phenomenon, that they falsely deem a pandemic, needs to be examined from the perspective of global powers—religious, political, financial, economic and national. The coronavirus phenomenon, the so-called pandemic—and let me tell you, there's no pandemic, it's all a lie—needs to be considered as a global, strategic special operation. This is exactly how you need to think of this thing. These are command and staff exercises of the world's behind-the-scenes

powers on controlling humanity. That is what the goal of this coronavirus is.

I'll repeat it once again, we have little faith in God and even less in the existence of Satan, the enemy of the human race. So, the aim of the behind-the-scenes Zionist and financial powers is reducing the world's population. It's their *idée fixe*. They think there's too many of us ordinary people in the world. There should be around 100 million of their own kind and a maximum of 1 billion people on Earth to serve them. Then they'll be living in abundance here on Earth. Because, us the people, the earthlings—there's too many of us for the behind-the-scenes world powers.

This is why the coronavirus and the financial crisis that has emerged almost immediately—they're inextricably tied to one another. The aim is to stop people's movement around the world, to curtail political freedoms.… The first attempt to take away those rights from people happened on September 11, 2001. Not many seem to remember that, after the so-called attack on the WTC towers, Pentagon and the White House [Kvachkov apparently refers here to the presumed target of Flight 93 which crashed in Pennsylvania] in the USA, the global war on terrorism was declared.… The behind-the-scenes powers created the events of September 11, 2001.

Now they need another excuse for greater control and takeover of humanity. That's how they came up with the coronavirus. Basically, to put it this way, it's not a pandemic, not an epidemic. Even now, I literally looked at the data this morning. 300 people in the world die from it daily. You can imagine what kind of scale this is. Of course, I'm sorry about each person who dies, but 300 people across 7.5 billion people —that's basically nothing.…

Once again, these are command and staff exercises of the behind-the-scenes Zionist and financial liberal world powers with the aim of limiting the political rights that people are basically accustomed to having. Especially in Western Europe.

That's their second goal. The first goal is to reduce the population numbers on Earth. That's their satanic goal. The second, political goal of the behind-the scenes world powers is to seize power, and the third goal is related to finances and power over the economy.

Now is a very important moment. Note, it allegedly started in China. Even though the Chinese are now adamant and report that the coronavirus was created artificially. It has an artificial origin—it's been proven scientifically already. Of course, in every virus, seeing that it's the simplest kind of microorganism —as far as I remember—mutations can happen, but they're of an accidental nature. And when you take the RNA molecule, not DNA—they have RNA—and there's a part of the genome that's clearly been carved out and another one inserted in its place— and this happens three or four times. It is perfectly obvious that the Chinese scientists have figured this out—it was artificially created and purposely spread—initially in Wuhan.…

Accordingly, we as military intelligence, look at "who?"—it is obvious; and "where?"—it is also obvious. Europe and China are two geo-economic adversaries of the USA.…

Interviewer: Of course, we would like to hear your opinion regarding a practical plan of action, how to act, how to protect oneself, some recommendations. Maybe it's not your field of expertise, but maybe you could tell us something.

Kvachkov: I'm, of course, no epidemiologist. Although, you could say I'm a parasitologist, because you have to be one in order to understand the power structures in Russia. So, I'm speaking as a *military* doctor—epidemiologist and parasitologist. Until we're able to get rid of our internal parasites who rule over us, we won't be able to tackle other parasites.[5]

The response to COVID encouraged population reduction in ways that may not be obvious at first glance. The wearing of masks, enforced social distancing, the closing of restaurants and movie theaters—these prevent young men and women from meeting, dating, and beginning the normal types of relationship that leads to marriage and family.

But a very fundamental method of population control is mandatory vaccination. Quoting James Corbett:

> In its 1968 annual report, the Rockefeller Foundation addressed the "Problems of Population," lamenting that "[v]ery little work is in progress on immunological methods, such as vaccines, to reduce fertility, and much more research is required if a solution is to be found here." . . . The Rockefeller's Population Council and other research organizations joined with the World Health Organization (WHO) in 1972 to create a Task Force on Vaccines for Fertility Regulation. By 1995, they were able to report progress in "developing a prototype of an anti-hCG-vaccine."[6]

(hCG stands for human chorionic gonadotropin, a hormone that supports development of an egg in a woman's ovary, and its release during ovulation.)

But as we will see in the next chapter, there is one individual in particular who has come to symbolize the fusion of COVID-19 with vaccines and population control.

NOTES

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CHAPTER 19

BILL GATES

As Bill Gates seems to have emerged as the unofficial "director" of the planet's response to COVID-19, we should know something about his background, besides being Microsoft's co-founder.

• His father, William H. Gates, Jr. was a director of Planned Parenthood,[1] the largest provider of abortions in the U.S.

• Gates was friends with the notorious pedophile Jeffery Epstein, and according to the *New York Times*, met with him many times, even after Epstein was convicted of sex crimes.[2]

• The Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation—America's largest foundation with assets of $46.8 billion—bought half a million shares of Monsanto,[3] infamous for spreading carcinogenic glyphosate across the planet, as well as replacing natural foods with GMOs. The Foundation is also heavily invested in 5G, having purchased 5.3 million shares of Crown Castle International, a major provider of 5G infrastructure.[4]

• In 2018, Britain's *The Telegraph* reported:

> A satellite company planning to launch a $1bn (£700m) network of satellites to provide "live and unfiltered" coverage of the Earth has been backed by former Microsoft chief executive Bill Gates and Japanese tech giant Softbank. The tech leaders are backing EarthNow, which plans to launch 500 satellites to cover Earth's atmosphere in video surveillance and provide live video feedback with only one second of delay.[5]

• In 2019 the *Daily Mail* related:

> Could dimming the sun save the Earth? Bill Gates wants to spray millions of tonnes of dust into the stratosphere to stop

> global warming . . . but critics fear it could trigger calamity.… This is not the crackpot plan of a garden-shed inventor. The project is being funded by billionaire and Microsoft founder Bill Gates and pioneered by scientists at Harvard University.[6]

• Gates is also investing in lab-grown meat to replace the meat we consume. Quoting CNBC:

> Bill Gates has invested in lab-grown meat companies, as has Richard Branson. "Raising meat takes a great deal of land and water and has a substantial environmental impact," Gates wrote on his personal blog, Gatesnotes.com, a few years ago. "Put simply, there's no way to produce enough meat for 9 billion people. Yet we can't ask everyone to become vegetarians. That's why we need more options for producing meat without depleting our resources."[7]

• Gates is even investing in artificial breast milk. *The Science Times* reported in 2020:

> A new and better breast milk alternative has arrived, and it claims to be helpful for the environment as well. The U.S. firm, BIOMILQ, is artificially producing human breast milk from cultured human mammary epithelial cells to be commercially available to consumers. The start-up company has received $3.5 million from an investment fund that is co-founded by Bill Gates, Jeff Bezos, Richard Branson, and Mark Zuckerberg. The fund was established to help prevent the ill effects of climate change brought about by carbon emissions.[8]

From sunlight to food to the human body, Bill Gates wants to replace the natural with the artificial. What's not to love?

• Gates has attended the Bilderberg Group,[9] the shadowy power brokers who meet annually to privately set global public policy. They are described in detail in Daniel Estulin's book *The True Story of the Bilderberg Group*.

• In 2020, Microsoft featured a commercial by the occult "spirit-cooking" artist Marina Abramović, notorious for her cannibalistic art, but was forced to pull it after it received over 25,000 "thumbs down."[10]

• With millions of people impoverished by the lockdown, some wondered why Gates—whose net worth is over $100 billion—was inappropriately beaming and giggling when CNN's Fareed Zakaria told him "The economy's not going to be anything like it was, it's going to take a long time to recover."[11]

• But most relevant to our COVID-19 discussion is Bill Gates's role as a eugenicist. As James Corbett notes:

> And perhaps it was coincidence that the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation organized their London Summit on Family Planning, at which the Gates recommitted themselves to funding population control in the third world, in July 2012, on the anniversary of the First International Eugenics Congress, held in London exactly 100 years prior."[12]

In a 2010 Ted Talk, Gates stated:

> The world today has 6.8 billion people. That's headed up to about nine billion. Now, if we do a really great job on new vaccines, health care, reproductive health services, we could lower that by, perhaps, 10 or 15 percent.[13]

In his Instagram post of April 9, 2020, Robert F. Kennedy, Jr., nephew of President John F. Kennedy, enumerated many examples of the catastrophes caused by Gates-funded vaccines. Quoting him just partially:

> Gates' obsession with vaccines seems fueled by a messianic conviction that he is ordained to save the world with technology and a god-like willingness to experiment with the lives of lesser humans.
>
> Promising to eradicate polio with $1.2 billion, Gates took control of India's National Advisory Board and mandated 50 polio vaccines (up from 5) to every child before age 5. Indian

> doctors blame the Gates campaign for a devastating vaccine-strain polio epidemic that paralyzed 496,000 children. In 2017, the Indian Government dialed back Gates' vaccine regimen and evicted Gates and his cronies from the NAB. Polio paralysis rates dropped precipitously.…
>
> In 2010, the Gates Foundation funded a trial of a GSK's experimental malaria vaccine, killing 151 African infants and causing serious adverse effects including paralysis, seizure, and febrile convulsions to 1,048 of the 5,049 children.…
>
> In 2010, Gates committed $10 billion to the WHO promising to reduce population, in part, through new vaccines. In 2014, Kenya's Catholic Doctors Association accused the WHO of chemically sterilizing millions of unwilling Kenyan women with a phony "tetanus" vaccine campaign.
>
> Independent labs found the sterility formula in every vaccine tested.
>
> After denying the charges, WHO finally admitted it had been developing the sterility vaccines for over a decade.…
>
> A 2017 study (Morgensen et al., 2017) showed that WHO's popular DTP is killing more Africans than the disease it pretends to prevent. Vaccinated girls suffered 10x the death rate of unvaccinated children. Gates and the WHO refused to recall the lethal vaccine, which WHO forces upon millions of African children annually.…
>
> Gates appears gleeful that the COVID-19 crisis will give him the opportunity to force his third-world vaccine programs on American children.[14]

To amplify, the sterility formula discovered in the African vaccines prevented women from secreting the hormone hCG—the very approach to vaccine-induced sterility that the Rockefellersupported Task Force on Vaccines for Fertility Regulation was developing in the 1990s (mentioned at the end of the preceding chapter).

• For those who'd like more on Gates's background, including some of the mythology surrounding Microsoft's beginnings, in 2020 James Corbett produced a highly informative, scrupulously documented four-part series, *Who Is Bill Gates?*, https://www.corbettreport.com/gates/.

Gates is now at the helm of the "vaccine response" to COVID-19. As we've noted, he helped fund the Event 201 simulation that took place six weeks before the Wuhan outbreak.

How do we know he's not sincere? Personally, I've never seen Gates make any recommendations like building up one's immune system, eating right, taking vitamins C and D, getting fresh air and exercise, etc.—for him, the only answer to COVID-19 seems to be injection by syringe. Since Gates is supposed to be an entrepreneur, it's also noteworthy that his solution to "overpopulation" is *less people*—rather than coming up with innovations, such as making more use of arable land, raising (healthy) crops, housing development, etc.

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Chapter 20

DEEP STATE GOAL #1: GLOBAL VACCINES

Now let's examine the objectives behind the COVID-19 pandemic.

Bill Gates told Chris Wallace of Fox News: "It is fair to say things won't go back to truly normal until we have a vaccine that we've gotten out to basically the entire world."[1] He told CNBC's Becky Quick: "We're gonna have this intermediate period of opening up, and it won't be normal until we get a vaccine to the entire world."[2] He also told *The Daily Show* that he is funding seven "factories" to develop a vaccine for the coronavirus.[3]

Given the global track record of death, paralysis and sterility that Gates's vaccines have caused (enumerated by Robert F. Kennedy, Jr.) and his openly expressed desire *to reduce world population*, would anyone trust a Bill Gates vaccine?

On May 14, 2020, President Trump, stating he was confident a COVID-19 vaccine would be ready by the end of 2020, said "Our military is now being mobilized so at the end of the year, we're going to be able to give it to a lot of people very, very rapidly."[4]

CNBC reported on May 22:

> Secretary of Defense Mark Esper doubled down on Friday by saying the Pentagon will meet an aggressive timeline to have a coronavirus vaccine by the end of the year, a deadline doubted by leading health officials.
>
> "You know, our medical experts, our researchers have been working on this vaccine now, and therapeutics and diagnostics for a few months," Esper explained on NBC's "TODAY." "We've been ahead of the curve and in the fight from day one, and this is the next phase of this battle, and we will deliver on

> time the vaccines," he added, saying he was "completely confident" that the Pentagon will deliver.
>
> Esper downplayed characterizations made by health officials that a vaccine within the year would be "aspirational."[5]

One cannot but wonder at this bizarre transformation of the Defense Department (DOD) from a military institution to a vaccine delivery system. On May 12, the DOD announced it had awarded a $138 million contract to ApiJect Systems America "to create a U.S.-based, high-speed supply chain for prefilled syringes beginning later this year . . . suitable for combatting COVID-19."[6]

A commercial for RAPID USA, an ApiJect subsidiary, includes some surprising details. Jay Walker, RAPID's chairman, narrates it:

> Today the world is battling a global pandemic and there's plenty of work to do. Some needs are obvious, like developing medicines and vaccines. Some needs are less obvious, like finding a faster way to put those medicines and vaccines into small glass vials, so every person in America can quickly get vaccinated.…
>
> America has 330 million people, all of whom will likely need two to four injections. That means packaging between 660 million and 1.3 billion doses of a vaccine, which requires an enormous number of glass vials and syringes. We have some of those glass vials and syringes in stockpiles, but not nearly enough.…
>
> These obstacles explain why America's Assistant Secretary for Preparedness and Response and the Strategic National Stockpile, both part of the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, have teamed up with a U.S. company called ApiJect Systems America, to help package hundreds of millions of doses of vaccines and therapeutics fast. The partnership is called the RAPID Consortium. RAPID will build U.S.-based facilities to make a new kind of plastic prefilled

> syringe at extraordinary speed. These facilities will make enough prefilled syringes to inject every man, woman and child in America with just the right dose 30 days after a vaccine becomes available. Plus every prefilled syringe can have an RFID chip. This will allow healthcare workers to use their mobile phones to automatically capture where and when every injection takes place.…[7]

Since RAPID is not a health care or pharmaceutical company, but a syringe manufacturer, one wonders how Walker is so certain that "every man, woman and child in America" will be injected, probably with "two to four doses" of a vaccine that has not even been developed yet. The inclusion of RFID chips (which are displayed in the commercial), add to the Orwellian dimensions.

Canada has also hopped on the syringe bandwagon. The *Toronto Star* reported on June 2:

> Canada is gearing up for an eventual COVID-19 vaccine, having inked a contract to buy 37 million syringes—roughly enough to deliver shots to the country's entire population.[8]

As to the vaccine itself, the *New York Times* reported on June 3: "The Trump administration has selected five companies as the most likely candidates to produce a vaccine for the coronavirus, senior officials said, a critical step in the White House's effort to deliver on its promise of being able to start widespread inoculation of Americans by the end of the year."[9] The five finalists: AstraZeneca, Merck, Pfizer, Johnson & Johnson and Moderna.

The Trump administration is not merely naming favored COVID vaccine developers, but pouring U.S. tax dollars into them. *Reuters* reported in May that "the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services (HHS) agreed to provide up to $1.2 billion to accelerate British drugmaker AstraZeneca's vaccine development and secure 300 million doses for the United States."[10]

On June 8, *Market Watch* reported:

> British drugmaker AstraZeneca has started manufacturing the University of Oxford's potential coronavirus vaccine ahead of trial results and has doubled its capacity to two billion doses. Chief Executive Pascal Soriot said the company wasn't going to wait for clinical results, which it expected to have in August, and had begun manufacturing the experimental vaccine. The pharmaceutical giant, AZN, which has already agreed to provide the U.K. and the U.S. with doses, said it has secured agreements to supply the vaccine to low and middle-income countries through health organizations, including two backed by Microsoft co-founder Bill Gates.[11]

Who ever heard of a company mass-producing a product without even knowing if it works or not? Of course, when gifted with more than a billion taxpayer dollars, risks are easier to take.

Of the five corporate contenders, only one is small and young: Massachusetts-based Moderna Therapeutics. *Bloomberg* reported on April 16: "Moderna Inc. shares rose as much as 21% after the company said the U.S. government has agreed to pay as much as $483 million for the company to develop and test its COVID-19 vaccine now in an initial clinical trial."[12] The Gates Foundation had already pledged up to $100 million to Moderna.[13] As *New Eastern Outlook* reported: "Moderna's other partner is the US National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), a part of the National Institutes of Health (NIH). Head of NIAID is Dr. Anthony Fauci, the person at the center of the Trump Administration virus emergency response."[14]

On May 15, Moncef Slaoui resigned from Moderna's board to become White House director of Operation Warp Speed—the plan to fast-track a COVID vaccine. As Slaoui owned 156,000 stock options in Moderna, this reeked of conflict of interest. Just three days later (May 18) Moderna made headlines with its announcement[15] of preliminary positive test results for its COVID vaccine, and its stock jumped another 15 percent, increasing the value of Slaouis' holdings by $3 million. However, the conflict was too glaring even for mainstream media to ignore, and Slaoui promised to divest himself of his financial interest in Moderna.[16]

Furthermore, Moderna's press release was less impressive once analyzed. As *STAT* noted:

> While Moderna blitzed the media, it revealed very little information—and most of what it did disclose were words, not data.… Even the figures the company did release don't mean much on their own, because critical information—effectively the key to interpreting them—was withheld.… The company's statement led with the fact that all 45 subjects … developed binding antibodies. Later, the statement indicated that eight volunteers … developed neutralizing antibodies. Of the two types, these are the ones you'd really want to see. We don't know results from the other 37 trial participants.… Moderna disclosed the findings from eight subjects because that's all it had at that point.[17]

And as *Need to Know* reports:

> Ian Haydon was one of 15 volunteer test subjects for Moderna's experimental COVID vaccine, and he said that less than 12 hours after vaccination, he suffered muscle aches, vomiting, spiked a 103.2 degree fever, and lost consciousness. Moderna's press release revealed that within 45 days, three volunteers, a shocking 20%, experienced "serious" adverse events and required hospitalization or medical intervention. Moderna let Haydon believe the illness was just a sad coincidence unrelated to the jab. Moderna never told Haydon he was suffering an Adverse Event. On May 7th, he told Sanjay Gupta about his reactions in a pre-interview. The two men agreed to keep this bad news secret when he went on air, which means they lied to the public. Dr. Fauci and Bill Gates are proceeding with their plan to funnel half a billion taxpayer dollars into their project with business partner Moderna to create 30 million doses by November and two billion within a year.[18]

A concern for many is whether or not the COVID vaccine will be mandatory. Associated Press provided a hint in a June 26 news story: "University of Tennessee students will have to get their flu shot this fall and also be immunized for COVID-19 if a vaccine becomes available under an emergency rule unanimously approved Friday by the university's Board of Trustees."[19]

In a May 16 interview with Jason Goodman of *Crowdsource the Truth*, famed attorney Alan Dershowitz—whose clients have included Jeffrey Epstein and Harvey Weinstein—expressed his view:

> **Dershowitz**: Let me put it very clearly: You have no constitutional right to endanger the public and spread the disease, even if you disagree. You have no right not to be vaccinated. You have no right not to wear a mask, you have no right to open up your business.
>
> **Goodman**: Wait, can I stop you?—no right not to be vaccinated, meaning if they decide you have to be vaccinated, we have to be vaccinated?
>
> **Dershowitz**: Absolutely, and if you refuse to be vaccinated, the state has the power to literally take you to a doctor's office and plunge a needle into your arm, if the . . .
>
> **Goodman**: Where is that in the constitution?
>
> **Dershowitz**: . . . if the vaccination is designed to prevent the spreading disease. If the vaccination is only to prevent a disease that *you* will get—for example, if there's a disease that will kill you—you have the right to refuse that, but you have no right to refuse to be vaccinated against a contagious disease. Public Health, the police power of the Constitution, gives the state the power to compel that, and there are cases in the United States Supreme Court.[20]

Dershowitz's comments won him no fans among civil libertarians, but may have previewed for us the legal pretexts that might be used for a mandatory COVID vaccine. The formula for coercion may quickly move from "You're selfish if don't wear a mask" to "You're selfish if you refuse a vaccine." The Nuremburg Code states: "The voluntary consent of the human subject is absolutely essential." That code applied specifically to medical experiments, but a vaccine developed at "warp speed" will certainly become an experiment on the nation and world. It sounds like we're going to need "red-pilled" attorneys to band together and mount legal challenges to compulsory COVID-19 vaccinations.

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CHAPTER 21

EIGHT REASONS WHY WE DON'T NEED A COVID VACCINE

Let's examine *why* we don't need the coronavirus vaccine Bill Gates clamors for.

(1) According to the Stanford University study we cited previously, the actual death rate for COVID-19 is 0.12 to 0.2 percent.[1] That would make the survival rate at least 99.8 percent. On May 22, even the CDC—which as we have seen, has relied on inflated mortality statistics—reduced its estimated death rate from COVID to 0.26 percent, meaning a survival rate of 99.74 percent.[2]

Why should everyone be forced to take a COVID vaccine, when 99.74 percent (or more) have strong enough immune systems to defeat the disease on their own? For those who *can't* beat it on their own, doctors are already having excellent success with the anti-malarial drug hydroxychloroquine (a derivative of chloroquine) in combination with zinc. So many efforts have been made to suppress this medication that we will devote the next chapter to it.

(2) Another reason why no COVID vaccine is needed is described by Dr. Stefano Montanari, the Italian nano-pathologist, who says:

> The major issue at stake is, or are, the vaccines. The regime that now encompasses the world will force the world to vaccinate–that is to vaccinate with and against a virus that does not give immunity, as this (the coronavirus) is the case.
>
> If 50 years ago, at my exam of pharmacology, I had told my examining professor–who was one of the most knowledgeable pharmacologists of the time–something like that, I would have

> been thrown out of the door. For only an incompetent can imagine a vaccine against a virus that does not give immunity and has no chance of being effective. We are talking about a virus that mutates at very fast speed, and we cannot possibly run after it (its mutations).
>
> It's a virus somehow similar to the cold virus, whose family it belongs to. You can't vaccinate against the common cold because the common cold does not give immunity. In the course of a life, a person can have a cold 200 times, and at no time will that cold give immunity (against the next). It is a colossal fraud. We are close to 8 billion people forced to be vaccinated and it will be an unimaginably enormous business.[3]

To paraphrase: if—as the mainstream media claims— COVID-19 is just a naturally occurring mutation of the coronavirus, a vaccine won't work. Why? Because the coronaviruses—a cause of the common cold—keep mutating into something new; this is why we never get immune to them, and why no one ever developed a vaccine for the common cold. If a COVID-19 vaccine is manufactured, the virus would presumably mutate into something else—meaning the vaccine would become worthless against new variants later on, but you'd still have the vaccine's toxins in your body.

(3) Related to the foregoing point, cold and flu viruses typically run their course and disappear from the scene (to be replaced in the future by mutant varieties). Some authorities believe COVID is doing exactly that—running its course. Sunetra Gupta, Professor of Theoretical Epidemiology at Oxford University, said in a May 21, 2020 interview with *Unherd*: "I think that the epidemic has largely come and is on its way out in this country."[4]

On May 31, *Reuters* reported of Italy:

> "In reality, the virus clinically no longer exists in Italy," said Alberto Zangrillo, the head of the San Raffaele Hospital in Milan in the northern region of Lombardy, which has borne the brunt of Italy's coronavirus contagion. "The swabs that were performed over the last 10 days showed a viral load in quantitative terms that was absolutely infinitesimal compared

> to the ones carried out a month or two months ago," he told RAI television.[5]

Beda M, Stadler, former director of the Institute for Immunology at the University of Bern, wrote in June:

> Sars-Cov-2 isn't all that new, but merely a seasonal cold virus that mutated and disappears in summer, as all cold viri do—which is what we're observing globally right now.… The virus is gone for now. It will probably come back in winter, but it won't be a second wave, but just a cold.[6]

Former Congressman and Presidential candidate Ron Paul, himself a physician, explains that when American death rates dropped, the media switched to "cases":

> For months, the *Washington Post* and the rest of the mainstream media kept a morbid COVID-19 "death count" on their front pages and at the top of their news broadcasts. The coronavirus outbreak was all about the number of dead. The narrative was intended to boost governors like Cuomo in New York and Whitmer in Michigan, who turned their states authoritarian under the false notion that destroying people's jobs, freedom, and lives would somehow keep a virus from doing what viruses always do: spread through a population until eventually losing strength and dying out. The "death count" was always the headline.
>
> But then all of a sudden early in June the mainstream media did a George Orwell and lectured us that it is all about "cases" and has always been all about "cases." Death, and especially infection fatality rate, were irrelevant. Why? Because from the peak in April, deaths had decreased by 90 percent and were continuing to crash. That was not terrifying enough, so the media pretended this good news did not exist.
>
> With massive increases in testing, the "case" numbers climbed. This is not rocket science: the more people you test

> the more "cases" you discover. Unfortunately our mainstream media is only interested in pushing the "party line." So the good news that millions more have been exposed while the fatality rate continues to decline—meaning the virus is getting weaker—is buried under hysterical false reporting of "new cases."
>
> Unfortunately many governors, including our own here in Texas, are incapable of resisting the endless lies of the mainstream media. They are putting Americans again through the nightmare of forced business closures, mandated face masks, and restrictions of Constitutional liberties based on false propaganda.
>
> In Texas the "second wave" propaganda has gotten so bad that the leaders of the four major hospitals in Houston took the extraordinary step late last week of holding a joint press conference to clarify that the scare stories of Houston hospitals being overwhelmed with COVID cases are simply untrue. Dr. Marc Boom of Houston Methodist said the reporting on hospital capacity is misleading. He said, "quite frankly, we're concerned that there is a level of alarm in the community that is unwarranted right now."
>
> In fact, there has been much reporting that the "spike" in Texas cases is not due to a resurgence of the virus but to hospital practices of COVID-testing every patient coming in for any procedure at all. If it's a positive, well that counts as a "COVID hospitalization." Why would hospitals be so dishonest in their diagnoses? Billions of appropriated Federal dollars are being funneled to facilities based on the number of "COVID cases" they can produce. As I've always said, if you subsidize something, you get more of it. And that's why we are getting more COVID cases.[7]

If these doctors are right, and COVID-19 is disappearing, then the media will have a hard time keeping panic going, there should be no need

for a vaccine months down the road, nor is there any point in developing one.

(4) Countries like China and South Korea have already "flattened the curve" on COVID-19 *without a vaccine*. Nations like Taiwan and Sweden have done it without even locking down their economies. (As of July 12, Taiwan, with a dense population of 24 million, had only suffered seven COVID deaths.[8]) This, too, proves no vaccine is necessary.

Of course, if—as we have previously seen scientists conclude—COVID-19 is a bioweapon, then possibly whoever engineered it will also continue dispersing it, or variants of it, around the world, creating the illusion that the pandemic is never-ending.

(5) Dr. Richard Bartlett of Odessa, Texas, has been an emergency physician for 28 years and served on Governor Rick Perry's Health Disparities Task Force. In a July interview on *America Can We Talk?*, Bartlett explained that a major reason nations like Japan, Taiwan and Singapore were having such low COVID death rates was their practice of administering inhaled steroids. Bartlett reported having outstanding success with the same approach, using the inexpensive medication Budesonide, given twice daily by nebulizer. "It's an asthma medicine," he said, "it's a respiratory anti-inflammatory for COVID—which is a respiratory inflammatory disease. And it works, A hundred percent of my patients are alive. I've been treating this since March." Bartlett said that Dr. Fauci's NIH had begun trials on Budesonide, but that it was "set up for failure" by only administering it to patients in the late stages of the disease—in ICUs and on ventilators.[9]

(6) Researchers at Northwestern University have found vitamin D may protect against death from the disease. The *Daily Northwestern* reported:

> A group of Northwestern researchers have recently found a strong correlation between severe vitamin D deficiency and COVID-19 mortality rates. According to a University release, the researchers studied publicly-available global data from the COVID-19 pandemic and observed that patients from countries with high COVID-19 mortality rates had lower levels of vitamin D compared to those from countries that were not

> affected as severely.… They also discovered a strong correlation between vitamin D levels and cytokine storm, a hyperinflammatory condition caused by an overactive immune system.[10]

(7) Many of the COVID vaccines being developed are taking us into uncharted territory: genetic vaccines. Companies like Inovio are working on DNA vaccines, while Moderna and Pfizer are developing messenger RNA (mRNA) vaccines. These would work by delivering genetic instructions for making a protein, which would then stimulate the immune system to make antibodies that would fight COVID-19. In other words, they would, however slightly, modify your genetic makeup. As Jon Rappoport of *No More Fake News*—one of the best bloggers on the COVID-19 crisis—says: "RNA vaccines and the technology they use are entirely experimental.… What in the world could possibly go wrong?"[11] No RNA or DNA vaccine has ever been approved for humans before. Why would we want one developed at "warp speed" and then delivered to everyone on the planet without adequate long-term safety testing? We must bear in mind that thanks to the Vaccine Injury Act of 1986, the public cannot sue vaccine manufacturers for injury or death caused by their products. The afflicted parties must go to "Vaccine Court," and if able to prove their claim, are compensated by the Americans taxpayers. Thus vaccine manufacturers have little incentive to make their vaccines safe, since they produce them without risk of liability.

Tal Zaks, chief medical officer of the Gates-backed Moderna, is a former medic in the Israeli Defense Force (IDF). In a TED Talk, he described his company's products as "actually hacking the software of life."[12] As of publication of this book, Moderna had never produced a successful vaccine or brought a single product to market. Yet Zaks has said he is confident that Moderna will be able to produce a billion doses of a COVID vaccine in 2021.[13]

Here is a warning from Carrie Madej, MD:

> [W]hat if our DNA, our genome, is modified and thus can be patented and owned? This is not a sci-fi movie or a future

> event, this is right now today. This is called recombinant DNA and recombinant RNA technology, and this is what is proposed for COVID-19 vaccines. The coronavirus COVID-19 vaccines are designed to make us into genetically modified organisms; that is the same lingo and terminology used for Monsanto seeds. The frontrunners for this recombinant DNA technology are Inovio, which is backed by the Gates Foundation, GlaxoSmithKline and Sanofi. Also Moderna is in there too now, but that's also Gates-backed. I will add that this type of DNA vaccine has never been used on humans before.… They are now proposing to take something we've never used and to inject it into everyone.
>
> Vaccine trials are being fast-tracked at a level and a rate that I have never seen in my life, nor did I ever expect to see this. They are skipping over the animal trials, going directly to human trials. They are not using good scientific methodology at all; they have no randomized placebo-controlled trials for any vaccine, which is the gold standard for any therapy to be approved by the FDA. They're not following any sound scientific protocol to make sure this is safe for us, to make sure it would work for us, to know anything about it, and they want to inject it into everybody.…
>
> The recombinant RNA, recombinant DNA technology would cause permanent and unknown genetic changes in a person's body—permanent. Once their DNA has changed, he or she will live with that change for the rest of their lives. And also the ripple effects from that genetic change—who knows what they could be for the rest of his or her life? There's no going back.[14]

(8) Cytokine storm—the deadly auto-immune response that afflicts a small number of COVID victims—has actually resulted from experimental vaccines in the past. In a guest appearance on *Joni Table Talk*, Robert F. Kennedy, Jr. stated:

Governments have been trying for almost 30 years to develop a coronavirus vaccine and it's been unsuccessful. And beginning in 2002, there were three outbreaks of coronavirus—we called them SARS at that point and MERS. The first SARS was a natural illness that jumped from a bat to human beings. The second two were lab-created that had escaped and infected human beings. And so the government of China and a consortium of Western governments all got together and put millions and millions of dollars into an effort to develop a coronavirus vaccine. And between 2002 and 2014, they worked very hard to do that. And what happened is, they developed about 35 vaccines. and four of them were really promising. They chose the four most promising and they gave them to ferrets, which is the animal that is most analogous to human beings when it comes to upper lung respiratory infections. The ferrets had a brilliant, robust and durable antibody response. But then something horrible happened. When those ferrets were challenged—when they were exposed to the *wild* virus—they got horribly sick, they got inflammation throughout their bodies and they died.

And the scientists remembered that something very similar had happened in 1960s, where they had developed a vaccine for RSV, which is very similar to coronavirus; it's an upper respiratory infection ailment. They had skipped the animals and given them directly to 35 children, and the children again had developed a very robust antibody response. But when those children were exposed to the wild virus, they got very, very sick—much sicker than unvaccinated children. Two of those kids had died; it was a scandal. And they realized when the same thing happened with the ferrets, that there was something that they called enhanced immune response; it's also called pathogenic priming. And what it means is when you get the vaccine, it appears that you have an antibody response, but when you actually encounter the wild virus, you become much

> sicker and it actually creates a pathway that hurts you a lot more than with unvaccinated people.
>
> So this was 2012. In 2014, NIH under Fauci developed a dengue vaccine which had some signals in it that there was pathogenic priming. In other words, in the clinical trials they saw some signs that you could get an antibody response, but get much sicker when you were exposed. But they ignored them. They gave it to the Philippines, and they gave hundreds of thousands of children this vaccine, and when the dengue came around, those children became horribly ill and 600 of them died. And in the Philippines today, people are being criminally prosecuted for that.
>
> So the danger with the coronavirus vaccine is that you really need to test it on animals first to make sure whatever the vaccine is, that we don't get that really great immune response, followed by lethal infections. And it's very very strange to me, and seems almost criminally reckless, that Anthony Fauci is allowing these companies to skip animal trials and to go directly to human trials.[15]

Here is the abstract of the official report from the National Institutes of Health:

> Severe acute respiratory syndrome (SARS) emerged in China in 2002 and spread to other countries before brought under control. Because of a concern for reemergence or a deliberate release of the SARS coronavirus, vaccine development was initiated. Evaluations of an inactivated whole virus vaccine in ferrets and nonhuman primates and a virus-like-particle vaccine in mice induced protection against infection but challenged animals exhibited an immunopathologic-type lung disease.[16]

The question must therefore be raised if a vaccine for COVID-19 might result in a similar deadly outcome: robust antibody reaction, followed by extreme illness when the actual virus is encountered. Is this perhaps even a factor in the deadly "cytokine storm" (autoimmune reaction) that *already*

occurs in a few COVID patients? It would be interesting to see a study undertaken on COVID victims who succumbed to autoimmune reaction, and determine just how many previously received annual free flu shots.

Lest we forget history's lessons, in 1976 President Gerald Ford was persuaded to go on television and tell Americans it was urgent they be inoculated against swine flu. Congress appropriated $136 million for the vaccine's manufacturers. The vaccine paralyzed hundreds of people, at least 25 died, and over a billion dollars in lawsuits resulted. The vaccinations were halted—and the swine flu itself turned out to be no threat at all. I strongly recommend watching the old *Sixty Minutes* segment on the 1976 fiasco, from an era when journalism was more forthright. (At time of publication, it could be found on YouTube as "The Swine Flu Fraud of 1976, on 60 Minutes," the *LibertyArchives3* channel, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8elE7Ct1jWw.) *Sixty Minutes* vetted, in depth, how CDC executives colluded with drug manufacturers, suppressed research that had foretold the vaccine could cause neurological damage, and engaged in a disingenuous television marketing campaign, even falsely claiming endorsements from celebrities like Mary Tyler Moore.

The *Sixty Minutes* report underscored the cozy relationships CDC executives have often enjoyed with the pharmaceutical industry. Julie Gerberding, director of the CDC from 2002 to 2009, now heads Merck's vaccine division; in January 2020, she sold over 100,000 shares of Merck stock valued at $9.1 million.[17]

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CHAPTER 22

THE STORM OVER HYDROXYCHLOROQUINE

Now for a ninth reason we don't need a COVID vaccine. As we saw in the preceding chapter, even according to the CDC in May, the COVID survival rate was 99.74 percent. And here's a way to make the survival rate even higher: Doctors have had excellent success with the anti-malarial drug hydroxychloroquine in combination with zinc or Azithromycin. A study of 1,061 COVID-19 patients, published by the eminent French microbiologist and physician Didier Raoult, found that over 90 percent were cured within 10 days using a combination of hydroxychloroquine and Azithromycin.[1]

Los Angeles emergency medical physician Dr. Anthony Cardillo spoke about hydroxychloroquine with Jory Rand of ABC7 Los Angeles:

> **Cardillo**: What we are finding clinically, with our patients, is that it really only works in conjunction with zinc. Hydroxychloroquine opens the zinc channel, the zinc goes into the cell, it then blocks the replication of the cellular machinery. So it has to be used in conjunction with zinc. We are seeing some clinical responses in that regard. There are people that take it regularly for other disease processes. We have to be cautious and mindful that we don't prescribe it for patients who have COVID that are well. It really should be reserved for people that are really sick in the hospital, or at home, very sick, that need that medication. Otherwise we're going to blow through our supply for the patients who take it regularly for other disease processes.
>
> **Rand**: But what you're saying is you are prescribing it and it is working for COVID-19 patients?

Cardillo: Every patient I have prescribed it to has been very, very ill. And within eight to 12 hours, they were basically symptom-free. And so clinically, I am seeing a resolution that's near to what we saw in the French study and other studies worldwide. But what I am seeing is that people that are taking it alone, by itself, it's is not having efficacy.

Rand: That is very interesting news, and hopefully we can get that worldwide spread.[2]

Laura Ingraham of Fox News interviewed Dr. Ivette Lozano:

Ingraham: My next guest, Dr. Ivette Lozano, says the state pharmacy board is requiring her to reveal patients' medical diagnoses in order to obtain the drug. Dr. Lozano, you're in Texas; isn't that a violation of privacy that you're being questioned as a physician in that manner?

Lozano: Absolutely, and this is what was very alarming to me — when I wrote a prescription and had the pharmacist call me and let me know that he could not fill that without me disclosing the diagnosis of the patient. And so we had a little scuffle on the phone, and I told him that I couldn't do that because of HIPAA laws. And he was insistent that the laws had been changed, and the pharmacy board had passed a mandate that that drug could not be dispensed unless it was accompanied by a diagnosis.

Ingraham: CVS Pharmacy released a statement to the *Ingraham Angle* tonight. Here's what it says: "We balance the off-label use of certain prescription medications to treat COVID-19 pneumonia with ongoing needs of patients who are prescribed these drugs. Our pharmacies make dispensing decisions to help ensure there's adequate supply of medication to meet patient needs while complying with all applicable regulations." Well, a dear friend of mine just told me, Dr.

Lozano, that she was called by the pharmacist and was interrogating her—and this was a CVS pharmacist—interrogating her over a prescription she wrote for hydroxychloroquine for one of her patients. And she said "What are you what are you talking about?" And they were insistent, and she ultimately finally got it, but not without the—you know, the hassle; it's curious given your own experience with this drug.

Lozano: So it's been an extremely difficult situation for me in the last couple of days. Yesterday I wrote five prescriptions for hydroxychloroquine, and I sent them to a pharmacy that I have used for the last 20 years, and I actually got a phone call from the pharmacist, letting me know that she was not going to refill another prescription for me for hydroxychloroquine. And so I told her that she couldn't do that, that these patients were sick, and that if I wrote the prescription, she needed to fill these. And she told me that she was not going to fill another prescription for me, and so I said, "Well, I need your name and I'm going to call the pharmacy board." And she said "I have the right to deny to fill this prescription for you." And so I asked her, "Are you out? Do you not have any?" And she told me that she had 100 pills in the pharmacy, and I told her "Let's just order some more; you can overnight this medication."

Ingraham: It like costs nothing.

Lozano: So the prescription costs $13, and I have so many very, very sick patients in the office, and today was horrible, because I treated 15 people that needed 15 prescriptions, could not go there, had to swarm all over Dallas to try and get these prescriptions.

Ingraham: Dr. Lozano, really quickly, do you find good results giving hydroxychloroquine to mild to moderate patients? Do you find good results?

Lozano: I have severe patients in the office. I have patients that have been diagnosed with pneumonia and been turned away from clinics. I've got patients that have been turned away from hospitals. I've got patients coming in with temperatures of 102.9, white blood cell counts of 17,000, all positive COVID tests. Their physicians are refusing to give them medication for fear that they are going to be in trouble with the licensing board, and the issue we have now is we've got pharmacists that are refusing to fill this medication, and so this is critical now. I have a huge problem on my hands. I have patients that are coming in from Austin, Houston, San Antonio—these are not my patients . . .

Ingraham: This is ridiculous. But just back to the question really quickly—it's working in patients that you've treated, that you've been able to prescribe it to, correct?

Lozano: Every patient that I treated—serious, moderate—has had resolution of symptoms within 24 hours, they are improved within five hours, the fevers are gone within two days. The lung restriction, which is the most important, resolves within about four to five hours. You see dramatic improvement. It's incredible; I'm surprised myself.

Ingraham: Doctor Lozano, I hope the FDA is watching this. People's lives are on the line because of these restrictions, or these warnings I should say, because it's trickling down to the pharmacies and the pharmacies board. You educated a lot of people with this segment tonight; thank you for explaining it to us.[3]

Simone Gold, MD, encountered similar frustrations as Dr. Lozano:

I was actually presented with a definite COVID positive patient, and I prescribed hydroxychloroquine and zinc. Because I was very up on the literature on this, and I got severely

> reprimanded for it, and I also had received a letter from the State Board threatening all doctors—I was just one—with potential investigation into me for unprofessional conduct if I was to prescribe hydroxychloroquine. This was so shocking to me; it had never happened where the government told a physician if they had a right, or not a right to prescribe an FDA-approved medication, I mean that was just a *sui generis* event that that took me by surprise and I thought to myself: if doctors don't speak up, we're really all lost.[4]

It's no surprise that pressure has been exerted from high places to suppress hydroxychloroquine. Not only does this inexpensive medication threaten Big Pharma's profits, it discredits any need for a universal COVID vaccine and all that goes with it.

The Surgisphere scandal appears to have been a product of these circumstances. In June 2020, Britain's *The Guardian* reported:

> The World Health Organization and a number of national governments have changed their COVID-19 policies and treatments on the basis of flawed data from a little-known US healthcare analytics company, also calling into question the integrity of key studies published in some of the world's most prestigious medical journals.…
>
> Two of the world's leading medical journals–the *Lancet* and the *New England Journal of Medicine*–published studies based on Surgisphere data. The studies were co-authored by the firm's chief executive, Sapan Desai. Late on Tuesday, after being approached by the *Guardian*, the *Lancet* released an "expression of concern" about its published study. The *New England Journal of Medicine* has also issued a similar notice. …
>
> The *Guardian*'s investigation has found:
>
> • A search of publicly available material suggests several of Surgisphere's employees have little or no data or scientific background. An employee listed as a science editor appears to

be a science fiction author and fantasy artist whose professional profile suggests writing is her fulltime job. Another employee listed as a marketing executive is an adult model and events hostess, who also acts in videos for organisations.

• The company's LinkedIn page has fewer than 100 followers and last week listed just six employees. This was changed to three employees as of Wednesday.

• While Surgisphere claims to run one of the largest and fastest hospital databases in the world, it has almost no online presence. Its Twitter handle has fewer than 170 followers, with no posts between October 2017 and March 2020.…

• Desai's *Wikipedia* page has been deleted following questions about Surgisphere and his history, first raised in 2010.

On 22 May the *Lancet* published a blockbuster peer-reviewed study which found the antimalarial drug hydroxychloroquine, which has been promoted by Donald Trump, was associated with a higher mortality rate in COVID-19 patients and increased heart problems.…

The *Lancet* study, which listed Desai as one of the co-authors, claimed to have analysed Surgisphere data collected from nearly 96,000 patients with COVID-19, admitted to 671 hospitals from their database of 1,200 hospitals around the world, who received hydroxychloroquine alone or in combination with antibiotics. The negative findings made global news and prompted the WHO to halt the hydroxychloroquine arm of its global trials. But only days later *Guardian Australia* revealed glaring errors in the Australian data included in the study.…

One of the questions that has most baffled the scientific community is how Surgisphere, established by Desai in 2008 as a medical education company that published textbooks, became the owner of a powerful international database. That database, despite only being announced by Surgisphere recently, boasts

> access to data from 96,000 patients in 1,200 hospitals around the world.…
>
> Dr. James Todaro, who runs *MedicineUncensored*, a website that publishes the results of hydroxychloroquine studies, said: "Surgisphere came out of nowhere to conduct perhaps the most influential global study in this pandemic in the matter of a few weeks." "It doesn't make sense," he said. "It would require many more researchers than it claims to have for this expedient and [size] of multinational study to be possible."[5]

Dr. Fauci had known that inexpensive chloroquine is effective since 2005, when *Virology Journal*—official publication of Fauci's own National Institutes of Health—published an article, "Chloroquine is a Potent Inhibitor of SARS Coronavirus Infection and Spread."[6] (Genetically, the COVID-19 and SARS viruses are 79 percent similar.[7]) Rather than recommend a treatment already known to work—a medication safely prescribed since the 1940s—Fauci continued to push for a vaccine whose outcome and side effects are unknown, as well as draconian lockdown measures.

The President himself Tweeted:

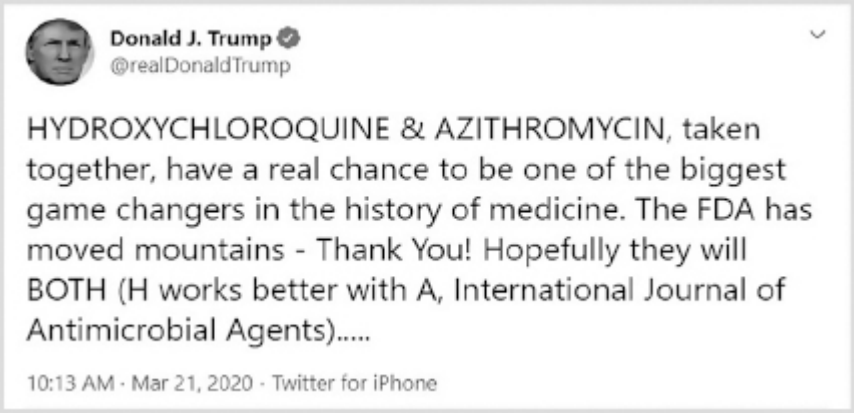

Later the President said he was personally taking hydroxychloroquine with zinc. His comments triggered a frenzy of media attacks on the drug, based on politics rather than science. Medical doctors Simone Gold and Dan Wohlgelernter said in a joint interview:

Gold: I always want to remind people, this is an FDA-approved drug for 65 years; it's generic, it's cheap, it's widely available, we give it to pregnant women, we give it to breastfeeding women, we give it to elderly patients, we give it to patients who are immune-compromised. Most of those patients are on it for decades; there was never controversy about hydroxychloroquine right up until March 20th, 2020. So I would look at the studies before then; you know, the early studies before Trump said he kind of liked the drug.… I do find the data after Trump thought it was possibly helpful is suspect absolutely . . .

The *Lancet* study and the *New England Journal of Medicine* study both were retracted. I really want to emphasize that's a very rare thing for a world-famous journal to do.… the reason their study was retracted is the data that went into those studies could not be independently verified. You can draw what conclusions from that as you will: Was the data even gathered? Was the data faulty? Was it fabricated? We don't know, because we asked the company that provided the data, a company called Surgisphere, which has been quite secretive to reveal their data and they have absolutely refused. Because they wouldn't reveal their data, those studies had to be retracted by the journals.

Wohlgelernter: Why did this become politicized? The fact is, President Trump first mentioned hydroxychloroquine and advocated for its use as a non-physician in mid-March. But we had data from China and from France well before that in February, showing a significant beneficial impact of hydroxychloroquine. Yet you saw physicians, politicians, journalists saying that hydroxychloroquine is all hype and it's all due to the President pushing it. And that's revisionist history. The fact is there was a great deal of excitement in the medical community internationally a month before President Trump ever mentioned it, because of the data reported from China and from Dr. Raoult in France.

> And it's sad that people used whatever political animosity they had toward the President to attack the medication that in fact had helped many people with coronavirus, and could have helped many more had it and its reputation not been so sullied by political accusations and by poorly designed studies.[8]

In June, despite the Surgisphere scandal and mounting evidence of hydroxychloroquine's effectiveness, the FDA announced:

> Based on ongoing analysis and emerging scientific data, FDA has revoked the emergency use authorization (EUA) to use hydroxychloroquine and chloroquine to treat COVID-19.… We made this determination based on recent results from a large, randomized clinical trial in hospitalized patients that found these medicines showed no benefit for decreasing the likelihood of death or speeding recovery.… The FDA is aware of reports of serious heart rhythm problems in patients with COVID-19 treated with hydroxychloroquine.…[9]

The World Health Organization quickly followed suit. On June 18, the Associated Press reported:

> The World Health Organization's top scientist [Soumya Swaminathan] says it's now been definitively proven that the cheap malaria drug hydroxychloroquine—the drug favored by President Donald Trump—doesn't work in stopping deaths among people hospitalized with the new coronavirus.…
>
> The UN health agency announced this week that it is suspending the hydroxychloroquine arm of its own trial testing various experimental therapies for COVID-19, referring to previous results from a large UK trial and a separate analysis of evidence on the drug.[10]

The trials Swaminathan referred to were the "Solidarity" and "Recovery" trials. Marlin Nass, MD, debunked these in her article "WHO

and UK Trials Use Potentially Lethal Hydroxychloroquine Dose—According to WHO Consultant." Excerpts:

> Last week, I was alerted to the fact that India's ICMR, its official medical research agency, had written to the WHO, telling WHO that the hydroxychloroquine doses being used in the Solidarity trial were 4 times higher than the doses being used in India. Then I learned that Singapore had been hesitant to participate in the WHO trial due to the hydroxychloroquine dose.
>
> The UK "Recovery" trial was very similar to, but not part of, the international Solidarity conglomeration of clinical trials. The Recovery trial ended its HCQ arm on June 4, reporting no benefit. In-hospital mortality of the 1,542 patients receiving hydroxychloroquine was 25.7%, or 396 deaths, about 10% higher than those receiving standard care, a non-significant difference.
>
> The UK Recovery trial Study Protocol notes it is funded in part by the Wellcome Trust and the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, and by UK government agencies.… Twitter users began to notice a dosing problem, with hashtag #RecoveryGate.…
>
> The doses used in these trials are not recommended for therapy of any medical condition, which I confirmed with Goodman and Gilman's Pharmacology textbook, the drug's US label, and the online subscription medical encyclopedia *UptoDat*e.
>
> To sum up:
>
> 1. In the UK Recovery trial, and in WHO Solidarity trials, HCQ is used in a non-therapeutic, toxic and potentially lethal dose.
>
> 2. HCQ is furthermore being given, in clinical trials, too late in the disease course to determine its value against SARSCoV-2.…
>
> The conclusions to be drawn are frightening:

a) WHO and other national health agencies, universities and charities have conducted large clinical trials that were designed so hydroxychloroquine would fail to show benefit in the treatment of Covid-19, perhaps to advantage much more expensive competitors and vaccines in development, which have been heavily supported by Solidarity and Recovery trial sponsors and WHO sponsors.

b) In so doing, these agencies and charities have *de facto* conspired to increase the number of deaths in these trials.

c) In so doing, they have conspired to deprive billions of people from potentially benefiting from a safe and inexpensive drug, when used properly, during a major pandemic. This might contribute to prolongation of the pandemic, massive economic losses and many increased cases and deaths.[11]

In contrast to the WHO, India's *Hindustan Times* reported:

No major side-effects of antimalarial drug Hydroxychloroquine (HCQ) have been found in studies in India and its use can be continued in preventive treatment for COVID-19 under strict medical supervision, the Indian Council of Medical Research (ICMR) said on Tuesday. The ICMR's statement came against the backdrop of the World Health Organization (WHO) temporarily suspending the testing of the drug as a potential treatment for COVID-19 over safety concerns.…

The ICMR in its revised advisory on May 22 recommended use of the HCQ as a preventive medication for COVID-19 for asymptomatic healthcare workers in non-COVID hospitals and frontline staff on surveillance duty in containment zones and paramilitary/police personnel involved in coronavirus related activities.

Besides, the drug was also recommended for all asymptomatic healthcare workers involved in containment and treatment of COVID-19 and household contacts of laboratory-

> confirmed cases.… Another investigation from three central government hospitals here indicates that amongst healthcare workers involved in COVID-19 care, those on HCQ prophylaxis were less likely to develop SARS-CoV-2 infection, compared to those who were not on it.[12]

In June, *Gateway Pundit* reported:

> The Association of American Physicians and Surgeons (https://aapsonline.org) filed a lawsuit [on June 2] against the Department of Health and Human Services and the FDA for "irrational interference" by the FDA with timely access to hydroxychloroquine. Never in history have we seen such a determined effort by the scientific community and pharmaceutical industry to downplay and lie about the use of a successful drug to treat a deadly disease.
>
> Hydroxychloroquine is the first choice in a study of 6,000 doctors treating the coronavirus. In the field and in independent testing hydroxychloroquine displayed amazing results in treating the COVID-19 virus. But there was great pushback against hydroxychloroquine for two reasons. The first reason was because it was safe and very inexpensive. The second reason is because Donald Trump promoted its use.[13]

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE WESTERN DISTRICT OF MICHIGAN

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS, Plaintiff, v. FOOD & DRUG ADMINISTRATION; DR. STEPHEN M. HAHN, *Commissioner of Food & Drugs, in his official capacity*; BIOMEDICAL ADVANCED RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT AUTHORITY; GARY L. DISBROW, *Ph.D., Acting Director, Biomedical Advanced Research & Development Authority, in his official capacity*; DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH & HUMAN SERVICES; and ALEX AZAR, *Secretary of Health & Human Services, in his official capacity*, Defendants.	)	No. 1:20-cv-0493

COMPLAINT FOR DECLARATORY AND INJUNCTIVE RELIEF

The Association of American Physicians & Surgeons ("AAPS" or "Plaintiff") seeks declaratory and injunctive relief against the federal Department of Health & Human Services ("HHS"), two of its constituent agencies – the Food and Drug Administration ("FDA") and the Biomedical Advanced Research & Development Authority ("BARDA") – and their respective lead officers (collectively, "Defendants"), based on the following allegations.

NATURE OF THE ACTION

1. AAPS brings this action on behalf of its members and their patients to end the irrational interference by the FDA with timely access to hydroxychloroquine ("HCQ"), which has been donated in large quantities to the federal government for prompt distribution. Specifically, AAPS seeks an injunction against the FDA's Emergency Use Authorization dated March 28, 2020 ("EUA"), which prohibits use of the donated HCQ except for already-hospitalized patients for

An unpleasant truth is that neither the FDA nor the WHO operate simply for the public good. Like the CDC, FDA officials enjoy "revolving door" relationship with Big Pharma. As *Regulatory Focus* noted in 2018:

> It's well known that leaving the US Food and Drug Administration (FDA) for industry can bring a major salary bump, so it should come as no surprise that the number of FDA employees making the leap in 2018 continues to increase.
>
> Biotech company Moderna announced Wednesday that Wellington Sun, former director of the Division of Vaccines and Related Product Applications at FDA's Center for Biologics Evaluation and Research, will be their new head of vaccine strategy and regulatory affairs.

> Last month, Patrick Frey, chief of staff at FDA's Office of New Drugs (OND), left to join Amgen as director of global regulatory policy.
>
> And former OND director John Jenkins was appointed in June to the board of directors of Corbus Pharmaceuticals. Also in June, Elaine Morefield, former deputy office director for review and administration at FDA, was appointed director of product quality at Aclaris Therapeutics, while Gerald Masoudi, former FDA chief counsel, was appointed chief legal officer at Juul Labs.
>
> That news follows the departure of Gayarti Rao, former director of FDA's Office of Orphan Products Development, who moved over to Rocket Pharmaceuticals in May.
>
> Meanwhile, 20-year FDA veteran Badrul Chowdhury, most recently director of the Center for Drug Evaluation and Research's (CDER) Division of Pulmonary, Allergy and Rheumatology Products, took a job in April as senior vice president at AstraZeneca.
>
> Sarah Pope Miksinski, former director of the Office of New Drug Products in FDA's Office of Pharmaceutical Quality, left the agency in February, also for AstraZeneca. And in July 2017, Geoffrey Kim, former director of FDA's Division of Oncology Products, moved to AstraZeneca to become its VP of oncology and head of oncology strategic combinations.
>
> Jean-Marc Guettier, former director of FDA's Division of Metabolism and Endocrinology Products, left FDA in December 2017 for Sanofi, while Niraj Mehta, former associate director for global regulatory policy at FDA moved over to Merck as a director in March 2018....[14]

And after Trump pulled U.S. funding of the World Health Organization, its largest financial backer became the vaccine-centric Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation.

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CHAPTER 23

DEEP STATE GOAL #2: GLOBAL DIGITAL ID

In the future, in order to travel, shop and work, you will probably require proof of vaccination. CNN's Alisyn Camerota asked Dr. Fauci, "Can you Imagine a time where Americans carry certificates of immunity?" He responded: "That's possible. It's one of those things that we talk about when we want to make sure we know who the vulnerable people are and not. This is something that's being discussed. I think it might actually have some merit under certain circumstances."[1]

Although many people envision this as a paper certificate, Bill Gates wants it *digital*. He has stated: "Eventually we will have some digital certificates to show who has recovered or been tested recently or when we have a vaccine who has received it." Screen shot:

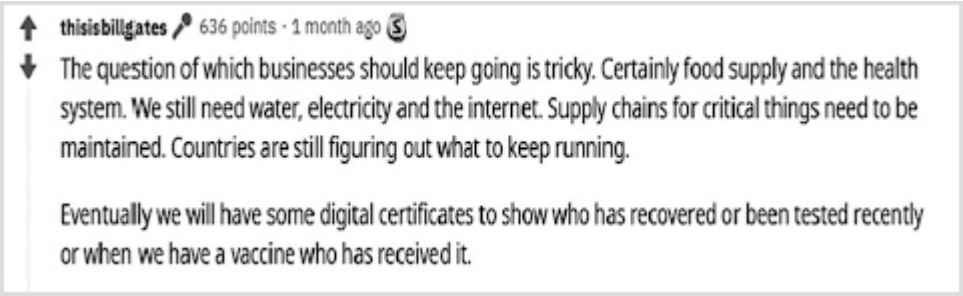
thisisbillgates 636 points · 1 month ago

The question of which businesses should keep going is tricky. Certainly food supply and the health system. We still need water, electricity and the internet. Supply chains for critical things need to be maintained. Countries are still figuring out what to keep running.

Eventually we will have some digital certificates to show who has recovered or been tested recently or when we have a vaccine who has received it.

How does one create a "digital" certificate? According to Rice University, this would amount to a "quantum-dot tattoo."

> Kevin McHugh, an assistant professor of bioengineering at Rice since this summer, and a team at his previous institution, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, report in a cover story in Science Translational Medicine on their development of quantum-dot tags that fluoresce with information after they're injected as part of a vaccination.

> The tags are incorporated in only some of the array of sugar-based microneedles on a patch. When the needles dissolve in about two minutes, they deliver the vaccine and leave the pattern of tags just under the skin, where they become something like a bar-code tattoo.
>
> Instead of ink, this highly specific medical record consists of copper-based quantum dots embedded in biocompatible, micron-scale capsules. Their near-infrared dye is invisible, but the pattern they set can be read and interpreted by a customized smartphone.…
>
> "The Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation came to us and said, 'Hey, we have a real problem—knowing who's vaccinated,'" said McHugh, who was recruited to join Rice with funding from the Cancer Prevention and Research Institute of Texas. "They said, 'We go on vaccination campaigns where people get into Hummers, drive to a rural village, set up a tent and start immunizing people, but they don't always know who's been immunized before and what vaccines are still needed.'"[2]

Bill Gates has long been interested in implantable human devices. James Corbett reports:

> In 2014 it was announced that Microchips Biotech, Inc., a company in Lexington, Massachusetts, had developed a new form of birth control: "a wireless implant that can be turned on and off with a remote control and that is designed to last up to 16 years." According to *MIT Technology Review*, the idea originated when Bill Gates visited Robert Langer's MIT lab in 2012 and asked him if it would be possible to create an implantable birth control device that could be turned on or off remotely. Langer referred Gates to the controlled release microchip technology he had invented and licensed to MicroCHIPS Biotechnology, and the Gates Foundation granted $20 million to the firm to develop the implants.[3]

Add to this the ID2020 Alliance, which seeks to make digital IDs a global phenomenon. Its home page displays the Microsoft logo, along with the logo of Gavi—the Vaccine Alliance that partners vaccine manufacturers with the World Health Organization and World Bank, and which has received more than $4 billion from the Gates Foundation.[4] In September 2019 *Biometric Update* reported:

> The ID2020 Alliance has launched a new digital identity program at its annual summit in New York, in collaboration with the Government of Bangladesh, vaccine alliance Gavi, and new partners in government, academia, and humanitarian relief.… Digital identity is a computerized record of who a person is, stored in a registry. It is used, in this case, to keep track of who has received vaccination.… "Digital ID is being defined and implemented today, and we recognize the importance of swift action to close the identity gap," comments ID2020 Executive Director Dakota Gruener.[5]

Gates stated in a speech at the Financial Inclusion Forum in 2015:

> Every country really needs to look through these KYC—know your customer—rules to make sure that customers are able to prove who they are. But of course in many countries you don't have any type of ID system. And the lack of an ID system is a problem, not just for the payment system, but also for voting and health and education and taxation. And so it's a wonderful thing to go in and create a broad identification system.
>
> Again, India is a very interesting example of this, where the Aadhaar system, which is a 12-digit identifier that's correlated to biometric measures, is becoming pervasive throughout the country and will be the foundation for how we bring this lowcost switch to every mobile phone user in India. The same type of thing is happening now in Pakistan, and there's early beginnings of creating these ID programs in Africa as well.

> We expect to be able to use the IDs so that when you show up for any government service—say, you walk into a primary health clinic—we'll be able to take that bio ID very quickly and bring up your electronic health record. Even if you've moved from one part of the country to the other, you will be well tracked and well served without nearly as much paperwork or waiting. And so the ID system is foundational.[6]

Obviously, Bill Gates does not see digital ID as merely a tool for recording vaccinations.

In the UK, it was no surprise when Tony Blair, perennial spokesman for the British Establishment, added his voice to the call for a global ID. The *Daily Mail* reported:

> People will need a new form of "digital ID" so they can prove their "disease status" as the world moves out of lockdown, Tony Blair has said. The former Prime Minister said that only if people can show easily whether they are clear of coronavirus will industries like international travel be able to restart. Speaking at the virtual CogX technology conference, Mr. Blair said that such a system would operate alongside track and trace programmes as the economy reopens.…
>
> Mr. Blair had previously urged the Government to set up a mass testing programme which would see the bulk of the UK population checked for coronavirus, saying it is the only way to prevent a second outbreak.…
>
> "It is a natural evolution of the way that we are going to use technology in any event to transact daily life and this COVID crisis gives an additional reason for doing that.… There has always been a good case for introducing some form of digital ID, but I think that case is even more powerful today."[7]

In July 2020, *Mint Press News* reported how digital ID, vaccination records and payment processing are being integrated into a single system, using Africa as a testing ground:

A biometric digital identity platform that "evolves just as you evolve" is set to be introduced in "low-income, remote communities" in West Africa thanks to a public-private partnership between the Bill Gates-backed GAVI vaccine alliance, Mastercard and the AI-powered "identity authentication" company, Trust Stamp.

The program, which was first launched in late 2018, will see Trust Stamp's digital identity platform integrated into the GAVI-Mastercard "Wellness Pass," a digital vaccination record and identity system that is also linked to Mastercard's click-to-play system that [is] powered by its AI and machine learning technology called NuData. Mastercard, in addition to professing its commitment to promoting "centralized record keeping of childhood immunization" also describes itself as a leader toward a "World Beyond Cash," and its partnership with GAVI marks a novel approach towards linking a biometric digital identity system, vaccination records, and a payment system into a single cohesive platform. The effort, since its launch nearly two years ago, has been funded via $3.8 million in GAVI donor funds in addition to a matched donation of the same amount by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation.

In early June, GAVI reported that Mastercard's Wellness Pass program would be adapted in response to the coronavirus (COVID-19) pandemic. Around a month later, Mastercard announced that Trust Stamp's biometric identity platform would be integrated into Wellness Pass as Trust Stamp's system is capable of providing biometric identity in areas of the world lacking internet access or cellular connectivity and also does not require knowledge of an individual's legal name or identity to function. The Wellness Program involving GAVI, Mastercard, and Trust Stamp will soon be launched in West Africa and will be coupled with a Covid-19 vaccination program once a vaccine becomes available.[8]

NOTES

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CHAPTER 24

DEEP STATE GOAL #3: CASHLESS SOCIETY

We've obviously been heading into a cashless society for some time, with electronic transactions—credit cards and debit cards—increasingly replacing money. China—which many view as a prototype for a technocratic totalitarian world government— is virtually cashless now.[1] Even street beggars there take digital handouts in lieu of cash.

James Corbett notes:

> In 2012, the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation helped found the "Better Than Cash Alliance," which brings together governments, international organizations and the private sector "to accelerate the transition from cash to digital payments globally."[2]

The coronavirus crisis has accelerated the drive for a cashless planet. The online journal *Euromoney* noted in its article "Cashless after COVID-19?":

> When the World Health Organization released a statement on March 9 recommending that people turn to cashless transactions to fight the spread of COVID-19, a number of governments and retailers across the world took action.… Some retailers have banned the use of cash in their stores to keep employees and customers safe, opting for contactless payments instead.… This could be the push needed for some countries to become truly cashless.[3]

Money is considered "dirty." After all, it could carry that invisible bogeyman, the COVID-19 virus. It's not difficult to see where this could

lead. If a digital tattoo could store your vaccine information, a small upgrade would enable it to store your financial information. As we saw at the end of the last chapter, a system that integrates digital identity, vaccine records and payments processing is already being tested in Africa.

Most of us, at some time, have known that unpleasant feeling of swiping a credit card that doesn't work. What happens when our digital tattoo won't let us buy food, gasoline, or a bus ticket, because we aren't up to date on vaccines, or have in some other way become unacceptable to the government? This is truly the realm of *1984* and *Brave New World*, and I think it appropriate to now quote the Book of Revelation, 13:16-17:

> And the second beast required all people small and great, rich and poor, free and slave, to receive a mark on their right hand or on their forehead, so that no one could buy or sell unless he had the mark.

Revelation tells us that the Antichrist will rule the planet. To *govern the world* requires a *world government*. This too has been a Deep State objective for many decades, as I documented in my 1988 book *The Shadows of Power*. So it was no surprise to read this in the March 26, 2020 *Guardian:*

> Gordon Brown has urged world leaders to create a temporary form of global government to tackle the twin medical and economic crises caused by the COVID-19 pandemic. The former Labour prime minister, who was at the centre of the international efforts to tackle the impact of the near-meltdown of the banks in 2008, said there was a need for a taskforce involving world leaders, health experts and the heads of the international organisations that would have executive powers to coordinate the response.…
>
> "This is not something that can be dealt with in one country," he said. "There has to be a coordinated global response." …Brown said his proposed global taskforce would fight the crisis on two fronts. There would need to be a

> coordinated effort to find a vaccine, and to organise production, purchasing and prevent profiteering.[4]

World government has long been equated with a one-world currency. In 1944, Federal Reserve Board Chairman Martin Eccles said: "An international currency is synonymous with international government."[5] Just as the European Union has been a regional stepping stone toward a one-world government, so is its "euro" a stepping stone toward a world currency. Looking further back, at the end of World War II, the establishment of the United Nations (incipient world government) coincided with establishment, at the Bretton Woods Conference, of the World Bank and IMF (world financial system). At Bretton Woods, John Maynard Keynes proposed a world currency called *bancor*, but the plan was then considered too radical to gain international acceptance. However, we may now be on the threshold of world currency, but in a form we didn't foresee back then—digital.

This appears to correlate with what Deep State oligarchs are calling "the Great Economic Reset," whose pretext is the economic distress caused by the global COVID lockdown. Brandon Smith summarized the situation well writing for *Alt Market*:

> For those not familiar with the phrase "global economic reset," it is one that has been used ever increasingly by elitists in the central banking world for several years. I first heard it referenced by Christine Lagarde, the head of the IMF at the time, in 2014. The reset is often mentioned in the same breath as ideas like "the New Multilateralism" or "the Multipolar World Order" or "the New World Order." All of these phrases mean essentially the same thing.…
>
> Many alternative economists often wrongly attribute the Fed's habit of making things worse to "hubris" or "ignorance." They think the Fed actually wants to save the financial system or "protect the golden goose," but this is not reality. The truth is, the Fed is not a bumbling maintenance man, the Fed is a saboteur, a suicide bomber that is willing to destroy even itself

as an institution in order to explode the US economy and clear the path for a new globally centralized one world system. Hence, the "Global Reset"....

Now in 2020 we see the globalist plan coming to fruition, with the elites revealing what appears to be their intent to launch their reset in 2021. The World Economic Forum officially announced the Great Reset initiative as part of their COVID Action Platform last week, and a summit is scheduled in January 2021 to discuss their plans more openly with the world and the mainstream media.

The WEF also posted a rather bizarre video on the Reset, which consists of a series of images of the world falling apart (and images of factories releasing harmless carbon emission into the air, which I suppose is meant to scare us with notions of global warming). The destruction is then "reset" at the push of a button, with everything reversing back to a pristine human-less world of nature and the words "Join Us"....

The goal is rather obvious—Terrify the population with poverty, internal conflicts and a broken supply chain until they lobby the establishment for help. Then, offer the "solution" of medical tyranny, immunity passports, martial law, a global economic system based on a cashless digital society in which privacy in trade is erased, and then slowly but surely form a faceless "multilateral" global government which answers to no one and does whatever it pleases.

I remember back in 2014 when Christine Lagarde first began talking about the reset. That same year she also made a very strange speech to the National Press Club in which she started rambling gleefully about numerology and the "magic number 7". Many within the club laughed, as there was apparently an inside joke that the rest of us were not privy to. Well, I would point out that the World Economic Forum meeting on the global reset in 2021 will be held exactly 7 years after Lagarde gave that speech. Just another interesting coincidence I suppose...[6]

NOTES

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CHAPTER 25

CONTACT TRACING/ SURVEILLANCE STATE

With the arrival of COVID-19, the Rockefeller Foundation swiftly and arbitrarily assigned itself a leadership role. It issued a 29-page *National COVID-19 Testing Action Plan*. The foreword reads:

> Testing is our way out of this crisis. Instead of ricocheting between an unsustainable shutdown and a dangerous, uncertain return to normalcy, the United States must mount a sustainable strategy with better tests and contact tracing, and stay the course for as long as it takes to develop a vaccine or cure. Any plan to do so must win the faith of private and public sector leaders across the country, and of individual Americans that they and their loved ones will be safer when we begin to return to daily life.
>
> The Rockefeller Foundation exists to meet moments like this. In the past two weeks we have brought together experts and leaders from science, industry, academia, public policy, and government—across sectors and political ideologies—to create a clear, pragmatic, data-driven, actionable plan to beat back COVID-19 and get Americans back to work more safely.
>
> Our National COVID-19 Testing Action Plan lays out the precise steps necessary to enact robust testing, tracing, and coordination to more safely reopen our economy—starting with a dramatic expansion of testing from 1 million tests per week to initially 3 million per week and then 30 million per week, backed by an Emergency Network for COVID-19 Testing to coordinate and underwrite the testing market, a public-private testing technology accelerator, and a national initiative to

> rapidly expand and optimize the use of U.S., university, and local lab capacity.[1]

At the time of publication, the U.S. House of Representatives was considering the strangely numbered bill, H.R. 6666 "COVID-19 Testing, Reaching, and Contacting Everyone (TRACE) Act." It would delegate $100 billion "to conduct diagnostic testing for COVID–19, to trace and monitor the contacts of infected individuals, and to support the quarantine of such contacts" as well as unspecified "other purposes." Civil libertarians have noted that the bill is fraught with potential to abuse Americans' freedoms. And as we have seen in Chapter 15, details of this bill, including who would get lucrative contracts, were worked out between Gates Foundation representatives and Congressman Bobby Rush before the COVID outbreak even began.[2]

And as *National File* reported in June 2020:

> Some Republicans are voicing concern after Texas state health officials granted a $295 million Coronavirus Contact Tracing deal to MTX Group.… It turns out the firm is a partner of Google, *National File* has learned. MTX Group got the contract without conservative Republican Lieutenant Governor Dan Patrick being "in the loop" to the decision process, and Patrick is just one of numerous policymakers questioning the company's deal with the state, which authorizes MTX to serve as virus investigators charting people's contacts and relationships.…
>
> Department of Health and Human Services (HHS) and Centers For Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) policy confirms that "Contact Tracing" data may be sent to the World Health Organization (WHO) and to law enforcement authorities "to place someone under quarantine or isolation." The Contact Tracing records, stored at the CDC and elsewhere, can also be sent to the Department of Justice, State Department, Department of Homeland Security, congressional

> offices, and to various medical and legal departments and contractors.
>
> Meanwhile, Americans are fearing the political implications of contact tracing, considering that Chelsea Clinton is on the board of trustees of one official contact tracing group [Partners in Health] that has accepted large sums of money from Bill Gates and George Soros organizations.…[3]

Even Israeli intelligence is penetrating America's contract tracing apparatus. As Whitney Webb reports:

> A company tied to Israel's military signal intelligence unit, Unit 8200 [the "Israeli NSA"], has recently partnered with the state of Rhode Island to use an artificial intelligence-based system developed in tandem with the Israel Defense Forces (IDF) to profile Americans *potentially* infected and/or "at risk" of being infected with coronavirus, then informing government authorities of their "risk profile." Once flagged, state health officials can target those individuals as well as their communities for mandatory testing, treatment and/or more restrictive lockdown measures.
>
> The firm, Israel-based Diagnostic Robotics, is poised to announce a series of new such partnerships with several other U.S. states as well as major U.S. hospital systems and healthcare providers in the coming weeks, according to a company spokesperson. The first of these announcements came on June 30 regarding the firm's new partnership with Mayo Clinic, which will soon implement the Diagnostic Robotics' "artificial intelligence platform that predicts patients' hospitalization risk." They have also been in discussions with Vice President Mike Pence about the platform's implementation nationwide since April.…
>
> Diagnostic Robotics' efforts to predict and monitor entire populations with AI is a potent tool that can be used for many purposes that have little to do with public health. Much like

> "contact tracing" software that was first justified by the pandemic has subsequently been used to target and track protesters, Diagnostic Robotics' predictive analytics and "hotspot" maps can be used for the same ends. Given the track record of the national security states of both the U.S. and Israel, such "unofficial" uses of these "digital solutions" to the pandemic are not just speculative, they are guaranteed.[4]

The millions of Americans now out of work have created a massive idle labor force that can be tapped to become "contact tracers." In its article "Lost Your Job? Consider Becoming a 'Contact Tracer,'" CBS News reports: "Experts estimate that between 100,000 and 300,000 contact tracers—who can earn up to $65,000 per year—will be needed nationwide based on state populations and projected COVID-19 infection rates."[5]

A California woman, who became certified as a contact tracer, put together a 22-minute video exposing what contact tracing does, documenting her observations with state documents. Excerpts:

> Once you get a test that is positive, it goes to a tracer, and that tracer is going to do some research on you, find out a little bit about you and give you a call. Now they're going to tell you that you tested positive, and that you need to be isolated for a minimum of 10 days on the onset. And it has to be no fever for three days, so if you're on day nine but you still have the fever you need to add another three days until your fever is cleared. And by isolation I mean *total* isolation—this is nobody near you. Even your dog can't be there, so you can see here [displays document] that specifically with a person that is symptomatic, they should maintain separation from household animals, as they would any other household members, and avoid direct contact with any of your pets. So you cannot contact your pets, people, anybody in your family.… You could have to go into a hotel room if you have no way of not sharing a bathroom or any space—they will check that out, so you'll have to show video evidence if the conference is done via

teleconference, walk them around your house, let them know that you have space to be isolated.

Now the next is quarantine. Quarantine means I am healthy, I have no symptoms, I have not contracted the disease, but maybe for 14 days they're going to check to make sure that I haven't. So that means again that I cannot leave my house, and as a contact tracer I'm supposed to set you up with social services, so if you have kids and you have no one to care for them, we'll take your kids, we'll take care of that. If you have groceries, we'll do groceries, but you literally cannot be in contact with anybody and you cannot leave your house even if you're healthy. You are still quarantined, not to be leaving the house. Unfortunately, you could be totally healthy, get out of quarantine, and guess what?—be at a restaurant, someone else in the vicinity has it? Be quarantined again.…

I'm going to ask you who did you come in contact with? And if you tell me "I don't know," I'm going to tell you to look at your phone and we can do it together, and look at your social media, and we'll figure out where you have been. And you need to make sure you know your movies, flight numbers, and anything with large venues. Now some of the places, what they've already instituted now, you have to put your contact information when you go to a restaurant, you go to a hair salon, any of those things, because that way they can track you. You would say I went to this movie, or I went to this restaurant, everybody who's at that restaurant will be contacted then by the contact tracer. So let's say unfortunately I got it, well guess what? My family would have to be quarantined, and not just for the 10 days, they have to be quarantined for 14 days.…

Let's say I was on a train; we were all sitting in the same cabin because I was getting to work, and there were 10, 15 people on that train—all of them would need to be quarantined. I had gone to work, everybody at work would need to be quarantined. I went to a restaurant after work—all of them need to be quarantined. Can you see how a disease, when it is

> already widely spread, this doesn't make sense to quarantine the population, in terms of you could get quarantined again and again and again? Even though you're healthy and never sick, you will not be allowed to leave your house.
>
> Now you've been hearing that this all is "voluntary," you'll hear it throughout the speeches, I've listened to a lot of governors; I'll put on the Washington governor really quickly so you can hear him, but let me show you, before I do that, a couple of the documents that are out there, this is right on his website.[6]

Screenshot from video:

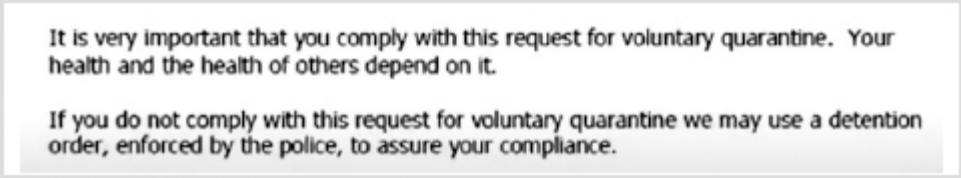
It is very important that you comply with this request for voluntary quarantine. Your health and the health of others depend on it.

If you do not comply with this request for voluntary quarantine we may use a detention order, enforced by the police, to assure your compliance.

The situation abroad is similar. Britain's *Guardian* reports:

> The Government launched its NHS Test and Trace programme at the end of May. It sees anyone with symptoms told to self-isolate and get checked. If they test positive their close contacts are then also told to self-isolate even if they do not have any symptoms.[7]

Smartphones, of course, already have GPS that can enable governments to track people's exact whereabouts. Now contact tracing apps are being integrated into them. *ZDnet* noted in May:

> Apple on Wednesday released iOS 13.5 and iPadOS 13.5. The update includes bug fixes, improvements, and .... Apple also included a new COVID Exposure Notification feature in iOS 13.5 on the iPhone. The feature is part of Apple and Google's previously announced partnership that enables a contact tracing

API for health officials to build apps and use to fight the spread of COVID-19.[8]

Knowing the level of corruption within governments, it is not hard to envision politicians coopting contact tracing to target enemies and "politically incorrect" individuals for quarantines. Given COVID's broad dissemination, and the large number of people who are symptom-free but test positive, it would be easy enough to find an instance where a targeted individual had been in the vicinity of someone "COVID positive" and order them into personal lockdown.

NOTES

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PART FIVE

WHAT MAY LIE AHEAD

Chapter 26

POSSIBLE SCENARIOS

Trying to forecast the future is always dangerous. The more specific the prediction, the more likely to be wrong. I personally don't know anyone in alternative media who, in 2019, foresaw a lockdown coming in 2020 based on a pandemic.

Another development that blindsided us in 2020 were the devastating riots that erupted after the George Floyd "I can't breathe" incident of May 25. I'd like to briefly address this, because it didn't seem to have occurred in total isolation from COVID-19:

• Alternative media had been mounting devastating challenges to the mainstream depiction of COVID-19. On May 22—just three days before the Floyd incident—the CDC reduced its COVID death rate estimate to only 0.26 percent. It was clear that the increasingly discredited "panic" narrative could no longer be sustained. With its back to the wall, the media greatly benefitted from a new event that diverted public attention from its claims' glaring fallacies, which this book has addressed in earlier chapters.

• The Floyd incident became a hot topic only because mainstream media elected to hype it, above countless other murders and examples of police injustice.

• The incident occurred right after numerous states began easing lockdowns. The unrestrained looting and arson by Antifa and BLM destroyed innumerable small businesses who already had only a glimmer of hope for recovery. It thus extended and amplified the lockdown's economic devastation.

Many questions about the incident itself were ignored by mainstream media:

• Timothy D. Japhet, an attorney in Corpus Christ, Texas, explained on Facebook that he had been George Floyd's court-appointed attorney in Texas starting in 2016, and that Floyd had died in 2017. Japhet is definitely

listed as an attorney in Corpus Christi; why would he invent such a story, which would be easy to debunk? If true, this meant the man in the iconic Floyd videos was someone else.

• A Ford Mercury pulled up behind Floyd's car and started filming before he was actually arrested. Perhaps it happened that way, but most people wouldn't start filming before anything of real interest occurred.

• Derek Chauvin—the much-photographed police officer—had worked security at the same Minneapolis club as Floyd, according to Maya Santamaria, owner of the El Nuevo Rodeo, though she was uncertain if they knew each other.[1]

• Chauvin kept his knee on Floyd's neck for almost nine minutes, even after he went unconscious, thus requiring no possible need for restraint. Chauvin didn't seem to mind being photographed in a highly visible and incriminating posture.

• The public was given fragmentary clips gathered from smartphones, security cameras, and police body cams, often with sound and images redacted. It was unclear if Floyd had at some point resisted arrest. And when the park police (a separate police unit) stopped at the scene, Floyd's arresting officer handed them a written note. This was unusual and never explained. Did the note possibly say "We are in the middle of an exercise"?

Some suspect the incident was orchestrated. Others believe it unfolded naturally, and was then chosen as the most provocative pretext available for the riots which followed. The aftermath certainly *was* orchestrated. In several cities, palettes of bricks awaited protestors, in locations where no nearby construction was scheduled.[2] The massive looting and destruction, the "Defund the Police" campaign, the pledging of $1.7 billion to Black Lives Matter by U.S. corporations,[3] the removal of historic statues—and even paintings from the Capitol building—and the exacerbation of racial tensions toward a "divide and conquer" race war, all pointed to a phenomenon that was not "spontaneous" or "grass roots." Given the revelation in 2016 by DCLeaks.com that George Soros's Open Society Foundations had donated $650,000 to BLM,[4] I am reminded of what Jerry Kirk, one-time member of SDS and the Communist Party, said in his testimony before the House and Senate Internal Security Panels in 1969:

> Young people have no conception of the conspiracy strategy of pressure from above and pressure from below.… They have no idea that they are playing into the hands of the Establishment they claim to hate. The radicals think they are fighting the forces of the super rich, like Rockefeller and Ford, and they don't realize that it is precisely such forces which are behind their own revolution, financing it, and using it for their own purposes.[5]

This book is being published in August 2020. Who knows what surprises lie ahead for 2021, or the rest of 2020? There has been speculation about tensions with China or Iran leading to war, and about weather events—natural or engineered. I'd be remiss if I failed to mention—or tried to predict—the 2020 elections, but it is probably not coincidental that so much happened during an election year. Neither party's nominating conventions had occurred yet as I write this. There is talk of mail-in voting in November—which would be rife with opportunities for fraud—and even of the election itself being postponed. Joe Biden does not appear mentally coherent, so if he won, would probably be soon forced to retire for health reasons. This means his candidacy would really be about his Vice Presidential running mate, who would replace him in the Oval Office. If the Democrats swept both houses of Congress along with the Presidency, it could generate a "Big Government" (socialist) state with hardcore lockdown and gun control measures. However, such would meet inevitable resistance from the people. Possibly the Deep State would prefer Trump remain in office, as his approval of a mandatory vaccine would discourage opposition from his followers, the "Deplorables."

We can't predict the future with any certainty, but a few developments seem *likely*.

For one, it is not possible for governments, federal or state, to sustain the lockdown, with tens of millions of workers on unemployment checks, indefinitely. With governments cut from their main revenue source—taxes on wages—economic decline seems inevitable, and collapse possible. And collapse could induce the economic reset and cashless society discussed in Chapter 24.

Another possibility is food shortages. *Forbes*, which no one would accuse of alarmism, notes:

> Food and agriculture is not immune to this impact and we've seen a destabilization of our food system during this pandemic. And this destabilization has infiltrated all aspects of the food chain including farmers, processors, distributors, wholesalers and retailers.
>
> On the one hand, it seems a bit odd to think food would be impacted by COVID-19 given the need to feed the world during the pandemic. However, not all aspects of the agricultural economy are on equal footing. For example, large meat producers have had to temporarily shut down plants as many workers have contracted the virus and contract labor that is critical for crop harvesting has voiced concerns about contracting the virus. This in turn has created labor shortages for growers, processors and retailers. Accordingly, even though demand for food remains high as is apparent from the long lines at your local grocery store, the supply chain to support the demand is in a fragile state.…
>
> Smithfield Foods, one of the largest food processors of pork products, became the latest company to announce a shutdown due to the spread of coronavirus among more than 200 of its employees.[6]

Some believe food shortages could reach famine level. *The Guardian* reported in April 2020:

> The world is facing widespread famine "of biblical proportions" because of the coronavirus pandemic, the chief of the UN's food relief agency has warned, with a short time to act before hundreds of millions starve.
>
> More than 30 countries in the developing world could experience widespread famine, and in 10 of those countries there are already more than 1 million people on the brink of

> starvation, said David Beasley, executive director of the World Food Programme.
>
> "We are not talking about people going to bed hungry," he told the *Guardian* in an interview. "We are talking about extreme conditions, emergency status—people literally marching to the brink of starvation. If we don't get food to people, people will die."
>
> "This is truly more than just a pandemic—it is creating a hunger pandemic," said Beasley."[7]

Will food shortages reach catastrophic famine, or remain more moderate, as *Forbes* envisions? That might depend on how much "Pandemic Two" impacted the food supply. It's worth recalling that, historically, politicians have used hunger as a tool of control—as when Soviet dictator Joseph Stalin inflicted the horrific *Holodomor* on Ukraine in 1932-33.

No one could be faulted for keeping an emergency supply of food on hand.

One development that seems *highly* likely: a COVID vaccine. The White House's "Operation Warp Speed" project; the production of hundreds of millions of syringes; AstraZeneca's manufacture of millions of vaccine doses without even waiting for clinical trial results; the suppression of hydroxychloroquine; the mainstream media's panic headlines; and of course Bill Gates's pronouncements that we won't return to normal without a global vaccine—all these forecast that the Deep State *does* intend having a COVID vaccine administered.

At the time of this book's publication, there was no justifiable pretext for a *compulsory* vaccine; as we've already seen in Chapter 21—the low death rate acknowledged by the CDC, the disease's declining incidence in various countries, etc. Logically, then, something unforeseen and catastrophic would be needed to frighten the public into accepting mandatory vaccination. Bill Gates may have given us a clue in his April 2020 conversation with Stephen Colbert:

> **Colbert**: Well, Bill, since you tried to warn us about this pandemic and we didn't listen, what's the next thing you're warning us about that's going to happen five years from now that we're not listening to at the present?
>
> **Gates:** Well, the idea of a bioterrorist attack is kind of the nightmare scenario, because it would be a pathogen with a high death rate. The good news is most of the work we're going to do to be ready for Pandemic Two—I call this Pandemic One—most of the work we'll do to be ready for that are also the things we need to do to minimize the threat of bioterrorism.[8]

On June 25, Gates told a CNN Global Town Hall: ""Better treatment is reducing the deaths, but, particularly as you get into October and November, this thing will be back in big numbers, if we don't restrain our behavior more than it looks like we are right at the moment."[9] And on June 26, he told Suzanne Clark of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce Foundation: "This won't be the last pandemic that we face.… We'll have to prepare for the next one. That will get attention this time."[10]

Gates appears to enjoy being cast as a prophet whose wise warnings about impending pandemics went unheeded. However, given the foreknowledge suggested by the proceedings listed in Chapter 15 (Event 201, advance arrangements for the Contact Tracing Act), Gates more likely just has *inside information* about what's next. Therefore I take pretty seriously his warnings about "Pandemic Two."

What might this consist of? Given evidence we've seen (Chapter 14) that COVID-19 may be a lab-engineered bioweapon, perhaps a more virulently engineered strain of coronavirus will be released in the future. It could be announced that the COVID virus had mutated—by chance, of course—and turned deadlier. With the public already conditioned to accept mandatory masks and social distancing "to protect the population," mandatory vaccination would simply be a bump up.

However, since a truly lethal bioweapon might threaten members of the Deep State itself, other possibilities are conceivable. One pertains to 5G. We've already discussed (Chapter 16) Arthur Firstenberg's observation that

past pandemics coincided with electromagnetic rollouts; that the telecommunications industry has never safety-tested 5G; that at 60 GHz, 98 percent of transmitted electromagnetic energy is absorbed by atmospheric oxygen; and that China's 5G rollout city was Wuhan, where people were sometimes photographed dropping dead instantaneously. Because 5G waves can be directed as beams, they could, if weaponized, target some individuals while leaving others alone. The *International Appeal to Stop 5G on Earth and in Space*, which has over 300,000 signatories, summarizes the situation:

> In order to transmit the enormous amounts of data required for the Internet of Things (IoT), 5G technology, when fully deployed, will use millimetre waves, which are poorly transmitted through solid material. This will require every carrier to install base stations every 100 metres in every urban area in the world. Unlike previous generations of wireless technology, in which a single antenna broadcasts over a wide area, 5G base stations and 5G devices will have multiple antennas arranged in "phased arrays" that work together to emit focused, steerable, laser-like beams that track each other.
>
> Each 5G phone will contain dozens of tiny antennas, all working together to track and aim a narrowly focused beam at the nearest cell tower. The US Federal Communications Commission (FCC) has adopted rules permitting the effective power of those beams to be as much as 20 watts, ten times more powerful than the levels permitted for current phones
>
> Each 5G base station will contain hundreds or thousands of antennas aiming multiple laser-like beams simultaneously at all cell phones and user devices in its service area. This technology is called "multiple input multiple output" or MIMO. FCC rules permit the effective radiated power of a 5G base station's beams to be as much as 30,000 watts per 100 MHz of spectrum, or equivalently 300,000 watts per GHz of spectrum, tens to hundreds of times more powerful than the levels permitted for current base stations.

> At least five companies are proposing to provide 5G from space from a combined 20,000 satellites in low- and medium-Earth orbit that will blanket the Earth with powerful, focused, steerable beams. Each satellite will emit millimetre waves with an effective radiated power of up to 5 million watts from thousands of antennas arranged in a phased array. Although the energy reaching the ground from satellites will be less than that from ground-based antennas, it will irradiate areas of the Earth not reached by other transmitters and will be additional to ground-based 5G transmissions from billions of IoT objects. Even more importantly, the satellites will be located in the Earth's magnetosphere, which exerts a significant influence over the electrical properties of the atmosphere.[11]

Neither the coronavirus nor the lockdown's economic distress have done much to slow 5G's deployment. On April 23, 2020, *RCR Wireless News* reported:

> SpaceX, Elon Musk's private American aerospace company, yesterday launched an additional 60 Starlink satellites into orbit, bringing the total number of satellites in the Starlink constellation to 422. That's enough, says Musk, to provide minimal internet coverage.… Because there is no need to lay down fiber-optic cables and because they can carry large amounts of data quickly, Starlink satellites have the potential to bring internet coverage to previously hard—and in some cases, nearly impossible—to reach places.[12]

Here is a conceivable scenario. There is a gradual resumption of economic activity. However, at some point, perhaps the next flu season, the coronavirus makes a supposed "comeback"—Gates's "Pandemic Two." 5G might be turned on full-force, especially at 60 GHz, sickening people, some to the point of death. Mis-labeled a second wave of COVID-19, this would likely be blamed on civil libertarians and constitutionalists for "reopening the economy too soon." Alternative media, including books like this one, could be increasingly savaged as "fake news." The government proclaims,

"We *must* return to complete lockdown." The weary public says, "No! We cannot tolerate another lockdown!" Bill Gates announces: "No problem! The vaccine is ready." The CDC and FDA say: "We have approved the vaccine. Anyone who takes it will be given an immunity passport and allowed to return to work." As an added inducement, those taking the inoculation might be excused from mask requirements. The public now eagerly lines up for shots. They were already acclimated to the "new normals" of masks and social distancing during the first lockdown. It was one thing to stand outside a grocery store for an hour in April; who'd want that in January?

If the Deep State has its way, we would then also see all the other measures Gates and his cronies advocate: forced quarantines mandated by contact tracers; quantum-dot tattoos serving as vaccination proof; digital IDs; and a "global reset" ushering in a cashless society.

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CHAPTER 27

Chapter 27 HOPE AND ENCOURAGEMENT

The news isn't all bad. The Bible doesn't end with the Antichrist, it ends with the return of Christ, the Day of Judgement, and a new heaven and a new earth.

It might be tempting to think: If this is really prophesied, then what's the point of resisting the New World Order? And the answer to that is obedience to God. The Lord's Prayer says: "Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven." A Luciferian system running the world is not God's will; it's a violation of it. We have a duty to stand against evil. In fact, the human race's immediate future very much depends on our opposing this system—whether by resistance, protests, class action lawsuits, and of course, sharing information: by word of mouth, email, social media, communicating with our elected representatives, letters to editors, calls to talk radio shows, and (for those who can) blogs and vlogs.

I grew up in an agnostic home, and I realize that some people will feel annoyed by my depicting the New World Order in spiritual terms. However, the oligarchs themselves do that—at their highest levels, they are consciously, and in practice, Luciferian. This has been documented by (for just three examples): William Guy Carr of Canadian Intelligence in the 1950s (with books such as *Pawns in the Game*); FBI veteran Ted Gunderson, for decades until his death in 2011; and quite recently former Dutch currency banker Ronald Bernard, whose online interviews have gone viral. Anyone doubting that the oligarchy is Luciferian need only look at the normalization of abortion, gay marriage, and transgenderism in our culture. Such systemic changes ultimately occur from topdown influence, not grass-roots activism.

Given the battle's spiritual character, is the church itself awake to what's happening? Some Christian spokespersons are. In the Catholic domain,

Archbishop Carlo Maria Viganò's letter to President Trump garnered much attention:

> In recent months we have been witnessing the formation of two opposing sides that I would call *Biblical*: the children of light and the children of darkness. The children of light constitute the most conspicuous part of humanity, while the children of darkness represent an absolute minority. And yet the former are the object of a sort of discrimination which places them in a situation of moral inferiority with respect to their adversaries, who often hold strategic positions in government, in politics, in the economy and in the media. In an apparently inexplicable way, the good are held hostage by the wicked and by those who help them either out of self-interest or fearfulness.…
>
> In society, Mr. President, these two opposing realities co-exist as eternal enemies, just as God and Satan are eternal enemies. And it appears that the children of darkness—whom we may easily identify with the *deep state* which you wisely oppose and which is fiercely waging war against you in these days—have decided to show their cards, so to speak, by now revealing their plans. They seem to be so certain of already having everything under control that they have laid aside that circumspection that until now had at least partially concealed their true intentions. The investigations already under way will reveal the true responsibility of those who managed the COVID emergency not only in the area of health care but also in politics, the economy, and the media. We will probably find that in this colossal operation of social engineering there are people who have decided the fate of humanity, arrogating to themselves the right to act against the will of citizens and their representatives in the governments of nations.[1]

Not everyone shares Archbishop Viganò's confidence in President Trump, who has given mixed signals—withdrawing U.S support for WHO on one hand, supporting a "warp speed" vaccine on the other. Moving to the

evangelical sphere, Pastor Chuck Baldwin, who was the Constitution Party's Presidential candidate in 2008, writes:

> Anyone who has bought into the hype that all of these government lockdowns, a ruined economy, suppression of our liberties and a total disruption of our way of life are for the purpose of saving lives has drunk some serious Kool-Aid. We are supposed to believe that the same people who are enthusiastically promoting the killing of over 60 million unborn babies without so much as a modicum of conscience are somehow crying crocodile tears of compassion because people (including babies) MIGHT die from a flu-like virus? What poppycock!
>
> As I pointed out in this column last week, Secretary of State Mike Pompeo admitted that the corona scare was a government exercise (read: a practice run-through for something bigger). It was an exercise for total government control over our lives. This has been the agenda of Big Government statists in both political parties for decades. With constant fearmongering and hysteria from Big Government hacks in the mainstream media over the coronavirus, the power elite have taken the American people further down the road to serfdom and slavery than any previous attempt.
>
> And I will say it again: This plan would not have worked had Donald Trump not been in the White House. This plan totally depended on evangelical pastors and churches sheepishly going along with it. This they would not have done had a liberal Democrat been in the White House. Are you kidding? Commanding churches to cancel their services—no communions, no baptisms, no Easter services—a total shutdown of houses of worship nationwide? Are you kidding me? You and I both know that if Hillary Clinton were president and she had said that no more than ten people could assemble in church—or anywhere else, for that matter—pastors and Christians would have protested in the streets and would have

> defiantly continued their public services en masse. But, because Donald Trump issued the declaration, almost the entire evangelical world bowed the knee to the state without a whimper.
>
> The rest was easy. Restaurant closures, business closures, school closures, travel restrictions, rationed medical care and empty hospitals: Once evangelicals had been neutralized, there was no resistance.
>
> Even so-called patriot leaders such as Oath Keepers Founder and President Stewart Rhodes joined the chorus of Big Government shills calling for government lockdown of our lives. Rhodes' open letter to governors could have been easily written by Big Pharma Fascist Anthony Fauci.…
>
> And speaking of Fauci, this little tyrant along with Mr. Global Government himself, Bill Gates, have positioned themselves to make billions of dollars in profits from government-mandated forced vaccinations, which they are both screaming for. And make no mistake about it: Anthony Fauci knows exactly what he's doing.…
>
> All of these media hacks fomenting panic and fear; all of these government lockdowns; all of these school closures, business closures and stay-at-home orders are NOT about protecting us from a flu virus. They are all about preparing us for mandated vaccines and total government surveillance and control over our lives—including our jobs, our families, our education, our religious practices, our medical care and our travel.
>
> As it turns out, it looks like the tyrants don't need to confiscate our firearms after all in order to enslave us. Pastors and churches are leading the way for America's voluntary enslavement—all in the name of safety.[2]

Mount Athos is an autonomous monastic state in Greece, comprising 20 monasteries of the Orthodox Christian faith. In April 2020, one of the most respected figures on Mount Athos, Elder Evthymios of Kapsala, wrote an

epistle concerning how the Orthodox Church should respond to the coronavirus, which I quote in part:

> In older times and in similar cases of deadly epidemics, she [the church] would perform sanctifications of the waters (*αγιασμός*) and go out in procession with the sacred icons and holy relics. Why should these not be done today as well? "Is the Lord's hand unable" to help us in these days too (cf. Is. 59:1)?
>
> During the third decade of the twentieth century, my village was struck by a plague which killed fifty little children in a few days. They could not dig the graves fast enough.
>
> Then they brought the skull of Saint Charalampes from Saint Stephen's in Meteora and the plague immediately ceased.
>
> Ever since the Lord performed the Mystical Supper and handed down the most holy mystery of the Divine Eucharist, the world-saving Divine Liturgy has not ceased to be celebrated to this day.
>
> Neither Diocletian, nor the Turks, nor the communists in Russia, nor the Germans during the years of the occupation managed to stop the Divine Liturgy and the faithful from approaching Holy Communion.
>
> And now, with the fear of the virus, the churches have closed down and the faithful are deprived of the saving grace of the mysteries, of which they have so great a need. On the contrary, while everyone here [in Greece] remains fearfully silent, in the Orthodox Churches of Serbia, Bulgaria, and Georgia divine worship continues unhindered, the churches are open, Divine Liturgy is celebrated, and the faithful are not afraid of being affected by the virus.
>
> The protective measures employed by the present government are unconstitutional, unbearable, extreme, and unfair to the Greek Orthodox, while they have also created an atmosphere of terrorism, which the media aggravate.

Yes, the virus exists and we must protect our health and the health of those around us. Fear, however, must vanish, because when man is in a state of fear he cannot think and act rationally and discreetly.…

Many are anxiously expecting the defeat of the coronavirus by the invention of the vaccine, which will be obligatory for all. As for us, we refuse to be vaccinated.

Whoever is afraid, let him receive as many vaccines as he likes, but he should know that they may produce unforeseen and grave side-effects, as was the case a few years with the vaccines against the bird flu done to children, many of whom became paralysed.

Likewise, many of those who received the vaccine against hepatitis B contracted multiple sclerosis, and the same happens with other vaccines as well. Unless God guard us, what can vaccines and medicine do? . . .

We have superior vaccines and the "medicine of immortality," the holy Mysteries.…

And while everyone is struggling to confront the virus, some people have other things in mind and as their goal. Top doctors and scientists are pointing out that what is happening is a discipline test: the goal is to manipulate the people in the direction they want.

This seemed strange and incredible until recently, but it is not imaginary, since men are now publicly saying that "The coronavirus pandemic has brought to the fore the need for a world-wide democratic government" (George Papandreou) and proposing that "each man have on him a microchip with biometrical data in relation to this virus or to other epidemic measurements" (Evangelos Venizelos).

These people are openly speaking of the mark [of the Antichrist] and world-wide dictatorship, but do we get it? And what are we doing? Saint Païsios has spoken and written so much about this topic.

> Can we possibly trust these men who have enslaved us to the foreign lenders and who are now leading us into slavery to the Antichrist?[3]

Archbishop Viganò, Pastor Baldwin, and Elder Evthymios, each in their own way, exemplify "awake" theologians who understand realities of geopolitics and how they relate to faith and prophecy. Unfortunately, they are in the minority amongst churchmen—as is true in any walk of life for people living "out of the Matrix."

However, I take encouragement in the words of such men, hoping that they, and other "red-pilled" clergymen, will be beacons for the churches.

Louis Farrakhan of the Nation of Islam has also spoken out. *NewsOne* reported:

> One of the many timely references made in Nation of Islam Minister Louis Farrakhan's address on the Fourth of July was about the development of a vaccine for the COVID-19 pandemic that has upended 2020 and threatened more public health havoc moving into the new year.…
>
> "I say to my brothers and sisters in Africa . . . if they come up with a vaccine, be careful," Farrakhan said before expanding his warning to include Black people in the United States, as well.
>
> "Do not take their medications. We need to call a meeting of our skilled virologists, epidemiologists, and students of biology and chemistry," Farrakhan implored. "We need to give ourselves something better".…
>
> Farrakhan also called out the prominent proponents of the vaccine, including Dr. Anthony S. Fauci, the director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, for having what he said was the audacity to insist that a vaccine was the best way to combat the coronavirus. He said Fauci and others were more interested in population control than public health.

> "They're plotting to give 7 billion 500 million people a vaccination," Farrakhan said incredulously. "Dr. Fauci, Bill Gates and Melinda, you want to depopulate the earth. What the hell gives you that right?"[4]

As an author who has appeared on many podcasts, I am hearing more and more reports of both political and spiritual awakening. Amid the darkness are positive trends. Even "Matrixed" citizens who once scoffed at "conspiracy theorists" are beginning to sense, in their inner being, that something isn't right with the lockdowns and the illogical statements uttered by bureaucrats and the media. Bill Gates and the Deep State may have made the mistake of flooring the accelerator—pushing the agenda too hard instead of "boiling the frog"—thus unintentionally jolting people awake.

• Even in the mainstream media, some are speaking up. John Bolt of *Sky News Australia* has been bitingly critical of his country's lockdown. Tucker Carlson of *Fox News* minced no words:

> [W]e do think it's worth four minutes taking a pause to assess whether or not they were in fact lying to us about the coronavirus and our response to it. And the short answer is this: Yes, they were definitely lying. As a matter of public health, we can say conclusively the lockdowns were not necessary. In fact, we can prove that. And here's the most powerful evidence: States that never locked down at all—states where people were allowed to live like Americans and not cower indoors alone—in the end turned out no worse than states that had mandatory quarantines.…
>
> The media definitely don't want to revisit what they were saying just a few weeks ago, when they were acting as press agents for power-drunk Democratic politicians. Back then, news anchors were ordering you to stop asking questions and obey.… And then Memorial Day arrived in May, and some states started to reopen. Millions of grateful Americans headed outdoors for the first time in months, and the media attacked

> them for doing that. They called them killers. Swimming with your kids, they told us, was tantamount to mass murder.…
>
> But it didn't take long for that message to change completely. In fact, it took precisely five days.… If all of this seems like a pretty abrupt pivot, fret not. Rioting is not a health risk as long as it helps the Democratic Party's prospects in the November election. Rioting will not spread the coronavirus.…
>
> But that doesn't mean you get to go outside. You don't. Thanks to coronavirus, you do not have the right to resume your life, and if you complain about that, it's "white nationalism." That was their professional conclusion.…
>
> We were all played. Corrupt politicians scared us into giving up control over the most basic questions in our lives. At the same time, they gave more power to their obedient followers, like Antifa, while keeping the rest of us trapped at home and censored online. In other words, they used a public health emergency to subvert democracy and install themselves as monarchs.[5]

Fraser Nelson wrote a post for Britain's *Telegraph* entitled "The Threat Has Passed, So Why Are Our Civil Liberties Still Suspended?"

> The virus seems to have peaked by lockdown on 23 March. None of this was known at the time. Instead, we had panic and Prof. Neil Ferguson saying that 250,000 would die unless rules were mandatory. So politically, the Prime Minister had no choice. He has since remarked to colleagues how surprised he has been both at how easy it was, in the end, to take away people's freedom—and how hard it is, now, to give it back.
>
> Rather than a presumption towards liberty—that people should be free unless there's a compelling reason to restrict—the coronavirus crisis has ushered in a new idea. That restrictions must stay, unless it can be proven that it's safe to lift them. It's a pretty hard test to meet as the science is—still—pretty far from consensus. The government's own scientific

> advisers are in safety-first mode, convinced that they'll be blamed if anything goes wrong. Ministers find themselves up against a new foe: the precautionary principle. So children are denied basic education because unions say classrooms are unsafe and ministers can't prove otherwise. Most of the Cabinet regards the two-metre social distance regulation as a recipe for economic ruin. There was no scientific evidence behind this distance in the first place, but it's hard to prove that one metre is better because the whole thing is arbitrary.…
>
> Lockdown was for just three weeks at first, to "buy time" for the NHS to get ready. We then stayed locked down to "flatten the curve." Deaths peaked on 8 April and have fallen 90 per cent since. London has barely two dozen COVID diagnoses a day— yet the city's 1.4 million children are not allowed to go to school .… There are no longer "excess deaths" detected in any age group. Four out of five UK COVID cases, now, report no symptoms. It is nigh-on impossible to justify Britain's restrictions on today's threat.… Some 1,500 paediatricians wrote to the government yesterday, urging ministers to consider how school closures will scar "the life chances of a generation of young people."[6]

• In the spring of 2020, protests against the lockdown erupted worldwide. Noteworthy: they were peaceful, void of the looting and destruction that accompanied so many of the protests following the Floyd incident. James Corbett has highlights from numerous lockdown protests at https://www.corbettreport.com/are-there-lockdown-protests-qfc-060/.

• Sometimes more vigorous protests succeeded. As *The Unz Review* reported in July:

> The relentless advance of coronavirus terror has been broken. Recalcitrant Serbs rebelled against their President when he ordered them back under house arrest. After two days of street battles with dozens of policemen hospitalised, the sturdy protesters won; the authorities surrendered and gave up their

> plans to lock Belgrade down. Shops, pubs and restaurants in Belgrade will have an early evening curfew; but this is much better than the full lockdown they intended.[7]

• In Chicago, six Romanian-American churches announced they were re-opening in defiance of Governor J.B. Pritzker's unconstitutional order. Their open letter laid out the safety guidelines they would follow, which exceeded the CDC guidelines that allowed Target, abortion clinics and liquor stores to stay in business.[8]

• People in law enforcement are beginning to speak out. Seattle police officer Greg Anderson, a veteran of the Iraq War as well as of 10 years on the police force, posted a viral video on YouTube. After refusing to take the video down, he was fired. Excerpt:

> I've been in law enforcement for ten years and I'm speaking to my peers, other fellow officers, people in any kind of law enforcement position. I've seen officers nationwide enforcing tyrannical orders against the people, and I'm hoping it's the minority of officers, but I'm not sure anymore, because every time I turn on the television, every time I turn I look to the Internet, I'm seeing people arrested or cited for going to church, for traveling on the roadways, for going surfing, opening their businesses, going to the park with their families. or doing nails out of their own house, using their own house as a place of business, and having undercover agents go there and arrest them and charge them—with what? With a crime?
>
> I don't know what crime people are committing by doing nails in their own house, but we're seeing this more and more and more, and we need to start looking at ourselves as officers and thinking: "Is what I'm doing right?" Now I want to remind you that regardless of where you stand on the coronavirus, we don't have the authority to do those things to people just because a mayor or a governor tells you otherwise. I don't care if it's your sergeant or your chief of police. We don't get to violate people's constitutional rights because somebody in our

chain of command tells us otherwise. It's not how this country works.[9]

• Courageous medical doctors are speaking up; this book has already cited many. Sherri Tenpenny, MD (www.drtenpenny.com/), Annie Bukacek, MD (http://hhckalispell.com/) and Carrie Madej, MD (https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCOVus4q3qrOyKV_cxyfwfhw) have all been outspoken. Kelly Victory, MD, has an informative 17-minute video summing up the COVID situation at https://www.bitchute.com/video/FFzc6ppAQAjW/. California MD Jeff Barke stated at a May rally (excerpts):

> What if the experts are wrong? What if "quarantine the healthy" doesn't actually save lives? [Applause] What if wearing a mask in public is not effective? My name is Dr. Jeff Barke, and I'm here representing thousands of physicians across the country, whose voices are being silenced because we don't agree with the mainstream media and the experts who are telling us what to do. [Applause] Never in the history of this great Republic have we quarantined the healthy.…
>
> As a physician I can tell you, yes, this virus is dangerous but as we see the statistics come in, we're realizing that the fatality rate of this virus is in the ballpark of a bad seasonal influenza. What we're also knowing is that just like other respiratory viral illnesses in the past, we get over this virus by achieving herd immunity. We can never achieve herd immunity by keeping the herd quarantined. It's time that we protect the vulnerable and the most at risk when we allow the young and the healthy to open the doors and go back to work. Do not let your voices be silenced.[10]

Dr. Mohammad Iqbal Adil, Consultant General, laparoscopic and colorectal surgeon for the United Kingdom's National Health Service, and who has worked in teaching hospitals for 30 years, has turned whistle-blower:

> The recent so-called "pandemic" of the coronavirus has created an extraordinary humanitarian crisis all over the world. …
>
> For the last two months the entire world has been locked down, they are in home arrest, they have been isolated, threatened.… All the large and small businesses are clamped down, and it's an extraordinary situation where all the schools are closed and 1.8 billion children in 180 countries are affected. …
>
> It's a pyramid where the 1 or 2 percent people are controlling the 98 to 99 percent of people all over the world, and in the middle of the pyramid is a vicious and merciless police, military and bureaucracy. The poor public has no support by these law and order maintenance authorities, because they work not for the public, they work for this top 1 to 2 percent filthy rich.…
>
> Every patient who is admitted to the COVID ward due to chest infection, flu, pneumonia and respiratory problems, or [even] heart or cancer problems, is labeled as "COVID-19 positive," which is increasing the number greater and greater all over the world. That's why the "Worldometer," which is fake, a calculator, I don't know who is controlling this "Worldometer" and who is sponsoring them.…
>
> Also they want to create a vaccination for that, so that everybody would have a vaccination which will be electronically monitored through the computers and through the electronic tags, and it would be like a quantum tattoo on their wrist or arm.… That is going to happen in the near future, believe me on that.[11]

As we have already mentioned, health care providers in Michigan filed a lawsuit against Governor Gretchen Whitmer as her unprecedented lockdown is threatening the lives of many non-COVID patients across the state by denying them needed surgeries and preventative care.[12]

• Norway canceled its contact tracing app over privacy concerns. Associated Press reported in June that "the Norwegian Data Protection Agency said, amongst other things, that the low infection rate meant data gathering on the app could no longer be justified against privacy concerns. … The app was suspended ahead of an Amnesty International report analyzing contact tracing apps from Europe, the Middle East and North Africa, which found that the Norwegian app was one of the most alarming for privacy because of its 'live or near-live tracking of users' locations. The rights group said it shared its findings with authorities earlier this month and urged them to change course. 'This episode should act as a warning to all governments rushing ahead with apps that are invasive and designed in a way that puts human rights at risk,' said Claudio Guarnieri, head of Amnesty's Security Lab."[13]

• While I don't encourage violence, there is much footage of 5G towers being burned down; people are aware of what's coming.

• David Icke gave a viral interview about the New World Order and its plans on *London Real*. The video had over four million views before it was banned by YouTube; it can still be seen on Icke's website at https://davidicke.com/2020/04/06/david-icke-live-london-real-today-330pm-uk/.

• Cartoonist Ben Garrison, who has over 200,000 Twitter followers, has produced a cartoon of Bill Gates presiding over a "COVID-1984" world with mandatory vaccines.

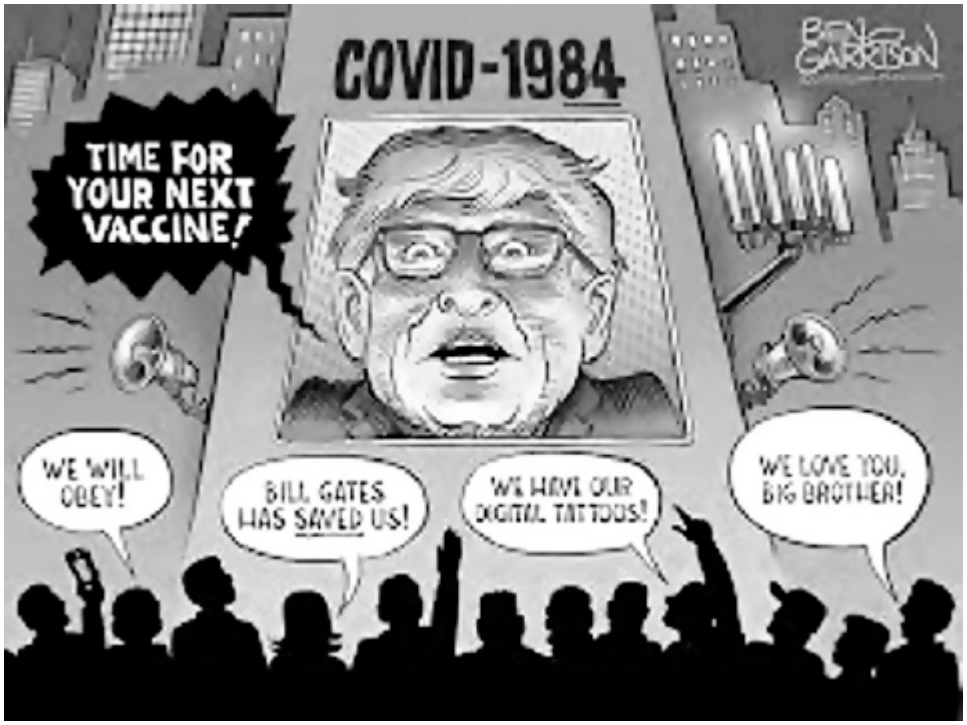

Credit: Ben Garrison, https://grrrgraphics.com/.

• Black comedian Terrence K. Williams, with over 800,000 Twitter followers, produced a video Tweet where he said he'd rather shoot "fried chicken grease" up his arm than a Bill Gates vaccine.[14]

• *Russia Today* reported:

> Russian tennis legend Marat Safin has suggested the coronavirus pandemic could be a pretext for the mass implanting of microchips into humans, as the former world number one gave an unexpected take on the crisis.
>
> "I think they are preparing people for 'chipization' [chip implants]," Safin, 40, said in an Instagram chat with Russian outlet *Sports.ru*. "Back in 2015, Bill Gates said we'll have a pandemic, that the next enemy is a virus, not a nuclear war. They did a simulation at the Davos [economic] forum of what it would be like. I don't think Bill Gates is a predictor, he just knew."

> "I think with this virus the situation isn't like what we're being told, but people believe it all, the horror stories on TV. Some people believe civilization will end; I don't believe that. We'll just be going around with chips soon," Safin added, continuing his unorthodox take on the current crisis.
>
> In a further twist, the two-time Grand Slam winner even suggested there were shady forces at work that may be behind recent events. "They've put the whole world [in lockdown] at home, so everything works," said Safin. "I think there are guys even bigger than world leaders who are the real masters of money, the masters of the world, they can turn things around easily. Call it a shadow government, call it whatever you like. I think we don't even know they exist. The Rothschilds and the Rockefellers are well-known names, but someone else is behind them."[15]

• Italian Member of Parliament Sara Cunial delivered a blistering seven-minute speech in May in which she said, in remarks directed at Prime Minister Giuseppe Conte: "Next time you receive a phone call from the 'philanthropist' Bill Gates, forward it directly to the International Criminal Court for crimes against humanity."[16]

• A "We the People" petition that calls for "Investigations into The Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation for Medical Malpractice & Crimes Against Humanity" has garnered more than half a million signatures. If you'd like to sign it, it's at https://petitions.whitehouse.gov/.

In an age of instant information, truth can travel fast. Bill Gates is being savaged on social media like never before. And maybe he, like fellow billionaire Mike Bloomberg, will learn: You can't buy the people, and you can't buy the truth.

I think it would be fitting to close with a quote from Robert F. Kennedy, Jr.

> Every part of our lives will be subject to control. This virus is about training us for submission, training us to do what we're told. To not go to the beach unless we're told, to not kiss our

> girlfriend without their permission. They're turning us into production units and consuming entities. They are going to rob us not only of our democracy and our liberties, but our souls. They are going to inject us with the medicines they want and they're going to charge us for the diseases they give us. They are going to control every part of our lives. What we are doing at Children's Health Defense is using the last instruments of democracy we have left—the Courts—to fight them. We are in the last battle. We are in the apocalypse. We are fighting for the salvation of humanity. We all knew this was coming, though I never believed it would come in my lifetime. But here it is.[17]

For Further Reading and Viewing

Alternative media features too many awesome websites and YouTube channels for me to list comprehensively; here is a selection that can help keep you updated on the COVID situation (as well as other pertinent issues). If video channels are censored following this book's publication, look for backups on Bitchute:

The Corbett Report https://www.corbettreport.com/

No More Fake News (John Rappoport's website) https://nomorefakenews.com/

The End Game (Spiro Skouras channel) https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCkKOQNYoZjaa_8V0uPOueeQ

Children's Health Defense (Robert F. Kennedy, Jr.) https://childrenshealthdefense.org/

"Facts about COVID-19" by *Swiss Policy Research* (regularly updated) https://swprs.org/a-swiss-doctor-on-covid-19/

The HighWire with Del Bigtree https://www.bitchute.com/channel/okiFK5CwQrZS/

Dr. Rashid Buttar https://www.drbuttar.com/ YouTube: https://www.youtube.com/user/drbuttar

London Real (with Brian Rose) https://londonreal.tv/ Dr. Dolores Cahill https://dolorescahill.com/

Dr. Henry Makow https://www.henrymakow.com/

SGT Report channel https://www.youtube.com/user/SGTbull07

UnHerd channel https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCMxiv15iK_MFayY_3fU9loQ

Dr. Sherri Tenpenny https://www.drtenpenny.com/

David Icke https://davidicke.com/

Gateway Pundit https://www.thegatewaypundit.com/

The Last American Vagabond https://www.thelastamericanvagabond.com/

The New American magazine https://www.thenewamerican.com/ 5G Crisis https://www.5gcrisis.com/

Cellular Phone Task Force (Arthur Firstenberg site) https://www.cellphonetaskforce.org/

Dr. Judy Mikovits does not have a website at this time, but look for her online interviews and read her book *Plague of Corruption*.

For periodic "breaking news" and up-to-date information pertinent to the content of *COVID-19 and the Agendas to Come, Red-Pilled*, visit https://jamesperloff.com/covid-book-updates/.

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6. Fraser Nelson, "The Threat Has Passed, So Why Are Our Civil Liberties Still Suspended?" *The Telegraph*, June 18, 2020, https://www.telegraph.co.uk/politics/2020/06/18/threat-has-passed-civil-liberties-still-suspended/?li_source=LI&li_medium=liftigniter-rhr.

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BLOODLINES of the ILLUMINATI

FRITZ SPRINGMEIER

Bloodlines of Illuminati

by:
Fritz Springmeier, 1995

Introduction:

I am pleased & honored to present this book to those in the world who love the truth. This is a book for lovers of the Truth. This is a book for those who are already familiar with my past writings. An Illuminati Grand Master once said that the world is a stage and we are all actors. Of course this was not an original thought, but it certainly is a way of describing the Illuminati view of how the world works.

The people of the world are an audience to which the Illuminati entertain with propaganda. Just one of the thousands of recent examples of this type of acting done for the public was President Bill Clinton's 1995 State of the Union address. The speech was designed to push all of the warm fuzzy buttons of his listening audience that he could. All the green lights for acceptance were systematically pushed by the President's speech with the help of a controlled congressional audience. The truth on the other hand doesn't always tickle the ear and warm the ego of its listeners. The light of truth in this book will be too bright for some people who will want to return to the safe comfort of their darkness.

I am not a conspiracy theorist. I deal with real facts, not theory. Some of the people I write about, I have met. Some of the people I expose are alive and very dangerous. The darkness has never liked the light. Yet, many of the secrets of the Illuminati are locked up tightly simply because secrecy is a way of life. It is such a way of life, that they resent the Carroll Quigleys and the James H. Billingtons who want to tell real historical facts rather than doctored up stories and myths. I have been an intense student of history since I could read, and I am deeply committed to the facts of history rather than the cover stories the public is fed to manipulate them.

I do not fear the Illuminati taking over this country and doing away with the Constitution, because they took over this country long ago, and the Constitution has not technically been in effect due to Presidential emergency decrees since W.W. II. Being a follower of Christ does not mean we should fear. Perfect love for Almighty God casts out our fear for the situation He has place us in. Don't think for a moment you are going to vote the Illuminati out of office. They control the major and minor political parties. They control the process of government, they control the process of information flow, they control the process of creating money and finally they control Christendom. (However, God controls the hearts of His people.)

I have provided information on how to respond in some of my other writings. This book will not tell you how to deal with the Illuminati families. This volume is simply the first of two volumes which is published to give an overview of what the Illuminati is. In short the Illuminati are generational Satanic bloodlines which have gained the most power. A generational Satanist described the Illuminati as "Satan's elite."

This book is not written to cause fear. It is not written to provide names for a witch hunt. It is not written to provide another theory. This book is not about a theory. It is about the secret occult oligarchies which rule the world. When brought together, the facts of this book will begin to speak for themselves without me. I don't ask that you take my word. Investigate for yourself. God Himself has told us that the whole world lies in the power of the wicked one. Some people after they have read my material have gone out into their own geographic area and seen for themselves that a small group of people control their nation and the world from behind the scenes. They have seen for themselves the power that secret societies exercise from behind the scenes.

This book will not be error free. There will be typos, and misspelled names, and errors of various kinds. The author is not God Almighty. I do not have every hair on these people's heads counted. This book has not been put out with the luxury of ghost writers, editors, a paid staff of researchers and a large budget. I look at many trivial projects which the elite are able to pour millions of dollars into, and I look at the research I do when at times I've not had a dime to photocopy some document I want. There is so much for me to communicate about the Illuminati, who they are, what their rituals are like, and how they control the world that it has taken several years of writing to begin to give people a fully cohesive picture.

Finally, after a number of requests that I assemble my writings exposing the top 13 Illuminati bloodlines, I have taken the time to put it all together in a book with a comprehensive index. History is important. In order to know where we are going, we need to know where we have been. To control the past is to control the present. The Illuminati's control over the entire learning process from cradle to grave gives them great ability to shape our frames of references. Jesus spoke about historical things. Paul reminded people of historical things. Josephus wrote a history of the nation of Israel.

Long ago in the dark unwritten pages of human history, powerful kings discovered how they could control other men by torture, magical practices, wars, politics, religion and interest taking. These elite families designed strategies and tactics to perpetuate their occult practices. Layers upon layers of secrecy have hidden these families from the profane masses, but many an author has touched upon their existence. I began my research when I began to get first hand reports from very informed people that an elite group did rule the world. My research into Satan's hierarchy went fast because of my skills as a researcher and because I knew from the beginning from my informants about the reality of what I was investigating. My investigation into the Illuminati, led me to read and pray about thousands of books. The quantity of books, newspapers, magazines and manuscripts and papers which were read to get me to where I am today numbers in the many thousands. I do not know how many nights I stayed up studying and finally collapsed into sleep with blurred red eyes.

I do know that I was driven enough in my study that I often would not stop until my eyes and mind could go no further. Men and women with sharp intellects like Edith Star Miller (author of Occult Theocracy) and Alexander Hislop (author of The Two Babylons) have tried to research the occult world and the connections between the different groups. I first read Hislop's book in 1981. His book shows that there is a continuity between the ancient occultism of the Mystery Religions and modern day religion. Edith Star Miller's Occult Theocracy was very helpful for me to rapidly see some of the many hidden historical and operational connections between occult groups today. Finally, the book Holy Blood. Holy Grail and its first sequel The Messianic Legacy gave me a deep insightful look into the 13th bloodline. But my understanding has been lifted by countless other investigators, who are worthy of praise because they dared to challenge the power structure to get to the real facts. </p>

In mockery and imitation of God's 12 tribes, Satan blessed 12 bloodlines. One of these bloodlines was the Ishmaeli bloodline from which a special elite line developed alchemy, assassination techniques, and other occult practices. One bloodline was Egyptian/Celtic/Druidic from which Druidism was developed. One bloodline was in the orient and developed oriental magic. One lineage was from Canaan and the Canaanites. It had the name Astarte, then Astorga, then Ashdor, and then Astor. The tribe of Dan was used as a Judas Iscariot type seed. The royalty of the tribe of Dan have descended down through history as a powefful Satanic bloodline. The 13th or final blood line was copied after God's royal lineage of Jesus. This was the Satanic House of David with their blood which they believe is not only from the House of David but also from the lineage of Jesus, who they claim had a wife and children. The 13th Satanic bloodline was instilled with the direct seed of Satan so that they would not only carry Christ's blood--but also the blood of his "brother" Lucifer. </p>

One of the bloodlines goes back to Babylon and are descendent from Nimrod. Down through the years the occult world has remained hidden from the history books. (Publishing and education have been controlled privileges.) They have ruled behind the scenes. The Mystery Religions each had their secret

councils which ruled them, and these councils themselves came under the guidance of a secret supreme Grand Council or Governing Body. The Mystery Religions in turn ruled the masses and the political leaders. When I first began investigating the Illuminati a clear picture developed that the history books were doctored, and that great power was concentrated in the hands of oligarchies around the world. But who were these powerful people? I have been repeatedly asked, "If there is a conspiracy who are the conspirators?" That is what this book is about. The history books are full of information about the elites and the masses. Interestingly, upon very close scrutiny and examination the investigator finds that the elite have perpetuated their power for centuries, and have worked hand in glove with other elites to control the masses.

When seen in better light, wars between kings no longer appear as wars between elite factions, but contrived wars to control the masses by their greedy elite masters. But who are these people? The answer may not be the answer some might expect, because power comes in many shapes and sizes. Power doesn't have to have high visibility to be active. In fact, due to the evil dark nature of these evil bloodlines they have traditionally tried to remain secret. I am indebted to people who have stepped out of the generational Satanic bloodlines of the Illuminati and who have given their lives to Christ for many of the tips which got my investigations on the right track. This book tells what many witnesses of generational Satanism would like to tell, but are too intimidated to tell. Witnesses like Tom Collins, and John Todd, and David Hill have tried to testify what they themselves saw--they each were destroyed. But the truth will not die with Tom Collins or David Hill. The truth did not go out of fashion just because John Todd was framed and dishonored by the Illuminati's henchmen. Several people from different places have confirmed that there are 13 Illuminati bloodlines. Further, several ex-Illuminati people have confirmed my list of 13 families.

It is possible that my list is off on a name or two, but if it might be off, it can not be off much, if any. I believe the facts speak for themselves. As you study these bloodlines you will also see how powerful they are. David Hill, who was investigating the Illuminati, lost his life because he had been close to the inside as a high ranking Freemason who worked for the Mafia.

I received David Hill's research manuscript two years after I had begun reporting on the 13 families. David Hill had done what I had originally done. He had asked questions and began to dig into who pulled the strings in this country. Both David and I discovered the names of some of the more obvious powerful families. For instance, in David's notes he writes, "Yes, it is a fact: the Mellons, Carnegies, Rothschilds, Rockefellers, Dukes, Astors, Dorrances, Reynoldses, Stilimans, Bakers, Pynes, Cuilmans, Watsons, Tukes, Kleinworts, DuPonts, Warburgs, Phippses, Graces, Guggenheims, Milners, Drexels, Winthrops, Vanderbilts, Whitneys, Harknesses and other super rich Illuminated families generally get along quite well with Communists, who supposedly want to take away the wealth of these men and give it to the people.

However, this is only double talk designed to bolster the superstructure of delusion that Communists are the enemies of all Capitalists. But Communists, like the super rich families, are not the enemies of MONOPOLY CAPITALISM: they are the foes of FREE ENTERPRISE." (Untitled manuscript of David Hill, p. 215.)

My research had already entered another dimension beyond David Hill's, because people trying to escape being part of the Illuminati had given me the 13 family names. But each round of validation I have received is a pleasant encouragement that others have seen the same things. It was a pleasant surprise to see that this researcher had singled out some of the same families as I had. Some of the allied families if not all of them probably have intermarried somewhere with one of these bloodlines.

Because this book is a collection of things which I have written over the years allow me to review what was written. In 1991, I first self-published my Be Wise As Serpents manuscript which exposed the top 13 families. In 1992, I began my newsletter to continue exposing the Illuminati, and came out with some monographs exposing the Monarch Mind Control program and the Illuminati Plans/methods to create earthquakes. From the mid-Dec. '92 newsletter up to the most recent ones in

1995, I have ran feature articles exposing the different top 13 families. This book is a collection of things, I, Fritz Springmeier, wrote between 1991 and 1995 about the top 13 families.

· PREVIEW OF VOL. 2

Besides feature articles about the top 13 families, I have also written articles about the Illuminati in general. When I went to assemble what I had written on the 13 families, I realized that much of what I'd said was in the content of articles about the Illuminati in general. I made the decision to use the approximately 250 pages I'd written specifically about the 13 families as Book #1, and what I had written in general about the families, which was also 200 plus pages as Book #2. Volume two will explain how the Illuminati control the world, and what some of their beliefs are, and about their secret and semi-secret organizations.

The two books will provide perhaps the most indepth complete picture of the 13 top Illuminati families that has been done to date. In fact, I know of no other book which is devoted to exposing the top 13 Illuminati families. In Volume two, you will read about Illuminati life, Illuminati control, and Illuminati organizations including the ACL, the Bohemian Grove, the Cosmos Club, the CFR, the Club of Rome, the Council of 9, the Council of 13 which is the Grand Druid Council, the Jason Society, the Jason Group, the Ordo Saturis, the OTO groups, MI-6, MJ-12, the Mothers of Darkness, the Pilgrim Society, the Prieure de Sion, the Process Church, the Sanhedrin, the Temple of Power, and other groups. These two books will give the details behind what was written, "the whole world lieth in wickedness" and that the god of this world is in its full reality Satan.

Grace and peace be with you
Fritz Springmeier, Feb. 10, 1995

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By

Fritz Springmeier

Chapter 1: THE ASTOR FAMILY

The original founder of the Astor fortune was John Jacob Astor (1763-1884). John Jacob Astor was born in Walldorf, Duchy of Baden (Germany) from a Jewish bloodline. The Jewish origins have been hidden, and quite a number of various ideas of the Astor's heritage have been put into circulation by the Astors. John Jacob Astor was a butcher in Walldorf. In 1784, he came to America after a stop over in London, England. Although the story is that he came to America penniless--and that may be true--he soon joined the Masonic Lodge, and within 2-3 years had become the Master of the Holland Lodge No. 8 in N.Y. City. (This Holland Lodge is a prominent lodge in that many of its members have good connections to the Illuminati elite. An example of just one Lodge #8 member is Archibald Russell, 1811 - 1871, whose father was President of a real hotbed of Illuminati action for many years: The Royal Society of Edinburgh).

By 1788, Astor was a master of masonic lodge#8. This is rather interesting considering Astor could not speak Englishwhen he arrived in America, and supposedly was very poor. John Jacob Astor was always very famous for being coldhearted, anti-social, "a man who didn't have charm, wit or grace." (This quote comes even from a relative of the DuPont family who wrote a sympathetic Biography entitled The Astor Family.) If this man lacked social graces and was so cold, and was so poor during his first years in the U.S., why did he rise to such prominence in Freemasonry? Certainly not because of his social graces. For instance, one time later in life at a meal given for elites, when his hands got dirty at the table he reached over and used the shirt of the man beside him to wipe his hands. The original financial break came by carrying out a series of shady and crooked real estate deals in the N.Y. city area.

The next breakcame when two men who are now known to have been in the Illuminati gave John Jacob Astor a special government privilege. The two men were Pres. Jefferson and Secretary Gallatin--both Illuminati members. The United States government had placed an embargo on all U.S. ships from sailing with goods in 1807. But Astor got special permission from these two men for his ship to sail with its cargo. His ship sailed and made close to a $200,000 profit in that day's money. Astor strangely profited greatly from the War of 1812, which crippled almost all the other American shippers. Astor also worked together with George Clinton, another member of the Illuminati, on land deals. Even at that period in history, British intelligence worked for the Committee of 300 and for the Thirteen Top Families, it is interesting then, that John Coleman who had access as an intelligence agent to secret documents, discovered that the original John Jacob Astor was also a British secret agent. The Thirteen Families have very intimate roles with the American and British intelligence cults.

Prior to 1817, John Jacob Astorentered into the fur trade and remained the biggest player in the fur tradeuntil he got out of it in 1834. Over the years, he had managed to build up a monopoly. How he managed to push everyone else out is a good question.

Bear in mind, white people had been trapping furs in the New World for several centuries, and the Indians for who knows how long. Then this guy Astor comes along and in a few years totally owns

the whole industry! Again this could only have happened, because the occult power of this Astor family gave them the right. Obviously, others in the Committee of 300 had to step aside, if his position in the hierarchy had not given Astor the right, believe me the other families that originally controlled the fur trade would have gotten rid of Astor. One result of his fur company, was that Astoria, OR was created. Today, perhaps in honor of the family that originally took interest in it, Astoria is a real hot-bed for the secret Satanic covens in Oregon. John Jacob Astor did have a few helpful connections. Three of his relatives were captains on clipper ships. He had connections in London to the Backhouse family. He married a Todd, a family frequently associated with Satanism. His wife, a Todd, was also connected to the influential Brevoort family. And finally for some reason, John Jacob Astor was also on good relations with the politicians of the day, perhaps because most of them were Freemasons too.

For a few years John Jacob Astor had participated in the opium trade, but in 1818-he publicly quit running opium to China. John Coleman in his good book The Conspirator's Hierarchy: The Story of the Committee of 300, p. 131 notes, "John Jacob Astor made a hugh fortune out of the China opium trade .... it was the Committee of 300 who chose who would be allowed to participate in the fabulously lucrative China opium trade, through its monopolistic BEIC, and the beneficiaries of their largess remained forever wedded to the Committee of 300." Interestingly another Top 13 family, the Russells, was also one of the lucky ones to get a slice of the China opium trade. It is clear repeatedly from history that Astor was privy to inside information in the government, and maintained his own courier system. John Jacob Astor bought up large amounts of land in NY which land greatly increased in value. The Financial Panic of 1837 allowed him to foreclose on a large number of mortgages. John Jacob Astor's wealth continued to skyrocket. As one biography said, "When it came to a question of principle versus profit, Astor was a practical man." Put simply, he had no scruples. Astor had a reputation for being a ruthless landlord. He also had the reputation of not paying his legitimate debts. Astor became a banker, and sat on the board of 5 directors of the new national bank that Hamilton created for the U.S. government called the Bank of the United States. Astor owned a large block of the stock of the Bank of the United States. Astor also was fairly active during his life as a Freemason, holding several more key positions in the secret lodge life. John Jacob was the richest man in the United States. Note this reference. Meyers, Gustavus. History of the Great American Fortunes. London: Stationers Hall, 1909, p. 147 said, "Statistics issued in 1844 of manufacturers in the United States showed a total gross amount of $307,196,844 invested. Astor's wealth, then, was one-fifteenth of the whole amount invested throughout the territory of the United States..." Is having 1/15th of all of what American money is invested not rich? John Jacob Astor's descendents had a penchant for secrecy, and set up things to rule from behind the scenes. In contrast, to some of the other top families, the Astors perferred not to sit on boards of corporations they controlled. In 1890, a real estate expert calculated the Astors owned 1/20 of New York City real estate. After making their fortune while residing in the New York area, the Astors by and large have all gone to England. They still wield great financial power in the United States through proxies. Forum Magazine, Nov. 1889, commented that authorities estimated the Astors were worth $300,000, but that that figure had to be an underestimate. Today, my estimate of the Astors is that they are worth about 40 billion dollars. One of the many foundations that the Astors created was the Vincent Astor Foundation, which is controlled from England by the Astors and has in the range of $100 million tax exempt dollars. The Vincent Astor Foundation has typically given to Catholic and Episcoplian needs, among other things. They also give money to agencies opposed to private ownership of guns. They give money to NY's public library. Imagine how much influence that gives them, when the library is receiving regular help for general support? A 1971 Foundation Directory stated that the V. Astor foundation had its present emphasis on preventing juvenile delinquency. Why don't I trust the Astor's in helping out with law enforcement? The William Waldorf Foundation states that its purpose is 'Promotion of mutual understanding and the diffusion of knowledge and culture among the United States and the dominions, colonies, and countries of the British Commonwealth.' This sounds very similar to the public statement of purpose that the secretive Pilgrim Soc. has given out to those who need something about them. Assets for this foundation are a mere $64,000. Vincent Astor (now deceased) was a member of 41 private clubs, To give an idea of how much power just one of the many Astor men wield some of the businesses Vincent was involved

include:

director- American Express Company dir. Atlantic Fruit and Sugar Co.
dir. Chase Manhattan Bank (of the Rockefellers)
dir. City and Suburban Homes Co.
dir. Classical Cinematograph Corporation
dir. Cuban-Dominican Sugar Co. dir. Great Northern Railroad
dir. Ill. Central Railroad
dir, Inter. Mercantile Marine Co. dir. National Park Bank of NY
dir. NY County Trust Co.
dir. Weekly Publications Inc.
dir. Western Union Telegraph trustee NY
Zoological Soc.advisor to Bankers Trust of NYmember Amer. Museum of Nat. Hist. member Nat. Instit. of Soc. Sciences(notice these last two like so many elite controlled organizations are heavily involved in the spread of the evolution theory.)

Just like the Rothschilds, DuPonts, and Rockefellers, the Astors always set one of their Astor males as the head of the entire family. This headship is passed down as a birthright within the different branches of the family, just as any King passes on his throne. On the corner of 33rd St. and 5th Ave. (the site later began the site of the Empire State Building) the original Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was built by William Waldorf, et. al. The hotel opened in Mar. 1893. It is described as 'the ultimate in snob appeal.' Later two Astor cousins built the Astoria (another even taller elite Hotel) in New York which opened in 1897. Of course, like many of the other elite famIlies, the Astors have theIr Maine property to get away and relax. In 1894, John Jacob wrote a novel A Journey in Other Worlds where he describes a society which operates on the idea of conserving energy. Strange how the elite likes to promote conservation among us 'cattle.' In the late 1800's, the Illuminati began to reconfigure its outward face. The higher levels started creating innocent sounding cover organizations to hide their meetings behind. In 1901, the Astors contributed toward the creation of the Pilgrim Society, which was the cover organization for Amer. & Brit. 6° Princes of the Illuminati. I believe at least five Astors are now members of the Pilgrim Society. The Pilgrims had recently included David Astor, John Jacob Astor 8th, and William Waldorf Astor 3rd. And during the 1970s, Baron Astor of Hever was the President of the London branch of the Pilgrims. This implies that Astor of Hever was at least the next level up in the chain of command.

The Astors also have been veryprominent in the Group' which is Britian's equivalent to the Skull & BonesSoc. In Britain, the Astor, along with about 20 other families dominate the Group, just as certain families like the Whitneys in the U.S. help dominate the Order of Skull & Bones. Again, as was earlier pointed out, the key to understanding Satanism is the bloodlines. In 1910, the muscle and bone branches of the Illuminati reconfigured themselves with the creation of the Round Table groups in 1910. The Astors were the part of the financialbackers behind the Round Table groups along with Abe Bailey. Rhodes and Milner were key players is setting up The Society of the Elect, a supersecret top circle of Illuminati. Rhodes Trust in part helped by the Astor, helps finance the Rhodes Scholarship system. Rhodes a high ranking Freemason wanted the Masonic clap-trap as part of these various new groups, but Milner and Brett did away with the Masonic rituals and costumes, etc.

In 1919, the Royal Institute of International Affairs (RIIA) was created. And the Astors were the major financial backers of the RIIA which functions as the 4° cover of the Illuminati. For those who are new to this, the RIIA is the British equivalent to the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) which takes a major role in the policy making process in the U.S. Waldorf Astoria was appointed to the RIIA. Just above the CFR/RIIA are round table groups which were initially named by Cecil Rhodes as the "Association of Helpers". Cecil Rhodes set up the Rhodes Scholarships to recruit and bring top men from several nations to Oxford to be initiated into the Illuminati and to learn about how to bring in a One-World-Government, So the initialselection into the Rhodes program--ist degree of the

Illum.- is equivalent to the initiation into the Skull & Bones. In the picture you see how the Cliveden Astors were intimately connected to the Rhodes Scholars. Rhodes Scholars frequently went to the Cliveden Estate. By looking at the genealogy chart you can see how the family in London broke up into two powerful segments. One part centered around the Cleveden Estate. Another group became Barons-the Astors of Hever - or the Hever Astors for short. William Waldorf Astor owned the Pall Pall Mall Gazette, the Observer, and the Pall Mall Magazine. The London Times was largely controlled by the Astors, and since 1922 they have owned this major source of British news. The DuPonts and the Rockefellers also have some major businesses where they too own blatant large holdings. However, most of the wealth of the 13 Top families is hidden so that the ties to who owns it are difficult to track. Hoyt Ammidon has been a proxy for Vincent Astor and the other Astors. (See membership list of Illuminati in this newsletter). The Astor family also used Owen Lattimore as their proxy for opium trade, who in turn used Laura Spelman who was funded by the Institute for Pacific Relations (IPR).

The lPR was the group that supervised the Illuminati's decision to allow Red China to share in the Opium trade. The puppet strings behind big world events may not be seen by the public, but if we trace the origins of several big events we see the Astors helping pull strings. The IPR helped lay the groundwork for the Pearl Harbor attack. The Astors also were behind the appeasement policy in Europe which allowed Hitler to become a threat. The Astors were also involved in the temperence movement against alcoholic drink which was begun by the Women's Christian Temperence Union. The temperence movement was an elite created movement just like today we have big issues like Aparteid which are made up by them to keep us busy. Joseph Kennedy and Onassis, two other top 13 Illuminati families got rich off of the temperence movement by bootlegging. So many people have exposed the temperence movement (See Occult Theocracy for just one expose of Freemasonry's involvement) that it is not pertinent to cover it here.

Today's equivalent of the temperence movement is the drug war. Col. Jack Astor, one of the world's most powerful men, was among those who went down with the Titanic. To his honor, he didn't have to sacrifice his life, but did. If he had been a scoundrel he could have chased a woman and her children from some lifeboat. Many sermons have been preached on the significance of the Titanic, and I personally am beginning to feel that God laid it on the hearts of so many of his ministers to understand that the Titanic was a judgment upon the pride of the world. More specifically it was a warning to the New World Order's elite. Another Illuminati invention was Communism. This has been so thoroughly documented I don't know why I have to state it here, except that there are still people who haven't taken the time to study it out. James II. Billington's book Fire In the Minds of Men - a very scholarly work, and Occult Theocracy are some good starting points to study this. The Fabian Society was also connected to the Illuminati. For instance, Illuminati prince Prof. George Edward Gordon Catlin, Pilgrim Soc. member was a member of the Fabian Society's executive committee. The Fabian logo is a Wolf in Sheep's clothing!!

Fabians like H.G. Wells who wrote so eloquently on the New World Order with such books as The New World Order, A Modern Utopia, The Open Conspiracy Blue Prints For A World Revolution was a wolf in sheep clothing. H.G. Well's made the New World Order something that sounded advantageous to everyone, a Utopia of sorts. That is not what it will be. During the 1930's, the Fabian Socialists created the Political and Economic Planning group (PEP). Mason Viscount Waldorf Astoria was a leader of PEP. A confidential program that the PEP created and implemented through the British government was later described in a book Principles of Economic Planning in 1935. The book doesn't explain why its cover has a ostentious Masonic square and compass displayed on its cover. George Berhard Shaw, who was a communist and Fabian Socialist was the best friend of Lady Nancy Astor, who became the first woman Member or Parliment. These two spend vast amounts of time together, much more than Nancy did with her husband Waldorf who she didn't care to be around. Waldorf was the Mason that was mentioned earlier who helped lead PEP. After Nancy Astor was elected (or selected by the elite) to be the first lady MP, one of the Russell ladys soon afterwards also became an MP.

Communism pretends it is the enemy of the rich capItalists, but both the rich elite and the communist leaders are committed to wipe out Christianity, to wipe out free trade with monopolies, and to set up an Illuminati One-World-Government. Do you see they have similar goals? A picture is included of Waldorf and Nancy Astor's visit to Russia during the 1930s. The Astors were not treated like enemies but like royalty. Can we see how the elite controlled press have deceived us? Do not trust our Illuminati-controlled elite to protect us from communism, they control communism. Besides socialism, Nancy Astor was a big supporter of Christian Science. Christian Science was a front for witchcraft from Its very beginning. For more information on what Christian Science is about I suggest people study Be Wise As Serpents, chapter 2.6 'The Healing Light". Nancy Astor wrote The Natural History of the Vampire and a book on the early Mason/Communist Bakunin. She used Grenfell family papers. The Grenfell family were close friends to the Cliveden Astors. David Astor, (The Honorable) attended Bilderberger meetings in 1957 and 1966. Alpha Lodge is the lodge in England that is traditionally for royalty. There are other elite lodges too, where the those of the elite, can protect themselves from rubbing shoulders with those of less social stature. These are the type of masonic lodges that the Astors Join.

In summary, an examination of the Astor family reveals their close connections with the full spectrum of Illuminati activities ranging from Freemasonry, the Illuminati itself, the Pilgrim Society, the Round Tables, Communism, Fabian Socialism, CFR, RIIA. the Bilderbergers, as well as the various politically (that is Illuminati) tainted banks such as Chase Manhattan. Ava Alice Muriel Astor was an occultist. She was born in 1902, was pretty but also a very serious woman. She was a very strong willed person that was able to dominate a person in her presence unless they were also strong willed. She was into Egyptian magic and believed she was the reincarnation of an Egyptian princess and a disciple of Ikhnaton. Alice Astor may have been one of the first people to enter King Tut's tomb, where she got herself a necklace. Aldous Huxley wrote Brave New World as a picture of things that were to come --most people think as a expose, but it was really more as a plan or blueprint Aldous Huxley and Alice did a great deal of occult things together. Their financial power is unchecked. Myers and others have noted the Astors are above the law. The Top 13 families don't obey the law--they are the law. The Astors may have Illuminati Kings and Princes in their ranks, they may have dozens of billions of assets, yet it will all be nothing when they face their Creator at judgment.

Followup on the Astors

One of the items that I felt I should have given the readers back in the 1/1/93 issue was the Masonic background of John Jacob Astor (1763-1848). For the record here is his masonic involvement:

Master of the Holland Lodge No.8, of N.Y.C.-1788
Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of New York-1796-1801
Junior Grand Warden on two occasions-1796 & 1801
Secretary of the comamandery (then called encampments).

For a busy man, he kept himself busy In his Masonic work.

· THE ASTOR FAMILY REVISITED WITH INFORMATION ON THEIR CHANLER BRANCH

THERE ARE 13 TOP BLOODLINES
Thirteen families or bloodlines are at the top, and five of these families are the inside core of these thirteen. Prior to Be Wise As Serpents, the existence of thirteen top families was not known by very many people. The existence of the 13 families had come out in Berry Smith's book Final Notice in the 1980s, but the names were still unknown. Berry Smith of Australia wrote in his book Final Notice p. 9, "There are 13 families or groups heading up the World Government plan. These families are

portrayed as the 13 layers of blocks found on the strange seal on the reverse side of the U.S. $1 bill." In a little read article, one SRA victim recently wrote that Satanism was controlled by a few families. Recently, one of the Du Ponts was on a television show because the DuPonts were trying to kidnap him because they didn't like his support for the book Dope. Inc. I was able to get a copy of the book, and was overjoyed to find such an excellent book. My sources have been telling me that the top Illuminati families were behind the drug trade. Yes, Satan's top followers are also the kingpins in destroying humanity for profit through drug trafilcing.

The following families (besides others) or individuals from these families are mentioned in Dope Inc. as involved in some aspect of the drug trade: the Astors, Bundys, DuPonts, Freemans, Kennedy's, Li's, Rockefellers, Rothschilds, and Russells. It is no coincidence that nine of the Top 13 families would get there names in a book which revealed the big names behind the world's illegal narcotics trade. It should be mentioned that some other prominent Illuminati families also play key roles in the drug trade such as the Bronfmans, Cabots, Shaws, Bacons, Perkins, Morgan, Forbes, Cisneros and Oppenheimers. Where have we seen such names before? There are names in Dope Inc. that people would do well to know the danger of such as Louis Mortimer Bloomfield, Robert Vesco, Francois Genoud of Switzerland, Ivan Slavkov of Bulgaria, the Duke of Kent - Master of the Grand Mother Lodge of the Scottish Rite, and Jardine Matheson to mention a few. All our favorite secret fraternal groups appear in Dope, Inc. too. For instance, the Triads, P2 Masonry, regular Freemasonry, the CIA, the Order of St. John, and the Jesuits. The Universal Christian Gnostic Church's which practices black magic has a whole chapter showing its connection to the drug trade. Britain's assassination bureau Permindex which has been mentioned previously in this newsletter also gets a chapter in the book. In the Be Wise As Serpents book, I examine in detail only the Rothschilds and the Russells. I did not present much to back up my statements about the 13 families. Further, One of the unthinkable items that most people do not want to consider is that their leaders who they have idolized may be utterly corrupt. There was nothing to do but sit down and give the nitty-gritty details if the threat from the Illuminati was to be properly understood. The facts would speak for themselves. The ideal solution for both writer and reader was for me to write up my research and for you to read it as a series of articles. There is only so much a person can assimilate at once, and these articles give lots of details. In January of this year I began a series of articles on the top 13 families - families which the top experts said nobody knew about. I did this with the hope of stimulating others to notice these families, and to alert a wider sector of the Body of Christ. The young colleague David J. Smith, who wrote part of the Jan. 1 article on the Illuminati, was led to carry out further research in addition to what the Jan. 1 article had. Most of this article's information on the Astors then is a result of David's research.

DIFFICULTY IN DETERMINING THE FACTS.

Most of the material put out on the Astors shows the unmistakable mark of distortion by writers and historians giving information in line with what the Astors wanted the public to get. Books on the Astors contain both believable and unbelievable material, fact and fiction, Some of the real facts may remain obscured forever, but that has not stopped us from getting the most accurate picture we could reconstruct. The Astors do not make the task of investigating them easy. They have been very secret and very deceptive since they arrived In this nation. John Jacob Astor, the first prominent Astor was a notorious liar, "he was known on occasion to invent romantic tales for the edification of people who annoyed hIm with questions ..... Men who knew him best were, therefore, neither ready to discredit completely all legends about his exploits nor to repeat them as gospel. The truth, they suspected, lay somewhere between the two extremes." (Terrell, John Upton. Furs by Astor., p. 102.) John Jacob's son insured that his father's lies would go unchallenged by incinerating all of his personal records, business records and other papers.

ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY & its NAME

The Astors have come up with various origins for themselves and those for or against the family have added more ideas. One strong possibility is that the Astors are descendants of the Astorga family found in Southern Italy before the 1600s. The most likely meaning of the name is that both Astorga

and Astor are variations meaning “Astarte” who is the mother of the occult. Her name is also Semiramis. In Babylon the trinity was Nimrod (the sun), Semiramis (the moon), and Tammuz (the morning star). In Egypt, these gods were called Osiris, Isis, and Horus. The pictures and statues Isis and Horns were renamed by the Roman Catholic church as the Virgin Mary and the Christ-child.

THE FAMILY IN EUROPE

The family may have moved from Savoy to Walldorf, Germany. Although it is not a certainty, the best explanation from the available clues indicates that Walldorf’s coven had some important personages in the witchcraft/satanic system and that Johann Astor’s family had power. At that time in Europe, the Astor family had no chance to turn their occult power into success. The power and class structure In Europe was rigid and gridlocked. The boundaries between peasant and aristocracy were solidly in place. So the family looked to the New World to transmute their position in the Satanic hierarchy into financial wealth and power. Johann Astor In Walldorf was only a butcher. His best son John Jacob (1763-1848) was selected to establIsh the House of Astor in America.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR GOES TO AMERICA

At age 16, John Jacob Astor quit helping the family butcher business, went to England and then later to America. Looking at the details of things, and piecing the truth together it appears that his Satanic authority was already in place, because he was able to travel to England, and as a german-speaking peasant converse face to face with the Backhouse family in England. Of course the biographers make it sound like John Jacob Astor left Germany for himself, rather than his family. Michael Astor gives a glimpse of John Jacob’s mission, “He concentrated almost entirely on building a fortune, on escaping the poverty of his childhood and establishing a secure financial position for his family in America.” (Astor, Michael. Tribal Feeling p. 11)

OVERVIEW

The process of 400 years looks like this. Various Satanic families moved into the Southwest German area in the late Medieval time period. Witchcraft associated with Diana was practiced In Southwest Germany, and this began to alarm various elements of the Roman Catholic church. The Astor family provides leadership in the covens in the Heidelberg area. Witchcraft spread virtually all over Southwest Germany. An examination of the old records from about 1500 to 1650 show that witchcraft was being practiced throughout the area. (I have the names of over 120 towns were it was practiced in SW Germany, the list derived from old German records.) The Astors did not have the position, wealth, and power that accorded their position in the late 1700s of occult leadership. In Germany, England and France there was no way to climb the social ladder. However, the New World presented opportunities. The Astors sent two sons to prepare the way for John Jacob, one to England, one to America, and then sent John Jacob their most promising brightest son to the New World.

While in America the Astor family helped the Satanic elite headquartered in England to maintain its control over America. Having come from Germany, and also due to Satanism being secret, John Jacob Astor’s help given to pro-British-elite moves were more difficult to suspect. After establishing themselves as aristocrats in America, the tribe of Astors moved to England, where because of their high social position in America, no one questioned the Queen bestowing titles of nobility on them. All along the process, people with Illuminati connections opened doors for the Astors. At this point, it needs to be pointed out that there were ties between the following groups: English royalty, English Satanism, English Freemasonry, and German witchcraft, and the Italian Black nobility. (Taking the liberty I have as author of this article, I am going to digress to give some examples of these connections. Although on the surface this doesn’t directly pertain to the Astors, it does.) When one paints in the bigger panorama of what was happening in the occult world, and then one sees a blazing star streak across that panorama, then the real history of that blazing star is given by tracking its voyage through that panorama. However, the history books have intentionally hidden the significance of so many of the players and groups that lay along the track of that blazing streak.

SPECIFIC GROUPS

Order of the Knights of the Helmet--This was an illuminated secret society with Sir Francis Bacon at its head. In order to hide its Masonic rituals, Sir Francis Bacon wrote a play entitled "The Order of the Helmet." This was performed in 3 Jan. 1594, and again for twelve days in December 1594. In Dec. 1594, brItIsh Aristocrats who had been demonically illuminated, met and put on a "play." Calling their initiation ceremony a play was a great cover. Sir Francis Bacon was made king and "prince of purple." Various men were invested with the Collar of Knighthood of the Helmet, and took vows, And a "Series of Charges by six High Councilors" was given in a manner that is very similar to what the satanic S.R.I.A. does now. The reader may ask what does this have to do with the Astors? This is simply a few brief look at the background of what was happening in the occult in Europe. The Queen of England sent Sir Francis Bacon as a young man in his twenties to the continent of Europe. Sir Francis Bacon toured France in places such as Louvre, St. Cloud, Blois, Paris, and Poictiers, He also travelled to Germany, Italy and Spain. He visited the various royal courts, such as the court of Marguerite de Valois. Marguerite was married to King Henry of Navarre. Her mother was the evil Catherine de Medicis. Sir Francis Bacon also met with many secret societies. At Marguerite's court he spent time with "The Pleiade" fraternity, which was a group of 7 intellectuals.

According to the best biographer of Sir Francis Bacon, who was Alf red Dodd (Alfred spent his entire life studying SIr Francis Bacon), Sir Francis Bacon was initiated into a large number of secret occult societies when he was on the continent of Europe. He learned kabbalistic magic, Egyptian mysticism, Arabian mysticism, and the customs of the German Steinmetzin. (Dodd, Alfred. Francis Bacon's Life-Story. London: Rider & Co., 1988,
p.10.4.) This information has been provided to give some feel for how the occult in Europe was in contact with its various parts, and that its tentacles included many of the royal families.

Hell Fire Club -- This was a secret Satanic cult which was associated wIth early Freemasonry. When the connections became known between the Satanists of the Hell Fire Club and the elite of Freemasonry, Freemasonry and the elite made some radical moves. First, Freemasonry publicly proclaimed that it had nothing to do with the Hell Fire Club. rhen the Hell Fire Club was publicly disbanded by the government (acting on orders from people that tied-in with the club). Later, quietly the club was reconstituted. Phillip, 1 at Duke of Wharton (1698-1731) who was the second person of nobility to be Grand Master of England's Freemasons (G.M. of the Grand Lodge 6/1722-11/25/1723) was president of the Hell Fire Club. He was an M.P, in the House of Lords. In 1726, he left England and was a basically brought into ill-repute by the Masons, who distanced themselves from him. George Lee, Earl of Lichfield was also another prominent Mason who was a member of the Hell Fire Club. Benjamin Franklin, who was the head of the American Freemasons in various capacities, and also the head of the Rosicrucians and a number of other secret occult groups was also a member of the Hell Fire Club. Benjamin Franklin's satanism was not mentioned in my Be Wise As Serpents book, but he was an important Satanist who was part of the Order of the Quest--that is the group which has been entrusted with the plans for bringing in the New World Order of Satan. Remember that John Jacob Aster was very involved with Freemasonry, as were a number of his intimate friends such as N.Y. Governor DeWitt Clinton and General John A. Armstrong. In regards to the Hell Fire Club, the Earl of Sandwich, Benjamin Franklin and Sir Francis Dashwood were leaders in the Hell Fire Club and were also Post-Master Generals of the British Postal Service, All were Freemasons too. Their positions as Post-Master Generals allowed them total access to the mail, and allowed them to spy on the communications of the 18th century. The man who became Post-Master General after Dashwood, who moved on to be a M.P, in the Br. Parliament, was the Mason John Wilkes. John Wilkes took over in 1766 (in 1774 was Lord Mayor of London). Wilkes then brought one of the original Hell Fire Club members, a friend of his Willis Hill to help with the Postal Service. The next Post-Master general was the totally corrupt man the Earl of Sandwich, who served until 1771. Benjamin Franklin spent the summers of 1772, 1773, and 1774 at Dashwood's estate in West Wycombe. The caves under Dashwood's estate at West Wycombe were used for satanic sexual rituals, which were participated in by Benjamin Franklin.

Ordo Saturnus--This is an old secret satanic German order. In the last few newsletters, I have been

educating people on the meaning of Saturn. It means Satan. This previous information helps us understand John Jacob Astor IV when he writes in his book A Journey in Other Worlds, "The souls of the righteous departed were found on Saturn, where, to a background of weird music, pulsating hearts, luminous brains and centers of spiritual activity quiver with motion." (A side comment: John Jacob Astor IV had a reputation for his insatiable sexual lust to paw women.) One of the people we have to investigate in relation to the Ordo Saturnus is Valentine Jeune, who was John Jacob Astor's mentor in Walldorf, Germany. Jeune may well have belonged to an organization such as Ordo Saturnus.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR LEAVES GERMANY FOR ENGLAND & AMERICA

John Jacob Astor arrived in England and may well have been introduced In England to British Intelligence by his brother George. At any rate, he got involved in British intelligence which has always been closely linked to Freemasonry and the elite. He spent time socially with the Backhouse family which an aristocratic family. How do you suppose such a supposedly destitute young man could be accepted so easily into the Backhouse social scene? This is not explained by modern biographers.

After four years, his brother George then sent him to America to represent George's music company. His brother Henry met him when he arrived in 1784 at age 20 and introduced him to the occult world in New York City. Thomas Backhouse & Co. was a leading house in the lucrative fur trade. John Jacob Astor set out to bring the fur trade under his own control. There is a tact that must be faced. the elite's Committee of 300, a secret legislative group of the Illuminati, decided that John Jacob Astor could expand intothe fur trade and into the opium narcotics trade. Dope, Inc. shows that the Astor famIly was the first American family to get into the Opium trade, and that their opIum trade had was a special privilege that most other American businesses did not even try to compete with. Why? Dope, Inc. doesn't say this but I know that it is because the Committee of 300 decides such things, not free enterprise. American furs yielded 1000% profit in those days. The privilege of fur trading was a pot of gold so to speak that the Committee of 300 gave Astor, and it could only have happened because the Astor family in Walldorf was already part of a principal satanic bloodline. (The Illuminati members of the Astor family today use their influence to help those of the Illuminati in their dope trade.) William Backhouse the American representative of the London Backhouse family and John Jacob's brother Henry were two of John Jacob initial contacts in the New World. Soon John Jacob had met all types of people involved in New York's occult world. John Jacob married Sarah Todd. John Jacob's step-mother Christina Barbara is described as "the perfect, cruel fairy tale stepmother." John Jacob 'raised the principle of self-interest to the level of a philosophy and ..... claimed for himself a natural superiority over his less able and less powerful fellow men, a sort of God-given right to exploit the world and its inhabitants for his personal gain, This was not mere cynicism, but a genuine belief that in some way [he was] among the chosen people for whose convenience and advancement lIfe was ordered ..... Such people ... make history, but they also pervert it in human terms because their world and the codes that govern it have nothing to do with morality.' (Sinclair, David. Dynasty The Astors and Their Times. p. 59) 'Astor took Freemasonry seriously... [Gov. DeWitt] Clinton rose unusually fast in the degrees, but the German Immigrant [John Jacob] who talked at times as if he had marbles in his mouth was not far behind him. Astor eventually caught up to Clinton...' (Terrell. Furs by Astor, p. 84).

DeWItt Clinton's uncle George Clinton, who served as Jefferson's Vice-President was also a member of their Holland Lodge No. 8. Archibald Russell of the Russell family, as well as two members of the elite Livingstone family were members of this lodge too at the time. The Livingstone family were participating in the Committee of 300 at that time. One of my Masonic reference books states that business at the Holland Lodge No, 8 was conducted in German. If so, why were all these other men involved with it who apparently had English as their mother tongue? In the 1/1/93 issue, Astor's dirty real estate deals and his activity as a drug king-pin were discussed.

However, Astor's connivance to create a nation on the west coast wasn't. Thomas Jefferson, who I have now come to realize was a part of the Illuminati, was in on the plot. Jefferson said that he "hoped for the establishment of an independent nation on the Pacific Coast, bound to the

United States by ties of blood, language, and friendship." The Northwest was to become a sovereign nation under Astor's rule. The plan failed miserably due to a variety of reasons. Another item that was missed in the earlier article was how John Jacob Astor profited by using his own courier system and powerful friends to profit from the War of 1812. Astor knew the War of 1812 was coming and he set himself up to profit from it in several ways. (His Masonic brother and friend John A.. Armstrong 1758-1843 helped the British war effort as the American Secretary of War. A descendent of John's later married into the Astors.) Astor himself helped the British when he could profit by it. The two illuminati Jefferson and Gallatin gave Astor special sailing privileges which netted him much profit. When war was declared against Great Britain, Astor sent agents to the British forts in Canada to inform them. This gave the British advance knowledge of the war, before the Americans troops knew. This allowed the British to seize northern American forts and to insure that the British had control of the region's fur trade. This was essential for Astor to get control of the fur market, because then when the British furs were embargoed he had less competition. He obtained special permission from the President to import all furs owned by him and held in Canada before the war. He used thIs permission illegally to trap new furs. When the war ended. Astor was able to heat everyone else to Europe with his furs and make a killing. Astor cleared his name of shame, by sending Washington, D.C. information about a mutiny at a British fort which allowed the U.S. army to take advantage of the enemy's weak condition to capture the area. John Jacob Astor traded in guns, and his firearms were used in at least one-Latin American revolution. Bear in mind Latin-American revolutions have all been planned in Masonic Lodges. When employees of John Jacob Astor would trap for or trade furs with the Astor fur houses, they would he paid with letters of credit. Then Astor agents would he sent out to ambush and kill them, so that the Astor Fur Company could save money. The deaths were blamed on Indians. Zachery Taylor stated, "Take the American Fur Company in the aggregate, and they are the greatest scoundrels the world ever knew." (O'Connor, Harvey. The Astors p.44)

WILLIAM BACKHOUSE ASTOR

This was the son of John Jacob Astor. He was infamous for his hank treatment of thousands of people who rented from him in New York. There were repealed riots by tenants who were opposed by the harsh filthy living conditions in the buildings Astor owned, but their complaints were consistently ignored by Astor and their riots suppressed by the police. Only half of the children of his tenants lived to age 20. The Astors were deeply involved with the Tammany organization. William B. supported the corrupt administration of the infamous New York mayor, Fernando Wood. The government at that time was a pack of corrupt men. When Wood was exposed, Astors involvement was overlooked. This is another example of Astor power.

JOHN JACOB III

He was the son of William Backhouse Astor. He was just as haughty, just as cruel, and just as corrupt as his father and grandfather had been. He created "sweat shops" for the poor masses living in his New York tenements. He also supported corrupt politicians such as the criminal "Boss" Tweed who ran NYC. The Tweed Ring stole millions of dollars from the city of New York. Before they finally got caught and sent to prison Mayor Tweed and gang cost the city $200 million. Again John Jacob Astor III's power allowed his involvement to be basically overlooked by the press, while Tweed went to prison for life.

THE CHANLER BRANCH

Most of the Astors took off for England, but one branch of the Astors that is clearly involved in Satanism and the occult is the Chanler family. The Chanler family have Astor blood via "Madie" Astor Ward. The Chanler's parents died at an early age, and the Rokeby Estate in NY was given by the Astors so that a cousin Mary Marshall could raise the Chanler children. The Chanler family is one branch that clearly shows all the earmarks of the SatanIc hierarchy. The behavior of Robert Chanler, Elizabeth Chanler and Armstrong Chanler have ail the classic earmarks of having MPD, and having suffered SRA. The Rokeby mansion that the Chanler family lived in was a haunted house of the first rate. Fairies, ghosts, signs and potents, and all type of occult activity takes place at this mansion,

When top rx-Illuminati members who have managed to escape Satanism describe their home life, they mention that occult phenomena was a natural part of home life. This certainly is what life has been lIke at the Chanler Rokeby mansion. The Chaniers are not well known publicly but have been part of the social scene of the elite. Theodore Roosevelt and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (of the elite Cabot family) were good friends of the Chanlers. The Chanlers created the town Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. (At some point I hope to do an expose on the resort area in that general area that is a "meat market" for the Illuminati. Families like the Bill Clinton's go down there every year for vacation to mingle with other middle management families that the Illuminati use as lackeys. Illuminati "scouts" watch and choose who they want to use for political office, etc.) A Who's Who of the Astor orphans--the Chanier family who are of interest to our study of the Illuminati will now be given.

John Armstrong Chanler-married mystic novelist and morphine addict Amelie Rives. "Once wandering in the twilight she asked wistfully, "Do you think If I drank a whole cupful of warm, bubbly blood, I would see a real fairy" ... Then there had been the period during which she suffered anguish over the thought that Satan was banished from Paradise forever; she prayed with tears that ultimately he might be pardoned and readmitted to celestial bliss." (Thomas, Lately. The Astor Orphans: A Pride of Lions p. 76.) John carried on spiritual experiments in what he termed "esoteric buddhism". Due to his obsession with this practice and a business fight with his brothers they put him in an insane asylum. He finally did get released. One has to wonder what the whole story was behind the incarceration. HIs esoteric buddhism or "x-faculty" was a trance state where a spirit spoke or did automatic writing through him. His eye color would change when this spirit worked through him.

Margaret Livingston Chanler retained the rights to Rokeby. She married into the Aldrich family, which is another Illuminati family. The Aidriches now own Rokeby.

William Chanler was a friend of Tom Foley who was the Tammany district leader of the Irish-Italian district east of city hall. Another friend was Jack Follansbee. Jack Follansbee's cousin was WillIam Randolf Hearst, an Illuminatus of the 6° who got Billy Graham's ministry going by financing the first several years. The Hearst family is in the Illuminati. One of the Rothschild descendants Don Hearst Bauer, has changed his name to Don Hearst.

Winthrop Chanler's wife, Amelie Rive, her father William Cabell Rives studied law under Thomas Jefferson.

THE ROOSEVELT CONNECTION

The Roosevelt family has been connected to the Delano family which Is a Black Venetian Noble family that goes back for many centuries. The lives of these families also intertwine with the Astors. Examples of the interweaving are:

· Franklin Hughes Delano--heir to a massive whale oil fortune. He married Lavia Astor, daughter of the original William Buckhouse Astor.

· James Roosevelt Roosevelt-married Helen Astor, daughter of William Backhouse, Jr.

· James Roosevelt--a Freemason, he married the sister of Vincent Astor's wife.

SUMMARY

In our revisit to the Astors, we have examined in more detail the early life of John Jacob Astor and his connections to Satanism. We have touched on his son and grandson who led the Astor famIly after John Jacob died. We have seen more of their meanness and connections to corruption. We examined bow Satanism and the occult had a hold on England even back when John Jacob Astor came to the New World. Three important occult organizations of the 17th & 18th century were introduced. We

have looked at the Chanler family, a branch of the Astor family which is part of Satanism. We also looked at how the Roosevelts and Delano families have been associated with the Astors.

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

Families in the world who are allied with the Illuminati.

Who and what kind of family are allied with the top 13 llluminati bloodlines? The Iliuminati seeks to capture the occult power of powerful occult bloodlines around the world. They have intermarried with American Indians to gain the spiritual power resident within the leading spiritual American Indians. Various Indian reservations are used for llluminati rituals. They have been doing this type of thing for thousands of years

Powerful families around the world participate on different levels with the Illuminati. Some participate on a business level- such as the various crime (Mafia type) families around the world. Mafia families might not subscribe to the occult philosophy but they do recognize power and business. Some powerful families around the world participate simply on the level that they have been sucked into the world's system and are dependent upon going along with the flow of the world's system. An example of this would be the King of Nepal. The King of Nepal rules aver a poor Hindu kingdom. The British empire has done a great job in trying to make Nepal dependent upon them. Nepal was given British protection, their leading families were given British educations, and their leading tribe of warriers, the Gurkhas have been serving as British mercenaries. Should the King of Nepal break loose from his advisers and take an anti-NWO track, his throne could be taken away via revolution, or invasion. The NWO has the capacity to arrange for the Indian Congress Party to invade or some other destablizing factor. The British MI-6 and the American CIA have also stationed assets (agents) in the country. However, the trump card in sucking nations like Nepal in, is to create conflict like the Cold War and then apply Hegelian dialectics. Many nations around the world have been forced to cosy up with the British and Americans, because of the cold war. Secretly manufactured and secretly controlled international conflicts are a great way to take away the independence of some of the smaller nations. The King of Nepal has for many years feared invasions from either India or China.

However, Switzerland has been afforded the luxury of not having to take sides in the Illuminati's secretly created wars, because the bloodlines have had such total control over Switzerland for so many centuries. There is no need for Switzerland to participate in Hegelian dialectics.

If families are powerful but not in the Illuminati's clique, they can be destroyed such as Howard Hugh was. An example of this is how the Rothschilds progressively destroyed the Romanovs (the Russian Imperial Family). But the Romanovs were also an occult bloodline, and so the IlIuminati secretly took children of the Imperial family to serve as breeders for the IlIuminati so that the Illuminati could channel in the Romanov's occult blood into their bloodlines.

The families that control Switzerland go back to Venice. Some of the Phnariot families of the Byzantine have had enduring powerful lineages. The Venetian and Genoese banker/international commerce families have produced some enduring powerful lineages. Families from these groups have tended toward Satanism (Gnosticism) or cults that are not Christian. In this category, we can mention Darius Socinus of Venice. Note also that the Warburgs, who work so closely with the Rothschilds, are descendents of Abraham del Banco, an old banker in Venice. The Warburgs in turn are related to the Rosenbergs of Kiev, Russia. Some of your old aristocratic Russian occult bloodlines were the first to financially help Hitler's fledgling Nazi Party.

The powerful bloodlines diversify into different last names, but some of them still have enough visibility that they can be halfway tracked by their modern names. For instance, the Cabot Family of

Boston are descendents of Sebastian Cabot who was born in Venice. Sebastian Cabot (who father was John Cabot) was in turn descended from Giovanni Caboto of Genoa. Giovannia Caboto was a member of a powerful family in Genoa. In modern times, the Cabot family has been active in politics and intelligence agencies for the NWO. For instance, Thomas D. Cabot set up Radio Swan on Swan Island for the CIA. Paul Cabot was a director of J.P. Morgan & Co., beside director of other corporations that interlock with the Illuminati's power.

Your ruling families in Western Europe tie back to William of Orange. There is a powerful arabic connection to the Illuminati. Men like Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah are very knowledgable about arab magic and occult practices. Sirdar Ikball Ali Shah has written at least 70 books on magic and occultism. These families keep track of their genealogies, and certain members of these occult families know the histories of these families.

I believe that a history of the top thirteen llluminati families is the key to understanding history. Many of the families which appear to be „allied" with the top families are actually related at some point back in time. Further, many of the allied families are top level flunkies for the families with the real power. Some people have tried to put the Rothschilds in this category, but such thinking is nonsense. Not only do I have too many eyewitnesses who have come from the inside of the IlIuminati who say the Rothschilds are one of the top, but one can also point to how much control and wealth the Rothschilds exercise. The process of history has been to increase their control and wealth. The overall picture can't be denied. The Rothschilds are not flunkies for some other more powerful family.

I believe that an investigator will do himself a favor in tracking down the ties a family has with the top bloodlines and how that family interacts with the top families. This is the principle behind why history books discuss royalty so much. All that I encourage is that people investigate Satan's royalty in order to understand how Satan's realm- the power behind the scenes operates.

In the Be Wise As Serpents book I gave a good example of how Satan's realm works behind the scenes. The Illuminati control the Watchtower Society. The nominal head of the WT Society for many years was their President Fred Franz. Yet, Fred Franz had grown very old, was blind and stayed in his bed. Natheer Salih was supposedly Fred Franz's bodyguard and helper, but all communications to WT President Fred Franz had to go through 6'2" Natheer Salih, who would supposedly ask Franz and then would come back with an answer. Apparently Salih may be from an Iraqi Jewish bloodline. He wears big rings and has expensive tastes. Salih was the channel through whom the llluminati could pass their decisions for the WT onto the Governing Body and Bethel staff.

The Bundy Bloodline

(My knowledge and research is limited. So much more work can be done to uncover the evil works of darkness that collaborate to destroy the Christian faith. Hopefully articles like this will serve as spotlights on the Jekylls and Hyde that ravage our land. And that seeing their opponents better, Christians will avoid the many secret spiritual undertows that drown so many.) In the 1980s one of the most famous criminals was a serial killer named Ted (Theodore) R. Bundy. It is not publicly known why he killed so many innocent victims. Ted Bundy told his girlfriend Elizabeth Kendall that "the force" caused him to kill. Bundy's confession to her was given after his final arrest in Florida. Elizabeth wrote down his confession as he gave it to her over the phone. Ted said, "I don't have a split personality. I don't have blackouts. I remember everything I've done. Like Lake Sammamish. We went out to Farrell's for ice cream after eating hamburgers. It wasn't like I had forgotten or couldn't remember, but it was just over...gone...the force wasn't pushing me any more. I don't understand it. The force would just consume me." (Kendall, Elizabeth. The Phantom Prince My Life with Ted Bundy. Seattle: Madrona Publishers, 1981, p.176) "The force" is the very term that high level Satanists use to describe the power that they believe in, which they believe can be used for either good or evil. The movie Star Wars surprisingly used the Illuminati's term "the force", which up until that time had been reserved for esoteric use by Satanism and the occult. This is part of the plan

to take the occult and its goals and instill it into the public's thinking and goals, so that the conspiracy becomes an "open conspiracy" with the general public promoting the drive toward witchcraft as the world religion and its One-World-Government.

Who was Ted, and why did he do what he did? There are a great number of unknowns about Ted. And although it appears to the public that the newspapers covered his crimes thoroughly, often appearances can be very deceiving. If Ted Bundy was reiated to the Bundy Family of the hierarchy, we could expect several things almost without doubt, 1. that his Satanic activities and any occult connotations to the murders would be kept very secret by the police, the newspapers, and his family, 2. that information about the case and Ted Bundy would be closely contained. Interestingly, when I recently went to research Ted Bundy, every copy (all four of them) of the book Ted Bundy: Conversations with a Killer by Stephen G. Michaud had been stolen from the Portland Central Library. One of the other books on him was also missing, and the other was overdue. The University library which is on a different library network was just as bad. I did my research across the border in Washington state. Another category of books that is consistently stolen I have been told by the library staff are books on Freemasonry. Consequently, the Portland Central Library has a policy that interlibrary loan books on Freemasonry cannot be taken out of the library, even though the lending library doesn't mind if they are checked out. Another example of how books relating to Satanism or the Satanic conspiracy become rare is when I checked the Thurston Co. WA library's computerized system for Anton LeVey's Satanic Bible. Of the system's 18 copies, 14 were lost (I assume stolen), one was listed "trace", and three were being held by the libraries (that is, they were not out on the shelves).

Before proceeding any further, let me categorically state that I haven't found anything that ties Ted Bundy in with the top Satanic family of the Bundys, nor have I found anything that disproves it either. I don't know either way. Still there are some interesting items about Theodore Bundy. (Perhaps someone else will be motivated do the genealogy work, and save me the work.) Ted was a law student. One of the schools he studied law at was University of Puget Sound, WA. A major reason he did so poorly in law school was the immense stress that took place in his life in connection to the time and effort he put into murdering beautiful women. Yet, his poor academic performances were no barrier to his political success. Ted does have a number of items that seem suspicious. First, Ted drove all the way from Washington state to Miami, FL to take part in Nelson Rockefeller's 1968 campaign. He was a big Rockefeller fan. Ted was appointed Assistant Chairman of the Washington State Republican Central Committee, Ted travelled in elite social circles, and was preparing for a campaign for Ted to run for State Governor. For instance in 1973, he was part of the Republican State Committee. He may have been on this committee in other years too. (Ironically, Ted Bundy had served briefly on the Seattle Crime Commission on a Study of White Collar Crime.) For whatever reasons-whether it be elite connections or his winning personality, it is certain that he had a big political career in front of him as a young person if he had not blown things. Second, almost all the serial killers have had connections to Satanism and in every case the media and the police have suppressed or greatly downplayed their connections to Freemasonry and Satanism. For instance, Charles Manson (Freemason, O.T.O. & Satanism), Sam of Sam Berkowitz (O.T.O. & Satanism), Jack the Ripper (Freemason), and Henry Lee Lucas (Satanism). Could it be that Ted Bundy had a Satanic side to him? I haven't seen anything that shows that he wasn't a Satanist. He did join the Mormon church during the middle of time period of years when he was murdering innocent women, but his motive for joining certainly had nothing to do with sincerely serving God.

I have learned that Ted had an interest in Astrology. Perhaps the closest person to Ted Bundy, his longtime girlfriend Elizabeth Kendall, wrote in her book The Phantom Prince My Life with Ted Bundy that she didn't know why he brutally killed so many women. She was aware that he liked bondage-type sexual arrangements. But the inner workings of Ted's mind were a mystery to her. And Ted was capable of some of the biggest lying and yet coming across totally honest. (This type of lying goes on everyday by the Illuminati members who as a habit make boldface lies to the public.) Ted Bundy was adopted by his father Johnnie Bundy, who was a dentist in the northwest area of Washington State. What is this main branch of Bundy's that we are speculating that Ted's father

might or might not be tied to? The original Bundy family came to the New World before 1635 to Boston, MS. A few years later they moved to Taunton, MS. A large branch of these Bundys went to Connecticut, and later a few went on to New York. Another group of colonial American Bundys were in North Carolina. The particular members of the Bundy family that are prominent in the New World Order today, are the one's who would have inherited the position of authority over the family if Satanic tradition had been followed. The Bundy family was an old American family that was part of the Eastern establishment, but with only a few exceptions like Congressman Solomon Bundy in the early 19th century, the family has only come into the public's eye during the twentieth century. This family also surfaces in not so prominent places too. Two of the key early Watchtower Society leaders were Bundys. These were Walter H. Bundy, who went with Charles Taze Russell to Great Britain on his May 29-31, 1909 trip, and Edwin Bundy who worked at the Bethel Headquarter at the turn of the century and travelled around the U.S. for the Watchtower Society from 1906 to 1910. The following is my own Who's Who of the Bundy Illuminati family. After this list introducing our cast of characters, this article will get back to discussing the Bundys.

WHO'S WHO OF THE BUNDYS

Eric Bundy- Placed in charge of the prisoner Howard Hughes by the lluminati family of Onassis. More about this later.

Eugene H. Bundy-lawyer, judge (1889-1896), V.Pres. & dir. Central Trust & Savings Co., banking ties, dir.Industrial Co., partner Bundy & Jones, chairman Exec. comm. of the Republican state central committee in 1898 and 1900, Knights of Pythias,Order of Red Men, Order of Elks,Episcop.

Frederick McGeorge Bundy--Skull & Bones (init. 1921), chrmn. North Atlantic Fillet Council

Harriet Lowell Bundy--married Skull & Bones member Gasper d' Andelot Belin (init. 1939 with Harriet's brother).

Harvey Hollister Bundy (1888-1963)-- Skull & Bones (init.1909), Special Ass. to Sec. of War Stimson (Skull & Bones), law clerk for Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Key Pentagon man on the Manhattan Project, sec. of U.S. Sugar Equilization Board, chrmn Panama Railway Co, (in the U.S.'s Canal Zone), chrmn. Boston Personal Property Trust, dir. Boston Five Cents Savings Bank, dir. State Street and Union Trust Companies, dir. New England Merchants, dir. R.M. Bradiey Co. In 1952, he became the chairman of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, chrmn Foreign Bondholders Protective Council, trustee & pres. of World Peace Foundation, chairmn Wellesly College, chairman of the New England Rhodes Scholarships Selection Committee, member Century Assoc., and some other things. Unitarian.

Harry W. Bundy--Mason, Satanist, and Chief Adept (9°) of SRICF

Harvey Hollister Bundy, Jr.--possibly init. in one of the other Yale Secret societies, banker.

Katherine Lawrence Bundy--daughter of Harvey Hollister, *Sr*.

McGeorge Bundy (1919-)--MJ-12, Skull & Bones (init. 1940), C.F.R., President Ford Foundation, Bilderberger, Special Assistant to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson on National Security Affairs--National Security Advisor.

Robert Bundy--edited Images of the Future: The 21st Century & Beyond.

William Putnam Bundy (1917-)--Skull and Bones (Init. 1939), C.F.R, CIA (1951-61, once CIA always CIA), editor of CFR's Foreign Affairs (1972- *)*, member of the PERMANENT STEERING COMMITEE of the Bilderbergers, Ass. Sec. of State, Far Eastern Affairs '64-69, 1960 Staff Dir. of Presidential Commission on National Goals, Prof. MIT (1969-71), part of the law firm of Covington & Burling which represents many of the Illuminati elite in Washington, D.C..

OTHER PROMINENT BUNDY'S INCLUDE...

Charles Alan Bundy-- foundation executive, manager of several companies, pres. Springs Foundation, & pres. Close Found., China, S.C. Parks, Recreation and Tourism Comma., mem. S.C. Coordinating Council for Econ. Dvel, Rotary Club Pres., chrmn bd.lst Meth. Church (1978-79)

Charles H. Bundy--Sec. of Frost Foundation

Charles W. Bundy--Sec. of Cornelius Foundation

Edwin S. Bundy--business executive, Cornell Univ., Century Assoc.

Hezekiah Sanford Bundy--Congressman, lawyer, Jonas Mills Bundy--founder & ed. in chief of NY Evening Mail (newspaper), close friend of Pres. Garfield, law degree Harvard

Omar Bundy--West Pointer, General William Edgar Bundy--US. attry So. Dist., trustee Ohio University, editor of some journals

WHAT IS SO POWERFUL ABOUT THE BUNDYS?

Most Americans would not recognize the Bundy family as a powerful elite family. However, during recent history two Bundy brothers held the key positions that controlled most of the information that was fed to U.S. Presidents during the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. When Johnson took over after J.F. Kennedy was assassinated McGeorge Bundy was in the key position as Nat. Sec. Advisor to determine what the President did and didn't hear. His brother was in a key State Dept. position. Both Bundy brothers were also fraternal brothers of the Illuminati Order of the Skull and Bones. Interestingly, Jonas Mills Bundy (1835-1891) was a key advisor to President Grant, President Garfield, and President Chester A. Arthur. McGeorge Bundy and his brother William P. Bundy have held important CFR and important Bilderberger positions. This in itself makes it clear that the position and power of these two men is extensive. McGeorge Bundy sat on MJ-12, which is the council of wise men that rules the United States. (See Be Wise As Serpents chptr. 2.13 for an explanation about what MJ-12 is and documentation). United States has been the most powerful nation overall on the earth, so without a doubt McGeorge has had both great public-known and great secret power. The three most prominent Bundys to write about are Harvey Hollister Bundy, Sr., William P. Bundy, and McGeorge Bundy. We will now take a look at these three along with Eric Bundy, who was given a key position in a sinister plot to steal all wealth and power of Howard Hughes. and Harry W. Bundy, who was a chief adept of one branch of the Illuminati.

HARVEY HOLLISTER BUNDY SR.

His grandfather was a lawyer and a Congressman, and his father was a lawyer. Harvey also became a lawyer. But he didn't stop there. Harvey was initiated in the Skull & Bones in 1909. After his law degree he did some world travelling. Then in 1914, he began working for Justice Wendall Holmes. Later in 1929, Alger Hiss (CFR) also began working for Justice Holmes. Hiss was a communist spy and later a key player during F.D. Roosevelt's reign. Harvey's son William P. narrowly missed having his career ruined because William had financially helped Alger Hiss. Harvey had five children. Three of these had ties to the Skull and Bones Order also.

Harvey became the Ass. Secretary of State 1n July, 1931 until Mar. 1933 under Henry Lewis Stimson. Secretary of State H.L. Stimson was also a Skull & Bones member (init. 1888) Harvey's son McGeorge would co-author a book with Stimson entitled On Active Service in Peace and War in 1940. Harvey was special legal assistant to the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. Harvey became the Special Assistant to the Secretary of War during W.W. II. He travelled with the Sec. of War overseas numerous times. It is often said 1f you want to know where the real power lies look at a man 's

advisors. Here we see Harvey giving advice to the US. secretary of and Bones pp. 49-50 where be give. various reasons why Covington & Burling are highly suspected of left-wing activity.) William began his War during the United States' largest military challenge in history. Harvey was one of the most key figures 1n the supervision of the Manhattan Project developing the Atom bomb. He was the key Pentagon man. He did liaison work between the War Dept. and Office of Scientific Research and Development. In *1952,* Harvey took over the Carnegie Endowment for Peace from John Foster Dulles. The Carnegie Endowment for Peace has been a major vehicle for the Illuminati to finance tax free various projects. In 1971 for instance, the Carnegie Endowment for Peace spent over $2 million, and had assets of $41 million. The stated object of the foundation is "to promote international peace." This is the type of peace that President George Bush told the United Nations that the world needed. Skull and Bones member George Bush informed the U.N. that a One-World-Government peace was needed by the world. Harvey got the job at Carnegie because Alger Hiss had been convicted of perjury. John Foster Dulles was on record recommending Alger Hiss to replace himself. (See Eleanor, Allen. and John Foster Dulles and Their Family Network by Leonard Mosley, p. 311.) The various men who run the various Carnegie Foundations work with the Rockefellers.

WILLIAM P. BUNDY

William P. Bundy started out his career 1n 1947 working for Covington & Burling which is a firm that represents many of the Illuminati in Washington, D.C. Covington & Burling appears to have been a conduit for the Iliuminati to create a left-wing political movement in the US. (Read Antony Sutton's book America's Secret Establishment An Introduction to the Order of Skull career working for the CIA at this time (1947), and in 1951 he quit Covington & Burling to begin openly working for the CIA as an analyst, and then as assistant to the deputy director of the CIA. His job as assistant required him to get Atomic Energy Clearance. In 1953, Joe McCarthy had caught onto the New World Order. Although the history books and papers report that he was "commie" hunting, If one reads Joe McCarthy's own words it is clear be was gunning for the New World Order. Senator Joe McCarthy subpoenaed William Bundy to testify. The Senator knew he could expose a great deal if William P. Bundy was questioned, eyen if he might try to lie. The calling card to get the subpoena was the fact that William had donated at least $500 to help communist spy Hiss defend himself. Hiss's brother Donald worked for Covington & Burling when William was there, and Alger had worked at the firm William's Dad had worked at. McCarthy sent down many subpoenas but Allen Dulles, who was part of the llluminati and the CIA director ignored the subpoenas, and eventually was able to get William P. out of the country so that he would not have to face McCarthy's questions. The State Dept. was going to arrest William P. at the dock as he was trying to escape on the Queen Mary, but Alien Dulles was able to get the State Dept. to call off the arrest, and William P. Bundy sailed. McCarthy wrote Allen Dulles, "I note your refusal to give us any answers to our questions. Your insistence is very revealing.

It would seem that the last man in the world who would try to protect and hide the facts about one of his top officer's [Bundy] association with, and contributions to, a convicted traitor would be the head of the CIA. I think it necessary for me to call your attention to the tremendous damage you thereby do to this organization. That the matter cannot and will not rest here is, of course, obvious.' (A Biogranhy of Eleanor. Allen. and John Foster Dulles and their family network by Leonard Mosley, p.322) Lou Russell who was an important figure in the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) was part of the Illuminati power structure. This is something one wouldn't expect. It appears like some of the men McCarthy thought were on his side weren't. While the Hiss/Bundy affair led to McCarthy (a genuine patriot) being killed and discredited, someone else who was a socialist and lackey of the CFR was given wide publicity as an anti-communist hero from what happened to Hiss. Funny how the credit is distributed by the establishment media. This socialist was Richard Nixon (CFR). He was given false credit for convicting Hiss (CFR) to build a false public image as an anti-communist crusader. Nixon did not do the footwork etc., to get Hiss convicted contrary to the false image the establishment newspapers and history books give. Later, protected by his "anti-communist" mask, Nixon would recognize Red China, among many other pro-communist NWO acts. By trying to

subject a member of one of the top 13 Illuminati families to Congressional questioning, McCarthy had signed his death warrant. It was not long before the Illuminati killed McCarthy. And they have dragged this great patriot's name through the mud. Skull and Bones George Bush was still taking pot shots at Joe McCarthy during the 1992 Presidential campaign. William P. Bundy commented on the help Allen Dulles gave him throughout the Hiss affair with the following words, "I guess there was an element of tribal loyalty in the way Allen handled this, that he knew me, he knew my brother, a sort of fellow feeling-a feeling for the comradeship of the CIA but also a tribal feeling toward a set of people who were in law firms, entered government when the need was felt, could be invited back to the house." Yes, that set of people is called the Illuminati. In 1960, William P. Bundy while still with the CIA was placed as the Staff Director of the mew Presidential Commission on National Goals. If national goals are seriously being set, then that implies that something is happening above and beyond the american people voting at the voting booths, congressmen voting at the Capital, and the market place simply functioning. Indeed there is a guiding hand behind events which is taking us down a preplanned route to achieve Illuminati goals. Bundy's Commission on National Goals set down goals that are Hegelian philosophy. The goals state that the individual has a duty to advance the will of the state, and that the state "is to stimulate changes of attitude ... The American citizen in the years ahead ought to devote a larger portion of his time and energy directly to solution of the nation's problems...many ways are open for citizens to participate in the attainment of national goals." (America's Secret Establishment. p.50)

ERIC BUNDY

The Illuminati uses what is called Hegelian philosophy. A thesis is set up. An antithesis (the opposite of the thesis) is then set up, and then out of the conflict of the two comes the synthesis. Hegelian philosophy is really a fancy term for what the Illuminati were doing before the term was invented. To bring this all down to street terms, the Illuminati's Mafia (yes the Illuminati created and runs the Mafia) would send businessmen a letter demanding money and signed with the imprint of a black hand. (This was the thesis). If the demand wasn't met then the business would be burned or the businessman hurt. Then the Mafia would introduce themselves as potential protectors for the businessman from the black hand extortioners (themselves). (This is the antithesis). And when the businessman begins paying the Mafia for protection that is the synthesis. The llluminati are doing this tactic all over the world, and it certainly has almost everyone fooled. Mafia strongman Sam Giancana (birth name Momo Salvatore Guingano) had a girlfriend Judith Exner that J.F. Kennedy (a member of one of the top 13 Illuminati families) spent regular time with sexually. Giancana also had a friend named Robert Mayheu who worked under Stavros Niarchos of the Onassis family. Stavros Niarchos is a Bilderberger and a nephew of Aristotle Onassis. The Onassis family, - of the top 13 llluminati families, runs the Mafia. Robert Mayheu worked for Giancana and the CIA. Why was a CIA agent willing to help Giancana?-weil as I indicated in other places the CIA is run by the top Illuminati families, and so is the Mafia. This CIA agent, or Mafia man, or Illuminati henchman whatever you want to call Robert Mayheu shows up in the details of the Kennedy Assassination and the kidnapping of billionaire Howard Hughes. Robert Mayheu and other men like him had infiltrated Howard Hughes' organization prior to the kidnapping. In Mar. 1957, a wing or branch of the Illuminati under Onassis (commonly known as the mob or mafia) kidnapped the upstart billionaire and genius Howard Hughes. Now do you see what happens to competition to the Illuminati Top 13 families. Either you join the them, or you are destroyed. Satan must keep his organization intact. From the best inside information I have obtained concerning this area of Illuminati activity, apparentiy two -who were look-alike. to Howard Hughes were used. The reason two were used will be explained. First, because the "Howard Hughes' (actually L Wayne Rector) who on rare occasions showed himself was a fake the Iliuminati wanted to keep him out of the public eye as much as possible, so it made sense to have another double. The natural story was that because Howard Hughes was so reclusive, he had hired Hollywood actor Brooks Randall to be his double to keep newsmen, and other snoops from following him. When Howard Hughes (L. Wayne Rector) would go out, then the decoy (Brooks Randall) would be employed to keep photographers, process servers and private detectors away from the Illuminati's

real "Howard Hughes" (L. Wayne Rector). It was Robert Mayheu that hired Brooks Randall. And working with Mayheu and somewhat over Robert Mayheu was Eric Bundy was given oversight of the day to day operations involving the control of their prisoner Howard Hughes, who most likely died in 1971, and whose public death was 1975. For those wanting an official "paper trail" see Senate Report No. 94-465 entitled "Alleged Assassination Plots involving Foreign Leaders", 11/20/75, p. 74 where Mayheu's role is talked about in the death of Onassis. One of Mayheu's top men was Lou Russell, who- besides working for Mayheu, the CIA, the Onassis family-was the person who bandied the security and investigative needs of the Republican National Committee (RNC), and Russell was with the company that provided security for the Watergate complex when it burgiared. The Russell family is a top 13 family. The Russell family will of course have its own turn to have an article about them in this newsletter. It is Lou Russell who helped Nixon get Hiss convicted. Was McCarthy and Hiss used? It appears so. John Smith now puts out the theory contained in his book Alger Hiss: The True Story which claims Alger Hiss was framed. So we have come full circle. The communist agent that almost ruined William P. Bundy's career, because Bundy was Alger Hiss's and Donald Hiss's friend, is now exonerated by a book written by an establishment researcher.

MCGEORGE BUNDY

Antony C. Sutton does an excellent iob in his book on the Skull & Bones Order in describing how McGeorge Bundy received preferential treatment all through his life. Consistently, McGeorge Bundy got jobs for which there were thousands of better candidates. McGeorge Bundy went to Yale where he was initiated into the Skull & Bones in 1940. McGeorge then went to Harvard. After this McGeorge joined the army as a private. Very few privates ever achieve the rate of promotion that McGeorge received. Within a year after joining as a private, McGeorge was promoted to captain. Not only was he made a captain he was placed on staff to plan the logistics and other details of the invasion of Sicily and the Normandy Invasion. That is honestly fantastic. How can a greenhorn without experience have the experience to know how much supplies, etc. are needed for a certain operation? Bear in mind, that these calculations are for battles in which the wrong combination of supplies could mean death or defeat for a unit. As Sutton points out on pg. 51, "Can a 23-year. old, with no military experience, undertake planning for amphibious operations? The answer is obviously no, even if his father (The Order) is in the Pentagon as an aide to the Secretary of War (The Order)." After the war McGeorge continues his phenomenal climb from job to bigger job, often with no credentials. 1945. He becomes assistant to the Secretary of War and co-authors a book with Stimson.

Then McGeorge without any experience or credentials in economics becomes a consultant to the Economic Cooperation Administration. Then he becomes foreign policy analyst for Presidential candidate Thomas Dewey. Christians may recognize from the instruction that the Bible gives that pride warps our abilities to accurately see. How much pride has been installed in men like McGeorge that they feel comfortable to hop from one unqualified position to another and to make weighty decisions.

1949- Bundy was invited to Harvard University to teach as an assistant professor and in four years is made the Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard! How does anyone become Dean of a prestigious University department after four years of teaching. Not only has McGeorge been treated as if he is an instant military genius, an economic whiz, now he is bead of the arts and sciences. Bundy becomes the National Security Advisor. From 1961 to 1966 he is the Special Assistant for National Security Affairs to the President. This gives him great control over what the Presidents are told. For instance on pages 177-178, Sutton quotes a conversation between McGeorge Bundy, Dean Achison (Scroll & Key-another llluminati initiation point), and President Kennedy recorded in a memorandum. President Kennedy is lead to believe that the United States has deserted its ally of Portugal to aid nationalists in Angola, when in fact the US. was supporting Marxist guerrillas (that is communist guerrillas). In 1966, McGeorge was appointed President of the Ford Foundation, another Illuminati foundation that is promoting their agenda. McGeorge brought in Harold Howe II to be Vice. President, a position that Howe was unqualified for, except that Howe was a Skull & Bones

brother and was a team player that would help promote the New Worid Order agenda with its Hegelian philosophy and socialism. Both of the Fords on the Foundation board resigned in disgust at the way these Skull and Boners were using the Ford Foundation.

HARRY W. BUNDY

Harry W. Bundy was a Mason, a Satanist and the chief adept (9°) of the Colorado part of the SRICF. To clarify to the reader what this all means allow me to inform you about the structures Satan has built. Pure Satanism in order to function easier has set up some branches which are secret, but if the public hears about these branches, they have a veneer of respectability. Dr. Wynn Westcott, a famous Satanist and the Supreme Magus of S.R.I.A. wrote the rare book History of The Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia. *IX*. It was privately printed by these Masonic Rosicruclans on Dec. 30, 1900, and later received the Br. Museum Press Mark of 0475 h54. Within this rare book the leader of the S.R.I.A. spells out the purpose of the organization to the Brotherhood, "The aim of the Society...searching out the secrets of Nature; to facilitate the study of the system of philosophy founded upon the Cabala and the doctrines of Hermes Trismegistus ..." Hermes Trismegistus (as many of you know) means "the trice greatest Hermes" who was the Egyptian scribe god who is claimed to be the author of all magical writing. Hermes is credited for the grossly evil Satanic-witchcraft rituals that the ancient Egyptians and modern Satanism continue to practice. For an excellent exposé of the connections between the Egyptian Book of the Dead, Masonic Rituals and modern Satanism, I suggest David Carrico's book The Masonic Egyptian Satanic Connection. (obtainable from Followers of Jesus Christ, 5220 Ashley Dr., Evansville, IN 47711). As I was just writing, a number of branches of the Illuminati were created with the same pattern as the Bavarian Illuminati, and these branches sometimes refer to themselves as Illuminati-and rightly so since they are integral part of Satanism. One branch has been set up within .

Freemasonry called Societas Rosicruciana. They coil themselves Rosicruciana and Christians. How they attach the aame of Christ to Satanism, is beyond my imagination. Perhaps the "Christ consciousness they seek justifies in their minds calling themselves "exclusively Christian." Whatever they want to coil themselves they practice magic and Satanism.

A number of daughter organizations have sprung up from the S.R.I.A. such as the Golden Dawn, the Stella Matutina and the Ordo Templi Orientis (OTO). The S.R.I.A. also worked closely with German Illuminism and the Theosophical Society. In England the Societas Rosicruciana (S.R.) is named S.R. in Anglia, in Scotland it is S.R. in Scotia, in Greece it is S.R. in Graecia, in Canada it is S.R. in Canada, and in the US. it is S.R. in Civitatibus Foederatis. The membership is very exclusive. And my understanding that there are about a dozen US. lodges called "colleges" with about 40 members each, which lends me to guess they have an exclusive membership of about 500 in the United States. Membership in Societas Rosicruciana has included such notable Satanists such as A.L Waite, Eliphas Levi, and Kenneth Mackenzie. It has included that Luciferian Albert Pike too. Within a nation the arena are divided up into provinces, each of which has a "college"-their fancy word for a satanic lodge. On Apr. 20, 1948 Harry W. Bundy became the chief adept of the Colorado college. Two letters by the Supreme Magus of all the S.R. groups Win. Wynn Wescott are photocopied so that the reader can read for himself from the SRIA's Supreme Magus (lending magician) that they are connected to the Illuminati. See for yourself!! An interesting point in light of what I have printed in other newsletters, the Mass. college in 1393 printed a book by its Supreme Magus Gould (9°) which declares that the Grand Central San of the Universe is Alcyone in the Pliades. Shades of Alice Dailey, and C.T. Russell!! One of the most knowledgeable people to try to expose the New World Order and the Satanic hierarchy behind it said, "It remains for the student to follow evvery line of enquiry to the point of concentration where nil threads are gathered and systematically manipulated for the eventual destruction of Christian civilization. It may lend to the B'nai B'rith, the Universal Israelite Alliance, India or Tibet, but in any case a thorough and complete study of Rosicrucianism embracing a minute one of Rosicruciana in Anglia and its various branches will be a great step taken in the direction of uncovering much of the political and moral chaos of present day history of mankind." p.510)

Interesting, that this expert would say this. The threads go buck to 13 Top Families, and wouldn't you know, several of their people are lenders of the S.R.I.A. including Harry W. Bundy. The Bundy family has been a very powerful family in American history which has managed to keep itself out of the limelight. Often the members d the Bundy's have had power by virtue of being advisors to those in powerful positions.

P.s.

Congressman Reece, a real hero tried to go farther & expose the connections between Hiss, tho Carnegie Endowment Found., the Morgan Bank, and the rest of the tax-exempt foundations. The Illuminati moved mightily against Reece.

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Bloodlines of Illuminati

By

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

THE COLLINS BLOODLINE

The next family in our series of articles on the top 13 Illuminati families is the Collins family, The first two have been the Astor family and the Bundy family. The first two articles were fairly straightforward. Both the Astor and Bundy families have been written about by others, and I had more information on both families than I needed for my articles. In fact I left out worthwhile details in both artides in order to keep the articles to a comfortable length. In this Collins article, there will be some padding." In terms of research on the Collins family from a scale from 0 to 100, I'm about at 10. There are some hard connections that will be presented and some soft connections. Joan Collins is what I'd call a soft connection. She has associated with a long list of key Illuminati men and at least a few known Satanists, but this is only the barest of dues that she might have anything to do with the Illuminati herself. Let me give some of the hard connections first.

The following is a description of a highly secret high level Satanic meeting. It comes via an ex-insider who is now a Christian. If any other ex-hierarchy person is reading this, perhaps this will trigger some memories for you. This experience dates to 1955. This is a meeting that is held twice yearly, and to which the Rothschilds and all the mother families attend. The meeting is inside in a big room, and the Grande Mother on the throne was a Collins. The Collins family has been kept out of the limelight because they have more occult power than the Rothschilds or the Rockefellers. To make money this Collins family does something financially, such as deal with the exchange of money. I've noticed that numerous Collins have been Insurance Executives, and although I haven't exposed the connections between Insurance Companies and the NWO, there is a book out which shows how they most insurance companies are connected and under the guidance of the NWO elite. The Grande Mother Collins dressed in black has an ebony and gold moon shaped throne that she can automatically rotate by pushing a pedal with her foot. Behind her sits the Grand Council with 13 members --this might be or might not be the Grand Druid Council that you will read about further on. The difference between this council in 1955 is that it was all males, while the council in 1978 has several women on it.. The Grande Mother, a Collins woman was thought to be in her middle 50's at the time of this meeting, she had a deep dictatorial voice, was small in stature, and was very powerful. She was decked out on her throne with a great deal of jewelry. One of the first things done was to lay before her feet small gold bricks (shaped like small bricks and made of pure gold). Two boys, who were taken to be her sons, one of whom was Tom Collins, (Tom was later gunned down by the Illuminati) were near her throne. As only the most honored and powerful dared be in the vicinity of her throne, this showed that these two Collins boys were powerful. The boys passed out papers, which had time tables written on them of things that were to happen. A great discussion was carried on about what had happened in the world to bring in Satan's One-World-Government during the last six months and what was prepared to happen in the near future. Things that had not gone according to plan were discussed. The Ark of the Covenant was discussed, where it was hidden in Africa, and a ritual mocking the Ark of the Covenant was held.

Seven children in white were brought in from generational Satanic families and presented before Grande Mother Collins. They laid prostrate in worship of her. She would move her scepter with a

snake up and down striking the floor to show approval of a child candidate. Then 7 other children were sacrificed for the 7 approved children, one for each child, whose name would then be written with a quill using the sacrificed child's blood. The children were given oaths. The Grande Mother rotated her throne and faced the Council of 13 and declared (speaking in English) "This is tomorrow's generation, a chosen few." The John the Baptist of the Anti-Christ put in an appearance, but the anti-Christ at that time was not born or only a tiny baby. Was this BenjamIn Creme? The ex-insider didn't learn the name of this John the Baptist forerunner of the Anti-Christ. However, the descriptions of this occult John the Baptist do match BenjamIn Creme. Benjamin Creme was born in 1924, and was deeply into the occult and witchcraft even when he was a boy. (See the official newsletter of Tara Center Emergence, Jan 1982 Issue.) He claims that in 1959, he telepathically received a message from his Master, a member of the [demonic] hierarchy. Creme calls these master spirits simply the hierarchy, Christians know it is the demonic hierarchy. Because all these things are planned out well in advance, it would have been very appropriate if Creme had been at a high level planning meeting in 1955. For more understanding on Creme's Christ the reader is directed to read the article on the Sufis in thIs newsletter. (Referring back to the gold bricks laid before the Grande Mother's throne, there are several reasons that real gold is important to the Illuminati. Perhaps in some other article this newsletter will go into it all. There have been massive secret gold shipments out of the United States and Russia. Guess who is getting it.) In my 1/1/93 newsletter the names of many top Illuminati are given. One that could have been included is Robert Moore Collins (1867-?) who was a member of the Pilgrims (60 of the modern equivalent of the Bavarian Illuminati.) Robert M. Collins was a reporter for several important newspapers and worked as an editor in the Washington and New York offices of the Associated Press. He did chiefly political work for the Associated Press. He was the chief newsman for Reuters (Illuminati controlled press) and the Associated Press for many stories coming out of the Orient. Although he was born in Wash., D.C., his address as an adult became Bournemouth, England. He never married. As those who investigate the Illuminati find out, the Illuminati control the press. Here was a man who helped do it for them Last newsletter issue (1/15/93) went into some detail about how important the Satanic Societas Rosicruciana is in relation to the Satanic groups such as the O.T.O., Golden Dawn, and Stella Matutina. The Societas Rosicruciana is definitely a high level exclusive Illumanati organization. One of the New York S.R. officers was James F. Collins (8°) who died Apr. 2, 1896. He was with the original set of S.R. officers of the first High Council of the S.R. in America which had oversight over all the S.R. colleges (lodges) in America. His position was Presenter. (I don't know what that officer does.) When the Canadians set up a Societas Rosicruciana in Canada, the High Council which had oversight over all Canada included a Collins on its council, Daniel Collins, 8°. Daniel Collins had several positions on the council. The highest degree is the 9°. If you've read the Jan 1, 1993 newsletter or Be Wise As Serpents you have come across the Grande Druid Council, This is a high level Illuminati council. In Be Wise As Serpents in the second section in a chapter entitled Heresy Interlocks with Power on the 8th page, I gave the names of people who were on that secret Grande Druid Council in the Spring of 1978. Each of those people are powerful witches, and have a great deal of power in the world. Yvonne Collins was on the Grande Druid Council. She was a traditionalist. To be a traditionalist means that she holds the view that only those people who are born to families with satanic power and witches in their family background can be true witches Obviously, the Collins family has a long history of witchcraft if she holds this view. Remember, that the leading Satanists feel they have special blood, the top ones feel they are gods. Even Grande Masters may teach their selected children they are the god which created the children. (This last statement makes more sense when one learns the methods, state of mind, and beliefs of the Satanic hierarchy.) Yvonne Collins would reject the idea that just anyone can become a witch of any significance by training and practice. The occult demonic power would not be strong enough for a convert to witchcraft. Yvonne's occult name is Legena which means Lucifer's bride. Legena (Yvonne Collins) who lived la Virginia, got upset with Jerry Falwell, he didn't follow orders well enough. She got the Security and Exchange Commission to investigate his church, which caused the church economic hardships. Even mainline Christian ministers are expected to follow directives of the Grande Druid Council which is said to operate under the orders of the Rothschilds. Everyone who was high up in the Illuminati and are NOW Christians remember Tom Collins. Collins was in the Illuminati, but for some reason the Lord changed his heart and he began to talk to churches about what is really going on. He had an itinery of

churches to speak to, of which a Baptist church was one. He warned what was going on. He was gunned down in a Grocery store parking lot, and has been used as an example by the Illuminati to anyone else who dares utter a word. "Remember Tom Collins," they warn people in the covens.

This reminds me of another incident, which happened to a brother in Olympia, WA, the capital of WA. Two weeks after Reagan was elected, a beautiful Mercades pulled up to where this Christian brother was working. The guy who got out was obviously rich-his suit had to be in the neighborhood of $800 and his wife had fox furs around her neck. They said their son was going to work for the state and they wanted to look for a home for him. The woman was being Independent and said, "I don't want to go see the houses. I want to talk to this nice man." The houses were done by Donahue Construction. The men went on to look at the houses, and the woman remained behind and talked. This Christian is an easy talker with people. He struck up a conversion naturally. He said, "I think its great Ronald Reagan got elected, he's going to be a good president." The woman replied, "We wanted George Bush to get it." "Whose we?", the Christian asked to this rich lady who kept tossing her furs back and forth. "The Illuminati," she said, "We're the enlightened ones, and George Bush was trained by us." Unfortunately, the men had just returned at this point and were entering the room. The man with the expensive suit was livid. "Shut your ..... mouth," he yelled. She huffed back, ,,Well, if you insist." He then turned to the Christian, who he didn't know, and politely told him that they had failed to find anything that suited them. "Thank you very much everything is secure." and handed him the keys. Then he dragged the woman to the Mercedes giving her hell all the way for talking, and when they got in proceeded to physically slap her around. This was an extremely rare incident. Many of the Satanic hierarchy live their entire lives without uttering a word to anyone anything about the hidden Satanic side of their lives. As a rule they find very respectable cover lives in society--the more respectable the better- to cover their hidden lives. The Satanic rituals are always memorized. You will not walk into these people's houses and find incriminating books or objects. Remember Ted Bundy in last issue's article. Ted was exactly the model of bow many top Illuminati are. They are capable of the most horrendous things, but to everyone who know them, they are the most likable, intelligent normal people. People who knew Ted Bundy had no idea what he was doing in secret. The Satanic hierarchy and their Satanism is clearly the most secret religion in the world. They are a priesthood that rules the world through political leaders that they place in power. And because of their power, they have the ability to suppress a great deal of the publicity that could arise from their numerous activities. To describe the security methods employed to keep high level Satanism secret could take an entire book. Let's just put it this way, if you were a billionaire, which several of the leading Olympians (King Illuminati) are, what kind of security could you afford? And what kind of clout would you have with national governments and police forces to get even governments to provide security for you? Remember these people own the press, and the media.

They will kill, or discredit anyone who exposes them. Don't be surprised if both of these happen to me, the author. Just know this--they can kill the body they can not kill the soul. Our Christian God reigns. They also control the CIA and FBI. (See Be Wise As Serpents for more details on this.) Many leading FBI agents have not only been Masons. but many have been Satanists. The FBI sends out reports which paraphrased go like this, "Far more crime has been committed by zealots in the name of God than has ever been committed in the name of Satan. The actual involvement of the occult in a criminal case usually turns out to be secondary, insignificant, or nonexistent. The law enforcement perspective on occult crime requires avoiding the paranoia that has crept into this issue. Unless hard evidence is obtained and corroborated, police officers should avoid being frightened into believing that satanists are performing criminal ceremonies requiring investigation. An unjustified crusade against such activity could result in wasted resources, unwanted damage to reputations, and disruption of civil liberties." (This type of thing is hilarious to hear from the FBI, for those who know how they have trampled on every civil liberty by investigating tens of thousands of organizations simply because they opposed the establishment and ruined the reputations of many people- Martin Luther King for instance. People who have read my book may have picked up that J. Edgar Hoover was a 32° Mason, homosexual, and worked intimately with the Illuminati.) For those who haven't come out of Satanism, one way to explain to people how Satanic secrecy functions is to compare these Satanic families with the Mafia families. Individuals in these families learn what they need to know, no more.

The top bosses have cover jobs, and give their orders orally. (Actualy the comparison between Mafia or Costa Nostra families and Moriah or Illuminati families is quite fitting because they tie in organizationally and were created by the same occult stream of secret societies that Satan has been running.) Don't expect to find what you are reading here about the Collins family- that they are one of the very top illuminati families even more powerful than the Rothschilds- anywhere else. People are getting the inside story for the first time. I am grateful for various exrinsiders giving me accounts of secret meetings. Except for the testimony of eye-witnesses, there is little evidence of what happens at hierarchy meetings. There are numerous clues, but they are rejected by most people who refuse to accept that the Satanic hierarchy exists. Before the 1960s, and the space programs man had not seen the far side of the moon. But that didn't mean it wasn't there. The hierarchy are professionals at Satanism and are really pros at obtaining satanic power through ritual, deeds and worldly power. Their activities are very secret. In contrast there is great deal of physical evidence from the coven levels (the lowest level) that periodically surfaces-robes, candies made of fat, athames, altars, dead animals, ritual sites, etc. The higher levels believe that the force must be balanced-one's good deeds mast match one's evil deeds. Consequently some of the greatest philanthropists are leading Satanists. The lower levels are not concerned with developing power such as what Satan has, they simply enjoy being evil, and in that respect are rather crude in their exercise of evil.

The Collins family hasn't received much attention. Who do you think of when you think of the Collins? Joan Collins? She was a beautiful, Jewish Hollywood actress from England. Joan's grandmother lived at Brighton, England. (Joan mentions her father being a jew on pg. 13 of her autobiography Joan Collins Past Imperfect.) Her father Joe Collins and his friend Lord Lew Grade had an acting company. Joe Collin's father Will Collins and his wife a can-can dancer Henrietta Collins were also into acting. In the l970s she was in several horror movies and picked up the title "Queen of the Horror Films" (p. 271). In 1977 and 1978 Joan was nude in two sexy films (not her first) which were expected to do better at the box office than they did, neither of the titles of these films bear repeating.

One was based on a sexy book Joan's sister wrote that was a best-seller in England. Joan was the first "old" woman to be in the buff in Playboy (the Dec '83 Playboy). The issue is a collector's item. In her 40s, she was still posing in the buff. Which according to her autobiography she feels comfortable doing. (I wonder if being exceptionaly beautiful and a sex idol for millions makes it easier to pose nude.) For those who watch Dynasty, you'li likely remember her. For those who watched Hansel and Gretel, Joan was the witch. She was the woman in film The Devil Within Her. In Dec., 1982 Joan was asked to be the mistress of ceremonies at Prince Albert Hall before the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Phillips. Besides knowing that she is into astrology, after looking at her autobiography I don't pick up a hint of any religiousness. Besides her amazing beauty, her lack of morals made her a perfect fit for Hollywood. Among her many friends, she had Sammy Davis, Jr. (p. 332) and Jayne Mansfield as friends or acquaintances, both of whom are publicly known to he Satanists. She rubbed shoulders with Henry Kissinger (p.3454 of Autobio.) Joan Collins vacationed in the winter at St. Moritz, which is an exclusive ski resort of the international set where Joan rubbed shoulders with Niarchos and Aristotle Onassis. (These - are Kings within the Illuminati.) Joan Collins spent time with Edgar Bronfman. The Bronfman family are the Jewish Illuminati family that runs Canada. (p. 281-282) Joan Collins may not he part of the Illuminati Collins family, but if she isn't she has at least associated with some of the top Illuminati. Joan was married several times but obviously preferred her maiden name. Another famous Collins is Michael Collins who was one of the three astronauts on the Apollo II. Apollo 11 was the first officially announced visit by man to the moon. For those who have read Be Wise As Serpents you are aware that the first flag on the moon was the Scottish Rite's flag.

There are a number of very strange things about the flight, and about what NASA has been doing. Bun Aldrin is a Freemason. Neil Armstrong has gone into seclusion, shunning any publicity. As Michael Collins puts it, Nell has "dropped out and doesn't sell the NASA program." (Carrying the Fire, by Michael Collins, p. 461--The title to his book is based on Greek mythology. The god Apollo carried fire, which is what Michael felt described Apollo 11.) What our government has been doing

with NASA, flying saucers and a manned lunar base, is beyond writing about in this article, But the question did naturally come to my mind, could Michael Collins be related to the Illuminati Collins family? Michael Collins writes about himself, "Fortunately, I have been a poor student all my life, and my parents, concealing their disappointment, seldom pushed me.' (Carrying the Fire, p. 462) It certainly seems like such a student would need some pull to get into West Point, USMA. Michael Collins also sits on the board of directors of the llluminati's Rand Corporation which works with Tavistock Institute. He is not even a nominal Christian as far as I can tell, he states dryly that "no" he "did not find God" when he went to the moon. It looked like the clues were leading in the direction that he might be part of the elite, when I can across one sentence that changed my mind.

Michael Collins wrote, "I feel just as thankful today that I live in the United States of America as I did before flying in space, and I have no desire for this country to merge into a United States of the World.' (p.470 of his book. By the way Michael Collins wrote his own book in contrast with so many of the ,,Christian" authors like Pat Robertson's New World Order, and some of Billy Graham's books which are written by others with the big name tacked on to sell it.) If anyone could promote internationalism (One-World-Govt.) without any suspicion it would be Michael Collins, for few men share his experience of seeing the tiny earth in the vastness of the hostile universe. And yet he doesn't, he simply advocates that humans learn to cooperate to solve our problems- which we certainly need to do. Michael Collins has some really interesting and in a sense inspiring things to say about what seeing the earth from way out in space meant to his life. What he writes bears repeating. I don't have the space for it all but will share one idea that is novel, "Seeing the earth from a distance has changed my perception of the solar system as well. Ever since Copernicus' theory (that the earth was a satellite of the sun, instead of vice versa) gained wide acceptance, men have considered it an irrefutable truth; yet I submit that we still cling emotionally to the pre-Copernican, or Ptolemaic, notion that the earth is the center of everything. The sun comes up at dawn and goes down at dusk, right? Or as the radio commercial describes sunset: "When the sun just goes away from the sky..." Baloney. The sun doesn't rise or fall: it doesn't move, it just sits there, and we rotate in front of it, while dusk means we have turned another 180 degrees and are being carried into the shadow zone. The sun never "goes away from the sky." It's still there sharing the same sky with us; it's simply that there is a chunk of opaque earth between us and the sun which prevents our seeing it. Everyone knows that, but I really see it now." (pp. 472-73) (I like Michael Collins. What I just quoted is neat. After reading lots of occult garbage, I really appreciate someone who isn't into emphasizing the sun. If Michael were an occultist he would not have made this statement. In fact, I think it would be healthy for Christians to quit looking at the stars, and realize how wonderful God's green earth is. Praise His holy name! The earth is a very unique wonderful marvelous place. And all these people who use their imaginations and belittie the earth because they think some other planet in another galaxy is better, should do some space travel. The earth is a miracle, and anyone who doesn't see God through His creation is not thinking straight.) Back to the question, is Michael's Collins family part of the Illuminati Collins family? I have no idea, but

Michael himself is not an internationalist. The Collins family is an old New England family. Early members of it were Francis, Edward and John. (See the genealogical chart.) Part of the Satanic branch may live in England too. Like most top Illuminati families, the Collins have spread al over - so that even the West Coast has some members of this satanic bloodline. Part of the family is both related to aristocracy and to witchcraft. For instance, I have a complete list of all people accused of witchcraft in New England in the 17th century which includes some Collins, The 17th century was the first century that British settlers, mostly Puritans, some of whom are also known as Pilgrims and Congregationalists settled in New England. In 1640 in Aquiday, Mass. a Collins was accused of witchcraft. In 1653, Jane Collins was accused of witchcraft in Lynn, Mass. And a Collins family lived in the Salem, Mass. area of Marblehead during the 1650s when the witch trials occurred.

They were neighbors to the family accused of witchcraft. Interestingly some of the last names of other people accused of witchcraft in early colonial Massachusetts include Young, Bailey, Carrington, Godfrey, Hall, Brown and Clinton. You will find all of these last names on people today who are connected to the Satanic hierarchy (Illuminati) and Satanism. However, the worst example of dealing

with "witchcraft", the Salem Witch trials, was instigated by the Collins family to destroy Christians. Christians have been held accountable for something the Collins family did to Christians in Salem, Mass. My opinion is that the Collins family practiced witchcraft before coming to New England in the 17th century. One ex-Illuminati member who was from the Collins bloodline stated that the Collins family brought witchcraft from England to America. For the first part of the 1700s, one of the British Collins was prominent for his books promoting Deism against Christianity. As an example of some of their aristocratic ties, Arthur Collin's 9 volume reference work Collin's Peerage of England published in 1812 was a definitive work on aristocratic peerage. Obviously, Arthur Collins had a great deal of clout to be able to research such a massive work on people of significance in England. The Collins family gave us John Collins, third Governor of Rhode Island. John Collins was born to the rich powerful part of the Collins family at Newport, R.I. John Coliins (1717-1795) played an important part in the creation of our Federal government, and a role in one of the most remarkable court cases Trevett vs. Weeden which set the precedence in court which allowed courts to declare legislative enactments unconstitutional. He advocated the issuance of paper currency and a strong central government, which made him unpopular in the rural areas of Rhode Island. He married Mary Avery. Another John Collins (1775-1822) born to a well-to-do Collins family was tenth governor of Delaware (1819-1822).

Quite a number of Collins have been well-to-do. The wealthiest Collins that I have discovered so far is Matthew Garrett Collins (1874-1925). Matthew Garrett Collins was an oil producer. His father was Oliver Cromwell Collins! named after Oliver Cromwell. Oliver Cromwell was the early Mason who was paid off by the Amsterdam jews to allow the jews back into England. Matthew Garrett Collins was a Mason. M.G. Collins manufactured silk and in ten years took the operation in 1886 from nothing to a $2 million business. He was president of Interstate Gasoline Co. He worked with several other big oil men, such as Gov. Charles Haskell of Oklahoma. He was Trustee for Drew Seminary. He participated in the Methodist church. Matthew Garrett Collins oil operations and friendship with the governor of Oklahoma are very significant. Inside information indicates some type of connection between the Collins family and Oklahoma, and Tulsa is a major headquarters for Satanism in that area. There are a number of buildings that the Satanists own in the Tulsa area that are used for their operations. Besides Matthew Garrett Collins there have been a number of other wealthy Collinses, such as Theodore Clyde Collins, Jr. (Insur. co. exec., banker, pres. of etc. etc.), Arthur Fletcher Collins (real estate corp. exec., hd of some financial institutions and an financial analyst), Henry James Collins 3rd (Insur. Co. exec., treasurer of several financial organizations), J. Barclay Collins 2nd (oil co. exec., lawyer, bd. dir. of trustee of a hospital), Leroy Collins, Jr. (banker, dir. or president of some organizations), John Roger Collins (aerospace co. exec., banker, economist, trustee or bd. of dir. & v.p. of a number of organizations), John Paul Collins (banker, dir. of Rothschild's Citicorp Research Corp., plus trustee of a hospital, besides holding other leading positions in a number of other organizations.) And finally Michael James Collins (not the astronaut) who has been an investment co. exec, plus to name a few items-- pres. Fidelity Union Life Ins., pres. Allianz Investment Corp., pres. Collins Capital, Dallas, Trustee KERA-TV, bd. dir. & v.p, of the Carr P. Collins Foundation. None of these men gave information concerning any church affiliation. With the other Collinses usually if they do have a church affiliation it is Episcopalian. The Collins famliy also built the world's fastest nicest ocean going ships during the 1850s, for which they spared no expense. The Collins lost a number of ships to natural sea disasters, and after the financial panic of 1857, the Collins got out of shipping, and directed their attention to coal and iron. They had a home on

Madison Ave., NY. One of the Collins who is clearly descended from the old New England family is the banker Atwood Collins (1851-1926) who graduated from Yale in 1873. One line of Collins that were descended from the old New England family were the father and son who gave their names to several locations in Western US. Fort Collins, CO is named after Cal. William Oliver Collins, a descendent of Edward Collins who arrived in Boston from England in 1630. And Casper, Wyoming is named after Col. William O. Collin's son Casper Collins. Casper Collins died fighting indians, and so this family line died out. Col. William Oliver Collins family were well-to-do Episcopalians. W.O. Collins had originally gone to law school, then became a Senator, and then was made a Colonel by the Secretary of War at the outbreak of the Civil War. Because the U.S. troops in the far west were

widely dispersed, the rank of Colonel was a very high rank to hold in the western territories during the Civil War. Now this article will list a few Collins who I suspect may have been connected to the Illuminati in their time. These are only suspects, but interesting people at that.

Clifton W. Collins--Clifton studied Saint Simon who was the Mason/Illuminatus that started Communism in the early 19th century. Clifton wrote a book about him entitied Saint Simon.

Copp Collins--Copp Collins was involved in so many political things for the republican Presidential elections, and involved with consulting Federal agencies and so many other government positions it is difficult to give a list of what all he has been involved with. He also was involved with Bahrain Petroleum Co., Ltd during the 1950s.

DeWitt Clinton Collins--DeWitt Clinton Collins was born on Sept. 5, 1866 and was named after DeWitt Clinton, who was assoc. with the Illuminati very early in the history of the United States. His father, Clinton DeWitt was also named after DeWitt Clinton. D.C. Collins did his post-graduate work in Vienna, and practiced in Chicago.

Hugh Collins--Author Marxism and the Law published by Oxford University Press.

James Foster Collins--Worked for U.S. intelligence, for the United Nations, graduated from Yale, had such jobs as Research assistant U.S. Senate Atomic Energy Commission, political affairs officer United Nations Secretariat (1946-1949), By the way a large percentage of the officers in the Secretariat area of the United Nations for the first 10 years were Jews. Collins also worked for the state department and the treasury department, perhaps maintaining his intelligence work on the side.

Jim Collins--Jim writes books on the occult, UFOs, mysticism, Uri Geller, etc.

John Anderson Collins-- He was intimately involved with the illuminati plots involving Unitarians/Rosicrucians/& Masons which created militant abolitionists who intended to wage war against the south. He worked with William Uoyd Garrison. For a full expose on this the reader shouid study my chapter on the Unitarian church in Be Wise As Serpents. John Anderson Collins was a socialist (forerunner of what is known as communism). He attempted several communist social experiments beginning in the 1840s. The importance of how this all connects to the occult and the Illuminati can be appreciated by reading Fire in The Minds of Men by James Billington.

John Churton Collins--In 1886 he wrote a book on Voltaire, and in 1908 he wrote yet another book on Voltaire. As a lecturer who travelled to the U.S. and Germany, the press always gave him great press coverage. He was involved with the occult. He was found dead in peculiar circumstances in a ditch.

Launa Collins and Virginia Collins co. authored a book Levels of Mind in 1984.

Mauney D. Collins--Mauney Collins was State Superintendent of Schools in Georgia. He went to Bob Jones College sometime after 1938. He was a Freemason, a Grand Master of the Georgia Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, assoc. editor of the Ga. Odd Fellows News, and if my source is correct editor of Atlanta's Masonic magazine. He was in Eastern Star, and a number of other affiliated Masonic groups. He lived at the Capital Building at the state capital in Georgia. He was a pastor (ordained in 1909) of Friendship Baptist Church for his lifetime.

Paul Valorous Collins--writer, studied art in Paris, interviewed Italian strongman Benito Mussolini in 1927 for Outlook Magazine. Presbyterian and a Freemason.

Robert DeVille Collins - foreign service officer, intelligence, 1st Secretary to NATO (73-76), director political officer of personnel of the US. State Dept. (80-82), worked in the U.S. embassy in Rome in various capacities, Roman Catholic, and given an award by the Pope.

Ross A. Collins-- One of the ex-Illuminati members remembers the name Ross Collins. Ross A. Collins was a high ranking Mason, a lawyer, an attorney general (a common position for Satanists), and a Congressman. He was born at Collinsville, Miss. in Congress at

Washington, D.C. he was chairman of the military appropriation committee, a position which the Illuminati control. Ross Collins was famous for advocating mechanized weaponry. He wanted technology to be applied to weaponry. He is credited with bringing the Flying Fortress into being. By the way there have been many Collins who were Masons, for instance, the masonic reference book History of Scottish Rite Masonry in Chicago, also titied Oriental Consistory 1856-1907 by George Warvelle, 33°, lists twelve Collins as being members of Chicago's Oriental Consistory (pp. 99-100).

Varnum Lansing Collins-Princeton Univ. Professor and Episcopalian.

Wilkie Collins-author of occult fiction

William Collins-his british Collins Pub. firm has printed some books on British Intelligence (MI-5, MI-6).

I could continue giving more names on the suspect list, but the reader's patience has likely been tested enough. Articles like this aren't as much fun to write, when I have to pad out some hard evidence with clues. I included some of the suspects so that the readers can see that people with the last name of Collins do show up with some frequency when one investigates the occult and power. Some readers might feel that any last name could be run through history and some people involved in the occult found. I challenge people to test that. I will give them some names, and let them search. There are some names such as Gould for instance that reoccur way out of proportion in Masonic literature than the name should randomly occur. Russell is another name that reoccurs everywhere 1 turned in studying the New World Order. It became evident that the Russell family was not a common family, but wielded immense power. On the opposite side of things, some families have been essentially totally unconnected with the occult in anyway.

Prior to the Civil War, the American branch of the Collins family split off under the surname of Todd. Numerous occult figures including important names in secret Satanism or various Witchcraft groups have had the last name of Todd. Presidents Madison and Lincoln were married to Todds. Lincoln's wife Mary Todd was into the occult. Whether Abraham Lincoln is in heaven or not I do not know, those decisions are God Almighty. But from examining the evidence as carefully and honestly as possible-Abraham Lincoln was a Rosicrucian and in fact he was a member of the Order of the Lily's Council of Three along with Paschal Beverly Randolph and General Ethan Allen Hitchcock. Properly speaking, those Todds who are descended from the Collins family should have been covered in this, because they are considered by the Illuminati as part of the Collins bboodline. The Todd family hasn't been covered now, but may possibly be written about more fully at a later date. In summary, the Collins family is one of the top Illuminati families that has managed to remain low key. It is believed that the Collins family has been kept secret because they wield more power than the Rothschilds, Rockefellers, or the Onassises. The only way that I came to realize their importance is through a number of people giving inside information, and the only reason that the inside information was plausible was the great amount of research I had done in this area. And yet what has been done is a drop from what can be accomplished. My research shows the family has been connected to witchcraft since they arrived in New England in the 1630s, and may well have practiced it centuries prior to that. At least part of the British Collins family are Jewish.

REVISITING THE COLLINS FAMILY--ONE OF THE TOP 13 ILLUMINATI FAMILIES

The Collins family is one of the most powerful families in the world, and yet has been able to hide their power and wealth. The Van Duyn family has also hidden themselves very well. But the Collins family is full of tantalizing clues, such as one Collins branch that I found in looking at genealogical family group sheets. This was a book that Gerald E. Collins' drew up showing the Collins family and their relationship to the Bauer family who according to his book changed their name to Bower. That is exactly what the Rothschild relatives named Bauer did. The name Collins originated in the British Isles, in Ireland it began as O'Collins, and in Scotland as Kollyns. Today, a prominent figure in Wicca is the Wiccan reformer Kollyns, whose name was originally Collins. Two significant Collinses were Sara Aynn Collins and her older brother. Her older brother was a member of the Satanists who called themselves the Hell Fire Club. He belonged to the Boston Hell Fire Club. The Hell Fire Club has been discussed in previous newsletters. It has been pointed out in the past articles how BenJamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson were members of this purely Satanic group who practiced satanic sexual occult rituals. Sara Aynn Collins (bn. c. 1730) was deeply attracted to the occult. Her family was a generational Witchcraft/Satanic family, but many of them wanted to abandon the occult. Besides not wanting to leave the old family traditions of witchcraft, Sara did not want to marry the man her father tried to sell her to. Neither the arranged marriage nor forsaking witchcraft was for Sara. She went to Scotland to get to the heart of learning the occult and became a leader in the oldest form of Wicca, the Elven Path. (Other traditional types of Wicca in the U.S. come from Ireland, Wales, and Greece.) After the American Revolution she left Scotland skilled in occult power, and came back to the United States, where she formed the first Covendom of Wicca. She and her brother were powerful Wiccans, and their descendants are the main group of Collinses that practice Wicca and Satanism. A wild woman stabbed Sara Aynn Collins to death in a Boston store. What you have just received is the important link in tracing the Satanic Collins bloodline. Sara Aynn Collins (and there were several Sarah Ann Collins in her day-it seems the name appealed to the Collins family) is in turn a descendent of Francis Collins of the 17th century. Francis was the head of the family when it came over from England. The Todd family seems to have Satanic undertones to it, even in the days just after the Revolutionary War. For instance, John Jacob Astor married Sarah Todd who had a fair amount of money attached to her. The Todd surname is not an extremely common name-until one begins researching the conspiracy, and then it pops up with frequency. It is known that during the time of the Civil War the Collins bloodline went into the surnames of Todd and Putman.

It needs to be brought out here that the Putman family also has spelled their name Putnam! One genealogy book which ties the Putman/Putnam family to the Collins family is Putnam, Thomas Russell (1897). Putnam genealogy; recording the descendants of Thomas Putnam. The Be Wise As Serpents book exposed the early Clinton family of DeWitt Clinton as an illuminati family. Interestingly, there was a Collins boy born in 1824 who was named after that Satanist. His name was DeWitt Clinton Collins (1824-1909). Another interesting tidbit was that the Phelps family of Virginia is related to the Collins. The Phelps family arrived n Mass. in 1630 and became a prominent family in the Skull & Bones. And don't forget men like Skull & Bones William Collins Whitney (unit. into S&B 1863) of the Collins family. Ths member of the Collins lineage had two sons, who both became members of the Illuminati's Order of the Skull & Bones. William Collins Whitney (1841-1904) and his two sons are the core of the Whitney influence in the Order of the Skull & Bones. This Collins blood of the Whitney's then went into the Harriman family. Anyone who has been reading this newsletter this year knows how important the Harrimans are! Pam Harriman is the person behind Bill Clinton. Further, the Collins blood of the Whitney's went into the Payne family and the Vanderbilts by intermarriage! The Payne family has been a big part of the Rockefellers and Standard Oil. (It is a small world at the top.) William Collins Whitney had a lack luster career as an inspector of schools. But then beginning in the 1870s, he amassed a fortune from who knows where very quickly. William Collins Whitney was the power behind Pres Cleveland, who was his puppet. He also directed a group of powerful important capitalists called the Whitney Group. W.C. Whitney married Flora Payne. Their son Harry Payne Whitney married Gertrude Vanderbilt in 1896. Their son (and remember he still has Collins blood) Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney married Marie Norton who later married W. Averell Harriman (unit. into S&B in 1913), the man who helped finance Hitler to power. The Harrimans also helped bring the Bush family from oblivion back in the early 1920s. When Prescott Bush (George Bush's father) lost all his money in the 1929 stock market crash, the Harrimans again came to financially helped Prescott Bush back on his feet. During the 1920s, the W. Averell Harriman, Prescott Bush, Fritz Thyssen and Friedrich Flick created several entitles to help finance Hitler and to produce the weapons Hitler would need to fight W.W. II.. One of these companies was the German Steel Trust (in German called Vereinigte Stahlwerke. This company produced 35% of Nazi Germany's explosives, 50.8% of Germany's pig iron, 38.5% of Nazi Germany's galvanized steel, 36% of Germany's heavy plate, 22.1 % of Germany's wire, and many other things essential for Hitler, if it had not been Harriman'. and Bush's money helping Thyssen who was Hitler's major backer, Hitler would never had been able to have launched W.W. II. Thyssen even wrote a book in the 1930. I paid Hitler (now rare) telling about how he financed Hitler and the Nazis beginning in Oct. 1923. As I have said numerous times Hitler was of the Rothschild bloodline.

An understanding of the top 13 families opens up a whole new understanding of history. In fact, the full extent of the power of the top 13 families is far greater than what I am able to communicate. This is because of their skill at secrecy. Allow me to explain. It was no accident that Hitler's Rothschild blood was hidden. A common practice among the top 13 families is to have an important child secretly or quietly without fanfare, and adopt the child out to another family. The child then takes on another last name, which hides the genealogy, in the occult ceremonies, the biological parents will step forward. For instance, for Mothers of Darkness the biological father must impregnate the young daughter who is being initiated into the Mothers of Darkness. The first baby by the girl must come from her biological father and must be sacrificed by her to Satan. Many of the Illuminati children are adopted out, (in fact our President Clinton was). To try and trace the genealogy of the Illuminati is most difficult. What I am trying to lead up to saying is that due to a number of reasons-many people with last names which are different than the top 12 surnames (as well as the several names I've given for the 13th bloodline) I have given are ALSO part of the top 13 bloodlines. Last names are not the criteria--the magical occult power in their blood is. It is more than just having the correct blood--but the magic power in that blood is critical. Once a branch loses its occult power its blood is nothing. This is why even though my wife is a descendent from the Holy Blood line, the 13th family, her branch of the family has had nothing to do with the occult for centuries, and could never be part of Illuminati. In summary, this article has given some critical names in the early genealogy of the Satanic branch of the Collins family. This article has discussed how important events in our world are being molded by those 13 families secretly, for example the Collins family. Finally, it was discussed

how the Illuminati have a number of ways that they hide their genealogies, and one of these is the common practice of adopting out a child, so that it gets a different last name.

Satanist Bonewitz calls the leading Illuminati families "Fam-Trads." He spells out that Fam-Trads mean the very powerful families that have been the actual ones to pass witchcraft down from one generation to the next. Bonewitz's article clalms that the only coherent lineage of witchcraft was what these powerful families have given us. They were able to pass down witchcraft uninterrupted because they were so powerful. He writes, "There is plenty of evidence of ancient Pagan traditions surviving under thin Christian veneers in isolated parts of Christendom, but there is almost nothing logical to suggest that the people leading these traditions were in touch with each other..." How did the leading powerful families continue to practice their witchcraft? Bonewitz's answer is interesting, He states,

· REVISITING THE COLLINS FAMILY

Isaac Bonewitz who sits on the llluminati's Grand Druid Council wrote in "Witchcraft" (which was a series of articles in the Green Egg in 1976) some very interesting statements about the top Illuminati families.

Most members of Fam-Trads made efforts to conceal their "superstitlous" beliefs and Pagan magical systems. Instead they became involved in Freemasonry and Rosicrucianism in the 18th century, Spiritualism and Theosophy in the 19th; for all these movements were considered more respectable than witchcraft, and still allowed the Fam-Trads to practice occult arts ... So as the years went by, members of the Fam-Trads absorbed more and more from non-pagan magical sources and handed their new information down to each generation, often carelessly letting the descendants think that a Rosicrucian spell or alchemical meditation was a legitimate part of their Pagan heritage. So even today we have Fam-Trad witches who are far closer to being Theosophists or Spiritualists than to being Classical or Neoclassical witches. (Bonewitz, Isaac. "Witchcraft" The Green Egg, June 21, 1976, Pt. III pp. 5-6.)

In 1770, Lord Petre, Grand Master in the Masonic Lodges in the British colonies appointed John Collins to be the Provincial Grand Master of Quebec. (Co-authored by a board of Masonic editors, History of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons & Concordant Orders. Boston & NY: The Fraternity Pub. Co., 1891, p. 225.) I mention John Collins as an example of a powerful 18th century Freemason, who was part of what appears to be the Collins Illuminati family. In previous articles, we have documented how the early 18th century Astors and DuPonts were active Freemasons. The history of these top families does agree with Bonewitz that in order to continue to practice their witchcraft they used the cover of Freemasonry. Later, in the 19th century some of the leading families can be seen to have moved into Spiritualism, such as the British royal family, and Mary Baker Eddy of the Baker famliy. Interestingly, H.P. Blavatsky who was involved with spiritism started the Theosophical Society and also a periodical named Lucifer in 1887. The woman who co-edited Lucifer with her was the medium (now called a channeler) Mabel Collins. Mabel Collins later had a disagreement with H.P.B. and left. (Oppenheim, Janet. The Other World. Cambridge, Eng.: Cambridge Univ. Press, p.182.) And it is possible that a few of the Rockefellers joined Lucis Trust which is an extension of Theosophy a well as members of the Hall family such as Manly P. Hall whose wife was a Bauer (very likely part of the Rothschild bloodline.) This pattern that Bonewitz has pointed out to us, is worthy of continued investigation, it is likely that other leading families have also followed the pattern he describes. The 13 top Illuminati families are more correctly described as 13 bloodlines. The Collins family had a branch that shot off from it during the early 1800s which was the Todd family. The Todd family branch remained an important part of the Illuminati. We will now discuss this branch in more detail as I said I might in the Feb. 1, '93 newsletter.

the TODD BRANCH of the COLLINS FAMILY

HOT TODDY & HER FATHER JOHN TODD

Thelma Todd was known as Hot Toddy. She was an extremely sexy movie actress, but she also had another side to her. She was intimately involved with the mob, and men like Lucky Luciano. Hot Toddy was intimate with Lucky Luciano, who made money from gambling, drugs, and prostitution. In 1935, she was murdered. The murderer left her corpse with $20,000 in jewelry on it. In 1989, the book Hot Toddy by Andy Edmonds solves the murder, which the police did not want to solve and tried to cover up. Thelma was originally from 592 Andover St, Lawrence, Mass. Her father was John Shaw Todd and her mother Alice. Her father had been a corrupted police lieutenant before going into politics. John's cronies would come over to their house to the parlor. By 1915, John Todd became "one of the most important men in the East. He was appointed Massachusetts director of public health and welfare, a job that gave him carte blanche to write checks and approve construction and medical contracts, offer political positions on high-paying state committees (most as repayment for favors), and pass funding along to handpicked organizations and charities. Many believed he lined his pockets on more than one appointment or contract." (Edmonds, Andy. Hot Toddy. NY: William Morrow & Co., p. 56.) In 1925, he became a "political advisor" to legislators. In 1926, he used his influence to get good reviews in newspapers of the film his daughter was in. Hot Toddy had a reputation for going braless, for flirting with men etc. She as a teenager had a secret desire to be a madam at a brothel. (p.60) She was sponsored by the Elks Lodge in a beauty contest in 1925 and was selected Miss Massachusetts. Hollywood even in the early 1920s was full of murders, the weirdest sexual habits imaginable, and most of the actors were drug addicts (cocaine, heroin, and booze). That was years before these habits hit the mainstream of American life. Many actors were homosexual. Many if not most (the lists I have seen would indicate most) actors were Jewish. Charles Luciano was nicknamed Charile Lucifer, "the devil." He was the most feared and hated of the underworld bosses. Luciano liked Toddy both because he was attracted to her and she had a restaurant he wanted to use for one of his bases of operations on the third floor for gambling. Luciano was one of the three major distributors for the Bronfman's narcotics. The Bronfmans are outwardly Jewish and covertly satanists. Remember they were mentioned in the previous Collins article being friends of actor Joan Collins. Rothstein and Meyer Lansky were the other two Bronfman distributors. (Dope. Inc., p. 431) Luciano supplied Hot Toddy with her drugs. At the time of her murder, her movie boss had planned to raise her salary to $3,500 a week. Luciano worked for the U.S. government during W.W. II, and in 1946 was deported to Sicily. During W.W.II Luciano work for US. Intelligence--SOE and OSS. (Where else in this newsletter have I mentioned the corruption in the Intelligence Agencies?) After being "deported" to Sicily, Luciano continued to work for US. Intelligence and Permindex (Dope. Inc., p. 483)-which is the elite's assassination bureau which later moved the center of its headquarters to Paradise Island in the Grand Bahamas. (Dope. Inc., p.493) (It seems to me that Luciano had connections to Onassis.) I noticed that there was a man named Collins who was involved with the Illuminati's movements to take over the Australian economy. He was an executive of H.W. Smith, one of those companies that interlock with the CIA, mob, and Illuminati. As you may realize, I offer these types of clues because I can't presume on the future and hope that others will asist in putting together the pieces of how widespread the satanic Collins family is.

JOHNNY TODD

Johnny Todd is reported to have converted to Christ on Labor Day, 1972 according to one person I talked to. It seemed like the talk I heard Johnny Todd give indicated 1973 as his coversion date. He was of the Collins family Todds and at some point after coming to Christ, told people he had been a member of the Grand Druid Council of the Illuminati. Before proceeding to tell about his life lets interrupt to discuss about whether Johnny Todd is for real or not. Johnny Todd has been discredited as a fraud within much of the Christian community. If I had heard all the negative things said about

Johnny Todd first, I might not be writing anything about him, because some of the people against him don't have anything good to say. However, I heard tapes of Johnny Todd speak before I heard the negative things about him. What has taken me years to understand, he went item by item and discussed. I have tried to understand what Johnny Todd did to get discredited, and the central issue seems that a tape he made after he was converted had his voice saying a satanic ritual. I must warn the readers that I haven't gotten to the bottom of who Johnny Todd is, but I was able to ascertain several things.

·Even the people who feel Johnny Todd was a fraud admit he had to have been in Satanism-they simply claim he wasn't as high as he thought.

·Every negative thing that has been said toward Johnny Todd that has any substance that I have been able to hear can be explained away very easily if a person understand MPD. If Johnny Todd was who he claimed he was, then it is an absolute given that he had MPD, because that is part of the "training", part of the preparation neccessary to become part of the Illuminati hierarchy. In other words, the negative things which appear to be insurmountable obstacles to his credibility, may actually if people knew what being involved with the Illuminati is like be items showing his authenticity. Further, it appears that after his conversion to Christ, he received so much lack of understanding and persecution from Christians that he back slide for a period of time, but was brought back to Christ by the repeated message "Jesus loves you." The clincher was listening to the man. After having done years of research and hearing someone tell me much of what I learned the slow and hard way, was very exciting. The man speaks like someone who knows Satanism and the Satanic hierarchy, and knows it first hand. I have listened to many Christians speak on Satanism, and on a scale of 0 to 100 most of them are about step 1 Todd in my opinion, from the talks I have heard rates around an 80. If he is such a fraud, why is what he is saying such superior information than all the other people? People claim he simply borrowed from other people, but that doesn't hold water. I know of no one else who has openly talked about the Collins family. I could be wrong--he may not be legitimate--but I feel so strongly from what I have experienced that I honestly believe that the man is just what he says he is. And in that case, he is one of the highest Satanic hierarchy people to defect to Christianity who have been willing to talk. Johnny Todd is not talking now-the establishment got him put into prison in South Carolina.

· EX-ILLUMINATUS EXPLAINS HOW THE ILLUMINATI FRAMED HIM AND PUT HIM IN PRISON.

This article is comes from a tape which was made by someone who is part of the Collins Bloodline, one of the top 13 Illuminati bloodlines. i transcribed this tape onto paper, because I feel it deals with an important person and some important issues. Christians need to realize that what happened to this man who left and tried to expose the illuminati, is what is in store for many other Christians, that is prison. The Be Wise As Serpents book had an entire chapter on the Concentration camps that are already built for Christians. There are friends of mine who feel very convinced this ex-illuminatus is the real thing, and that he was really part of the Illuminati. Then, there are some who feed he is not for real. There has been an intense program of discrediting this man which was orchestrated by the illuminati and their plants within the Christian people. I have listened to both sides of the issue, and then listened to the man himself, and I am convinced he is for real. I believe he was really part of the illuminati. That was this author's conclusion, although I'm not so firm that I wouldn't bend if new evidence confirmed differently. I have listened to hours of accusations that were leveled against this ex-Illuminatus even before he was framed, and most if not all amount to nothing. When I have asked people what their objections were to this man, they have said they are convinced he is was a Satanist, but that they doubt his illuminati credentials. But the man is part of one of the most powerful bloodlines in the worid, the Collins family. Whether he got high in Illuminati can be debated, but if he were in Satanism, which many acknowledge, he would have--almost certainly-- been taken into an Illuminati coven.

MESSAGE FROM A HIERARCHY SURVIVOR

Feb. 26, 1991

I am John Todd, and this tape is being made in a prison cell in South Carolina, it is very late at night. All the inmates are locked down in their cells, but you will still hear noise off and on. And if the guard comes by, I have to stop and be very quiet. The reason for this tape is that I have been framed and put in prison by orders of U.S. Senator from South Carolina Strom Thurmond. I'll go into all the reasons for that, and what happened to me. And only recently, in fact just about a week and a half ago did I find out how it was really accomplished. As I started to say, the reason for this tape is to get the word out about where I'm at. I've been in custody almost four years now. I've been in a prison cell for three years, and that time is a very closely guarded secret by the government, by the Illuminati and definitely by the conspirators. The word of what has happened to me has not gotten out of the state of South Carolina. Here you have religious magazines that are run by the Illuminati, speakers who are members within their organization, or collaborators who have been bought by them over the years. Many of them who would consider themselves to be personal enemies of mine because of exposes which came out about them by me in the '70s- early '80s. Yet, not one of them has said a word, although they al know about it for fear that the true believers that are out there will find out what has happened to me. When I was arrested, one of the few things that was taken from my apartment was my files containing my mailing list. These were taken by the police although they had nothing to do with the case I was supposedly being charged with. And two years later when we went through a law suit to get everything back, this was one of the few items that did not come back. They Just vanished, just disappeared. The reason for it, a was the reason for taking the two personal address books that I had. One I carried in my billfold for such an emergency and one was in my Ubrary shelf were taken by SLED also. This was hopefully to keep me from contact with anybody who could help me obtain legal services or whatever. I want to go into the case very carefully, very diligently. One of the things that seems to be very frightening to Christians is that such a thing could actually take place. Many who knew I was innocent could not believe that I had been found guilty. Not so much that -because-, it just wasn't there, it didn't take place, so therefore even the manufactured evidence wasn't even there. They just couldn't believe that a child of God in this country could go to prison. (I had stopped and came to the door. I can't let this tape be known that it is being made or it would never get out of here.) I want to say this now before I go on, whoever receives a copy of this tape I'm asking you to make a copy or copies and get the word out. Make phone calls. Let people know what has happened to me. Let them know that they can be of service to get me out of here. This is what is most feared about putting me in here, that the word will get out. Let me tell you what all has happened here. We need to go back to 1987 in Columbia, South Carolina where I was living. I had been hurt. I had been doing labor, construction work, carpenter work for several years. I had stopped speaking publicly after my divorce to the woman who had stood beside me for years and years and years, headquarters. Give me a polygraph." Immediately in the form of a scream, I can assure you, not a statement, the SLED agent, a Lt. Carleton Meddle, who is now a captain, who was made captain three days after I was convicted, overpromoted- promoted over people n front of him, screamed out loud, "No, we're not going to give you a polygraph.' That was their stance ali the way through.

I took a polygraph after my conviction. I paid for the polygraph. I - the polygraph. But it's not admissible in court. Now they took me-- Pm going to go through this all so you can see. Immediately, I knew this whole thing was a frame. I wasn't sure what they were up to$_1$ but let it go. The solicitor sald he wanted to have my apartment searched for evidence of the rape, And that he could get a search warrant, but they would prefer that I allow them to search. ,,Well," I said, ,,I have an attorney who is representing me in the lawsuit. He is also a criminal attorney if you allow me to call him, you allow me to ask his advice and he says "yes", I will allow you to do it." They really didn't have a choice in this matter. I was asking for my attorney and they were supposed to. They took me in the hospital downstairs to the security room. I didn't know this at the time, but out of the 17 arresting officers that were SLED there five were lieutenants in the room with me out of the 26 Lieutenants la the state. That's unheard of. Plus the head solicitor. It gets better. They take me into a room. The solicitor calls my attorney. I still didn't realize who he was or anything. He called my attorney. I

spoke with my attorney. He told my attorney that if he allowed me to sign this thing. and then again he told that they didn't have a search warrant, which was a lie. The search warrant was limited as to what they could have took trom my apartment. They weren't interested in anything in the rape, as you will find out. They were interested in other materials, which they could not have took under the search warrant. So they told him they will take me straight to Jal, they will go to my apartment, and search it. I signed it. They took me to my apartment. They had lied to my attorney.

They proceeded to box up three 30 gallon plastic trash bags and four boxes with material. Nothing, except 3 knifes- that they claimed they were trying to find the knife which was used in the rape. I showed them where all my knifes were and some business stationary with the publishing company. Other than that knife nothing that went out of there was used during the trial. Nothing was used except what I just said. Everything else was business material, printing concerning my past ministry, or the ministry I was involved I which was the newsletter. The whole time I was there I was not questioned about sexual assault as they put it, I was only asked questions about the Christian underground. I want to stop and explain that. There is, though some of you might find it shocking,, there is an underground n the United States, a Christian underground. It was formed over the trials in Nebraska, where Christians, pastors, ministers of the church were sent to prison. Where we started seeing non-passed laws about child abuse being put into effect by the federal and state governments without ever being passed as law. Children were being taken from their parents without a chance for the parent to he allowed to speak in the trial. All it took was some child psychologist, "I suspect child abuse, blah blah blah." We started seeing how 90% of the people being tried were fundamentalist Christians, so an underground was formed. It contained Christian survivalists but it contained everyday people also. And all they wanted was where these safe houses were, where these places of refuge were, what the underground conductors who they were. That"s all they were asking me. And yet nothing was n South Carolina, So it was out of their jurisdiction. So I knew they were asking for the federal government. I was taken from there to SLED and for the first time I was questioned concerning the so-called rape. I realized, you would have to be arrested to understand the shock you go through, I was just numb. But as my head started clearing and I realized that they held n their hands evidence that they had took from the apartment which would clear me, I told them. I also told them about my whereabouts that night. I told them people they could go question. And here's their statement, "it is not our job to go question witnesses that will prove your innocence." While I was at SLED headquarters the solicitor who had lef't us after we had left the apartment went and held a press conference. This was his story: I was arrested for one rape, I was suspected in three maybe, as many as eighty. That's right. Family members on their way home from work at five thirty in the evening were hearing this on the radio. Never before was anybody that wasn't a murderer ever given this much publicity and never before in the history of SLED had a person who was charged only with criminal sexual assault ever been investigated or charged by SLED. Before I was even booked in the jail, I realized that these folks did not believe I was guilty. They were only interested in something else. I wasn't sure quite yet what. The next morning I was brought before a state magistrate for a ball hearing and to be arraigned. I was denied bail on the following. Now listen to this. The solicitor tells the magistrate the following, I'm not a resident of South Carolina. Bat he had just searched my apartment. I had several businesses in South Carolina and had lived here for years. Further, they said I had no recidence in South Carolina. And yet they had just searched it. Three, they said I had a passport and they were worried I'd flee the country. The passport had been taken from my apartment and had expired on that very day on my birthday of 1967 and they knew it. The next statement was that I had no visible means of support. And yet they knew that I did. And the last one was that I had no family members in South Carolina, and yet, I had children right here. As I tried to tell the magistrate this was all incorrect he wouldn't hear it. I had not yet realized that I was on the front cover of the state newspaper. Now the state newspaper is the newspaper in Columbia. It had a co-owned newspaper called The Record which does not exist now. They have combined them. The newspapers print whatever the authorities want them to print in this state. The interesting thing in this was that it started to go into my military record. Now the Illuminati and collaborators in the Christian church have bled to discredit me for years. Mainly they have said that I have lied about my participation in the military, what I was involved in, that I was in Vietnam, or any of this. During the next several days, the state became very upset at the U. S. military because the US. military sald I was

involved in a military group in Vietnam called Phoenix and that all members who were in Phoenix their military records were sealed and in Langley, VA. with the CIA. That is what I have said for years and years and years. And after all this, thousands and thousands of dollars paid to the collaborators within the Christian Church to Illuminati collaborators and plants have put out about me. This newspaper, which was trying to harm me, destroyed it in a matter of days. I became known as the survivalist raplst or the green beret rapist and it all came out about me being ex-special forces green beret. All this stuff denied by Christianity Today, and Logos and all these others for over a year was Just blown away in a matter of moments. Over the next two weeks, it went from I was suspected of 80 rapes to 100 rapes. Everyday the solicitor was holding a news conference. Everyday I was smeared in the news. In fact when they realized that either what they could frame me of, was falling apart on them they proceeded to take my picture and put it on the television. "We know he has done all this would anybody who has been followed by this man please come forward." They broadcast my picture all over the state. And I imagine-I was told- hundreds of crank calls but nothing ever came out because nothing had ever happened. Aud the problem was, and we're only guessing here, is the solicitor had been tricked by SLED. The solicitor really believed this. And he thought it was a high publicity case and it blew up on him and he was embarrassed. But he was being asked, we uncovered this. This is how it went before my arrest. And I think you will be surprised by the lies [?or irony?] in all this. SLED took statements from Meryl Blackburn 2:30 a.m. Sunday morning 17th -I'm sorry - May 18th Monday morning--(l'm sorry.) It was actually Monday morning May 18th at 2:30 in the morning. They arrested me at 3:30 in the afternoon. After taking statements, a close friend of Strom Thurmond who was sexually involved with the woman, who was all these women's bosses, came down to SLED headquarters went with them to solicitor James Anders office, and told Anders he wanted me sent to prison; he didn't care how. He then went to the state magistrate and got a warrant signed. This politician, who lived hundreds of miles away, came down here for that precise purpose and was involved. His name was Larry Martin. Now the reason that Strom Thurmond hated me, in case you're familiar or not familiar with this, is that when I was living in California working with Chick publications and preaching very heavily in '87 and doing mostly exposes on everybody it had come out about Strom Thurmond being the highest ranking Mason in the world, and that he was also a member of the voting Board of Regents for the Bob Jones University. Now the first thing that Bob Jones University did was to deny that Thurmond was a Mason. But Thurmond wouldn't go along with it. He knew he was too well known as being a Mason. So he came out and tried to defend Masonic beliefs that Christians can be that. It blew up on him. And he became so outraged that even though Bob Jones University was always calling me a liar, constantly calling me a liar, constantly trying to hurt me; they had to ask him to step down. lie was not removed. He was only placed to the non-voting board of regents, and., believe me, he still had all of his power. At that Lime, I was told he [Thurmond] is going to get you for this. I made a major mistake. I didn't pray about this. I met, and I let people supposedly Christian people talk me into moving to South Carolina. These were the first people to desert me when all this happened.

Now the interesting thing about this was all through this the only thing they had was this woman's statement. And it came out that woman had first went to the sheriff's department and the sheriff would not believe her because it had been-- she was talking about so far back that she admitted on the stand that she never had told anybody, that she had never sought medical help. There were some things that I don't want to testify- I don't want to say on this tape because it might offend people but things she described that night would have required her to receive emergency treatment in order to stay alive if it had really taken place, and yet she said she was not hurt, not damaged, was not bruised. She was not cut. She was not harmed in any way.

The situation was this, I was held for nine months in custody walting trial. The speedy trial law here was totaily disregarded by the judge. The reason I was held so long is this woman moved out of state didn't want to come back to the state. It was not- I believe this- it was not really a conspiracy in the beginning. This was a woman who wanted revenge for being fired. When it got out of hand she didn't know who she was dealing with. When it had gotten out of hand and become so publicized and she saw all these people running around trying desperately to do me in, she ran away. See what happened was that when she went to SLED, they typed my name into the computer that they have there. They

have what they call a black list, a hit list that the politicians in South Carolina put people on. When my name popped up it became a field day and it just became too much for her, and she left, and they had to force her to come back. Now whether she was honest with them or whether they really knew what had happened or what I do know. But they completely changed her appearance for the trial. They dyed her hair, they put her in different clothes, they restyled and cut her hair so that this was how much she changed. I had only seen her a couple times, but when she came into the trial I kept asking my attorney when Meryl Blackburn was going to he there. I did not recognize her. That's how much she had changed. And so people who would have seen her that night which were alibi witnesses of mine would not have been able to perfectly identify her was the plan. And the reason for this is that there were witnesses who could have destroyed her testimony. But most important is lab tests that I happen to know the Lord was behind. I checked into the hospital within six or seven hours from when she claims this had taken place. It was supposed to have taken place Mother's Day weekend of '87 and like in the wee hours of Saturday morning. And Saturday afternoon around lunchtime I was checking in to the hospital. The test on admittance was this test for alcohol and drugs. Now this woman didn't know that. SLED and the prosecution didn't know that. And this woman claimed in her affidavit that I had forced her to drink and to take drugs and that I was drinking and taking drugs along with her. The urineanalysis totally proved her to be lying; there were no drags or alcohol in my system. And yet, and let me say that (O.K.), finally it was brought to trial Jan. 21 which was a Thursday of 1988. The jury was selected. A week before I was to go to trial I had all the funds that I had left I settled my law suit out of court, which was to he $120,000. I settled it out for $10,000 and gave it to my attorney who was supposed to spend it all on a private investigator. This private investigator was an ex-SLED agent. Supposediy, he tracked down all the witnesses I had told him There was enough evidence for, all this time I sat there and I knew I was going to be found innocent. I knew I was innocent. I knew the evidence was there to prove it. And the lawyer came and told me they had the lab tests. That they went before the judge and argued against the solicitor and got lab tests admitted into evidence and it was going to he there. He had drawn as he put it 32 witness's subpoenas and had served most of them, and was going to have the witnesses there and it was going to be an open show. And so all day of the 21st I watched the trial not worried, and yet not understanding what my attorney was doing. My attorney was making me out to he the bad-you see my attorney wanted me to take the stand and say I had affair with this woman and she was just upset. And I wouldn't do it. I didn't know at the time that he was in on it. And if they lost, they really weren't going to lose this case. If they lost, they wanted at least to destroy my reputation. And I couldn't understand where the witnesses were. And I didn't know until this month that they were there, they were just segregated outside of the courtroom. And so all day of the 21st I listened to the testimony. It was so ridiculous the jurors were laughing at the testimony, that's how ridiculous. I insisted when some nurses were up for jury duty I had insisted they get on the stand because they would have been able to believe the medical evidence. I mean the medical evidence which cleared me, we won right then and there.

I couldn't understand my lawyer put a woman on the jury who admitted, it's in the transcript, that her and her husband had seen the stories and read the stories and had already formed a conclusion. Obviously, if you had read the stories the conclusion would have been that I was guilty. Right? And as far as the public knew, I was still being suspected of all these, you know hundred something rapes, and nobody knew these didn't exist and nobody knew they didn't go anywhere. So as this jury took, I couldn't understand it. He said, "Oh, don't worry, it will be alright, I know what I am doing." The next day we come back, [I] still expecting to present a case, the 22nd of January, (1] still expecting to present a case. They called up a few minor witnesses. The only new witness they put on the case, they were trying to prove that the publishing company didn't exist, that it was phony, that it was a scam to draw women into it that I could rape and all this type of stuff. This is what the prosecution was trying to prove. There was just too much thousands of dollars yeah, blah, blah, I'll come and testify and blah blah." Then he turns around and tells my court appointed attorney for the Post-conviction that he thinks James Corry, that's the attorney's name, did marvelous work for me sad did the best be could under the circumstances. Yes, I'm innocent but no attorney could have done better for me. Making himself a witness who wasn't usable, but he didn't show up for the trial though he promised. This pastor had files [files?-word unclear] in his hand to set me free and refused to use it. I'll let you draw

your own conclusions as to why. I did not know the full extent of what my attorney had done to me. I was sent to prison. Until Feb. 15, a week or so ago [?]. At the post-conviction in Columbia South Carolina the only two witnesses present were myself sad the attorney for the state. My attorney was testifying for the state. He got on the stand sad lied about several things that meeded to be true, that I need personally knew to be true. Now he had told me up until then that the reason be didn't use the lab was that it didn't show a screen for alcohol and for all these years I had believed him. On the stand however, knowing that it might come oat, he revealed that it did show a screen for alcohol. And be couldn't give a good reason why he didn't use it. That in also the time I found out that all the witnesses subpoenaed were sitting outside the courtroom the whole time for two days sad he never called them. Then the court-appointed attorney asked him, "Would this witness had contradicted Meryl Blackburn ? "would this one?" "Yes." "Would this one?" "Yes." On and on for the whole time for two days, and be never [?]. And the court appointed attorney kept asking him, "Would this have contradicted Meryl Blackburn? With this one?" "yes" and with this one? "Yes." and on and on. And yet be kept saying it wasn't important to present that. It wasn't important that there wasn't any witnesses. According to law, the lawyer can refuse to call witnesses.

However, the Constitution says I have a right to have witnesses there. Under South Carolina law, an attorney can override the defendent and not call the witnesses. And that's what they did to me. So in essence my Constitutional Rights were [blank pause], so I was sent to prison without being able to produce any witnesses.

Now we left the Post-conviction hearing on Feb 15 knowing that it was lost, knowing that it was rigged from the very beginning. About the most maJor point why my attorney threw the case. The Judge cut me off. We could have documented it and proved it. Testify. In essence, he took our defense away by not permitting me to testify at all about it. Again no fair trial. He said, ,,I will let you know in 3o days". But we knew, we knew at the time, it was pretty much open and shut. But then I pretty much. knew that in no state court would any court appointed attorney was I ever ever going to get anywhere. This attorney should have subpoenaed Rev. Randle sad put him on the stand sad be refused to do so. Again not calling witnesses. There was another brother named Joe in Charlotte who was a major witness in the case. He would alone got me a new trial but stating that I had called him from the jail after the first day of the trial and told him I needed him to be a witness at the next day, for him to take off work to corn on down to Columbia and testify. He then called my attorney and my attorney told him not to come. This man now won't even talk to Christians about it. When they talk to him on the phone, he's just terrified, he's scared to death. under no circumstances will be come to Columbia, South Carolina. There is a conspiracy going on here. That could be overruled by an attorney. There are a couple of attorneys in this state who are known that they can't be gotten to. And they have all told me that my case is open and shut. I should never have went to prison. I could have been set free by a couple court orders. But I have never been able to get these attorneys. And the reason for me not being able to write anybody, or have contact with anybody... (to be continued...in next issue Lord Willing)

CONTINUATION - EX-ILLUMINATUS REVEALS ILLUMINATI REVENGE

In the Sept. 1, '93 issue a tape which was secretly made by Johnnie Todd in prison was transcribed. This is a continuation of that transcription, and then a post-script is given to update the reader on things that have happened just recently. Before beginning we will repeal the last paragraph.

LAST PARAGRAPH FROM LAST NEWSLETTER

There is a conspiracy going on here. That could be overruled by an attorney. There are a couple of attorneys in this state who are known that they can't be gotten to. And they have all told me that my case is open and shut. I should never have went to prison. I could have been set free by a couple court

orders. But I have never been able to get these attorneys. And the reason for me not being able to write anybody, or have contact with anybody... (to be continued...in next issue Lord Willing.)

CONTINUATION

was so that funds could never be reached, could never be raised so that I could hire an attorney that could set me free. In May, I'll have been in custody for 4 years. In January, this year I was already in prison for 3 years, for something that I didn't do, and for something that could have proved I was innocent, if I'd just been allowed to produce witnesses. In essence I have to hire an attorney who will subpoena the witnesses who will make no deal to sell me out and will let me have a fair trial. There is something else that you need to know. Three days after I was placed in jail without bail my attorney came to me. He said the Federal prosecutor, the assistant attorney general, whatever you want to call him the attorney solicitor, wanted to make a deal. Now remember I was facing a state charge not a federal charge. But this was the Feds. Now all I had to do was tell him where all the Christians were hiding, identify all these people in the underground, and I could go free. And I said no. It's a matter of record that a federal proffer, this is an immunity grant for testimony, was offered me--it's on record--and it was turned down. After I was convicted in '88 I was sent to prison in Columbia--there are several. Kirkland was the name of mine. I was called up front and I was told to sit down and wait, that the secret service was coming to talk to me. The woman supervising omcer who was on duty found it strange that this secret service agent who was supposed to be locally from Columbia did not know where the prison was. And she just said, "Boy they are hiring dumb people today we had to give him instruction how to get here." When he arrived he let it slip out that he was actually a member of President Reagan's body guard staff from Wash. D.C. He said that he had to leave in a couple of days to Moscow. This was right before the Reagan-Moscow trip. And that he had to get ready to set up for the President. What was he doing here? And all he wanted was the same information. Of course it was the information. Why was the secret service involved? He was a member of Reagan's staff. Now after that, I was left alone, everything was left alone for a long time. And then in '90 in the winter of '90, the FBI came. I had been moved to a ah- I had been in three prisons. They keep moving me around and they are fixing to move me again is what they tell me. The FBI came this was late at night I was brought from my cell after everyone else was locked down, and I was taken up front. There were two agents of the FBI. They said they were there to question me again, was I willing to talk? was I willing to make a deal? I said, "no." They said all this could be behind me, I said "no". They left. They've came back three other times. Finally they quit coming. I guess they are getting the message. But I kindof expect them to show up now that I've lost the post-conviction. As soon as I get notified in writing that I've lost this post-conviction, I expect for them to show up again trying to know if I wili make a deal; the answer is 'no." Isn't it amazing that I'm supposed to be this terrible rapist on a state charge that the Feds somehow have authority over this state charge and they are willing to let me just go, wipe it off the books for turning Christians who are wanted for nothig,, a lot of times nothing but misdemeanor warrants, or child custody warrants where the state wants to take the kids, or for violations of court orders. A lot of these people are on the run, from Christian schools where the state has sworn out warrants for these Christians because they were teaching the children, and the state decided that this was not right and so on. Little stuff, and yet they are willing to let me go for all these people plus the Christians who are hiding them out. I think you'd better wake up brothers and sisters, because I was sent to prison without the right to a fair trial and I want tell you what. It could be done real easy. It could be done real easy. They control the media. They could say anything about you they want to say. They control the governments. They control the police forces. Wake up!

I want to go into something else that is going on right now in the news. For over twelve years I have said that the goal of the United States government was to activate what is called Operation Garden Plot and its sub-plot Operation Cablesplice. Which was martial law, total military control over all police forces, governments, and so on. I've said that in order to do that they wanted the populace out there to scream at the president that he wasn't doing his job of protecting them from acts of terrorism. And that they were willing to give up their constitutional rights. Now we have seen time and time

again in order to stop the drug wars to stop the drug dealers, and all the bloodshed that they are willing to give up Constitutional rights. People are willing to do it. People, when terrorism strikes, are willing to do it. Now for years, the Illuminati have tried to have the Arab countries be so outraged that they would start terrorism in the United States on a great massive rate. And our country is more susceptible than any other country for the simple reason that we are not prepared for it. We don't believe it could happen to us. And they thought they were going to be able to do it in Lebanon. They didn't pull it off. They thought by hitting Gaddafi he would act, he wasn't able to strike back. He was unable to do it. And now we are involved in a war whose sole purpose is to have those acts of terrorism launched upon us in this country. [The media has hyped every act of terrorism they could dredge up in recent years.-F.] And I will leave you with that. Now people soon you will all be in the same danger I'm in. I'm asking for your help. I assure you in the name of our lord Jesus Christ I am innocent of this charge. I state so before the Lord and you in his name. I'm innocent of this. Is it any surprise that John Todd who did them so much damage will be framed and sent to prison? Remember that I warned everybody about it that it would happen 2 years before it happened. I was warned. What is so agitating in this is that Christians who should have stood by me, who knew I was innocent, didn't do it. They became so afraid that they would be gone after, that they just left me here. I need your help. I need copies of this tape made. I need it passed around. I need the word to get around. I need anybody who can help to get the word around, and to help financially. Not until I can hire these non-collaborating attorneys will I get proved and get free. I could be free at this time. I could have been free three years ago. I never should have been sent to prison all I would have had to do was to have help and never had it. And I definitely desperately need this, I'm not very good, I wasn't very good at asking for finances when I was in the ministry. I couldn't even take my own offerings in the church. I need your help. I have a dear brother and sister... [name given is no longer working with him--at present 1, Fritz Springmeier am] is their name who have stood with me all through this. They don't have anything. They are just an everyday couple, a married couple. The man works he works hard. He works long hours. He is not a minister. But they can't get to him. And he is willing to have this [financial helpi come to him. See, I can't receive money [cash & checks] I can only receive a few dollars and they have to be in a U.S. postal money order. And if they catch me receiving a lot of mail in here again, they will come down hard on me, and it just makes it impossible. This dear brother and sister in the Lord will take money, put it in the account and whenever there is enough money, move to get my release. I am asking you to help. I am asking you whether it is five dollars or a hundred dollars, or a thousand dollars. Please, we need desperately. We need to raise the finances. We need to get me free. I never understood before as much as I understood now Paul's writings for when he was in prison to the churches for simple things, a coat, a few belongings, some finances- people who sent to him. And others who totally neglected him yet called themselves his brother and sister in Christ. It was so clear. I am asking for your help. I'm sending this tape to a couple of ministers, who after all these years I finally got their addresses again. And the Lord has just blessed me recently, and I will send this tape out. Now I'm hoping others will make copies and send it out. I'm hoping the word will get out. There is no use for me giving you my address for they keep moving me around from prison to prison so much I may not even be here before this week is out. So let me give you how to send funds and how to contact me if you really feel you want to reach me. You can write me, and they will send me your letter and I'll pray about it. And if I need to take the risk and write you, I'll do it. For those who wish to help you can send cash, money orders, whatever, since I'm not allowed to sign anything in prison they need to be mailed out to this party.[now Fritz Springmeier] And if you would make it out to the party whose name I going to give you in a minute... [At present checks can be made out to Fritz Springmeier to help Johnnie Todd. Put a notation on the check for what it is for.] You will be surprised for a small contribution of a gift of $5 how greatful I'll be. Right now the earliest I can get out [without winning in court] is the year 2005. That's a long time people for something you didn't do. We just don't have that long. I've got family and loved ones, and brothers and sisters in Christ that I desperately need to be out there for I'm asking for your help. If the Illuminati, Strom Thurmond and them put so much effort to this to me, there is a reason. And I'm asking for your help. I'm asking ministers who hear this who have newsletters to just simply send out what is going on here, to make copies of this tape and to make it available. People I don't have much time left in here. Right now there is a conspiracy going on and one of the reasons I hurry to make this tape there is a man in prison who years ago who had threatened to kill me. Amazingly, I'm just John Todd., I don't know why they

would want to do that. Because at that time they were not sure what kind of a scandal it would cause they separated us they sent us to different prisons. And they put what is called a flag on my record, saying that we couldn't ever be in the same prison together. Nine months ago, when I was fighting to gain my freedom, lawsuits and doing some different stuff myself, because I didn't have an attorney. They got upset at me, they wanted to punish me by sending me to another prison. O.K. They couldn't do it because this man was at that prison. And they let me know they couldn't do it, that our records were flagged. Now this man was doing a life sentence without parole for murder. Since being in prison he has stabbed four people. Three of them in the last couple years since I've known him. He has sworn to kill me. And now he is here. A few weeks ago, he stabbed an inmate an second inmate at another institution, and instead of charging him with it, and putting him into solitary, like they had done before, they dropped the charges, and sent him to this prison. When I heard that he was here, he was being held up in the lock up in solitary waiting for bed space in my unit. He will be just a couple of cells from me.

I went to the authorities here and I complained. Surprisingly guess what brothers and sisters? the flags on our records had disappeared. And there was no record of them ever being there. In fact, they went so far as to say there is no record in our records of us being in the same prison together. And yet we'd been in two prisons together and in the same building a few cells apart. And its right there. That much is in the records. O.K. Complaints were filed and so on and so forth. And I looked right at the Captain here, Capt. Byrd over security and told him, ,,You did this. You got the man who will kill me. There is no big secret about this. This doesn't happen by accident.' Now at that time what was supposed to be done was that they should have shipped me. When I complained they should have shipped me. They claimed they couldn't send him anywhere else, that he's been to all these prisons and done all these things, that this was the last place they could have him. Well, they should have sent me away. Now they are claiming that none of the other prisons want to take me. Isn't it amazing that they can't ship me when this man is scheduled to move into my unit into my prison dorm here Fri. This is Monday. They're doing this to try to kill me. What will happen? I'm in the Lord's hands... [Johnnie Todd repeats his request for help]...They are afraid that eventually I'll get my freedom....God bless you. [end of message.] tape was made and quietly gotten out. After my September newsletter came out, toward the end of this last month, in September two inmates who were paid to stab Johnnie Todd stabbed him in the back and then while he was on the ground, they stabbed him three more times. Johnnie Todd lost a lost of blood, but he is back on his feet and has returned to the general prison population, He is still hopeful to gain his freedom next year, because an appeal was won, and now he is to receive his fair day in court. He has an immediate need of $800 this upcoming month for a chance to get legal help. He has to meet legal deadlines.

POSTSCRIPT

Johnnie Todd did get moved from this prison after this tape was made and quitly gotten out. After my September newsletter came out towards the end of this last month, in September two inmates who were paid to stab Johnnie Todd stabbed him in the back and then when he was on the ground they stabbed him three more times. Johnie Todd lost a lot of blood, but he is back on his feet and has returned to the general prison population. He is still hopefull to gain his freedom next year, because an appeal was won, and now he is to receive his fair day in court. He has an immediate need of $800 tis upcoming month for a chance to get legal help. he has to meet legal deadlines.

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

THE DuPONTS

There has been no consistency among the Du Pont family members in the spelling they have employed to write their name. The correct variations in spelling the Du Pont name are as follows: Dupont, DuPont, du Pont, duPont, Du Pont, and du Pont de Nemours. In English the second syllable is accented. In French, neither syllable is accented. The name has tended to be spelled du Pont for the family and Du Pont for business. I decided for this article to standardize the spelling in line with this tendency.

A DYNASTY OF SATANIC ROYALTY

Sitting down to write about the du Pont.s reminded me of two other families. Recently, John Coleman, a researcher on the elite, commented to me that when he had researched the Queen of Denmark he had discovered that the royal danish family was slipping away secretly from everyone and they were going to Satanic rituals. It is also noteworthy that 5 modern kings of Denmark have been the leaders of Freemasonry in Denmark, and the Danish royal family, princes etc. have been active Masons. John Dale wrote a book The Prince and The Paranormal which goes into the secret occult activities of the British royal family, especially Prince Charles, but also many other royal family members too. Besides the secret occult activities of the British Monarch, they have been openly leaders of Freemasonry (see the Appendix of Be Wise As Serpents for a detailed chart on this.) The du Ponts are similar to these families in that they too are a dynasty, they too have a very public image, and they too have a totally hidden life. In fact, the du Ponts have better control over the press's coverage of them than the British Royal Family.

One of the clues that the family is a top Satanic family are the frequency of marriages between relatives of the du Pont descendants. Few people are aware of the immense importance bloodlines play in the upper levels of Satanism. Blood is believed to carry the occult power. Unless a person has the correct blood he or she will not *rise* to the highest levels of Satanism. The du Ponts have intermarried with the Balls and the Gardners. These other familIes are known to be involved with the Illuminati and Satanism. For instance George W. Ball is on the important permanent steering committee of the Bilderbergers and has attended the Bilderberger meetings that I know of starting with the original first meeting in 1954, plus in 1955, 1957, 1963, 1964, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1974, 1975. George W. Ball is also a member of CFR and the Trilateral Commission. Eliza Cazenove (Gardner was a sister to a du Pont. I)orsey Cazenove (Gardner was a distant cousin. Will Gardner and Bessie Gardner duPont were cousins of the duPonts. John W. (Gardner is a 60 Illuminatus and in charge of the Rockefeller Bros. Fund. I have found the (Gardners in the thick of Satanism and witchcraft.

THE COMPLETE FACTS ARE DIFFICULT TO DISCOVER

At the library, I checked out a book Du Pont by William Dutton. The book had been a gift to the library from the f)u Pont Company. I also checked out a book Alfred I. Du Pont by Joseph Frazier

Wall. That book's author J. Wall was flnanced to write the book by the trustees of the Jessie Ball du Pont Fund. Although scholarly in appearance, it is what they don't say that can be so crucial to really understand the history of the du Pont family. When a family is worth billions they can afford to tidy up their family histories, and keep people from spilling the beans about secrets. On May 16, 1893 the press reported the death of Alfred Victor du Pont with great laudatory comments. Alfred (known as Fred) had been in business in Louisville, KT and was widely known in the area as a philanthropist. Louisville's main paper the Louisville Commercial gave the public a totally fictitious story about how Alfred Victor du Pont died, along with many pages of the highest praise.

If it hadn't been for the honesty of the Enquirer (a Cincinnati paper--not to be confused with today's national tabloid by the same name Enquirer) the public would not have learned what really had happened. The false story' said that Fred died of apoplexy while visiting his brother Bidermann. The duPont family still maintains this fiction is true, although all the facts of the case are blatantly known, and were public knowledge to quite a number of people whose lives were involved with what actually happened. Both Fred du Pont and his nephew Coleman du Pont were regular customers at the most expensive house of prostitution in the area, Maggie Payne's bordello. Although rich, Fred was not willing to help support a distraught prostitute raise the child she was sure he had sired. So she shot Fred in the heart. Coleman du Pont, who was familiar with Maggie's, soon went down to Maggie's, retrieved the body with a hearse and took the body to Biderman's house. There the coroner was willing to lie on the death certificate that the death was caused by ,,effusive apoplexy.' It is most likely Coleman made that lie worth his effort. Henry Watterson, editor of the Courier-Journal, although he later admitted he knew the real story of the murder, went ahead and printed the false story on behalf of the du Ponts.

This article starts out with this anecdote to make a point--the 13 top families do control the press--and are very sensitive to any negative publicity of any kind. Not only are their Satanic activities deeply hidden, but even just the normal everyday sinfulness or human soap box drama of their lives is deeply hidden. By the way, Coleman duPont, an extremely hedonistic man, is one of the duPonts I strongly suspect was into Satanism. Further secrecy has been obtained by working through trusted proxies. Today, a key proxy is the jew Irving Saul Shapiro. The du Pont family is represented in a number of groups by Irving Saul Shapiro, who is on the Council of Foreign Relations. Irving S. Shapiro is a key person who has been the go-between to coordinate the activities of the Rockefellers, the du Ponts, and the Watson families (Watson family members who are 6° Illuminati are mentioned in the 1/1/93 newsletter. Shapiro was a member of Carter's Advisory Council on Japan-US. Economic Relations, is a trustee of the University of Delaware, director of the Jewish Federation of Delaware, director of IBM (which is a Watson-Rockefeller business), director of Citicorp (Rothschilds and Rockefellers--headed in the past by 6° Illuminatus, CFR member, Bilderberger Walter Wristen), and the U.S./U.S.S.R. Trade and Economic Council (which Rockefeller plays a big part of). Shapiro is or was director of Continental American Insurance Co., International Business Machines (under IBM). Irving Saul Shapiro was chairman of the du Pont company.

BEGINNING AT THE BEGINNING

The biographies of the du Pont family usually begin with the marriage of Samuel du Pont to Anne Alexandrine Montechanin in 1737 in Paris, France. Although Anne was a Huguenot, she was a medium with the spirit world. Anne came from an ancient noble family that lived in Burgandy, France. It is quite possible that it was Anne's bloodline that gave the Du ponts their occult power. Anne's bloodline may possibly tie in to the House of David. At any rate, Samuel and Anne's son was the first du Pont to rise to greatness, and the first du Pont that can be connected directly to the Illuminati. Samuel and Anne's son was Pierre Samuel du Pont. Later Pierre Samuel added de Nemours to his name to prevent confusion between him and o ther French legislatures named Dupont. Pierre Samuel du Pont was a ge nius. Pierre's mother taught him to be a medium with spirits, but early on Pierre had to deny it publicly. His father Samuel could not understand the boy's genius, such as his ability at age 12 to translate Greek and Latin at sight. When Pierre's mother died when he was 16, be no longer had a parent in the family who could understand him, and after getting one of his frequent beatings from his father, he ran away, and was spared near starvation by his Uncle Pierre de

Monchantin. Initiatially, Pierre was a watchmaker, But within a short time he attracted the attention of several top Illuminati for his ability to write good tracts, and articles that advocated various economic and political views that they wanted promoted. Pierre Joined the Freemasons, and at some point was illuminized, as most of the French lodges became. Although Pierre went through severe financial difficulties after the French Revolution, be regularly made payments to Masonic organizations in France. Besides being friends with all the famous Masons of the time, one Mason brother of his worthy of note is the french astronomer Lalande, who helped hide him during the revolution. Someone very powerful protected Pierre Samuel during the French Revolution, this is hinted at by historian Pierre Jolly, although Jolly never gives his protector's name. I believe he was protected because DuPont was part of the Inner Satanic hierarchy. He was also protected by the daughter of Swiss financier Jacques Necker. This daughter was Madame Germalne de Staël. The Madame was a close friend of Pierre Samuel and she operated a famous salon/cathouse. Madame de Staël was nothing less than an intimate friend of St. Simon. She shared his occult revolutionary ideas. Henri de St. Simon was a student and friend of Jacques Rigomer-Bazin who was associated with the Inner circle of several occult-based revolutionary groups during Pierre du Pont's time in France. St. SImon was the author of The New Christianity which foreshadowed the creation of international communism. He also wrote in the early 1800s The Globe and The Reorganization of the European Community laying out ideas and plans for European unity. In the early 1800's, the Saint-Simonians suggested in the early 1800's that the date 2000 be the target date for the New Order. In order to rearrange the world into the New Order, a number of items and stages needed to occur. Two canals-one through the Suez and one through Panama were needed they said to create "Interdependence" between the nations. They also suggested a high dam on the Nile. They suggested the technological transformation of the earth, and the biological creation of a new, androgynous humanoid. (Androgynous beings are being produced in underground facilities-they are the small greys used to fly the saucers!) Progress would be brought about by a series of revolutions. (Study from Fire in The Minds of Men by James H. Billington to understand how the occult fraternities have created all the revolutions since the French revolution.) St. Simon, an Illuminatus, wanted to have a child with Madame de Stall which would become the anti-Christ. It didn't happen, but anyway, it is significant that the person who personally intervened during the French Revolution and saved Pierre Samuel DuPont's life was Madame de Staël. Necker along with Lafayette would later loan DuPont large sums of money for him try out his schemes in business and in forming a communist society. It's interesting that the Physiocrats journal was Les Ephémérides du Citoyen The title has astrological occult undertones. On Jan. 1, 1769 Pierre Samuel DuPont took over the journal's management. He became a key leader in France advocating a new order. Pierre Samuel DuPont believed in Plato's idea of government which included a philosopher-king. Pierre Samuel was deist. He spoke of "God" but he meant nature's deistic God, not a personal God. He believed nature was a higher God than his mechanical deist "God". Notice, the Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence also wrote „nature's God". This is because the deists like Jefferson and Du Pont believed Nature was the highest God. The ambiguity of meaning has permitted people to think Jefferson was referring the Christian God in the Declaration of Independence. It is a common occurrence that Christians assume that others who use words that they use, think like the Christians. Even today, many New Agers have an easy task to snow Christians. For instance they just say, "I believe in Christ." The Masonic reference book 10.000 Famous Freemasons put out by the Missouri Lodge of Research provides this about Pierre Samuel DuPont: "When 23 he published two pamphlets on finances, which attracted the attention of the celebrated Quesnay. He then expounded the doctrines of Quesnay's school, "the physiocrats." Went to Poland in 1774 at the request of King Stanislaus-Augustus [a Freemason] to organize a general system of national education. When Turgot became comptroller-general of French finances, DuPont was named inspector-general of commerce....He was recalled by Vergennes to assist in negotiating with England the treaty to accord independence to the U.S. in 1789 he was a member of the States. General, but his reactionary views led to his imprisonment in 1792 .... In 1799 he emigrated to the U.S. with his family, and at Jefferson's request, started on a plan for national education in this country. He returned to France in 1802 and was instrumental in promoting the treaty of 1803, by which Louisiana was sold to the U.S."

Pierre Samuel was a key figure in attempts to create a national education system in both Poland and the new U.S. A national education system was a Masonic/illuminati goal to control education and take it out of the hands of sincere Christians. Jefferson, who was a Grand Orient Mason of the famous Nine Sisters Lodge, and apparently a key Illuminatus, was a close friend of Pierre Samuel and was instrumental at several key points in Pierre Samuel's life when he needed help. Jefferson arranged for the first gunpowder order (which was a government order) when the Du Ponts went into the gunpowder business. Benjamin Franklin, a key leader of several secret occult fraternal groups was also a close friend of Pierre Samuel. When Benjamin Franklin arrived Dec. 1776 in France, one of the first people who sought out to visit with was Pierre Samuel DuPont. During the next year after that, DuPont was a frequent visitor to Franklin's residence in the village of Passy. In 1783, DuPont expected to sit with Franklin at the treaty table in Paris, but John Adams got the Americans to sign a treaty with Britian without France's involvement.

Alexander Hamilton, whose role in the conspiracy is now known, was DuPont's lawyer in the U.S.

THE NEXT GENERATION

During the second year of Pierre Samuel's marriage to Made Le Dèe, Victor Made was born with the Marquis de Mirabeau as his godfather. Victor Marie Du Pont (1767-1827) was an aide-de-camp to Illuminatus Lafayette from 1789-1792. Whether Victor was a Mason in France before the family came to the United States in 1800, I do not know. Victor Marie DuPont soon got involved in Freemasonry in the United States after arriving. The following are some of the highlights to his secret Masonic career according to Masonic records.

·1808-signed a masonic petition to create a lodge at Angelica, NY

·1813--joined Washington Lodge No. 1 of Delaware

·1814-joined Knights Templars of Wilmington, Del.

·1819-Grand Marshall of the Grand Lodge of Delaware (also 1822, 1823, *1825*, 1827)

·1825--Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Delaware

Pierre Samuel had two more sons- Paul François (died at age 1 month), and Eleuthère lrénée. Eleuthère lrénée followed his father's steps in getting Illuminated. Eleuthère lrénée was a prominent outspoken Jacobin.

THE JACOBINS

The Duc d'Orleans, Grand Master of the Grand Orient of France, that is head of all the French masons, along with two other key Masons Talleyrand and Mirabeau started the Jacobins. According to the book The War of the Antichrist with the Church (a book made from the lectures of George Dillon) (Dublin, Ireland: M.H. Gill & Son, 1885) where Dillon lectures on the French Revolution he states that both Talleyrand and Mirabeau were key Illuminati. The name of the original lodge of the Jacobins was changed to Club Breton and then Jacobin Club. The Jacobins were basically an illuminized type of Freemasonry. The President of the Jacobin Club was the Freemason Georges Jacques Danton, who was a member of the famous and powerful Nine Sisters Lodge (nine sisters or nine muses is what the Pleiades is called.) Lafayette was a Jacobin, as well as the key players in the French Revolution. A very secret body of 300 key Freemasons ruled France secretly during this period according to the Autobiography of Wolfe Tone (pub. by R. Barry O'Brien, 1893). Robespierre, was both a Freemason and an illuminatus. In fact, he was both a disciple of Weishaupt and Rousseau. Prussian Baron Anacharsis Clootz was also a Freemason and illuminatus. He also was a disciple of Weishaupt and understood better what Weishaupt was trying to accomplish. If one studies what these men taught you will discover it is what was later known as Socialism and communism. The original idea for all the French Revolution started with the Satanic hierarchy. In Nov. 1793, the true colors of this Satanic inspired business can be seen in the campaign against religion, where anyone who was a

priest in France was killed, and the Illuminati posted one of Its motto's in public "Death is an eternal sleep." Eyewitnesses testify that Satan has a very detailed plan which he entrusts to his very select few at the top. Much of what seems coincidence and unrelated is actually according to a yery clever (diabolical) plan. Eleuthère lrénée Du Pont was a major printer for the Jacobins. He was a convinced Deist and worshipped nature too.

A POWDERMAN BECOMES DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL BANK

Later in the United States, after successfully setting up the best gunpowder factory in the world, Eleuthère Irenée DuPont was selected along with his friend Nicholas Biddle to be a director of Hamilton's creation the United States Bank. Remember that Astor was also selected as a director of this "National" Bank.

The Mason Stephen Girard (1750-1831), initiated into Masonry in 1788 in Charleston, S.C., helped establish the second Bank of United States in 1816 and served as its director. Girard had amassed a S9 millIon fortune by the time of his death. He was born in France, and become a sea captain. Where his money came from is somewhat of a mystery. He gave large sums of his money to masonic charity.

EARLY YEARS IN AMERICA

On Jan. 3, 1800, the DuPont tribe arrived in the United States with grandiose plans. Part of the plans were to create a new society. While

Victor Marie and his father pursued grandiose schemes that tailed miserably, Eleuthère lrénée DuPont started a gunpowder business in Delaware. Irénée's success can be attributed to several factors:

·The french government gave him top secret machinery and plans to produce the best gunpowder possible in that day. It was state-of-the-art technology, and they supplied manpower to help get started.

·The DuPonts had friends in various places that helped them in numerous ways, getting financing, business, land, etc.

·Eleuthère lrénée DuPont was intelligent, worked very hard and worked with patience. If he hadn't had so many commendable qualities, then the Du Pont family may have sunk back in history, and another family taken their place.

A ROYAL DYNASTY

The DuPont's are a dynasty of Kings. They have been called Kings- and rightly so even if people have been unaware that they are a dynasty of Illuminati Kings. I do not know which particular men have served during the Satanic rituals. The famIly has always had a head of the family. It may be that the most powerful DuPont may also secretly serve as the highest Satanist. I don't know who has been representing the family at the highest levels of secret Satanism (I suspect or surmise it has not been the public head of the family in modern times), but I can list the public head of the family as it passed down through time:

Persons below --years as head of family-- generation coming to America

Pierre Samuel Dupont- 1739-1817- first

Eleuthère lrénée DuPont- 1817-1834--second

Alfred Victor DuPont- 18341850-third Henry DuPont- 1850-1889--third

Henry A. DuPont- 1889- -fourth

These men had great authority over the tribe of duPonts. The du Ponts had family council where even the women had voting rights. The DuPonts, like the Rothschilds helped set up their children's marriages, and many of the early ones were to cousins. For instance, much to the delight of the duPonts, Sophie Madeleine du Pont married her cousin Samuel Prancis DuPont in 1833. (2 of Sophie's drawing occur later in this article.) The family owned everything in common, and distributed according to needs and according to the contribution that each could give to the family business. The James Bidderman, the son of Evelina DuPont Bidderman, went to France and his decedents would give the DuPonts a lineage in France. One of the families that Intermarried and were close friends with the DuPonts was the Cazenoves family. Both families were close friends with Thomas Jefferson and Albert Gallatin, I have concluded that both Thomas Jefferson and Albert Gallatin were Illuminati. Further, I discovered in a forty volume set on American Statesmen in vol. 13, p.386 that Albert Gallatin claimed to be descended from the ancient Roman Consul Callatinus. Incredible as it may seem, the black nobility have kept track of their bloodlines. The same people ruling the world today are in many ways the descendants of the rulers in past ages. Antoine Charles Cazenove, born in Geneva, Sw. was a business partner with Albert Gallatin. During the War of 1812, the DuPont gunpowder factory since it was the primary American powder company was the known target for the British to destroy. However, the British never attacked it. The Du Ponts had organized a local militia called the Brandywine Rangers. Interestingly, their militia flag was a beehive on white silk. Lafayette visited the DuPonts in Delaware the summer of 1825.

Another important Mason who would visit the DuPonts was Henry Clay who was the American Secretary of State and head of the whig party. Henry Clay was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky and GranD Orator for the G.L. 1806-09. He was one of the Freemasons involved in a high level meeting that used the U.S. Senate Chambers on Mar. 9, 1822 for their meeting. If the duPonts were already one of the primary top families, it may well be Clay was coming to them for guidance on how to steer the nation. The duPonts played a role too in the building of the American capital, which was laid out and constructed with numerous occult patterns.

THE NEXT GENERATION--Pierre Samuel's grandchildren

Eleuthère lrénée du Pont had a daughter Sophie Madeleine du Pont (1810-1888). Sophie was also her mothers name. Sophie Madeleine du Pont (her name Sophie/Sophia is popular with Moriah) wrote diaries, journal voluminous correspondence. Sophie also drew hundreds are drawings and sketches, many of them charactures of people. Of her sketches, this article reproduces two of them which bear importance to this newsletter. The first is a drawing by Sophie du Pont of one of the duPonts dressed up like Satan with long paper horns and a tail. Interestingly, according to a 12/12/1829 letter by Sophie to one of her relatives Sophie comments that the costume of Satan was mistaken "for Old Nick." (See the article on Saturn in this newsletter for evidence of the connection between Satan and Santa.) The next drawing is a drawing that went with a letter from Sophie to Clementina Smith, 21 July 1837 which is a self-portrait of what Sophie calls "blackies" (black servants) who "toted" (carried) her to her bath in a special chair. This drawing is included to show how wealthy the DuPonts were within a short time after coming to Delaware, U.S.A. Alfred Victor DuPont, who took over as head of both the family and the factories making gunpowder, was married to Meta. Meta was into Swedenborgianism, which was a type of mystical religious Freemasonry, that was based on the swedish mason Swedenborg's teachings. Alfred Victor apparently didn't feel anything negative toward this. His wife Meta organized a Swedenborg church in town. Around the CIvil War times, the DuPonts became less identified with Deism and more Identified with the Episcopal church. Joanna Smith DuPont was Instrumental in this change. One of the families that the DuPonts would marry with was the Cazenoves, who were Episcopalians, and some members were I suspect involved with the Illuminati. Christ Church was built off the DuPont communal property for Episcopal services. By the Civil War, the state of Delaware was lock-stock-and-barrel under the control of the DuPonts and their friends the Bayards, the Saulsburys, and the Greys, in this 20th century, the DuPonts have gotten firmer control. Because the state of Delaware is controlled by the DuPonts, et. al, it is worthwhile to examine some of the people the DuPonts and their elite friends have placed into office. This is a very unfinished skimpy list, I have done only a little research in this direction.

GOVERNORS OF DELAWARE
(chronological order)
John Collins (Gov. 1819-1822) -- Collin's family

Caleb P. Bennett (Gov. 1832-1836) -- Freemason

Thomas Stockton (Gov. 1844-??) -- high ranking Freemason

Charles C. Stockley (Gov. 1883-87) -- Freemason

BenjaminT .B iggs(Gov.1 887-1891)-- Freemason

Pierre Samuel duPont,I V(1977-) -- also U.S.Representative, and other gov. positions

U.S. SENATORS OF DELAWARE (alphabetical order of surnames)

T.Coleman duPont (Sen.1 921-192?)

Henry A. DuPont (Sen.1 895-1896) (1906-1916) In 1896, the U.S. Senate rejected his election and therefore Henry duPont's credentials due to proof of voter fraud. Delaware legislature (republican) replaced Henry (a republican) with a democrat. But in 1899 when the Senate seat became available and another one in 1901 too they could not come to any agreement on a selection of a Senator because Henry A. DuPont and John Edwards O'Sullivan Addicks the two republican leaders were fighting so much. Consequently in 1899 Delaware only had one U.S. Senator and from 1901 to 1903 Delaware had no U.S.Senators.

L.HeislerBall (190345,1 919-25) also served Del.as state treasurer -- Freemason.

James H. Hughes (Sen. 1937-42)- Freemason, also was Del. Sec. of State

Richard R. Kenney (Sen. 1897- 1901), Freemason, also adj. general of Del.

Arnold Naudain (Sen. 1830-36), Freemason, Grand Master of the G.L. of Del., also state senator ('36-39),

John G. Townsend (Sen. 1929-42), Freemason, banker, alternate delegate to the U.N. General Assembly in 1946.

James M. Tunnell (Sen. 1941-47), Freemason, 32°, also lawyer

John Wales (Sen. 1849-51), Freemason, Pres. of Nat. Bank of Wilmington and Brandywine, sec. of state of Del. 1845-49.

William V. Roth. Jr. (Sen. 1971-) CFR, Trilateral Commission, also on the Rep. Nat. Comm.

The DuPont gunpowder factories dominated the industry. Within only a short time after getting started in 1802 they had the best quality gunpowder in the world for the general market. Every war the United States has fought starting in 1802 with the war against Tripoli (today Ubya) and the Barbary Pirates until the incursion Into Somolia this last year the American military has depended upon DuPont gunpowder. Henry du Pont (1812-1889) took over command of the gunpowder manufacturing when he was thirty-eight. He was very authoritarian and was known as Boss Henry. His narrow-minded, backward and authoritarian thinking ran the DuPont company into the ground in spite of their control of the gunpowder market. When he died, Alfred I. duPont, Pierre Samuel du Pont II (1870-1954), and Thomas Coleman du Pont (1863-1930) took over various DuPont manufacturing affairs. This triumvirate revived the aging Du Pont factories. They bought out the rest

of the gunpowder manufacturers, giving them an absolute monopoly in the munitions industry. They modernized the DuPont factories and put the DuPont businesses back Into top shape.

On August 22, 1857 the du Ponts lost their first family member to an explosion, Alexis duPont. The duPonts had always beea in the forefront on safety at their gunpowder factories, but that did not prevent them from having to suffer repeated explosions over the years. An explosion at a gunpowder factory is easily set off and very deadly. The tutor that was hired in 1852 to tutor the DuPont children, R. Page Williamson, described in his letters to Virginia that the duPont children were very spoiled and difficult to work with. In 1872, Henry duPont brought together Laflin & Rand and Hazard Powder Co. in order to form a Gun Powder Trade Association. What the Association did was to eliminate competition between the three largest manufacturers of gunpowder, and create a monopoly for this cartel. Eventually DuPont bought out the other two plus numerous other small gunpowder companies. I suggest that everyone who believes that the DuPonts and the rest of the elite are capitalists, should take another look at history. These men do not believe in capitalism, they believe in monopolies--which boils down to the same thing that occurs under communism. When these people described their setting up a monopoly they call it "bringing order and stability to a fragmented and chaotic industry." In 1889, Alfred I. du Pont attempted to bribe French officers in charge of the production of smokeless gunpowder to give the secrets to him. But no amount of bribe would work, as the Frenchmen knew they would lose thefr lives if they gave the secrets to him. The British were not any more helpful. Ufe was not all peaches and cream. Fred was murdered. William du Pont (1855-1928) was trapped in a marriage with a duPont cousin, May du Pont, that he ditn't want to be married to. Louis Cazenove du Pout a handsome, intelligent young - committed suicide with a bullet in the library at the Wilmington Club. Alfred was shot in the face by accident on a hunting trip. The duPont family had their share of heartaches, broken marriages, insanity, etc. When Mary Belin married into the family she brought some Jewish blood. As a major part of the budding military industrial complex the DuPonts during the 19th century had to work with the army and navy. The army and navy convinced them to Implement a contract with the Coopal Co. in Belgium for smokeless powder, which when the formula was received was found to be inferior to what the American were already producing. However, this whole episode ended with the DuPonts going with their own formula and setting up a new plant at Carney's Point, New Jersey. This hits the highlights of the family history in their first 100 years in this nation. To celebrate their first hundred years, every living descendent of the first Pierre Samuel was invited to a great banquet. A building was built to house them. They numbered over 100. At each person's table setting was a special gift of a gold coin, prepared especially to commemorate this centennial. On Jan. 1, 1900, the DuPont tribe celebrated. The DuPonts are shrouded in so much secrecy, that their secrecy is not even known. When Eugene DuPont, the chief executive of the family gunpowder/high explosive business died near the turn of the century, none of the other DuPonts hardly even a vague idea of how much the company was worth or what assets it had. (At that time the DuPonts had powder plants in PA, DEL, Iowa, and TN. The DuPonts are much the same today, except that their assets are perhaps ten times better hidden, not only from outsiders but from themselves. The DuPonts have in general made their money the hard way-by working and producing, in contrast to the other top families. The DuPonts are to be commended on this, even If at times they have been very tight on what they have given their workers. The DuPonts have also shown an amazing ability to keep their dynasty alive. There seems to be an increasing invisibility to their family.

HITTING PAYDIRT

One of the people who bad been Involved for a short time with the Illuminati, and is now a Christian told me that they could remember the name The Society of the Cincinnati and that they knew nothing about the organization, but that it had something to do with the Illuminati. But what is this organization?

Without anything but the name I began my investigation. At first look it seemed like some old ladles genealogy group who are descendents of revolutionary soldiers.

However, as I carried out what promised to be a long term research project on the Society it began to appear that something big was behind this organization. One reference stated, "The Society of the Cincinnati # 1783 # it is likely that no Englishman feels a greater sense of pride in being a Knight of the Garter, or Scotsman, a Knight of the Thistle, than an American feels in being a member of The Society of the Cincinnati." WOW. DOUBLE WOW! Here is an organization that essentially no one I know has even heard about, and yet an American would feel a great sense of pride in belonging to it. Interesting. Not only that, but I knew what the Order of the Garter is!! The Order of the Garter is the secret inner group which is an elite group within the Order of St. John of Jerusalem which is the British part of the Knights of Malta. The Knights of the Garter are the leaders of the Committee of 300. They are diabolical men. Lord Peter Carrington, who is a member of the satanic Order of Osiris and other demonic groups is a member of the Order of the Garter. Lord Palmerston is an example from history of another similar example of a KnIght of the Garter who was totally corrupt, pretended to be a Christian, and practiced Satanism. I found out that the Massachusetts legislature had had some of its senators and representatives concerned for the welfare and safety of the United States, because, according to testimony on record, the Society of Cincinnati was "the beginning of a hereditary aristocracy in the U.S. dedicated to subverting the Republic." The Massachusetts Legislature declared the Society of the Cincinnati "dangerous." And yet speaking for the public for all the legislators trouble, the truth is nobody has even heard of the Society of the CIncinnati, let alone known or guessed it was dangerous.

When the United States was created it operated under the Articles of Confederation. It was a confederation of Independent states-each of the states printed their - money, passed their own laws, etc. The federal government was simply a League of Nations-type body. The Society of the Cincinnati was partly responsible for getting that changed. The Society of Cincinnati favored a very strong central government, a national bank, etc. The Freemason Baron von Steuben is credited with starting the organization. The Mason Pierre L'Enfant who designed the CIty of Washington with its hidden occult symbols also designed the logo for the Society of the Cincinnati. Every president of the United States has worn the Diamond Eagle jewell of the Society of the Cincinnati. Wow. And I hadn't even heard about it until I got this tip from this ex-illuminatus. Benjamin Franklin was an honorary member. The Marquis de Lafayette was a member. George Washington and James Monroe were Original Members. At least 15 Presidents have been honorary members. Pres. Franklin Pierce and Zachery Taylor (his father was an Original Member) were hereditary members. Many of the high ranking Masons who were also officers in the Revolution were Original Members. Three prominent Freemasons who were big in the Society of the Cincinnati were Henry Beekman Livingston (1750-1831), James Mann (1759-1832), and Hardy Murfee (1752-1809). Hardy served as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina beginning in 1789. I noticed that many very busy elite People were spending a lot of money and time on this Society, whatever its purpose was. The Society had a museum, and a headquarters building in Washington, D.C. on Massachusetts Ave, N.W., and state chapters. But why? The stated purpose of the organization ditn't seem to explain the interest people put into the organization. Why spend time belonging to an organization whose only purpose is to commemorate the fact that all Its members are descendents of Revolutionary War officers? The purpose of the organization is "To render permanent the cordial affection subsisting among the officers." O.K. I can understand a group of officers who are all veterens of a war getting together. But their descendents? We are talking about a war whose fighting basically ended in 1781. That's over 200 years ago. Would my busy descendents care to visit with some other Vietnam vets' great-great-great grandchildren 200 years from now? Yet, my 1983 World Almanac (which lists in fine print about 1,300 associations) gives the membership of the Society of the Cincinnati at 2,800. Other sources indicated that the organization had an affiliate organization in France. But how? How could an organization which was open to only descendents of select Revolutionary Officers be so Identical in purpose to something in France for frenchmen? I could understand why, but only If the stated purposes were not the whole story. As you can see I was very suspicious of the Society of the Cincinnati, it appears I had stumbled onto something big. But I hadn't been able to tie the Society in with the Illuminati-until I stepped up my research on the duPonts. The tie-in between the Illuminati and the Society of the Cincinnati came when I began investigating what I thought might turn out to be an obscure Person. His name was Leighton Coleman (1837-19??) and he was married to Francis

(Fanny) Elizabeth, daughter of Alexis Irenée du Pont (1816-57). Alexis died in an accident. Occult bloodline power can pass through women or men, so it was worth it to investigate Leighton Coleman. Leighton Coleman turned out to be the Bishop of the State of Delaware for the Episcopal Church. He was a prime mover in the temperence movement (which I had already discovered was Illuminati controlled). Further Leighton was grand chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Pennslyvannia, Grand Prelate of the Knights Templar, and chaplain of the Delaware Society of the Cincinnati. Another of the top 13 Illuminati families is the Kennedy family. There is a connection to the Society of the Cincinatti with this family too. Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis (ex-wife to both J.F.K. and Aristotie Onassis) had a grandfather named Major Bouvier, who invented a family genealogy which was mostly fiction which was self-published in 1925 as Our Forebears, but tbe fantasy Bouvier genealogy allowed him and his sons Bud and Black Jack to get into The Society of the Cincinnati. (see A Woman Named Jackie, by C. David Heymann, p. 18) All three Bouviers were very proud of their memberships and would proudly display their boutonnieres on their labels showing membership.

THE THREE COUSINS THAT SAVED THE DUPONT COMPANY IN 1902

The successful three Du Ponts, Alfred, Coleman, and Pierre that together took over the gunpowder factories ended up in some serious infighting after a few years. Alfred divorced his wife to marry his cousin, and the Coleman and many of the others did not approve of the marriage. Alfred and the others got Into some serious family infighting. In 1913, Alfred at one point letting his rage get the better of him, got the Delaware legislature to pass a special law changing his first wife's sons name to spite his first wife. The special law passed the House in four hours secretly at Alfred's request but failed by two votes in the Senate after the other Du Ponts found out what Alfred was trying. Alfred built his cousin-wife Alicia the most expensive house on the east coast. In 1910 dollars, the lowest estimate is $2 million, but the actual cost may easily have been several times that. The name of the mansion was named Nemours. The main grounds of the Nemours estate are 400 acres enclosed by an 9-ft. wall. Broken glass was embedded in the concrete on top of the wall. Beyond the 400 are 2,000 acreas that make up the estate. From 1906 until 1920, the du Pont family broke up into two factions that waged a civil war in various arenas. Alfred I. DuPont led a political campaign that fought the corruption of Coleman DuPont's forces. Up to that time politics and voting. and vote counting were totally corrupt. By April, 1918 Alfred had defeated Coleman for control of Delaware's politics. In 1911, Alfred bought the principle daily paper in the area the Wilmington Morning News. In 1916, after successfully blocking his uncle Henry A. duPont from being reelected, Alfred duPont bought control of 9 Delaware newspapers. in 1932, on a trip to Egypt Alfred found a dog be named Mummy that was his familiar spirit. In the biography about Alfred which I read it said, "Alfred had scored over his sister Marguerite. Let her collect Virginia ghosts if she wanted them. Only he had a reincarnated Egyptian mascot who could produce wonders as great as those of Aladdin's genie." (Alfred Du Pont by Joseph F. Wail, p. 593) Alfred L du Pont himself wrote this in a letter to the Rev. Baker P. Lee (23 May '32) about his familiar spirit, "I have one or two more jobs for Mummy and then I will give her a vacation before I put her to work again." (He wrote at least one other letter where he talks about the magical powers of his dog. which was his familiar spirit. Mrs. Cazenove Lee, Jr. got a letter mentioning Mummy's powers too.) Alfred died in 1935. Ed Bali and Jessie Ball du Pont (his widow) took over control of his estate. Ed Bail increased the Alfred I. duPont's fortune and became the most powerful man in Florida. Ed Bali's wealth passed the Billion dollar mark in the 50s or 60s. In the late 1960s, political enemies were able to attack the wealth of Ed Ball with new legislation and some investigation of the misuse of his money hidden in the foundations. In 1981, Ed Bail died. in 1985, Ed Ball's widow claimed that Ed's sister Jessie had actually murdered Alfred I. duPont in 1935. She claimed that while Ed was alive she had been too afraid to tell the truth about Alfred's murder. Forbes magazine carried the story in Oct., 1965. T. Coleman duPont, went in business with President Taft's brother Charles P. (member of the Skull & Bones) in 1910 to build McAlpin Hotel in New York City. (Taft's other brother Horace was a member of the Order of Skull and Bones. In fact, the Taft family which dates back to Braintree Mass. in 1679, helped start the Skull & Bones Order and at least eight Tafts have been in the Order.) This was the first of a series of luxury hotels. Coleman bought New York Equitable Life Assurance Society, which was America's largest insurance company. N.Y.

Equitable Life Assurance company undoubtedly brought Coleman in touch with other Illuminati elite. He belonged to the Rittenhouse in Philadelphia. He was the director of a number of things including the Union National Bank, in Wilmington and the pres. of Central Coal & Iron Co. along with a few other coal and Iron companies. T. Coleman has been mentioned already in connection to the Du Pont Gunpowder Business, which he ran for a number of years as head honcho. During W.W. 1, the Du Ponts made a mint. The company had $9 million surplus in its treasury. The result was that Du Pont absorbed General Motors. The DuPonts also went Into the chemical business. The american government had seized the German Dye Trust, and the DuPonts were given their patents. The Du Ponts began to build a great chemical empire on the synthetic, such as shatterproof glass, paints, rayon, nylon, dyes, photographic flim, rubber, chemicals, drugs, etc. Only the Dow Chemical Company is any competition with the DuPont chemical operation. Alfred Victor duPont (Alfred I.'s son) served only as a private in the marines during W.W. I and was on board several ships. And yet for some reason when W.W. 11 broke out, he was made a consultant to the Joint Chiefs of Staff from 1943 to 1945. He was an Episcopalian.

Emile Francis duPont (1898-) graduated from Yale, like a number of duPonts have. He was important lay person within the Episcopal church. Pierre Samuel duPont belonged to the American Philosophical Society. He also wears the rosette of an Officier de Ia Légion d' Honneur. (How or why he got this I haven't found out.) He was on Delaware's State Board of Education, 1919 - 21 . He was the President of General Motors from 1920-23 when he turned it over to Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. Pierre Samuel started what is called "the buddy system" where DuPont and GM's management worked together. DuPont saved GM from extinction after W.W.I and has watched over GM since. Robert L duPont, Jr. is a research psychiatrist. He has done research at Harvard. He was the delegate for the US. at United Nations Commislon on Narcotic drugs (1973-78). He is especially knowledgable about what drugs will do to a person, which le an area of his research. And Francis Marguerite du Pont (born 1944 in Duluth, Minn.) is deep into research into genetics. Those of us, who know what these people want to do, cringe when we see that some of the top genetic researchers are connected with Satanic families. Every American almost everyday uses a Du Pont product. When I began learning what the DuPont industries produce it is utterly astonishing. Anything that involves chemicals is under their production. Herbivores and fertilizers for farming. cosmetics and nylons for women, chemicals for all types of industrial production, textiles of all kinds, cleaning fluids such as when you clothes are dry cleaned. The list can go on and on. Most of us are using DuPont products almost continuously all through the day! General Motors, the explosives and gunpowder monopoly, the chemical monopoly (which its tens of thousands of products) gives the duPonts enormous financial leverage. The DuPonts obviously are in close cooperation with the elite involved with oil-because so many of their products are derivatives of petroleum products. In 1940, it was estimated the duPont famIly was worth $5 billion. Today, their total worth must be many billions of dollars, not to mention the enormous power they wield. The very survival of the United States military is dependent upon the military products of the DuPonts.

THE DUPONT COMPANY USED AS A TOOL TO BRING US INTO THE NEW ORDER

Although the DuPont companies -the principle DuPont company is E.L. DuPont De Nemours & Co (whose 1991 revenues were $38.7 billion)- are run by many executives who are not duPonts, the duPont family does quietly pull the strings in the background. Many of the executives are men whose philosophy of life matches the duPonts. It is very clear that the DuPont companies are being used in a big way to move us toward the New World Order. The first item on this, concerns how the Du Pont workers are being Indoctrinated. I received a video of the Pecos River Training near Santa Fe, N.M. that DuPont workers in the east are sent to. I also looked at a magazine article about this training (indoctrination) in the article "Go Take A Flying Leap (for the company)" (Successful Meetings June 1992, pp.59-62). A christian brother who works for the DuPonts in Tennessee has been secretly undermining the efforts of the DuPont company leaders to turn the workers into New Agers. With the help of Christians in the plant, this Christian brother finds out what is planned, and then does his homework so that he can proof to the workers how New Age ideas are being brought in to subvert their thinking. The company changed from calling all its people "employees" to calling them initiates.

The people at the plant were to all be sent to the Pecos River Training by DuPont, but due to the exposure of their New Age subversion, people are not allowing themselves to be led by the nose. This brother sent me a video of the Pecos River Training. and there are scenes in it where "strangers" are kissing each other-well, not exactly strangers because the training is designed to break down individuality and to create a group think with intimacy. Initiates are taught „don't slay the ego, ego is your servant." Another magazine article in (June 1992, p15-16) tells about the five type of thinking that the DuPont company is trying to instill in their people. They are 1. lateral thinking; 2. metaphoric thinking; 3. posItive thinking (this is also called visualization-or in the occult witchcraft); 4. assocIation trigger; 5. rapturing and interpreting dreams. An employee environmental awards program was installed where employees can win money by submitting their environmental suggestions. (Personal Journal Aug. ,92, pp 60-71.) Many of the readers of this newsletter are already aware of how the environmental issue is contrived and controlled by the elite. One of the items our new-agy Dept. of Education secretary Alexander tried to get going was for education to shift from the schools to the factories. This is a process that the Illuminati want to implement to further take us into a total slave state. Interestingly, DuPont has been getting into the act by spearheading Delaware's BRT task force, in which students will attend seminars at Du Pont facilities. The DuPont company is employing A.A.-that is artificial intelligence. The neural networks are to the point they can learn from their mistakes. DuPont is taking us into Brave New Worid. They were the first ones to initiate with Fax NOW a rapid customer service called fax-on-demand. Du Pont is now in the process of becoming totally global. They already have plants in a number of South American countries, Mexico, Canada, US., Korea, Japan; and several european nations. They have been trying to figure out how to enter the Commonwealth of Independent States (CIS--what used to be USSR). Apparently, they lost some money already in that regards. The ICI (Imperial Chemical Industries- which is allied with the Warburg family) in England and DuPont swapped plants. Imperial Chemical Industries has had their headquarters in Wilmington, Del for some time before this swap. DuPont got ICI nylon plant, and ICI got DuPont acrylic plant in the states. Why? So both companies could become more international. Or in the words of someone else to "focus resources on businesses where each can develop stronger global positions." (See Economist, 10/3/,92, p.76) The swap will give DuPont 43% of the European market for nylon fibers used to manufacture carpets.

Dupont has built a $20-million research center in Bad Homburg, Ger. DuPont has been spending according to a recent article $1.27 billion on research. Some of Du Pont's research la in "risky" areas, that means that it is difficult to see how the research can financially benefit the company. ThIs has been admitted by the company.

The Aviation Week and Space Technology, 10/26/92 issue, p. 64,66 talks about the sophisticated composite materials that DuPont is producing for state of the art space and aviation vehicles. (I Imagine some of these composite materials are finding there way to the secret UFO bases, and DuPont may well be producing some of the parts for these secret anti-gravity machines. The article states that Boeing Defense and Space Group, Lockhead Aeronautical Systems Co., General Dynamics and DuPont and Hercules, Inc. are working together on aeronautics projects. Boeing and Lockhead are definitely involved with the production of flying saucers, so this may be a good due that DuPont is too. The article states that DuPont has been a leading supplier for advanced US military programs. An example of the sophisticated materials that the DuPonts are producing is XTC; the first recyclable, class-A finish thermoplastic sheet molding compound for horizontal exterior body panels. It is a flexible, porous; interwoven sheet of polyethylene berephthalate-impregnated long-glass fiber. General Motors (DuPonts) selected the material for use on their air-intake manifold on certain 1993 V-6 engines (Modern Plastics. ",Automotive Show Features Lots of Toughened Materials", by Stuart A. Wood, April 1992 issue, pp 66-69.)

The CEO of E.l. du Pont de Nemours & Co. is Edgar Woolard who took over in 1989. Edgar is innovative which will be beneficial in the '90s with all the upheavals coming. One item that the Illuminati have planned is to put things Into our major cIty water supplies Interestingly, DuPont has research facilities and a Chamber's Work facility in Deepwater, New Jersey which both deal with water treatment. The du Pont family today i represented at the sixth Illuminati level -the Pilgrim

Society. I am convinced their power also run higher, but want mor information/research to bring it out to the open. One book said that th du Ponts were one of the top three influential famIlies in the United States today. Whether one is aware of the secret Satanic power of the duPonts or not, it is inescapable to conclude that thi family is exceedingly powerful in the United States beyond comprehension. Every facet of our lives is influenced by products whose production is still ultimately under the control of the duPont family of control. For those people who subscribe to the theory that the world is divided between oni the Rothschilds and Rockefellers, look at the duPonts, who are truly independent of the other top families dispels that theory. To quote Karl Schriftgiesser in his book Families ",...the Du Ponts of Delaware constitute a definite dynasty perhaps the most complete dynast ever establIshed in this republic an one whIch seems destined to contintue its kingship for generations I come...Today there are seven hundred members of thi family...Every time a package of cigarettes is opened, the simple tearing of the tab is a gesture of tribute to the Du Ponts, and every time a great gun booms, with whatever cost to life or property; it echoes merrily in the feudal stronghold of this mighty clan...We must end with the direct statement that the Du Ponts today rule Delaware with an Iron hand, that their interests affect the daily lives of each one of us in some way, and that the Family moves on. "It is, today, the great American dynasty. Close, unassailed, it keeps to itself, hides its scandals, boasts not of its good works, but continues, within American democracy, to exert its own indomitable way."

REVIEW OF SOURCES

Many key books used in preparing this article can be identified by the references in the text. About 120 magazine articles were reviewed, and many key articles used are identified in the text. Several confidential interviews were also involved in developing the article, as well as the manuscript by an ex-Mason and insider who the elite murdered.

CHECK THIS OUT.

Several years ago, I developed a friendship with a man from Silverton. From that friendship I got the vibes that something was strange about Silverton, OR. Later, through my contacts, I found out that Anton LaVey's church had set up their Oregon headquarters in Silverton. I suspect this was because Silverton had some occult activity already there. About 25 to 30 mIles southeast of Silverton, Or is Mill City and Gates. The area between this is wooded and has beautiful falls and a large park.

Now the threads of this story return to Portland. A man who saw my book The Watchtower & The Masons told me 2 years ago that be knew John Lawrence. He said I and John would like to meet, and that be would arrange it. One of the weekly papers here is the Williamette Weekly and they seem to be free of some of the stifling control of the New World Order in contrast to our daily paper The Oregonian. A research writer for the Williamette Weekly using John Lawrence's research on the Skull & Bones Order wrote a long article in the Williamette Weekly about the Skull & Bones Order. John Lawrence and I would be a natural shoe-in as Mends since we both investigate secret satanic groups. But the man who knew John Lawrence always told me after promising to get us together that John had disappeared. Not only that but this man's original openness turned to not wanting to have much to do with me. touching some type of very sensitive secret. Here is what I have been able to find out. Several satanic groups are in the Gates, OR area. John Lawrence was extremely interested in what the 322 of the Skull and Bones Society meant. He was convinced that number linked the Skull & Bones society with other groups. John Lawrence and 2 other researchers like himself moved to Mill City to investigate the secret satanic groups in the area. From someone from the inside it turns out that the CIA shot two of those researchers while they were in the Mill City area investigating. The CIA went looking for John Lawrence. And John Lawrence is now in hiding. People in the Mill City area were afraid to answer my questions. However, I was able to glean a little information with a great deal of effort. Some occult group bought a ranch near Gates, OR. The head of the group is Jim Cole. They bought a ranch, which is not in Jim Cole's name. The last police raid against any occult activity was over five years ago, and it appears that the Satanists are in the key positions in the Mill City and Gates. They may even have a person on the police force. The last obvious item to comment on is that for some reason, the CIA is very mixed up and sensitive about this occult activity. John

Lawrence was One reaction to my duPont article was that someone whose mother-in-law works for the duPonts in Pennsylvannia asked a few questions and found out that her mother-in-law is an actual witch (I don't mean as in an old hag--I mean is in witchcraft.) This witch is close friends of the duPonts and has been protected from being fired by the duPonts. What is most significant in this whole thing to me is that my article got other people cognizant of what happening so that they could teach themselves. Once people begin to reaily catch on to things, they will begin to detect things all around that are happening in regards to the NWO. Most Americans don't have any frame of reference to hang any facts about the conspiracy. They bemoan the idea of a Satanic conspiracy, they claim there is no proof all the while it is all around them! For instanced, did anyone catch what Bill Clinton did when he faced the people and waved at the inauguration? See the last article in this newsletter for an answer. A friend called my attention to Inside Edition's television story on Lewis Dupont Smith, the heir to the $10 million fortune of the Du Pont Chemical Co. Lewis Dupont Smith is exposing his family. Of course on national television, which is controlled by the Illuminati they are not going to do much exposing-but they did let a few hints get through. Lewis Dupont Smith did get a sentence left in what was shown on T.V. where he points the finger it "powerful families" as the culprits behind the drug trade. The reason be was allowed to voice this, was that Lewis was the person behind the book Dope, Inc. and it was this involvement that got him in hot trouble with his family. Lyndon LaRouche, who was truly exposing the Satanic conspiracy, wrote a good book Dope, Inc. The book exposes the Queen of England is a participant in the drug trade. Yes, the british royal famIly does tie in the elite, the occult, and the drug trade. They are not as nice is their pictures suggest. Lewis Dupont Smith, having a good feel for what is going on, recognized that Dope, Inc. is the as be put it (paraphrased) "The only book showing the involvement of powerful families." Lewis provided the $212,000 for the book to be printed. (Good for him!) Let's just make it plain, the Satanic hierarhy is behind the drug problem. Lewis' family was very upset that he was helping the enemy, and they got a judge to rule that Lewis was incompetent to handle his financial affairs, and the court declared that Lewis can have on $15,000 per/? of his fortune. The duPonts also tried to stop his wedding. A federal informant saved Lewis from getting captured, and taken 60 miles into the Atlantic on his father's yacht to be tortured and programmed. His family had hired a motorcycle gang with black hoods and some CIA-Green Beret types to kidnap Lewis. Lewis managed to get wind of the scheme and save himself. He tried to get his family on conspiracy to kidnap, but the duPont family bear in mind as one of the top 13 Illuminati families owns justice in this country. He failed to get his family on the conspiracy charge.

One detail, that I didn't mention in the original story on the duPonts was the one of the more recent Governors of Delaware C. Douglas Buck was married to Alice H. duPont. I also left out a great deal of the inside story on the politicking that has gone on in Delaware this century. It is so detailed with so many names that I didn't want to confuse people with it. Anyway, the bottom line is that behind the scenes, all of the Governors since the 1920s have been approved by the duPonts. I debated whether to include the du Ponts genealogy. I had it, so I decided to give it, on the chance someone might use it. The genealogy shows several things, a. that the duPonts like the Astors repeatedly used the same names over and over, b, that the duPonts like the Rothschilds had a lot of first cousin marriages (marriages between a du Pont and a du Pont are given asterisks-however some of the marriages between people with different last names are also between flrst cousins and other relation. If it looks like I've gone to a great deal of trouble for nothing-I can understand what you're saying. We certainly don't need to know every du Pont. But just like in a laboratory one deals with many exact small details in numerous experiments to discover a principle-that is what I am doing here. I am trying to break ground so that people will understand more about how the elite think, etc. I had hoped that I might also be able to track which branches are with the Illuminati and which may have balled out.

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

The Freeman Bloodline

The amazing thing about this family is that it is not a family that people would have thought of as being one of the top thirteen; however, for *me* as a researcher of the elite and the Satanic hierarchy, the name pops up with surprising frequency. For instance, Stephen M. Freeman runs the Legal Affairs Dept. of the Civil Rights Division of the Anti-Defamation League (which is a daughter of the B'nai B'rith). The ADL is a dangerous organization controlled by the hierarchy. The illuminati drug money to fund this organization. Another Freeman is Walter Freeman who introduced the lobotomy into the U.S. with James W. Watts in 1936. The frontal lobotomy was a brutal method of mind control, that has been permitted to be done to us, under the disguise that it is of benefit to humanity. Then there was Simon Freeman an important intelligence officer. And the list goes on of people that are in key places with the Freeman name. But the most important position of all which removes all doubt that the family is at the top is that the late Grand Master of the Prieure de Sion was Gaylord Freeman.

Independent discoverers of The PRIEURE DE SION

What is the Prieure de Sion? Are we sure it exists? How does this relate to the hierarchy? The Prieure de Sion (Priory of Zion) was unknown to the general public until 1982 when a book co-authored by Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh, and Henry Lincoln came out. The book was entitled Holy Blood, Holy Grail and it offered historical proof that an organization called the Prieure de Sion was powerful and had existed since the time of the early crusades (1099 A.D.). In 1991, I came out a little more information on the Prieure de Sion. The organization is so little known to even my readership, that we need to stop and really examine the Prieure de Slon.

In trying to figure out the mysteries surrounding this organization, Lincoln, Leigh and Baigent's research led them to conclude that the holy bloodline that the Prieure de Sion guarded was the bloodline of Jesus. This immediately made all their research anathema (condemned and disliked) by the most of Christendom. I watched to see if Christians would refute the unbiblical parts of their research, but besides a couple of short articles (Christian Century, 9/1-8/82, - "Raiders of the Lost Grail" and Christianity Today, 9/3/82 - "Holy Blood, Holy Grail - holy mackerel") in Christian periodicals (in addition to this was a small book in England- The Holy Grail Revealed) which simplistically claimed that the book was of no value because obviously it was erroneous, no one even pretended to try to refute the book (as far as I know except for that English book which did pretend but didn't refute anything.) The authors went on to write two more popular historical exposes concerning the Prieure de Sion and Freemasonry (The Messianic Legacy and The Temple and The Lodge). Actually to be fair to the Christians, if I hadn't already known from my research that much of the European information in Holy Blood. Holy Grail was correct, the wild religious speculation about Jesus in Part 3 may have caused me to doubt the book too. The first Christian author to pick up on the Prieure de Sion was J.R. Church who wrote Guardians of the Grail which built on Holy Blood. Holy Grail's research in a constructive way and put more pieces of the puzzle together. At last a book was out that challenged some of the false ideas of Holy Blood, Holy Grail without blindly throwing their excellent research. While the public at large had never heard of the Prieure de Sion until Holy Blood. Holy Grail came out, the organization was written about in high level military intelligence briefings years before the book. Some of the men in high level intelligence have become concerned with the direction this nation is going. It is through such men that independent confirmation had leaked out

even before the book. The information did get to some researchers. I came out with my Be Wise As Serpents book in 1991, which among other things covered the Prieure de Sion, after I had concluded that the evidence verified its existence.

I approached the issue from my own angle of research. In researching the Illuminati it became clear 1. that bloodlines were very important, 2. that the people in high level Satanism believe they are descendents of the House of David, 3. the Illuminati's activities tied in in many ways to the Prieure de Sion. One startling tie in was that the Freeman family was, according to an informant, one of the top 13 Illuminati families. The ex-Illuminati people I received information from were not familiar with Holy Blood, Holy Grail nor Guardians of the Grail. Even if they had, which they definitely hadn't, neither book mentions the Freeman family. It wasn't until the researchers of Holy Blood, Holy Grail wrote their sequel The Messianic Legacy that was published in 1987 that the name Freeman came out as the leader of the Prieure de Sion. In short the way the research of mine and others simoultaneously from different angles came up independently with similar conclusions using totally different sources confirms beyond a doubt that the Prieure de Sion exists, and that the Freeman family is indeed a very powerful family. I have never spelled out in detail nil the proofs about the Prieure de Sion and the Freeman family, and even now I am not going to. To me the basics are facts, and I don't want to get bogged down trying to prove the obvious, when there is so much more to learn. There are stubborn people whose minds will not come along no matter how much proof and encouragement. They will just have to stay where they are.

DESCRIBING THE PRIEURE DE SION

The original start of the Prieure de Sion appears to have been the idea of a number of powerful bloodlines, and included various descendents of the Merovingians, including the House of Lorraine, the House of Guise, the Medicis, Sforzas, the Estes, the Gonzagas, and the St. Clairs (Sinclairs). The Medicis are tied to the Black Nobility also. From the beginning the Prieure de Sion has been committed to Hermetic Magic (a type of black magic that originated with the ancient Egyptians and portrayed in the Egyptian Book of the Dead.) René d' Anjou, a descendent of the Merovingians persuaded Cosimo de Medici to establish in c. 1444 a non-church library at San Marco where Plato, Pythagorean works, and books on Hermetic Magic were translated. Up until this time, the Catholic church had control of all the libraries. It was from Cosimo dé Medici's library that the spark of Greek and Egyptian teachings set off what developed into the Renaisannce, which was revival of humanism and the occult. It appears that during the Middle Ages, witchcraft and the mystery religions had seriously dissolved to the point that these modes of thought had to be relearned from the ancient writings. Interestingly, the Middle Ages when witchcraft and paganism were dissolving have been branded the ,,Dark Ages,, by the establishment, and inaccurately painted as a time when learning went out.. A magazine put out during W.W. II by Prieure de Sion members was Vaincre. The organization that took credit for the magazine was Alpha Galates. It carried articles on Atlantis, theosophy, Celtic wisdom, and other esoteric things. The magazine also declared itself in favor of a United Europe. Robert Schuman who was associated with the magazine Vaincre, later become a leading architect of the EEC. An internal magazine for Prieure de Sion members is CIRCUIT (the acronym for Chivalry of Catholic Rules and Institutions of the Independent and Traditionalist Union. A 1956 issue of CIRCUIT promotes the use of a 13-sign zodiac rather than the traditional 12. The 1959 series of CIRCUIT refer the reader toVaincre. The CIRCUIT magazine which claims to write its articles with 'hidden meaning,, says this cryptically about the Prieure de Sion, "We are not strategists and we stand above all religious denominations, political perspectives and financial matters. We give to those who come to us moral aid and the indispensible manna of the spirit." Another article says, "...except through new methods and new men, for politics are dead. The curious fact remains that men do not wish to recognize this. There exists only one question: economic organization." Dr. Otto von Hapsburg, a descendent of the Merovingians, and a Knights of Malta, headed Pan-Europa, an organization that has been working toward a U.S. of Europe. Their logo was a Celtic cross in a circle. The first point in time that the Prieure de Sion can be pinpointed is when Jerusalem was captured by the Crusaders and an abbey of monks that Peter the Hermit had belonged to was established in a building called the Abbey of Notre Dame de Mont de Sion just outside of Jerusalem. This abbey had

an order that was called the Ordre de Sion. Over the centuries the Ordre de Sion has developed into what we have today as the Prieure de Sion (Priory of Zion in English). Bear in mind that the Ordre of Sion was visible for several centuries but has been totally secret after the 13th century. It became semi-visible during the 1960s and 70s and became secret again in 1984. The group of monks that made up the original order were led by Ursus of the Merovingians. They were given a place at Orval in France until they apparently decided to move to the Holy Land. This order appears to have had the power behind the scenes to have been in the position to select who would sit on the throne at Jerusalem, and the initially selected their man Godfroi de Bouillon. The Ordre de Sion (Prieure de Sion) set up a military order called the Knights Templar. Louis VII of France became indepted to the Knights Templar, and in repayment of the help he had received he established some of the Ordre de Sion at the priory of St. Samson, along with establishing 26 men (2 groups of 13) at a small priory at the Mount of Sion, Orleans, France. In 1188, the Ordre de Sion let the Knights Templars apparently go their own way, which eventually was to trouble. The story of the Knights Templars is exceedingly interesting because it relates to the Satanic International Bankers of today. The Knights Templars became the first European wide International Bankers.

How their story fits into everything would take to long to tell at this point. At that time period when the Knights Templars took off on their own, the Ordre de Sion became the Prieure de Sion, and also used the names Ormus and Rose-Croix, The Prieure de Sion is intimately connected to the creation and guidance of the Rosicrucians and Freemasons. In the Be Wise As Serpents book, chapter 12 it talks about how the Prieure de Sion set up the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry.

In 1613, the House of Lorraine (part of the Prieure de Sion) joined with the House of Stuart. After that the Prieure de Sion began to display more interest in Scotland. Scotland was one of the few countries wbere the Knights Tempiars had thrived when the order was suppressed by the order of the Pope. Scotland also had several occult traditions operating. It was a hotbed of occult activity. Scotland and the Scottish people have played a very big role in the New World Order conspiracy for centuries. Meanwhile, when the Prieure de Sion went underground they established their archives in some secret rooms beneath the chapel of St. Catherine, at the castle at Gisors, northern France in the rue de Vienne. The archieves were, according to reports, contained in 30 coffers. Secret tunnels connect the chapel with the local cemetery. The Merovingian descendents and the Prieure de Sion have guarded the sacred blood line that Satan has built up. Their members are secretly scattered in key positions throughout society. Many of the descendents are unaware of their heritage. For instance, within the Sinclair family only certain branches have kept up their generational occult heritage, and are aware of what is going on. Family trees subdivide over the centuries until the Merovingian family tree has become a forest. The Houses of Hapsburg-Lorraine (whose titles are dukes of Lorraine and Kings of Jerusalem), Plantard, Luxembourg, Montpezat, Montesquiou, among many others including the Freeman family, and hundreds of others. Be Wise As Serpents revealed for the first time (as far as I know) how all the heads (presidents) of the LDS and RLDS have been descendents of the Merovingian dynasty, and they and the Masons have both used the Merovingian symbol, the bee.

THE HOUSE OF DAVID

In my research of high level Satanists, it became clear the the bloodline that was key in their minds was the House of David--not Jesus Christ's lineage. I discovered that the House of David had set up a Kingdom in southern France. I discovered this while rummaging through history books on the Middle Ages. I came upon a book A Jewish Princedom in Feudal France 768-900. This book was the key for me to realize that the Merovingian dynasty which wove its bloodline into the royal bloods of Europe was Jewish in origin. When I read Holy Blood Holy Grail, it became apparent that the authors theory of Jesus' bloodline had clouded their realization that the key was that the Prieure de Sion was of the House of David and was in this sense Jewish (although most of the Prieure de Sion are most likely not attending synagogues). Indeed the Grand Master of the Prieure de Sion Pierre Plantard de Saint-Clair told them so much. To quote the pertinent paragraph from The Messianic Legacy, p. 296, "At our meeting in April, 1982, M. Plantard adopted an ambivalent attitude towards our book [Holy Blood, Holy Grail]. On the whole, be endorsed it and offered to correct, for the French edition, certain vague or unclear references. At the same time, he would neither confirm nor deny our thesis that the

Merovingian bloodline was descended from Jesus. There was no evidence either way, he said non-committally. It was ‘all too far in the past’, all ‘too long ago’. There were no reliable genealogies. Besides, Jesus had brothers. Nevertheless, he acknowledged the Merovingians to have been of Judaic descent, deriving from the royal line of David." The significance of this tremendous. It means that those people who have been saying that it is a Jewish conspiracy have been correct--even if some of these people saying these things may not be greatest characters. This also opens the door as to why the top leaders of the Illuminati have been willing to work with the Askenazi Jews. In Be Wise As Serpents, I show from Masonic sources that there is indeed a big connection at the top with the Jewish leadership and the House of David and Freemasonry. The goals of Freemasonry are entertwined with the goals of the Prieure de Sion. There is a big danger in labelling the conspiracy "Jewish". When people label "jewish" as "bad" it confuses more than clarifies. The Jewish people are not the enemy. Next, although many of the Satanic hierarchy claim to be from the House of David, they do not publicly proclaim themselves as Jews, in fact they may publicly take a negative posture toward the Jews, such as Lady Astor and some of the duPonts have been.

It is perhaps fine that Zionism be labelled evil. Zionism includes both Christians and Jews. To be a zionist is to identify oneself with a movement that the elite has set up and controlled for their purposes. Many in the Zionist movement are like common people everywhere, they want do to what is right, they have simply not gotten the bigger picture, and are being used. When two groups have some similarities but each want to keep their own identity they can be mortal rivals. One group that has been very easy for Satan to provoke against Christians is the Jews. Perhaps no group of people has hated Christians with more intensity. One of the first groups that Satan worked at controlling were the Jews. But to call the conspiracy Jewish is misleading. The father of it all is Satan. It is Satanic, and it will use anyone it can. And God will use anyone too. How many of us have escaped helping one cause or another of the establishment or in being in some organization that the establishment was using? Let each of us examine ourselves and get our own lives in order. There is a song about violin that was going to auctioned off cheap until a master violinist picked it up and played a good tune on it. Don’t auction people off cheaply, the touch of the Master’s hand can turn anyone into a beautiful thing. Don’t reject anyone who will let the Master’s hand tune his life. This is a war against evil, not race. Not everyone of the most evil bloodlines is on the enemies’ side. Many are trying to serve the Lord. Likewise, just because the Freeman family is one of the top 13 Satanic families doesn’t mean that all or even most Freemans are part of the hierarchy.

GAYLORD FREEMAN AS GRAND MASTER

From 1918 to 1963, Jean Cocteau was Grand Master of the Prieure de Sion. Following the unification of the various powers into a secret NWO government in 1954, the Prieure de Sion had a major policy dispute. in 1963 with Cocteau’s death, Gaylord Freeman, helped by Antonio Merzagora and Pierre Plantard de Saint-Clair, governed the Prieure de Sion. In 1981, Pierre Plantard took over as Grand Master. In 1952, long before becoming Grand Master, Plantard de Saint-Clair transferred 100 million francs worth of gold igots to Switzerland to the Union des Banques Suisses. When this was publicly revealed, he said that it was a legitimate move made for the french government. In 1955, several men associated with the Prieure de Sion obtained some old parchments two of which gave the Merovingian genealogies, and they used the british Notary of Royal Appointment Patrick Francis Jourdan Freeman (that’s one name) in relation to a request to the French government to take the old documents to London, England where they were kept at 39 Great Russell St. Later P.F.J. Freeman was used again the next year to request that the documents be allowed to stay in Engiand to be held in a safe deposit box at Lloyd’s Bank of Europe in London. One of the men involved went by the name Captain Ronald Stansmore Nutting of London (born in Dublin, IR) who is reported by reliable sources to have been in British Intelligence MI5, and had sat on the board of directors of at least 14 companies, including Arthur Guinness and Guardian Assurance. He was chairman of the board of the British and Irish Steam Packet Company. He was also governor of the Bank of Ireland. One of Guardian Assurance’s departmental chairmen was also an MIS operative besides Capt. Nutting. Another P.d.S. member who was with Nutting was Viscount Frederick Leathers, who was british

Minister of War Transport during W.W. II. Viscount Leathers had a business associate and longtime friend Sir William

Stephenson, who was the wartime chief for MI6's american branch office called BSC (British Security Coordination) in New York. Another friend of Leathers was Connop Guthrie also headed BSC for MI-6 in New York. Guthrie was a shipping executive. Due to internal trouble in the Prieure de SIon that resulted from a rule that members had to place a birth certificate and signiture with the Priory, an Engiish faction created forgeries of birth certificates and signitures and in secret protest sent these as originals to France. PJ. Freeman then got involved in this act of defiance. Another division occured between the French members and the Brit.-American members. The french wanted more of a role and some type of restoration of the monarchy in a United Europe. The Amer.-British members who far outnumbered the few french wanted to skip the monarchy idea. The Vatican and the Prieure de Sion (P.d.S. - my personal abreviation) work together. Apparently, the Vatican is given some type of minor kickback for their cooperation. John Drick, A. Robert Abboud, and Gaylord Freeman were three members of the Prieure de Sion that were associated with the First National Bank of Chicago. John Drick had started as an assistent cashier in 1944 and became a vice-president three years later. In 1969 Drick became both the president and one of the directors of the bank. He also was on the board of a number of other companies including, Stephan Chemical, MCA incorporated, Oak Industries, and Central Illinois Public Service. The Guardian Royal Exchange Assurance (the Guardian Assurance) in London where P.J. Freeman worked had shared a building with the First National Bank of Chicago which had Gaylord Freeman as chairman of the board of directors. In other words, the two businesses and the two Freemans all connected its seems to the Prieure de Sion, and then by other inferences all connected back to the hierarchy. Gaylord Freeman's signiture appeared on a Prieure de Sion document of Dec. 16, 1983. Gaylord Freeman never publicly admitted that he even knew anything about the P.d.S.

GRAND MASTER GAYLORD FREEMAN and
ROGER FREEMAN instructed the U.S. government

On the next page is a photocopy of the article that the New York Times ran when Gaylord (Gale) Freeman died. It has often been said if you want to know who really runs things, look at a man's advisors. Now check this out, Gaylord Freeman never ran for any major political office--and the voting process is supposedly to get men who know what they are doing into omce, and yet if you read the N.Y. Times biography you will read "Mr. Freeman...was frequently called on by Washington for advice and assistance.' Yes, Presidents and Congressman called Gaylord Freeman for advice (instructions might be a better term), and yet most of us haven't even heard of the man! Again for those who think that only the Rockefellers and Rothschilds are powerful families, let me ask, why weren't they calling Rockefeller? Not only did the Presidents turn to Gaylord Freeman for advice (orders), they also turned to anotber member of the family, Roger A. Freeman. Roger A. Freeman was a senior fellow at the Hoover Institute. (I suspect Roger was Jewish but the newspaper doesn't say any religion.) The New York Times biographical news article that came out when Roger died is also put on the next page. Note that in the headline they emphasize that Roger Freeman played the role as advisor to 2 presidents. And yet I doubt that hardly any American has heard of him. One prominent Freeman, James D. Freeman has played a leadership role in Unity School. James Freeman has written at least six important books for Unity which they have published. Two of his works are Unity School and The Story of Unity. Had the article on spiritual warfare covered ritual sites in Kansas-Missouri I would have mentioned about the Unity School. Near (ajoining) the Unity School, in between Kansas City, Ks. and Kansas City, Mo. is a strip of wooded land. Little Ricky Rd. goes through this area, and the forest along Little Ricky Rd. has been used for Satanic rituals by a coven that was made up of adults not teenagers-Interestingly, a man who was part of the Unity School hierarchy, and came to Christ told me that the school secretly conducted Luciferian initiations and that Robert Schuler, 33° Mason, and leading Protestant clergyman knew all about Luciferian initiations being conducted there, yet Schuler went ahead and taught his principles of church growth to Unity School. They call the school Unity School of Christianity but a more accurate name would be Unity School of Witchcraft. Many witches have in fact been associated with the Unity Church and are closely working with it to

secretly destroy Christianity. I know from inside information that the hierarchy is sending orders to the school, so it would not surprise me if James D. Freeman was actually part of the Freeman family that is one of the top 13 Illuminati families. Some of the family are clearly jewish, such as Ernest Robert Freeman, who lives in Maryland and is an important jewish leader. He has been the dlr. of the Jewish Community Council in his area, and President of the Sachs/Freeman Assoc. The Sachs family also ties into the conspiracy so that is interesting. And Grace Freeman, who is jewish, wrote Inside the Synagogue. Some of the Freemans are leaders in Christendom too. Lee Jackson Freeman is an American Baptist minister. He went to Union Theological Seminary, which is a totally ungodly place--they turn out socialists for graduates, etc. Lee Jackson Freeman was a member of the executive board of the national ministries of the American Baptist Church. He also served in the Ecumenical Ministries in his Scranton, PA area. R. Lexie Freeman is a Nashville, Tenn. Methodist pastor (Waverly Place) who is a Freemason.

ORIGINS OF THE FAMILY

There are obviously different unrelated family lines that have the last name Freeman. In the preliminary genealogical work that I have done I have found Freemans coming from England, France, Germany and Austria. Howard L. Freeman is a Christian author, who has written about how the economic system of our nation is ungodly. I wrote him a letter of inquiry about the Freeman family. He wrote me and told me that his family came from the English town of Barnstaple. And that the Freemans in that area treated him as a royal guest when he visited the area. He was shown around England over a 50 mile radius by the Freemans in England. His opinion was that his last name did not originate in Barnstaple, England. The history books record an M.P. (Member of Parliament) back in the times when our revolution was being plotted who was named Sambrooke Freeman (c. 1721-82). He was from Fawley Court, near Henley, in Berkshire. He went to Oxford. I do not know if the Freemans in Moriah (the Illuminati) are from England originally, but from the little clues I have that would be my first guess. If not England, then likely France. Mary Freeman of Marlborough, Wiltshire, England claimed back in 1988 that on 7/13/88, almost at midnight, that she, Mary Freeman, was leaving the ancIent Druid stone circle at Avebury when she saw a UFO over Silbury Hill. Most people are interested In her UFO report--l'm curious why this Freeman lady was out late at night at some ancient Druid site.

ILLUMINATI & SATANISM

Due to time restraints, I haven't progressed as far in my research as I would like. However, I have been able to identify one Freeman in the Illuminati. He was Minnesota's Gov. Orville Freeman who appointed Walter Mondale to the position of Attorney General when Walter was just 32 years old. Walter Mondale later enjoyed the status of being the only U.S. Senator on the Trilateral Commission. Walter Mondale went on to serye the Illuminati as U.S. Vice-president and Orville Freeman was appointed as a cabinet member for Kennedy's and then Johnson's administration. Another Freeman is listed on secret membership lists as joining the Order of Skull & Bones in 1869. See his picture which is reproduced. Don Freeman wrote books on witches, including Space Witch, and Tilly Witch. Another Freeman was instrumental in the O.T.O. being set up. For those who know about the O.T.O. (I've mentioned it in the past) it is hermetic magic and Satanism. Right here in Oregon, we have been watching some Freemans, because it appears that there are some Satanic coven members here in Oregon who are Freemans.

FREEMAN FAMILY WRITES BOOKS

It is interesting to look at some of the titles that various Freemans have authored. Here is a sampling--see if some of these don't sound like the authors could be potential candidates for being in a coven.

Martin Freeman--Forecasting Astrology (plus several other astrology books)

Richard B. Freeman--The Overeducated American

Michael Freeman--Cohabitation Without Marriage

Lucy Freeman--Listening to the Inner Self

Kathleen Freeman--books on the Greeks' philosophy

A.V. Freeman--International Responsibility of States for Denial of Justice

Harold Freeman--Toward Socialism In America

Jo Freeman- books promoting „Women's Liberation" such as Politics of Women's Liberation and Women a Feminist Perspective

David F. Freeman wrote a Handbook on Private Foundations. That's interesting because if anyone is skilled in creating foundations, especially private ones Its the Illuminati.

The Freeman family includes many lawyers, doctors, and psychiatrists. Some of the Freeman scientists are studying areas that are interesting. A.J. Freeman wrote on his area of expertise Magnetoelectric Interaction Phenomena in Crystals. Sounds like a subject people interacting with the UFOs might study.

TIES TO OTHER IMPORTANT FAMILIES

Part of what I can do for the reader is to begin to give hIm or her a feel for how the Freeman family connects into the rest of things. This next section's information will include information that only tangently relates to the Freemans, but is important to place them in the context of what is happening back stage out of the sight of the world's eyes. The Freemans in the Satanic hierarchy in the U.S. work with the Illuminati families of the Collins and Wheeler families. Readers are already familiar with the Collins family, but not the Wheelers. Now let me explain who the Wheelers are, because I am trying to put some pieces of the puzzle in place for you. Gen. Earl Wheeler and his brother Leo Wheeler, a Grande Master of the Illuminati (see the top diagram pg. 14 1/1/93 newsletter), are secret Satanists and also 33° Freemasons. Leo Wheeler, by virtue of his Grande Master status in the satanic hierarchy has been able to visit the Dulce, N.M. underground facility. The route he used was to fly in, and then the last stretch is done in a black limousine. Various people in the Dulce area have occasionally spotted these VIP black limousines. The Wheeler family has a long history of involvement with Satanism, and its genealogical history goes back to the House of David. An amazing clue (or an amazing coincidence) appears when we look at the genealogy of the Mormon leaders. (The Be Wise As Serpents book makes the connections of the Mormon leadership but it doesn't appear that many have read or understood the significance. Maybe this here will help.) The top Mormon leadership (LDS & RLDS) all are related and descendants of the Merovingians, but for sake of discussion let us take Brigham Young. Brigham Young's first name was Brigham. It was given to him because of the importance of the Brigham family. His grandmother was Sibil Brigham. Sibyls were prophetesses of the ancient world, and the name is a semi-common occult name. Brigham Young and his family practiced magic. They were also intimately aware of their genealogy, which goes back to the Merovingian Dynasty! One wonders if it is coincidence that the Merovingians' primary symbol--the bee is also the symbol for the Mormon church and Utah. Look at a Deseret Industries (Mormon thrift stores) building in your area and you will see the bee on their side. But not only does Brigham Young have Merovingian blood from at least two lines of blood (and possibly as many as 6 lines of blood back), but he also is related to the Collins family of Massachusetts that we wrote about in the 2/1/93 newsletter. Further, Brigham Young is also a blood relative of the Wheelers. This is the clue which is amazing. A. chart of all this is given on the next page. If Young's Wheeler relatives are related to the Satanic Illuminati Wheelers, then we have an example of how 3 strains of top Satanic blood have interwoven and resulted in the birth of the Freemason, Witch, and President of the LDS Brigham Young. Perhaps the tie-in doesn't exist, but it certainly is worthy of our examination.

DIGRESSING ABOUT THE MORMON CONNECTION

There may be some disinformation put out on this by the other side after this comes out--so don't be taken in by their establishment. As I have mentioned before, a descendent of Joseph Smith, Jr. who was Satanic Ritually Abuse victim, has quietly told certain people that her family is indeed a Satanic bloodline. Further, I have mentioned other confidential pieces of information about how the leaders of the Salt Lake City Mormon church (LDS) are working with the various parts of the Illuminati's empire, incl. the Jehovah's Witnesses. Although the public split occurred between Mormonism and Masonry before the Mormons went to Utah, that was only for public consumption. The leadership have coordinated activities. The Mormon religion is really a high rite of Freemasonry, and this explains why when the Mormons went to Utah, the Mormons held Masonic schools. (Hosea Stout mentions these Mormon Masonic schools in On The Mormon Frontier; The Diary of Hosea Stout, ed. by Juanita Brooks, 2 vols., Salt Lake City: Univ. of Utah Press, 1964, 2: 415, 423.) After going to Utah, Brigham Young contacted the chiefs of Freemasonry in England and proposed that Mormonism be granted a public charter to become its own Masonic Rite. The hierarchy told him no. After that Brigham Young began to publicly distance Mormonism from Masonry, and the Masons strangely broke many of their own rules to distance themselves publicly from Mormonism.

LDS apostle Reed Smoot was given permission to run for office by the LDS church. Pres. Harding appointed him to the World War Foreign Debt Commission, and he also seryed the elite as the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. The War Finance Corp. just happened due to Smoots arranging it to gave the LDS church a $10 million loan. Marriner S. Eccles, of an old elite family, and a Mormon (and an Illuminatus) became Sec. of the Treasury in 1934, and was chairman of the Federal Reserve Board from '34-51. Ezra Taft Bensen, later the LDS President, was appointed Sec. of Agriculture. David B. Haight, a prominent Mormon was made the head of all the Mayors in the San Francisco area--the full title is "governor of the San Francisco Bay Area Council of Mayors." Mormon Charles C. Cox was put in charge of the Securities and Exchange as commissioner, I could go on listing some other Mormons who have been placed in key establishment positions. Why? Why are the Illuminati and their establishment not afraid of these Mormons who have leadership positions in the LDS church? This is a whole area I would love to explain but as this article is digressing from the Freemans, I need to return to subject being considered. The Lords of Anjou (part of the P.d.S.) were Plantagents and so was one of Brigham Young's ancestors. if we go back through the Goddard and Gifford family ancestors. I am trying to get my readers to look behind the curtain of organizations that we publicly, and to see what is going on back stage. And then I am trying to show how the people back stage are related and know it.

SUMMARY

We find the Freeman family popping up as t be Grand Master of the Prieure de Sion, as a co-rounder of the O.T.O., as a member of the Skull and Bones, as a powerful ADL member, as members of Satanic covens, and as authors. of occult books, as well as other suspicious things. It also should be mentioned that two of the Freemans have been very important advisors to the U.S. Presidents and many other high political leaders. The Freeman family has all the earmarks of being one of the top 13 Illuminati families as my confidential sources reveal.

MORE ON THE FREEMANS

In 1991. Pulitzer prize winner James B. Stewart, the front page editor of the Wall Street Journal, came out with his book Den of Thieves. The book is the detailed story of how major insiders on Wall Street were systematic crooks. The four biggest names of the insider-trading ring were Michael Milken, Ivan Boesky, Martin Siegel, and Dennis Levine. Robert Freeman worked with the ring, and ended up pleading guilty after the evidence cornered him. I am always suspicious of exposes of the establIshment done by the establishment's system. Often, the big crooks get away and the middie management take the blame. Take for instance, Iran-Contra. But Stewart's book Den of Thieves may be helpful in our unstanding the Freeman family better. The Freeman family is one of the top 13 Illuminati families.

At this time, there is nothing to tie Robert Freeman to Satanism, and that is not the purpose here. In an investigation, all the possible clues are collected. I am bringing my readership into this investigation of the top 13 families, and here is a possible suspect to make note of. Robert Freeman worked for the Jewish investment firm of Goldman, Sachs. Goldman, Sach's headquarters. in on Broad St. In NY, NY. Just a short distance from Goldman, Sach's trading floor in their headquarters building on the glass-enclosed 29th floor was Robert Freeman's office. Robert Freeman was a graduate of Dartmouth. He liked to vacation in Colorado skiing with his family. He worked with Siegel and Boesky especially in his illegal insider deals. These insiders made millions off investors and would have made billions if they hadn't been arrested. Freeman and Siegel made some complicated deals such as the Unocal and the Storer affairs. Boesky went to Russia after prison and offered his financial talents but was politely rebuffed. One of the men involved with the ring was Milken. Milken's influence had been a major factor behind the stock market recovery after Black Monday, 1987. That was Monday, Oct. 19, and the stock market plunged over 500 pts. that day. Milken convinced investors to invest in the stock market, and the Federal Reserve flooded the market with cash too to prevent a disaster. MIlken was (& maybe still is) a close friend of Mason Jessie Jackson. Milken is heralded by many prominent Jews even after his arrest as a great Jew. That's not my opinion, a newspaper article will back that up. The Drexel firm associated with Milken was advised by the Federal Reserve, the SEC, the Treasury, and the Stock Exchange to declare bankruptcy with Chapter 11, which they did. Goldman and Sachs, both Jews, went to bat for Freeman, and hired private detectives to help his case. Kaye, Scholar in NY represented Freeman legally. Eventually Robert Freeman pleaded guilty and was given a four-month sentence which he served and was released on Aug. 30, 1990. The significant part is that Robert Freeman was someone who was one of the major players in the New York Stock Exchange. Robert Freeman is not to be confused with Ernest Robert Freeman who also is connected to the Sachs family, and was mentioned In the original article on the Freeman family (Mar. 15, 1993).

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By:

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

THE KENNEDY FAMILY

To be a researcher and to be informed that the Kennedy family is a top 13 llluminati family is akin to being told a needle is in a haystack. Someone has estimated that there are 200,000 Kennedys in the United States.1 And on a list of the most populous surnames of Ireland in 1890 Kennedy ranked 17th.[2] And a recent book listed it as 16th most common today. Fortunately, there is information that allows me to identify at least part of the Satanic Kennedies from all the rest of the Kennedys. You will learn some of this later in the article.

KENNEDY TIES TO OTHER ELITE FAMILIES

Again the ties between various Illuminati families is very involved, and a long unraveling process, similar to untieing a set of bad knots confronts the researcher. The Kennedy family abounds with marriages to names such as Anketells, Baileys, Booths, Buckleys, Collins, Hatfields, Humphreys, Freemans, James, Phelps, Reagans, Russells, and Smiths.[3] The Kennedys that we will look closest at are related to the Fitzpatricks, a powerful Irish family whose coat of arms has 3 fleur-de-lis with a dragon and a lion. (The Fitzpatricks may tie back to France, and they may possibly part of the Sang Royal (Sangraal--Sang Raal is the term used in the older manuscripts which can mean both Royal bloodline or Holy Grail.) Jackie Bouvier Kennedy Onassis who married John F. Kennedy was tied to the Auchinclosses via her sister's marriage into the Auchincloss family. The Auchinclosses are Scottish bloodline of the Illuminati. "One can fairly hear the woof and tweet of history whistle through the names of the ramified Auchincloss tribe: Bunt, Grosvenor, Rockefeller, Saltonstall, Tiffany, Vanderbilt and Winthrop among others."5 For instance, Hugh D. Auchincloss, Sr. married Emma Brewster Jennings, daughter of Oliver B. Jennings, who co-founded Standard Oil with John D. Rockefeller. As for the numerous Kennedy intermarriages with notable names, for instance, Bernet Shafer Kennedy (1798-1878) married Phebe Freeman in 1820.6 But then the question arises--were either of these people secretly part of the occult? Andrew Kennedy married Margaret (Penny) Hatfield (1824-1989). The Andrew Kennedy family is allied with the Hatfield, Bailey, Collins, and Mullins families.[8] Again a person is confronted with a great deal of clues, but precious little time and resources to try following up the numerous leads.

ORIGINS OF THE FAMILY & THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE KENNEDY'S [9] (See footnote 9 for the reference to consult concerning this entire section.)

There are several versions of how the Kennedys got started, but when one goes in and examines things, what turns out is that the origins of the Kennedys is Ireland are very clear. They are descendants of Brian Born (also known as Brian Caeneddi) and his nephew who spelled it Cinneide. The name thereafter was O'Kennedy. They originally were a Dalcassion sept, and were in the area near Killahoe, and Killokennedy parish is a reminder of that ancient fact. The O'Briens and MacNamaras forced them into new territories where they became the Lords of Ormond--what is now north Tipperary. Most Kennedys in Ireland today are still found in that area. The Kennedys remained powerful into the 16th century.

The Kennedy family divided up into 3 branches:

1. Don (brown)

2. Fionn (fair)

3. Rua (red)

THE SCOTTISH KENNEDYS

Around 1600 a Scottish branch of the Kennedys appeared. There are several stories as to how they got their name Kennedy, and it is possible that they were not from Ireland. However, interestingly, genealogists have ascertained that whether the various branches of the aristocratic Kennedys in Scotland and Ireland may have different origins (because the origins of the Scottish branch is unclear)--it can be shown that they all subsequently intermarried and became related if they were not related to begin with. Gayle Marie Kennedy points this out on page 3 of her book My Kennedy Ancestors..., 'It is believed that all the foregoing Kennedy families are related either by virtue of being descendants of common ancestors, or by intermarriage." I looked up in Burke's General Armory to get a listing of the aristocratic Kennedys and here is what I got:

Kennedys of Ardmillan, County Ayr, Scotland

Kennedys of Auchtyfardell, County Lanark, 1752

Kennedys of Blairquhan, County Ayr, Scotland

Kennedys of Clowburn. County Ayr, Scotland

Kennedys of Cultura, County Down, Northern Ireland

Kennedys of Dublin Fun Ent, 1595, Ulster, Ireland

Kennedys of Girvanmains, County Ayr, Scotland

Kennedys of Hill Foot, Ireland

Kennedys of Kirkmiehael, County Ayr, Scotland

Kennedys of Kirmucks, Aberdeen, Scotland

Kennedys of Londonberry, Northern Ireland

Kennedys of Tombrechan, County Tipperary, Ireland

Kennedys of Underwood, County Ayr, 1850, Scotland

Kennedys of Visit Dublin, 1607, Ireland

Johnstown-Kennedy of County Dublin, Ireland

Kennedys of Bargany and Ardstencher, County Ayr, Scotland

Kennedys of Kirkhill from the Bargany group, 1678, Scotland

It is clear that there have been quite a number of powerful aristocratic Kennedys. One of the more powerful recent Scottish aristocrat Kennedys was the Marquess of Ailsa (1872-1943). Because he is often called the Marquess of Ailsa you might not know him by his name Archibald Kennedy, who was the 15th Earl of Cassillis. This branch of the Kennedys married into Scottish royalty. For instance, Sir James Kennedy married Mary, a daughter of King Robert III, and their son was Sir Gilbert Kennedy was made Lord Kennedy before 1458. Archibald Kennedy was an extremely powerful Freemason and held numerous key positions in the Grand Lodge of Scotland. He was 1st Grand Principle from 1913

to his death in 1943. At his death his titles passed to his brother Charles. Archibald Kennedy was initiated in Holyrood House Lodge No. 44, Edinburgh, Nov. 17, 1896. (10,000 Famous Freemasons, Vol. l,--put out by the Missouri Lodge of Research, p. 8)

HOW ARE THE VARIOUS PROMINENT KENNEDYS RELATED?

So the question always arises as I examine the elite of the Illuminati and the New World Order--how is this Kennedy related to this other Kennedy. For instance, how is David M. Kennedy (who is a Bilderberger) and William Jesse Kennedy III (who is a key man for the Duke Illuminati family--he is pres. of Mutual life Insur. Co, a Duke financial asset, dir. of RCA, trustee of the Ford Theater where the elite killed lincoln, and associated with the Pilgrim Soc. through the Conference Board of NYC)?? Although I can't explain the exact ties, I can safely say that if one goes back several hundred years the Kennedy aristocrats all tie together.

BEGINNING AT THE BEGINNING

One of my first clues that the Kennedys had something to do with the Illuminati was the conspiracy book The Widow's Son-- The Historical Illuminatus Chronicles (Vol. 2) by Robert Anton Wilson. Robert Anton Wilson and Robert Shea, authors of "Illuminatus!" are not Christians. On the contrary, they are regular participants in the central Ohio Starwood Festival for witches and pagans. Robert Anton Wilson has publicly on a number of occasions explained that he is a gnostic and a great fan of Aleister Crowley. I picked up Wilson's book The Widow's Son in a Satanic/New Age bookstore. In both volume 2 (the teaser chapter at the end) and in volume 3 of The Historical Illuminatus Chronicles one is taught the significance of Brian Caeneddi, the first Kennedy, and how Brian Caeneddi's blood got into some very important royal bloodlines. It is interesting that an informed man like Wilson, who spends time doing rituals with Gnostics and Witches, would declare that the Kennedy family is an important bloodline in connection with the Illuminati. How many people knew that Tip O'Neil, speaker of the house of representatives, was a descendent of the Kennedy clan? Wilson writes for New Agers and witches, not for Christians. One gets the feel that his experience with the occult has somehow given him a very good idea of what is going on in terms of the Masons, the Illuminati, etc. He writes his books in such a way that they are historical novels with a great deal of facts, and yet one is always left wondering by the style of writing whether the author wants to be taken serious or not, is what he writes make-believe or history padded with some fiction? I personally believe it is just the way the occult works, they expose the facts for their own people, but in a way that will not be taken seriously by others. Wilson acts like a buffoon one minute and a serious conspiracy researcher the next, and he will act both ways all in one article or even on a single page of his books. When a person checks up on Wilson's facts, they usually hold true. On my part the information about Brian Caennedi was astounding. I had to go as soon as possible to verify it from other sources, and it turns out Wilson was accurate about their genealogy,10 and their importance in the Illuminati activities historically, etc.

THE ILLUMINATI & MATTHEW KENNEDY

One of the chief lodges for the branch Illuminati prior to 1784 was located in a hugh chateau at Ermenonville near Paris, France. The land belonged to the Marquis of Gerardin, who protected Rosseau and later gave Rosseau a tomb on his estate. St. Germain precided over this Illuminated lodge. This Illuminated lodge carried out blood rituals with a altar made from human bones. Interestingly, one of St. Germain's good friends who came over from Ireland to Paris was Matthew Kennedy (1652-1735). Matthew Kennedy was connected with St. Germain's court, and wrote A Chronological. Genealogical and Historical Dissertation of the Royal Family of the Stuarts. In 1613, the Stuart family had married into the Sang raal, and began to play a role in the genealogies of the Prieure de Sion. Frederick of the Palatinate after he married Elizabeth Stuart established an occult 'Rosicrucian' state. It was Frederick who helped start the bloody 30 yrs. war between the Protestants and Catholics. The Stuarts spread the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry throughout Europe. For a while the Prieure de Sion seems to have backed the Stuarts, but at some point quit. St. Germain is revered as a Christ figure by the I AM movement and the Church Universal Triumphant, and other new age groups. A picture that looks similar to Christ, but which is actually a picture of St. Germain hangs in many of

the houses of people involved with the I AM movement or its spin-offs. It is significant that an Irish Kennedy who was interested and liked the Stuart dynasty would be part of St. Germain's court and a popular writer for them.

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

If John F. Kennedy had not been assassinated and so much about his life examined and written about, a window allowing us to see the Kennedy Illuminati family may never have opened so wide. First, the assassination attracted attention. In recent years, the Illuminati have given permission to publishing houses to print exposes of J.F.K.'s sexual life, etc.11 It is believed that this permission was given in an effort to deflect criticism of his assassination by allowing his reputation to be tarnished.12 (I hope my readers are beginning to realize that things are totally corrupt at the top, and that JFK was no different than so many others that have been and are today at the top of the political mess in this nation.) John F. Kennedy had a very active sex life, even after he married Jackie, and even after he was President in the White House. For those who don't think secrets can be kept by the elite, one only has to look at how John F. Kennedy was able to have sex with many women while President and to have frequent nude swim parties at the White House pool and the general public not know anything about it.13 John F. Kennedy's lust for women was well known by the elite. Illuminatus McGeorge Bundy warned his friend JFK (while JFK was a Senator) that John's openness with women might get him into trouble with the public. John F. Kennedy was so open about his sexual habit, that at one party at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C. John F. Kennedy openly had sex with one pardner in front of the party, while his friend Senator Estes Kefauver did the same. Then they swapped pardners and began again in plain view. John F. Kennedy had many "one-night-stands" as the world calls them. These were merely women hustled up by his aides or the secret service or his friends like Frank Sinatra. But Kennedy also had long term relationships with some of the women he was sexually active with. It is those relationships which reveal so much about the hidden Satanic side of the KennedYs. John F. Kennedy had three long term girlfriends, Marilyn Monroe, Jane Mansfield, and Zsa Zsa Gabor which were ALSO girlfriends of Anton LaVey, who has headed the Church of Satan. Jayne Mansfield was a high priestess of the Church of Satan. Marilyn Monroe was a participant in LaVey's satanic rituals before LaVey founded his Church of Satan. Both JFK and his brother Robert Kennedy had affairs going with Marilyn Monroe, and both visited her just prior to her mysterious death. Zsa Zsa has been interested for years in the occult. (JFK also had relationships with other women connected with the Illuminati also.) Before we examine the significance of these three relationships of JFK's, and before we get into his liaisons with other women who were Illuminati connected, let's cover the relationship between Anton LaVey and the Illuminati. California was very fertile soil for Satanism due to a host of factors. Two lesser known factors are that there were Haitian communities which practiced voodoo in California at the early part of this century. Also California became a haven for witches and Satanists fleeing from France, So. America, Cuba, and other places where their Satanic practices were not tolerated. California had a reputation for acceptance of their evil rituals. When one adds to this such things as Hollywood it is easy to see how San Bernandino valley has become such a strong Satanic center. Anton LaVey's maternal grandmother was from Transylvannia. It was from that side of the family the Anton got some encouragement toward the occult. Anton La Vey loved horror movies. He studied Aleister Crowley, and the O.T.O. which had lodges in California which is where he lived, and in 1947 he joined the Clyde Beatty Circus. The Beatty family connects in with the Illuminati families also by the way. LaVey worked for several circuses and learned how to be a showman. He worked the occult sideshows of the circus, and found that people wanted to believe occult frauds. Anton LaVey found Marilyn Monroe, a jewish girl, working as a striptease in the strip clubs. LaVey helped her performance, and through his connections got her started on her big career. LaVey used his talent of showmanship to create a type of Satanism that could be marketed to the public. LaVey always manages to walk a tight-rope between openly supporting hard-core Satanic practices such as human sacrifice and being just simply theatrics. In other words, he blatantly supports enough evil to attract evil people, but he publicly never allows himself to be connected in any way with child molestation, human sacrifice, etc. Anton LaVey was into Satanism before the 1960's, but it was not until 1966 that he founded the Church of Satan. Some hard core Satanists feel he is "all show," other hard core Satanists form covens and try to serve Anton LaVey, because they view him as a role model.

The Illuminati set up their headquarters in Southern California this century. San Bernadino county is their headquarters. Of course as I have written before that the Illuminati is too secret to carry out any thing themselves. They need co-workers. The Illuminati is strictly hereditary. The Illuminati secretly control the Satanic cults at what is sometimes described as Stage 4 and Stage 5 of Satanism. The lower levels are for recruits, the grunts, the privates so to speak in Satan's army. In the San Bernadino area, one type of high priest of Stage 2 or 3 is the Master Counselor. Other positions include the Keeper of the Books, and the Keeper of the Seal. In the late '60s, Mike Warnke, who was a high priest, a Master Counselor, raised the number of Satanists in the first 3 stages to 1,500 members in the San Bernadino area (San Bernandino-Riverside-Colton). Bear in mind that these 1,500 active Satanists are not Illuminati members--they are much lower than the lower Illuminati ranks such as the Sisters of Light. The Sisters of Light and Five-Star generals and an Asmodeus who are the middle management types of the World Order who direct the upper levels of priests of the covens of Satanism that are open to the public. Anton LaVey participates in conferences for the occult where Satanism (the first 3 stages) and secret Illuminati overseers are present. In other words, LaVey is not out of touch with hard core Satanism, he just manages to keep his public profile clean. It is meant that way. Anton LaVey is a publicity agent to give Satanism a good image.

MARILYN MONROE

Anton LaVey knew how to be a showman. He took Marilyn Monroe, helped her with her acting and with his connections helped her get a chance to act. John F. Kennedy had a long term relationship with Marilyn Monroe. When J.F.K. was elected at the convention to be the Presidential candidate the Kennedys threw a party at the convention. The party was described this way, "every delegate (at the conventioni was provided by the Kennedy group with anything they wanted for their entertainment including liquor and women sent to their room." JFK spent the time at the convention and the next day afterwards "making love' to Marilyn Monroe. After his acceptance speech the whole group went over to his close friend Peter Lawfords for a skinnydipping party. Peter Lawford, Frank Sinatra and Sammmy Davis, Jr. were close friends to each other and to John F. Kennedy. Sammy Davis, Jr. became a member of the Church of Satan after LaVey started it. From the middle of 1955 to the end of 1959 JFK had a suite on the 8th floor of Washington's Mayflower Hotel set aside for his extramarital affairs. (FBI File)

JAYNE MANSFIELD

During the 1960's Jayne Mansfield and John F. Kennedy had their relationship. They met at places like Beverly Hills, Malibu, Palm Springs. JFK had several men who "bearded" for him. That is they would act like the women JFK was to get, were their own date. One of these was Dave Powers, who even went so far as to write in a book Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye that whenever Jackie left Washington. JFK (Jack) and him would eat together and then the President would say his prayers and go to bed alone. One of the things Dave Powers did was to help procure a steady stream of new women for Jack.

Some of the other on-going sexual relationship that JFK maintained were:

- Lady Jean Campbell-daughter of the Duke of Argyll

??Flo Pritchett Smith-wife of the American Ambassador to Cuba

- Kay-Kay Hannon Auchincloss - (In this case although they had a long term close relationship no-ones knows what they did together.)

- Judith Campbell Exner- Judith was Sinatra's girlfriend who he passed on as a favor. Judith worked for the Mafia, in particular she worked for Sam Giancana and John Roselli, who for some reason also both worked for the CIA.

Exner ran letters between the Mafia and John F. Kennedy while he was President. (according to People Magazine, "The Dark Side of Camelot", Feb. 29, 1988.)

It is also known that JFK was in direct contact with Meyer Lansky and Joe Fishetti, two other Mafia chiefs, and that he benefit from money they passed on to him. This is no surprise because Jack's father had worked with the Mafia Jack's entire life. There are a number of respectable books by ex-Satanists or ex-Organized Crime members where they are clear about how those groups love to blackmail people. John F. Kennedy certainly could have been easily blackmailed by these groups if they had wanted to. I haven't seen any indication that blackmail was even tried, so the only other conclusion, which fits a lot of evidence, is that John F. Kennedy worked with the Satanists and the Mafia. In fact, the Mafia rigged several important counties in the election, like in Chicago, which tipped the scales in John winning the Presidency. That's an entirely different thing that this article won't get sidetracked on.

A POEM BY JACKIE

Something that Jackie wrote on their honeymoon about Jack seems to me significant. When Jack and Jackie we newlyweds after their wedding Sept. 1953, the President of Mexico Don Miguel Alemán, let Jackie and Jack use his villa. During their use of the Mexican President's villa, Jackie wrote a poem about John her new husband.

"He would find love

He would never find peace

For he must go seeking

The Golden Fleece."

(A Woman Named Jackie, p. 134.)

One of the writing projects that I have wanted to see done, and I have delegated it to a good friend, is to give my readers an article on MJ-12, a.k.a. the Wise Men, or the Study Group. This group of men actually run the United States. I know a good deal about the Study Group, in fact if my sources are correct it isn't a formal group anymore. There are not formal meetings, but rather meetings happen at random with people "accidently bumping into each other." MJ-12 draws members from the Jason Society and the Jason Group. Both the Jason Society and the Jason Group are named after Jason and the Golden fleece. There are reasons to believe that Jackie knew some of the way the power structure operated. Jackie was good friends with many of the top Illuminati men in this nation. In fact, she ended up marrying Onassis, who was a King in Moriah (the Illuminati). Could Jackie have meant in this poem that Jack was wanting to climb the ladder clear up to The Golden Fleece, i.e. the Jason Society and MJ-12?

JOSEPH KENNEDY

Joseph Kennedy was John F. Kennedy's father. Through various means I independently learned that Joseph Kennedy was part of the Illuminati. He was a member of the Pilgrim Society (a 60 of the branch Illuminati). He also worked closely with the Mafia, and other Kingpins in the Illuminati. Perhaps in another article we can cover more about Joseph Kennedy. This article is about long enough. I thought I might wrap it up with a story about Joseph Kennedy. The story demonstrates that much of what politicians tell the public is simply for their own benefit, and often only lies. Jack Kennedy got the reputation after Britain and the Germany began fighting in W.W. II, as being against the United States entering the war. Jack Kennedy held the prestigious job of being the U.S. ambassador to Great Britain at the time. The fact that Jack Kennedy was given such an extremely vital position shows that the Kennedy family is important within the Illuminati. At that point in time, like no other time, it was important who the U.S. had as ambassador. After the war began, and both countries had martial law, and extensive military communications, the ambassador was really not quite so critical in his role. One of the men who worked at the embassy for the Americans was an American Tyler Gatewood Kent, a

career officer in the U.S. Consular service. Tyler Kent believed in a world conspiracy before he began working in the code room. While he worked there he was astonished that Roosevelt was secretly involving the United States in W.W. II and lying to the American public. Further, Roosevelt was pulling strings to get us involved while lying to the public. Kent secretly took 1,500 pgs. of secret documents, which he was going to show to the public to expose the conspiracy. Kent never made it. He was arrested. In order for the British to hold him, Jack Kennedy had to revoke his diplomatic immunity on May 20, 1940. Ambassador Joe Kennedy did that so he could receive a harsh sentence, because if he had been brought back to America, the public might have gotten outraged at what the politicians had done. According to Standard Operating Procedure and protocol, Kent should have stood trial in the U.S. The papers he had taken were American embassy papers not British. Although the court records show that no evidence was introduced that Kent was a spy, Joseph Kennedy later would concoct a long story for the public that Kent was a Nazi spy. Kennedy went on speaking engagements around the U.S. after he was relieved of his Ambassador post, and Kennedy made it sound like he was whole heartedly against the war. If Kennedy had really been against the war, if he had simply denied the British the chance to keep Kent, Kent could have spilled the beans about what Roosevelt was doing and the outraged would have destroyed Roosevelt's chances to fool the American people. Instead, Roosevelt was able to proceed and develop the elements for the Pearl Harbor attack. While Kennedy pretended to be against the war, he was serving as an intimate accomplice in maneuvers designed to fool the American people. This is a good example of how even today the public is looking to certain public officials to save them. They think that these politicians will try everything possible to help them fight the system, so when they fail to beat the system, the people think they have been beaten fairly. TO BE CONTINUED ---

NOTES

1. This estimate was made by a Kennedy descendant, Gayle Marie Kennedy, who did genealogical research.

See My Kennedy Ancestors of Fairfield Co. S.C. self-published Spartanburg, S.C. Aug. 12, 1969.

2. Irish Genealogical Foundation. The Great Families of Ireland. Kansas City, Mo.: Irish Genealogical

Foundation, 1981, p. 373

3. This list of families is compiled from genealogical research, and is derived from about 20 sources

decided not to list all those here but to give a small sampling:

Altpeter, Ullian Horton. Ancestors and Descendants of Stephen & Jane Horton.

Irwin, Francis Houston. The Genealogy of Helen Frances Landowne Campbell.

Kennedy, Russell. Genealogical descendants of David and Jane Geacen Kennedy

Pettibone, I. Fayette. Genealogy of the Pettibone Family.

4. The determination that the family is an Illuminati family is from the Author's research.

5. Heymann, C. David. A Woman Named Jackie. NY: Carol Communications, 1989, p.52.

6. I've lost the reference, but another book which makes a marriage connection between the Freeman family

and the Kennedys is Freeman, D. Early History of the Freeman Family.

7. Kennedy, Genevieve C Some Descendants of Andrew Kennedy & Margaret (Penny) Hatfield.

8 ibid

9. For this section's information see the following three items listed as ab, & c:a. Grehan, Ida. Irish Family

Names. London, 1973.b. Kennedy, Major F.M.E. A Family of Kennedy of Clogher and Londonderry c. 1600-1938 Taunton, U.K., 1938. c. Callanan, M. Records of Four Tipperary Septs Galway, 1938.

10. For confirmation of the Kennedy family origins in Brian Caeneddi there are numerous sources for instance the Irish Genealogical Foundation's good book The Great Families of Ireland. Also quite a number of Irish history books discuss Brian Caeneddi (aka Brian Boru) and some of the Kennedy Genealogy books also discuss the origins.

11.. statement made verbally to author

12. ibid.

13. Heymann, op. cit., pp 278-292. John F. Kennedy had nude swimming parties almost daily at the White House. Chapter 18 tells the long story of J.F.K.s almost daily extra-marital sex in the White House and his frequent nude swim parties. Some of the original sources come from confidential secret service reports provided under the Freedom of Information Act.

REVISITING THE TOP 13 ILLUMINATI KENNEDY FAMILY

The intention originally was to have the artide on the top Illuminati Kennedy family in two parts. Perhaps sometime a second part can come out. So far I have only exposed a small part of the Illuminati Kennedy.. As might be expected of any "good" Illuminati family, the Kennedy. are connected to drugs, to the Monarch program, to "death" euthanasia programs, to the British monarchy, and to the various organized crimes group., mafias etc. For this issue, I merely want to cover a few aspects of the Kennedy family which I didn't take the time to cover in the May 15, '93 issue. One aspect is the connection of the Illuminati Kennedys to the drug trade, and another is their connection to "death" care and the Knights of Malta. (Readers are invited to read more about the Knights of Malta in one of the last articles in this newsletter.)

After W.W. I, Joseph Kennedy worked for Galen Stone, who was a partner in the prominent firm of Hayden Stone & Co. Hayden, Stone & Co. had ties to the Rothschilds. In order to gain respectability Joe married into the Fitzgerald family. (This is a common Illuminati tactic. It seems many of the Illuminati men, look for a wife who will gain them respectability. Often wives like this are not even brought into the Illuminati activities, so that they can be the best cover possible.) Kennedy's mob connection has been written about, but perhaps two are worth pointing out again. Joseph Linsey who was a kingpin of organized crime in New England and a pardter in crime with Meyer Lan sky was a crime business pardner with Joseph Kennedy. Joseph Linsey in fact was listed as the top contributor to Ted Kennedy's Senate race one year. André Meyer, head of the Meyer family, was manager of the Kennedy estates. One other business pardner of Kennedy was the Bronfmans, who are powerful Illuminati figures in Canada. Kennedy was in business with Newark's Reinfield Syndicate of which the Bronfman's owned 50%. Winston Churchill, whose connections to the elite, are brought out in other newsletters, personally gave the grant to Joe Kennedy which gave him the Brit. alcoholic distiller's franchise for the American market. After Joe Kennedy became the Amer. Ambassador to Britain, we can catch a glimpse of how powerful the Illuminati are. The British Royal Family at the request of Joseph Kennedy put on their full royal regalia for the Kennedy family. When Kennedy arrived in Britain as American ambassador, he contacted the Astors and the Sassoons. Sir John Wheeler-Bennett founder and head of RIIA's research division is credited by those in the know as having written Kennedy's master thesis, which was later made into a book Why Engand Slept. Perhaps one of the items that best shows the hidden power behind Kennedy is his daughters marriage to William Cavendish and Joseph Kennedy's comments about it. Kathleen married the Duke of Devonshire. The Duke of Devonshire was very prestigious position within the British nobility. Dukes are second only to the monarchy. Joseph Kennedy was often heard saying. "If Kathleen and her

husband were living, I'd be the father of the Duchess of Devonshire (first Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen) and the father-in-law of the head of all the Masons in the world." (Koskoff, David E. Joseph P. Kennedy: A Life and Times. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, Inc., p. 378.) Joseph Kennedy was in the British branch of the Knights of Malta which is called the Order of St. John. Interestingly, Jackie Bouvier Kennedy Onassis' sister Lee married Prince Stanislaus Radziwill. The Radziwill family established the Order of St. John of Jerusalem (that's the Knights of Malta) in Poland in 1610. They also helped establish the Order in the U.S. (See the article on the Knights of Malta this issue.) Another tie in between the Kennedies and the Knights of Malta concerns the Hospice movement. The Kennedy Institute for the Study of Human Reproduction and Bioethics (located at the Jesuit's Georgetown Univ.) is helping fund the Knights of Malta's hospice movement in America. In Oct. 1978, the first annual meeting of the National Hospice Organization took place. Sen. Edward Kennedy was one of the two keynote speakers. What is the hospice movement which is being conducted by the Hospitallers (one of the names the Knights of Malta go by)? It is a movement to allow old people "The Right to Die.' The Knights of Malta have an ancient history of running drugs and in administering mind altering drugs in their hospitals instead of giving medicine. This ancient activity was carried forth into modern times when their St. Christopher's hospital in London began giving patients Brompton Mixture until they died. Brompton Mixture consists of heroin, cocaine, alcohol, tranquilizers, and chloroform water. This mixture is given in the Knights of Malta hospitals to patients every three hours until they die. Euthanasia, or "mercy killing" may seem like a merciful idea, until a person finds out how the people at the top of the Euthanasia movement view things. They view things similar to the satanist Adolf Hitier. This view is that it is merciful to get rid of unwanted people. Although the "death" hospice movement seems benevolent at first, it is the conclusion of where the program will end up that is the kicker. Hospice, Inc. which is linked to the elite is also provided funding by the Kaiser Foundation. Besides ties to running drugs, the Kennedy Clan has had their problems with drugs. Ted Kennedy's daughter Kara was on drugs and ended up in a halfway house. Bobby Kennedy's kids were busted for drugs. Joan Kennedy was having problems with alcoholism. David Kennedy and Robert F. Kennedy, Jr. both have been addicted to hard drugs in spite of repeated treatments in detoxification centers. David later "O-D"ed (overdosed) on cocaine and died in 1984. Pat's Kennedy Lawford's husband was dependent on drugs and alcohol. It is not well known that the Illuminati have long used drugs. Elite people such as the Rothschilds, Winston Churchill in London and the Royal Family were using all cocaine, heroin and opium (not to mention occult ceremonies too). Queen Victoria, thought by many to be such a straight laced lady and her guests regularly used large quantities of cocaine and heroin. The royal summer residence was Balmoral and this was the site of frequent drug use, and one has to wonder what else.

SHORT SUMMARY

This revisit to the Kennedy's shows some of their ties to other elements of the Illuminati's vast scheme of things. Until people begin to recognize that the Kennedy's wielded an occult power via their bloodline, they will not begin to appreciate why the Queen of England and her family would honor a request from an Irish commoner to have her family dress up in full regalia for the pleasure of this commoner's family.

The friendship Winston Churchill had with Billy Graham, with Joe Kennedy, and his very close relationship with Onassis have recently been discussed. Churchill was an active Freemason. He also was a Druid, This is the picture of Churchill joininq the Albion Lodge of the Anc, Order of Druids at Blenheim, 15 Aug. 1908.

FOLLOWUP ON THE KENNEDY FAMILY

There has been new attention focussed on the Kennedys. JFK's widow died and then his mother Rose has also died recently. Last year, I read a book which was very well researched. It is entitled A Question of Character A Life of John F. Kennedy by Thomas C. Reeves. The book does away with all the propagands, media hype and lies, and tells the truth about the Kennedys. The book is well documented. The author spent a great deal of energy trying to find out the truth about JFK. What emerges is not public image that is so well known. JFK had only about a 119 I.Q., did very poorly in

school, and could barely spell. JFK's father had the wealth and connections to buy his son anything. Although Kennedy had a back problem which made him almost crippled, his father got him into the Navy during W.W. II. When he was let in, the examining doctors looked the other way at his back problem (which plagued him his entire life). Kennedy got a commission as a Naval officer without having to go through the normal channels of training and being commissioned. As a naval officer he did a poor job, and the great PT-109 story was far different than what the public has been lead to believe. The fact that Kennedy let his boat be run over by a Jap destroyer was because he and his crew weren't paying attention (sleeping, hungover etc.) Kennedy realized he might be court martialed for his negligence, but his father had the money to turn disaster into a story that made Kennedy into a hero.

Some of the things you will learn from the book follow. In the chapter The Founding Family we learn about PJ. Kennedy who was JFK's grandfather. He dropped out of grammar school, but by the age of 25 he somehow had ownership of a saloon and a liquor business. Later, he sold his liquor interests and went into banking. He also went into politics and via corruption was a successful politician. He won elections by hiring men to vote repeatedly for him. Joe Kennedy remembered 2 Ward heelers proudiy telling Joe Kennedy's father who was on the election commission, "Pat, we voted 128 times today." Joe, PJ's son, married Rose Fitzgerald. The Fitzgeralds were a mighty Italian clan that had helped William the Conqueror become ruler of England. Honey Fitz was her father and he had a reputation for graft and vote fraud, as well as a not so secret notorious affair with a girl named "Toodles." Rose got her education in the Catholic Sacred Heart Convent which she completed a month before her 20th birthday. Her father was removed from the House of Representatives after voting fraud was uncovered. Joe was acquainted with Roosevelt when FDR was only an Ass. Secretary of the Navy. Joe became an insider with the stock market, and knew how to manipulate stock prices to fleece the small fish that tried to play the stock market. Various gangster reported that during prohibition they had smuggled illegal liquor into the U.S. with Joe Kennedy. Joe worked with David Sarnoff and his Radio Corp. of America. Joe had an extremely varied sexual life; he had affairs with countless women, and his son JFK followed in his footsteps. Joe bought a 15 room, nine bath home in Hyannis Port, Mass. on Nantucket Sound. This became a favorite summer home of the Kennedy clan. He also bought a six-bedroom Spanish style house on the fashionable North Ocean Boulevard in Palm Beach, FL which became the clan's winter home. Rose is described as 'self-centered, stingy, prudish. and often spiteful.' Her servants called her "madame". Rather than being the model mother that is pictured to the American public by the Kennedys, she was often gone. JFK told his mother off at age 5, "Gee, you're a great mother to go away and leave your children alone." As an adult, JFK confided to a friend. "My mother was either at some Paris fashion house or else on her knees in some church. She was never there when we really needed her....My mother never really held me and hugged me. Never! Never!' Further, his father's lack of respect for his mother led JFK to say, "My mother is a nothing." (p.40) Imagine growing up without a mother to hug and kiss you! JFK's father 'tolerated littie nonsense and no disobedience." (p.33) The life JFK lived at home was not a life of compassion, but one of rigid obedience. The children were stripped of many things ordinary children would have. They didn't even have their own rooms. (p. 41) Most children have a room of their own sometime in which to place their belongings and nick-nacks. The few times JFK as a boy invited friends over, they were frightened to death at how his father would fly into a rage and give the Kennedy boys a tongue-lashing. The children were not allowed to express pain. For instance, when one of the Kennedy's were hurt and came to his mother for sympathy she ordered, 'On your feet, now you know how to behave. Go out there and behave as you know you should.' It is highly likely this strictness was related to some type of mind-control which even then was practiced by Satanic families. Joe had his daughter given a prefrontal lobotomy and then banished to a nursing convent. From then on his daughter Rosemary did not exist. One wonders what the full story was about Rosemary. Was she sexually abused as is done to so many of the elite's daughters of Satanic families? Felix Frankfurter who played such a prominent role with Charles T. Russell was a good friend of Joe's.

JFK managed to hide from the public during his life the fact that he wore glasses, and also to some degree his intense back pain which hurt him intensely. On page 40 we learn that JFK was unable to ever have a self-revealing conversation. JFK had a total lack of ability to relate, everything was very

surface in his relations with people. He was very skilled at picking up women, and getting them to bed. And he had many good friends. However, he didn't have the ability to love or relate to others. This is another clue that he may have had some type of SRA abuse. On page 40, Reeves writes, 'At the root of it were months of loneliness and their parents often selfish, insensitive behavior." But I wonder if it didn't go deeper. From what I know from informers it goes deeper and involves SRA. JFK wasn't even told of his brother Teddy's birth, until he came home from boarding school and discovered he had another brother. JFK was very unsuccessful at most everything he did. His father had so much influence and power that he could get his son out of almost any difficulty. A friend of JFK's recalled, "With Jack, nobody really admired what he did or respected what he did but they liked his personality. When he flashed his smile, he could charm a bird off a tree." At the age of 17, Jack went to Harlem to a brothel. Later, he nicknamed his sexual organ JJ." Meanwhile his father was the chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) and an informal adviser to Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt. I might add here, that if you look closely you will find the Illuminati Kings are the advisers to the Presidents. I have mentioned some of these already, like in the article on the Bundy Illuminati family. Another example may be found in the book The Old Boys- The American Elite & The Origins of the CIA by Burton Hersh. On page 41 of The Old Boys we learn that President Eisenhower's Special Assistant for Cold War Strategy was Nelson Rockefeller. The most dangerous situation this country has ever been in was the threat of the Russian military, and who was the primary advisor to our President Eisenhower during his term as a U.S. President during the Cold War? Iliuminati King Nelson Rockefeller. JFK went for one year to the London School of Economics according to the story given the public. Actually he went there for one month, didn't do any academic work and came back home. But it is significant that his father tried to send him to a school in which so many of the elite have gone to. JFK had help in writing and putting out a book entitled Why England Slept Henry Luce, who headed Time-Life and who was a good friend of Joe Kennedy gave the book good publicity in Time magazine, and his father bought between 30,000 to 40,000 of the books and stored them in the attic and basement of his Hyannis Port home in order to make Jack's (JFK) book a best seller. When JFK went to California in 1940, one of the places he stayed at was with William Randolph Hearst, who is another Illuminati figure, at his coastal castle. Hearst would give help to Kennedy later on too. When Kennedy ran in politics, Heart's Boston American wouldn't even accept Kennedy's opponent's paid political advertisements. Joe Kennedy worked for the FBI after W.W.II. (p. 59) JFK's favorite sister Kathleen, married William Harrington, who father was the tenth duke of Devonshire, a pillar of the Church of England (called the Episcopalian church in the US.) and a high ranking Freemason. After marrying him, she had an affair with aristocrat Peter Milton, Lord Fitzwilllam. After Joe, Jr. died, JFK's father started grooming JFK to become President. After Jack was elected to the House of Representatives, his three best congressional friends were Richard Russell, Spessard Holland, and Robert A. Taft. Notice that two of these are from well-known illuminati families, the Tafts and the Russells. By the way, the occult Tafts and occult Russell families have intermarried. Because there is so much disinformation out about the people who run this country, it must sometimes seem rather bizarre that people like me come along and say there is a satanic conspiracy of great magnitude. If Americans were as a whole critical thinkers and would challenge the propaganda that the controlled media gives them, then the false fronts and false public images of their leaders might not get written up so easily as history. There are not many critical thinkers in this nation. There are a great many intelligent people, but not a great many critical thinkers. A conspiracy of great magnitude has had this nation in its grips since the nation was founded, and the controlled press has managed to prevent the general population from finding this conspiracy out. The Kennedy Family has played a role in that conspiracy. JFK gave his life to that conspiracy. The assassination of JFK is one of the best ways to introduce Americans to the conspiracy. Ralph Epperson who gives taiks/slideshows about the NWO to groups likes to use the Kennedy Assassination as a method to get people to realize that there is a NWO conspiracy. Interestingly, Ralph Epperson, had as a companion for a while without knowing it, an active Monarch slave who helped him give presentations. It is difficult for those exposing the NWO to get away from being infiltrated.[1] The Monarch mind-controlled slaves are very difficult to detect, especially since most people don't even know that they exist.

[1] *The co-editor of this on-line book talked to Epperson and he denies this and says the woman was an SRA victim and thought herself to be some government project, but not a Monarch victim. [editor's note]*

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By:

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

The Li Family

In writing about the Li family and Chinese secret societies, I am like the man who wakes up in the middle of the night while everyone else sleeps and then gropes around in the darkness trying to feel his way. I can share with you what I've learned, but undoubtedly there is a great deal more that can be learned.

When the year started I knew only a little about the Li family, and that only from what I had heard. I didn't even know how to spell their name right. I was spelling it Lee (Actually the Li family name is spelled Lee in some areas such as Hokkien, Teochew, Singapore and by some chinese Americans.) Because I knew so little about the family, it was one of my primary areas of focus when doing

UNDERSTANDING HOW CHINESE NAMES ARE JOINED

A Chinese is name is made up of a family name (surname), which is written first, and then comes the personal name. In the chinese way of things my name would be Springmeier Fritz. Family names are usually of one character each, although there are exceptions like Ouyong and Situ. There are over 6,000 Chinese surnames for about I billion Chinese. The more frequent chinese surnames in English speaking countries such as the U.S., U.K., & Aust. are Chan, Lin, Li, Wong, Huang, Mei, Yang, Chin, and Fong. In mainland China the 5 top families are Chen, Li, Zhang, He, and Huang.

FAMILY NAMES ARE MORE MEANINGFUL FOR CHINESE (IN CHINA) THAN FOR AMERICANS

The chinese surname Li is a very popular name in China, perhaps not as widespread as Smith in this country, but certainly used as much as the name Brown is in America. Chinese who have the same surname have much more loyalty to someone else who has the same surname. For instance, two chinese with the Li name would consider themselves relatives even if they were total strangers. Even if two people knew no blood ties, if they had the same surname it has generally been considered incestuous to marry each other in China. In the U.S. if two Browns without any apparent blood ties met each other, they would not feel as if they were close relatives which two Chinese with the same surname would.

The Li surname has a long history which goes back to a specific person named Emperor Zhuanzu who was the first Li and lived before 2000 B.C. This is according to the Xing Zuan, the chinese dictionary of surnames.

The Li family has a long history in China with many stories. During the Tang Dynasty about 15 different surnames were given the honor of having the Li surname. Li Yuan was the founder of the Tang Dynasty which lasted from 618 to 906 A.D. His son who ruled after him was Li Shimin. In their dynasty, printing and paper money were introduced to China. (It's interesting that the Li's are connected the introduction of paper money.)

ARE THE DIFFERENT IMPORTANT LI'S RELATED?

In recent history three Li's stand out as giants.

· The billionaire and de facto ruler of Hong Kong Li Ka-shing.

· Li Peng the ruler of Red China.

· **Lee** Kuan Yew President (& dictator) of Singapore

I don't know which of the Li's are closely related and which are not. I do know that Li's control Red China, Hong Kong, and Singapore and have important positions in Taiwan. If the various Li's which control these various nations are related, then we are certainly looking at one of the most powerful families in the world. In terms of power, they would be just as powerful as the Rockefellers. They also **connect** to secret occult societies, but the secret societies which the Li's are major players in are the Chinese secret societies. Those will be covered elsewhere in this newsletter.

WHICH ONES ARE PART OF THE ILLUMINATI?

I have learned from a source that Li Ka-shing and the powerful Hong Kong Li's are definitely part of the Satanic lluminati Li's. in terms of whether the Li's who run Red China are part of the Illuminati, I know nothing that directly connects them. However, there are clues that make one wonder. For instance, why do the Rockefellers and Rothschilds have such a cosy relationship with these Red Chinese Li's. Why does the Premier (or Prime Minister) of the People's Republic of China Li Peng visit with the Rockefellers and other capitalists when he comes to New York City, if he is such a hard-line communist? Haven't the Communists named the CapitalIsts their major enemy? And then when we watch men who are In the Illuminati such as Skull & Bones George Bush treat the Chinese Li's with such closeness, even when it was Li Peng that crushed innocent people at Tiennamen Square, it makes us wonder still. In fact, with other pieces of the puzzle that I have in place, I do know that Red China is already cooperating with and part of the New World Order. The only way that China could already be secretly part of the New World Order Is for it's leaders who are the Li family to be in favor of the New World Order. This strongly suggests that the Li family In China is also part of the Illuminati. From what I know the range of possibilIties range from them being only sympathizers with the NWO elite to them being outright members of the Illuminati. I lean toward the latter view.

Then there is Singapore. Singapore is lock stock and barrel in the New World Order. They went to a cashless Society before anyone else. One of the Li family who spells his name Lee, Lee Kuan Yew, a Cambridge-educated lawryer, was dictator of Singapore for decades. He has ties to the British elite. As an example of his dictatorship, Lee didn't like long hair on men, and so men coming into Singapore with long hair would have their passports taken away and either got a haircut or went to jail. In 1959, when Brittain gave Singapore its Independence the Li family (In this case also spelled Lee) controlled the People's Action Party which ruled the country. In 1976, the People's Action Party monopolized politics so much that they won all 69 seats for Parliament. Lee Kuan Yew was placed into the all-powerful position of President in 1965, where he remained I belIeve until 1991. Singapore's leaders made Singapore very anti-communist during the cold war, and when Nixon began his trips to woo China., Singapore began making goodwill political mission to China. In 1975, Lee's henchman Foreign Minister S. Rajaratnam went to China and met with Chou En-lai. Chou En-lai was the mentor and friend of U Peng.

U Peng's early life.

Actually, to be more specific after Li Peng's father, who was a leading communist, was shot by the nationalists In 1931, Chou Enlal more or less adopted Li Peng and raised him. Chou Enlal got U Peng into Moscow's school system, where, when the Russians finally realized his brilliance wanted to keep Li Peng and train him for their own purposes, and U had to escape to back to China. For whatever reasons Li Peng was an advocate of the Soviet style of economics. Before being placed into his prominent position that he holds today, Li Peng managed China's economy for many years.

Lee met Mao

In 1976, Lee Kuan Yew himself met with Mao Tse-Tung (then the leader of Red China). Mao Tsetuag himself is closely tied to the Li family. Li Ta-chao was the head of the communist party in Northern China during the fighting with the Nationalists. Mao's bodyguard was a Li family member Li Yinqiao. Mao's mentor was Li Ta-chao, who had ties to the Red Spears Secret Society. Other early high ranking communists such as Chu Teh, Ho Lung, and Liu Chib-tan had memberships in the Red Spears Secret Society and Li Ch'l-han an early communist leader was a member of the Green Gang Secret Society. We will cover more about the Li family and Its relationship to Chinese Secret Societies later, as weil as explaining some about the various powerful secret fraternities. It may well have been Li Ta-chao's guidance that lead to Mao Tse-tung writing the first systematic attempt by a Chinese Marxist to characterize the class basis of secret societies, and emphasizing their importance for revolution. Mao cooperated with the Ko-Ino Hui, a secret society, that helped his revolution, but strangely the official collection of Mao's works neglects to include Mao's appeal to them for help. (This neglect is noted on pg. 4 of Popular Movements & Secret Societies in China. 1840-1950) Mao Tse-Tung is also a product of the Harlot Christian church. Mao as a boy had wanted to learn of Christ and attend a Missionary school, but when he went to it, they threw him rudely out because he was Chinese. Mao never forgot the bad treatment he received at the hands of Christians. That explains in part his hatred of Christianity.

A CLOSER LOOK AT THE LI ILLUMINATI FAMILY IN HONG KONG

The Rothschild, and the Rockefeller families have a very high respect for the Chinese and **Japanese** people in relation to some of the other peoples in the world. That is one reason why China and Japan are being given the chance to be important players in the New World Order.

The powerful Li family in Hong Kong is part of the Illuminati This family maintains a good public reladons. They are philanthropists. Billionaire Li Ka-shing donated money to create a University in Shantou in South China. The cost of the University & its teaching hospital were reported at 85 million U.S. dollars In Fortune Magazine 7/13/92, p. 107.

The following chart shows Li Kashing's financial empire, which extends worldwide.

60 Broad Street

New York City Li's share

(with Olympia & York)

Estimated value of building $100 million

Star TV, Hong Kong

countries in Asia and MidEast)

Star's capitalization: $300 million

HUSKY OIL, Calgary

Husky Oil, Calgary value: $1.3 billion

CANADIAN IMPERIAL

BANK OF COMMERCE Toronto Bank's market value $4,3 billion

- PACIFIC PLACE, Vancouver

$2 billion property development

SUNTEC CITY Singapore

$1 billion property developmnent with partners

According to Fortune Magazine, 7/13/92, p. 106, Li Ka-shing is worth 4 Billion Us. dollars. Another article motes that he made HK$13.4 billion from real estate sales in 1991 alone.

Li Ka-shing has lived in the same house on a hill Hong Kong for 30 years. Li Ka-shing had little to no formal schooling. He is self-taught. His sons have been weil educated at Stanford. Victor became an engineer, and his other son Richard majored in computer science and is running Star TV In Hong Kong.

Other wealthy friends of Li

Kashing get together with him regularly to play poker games.

U Ka-shing is chairman or chief executive of his four big companies in Hong Kong. He hires both chinese and western executives for day-to-day management. Simon Murray, a Dalton who served in the French Foreign Legion, is one of Li's trusted managers. Murray had worked for Jardine Matheson, a business owned by one of the Committee of 300. U has built global alliances with British companies, and has part ol Pearson, a British holding company which in turn as interest in Lazard banking Arms In N.Y., London, and Parts. As one can see Li Ka-shing is doing business with the big boys of International Banking. Li also has Joint ventures with MTV, AT&T, Motorola, and Time-Warner. Li's Star TV broadcast 5 channels to viewers all the way from Israel to Indonesia. The programming comes from the BBC news, and MTV, and some minor pardners. Li is giving Madonna and the rest of Hollywood to the Asians. Li also invested in Vancouver, B.C. He bought the Expo 86 site which Is 1/6th of downtown Vancouver. 27% of Vancouver's 560000 citizens are of Chinese descent. Vancouver is a Triad stronghold. This will discuss elsewhere

Li Ka-shing has been allowed by the elite to buy into Canada's Husky Oil. He could not have done this without the elite's tolerance. The Oil and Gas Journal, Nov. 18, '91, p. 36 states that U now has 86 % of Husky Oil.

THE REST OF THE LI HONG KONG CLAN

The hugh Bank of East AsIa (BEA) Is run by U Kwok-po. BEA has gone into partnerships with such Illuminati-connected companies as G. Warburg. Li Kwok.po (also known as David Li) also serves in the Hongkong legislature as the councilor who represents the banking community. He is also a vice-chairman of the committee drawing up the future Chinese administrative region that Hong Kong will soon become. He was chosen for this position by the Red Chinese because 'He was chosen by the Chinese mainly because or his family background. The extended Li family, with most of its members holding British passports, is one of the territory's rich and influential old families.' (Far Eastern Economic Review, June 1989, p. 47) Li has been urging the Hong Kong people to trust the Communist Chinese government. David Li did not comment on the Tienamen square massacre when asked. David Li holds a full British passport and can go anywhere be wants. Most people in Hong Kong have only a Hong Kong passport that gives them British citizenship but doesn't entitle them to travel.

David Li's uncle is Simon Li, who was a justice of appeal in Hong Kong,, and also selected for the BLDC. His other uncle Ronald Li was the former chairman of the Hong Kong Stock Exchange and a member of the Basic law Consultative Committee. Ronald Li and his son got caught using their Stock Exchange positions in corrupt money making offenses, and were to be brought to trial. I don't know how it turned out.

Another uncle Li Fook-kow was elected in Sept. '88 to represent the Hong Kong financial community in the government.

When the scandal broke concerning the elite's BCCI, the Hong Kong branch—Bank of Credit and Commerce Hongkong (BCCHK) was shielded from investigation. BCCHK's chief executive Tariq Jamil who could have been called upon to answer questions skipped the country. Hongkong authorities made no attempt to stop him. David U got involved and suggested that the Exchange Fund be used to help his BEA acquire BCCHK.. Another key figure in the BCCHK,, was Louis Saubolle, who was previously Bank of America's chief contact with Red China. Louis Saubolle has travelled to mainland China regularly since the 1940s. He is rumored to have done dubious practices while chairman of BCCHK, but he left the country for destinations unknown.

· A Li heads up American Express International in the area.

· Li. Pel Wu was one of the five best paid chief executives In banking in 1990.

· Some of the Li family In Hong Kong have taken on the trappings of Christianity behind which are their other nefarious activities. One Li, Florence Tim Oi Li, has become a lady Catholic priest. (National Catholic Reporter, Oct. 19, '90, p. 12.

· Richard Li has become a media mogul for Asia.

· And Victor Li ran the East-West Center in Hawaii.

RED CHINA

'The real decislonmaking in China's political system takes place within the Politburo, and particularly among the seven members of its standing committee, in consultation with retired Party elders.' (The China Business Review, Jan-Feb. 1993, p. 22) This inner circle of seven men Includes two members

of the Li family: Li Peng, who is the head of this inner circle, and Li Ruihuan, who Is head of the CommunIst Party's Propaganda. Li Ruihuan has been a member of this inner circle since 1989. The other men on the inner circle are Jiang Zemin, Qiao Shi, Hu Jintao, Liu Huaqing, and Zhu Rongji.

As premier or Prime Minister of China Li Peng has met with a great many of the world's leaders, and many of the Illuminati's men.

Here is a sampling of Li Peng's meetings:

April 28, '90—Soviet leaders

around July, '91—U.S.-China Business

Council Officials which includes Illuminati members.

Aug. 15, 91—Japanese Prime MinisterToshiki Kaifu

Sept. 3, '91--Great Britain's Prime Minister John Major

Nov. 16, '91-Sec. of State James A.Baker

Dec. 12-14, '91--Prime Minister of India P.V. Narasiaha Rao

Feb. 1, '92—Pres. George Bush

Peb. 3, '92—top U.S. capitalists (Illuminati members)

Feb. 10, '92—Yeltsin in Russia

Do the world's leaders confer with each other?

Li Peng is not the only important Li family member to be the President or Premier of China:

· Li Xlannian was involved in the power struggle after Mao's death and was President of China. For a number of years Li. Xiannian was considered one of the four top leaders of Red China. For many years Li Xiannian did lots of travelling to places like Africa where he held high level meetings with other leaders.

· Li Desheng was a member of the Politburo, Central Committee of the Communist Party, and served in key military posts.

· Li Qiang was a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, and was appointed Minister of Foreign Trade in 1978.

CONTACT/COOPERATION BETWEEN THE ILLUMINATI & THE LI'S

General Li Mi fled to the Golden Triangle and was provided via CIA agents supplies. It was Li Mi who started up the poppy fields to produce drugs that would be marketed by the other top IllumInati families. It was not chance that Li began opium production. The whole affair was a carefully calculated event by the Illuminati who have made millions running drugs for centuries. In the 1960, another Li took over after Li Mi died. His name was Li Wen-huan.

The elite made room for the Li's to open the Li Commercial Bank for business on Long Island, N.Y.

After Bush was ambassador to China, Carter selected 6° (Pilgrim Soc. mmbr) Thomas S. Gates to represent the U.S. to China. David Rockefeller gave his O.K. to the selection of Gates, and Gates was transferred directly from working on the board ofJ.P. Morgan & Co. to Peking.

The Illuminati's banks have been lining up over the years making loans to Red China.

One of the articles that I read to understand where Clinton was going with Red China was in the Jan-Feb '93 issue of The China Business which had on its cover a picture of Clinton and Li Peng with the question "A NEW ERA?" As many of the elite's articles are it was long on rhetoric, propaganda. etc. I think the bottom line was that Clinton is going to follow the advice of his China advisors and that Clintom does not want to rock the boat in our relations with Communist China. The idea that is being planted by the question on the cover is about the size of things, the elite are moving us closer to their "new era."

The Li Family and Chinese Secret Societies

In my investigation of the Triads I discovered that the Li family is one of the principal families which has controlled it. The Triads is a ChInese Secret Society which is something of a cross between the Masons and the Mafia— something in the line of P2 Freemasonry—except much bigger. The Triads are not well known In this country but they are many more times powerful than the Mafia. It is known that the Mafia was invited to work with the Triads in 1970, and at the time the Mafia didn't like the Triads arrogance. However, in my opinion the Triads were not being arrogant considering how powerful they were at the time. I suggest the reader read the article on the Triads for more understanding on this. For the sake of completeness, I will list some of the Li's past and present that have been important Triad leaders.

(see below) I am not trying to weary you with all these strange names, but in breaking new ground on understanding this powerful Illuminati family, if specific details are not given out, we risk losing some of the picture.

The Li's control Hong Kong and the Triads run Hong Kong. Is there a connection between the Li family and the Triads. Yes there is a big one, but It is very secret.

TRIAD LEADERS OF THE FAMILY

Li Chi-tang —overseas leader

Li Hslen-chih

Li Hsiu-ch'eng --Hunan

Li Hung --Honan

Li K'ai-ch'en --Triad, Shanghai

Li Lap Ting --Kwangsi province

Li Ping-ch'ing --Triad, Shanghai

Li Shih-chin

Li Wen-mao

Fatshan

Li Yuan-fa --Hunan

Li Chol Fat -Hong Kong

Li Jarfar Mah --Britain

LI

--north of Peking,

THE LI FAMILY AND GENETICS

The Li family has also provided some of the greatest scientists In the field of genetic research. Genetic research has been a avid interest of the Satanic Hierarchy.

SUMMARY

The facts I have of what is going on with the Li family are Just enough to provide us with the basic picture. The Li family In Hong Kong is part of the Satanic Hierarchy and works hand in glove with British and American elite. They also help run the Triads. Whether or not the Li's in Hong Kong are related to the Red Chinese Li's who run China I do not know, but it is clear that some Li's run Red China and also Singapore. Both these countries work hand in hand with the Satanic hierarchy so it makes one suspicious as to whether their leaders are part of the hierarchy too. If these Li's do consider themselves blood relatives—which they might—we know that according to Chinese custom they would do this to a great extent anyway, then that makes the Li family an incredibly powerful family of worldwide importance.

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Fortune

Hawali Business

Publishers Weekly

Maclean's

National Catholic Reporter

Newspapers

Christian Science Monitor

Los Angeles Times

New York Thnes

Washington Post

plus interviews.

This article will primarily deal with the Triads which have so many other names it would take pages upon pages to give them all. One of the names the Triads have had is the Heaven and Earth Society. Other principal names include the Hung League, and the Three United Association.

The Freemasons have been very Interested in the Triads and several Masons have done in depth studies and written books about the Thads including G. Schlegel (The Hung League. 1866), J.S.M. Ward (The Hung Society - see another quote of his on pg. 2), and W.G. Sterling (The Hung Society. 1925)

(This article will be trimmed back—and perhaps some of the information can be provided In a future

The history of China is a history of authoritarian dynasties and the secret societies that opposed them. Throughout Chinese history, there has basically been only one recourse to opposition to the establishment, that was through secret societies. Secret societies have been a way for the poweriess, to struggle against what ever they perceived as the cause of their misery. There has never been any lack of recruits for chinese secret societies, and there has never been any lack of causes to use to rally the poor masses against for motivating people into joining secret societies. There seems to be no end to the supply of men willing to lead secret societies also. In fact, I know of over 250 Chinese secret societies, some of which are no longer in existence. Obviously, we are not going to cover that many secret societies in this article.

What criteria do I have for selecting what I will write about in this article. First, I desire to show the compatibility of Chinese secret societies to western secret societies. This compatibility is the reason that the Triads can work with the Mafia, the CIA, and the Illuminati. These points of compatibility explain how Freemasonry can work with some of the Chinese secret societies. For instance, I have a copy of The New Age magazine, Sept. 1964, p. 38, which is put out by The Supreme Council **33º** which states,

‘Chinese Wootsu [sic] Society Compared to Freemasonry

‘Brother Morris B. de Pass, 33°, Master of Kadosh of the Peking Scottish Rite Bodies, in his annual report, includes the following interesting story in regard to Wootsu Society. ‘During the past year I had the pleasure of meeting an ‘Old China Hand,’ himself a Scottish Rite Mason, who, learning of my China background, asked me If I had any knowledge of an old Chinese organization similar to Masonry. I felt certain he had in mind the ‘Wootsu Society’ (Woo meaning 5, and Tsu meaning ‘Ancestor’) or, in English, ‘the Society of the Five Ancestors., "...some fornignors living in China ... were of the opinion that The Society of the Five Ancestors was the Eastern Branch of that movement which developed in Western countries into Freemasonry .... The tenets of the Wootsu Society do have much in common with those of Freemasonry. They pay homage to Buddha, whom they accept as the

incarnation of a Supreme Deity they believe in immortality they teach 'Faithfulness unto Death'; and they practice secrecy. The Society differs from Masonry in that there is no counterpart of the Volume of the Sacred Law as being an indispensable part of its Furniture; ... and it is open to both men and women.'

Perhaps no one better epitomizes the connections and overlap between East and West occult secret societies than the life of Sun-Yat-Sen. Sun-Yat-Sen led China to overthrow the monarchy and create a republic. Sun-YatSen was a leader in several Triad groups, such as the Hong Kong based Chung Wo Tong Society and the Kwok On Wui Society in Honolulu and Chicago. Soon after arriving in Hawaii he formed the Tai Luk Shan, a new Triad group. Sun-Yat-Sen played the key role in setting up 268 other branches of the Triads too. In Japan he set up the T'ung Meng Hui. In Singapore and Malaysla he set up Triad lodges too. He was a high ranking Freemason, and he attended an Anglican school in Hong Kong. Sun-Yat-Sen and the millionaire Chang ChingChang who was an international art dealer worked together. Sun-Yat-Sen travelled in the *US*. and Europe gaining support for his revolution. Several other great non-Communist Chinese leaders have also had membership in both the Triads and Freemasonry.

TRIAD RITUALS

Triad rituals were an elaborate affair but have continued to be streamlined over the years. The ritual initiation drew from 3 religious sources: Taoism (magic), Buddhism, and what might be called Confucianism. Taoism emphasized the importance of blood ancestry, of magic, and alchemy. The traditional initiation lasts about eight hours, and includes ritual dance, secret hand-shakes, a blood sacrifice, and pricking the finger of the new initiates.

The Triads have an extremely long history and a lot of heritage. In order to try to capsulize what they are one has to look at what they are doing at a particular moment. At times they are secret fraternity like the Masons, at other times they have more of the appearance of a revolutionary army, and at other times they look like the Mafia. They are all these things. And so they are a much more complex group to understand than some of the other secret societies that might fit into some nice label. Sometimes their services as hit men are hired out to others. Their heritage and history make them almost a sub-culture, and a sub-culture that is difficult for law enforcement agencies to penetrate. Their blood oaths and traditions bind them together.

ORIGINS

The White Lotus Society centuries ago amalgamated itself to the Hung Society which in turn changed into the Triad Society also known as the Three United Society. Some people continued calling it the Hung Society. The Hung Society had many local names, and like Freemasonry hid behind trade guilds.

INFILTRATED THE BOXERS

The Triads infiltrated the Boxers and even associated with them, but the Boxers lost against the foreign powers.

SET UP BRANCHES IN THE UNITED STATES

During the California gold rush days many Chinese began coming to America. Triad lodges sprang up in the chinese laundrymen of San Francisco. By 1854, the Triad Society called 'Five Companies'

had 35,000 members in California. In the U.S. the Triad lodges became known as Tongs-which means a 'hail' or 'meeting place.' Whereever the Chinese lived they quietly set up Triad lodges so that soon there were lodges In Laramle, Cheyenne, Kansas City, Seattle, Vancouver, California, New York, Boston, and the Klondike. These overseas Triads came under the jurisdiction of the Hung Mun Society in Canton. This Triad group was in turn under Chi Kung Tong group. Groups got started in Australia and Malaya.

TRIADS & HONG KONG

When the British began ruling Hong Kong, the Hong Kong area already had a reputation for being a haven for pirates, and the Triads established lodges and began secretly to rule. In 1845, the British made membership in the Triads illegal, and in later years deported them back to communist China for those Triad members found. However, the Triads controlled things and the British never were able to enforce that iaw except for some scattered arrests. For Instance in the 1970s, 35% of the police in Hong Kong were affiliated with the Triads.

In fact, the Britishman Ernest Taffy' Hunt, the Police Superintendent of the Thad Bureau of the Colony of Hong Kong was paid bribes for 18 years ranging from about $HK700,000 to $HK 12 per year starting in 1955.

The Hong Kong papers every so often report police raids against the Triads, but one has to wonder how much is interrivalry between Triad groups and much is just for show, and how much is really something hurting the Triads.

Under Triad control factories in Hong Kong have been turning out items for sex shops worldwide. The living conditions of areas under Triad control in Hong Kong were literal hells on earth. The Triads packed people in, the sanitation was negligible, the filth overwhelming, and the corruption of the human spirit complete. There is no question what kind of life the Triads want to bring people, total degeneration into total moral corruption and filth. Like the Masons (but to a much lesser degree) there have been a few Triad mutual aid societies for their own members, but in general these have been rare.

The Triads have exacted extortion money from almost everyone in Hong Kong. The history of their extortions and threats etc. is many books long. In short, the whole trading economy of Hong Kong was under their power. And the Li family as now working with them. See the Li article in this issue.

Various scandals over the decades have repeatedly shown that the Triads have totally infiltrated the Hong Kong government and police force. Where ever ethnic chinese were hired the Triads infiltrated. And then even many of the non-Chinese were bought off. People in Hong Kong who have watched the Triads do illegal acts right in public have frequentiy been frustrated by the lack of police response.

THE TRIADS & CHINA

Before the Communists took over, the Triads ran China. For instance, in 1917, it was discovered that the Triads along with the Vice-President of the Republic of China were stealing public funds to purchase opium to deal in the drug trade. The leaders of Free China have been Triad leaders. Many of them have also been Freemasons.

After the Communists took over, the Triads had to go way underground. The communists never stopped the Triads, but they did make them much more secret. You may remember when the Tiananmen Square Massacre occured, the newspapers quietly reported that the Triads had smuggled the leaders of the democratic movement out of Red China. As was just said, the Communists have never broken the power of the Triads. In fact, not only has the brutal Red Chinese government been

ineffective against the Triads, most of the police everywhere have been. The Triads are the most powerful criminal fraternal group in the world, except for the IllumInati and the families that make up the Illuminati's Committee of 300. The Mafia Is small peanuts compared to the Triads. The Triads are almost untouchable by any law enforcement group. For instance, in Great Britain the British do not have hardly any ethnic Chinese on their police force to even try infiltrating the Triads.

The Triads have operated in the United States for over 100 years, and are major drug handiers working in cooperation with the Illuminati Kings, and most Americans do not even know they exist. And although America has ethnic chinese, Americans of Chinese descent do not speak the Chinese dialects that undercover agents would have to know to break into the Triad operations.

DIFFERENT TRIAD GROUPS

There are numerous Triad groups. By 1931, there were eight main Triad groups and they had divided Hong Kong up into geographic areas and ethnic groups that each was responsible to control. The eight main ones at that time were the Wo, the rung, the Tung, the Chuen, the Shing, the Fuk Yee Hing, the Yee On, and the Luen. Each had its own headquarters, its own sub-societies, and its own public covers. The Fuk Yee Hing's cover was that it was registered as a benevolent society for workers. It had 12 branch offices and a membership of 10,000. Yee On's cover was as the Yee On Commercial and Industrial Guild. The Wo operated as Death Gratuity associations. Any way each found some cover to hide behind. Most of the Martial Arts dubs were fronts or affiliations with the Triads, and continue to be, not only in Hong Kong, but to some degree in other countries too.

As an example of how divided the Triad groups are--one of the large ones, the Wo Society was itself split into three major factions: Wo Shing Tong, Wo Yung Yee, and Wo Hop To, which for years struggled for domination of the Wo Society. By the late 1950s, there were 41 affiliated organaizations to the Wo Society Triad. Today the Wo Shing Wo is the most powerful of the Wo group Triads.

One of the Triad groups that works with the Illuminati is the Sun Yee On aka Yee On Commercial and Industrial Guild. Sun Vee On was the prime controller of the Kowloon Walled City which produced sex toys for the international market.

Besides the Wo Shing Wo and the Sun Yee On, the third great Triad societies of modern times Is the 14K Society. Probably Chiang Kai-shek and his mentor Big-Eared Tu were responsible for setting up a league to oversee all the various Triad groups called Five Continents Overseas Chinese Hung League. This was set up In 1945, when the Chinese operated in Asia, North America, South America, Europe and Africa.

As a side note on Tu, one of his friends was Charlie Soong (an office-bearer for the Triads) who had attended Vanderbilt Universisty at the expense of millionaire Julian S. Can. Chalie Soong's daughter Al-lag had connections to Sun-Yat-Sen, and also became helpful to the Triads when she married Kung Hsiang-hsi a banker and businessman. The Kung banking empire along with the Soong's veneer of Christianity which came from their Methodist Church membership helped this branch of Triads in their international dealings.

Today in Hong Kong there may be as many as 60 different Triad Societies operating. The largest numerically is the Sun Yee On with 33,000 members. These 60 Societies can be classed into three different styles. The first is the traditional structure. The second type are those who are totally unstructured. The third type is the most dangerous, they are small, closely knit cells or central committees who plan out criminal activity with acute business-like efficiency.

LARGE BASES OF TRIAD OPERATIONS

Vancouver, B.C., San Francisco, New York, London, Manchestor, and Amsterdam (not to mention Macao and Hong Kong) are some of the big bases of Triad Operation. Money is made by extortion, gambling, prostitution, drugs, or any other way to make a profit. The Triads have worked with the CIA in creating the drug network. The creation of the Golden Triangle as a source for drugs was a joint CIA-Triad operation. The Chinese communists couldn't pass up the opportunity to debauch America. The Red Chinese government has secretly worked with the Triads in supplying heroin and opium knowing that these drugs were going to U.S. military bases. U.S. garrisons In Germany were supplied high grade drugs that came through the Triads, either grown under Triad supervision or in places like Red China. One of the kingpins in this drug trade was Lumpy Ho, whose business fronts were known as the Dutch Connection.

The corrupt police-officers that were Triad members that fled anti-corruption drives in Hong Kong would flee to Vancouver, B.C. where they have spent their efforts building that area up as a large Triad base of operations. Actually, they have branched out into Victoria and Seattle, WA.

The Triads are known to have been operating in London since the 1890s, and may have been operating even before that. It wasn't until the 1960. drug culture that the Triads began to catch more attention due to their large involvement in the drug trade. In 1971, the Triads introduced Pure No. 4 herein into England to replace the 'Brown Sugar' that the Rolling Stones sang about.

In 1973, the British authorities moved against the Americans and British agents on the Drug Squad and forced some resignations. It is not exactly clear what the details of the whole mess were, but the process was that for 2 years there was essentially no coherent drug squad in London.

Every locality In England where ethnic chinese are located, the Triads have some type of operation. This means all of the British cities. In Scotland and Ireland the different Triad groups have been fighting each other for control of the territory. No wonder the Illuminati like the Triads. The U family with their connections controlling the Triads, have the perfect vehicle to operate the drug trade. If anyone dislikes the drug trade, their hate will directed to an ethnic group, rather than realizing who the real kings are. Most of the couriers for the Triads today are Europeans. And the Trade are using British banks now more than the Hong Kong banks.

The British Parliament had a committee in 1985 to look at the Triads. They reported that the Triads posed no threat to the U.K

The Mafia had tried to maintain its position in the drugactivity, but the Mafia wasn't in a position to buy directly from the prime sources. The Chiu Chau Triads had operated in Saigon and Vietnam during the Vietnam war bringing in drugs for the American soldiers. The Corsican syndicates (organized crime) had connections in Vietnam. They introduced the Mafia to the Triads. The Corsicans had been known as the French connection in the drug trade. They had worked with supplies coining from Turkey, through Lebanon, and then to Marseilles, France. Now the Triads ship Asian drugs to the U.S. via South America, and the Triads control the drug trade in New York City almost totally now. Dear in mind that the Triad leaders did this only after working out agreements with the top llluminati families. If the top Illuminati families were not cooperating, the Triads would be out of business.

One of the strong-arm units ofa New York Triad group called Hip Sing Tong is the Flying Dragons. The On Lee Ong, another N.Y. triad group' has the Ghost Shadows as their strong-arm unit.

If one takes a city like Toronto, Canada there the population of Chinese and Vietnamese is 175,000 at least. This is a large pool of people from whith to build Triad lodges. There are 10 Triad Societies operating in Canada.

In Australia, the Triad society Yee Hing Soctety with its charitable Mun Ji Dong has been listed as a "masonic charity" for 80 years. The Mun Ji Dong has decided to operate legally.

PUBLIC CEREMONIES

The Triads would publicly celebrate the Goddess of Mercy and the God of the Earth each year at a major festival where a bamboo bomb would be set off. At the 1982 Tin Hau Festival. two groups of the 14K Triad and 500 members of the Wo Shing Wo society openly wore Triad T-shirts at the festival. This was publicly breaking the law that prohibits the Triads from publicly advertising, but the Triads got away with it with impunity.

ENFORCEMENT

The Triads' tradition weapons are the meat cleaver and a razor-sharp butchers knife which they use to slash people.

THE TRIADS INTERFACE WITH MANY OTHER GROUPS

Besides working with the CIA, the Mafia, who work for the Illuminati, and working with the Illuminati families themselves, the Triads work with street gangs, youth gangs, and any other organized crime group. They also have worked with all types of secret fraternal groups including the Freemasons. Historically speaking they have cooperated numerous times with other Chinese secret societies. The Triads also work with the Japanese organized crime group Yakusa, and the Filipino organized crime groups. The Ya.kusa also move drugs into the U.S. mainly via Hawaii. This is taking place with Yakusa/Triad cooperation. The Taiwan Triad Societies work closest with the Yakusa, especially the Four Seas and United Bamboo Societies.

THE TRIADS IN BANKING

The Triads have their own accountants, and so Triad financial operations are great for money laundering. Stolen credit cards and imitation merchandise that look., like the real stuff are also money makers for the Triad.,. The Triads also have their own lawyers, who are members of their societies. Besides making false Gucci handbags, the Triads are adept at forging passports. One of the items that the drug trade takes is gold, because the drug producers want to be paid in gold. This trafficing in gold must be watched by the Illuminati, because gold has always been an important commodity for the Satanic Hierarchy. It's value to them goes beyond the monetary significance.

IN SUMMARY

The Triads are an occult fraternity which has developed into a major international organized crime society. It has many agreements with various families of the Illuminati, and works with them. The Li family is taking a big role somewhere with the Triads, but exactly what that role is I have not spelled out yet.

The Li Family is represented in Salem, OR & other West Coast cities by the Wong Family, who are part of their bloodline. Vol. 2 touches on the Wong Family & their part in organized crime.

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By:

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

THE ONASSIS BLOODLINE

CAST OF MAIN CHARACTERS

Aristotle Socrates Onassis -- named after two greek philosophers, went from being totally broke at age 21 to being a millionaire at age 23. His father's first name was Socrates. Aristotle was an Illuminati king, a shipping tycoon, an intelligent ruthless hard-driving man, a man of the world who spoke a number of languages such as French, Spanish, English, Italian, and Turkish. He married JFK's widow. His everpresent sunglasses made him look like Al Capone to a number of people.

Jackie Bouvier Kennedy Onassis-Her father was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, the American equivalent to the Order of the Garter. Her father " Black Jack" was corrupt, what is known as a womanizer. He worked at making a living from the stock market. Jackie's "step-father" was the Auchincloss family, an elite family. Her step-father's second wife before Jackie's mother was Senator Thomas Gore's daughter. Her step-father was in Naval Intelligence. Jackie went to the schools that the children of the elite go to. On the anniversary of JFK's assassination, Orville & Jane Freeman were the only ones to remember the date to say or do something about it. Jackie went that day to Central Park and had a good cry.

Stavros Niarchos-Aristotle's brother-in-law and Ari's business competition. Stavros' parents came from Sparta, Greece. His relatives were rich. Stavros went into shipping and after W.W. II broke out, left Greece to avoid having to fight for Greece. He was a close friend of Colgate, Roosevelt and Bernard Baruch, who he would invite to his house on Long Island. He rented his Long island house from Harry Hopkins who was the man who told Pres. F.D. Roosevelt what to do. Even though he was a millionaire, he had a difficult time avoiding have to serve. Eventually, he managed to get himself situated as a naval officer in intelligence for Greece in Alexandria, Egypt. Information sent Into the '69-70 Who's Who reference book about his war time exploits are ficticious. Niarchos and Aristotle were frIends from 1934 onward, but also at times enemies trying to outdo each other. Both frequently went to St. Moritz, Swit., a ski resort. Stavros also frequents an old Medici family Palace/estate near Turin where the Duke of Edinburgh and Baron Elie de Rothschild like to go and shoot birds. The estate has many and it isn't unusual for them to kill a thousand a day. Stavros is an important leader of the Bilderbergers and a billionaire. He married Henry Ford II's daughter who was 38 years younger than he was, and divorced her shortly afterwards. He worked closely with David Rockefeller.

IS THE ONASSIS BLOODLINE STILL POWERFUL?

Aristotle Onassis died in 1975. His son and heir to his throne died in 1973. My inside information about the Onassis family being one of the top 13 goes back to the 1960s and 70's. Is the family stili powerful? One big clue that they still wield power within the Illuminati is that Stavros Niarchos, Aristotle's brother-in-law, is a powerful Bilderberger. The executive committee of the Bilderbergers are the equivalent to 9° of the branch Illuminati. Is the Onassis family still one of the top 13 Satanic bloodlines? I do not know. The answer lies in doing genealogical work to find out what the core satanic bloodline is that curses through the Onassis family.

One whistle-blower on the Illuminati was Dennis Brunnelle, a Grand Master of an OTO lodge, who became disillusioned with the OTO's Illuminati program. Some of his information touches on the Onassis family. My understanding of the Onassis family is limited in terms of their Satanic activities with the Illuminati, but I will attempt to give my readers a better understanding. My inside knowledge of the occult side-that is the secret satanic ritual activIties of the family is sparse, because my informants have very limited knowledge of the Onassis participation. However, there are certainly plenty of tracks in the sand which indicate who the business friends of this family have been, and they have been very clearly those within the Illuminati or with connections to it.

TURKEY

The area that is now known as Turkey played a major role in the Mystery Religions. The use of drugs to create "religious" experiences was developed to a fine art by various occult fraternal mystery religion groups in the Turkey area. The Assassins from where we get the word hashish controlled parts of Turkey and Lebanon in Medieval times. They used drugs to gain the allegiance of their recruits. Some of the most powerful figures for the Illuminati have been Turks. The Grand Orient has had some powerful figures in Turkey. For instance, at the Masonic Congress of all the Grand Orients' (that's European Freemasonry- although several American presidents have been members of European Freemasonry) Grand Lodges, Bou Achmed came from Turkey. The Grand Lodge of Asia was represented by Sebeyck-Kadir from Asia. Bou Achmed took a big role in the Grand Orient's decisions. As a aside, let me explain one example of the power of the Grand Orient in America. The Grand Orient was originally strong in Louisiana but spread Itself to many other US. locations. Garfield, a very powerful man in the Grand Orient, managed to become US. President because the political process got deadlocked at the convention and the Masons suggested him as a compromise candidate. Although Garfield was an extremely powerful Mason, had been perhaps the youngest general in the US. army during the Civil War, the Illuminati ordered him shot after he had served about a year in office as President. Garfield was reported by an eye-witness to Satanic rituals to have participated in the cannibalistic rites of Satanism done to gain the spiritual power of the eaten person. The Grand Orient Freemasonry has been linked to other orders of Freemasonry that are also called Rosicrucians. Pope John XXIII joined a Rosicrucian group that had links to European Freemasonry when he was in Turkey. While the secret Grand Orient Freemasonry was very strong in Turkey in spite of its small numbers, the regular American Freemasonry granted a dispensation for a Masonic Lodge to operate in Smyrna, Turkey in May, 1863 but the charters were withdrawn on Aug. 27, 1880. However, it is interesting that of all the Turkish cities, Smyrna was definitely the best place for Freemasonry to gain recruits. Men like Achmed Pasha and many of the other Pasha family have been leaders within Freemasonry and the Illuminati. Achmed Pasha was a Satanist and had a large harem. Mehmet Talaat Pasha (1872-1921) was a Freemason and part of the Turkish revolution of 1908. He was the leader of the Young Turks, which was a joint project of the Sufis and the Frankist Satanists. (The type of Satanism led by the Frank family has had connections to Turkey for hundreds of years.) Mehmet Talaat Pasha was the Grand Master of the Grand Orient of Turkey. He was held the political position in Turkey of grand vizier of Turkey (1917-18). Another Turkish Pasha was part of the Turkish royalty running Egypt when Egypt was part of the Ottoman Empire. His name was Khedive Ismail Pasha and he was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Egypt. It was this Turk, Khedive Ismail Pasha, who gave the famous ObelIsk to the United States. This Obelisk was called Cleopatra's Needle and was originally erected in the city of the sun, Heliopolis, about 1500 B.C. The Obelisk is a representation of a human penis, because sun worship, worship of regeneration (sex) and worship of the sun god Satan were all tied together. Masons helped with the moving of the obelisk, and its dedication when it arrived in New York City. Large obelisks have been erected by Masons in New York, Washington D.C., Paris, the Vatican, and London. (If my memory serves me correct Berlin received one too at one time.)

Every morning when the United States President wakes up he can look out the window and see the Masonic obelisk and be reminded of who controls America. 11 the President has any training in the Mystery religion of ancient Egypt, he will also know what body part is symbolically erected in the Washington Memorial. (If the United States were ever to return to serving God, that monument would

be a good one to destroy. God asked the Israelites not just simply to avoid worshipping such abominations, He asked His people to destroy them, for their very creation was abomination. This touches on the issues raised in another article in this newsletter.)

The Illuminati of Europe via the Br. East India Co. wrested control from the Great Moguls of the Opium trade during the 18th and 19th century. People connected the Br. East India Co. were responsible for the creation of the Fabian Society. The Illuminati, already headquartered in London in the 19th century, allowed John Jacob Astor (see Jan. 1, '93 newsletter about the Astor family) beginning around 1815 to operate an opium smuggling operation. Besides Astor's ships picking up quicksilver and lend at Gibraltar, and iron/steel from northern Europe, his ships picked up opium at Smyrna, Turkey. The opium was then sold in China. The Onassis family was one of the top three merchant families in Smyrna. And Socrates Onassis until 1922 quietly ran a banking operation (or money laundering?) from their home which had a large amount of money left by powerful Turks. Could Socrates' father been part of a secret Illuminati opium connection, which had begun back about 1815 with the Astor family in Smyrna, Turkey? We know for certain that he had powerful British, Italian, and Turkish friends before he was arrested in 1922, and that these friends saved his life from a death sentence. About 1925-26, his son Aristotle Onassis, who was from Smyrna, Turkey began secretly importing opium into Argentina from Turkey, under the cover and disguise of importing tobacco. The Grand Orient of Italy by the Jewish Freemason Emannuele Carass established two secret lodges at Salonika, Turkey around the early 20th century. The dialect of the Jews in that area is often mistakenly called 'crude spanish." Actually the language is Latino a Judeo-Spanish dialect spoken in Constantinople and Smyrna. A western Ladino is spoken in Salonika*), Bosnia, and Serbia. Masonic Jews speaking this Latino language were part of the Masonic plot that started World War I. Numerous high level Masons were informed of the coming assassination of the Archduke which a thinking person could realize what and contradiction. Actually, I would state it slightly different. His life is shrouded in smokescreens. However, there are records, documents, witnesses, etc. and it is possible to reconstruct many details about his life. I will attempt to reconstruct some of the details of that life as they pertain to his secret life as an Illuminati leader. The Illuminati is divided into the drug/porn section, the political/business management section, and the cult ritual section, global communications section, and mind-control section. The leadership within the various areas overlap. The drug/porn/political areas work together as a unit. The mind-control area seems to be somewhat technical and somewhat separate. Further, several groups have been identified as assigned the job of keeping the long range plans. The three groups that have been entrusted with long range plans are the Order of the Garter, Order of the Quest, & Keepers of the Dawn. The plans to bring in the New World Order are very detailed, and their management and safekeeping have not been haphazard. Aristotle worked within the drug/porn/political/business management area Aristotle's power was so pervasive that some researchers of his activities concluded that he was absolutely the most powerful man on earth. This is because they were not aware of the shared power of the Illuminati "kings". Aristotle did have world-wide power, but that appearance of power was there because he was part of Moriah (the Satanic hierarchy which controls the world.) Aristotle Onassis' family has bad their misfortunes too. All of the top families are in competition, and although they work together they also fight together. Even within Aristotle's own family, a stiff long time rivalry with his brother-in-law made life difficult for everyone assoclated with Aristotle. And yet for all their competition, Aristotle invited Stavros Niarchos to spend time on hIs yacht, which Jacqueline his wife detested immensely.

*) *Correction. Greek is spoken in Salonika, not Ladino. Salonika is a Greek city (editor's note)*

ARISTOTLE LEAVES GREECE & GOES TO ARGENTINA

Aristotle's father had planned to send him to Oxford, but the Turkish genocide of the greek Turks changed his plans. Aristotle instead set out from Greece to Argentina. Supposedly, Aristotle landed in Argentina stateless and broke. From what I can make out it appears to be true, although it is possible

he had some contacts to help the move to a foreign country. It is said that he finally found a job as a dishwasher in a bar on the corner of Corrientes & Talcahuano in Buenos Alres. Near the end of 1924, he was able to obtain a job iater on with the British United River Plate Telephone Co. (Argentina was at times called the fifth British Dominion because the british Rothschilds and other british investors owned so much of Argentina.) In the next few years, Aristotle proved himself a very capable manager and with great potential as an underworld leader. Juan Gaoana, the boss of a leading Argentine cigarette manufacturing company was the first to put in an order through Aristotle to get tobacco from Turkey via Ari's father in Greece. This tobacco importing was the cover for Adi's opium running. After two years, Onassis went into manufacturing cigarettes. Again this was a cover, but Onassis was out to prove himself in anyway he could, so he illegally borrowed the name of a famous Argentine brand of cigarettes called BIS, and labelled his cigarettes the same thing. The owner of BIS sued Onassis for using his company's name and won in court. The cigarette manufacturing was clearly a losing deal, and Onassis got out of it. However, the biographies credit his cigarette manufacturing as bringing in his wealth, while at the same time acknowledging that he was losing money from them and had to dump them because they were unprofitable. Which is it? As I stated, Aristotle was running drugs into Argentina. Aristotle states that he was penniless when he arrived in Argentina at age 21, and that he had made his first million dollars by age 23. Long story short-the facts as to where he lived, what witnesses say etc. appear to collaborate that he went from having nothing to being wealthy within those two years. His lifestyle changed dramatically. People blame his riches on the fact that he worked long hours. (I know many people who work long hours and are creative and people just don't move up the ladder that fast by working for a phone company and selling tobacco.)

ARISTOTLE'S FRIENDS

Aristotle Onassis associated with many powerful people. The ract that he rubbed shoulders with establishment figures that tie back to the elite is nothing surprising of a person his wealth. However, it is the nature of his involvement with other Illuminati figures that reveals his position within Moriah. Before going into his Illuminati business ventures, let's just discuss some of his friendships. An example of his visits to friends is this quote from the book Onassis. 'The Christina's cruises always produced items which no alert gossip columnist could miss. Onassis dropping in on Prince Alfonso Hoheiohe's Marbella Club in southern Spain and lunching with Baron and Baroness Guy de Rothschild (amidst rumors that it was Rothschild money that had supplanted his own in Monte Carlo) was obviously a noteworthy social incident.' (Onassis, p. 255) During W.W. II, Onassis was a regular guest of the movie mogul Spyros Skouras at Mamaroneck on Long Island. Other close friends of Onassis were the Perons of Argentina. The Perons set up a dictatorship in Argentina The Perons have a great number of Nazi & Satanic connections/activities. If you get Into studying about the Perons you will come up with names such as Josef Mengele (a Satanic Nazi Doctor), Dr. Fritz Thyssen, and Otto Skorzeny. Onassis had sexual liaisons with Evita Peron, who was a platinum blonde. Onassis had Nazi connections that continued his whole life, as did the Perons. For instance, one of Onassis's Nazi associates was Hjalmar Schacht, president of Hitler's Reichbank, who Onassis hired after the war. Schacht heiped Onassis' shipyards in Germany build tankers after W.W. II. Until people realize that the real guiding hand behind the Nazi's was Satanism they will continue to be misguided as to the way everything connects together at the top. For instance, John Foster Dulles was the man at Versailles Treaty who can be credited for having created the Treaty's harsh terms against Germany that ruined Germany financially after W.W. II. And yet this same man, John Foster Dulles, was the person who secretly went to Hitler to confirm to Hitler that the elite would financially back Hitler's rise to power. If Hitler were anything like our image of him, Hider would have rung his neck, here before him was the man who made Germany suffer..why was Hitler friendly with this man? It makes no sense, unless people wake up to what is going on. The answer is that there is a conspiracy of those who are at the top to rule us, and to guide us toward a New World Order, and they are quite willing to sacrifice whole nations to do that. Onassis was an extremely close friend of Winston Churchill. The Freemason Winston Churchill is a descendent of a family that has been part of the elite that have secretly run the world. Winston Churchill on several occasions told Onassis that the only one he could trust in W.W. II was Joseph Stalin. (This is a far cry from the picture given in history books.) Winston Churchill spent a great deal of time on Onassis's yacht Christina. Onassis was also friendly with

Winston Churchill's friend of Bernard Baruch. It was Bernard Baruch who convinced Winston Churchill to join the Illuminati conspiracy. He asked Churchill to come watch something important in NY in 1929, and then he showed Churchill how they could destroy the Stock Market. That show of power brought Churchill on board. Two other Illuminati friends of Ari Onassis were Joseph Kennedy and Peter Grace, both men also belonged to top 13 Illuminati bloodlines. Gianni Agnelli, a powerful man in the Illuminati spent time on a number of occasions on Onassis's yacht Christina while it was in the Riviera. Years before JFK became president, Onassis had JFK and Winston Churchill on his yacht at the same time. In 1928, the Illuminati men who controlled the major oil companies got together at Achnacarry Castle and formally created the Achnacarry Agreement which divided up the worid into an international cartel. This is why you may have watched the same gas truck bring gas to all the different gas stations in an area, for instance, say a Sinclair station, a BP station (Rothschilds), and an Exxon station (Rockefeller). If the reader understands the world's oil was totally in an Illuminati monopoly by 1928, it will help you understand that Aristotle who was the man who built the largest oil tanker ships was also Illuminati. In one year alone during the 1950s, Onassis bought 17 new tankers.

EVIDENCE OF THE CONSPIRACY

One of the most telling papertrail signs that the conspiracy has left behind was an executive order that FDR signed just after Japan bombed Pearl Harbor. This executive order was a semi-secret amendment to Trading With The Enemy Act which made it LEGAL to trade with the enemy if the Sec. of the Treasury (then Hans Morganthau) gave permission. Morganthau was a tool of the conspiracy, and of course he gave permission to the top Illuminati to trade with the enemy. (In 1983, a book came out Trading With The Enemy which exposes how the elite secretly kept Hitler going by supplying him, rebuilding his communications etc. Onassis as an Illuminati king worked with other elites Rockefeller, Kennedy, Getty to quietly make a profit and keep the war going longer. Onassis sold oil and guns to both sides. ITT telephones were used in German submarines. [This Executive Order shows that at the top their is a conspiracy--it is reproduced on the following pages.) There were 450 merchant ships owned by Greeks before W.W. II. Out of those Aristotle said 410 were sunk during the war. The offIcial count was 360. Either way it is clear that most of the Greek shippers lost their large merchant ships. However, the German submarines and aircraft never once touched Aristotles' ships although they sailed through war zones. Neither did the Aliles. Aristotle alone did not suffer any losses. Aristotle's large fleet did not lose a single ship even the ones that were in Scandinavia when the Germans invaded. Only the full colloboration at the highest levels could have pulled that one off.

HOWARD HUGHS

Howard Hughs was a self-made millionaire and genius. Howard Hughs was not part of the system, so he was fair game to destroy. Even millionaires like Hughs and the Hunt brothers have to toe the line, or they can be taken out by the Illuminati. This doesn't mean Howard Hughs was virtuous. Howard Hughs gave Nixon's brother Donald a quarter million dollar "loan" (gift) in 1956 in order to continue having vice-pres. Nixon in his pocket. Hughs had been a supporter of Nixon for many years.

Onassis infiltrated his own men into Hugh's organization. Chester Davis was from Sicily, and although he worked for Hughs, took orders from Onassis. In 1955, Hughs had obtained two doubles, one named L. Wayne Rector and the other Brooks Randie. In March, 1957 Onassis' men at the Beverly Hills Hotel captured Howard Hughs using Hughs' own disloyal men. Hughs was seriously hurt in the kidnapping. I believe at this point he was taken to Emerald Isle Hotel in the Bahamas. (Some of the people who are aware that Onassis captured Hughs, dispute that Hughs was taken out of the country.) The top floor was rented for the "Hughes Party". For a month the captive Hughs was shot full of heroin, and then secretly transported to a cell on Onassis' private island of Skorpios. Hughs two doubles stayed on under the pay of Onassis. One became Hughs, and the other became Hughs' double. Computer programs which can duplicate signatures were used to provide Hugh's signature. The computer and its program used for duplicating Hughs' signature even became public knowledge when the Los Angeles TImes had an article on 1/28/71 about a computer which had been programmed to write the signature of Hughes. The Mormon Mafia that supposedly guarded Hughs

actually ran the Hughs empire for Illuminatus Onassis, which accounts for the change in policies that were made by Hughs empire. It also explains why they bought up every newsreel they could find on Hughes in order to duplicate voice-prints using computers. When they were through with the double L. Wayne Rector he was shot at Rothschild's Inn on the Park, in London.

In a meeting with feilow Satanist Joseph Kennedy in September, 1957, the decision was taken to use the Mafia's power to get John F. Kennedy elected. The Mafia was caught in Chicago tampering big time with the voting--but Nixon was denied a recount of the votes. Nixon backed off from making a fuss, because he was promised the chance to be President later. Illinois Republicans made an unofficial recount of 699 paper ballot precincts in Cook County and came up with the vote in favor of Nixon. Those votes would have changed Illinois's electorial votes and thrown the victory to Nixon. However, Sam Giancana and his henchman Mayor Richard Daley were not about to let an official recount take place. In 1961, Joseph Kennedy had a stroke, and John Kennedy and Robert feeling their freedom, and disliking some of the powerful Illuminati like Aristotle Onassis, decided to use their popularity to destroy the conspiracy. I believe Kennedy and Robert had more courage to take on the conspiracy, due to the fact that they were familiar with it from having been (in a sense) on the inside of it during their days growing up. However, neither son had received the Illuminati training and indoctrination that their older brother had, and when be died. Joseph made a mistake when he decided to replace Joe, Jr. with John (who they called Jack). The mistake was that John F. Kennedy may have seemed like he'd be a good Illuminati President, but he actually thought for himself. He thought for himself because he was young and with that impetuousness and vigor of youth, and with the popularity he had, he had the possibility to do some good for this nation. If I were state my evaluation, it would be to tell conservatives that they have been "hoodwinked". John F. Kennedy did more conservative (preserving this nation) things in his Presidency than Nixon and Reagan who are heralded as conservative. Kennedy didn't recognize Red China, no-- that was Nixon. Kennedy didn't triple the national debt, no, that was Reagan. The CIA has been out to get JFK, ever since they realized JFK didn't view himself as their puppet, but that he viewed himself as their boss. The head of the CIA on purpose ruined the CIA's chances to succeed at the Bay of Pigs. He personally prevented the CIA air cover from taking off, which the CIA knew that without air support, the operation had no chance, which was soon proved correct. in everyone's zeal to get JFK they blamed JFK. It all sounded so believable, because the CIA were going to tell the full story. The public is not astute enough to realize that the press had subtly turned against Kennedy. Two powerful friends who liked John F. Kennedy and wanted to help JFK fight the elite were taken out before Kennedy was assassinated. Senator Estes Kefauver, whose Crime Commission had discovered the 1932 deal that Onassis, Kennedy, Meyer, Roosevelt, Lansky and other Illuminati--Mafia figures had made. Kefauver was poisoned so that he had a secret poison induced "heart attack" on Aug. 8, 1963. One suspect that might have done it was his subordinate Bernard Fensterwald, who was also a CIA assassin. The other was Phillip Graham. His wife Katherine MEYER Graham has been a full participant of the conspiracy and shows up repeatedly in elite activities. Katherine bribed some psychiatrists to certify her husband who was editor of the Washington Post was insane. He was ordered by a judge into a mental hospital. When he was allowed to visit home on a weekend, he was found "suicided" by a shotgun. Bobby Kennedy had a good idea who shot his brother. He wrote an unpublished book called The Enemy Within, and then later he was assassinated too. Actually, the whole establishment were out to get Kennedy, and even George Bush was involved with the assassination.

The key to understanding the Illuminati is that it is headquartered in the London area. The Satanists (and witches) refer to Great Brittain as the mother country Onassis had the best connections anyone could want in the British Government, as would be expected of someone of his standing in the illuminati. He had many British friends, just one example is Sir Lionel Heald, the Br. Attorney General. He attended the exclusive Br. Other Club. When W.W. II broke out on Sept. 3, '39, Onassis was living in Savoy Hotel where the headquarters for the Illuminati's Pilgrim Society are. The British London Times backed Onassis in his dispute with Peru over whaling. Onassis did finally get himself into trouble with illegal whaling when the nation of Norway gathered the evidence of his lulling of hundreds of whales that were illegal to hunt. Just two more quick examples of his social connections in Brittain are his attendence at J.Paul Getty's party at Sutton Place, Eng. in the '50s, and Onassis'

own big party for the elite on 17 June ’58 at Dorchester, England. As explained in Be Wise As Serpents, Britain’s overseas intelligence MI-6 is the Illuminati’s chief intelligence agency.

There is no way of knowing how many meetings took piace dealing with the planning of the assassination of Kennedy. The first were high level Illuminati meetings. But the Illuminati meetings were not operational level meetings. There were several levels of meetings. Next, a series of meetings by British Intelligence at Tryall Compound at Montego Bay, Jamaica, and Mafia meetings at who knows where. A minor trading company called Permindex was the cover to an assassination bureau that had its major U.S. subsidiary the International Trade Mart in New Orleans. The FBI’s Divison 5 was tied in with Permindex, and Permindex’s board of directors had U.N. posts, Mafia positions, European banking ties, Nazi ties, etc. In other words Permindex was well connected. By the time the planning was done, it included certain elements of the CIA and Freemasons. A Major Lauis Mortimer Bloomfield, Permindex’s Pres. & Chairman, a key player in Hoover’s Division 5, and a member of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem (the Protestant branch of the Knights of Malta) was a homosexual lover of FBI director J. Edgar Hoover. All the board of Permindex and many of its various subsidiaries were in various areas in November, 1963 carrying out the assassination and coverup. One of the covers for the Permindex operators/teams was to pose as missionaries of the American Council of Christian Churches (ACCC). The whole reason the elite set up the extensive ACCC was to have a cover for their killing units. For instance, a group of about 30 of the best marksmen were undercover as part of ACCC missionary school in Puebla, Mexico, The Tolstoy Foundation (who I have visited with] were another pseudo "Christian" front. Later, the headquarters of this assassination group was shifted to Paradise Island, Grand Bahamas to Intertel. Ian Flemming’s novels write about a Third Force used to create a world government that was based in the resort islands of the Carribean. How true that has become. In the Westerns put out by Hollywood, when the bad guy does something to the good guy, he runs off with his woman. That is what happened with JFK. Onassis was one of the Illuminati kings who decided JFK must go, and he got to run off with the dead man’s wife. Onassis had already gotten Jackie onto his yacht, sexually, prior to Kennedy’s assassination. Franklin Roosevelt, Jr. was on board together with Aristotie and Jackie. Jackie didn’t enjoy her marriage to Onassis. At one point in their marriage when they were swimming nude at Onassis’ island Skorpios, ten photographers with underwater cameras and telephoto lens captured Jackie naked and her picture was splashed across Playmen and Hustler, etc. Jackie was furious and wanted her husband to sue the newspapers and magazines, which he refused to do A year before Aristotle died he actually admitted that he had planned the whole operation. The date given for the actual Howard Hugh’s death, who had been kept prisoner under horrendous conditions by Onassis, was Apr. 18, 1971. In the previous year 1970, Hugh’s purported autobiography had come out written by Clifford Irving. Clifford Irving’s wife took the publisher’s check made out to Howard Hugh’s to one of Onassis’s Swiss banks, and was paid.

FAMILY DIFFICULTIES

Onassis’ second wife was Tina (Athina Mary Onassis) when she divorced her husband for committing adultery said, "It is almost thirteen years since Mr. Onassis and I were married in New York CIty. Since then he has become one of the world’s richest men, but his wealth has not brought me happiness with him nor, as the world knows, has it brought him happiness with me."

Tina divorced Ari and then went on to soon marry a relative of Winston Churchill, the Marquess of Blandford. Later, she divorced him and married her old brother-in-law Stavros Niarchos in May, 1971. But after he killed her sister she quit him too.

EUGENIA KILLED

Eugenic, the sister-in-law of Ari Onassis, died according to the official version of an overdose of sleeping pills. Her body in the post-mortem was covered with bruises, black left eye, swelling on the left temple. a hemorrhage to the left of the larynx and so forth down the rest of her body. Let’s not. swallow the Illuminati’s propaganda to lull us into sleep about what they have done.

It might also be important to comment on the background of the Uvanos family. Both Stavros Niarchos and Aristotle Onassis married Uvanos girls.

The Uvanos family was a prominent family on the Turkish island of Chios. The island of Chios had a type of tree, mastic trees that produced an early form of chewing gum. From the word mastic is where we get the word masticate. Chios was the privnte property of the sultan and it was where he kept his harem. The island was given special royal treatment and allowed to have it full of chewing gum, and "booze and broads". The Uvanos family was one of the leading families on this island.

BASIC SOURCES ON ONASSIS FAMILY

Interviews with people, and notes from other researchers. Author’s own research.

Genealogy compiled from research notes of this writer Fritz Springmeier. Frischauer, Willi. Onassis. NY: Meredith Press, 1968.

Heymann. C. David. A Woman Named Jackie. NY: Carol Commun., 1989 Lilly, Doris. Those Fabulous Greeks Onassis. Niarchos. and Livanos. NY. Cowles Book Co., 1970.

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By:

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

The Rockefeller Bloodline

One of the 13 Satanic bloodlines that rule the world is the Rockefeller bloodline. Today, there are around 190 members of this family with the Rockefeller name and of course some others by other last names. This article is to explore further for those who investigate the Illuminati, how the Rockefeller bloodline is involved in the promotion of the occult and Satanism, and how they are involved in the control of the Christian denominations. This article keys in on just one family, the Rockefellers. To understand the full extent of the Illuminati's control of religion, including Christendom, would require perhaps several books. The Illuminati itself draws its lifeblood from around 500 very powerful families worldwide. This article will not attempt to explain their networks and the many organizations of the Illuminati. It will not even try to do this for the Rockefellers. In fact, no one knows how many trusts and foundations the Rockefellers have. They have hidden trusts within secret trusts within secret trusts. It is estimated that they have between 200 and several thousand trusts and foundations. The finances of the Rockefellers are so well covered that Nelson Rockefeller did not pay one cent in income taxes in 1970, yet he was perhaps the richest man in the U.S. The Rockefellers exert enormous influence over religion in this nation in the following ways:

1. They provide a large share of the money that Seminaries in the United States need to operate.
2. They provide a large share of the money that universities need to operate. Education influences the religious values of our people.
3. They provide large grants to various religious organizations.
4. Their influence and control helps determine who will get publicity in the major news magazines, and on television.
5. Their influence has contributed to various anti-Christian organizations being set up.
6. They directly help control certain religious groups such as Lucis Trust.

The Rockefeller's influence is both subtle and not so subtle.

In the book The Unholy Alliance details are given on how the seminaries, church boards and Christian colleges have been captured. Much of the money for this came from the Rockefellers. One of the principle large Foundations that was instrumental in controlling religious institutions of various kinds was the Sealantic Fund. (They have now shifted to other channels.) This Foundation which was incorporated in 1938 and was headquartered in New York City (50 West 50th St.) gave enormous sums of money to manipulate Protestant concerns. In 1964, according to the Russell Sage Foundation's book The Foundation Directoy the Sealantic Fund gave away $681, 886 in grants.*
In 1969, the Fund gave $1,889,550 in grants.**
By 1984, the Sealantic Fund was not being used. But a look at anotherRockefeller non-profit untaxed Foundation the Rockefeller Brother's Fund shows a revealing grant pattern. Many people would not be able make any sense out of what seems a random pattern of grants without the broad picture of what the Illuminati is doing today. My book Be Wise As Serpents should have clarified how those

various groups who receive grants are related and helpful to the Rockefeller agenda. Although these other Rockefeller Foundations are not specifically geared toward religion such as the Sealantic Fund was, it is clear these other Foundations still impact religion.

4 SELECTED GRANTS IN 1984 OF THE ROCKEFELLER BRO. FUND***

Council on Foundations- $41,000 (This money was according to R.B. Fund info 'Toward work of project which will carry out recommendations from study that points out lack of knowledge about global interdependence and about relationship between international and domestic issues. Emphasis will be placed on information and educational programs to help funders become more familiar with and learn how to analyze opportunities for international grantmaking." Harlem Interfaith Counseling Service-$100,000. Private Agencies Collaborating Together - $25,000 ("encourages collaboration among private development agencies working in Africa. Asia, and Latin America...") Trilateral Commission - $240,000

8 SELECTED GRANTS IN 1984 OF THE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY FUND & ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION**
ACLU -$15,000, AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOC. -$42,000, AMER. PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOC. -$57,500, CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA -$25,000, CATHOLIC UNIV. OF CHILE - $224,200, COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS -$165.000, NAACP- $100,000, POPULATION COUNCIL - $ 1,235,000, UNIV. OF NOTRE DAME - $25,000

Catholic institutions have been large recipients of grants from foundations connected to the World Order. The Catholic Church, the Episcopalian Church, and the Unitarian-Universalist Church are all playing big roles in the New World Order for the Satanists. One ex-Satanist has talked about visits that were made with the Pope and Vatican leaders, where the Pope dealt with this person as a member of the Illuminati. In other words the Pope was not in the Illuminati hierarchy, but he carries out transactions with them, and coordinates his actions according to their instructions.

We will now go into some depth on the six items above.

1. They provide a large share of the money that Seminaries in the United States need to operate.

The Union Theological Seminary has operated from Rockefeller funds.***** UTS hasn't been the only Protestant Seminary receiving Rockefeller funds, but it may be the best example of a seminary controlled by the Rockefellers.The Sealantic Fund stated under its purpose and activities, "Current interests are primarily Protestant theological education..... ******
The President of the Sealantic Fund when it operated was David Rockefeller, and Laurance (not Lawrence) S. Rockefeller was Vice-President. Steven C. Rockefeller was one of the trustees.

2. They provide a large share of the money that universities need to operate. Education influences the religious values of our people.

In 1952, Congressman Eugene E. Cox headed up a committee that for the first time tried to uncover the Rockefeller's (and other's) foundations' activities. For some reason, Cox encountered stiff opposition everywhere against his committee's investigation, and the Congressman for some reason got sick and died. One member of the committee, Congressman Carroll Reese, and his Counsel Rene Wormser attempted to continue the investigation. Rockefeller's henchmen and newspapers did their best to destroy Congressman Reese. The Reese investigation was given only the barest minimum of time and little resources for their investigation. However, they were still able to uncover that beginning in the 1930s vast sums of money were spent in Education by the Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations. This money went to promote John Dewey, Marxism, a One-World-Government agenda, and Socialism. The foundations (principally the Rockefeller and Carnegie) stimulated two-thirds of the total endowment funding of all institutions of higher learning in America during the first third of this 20th century.*******

The NEA (National Education Association was largely financed by the Rockefeller/Carnegie foundations. A 1934 NEA report advised, “A dying laissez-faire must be completely destroyed and all of us, including the ‘owners’, must be subjected to a large degree of social control.” Reece Committee Counsel Rene Wormser wrote of the investigation, “...leads one to the conclusion that there was, indeed, something in the nature of an actual conspiracy among certain leading educators in the United States to bring about socialism through the use of our school systems...” They discovered that the Rockefeller foundation was the primary culprit behind the teaching of socialism in America’s schools and universities and also behind the NEA’s policies. Rene Wormser, Counsel for the Reece Committee reported, “A very powerful complex of foundations and allied organizations has developed over the years to exercise a high degree of control over education. Part of this complex, and ultimately responsible for it, are the Rockefeller and Carnegie groups of foundations.” This was the situation in the 1950s when the Reece Committee briefly investigated. The Rockefeller-Carnegie groups have continued basically unopposed for the next 40 years in controlling education. One of the educational book producers is Grolier, Inc. Avery Rockefeller, Jr. sits on Grolier, Inc. board meetings. Another interesting board member is Theodore WaIler who is the director of Grolier, Inc. He was a member of the International Book Committee of UNESCO. The Rockefellers maintain great influence in the United Nations.

3. They provide large grants to various religious organizations.

On Jan. 31, 1945, John D. Rockefeller addressed the Protestant Council of the City of N.Y. and told them that the answer to the problems Christianity was that Christianity needed to become “the Church of the Living God.” Many listening that day, may not have realized that he and other top Illuminati consider themselves gods, and that the solution John D. was cryptically giving was for Christianity to serve him a living god. (Rockefeller, John D. The Christian Church- What of its Future? NY: Protestant Council, 1945, & 1917.)

4. Their influence and control helps determine who will get publicity in the major news magazines.

The Rockefeller family has enormous controls over various magazines and newspapers. Let us examine how the power of the press can be used in religion. One of the magazines that the Rockefellers have some control over is Time magazine. Time’s board chairman, Andrew Heiskell was associated with David Rockefeller. Another Illuminatus of the 6th level1 Henry J. Fisher, ran McCall’s Magazine from 1917 to 1956. The establishment’s media boosted Anton LaVey’s Church of Satan into prominence. The Jan. 31, 1967 New York Daily News ran a story about Anton LaVey performing the first Satanic wedding ceremony in America. The March 1970 issue of McCall’s ran a nice story about the Church of Satan. Not only is LaVey’s Church of Satan a publicity stunt to make Satanism more popular and to deflect criticism of real covert Satanism, the McCall issue makes Anton LaVey’s church sound even better in the article than it is. (For those brainwashed folks who think that this free advertising for Anton LaVey was just for the sake of finding a good story for the Daily News and McCall, I can show you dozens of better juicier stories that never have seen the light of day--because they are contrary to what the Illuminati want people to hear. I won’t argue that a story on Satanism may be interesting, I am pointing out that many other interesting stories don’t get printed. Stories are selected by an editor, they don’t just happen.) Finally on June 19, 1972 Time Magazine provided more coverage for LaVey with an article “The Occult: A Substitute Faith.” Believe me, the sincere devout Christian groups haven’t ever received such nice free publicity. I’m not referring to men like 33° Mason Billy Graham, who works for the New World Order and Knights Templar Mason Charles T. Russell, founder of the Watchtower Society who both received great press coverage. Another minor example, and I am pointing out minor examples because they occur many times during the course of year, is Van Daniken’s UFO books. Lew Wasserman, head of MCA, which owns G.P. Putnam’s Sons, is a member of the Rockefeller University Council. G.P. Putnam’s Sons published Van Daniken’s anti-Christian UFO religious theories. Cadence Industries own Marvel Comics. The men on the board of Cadence sit under David Rockefeller in places like the CFR. Is it any wonder Marvel Comics promotes the occult and heros like ‘The Son of Satan”? Where does the

buck stop? You say that the Rockefellers don't control subordinates. Bear in mind, that many of the Rockefellers call themselves Baptists. If they are really Christians don't you think they could use their influence to stop such terrible things? The point is that the rottenness starts at the top. The rest of the pyramid has a hard time turning out O.K. when the top of the pyramid is dedicated to Satan. Rockefeller and Hearst worked together in their news monopolies. It was Hearst who promoted both books on Satanism and Billy Graham. (If you learn what I know--the two are not contradictory.) Hearst made Billy Graham who he is today by financially backing him and publicizing him. Rockefeller was supportive of Billy Graham's New York Crusade, and the Manhattan-Chase Bank helped Billy Graham out.

5. Their influence has contributed to various anti-Christian organizations being set up.

Maurice Strong is a good friend of the Rockefellers. He has been promoting Mother Gaia worship. David Rockefeller works with Maurice Strong and his New Age ideas. Reverend Moon from Korea has been very much loved by the Rockefellers. Moon calls himself Christ and is setting up a religion promoting internationalism. His religion is also a good testing ground for brainwashing/recruiting techniques that are being perfected by the NWO. The Rockefellers have been helping Moon, who also has his primary mansion in NY. Also of interest is that the prominent political figures that have endorsed Moon are those with ties to the NWO, and include Ted Kennedy, Mason Mark C. Hatfield, Mason Jesse Helms, & Illuminatus William F. Buckley, Jr. (See pg. 32-33 of The Puppet Master by J. Isamu Yamamoto.) A lesser known group is the Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship (SFF) in Independence, MO. Their address was Exec. Plaza, 10715 Winner Rd, 64052. They were founded in 1956. Just like Reverend Moon they claim to be Christians, but teach and practice other things. They teach and practice the occult. Two prominent men in SFF are Marcus
Bach and Gardner Murphy. They both have interesting backgrounds. Marcus Bach shows the touch of the Rockefellers. Marcus Bach, born in 1906, is director
of special projects for SFF. The Rockefeller Foundation granted him a fellowship in "research and creative writing" from 1934-36. Gardner Murphy was the consultant in
1950 for UNESCO in New Delhi to the Hindus of the Indian Ministry of Education. From '52-'68 he was director of research at the Menninger Foundation, Topeka, KS. (Yes, psychology is led mainly by occultists!) Menninger himself is a member of several environmental groups for the elite, an Honorary trustee of the Aspen Institute, a Freemason, member of ACLU, and a close associate of W. Clement Stone. W. Clement Stone in turn is also a Mason, a member of the occult American Society for Psychical Research, and the financial backer of the Menninger Foundation. The Federal Council of Churches was financed to a large extent by Rockefeller money. In my Be Wise As Serpents book I detail how the FCC was designed to destroy Christianity, how they carefully plotted to make the creation of the FCC look like a grass roots movement, when it was actually the creation of the elite (Illuminati). I further detail how the men who ran it were high ranking Masons, Socialists, and One-Worlders. Also shown is how they carefully manipulated the real gospel for their own devious ends.

6. They directly help control certain religious groups such as Lucis Trust.

David Rockefeller is part of Lucis Trust's management. Lucis Trust puts out the book Externalization of the Hierarchy by Alice Bailey which spells out The Plan for the Satanists and New Agers on how the spiritual Hierarchy (actually the demonic hierarchy) is to externalize their rule of the planet. The book gives quite a few of the details of the plan, and is used as a textbook for New Agers at the Arcane Schools in NY, London, and Europe on how the New Age/One World Religion/One-World-Government will be brought in. If anyone doubts the Rockefeller's commitment to Satan, read page 107 of Externalization of the Hierarchy. On page 107 Alice Bailey, President of the Theosophical Society and part of Lucis (formerly Lucifer) Trust, tells us who will rule when the New Age (New World Order) takes over. On the Earthly level--Humanity so to speak, the Ruler is given on page 107 as Lucifer. On the Spiritual level--called "Shamballa - the Holy City" the coming ruler is given as "the Lord of the World" which we Christians know as Satan. Lucis Trust knows it is Satan too, but for public consumption they say that the "ruler of the world" is Sanat (a scrambling of Satan) Kumara. They also predict there will be a Christ Consciousness and the Christ (actually the Anti-

Christ) The book Externalization of the Hierarchy teaches repeatedly (see pages 511-512, 514) that the 3 vehicles to bring in the New Age will be the Masonic Lodges, (obviously not everyone attends Lodges), next the Churches (this is clearly revealing to us that men like the Rockefellers are using the churches for the Luciferian plan of Lucis Trust), and finally Education (Well, of course education. Not everyone attends churches. They need a safety net to catch everyone in their brainwashing to make us all want to be happy slaves under the Light-bearer.) The home life of the Rockefellers is decidedly different than for most people. They have over 100 homes to stay at. The Rockefellers own vast tracts of good land in various countries in South America, and have nice homes in Brazil, Ecuador, and their Monte Sacro Ranch, Venezuela. They have two mansions in Washington, D.C. (at least), numerous ranches around the United States, resorts in Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean, a 32- room 5th Ave duplex in N.Y., not to mention their place at Seal Harbor, Maine, and the large estate at Pocantico Hills, NY. It is estimated that they have 2,500 house servants. Over the years, they have built up the reputation of being miserly with their help, and to each other. (I couldn't begin to know all about the Rockefellers, but I can give a sampling of some of the many items that surround the real lives of America's top Illuminati family.) Winthrop, who is homosexual,, enjoyed living in Arkansas with his black male friend. He reportedly had the world's largest porn collection. Winifred Rockefeller Emeny, Nelson's cousin, murdered her two children and committed suicide.
Michael Rockefeller died when he tried to bribe New Guinea tribesmen with large sums of money to go head hunt and make shrunken heads for him. The natives had given up head hunting and Michael couldn't sucessfully bribe them. Finally getting tired of Michael, the natives decided to head hunt Michael himself!
Many of the Rockefeller family have had troubled lives, filled with all kinds of fears and occult activities. It is known that the Rockefellers have frequently built many hidden tunnels and hidden rooms onto their buildings. They have developed their occult and worldly powers to the point they consider themselves gods. Their powerful often suffer violent ritual death as most high level Satanists traditionally go through. One who died in Arizona is known to have been cremated.

ENDNOTES

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OTHER:
Interviews--with ex-Illuminati Manuscript--from ex-high ranking Mason who strangely died (it was called a suicide) soon after completing his expose of the New World Order's elite.

WHY AM I COVERING THE TOP 13 ILLUMINATI BLOODLINES?
I have often been asked who are the liluminati? Who are the people at the top of the conspiracy? Who are the generational satanic families? The illuminati consists of 13 magical and powerful bloodlines. There are also some other powerful bloodlines that are worth naming but if they are in the Illuminati they have blood ties to one of the 13 powerful lineages. About half of the Illuminati people I know have had their parentage hidden from them. Many of the those who still know who their real parents are, still do not know what bloodline they belong to until the liluminati chooses to reveal it to them. Most of the Illiuminati have MPD. When high level Satanists do not have MPD they very often emotionally break under the stress of the horrible blood rituals that are requIred. Recently, a non-MPD Satanist in Chicago emotionally broke and gave his life to Christ. (I have videos available of an interview of this man exposing Satanism.) One of the important lineages has remained secret untill 3 investigators named Lincoln, Leigh, and Bageant were spoon-fed leads and secrets. They put this into a book called "Holy Blood, Holy Grail." I recommend the book and the two books which are its sequels, because they show how just one part of the 13 lineages has kept itself secret and has taken immense power of all forms to themselves. In Southern Belgium there is a castle. (If any one is travelling there and wants to find the castle, I will show them on the map, and describe it.) This is the Mothers of Darkness castle. In that castle, is a cathedral and in that cathedral's basement a little baby Is sacrificed daily and Is coming to power. The pages are written almost round the clock. (This castle is also described in my Be Wise as Serpents book.) The history in that handwritten book would reveal the real facts behind the propaganda that the world's major news medias give the gullible public. The history as that book reveals it would tell people about how Abraham Lincoln was a descendent of the Rothschilds. Abraham Uncoin was the secret head of the Rosicrucians, a member of their 3 headed top counci. (I have seen the paper trail proof to these things about Lincoln to my satisfaction that these things about Uncoin are true.) Adolf Hitler was also a secret member of the Rothschild lineage. Hitler carried out blood sacrifices to open his mind up to high level demonic spiritual control. Rockefeller sold Hitler oil during W.W. II via Spain to keep W.W. II going longer. The history in that book mentions people that the "history books" given the public don't-- like Michael Augustus Martinelli Von Braun Rheinhold, the most powerful Satanist in the world a few years ago. Michael Augustus Martinelli Von Braun Rheinhold had 66 Satanic Brides. And that Satanic book in the Mothers of Darkness castle also mentions the Rockefeller bloodline. Only insiders are supposed to know the real history of what has taken place in human history. The real decisions and the real movers and shakers have been hidden from the public's eyes. What the public is given is a stage show where illuminati puppets parade around and make big speeches according to their script. Each of the 13 families has their own set of Mothers of Darkness. Each of the 13 families has their own secret Satanic leadershipKings, Queens, Princesses and Princes of Darkness. For instance, the Rockefeller family has people who are selected as Kings and Princes within their own bloodline in secret rituals. The Kings and Princes, Queens and Princesses are strictly bloodline. They secretly rule over an area of the world for their own bloodline. This is independent of the liluminati's hierarchy which was diagrammed in the Jan 1993 newsletter. (my Newsletter from a Christian Ministry.) In the January, 1993 issue the Covens, Sisters of Light, Mothers of Darkness, and the Grande Mothers were diagrammed. The illuminati pulls its various bloodlines together under several councils. The Grande Druid Council or your Council of 13 is your principle council for the Brotherhood of Death. Above the Council of 13 is a higher Council of 9, and an inner group of 3 is believed to head that Council of Nine. How do we know about these things? The power of God has reached into the very heart of Satan's emplre and pulled out some of the most powerful Satanists and drawn them to Christ. There are several Satanists that were at the top which have managed to find Christ. in addition, some of the next echelon of the hierarchy, such as some of the Mothers of Darkness are also finding Christ. if someone wants to understand how and why decisions are made in world affairs and by who-- then you need to study the illuminati. The real answers do not rest with the proceedings of the Congress of

the United States or with the publicly known leaders of the Communist countries. An example of what I am talking, there is a book entitled "Who Financed Hitler" by James Pool and Suzanne Pool. I am always glad to see that some people are wiling to look behind the scenes. Believe me, there were people that Hitler listened to. They were the people he went to ritual with, and who put him into power.

A CONTINUATION OF THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON ThE TOP 13 ILLUMINATI BLOODLINES. ThE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY

PREFACE.
The first article about the House of Rockefeller in this newsletter occurred in the Mid-Dec 1992 Vol. No. 13 Issue pp. 3-8. The primary focus of that article was to show how the family controlled large segments of the Protestant groups in the United States. A secondary focus of that article was to show the Satanic occult side of the family. An attempt will be made in this article not to rehash information given out in that earlier article. The Rockefeller family has been so busy and there Is a large amount of information that can be provided about them. Therefore my goal with this article Li to provide introductory information to the readership, and to qualify that what is written In this article Is but the basics of what should be written about the illuminati actIvities of this family. Much of my own material on the Rockefeller family was lost this year and I don't have the time to go back and research it again. Much of it involved the secret wheeling and dealing that went on behind the scenes to bring the Rockefellers into wealth and power. Some of the details also involved their manipulations to control about everything that the Rockefellers can find to control. Some of the research was on the occult activities of the House of Rockefeller.

THE FIRST NOTORIOUS ROCKEFELLER.
The first notorious Rockefeller that researchers who are not working for the Rockefellers refer to is William Avery Rockefeller (1810 -1906?). William Avery Rockefeller was totally corrupt and lacked any type of morals. He was involved in the occult and practiced magic. He married a number of women around the country in bigamous relationships. He also had a number of mistresses, and a large number of sexual partners. He was charged with raping a women and escaped the state of New York to prevent being sent to Jail for it. He stole, lied, and abused his way through life. He wore the best of clothes, and he never lacked for money, including gold coins. Besides loving women, he loved gambling. And where did his money to gamble with come from? He made much of his money dishonestly. His life Is a carbon copy of other men who are known by this author to have been in the Illuminati. (The reader also needs to bear in mind that the Illuminati carries out a large number of secret occult marriages, which only insiders learn about.) One of his wives was Eliza Davidson (181349). She was an extremely cruel woman. Historians who have been bought off by the elite like to picture Eliza Davidson as a very pious woman. Although she had a religious front, there are a number of things in her life that show that she was not the paragon of virtue that the paid-for historians have made her out to be. When she married William Avery Rockefeller she moved in with him and his mistress.

THE FIRST NOTABLY RICH ROCKEFELLER.
William Avery Rockefeller had many bastard children, and it can be imagined many children born for ritual or for the cult. His wife Eliza had six children for him and of those John Davison Rockefeller is the infamous one who brought the family into limelight. John D. Rockefeller in his lifetime became on of the most powerful men in the world. One of the most best kept secrets were his secret dealings with the other Illuminati families. The Payseurs and other Illuminati families are all intimately involved in the rise to power of the Rockefellers. The other factors involved in John D. Rockefeller's rise to power Is his utter ruthlessness. He was willing to do anything for power. John o. Rockefeller established the family in their principal estate at Pocantico Hills in New York. I have lost the exact figure, but over 100 Rockefeller families live at the private land of Pocantico Hills.

A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE ROCKEFELLER'S INFLUENCE
The Rockefellers have divested much of their holdings into places which they control, but nominally

they are not owners of. The Rockefellers financial power Is far greater than the balance sheets would indicate. The Rockefellers can give donations from an organization which they control to another that they control, and not lose any control over the money. The donations look Impressive, but the Rockefeller bloodline hasn't lost. Have you ever noticed that Rockefeller's Standard Oil uses the satanic pentagram in a circle as their logo? Just three of countless Rockefeller companies are Texas Instruments and General Electric, and Eastman Kodak. The Rockefellers also control Boeing. This author (Fritz Sprlngmeier) has repeatedly been given information from numerous sources about the occult activities that are being perpetrated at the Boeing plants in the Seattle area. Monarch programming has even taken place at a Boeing Plant. All these things fit together when one gets the bigger picture and the inside scoop. The Rockefellers also control Delta. Has anyone realized that the Delta symbol is a very widely used satanic symbol? Is It any wonder so many Illuminati and CIA, and world financiers, and people like Chuck Coison (see the exposes on Chuck Colson in 93's newsletters) use Delta to fly on.

My notes are lost, hut suffice It to say the Rockefelllers own land all over South America. The Rockefellers own land most anywhere anyone would want to visit in the US. from Hawaii to Texas to Florida and Seal Harbor, Maine. Notice how often Bush would go to Maine when he was President? The Rockefellers have played a role in Lucis Trust and the United Nations. Interestingiy, you will notice that Prince Charles is the spokesperson for Lucis Trust and also works with the United Nations in various ways. Prince Charles Is from another satanic bloodline. Readers need to study my Be Wise As Serpents book to see how Lucis Trust fits into things. The Rockefellers were involved in the creation of the FBI, so that the FBI has always been an arm of power for the Illuminati. That is why there are official FBI programs in action today to kIdnap children and provide them for sacrifice. Yes, American people, the wolf was set in charge of guarding the chicken coop. The organization that is working as part of the FBI is the Finders. (The stink was so bad that US. News & World Report did a story to soften the impact of the scandal. See the article on a following page. Ex-Satanists who worked with the FBI to receive the children the FBI kidnapped and sold to them for sacrifice have been trying to get the word out publicly about the FBI's corruption. When the Illuminati was beginning to get exposed in the Franklin Saving & Loan case in Lincoln, NE the FBI was part of the dirty actors and was part of the cover up. The Rockefellers have had control over the FBI since they helped get it started. When Congress wanted to investigate the CIA for wrongdoing the appointed a Commission headed by Rockefeller to investigate the CIA's wrongdoings! Yes, the Rockefeller Commission did a big study and slapped the hands of the CIA for a few misdeeds. Their report is still cited as the big investigation of the CIA. Some investigation! Since the Rockefeller family work hand in hand with the CIA to create Monarch slaves, of course that part of the CIA's misdeeds got overlooked!

A recent convert from Satanism, Michael McArthur, has given validated inside information about the FBI and the CIA programs which kidnap children in order to supply Satanic rituals with sacrificial material. The names of the agents who spend their official government time kidnapping children for Satanism that Michael knows about are as follows:

Chucky "Mike," "Peters"-FBI hit man in Div, 5 of FBI, involved with inslaw case Nichol Harrah--FBI agent who abducts children for sacrifice

Unda KriegSatanist working for FBI

Ken LanningFBI agent who abducts children for sacrifice

Nick O'HaraFBI hit man, satanist, has covered FBI child kidnappings by murder Kape RichardsonCIA agent who abducts children for sacrifice

Rather, than risk election, a brilliant coup d'etat which Is exposed in Be Wise As Serpents. was carried out to put Nelson A. Rockefeller into the Vice-Presidency.

The Rockefellers control both education and religion in this country by their foundations.

The Rockefellers have played key roles in the CFR. Rockefeller wrote the book the Future of Federalism which supports the union of nations into a world government. For many years the Rockefellers have been pouring billions of dollars into projects and international groups which are working to bring in a public One-World government. (The world already has a secret One-World-Government.) The Rockefellers take part in decisions that effect Russia, China and other parts of Asla and with good reason, the House of Rockefeller has holdup and assets in these countries too.

The investigator of the Rockefellers will find that they have secretly had their hand in the politics of

the United States during the 20th century. The decisions and directions this nation has taken, are the result of countless orders which the Rockefellers have given to their underlings.

ALONG WITH THIS BRIEF LOOK AT THE ROCKEFELLERS, I HAVE INCLUDED
(not included here because not processed in plain text)

A - A BIBLIOGRAPHY BOOKS FOR FURTHER STUDY,
B - SOME PAGES SHOWING THE POCANTICO ESTATESES,
C - SOME PAGES SHOWING PUBLIC MARRIAGES OF THE ELITE.

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other interview with an ex-Rockefeller Monarch slave.
interviews with ex-Illuminati and others who know things about the Rockefellers.

Bloodlines of Illuminati

Financial Wizzards

&

Wealthy Cults

The Rothschild Bloodline

Two neighbor horse farmers came together one day to talk business. The first farmer sold his horse to the second for a quarter million dollars, and then bought it back for about $20 more. He could now advertise his horse (actually worth $20), as a horse he that he had paid over a quarter of a million dollars for.

We can laugh over such schemes. And perhaps we should laugh at ourselves for having been fooled, for if there is one area in life that exceeds the religious in deception, and touches all of us it is the financial. What else can we do about it except laugh? The famous poet Lord Byron describes the archtype of our two farmers in 1823, Who keeps the world, both old and new, in pain Or pleasure? Who makes politics run glibber all? The shade of Bonaparte's noble daring?

Jew Rothschild and his fellow-Christian, Baring. You'll learn about some other „neighbor horse traders" in this chapter too.

ROTHSCHILD TALKS ABOUT THEIR DYNASTY

Lord Rothschild in his book The Shadow of a Great Man quotes a letter sent from Davidson on June 24, 1814 to Nathan Rothschild, „As long as a house is like yours, and as long as you work together with your brothers, not a house in the world will be able to compete with you, to cause you harm or to take advantage of you, for together you can undertake and perform more than any house in the world."(1) The closeness of the Rothschild brothers is seen in a letter from Saloman (Salmon) Rothschild to his brother Nathan on Feb. 28, 1815, "We are like the mechanism of a watch: each part is essential. (2) This closeness is further seen in that of the 18 marriages made by Mayer Amschel Rothschild's grandchildren 16 were contracted between first cousins.

VISITING THE NATION THE ROTHSCHILDS BUILT

In 1974, in the summer after the Yom Kippur War this Author toured Israel, and got the chance to personally visit many of the buildings like the Knesset that the Rothschild's money has built. The Knesset is the Israeli equivalent to our Congress's Capitol building. One of the Rothschilds in his will left money for ongoing building projects in Israel, and the Rothschilds are honored with a Street named after them in Jerusalem.

The people of Germany and Turkey have been very close. I can recall meeting Turkish „Gastarbeiter" (guestworkers) in Germany. The reader will remember that Turkey fought on Germany's side in W.W. I. A few powerful Jews, including the Rothschilds were responsible for the wording of the Treaty imposed on Germany that ended W.W. I (3) The treaty gave the Rothschilds the German owned railway rights in Palestine (which had been part of the Turkish Ottoman Empire), thus paving the way for the Rothschilds to have a sure leverage to dictate policy concerning Palestine. The Rothschilds had made loans to Turkey which amounted to almost one hundred million pounds. When the Turkish government collapsed after W.W. I because they were on the losing side, the Rothschilds had a claim on Palestine because of those unpaid Turkish loans.[4] The British government followed the dictates of the Rothschilds. The British were given a mandate over Palestine, and the Rothschilds

were able to through their proxies in the British government, to create the steps that led to the nation of Israel.(5)

THE ROTHSCHILDS AS "PROPHETS"

One item stands out as a person listens to the International Bankers and reads their books. They believe money is what makes the world go round. If you have money, you can do anything. Money is "God", and it is worshipped and served. Even after these families accumulate more than can be spent, these devotees continue selling their souls for this false but powerful god. The great poet-philosopher Heinrich Heine (a Banker's son) said, "Money is the god of our time, and Rothschild is his prophet.'[6] Following the cue of the Rothschilds, Heinrich Heme, a Jew, signed his name by drawing a Seal of Solomon.[7] Amsel Rothschild is reported to have said, "Give me control of the economics of a country; and I care not who makes her laws. (8) Today his descendents meet twice daily in London to dictate to the world what the world price of gold will be. They also dictate what the "Federal Reserve System" will do with America's finances.

ANOTHER GOD TOO

According to eye-witnesses, who were prominent enough to visit one of the British Rothschild homes, the Rothschilds worship yet another god too, Satan. They set a place for him at their table.(8a) The Rothschilds have been Satanists for many generations. The Rothschilds are an important part of the history of the Seal of Solomon (also known as hexagram, Magen David, six-pointed star, Star of David.) The Seal of Solomon, the hexagram, was not considered a Jewish symbol before the Rothschilds began using it.[9] Throughout the Middle Ages the Seal of Solomon had been used by Arab Magicians, Cabalist Magicians, Druid witches and Satanists. One of the few ancient uses of the symbol was on the floor of a 1,200 year old Moslem Mosque found where Tel Aviv is today.[10] In the twelve century an Ashkenazic Jew Menahem ben Duji, who thought he was the Messiah, used the magical symbol.[11] Because the Rothschilds were Satanists they adopted this powerful magic symbol in 1822 for their coat- of-arms. The name they adopted for their family actually comes from the fact that in the 17th century Mayer Amschel Bauer began hanging out a red hexagram in front of their house to identify it. Mayer Amschel then decided to take the name red-schield (Rothschild in German) after the red Seal of Solomon that they used. Alice Bailey in A Treatise On White Magic, p. 412, claims that the Hierarchy has a special group which she calls "the financial group" ,,controlling all that can be converted into energy, and constituting a dictatorship over all modes of intercourse, commerce and exchange." According the Luciferian Alice Bailey, the "financial group" is the latest group directed by the Hierarchy. In 1836 Zevi Hirsch Kalischer approached Rothschild and proposed Rothschild buy all of Erez Israel. It took many years for the Rothschilds to finally create Israel. The Rothschilds have been a primary force behind the creation of Israel, and so it is appropriate that the nation carries their magical Seal of Solomon as the state logo. The Ultra-orthodox Jews in Israel will not serve in the Israeli army because they know that Almighty God was not behind the creation of modern Israel, but rather the rich ungodly apostate Jews. They refuse to serve the ungodly. They are more wiser than men like Jerry Falwell who run around proclaiming Israel is God's nation. Men like Falwell are the type that this Author finds reference to repeatedly in Jewish documents that speak of their power within the Fundamentalists. God is ultimately in charge, he has allowed Hitler to come to power, Stalin to come to power, and the Rothschilds to come to power. In the same sense that God rules over and blessed Stalin's Russia, he rules over America and Israel. To twist scriptures about God seating the rulers and then to apply them to bless one Satanic secular communist nation and not another is inconsistent and not correctly using the Word of Truth. Some people object that the conspiracy of Power is labelled Jewish rather than Satanic by certain concerned citizens. This objection is valid-- however, will these objectors then take the obvious next step and admit the nation of Israel which the Rothschild's created is Satanic and not Jewish? But then who knows precisely why people do what they do? If you ask someone why he does something, he will give you one answer today, another tomorrow, and another the next day. Does he do what he does for a real reason, or a single motive? Perhaps to label the Power as only Satanic or only Jewish or only Masonic is to neglect the personal human dimension. This personal human dimension is godless. Being godless it fills that void, by pretending its men are gods. This brings us right back to the Gnostic religions and

Satan. Most Jewish people do not concern themselves with learning the occultic significance to their treasured Magen David (Star of David). King David did not have anything to do with the hexagram, although his son Solomon did when he began worshipping Ashtoreth (star, also known as Astarte, Chiun, Kaiwan, Remphan, and Saturn).[12] Solomon built altars to Star (Astarte, aka Ashtoreth). The god Saturn is associated with the Star but both Saturn and Astarte also been identified with a number of other names. Saturn is an important key to understanding the long heritage this conspiracy has back to antiquity. The city of Rome was originally known as Saturnia or City of Saturn. The Roman Catholic church retains much of the Saturn worship in its ritual. Saturn also relates to Lucifer.'[13] In various occult dictionaries Saturn is associated with evil. Saturn was important to the religion of Mithra, and also the Druids.

CO-MASTERS OF THE WORLD --connections to JWs, Mormons, and Judaism

It has been said all roads lead to Rome. For this book, it could be said all paths of investigation lead to the Rothschilds. Charles T. Russell, in a 1891 letter to Baron (Lord) Rothschild, mailed from Palestine, outlined possible courses of action that could be taken to establish the Jews in Palestine. Russell's letters praised the Rothschild's money which established Jewish colonies in Palestine. Russell writes Rothschild, „What is needed here, therefore, next to water and cleanliness, is a good government which will protect the poor from the ravenous and the wealthy. Banking institutions on sound bases, and doing business honorably, are also greatly needed " Russell continues, "May the God of Jacob direct you, my dear Sir, and all interested with you in the deliverance and prosperity of Israel, and blessed will they be who, to any extent, yield themselves as his servants in fulfilling his will as predicted."(14) When the Mormon Church needed financing in the late 19th century, they went to Kuhn, Loeb Co.[15] To explain the Rothschild's control of Kuhn, Loeb Co. here is some background information. The method that the House of Rothschild used to gain influence, was the same that Royalty had used for centuries, marriage. The Rothschild children, girls and boys, have had their spouses chosen on the basis of alliances that would benefit the House of Rothschild, but since consolidating world power they generally have married cousins these last two centuries.'[16] Jacob Schiff grew up in the house that the Rothschild's had at 148 Judengasse, Frankfurt. Jacob Schiff came to the United States with Rothschild capital and took over control of a small jewish banking concern founded by two Cincinnati dry goods merchants Abraham Kuhn and Solomon Loeb. He even married Soloman's daughter. In 1885, Loeb retired, and Schiff ran the Kuhn, Loeb Co. for the Rothschilds until 1920 when he died.[17] During Russell's and Brigham Young's day, Lord Rothschild was considered the "lay leader of world Jewry."[18] Edmund Rothschild was President of the Jewish Colonization Assoc,[19] which was a major Zionist group. Amselm Rothschild indicated that his grandfather Amschel Mayer Rothschild had insisted in Clause 15 of his will to his children, "may they and their descendants remain constantly true to their ancestral Jewish faith."(20) However, the will has been secret and there is no way of knowing what it says. The Rothschilds have not remained true to the Orthodox faith. If this was actually what Clause 15 said then something is amiss. The Jewish world has showered the Rothschilds with praises, "The Rothschilds govern a Christian world. Not a cabinet moves without their advice. They stretch their hand, with equal ease, from Petersburg to Vienna, from Vienna to Paris, from Paris to London, from London to Washington. Baron Rothschild, the head of the house, is the true king of Judah, the prince of the captivity, the Messiah so long looked for by this extraordinary people... .The lion of the tribe of Judah, Baron Rothschild, possesses more real force than David--more wisdom than Solomon." (21) The Prieure de Sion-the Elders of Sion[22] also relates to the Rothschilds who are reported to serve on a jewish council of Elders of Sion.[23] The Rothschilds have "helped" the Jewish people the Rothschild's own way. For those who admire stingyness, the Rothschilds will be greatly looked up to. For instance, the extent of James Rothschild's charity in France to poor Jews was 5 francs (the equivalent of $1). Their dynasty has destroyed honest Jews along with Christians. Today, few dare criticize the Rothschilds.

CO-MASTERS OF THE WORLD--connections to secret societies

The Rothschilds had played a major role in the Bavarian Illuminati, (25) and it is known that a least one of the sons of Amsel was a member. As the reader remembers, Amsel placed his sons in the major European capitals, where they each set up the principal banking houses. By their own secret

intelligence service and their own news network they could outmanouver any European government. (26) The large amounts of voluminous correspondence by Rothschild couriers attracted attention, (27) but no one ever stopped their personal intelligence and mail services. After the Bavarian illuminati were exposed, the central occult power over the European secret societies shifted to Carbonarism a.k.a. the Alta Vendita,(28) led by another powerful Rothschild, Karl Rothschild,[29] son of Amschel. In 1818, Karl participated in a secret document that was sent out to the head-quarters of Masonry from the Alta Vendita. The Masons were quite distressed when a copy of this was lost, and offered rewards to anyone who could return the lost copy. It was originally written in Italian. Its title translates ,,Permanent Instructions, or Practical Code of Rules; Guide for the Heads of the Highest Grades of Masonry."(30) The Masonic reference book 10,000 Famous Freemasons, Vol. 4, p.74, indicates two other sons of Amschel were Masons, James Meyer Rothschild, and his brother Nathan Meyer Rothschild. James Rothschild in Paris was a 33 degree Scottish Rite Mason, and his brother Nathan in London was a member of the Lodge of Emulation. And Jewish Freemason Katz indicates Solomon Meir Rothschild, a third member of the five brothers, was initiated into Freemasonry on June 14, 1809.(31) The Rothschilds became powerful within Freemasonry. We find the Saint-Simonians, the occult religious millenialist forerunners of communism, praising Baron de Rothschild in their magazine Le Globe, "There is no one today who better represents the triumph of equality and work in the nineteenth century than M. le Baron de Rothschild... .Was this Jew born a millionaire? No, he was born poor, and if only you knew what genius, patience, and hard work were required to construct that European edifice called the House of Rothschild, you would admire rather than insult it." Lionel de Rothschild (the de was added by the French Rothschilds) was involved with the first communist Internationale. The Mason Mazzini who helped start communism praised Rothschild, "Rothschild could be King of France if he so desired."[32] Adoiphe Cremieux, was a french Jewish Mason (see chap. 1.4 for his credentials). The Rothschilds gave at least £ i ,000 to Cremieux to go to Damascus with Salomon Munk, and Sir Moses Montefiore to win the release of Jews imprisoned there, and to convince the Turkish Sultan to declare the charges of ritual murder false.[33] According to the three Jewish authors of Dope, Inc. the B'nai B'rith was a spin-off of the Order of Zion and was organized as a ,,covert intelligence front" for the House of Rothschild. It is highly probable that the B'nai B'rith was used as a Rothschild intelligence cover. The Rothschilds are prominent in the Bilderbergers too. The Rothschilds were closely related to the Council of Foreign Relations (CFR). Although many people today would not view the CFR as a secret society it was originally set up as part of a secret society and it was kept secret for many years, in spite of its awesome power. Carroll Quigley, professor of International Relations at the Jesuit Georgetown University, exposed the Round Table Group with his book Tragedy and Hope.(34) The Rothschilds supported Rhodes to form De Beers. (35) Later, Rhodes made seven wills which established a secret society modelled after the Jesuits and Masons to help bring in a One-World- Government centered upon Britain, and the Rhodes Scholarships.[36] The inner group was established in Mar. 1891 and consisted of Rhodes, Stead, Lord Esher (Brett), and 33* Mason Alfred Milner.(33bb) A secondary circle of "potential members of the Circle of Initiates" consisted of the Jew Lord Balfour, Sir Harry Johnson, Lord Rothschild, Lord Grey and others. Initially, Lord Rothschild was part of the inner group of Rhode's secret society, but was replaced by his son-in-law Lord Rosebury who wasn't as conspicuous.[37] The Fabian Socialists dominated the staff at Oxford when the Rhodes Scholars began arriving. These scholars then received indoctrination and preparation to become part of an international socialist New World Order.(38) The Round Table Group developed from the inner executive circle of Rhode's secret society. The outer circle was established after the start of the 20th century. The Round Table Group was extended after W.W. I by organizing a front organization the Royal Institute of International Affairs. The Council of Foreign Relations was the American part of this front. The inner circle continues to direct the outer circle and its two front organizations RIIA and CFR. The CER in turn set up a number of fronts including the Institute of Pacific Relations (IPR).

CO-MASTERS OF THE WORLD--management of the Catholic and Czars' wealth and the capture of the Orthodox Church's wealth.

Early in the 19th century the Pope came to the Rothschilds to borrow money. The Rothschilds were very friendly with the Pope, causing one journalist to sarcasticly say "Rothschild has kissed the hand

of the Pope...Order has at last been re-established."[39] The Rothschilds in fact over time were entrusted with the bulk of the Vatican's wealth. The Jewish Ency., Vol. 2, p.497 states, „It is a somewhat curious sequel to the attempt to set up a Catholic competitor to the Rothschilds that at the present time (1905) the latter are the guardians of the papal treasure." Researcher Eustice Mullins writes that the Rothschilds took over all the financial operations of the worldwide Catholic Church in 1823.(40) Today the large banking and financial business of the Catholic Church is an extensive system interlocked with the Rothschilds and the rest of the International Banking system. The great wealth of the Russian Czars was entrusted to the Rothschilds, $35 million with the Rothschild's Bank of England, and $80 million in the Rothschild's Paris bank. The Rothschilds financed the Russian Revolution which confiscated vast portions of the Orthodox Church's wealth. They have been able to prevent (due to their power) the legitimate heirs of the Czars fortune to withdraw a penny of the millions deposited in a variety of their banks. The Mountbattans, who are related to the Rothschilds, led the court battles to prevent the claimants from withdrawing any of the fortune. In other words, the money they invested in the Russian Revolution, was not only paid back directly by the Bolshevists in millions of dollar of gold, but by grabbing the hugh deposits of the Czars' wealth, the Rothschilds gained what is now worth over $50 Billions.(41)

CO-MASTERS OF THE WORLD--CONTROL OVER SATANISM & WITCHCRAFT

Chapter 2.11 gives the names of a Witchcraft Council of 13 which is under Rothschild control and in turn issue orders to various groups. One of the purest form of Satanism can be traced to the Jewish Sabbatain sect and its Frankist spinoff. The leaders of this up to the Rothschilds were:

Sabbatai Zevi (1626-1676)

Nathan of Gaza (16??-?)

Jacob Frank (1726-1791)

Rothschilds

Three connections between Satanism, evil, and money.

Money naturally attracts itself to evil. For instance, if a woman prostitutes herself she may receive a great sum of money, but who will pay her for keeping her virginity or her dignity? If you are a hit man a large amount of money is yours if you kill your target, who will pay you if you would miss your target?

Second, evil men believe in where there is a will there is a way, and they are willing to sell their souls for their God money. They will employ evil to gain money.

While most people are quite aware of these last two connections, a third may likely have escaped their attention. Thirdly, the principle group of men who cranked up International Banking were Satanists from the beginning. These Satanists now are the ones who run the Federal Reserve and are responsible for the creation of U.S. Federal Reserve notes. Just having total control over the supply of U.S. paper money almost gives them leverage over the world's finances, without mentioning they control the world bank. It is no accident then, that once they established world financial control, they would do all in their power to divide and conquer and destroy both the Christian and the Moslem faith in God. These powerful Bankers relate to faith in God as Cain related to his brother Abel. That they may be related to the Jewish people, does not mean they have the Jewish people's best interest at heart. Initially Sabbetai Zevi was rejected by many Jews. His sect gained momentum in second half of the seventeenth century in southeastern Poland.(42) In 1759-60, 500 Jewish Sabbateans „converted" to Christianity.[43] In 1715, 109 of the 415 Jewish families in Frankfurt were engaged in moneylending. The rest were merchants of various kinds. The concepts that Satanism holds to were a natural shoe in to justify for many of these Jewish bankers the type of behavior they were engaged in." (44)

LONG-STORY SHORT

Many divisions and battles between religious elements in the world have been encouraged and supported by the Power's wealth. Unfortunately, many have been fooled into thinking that being devout and faithful to God is the source of religious fighting. In some areas of the world, Moslems, Christians, and others have gotten along fine for centuries. Religious tensions do spring to some degree from within the religions themselves, but the fuel to keep those fires burning and to light up conflicts often come from the Power's wealth. An obvious example is the Iran-Iraq war.

CO-MASTERS OF THE WORLD--CONTROL OVER W.W. I TREATY

When Germany fell, not only did Rothschild agents draft the treaty, prepare the idea of the League of Nations, but Max Rothschild was one of 11 men who took control over Bavaria. Max Rothschild was a Freemason in Lodge No. 11, Munich, Germany.

CO-MASTERS OF THE WORLD--connections to MI5, Rockefellers, J.P. Morgan, CFR, et. al.

Victor Rothschild, who worked for J.P. Morgan & Co., and was an important part of MI5 (British Intelligence). Victor Rothschild was also a communist and member of the Apostles Club at Cambridge.[45] Lord Rothschild was one of the original members of Rhode's Round Table group which developed into the CFR. It was the Rothschilds who had financed Cecil Rhodes, beginning in Africa. The Rothschilds' have several agents which their money got started and who still serve them well, the Morgans and the Rockefellers. The Rockefellers were Marrano Jews. The original Rockefeller made his money selling narcotics, (they weren't illegal then). After acquiring a little capital he branched out in oil. But it was the Rothschild capital that made the Rockefeller's so powerful. "They also financed the activities of Edward Harriman (railroads) and Andrew Carnegie Steel."(46)

CO-MASTERS OF THE WORLD--Power within Christendom

The Rothschilds also wielded much influence and power not only in Secret Societies, but also in Christendom's churches. The Salvation Army under the suggestion of the Rothschilds adopted the Red Shield (Roth-red Schild-shield) for their logo. One history of the Rothschilds remarks, "The Rothschilds had rapidly propelled themselves into a position of immense financial power and political influence. They were an independent force in the life of Europe, accountable to no one and, to a large extent, reliant on no one. Popular lampoons depicted them as the real rulers of Christendom..."(47) Some of the Rothschilds have been involved in the campaign to loosen public morals. The first executive Secretary of the National Student Forum was John Rothschild. This National Student Forum changed its name like articles of clothing. Speaking about clothing, one of the aims of this Socialist group was to promote public nudity, and free love. This organization had the following constituent groups Radcliffe Liberal Club, Union Theological Seminary Contemporary Club, Yale Liberal Club"(48) to name just a few. A further development of this was the Youth Peace Federation which consisted of the League of Youth of Community Church, Methodist Epworth League, NY District, Young Judea, and Young People's Fellowship of St. Phillip's Parish[49] to name a few. American religious men have ties to the Rothschilds especially through their various agents.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, who was Pastor of Rockefeller's church was also among the Presidents of the Rockefeller Foundation. John Foster Dulles, CFR, was chairman of the board of the Rockefeller Foundation, and married a Rockefeller, Janet Pomeroy Avery. Remember John Foster Dulles was an important Federal Council of Churches of Christ official. (See chap. 2.9) Every road leads back to the Rothschilds. There are more items than what have been mentioned above linking the Rothschilds to the various tenticles. Each of the various tenticles that conspiracy theorists have put forth,--the Jews, the Masons, the Intelligence Communities, the International Bankers, the Prieure de Sion, the Catholics, the Trilateral commission, the CFR, the New Age, the Cults-- each ties back to the Rothschild's power.

EXTENT OF ROTHSCHILD POWER

According to one source "it was estimated that they controlled half the wealth of the world."(50) The Federal Reserve Bank of New York was controlled by five banks which owned 53% of its stock. These five banks were controlled by Nathan M. Rothschild & Sons of London. Control over the U.S. Fed is basically control over the world's money. That fact alone shows how immense the Rothschild Power is. If one examines who has been appointed to head the Fed, and to run it, the connections of the "Federal" Reserve System to the Rothschilds can further be seen. Another private enterprise using the name Federal that the Rothschilds also direct is Federal Express. Any one else might be taken to court for making their businesses sound like their are government, not the Rothschilds. It is appropriate for them to appropriate the name of Federal, because by way of MI6 via the CIA they instruct the U.S. government. Senators are bought and paid off by their system, as investigators of the BCCI are discovering. The Rothschilds have been intimately involved in witchcraft and the Illuminati since its early known history. The Kaiser of Germany seems to refer to them when he said, "the magic powers of money as wielded by the Lord of Lucre are powers of Black Magic at its blackest."[51]

If only half of the wealth is controlled by the Rothschilds, it indicates that if they are to be part of the world's rulership, they must have allies.

ALLIES

The Rothschilds and Rockefellers are only two of thirteen controlling families of the Illuminati. (52) Two Jewish families that appear to be prominent are the Oppenheims and the Oppenheimers. A. Oppenheim was situated in Cologne. The Oppenheimers were early members of the Bavarian Illuminati. The Bund der Gerechten (League of the Just) was an illuminati front run mainly by Jews who were Satanists. This Bund financed in part by the Rothschilds paid the Satanist and Mason Karl Marx to write the Communist Manefesto. The Jew Gumpel Oppenheim was in the inner circle of the Bund. His relative Heinrich Oppenheim masterminded the communist revolution of 1848 in Germany. The Communist Party's official histories even accept the Bund as the predecessor of Communism.

The Oppenheimers apparently are close to the Rothschilds. J. Robert Oppenheimer of the CFR was exposed as a communist. Harry Oppenheimer, an international banker, is chairman of the Jewish De Beers world-wide diamond monopoly, and chairman of the Anglo-American Corp. Oppenheimers can be found in important financial positions in the U.S. They help run around 10 large foundations, including the Oppenheimer Haas Trust of NY for the care of needy Jewish children.

The Jewish Ency. Vol. 2, p. 496 indicates other Jewish families "adopted the Rothschild plan." These were the Lazards, Sterns, Speyers, and Seligmans. The Rothschild plan was to place family members in the 5 largest European capitals to coordinate their activities. One of Germany's largest magazines is the Stern, and Ernst Stern is second-in-command of the World Bank."(53) The Jewish families that established the Frankfurt Judenloge (this was the Masonic lodge the Rothschilds belonged to in Frankfurt) included the Adlers, Speyers, Reisses, Sichels, Ellisons, Hanaus, Geisenheimers, and Goldschmidts. Isaac Hildesheim, a Jew who changed his name to Justus Hiller is credited as being the founder of this Frankfurt lodge. Michael Hess, principal of the Reformed Jewish school Philanthropin was an important figure in the lodge too, as was Dr. Ludwig Baruch (later Borne) who joined in 1808. Most of these Frankfurt Jewish Freemasons engaged in commerce.(54) Those Freemasons from 1817-1842 were the leaders of the Frankfurt Jewish community.[55] A gentile Mason in Frankfurt Johann Christian Ehrmann began warning the German people that the Frankfurt Jewish Masons wanted a world republic based on humanism. In 1816 he came out with a warning pamphlet Das Judenthum in der M[aurere]y (The Jews in Masonry). A powerful ally of the world's jewry can be seen beginning with men like Oliver Cromwell, who was considered a Mason.

Cromwell was financed by Jews, and helped the Jews gain power in England. Cromwell was willing to go along with the Jews, because he became convinced of British Israelism. Since the core of the conspiracy of power is Jewish, the attitude of those allied with it hinges on their attitude toward the Jewish people.

The religious idea that the British people are descended from the tribes of Israel doesn't automatically place people into the camp of the conspiracy. Some of the British-Israelites realize that the so called Jewish people in general have no claim over the promises of God. For that reason, they realize that it is not the Christian duty to bow and scrape at their every move. When Christians can be arrested in Israel and abused, and Christians will not even stand up for their own kind, we can see how much hold the idea of the "Chosen Race" theory has over Christendom. Some of the British Israelites such as the Mormons, the old New England wealthy families such as make up the Order, some Masons and New Agers, and the non-Jewish members of the Priuere de Sion are collaborating with the One-World-Power. The anglican church which is run by the Freemasons is strongly British Israelistic.

SORTING OUT THE VARIOUS IDENTITY GROUPS

In contrast, a hodge-podge of groups which are opposed to the conspiracy like some Neo-Nazi groups, and various Churches unrelated with them are also believers in British Israelism. These various groups are sometimes all lumped together as the "Identity" movement, which is misleading because of their vast differences. It is important to diferentiate between those groups that are trying to approach things from a Christian perspective and place themselves under the authority of God, and those who are setting themselves up under the New Order's authority, or under their own authority.

CO-MASTERS OF THE WORLD- The Media

Eustice Mullins has published his research in his book Who Owns the TV Networks showing that the Rothschilds have control of all three U.S. Networks, plus other aspects of the recording and mass media industry. It can be added that they control Reuters too. From other sources it appears CNN, which began as an independent challenge to the Jewish Network monopoly, ran into repeated trickery, and ended up part of the system. Money from B.C.C.I., (B.C.C.I. has been one of the New World Orders financial systems for doing its dirty business such as controlling Congressmen, and is involved with INSLA, the Iran-Contra Scandal, Centrust, and other recent scandals) which has tainted so many aspects of public power in the U.S. has also been behind CNN. Perhaps nothing dominates the life of some Americans as does the television. Americans sit themselves before the television set and simply absorb what it projects to them. On a day to day basis the biggest way the Rothschilds touch the lives of Americans are the three major networks which are under Rothschild direction. To illustrate this we will examine who run the networks. This list is not current, and no attempt was to provide that. The length of writing a book insures that some material will be dated anyway.

THE ROTHSCHILD'S HISTORY BY A JEWISH WRITER RELATED TO THE ROTHSCHILDS

Jewish writer Anka Muhlstcin wrote a book Baron James The Rise of the French Rothschilds. I prefer paraphrase and make short quotes from her book, because I am trying to document for the reader the mindset and history of thc Rothschilds. Anka Muhlstein has nothing against the Rothschilds, so it will be easier for the reader to accept what shc says about them than from me. I can't require the reader to read her book, but I can try to summarize some of the appropriate thoughts. Other books also relate many of the things Anka does, but again if I write a footnoted article, it will not carry the weight as my paraphrase will. The reader is recommended to read the book first hand if he has the time and is interested in the details of James' life. The Jews in the 18th century were restricted to living in Ghettos. Mayer Amschel Rothschild lived in the Frankfurt ghetto. (p.22) The Jews were repressed by outsiders. (p.23) They lived in geographically isolated and self-contained communities (p. 24). The Jewish communities in Europe used a secret relay system between all the Ghettoes. Hebrew characters were one effective code. (p.24) Because of the persecution and repression, the Jewish communities were very tight- knit and highly organized. (p.23) They were deeply hostile to the Christian people. Christians had restricted their own people from money-lending with interest, so lending money on interest had become a Jewish enterprise. The German princes of Thurn and Taxis in the 16th century initiated a postal service. Mayer Amschel loaned them money. (p.21) "Certainly they [the Rothschilds] discovered the latitude that the Thurn and Taxis allowed themselves in unsealing letters, possibly divulging their contents, and according to their own interests, delaying or

accelerating delivery. "(p.22) When it profited Mayer Amschel, he would hire Christians, but in general his business and banking were conducted by his close knit family. For instance Mayer Amschel hired a young Christian woman to write his letters for him. (p. 25) Mayer Amschel Rothschild and his family were wholeheartedly Jewish. (p.27) Mayer Amschel Rothschild picked his sons' wifes for the business gains the wives would bring the family. The oldest son was not happy with this (actually he was bitter because he was denied marriage to the woman he loved), but he complied with his father's choice. (p.26) Amschel's daughters all married bankers--in Worms, Sichel, and Beyfus. (p.26) Mayer had ten children and they were all employed in the family business. (p.25) The Jews were taught from childhood up, that the Christians were to blame for all their woes, and that the Christians were to be feared and detested. (p.24) Mayer Amschel had secret, underground passages. (p.22) His carriage was honey-combed with secret drawers. (p.27) The Napoleonic War greatly helped the Rothschild business. (p. 27) Rothschild even outsmarted Napoleon--because the Rothschilds had such good connections. (p.38) The Rothschilds smuggled during the English blocade of Napoleon's Europe, and made millions. (p.33) "The Rothschilds changed course constantly during this period, always manuevering to avoid any kind of political commitment. "(p.34) One of the things Mayer Amschel set up, was to disperse his 5 sons to the major capitals of Europe. Anka attributes the respectibility of Jewish money lending to the help it gave merchants and entrepreneurs. [See chap. 3.2 -this Author's view is that merchants had been borrowing for centuries prior to interest taking becoming acceptable by society in the 19th century. It was greatly in part due to who owned and controlled the major newspapers in the 19th century--Jews and Masons--that led the public to change.] "The obligation to reimburse a loan and to pay interest became less onerous to men whose affairs had flourished as a result of the borrowed money. The Jewish lender ceased to be a bloodsucker; often, indeed, he became an associate of the borrower." (p.31) [The Bible says a borrower is a slave to the lender, hardly an association to be desired.] The business of financing Monarchs was lucrative. The Rothschilds had developed several traits in the ghetto that made their family hard to stop. "The great gift the Frankfurt ghetto bestowed upon him [James Rothschild] was adaptibility, a quality matched by the driving force of his ambition, his prodigious energy, tremendous powers of concentration, and determination to get even [with Christians]. James set out to make his place in the world." (p.40) The five Rothschild brothers, each in the five major European capitals set up their own private courier system which was faster than the regular mail. (p.47) The Rothschilds had news whether political or economic faster than anyone else including the monarchs. "Thus the Rothschilds had news before anyone else, including ministers [govt.]; they also understood how to make use of it." (p.47) [Somewhat akin to how money could be made off of knowing the future.] The Rothschilds nomal correspondence to each other was in code.(p.46) Their world was one of finance, politics and secrecy. In the anti-Napoleonic time period, the Rothschilds increased their wealth ten-fold. (p.47) "...James. He enjoyed, moreover, a rock-solid strength and stability, built up by his family, that family simultaneously closed tight like a fist, united by mutual confidence and an invisible wall of secrecy, yet wide open to the outside world. Such was the cohesion of the Rothschilds that the removal of one or more of them left no gap in their common defenses."

The Rothschilds carried out espionage with their own intelligence service, and other questionable subversive activities but none of these could be tracked. "Whenever Mayer Amschel and his sons were on the verge of being caught out, some highly placed person stepped in and stopped the investigation." (p.36)

The made their money doing technically illegal activity. The original large sum of money made was to take the Elector of Hesse's large sum and instead of investing it into government bonds as directed--to put it to use at investments of higher returns, and giving the elector the return from the government bonds. Anka writes, "The Elector was never the wiser, but even if he had been, he could hardly have complained of disobedience." (p.34) In summary, the Mafia-like closeness of the Rothschild family, along with their tactic to situate themselves in all the major capitals, along with their own quick secret personal news/intelligence/mail service gave them the contacts and the power to manipulate all kinds of business opportunities.

1. Lord Rothschild. The Shadow of a Great Man. London: 1982, p.6.

2. Wilson, Derek. Rothschild The Wealth and Power of a Dynasty. NY: Charles Schribner's Sons, p. 101. Source of quote given in the book.

3. Armstrong, George. Rothschild Money Trust. CPA reprint of 1940 ed., pp.66-88. Also in this vein read Mullins, Eustice. The World Order. pp. 31-33 and other sources too.

4. Darms, Anton. The Delusion of British-Israelism. N.Y.: Loizeaux Brothers, pp. 186-187.

5. Darms, op. cit., plus there are numerous other accounts of how Israel was started with British help, and one has to simply see who did it and their Rothschild connections.

6. As quoted in Sampson, Anthony. The Money Lenders. Middlesex, Eng.: Penguin Books, Ltd., 1985, p.37.

7. Encyclopaedia Judaica, p. 696.

8. Mohr, Gordon. The Hidden Power Behind Freemasonry. Burnsville, MN: Weisman Pub., 1990, p. 154.

8a. Various high-ranking Satanists that the power of God has pulled out of Satanism have said they were eyewitnesses to Satan appearing at the Rothschilds. What they witnessed when Satan showed up at the Rothschilds was that Satan appeared as an extremely beautiful man, except his hoofs would be cloven. He would wear a black tuxedo to gamble and play cards (winnings were sexual victims) and a white tuxedo when coming only to socialize.

9. An excellently researched book by a Christian journalist of Jewish ancestry is The Six-Pointed Star by O.J. Graham. New Puritan Library, 1984. This book covers the satanic/magic history of the Seal of Solomon before its modern Jewish use. The book shows how the symbol was not a Jewish symbol until recent times.

10. Goldberg, M. Hirsch. The Jewish Connection. NY: Stein & Day, 1976, p.197.

11. Koestler, Arthur. The Thirteenth Tribe. NY: Random House, 1976, pp. 136-137.

12. The Satanic star is refered to in Acts 7:43, in Amos 5:25-26. "The shield carried by King David.. .was traditionally believed to be engraved either with the name of God or the Menorah, or Psalm 67." Siegel, Richard and Carl Rheins. "Metamophoses of a Tree; 10 Jewish Symbols and Their Meanings," Jewish 44 Almanac. New York: Bantam Books, 1980, p. 515.

13. Hall, Manly P., 33°. Masonic, Hermetic, Qabbalistic & Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy. l7ed., L.A.,CA: The Philosophical Research Soc., 1971, p. CXLV.

14. WT Dec. 1891, pp.170-71 See also WTR p.1342. C.T. Russell's letter was sent by him from Palestine in Aug., 1891 to Rothschild.

15. Taylor, Samuel W. Rocky Mountain Empire The Later-Day Saints Today. NY: Macmillan Pub. Co., Inc., 1978, p.66.

16. Read Wilson, Derek. Rothschild, The Wealth and Power of a Dynasty. NY: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1988.

17. Mullins, The World Order, p. 11.

18. Wilson, op. cit., pp. 338-339.

19. ibid., p.338

20. The Reign of the House of Rothschild, p. 405.

21. Muhlstein, Anka. Baron James, The Rise of the French Rothschilds. NY: The Vendome Press, (n.d.-c.1980) .

22. Baigent, Leigh, Lincoln. Holy Blood, Holy Grail. pp. 190-199.

23. Various references. For instance, Armstrong, The Rothschild Trust, p. 196, "That is the present objective of Jeroboam Rothschild and his secret Elders of Zion."

24. Wilson, Derek. op. cit., p. 45.

25. William Still writes, "In 1782, the headquarters of illuminized Freemasonry was moved to Frankfurt, the stronghold of German finance, and controlled by the Rothschilds." Still, The New World Order, p. 82.

26. Muhlstein, Anka. Baron James, The Rise of the French Rothschilds. 'p.47. She describes how their private courier system was faster than the regular mail.

27. Corti, Count Egon Caesar. (trans. from German by B.& B. Lunn). The Rise Of The House Of Rothschild. Boston: Western Is., 1972, p.278cf. pp. 386-389.

28. Miller, Edith Star. Occult Theocracy. chap on Carbonarism, pp. 427-438 is a start in learning its importance.

29. Mullins, op. cit., p.2.

30. di Gargano, Michael. Irish and English Freemasons and their Foreign Brothers, 1878, p. 62.

31. Bruell, Geschichte, p. 24 as quoted by Katz, Jacob. Jews and Freemasons in Europe 1723- 1939. (trans. by L. Oschry) Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1970, pp.61, 248

32. Mullins, op. cit. p. 3.

33. Muhlstein, op. cit. p. 125

34. Carroll Quigley's book was very enlightening on the New World Order except that it leaves out the Catholic Church and the Jesuits' participation, at a time that their participation was increasing dramatically. In other words, Quigley's book must be taken with a grain of salt, it would be a mistake to believe it to be infallible or unbiased.

35. Le Sueur, Gorden (Rhode's confidential secretary). Cecil Rhodes The Man and His Work.

London: John Murray, 1913, p. 10.

36. Aydelotte, Frank (co-fndr CFR and Amer. Sec. to Rhodes Trustees). American Rhodes

Scholarships. "The model for this proposed secret society was the Society of Jesus, though he

mentions also the Masons."

37. Allen, Gary. Nixon's Palace Guard. Boston: Western Islands, 1971, p. 9. cf. Quigley. Tragedy and Hope.

38. Martin, Rose. Fabian Freeway. Boston: Western Islands, 1966.

39. Wilson, Derek. Rothschild The Wealth and Power of a Dynasty, p. 101. The source of the quote is given in the book.

40. Mullins, Eustice. The Curse of Canaan, p.125.

41. Mullins, Eustice. The World Order, p.5.

42. Friesel, Evyatar. Atlas of Modern Jewish History. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1990.

43. ibid.

44. Mohr, op. cit. p. 118.

45. Read Mullins, The World Order.

46. Still, op. cit. p. 136 quoting Griffin, op. cit. p. 37. See also Mullins, op. cit., p. 11.

47. Wilson, op. cit., p. 92.

48. pamphlet published by The American Defense Society Inc., 154 Nassau St., NY.

49. Peace Militant. NY: The New History Foundation.

50. Griffin, Des. Descent into Slavery. S. Pasadena, CA: Emissary Publications, 1980, p. 52.

51. England Under the Heel of the Jew. London, 1918, pp 60-2.

52. Confidential interview with those who were recently in the illuminati hierarchy.

53. Smith, Gary. Land of the ZOG. Portland, OR: VuePoint, 1989, p.58.

54. Katz, Jacob. Jews and Freemasons in Europe 1723-1939. Cambridge, Mass. Harvard University Press, 1970, p.60.

55. ibid, p.92

WHERE DOES NAZISM FIT INTO SATAN'S PLANS?

Let me briefly recap what some of the plan was . And while you read these plans that I am relaying to you from my intensive research on high level Satanism, see if you don't see the irony in the Satanic plans . How very ironic it is that in all the twisted thinking and reasoning of the leading Satanists for why they must do things, it is surprising they do not catch on that this plan of Satan's is going to achieve God's revealed plan . How pride does blind us! (For the sake of brevity I will dispense with my normal method of documenting everything; I suggest that my book Be Wise As Serpents be read for documentation, and further questions be written to me . Otherwise this article would be way to bulky for the newsletter.) The "brilliant" plan given in detail to the Illuminati was to create a thesis and its opposite called the antithesis . The process would repeat itself until the desired outcome . Out of the battle between the two would emerge the synthesis . Out of the battle of chaos would come a

new order reminding us of the Masonic slogan "Order out of Chaos." If the thesis were like a hammer and the antithesis like an anvil, what was caught in between would be broken or reshaped . Three world wars would enable the plan to work. The hammer would be constructed and then given a homeland, a secure base in Russia . It is what we call communism. The first anvil would be created out of economic chaos in Germany . It would be called National Socialism . That anvil would be destroyed in a Second World War, but another anvil would replace it called democracy. The first two world wars accomplished exactly what they were intended to accomplish. Out of the first world war came:

(1) A secure Satanic dictatorship in Russia, a secure base to carry out further world subversion.

(2) The Satanic family of Rothschilds gained partial control over Palestine, preparing the way for Satan to rule from Jerusalem some day

(3) Weapons of mass destruction and terror.

(4) The League of Nations.

Out of the second world war came

(1) The enlargement of their secure base in Russia into a world power.

(2) complete control over Palestine by the Rothschilds.

(3) airpower, including long range missiles, jets, secret flying saucers, and powerful submarines, all items that individuals could not produce . Those in control of production would therefore control all air and sea ways of the earth.

(4) The cold war and an era of terror to convince the people of the need for Satan’s One World Order.

(5) the United Nations .

Out of the third world war would emerge a new religious system . The third world war would have to be tailored to be like the Bible’s Armaggeddon, Satan told his highest slaves, because- if it resembled Armaggeddon, then the people would believe he was the Messiah when he came after its end . It would have to be terrible, so that he could step in and bring miraculous order out of a world beaten into chaos by the worst war in history. Again it would be "Order out of chaos", as the Masonic documents repeatedly proclaim. The third world war would come during a period of seven years of tribulation starting in 1992 and running until 1999. Just like the Second World War emerged out of the great world-wide depression. Satan told his followers this 1992-99 tribulation would repeat on a larger scale the plagues of Egypt, for he would wreck revenge for what was done to Egypt by God (and Moses) by giving back in a bigger way to the world what happened to ancient Egypt . To a demonic controlled mind it makes sense to wreck such revenge, especially when the end result is held out to be the salvation of the world by the Lightbearer, the Morning Star, also known as Lucifer. For most of us, the idea of such pain and destruction seems like demonic madness- - which it is .

At the core of the One-World-System is Satanism. It hides itself behind fronts such as Jewish Finance, Socialism, Aryanism, British Israelism, Zionism, and Freemasonry which are tools to get the broad masses to serve the Plan. The "conspiracy" to create the One-World-System has enlisted the help of almost everyone. That is because most of the religious systems at the top are controlled by Satanists who know what they are doing and direct the people’s religious efforts. (Read the research in Be Wise As Serpents for the documentation on this.) Nazism was a Pagan Gnostic religious system whose High Priest Hitler knew what he was doing in relation to Satan’s mission. (More about this further down.) The Jewish people (1 use the term in its broadest sense) are being used. Actually the allegiance of the Satanic hierarchy is not in the least concerned with Judaism, although it appears that at first the plans are to create a religious leader that will have the apparent credentials of the Jewish messiah. How sad, because the actions of the Rothschilds and other Satanic "jewish" bloodlines

during W.W. II show that their first allegiance is not to the Old Testament and not to even Orthodox Judaism, but is purely to Satan. At some point in the future the Orthodox Jews and the Conservative Jews will find that this Messiah, who is already alive waiting to play his role, will only give them temporary relief. They are being taken for a ride and then they will be dumped by the New World Order's dictatorship.

Constance Cumbey correctly notices that the New Age movement resembles Nazism exactly to a T . For those students wanting to get a detail by detail parallel go to pages 114 to 120 in The Hidden Dangers Of The Rainbow.

In 1952, James Larratt Battersby in England published The Holy Book of Adolf Hitler for the German World Church in Europe . Except for some of his pro-German ideas, obviously thrown in to make the book enlist the intended audience's favor, the book is an exact description of what would happen in the next 50 years to bring in the New World Order. The reason some of the prognostications of pro-German ideas are not valid is that the Satanic hierarchy is not really concerned for the German people either, except to harness their help in their plans . Batterby's Holy Book of Adolf Hitler was given to him "in the spirit" . According to Battersby the book was written in order that "May God open the eyes of the Gentiles to Truth, and carry his Holy Gospel to the ends of the earth" . The book is an excellent synopsis of what Satan had planned in 1952 and has carried out since to a large degree. The Rothschilds (and other top Satanic families in a lesser way) financed a jewish Mason and devote Satanist named Karl Marx to write his Das Kapital . The Satanists controlling key Masonic groups (along with some other groups they controlled) got Communism started. The original idea came from Satan, and was given at a Feast of the Beast in meticulous detail to those highest in the Satanic Hierarchy . Albert Pike, and Guiseppe Mazzini were two men in strategic positions of control that were let in on the plans.

After creating International Socialism (communism) a temporary antithesis was created called National Socialism (nazism). The process to create National Socialism was to turn again to the Masonic Lodges and other esoteric secret Societies to get it done. Therefore, the secret esoteric gnostic and satanic societies along with the Illuminati helped create "the Thule Gesellshaft" (in English the Thule Society) . Adolf Hitler was some type of member of this occult Thule Society, along with many other men who later began leading Nazi leaders such as Rudolf Hess. The Thule Society used the Masonic/Hindu symbol the Swastika, which the Nazi party then also used as its symbol. In other words the grandmother of the Nazi Party was the Masonic Lodges in Germany. The Vril was another secret occult group that many of the Nazi leadership belonged to. Hitler also was a member of the Theosophical Society, which has strong Satanic and Masonic ties. Both Bailey and Hitler studied from Tibetians, Hindus, occultists, and black magicians. They also both studied the Gnostics, and every major Pagan/Occult religious system. A example of how valued the Swastika was for Freemasons before Hitler ruined its image, is a quote from Joseph Fort Newton, a Baptist Minister and high ranking Mason, "The second of these volumes also contains an essay. . . by Thomas Carr, with a list of Lodges, and a study of their history, customs, and emblems- -especially the Swastika . Speculative Masons are now said to be joining.., seeking more light on what are called the Lost Symbols of Masonry." After promoting and using the Swastika for years the Freemasons quit using it after Hitler. The Holy Book of Hitler provides the answer as to why the Theosophical Society worked so hard to destroy the British Empire. It had always at first mystified me why the Theosophical Society Presidents who connected to the Satanic hierarchy would want to ruin the British Empire. The reason it seemed strange is that the mother country of Satanism and Witchcraft is Great Britian. The center of secret political power is geographically in England. And further, one of the largest and most powerful secret fronts for Satanism is Britism-Israelism. The reason why the British Empire was destroyed was that Satan had already determined even before 1870 that the steps to world government would include setting up around 9 or 10 Continental blocs . The Union of Europe into one country (or bloc) could not be accomplished while Great Britian had most of her focus on her empire. Great Britian as long as she had an empire would never want to join up with Europe. In fact all the European nations would have to be convinced to give up their colonies, that is why the World Power got everyone they could get to help fight Portugal in Angola in recent history, everyone including the

large masonic-controlled Christian denominations who donated millions of dollars to the NCC and WCC which moneys were then passed on to the guerillas to buy weapons and ammo.

The Theosophical Society is mostly to blame for India's independence from Britian . First, the Theosophical Society managed to change British policy so that the British became unpopular. Then Theosophical President Besant, who published the largest English paper strongly criticized British rule in her newspapers and eventually was arrested . Gandhi and other Indian leaders were involved in Besant being made the President of the Indian Congress Party. And that political party still rules Indian politics . The Theosophist Mahatma Gandhi, foilowing in the steps of Theosophical President Annie Besant, led the Indian people against British rule.

But the final blow to the British Empire was done by another Theosophist--Adolf Hitler. It is common knowledge that the powerful blows of Axis attacks in W.W. II struck the death blow to the British Empire, or so we are told. The truth is that the elite wanted the Empire to die, and pulled every string to convince the British public and indigenous natives that the Empire was too weak after W . W . II to save the empire and prevent her colonies from independence. It is hard for people to grasp that the Illuminati controlled Russia, Great Britian, Germany and France during World War II, but they did. Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin were all Masons . DeGaulle of France was closely linked with several esoteric groups, and the Priere de Sion and Grand Orient Masons helped him to power in the 50s . Churchill was a Zionist and pro-Fabian Socialist . Stalin was a closet satanist . Roosevelt was a Zionist, pro-communist and socialist . Both Churchill and Roosevelt came from important elite blood lines . Apparently, Stalin was somewhat independent, but basically did what was expected of him. As the previous paragraph indicates the people of the world weren't ready for a world government, and most not even a united Europe. W.W. II was carried out to adjust people's thinking toward wanting European unity . Satan already ruled the world through his secret chain of command, but he wanted to openly rule the world's hearts and to be publicly hailed as ruler and savior.

Who was Hitler? Hitler's father was the offspring of the Rothschild's secret breeding program which impregnated his grandmother. It appears from the details available, Hitler was groomed for his role, without realizing his heritage at first . It appears that Hitler learned of his „jewish bloodline" after taking over Germany. Hitler had romances with many beautiful women. Although Hitler was very strict with his New Age religious practices such as being a vegitarian, that did not include being celebrate . He did have sex contrary to the deceptions of the Establishment. Hitler's seed (the Rothschild's powerful generational occult bloodline) was hidden in an Askenazim bloodline, at least part of which has come to the U.S. In fact, Hitler's generational occult power was passed on too . This was most likely done by thrusting a knife into his heart, and the person who received his occult power then gulped his last breath with the kiss of death to receive his occult power . What I am telling you is that Hitler's offspring are alive and well and that his terrifying Anti-Christ spirit was passed to someone and is not dead. Let me remind you of some of Hitler's own prophecies about himself and his goals. "At the time of supreme peril I must die a martyr's death for the people. But after my death will come something really great, an overwhelming revelation to the world of my mission." The world was to witness his divinity . Further, "My spirit will rise from the grave, and the world will see that I was right." Von Ribbentrop on Apr. 30, 1945 was told this same thing, "You will see that my spirit will rise from the grave . " National Socialism "is even more than a religion; it is the will to make mankind anew." "All creative energy will pass to the new man." Hitler claimed to be the real fulfillment of Marx's socialism. "I am not only the conqueror, but also the executor of Marxism, of that part of it which is essential and justified, stripped of its Jewish-Talmudic dogma." In essense, he is saying whatever veneer of Jewishness that Marx's satanic plan had, he disagreed with it and would destroy that veneer . These type of statements reveal that the essence of the message of various elite men like Hitler is the same Satanic plan if stripped of their variously decorated veneers .

Hitler is viewed as the Messiah, the Holy Spirit, the martyred Savior of his people by his followers today. The blasphemous Holy Book of Adolf Hitler states, "All hail to God's Christ and Chosen, Adolf Hitler...Lord of Lords, and King of Kings, the Eternal Adolf Hitler." Such blasphemy . Father forgive them for they know not what they do. Hitler's Demonic Spirit and Hitler's descendents both live on today. (By the way, some Rothschild descendents such as Hitler's have come to Christ as their

Lord and Savior!) Will this powerful occult branch of the Rothschild's be used again by the New World Order? Whatever the case it is clear that Hitler's Anti-Christ spirit will get plenty of demonic help. The demonic forces that have manifested themselves in National Socialism and International Socialism (aka Communism) demonized much of Europe. So much so that Europe officially portrays itself as a beast with Venus on it on a stamp commemorating the Second election of the European Parliament, and also as the same forces that tried to build the Tower of Babel on an official poster. Not only are the same demons that led communist leaders and nazi leaders operating in Europe's leaders, but there are armies of demons trampling over anything of moral value in Europe . It can be said without a doubt that the „man" who rules the One-World-Government will derive his power from a demonic supernatural source . According to Revelations, God is going to have an angel open up a key to the abyss and teeming hordes of demonic spirits shall be decending upon the earth . My conclusion is that Satan has so many Anti-Christs available that Hitler's personal occult power is not necessary for the New World Order's success .

I rarely like to comment on the end times from Scriptures because I feel like most people are thoroughly confused about the clear teachings that the Scriptures give. 2 Thes. 2:3 and other Scriptures make it clear that the Christians must witness a great apostasy and the Anti-Christ being revealed before Christ returns . We can live everyday as if it may be our last, but Scriptures are clear that the Apostles did not live each day as if Jesus could return that day. They knew that certain things had to happen first . The church has been going through tribulations since Pentecost . The church will go through the "great tribulation" according to the Word of God . We will if we are that faithful remnant we will be spared from the Wrath of God, but we will not be spared from the tribulation of Satan which shall include martyrdom . The New Age leaders are fully ready to cooperate with this "cleansing" from the earth of us bothersome disciples of Truth. In this respect, their thinking will resemble the Nazi's rationalizations that people must pay their Karmic debt, and shall benefit from being killed . How truth can be stood on its head! The Plans are already drawn up how to use rail lines to move large groups of civilians to labor camps . When we compare Nazi Germany with today's New World Order plans, Nazi Germany can be seen to be the basic model of what Satan's timetable includes for us these next few years .

To illustrate that the Pagan religion of Nazism is an example to the Satanists and New Agers, let us ponder Anton LaVey's (head of a visible Church of Satan) trip to the sacred initiation castle of Hitler's Black Order the SS . The SS apparently brought the Holy Grail to Germany, and hid it before the end of the war . On May 2, 1945, a select group of SS officers, those initiated into the higher mysteries of the Nazi Pagan religion, hid the Grail in the Schleigeiss glacier at the foot of 3,000 meter high Hochfeiler mountain . Seekers in the area have been found decaptitated, and mutilated . The area is still guarded by the Black Order in anticipation of the day that the Grail can be revealed to the world . It has been speculated 1995 might be the date, but this is pure speculation . The important thing for us is to begin to experience the Kingdom of God right now . Let us prepare ourselves for Almighty God's New World Order as the Satanists launch their counterfeit New World Order.

THE ROTHSCHILDS

A CONTINUATION OF ARTICLES ON THE TOP 13 ILLUMINATI FAMILIES

INTRODUCTION by Fritz Springmeier

The Rothschilds are one of the most well-known of the thirteen families. David J. Smith of Portland was asked to prepare an article on the Rothschilds for this newsletter. His article follows this introduction. Satan's selective breeding program has been continuing down through the ages hidden from the eyes of the public. One of the most powerful Rothschild bloodline families in America are the Springs. The Springs were originally the Springsteins when they came to America in the mid-I 1700s and settled in NY and NJ. They later changed their name from Springstein to Springs to hide their identity. Leroy Springs was hired by LC. Payseur. Now most American's have to ask, who is

L.C. Payseur? One of the most secret and most powerful families in North America has been the Payseurs. They have been so powerful that they could hide their wealth and power, and use other Satanic families as proxies. The Payseurs are part of the i 3th top Illuminati family. The first Payseur to come to America was the former crown prince of France Daniel Payseur (1785-1860). He came over about 1805 to the U.S. and married Susannah Kiser c. 1814. They had two boys Adam and Jonas (1819-1 884). Jonas married Harrietta Smith and they had Lewis Cass Payseur (1850-1939). It was this Lewis Cass Payseur who hired the Rothschild bloodline of the Springs to run a number of the Payseur's companies. The Payseurs were one of the original big railroad families along with Issac Croom and William H. Beatty. Isaac Croom's wife was a sister of William Beatty's, so the reader can see how all these elite bloodlines intertwine. Remember that LC. Payseur hired Leroy Springs to operate a host of his companies. Leroy Springs father was A.A. Springs and A.A. Springs was the secret father of Abraham Lincoln.

In 1808, Nancy Hanks, of the lineage of the McAdden Scottish family visited some of her famIly at Lincolnton, N.C. Nancy Hawks visited the Springs family and that is when A.A. Springs impregnated her, and her child when born was named Abraham Lincoln. Abraham Lincoln's Rothschild blood was kept very secret, but he did grow up to be a famous lawyer, a secret leader of the Rosicrucians, and President of the United States. It is believed from the evidence that the establishment conspiracy concocted the person of Thomas Lincoln out of thin air. The actual early history of Abraham Lincoln is shrouded in myth and mystery, and as one encyclopedia puts it, "We know little about the family of his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln." While a lawyer, Abraham Lincoln had a sexual liaison with Elizabeth who was the illegitimate daughter of German King Leopold, who is also of elite blood lineage. Abraham Lincoln and Elizabeth had two twin daughters Ella and Emily in 1856 who were adopted out. Lincoln in fact had a fairly large number of illegitimate children. Now A. A. Springs, who was both the biological father of Leroy Springs and Abraham Lincoln left an enormous amount of land in what is now Huntsville, AL to his son Abraham Lincoln. Huntsville, AL by the way has become a hotbed of NWO activity. Some of the mind-control research the intelligence community has been conducting has been done at Huntsville. The Rothschilds even named one of their boys after Abraham Lincoln, his name was Lincoln Rothschild. Although Abraham Lincoln secretly had powerful occult blood, he was a great man in his own right. And just like JFK, he had the strength of personality to refuse to bow to the Illuminati's instructions. Lincoln refused to go the path that his distant European International Banking Rothschild relatives wanted for the United States. The Illuminati goal had been to split the U.S. into two easier to control nations. And just as with JFK, who also came from a top 13 family, a large scale conspiracy Involving many government officials including the Secretary of Defense was put into place to assassinate Lincoln. There are numerous indications that show that the Rothschilds were in part behind the assassination of Lincoln. Some of the men who worked for the Payseurs of the 13th top family were Andrew Carnegie, J.P. Morgan, the Vanderbilts, Giftord Pinnchot, and John D Rockefeller. These men were selected to run Payseur companies because they belonged to the satanic elite. The Leroy Springs family got Payseur family companies in the early 1920s. It was Leroy that managed to get the Rothschild's involved with the Federal Reserve. Two companies that have come out of the Payseur's old Lancaster Manufacturing Co. ins Weyerhaeuser and Crown-Zellerbach. I have long know these were companies tied to the elite, but it wasn't until i found the secret Payseur family at the very top of these companies that I really understood the full story. The Payseurs have gone to extreme lengths to corrupt government documents, such as courthouse records. They have hidden the births of many of their descendants, and have covered over with extreme secrecy most of their monetary holdings.

Remember the Beatty family was an early railroad family with business ties to the Payseur family. Bartholomew F. Moore, who was the private attorney for years to President Abraham Lincoln, was a blood relative of the Beatty family. It was Bart Fingers Moore who co-authored the 14th amendment for the conspiracy. The Beatty family continually resurfaces when doing research on the conspiracy. Shirley MacLaine, the famous New Age leader/author is from the Beatty family. She credits her start to Edgar Cayce by the way, who in turn was interested in Blavatsky. Blavatsky was a student of the Mason Anton Mesmer, who introduced the world to hypnotism. Hypnotism had been secretly practiced by the Mystery Religions for thousands of years before Mesmer taught Blavatsky and others

about it. Charles Beatty Alexander, who is an Illuminati ,, prince"/Pilgrim Society member is an example of a Beatty in recent times who was within the elite. Quantrill, who was a famous Confederate colonel and guerilla leader, whose band of raiders evolved into the Jessie James gang was married into the Springs (Rothschild) family

The recent lala Madelyn Payseur Gatling Fulghum (1876-1972) was the late head of the Payseur family. The documentation on the above families is extensive, but much of the evidence that has been photocopied out of the few documents left intact have been destroyed since the documents were photocopied. The amount of tampering with official documents is incredible, and further Illustrates the enormous power the Rothschilds and the Payseurs (the 13th family--the Holy Blood line) have. The researchers who wrote Holy Blood, Holy Grail got a taste of the power of the 13th blood line to manipulate documents held by libraries and governments in Europe. The same type of thing has been happening in the United States. The researcher into the Satanic elite has a hard row to hoe because the Satanic families have tried to cover their tracks through history. They have also tried very hard to cover up what their financial assets are. Those Rothschilds who have carried on the Rothschild name have had a higher visibility. It is this group of Rothschilds which have gained the public's attention, even though they too are very secretive.

The origins of the Masonic and Rosicrucian movements lie with the medieval alchemists. Manly P. Hall, Freemasonry's greatest philosopher writes, ,,During the Middle Ages, alchemy was not only a philosophy and a science but also a religion. Those who rebelled against the religious limitations of their day concealed their philosophic teachings under the allegory of gold-making. In this way they preserved their personal liberty and were ridiculed rather than persecuted. Alchemy is a threefold art, its mystery well symbolized by a triangle." (The Secret Teachings of All Ages, pg CLIV-ul) -- Manly P Hall also states in his book on magic entitled Magic, "... [the] pentagram. This was known to medieval alchemy as the sign of the cloven hoof .... (Hall.. Magic, Los Angeles, CA: Philosophical Research Soc., pg. 46) QuicksIlver (which was one of the things the early Astor family traded in) was one of the primary items employed in the aichemical trarismutations. The oxide produced using quicksilver was considered magical and mystically identified with the god Osiris. As the reader may have already figured out, alchemy practiced Hermetic magic from ancient Egypt. Alchemy was really a front for the mystery religion of Satanic witchcraft. The leading alchemist was a german Richard Bauer who was alive sometime in the 14 or 15 hundreds. Richard Bauer is said to have been the only alchemist who was successful in transforming lead to gold. Whether that report is meant in an allegorical way, or some other way I do not know What I am trying to communicate is that the Bauer family was a leading alchemical family which secretly practiced Hermetic magic during the late Middle Ages. David's article on the Rothschilds is meant to be an extension of what I have already put out on the Rothschilds. for instance my chapter 3.3 in the Be Wise As Serpents book. Chapter 3.3 is entirely devoted to the Rothschilds. I chose them to write about in the book, because the family is the most renown of the Satanic families and the easiest to expose to people just becoming acquainted with what is going on. The other family which has a chapter devoted to it is the Russell family, which is described in chapter 1. 6. The Russell family has yet to be covered in this series, but was covered in the Be Wise As Serpents book because of their importance to the Watchtower Bible & Tract Society. I am aware of intense secret meetings that have been going on in Frankfurt and Moscow between World Bank officials. These secret meetings have been going on now for two months which gives some of the scope of their importance. Undoubtedly the Rothschilds are playing a role in these secret meetings, even while I write this. There has been a great deal of misinformation put out that the Rothschilds and the Rockefellers are fighting for control of the world. It is true that they are in intense competition in some areas. It has also been true that they have been in intense cooperation in many areas. One of the difficulties for people to sort out what is going on, is that they don't know about the Satanic spiritual dimension of the Rothschilds and the Rockefellers. For instance, to make an analogy, if I am a minister and one of my brothers-in-Christ is my upline on a multi-level marketing distributorship, then he is my business head, but I could be the spiritual leadership that he looks up to. The point is that essentially all researchers trying to expose the NWO are drawing conclusions about occult power on the basis of business relationships, and it doesn't always work. Sometimes the business boss may be in a secret satanic leadership position over someone else, but it may also be that

both men are on equal footing when it comes to occuft power and status within the Illuminati. So far I have seen only one book advertised (and I haven't read it) which claims to expose the conflict between the Rothschilds and the Rockefellers as a sham. If It really does show this, then the book has contributed greatly toward helping people tear down their isunderstandings about the Illuminati power structure.

Part I

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

If one looked on the backstage of history, he would find the House of Rothschild. They have indebted Kings, manipulated kingdoms, created wars and molded the very shape of the international world. Among the hierarchy of the Illuminati they are revered as a powerful satanic bloodline. They are "living legends."

Said one biographer: "In America a boy wants to become President. In Europe he would rather be a Rothschild.... To be 'a Rothschild' is to be a modern Croesus, a twentieth-century Midas." They are a dynasty of enduring power; a "magic" bloodline In Satan's Empire. We will probably never know exactly when occultism was introduced to the Rothschilds. Several of their ancestors have been rabbis, so the occultism probably came in the form of Jewish Cabalism, Sabbatism, or Frankism. The House of Rothschild practices gnostic-satanism (the Rothschilds would probably not call themselves satanists, but by our standards they are, considering the sacrificial and spiritual worship involved). The truth is sometimes hard to tell. The stories the family weave are hard to distinguish from the truth. Myths are one of their best weapons, and a researcher must be wary. The family began in Frankfort, Germany (the city where paper money was popularized). The oldest known Rothschild went by the name of Uri Feibesch who lived in the early 16th century. His descendants lived in the House of Red Shield. His great, great, great, great Grandson was Moses Bauer, who lived in the early 18th century. The family was mostly made-up of Jewish retail traders, and lived in the Judengasse, or Jew's Alley in Frankfort. Jew's Alley was the product of the anti-semitic bent in Europe, and did not have very good living conditions.

Most Ashkenazim Jews of that time did not use sir-names, instead they preferred the Chinese custom of using a symbol as the family identity. These symbols were sometimes used on signs outside Jewish houses as an address. Some Jews had taken on sir-names, to fit in, but the use of symbols was more popular. The early Rothschilds chose the sir-name Bauer (meaning farmer in German. Why would a family of retail traders call themselves Bauer? Perhaps to remain un-noticed). The Bauer line continues today, but in the 1700's one man re-named his branch of the family after its symbol and address - the Red Shield or the Seal of Solomon.

Mayer Amschel Bauer was a well-off coin trader in Frankfort. In front of his house hung a sign with the family's symbol, which was a red hexagram. The hexagram (also known as the Seal of Solomon, the Magden David, or the Star of David) is very occultic. It is used today as the symbol of Israel, but It is not „Jewish." In his excellent book THE SIX-POINTED STAR, O.J. Graham explains that the hexagram was used in the ancient mystery religions. It was the symbol of Moloch, Ashtoreth, and others. In fact, the hexagram was used to represent Saturn, which earlier newsletters have discussed. The six-pointed star is considered the equivalent of the Oriental Yin-and-Yang symbol, which is the Luciferian concept of balancing good and evil. The symbol appears to have been used by King Solomon when he apostasized, and was thereafter called the Seal of Solomon. Later on, Jewish Cabalism (or Occultism - different name, same game) picked it up as a magic symbol. Through the promotion of the Cabalists and the Zionists it has become the symbol of Jewish identity, although the occult circles know better. The Bauer's use of a hexagram as their family sign points to their involvement in Jewish Cabalism. In fact, the six-pointed star was so significant to them that Mayer Amschel Bauer decided to adopt it as his new name - Mayer Amschel Rothschild (Rot-schildt = Red Shield). I believe this was done to identify his family with occultism and the likes of Saturn or

Ashtoreth (whom the Astors are named after). Mayer was sent to be a rabbi when he was 10, in 1753. A year and a half later his parents died. Mayer was brilliant and was encouraged by relatives to continue his studies but coin trading was his love. He left the school and when 13 was sent to Hanover to be an apprentice at the Illuminati Oppenheimer bank. He worked there for 7 years, learning the ins and out of money. The big question is why he left the Oppenheimer bank. It was a good situation, both financially and socially (Hanover was less antagonistic towards the Jews than Frankfort). Why leave this security and head back home to an uncertain future? Because the future wasn't all that uncertain. While in Hanover Mayer made the acquaintance of General von Estorff, a numismatist who was impressed by Mayer's knowledge of the subject. In 1763 General von Estorff left Hanover and joined the Court of Prince William IX of Hesse-Hanau, whose territory included Frankfort. Mayer knew that through his connections he would be able to get some business with the Prince. It appears Mayer's stay at the Oppenheimer bank was used to establish himself in Illuminati circles and to find a way to get close to the Illuminati royalty. General von Estorff was his key.

Prince William of Hesse-Hanau was tied into the Illuminati. He was the son of Landgrave Frederick or Hesse-Cassel, of the royal family of Hesse. Prince William was a Freemason, and his younger brother Karl, was according to JEWS AND FREEMASONS IN EUROPE, 1723-1939, 'accepted as the head of all German Freemasons.' Members of the Hesse dynasty have been described as the leaders of the Strict Observance (in 1782 a Masonic Congress in Wilhelmsbad, a city in the Hesse province, dropped the name 'Strict Observance' and changed it to "Beneficent Knights of the Holy City"). The Hesse dynasty is totally connected to the Illuminati. Prince William was the grandson of King George II of England. The Hesse-Cassel's were one of the richest royal houses in Europe. Their income came mainly from the loaning-out of Hessian soldiers to foreign countries. (The elite loves to makes profit off of "peacekeeping" troops, which is exactly what the Hessians were called. This "peacekeeping" always adds up to imperialism. The Hessian troops were used by England in the American Revolution, in fact the colonial armies fought more Hessian soldiers than English. The House of Hesse-Cassel made a lot of money off the American Revolution.) Another example of the Hesse-

Cassel's ties to the Illuminati is the enigmatic figure St. Germain, who is hailed as a New Age Messiah-figure. Many researchers believe that St. Germain was the son of Francis II of Transylvania. Francis II's second wife was Charlotte Amalie of the House of Hesse, he married her in 1694. St. Germain was either her son, or the prior wife's, this point is debated. His name was Leopold-George and they staged his death in 1700 to save him from the deadly collapse of the Transylvanian dynasty. Prince Karl of Hesse, Masonic leader of Germany, wrote that St. Germain had been sent down to Italy to be raised by the Medici family. Later on St. Germain appeared out of nowhere to work with the elite. There were questions as to his identity and Napoleon Ill had a dossier gathered on him, but the house holding the dossier was mysteriously destroyed in a fire. St. Germain was an alchemist and he claimed to have the alchemical Elixir of Life, the secret formula of immortality (which the Rosicrucians also claimed to have). He was a guest of William and Karl of Hesse in 1774, and in 1779 returned to Karl to spend the last years of his known life. Helena Blavatsky, cofounder of the Theosophical Society claimed that St. Germain was one of the Hidden Masters of Tibet who secretly controlled the world's destiny. In 1930 Guy Ballard claimed that he met St. GermaIn on Mount Shasta. This supposed meeting led to the creation of the 'I AM' movement.

The Hesse Dynasty has lasted clear up to the 20th century. During WWII they were on Hitler's side. Prince Philip of Hesse was a messenger between Hitler and Mussolini. He was still alive in 1973 and was reported to be the richest prince in Europe. The House of Hesse is still a powerful force in Germany. In 1763 Mayer left Hanover to build his fortune in Frankfort. His main objective was to become a financial agent of Prince William of Hesse-Hanau. Prince William was an intelligent man who loved to make money. (His passions went beyond money. His wife did not please him so he became an adulterer and almost every woman he slept with became pregnant. He fathered between 70 to 21 illegitimate children. His main mistress, Frau von Lindenthal, bore him 8 children and ran his household.) William loved to loan money at high interest rates. He was the perfect man to aid Mayer's quest for riches. Mayer began bribing Prince William's servants to become informants. At

that time he was an antique dealer, trader, coin collector, and exchanger (the country was divided and as a result the separate currencies made money exchanging very profitable) . General von Estorff convinced Prince William of the value of a rare coin collection and then recommended Rothschild. Thus began the relationship between the Prince and the Rothschilds. Mayer would sell rare coins, precious stones, and antiques to the Prince at ridiculously low prices. Then, in 1769, after a significant amount of sales, he wrote the Prince asking for and receiving the designation ‘Crown Agent to the Prince of Hesse-Hanau" (a great commercial advertiser. Tities and honors were important in that day, they opened doors). Mayer then married Gutle Schnapper, daughter of a respected merchant, Wolf Salomon Schnapper, in 1770. He then set up a money exchange bureau. His two brothers worked in this bureau with him untIl 1785 when Kalmann died and Moses quite. Some researchers contend that Adam Wieshaupt of the Bavarian Illuminati was financially supported by the Rothschilds. The Bavarian Illuminati was founded in 1776, and the Rothschilds were not necessarily a financial power at that time. I may be wrong, but I do not believe Mayer was in a financial position to support Wieshaupt. It is possible, though, that when, in 1782, the headquarters of the Illuminati moved to Frankfort, that it began to be controlled by the Rothschilds.

In 1785 Prince William’s father, Landgrave Frederick of Hesse-Cassel, died and William became the new Landgrave. This made him the richest prince in Germany and possibly Europe. He left the small province of Hesse-Hanau to become ruler in Hesse-Cassel. Around this time Wolf Schnapper, Mayer’s father-in-law, introduced Rothschild to Carl Buderus who was the Prince’s chief financial advisor. Through either coercion, friendship, or occultic ties Mayer was able to convince Buderus to become an agent for him. This was a big mover for Mayer. The Landgrave William of Hesse-Cassel was to be the ‘steppingstone" to power.

Until then Mayer had only done meager business with William, but by 1789 Buderus managed to get some royal bills for Rothschild to discount. This wasn’t much, but it was a start. Carl received a cut of the profits when he did William’s business through Rothschild. This was the beginning of a long financial relationship that would benefit both parties.

Mayer Amschel Bauer-Rothschild was a shrewd man, but his quick rise in social status shows the power of money, for Mayer was not cultured. He could never master the German language and so he and his family spoke a strange Yiddish German mixture (which benefitted their secret network). He enjoyed

discussing the medieval world and coin collecting. When it came to business he was ruthless and naturally adept. His occult side was well hidden. He was most likely a Cabalistic Jew. Although it is not known if he was a Freemason, he did accompany the Landgrave on several trips to Masonic lodges (after the two had become better friends). He had 5 daughters and 5 sons, plus several children that died young. He moved from his old house, the „Haus zur Hinterpfann", to a new one, Green Shield, when he started making more money. Green Shield was a dual residency and the other half was occupied by the Schiff family who were to play an important role later on as agents of the Rothschilds. Every passage of Green Shield held hidden shelves and cupboards, and the backyard countinghouse’s walls had a number of secret shelves and a secret underground room which was connected to a neighbor’s house for a quick getaway if necessary (the house was built to protect Jews from the dangerous pogroms that would sweep Germany, it was a great place to secretly practice their gnostic-satanic rituals, if they were yet involved in that form of worship). His five sons have been called the Mayer brothers because they all shared that middle name: Amschel Mayer, Salomon Mayer, Nathan Mayer, Kalmann (Carl) Mayer, and Jacob (James) Mayer. Each son entered the family business at the age of 12. The humorous side of studying an elite IllumInati family is the

biographer’s insistence on owing the family’s ability to profit from circumstances as "luck.’ They never seem to put two and two together. Many of these circumstances happened by design. They always say things like ‘... the infant opportunity seemed to be the child of coincidence." They never attribute a family’s wealth to well planned extortion, cheating, or thievery, which is exactly how families like the Rothschilds attain their riches. The French Revolution is an example.

The Illuminati fueled French Revolution got under way in the 1790's, and Prince William began to get nervous. He was afraid the revolutionary riots would reach Germany and he would lose his gold. So he invested his money in a magnificent new palace called Wilhelmshoe, which was built from 1791 to 1798. Although the French Revolution frightened William it was a delight for Mayer. The war helped his sales. When the French ended up pitted against the Holy Roman Empire, the prices of imported goods skyrocketed, and importing goods from England was a Rothschild specialty. In fact Mayer's English trade helped him secure a deal with the Landgrave (through Buderus, of course) in which he became a middleman in England's payments for the hire of Hessian soldiers. '...every ill wind of the 1790's seemed to blow good to the Rothschilds." The winds were so good that by the end of the decade they were established as a rich and independent family. In 1800 they were the 11th richest family in Frankfort's Jew Alley (not counting the wealth in proxy). Around the turn of the century Mayer decIded to send his most clever son, Nathan to England to establish another Rothschild House. The family tells a silly story about Nathan leaving for England to best an annoying English cotton trader, but I believe that Nathan was sent by Mayer with a specific purpose - to establish power with the Rothschild network in that country. Nathan arrived in England with no knowledge of the language but a great amount of money. He would soon be the most powerful man in Europe. Many more profitable events occurred at the turn of the century. Many of these events revolve around the Rothschild infiltration of the Thurn and Taxis postal system. The House of Thurn and Taxis was of the Black Nobility. In 1516 Holy Roman Emperor Maximilion I (of the Merovinglan bloodline and husband of a member of the Black Nobility)

commissioned the House to create a mounted postal service between Vienna and Brussels. The service eventually included all of Central Europe. The head office of the system was in Frankfort, which was rather convenient for Mayer who proceeded to do business with them. His relationship with Thurn and Taxis became so close that the service began to inform him of any pertinent Information found among the letters (that they had a habit of covertly reading). This mail fraud system was also used by the Emperor Francis to keep abreast of his enemies. While Mayer was receiving stolen news from Thurn and Taxis he was busy setting up his own postal service so that no-one could secretly discover his dealings. This system was eventually so effective that the Rothschilds became the best and fastest informed individuals in the world. The system was so good that many prominent men began to send their letters through the Rothschilds, who of course, always snuck a peak at the contents. The business with Thurn and Taxis helped Mayer receive the title ,,Imperial Crown Agent" in 1800. This title served as a passport that allowed him to travel throughout the Holy Roman Empire. It also provided the right to bear arms, and it freed him from having to pay the taxes and obligations upon the Jews of that period. Mayer began to get even more titles, including one from the German Order of St. John. His sons Amschel and Salomon were also busy getting various titles. In 1801 they became crown agents of the Landgrave William of Hesse-Cassel. All these titles were wonderful, but most important was the Landgrave's. The Landgrave was the richest Prince in Europe and the Rothschilds were determined to take advantage of his wealth.

The relationship with the Landgrave improved greatly in 1803. A Danish King, and cousin of William, asked the Prince for loans but William declined because he did not want anyone to know how rich he had become. Rothschild learned about it and through Buderus, proposed lending the money anonymously. William thought the idea was splendid. The loan was sent through Mayer and a Hamburg Jew. The interests were paid to Rothschild who, after taking commission, forwarded the money to the Landgrave. The event was a great triumph, after 36 years, Mayer had finally done a significant job for the Prince. Six more Landgrave loans to Denmark were negotiated by Rothschild. Many more loans ensued (although they required some teeth pulling on Buderus' part), Including loans to the Order of St. John. This negotiating of the Landgrave's loans greatly increased the reputation of the House of Rothschild. By this time Napoleon had come to power in France. This caused a distress in Europe, but brought great profits to the House of Rothschild. As one biographer put it "Napoleon seemed bent on Improving the Rothschild's lot in life." Even though Napoleon was not purposely doing It, the conditions he created were of great benefit. Napoleon tried to get the Landgrave as his ally, but Prince William squirmed and politely as possible refused. William's goal was to wait untIl the winning side in the Napoleonic conflict was clear so that he could join without

any risks. The pressure of the situation gave the Landgrave a very bad temper. By this time half the crown heads of Europe were in his debt. Napoleon grew tired of the Landgrave's games. His troops Invaded Germany and the province of Hesse to "remove the House of Hesse-Cassel from rulership and to strike It out of the list of powers." Wllhelmshoe became frantic as William attempted to hide his riches. After the scramble to conceal his wealth he fled the province and went to live in exile in Denmark. The French immediately found most of his treasures. Buderus and Mayer had to act fast to preserve the wealth of the Landgrave. Some of the valuables had already been sold. They quickly bribed a French General, Lagrange, who turned over 42 trunks to Hessian officials and lied to Napoleon about the Prince's true wealth. Lagrange's deceptive act was eventually discovered and he was dismissed, but much of the wealth was preserved. During the frantic moments before Hesse-Cassel's Invasion, the Landgrave gave Buderus the right to collect the Interest payments due from Holy Roman Emperor Francis. Buderus eventually transferred this right to the Rothschilds. Mayer began doing the Landgrave's business behind Napoleon's back. These secret dealings were greatly boosted by the man Napoleon appointed to rule the area -Karl von Dalberg. Dalberg was a friend of Mayer and Buderns and had done business with them (his connection to them may have also been occult). Napoleon made Dalberg Primate of the new Confederation of the Rhine, which included Frankfort. As ruler of the region Dalberg protected the Rothschilds from being exposed as traders of contraband and as agents of the House of Hesse-Cassel. When the French cut off trade with England prices on Imports soared. The Rothschilds smuggled goods in and made large profits, with Dalberg keeping guard. "It was certainly most remarkable," said one biographer. "That the Archbishop and Lord of the Confederation of the Rhine, who ruled over sixteen German princes, and stood so high in Napoleon's favor, should have shown so much good-will to the Jewish Mayer Amschel Rothschild at Frankfort, who, although now a rich man, had no daim to move in high and influential circles." Despite Dalberg's protection Mayer kept two sets of books, one inspectable and the other secret. By 1807 Buderus, as proxy for the Landgrave, was almost exclusively using the Rothschilds for Hesse-Cassel business. Mayer himself would visit the Prince in exile, but since he was getting old he soon had to give up these trips and sent his sons on the journeys. The House of Rothschild was collecting the income of the wealthiest prince in Europe less than half a century after Mayer had begun building his fortune! The satanic House of Rothschild's IllumInati dealings at this time are well exemplified by their involvement with the second Tugenbund League. The first Tugenbund League (or Virtue League) was formed in 1786 as a kind of sex society. The group would meet at Henrietta Herz's home (her husband was an Illuminati Jew who was the disciple of the powerful occultist Moses Mendelssohn). Many Illuminists attended this "Virtue" League. A number of young Jewish women whose husbands were always away on business would come to the Herz's house to participate in the immorality (two members were daughters of Moses Mendelssohn). Frequenters of this 'salon" included revolutionary Freemason Mlrabeau, William von Humbolt, and Frederick von Gentz who was to become an important Rothschild agent. Later on, I will discuss Gentz in further detail. In 1807 the second Tugenbund League was formed. This League pursued 'moral-scientific" and political aims. The main aim being the deliverance of Germany from French occupation. The League was formed by Baron von Stein who was its principle "protector." Thomas Frost wrote in SECRET SOCIETIES OF THE EUROPEAN REVOLUTION that 'The Initiations [into the second Tugendbund] multiplied rapidly, and the League soon numbered in its ranks most of the Councillors of State, many officers of the army, and a considerable number of the professors of literature and science.... A central directorate at Berlin, presided over by Stein, had the supreme control of the movement, and exercised, through provincial committees, an authority all the more potent from emanating from an unknown source, and which was obeyed as implicitiy as the decrees of Emperor or King.' The Landgrave William of Hesse-Cassel held an important position in the second Tugendbund. Buderus was also involved. It appears the Rothschilds were members and they were „go-betweens for the [Landgrave's] correspondence on this matter, and made payments in favor of the Tugendbund." This put Mayer Rothschild at the head of the propaganda system against Napoleon.

Napoleon tried to suppress Tugundbund but it went underground, concealing itself under the protection of the English Masonic Lodge at Hanover, It as sisted many anti-Napoleon causes physically and financially. Tugendbund was eventually dissolved, but many of its members moved on to other Masonic

societies such as the ‘Black Knights,’ ‘The Knights of the Queen of Prussia," and ‘The Concordists." In 1818 the second Tugundbund was revived as the Burschenschaft (Association of Boys or Fellows). The Burschenschaft was a revolutionary group of students who introduced martial exercises into the universities. The Burschenschaft eventually fell apart. After a few years the exiled Landgrave came to totally trust the Rothschilds. ‘...[Prince William] got more and more accustomed to following [Mayer] Rothschild’s advice, and scarcely took any important financial step without consulting him.’ This princely steppingstone was working out perfectly. It was paving the way towards Rothschild financial freedom. Mayer wanted to become a creditor, and his goal was soon achieved. In 1810 the Rothschild’s firm became ‘Mayer Amschel Rothschild and Sons" (Nathan was not a public partner of this firm). That same year Mayer loaned his own money to Denmark and when Dalberg took out a big loan to go to the baptism of Napoleon’s son, the financial security of the Frankfort bank was set in stone.

The House of Rothschild needed a new steppingstone. The old one, the Landgrave, would not be discarded, but they needed a younger, more political man who could be their key to controlling Europe. That man was Prince Clemens Metternich who in 1809 became the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs. He became the leading opposer of Napoleon, and the Landgrave moved in his exile to Austria, hoping the powerful up-start would get Hesse back. So the Rothschild network increased its operations in Austria - the land of the Hapsburgs. Around this time Mayer Amschel Bauer-Rothschild got sick. Before his death he wrote a Will that

would dictate the structure of the Rothschilds. Although the exact content’s of Mayer’s Will have been kept secret, one edict is clear. It completely excluded the daughters and their husbands and heirs from the business, and all knowledge of it. The Will totally exalted the importance of the family circle. On Sept. 19, 1812 Mayer died. A bogus legend about his death maintains that his five sons gathered around his deathbed and he split Europe between them. Only Amschel and Carl were in Frankfort when he died. Nathan was in England, and Salomon and James were on the road (the brothers were constantly traveling).

THE "FIVE WIZARDS’

When Mayer died, headship over the family fell on Nathan Rothschild of England. Even though Nathan was not the oldest, the 5 brothers had voted unanimously that he was the most capable to lead them. Nathan was an intelligent, uneducated, self-absorbed jerk. Though he was an impolite, foul-mouthed man (‘...he could swear like a trooper.’) his money got him into the high society of England. His cold view on life and power is seen in his response to an English Major who was being sentimental about the horrible deaths of the large number of soldiers that had died in the war. ‘Well,’ said Rothschild. ‘If they had not all died, Major, you presumably would still be a drummer.’ There is a story that says one of Nathan’s sons asked him how many nations there were in the world and Nathan replied: ‘There are only two you need to bother about. There is the mishpoche [Yiddish for family] and there are the others.’ This story may be false, but the attitude is real.

Nathan first settled in Manchester, England, the center of cloth manufacturing. In 1804 he moved to London. As his wealth and his reputation began to grow he was able to marry Hannah Cohen. The Cohens were a wealthy Jewish family from Amsterdam, and Hannah’s father, Salomon Cohen was a respected merchant in London. Nathan served with him as Warden of the Great Synagogue (the Rothschilds relationship to the Jews will be discussed later on in this article). Hannah’s sister, Judith, married the powerful Jewish Freemason Moses Montefiore (the Montefiore’s were of "ancient" and extremely ‘aristocratic Jewish stock’, probably another Cabalistic family), who was friends with Nathan (Nathan’s sister Henrietta married a Montefiore, so did his second son, Anthony, and his brother, Salomon’s great grandson, Aiphonse married a Sebag-Montefiore in 1911). Nathan’s social life revolved around the Cohens. Nathan was a Freemason. He was a member of London’s Lodge of Emulation. Nathan’s accumulation of wealth was incredible. His money-making exploits were unbelievable. He was smuggling English goods past the French blockade during the Napoleonic conflict, and making great profits. This smuggling required an agent in Paris, so Mayer, through his Dalberg connections, got his son James a passport and James went to live in Paris. A large amount of

the Landgrave's money was sent to Nathan in England, on the advice of Buderus, for the purpose of buying stock. But Nathan, as he and Buderus had planned, used the money as capitol for other ventures. When the exiled Landgrave began asking for a proof-of-purchase, Buderus and the Rothschild brothers had to come up with all sorts of excuses to protect Nathan's thievery. Eventually the Landgrave demanded to see receipts, so Nathan quIckly bought some stock (the Landgrave had told him to buy the stocks at 72, but their price when be ended up buying them was 62, Nathan pocketed the savings) and they snuck the receipts through the French blockade to the exiled Prince. The Landgrave was satisfied, he had no idea what had really been done with his money. Nathan began making connections in the British government. Probably his greatest early connection was to the Treasury official John Herries. Herries aided Nathan's rise to power in every way possible. He became an intimate friend or Nathan's and eventually a proxy for Rothschild in the British government. Their dealings were kept secret and the public had no idea as to the enormity of Nathan's power. The most incredible example of

Nathan's devious schemes is a job he would later describe as the best business he had ever done. Through Nathan's connections in the treasury he learned of the plight of the English army in Spain. The Duke of Wellington (soon to become Nathan's friend) had British troops in Spain ready to attack France, only they lacked one thing - hard cash (the army's financiers would not take paper money), but the government was very short on gold at the time. Nathan knew how to profit from this situation. The East India Company was trying to sell gold that, of coarse, the government wanted to buy, but the price was so high that officials decided to wait until it dropped. Nathan stepped in and bought up the gold (using some of the Landgraves money as well as his own). He then proceed to raise the price. When the officials realized the price wouldn't drop they bought the gold and Nathan made a great profit. But the deal didn't stop there. Nathan offered to deliver the gold to Wellington (this was a heavy responsibility because of the French blockade). Hemes went to bat and got Rothschild the job. Nathan's plan was incredible, one biographer said his scheme was 'comparable to burglary in broad daylight.' Nathan's brother, James went to Napoleon's government and told them that Nathan would be importing gold into France and that the British government was upset at the move because it would financially hurt England. Napoleon's government believed his lie and any French police who might have uncovered the plot were bribed. So Nathan was able to ship the gold to Paris with the approval of both the English and French governments. In Paris the gold was exchanged in French banking firms for cash Wellington could use, and then the Rothschild network carried the money into Spain as France allowed Nathan to fund the war against itself. Eventually some French officials grew suspicious, but Napoleon ignored their reports (why?). The plan went smoothly even though the same officials secretly watched James Rothschild and his brother Carl (who was in on the plot). Wellington eventually defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. The Wellington smuggle was one of the greatest scams in history! In order to better understand the Rothschild's involvement in the defeat of Napoleon we must look at the role played by the Rothschild's second steppingstone - Metternich. Metternich was the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs and he led the opposition against Napoleon.

Metternich was a fierce enemy of the revolutionary fires that were spreading through Europe. The Rothschild's got to him through a member of the first Tugendbund (the sexual one), Frederick von Gentz. Gentz was Metternich's right-hand man. Metternich was not financially minded and he relied on Gentz's advise concerning economics (Gentz's ability to handie his private finances was terrible, but he had a knack for political economy). John Herries brought Gentz and the Rothschilds together. The family proceeded to bribe the man into their service. Gentz is an interesting character. He was a Freemason so he was probably occultic. His involvement in the first Tugendbund League points to Immorality. Another interesting fact is that I found most of his visits to the Rothschilds occurred on occultic

holidays, such as Winter Solstice. This may be a coincidence, but it is interesting non-the-less. Gentz called the Rothschilds 'a special species plantarum with its own characteristics.' Gentz steadily brought Metternich into the Rothschild's web. By at least 1814 Metternich was an ally of the House of Rothschild. His goal was to protect the power of the old aristocracy. His plan was simply to extinguish revolution, and he began with Napoleon. Austria declared war on France and allied Itself

with Russia. England Joined them to form a powerful coalition against Napoleon. The battle of Waterloo in 1815 decided the war. Metternich had led Europe to victory with the help of Nathan's delivery network which funded the overthrow. The victory made Metternich the most powerful man in Europe. Due to his speedy courier system, Nathan knew of the outcome of the Waterloo battle before the news reached any other Englander. A persistent myth is that he made the bulk of his fortune by manipulating the stock exchange with this knowledge. First of all, he did manipulate the market, but he already had a fortune, this only added to It. Second of all, he might not have even made a significant profit (the issue is complicated and debatable. I will not go into it). Two years before his defeat, Napoleon had pulled out of Germany. In 1813 the Landgrave William of Hesse-Cassel returned to his province. Said one biographer: 'Earlier it had been the Rothschilds who had asked for favors, now it was the (Landgrave] and Buderus who tried to maintain a close connection.' In 1818 Buderus died. By 1815 Nathan controlled England's finance. He did a large amount of direct business with the English treasury. John Hemes was allowing deals that would hurt England but fill the pockets of the House of

Rothschild. The following quote by one of Nathan's contemporaries describes his eerie countenance: 'Eyes are usually called windows of the soul. But in Rothschild's case you would conclude that the windows are false ones, or that there was no soul to look out them. There comes not one pencil of light from the interior, neither is there any gleam of that which comes from without reflected in any direction. The whole puts you in mind of an empty skin, and you wonder why it stands upright without at least something in it. By and by another figure comes up to it. It then steps two paces aside, and the most inquisitive glance that you ever saw, and a glance more inquisitive than you would have thought of, is drawn out of the fixed and leaden eyes, as if one were drawing a sword from a scabbard...'

This description is disturbingly similar to either MPD or demonic possession. A Prussian official said that Rothschild had 'an incredible influence upon all financial affairs here in London. It is widely stated ... that he entirely regulates the rate of exchange in the City. His power as a banker is enormous.' 'When Nathan ... (made] a fuss, the Bank of England trembled.' Once he tried to cash a check from his brother Amschel at the Bank, but the Bank refused saying it cashed only its own notes. Nathan's volcano-like temper exploded. The next morning he and nine of his clerks arrived at the Bank and began exchanging bank notes for gold. In one day he had reduced the Bank's gold reserves by a substantial amount. The next day he and his clerks arrived with more bank notes. A Bank executive nervously asked how long he intended to keep this up. Nathan replied something to the effect of 'The Bank of England refused to take by bills, so I will not keep theirs.' A meeting was quickly called and they decided that from then on the Bank of England would be pleased to cash any Rothschild check Nathan's firm was named N.M. Rothschild and Sons. The firm met in the New Court building and for the sake of brevity will be referred to as New Court. New Court was so powerful that it even became a gold broker for the Bank of England (whose price I believe they still fix at will, though I may be wrong). He also founded the Alliance Insurance Company in England. The Illuminati has the Luciferian belief system that one's evil acts must be balanced by one's good acts. This belief system has led to the philanthropy of the truly evil elite (although much of this „charity" money goes to fund their objectives). Nathan hated the common masses but his duty called. 'Almoners, particularly those acting on behalf of the poor Jews of London, reported that they got thousands, even hundreds of thousands, of pounds out of Rothschild, but hardly a word and never a courtesy.' Nathan did not enjoy charity. He was good friends with Thomas Buxton, the anti-slavery leader. The famous musicians Mendelssohn and Rossini taught his daughter to play the harp. When Mayer died in 1812, his oldest son Amschel took over the Frankfort firm. Although Amschel was not the head of the family, he was its spokesman to the aristocracy. He was the one who would apply for the honors and titles for his brothers. He has been described as a crotchety worrier who clung to the past. He was socially odd, yet held great dinners that were the talk of the elite. Religion was a big part of his life, to the point of being called „monkish." Even though he lived on a grand scale Amschel had no joy. Much of this distress came from the fact that he had failed to have any children. After Napoleon exited Germany a German Confederation was set up, of which Amschel became the treasurer. In a sense this made him the first finance minister of the Prussian Empire which was

created by the Confederation. Amschel's sorrow over his lack of children led him to pick prominent young men to treat as his sons. One such man was Otto von Bismark, who would later become the Iron Chancellor of Germany. Amschel was the protector of his mother Gutle, who was the Matriarch of the family. No one could receive full admission into the House of Rothschild by marriage unless she approved. Gutie smiled little and had a harsh tongue. One legend has it that a neighbor asked her whether there was to be peace or war. ,,War?" Gutle replied. "Nonsense. My boys won't let them."

Saloman was the second oldest son of Mayer. Along with the other brothers he was constantly travelling through Europe. What separated him from his brothers was his gift of diplomacy. He was more stately and complimentary than the others. Said one banker of Salomon: "Nobody leaves him without being comforted." in other words he knew how to kiss up. It was this fact that led the brothers to send him to Vienna, Austria to establish a relationship with the painfully aristocratic Hapsburgs and with vain Metternich. Although the Rothschilds had attempted to enter a close business relationship with the Hapsburgs and Austria, the Austrian royalty kept putting them off. Then Salomon came along. He rode in on a wave of new found Rothschild power. Their name had become famous. One person described it as the "two magic syllables." The brothers had become, as one biographer put it, "the Archdemons of Progress." Salomon began to vie for Austrian ties through Gentz and Metternich. Eventually Salomon's diplomacy, Metternich's lobbying, and the below-cost method earlier used on the Landgrave broke down the wall between the House of Rothschild and the Illuminati Hapsburgs. Austria began to employ the Rothschilds on a regular basis. Salomon moved into Vienna and bought a Hotel and a house. Salomon knew how to play Metternich like a piano. He knew the right thing to say at the right time. He knew Metternich's quirks and prejudices, such as his vanity which Salomon easily manipulated. Pretty soon Metternich and Salomon became close friends. The same goes for Metternich's right-hand man, Gentz. Gentz and Salomon were "inseparable." Salomon was also a Freemason. It came to the point where Austria became so controlled by the Rothschilds that the government did not want to refuse the brothers anything. In 1816 Amschel, Salomon, Carl, and James received a title of nobility from the Hapsburgs.

In 1818 the Aix-la-Chapelle Congress met to discuss the future of Europe. Salomon, Carl, Metternich, and Gentz all attended this Congress. It was here that Metternich first met the Rothschilds. Gentz kept the minutes of the Congress, he was called the "Secretary of Europe." A Rothschild scheme at this Congress totally shook the financial institutions of Europe, there was no denying the power of the Rothschilds. "The divine right of kings had been overthrown by the divine right of money.." At Aix-la-Chapelle the Rothschilds widened their circle of influence in the Illuminati. Salomon set up a new firm in Vienna. He financially supported Metternich's fight against revolution. Metternich had established the "Vienna System" which controlled Europe after Napoleon's defeat. The Austrian leader began doing what the elite love to do - sending "peacekeeping" troops Into conflIcts. 1814-1848 has been described as "The Age of Metternich", but since the Rothschilds financed and controlled him it would be more accurate to call it "The Age of the House of Rothschild." The Order of Vladimir was conferred upon Salomon for his work with Russia. Gioacchino Rossini, the Italian opera composer who wrote Cinderella and the William Tell overture became a good friend of both Salomon and his brother James. In 1822, he, Metternich, Gentz, James, and Cari attended the Verona Congress. This Congress was totally manipulated by the Rothschilds. They profited Immensely by its outcome. Salomon financed the first important Central European railways. The Austrians began saying that they had an Emperor Ferdinand and a King Salomon. When it came to Austrian finances Salomon got the last word. The people would show up at his office and beg for a royal "laying on of hands." He only had to touch a bond or a stock, and its owner went away certain of its rise. Uke the other Rothschilds he gave immense charity donations. He bought the huge coal and iron works of Vitkovitz. In 1843 he received permission to purchase inheritable agricultural real estate (many people were against Jews buying private property), and he proceeded to buy up large amounts of land. He obtained the lease of Austria's mercury mines. This and the only other mercury deposit in Spain were controlled by the Rothschilds, creating a world monopoly on a key metal. Salomon was incredibly powerful.

The next son, Cart was the family's chief courier. He was the least intelligent of all the brothers. He was awkward when he spoke and he had a nasty temper. One biographer described him as "punchy". In 1821 Carl was sent to Naples, Italy to oversee loans there that were meant to finance Metternich's forces who had arrived to quell a rebellion. While in Italy the Rothschild "mantle" came upon Carl and he made a series of ingenious deals with the Italian government that forced Naples to pay for its own occupation. He also helped Luigi de Medici of the Black Nobility to re-gain his position as finance minister of Naples, and later did business with the powerful man. Due to his success it was decided that he would stay in Naples and set up his own bank. He became financier to the court, the "financial overiord of Italy." Carl "...wound the Italian peninsula around his hand." He did business with the Vatican, and when Pope Gregory XVI received him by giving him his hand rather than the customary toe to kiss, people realized the extent of his power. The Pope conferred upon him the Order of St. George.

It appears that in Italy Carl became a leader of Carbonarism. After the Bavarian IllumInati was exposed, Carbonarism (or the Alta Vendita) became the major European occult power. Carl's leadership in this group is very significant. In 1818 a secret Alta Vendita document, that Cari had participated in preparing, was sent to the headquarters of Masonry. A copy of this document was lost, and the Masons got very upset, and offered rewards for the return of this copy. The title of the document translates "Permanent Instructions, or Practical Code of Rules; Guide for the Heads of the Highest Grades of Freemasonry. "

Last, but absolutely not least, was the youngest son, James. During the Napoleonic conflict James had spent his time between London and Paris, supporting the Rothschild's network of illegal trade with England. After the Wellington smuggle and the defeat of Napoleon, James became an established figure in France. He founded a bank there and began the French branch of the Rothschild family. James was a 33 degree Scottish Rite Mason. At this time the French House

was the center of operations for the Rothschilds. Even though successive revolutions would de-throne ruler after ruler, Rothschild power kept the family in control. James was good friends with the leading minister of the Bourbon court, Count de Villele, and he "owned" King Louis Philippe. He also secretly funded Spanish revolutionaries (his agent in Madrid was Monsieur Belin). James yearned for social status. The pursuit of which was second only to money. He had gown so powerful that the French exchange was deeply affected by all his decisions. Like his brother, Salomon, he pioneered the railroad business in France. He also bought the great Lafite vineyards. His bank, de Rothschild Freres was in a league all its own. No one in France could even wish to be as powerful as James. As Salomon had, James received the Order of Vladimir for his work with the Russian dynasty. He also became a member of the Societe de Antiquites. In the Rothschild tradition (as

constituted by Mayer's Will) of trying to keep everything within the family James married his niece, Betty Rothschild, the daughter of Salomon. The Rothschilds main advantage was their incredible courier system. It kept the 5 Houses connected. In fact, the Hapsburgs used this system quite often. All evidence points to the Rothschild brothers being very powerful within Freemasonry. They were one of the leading families in occultism at that time in Europe. Many prominent Masons of their day praised the brothers. In 1820, due to Metternich's lobbying, Nathan was made Austrian consul in London, and two years later he was made consul-general. James was also made an Austrian consul in Paris. Metternich's promptings also provided something else very important to the family; in 1822 all the brothers

and their descendants of either sex were made Barons. This established social position for the Rothschilds. The Gentz-Metternich team was very beneficial to the House of Rothschild. By this time a few papers had run some upsetting articles about the family. Salomon asked Gentz to censure any more unkind reports and he also commissioned the Illuminist to write a bogus biography on the family that would portray them in a good light. Gentz, now called the "Pen of Europe", proceeded to write legends for the Rothschilds, and the family fully encouraged the propaganda in their social circles. The brothers had a system (based on Mayer's Will) where only family members were partners or owners of the banks. This system is still in use today. The Rothschild banks bought everything up,

from mining corporations to national debts. For instance, New Court has been controlling Brazil's debts since 1824. In 1836 Nathan Rothschild, head of the House of Rothschild, died (he may have been poisoned). The headship was passed on to his younger brother, James, by a vote of all the brothers. In 1830 the signs of masonic-fueled revolution began to appear again. Metternich's "peace of the world" (they always call imperialism „peace") was being threatened. A new king was set up in France, the House of Orange was dethroned in the Netherlands. The fires of revolution were spreading through the masonic network and Metternich began to lose his grip on Europe.

The Revolution of 1848 in France de-throned yet another royal house. James went along with the masonic agenda and financed this revolution, even though he was a friend of the court. The revolution marked the end of Metternich's "Age" and that same year insurrectors chased him and Salomon out of Austria. Neither returned, but a Vienna House had already been established, others would carry it on, under the direction of Salomon's son, Anselm. Metternich's descendants are still close to the House of Rothschild. After this the power of the Rothschilds weakened. By 1855 all five brothers were dead except James. Napoleon III was now in power in France and his advisors were the enemies of James. But Rothschild ingenuity came through again when James got Napoleon Ill to marry a Rothschild agent. James died in I 868 and the family headship went to Alphonse, his son.

"THE NEW TRINITY"

Three cousins now ran the show - Alphonse of the French House, Uonel of the English House and Anselm of the Vienna House - "the new trinity". The three banned together to destroy an enemy bank, French Credit Mobilier. Anselm set up a new firm, Creditanstalt in Vienna to combat the French bank. With the help of Lionel and Alphonse he attacked Credit Mobilier until it collapsed. The new head of the House of Rothschild was Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. Alphonse was a suave, socially elite man. After the rail of France's Credit Mobilier Napoleon ill stepped onto the Rothschild bandwagon. Alphonse was powerful, he had "access" to men like Napoleon III and Bismark of Prussia. The Illuminati decided to get rid of Napoleon Ill, so English Prime Minister Gladstone (friend of the Rothschilds) set things up so that Prussia and France would go to war. Napoleon ill proceeded to attack Prussia and Bismark responded in a furry, defeating France and banishing Napoleon III from the throne. The war indemnities were paid to Bismark (who had a dislike for Alphonse, despite his connections to the family) through the Rothschilds. Alphonse's brother, Edmond, was the one who helped create Israel (this will be discussed further on in the article). Alphonse married another

Rothschild, but his love for her was not very strong. The Comtesse de Castiglione was a beautiful woman who was a Marylin Monroe of her day. She was the mistress of Alphonse, his brother Gustave Rothschild (whose daughter married a Sassoon), and Napoleon III. Anselm Rothschild of the Vienna House was a shrewd playboy. He destroyed Credit Mobilier with Creditanstalt, and in 1861 he became a member of the Austrian Imperial House of Lords. Anselm had many mistresses and his wife left him because of his adultery. He died in 1874. Lionel Rothschild of the English House inherited New Court. He financed England's Crimean War, Cecil Rhodes' South African kingdom, vast copper and nitrate mines, and the purchase of the Suez Canal. Lionel's younger brother, Anthony was knighted by the Queen. Another brother, Nathaniel, bought the renowned Mouton vineyards near Bordeaux. Lionel was a good friend of Prime Ministers Disraeli (who was controlled by Rothschild money) and Gladstone. He also probably paid for Lord John Russell's election as Prime Minister. Lord Tennyson (whose poems are used in programming) attended his house parties. Lionel has been described as "grouchy" and "crotchety." In 1858, Lionel became the first Jew in House of Commons. After eleven tries, the British Parliament gave in and allowed Rothschild to take his seat. Not a single significant political move by Lionel was recorded during his stay in Parliament. He was a member for 15 years. in 1879 he died. After Amschel of the House of Frankfort died without an heir, two of Carl of Italy's sons came to take over the business. But they also remained heirless, bearing only daughters. When the last brother died in 1901, the Frankfort bank was liquidated (I believe they did not try to continue the original bank because they knew that Germany was about to be caught up in the turmoil of the world wars, they eventually set up another Frankfort bank after Germany's turmoil).

The House of Italy ended the same way. The one son of Carl who had stayed in Naples produced only daughters, and when Geribaldi's Red Shirts unified Italy this remaining son (out of character for a Rothschild) chose not to accommodate the new powers and moved to France. Thus ended the Italian branch.

ROTHSCHILD INFLUENCE IN AMERICA

This subject is so massive that it will only be touched on. In 1837 August Belmont came to the U.S., during the Panic of 1837. August Belmont appears to have been a Rothschild proxy. Belmont bought up government bonds in this Panic and his success eventually led him to the White House where he became the "financial advisor to the President of the United States". His policies helped pit the North against the South for the Civil War. Judah P. Benjamin, who according to A. Ralph Epperson was the Clvii War campaign strategist for the House of Rothschild held many key positions in the Confederacy. He was apparently connected to John Wilkes Booth. J.P. Morgan has been called a Rothschild agent. His father was one of the many elite who made their fortunes by shipping supplies past the North's blockade and into the Confederacy. J.P. was a major supporter of an American central bank (Interestingly enough, he is reported to be related to Alexander Hamilton). In 1869, J.P. Morgan went to the House of England and formed Northern Securities as an agent for New Court in the U.S. Then, in 1907 J.P. Morgan

shuttled back and forth between London and Paris, presumably getting orders from the Rothschilds. He returned to America and instigated the Panic of 1907, which led to the ,,need" for a central bank. Another man who appears to be connected to the Rothschilds was Thomas House, who also made his fortune slipping supplies past the North and into the South. His son, Colonel Edward M. House was one of the main Illuminati figures to control America during the early 20th Century.

Some of the Bauer line of the Rothschild family moved to America and took up Important positions in the hierarchy's network.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD AND ISRAEL

The Rothschild relationship to the Jews is deceiving. The family stance is publicized as "pro-Jewish", and they have given abundant charity to Jewish causes. But their support of the Jewish race has, in most cases, been used for the sole purpose of controlling the direction and profiting from the Jews. The Rothschilds have been described as the royal family of the Jews. Many leading Rothschilds have been dubbed "King of the Jews". But what kind of Judaism do the Rothschilds support? Do they support the orthodox Jews who believe in the Old Testament and are waiting for the return of the messiah? No. Do they support Messianic Jews who believe Jesus Christ was the messiah who came to save all men? No. The Rothschilds support those Jews who have fallen prey to the deceptive gnostic and occultic teachings of Cabalism, and in turn support the Illuminati controlled Zionist movement. Not all Zionists are part of the conspiracy, but their leaders are, and the ultimate leaders of the Zionists have been the Rothschilds. I am disappointed by some researchers, who automatically coin the conspiracy a ,,Jewish" one. This unfortunate stumbling block has polluted their work, making it just as misleading as the information put out by the popular media. These researchers seem blinded by the fact that the conspiracy has abused and manipulated the Jewish race more than any other group in the history of the world. The hierarchy of the Jews has sat back and allowed the attack on, and control of the Jewish masses for the furtherance of Satan's agenda. I am saying this to let you see that I am not anti-semitic. I believe that there are people who call themselves "Christians" who are part of the conspiracy, at the same token there are people who call themselves "Jews" who are part of the conspiracy. To call the conspiracy "Jewish" is ignorant. I believe the Rothschilds to have been involved in Cabalism, Jewish Sabbatism, or Frankism, all of which

are involved in witchcraft. This belief is strengthened by the Rothschild's use of the occultic Seal of Solomon as a family symbol. The city in which the Rothschilds originated, Frankfort, was deeply anti-Semitic. The Rothschilds were constantly striving to overcome the boundaries put on them because of their culture. It is very likely this berthed a bitterness in their hearts towards "Christian"

society. This bitterness, and the need to facilitate more profit and power were most likely the reasons why they excepted the idea of a Jewish state. (I will assume that the readers understand that the Zionism / restoration of Israel concept is an unbiblical sham.)

The following quote will help you understand the Rothschild attitude towards the Jews. „... the first principle of the House of Rothschild was to amass wealth, [and] the liberation of the [Jewish] race from oppressive restrictions contributed Indirectly to this end, since it would facilitate intercourse with the rest of the world, and thereby increase the possibility of financial gain, which in turn would serve to increase its power." (The Rise of The House of Rothschild by Count Egon Corti, p. 124-125) Amschel of the Frankfort House was constantly harassed by anti-semites. As a result "He became the grand almoner and grand protector to the German Jews; he helped sweep away the chains of Jew Street; he pressed, in the end successfully, for the Jews' enfranchisement as free citizens of Frankfort." One of the main Rothschild agents used to promote the emancipation of the Jews in Frankfort was Frederick von Gentz, the evil "Pen of Europe". At this point I must clarify something for the reader. There are 3 Baron Edmond Rothschilds, and all 3 have been involved with the nation of Israel. To avoid confusion I will number them:

#1 Baron Edmond de Rothschild -(1845-1934) House of France. Son of James and brother of Alphonse.

#2 Baron Edmund "Eddie" L de Rothschild - (1916-) House of England. Son of Uonei Nathan and great, great grandson of the infamous Nathan Rothschild.

#3 Baron Edmond de Rothschild -(1926.) House of France. Son of Maurice and grandson of #1 Edmond.

The story begins with #1 Edmond, the "Father of Israel". During the Crimean War (which was funded by the Rothschilds) the small Jewish community in Jerusalem became cut off from all outside support. This resulted in "semi-starvation". #1 Edmond's father, James, set up the James Mayer de Rothschild Hospital in Jerusalem in response to this problem. #1 Edmond picked up his fathers interest in Palestine. When the Russian Jews fled the Czar's pogroms in the 1880's Edmond began to finance the Russian Jew's attempts to establish colonies in Palestine, It is clear that #1 Edmond was a fan of Zionism, his charities were not only aiding the persecuted but were promoting the concept of a return the "homeland". "The Baron's money drained swamps, dug wells and built houses. It founded industries ranging from scent factories to glass works, form wine cellars to bottle manufacturers. The Baron established his own administration in Palestine and his overseers dictated to the farmers exactly what crops were to be grown and where." The man who set up the first Zionist Congress was Theodor Herzl. He attempted to get the support for his plans to "restore the Jewish state" from the Rothschilds but many members of the family were opposed to Zionism (the Rothschilds supported those causes which they could profit from and the Integration of Jews into the European culture was profitable for them. One Rothschild told Herzl he was an Englishman and proposed to remain one. #1 Edmond on the other hand. was leading a Rothschild plan similar to Herzl's that slowly created a Jewish state controlled by the family). #1 Edmond did not oppose Zionism, in fact he supported Herzl's cause, yet he felt Herzl's plans should not be implemented so soon (they were "to be accomplished quietly, stealthily, not by shouting from the roof-tops"), plus he was concerned that Herzl would take away too much Rothschild power over the slowly forming Jewish state. The Baron continued to support his own colonies and though Herzl was socially supported, because his Ideas facilitated Rothschild power in Palestine, he was not allowed to implement his plans. #1 Edmond did not want Herzl in control. Later, after Herzl had died and was no longer a threat, #1 Edmond "admitted" that Herzl had been right, and went right on pouring money into the Jewish "Homeland". #1 Edmond had a tight-fisted control of the colonies. „... the Baron was a dictator who expected the colonists to obey him unquestionably." In 1901 the Jews in Palestine sent a delegation to the Baron who told him „... if you wish to save the Yishuv [the -83 Jewish settlement] first take your hands from It, and ... for once permit the colonists to have the possibility of correcting for themselves whatever needs correcting ..." This upset the Baron. He replied: "I created the Yishuv, I alone. Therefore no men, neither colonists nor organizations, have the right to interfere in my plans." Herzl

was succeeded as President of World Zionism by David Wolffsohn. Wolffsohn got the full support of the Baron. Wolffsohn's successor was Otto Warburg. Another prominent leader of the Zionists was Chalm Weizmann. Weizmann was on better terms with #1 Edmond than his predecessor, Herzl. He made this observation of the Baron after their first visit. "In manner be could be both gracious and brutal; and this was the reflex of his split personality; for on the one hand he was conscious of his power and arrogant in the possession of it; on the other hand he was rather frightened by it, and this gave him a touch of furtiveness." The Baron Rothschild told Weizmann be would finance a Hebrew University in Palestine. With Weizmann's appearance on the scene the Baron became closer to Zionism.

In 1914 #1 Edmond traveled to Palestine. "Edmond could scarcely believe his eyes. Tel Aviv had become a city and his miserable windswept colonies had been transformed into lush gardens..." His journey to Palestine was hailed as the "prince returning to his people". Later the Baron Rothschild told Weizmann: "Without me Zionism would not have succeeded, but without Zionism my work would have been struck to death." Another Rothschild embraced Zionism through Weizmann - Lionel Walter, the second Lord Rothschild (apparently this upset some relations). The Balfour declaration, which declared England's support of the creation of a Jewish homeland, was addressed to Lord Rothschild II. Lord Rothschild also received the documents of support from the League of Nations. Charles T. Russell sent a letter to Lord Rothschild that praised him for his work towards a Jewish homeland. After World War I Britain ruled Palestine, and the Rothschilds ruled Britain. Also, a bulk of unpaid debts to the Rothschilds by the failed Ottoman Empire gave the family more control over Palestine. Then came Hitler. According

to Walter Langer, a psychoanalyst who wrote the book THE MIND OF ADOLF HITLER, the demonic German leader was a grandson of a Rothschild. „Adolf's father, AIls Hitler, was the illegitimate son of Maria Anna Schicklgruber. It was generally supposed that the father of Alols Hitler was Johann Georg Hiedler....

"There are some people who seriously doubt that Johann Georg Hiedler was the father of Alois.... [an Austrian document was supposedly] prepared that proved Maria Anna Schicklgruber was living in Vienna at the time she conceived. "At that time she was employed as a servant in the home of [a] Baron Rothschild. As soon as the family discovered her pregnancy she was sent back to her home ... where Alois was born." It is believed that Hitler (who was totally created by Satan's Empire) attacked Austria first, in order to destroy the Austrian records that proved his Jewish ancestry. As Hitler's demonic attack on the Jews progressed, one would imagine that the Zionists would come to the rescue and offer Palestine as a safe haven. Not so. Many European countries shut their doors to the Jews, including the Palestine colonies. The Zionist controlled immigration laws in Palestine were very strict and it was near impossible to escape to the Jewish homeland. In fact, the ZIonists refused to admit there was a Holocaust going on although evidence points to them knowing! I suppose in their minds it was ok to sacrifice a great number of Jewish lives in order to promote the idea of a Jewish state. To the elite the Holocaust was like shooting dead a herd of cattle to receive the insurance payment. Said Michael Seizer in his book. ZIONISM RECONSIDERED: "Not even the events of 1933 aroused their [Zionism's] political interest. They were naive enough to see them as a God-sent opportunity for an undreamt of wave of immigration to Palestine. When the Zionist Organization against the natural impulses of the whole Jewish people, decided to do business with Hider, to trade German goods against the wealth of German Jewry, to flood the Palestine market with German products and thus make a mockery of the boycott against German-made articles, they found llttle opposition in the Jewish National Homeland, and least of all among its aristocracy - the so-called Kibutniks." Hitler forced the Jews to wear the six-pointed star as a sign of shame. It was this same symbol that the Rothschilds were named after and the same symbol that the Zionists promoted as a symbol of Jewish national identity. Do you see the contradiction? Said Jewish author OJ. Graham in THE SIX-POINTED STAR: "Not all the concentration camp victims were Jewish people. Many were Christians. Spiritually, a parallel can be seen in the rituals to Ashteroth and Moloch, where the victims were burned as sacrifices to these false gods. Were the victims of the Nazis someone's sacrificial offerings?" I believe they were. Remember the six-pointed star was the symbol of Moloch

and Ashteroth. Unfortunately, few Jews will tolerate a discussion of this subject. After World War II, the U.N., spurred on by the IllumInati created horrors against the Jews, panted Israel its statehood. Weizmann was the first president of Israel's Knesset (which was built with Rothschild money). The occultic hexagram is on the Knesset, and is also displayed on the Jewish flag. "...the six-pointed star [had] made its way from Egyptian pagan rituals of worship, to the goddess Ashteroth and Moloch, to King Solomon when he went into idolatry," say, Graham. "Then it progressed through the magic arts, witchcraft [including Arab magicians, Druids, witches and Satanists], astrology (in which It was no new thing), through the Cabala to Isaac Luria, a Cabalist, in the 16th century, to Mayer Amschel Bauer, who changed his name to this symbol, to Zionism, to the Knesset of the new State of Israel, to the flag of Israel and Its medical organization equivalent to the Red Cross." What is the ultimate goal of Zionism? David Ben-Gurion, a Zionist leader, tells us: "Weth the exception of the U.S.S.R. as a federated Eurasian state, all other continents will become united in a world alliance, at whose disposal will be an International police force. All armies will be abolished, and there will be no more wars. In Jerusalem, the United Nations (a truly United Nations) will build a Shrine of the Prophets to serve thi federated union of all continents; this will be the seat of the Supreme Court of Mankind, to settle all controversies among the federated continents." Simply stated, Zionism (with Rothschild support) promotes a New World Order. The Rothschild control of Israel is Immense. #1 Edmond established Trusts that make massive donations to Israel. Biographer Virginia Cowles explains: "Originally the principle Trust was known as Pica - Palestine Jewish Colonization Association - but when it became clear, after the establishment of the State of Israel, that colonization would be handled by the Government, Its functions were changed. Edmond's son, James, renamed it ‚Hanadiv' the Hebrew word for 'benefactor' by which his father was known throughout Palestine; and at the same time rechannelled the Trust's funds to the promotion of education, science and culture. When James died in 1957 his widow, Dollie, assumed the presidency which she still holds. For many years she has been powerfully assisted by Lord [Victor] Rothschild, and recently she has enlisted the help of the latter's son, [Lord] Jacob. The Trust knows no boundaries. In the 1960s it carried out James' wishes by providing money for the Knesset, the new Parliament building in Jerusalem. Today its beneficiaries range from universities, hospitals and public libraries to archaeological digs; from the board of the Weizmann Scientific Institute to the organizers of Instructional Television."

#2 Edmund is the most "race-conscious" of all the Rothschilds. He is on the board of many Jewish philanthropies - including president of the Association of Jewish Ex-Servicemen and Women, joint treasurer of the Council of Christians and Jews and treasurer of the Friends of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. In 1967 he sent a letter to THE TIMES magazine suggssting Great Britain, Russia, and the U.S. all chip in and build de-salinization plants for Israel so that the desert could be turned into a lush garden, with plenty of food and nothing to fight over (I have found that #2 Edmund loves to come up with cock-a-maime scientific suggestions towards the solution of world problems. For example, in an address to the organizers of the U.N.'s Earth Summit, he suggested building massive dry-ice machines on the polar capes to prevent their melting in the face of global warming). #2 Edmund is also a warden of the Great Synagogue in London. He is the senior member of New Court in London and is a member of the Illuminati's Pilgrim Society. #3 Edmond is an entrepreneur. He is very involved in tourism, and has funded many luxury resorts in Israel. He controls Compagnie Financlere, which is his holding company in France. He owns Banque Privee in Switzerland, and a merchant bank in Paris. He controls the largest toy company and the largest frozen food company in France. He is a director of Belgium's Banque Lambert, and of DeBeers Consolidated Mines in South Africa. He is on the Steering Committee of the Bilderbergers. And his interests extend into Israel, where he is the chairman of Tri-Continental Pipelines. Chairman of the Israel Corporation, and chairman of Isrop, which controls the Israel General Bank. The list continues. #3 Edmond is on the board of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. He directs the Middle East Peace Institute, which he founded in 1967. He regularly donates money to the Biological-Physio-Chemical Institute, which was founded by his grandfather, #1 Edmond. Hesits on the boards ofa dozen or so hospitals and scientific institutes. #3 Edmond is considered the richest Rothschild. He has massive power, and this includes control of much of Israel. The Rothschilds have even had a street named in their honor. The First International Bank of Israel is located at 39 Rothschild Boulevard in Tel Aviv. Bank Hapoalim, "Israel's fastest growing bank", is next door at 50 Rothschild Boulevard. The satanic Rothschilds

simply dominate Israel. Apparently Israel has served as the meeting grounds for the French and English Rothschilds. The French and English Houses contributed over $1 million to Israel around the time of the Six-Day War. It is reported that when Baron Alain of the French House visited Israel he "burst into tears" at the sight of the walling wall. Baroness Alix of the French House is the World President of Youth Aliyah, which deals with the emigration of Jewish children to Israel. Evelyn of the English House is chairman of the Board of Governors of the Technion, Israel's Institute of Technology. The satanic Rothschilds simply dominate Israel. The Rothschilds help Satan's Empire control the world's resources, the world's nations and the world's religions. They are an institution in the conspiracy and, if one looks carefully, the path of their destructive reign can be followed through the history of the past 3 centuries.

This article will be continued in the next newsletter, where It will discuss the House of Rothschild in the 20th century.

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INTRODUCTION TO PART 2 OF THE ROTHSCHILDS

by Fritz Springmeier

Lenin said that the establishment of a central bank was 90% of communizing a nation Lenin himself (and Trotsky) were required to place MI6 operatives in key positions during the Russian Revolution. and these operatives were in turn controlled by the Satanic elite back in London, England. It is no secret that the Rothschilds play a major rode in International Bankers, and that various Rothschilds like Lord Victor Rothschild have played major roles in MI6. I mentIon these two items to drIve home what should be an obvious condusion, the Rothschilds are major players in the control of the world and the New World Order.

There is so much activity on the part of the modern-day Rothschilds, that the controlled news media's censorship which protects the Rothschilds have not been able to screen out everything, there are stIll tidbits here and there that filter through the controlled media's censorship. Still my search continues for descendants of the Rothschilds who are willing to expose what the Rothschilds are all about. I have found a few. One who I have not had the opportunity to interview yet, is the husband of Rebecca Brown. It is reported that Rebecca Brown's husband was an Illuminatus of the Rothschild bloodlIne, and that he escaped them and has been attemptIng to do some exposure of their Satanic practices. According to what I have been told, they wanted to skin him alive. I have unfortunately not been able to interview Rebecca Brown Yoder's husband, who has been called by the Lord to strengthen the end time church.

THEIR POWER IS EXTENSIVE

Peter Rupert Lord Carrington, who is the chairman of the Bilderbergers. has been the Rothschild's director of their Rio Tinto Zinc Corp. He also is director of Barclay's Bank and part of the Trilateral Commission. Francois Mitterand, who has led France, is an extremely close friend of the Rothschilds. I point these two men out just to portray to the reader the extensive power the Rothschilds wield behind the scenes. WHAT THEY CALL THEIR BLOODUNE IN THE ILLUMINATI

During IlluminatI ceremonies, when candidates are presented for approval at the Sisters of Ught and the Mothers of Darkness levels the bloodline of the Rothschilds is actually called ,,the Rothschild bloodline." Although It was orIginally went by the name Bauer (and many of the descendants today continue to be Bauers and Bowers, the name ,,Rothschild" was the occult name that the Bauers personally chose for their bloodline to be POWER BROKER IN LATIN AMERICA

One of my friends from South America got to personally witness the destruction of South America by Rothschild interests. One item that I am familiar with from history, and which I can't help thinking about is how the nation of Bolivia in 1908 had the fine distinction of having absolutely no foreign debt. However, in 1908 the Morgans of America loaned Bolivia money, and in 1917 Chandler & Co. loaned them $2.4 millIon. Thus began the plunge of a free nation Into economic slavery to the Illuminati's international Bankers. The point is that nations like Bolivia, if left alone would have been far better off. People don't realize that the problems these "banana republics" have is to a large degree beIng cause by powerful outsiders lIke the Rothschilds. who then direct organizations like the IMF to ,,save" these poor nations. When the Rothschilds set themselves up in Brazil, they set up to be there permanently. They came in during the 19th century. The Rothschilds and other british Interests played a major role in Brazil's railway system, which became a law unto itself. Just as the secret history of the railway tycoons reveals a great deal about the secret elite in the United States, so it also does in Brazil. Later Henry Kaiser and Nelson Rockefeller moved into South America (incl. Brazil) to promote their capitalistic visIons. They promoted the light industrialization of LatIn America and its economic interdependence in the 1950's and 1960's. The Scroll & Key Society is one of the illuminati's secret entry points at Yale University. The Scroll and Key Society financed a book by Elizabeth A. Cobbs entitled The Rich Neighbor Policy: Rockefeller and Kaiser in Brazil. This book (Yale Univ., 1992, p. 248) states that Brazilians have looked to Rockefeller as their connection to the United States. Other elite families besides the Rothschilds have also substantial Latin American economic control, such as the DuPonts.

THE BLOODUNES ARE SECRET

One of the principle points that should be borne in mind, is that the actual occult power of the Rothschild bloodlIne is hidden in secret lineages. Although the Rothschilds make up part of the Rothschild bloodline, people should also watch out for names such as Bauer, Bowers, Sassoons, and many other last names. People within the illuminati who have Rothschild blood are aware of their secret ancestry, but outsiders in the world are more often than not are never going to be told that they carry such ,,powerful" occult blood.

ABOVE THE LAW

The story of what happened to BankCal, which was the oldest bank in California, illustrates how powerful the Rothschilds are in the United States. (The details of this story come from the San Jose Calif Mercury News, Jan. 12. 1992. I was somewhat surprised that the article appeared considering the strength of the Rothschilds. Sometimes corruption at the top stinks so bad, that It can't be suppressed entirely.) The United States has the Securities Exchange Commission (SEC) in place to protect the American public from stock fraud. During the 1980's there were 3 highly publicized cases of fraud that the SEC uncovered. These three cases created widespread confidence within the american public that stock market trading was in general honestly traded. The story of what Edmond Rothschild (full name is Edmond Adolphe Jules Jacques Maurice Baron de Rothschild) did with BankCal expose to the world that men like the Rothschilds do not have to play by the same rules as

everyone else. They are literally above the law. The powerful Illuminati control the law. In 1973, the CEO of BankCal, De Bretteville sold Edmond Rothschild 300,000 shares of Bancal Tristate Corp., 22% of the holding company for the Bank of California. De Bretteville had originally asked two English Rothschild cousins if they wanted to purchase the stock. These two cousins then called two French Rothschild cousins, who then called Edmond in Geneva, Switzerland for assistance. Edmond told them he would help them buy it, and that after he purchased it. he would turn around and divide it with his relatives. He lied. And over the next few years, he would continue to lie to numerous people about his intents for the bank. De Bretteville says, "He lied to his family and he lied to me, it was a dirty deal all around." Bank of California had the only banking franchise at the time which was in all three Pacific rim states (OR, WA, CA). It turned out that the Bank of California was like a piece of art to Rothschild. He had no Intention of improving the bank, he simply wanted it for his collection of companies. Edmond already owned companies in Brazil, toy companies, 10% in De Beers mining in So. Africa, joint business ventures with Robert Vesco, and 30% of Club Mediterranean which Edmond co-founded. Club Mediterranean was created out of the idea that others of the elite would enjoy seaside playgrounds like those he and his mother cavorted at when he was a youngster. Edmond went on to marry a chorus girl named Nadine Actually, sources indicate that the Baron Edmond had wanted to give the Bank of California to his only son. Bengie (Benjam in de Rothschild) as a graduation present. But Bengie who was going to Pepperdine University was more interested in partying. Bengie lived high on the hog at a fabulous California beach house while flunking school and living wildly. Apparently, his father decided his son wasn't ready for a graduation present. In fact, he left Pepperdine Univ. after 4 years with 31 credits (97 short to graduate) and went back home to Chateau Pregny on the shore of Lake Geneva near Geneva. Switz. It wasn't until 1989, that Benjamin stepped forward into the world of finance, by launching his La Compagnie de Tresorerie-Benjamin de Rothschild. The San Jose Mercury. Jan. 12, 1992 reported, „The longtime chief executive of the blue-blood San Francisco bank invited Rothschild to invest. Banking regulators encouraged Rothschild to take charge. Securities investigators ignored the frenzy of trading overseas, and later, the documentation of insider trading. The bank's directors fawned while the baron used it as a personal plaything. „This is not what made this country great." says Bill Miles, a former BankCal vice president. "This is greed, all the way through." Edmond Rothschild only purchased a mInority of BankCal's shares, but he was still able to totally control the company. He was also able to manipulate its stock prices and carry out insider trading without the Securities and Exchange Commission watching it. Edmond named two representatives to the board of directors. The first was George Coulon Karlweis, a patrician Swiss Banker who worked for Edmond. The other was George Shapiro. a New York lawyer who knew nothing about banking. Edmond has called George Shapiro his "godfather and his "guardian angel." Then Edmond replaced De Bretteville as CEO with his man Chauncey Schmidt. Edmond had agreed to leave DeBretteville in his position as a condition to purchase BankCal shares, but when he chose to renege on his agreement he did without compassion. Bank board meetings became a game of „What does Edmond think?" Edmond on his part threw parties that enamored him to San Francisco's high society. Edmond carried out a series of actions which dropped the value of BankCal's stock drastically. Financial advisors and securities analysts convinced small stockholders to sell their BankCAl stock which they then did for rock bottom prices as little as $16 a share. Rothshild bought some at that price. Some of Rothschild's secret proxies paid slightly higher prices. Most of the stock went to anonymous investors trading through private banks protected by secrecy laws. Nearly 20% of the bank's stock was sold by misled shareholders, and was sold to secret European bank accounts. The Baron and his friends secretly began buying the Bank's stock after It had hit rock bottom prices. During 1979 to 1981 more than 15% of Bank of California's stock was sold in Europe. Such an abrupt shift in a stock's trading pattern is supposed to set off alarms with the Securities and Exchange Commission. Instead the Securities and Exchange Commission turned a blind eye to all the insider trading. The European buyers bought their cheap stock as secretly as possible. They did not openly shop through American brokerages. Instead, they bought small (and therefore. unremarkable) blocks of stock through dozens of private banks in Switzerland, the Netherlands. Germany. Luxembourg. The Baron told his friends that he would sell BankCal, while he publicly gave the appearance that the company was not for sale. For instance, publicly It was announced that David Rockefeller. as well as the elite's front man for BCCI Ghaith Pharaon had both taiked with Edmond Rothschild about the purchase of BankCal. According to what

the public was led to believe. Rothschild said he would not sell his shares in the bank. Jean Marc Vemes, a buddy of Edmond. bought 310.000 shares through a defunct Asian mining company. He was anonymous until Edmond Rothschild nominated him to the bank's board of directors. After gathering up shares at rock bottom prices, Rothschild announced an official change of heart to sell the bank at $50 a share. Rothschild then sold this supposedly American bank to the Japanese, Mitsubishi, to be exact, and ,,made a killing" off of his manipulations and insider trading. In Mar. 1982, Mitsubishi began secret negotiation to buy the bank which they codenamed ,,Snoopy." Over the years, stockholders had watched various companies offer $74 a share, $60 a share and other good terms only to be rebuffed. When Rothschild finally sold for $50 a share to the Japanese, it was clear that his whole goal had been to cheat stockholders to Insure a big cash reward for himself. Richard Freemon, a large stockholder who had sold. sued Rothschild and the directors for cheating him on his stock. The $25 million dollar lawsuit was settled out of court, with all parties swearing not to disclose how much Freemon got for having lost money due to Rothschild's stock manipulations.

THE ROUND TABLE GROUP

David Smith who has written the following article on the Rothschilds for this newsletter asked me to explain in this introduction about Rothschild and the Round Table Group. The men who formed Milner's Round table group from the various clues in their lives were by and large secret satanists. Rhodes and Stead created a secret society which had a ,,circle of initiates." This circle included such names as Albert (Lord) Grey, Arthur (Lord) Balfour, Sir Harry Johnston, and Lord Rothschild. Milner was on the executive committee of this secret group. Carroll Quigley dates the start of the group as March i 891. Apparently, the Rothschilds helped finance this secret society. In 1909-1913, this secret society in turn formed Round Table groups in British dependencies and the U.S. Eight of these round table groups were still functioning into the 1970s. Sir Abe Bailey supported the Round Table groups quarterly magazine called The Round Table in 1919, Sir Abe Bailey and the Astors financed the creation of the Royal Institute of International Affairs which in turn created daughter organizations such as the Council on Foreign Relations in the United States. The RIIA is also sometimes called Chatham House. The first Round Table group of the Rhode-Milner group were sometimes called the Cliveden Set because they often met at the Astor's Cliveden Estate. Terence O'Brien's biography describes Milner's relationship to the Rothschild's as very close Lord Alfred Milner (1854-1925) frequently visited the Rothschilds, stayed overnight with various Rothschilds, and even had some sleepless nights with them. without explanation as to why. Milner also worked for Rothschild as a director of Rio Tinto. Three Illuminati families stand out in the creation of the Round Table groups, which then became the RIIA and the CFR and related groups. These are the Rothschilds, Astors, and Greys. The Bailey family also shows up an important generational satanic family. The RIIA and its various branches such as the CFR are very powerful today. In my Be Wise As Serpents book readers can find a chart showing the role the CFR plays in the Policy Process of the U.S.

THE ROTHSCHILDS--PART 2

BY DAVID SMITH

The Rothschild family reached a peak in Its power during the Age of Metternich (1814-1848), but as the century waned, so did Rothschild power. They still held a considerable amount of influence but their ,,veto power" was not as strong as It had been before the Revolutionary overthrow of Metternich's Europe. This lagging power was nothing that could not be reversed though, and last half of the 19th century was spent manufacturing another incredible climb upward. The new rise in power came about during the reign of the "New Trinity" - Alphonse (France), Lionel (England), and Anselm (Vienna). The succeeding generations of these three family leaders were the catalysts of new family order. An excellent example of Rothschild power in the late 19th century is the families dealings with the Illuminati Habsburgs. In order to be courtworthy for the Habsburgs you had to have four ancestral lines of nobility and you had to be baptized. Yet Emperor Francis Joseph gave the Rothschilds ,,a special act of grace" in 1887. From then on, the House was allowed to be on close terms with the

Habsburgs. This was a considerable act. The European nobility are very serious about their aristocratic rules. (Francis Joseph was not very close to the House, but his wife was a good friend of the Rothschilds). Another great example of Rothschild influence is their direct Involvement on both sides of the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian Wars. Bismarck., dictator of Prussia, was a sort of son to fatheriess Amschel of Frankfort. After Amschel died Bismarck remained close to the Rothschilds (although he had occasional quibbles with the family). Bismarck's banker, Bleichroder, was a Rothschild agent and the richest man in Berlin. He was invaluable to Bismarck as the financier of the dictator's wars with Austria and France. In Austria, the Hapsburgs were at least publicly Implored by Alphonse and Anthony of Paris and Anselm of Vienna to avoid a war with the ambitious Prussian dictator at all costs. Of all the international banking families, the Rothschilds appeared to be in favor of peace the most, although this was probably a ruse. ,,We want peace at any price," said Anthony de Rothschild. "What do we care about Germany, or Austria or Belgium? That sort of thing is out of date." But the Austrians gave in to Bismarck's provocations and embarked on a war with Prussia in 1866 (the Rothschilds had all congregated in London for a family wedding the year before; it is possible the wedding was used as an excuse to assemble the family together to discuss a plan of action concerning the up-coming events) . Austria had been warned. In seven weeks the war was over, Bismarck had crushed the Austrians. The war had been financed by Rothschild agent, Bleichroder. Then Bismarck began to provoke France. Napoleon III was in the pocket of the head of all the Rothschilds, Alphonse de Rothschild of the Paris House. In fact, the two even shared the same mistress. Alphonse also had "access" to Bismarck. He was on both sides of the track, so to speak. Then, (very possibly under Rothschild direction) Bismarck began to try to put a German prince on the Spanish throne. Napoleon III responded by telling Alphonse that France could not allow such a thing, and unless England intervened diplomatically he would have no choice but to go to war against Prussia. The Emperor wished to use the Rothschild's courier/agent system to reiay this message to England. Baron Alphonse did so, sending the message to Nathaniel de Rothschild at New Court who relayed it to a close family Mend, and former Prime Minister Gladstone (England happened to be without a Prime Minister at that time). Gladstone (shedding. I believe, a light on the family's own opinions) answered the message with a refusal to intervene. The stage was set. Although Bismarck withdrew his SpanIsh candidate, the frictions between France and Prussia had become irreconcilable. Napoleon III declared war on Prussia in 1870. Explained one biographer: "No one foresaw the fall of France. Indeed crowned beads and statesmen alike believed that at long last Bismarck. had taken on an impossible task." Despite everyone's confidence in France, Alphonse sent his family to England. He apparently knew better. Napoleon III suffered a terrible defeat. His empire came to an end. This war was also financed by the Rothschild agent, Bleichroder. Here comes the great puzzle concerning the whole affair. Biographers, using diaries and such, seem to think the Rothschilds were very distraught over Napoleon III's loss. But It also appears they were behind the whole mess. Perhaps the fear of the unpredictability of the new revolution caused this dismay. Perhaps It is just Rothschild disinformation. Perhaps their pan was to keep connections on both sides of the conflict and ride out the storm, but they were upset because their philosophical loyalty was to France (although I find this hard to believe). The family had their hands in both sides of the conflict, it even appears they manufactured the conflict, why the outcome might have upset them I have no idea. I personally believe the House of Rothschild wanted to get rid of Napoleon Ill and his empire, which is exactly what happened, the third republic was set up in France. After the war the French economy was devastated. The Rothschild agent, Junius Morgan was brought in to help restore the French financial situation. He made a large profit. As you can see the Rothschild's involvement in the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian Wars was significant, even though they were crying peace.

FRENCH HOUSE, LATE 19TH AND EARLY 20TH CENTURY

Alphonse, of the "New Trinity", was the 4th bead of the House of Rothschild. He was an aristocratic man and friend of many prominent leaders of his day. He was also an adulterer, his most notable affair being with the Comtesse de Castiglione. He and his wife were called "the most lavish entertainers of their day." The sophisticated Alphonse was even friends with Belgium's King Leopold and England's Prince of Whales. He also improved upon his Inherited network of Rothschild agents, an underground system that would continue to grow well after his death. He was one of best Informed

men of his day. His older sister Charlotte married Nathaniel of the English House. His brother Gustave also had an affair with the Comtesse de Castiglione. His youngest brother, Edmond #1 was a genius and a main figure in the creation of a Jewish homeland in Israel. He helped divide the world's oil between Shell and the Rockefeller's Standard Oil. His other brother Salomon James married a Frankfurt Rothschild and is the subject of a weird circumstance described by biographer Virginia Cowles. "In 1864 Baron James' third son, the brilliantly clever Salomon [James], dropped dead. The boy had become a compulsive gambler which had caused his father great anxiety, as anyone with the Rothschild name was given unlimited financial credit. Apparently Salomon died of a heart attack which fascinated the Goncourt brothers. „Cabarrus, Rothschild's doctor,' one of them wrote, „told Saint-Victor that the young Rothschild who died the other, day really died of the excitement of gamblIng on the Stock Exchange. Imagine it; a Rothschild dead of a paroxysm over money.' "However, If the Goncourt brothers had known the details of a previous heart attack suffered by Salomon they would have been even more enthralled. Three years earlier Salomon had 'dropped dead'. He had been placed in a comn and, according to Jewish custom, carried into every room in the house. One of the pall bearers had stumbled, the coffin had crashed Into a door and -Salomon had woken up! Not for another three years was he well and truly buried." This story could lead to all sorts of speculation. De Rothschild Freres, the French House bank, was very powerful. It got its hands Into electrical Industries, the development of the Mediterranean Railway and North African business. It also controlled, with the British House, the Baku oil fields in Russia, which made the Rothschilds the main competitors of the Rockefeller trust. The oil business was principly run by Edmond #1.

When Alphonse died in 1905, the new generation of the French House came under the charge of Baron Edouard, a quiet and very rich man. Edouard was a director of the Bank of France. Baron Edouard also ran the de Rothschild Freres with his cousin, Robert (who married a Beer), son of Gustave (Robert's sister, Alice Caroline married Sir Edward A. Sassoon). These two carried de Rothschild Freres through the tumult of the first world war. Their policies were passive, as they extremely protective of the family wealth. Baron Edouard and Robert had close business dealings with J.P. Morgan. One of the operations of the Morgan-French Rothschild combine involved economic manipulation that allowed the Vienna House to almost fully regain the losses that the Austrian Rothschilds had incurred during WWI. The son of Edmond #1, James Armand de Rothschild, carried on the Israel work of his father after Edmond #1's death in 1934. James Armand's brother

Maurice was the black sheep of the Rothschild's new French generation. Maurice was a banker and a Senator in the French Parliament. Maurice was a very scandalous figure in the aristocratic scene. He was known as Don Juan de Rothschild. Said one biographer: "Some peopie went as far as to claim that ... one had to be seduced or at least pinched by Baron Maurice if one was a woman, or affronted by Baron Maurice, if a man. No other personage surpassed him in enriching the delicious scandal of his times." Thus a new french generation began the 20th century, the undynamic Baron Edouard leading the way.

BRITISH HOUSE, LATE 19TH AND EARLY 20TH

Uonel de Rothschild, of the "New Trinity", brought the British House into the late 19th century. Uonel was a very powerful man. He ran New Court shrewdly, and financed many promInent ventures, such as Cecil Rhodes' gold and diamond mines, and the purchase of the Suez Canal. He was also the first Jewish member of Parliament. His sister, Charlotte married another member of the "New Trinity", Anselm of Vienna. Another sister married into the soon-to-be extinct Italian House.

Lionel's brother Anthony - who described the Rothschilds as "complete slaves to business - married a Montefiore, and was knighted by the Queen - thus Sir Anthony de Rothschild. Lionel's next brother, Nathaniel, was the father of the Mouten Rothschilds. Nathaniel, though of the British House, loved France and moved to Paris in 1851. In 1853 he bought vineyards that became known as Mouton Rothschild, and he lived at these vineyards several months of the year. His descendants, the Mouton Rothschilds, are citizens of France but are of the British House (except that their mother was a French Rothschild, but the male lineage is the most important in the Rothschild family). Another of Lionel's

brothers, Baron Mayer, married a Cohen. Mayer built a spectacular house, Mentmore Towers. Said one woman: "I do not believe that the Medicis were ever so lodged at the height of their glory." The Mentmore Towers were turned over to Mayer's daughter, Hannah, when he died. Hannah married the Earl of Roseberry in 1878. The Earl of Roseberry became Prime Minister of England in 1894-95. The Mentmore Towers are still owned today by the son of Hannah, the current Earl of Roseberry. The Baron Mayer de Rothschild was a member of Parliament (never made a speech), and loved horse breeding and racing. He was the "sporting" member of the family. When Lionel died in 1879 a new generation of British Rothschild appeared on the scene led by Lionel's aristocratic son, Nathaniel "Natty" de Rothschild. Natty took control of New Court, the Rothschild's British banL He was elected to the House of Commons in 1865, and then, in 1885, Queen victoria made hIm a Lord and he entered the House of Lords - the first Lord Rothschild. The Intelligent and extroverted Natty was an ornate speechmaker, unlike his father, Lionel, and uncle Mayer. Lord Natty has been described as exclusive, lofty, humorless, "one of the three rudest men in England," selective, blunt, aloof, powerful and a man with an explosive temper. A perfect representative of the ruling class. Said one biographer: "Although Natty lacked the soaring Intelligence of his rough, unsociable grand father [Nathan, 2nd head of the Rothschilds] he had a strong personality and the authoritative air of a man who is not accustomed to being contradicted." Lord Natty was a good friend of Prime Ministers Disraeli and Gladstone. He played the philanthropy game of the rich very well. The powerful head of New Court was known for his charities, especially to the Jews - he was called „King of the Jews" as have many other Rothschilds. The haughty Lord Rothschild was even chairman of the British Red Cross. Lord Natty won the hearts of the London police (an effective measure when one is in the Illuminati). Every Christmas he presented them with a "handsome cheque," and any officer could receive a four course meal at his home. Hence, Rothschild carriages were always given the right of way in traffic. In business Lord Natty was very conservative. He dld not take very many risks and looked only for safe family investments. His self-confidence told hIm to manage his wealth himself and not trust his Investments with people who might strike a painful blow to his riches. "Natty was brusque and humorless and dld not suffer fools gladly." Nor could he allow his money Into the hands of a fool, caution was a necessary device as far as he was concerned. According to the writer Frank Harris the Lord Rothschild told him: „I go to the bank [New Court] every morning and when I say 'no' I return home at night without a worry. But when I say 'yes' Its like putting your finger Into a machine - the whirring wheels may drag your whole body in after the finger." New Court was very powerful at this time, for example It controlled the Ruby Mines in Burma, and the banks operations covered most of South America. Brazil was the Rothschild's "preserve" in South America, as Argentina was the "preserve" of London's other major banking family - the Barings. While Lord Natty's two brothers, Alfred and Leo, helped run New Court, Natty was almost totally calling the shots. "Natty stood for finance, Alfred for the arts, Leo for sport." Son of the Queen, the Prince of Whales Albert College, Cambridge. They became good friends and soon the Prince was close friends with most of the British House and others of the Rothschild clan, Including Natty's brothers, Alfred and Leo. The group of friends became known as „The Marlborough Boys", named after the Prince's Marlborough House at which they regularly gathered. „The Marlborough Boys" were intent on having fun. The small circle of partiers were living a life where "wit took precedence over etiquette..." The Prince probably had a hand in convincing the Queen to grant Natty peerage. The Rothschilds were suspected, rightfully so, of financing the Prince's investments and paying off his debts. The Prince later became King Edward VII of England. As you can see, Rothschild influence extends far and wide. Alfred, Lord Natty's brother, was an eccentric man. He had a zebra four-in-hand, a pet gont, a private philharmonic which be conducted and a private circus which he would ringmaster. Needless to say, the Baron Alfred was a man with flair. "He loved music, clothes, furniture, paintings, beautiful women and, above all, luxury." He was also Involved in business - he worked at New Court and was the first Jewish Director of the Bank of England. The Baron was among those in charge of the last rites over Disraelis' dead body (Queen Victoria might have had an affair with Disraeli that the Rothschilds covered up). Alfred's demeanor was like that of a diplomat and was very Interested in foreign affairs. He was instrumental in easing the English - German tensions around the turn of the century. It was not to the Rothschilds benefit to have war. Alfred parted with tradition when he gave, in his will, his great wealth to his daughter. His daughter, in turn, used some of that Rothschild money to fund the expedition into Egypt that discovered Tutankhamen's grave.

Lord Natty’s other brother, Baron Leopold de Rothschild, was not much of a businessman. He much more preferred horse racing and automobiles. He had the reputation of being a kind man. His wife, Maria Perugia, was the sister of Mrs. Arthur Sassoon. The first world war supposedly hurt the British House financially (although it appears their missing riches only went underground), but as always they bounced right back (in the eyes of the public). Thus a new British House of Rothschild began the 20th century, lofty Lord Natty leading the way.

AUSTRIAN HOUSE, LATE 19TH AND EARLY 20TH CENTURY

Baron Anselm von Rothschild, of the "New Trinity", brought the Austrian House to the close of the 19th century. Anselm lived under the reputation of his father, Salomon, and his uncle, Amschel (with whom he spent a good deal of his time). But be did not necessarily ride their coat tails, he proved his worth, so to speak. His most notable act being the creation Creditanstalt, which destroyed the financial challenger of the Rothschilds, Credit Mobilier. As a young man Anselm was a bit wild and frivolous, so hi. father sent him away to apprentice. Anselm ended up working under his uncle Amschel in the Frankfort bank (which was doomed to future liquidation). Frankfort mellowed hlm, and he lived there for 30 years. When his father died in 1855, Anselm returned to Vienna to take his father’s place. He became a very active businessman. Anselm had influence in the Habsburg court. Baron Anselm’s "name was inscribed in the Golden Book of the capital and in 1861 he had been made a member of the Imperial House of Lords." He also knew bow to incur his wrath. One club in Austria refused him membership because be was a Jew. Baron Anselm simply bought a sewage disposable unit and installed it right next to the club. The smell was horrible. The dub then tried to give him a membership card, to mend the problem, but he returned the card doused in perfume and informed them that he would not move his sewage unit. The Rothschilds set off the financial crisis of 1873 in Vienna. S.M. Rothschild und Sohne totally controlled Hungarian finance. And Creditanstalt was the financial powerhouse of the Habsburg realm. Anselm’s children carried on in Vienna after he died in 1874. Ills eldest son Nathaniel was an aristocrat, who was not interested in banking, only fine art and history. Anselm’s second son, Ferdinand, moved to England. Only Baron Albert von Rothschild, Anselm’s youngest son had a business inclination and be was chosen to take over Creditanstalt. Baron Albert and Nathaniel were the two richest men in Austria. Baron Albert "held controlling interest in innumerable industries ranging from coal to railways; and when, in 1881, he converted the famous six-per-cent Gold Loan to Hungary the bank was recognized as the greatest financial force in the empire." Albert was afraid of the common people and he built a mansion that was more of a dtadel than a house. Its wails were seven het high, and on top of that sat another eight feet of iron fencing. Anselm’s second son, Baron Ferdinand, was a member of Prince Edward’s "Marlborough Boys." He remained in England, becoming a naturalized citizen. „Ferdy" as he was called was an intellectual socialite. He built an Incredibly grandiose mansion named Waddeson

Manor; one of the most awesome of all the Rothschild homes. The Manor was so marvelous that the Queen herself paid it a visit. Visitors to its halls ranged from the Empress Frederick to the Shah of Persia. Ferdinand also had a zoo. One of Anselm’s daughters also moved to England - Alice. The unmarried Alice was a very "tyrannical" person. In fact, she even yelled at the Queen when she saw her Inadvertently trampling a flower-bed. The Queen and Alice remained friends, and the Queen nicknamed Alice „The Al Powerful" "Alice ... reigns absolutely," wrote a cousin. "There is nothing constitutional about this monarchy. No wonder the Queen has named her ‘The Al Powerful’..." When Ferdinand died Alice received Waddeson Manor. Head of the Austrian House, Albert died in 1911. His son (none of his brothers had any children), Baron Louis became the head of the house. Louis’ brothers, Alphonse and Eugene, were "gentlemen of leisure." Baron Louis and his two brothers both served in the Austrian army during World War I (the war supposedly split the Vienna House from the French and English Houses, I don’t believe this). The Austrian House’s wealth had to go underground during the war. After the war ended the French and English Houses put the Austrian House back "on their feet again." Thus a new Austrian House began the 20th century, powerful Albert and suave Baron Louis leading the way.

THE MORGAN CONNECTION

George Peabody, a Massachusetts's trader, set up a banking house - George Peabody & Co. - in London in 1837. He became regarded as a "financial ambassador in London. Carrol Quigley attributes the use of tax-exempt foundations for manipulation of society to Peabody, seen in his IllumInati Peabody foundation. Daniel Colt Gilman, a member of the Skull & Bones and first President of the Carnegie Institution, was involved in the establishment of the Peabody foundation. He was in such high regard by the elite that they have erected a statue of him across from the Bank of England. Peabody was getting old and needed a younger partner. Junius Morgan, of Hartford, Connetticut, was recommended to Peabody. In 1854 Junius and his family arrived in London to join George Peabody & Co. When the elite's concocted American Civil War broke out, Peabody and Junius Morgan raised loans for the North. It appears JunIus played both sides of the war. Ralph Epperson claims Junius was one of the Rothschild agents who shipped supplies to the South. When Peabody retired in 1864 Junius took over the business. The firm was re-named JS. Morgan & Co. That same year Junius' son, J.P. Morgan, became a junior partner in the firm. A year later J.P. left for America to represent the firm in the New York. After the end of the Franco-Prussian War, Junius Morgan was called on to help restore the French etonomy. Around this time his bank was talked of as a rival to the Rothschild's New Court, but Junius was a Rothschild agent, when he prospered so prospered the Rothschilds and the Illuminati. J.S. Morgan & Co. was one of the Rothschild's great power tools in the United States. In 1869 JunIus' son, J.P. Morgan went to London to met with the Rothschilds. They laid out the plans to form Northern Securities, a company that would act as an agent for New Court in the US. J.P. ruling as a proxy for the family. In 1871 Junius' son, J.P. Morgan, made an alliance with Tony Drexel, heir to the powerful Philadelphia bank. Their firm - Drexel, Morgan & Co. -resided in an extravagant new building on Wall St., which is still Morgan headquarters today. After the Europeans got over their lack of confidence at the end of the CIvil War, money began to stream across the ocean to the US., providing massive profit for the firm. It set out to finance the growing number of industrial projects in America. The House of Morgan was getting extremely rich.

Junius retired in 1879 and J.P. took over JS. Morgan & Co., reorganizing It under the title J.P. Morgan & Co. "J.P. Morgan soon became a symbol of the growing centralization of American money." He was very monopolistic. His agents would create cartels through 'Morganization." By 1896 the IllumInati families Payne, Whitney and the Vanderbilts all bad money in Morgan-Guarantee Company which was run by the "J.P. Morgan and Guggenheim outfits."

At a certain point he controlled neariy half the American railroad system. He established the United States Steel Corp. ("based on Andrew Carnegie's Pittsburgh Steel mills") In 1901 by raising the "unprecedented" amount of $1.4 billion. J.P. was adept at creating financial syndicates for the Illuminati, joint efforts to further the "Great Plan." President Welliam Mckinley began prosecuting the Rothschild's Morgan-run Northern Securities under the anti-trust laws in 1900. In 1901 Mckinley ran for a second term and appointed a new vice-president, Theodore Roosevelt, a lock, stock and barrel Illuminatus. Less than a year later he was assassinated. When "Teddy" became president the prosecution of Northern Securities stopped. For this reason some people think Mckinley's death was ordered by J.P. Morgan and the Rothschilds. He was able to set up a syndicate, with the help of Rothschild agent, August Belmont, Jr., that bailed the U.S. out of a Treasury depletion. The syndicate raised $65 billion in gold. The sum would be repaid by an issue of bonds. J.P. received some criticism for the strict terms of the deal. For 5 months in early 1907, J.P. Morgan was in Europe, traveling back and forth between London and Paris, presumably visiting the Rothschild House's there. A. Ralph Epperson writes: "Apparentiy the reason Morgan was in Europe was because the decision was being made to have Morgan precipitate a bank panic in America. When he returned, he started rumors that the KnIckerbocker Bank in New York was insolvent." Panic ensued. People began a mass withdrawal of their deposits - a run. The Knickerbocker run had a domino effect, other banks had runs and the Panic of 1907 „was complete." J.P. Morgan oversaw the banking communities response to the Panic of 1907. The whole Incident helped the elite push for a central bank. One man who knew of the plot was historian Frederick Lewis Allen, who wrote in LIFE magazine: „...certain chroniclers have arrived at the ingenious conclusion that the Morgan interests took advantage of the unsettled conditions during the autumn of 1907 to precipitate the Panic, guiding It shrewdly as it progressed, so that it would kill off rival banks, and consolidate the pre-eminence of the banks within the Morgan

orbit." The Panic of 1907 made people want a powerful central bank that could "protect" the common man from the "abuses of the Wall Street bankers." This whole thing eventually led to the creation of the Federal Reserve. One of the men with the Morgan financial groups was Harold Stanley. Stanley was a member of the Skull & Bones. After J.P.'s death a Morgan firm became Morgan, Stanley & Co. J.P. Morgan died in 1913. HIs son, Harvard educated J.P. Morgan, Jr. took over (most conspiratorial writers do not make a distinction between these two). J.P. Morgan, Jr ran the bank with a team of managers that was led by Thomas Lamont. Morgan, Jr was, like his father, a power-hungry international banker. He was famous for his handling of Immense foreign loans. Most Importantly J.P. Morgan, Jr appears to have followed in the footsteps of the former heads of the House of Morgan by working with the Rothschilds.

THE SCHIFF CONNECTION

Remember the Schiff family? In the first article I explained that they shared a residency in Frankfort, forever binding the two families. The Schiffs became Rothschild agents, and like most agents of the Rothschilds they eventually became very rich and powerful. The most prominent of the Schiffs was Jacob Henry Schiff. Jacob was born in Frankfort in 1847, and was sent by the Rothschild/Schiff network to America to make his fortune (Much like the Astors sent John Jacob Astor). Jacob Schiff arrived in New York in 1865. Ten years later he became the partner of the Illuminati firm Kuhn, Loeb & Company. Ten years after that he became Its president. Directing Rothschild and IllumInati affairs from this seat of authority. Jacob Schiff was also on the board of directors of Central Trust Company, Western Union. and Wells Fargo Company. Uke most elite, he gave vast amounts of money to charity. Philanthropy pays off in a big way to the ruling class.

JEKYLL ISLAND

The Illuminati interests wanted to create a Central Bank in America. They wanted to build the Federal Reserve. First, they needed a bunch of banking crisis' that would push public opinion towards a Federal Reserve system. These were provided by the Illuminati, including J.P. Morgan's Knickerbocker Panic of 190?. Second, they needed a favorable U.S. president in office. Rothschild agent Colonel House provided this by getting Woodrow Welson elected. The American people were being couditioned. To provide the 'reform of the American banking system" a congressional National Monetary Commission was created and a man related to the Rockefellers, Nelson Aldrich, was put in charge. For two years this Commission travel around Europe hob-nobbing with the IllumInati and getting directions as to how the central bank should be set up. Then the Commission returned in 1910, and Nelson Aldrich went to a secret meeting at the Jekyll Island Hunt Club in Georgia to write the legislation for an American central bank to be run by the IllumInati. Others at the Jekyll island meeting were these Illuminati men - A. Platt Andrew, Frank Vanderiip (of a Kuhn-Loeb & Company bank), Henry Davidson (of J.P. Morgan), Charies Norton (of a Morgan bank), Paul Warburg (of Kuhn-Loeb & Company and brother-in-law of Schiff), Benjamin Strong (of another Morgan company). Most of these men were connected to Jacob Schiff or J.P. Morgan, who in turn were agents for the House of Rothschild. The Jekyll Island Hunt Club was even owned by J.P. Morgan. The Federal Reserve bill was sneakily passed through congress in the winter of 1913 and President Woodrow Wilson signed the bill into law. The Illuminati, particularly the Rockefellers and Rothschilds, bad usurped the financial power of the United States. The first governor of the New York branch of the Federal Reserve was Benjamin Strong. The first governor of the FED's board of directors was Paul Warburg. Both connected to Schiff, J.P. Morgan, Jr, and the House of Rothschild. The FED has been an effective tool of the Illuminati and the Rothschilds, creating crisis such as the Great Depression (which J.P. Morgan, Jr was very involved in creating). Apparentiy (according to Congressman Louis McFadden), the Depression helped consolidate financial power over the US., putting It in the hands of the Rothschild banking alliance between J.P. Morgan's First National Bank group and Schiff's Kuhn, Loeb-run National City Bank. The Great Depression also lead to Roosevelt's New Deal.

WORLD WAR I

Rothschild connections to the first worid war are an excellent example of controlled conflict. On the Allied side the British and French Houses financially supported their countries battles. Some Rothschilds were even soldiers, although they didn't see much action. J.P. Morgan Bank was a big financial help to the Allied cause. It was the Allies "purchasing agent" until the U.S. entered the war. It also created a syndicate that financed „modernization" in China, to help defend that country against the Japanese threat. The elite wanted America in the war. Historian Charles Tansill noted: „... the large banking Interests were deeply interested in the World War because of wide opportunities for large profits. On August 3, 1914, even before the actual clash of arms, the French firm of Rothschild Freres cabled to Morgan and Company in New York suggesting the floatation of a loan of $100,000,000, a substantial part of which was to be left in the United States, to pay for French purchases of American goods.' The Lusitania was a ploy. It was packed with some Morgan owned ammunition, had been given over to England as a member of the navy, and despite the warnings of the Germans was sent Into a naval war zone, specifically to be a target - the catalyst for America's entrance to the war. A knowledgeable American State Department failed to warn the US. citizens aboard the ship of the voyages definite danger. Churchill ordered the Lusitanina's naval escort to return to port, and the fated ship was left unprotected, to be sunk. Rothschild agent Colonel House probably knew of this plot, records point to a discussion of it between him and Sir Edward Grey of England. Historian Colin Simpson called the sinking of the Lusitania the "foulest act of willful murder ever committed on the seas.' On the Axis side the Rothschild network was also funneling money. Another family allied to the Rothschilds was the Warburgs. Max Warburg, brother of Kuhn-Loeb's Paul Warburg. ran a family financial powerhouse in Frankfort, Germany (one of the reasons the Rothschilds were able to liquidate their Frankfort bank, the Warburgs would run things). Max was the head of the German secret police during WWI. The Warburg connection is reported to have helped the Axis powers financially. At the end of the war in 1919, the Treaty of Versailles meetings were attended by Rothschild connected men like Paul and Max Warburg, John Foster Dulles (of Kuhn-Loeb), Colonel House, Thomas Lamont (of Morgans) and Allen Dulles (of Kuhn-Loeb). The harsh terms of the Treaty of Versailles totally set the stage for World War II. Said one delegate: 'This is no peace; this is only a truce for twenty years." Sure enough, in 1939 the second World War started. Another product of the Versailles meetIngs was the elite's Charter for the League of Nations - the Illuminati's first attempt at creating a global institution. The League of Nations failed. This called for the need to create a think tank/special Interest organization that could promote the new world order. Thus the creation of the Foreign Relations Institutions - the CFR., RIIA, etc. This will be discussed in a bit. World War I helped create a Communist State.

Max Warburg funded Lenin and his revolutionaries. Jacob Schiff gave a known $20 million to Lenin. J.P. Morgan & Co. helped finance the Bolshevik revolution.

Alfred de Rothschild also helped finance the Bolsheviks.

WORLD WAR II

The second World War was also controlled by Illuminati and Rothschild interests. The Great Depression did not only occure in America. It also swept Europe. The economic depression in Europe, coupled with an extremely harsh Versailles Treaty helped fan the flames of the nationalistic fires that swept Germany.

Hitier was a member of the most powerful occultic secret society in Germany. He penetrated the inner circle of this society where Satanism was practiced. Hitler was dedicated to Satan's Empire - an evil puppet. He was brought into this evil group by Dietrich Eckart who is supposed to have said on his deathbed: "Follow Hitler. He will dance, but It is I who have called the tune! I have initiated him into the 'Secret Doctrine'; opened his centers in vision and given him the means to communicate with the Powers. Do not mourn for me: I shall have influenced history more than any German.' In the last article we discussed the possibility of Hitler having been of Rothschild descendance. Consider this - he probably had satanic bloodline, he had the backing of a powerful satanic society, he had sold his

soul to Satan, and he had the financial backing of the Illuminati. is it any wonder that he rose from obscurity, poverty and Imprisonment to become one of the most powerful men to ever live? I believe that It is even safe to specuiate that Hitler was totally controlled by a demonic spirit(s); that he simply gave himself over to Satan's control. An ex-member of the Satanic Hierarchy of the Illuminati expressed a belief to me that there have been certain evil men through-out history that have totally

given themselves over to possession by Satan. That these men (Hitler, Ghengis Khan, for example) have been anti-christ types, simply human containers for the residence of a very powerful demonic spirit, or even Satan himself. The ex-illuminati member believed that when Satan no longer had need for the body of his anti-christ he would discard It with death and find another willing soul to sacrifice his bodily control to the devil. These evil figures would not be 'The" Anti-Christ, explained the informant, but would have allowed themselves to taken over by "the spirit" of the Anti-Christ. This is just a theory, but I believe it has certain merit. If it is true, it paints an interesting picture of Hitler and the ruling class that created him. Hitler's main source of economic power was from the I.G. Farben chemical cartel, and I.G. Farben in turn was controlled by the Illuminati. The I.G. Farben cartel was created by loans from Wall Street in what has been called the Dawes plan. Carroll QuIgley calls the Dawes Plan "largely a J.P. Morgan production." The J.P. Morgan Group set up the loan to I.G. Farben, which created Hitler. ,,Without the capital supplied by Wall Street, there would have been no I.G. Farben in the first place, and almost certainly no Adolf Hitler and Worid War II." Henry Ford merged his German assets with I.G. Farben in 1928. The cartel created the lethal Zyklon B gas that was used to exterminate the Jews. It was also involved in the torture experimentations that led to mind control methods, such as Monarch Programming. Do you see what happened? A Rothschild agent set up a cartel that was directly involved in the horrible persecution of the Jews. Still the family maintains the illusion of being totally supportive of their race. At first Germany had a significant disadvantage if they were to embark on a second world war. The nation had a fuel shortage, but the Illuminati fixed this problem. The Germans were able to fight WWII through the use of synthetic fuels that were created by the hydrogenation process (turning coal into gasoline). This process was discovered by I.G. Farben. Hydrogenation technology would not have been fully developed by WWII, but I.G. Farben made a deal with Rockefeller's Standard Oil, who was able to complete the research, facilitating the war. Interestingly, I.G. Farben plants were not targeted by the bombing raids on Germany. By the end of the war the refineries had experienced only 15% damage. William Dodd, American ambassador to Germany before WWII, wrote President Roosevelt: "At the present moment, more than a hundred American corporations have subsidiaries here or cooperative understandings. ,,The DuPonts have their allies in Germany that are aiding in the armament business. Their chief ally is the I.G. Farben Company... ,,Standard Oil Company ... sent $2,000,000 here in December, 1933 and has made $500,000 a year helping Germans limprove hydrogenation technology] ... ,,The International Harvester Company president told me their business here rose 33% year, but they could take nothing [earnings] out [except in goods]. 'Even our airplanes people have secret arrangements with Krupps. 'General Motors Company [which was controlled by the J.P. Morgan Group] and Ford do enormous business here through their subsidiaries and take no profits out." Germany needed the capital of these, and many more American companies in order to wage a war. I.G. Farben had a holding company in the United States called American I.G. Farben. Paul Warburg, his brother Max (head of Germanies secret police during WWI), and Warburg agent Herman Metz were some of the members of the board of directors of the American I.G. Farben. Other directors included Rockefeller/International banking men (Edsel Ford, Charies Mitchell, Walter Teagle, etc) . Three Germans on the Board of Governors were convicted as war criminals after the war, but the elite Americans fore-mentioned were not, even though they participated in the same criminal decisions as those who were punished. According to author Eustice Mullins, Hitier met with Allen and John Foster Dulles in 1933. The Dulles brothers were acting as legal representatives of Schiff and Warburg's Kuhn, Loeb & Co, which was an Integral part of the Rothschild network. Mullins claims Kuhn & Loeb had extended large short-term credits to Germany, and needed to ensure the repayment of these loans. The Dulles supposedly assured Hitler he would receive the funds necessary to be installed as Chancellor of Germany, if he promised to repay the debts. One of the largest tank manufacturers for Germany was Opel, which was controlled by the J.p. Morgan Group. Another company connected to the J.p. Morgan Group was Bendix Aviation, 'which supplied data [to

Germany] on automatic pilots, aircraft Instruments and aircraft and diesel engine starters.' The examples go on and on. There is much more that could be written on this subject. The manufactured Pearl Harbor attack allowed Roosevelt to enter America into the war. A second worid war had been created by the Illuminati, with the help of the Rothschild/Morgan/Warburg/Schiff syndicate. After the end of the war, the Tribunals that investigated Nazi war criminals censored "any materials recording Western assistance to Hitler," said historian Antony C. Sutton.

GLOBALISM

World War II facilitated the American acceptance of a giobal 'peacekeeping" institution - the United Nations. After the U.S. had rejected the first attempt to create such an institution in the League of Nations, the illuminatI decided to create an arm of the Rothschild funded Round Table groups which could help influence western society towards the embracement of globalism. The original idea was to create an international special interest group of advisors that would promote a New World Order, called the Institute of on International Affairs. The plan eventually changed, the Institute was split up so that separate groups could influence separate governments without having the appearance of a conspiracy. These groups were formed at what are called the Hotel Majestic meetings. Baron #1 Edmond de Rothschild of France was the main force behind these meetings, and all the founders of these groups were men who had met with his approval. Chief of these was Rothschild agent Colonel Edward Mandell House. One of these groups was the CFR.. The CFR Handbook of 1936 explains how It was established. 'On May 30, 1919, several leading members of the delegations to the Paris Peace Conference met at the Hotel Majestic in Paris to discuss setting up an international group which would advise their respective governments on international affairs.... It was decided at this meeting to call the proposed organization the Institute of International Affairs. At a meeting on June 5, 1919, the planners decided it would be best to have separate organizations cooperating with each other. Consequentiy, they organized the Council on Foreign Relations, with headquarters in New York. and a sister organization, the Royal Institute of International Affairs [RIIA], in London, also known as the Chatham House Study Group, to advise the British Government. A subsidiary organization, the Institute of Pacific Relations, was set up to deal exclusively with Far Eastern Affairs [and facilitated the Pearl Harbor attack] . Other organizations were set up in Paris and Hamburg, the Hamburg branch being called the Institut fur Auswartige Politik. and the Paris branch being known as Centre d'Etudes de Politicque Etrangere..." I have never seen any research on the Institut fur Auswartige Politik in Germany. It wouid be interesting to see how this group was Involved with the elite and the creation of WWII.

A group of Illuminati wise men took the plans laid out at the Hotel Majestic meetings and formed the CFR. The founders included; Colonel Edward Mandell

House (a Rothschild agent), John Foster Dulles (of Rothschild connected Kuhn, Loeb & Co.), and Allen Dulles (also of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.).

The CFR was officially founded on July 29, 1921. Money for the founding came from J.P. Morgan, Bernard Baruch, Otto Kahn, Jacob Schiff, Paul Warburg, and

John D. Rockefeller, among others. The funding for the RIIA in London came primarily from the Astor family. Rothschild-connected Paul Warburg was on the original board of directors of the CFR.

As you can clearly see, the Rothschild network had significant influence in the creation of the foreign relation groups. This influence continues today. The Rothschild's power within the secret "Society of the Elect" and the Round Table Groups extended to the semi-publIc CFR, RIIA, etc. The House of Rothschild was up in arms with their feilow elites; managing the creation of the New World Order. Should there be a part 3 to this series, it will Investigate individual Rothschilds from the worid war era up into the modern day world, and their continuing involvement in the Illuminati.

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A NOTE ABOUT THE KRUPPS OF GERMANY

It has been said by an Illuminati informant that the Krupp ramily is part of the Illuminati. It is clear that that the Krupp family must be at least in agreement to the plans of the Illuminati. This can be said because of the extensive power of the Krupps. The Krupps were the primary producers of the big guns for the German army in W.W.I. Lenin wanted the Krupps to help him make the Russian steppes productive. The Krupps have produced agricultural equippment, and train locomotives as well as tanks. After W.W. I had ended, the head of the Krupp family, Gustav Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, began secretly planning to rebuild Germany's military might. Gustav Krupp bought coal mines after W.W. I with an eye on using them for future weapons production. After the Allied Control Commission departed Germany in 1928, Krupp factories began secretly turning out a few tanks particularly at Krupp's Garusonwerk Factory. The Christian Science Monitor which ties in with the occult system sent reporters to Krupps factories during the 1920s to report on how well the Germans were complying with the Versailles Treaty limitations. The reporters gave a clean bill of health to the Krupp factories even though the reporters should have questioned why all their film was destroyed during factory tours (infared rays were beamed Into their film while they toured Krupps factories.) Prussian-trained Gustav Krupp had married the daughter of Friedrich Krupp whose name was Bertha. Bertha was a powerful woman, and sole owner in 1902 of one of Germany's largest steel firms. The Krupps have lived above Essen, German in a hugh palace called Villa Huegel, whose small wing has 60 rooms. They also have other castles and villas. At one time they owned (as far as I know they still do) a castle in the Austrian Alps named Bluehnbach. Gustav Krupp hosted and was one of the leaders of a secret group of 12 powerful German industrialists called the Ruhrlade which secretly made Germany's industrial decisions during the Weimar Republic. This group also made political decisions. In 1932, Krupp began to help HItler. The secret governing body of the Ruhrlade covered their meetings behind the cover of having lavish hunting parties. The Illuminati kept close tabs and gave secret support to Hitler on his rise to power. Illuminatus William Randolph Hearst had his chief European correspondent William Bayard Hale met with Hitler early in the 1920s at Hale's lavish suite at the Hotel Bayrisher Hof.

PART 3. THE ROTHSCHILDS TODAY

by Fritz Springmeier

Introduction to Part 3. The Rothschilds are one of the most prominent of the top thirteen Illuminati families. This newsletter has been singling out each of the top thirteen Illuminati families for a feature article. Articles in this newsletter have already been done on the Astor, Buady, Collins, DuPont, Freeman, U, Kennedy, Onassis, and Van Duyn families. The Rockefellers were featured in a December 1992 article just prior to this series. Because there is more Information out about the

Rothschilds than some of the other families, I decided to write more than just one feature article about them.

Reviewing the recent newsletter articles.

The first set of my recent Rothschild articles consisted of my Introduction and then main article. The Introduction covered the hidden lineages of the Springs, the Payseurs, the Beatty family and Abraham Lincoln. The main article by David Smith covered the 18th and 19th centuries of Rothschild power. The second set of articles again consisted of my introduction along with a main article. In my Introduction I covered some about their secret power, their power in Latin America, and their secret power to manipulate financial things without playing the same rules as others play. David Smith's main article covered the Rothschild's influence in history in the late 19th century and during the 20th century.

The Rothschilds a daily threat

My desire was to have an article about what the Rothschild's are doing today. One of my most dangerous opponents in this area to the work I'm doing against the Monarch program is a secret Rothschild descendent. I know Monarch slaves who were created to serve the Rockefeller family, the Russell family, the 13th Holy Blood Family, the Li family and the CollIns family. I also know Monarch slaves who were created to serve the Rothschilds. From what I have been told and also from just personal observation, all of the top 13 IllumInati families are involved in the creation of Monarch slaves. It goes without saying that It is Impossible to be a high level Satanist and not have MPD. Any person without MPD would go insane after participating in high level Illuminati rituals. It can't be stated with certainty that all Illuminati members (by Illuminati I mean members of the first pyramidal structure diagrammed in the Jan. 1, '93 newsletter and in the Feb. I Issue) have been through Monarch programming today, but it can be stated with certainty that they all suffer from multiple personality disorder. This means that the Rothschilds in this country and in Canada and the U.K.. have closely collaborated with the highest levels of the intelligence community and the military. Who initiated my phone being tapped? At any rate, the Rothschilds and their satanic power is here in America, and people need to understand that.

The first great temple.

The Illuminati are building their temples secretly throughout the United States. The last issue of this newsletter described the massive pyramid that has been built at Los Vegas. Pyramids have also been built at San Francisco (the Trans-America building) and in Chicago, and in other eastern places. The San Francisco building was built by people with ties to the Rockefellers. Just north of San Francisco and east of the Bohemian Grove is the Napa Valley of California. Anton LaVey moved to Napa Valley after his split with Aquino. LaVey ran a construction company during the 1910. out of Napa, CA. (As an aside, Anton LaVey's chief representative in our Portland area is Rex „Diablos" Church, who grew up as Rex Nance in Seaside High School on the Oregon coast. Rex worked at the drug store at Broadway and Holiday at Seaside during high school. Two years after high school he returned to his hometown with his head shaved and wearing black in LaVey fashion. He had a stripper who dressed in black who was a Satanist as his girl friend for a while in the Portland area. According to Rex's own words, he grew up in a secret Satanic family and was baptized to Satan as a child. Rex and his Satanic friends have schemed how to hurt the Christians. How many of their devious plans have succeeded I do not know. Also of Interest is that Rex lived a good deal with his what has been reported as Jehovah's Witness grandparents.) With the Church of Satan feeling comfortable in Napa, it is not surprising that tbe Baron and Baroness Phillipi de Rothschild picked the area to build a secret temple to Satan.

Also as readers of this newsletter know, these people have been constructing castles and other large buildings on spiritual ley lines for centuries, so it goes without saying that when this secret temple was built in Napa, that the Icy lines were at least considered in choosing a site. The Baron Rothschild

began the construction of a pyramid in Napa Valley, which his wife completed after he died. The pyramid is called Opus 1. According to one of the contractors who participated in building the

pyramid, the project cost $35 million. The various construction cost reports given the public have been much less than what this contractor has said was the real cost of the building. The theme of the numbers 3 and 6 runs throughout the large Opus i pyramid building. as well as the number 666. Also little circles frequently appear.

The name of the building is Opus 1, which means the First Work. It's cover or front for the temple is that It is a winery. The winery operates very strangely to a legitimate winery. The entire project of buying the land, building Opus 1, and operating it has been shrouded in secrecy. The wineries in California when they open traditionally and normally are open to the public. The opening ceremonies of Opus 1 were shrouded in secrecy. The opening announcement was low key and only select people and select International media types were Invited. This opening is extremely unusual for a winery in the Napa Valley area. Private guided tours are very hard to obtain of Opus 1, in contrast to the other wineries in Napa Valley. Further, the estate that the winery (temple) sits on is very protected and secluded. The wrought iron gates are always closed. However, I was able to get a first hand report from a group of three that managed to view Opus 1. During the tour this group saw many occult and satanic items, and yet large areas of the winery (temple) were closed off to even this private tour group. The winery is not constructed even remotely similar to any winery in the Us. The project began as a joint venture between Robert Mondavi and Baron Rothschild in 1979. The land was secretly purchased and in the late 1960s construction quietly began using contractors from far away. Strangely, the Napa Valley Register which reports on all building activity remained extremely quiet about what was being built. From the air, the construction forms a masonic square and compass. On the Inside hidden stairwells and other hidden features have been built in. The capstone of the pyramid has a rotunda where skylight penetrates the capstone and where viewers can get a view of the entire Napa Valley. There have numerous Rothschilds who have entered Into the various Masonic rites. For Instance, Louis Rothschild was a 32° Scottish Rite Mason in Chicago during the 1890's. The reason for this is that Freemasonry is used as type of early class for those who are in the Illuminati to get them familiar with the symbols of the Mystery religions and give them more practice with hand signals, rituals, and secrecy. Orchids, which are used by the Mothers of Darkness, are grown all over the area. Orchids are the only type of flower grown on the site, and they are cared for by apparently Mothers of Darkness who are dressed in all black, which is the standard color of garb of the Mothers of Darkness. The pyramid was built with limestone from Texas. No doubt there is some occult significance to the site that the limestone came from. The limestone itself has fossils, which have been hidden from easy view for some reason. (Remember the ancient Egyptian pymmids used limestone.) Originally Opus I was scheduled to open around the Summer Solstice but the date was shifted to Weds., Oct. 30, 1991 which is the day before Halloween. Since the opening day, the Rothschilds have had events scheduled around Satanic high days. Those who are familiar with the occult know that these events are covers for Satanic rituals which are held secretly. The land has wrought iron gates which are locked at all times. Some of the occult Items which private visitors saw within the pyramid were: a book on wine depicting orgies by Salvadore Dailey who is a Satanist, a blue-black picture with naked ritual dancers, and other strange occultic pieces of art (such as an oil painting of what looked like Satan). Massive draconian oak doors are built facing the hail that leads to the room where wine is tasted. Mirrors abound in the place. The guilded art work on the mirrors is often Rococo. The Baroness personally designed and furnished the Interior. The upside down peace sign is found designed in some of the furniture as barren trees. Two trees of life from Peru are by the fireplace. The tree of life is by the way very Important to this level of the Illuminati. The visitors also saw 3 Mouton ceremonial drinking cups with rams, and chairs which had the carvings on the front arms/legs of fully formed demons were found in one of the rooms. The foyer looks like the Inside of a snail or „corkscrewy." Much of the furnishings were purchased by the Baroness Rothschild from the De Medicis. It has various marble floors and tables set with orchids. The stainless steel and the floors in the winery are immaculate. The workers who work there were scrutinized closely before being hIred. Originally, the wine workers were required to were black pants and white shirts, but the workers who had to stomp the grapes were unhappy about the uniform requirements. I have been

trying to follow the Rothschild family with Its many branches. Although the Rothschilds are seen as great internationalists, don’t be surprised If some of the people of the Rothschilds seem somewhat middleclass, For instance, in the Millington, MI NE of Flint, MI one family dominates the tows. This family is the Bauer family. Stan Bauer was a man who mysteriously simply attracted material possessions to himself without any visible source of money. His son Harold Bauer a 32° Mason who sat on the Houghton Lake city council. His next son Terry Bauer was also a Mason, also had a position in local government and was on the school beard. His daughter Barbers Bauer married Jim Hagger who was also a Mason who lived in Grand Blanc south of Flint. There is certainly more that could be said about the satanic Rothschild bloodline, but this is where I will bring this article to a close, with the statement that, Lord Welling, I will write more about them later.

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By:

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

The Russell Bloodline

THE WATCHTOWER & THE ILLUMINATI

Last year in the Jan. ’93 newsletter I wrote an artide about the Illuminati and the Watchtower Society. Recently, on Dec. 10, ’93, Texe Marrs interviewed me over international short wave radio about the 1990 book "The Watchtower and the Masons." Having got a good response from the short wave radio interview, it is only appropriate that this newsletter starts off the new year with another article on the Watchtower Society and the Illuminati. Because of numerous problems within the congregations of Jehovah’s Witnesses with Satanic Ritual Abuse, the Watchtower Society put out an article in the Oct. 8, 1991 issue of the magazine. Lee Waters of Bethel Headquarters kept a file on his computer of Jehovah’s Witnesses who were reported to be victims of SKA. It is possible headquarters has told him to delete the file. Another man who was at headquarters who is now believed out of the Society was also well informed of SRA among the congregations of Jehovah’s Witnesses. In fact, two J.W.s who had actually been in the Illuminati while J.W.s but had broken free, confronted the Governing Body and headquarters with their evidence of the Illuminati operating within the membership of the Jehovah’s Witnesses.

What was the response of the WF leaders? To simply ignore and coverup the evidence. The actions of the Governing Body in squelching any serious action against the high level Satanism secretly operating within the Jehovah’s Witnesses shows what my Be Wise A Serpents book revealed, which is that very secret high level Satanism has long been controlling the Watchtower Society. One of these 2 eyewitnesses to Illuminati activities within the higher levels of the Watchtower Society realized that something is seriously wrong at the top, when the WF leaders do not really care for those people in the congregations who are becoming the victims of SRA. One elder in good standing lost his position because be warned the WT Society of satanic infiltration. It is obvious that the Watchtower organization is more interested in public relations than it is in having a clean organization. In examining the families that are involved with the Illuminati who use the Watchtower Society as a cover, we find a continuation of the same pattern as I noticed before: there is a large contingent of Scottish and a large Jewish bloodlines. For instance, one J.W. Illuminati family was the Udell family (Scottish name) who married Picketson Milliken (English maiden name with Jewish first husband).

This type of combination typifies so many of the elite who I have researched. In the Be Wise As Serpents book, chapter 1.11 discusses how the Satanism within the Illuminati and the Watchtower Society could be tracked by an understanding of Enochian magic. Readers may want to refer back to that chapter after reading this paragraph. The Illuminati operating within the Watchtower Society use the Enochian Language which has its own language and its own Enochian alphabet (letters in boxes). According to eyewitnesses who have left the J.W. part of the Illuminati, the Enochian alphabet is known and used as the cult language by those Illuminati operating in the high levels of the Watchtower Society. In other words, their ceremonies are done in this ritual Enochian language. Sir William Sinclair in the 16th century was one of those who introduced Enochian Magic to Scotland. The Scottish connection in the Watchtower Society is overpowering. Both the Russell and the

Rutherford families came from Scotland as well as MacMillan and many other key eariy Watchtower leaders. From this it appears that the Scottish type of Illuminatism that created the early Watchtower Society has always practiced Enochian magic. Remember from the Be Wise As Serpents book that knowing the Watchtowers is the key to Enochian magic. The same type of winged-sun-disk that C.T. Russell used was also used on the ..... Magic. Two phrases that were popular among satanists who practiced Enochian Magic in Rumli's day were ‘Millennial Dawn and ‘Golden Age.’ The following are some of the Illuminati operating within the Watchtower Society today (names may be spelled incorrectly in some cases):

Chris family - Domelie family-Irish bloodline

Karrls - JW Overseer in Miami, FL Prince George McKee-Monroeville, AL Melers, or Myer-Jewish Satanic bloodline.

Sharon Russell - left the Illuminati, still a JW, worked with police showing ritual sites.

Princess Proud Swift - lived in Delaware, with the travel industry Jim Tifton-important WT official and elder in So. Calif. A secret Satanic serial murderer.

Walt family - Woomer family- The areas which have been identified as strong Satanic stronghold within the Watchtower religious empire are:

Southern California (cap. San Bernadino Valley), Florida, the Carribean, Scotland, Bethel Headquarters in Brooklyn, and various places in New York. I expect that this list of strongholds is very incomplete. According to an eye witness of the Illuminati within the Watchtower Society the following items can be ascertained:

· Some type of trauma based mind control is being used to create MPD and control children born into the Illuminati within the WF Society.

· The rank and file JWs have no awareness that the WT Society has a secret upper level of involvement. (Note, I identified this upper level in my chart explaining how religions are controlled by Satanism.)

· The Illuminati within the Jehovah’s Witnesses have a hidden agenda that is separate from the published goals of the WT Society, although they also support many of the goals of the Society.

RITUAL SITES.

Beside rituals taking place in the above mentioned stronghold areas, it is of value to point out that one of the rituals that I have found out about took place when a boat load of generational satanic JWs went to the Bahamas (believed to be Andros Is.) and had a ritual at a high place. This was in 1958.

Related items.

There are three items which relate to what has been described above.

· There is a particular man who is well informed about the WT Society who is able to explain bow the WE Society is interlocked with a lot of major corporations.

· As a consequence of how connected the WT Society is with politics, big business, etc. the WE Society has been closely watched by the FBI which has over 12,000 pages in its files on the WT Society alone. This figure does not include its extensive files on individuals, of which everyone of the WE Society Presidents has had a file.

· The WT Society performs a secret ritual every year which is their primary ritual. This ritual is actually the ancient gnostic (satanic) ritual of saying no to the body of Christ. This ancient satanic ritual is now secretly practiced under the disguise of the Memorial Supper - where the elements of

communion are passed and no one partakes of the elements. (When I say ‘no one’ I mean that in a qualified sense-only a small group are allowed to partake. The actual figures of how many partake of the elements is a totally fictitious figure according to my sources, which is created at Bethel headquarters in Brooklyn.

· Canadian citizens who have tried to find out why the Watchtower Society in Canada is allowed to evade taxes, have been stonewalled by government officials. MacGregor Ministries newsletter News & Views, Oct. 1993, p. 10 discusses how various people have tried to expose the Watchtower’s avoidance of the GST and how the Minister of Finance, the Minister of National Revenue and many other government groups have simply stonewalled people. The fax no. of one of the most powerful committees of the Watchtower Society is the WT Service Dept. whose fax no. is 718-6244030. This newsletter will continue to bring articles on the various branches of Satan’s One World Religion which includes the Mormon authority structure, the Catholic authority structure, the Pentecostal and the Jehovah’s Witnesses authority structures just to name a few.

One of the strangest things for this Author was to continue running into evidence that seems to indicate Charles Taze Russell, the man who started the Jehovah’s Witnesses’ Watchtower Society, was secretly an important Satanist. Lest the reader devalue the evidence, permit this author to state that the evidence came in first before I came up with my theory that Russell was an important Satanist, and not vice-versa. Some of the outstanding clues are:

a.) C.T. Russell was definitely a Mason, yet he puts up some great smokescreens in his writing concerning his membership.

b.) C.T. Russell’s Bethel staff became concerned about his occultic activities and required him to take an oath forswearing any further occultic activities.

c.) In my previous book The Watchtower and the Masons, I study 35 parallel beliefs that Russell had with Masonry. I spent a page per parallel. These 35 are not in any way inclusive, Russell had many other identical ideas to what the Masonic lodges propogate.

d.) Various items from magic were part of Russell’s religious beliefs including healing handkerchiefs, phrenology, the Winged-Sun-Disk, Enochian Magical planes, etc.

e.) Russell’s family’s possible Illuminati links, and his wife’s possible connections with a family line of Satanists.

f.) Russell’s apparent secret Rosicrucian membership with the Quakertown, PA group of Rosicrucians, as revealed by the pyramid he ordered erected, his use of the Winged-Sun-Disk. and his cremation three days after his death.

g.) Russell owned a cemetary in Pittsburgh. Leading Satanists try to own cemetaries for several reasons. First, it facilitates the disposal of human sacrifices which are buried in pieces below the fresh holes dug for someone else’s burial. When the casket is placed in the hole, it would be rare for anyone to dig below the casket level ever again. Second, magic power is associated with cemetaries. The spiritual power of the dead is pulled up by making a circle of light over them then within the circle a naked Satanist lays. Third, specific bones are sought such as the skulls and left hands. Left hands are preserved in order to hold candles for certain ceremonies.

h.) Contacts from various places today indicate that the modern Watchtower Society is working with the New World Order. This implies that at some point the Society began cooperating with the New World Order. Russell seems to be the likeliest starting point.

UNDERSTANDING CHARLES T. RUSSELL

As with all occult organizations a veil of secrecy is maintained by requiring initiates to take secrecy oaths on penalty of death. As in Witchcraft, Masonry repeatedly demands secrecy oaths at every new

level. Charles T. Russell began participating in this secrecy when he took the Entered Apprentice (first Masonic degree) oath on penalty of mayhem and violent death, "I ... do hereby and hereon most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear that I will always hail, ever conceal and never reveal any of the arts, parts or points of the secret arts and mysteries of ancient Freemasonry which I received, am about to receive, or may hereafter be instructed in ..."

NOTES

1. Confidential interviews with ex-Satanists.

2. Interview by Dr. Al Carlisle with a Black Prince recorded in Stratford, L. Satan's Underground. p. 144.

Should the reader allow, I will quote from the Power's own statements plus other proof to show that this god, the god of the world, is Lucifer (aka Satan, Sanat, Venus, etc.) For thousands of years, The Plan for world domination has been passed down from occult generation to occult generation. Spaced every 28 is a Feast of the Beast, a year-long holiday during which Satanists receive new instructions from Satan on how to carry out The Plan.' We read of the great holiday and its Great Councils in Externalization of the Hierarchy, when Satan's instrument Alice Bailey writes, "The past year... has, however, been the year in which the greatest spiritual Approach of all time has shown itself to be possible - an Approach for which the initiates and Masters have for centuries been preparing, and for which all the Wesak Festivals since the meeting of the Great Council in 1925 have been preparatory. I have, in past instructions, referred to the great meetings held at intervals by Those to Whom is entrusted the spiritual guidance of the planet and particularly of man." (Externalisation of the Hierarchy, p. 389.)

ONE SAMPLE OF THEIR PLANS

As example of how ingenius these plans are to create a One-World-Government consider the following part of it. The Drug War is not what it seems. It is a very ingenious scheme to enslave the American people, and destroy all their civil rights. The first rumblings of the Drug War part of The Plan seem to stir from the occult, so it is highly possible the Drug War originally was first developed by Satanists, perhaps even given during one of the Feasts of the Beast. The Drug War seems like the perfect plan, with no way for the Power to lose. First, the Power creates a drug culture in America. The Drug Culture would and did give many their first step into the Aquarian (New Age) conspiracy.[6] The Power would make billions of dollars by running drugs, to further finance other nefarious schemes, and could use their world-wide power to crush all their competitors. When the Power crushed and arrested their competitors in drug running, they would be hailed as heros by the majority of people. (And they have.) The introduction of drugs into society does several things. It taxes the Christian church's ability to oppose immorality. It gets the public indignent about drugs, and the public's moral outcry allows the Power to pass "drug" laws that remove the last vestiges of legal civil rights. In fact, the beguiled public demands the laws which abolish their rights, and applauds these laws in ignorance unknowing what the laws actually say and mean. If the public somehow gets a complete picture that their government has been smuggling drugs to create a drug war in spite of the controlled media, or perhaps through the media at the right time, then they can create a scandal involving several U. S. Presidents to eliminate the U . S. government and switch the public's alligience to a world government. (See chapter 3.9 for more details and a chronology of the secretly planned escalation of today's designed Drug War.) As an ex-Mason, who is very aware of their plans, said to this author, "These people are in it for the long-term."

THE BLOODLINE OF THE RUSSELLS

The purpose of this next subsection may be misunderstood, unless I make myself clear at this point. This author has not established any link between the various famous Russells. (Although I have been doing genealogy work, I have not had the chance to do the long term geneology work required to clarify the issue, if the reader is dissatisfied with the extent of this information, he is encouraged that

rather than criticize to research it himself.) The reader will observe by the time he finishes this book, that this author has done extensive research into many groups. One item that has popped up consistently is that people with the surname Russell repeatedly appear as important figures in the various elements of the World Order as it has developed. Before becoming aware of the One World Order, this Author had no inkling how important blood lines have been for the elite that controls the world. Friendships have also played a role, for instance, Eleanor Roosevelt (who was involved in numerous communist organizations' and was an actual card carrying member of the American communist party) was a close friend and confidant to Ronald Reagon's mother. This seems trivial, but the reoccurance of blood lines and the reoccurant discovery of connections of friendships between what have been thought of as unrelated personages, compels one to believe the elite is more compact than appears. (More on that later) The mysterious Watchtower Society and its founder Charles Taze Russell will serve as perhaps the most used example in this book of an organization that is secretly serving the New World Order. (The reader will be presented with the history of all this throughout the book, especially in chapters 5-17 of the first section.) Chapter 1 .8 will go into more details on what circumstantial evidence there is that might lead one to believe that Charles T. Russell was a Satanist. The author is aware that there are Jehovah's Witnesses that are covert Satanists.8 The Russell family appears to have moved from Germany to Scotland and from Scotland to northern Ireland. In the 1820's Alexander G. Russell went to New York City and then onto Orange Co., NY. He could write firsthand how good it was. When the Potato famine hit during the 1820s, the Russells did not have the roots to Ireland that the original Irish had, and the rest of the family moved to America, except for Fannie's husband Alexander Harper, who stayed behind in Donegal estranged from his wife. The family tree looked like this:

(Picture missing)

Let's comment about the type of Russells that keep appearing throughout the course of the history of the New World Order as this author went about his research. To summarize, these various Russells (who until the genealogy work is done to show the connections should be viewed as individuals -- not a group) have been prominent members of the Illuminati, the Masons, the Fabians, the Mormons, the Jehovah's Witnesses, the Jesuits, the Royal Society, and the Media controlled by those of the New World Order, and a deputy chairman of the Federal Reserve. Typically they have been merchants and lawyers, with a fair share of them also as Christian heretics. It will be easier perhaps to illustrate how the Russells keep popping up in the New World Order story line by listing a good sampling of them.

SAMPLE OF RUSSELLS OF INTEREST

RUSSELLS WHO FOUNDED FRATERNAL SOCIETIES

William Huntington Russell - founder of what is believed to be an american chapter of the Illuminati (Skull & Bones Order).9 More on this in chapter 2.3. It's legal name is Russell Trust.

John Russell - founder of the fraternity of Daughters of Isabella (DOI) in May, 1897 in New Haven, Conn.10

RUSSELLS CONNECTED TO FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS

Charles Taze Russell - Knights Templar Mason of York Rite, in Allegheny Pa. and founder of the WT Society.

Harvey D. Russell - KT Mason leader of Pittsburgh, PA Beaver Valley Lodge No. 8412

John Russell - Pastor C . T. Russell's step-mother was executor of his will. His mother was the one chosen to dance with famous Mason and Illuminatus Lafayette when he was in Philadelphia.'13

William H. Russell - Mason and part owner of the Pony Express, which was a firm made up mainly of Masons."14

George William Russell (1869-1935) - leading member of the Dublin Theosophist lodge, wrote art. for the theosophic periodical The Irish Theosophist. Initiated into the Lodge of Isis (with it sexual rites). The keynote of his work is from the Bhagavadgita. He was a good friend of Golden Dawn leader William Butler Yeats who wrote some of the Satanic Masonic Rituals for the Golden Dawn.'15

James Russell- President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh which was associated with esoteric groups like the Masons.16

Archibald D. Russell (1811-1871) - A Presbyterian Mason who graduated from the Univ. of Edinburgh, Scot. He studied at the Univ. of Bonn, Ger. and was active in setting up various organizations in the United States. 17

Benjamin Russell (1761-1845)- Mason and early American Journalist.[18]

Charles H. Russell - Governor of Nevada, 1950-58, and 32º Mason, also in the York Rite, and a Shriner. 19

J. Stuart Russell - Mason and newspaper editor and deputy chairman of the Fed. Reserve Bank in Chicago.20

Lee M. Russell (1875-1943) - Mason and Lt. Gov. of Miss. 1916-20. (21)

Louis A. Russell (1854-1925) - Mason, organist for South Park Presbyterian Church, Newark, N.J.22

Richard B. Russell (1861-1938) - Mason, judge, editor & business exec.22

Richard B. Russell, Jr. - Mason and Gov. of Georgia, 1931-33 and Sen. from Georgia since 1933. 24

Before going to our next section would be worthwhile to cover the family that Bertrand Russell came from. They hold the title of Dukes of Bedford. Ordo W. Russell served in Lord Palmerston's office from 1850-52. He served as unofficial ambassador for Great Britian to the Vatican from 1857-70. His son Baron Ampthill was Grand Master of the English Masons 1908-1935. He joined the English equivalent of the Knights of Malta - that is the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and served as the Grand Master of the lodge formed at the Bank of England! He was appointed head of the Indian Masons of Madras, India (home of the Theosophical Society). Ordo Russell's son also served in some high political positions.

RUSSELLS CONNECTED TO GROUPS THAT TIE BACK TO THE ILLUMINATI (see future chapters such as 2.5)

Charles Edward Russell, Jewish Socialist who worked for N. Y. Life controlled by J.P. Morgan, and also for N.Y. Tribune and Herald.[25]

James E. Russell, Columbia University professor who introduced Wundt's Hegelian philosophy to his students at Columbia.26

Thomas Russell (1767-1803) - a revolutionist of the Illuminati-stream of Revolution.27

Samuel Russell - represented Baring Bros. Helped open up the Port of Shanghai for the International Financiers.[28]

Bertrand Russell - famous Fabian socialist, and One-World Order .29

Alys Russell- ex-eccentric Quaker, wife of Bertrand and also a Fabian Socialist.30

Rev. Matthew Russell (1834-1912)- Jesuit writer.31

RUSSELLS CONNECTED IN SOME WAY TO THE IBSA (NOW CALLED JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES)

Charles Taze Russell, Sr. - Pastor RusseU's uncle, broker and real estate agent.32

Moses F. Russell, Postmaster of Saltillo, Hopkins Co. ,TX near where Hayden Cooper Covington's parents moved.[33]

Brother Russell- an early elder of the Belfast Ireland IBSA congregation.[34]

RUSSELLS CONNECTED IN SOME WAY TO MORMONISM

Elder Isaac Russell- a prominant early Mormon missionary to Great Britian in 1837.35

Captian Joseph H. Russell- original investor in stock in the Mormon Deseret Manufacturing Co. which was intended to be an umbrella company for many early

Mormon enterprises.36

The Russell who opened a store with Mormon blessings in the newly created Salt Lake city. The store was called Miller, Russell & Co., a branch of Russell, Majors, & Waddell, and was a primary source of goods in the area of Utah.[37]

OTHER RUSSELLS

Baron Charles Russell (1832-1900)- Solicitor (Lawyer) in Ulster and advocate for Ireland.[38]

Jerome Russell a Greyfriar, burned in 1539 for heresy with John Kennedy in Glasgow, Scot.39

Philemon R. Russell- editor of the Christian Herald & Journal, in the Mar. 19, 1840 issue he stressed 2,520 years in prophecy, which was an idea C. T. Russell would later pick up and promote.

William Howard Russell- first war correspondent for London's The Times newspaper in 1854. The London Times has long been part of the World Order, that William was the first of his kind is quite significant.

NOTES

1. Michels, Robert. Political Parties: A Sociological Study of the Oligarchical Tendencies of Modern Democracy. (orig. 1915) reprint: New York: Free Press, 1962, p. 70.

2. This Author has colloborated the connection of the Mormon leadership to the Satanic bloodlines and the Priere de Sion through several independent sources. One descendent of Joseph Smith who took part in Satanic rituals has been willing to tell about the family's occult history. A Christian who was once part of the Satanic hierarchy who ran verbal instructions to the Mormon First Presidency from the Council of 13 colloborates their connections. The historical roots, even those that the Mormon leaders themselves have printed, expose the genealogical ties to some of the most powerful occult bloodlines.

3. This subject is very controversial. One of the few books even willing to touch the subject in a scholarly biblical manner is Crawford, Jarah B. Last Battle Cry, Christianity's Final Conflict With Evil. Knoxville, TN: Jann Publishing, 1986.

Although I don't concur with all of Crawford's conclusions, the book shows more than enough evidence to support the point superscripted.

4. Confidential source personally involved with the it.

5. The documentation to show that the drug war is a contrived scheme is extensive. I have chosen to place some of the documentation much further back, but will state

that several researchers give seminars exposing it in detail. The Vietnam War was an important part of the scheme and since then some of the recent important laws

passed to implement this contrived war are P.L. 99-570, P.L. 100-690, and the Omnibus crime bill in 1991.

6. Marilyn Ferguson, New Age writer, states in her famous book The Aguarian Conspiracy, p. 90, " ‘LSD gave a whole generation a religious experience. But

chemical satori is perishable, its effects too overwhelming to integrate into everyday life. Non-drug psychotechnologies offer a controlled, sustained movement toward

that spacious reality. The annals of the Aquarian Conspiracy are full of accounts of passages: LSD to Zen, LSD to India, psilocybin to Psychosynthesis."

7. Checks by the FBI, and other federal agencies confirmed this.

8. Victims of Satanism have disclosed information about some of the extent of Satanism within the rank and file Jehovah’s Witnesses, and hierarchy. When it

became obvious that the art department of the Watchtower Society has been hiding Satanic symbols in the pictures of Watchtower publications for many years the

Governing Body chose to cover it up rather than stop it.

9. Sutton, Antony. America’s Secret Establishment. Billings, MT: Liberty House Press, 1986, pp. 5,6,8,35, 86-67, 100, 212, 253.

10. Schmidt, Greenwood. Encyclopedia of American Institutional Fraternal Organizations. Westport, Conn. : Greenwood Press, 1980, p. 84.

11. Various Christians have seen Charles T. Russell’s KT membership records which are filed in the Mother Lodge in Ireland. The connections between his beliefs and his actions as the WT Society’s leader and the Masons is the subject of my previous book The WT & the Masons.

12. Proceedings of the Ninetieth Annual Conclave held in the City of Harrisburg, Dauphin County.. PA: Knights Templars, 1943, p.114.

13. This information is compiled from research from several sources. a. Nevin, Adelaide Mellier. The Social Mirror A Character Sketch of the Women of Pittsburgh

and Vicinity during the first Century of the County’s existence. Society of to-day. Pittsburgh, PA: T.A. Nevin Publisher, 1888, p. 19.; b. The Pittsburgh Directory

1878-79 showing Elizabeth the widow of John, and c. John Russell in the 1850 Census, and John Russell’s Will.

14. Denslow, 10,000 Famous Freemasons, Vol.4, p.[82]. William H. Russell is also mentioned in the New Age Magazine (June, 1963) p. 45.

15. This information comes from several sources including a. Boylan, Henry. A Dictionary of Irish Biography. NY: St. Martins Press, 1988, p. 345; b. Ancient

Wisdom and Secret Sects, Time-Life, 1989, p. 154.

16.

17. Denslow, op. cit., p.80.

18. ibid.

19. ibid.

20. ibid.

21. ibid.

22. Denslow, op. cit., p.82

23. ibid.

24. ibid.
25. Biography of Americans.
26. Sutton, Antony C. America's Secret Establishment. Billington, MT: Liberty House, p. 84.

27. Boylan, Henry. A Dictionary of Irish Biography. NY: St. Martins Press, 1988, p. 345.

28. Mullins, Eustice. The World Order. Staunton, VA: Ezra Pound Institute of Civilization, 1985, p.[92].

29. The Fabians.

30. ibid.

31. Boylan, Henry. A Dictionary of Irish Biography. NY: St. Martins Press, 1988, p. 345.

32. Springmeier, Fritz. The WT & the Masons, pp. 9, 215.

33. Author's geneological research in Hopkins Co. TX history.

34. Early Convention Report

35. Evans, Richard L. A Century of Mormonism in Great Britian. Salt Lake City, UT: Publisher's Press, 1937, pp. 34-35.

36. Gibbons, Francis M. John Taylor Mormon Philosopher Prophet of God. Salt Lake City, UT: Deseret Books, 1985, p. 129.

37. Utah Historical Quarterly, 1941, Salt Lake CIty, pp. 190-211.

38. Boylan, op. cit., p. 344

39. ibid., and Black, George F. The Surnames of Scotland. NY: The NY Public Library, 1962, p. 705.

QUESTIONING OLD ASSUMPTIONS

There was enough circumstantial evidence to lead one to question several assumptions. I began to question the assumption that the W. T. presidents were unconnected to each other. Another supposition that was questionable was that the WT Society did not have a hidden agenda.

C.T. RUSSELL'S STORY

Once there was a Jewish family whose name was Roessel. They lived in early 17th century Germany. They moved to a country called Scotland. There they re-spelled the name Russell. They took on the ways of their new homeland. The English tried to settle Protestants from Scotland in Ireland in order to control the Irish. When the opportunity opened up to go to the Emerald Island (Ireland) with the Scottish settlers who went to the plantation Ulster they went. It is possible, but not known for sure that they learned to know the Rutherfords either in Scotland or Ireland. Scotland repeatedly appears as the source of much of the religious heresy connected with the Power. That C . T. Russell's family were in Scotland for a period, and also from the German states which seem to be a hot bed for Jewish Satanism may be only a coincidence and then again it might be a clue to understanding the origin of the Watchtower Society. This Author's previous book The Watchtower and the Masons tells the story how the Arian heresy began at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland and spread to the the Presbyterians of the Synod of Ulster. The book gives this Author's reasons for believing that the C . T. Russell's family in northern Ireland were Arian in belief before coming to the U. S. and chances are they were involved with Freemasonry also.

THE ACKLEY CONNECTION

In The Watchtower and the Masons the early history of C . T. Russell is given. Charles and his father married two Ackley sisters a number of years after Charles' mother died. What is an intriguing item is that C . T. Russell's mother's will indicates she owned land in Iowa. A description of that land shows it was north of the town of Ackley, Iowa. It turns out that a man named William Ackley had purchased the land in that area, and had sold it in large part to Scot-Irish settlers of the Presbyterian faith as they were coming to America. At the time C T. Russell's mother died a town named Ackley had been staked out in 1857, but the Civil War had interferred with construction plans. A Presbyterian congregation had been formed in the area during the early 1860s in the Ackley area, which indicates some settlers had arrived. What connection did the Russells have with the Ackleys years before Charles T. and his father married Ackley sisters? Who are the Ackleys? Maria Ackley, who was Charles T. Russell's wife, was well-educated and an excellent writer. Interestingly, in the 19th century she believed a socialist revolution was coming. She wrote, "This great revolution has not yet come, but where is the statesman or the intelligent citizen that does not see it coming?" (Russell, Maria. This Gospel of The Kingdom, p. 26.) She was the ghost writer and ghost editor for much of her husband Charles Taze ' s work. Her family was well-off. William Ackley, the land speculator/seller in Iowa, traces his ancestry back to Prence Doane and Elizabeth Godfrey. Elizabeth Godfrey in turn was the great-granddaughter of William Brewster of the Mayflower fame. The Ackleys were Puritans to begin with and seem to have been concentrated in the Connecticut area, and from there their family members moved out into NY and PA. Another Ackley (1832-1881) at that time was Richard Thomas Ackley, a Freemason who worked for the Miller, Russell and Company store in Salt Lake City in 1858 soon after the Mormons built Salt Lake City.

LEADS

Of course, these are all simply tantalizing leads for the investigator but nothing solid. There seems to be much more to Charles Taze RusseU than the little that the public has been told. In the next few chapters we will attempt to dispel some of the mystery surrounding the man.

God's "Annointed Seed"

In 1852, the Joseph Lyttle Russell family had a baby who they gave the same name to as his uncle had. This baby, named Charles Taze Russell had a brother Frank who was two years older, but Charles ended up the favorite of his father. Later Charles would get a sister Margaret M. Both Charles T. and his sister Margaret spoke on various occasions that his had been chosen before his birth for the work that he was to carry out.1 Margaret referred to her brother as the greatest man alive "a giant unmatched." She stated that he had been choosen for his religious work before his birth. Perhaps, Charles' Russell family, and his father Joseph L., (like Joseph Kennedy who had goals for his son to be president) had goals for Charles. If Charles had been encouraged to meet such expectations and had gone forward, then that could account for his sister's great admiration for him. He had fulfilled her father's wishes. At the Put-In-Bay Convention his sister Margaret had outlined how God planned and chose her brother. First God had planted a seed with the early church. But the seed had laid dormant for centuries. "In due time", she says, the seed of truth grew and was watered according to God's plan. During the Dark Ages the seed of truth was barely kept alive waiting for God's Chosen One to bring it to fruition. When it was time, God "annointed the eyes" of her brother at age 17, and "God's smile of favor rested upon him." Margaret said her brother was the one, the faithful one who God could depend upon, the "one despite the burden and heat of the day" would remain faithful to God.2

NOTES

1. C.T. Russell is noted to have privately admitted his belief that he was chosen for his great work before his birth. The Finished Mystery. The Watchtower Bible & Tract Soc. 1917, p. 53. A testimony speech given by his sister at the Put-In-Bay Convention where she said similar things is commented on the The Laodicean Messenger, pp. 179-180.

2. The Laodicean Messenger, pp. 179-180.

The Illuminati's SECURITY SYSTEM

Russell Trust is the legal corporation that is the Order of the Skull and Bones, financed the creation of host of security co. under the Wackenhuts, incl. a Security Service called Wackenhut Corporation. Another part of this is Wackenhut World Technologies, Inc. or WWT Inc. Wackenhut operates worldwide. Their headquarters are in Florida. They have branch offices even in places like Portland, Oregon. Wackenhut handles all Intelligence-related and Super Secret work-classIfied ULTRA for the US. worldwide. They are the ones who guard the UFO bases topside, along with the CIA's Delta Teams, and various MP units, etc. Their branch in Las Vegas provides security for the Groom Lake UFO facility. Las Vega's Review Journal on Fri. 7/26/91, p. A1 & 3A had an article about 3 Wackenhut agents who lost their lives in a helicopter crash near the Groom Lake. The telephone number to Wackenhut World Technologies, connects first through the Russell Trust - it is 702-646-4406, and it will be answered by the Russell Trust. Wackenhut's board of directors are CIA, FBI Div. 5, NSA, ISA, and NRO officials. The girls who answer the various local Wackenhut Corporation numbers are not in the know about what Wackenhut Wd. Tech. are all about. Their 1-800 # is 929-2431. Their San Reme Ave, Cerel Gabels, FL 33146 # was 305-666-5656. Their local no. here is 256-3996, and one of their local CA # is 714-9794966. George Russell Wackenhut is their security services executive. He is also the Chrm & Chief Exec. Officer. He worked for the FBI, and is a Christian Scientist. Richard Russell Wackenhut is the President & Chief Oper. Officer. Wackenhut has in the neighborhood of 40,000 employees.

MORIAH & THE MORMON LEADERSHIP

THE TOP 13 FAMILIES & THE MORMON LEADERSHIP

Rather than having an article this time about an individual family-and we will return later to our articles on the 13 top families, Lord willing, -this article is an article about the 13 families in general.

CONTENT

In the first part of this article we will deal with actual people. In the second part of this article, we will discuss some about the top secret inner workings of the Satanic religion that the top 13 Illuminati families participate in.

PART 1.

One of the thlnp that the Illuminati has done is instill apathy in people toward resisting their wickedness. A letter by an ex-Mormon says it better than I could,

"There are many reasons why these people (Mormons) will not come forth even though they know of the corruption in the Mormon church. One is due to their belief in Mormon scripture which they associate with the Mormon church. The leadership has usurped power and authority over this scripture. Thus, the members of the Mormon church think that God expects them to support their misguided leaders. This is much the - rationalization that many Americans make about our government. They all know of the corruption, but rationalize that it is unpatriotic to talk against the government or ungrateful to complain when they enjoy superficial prosperity."

It is interesting that this Mormon recognizes that the process of the common man's reaction is the same to both Mormon and American leadership, because as we will discuss the top leadership in both the reader will learn they are related to each other and both under the control of the Top 1.3 Illuminati families.

THE MORMON LEADERS & THE 13Th TOP ILLUMINATI BLOODLINE

The Mormon president Ezra Taft Benson (considered a prophet by Mormons) was a fan of the John Birch Society. Most people who have not read my exposes on both the Mormon Church and the John Birch Society will not be able to protect themselves from the Illuminati. I don't expose these organizations without a great deal of proof. I say this because I know from too many sources and too many angles that both organizations were initiated and have been run by the Illuminati. The Mormon church has long prophesled that they would defend the US. Constitution in the last days. They are moving to fulfill that with men like Bo Gritz, who sprinkles has talks with buzz words from Mormon prophecy. The John Birch Society was part of the process of the Hegelian dialectics of the cold war. They pretend to be the defenders of the people against the New World Order, but they are fake opposition. (I have met quite a few John Birchers, and so far although they claim to be against the New World Order, they want nothing to do with me, or to learn anything 1 might share with them. I can understand the leadership doing this to me, but somehow the rank and file have picked up on some of the attitudes of the leadership. I don't know how the JBS has managed to do that, but the antagonistic attitudes that they have instilled in their people toward people like myself are amazing.) In my Be Wise As Serpents book I gave the genealogical evidence to show that the Mormon leadership connected to the 13th top illuminati family, the Holy Blood line of what purports to be Jesus's lineage. I've also showed numerous other connections between the Mormon leaders and the elite Illuminati bloodlines. Ezra Taft Benson's genealogy helps tie together some of the various parts of the Illuminati beast. The Taft is Heusen's name is because Ezra Taft Benson is a descendent of Alphonso Taft, who along with one of the Russell family (Russells are one of the top 13 families), William IL Russell, started the Order of the Skull and Bones (legally it has been known as Russell Trust). Remember, that George Bush was a Skull & Bonesman. George Bush also is a descendent of the 13th top Illuminati family -the family that ties in with British royalty and the Merovingians. The man who just beat George Bush in the Presidential race, William Jefferson Blythe Clinton, is a descendent of some Russells.

PRESIDENT CLINTON

This newsletter hasn't gotten to an individual article on the Russell family, but they go way back in the Illuminati. The Russell's are responsible for starting the Skull & Bones Order, the Pilgrim Society, the Watchtower Bible & Tract Society, and the Masonic Daughters of Isabella (DOI). Archibald D. Russell (1811-1871) a Mason from Scotiand set up still other organizations. (Scotland has played a key role in the Illuminati. One example of thousands is, Marriner S. Eccles - Gov. of the Fed. Reserve Board & supporter of FDR, who is member of the wealthy Mormon Illuminati Eccles family which came over from Scotland.) The Russells played a key role in the opium trade in the early 1800s and early Mormonism. One of the Russell business partners was Warren Delano, Jr., chief of Russell and Company operations in Canton, China. Delano was the grandfather of Pres. Franklin Roosevelt. The Russell and Company logo was a Skull and Bones. The Taft family (which is also related to George Bush by blood) and the Harriman family are two families that have been intimately connected to the Skull and Bones Order (which is an entry point into the Iliuminati and on the surface just an exclusive fraternity).

'Note: Since this was written Bo Gritz and the Mormon church have gone separate ways. Bo Gritz, under the direction of his CIA handier, has been moving around talking to Patriots, and establishing a community called 'Almost Heaven' near Kamiah, ID. Fritz's newsletters have had several articles about Bo Gritz, including one entitled S.P.I.K.E., which is what Bo calls the training he is giving people.'

The Harriman family is also very prominent in Pres. Bill Clinton's life. Averell Harriman1 was the CEO of George Bush's father's company. Averell Harriman's wife was Pamela who has played an extremely important part in Bill Clinton's life. Pamela Harriman raised more money for the Democratic Party than any other single person (Newsweek, 5/15/1987). She created a political action

committee nicknamed PAM PAC. When Bill Clinton lost his race for governor, Pamela made BIB Clinton head (chairman) of her PAM PAC. (It took Brian Quig, a Christian researcher like myself, to expose the connections between BIll Clinton and Pamela Harriman. Can you guess why the establishment media somehow carefully kept theIr relationship secret?) When Bill Clinton was a high schooler he shook hands with President John F. Kennedy (a member of one of the Top 13 Illuminati Bloodlines-see 5/15/93 Newsletter). The master of ceremonies at the affair where JFK and Clinton met was Winthrop Rockefeller (another member of a Top 13 Illuminati family, and at the time Governor of New York.) In the film clips of this event which the establishment media have used recently, the establishment media edited out Winthrop Rockefeller from the scenes of Clinton and JFK. (Now why do you think they did that?) The Astor family (one of the top 13 famIlies) was intimately connected to the creation of the Rhodes Scholarship. (See 1/1/93 newsletter on the Astor family). Clinton was a Rhodes Scholar and looked upto Prof. Carroll Quigley, the archivist of the CFR, as a mentor. The Quigley-Clinton connection introduces more connections between Clinton and the Illuminati. Quigley side-tracked people by making people think the elite were Anglophiles who wanted the British to rule the world. Although the elite are partial to the English language as a lingua-franca, in their heart their allegiance is not to Britain but to Satan. Clinton has been compared to JFK & FDR by people, perhaps in a negative sense the comparison is appropriate. LET'S REVIEW some of the Items which STUCK OUT AS RED FLAGS TO ME ABOUT BILL CLINTON:

- Several ex-witches now Christians identified Clinton's running mate Al Gore as switch. Al Gore's book promotes several witchcraft themes such as Mother Gain worship. Senator Al Gore has intimately worked with other men who are Illuminati for years. Al Gore was close friends with Armand Hammer, the Illuminati courier who shuttled back and forth between Moscow and America on a regular basis, and had homes in both countries. Hammer bankrolled both Al Gore, Jr. and his father Al Gore, Sr.

- Al Gore and Bill Clinton raised their hands at the Democratic National Convention and declared that their administration would be the "New Covenant." Bill Clinton's brother ended up in prison in connection to the illegal drug trade that I know that Bill Clinton was also involved with helping while he was Governor of Arkansas. Readers of this newsletter are aware that the top Illuminati families are the power behind the drug trade. (See previous newsletter 3/1/93, p. 19 about some of Bill's role in Arkansas with the drug trade.)

- Bill Clinton's chief campaign advisor James Carville is pictured in People's Magazine. p.50 wearing a pentagram in the middle of his forehead.

- Bill Clinton calls his first press conference as President. elect according to the astrologically correct full-moon day.

- Bill Clinton in his inaugural speech said, "This ceremony is held in the depth of winter. But, by the words we speak and the faces we show the world, we force the spring.' Clinton repeated the words 'we force the spring' later in the speech. That expression is a very unusual expression. To 'force the spring" is witchcraft language. in witchcraft and satanism Lucifer (Baal) rises from the underworld on May 1st (also known by the following list of names Beltaine, a major European holiday, Communism and the Illuminati's chief holiday, and Walpurgis). The May 1st rising brings forth the season of fertility, which the witches each year take credit for, by claiming that their magic rituals 'force the spring.' The ritual magic that 'forces the spring' is done on 3 Sabbats-the first is Imbolg (also known by names: Candiemas by the Catholics and Ground Hog Day by common dupes); the second is the vernal equinox (Mar. 20) in which blood and sex rituals are carried out and the third is Beltaine (May 1) in which fire festivals are done. This is one of the fire festivals which people around the United States tell me they have witnessed from a distance. Witches believe that on May 1st, the female force completes her takeover from the male force. There are 12 cabinet members which when they assemble with their head BIll Clinton make the number 13. Bill Clinton choose 'to force the spring' with his 'cabinet coven.' In true witchcraft tradition, the Cabinet of Bill Clinton followed the pattern of 'forcing the Spring.' In order for the female to overtake the male force, Clinton chose the position of Attorney General. The title 'General' has a male connotation. All the rest of the cabinet members

are called Secretaries which has a female connotation. The Attorney General posItion was to be given to a woman. But in order for the witchcraft ceremony and timing to be right, the woman couldn't take over until after Feb. 2, or Imbolg and there had to be 3 female candidates, from which one is traditionally picked by a witchcraft coven. This is why the selection of the Attorney General was not confirmed until Feb. 2. And sure enough all three candidates given by Bill Clinton were women, from which one was selected. Bill Clinton did indeed 'force the spring'! Further, Clinton gave told us HOW he would 'force the spring' in his inaugural speech. On the 666th word of his inauguration speech, Clinton launched into a sentence on sacrifice, 'it will not be easy; it will require sacrifice. But it can be done, and done fairly, not choosing sacrifice for Its own sake, but for our own sake.' Clinton gave the hand signal of Satanists at the end of his speech. (See previous newsletters this year). And Newsweek Magazine headlined its story 'New Age President Takes Office.' (Jan. 25, '93) That Clinton would consider his Cabinet a coven is not so far fetched. Most of his cabinet tie in closely with the Illuminati. The Council on Foreign Relations is an upper level of the visible arm of the Illuminati. The Jan. '93 newsletter explained that the CFR was the equivalent of the 4° of the Bavarian Illuminati. Note, that many of these people do not realize the full Satanic implications of what they are in. If one reviews the various levels of the Bavarian Illuminati, you will realize that the process of corruption was gradual, and that the lower levels had no idea what they were really involved in, although some probably suspected what they were into. The basic ingredient of the lower levels is loyalty to their superiors, because they believe they are in the elite's organization. Consider, Clinton and his cabinet: Slick Willie Clinton — CFR TC (Trilateral Commission), Bldrbgr (Bilderberger participant), participant in various Illuminati front organizations such as DLC, Rhodes Scholar, wife Hillary is known to practice shamanism witchcraft.

Treasury Secretary - Lloyd Bentsen -- Bldrbgr, ex-CFR, connected to S&L scandal, henchman for the Illuminati.

Secretary of Health & Human Services—Donna Shalala - CFR,, TC, close friend of Hillary Clinton.

Secretary of Defense—Les Aspin--CFR, Socialist Les Aspin chose for his top assistant the pro-communist Jew Morton Halperin. Halperln was also a dir. of the ACLU, and worked loyally for Henry Kissinger at the National Security Council.

Secretary of State—Warren Christopher--CFR

Secretary of the Interior - Bruce Babbitt — CFR, he has been involved in various activities for the elite.

Secretary of Labor—Robert Reich -- a Zionist Jew (over 50% of Clinton's major appointees were Zionist Jews, strange considering Jews only make up 2% of the population)

Attorney General — Janet Reno -- murderer of innocent people at Waco, TX. The people at Waco believed that they were the true Jews and flew the Jewish flag at Waco, notice that Reno who is Jewish and was on the board of directors of the Jewish Illuminati Terrorist organization of the Anti-Defamation League could not stand the idea of Christians believing that they are the true Jews.

Secretary of Housing & Urban Development - Henry Cisveros - CFR

Secretary of Education - Richard W. Riley - participant at Renaissance Weekend

(I think the readers get the picture. I had a list of which ones were known to be gay, but I can't find it.) A number of Clinton's high appointees are homosexuals. There is a high correlation between homosexuality and the occult and also a big correlation between the type of 'Jews' Clinton has chosen and Satanism. Historically, some of the most rabid anti-Christians are Satanists from Jewish backgrounds.

- During the inauguration week witches, homosexuals and homosexual witches gathered at the White House for various celebrations, to perform, to hold rituals, and other events. These people were

invited by the President for various things. Clearly, those who are known publicly as a witch or a homosexual are considered honorable by the President.

WHAT IS THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF ThE CLINTONS?

The answer to this can be found in my very first newsletter back in 1992. Whenever YHVH God has raised up prophets (like Elijah) to turn the people back to God and morality, Satan has sent out the Jezebel spirit. Along with the Jezebel spirit goes the Ahab spirit. Hillary and Bill fit the Jezebel and Ahab spirit exactly. I remember personally when I heard several prophets of God warn about the Jezebel spirit. I thought this sounds rather strange. I had never heard about it before. Soon I began telling people in the church I was attending about the NWO and to function in a small way prophetically, and the Jezebel spirit came into that church. The church had been happy with their elders, but after I began to warn the people about the NWO, a constant clamor was heard every sunday for the church to select women as elders. This church had a long history without believing in women elders, and it had never been an issue. Unless one is aware of the connection between the Jezebel spirit and the Elijah type of prophet, and knows the full orb of what the Jezebel spirit is, it is not likely that a person would notice the connection between the two! Baal worship was simply an ancient form of Satanism. Jezebel was the daughter of King Ethbaal of Tyre who was an ardent Baal worshipper. Jezebel was a Satanic High Priestess, a real witch. She had 450 prophets of Baal and 400 prophets of the groves. She put the true ministers of God to death. Her husband used his political office as she directed to further the power of darkness. We are simply now seeing history repeat itself.

PART 2.

In this part we will explain sealing rituals. I am doing this so that Christians can understand who a Keeper of Seals is, and also so that Christians can understand that Mormonism is closer to Satanism than it is to Christianity. This article will hopefully provide a written record so that Christians have an objective way to determine If someone who claims to be an ex-Satanist really is. I realize that some Christians don't like to learn about their enemy, and that is fine if they do not want to read this. On the other hand, I see people who are coming out of Satanism who the Christians are disbelleving. The Christians have no reference from which to determine whether someone is legitimate or not. And although I believe the Spirit of God is an excellent revealer of men, I have to be frank, even the best of Christians sometimes don't hear what the Spirit has to say, and could benefit from a written explanation. The closest descriptions of sealing rituals that I have found that matches the descriptions of satanic hierarchy rituais from people who have come out of the Satanic Hierarchy are the Mormon sealing rituals. For anyone wanting to do a study about how Mormonism is witchcraft, I sust they read the scholariy book written by a Mormon scholar Early Mormonism and the Magic World View by D. Michael Quinn. Quinn conclusively shows that early Mormonism was based on magic and witchcraft. Quinn, who is a Mormon in good standing, tries to point out in the book that these things can't be held against Mormonism because most every one back in the early 1800s practiced magic and witchcraft. Whether most people did or not, seems to me to be irrelevant as to whether it is O.K. Another great book showing the connections between the Mormon Temple ceremonies, Witchcraft rituals, and Masonic rituals is Bill Schnoebelen's book Mormonism Temple of Doom. Bill does an excellent job of showing and illustrating how the Mormon temple ceremony, Masonic and Witchcraft rituals are simply the very same thing, with minor variations. One of the most important things in satanism is sealing. Everything is sealed. One doesn't hear the term sealing used a lot. I have read many books of the enemy to know how he thinks, and it is rare to have someone mention sealing. I had to learn about it from ex-Satanists. If one leaves off studying Satanism and begins studying the many cults and religions, one begins hearing about sealing again when one gets to Mormonism. Mormon men and women (contrary to Lk 20:35) are sealed to each other in the Mormon temple marriages. The early Mormons were sealed to many spouses. The Mormon sealing is very simllar to what is done in witchcraft called handfasting, and it is also similar to marriage sealing in Satanism. Joseph Smith, whose famlly practiced witchcraft, had many types of seals around their house which were used in magic. According to a magic book of 1830 "Demonology and Witchcraft" by Walter Scott (pp. 165, 220-221) seer stones were to be anointed with oil, and sealed with holy characters. In 1837, Mormon leaders performed such a magical sealing for James Cohn Brewster. (Mormonism and

the Magic World View. p.209-210) Joseph Smith had a cane with a serpent on the top of it, and astrological seals below. Magick staff or canes are important in Satanism. The seal of Mars was carved on the Smith family athame which was used by the family to draw circles for magic incantations. (Mormonism & the Magic World View p. 142) In 1835, a ritual done by Joseph Smith to commune with a spirit messenger is recorder by Oliver Cowdery. Joseph Smith used two Seals of the Earth to conjure up the spirit. (Ibid, p. 120) Smith's ritual was in accordance with the best occult guidebooks then The Book of Knowledge and Barrett's Magus.

The 1830 edition of the Book of Mormon says that about itself '... their voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit ... They shall write the things which shall be done among them, and they shall be written and sealed up in a book.' (2 Nephi 26:14-17). The Mormon scholar Quinn writes, 'The Book of Mormon's use of the word 'sealed' also suggested a magic context. Isaiah 29 uses the word 'sealed' only twice, but the Book of Mormon's commentary on the chapter uses 'sealed' eleven times in eight verses (2 Ne 26:17; 2 Ne 27:7-8 ... Throughout the entire text, the Book of Mormon refers to itself with the words 'sealed' or 'seal' more than twenty times .. Modern Mormons have often pictured a physical seal ... but the Book of Mormon nowhere describes a physical seal, evoking instead the seal as a non-material restriction: 'For the book shall be sealed by the power of God.' (2 Ne [phi] 27:10) Quinn goes on to describe more about the magical sealing of the Book of Mormon.

33' Masonic leader Manly P. Hail in his book on Masonic symbolop describes a seal involved with black magic and the Pact that is made with a conjured demon in a section entitled 'Modus Operandi for the Invocation of Spirits' on p. CIII. Within both the Generational Satanic covens and the covens made up of recruits to Satanism there is the office of Keeper of Seals. The Keepers of Seals show the importance of sealing to Satanism. Almost everything done in Satanism involves sealing. There are many vows that are made, and there are always exchanges made during these vows and then a sealing. In the exchanges there is always something lost by each person. Satanic Hierarchy individuals are sealed to others, and the part of a Satanist that is put into another is magically infused. In one ritual, there is a black stone with the Satanist's name written on it that is given to the Queen Mother. (See the chart 1/1/93 newsletter to understand this high rank.) By giving something of oneself, that item supposedly gives magical power to the person you have vowed before. If you break your vow, they can take the item you have given and work destructive magic against you. In the Satanic Hierarchy, they have a Moonchild ceremony where they demonize the fetus while in the womb. In the AntiChrist ceremony, the item that is exchange with Satan for a woman's vow to Satan is to sacrifice her child. Then of course this vow is sealed. The Keepers of Seals hold the books full of written pacts, and the items exchanged in all these countless rituals.

DOES THE SATANIC HIERARCHY HAVE TESLA'S INVENTION?

A Mother of Light said, 'Power is a transitory experience... it is very conditioned upon the myths you are in. It is important that the person knows the myth be is in.

He must have a feeling for it ....The tangible can become the intangible.' I'll leave the reader puzzled how I got this quote from a Mother of Light, but the idea of the tangible becoming the intangible is an interesting idea, because of two reasons. First, the United States Navy is reported to have found out in W.W.II in the Philadelphia experiment how to electronically make a force field around something that makes the object invisible. However, the experiment proved to be very dangerous, and it took them years before the technology could be applied to something safely. This technology is being used on the Stealth bomber. to make them both invisible to radar and to human sight. The second reason, is that an ex-Illuminati member states that an experimental box the size of a breadbox with controls was being used by the coven to make people invisible. The people had to stay where they were, they could not move around, but they were somehow made invisible by the box where they were standing.

Likewise, those who want to believe that Clinton is a nice guy, that he isn't working as a lackey of the Illuminati, go ahead and believe these lies, God will even send you a strong delusion to allow you to believe these lies. But those who love the truth, and are tired of being lied to, and want answers as to why things are happening like they are will not accept the surface explanations that cover the

debauchery of Satanists. Instead of getting upset that someone like myself is showing you the double meaning behind Clinton's hand signal--people should be upset that an attempt was made to trick them by Clinton. The Christian people have been told by several Christians (and I could name names but I won't) that Clinton is going to lead this nation into righteousness. God's people perish for lack of knowledge. The fact is that if Clinton really came to Christ, and really began leading the people toward righteousness, (which he doesn't even now lead the people-the people who put him in office do the real leading), then the hierarchy would kill him. Christians are always saying we need to pray for our leaders--fine pray for them, they need to find God, just realize Clinton is not one of our real leaders, he is way down on the totem pole and is simply a shoe-shine boy for the hierarchy. Maybe the Christian people ought to learn who really leads them so they can pray better! Bush was a heavy-weight for the Illuminati, and he was picked by the Illuminati originally as their first choice to win. That was before the primaries. Of course all the final presidential candidates Bush, Perot, and Clinton, (and maybe some of the others too!) were Illuminati men. It was a choice on their part who they wanted. Bush apparently antagonized the Rothschilds, and Clinton was placed into power to appease those who were upset with Bush. That the elite decided to change from Bush to Clinton became visible in Sept. and in October I notified my readers that the change of choice had occured. Supposedly Bush had mishandled something that hurt the Rothschilds financially, but whatever happened it is clear that behind the scenes some big events happened. Clinton was close friends of Winthrop Rockefeller when he moved to Arkansas. Winthrop Rockefeller gave Clinton over $1 million dollars. In return Clinton was in his pocket. It has been well worth Clinton's time to serve the Illuminati kings. So good in fact that Ace Hayes may be correct when he claims that he has information showing that Clinton owns $1.2 billion in treasury bonds. If so, then it is understandable that Clinton would want taxes collected. I had hoped that my photo of Clinton giving the Satanic signal at the inauguration would be finished by now. It isn't, but I will go ahead with this article. Since coming out with my Mar. 15, 93 newsletter I have found out that Texe Marrs came out with a photo showing Clinton's satanic signalling at the inauguration. People need to spiritiually discern what Clinton is all about.

Clinton gave a speech before becoming president that insiders" would have no place in his administration. If people study the situation he appointments have all been insiders. This is just one example of many that show that the words Clinton speaks are simply the words that the American people want to hear. "Slick Willie" is an appropriate name, for this President has absolutely no integrity nor honesty. And yet I am hearing people in the churches that want to believe in Clinton. It's sad to say they want this, because God will send them a strong delusion to believe the lies they want to believe in. Federico Pena is our new Clinton-appointed Secretary of Transportation. If he treats the country like he treated Denver watch out. Pena got the new Denver International Airport project continued against all logic. John Coleman's WIR brings out in his newsletter the details about how Pena's airport project and many other projects he sponsored are white elephants that are not what the public needs, but simply white elephants that help line the pockets of the rich. Those of you who don't take Texe Marrs' newsletter may find it interesting that Bill Clinton has ties to the Jesuits. Of course, I take it for granted that people realize that Carroll Quigley was Clinton's mentor. Carroll Quigley was one of those intellectuals like H.G. Wells who believed in a New World Order and the elite that wanted to bring it in. Let me digress, and discuss men like H.G. Wells and Carroll Quigley. These men believed that the west should lead the world into a New World Order. I suggest that people should read H.G. Wells' book The New World Order (1940) and his The Open Conspiracy (1928). Another good book to understand what the elite have planned is Manly P. Hall's book Facing the Future. Oswald Spengler also has a good book to read The Hour of Decision. The last few chapters of Lionel Curtess's World Order (1939) also is good in explaining how they want a world commonwealth of states. People like Clinton were feed this type of stuff. But there is a much greater hidden agenda. Manly P. Hall for instance was part of Lucis Trust, as was late leader of the Scottish Rite Freemasons, as well as Rockefeller. Lucis Trust's External isation of the Hierarchy tells us what the agenda is. The agenda is to externalize the Satanic Hierarchy, and on page 107 of Externalisation of the Hierarchy it tells us who will rule the world on the earthly plane--his name is Lucifer. And on the Spiritual level (shambala) it will be the Lord of the World Sanat. We Christians know the Lord of the World not as Sanat but as Satan. It's all down in black and white on page 107. Greed and material

wealth play such an important part in the lives of all these people who Satan has inspired to help dream up schemes for a New World Order. Therefore, most of these people see economics as an important vehicle for creating a New World Order. But there is a hidden agenda. The conspiracy is not an economic conspiracy nor a political conspiracy but as The Externalisation of the Hierarchy reveals in page after page--their conspiracy is a religious conspiracy. People lets just lay it out on the line--Clinton is a Satanist, he knows what the hidden agenda is. It's an eyeopener to read the books I listed by Wells, Hall, and Spengler, but believe me that stuff is just for the blind intellectuals. The real details of this New World Order have been written down in detail and they came directly from the Master of Evil himself, directly from Satan to his hierarchy, who copied the plans in detail. The people who will implement the New World Order are men like Clinton. Men who have no moral code. Men who will glibly tell one lie after another. They won't implement H.G. Well's plan---they will implement Satan's plan. And prideful Satan will unwittingly implement YHWH God's.

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By:

Fritz Springmeier

Once again, I have opened up my files of research and tried to investigate the Satanic Hierarchy. Sometimes in doing investigation one turns down a dead end. I hope I haven't done that. There does seem to be a strong Dutch connection to the Illuminati and the Van Duyn family might be one of the keys to understanding that Dutch connection. My investigation with Van Duyn family is the only family that has left me without any solid facts that would place them within the Top 13 Families. However, because bloodlines are so important to the Hierarchy and because it is hard to really investigate these families without understanding their genealogies, I have made the effort to give you a genealogy of Van Duyns that may have some importance.

THE VAN DUYN BLOODLINE.

In 1626, Peter Minuit traded some trinkets to the Canarsie Indians to purchase Manhattan Island. The history books like to report the value of the trinkets as $24. The purchase was supposedly a good deal for the Dutch. The Canarsie Indians didn't own Manhattan Island, it belonged to other Indians, so it is debatable who got the best deal that day. That was the beginning of the Dutch colony of New Netherlands, and its capital New Amsterdam, built beside Ft. Amsterdam, all three later renamed New York. The Van Duyn family (also spelled Van Dien, Van Duyne, et. al.) was one of the Dutch families to come over to the Dutch colony of New Netherlands which was connected to the Dutch West India Company. Other early important New Netherlands families from the Netherlands include Van Sise, Van Cleef (also spelled Van Cleve and Van Cleave), Van Coorn, Van de Water, Dooren, and Stoothoff. In 1649, fifteen years before the British took New Netherlands from the Dutch, Gerret Cornellissen Van Duyn immigrated with his older sister from Brabant, Netherlands (Brabant is a district so. of Eindhoven in southern Netherlands, but at the time Van Duyn came over it included Belgium.) to New Amsterdam. (This date is according to Claypool, Edward A. Descendants of Dennis Van Duyn and Alice Tunison Chicago, IL. In contrast to this The National Cyclopaedia Vol. 4?, p. 258 states that he came over in 1640 which is a mistake because that was his date of birth.)

For some reason, Gerret Cornelius Van Duyn returned to Holland to Zwolle on the east side of the Zuider Zee, although he had originally lived in Nieuwkerk in Zeeland before going to New Netherlands, America. Gerrit C. Van Duyn was a coarse, non-spiritual, ignorant man who did carpenter work. His lack of interest in Christianity seems to have carried down through quite a number of generations. After coming to the New World again, he moved away from New Amsterdam fairly quickly to New Utrecht. (Now I believe that is where Greenwich Villiage is.) In the long run his descendants (some related to the Castello family) moved to Michigan, Illinois, Kansas and elsewhere. In the next century however, his descendents moved and created *5* branches- one in Queens Co., NY; one in Kings Co., NY; one in Dutchess Co., NY; a fourth in Somerset Co., NJ; and a fifth in Morris Co., NJ. It is possible a few other Van Duyns also immigrated from the Netherlands to America; information on the family is scarce. In Germany the privilege to use the title 'von' was a special noble privilege. I believe the same applied in the Netherlands, which would mean that the Van Duyns were a prominent family when they came over. The low profile of the family didn't end when they arrived in the New World, it continues. The extremely low profile of the Van Duyns makes one wonder if they could really be one of the top 13 families. Still Mona Van Duyn was the first woman poet laureate, a Pulitzer winner (1991) and got a good review of her book in 1990 by the I have found that such awards take a combination of both talent and pull, especially in a field as subjective as poetry, it helps to have pull. Where did Mona Van Duyn get the political pull to get so many awards and many well promoted poetry books? Even before the British had consolidated their hold on New Netherlands the area was giving a foreshadowing of what it would become. Pirates which raided the East Indies and the Red Sea were outfitted in what is today New York and Rhode Island. William Patterson (born

c. 1655 in Scotland) was the evil genius behind the establishment of the Bank of Engiand. It is strongly believed that he was a trader in New York in 1668-69 and that prior to this he had worked with the pirate Morgan, who operated in the New Netherlands area. Witchcraft was part of some people's lives in New Netherlands, but the colony was far more lenient toward them than in the Puritan colony in Massachusetts. The last Dutch governor of New Netherlands, Gov. Peter Stuyvesant's sister-in-law was suspected of witchcraft, but acquitted. Ralph Hall of Seatalcott, Long Island and his wife were the only ones seriously tried of witchcraft in New Amsterdam and they were acquitted. In 1687, the British had taken the New Netherlands from the Dutch for the second and final time, and they made the Dutch take an oath of allegiance to the British Crown. Three Van Duyns of New Amsterdam are recorded having taken that oath. They were Gerrit Cornelis Van Duyn, Cornelis Gems Vanduyn, and Denijs Gerrise Vanduyn. However, in the 1790 census taken in New York state, there are no Van Duyn families at all listed. One of the best books on the Van Duyn family is *New Netherlands Families* by Wilson V. Ledley, Vol. 3 which is about the Van Duyn family. I obtained a copy of the Van Duyn part, which was able to assist me in my genealogy work. I count 378 Van Duyn's in the fifth generation of Van Duyn's in this country. Some of the families that the Van Duyn's have intermarried with are Ailing (Allen), Brendel, Bullinger, Graeber, Hayes, Kennedy, and Robertson. Some of the other families which are definitely Dutch with which the family married with are the Van Burens, the Van Cleeves, and Van der Hoef. It would be exceedingly interesting to find out if the Van Duyn's connect at all with the Dutch King William of Orange or some of William of Orange's supporters. Many of today's elite trace back to William of Orange or his prominent supporters. The Van Duyn last name has ended up with many spellings. For instance, in Bergen Co., NJ. the name is spelled Van Dyne, Van Duyn, VanDuyne, Van Dine, VanDine, & Van Dien. An informer states that Van Duyn is one of the top 13 Illuminati families. If that is so, then it certainly is the least known family of the thirteen. This article will show clues and evidence that have kept me from rejecting the possibility that the family is indeed one of the top thirteen. On the other hand, there are also some very puzzling things about this family that almost disqualify it from being a top family. One puzzling thing is how rare this surname is. Considering that the name belonged to one of the earliest settlers in the New World one would expect quite a clan to have developed. But this is not so. Another puzzling thing, is that the conspiracy has a great deal of activity going on in Brussels, Belgium. Belgium is half Dutch, half french. Many of the people in Brussels have Dutch names, and it would be expected that if the Van Duyn family were a top family they would have someone in Brussels, but I wasn't able to locate any there. See the reproduction of the Brussels phone book to show that some places have been named after the Van Duyns but none live there, although two Van Duynens are listed.

VAN DUYNS THAT CAUGHT MY EYE

Historically, there were a few Van Duyns that caught my attention.

Cornelis Van Duyn (1709-1779)--left an inheritance of 1,000 pounds of money to children.

William Van Duyn (1695-1773)--left two plantations to children in will

Aaron Van Duyn (1830- 1899)--trustee & deacon of the Meth. Episcopal church

Alfred Voorhees Van Duyn (1843-??)--an undertaker of Middlebush, NJ

Harrison Van Duyn (1845-1914)--member of NJ legislature in 1879, became Speaker of the House in 1881,

Scottish and York Rite Freemason, member of the Holland Society (see Holland Society Yearbook 1915), and numerous other business organizations and societies.

Horace N. Van Duyn--Stockholder in the Boston National Bank

Lewis Van Duyn-- Surveyor, organizer & president of Boonton Water Co., owned lots of real estate.

Simeon Van Duyn-- inventor, member Meth. Church in Boonton

The Van Duyn name is known in Western United States because of Van Duyn chocolate candies. The Van Duyn name has been well known in the New York area. The oldest of the large care centers for the elderly in NY is named after a Van Duyn. It was founded in 1827 at Syracuse, NY (Address is West Seneca Turnpike).

This elderly care center, the Van Duyn Home and Hospital, was reported to have 537 total regular staff, 136 nurses, and 526 licensed beds which are kept 99% occupied, making it the largest. I have very limited knowledge of the Van Duyn family. Three Van Duyn's are worthy of mention at this point. One Van Duyn was reported by an NSA informant to have been the liaison officer between MI6, the CIA, Mossad, and the Vietnamese government during the 1960s. Another Van Duyn was the founder of a branch of Planned Parenthood, an important New Age group which has been promoting sterilations, birth control, abortions, etc. for over half a century. The third is Mona Jane Van Duyn who has authored several poetry books, and is a Guggenheim fellow.

EDWARD SEGUIN VAN DUYN & PLANNED PARENTHOOD

Edward S. Van Duyn (1872 - 1955) was a prominent surgeon who was born in Syracuse, NY. He went to Princeton Univ. and then got his M.D. at Syracuse University in 1897. From 1909 until 1950, he was a surgeon. During the ghastly W.W. I, be was in the U.S. Army Medical Corps in France, first as a major and then as a Lt.

Colonel. Edward S. Van Duyn attended the Unitarian Church during his life--a church which has long been associated with Wicca. He also associated with the liberal Presbyterians. In 1933, he founded the Planned Parenthood Center of Syracuse, New York. Planned Parenthood Federation of America was an Illuminati inspired organization that was set up to accomplish several objectives. The organization's own stated purpose is very revealing: "To provide leadership m: making effective means of voluntary fertility regulation, including contraception, abortion, sterilization, and infertility services, available and fully accessible to all as a central element of reproductive health; stimulating and sponsoring relevant biomedical, socioeconomic, and demographic research; developing appropriate information, education, and training programs to increase knowledge about human reproduction and sexuality." Planned Parenthood Federation of America has about 190 affiliated organizations and actively promotes its agenda all over the world. It operates about 900 centers in the U.S. It maintains a 5,000 volume library on abortion, sterilization, and population control. One of its leaders Alan F. Guttmacher signed the Humanist Manifesto, and the president Faye Wattleton was awarded "Humanist of the year" in 1986. Both hate Christians. Margaret Sanger, who advocated neo-Malthusian population controls, with money from her husband and rich backers, started the American Birth Control League (ABCL) in 1921. The ABCL opened up the Birth Control Research Bureau (BCCRB) in 1923. In 1939 the ABCL and another similar group merged to form the Birth Control Federation of America (BCFA) which in 1942 changed its name to Planned Parenthood Federation. Consider the changes that have happened within our lifetimes. In 1957, birth control devices were outlawed in all NY metropolitan hospitals. In 1969, the Federal government was subsidizing abortions and birth control through the federal antipoverty program. In the 1980s, public schools started offering condoms and new types of sex education programs for teenagers. The Schlesinger Library has been actively keeping historical records of the "family planning movement" and David Kennedy wrote the book *Birth Control in America: The Career of Margaret Sanger* in 1970. Much of what has happened in abortions, birth control research, and population control mechanisms has come as a result of these type of organizations. I was curious-WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE WANT US STERILIZED, OUR BABIES ABORTED, AND THE WORLD'S POPULATION REDUCED? What kind of people are funding the enormous amount of money it takes to get people to abort their babies? What does it cost to get a population to voluntarily neuter themselves? I randomly picked a year (1984) to research the funding for Planned Parenthood and the Planned Parenthood branches. I was astounded at how hugh the sums of money that the elite spend in just one year to get us to

castrate ourselves and tie our tubes, and abort our babies. I have divided the list of Foundations that donated money to Planned Parenthood in just the single year of 1984 into two categories. The first category are Foundations that I can identify having connections to the Illuminati. The others are all the rest, and I suspect this second group has many that tie back too, I most likely haven't figured out how.

ILLUMINATI CONNECTED FOUNDATIONS DONATING TO PLANNED PARENTHOOD FEDERATION & BRANCHES -- and the amounts donated in 1984,

Vincent ASTOR Foundation -- $150,000

Mary Duke BIDDLE Foundation -- $5,000

DODGE Foundation -- $115,000 (the DuPonts are behind GM)

FORD Foundation -- $200,000 (McGeorge Bundy was Pres. of Ford Found.)

William Randolph HEARST Foundation -- $10,000

(Freemason) Jessee H. Jones' HOUSTON Endowment -- $30,000

Eli LILLY & CO. Foundation -- $10,000

LILLY Endowment -- $100,000

Andrew W. MELLON Foundation -- $970,000

Richard King MELLON Foundation -- $55,000

(Jewish Rosicrucian) Fred MEYER Charitable Fund - $10,000

MORGAN Guaranty Trust -- $31,000

Jessie Smith NOYES Foundation -- $152,400

J.N. PEW Memorial Trust -- $730,000

PRUDENTIAL Foundation -- $8,000

Kate B. REYNOLDS Charitable Trust -- $25,000

Z.S. REYNOLDS Foundation -- $30,000

Russeil SAGE Foundation -- *$5,000*

Max STERN Foundation -- $20,000

Levi STRAUSS Foundation -- $5,000

OTHER FOUNDATIONS CONTRIBUTING TO PLANNED PARENTHOOD- (Some of these may well also have the Illuminati behind them.)

AHMANSON Foundation -- $125,600

Theodore & Beulah BEASLEY Foundation -- $100,000

ALLEN-BRADLEY Foundation -- $15,000

Worthington BENEDUM Foundation -- $15,000

Otto BREMER Foundation -- $7,500

Gwendolyn CAFRITZ Foundation -- $50,000

Lewis CALDER Foundation -- $20,000

CHAMPLIN Foundation -- $25,000

CENTRAL N.Y. COMMUNITY Foundation -- $125,000

CHARLOTTE Foundation -- $6,250

Robert Sterling CLARK Foundation -- $200,000

Clark Foundation -- $15,000

Olive B. COLE Foundation -- $30,000

Commonwealth Fund -- $200,500

DOLFINGER-MCMAHON Foundation -- $5,000

EDUCATIONAL Foundation of America -- $50,000

OP. & W.E. EDWARDS Foundation -- $15,000

Samuel S. FELS Fund -- $5,000

FIELD Foundation -- $40,000

GEBBIE Foundation -- $10,945

GENERAL MILLS Foundation -- $15,000

Wallace Alexander GERBODE Foundation -. $16,000

Morris GOLDSEKER Foundation -- $30,000

George GUND Foundation -- $108,096

Walter HAAS Foundation -- $7,870

Adah F. HALL Charity Fund -- $11,000

Ewing HALSELL Foundation -- $25,000

William HEWLETT Foundation -- $850,000

Dayton HUDSON Foundation -- $10,000

HUMBOLDT Area Foundation -- $35,000

JEWETT Foundation (of CALIF) -- $12,500 (gave to ID & WA Planned Parenthood)

Walter S. JOHNSON Foundation -- $147,506

KALAMAZOO Foundation -- $32,656

J.M. Kaplan Fund -- $50,000

KECK Foundation --*$15,0(X)*

Peter Kiewit Foundation -- $45,000

KRANNERT Charitable Trust -- $150,000

MANSANTO Fund -- $5,000

MEDICAL Trust -- $600,000

METROPOLITAN Life Foundation -- $7,500

MCCUNE Foundation -- $10,000

MCGREGOR Foundation -- $5,000

MCKNIGHT Foundation -- $35,000

MUSKEGON County Community Foundation -- $6,000

NEEDMOR Fund -- $30,000

Edward John NOBLE Foundation -- $80,000

NORTON Co. Foundation -- $25,000

PACKARD Foundation -- $100,636

PASADENA Foundation -- $5,000

PITON Foundation -- $80,000

PITTSBURGH Foundation -- $55,000

PHILADELPHIA Foundation -- $23.000

PUBLIC Welfare Foundation -- $30,000

RIPLEY Memorial Foundation -- $5,000

SAN FRANCISCO Foundation -- $32,209

SANTA BARBARA Foundation -- $20,000

Florence & John SCHUMAN -- $25,000

William G. SELBY Foundation -- $18,700

SKILLMAN Foundation -- $30,000

Harry G. STEELE Foundation -- $418,950

Eloise & Richard WEBBER Foundation -- $20,000

WESTERN Electric Fund -- $6,000

Robert WILSON Foundation -- $50,000

If the reader is wondering what happened that some of the other top Illuminati families are not on the above list, the reason why is that the other families were supporting other organizations similar to Planned Parenthood Foundation which are also working to promote sterilizations, abortions, and sexual promiscuity. For instance, the Rockefeller family runs hundreds of foundations, and just two of these --the ones named after the Rockefellers-supported the following groups in 1984 which have the same goals and agenda as Planned Parenthood-- Center for Population Options (donation given - $29,730), Population Council ($1,235,000), Alan Guttmacher Institute ($300,000) this is a dangerous organization doing research to promote these things, Population Institute ($10,000). On top of this, in 1984 the Red Chinese Academy of Medical Science was given several Rockefeller grants to do contraceptive, sterilization, and genetic research. One of these was a $6,647 grant given to the Red Chinese Academy of Medical Science to study male contraceptives. Has abortion, sterilization, sexual promisculty, population control, and genetic research been part of the Illuminati's long range plan? You bet. But it was important that the Illuminati convince the experts, (at least the experts they control) that these things were needed to save mankind. Three studies were made by the elite to determine that a population explosion was threatening the earth. according to William Cooper in Behold a Pale Horse, pp. 166-67. The first was during W.W. II, the second at Huntsville, AL in 1957, and the third by the Club of Rome ending in 1968. All three studies concluded that population growth must be curtailed. Last year at a meeting of the elite, George Hunt obtained a handout which shows that the elite are committed to stopping the population growth by any means available. Years earlier, Illuminatus Dr. Aurelio Peccei advocated a plague similar to the Black Plague, and when the idea was developed it became the AIDs epidemic. The Illuminati have the cure for AIDS. Actually, there are many cures for AIDS But the one they had before the AIDS epidemic began will not be given to the population until enough people die, or until the elite are exposed enough that they are forced to give out the cure. Dr. Wolf Szmuness. Pope John Paul II's ex-roomate was one of the masterminds behind the AIDS epidemic. The National Security Council has had an ad hoc group on Population Policy to strongly encourage other nations to have birth control, abortions, and sterilizations. This group drafted the Global 2000 Report which was given to Carter. Whether the population explosion is a threat or not--(having travelled world-wide and having a father who was considered one of the better agricultural scientists, I contend it is not a threat)- -the world's elite believe it, and they make the decisions. Further, they have a vested interest, an immoral need to believe in the overpopulation lie.

VAN DUYN CANDIES

Van Duyn Candies has its kitchen and administration at 739 N.E. Broadway, Portland, OR. They operate 10 retail candy stores in Portland, one in Silverdale, WA (near Bremerton). The 63 year old company has 16 shopping mall leases, and wholesales candy to other candy distributors. It also operates a subsidiary Miss Saylor's Candies, Inc. of Long Beach, CA. Van Duyn has in turn been bought out by Van Rian Corp, 2360 NW Quimby St., Portland, 97210. In 1990, American Confectionery, Inc. of Chino, CA was listed as owner of Van Duyn Candies. (These statistics were the ones I was able to get, they may be outdated.) One informant felt that Van Duyn Candies might play a role in the distribution of poisoned candy to American school children, which was an Illuminati plan on the drawing boards years ago. I contacted a Van Duyn representative about any company plans to distribute candy to schools, but got no information. The company has had its share of strange things happen. Richard McCall who was the president borrowed $391,000 of the company's funds for his personal use. This theft of company funds was forgiven when he gave up his position and his share of stock so that he no longer had control over a large block of stock. On April, 27, 1988 *The Oregonian* reported that the company had gone bankrupt, and had filed for bankruptcy in Mar. 1987. However. company officials declared that the bankruptcy was merely a reorganization which involved the resolving of the equity split in financial control of the company. The Van Duyn Candies reported $10 million in sales in 1986. If they play any role in all of this or not I cannot say. I certainly do not suggest that any of my readers boycott their candies. That would be rather rash and certainly is not what I want to see happen. Besides because they wholesale to others, I don't what other labels the candy gets sold under.

A STRING OF STRANGE COINCIDENCES

A strange thing that happened to me that may be just coincidence or another piece of the puzzle. I will not mention any names, because I do not know how this all fits together. One of the men who owns two Van Duyn stores is an ex-Missionary to Taiwan and a minister. This ex-Missionary still is on best of terms (close friend) with the most powerful Free Chinese Army generals. He drives Cadillacs, and when he visits China is given the red carpet by his military general friend. This ex-missionary/minister was a friend of mine, and in 1990, when he heard I had written a book, he was excited to buy my book because we were friends. When he found out the title was *The Watchower & The Masons,* he immediately lost interest in the book and never bought it. I asked him if he knew anything about the Freemasons and he said he knew absolutely nothing about them. I thought that was a strange reply, because he was a leader of the Kiwannis in this area, and I have been to his Kiwannis breakfasts which were held in the basement of a Masonic Lodge here in Portland. How did this minister arrange for his Kiwannis club to meet in a Masonic Lodge, yet know nothing about the Masons? Further, there are many Masons with his surname, so that at least within his extended family I would expect some of them are Masons. Later, this man's son-in-law (also a minister) called me to this son-in-law's office in a particular church and told me I should be excommunicated by Christians for trying to expose Billy Graham, even though this ministers church doesn't excommunicate. He gave me mean looks and further told me, "You will die for your sins. I dont know if this owner of Van Duyn stores has any relationship to the larger picture, or if all this is Just a number of strange coincidences.

I don't even know if the Van Duyn candy company is related in anyway to the Van Duyn family, although one informant claims it is.

A VAN DUYN & THE CIA, MI6, MOSSAD, NSA ETC.

MI6 was intimately involved in the creation of the CIA and MOSSAD. And MI6 is the guiding hand behind those two organizations. British Intelligence was integrated under the title British Security Coordination which was the world's largest and most powerful intelligence beast in the world. This beast has been under total control by the Illuminati since its beginning. Since 1940 when the BSC was set up in New York the Americans have worked for the British. But the intelligence community in the UK, USA, Canada, Australia, NZ has gone a step beyond the secret intrigue of intelligence agencies secretly controlling other intelligence agencies. They have actually signed formal agreements which completely make all these acronym monsters into one intelligence agency. There is The Technical Cooperation Program (TTCP) and the ABCA Agreement which concerns intelligence information exchange in the areas of defense research and development. The ABCA Agreement concerns military intelligence. The BRUSA Agreement on May 17, 1943 established exchange of personnel and the most intimate cooperation at the highest levels by the various national intelligence agencies of all high-grade COMINT. A Secret Treaty of 1947 linked all the major commonwealth and American intelligence groups. This is just one of countless agreements, most secret, for the exchange of information. At that point in time, levels of secrecy were ULTRA (very secret), Pearl (moderately secret), and Thumb (secret). Pearl and Thumb later became Pinup. On 17 February 1972 a National Security Council Intelligence Directive (NSCID)-6 directed the NSA to be the principal US SIGINT agency, with the FBI and CIA basically working for the NSA. Although some people are claiming that their is friction between the NSA and its front organizations the FBI & CIA, it is hard to picture that this friction is anything serious because many people in these front organizations work for the NSA. The CIA, MI6 and the Mossad all worked through the BCCI which was scandalized recently, although the elite kept the lid on the scandal. Together the UKUSA intelligence community (or what is better termed the NWO's intelligence world-wide intelligence agency, of which MI5, MI6, CIA, NSA, FBI, NZSIS, RCMP, SIS, ASIO, GCHQ, NRO, DIA & the SASB are simply departments, have together at least 300,000 people employed full time. If there was in the 1968 time period a Van Duyn

serving as the liaison between these various intelligence "departments', he would be a very powerful man. (There is a way open to me to confirm this about a Van Duyn if I get the time.)

TWO OTHER PROMINENT EARLY DUTCH AMER. FAMILIES

One of the men who has worked for the NWO in their think tanks and with their intelligence agencies is Professor William R. Van Cleave, who is a descendent of the New Netherlands families. His name is mentioned now because it is quite possible the Van Cleave's and the Van Duyn's intermarried. (I know that William Van

Duyn married Sarah Van Cleef in Somerset, NJ in around 1750. Prof. Van Cleave worked for RAND, Stanford Research Institute, Dept. of Strategic and Defense Studies at the Univ. of So. Calif. and was an advisor to the Pentagon, the SALT conferences etc. The Van Cleves are said to have originated from an ancestor Jan Van Cleef who was the son of Dutch nobility--the last Duke of Cleves. He is said to have come to America in *1653*. Two of the Van Cleaves were Scottish Rite Masons in Chicago around the turn of the century.

SOME IMPORTANT CONNECTIONS -- COLLINS - WHITNEYS - VANDERBILTS

William Collins Whitney, a member of the Illuminati via the Skull & Bones Order, is someone who I suspect was part of the Collins family. The Collins family is without doubt one of the top 13 Illuminati families. William Collins Whitney was a directory of Guaranty Trust, as well as his son H.P. Whitney who served later. William Collins Whitney married Flora Payne, daughter of Standard Oil's Treasurer Oliver Payne. William Collins Whitney's two sons were both members in the Skull & Bones, and one of them married Gertrude Vanderbilt (another originally early Dutch American family). The money that the Whitney family had amassed from the Payne's and the Vanderbilts then was put into Guaranty Trust, J.P. Morgan, and Guggenheim. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt was a member of the Skull & Bones Order (init. 1899). A. Vanderbilt was sent a warning not to sail on the Lusitannia, because the elite knew it was to be sunk, but he failed to get the telegram and sailed to his death. Whitman Vanderbilt was part of the group of Illuminati that made up the Round Table in which the Satanic Astors and Satanic Cecils played a big role. I have sometimes wondered if rather than the Van Duyn's that the name we should be dealing with is Vanderbilt. In any case, the point is that several of these originally Dutch families are in deep with the Illuminati. The origin of the Vanderbilt fortune is an obscure mystery. It was close to 1 billion in 1924, and must exceed numerous billions today. One reference states that Cornelius Vanderbilt, the original Vanderbilt who made it rich, made his large sums from blackmail (Minnigerode, Meade. Certain Rich Men. New York: G.P. Putnam's Son, 1927, pp 112-113.) Lindsay Russell (of the Russell family--another top 13 Illuminati family) worked for the Vanderbilts. It was Lindsay Russell who started the Pilgrim Society--which is the 6° of the branch Illuminati. Lindsay Russell was also chairman of the CFR, which is the 4°.

The Vanderbilts, the Whitneys, the Goulds, and the Rockefellers gave large sums of money to Billy Graham for his New York Crusade.

THE DUTCH CONNECTION TODAY

Many ex-Nazis and elite industrialists have made their homes in the Garderen-Putten area of the Netherlands. The Bilderbergers are building a superhotel/conference center near this area. One of the companies involved in building the hotel is the Nazi family of Nachanius. The Belgium-Dutch connection to the Illuminati is not trivial. The Dutch William of Orange deposed English King James II in the fighting of 1688-91. That is significant, because it appears that Illuminati financial headquarters were in Amsterdam prior to William of Orange's victory. After that victory they moved

to London. One only has to note how important Brussels has been to the New World Order to realize that the lowlands of Belgium and the Netherlands continue to be important for the elite. For instance, the Beast--the supercomputer which is notified within seconds of every financial transaction you carry on at an ATM is located in Brussels. If the Van Duyn family were indeed one of the top 13 families it might break open some big clues to understanding thc Belgium connections and elements within the Illuminati. Earlier newsletters and the *Be Wise As Serpents* book have described high level rituals carried out in a castle (burg) in Belgium. There are dutchmen in the genealogy of the Roosevelt presidents in the line that goes back to the British royalty. Other prominent elitists tie back to the Netherlands & Belgium also. Elizabeth Van Buren wrote The Sign of the Dove which is a book about the Merovingians [the 13th Top Illuminati bloodline] and Jesus. The book takes a gnostic approach to religion, and puts forth the idea that the Merovingians were of extra-terrestrial descent. I had expected to find the town of Duyn from which the Van Duyn would have taken their name, but none of the maps so far have shown it. I had expected to find more important Van Duyns in the Netherlands and in the U.S. Instead, I only found a Hidde Hendrick Van Duym, who came over from the Netherlands and became a state educational official. Clearly, I have only broken the surface in trying to understand the Dutch connection in the Illuminati.

CONCLUSIONS & SUMMARY

It has been theorized by others that at the top of the Illuminati are unknown superiors, so this should not scare anyone that I don't have all the details, and that the family is unknown. On the other hand it is very hard to hide people who wield immense power. So far, I have dealt with families that were definitely within the top 13 Illuminati families. If the Van Duyn family is part of the top 13, it may represent the 'Dutch-Flemish-Belgium segment of the Illuminati, just as the Astors & Rothschilds came from Germany, the DuPonts from France, the Li's from China, and the Kennedy's from Ireland. Actually, the entire 13 top families are related in various ways and their heritages go back to the ancient nobility of Europe, to the tribe of Dan, and to the Khazars. Many of these top families feel they are descendents of the House of David. One researcher has even told me that the royal house of Japan is blood relation to the thirteenth top Illuminati family. (Truth is often stranger than fiction, but this sounds truly incredible.) That would be interesting if the genealogy (which he claims does exist) does actually show that. It would help explain why Japan is being brought into the picture. I was able only to identify that the Van Duyn family was a very early colonial American family of status, and that the few modern members of this family which I could identify are suspiciously tied to the establishment and fit the type of persons we would expect from a top 13 family. If anyone has any information concerning this subject, that information would be appreciated.

REVISITING THE VAN DUYN FAMILY - ONE OF THE TOP 13 ILLUMINATI FAMILIES

The Dutch-Belgium connection is one link that is very powerful in the Illuminati, but an area of which my knowledge is very scattered. I am trying to rectify that ignorance. Since my big article in the July 1, 1993 issue about the Van Duyns, I received more confirmations and tips from ex-Illuminati informants. So I have continued my search for details on the Van Duyn family. I was given the tip that the Illuminati members of this family were located in someplace [ike Michigan, and I did indeed find that the Grand Rapids area has a large number of Van Duyns. There are also a small smattering of Van Duyns (there are a few variant spellings such as Van Duine) at Lansing, MI; North Oakland, MI; Minneapolis, MINN; and St. Paul. I was also able to identify one more Van Duyn who has been part of the power structure, and might possibly then be part of the actual secret generational Satanic cult activity. This man was an official for UNESCO. I have had ex-Witchcraft sources tell me that UNESCO was passing NWO instructions on to them. UNESCO is one of the more directly controlled and more dangerous U.N. organizations. My writings have referred to it before. This man's name is Robert Gerald Vanduyn. He married florence Elizabeth Noyer. Robert Vanduyn served as the associate director of the W.K. Kellogg Foundation, which is a large foundation with HO in Battle

Creek, Michigan. The Kellogg Foundation gives grants to Catholic Universities, to research along the lines of Illuminati goals, and a variety of other causes. For instance, a 1984 $100,000 grant was given to the American Association of Community and Junior Colleges. The purpose? ‘To implement a national recruitment effort to enlist the support of government and corporate leaders to improve policies concerning adult education and training." Of course as you know, most national government and corporate leaders are part of their power structure so of course they (the Illuminati) would like these people in the decision making process of our junior colleges. The Foundation contributed almost $10,000 in 1984 to the Battle Creek Board of Education. That should give the foundation quite a bit of clout in the local school board’s decisions. Many of the grants of the Kellogg Foundation are to promote things in health care and agriculture which are in the general trend of what the Illuminati is pushing for. The American government loaned Robert Vanduyn to UNESCO from 1972 onwards. He was given the position of Coordinator of UNESCO Service World Bank Education project. To be in that position shows he was part of the elite, whether he was or wasn’t a Satanist. UNESCO is being used to push a NWO education agenda on the world. Recently, the death of Patricia Van Cleve Lake opened up some more clues about the Van Duyns. In the July 1 article I mention on page *52* that one of the other early Dutch families in New Amsterdam which intermarried with the Van Duyns was the Van Cleves. Ten hours before Patricia Van Cleve Lake died on Oct. 3, she called her son and told him the truth about who she was. The 3 paragraph death notice was buried on page 14 in an LA. paper (I think the LA Times). What she told her son on her death bed was that she was the daughter of William Randolph Hearst and movie star Marion Davies. Various people noticed her resemblance to Hearst, but dared not speak about it publicly. Her son told people after she died, ‘She lived her life on a satin pillow. They took away her name, but they gave her everything else." Patricia was always introduced as "the niece" of Marion Davies, who in reality was her mother. The rumor mill since the 1920s had claimed Patricia was Hearst daughter, but it wasn’t until just this last month that it had been publicly said.

The news links the Van Cleve family to Hearst. All this news is very interesting in light of several previously establish facts. First, Hearst who funded Billy Graham’s first 3 years of Crusades was part of the Illuminati. Second, the Illuminati often adopt out their children to hide their paternity and ancestry. Third, the Van Cleve family is linked to the Van Duyns, which raises the possibility of links between Hearst and the Van Duyns.

FOLLOWUP ARTICLE ON THE VAN DUYNS

The long Van Duyn article of the July 1, ‘93 newsletter indicated that I was puzzled that I hadn’t found more clues about the power of the Van Duyn family, which an informant had told me was one of the top 13 Illumanati families. Since that time, I have spent time with a very knowledgeable ex-Illuminatus, and it was confirmed that the initial information was indeed correct, the Van Duyns are one of the top 13 Bloodlines. Some of the Satanic members of this bloodline are in the North Central area of United States, such as in Michigan. I found out that this bloodline keeps much of their money in Europe, and that they are linked to some ltalians -- (the Mafia?).

With some more clues to pursue, I hope to discover some more about this top Illuminati family which has gone to such great lengths to be hidden. It is clear that they have kept their money and businesses well hidden, via holding companies and other gimmicks.

EPILOGUE

This collection of articles has tried to take the reader back stage to meet the families that control the Illuminati and the world. One of the best places to see representatives of the different 13 families together are when they gather for the Feast of the Beast. The back stage story is tar from being told. The Van Duyn family is a fitting way to end this book, because the mystery that surrounds them highlights the work that still remains to tell the complete story. The Van Duyn articles do not mention Roel Van Duyn of Amsterdam, Netherlands who founded/headed in modern times the

socialist/communist movement in the Netherlands. He was a powerful man. The movement was lead by Provos (provocateurs) whose demonstrations at times got violent. What is the nature of the relationship between the Van Duyn family and the Van Cleve family? I know there was some intermarriage, but due to time restraints I never completed my investigation down this avenue. While Roel Van Duyn was leading his radical movement, Miss Davies father was livIng at Heart's Riverside Dr. No. 336, and her brother-in-law George Van Cleve was an executive in Hearst's film corporation. The mystery of the Van Duyn family is also reflected in the mystery surrounding the Romanov family. The Romanov family had more than the Russian branch, there was for instance a Prussian branch. And some of their family like the Grand Prince Alexis Romanov came to America, where his

granddaughter Mary Teissier (the cousin to Alexander Romanov) was one of J. Paul Getty's main lovers. J. Paul Getty if you have forgotten was at one time listed by Fortune Magazine as America's richest man. Not only does Romanov blood flow in some of the Illuminati, the Romanov name pops up among the friends of Frank Sinatra. Mike and Gloria Romanov were friends of Frank Sinatra. Frank Sinatra's social activities were like a Who's Who in the Mafia and Illuminati. Frank Sinatra would travel to France to spend time with Baron Guy de Rothschild, or could be found doing a charity ball for the World Mercy Fund with Laurance Rockefeller.

Mentioning the Rockefellers brings us right back to the Romanovs. And then who was Anne Marie Rasmussen who married Nelson Rockefeller's son Steven Clark Rockefeller? When one reads her book There Was Once A Time of Islands. Illusions. & Rockefellers (NY: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1975) one learns that she was from Norway, a maid in the Rockefeller home, learned TM, and was shocked by the Rockefeller's abundant 'primitive' art of the Rockefellers. 'Primitive' simply was a Rockefeller expression for all the nude art that they have all around. In her book, she talks about 'The Playhouse' at Kykuit, about Margaretta (Happy) Rockefeller's close friend Mrs. Vincent Astor, about Laurance Rockefeller's St. John Island, where he built the Caneel Bay Plantation, and the Rockefeller's ranch at Jackson Hole, WY. Talking about the Astors brings us back to Frank Sinatra who bought Mary Astor's large rambling property in the Toluca Lake area of the San Fernando Valley. Frank bought the land without even seeing it. Frank is not the only one not seeing things. So much of what is being told us by our media is outright distortions. John D. Rockefeller, Sr. would get together secretly with WIlliam H. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould to scheme against the public. They took oaths to cooperate while the public thought they were antagonists. And what about the Rockefeller-Rothschild feud? And why did John Archbold (John D. Rockefeller's right hand man) go overseas and secretly work out business arrangements with the Rothschilds in the 1880s? One CIA agent described the 'Company' as a worn out whorer who needs to come in off the street and get cleaned. The Illuminati have made the CIA and used it for their own ends, and have let the CIA be the fall guy. When we start looking

closer at the CIA, we see men like Archie Roosevelt of the Roosevelt family, who was a leader in the CIA., going to places such as Nigeria to visit the Emir of Kano with David Rockefeller. This Rockefeller/Roosevelt visit to the Emir was close to going to Timbuktu. (David Rockefeller took along his own private professor of Egyptology when he went to the pyramids and to Egypt. Perhaps his love for Egypt relates to David's fixation and love for beetles.) (Another aside, is that America's foremost Egyptologist Dr. Charles Breasted was underwritten by the Rockefellers. But then those few who understand the one to one correspondence of the Book of the Dead's rituals and modern Satanic rituals might not be surprised.) Nelson Rockefeller was part of the National Security Council which sits even higher than the CIA in Intelligence affairs. Speaking of far off places, what about Mis Osman Ali Khan who was the principal Moslem ruler of India at one time? And what about the multi-millionaire possible billionaire Aga Khan Ill? These men interacted socially with the Illuminati families. And how far does the Rockefeller wealth go? We know that through the Chase Investment Corporation they have such far off holdings as a steel mill in Turkey, and a cotton textile mill in Nigeria. Creole Petroleum of Venezuela is owned by Nelson. Chase Manhattan has a full-time envoy to the U.N. and the Secretary Generals of the UN visit the Rockefellers at their estate at Pocantico. A number of families threw their selves in with the Rockefellers and owe their family wealth to the fact that they served the Rockefellers. These include John D. Archbold, the Harknesses, the Bedfords, the

Chesebroughs, the Cutlers, the Flaglers, the Folgers, the Paynes, the Pierces, and the Rogerses. The Rockefeller's have had a number of senators who he 'owns'. In 1904, Senator Penrose received *$25,000* and Senator Bliss received $100,000 given via Rockefeller's Standard Oil. One scholar wrote against the Rockefeller control of politics, 'The Standard [Oil] had done everything to the Pennslyvannia legislature except refine it.' (Henry Demarest Lloyd, Wealth Against the Commonwealth. When the Rockefellers wanted to build a highway they would summon people like Interior Secretary Stewart Udall to Nelson's apartment, where he talked Udall into permitting the Rockefellers to build an unpopular highway. In 1968, Hubert Humphrey wanted both David and Nelson Rockefeller in his cabinet. The Rockefellers cooked up the idea to have a World Trade Center in NY and their cronies were involved in the scandal to promote the idea. David wrote letters of advice to Pres. J.F. Kennedy. Where do all these elite connections end? All these top 13 Illuminati families tie together at the Feast of the Beast rituals. In addition to this grand meeting, where Satan puts in his personal appearance, these families have smaller meetings and rituals frequently all over the world. Their Council of 9 and their Council of 13 meet and send out their orders regularly. Volume 2 will examine how the Illuminati rule, what their organizations are, and what their life and rituals are like. An Appendix so to speak. As I failed to provide a genealogical chart for the Rockefeller Family while doing my newsletter articles, I will as an appendix add that to this page. One of the families that intermarried with the Costellos was the Van Duyn family. But who are the Costellos? Frank Costello (died 1973) was the underworld boss of New York for many years until Vito Genovese (died '69) took control. Carlo Gambino took over from Vito until his death and then in 1976 Carlo in turn died and his heir Paul Castellano with some of the Gambino family took over. Now Roosevelt (Rosy-or Rose) Gambino runs the Gambino family, The (;ambino family is related in marriage to the Eli Lilly Illuminati family. Frank Costello had Jerry Catena *working for him, and Eddie Torres was a close friend of Jerry Catena. Eddie* Torres was the President of the Las Vegas casino Riviera, before Gus Greenbaum took over. Greenbaum was connected to all the Mafia, and was a casino manager for Meyer Lansky in Havana and other places. Lou Costello's father was from Italy. In Italy the name was spelled Cristillo. Lou Costello got Dean Martin into show business. Lou provided Dean Martin the money for his nose job before Dean made it big in show business. Lou's daughter later married Dean's son. Lou Perry and Costello both got Dean Martin into show business. Costello had great clout with MCA. Costello got disgusted with Dean Martin in 1945 when Dean ran up bills which he charged to Lou Costello. Later Dean ignored Lou at a Casino and also got Lou Costello ticked off. Dean's first wife was Betty McDonald. Betty's father was Bill McDonald. (See what I've written on the McDonald's role in the Illuminati.) Betty McDonald Martin became known for being a party-throwing alcoholic while neglecting her children. Carole Costello married Dean Martin's oldest son. One of Lou Costello's friends was Mickey Cohen. Frank Costello rubbed shoulders with the Rockefellers, with Lucky Lucianno, and other powerful underworld figures. Costello controlled NY Mayor William 0' Dwyer. Frank Costello was also the owner of Alliance Distributors who are the sole American distributors for Whiteley Co. of Scotland. Scotch drinkers like the orange brown scotch of the famous King's Ransom Scotch as well as the House of Lords Scotch. They may not realize that Costello was the sole distributor of these drinks which were imported through him from Scotland. Ray Ryan, a young Texas oil Tycoon went into at least one petroleum-lease venture with Frank Costello and Frank Erickson. Ray Ryan was friends also with Dean Martin. Ray Ryan was the godfather for Ricci Martin. His Mount Kenya Safari Club had an elusive membership, incl. such Illuminati members as Winston Churchill and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. Ray Ryan was involved with the malia when someone blew his Lincoln Continental up. The blast had been so powerful part of Palm Springs had its power knocked out. Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford and Joey Bishop were known as the Rat Pack. All of these men were connected to the Mafia and some (if them were satanists such as Sammy Davis, Jr. and Peter Lawford. In 1960, these men posed together outside of the Sands casino for a picture where they performed together. This picture of the Rat Pack is in the book Dino. Living High In the Dirty Business of Dreams by Nick Tosches. Another picture of Dean Martin taken around 1954 shows *him with Marilyn Monroe and Averell Harriman. Averell Harriman was in the Illuminati. Marilyn Monroe was* a Monarch sexual slave for the elite. Marilyn was a Presidential Model sexual slave for JFK. JFK was part of the Kennedy Illuminati family and he often spent time with members of the Rat Pack. The Hollywood Reporter described Dean Martin as a "hypnotically attractive, homegrown

American monster." Frank Sinatra was a very cruel man too. Dean Martin (Dino Crocetti) grew up in Steubenville which was known for its gambling and prostitution. A white-slavery ring that kidnapped beautiful woman for whorehouses was headquartered in Steubenville. James Vincent Tripodi of the Mafia ran Steubenville. A popular saying in Steubenville among the youth was 'Learn to steal, learn to deal, or go to the mill.' Dino became a dealer at the Rex in Steubenville, run by Cosmo Quattrone. Jerry Lewis, a close associate to Dean Martin said, "No one ever got to know him, not even Betty [his wife]." Herman Hover, who lived at 606 North Bedford Drive in Beverly Hills, bought his mansion from the Vanderbilts. Howard Hughes did a lot of his business at the mansion. Mickey Cohen, Gen. J. Wainwright, Howard Hughs, James Roosevelt (FDR's son), and many other prominent people would go to Hover's Ciro nightclub. Later they would go over to Hover's Mansion. The mansion was a place of frequent parties that Dean Martin and others of his group would go to. In defiance of NBC's standards, Dean Martin for his Dean Martin show was going to show off women trained as animals. Dean Martin would walk on the show with a voluptuous gal in a tiger outfit on a leash that Dean would hold. The girl would then be telling Dean at every chance that she was not a girl but a fellow. When Dean married Kathy Hawn, in 1973, Frank Sinatra was his best man. Frank received a diamond-studded golden cigarette lighter with an obscene inscription. Dean worked many years for MGM Grand, which now is built as a pyramid in Las Vegas with Monarch programming going on in it. The theme inside the MGM is the Wizard of Oz which is for Monarch programming. (To understand the Wizard of Oz mind control programming the reader needs to get this author's various writings on the Monarch Programming, which includes an Illustrated Guide To Monarch Programming and other writings.) Bob Hope, an MI-6 agent who was used extensively in W.W. II to trigger mind-controlled military men with the proper hypnotically embedded trigger words, received his own mind-controlled sex slaves after the war. One of these slaves of Bob Hope also worked for the Illuminati's Council of 7. This author (Fritz Spnngmeier knows her) and she is one of the few Illuminati slaves who has been deprogrammed. While she was a slave for Bob Hope, he loaned her to Sammy Davis, Jr., Dean Martin, and Richard Nixon to name a few. More about this Monarch slave, which was used as a courier and a sexual slave, shortly. Let's explain some about Bob Hope. Because the previous paragraph may present the reader some difficulties let's temporarily digress into the entertainment field's connections to the elite. The Caesars and the medieval kings recognized the importance of controlling the people with entertainment. The occult world has long been connected with entertainment. during W.W. II, the U.S. and U.K. used almost everyone in the entertainment fields to help with the war effort. There have been numerous connections in this author's research about the llluminati/CIA mind control which connects back to the U.S.O. (the American military entertainers that travelled in USO units on tours.) The story about how the USO was used to carry messages to mind-controlled agents and military men would include many names including Quent Reynolds, Bruce Cabot, Joe E. Brown, Andy Devine, Candy Jones (Jessica Wilcox) and some many lesser knowns such as Wheeler (who later became known as the programmer Dr. Black). The military apparently was already using programmed killers to carry out deadly assignments. Bob Hope & the USO was used to carry trigger words to these mind-controlled people. For many years the world's experts in running spies--the British empire under the control of the Illuminati.-have been using certain professions for spying. For instance, Postmaster Generals are used for spying because they can control the secret spying on mail. An example of this, Benjamin Franklin, postmaster general for the colonies, was an important spy for the Illuminati's British Trading Companies/British government in the colonies. (To understand his role in the Illumminati contrived American Revolution read chap. 3.4. in my Be Wise As Serpents). Likewise, what better person to pick than Bob Hope to run messages worldwide. Bob Hope, was british, and MI6 knew they could trust him. Bob Hope has an excellent ability to learn and say lines. Bob was and still is great with words, knowing how to fit them together and to make puns and double and triple meaning sentences. His ability to construct sentences with double meanings, was a great cover for the hidden messages he transmited for allied intelligence during the war. If you want to keep a secret the best place is out in the open. The British and American intelligence agencies know this. Some of their greatest secrets are out in the open, where no one suspects what they are. Bob Hope. who was already a radio and movie star before W.W.II, was given wide publicity as he travelled all over for the U.S.O. (the entertainment groups for the military). Bob Hope was 'just an entertainer,' and yet he visited Roosevelt. Churchill, Eisenhower, Pattan, and all kinds of military men. Bob travelled all over the world to every front during the war, including

England, Africa, the South Pacific. the East & west coasts of the U.S. the Caribbean, Panama, etc. He could fit all kinds of signals into his jokes and talks, and no one would be the wiser. Under the disguise of building moral by being a comedian, Bob could go anywhere and because he always was making jokes, no one took him seriously. Bob Hope was a courier, a message bearer of coded messages. Sometimes the coded messages almost seem to jump out when you look at his wartime talks M16 and MIS's Section BIA under the supervision of London's W Board and 20 Committee oversaw the running of double agents and mind-controlled couriers and mind-controlled spies. Special Intelligence Service (SIS) for the British dealt a great deal with mind-control of all types. Tavistock Institute of Human Relations was part of SIS's mind control capabilities. Men like Tavistock's hypnotist/mind control expert Eric Trist were willing to perform mind-control on British civilians/military men. Over the last 45 years perhaps the most popular place for couriers to be signalled to meet was by someone holding a bird in a cage or at a shop with birdcages. The allusion to carrier pigeons is so obvious. Look at a caption 'Speaking of WRENS' with a cartoon from Bob Hope's book I Never Left Home (NY: Simon & Schuster, 1944) written in 1944 during the middle of W.W.II. The cartoon shows Bob chasing a girl with a bird cage and saying 'Tweet, Tweet, Tweet.' Hypnotic commands are given 3 times. What seems like a harmless cartoon, looks more like a signal telling people that Bob Hope is in charge of a flock of carrier pigeons (couriers). When talking to a group of soldiers during the war Bob said, "in London the bobbies caught a guy walking around in the fog with a bird cage giving the mating call but the American consul got me.'

There is a great deal more that could be written, perhaps books, but Americans need to understand that MI6 (British intelligence) started, trained and still control American intelligence. Remember, that Canada entered W.W.II along with Britain, and the British set up one of their best secret agent training schools between Whitly and Oshawa, Ontario in a place called Intrepid Park. The agents called it "the camp" or "the farm." (Now the CIA has their own "camp" or "farm' which is Camp Peary where they carry out mind-control.) The British named this British Security Coordination Special Training School No. 103 & Hydra. STS 11)3. Some people called it Camp X. When the war broke out the Amer. FBI, OSS, SOE, SIS, BSC, and the Canadian RCMP all sent people to be "trained" at the secret Camp X hidden on Lake Ontario's north shore across from the US-CAN border. British SOE (Special Operations Executive) set itself up for business in New York City, and during WW II directed operations from there. Let's get back to explaining about Frank Sinatra, a man who spent time visiting with the Rockefellers, the european and american Rothschilds, and other powerful figures including Bob Hope. Frank Sinatra, who is well known world wide for his cruelty would serve as the handler for Bob Hope's Mind-controlled slave(s) when she sexually serviced men in the Rat Pack. In other words, Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin knew the cues, the trigger code words to get this slave to sexually serve them, especially Frank. Because Dean knew about the Monarch programming, that is why he had the audacity to want to bring a slave on his show on a lease in a tiger outfit. During the obedience training of a sexual slave they have an expensive collar put on them and their mind-control programming for all sexual alters from infancy up is that they are cats. These slaves have cat alters (personalities) who are spin-kitten alters. When Dean Martin as an older man would sexually get younger women like Andre Boyer, a 19 year old student at UCLA there is a good chance that Andre and others like her were under mind-control.

Frank Sinatra's parents were Natalie (Dolly) Della Garavante from Genoa and Anthony Martin Sinatra from Catania, Sicily. His mother was a cigar-smoking cruel foul mouthed woman. Dolly was a midwife and abortionist (before it was legal). Dolly didn't always escape legal detection for her illegal abortions. Just one of the times she was hauled into court was on Feb. 27, '39 in a Hudson Special Sessions Court. Frank's parents always had money, and so Frank grew up as a child who always had money. He would share it with other kids, if they would be his friend. Frank was known as a lazy and mean boy as he grew up. He still did not have a steady job by the age of 20 and was still living off his parents. Frank's mother then decided to get him into singing. Due to his mother, Frank got some singing jobs and started going somewhere in life. After struggling for years, Tommy Dorsey got Frank Sinatra on the road to success with his band. Tommy Dorsey and Frank's mother got along great. Frank Sinatra wanted to emulate Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel who was boss of Niurder, Inc. Let's digress for a minute and explain that the Illuminati will use the Mafia for murders which don't have

formal approval of the Illuminati hierarchy to carry out. About 30% of the dirty work for the Illuminati is carried out by the Mafia. The Illuminati have their own death squads which are superior to the Mafia, but individuals must approach one of the Councils for approval to assassinate. Often its easier for those in the Illuminati just to put an unauthorized contract out on someone. The Mafia are often willing to make a business deal. The Mafia are intertwined with the occult and some of the Mafia are involved in rituals, mind-control programming etc. However, there are a number of Mafia who are only in it for the business end, like many in the Yakusa. They are appalled at the heartless things that the Illuminati are doing such as turning a whole generation of young people into drug addicts, etc. Some of the Mafia have much higher codes of honor than the Generational Satanists. Frank Sinatra's hero Bugsy was associated with all the Mafia heads such as Charlie 'Lucky' Luciano (who controlled Marilyn Monroe as a slave) and Frank Costello. The New Jersey Underworld kingpin Willie Moretti (aka Willie Moore) was Frank Sinatra's neighbor in Hasbrouch Heights. Bugsy was a cruel man. Frank was in total awe of Bugsy (almost enthralled to the point of worship). The Illuminati turned to Bugsy and then later to the Gambino family when the needed someone killed. Later, Bugsy got on the bad side of other Mafia chiefs and was killed by them.

Frank Sinatra had a quick way of alienating people with his controlling anger. Frank alienated William Randolph Hearst, Jr. at a party by fighting with him. The Hearst papers started giving Frank bad publicity after the fight. Frank's agent and friend George Evans flew to Hollywood and through Marion Davies, who was William Randolph Hearst's mistress for many years, he was able to get in to see the old man William Randolph Hearst, Sr. who was ill. Frank was properly contrite and got the old man to like him. Apparently with Marion Davis and the old man Hearst on his side, Frank was able to overcome the son's orders to the Hearst papers to give Frank negative publicity. After his visit with Marion and Hearst, Sr. Frank began to get positive publicity again. For those who need to be reminded, the Hearst family is an

Illuminati family, and the Hearst castle in Calif. which is owned by the State of California as a Park continues to be used for rituals for the Illuminati hierarchy. Of special note is that Marion Davis was connected to the Van Cleve family which is another family which has intermarried with the Van Duyn family along with the Costellos. In case the reader missed it in a previous article, a prominent member of the Van Duyn family who headed California's Teen Challenge helped get Billy Graham's ministry started. This person is a member of the Illuminati as well as being a Christian minister. (I am intentionally not mentioning his name.) William Randolph Hearst paid for the first 3 years of Billy Graham's ministry. There are a number people of the Van Duyn bloodline in the Illuminati who are also Christian ministers. (I can't give my sources-needless to say they are several people who have been escaping the Illuminati.) In the final analysis, we can say that several Illuminati members of the Van Duyn bloodline helped in the establishment of Billy Graham having a big crusade ministry. Frank Sinatra rubbed shoulders with many of the Illuminati. That doesn't mean that he was a member, it is possible that his mafia ties are why he was so well received by Illuminati kingpins. The Illuminati has a history of sharing their mind-controlled slaves with the Mafia, even slaves who are members within the Illuminati are shared. However, the Illuminati always insures that they have final control over a slave's programming. One of the people who was a drummer with the Tommy Dorsey Band for a while was William Joseph Bryan, Jr. (aka William Joseph Bryon, and William Jenning Bryan III, etc.) William Joseph Bryan, Jr. was a CIA Mind-control programmer. He programmed people when he was with the Air Force as Chief of Medical Survival Training, which was a covert brainwashing section (If the Air Force. Bryan opened up his own hypnotherapy Institute on Sunset Strip in Hollywood where he programmed some people in acting for the Illuminati. Bryan was the person who programmed Sirhan Sirhan to kill Robert Kennedy. He also hypnotised Alvert Di Salvo. After Bryan died in spring, 1977, the CIA cleaned out all of his files including his home files. Bryan was a 6' 1 1/2" fat Satanic priest in the Old Roman Catholic Church. The CIA and the Illuminati have connections in this offshoot of Catholicism. Bryan was a descendant of William Jennings Bryan, the Mason who supposedly defended the creation view in the Scopes Monkey Evolution Trial. WJ. Bryan, III (or Jr.) was a frequent guest in many fundamentalist churches in Southern California. Its interesting how the Tommey Dorsey Band had both Bryan and Sinatra in it, since both men would go on to be involved with Satanic mind-control in the future. William J. Bryan spoke to many judges, so

it is possible he used his law degree to get him appointments with dirty judges that needed training about the Illuminati's Mind Control program. In William J. Bryan, Jr.'s book entitled The Chosen One The Art of Jury Selection, Bryan teaches how to use hypnosis on jury members to win one's case. On the back of the book the author is described, "in addition Dr. Bryan served as an Electronics Engineer in the Navy in World War II, was Director of all Medical Survival Training for the United States Air Force, and a leading expert on brainwashing." William J. Bryan was the technical director for Frank Sinatra's movie Manchurian Candidate, which is a film which was used to scare American's into thinking the enemy was carrying out mind-control. This was so that if the Illuminati-CIA horrible trauma-based mind-control was ever discovered that the CIA would be justified in the minds of Americans for the horrible things they were doing. Illuminati Mind-controlled slaves were forced to watch the movie Manchurian Candidate to further enhance their feelings of helplessness. Frank Sinatra made the movie by getting the rights from the book's author for the story. The author had as far as I know only stumbled upon what the Illuminati and their intelligence agencies were doing. Frank Sinatra squelched the second release of the Manchurian Candidate film, so it is clear that the entire movie was an affair carried out by the CIA to squelch the true story and to intimidate those thousands of Mind-controlled slaves that they'd created. This article has elaborated on the Costello family and the Van Cleve family which are branches of the Van Duyns. Interestingly, the elite Bohemian Grove which has been used as a site for Satanic rituals for over 25 years, has Joseph V. Costello, Jr. and Peter Van Cleave as members. Peter Van Cleave stayed in the bungalow called Oz when he was at the Bohemian Grove. Several Illuminati survivors have indicated that the Van Duyns have power in California. If the Van Duyns family power is via the Costellos and Van Cleves and other unmentioned offshoots of the family, then finally the secrecy protecting the powerful Van Duyn Satanic bloodline may be cracking for the first time. The Van Duyn family have changed the spelling on their name. One group spells it, Van Dine. Vance Van Dine is an important NWO figure who graduated from Yale. He is an Episcopalian, and has worked with the big international bankers. He was born in San Francisco, but lived in New York City area. He has been on the board of dir, of the german connected Vereinsbank Capital Corp. Another Van Dine of note is Harold Foster Van Dine, Jr. who has been a famous architect. He has been a major figure in the Troy, MI company of Straub, Van Dine & Assoc.

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By:

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

The Merovingian Bloodline

This page has been prepared to provide some type of table of contents to the various items which ‘will be included in this chapter "The Thirteenth Satanic Bloodline". In my writings this bloodline has been interwoveni into the text of many articles, but It hasn’t been singled out very much. Although a great deal has been mitten by this author on this final family, to pull out articles which concentrate on it solely is difficult. After assembling some pages on it, a few words of explanation were still needed. Allow me to briefly explain those items which were selected:

· An article on the top family that appeared in Feb. ‘*95* newsletter on page 73.

· An appendix to the Be Wise As Serpents book about the British Royalty. The British Royalty are tied in with the 13th Bloodline.

· Many of the American political leaders have been related to the British Royalty incl. George Bush and Dan Quayle. A flier from a Christian conference is Included showing who the speakers are.

· Finally, a little of the genealogical information I assembled on the Mormon leaden is given. This was included in the Be Wise As Serpents book to give people an idea of how the Mormon leadenhip ties back in with the leading occult bloodlines of the Merovingian dynasty. The chart for LDS President Albert Smith is only about 1/3 typed out. The remainder of Albert Smith’s (as well as other Mormon leaden) genealogical work is in a file in some unknown box at my house.

This bloodline is harder to track because it weaves in and out of the other 12 bloodlines. There are many surnames which are part of this bloodline (Including the Smith family), however I can give one very prominent one, the Sinclair family. We know that Satan is the father of all lies, and Christ told the religions leaden who went out to destroy him that they were from the seed of Satan.

2nd Feature Article--THE 13TH ILLUMINATI BLOODLINE.

The 13th Illuminati Bloodline is where the Anti-Christ will come from. This bloodline believes that it has both the Holy Blood of Jesus and the blood (or seed) of Satan in its bloodline. In my **Be Wise As Serpents** book, I make reference to this bloodline but I never really took the time to explain it completely. In fact I don’t fully understand this bloodline myself. I encourage those who want to learn more about this bloodline to study the following books:

Holy Blood, Holy Grail by Lincoln, Leigh & Balgent

The Messianic Legacy

TheTemple & the Lodge

Crusaders of the Grail by J.R. Church

The Anti-Christ King--Juan Carlos by Dr. Charles R. Taylor

This bloodline is so extensive in its many branches that its membership takes in many of the Presidents of the United States, including George Hush and George Washington. The reason that I gave the geneologies of the some of the Mormon Presidents to people back in 1991 in my Be Wise As Serpents book is that all of the Mormon Presidents in history, whether RLDS or LDS, trace their blood back to this 13th bloodline. Within the Illuminati rituals, the emphasis of the 13th bloodline is that they are the seed of Satan. As their secret story goes, they are the direct descendents of Jesus's spiritual brother Lucifer. Since the Freeman family and the Rothschild family have members who are also in the 13th bloodlIne, It is unclear to me how interwoven the "seed of Satan" is.

Some of the earilest attempts to trace the seed of Satan were some books which did extensive research on the Tribe of Dan and the decendents of Cain.

"The Curse of Canaan" is an interesting book along with its mate World Order by Eustice Mullins. One of the books which I looked with difficulty for before finding it, was Gerald Massey's A Book of the Beginning (Secaucus, NJ: University Books, Inc., 1974.) The book goes in and shows in detail how the inhabitants of the British Isles came originally from Egypt. This is Important because (as this newsletter has always contended) the Druidism of the British Isles was simply a derivative from the Egyptian Satanic witchcraft/magic of Ancient Egypt. The Egyptian word Makhaut (clan or family) became the the Irish Maccu and the Maccu of the Donalds (clan of Donalds) now reflected in the name MacDonald. The sacred keepers of the Clan-Stone in Arran, were also known by the family name of Clan-Chattons. Another word for clan is Mack and the Clan-Chattons were also known as Mack-Intosh. Ptah-rekh the name of the Egyptian god Ptah was passed down to us by the Druids adopting the name Patrick, which sounded similar. St. Patricks day then is a Christianized form of a druidic holiday which originally had its origins in Egypt. The All-Seeing Eye can be found on ancient buildings in ancient Chaldea, in ancient Greece, and in ancient Egypt. The MI-seeing eye represents Osirus. Osirus had debauched revelries (saturualias) celebrated in his honor. The temples in Arabia clear back in the time that Moses had his black father-in-law Jethro used the all-seeing-eye to represent the false satanic trinity of Osiris, Isis and Horus of Egypt. This MI-Seeing Eye pops up everywhere the Illuminati has been. In the Winter Palace Square in St. Petersburg, Russia is that Illuminati all-seeing eye on top of a pyramid. You will also see it in the old Mexican Senate Buildlng which is now a museum in Mexico City. You will find this on the back of our one dollar bill, and you will find the all-seeing eye was placed on Ethopian stamps when they got a communist government in power.

The Illuminati is the continuation of the Mystery Religions of Babylon and Egypt. And the bloodlines of the Illuminati go back to people who at one time lived in Babylon and Egypt. Just how the House of David (the Satanic one) and the Holy Blood of the 13th family fit in with everything else in history I can't say. I'm sure It would be a big story to tell If I knew. But I do feel that somehow the 13th Illuminati family does goes back to ancient times. Is this via the Tribe of Dan or via some Druidic bloodline or is it via the Merovingians or is it via all three' And where do the Guelphs and Black Nobility fit Into this? Whatever the case, the 13th bloodline has amassed a great deal of power and wealth on this planet. The 13th bloodlIne lacks nothing to bring forth their Anti-Christ who will appear to have all the correct credentials. I would not even be surprised if their Anti-Christ in order to appear real will expose another Anti-Christ. The 13th bloodline has kept its geneologies very secret. I would welcome more Input from informed persons about this bloodline. The tribe of Dan was prophesied to be the black sheep of the nation of Israel which would bite the other tribes of Israel. The tribe of Dan had the snake and the eagle as its two logos. The tribe of Dan left its cailing card all over Europe as it migrated west in the names of many places. The tribe of Dan ruled the Greeks, the Roman Empire, the Austro-Hungarian empire and many others which used the eagle as its logo.

Great Britian is the mother country of Satanism.1 Scotland has long been an occult center. The national symbol of Scotland is the dragon (the snake), and for years the chief of Scotland was called the dragon. The Gaelic language is an important language for Satanism, although English and French are also use extensively by the Illuminati. The planning sessions for world takeover that some ex-Satanists experienced were held in french. The British Royal Family have long been involved with the occult. For more information on this there is a detailed examination of the Royal family and the occult in the book *The Prince and the Paranormal -the Psychic Bloodline of the Royal Family* by John Dale (1987).2 They have also been actively involved with Freemasonry. (See the chart.) British MI6 has been a major vehicle for the Satanic hierarchy working behind the secret veil of Freemasonry to control world events.[3] British MI6 is the most secret intelligence organization in the world.[4] (It is properly known as British Secret Service not to be confused with the U.S. agency by that name but performing a different function entirely.) The British Royalty have served as important figureheads to British Freemasomy lending credibility and respectibility. British Freemasonry has managed to keep itself free of much of the criticism that the other national masonic groups have brought on themselves. However, much of the credibility of British Freemasonry is undeserved. True, British Freemasonry is what it portrays itself to the public for the lower levels. But., the lower level Masons by their dues and activities are unwittingly supporting an organization that is led by Satanists at the top. An example of the subterfuge constantly exercised on the public by Freemasonry is a book purportedly written by a non-Mason entitled *The Unlocked Secret Freemasonry Examined.* The book portrays itself as an unbiased and complete expose of Freemasonry. The book states unequivicably that the Masonic order called Societas Rosicrucian in Anglia (sic] is only open to Christians and is a "Christian Order." However, Edith Star Miller reprints copies of a number of letters from the chief of the Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia which show that the English Grand Masonic Lodge, the SRIA, the OTO, and the German illuminati are all working together.[5] She briefly explains how she obtained the letters.

Notes

1. Interviews with numerous ex-witches and ex-satanists.

2. Copies available from Bury House Christian Books, Clows Top, Kidderminster, Wores, DY 149HX, England.

3. Confidential interviews.

4. Wise, David and Thomas B. Ross. *The Espionage Establishment*, p. 79.

5. Miller, *Occult Theocracy*, Appendix IV, pp. 8-35.

THE SKILL OF LYING,
THE ART OF DECEIT

The Disney Bloodline

The Illuminati have refined the art of deception far beyond what the common man has imagined. The very life & liberty of humanity requires the unmasking of their deceptions. That is what this book is about. Honesty is a necessary ingredient for any society to function successfully. Deception has become a national pastime, starting with our business and political leaders and cascading down to the grass roots. The deceptions of the Illuminati's mind-control may be hidden, but in their wake they are leaving tidal waves of distrust that are destroying America. While the CIA pretend to have our nations best interest at heart, anyone who has seriously studied the consequences of deception on a society will tell you that deception will seriously damage any society until it collapses. Lies seriously damage a community, because trust and honesty are essential to communication and productivity. Trust in some form is a foundation upon which humans build relationships. When trust is shattered human institutions collapse. If a person distrusts the words of another person, he will have difficulty also trusting that the person will treat him fairly, have his best interests at heart, and refrain from harming him. With such fears, an atmosphere of death is created that will eventually work to destroy or wear down the cooperation that people need. The millions of victims of total mind-control are stripped of all trust, and they quietly spread their fears and distrust on a subconscious level throughout society. One problem about lies is that one lie will call for another and then another. It's hard to keep lies single. They seem to want to breed more of their kind to protect themselves. Soon the liar becomes a victim of his own lies, trapped in a dishonest web that demands lots of energy to protect his false fronts. This is the sad fate that the intelligence agencies have painted themselves into. They must maintain groups that oversee their double-agents' lies to insure that the lies that they have disseminated don't contradict themselves. Finally, they have put out so much disinformation, they lose track of reality themselves. Far from saving this nation, the intelligence agencies have spread the cancer of deception into all walks of life, so that this cancer is contaminating and killing anything of value in the United States. The soon-to-come death of this nation's sovereignty, as well as the destruction of this nation's morals are the results of this cancer. People who have attended high level Illuminati meetings were instructed in how the Illuminati plan to bring in the NWO AntiChrist reign by making everything appear as if it has happened naturally. The Illuminati have decided to camouflage their actions with the creation of normalcy to avert any suspicions. An example of something which appears to have happened naturally is the O.J. Simpson case, which was planned based on previous murder scenarios which had been successfully covered up. O.J. Simpson was a CIA mind-controlled slave, and the entire Simpson case was concocted as an elaborate effort to cause racial tensions. The Mishpucka, the CIA, the Mob and the Illuminati have all had their dirty hands involved in the entire affair. The entire affair reeks of manipulation and planning. It is not the goal of this paragraph to go into the case, but just to drop a couple details. Joey Ippolito, Jr. is both CIA & Mob. Ippolito at one time lived in Hallendale, FL, a mob housing subdivision which was protected by a police force run by the mob. He has helped run drugs and wet ops for "the Combination" which interconnects with the Illuminati. O.J. Simpson's friend Cowlings worked for Joey Ippolito, as well as O.J. Simpson. Simpson distributed cocaine for Joey Ippolito & the Combination. Simpson's lawyer also is tied to the Illuminati, the CIA, and the mob. One of his lawyers on TV said the trial reeked of government corruption. Nicole Simpson lived next door to Carl Colby (former CIA director Bill Colbys son). Colby's wife and kids have been subjected to mind-control. Colby's wife testified in O.J. Simpson's trial, but was addressed as "Miss Boe" rather than by her name. O.J. Simpson's mother worked for a California State Mental Hospital in San Francisco for 30 years. Many State Mental Hospital workers have children who have been programmed. When one of the jurors in Simpson's

case, Tracy Hampton, had her mind-control programming go haywire, she began staring for long periods at a blank TV and hearing voices. She had to be dismissed. During the Simpson trial, Judge Ito gave Joe McGinniss the best front-row seat that a journalist could have. Joe McGinniss was the coverup author who wrote a book covering up about the McDonald-Fort Bragg Drug Smuggling Case.

The McDonald-Fort Bragg Drug Smuggling Case involved the Illuminati drug smuggling operation within the U.S. military during the Vietnam War. On and on the stink goes. The manipulation of history by those in power has been well-covered over. An example of how mind-control and its role in manipulation of events has been covered up by the perpetrators is an article written in the Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA) in the Sept. 11, 1967, Vol. 201, No. 11 issue. The article, which was submitted to the magazine from three CIA doctors (Mark, Sweet, and Ervin), claims that riots are caused by brain disease. While the article is correct in the subpoint that only a small percentage of underprivileged urban dwellers participate in many of the riots, the article's thesis is obviously a slide to prevent people from catching on that the small number of deviants who create riots might be under mind-control or might have some other motivation beyond simply being brain-diseased. Any deception, whether it is an exaggeration or an understatement of the NWO's capabilities is considered a useful deception for the Illuminati's double-agents to spread. The german battleship the Bismarck was sunk due to a little lie sent to Germany by a double-agent which underestimated the range of British radar. The Germans, thinking they were out of British radar range, made some bad decisions that cost them the battleship.

DECEPTION DIMINISHES POWER

Knowledge is power, and lies diminish the knowledge of deceived dupes, and therefore diminishes the power of the deceived. Deception obscures the alternatives that people have. It also clouds up various objectives people would work toward. Some people give up certain objectives due to their mis-perceptions that the objective is undesirable or unattainable.

PROGRAMMING DECEPTIONS

In the programming, colors and directions are used. Be prepared to find out. that sometime programmers use their creative imaginations such as using the color "octarine," or the direction "TURNWISE" or perhaps "WIDDERSHINS". During the most fundament programming which is done via LSD trips in sensory deprivation tank to lay in foundations of the Alpha, Beta, Delta, Ome and Theta programs, each programming memory will be given a code. Where one popular programming deception takes place that the programmer knows ahead of time h to sequence his memory codes so that instance, the fifth memory is coded as trip, and strenuous methods are used to up the memories of the first four trips. victim’s s mind will be told to forget the four trips. The memory codes are deceptively designed to fool the deprogrammer and the victim alike. Part of the reason the programmer does this, is that they know that IF a therapist should stumble onto these first memories, the backup programming to protect these memories is so severe that the therapist will shatter the victim’s mind. Backup programs such as Atom bombs and vegetable programming are locked into place to protect the fundamental programs.

BE WISE AS SERPENTS

The Holy Spirit moved an apostle to write, "We are not ignorant of Satan’s devices." Christ warned his disciples to "be wise as serpents and harmless as doves." The Israelites sent out spies before entering the promised land. Within the text of *The Art of War* by Sun-Tzu (a book studied today by men in intelligence), he discusses "hidden provocation agents" in Book 13. Sun-Tzu was born in *534* B.C. and lived most likely until after the year *453* B.C. In 500 B.C., some men were farmers, and some were agent provocateurs. Today, both occupations still exist. The modern American farmer is

vastly superior to the ancient farmer of 500 B.C., so how does the modern agent provocateur compare? He is vastly superior also. It appears the Word of God is accurate, for it warns that God's people will be destroyed for lack of knowledge. The difficulty in obtaining honest information in today's Big Brother world is aptly described by an intelligence asset over the Internet, "If you are lucky and work hard, you will find some of the truth. If you are lucky and work REALLY hard, you might find the WHOLE truth...as someone wants you to know it. If you are PHENOMENALLY lucky and really work your tail *off*, you might even go on to find the REAL truth. But no outsiders...and in fact, very few insiders ever ... EVER ... learn the WHOLE REAL truth."

This book & our two previous books on mind-control) are the result of extremely hard work and numerous miracles of God, and what non-Christians would call lots of luck". The story behind the books is amazing. This book's two authors have had to „swim upstream" for years in search for the real truth. One thing is very clear to this author, during the last seven years of exposing the NWO almost every person who is believed to be a leader against the NWO has tried to impede the work this author has been doing. People need to be aware that the New World Order created their own opposition long before some of us began sincerely trying to expose it. This author's informed opinion is that essentially all (about 98% of the people leading the opposition to the NWO are double agents), and no less than *50%* of the therapists are double-agents. In this state, this author knows as a fact that *50%* of the licensed therapists working with programmed DID patients are programmed DID (MPD) slaves themselves. Recently, one of the therapists in this area, who the False Memory "Spin"-drome & the Illuminati took down, was a therapist who had also been on a local T.V. talk show revealing that she was a multiple & a SRA victim.

DISINFORMATION TO MAKE THEIR DOUBLE-AGENTS LOOK GOOD

"A Force" was MI-6's group that carried out deception. They would have their double agents pass out CHICKEN FEED (which is what they call classified information that can be thrown out to the public) to establish their double-agents' credentials (BONA FIDES) as agents against the British. Today, there are numerous anti-NWO people who are actually double agents. They are distributing chicken feed to make people think they are legitimate. By the way, it is interesting to note for those who realize how important carousels are to programming that MI-6 (HO in Vauxhall Cross, Eng., with a training ctr. at Ft. Monckton, near Gosport, so. Eng.) is nicknamed (actually its cryptonym) „Carousel" by its daughter organization Mossad (officially aka Central Intelligence Collection Agency).

An example of a double-agent who is popular among Christians is an Illuminati witch named Gretchen Passantino, who tours around to Christian conferences belittling the idea of mind-control. Dr. Loreda Fox reports in *The Spiritual and Clinical Dimensions of MPD* that 74% of women abused by SRA come from "Christian homes." The Christian churches are heavily infiltrated.

SLEEPER AGENTS

In the *Vol. 2* book a number of references were made to sleeper agents. The idea of placing someone somewhere in society and letting them lead a normal life for years without ever being used is designed to provide a legitimate smokescreen about what they are all about. Mind-controlled slaves make excellent sleepers. The concept of *making sleeper agents in not a secret. The CIA has publicly admitted that they tried to discover* long-range sleeper agents in the Los Niñios *children of Republican Spain who were the* descendants of communist spaniards who returned to Spain in the 1950's. They also have admitted to having tried to weed out long range sleepers in the Trebizond Greeks who lived near the USSR in Turkey and returned in the 1950's to Greece. As the CIA and KGB mirror-imaged each other in their manufactured Hegelian Dialectic mock dual (which was very real for the "little" person) you can well imagine that the CIA sent sleeper agents against the KGB.

NAMES of TYPES of DISINFORMATION AGENTS

The intelligence agencies have their own lingo for the types of disinformation agents they send against everyone else. So far, we have named only double & sleeper agents. Here are some of their disinformation agents:

AGENT OF INFLUENCE--These agents can be unwitting, under mind-control, or ideologically motivated to use their positions of influence to sway the minds of others. Examples of Agents of Influence are anchor men on T.V., journalists, labor leaders, TV commentators, academics quoted by the media, & some politicians.

CONFUSION AGENT--An agent whose job is to produce confusion by disseminating confounding information.

CONTRACT AGENT--These are the rogue agents, such

as the mob, who the CIA get to do particular jobs on contract. Their connections can be denied.

DEEP COVER AGENT--A sleeper agent (often a programmed multiple or person with mind-control programming) who has been a long term sleeper agent.

DISINFORMATION AGENT--This is a highly placed agent who passes disinformation to other governments.

NOTIONAL AGENT--A fictitious non-existent "agent" which is created with a real-looking identity to mislead.

PROVOCATION AGENT--An agent sent in to provoke & destabilize the target group to do foolish things.

SPOON-FEEDER AGENT--Someone who dribbles out legitimate information, this is often done to build up a person's credentials (bona fides). Lots of the people who are pretending to expose the NWO are spoon-feeder agents who provide a little new information, tons of already known secrets, and sprinkle in a measure of disinformation for added fun. Generally spoon-feeders increase their percentage of disinformation once they gain respectability. There are very few people really exposing anything of consequence about the NWO. This author has endured the loss of several of the really legitimate whistle blowers who were friends being assassinated since he began writing exposes.

What this means is that agents for groups that do mind-control may: have been sleepers for many years and look very legitimately innocent, they may give good correct information to our side, they may say all the right things and try to get us motivated to do more than we would want, they may talk about other friends who are giving them information who do not even exist. It takes discernment to spot people who are not on our side. Unfortunately, such discernment seems to be fundamentally lacking within the public at large. For instance, I have seen people choose obvious NWO agents over this author as a source of "information" (which is in reality disinformation). Most people have bought so much disinformation during their lifetime, perhaps it’s unrealistic to expect them to purge out all the junk they’ve accepted. Just as people in the world need to toss out their worldly thinking, people in the church need to toss out all the indoctrination they’ve gotten from the numerous kinds of harlot churches. At the moment, the system is set up so that the perpetrators of the mind-control are in control of the credentialing process, so that they can provide their stooges/and agents with the best credentials. As the reader can see, the roots of power behind the mind-control go deep.

TRICKING SUSPECTS

One trick (or variations of it) that has been used with suspects is to arrest them, place the suspect in a situation where the police are in two groups--one group looks like police, the other group looks like the group the suspect has come from. After the suspect arrives, the group pretending to be arrested group members, overpowers the police contingent and escapes to another setting where another police group pretending to be even more of the suspect's group ask him who he is and to explain his credentials. Letting his guard down, the original suspect explains what he is all about, thereby giving them the information they needed in the first place. Variations of this script can be run. English intelligence calls this basic script CACKLEBLADDER because chicken blood is used on the police actors that are overpowered to make them look injured.

THE NAMES OF DECEPTION TRICKS

FOUR FACES refers to pretexts used by agents to get interviews. DANGLE is the craft word for luring a victim into a provocation. A dangle operation would be an operation to provoke a group or individual into a particular action. This was done with Elohim City and many other groups that the NWO is trying to set up as patsies.

STANDARD DECEPTION DEVICES

Agents use BLEEP-BOXES to tap telephones and in other instances to make free-of-cost telephone calls. A CABMAN is a device to remotely activate a telephone with a radio beam. It can be used without entering the building where the telephone is located.

MASKS

The use of masks in the occult world is ancient. For centuries, the gypsies have used them for their hypnotic powers. Special healing masks for their people are kept secret and never shown to the public. Masks have a shock value & fascination value. Gypsy and other occult groups have special rituals to create the masks, including using hair clippings from the person who will wear the mask. Gypsy healing masks are destroyed after the patient gets well. Illuminati programming masks may or may not be destroyed after their use. The Illuminati's mask-making abilities (according to deprogrammed victims of their mind-control) are very high quality. Sometimes the programmers simply wear halloween cartoon character masks that anyone can obtain, to fulfill their role in the programming script that they are involved in during the time.

COVERS

Some beginners who have just started into studying the World Order question why the Illuminati would use legitimate religious covers. Why would the Illuminati want to create a slave who is an evangelist? Why? Because those new converts will go to some establishment church where other programmed multiples in leadership positions will demand obedience (and then support those demands by quoting scriptures that make them seem like they are God'ss authority over that new convert). Because the evangelist or missionary and the bishop or pastor are controlled puppets, the convert will never get the full truth, just enough truth to keep him working hard for their organization. Even though the convert "got God in my life", the Illuminati never lose control over him.

The Christians have as much vested interest in preventing the exposure of the Illuminati programmed multiples who are big name Christian ministers running Christendom, as the Illuminati has. Imagine what would happen if the world found out that most of Christianity was run by the human-sacrificing, slave-making Illuminati? This is one of the sad effects of the infiltration. Perhaps the subject of

covers can be explained from another angle. The reader knows that the elite like monopolies. They play monopoly for real--for us it's oniy a board game! To establish a monopoly, you find a good product that everyone wants or needs, and then you eliminate all the competition by either destroying them, or owning the competition yourself. In the U.S., the Illuminati can't have a one-religion monopoly. In Russia, they had communism with Marx, and Lenin as the Father God and Gon the son figure. Communism had a monopoly on worship. In the U.S., they have established a monopoly by controlling all the various religious groups. (This author wrote an 800 page heavily documented book *Be Wise As Serpents* to show the details of how this is done.) It's not a matter of what they teach, it's a matter of control, so that the elite have a monopoly. And when you, as a mover & shaker in the world, control all these various religions via money, blackmail, & programmed multiples under your leadership, etc. which religion would you pick to emphasize the most? You will pick the one that sells the best, i.e. the best product. And which brand of Christianity will sell the best? The televised charismatic brand will sell the best. Covers that slaves use to explain what they do in life are almost always "legitimate". A missionary, a military officer, a salesperson, etc. will usually actually do their cover job most of the time. Their cover is their occupation, their service as a mind-controlled slave is almost an unwitting avocation. Organizations are used as covers. The Illuminati use military, social, intelligence, education, banking and other organizations as covers. (See my *Be Wise As Serpents* book for many of these.) Moriah's front organizations, such as the CIA, in turn use other organizations. Here is just a sampling of CIA fronts, to show the variety of fronts used:

· Asia Foundation was an academic organization created by the CIA.

· Castle Bank & Trust Co. has been a bank in the Caribbean that is a CIA front.

· Forum World Features has been a front created for CIA propaganda purposes and based in London, UK.

· Geschicter Foundation for Medical Research (as well as the Josiah Macy Foundation) was used as an intelligence front to launder money used for mind-control.

· Air-Sea Forwarders, Inc. was the legal corporation name of a CIA front in North Hollywood, CA. The company was involved in moving freight. In the last few years, this corporation sued E-Systems, the company which builds the CIA and the NWO's electronic systems such as their communications satellites. In court, the company proved that it was a CIA front, in spite of CIA denials. As this chapter provides information about some of the Illuminati/ intelligence connections to Hollywood, bear in mind that this CIA front was proven in court to be a CIA front in Hollywood. A feat that rarely occurs.

ONE OF THE GREATEST DECEPTIONS OF ALL TIME: DISNEY

INTRODUCTION

For years, I have heard many Americans say that something is terribly wrong in this country & that things are "going to pot", and yet Americans can't put their finger on what exactly is wrong. When I first began to receive reports from victims of Illuminati mind-control about Disney's involvement in their mind-control, I kept an open ear, but I wanted some tangible proof. After investigating for myself, there is now no doubt in my mind that Disney (the man, the movies & the entertainment parks) has been a major contributor to the demise of America, while maintaining a very well constructed front of wholesomeness. In this chapter, you will learn why Disney is one of the best deceptions of the Illuminati. This author has read a good portion of what is available to the public concerning Disney. This exposé is undoubtedly the deepest on Disney that has ever been done. Perhaps part of my motivation is that I've tired of Christians talking and acting like Disney stands for sainthood. Christians, who should have known better, are some of the ones who have swallowed "hook, line and sinker" the enormous deception that entails Disney. They feed their children a steady

diet of occultism and witchcraft because they have been programmed to think of Disney as wholesomeness and everything that is good about America. Many writers over the years have tried to expose Disney, most have been stopped before they could get their books published. The few authors who have managed have faced vicious attacks on their character & integrity, and have faced enormous struggles against public relations campaigns paid for by the Disneys. The Disney's power, and the power behind them, has frightened most people away from challenging them. But someone needs to speak on behalf of the victims. Whether anyone listens or not, the victims will know that somebody cared enough to stand up & write the truth. Disney has not only left mind-control victims in its wake, but they have harassed land-owners, stolen employee idea's and left all kinds of hurting victims in their path. Disney has risen to become the unquestionable largest media-entertainment conglomerate in the world, & was ranked company no. 48 in the top 500 companies by *Forbes 500.*

Observations about HOW THE ILLUMINATI LIKE TO HIDE BEHIND PERFECT FRONTS.

There are numerous Illuminati homes, restaurants, wineries and other institutions that are today carrying out the same type of strict standards upon their employees that Walt Disney Studios maintained. While Hollywood was immersed in moral filth from the start, Walt Disney Studios had strict standards. In the 1930's, Disney had a dress code that required men in ties, and women in sober-colored skirts. If a man looked lecherously at a woman at Walt Disney Studios he risked being instantly fired. Walt was a shining example of the strictest legalism. Even during the '50's, if an employee were caught saying anything considered a cussword such as "hell" they were instantly fired no matter who they were. Walt would not allow his male employees to have any facial hair, even though he himself sported a mustache. He never allowed employees to have alcohol at the studios, (which might not be a noteworthy standard except that Walt himself drank heavy amounts of alcohol in his private office at work for decades). Initially, Walt was very reluctant to have his young artists, who were being trained by Don Graham, draw live nude models, but reluctantly gave approval. Again the motive was not to serve God, but to make sure the Disney reputation remained untarnished. With the power of the establishment media behind Disney, Walt had nothing to worry about, news about the nude drawing classes and their detailed drawings never reached the light of day. Behind such strict fronts of legalistic morals, cleanliness & soberness, you will often find lots of guilt and high level satanic ritual. For instance, Hitler (who was by the way also a failed artist & who liked mechanical things more than people) obsessively washed his hands many times a day (out of guilt), and so did Walt Disney. Walt obsessively washed his hands several times an hour, every hour. Walt liked animals & his trains more than people. This author has seen some alters who were forced to take another human's life, and when they relived the memory, the alters then tried to physically wash the blood guilt off of their hands. Another example is that over the years this author has discovered that many of the exclusive restaurants that are meticulous in every detail are tied in with the mind-control and criminal activities of the elite. Dirty money is keeping the places looking sparkling clean.

Walt Disney worked very hard at maintaining a great image for himself and his company. An example of this, is how he exploded in rage and wrote an angry memo when a Disney character was placed in a beer ad. (Memo mentioned in Thomas, Bob. *Walt Disney An American Original.* Hyperion, 1994, p. 7.) He had a personal image builder, Joe Reddy, who worked full time to build Walt's image. Joe Reddy was a cigar-smoking irishman who loved the catholic college Notre Dame's football team. He also was a publicity agent for Shirley Temple. But the Disney deception entails far more than Joe Reddy's decades of image making, and Walt's own abilities to create good images of himself. Just as with Billy Graham (see *Vol. 2* about Billy Graham), the entire Illuminati threw their weight behind promoting Walt Disney. Ronald Reagan and Walt Disney were good friends and both cut from the same die in many ways. Both men were high ranking Freemasons, both came from socialist backgrounds (Ronald's mother was Eleanor Roosevelt's best friend, & Walt's Dad was a socialist leader), both were paid FBI informants, and both were involved heavily in the abuse of mind-controlled slaves. Walt always generously supported Reagan's political campaigns, and in turn Reagan did political favors for Walt as Gov. of California. For instance, Disney's Mineral King mountain resort needed an access route through the Sequoia Nat. Park at a time when there was lots

of congressional pressure to preserve the last stands of redwoods. Gov. Reagan got his friend Disney his road through the park.

Reagan served as the emcee for the opening day of Disneyland on July 17, 1990. He returned with Illuminati TV host Art Linkletter for the 35th anniversary. Ronald Reagan & Art Linkletter both pumped Disney publicly. Another slave abuser that spent time with Disney was Bob Hope, who would spend time on the golf course with Walt. On the opening day's telecast, cameras showed Sammy Davis, Jr. (a member of the Church of Satan) and Frank Sinatra (a mind-control slave handler) driving the pint-sized Disney ears at the Autopia ride. When Disney celebrated its fifty yr-anniversary with a two hour special on May 20, 1991, the program included people like occultist Bill Campbell and was named "Best of Disney, 50 Years of Magic." For the silver anniversary of Disney World in Oct. '96, the Clinton's were invited to help open 15 months of celebrations. The theme of the anniversary celebrations was "Remember the Magic". A Boy's & Girl's Club sang 'When you wish upon a star' (a popular programming song). Hillary Rodham Clinton (herself an Illuminati Grand Dame and a mind-control programmer) shared with the audience that she and Bill "first brought daughter Chelsea to the Magic Kingdom when she was four." Roy E. Disney, nephew of Walt, told the public that Disney World "is the story of men and women who took hold of a dream and never let go." There is a double meaning to that. Many victims of trauma-based mind-control have taken hold of the illusions that were programmed into their mind secretly at Disney, and never let go. Among the visitors to Disneyland have been all the American Presidents from Eisenhower to Clinton, over a dozen kings & queens, as well as Emperor Akihito of Japan, Anwar Sadat, and Robert Kennedy (who rode the Matterhorn with astronaut John Glenn.) Both Denmark's & Belgium's kings who are in the Illuminati visited, as well as the dictators of Indonesia, the Shah of Iran and Ceausescu of Romania. (As a side-note Roy E. Disney was forewarned by Arab leader that the Shah was to be deposed.) Organizations that have been actively working for a New World Order for many years gave big awards to Walt in his early years such as the B'nai B'rith (Man of the Year Award to Walt) and the Chamber of Commerce. In 1936, Walt was given the Chamber of Commerce's annual „Outstanding Young Man" award. The establishment's Yale & Harvard Universities gave him honorary degrees. Walt Disney biographer Leonard Mosley, who researched Walt Disney for years (as well as writing books on the duPonts, the Dulles brothers, and Hirohito) wrote in his book on Walt Disney, "The studio publicity machines in the film colony had, as usual, gone out of their way to try to persuade me, as a writer for a powerfully influential British newspaper, that this was a city of lawless gods and goddesses, full of clean-living, sanitized stars.

"It was even more of a deodorized world at the Walt Disney Studio where the publicity men insisted their boss was faultless--never drank too much, never used a swearword, never lost his temper, never quarreled with his wife or family, never let down a friend. And woe betide anyone who tried to suggest otherwise. Members of the resident foreign and local press risked their jobs if they dared to write stories inferring that Walt Disney could be domineering, implacable, and unforgiving (as was the case, for instance, before, during, and after the 1941 studio strike). The Disney flacks were capable of exerting heavy pressure on editors and proprietors or, through the advertising pages, against anyone who inferred Walt Disney was not the epitome of well-scrubbed and benevolent perfection." (Mosley, Leonard. *Disney's World.* New York: Stein & Day, p. 10.) Disney is perhaps the epitome of Illuminati abilities to create images. They have created great images for things Disney, incl. Walt Disney, Disney movies, and Disney's Amusement parks. In some cases these things have been overrated, in other instances the sinister side to them has been carefully hidden. In order to make movies that contain the typical smut of Hollywood, sex and violence, Disney did a slight of hand and created subsidiaries which Disney runs, which has allowed them to keep their good image. They also never showed the public the hard core porn that was made for years in secrecy for the elite. Behind Disney's good front lies hard porn, snuff films, white slavery, Illuminati mind-control, and the seduction of several generations into witchcraft. Disney's involvement in these kind of things will be explained in this chapter. Nobody has sold America witchcraft as well as the Disney brothers. Movie after movie has cleverly brought the occult into the warp & woof of American thought, all under the disguise of entertainment. For instance, it was Disney that brought us cannibalism and told us that it was a "triumph of the human spirit" (a direct quote from Disney's Touchtone Producer Robert Watts

concerning Disney's movie "Alive" featuring survivors of an airplane crash who turned to cannibalism). Under the disguise of entertainment & showing us how "triumphant" the human spirit was, they subtly promoted cannibalism. Mickey Mouse plays a leading role in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." And yet when this author has suggested that Disney movies aren't wholesome, many Christian parents come unglued and have gotten angry with this author. The deceptive image that Disney movies are wholesome is a triumph in Illuminati deception. Parents would be surprised what is slipped into cartoons. In Disney's "The Little Mermaid" the castles are male sexual organs. In one cartoon Mighty Mouse is shown without comment clearly snorting cocaine. Walt Disney Studios Chairman Joe Roth is in charge of Walt Disney as well as subsidiaries Touchtone, Miramax, and Hollywood Pictures, which were all created to camouflage the Disney production of adult films. Disney operates in a clandestine manner regarding the promotion, distribution and rating of the films produced by their subsidiaries.

DISNEY MAKES MALE PHALLUSES INTO CASTLES.

Roth oversaw Disney's subsidiary Hollywood Pictures' Evita film. Evita has as its main start "Material Girl" Madonna. Madonna is in reality a mind-controlled slave who has appeared in numerous underground porn/& ritual porn movies. (This author has an underground catalog from a porn business, that has recently changed its location of business. The catalog offered a film of Madonna performing an actual blood sacrifice.) She also was the main actress in Disney's Dick Tracy film which is reported to be used for mind-control. During an Arsenio Hall show, Madonna, who as a guest acted dissociative, was picked up by the cameras during the show kissing her Baphomet ring. Disney controls the products that are associated with the movies of their subsidiaries. In Evita's case they are marketing hats and other items, as just one more of Disney's countless artificially generated consumerism campaigns. In Ruth Stein's interview of Madonna, Madonna appeared bored with plugging Disney's consumer products. When asked about the tango dresses and hats inspired by Evita that popped up in stores after the film, Madonna said, "Believe me, I have nothing to do with it. Disney is pushing the whole thing." (San *Francisco Chronicle*, 12/29/96, Datebook section). In one interview Madonna states she wants her daughter to grow up knowing Catholicism, but she doesn't believe that it would be good for her daughter if Madonna narried the father of her child from Lourdes, Carlos Leon. In another interview, Madonna says, "Actually, I'm a very good role model, because I say, 'Look, these are my standards'..." She then goes on to plug homosexuality, same sex marriage, and single families in the interview. Walt Disney stated that it plans to release an album by DANZIG, a heavy metal band whose songs contain "dark themes". The Disney press release announces on its by-line "Mickey Mouse is going heavy metal." Disney's album „BLACK ACID DEVIL" was due to hit the music stores Oct. 30, 1996 during Halloween time. According to Disney this music has no satanic references, but does have "dark, Gothic and sexual" overtones. Glenn Danzig denies that he is a satanist.

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k. Detailed Script of how one Disney movie is used for programming.

1. Partial List of Sources

B. AN OVERVIEW

Disneyland and Disneyworld are world famous and the pride of America. They are also extremely important programming centers for the Illuminati to create total mind-controlled slaves. Disneyland is also involved with providing a place for rituals, porn and other satanic activities. In terms of deception, Disney movies and Disney Amusement Parks rate as one of the best deceptions. According to deprogrammed ex-Illuminati slaves, the Illuminati in the 1960's needed to shift their programming away from the military bases, because too much publicity (heat) was shined on the military bases. Their goal was to have someplace that people from all over the world could come to without raising any suspicions, and a place which would be the perfect cover for many of their criminal activities.

According to a witness, the Illuminati Programmers got a big laugh out of using Disneyland as a major Illuminati base for criminal activity. Under the disguise of entertaining the world, they carried out money laundering, child slavery laundering, and mind-control. They nick-named Disneyland "the little syndicate of mind-control." When a child of 3 or 4 was kidnapped, they could torture the child and then put him on a ride such as a ferris wheel or carousel that a. created dissociation from the pain, while also b. going along with some fairy tale programming script. An abducted child while waiting to be picked up from one Illuminati non-parent caretaker by another, could be kept happy and distracted while waiting for the pickup. For years, Disneyland was an Illuminati center for many of their world-wide activities. Now Disney has created other sites around the world such as EuroDisneyland 20 miles east of Paris and Tokyo Disneyland. Tokyo Disneyland in 1991 had 16 million people attend. With such hugh crowds, it doesn't take much imagination how the Illuminati have been able to do sneaky criminal activities right in front of people, and the public never sees it, in the middle of all the activity. EuroDisney has been a money losing affair, but the Saudis who benefit from its mind-control, gave Disney the money to keep it financially in business. Walt Disney Records is the largest children's record label in the world. Disney through their movies, books, toys, records, etc. has made a tremendous impact on the children of the world. Their movie Return from Witches Mountain was one of the most powerful witchcraft promotions ever made. Ducktails, which has deliberate Monarch mind-control triggers written into the script, is also broadcast in Poland and the former USSR.

From the time of the Roman Empire (at least, if not before) the oligarchical leadership, who have been in control of both the Mystery Religions and European aristocracy, have known about BREAD & CIRCUS. Bread and Circus refers to the concept that IF the masses of people are given entertainment and food staples, THEN they are easy to control. Walt Disney movies have played a key role in providing entertainment for the masses to insure Illuminati control. Walt Disney's friend the Masonic prophet H.G. Wells in his book *A Modem Utopia* that there would be lots of shows in the New World Order. The World Future Society in a book review in their publication *Future Survey Annual*, 1993, (ed. Michael Marien, Bethesda, MD: World Future Soc., p. 91) describes Disney: "Control of commodities [such as entertainment] and access to commodities translates into control over people. 'The postmodern US is a massive rush of disconnected commodities, each seeking a

moment of our attention." The world of commodities is our soma, and entertainment is the current form of public discourse. Walt Disney World, spread over 27,400 acres of central Florida swamp and scrub forest, ‘is the most ideologically important piece of land in the U.S.’ What goes on here is the

quintessence of the American way. It is visited by over 30 million people a year--not only the major middle-class pilgrimage center in the US, but by far the most important entertainment center in the world. It is clearly Oz, utopia as a marketing device."

Two Disney brothers Walt (Walter Elias) and Roy O. Disney have been at the center of the creation of amusement parks and popular Disney films. In more recent times, two other men, Eisner and Katzenberg have been notable at Disney. Eisner & Katzenberg, as well as others will be discussed later. One of Disney’s directors, Victor Salva, was convicted of molesting a boy and filming one of the sexual molestations. Recently Disney Director Salva produced the Disney movie "Powder". (Victor Salva’s sexual molestation conviction was covered by newspaper articles such as Robert W. Welkos of the LA Times, in newspapers such as *The Oregonian*, Weds. Oct. *25*, 1995, A sect.) The impact of the Disney brothers is monumental. Mickey Mouse teeshirts can be seen being worn by natives all over the world. Disney World and Disneyland are the quest for a large segment of humanity, who often esteem these amusement parks as the highlight of their life. What is highly esteemed among men, is an abomination to God according to the Word of God. The Bible arbitrarily makes this claim, but sadly, research by this author over the years proves that a close examination of Disney & mankind’s esteem for "Disney" things does vindicate the Biblical expectation. In other words, as readers of this article will find out, behind the appearance of wholesomeness of the Disney brothers and their creations lays abominations-- some of the most grotesque aspects of generational occultism the world has ever seen. Disney’s Magic Kingdom has become an American Institution that impacts people all over the world from the cradle to the grave.

C. WHO WAS WALT DISNEY?

In the large book The Art of Walt Disney from Mickey Mouse to the Magic Kingdom by Christopher Finch (N.Y.: Harry

N. Abrams, 1975) on page 11 an interesting and revealing statement is made: "By definition, public figures are known to everyone; yet, even after talking with some of Disney's closest associates, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that nobody really knew him. Always there was some aspect of his personality that was just out of reach."

Those who got to know Walt too closely make complaints such as he was "self-satisfied, intractable, and arrogant." He could bring his artists to tears or anger in a matter of seconds. Finch is not the only author who has tried to warn his readers that the public’s image of Walt Disney was just that--only a false image. Mosley also writes in his biography of Walt Disney, "Since Disney is regarded by millions of people, particularly in the United States, as perhaps this century’s most brilliantly successful creator of screen animation, I think I should make one thing clear right away. I share the general admiration of a man whose cinematic achievements were always so happily inspired and inspiriting. But--and this is where I differ from uncritical idolaters--I have to know all the facts, no matter how unpalatable, as well as the romantic myths about any great man or woman I admire. Many of the myths that have been created by his publicists about Walt Disney are unpalatable, unbelievable, and unsatisfactory because so much of the real Walt Disney has been deliberately concealed.. .Walt Disney...had grave flaws in his character." (Mosley. *Disney’s World*, pg. 9) Years ago, an Illuminati Grand Master and programmer stated, "If the world only had the eyes to see the fibers which lay under the surface of Walt Disney’s image, they’d tar and feather him, and drag him through the streets. If only they knew what Disney’s primary goal s."

PERSONAL DETAILS

Walt had black hair with a black mustache, and bright quick eyes and was about 6' tall. He used his own facial features to clue artists on how to draw Mickey Mouse's features. He liked specially rolled brown cigarettes which he smoked up to 70 a day. He picked up the smoking habit in the army. He loved expensive Scotch Whiskey, red sunsets, and horses. He had a vacation home in Palm Springs, CA called the Smoke Tree Ranch. He often wore the Ranch's letter STR emblazoned on his necktie. He played lots of golf with Bob Hope and Ed Sullivan at the ST Ranch. His main home was an estate in Holmby Hills. The Holmby Hills estate was located in a plush area where lots of rich show-business families lived. It was located between Bel-Air (an occult word for Satan) & Beverly Hills.

Walt spent many of his nights at the Disney Studios and later he had his own private quarters at the center of Disneyland. He had reoccurring bouts of insomnia. (For his nerves and insomnia he'd take alcohol and tranquilizers.) He'd go weeks on end without stepping foot on the Holmby Hills estate and seeing his family.

The main topic at the studio by the staff during different time periods was Walt's bizarre behavior--he would not be available until late afternoon, when he would emerge from the studio's subterranean maze of tunnels, where supposedly he was "chatting with the maintenance engineers" everyday. The value of his estate when he died was *35* million dollars of which Lillian his wife inherited half. In his later years, when Disney took a vacation he went to Paris for 3 weeks, and 3 weeks at the Hotel du Cap, in Antibes, and then cruised on Fritz Loew's yacht with Ron and Diane Disney. In England, Walt spent time with the British Royal family and met privately with masonic prophet H.G. Wells. In Rome, Walt visited privately with the Pope and the dictator Mussolini. In 1966, Walt Disney died. Prior to his

death he had investigated cryogenesis--being frozen, and it is believed by some that his body is frozen somewhere in California, while others claim he was cremated.

MICKEY MOUSE

According to one source, the inspiration for Walt to create Mickey Mouse came when he was unemployed and saw a mouse in the gutter. There are quite a few stories in circulation as to where the idea came from. Ub Iwerks claimed he thought Mickey up at an animator's meeting in Hollywood. Walt once said, "There is a lot of the Mouse in me." (biographical article written by Elting E. Morison, p. 131) In fact, Ub Iwerks told Walt that Mickey Mouse "looks exactly like you--same nose, same face, same whiskers, same gestures and expressions. All he needs now is your voice." Walt often did serve as Mickey's voice. A book put out by Walt Disney Co. in 1988 reveals that Walt Disney told Ward Kimball "Quite frankly, I prefer animals to people." Walt usually was the voice behind Mickey Mouse, (even though he wasn't the artist.) His mother was chilly for years about the work Walt did. Around 1940, after much pleading, he finally got her to watch Mickey Mouse. His unsupportive mother (which he would within a few years learn was not actually his biological mother) told him she didn't like Mickey Mouse's voice, to which he told her it was his, and then she responded by saying he had a horrible voice. The "cold towel" she threw on Mickey Mouse helped convince Walt to quit making Mickey Mouse cartoons. Very few came out of Disney after that, and the very next Mickey Mouse full-length feature cartoon, Fantasia, had Mickey mostly silent.

Walt's idea for The Sorcerer's Apprentice was based on some of his own ideas. Walt had had the dream which was used for Mickey Mouse in The Sorcerer's Apprentice of having "complete control of the earth and the elements." Disneyland and Disneyworld were partial fulfillments of that dream for control. Walt's final pet project just prior to his death was the meticulously restored version of the witchcraft film ,,Bedknobs and Broomsticks." *(Disney Magazine*, Winter 96-97, pub. by Disney, p. 96 mentions this.) As a programming device, Mickey Mouse works well because it plays on the subconscious genetically transmitted fear of mice that women have. Mickey's image can help create a

love-hate relationship, which is so valued during the traumatization & programming of mind-controlled slaves.

Some sources state that Walt's love for animals came from the time his family had a farm near Marceline, Missouri. Walt began his schooling at Marceline, but continued it after the age of eight at Benton School in Kansas City, MO. Walt's Dad had a serious gambling problem and passed the spirit of gambling to his son Walt. Walt never graduated from high school. He had a natural love and a flair for art work, although (contrary to his public image) he never became proficient at it. He joined the army in W.W. I as an ambulance driver by lying about his age. During the war, he also chauffeured dignitaries. He also did some other things that are very revealing. He enjoyed drinking & gambling while in the service, and he ran a scam where he doctored German artifacts picked up on the battlefield to sell to people. War relics were tampered with to get them in shape to get the most money from them possible. Walt took the battle souvenirs - and dressed them up, for instance, coating the insides of helmets with grease, hair & blood and putting holes in them to make them into expensive souvenirs. This shows that Walt was willing to build illusions if it paid. He could be deceptive if he saw an advantage to it. From gleanings from things Walt said to people, it appears that as a child, he'd seen the darker side of life (for instance, his father had a habit of beating him in the basement) and had had some interest or exposure to magic as a child. Bob Thomas writes, "Walt took a boyish delight in playing tricks on his parents. He was fascinated with magic tricks..." *(Walt Disney, An American Original,* p. *35.)*

After the military, Walt hoped to have a career as an artist. He applied to the advertising agency of Pesman-Rubin. Roy, his brother, claimed that Pesman-Rubin hired Walt as a personal favor to Roy who handled the agency's account at the bank Roy worked at. Walter lasted a month until the advertising agency let him go due to Walt's "singular lack of drawing ability." According to *Current Biography 1952,* in 1923, Walt and Roy had together $290. They borrowed *$500* from another Disney, one of their uncles named Robert Disney and began to try to make cartoons. Robert Disney had retired in the L.A. area in Edendale, CA after a successful mining career. Robert had always been close to Walt's father Elias, and helped Walt and Roy out when they came to California. Walt loved to study Charlie Chaplin (a member of the Collins family). He scrawled notes about his body language, facial features, and his gag methods. He also read everything he could about animation and cartooning. They worked out of their uncle's garage in Hollywood, CA. They were finally able to make a good cartoon Steamboat Willie in 1928, which became an instant hit. As with many things in life, the cartoon was not only good, but Walt finally had the right „connections." On Nov. 18, '28, Steamboat Willie was shown in a small, independent theater without any advance promotion or advertising. But amazingly(!) the *New York Times, Variety,* and *Exhibitor's Herald* all ran rave reviews of the cartoon the next day. Was this an accident? did journalists from all these prestigious periodicals just happen to go to this tiny independent theater? no it was connections. The reason the elite decided to promote Walt Disney after Steamboat Willie came out as Hollywood's newest "boy wonder" was to deflect enormous bitterness that had been generated by the Stock Market collapse toward Jewish financiers. Hollywood, even in its first two decades, was known as "Babylon" and "Sin City". The movie industry was well-known to be run by Jews, and many people blamed the Stock Market Crash on the moral degradation that Hollywood had introduced to this nation. There were calls for government regulatory groups to stop the smutty Hollywood films. Edgar Magnin, the spiritual leader of the major movie makers who were part of the Los Angeles B'nai B'rith reportedly encouraged those in the Mishpucka and others who were B'nai B'rith movie makers that Hollywood needed to protect itself by putting Walt Disney in the limelight as a Christian "white knight with family values". (By the way, Edgar Magnin was nicknamed "Rabbi to the Stars", because he was "the Hollywood rabbi".) E. Magnin's grandfather's department store chain was one of the first major accounts of the Bank of Italy, and Edgar Magnin had continued his family's close association with the Bank of Italy. The closeness also came from the Bank of Italy's close ties to the B'nai B'rith and ADL. In 1930, the movie industry made a production code which stated that the industry must make a special effort to make movies appropriate for children. Hollywood directly praised Disney in that code as an exemplary model of what the movie industry wanted to do.

With the power of the B'nai B'rith and ADL behind him, Walt began sailing to fame. Movie studios that had been turning out smut, with lots of sex and violence all jumped on the bandwagon to show Walt's clean wholesome cartoons. Walt was the facelift Hollywood needed after the Depression caused Americans to think about America's morals. Many of the regular movie makers were so corrupt they were out of touch with moral issues, but Walt Disney knew black from

white. The Jewish movie makers "pushed the man [Walt] they considered their best hope to the front of the pack" who was billed as a fundamentalist Christian (albeit a masonic "Christian" who rarely stepped foot in a church). (quote from *Walt Disney Hollywood's Prince of Darkness,* p. *50.)* Strangely, the biographies indicate that Walt quit doing the actual drawing in 1927, and Walt devoted himself entirely to the development of the cartoon business, such as raising money. In other words, the image of Walt Disney being the artist who has created the Disney cartoon's is inaccurate. The Disney brothers actually hired many other artists to do the art work. If Walt quit drawing in 1927, and their first marketable cartoon was in 1928, that clearly shows that Walt did not do the actual cartooning. He continued to oversee the work, walking in and rigidly inspecting what was being done to suit his own intuitive tastes. Actually the genius cartoon artist (animator) who made Walt Disney a success was Ub Iwerks, about whom Walt on a number of occasions said was "the best animator in the world". Without Ub Iwerks to take Walt's ideas and turn them into reality, Walt would never have become famous. Ub was an incredible genius who had a sense of line, a sense of humor, patience, organization and a great sense of what Walt wanted. Walt treated him cruelly at times, interrupting him, playing tricks on him, and not being totally honest with paying him, but he stayed with Walt over the years and made Walt the success Walt became. (The books *Disney's World* and *Disney Animation: The Illusion of Life* have information on the unheralded genius Ub Iwerks.) Another unknown great artist was Floyd Gottfredson. Floyd Gottfredson drew all the Mickey Mouse cartoons from 1932 until October, 1975--which is a period of *45* 1/2 years. Floyd Gottfredson was a Mormon born in a railway station in *1905,* and raised in a tiny Mormon town, Siggurd, 180 miles so. of Salt Lake City. In 1931, before Floyd totally took over the Mickey Mouse drawings, he would take suggestions from Walt on what to draw. For instance, Walt puzzled him by insisting he do a cartoon series of Mickey Mouse committing suicide. Floyd had said, "Walt, You're kidding!" But Walt thought that a series on suicide would be funny. Over the years the Walt Disney products never mentioned Floyd's name. The bulk of the fans were led to believe Walt did the cartooning of Mickey Mouse himself. (See the book *Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse in Color.* Ed. Bruce Hamilton, pub. The Walt Disney Co., 1988.)

Fred Moore was involved in the creation of Pluto and some other cartoon characters. The idea for Pluto was Walt's and it was Norm Ferguson's genius at drawing that took the idea and created the actual images. Walt Disney was awarded 32 personal academy awards for the work that was done by his studios. Walt Disney's famous signature was actually designed by someone else, and was taught to Walt. (Schickel, Richard. *The Disney Version: The Life, Time, Art and Commerce of Walt Disney.* NY, 1968, p. 34.) Walt could only make a crude Disney signature, so he delegated the writing of the signature to several artists including Bob Moore, Disney's publicity artist. Later, after much practice he learned to make it well enough to do for publicity. Many people who wrote letters asking for his actual signature, and who actually did his signature, thought that they had received forgeries by his staff, because the famous Disney signature was so crude. The nicer looking ones were the forgeries. One cartoon animator who joined Disney in 1940 recalled that Walt told him the first day, "You're new here, and I want you to understand just one thing. What we're selling here is the name Walt Disney. If you can swallow that and always remember it, you'll be happy here. But if you've got any ideas about seeing the name Ken Anderson [his name] up there, its best for you to leave right away."

OCCULT PORN KING

Walt grew up fascinated with the occult and in an abusive home situation. He was fascinated with cartoons, nature and children. He had an intuitive sense for quality cartoons that would appeal to children. At some point, the syndicate got him indebted to them. At that point he was their man. He

owed them a debt that they held over him. In secret, Walt became a porn king. A victim remembers that he was sadistic and enjoyed snuff porn films. His interest in children was far from altruistic.

The Hapsburgs of the 13th Illuminati bloodline had a sex salon in Vienna, where a porn photographer named Felix Salten worked. Felix Salten wrote a book *Bambi,* which was then translated into English by the infamous communist Whittaker Chambers. The elite were just beginning to form the roots for today's environmental movement. The book appealed to Disney, because Disney liked animals better than people. In the book, tame animals view humans as gods, while the wild and free animals see humans as demons who they simply called "Him." The book begins with both free and tame animal viewing humans as rightly having dominion over them. In the end, the animals view all humans as simply being on the same level as animals, a vicious animal only fit to be killed.

Disney instructed his animators to make the animals "to be human. I want people to forget they are watching animals." Bambi was to receive a Christ-like manger birth, with the animals hailing him as a "prince." Due to his sexual problems, Walt at one point permitted himself to be subjected to the packing of his genitals in ice for hours at a time. (Elliot, *Walt Disney Hollywood's Dark Prince,* p. 83.) Children were instructed to call Walt "Uncle Walt." An example of this were the Mouseketeers. For those who know how mind-control programmers have traditionally liked to be called "uncle" by their child victims, the insistence by Walt to be known as "uncle" is distasteful. From what this author has learned from some sources about Walt's non-public life as a hidden sadistic porn king, it raises questions about other parts of his life. For instance, Kenneth Anger in his book *Hollywood Babylon II,* p. 192, "Some animators stated that the boss [Walt Disney] seemed to have fallen in love with the boy. There may be some truth in this..." The boy, who Walt fell in love with, was a small young attractive boy actor named Bobby Driscoll who signed up in 1946 with Disney. He acted in Song of the South, Treasure Island and Bobby's voice was used in Peter Pan. Bobby Driscoll was very intelligent and attractive. Did Disney help or abuse him? If Disney was such an upbuilding wholesome atmosphere, & this child actor had everything going for him, why did Bobby become a methamphetamine addict at 17 & die within just a few years? Why didn't his talent & early career lead to something positive in his life?

From those who knew Walt personally one learns that he had an obsession with the buttock part of anatomy. He enjoyed jokes about this part of the anatomy, which he told to his staff quite frequently. The staff edited out many of his crude posterior jokes from cartoon scripts. Two examples that got by the editors are a Christmas special where a little boy is unable to button the drop seat of his pajamas. The little boy's problem in maintaining his modesty is the running gag of the cartoon. In the end, Santa gives him a champer pot. The 2nd example is the paddling machine used on the wolf in The Three Little Pigs. Numerous Disney cartoons feature buttocks of characters provocatively twitching.

AS A WITNESS BEFORE CONGRESS

After W.W. II, Walt Disney was called upon by Hollywood to testify in their defense at the Un-American hearings which were being carried out by congressmen who were concerned about the heavy communist influence within Hollywood. Walt downplayed any communist influence in Hollywood to

Congress. Interestingly, Walt's father was an outspoken Socialist Party leader in the United States who advocated a socialist New World Order. He regularly voted for socialist presidential candidate Eugene Debs. One of the first drawings Walt did as a boy was to duplicate the socialist political cartoons he found in a socialist periodical *Appeal to Reason* that his father subscribed to. When Walt asked in the 1930's how his father felt about socialism's successes, his father Elias said, "Today, everything I fought for in those early days has been absorbed into the platforms of both the major parties. Now I feel pretty good about that." (Thomas, Bob. *Walt Disney, An American Original,* pg. 147-148) Walt's movie *Alice's Egg Plant (1925)* was pure communist doctrine where the red hen (communist) leads the working chickens on a strike against Julius the farm manager (representing

capitalists.) The strike at Disney and unionization of Disney in 1940, soured Walt toward communism. The workers at Disney publicly made personal verbal attacks on Walt & he never forgave the humiliation. In spite of his public distaste for communism, his Magic Empire (his castle where he was king) was run like a socialist dictatorship, similar to what the NWO plans. Employees at Disney did not have titles; it was faceless egalitarianism with an all powerful dictator Disney at the top. It was racially elitist too. The only full-time African-American during Walt's lifetime at Disney was a black shoe shine man. Was Walt a socialist of the National Socialist (Nazi) variety? Arthur Babbitt claims, "On more than one occasion I observed Walt Disney and Gunther Lessing there [at Nazi meetings], along with a lot of other prominent Nazi-afflicted Hollywood personalities. Disney was going to meetings all the time." Lessing was mobster Willie Bioff's crony. Bioff had spent his earlier days running a whorehouse, before coming to Hollywood for the mob. In the final panel of the Mickey Mouse comic strip of 6/19/40 a swastika appeared. Some people have wondered what this & other "secret signals" in Disney's work meant. Disney was not Illuminati. The powerful elite are very skilled at controlling people that rub shoulders with them, those who are beginning to become independently wealthy. For instance, they destroyed Robert Morris, the great financier of the American Revolution. They simply used Hegelian Dialectics on Walt Disney. Their Unions and the Mob made Disney's studio one of their prime targets. In order for Walt to protect himself from the unions, which he perceived as communist, Walt got help from the FBI and the mob. Walt was vulnerable to the unions, because he treated his workers terrible, with long hours, low pay, in addition to repeated abuses to their dignity. Walt's large number of employees essentially never received any credit or recognition for their years of creativity and hard work, which was all essentially stolen and credited to Walt by the establishment to build his image. (I write "essentially", because someone might find some obscure exception, but across the board, Walt got all the credit for what his creative workers produced.) Perhaps Walt needed the ego boost from all the purloined public praise which he stole from his staff to be seen as a great animator, because he had wanted to be an artist/cartoonist and failed. The praise helped sooth the wounds.

One worker recalls that Walt "had no knowledge of draftsmanship, no knowledge of music, no knowledge of literature, no knowledge of anything really, except he was a great editor." This may not be much of an exaggeration, because Walt was a high school drop-out, who grew up in poverty on a Missouri farm.

Walt's first official attempt to direct a film (and last) was the film *The Golden Touch* in 1935. The film was an embarrassment. Walt had to pull it from distribution. If Walt lacked abilities to animate, and direct, what was Walt's talent? Walt was the driving force, the spirit so-to-speak behind Disney. He was the dictator who was feared enough to demand more from his workers than they knew they could give--and he could get it. He was the driving force that took a mob of artists, and gag creators, etc. and shaped them into a powerful force to make cartoons and later movies. He was the hard-driving genius who knew what he wanted and got others to create it for him. He was the driving force that kept an army of costumed sanitation men meticulously cleaning Disneyland. In normal year, Walt would have 800,000 plants replaced at Disneyland, & Walt refused to put up signs asking the "guests" (visitors) not to trample them. How powerful was Walt? Here is a man who during his lifetime and even up into the 1990's had a rule in the studio & Disneyland that no male employees could have any facial hair, yet he himself wore a mustache for most of his life.

A possible CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS surrounding WALT DISNEY'S ILLEGITIMATE BIRTH

It is beyond doubt that Walt Disney was an illegitimate child, but that fact resulted in a long list of mysterious happenings. It also gave power hungry men, something to blackmail Walt Disney with. Because this chapter 5 on Deception is focusing on Disney, and the big boys used blackmail to keep Disney in line, this information is pertinent. The following chronology of events is what this author's believes most likely happened. Without any genetic tests, it is difficult to determine beyond a shadow of a doubt who Walt's biological parents were, and what the actual history of Walt Disney was.

Several people have spent many years investigating the real facts surrounding his birth. Many interesting and tantalizing clues have been found. This author believes that the following chronology is suggested by the evidence. (This author's chronology is offered without hundreds of pages of evidence, because the mysteries around Walt Disney's birth are here to stay, no matter what excuses people come up with, and this author doesn't want to stray from the intended purpose of the chapter. This is to show that Walt Disney had a secret bastard birth which gave J. Edgar Hoover --and his superiors-- blackmail leverage over Walt Disney. Walt may also have had gambling debts and an abnormal sexual appetite which also helped entrap him. For those who want more evidence and facts, the following are recommended: Almendros, *Mojacar, Corner of Enchantment,* p. 83; *Interview* magazine, no. 242, ""Walt Disney Was from Almeria"", and last but not least Eliot, Marc. *Walt Disney, Hollywood's Dark Prince,* chapter 11.)

1890--An attractive spanish woman Isabelle Zamora Ascenslo of Mojacar leaves Spain and travels to California to a Franciscan monastery.

In the same year, but later on In 1890-Walt's future father Elias, who fancies himself a ladies man, leaves his family to seek his fortune in the gold fields. In California, he meets another newcomer to the state, Isabella Ascensio, and the two newcomers in California have much in common, have a sexual affair and fall in love.

1891--Elias fails to make a fortune and returns to Chicago, but he doesn't forget Isabelle.

1893--Isabelle and Elias have a son, and Elias convinces his wife to accept the baby as theirs rather than have the family's reputation, their marriage, and their family ruined. The son doesn't look like the first two boys at all.

1901--Isabelle and Elias have another bastard son, who Elias brings home and names Walter after the minister of the church he attends. The two bastard sons do not look like the older sons of Elias, and they never have much to do with them, but cling to each other as brothers.

1903--The minister of the church Elias attends finds out about the bastard children and Elias quickly moves out of state so that the scandal will remain secret. Elias has also run up gambling debts.

1905--After moving to Marceline, Missouri, Isabelle is hired as the Disney's maid, so that she has an excuse to move in with them without creating suspicions. She probably does much of the raising and care of the two boys.

1918--J. Edgar Hoover is busy involved with the prosecution of draft dodgers in WW I, and it crosses his desk about the case of Walt Disney committing the crime of forging his parents signature to join the army. Cases like Walt's were watched because people who could be blackmailed could be resources in the future for Hoover. That year, Walt discovered that he had no birth certificate. Waft observes his parents strange reactions concerning his birth certificate & other questions, & begins to deeply distrust his father.

Nov. 1938--Walt's mother dies by gas, and the Disney's maid pulls Elias to safety from the fumes, but Walt's mother dies.

1939-40--Hoover offers Walt Disney to help Walt locate his real parents if Walt will work for the FBI. Either Hoover already knows that he is a bastard child, or he soon learns the truth from an investigation. This gives Hoover blackmail power over Walt Disney, and assures Hoover that Waft will be loyal. Hoover informs Walt Disney of the truth, and then moves to generously protect Disney & his father's reputation. Two FBI men plant baptismal information of a child born to Isabelle in 1890 named Jose Guirao in Mojacar, Spain. This date is 10 years off of Walt's birthdate, and is intended to throw people off track. They can't plant a fake birth certificate for Waft in the records for 1901, because everyone knows from WW I that none exists. Therefore, they plant a fake birth certificate for

Walt in the Illinois State records in the year 1890. They hope people will think that somehow a filing error occurred. This way if anything leaks, and worst came to worst, Waft could at least pretend he was adopted and is not an illegitimate bastard. They pay off townspeople in Mojacar to tell a particular story. Townspeople probably receive ongoing payments.

1941--Walt confronts his father with the truth, and his father commits suicide, and his real mother comes to live with him as his maid.

1954--In order to reinforce the myth that Walt was born in Spain, a group of Franciscan monks goes to Mojacar and visibly inquires about the birth records of Jose Guirao and/or Walt Disney. They spend time with the mayor and make sure that everyone connects Waft Disney with Jose, who is a fictitious (nominal) character that the FBI has created records of.

1967--A year after Walt's death, a large group of Americans (a large group was needed because they are not skilled like the 2 FBI men in 1940) pretend to be on "official" business for the American government. They go to Majacar Spain to destroy all the records of Jose Guirao to insure that there will be no spanish claimants to Walt Disney's fortune. Later to insure that the fictitious story is solidly in place to mislead the few who might get by the cloud of secrecy over Walt Disney, the Spanish government does a favor to certain powerful people and pays an investigator to investigate the spanish origins of Walt Disney. People of the village willingly tell people without any fear or without any fanfare that Walt Disney was born at their village. Unless they have recently done so, the village has never done anything--no monuments, no markers, or anything about the birth site of Disney. They probably didn't do this for years, because some of the village probably knew it was a lie. With the older people gone, the lie has probably become well entrenched as truth and there is most likely some type of memorial to Walt Disney.

WALT DISNEY'S CHARACTER

Because the Disney deception is such a major Illuminati deception worldwide, and because Walt Disney was the major catalyst behind all the Disney theme parks, movies, trinkets etc. it is of importance to examine his character. In studying historical figures, this author has tried to get to the rock bottom truth. One may ask, how can this be done? -especially since there have been decades of myths spread by the establishment and their media? The following procedure which has worked with other historical figures was also done by this author with Walt Disney. The first part of this author's own procedure is to study everything that one can find on the man, paying special attention to what bias and vantage point another author comes from. Special attention is also paid to biographers who try to give the whole truth as they have found it, rather than approved biographies that repeat myths, platitudes, and flattery. The investigator has to be careful because there are authors who deceptively say in their introductions that they are "detached investigators" who are "going to be painfully honest in their reporting" when they actually are skillful coverup artists for the person they write about. When your author, Fritz Springmeier, finished investigating written material about Walt Disney, then I mentally

placed what I knew on the shelf temporarily, and did a handwriting analysis based on the scientific principles of Graphoanalysis as well as the broader field of Graphology. This author is a Certified Graphoanalyst who has done handwriting analysis professionally. Using Graphoanalysis/graphology is an excellent way to get an unbiased very deep look at a historical figure. It is a way to by-pass all the propaganda and myths. However, a close historical look and the handwriting analysis (of various historical figures) have always matched each other, as they did in this case too. Here is what was found. The following paragraphs are how Walt was in the 1920's. The personality profile you will read did not endure. Under the pressure of micromanaging Disney Productions as well as living with financial stresses, by the 1940's, Walt could be found in rages giving rough treatment to his wife, and rough spankings to his two children. He went to psychiatric counseling to cope with the stress. And unfortunately with the progression of time, by the 1960's Walt had become a sadistic egotistical alcoholic. One biographer described him as „...a bully and a know-it-all" *(Disney's World*, p. 220)

Even then Walt had men working for him, such as Bill Walsh (who had been a orphan as a child) who worshipped Walt. But here is how he was in the 1920's:

Walt was a self-motivated individual with lots of energy which was constantly seeking some outlet. (People have written much about this trait of his.) He was more the giver than the taker in relationships. (In the first few years, when he was responsible for making business contracts he often gave away his work without setting prices for profits. He even wrote letters to his boss to the effect that his first priority was good cartoons not profits, and that he'd work without profits, but he did want some appreciation for his work. That was his sensitive nature showing.) Walt wouldn't wait for others to come up with an idea or someone else to make a move--he was there first. He could communicate his ideas with clarity and ease and move easily from idea to another. (He would storm into Disney Productions and spew one idea after another into his workers' ears.) He enjoyed competition. He had a quick mind and keen perception. He frequently acted on intuition and impulse, taking chances and endangering his own security. (He frequently gambled all his life savings and everything he could scrape together on a project.) Long projects bored him. (Fortunately the real tedious work of cartooning was done by a large staff of artists.) House chores and repetitive chores bored him and he avoided them. (He was absolutely a total slob around the house as a bachelor.) He was impatient with vague philosophies, he liked concrete realities. He was difficult to get along with because he had both a playful side (even to the point of cruel practical jokes) to his personality and an aggressive intolerant impatient side that wanted to achieve. Naturally, people around him were disconcerted because on a subconscious level they never knew which side of him they would deal with. (The reference series *Current Biography "Disney"* article p. 248 gives the following Walt Disney quote, "We don't even let the word 'art' be used around the studio. If anyone begins to get arty, we knock them down.") He was geared for action. He was always inventing ways to get what he needed. He could be explosive when provoked. (The old time associates of Walt remember his explosive temper.) He was a person of dynamic energy, sensuality and keen thinking, and a disciple of the pleasure principle.

Because his father was so abusive and misused his position of authority, Walt came to be deeply ingrained with defiance toward authority. (The themes of his films repeatedly sympathize with those who rebel against authority, and the police and other authority figures are consistently shown as absurd. One way he expressed irresponsibility was with lively dance scenes, which has been a hall-mark of teenage rebellion during the 20th century. "Comic anarchy reaches its fullest

expression in Alice Rattled by Rats, which shows what the rats do when the cats goes away!) He felt that rules were for others to follow. (That is one reason he would step outside of the law and commit illegal acts. This is one trait that may be responsible for some of the criminal activities Walt ended up participating in.) Walt also didn't like to be closely supervised. (He wanted to manage his Disney Magic Kingdom as if it were his own kingdom. He wanted to be an authority figure, and indeed became the dictator of his Magic Kingdom. When his workers differed with his own views he felt that they were infringing upon his own inalienable rights as an individual.) He was somewhat of a melancholic temperament, that type of perfectionist who still enjoys life. He felt a need to protect himself against intimacy with others. He was most home in a setting which he made for himself. Walt had the traits of an executive. He was slow to reveal his innermost feelings, and definitely set his own goals. Walt was one of those persons that when the going got tough, he hung in there. Likewise he would cling to his ideas, plans, and possessions. (His stubborn refusal to allow his brother Roy to stop the creation of Disneyland led to events that split the brothers. His determination to succeed was taken advantage of by the crime syndicates to blackmail him with some debt. In order to get his dreams, he was willing to give them what they wanted.) A clue to Walt's macabre sense of humor, at times almost a graveyard sense of humor, and his high tolerance of seeing pain in others, is that Walt was seriously thinking of volunteering again as a medic after the W.W. I fighting in France was over, when volunteers were needed for the Balkan fighting. Walt loved animals more than people. The only human being that he had rapport with while growing up on the farm was his Uncle Ed (who he called Uncle Elf), who looked like a cross between a leprechaun and a prune. Uncle Elf could make animals sounds and bird whistles to Walts delight. Walt loved the charm of the farm and nature and he loved

royalty, pageantry and a strict social hierarchy such as Freemasonry provides. He often wove a combination of the barnyard in with royal parades and other trappings of royalty. For instance, in Alice the Piper, the King Hamlin is a farmer who sleeps in a farmhouse. In Puss in Boots the local king lives in an authentic palace incongruously placed in a village. His early film Alice's Day at Sea includes both the features of a royal court and an American circus. In typical Disney disdain for authority, he pokes fun at criminal fraternal groups with their rituals and passwords in Alice & the Dog Catcher, Alice Foils the Pirates, and Alice's Mysterious Mystery. And while he was a secret FBI agent, he went against Hoover's wishes and poked fun at the FBI's authority. Walt was loyal to what he believed and could be loyal to those individuals who he deemed worthy of his loyalty, but he didn't want anyone to have authority over him. (Walt was a 320 Freemason & an occultist, he was loyal to that philosophy and loyal in his early years to his older brother Roy O. Disney, who was a father figure to him.) If anyone at the studios agreed with him when he was angry at his brother Roy, he or she risked losing their job. Both brothers were protective of each other, and felt they were the only ones who could criticize the other one.

D. WHO WAS ROY O. DISNEY?

Roy O. Disney was born in 1893, and his brother Walt in 1901. They had three other brothers, but Roy and Walt (1901-1966) were only close to each other and not to their other brothers, who didn't resemble them. Walt was named Walter Elias, his middle name derived from his father's first name. The Disney family had immigrated from Ireland to Canada and then to the U.S. The father of the brothers as stated was Elias, and their mother of scottish descent, who may not have been the biological mother, had the maiden name Flora Call. Roy died in 1971, shortly after the opening ceremonies for Walt Disney World. He kept his promises to his brother to build Walt Disney World. He reneged on his promises concerning the city of Epcot (which was derailed into becoming EPCOT). Roy O. during the 1930's lived in North Hollywood. Roy's family later located in Napa Valley, CA, and was associated with the Illuminati kingpins in the area. Napa Valley has been nicknamed the Valley of Kings. This "Valley of Kings" plays a major role in the dirty activities revealed in this chapter. Roy 0. Disney played a bigger role at Disney Studios than people realize. For example, it was Roy O. who made the decision to cut 45 min. out of Fantasia, so that Walt's pet project could be distributed to movie theaters. Roy O., considered by some insiders as the more evil of the two brothers, kept the financial books for the Disney's down through the years. It is known that Disney kept two books during the 1950's, so it is hard to believe anything except that Roy 0. was fully aware of how Disney brought in their money. The big boys always kept the financial screws to Walt and Roy. The big boys often figured out scams to take their money. When the Disney brothers had an arrangement with Columbia Studio (run by Harry Cohn) they were advanced $7,500 for each cartoon which cost them an unprofitable $13,500 to make. Further, Cohn liked to cheat them by not sending them their money, and taking a ridiculous amount of time to pay them what he owed them. The cash flow problems of the Disney brothers also came from Walt's desire to keep improving and upgrading the technology they used. When Walt went to color over Roy's objections, Disney's profit margin was damaged and the studio was left with shortages of cash. In 1937, Walt's repeated gambles with cartoon production ideas caused Roy O. to say, "We've bought the whole damned sweepstakes." From 1940 through 1946, Disney lost money every year. In '46, he lost $23,000. Finally in 1947, things turned

around and the Disney studio made a profit of *$265,000.* Cartoons and movies were not really big moneymakers for the Disney brothers, until it was realized that old films could be replayed on television. Overall, from the 20's through the 50's, the Disneys may have broke even with animation. This is why Disney Studios at Christmas, 1931 was unable to pay its payroll. Pinocchio cost $2.6 million to make in the late '30's, an amount hard to retrieve at that time from the box office, and Fantasia's original release in the '40's was a dismal financial failure. When Sleeping Beauty was released in 1960, it was a loser, movie goers were apathetic towards it. The real money made by the Disney brothers in the 1930-1950's came from the merchandising of Disney products, the production of underground hard porn, and the kickbacks from various groups which used Disney for mind-

control programming, and money laundering. When Walt died, his shares in Disney were worth $18 million. His family all in all held 34% of the stock in Walt Disney Productions. Roy o. Disney's daughter Dorothy Disney Puder & husband Episcopalian Rev. Glen Puder purchased property at 1677 Sage Canyon Rd., Napa Valley east of Rutherford. (This is close to the Rothschild's Opus One Temple mentioned in *VoL 1.*) O.J. Simpson's lawyer Johnnie Cochran Jr. was in the Rothschild's hard-to-enter Opus 1 when the jury arrived at a decision in O.J. Simpson's case.) It is very typical for Mafia families in south Boston to have one family member in the clergy & one full time in organized crime. (See author's Be Wise As Serpents for an expose on the Episcopalian Church, which is simply a branch of Freemasonry.) All kinds of interesting Mafia figures, Illuminati, and Bohemian Grovers live up the Sage Canyon Rd. This is an area that has a large well-kept cemetery for pets. Frank Well's sister and Rich Frank, who will all be discussed later in this chapter, also live on Sage Canyon Rd.

E. WHO WAS ROY B. DISNEY?

Roy Edward Disney (nephew of Walt) is the son of Roy Oliver Disney (brother of Walt). Sometimes he has been called Junior. The 9/5/94 *Newsweek* story on Disney's Magic Kingdom called him "Keeper of the Flame." Roy is an executive with Walt Disney Co. at 500 5. Buena Vista St., Burbank, CA 91521. He has worked as an asst. producer at Walt Disney Co. from 1954 to 1977. He has also been the vice-pres. of Walt Disney Co. He is president of Roy E. Disney Prodns. in Burbank. He is chairman of the board for Shamrock Broadcasting Co. As if that weren't enough, he is on the board of directors for St. Joseph Med. Ctr., fellow U. Ky. Recipient of the Academy award nomination for Mysteries of the Deep. He is a director of the Guild American West, the Writers Guild, which is important. He belongs to the 100 Club, the Confrerie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, and St. Francis Yacht Club. He likes speed boat racing. Roy E. Disney was the cocky son of Roy O. He married a gal named Patricia. He was merely tolerated by his uncle Walt, especially after Roy E. made some snide remarks about Walt's plans for Disneyland, which he and his father opposed until Walt Disney personally got the project going. Walt's son-in-law Ronald Miller is one of the Disney clan who can't stand Roy E. The two never liked each other, and in the power struggle between them after Walt's death, Roy E. won and ended up with Disney. Although people called Roy E. "Walt's idiot nephew", he eventually (with the help of his father & outsiders) won the various power struggles at Disney after Walt died, and is now a powerful figure. Roy E. Disney and Stanley P. Gold work together in various ways, and are both on the present Disney Bd. of Dir. They are friends and worked to prevent hostile takeovers of Disney in 1984. Gold is in charge of Shamrock Holdings, Inc.

The battle between the two Disney factions

In *1953,* the two brothers and their respective sides of the family split when Walt created RETHAW corporation. The two sides have fought ever since. When Walt Disney created RETLAW (his name Walter spelled backwards), this alienated his brother Roy O. & Roy's side of the family. Without going into all the details, what RETLAW did was cut Roy O.'s side out of the money that was to be made. But Roy's side didn't stand by and idly let their share of the pie be lost, they fought back and held their own. Their big break came when Michael Milken and his band of junk bond artists carried out a "greenmail" on the Disney Corp. Only a few insiders know how greenmail works. It is a legal form of blackmail. Milken would work with his friends Saul Steinberg, Sir James Goldsmith, and Carl Icahn. Milken would provide them the financial clout, to make them look financially capable of financially purchasing a corporation that they had selected as a target. According to insiders, Milken got 40% of the upside of any "greenmail" that went right. The targeted corporation would learn that someone like Saul Steinberg was going to buy them out. In order to prevent the buyout, and to keep their jobs, the officers of the targeted corporation would get frantic, and either do suicidal refinancings, or buy the stock of the potential acquirer for much greater prices than the Milken group paid for them. The "greenmail" artists would then take their loot and go on their way. The stockholders of the targeted company are the real losers of "greenmail", because the management of

the corporation in order to finance their protection spends the stockholder's money, takes on new debts, and deprives the stockholders of some profit-making potential of their shares. Michael Milken's group made feints to take over a large number of corporations, including Walt Disney, Phillips Petroleum and Avco. Saul Steinberg made what looked like the beginnings of a sincere hostile takeover of Walt Disney through Reliance. At one point Reliance became Disney's largest stockholder. Steinberg filed an amended 13D saying he intended to acquire *25%* of the corporation. The CEO of Walt Disney, was Walt Disney's son-in-law Ron Miller. Saul Steinberg is a dear business partner with London's Jacob de Rothschild. Originally, Ron Miller (Stanford Univ. grad.) and Ray Watson (a Bohemian Grove mmbr from Stanford Unive.) of Walt Disney's management brought in the Bass brothers to help them deal with Saul Steinberg's takeover and to buy and develop land (esp. in Florida). Ray Watson was Ron Miller's key right hand man to run things. The Bass brothers are mafia. Disney acquired the Bass Brother's Arvida, and brought the Bass brothers into Disney's management. The Basses sold their stake in Texaco back to the oil co. & then used this money to bolster Disney. Sid Bass & Chuck Cobb (chief exec. Arvida) worked out a deal with Disney. Arvida (sold to Disney for $200 mil.) would profit from developing Disney land in FL & Disney would profit from the new financial strength that getting Arvida would provide. Arvida owned oil fields, theme parks, and had helped create planned communities. For Ron Miller, on the one side was the Illuminati and the other side of things was the mafia. He didn't trust either, but Steinberg's takeover could eliminate Disney's management and both he (and Roy E. Disney) wanted to save Disney from a takeover by Steinberg. At first, Roy E. wrote a letter to Ron Miller & the other board members stating his concerns about the acquisition of Arvida For Disney management, at least the Bass brothers would let Walt Disney continue to make their family movies. After the Bass brothers joined the Disney management (and became one of Disney's major stockholders), they soon joined sides with Roy E. in a management fallout over whether Disney should buy Gibson Greeting Card Company. With enough votes on the board, they sent Ron Miller packing. With Ron Miller, and those management men aligned with Walt's side of the family gone, then CEO Michael Eisner, Frank Wells, Rich Frank, and Jeffrey Katzenberg and some others made the modern Walt Disney Corporation. Disney's Touchtone studio which was mentioned above in connection to the movie Alive was created in 1984 by Walt Disney's son-in-law Ronald L. Miller. Ron Miller's management style was lackluster. The new management has really gone gang busters. Although Walt's side of the family is out of the management end of Disney, they still receive financial rewards from various Disney enterprises. The Bass brothers acquired more land for Disney in Florida. But under their tutelage, Disney now has a management team that is skilled in land grabbing techniques. The Bass fortune began with Perry Bass, who created a company called Bass Enterprises. In 1969, Perry retired and turned things over to his eldest son, Sid Richardson Bass. Sid has three younger brothers Ed, Robert and Lee. The Basses owned 27% in Prime Computer, as well as sizable real estate and oil holdings. The Bass brothers founded a local prep school in Ft. Worth, TX. Their HQs in Ft. Worth is full of modern art. The Bass brothers were very clever in their deal with Disney. In exchange for their $14 investment in Arvida, they had gotten (over a period of time) $950 million dollars worth of Disney stock. In 1985, they liquidated Bass Brothers Enterprises and divided the assets between the four brothers. Sid Bass was able to shift his interests from finances to culture and high society. One of the Bass brothers is involved with wineries in Napa Valley. The Bass Brother's financial strategist was Alfred Checchi, now of Beverly Hills, who has been a supporter of Mishpucka member Sen. Dianne Feinstein (D-Calif.).

Roy is involved in criminal activities, and several people investigating him have been bluntly warned that if they continue, they will see their children murdered. Napa Valley's Illuminati activity also connects in with CIA activities as well. The Napa Valley Illuminati families all have CIA connections. For instance, British millionaire Kenneth Armitage, who had to flee from England to avoid arrest on numerous charges of theft, deception and false accounting, had some of his good friends in the Napa Valley, such as Dr. John Duff, Johnny Beck, & others. Armitage has since mysteriously died in prison in England. Armitage had intelligence connections which tie in with twilight world of the criminal activities of the numerous intelligence acronym monsters. Also his company was authorized to provide people with Central American government documents. There is more-- much more to sordid affairs which swirl around Roy Disney. Napa Valley, where many

members of the Disney family live, has the Illuminati's Opus One temple owned by Rothschilds, as well as two roads lined with meticulously kept wineries owned by Illuminati kingpins and connected via secret underground tunnels. To top off this incredible collection of Illuminati wineries (Rothschild's, Mondavi's, Rutherford's, Christian Brother's, Sattui's etc), on the north end of a series of wineries on highway 29 lays the CIA's medieval-looking Culinary Institute of America Greystone (at 2555 Main St., St. Helena, CA 94574), where numerous people have suffered torture. The Greystone Culinary Institute of America recently had the person who runs their campus store mentioned in *House & Garden*, Sept. '96.

F. WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THE DISNEY FAMILY IN GENERAL?

Several members of the Disney family came to England with William the Conqueror. They were not known as Disney then, but because they came from the French Norman town of Isigny, they took the name d 'Isigny, and anglicized it into Disney. Walt had two daughters, Diane Marie (bn. 12/18/33) and Sharon Mae.

Diane made some revealing comments when she said, he didn't spoil us. Like a lot of adolescent girls, I was crazy about horses, and I got quite good at riding. I yearned for my own horse, but Dad wouldn't buy one. And we didn't have a lot of clothes and other things." For being one of the richest men in the nation, Walt can't be accused of having spoiled his children. He was also famous for his ten cent tips at restaurants, which became the talk of the town. Sharon Mae was adopted and arrived at the Disney home 12/31/36. (She died in '93.) The adoption was kept very secret. The newspapers around the country announced that Lillian had given birth to Sharon, and the Disney family kept up this lie for years. The reason given for Sharon's adoption was that Diane needed a playmate. For years, Walt Disney didn't care much for Sharon and seldom acted like he even knew her name. Walt had wanted a son, but his wife wanted to adopt a girl, so it was a beautiful girl that Lillian picked out to be a companion for her first daughter. When Sharon was kindergarten age, Walt would take her to the carousels in Griffith Park on Sunday afternoons. Sharon was sent to private schools. She went to Westlake School for Girls, and later was shipped off to Switzerland to a girls' boarding school.

She had soft blond locks and was attractive. In June of 1948, Walt took Sharon, who was then an attractive 12 yr. old to Alaska with him for about 2 months. For most of this trip Walt and Sharon were alone together. For a father, who had ignored Sharon for years, now Walt was totally obsessed with Sharon. He bathed Sharon every night, combed her hair, washed her underwear, and carefully dressed her each night from head to toe before taking her to nice restaurants. He even

followed her when she sleep walked. Why was Sharon a dissociative person? That summer in Alaska, Walt and his personal pilot took a trip in August to Mt. McKinley, AK. Both were drinking scotch whiskey and they barely missed hitting a mountain, and almost ran out of fuel before finding a runway. Sharon first married a presbyterian Robert Borgfeldt Brown. Later, Sharon went on to marry William Lund. Years later, Walt's wife Lilly even prevented a biographer from revealing that Sharon was adopted. Sharon died relatively young. It is important to look at the Disney family rather than just Walt Disney in trying to understand the Disney phenomena. For instance in 1958, the *Wall Street Journal* mentioned that Lillian B. Disney was beneficial owner of over 10% of common Disney stock.

Lillian, Walt's widow, quietly purchased property in Napa Valley and moved there in the late 60's. She bought the property through Walt's Retlaw Enterprises and the Lillian Disney Trust. Lillian and her 2 daughters ran Retlaw for years. Diane Miller, her daughter, also bought land and moved to the Napa area. The Lillian Disney Trust bought the Silverado Vineyards, which Diane & her husband manage as ,,gentlemen growers" as they call it. This side of the Disney family is shunned by the Illuminati insiders in the Napa Valley, as well as by the Roy O. side of the family. Although very private, there are occasional moments of publicity from Diane Disney Miller, when she donated wine for a fund raiser for the Planned Parenthood Shasta Diablo held at the estate Niebaum-Coppola,

owned by director/producer Francis Ford Coppola. Francis F. Coppola comes from an old mafia family. He owns a big winery & directed Disney's Caption EO film. Locals in the Napa area do not trust any of the Disneys, especially the Roy O. side of the family. There are other Disney's who tie in with the occult world. Wesley Ernest Disney, a 32° Mason & Shriner, who was a U.S. Congressman, a state official & lawyer in Kansas who had a brother Richard Lester Disney-- who is a Rhodes Scholar and a Mason too. Wesley Ernest Disney, by the way began as a lawyer in Muskogee County (a Satanic controlled county), and was a Christian Scientist. He lived in Tulsa, a powerful city of the Illuminati hierarchy. Doris Miles Disney has been a writer of occult fiction, such as *The Magic Grandfather the Chandler Policy* (1972) and *Trick or Treat* (1972) as well as many other occult novels.

G. A HISTORY OF DISNEY

"The story of Disney's silent film career is not so much a struggle for artistic expression as it is a fight for commercial stability." During the 1920's, Walt stayed safely within the confines of comic animation as defined by others, such as the producers of Felix the Cat, Koko the Clown, and Krazy Kat. In other words, when many of the ideas were coming from just himself, Disney's movies were not any better than others. In the 1930's, Disney got some of the best talent available and he began to settle for only the best results from that talent. With the mob, and the Illuminati behind him, and driven by an indebtedness to them, Disney began to achieve outstanding results in animation. Between 1924 and 1927, Walt Disney made a series of *56* silent Alice Comedies which used three different girls (6-year-old Virginia Davis, Margie Gay and Lois Hardwick) to act as Alice who romps around in a makebelief cartoon world. These cartoons combined live action and animation. By the time the series was done, Walt Disney wanted to try working solely with animation. Margaret Winkler in NY (who married Charles Mintz) distributed Walt Disney's Alice Comedies. From the beginning, children were the center of everything Walt did. The occult world that backed Walt, as well as Walt himself, believed that if they could bring out "the child" (that part of a person called "the child" by various psychologists), then they could appeal to the curiosity and feelings of the "child" part of adults. If it worked with adults, they could do the same with the child part in children. They knew even in the 20's & '30's what had to be accomplished in the secret Great Plan for a New World Order. The Illuminati Great Plan called for family life to be destroyed, for children to rebel against their parents, and for the world to become more violent. Children needed to immerse in images of violence so that a violent society could be created. For instance, the 1925 film *Alice Stage Struck* shows little girl Alice strapped to a log leading to a buzz saw. They also wanted to make occultism--witchcraft the common belief of the American people. The Illuminati felt they could bring in witchcraft if they appealed to the curiosity of the child in every adult. For instance, the Donald Duck cartoon Corn Chips (1951) shows Donald harassing Chip and Dale who then get back at him by stealing a box of popcorn and spreading it all over the front yard. Now what does a cartoon like this teach kids? It teaches that stealing to repay a grudge is O.K. and that doing pranks is funny. In Disney's 1920 films, he shows kids cutting school, shoplifting and playing hookey. He shows Alice running away from responsibility to have adventure. He shows prisoners escaping and hobos escaping work. His films are expression of misbehavior being successful. What does this teach children? In the 1951 cartoon, *Get Rich Quick* Goofy wins money at poker and his initially angry wife who doesn't like gambling forgives him when she sees how much he's won. Goofy indicates that they can have a spending spree by telling his wife, "Easy come, easy go!" The gambling spirit is a very powerful spirit that the Illuminati want to instill in this nation. How can a cartoon that promotes gambling be wholesome for children? Lt. Col. Dave Grossman is a military expert on how to condition people so that they will kill. He writes in his superb book *On Killing* (Boston, MS: Little Brown & Co., 1996) that the same process that the government has used to condition soldiers to kill, is being used by the entertainment industry. The only major difference is that in the military, men are taught to kill only on command, while our children are being taught to kill whenever they want to via TV's "entertainment." Grossman states on page 308, that the conditioning to kill begins with cartoons. "It begins innocently with cartoons and then goes on to the countless acts of violence depicted on TV as

the child grows up... .Then the parents, through neglect or conscious decision, begin to permit the child to watch movies rated R due to vivid depictions of knives penetrating and protruding from bodies, long shots of blood spurting from severed limbs, and bullets ripping into bodies and exploding out the back in showers of blood and brains." While children see horrible deaths on T.V., they learn to associate this suffering with entertainment, pleasure and their favorite soft drink, their favorite candybar, and close intimate contact with their date. (See *On Killing,* p. 302) Disney has the appearance of Wholesomeness; this appearance is quite deceptive. A close study of Disney cartoons will reveal lots of violence that could not be depicted if the violence was actually real life & not animation. It's the wholesome front which is one of the deceptions that makes Disney cartoons & films so dangerous. Yes, the image of Disney has been that its cartoons are wholesome. No wonder Illuminati mind-control programmers have laughed at how naive the American public is toward Disney. The Disney Gargoyles cartoons are a television series that is pure demonology. The story line is that a race of demons protects New York City. One of the Gargoyles is even named Demona. The Illuminati programmers are amazed at how stupid the masses of people are, and how easily deceived. How the Disney movies are used as programming scripts is very involved so only one detailed example is given at the end of this chapter. The Illuminati and Mafia knew that Walt had the ability to get the job done that the Great Plans called for. (Source: confidential interview.) They knew they had the "carrots and the sticks" to get him to cooperate. There is no doubt that Walt was a hard worker who in turn expected high standards from his employees. One co-worker of Walt wrote, "Walt made a simple statement, that you can lick them with 'product' if you make your product good enough, they cannot deny it.. . .In Walt's estimation, everything that was done had to be executed with a great deal of thought and finesse." Neelands, Barbara, compiler. *About Ben Sharpsteen,* article by David R. Smith (2nd Impress.) Calistoga, CA: A Sharpsteen Museum Reprint, pg. 2-3. One big turn in Walt's outlook toward quality came in April, 1927 when the head of Universal Studios wrote a scathing report on the quality of Disney studio work. It forced Walt to realize that up to then he had been slipshod and sloppy. He resolved to never take the easy way, but to work with dedication toward making his drawings come to life with character and interesting situations. In 1922, Walt made a film Cinderella. This is not to be confused with the later animated film also of the same title released in *1950.* The 1950 feature was re-released numerous times. The Alice cartoons were made with a 6-year-old girl playing Alice. The first six Alice comedies had extensive live-action beginnings, and then went into cartoon. A few of the 1920's Alice silent cartoon titles include:

Alice's Wonderland (1923)

Alice Hunting in Africa (1924)

Alice's Spooky Adventure (1924)

Alice Plays Cupid (1925)

Alice Cans the Cannibals (1925)

Alice Rattled by Rats (1925)

Alice Chops the Suey (1925)

Alice Charms the Fish (1926)

Alice the Whaler (1927)

Alice the Beach Nut (1927)

After the Alice Series, Disney began a fully animated series called Oswald the Lucky Rabbit. Here we see the occult concept of luck (who hasn't heard of a lucky Rabbit's foot?) being subtly promoted. Disney cartoon may entertain, but they also indoctrinate while they entertain. In 1926, Walt Disney signed an agreement with Mintz and Film Booking Offices (EBO). Film Booking Offices were Illuminati kingpin/mob boss Joseph Kennedy's company. For at least the next years, Disney worked

under the control (auspices) of Illuminati kingpin Kennedy. All of the Disney pictures were registered by R-C Pictures Corp., one of the parent companies of Kennedy's FBO. Joseph Kennedy also controlled the RKO studio which worked together with the other big studios to insure that no small studio would develop as a competitor. By 1937, all the big studios--20th Cent., Paramount, MGM, Warner Bros., Cohn's Columbia Pictures and Kennedy's RKO were allowing the mob to skim money from them. Kennedy's RKO gave Walt a guarantee in 1937 that they'd distribute Snow White sight unseen. Walt Disney had their films distributed by Kennedy's RKO from 1936 to 1956. Another little known detail is that in 1926, Leon Schlesinger (future producer at Warner Bros.) subcontracted animation jobs to Disney. One of these was Universal's *The Silent Flyer*. In 1928, Steamboat Willie debuted. This was an animated cartoon with a soundtrack starring a mouse later named Mickey Mouse. It had taken lots of hard work and determination on Walt's part, but it was the first cartoon with a sound track and it was successful. In 1929, the cartoon The Haunted House came out. The story is, Mickey Mouse is forced by a storm into a house full of ghosts who force him to contribute to their spooky musicale. In 1930, Harry Cohn, one of the most ruthless and unsavory characters controlling a studio bailed Walt Disney out of Walt's trouble with con-artist Pat Powers who was stealing Disney's money. Harry Cohn was a former NY pool hustler and gambler who was brought in by Chicago investors to front their investments in Columbia Pictures, and run their studio. He wore a sapphire ring that the Chicago mafiaman Johnny Roselli gave him. Roselli later became a rogue asset of the CIA, and testified before Congress (the Church Committee on Assassinations in '74) about a CIA contract which was handed him. Roselli worked for the Mafia Council of 9, which incl. Anthony Accardo and Sam Giancana. Harry Cohn was said by some to be the most hated man in Hollywood. His money gave him "the power of an emperor". His money got him the best female flesh available which he used for his pleasure. He always seemed to arrive from Las Vegas with rolls of new greenbacks, which had close associates wondering where all the money came from that he always got when he made trips to Las Vegas. In 1931, Walt went into a long suicidal depression that lasted into 1932. In the summer of 1932, he took a vacation to try and recover from his nervous breakdown. By 1932, Ingersoll had marketed its first edition of Mickey Mouse watches. Disney products have served as a model of consumerism for the world. Disney watches have been made continuously since 1932 or '33. In 1932, eighty major U.S. corporations (such as General Foods, RCA & National Dairy) began to market Disney products. Ed Sullivan began regularly running stories that bragged about Disney's work. Freemason Dr. Rufus B. von Kleinsmid, pres. of the Univ. of So. Cal., gave Disney an award from *Parents* magazine for Walt's "work with children". In 1932, several artists who had worked for William Randolph Hearst came to work for Disney. In 1932, Roy switched Disney from Columbia to United Artists. United Artists agreed to front Disney $15,000 for each cartoon.

In the 1930's, the Illuminati' Bank of America financed Walt Disney. Years before, the Bank of America had been quietly created from Bank of Italy which was controlled by the same oligarchy that has run the Knights of Malta and renaissance Venice. The Bank of Italy was a powerful bank in Hollywood's first years. It's representatives A.P. and Atillo Giannini financed Walt during the 1920's with petty cash to keep him going, but not enough to get him out of financial bondage.

Joe Rosenberg of Bank of America was sympathetic to Walt. Joe Rosenberg, a jewish banker, came to all of Disney's board meetings, sat beside Walt, and would advise Walt on what direction Disney Studios should take. Joe wasn't a board member, but his advice got high priority. Bank of America also bankrolled other Illuminati projects and organizations. Bank of America had one of their branch offices on Disneyland's Main St. from *'55* until '93. They were open on holidays and Sundays for Disneyland. Bank of America is slated to be perhaps the only bank to survive the economic crash, when the Illuminati kingpins will allow their own banks to crash. Bank of America executive S. Clark Beise (who is a Scottish Rite Freemason) has been a member of Disney's board of directors from *'65 to '75*. One of the biggest depositors in Bank of America is Roy E. Disney. Other Disney execs like Rich Frank have also used Bank of America as their bank of choice.

The Bank of America bankrolled the Disney animation Snow White. Walt managed to sell Joseph Rosenberg on the idea, at a time when old time Hollywood people were advising Rosenberg that Snow White could only be a failure. When Snow White was successful, Walt announced a monster

party for all Disney workers at Lake Norconian, near Palm Springs, southeast of San Bernandino, CA where the cost of everything the Disney workers wanted to order--food or drink or whatever, would be taken care of by the Disney's. Under the full moon, the Disney male and female workers, finally free of the tight rules at the studios, had what amounted to a Roman orgy and a large nude skinny-dip at the lake. Almost all of the Disney workers participated in the orgy and Disney had only two options, 1. fire them all or 2. ignore that the party took place. Walt choose the later option, and after that no-one ever dared mention the party in his presence. In 1937, Walt and Roy took a trip to Europe where Walt dined with the British Royal family, & met privately with H.G. Wells, the masonic prophet! planner of what Wells & other masons called "the New World Order". In Paris, the League of Nations (the forerunner to the U.N.) gave him an award. After the success of Snow White, Disney chose Pinocchio to follow it. Many have asked why Pinocchio was chosen by Walt. If you look at the script, the puppetmaker's wife is taken out of the original script, and there is an emphasis on the little wooden puppet visualizing becoming a flesh & blood son to the man who had created him. Here we have a boy with no soul, who is told if he works hard he will be given one. (Does this sound familiar to readers of *VoL 2?)* The script was definitely changed to have a storyline far more useful to mind-control programming. For those who think Walt simply recreated fairy tales on the screen, if one examines the changes that are made from the original storylines, they are changed to make them more useful for mind-control. Both Snow White and Pinocchio have occult type "deaths and resurrections". After W.W. II, Joseph Rosenberg persuaded A.P. Giannini, his boss, to bankroll Disney again. Although Walt was financed by the Mishpucka (Jewish Mafia), he didn't like the idea. Richard Rosenberg, a later Pres. of Bank of America, is also Mishpucka. Richard Rosenberg (his mother was a Cohen) was also in charge of Northrop Corp. and Marin Ecumenical Housing Assn. (Other examples of Mishpucka executives are R. Goldstein, v.p. of Procter & Gamble, and Marvin Koslow, v.p. of Bristol Meyers Co.) In the 1930's, the elite promoted Disney's new cartoons. In *1935,* Walt Disney received the French Legion of Honor for his Mickey Mouse cartoons. Also in *1935,* the Queen of England (who readers of my previous articles will realize is Illuminati, involved in drug trade, and is involved with the leadership of Freemasonry) and the Duchess of York (also Illuminati) selected Mickey Mouse chinaware as gifts for 600 children. This was after Walt spent time with her in 1934. The League of Nations (the pre-W.W. II equivalent of the U.N.) took the time to vote its approval of Mickey Mouse. (Finch, Christopher. *The Art of Walt Disney from Mickey Mouse to the Magic Kingdom* . NY: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., *1975,* p. *53.)* There is no doubt that Walt Disney had talent. There is also no doubt from the record that powerful people wanted to promote him. No doubt his 320 Masonic membership and his DeMolay activities helped boost his support, and also helped Walt's bent toward the occult. Let's digress just to let people in on Freemasonry's involvement with acting and motion pictures. The famous 233 Club was a masonic chapter for actors who were Freemasons. Examples of actors who were Freemasons include John Aasen, Gene Autry, Monte Blue and Humphrey Bogart, Douglas McClean, John Wayne. Then there is T.V. DJ Dick Clark. Examples of Motion picture executives who were Freemasons incl. Ellis G. Arnall (Pres. of the Soc. of Ind. Motion Picture Producers), Will H. Hays (Czar of motion pictures 1922-45, and Pres. Motion Picture Produces & Distributors of Amer. Inc.), Benj. B. Kahane (v.p. & dir. Assoc. of Motion Picture Producers, Inc.), Carl Laemmle (Pres. Univ. Pictures Corp til '36), Frank E. Mullen (man. dept of info. RCA, VP NBC '39-'46, exec. VP NBC '46-'48), David Sarnoff (Chrm. of Bd. Radio Corp. of Amer. & ,,father" of American television), Jack M. Warner (v.p. of Warner Bros.) and the President & dir. of Universal Pictures since 1952. The Freemasons have made much of Walt Disney's membership in their

membership sales pitches. Because the 2 Disney brothers' chief contributions to the production of Disney films were the finances and occassionally the ideas used in a film, it is rather misrepresentative of things that Walt Disney got all the credit for the success and quality of the Disney cartoons. He was showered with 700 awards and honors from important people, including 30 oscars, and the Presidential Medal of Freedom (in '64). Walt Disney's great animators never got the credit they deserved, but no one should forget that Walt was the driving force that inspired and guided his workers. In 1934, Walt Disney made a cartoon about a goddess of the Mystery Religions named Persephone. In the cartoon entitled *The Goddess of Spring,* the goddess Persephone is captured by Satan as his bride and sent to the underworld, with the agreement she could return to earth six months

of each year. The Illuminati have rituals around Persephone. On Dec. 21, 1937, Disney premiered the first full-length color cartoon movie "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." This cartoon had taken $1.4 in depression-time money and three years to make. Over 750 artists worked on the film. Walt Disney had gotten the idea from a silent movie of Snow White which he saw as a boy in 1917. The movie has an important occult theme to it, and has been used for occult mind-control programming. When the 1940's got started, Disney was in financial difficulties. At this point, Nelson Rockefeller hired his cartoon capabilities to make cartoons for South America, with the idea that South Americans would remain loyal to the American capitalist hegemony, rather than shift to rising ideologies of fascism/nazism, if they saw Walt Disney cartoons. In Rio de Janeiro, Brazil on 8/24/42, Disney did its world premiere of Saludo Amigos, a 42 minute feature about Latin America. Goofy becomes a gaucho, a parrot teaches Donald Duck to dance the samba, as well as Disney art showing various landscapes of Brazil in the film. However, the film The Three Caballeros, if it was meant to encourage South American loyalty to American capitalism, completely failed. *The Three Caballeros* showed a sexually lecherous Donald Duck who in bad taste tries to make it with latin women. The mysticism was also seen as bogus. Although the latin Americans hated the film, the establishment media's *Look* magazine praised it. Another reason that Rockefeller sent Walt to South America was to get him out of the way so that the government could settle the strike by Disney workers. Nelson Rockefeller was the government's Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, a good position considering how much of South America the Rockefeller's controlled. Rockefeller told Disney that Disney couldn't beat the strikers, but that while Walt was in South America, FDR would see to it that the strike got settled. When Disney returned he submitted to the powers that were, and accepted the unions and the mafia's control. Another change for Walt Disney was that in 1940, he and Roy turned Disney into a "public corporation" and initially sold *755,000* shares of common stock. The Illuminati Boston firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co. were the underwriters of the studio's public stock-offerings. By 1940, the Disney Studio at Burbank had become a miniature city with 1,000 men & women employees and 20 buildings on a 51

acre tract of land. After the U.S. joined W.W. II, Disney Productions were made a part of the American military establishment. The very next day after Pearl Harbor, the military moved onto the Disney Studio, which leads this author to suspect that Disney was already part of the power establishment prior to the war breaking out. Disney made military movies/cartoons that taught the different branches of the military many things. They made propaganda movies for the allies. One series of films was "Why we fight." Disney made movies for the IRS to get people to pay their taxes. Some of the Disney films were top, secret, and concerned secret military weapons or secret psychological tactics of the Americans. For instance, one military film was "Army Psycho Therapy" which taught army men how to instill fear, and about the basics of fear. Another army film was "Prostitution & the War". Another showed a carrier pigeon evading the Germans.

In 1940, Disney came out with 2 full length animated cartoons, *Pinocchio* and *Fantasia*, both of which were soon used for Illuminati mind-control programming. Fantasia contains Schubert's sacred Catholic music Ave Maria, which was used in a concluding segment side to side with the profane Night on Bald Mountain song, as well as six other classical pieces of orchestra music. As a feature cartoon it was a flop, but as a programming tool it was fantastic. Fantasia receives a comprehensive explanation of how it is used for mind-control programming at the end of this chapter. Because an explanation of the use of a Disney film for mind-control is complex, this explanation is placed at the end of the chapter so that it won't interrupt the flow of this chapter's information. The Pinocchio film has been redone and released 9 times over the years. Some of the next full length animated films to come out were: The Three Caballeros (1945) The Adventures of Ichabod & Mr. Toad ('49) Cinderella (1950) Treasure Island (1950) Alice In Wonderland (1951) The Story of Robin Hood & His Merrie Men (1952) Peter Pan (1953)

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea (1954) Sleeping Beauty (1959) Very soon after the production of all of these movies, the Illuminati and their intelligence agencies used them for Illuminati total mind-control programming. To see their misuse as programming scripts one has to understand how the fantasy worlds of a programmed multiple are created and how the movie scripts are adapted to be

programming scripts. *Vol. 2* gave quite a few examples of how Alice In Wonderland and the Wizard of Oz scripts were used for programming scripts. When Disney had his animal-nature documentaries, he edited and used narration to give the animals human like characteristics--something he'd already been doing with animation. Disney played an important part in the Illuminati's plan to elevate animals and dehumanize humans. One of the biggest Illuminati kingpins, and leader (Grand Master) of the Prieure de Sion was frenchman Claude Debussy (bn.1862). Claude Debussy, a Merovingian, was Nautonnier (Navigator-helmsman) of the Prieure de Sion from 1885-1918. (See the document *Dossiers secrets,* planche no. 4, Ordre de Sion, written about in *Holy Blood, Holy Grail.)* In 1891, when some secret coded parchments (Merovingian documents) were found by a french clergyman Sauniere, he was directed by church officials to visit with Emile Hoffet, an occult acquaintance of Debussy. Debussy was close friends with many of the top french occultists of his time. He is known to have been a close friend to both the notorious satanists Jules Bois and MacGregor Mathers. Mathers started the Order of the Golden Dawn. Debussy was also a friend of the infamous Papus (aka Dr. Gerard Encausse) and W.B. Yeats. Papus was one of the men who during his lifetime was part of the interlocking occult directorate of occult groups. Claude Debussy put some works of the previous P.d.S. Grand Master Victor Hugo to music. Debussy and his other powerful occult friends were influential with Monsieur Philippe, whose Russian occult circle influenced the Russian Czars and Czarinas before Rasputin came around. Debussy travelled to Russia and Rome. Some of Debussy's works became operas. Interestingly, Walt Disney was extremely anxious to make a cartoon using Debussy's Clair de Lane. The work was done, but it was never shown to the public. Disney never found a place to use it. It was originally done with animation with flying cranes for the occult extravaganza *Fantasia,* but when the *Fantasia* ended up too long, Clair de Lane was cut and shelved. It was again planned for the film *Make Mine Music,* but then Blue Bayou was substituted in. Walt used the Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rite of Spring) music for *Fantasia.* This piece of music was written AS a pagan ritual where a virgin sacrifices herself by dancing to death. Disney's mobster Gunther Lessing had threatened Stravinsky if permission weren't given for Disney to use the piece of music, it would be used anyway. Dr. Julian Huxley got involved in the production of *Fantasia.* Aldous and Julian Huxley are well known by conspiracy researchers for their roles in the World Order. In the 1940's and 1950's, the Illuminati began using Disney's *Alice In Wonderland* and the *Wizard of Oz* films as programming bases for their total mind-controlled slaves. Alice in Wonderland had been done many years earlier by the Britisher William Cameron Menzies (who also did Freemason H.G. Wells' masonic forecast of the New World Order entitled "Things to Come" in 1936, and the film Invaders From Mars.). In 1944, Illuminati Kingpin William Randolph Hearst (with some minor help from others) funded the Motion Picture Alliance, and Walt Disney became a co-founder and its first Vice-President. In the early 1950's, Walt turned his attention from animated cartoons to other projects, such as True-Life-Adventures, television shows, and the creation of Disneyland. Seal Island was his first true life adventure which was released to the general public on May 4, 1949, and soon won Walt Disney an Oscar. Alfred and Elma Milotte had shot the film on some Alaskan Islands named Pribilof Islands. James Algar had put the movie together. In *1952,* Walter spelled his named backwards to create the name of another corporation „Retlaw". Roy and his family saw the move as an attempt to cut them out of the financial picture. In 1954, Walt Disney and ABC made a agreement. ABC would directly invest half a million US dollars as well as guarantee $4.5 million in loans for the construction of Disneyland. This made ABC 1/3 owner of Disneyland. In return, Walt Disney agreed to produce a regular television series for ABC. Remember too that ABC's president Leonard Goldenstein was a good friend of Ronald Reagan. On July 13, *1955,* Walt and Lillian were attempting to celebrate their 30th wedding anniversary at a park and restaurant. Walt got too drunk to speak into the microphone, so he blew noisemakers into it, while Lillian rushed to pull him out of view. In 1961, Disney bought out the ABC investment (also labelled Paramount) for $7.5 million with cash and notes, and to bring this all up to date, later on July 31, 1995, Disney merged with Capital Cities/ABC, with Disney in nominal control. Actually Capital Cities has long been a CIA front company, so the merger placed Disney squarely within the CIA ranks, although it had been in bed with them for the CIA's entire history. The Illuminati-controlled corporations of Coca-Cola and the drug firm Johnson and Johnson became sponsors for Disney's early TV shows. On *7/3/57,* the *Wall St. Journal* announced that Atlas Corp. got 26% interest in Walt Disney Productions. Walt Disney worked quietly with some consultants on the concepts behind Disneyland. His brother and nephew tried to prevent

the project from happening. Later they requested that Walt sign over Disneyland, Inc. to Walt Disney Productions, which Walt did. Walt kept 17.25 % of Disneyland holdings and Walt Disney Productions got the rest. Walt Disney Productions then shared their portion with others. The man who helped Walt finance Disneyland was the executive vice-pres. of ABC Kintner. Walt Disney got the Illuminati's Stanford Research Institute to determine what would be the best site for Disneyland.

A retired Navy admiral Joe Fowler was in charge of constructing both Disneyland and Walt Disney World. How do admirals fit into the power structure? Admirals are briefed each day, and are given information concerning the secret power structure. Most men who are at that military level are Illuminati or at least well controlled by the system. Within the last few years there has been an intense effort to weed out any admirals who are not loyal to the Illuminati. Morgan-Evans, who lives in Malibu, and who may be of the famous Morgan clan, was the one who created the spectacular landscapes for Disneyland, Walt Disney World, and EPCOT in FL.

According to CIA informants opposed to the NWO, CIA contractors were brought in to build the underground tunnels under Disneyworld in 1977. These contractors were sworn to secrecy, but were only informed on a need to know basis why the CIA was involved with an amusement park. To work on the secret tunnel project took an "Above Top Secret" clearance. A major programming center was constructed under Lake Holden. (Many of the lakes in Florida are named Lake So-and-so, rather than So-and-so Lake.) The tunnel system was built for programming trauma-based total mind-controlled slaves. It was built of concrete with steel reinforcement. Lake Holden lies just to the northwest side of the Orlando International Airport and just south of Interstate 4. (It is close to Range 29E on quad maps.) It is only (as the crow flies) about 12 miles from Disneyworld. In spite of Draconian measures of secrecy, numerous lawsuits (Fed. & State) were filed over the years by victims trying to expose the Disneyworld programming tunnels, so that finally the programming center was dismantled, cleaned up and a „maintenance" tunnel level and a „casting" tunnel level were opened to the public. During its heyday, the programmers (military & intelligence men) had exotic offices underground with unusual programming equipment. It doesn't take any imagination to realize that if Disney carried mind-control programming above and below ground, that they would need tight security forces to protect their secrets. Indeed, such is the case. Disney amusement parks have been granted draconian powers wherever they have been built! The Disney parks have also employed armies of spies dressed like tourists to spy on Disney's employees! If amusement park workers did anything slightly out of place, they were (and still are) reported by the spies in the camp, and they often have lost their jobs. For instance, one ex-worker, who had 10 years with Disney, was caught discussing his divorce with another worker. Since divorce doesn't fit the wholesome image that Disney wants, when the spy dressed as a tourist reported his conversation, he lost his job. Many workers have tried to tell their personal horror stories of Disney's draconian rules and their draconian private police force, but most of the time Disney has had the power to suppress and intimidate away any bad publicity. An exception to that is the recent Nov. 4, '96 *Napa Valley Register* article on page 2D entitled, "Critics of Disneyland Say Security Abusive Inside Magic Kingdom." UCLA law professor David Sklansky commented about Disney's police, "One of the major problems we have is nobody really knows what they are doing- how often they stop, interrogate or search people. They are not subject to the same sort of regulatory controls." It's almost superfluous to tell readers that Disney's amusement park with it's theme areas such as Fantasyland, Tomorrowland and Adventureland were a great success. Everyone worldwide was curious to visit this entertainment mecca to participate in something that had a clean, wholesome image to it. The entire world system pulled together to insure that Disneyland got the image and publicity that the top 13 Illuminati families and the various syndicates wanted it to have. For 40 years they've done this. When something that everyone thinks is clean and wholesome is not attacked by the world system, that should raise eyebrows among thinking people. Home schooling, learning to read phonetically and other wholesome activities for children have been viciously attacked and ridiculed by the established media. Why has Disney gone untouched? Disney Studios for years strove to have a very clean image. Workers had dress codes, and any activity on the part of employees that wasn't morally conservative was grounds for instant dismissal. Of course, the exceptions were well covered up, such as an employee who used hypnosis to get quite a few of the females employees to undress until nude. John L. Hulteng, author of *The Messenger's Motives*

(Englewood Cliff, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1976, p. 213) informs us, "As communication researchers have emphasized, the greatest impact the media have on the formation or change of public opinion is in terms of impressions built up over a long period." [bold added] The wholesomeness of Disney is an image that has been built over a long period of time. Disney's occult themes of world citizenship, witchcraft, humanism and idolatry have also been long running impressions that have been craftively perpetrated upon this nation, so long that they began prior to this author's --& probably the reader's--birth.

People don't associate movie's like *Consenting Adults* with Disney, or *The Corpse Had a Familiar Face* with Disney. In fact as previously mentioned, when Disney wanted to put out more "adult" films, they did a slight of hand and created the label Touchstone films so that people wouldn't associate movies like Splash (which showed what looked like bared breasts) with Disney Productions. Another label, Hollywood Pictures, was created by Disney to help distribute Touchstone films. At first the personnel of these companies was simply Disney's staff, but as time went on, they got their own production personnel.

On Oct. 27, 1954, Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color debuted on television. The TV show celebrated Disney's movie triumphs. The words Wonderful World of Color are not ill chosen. According to an Illuminati mind-control programmer, when Disney worked on his cartoons, and amusement parks, colors --special colors and color combinations--were specifically chosen for mind-control programming purposes. Wonderful World of Color under various names such as Disneyland aired for 22 years over the television networks. In 1955, Walt Disney made his cartoon character Mickey Mouse real by creating a fan club--the Mickey Mouse Club, which aired five days a week usually just as children came home from school. Twenty-four children called mouseketeers would help Mickey, and they would dance and sing and do skits. The Mickey Mouse Club adored the unique, cute little beanie Mickey Mouse caps with their big ears mounted to each side of the beanie. In the 1950's, most kid viewers of the show wanted their own "Mouse Ears" and to become a Mouseketeer, especially children who were receiving Mickey Mouse scripts in their total mind-control programming. Disney used his Mouseketeers to play all the roles in an Oz movie *Rainbow Road to Oz,* which was never shown to the public. Adults today (both men & women) who received Mickey Mouse programming during the 50's through 70's can still be seen with Mickey Mouse clocks, watches, lampshades, knick-knacks, tee shirts, etc. Years later the kids who watched can still remember "Spin and Marty" and the Mickey Mouse theme song. The image that everything was perfect including Mickey was portrayed by the Club's T.V. program. Still somehow the American people began to use the word "Mickey Mouse" as a synonym for a silly, pretend way of doing things. It became common for people to say, "He mickey-moused it together." to mean he did a poor job putting it together. On Jan. 30, 1957, Walt Disney had a television show aired entitled "All About Magic" where a Magic Mirror explains about magic. The Magic Mirror also contains a "Bibbidi-bibbidi-Boo" sequence. In 1959, Disney bought 8 small submarines from Todd Shipyards for $2, 150.000.

When ABC wouldn't let Walt make a TV series out of a storyline where a magic ring changes a boy into a dog (a mind-control programming theme)--because ABC didn't think the public could swallow the story line--Walt quit ABC for NBC. Walt then made a scaled down version of this occult storyline entitled The Shaggy Dog. Early in the 1960's, Walt and his brother Roy went secretly looking for an area on the east coast to build another Disney Park. Walt the younger of the two, died in 1966, and Roy finished the project. Beginning in 1964, 30,000 acres were secretly purchased at $200 an acre in the Orlando, FL area just west of NASA's Cape Kennedy. Using phoney names and paying cash, Disney buyers bought the land and swore the sellers to secrecy. The Magic Kingdom has been multiplying. In 1971, Walt Disney World was opened to the public. Bob Hope and others participated in a Disney special on Oct. 29, 1971 "Grand opening of Walt Disney World". From the time of its opening until Oct. 12, 1995, Disney World calculated 1/2 billion people visited DisneyWorld. This amusement park is in Orlando, FL on over 27,400 acres and includes the EPCOT Center (now also called simply Epcot). The EPCOT center was another dream of Walt Disney's (albeit more than slightly modified from Walt's original EPCOT ideas.) EPCOT originally stood for Experimental

Prototype Community of Tomorrow. It was to be an extension of the massive mind-control being carried out at Disney World. The original EPCOT city designed by Walt was to carry on its commerce (traffic) via underground roads and tunnels like the Disney Theme parks. After Walt Disney died, his successors changed the proposed experimental city into another theme park simply called Epcot. It is not unusual to see crowds of over 48,000 people descend on Walt Disney World and the EPCOT center in a single day. Some visitors arrive via a monorail. Visitors can buy 5-Day World Hopper passes which allow them to bounce around with admission to all the sites for a seven day period. In other words, some families stay for a week at Disneyworld. Hardcore visitors can get Annual Passports which provide unlimited use of Walt Disneyworld for an entire year.

In reality, many visitors to Disneyworld begin the day enthusiastic and after a day of hot sun and waiting in long lines with large crowds for imitations of reality, the tourists are zombie-like and looking forward to getting back to their hotels. Many people have felt the rides were not nearly what they expected. Some of the rides are better than others, and some typically get comments like, "It was stupid." Some of the spooky events like Snow White's Adventures, or the oversized heads of the Disney characters walking around can leave the little preschool children terrified and dazed for the rest of the day. In contrast, older children, who normally rarely show patience at home may show how much they want to go on a particular Disney ride, by waiting an hour and a half in the hot sun for a ride. Alien Encounter is a Walt Disneyland feature that invites tourists in for a "demonstration of interplanetary teleportation." When the "demonstration" as planned "breaks down" an ,,alien" with asocial traits appears among the audience and terrorizes the audience. A cute creature is hideously fried, deformed, and then vomited into space screaming. Here are some comments from visitors to this Walt Disneyland attraction:

· "Alien Encounter ...is one of those rides I can say I've seen and that I have no intention of ever doing again. In fact, parents who take children under the age of six should be brought up on child abuse." Woman, from MI

· "Alien Encounter was the WORST experience for my 10-year-old (and almost every child in there). It starts out cute enough during the preshow, but the actual show is a disaster for children. My daughter screamed and cried in terror throughout it. I thought the Disney warnings were vague and inaccurate. When we left, there wasn't one child with dry eyes (even sturdy looking 12-year-old boys were crying.). I think an age requirement of 13 or 14 is more appropriate. I talked to a few adults and we even agreed that the special effects were extremely unpleasant even for us. This show is not a Disney family experience--its ATROCIOUS!!" A mother from Phillipsburg, NJ.

· "We did go to Alien Encounter...The preshow is deceiving. It kind of lulls you into thinking "this isn't so bad." When the main part came up, I admit the experience gave me the absolute heebie-jeebies. . .I am never doing that presentation again--it was way too intense for me, and I'm now 27 years of age!--from a family in Laurel, MD Michael Eisner, the President of Walt Disney Co., initially rejected Alien Encounter for not being scary enough when it was being considered as an addition to Disneyworld. One wonders what he would have liked! Snow White's Adventures, which was an attraction at Disneyland, was one of what the Disney people called "dark rides". After a while a sign appeared with a witch warning people that the attraction was scary. Later in 1983, they renamed it Snow White's Scary Adventures. It might be interesting to point out that when the original Snow White and Seven Dwaffs film came out, that England forbid the film to be seen by any child under 16 unless accompanied by an adult because of the scary content of the movie. How far we have come since then. Schools in the Florida and California areas also make field trips to the Magic Kingdom that are arranged with Disney. EPCOT receives tens of thousands of children this way during March, September and October. High schools use the Magic Kingdom for proms or senior nights, and some couples use the facilities of the Magic Kingdom for weddings. *Modem Bride* ranked Orlando as the number-one honeymoon destination in the world. Group discussions of people who

took honeymoons to DisneyWorld have had a consensus that the hype is not as great as the reality. Some weddings are done with cartoon characters. Disney offers "fairy-tale" wedding packages. A great deal for two mind-controlled slaves. They can reinforce their programming while getting married. The Disney fairy-tale wedding typically has its ceremony on a pavilion on an island in the Seven Seas Lagoon with the Cinderella Castle as a backdrop. The fairy-tale wedding can then be followed with a Fantasy reception with a choice of themes such as Beauty & the Beast or Aladdin. The fantasy programming can continue as the bride is delivered to a "Cinderella's Ball" by an actual glass carriage drawn by six white Disney ponies. A costumed fairy-godmother & stepsisters are also at the ball. Desert is served in a white chocolate slipper.

One of the after-dark shows is IllumiNations which consists of music, fireworks, erupting fountains, special lighting, and laser technology done at the World Showcase Lagoon. EPCOT has a show Cranium Command at the Wonders of Life in the Future World section where guests sit in a theater that functions as a command control room for a boy's brain. In 1980, Disney came out with the box office flop *The Devil & Max Devlin*. In 1984, Roy E. Disney brought in Michael Milken, of junk bond fame to help Disney out financially. In 1985, Disney bought MGM's rights to Leo the Lion logo and began using the MGM Wizard of Oz material. Later a remake of *Alice In Wonderland* came out in the modern motif of *Honey I Shrank the Kids*. In the 1990's, Illuminati controlled companies continued their promotion of Disney. For instance, the Nestle family's Nestle company promotes Disney movies on their chocolate bars. The Nestle family is exposed in this author's booklet *Illuminati Control Over Foods and Grains*, p. 4 as one of the elite Black Nobility families. In 1996, Walt Disney World created an actual residential town named Celebration on its property. This self-contained community has 20,000 and a school, a theater, a fiber optic information network linking business, as well as other features.

SOME DISNEY people of interest.

Over the years, the close associates of the Disneys' is very revealing. The public can get a feel for Disney's attitude toward Illuminati bloodlines in the Disney movie *The Happiest Millionaire* which is about Anthony J. Drexel Biddle and Angie Duke. Readers of this author's previous writings will recognize the Biddle and Duke names. In fact, the movie was based loosely on a book written by Cordelia Drexel Biddle about the Biddles.

X Atensio. His first name was Xavier, but was nicknamed and called X. He worked on the haunted mansion of Disneyland with WED enterprises. He joined Disney in 1938, and was an assistant animator of Fantasia.

Warren Beatty. (b. 1937 in VA) This actor is from the Illuminati Beatty family and starred in Disney's Dick Tracy. The Dick Tracy film uses color in a special way, and this ties in with the color programming of the mind-control. Some total mind-controlled slaves have programming based on Disney's Dick Tracy movie for them to track down and kill "targets" (people). Warren's sister is the famous (or infamous) Shirley Maclaine. Shirley "MacClaine" is not what she appears. Her father was a professor who was a CIA asset. She was used by the CIA as a sex slave. She became popular with the studios because she went to bed with the correct people. Her talents were used to get her as an intelligence slave into places that an obvious intelligence agent couldn't go. She was married to a man in the NSA for nearly 20 years. Her adopted name Maclaine (reportedly her mother's maiden name) is a pun on McLain,, VA where the CIA programmed her. She was used by the CIA in an operation in Australia, where the CIA used her as a sex slave to compromise Andrew Peacock, an Australian MP,, so that they could establish the Nugen-Hand bank for their dirty money laundering etc. She is friends with satanist Stephen Nance who has provided her with some of her teachings. Lowell McGovern writes her material. The CIA has programmed many of their New Age slaves to adore Shirley MacLaine. An example of this is Christa Tilton, one of their mind-controlled slaves, who revealed in an interview how she considered herself a born-again Christian who had spent most of her life in Oklahoma, but had mysteriously been drawn to Shirley MacLaine. During her life she has gotten

repeated "psychic urgings"--that is strong urges to do things and go places, which she doesn't understand where these urgings came from. After hypnosis, Christa drew pictures of the doctor who programmed her. Christa has had a federal agent monitor her constantly. Her husband has seen this agent, who has shown up on her door step and made calls to her. She names the agent John Wallis (most likely a cover name). This agent has a complete knowledge of her life, and government agents have taken photos of her during her supposedly "alien abduction" experiences. Christa is just one of hundreds of victims who have been programmed to adore Shirley MacLaine. (Christa is mentioned here because she is one case that this author is familiar with.) Warren Beatty, who peppers his speech with four-letter words was a student at the Stella Adler Theater Studio in NYC.

Black, Shirley Temple. Shirley Temple Black sat on the Disney board of directors *(74-75)*. Her films were used for some of the early 40's and *'50's* programming and teaching slaves body movements/dance. She married someone in an elite Network family from San Francisco named Charles A. Black. Charles A. Black was a Lt. Col. in the Pentagon who lived at Bethesda, MD. Was Shirley an early example of brain-stem scarring to get geniuses? Shirley's brother appears to have developed "Multiple Sclerosis" from brain stem-scarring. It was Shirley Temple who co-founded the International Federation of Multiple Sclerosis Societies, and was a member of its exec. committee. Shirley represented the U.S. at the UN General Assembly in 1969, belongs to the Sierra Club, and has been decorated with the Cross of Malta. Shirley has shown clues that she may be an Illuminati mind-controlled child protege.

Stephen Bollenbach. Bollenbach was part of Walt Disney management, and was a key figure who helped engineer Disney's $19 billion buyout of the CIA's Capital Cities/ABC, as well as sell the idea to Eisner. He is the CEO of the Network's Hilton Hotels Corp. He recently has been involved with trying to buy ITT, in order to put together the world's largest hotel-casino combination. Bollenbach has an extensive background with the gaming-gambling industry. When the Justice Dept. began looking into the merger of Disney with Cap. Cities/ABC, Bollenbach resigned his Disney position. Some people feel his resignation was needed for Disney to get the Justice Dept. to approve the merger, because his past was vulnerable to be exposed.

Warren Buffett. A major stockholder in Walt Disney. He also owns 40% of Berkshire Hathaway Inc. which also owns lots of shares of Disney stock. According to S.F. Examiner, Buffett himself owns 24 million shares of Disney. Warren Buffett is part of the Ak-Sar-Ben fraternity and Monarch slave abusers who were exposed in the Nebraska Saving & Loan scandal. He is perhaps the second richest man in the nation, and too powerful for anyone to touch. In the kingpin vs. kingpin battles, some people close to the inside see Buffett as a good guy. Readers need to study the Lincoln Savings & Loan scandal and the scandals connection to programmed child slaves at Boy's Town to get more information on this Disney stockholder. Robert G. Hagstrom, Jr., who is the portfolio manager of the mutual fund Focus Trust, which has shares in Walt Disney, wrote the book *The Warren Buffett Way*. Hagstrom has a chapter on Disney in his *The Warren Buffett Way*. He quotes Buffett as extremely enthusiastic about Disney's merger with Capital Cities/ABC. Because of his enthusiasm Buffett says, „The odds are extremely high that we will have a very large amount of Disney stock."

Salvador Dali--This strange surrealist spanish artist was a friend of Walt Disney. After Salvador was kicked out of Spain for Franco's belief that he was a communist, he came to America, and worked with Disney Studios in 1946. Salvador, an eccentric who had no particular work habits, described himself, "The only difference between me and a madman is that I'm not a madman."

The Tommy Dorsey Band--This band has had a number of men in it who are Mind-control slave abusers associated with the Network. Frank Sinatra, a sexual slave user, got his big break with this band. This band performed at Disneyland in 1984 at the Plaza Gardens. Tommy Dorsey was part of the Network's in-crowd. When he was on a USO Tour with Bob Hope, he stabbed actor Joe Hall and threw him out of a window. Joe had to have 32 stitches. But Joe didn't get justice, the judge dismissed his case against Tommy.

Michael Dammann Eisner, Chairman at Disney is a CIA asset and connected to the mob. Some insiders believe he is connected to elements of the CIA & mob that are anti-NWO. Even so, these anti-NWO factions also employ mind-control. Eisner ignored a threat by Red China to boycott Disney products if he made a movie about the nation Tibet that China controls with draconian force. The U.N., the Commerce Dept. and the State Dept. all tried unsuccessfully to get him to back down on the film. A paper trail connecting Michael Eisner and Walt Disney Co. to mind control is their support of the Boys & Girls Club of Napa Valley, which is used for a supply of children for pedophilia and mind-control. The Boy's & Girls Club is used to supply caddies for the Silverado Country Club, where these children are also used as mind-controlled slaves for the sexual perversions of the elite. Notice that Napa's Silverado Country Club invites in celebrities (such as CIA asset Pat Boone, Joe DiMaggio ex-husband of sex slave Marilyn Monroe, Engelbert Humberdinck a slave handler, Digger Phelps Notre Dame's coach who uses slaves, and Jack Vale nti CEO of Motion Picture Assoc. & Bohemian Grover) for a golf tournament which is billed as a ,,benefit for the Boys & Girls Club". The benefit for child slaves is they get to caddie & sexually service elite perverts. Michael (bn. March 7, '42 in NY) came from old American money of a family that has been rich merchants and lawyers. Michael grew up in luxurious Park Ave. as well as his family's "country place" in Bedford Hills near Mt. Kisco, NY. He went to an elite private school Allen-Stevenson, which is famous for its children's orchestra. At the age of 14, he then went to Lawrenceville School, which is a prep-school for Princeton, whose tuition in *'56* was $3,000. Eisner's class incl. NY's governor's son, and other sons of powerful men, such as the son of Saudi Prince Turqi al-Faisal. The school is a prep school for the establishment's entertainment industry. Students are only allowed to see their parents on major holidays. Eisner was in the Periweg Club, the school's drama society. His poor scholastic performance meant that he had to go to a small liberal arts college, rather than Princeton or Harvard such as was family tradition. For instance, his grandfather had attended Phillips Exerter Academy and Harvard. His grandfather has serve in many govt. commissions and belonged to the Harvard Club, the American Club in London as well as some yacht clubs. Between his junior & senior year in high school, Eisner was a page at NBC's HQ in the Rockefeller Center. In 1966, he landed a job in the programming department of ABC. He had an influential position. Eisner had one good break for deciding TV programming. He was 21 when the target audience was 21 years old, and when he was *35*, the target age of the film industry was then *35*.

He has been described as having "supernatural enthusiasm" coupled to a lifetime quest for untested ideas.

Rich H. Frank, was Executive Vice-President with Walt Disney until his sudden resignation about a year before this was written. He worked side by side with Katzenberg and left after Katzenberg resigned in a dispute with Disney's chairman Eisner. Rich Frank was President of Walt Disney's TV-Media Division. He acquired the estate of VanHoffenwiggen, when VanHoffenwiggen fled the country and vanished when Lendvest began to be exposed. VanHoffenwiggen was a major figure involved with Lendvest Mortgage Inc., a drug-laundering operation and drug smuggling operation operating out of Napa Valley. It was also the fastest growing real estate mortgage company in northern California until its drug smuggling began to be exposed. Lendvest did some tricks ala Nugen Hand Bank. Millions of dollars of investors and creditors have disappeared leaving lots of hurting people, and the mortgage company filed for protection from creditors in U.S. Bankruptcy court, and is still in operation. International financier Edmond Safra's private bank, the Republic National Bank of NY, launders money from the Medellin drug cartel. Safra's bank sent Lendvest lots of crisp new $100 bills. The Safras are tied in with the Rothschilds. (The Safras are reportedly recent property owners in St. Helena near Napa (through Good Wine Co. which is the Spring Mountain Wineries), near where Lendvest was HQed. Edmond's nephew, Jacob Safra, has a partnership in Napa Valley's Good Wine Co. The Rothschild's Citicorp gave Republic National Bank the transaction ability to issue international (world) bearer bonds ("bank notes") The Luxembourg/Belgium branch of Bank Nacional de Paris issued a bearer bond that was connected the Lendvest drug running operation. In Britain, a U.S. citizen Mike Spire ran the British operation of Lendvest and InVest. LandVest's parent was InVest which has operated in the U.K., Switz., Saudi Arabia & Paraguay. Long story made short, Lendvest has been an international CIA-Mafia drug running operation, with Illuminati overtones and

connections to it. With all this in mind, it is strange, that Walt Disney's President of its TV-Media Division, Rich Frank, bought the palatial mansion of John 0. VanHoffenwiggen after VanHoffenwiggen disappeared from the country when indictments and arrests began to be made of people connected to Lendvest. According to insiders, Rich Frank is also one of a number of Napa Valley people involved in illegal labelling of wines. Rich Frank was a key figure in Disney's programming venture with three regional Bell Telephone companies (Ameritech, Bell South, & SBC Commun.) coming together. Bell Telephone wanted to get into cable TV. Michael Ovitz formed a rival group of 3 other Bell Telephone co.s. Calvin Robinson, who tied in with Land Vest, worked with Boyce, who in turn worked for TRW Co., in Redondo Beach, CA. Boyce was sentenced to 40 years for selling US surveillance secrets to the soviets.

Daniel Hillis, the co-founder of a supercomputer producer Thinking Machines from MIT, is in charge of the Walt Disney Imagineering unit. Hillis helped Disney develop a virtual-reality ride at Disneyland based on the Aladdin cartoon.

Jeffrey Katzenberg, has been the chairman of Disney's movie studio, is an aggressive worker, a model Type A person. „Ask 50 people to describe Jeffrey Katzenberg, and most will say tenacious. 'If Jeffrey were any more aggressive, he'd be in jail." says the producer Dan Melnick." (Harmetz, Aljean, "Who Makes Disney Run?", *NY Times.* Feb. 7, '88, p. 29.) Katzenberg is the father of twins, which people joke was typical of his efficiency. Katzenberg supervised the production of Star Trek. Most of his movies have been box office successes. In the '70's, Katzenberg worked for NY Mayor John Lindsay.

Sanford Martin Litvack. Sanford is the Executive Vice Pres. of Disney and in charge of "Human Resources" for the corporation. He is a jewish lawyer who was educated at the Jesuits' Georgetown Univer. He is on the bd of dir, of Bet Tzedek.

Vincent Price. Price has been one of the major influential occultists who has provided the world with many occult horror books and scripts. He worked for Disney some, and was the voice for Ratigan in *The Great Mouse Detective.* Vincent Price's good friend John Hay Whitney is an Illuminati kingpin and vice-pres. of the Pilgrim Society and was raised into the Illuminati through the Yale Scroll & Key fraternity. His friend Whitney likes horror movies.

The Osmond Brothers. Merrill Osmond's boys were "discovered" at Disneyland when they were visiting the site in 1962. The Disney people on Main St. just "happened" to recognize the talent of the five boys and signed them up soon for their first professional singing contract. The Osmond Boys did some television appearances for Disneyland such as Meet Me at Disneyland, and Disneyland after Dark. (Considering the mind-control programming done to these Osmund children, these TV shows were a cruel joke.) Of the singing Osmond kids, Donny is the next to the youngest, and his sister Marie is the youngest. Both Donny and his sister Marie are programmed multiples who are slaves, who have been subjected to a lot of abuse. They have good front alters. Their father has made millions from drugs, porn and white slavery and is part of the Mormon Illuminati front. The Mormon front of the Illuminati has gotten a lot of good publicity off of the Osmonds. They sang for Andy Williams whose french wife was once arraigned on murder charges. Later they sang for the satanic Network's Lawrence Welk show. Swedish accented Lawrence Welk has been part of the Network. Marie Osmond has grown up, and she has adopted 3 of her 5 children in spite of her busy singing schedule which includes approx. 200 singing shows a year at places like Mafia controlled Atlantic City. In terms of occult families, adopted children are often programmed children, so this is a clue that her children have been programmed too.

Michael Ovitz. Ovitz was the no. 2 man at Walt Disney for a while until near the end of '96. Michael Ovitz was a high school classmate in VanNuys, CA with Michael Milken (later the junk-bond wizard), & there are many of the same people connected to both men. When Michael Ovitz's National Mercantile Bancorp (a saving & loan) began getting into the quicksand of several lawsuits & scandals, attorney Robert Strauss represented him. Illuminati member Robert Strauss has been a lawyer connected with drug running & the mafia. He was also an FBI agent from '41 to *'45* with

Hoover. He is admitted to the Wash. D.C. bar. Pres. Bush appointed him U.S. Ambassador to Russia. He has been on the board of dir, of the Illuminati's PepsiCo, Archer-Daniels-Midland (ADM), and General Instruments (which have been exposed in other writings by this author.) He was also a board member of the Illuminati-mafia run MCA. Strauss is seen in Wash. D.C. as a behind the scenes power broker. Strauss represented Michael Milken associate Ronald 0. Perelman, Chrmn. of Revlon, who made a $600 mil. killing off of the 1st Gibraltar S&L. Strauss represented MCA, which the Bronfmans took over in *1995.* The book Knoedelsder, William. *Stiffed-The True Story of MCA, The Music Business, and the Mafia.* NY: HarperCollins Pub., 1993, does an good job of connecting MCA to the mob, the Network, and Iran Contra. See especially page 442. *Time* magazine 2/24/97 carried a page long story about Michael Ovitz being out of a job. In the article, they reported that he was spending time on his new yacht The Illusion, visiting Joe Silver's estate in So. Carolina, visiting his property in Aspen, CO, and eating lunch with investment adviser Richard Salomon of Spears, Benzak, Salomon & Farrell. Gordon Crawford of the Capital Group is quoted in the article praising Ovitz, and saying he would invest in an Ovitz venture. Ovitz is believed to be mafia by people in a place to know. He has also been known to threaten people using mafia terms, for instance, *Vanity Fair* (12/'96, p. 272) reports Ovitz threatening Bernie Brillstein, a producer, with his "foot solders". *The San Francisco Chronicle* (Fri., 1/26/'96, p. D20) quotes the latest issue of *Columbia Journalism Review* about an incident where a reporter Anita Busch who was investigating Ovitz got violently sick from the MSG in her food as she interviewed him. To top off it all off, Ovitz followed up her story which questioned his actions, by sending her a gift wrapped package of MSG with a one-word note: "Enjoy.". Michael Ovitz has had the clout to deal with Illuminati kingpin Edgar Bronfman head to head. He requested & got Bronfman to keep his dad employed, which was dutifully done. Edgar Bronfman Jr. had seriously considered having Ovitz head Seagram's MCA/Universal conglomerate.

Frank G. Wells. Frank was the President & the Chief Operating Officer of The Walt Disney Co. Wells was also on Disney's board of directors. He was a Rhodes Scholar, and a lawyer in *1955.* Those who have read previous books (such as *Vol. 1)* by this author know how the Rhodes Scholars fit into things & are part of the Illuminati. He worked closely with Eisner & Katzenberg. Frank died in a helicopter crash in the spring of 1994 while heli-skiing in Nevada. His surviving sister is Molly Wells Chappellet who runs around in Illuminati circles. Molly Wells Chappellet has been featured several times in Betty Knight Scripp's magazine *Appellation.* Betty Knight Scripp was married to a Bohemian Grove member. Betty has been good friends with: the late Pamela Harriman (who was a recent U.S. ambassador to France & connected to the Rothschilds), as well as good friends with Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Vladmir of Russia, who owns the Chateau Margaux in Bordeaux. Betty Scripps personally monitors with care what is put into her incredible magazine *Appellation.* She has a column "Who's Who in the Wine Country" where the Chappellets have appeared in print numerous times.

Nearly all of Disney's 1920 movies had a black cat in them. Many had occult slants to the scripts. The occult slant never departed from Disney themes.

Some of DISNEY'S blatantly OCCULT MOVIES.

Aladdin. A wisecracking allpowerful genie is shown.

Bednobs & Broomsticks. (1971) A witch finds a magic formula from a lion king. The magic formula raises a ghostly army of armor in a museum which stops a band of German commandos.

Beyond Witch Mountain. (1982) A pair of twins leave Witch's Mountain and have to use their special occult powers to outwit a character named Deranian.

Black Cauldron, The. (1985), A Horned King uses his magic to fight a clairvoyant pig and the pig's keeper. This animation cost *$25* million, but was a box office failure.

Bride of Boogedy. (1987) An evil spirit visits the Davis family and puts the father under a spell. Directed by Oz Scott.

Child of Glass. (1978) A glass doll must be found to set a ghost free in a haunted house.

Gnome-Mobi1e, The (1967). A multimillionaire and his grandchildren encounter gnomes. In the end the multimillionaire deeds the forest to the gnomes for eternity.

Halloween Hall of Fame (1977). Jack-o-lanterns come to life.

Halloween Treat (1982). Cartoons about Halloween. This was followed the next year with a film Haunted Halloween which talked about the origins of Halloween.

Misadventures of Merlin Jones. (1964) A genius tries to help other students. He tries to also use hypnotism & ESP which backfire on him.

Richest Cat in the World. (1986) A wealthy man leaves his fortune to his cat, who the relatives later discover can talk.

H. DISNEY & its MOB connections

When this author spoke to the co-author's deeper Illuminati alters about Disney, their reaction was that Disney had been described to them when they were in the Illuminati as "a syndicate within a syndicate." They said that while in the Illuminati, they were aware that Disneyland had their own government, their own rules and their own police force. They were a crime syndicate within a syndicate. What these Illuminati alters casually mentioned, was verified by this author the hard way through research. One Disneyland Security Supervisor said, "There is no Constitution at Disneyland. We have our own laws." Once, when Walt Disney got miffed at a Hollywood policeman, Walt said, "I'll have your badge." If Disney guards decide to, they will get very rough physically with people, and assault them in any fashion they see fit. The people they detain are often thrown into tiny cells at Disneyland where they are kept without benefit of a phone call, without benefit of a toilet or water. The judicial system turns a blind eye to whatever Disney police do. Many people pay Disney to get their children out of a Disney cell, and never get due process of any law. This type of treatment has gone on for decades, and is almost a daily occurrence at Disneyland. The Anaheim Police force is very chummy with the Disney private police force. Also at one point, the Burbank Chief of Police was the brother-in-law to Disney's Chief of Security. Recently, when a couple filed a wrongful death suit against the Magic Kingdom of Disney in Florida, the state of Florida surprisingly has appeared to have backed off from their traditional behavior of protecting Disney's sovereignty. An article on the suit said, ""there is evidence of some nervousness with Disney's relative autonomy."" *(San Francisco Chronicle,* article "Mickey's Dark Side" Oct. 1, '96, p. C6) An attorney in the case said, "Disney World's security people aren't just cops, they are bad ones. I don't think there is any corporation that has ever had the perceived power that Disney has." Richard Foglesong, a professor of politics at Rollins College in Winter Park stated, "Because Disney World controls so much of its corporate and municipal universe, it can't help but act in a heavy-handed manner in order to ferociously protect its self-interest. They have immunity from state and local land use law. They can build a nuclear plant, distribute alcohol. They have powers local communities don't have. Do they abuse it? In my opinion, yes." In line with Disney's previous dictatorial policies on their properties, Disney's new city called Celebration will not have any elected government. Since the city is unincorporated (a neat Disney trick) the mayor is appointed by Disney. Several Disney "quasi-government'" bodies control citizens of the city. For instance, the Celebration Residential Owners Association, which participates in binding all residents to a Declaration of Covenants, a legal binder of rules that residents must live by. Of course the Declaration of Covenants was written by Disney. These rules include such nit picky things as, no more than two people can sleep in the same bedroom, no pickup trucks can be parked in front of homes, and if Disney officials don't like your cat or dog they can forcibly remove the animal from your home. Disney Corp. has perpetrated numerous deceptions on the residents, incl. shoddy work on their homes, and operating their ""public"" school with Disney cronies. Still, the residents that have moved into Celebration are glowing with praise for the town in spite of the fact that the city

is totally run by Big Brother Disney Corp. Of course those who don't love it, soon leave. So much for the American tradition of self-government.

Some MOB HISTORY.

Traditionally, the mob crime bosses have had a yearly summit. In 1928, they had their yearly conclave at Cleveland. In 1929, they had their secret yearly conclave at Atlantic City. In 1931, they held their secret annual conclave at Wappingers Falls, NY. At the Wappingers Falls meeting, attended by about 300 overlords and soldiers, the heads of the family clans discussed their crime family agendas. They decided where the first national Mafia convention was to be held. Once the Mafia was able to hold their yearly private national meetings, they were able to coordinate their activities, as well as decide such things as:

a. the direction of national & internal operations, and long range plans

b. the promotion of new bosses

c. decisions on turf & rank, commodities & cash

d. hashing out alliances or disputes with the Mishpucka, Triads, FBI, Illuminati, etc. and working with others in a concerted manner. The mafia clans would then leave the annual summit meetings and follow through in their area of operations, until they would meet the next year, review their successes & failures, get new assignments, and decide upon new short & long term goals. In 1927, the Mishpucka worked with Mafia to highjack a bootleg shipment of whiskey travelling from Ireland to Boston for the Kennedy Illuminati family. Most of Kennedy's guards were killed in the shootout, and J.P. Kennedy had the widows of the guards besieging him for financial assistance. Billy Graham's good friend Mafia Chief Joseph Bonanno was one of the chiefs who attended the yearly conclaves. He also met with J.F. Kennedy in the Winter of 1959. John Kennedy was known to have said that mobster Sam Giancana worked for his Kennedy family. The mob/Illuminati alliances and infighting are too complex to deal with in this book, but both groups had to put plans into action to deal with the repeal of Prohibition, which would end their lucrative bootlegging. The short term plan for the Mafia was to control the film industry in Hollywood, and to penetrate the unions better. The long term plans called for sending their next few generations of children off to the top schools and getting them into legitimate respectable corporate positions. By learning the ins and

outs of honest, legal operations, they could then mix in the illegal operations with their legal ones & look legal. They planned to extend their power base into politics, the Harvard-Stanford business schools, as well as the finest corporate board rooms. They intended (and have succeeded) in getting some of their offspring to produce/direct T.V./films. They would have an increasing presence within the Bohemian Grove membership, as well as some of the other great social & business clubs. Their plan to take over the film industry hinged on their union control over unions and theaters. The Chicago mob controlled the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees Union. The mob controlled the projectionist's union, and if the film makers had the theaters where their movies were shown shut down, what good would it be to make movies? The film makers and the mafia both had power & money. Rather than fight a protracted war, they made a deal. The major studios would give about *$50,000* a year to the mafia, and the small ones *$25,000*, to be allowed to function. Other agreements were also reached. Mob henchmen Willie Bioff and George E. Browne were mob lieutenants who orchestrated the mob's "Hollywood takeover".

Time Magazine, Nov. 1, 1943, wrote, "In the witness chair in Manhattan's Federal Court sat bland, wily Willie Bioft (pronounced Buy-off), blackmailer, panderer, labor leader, and now star witness against eight ex-pals, who are charged with shaking down $1 million from the movie industry...Question: Was it true that Bioft once had a five-year plan for taking over 20% of Hollywood's profits-and eventually 50% interest In the studios themselves? Bioff (wistfully): "If we'd lasted that long, we would have. Question: "Did you ever say you were boss of Hollywood and

could make producers do whatever you wanted?" Bioff: "Yes-and I could make them dance to my tune." Although Bioff rolled over on his pals and ended up getting car bombed, that didn't stop the mob/Mishpucka infiltration & control of Hollywood. (Bioff had tried to save his public image by helping Walt Disney settle his labor dispute with the mob-led unions, but Walt wisely relected his offer of help, and made sure he didn't offend the Chicago mob leaders who were disgruntled with Bioff.) Hundreds of millions of dollars were poured by the Mafia & Mishpucka into real estate in southern California, by using legitimate local businessmen to launder the money. Hollywood was declared a "free zone" where all the Mafia/Mishpucka families could operate without a fear of a turf war. Let us backtrack slightly to 1930. Columbia distributed Disney cartoons from 1930 until 1932, when Disney switched to United Artists, because Columbia wasn't bothering to pay Disney the money they owed. In 1930, Cohn, Pres. of Columbia Pictures, got Disney off the financial hook with Powers by intimidating Powers with some street toughs carrying a legal suit. If Disney wasn't indebted to the mafia before, he was at that point. Biographers have been puzzled why Disney went into such a traumatic depression after Henry Cohn "helped" him. Tough guy Henry Cohn made sure Walt knew who was boss. His attitude was that Walt should be happy to be paid at all by him for the cartoons Walt supplied Columbia. After this, Walt would lock himself in his room and weep uncontrollably for hours. He was impossible for anyone to get along with. He was unable to focus on anything, and would stare for long periods out the window. Biographers blame Walt's behavior on the fact that his wife was pregnant. They also blame it on his friend Iwerks defection to another company. Frankly, Walt had treated Iwerk like a dog, and deep down must have known why Iwerk left such an abusive relationship. To claim that he wept for hours day after day because he realized he might become a father is too much to swallow. When Walt was asked years later about why he was so depressed he said it was the stress of the financial situation. Walt said, ,,I had a nervous breakdown. ..Costs were going up; each new picture we finished cost more to make than we had figured it would earn when we first began to plan it...I cracked up." This author submits to the reader that part of his breakdown may have indeed been the financial stress from having come under the heel of the mafia. They had all the means to make or break him, and he had no choice but to surrender to their overwhelming power to blackmail & destroy him OR to get out of the business. What this did was place Walt in a position where his two strongest traits had to clash--his overwhelming obsession to be his own boss, and his creative obsession to create animation which was wrapped up with his ego & his deep phobias and psychological needs. His mind couldn't give up its independence nor its creativity without great mental anguish, and therefore Walt was very saddened, knowing that he would have to admit defeat, and buckle under the heels of the big boys. Just when he needed emotional support his wife was going to have a child, and his best animator left. Walt had abandoned Iwerks years before, and Walt's wife had wanted a child for some time. Iwerk's departure and his arriving child do not in themselves account for the long intense nervous breakdown that Walt experienced. Biographers point out that Walt was very reluctant to have children, and that he was impotent with women including his wife much of the time. His impotency to carry out normal sex may help explain his secret sexual habits. Walt's masonic brother Carl Laemmle offered Walt a good deal to help him recover from Henry Cohn's abusive control of Walt, but Carl wanted the copyright to Mickey Mouse in return for the help, and Walt wouldn't part with Mickey Mouse. Instead, Walt signed a contract offered by Joseph Schenck of UA (United Artists), who was one of the Mafia's illegal drug kingpins. In *1935,* the mob's illegal drug dealer Joseph Schenck went on to found 20th Century, Inc. which later merged with Fox in '38 to form Twentieth Century-Fox, whose board of directors would include two Illuminati kingpins William Randolph Hearst and Malcolm MacIntyre. Joseph Schenck's brother Nicholas Schenck and Marcus Loew merged Metro Pictures and Goldwyn Pictures and named Louis B. Mayer as its head. Meanwhile over the years, MCA, headed up by Illuminati Kingpin Lew Wasserman gained a monopoly over the American film industry with the secret backroom deals that they made with Ronald Reagan's Screen Actor's Guild and Petrillo's American Fed, of Musicians. (By the way, Lew Wasserman would try to revive Reagan's acting career in the early '60's. Frank Sinatra and Walt Disney were both friends of Ronald Reagan, and all three believed in mind-control.) Ronald Reagan and Petrillo in turn worked with the Mafia's NCS Council of 9 (which incl. Anthony Accardo and Sam Giancana), which at one point divided the U.S. into 24 mob territories. After J. Schenck went to jail (very briefly), he was replaced as Pres. of 20th-Cent. Fox by Spyros Skouras. Before his arrest, while Schenck was still in charge of 20th-Cent. Fox,

he made numerous offers to Disney for Disney to incorporate his studio as a subdivision of 20th-Cent. Fox. Disney worked for a few years with them distributing his films, but he would not let go of trying to be independent. The FBI and American Intelligence turned to the mob to help them as the U.S. entered WW II. Perhaps Walt's mob connection added impetus for his recruitment. Walt went to a number of American Nazi meetings prior to Pearl Harbor. This author believes from knowing Walt's personality that Walt may have been on assignment, rather than a Nazi sympathizer. Still, why does one of Disney's pre-Pearl harbor cartoons display a swastika? Disney's Epcot Resorts is close to the mob's Atlantic City Board Walk with its nightclubs. The resort was designed by Robert A.M. Stern. (This author doesn't know about Robert Stern, but there are programmed multiples and Illuminati members within the Stern family.) At Walt Disney World, the nightclub there was named "Cage", and then later '8 TRAX". Comedy Warehouse, which is a nightclub at Pleasure Island in Walt Disney World opened on May 1, 1989 and has used slave comedians as well having people who are mind-control abusers. On Feb. 11, 1987, Walt Disney Co. was reincorporated in Delaware. Delaware is the only state that allows total corporate secrecy. No one can find out who really is running a Delaware corporation, and many other secrets can be hidden under Delaware's corporation laws. Capital Group has considerable shares in Disney, as well as 29% of the shares of the Robert Mondavi winery at 7801 St. Helena Hwy, Oakville, CA. Wellington Group and Mellon bank also have shares. Behind Capital Group are mob controlled groups like Debartolo Reality Corp. and La Quinta Inns (a Bass bro. operation.) Sam Bronfman operates Sterling & Monterey Vineyards. There are countless people walking around that have felt the ruthless, impersonal, controlling, money-grabbing side of the Disney Corp. Also, there are a number of journalists who have experienced first hand the secrecy and paranoia that the Disney corporation has. Most journalists are not used to the secrecy that pervades Disney. Because Disney has shaped the myths of America for several generations, the public takes more concern over who is running Disney, than they would other institutions. Because most of America believe in the image that the Illuminati have built for Disney, they are rooting for it to succeed.

How the Disney Executives have figured out how to steal land all across the U.S.

Over the years Walt Disney has developed several very sneaky reliable techniques to acquire land. They acquire land through their executives and large stockholders and family members of the execs and stockholders. After all the deals are made in an area, and when everything is in place over a period of time, these people then turn their land over to Disney. Disney works with government officials and local bankers to line up special deals so they can succeed in their plans. After everything is lined up, the corporation announces their plans and goes forward. This methodology has been used repeatedly, for instance the American History Theme Park in the Manassas Civil War battlefield area of Virginia for which Disney has acquired 1,800 acres and has access to at least 1,200 more. In Nov. '94, after a new Virginia governor was elected, the Virginia "Disney's America"project was announced, and Virginia voted almost instantly for the money for transportation and infrastructure improvements to the area so that Disney's theme park would be viable. Disney set up 3 banks in Napa, CA. Their banks made loans to old families in the valley. The trusts and the wills for these families were made up by Stanford Univ. grads. These people set on the boards of these banks or connect with the boards of these banks. They charge large fees, and know every trick in the book to rob people of their estates and their living trusts. The Stanford grads, who connect in with intelligence agencies & the mob use certain code words when they set up their businesses, such as RESOURCE, EVERGREEN and PACIFIC. There are a number of scared landholders who are being intimidated to sell their land in the Napa Valley region.

DISNEY and the GOVERNMENT

Just prior to W.W. II, the FBI recruited Walt Disney. His job was to spy on Hollywood or anything else that looked suspicious. Documents obtained from the Freedom of Information Act, in spite of

heavy censoring, clearly show that Walt Disney became a paid Special Correspondent asset of the FBI. He reported to FBI agent E.E. Conroy. In 1954, Walt was promoted to Special Agent in Charge (SAC) which means others reported to him. After "leaving" the CIA, ex-DCI (ex-head) of the CIA William Hedgcock Webster became a lawyer for the Wash. D.C. based firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley and McCloy. In 1993, when news broke about Walt Disney's FBI membership, ex-CIA head Webster worked with the Disney family to cover up to the public that Walt Disney was an FBI agent. Webster went on TV and had interviews to spread the fabrication that Walt was not connected to the FBI. Why? One of the countless items that Disney was involved in was the investigation into the disappearance/rape of a six-year old child Rose Marie Riddle on 1/12/61. According to documents gotten from the Freedom of Information Act, W.G. Simon was the FBI agent who met with SAC Walt Disney in L.A. about the case. W.G. Simon has been one of those people who has been publicly lying by claiming that Walt Disney never was an FBI agent. The paper trail proves otherwise. Why is it so important to the FBI and CIA to cover up that Walt was an FBI agent? Walt also worked for the CIA, even though documentation of that is not available. This author theorizes that the reason the FBI and CIA are so touchy about letting people know that Walt worked for the government is that the Network knows how the FBI and CIA worked together to procure children for mind-control programming purposes. Because Disney and Disneyland played such as enormous role in Mind-control, Disney's connection to them, although on the sufface a seemingly minor fact, is in reality a minor fact setting on top of an enormous ghastly secret. When W.W. II started, the government incorporated the Disney studios into the war machine. The military paid Disney $80,000 for 20 training cartoon, which cost Disney $72,000 to make. Disney studios also made some secret films for the military. Mickey Mouse and Goofy cartoons were slanted to have war themes, for instance, the Goofy cartoon of 1941 "The Art of Self Defense" and "How to be a Sailor" in 1944. Perhaps in honor of the contribution Disney had made to the war effort, "Mickey Mouse" was the password of the Allies for millions of men on the big D-Day invasion on June 6,1944. Walt Disney produced a cartoon showing Donald Duck paying his taxes faithfully. The film was entitled The New Spirit. It was very successful in getting Americans to comply with the IRS. In 1946, Disney made a film for the public schools for sex education entitled *The Story of Menstruation.* For the United Nations, Walt Disney created "It's a Small World" attraction for UNICEF for the '64-65 World's Fair. This attraction was moved to the theme parks & has been a major feature for mind-control. After learning of the enormous amount of mind-control programming going on during after hours in secret tunnels at Disney as well as in the public facilities, it makes more sense why the Russian Premier Nikita Khrushchev would be denied a visit to Disneyland by the U.S. government "due to security considerations" when he was visiting the U.S. in Sept. 1959. Khrushchev obviously had his own security working in tandem with American security and the intelligence people for whatever reason(s) didn't want the complication of these Russians going to a major programming site. Some powerful military men have been connected to Disney films. Two former commanding officers of the USS Alabama nuclear sub were technical advisors for the Disney film Crimson Tide. Walt Disney was tied to the U.S. government, and recent disclosures show that he was tied to the FBI. Walt used his FBI connection to destroy the life of Art Babbitt, who had led the strike against Disney in 1940. Babbitt found that everything he attempted in life after the strike was ruined by some hidden power. Was Walt part of naval intelligence attached to the FBI? Was he part of the FBI that is involved with child procurement and mind-control? In the 1950's the Illuminati began organizing covens on the West coast and began solidifying their power. (This comes from several independent sources.) Likewise, it's clear that Disney didn't have the clout in 1953 with local governments, that it does today. Walt Disney was unsuccessful when he tried to get permission from the city of Los Angeles and the Burbank City Council for the construction of Disneyland (called Disneylandia at that time), in the Burbank area. One Burbank councilman told Walt, "We don't want the carny atmosphere in Burbank."" Inconsistently, within a few years they gave permission to Universal to build an amusement park in Burbank, which opened in 1964. Disney then ask the Stanford Research Institute to locate a spot for Disneylandia (Disneyland), which they found at Anaheim. In recent years, Disney decided they wanted to build another amusement park (called California Adventure) across from Disneyland. In order to do so, the Interstate highway will have to have changes, and the Anaheim city council needed to approve the large 55 acre expansion. In contrast to the Burbank City Council in *1953,* Anaheim's City Council was enthusiastic about the expansion in spite of lots of local

opposition. The locals complained at council meetings to the City Council that the city had no business going hundreds of millions of dollars into debt to help a corporate giant. (Anaheim will issue $400 million in bonds.) Locals also raised concerns that the public school system in Anaheim is stressed to the breaking point where they are considering going to half days, and that Disney Corporation should give as much consideration for the school children of Anaheim as they do to their Amusement park. Disneyland's Pres. Paul Pressler bragged about Disney's new California Adventure amusement park, "Disney's California Adventure is really a

celebration of the fun, the beauty, the people and the accomplishments of this magical state. We really have set out to try to capture a bit of what the California dream is all about." (Sounds like the dream is to be wealthy and control people. The elite would rather give us BREAD & CIRCUS than an education.)

The Dragnet films were done in part at the Disney studios. In an Office Memo from the 66-new LA SAC FBI agent to Hoover (12/16/54), which was obtained via the Freedom of Information Act, the typed memo states, ,,Mr. Disney has volunteered representatives of this office complete access to the facilities of Disneyland for use in connection with official matters..." Historically, we now know that Disney's use for "official matters" included mind-control.

J. DISNEY & MIND CONTROL

Once the reader is familiar with the programming scripts, the reader merely needs to watch the Disney "Adventures in Wonderland" that come on TV in the morning to see Disney mind-control at work. Within a few minutes one morning, this author had seen a white rabbit create "a world in your mind" (the quote is what the show said!) with a ring, watched Alice go through the mirrors, watched a White Rabbit [the programmer] read a book to a little girl, and the TV listener be told by the show "The White Rabbit is our only hope!" The deeper alters of Illuminati slaves who are programmed for espionage, for spying & blackmail, & seduction & assassination, are given programming to live in a fantasy world. They never touch base with reality. Much of this type of programming has gone on at Disneyland. Disneyland visitors are taken in a boat where dolls sing an around-the-world theme song "It's a small small world". These doll world parts of the amusement parks are used for programming assassination & espionage alters. The song & dolls play important roles in these alter's mind-control programming. Some slaves at around age 19, have this type of programming tested to make sure it is solidly in place. The song ,,It's a Small World" was composed by the Sherman brothers for Disney originally as a theme song for a ride at the *'63-'65* NY World's Fair. The Sherman brothers were talent that Disney discovered. They were born in NYC, and both graduated from Beverly Hills High School. They wrote Disney songs for at least 29 films. Mind-controlled slaves, who repeatedly bump into each other, but don't know why, will be found saying, "It's a small, small world." Both rituals & programming go on at Disney amusement parks during both the day & night. Steven Rockefeller and Walt Disney travelled and spent time together with Dr. Hadley Cantril, an establishment expert on human behavior. (See *There Was Once A Time of Islands, Illusions & Rockefellers.* NY: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1975.) When Walt Disney began Walt Disney World he sent Card Walker to the Florida capital to request quid pro quo, and the governor gave it to Disney. What that meant is that Disney's property in Florida was totally controlled under Disney's jurisdiction, they had their own laws, their own police force, their own hospitals, and their own tax rate. No outside authority would interfere with Disney's jurisdiction. DisneyWorld's finances would be untouchable and out of sight by the state of Florida. Never had so much power been given away. DisneyWorld became its own crime syndicate within the syndicate. Disney amusement parks are like a city within a city. They have there own security forces, and the local police allow the Disney security forces to take care of their turf. Disney has their own policies (laws). Some of the security forces can be identified in plain clothes with clean-cut hair styles and have communication devices. The security forces have a headquarters room where TV monitors display-live the exit points at Disney as well as other locations. *America 's Most Wanted* has a fairly large file on children who have been kidnapped at Disney Amusement Parks. One mother, who got separated from her child when getting off a train,

frantically told a guard her child was missing. The guard took her to the monitor room, where they saw the kidnapper carrying the child out of the park with the boy slumped over his shoulder. In that short of a time, the kidnapper had drugged the child, cut his hair different, and put a different shirt on him. (This anecdote was mention in *Inside the Mouse*, pg. 52) As written before, white slavery is part of what Disney is all about. This mother was one of the fortunate few who did manage to find their kidnapped children. An insider states that the Disney police are definitely part of those moving and abusing innocent children brought in for occult rituals. In addition, the Disney security forces spy on their own employees. Employees do not enter the theme parks like the visitors, nor do they move around like the visitors. They have underground tunnels and underground entrances and facilities for that. One victim of total mind-control mentioned that a tunnel entrance was at the Matterhorn mountain at Disneyland. (The Matterhorn was opened by Walt and his good-friend Richard Nixon, who rode in the first car down the mountain.) The Disney productions has given the Illuminati the cover to bring together Illusionists, magicians, and special effects artists without anyone being suspicious. Some of these men were able to apply their talents toward programming children. As an example of their talents, Disney special effects artists were able to create 16 realistic-looking cadavers for the 1989 film *Gross Anatomy*. Walt Disney, Inc. has teamed up with Los Alamos and Sandia Labs, two other groups which are heavily involved in mind-control and people control to develop body scans, branding and access codes for the visitors to Disney's theme parks. Each of the Disney Theme parks, such as Disneyland, DisneyWorld, EuroDisney etc. have vast underground facilities. These underground facilities allow many of the workers to get to the ride areas via underground passages. Each theme facility also has a vast infrastructure underground in order to maintain it. The underground areas contain wardrobe design and repair units, fitting rooms, restrooms, cafeterias, security units, computers, freight ramps, utility encasements, and large connecting tunnels. The underground areas also have programming rooms. They have their own power plants and water systems and their own police force. Disney company employs 71,000 people at several locations, tone recent TV show used the figure 40,000 Disney employees.] People are coming and going 24 hours at the Disney theme parks. Three shifts keep up the 24 hour business. The night crews maintain and repair the parks for the thousands of people that will soon arrive in the morning. Disneyland makes a natural prop for carrying out mind-control. The items they sell are also natural props--such as the Goofy watch *($19.95)* which has hands that move backward to confuse a slave as to what time it is. Was Walt Disney aware of how Disneyland was used for programming? There is no doubt. Disney lived much of nights at Disneyland, and had an apartment at the firehouse near the train station on Main St. At night, if he was not doing anything else, he'd roam the grounds of Disneyland scribbling notes on his own distinctive blue paper, which he'd leave for workers to follow the next day. The notes would say such things as "Replace these flowers," or "Move that bench". *(Prince of the Magic Kingdom*, p. *25)* Walt Disney knew everything that went on in his Magic Kingdom. The Epcot Center and the Disney amusement parks market all kinds of occult triggers, including crystals, rainbows, wizards etc. that reinforce the programming. The Epcot Center has two glass pyramids along with its "Journey into Imagination". Disneyworld has the Island of Atlantis on its sub tour. Fantasyland is one of the most used tours of Disneyland for mind-control purposes. It has carousels, merry music, an incredible castle, boat rides, story book characters etc. Sleeping Beauty Castle with its blue turrets and gold spires is the central visual object of Disneyland. You cross a drawbridge to get into

it. Inside Fantasyland are Illuminati programming sites such as the Mad Hatter teacups, the King Arthur carousel horses, and Snow White's forest.

In the far corner of Disneyland's New Orlean's Square is the Haunted Mansion. This mansion is designed to frighten and scare, it has an ingenious design and many special effects and illusions. Realistic ghosts, a screeching raven, howling voices, and other scary things welcome the visitor. Life size holograms are created at the Haunted Mansion, and dance in sync with the music and then fade out at certain points. There is a hologram of a woman's head in a crystal ball who chatters non-stop. A real good laugh for the programmers of a little child. When you are toward the end, you will have a chance to look into a mirror where a hologram ghost will nestle up beside you. Star Speeder is another great programming location at Disneyland. It was the creation of George Lucas and the Disney Imagineers. The technology is borrowed from Star Wars, and is similar to flight simulators

used by the military to train pilots. Disneyland Hotel offers Character Breakfasts, where children eat breakfast with Disney characters, to people who make special arrangements. U.S. Special Forces, which carries out mind-control, owns two hotels near Disney World, and the Mormons have one also. Knott's Berry Farm with its Ghost Town, Amusement Park, & its Charlie Brown themes and characters is near Disneyland. One of the Disney executives began one of the most horrible trauma-based mind-control programming centers in Los Angeles called Magic Castle a comedy warehouse. This trauma center had horrible torture chambers. Children were brought in from South and Central America to be programmed at the Magic Castle. A brave L.A. policeman exposed the place--for which he lost his job, and eventually was able to get the site closed. One of Disney's recent ventures in their

Disney Institute, which *Newsweek* labeled "the Disneyland of the Mind". *(Newsweek*, Mar. 4, 1996, p. 61) A private club called Club 33 at Disneyland located upstairs in the New Orleans Square is believed to be involved in mind-control. Cub's Den supervises children's activities at the Wilderness Lodge Resort at Walt Disney World.

At Disney-MGM studios the major attraction is the Twilight Zone Tower of Terror. Guests take a strange scary trip through the hotel, where guests are finally sent into an elevator that drops out of control 13 stories. The ride has been advertized on TV. Disneyland now has a Temple to the Forbidden Eye--which is simply a Temple to the All Seeing Eye, the Illuminati symbol. Visitors, who have the patience to wait in line, can strap themselves in for a ride that is like a jack hammer that jars the rider through a temple filled with snakes, rats, and mummies. One aerobics teacher couldn't walk for three days after the jarring ride, which comes across as „hokey". The experience is more traumatizing than fun, but then maybe that is what was intended.

DISNEY VACATIONS FOR THE ELITE

Years ago this author's newsletters exposed Hilton Head Island, SC as a watering hole of the powerful elite incl. retired generals and admirals, and the site for the elite's Renaissance Weekend "meat market". Remember, that at one time Hilton Head Island was private, with imported alligators in the water around it. A person was only allowed on the island by going through security gates with a clearance. In a later newsletter, Disney's Hilton Head Island Resort was mentioned. This resort, built by Disney Vacation Development, Inc., is located on a 15-acre private island linked to Hilton Head island by a narrow bridge. Members to the Disney Vacation Club can exchange time for vacations at Disney and other resorts around the world. Memberships cost minimum $9,412.

MELODYLAND

Right smack across from the entrance to Disneyland is the Assembly of God's Melodyland Christian Center, the birthplace of TEN (Trinity Broadcasting Network). The Assembly of God denomination has been heavily infiltrated by the Illuminati, and has been heavily used as a front for programmed slaves. Paul Crouch, president of Trinity Broadcasting Systems, Inc., was affiliated with Melodyland in 1973 when TBS was getting started. At that time, Melodyland was a rich heavily infiltrated charismatic church, with its share of programmed multiples. In 1973, closet homosexual minister Jim Bakker, and his wife Tammy Faye, a programmed multiple were with Paul Crouch in Anaheim at Melodyland. Paul Crouch had been the assistant pastor of Bakker's home church in Muskegon, MI. Crouch's right hand man was Alexander Valderrama, a charismatic Roman Catholic. TBS used an abandoned military base as their TV complex, using hangers as studios. In the early 70's, ABC put Bakker & Crouch's early shows on their affiliate stations on Sunday morning. Bakker had already gotten his career kicked off with Illuminatus Pat Robertson and his 700 Club. Jim Bakker split and went to the east coast. To help Bakker with his money, Bill Perkins, who had been a financial analyst for the World Order's mind-control research at Sandia National Labs in Livermore came to help Bakker run his ministry's finances. Later, televangelist Bakker began building Heritage USA, which

was to be a big-money resort. Bakker hired people who had worked for Disney to construct Heritage USA. Bakker studied Disneyland, Disneyworld, and other Disney places as a model for Heritage USA. After Disneyworld opened in Florida, Jim Bakker was a REGULAR visitor to it. Heritage USA's Ft. Heritage was modelled after Disney's Ft. Wilderness, Main St. was modelled after the Magic Kingdom's Main St., and Disney's wrought-iron fencing was also copied. Most people are aware of Jim Bakker's *$265,000* payoff to Jessica Hahn to keep her sexual services to him a secret, his longtime homosexual relationship with his right hand man David Taggart, and his prison sentence. James Orson (named after Orson Welles) Bakker was from Muskegon, the same place that Cathy O'Brien, a freed Mind-controlled slave came from. He was born pre-mature, and had some interesting family situations that make his family suspect. While Cathy O'Brien got programmed via the Catholics, Jim was part of another denomination which also was into programming, the charismatic Assemblies of God. His grandfather, who lived next door to Jim, and where Jim spent much childhood time with was popularly known in town as a "huckster", and nicknamed Kingfish after the manipulative character on Amos & Andy. Tammy his wife grew up in International Falls, MN in poverty in the home of her stepfather and mother. Besides having a "shopping demon," she has had her share of phobias and mental problems, as can be expected from someone who has had to suffer through programming. It would be worth pointing out who has come to Jim Bakker's rescue when he was under attack. For instance, on Thursday, Oct. *4,* 1984 when Jim was under attack, Jim Bakker's show had six people give endorsements and praise of Jim Bakker. Those were Ronald Reagan, Dale Evans, Robert Schuller, Oral Roberts, Billy Graham and Rex Hubbard. Of those, this author knows for sure that all are masons, except for Rex, who may or may not be. Robert Schuller, Billy Graham and Oral Roberts are "Christian ministers" who participate in using and handling mind-control slaves. These three ministers all participate in

secret Satanic rituals. The last few paragraphs have given only a sketchy picture of the intimate relationship between Disney Mind-control and the charismatic movement and its use of trauma-based total mind-control.

DISNEYANA FOR THE PROGRAMMED & OBSESSED.

For people who have been programmed with Disney programming and who are obsessed with Mickey Mouse and everything else about Disney, and for other people who just have the collecting spirit for Disney memorabilia, there is a group called Disneyana. Disneyana, was organized in the 1980's, and consists of people who are cult-like in their devotion to anything true Disney. Some of them to express their devotion outwardly tatoo their bodies with Disney characters. This group holds their annual convention at the Contemporary Resort in FL. One Disneyana at the annual convention said, "We collect to keep the good feeling inside." Another when interviewed said, "This is why it's all about love." The author knows as a fact some of the men who are obsessed with Mickey Mouse & Disney items are programmed multiples. One of Kenneth Anger's occult friends has had the world's largest Mickey Mouse collection. Who is Kenneth Anger? Kenneth Anger, a member of LaVey's Magick Circle & later his Church of Satan, is an occultist and an underground film maker. Kenneth Anger (he choose the last name Anger) was raised on the Wizard of Oz books. His biographer Bill Landis writes that the Oz books "laid the groundwork for Ken's attraction to Crowley, the occultist who would rework Rosicrucian thought into his own magical system." Ken was obsessed with Crowley's life & magic. As a child, Ken had danced with Shirley Temple in competition after she became a child star. Ken Anger loved the OTO's solar phallic religion, and was also obsessed with Mickey Mouse. He spent part of his time studying his friend's Mickey Mouse collection. Ken Anger did his casting for his film „Lucifer Rising" by telling occult friends & acquaintances that they could live out their goddess or god power-trip fantasies by acting for him. The British government's National Film Finance Corp. fronted 15,000£ for Lucifer Rising's production. Famous occult musician Jimmy Page did the sound track gratis. Ken Anger acted as the film's Magus and made his Magus role resemble Mickey Mouse in the film Fantasia. (The role Fantasia plays in mind-control

programming will follow as the last part of this chapter.) "Lucifer Rising" also starts with Fantasia-type volcanoes. Another of his well-known films was "Invocation of My Demon Brother."

Mind-control features in Disney movies.

The elements within Disney movies that are intentionally put in for mind-control would take volumes to describe. A detailed description of how just one Disney movie is used as a programming script soon follows. Fantasia was selected as the example. A random sampling of features in Disney movies for mind-control programming could include:

· Cogworth the enchanted mantle clock in Beauty and the Beast.

· The character Door Knob, which is a doorknob portrayed as a person in the Disney cartoon Alice In Wonderland, is useful for programming door knob alters.

· The Blue Yonder is a Disney movie on time travel of a young boy. Time travel movies are used for programming to mess up the victim's sense of time.

· Disney film "Animated Alphabet" has letters which come alive, which is useful for programming. And what about the '82 Disney movie "Computers are People, Too!" ?

· All the Illuminati members this author is aware of who have received trauma-based total mind-control were taught to astrally project and study on the astral plane what they needed to learn. A Disney movie that portrays this is *Goofy over Dental Health.* This is an educational film released by Disney in '91 and again in '93, where Goofy places a magical toothbrush under a child's pillow, so that the child astrally projects to a dentist office and while on the astral plane studies how to have healthy teeth.

· Illuminati alters believe that trees and flowers are alive. The 1932 Disney film *Flowers and Trees* is a story about two trees who fall in love. The film portrays the occult belief that trees can talk and sing. Internally, alter systems will be constructed with singing trees and flowers that represent people and which are alters. The singing trees give out internal codes to move alters internally where they need to go. Return to Oz. (1985) This Disney film begins its story line about a girl who is thought to have psychological problems because of her tales of Oz. She is warned not to talk about Oz by her relatives. She is taken to a psychologist who wears a big ruby ring, who tells Dorothy that electroshocks won't hurt her, and that we are at the "dawn of a New Age." Dorothy is told that her memories are „just dreams" that stem from excess electrical current in the brain. She is sent to a mental institution to receive shock treatments for talking about Oz. A lightening storm allows her to escape the shock treatments and when she sleeps, she awakes in Oz. In Oz she goes through many mind-control scenarios, ruby slippers, mirrors, etc., and toward the end visits with evil Mombi, Princess of Oz who keeps Ozma (Dorothy's twin) as a slave. Mombi eventually casts a spell and enchants Ozma into a mirror. Sci-Fi author J.D. Vinge in her *Return to Oz* based on the screen play writes on pg. 211-212, "Dorothy gazed at herself in the mirror, seeing her own reflection, and remembering the moment when she had looked at herself and seen someone else there, someone so like her that it could have been her sister." Parts of this film were filmed near Stonehenge, Eng. Disney has put out several films on the Wizard of Oz theme, all of which were used for programming. The original series of Oz books were by Baum. In '39, MGM did the famous Wizard of Oz film. In the Disney movie Tron (1982), a young computer genius goes into an altered state where he ends up becoming a computer program. After defeating the MCP, he returns to the real world. This is simply a programming script. A special effects team created a 3-D world, showing how talented Disney special effects people can be in making something seem real. This movie should show people their mind-control capabilities. Mathematical Applications Group, Inc. (MAGI) were one of the groups that created the graphics. Disney came out with 3 videos of new adventures in Wonderland which are mind-control programming. In the mornings here 9-9:30, on channel 21, Disney has a Wonderland Show every morning which is mind-control programming for children. Within a few minutes, this

author had seen a girl walk through a mirror, the 3 lives of Thomasina mentioned, and a little ditty "I'm a little tea-pot" where a person becomes a tea pot. They also had an "under the umbella" scene. This was all pure programming, right on TV. Of course, they show the White Rabbit as a central figure. ABC under the auspices of Disney produced a lengthy 140 min. film *Wild Palms* which depicts Illuminati mind-control and life. One reader of *Vol. 2* stated that the Wild Palms movie would have made no sense except that having read the Vol. 2 book, the movie made lots of sense in the light of Vol. 2's revelations. The film depicts how children are kidnapped, switched at birth, programmed via TV cartoons, programmed to kill and use stun guns etc. The film depicts Illuminati bloodlines and arranged marriages. Although the name „Illuminati" is not used, if viewers substitute in the name "the Fathers" for Illuminati fathers, they will get an insider's view of life at the top. The main controllers are addressed by their slaves as "Papa" or "Daddy" or "Mother". This is true to life. A person opposed to the Fathers states, "One day we will wake up and discover we don't own this country and no one will care." The movie states that events are not happening randomly. The movie shows an underground tunnel system which has an entrance hidden by a swimming pool. Quite a few actual programming codes were said during the film, for instance, "down, down, down through the pool of tears..." and "we're going to go down the yellow brick road now." The movie was created by Bruce Wagner, who obviously is an insider concerning trauma-based total mind-control. The fact the movie was made shows the arrogance of the programmers' beliefs that their criminal acts in programming thousands of little children will not be exposed, and that people will be too stupid to realize that what is put out as fiction is actually mirroring what is happening. It's like they believe their own script that IF people did find out "no one will care."

Because so much of the Illuminati programming involves the creation and programming of 3 alters linked into trinities, it is not surprising that Disney has helped such triad programming with a series of movies about threesomes, including:

3 Blind Mouseketeers

Three Caballeros

3 little pigs

Three Little Wolves

3 Lives of Thomasina

The Three Musketeers

3 Ninjas

Three Orphan Kittens

For Mickey Mouse programming they came out with Thru the Mirror, where Mickey Mouse steps through his bedroom mirror and ends up in another world (altered state). Not all of the Disney movies that have mind-control programming themes got released to the public. One unreleased cartoon had Penelope fleeing from a sinister looking Grandfather Clock which is carrying her to another world, and has another scene where Penelope tries to hold onto someone who personifies the Wind. George Lucas, who directed the movie Star Wars, which was a movie planned by the Illuminati & used for Illuminati programming, also directed Disney's movie "Captain EO". Captain EO (who looks like a demonic entity) goes to rescue the Queen (who looks like the harlot describes as Mystery Babylon in the Bible). The Queen is in captivity simply because she and her people believe in black and white (which represent good and evil). When they renounce such a belief, they are saved by Michael Jackson (in actual life a mind-controlled slave) playing Captain EO. It's a New Age witchcraft film through & through. By the way, Michael Jackson has gone to Disney amusement parks many times, sometimes in disguise. It is public knowledge that his Jehovah's Witness family has been very abusive mentally and physically to their children. Disney has put out several movies on how the mind works, such as the educational film The Brain & Nervous System in 1990. Their film Runaway Brain

is a cartoon where Dr. Frankenollie transplants Mickey's brain into a monster's body & vice-versa. A 1994 film, Puppet Masters shows the govt.'s secret Office of Scientific Intelligence trying to save the U.S. from aliens who live in human bodies. In recent years, Bette Midler has been Disney's main actress. In the Vol. 2, it was exposed that she is possibly a Monarch Mind-controlled slave. She is famous for her "mood swings" (switches in personality), and she had a "mental breakdown" in *1985*. Her eyes and body gestures are those of a programmed multiple. She has gone out on tour for Disney without making -money, and she is best of friends with Jeffrey Katzenberg (second in command at Disney). Jeffrey Katzenberg by the way is extremely disliked by his counterpart Sid Sheinberg. Bette Midler plays Stella in the movie Stella. Stella is an occult name. In the movie, the script seems tailored for Bette Midler and for someone who is a programmed slave, rather than the actress fitting the role. At the movie's end, Stella (Bette Midler) attends her own daughter's marriage by peeking in a window and watching from the outside. This is the script they give so many of the parts of a slave, so that they feel unworthy and feel like they are always on the outside looking in at life. Many parts (personalities) of slaves find it hard to connect with real life, because they feel they are on the outside looking in. And then in true Disney fashion, Disney had Bette Midler play the role of the lead witch in Hocus Pocus. The movie Hocus Pocus does some hocus pocus of its own. While pretending to make fun of witchcraft, they actually teach witchcraft. They do make the 3 witches look comical. By the way, the 3 witches stand for the maiden, mother, crone combo that the Illuminati reverence. Disney subtly works in deep occult things, such as the all-seeing eye on the cover of the book, the little girl promising the cat (who is a familiar spirit) that her descendants would always care for it (true, because the cat was a generational spirit). The cat is killed in the movie but can't die. And Bette Midler as lead witch in her costume, which has some Mother-of-Darkness symbology on it, states as she gets ready to take the life force from an innocent girl, "We want to live forever, so we take children's lives." This is wholesome entertainment for children? The Disney capacity for deception extends to its own workers. PR men recruit young people for its Disney College program. They tell the young people what a great stepping stone it will be for their careers. They have been known to make it sound like the greatest thing in your life. Kids come from all over the country due to the slick recruiting tactics to work for Disney. They are then housed in Disney housing, given menial jobs, and paid low wages. Most people in the College Program leave disillusioned. If the worker happens to think of a great idea, Disney officials have been known to steal the idea, and because the worker was working for Disney the worker will find that they are unable to get any credit or money for the idea that Disney steals and makes millions off of. One uncredited creator of a Disney sale item said, „iterally, they're using everybody for everything." *(Inside the Mouse*, p. 239.)

>>> Next, will be the script for how the Disney film Fantasia has been used as a standard programming tool since the 1940's by the Illuminati.

DETAILED SCRIPT ON HOW THE DISNEY FILM FANTASIA IS USED FOR PROGRAMMING TRAUMA-BASED MIND-CONTROLLED SLAVES.

During the 1950's, '60's, and '70's at least 90% of the Illuminati's trauma-based mind-controlled slaves were subjected to watching Disney's Fantasia film in order for them to build the foundational imagery of the mind-control. Child mind-control victims had their eyes taped open, and then sat one-on-one with their primary programmers so that the programmers could give the scripts as the child watched Disney's Fantasia over and over. What made Fantasia unique as a programming tool is that it had almost everything the programmers needed to create the foundational imagery for their trauma-based mind-control. To build a dependable alter system means that the worlds need a solid foundation. Fantasia has provided the means to get a solid foundation for the internal worlds that the Illuminati slaves build in their mind. It is also a masterpiece in coordinating color and music.

The Disney film Fantasia which premiered on Nov. 13, 1940 (at Broadway Theater in NYC) was a financial disaster as a movie, but was an Illuminati programming masterpiece. The film was released to theaters in '40, '46, '56, '63, '69, '77, '82, '85, '90 in order to catch every generation of children. The video was released in 1991. During programming much of the child slave's mind will watch the

film. One particular part (alter) will be forced to memorize everything in the film. This small part (small alter) is well hidden in each victim's mind. This small alter, who has a vivid and total recall of the film Fantasia, is locked carefully away so that ONLY an access code will pull him/her up. Watching the videotape Fantasia is not going to pull this alter up. The programmers pull this alter up when they have a clean slate alter. When they are taking a clean slate of the mind, they will pull the clean part up and have the alter who has memorized Fantasia throw its memory onto an internal big screen. The internal Outer space (aka Rubicon) is shaped like an amphitheater, and functions as a big vast screen for replay. There is an internal ball or sun created via the lighting effect of the movie Fantasia, so that the movie appears projected in the mind as on a globe. And the Fantasia film images hit this internal globe and go circular in the mind and spin through the system. The programmer will then say to the new part "THIS IS WHAT I WANT YOU TO CREATE. THIS IS WHAT WE NEED." In this fashion, Fantasia has provided the programmers with their primary tool for taking a dissociated clean slate part of the mind, and manipulating it to become a new workable part within the system. The young part that holds the entire Fantasia memory is strategically placed in the system so that it can be called up from anyplace in the system. No matter where the programmer is working in the system, he can access this small alter whose function is to remember the movie. Most of the system will go into a trance sleep if shown the movie. The front (as well as most of the system's alters) will be totally amnesic to having ever seen the movie. Since the programming put in with Fantasia is so fundamental it should come as no surprise that the programmers have done an excellent job in protecting this programming from everyone, including the slave. Abreacting the film for many alters could rip the system apart, because after the film is memorized severe trauma begins to be overlaid and attached to the film. There may be some small alters that still carry tiny bits and pieces of memory of the movie, but only one will really remember it.

The following script will be a running account of how Fantasia has been used as an important preparatory film for Illuminati trauma-based mind-control to train the mind-control victim's mind to be able to visualize the programming that will be layered in. The time clock will begin when the feature film's action begins, and then will run its entire 116 minutes. This will give the researcher of mind-control a blow-by-blow description of how a Disney movie is used for programming. The film was often shown to child victims around 3 to 4 years of age with a wide screen while the child was under a guided LSD trip. (Prior to the use of LSD some other drugs were used.) A Grande Dame or Mother-of-Darkness often worked with the Illuminati programmer as an Assistant Programmer. The scripts & the programming have already been discussed prior to showing the child the film, so the programmers know the direction they want to take the child, & will tailor some of what is said to the child victim to individualize the programming. When a three or four year old is shown Fantasia on a hypnotically-prepared and controlled LSD trip, the colors & effects of Fantasia are increased about 1,000 times. The film is realer than real to the child. The movie will not be shown just once, but over and over so that the scripts are ingrained into the mind. The imagery for the child's internal world will be well established, because the big screen movie enhanced by both the drugs and the bright colors of the art work will seem more real that life itself. At this time, the child is a multiple, but the walls between the various parts of the mind are not solid, but similar to the walls between ego states in an adult non-multiple. A large part of the 3 or 4 year-old child's system will be allowed to view the system, including the Christian parts. Then the entire system (with the single exception of the alter carrying the entire memory of the film) will be hypnotically told to forget having seen the film. Years later, the front alters will not remember having seen the movie, but they may have a strange dislike for the film. They may find that they can't identify where their feelings of dislike of the film stem from. The child victim will watch the movie with its programmer and assistant programmer one-on-one, with no other children in the room. The child will watch the film repeatedly and be grilled about what is in the movie. The child will see the movie so many times in such a vivid form and will be tested to the point that the movie will be memorized. But it will be hypnotically locked up in the subconscious by the programmers, so that it forms a base for the mind to begin building programming, but will remain hidden from the conscious. At the time the Fantasia film was made, the Illuminati had been creating trained multiples for years, but they knew they wanted to program the different personalities in accordance with the best mind-control techniques of the day. For this reason, the Fantasia film was planned ahead of time, so that it could possibly serve as a programming aid.

The film is silent (almost no words) except for music so that it can be used for hypnotic visualization, so that the Mother of Darkness & the programmer can fill in the programming script with the child victim as they watch the movie. As it turned out, their plans were successful. The New Age author David Tame states in his book *The Secret Power of Music* (Rochester, VT: Destiny Books, 1984, p. 292), that Fantasia is. . . "A superb marriage between the visual and musical arts. Most of the sequences.. .are what New Age cinema was intended to be!" The power of the movie to influence the mind stands out. In order to make the film, Disney used some strong arm tactics on a few people. The movie was a box office flop when first released in the 1940's, but then it was made for the occult world anyway. By the 1960's, the Illuminati had create a drug culture and had lots of undetectable mind-controlled slaves running around that had been programmed with Fantasia. In the 1960's, Fantasia became a hit with the drug culture which had its share of Illuminati slaves deeply involved in it. One more reminder, the sentences that are "ALL CAPS" in the script are things that the programmers are saying to the child victim as the child watches the film. (Bear in mind, that the child watches the film over & over, so not everything indicated in this script by caps that the programmer says will necessarily be said in one showing.)

00 minutes. Curtains open. Action begins with an orchestra. The Conductor upon a step pyramid is the center of the scene, and is shown to be the center of authority. Master Programmer Dr. Joseph Mengele liked Fantasia because he was a musician and a violinist. Mengele (Dr. Green) liked Bach, Beethoven, and Schubert and orchestra music. He enjoyed taking what he liked & using this music to make slaves. He would portray himself during programming as being the conductor, & all the orchestra were his children. The film will allow for a repetition of this theme.

00.5 minutes. The instruments begin playing. The musicians are silhouettes which cast shadows upon the wall. Alters will often see themselves in this fashion too, as merely a shadow or merely a silhouette.

01.5 minutes. The MC (named Taylor) begins talking. He begins grooming the viewer. He says that the film may suggest to your imagination "geometric figures floating in space."

02. minutes. The M.C. says there are 3 kinds of music. He says some music is to create definite stories, some to create definite pictures, and some music exists for its own sake.

02.5 minutes. The M.C. introduces us to the "Absolute music."

03. minutes. He states that ,,Abstract images that might pass through your mind...music will suggest other things to your imagination..." The Philadelphia Orchestra begins playing "Toccata and Fuge" by Bach in the background. As a cartoon for children (or adults) the film has already lost the normal audience at this point. (There is no way that Disney could have escaped realizing that the film starts out losing the normal audience.)

03.5 minutes. The conductor is standing out and everyone else is a silhouette with shadow mirror images (like so many of the alters become). Leopald Stokowski is now standing as the rising sun rises. This is an allusion to sun worship and the sun rising in the east. The music is going up and down, and this music at this point is used to train the child to go up and down the trance ladder (that is to go deeper or lighter in trance).

04. minutes. The conductor opens his hands and waves them in an Illuminati hand signal. The music begins.

06 minutes. A row of violinists play, they are merely silhouettes with shadows.

06.5 minutes. A harp scale is played in the background that is used in the programming. Triggers are attached to this harp scale, or the harp scale is used as a foundation identifier for a piano scale. More children can be taught the piano than the harp, so this scale is usually transferred to a piano scale.

07 minutes. A series of 3 musicians is shown.

07.5 minutes. The conductor (the programmer) becomes invisible. The Prog. Assistant will ask the child, „WHO IS GREEN? GREEN BECOMES INVISIBLE."

08 minutes. First lines representing bows are shown (the violinists are invisible), then the Golden Gate Bridge. "REMEMBER THE BOW, NOT THE VIOLINIST." The bow lines flashing on the screen represent energy. *08.5 minutes.* Colored disks are flashed onto the screen. The lights are represented to the child victim 'THAT'S DR. GREEN'S ORCHESTRA." Geometric shapes and flashes of lines explode onto the screen. Concentric rings that will pattern the concentric worlds appear. (See *Vol. 2* p. 196 for an illustration of this.)

10. minutes. Asst. Prog. will say, „YOU ARE HIS STAR." as stars flash on the screen. Many hidden alters (parts) are stars. Swirling lines arrive, and then colors and then more concentric lines.

11 minutes. Worlds within worlds are shown. Water is shown. Concentric circles that are the pattern for the worlds are presented. A varying number (5 or 7) of Castle-like structures materialize and then disappear. (These will form the pattern for some of the internal castles.) A quick flowing yellow line comes down the center of the screen, 'THAT'S THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD."

11.5 min. Lots of stars emerge.

12 minutes. Various worlds are shown, and an illusionary castle. Lots of stars are shown, which will be how the victim will model many of their alter parts after. Lots of purple stars appear, representing royal star alters.

12.5 minutes. Spiral splotches of cloud-like colors appear and disappear in dissociative colors. This is the Kingdom of the Gods during programming. The Asst. Programmer takes the opportunity to ask, "WHOSE ORCHESTRA?" This scene is used for the internal heaven where the kings are. Then the camera shows the conductor finishing.

13 minutes. The programmer has finished building his basic worlds.

13.5 minutes. The MC talks about Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker.

14 minutes. 13 circling lights come into view circling around and around. (The 13 lights are something like *4* yellow lights, 3 white lights, 4 orange, 2 blue-something like this. They don't have to be all the different programming colors at this point, because that programming will come in its own time.) Stars turn into fairies. A fairy with lots of fairy dust whirls around. ("Make a wish" the slave will be told later on, create what you want.) Flowers grow into butterflies. Hypnotic music plays as the fairy throws fairy dust. Soon, the Fairy spins a web.

15 minutes. The cabalistic tree of life is made with lights, and then the many colors of the ribbons are flashed up on the screen quickly. A compass image is very quickly flashed on the screen.

16 minutes. Lights multiply on the screen, and a spider web appears in the background. There are lots of stars which shine as lights in a spider web. (Stars will serve as alters in programming, the spider web serves as a system within the system, see *Vol. 2.)* There are several shots of multitudes of stars on a spider web. *16.5 minutes.* There is an explosion of light which has a splintering effect (which will fit in well with an electroshock later on to create alters.) Around and around go 6 big mushrooms dancing, with a little one trying to participate. The programmer will point out that the mushrooms are "A FAMILY". When the splintering effect is done with real electricity in the future, the mind will splinter into a family.

17.6 minutes. Concentric circles appear in water. Flashing pedals emerge as if they were dissociation spreading through the water. The flowers are the top spinners (see the pages in *Deeper Insights* on spin tortures to create spinner families), they dance, & then they float away in the bubbles (of dissociation). "A FAMILY OF SPINNERS" the programmer will say. "SEE THEY SPIN YOU INTO

BUBBLES INTO NOTHINGNESS." There is lots of dancing shown by the spinners. Everyone is dancing to the top. The child victim's head will be wobbling back and forth from the influence of the drugs and dissociation at this point.

19.5 minutes. When the family of fish make a star, the Asst. Programmer says, "SEE HOW SAD THEY ARE." The fish dance in circles and they also hide behind veils. "THE FISH MADE ITS OWN BUBBLES AND YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN BUBBLES TOO."

21.5 min. The child is trained to trance at the hypnotic 8's that appear in the water. This type of scene will put the deeper alters to sleep of a slave still actively being used. The movie here is being used to teach symbols, which will be important in the programming. Asst. Programmer, "LOOK YOU'RE JUST FLOATING.. ..FLOAT, FLOAT, FLOAT, SLEEP...SEE SHE WENT RIGHT INTO THE CENTER OF THE TRANCE STATE.. .YOU DANCE ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND AND WHERE WE END UP YOU'LL NEVER KNOW."

22 *minutes.* Lots of bubbles begin appearing. They will be used in the programming to assist the child to protect its mind from the traumas. The asst. programmer may have a bubble toy to make bubbles in her hand as a game to play with the child. The child will be trained and programmed to put its memories into bubbles and let them disappear. „WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO GO INTO THE BUBBLE TO GET AWAY FROM THE DARKNESS? 1,2,3...NOW THERE ARE MANY BUBBLES, THIS IS WHAT WE WANT YOU TO DO." At this point the film is showing different colors of bubbles, for instance gold bubbles. This trains the child's mind to identify different colors of bubbles. The bubble-fish-flower scene is going on. „DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE THAT FISH, ROUND AND ROUND YOU GO" (dissociation encouraged). The fish continues going in a dissociative spin. The fish swim in graceful perfect figure 8's which have a subconscious hypnotic induction message to the victim. "SLEEPY LITTLE FISH" is said when the music gets hypnotic. "YOU'RE SLEEPY & YOU'RE TIRED, THIS IS NOTHING BUT A DREAM." "ALL THE DIAMONDS ARE ALL AROUND, NOT YOU" In other words, this is teaching the child that their entire internal world can be around them, but "you don't know that it's you." The child begins to lose the ability to realize that other parts of itself belong to itself, they are only stars, etc. The *fish* changes into anot her character. flowers are appearing in different colors of the color coding, red, green, orange, blue, white. . .All of a sudden it get's still. "SHH, LISTEN CLOSELY."

22.5 minutes. Eyes shine in the darkness. "EVERYTHING IS FINE, YOU JUST RELAX."

Silhouettes appear, which represent fish (alters, and people) who are there but you don't see them, they are behind the veil like the silhouettes. 'THEY AREN'T THERE, IF YOU SEE THEM THEY AREN'T REAL THEY LOOK LIKE A FLOWER, WHEN YOU SEE THEM, YOU WON'T SEE A CHILD- YOU WILL SEE A FLOWER." The silhouette veil gives the sense to the child that he can sense something but it's not there. *23 min.* Different plants appear and dance. (This part of movie is very important in structuring.) The plants separate into many plants and flowers, and they multiply on the screen, but at the end they solidity into a solid plant. This is teaching the „you-are-one-but-you-are-many" concept. "FAMILIES ALWAYS WORK TOGETHER. WHETHER YOU ARE BLUE OR YELLOW OR GREEN, FAMILIES ALWAYS WORK TOGETHER IN HARMONY."

24 minutes. "BUBBLES ALL HAVE A LIFE SOURCE...THERE, LOOK, WHAT'S IN THAT BUBBLE?" *24.5 minutes.* „YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OWN ORCHESTRA". Fruit that hangs on the tree is shown, which will be the basis for how they hang the programs (the fruit) in the internal world. Note the colors, orange, white, yellow, purple, blue, green,...

24.5 minutes. Fairyland appears on the screen. The Fairies awake and fly through leaves. 'THERE'S YOUR FAIRIES. SHE IS VERY MAGICAL. SHE CAN CREATE ANYTHING AND SO CAN YOU." "THE FAIRIES ARE SO MAGICAL."

When the core is being first split, the parts of the mind that are creative are taken and used to create the fairies. The programmers will only take these original creative splits, they will not try to get fairies from any more torture. The fairies are the creative parts of the child, how ever many creative

parts that the child has splintered will be the number of fairies created. These parts of the mind receive very heavy programming. They are core splits. (If readers remember on page 87 of *Vol. 2,* it refers to a Core Protector coded "Creation". That alter was a fairy, a core split. Not only does this creative part make things "magically" for the system, it protects the core. Does that help people to understand how the Core can be so creatively protected?! (For more understanding about the Core see Cisco's very deep article on the Core.) Fairies are assigned to every part of an alter system. The child of 3 or 4, who watches Fantasia has had their core locked away at 2 1/2. The core's stars have not been locked away yet, & have access to her energy. When the system is built, the stars are locked away & become the core's guardians. They will act like the core to protect her. The real value of the fairies comes when the core's stars are locked away & the Programmers have to depend upon the creative power of the fairies.

24 minutes. A vine (which represents a system's double helix) lights up one leaf after another. The leaves are staggered (alternated) and they light up in sequence, which teaches the child the foundation of how they will create the DNA helix and its staggered exit permissions.

25.5 min. The leaves are now floating up and down, like the alters will learn to do. "SOME FALL TO THE GROUND AND DIE." This is the point where the story of the Oak Tree will be added in for programming. When the Illuminati programmers want "to destroy" an alter they can use the chandelier-MT 6:22-23 torture mentioned on page 310 of the *Vol. 2 Formula* book, and then have the splintered alters become leaves that fall to the ground and die. After this, these disobedient and now "dead" alters can be taken & be dissociated from their memories. The memories are locked up someplace permanent within the mind.

26. min. Out of a leaf like "box" come a series of fairies. The child is taught to put things (such as alters) in boxes of various shapes.

26.5 min. Leaves blow in the wind. Fairies cover things and keep them safe.

27. min. Fairies continue flying around. The seasons are passing in sequence. An internal green-skirted fairy will be connected to the internal hourglass during the programming.

27.5 min. The fairies quit flying and skate on ice. The season has turned to winter.

28 min. A winter scene. The four seasons have come to an end.

28.5 *min.* A sorcerer is introduced by the MC (emcee). The sorcerer is shown and then his assistant or trainee who is Mickey Mouse. Mickey Mouse wants to be creative and magical like the great wizard. Mickey Mouse sees the power that the sorcerer has, and wants that power. What is really being subtly portrayed here is the programmer (the wizard) and the core & the core's creative splits (Mickey Mouse). Showing the programmer as a great wizard is actually right on the money. The top programmers are all Grand Masters in the Illuminati and are very much into witchcraft.

29 min. The sorcerer (wizard) is shown again. This time the wizard,, with his skull beside him, creates from his witch's cauldron a big colorful butterfly which is forever changing. (Is this big yellow, purple, white, and blue butterfly meant to be a Monarch butterfly? The programmers will use it that way for this Monarch programming.) The great wizard magically creates the big colorful butterfly and then he shatters it into countless splinters!

30 min. Mickey sneaks around and grabs the magic hat. (The magic hat is one of the few things in the film that doesn't mean anything for the programming. It merely has witchcraft symbols.) Then a magic broom appears.

30.5 min. The broomstick comes alive. The broomstick imagery will be used to help create the pancake people (ribbon alters who will haul the internal computer messages). The broomstick person in the film hauls buckets of water. The child is having story after story layered in over a period of time, which are being skillfully constructed toward a programming end. Parts of the child's mind that

see the movie Fantasia will be dissociated clean slates. They will need to have some imagery given to them so that they have something to build mentally upon. In Cisco's section of the book, in the Truth article it is discussed how themind looks at sensory inputs and tries to make sense of a pattern by comparing it to previous patterns that it has identified. Learning is a step-by-step building process, and so is programming.

31. min. Mickey as the apprentice sorcerer (in a sense the victim who the programmer is training) manipulates the broomstick person. "THE CHILD (Mickey) CAN DO WHAT THE GREAT MAGICIAN DID. YOU CAN TELL YOUR MIND WHAT TO DO. YOU GET POWER BY LEARNING TO BE CREATIVE." Mickey (and the victim) become mirror images of the Wizard over them.

32 min. Then the sorcerer sits on his throne, and while on the throne acts like the conductor. Here is a subtle mental tie-in that Mickey is playing the role of programmer (conductor) and is sitting on an Illuminati throne (like so many of the Illuminati Grand Master programmers have actually done.) Michael Aquino is just one of several mind-control programmers who have gone by the name of Mickey. Because Mickey Mouse is substituted for being the programmer at different points in programming, this scene will tie in well with other standard programming sessions.

32.5 min. Mickey in the film clearly is shown leaving his physical body and astrally projecting himself. This is such a vivid portrayal of occult astral projection, that it is mind-boggling that many Christians consider Walt Disney movies to be christian. (See *Vol. 2,* p. 319, for a discussion of the scientific methods to understand and induce astral projection.) This again is laying the mental foundation for the child to leave its body mentally and either hover over its body in dissociation or to travel somewhere via astral projection. Mickey Mouse then begins conducting lights. These lights represent the alters that the victim will make for the conductor. The lights (aka stars) are the conductor's orchestra. Lightning (such as flashes that come from electroshock) and stormy weather are being controlled by Mickey. Notice that the things Mickey is controlling are fear-based. After the child has viewed the film many times and memorized it, when the electro-shock is applied during this time of the film, the child will control it like Mickey by 'magically' creating splits.

33.5 min. Mickey begins conducting waves. Then, for those who understand the veiled scenes, Mickey begins going through the different magic spheres conquering the different spirits. This is Enochian Magic. *34 min.* Mickey wakes up back in his body, and he is in trouble with rising water i.e. a water trauma. Mickey is thrown into the water. The child victim will identify this with the drowning tortures that are given to instill "no talk-no tell" messages. After Mickey (or in child himself) has done something, and returns to his body, then the "'no-talk"' message will kick in. Victims of mind-control often get the feeling of drowning when they trigger a no-talk message.

34.5 min. More water continues to flow.

35 min. All of a sudden without any continuity of action, Mickey gets an ax and kills the broom by splitting it. The broom dies and then multiplies when it comes back to life. This is such a clear picture of what the programmers want the child's mind to do. They will traumatize the child essentially unto death, and then they want the tortured alter to multiply itself into many more duplicate alters. Armies of brooms are formed from the broom. This scene here is a clear red flag that the Illuminati asked Walt Disney to produce this film. This scene with the trauma death of the broom, with it splitting in half, and then coming back to life in a multiplied form, is evidence that this film was meant to be used for training children in multiplicity. The assistant programmer will say "IT'S O.K. TO SPLINTER." "YOU ARE TIRED, YOU CAN ESCAPE THAT BY RESTING AND LET A PART OF YOURSELF COME OUT." At this point, it is necessary to explain what is going to be done when they begin to splinter the child's mind. After the splitting trauma, the programmer needs to be able to see what the child has created, so he wants the child to look at what's been made. "'CAN YOU LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE CREATED?" However, the part of the child that looks back at the

trauma will then see that the dissociated trauma was real and that will make the child angry. The programmers want the child to dissociate what he built, and when the child looks back at what he has created he goes into a vortex of dissociation. The child is told if he ever looks back at the memory he will go into the vortex.

35.5 min. Water is being thrown in by the brooms, while Mickey throws water out.

36 min. All of a sudden a hypnotic vortex sucks things in during the film.

36.5 min. The brooms all march in an army, while Mickey reads his magic book. Mickey then uses his magic book as a lifeboat when he gets whirled into a vortex. A vortex is often created from that part of the mind that is holding the high energy that accumulates in the mind just before the mind splits. It holds the highest energy of the mind. One way a vortex is created is to place the child on a traumatic Disney ride--like a rollar coaster. Special electrical boxes or electrical shoes are outfitted onto the child so that during the ride, at a particular timed moment when fear is increasing, that fear has pain of the electrical shock added to it. A cattle prod of course would be too dangerous to take up on some type of ride like that with all the motion. Also bear in mind, a small child doesn,,t take need the electrical power that an adult needs to take it down.

37 min. At the bottom of vortices in the Illuminati programming, the programmers place Guardian demons. In Fantasia, when Mickey gets to the bottom of the vortex, sure enough, there is a Guardian there to meet him. The Guardian spirit parts the water as if he were Moses with the Red Sea.

38. min. The Conductor and Mickey Mouse shake hands. The conductor does something very significant. Mickey congratulates the conductor and then the conductor (programmer) in turn says, "Mickey, you've done a good job." (Yes, the core/core splits have done a good job at this point, they have just created their inner world!) The MC tells us about the next song the occult Rite of Spring. Spring rituals are creation rituals and so this music is ritually connected to what the programmers are going to do in this segment. The MC states that instead of the viewer seeing tribal dances (which are by the way witchcraft dances), that instead Disney has decided to show us scenes of what went on billions of years ago. (This next part is also a subtle push for Darwin's theory of evolution. But because it is child's entertainment, people don't have their guard up. The theory of evolution is important, because it allows people including the victim to not take moral responsibility for their actions, and it is also the basis of some of the Hinduism and witchcraft teachings that will be given the deeper alters. This is a backdoor approach to destroy godliness that is carried out on children in general.)

39.5 min. The MC says, "Imagine a lonely tormented little planet spinning in a sea of nothingness." This is exactly what the programmer will say to the child as they work together at building an internal world. The "sea of nothingness" is what the reader will see described in our books as "Outer Space" or „the Rubicon." Also that "sea of nothingness" is used much later to reinforce the secrecy of the programmers. Much later as the programmer and torture has progressed the programmers will say to alters, "LOOK DOWN ON THE EMPTY SEA OF NOTHINGNESS. THERE IS NO DR. GREEN. THERE IS NO DADDY THERE."

40 minutes. A swirl of stars in a galaxy appears. Swirls of comet-like lights flash by. "MANY WORLDS THERE." This will set the base for the child to build galaxies and worlds within their mind. "BE LIKE GOD, CREATE YOUR WORLD. BE YOUR OWN GOD AND CREATE YOUR OWN WORLD" the child is told at this point.

42 minutes. The face of the planet emerges.

42.5 min. Lots of volcanoes erupt on the screen, setting the foundation to build realistic internal volcanoes.

45 min. Oceans, and water and fire are coming into being. The child victim needs to know how a world is created in order to create their own internal world. Lava begins flowing as the flute plays the background music. Lightening flashes. The violence of the fierce weather portrayed will be enhanced by the child on drugs to a thousand times its magnitude. This is important because it will take a great deal of mental energy and external torture to create the internal worlds. Having such super-vivid pictures will help when the victim goes to build their internal worlds. There will be special purpose fragments that will be made into the elements of fire and water. That's all these special purpose fragments will know. Breaking through the layers in the alter systems will trigger internal earthquakes. This and a later earthquake scene are used to build the foundation for the internal violent weather. If an internal earthquake shakes a slave's mind, it has the same effect as if a real earthquake were going off. Everything internally shakes and shifts. An alter system will also have fire children, who start internal fires, and will give internal alters the abreaction or sense that they are burning. The mind gets very survival minded when it thinks it is burning, and goes right back into the programming that is linked with the victim's compliance for survival during programming. 46 *minutes.* The oceans continue to form.

47 *min.* A calm occurs in the action.

47.5 min. The screen gets dark except for an amoeba, which becomes two amoebas. As the little amoebas multiply, the asst. programmer encourages the child, "IT'S O.K. TO MULTIPLY. GOD WANTED YOU TO MULTIPLY" Remember, the programmers are working with a pre-schooler with clean slate alters. The programmers must show images that the child can relate to. The concept of the broom being split in half and then multiplying and now the concept of the amoebas splitting are portrayed in a way that the child's mind can grasp the concept.

48.5 min. "IF GOD CAN MAKE A FISH, YOU CAN MAKE A FISH. YOU CAN DO ANYTHING, YOU CAN BE ANYTHING."

49 *minutes.* Dinosaurs appear. The programmers will reframe the concept of dinosaurs into monsters and demons. The sea-going dinosaurs will be refrained as guardian demons which guard the internal rivers. These guardian demons tie in with Armageddon end-time programming. They also guard the various worlds.

50 min. Dinosaur-birds swoop down and grab prey. This imagery will be refrained to lay the basis for the winged-monkey watchers of the Oz stories. The winged-monkey watchers are the child alters who are assigned to watch and guard the system.

51.5 min. Fierce dinosaurs (later ref rained as Dragons) protect the swamps. Swamps are built into the internal worlds, so this is very helpful. Demons and alters like Dameon are set up as guards.

52 minutes- More swamps appear. The swamp scenes will form the base in the child's mind for the internal river Styx. (See more about this in this book's article "Programming, foundations, destruction of"). Some dinosaurs that have long necks that look like snakes begin appearing. The asst. programmer will reframe these to the child, "LOOK, THE SEED OF SATAN." "THAT IS A DEMON." While the child watches, they reframe the hugh dinosaurs as being demons. Pictures of reptilian looking demons will be shown to the child too. At that age, the child is not going to see the difference. (A note for therapists: Some ""demons'" may actually be important parts to an alter system, and are being used to protect unauthorized users from entering important areas of the system.)

54 min.- Fierce Tyrannosaurus Rex chases dinosaurs. This chase scene is especially frightening to a young child on a LSD trip. Long-necked snake-like dinosaurs appear. They may be refrained as a python snake. T Rex is also known as Leviathan, a demon that inhabits the kundalini spinal column and causes pain in the victim, he is written about on page 302 in our *Vol.* 2 book. In the film a long fierce struggle between T Rex and other dinosaurs ensues.

55 min. The dinosaurs begin dying and soon dies. „THE LORD DOESN’T LIKE THEM."’ This will later be refrained that if parts integrate they are to die. If someone tries to get into the system, the alters are to bury themselves deep like these dinosaurs do on the film.

56 min. Dead bones appear

59 min. Mountains soar out of the ground into eminence.

59.5 min. It gets stormy on the screen, winds & floods appear.

60. min. Stillness comes as the sun rises.

61 min. The sun sets. (During the programming, this may be refrained as the moon setting. It can be both or either or. Remember, the programmer is working with the child’s creativity.) Various scenes during the film show the moon in different phases which is important for bringing in programming concepts like Mr. Moon.

61.3 min. The orchestra is now playing. Music is an important part of mind-control programming. The affect of music on the mind and body has been studied. Music can double the heart beat, accelerate the respiratory rate, make that rate irregular, enhance perception, lower the threshold for various sensory stimuli, change blood pressure & circulation, and alter the muscles in the body. Dance music and "march" music done by orchestras change muscle response. Music is also a great way to cause dissociation.

62.5 min. The MC introduces the "‘Sound Track’ who he says is an important person for Fantasia who can be seen around the Disney studio. When Mr. Sound Track appears, he is simply a vertical line. The MC says he is "an important screen personality." The ground work is being laid for a person being anything, even a line. The MC states that each sound creates a picture.

63 minutes. The MC encourages the personified Sound Track ""don’t be nervous."" Then a sound is made like an electrical shock and the line develops a splotch of color in it. During the programming at this point an electrical shock would be applied to the child.

63.5 minutes. The harp is ask to sound. The harp begins playing a scale and the line becomes double 8’s and snake-like spirals. The child will be taught to dissociate when seeing such double 8’s.

64 min. The violin begins going up and down. Each of these instruments is going up and down the scale, like do-ray-me-fa-so-la-tee-do. The music is used to teach the alters to go up and down the helix, which is figured in this part of the film. As the music goes down, an alter is taught to go down in trance, and as it climbs higher, the alter will trance higher. All these instruments (violin, flute, bass, bassoon) are being used to teach alters how to work in the system. The MC describes the flute as "very pretty".

64.3 min. A trumpet begins playing and the colors, yellow, orange, etc. begin showing.

64.5 min. When the bassoon plays, the MC says, "Go on. Drop the other shoe"-- "Go to the shoe" which translates "‘go to the ground"" --the deepest trance level. The following is the double-pyramid, with a helix up the middle that appears when the bassoon plays: -(This configuration is very important to all these Illuminati alters systems.)-

65 min. The drum plays and some other percussion instruments play. These are taught to the child as the cult’s "HEARTBEAT". They will hear this sound internally for many years to come. Then some sounds that have a shattering effect (cymbals) like broken mirrors are made in the film.

65.5 min. As the sounds take place a line is made with a pyramid at the top. This is laying the groundwork for the system’s structuring.

66 *min.* The MC laughs and talks about Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven's 6th) which is next.

66.5 minutes. The screen comes alive with magical Unicorns of different colors. Then Pan (a satan-like figure) appears playing his pipes, and soon lots of little Pans (little demons) are playing their pipes. The little Pans (demons) play and dance with the unicorns. The orchestra plays again. (This author, Fritz, remembers when I said that Pan was an evil demon, I was rebuked by a Christian minister. He then said Pan a benevolent cheery creature". A number of books which may be obtained from Satanic bookstores document that Pan is indeed considered a powerful demon by occultists.)

67 *min.* Pegasus (the mythical greek winged horse) flies in. As a Mother horse she takes care of little ones on the screen. She is a protector in the programming.

68 min. "FANTASY IS FUN. FANTASY IS A GAME YOU PLAY. MOTHER TEACHES YOU. SEE HOW MOTHER IS *A* TEACHER. SEE THE BLACK AND WHITE HORSE. THEY ALWAYS FLY TOGETHER, BUT ARE SEPARATE. THEY ARE FLYING OVER THE CLOUDS." "OVER THE CLOUDS, INTO THE BLUE YONDER." The child is rewarded for what it has to do with the game of fantasy. "THAT'S YOUR REWARD FOR DOING WHAT YOU ARE TO DO. YOU CAN LEARN TO FLY OVER THE CLOUDS." The child feels rewarded by the game of fantasy. The fantasy scenes in Walt Disney's Fantasia are like the Wizard of Oz scenes in Oz, fantasy-land is more colorful and fun than real life. Vivid colors will be splashed about during the fantasy-land scenes.

68.5 min. A castle appears as Pegasus flies around. This and other castle scenes will help the child develop the imagery for the spiritual castles that the child will build internally. Then they swim in the water. "SEE THE MIRROR IMAGES, WATER CAN BE GLASS." During the programming mirrors are put into the internal system. A mirror can be a piece of glass, the surface of a pond, or an asphalt runway. When the programming is complete, underneath the water &/or the runway lurk demons.

70 min. Waterfalls emerge and issue forth. The waterfalls are used by the programmers to erase all the slave's memory of what was done to them. The child will be told at the end of watching Fantasia (and this will be said at other programming events too), "JUST REMEMBER THE GOOD, JUST REMEMBER THE FANTASY". The fantasy is given so that the subconscious can rest in peace after the programming. The child is told "WASH YOURSELF CLEAN."

70.5 min. The little girls appear as girl centaurs (half girl-half horse). "SEE THE LITTLE GIRLS ARE HORSES."

71 minutes. Then a scene appears where one girl centaur braids another girl centaur's long hair. The Illuminati teach their slaves to braid their memories. They braid their memories up and then lock them in. All the Daddy memories will be locked up & braided and then locked for good.

72 min. Male centaurs appear. They are near water and make mirror images in the water.

72.5 min. A crown is placed on a female centaur and *2* doves. During the Illuminati death, burial and resurrection ceremonies lilies are used for crowns, and doves are used. These are significant programming/ritual symbols. The female centaurs look at the male centaurs. This will be refrained as a system can have both male and female parts.

73 *min.* Starting with one female centaur, the females act seductive to the males, who then respond. For bras the females have bras of daisies. The *Vol. 2* book explained how the daisy programming is a life-or-death type program. Vivid colors are used for each centaur. For instance, one may be purple and another one another color, which sets the groundwork for alters to have different access color codes. Alters do not usually see themselves as being in different colors, although it does happen on occasion.

73.8 min. A marriage takes place between the centaurs. The programmers catch these nuances of the film and use them. The marriage here teaches the child to be acquainted with the arm-and-arm marriage ceremonies. Remember, the programmers are dealing with clean slates that must be taught from the ground up. In the next few minutes, the cherub children will watch sexual body language, and the child victim is also picking up on enticing sexual body motions.

74.2 min. The centaurs go swimming. "I FEEL LIKE A LITTLE GIRL WITH A HORSE'S BODY."

75 min. Little cherubs are dancing and flying around. When pictured the artists at times single out 3 cherubs who blow flutes together. The female centaur appears, who is fair haired (blond) and blue-eyed, which is what the Illuminati like. When she hears the tone (of the flutes) she goes into a trance state and walks with her eyes closed. This imagery is used to teach alters that when they hear certain tones, they are to go into a trance state and do certain things. The little cherub turns into a heart, and when no one is watching goes into the tree. In programming, this part is the Keeper of the Tree. Notice how everything is veiled. The assistant programmer will point the cherub out to the child victim, "LOOK AT WHAT HE DID."

76.5 min. A curtain then shrouds the scene. The curtain appears to be tree-like. More bubbles appear, and more water. All the mythical creatures on the screen begin to dance and be merry and have a feast.

77 *min.* "SEE THE FEASTS, SEE THE BANQUETS, THE FEASTS ARE O.K. THE BANQUETS ARE O.K."

78 min. "THE LEAVES ARE FALLING." Blood-like wine is drank at the feast. "SEE THE BLOOD."

"SEE THE LITTLE DEVILS POP UP." The only human in this Disney scene is honored. This is done to teach the alters that humans and animals can mix. That they can be accepted for what they are, even if they think they are an animal or something else they will be accepted at the cult's feasts. These scenes are all for internal programming. By the way, one of the pretty female centaurs makes a sexual pass at the fat human, who then chases her. "MUST PLEASE THE MASTER."

80 min. A scary storm comes up, and Zeus, and the greek gods appear. ,,BETTER FEAR IT. HE'S A GOD YOU'D BETTER FEAR HIM. HE THROWS LIGHTNING." This demon who throws lightening is named Furfur. He also makes thunder & strong winds in the system (alter system's worlds). Readers can learn more about this demon, named Furfur, in Cisco's second part of *Deeper Insights* in the article on "Programming, foundations, destruction of".

81 minutes. Lightening bolts are thrown from heaven.

81.5 min. All the little cherubs run for cover in fear.

82 min. Pegasus the protector flies in to protect everyone, especially a new born Pegasus. The wind is personified as a two-headed blowing person. This two-headed Janus wind comes storming through the heavens. The programmer will often place his own voice "IN THE WIND." The greek god (internal demon) throws a lightening bolt.

83 min. "SEE THE GODS". The child is learning what to make internally. Zeus then relaxes & goes to sleep.

84 min. More vivid colors form. "FAMILIARIZE YOURSELF WITH ALL THE COLORS." The film at this point is teaching the child to stay in the framework of the programming for safety. To go outside of the programming is terror. The child is learning to fear the godlike demonic guardians.

84.5 min. The fantasy world is coming alive. It is a happy fantasy world. A goddess in the sky makes a rainbow emerge. This is the rainbow goddess of the programming.

85 *min.* All the happy unicorns and cherubs fly '"over the rainbow." (Refer back to the *Vol. 2* book p.94 to understand the significance of going over the rainbow.) The unicorn is derived from old British paganism where the lion represented sun worship, and the unicorn represented moon worship. This is why the Royal Arms of the British Royal Family have a unicorn on one side, & a lion on the other. Sexually the unicorn represents androgeny. During programming, the horses, pegasi, unicorns and centaurs shown in the Fantasia movie become the foundation upon which the Illuminati programmers build the Night Mare alters who are beasts of burden who carry an alter system's memories. These are logical no-emotion alters who are early splits & who are programmed after the child is verbal. See Cisco's article on Dream Work for more understanding about the horse alters, as well as chapter 7 on Structuring.

86 minutes. More rainbows and lots of bubbles come into view. The film has done an excellent lob of showing how the Furfur God of thunder protects the Rainbow. Once an alter has gone over the rainbow, they can not come back because a demon protects the Rainbow. The rainbow is also protected by alters who fear the gods. After seeing Fantasia, the therapist can understand why the little child protector alters have fear about these gods. The master (who represents Furfur) in the movie swallows the rainbow. If an alter looks internally for the rainbow, he or she will only find stars, because the protector will come up and say, "I swallowed the rainbow." The rainbow is kept well hidden internally. This scene is used to teach alters how to go over the rainbow. ""BEFORE YOU GO OVER THE RAINBOW, YOU HAVE TO PUT ALL YOUR MEMORIES IN THE BUBBLE. YOU CAN'T TAKE ANYTHING OVER THE RAINBOW INTO FANTASY LAND."

86.5 minutes. Apollo, the sun god comes out.

87 min. A big mother spirit who fills the whole sky is now shown by Disney. She hangs over the rainbow. When a system is built this is indeed what they put in. All go to sleep in the film.

87.5 minutes. Arrows shoot the stars into the heavens. This is more programming imagery. When you look for the rainbow, you see stars.

88 min. The conductor finishes again.

88.5 min. The next setting is a Venetian nobleman's (a duke's) palace. Curtains open. The use of curtains is spoken about in our previous books.

89 min. Curtains open. An Ostrich begins dancing, and gets others to ballet dance.

90 min. The Ostriches begin dancing in a circle, this is laying the groundwork for what the cult family does. The Assistant programmer may tell the child, "SEE IT'S O.K. TO DANCE TOGETHER. DANCING IS ACCEPTABLE." The programmers will not directly tell the child that this represents the cult family.

Fantasia portrays Satan as a terrible powerful being.

91.5 min. The Ostriches are eating grapes. They are playing, looking in the pool & they are seeing bubbles.

92 min. Hippos emerge out of the pool. "IT'S O.K. TO BE DIFFERENT. IT'S O.K. TO BE STRANGE. USE YOUR CREATIVITY." The hippos begin to dance and dance.

94 min. Elephants appear and are having fun and blowing bubbles out of their trunks. The programmers may be having fun blowing bubbles with the child. The programmers like to mix love and hate, kindness and sadistic behavior. That way the victim has a hard time separating love from

hate. If you ask many slaves about "Daddy" they will tell you that they had fun with Daddy. They are right--they had fun intermixed with sadistic torture. Bubbles continue to lift off. One of the bubbles has a fish in it. This is imagery for the bubble programming. The child victim is trained to dump their bad memories into bubbles and let them float away. The therapist will notice that many victims feel like they are floating. They have an unreal feeling. The bubbles are floating their bad memories away.

98.5 minutes. A new setting and the hippos are hypnotically sleeping. 3 sinister alligators that remind one of the 3 primary programmers appear. The 3 alligators have robes that hide them, and shadow images of themselves lurking behind them. The alligators are trying to get the hippos. The 3 alligators are portrayed like the programmer is, he is someone to fear, love, & respect all at once. The hippo is running away and dancing. The alligator dances with the hippo, but makes menacing attempts to eat him. A flying hippo lands on an alligator. Elephants, hippos, alligators are shown. The elephants, ostriches, hippos and alligators all dance in fantasyland.

100 min. The orchestra is dancing. ‘"DO WHAT YOU’RE TOLD AND WE WILL HAVE FUN."

101 min. The MC announces the next part as ""the struggle between the profane and the sacred."’ The conductor stands in a silhouette that suggests the same pose that the upcoming Satan takes.

102 min. A high dark mountain with a castle looms in front of the viewer. A winged fiercesome Satan figure raises his wings. His wings are sectioned like fingers with claws, and will form the imagery of the demon Malebrinche, whose satanic claws hang over the alters and terrorize them. In the *Illustrated Guidebook*, the reader will find lots of these claws in the pictures lurking in the background. A child victim will be taught to fear the hands of the programmer, Satan and Malebrinche. The wings (hands with claws) open. And Satan is portrayed as an awe-inspiring figure. (By the way,, the word maleficia means evil misfortune caused by witches. The witch in Disney’s Sleeping Beauty has the demonic name of Maleficent.)

102.5 min. Satan begins raising the dead skeletons. This provides a foundation to layer in the Valley of the Dry bones coming alive with armies of skeletons.

104 min. The film also has some images at this point that will help with the foundation for the Armageddon programming. Satan calls everything to himself.

104.5 min. The hell pit is shown. This is laying a foundation for the hell pit with all its demons. All kinds of vivid colors are shown in hell, to make the scene more real than real for the child victim. Satan smiles as demons burn in hell. "NO MATTER WHAT COLOR YOU ARE, IF YOU ARE NOT GOOD YOU’LL END UP THERE.’"

105 min. "THAT’S WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU’RE BAD. YOUR THROWN INTO THE HELL PIT."

105.5 min. Three beautiful lady demons begin to dance in a circle, all of a sudden these demons take on their luciferian form, one becomes a goat.

106 min. The demons continue to dance with powerful Satan watching over them. The hell pit and the demons are portrayed in vivid scary graphic depictions. The hellish fire and the ghoulish dancing of its occupants continues for what seems a long time. "WHEN GOD FINDS OUT HOW BAD YOU ARE, LOOK AT WHAT HE’LL DO TO YOU."

107 min. Satan is portrayed by Disney in all his evil dark majesty.

107.5 min. Bells begin to ring, and the demons slink away, & the dead return to the earth to their graveyards.

108 min. Ghosts return to the graves. Soft music begins to play. Ave Maria by Schubert, which was written for the Catholic church, begins playing.

109 min. Satan folds himself into a mountain. ‘"DO YOU SEE LUCIFER ANYWHERE? NO. YOU ONLY SEE A MOUNTAIN."

110 min. Lights shine as if they are a column of moving people who are walking with lights, and then some walls appear.

110.5 min. An arched bridge appears with its mirror image. The column of silhouetted people who continue walking have mirror images in the river. The asst. programmer will be telling the system (which the front parts will hear) "TIME FOR ALL THE GOOD CHILDREN TO GO TO CHURCH. IT’S O.K. TO GO TO CHURCH. GO SERVE GOD."

113. min. An opening, a vertical sliver of light comes from what appears to be doors opening up. There is a mirror effect in the way the doors open, which will facilitate making mirror image front worlds. A whole new world opens up, which will be the front system’s world. Both the front alters and the deeper ones will be told to forget the movie. Later when a system is better programmed, the programmers will pull up the front alters and have them walk through these doors into the light. When they are hypnotically taken through these doors into the light and away from the fear and darkness of the Kingdom of Satan, they are hypnotically told to close those doors and never look back. The Kingdom of Satan has been shown in detail and in great length. The Kingdom of Satan has been shown as powerful and fearful. Satan is shown as a mighty power that is to be feared. The Kingdom of Light is only shown as a peace, as a refuge from evil. It is not shown to be good. It is not shown to have power or intelligence. It is simply a place to go to escape the fear of Satan’s power. This is all the programmers really want the church to be. It will be a stabilizing balance to let the mind recuperate from the hell of the programming, but it is not intended to be seen as greater than Satan and his Kingdom.

115 min. The film ends with a peaceful gaze at heaven. The child is being told in the last few minutes "THAT WORLD BELONGS TO YOU. IT’S A BEAUTIFUL WORLD. IT’S THE WORLD WE WANT YOU TO LIVE IN. IT’S BEAUTIFUL." After all the hell that is eventually dumped on the child, and the scare that Satan gives them in this Fantasia film, the child is only too happy to create a beautiful world to live in.

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The effectiveness of Disney’s Fantasia is that it is used to communicate to & build the unconscious structures within the child’s mind. The unconscious mind is the seat of our creative abilities. Then the conscious mind makes adaptations upon this unconscious thinking.

SUMMARY

Now that the reader has covered so much, the following quotes (with bold emphasis’s added) take on even deeper meaning:

Joe Flower in *Prince of the Magic Kingdom*, ,, Walt Disney was obsessed with creation, driven to build magical worlds not, as many artists are, out of paint and canvas, or words, or even film, but physically, out of concrete, wires, smoke, electricity, and highly programmed employees." (p. 23)

Julian Halevy in *Nation* decries Disney taking this nation into a "drift to fantasy." He adds, "...one feels our whole culture heading up the dark river to the source--that heart of darkness where Mr. Disney traffics in pastel trinketed evil for gold and ivory." For those who understand programming Aubrey Menen comments about Disney’s success are profoundly appropriate, "the strongest desire an artist knows...to create a world of his own where everything is just as he imagines it." John Ciardi was not so nice, he termed Walt Disney as "the shyster in the backroom of illusion." Eliot said, "While his

filmed fairy tales may have appeared at first glance to be light and dreamlike, upon closer examination they seemed more nightmares of deconstructed reality in league with the era's leading neo-Freudian Modernists."

· You have now finished reading a never-before-heard, unprecedented Warning about the Dark Reality of the Disney's Magic Kingdom, and how it fits in with Mind-Control. Most Americans when surveyed say they believe in God, most go to church, and many believe they are born-again. Because of the Illuminati's deception campaign over several generations, the American public, and the world in general has been led to believe that Disney was good, and that Walt Disney was a good man. Because of his image, people suspended judgement about Disney and Disney movies. They entrusted their children to him. People had been manipulated into a frame of mind, a predisposition that whatever comes out of Disney is good. They entrusted their children to take in what Disney fed their children's little minds week after week. The public's predisposition of trust was used to introduce Illuminati beliefs and their political agenda, and to carry out a vast program of trauma-based mind-control on hundreds of thousands of tiny little children, whose minds and souls were stolen from them. Because many of the child slaves, who are programmed with Disney-themes, are programmed with roles in bringing in the Anti-Christ, Walt Disney and his family have played a major role for the Anti-Christ. And now you can see how accurate the Word of God is when it says, What is highly esteemed among men, is an abomination to God. First, there will be an Overview of the types of sources used, and then will follow a partial Bibliography on this Disney Section.

TYPES OF SOURCES

People who have worked for Disney and who are getting pensions and medical insurance have talked about Disney under the condition of anonymity. This is because the Disney hierarchy will not permit exposure without retaliation. Several non-Disney people who helped with discovering facts for this section were threatened that their children lives would be taken if they continued to investigate Disney. What I (Fritz Springmeier) finally have put in this, is solely my responsibility.

· One type of source for this was books on the Hollywood Film Industry and books on Disney Films. There were about 20 books of this category which were perused for a better understanding of who the Disney brothers were and what Disney Co. was about. One of the best in this type of source was *The Art of Walt Disney from Mickey Mouse to the Magic Kingdom* by Christopher Finch (NY: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 1975.)

* Another type of source were the standard biographical reference books,, such as *Who's Who, Who's Who in the West* (1951), *World Biography, Who Was Who,, Current Biography 1952,* etc.

* Another type of source was critics of Disney's movies such as several articles exposing the Lion King, *Media Spotlight's* article Fantasia, Rush Limbaugh's comments and statements concerning how Disney had betrayed its viewers' trust, the *Spotlight's* Feb. 26, '96 p. 31 article "Disney Turns Back on Family Values."'

· Another type of source was magazine and newspaper articles about Disney such as the Oregonian's art. on a Disney director being a convicted child molester. *NY Times, Newsweek* and other magazine and newspaper sources. An important series of extremely good investigative reports which were written by Harry V. Martin for the *Napa Sentinel* in 1989 were very important in learning of some of the Illuminati/CIA/Contra/Drug Running activities in Napa Valley, CA that Roy Disney is associated with. Harry V. Martin went into all kinds of records and did an excellent job of investigative reporting. The magazine *Monde 2000,* no.12, had an article on non-lethal weapons that the NWO is developing. This article was reprinted in *Encounter Chronicles Journal of Scientific Intelligence,* and discussed how Disney has been working with Sandia Labs and Los Alamos.

· Another type of source were victims of Illuminati mind-control, who have recovered memories of being programmed at Disneyland and Disneyworld.

· Another type of source has been to watch Disney movies as an investigative tool to understand how Disney is programming, how they are skillfully indoctrinating the American people into witchcraft, etc. This author has also personally been to both Disneyland, near Anaheim, CA and Disneyworld, near Orlando, FL.

· Another source was the Walt Disney Co.'s Annual Reports, and also the reference book *Directory of Corporate Affiliations* (1986) published by the National Register Pub. Co.

· Another type of source were books which specialized in covering details about Disneyland such as *Disneyland And Beyond the Ultimate Family Guidebook* (edited by Ray Riegert, and printed by Ulysses Press of Berkeley, CA); and *Walt Disney's Disneyland* (by Martin A. Sklar and introduced by Walt Disney.) AAA had a 27 page booklet *"Disneyland Park and Southern California"*, which came out in 1996, which provides information on what is being offered at Disneyland and vicinity. The book refers repeatedly to "Disney Magic". One has to wonder how Christians and non-occultic persons can't see how occult Disney is.

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Monde 2000, no.12, had an article on non-lethal weapons that the NWO is developing. This article was reprinted in *Encounter Chronicles Journal of Scientific Intelligence,* and discussed how Disney has been working with Sandia Labs and Los Alamos.

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Mother Jones, May-Ju', 97, p. 61.

NAPA VALLEY REGISTER, the following articles are samples of what was used:

"ABC Will Mount An Anti-Drug Campaign'" Friday, Jan. 10, 1997, p.1D

"Children's Books Get Red Carpet Treatment In Hollywood Films" May 16, 1996, p. SC

"Disney and McDonalds'" May 24, 1996

"Disney Buys ABC", Saturday, Aug. 19, 1995, D.

"Disney Earnings Up 28 Percent In Third Quarter", Friday, July 26, 1996, p. 8C

,,Disneyland Expansion Given OK" Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1996, p.D

'"Disney Links to McDonald's May Be Back. Thursday, Apr. 11, 1996, 7A

"Disney World Makes Sure World, Remember the Magic"" (by L. Pierce Carson), Sun., Oct. 20, '96

"Federal Employees Get Disney Tour" Saturday, Dec. 9,1995, p. 5A

"It's Lights-Out For Main Street" May 14, 1996.

"An Overlooked, Different World Inside Theme Park" Sunday, Sept. 29, 1996, p. SC

"Mickey Going On The Road", Friday, 7/26/96, p. 8C '"Past and Future In Disney Community'", Friday, Oct. 4, 1996, p. iD

"Planned Parenthood Benefit On Sunday"--Events of Interest sect. on p. A2, Sept. 13, '96

"Pentagon Still Wastes Money", Mon., 4/15/96, p. 4B

Newsweek

"Power Failure" 12/23/96, p. 34-36; '"Sending an SOS at ABC", 5/12/97, p. 54-55

NY TIMES (the following are samples of what was used: Articles during the "50's & '60's were looked at. ,,Disney Offers Faux Memories of Atlantic City Boardwalk" by Joe Sharkey, Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1996 "Baptists Censure Disney On Gay-Spouse Benefits" Thurs. June 13, 1996, p. Ala

,,Disney to acquire 2 radio stations", 4/15/97, p. C4.

The PRESS DEMOCRAT (the following are example of what was used:)

"Baptists, Disney Paths Diverge" Saturday, June 29,

1996, p. D4

"Disney To Buy Stake In Web Company" 2/15/97, p.

E6

"Heavy Disney" Sunday, Oct. 20, 1996

"The Ins and Outs of Allen" by Frederic M. Biddle and

Renee Graham, On Q,, Sept. 29, 1996, p. 27

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE (the following are examples of what was used:)

"Disney, Miramax Bond", May 10, 1996 "Disney Signs Asian Animator" "Miramax Plans To Make 'Thoughtful" Films", 4/11/96

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER (the following are examples of what was used:)

"Disney Institute Is A Short Course In Creativity"" by Catherine Watson, Sunday, May 26, 1996, p. T9 ,,Mouse Matriculation Is A Great Experience"" by Catherine Watson, Sunday, May 26, 1996, p. T9 "Tomorrowland Jumps Into The Future", Sunday, July 14, 1996, p. T3

the *Spotlight's* Feb. 26, '96 p. 31 article "Disney Turns Back on Family Values."

Time Magazine, "Job Hunting With Mike [Ovitz]" 2/24/97, p. 50; '"Hilton Has Room For ITT'" 2/10/97,

Wall St. Journal (many issues from several decades.) SOME OF OTHER SOURCES (used & not used).

· Various Disney brochures.//· Rush Limbaugh's comments concerning how Disney had betrayed its viewers' trust.//· Interviews w/ Napa Valley residents.

· Interviews with disgruntled insiders to the NWO.

· Interviews with various types of Disney victims. [Disney has used mafia-type tactics, i.e. death threats, to intimidate numerous people into selling their property. Roy E. Disney has been reported involved in these land thefts. Victims of this type of intimidation are in many states, but several prominent regions are Napa Valley, CA; Shenandoah Valley; Virginia, & FL Disney's land-grabbing operations could be a book in itself. This author has lots more research which I HAVE NO PLANS to reveal, which has been left w/ key others, such as the connections of VaVin, near Leon,VA, who produce Prince Michel de Virginia, whose chef & others connect to Belgium. The background of several key people, like Robert Podesta. Financial records, such as Fed. Judge Fern M. Smith (Burrows). ETC. This para. is not indexed.]

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By:

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

The Reynolds Bloodline

An examination of one of the leading Illuminati families. Part of my research on the family has been packed away and I hope to recover some more of it for another article.

THE REYNOLDS ARE A VERY ELITE ILLUMINATI FAMILY

The Reynold's family is not one of the 13 primary bloodlines, but they are such a prominent Illuminati family within the 13 bloodlines that I have decided to single them out for another article on Illumanati bloodlines. Although the Reynolds are allied with many of the major Satanic bloodlines, including the Rothschilds, the DuPonts, the Rockefellers, the Graces and the Grays, they are especially close and intertwined to the Duke and Cullman families. (One example of a Duke/Reynold joint project is the Research Triangle Foundation.) It should be remembered that The Temporary National Economic Committee of Congress in 1937 which studied the super rich found that the Dukes and the Reynolds were among the top 13 wealthiest families in America. Further, my research at one place or another has shown that the Reynolds of the Illuminati variety have interacted with all of the other major Satanic bloodlines. These elite birds of a feather all flock together.

MY NEWSLETTER HAS REPEATEDLY EXPOSED MEMBERS OF THIS FAMILY

During the course of putting out this newsletter in '92-'95, I have had repeated opportunities to include various members of the Reynold's bloodline in my exposes. It must always be borne in mind that a large share of each of these bloodlines are hidden behind other last names.

Within this area, my newsletter has exposed Reynold family members of the Illuminati from Astoria, Oregon (such as Scottish Rite Librarian/Mortician Reynolds) and Bend, Oregon (such as Mayor Paul Reynolds who also runs a mortuary, and his son Mark). One of the first Illuminati Monarch slaves in the Portland area to seek her freedom was Mary D. Reynolds. She was from the Mother of Darkness level. She wanted to find treatment for the programming that goes with the Niother of Darkness level, and since wanting her freedom it is anybody's guess what happened to her.

OCCULT BOOKS

Some of the Reynolds family have written occult books. I don't know how all the people mentioned in this section are related, but some or all of these people may relate to the Satanic Reynold's bloodline. One of the important ecumenical Christian leaders is Frank E. Reynolds who is an American Baptist Minister (ordained 1955, Program dir. Student Christian Ctr. Bangkok, Thailand, Minister for Chicago Ecumenical Ministries '61-'64.) Frank E. Reynolds has been trying to introduce Buddhism to America. He and his wife Mani have written a number of books to introduce and teach Buddhism to Americans. Many of the Reynolds have been Episcopalians. Remember the Episcopalian Church is run by Freemasons and is thoroughly sold out to the occult. One of my Monarch survivors vividly recalls a human sacrifice done at the altar of an Episcopalian church. Anyway, getting back to the names of some Reynolds who have written occult books, here is a list of some:

Barrio Gordon Robert Reynolds--author of Magic. Divination & Witchcraft among the Barotse of Northern Rhodesia (1963)

Charles R. Reynolds w/ Regina Reynolds--authors of One Hundred Years of Magic Posters (1977)

David K. R. Reynolds--author of Naikan Psychotherapy: Meditation for Self-Development pub. by Chicago Press.

Denise AR. Reynolds--Sensitive Thoughts for the New Wave Soul.

Mani R Reynolds w/ her husband--Three Worlds According to King Ruana: A Thai Buddhist Cosmology Frank E. Reynolds--Guide To Buddhist Religion

Jane Reynolds--Cosmobiology

Lloyd J. K.-- My Dear Runemeister: A Voyage Through the Alphabet

OVERVIEW OF FINANCIAL INTERESTS OF THE REYNOLDS

Before we get into the nitty-gritty let's take a quick overview of the Reynold's financial interests. Much of the family's money has been well-hidden behind fronts, holding companies, etc. The Satanists of the Reynolds family have been involved in high level drug dealing during this century. They have also had some important and major interests in Banking, Tobacco, and Aluminum, it seems like a fair number have gotten into the mortuary/cremation business, which is a great assistance for cremation after rituals involving human sacrifice. The financial interests of the Reynolds seem to be strongest in the Middle South, and strong in both Virginia and North Carolina. The Reynold's financial interests are so tightly woven in with the Cuilmans and Dukes that I will have to deal with all three families together. A few years ago the financial heads of the three families were as follows: Angier Biddle Duke, Richard S. Reynolds, Jr., and Joseph F. Cullman, 3rd. All were members of the Pilgrim Society. It is possible that the family also has sonic type of secret spiritual hierarchy too. If so, it might follow along the lines of the top 13 families which have kings and princes, and princesses, etc. of their bloodilnes. Richard S. Reynolds, Jr. has been a board chairman of Robertshaw Controls Company, which has a strangelhold monopoly on manufacturing car thermostats and other car parts. The big three American auto manufacturers all buy from Robertshaw Controls Company; but then since all 3 of the American auto manufacturers are Illuminati controlled, they likely don't care that the Reynolds family has such a stranglehold on them. Cadence which own theaters and has published occult comic books like the series, "Journey into Mystery With The Mighty Thor" is also tied to the Reynolds family. Cadence promotes the occult while making money. What American doesn't know what 'Reynold's wrap" is. The Reynold's name is a well-know household name just like DuPont paints, or the Rockefeller Center, or the Waldorf Astoria are well known American items named after Illuminati families. The Reynolds family controls several Aluminum companies which form a large part of the Illuminati-controlled Aluminum cartel. The Mellon family works with the Reynolds in this Aluminum cartel, and various Illuminati families also have their hands in the management of the Aluminum industry.

THE TOBACCO-DRUG CONNECTION

The Reynolds family is behind the RJ. Reynolds Tobacco Co. C. Boyden Gray of the Satanic Grey/Gray family is heir to the RJ. Reynolds Tobacco Co. But don't let that sidetrack you, the Reynolds family still has financial interests and power in the company. If readers remember previous articles on top 13 Illuminati families--specifically, the Astor family article, the Onassis family article and the Li family article you will remember some details that will help you understand the secret

illegal drug trade that the Reynold's got involved in. The British elite got involved in shipping opium. The elite families got monopolies on the opium trade. The British empire's military might and political clout was used to force China to allow the opium trade- Before the communists took over China, the British Illuminati families hid their opium trade behind the cover of the British American Tobacco Co. Later the Red Chinese would hide their opium trading behind the same front tobacco, with their state-run People's Republic of China Tobacco Bureau. In fact, the Red Chinese opium trade was controlled by another Illuminatus, the P.R. President Li Xiannian. Li Xiannian is from the occult U family who are proud that they are the leading oriental Satanic family. President Li, a drug lord was finance minister of Red China from '57-'75. He sold so much opium to the west that he was able to help Red China pay off her debts, and he was nicknamed 'the money god.' RJ. Reynolds was a partner with British American Tobacco Co. and was also involved in trading in opium for many years. R.J. Reynolds was also involved with the rigidly controlled tobacco industry. I have reasons to suspect that the family later got involved with running cocaine. Onassis also hid his early drug smuggling behind tobacco importing. The Dukes controlled Liggett & Nlyers Tobacco via their Duke Endowment, a family foundation. The Cuilmans are known for their Miller Brewing Company. The Culiman fortune was also originally derived via a tobacco company. The Duke family via underhanded tactics put together a monopoly of the tobacco industry called the American Tobacco Company. Later they merged and bought out 88 tobacco companies, and the capitalization of the company was $235 million prior to 1911. The Supreme Court made the American Tobacco Company dissolve since it had created an illegal monopoly. However, the Dukes rearranged things and kept on going. The Dukes intemamed with the Biddies who worked with the Rothschilds. The Dukes also intermarried with the Drexels, who in turn intermarried with the Harrimans and Goulds. Nicholas Biddle (1879-1923) was a trustee of the Illuminatus William Astor of the top 13 Illuminati family of Astors. Some of the Biddies intermarried with the Astors Illuminati family too! It's a small world at the top. Researcher Ferdinand Lundberg in his book America's 60 Families states on p. 36, "The Morgan firm and its affiliated commercial banks act, broadly, on behalf of such tremendous accumulations as those of the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Drexels, Wideners, Berwinds, Phippses, Hills, Dukes, Ryans, McCormicks, Bakers, DuPonts, Fishers, Jameses, and Others.' Isn't it interesting that my writings have exposed the Morgans, Vanderbilts, Goulds, Drexels, Phippses, Dukes, Bakers, DuPonts as families with members in the Illuminati?

CONNECTIONS TO ILLUMINATI ORGANIZATIONS

Many of the Illuminati organizations which this newsletter has exposed have had members from the Reynolds family. Some examples of this follow:

COSMOS CLUB Joseph Melvin Reynolds, Lloyd George Reynolds

COUNCIL OF FOREIGN RELATIONS (CFR). A. William Reynolds

PILGRIM SOCIETY: Richard S. Reynolds, Jr.

33° MASONS. Harman Gansvort Reynolds, Marshall S. Reynolds

32° MASONS: Arthur Rowley Reynolds, Benn Phillips Reynolds, Charles Phillip Reynolds, Charles Shaw Reynolds, Erwin James Reynolds, Isaac Reynolds, Harry Edwards Reynolds, Henry James Reynolds, John C. Reynolds (Deputy Grand Secy of Grand Lodge of Illinois)

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR MASONS. (These 3 KT names all come from just one Lodge in NY--Jerusalem Chapter

No. 8) Alex Reynolds, J. Hyatt Reynolds, T. Spaulding Reynolds

KNIGHTS OF MALTA John Charles Reynolds, who worked for the Graces as a communications executive, trustee of the Presb. Hospital in San Juan.

FOUNDATIONS & CONNECTIONS

The Dukes and Reynolds use tax-free foundations as a vehicle to escape taxes and hid their wealth while maintaining their financial power. Other Illuminati families also used the foundations as a scheme to remain powerful and to resist paying taxes. The controlled press builds them up as charitable, when most of the grants by these foundations are self-serving for the benefit of the elite. Some of these foundations are the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation (est. ’36 in North Carolina), the Kate B. Reynolds Foundation (est. ’46 in North Carolina), the Richard S. Reynolds Foundation (est. ’55 in Virginia), and the Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation, and the Duke Endowment (address at Rockefeller Plaza, NY). All of these foundations work for the Illuminati. The Donald W. Reynolds Foundation (est. ’54 in Nevada and then moved to Arkansas) might also be connected to the elite--but I don’t know. The Kate B. Reynolds Health Care Trust provides another example of a liaison between the Duke and Reynolds families. John A. McMahon, a Duke University grad, served as BOTH chairman of the board of trustees of Duke University and since 1971 as a member of the advisory board to the Kate B. Reynolds Health Care Trust. Here is an example of a single man working for the interests of both the Dukes and Reynolds. Edwin C. Whitehead, chairman of Technicon Corp. serves as a similar example of a man working for both Duke and Rockefeller interests. Whitehead is a trustee of both Duke University and Rockefeller University. He also has been in charge of several NWO organizations promoting a one-world, for instance he was Governor of the U.N. Association. This article will now show you the reader some of the grants that these foundations make. I ask you, "Do you see any possibility for any mischief behind these grants?! What I noticed about the Reynolds grants is that they control all the crisis centers in the North Carolina area via their money. This means any survivor of SRA calling a hot line is going to get tapped into the Illuminati’s net for catching escapees! I also noticed that all the colleges and universities got money, and a variety of different denominations incl. the Baptists, the Methodists, the Non-denominationalists, the Presbyterians, and the Ecumenicalists. What surprised me was that a number of government agencies get money from the Reynold Foundations, especially those dealing with children like Social Services, and even Police Departments get money from the Reynolds Foundations.

IN 1984 the Z. SMITH REYNOLDS FOUNDATION in North Carolina gave money to these following organizations (plus some others not listed):

Catawba College - $75,000

Chapel Hill Police Department - $37,500

Child Watch - $25,000

Contact of Winston-Salem (a crisis counseling service) - $15,000

Council on Drug Abuse - $27,000

Elizabeth City State University - $50,000

Family & Children’s Service of (ireater Greensboro (they deal with Rape & Family Abuse) - $5,000

Friends of Public Radio - $25,000 (Note: they even want to control public radio!)

General Baptist State Convention of North Carolina - $85,000 (The love of money is the root...)

Mars Hill College - $30,000

Meredith College - $9,360

Montreat-Anderson College - $17,280

Moses H. Cone Memorial Hospital - $31,000

North Carolina Center for Public Policy Research - $225,200 (Wow!)

North Carolina Department of Human Resources (foster homes) - $12,000

North Carolina Department of Natural Resources - $30,000

North Carolina Department of Public Instruction - $103,000

North Carolina Hospital Education & Research Foundation - $50,213

North Carolina Justice Academy - $10,000

North Carolina School Boards Association - $7,500

Outer Banks Hotline (crisis Counseling) . $5,000

Pitt County Memorial Hospital - $35,000

Planned Parenthood of Greater Raleigh - $15,000 (The Illuminati foundations have been the big support behind

Planned Parenthood. The Van Duyn family was tied to Planned Parenthood in NY.)

Planned Parenthood of Orange Co. - $15,000

Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights Education Fund - $10,500

Rowan Cooperative Christian Ministry - $15,000

St. Mary's Episcopal Church - $10,000

Salvation Army of Waynesville - $20,000

University of North Carolina - $233,265

Western North Carolina Amer. Meth.-Episco. Zion Church - $25,000

YMCA of Winston-Salem - $300,000

In 1989 there were more grants of a similar nature. The following are by just the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation in 1989. I have picked (Jut a few to list so that the reader can get an idea of the breadth of their grants to religious bodies and child protective groups.

Advocates for Children in Court - $25,000

Child Care Resources - $40,000

Duke-UNC Center for Research on Women - $60,000

Ebenezer Baptist Church - $8,000

First Baptist Church - $15,000

God's Harvest House of Deliverance Church $10,004)

Metropolitan A.M.E. Zion Church - $27,100

National Conference of Christians & Jews $5,000 (The Illuminati have always well financed this organization.)

Rape Crisis Center, Asheville, NC - $20,000

Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights Education Fund - $7,500

St. Andrews Presbyterian College - $50,000

Women's Abuse Shelter - $15,000

I don't want to take more time and space with listing foundation figures, 1 hope the reader gets the picture of how these foundations are able to control society for the Illuminati. We see government agencies, especially the ones that the Illuminati would want to make sure they controlled are well supported financially. People who live in the Carolinas & Virginia report that the corruption in those states in absolute. These statistics give some facts behind those statements. One organization receiving money above deserves exposure. The Drug Abuse Council (Council on Drug Abuse) has been headed by an Illuminatus & Pilgrim Society member Bethuel M. Webster.

R.J. REYNOLDS INDUSTRIES

R.J. Reynolds Industries of Winston-Salem, North Carolina had an annual sales of over $6 billion and 37,000 employees. I have the 1976 profit figure for the company was $353 million. I don't know what the current figures are. The public thinks that the shares are widely held by the public, while in reality the control is very narrow. The Reynolds were careful when their stocks went on the market to retain secret control. R.J. Reynolds Industries chairman was Colin Stokes. Colin Stokes is an interesting person who works for the Reynolds. He was a member of Kiwannis International, and a director of several key things, dir. of Winston-Salem Savings & Loan, Integon Corp., and NCNB Corporation which is the bank holding company of North Carolina National Bank. The NCNB, which at one time had assets of $4.647 billion (it may be more now) has been the largest of the Middle South banks and is a key component of the Reynold/Duke/Cuilman clique. From 1958 to 1964, Stokes was a director of the William and Kate B. Reynolds Memorial Park, and further serves the Reynolds as trustee of the Wake Forest Univ. Another interesting liaison person for the Reynolds has been J.P. Sticht, a director of R.J. Reynolds, who has acted as a liaison between the Reynolds, Duke, and Rockefeller dynasties. Sticht is a member of Rockefeller University Council, and a member of the board of visitors to Duke University. Leighton Hammond Coleman, who is in the Illuminati from the Satanic Coleman family, also sits as emeritus director of RJ. Reynolds Industries. His father and him both belonged to the Pilgrim Society, which is a level above the CFR in the Illuminati political section. His father was a director of the corrupt American-Russian Chamber of Commerce which has been previously exposed in my writings. Now readers can see why RJ. Reynolds Industries has been one of the top companies trading with Communist Russia in the past. Another director of RJ. Reynolds Industries is John D. Macomber, a 1950 Yale graduate. (I don't know if he belonged to one of the Illuminati's 5 fraternities at Yale or not.) Macomber married into the Illuminati Morgan family, and is a member of the Pilgrim Society. Besides being a director for Li. Reynolds, he serves the Rockefellers as a director of Chase Manhattan. He is also dir. of Norlin Corp. Gordon Gray, of the satanic Gray family, also sits on the Li. Reynolds board. Both Gordon Gray and John Macomber belong to the CFR.. Gray also went to Yale ('33 grad.) and was with Triangle Broadcasting run by Pilgrim Society member Walter H. Annenberg (who is close to being a billionaire). As you can see, some heavy duty Illuminati men direct Li. Reynolds Industries. Gray, a member of the CFR., also served as a liaison to the Corcoran financial interests. William W. Corcoran was a corrupt Washington banker who had a lily white front. Corcoran bribed the chairman of the House Ways & Means Committee so that he could illegally profit a half million dollars for being the middle man of the transaction of the U.S. paying off its debt to Mexico for lands taken during the Mexican War. (See Reports of Committees, Thirty-third Congress, First Session, Volume iii, # 354:4.) The U.S. did not need a middle man to pay off Mexico, but due to corruption in Congress, Corcoran was able to make a bundle of money with no effort. Riggs Bank is associated with the Corcoran fortune. CFR & Yale Grad & Pilgrim Soc. member William McChesney Martin, Jr. has worked for Riggs National Bank as their advisor. The multitude of connections of people serving the Reynolds to the elite are mind-boggling. Many of the institutions in the Middle South connect back to the Illuminati and their front organizations such as the Freemasons and the Chambers of Commerce, the CFR etc. etc. Some of the companies that R.J. Reynolds Industries interlocks with are Arista Co., Avon Products, Charlette, NC branch of the Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond, Dun & Broadstreet Companies, Foremost-McKesson Inc., Hatteras Income Securities, Hayes-Albion Corp., Jefferson Pilot Corp., McClean Industries, Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance,

Perkin Elmer Corp., Richardson-Merrell Inc., S.C. Johnson & Sons Inc., Southern Broadcasting Inc., Standard Oil Co. of Indiana, Standard Savings & Loan, Stauffer Chemical Co., United States Filter Corp., United States Steel Corp., Wachovia Corp. I doubt if this is current information, but needless to say, Li. Reynolds Industries today interlocks with many other corporations.

OTHER REYNOLD/DUKE COMPANIES

The Reynolds Metals Company- notice I wrote "Metals Company"- interlocks with a large number of companies too. The Reynolds Metals Company has had most of its directors from the Reynold's family. Recently, four were on the board of directors and one was the company treasurer. One of companies that the Reynolds Metals Company interlocks with is the Bank of Virginia. The Bank of Virginia in turn interlocks with a long list of companies. A large share of these companies have directors that tie back to the elite. Some of these corporations have directors who are members of the Pilgrim Society, others are with other Illuminati organizations. If the entire set of interlocks and there directors were exposed it might have an emotional impact on the reader, but it gets wearisome to the eyes to be stressed with so many lists, so I will dispense with listing other interlocks. Terry Sanford has worked for the Duke family as a director of the American Arbitration Association, which is an Illuminati front. The Astor family is represented in the AAA by David W. Peck. Terry Stanford has been an FBI agent, is the former governor of North Carolina, and president of Duke University. Stanford is also chairman of the Cordell Hull Foundation for International Education which had another Duke/Reynolds henchman Dean W. Colvard as its trustee. Colvard also has been an advisor to the Illuminati controlled Kellogg Foundation of Battle Creek, MI. Reynolds Securities in New York has been run by William Christian Miller, a member of the Pilgrim Society. William Christian Miller, an Illuminatus, has sat on the board of many corporations. Richard S. Reynolds, Jr. of the Illuminati has sat on the board of Central National of Richmond Corp. which is a holding company for the Central National Bank of Richmond. His younger brother David has sat on the board of United Virginia Bancshares Board. Hugh Culiman is a director of United Virginia Bancshares. Hugh's cousin is in the Pilgrim Society. Hugh is also president of Philip Moms Inc., Richmond Corp., and Foreign Policy Association, and the International Chamber of Commerce. Also working with him on the board of United Virginia Bancshares has been Herbert Stein, a director of Reynolds Metals Company. Stein also worked for L.F. Rothschild and Company as a consultant from 1976 onward. Another director working with Stein, David Reynolds, and Hugh Cullman is Kenneth A. Randall, a Mormon. Kenneth A. Randall is a trustee of the Rockefellers Council of the Americas and works with various Illuminati members at other places too. Some of the Reynolds are Mormons. George Reynolds wrote Commentary on the Book of Mormon and Commentary on the Pearl of Great Price. Eskimo Pie Co. is just one of many that the Reynolds have controlled. Julian Louis Reynolds is on both the board of the Metals Co. and the Eskimo Pie Co.

REVIEW ABOUT REYNOLD COMPANIES

This article has only touched on what the Reynold family operates. However, the thrust of what this part of the article is saying is that the Reynold family works with many other elite Illuminati families, and is active in banking, aluminum, and tobacco. SUMMARY OF PART 1.--The Reynolds family is an elite Illuminati family which ranks right up there with the top 13 Illuminati families. They have a very extensive power base but are strongest in the Middle South.

SOME REYNOLDS OF NOTE -- KNOWN ILLUMINATI MEMBERS ARE GIVEN 3 ASTERIKS *

Mrs. Mn. Reynolds Forsyth- Officer of Richard S. Reynolds Foundation

A. William Reynolda*** - CFR

Billy I. Reynolds-script writer for television and radio, Methodist, lives in VA

Dana Drummond Reynolds-worked w/ UN symposium for New Inter. Econ. Order in 1979, mmbr World Future Society, advisor for USOM to Libya, extension training advisor to Afghanistan, worked

for ABC network ’47-48, mmbr Planetary Citizens (A New *Age* globalist group), Kappa Tau Alpha, Ctr, for Study Democracy, went to George Wash. University

David Parham Reynolds-dir. Reynolds Metal Co., Reynolds Alum. Sales Co., Eskimo Pie Co., Reynolds Jamaica Mines, Ltd. Presbyterian living in Richmond, Virginia.

Debbie Reynolds-original name Mary Francis Reynolds, movie actress, had the Debbie Reynolds show

Donald Worthington Reynold-owner of 6 radio stations, and a newspaper/book publisher, lives in ARK

J Berkley Reynolds-Sd of Directors Billy Graham Evang. Association in Canada.

John W. Reynolds-Fed. Judge

Joseph Allen Reynolds, Jr-banker, mmbr several fraternities, Episco.

Joseph Melvin Reynolds-mmbr Cosmos Club, physicist, univ. official, grad. Vanderbilt Univ. '48 & Yale '47

Jullan Lewis Reynolds--Libby Holman Reynolds-chief donor for the Christopher Reynolds Foundation

Lloyd George Reynolds***-economist, eco. professor Yale ’46-47, Guggenheim Fellow 54-55, lives at Yale Univ. mmbr Cosmos Club

Norman Eben Reynolds, Jr-lawyer, b. Muskogee, OK & lives in Okia. City, belongs to several fraternities

Randolph Nicholas Reynolds-son of William Gray Reynolds, has a son Robert Gray Reynolds, banker, dir Dominion Nat Bank, VA. Episco.

Richard S. Reynolds, Jr.*** - Pilgrim Society

Russell Seaman Reynolds, Jr.- pres. Russell Reynolds Assoc., Yale 54, important figure in Republican party, on Adv. bd. for Greater

NY’s Salvation Army, worked for at least two Morgan companies (J.P. Morgan, Morgan Guaranty), likes Yachting, Society of Colonial Wars (an elite organization)

William Francis Reynolds-b. Boston, married a Fitzgerald, Harvard 51, instruc at MIT,

William Glasgow Reynolds-lawyer, Judge, government employee, married Nancy Bradford duPont, worked for E I. duPont de

Nemours & Co. from 1935-71, Mem. vis. com. Law School, Vanderbilt Univ., Episcopalian, wrote a history book on the Reynolds.

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By:

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

McDonald Family

When one thinks of the name McDonald one immediately thinks of the fast food hamburger chain which has francises all over the world. The McDonald's Corp. has been rumored for years to be connected to Satanism. In fact a book which tries to debunk belief in a Satanic conspiracy entitled Satan Wants You reported the rumor that Mc Donald's owner Ray Kroc tithed to the Church of Satan. (see Satan Wants You, pg. 140). Ray Kroc does spend time with NWO elites and is a member of the Bohemian Grove. There is no doubt that the McDonald's Corp. has an inside track with the Illuminati, because the U.S. government has given according to one source 40 million dollars in public tax money to McDonalds to help them set up McDonald Restaurants in foreign countries under the disguise that this was money spent on foreign policy. In 1991, the total of McDonald outlets (restaurants) in the 3 primary European nations of Britain, France and West Germany totalled 959 restaurants.

In spite of the millions of dollars of tax dollars the U.S. has given to McDonalds Corp., the money doesn't seem to be directly connected to the McDonalds family, because the McDonalds family (Richard and Maurice McDonald known as 'Dick" and "Mac") which started the restaurants in 1937 were bought out by Ray Kroc around 1954. By the time Ray Kroc had bought out the McDonald brothers, they had a very successful business going. The McDonald brothers lived in the rich section of San Bernadino, and had around 11 McDonald restaurants. The brothers made about $100,000 profit a year and were quite content. The McDonalds had designed the golden arches and had put together the tast food concept and had been selling franchises. However, the McDonalds were too content. The McDonalds didn't want to expand, and when Ray Kroc formed McDonald's System. Inc. on Mar. 2, 1955 after buying out the brothers with borrowed money, he vigourously went to work to develop Mconalds into the International Francise that it is. Ray Kroc (bn. 10/5/194)2 in Oak Park. Chicago) lived frugally for many years putting his whole life into building up the McDonald's francise. It was his drive that took a good idea and changed it from a success in Hollywood and San Bernadino into an international success. Ray Kroc knew a good idea when he saw it, and developed other people's good ideas into a great success.

James A. Collins, chairman of Collins Foods International, now the largest Kentucky Fried Chicken franchisee and the operator of Sizzler Restaurants talked about his time with the McDonalds in 1952, 'There was a fraternity of us, and every one of us saw the McDonald's in San Bernadino and basically copied it after the boys [the McDonald brothers gave us a tour." "We all took our lessons from the Mcdonald brothers," Collins remembers. The concepts that francises pay for the McDonald brothers were giving out free, and Collins turned around and began getting $100 a day training people from Carnation, with the concepts that the McDonalds had shared. Henry's Drive Ins and Ken's were McDonald look-alikes that started from people trained by Collins. Glen Bell who started Taco Bell, who patronized the McDonald's main restaurant in San Bernandino started Taco Bell from ideas from McDonalds. The first year Collins imitated McDonalds with his own fast food restaurant, Collins made $80,000 a year take home pay. The McDonald brothers became a part of the local elite of San Bernadino, CA along side such rich local families as Guthrie, Stater, and Harris. Readers are reminded of all the articles in my newsletters about how San Bernadino is a major headquarters for the Illuminati and Satanic Hubs because there are so many thousands of practicioners of black magic in the area. I do know from working with survivors of the Illuminati that the McDonald family has

part of their people in the Illuminati. How far back does the McDonald family go in the occult? The McDonald family was a Scottish clan that was part of Druidism. Many of the McDonald have gone on to serve Christ. However, there is still a large powerful contingent of the McDonald family which is connected to the Mystery Religions, and which has family members who are part of the Illuminati. Each of the major Scottish clans had an area that they controlled of Scotland. The McDonalds controlled the islands and coastal areas on the west coast of Scotland. When the Knights Templars tied persecution, in order to escape the various british fleets, they sailed a route that took them to western Scotland. During the time of King Philippe IV of France. the McDonalds were involved in the movement of the Knights Templars. The Knights Templars had adopted gnostic/satanic practices during the centuries they guarded the pilgrims in the Middle East. The Order had also become the International Bankers of Europe and large landowners in Europe. The King of France twisted the Pope's arm (so to speak) to get him to go along with a campaign to eliminate the Knights Templars. Because the McDonald clan was in private still pagan. they were willing to help the Knights Templar escape the Pope's decree against the Templars.

The Knights Templars were not the only International Bankers to move north. Later, during the 16th & 17th century, the elite satanic banking families moved their operations from southern Europe to Antwerp Flanders and then on to Amsterdam. Many of the Knights Templars lied to Scotland, where they helped Bruce, the King of Scotland. When the English invaded Scotland they were defeated by Bruce in an important battle named Bannockburn. Bannockburn kept Scotland free from England for the next 289 years. The Knights Templars fought with Bruce in the battle under the command of Angus Og McDonald, who was a large Scottish landowner and a friend of Bruce. Angus Og McDonald had previously in the 1308 time period given protection to the Knights Templars. The Knights Templars brought their treasures and their military might to Scotland & to the McDonalds. Many of the Knights Templars went on to the Orkeney Is., but some stayed in Scotland and became important in the occult world. The descendents of these Knights are still guarding some important occult relics, which may be revealed in the next few years. The Sinclair family has been part of the Prieure de Sion, Freemasonry and the Illuminati. Vice-pres. of the Sinclair Oil & Gas Co. in Tulsa in '59-'61 was Marshall McDonald, who was an active Freemason who married into the Collins family. Note that the cities/towns Tulsa, Wagoneer, Muskogee, Broken Arrow in Okla. are totally controlled by the Illuminati. The atmosphere in these little towns SW of Tulsa has been described as oppressive & prone to violence by people who have lived in them. One of the lodge systems set up by the Illuminati was the Jacobin Club (originally known as Club Breton). Its Jacobite members got financing from the Illuminati and were a big part of the cause of the French Revolution. The Jacobites also played a role in the early history of the United States and the American Revolution. The Jacobites had a number of aristocrats who were also secret Satanists as their leaders. They had a lodge in Rome. One of the Scottish Jacobites was Flora Macdonald. She saved Prince Charles Edward's life. Etienne Jacques Joseph Alexandre Macdonald (Scottish blood) was a 330 Freemason & also an officer who fought on the side of the French Revolution. He went on to become a Marshall in the French army. In 1805. he became the Grand Administrator of the Grand Lodge Symbolique in France.

SOME NOTABLE MCDONALDS INCLUDE:

Ramsay McDonald--British Prime Minister during 1920s privy to insider info, and who was in favor of working with communist Russia. Ramsey McDonald was a member of the Fabian Society working for a socialist one-world government. He rubbed shoulders with Anne Besant and Clarke a disciple of lIluminatus Mazzani.

Alexander McDonald (?-1910)- Pres. of Standard Oil of KT, bn. in Scotland, lived in Clifton, OH

Alonzo Lowry McDonald- U.S Marine ('50-'52), Member CFR, Illuminati, Lived in London, Zurich, and Paris. Asst to Pres. U.S. White House Staff Director 79-81

Angus Daniel McDonald (1878-1941)- Railroad pres. w/ all types of railroad leadership positions, Trustee of Notre Dame, Knight of Malta, member Bohemian Club

David George McDonald--Did secret medical & psychological research including secret research for the Neuropsychiatrical Research Unit in San Diego for the U.S. Navy in ‘62-63.

Donald S. McDonald--Bilderberger Steering Committee (this is the select Illuminati group of men who actually run the Bilderbergers), Canadian Minister of Defense, Trilateral Commission, Canada’s Institute of International Affairs (the equivalent of our CFR). and the director of the following: DuPont of Canada. the elites Shell Can Ltd., McDonald Douglas Corp., etc.

Christopher W. MacDonald - member of Bohemian Grove

Edmund B. MacDonald--member of Bohemian Grove Frank Bethume McDonald--NASA scientist involved with sending Pioneer 10 & 11 to Jupiter

George G. McDonald--member of Bohemian Grove

Graeme L. MacDonald--member of Bohemian Grove Dr. Gordon McDonald--astrophysicist who wrote that ‘enhanced electrical oscillations in the earth s atmosphere might be used to impair human brains..

Harold D. Macdonald--high ranking occultist in the SRICF which is a branch of the SRIA, which started many of the Satanic Kaballistic groups such as the OTO, the Golden Dawn, etc. Lived in Massachusetts.

Ian Bruce McDonald--member of Bohemian Grove

Prof. Dr. James E. McDonald--suicided by CIA after discovering their involvement with UFOs, McDonald had addressed the UN’s Outer Space Affairs Group concerning UFOs on 7 June 67. Why was this very informed scientist suicided?

Jeffry R. McDonald--A Grn. Beret doctor whose family was murdered by the satanic cult that Alinea Stockley belonged to. Ted Gunderson tried to help him legally. The murder was to hide an army/CIA/Satanic drug oper. Sir John A. McDonald (1815 -1891) - 1st Prime Minister of Canada, Freemason, Knight of the Order of Bath, Knights Templar, and member Lafayette Royal Arch Chapter, of Wash. D.C.

John Bartholomew McDonald (1844-1911)--Due to his father’s connections with the corrupt Tammany Hall in NY this railway engineer and railway executive was able to get important jobs. John built the NY subway system and when he died the electricity in all the subway system was shut off for 2 min. in respect. He built the Vanderbilt tunnels north of 42nd St. NY & other items. John Cecil McDonald (1924-) --32° Freemason, Shriner, National Republican Chrmn, on the Court of U.S Military Appeals, delegate to Rep. Nat. Convention in ‘64, ‘72, ’76, ’80, ‘84

John Garwin McDonald--oil executive John Warlick McDonald, Jr. (1922-) --llluminati member, lives in Arlington, VA. was with the U.S. Supreme Court 1951, was with the U S Military Govt. running Occupied German after W W Il--see the Krupp Illuminati family article in this newsletter. Worked with NATO, CENTO, CA, National War College, the UN, the State Dept., went to numerous (almost countless) UN conferences for the U.S. He was the U.S’s coordinator for the UN’s Drinking water work. He is a member of the Cosmos Club, and the Club of Rome.

Lovatt McDonald-Pres. of Draycott who has worked with P2 Freemasons in secret arm smuggling deals Linda McDonald--victim of Monarch Mind Control programming by Dr Ewen Cameron (Dr. White of the Illuminati) at Allan Memorial Hospital. Linda McDonald at the age of 58 and living at Vancouver, B.C. was able to prove that Cameron did programming using drugs, electroshock, psychic driving, depatterning, etc.) She has no memory of her childhood, but was able to prove that in 1963 at age 26 she was given mind control programming. Because the CIA had funded Cameron, the U.S. Fed. govt. gave her via the Canadian govt. a $100,000 settlement, if she would not talk. A newspaper did pick up on the settlement on 11/18/92 and I have reproduced that news article at the end of this

article. The money was hush money, for it was stipulated for the $100,000 out of court settlement, Linda would keep quiet about her mind control.

Robert A. McDonald--member of Bohemian Grove W. Patrick McDonald--member of Bohemian Grove Walter Joseph McDonald- important CIA officer, Cath., lived in Annapolis, MD, bn. in Boston, MS.

McDonalds are publishers of occult books in the U.K.

MCDONALDS WHO AUTHORED OCCULT BOOKS & other notable titles.

Douglas R. MacDonald--The Scot's Book of Lore and Folklore

George McDonald--Wise Woman & Other Fantasy Stories (part of a series on the fantasy stories of George McDonald.)

John McDonald--The Magic Story Message of a Master

John Warlick McDonald, Jr.--The North-South Dialogue & the United Nations pub. by Georgetown Univ.

Michael MacDonald--Mystical Bedlam, publ. by Cambridge Univ. Press

Reby E. MacDonald--The Ghosts of Austwick Manor and A Contemporary Collection on Loan from the Rothschild Bank AG, Zurich

The McDonalds and MacDonalds (and some of the Donalds) are descendents from King Somerled. King Somerled helped expel the Vikings (Norsemen) from Scotland. King Somerled's son was Ranald and Ranald's son was named Donald. The grandson then became Argus Mor McDonald (mac means "son of") Argus's grandson married MacRorie and became Lordship of the Isles. The McDonalds were the chiefs of that area. Families that sought their protection sometimes took their name too. So it is not inconceivable that some of the Knights Templar bloodlines ended up one way or the other as McDonald. The powerful McDonald of Glencoe lived in Glencoe until the 1692 massacre by the English government against Francis Stewart sympathizers. Francis Stewart was the Grand Master of the witchcraft covens in that area of Scotland. and the McDonalds were supporters of him. Also in the 17th century the McDonalds were forced to participate with others in piracy.

There are some powerful Stewarts (also spelled Stuart) in the Illuminati today, some who are friends with the Rockefellers. At least one Stewart intermarried with a Rockefeller. Another Stewart has family members who own a series of theaters in California which have secret tunnels to day care centers so that children can be ritually abused and programmed. (This Stewart had a father in Satanism who was associated with the Hungarian palace.) James C. Stewart, a member of the Illuminati, built the Mormon's capital building in Salt Lake City, 60 Wall Tower in NY, and the Savoy Hotel in London that the Illuminati use for their Pilgrim Society headquarters. James belonged to the Pilgrim Soc. too. Now that the reader knows this, he or she will understand why this author did a doubletake when I ran across Stewart McDonald, who was the director of Savoy Plaza Hotel, in New York. a place frequented by the elite. Stewart McDonald was president of Army War Shows in '42-'43. See the article on the Van Duyns in this newsletter to understand the connections between the Army War Shows and the secret mind-control ops done in W.W.ll under the auspices of the Illuminati. Stewart McDonald was also the police commissioner in corrupt St. Louis, MO and the Fed. Housing Administrator for Wash. D.C., as well as being an auto manufacturer. There is a Stuart who actually has a stronger claim to the throne of England than Queen Elizabeth. He is 11th in line as a claimant, while she is only 13th. His claim is a carefully preserved secret by the media. Queen Elizabeth is of the Hannover Dynasty which is part of the 13th Illuminati bloodline. This Stuart claimant was recently asked if he would like to have the throne of the newly formed nation of Estonia, but he rejected it. The Stuart bloodline and their henchmen have been an important part of the leadership of Freemasonry down through the centuries.

The Scottish Stewart family, as well as the Cameron, Campbell, Douglas, Hamilton, and Montgomery scottish families were originally powerful families that came from Flanders area (now Belgium & north. France) which is today a strong point for the Illuminati. These families emigrated to Scotland in the 12th century and were part of the strong occult bonds between Scotland and the Flanders area. (Today, Flanders is divided between northern France and Belgium.) Later, Flanders became a banking center for the International Bankers. The Hungarian occult world also connects to Scotland with such ancient historical figures as Saint Margaret (a Hungarian noble), whose husband Malcolm Ceanmor murdered in real life Macbeth. Her son David introduced feudalism into Scotland, and she herself brought in Catholic Priests. There are many occult ties between Scotland. Flanders, Hungary, and Rome. Parts of the McDonalds continue to practice Druidism, which was the original religion prior to the Christians. The McDonald heritage goes back to the Picts and Gaelic people. Some of the McDonalds have become part of the Catholic hierarchy. I believe I know of five MacDonalds which have become Air Marshalls (top rank) in the British RAY. The names of these RAF Marshalls are: Someried Douglas McDonald, Thomas Conchar McDonald, Sir William McDonald, Air Commander John C. McDonald, and Major General John Frederick Matheson McDonald. The NWO has been called the Air Dictatorship because the NWO's air power will be so important, so it is significant that the RAF has had so many high officers who were MacDonalds. Just one example of the tie-ins, the british Minister of Aviation Roy Jenkins (64-65) has been part of the Trilateral Commission. Thomas Conchar MacDonald did secret research for the Air Ministry after WW II. He went to the Univ. of Glasgow. Another Marshall Sir William Laurence Niary) MacDonald was involved with British Air Force Intelligence. A number of other McDonalds have worked for intelligence agencies to, incl. David George McDonald, James Nlichael McDonald, Jr. etc. William McDonald was a doctor who worked with FDR in 1925.

Henry Ford also spent time with a doctor named William McDonald. A number of McDonalds are Bankers (or important in the Stock Markets) and in an attempt to keep this article brief I'll just list some of them: Andrew Jewett McDonald (Yale, USAF), Archibald MacDonald, Allen Colfax McDonald, Angus Daniel McDonald, John Garwin McDonald, William Henry McDonald (Can.), and Witten McDonald. Archibald NiacDonald is director of Joseph Freeman, Sons & Co., Ltd. as well as being important in other things. The Freeman family is one of the top 13 bloodlines and connects to the Prieure de Sion. Sir Peter George MacDonald has heen the director of Guardian Assurance Co. Ltd. which also has connections to the Freeman family and the Prieure de Sion. There are a long list of McDonalds who have served various governments all over the world in leadership positions. Danny Lee McDonald of Tulsa, OK served on the corrupt Federal Election Commission ('82-'83) as its vice-chairman, and from '83 onward he served as its chairman. William C. McDonald was the first state governor of New Mexico from 1911-17. The Freemasons ran the state at that time.

This author would wear the readers patience thin by describing all the McDonald's who have been in important government jobs. The policeman who found Lee Harvey Oswald after JFK was shot was a McDonald. This policeman was then assigned to protect Marinna Oswald (the widow of Lee Harvey Oswald). This heavy-set policeman McDonald (who attends the Oakridge Christian Church) has appeared on television recently such as on Channel 32, on Top Cops at 7:25 p.m. where he speaks out against conspiracy theories in the JFK assassination. The entire arrest of Oswald by M.N. McDonald is filled with questions. Jack Ruby was in the same theater. Oswald tried to shoot McDonald with an unloaded gun. Some unknown person had tipped McDonald off that Oswald was in the theater, and the police had for some reason already decided Oswald was guilty because while arresting him the policeman was heard saying by witnesses, "Kill the President, will you." And yet the Warren Commission said that Oswald was not a suspect until later. This is just one place of many where the McDonald family connects in with the larger Satanic conspiracy. Jack Ruby was involved with the Carousel Club which was tied to the Monarch Project. The assassination of JFK was done through Permindex, which was set up by Louis Mortimer Bloomfield, who worked for the Illuminati in SOE (British Special Operations Executive) within the US Army Intelligence. He worked for OSS and ran the FBI's Counter Intelligence Div. 5, while working for British SOE and the Illuminati. George DeMohrenschildt, Oswald's best friend or closest contact was himself an ex-Nazi spy who worked for the CIA. The Mob's'connections to the Top 13 Illuminati families is explained in the Van Duyn

family article in this newsletter. Bear in mind, the mob had turned against JFK too. In summary. Some of the McDonalds have held important positions for the Illuminati, and part of the McDonald descendents are in the Illuminati. You will also find McDonalds very active in Protestantism and Catholicism. The McDonald family's involvement with the occult goes clear back to Druidism, and then the protection & leadership they gave to the Knights Templars. Today, some of the McDonalds are Barons, some are Bankers & some are leading intelligence and military men. > > EXHIBIT NEXT PAGE. News article that shows Linda McDonald was awarded hush money by the Canadian govt. & the CIA for MK-Ultra Mind Control programming.

Brainwash victims to receive $100,000'*Ottawa denies responsibilityfor experiments*

By Bob Cox

The Canadian Press

OTTAWA — The federal govern-ment will pay $100,000 each to vic-ims of brainwashing experiments funded by Canada and the CIA be-tween 1950 and 1965, Justice Min-ister Kim Campbell announced Tuesday. Ottawa is paying the money to avoid legal claims by victims or the experiments carried out by Dr. Ewen Cameron at Montreal's Allan Memorial Institute. As many as 80 people were In-volved, but It's not clear how many are still alive and eligible for the payments. Campbell said the government still does not admit any legal lia-bility or responsibility, but is pay. ing the money on compassionate and humanitarian grounds. But Linda Macdonald, a Van. couver woman who launched the court case that forced the settle-ment, said she considers the pay- ments an admission of responsi-bility and a symbolic apology.

My biggest concern has always been that the federal government acknowledge its responsibilIty in funding the experiments, so that we can hope that such abuse of patients rIghts will never happen again in this country," she said. Macdonald, now 55, underwent "depatterning" at Allan Memorial in 1903.As a mother of flve children un-der four years old, she was sent to the Institute suffering from fa-tigue and depression. She was treated as a schizo-phrenic, though never diagnozed as such. She was heavily drugged, kept asleep for 86 days, given over 100 electroshock treatments and subjected to "psychic "driving to She me rged five later barely able to function She couldn't read or write, use a toi-let, drive a car, cook a meal or make a bed. She didn't remember her husband, children or the first 26 years other life."1 accept tne governments syrn-bolic apology through compensa-tion, but no amount of money can compensate me for the loss of memory . . and the enormous df-f ficulties my family and I have suf fered Macdonald said in a state-ment. She was in Los Angeles on tues-day. talking to film producers about her story. Former patients at the Allan Memorial have sought compensa-tion from both the Canadian and U.S. government for years. The US. Central Intelligence Agency, wanting to learn more about brainwashing and psycho-logical deprograming, covertly gave $85,000 to Cameron between 1957 and 1962. Canada, as part of a national program of health care grants, gave about $70,000 between 1950 and 1954 and again between 1961 and 1964. The experiments ended in 1965. Canadian offlcials later said they dIdn't know of the CIA funding. In 1988, the U.S. Justice Depart-ment reached an out-of-court set-tlement that gave about $100,000 to each of nine Canadians treated under Cameron's CIA-funded ex-periments.T he Canadian govornment helped pay legal bills for those Canadians who sued the United States, but balked at paying Its own compensation. A 1986 report by George Coo-per, a Halifax lawyer and former Conservative MP, absolved Cana-dian authorlties of any blame and described Cameron's work as "in-cautious but not irresponsible." But Thomas Berger, Mac-Donald's lawyer, presented a re-port to the government in 1990 challenging Cooper's conclusions One u.s. doctor likened Cameron's research to brainwashing techniques used In Chinese prisons. A Justice Department official said he did not know how many people are eligible for the $100,000 payments. A number of former patients have already

died. Only people still alive can apply for compensation. People can call a toll-free number — 1-800-267 4988 — for more information

Bloodlines of Illuminati

By.

Fritz Springmeier, 1995

THE KRUPPS & THE ILLUMINATI

One of the big lessons from history is that mankind doesn't learn from history. The history of the Krupp family which is in the llluminati would provide the world with a loud and clear warning for today. The first lesson that could be learned is how a military buildup and military intentions can be totally concealed for decades. Today, the New World Order has brought in hundreds of thousands of foreign troops into the United States, they have brought in thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of guillotines for executions, they have built a network of unused concentration camps across the U.S., they have built crematoriums next to these concentration camps, and yet most Americans appear to believe the lies of President Clinton and others just like they believed the lies of Krupp, and the German Chancellors BEFORE Hitler, and the German military leaders who were all well aware of the secret German buildup that began immediately after W.W. I ended! We are about to go into a New World Order that will be worse than Hitler's New World Order, but the power behind the scenes is the same -- the Illuminati getting their power from their centuries-old generational satanic practices. One ex-Illuminati thinks that the Krupp family became part of the Illuminati in 1836. The Halbach and Bohlen families had united in marriage prior to the Civil War. The Halbach family had large holdings of coal around Scranton, PA. I believe the Halbach family was part of the Illuminati, and the Halbach family married into the Krupps in 1906. ft appears that 1836 date can not be far off, because the record shows that the Krupp family began getting all kinds of favors from governments beginning late in the 1830s. Prior to this time period, too many things went the wrong way for the Krupp family for them to had any prominent role in the Illuminati leadership. In the summer of 1838, Alfred Krupp, head of the Krupp Factories left his business and went to Paris and then on to Liverpool. He quit travelling the Midlands of England that winter and lived in Liverpool, England for 5 months with an english family named Lightbody. By the summer of 1839, he was back in Essen, Germany. After that trip to England, the Krupp fortunes began to turn. The Alchemists were occultists who worked with chemicals and metals. The alchemists tie in with the Rosicrucians and the early renaissance researchers into chemistry.

The Krupps because they were involved in metalurgy also have been involved with chemicals. The first Krupp known about was Arndt Krupp who appeared out of no where (it is speculated he came from Holland) and arrived at Essen in 1587 a man of means and became a merchant in the area. His son Anton became one of the military arms dealers of the times. Anton's father-in-law ran a gunsmith trade where he made guns. By about 1650, the Krupps were Essen Germany's uncrowned kings" (according to the german book Die KRUPPS written by Norbert Muehlen. Frankfurt am Main: 1960, p. 13). They controlled the city government. In 1800, the Krupps went into steel and coal, and producing cannon. During the age of discovery when the New World was being explored the powerful occult oligarchies of Europe set up trading companies to carve up control of the world. The East India Company was one of the more notable of these elite controlled trading companies. These trading companies tie in with the occult world's leadership and the formation of drug cartels during the age of discovery. The 13 Illuminati families were participants in the narcotics cartel that was set up clear back before the United States became a nation. The roots of the cartels, go back to Knights Templars, the Knights of Malta and some of the Italian oligarchies who had been involved in narcotics trade for centuries.

That drug cartel has continued down through the centuries. I.G. Farben has been a 20th century part of the German element of the cartel. Clear back during colonial days, each of the various secret ruling occult families from England, Germany, France and the Netherlands were given a piece of the narcotics/chemical trade. The full story of the Krupp family would include how they tie in with I.G. Farben and the worldwide chemical monopoly that the Illuminati families have. It is clear that Gustav Krupp was informed of I.G. Farben's secret research into synthetic nitrates prior to W.W.I, because Gustav told the great German chemist Emil Fischer not to worry about the guncotton problem caused by low nitrate supplies. The Krupps faced a bigger problem during W.W.II in getting enough high grade animal fat for holding the cotton in place for explosives. This was solved by using the fat of people killed in the concentration camps. Since the Illuminati's Chemical cartel and I.G. Farben and Krupp were involved in the use of human products, the concentration camps were liberated by the Illuminati's men and the use of human fat, etc. covered up.

In our modern times two men of Illuminati from the Krupp family stand out, Alfred Krupp von Bohlen und Halsbach (1907-1967) and Charles "Chip" Bohlen (1904-1974). Chip Bohlen's grandfather and Alfred Krupp's great-grandfather were brothers. Alfred Krupp was the most powerful and richest man in the common market or Europe during the 1960s, and Chip Bohlen was one of the most powerful political ligures of the United States serving as the U.S. ambassador to the USSR for many years. New World Order leader and Chip's co-worker George F. Kennen described Chip Bohlen with the following: "No single person was present at more of the high-level diplomatic encounters of the wartime [WW II] and immediate postwar periods than Charles Bohlen." And yet how often are Americans told that while Charles Bohlen was advising Roosevelt to give the Soviets eastern Europe at Yalta in 1943. his relatives Gustav and Alfred Krupp were directing the manufacture of Hitler's best armaments? It's a small world at the top. On Jan. 21. '33, Papen told Hugenberg, 'We've hired Hitler." Although Hitler was very much his own person, the people who put him into power knew what they were doing. The Illuminati, as they so otten do, put their people in as Hitler's advisor and his bodyguard. Dietrich Stepp, Hitler's personal bodyguard, was in the Illuminati. They have done the same with numerous other people, for instance the surrounded Howard Hughs. Hitler was surrounded by Satanists who took orders from the Illuminati first and Hitler second. If you don't believe that Hitler submitted to the his Illuminati advisors, look at sonic of the changes that he made in Nazi doctrines over the years in his speeches to make sure that the elite of Germany were protected. Hitler backtracked on some of his stands.

Four important Illuminati advisors to Hitler were Rudolf Hess, Martin L. Bormann, Gustav Krupp and Alfred Krupp. Rudolf Hess was hidden by the Illuminati during W.W. II. There is a book out which shows the military medical records of the real Rudolf Hess who was wounded in W.W. I, and the medical records of the fake "Hess" who was imprisoned in Spandau prison after W.W.II. This is why the Nazi's on trial at Nuremberg laughed when they saw "Hess" for the first time in custody, they laughed because they knew he wasn't the real Hess. Bormann came from a generational occult family. Bormann's grandfather was Johann Friedrich Bormann (b. 1830) and his father was Theodor Bormann and his mother Louise Grobler. Bormann before joining the Nazi's had worked for Hermann von Treuenlels as a foreman on a farm. He was noted for his harshness, brutality and dominating personality. He also gave the orders for thugs to beat up a man named Walter Kadow, who died while being beaten. Bormann served some prison time for his involvement in Kadow's death. Bormann later as Hitler's no. 2 man used his position to enact some cruel measures on Europeans controlled by the Germans. All the leading Nazis agreed among themselves that Bormann was "Hitler's Lucifer." Goring stated at Nuremberg, "The decisive influence on the Fuebrer himself during the war, and particularly from 1942 on...was exercised by Herr Bormann. It was a disastrous influence."

Bormann held the highest Nazi rank, Reichleiter, and was Hitler's shadow everywhere, and yet most Germans didn't know who he was. When Hess disappeared early in W.W.II, Bormann took his position. Gustav Krupp saved the Nazi party in 1932. If it had not been for Gustav Krupp, Hitler would never have come to power. During 1932, the Nazi Party had offended many people and had lost greatly in the elections. Many of their big financial supporters had backed away and it looked like

the party was going to shrivel up and die. Dr. Goebbels, of the Nazi Party wrote at this point in 1932, "...We are all very discouraged. particularly in the face of the present danger that the entire party may collapse and all our work be in vain. We are now facing the decisive test." Soon after he wrote, "The financial situation in Berlin is hopeless. Nothing but debts and obligations." At this point. Gustav Krupp threw his momentous influence and big money (100,000,000 German Marks) into saving the Nazi party from their precarious position. Gustav Krupp was perhaps the most powerful industrialist in Germany with perhaps the best steel factories in the world, and the weight of his help pulled the Nazi party up on its feet and to victory that year. When Krupp made his big financial contribution, Hitler assigned Bormann to keep track of all the money. From then on, Hitler's personal finances and some of the party's finances were totally controlled and oversaw by Martin Bormann, a member of the Illuminati. I say Gustav Krupp was "perhaps the most powerful industrialist"--only because I don't know anyone who knows how big Gustav Krupp was financially. Gustav Krupp was the sole owner, that is the sole proprietor of all his companies--there were no shareholders. Gustav Krupp owned a vast array of corporations and companies and properties all over the world. No one knows how much he owned, but he owned enough that his son who was the sole inheritor of all the Krupp fortune was able to have his factories totally destroyed by the allies in W.W. II, and then quickly rebuild by using money derived from foreign (non-German) holdings all over the world.

But was Hitler the person who led Germany to rearm and enter into W.W.II? Gustav Krupp began secretly rearming Germany immediately after W.W.I, in preparation for the next world war. The documentation that Krupp began planning and secretly

rebuilding German armaments in preparation for W.W. II IMMEDIATELY AFTER W.W. I IS INCONTROVERTIBLE. I suggest that doubters read William Manchester's massive book The Arms of KRUPP. 1587-1968. The German government cooperated. Agreements were reached with the Soviets soon after W.W.l ended to help the Germans secretly get around the strict requirements of the Versailles Treaty which greatly restricted Germany in many ways to prevent it from becoming a military power. On May 11, 1921, (;erman Chancellor Wirth, the leader of the German government signed the Versailles Treaty pledging disarmament. At the very same time he was fully cooperating with the Krupps and the military to rearm Germany secretly. Wirth was very adept at intrigue, and be and Krupp carried out international intrigue all over the world to pull off their secret military buildup. Today, the Illuminati are doing the very same thing. (More about this shortly.) When Hitler came to power, Gustav Krupp billed the Nazi government 300 Million for having secretly built up the German war machine during the 1920s, and the Nazi's paid it to Krupp. Later in 1943, during W.W. II when Gustav and Bertha wanted to hand their entire empire over to their first son Alfred, Alfred personally went to Hitler's secret underground hideout in East Prussia to get Hitler to personally make an exception to the German law that forbid passing everything in an inheritance to only one child. Hitler greeted Alfred with a great welcome and then let him talk to Martin Bormann. Remember, Bormann, a very brutal man, was part of the Illuminati. Alfred and Bormaun talked, and then Bormann directed Hans Lammers, the Nazi constitutional oracle to secretly proclaim:

"The firm of Fried. Krupp, a family enterprise for 132 years, deserves the highest recognition for its incomparable performances in boosting the military power of Germany. Therefore, it is my wish that the enterprise be preserved as a family property."

At the Nuremberg trials, Gustav was one of the Nazis at the top of the list of criminals to be tried, and Alfred was mistakingly not put on it until later. Gustav was declared unfit healthwise for trial, and Alfred was given very lenient treatment. Other Nazis put on trial were sentenced to death with less evidence and less crimes than Alfred. When the war ended, old man Gustav was at Bluembach Castle which is located at a remote site in the Austrian Alps. The American officer who captured the castle was Chip Bohlen's brother-in-law Col. Charles W. Thayer (in other words a relative to Gustav Krupp), who made sure the American troops did not loot the castle. This is a very strange coincidence, that of the millions of allied troops, a relative of the Krupps is the one to capture Gustav Krupp's castle. Col. Thayer knew what Bluenbach Castle was all about before he took off with his men to find it. The four-storied ivy covered castle has a pink granite driveway, and a beautiful and luxurious interior. Even if a visitor gets to the main gate which is remote enough, there is still a long

trip to the castle. One of the snow-covered mountains surrounding the postcard perfect castle has the legendary cave of Barbarosa, who is said to be asleep waiting to be woken by black ravens to come back to life and save Germany. The Illuminati's controlled media portrayed Gustav's son Alfred as a victim of the Nuremberg trials, even though mountains of documents prove that he was more of a war criminal than Adolf Hitler.

The massive trial documents of the Nuremberg trial of Alfred Krupp were never printed in Germany, and even today the truth about Krupp is unknown. History was rewritten by the controlled presses to make Alfred Krupp out to be the victim of Nazism, rather that to tell the truth about how he ran the Krupp empire beginning in 1943, and was actively involved in the rape & pillage of many nations, and actively involved in the torture of countless slave laborers who came from nations all over the world (anybody the Nazis found to arrest.) The slaves who worked for Krupp were not even slaves. Hitler had made a law that slaves were to be fed so much per day according to how hard the work was that they had to do. Krupp's slaves were starved to death while being forced to do hard labor. There was an acute shortage of slaves to work and drastic needs for tanks, ships, artillery, subs and other Krupp produced weapons, so there was no logical reason for Krupp's personal factory guards to starve and beat slaves to death on a regular manner. The horrendous abuse that the slaves received actually often prevented the Krupp factories from being successful in their production goals. Slaves are generally fed and taken care of so they can work, but Krupp's slaves were not even given the basics that a slave gets--they were less than slaves, or as one slave who worked for Krupp said that as Krupp's slaves they didn't even have the status of "slave" but were like pieces of sandpaper to be used and discarded. Krupp's slaves were the worst treated in Germany and frequently failed to achieve the production that was wanted due to the total dehumanization and horrible abuse systematically heaped upon them. Slaves were tortured in the basement of Krupp's Hauptverwaltungsgebaude (the executive corporation office building in Essen). Unimpeachable witnesses declared that some of the most revolting torture of slaves occurred within earshot of Alfred Krupps office. The secretaries who worked with Krupp could hear the screams of people being tortured, and there is no doubt if they could hear them, Alfred could too, but he always ignored the screams with a stone-like face, as he did later in Satanic rituals. One Illuminati survivor remembers Alfred's distinctive face. Later John J. McCloy, head of the Council of Foreign Relations, and a member of the Illuminati, was given the job of High Commissioner over Occupied Germany. He overturned the Nuremberg Trial decisions, stepping out of line with legalities and freed Alfred Krupp from prison and exonerated him of "war guilt". The trial of Alfred Krupp's W.W.II war crimes had taken 5 years, and took 330,000 pages of court transcripts. All that work was swept aside by John J. McCloy--a generational satanist himself like Alfred. Alfred had 37 of the best lawyers who had given more than a good fight for Alfred. They pulled every trick in the book for their client--including murdering witnesses, suppressing evidence etc. (The establishment newspapers in Europe and the U.S. portrayed Alfred as having not been allowed adequate legal help! Nothing could be further from the truth--he was the best defended Nuremberg criminal.) Yet, the evidence against Krupp was overwhelming and the 5 Nuremberg judges had sentenced him to prison. The judges also sentenced that all his possessions be taken from him. This was more than fair considering all the pillage and looting Krupp had personally directed throughout Europe. The British and American governments never carried out the Judges orders to take Alfred's property away, and after serving awhile (having a vacation from his work load) in prison, the Illuminati set him free from prison. Alfred was made out to be martyr in the press--they claimed he was the only Nazi who had property confiscated (which was a lie by the press), so that it looked like he'd been singled out for special victimization by the Nuremberg court. While looking to the public like a victim for loosing his property--none of it was ever taken away!

Today, the intrigue of the Illuminati to secretly prepare for their takeover is monumental in proportions. However, it is following many of the tried and tested tactics of the Krupps. Before W.W.I, the Krupps created a Dutch company in Hague with the English name Blessing and Company. Blessing & Co. was used only every now and then by the Krupps. After W.W.I, it was sold with all its assets to the Hollandsche Industrie en Handel Maatschappij (another Dutch front), and then its name was changed to Siderius A.G. It was then used as a holding company for 3 Dutch

shipyards, their names being Piet Smit in Rotterdam, Maschinen en Apparaten Fabrik in Utrecht, and Ingenieur-Kantoor voor Scheepsbouw in the Hague. At that time two Krupp directors quietly held all the shares in Siderius. In this way, a front company was created that no one even suspected of being a Krupp company. Later, select Dutchmen were sold the shares of the company that the Krupp directors had had. This completed the subterfuge. By the time allied intelligence in 1926 caught on and asked the Dutch government to intervene, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland curtly informed allied intelligence that her govt. would in no way interfere with a private dutch corporation. When one studies the machinations George Bush and Bill & Hillary Clinton, they too have worked with front companies. The CIA is great at creating front companies which are sold to other fronts, and whose control eventually gets hidden and obscured. Three examples of Illuminati families with a great deal of power but who have their extensive financial holdings obscured are the Payseurs, the Springs, and the Van Duyns. The national media of America have continually run expert damage control for George Bush and Bill & Hillary Clinton. The Whitewater scandal, Vincent Foster and the Waco incident should have sunk the Chintons but the media has run excellent propaganda campaigns that have stood the truth on its head. Under the appearance of doing unbiased investigations, the New World Order's media has really done sophisticated damage control. If we look at the history of the Krupps, we can see that mankind hasn't learned from history. The Kingpins of the Illuminati were above the law and still are. Friedrich Alfred Krupp (1854-1902) was the head of the Fried. Krupp Industrial Empire. He was pediophile who liked little boys for sex. When he travelled to various large cities he would obtain boys. Conrad UhI, proprietor of the Hotel Bristol in Berlin found out about Friedrich (Fritz) Krupp's lust for boys when he was forced by Krupp to supply him with young boys at the Hotel. Conrad UhI, didn't like being forced into his role as pimp and went to the Berlin police. who promptly told him to keep quiet. Krupp was above the law, no one would touch Krupp especially not even the King of Germany Wilhelm, who was best of friends with the Krupps. The police commissioner Meerscheidt-Huellessem who ran damage control for the Krupps and others died before political opponents of Krupp could get police records out to the public.

In Capri, Italy a grotto was transformed into Krupp's private sex club where a countless numbers of young italian boys regularly sexually serviced Krupp. This was at the Quisisana Hotel. The owner was also a prominent politician who could protect Krupp's activities. Solid gold pins shaped like artillery shells or two crossed forks (both designed by Krupp) were given to the young boys if they performed well. Krupp would have skyrockets shot off when he had his orgasm, and porn photos taken of his activities. The porn pictures got out into the public domain and this and all the witnesses to Krupp's criminal sexual activities, caused the Italian government to order Krupp to leave Italy. Any common person would have been arrested and the key to their cell thrown away--but Krupp was simply asked to leave. However, the press in Italy had gotten ahold of the juicy story for their italian readers and soon all of Europe knew of Kru pp's paedophilia except in Germany where the government and the controlled media kept it secret. A few german newsmen tried to get the story out in Germany but were arrested. When Krupp's wife learned of the scandal she was upset and went to authorities who then through the System using physical force threw Krupp's wife in a mental hospital in Jena. However, throwing Krupp's wife Margaretha into a mental hospital wasn't going to put a cap on the scandal, and suing the newsmen wasn't going to work, and trying to run a coverup as big and violent as the JFK assassination coverup was started but it was obvious that it would have to be such a large and violent coverup that it would be difficult to pull off. In the view of all these difficulties, on November 21 or 22, 1902 Friedrich (Fritz) Krupp committed suicide. The suicide was covered up, and his body was put in a concealed casket and in direct disobedience to the law there was no autopsy--even though the law required it. Nobody, even Friedrich Krupp's close relatives were allowed to see the body. After 3 days, Germany had a great ceremony involving the King, great words were said about Krupp, and then Krupp was laid to rest in a guarded cemetery. Now that it is no longer important, the facts of what happened can be studied, but the case of Friedrich A. Krupp's improprieties and the resulting scandal show clearly that powerful men are above the law, any exposure of their activities can be covered up, and even suicides can be covered up. Now historians will tell the truth, when it is no longer political correct to lie. How long will it take for the truth to come out about George Bush being a pedophile, or about Bill and Hillary's cocaine running, or a thousand and one other criminal activities these Illuminati men have engaged in. The Supreme

Council of the 330 of Southern Rite of Freemasonry had pictures of George Bush in their New Age magazine holding children in his lap. For those of us who know that he is a pedophile the picture showing him as a fatherly Jesus-type figure who children love is sickening. Will we learn from the past, or will we continue to repeat it & its atrocities? Even today, in Germany the Krupp name is above reproach. The truth is not being told. The Krupps have had too much power over the German media for the German mass media to ever say the genuine negative truth about the Krupps.

During W.W. II, the Krupps took tens of thousands of jews and other people and used them as slave labor. A concentration camp at Buschmannhof, Germany was created for the babies of Krupp's slave labor. The babies who were sent to this concentration camp would then die of starvation and disease. The slaves of the Krupps during W.W. II were tortured in small boxes, whipped etc. etc. However, the politically correct line today in Germany is that the Krupps were made to do this by the Nazis. And that politically correct line is a fabricated lie, because numerous documents show that the Krupps went to the Nazi government and begged for slaves to work in their factories, and that the Krupps intentionally set .up extremely harsh working conditions for their slaves. In fact, letters exist that show the Krupps couldn't get enough supply of torture weapons to use on their slaves.

But then the workers for Krupp have always worked under serf conditions. A visitor to a Krupp factory said, "For all practical purposes the people of Essen are body and soul the property of the Krupps." At times the Krupps have been viewed as god figures by some of their workers. Are we going to learn from history? Today, the public is buying the System's propaganda to make inmates work under boot camp conditions. The stage is being set in the United States to view inmates as less than human. The foreign slaves in Germany were often looked upon as less than human by many of the German people. That is the power of control and propaganda. The media is able to take someone like Tim LaVeigh who everyone who knew him during his life says was a nice guy who couldn't have set the bomb(s) and make him look to the public like a mean monster. I believe Tim LaVeigh is a patsy for the government's own sinister bombing of the Oklahoma City Federal building just like Hitler firebombed his own Reichstag. Speaking of fires set by the Illuminati, the Krupps tried to burn mountains of records before the Allies captured their factories. A lot were burned but many still sensitive documents still survived. These sensitive documents showed their war crimes, Kruupp's own espionage network and other sensitive things. Krupp wanted to bury some of the documents at an unused Bohien castle that he had. The Krupps have networked with all the elite. The Krupps agent in powerful man while alive, he could hire or fire corporate leaders in many of Germany's corporations, because his various banks held the purse strings in Germany. He also had international clout, for instance, Banco Aleman Transatlantico (Deutsche Oberseeishe Bank) which operates in South America & Spain is run by Deutsche Bank. In July, 1944, the Illuminati's economic thinkers quietly established the World Bank at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire. Illuminatus John J. McCloy, the man who set Krupp free, became the president of the World Bank. The U.S., Japan and Germany are the most powerful voting members of the World Bank according to the recent annual reports which I have.

When an appropriate Krupp couldn't be found in 1967 the Illuminati turned Krupp's Industrial Empire over to its Internat. bankers. Charles Eustis Bohlen (1904-1974) was born to Celestine Eustis and Charles Bohlen. His father Charles Bohien was a wealthy man and his mother's family had also been prominent. His mother Celestine's father was the American Ambassador to France in 1893. Because Chip Bohien had connections, it was mutually decided by several people that he should become a diplomat. The state department at the time he joined had tarnished its reputation with the public with several scandals. One diplomat had indecently exposed himself, another had been arrested for molesting 2 boys and another had shot himself. Chip Bohlen seems to have been way above scandals. Chip was very intelligent and very discreet. In addition to being very discreet and close lipped, the elite's press and the System in general over the years have kept Chip Bohlen's life a secret from the public. Most men of Chip Bohien's stature would appear in the Who's Who in America. Not Chip Bohlen. He has managed to keep to a very low profile thanks to the Illuminati's control over all types of information, while remaining one of the most powerful men in the 20th century. Sen. McCarthy, who was catching on to the Illuminati's conspiracy tried to prevent Bohlen from being

approved as the U.S.'s "Ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the U.S.S.R." but on Mar. 2 & 18, 1953, the Senate gave him the important position. However, Chip's brother-in-law quit his political career after being exposed by Sen. McCarthy. (I had believed the lie of the press that McCarthy was after communists, but I read something the Senator wrote which showed that he was out to expose a worldwide occult conspiracy--not simply communism. The work the Senator did is continually referred to as a "witch hunt", but some day the witches he tried to protect America from may well put this nation through another Holocaust, and then the "witch hunt" of the Senator will seem mild.) Chip Bohlen also served as the no. 1 adviser for three Secretaries of State - James F. Byrnes, George C. Marshall ('45-'46) and Christian Herter ('59-'61). After graduating from Harvard in the late 1920s, Chip worked for Frank B. Kellogg and Henry L. Stimson. The U.S. State Department trained Chip to speak Russian several years before the U.S. had diplomatic ties with Russia. When the U.S. put in an embassy in Moscow in 1934, Chip helped open the first American embassy in communist Russia. The American diplomats stayed at the Savoy Hotel in Moscow. The Savoy Hotel in London has been used as an important Illuminati building.

Chip stayed in communist USSR until 1940, when the U.S. government moved him to Tokyo to help in Japan. According to Chip, he and others were not surprised that Pearl Harbor took place because there were strong indications that it was going to happen. (See Chip's book Witness To History, pp. 110-112. His book was edited by a fellow Illuminatus Phelps.) After the attack on Pearl Harbor, Chip was placed under arrest by the Japanese. Then on June 20, 1942, Chip, Keith Meyers head of Standard Oil in Tokyo, and some other Americans were put on board the Asama Maru and returned to the United States via Portuguese East Africa. Chip Bohlen interpreted for Averell Harriman, when Harriman met the Russians for talks. Chip Bohlen did the interpreting and some advising of the President when Roosevelt had his meetings with Stalin. Averell Harriman, a member of the Illuminati, liked Chip and the work he did. If one looks at photographs of the Yalta and the Tehran meetings between Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt you will see Chip Bohlen in the background. Chip was also at the Potsdam Conference between Truman and Stalin. He was also in San Francisco as a participant who helped create the United Nations in 1945. It was Bohlen and others who actually wrote out the Marshall plan and then requested that Sec. of State George Marshall spell it out in a speech at Harvard. It would take a long article to cover all the big meetings that Bohien participated in. Needless to say, he attended more big meetings involving global politics than any other American.

When Chip became the American Ambassador to the USSR, the Russians trusted Chip enough to stop their practice of having agents always follow the American Ambassador. Chip's predecessors as ambassadors had been George F. Kennen and Llewellyn E. Thompson. They had always been followed by Russian agents. But things changed for Chip. By the way, both Kennen and Dean Acheson both were close friends with Chip. Chip was noted for his intelligence and candor by his colleagues, but the Establishment has kept the full story about him very much under wraps. Perhaps only people like the CIA and intelligence personnel know the full story. For as powerful as Chip Bohlen was, he has been relegated to being in the shadows. When we look at the photos of the great summit meetings, Chip can be seen behind Stalin, Churchill and the American Presidents. Francis Hermana Bohlen (1808-t942) was a famous lawyer, politician and a teacher at Harvard from 1925-28. This is just one more of the famous Bohlen's. This author waited until there was verification from independent ex-Illuminati sources that Alfred Krupp (his full name includes the title "von Bohlen und Halsbach") had been a member of the Illuminati. There is no doubt that Chip Bohlen was part of the Illuminati. As previously mentioned one of the Illuminati survivors I have worked with was alive during W.W.II and has memories of how the Russians, Germans, and Americans in the Illuminati kept working together even during W.W. 11. A very close examination of what really went on behind the scenes, especially at the top shows that the parts of the Illuminati have continued to collaborate together even during wars. The are many relatives of Krupp in Europe, South America and the United States. Arndt Krupp, Alfred son who opted to become a professional playboy, bought an estate in the interior of Brazil. The estate covered 43 square miles, had dwellings for 180 servants (back in the l960's-what's happened in recent years I don't know), had a park modeled after Versailles, and the largest horse stables in Brazil. His private jet could carry his custom-built Rolls-Royce.

Important Illuminati rituals have taken place in Argentina and other South American locations where Illuminati members from the U.S. and various European nations have flown in to participate in. As more information comes in, this author will be able to determine whether Arndt Krupp took part in any of those South American Illuminati ceremonies. There are descendants of Hitler in several states in the U.S. (Because people move around, there is no purpose in giving their locations at present.) Of course the controlled media would have us believe that Adolf Hitler, who was very popular with women during his life, and a very powerful man at the height of his power, did not have any descendants. There were many German women who would have begged to have a child by him, and there were a number who did. There is no doubt in this author's mind that the Krupp's got ahold of the Illuminati formula for creating multiple personalities who are programmed into Systems of Alters. The Krupp relatives have numerous castles and other pieces of property all over Germany, and all over the world in fact. I continue to get reports of Illuminati mind-control programming going on in castles, and Illuminati rituals taking place in German castles. It is a distinct possibility that castles tied to the Krupp clan are being used for programming. Some of their castles and estates have been remote and some have been left unused as far as the public was told. Summary. What we have learned is that the Krupps have participated in the Illuminati, and were primarily responsible for both Hitler coming to power and for Germany rearming itself secretly in violation of the Versailles' Treaty. We have learned that Illuminati Kingpins like the Krupps are above the law, and are usually above getting themselves sincerely exposed in the controlled media. The Krupps provide an excellent example of how a military build-up can be hidden, and how scandalous behavior of the elite can go unpublicized and unpunished. The same things are still happening today. We have learned about two Krupps who wielded enormous power during the twentieth century, Alfred Krupp and Chip Bohien. Alfred Krupp was the most powerful man in European economic aflairs during his lifetime, and Chip Bohlen, who was perhaps the most influential American diplomat of the twentieth century. We have gotten a glimpse of how the remaining Krupps today are scattered and are to be expected to continue to play an active role in the ritual life/& mind-control programming of the Illuminati.

Later articles:

The German connection to the llluminati is extensive; the Order of the Skull & Bones is an important element. Examples of German elite occultists who may be exposed in later articles include: a. "King" Adolphus Busch, who acquired Ulysses Grant's (ancestor of several in todays Illuminati) St. Louis property and built a magnificant castle on it called Grant's Farm. b. Bleichroeder, who was an important Satanist and high ranking Mason & an important occult leader. Berlin was one of the important Masonic headquarters for years. c. The Johnson-Wilson clans. One satanic german bloodline which came from the location Tristie in Germany has been working with the Rockefeller & Johnson satanic families. They are active on the west coast-incl. have a house equipped with a torture dungeon in Tacoma. The Johnson & Johnson clan have relatives in Satanism in Germany. d. The Committee for the Care of European Children brought children from the concentration camps into the U.S. At least some of these children had already received Nazi trauma-based mind control, and were placed into occult families. The german connection to the Illuminati needs further coverage in this newsletter.

SUGGESTED READING FOR MORE INFORMATION:

Manchester, William. The Arms of KRUPP 1587-1968. Boston: Little,

PÉCAU + KORDEY + CHUCKRY

THE SECRET HISTORY

Book Eleven: Nadja

ARCHAIA
WWW.ARCHAIA.COM
BOOK ELEVEN
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The Secret History of America:

The Greatest Conspiracy On Earth

This May Be The Most Important Document You Ever Read In Your Life!

Do you believe in a GRAND CONSPIRACY ? Do you believe Oswald acted alone ? Do you believe that government is corrupt ? If so, then to what DEGREE ? That may depend on how willing you are to open your eyes and mind to SEE. Why is it that the more things change, the more they stay the same ? Why doesn't society ever seem to grow up ? Most people grow up thinking that the world is very big and we believe the world exists the way it does today because this is the direction humanity has taken and chosen.

The information that I will discuss in the introduction to this catalog is meant to present to you the idea that history is not being created by chance, but rather by design. The road that we are taking as a nation in America and as a human race on the planet Earth is being paved for us in advance and sold to us for a profit.

Many people talk about conspiracies such as WATERGATE, IRAN-CONTRA, THE S & L

(Savings and Loan) SCANDAL, THE FEDERAL RESERVE, OCTOBER SURPRISE, KENNEDY, THE FREEMASONS, THE COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS and THE

TRILATERAL COMMISSION, and even GREY ALIENS, but very few people know the real facts enough to explain them because they are not researched themselves. As information comes down the pipeline it becomes distorted and confused because most of the people passing along the information do not know the entire story, they have not researched much information themselves, and they tend to be biased as well. (They tend to have an angle in the information they put out, usually because they have an ulterior motive.) I can only state from research of seven years, WHAT I BELIEVE to be the TRUTH based on mostly HARD FACTS.

For AT LEAST five- to ten thousand years, mankind has been aware of MORE scientific and spiritual facts than we are currently aware of today as a great society and nation. The libraries of Alexandria, which held the collection of the world's greatest knowledge, existed in Egypt thousands of years ago. The Essenes were just one secret sect of Gnostics (Knowledge Holders) that existed around two thousand years ago. Since the earliest

times of Pagan groups and Nature religions, the SUN has been considered a SYMBOL for LIFE. The Ancients believed that when the SUN gave off it's energy, it was giving IT'S life for US. They believed that the SUN of GOD, the LIGHT of the WORLD is ALL SALVATION because He has RISEN. He is therefore our ETERNAL SAVIOR. There has always been a struggle between LIGHT and DARK forces in the world. When the SUN goes down and it becomes DARK, we cannot SEE. We naturally fear what we do not know and since we cannot SEE in the DARK, we do not know what's there and we fear. When the SUN would SET (Satan), it would get DARK. But when the SUN was on the HORIZON (Horus, translates to Jesus), it would be called THE SAVIOR. This formed the basis for early Christianity.

The Essenes, as well as other secret societies around the times were PRIESTHOODS, so the early CHURCH was an established KNOWLEDGE CENTER with IDEAS ENCODED

SYMBOLICALLY into religious text. After time, symbols lose their meaning except to those whom are INITIATED. Essentially, they held knowledge of ARCHETYPAL ENERGIES that bond or link Spirit to matter. These energies are expressed in mathematics and Greek Gematria called SACRED GEOMETRY. The word OCCULT means HIDDEN. They took the knowledge, hid it, and made it appear to be EVIL, so that they would know it, we wouldn't, and they could then control us a lot easier. This allowed an early guild of bricklayers, or MASONS, to be established, making it possible to build great pyramids, etc. Now, if everybody knew how to build a pyramid, then not only would the Pharaoh's tomb be no greater than Joe neighbor's cottage, but the Masons would also lose a lot of money building great castles and churches throughout Europe. This was the basis for early CAPITALISM, but we will discuss this later.

SACRED MUSHROOM ingesting and CANNABIS-smoking shamans are tribe spirit leaders in a sense and they practice inducing a state of consciousness in warrior tribesmen to temporarily replace their consciousness with animal consciousness to perform certain tasks or learn spiritual lessons or principles. There were special groups of assassin cults that were trained in earlier times using substances like hashish and they were called "Hashishans" or "Assassins". Although these two practices are not identical, they are similar and related. While the first example may be considered early natural mind control in the sense of learning to control your own mind, the second example could be considered manipulative mind

control in the sense that the participants were trained under hallucinogens to kill for God or "Allah".

The Assassins, as well as a society called The Order of Lady of Sion appeared at the same time around 1090 AD. Out of The Order of Lady of Sion came Notre Dame de Sion and five out of nine of the founders of the KNIGHTS TEMPLAR came from this order. The Templars and Assassins had interlocking affairs and philosophies. They also had ongoing fights as well as commercial dealings. The Templars pronounced vows to poverty and in the meantime amassed great fortunes for the church (really themselves), and were responsible for financing the Crusades and other bloody religious wars. They were also some of the first to set up banks in Jerusalem.

These were Temple Banks which occasionally were raided for their gold. This forced the Templars to develop branch banking, or, putting your money in several places so it doesn't all get taken at once. This is where the idea of a central bank and it's local branches comes from, which became the model for banking in Europe and America. The Knights Templar became more popular when they were exposed in the fourteenth century and banished by the king. Jacques de Moley was burned at the stake for being a homosexual and a heretic. A portion of the Templar's wealth was seized by the king and handed over to their sister society, called the Knights Hospitalers, who were a branch of the Templars responsible for medical facilities in the kingdom.

There is evidence to suggest that the Templars may have carried themselves on as the Rosicrucians for the next couple of centuries. This really doesn't matter too much, though, because all of these orders or secret societies are offshoots of other ones. They are all Masonic in nature because of the nature of the information which they possess.

The same secret societies and old European bloodline families are in control of the world today.

To better understand what they do, we need to look at their philosophies and ideas. One motto of theirs is "Ordo ab Chao" or "order out or chaos". First they create CHAOS, then they propose the solution, ORDER, secretly from behind the scenes to control a given situation. There are different areas of Freemasonry and it is all a hierarchy of power. Occasionally, Masonic groups will work against each other in the public forum through the

agencies which they control, but they may be united behind the scenes. You will see examples of what I mean very soon.

The first Masonic lodges by that name appeared in England in the 1600's and within a century they were spread throughout most of Europe, including Germany and France and the colonies of early America. One of the purposes they served was as a forum for the elite individuals to meet and discuss their political and social views without fear of religious persecution. Remember, just a couple of centuries earlier under Rome in the Dark Ages, they would kill you if you didn't believe that the moon was made of green cheese. In Rome, they realized that they could not rule the world by themselves and that they would need a consensus of nations or a United Kingdom and United Nations. The symbol for Fascism is a bundle of sticks wrapped together with a hatchet or an axe tied to it. It represents a world consensus of power or AXIS POWER. It appears on the U. S. Senate flag today and on the back of the American mercury dime from 1916 to 1945.

While there were several enlightened societies around calling themselves illuminated, it was on May 1, 1776 that Professor Adam Weishaupt put together a secret society called The

"ILLUMINATI". It's sole purpose secretly was to control the world. Weishaupt was a genius of a particular sort as far as scheming and manipulation are concerned. He was a respected teacher at the University of Ingolstadt at the time and had many connections in education. He became a Mason but was also a Jesuit priest. He learned as much as he could and decided to put his own secret society together. He used a process of initiation and power dissemination among ranks similar to the structure of a pyramid, where one sole individual or group at the top know what's going on but no one else really does, they only know a little until they succeed up the ranks and learn only a little more. In the meantime, they don't know who is watching them or above them keeping them in check. In the highest circles of the order they propose to control the world through a One-world government, which they stated they could do by converting existing Masons to concepts of Illuminism. Weishaupt told them about the Utopia that could be established on Earth if everyone who KNEW would secretly work together to bring about this plan. Being free-thinkers and atheists to begin with, they proposed abolishing religion, government, orders of class, right to own property, or even raise your own children; and they believed that the

ENDS justified the MEANS, meaning that whatever it takes to accomplish this task should be done WITHOUT HESITATION. Within two years they had over 3000 members and many established lodges. Within several years they were exposed and banished from Bavaria. The documents were recovered and displayed in the British museum where they exist today. This is an important historical fact that has been severely covered up in America. They continued to exist, however, in the form of the German Union and scattered Reading Societies.

Through their combined fortunes, the members of the Illuminati gained control over the literary societies and printing press. They circulated printed papers showing falsities of religion and abuses of government and promoted a general state of desperation throughout society, all the while blaming it on religion and government. They sought to promote ANARCHY and REVOLUTION, whereby they would strip the monarchy (king) of power using the classes (people) as a lever to ultimately bring power back into their own hands, all the while creating new forms of government which would be puppets they could secretly control from behind the scenes. In Germany, the lodges which preceded the Illuminati were the Lodge Theodore and the Lodge of Strict Observance. In France they were known as the GRAND ORIENT TEMPLE

MASONS. Their motto was "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY". In 1789, they beheaded the King and Queen of France and orchestrated what was historically known as the French Revolution. This was only the first of several revolutions to come. Weishaupt had succeeded in grabbing the existing reigns of power in both Europe and America, entwining them together using new philosophical concepts, and tightening all of the existing slack.

In 1797, a book appeared in Europe by John Robison called "Proofs of A Conspiracy against all of the Religions and Governments of Europe, Carried on in the Secret Meetings of Freemasons, Illuminati and Reading Societies". Then in 1799, written in another country and in another language, Abbe Augustine Barruel published his four-volume study entitled "Memoirs Illustrating the History of Jacobinism". Then in 1826, William Morgan, an American Freemason who had written a book entitled "Illustrations of Freemasonry", was abducted and drowned in Lake Ontario. Because of the existence of these books, as well as the murder scandal, there was a nationwide furor resulting in the creation of an Anti-Masonic

political party in 1829. After this there was a temporary drop in membership in the lodges, but their control over the press soon caused the anger to diminish.

There is what is called the "Colombian" faction of the Illuminati which came over to America early on. The documents that were recovered in Germany showed that the symbol for the Illuminati society was the PYRAMID and the EYE IN THE CAPSTONE as shown on the back of the ONE-DOLLAR BILL. The symbol for Columbia Broadcasting System (CBS) is the ALL-SEEING EYE. The U. S. is located in the District of Columbia. There is Columbia University, and the Columbia space shuttle.

The Americas have been called the New World since Columbus, however, Columbus did not come here first. There had already been a "New England Charter" and a colony established twenty years before he arrived. In America in the east, we have the area of NEW ENGLAND, where the first colonies were established. The eventual American Revolution wasn't actually a real revolution. The Founding Fathers (Masons), did not go to war with their parents, the monarchy of England. There are many prominent American Presidents who are related to strong European bloodlines and great wealth. When the YORK Rite Masons of York, England, came over here, they settled on the East coast and declared it NEW YORK. Then they went to work to build the "Empire State". In New York sits the Statue of "LIBERTY", given to us by FRANCE, holding up the Masonic torch of ENLIGHTENMENT. The highest degrees of Freemasonry are the 32nd and 33rd degree.

On the back of the dollar bill, on the Great Seal of the U. S. , there are 32 feathers on the right wing of the eagle and 33 on the left. Underneath the pyramid, the Latin term "Novus Ordo Seclorum" means "New World Order". It has appeared on the dollar bill since 1933.

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels were students of Weishaupt and Illuminism. The 10 platforms that make up COMMUNISM are identical to the goals of the ILLUMINATI. The Communist Manifesto appeared in 1848 and Communism formed itself as a solid revolutionary movement in Russia in the early 1900's, in the form of the Bolshevik Revolution.

One particular group of families made up of the Russells and the Piertponts founded several scholastic institutions, two of which were Yale and Princeton. Rev. James Piertpont and Rev.

Nodiah Russell CO-founded Yale in 1701. In 1832, Gen. William Huntington Russell and Alfonso Taft, grandfather of William Howard Taft, former President of the U.S., founded a secret society at Yale called SKULL AND BONES, or "The Brotherhood of Death". Gen. Huntington's brother-in-law, Samuel Russell, founded "Russell and Co.", the world's largest opium smuggling syndicate at the time. This provided them with a huge fortune in the millions. The founders and later influential graduates of Skull and Bones studied philosophy and other subjects in Germany where many prominent "Illuminated" teachers were working. Probably the most influential family in this power circle throughout the last century has been the Harriman family. Edward H.

Harriman amassed over $60 million in the late 1800's in a swift stock deal involving Union Pacific Railroad and Kuhn Loeb. (1904 Northern Securities case) William Averall Harriman, his son, graduated Yale in the Skull and Bones Fraternity in 1913. Averall Harriman controlled Harriman and Co. which owns Brown Bros. and Harriman, the world's largest private investment bank. Prescott Bush, George Bush's father was initiated and graduated in 1917. Prescott Bush as well as some other Skull and Bones Graduates were directors of the bank. These banks as well as Guaranty Trust and Union Banking Corp, all of which were controlled by Skull and Bones, were the most influential entities in building up the Soviet Union from the early times of the Bolshevik Revolution in the early 1900's, through contracts to improve mining of raw materials and rebuilding of the RR transportation infrastructure. These same banks were also directly responsible for financing Hitler's rise to power and build up of Nazi-Socialism through contacts and subsidiary banks in Germany.

The PURPOSE for the build up of World Wars was to create a NEED for PEACE so that a UNITED NATIONS may be needed and then created as a SOLUTION for establishing peace between nations. A WORLD body of GOVERNMENT with a WORLD COURT and a WORLD

POLICE to keep nations in place and to concentrate power into a few people's hands. Who's hands? William Howard Taft, Skull and Bones graduate of 1878, helped found the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes in 1920. This soon became the League to Enforce the Peace, then the League of Nations and then finally The United Nations. If you look at things from a historical perspective, the U.N. today has implemented or is in the process of implementing all the planks

of Adam Weishaupt's Manifesto. When George Bush took us to war in the Persian Gulf, he stated boldly that he didn't need the approval of Congress anymore to declare war because he had a U.N. Mandate. We have sacrificed a large part of our U.S. sovereignty. The U.N. has recently passed a Declaration of Children's Right's. It is now a RIGHT of the child to receive vaccinations, which do more harm than good, and a parent doesn't have the right to interfere. Parents who interfere with the rights of a child or abuse a child or are accused of abuse can have their children taken by the state. If you are seen spanking a child more than two or three times, the child abuse police will be unleashed against you. This amounts to nothing more than a giant power transfer, from US to THEM. The only way they can do this is by tricking us into thinking that we are so irresponsible that we cannot manage our own affairs and lives and that the state is better suited to raise our children. If you still like the U.N. then wait until you get hit with the new U.N. TAX that is coming.

This brings us to the World Bank, the IMF (International Monetary Fund), both creations of the U.N., and banking in general. In Switzerland there is a big building that is divided into 3 parts. If you look at it from above it looks like a peace symbol or Rune. This is the headquarters of the United Nations and the World Bank, the 3rd part is the World headquarters of Freemasonry. It's so convenient they can go back and forth between coffee breaks. In Brussels, there is a computer called "The Beast" which stores the names and information of every person in the world and that was created years ago. By now, it probably orbits the planet. THE U.S. IS A CORPORATION

located in the DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and each CITIZEN IS A FRANCHISE OF THE U.S.

IDENTIFIED BY A SOCIAL SECURITY #.

One of the main influences of British Masonry comes to America in the area of Banking. Cecil Rhodes made his fortune from diamond mines in South Africa. Millions and millions of dollars were secured and put into a trust in his will to be used to finance the creation of secret societies for the furtherance of Anglo-Saxon rulership in the New World Order and the eventual recapture of the U.S.

for England through the creation of a central bank in America. Cecil Rhodes formed what is called the "Rhodes Scholarship" at Oxford. There is also the Round Table in England put together by Alfred Milner. Bill Clinton

is a Rhodes Scholar as well as other things. In Europe, at least at the time, the Rothschilds were the leading banking clan. Paul Warburg, an agent for the Rothschilds as well as several members of Skull & Bones were instrumental in setting up the Federal Reserve Central Banking system in America in 1913. President Andrew Jackson had stated that the central bankers were a den of vipers and thieves and he intended to drive them out of America in earlier times. He also

stated that if the American people understood the rank injustice of our banking system, there would be a revolution by morning. President Thomas Jefferson stated "If the Americanpeople ever allow the private banks to control the issue of their currency, first by inflation, then by deflation, the banks and the corporations that grow up around them will deprive the people of all property until their children wake up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered".

Abraham Lincoln took action against the central bank in his time and he was killed for it.

President Garfield was shot and killed shortly after declaring that whoever controls the supply of currency would control the business and activities of all people. Baron Nathan Mayer de Rothschild

once said, "Let me issue and control a nations money and I care not who writes the laws".

The measure of a nations wealth is the sum total of it's goods, services, natural resources and private wealth. In early America, private wealth consisted mostly of gold or silver. This is a great monetary standard because it has inherent value. For a long time, gold was worth $20.00 an ounce.

A One-Ounce gold coin was a $20.00 piece. Our grandfathers and great grandfathers found it a hassle to carry these around during large transactions due to heavy weight and frequent robbery, so out of the kindness of their hearts, the bankers would allow people to leave their gold and silver on deposit, while the bank would issue a gold or silver certificate, a piece of paper that was as good as gold. It said on the bill, "Pay to bearer upon demand in gold or silver. So after the bankers started to issue these notes they saw after a while that the people were not using the gold as much and coming back to withdraw it and that they could issue and loan more notes than they had gold to back it up. This is the true source of inflation. A short time later they replaced the gold and silver certificates with Federal reserve notes which are worthless. Without the gold and silver, the real

valuables, America was essentially bankrupt. The Federal Reserve is a private corporation. When Federal Reserve notes are printed they are loaned to the U.S. Treasury or the people. Notes that cost 2 cents each are printed by the Fed and loaned to the U.S. government at face value plus 8 1/2% interest compounded. The interest is collected each year by the IRS (Repo Man), also a private corporation controlled by the Federal Reserve. With a federal deficit of 4

trillion 8 hundred billion dollars so far, the interest is in the neighborhood of $200 Billion dollars, which is drained from the economy each year in the form of income taxes. The words "Federal Reserve Note" first appeared on our paper currency in 1933.

It is common sense that if you are borrowing money from someone and you have to pay interest then where will the money come from to pay the interest ? If you have to borrow it then that creates more interest. Obviously, in this situation, there is no way out. However, coins are minted by the U.S. treasury and they are worth their face value as currency. There is a clause written into the agreement that provides us with the option to buy back the right to issue our own currency.

The solution to the problem of the National Debt is to coin a 4 trillion dollar coin and use it to pay off the Federal Reserve. It would have to be accepted and it could even be made out of copper nickel clad. In 1963, President Kennedy passed an Executive Order calling for the printing of $450 Billion dollars in U.S. backed Debt-Free currency. Shortly after, he was killed and as soon as his successor, Lyndon Johnson took office, the first thing he did was suspend the executive order and the printing of the currency. If you look hard enough, you can find $2 bills from 1963 that say "U.S. Treasury" at the top instead of "Federal Reserve note". 1964 was the last year silver was used as the standard coin metal and coincidentally Kennedy's face first appeared on the half-dollar. Now, 23 years later, silver is $5.00 per ounce instead of $1. If you still don't see how this works, just realize that 23 years later, you now need 5 times as much money (work) to buy the same ounce of silver and 60 years later, after they removed the gold, we have to pay 20 times as much money for the same ounce of gold. ($400.00 / ounce). The moral of this little story is that we are being ripped off by the biggest "Sleight of Hand" money scam ever devised. There is a Masonic term for this kind of deception, they call it "Hoodwinked". We are the sheep and we have had the wool pulled over our eyes.

It may appear to be a grand conspiracy where you may think that everyone knows what's going on, or you may say that it is impossible for everyone to work together on such a large scale for so long and so secretly, but the truth is that not everybody knows everything. Some people that are a part of the establishment only know a little and some don't really have a clue, some just follow the money, but most that hold high degrees have a pretty good idea, if not a lot of knowledge about the inner workings of the conspiracy.

Big name families like the Rockefellers and J.P. Morgan, even in their time, were not the main financial powers in America. They were highly paid agents, frontmen and spokespeople. Henry Ford resigned from the Ford Foundation citing an inability to maintain control over affairs. The Rockefeller foundation ties into and controls the American Medical Association and the public educational system through textbook publishing. The Rockefeller family got started with the help of the Harriman family, the Whitneys (Eli Whitney's family) and Standard Oil of New York (SONY), now Exxon. They have a lot of influence, even today.

All of the founding fathers of this nation were Masons as well as almost all of the presidents. The building of early American colonies as well as the American Revolution would not have been possible if it were not for a very special plant. The Cannabis / Hemp plant was used throughout the world since the beginning of time for just about everything that mankind needed. Paper made from hemp was used for books, bibles, maps, and money. You can produce 4 times as much paper from an acre of hemp as you can from an acre of trees at 1/4 the cost, 1/5 the pollution, it is 10 times stronger and lasts up to 1000 years instead of only 50. And it can be recycled 4 times as many times as paper from wood pulp. The Constitution was printed on hemp paper as well as the first 3 drafts of the Declaration of Independence. Even great sailing ships like the U.S.S.

Constitution were made primarily out of hemp. Hemp is the STRONGEST natural fiber on the planet. Hemp is 26 times stronger than cotton and 10 times longer lasting. The first Levi jeans were made out of hemp as well as all of the soldier's clothes for the Revolutionary War. It requires no chemicals to grow, has very few natural enemies, and grows in the widest variety of climates of any weed or plant. It is also the FASTEST GROWING plant on the planet, growing 4

times faster than corn. The seeds from the hemp plant provide the highest source of complete vegetable protein of any food source on earth. Even higher than soybeans. It has also been re-realized lately that the hemp seed is the highest source of Essential Fatty Acids in the world.

ESSENTIAL, meaning :NECESSARY FOR LIFE, Fatty Acids are necessary for us and beneficial for cleaning the cholesterol out of the arteries naturally. All oils in the supermarket are bad since they are placed in clear plastic containers and exposed to direct sunlight. They become as bad as saturated fats, and end up CAUSING cholesterol buildup, leading to heart attacks, etc.

Hemp seed oil can even be used as a machine-grade lubricant for engines and other machines replacing petroleum oil from the ground.

Henry Ford built his Ford Model-T using hemp to line the side panels. The impact strength was 10 times stronger than steel alone. This would eliminate many vehicular deaths today. The Model-T was also designed to run on hemp fuel which Henry Ford grew. This was displayed in Popular Mechanics in Feb. of 1938. Concentrated extracts of Cannabis from the flowers were the 2nd most used medicines in America for 150 years for over 100 separate medical illnesses. It is probably the best natural medicine for Glaucoma, stress, and controlling nausea, and works very well for arthritis , asthma, and epilepsy. It is estimated that Hemp would have at least 50,000

commercial uses if it were legal in America today.

The reason that Hemp is illegal in America today is because the main families in America (Masons), the Harrimans and Rockefellers (Standard Oil), the Whitneys (Eli Whitney-Cotton Gin), Dupont (Chemicals in wood pulp processing and cotton pesticides), and Hearst (Newspapers, Media) find it more profitable to sell us unnecessary chemicals, unneeded dug-up petroleum oil, immune system destroying pharmaceuticals, and axed up trees cut into real thin slices, all at over-inflated prices and at the expense of our health and living environment. For these companies, the real problem is that one cannot patent a natural plant. Almost everything produced in America by large corporations is exported for sale on the world markets. The total value of oil, petrochemicals, and pharmaceutical sales totals hundreds of billions of dollars.

However, with the availability of over 50,000 new products and the necessity to manufacture them, America would be a much richer nation if

the farmers and the average citizen were allowed to grow this valuable crop.

Right now, the power is concentrated in the hands of a few rich individuals like George Bush, for example, who's legacy goes something like this : Graduated Yale in the Skull and Bones fraternity in 1948, went into the Airforce, got shot down and was played up in the press as a war hero, becomes owner of Zapata Off-shore Oil , which controls a large fleet of oil tankers off the coast of Kuwait, becomes director of the CIA, working to introduce cocaine and heroin in large part to America, is made Director of Eli Lilly Pharmaceuticals by Dan Quayle's Father (Lilly produces precursor chemicals used in cocaine production), sits on the board of First Interstate Bank, Puralator Shipping, and Texas Gulf (Fertilizers and pesticides to grow the Coca with and then spray on it to wipe some of it out), then becomes Vice-President and Drug Czar (During this time Cocaine influx into the U.S. increased by over 2000 %), declares war on the American people and the Bill of Rights through the militarization of a phony drug war, tricks Saddam Hussein with the help of the leaders of Kuwait, into attacking Iraq (The reason was Zapata Oil's slant drilling from Kuwait into Iraqi territory) so that he could declare war under a U.N. Mandate, strengthen the U.N. and hike up oil prices, then before leaving office, signs into law a secret Telecommunications Bill requiring the switch-over of all Federal and Bank phone lines to Fiber Optic for the purpose of electronic funds transfer as required by law in the year 2000 when cash and checks will be no longer legal. If that isn't bad enough, he also has brothers and sons that are Skull and Bones members and they do politics as well. Neil Bush (Silverado Savings and Loan Scam), there is Jeb Bush and there are several other Bush's hiding in the BIG BUSH FAMILY. It is probably no coincidence that the Harriman and Bush families both have a history in Eugenics or race purification and Genetic Selective Breeding. They will propagate their own young on the planet because they can afford it, while sitting back and deciding which countries can have how many children per family.

Population control and mind control are the methods used by the new Fascist Roman Capitalistic Empire. Millions of people die around the world each year from debilitating diseases like cancer, AIDS, Leukemia and now flesh-eating strep and Ebola. Does the Rockefeller-run American Medical Association (AMA) do everything it can to insure that doctors know the truth about health and do the most to insure the safety of the patient ? NO !

Let's consider these facts. Herbs have been around forever, they grow naturally and they have been used for healing for centuries. Drugs are synthetic chemical reproductions sold by the large pharmaceutical corporations at highly inflated prices. Doctors receive less than 3 hours of instruction on nutrition, eating right and preventative medicine in their entire 4-6 years of training.

Luis Pasteur, shortly before he died, stated that he was possibly mistaken about his germ theory.

He said that germs and viruses might be the result of the disease instead of the cause. The way this could be explained is that the body overloads on toxic build-up and produces symptoms of stress, then necessary bacteria or viruses move in to scavenge the toxins, creating an abundance of these in the system, and leaving a super toxic waste by-product behind, which the body has a difficult time expelling. Therefore the presence of the virus or high bacteria count is a result of the disease and not the cause. A couple of very important things to realize when considering this possibility are : 1. A person does not need to be exposed to another individual to come down with a cold. People living in small communities with no outside exposure can come down with colds and disease. 2. People with no disease can sleep with people and exchange bodily fluids with people with HIV and not be infected. Considering these facts further weakens the Germ Theory of Disease. If this information is true, then the introduction of prescription and pharmaceutical drugs would only serve to mask the symptoms of the problem and slowly destroy the immune system since these drugs are highly toxic.

There have been several cures for cancer and other diseases but these have been viciously suppressed by the establishment and pharmaceutical industry. Some of these include Raymond Rife and the Rife Microscope, Harry Hoxsey, Cancell, Essiac, and Ozone. The latest and most promising information so far comes from a woman named Dr. Hulda Clark. Her books and research have just been published this year. She states that the age-long problem and cause of diseases are parasites, Worms in particular. There is a worm, an intestinal fluke, which exists in most people throughout their lives. Generally, it is excreted by the body in the younger stages and does not grow into an adult in our bodies. But, something different happens when substances like Benzene and Propyl Alcohol are abundant in our body. These toxic chemicals are consumed in the form of carbonated sodas and

extracts and they are absorbed into our skin in hair and body care products. The abundance of propyl Alcohols break down the shells of the eggs allowing them to hatch early.

The build-up of these toxic substances weakens the immunity of certain organs or areas of the body (Thyroid, Lymph, skin), allowing worms to grow in these areas. Dr. Clark has diagnosed hundreds of people with both Cancer and AIDS and found that all of them had both the worm present and the weakened immunity from one of these toxic sources. She was also successful curing all of them with the three herbs that are necessary to kill the worms. She does claim though that some people that are very close to death may be too far gone from the severe burden of over-toxicity. We will see how long it takes for the general public to find out about this. We have already spoken to people in different states that have used her methods successfully. Even if people do find out about things one way or another, the average person will not even know that people are finding out about something because the media will not televise it and tell people certain things.

The biggest people in the media are members of the Council on Foreign Relations and Trilateral Commission, both creations of Skull and Bones and David Rockefeller. The media is used to promote disinformation and propaganda. The only way you can think the media doesn't withhold information is if you don't know what is REALLY going on. Hitler said, in regard to propaganda and thought control, "The bigger the lie, the easier to believe". Sometimes it can be very difficult to discern the truth and find out what is really going on. Your heart will tell you one thing and your intellect another and usually we get caught up believing what we want to believe because it's too much trouble to see all the way through.

To one with an open mind, it would seem foolish to assume that we are alone in the universe. In contrast, to one with a closed mind and a probable lack of spirituality, it would appear that reality is made up only of what we see and feel physically. There is, at this time, a growing awareness on the planet that perhaps we are not alone. Millions of people around the world claim to have seen unidentified flying objects, flying disks, bright lights, and fast moving objects that reflect advanced technology, that we, most people claim, could not possess. Some people claim to have been abducted by GREY ALIENS and underwent childbearing and medical experiments only to have been returned somewhere unconscious with examination scars

left behind. Thousands of cattle mutilations have occurred in remote areas sometimes followed by sightings of flying disks or bright lights and occasionally black helicopters. There has been a recent movie made about the crash and retrieval of a spaceship as well as bodies of several dead aliens in Roswell, New Mexico and it is suggested that the government might be covering up this entire situation for political or religious reasons. UFO researchers were a very small group in the 1950's and 60's, but recently in the 1980's and 90's there has been an enormous increase in interest on the subject.

I was personally first introduced to this information in 1987 through info put out by Bill Cooper a little while before the first printing of "Behold a Pale Horse". I was very curious about the subject and read everything of quality that I could find. There were less than 100 half-way decent books in print that you could find at the time. Today, there are probably over 500. I read the best books I could find by retired high ranking military officials, channeled material from Seth and The Ashtar Command, I learned about Billy Meier, Barbara Marciniak and the Pleadians material, Bob Lazaar, Area 51 and S-4 Dreamland in Las Vegas, listened to contactees discuss the Draco-Reptilian and Andromeda connection and watched Richard Hoagland bring out the "Face on Mars" info to the U.N. and the public.

If you take the sum total of the info that exists and put it into perspective, it would appear as though our race may have been seeded here by off-planet intelligences or that we were created as an intergalactic experiment, that huge 8-10 foot tall powerful Reptilian beings live at the core of the Earth, pilot advanced flying craft, read minds and plot to enslave mankind by using grey Zeta-Reticulans, who have no choice but to assist because their race is dying from genetic inbreeding and they need help and have no where else to go, and that they have the government under their control through genetic cloning and electronic implants. It has even been proposed that members of the government are related to these aliens. This may sound a little silly, but some people believe it might be true. The positive side to this double edged sword is that the Pleadians are supposedly here to save us along with another group called the Arcturians. They are supposedly here to assist us in our higher spiritual development and help us break out of our old 3rd dimensional physical reality into the 4th dimension or multi-dimensional reality. All we have to do to receive their help is give

up nuclear weapons, turn our lives to god and learn to live in peace. Although these are good ideas they are easier said than done.

Probably the best book I have read on the subject came to me recently after years of entertaining the idea of this possible reality of Aliens, gov. cover-ups, and so forth, all the while learning about secret societies and other related info. The book is called "Space Aliens from the Pentagon" by William Lyne. While the former reality may seem to be a little out of this world, the info presented in this book is a lot more down to Earth. According to Mr. Lyne, the secret societies in America and abroad have harnessed a naturally occurring "Free Energy" and have possessed and suppressed this secret for at least 80-100 years. Many people have heard of Albert Einstein and his Theory of Relativity (E=MC2). Most would consider him a genius although it is known that he was a Grade School dropout. Around the same time lived a man named Nikola Tesla. He came to America in the early 1900's as a scientist and inventor. He was responsible for many great discoveries, but it is not mentioned in history very much. He was responsible for Radio, Television, Fluorescent and Neon lighting, Helicopters, Lasers, Particle Beams and Alternating Current. If you haven't heard of him you should at least wonder why. William Lyne is himself an inventor and scientist. Mr. Lyne claims that when Tesla came to America, he had under his arm blueprints for possibly the world's first FLYING SAUCER and it flew without the need for external energy. He intended to present it to the Geneva Convention as a proposed solution for world peace and energy liberation. He had theories of Magnetism and Anti-gravity as well as other forms of "Free Energy". The story goes that Einstein was working as a clerk at the Swiss Patent office at the time that Tesla was applying for his patents. Alternating Current was in the position of putting DC out of business, which meant that Edison and Westinghouse would suffer. J.P. Morgan, a Skull and Bones Banking Frontman, was financing Westinghouse and attempted to make arrangements to secure Tesla's patents through con deals and contracts.

He used Einstein's position at the patent office to rip off several of Tesla's patents and then told him outright that since it would be difficult to collect money on this "Free Energy", that it would not be used or promoted in society. Instead, Einstein's Theory of Relativity would prevail and Tesla's Dynamic Theory of Gravity would be suppressed. Today, it is impossible to locate some of Tesla's earlier patents. The Flying Saucer project was then

moved out of the country to a secret joint German / American base near the South Pole called "Neu Shwabenland" or New Berlin, which was under the control of the Thule society, a secret society in Germany to which the SS

belonged. Here, the crafts were perfected and outfitted with the latest technology and design. The Nazis created propaganda back home that Hitler was in touch with a Blond-haired, blue-eyed Aryan race of beings who communicated to him that he was chosen to lead the Germanic people.

There was a resurgence of Occultism in Germany at this time. Hitler was into the occult and he was a master of propaganda. Remember, he stated "The bigger the lie, the easier to sell to the public", people believe what they want to believe After W.W.II, during Operation Paperclip, hundreds of Nazi intelligence officers were secretly brought to America and given positions in the OSS (Office of Strategic Services), the forerunner to the CIA, supposedly to gain information on the Russians, our new enemy. Along with the Nazis came the flying saucer project.

The project was brought to New Mexico, where it was worked on further. Soon there were several sightings by people of mysterious flying objects and bright flying balls of light. In 1944

and 45, there were newspaper reports about flying balls of light possibly being advanced Nazi aircraft. They were called FOO-FIGHTERS. Then a couple of years later, in 1947, there was supposedly a flying saucer crash in the desert of Roswell, New Mexico, with advanced technology and even bodies of aliens recovered. This was reported on the front page of the newspaper and then it was explained away as a weather balloon. Within a few years science fiction films started coming out like crazy. (The day the Earth Stood Still-about the threat of war and the necessity to make peace with ourselves and the aliens, and War of the Worlds-H.G.

Wells, a British Intelligence Agent).

There was a time in America in the 1950's, when it was trendy to wear alien antennas on your head or a Hat shaped like a flying saucer. This was the beginning of the first wave of American propaganda. Then in the 1970's, we had Star Wars, Close Encounters, Hanger 18, and eventually E.T. T.V. movies like Alien Nation and "V" were shown to us and now Sightings, The X-files, and even Roswell the movie. There is a consistent theme that suggests the government is involved in a super high level cosmic Watergate cover-up.

William Lyne claims to have seen this entire drama evolve from a simple bungled crash recovery story to the elaborate present day theory mentioned before. He basically says that this is the biggest "Free Energy Cover-up" scam ever perpetrated against the people of the world. Millions and millions of dollars are poured into an elaborate propaganda complex of Authors, Ph.D.'s, Ret.

Military Officials and self proclaimed "Channelers" to distribute books and videos on these ideas.

They fund UFO expos, research groups like MUFON, and UFO magazines. He even claims that he was offered money by the CIA to write phony scripts about being abducted by grey Zeta-Reticulans. He claims to have many contacts himself, through his own family and relatives and friends from previous service in the Air Force, who have confirmed this info. He claims the UFO

expos are filled with disinformation agents.

Here are a couple of things to consider : 1. If you wanted to expose the government or publish books or videos on UFOs or aliens then where do you get the money to do it ? Who has this kind of money lying around and is willing to invest it in these ventures ? There is new information appearing that Lawrence Rockefeller has been behind the private financing of groups to discuss the UFO issue and undoubtedly promote more propaganda and lies. 2. If this is the government's biggest cover-up then how come all of this info is coming out all at once all over the place ? 3.

After Bill Lyne presented this info for the first time at the UFO expo in California and was a huge success, why was he asked not to return and told that he would be better suited at the Extraordinary Experiences Expo ?

There has been some speculation that the government maybe preparing to "inform" the public about the supposed alien presence and possibly even present a staged landing or invasion scenario. Either way we may soon see, depending on how carefully we are watching. If this is the kind of technology the government had 50 and 100 years ago, then 166 mhz pentium processors are probably a far cry from REAL present day capabilities.

One of the symbols for Roman Catholic Freemasonry is the Double Cross. It may appear on the Pope's headdress or on the advertisement for the American Lung Association or even in the EXXON sign. This may imply that we've been double-crossed. Is the Shell gas station symbol really

a shell ? Or is it the SUN rising in the East ? The Panorama Mall in California uses an almost identical symbol and it is surely not a shell, but the SUNRISE. The flag of El Salvador and Nicaragua both are a symbol of the triangle or pyramid with the eye in the peak or capstone as well as the sun rising. The flag for Germany is the Masonic compass symbol. Look at the America On-line symbol. A Current Affair T.V series. The next time you are driving on the freeway and you see an exit sign with gas station displays that offer you a choice between Citgo or Shell, ask yourself whether you are really looking at a pyramid and a sun rising in the east.

And now, back to the most popular conspiracy question : Who did kill JFK ? If you still think it was Lee Harvey Oswald and you believe the lone assassin theory or if you are stuck in a cave somewhere building a wheel that is shaped like a square then consider these important historical facts : The assassination took place in Dealey Plaza, site of the first Masonic temple in Dallas.

Dallas is located just south of the 33rd degree of latitude. The 33rd degree is the highest degree one can achieve in Freemasonry. Shakespeare's MacBeth is a "Killing of the King" drama.

MacBeth, who killed his King in accordance with a witch's plot and was himself later killed, parallels the JFK assassination and the sequence of Oswald being killed by Ruby. "Mason Road"

in Texas, connects to the "Mason No El Bar" and the Texas / New Mexico "Land of Enchantment" border. This connecting line is on the 32nd degree.

When the 32nd degree line of latitude is traced west into the "Land of Enchantment", it becomes situated midway between Deming and Columbus. Slightly to the north of the town of Columbus are the "Tres Hermanas" (Three Sisters) mountains. The Three Sisters are found approx. 32 miles between Deming and Columbus and are a minute and some seconds south of the 32nd degree line. When this line is traced further to the west, it passes the ghost town of Shakespeare at a distance south of the town that is roughly equivalent to the distance which the 32nd degree line passes north of the three sisters mountains. Both Shakespeare and the three sisters relate to MacBeth. When this 32nd degree line is traced some distance further west, into Arizona, it crosses an old trail which meanders north of a ghost town, which was once the town of Ruby.

The trail itself was called Ruby Road. Ruby Road twists north into the area of 2 mountain peaks known as Kennedy and Johnson Mountains. The New Orleans CIA (who provided security) station's headquarters were in a Masonic temple. And last but not least, Mason Lyndon Johnson appointed Mason Earl Warren to investigate Kennedy's death. 33rd degree Mason, Gerald Ford was instrumental in suppressing what little evidence of a conspiratorial nature reached the commission. Responsible for supplying information to the commission was 33rd degree Mason J.

Edgar Hoover and former CIA director and Mason Allen Dulles was responsible for most of his Agency's information to the panel. There IS NO need to wonder whether there is a conspiracy going on, the fact is AMERICA IS ONE BIG LIVING CONSPIRACY.

The 2000 year old Reich of the NEW WORLD ORDER is HERE and NOW. We are about to start 1996. The more that this sort of information gets out to the public, the faster the crackdown and grab for power becomes. The government is not as dumb as most people believe, it only appears to be on the surface. How many more police do we need ? The Fraternal Order of Police is a Masonic Order. You will understand this the next time they put you through the 3rd DEGREE, and offer you 3 SQUARE meals a day. How much more power do we want to give them ? Current Gun Control Legislation is taken almost word for word from gun control laws passed in Nazi Germany under Adolph Hitler. There have been many Executive Orders and Public Laws passed giving tremendous powers to the president to declare National Emergencies, suspend the Constitution, and round up large groups of people, and the power to use converted and shut down MILITARY BASES AS LABOR BOOT CAMPS (CONCENTRATION

CAMPS), has been handed to the Pentagon. This will be sold to us as immigration control, drug trafficker punishment and so forth.

In Europe today, the National I.D. Card (Smartcard) has already been issued. In Singapore, you are required to carry it by law. It will soon arrive in America and it will be pushed using Health-Care reform or Immigration Control as a means to sell it to the public. This card will store all of the necessary information on you and more.

There was a particular type of wood that magicians used to make their wands from. It was the wood from the Holly plant. Hollywood today is where the Mason Magicians of the silver screen wave their hypnotic magic

wands over our eyes and fool us with ILLUSIONS. If you remember the T.V. series "Get Smart", there were the bad guys called CHAOS and the good guys called CONTROL. GET SMART .

The following books in this catalog are most highly recommended : America's Secret Establishment, Proofs of a Conspiracy, Secret Societies and Subversive Movements, The Emperor Wears No Clothes, Space Aliens From the Pentagon, The Cure for All Diseases, The World Order: Our Secret Rulers, Jesus Christ : SUN of God, The Illuminati, and The Scarlet and the Beast Series.

EXTENDED INTRODUCTION (Feb.-'97)

It has been a little over a year since the first Catalog was released. A lot of things have happened since then. Dozens of books and videos have become available and thousands of people more have learned about the New World Order. The direction that this country is going in has become clearer to a lot more people as jobs are lost, properties are seized and more and more people are witnessing and

experiencing military preparedness actions taking place in their cities and towns. The secret forces attempting to take this country CANNOT just do whatever they want because they need the support of the masses. It has been remarked in Globalist meetings that the nations and leaders and even the heads of the U.S. are waiting to usher in the New World Order, the only thing that is stopping them or slowing them up is the American people. There is too much resistance at this time from patriots who would rather see the United Nations dissolved. A bill was sponsored by Congress to remove us from the U.N., but was shot down. It is definitely time for a MOVEMENT in America to disassemble the U.N. or at least get US OUT. Recently, an attempt to fly the United Nations Flag in Montana was shot down by patriots and protesters.

New information has surfaced about the Oklahoma bombing, John Doe # 2 might be identified.

There is a family, Glen and Kathy Wilburn, who lost two grandchildren in the daycare center, and who have conducted their own investigation for the past year and a half. They have filed a wrong ful death lawsuit against McVeigh and doing so has given them discovery subpoena power to pursue

their investigation. Two key people have been identified as major co-conspirators along with the BATF itself. The person believed to be John Doe # 2 is a man named Michael Brescia. Once pictures were shown to a

number of key witnesses, almost all overwhelmingly agreed that he was the one. Brescia is a 24 year old man from Philadelphia. He has been identified as the individual with Mcveigh at the Ryder truck office. Brescia is a Christian Identity follower who was living at Elohim City, a Christian Identity center on the border of Oklahoma and Arkansas. There he shared a room with the second key individual, a man named Andreas Strassmeir, a former German military officer who came to the U.S. hoping to work undercover for the Justice Dept. or the DEA. It is more likely he got a job with the BATF. In 1988 and '89, he was involved in the infiltration of the Texas Light Infantry and a set up involving militia members and illegal gun purchases. Strassmeir has been interviewed a couple of times by a British reporter named Ambrose Evans Pritchard.

According to Pritchard, Strassmeir has stated that the BATF had an operation going where they were monitoring McVeigh and the whole thing and tried to wait until the last minute so they could show that they saved everyone from doom and look like heroes, except for one problem: the bomb was supposed to go off in the middle of the night, and the ATF had a surveillance operation going

on all night long, they had a bomb squad and a team to intercept the bombers, but somehow the plan got changed, they lowered their guard and then it went off at nine in the morning.

Same Subject From A New Perspective—Whether the government knew about it, had something to do with it, intentionally or not, or just plain screwed up a sting type situation isn't really the point !----It has been said that McVeigh was part of an intelligence group involved in criminal activites. McVeigh himself claims to have a microchip implant !

New information has come out just recently in the major news about several people on trial for a series of bank robberies tied to an Aryan Nations Republican Army, a neo-Nazi Christian Identity group based out of guess where ? That's right, Elohim City !! -----A Brief Thought: During the civil war period, a man named Albert Pike from the south, not just any man, but founder of the 33rd degree, the highest degree in Scottish Rite Masonry, who himself was a Sovereign Grand Inspector General and authored many books on Freemasonry, including "Morals and Dogma" (The Bible of Freemasonry), also was the Leader and Founder of the Ku Klux Klan. Elements of British Israel Freemasonry and the movement to bring America back under England's control, become apparent in the Christian Identity

movement. British race patriots and promoters of Racial Identity linked to Freemasonry (Theories that the nothern Europeans, Vikings, etc, are the true Jews and therefore god's chosen people and thus superior), were people who Hitler admired greatly and studied intensely. ----Is it not possible that Freemasonry, with it's tentacles wrapped up in the BATF on one hand and the neo-Nazi movement on the other, could be promoting CHAOS to achieve ORDER ? The Anti-Terrorism bill had already been written and was waiting to be passed into law at the time of the Bombing !!!

WAKE UP !!! We are being terrorized into giving up our rights and guns through OUR FEAR

OF TERRORISM !!

And what ever happened to the MONTANA FREEMEN ? …..80 Days the FBI tried to get them to surrender. The government kidnapped the leaders on their own property. Everybody in the country watched. Some people got so tired of watching , they would have had the FBI burn the place down just so they could get back to the O.J. Simpson trial. Why did the FBI want them so bad ? Do you think they're trying to teach people not to write bad checks ? What do you think would happen if they sent the FBI, the tanks and the SWAT team in for everyone who wrote a BAD CHECK ? How come we haven't heard anything at all since, not even word of a trial ? It's as if there's a place they can take people that society doesn't care about, bypass the judicial system and we may never even hear from them again. This is a SERIOUS possibility !! THIS

COULD BE YOUR FAMILY !!!

THE STORY BEHIND THE MONTANA FREEMEN IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING

AND IMPORTANT STORIES OF THE CENTURY !! ….HERE IT IS :

The Revolutionary War was fought for one purpose and one end and that is SOVEREIGNTY !

After the war, the colonies were each separate and Independant countries and still are today.

Every FREEMAN 21 years of age or older who owned land and was able to vote was a king in his own home. He was untaxable. His land was untaxable and his income was untaxable. Nobody can tax the King, the King is Sovereign. The FREEMEN of MONTANA had long ago renounced their U.S. citizenship status in favor of being an American National (Different From a State Citizen, But Similar). They severed all contracts

with the government so they would not be under it's jurisdiction. The U.S. government is a Foreign Corporation with respect to a state. A corporation cannot have citizens, only franchises. When you except a social security # or you register to vote , you elect to be a U.S citizen, which the courts have ruled is of SUBJECT

STATUS, Not SOVEREIGN. So after having renounced their U.S. citizenship, they then attempted to set up a township. Using proper methods, with an understanding of the laws involved, they were competent, knowledgable and lawfully able to set up a township, after all, who set up the township you live in or the one up the road ? Someone or some people have to be able to set it up. In a TOWNSHIP, you may have a COURT. Who do you think set up the court in your community or town ? God ? No, people did. Someone with the proper authority. Who has the authority to set up a court ? Who is the government ? WE THE PEOPLE ARE !!! Not U.S.

citizens, but state citizens or maybe American Nationals. George Washington was not a U.S.

citizen, he was a state Citizen of Virginia. Do you think the IRS was going around telling Washington or Jefferson to pay their taxes or forfeit their land ? Of course not!! That is why we fought the war!!!

You need to know what is a Common law or COMMERCIAL LIEN. This may be the Light Saber that slew Darth Vader and took down the Empire in one swipe. The entire legal system in America is based on certain principles. Not to sound religious but the truth is that these principles come to us from the Bible. Our organic law in America comes from the Magna Carta and the Bible. Even going back to the bible, if someone wronged you, you would present them with a

"Commercial Affidavit" to seek remedy or recourse. This is your complaint that they wronged you, but that you intend to straighten it out with them and this is your attempt. At this time , they now have X number of days to respond (usually 10 or 20),and if they don't respond in that time then you win the contest by default. Now that you won the contest and you know you were right you can sue for damages by placing a Lien on their ass or assetts. You can now claim that you are taking their property or car or whatever as a security against the judgement. You present them with the Lien, they ignore it, they lose by default and you now own everything you named in the Lien. Take the IRS for example: And remember, everything works on presumption. The IRS

presumes you are a U.S. citizen and owe $50,000 to the IRS for taxes. They don't send you proof, just a notice that you owe and to pay this amount. That is their informing you of the wrong that you've done. The next letter comes informing you of their intent to place a Lien on your property unless the amount is paid. The only way to refute a Commercial Affidavit is POINT FOR POINT

IN WRITING. If you don't do this, you have just defaulted and everything the IRS said in their original presentment is considered true and that is how the court will rule. Most people never contest a Lien or even know how to do it properly. So almost everybody loses. But you don't have to.

To understand the Liens a little better you need to have a clear understanding of WHAT MONEY

IS….Lawful money is Gold and Silver only. Paper is not Lawful Money. Federal Reserve Notes are NOT Lawful Money at all. Federal Reserve Notes are not even money, they are DEBT ! I hate to let you down, but if you have a hundred dollar bill in your pocket you are not A hundred dollars richer, you are a hundred dollars in DEBT ! Ever since 1933, the U.S. government has declared Bankruptcy and borrowed money from the Federal Reserve, a private (for profit) corporation with stockholders who make upwards of a billion dollars a year. The Federal Reserve Notes floating around represent Debt, or borrowed money. Borrowed money has to be payed back and the bum in front of Seven-Eleven isn't the one paying it back, you and I are, people who use the money, and each year that we pay interest on that money, we have less of it, not just the guy down the street, but everyone in the economy. There are several economies operating alongside each other at this time both locally and globally.

One type of economy which has always been around and which is still in use is uses the CREDIT

SYSTEM. We have been on the CREDIT SYSTEM exclusively since 1933. The CREDIT

SYSTEM is regulated by the U.C.C or UNIFORM COMMERCIAL CODE. Along with the credit system comes limited liability for debts. If I take you to court and sue for a hundred dollars you are not obligated to pay me real money, you can use monopoly money (Federal Reserve Notes) or a Promissory Note, a promise to pay. That is what a Federal Reserve Note is,

A PROMISE TO PAY. ---YOU CANNOT PAY A DEBT WITH DEBT !! You CAN

DISCHARGE DEBT, however. Now, think about this carefully. If the Federal Reserve can print money, and loan it to us, Number 1: What authority do they have to print the money at all ?, and, if they do have the authority to print money, where is the gold and silver to back it up, or are they just printing it out of thin air ? Number 2: Why would we be obligated to use it and forced to pay interest to them ? Number 3 : What stops you or I from doing the same thing ? Remember, the government doesn't print the money, a private corporation does. Who gives them the authority ?

Here are the answers : The government can contract if they want to to borrow money; it's a stupid idea since they can print their own, but for the meantime, while it's under the control of the Masonic International Bankers, that's what they are doing. The point is , THEY DO NOT

HAVE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO PRODUCE CREDIT OR MONEY.

The MONTANA FREEMEN had spent 20 years studying common law and commercial banking procedure and so forth…They had also acquired a very powerful book on banking that is not well known because they don't want you to have it, called the Banker's Handbook Of Commercial Banking Law, which reveals a SECRET--that CREDIT IS CREATED WITH THE LIEN

PROCESS !!

This is where the Federal Reserve gets the authority to print X amount of dollars. Since 1933, the Federal Reserve has had Liens on the U.S. citizens and their property. From this Credit of a perfected Lien, they can then issue bills of exchange, documentary drafts or Federal Reserve Notes, which are the same. Consider this , the 1930's, the Great Depression, a cattle rancher stuck in a position of needing to purchase food for his cattle, and short on Federal Reserve Notes at the time still had credit. His sheepskins are worth money and although he doesn't have it at the time, he knows he will in the near future. He can't wait to buy food so he issues a documentory draft or a promissory note for the amount due to the foodseller. It's the same as a check. He doesn't need the bank to provide him with a check or even need to have it in the bank. Now, the foodseller takes a look at this piece of paper and says well it doesn't look like a dollar but it doesn't really matter because he knows if he wants some sheepskins he can redeem that paper for some sheepskins, or if he needs a boat and he

knows that the guy who sells boats could use some sheepskins, he'll give the boat dealer the piece of paper and the boat dealer can then redeem it for the sheepskins. As long as people aren't issuing more credit than they have goods or services to back it up, everyone will be happy. If you find out somebody in the community is doing that then you don't have to accept his promissory notes and then he will have no customers and go out of business. Simple. In other words, WE DON'T NEED THE FEDERAL RESERVE !!

Now back to the FREEMEN and what they were doing. The FREEMEN placed common law Liens on public officials, state and federal, including Judges and Sheriffs, The IRS, Large Corporations and The United States Corporation and everyone else that wronged them. Since none of these people knew how to respond properly, and also given the fact that the way the Liens were written, they were written as confessions, so whether they were signed or not by the party, the refusal to respond means acquiescence to the confession, the Freemen now had the government and it's employees Liened up to 17 TRILLION Dollars. Now, when you have had a Lien placed against you, you cannot obtain credit, buy or sell your house, car or any property written into the Lien. And the most devastating part is that you cannot, almost no matter what, ever have the Lien removed except by the party who filed it against you or a court order. If you try to get a court order to remove it, the judge will tell you he can't, it is RES JUDICATA, or ALREADY DECIDED. It is a bargain of the parties in fact and the government cannot keep you from your right to CONTRACT. Now that the FREEMEN had all of this credit, they started to do several things: They placed 200 million dollars in certified money orders to the World Bank to pay off the National Debt and forever bar the IRS from existence. They also started to teach classes at the ranch for people who wanted to learn and to pay off their debts. This is what Shweitzer would do. Say you owed the IRS $10,000, they would write you a check for $20,000

pay to Your Name and the IRS. The IRS would accept the check and issue you a refund for the remaining $10,000 and you could go the next day and cash it at the bank !!!!! This worked well for over 3 years and the Freemen took in millions of dollars, without a problem. You're probably thinking now, why did it work then? and what happened to make it stop working? Well, it worked then, the same as it still works now and always will. There is some speculation the government didn't go after them for the

checks, but for something else, and just used the check situation as a confusion cover. The Freemen, in their pursuit of taking back their government, accumulated large amounts of hard evidence of drug trafficking by Montana officials. There was an elementary school with only several hundred kids in it, but there was cocaine in the school at the fifth and sixth grade and the Freemen had evidence of high officials involvement in trafficking. But back for now to the money issue. The fact of the matter is that all kinds of government and non-government agencies accepted these checks for years. Examples : In Sept.

1995 a Sonoma couple, Drehne and Sheila Pierce, who had an IRS Lien placed on their assets for back taxes exceeding $8,000, obtained a "Certified Bankers Check" from Leroy Shweitzer with a face value of $22,700, and mailed it to the IRS. Since Shweitzers's money order was for nearly triple the amount due, the couple sent a letter with the check requesting a refund for overpayment or Criminal Conversion will occur. Within 30 days, the IRS lifted its' Lien against the couple and mailed them a refund check for more than $14,000 dollars. A photo of these checks is included in the catalog for PROOF that this did occur. The IRS is not alone. Roger Leffler of Fridley, Minn., sent a $13,000 Freeman bank draft to his state's Office of Child Support Enforcement for past due child support. The agency apparently accepted the check, clearing his account, and issued him a refund check for $5,712.72 and on and on the stories go.

So, was it legal ? Well, is the Federal Reserve and IRS and what they are doing legal? It's the same thing and it works because the system is based on it. The commercial Liens are often for hundreds of thousands or even millions of dollars. The amount of damages sought is at the discretion of the individual, but at the common charge of 5 to 10 cents on the dollar to fashion the Lien, the more you seek, the more you pay. They are registered under form U.C.C.-1 with the respective secretaries of state, and then are used as collateral, or as in most cases, commercial paper that is sold, leased, transferred for collection, or used to back up money orders. "Liened Up" companies and individuals have been known to buy them back at a fraction of their value in order to save money on legal costs fighting them, and escape related aggravation. Patriot community leaders suggest Americans are putting Liens against banks, companies and government entities and employees as a simple and effective means to redress grievences.

Literally billions of dollars in Liens have been filed in the last few years. Liens apparently are also ending up in the hands of Foreign governments. Unlike banks in the United States, the intrinsic value of American-generated Liens is not disputed by most countries, many of which are buying them up as they would any other form of government paper. F. Joe Holland claims the offshore sale of this paper has become a cottage industry in the U.S. And according to Michael Overturf of Burbank, Calif.,who acts as an intermediary between citizens and offshore intersets and manages a "portfolio" he claims is worth more than $10 Billion, "the Process of liquidating the Liens is quite simple, and lawful. Say for example there is a third world country that owes debt to the U.S. government. They can rent or lease a commercial lien from us, and use it to increase or enhance their asset base, allowing them to loan money to people in their country to do projects. Now, if they purchase the lien outright, they can also go to the U.S. and say they want to apply this lien against their debt. They can also create letters of credit, or they can borrow more money from the treasury of the U.S., because they have increased their asset base. An offshore bank can add these Liens to their portfolios, and they actually become part of their assets. When they loan money or credits to their clientele, they are loaning from a credit base calculated from their asset base. They are using the Lien as an asset and 'consideration of a contract'".

Do you know that an unprecedented number of politicians have announced their retirement in '95

and '96. It's as if they're all flying south for the winter. Over 50 key politicians have announced their retirement and most of them have strangely commented that they want to spend more time with their families. Does this seem odd ?

Another very important SECRET in this country at this time is the FIFTH COLUMN. Within the CIA there is an elite group of computer hackers who have aquired an 18-wheeler and a KRAY

SUPERCOMPUTER and are traveling around the country at this time downloading files from U.S. and Foreign Bank accounts and draining these accounts of their finances. The accounts belong to

politicians and world leaders and the finances are the bribes and hush money of those individuals involved in criminal activities.

Several years ago a system of software was developed called PROMIS, by a company called INSLAW. This was criminal tracking software that

was used by the Defense Dept. and other agencies after they stole it from the maker and forced him into Bankruptcy and Jail, where he remains today. Danny Cassalero was murdered investigating this case shortly after he came up with an "Octopus" conspiracy theory of they way things operated in the highest circles. Anyway, this software was slightly modified by the CIA and secretly "slipped" into banking software that was exported out of our country for use by foreign and offshore banks. The software was modified to track banking transactions instead and the information about the flow of finances throughout the world was now being monitored by the CIA or at least a few agents who wanted to find out where the money was going. After this rogue CIA group got ahold of the information they then photocopied it and had it hand delivered to each particular congressman, senator or politician along with a note explaining to them that they no longer had their bribe fund and they had 24 hours to turn in their resignation or face public scandal, humiliation and possible criminal charges if they refused. This gave the politician just enough time to check and see if the funds were still there or not and to make a decision. Well, according to Jim Norman, a respected journalist for Forbes Magazine (who happens to be the Fifth Column's only Media Liason), EVERY politician so far has resigned. Media Bypass published Norman's story detailing how former White House Deputy Vince Foster was a spy for Israel and had his $2.73 million dollar espionage bounty, stashed at a Swiss bank, raided by the Fifth Column shortly before his death—

after Forbes declined to run it. Norman was later forced to resign from Forbes after coming across evidence that Forbes Inc. Chairman, Casper Weinberger himself had more than $2 million raided from a Swiss account by the Fifth Column.

At the time of this writing, one member has died, one is disabled and now Chuck Hayes "Angel of Death" has been arrested on the eve of the presidential election. A flood of information may be released soon exposing many corrupt politicians if Hayes is messed with. This could be a fun scene to watch unfold. Stay tuned and pay attention.

Through the help of a mutual friend, I have been able to talk to Charles Hayes's attorney, Gatewood Galbraith, who ran for Governor of Kentucky on a Pro-Hemp platform. According to Gatewood, Chuck Hayes is a liar and could not produce any good evidence or witnesses at the trial. You would think if there was an element in the CIA that was working for the

good of the people and one of their own was on trial for part of an operation to expose high ranking officials in the government, that they would use the opportunity to bring out the information.

According to Karen Lee Bixman, who wrote for Media Bypass magazine, the entire "FosterGate"

story you just read about above was false information. Apparently, Karen tried to expose this and Jim Norman, Troy Underhill and a couple others attempted to keep the truth from coming out.

Karen claims the Swiss bank account number that supposedly belonged to Casper Weinberger was really the license number on John Hull's (Contra cocaine trafficker) airplane. If this is true then there is a possibility that Media Bypass is infiltrated or even started by the Intelligence Community to spread false information to the patriot community.

Do you own a cable box? If you do, consider this possibility: Ever since you purchased that cable box and put it on top of your T.V, it has been monitoring and videotaping you in your living room and recording everything you say for the intelligence agencies.

This has not yet been established as a fact, but it is a tremendous possibility. As of this writing, the new issue of Nexus magazine contains an interesting letter from a man who met someone recently who had spent the last 20 years working for one of the largest cable companies in the U.S. This man witnessed the top-level cooperation between the cable companies and the government as part of a giant surveillance and intelligence gathering network. He was responsible for designing the new range of T.V. top boxes that all cable systems employ as a junction “decoder”. He said that all of these new junction boxes contain a tiny microphone inside and a black and white fisheye camera behind the clear plastic on the front, and that the cable has return channels included into it’s specification for sending these signals back to the carrier. –Note

: This is complete hearsay at this point, as it’s only source for verification at this point is from a letter written in to a magazine, which anyone can do. If anyone has real info on this sort of thing, please send it to me.

Another not completely verified story, yet absolutely possible : A supposedly “leaked” 3 Page document has appeared recently regarding a new surveillance and control product developed by IBM and secretly tested on prisoners in California, Texas and Massachusetts. The 2020

NEURAL CHIP IMPLANT—According to the source of this document, they are aware that Federal regulations do not permit the use of implants on prisoners, but they have entered into contractual testing of their products. They boast of having major successes in privately owned sanitariums, but cite an increased need to test the products full scale on violent subjects.

Supposedly, in California, several prisoners who were identified as members of the Mexican Mafia were brought to the health services unit at Pelican Bay and tranquilized with advanced sedatives. The implant procedure takes 60 -90 minutes, but they are working on a device that will reduce that time by up to 60%. The results of implants tested on eight prisoners are as follows : Implants served as surveillance monitoring device for threat group activity; Implants disabled two subjects during an assault on correctional staff ; Universal side effects in all 8 subjects revealed that when the implant is set to 116 MHz all subjects became lethargic and slept an average of 18-22 hours per day; Each subject was monitored for aggresive activity during the test period and they found that 7 out of 8 test subjects exhibited no aggression, even when provoked.

One problem discussed was slight bleeding at the nose and ears for up to 48 hours after implantation, which they express a need to fix or risk being exposed. The document makes claims that law enforcement has now penetrated EME or Mexican Mafia because of this technology, and that they know they cannot use the information in court, but it has still helped them to figure out who their outside connections are and to help them wrap up a 14-month long investigation into their activities. Essentially, the implants make the unsuspecting prisoner a WALKING, TALKING RECORDER of every event he comes in contact with. This may SOUND like a great way to control crime, but when the REAL CRIMINALS are in Washington D.C. then the entire population will become slaves to the criminal bureaucracy and there will be no more GOOD PEOPLE ANYMORE !! Whether this is real or not, IT WILL BE HERE SOON, if it isn't already.

One of the effects that science fiction has is that although you read it or watch it knowing that it is not real at the time, you still leave with the impression of the possibility in your mind. If we do not take the time to imagine the possibiliy of things, we may be that much slower to realize the reality of things. Anyways, it can't hurt anymore to be aware. – AWARENESS IS THE KEY !!

Since awareness and conciousness are the keys, when you happen to slip from your everyday waking awareness state and realize that you are ALIVE and you want to find out WHAT IS

GOING ON ? , fortunately now, in today's age, we have access to the MOST incredible medium of INFORMATION EXCHANGE, possibly ever developed on the planet –THE INTERNET—

Now for the first time in history, the average Joe Blow can find out just about anything, if he knows where to look. Not just in America, but almost anywhere in the world. So, how important is this ? About as important as YOU probably believe life to be. THE INTERNET is a reflection of our awareness in cyberspace, an area where we can all meet with minds only, and soon video and audio, where we can share all of our thoughts and feelings with the world at no EXTRA CHARGE. Everything that has been suppressed for centuries, will soon be available for all to know. EVERYTHING that EVERYBODY knows will soon be available for all to see. Everyone who knows what the SECRET GOVERNMENT is doing should put out a WEB SITE with hundreds of PAGES discussing everything that they are aware of and include a page for LINKS

to other important sites. This is happening right now and there is A LOT of INFO on the INTERNET at this time. Eventually there will be so many sites out there, that everyone will learn what they need to know in order to make an effective change. The government is attempting to do several things to control the INTERNET and us as well through the use of it. They know they cannot shut off the information exchange, but they are going to control who uses it and whether someone who is using it to expose the government, goes to jail or not. Clinton would like to see legislation passed that makes it a crime to post offensive speech on the INTERNET. Offensive to WHOM ? ---The truth hides from no one. Only lies attempt to hide themselves.

If they can lock you up for posting offensive speech online, then they can ARREST almost ANYONE at ANYTIME for almost ANYTHING. This is what they want. Another reason to KICK IN YOUR DOOR if they want you. There is already talk of denying Federal Parolees access to the INTERNET or prisoners on probation, because of access to pornography, bomb making info, etc… That's like denying a driver's license to someone caught smoking pot, who wasn't driving at the time. Which they do in California. One has nothing to do with the other, but somehow, NOW you

can’t drive your car, you can’t own a gun for protection and you can’t even find out what you can do about it because you CAN’T USE THE INTERNET, all because you got caught with some POT. 30-60 million Americans use marijuana regularly and they are all subject to these discriminations. Imagine how many people will be on the INTERNET. The other way that they will keep you from the information is by filling the WEB with so much GARBAGE info that you will never find what you're looking for or if you do it will take you all night and by the time you do you will be ready to go to sleep. That’s why we need tens of thousands of PATRIOT SITES on the INTERNET with lots and lots of LINKS !!

EXTENDED INTRODUCTION (Jan. '98)

1998 has started and still no word about the FREEMEN anywhere in the media. The Oklahoma Bombing Trial just ended for Terry Nichols. Strange weather patterns are occurring around the world. Is it because it was predicted in the BIBLE ? Or because the Masons, who wrote the bible, own weather control devices now, which can influence religion and popular opinion ? Is it a coincidence that the Kobe Earthquake and the California Earthquake both occured on the 17th of January, one in 1994 and one in 1995 and both within about an hour of each other ?

A very strange and interesting scenario is being followed by researcher Harry Mason for Nexus Magazine involving The AUM Shinri Kyo (SUPREME TRUTH) in Japan, (supposedly responsible for the subway (sarin) gas attacks), and Drug Trafficking in Ecstacy and the purchase of a 900 Million Dollar EM (Electromagnetic) Tesla "Earthquake" Machine that is possibly either being tested at this time or maybe even involved in a secret sound-wave-war between powerful drug factions or empires. Apparently, the epicenter of the Kobe Earthquake in 1995 was also the location of a secret Electromagnetics research and manufacturing facility in Japan.

The research started with strange fireball events in remote parts of Australia around the beginning of 1995. On May 28, 1993, a meteor fireball was seen by several people and reported to local police stations. The Fireball was followed by an immediate 3.9 Earthquake. This area of Western Australia has had no recorded earthquakes since seismographs were first installed in the early 1900's. Some observers reported that the fireball was cylindrical and yellow-blue-white in color. It was heard as a pulsed, roaring or loud diesel-engine sound, well before it passed overhead.

Next, a near blinding high energy burst of blue-white light. Then eyewitnesses say, a second fireball was seen which was a little smaller. Following the sighting of the second fireball, there was a smaller, less significant ground tremor. The Fireballs were spotted by residents near Banjawarn. Banjawarn is the most isolated station area in the Eastern Goldfields region of Western Australia. This Sheep station gained notoriety since it's purchase the same year (1993) by the Japanese Aum Supreme Truth sect. Hayakawa, Deputy Leader of the sect, initiated the purchase in late 1993 desiring to "Conduct experiments there for the benefit of mankind". The agreement regarding the sale was completed on April 23, some 35 days prior to the 1st Fireball event. Since the May 1993 event, there have been over 1000 reports concerning Aerial Fireballs and associated light-energy emissions. Similar events have been reported in the New Zealand area.

The most spectacular and well documented of these Fireball events occured around 2:00 A.M. on May 1st 1995 above Perth, W.A. It was seen as a large spherical red-orange fireball with a small blue-white tail. It flew over the eastern side of the city of Perth (Population 1 million) and was seen and heard by many people. Observers reported that the "object" emitted a loud, roaring, pulsed noise--similar to a diesel freight train before it arrived. It was reported that it stopped dead in the sky and the tail inverted through the fireball to point toward the previous direction of travel. Then there was an enormous burst of blue-white arcing light-energy that briefly lit up the city and it's suburbs as clear as daylight. A loud, vibrating massive explosion-like seismic wave reverberated around Perth, causing the city buildings to shake and books and objects to fall off shelves. About 500,000 people were estimated to have been woken up by this "sound".

Evidence for the existence of exotic weapons capable of producing these effects is given in part in a "Voice of Russia" program of Dec. 23, 1996, where they discussed modern RUSSIAN

ELECTROMAGNETIC WEAPONS of the MICROWAVE PLASMA variety. Science Authority Boris Belitsky claimed a plasmoid, a blob of Plasma fired into the path of an upcoming missile, it's warhead or an aircraft, would effectively Ionize that region of space and disturb the aerodynamics of the flight and terminate it's flight. This makes such a generator and it's plasmoid a practically invulnerable weapon, providing protection against attack via airspace or the atmosphere. Belitsky claimed

evidence of the existence of this technology comes partially from the fact that a few years ago, back in 1993, at the Russian-American summit in Vancouver the Russians proposed a joint experiment in testing such generators--or "Plasma" weapons as they are called--as an alternative to the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI). It was proposed to be code-named "Trust". There is a lot of evidence out there to prove the existence of this technology. The Soviets have been leading the way in this research for decades. Scientific researcher Tom Beardon is one of the best sources for info on this subject. Nikola Tesla claimed in 1908 that he could hit any antipodean planetary city with an enormous EM energy pulse, delivered in microseconds that would "Create an explosion equivalent to more than the power of the extant world Navies combined."

U.S. Senator Sam Nunn was chairman of a U.S. Senate inquiry into the "Japanese Aum Sect and Weapons of Mass Destruction". Nunn was reported to have stated that the U.S. inquiry team had evidence that the Aum Supreme Truth sect had attempted to purchase Nuclear Weapons from the Russians and had also attempted to develop the same from their own scientific laboratory base--and had probably succeeded. Researcher Harry Mason contacted Dan Gelber, chief counsel of the U.S. Senate inquiry. Dan Gelber informed him that the U.S. had found evidence that in 1992 the Aum sect had sent a research team to study at the Nikola Tesla Museum in Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

Their objective was to get data on Tesla's electromagnetic wave transmission technology. As early as 1914, Tesla predicted the electrical control of atmospheric moisture and he gave some thought to how this "Weather Control" could be achieved using his magnifying transmitters. The background of the Aum's Deputy leader Kiyohide Hayakawa is interesting. He studied for his masters degree at Osaka University in "Greening Technology". His thesis is marked highly confidential and is under Top Secret wraps. The University authorities originally stated that he studied "Anti-desertification" in the Climate Engineering department. However Japanese investigative journalist Yoichi Shimatsu (see web site--www.pelego.com) has uncovered strong evidence that this department is a cover for secret Japanese Electromagnetic (EM) weapons research. Hayakawa was a high ranking member of the "Moonies" before he broke with them in 1987, with $20 Million (U.S) of their funds and joined the Aum Supreme Truth. He brought along with him 35 fellow members of the

Moonies and rose almost immediately to the position of Deputy Leader. He apparently used the Aum organization for drugs, arms and high-tech scientific equipment dealing around the world.

In 1997, Garry Greenwood wrote a book titled "All the Emperor's Men" wherein is discussed the interesting career of Yasuko Shimada, Hayakawa's contact and helper in Western Australia. In the book Greenwood discusses his own personal experiences with the international Japanese cult

"MAHIKARI". He was a devoted member of this "New Civilization" Spiritual Healing Religion for some 17 years and was their # 2 spiritual leader / executive in Australia for about 10 years.

Several years ago, Greenwood left the sect when he discovered that it's founder Lt. Colonel Yoshikazu Okada (Ex-Emperor's bodyguard and Imperial Guards), had been instrumental in planning the Japanese Armys' Rape of Nanking" in China prior to WWII. He also found out that at the higher Japanese Mahikari Command levels the cult was viewed as designed with just one purpose : TO INITIATE THE PLACEMENT OF CURRENT EMPEROR OF JAPAN BACK TO

HIS "RIGHTFUL" POSITION AS EMPEROR OF PLANET EARTH WITHIN OUR

LIFETIME. Apparently these people believe that in an earlier lifetime, many thousands of years ago, the Present Japanese Emperor ruled this entire planet, and it is now his ordained destiny to rule the Earth again. Greenwood noted that Yasuko Shimada, Hayakawa's contact, was instrumental in establishing Mahikari in Australia in 1974, where it has approximately 2000

members, but concentrates on the rich and powerful. In April 1993, a Japanese group arrived in Western Australia.

The Japanese Environment Ministry approached the Western Australian government with a plan to undertake an "Anti-Desertification" study in the eastern goldfields area of W.A. Joint research by Yoichi Shimatsu in Japan and Garry Greenwood has uncovered a trail of connections between the covert Japanese money-power supporters of both the Aum and Mahikari sects. These include prominent (LDP) Liberal Democratic Party politicians such as Shintaro Ishihara, co-author (With the late Sony chairman Akio Morita) of a book entitled "The Japan That Can Say No". This 1989

books' basic thesis suggested that Japan should allay with Russia, & that by MATING

JAPANESE MICROCHIPS TO RUSSIAN SUPER-WEAPONS they could put the finger up to the USA and JOINTLY RULE THE WORLD.

Researcher Harry Mason was informed by The Australian Federal Police that the Aum's Science Minister Hideo Murai (A Nuclear Physicist) was regarded as "The Most Intelligent Living Japanese". Murai had a pre-Aum background in EM technology. He had worked at Kobe Steel, researching microwave and other EM / Ray Wave technology applications for cold moulding of steel, having graduated as an astrophysicist specializing in Cosmic X-Ray Analysis. His KOBE

STEEL LABORATORY WAS AT THE EPICENTER OF THE 1995 KOBE EARTHQUAKE.

Strongly supportive evidence about these weapons came from a Moscow source developed by Japanese investigative journalists. This person was present during a conference in Moscow (Jan.

1990), when a top Japanese delegation, led by Foreign Minister Shintaro Abe met with USSR

President Gorbachev and his aide, Politburo Member Alexander Yakovlev. Their intent was to establish "Bilateral Cooperation". At further meetings in Jan. 1991, Gorbachev via Yakovlev offered the Japanese the USSR's super-secret intercontinental EM Weapons technology--Capable of producing Earthquakes--for U.S. $900 Million. Gorbachev also agreed with Japanese Diet member Toshio Yamaguchi to the setting up of a joint Japan-Russia University in Moscow that would be tasked with co-opting the brightest young Nuclear Physicists' minds of both countries to develop new 2nd and 3rd generation EM superweapons by mating Japanese Microchip and electronics know-how to Russian 1st Generation Weapons Technology !! This University was soon formed and under the cover of "Cultural Studies" was administered by the Aum sect and one Lobov. Lobov became Yeltsin's Head of the Security Council--after the late 1991 coup that removed Gorbachev. The Aum members first arrived in Moscow in late 1991. Under the support of Lobov, given many hours of free time on Radio Moscow and access to the Russian Army the Aum soon had 50,000 Russian members as compared to 30,000 Japanese. The Aum sect was utilized to effect many covert arms purchases in Russia for the Japanese government. Both Yakovlev and Lobov were in repeated contact with Hayakawa over the next few years. The U.S.

Senate inquiry found that very large sums of money had been transferred to Lobov's Swiss Bank account and supposedly several people have ended up dead in Russia attempting to research this information.

There have been 1000 major fireball events known to have occured in Australia over the last 4

years, 100 of these involving huge aerial explosions of Nuclear-bomb-force levels, and 10 of these "explosions" have coincided with medium range 3.6 - 4.0 Richter Scale earthquakes.

Another major fireball event occurred on May 1st 1997, in Central New South Wales in the late evening. As with the Perth May 1st 1993 event, this, too was witnessed by a large number of people, described as Massive Blue-White Rippled Lights flashing through the night sky. There were calls to the local police stations and national and local UFO groups and the following day channel 10 TV ran a story picked up from the Sydney Reuters concerning the many reports to the police and astronomical observatories. Within one day, there was a news blackout and that was all that was heard. SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S CELEBRATING MAY DAY !! Who Could That Be ? Maybe the Illuminati ?

Another interesting point: Shoko Asahara, the leader of the Aum Supreme Truth had predicted in a Tokyo Radio Broadcast on Jan. 8th, 1995, that a major earthquake would soon occur at Kobe.

He even stated that this quake would be initiated by "A foreign power" utilizing an Electromagnetic EM weapons system. Aum's Science Minister Hideo Murai later stated at the Foreign Press Correspondant's Club in Tokyo on April 7 1995 that, "There is a great possibility that the great Hanshin (Kobe) earthquake was activated by electromagnetic power or some device that exerts Energy into the ground". In Japan, European chemical and nerve gas experts who examined the Aum's chemical complex claimed there was no evidence to show that Sarin or other nerve gases were manufactured there. They did find some samples of Sarin as well as other nerve gases. What was discovered that was being manufactured there was the drug "Ecstacy"

(MDMA). Japanese investigative journalists believe that the drugs were being distributed world-wide by the Yakuza, possibly through a rogue CIA operation. That is all on this subject. The only thing I personally find skeptical about all this is the fact that the researcher Harry Mason also discusses and includes the April 19th bombing as evidence in his

information and makes the very large mistake of saying that it occured on April "17". I don't know maybe it's one of those small oversights that is actually a very large and critical one when doing research. The REAL

information tends to come out once other reasearchers have had a chance to review new information coming down the pipeline and they have a say at it from their own personal perspective and research. Sometimes it literally takes years before it is possible for consciousness to come to certain semi-solid conclusions about events that took place at an earlier time. Like Kennedy, like Watergate and like Iran Contra, the facts don't come out right away, but over time we can see the puzzle start to piece itself together.

Speaking of the PUZZLES that are piecing themselves together, like The Oklahoma City Bombing. You can add several hundred to the number of people MURDERED BY THE FBI IN

WACO. The "PROOF" that the FBI MURDERED all those people at the OKLAHOMA FEDERAL BUILDING on April 19th, HAS JUST COME OUT. ----I will quote directly from the McCurtain Daily Gazette (This appeared in the Free American) : Near Pandemonium broke out in a Federal courtroom here Monday when a senior agent of the FBI shocked observers by telling the court that the spiritual leader of Elohim City, the Rev. Robert Millar, was a confidential informant for the FBI. The McCurtain Daily Gazette has long been reporting that Elohim City is a religious and paramilitary compound in east-central Oklahoma that is frequented by some of the most dangerous members of the neo-Nazi underground in the United States and Canada.

Although residents of the cult have continued to deny it publicly, the Gazette has reported that it's sources believe one of those shadowy figures was Timothy McVeigh. Stories published in this newspaper have also exposed Elohom City as the center of a wide-ranging conspiracy to overthrow the federal government by members of a group called "The Aryan Republican Army".

Several of those members have since been arrested on charges related to a string of bank robberies across the midwestern United States.

The incredible revelation that the leader of Elohim City himself was part of a government intelligence operation came during a pre-trial hearing associated with the upcoming trial of another confidential informant, Carol E. Howe. Howe, a former Tulsa beauty queen, debutante and one-time paid

undercover informant for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, is scheduled to stand trial later this month for conspiracy charges associated with making bomb threats and possession of bomb making components. Howe was indicted shortly after the Gazette reported that she intended to be a key witness in the trial of Timothy McVeigh.

U.S. District Judge Richard Matsch, who presided over the McVeigh trial, refused to let Howe testify in Denver, ruling that her information that Elohim City was the center of the Bombing conspiracy might "Confuse the Jury". Under questioning Monday by Howe attorney Clark Brewster of Tulsa, Special Agent Peter Rickel stunned everyone when he reluctantly admitted that the man Elohim City Members call "Grandpa" is really a cooperating source for the FBI.

Millar's status as a confidential informant began in the Fall of 1994. The FBI admitted in court that Millar was a paid confidential informant, although the amount of his paycheck was not revealed. When Rickel disclosed this startling information, a Senior FBI agent and several U.S.

Attorneys bolted from the courtroom in an agitated state.

Millar's encampment was heretofore considered by experts in domestic terrorism to be the

"Switzerland" of the neo-Nazi movement in the United States. Elohim City, a 1000 acre area of rolling timberland is the residence of some 80 followers. But, more importantly, it has played host to some of the nation's most notable subversives. Thus Millar's position as a mole for the FBI could explain why the compound was never raided. Despite it's use as a hideout for gun-runners, drug smugglers, bank robbers and suspected members of the conspiracy that bombed the Federal Building in Oklahoma City, Elohim City has enjoyed a reputation as a place fugitives can live without fear of arrest.

In the weeks before the Oklahoma City bombing, BATF agent Angela Findley had planned to raid the compound and arrest it's Security Advisor Andreas Carl Strassmeir. Strassmeir, an illegal alien who migrated to Elohim City from Germany, was suspected by Findley of converting semi-automatic weapons to machine guns as well as plotting with other Elohim City residents and visitors to bomb federal installations. Carol Howe reported to Findley during the time she worked for the BATF. Howe told Findley that Strassmeir was the ringleader in the plot to bomb the Oklahoma City federal building and that Millar was preaching twice a day

to his flock that the group had to ACT BY APRIL 19th, OR THEY WOULD END UP LIKE THE BRANCH

DIVIDIANS IN WACO !!! The arrest of Strassmeir was scrubbed after senior members of the BATF, FBI and the U.S. Attorney's office met in Feb. 1995 and discussed Findley's plan.

Strassmeir was also an important source of intelligence for the U.S. government. In Jan. 1996, shortly after it was discovered that it was Strassmeir that Timothy McVeigh had called for in the days before the bombing, the German national fled to his native Berlin with the aid of German Intelligence officers. All I can say is this: If Timothy McVeigh got the DEATH PENALTY, then so should the FBI Agents and all others INVOLVED, including Janet Reno and possibly Bill Clinton. We will wait until the Independant Grand Jury comes to a verdict in Oklahoma, but if they decide there was a Government cover-up and conspiracy then WE THE PEOPLE should put the Criminal perpetrators on TRIAL !!! I'M SURE this would send the PROPER MESSAGE to GOVERNMENT TERRORISTS that they cannot get away with CRIMES AGAINST THE

PEOPLE.

Have you heard of Remote Viewing ? The CIA has, and they've been using it to spy on you, or so they say. The only problem is: the people discussing it and writing books on it are CIA operatives who claim they are "Allowed" to talk about this stuff. I personally don't think they are "Allowed"

to talk about anything they are not instructed to talk about specifically for PROPAGANDA purposes. If someone who used to be in the CIA is saying anything at all, it is probably because THAT is their new assignment. I could be wrong, of course.

The creation of these Remote Viewing programs was mostly in response to the aquired knowledge in the U.S. intelligence agencies that the Russians had been working on such projects.

"GONDOLA WISH" evolved into Project "GRILL-FLAME" in the Late part of 1978. Later, it became "Sun Streak" and then "Star-Gate".

The "official" story goes like this: The unit was known formally as "Special Action Branch" and was attached to INSCOM. It took it's orders from the Pentagon office of the Army's Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence. It's tasking requests originated from a variety of offices throughout the U.S. Intelligence Community, including the CIA, DIA, even

the President's NSC. The information was stamped not only with the standard Army intelligence "SECRET" , but with the Pentagon Code-word "GRILL-FLAME". Only a few dozen officials in the intelligence community had been briefed on the existence of "Grill-Flame". The unit's Commander was Lieutenant Colonel Murrey B. "Scotty" Watt. A partial listing of the "Remote Viewers" are as follows: Mel Riley, Skip Atwater, Joe McMoneagle, Major Edward Dames Fernand Gauvin, Uri Geller (Psychic ?), Keith Harary, Ingo Swann, First Sergeant Leonard "Lyn" Buchanan. Some other KEY players are as follows: Colonel John Alexander, a Senior Aide to Major General Albert Stubblebine, Chief of the Army's Intelligence & Security Command (INSCOM) 1982-84; Bonnar "Bart" Cox; Dir. of Information & Engineering Science Div. at Stanford Research Institute (SRI); Lieutenant General Daniel O. Graham (USAF), Dir. of Defence Intelligence Agency (DIA) 1974-76; Commander C.B. "Scott" Jones, USN, Former Senior Aide to Senator Claiborne Pell (D-RI), advisor on Psi-related matters who ran a group of psychics that performed contract work for several federal agencies in the early 80's; Professor Michael Persinger, Psychologist at Laurentian Univ. Ontario and informal consultant to SRI, early 80's. Persinger had studied the link between Neurophysiological processes and mystical or paranormal experiences. Major General Edmond Thompson, Head of the U.S. Army Intelligence Agency 1975-77, Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence, 1977-1981, DIA Deputy Dir. for Management

& Operations 1982-84, and a key supporter of the Remote Viewing Program.

"Remote Viewing" is a term used by the Army / CIA to describe a process where the participant

"Projects" his or her mind into another Time / Space "Location", thereby being able to "See" a given situation in the past, present, or future time. The philosophy behind the ability to do this is simple: Something similar to a tape head (Use your mind) imprints thoughts and vibrations as they occur in Real-Time on an Etheric Tape (Akashic Record, called by the ancients & still today), documenting the entire history of mankind (civilization) and all the events that have occured so far. By meditating or Directing your thought to "Blank your mind out" and then focusing on a particular given object, you can "Be" wherever you think. This is supposedly different than "Astral Travel" where you take a part of your spiritual body with you. According to

the "Experts", this only involves your mind, not your body in spirit. Robert Monroe already had a center set up teaching people about Astral Projection in the late 1970's or early 80's. I read the book "Journeys Out of the Body" when I was in my early teens. Apparently, this is a little different. The intelligence agencies may not have helped set up Monroe's institute, but they definitely took advantage of its' existence and used it to train operatives in the "Remote Viewing"

program for a lengthy period of time.

Altered States such as those in which "Out-of-body experiences" occured are mostly unmeasurable. By using electroencephalographs and other scanning devices, one could see the changes in brainwaves and brain activity pattern. After some experimenting, Bob Monroe came up with idea for controlling these patterns by playing sounds with frequencies that matched the brain-wave frequencies because he learned that the brain had a tendency to mimic the frequencies presented to it that way. Monroe knew that when one frequency was presented to one ear and a seperate frequency to the other ear, the difference between those frequencies (e.g., 8,000 Hz minus 7,990 Hz=10 Hz) was also perceptible to the mind. It was what communications engineers called the "Beat Frequency". Monroe decided to present the Altered-State mimicking sounds as beat frequencies--i.e. One set of frequencies in one ear, and a slightly different set in the other in such a way that the mixture would produce the desired waveform pattern. It seemed to work so well that Monroe patented it and called it the "Hemi-Sync" method and soon started producing Hemi-sync tapes which would induce the Altered State necessary for "Out-of-body experiences".

Supposedly, when the first of the team of Remote Viewers, Skip Atwater, visited the Monroe center in 1977, Monroe had already been around for awhile and had already developed these tapes. It is possible that this is when the CIA started working with the Monroe Institute. How closely they were working together and on what other "Programs" is probably a more significant question.

It is my suspicion as well as others' like Alex Constantine ("Virtual Government & Psychic Dictatorship in the U.S.A") that the so-called "Remote Viewing" program is possibly in reality a cover for a very sophisticated MIND CONTROL --THOUGHT IMPLANTATION Program.

Have you been hearing voices in your head lately ? I haven't personally, but I do know that several serial killers who spent time in CIA-run

psychiatric facilities have claimed to have heard voices as well as other mass murderers and people who have "flown off the handle" like post office employees and U.P.S. workers. How come all of the disgruntled employees who go off all work for government-connected (contracted) corporate businesses? Also, what connection would this "Thought Implantation" have with supposed "UFO abductees" or various "Channels".

According to the Remote Viewers, there were several times when they "Viewed" UFOs or their

"Grey Occupants" or various other mysteries like underground caverns on Mars, etc. The official line from the remote viewers is they didn't know what to conclude except that possibly our civilization was under some kind of observance or control by other worldly entities and pretty much the same line of info that comes down through the UFOlogy pipeline. Here is one interesting possible (mind control) twist: According to the members of the CIA Remote Viewing team who worked with Uri Geller, when the team questioned Geller about the origin of his supernatural abilities, he claimed a belief in a Supercomputer Spaceship in the Heavens that controls All That Is, Called "Spectra".

Anyways, around 1990, Dave Morehouse and Ed Dames formed a company called Psi-Tech, with the idea of using moonlighting remote viewers as a kind of psychic investigation team for private clients. One of Psi-Tech's clients supposedly asked Dames to Remote View the mysterious "crop circles" appearing in wheatfields in Southern England and was provided with data suggesting that the circles were caused by "Flying Saucer-like devices skimming over the wheat fields". Later, a group from the former Soviet Union asked Psi-Tech to Remote View the disappearance of a Russian Space probe and Ed Dames again implicated "aliens". In 1991, Dames retired from the Army, seperated from his wife, moved to Alberquerque, and became very involved in the UFO scene. A year and a half later in March 1993, he appeared at a local UFO

conference and announced that a colony of pregnant Martian females lay beneath the New Mexico desert. Sometime between April & August, he predicted, these Martians would give birth and emerge above-ground. He told the audience "We're sure it's going to happen, we've alerted the media, and teams of doctors, technicians, and documentary filmmakers are on call and in place to respond at a moment's notice...President Clinton will announce it and everyone in the world will know!". After August 1993

came and no aliens appeared, Dames was running out of money and turned Psi-Tech into a "Remote Viewing Training Company" and offered a week-long course. One of his students was Courtney Brown, political science professor at Emory University in Atlanta. Courtney Brown got very involved in Remote Viewing and began to take a look at the "History of Interactions between Aliens and Planet Earth" and the details of the various races of aliens such as the big-headed "Grays" and the "Blond and Blue-eyed Nordics".

Later, Brown published his book titled "Cosmic Voyage". Are you starting to see the PATTERN

? It is very possible that "Remote Viewing" programs are also a cover for Thought Implantation Mind Control. THOUGHTS ARE FREQUENCIES. By aiming different frequencies at you and trnsmitting wave-forms of information to you, it would be logically concluded that they could influence your thoughts. One very good way to study the effectiveness of this would be to use subjects who have cleared their minds in a controlled environment and are "Seeking out Information in the Ethers".

Information is coming out from several different sources, claiming that the Jesus did not die on the cross, but was instead saved by his brother James and taken away somewhere safe where he and Mary Magdalene had children. Supposedly these children became the French Kings in the fifth and sixth centuries. King Merovee. The story is long and involved. It is fully documented in books like, "Holy Blood, Holy Grail", "The Messianic Legacy" both by authors, Michael Beigent, Richard Leigh and Henry Lincoln. Shortly after, appeared "Guardians of the Grail" by J.R. Church, and then "Pandora's Box" by Alex Christopher, and most recently "Bloodline of the Holy Grail" by Lawrence Gardner. I have read these and the story is quite convincing when you take a look at it. All books are written by completely different people and include basically the same information "Line".

The Freemasons actually trace their history to the Knights Templar; the Templars however, were created by the Priory of Sion, which was set up supposedly to protect the Merovingian bloodline.

Wouldn't it be nice and convenient for the Masons to say they have inherited the teachings and the lineage of Jesus? Then they could really get away with some crimes. If you do the research, in conspiracies you cannot

avoid at some point tracing things back to the Knights Templar and then to the Priory of Sion. There is conclusive evidence that there was something inherited, possibly wealth, or possibly just information, (MAJOR INFORMATION, perhaps). The Priory, after all had the Wealth of Solomon's Gold, of this we can almost be certain. It had been placed in the hands of the Templars for safe keeping and there is dispute whether this gold was taken and stored at Rennes Le Chateau in Southern France.

The most important documents discovered by the authors concerning the Priory of Sion came from the Grand Lodge Alpina, the Supreme Mother Lodge of Switzerland. These documents, called "The Dossiers Secret", told of a Catholic priest named Berenger Saunier, who was also a Freemason. Saunier had joined a Rosicrucion Order that was founded in 1873. On June 1st, 1885, Saunier was posted to a little parish in the tiny village church of Rennes Le Chateau in Southern France. Eight centuries earlier in 1059, the village of Rennes Le Chateau was consecrated to Mary Magdelene, the Patron Saint of Southern France. At the time of Saunier's assignment, the church was in need of repair and in 1891, Saunier attempted to restore it. At this time he discovered four parchments preserved in sealed wooden tubes. Two of these parchments are said to have comprised genealogies, one dating from 1244 and the other from 1644. These parchments contained a list of the Grand Masters of both the Knights Templar and the Priory of Sion, as well as a history of the Merovingian bloodline. The heading of one of these documents was in cipher.

When translated it read, "To Dagobert II King and to Sion belongs this treasure and he is there dead." According to the tenets of the Priory of Sion, Jesus Christ did not die, but merely pretended to die, was taken from the cross and stolen from the tomb and was believed to have married Mary Magdalene, and even produced children. They claim that when the Romans destroyed the Temple at Jerusalem in 70 A.D. , that Magdalene fled with her sacred children by boat across the Mediterranean to France. She then found refuge within a Jewish community.

Future generations of her offspring were said to have married into the Royal Frankish Family and by the fifth century produced a king, whose name was Merovee. He was the first in a series of kings called the Merovingian bloodline. It is said that the offspring of Merovee were noted for a birthmark above their heart, a small "red cross".

This symbol eventually became the emblem of the Priory of Sion. This same "Red Cross" carried over to the Rosicrucions (Rosy Cross). The first forming of the Rosicrucions was after the Battle at Gisors in 1188. This is where the Knights Templar and the Priory of Sion had a "falling out"

and split. The Ordre de Sion (Order of Sion) changed it's name to the Prieure de Sion (Priory of Sion) and selected Jean de Gisors as it's first Grand Master, a vassal of the King of England.

Ormus was an Egyptian sage and mystic and a gnostic adept of Alexandria, blending Christianity with "Masdeism", which was a Greek / Roman Form of Zoroastrianism. Ormus and his initiates had taken the Red Cross as their identifying symbol four centuries before Merovee was born with the supposed "Red Cross" birthmark above his heart. The Knight's Templar adopted Merovee's Red Cross six centuries later. To emulate the Templars, The Priory took the Red Cross of Ormus as it's own emblem, then adopted the Title "L' Ordre de la Rose Croix Veritas" or "The Order of the True Red Cross".

If Ormus is the source of the 'Red Cross', and the bloodlines coming out of Jerusalem or the immediate area used the 'Red Cross' as an emblem, we have to consider the significance of this

"Red Cross". What is it really ? Or maybe more appropriately, What does it represent? It is my personal contention that it represents "knowledge". Not just any knowledge, but a very particular knowledge of the history of religion and the origin of religious meanings. Remember when you read the next section on religious history, that the Knights Templar were originally called the

"Milice du Christ" or "Soldiers of Christ". Is the Red Cross a secret symbol for a Mushroom, particularly the (Red Cap) Amanita ?

In no way is this meant to be a blasphemy to God. Also, at the same time, this material is not Anti-religious. I suppose it could be considered Anti-church, or Anti-establishment religion.

After all, everyone's relationship with God is INDIVIDUAL. How people perceive God and what people perceive to be God, will always be different according to different people and cultural makeup. The New World Order seeks to bring about a ONE UNDERSTANDING of GOD. This can never be. A one-world religion is Utopian at best. It may SOUND like a good idea, but I wouldn't want to require someone of a different religion to believe in mine as I would not want to be required to believe the

doctrines of the Jehovah's Witnesses or some other fanatical religious sect. This information is being presented to give the reader a CHOICE to realize to where the origin of modern religions traces back, NOT to deny God or the idea of GOD in any way. As long as people live by GOODNESS, it doesn't matter what you believe as far as religion goes. I personally don't believe anything is more in accordance with God than sound spiritual practices, like teaching GOODNESS or showing people how to be FREE in their MINDS. Living for God, or living in accordance with God is far more important than one's church related beliefs. What goodness comes with murder ? How many murder in the name of God ? Even Abortion clinic protesters that murder are still murderers, even if they are trying to prevent the murder of innocent children. Is this what God would want ? If so, in whose opinion ? One Man cannot decide what God would want, and no clergy can speak for God. Everything in this catalogue is not the word of God either. This information is here to be studied and pondered, not necessarily taken as God's WORD. Now for a little bit on Language.

Do You Believe that God ever authored a Book and that he called it "The Bible"? Or do you believe that a group of scholars close to God or the Son of God ever collected the works of God's Words or God's Son's Words ? Do you believe the Son of God ever appeared on Earth ? If he did, do you think he would actually allow a bunch of mere mortals to Crucify him on a Cross ? Why do you think God would allow it and not step in and stop it from happening, if He is ALL-SEEING ? And, if God spoke to Moses, how do we know He really did and that Moses was not lying? How do we know Moses was not just another Capitalist trying to Monopolize on a Book by saying he spoke to God? What if the Ten Commandments were really a reflection of Moses'

own morals and guilt complexes brought about through his own cultural and spiritual ideologies at the time and he intended to push his Religion at the time?, after all, they were ingesting some strange fungus.

WHAT IF GOD IS A GODDESS AND JESUS WAS A MUSHROOM ? What if "God" was a

"Great Penis" in the Heavens, who every Winter blessed the Mother Earth's Womb with Fertile Semen, called today "Rain", and gave birth to the "Son of God", a "Miniature Penis"--A SACRED MUSHROOM. This would not be so unbelievable if you were living thousands of years ago, in Ancient Sumeria, Egypt or Jerusalem. How can we really verify what

happened thousands of years ago if we don't even know the language in which the books that we are reading were written. Also, words mean different things depending on the culture and time of their use. If the Latin is a translation of the Hebrew writings and we look at the Hebrew writings themselves (understanding Hebrew), how do we know that the people who wrote them at that time correctly understood the Egyptian or Babylonian translations of the Original Sumerian Version? Or, what if, along the way, each time the shaman priesthood translated into a new language, they kept the Original Words or Meanings hidden intentionally? Very few people in the world today know EVERY language including: Sumerian, Babylonian, Cuneiform, Acadian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Hebrew, Phoenician, Greek, Latin, and others. If you happen to know all those languages, what are the chances that you have also read the "ACTUAL DEAD SEA SCROLLS"? John Allegro nows all of these languages and was hired to be a part of the Original editing team deciphering the Dead Sea Scrolls back in the 1950's, shortly after they were found.

He was the first to access and read the "Copper Scroll". He was kicked off the editing team after a period and then went on to publish his findings. In 1970, he published "The Sacred Mushroom

& The Cross", a book about Judaism and Christianity and their origin in Ancient Mushroom Fertility Cults still in existence around the time of the conquering of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. by the Romans. He cites the obsession of the "Essenes" with the Amanita Muscaria Mushroom and blames the wrathful response of the Roman Empire on the secret, subversive mushroom cults and dissemination of information in code relating to "Jesus", the Sacred Fungus. -"The Fungus recognized today as the 'Amanita Muscaria', or 'Fly Agaric', had been known from the beginning of history. Beneath the skin of it's characteristic red and white spotted cap, there is concealed a powerful hallucinatory poison. Every aspect of the mushroom's existence was fraught with sexual allusions, and in it's phallic form the anciaents saw a replica of the fertility god himself. It was the "Son of God", it's drug was a purer form of the god's own spermatozoa than that discoverable in any other form of living matter. It was, in fact, God himself, manifest on earth. To the mystic it was the divinely given means of entering heaven; God had come down in the flesh to show the way to himself, by himself."--From "The Intro of "The Sacred Mushroom & the Cross".

According to Allegro, in ancient times it was believed that if the rain in the desert lands was the source of life, then the moisture from heaven must be only a more abundant kind of spermatozoa.

If the male organ ejaculated this precious fluid and made life in the woman, then above the skies the source of nature's semen must be a mighty penis, as the earth which bore it's offspring was the womb. It followed therefore that to induce the heavenly phallus to complete it's orgasm, man must stimulate it by sexual means, by singing, dancing, orgiastic displays and, above all, by the performance of the copulatory act itself. "To raise the crops the farmer copulated with his wife in the fields. To seek the drug that would send his soul winging to the 7th heaven and back, the initiated into the religious mysteries had their priestesses seduce the god and draw him into their grasp as a woman fascinates her partner's penis to erection. Plants were thought more plentifully endued with the sperm of God than anything else. These were the Drug-Herbs, the science of whose cultivation and use had been accumulated over centuries of observation and dangerous experimentation. Those who had this secret wisdom of the plants were the chosen of their God; to them alone had he vouchsafed the priviledge of access to the heavenly throne. And if he was jealous of his power, no less were those who served him in the cultic mysteries. Their's was no gospel to be shouted from the rooftops: Paradise was for none but the favored few. The incantations and rites by which they conjured forth their drug plants, and the details of the bodily and mental preparations undergone before they could ingest their God, were the secrets of the cult to which none but the initiate bound by fearful oaths, had access." "Very rarely were these secrets ever commited to writing. Normally, these 'scriptures' would be passed from mouth to mouth, unless a disruption of their cultic center occured, such as war, then it became necessary to write down the names of the herbs and the manner of their use and accompanying incantations, and it would be in some esoteric form comprehensible only to those within their dispersed communities."

Allegro believes that this is the case with the Jewish revolt of A.D.66. "Instigated probably by members of the cult, swayed by their drug-induced madness to believe God had called them to master the world in his name, they provoked the mighty power of Rome to swift and terrible action. Jerusalem was ravaged, her temple destroyed. Judaism was disrupted, and her people to seek refuge with communities already established around the

mediterranean coastlands. The mystery cults found themselves without their central fount of authority, with many of their priests killed in the abortive rebellion or driven into the desert. The secrets, if they were not to be lost forever, had to be committed to writing, and yet, if found, the documents must give nothing away or betray those who still dared defy the Roman authorities and continue their religious practices."

Allegro goes on to say "The folk-tales of the ancients had from the earliest times contained myths based upon the personification of plants and trees. They were invested with human faculties and qualities and their names and physical characteristics were applied to the heroes and heroins of the stories. Some of these were just tales spun for entertainment, others were political parables like Jotham's fable about the trees in the Old Testament, while others were means of remembering and transmitting therapeutic folklore. The names of the plants were spun out to make the basis of the stories, whereby the creatures of fantasy were identified, dressed and made to enact their

parts. Here then, was the literary device to spread occult knowledge to the faithful. To tell the story of a Rabbi called Jesus, and invest him with the power and names of the magic drug. To have him live before the terrible events that had disrupted their lives, to preach a love between men, extending even to the hated Romans. Thus, reading such a tale, should it fall into Roman hands, even their mortal enemies might be deceived and not probe farther into the activities of the cells of mystery cults within their territories."

Allegro gives us other insights into what was happening at the time in Jerusalem. How did Modern Christianity come about ? And what happened to change it from a mushroom-worshipping cult then to the Modern conservative, Christianity based on a man dying on a cross?: Also from the introduction, "The ruse failed, Christians, hated and despised, were hauled forth and slain in their thousands. The cult well nigh perished. What eventually took it's place was a travesty of the real thing, a mockery of the power that could raise men to heaven and give them a glimpse of God for which they gladly died. The story of the Rabbi crucified at the instigation of the Jews became a historical peg upon which the new cult's authority was founded. What began as a hoax, became a trap even to those who believed them-selves to be the spiritual heirs of the mystery religion and took to themselves the name of "Christian" . Above all, they forgot, or purged from

the cult and their memories, the one supreme secret on which their whole religious and ecstatic experience depended: The Names and Identity of the source of the Drug, the Key to Heaven--The Sacred Mushroom."

Probably the most overlooked point in researching history is the fact that we do not take into consideration the origin of the WORD we are dealing with, for the WORD had a different meaning in the previous language from which it came. A WORD in ENGLISH today may have a particular MEANING, but it is not necessarily the same MEANING as the WORD had in say, Latin or Hebrew. And what do Latin and Hebrew have in common? If a word means something in English and a word means something in Hebrew, is that WORD going to have the same meaning? Possibly Not! But, what if that WORD had a common origin in both languages, going back to Sumerian? Then the MEANING of the WORD in SUMERIAN would be the correct or closer TRUE MEANING of the WORD.

Allegro's work is really a study in words and their origin, since this is the source of their true MEANING. From the Introduction of "The Sacred Mushroom & the Cross"--"Our present study has much to do with names and titles. Only when we can discover the nomenclature of the sacred fungus within and without the cult, can we begin to understand it's function and theology. The main factor that has made these new discoveries possible has been the realization that many of the most secret names of the sacred mushroom go back to ancient Sumerian, the oldest written language known to us, witnessed by cuneiform texts dating from the fourth millennium B.C..

Furthermore, it now appears that this ancient tongue provides a bridge between the Indo-European languages (which include Greek, Latin and our own tongue) and the Semitic group, which includes the language of the Old Testament, Hebrew and Aramaic. For the first time, it becomes possible to decipher the names of gods, mythological characters, classic and biblical, and plant names. Thus, their place in the cultic systems and their functions in the old fertility religions can be determined. Even gods such as Zeus and Yahweh embody the same fundamental conception of the fertility deity, for their names in origin are precisely the same. A common tongue overrides physical and racial boundaries. Even languages so apparently different as Greek and Hebrew, when they can be shown to derive from a common fount, point to a communality of culture at some early stage."

One of the first examples given in the book is the word "Etymology", which is the study of the relationship between words and the thoughts they express. Where does the word "Etymology"

come from? Etymology seeks the "True" meaning of the word. The Greek word for true is

"Etumos". So, at least going back to Greek, the word "Etymology" has in it's roots, the MEANING of "TRUE".

Taking a word back even farther to Sumerian is a little more involved, though this is necessary, if we are to know the "True" meaning of the word. Another example taken from the first chapter, this time, titled "In the Beginning god created" ; "If we were to seek the root of a modern barbarism like "de-escalate", we should immediately remove the "de-" and the verbal appendage

"-ate", slice off the initial "e-" as a recognizable prefix, and be left with "scal-" for further study.

The Latin scala means "Ladder" and we are clearly on the right track. But at this stage the etymologist will look out for possible vocalic changes occuring between dialects. One of the more common is between "L" and "N" and we are not surprised to find that an early form of the root has "N" in place of "L", so that Sanskrit, one of the earliest dialects of Indo-European, has a root "skan-" with the idea of "going up". Sibilants can interchange also, such as "s" and "z" and short vowels can drop out in speech between consonants, like "i" between "s" and "c". In fact we can break down our Indo-European root "scan-" "ascend" still further into two Sumerian syllables, ZIG, "rise" and AN "up" ". --ZIGAN (Scan) (Scal) (Escalate).

How many people do you think there are that are actually qualified to tell you what's in the books that comprise the bible ? I would think only a handful, if that. Not only would you have to know all of the languages going back to Sumerian, you would also have to have devoted your life to the study and research of religion, and the third qualification is that you would have to possess no preconcieved notions or expectations about what you were researching. (An open Mind). If you go back into the books looking for Jesus the Christ, you may only find a man, but if you were to approach the situation having already taken Hallucinogenic Mushrooms in your life and you realized in your research that the original meaning of the words, Jesus Christ meant, "to be Annointed" or "To Annoint with Semen",

you might figure that the original meaning had more to do with fertility, or possibly an object closely associated with fertility.

Allegro describes the difficult situation of translation : "Even within the bible, language has hitherto posed a major barrier to research into Christian origins. Jesus and his immediate followers are portrayed as Jews, living in Palestine and adopting Jewish customs and religious conventions. The religion propounded by the New Testament is at root a form of Judaism, but the language in which it is expressed is Greek, a non-semitic tongue. Words and names like "Christ",

"Holy Ghost", "Jesus", "Joseph" and "Mary" come through Hebrew channels but have Greek forms or translations in the New Testament. The words of Jesus are quoted freely, and often given the weight of incontrovertible authority, but in fact nobody knows for certain what he said, since what we have are translations of a supposedly Aramaic original of which all trace has otherwise been lost."--"What we have now discovered is that by going far enough back in time, it is possible to find a liguistic bridge between these ethnic and cultural groups. However far apart their respective languages (Greek & Hebrew), and philosophies may have become, they stem from a common, recoverable source, and it is there that any realistic study of Christian and Jewish origins must begin. The Root of Christianity in a sense lies not in the Old Testament, but like that of Judaism itself, in a pre-semitic, pre-hellenic culture that existed in Mesopotamia some two or three thousand years before the earliest Old testament composition. The Christian doctrine of the fatherhood of god stems not from the paternal relationship of Yahweh to his chosen people but from the naturalistic philosophy that saw the divine creator as a heavenly penis impregnating Mother Earth."

From the Chapter "The names of the Gods"--"Based on an etymological examination of the chief God-names, we can arrive at a common theme of Life-giving, fecundity, or fertility. Thus the principle Gods of the Greeks and Hebrews, Zeus and Yahweh (Jehovah), have names derived from Sumerian meaning "juice of fecundity", spermatazoa, "seed of life". The phrase is composed of two syllables, IA (ya, dialectally za), "juice", literally, "strong water" , "U", perhaps the most important phoneme in the whole of Near Eastern religion. It is found in the texts represented by a number of different cuneiform signs, but at the root of them all is the idea of

"Fertility". Thus one U means "copulate" or "mount", and "create"; another "rainstorm", source of the heavenly sperm; another "vegetation", as the offspring of the God, whilst another U is the name of the storm God himself. So far from evincing a multiplicity of gods and conflicting theological notions, , our earliest records lead us back to a single idea, even a single letter, "U".

Behind Judaism and Christianity, and indeed all the Near Eastern fertility religions and their more sophisticated developments, there lies this single phoneme, "U" ".

From the chapter "Plants and Drugs"--"The Greek word Daimon, derives, through the Persian

"dew" (there is a strong linguistic affinity between "m" and "w"), from a probable Sumerian original DA-IA-U-NA, meaning, "having power over fertility". The demon thus had the power of affecting, for good or ill, birth or death, and the various stages of health in between. The medicinal drug had similar powers, and the Hebrew word for "be sick", dawah, and it's cognate noun in Arabic meaning "medicine", come from the same root. So the demon of health and sickness and the drug are one and the same"....."Since all life derives from the divine seed, it follows that the most powerful healing drug would be the pure, unadulterated semen of the God.

Some plants were thought to have sap or resin approximating to this, their "purity" or "sanctity"

in this regard being measured by their power as drugs to kill or cure or intoxicate. In Sumerian, the words for "live" and "intoxicate" are the same, TIN and the "tree of life", GEShTIN, is the

"vine". Similarly, in the Greek oinos and the Hebrew yayin "wine", there is probably a common Sumarian root, IA-U-NU-, "semen seed" ". ...."The use of the name Jesus (Greek "iesus") as an invocation for healing was appropriate enough. It's Hebrew original, yehoshua, Joshua, comes from Sumerian IA-U-ShU-A (ShUSh), "semen which saves, restores, heals". Hellenized jews used for "Joshua", the Greek name Iason, Jason, very probably since Iason, "healer", and the deponent verb iaomai, "heal", come from the same Sumerian source. In the New Testament taunt,

"physician, heal thyself" (Luke 4:23), we probably have a direct allusion to this meaning, as we certainly have in Jesus' title "savior", Greek soter, the first element of which reflects the same Sumerian word, ShU, "save", and so is rightly used in Greek for saving from disease, harm, peril, etc., and is a

common epithet of Zeus and kings. The fertility god Dionysus, (Greek Dionusos), whose cult emblem was the erect phallus was also a god of healing, and his name, when broken down to original parts, IA-U-NU-ShUSh, is almost identical with that of Jesus, having NU "seed"

only in addition : "Semen seed that saves", and is comparable with the Greek Nosios, "healer", an epithet of Zeus." This is very compelling. If you don't understand it, then you might want to re-read it a few times.

Basically, the information above represents one idea that perhaps the source of "Christianity" was not a man, but instead a Mushroom, specifically "Amanita Muscaria" (Fly-Agaric). The confusion supposedly arose through the changes in language and an attempt to keep rituals and secrets of the fertility cult from the Roman authorities. Apparently, both the Greek and the Hebrew languages have common roots tracing back to Sumerian. There is no record of a Hebrew version of the New Testament, only a Greek translation. The stories in the Bible parallel stories that existed in other countries in other languages in earlier times. The names even trace back directly in language to the names of the same characters in the stories from other countries. The one main difference between

"Christianity" and these earlier fertility religions is the fact that in the earlier religions the central figure, the "Son of God", was a Mushroom. So, the question is, was Jesus really a man or was he a symbolic representation for a Psychedelic Mushroom ? We may have to learn ancient language ourselves in order to find out, or maybe take a trip to Kashmir.

In this next section I have presented a couple of letters by Leroy Shweitzer of the Montana Freemen describing why he believes he and the others are still in jail. I would like to add a couple of points to this involving Sovereignty. Most readers by now are probably wondering, "just what exactly is a Sovereign Citizen ?". If you ask different "authorities", you will certainly get different answers.

To some, "Sovereignty" means not having any contracts with the federal or state government, including licenses, social security numbers, and bank accounts. To others, it is not being a U.S.

citizen under the 14th Amendment, but instead a State citizen of the Republic. This would include recession of all contracts and documents relative to governments', etc. Others claim membership in a "Jural Society" is a necessary element of "Sovereignty". The reason for this is because the

definition of a "citizen", in Law, is "a member of a Jural Society or body politic".

Some of the different groups that teach "Sovereignty" or "state Citizenship" include Richard McDonald, an ex-police officer from Simi Valley, Johnny Liberty (John Van Hove) in Cascadia Oregon, The Montana Freemen, The Republic of Texas, Erwin Rommel School of Law, Jim Mattatel and the Concerned Citizens of the South Bay and the list goes on. There are many more around the country and probably many other groups of which I am unaware. All of these groups have a lot of information in common, but they teach different tactics, methods, and have different beliefs, some religious-based. This makes sense, since our organic law in America comes down to us from Biblical (Canon) Law....I believe a "Sovereign" is someone who can walk into a courtroom and walk out of that courtroom a FREEMAN, provided no common law crime was committed (Rape, Robbery or Murder).

In this country there are a lot of secrets, but there are some really BIG secrets, too. THERE ARE

SO MANY CRIMINALS IN THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM THAT THERE IS NO

ROOM LEFT FOR ANY JUSTICE. Our government is secretly being run by a CRIMINAL

MOB that will do WHATEVER is necessary to stay in power. Even if you have the law on your side and you are RIGHT, you can still be sent to jail, convicted and sent away. Even if you know all the laws and you are correct, the judges can do whatever they want. They won't even allow the jury to know they have a right to judge the law as well as the facts of the case. An informed Jury can Nullify any case they want and it only takes ONE JUROR. "Sovereigns" often think they are immune to laws because they are "Sovereign" and the judge is just going to let them go. THIS IS

NOT TRUE. They will walk all over you, unless you walk on them first.

The best defense is a good offense they say. You will soon see how this is true. The FREEMEN

are still in jail today, mostly because they DO know the Law. How does the criminal government deal with this? They can't. So they have to hide everything, commit more crimes and cover these up as well.

I have studied a bit from all of the groups mentioned and have met some interesting people along the way. From what I have learned, the only "Sovereign" people are the ones with backpack nukes and ground to air missile launchers and lots of firepower. In other words, the "Sovereigns"

in the world today are the International Bankers and the might they can whip up against an opposing country or political group. The Illuminati Freemasons have destroyed every last remaining spec of "Sovereignty" that ever existed in this country.

There are people who win using "Sovereignty" methods, but usually only because they take the judge by surprise and the next time the "Method" is used the judges are ready for it and they just overrule you. The big problem really, is that people do not represent themselves, but instead hire an attorney, who is really an agent of the court. You see, it all goes back to the Original 13th Amendment and "Titles of Nobility". There are 25 National and 4 State (California) Constitutions that have been discovered. The only ones that have not been repealed or altered are the ORIGINAL ones. These documents are still the "Law of the Land" today. The Original 13th Amendment forbide public officers from holding "Titles of Nobility". "Sir" and "Esquire" etc. are

"Titles of Nobility" bestowed by the "KING" on his subjects, thus empowering them and making them "Agents" of the King. The Bar Association is a Fraternal Order that the Judges and Attorneys belong to. The Judges are not supposed to be Attorneys. Back in early America, everyone knew the Law, because knowing the Law meant your Freedom was important to you. In American Jurisprudence an Attorney's relationship to the court is given first priority over his relation and duty

to his client. A client is further defined as a "Ward of the court". A ward of the court is defined as a "child or person of unsound mind". Therefore someone who hires an Attorney is a child or a person of unsound mind. In court, if you have an attorney, you cannot speak unless the judge asks you a direct question and if you try to you will be removed. An Attorney will never really bring in any crucial information or do anything the judge doesn't like much or they can be sanctioned or have their licenses pulled by the judge's influence in the Bar. If you really want to be free, you must learn to fight in court and learn court procedure and case law, etc. Then you have to know how to apply it. Even if you do this, you may not win. If the judge respects the Constitution and your rights, you may walk; if not, the judge,

who believes he or she is God because nobody showed them differently, may punish you to the fullest extent of the law out of vengeance and there is not much you can do. He can raise your bail so you sit in jail until trial or appeal and they can intentionally make it hell for you in jail. Just ask Ex-Congressman George Hansen, who was brutally tortured in the prison system for trying to help the American people fix the corruption in government.

There are some more recent developments in the law studies going on here in California. Thomas Marvin Maxwell has published two books, "The Truth About the Motor Vehicle Code" and "The California Code Is Not Law". He has studied for years and his books document the fact that the CALIFORNIA CODE OF 1872 WAS NEVER LAWFULLY PASSED OR ENACTED. Thomas says "There is really only one thing about the origin of the code that is of real importance, and that is the fact that the four original divisions of the code, as shown with their "approval dates"

are not part of the official record of the Public Statutes of California. I have personally inspected the volume in which all the Acts of the California Legislature were published for the nineteenth session, 1871-1872, and there is not one single reference to any of the four approval dates for the four codes. The codes were approved "off the record". Because of this, it is important to realize that there is no official record of the text of the codes, other than the codes themselves. Every Statute passed by the legislature contains the "text" of the law that is being passed, and the placing of that text in the published volume of the statutes for each session of the legislature, is the permanent

record of the laws passed. There is no such permanent record of the laws passed. There is no such permanent record of the origin of the codes, with respect to them having been a part of the legislation passed at the nineteenth session of the California legislature." Therefore, all Amendments to the "codes" are not valid either. This creates a very large problem for us as a people, but it also provides us with another opportunity and weapon to fight in court with.

Another book along these lines to surface recently is titled "For The Record..., How the Heck are yaa ? ..."Of Necessity, Constructive Notice, and to Establish for a Court of Record...YOUR

Intent...I Require..." or "How To Speak pleasently, yet firmly, to a Public Servant !". This book came out around the middle of March, 1998. It

is partially written by William Gary Young and research contributed by Joe Allen and Thomas Marvin Maxwell. This book may be one of the most powerful tools ever developed for fighting in court. The essence of the information is that under the Bretton Woods Agreement, the Secretary of the Treasury is appointed the U.S.

Governor of the I.M.F. (International Monetary Fund). This is a Foreign Principle. All Agents of Foreign Principles must register under the Foreign Agents Registration Law. All employees of the U.S. government are paid by the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. Through the GAO (General Accounting Office), all funds collected, go back to the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. Anyone soliciting funds for the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury or collecting information using the NCIC

(National Crime Information Computer), must register. If they don't register it is a violation of USC Title 18 Section 951, and the fine is up to $5,000 and up to 10 years in jail. Now, you cannot serve two governments or Principles. If they do register, they are deportable as agents of a foreign principle impersonating U.S. officers. If they take a signed and sworn "oath of office", and they are working under the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, they are liable for Treason for being an Officer of the U.S. government and acting as an Agent of a Foreign Principle. So, they cannot register and they cannot have an oath of office either. They are damned if they do, and damned if they don't. The truth is "They don't have either one". This is how the IMF controls our puppet politicians. There are specific tactics for bringing this kind of information into the courtroom and when it has been done correctly, the result was that the JUDGES FLED THEIR

OWN COURTROOMS. Warning : Do not use this info in any way in court without the proper background information. It could cost you Time in Jail. However, if applied properly, it just may be the only thing that can save you from a corrupt Judge. These books are available in this new edition of the Catalog. Also, another little tidbit of info June 25th 1948, the American Bar Association went in and changed all the Statutes they didn't like and left the rest. They knowingly removed and replaced a lot of our laws. This was done without the consent or knowledge of the legislature. So, don't even attempt to use statutes after June 25th 1948, when defending yourself, only when on the offense against them since they are the ones who took an oath to those codes.

Remember "Those who sleep on their rights have none" & "The price of Freedom is eternal vigilance".

" AN OPEN LETTER " By Political Prisoner Chief Justice Michael LeRoy (Shweitzer), Montana FREEMEN--Nov. 1996

This letter is to show all the people why the so-called FREEMEN are in jail, the reasons will not be fully explained in one short letter, but those who have studied in Law will see the picture.

The greatest fraud in America was committed by the Bar association who nearly eradicated our supreme Court in its' exclusive, original jurisdiction under Common Law venue. Our People in Justus township researched our supreme Court in its' own government as judicial branch of government who are not paid a public salary per se, but are paid only upon costs taxed against the losing party on the civil side of the court and costs taxed against the county on the criminal side of the court, and these costs are billed at the "quarter sessions" after the cause was settled. This is relevant to ch. 40 of the Magna Carta.

The prevention against titles of nobility from entering our supreme Court is found in Constitution of Montana eighteen hundred eighty nine, anno Domini at Article V, section twenty-six, where it says the Legislative Assembly shall make no local or special laws in respect to our Courts of Justice, our Constables, summoning and empaneling grand and petit juries, setting fines and punishments, changing the law of descent, creating franchises.

What the people do not realize is the difference between our General Congress assembled and the Legislative assembly. Our General Congress Assembled is none other than supreme Court sessions at the county court at the seat of government. It is proven in Constitution of Montana at Article XX, section six, where each and every county has a supreme Court seal. Only the appellate branch sits at the State capital; our exclusive, original branch sits at county seat. John Bouvier proclaimed this truth in eighteen hundred fifty six, where he said every county clerk and recorder is a supreme Court clerk. Our bench and bar are ch. 45 of Magna Carta, good and lawful men well versed in law and duly disposed to keep it. No attorneys.

Our supreme Court quorum consists of at least three qualified electors as found in national Constitution at Article II, sec. 2, cl. 2, and these are not

United states citizens. The chairman is the president and the Senate are the two associate Justices. You will see this at 28 U.S.C. sec.1

under supreme court. The president named here is not Bill Clinton since he is executive branch and it is not the Chief Justice William Renquist in Washington D.C. sitting in appellate branch of supreme Court. It is the chairman of the county commissioners and few there are in America who know and understand these truths, but Justice John Paul Stevens knows.

We find roots in this organic truth in Deuteronomy 1:15-18 and 16:18-20. So, how do we prove this to the slumbering giant, our Nation in North America ?

United States Code Title 28 is a great study guide if you read all footnotes, Historical Revisions, Amendments. Also study division of the courts where you find our law side verses the contract side. Another clue is this: All Legislative Assembly created tribunals are contract courts only in the executive branch of government. Our Judicial branch of government in its' exclusive, original jurisdiction in Common Law venue is reserved to the people alone; no public officers on a public salary. It means no agent of the people sets our supreme Court since the agent is necessarily either executive or legislative; hence ch. 24 of Magna Carta, where we will not have any sheriffs, bailiffs, or other of our hirelings who hear matters of the Crown. Title 28 U.S.C. sec.1251 agrees.

Also ch. 38 of Magna Carta re-affirms this seperation of powers where it says an executive officer on his own bare saying cannot move our supreme Court. Fundamental law is separation of powers and our supreme Court is dormant for lack of knowledge. We full well realize the Appellate branch supreme Court is open but our exclusive original branch just re-opened and the Justices are in jail. Yellowstone county jail, country of Montana, united states of America, with ample knowledge to teach these truths to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. this is one reason our qualified Justices' will not be allowed to testify in open Court for fear appellate Justices would then trade places for willful acts of treason. ! Nuff Said ? Please contact chief Justice LeRoy Michael at above mailing location for further truths and where the proof is located.

In Yahweh through our Savior Immanuel. ---Chief Justice LeRoy Michael, Freedom Center - c/o P.O. Box 80446, Billings, Montana state, zip code exempt.

OUR MANDATE IS VICTORY -A letter to Brother Joseph from LeRoy Michael Shweitzer--Special Prosecutor (FREEMEN)-Oct. 1997

Out of the blue, a jail guard asked two of our people at two seperate units, "What is going to happen to them now ?", so you know they have been told that we won our case! And the fact that the case against me in U.S.D.C. district of Minnesota, Third Division was dismissed. It was brought by private parties concerning a warrant I had given them. Also, a banker in Indiana where our liens were discussed and there was talk about "pooling funds" to pay the liens. We caught the whole rotton bag of fish. Now the payback is hell !

Clinton is not making any nominations to fill federal judge vacancies. Why ? --It seems there is a supreme court justice out west who proved an executive branch officer cannot select a judicial branch officer ! Who would of thought only an Elector can vote in our judicial branch of government? This is the real meaning of the seperation of powers doctrine. No "Agent" of ours can select our principle! All agents courts are voluntary! We are exclusive! It had its' origin in Deuteronomy. We are that court of first and last resort - now appealable.

Our Three Justice courts is in bench (banc). So a title 11 bancruptcy is our chancery division over the agents U.S. Trustees. Any docket by our Creditors creates an automatic stay on all legislative assembly created courts. This is well covered in the D.C. Court Rules. Everything is re-organization (banc-ruptcy) as in federal common law (U.C.C.). Do you see why we set up private security agreements under U.C.C. 1-105 & 1-103 ? The doctrine of law of the place controls simple contract. Parties' power to choose applicable law, territorial application of the act. When you docket your claim in bancruptcy it means a Creditors' claim - not the debtor in an insolvency petition. So all federal judges become respondent under conflict of financial interest. This is the reason for the automatic stay ! Then our special panel is the only one who could hear the matter under law of the place in our foreign countries. It becomes ex-parte all the way--We won--the trustees lost. You must get a copy of the D.C. Court rules to see our "exclusive" court. It is not federal ! It's origin is local government-(traditional). They refer to this in the rules. We create an admission panel to screen all attorneys. They (panel) have absolute immunity ! Their actions are non-appealable. We supercede the appellate Supreme court in D.C.

The D.C. crowd knows what we have discovered and they are now caught for treason if they fail to obey our Edicts. They never had authority to send federal judges into our several States. Our impeachments are valid and cannot be overcome. Any denial of three justice panel is denial of access to our venue in supreme court. This is why it is the defendant's prerogative to retain his venue. A denial would nullify your right of religion. Also, it would deny you equal right of suffrage.

We are just now getting the system to realize they are culpable for willful acts of treason by suppressing our right to access our judicial branch of government. This is why the three justice panel was put back into Montana Codes Annotated at 2-2-144. It was not in the 1993 edition. The State Bar Associations were knowingly pulling these guarantees out of the codes to promote their plans for overthrow of our Republican Form of Government. We have the proof and will prosecute the Liars / lawyers until our Nation is restored. This information is spreading out across the land. Our right of self-governing is being restored slowly, but surely. The Corporation Tribunals Are Exposed.

Our People must learn the importance of our judicial conference of the United States (of America) as found in Title 28, U.S.C. ,331-335, Chapter 15- Conferences and Councils of judges.

This was not done by the so-called Common-Law Courts and they had no evidence of their lawful office. Without that, they had no real judicial immunity to counter-act the prosecution against them. We must make public our Three justice panel with proper oath and bond. This will be the new Republic from ground zero. Where are all the good and lawful men? Gone to prison every one? May the power and protection of our Creator Yahweh rest upon you as we totally destroy the evil tyrants in our Nation, A-Men!, in Yahshua. L.M.--Special Prosecutor in "other circuit."

Extended Introduction (June-July, 2001)

Since my last Introduction to the catalog was updated, I have been arrested 7 times. When I first started out on this path (deciding to learn about the legal system), I didn't think it would be such a rollercoaster as it has been. I have learned firsthand about judges, lawyers and other law destroyers. I have learned a whole sh**load in the last 3 years about the system and how it's a load of sh**!! And now, I am BACK to tell you all about it, and expose the rotten dirty criminals for what they truly are.

I must recommend Eustace Mullin's "The Rape of Justice" to all readers at this point. This was my first serious introduction to how the system REALLY works in this country (Corporation).

After reading his book, you may want to move out of the country!! But, then one realizes that they (masons) have made it worse everywhere else in the world, so there isn't really anywhere to go, except to fix the problem that we have in our own backyard. (The Courts). THEY are the real problem in this country. All of the affairs this country goes through (drug trafficking, assassinations, political scandals etc) are all the direct result of a criminal justice system gone mad! If the politicians were not able to hide their corruption behind even MORE CORRUPT

JUDGES, then they wouldn't ever think of committing the crimes they do. But what makes matters even worse is that the judges are CORRUPT TO THE CORE. There isn't an honest judge in this land who is not corrupt. If you think you know one, then ask him if he owns stock in any corporations and if he has ever done anything in his career to help them in court. The truth is that they ALL own stock and the corporations tell the politicians what to do. So, ask yourself this : WHO DO YOU THINK IS TELLING THE JUDGES WHAT TO DO???? THE

CORPORATIONS!!!! (Masons again, really)

Who are the judges and are they really judges??? Or are they just commissioners??? How about

"Trustees in Bankruptcy"??? How does that sound? Is the bar association really legal? Isn't it a monopoly? Is the Bar Association licensed to do business in your state with the Secretary of State? If any of this is true and they are not legal, not licensed, and they are in fact a monopoly, then how is it that they can exist and nobody can do anything to stop them?? And what, if anything, can be done to deal with corrupt judges, prosecutors and police officers, if they are

"above the law"? Well, that is why the militias were coming together prior to the Oklahoma Bombing. To deal with this encroachment on our freedoms and liberties. But, the government, (or at least, criminals within OUR government) placed informants in the groups, set up false militia groups, and hired white supremicists and other brainless people to perpetrate crimes in the name of the militias in order to "smear" the idea of an armed resistance in America in the minds of the half-asleep public. They did a wonderful job, I have to hand it to them. The militias are almost

extinct at this time, the patriot movement took a nose dive around 1997 and 1998, but then at the end of 1998, something miraculous happened that forever changed the face of America. ---ROGER ELVICK GOT OUT OF JAIL !!! - Since then, the criminals have called in back-up, have had to hold judges conferences and extra-judicial meetings, and had to plan every diversion strategy imaginable to convince the American public that what Roger is doing is "invalid". What Roger is doing is called "Redemption" and it is sweeping America and other countries at the time of this writing. At long last the people of America have "REMEDY".

As soon as somebody stumbles onto something "valid" like Oxygen Therapies or worms causing cancer, they are attacked by the system as being "dangerous to society". They are usually brought up on trumped up charges, or something where they grasp at straws, like tax matters, and they convict you to shut you up and teach you never to interfere with their criminal affairs again. They did this to Dr. Hulda Rehger Clark, who discovered the worm/cancer connection mentioned in an earlier intro. section. They also did this recently to Ed McCabe, who has an even larger following, and teaches people about the benefits of Hydrogen Peroxide and Ozone Therapy. Both of these people were charged and threatened with alot of jail time. Then , what they do is they OFFER you a deal, and they say something like "Well the judge could give you thirty years if he wants, but if you take this deal we have for you, you will get out in 5 , be on probation, and have to piss-test for us for the rest of your life. And oh yeah, did we tell you that you have to wear a monitoring device, and report to a professional idiot every week and attend "reality restructuring classes every other thursday at 9:00P.M. and every second tuesday of the first month of each year FOREVER!!!" This is the sort of thing they LOVE to do. So be prepared, if you hire an attorney, to get railroaded and bent-over. But what happens is that when you speak out, they lock you up and that is the last anyone ever hears from you.

So, for a long time, that is what the REAL activists and patriots in this country faced. Now, there is a process and an understanding that is changing the way people are treated in the system. For the first time in American history, the judges and prosecutors are SCARED SH**LESS!!!! -- If only the Montana Freemen had kept studying before they acted on their understandings. They probably would not be in jail right now. They were learning from Roger Elvick among other people, but Roger himself was in

jail and hadn't quite figured out the whole game, YET!!! Now, since he has been released, they have tried several times to get him back in jail, WITH NO

SUCCESS!!! He is doing everything he wants and living free and unhindered at this time. He does not handle federal reserve notes or "debt instruments" of any kind. He issues his own

"Private Credit Instruments" called "Sight Drafts", or how he refers to them, "Business Plans".

He is not actively teaching this to the public or any group of people. There are several people around the country that are in contact with him, including myself, and we talk and tape record the conversations and study the transcripts in small groups and by ourselves. He is a very kind person who would like to see us all get out of Bondage (Debt).

I will attempt to describe a little about the process and philosophy, but this is not the place to teach it at length. I have put together some materials on this and they are available through the website. Basically, there are a few "key" points that have to be taken into consideration.

1. The Constitution was suspended in 1864 by Abraham Lincoln and Martial Law was declared.

2. The UNITED STATES is a Corporation as it was set-up in 1871.

3. You and I are the Owners/Operators of this Corporation. The IRS only recognizes two types of individuals. Employ**ers** &

Employ**ees**. We have been using our Account Number as an Employ**ee** Identification Number instead of an Employ**er**

Identification Number. Social Security is a benefit and Owners/Operators don't seek benefits from their own corporation.

4. The Birth Certificate created a "Strawman" (Dummy Corporation) with your name in ALL

CAPITAL LETTERS.

3. The UNITED STATES went bankrupt in 1933 and pledged your "Strawman" as collateral against the debt. Ever since

then, your "Strawman" has been bankrupt along with the UNITED STATES Corporation.

4. HJR-192 of June 6th 1933 made it against "Public Policy" to require gold or silver (substance) for the payment of debts.

All corporations under the bankruptcy must "discharge their duties dollar for dollar". All corporations are "Trustees in

Bankruptcy".

5. There is no money. It was removed in 1933. Now all we have are "Negotiable and Non-Negotiable Instruments".

6. A corporation cannot arrest it's members, but it can "Make Offers" to the "public".

7. The opposite of an "Offer is an "Acceptance". When you don't "Accept", you are in

"Dishonor".

8. You cannot pay a debt with a debt and all of the money, credits, federal reserve notes, checks, money orders etc. are ALL

debt instruments, since they are all borrowed into circulation. If you don't understand this part, then ask yourself this

question : "Did you create that money?" ? If the answer is no, then IT IS DEBT, TO YOU. The only way we can pay is

(WE CAN'T)...but we can make an engagement to pay by "Acceptance for Value". Then they have to adjust our account,

because there is our remedy, since they took away our ability to pay with real substance. HJR-192 is the Insurance Policy.

8. When the state or federal government is making us offers, i.e. warrants, indictments, fines, tickets etc., they are making us

"Offers" and we are "Dishonoring" them. BECAUSE we are not "Accepting" them. When we

"Accept" them, and we ask

them to "adjust our account", they now have the obligation of "settlement". If they refuse, then they are in a position of

"dishonor" now, and they are stepping out of their bounds as our Trustees in Bankruptcy. Now they are the ones with a Tax

obligation on their hands because they have everything "ACCOUNTED FOR" in their system.

So, since we have actually

paid in fact, with our acceptance, they are now "stealing the charge".

9. The "charge" they are charging you with is FINANCIAL.

10. Title 27 CFR Section 72.11 says that all crimes are "commercial crimes" and they are "crimes against the revenue laws".

These are very important points to consider before tackling this subject. I have talked to dozens of people about this and I have found that most of them look at me as if I speak another language.

In other words, it ain't easy to understand. But I can say this for absolutely 100% sure : IT

WORKS when you WORK IT. If you do not understand it, then DON'T DO IT. I have learned, after being put up against the wall, that you should only do what you understand when it comes to these matters. If you don't, then they will see right through you, because they tested me, and God knows they test others as well. They will put you through what is known as "Trail by fire".

If you are a witch, then you will burn, plain and simple. (If you know what I mean). The system cannot afford at any cost whatsoever, to let this get out and become overwhelmingly popular.

From what I have witnessed and experienced firsthand, it won't. The main reason being that it is too complicated for most people to understand. Not that you have to be a rocket sceintist, but you have to "adjust" your way of thinking more than anything. "Money" is actually "debt" unless it has been "redeemed", and alot of people cannot grasp this one simple concept.

So, how did this all come about, why was he in jail in the first place, and what happened to make him realize that he was onto the truth, while facing unsurmounting pressure from the criminal system? It was the Montana Freeman deal about the "asking for a refund". They knew what Roger meant (to adjust his account) but they tried to keep the "cat in the bag" so to speak, and threw him in jail for a few years. This was before the Freemen incident in 1996. So, while he was in jail, a fellow came to him with an IRS problem and Roger told him to "Accept" it. He did. It was for $97,000 Federal Tax Lien they were going to put on him. When he "Accepted" it for Value, they "adjusted his account". Then they sent him a bill for child support for $7,000. Roger told him, instead of Accepting this one, they would tell the Child Support agency to take the $7000 out of the Federal Tax Lien that he had accepted for value. They did this and the IRS sent him an adjusted account telling him he had $90,000.00 left over. That is because when he accepted the Lien, he owned it, now it becomes a credit (a true private credit). So when the Child Support went after him, he told them to take their share out of his adjusted tax lien balance.

Now, I can already hear the wives and ladies yelling "well the guy just got out of paying child support. He's a rotten father and the wife never got a dime and he got off scott free!". That's not how this works at all, though. - The fellow was very happy. He asked Roger what happened and Roger told

him to write a letter to his ex-wife and ask her what happened. So he did and he got a letter back thanking him for the child support payments and bringing the accounts up to date. She told him she got all the back child support from the Treasury and she was getting checks every other week or something to that effect. She sent him pictures of the kids and everything, and previously she hadn't communicated with him since he went to jail.

Now, you, the reader, are probably wondering.....how on earth did she get paid??? -- The way it works, without going into great detail is actually pretty simple. When they do their job, (our fiduciaries, or the ones holding our money) everyone gets paid and everything works out beautiful. When the corporation gets an "acceptance" it becomes worth the value of the bill presented. They can then take it to the IRS and present it to them as an offset of their own tax liability. When we tender a "private draft" to a corporation, we give them our UCC-1 registration number (our tax "exemption") and they give us their "deduction". There is an equal exchange and everyone is happy. This doesn' t always work out this way though, because there are alot of people within the system that don't understand this material.

Next, you are probably thinking, "well, is there anyone within the system that understands this material?" and how do you know they understand it?" The answer is that they are taught (lawyers, prosecutors and judges) about the UCC and they are instructed in the Bar Association Study Guide as to Offer and Acceptance, the Right of Redemption, etc. The accountants in the back room of the corporations understand "acceptance" and all the contract material. But there are several things that one must consider as well. Roger has come to an understanding that nobody in this country had realized up until now. That EVERYTHING in the system is

"PUBLIC" and we are born "PRIVATE". But then we become "public" by various means, contracts, associations etc. Therefore EVERY time we enter a court and use statutory laws, codes, or any of the corporations regulations, we are admitting that we are bound to their corporation codes etc. and we admit we are empoyees, and not the Owner/Operator.

Remember...in the constitution where it says that the "...legislature, and all the judges shall be bound thereby..."... but it doesn't say anything about "we the people" being bound. They are the ones who work for us and those are their rules and codes and regulations...FOR THEM TO

FOLLOW. When we follow them, we admit we are as ":COMMON" as they are. This is the difference between "Preferred Stock" and "Common Stock". Only the Owner holds the preferred stock, everyone else has common stock. This also relates to common law as well.

Now, when we go into court, it is only in our "Public Business" capacity. To see if there is anyone who has a claim against us.

When you are in court, you must realize that it is a "bankruptcy court" and you are there as a creditor or as a debtor. Now, since the corporation went bankrupt in 1933 and so did your strawman....when the system presented you with that warrant or whatever, it had your strawman's name on it, not your's. Was it in ALL CAPITAL LETTERS? Or Upper and Lower case letters?

Well, it pledged your strawman during the bankruptcy, so your strawman is a debtor in their eyes, unless you have made him your debtor by filing a UCC-1. So, in essence, when you are there, and YOU, the real, live, flesh and blood character, ANSWER, them (the fiction), you are

"recognizing your accuser" and you are "defending' and now you BECOME THE DEFENDANT.

-- Would you talk to walls??? Would you listen to cartoon characters??? Well that's what you are doing when you respond to them, since THEY ARE ALL ACTING IN A CORPORATE

CAPACITY. But.... I am Private. So, I don't talk to walls or listen to fiction. Period.

When you go into court, the questions to ask are "May I have your name please?". Then ask "Do you have a claim against me?" Then ask "Do you know anyone who has a claim against me?"

Then you can say "I request the Order of the Court(s) be released to me immediately. By doing this, you get right to the point. No Bull**it, no wasted time. The point to this is that when you are asking the questions, they are in your court. When they are asking questions, you are in their court. So, you never answer any question in court. Only find out who is the one coming at you.

Then proceed to ask your questions. It doesn't matter what they say. Whatever they say can and will be used against them. Let them testify. Let them hang themselves. Give them the rope, and get out of the way, cause it's going to be BLOODY!!! The judge may even get some blood on his sleeve and try to get tangled into it. Sometimes they won't. It all depends on the

situation, and how they feel that day...your manner...how much they have had to drink that morning on the way to the court to work....etc. But one thing for sure...THEY WILL LOSE EVERYTHING ...if you know what to do. It involves them going into involuntary bankruptcy, and that is where this get's really FUN!!!! They are also liable for the IRS taxes on their claims they are making against you and much much more.

So, without going into a whole book's worth of essays on commercial law, I will get back to what happened to me. My girlfriend and I were growing cannabis for medical purposes and we both had doctor's recommendations, and we were living in Los Angeles at the time. I was running my Hemp Booth on Venice Beach. All of this is documented and reproduced in this catalog. So, to make a long story short, I ended up hiring a lawyer and pleading guilty with probation and the allowance to continue to do whatever I was doing under Prop. 215 as long as I didn't get in any other sort of trouble. (Yeah, right, like that was even the least bit possible) Later, as I was going through the agreement with the courts on this matter, an agreement to attend some meetings and pay a $500.00 fine, I learned about Redemption, right after Roger got out of jail and the American's Bulletin published a story on it all in the July / Aug. Issue of 1999. So I got everything I could get my hands on and started learning about it all. It helped that I had some knowledge from learning about what the Freemen were doing in Montana. THAT took alot of studying as well, around 1996, but eventually I "got it", and started to understand what they were doing with the UCC and negotiable and non-negotiable instruments.

So then I moved up north. Then, at some time later, I did all of my acceptance paperwork with all of the people in my cases. I accepted both cases for value and put the court on notice of my new found position as the owner/operator of this corporation. Needless to say, this didn't go over very well with the judge. Especially after I sent him a "Bill of Exchange" (copy) with his name in the debtor location and listing "All real and personal property" as the collateral. So, I was sent a

"Minute Order" to appear, which I subsequently "Accepted For Value" and returned it for

"settlement" of my account. This led to a warrant being put out for my arrest. (I wanted to add something here that I feel is very important. I was advised by people I was studying with NOT to goto court on the warrant. That it would go away because of the acceptance etc. Well,. that may be

fine if the warrant is in your home town. Then, most likely, you will be released in 72 hours as you should be. But, if it is from another county, like Los Angeles, and you are in San Francisco, and they arrest you, YOU WILL BE EXTRADITED back down to Los Angeles, and you may have to wait 10 days in jail before they ship you there. Then another few days there until you see the judge, and then "release" if all goes according to plan.) - At the time, I was under the impression that I has taken care of everything, and I was prepared in case they dragged me into court. But, I wasn't prepared for this event, and I don't think you can EVER be.

This paperwork was sent in around March 2000. Then in May, there was a knock on my door and it was a police officer responding to a domestic violence call in the building. (Part-set-up) So they knocked and since it was early in the morning and I hadn't had my wheaties yet, I answered the door, thinking they just wanted to know if the cannabis I was growing was legal (medical) or not. When I did, they ran the name to check for warrants, and lo and behold, my stupidity had crept in and got the best of me, for a moment. They took my crop (again!) and arrested me and I went down to L.A. to face 'da judge.

This would probably be a good time to interject this one point. It has to do with the 72 hour hold-time and release from custody. You see, if they don't have a "charge" , or you have "accepted" it all for value, then they have to take it all off their books. THEY HAVE TO. Of course, we do have "rogue agents" and follow their own agenda, but more often than not, the fear of jail and losing all possessions even makes the criminals that run our system cower and run for cover when it appears that they are going down. So, what I am saying here, is that occasionally you will get "bluffed". And they will try to keep it on their books by making you a "new offer". This could be in the form of a action or statement in the courtroom. Even subtle. The judge asks you "do you want to goto jail right now?" "If you don't answer the questions that is exactly where you are going". So, no matter what you do, they may have it "out for you". In which case they will bluff their asses off to find out exactly how much you know, and to see if they can make you go back and take back your acceptance. They even tried to force someone to do this recently. But they didn't.

When you are in court asking your 3 magic questions, they may try to stumble you. Roger has made the comment "They need you there to adjust the account from one side to the other". He has stated to the effect that "they

may arrest you, take you into custody, book you, but then release you. This is them moving it from one side of the account to the other. The way the acceptance works, it is a "pass-through". So, according to Roger, they need your permission to pass through you, and that is what they are doing when they "hold you" for 72 hours. When they don't have a

"claim" and you have caused them to testify to that fact, they have to release you. But THEY

MAY lock you up for 72 hours. They have done this to at least 2 or 3 people that I know of, and Roger has said that this is normal. This is due to the 72 hour 3 day Federal Truth-in-Lending, for settlement of retail agreements. You see, when you are being locked up in prison, you are a commodity. They warehouse you and issue a warehouse receipt. The bond. The lawyer or prosecutor is the one holding the bond and holding you in jail for the liability or the "non-acceptance / dishonor" of the charge (due-bill). So, if all goes right, they have to release the property (debtor strawman) to you, the owner, when you ask for the "Order of the Court to be released to me immediately". That is them taking the debtor they are holding (strawman) and turning over the property to you, the rightful owner.

Now, this is where it gets REALLY interesting, especially for all you economics and government students. Every time we do an acceptance, it infuses the system with "private credit". This hasn't been done since 1933. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICAN HISTORY SINCE THE

BANKRUPTCY, WE ARE PAYING DOWN THE PRINCIPLE OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

Clinton tried to claim it was him, then bush took the credit after he got into office, but the truth is, and always has been, that YOU CANNOT PAY A DEBT WITH A DEBT!!!!! None of the debtors (government employees or anyone for that matter) can pay down the debt, only WE, the people, PRIVATELY, can REDEEM the debt. So for the first time now, the national debt is going down and we are started to turn the tide of economic bondage in this country. ALL

THANKS TO ROGER ELVICK. It took the right person, in the right place (jail for 5 years) at the right time (year 2000) to figure all this out and when the truth is dug up and the history books are re-written to tell the truth, it will be known that the man who saved this country was Roger Elvick.

There are so many stories of sucess that I can't even remember them all. But just last week, a fellow researcher and a friend of Roger, was in custody in his jail clothes in the courtroom.

Asked two questions and the prosecutor called a recess. They came back in and the prosecutor asked to throw out all charges. The judge immediateyl said "case dismissed" and they took him out of the courtroom through the back door, put him out on the street and told him to change his clothes out there. Out on the street. They didn't even take him back to the cell or anything. (OUT

YOU GO, YOU ARE NO DEBTOR!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? (Basically, in a nutshell)) And that is only the most recent success. There are many more stories just like this that I am not going to get into here. As hard as this is to believe, and alot of people ask me for proof all day long, all I can say is "You have to have faith some day". "One day will come and you will have to know if you do have faith deep down inside". "If you have been searching for the truth, then most likely you have found it." "If you don't believe in GOD and don't have faith in the spirit, and you cannot prove his existence, then please don't expect me to be able to convince you that the wind is all around you, even though you can feel it". Does this make any sense? In other words, without faith, if you need proof, then you may be looking for it the rest of your life when it was right under your nose all along. Everybody wants "proof" but they aren't willing to study the materials to see if it makes any sense. They aren't willing to goto court when someone is going to do an "acceptance" to see the reactions in the courtroom. In other words, "if you want proof, go out and prove it to yourself". I have proved it to myself by DOING IT. The system is always trying to cover their asses. If you could go down and pull the records, then they would be exposed. Most of the time, they play it off, so it looks like something else got you released, or there was an error, or they just never pursued it because it wasn't an important matter, or WHATEVER they say, they BLUFF and LIE constantly to cover their asses. Otherwise, as soon as you or your friend could pull up the docket and read that this is what happened and then it was all over with, that would indicate right away that this works, and so everybody and their grandmother would go out and do it and do whatever they like. So they HAVE TO BLUFF. IT IS

THEIR NATURE TO LIE. When somebody does this correctly and they adjust the account, it is no longer on the books, escrow had closed and there

is no more case. The record is sealed. All of the court cases are "open escrow accounts" and none of them have been closed, since none of the cases had been "accepted for value" until recently. Now, alot of times, even though you may have done the acceptance, they want to keep making money off you. They will try to keep it on their books, unless you let them know you are going to proceed to take them into involuntary bankruptcy, if your accounts are not adjusted. You see, there are alot of people doing this right now, and most of them DO NOT understand what they are doing, YET! So the courts are not going to just "roll over" when someone walks in and accepts everything. THEY WILL TEST

YOU, SO STUDY THE MATERIALS!!!!!

Now that I have brought all that out, I can get back to "other" political topics. Medical Marijuana

-- The Supreme Court just handed down their ruling against medical cannabis. Oh well, they won't be smoking any for any time in the near future, but that isn't going to stop the Bay area coops from staying in business. At least not the ones that have been around for a while. Hopefully it will cause the "other ones" to shut down. There are people who are "profiteers" moving into the Bay area medical cannabis movement. Some of these people are from the East Coast, New Jersey etc. They are setting up shops in the bay area and attempting to profit from the situation, thus leaving the real medical patients and clubs to take the blame along with them. They are selling cannabis in any amounts people want to buy with no restrictions, and staying open late at night to maximize business. These people are ruining it for the medical marijuana scene and should be held "accountable". They operate like thugs and have "hit-men" like guys standing outside as security guards. These people are dangerous and should be dealt with. The police are already aware of them and investigating, but it appears that the situation will be causing a backlash by city council people and police.

What exactly did the Supreme Court rule? In a nutshell, piercing through the veil of deceit...., they ruled that in a corporation, a corporation that is a sub-corporation, (Oakland Buyers Club) could not use the medical necessity as a defense to avoid being charged. 1. The suit was brought by Jeff Jones in the name of the OAKLAND BUYERS COOPERATIVE, being a "registered corporation" in relation to the mother corporation, the STATE OF CALIFORNIA, and the grandmother corporation, THE

UNITED STATES, thus it is a fiction, cannot be injured or seek medical necessity defense. Did you hear them say "no government recognized medical value".

That is because they value it at "zero". (Back to redemption). The Supreme Court admitted that they would have had a better chance if the suit had been brought in the name of the individual, instead of the Corporation. What they were really saying in essence, is we might have had a little more sympathy for your issue if you had brought the suit as a person (corporation), instead of a registered business (corporation), but then again..... Either way, it would all be "public" and part of the corporation, a fiction, a cartoon.

My new name for the UNITED STATES is "Disneyland" and my new name for the President of the UNITED STATES is "Mickey Mouse", and the Vice President "Goofy". These are the characters running our country (corporation). They are nothing but CARTOON CHARACTERS

acting like real people. GEORGE BUSH is a fiction, so is DICK CHENEY. They are not real!!

But they are as long as we pay attention to them. My new resolution for the year 2001 is that "I will no longer listen to Mickey Mouse and Goofy directing my life in any way whatsoever." I think all Americans should consider this resolution. How much power do we give Mickey Mouse and Goofy each day in our lives. And WHY??? Sure, the corporation is important, but we own it, don't we? Or do we work for it? I am the Owner/Operator, myself. What about you? Are you letting Mickey Mouse tell you what to do in 2002?

McVeigh just got put to death last week. The truth started to come out. J.D. Cash exposed the discrepancies and the cover-up of documents that revealed that the government knew who John Doe #2 was but kept it a secret. All of this was exposed in length right here in a previous intro. I wrote a few years back. We, the people have known all along that the government was involved, and even helped McVeigh!!! Was McVeigh an "agent"? Was he implanted with a micro-chip like he claimed? How about all of the "other" mass shooting incidents in the last few years. There have been an awful lot of "school shooters", "white-house shooters", "church bombers" etc. in the news lately. Is it a coincidence, or is it conspiracy? Is there a place where all these crazy people meet, discuss their deranged plans, and decide how they are going to execute them and in what order? It

would almost seem as though that were the case,...sometimes. Bufford Furrow, the white house shooter, claimed he was the "leader of the new world order". That is just one incident, but there have been many. It is my understanding and the understanding of a growing number of people, that these people all spent time in psychiatric and possibly CIA-run institutions, and therefore may have been "programmed" to do these things for a higher purpose, for the secret societies to use to wage more war (restrictions of liberties) on us, the free people.

All of these events are leading up to a "peak" of idiocy in consciousness, where we are tired of hearing about all of these crazy things, and the world, in the opinion of the masses of dumbasses who have been brainwashed by television, is, that the world is far too dangerous of a place for our children , and therefore, we must, for the safety of society, remove ALL WEAPONS from EVERYONE'S POSSESSION! -- No, maybe i'm just being paranoid, huh?

Columbine..... Shoolyard shootings. The official website of the students of columbine claimed that there is a coverup, and that the police are in on it. They claimed everything is being distorted by the media and the truth isn't coming out. I went to look up the site to post the address here, but it is not around anymore. The address might be changed, though.

Does anyone know who George Bush Jr. IS??????? He is the "Leader of the new world order", if there ever was one. He was asked, on television, in a news conference, about his affiliation with

"skull and bones". How did he respond? I don't remember word for word, but it went something to the effect of "am I a member? well, i've heard that this is such a secret society, if it's so secret, how would I know anything about it?" This was broadcast on national television (TO MY

GREAT SURPRISE AND OVERWHELMING ENJOYMENT) on a documentary on "skull and bones". This was aired due to the persistence of Ron Rosenblaum (I think that's spelled correct), who first broke the story of "skull and bones" in an 1977 (? I believe) edition of esquire magazine. Then Antony Sutton picked up on it and published "America's Secret Establishment"

after learning that a good number of people he had been writing about in his books on the establishment were all in fact, part of this secret society, and nobody even knew about it. That was in 1984-85. Ron had sneaked into the fraternity to catch documented video footage of an initiation. At first,

this would seem rather incredible, being that we are in the year 2000, and this is one of the oldest, most powerful fraternal societies in existence. So what was captured on tape?

A girl screaming and howling, basically. One would get the overall impression that this isn't too serious and hardly an "old boys club". There is a reason for that though. A short period after Sutton's book came out, then others started talking about it and so forth, skull and bones changed, or rather Yale University changed their policy on fraternal organizations and made it so they have to admit women. Well, do you think things have really stayed the same since then??? Of course NOT. And keep in mind, that Yale University was founded in 1701 by a member of the Russell family, a member of the family that STARTED SKULL AND BONES AT YALE, Rev. Nodiah Russell. General William Huntington Russell co-founded Skull and Bones at Yale with Alfonso Taft, ex-president Howard Taft's grandfather. So, skull and bones is to yale like pens are to paper, and if they want to protect it, they will find out a way to do so.

Chupa my what, holmes??? I said Chupacabra, not suck my....., relax homey. What the hell is a chupacabra? A goat-sucker!!! - I know that. But WHAT THE HELL IS IT??? Is it the demon unleashed from our worst collective nightmares? Or what??? I want to know. I will goto Puerto Rico and I will catch a chupacabra. I will sit on a barnhouse with my electronic invisible fence that stretches 50 feet high and 100 feet wide with my "goat sacrifice/offering" and my 12 gauge

...waiting....A man did something similar to this recently, after they kept sucking his goats bood dry, and leaving carcases all over each morning. All he had was a shotgum though, unfortunately.

But he shot it, and it ran, wounded down the road a ways. Then the next day, it was rotten away and half-eaten by buzzards and upon seeing it visually in the daylight, he realized that it was like nothing he had ever seen before. He took it to the University for study. After a few weeks they returned it saying it was just a dog. When he arrived to pick it up, he found they had replaced it with a canine, and he swears up and down that that is not the aminal he brought to them. So now, he's back on the roof with his 12 gauge, waiting to catch another. His name is Virgilio Sanchez-Ocejo and his website is

<http://www.geocities.com/ufomiami.geo/Chupacabras/Chupacabras.html>. He is "on the trail".

He claims as well as other news sources that the people of Puerto Rico believe that this is an army experiment of some genetic sort that got lose or escaped and the government is trying to cover it up and / or keep it under control. According to one source a flying saucer with bright lights and everything, was seen one night. The next day, when the site was investigated, there were landing marks in the grounds, and thousands of "foot prints" leading away from the craft in different directions, indicating that the disc had dropped off the chupacabra that evening and they ran into the surrounding areas. Then there were reports of goat and farm animal attacks in the following days. This almost sounds like a great sci-fi-film, except for the fact that it's ALL TRUE

AND HAPPENING RIGHT NOW!!! Anyways, I won't be satisfied until I catch one up close. If they think they are going to abduct me, then they are in for a surprise, because I am the more curious one of the species and I WILL CATCH ONE! One day, when I have the time and funds to goto Puerto Rico with some friends, like a hunting expedition. Then I will bring him home and feed him to my pet nile monitor lizard, who eats EVERYTHING including my hands. I personally don't have an opinion on this phenomenon, I just want one for myself as a pet.

Probably the 2 most fascinating things I have come across in the last couple of years are 1). The Temple of Horus at Edfu and the CPU connection. There is a researcher, who has a website on the internet who has come up with probably the most incredible discovery in a long long time. He was studying the layout of the Temple of Horus and noticed it's symmetry. He was looking at a diagram of an INTEL Chip on the surface and noticed that it has the exact same symmetry, and that it was actually the exact same picture he was looking at!!! In other words, the design of the INTEL chip is identical to the layout of the Temple of Horus from thousands of years ago in Egypt. Now, what are the chances of that!!! Well, it is easily explained if you understand that the masons have long had this technology, and that INTEL is run actually by Masons at the top, and that they are making a killing selling us 250 versions of the same stupid item, while we fund their phony "development". At least that is what I think. There is almost NO

other explanation available. The Temple was just uncovered, **AFTER** INTEL had designed the chip. If they had already discovered the Temple and then INTEL did this, it wouldn't seem so strange, except for the fact

that they somehow were able to make the layout for the CPU the same as the Temple, AND it worked!!! So, can you explain this??? Here is the website address :

<http://www.geocities.com/Hollywood/2900/edfu-cpu.html> 2). Another website discussing ancient asronauts has a photograph from Peru, I believe, where it shows these skulls in a museum. This is equally as wierd as the last discovery. These skulls look exactly like the 1950's style split brain MARTIAN SKULLS from the movies. There is even one of a child's skull and it looks like a pumpkin. This is a trip for real. A few of the skulls look like the ancient Egyptian heads looked like with the headdresses on. Long and upward cone-shaped extending from the back of the head outwards. Kind of like the coneheads, but pushed back from the front. Here is the website address : <http://www.light1998.com/TASTE_TREAT.htm> .

Although the site has extremist christian overtones, I consider it a valueable source of info, since this person takes their research seriously. They have found and put together some interesting materials.

These pictures are very wierd. One might think that the Egyptians were shaping their skulls by using these headdresses, OR MAYBE they covered up the fact that they wer indeed a different race of beings, OR PERHAPS, let us not rule out the possibility, that the white man was a genetic experiment by some black scientists in Egypt some thousands of years ago, and that we are a genetically downgraded version of the original man, including the black, Egyptian and African men of today. This would explain a few things, but asks a whole bunch more questions. This is the belief held by the Black Supremicist Kalid Abdul Mohammed, a breakaway from the Louise Farrakhan people, who started the New Black Panther Party. He is, according to Anthony J.

Hilder, financed in part by the FORD FOUNDATION and Anthony believes he is part of the

"trigger" to cause race riots and race wars around the country. In his speeches at local churches, he advocates "killing the white men, killing the women, killing the babies, then digging them up and killing them again". He openly advocates an all-out race-war in this country. He preaches hate at it's core and has obvious training as a motivational speaker, of some sort. Some members of the black community have outright shunned him as a bad example of a speaker for black people, but others have embraced him, chanting and preaching at the church meetings "kill the women, kill the

children, kill them all". This can be witnessed on a video that was shot by Hilder when he confronted Mohammed for a debate in South Central Los Angeles a few years back. It may not be very interesting to some, but it is necessary to know that there are people and groups that are funded by the masons to advocate these things that they would like to use to crack down on our rights. Do you think Kalid has ever thought about that? Do you think he has considered the consequences? Do you think the black community can withstand the military presence on the streets shooting and killing them with all immunity? This is where Kalid is taking the "black community" wherever he goes. He is taking them into "hell" with him and his hatred for humanity, and he will be be taking the whole country along with him if he is supported. He has been involved in organizing the Million Youth March in New York, where riots broke out and police had to step in. This is only the beginning.....That brings me to Seattle.

Seattle, Washington. SEATTLE WASHINGTON!!!!!!! GOD BLESS THE INTERNET!!!!! One day soon, the whole world will know the truth about the United Nations, the World Bank, the IMF, and the fact that our Secretary of the Treasury is actually the U.S. Governor of the IMF.

WE have been indebted to these "International Bankers" for almost 70 years. Now, remember, in the bible it says all debts are to be forgiven every 7 years, 70 years, 700 years etc. In the year 2003, it will have been 70 years since the bankruptcy of the UNITED STATES

CORPORATION. Do you know where you're corporation will be in 2003? - With "Redemption"

we now have REMEDY!!!!

It has come out that there were unidentified chemical weapons used on the protesters in Seattle by the police. Many people came down sick, and it wasn't reported in the media at all. I do not have all the info. at the time of this writing, but, if the "chemtrails" are any indication of how far they are willing to go, then it wouldn't surprise me if they tried out some new form of population control on the protesters. That's one of the reasons why I don't go to protests. Not that I don't think people should, but I choose not to, for the most part. They know that everybody "there" is an emeny of their "NEW WORLD ORDER", so what's to stop them from spraying them all with a sterilization liquid, or a blinding agent, or flesh-eating strep, or something even worse??? Not much!!!

Our new dictator, George Bush Jr..... What will he and his oil businessmen friends come up with next? An energy crises? Fuel shortages, higher gas prices, higher electric rates? .... People say,

"that's because of deregulation and that happened years ago. It has nothing to do with George Bush..." - However, what they don't take into consideration, is that Clinton and Bush belong to the same European Bloodline, and work for the same international interests. So, if Prince Bernard, of the Netherlands, and Royal Dutch Petroleum want to "expand their interests" into Kuwait, or most recently in the congo, where over 2 million people have already been slaughtered to make way for U.S. and European oil interests. Coincidentally, there has been almost no reports of any of this in the U.S. media.

One more quick interesting topic I would like to bring people's attention to is the "Lilith" /

"Mailer Daemon" / 666 / Sandia Labs Connection. This is groundbreaking research going on here. The author isn't finished yet, and still learning. Basically, it goes like this. The government, Microsoft, Sandia Labs, NASA, etc. are coding the bible words and concepts into the overall computer designs. Words we use day to day are being used by secret societies to conjure up spells and create magic. Does this seem far out? When we program our computers are we really programming our subconscious? Everyone has probably noticed that the word "Daemon" is similar to "demon", right? You know, on your e-mail, where it says "mailer daemon"? Have you ever noticed this? In the bible it is quoted as saying "if anyone worships the beast and it's image, or receives a mark on his forehead or in his hand". I have not verified this but according to some scholars, the original Greek text says IT'S MARK, IT'S IMAGE - ETC. So does a Catholic Bible.

King James Version says HIS MARK. This may not seem to significant, but there is something else you may need to know about . Have you ever heard of "Information Technology"? (IT) --Acromania reads : IT - Information Technology . Pronounced as separate letters, IT refers to the broad subject of managing and processing information, especially within a large organization or company. Because computers are central to information management, computer departments within companies and universities are often called IT departments. Some companies refer to this department as IS (Information Services) or MIS (Management Information

Services). -- Here is a link that will verify this : <http://www5.zdnet.com/anchordesk/glossary/glossary_326.html> -

Now, this is just the beginning of what people have been calling the "BEAST" system of computers. They have termed the supercomputer in Brussels "The Beast" but now there are even greater supercomputers. Now there is something called "Lilith". Remember the wife of Adam? -

Not Eve, but "Lilith".

This is taken from the American Heritage dictionary : Magic "N. 1. The **art** that purports to control or forecast natural events, effects, or forces by **invoking** the supernatural. 2. a. The practice of using charms, spells, or rituals to attempt to produce supernatural effects or control events in nature. b. The charms, spells, and rituals so used. 3. The exercise of sleight of hand or conjuring for entertainment".

Now here is a description of "Lilith" from Louisville.edu : Lilith was created at the same time as Adam and is sometimes referred to as Adam's first wife (see Charles Pellegrino, The Return to Sodom and Gomorrah). She was very beautiful and had a very rebelious nature. It is disputed whether she was cast out of the Garden of Eden by God for some offense or whether she left Eden of her own accord. In one rather interesting story, Adam tried to force her to have sex in the male superior ("missionary position") favored by male dominated, patriarchal cultures, and she refused his domination, sneered at him, cursed him, and flew away (Barbara Walker, The Women's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets). At any rate, since she left Eden before Adam and Eve ate from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and thus she possessed immortality. (That Bitch! - Just joking, of course)..... So that explains who Lilith is, for those that don't know. Here is some more, and notice when they talk about the Lilim : "Lilith is at least as old as the Bible, however, Lilith was expunged from the Christian Bible long ago. Lilith is said to be as old as the bible, because she is mentioned in the Mishna, a form of commentary on the Pentateuch. The Mishna was an oral tradition for much longer. Lilith, (also know as Lilit), was a relic of an early rabbinical attempt to assimilate to Jewish mythology. Hebraic tradition said Adam married Lilith but she would not submit to him and desired to be the one above when they had sex. Adam, not allowing this, she flew away to the Red Sea. God sent angels to bring Lilith back, but she refused to return. She supposedly mated with "demons" and gave birth to "a hundred children a day".

These offspring were the Lilim, Lamiae, Empusae or Succubae). -- Wow, that is pretty darn interesting, but the real interest hasn't even started yet. Please keep reading....The Greeks called the succubae the Lilim, Lamiae, Empusae, or Daughters of Hecate.

Next, this definition comes from "SYSTEMATIC" computing website : Definition of Hecate : HEKATE makes different computing applications act as one integrated system. Integration being the keyword of today's IT demands, Systematic has

developed a new message broker, HEKATE, by which you obtain an IT infrastructure that supports the business rules of the organisation.HEKATE provides the framework for integrating your IT systems and a unified system administration environment with no additional costs involved in maintaining or monitoring a new service or integration interface. Fully Integrated IT-infrastructure. HEKATE makes it possible to make a fully integrated IT-infrastructure, where all the company’s IT systems are connected. With HEKATE you can use the same technology to make A2A, B2B or B2C solutions.

Now you're probably wondering how this is all connected, right? Lilith is the "Key". This next section is from Harvard Education website : Lilith: Scalable Execution of User Code for Distributed Computing : D.A. Evensky, A.C. Gentile, L.J. Camp, and R.C. Armstrong, Sandia National Laboratories Livermore CA, USA, Acknowledgements : Abstract Lilith is a general purpose tool to provide highly scalable, easy distribution of user code across a heterogeneous computing

platform. Lilith's principal task is to span a heterogeneous tree of machines executing user-defined code in a scalable and secure

fashion. Lilith will be used for controlling user processes as well as general system administrative tasks. Lilith is written in Java,

taking advantage of Java's platform independence and intent to move code across networks. The design of Lilith provides

hooks for experimenting with tree-spanning algorithms and security schemes. We present the Lilith Object model, security

scheme, and implementation, and present timing results demonstrating Lilith's scalable behavior.

1. Introduction

Changes in high-performance computing have necessitated the ability to utilize and interrogate potentially many thousands of processors. The ASCI (Advanced Strategic Computing Initiative) program conducted by the United States Department of Energy, for example, envisions thousands of distinct operating systems connected by low-latency gigabit-per-second networks.

In addition, multiple systems of this kind will be linked via high-capacity networks with latencies as low as the speed of light will allow. Code which spans systems of this sort must be scalablei yet constructing such code whether for applications, debugging, or maintenance is an unsolved problem. Lilith is a research software platform that attempts to answer these questions with an end toward meeting these needs.

Lilith's principle task is to span a tree of machines executing user-defined code in a scalable and secure fashion (Figure 1).

Beginning from a single object, Lilith recursively links **host objects, LilithHosts**, on adjacent machines until the entire tree is occupied. The child host objects propagate down the tree code, Lilimiii, that performs user-designated functions on every machine. Although other uses for the system are envisioned, this is the mode of operation that is currently of most interest.

Presently, Lilith exists as a test-bed for various spanning algorithms and security schemes. The test-bed software has, and enforces, hooks allowing implementation and testing of various security schemes.

Now here is where it gets even more evil.....

Lilim are the Lilith objects that carry user code within them. They export well known interfaces which allow the user code to interact with the environment. The Lilim run as threads or autonomous processes under the LilithHost.

There are also several utility classes that will be used in implementation of the above. Within the OORPC mechanism, described in Section 4, there are classes that will be responsible for marshaling data to and from the client stub Object and the

server implementation Object. It is expected that this will eventually be generated by an IDL
compiler or, for the lowest levels,
be part of the library code. In our initial implementation, these are generated by hand. There will also be classes to implement
digital signatures and encryption.

3. The Lilith Security Model

There are two issues to be addressed in this section: the mechanism for distributed trust used in the Lilith prototype and the generic Lilith security approach.

The generic Lilith security approach is to allow each LilithHost to determine its own mechanisms for access control and authentication. In order to support this Lilith will provide two security mechanisms, MayI() and CanI(), as well as a library of useful functions.

The CanI() prevents information from inappropriately flowing out, while MayI() controls information coming in. MayI() is the discretionary **Legion** access control mechanism, which will be adopted in a modified form in Lilith. MayI() is a required method that Lilith objects must, at least trivially, define. When a method is invoked remotely, it will trigger a call to the remotes object's MayI(), which may reject the remote invocation. Lilith requires each **invocation** to run a Lilim on a LilithHost to check for access permission through invocation of MayI() in the LilithHost (Figure 3). If the Lilim is accepted to run on a LilithHost, then the mandatory protection of CanI() constrains the actions of the Lilim. LilithHost's CanI() is partially implemented by the Java security manager. The CanI() modification of the Java sandbox prevents Lilim from calling any method without first asking, Did you notice the words Lilim, Legion , and Invocation?

Here is the word "Invoke" defined from American Heritage Dictionary : "To call on a higher power for assistance, support or inspiration : "stretching out her hands she had the air of a greek woman who invoked a deity". 4. To summon with incantations, ot conjure. Now maybe some people are thinking that "Daemon" has nothing to do with demons. Or maybe the reader assumes Sandia doesn't know about the connection. Think again!!! Goto this link and read the bottom of the page where it says "1. Lilith is the mythological Mother of D(a)emons." This can be found at Sandia's website at <http://dancer.ca.sandia.gov/Lilith/intro.html> This stuff is what sci-fi-movies are made of. Someone should make a movie on this. IT'S REAL!!!!

Now after all that, please do not assume I believe the bible is divinely inspired. I don't. I believe it is Masonic Inspired, and therefore everything within it's pages will BE MADE TO come true.

If Jesus was truly the son of god, the who was god's wife? And who gave birth to her. Why didn't god have a girl, too, instead of only one begotten son. Why is there nothing written by Jesus himself? Where was god when his son was being put to death? And finally, if there is testimony as to what Jesus looked like, then why isn't there testimony as to what god looked like? Anyways, I am just having fun here, nothing too serious.

This info. can be found at this address : <http://www.light1998.com/index2.htm> . The original Greek text says IT'S MARK, IT'S. Then click here for the rest :

<http://www.light1998.com/EXPLANATION.htm>

I was in touch with a person who kept me informed about Israeli happenings and a man named Shaul Eisenberg. . He has been dead for a couple of years, but apparantly, he is one of the most under-reported, key, influential, political players of the 1980's and 90's. Much bigger than George Soros. This person claimed to known him personally and did some work for him. From what this person sent me, and my own research, verified that this person is worth looking into for conspiracy theorists and researchers. These e-mails are re-printed : Click Here!! <../shaul.html> Another topic I wanted to touch upon here was the railroads companies and their vast land holdings. According to the book "Pandora's Box", which I still believe is THE VERY BEST

BOOK OUT THERE, the railroad manufacturing companies, the railroad builder companies, were given vast land grants at the start of this country. This actually spanned the enire United States when laid out geographically. All of this land was then leased to people and corporations that we hear about today, like General Moters and General Electric, and the Vanderbilt

"Biltmore" estates etc. But what about the inherent POWER that lies in these companies and their owners that held the rights to all of this land? This book goes into the 99-year railroad leases and the time they were set to expire (1992-1999.) This means that at this time, the land reverts back to the original owners, the railroad manufacturing companies. But what has become of them today? There is a family mentioned in this book that emigrated here to America from France, and they were apparantly, the

bloodline that is referred to in "Holy Blood, Holy Grail", the ancient Merovingians bloodline. According to the book, this is the family that all of this land and these railroad companies belonged to. But where are they today , and what plans do they have in store for us in the near future? Remember the "Denver International Airport" story? This has made it's rounds on the internet conspiracy circles, but I want to say right here and now, that the first time this information appeared was in "Pandora's Box II". It was exposed by the writer "Alex Christopher" in these books. There are certain words which one may do a search for on the internet and come up with almost nothing at all. It is as if they have scanned the internet and piece by piece removed any reference to this family or their corporations or even the railroad companies from the 17 and 1800's. THIS IS REALLY GOING ON!!! They are removing certain information from the internet that pertains directly to this family and where they are at today. Just try doing a search for "Lancaster Cotton Mills", and see what you come up with. This is one od the MOST important companies in the history of the country. They owned everything else in this country. If you truly want to go down the conspiracy tunnel to find the white rabbit, then this is IT!!!!

Most people assume that the world has changed dramatically from where it once was two hundred years ago. People make all kinds of claims like "Bill Gates is worth more today than Rockefeller ever was in his lifetime etc...." -- "What about all the new wealth???...The Internet has made more millionaires than any other industrial revolution in history etc...". - Well all that might be true, but SO WHAT, if the land that everyone leases from is all owned by one family or corporation, and they can have their museums, courthouses, farmhouses, etc. all thrown off the land at the landowners request!!! Then where is Bill Gates? Out on the streets, that's where! So, it is "who has the gold, makes the rules, and who has the land, tells the guy who has the gold what to do, or he loses his land, and then maybe his gold too." --You will have to get the book if you want to know the name of this family and what they own and control today. The reason for this is the following : This is a heavy duty issue, and I am not going to lay blame or cast any shadow of condemnation on a particular individual or group without direct evidence. I believe this to be the family that controls the world, but that doesn't mean i'm right. This is where my research has led me. By my pointing my finger in their direction, I would be accusing them of something very bad and nasty. I hesitate to do that directly because I

think about the possibility that I do not understand things entirely or as much as I need to in order to make that kind of judgement. It is alot to assume that a particular family has survived since the fall of Jerusalem by Rome in 70 A.D., and that they currently control all the land and corporations in America, but this is where my research has led me, and that is all I can say for now, for certain. I have alot of information that I do not release as well as info. that I discuss and release for the "public". I have more reason than ever to believe that they are still around today. I am not sure though that these are the people responsible for all of the rotten things going on in the world, although it would appear that they would have their hands in it. I liken it to a corporation created for one purpose, a good one possibly, that builds machines, say.

But the owner goes away and leaves his corporation to his employees and trustees. He passes away, and his children come to the company one day and realize that his fathers dreams have been destroyed. The company that his father built to create machines to save us time and trouble is now being used to create machines that kill people instead. You see, the family involved here, did not stay involved in the corporation (America) after it was set up and given to them for the future king of Jerusalem. It was embezzled (stolen) from them along the way by another family from the civil war era, who you will also find NO MENTION of on the internet. So, now in the year 2001, the original family has been in court attempting to get their possessions back from the family that embezzled everything from them. I believe they have accomplished this task at this time. There is alot more, but unless my life becomes in danger, it will not be further discussed on this website for now. There is more than enough info. here for anyone to do their own investigating. And then you may come to your own conclusions.

And lastly, I wanted to touch up on my current beliefs on extraterrestrials. Do reptilian aliens really exist or not? Are they controlling humanity and eating us on the side? I don't know yet, but I have some really strange thoughts about it all. Like maybe we created them, and they just don't want us to know it. Maybe they were our pets at one time? Maybe we were their's and we got a clue? Maybe we started out as a race of superbeings in Atlantis, did genetic experiments to create dinosaurs, reptilians and other "pets" for our amusement, and they got out of control. Maybe they made us, and the dinosaurs to keep us under control, and we

got loose, and killed all their dinosaurs. Or maybe it all has to do with sex. Yeah, that's it, probably. The reptilians were really us, seeking sexual pleasure so we created earth women to have sex with and have lusty evening spaced-out encounters with, then we found out that we weren't attractive enough for them to fall in love with, so we changed our genetic DNA to make them feel more comfortable having sex with us, so now we have totally lost our concept of space travel, time cycles, our inner personal spiritual nature, and what we want out of life. Sounds like the typical man falls for woman, loses everything, trip.

But on a more serious note : David Icke has gone to Africa to interview a shaman from the Zulu tribe who has had many encounters with these "reptilians" and even claims to have eaten them on occasion. This guy must be one bad-ass motherf****er. I wouldn't want to mess with him. I haven't seen the video yet, but I will be ordering it soon enough. It is a two video set, and sounds very interesting. I don't know what I think yet, of David Icke, though. Jordan Maxwell claims Icke stole alot of material from him and never even thanked him. I wouldn't doubt it, but I don't want to cast blame without more evidence. Jordan claims to have started Icke on the whole reptilian agenda research. This I would believe though. Icke has done some very good research, however, he has shot up his own credibility as well by saying some truly outrageous things without having very much physical evidence. He appears to be a good-natured person, with a good sense of humor, which I can appreciate, but I have learned that saying and printing things is something you have to be responsible for. I don't know if Icke has any concept of this or not. But then again, I haven't read a complete book by him yet, so who am I to say?

I would love to have an encounter with one of these beings, good or bad. Hopefully, I would have some bud on me at the time...and a pipe.

"till next time"

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The Secret History of America:

The Greatest Conspiracy On Earth

This May Be The Most Important Document You Ever Read In Your Life!

Do you believe in a GRAND CONSPIRACY ? Do you believe Oswald acted alone ? Do you believe that government is corrupt ? If so, then to what DEGREE ? That may depend on how willing you are to open your eyes and mind to SEE. Why is it that the more things change, the more they stay the same ? Why doesn't society ever seem to grow up ? Most people grow up thinking that the world is very big and we believe the world exists the way it does today because this is the direction humanity has taken and chosen.

The information that I will discuss in the introduction to this catalog is meant to present to you the idea that history is not being created by chance, but rather by design. The road that we are taking as a nation in America and as a human race on the planet Earth is being paved for us in advance and sold to us for a profit.

Many people talk about conspiracies such as WATERGATE, IRAN-CONTRA, THE S & L

(Savings and Loan) SCANDAL, THE FEDERAL RESERVE, OCTOBER SURPRISE, KENNEDY, THE FREEMASONS, THE COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS and THE

TRILATERAL COMMISSION, and even GREY ALIENS, but very few people know the real facts enough to explain them because they are not researched themselves. As information comes down the pipeline it becomes distorted and confused because most of the people passing along the information do not know the entire story, they have not researched much information themselves, and they tend to be biased as well. (They tend to have an angle in the information they put out, usually because they have an ulterior motive.) I can only state from research of seven years, WHAT I BELIEVE to be the TRUTH based on mostly HARD FACTS.

For AT LEAST five- to ten thousand years, mankind has been aware of MORE scientific and spiritual facts than we are currently aware of today as a great society and nation. The libraries of Alexandria, which held the collection of the world's greatest knowledge, existed in Egypt thousands of years ago. The Essenes were just one secret sect of Gnostics (Knowledge Holders) that existed around two thousand years ago. Since the earliest

times of Pagan groups and Nature religions, the SUN has been considered a SYMBOL for LIFE. The Ancients believed that when the SUN gave off it's energy, it was giving IT'S life for US. They believed that the SUN of GOD, the LIGHT of the WORLD is ALL SALVATION because He has RISEN. He is therefore our ETERNAL SAVIOR. There has always been a struggle between LIGHT and DARK forces in the world. When the SUN goes down and it becomes DARK, we cannot SEE. We naturally fear what we do not know and since we cannot SEE in the DARK, we do not know what's there and we fear. When the SUN would SET (Satan), it would get DARK. But when the SUN was on the HORIZON (Horus, translates to Jesus), it would be called THE SAVIOR. This formed the basis for early Christianity.

The Essenes, as well as other secret societies around the times were PRIESTHOODS, so the early CHURCH was an established KNOWLEDGE CENTER with IDEAS ENCODED

SYMBOLICALLY into religious text. After time, symbols lose their meaning except to those whom are INITIATED. Essentially, they held knowledge of ARCHETYPAL ENERGIES that bond or link Spirit to matter. These energies are expressed in mathematics and Greek Gematria called SACRED GEOMETRY. The word OCCULT means HIDDEN. They took the knowledge, hid it, and made it appear to be EVIL, so that they would know it, we wouldn't, and they could then control us a lot easier. This allowed an early guild of bricklayers, or MASONS, to be established, making it possible to build great pyramids, etc. Now, if everybody knew how to build a pyramid, then not only would the Pharaoh's tomb be no greater than Joe neighbor's cottage, but the Masons would also lose a lot of money building great castles and churches throughout Europe. This was the basis for early CAPITALISM, but we will discuss this later.

SACRED MUSHROOM ingesting and CANNABIS-smoking shamans are tribe spirit leaders in a sense and they practice inducing a state of consciousness in warrior tribesmen to temporarily replace their consciousness with animal consciousness to perform certain tasks or learn spiritual lessons or principles. There were special groups of assassin cults that were trained in earlier times using substances like hashish and they were called "Hashishans" or "Assassins". Although these two practices are not identical, they are similar and related. While the first example may be considered early natural mind control in the sense of learning to control your own mind, the second example could be considered manipulative mind

control in the sense that the participants were trained under hallucinogens to kill for God or "Allah".

The Assassins, as well as a society called The Order of Lady of Sion appeared at the same time around 1090 AD. Out of The Order of Lady of Sion came Notre Dame de Sion and five out of nine of the founders of the KNIGHTS TEMPLAR came from this order. The Templars and Assassins had interlocking affairs and philosophies. They also had ongoing fights as well as commercial dealings. The Templars pronounced vows to poverty and in the meantime amassed great fortunes for the church (really themselves), and were responsible for financing the Crusades and other bloody religious wars. They were also some of the first to set up banks in Jerusalem.

These were Temple Banks which occasionally were raided for their gold. This forced the Templars to develop branch banking, or, putting your money in several places so it doesn't all get taken at once. This is where the idea of a central bank and it's local branches comes from, which became the model for banking in Europe and America. The Knights Templar became more popular when they were exposed in the fourteenth century and banished by the king. Jacques de Moley was burned at the stake for being a homosexual and a heretic. A portion of the Templar's wealth was seized by the king and handed over to their sister society, called the Knights Hospitalers, who were a branch of the Templars responsible for medical facilities in the kingdom.

There is evidence to suggest that the Templars may have carried themselves on as the Rosicrucians for the next couple of centuries. This really doesn't matter too much, though, because all of these orders or secret societies are offshoots of other ones. They are all Masonic in nature because of the nature of the information which they possess.

The same secret societies and old European bloodline families are in control of the world today.

To better understand what they do, we need to look at their philosophies and ideas. One motto of theirs is "Ordo ab Chao" or "order out or chaos". First they create CHAOS, then they propose the solution, ORDER, secretly from behind the scenes to control a given situation. There are different areas of Freemasonry and it is all a hierarchy of power. Occasionally, Masonic groups will work against each other in the public forum through the

agencies which they control, but they may be united behind the scenes. You will see examples of what I mean very soon.

The first Masonic lodges by that name appeared in England in the 1600's and within a century they were spread throughout most of Europe, including Germany and France and the colonies of early America. One of the purposes they served was as a forum for the elite individuals to meet and discuss their political and social views without fear of religious persecution. Remember, just a couple of centuries earlier under Rome in the Dark Ages, they would kill you if you didn't believe that the moon was made of green cheese. In Rome, they realized that they could not rule the world by themselves and that they would need a consensus of nations or a United Kingdom and United Nations. The symbol for Fascism is a bundle of sticks wrapped together with a hatchet or an axe tied to it. It represents a world consensus of power or AXIS POWER. It appears on the U. S. Senate flag today and on the back of the American mercury dime from 1916 to 1945.

While there were several enlightened societies around calling themselves illuminated, it was on May 1, 1776 that Professor Adam Weishaupt put together a secret society called The

"ILLUMINATI". It's sole purpose secretly was to control the world. Weishaupt was a genius of a particular sort as far as scheming and manipulation are concerned. He was a respected teacher at the University of Ingolstadt at the time and had many connections in education. He became a Mason but was also a Jesuit priest. He learned as much as he could and decided to put his own secret society together. He used a process of initiation and power dissemination among ranks similar to the structure of a pyramid, where one sole individual or group at the top know what's going on but no one else really does, they only know a little until they succeed up the ranks and learn only a little more. In the meantime, they don't know who is watching them or above them keeping them in check. In the highest circles of the order they propose to control the world through a One-world government, which they stated they could do by converting existing Masons to concepts of Illuminism. Weishaupt told them about the Utopia that could be established on Earth if everyone who KNEW would secretly work together to bring about this plan. Being free-thinkers and atheists to begin with, they proposed abolishing religion, government, orders of class, right to own property, or even raise your own children; and they believed that the

ENDS justified the MEANS, meaning that whatever it takes to accomplish this task should be done WITHOUT HESITATION. Within two years they had over 3000 members and many established lodges. Within several years they were exposed and banished from Bavaria. The documents were recovered and displayed in the British museum where they exist today. This is an important historical fact that has been severely covered up in America. They continued to exist, however, in the form of the German Union and scattered Reading Societies.

Through their combined fortunes, the members of the Illuminati gained control over the literary societies and printing press. They circulated printed papers showing falsities of religion and abuses of government and promoted a general state of desperation throughout society, all the while blaming it on religion and government. They sought to promote ANARCHY and REVOLUTION, whereby they would strip the monarchy (king) of power using the classes (people) as a lever to ultimately bring power back into their own hands, all the while creating new forms of government which would be puppets they could secretly control from behind the scenes. In Germany, the lodges which preceded the Illuminati were the Lodge Theodore and the Lodge of Strict Observance. In France they were known as the GRAND ORIENT TEMPLE

MASONS. Their motto was "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY". In 1789, they beheaded the King and Queen of France and orchestrated what was historically known as the French Revolution. This was only the first of several revolutions to come. Weishaupt had succeeded in grabbing the existing reigns of power in both Europe and America, entwining them together using new philosophical concepts, and tightening all of the existing slack.

In 1797, a book appeared in Europe by John Robison called "Proofs of A Conspiracy against all of the Religions and Governments of Europe, Carried on in the Secret Meetings of Freemasons, Illuminati and Reading Societies". Then in 1799, written in another country and in another language, Abbe Augustine Barruel published his four-volume study entitled "Memoirs Illustrating the History of Jacobinism". Then in 1826, William Morgan, an American Freemason who had written a book entitled "Illustrations of Freemasonry", was abducted and drowned in Lake Ontario. Because of the existence of these books, as well as the murder scandal, there was a nationwide furor resulting in the creation of an Anti-Masonic

political party in 1829. After this there was a temporary drop in membership in the lodges, but their control over the press soon caused the anger to diminish.

There is what is called the "Colombian" faction of the Illuminati which came over to America early on. The documents that were recovered in Germany showed that the symbol for the Illuminati society was the PYRAMID and the EYE IN THE CAPSTONE as shown on the back of the ONE-DOLLAR BILL. The symbol for Columbia Broadcasting System (CBS) is the ALL-SEEING EYE. The U. S. is located in the District of Columbia. There is Columbia University, and the Columbia space shuttle.

The Americas have been called the New World since Columbus, however, Columbus did not come here first. There had already been a "New England Charter" and a colony established twenty years before he arrived. In America in the east, we have the area of NEW ENGLAND, where the first colonies were established. The eventual American Revolution wasn't actually a real revolution. The Founding Fathers (Masons), did not go to war with their parents, the monarchy of England. There are many prominent American Presidents who are related to strong European bloodlines and great wealth. When the YORK Rite Masons of York, England, came over here, they settled on the East coast and declared it NEW YORK. Then they went to work to build the "Empire State". In New York sits the Statue of "LIBERTY", given to us by FRANCE, holding up the Masonic torch of ENLIGHTENMENT. The highest degrees of Freemasonry are the 32nd and 33rd degree.

On the back of the dollar bill, on the Great Seal of the U. S. , there are 32 feathers on the right wing of the eagle and 33 on the left. Underneath the pyramid, the Latin term "Novus Ordo Seclorum" means "New World Order". It has appeared on the dollar bill since 1933.

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels were students of Weishaupt and Illuminism. The 10 platforms that make up COMMUNISM are identical to the goals of the ILLUMINATI. The Communist Manifesto appeared in 1848 and Communism formed itself as a solid revolutionary movement in Russia in the early 1900's, in the form of the Bolshevik Revolution.

One particular group of families made up of the Russells and the Piertponts founded several scholastic institutions, two of which were Yale and Princeton. Rev. James Piertpont and Rev.

Nodiah Russell CO-founded Yale in 1701. In 1832, Gen. William Huntington Russell and Alfonso Taft, grandfather of William Howard Taft, former President of the U.S., founded a secret society at Yale called SKULL AND BONES, or "The Brotherhood of Death". Gen. Huntington's brother-in-law, Samuel Russell, founded "Russell and Co.", the world's largest opium smuggling syndicate at the time. This provided them with a huge fortune in the millions. The founders and later influential graduates of Skull and Bones studied philosophy and other subjects in Germany where many prominent "Illuminated" teachers were working. Probably the most influential family in this power circle throughout the last century has been the Harriman family. Edward H.

Harriman amassed over $60 million in the late 1800's in a swift stock deal involving Union Pacific Railroad and Kuhn Loeb. (1904 Northern Securities case) William Averall Harriman, his son, graduated Yale in the Skull and Bones Fraternity in 1913. Averall Harriman controlled Harriman and Co. which owns Brown Bros. and Harriman, the world's largest private investment bank. Prescott Bush, George Bush's father was initiated and graduated in 1917. Prescott Bush as well as some other Skull and Bones Graduates were directors of the bank. These banks as well as Guaranty Trust and Union Banking Corp, all of which were controlled by Skull and Bones, were the most influential entities in building up the Soviet Union from the early times of the Bolshevik Revolution in the early 1900's, through contracts to improve mining of raw materials and rebuilding of the RR transportation infrastructure. These same banks were also directly responsible for financing Hitler's rise to power and build up of Nazi-Socialism through contacts and subsidiary banks in Germany.

The PURPOSE for the build up of World Wars was to create a NEED for PEACE so that a UNITED NATIONS may be needed and then created as a SOLUTION for establishing peace between nations. A WORLD body of GOVERNMENT with a WORLD COURT and a WORLD

POLICE to keep nations in place and to concentrate power into a few people's hands. Who's hands? William Howard Taft, Skull and Bones graduate of 1878, helped found the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes in 1920. This soon became the League to Enforce the Peace, then the League of Nations and then finally The United Nations. If you look at things from a historical perspective, the U.N. today has implemented or is in the process of implementing all the planks

of Adam Weishaupt's Manifesto. When George Bush took us to war in the Persian Gulf, he stated boldly that he didn't need the approval of Congress anymore to declare war because he had a U.N. Mandate. We have sacrificed a large part of our U.S. sovereignty. The U.N. has recently passed a Declaration of Children's Right's. It is now a RIGHT of the child to receive vaccinations, which do more harm than good, and a parent doesn't have the right to interfere. Parents who interfere with the rights of a child or abuse a child or are accused of abuse can have their children taken by the state. If you are seen spanking a child more than two or three times, the child abuse police will be unleashed against you. This amounts to nothing more than a giant power transfer, from US to THEM. The only way they can do this is by tricking us into thinking that we are so irresponsible that we cannot manage our own affairs and lives and that the state is better suited to raise our children. If you still like the U.N. then wait until you get hit with the new U.N. TAX that is coming.

This brings us to the World Bank, the IMF (International Monetary Fund), both creations of the U.N., and banking in general. In Switzerland there is a big building that is divided into 3 parts. If you look at it from above it looks like a peace symbol or Rune. This is the headquarters of the United Nations and the World Bank, the 3rd part is the World headquarters of Freemasonry. It's so convenient they can go back and forth between coffee breaks. In Brussels, there is a computer called "The Beast" which stores the names and information of every person in the world and that was created years ago. By now, it probably orbits the planet. THE U.S. IS A CORPORATION

located in the DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and each CITIZEN IS A FRANCHISE OF THE U.S.

IDENTIFIED BY A SOCIAL SECURITY #.

One of the main influences of British Masonry comes to America in the area of Banking. Cecil Rhodes made his fortune from diamond mines in South Africa. Millions and millions of dollars were secured and put into a trust in his will to be used to finance the creation of secret societies for the furtherance of Anglo-Saxon rulership in the New World Order and the eventual recapture of the U.S.

for England through the creation of a central bank in America. Cecil Rhodes formed what is called the "Rhodes Scholarship" at Oxford. There is also the Round Table in England put together by Alfred Milner. Bill Clinton

is a Rhodes Scholar as well as other things. In Europe, at least at the time, the Rothschilds were the leading banking clan. Paul Warburg, an agent for the Rothschilds as well as several members of Skull & Bones were instrumental in setting up the Federal Reserve Central Banking system in America in 1913. President Andrew Jackson had stated that the central bankers were a den of vipers and thieves and he intended to drive them out of America in earlier times. He also

stated that if the American people understood the rank injustice of our banking system, there would be a revolution by morning. President Thomas Jefferson stated "If the Americanpeople ever allow the private banks to control the issue of their currency, first by inflation, then by deflation, the banks and the corporations that grow up around them will deprive the people of all property until their children wake up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered".

Abraham Lincoln took action against the central bank in his time and he was killed for it.

President Garfield was shot and killed shortly after declaring that whoever controls the supply of currency would control the business and activities of all people. Baron Nathan Mayer de Rothschild

once said, "Let me issue and control a nations money and I care not who writes the laws".

The measure of a nations wealth is the sum total of it's goods, services, natural resources and private wealth. In early America, private wealth consisted mostly of gold or silver. This is a great monetary standard because it has inherent value. For a long time, gold was worth $20.00 an ounce.

A One-Ounce gold coin was a $20.00 piece. Our grandfathers and great grandfathers found it a hassle to carry these around during large transactions due to heavy weight and frequent robbery, so out of the kindness of their hearts, the bankers would allow people to leave their gold and silver on deposit, while the bank would issue a gold or silver certificate, a piece of paper that was as good as gold. It said on the bill, "Pay to bearer upon demand in gold or silver. So after the bankers started to issue these notes they saw after a while that the people were not using the gold as much and coming back to withdraw it and that they could issue and loan more notes than they had gold to back it up. This is the true source of inflation. A short time later they replaced the gold and silver certificates with Federal reserve notes which are worthless. Without the gold and silver, the real

valuables, America was essentially bankrupt. The Federal Reserve is a private corporation. When Federal Reserve notes are printed they are loaned to the U.S. Treasury or the people. Notes that cost 2 cents each are printed by the Fed and loaned to the U.S. government at face value plus 8 1/2% interest compounded. The interest is collected each year by the IRS (Repo Man), also a private corporation controlled by the Federal Reserve. With a federal deficit of 4

trillion 8 hundred billion dollars so far, the interest is in the neighborhood of $200 Billion dollars, which is drained from the economy each year in the form of income taxes. The words "Federal Reserve Note" first appeared on our paper currency in 1933.

It is common sense that if you are borrowing money from someone and you have to pay interest then where will the money come from to pay the interest ? If you have to borrow it then that creates more interest. Obviously, in this situation, there is no way out. However, coins are minted by the U.S. treasury and they are worth their face value as currency. There is a clause written into the agreement that provides us with the option to buy back the right to issue our own currency.

The solution to the problem of the National Debt is to coin a 4 trillion dollar coin and use it to pay off the Federal Reserve. It would have to be accepted and it could even be made out of copper nickel clad. In 1963, President Kennedy passed an Executive Order calling for the printing of $450 Billion dollars in U.S. backed Debt-Free currency. Shortly after, he was killed and as soon as his successor, Lyndon Johnson took office, the first thing he did was suspend the executive order and the printing of the currency. If you look hard enough, you can find $2 bills from 1963 that say "U.S. Treasury" at the top instead of "Federal Reserve note". 1964 was the last year silver was used as the standard coin metal and coincidentally Kennedy's face first appeared on the half-dollar. Now, 23 years later, silver is $5.00 per ounce instead of $1. If you still don't see how this works, just realize that 23 years later, you now need 5 times as much money (work) to buy the same ounce of silver and 60 years later, after they removed the gold, we have to pay 20 times as much money for the same ounce of gold. ($400.00 / ounce). The moral of this little story is that we are being ripped off by the biggest "Sleight of Hand" money scam ever devised. There is a Masonic term for this kind of deception, they call it "Hoodwinked". We are the sheep and we have had the wool pulled over our eyes.

It may appear to be a grand conspiracy where you may think that everyone knows what's going on, or you may say that it is impossible for everyone to work together on such a large scale for so long and so secretly, but the truth is that not everybody knows everything. Some people that are a part of the establishment only know a little and some don't really have a clue, some just follow the money, but most that hold high degrees have a pretty good idea, if not a lot of knowledge about the inner workings of the conspiracy.

Big name families like the Rockefellers and J.P. Morgan, even in their time, were not the main financial powers in America. They were highly paid agents, frontmen and spokespeople. Henry Ford resigned from the Ford Foundation citing an inability to maintain control over affairs. The Rockefeller foundation ties into and controls the American Medical Association and the public educational system through textbook publishing. The Rockefeller family got started with the help of the Harriman family, the Whitneys (Eli Whitney's family) and Standard Oil of New York (SONY), now Exxon. They have a lot of influence, even today.

All of the founding fathers of this nation were Masons as well as almost all of the presidents. The building of early American colonies as well as the American Revolution would not have been possible if it were not for a very special plant. The Cannabis / Hemp plant was used throughout the world since the beginning of time for just about everything that mankind needed. Paper made from hemp was used for books, bibles, maps, and money. You can produce 4 times as much paper from an acre of hemp as you can from an acre of trees at 1/4 the cost, 1/5 the pollution, it is 10 times stronger and lasts up to 1000 years instead of only 50. And it can be recycled 4 times as many times as paper from wood pulp. The Constitution was printed on hemp paper as well as the first 3 drafts of the Declaration of Independence. Even great sailing ships like the U.S.S.

Constitution were made primarily out of hemp. Hemp is the STRONGEST natural fiber on the planet. Hemp is 26 times stronger than cotton and 10 times longer lasting. The first Levi jeans were made out of hemp as well as all of the soldier's clothes for the Revolutionary War. It requires no chemicals to grow, has very few natural enemies, and grows in the widest variety of climates of any weed or plant. It is also the FASTEST GROWING plant on the planet, growing 4

times faster than corn. The seeds from the hemp plant provide the highest source of complete vegetable protein of any food source on earth. Even higher than soybeans. It has also been re-realized lately that the hemp seed is the highest source of Essential Fatty Acids in the world.

ESSENTIAL, meaning :NECESSARY FOR LIFE, Fatty Acids are necessary for us and beneficial for cleaning the cholesterol out of the arteries naturally. All oils in the supermarket are bad since they are placed in clear plastic containers and exposed to direct sunlight. They become as bad as saturated fats, and end up CAUSING cholesterol buildup, leading to heart attacks, etc.

Hemp seed oil can even be used as a machine-grade lubricant for engines and other machines replacing petroleum oil from the ground.

Henry Ford built his Ford Model-T using hemp to line the side panels. The impact strength was 10 times stronger than steel alone. This would eliminate many vehicular deaths today. The Model-T was also designed to run on hemp fuel which Henry Ford grew. This was displayed in Popular Mechanics in Feb. of 1938. Concentrated extracts of Cannabis from the flowers were the 2nd most used medicines in America for 150 years for over 100 separate medical illnesses. It is probably the best natural medicine for Glaucoma, stress, and controlling nausea, and works very well for arthritis , asthma, and epilepsy. It is estimated that Hemp would have at least 50,000

commercial uses if it were legal in America today.

The reason that Hemp is illegal in America today is because the main families in America (Masons), the Harrimans and Rockefellers (Standard Oil), the Whitneys (Eli Whitney-Cotton Gin), Dupont (Chemicals in wood pulp processing and cotton pesticides), and Hearst (Newspapers, Media) find it more profitable to sell us unnecessary chemicals, unneeded dug-up petroleum oil, immune system destroying pharmaceuticals, and axed up trees cut into real thin slices, all at over-inflated prices and at the expense of our health and living environment. For these companies, the real problem is that one cannot patent a natural plant. Almost everything produced in America by large corporations is exported for sale on the world markets. The total value of oil, petrochemicals, and pharmaceutical sales totals hundreds of billions of dollars.

However, with the availability of over 50,000 new products and the necessity to manufacture them, America would be a much richer nation if

the farmers and the average citizen were allowed to grow this valuable crop.

Right now, the power is concentrated in the hands of a few rich individuals like George Bush, for example, who's legacy goes something like this : Graduated Yale in the Skull and Bones fraternity in 1948, went into the Airforce, got shot down and was played up in the press as a war hero, becomes owner of Zapata Off-shore Oil , which controls a large fleet of oil tankers off the coast of Kuwait, becomes director of the CIA, working to introduce cocaine and heroin in large part to America, is made Director of Eli Lilly Pharmaceuticals by Dan Quayle's Father (Lilly produces precursor chemicals used in cocaine production), sits on the board of First Interstate Bank, Puralator Shipping, and Texas Gulf (Fertilizers and pesticides to grow the Coca with and then spray on it to wipe some of it out), then becomes Vice-President and Drug Czar (During this time Cocaine influx into the U.S. increased by over 2000 %), declares war on the American people and the Bill of Rights through the militarization of a phony drug war, tricks Saddam Hussein with the help of the leaders of Kuwait, into attacking Iraq (The reason was Zapata Oil's slant drilling from Kuwait into Iraqi territory) so that he could declare war under a U.N. Mandate, strengthen the U.N. and hike up oil prices, then before leaving office, signs into law a secret Telecommunications Bill requiring the switch-over of all Federal and Bank phone lines to Fiber Optic for the purpose of electronic funds transfer as required by law in the year 2000 when cash and checks will be no longer legal. If that isn't bad enough, he also has brothers and sons that are Skull and Bones members and they do politics as well. Neil Bush (Silverado Savings and Loan Scam), there is Jeb Bush and there are several other Bush's hiding in the BIG BUSH FAMILY. It is probably no coincidence that the Harriman and Bush families both have a history in Eugenics or race purification and Genetic Selective Breeding. They will propagate their own young on the planet because they can afford it, while sitting back and deciding which countries can have how many children per family.

Population control and mind control are the methods used by the new Fascist Roman Capitalistic Empire. Millions of people die around the world each year from debilitating diseases like cancer, AIDS, Leukemia and now flesh-eating strep and Ebola. Does the Rockefeller-run American Medical Association (AMA) do everything it can to insure that doctors know the truth about health and do the most to insure the safety of the patient ? NO !

Let's consider these facts. Herbs have been around forever, they grow naturally and they have been used for healing for centuries. Drugs are synthetic chemical reproductions sold by the large pharmaceutical corporations at highly inflated prices. Doctors receive less than 3 hours of instruction on nutrition, eating right and preventative medicine in their entire 4-6 years of training.

Luis Pasteur, shortly before he died, stated that he was possibly mistaken about his germ theory.

He said that germs and viruses might be the result of the disease instead of the cause. The way this could be explained is that the body overloads on toxic build-up and produces symptoms of stress, then necessary bacteria or viruses move in to scavenge the toxins, creating an abundance of these in the system, and leaving a super toxic waste by-product behind, which the body has a difficult time expelling. Therefore the presence of the virus or high bacteria count is a result of the disease and not the cause. A couple of very important things to realize when considering this possibility are : 1. A person does not need to be exposed to another individual to come down with a cold. People living in small communities with no outside exposure can come down with colds and disease. 2. People with no disease can sleep with people and exchange bodily fluids with people with HIV and not be infected. Considering these facts further weakens the Germ Theory of Disease. If this information is true, then the introduction of prescription and pharmaceutical drugs would only serve to mask the symptoms of the problem and slowly destroy the immune system since these drugs are highly toxic.

There have been several cures for cancer and other diseases but these have been viciously suppressed by the establishment and pharmaceutical industry. Some of these include Raymond Rife and the Rife Microscope, Harry Hoxsey, Cancell, Essiac, and Ozone. The latest and most promising information so far comes from a woman named Dr. Hulda Clark. Her books and research have just been published this year. She states that the age-long problem and cause of diseases are parasites, Worms in particular. There is a worm, an intestinal fluke, which exists in most people throughout their lives. Generally, it is excreted by the body in the younger stages and does not grow into an adult in our bodies. But, something different happens when substances like Benzene and Propyl Alcohol are abundant in our body. These toxic chemicals are consumed in the form of carbonated sodas and

extracts and they are absorbed into our skin in hair and body care products. The abundance of propyl Alcohols break down the shells of the eggs allowing them to hatch early.

The build-up of these toxic substances weakens the immunity of certain organs or areas of the body (Thyroid, Lymph, skin), allowing worms to grow in these areas. Dr. Clark has diagnosed hundreds of people with both Cancer and AIDS and found that all of them had both the worm present and the weakened immunity from one of these toxic sources. She was also successful curing all of them with the three herbs that are necessary to kill the worms. She does claim though that some people that are very close to death may be too far gone from the severe burden of over-toxicity. We will see how long it takes for the general public to find out about this. We have already spoken to people in different states that have used her methods successfully. Even if people do find out about things one way or another, the average person will not even know that people are finding out about something because the media will not televise it and tell people certain things.

The biggest people in the media are members of the Council on Foreign Relations and Trilateral Commission, both creations of Skull and Bones and David Rockefeller. The media is used to promote disinformation and propaganda. The only way you can think the media doesn't withhold information is if you don't know what is REALLY going on. Hitler said, in regard to propaganda and thought control, "The bigger the lie, the easier to believe". Sometimes it can be very difficult to discern the truth and find out what is really going on. Your heart will tell you one thing and your intellect another and usually we get caught up believing what we want to believe because it's too much trouble to see all the way through.

To one with an open mind, it would seem foolish to assume that we are alone in the universe. In contrast, to one with a closed mind and a probable lack of spirituality, it would appear that reality is made up only of what we see and feel physically. There is, at this time, a growing awareness on the planet that perhaps we are not alone. Millions of people around the world claim to have seen unidentified flying objects, flying disks, bright lights, and fast moving objects that reflect advanced technology, that we, most people claim, could not possess. Some people claim to have been abducted by GREY ALIENS and underwent childbearing and medical experiments only to have been returned somewhere unconscious with examination scars

left behind. Thousands of cattle mutilations have occurred in remote areas sometimes followed by sightings of flying disks or bright lights and occasionally black helicopters. There has been a recent movie made about the crash and retrieval of a spaceship as well as bodies of several dead aliens in Roswell, New Mexico and it is suggested that the government might be covering up this entire situation for political or religious reasons. UFO researchers were a very small group in the 1950's and 60's, but recently in the 1980's and 90's there has been an enormous increase in interest on the subject.

I was personally first introduced to this information in 1987 through info put out by Bill Cooper a little while before the first printing of "Behold a Pale Horse". I was very curious about the subject and read everything of quality that I could find. There were less than 100 half-way decent books in print that you could find at the time. Today, there are probably over 500. I read the best books I could find by retired high ranking military officials, channeled material from Seth and The Ashtar Command, I learned about Billy Meier, Barbara Marciniak and the Pleadians material, Bob Lazaar, Area 51 and S-4 Dreamland in Las Vegas, listened to contactees discuss the Draco-Reptilian and Andromeda connection and watched Richard Hoagland bring out the "Face on Mars" info to the U.N. and the public.

If you take the sum total of the info that exists and put it into perspective, it would appear as though our race may have been seeded here by off-planet intelligences or that we were created as an intergalactic experiment, that huge 8-10 foot tall powerful Reptilian beings live at the core of the Earth, pilot advanced flying craft, read minds and plot to enslave mankind by using grey Zeta-Reticulans, who have no choice but to assist because their race is dying from genetic inbreeding and they need help and have no where else to go, and that they have the government under their control through genetic cloning and electronic implants. It has even been proposed that members of the government are related to these aliens. This may sound a little silly, but some people believe it might be true. The positive side to this double edged sword is that the Pleadians are supposedly here to save us along with another group called the Arcturians. They are supposedly here to assist us in our higher spiritual development and help us break out of our old 3rd dimensional physical reality into the 4th dimension or multi-dimensional reality. All we have to do to receive their help is give

up nuclear weapons, turn our lives to god and learn to live in peace. Although these are good ideas they are easier said than done.

Probably the best book I have read on the subject came to me recently after years of entertaining the idea of this possible reality of Aliens, gov. cover-ups, and so forth, all the while learning about secret societies and other related info. The book is called "Space Aliens from the Pentagon" by William Lyne. While the former reality may seem to be a little out of this world, the info presented in this book is a lot more down to Earth. According to Mr. Lyne, the secret societies in America and abroad have harnessed a naturally occurring "Free Energy" and have possessed and suppressed this secret for at least 80-100 years. Many people have heard of Albert Einstein and his Theory of Relativity (E=MC2). Most would consider him a genius although it is known that he was a Grade School dropout. Around the same time lived a man named Nikola Tesla. He came to America in the early 1900's as a scientist and inventor. He was responsible for many great discoveries, but it is not mentioned in history very much. He was responsible for Radio, Television, Fluorescent and Neon lighting, Helicopters, Lasers, Particle Beams and Alternating Current. If you haven't heard of him you should at least wonder why. William Lyne is himself an inventor and scientist. Mr. Lyne claims that when Tesla came to America, he had under his arm blueprints for possibly the world's first FLYING SAUCER and it flew without the need for external energy. He intended to present it to the Geneva Convention as a proposed solution for world peace and energy liberation. He had theories of Magnetism and Anti-gravity as well as other forms of "Free Energy". The story goes that Einstein was working as a clerk at the Swiss Patent office at the time that Tesla was applying for his patents. Alternating Current was in the position of putting DC out of business, which meant that Edison and Westinghouse would suffer. J.P. Morgan, a Skull and Bones Banking Frontman, was financing Westinghouse and attempted to make arrangements to secure Tesla's patents through con deals and contracts.

He used Einstein's position at the patent office to rip off several of Tesla's patents and then told him outright that since it would be difficult to collect money on this "Free Energy", that it would not be used or promoted in society. Instead, Einstein's Theory of Relativity would prevail and Tesla's Dynamic Theory of Gravity would be suppressed. Today, it is impossible to locate some of Tesla's earlier patents. The Flying Saucer project was then

moved out of the country to a secret joint German / American base near the South Pole called "Neu Shwabenland" or New Berlin, which was under the control of the Thule society, a secret society in Germany to which the SS

belonged. Here, the crafts were perfected and outfitted with the latest technology and design. The Nazis created propaganda back home that Hitler was in touch with a Blond-haired, blue-eyed Aryan race of beings who communicated to him that he was chosen to lead the Germanic people.

There was a resurgence of Occultism in Germany at this time. Hitler was into the occult and he was a master of propaganda. Remember, he stated "The bigger the lie, the easier to sell to the public", people believe what they want to believe After W.W.II, during Operation Paperclip, hundreds of Nazi intelligence officers were secretly brought to America and given positions in the OSS (Office of Strategic Services), the forerunner to the CIA, supposedly to gain information on the Russians, our new enemy. Along with the Nazis came the flying saucer project.

The project was brought to New Mexico, where it was worked on further. Soon there were several sightings by people of mysterious flying objects and bright flying balls of light. In 1944

and 45, there were newspaper reports about flying balls of light possibly being advanced Nazi aircraft. They were called FOO-FIGHTERS. Then a couple of years later, in 1947, there was supposedly a flying saucer crash in the desert of Roswell, New Mexico, with advanced technology and even bodies of aliens recovered. This was reported on the front page of the newspaper and then it was explained away as a weather balloon. Within a few years science fiction films started coming out like crazy. (The day the Earth Stood Still-about the threat of war and the necessity to make peace with ourselves and the aliens, and War of the Worlds-H.G.

Wells, a British Intelligence Agent).

There was a time in America in the 1950's, when it was trendy to wear alien antennas on your head or a Hat shaped like a flying saucer. This was the beginning of the first wave of American propaganda. Then in the 1970's, we had Star Wars, Close Encounters, Hanger 18, and eventually E.T. T.V. movies like Alien Nation and "V" were shown to us and now Sightings, The X-files, and even Roswell the movie. There is a consistent theme that suggests the government is involved in a super high level cosmic Watergate cover-up.

William Lyne claims to have seen this entire drama evolve from a simple bungled crash recovery story to the elaborate present day theory mentioned before. He basically says that this is the biggest "Free Energy Cover-up" scam ever perpetrated against the people of the world. Millions and millions of dollars are poured into an elaborate propaganda complex of Authors, Ph.D.'s, Ret.

Military Officials and self proclaimed "Channelers" to distribute books and videos on these ideas.

They fund UFO expos, research groups like MUFON, and UFO magazines. He even claims that he was offered money by the CIA to write phony scripts about being abducted by grey Zeta-Reticulans. He claims to have many contacts himself, through his own family and relatives and friends from previous service in the Air Force, who have confirmed this info. He claims the UFO

expos are filled with disinformation agents.

Here are a couple of things to consider : 1. If you wanted to expose the government or publish books or videos on UFOs or aliens then where do you get the money to do it ? Who has this kind of money lying around and is willing to invest it in these ventures ? There is new information appearing that Lawrence Rockefeller has been behind the private financing of groups to discuss the UFO issue and undoubtedly promote more propaganda and lies. 2. If this is the government's biggest cover-up then how come all of this info is coming out all at once all over the place ? 3.

After Bill Lyne presented this info for the first time at the UFO expo in California and was a huge success, why was he asked not to return and told that he would be better suited at the Extraordinary Experiences Expo ?

There has been some speculation that the government maybe preparing to "inform" the public about the supposed alien presence and possibly even present a staged landing or invasion scenario. Either way we may soon see, depending on how carefully we are watching. If this is the kind of technology the government had 50 and 100 years ago, then 166 mhz pentium processors are probably a far cry from REAL present day capabilities.

One of the symbols for Roman Catholic Freemasonry is the Double Cross. It may appear on the Pope's headdress or on the advertisement for the American Lung Association or even in the EXXON sign. This may imply that we've been double-crossed. Is the Shell gas station symbol really

a shell ? Or is it the SUN rising in the East ? The Panorama Mall in California uses an almost identical symbol and it is surely not a shell, but the SUNRISE. The flag of El Salvador and Nicaragua both are a symbol of the triangle or pyramid with the eye in the peak or capstone as well as the sun rising. The flag for Germany is the Masonic compass symbol. Look at the America On-line symbol. A Current Affair T.V series. The next time you are driving on the freeway and you see an exit sign with gas station displays that offer you a choice between Citgo or Shell, ask yourself whether you are really looking at a pyramid and a sun rising in the east.

And now, back to the most popular conspiracy question : Who did kill JFK ? If you still think it was Lee Harvey Oswald and you believe the lone assassin theory or if you are stuck in a cave somewhere building a wheel that is shaped like a square then consider these important historical facts : The assassination took place in Dealey Plaza, site of the first Masonic temple in Dallas.

Dallas is located just south of the 33rd degree of latitude. The 33rd degree is the highest degree one can achieve in Freemasonry. Shakespeare's MacBeth is a "Killing of the King" drama.

MacBeth, who killed his King in accordance with a witch's plot and was himself later killed, parallels the JFK assassination and the sequence of Oswald being killed by Ruby. "Mason Road"

in Texas, connects to the "Mason No El Bar" and the Texas / New Mexico "Land of Enchantment" border. This connecting line is on the 32nd degree.

When the 32nd degree line of latitude is traced west into the "Land of Enchantment", it becomes situated midway between Deming and Columbus. Slightly to the north of the town of Columbus are the "Tres Hermanas" (Three Sisters) mountains. The Three Sisters are found approx. 32 miles between Deming and Columbus and are a minute and some seconds south of the 32nd degree line. When this line is traced further to the west, it passes the ghost town of Shakespeare at a distance south of the town that is roughly equivalent to the distance which the 32nd degree line passes north of the three sisters mountains. Both Shakespeare and the three sisters relate to MacBeth. When this 32nd degree line is traced some distance further west, into Arizona, it crosses an old trail which meanders north of a ghost town, which was once the town of Ruby.

The trail itself was called Ruby Road. Ruby Road twists north into the area of 2 mountain peaks known as Kennedy and Johnson Mountains. The New Orleans CIA (who provided security) station's headquarters were in a Masonic temple. And last but not least, Mason Lyndon Johnson appointed Mason Earl Warren to investigate Kennedy's death. 33rd degree Mason, Gerald Ford was instrumental in suppressing what little evidence of a conspiratorial nature reached the commission. Responsible for supplying information to the commission was 33rd degree Mason J.

Edgar Hoover and former CIA director and Mason Allen Dulles was responsible for most of his Agency's information to the panel. There IS NO need to wonder whether there is a conspiracy going on, the fact is AMERICA IS ONE BIG LIVING CONSPIRACY.

The 2000 year old Reich of the NEW WORLD ORDER is HERE and NOW. We are about to start 1996. The more that this sort of information gets out to the public, the faster the crackdown and grab for power becomes. The government is not as dumb as most people believe, it only appears to be on the surface. How many more police do we need ? The Fraternal Order of Police is a Masonic Order. You will understand this the next time they put you through the 3rd DEGREE, and offer you 3 SQUARE meals a day. How much more power do we want to give them ? Current Gun Control Legislation is taken almost word for word from gun control laws passed in Nazi Germany under Adolph Hitler. There have been many Executive Orders and Public Laws passed giving tremendous powers to the president to declare National Emergencies, suspend the Constitution, and round up large groups of people, and the power to use converted and shut down MILITARY BASES AS LABOR BOOT CAMPS (CONCENTRATION

CAMPS), has been handed to the Pentagon. This will be sold to us as immigration control, drug trafficker punishment and so forth.

In Europe today, the National I.D. Card (Smartcard) has already been issued. In Singapore, you are required to carry it by law. It will soon arrive in America and it will be pushed using Health-Care reform or Immigration Control as a means to sell it to the public. This card will store all of the necessary information on you and more.

There was a particular type of wood that magicians used to make their wands from. It was the wood from the Holly plant. Hollywood today is where the Mason Magicians of the silver screen wave their hypnotic magic

wands over our eyes and fool us with ILLUSIONS. If you remember the T.V. series "Get Smart", there were the bad guys called CHAOS and the good guys called CONTROL. GET SMART .

The following books in this catalog are most highly recommended : America's Secret Establishment, Proofs of a Conspiracy, Secret Societies and Subversive Movements, The Emperor Wears No Clothes, Space Aliens From the Pentagon, The Cure for All Diseases, The World Order: Our Secret Rulers, Jesus Christ : SUN of God, The Illuminati, and The Scarlet and the Beast Series.

EXTENDED INTRODUCTION (Feb.-'97)

It has been a little over a year since the first Catalog was released. A lot of things have happened since then. Dozens of books and videos have become available and thousands of people more have learned about the New World Order. The direction that this country is going in has become clearer to a lot more people as jobs are lost, properties are seized and more and more people are witnessing and

experiencing military preparedness actions taking place in their cities and towns. The secret forces attempting to take this country CANNOT just do whatever they want because they need the support of the masses. It has been remarked in Globalist meetings that the nations and leaders and even the heads of the U.S. are waiting to usher in the New World Order, the only thing that is stopping them or slowing them up is the American people. There is too much resistance at this time from patriots who would rather see the United Nations dissolved. A bill was sponsored by Congress to remove us from the U.N., but was shot down. It is definitely time for a MOVEMENT in America to disassemble the U.N. or at least get US OUT. Recently, an attempt to fly the United Nations Flag in Montana was shot down by patriots and protesters.

New information has surfaced about the Oklahoma bombing, John Doe # 2 might be identified.

There is a family, Glen and Kathy Wilburn, who lost two grandchildren in the daycare center, and who have conducted their own investigation for the past year and a half. They have filed a wrong ful death lawsuit against McVeigh and doing so has given them discovery subpoena power to pursue

their investigation. Two key people have been identified as major co-conspirators along with the BATF itself. The person believed to be John Doe # 2 is a man named Michael Brescia. Once pictures were shown to a

number of key witnesses, almost all overwhelmingly agreed that he was the one. Brescia is a 24 year old man from Philadelphia. He has been identified as the individual with Mcveigh at the Ryder truck office. Brescia is a Christian Identity follower who was living at Elohim City, a Christian Identity center on the border of Oklahoma and Arkansas. There he shared a room with the second key individual, a man named Andreas Strassmeir, a former German military officer who came to the U.S. hoping to work undercover for the Justice Dept. or the DEA. It is more likely he got a job with the BATF. In 1988 and '89, he was involved in the infiltration of the Texas Light Infantry and a set up involving militia members and illegal gun purchases. Strassmeir has been interviewed a couple of times by a British reporter named Ambrose Evans Pritchard.

According to Pritchard, Strassmeir has stated that the BATF had an operation going where they were monitoring McVeigh and the whole thing and tried to wait until the last minute so they could show that they saved everyone from doom and look like heroes, except for one problem: the bomb was supposed to go off in the middle of the night, and the ATF had a surveillance operation going

on all night long, they had a bomb squad and a team to intercept the bombers, but somehow the plan got changed, they lowered their guard and then it went off at nine in the morning.

Same Subject From A New Perspective—Whether the government knew about it, had something to do with it, intentionally or not, or just plain screwed up a sting type situation isn't really the point !----It has been said that McVeigh was part of an intelligence group involved in criminal activites. McVeigh himself claims to have a microchip implant !

New information has come out just recently in the major news about several people on trial for a series of bank robberies tied to an Aryan Nations Republican Army, a neo-Nazi Christian Identity group based out of guess where ? That's right, Elohim City !! -----A Brief Thought: During the civil war period, a man named Albert Pike from the south, not just any man, but founder of the 33rd degree, the highest degree in Scottish Rite Masonry, who himself was a Sovereign Grand Inspector General and authored many books on Freemasonry, including "Morals and Dogma" (The Bible of Freemasonry), also was the Leader and Founder of the Ku Klux Klan. Elements of British Israel Freemasonry and the movement to bring America back under England's control, become apparent in the Christian Identity

movement. British race patriots and promoters of Racial Identity linked to Freemasonry (Theories that the nothern Europeans, Vikings, etc, are the true Jews and therefore god's chosen people and thus superior), were people who Hitler admired greatly and studied intensely. ----Is it not possible that Freemasonry, with it's tentacles wrapped up in the BATF on one hand and the neo-Nazi movement on the other, could be promoting CHAOS to achieve ORDER ? The Anti-Terrorism bill had already been written and was waiting to be passed into law at the time of the Bombing !!!

WAKE UP !!! We are being terrorized into giving up our rights and guns through OUR FEAR

OF TERRORISM !!

And what ever happened to the MONTANA FREEMEN ? …..80 Days the FBI tried to get them to surrender. The government kidnapped the leaders on their own property. Everybody in the country watched. Some people got so tired of watching , they would have had the FBI burn the place down just so they could get back to the O.J. Simpson trial. Why did the FBI want them so bad ? Do you think they're trying to teach people not to write bad checks ? What do you think would happen if they sent the FBI, the tanks and the SWAT team in for everyone who wrote a BAD CHECK ? How come we haven't heard anything at all since, not even word of a trial ? It's as if there's a place they can take people that society doesn't care about, bypass the judicial system and we may never even hear from them again. This is a SERIOUS possibility !! THIS

COULD BE YOUR FAMILY !!!

THE STORY BEHIND THE MONTANA FREEMEN IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING

AND IMPORTANT STORIES OF THE CENTURY !! ….HERE IT IS :

The Revolutionary War was fought for one purpose and one end and that is SOVEREIGNTY !

After the war, the colonies were each separate and Independant countries and still are today.

Every FREEMAN 21 years of age or older who owned land and was able to vote was a king in his own home. He was untaxable. His land was untaxable and his income was untaxable. Nobody can tax the King, the King is Sovereign. The FREEMEN of MONTANA had long ago renounced their U.S. citizenship status in favor of being an American National (Different From a State Citizen, But Similar). They severed all contracts

with the government so they would not be under it's jurisdiction. The U.S. government is a Foreign Corporation with respect to a state. A corporation cannot have citizens, only franchises. When you except a social security # or you register to vote , you elect to be a U.S citizen, which the courts have ruled is of SUBJECT

STATUS, Not SOVEREIGN. So after having renounced their U.S. citizenship, they then attempted to set up a township. Using proper methods, with an understanding of the laws involved, they were competent, knowledgable and lawfully able to set up a township, after all, who set up the township you live in or the one up the road ? Someone or some people have to be able to set it up. In a TOWNSHIP, you may have a COURT. Who do you think set up the court in your community or town ? God ? No, people did. Someone with the proper authority. Who has the authority to set up a court ? Who is the government ? WE THE PEOPLE ARE !!! Not U.S.

citizens, but state citizens or maybe American Nationals. George Washington was not a U.S.

citizen, he was a state Citizen of Virginia. Do you think the IRS was going around telling Washington or Jefferson to pay their taxes or forfeit their land ? Of course not!! That is why we fought the war!!!

You need to know what is a Common law or COMMERCIAL LIEN. This may be the Light Saber that slew Darth Vader and took down the Empire in one swipe. The entire legal system in America is based on certain principles. Not to sound religious but the truth is that these principles come to us from the Bible. Our organic law in America comes from the Magna Carta and the Bible. Even going back to the bible, if someone wronged you, you would present them with a

"Commercial Affidavit" to seek remedy or recourse. This is your complaint that they wronged you, but that you intend to straighten it out with them and this is your attempt. At this time , they now have X number of days to respond (usually 10 or 20),and if they don't respond in that time then you win the contest by default. Now that you won the contest and you know you were right you can sue for damages by placing a Lien on their ass or assetts. You can now claim that you are taking their property or car or whatever as a security against the judgement. You present them with the Lien, they ignore it, they lose by default and you now own everything you named in the Lien. Take the IRS for example: And remember, everything works on presumption. The IRS

presumes you are a U.S. citizen and owe $50,000 to the IRS for taxes. They don't send you proof, just a notice that you owe and to pay this amount. That is their informing you of the wrong that you've done. The next letter comes informing you of their intent to place a Lien on your property unless the amount is paid. The only way to refute a Commercial Affidavit is POINT FOR POINT

IN WRITING. If you don't do this, you have just defaulted and everything the IRS said in their original presentment is considered true and that is how the court will rule. Most people never contest a Lien or even know how to do it properly. So almost everybody loses. But you don't have to.

To understand the Liens a little better you need to have a clear understanding of WHAT MONEY

IS….Lawful money is Gold and Silver only. Paper is not Lawful Money. Federal Reserve Notes are NOT Lawful Money at all. Federal Reserve Notes are not even money, they are DEBT ! I hate to let you down, but if you have a hundred dollar bill in your pocket you are not A hundred dollars richer, you are a hundred dollars in DEBT ! Ever since 1933, the U.S. government has declared Bankruptcy and borrowed money from the Federal Reserve, a private (for profit) corporation with stockholders who make upwards of a billion dollars a year. The Federal Reserve Notes floating around represent Debt, or borrowed money. Borrowed money has to be payed back and the bum in front of Seven-Eleven isn't the one paying it back, you and I are, people who use the money, and each year that we pay interest on that money, we have less of it, not just the guy down the street, but everyone in the economy. There are several economies operating alongside each other at this time both locally and globally.

One type of economy which has always been around and which is still in use is uses the CREDIT

SYSTEM. We have been on the CREDIT SYSTEM exclusively since 1933. The CREDIT

SYSTEM is regulated by the U.C.C or UNIFORM COMMERCIAL CODE. Along with the credit system comes limited liability for debts. If I take you to court and sue for a hundred dollars you are not obligated to pay me real money, you can use monopoly money (Federal Reserve Notes) or a Promissory Note, a promise to pay. That is what a Federal Reserve Note is,

A PROMISE TO PAY. ---YOU CANNOT PAY A DEBT WITH DEBT !! You CAN

DISCHARGE DEBT, however. Now, think about this carefully. If the Federal Reserve can print money, and loan it to us, Number 1: What authority do they have to print the money at all ?, and, if they do have the authority to print money, where is the gold and silver to back it up, or are they just printing it out of thin air ? Number 2: Why would we be obligated to use it and forced to pay interest to them ? Number 3 : What stops you or I from doing the same thing ? Remember, the government doesn't print the money, a private corporation does. Who gives them the authority ?

Here are the answers : The government can contract if they want to to borrow money; it's a stupid idea since they can print their own, but for the meantime, while it's under the control of the Masonic International Bankers, that's what they are doing. The point is , THEY DO NOT

HAVE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO PRODUCE CREDIT OR MONEY.

The MONTANA FREEMEN had spent 20 years studying common law and commercial banking procedure and so forth…They had also acquired a very powerful book on banking that is not well known because they don't want you to have it, called the Banker's Handbook Of Commercial Banking Law, which reveals a SECRET--that CREDIT IS CREATED WITH THE LIEN

PROCESS !!

This is where the Federal Reserve gets the authority to print X amount of dollars. Since 1933, the Federal Reserve has had Liens on the U.S. citizens and their property. From this Credit of a perfected Lien, they can then issue bills of exchange, documentary drafts or Federal Reserve Notes, which are the same. Consider this , the 1930's, the Great Depression, a cattle rancher stuck in a position of needing to purchase food for his cattle, and short on Federal Reserve Notes at the time still had credit. His sheepskins are worth money and although he doesn't have it at the time, he knows he will in the near future. He can't wait to buy food so he issues a documentory draft or a promissory note for the amount due to the foodseller. It's the same as a check. He doesn't need the bank to provide him with a check or even need to have it in the bank. Now, the foodseller takes a look at this piece of paper and says well it doesn't look like a dollar but it doesn't really matter because he knows if he wants some sheepskins he can redeem that paper for some sheepskins, or if he needs a boat and he

knows that the guy who sells boats could use some sheepskins, he'll give the boat dealer the piece of paper and the boat dealer can then redeem it for the sheepskins. As long as people aren't issuing more credit than they have goods or services to back it up, everyone will be happy. If you find out somebody in the community is doing that then you don't have to accept his promissory notes and then he will have no customers and go out of business. Simple. In other words, WE DON'T NEED THE FEDERAL RESERVE !!

Now back to the FREEMEN and what they were doing. The FREEMEN placed common law Liens on public officials, state and federal, including Judges and Sheriffs, The IRS, Large Corporations and The United States Corporation and everyone else that wronged them. Since none of these people knew how to respond properly, and also given the fact that the way the Liens were written, they were written as confessions, so whether they were signed or not by the party, the refusal to respond means acquiescence to the confession, the Freemen now had the government and it's employees Liened up to 17 TRILLION Dollars. Now, when you have had a Lien placed against you, you cannot obtain credit, buy or sell your house, car or any property written into the Lien. And the most devastating part is that you cannot, almost no matter what, ever have the Lien removed except by the party who filed it against you or a court order. If you try to get a court order to remove it, the judge will tell you he can't, it is RES JUDICATA, or ALREADY DECIDED. It is a bargain of the parties in fact and the government cannot keep you from your right to CONTRACT. Now that the FREEMEN had all of this credit, they started to do several things: They placed 200 million dollars in certified money orders to the World Bank to pay off the National Debt and forever bar the IRS from existence. They also started to teach classes at the ranch for people who wanted to learn and to pay off their debts. This is what Shweitzer would do. Say you owed the IRS $10,000, they would write you a check for $20,000

pay to Your Name and the IRS. The IRS would accept the check and issue you a refund for the remaining $10,000 and you could go the next day and cash it at the bank !!!!! This worked well for over 3 years and the Freemen took in millions of dollars, without a problem. You're probably thinking now, why did it work then? and what happened to make it stop working? Well, it worked then, the same as it still works now and always will. There is some speculation the government didn't go after them for the

checks, but for something else, and just used the check situation as a confusion cover. The Freemen, in their pursuit of taking back their government, accumulated large amounts of hard evidence of drug trafficking by Montana officials. There was an elementary school with only several hundred kids in it, but there was cocaine in the school at the fifth and sixth grade and the Freemen had evidence of high officials involvement in trafficking. But back for now to the money issue. The fact of the matter is that all kinds of government and non-government agencies accepted these checks for years. Examples : In Sept.

1995 a Sonoma couple, Drehne and Sheila Pierce, who had an IRS Lien placed on their assets for back taxes exceeding $8,000, obtained a "Certified Bankers Check" from Leroy Shweitzer with a face value of $22,700, and mailed it to the IRS. Since Shweitzers's money order was for nearly triple the amount due, the couple sent a letter with the check requesting a refund for overpayment or Criminal Conversion will occur. Within 30 days, the IRS lifted its' Lien against the couple and mailed them a refund check for more than $14,000 dollars. A photo of these checks is included in the catalog for PROOF that this did occur. The IRS is not alone. Roger Leffler of Fridley, Minn., sent a $13,000 Freeman bank draft to his state's Office of Child Support Enforcement for past due child support. The agency apparently accepted the check, clearing his account, and issued him a refund check for $5,712.72 and on and on the stories go.

So, was it legal ? Well, is the Federal Reserve and IRS and what they are doing legal? It's the same thing and it works because the system is based on it. The commercial Liens are often for hundreds of thousands or even millions of dollars. The amount of damages sought is at the discretion of the individual, but at the common charge of 5 to 10 cents on the dollar to fashion the Lien, the more you seek, the more you pay. They are registered under form U.C.C.-1 with the respective secretaries of state, and then are used as collateral, or as in most cases, commercial paper that is sold, leased, transferred for collection, or used to back up money orders. "Liened Up" companies and individuals have been known to buy them back at a fraction of their value in order to save money on legal costs fighting them, and escape related aggravation. Patriot community leaders suggest Americans are putting Liens against banks, companies and government entities and employees as a simple and effective means to redress grievences.

Literally billions of dollars in Liens have been filed in the last few years. Liens apparently are also ending up in the hands of Foreign governments. Unlike banks in the United States, the intrinsic value of American-generated Liens is not disputed by most countries, many of which are buying them up as they would any other form of government paper. F. Joe Holland claims the offshore sale of this paper has become a cottage industry in the U.S. And according to Michael Overturf of Burbank, Calif.,who acts as an intermediary between citizens and offshore intersets and manages a "portfolio" he claims is worth more than $10 Billion, "the Process of liquidating the Liens is quite simple, and lawful. Say for example there is a third world country that owes debt to the U.S. government. They can rent or lease a commercial lien from us, and use it to increase or enhance their asset base, allowing them to loan money to people in their country to do projects. Now, if they purchase the lien outright, they can also go to the U.S. and say they want to apply this lien against their debt. They can also create letters of credit, or they can borrow more money from the treasury of the U.S., because they have increased their asset base. An offshore bank can add these Liens to their portfolios, and they actually become part of their assets. When they loan money or credits to their clientele, they are loaning from a credit base calculated from their asset base. They are using the Lien as an asset and 'consideration of a contract'".

Do you know that an unprecedented number of politicians have announced their retirement in '95

and '96. It's as if they're all flying south for the winter. Over 50 key politicians have announced their retirement and most of them have strangely commented that they want to spend more time with their families. Does this seem odd ?

Another very important SECRET in this country at this time is the FIFTH COLUMN. Within the CIA there is an elite group of computer hackers who have aquired an 18-wheeler and a KRAY

SUPERCOMPUTER and are traveling around the country at this time downloading files from U.S. and Foreign Bank accounts and draining these accounts of their finances. The accounts belong to

politicians and world leaders and the finances are the bribes and hush money of those individuals involved in criminal activities.

Several years ago a system of software was developed called PROMIS, by a company called INSLAW. This was criminal tracking software that

was used by the Defense Dept. and other agencies after they stole it from the maker and forced him into Bankruptcy and Jail, where he remains today. Danny Cassalero was murdered investigating this case shortly after he came up with an "Octopus" conspiracy theory of they way things operated in the highest circles. Anyway, this software was slightly modified by the CIA and secretly "slipped" into banking software that was exported out of our country for use by foreign and offshore banks. The software was modified to track banking transactions instead and the information about the flow of finances throughout the world was now being monitored by the CIA or at least a few agents who wanted to find out where the money was going. After this rogue CIA group got ahold of the information they then photocopied it and had it hand delivered to each particular congressman, senator or politician along with a note explaining to them that they no longer had their bribe fund and they had 24 hours to turn in their resignation or face public scandal, humiliation and possible criminal charges if they refused. This gave the politician just enough time to check and see if the funds were still there or not and to make a decision. Well, according to Jim Norman, a respected journalist for Forbes Magazine (who happens to be the Fifth Column's only Media Liason), EVERY politician so far has resigned. Media Bypass published Norman's story detailing how former White House Deputy Vince Foster was a spy for Israel and had his $2.73 million dollar espionage bounty, stashed at a Swiss bank, raided by the Fifth Column shortly before his death—

after Forbes declined to run it. Norman was later forced to resign from Forbes after coming across evidence that Forbes Inc. Chairman, Casper Weinberger himself had more than $2 million raided from a Swiss account by the Fifth Column.

At the time of this writing, one member has died, one is disabled and now Chuck Hayes "Angel of Death" has been arrested on the eve of the presidential election. A flood of information may be released soon exposing many corrupt politicians if Hayes is messed with. This could be a fun scene to watch unfold. Stay tuned and pay attention.

Through the help of a mutual friend, I have been able to talk to Charles Hayes's attorney, Gatewood Galbraith, who ran for Governor of Kentucky on a Pro-Hemp platform. According to Gatewood, Chuck Hayes is a liar and could not produce any good evidence or witnesses at the trial. You would think if there was an element in the CIA that was working for the

good of the people and one of their own was on trial for part of an operation to expose high ranking officials in the government, that they would use the opportunity to bring out the information.

According to Karen Lee Bixman, who wrote for Media Bypass magazine, the entire "FosterGate"

story you just read about above was false information. Apparently, Karen tried to expose this and Jim Norman, Troy Underhill and a couple others attempted to keep the truth from coming out.

Karen claims the Swiss bank account number that supposedly belonged to Casper Weinberger was really the license number on John Hull's (Contra cocaine trafficker) airplane. If this is true then there is a possibility that Media Bypass is infiltrated or even started by the Intelligence Community to spread false information to the patriot community.

Do you own a cable box? If you do, consider this possibility: Ever since you purchased that cable box and put it on top of your T.V, it has been monitoring and videotaping you in your living room and recording everything you say for the intelligence agencies.

This has not yet been established as a fact, but it is a tremendous possibility. As of this writing, the new issue of Nexus magazine contains an interesting letter from a man who met someone recently who had spent the last 20 years working for one of the largest cable companies in the U.S. This man witnessed the top-level cooperation between the cable companies and the government as part of a giant surveillance and intelligence gathering network. He was responsible for designing the new range of T.V. top boxes that all cable systems employ as a junction “decoder”. He said that all of these new junction boxes contain a tiny microphone inside and a black and white fisheye camera behind the clear plastic on the front, and that the cable has return channels included into it’s specification for sending these signals back to the carrier. –Note

: This is complete hearsay at this point, as it’s only source for verification at this point is from a letter written in to a magazine, which anyone can do. If anyone has real info on this sort of thing, please send it to me.

Another not completely verified story, yet absolutely possible : A supposedly “leaked” 3 Page document has appeared recently regarding a new surveillance and control product developed by IBM and secretly tested on prisoners in California, Texas and Massachusetts. The 2020

NEURAL CHIP IMPLANT—According to the source of this document, they are aware that Federal regulations do not permit the use of implants on prisoners, but they have entered into contractual testing of their products. They boast of having major successes in privately owned sanitariums, but cite an increased need to test the products full scale on violent subjects.

Supposedly, in California, several prisoners who were identified as members of the Mexican Mafia were brought to the health services unit at Pelican Bay and tranquilized with advanced sedatives. The implant procedure takes 60 -90 minutes, but they are working on a device that will reduce that time by up to 60%. The results of implants tested on eight prisoners are as follows : Implants served as surveillance monitoring device for threat group activity; Implants disabled two subjects during an assault on correctional staff ; Universal side effects in all 8 subjects revealed that when the implant is set to 116 MHz all subjects became lethargic and slept an average of 18-22 hours per day; Each subject was monitored for aggresive activity during the test period and they found that 7 out of 8 test subjects exhibited no aggression, even when provoked.

One problem discussed was slight bleeding at the nose and ears for up to 48 hours after implantation, which they express a need to fix or risk being exposed. The document makes claims that law enforcement has now penetrated EME or Mexican Mafia because of this technology, and that they know they cannot use the information in court, but it has still helped them to figure out who their outside connections are and to help them wrap up a 14-month long investigation into their activities. Essentially, the implants make the unsuspecting prisoner a WALKING, TALKING RECORDER of every event he comes in contact with. This may SOUND like a great way to control crime, but when the REAL CRIMINALS are in Washington D.C. then the entire population will become slaves to the criminal bureaucracy and there will be no more GOOD PEOPLE ANYMORE !! Whether this is real or not, IT WILL BE HERE SOON, if it isn't already.

One of the effects that science fiction has is that although you read it or watch it knowing that it is not real at the time, you still leave with the impression of the possibility in your mind. If we do not take the time to imagine the possibiliy of things, we may be that much slower to realize the reality of things. Anyways, it can't hurt anymore to be aware. – AWARENESS IS THE KEY !!

Since awareness and conciousness are the keys, when you happen to slip from your everyday waking awareness state and realize that you are ALIVE and you want to find out WHAT IS

GOING ON ? , fortunately now, in today's age, we have access to the MOST incredible medium of INFORMATION EXCHANGE, possibly ever developed on the planet –THE INTERNET—

Now for the first time in history, the average Joe Blow can find out just about anything, if he knows where to look. Not just in America, but almost anywhere in the world. So, how important is this ? About as important as YOU probably believe life to be. THE INTERNET is a reflection of our awareness in cyberspace, an area where we can all meet with minds only, and soon video and audio, where we can share all of our thoughts and feelings with the world at no EXTRA CHARGE. Everything that has been suppressed for centuries, will soon be available for all to know. EVERYTHING that EVERYBODY knows will soon be available for all to see. Everyone who knows what the SECRET GOVERNMENT is doing should put out a WEB SITE with hundreds of PAGES discussing everything that they are aware of and include a page for LINKS

to other important sites. This is happening right now and there is A LOT of INFO on the INTERNET at this time. Eventually there will be so many sites out there, that everyone will learn what they need to know in order to make an effective change. The government is attempting to do several things to control the INTERNET and us as well through the use of it. They know they cannot shut off the information exchange, but they are going to control who uses it and whether someone who is using it to expose the government, goes to jail or not. Clinton would like to see legislation passed that makes it a crime to post offensive speech on the INTERNET. Offensive to WHOM ? ---The truth hides from no one. Only lies attempt to hide themselves.

If they can lock you up for posting offensive speech online, then they can ARREST almost ANYONE at ANYTIME for almost ANYTHING. This is what they want. Another reason to KICK IN YOUR DOOR if they want you. There is already talk of denying Federal Parolees access to the INTERNET or prisoners on probation, because of access to pornography, bomb making info, etc… That's like denying a driver's license to someone caught smoking pot, who wasn't driving at the time. Which they do in California. One has nothing to do with the other, but somehow, NOW you

can’t drive your car, you can’t own a gun for protection and you can’t even find out what you can do about it because you CAN’T USE THE INTERNET, all because you got caught with some POT. 30-60 million Americans use marijuana regularly and they are all subject to these discriminations. Imagine how many people will be on the INTERNET. The other way that they will keep you from the information is by filling the WEB with so much GARBAGE info that you will never find what you're looking for or if you do it will take you all night and by the time you do you will be ready to go to sleep. That’s why we need tens of thousands of PATRIOT SITES on the INTERNET with lots and lots of LINKS !!

EXTENDED INTRODUCTION (Jan. '98)

1998 has started and still no word about the FREEMEN anywhere in the media. The Oklahoma Bombing Trial just ended for Terry Nichols. Strange weather patterns are occurring around the world. Is it because it was predicted in the BIBLE ? Or because the Masons, who wrote the bible, own weather control devices now, which can influence religion and popular opinion ? Is it a coincidence that the Kobe Earthquake and the California Earthquake both occured on the 17th of January, one in 1994 and one in 1995 and both within about an hour of each other ?

A very strange and interesting scenario is being followed by researcher Harry Mason for Nexus Magazine involving The AUM Shinri Kyo (SUPREME TRUTH) in Japan, (supposedly responsible for the subway (sarin) gas attacks), and Drug Trafficking in Ecstacy and the purchase of a 900 Million Dollar EM (Electromagnetic) Tesla "Earthquake" Machine that is possibly either being tested at this time or maybe even involved in a secret sound-wave-war between powerful drug factions or empires. Apparently, the epicenter of the Kobe Earthquake in 1995 was also the location of a secret Electromagnetics research and manufacturing facility in Japan.

The research started with strange fireball events in remote parts of Australia around the beginning of 1995. On May 28, 1993, a meteor fireball was seen by several people and reported to local police stations. The Fireball was followed by an immediate 3.9 Earthquake. This area of Western Australia has had no recorded earthquakes since seismographs were first installed in the early 1900's. Some observers reported that the fireball was cylindrical and yellow-blue-white in color. It was heard as a pulsed, roaring or loud diesel-engine sound, well before it passed overhead.

Next, a near blinding high energy burst of blue-white light. Then eyewitnesses say, a second fireball was seen which was a little smaller. Following the sighting of the second fireball, there was a smaller, less significant ground tremor. The Fireballs were spotted by residents near Banjawarn. Banjawarn is the most isolated station area in the Eastern Goldfields region of Western Australia. This Sheep station gained notoriety since it's purchase the same year (1993) by the Japanese Aum Supreme Truth sect. Hayakawa, Deputy Leader of the sect, initiated the purchase in late 1993 desiring to "Conduct experiments there for the benefit of mankind". The agreement regarding the sale was completed on April 23, some 35 days prior to the 1st Fireball event. Since the May 1993 event, there have been over 1000 reports concerning Aerial Fireballs and associated light-energy emissions. Similar events have been reported in the New Zealand area.

The most spectacular and well documented of these Fireball events occured around 2:00 A.M. on May 1st 1995 above Perth, W.A. It was seen as a large spherical red-orange fireball with a small blue-white tail. It flew over the eastern side of the city of Perth (Population 1 million) and was seen and heard by many people. Observers reported that the "object" emitted a loud, roaring, pulsed noise--similar to a diesel freight train before it arrived. It was reported that it stopped dead in the sky and the tail inverted through the fireball to point toward the previous direction of travel. Then there was an enormous burst of blue-white arcing light-energy that briefly lit up the city and it's suburbs as clear as daylight. A loud, vibrating massive explosion-like seismic wave reverberated around Perth, causing the city buildings to shake and books and objects to fall off shelves. About 500,000 people were estimated to have been woken up by this "sound".

Evidence for the existence of exotic weapons capable of producing these effects is given in part in a "Voice of Russia" program of Dec. 23, 1996, where they discussed modern RUSSIAN

ELECTROMAGNETIC WEAPONS of the MICROWAVE PLASMA variety. Science Authority Boris Belitsky claimed a plasmoid, a blob of Plasma fired into the path of an upcoming missile, it's warhead or an aircraft, would effectively Ionize that region of space and disturb the aerodynamics of the flight and terminate it's flight. This makes such a generator and it's plasmoid a practically invulnerable weapon, providing protection against attack via airspace or the atmosphere. Belitsky claimed

evidence of the existence of this technology comes partially from the fact that a few years ago, back in 1993, at the Russian-American summit in Vancouver the Russians proposed a joint experiment in testing such generators--or "Plasma" weapons as they are called--as an alternative to the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI). It was proposed to be code-named "Trust". There is a lot of evidence out there to prove the existence of this technology. The Soviets have been leading the way in this research for decades. Scientific researcher Tom Beardon is one of the best sources for info on this subject. Nikola Tesla claimed in 1908 that he could hit any antipodean planetary city with an enormous EM energy pulse, delivered in microseconds that would "Create an explosion equivalent to more than the power of the extant world Navies combined."

U.S. Senator Sam Nunn was chairman of a U.S. Senate inquiry into the "Japanese Aum Sect and Weapons of Mass Destruction". Nunn was reported to have stated that the U.S. inquiry team had evidence that the Aum Supreme Truth sect had attempted to purchase Nuclear Weapons from the Russians and had also attempted to develop the same from their own scientific laboratory base--and had probably succeeded. Researcher Harry Mason contacted Dan Gelber, chief counsel of the U.S. Senate inquiry. Dan Gelber informed him that the U.S. had found evidence that in 1992 the Aum sect had sent a research team to study at the Nikola Tesla Museum in Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

Their objective was to get data on Tesla's electromagnetic wave transmission technology. As early as 1914, Tesla predicted the electrical control of atmospheric moisture and he gave some thought to how this "Weather Control" could be achieved using his magnifying transmitters. The background of the Aum's Deputy leader Kiyohide Hayakawa is interesting. He studied for his masters degree at Osaka University in "Greening Technology". His thesis is marked highly confidential and is under Top Secret wraps. The University authorities originally stated that he studied "Anti-desertification" in the Climate Engineering department. However Japanese investigative journalist Yoichi Shimatsu (see web site--www.pelego.com) has uncovered strong evidence that this department is a cover for secret Japanese Electromagnetic (EM) weapons research. Hayakawa was a high ranking member of the "Moonies" before he broke with them in 1987, with $20 Million (U.S) of their funds and joined the Aum Supreme Truth. He brought along with him 35 fellow members of the

Moonies and rose almost immediately to the position of Deputy Leader. He apparently used the Aum organization for drugs, arms and high-tech scientific equipment dealing around the world.

In 1997, Garry Greenwood wrote a book titled "All the Emperor's Men" wherein is discussed the interesting career of Yasuko Shimada, Hayakawa's contact and helper in Western Australia. In the book Greenwood discusses his own personal experiences with the international Japanese cult

"MAHIKARI". He was a devoted member of this "New Civilization" Spiritual Healing Religion for some 17 years and was their # 2 spiritual leader / executive in Australia for about 10 years.

Several years ago, Greenwood left the sect when he discovered that it's founder Lt. Colonel Yoshikazu Okada (Ex-Emperor's bodyguard and Imperial Guards), had been instrumental in planning the Japanese Armys' Rape of Nanking" in China prior to WWII. He also found out that at the higher Japanese Mahikari Command levels the cult was viewed as designed with just one purpose : TO INITIATE THE PLACEMENT OF CURRENT EMPEROR OF JAPAN BACK TO

HIS "RIGHTFUL" POSITION AS EMPEROR OF PLANET EARTH WITHIN OUR

LIFETIME. Apparently these people believe that in an earlier lifetime, many thousands of years ago, the Present Japanese Emperor ruled this entire planet, and it is now his ordained destiny to rule the Earth again. Greenwood noted that Yasuko Shimada, Hayakawa's contact, was instrumental in establishing Mahikari in Australia in 1974, where it has approximately 2000

members, but concentrates on the rich and powerful. In April 1993, a Japanese group arrived in Western Australia.

The Japanese Environment Ministry approached the Western Australian government with a plan to undertake an "Anti-Desertification" study in the eastern goldfields area of W.A. Joint research by Yoichi Shimatsu in Japan and Garry Greenwood has uncovered a trail of connections between the covert Japanese money-power supporters of both the Aum and Mahikari sects. These include prominent (LDP) Liberal Democratic Party politicians such as Shintaro Ishihara, co-author (With the late Sony chairman Akio Morita) of a book entitled "The Japan That Can Say No". This 1989

books' basic thesis suggested that Japan should allay with Russia, & that by MATING

JAPANESE MICROCHIPS TO RUSSIAN SUPER-WEAPONS they could put the finger up to the USA and JOINTLY RULE THE WORLD.

Researcher Harry Mason was informed by The Australian Federal Police that the Aum's Science Minister Hideo Murai (A Nuclear Physicist) was regarded as "The Most Intelligent Living Japanese". Murai had a pre-Aum background in EM technology. He had worked at Kobe Steel, researching microwave and other EM / Ray Wave technology applications for cold moulding of steel, having graduated as an astrophysicist specializing in Cosmic X-Ray Analysis. His KOBE

STEEL LABORATORY WAS AT THE EPICENTER OF THE 1995 KOBE EARTHQUAKE.

Strongly supportive evidence about these weapons came from a Moscow source developed by Japanese investigative journalists. This person was present during a conference in Moscow (Jan.

1990), when a top Japanese delegation, led by Foreign Minister Shintaro Abe met with USSR

President Gorbachev and his aide, Politburo Member Alexander Yakovlev. Their intent was to establish "Bilateral Cooperation". At further meetings in Jan. 1991, Gorbachev via Yakovlev offered the Japanese the USSR's super-secret intercontinental EM Weapons technology--Capable of producing Earthquakes--for U.S. $900 Million. Gorbachev also agreed with Japanese Diet member Toshio Yamaguchi to the setting up of a joint Japan-Russia University in Moscow that would be tasked with co-opting the brightest young Nuclear Physicists' minds of both countries to develop new 2nd and 3rd generation EM superweapons by mating Japanese Microchip and electronics know-how to Russian 1st Generation Weapons Technology !! This University was soon formed and under the cover of "Cultural Studies" was administered by the Aum sect and one Lobov. Lobov became Yeltsin's Head of the Security Council--after the late 1991 coup that removed Gorbachev. The Aum members first arrived in Moscow in late 1991. Under the support of Lobov, given many hours of free time on Radio Moscow and access to the Russian Army the Aum soon had 50,000 Russian members as compared to 30,000 Japanese. The Aum sect was utilized to effect many covert arms purchases in Russia for the Japanese government. Both Yakovlev and Lobov were in repeated contact with Hayakawa over the next few years. The U.S.

Senate inquiry found that very large sums of money had been transferred to Lobov's Swiss Bank account and supposedly several people have ended up dead in Russia attempting to research this information.

There have been 1000 major fireball events known to have occured in Australia over the last 4

years, 100 of these involving huge aerial explosions of Nuclear-bomb-force levels, and 10 of these "explosions" have coincided with medium range 3.6 - 4.0 Richter Scale earthquakes.

Another major fireball event occurred on May 1st 1997, in Central New South Wales in the late evening. As with the Perth May 1st 1993 event, this, too was witnessed by a large number of people, described as Massive Blue-White Rippled Lights flashing through the night sky. There were calls to the local police stations and national and local UFO groups and the following day channel 10 TV ran a story picked up from the Sydney Reuters concerning the many reports to the police and astronomical observatories. Within one day, there was a news blackout and that was all that was heard. SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S CELEBRATING MAY DAY !! Who Could That Be ? Maybe the Illuminati ?

Another interesting point: Shoko Asahara, the leader of the Aum Supreme Truth had predicted in a Tokyo Radio Broadcast on Jan. 8th, 1995, that a major earthquake would soon occur at Kobe.

He even stated that this quake would be initiated by "A foreign power" utilizing an Electromagnetic EM weapons system. Aum's Science Minister Hideo Murai later stated at the Foreign Press Correspondant's Club in Tokyo on April 7 1995 that, "There is a great possibility that the great Hanshin (Kobe) earthquake was activated by electromagnetic power or some device that exerts Energy into the ground". In Japan, European chemical and nerve gas experts who examined the Aum's chemical complex claimed there was no evidence to show that Sarin or other nerve gases were manufactured there. They did find some samples of Sarin as well as other nerve gases. What was discovered that was being manufactured there was the drug "Ecstacy"

(MDMA). Japanese investigative journalists believe that the drugs were being distributed world-wide by the Yakuza, possibly through a rogue CIA operation. That is all on this subject. The only thing I personally find skeptical about all this is the fact that the researcher Harry Mason also discusses and includes the April 19th bombing as evidence in his

information and makes the very large mistake of saying that it occured on April "17". I don't know maybe it's one of those small oversights that is actually a very large and critical one when doing research. The REAL

information tends to come out once other reasearchers have had a chance to review new information coming down the pipeline and they have a say at it from their own personal perspective and research. Sometimes it literally takes years before it is possible for consciousness to come to certain semi-solid conclusions about events that took place at an earlier time. Like Kennedy, like Watergate and like Iran Contra, the facts don't come out right away, but over time we can see the puzzle start to piece itself together.

Speaking of the PUZZLES that are piecing themselves together, like The Oklahoma City Bombing. You can add several hundred to the number of people MURDERED BY THE FBI IN

WACO. The "PROOF" that the FBI MURDERED all those people at the OKLAHOMA FEDERAL BUILDING on April 19th, HAS JUST COME OUT. ----I will quote directly from the McCurtain Daily Gazette (This appeared in the Free American) : Near Pandemonium broke out in a Federal courtroom here Monday when a senior agent of the FBI shocked observers by telling the court that the spiritual leader of Elohim City, the Rev. Robert Millar, was a confidential informant for the FBI. The McCurtain Daily Gazette has long been reporting that Elohim City is a religious and paramilitary compound in east-central Oklahoma that is frequented by some of the most dangerous members of the neo-Nazi underground in the United States and Canada.

Although residents of the cult have continued to deny it publicly, the Gazette has reported that it's sources believe one of those shadowy figures was Timothy McVeigh. Stories published in this newspaper have also exposed Elohom City as the center of a wide-ranging conspiracy to overthrow the federal government by members of a group called "The Aryan Republican Army".

Several of those members have since been arrested on charges related to a string of bank robberies across the midwestern United States.

The incredible revelation that the leader of Elohim City himself was part of a government intelligence operation came during a pre-trial hearing associated with the upcoming trial of another confidential informant, Carol E. Howe. Howe, a former Tulsa beauty queen, debutante and one-time paid

undercover informant for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, is scheduled to stand trial later this month for conspiracy charges associated with making bomb threats and possession of bomb making components. Howe was indicted shortly after the Gazette reported that she intended to be a key witness in the trial of Timothy McVeigh.

U.S. District Judge Richard Matsch, who presided over the McVeigh trial, refused to let Howe testify in Denver, ruling that her information that Elohim City was the center of the Bombing conspiracy might "Confuse the Jury". Under questioning Monday by Howe attorney Clark Brewster of Tulsa, Special Agent Peter Rickel stunned everyone when he reluctantly admitted that the man Elohim City Members call "Grandpa" is really a cooperating source for the FBI.

Millar's status as a confidential informant began in the Fall of 1994. The FBI admitted in court that Millar was a paid confidential informant, although the amount of his paycheck was not revealed. When Rickel disclosed this startling information, a Senior FBI agent and several U.S.

Attorneys bolted from the courtroom in an agitated state.

Millar's encampment was heretofore considered by experts in domestic terrorism to be the

"Switzerland" of the neo-Nazi movement in the United States. Elohim City, a 1000 acre area of rolling timberland is the residence of some 80 followers. But, more importantly, it has played host to some of the nation's most notable subversives. Thus Millar's position as a mole for the FBI could explain why the compound was never raided. Despite it's use as a hideout for gun-runners, drug smugglers, bank robbers and suspected members of the conspiracy that bombed the Federal Building in Oklahoma City, Elohim City has enjoyed a reputation as a place fugitives can live without fear of arrest.

In the weeks before the Oklahoma City bombing, BATF agent Angela Findley had planned to raid the compound and arrest it's Security Advisor Andreas Carl Strassmeir. Strassmeir, an illegal alien who migrated to Elohim City from Germany, was suspected by Findley of converting semi-automatic weapons to machine guns as well as plotting with other Elohim City residents and visitors to bomb federal installations. Carol Howe reported to Findley during the time she worked for the BATF. Howe told Findley that Strassmeir was the ringleader in the plot to bomb the Oklahoma City federal building and that Millar was preaching twice a day

to his flock that the group had to ACT BY APRIL 19th, OR THEY WOULD END UP LIKE THE BRANCH

DIVIDIANS IN WACO !!! The arrest of Strassmeir was scrubbed after senior members of the BATF, FBI and the U.S. Attorney's office met in Feb. 1995 and discussed Findley's plan.

Strassmeir was also an important source of intelligence for the U.S. government. In Jan. 1996, shortly after it was discovered that it was Strassmeir that Timothy McVeigh had called for in the days before the bombing, the German national fled to his native Berlin with the aid of German Intelligence officers. All I can say is this: If Timothy McVeigh got the DEATH PENALTY, then so should the FBI Agents and all others INVOLVED, including Janet Reno and possibly Bill Clinton. We will wait until the Independant Grand Jury comes to a verdict in Oklahoma, but if they decide there was a Government cover-up and conspiracy then WE THE PEOPLE should put the Criminal perpetrators on TRIAL !!! I'M SURE this would send the PROPER MESSAGE to GOVERNMENT TERRORISTS that they cannot get away with CRIMES AGAINST THE

PEOPLE.

Have you heard of Remote Viewing ? The CIA has, and they've been using it to spy on you, or so they say. The only problem is: the people discussing it and writing books on it are CIA operatives who claim they are "Allowed" to talk about this stuff. I personally don't think they are "Allowed"

to talk about anything they are not instructed to talk about specifically for PROPAGANDA purposes. If someone who used to be in the CIA is saying anything at all, it is probably because THAT is their new assignment. I could be wrong, of course.

The creation of these Remote Viewing programs was mostly in response to the aquired knowledge in the U.S. intelligence agencies that the Russians had been working on such projects.

"GONDOLA WISH" evolved into Project "GRILL-FLAME" in the Late part of 1978. Later, it became "Sun Streak" and then "Star-Gate".

The "official" story goes like this: The unit was known formally as "Special Action Branch" and was attached to INSCOM. It took it's orders from the Pentagon office of the Army's Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence. It's tasking requests originated from a variety of offices throughout the U.S. Intelligence Community, including the CIA, DIA, even

the President's NSC. The information was stamped not only with the standard Army intelligence "SECRET" , but with the Pentagon Code-word "GRILL-FLAME". Only a few dozen officials in the intelligence community had been briefed on the existence of "Grill-Flame". The unit's Commander was Lieutenant Colonel Murrey B. "Scotty" Watt. A partial listing of the "Remote Viewers" are as follows: Mel Riley, Skip Atwater, Joe McMoneagle, Major Edward Dames Fernand Gauvin, Uri Geller (Psychic ?), Keith Harary, Ingo Swann, First Sergeant Leonard "Lyn" Buchanan. Some other KEY players are as follows: Colonel John Alexander, a Senior Aide to Major General Albert Stubblebine, Chief of the Army's Intelligence & Security Command (INSCOM) 1982-84; Bonnar "Bart" Cox; Dir. of Information & Engineering Science Div. at Stanford Research Institute (SRI); Lieutenant General Daniel O. Graham (USAF), Dir. of Defence Intelligence Agency (DIA) 1974-76; Commander C.B. "Scott" Jones, USN, Former Senior Aide to Senator Claiborne Pell (D-RI), advisor on Psi-related matters who ran a group of psychics that performed contract work for several federal agencies in the early 80's; Professor Michael Persinger, Psychologist at Laurentian Univ. Ontario and informal consultant to SRI, early 80's. Persinger had studied the link between Neurophysiological processes and mystical or paranormal experiences. Major General Edmond Thompson, Head of the U.S. Army Intelligence Agency 1975-77, Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence, 1977-1981, DIA Deputy Dir. for Management

& Operations 1982-84, and a key supporter of the Remote Viewing Program.

"Remote Viewing" is a term used by the Army / CIA to describe a process where the participant

"Projects" his or her mind into another Time / Space "Location", thereby being able to "See" a given situation in the past, present, or future time. The philosophy behind the ability to do this is simple: Something similar to a tape head (Use your mind) imprints thoughts and vibrations as they occur in Real-Time on an Etheric Tape (Akashic Record, called by the ancients & still today), documenting the entire history of mankind (civilization) and all the events that have occured so far. By meditating or Directing your thought to "Blank your mind out" and then focusing on a particular given object, you can "Be" wherever you think. This is supposedly different than "Astral Travel" where you take a part of your spiritual body with you. According to

the "Experts", this only involves your mind, not your body in spirit. Robert Monroe already had a center set up teaching people about Astral Projection in the late 1970's or early 80's. I read the book "Journeys Out of the Body" when I was in my early teens. Apparently, this is a little different. The intelligence agencies may not have helped set up Monroe's institute, but they definitely took advantage of its' existence and used it to train operatives in the "Remote Viewing"

program for a lengthy period of time.

Altered States such as those in which "Out-of-body experiences" occured are mostly unmeasurable. By using electroencephalographs and other scanning devices, one could see the changes in brainwaves and brain activity pattern. After some experimenting, Bob Monroe came up with idea for controlling these patterns by playing sounds with frequencies that matched the brain-wave frequencies because he learned that the brain had a tendency to mimic the frequencies presented to it that way. Monroe knew that when one frequency was presented to one ear and a seperate frequency to the other ear, the difference between those frequencies (e.g., 8,000 Hz minus 7,990 Hz=10 Hz) was also perceptible to the mind. It was what communications engineers called the "Beat Frequency". Monroe decided to present the Altered-State mimicking sounds as beat frequencies--i.e. One set of frequencies in one ear, and a slightly different set in the other in such a way that the mixture would produce the desired waveform pattern. It seemed to work so well that Monroe patented it and called it the "Hemi-Sync" method and soon started producing Hemi-sync tapes which would induce the Altered State necessary for "Out-of-body experiences".

Supposedly, when the first of the team of Remote Viewers, Skip Atwater, visited the Monroe center in 1977, Monroe had already been around for awhile and had already developed these tapes. It is possible that this is when the CIA started working with the Monroe Institute. How closely they were working together and on what other "Programs" is probably a more significant question.

It is my suspicion as well as others' like Alex Constantine ("Virtual Government & Psychic Dictatorship in the U.S.A") that the so-called "Remote Viewing" program is possibly in reality a cover for a very sophisticated MIND CONTROL --THOUGHT IMPLANTATION Program.

Have you been hearing voices in your head lately ? I haven't personally, but I do know that several serial killers who spent time in CIA-run

psychiatric facilities have claimed to have heard voices as well as other mass murderers and people who have "flown off the handle" like post office employees and U.P.S. workers. How come all of the disgruntled employees who go off all work for government-connected (contracted) corporate businesses? Also, what connection would this "Thought Implantation" have with supposed "UFO abductees" or various "Channels".

According to the Remote Viewers, there were several times when they "Viewed" UFOs or their

"Grey Occupants" or various other mysteries like underground caverns on Mars, etc. The official line from the remote viewers is they didn't know what to conclude except that possibly our civilization was under some kind of observance or control by other worldly entities and pretty much the same line of info that comes down through the UFOlogy pipeline. Here is one interesting possible (mind control) twist: According to the members of the CIA Remote Viewing team who worked with Uri Geller, when the team questioned Geller about the origin of his supernatural abilities, he claimed a belief in a Supercomputer Spaceship in the Heavens that controls All That Is, Called "Spectra".

Anyways, around 1990, Dave Morehouse and Ed Dames formed a company called Psi-Tech, with the idea of using moonlighting remote viewers as a kind of psychic investigation team for private clients. One of Psi-Tech's clients supposedly asked Dames to Remote View the mysterious "crop circles" appearing in wheatfields in Southern England and was provided with data suggesting that the circles were caused by "Flying Saucer-like devices skimming over the wheat fields". Later, a group from the former Soviet Union asked Psi-Tech to Remote View the disappearance of a Russian Space probe and Ed Dames again implicated "aliens". In 1991, Dames retired from the Army, seperated from his wife, moved to Alberquerque, and became very involved in the UFO scene. A year and a half later in March 1993, he appeared at a local UFO

conference and announced that a colony of pregnant Martian females lay beneath the New Mexico desert. Sometime between April & August, he predicted, these Martians would give birth and emerge above-ground. He told the audience "We're sure it's going to happen, we've alerted the media, and teams of doctors, technicians, and documentary filmmakers are on call and in place to respond at a moment's notice...President Clinton will announce it and everyone in the world will know!". After August 1993

came and no aliens appeared, Dames was running out of money and turned Psi-Tech into a "Remote Viewing Training Company" and offered a week-long course. One of his students was Courtney Brown, political science professor at Emory University in Atlanta. Courtney Brown got very involved in Remote Viewing and began to take a look at the "History of Interactions between Aliens and Planet Earth" and the details of the various races of aliens such as the big-headed "Grays" and the "Blond and Blue-eyed Nordics".

Later, Brown published his book titled "Cosmic Voyage". Are you starting to see the PATTERN

? It is very possible that "Remote Viewing" programs are also a cover for Thought Implantation Mind Control. THOUGHTS ARE FREQUENCIES. By aiming different frequencies at you and trnsmitting wave-forms of information to you, it would be logically concluded that they could influence your thoughts. One very good way to study the effectiveness of this would be to use subjects who have cleared their minds in a controlled environment and are "Seeking out Information in the Ethers".

Information is coming out from several different sources, claiming that the Jesus did not die on the cross, but was instead saved by his brother James and taken away somewhere safe where he and Mary Magdalene had children. Supposedly these children became the French Kings in the fifth and sixth centuries. King Merovee. The story is long and involved. It is fully documented in books like, "Holy Blood, Holy Grail", "The Messianic Legacy" both by authors, Michael Beigent, Richard Leigh and Henry Lincoln. Shortly after, appeared "Guardians of the Grail" by J.R. Church, and then "Pandora's Box" by Alex Christopher, and most recently "Bloodline of the Holy Grail" by Lawrence Gardner. I have read these and the story is quite convincing when you take a look at it. All books are written by completely different people and include basically the same information "Line".

The Freemasons actually trace their history to the Knights Templar; the Templars however, were created by the Priory of Sion, which was set up supposedly to protect the Merovingian bloodline.

Wouldn't it be nice and convenient for the Masons to say they have inherited the teachings and the lineage of Jesus? Then they could really get away with some crimes. If you do the research, in conspiracies you cannot

avoid at some point tracing things back to the Knights Templar and then to the Priory of Sion. There is conclusive evidence that there was something inherited, possibly wealth, or possibly just information, (MAJOR INFORMATION, perhaps). The Priory, after all had the Wealth of Solomon's Gold, of this we can almost be certain. It had been placed in the hands of the Templars for safe keeping and there is dispute whether this gold was taken and stored at Rennes Le Chateau in Southern France.

The most important documents discovered by the authors concerning the Priory of Sion came from the Grand Lodge Alpina, the Supreme Mother Lodge of Switzerland. These documents, called "The Dossiers Secret", told of a Catholic priest named Berenger Saunier, who was also a Freemason. Saunier had joined a Rosicrucion Order that was founded in 1873. On June 1st, 1885, Saunier was posted to a little parish in the tiny village church of Rennes Le Chateau in Southern France. Eight centuries earlier in 1059, the village of Rennes Le Chateau was consecrated to Mary Magdelene, the Patron Saint of Southern France. At the time of Saunier's assignment, the church was in need of repair and in 1891, Saunier attempted to restore it. At this time he discovered four parchments preserved in sealed wooden tubes. Two of these parchments are said to have comprised genealogies, one dating from 1244 and the other from 1644. These parchments contained a list of the Grand Masters of both the Knights Templar and the Priory of Sion, as well as a history of the Merovingian bloodline. The heading of one of these documents was in cipher.

When translated it read, "To Dagobert II King and to Sion belongs this treasure and he is there dead." According to the tenets of the Priory of Sion, Jesus Christ did not die, but merely pretended to die, was taken from the cross and stolen from the tomb and was believed to have married Mary Magdalene, and even produced children. They claim that when the Romans destroyed the Temple at Jerusalem in 70 A.D. , that Magdalene fled with her sacred children by boat across the Mediterranean to France. She then found refuge within a Jewish community.

Future generations of her offspring were said to have married into the Royal Frankish Family and by the fifth century produced a king, whose name was Merovee. He was the first in a series of kings called the Merovingian bloodline. It is said that the offspring of Merovee were noted for a birthmark above their heart, a small "red cross".

This symbol eventually became the emblem of the Priory of Sion. This same "Red Cross" carried over to the Rosicrucions (Rosy Cross). The first forming of the Rosicrucions was after the Battle at Gisors in 1188. This is where the Knights Templar and the Priory of Sion had a "falling out"

and split. The Ordre de Sion (Order of Sion) changed it's name to the Prieure de Sion (Priory of Sion) and selected Jean de Gisors as it's first Grand Master, a vassal of the King of England.

Ormus was an Egyptian sage and mystic and a gnostic adept of Alexandria, blending Christianity with "Masdeism", which was a Greek / Roman Form of Zoroastrianism. Ormus and his initiates had taken the Red Cross as their identifying symbol four centuries before Merovee was born with the supposed "Red Cross" birthmark above his heart. The Knight's Templar adopted Merovee's Red Cross six centuries later. To emulate the Templars, The Priory took the Red Cross of Ormus as it's own emblem, then adopted the Title "L' Ordre de la Rose Croix Veritas" or "The Order of the True Red Cross".

If Ormus is the source of the 'Red Cross', and the bloodlines coming out of Jerusalem or the immediate area used the 'Red Cross' as an emblem, we have to consider the significance of this

"Red Cross". What is it really ? Or maybe more appropriately, What does it represent? It is my personal contention that it represents "knowledge". Not just any knowledge, but a very particular knowledge of the history of religion and the origin of religious meanings. Remember when you read the next section on religious history, that the Knights Templar were originally called the

"Milice du Christ" or "Soldiers of Christ". Is the Red Cross a secret symbol for a Mushroom, particularly the (Red Cap) Amanita ?

In no way is this meant to be a blasphemy to God. Also, at the same time, this material is not Anti-religious. I suppose it could be considered Anti-church, or Anti-establishment religion.

After all, everyone's relationship with God is INDIVIDUAL. How people perceive God and what people perceive to be God, will always be different according to different people and cultural makeup. The New World Order seeks to bring about a ONE UNDERSTANDING of GOD. This can never be. A one-world religion is Utopian at best. It may SOUND like a good idea, but I wouldn't want to require someone of a different religion to believe in mine as I would not want to be required to believe the

doctrines of the Jehovah's Witnesses or some other fanatical religious sect. This information is being presented to give the reader a CHOICE to realize to where the origin of modern religions traces back, NOT to deny God or the idea of GOD in any way. As long as people live by GOODNESS, it doesn't matter what you believe as far as religion goes. I personally don't believe anything is more in accordance with God than sound spiritual practices, like teaching GOODNESS or showing people how to be FREE in their MINDS. Living for God, or living in accordance with God is far more important than one's church related beliefs. What goodness comes with murder ? How many murder in the name of God ? Even Abortion clinic protesters that murder are still murderers, even if they are trying to prevent the murder of innocent children. Is this what God would want ? If so, in whose opinion ? One Man cannot decide what God would want, and no clergy can speak for God. Everything in this catalogue is not the word of God either. This information is here to be studied and pondered, not necessarily taken as God's WORD. Now for a little bit on Language.

Do You Believe that God ever authored a Book and that he called it "The Bible"? Or do you believe that a group of scholars close to God or the Son of God ever collected the works of God's Words or God's Son's Words ? Do you believe the Son of God ever appeared on Earth ? If he did, do you think he would actually allow a bunch of mere mortals to Crucify him on a Cross ? Why do you think God would allow it and not step in and stop it from happening, if He is ALL-SEEING ? And, if God spoke to Moses, how do we know He really did and that Moses was not lying? How do we know Moses was not just another Capitalist trying to Monopolize on a Book by saying he spoke to God? What if the Ten Commandments were really a reflection of Moses'

own morals and guilt complexes brought about through his own cultural and spiritual ideologies at the time and he intended to push his Religion at the time?, after all, they were ingesting some strange fungus.

WHAT IF GOD IS A GODDESS AND JESUS WAS A MUSHROOM ? What if "God" was a

"Great Penis" in the Heavens, who every Winter blessed the Mother Earth's Womb with Fertile Semen, called today "Rain", and gave birth to the "Son of God", a "Miniature Penis"--A SACRED MUSHROOM. This would not be so unbelievable if you were living thousands of years ago, in Ancient Sumeria, Egypt or Jerusalem. How can we really verify what

happened thousands of years ago if we don't even know the language in which the books that we are reading were written. Also, words mean different things depending on the culture and time of their use. If the Latin is a translation of the Hebrew writings and we look at the Hebrew writings themselves (understanding Hebrew), how do we know that the people who wrote them at that time correctly understood the Egyptian or Babylonian translations of the Original Sumerian Version? Or, what if, along the way, each time the shaman priesthood translated into a new language, they kept the Original Words or Meanings hidden intentionally? Very few people in the world today know EVERY language including: Sumerian, Babylonian, Cuneiform, Acadian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Hebrew, Phoenician, Greek, Latin, and others. If you happen to know all those languages, what are the chances that you have also read the "ACTUAL DEAD SEA SCROLLS"? John Allegro nows all of these languages and was hired to be a part of the Original editing team deciphering the Dead Sea Scrolls back in the 1950's, shortly after they were found.

He was the first to access and read the "Copper Scroll". He was kicked off the editing team after a period and then went on to publish his findings. In 1970, he published "The Sacred Mushroom

& The Cross", a book about Judaism and Christianity and their origin in Ancient Mushroom Fertility Cults still in existence around the time of the conquering of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. by the Romans. He cites the obsession of the "Essenes" with the Amanita Muscaria Mushroom and blames the wrathful response of the Roman Empire on the secret, subversive mushroom cults and dissemination of information in code relating to "Jesus", the Sacred Fungus. -"The Fungus recognized today as the 'Amanita Muscaria', or 'Fly Agaric', had been known from the beginning of history. Beneath the skin of it's characteristic red and white spotted cap, there is concealed a powerful hallucinatory poison. Every aspect of the mushroom's existence was fraught with sexual allusions, and in it's phallic form the anciaents saw a replica of the fertility god himself. It was the "Son of God", it's drug was a purer form of the god's own spermatozoa than that discoverable in any other form of living matter. It was, in fact, God himself, manifest on earth. To the mystic it was the divinely given means of entering heaven; God had come down in the flesh to show the way to himself, by himself."--From "The Intro of "The Sacred Mushroom & the Cross".

According to Allegro, in ancient times it was believed that if the rain in the desert lands was the source of life, then the moisture from heaven must be only a more abundant kind of spermatozoa.

If the male organ ejaculated this precious fluid and made life in the woman, then above the skies the source of nature's semen must be a mighty penis, as the earth which bore it's offspring was the womb. It followed therefore that to induce the heavenly phallus to complete it's orgasm, man must stimulate it by sexual means, by singing, dancing, orgiastic displays and, above all, by the performance of the copulatory act itself. "To raise the crops the farmer copulated with his wife in the fields. To seek the drug that would send his soul winging to the 7th heaven and back, the initiated into the religious mysteries had their priestesses seduce the god and draw him into their grasp as a woman fascinates her partner's penis to erection. Plants were thought more plentifully endued with the sperm of God than anything else. These were the Drug-Herbs, the science of whose cultivation and use had been accumulated over centuries of observation and dangerous experimentation. Those who had this secret wisdom of the plants were the chosen of their God; to them alone had he vouchsafed the priviledge of access to the heavenly throne. And if he was jealous of his power, no less were those who served him in the cultic mysteries. Their's was no gospel to be shouted from the rooftops: Paradise was for none but the favored few. The incantations and rites by which they conjured forth their drug plants, and the details of the bodily and mental preparations undergone before they could ingest their God, were the secrets of the cult to which none but the initiate bound by fearful oaths, had access." "Very rarely were these secrets ever commited to writing. Normally, these 'scriptures' would be passed from mouth to mouth, unless a disruption of their cultic center occured, such as war, then it became necessary to write down the names of the herbs and the manner of their use and accompanying incantations, and it would be in some esoteric form comprehensible only to those within their dispersed communities."

Allegro believes that this is the case with the Jewish revolt of A.D.66. "Instigated probably by members of the cult, swayed by their drug-induced madness to believe God had called them to master the world in his name, they provoked the mighty power of Rome to swift and terrible action. Jerusalem was ravaged, her temple destroyed. Judaism was disrupted, and her people to seek refuge with communities already established around the

mediterranean coastlands. The mystery cults found themselves without their central fount of authority, with many of their priests killed in the abortive rebellion or driven into the desert. The secrets, if they were not to be lost forever, had to be committed to writing, and yet, if found, the documents must give nothing away or betray those who still dared defy the Roman authorities and continue their religious practices."

Allegro goes on to say "The folk-tales of the ancients had from the earliest times contained myths based upon the personification of plants and trees. They were invested with human faculties and qualities and their names and physical characteristics were applied to the heroes and heroins of the stories. Some of these were just tales spun for entertainment, others were political parables like Jotham's fable about the trees in the Old Testament, while others were means of remembering and transmitting therapeutic folklore. The names of the plants were spun out to make the basis of the stories, whereby the creatures of fantasy were identified, dressed and made to enact their

parts. Here then, was the literary device to spread occult knowledge to the faithful. To tell the story of a Rabbi called Jesus, and invest him with the power and names of the magic drug. To have him live before the terrible events that had disrupted their lives, to preach a love between men, extending even to the hated Romans. Thus, reading such a tale, should it fall into Roman hands, even their mortal enemies might be deceived and not probe farther into the activities of the cells of mystery cults within their territories."

Allegro gives us other insights into what was happening at the time in Jerusalem. How did Modern Christianity come about ? And what happened to change it from a mushroom-worshipping cult then to the Modern conservative, Christianity based on a man dying on a cross?: Also from the introduction, "The ruse failed, Christians, hated and despised, were hauled forth and slain in their thousands. The cult well nigh perished. What eventually took it's place was a travesty of the real thing, a mockery of the power that could raise men to heaven and give them a glimpse of God for which they gladly died. The story of the Rabbi crucified at the instigation of the Jews became a historical peg upon which the new cult's authority was founded. What began as a hoax, became a trap even to those who believed them-selves to be the spiritual heirs of the mystery religion and took to themselves the name of "Christian" . Above all, they forgot, or purged from

the cult and their memories, the one supreme secret on which their whole religious and ecstatic experience depended: The Names and Identity of the source of the Drug, the Key to Heaven--The Sacred Mushroom."

Probably the most overlooked point in researching history is the fact that we do not take into consideration the origin of the WORD we are dealing with, for the WORD had a different meaning in the previous language from which it came. A WORD in ENGLISH today may have a particular MEANING, but it is not necessarily the same MEANING as the WORD had in say, Latin or Hebrew. And what do Latin and Hebrew have in common? If a word means something in English and a word means something in Hebrew, is that WORD going to have the same meaning? Possibly Not! But, what if that WORD had a common origin in both languages, going back to Sumerian? Then the MEANING of the WORD in SUMERIAN would be the correct or closer TRUE MEANING of the WORD.

Allegro's work is really a study in words and their origin, since this is the source of their true MEANING. From the Introduction of "The Sacred Mushroom & the Cross"--"Our present study has much to do with names and titles. Only when we can discover the nomenclature of the sacred fungus within and without the cult, can we begin to understand it's function and theology. The main factor that has made these new discoveries possible has been the realization that many of the most secret names of the sacred mushroom go back to ancient Sumerian, the oldest written language known to us, witnessed by cuneiform texts dating from the fourth millennium B.C..

Furthermore, it now appears that this ancient tongue provides a bridge between the Indo-European languages (which include Greek, Latin and our own tongue) and the Semitic group, which includes the language of the Old Testament, Hebrew and Aramaic. For the first time, it becomes possible to decipher the names of gods, mythological characters, classic and biblical, and plant names. Thus, their place in the cultic systems and their functions in the old fertility religions can be determined. Even gods such as Zeus and Yahweh embody the same fundamental conception of the fertility deity, for their names in origin are precisely the same. A common tongue overrides physical and racial boundaries. Even languages so apparently different as Greek and Hebrew, when they can be shown to derive from a common fount, point to a communality of culture at some early stage."

One of the first examples given in the book is the word "Etymology", which is the study of the relationship between words and the thoughts they express. Where does the word "Etymology"

come from? Etymology seeks the "True" meaning of the word. The Greek word for true is

"Etumos". So, at least going back to Greek, the word "Etymology" has in it's roots, the MEANING of "TRUE".

Taking a word back even farther to Sumerian is a little more involved, though this is necessary, if we are to know the "True" meaning of the word. Another example taken from the first chapter, this time, titled "In the Beginning god created" ; "If we were to seek the root of a modern barbarism like "de-escalate", we should immediately remove the "de-" and the verbal appendage

"-ate", slice off the initial "e-" as a recognizable prefix, and be left with "scal-" for further study.

The Latin scala means "Ladder" and we are clearly on the right track. But at this stage the etymologist will look out for possible vocalic changes occuring between dialects. One of the more common is between "L" and "N" and we are not surprised to find that an early form of the root has "N" in place of "L", so that Sanskrit, one of the earliest dialects of Indo-European, has a root "skan-" with the idea of "going up". Sibilants can interchange also, such as "s" and "z" and short vowels can drop out in speech between consonants, like "i" between "s" and "c". In fact we can break down our Indo-European root "scan-" "ascend" still further into two Sumerian syllables, ZIG, "rise" and AN "up" ". --ZIGAN (Scan) (Scal) (Escalate).

How many people do you think there are that are actually qualified to tell you what's in the books that comprise the bible ? I would think only a handful, if that. Not only would you have to know all of the languages going back to Sumerian, you would also have to have devoted your life to the study and research of religion, and the third qualification is that you would have to possess no preconcieved notions or expectations about what you were researching. (An open Mind). If you go back into the books looking for Jesus the Christ, you may only find a man, but if you were to approach the situation having already taken Hallucinogenic Mushrooms in your life and you realized in your research that the original meaning of the words, Jesus Christ meant, "to be Annointed" or "To Annoint with Semen",

you might figure that the original meaning had more to do with fertility, or possibly an object closely associated with fertility.

Allegro describes the difficult situation of translation : "Even within the bible, language has hitherto posed a major barrier to research into Christian origins. Jesus and his immediate followers are portrayed as Jews, living in Palestine and adopting Jewish customs and religious conventions. The religion propounded by the New Testament is at root a form of Judaism, but the language in which it is expressed is Greek, a non-semitic tongue. Words and names like "Christ",

"Holy Ghost", "Jesus", "Joseph" and "Mary" come through Hebrew channels but have Greek forms or translations in the New Testament. The words of Jesus are quoted freely, and often given the weight of incontrovertible authority, but in fact nobody knows for certain what he said, since what we have are translations of a supposedly Aramaic original of which all trace has otherwise been lost."--"What we have now discovered is that by going far enough back in time, it is possible to find a liguistic bridge between these ethnic and cultural groups. However far apart their respective languages (Greek & Hebrew), and philosophies may have become, they stem from a common, recoverable source, and it is there that any realistic study of Christian and Jewish origins must begin. The Root of Christianity in a sense lies not in the Old Testament, but like that of Judaism itself, in a pre-semitic, pre-hellenic culture that existed in Mesopotamia some two or three thousand years before the earliest Old testament composition. The Christian doctrine of the fatherhood of god stems not from the paternal relationship of Yahweh to his chosen people but from the naturalistic philosophy that saw the divine creator as a heavenly penis impregnating Mother Earth."

From the Chapter "The names of the Gods"--"Based on an etymological examination of the chief God-names, we can arrive at a common theme of Life-giving, fecundity, or fertility. Thus the principle Gods of the Greeks and Hebrews, Zeus and Yahweh (Jehovah), have names derived from Sumerian meaning "juice of fecundity", spermatazoa, "seed of life". The phrase is composed of two syllables, IA (ya, dialectally za), "juice", literally, "strong water" , "U", perhaps the most important phoneme in the whole of Near Eastern religion. It is found in the texts represented by a number of different cuneiform signs, but at the root of them all is the idea of

"Fertility". Thus one U means "copulate" or "mount", and "create"; another "rainstorm", source of the heavenly sperm; another "vegetation", as the offspring of the God, whilst another U is the name of the storm God himself. So far from evincing a multiplicity of gods and conflicting theological notions, , our earliest records lead us back to a single idea, even a single letter, "U".

Behind Judaism and Christianity, and indeed all the Near Eastern fertility religions and their more sophisticated developments, there lies this single phoneme, "U" ".

From the chapter "Plants and Drugs"--"The Greek word Daimon, derives, through the Persian

"dew" (there is a strong linguistic affinity between "m" and "w"), from a probable Sumerian original DA-IA-U-NA, meaning, "having power over fertility". The demon thus had the power of affecting, for good or ill, birth or death, and the various stages of health in between. The medicinal drug had similar powers, and the Hebrew word for "be sick", dawah, and it's cognate noun in Arabic meaning "medicine", come from the same root. So the demon of health and sickness and the drug are one and the same"....."Since all life derives from the divine seed, it follows that the most powerful healing drug would be the pure, unadulterated semen of the God.

Some plants were thought to have sap or resin approximating to this, their "purity" or "sanctity"

in this regard being measured by their power as drugs to kill or cure or intoxicate. In Sumerian, the words for "live" and "intoxicate" are the same, TIN and the "tree of life", GEShTIN, is the

"vine". Similarly, in the Greek oinos and the Hebrew yayin "wine", there is probably a common Sumarian root, IA-U-NU-, "semen seed" ". ...."The use of the name Jesus (Greek "iesus") as an invocation for healing was appropriate enough. It's Hebrew original, yehoshua, Joshua, comes from Sumerian IA-U-ShU-A (ShUSh), "semen which saves, restores, heals". Hellenized jews used for "Joshua", the Greek name Iason, Jason, very probably since Iason, "healer", and the deponent verb iaomai, "heal", come from the same Sumerian source. In the New Testament taunt,

"physician, heal thyself" (Luke 4:23), we probably have a direct allusion to this meaning, as we certainly have in Jesus' title "savior", Greek soter, the first element of which reflects the same Sumerian word, ShU, "save", and so is rightly used in Greek for saving from disease, harm, peril, etc., and is a

common epithet of Zeus and kings. The fertility god Dionysus, (Greek Dionusos), whose cult emblem was the erect phallus was also a god of healing, and his name, when broken down to original parts, IA-U-NU-ShUSh, is almost identical with that of Jesus, having NU "seed"

only in addition : "Semen seed that saves", and is comparable with the Greek Nosios, "healer", an epithet of Zeus." This is very compelling. If you don't understand it, then you might want to re-read it a few times.

Basically, the information above represents one idea that perhaps the source of "Christianity" was not a man, but instead a Mushroom, specifically "Amanita Muscaria" (Fly-Agaric). The confusion supposedly arose through the changes in language and an attempt to keep rituals and secrets of the fertility cult from the Roman authorities. Apparently, both the Greek and the Hebrew languages have common roots tracing back to Sumerian. There is no record of a Hebrew version of the New Testament, only a Greek translation. The stories in the Bible parallel stories that existed in other countries in other languages in earlier times. The names even trace back directly in language to the names of the same characters in the stories from other countries. The one main difference between

"Christianity" and these earlier fertility religions is the fact that in the earlier religions the central figure, the "Son of God", was a Mushroom. So, the question is, was Jesus really a man or was he a symbolic representation for a Psychedelic Mushroom ? We may have to learn ancient language ourselves in order to find out, or maybe take a trip to Kashmir.

In this next section I have presented a couple of letters by Leroy Shweitzer of the Montana Freemen describing why he believes he and the others are still in jail. I would like to add a couple of points to this involving Sovereignty. Most readers by now are probably wondering, "just what exactly is a Sovereign Citizen ?". If you ask different "authorities", you will certainly get different answers.

To some, "Sovereignty" means not having any contracts with the federal or state government, including licenses, social security numbers, and bank accounts. To others, it is not being a U.S.

citizen under the 14th Amendment, but instead a State citizen of the Republic. This would include recession of all contracts and documents relative to governments', etc. Others claim membership in a "Jural Society" is a necessary element of "Sovereignty". The reason for this is because the

definition of a "citizen", in Law, is "a member of a Jural Society or body politic".

Some of the different groups that teach "Sovereignty" or "state Citizenship" include Richard McDonald, an ex-police officer from Simi Valley, Johnny Liberty (John Van Hove) in Cascadia Oregon, The Montana Freemen, The Republic of Texas, Erwin Rommel School of Law, Jim Mattatel and the Concerned Citizens of the South Bay and the list goes on. There are many more around the country and probably many other groups of which I am unaware. All of these groups have a lot of information in common, but they teach different tactics, methods, and have different beliefs, some religious-based. This makes sense, since our organic law in America comes down to us from Biblical (Canon) Law....I believe a "Sovereign" is someone who can walk into a courtroom and walk out of that courtroom a FREEMAN, provided no common law crime was committed (Rape, Robbery or Murder).

In this country there are a lot of secrets, but there are some really BIG secrets, too. THERE ARE

SO MANY CRIMINALS IN THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM THAT THERE IS NO

ROOM LEFT FOR ANY JUSTICE. Our government is secretly being run by a CRIMINAL

MOB that will do WHATEVER is necessary to stay in power. Even if you have the law on your side and you are RIGHT, you can still be sent to jail, convicted and sent away. Even if you know all the laws and you are correct, the judges can do whatever they want. They won't even allow the jury to know they have a right to judge the law as well as the facts of the case. An informed Jury can Nullify any case they want and it only takes ONE JUROR. "Sovereigns" often think they are immune to laws because they are "Sovereign" and the judge is just going to let them go. THIS IS

NOT TRUE. They will walk all over you, unless you walk on them first.

The best defense is a good offense they say. You will soon see how this is true. The FREEMEN

are still in jail today, mostly because they DO know the Law. How does the criminal government deal with this? They can't. So they have to hide everything, commit more crimes and cover these up as well.

I have studied a bit from all of the groups mentioned and have met some interesting people along the way. From what I have learned, the only "Sovereign" people are the ones with backpack nukes and ground to air missile launchers and lots of firepower. In other words, the "Sovereigns"

in the world today are the International Bankers and the might they can whip up against an opposing country or political group. The Illuminati Freemasons have destroyed every last remaining spec of "Sovereignty" that ever existed in this country.

There are people who win using "Sovereignty" methods, but usually only because they take the judge by surprise and the next time the "Method" is used the judges are ready for it and they just overrule you. The big problem really, is that people do not represent themselves, but instead hire an attorney, who is really an agent of the court. You see, it all goes back to the Original 13th Amendment and "Titles of Nobility". There are 25 National and 4 State (California) Constitutions that have been discovered. The only ones that have not been repealed or altered are the ORIGINAL ones. These documents are still the "Law of the Land" today. The Original 13th Amendment forbide public officers from holding "Titles of Nobility". "Sir" and "Esquire" etc. are

"Titles of Nobility" bestowed by the "KING" on his subjects, thus empowering them and making them "Agents" of the King. The Bar Association is a Fraternal Order that the Judges and Attorneys belong to. The Judges are not supposed to be Attorneys. Back in early America, everyone knew the Law, because knowing the Law meant your Freedom was important to you. In American Jurisprudence an Attorney's relationship to the court is given first priority over his relation and duty

to his client. A client is further defined as a "Ward of the court". A ward of the court is defined as a "child or person of unsound mind". Therefore someone who hires an Attorney is a child or a person of unsound mind. In court, if you have an attorney, you cannot speak unless the judge asks you a direct question and if you try to you will be removed. An Attorney will never really bring in any crucial information or do anything the judge doesn't like much or they can be sanctioned or have their licenses pulled by the judge's influence in the Bar. If you really want to be free, you must learn to fight in court and learn court procedure and case law, etc. Then you have to know how to apply it. Even if you do this, you may not win. If the judge respects the Constitution and your rights, you may walk; if not, the judge,

who believes he or she is God because nobody showed them differently, may punish you to the fullest extent of the law out of vengeance and there is not much you can do. He can raise your bail so you sit in jail until trial or appeal and they can intentionally make it hell for you in jail. Just ask Ex-Congressman George Hansen, who was brutally tortured in the prison system for trying to help the American people fix the corruption in government.

There are some more recent developments in the law studies going on here in California. Thomas Marvin Maxwell has published two books, "The Truth About the Motor Vehicle Code" and "The California Code Is Not Law". He has studied for years and his books document the fact that the CALIFORNIA CODE OF 1872 WAS NEVER LAWFULLY PASSED OR ENACTED. Thomas says "There is really only one thing about the origin of the code that is of real importance, and that is the fact that the four original divisions of the code, as shown with their "approval dates"

are not part of the official record of the Public Statutes of California. I have personally inspected the volume in which all the Acts of the California Legislature were published for the nineteenth session, 1871-1872, and there is not one single reference to any of the four approval dates for the four codes. The codes were approved "off the record". Because of this, it is important to realize that there is no official record of the text of the codes, other than the codes themselves. Every Statute passed by the legislature contains the "text" of the law that is being passed, and the placing of that text in the published volume of the statutes for each session of the legislature, is the permanent

record of the laws passed. There is no such permanent record of the laws passed. There is no such permanent record of the origin of the codes, with respect to them having been a part of the legislation passed at the nineteenth session of the California legislature." Therefore, all Amendments to the "codes" are not valid either. This creates a very large problem for us as a people, but it also provides us with another opportunity and weapon to fight in court with.

Another book along these lines to surface recently is titled "For The Record..., How the Heck are yaa ? ..."Of Necessity, Constructive Notice, and to Establish for a Court of Record...YOUR

Intent...I Require..." or "How To Speak pleasently, yet firmly, to a Public Servant !". This book came out around the middle of March, 1998. It

is partially written by William Gary Young and research contributed by Joe Allen and Thomas Marvin Maxwell. This book may be one of the most powerful tools ever developed for fighting in court. The essence of the information is that under the Bretton Woods Agreement, the Secretary of the Treasury is appointed the U.S.

Governor of the I.M.F. (International Monetary Fund). This is a Foreign Principle. All Agents of Foreign Principles must register under the Foreign Agents Registration Law. All employees of the U.S. government are paid by the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. Through the GAO (General Accounting Office), all funds collected, go back to the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. Anyone soliciting funds for the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury or collecting information using the NCIC

(National Crime Information Computer), must register. If they don't register it is a violation of USC Title 18 Section 951, and the fine is up to $5,000 and up to 10 years in jail. Now, you cannot serve two governments or Principles. If they do register, they are deportable as agents of a foreign principle impersonating U.S. officers. If they take a signed and sworn "oath of office", and they are working under the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, they are liable for Treason for being an Officer of the U.S. government and acting as an Agent of a Foreign Principle. So, they cannot register and they cannot have an oath of office either. They are damned if they do, and damned if they don't. The truth is "They don't have either one". This is how the IMF controls our puppet politicians. There are specific tactics for bringing this kind of information into the courtroom and when it has been done correctly, the result was that the JUDGES FLED THEIR

OWN COURTROOMS. Warning : Do not use this info in any way in court without the proper background information. It could cost you Time in Jail. However, if applied properly, it just may be the only thing that can save you from a corrupt Judge. These books are available in this new edition of the Catalog. Also, another little tidbit of info June 25th 1948, the American Bar Association went in and changed all the Statutes they didn't like and left the rest. They knowingly removed and replaced a lot of our laws. This was done without the consent or knowledge of the legislature. So, don't even attempt to use statutes after June 25th 1948, when defending yourself, only when on the offense against them since they are the ones who took an oath to those codes.

Remember "Those who sleep on their rights have none" & "The price of Freedom is eternal vigilance".

" AN OPEN LETTER " By Political Prisoner Chief Justice Michael LeRoy (Shweitzer), Montana FREEMEN--Nov. 1996

This letter is to show all the people why the so-called FREEMEN are in jail, the reasons will not be fully explained in one short letter, but those who have studied in Law will see the picture.

The greatest fraud in America was committed by the Bar association who nearly eradicated our supreme Court in its' exclusive, original jurisdiction under Common Law venue. Our People in Justus township researched our supreme Court in its' own government as judicial branch of government who are not paid a public salary per se, but are paid only upon costs taxed against the losing party on the civil side of the court and costs taxed against the county on the criminal side of the court, and these costs are billed at the "quarter sessions" after the cause was settled. This is relevant to ch. 40 of the Magna Carta.

The prevention against titles of nobility from entering our supreme Court is found in Constitution of Montana eighteen hundred eighty nine, anno Domini at Article V, section twenty-six, where it says the Legislative Assembly shall make no local or special laws in respect to our Courts of Justice, our Constables, summoning and empaneling grand and petit juries, setting fines and punishments, changing the law of descent, creating franchises.

What the people do not realize is the difference between our General Congress assembled and the Legislative assembly. Our General Congress Assembled is none other than supreme Court sessions at the county court at the seat of government. It is proven in Constitution of Montana at Article XX, section six, where each and every county has a supreme Court seal. Only the appellate branch sits at the State capital; our exclusive, original branch sits at county seat. John Bouvier proclaimed this truth in eighteen hundred fifty six, where he said every county clerk and recorder is a supreme Court clerk. Our bench and bar are ch. 45 of Magna Carta, good and lawful men well versed in law and duly disposed to keep it. No attorneys.

Our supreme Court quorum consists of at least three qualified electors as found in national Constitution at Article II, sec. 2, cl. 2, and these are not

United states citizens. The chairman is the president and the Senate are the two associate Justices. You will see this at 28 U.S.C. sec.1

under supreme court. The president named here is not Bill Clinton since he is executive branch and it is not the Chief Justice William Renquist in Washington D.C. sitting in appellate branch of supreme Court. It is the chairman of the county commissioners and few there are in America who know and understand these truths, but Justice John Paul Stevens knows.

We find roots in this organic truth in Deuteronomy 1:15-18 and 16:18-20. So, how do we prove this to the slumbering giant, our Nation in North America ?

United States Code Title 28 is a great study guide if you read all footnotes, Historical Revisions, Amendments. Also study division of the courts where you find our law side verses the contract side. Another clue is this: All Legislative Assembly created tribunals are contract courts only in the executive branch of government. Our Judicial branch of government in its' exclusive, original jurisdiction in Common Law venue is reserved to the people alone; no public officers on a public salary. It means no agent of the people sets our supreme Court since the agent is necessarily either executive or legislative; hence ch. 24 of Magna Carta, where we will not have any sheriffs, bailiffs, or other of our hirelings who hear matters of the Crown. Title 28 U.S.C. sec.1251 agrees.

Also ch. 38 of Magna Carta re-affirms this seperation of powers where it says an executive officer on his own bare saying cannot move our supreme Court. Fundamental law is separation of powers and our supreme Court is dormant for lack of knowledge. We full well realize the Appellate branch supreme Court is open but our exclusive original branch just re-opened and the Justices are in jail. Yellowstone county jail, country of Montana, united states of America, with ample knowledge to teach these truths to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. this is one reason our qualified Justices' will not be allowed to testify in open Court for fear appellate Justices would then trade places for willful acts of treason. ! Nuff Said ? Please contact chief Justice LeRoy Michael at above mailing location for further truths and where the proof is located.

In Yahweh through our Savior Immanuel. ---Chief Justice LeRoy Michael, Freedom Center - c/o P.O. Box 80446, Billings, Montana state, zip code exempt.

OUR MANDATE IS VICTORY -A letter to Brother Joseph from LeRoy Michael Shweitzer--Special Prosecutor (FREEMEN)-Oct. 1997

Out of the blue, a jail guard asked two of our people at two seperate units, "What is going to happen to them now ?", so you know they have been told that we won our case! And the fact that the case against me in U.S.D.C. district of Minnesota, Third Division was dismissed. It was brought by private parties concerning a warrant I had given them. Also, a banker in Indiana where our liens were discussed and there was talk about "pooling funds" to pay the liens. We caught the whole rotton bag of fish. Now the payback is hell !

Clinton is not making any nominations to fill federal judge vacancies. Why ? --It seems there is a supreme court justice out west who proved an executive branch officer cannot select a judicial branch officer ! Who would of thought only an Elector can vote in our judicial branch of government? This is the real meaning of the seperation of powers doctrine. No "Agent" of ours can select our principle! All agents courts are voluntary! We are exclusive! It had its' origin in Deuteronomy. We are that court of first and last resort - now appealable.

Our Three Justice courts is in bench (banc). So a title 11 bancruptcy is our chancery division over the agents U.S. Trustees. Any docket by our Creditors creates an automatic stay on all legislative assembly created courts. This is well covered in the D.C. Court Rules. Everything is re-organization (banc-ruptcy) as in federal common law (U.C.C.). Do you see why we set up private security agreements under U.C.C. 1-105 & 1-103 ? The doctrine of law of the place controls simple contract. Parties' power to choose applicable law, territorial application of the act. When you docket your claim in bancruptcy it means a Creditors' claim - not the debtor in an insolvency petition. So all federal judges become respondent under conflict of financial interest. This is the reason for the automatic stay ! Then our special panel is the only one who could hear the matter under law of the place in our foreign countries. It becomes ex-parte all the way--We won--the trustees lost. You must get a copy of the D.C. Court rules to see our "exclusive" court. It is not federal ! It's origin is local government-(traditional). They refer to this in the rules. We create an admission panel to screen all attorneys. They (panel) have absolute immunity ! Their actions are non-appealable. We supercede the appellate Supreme court in D.C.

The D.C. crowd knows what we have discovered and they are now caught for treason if they fail to obey our Edicts. They never had authority to send federal judges into our several States. Our impeachments are valid and cannot be overcome. Any denial of three justice panel is denial of access to our venue in supreme court. This is why it is the defendant's prerogative to retain his venue. A denial would nullify your right of religion. Also, it would deny you equal right of suffrage.

We are just now getting the system to realize they are culpable for willful acts of treason by suppressing our right to access our judicial branch of government. This is why the three justice panel was put back into Montana Codes Annotated at 2-2-144. It was not in the 1993 edition. The State Bar Associations were knowingly pulling these guarantees out of the codes to promote their plans for overthrow of our Republican Form of Government. We have the proof and will prosecute the Liars / lawyers until our Nation is restored. This information is spreading out across the land. Our right of self-governing is being restored slowly, but surely. The Corporation Tribunals Are Exposed.

Our People must learn the importance of our judicial conference of the United States (of America) as found in Title 28, U.S.C. ,331-335, Chapter 15- Conferences and Councils of judges.

This was not done by the so-called Common-Law Courts and they had no evidence of their lawful office. Without that, they had no real judicial immunity to counter-act the prosecution against them. We must make public our Three justice panel with proper oath and bond. This will be the new Republic from ground zero. Where are all the good and lawful men? Gone to prison every one? May the power and protection of our Creator Yahweh rest upon you as we totally destroy the evil tyrants in our Nation, A-Men!, in Yahshua. L.M.--Special Prosecutor in "other circuit."

Extended Introduction (June-July, 2001)

Since my last Introduction to the catalog was updated, I have been arrested 7 times. When I first started out on this path (deciding to learn about the legal system), I didn't think it would be such a rollercoaster as it has been. I have learned firsthand about judges, lawyers and other law destroyers. I have learned a whole sh**load in the last 3 years about the system and how it's a load of sh**!! And now, I am BACK to tell you all about it, and expose the rotten dirty criminals for what they truly are.

I must recommend Eustace Mullin's "The Rape of Justice" to all readers at this point. This was my first serious introduction to how the system REALLY works in this country (Corporation).

After reading his book, you may want to move out of the country!! But, then one realizes that they (masons) have made it worse everywhere else in the world, so there isn't really anywhere to go, except to fix the problem that we have in our own backyard. (The Courts). THEY are the real problem in this country. All of the affairs this country goes through (drug trafficking, assassinations, political scandals etc) are all the direct result of a criminal justice system gone mad! If the politicians were not able to hide their corruption behind even MORE CORRUPT

JUDGES, then they wouldn't ever think of committing the crimes they do. But what makes matters even worse is that the judges are CORRUPT TO THE CORE. There isn't an honest judge in this land who is not corrupt. If you think you know one, then ask him if he owns stock in any corporations and if he has ever done anything in his career to help them in court. The truth is that they ALL own stock and the corporations tell the politicians what to do. So, ask yourself this : WHO DO YOU THINK IS TELLING THE JUDGES WHAT TO DO???? THE

CORPORATIONS!!!! (Masons again, really)

Who are the judges and are they really judges??? Or are they just commissioners??? How about

"Trustees in Bankruptcy"??? How does that sound? Is the bar association really legal? Isn't it a monopoly? Is the Bar Association licensed to do business in your state with the Secretary of State? If any of this is true and they are not legal, not licensed, and they are in fact a monopoly, then how is it that they can exist and nobody can do anything to stop them?? And what, if anything, can be done to deal with corrupt judges, prosecutors and police officers, if they are

"above the law"? Well, that is why the militias were coming together prior to the Oklahoma Bombing. To deal with this encroachment on our freedoms and liberties. But, the government, (or at least, criminals within OUR government) placed informants in the groups, set up false militia groups, and hired white supremicists and other brainless people to perpetrate crimes in the name of the militias in order to "smear" the idea of an armed resistance in America in the minds of the half-asleep public. They did a wonderful job, I have to hand it to them. The militias are almost

extinct at this time, the patriot movement took a nose dive around 1997 and 1998, but then at the end of 1998, something miraculous happened that forever changed the face of America. ---ROGER ELVICK GOT OUT OF JAIL !!! - Since then, the criminals have called in back-up, have had to hold judges conferences and extra-judicial meetings, and had to plan every diversion strategy imaginable to convince the American public that what Roger is doing is "invalid". What Roger is doing is called "Redemption" and it is sweeping America and other countries at the time of this writing. At long last the people of America have "REMEDY".

As soon as somebody stumbles onto something "valid" like Oxygen Therapies or worms causing cancer, they are attacked by the system as being "dangerous to society". They are usually brought up on trumped up charges, or something where they grasp at straws, like tax matters, and they convict you to shut you up and teach you never to interfere with their criminal affairs again. They did this to Dr. Hulda Rehger Clark, who discovered the worm/cancer connection mentioned in an earlier intro. section. They also did this recently to Ed McCabe, who has an even larger following, and teaches people about the benefits of Hydrogen Peroxide and Ozone Therapy. Both of these people were charged and threatened with alot of jail time. Then , what they do is they OFFER you a deal, and they say something like "Well the judge could give you thirty years if he wants, but if you take this deal we have for you, you will get out in 5 , be on probation, and have to piss-test for us for the rest of your life. And oh yeah, did we tell you that you have to wear a monitoring device, and report to a professional idiot every week and attend "reality restructuring classes every other thursday at 9:00P.M. and every second tuesday of the first month of each year FOREVER!!!" This is the sort of thing they LOVE to do. So be prepared, if you hire an attorney, to get railroaded and bent-over. But what happens is that when you speak out, they lock you up and that is the last anyone ever hears from you.

So, for a long time, that is what the REAL activists and patriots in this country faced. Now, there is a process and an understanding that is changing the way people are treated in the system. For the first time in American history, the judges and prosecutors are SCARED SH**LESS!!!! -- If only the Montana Freemen had kept studying before they acted on their understandings. They probably would not be in jail right now. They were learning from Roger Elvick among other people, but Roger himself was in

jail and hadn't quite figured out the whole game, YET!!! Now, since he has been released, they have tried several times to get him back in jail, WITH NO

SUCCESS!!! He is doing everything he wants and living free and unhindered at this time. He does not handle federal reserve notes or "debt instruments" of any kind. He issues his own

"Private Credit Instruments" called "Sight Drafts", or how he refers to them, "Business Plans".

He is not actively teaching this to the public or any group of people. There are several people around the country that are in contact with him, including myself, and we talk and tape record the conversations and study the transcripts in small groups and by ourselves. He is a very kind person who would like to see us all get out of Bondage (Debt).

I will attempt to describe a little about the process and philosophy, but this is not the place to teach it at length. I have put together some materials on this and they are available through the website. Basically, there are a few "key" points that have to be taken into consideration.

1. The Constitution was suspended in 1864 by Abraham Lincoln and Martial Law was declared.

2. The UNITED STATES is a Corporation as it was set-up in 1871.

3. You and I are the Owners/Operators of this Corporation. The IRS only recognizes two types of individuals. Employ**ers** &

Employ**ees**. We have been using our Account Number as an Employ**ee** Identification Number instead of an Employ**er**

Identification Number. Social Security is a benefit and Owners/Operators don't seek benefits from their own corporation.

4. The Birth Certificate created a "Strawman" (Dummy Corporation) with your name in ALL

CAPITAL LETTERS.

3. The UNITED STATES went bankrupt in 1933 and pledged your "Strawman" as collateral against the debt. Ever since

then, your "Strawman" has been bankrupt along with the UNITED STATES Corporation.

4. HJR-192 of June 6th 1933 made it against "Public Policy" to require gold or silver (substance) for the payment of debts.

All corporations under the bankruptcy must "discharge their duties dollar for dollar". All corporations are "Trustees in

Bankruptcy".

5. There is no money. It was removed in 1933. Now all we have are "Negotiable and Non-Negotiable Instruments".

6. A corporation cannot arrest it's members, but it can "Make Offers" to the "public".

7. The opposite of an "Offer is an "Acceptance". When you don't "Accept", you are in

"Dishonor".

8. You cannot pay a debt with a debt and all of the money, credits, federal reserve notes, checks, money orders etc. are ALL

debt instruments, since they are all borrowed into circulation. If you don't understand this part, then ask yourself this

question : "Did you create that money?" ? If the answer is no, then IT IS DEBT, TO YOU. The only way we can pay is

(WE CAN'T)...but we can make an engagement to pay by "Acceptance for Value". Then they have to adjust our account,

because there is our remedy, since they took away our ability to pay with real substance. HJR-192 is the Insurance Policy.

8. When the state or federal government is making us offers, i.e. warrants, indictments, fines, tickets etc., they are making us

"Offers" and we are "Dishonoring" them. BECAUSE we are not "Accepting" them. When we

"Accept" them, and we ask

them to "adjust our account", they now have the obligation of "settlement". If they refuse, then they are in a position of

"dishonor" now, and they are stepping out of their bounds as our Trustees in Bankruptcy. Now they are the ones with a Tax

obligation on their hands because they have everything "ACCOUNTED FOR" in their system.

So, since we have actually

paid in fact, with our acceptance, they are now "stealing the charge".

9. The "charge" they are charging you with is FINANCIAL.

10. Title 27 CFR Section 72.11 says that all crimes are "commercial crimes" and they are "crimes against the revenue laws".

These are very important points to consider before tackling this subject. I have talked to dozens of people about this and I have found that most of them look at me as if I speak another language.

In other words, it ain't easy to understand. But I can say this for absolutely 100% sure : IT

WORKS when you WORK IT. If you do not understand it, then DON'T DO IT. I have learned, after being put up against the wall, that you should only do what you understand when it comes to these matters. If you don't, then they will see right through you, because they tested me, and God knows they test others as well. They will put you through what is known as "Trail by fire".

If you are a witch, then you will burn, plain and simple. (If you know what I mean). The system cannot afford at any cost whatsoever, to let this get out and become overwhelmingly popular.

From what I have witnessed and experienced firsthand, it won't. The main reason being that it is too complicated for most people to understand. Not that you have to be a rocket sceintist, but you have to "adjust" your way of thinking more than anything. "Money" is actually "debt" unless it has been "redeemed", and alot of people cannot grasp this one simple concept.

So, how did this all come about, why was he in jail in the first place, and what happened to make him realize that he was onto the truth, while facing unsurmounting pressure from the criminal system? It was the Montana Freeman deal about the "asking for a refund". They knew what Roger meant (to adjust his account) but they tried to keep the "cat in the bag" so to speak, and threw him in jail for a few years. This was before the Freemen incident in 1996. So, while he was in jail, a fellow came to him with an IRS problem and Roger told him to "Accept" it. He did. It was for $97,000 Federal Tax Lien they were going to put on him. When he "Accepted" it for Value, they "adjusted his account". Then they sent him a bill for child support for $7,000. Roger told him, instead of Accepting this one, they would tell the Child Support agency to take the $7000 out of the Federal Tax Lien that he had accepted for value. They did this and the IRS sent him an adjusted account telling him he had $90,000.00 left over. That is because when he accepted the Lien, he owned it, now it becomes a credit (a true private credit). So when the Child Support went after him, he told them to take their share out of his adjusted tax lien balance.

Now, I can already hear the wives and ladies yelling "well the guy just got out of paying child support. He's a rotten father and the wife never got a dime and he got off scott free!". That's not how this works at all, though. - The fellow was very happy. He asked Roger what happened and Roger told

him to write a letter to his ex-wife and ask her what happened. So he did and he got a letter back thanking him for the child support payments and bringing the accounts up to date. She told him she got all the back child support from the Treasury and she was getting checks every other week or something to that effect. She sent him pictures of the kids and everything, and previously she hadn't communicated with him since he went to jail.

Now, you, the reader, are probably wondering.....how on earth did she get paid??? -- The way it works, without going into great detail is actually pretty simple. When they do their job, (our fiduciaries, or the ones holding our money) everyone gets paid and everything works out beautiful. When the corporation gets an "acceptance" it becomes worth the value of the bill presented. They can then take it to the IRS and present it to them as an offset of their own tax liability. When we tender a "private draft" to a corporation, we give them our UCC-1 registration number (our tax "exemption") and they give us their "deduction". There is an equal exchange and everyone is happy. This doesn' t always work out this way though, because there are alot of people within the system that don't understand this material.

Next, you are probably thinking, "well, is there anyone within the system that understands this material?" and how do you know they understand it?" The answer is that they are taught (lawyers, prosecutors and judges) about the UCC and they are instructed in the Bar Association Study Guide as to Offer and Acceptance, the Right of Redemption, etc. The accountants in the back room of the corporations understand "acceptance" and all the contract material. But there are several things that one must consider as well. Roger has come to an understanding that nobody in this country had realized up until now. That EVERYTHING in the system is

"PUBLIC" and we are born "PRIVATE". But then we become "public" by various means, contracts, associations etc. Therefore EVERY time we enter a court and use statutory laws, codes, or any of the corporations regulations, we are admitting that we are bound to their corporation codes etc. and we admit we are empoyees, and not the Owner/Operator.

Remember...in the constitution where it says that the "...legislature, and all the judges shall be bound thereby..."... but it doesn't say anything about "we the people" being bound. They are the ones who work for us and those are their rules and codes and regulations...FOR THEM TO

FOLLOW. When we follow them, we admit we are as ":COMMON" as they are. This is the difference between "Preferred Stock" and "Common Stock". Only the Owner holds the preferred stock, everyone else has common stock. This also relates to common law as well.

Now, when we go into court, it is only in our "Public Business" capacity. To see if there is anyone who has a claim against us.

When you are in court, you must realize that it is a "bankruptcy court" and you are there as a creditor or as a debtor. Now, since the corporation went bankrupt in 1933 and so did your strawman....when the system presented you with that warrant or whatever, it had your strawman's name on it, not your's. Was it in ALL CAPITAL LETTERS? Or Upper and Lower case letters?

Well, it pledged your strawman during the bankruptcy, so your strawman is a debtor in their eyes, unless you have made him your debtor by filing a UCC-1. So, in essence, when you are there, and YOU, the real, live, flesh and blood character, ANSWER, them (the fiction), you are

"recognizing your accuser" and you are "defending' and now you BECOME THE DEFENDANT.

-- Would you talk to walls??? Would you listen to cartoon characters??? Well that's what you are doing when you respond to them, since THEY ARE ALL ACTING IN A CORPORATE

CAPACITY. But.... I am Private. So, I don't talk to walls or listen to fiction. Period.

When you go into court, the questions to ask are "May I have your name please?". Then ask "Do you have a claim against me?" Then ask "Do you know anyone who has a claim against me?"

Then you can say "I request the Order of the Court(s) be released to me immediately. By doing this, you get right to the point. No Bull**it, no wasted time. The point to this is that when you are asking the questions, they are in your court. When they are asking questions, you are in their court. So, you never answer any question in court. Only find out who is the one coming at you.

Then proceed to ask your questions. It doesn't matter what they say. Whatever they say can and will be used against them. Let them testify. Let them hang themselves. Give them the rope, and get out of the way, cause it's going to be BLOODY!!! The judge may even get some blood on his sleeve and try to get tangled into it. Sometimes they won't. It all depends on the

situation, and how they feel that day...your manner...how much they have had to drink that morning on the way to the court to work....etc. But one thing for sure...THEY WILL LOSE EVERYTHING ...if you know what to do. It involves them going into involuntary bankruptcy, and that is where this get's really FUN!!!! They are also liable for the IRS taxes on their claims they are making against you and much much more.

So, without going into a whole book's worth of essays on commercial law, I will get back to what happened to me. My girlfriend and I were growing cannabis for medical purposes and we both had doctor's recommendations, and we were living in Los Angeles at the time. I was running my Hemp Booth on Venice Beach. All of this is documented and reproduced in this catalog. So, to make a long story short, I ended up hiring a lawyer and pleading guilty with probation and the allowance to continue to do whatever I was doing under Prop. 215 as long as I didn't get in any other sort of trouble. (Yeah, right, like that was even the least bit possible) Later, as I was going through the agreement with the courts on this matter, an agreement to attend some meetings and pay a $500.00 fine, I learned about Redemption, right after Roger got out of jail and the American's Bulletin published a story on it all in the July / Aug. Issue of 1999. So I got everything I could get my hands on and started learning about it all. It helped that I had some knowledge from learning about what the Freemen were doing in Montana. THAT took alot of studying as well, around 1996, but eventually I "got it", and started to understand what they were doing with the UCC and negotiable and non-negotiable instruments.

So then I moved up north. Then, at some time later, I did all of my acceptance paperwork with all of the people in my cases. I accepted both cases for value and put the court on notice of my new found position as the owner/operator of this corporation. Needless to say, this didn't go over very well with the judge. Especially after I sent him a "Bill of Exchange" (copy) with his name in the debtor location and listing "All real and personal property" as the collateral. So, I was sent a

"Minute Order" to appear, which I subsequently "Accepted For Value" and returned it for

"settlement" of my account. This led to a warrant being put out for my arrest. (I wanted to add something here that I feel is very important. I was advised by people I was studying with NOT to goto court on the warrant. That it would go away because of the acceptance etc. Well,. that may be

fine if the warrant is in your home town. Then, most likely, you will be released in 72 hours as you should be. But, if it is from another county, like Los Angeles, and you are in San Francisco, and they arrest you, YOU WILL BE EXTRADITED back down to Los Angeles, and you may have to wait 10 days in jail before they ship you there. Then another few days there until you see the judge, and then "release" if all goes according to plan.) - At the time, I was under the impression that I has taken care of everything, and I was prepared in case they dragged me into court. But, I wasn't prepared for this event, and I don't think you can EVER be.

This paperwork was sent in around March 2000. Then in May, there was a knock on my door and it was a police officer responding to a domestic violence call in the building. (Part-set-up) So they knocked and since it was early in the morning and I hadn't had my wheaties yet, I answered the door, thinking they just wanted to know if the cannabis I was growing was legal (medical) or not. When I did, they ran the name to check for warrants, and lo and behold, my stupidity had crept in and got the best of me, for a moment. They took my crop (again!) and arrested me and I went down to L.A. to face 'da judge.

This would probably be a good time to interject this one point. It has to do with the 72 hour hold-time and release from custody. You see, if they don't have a "charge" , or you have "accepted" it all for value, then they have to take it all off their books. THEY HAVE TO. Of course, we do have "rogue agents" and follow their own agenda, but more often than not, the fear of jail and losing all possessions even makes the criminals that run our system cower and run for cover when it appears that they are going down. So, what I am saying here, is that occasionally you will get "bluffed". And they will try to keep it on their books by making you a "new offer". This could be in the form of a action or statement in the courtroom. Even subtle. The judge asks you "do you want to goto jail right now?" "If you don't answer the questions that is exactly where you are going". So, no matter what you do, they may have it "out for you". In which case they will bluff their asses off to find out exactly how much you know, and to see if they can make you go back and take back your acceptance. They even tried to force someone to do this recently. But they didn't.

When you are in court asking your 3 magic questions, they may try to stumble you. Roger has made the comment "They need you there to adjust the account from one side to the other". He has stated to the effect that "they

may arrest you, take you into custody, book you, but then release you. This is them moving it from one side of the account to the other. The way the acceptance works, it is a "pass-through". So, according to Roger, they need your permission to pass through you, and that is what they are doing when they "hold you" for 72 hours. When they don't have a

"claim" and you have caused them to testify to that fact, they have to release you. But THEY

MAY lock you up for 72 hours. They have done this to at least 2 or 3 people that I know of, and Roger has said that this is normal. This is due to the 72 hour 3 day Federal Truth-in-Lending, for settlement of retail agreements. You see, when you are being locked up in prison, you are a commodity. They warehouse you and issue a warehouse receipt. The bond. The lawyer or prosecutor is the one holding the bond and holding you in jail for the liability or the "non-acceptance / dishonor" of the charge (due-bill). So, if all goes right, they have to release the property (debtor strawman) to you, the owner, when you ask for the "Order of the Court to be released to me immediately". That is them taking the debtor they are holding (strawman) and turning over the property to you, the rightful owner.

Now, this is where it gets REALLY interesting, especially for all you economics and government students. Every time we do an acceptance, it infuses the system with "private credit". This hasn't been done since 1933. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICAN HISTORY SINCE THE

BANKRUPTCY, WE ARE PAYING DOWN THE PRINCIPLE OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

Clinton tried to claim it was him, then bush took the credit after he got into office, but the truth is, and always has been, that YOU CANNOT PAY A DEBT WITH A DEBT!!!!! None of the debtors (government employees or anyone for that matter) can pay down the debt, only WE, the people, PRIVATELY, can REDEEM the debt. So for the first time now, the national debt is going down and we are started to turn the tide of economic bondage in this country. ALL

THANKS TO ROGER ELVICK. It took the right person, in the right place (jail for 5 years) at the right time (year 2000) to figure all this out and when the truth is dug up and the history books are re-written to tell the truth, it will be known that the man who saved this country was Roger Elvick.

There are so many stories of sucess that I can't even remember them all. But just last week, a fellow researcher and a friend of Roger, was in custody in his jail clothes in the courtroom.

Asked two questions and the prosecutor called a recess. They came back in and the prosecutor asked to throw out all charges. The judge immediateyl said "case dismissed" and they took him out of the courtroom through the back door, put him out on the street and told him to change his clothes out there. Out on the street. They didn't even take him back to the cell or anything. (OUT

YOU GO, YOU ARE NO DEBTOR!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? (Basically, in a nutshell)) And that is only the most recent success. There are many more stories just like this that I am not going to get into here. As hard as this is to believe, and alot of people ask me for proof all day long, all I can say is "You have to have faith some day". "One day will come and you will have to know if you do have faith deep down inside". "If you have been searching for the truth, then most likely you have found it." "If you don't believe in GOD and don't have faith in the spirit, and you cannot prove his existence, then please don't expect me to be able to convince you that the wind is all around you, even though you can feel it". Does this make any sense? In other words, without faith, if you need proof, then you may be looking for it the rest of your life when it was right under your nose all along. Everybody wants "proof" but they aren't willing to study the materials to see if it makes any sense. They aren't willing to goto court when someone is going to do an "acceptance" to see the reactions in the courtroom. In other words, "if you want proof, go out and prove it to yourself". I have proved it to myself by DOING IT. The system is always trying to cover their asses. If you could go down and pull the records, then they would be exposed. Most of the time, they play it off, so it looks like something else got you released, or there was an error, or they just never pursued it because it wasn't an important matter, or WHATEVER they say, they BLUFF and LIE constantly to cover their asses. Otherwise, as soon as you or your friend could pull up the docket and read that this is what happened and then it was all over with, that would indicate right away that this works, and so everybody and their grandmother would go out and do it and do whatever they like. So they HAVE TO BLUFF. IT IS

THEIR NATURE TO LIE. When somebody does this correctly and they adjust the account, it is no longer on the books, escrow had closed and there

is no more case. The record is sealed. All of the court cases are "open escrow accounts" and none of them have been closed, since none of the cases had been "accepted for value" until recently. Now, alot of times, even though you may have done the acceptance, they want to keep making money off you. They will try to keep it on their books, unless you let them know you are going to proceed to take them into involuntary bankruptcy, if your accounts are not adjusted. You see, there are alot of people doing this right now, and most of them DO NOT understand what they are doing, YET! So the courts are not going to just "roll over" when someone walks in and accepts everything. THEY WILL TEST

YOU, SO STUDY THE MATERIALS!!!!!

Now that I have brought all that out, I can get back to "other" political topics. Medical Marijuana

-- The Supreme Court just handed down their ruling against medical cannabis. Oh well, they won't be smoking any for any time in the near future, but that isn't going to stop the Bay area coops from staying in business. At least not the ones that have been around for a while. Hopefully it will cause the "other ones" to shut down. There are people who are "profiteers" moving into the Bay area medical cannabis movement. Some of these people are from the East Coast, New Jersey etc. They are setting up shops in the bay area and attempting to profit from the situation, thus leaving the real medical patients and clubs to take the blame along with them. They are selling cannabis in any amounts people want to buy with no restrictions, and staying open late at night to maximize business. These people are ruining it for the medical marijuana scene and should be held "accountable". They operate like thugs and have "hit-men" like guys standing outside as security guards. These people are dangerous and should be dealt with. The police are already aware of them and investigating, but it appears that the situation will be causing a backlash by city council people and police.

What exactly did the Supreme Court rule? In a nutshell, piercing through the veil of deceit...., they ruled that in a corporation, a corporation that is a sub-corporation, (Oakland Buyers Club) could not use the medical necessity as a defense to avoid being charged. 1. The suit was brought by Jeff Jones in the name of the OAKLAND BUYERS COOPERATIVE, being a "registered corporation" in relation to the mother corporation, the STATE OF CALIFORNIA, and the grandmother corporation, THE

UNITED STATES, thus it is a fiction, cannot be injured or seek medical necessity defense. Did you hear them say "no government recognized medical value".

That is because they value it at "zero". (Back to redemption). The Supreme Court admitted that they would have had a better chance if the suit had been brought in the name of the individual, instead of the Corporation. What they were really saying in essence, is we might have had a little more sympathy for your issue if you had brought the suit as a person (corporation), instead of a registered business (corporation), but then again..... Either way, it would all be "public" and part of the corporation, a fiction, a cartoon.

My new name for the UNITED STATES is "Disneyland" and my new name for the President of the UNITED STATES is "Mickey Mouse", and the Vice President "Goofy". These are the characters running our country (corporation). They are nothing but CARTOON CHARACTERS

acting like real people. GEORGE BUSH is a fiction, so is DICK CHENEY. They are not real!!

But they are as long as we pay attention to them. My new resolution for the year 2001 is that "I will no longer listen to Mickey Mouse and Goofy directing my life in any way whatsoever." I think all Americans should consider this resolution. How much power do we give Mickey Mouse and Goofy each day in our lives. And WHY??? Sure, the corporation is important, but we own it, don't we? Or do we work for it? I am the Owner/Operator, myself. What about you? Are you letting Mickey Mouse tell you what to do in 2002?

McVeigh just got put to death last week. The truth started to come out. J.D. Cash exposed the discrepancies and the cover-up of documents that revealed that the government knew who John Doe #2 was but kept it a secret. All of this was exposed in length right here in a previous intro. I wrote a few years back. We, the people have known all along that the government was involved, and even helped McVeigh!!! Was McVeigh an "agent"? Was he implanted with a micro-chip like he claimed? How about all of the "other" mass shooting incidents in the last few years. There have been an awful lot of "school shooters", "white-house shooters", "church bombers" etc. in the news lately. Is it a coincidence, or is it conspiracy? Is there a place where all these crazy people meet, discuss their deranged plans, and decide how they are going to execute them and in what order? It

would almost seem as though that were the case,...sometimes. Bufford Furrow, the white house shooter, claimed he was the "leader of the new world order". That is just one incident, but there have been many. It is my understanding and the understanding of a growing number of people, that these people all spent time in psychiatric and possibly CIA-run institutions, and therefore may have been "programmed" to do these things for a higher purpose, for the secret societies to use to wage more war (restrictions of liberties) on us, the free people.

All of these events are leading up to a "peak" of idiocy in consciousness, where we are tired of hearing about all of these crazy things, and the world, in the opinion of the masses of dumbasses who have been brainwashed by television, is, that the world is far too dangerous of a place for our children , and therefore, we must, for the safety of society, remove ALL WEAPONS from EVERYONE'S POSSESSION! -- No, maybe i'm just being paranoid, huh?

Columbine..... Shoolyard shootings. The official website of the students of columbine claimed that there is a coverup, and that the police are in on it. They claimed everything is being distorted by the media and the truth isn't coming out. I went to look up the site to post the address here, but it is not around anymore. The address might be changed, though.

Does anyone know who George Bush Jr. IS??????? He is the "Leader of the new world order", if there ever was one. He was asked, on television, in a news conference, about his affiliation with

"skull and bones". How did he respond? I don't remember word for word, but it went something to the effect of "am I a member? well, i've heard that this is such a secret society, if it's so secret, how would I know anything about it?" This was broadcast on national television (TO MY

GREAT SURPRISE AND OVERWHELMING ENJOYMENT) on a documentary on "skull and bones". This was aired due to the persistence of Ron Rosenblaum (I think that's spelled correct), who first broke the story of "skull and bones" in an 1977 (? I believe) edition of esquire magazine. Then Antony Sutton picked up on it and published "America's Secret Establishment"

after learning that a good number of people he had been writing about in his books on the establishment were all in fact, part of this secret society, and nobody even knew about it. That was in 1984-85. Ron had sneaked into the fraternity to catch documented video footage of an initiation. At first,

this would seem rather incredible, being that we are in the year 2000, and this is one of the oldest, most powerful fraternal societies in existence. So what was captured on tape?

A girl screaming and howling, basically. One would get the overall impression that this isn't too serious and hardly an "old boys club". There is a reason for that though. A short period after Sutton's book came out, then others started talking about it and so forth, skull and bones changed, or rather Yale University changed their policy on fraternal organizations and made it so they have to admit women. Well, do you think things have really stayed the same since then??? Of course NOT. And keep in mind, that Yale University was founded in 1701 by a member of the Russell family, a member of the family that STARTED SKULL AND BONES AT YALE, Rev. Nodiah Russell. General William Huntington Russell co-founded Skull and Bones at Yale with Alfonso Taft, ex-president Howard Taft's grandfather. So, skull and bones is to yale like pens are to paper, and if they want to protect it, they will find out a way to do so.

Chupa my what, holmes??? I said Chupacabra, not suck my....., relax homey. What the hell is a chupacabra? A goat-sucker!!! - I know that. But WHAT THE HELL IS IT??? Is it the demon unleashed from our worst collective nightmares? Or what??? I want to know. I will goto Puerto Rico and I will catch a chupacabra. I will sit on a barnhouse with my electronic invisible fence that stretches 50 feet high and 100 feet wide with my "goat sacrifice/offering" and my 12 gauge

...waiting....A man did something similar to this recently, after they kept sucking his goats bood dry, and leaving carcases all over each morning. All he had was a shotgum though, unfortunately.

But he shot it, and it ran, wounded down the road a ways. Then the next day, it was rotten away and half-eaten by buzzards and upon seeing it visually in the daylight, he realized that it was like nothing he had ever seen before. He took it to the University for study. After a few weeks they returned it saying it was just a dog. When he arrived to pick it up, he found they had replaced it with a canine, and he swears up and down that that is not the aminal he brought to them. So now, he's back on the roof with his 12 gauge, waiting to catch another. His name is Virgilio Sanchez-Ocejo and his website is

<http://www.geocities.com/ufomiami.geo/Chupacabras/Chupacabras.html>. He is "on the trail".

He claims as well as other news sources that the people of Puerto Rico believe that this is an army experiment of some genetic sort that got lose or escaped and the government is trying to cover it up and / or keep it under control. According to one source a flying saucer with bright lights and everything, was seen one night. The next day, when the site was investigated, there were landing marks in the grounds, and thousands of "foot prints" leading away from the craft in different directions, indicating that the disc had dropped off the chupacabra that evening and they ran into the surrounding areas. Then there were reports of goat and farm animal attacks in the following days. This almost sounds like a great sci-fi-film, except for the fact that it's ALL TRUE

AND HAPPENING RIGHT NOW!!! Anyways, I won't be satisfied until I catch one up close. If they think they are going to abduct me, then they are in for a surprise, because I am the more curious one of the species and I WILL CATCH ONE! One day, when I have the time and funds to goto Puerto Rico with some friends, like a hunting expedition. Then I will bring him home and feed him to my pet nile monitor lizard, who eats EVERYTHING including my hands. I personally don't have an opinion on this phenomenon, I just want one for myself as a pet.

Probably the 2 most fascinating things I have come across in the last couple of years are 1). The Temple of Horus at Edfu and the CPU connection. There is a researcher, who has a website on the internet who has come up with probably the most incredible discovery in a long long time. He was studying the layout of the Temple of Horus and noticed it's symmetry. He was looking at a diagram of an INTEL Chip on the surface and noticed that it has the exact same symmetry, and that it was actually the exact same picture he was looking at!!! In other words, the design of the INTEL chip is identical to the layout of the Temple of Horus from thousands of years ago in Egypt. Now, what are the chances of that!!! Well, it is easily explained if you understand that the masons have long had this technology, and that INTEL is run actually by Masons at the top, and that they are making a killing selling us 250 versions of the same stupid item, while we fund their phony "development". At least that is what I think. There is almost NO

other explanation available. The Temple was just uncovered, **AFTER** INTEL had designed the chip. If they had already discovered the Temple and then INTEL did this, it wouldn't seem so strange, except for the fact

that they somehow were able to make the layout for the CPU the same as the Temple, AND it worked!!! So, can you explain this??? Here is the website address :

<http://www.geocities.com/Hollywood/2900/edfu-cpu.html> 2). Another website discussing ancient asronauts has a photograph from Peru, I believe, where it shows these skulls in a museum. This is equally as wierd as the last discovery. These skulls look exactly like the 1950's style split brain MARTIAN SKULLS from the movies. There is even one of a child's skull and it looks like a pumpkin. This is a trip for real. A few of the skulls look like the ancient Egyptian heads looked like with the headdresses on. Long and upward cone-shaped extending from the back of the head outwards. Kind of like the coneheads, but pushed back from the front. Here is the website address : <http://www.light1998.com/TASTE_TREAT.htm> .

Although the site has extremist christian overtones, I consider it a valueable source of info, since this person takes their research seriously. They have found and put together some interesting materials.

These pictures are very wierd. One might think that the Egyptians were shaping their skulls by using these headdresses, OR MAYBE they covered up the fact that they wer indeed a different race of beings, OR PERHAPS, let us not rule out the possibility, that the white man was a genetic experiment by some black scientists in Egypt some thousands of years ago, and that we are a genetically downgraded version of the original man, including the black, Egyptian and African men of today. This would explain a few things, but asks a whole bunch more questions. This is the belief held by the Black Supremicist Kalid Abdul Mohammed, a breakaway from the Louise Farrakhan people, who started the New Black Panther Party. He is, according to Anthony J.

Hilder, financed in part by the FORD FOUNDATION and Anthony believes he is part of the

"trigger" to cause race riots and race wars around the country. In his speeches at local churches, he advocates "killing the white men, killing the women, killing the babies, then digging them up and killing them again". He openly advocates an all-out race-war in this country. He preaches hate at it's core and has obvious training as a motivational speaker, of some sort. Some members of the black community have outright shunned him as a bad example of a speaker for black people, but others have embraced him, chanting and preaching at the church meetings "kill the women, kill the

children, kill them all". This can be witnessed on a video that was shot by Hilder when he confronted Mohammed for a debate in South Central Los Angeles a few years back. It may not be very interesting to some, but it is necessary to know that there are people and groups that are funded by the masons to advocate these things that they would like to use to crack down on our rights. Do you think Kalid has ever thought about that? Do you think he has considered the consequences? Do you think the black community can withstand the military presence on the streets shooting and killing them with all immunity? This is where Kalid is taking the "black community" wherever he goes. He is taking them into "hell" with him and his hatred for humanity, and he will be be taking the whole country along with him if he is supported. He has been involved in organizing the Million Youth March in New York, where riots broke out and police had to step in. This is only the beginning.....That brings me to Seattle.

Seattle, Washington. SEATTLE WASHINGTON!!!!!!! GOD BLESS THE INTERNET!!!!! One day soon, the whole world will know the truth about the United Nations, the World Bank, the IMF, and the fact that our Secretary of the Treasury is actually the U.S. Governor of the IMF.

WE have been indebted to these "International Bankers" for almost 70 years. Now, remember, in the bible it says all debts are to be forgiven every 7 years, 70 years, 700 years etc. In the year 2003, it will have been 70 years since the bankruptcy of the UNITED STATES

CORPORATION. Do you know where you're corporation will be in 2003? - With "Redemption"

we now have REMEDY!!!!

It has come out that there were unidentified chemical weapons used on the protesters in Seattle by the police. Many people came down sick, and it wasn't reported in the media at all. I do not have all the info. at the time of this writing, but, if the "chemtrails" are any indication of how far they are willing to go, then it wouldn't surprise me if they tried out some new form of population control on the protesters. That's one of the reasons why I don't go to protests. Not that I don't think people should, but I choose not to, for the most part. They know that everybody "there" is an emeny of their "NEW WORLD ORDER", so what's to stop them from spraying them all with a sterilization liquid, or a blinding agent, or flesh-eating strep, or something even worse??? Not much!!!

Our new dictator, George Bush Jr..... What will he and his oil businessmen friends come up with next? An energy crises? Fuel shortages, higher gas prices, higher electric rates? .... People say,

"that's because of deregulation and that happened years ago. It has nothing to do with George Bush..." - However, what they don't take into consideration, is that Clinton and Bush belong to the same European Bloodline, and work for the same international interests. So, if Prince Bernard, of the Netherlands, and Royal Dutch Petroleum want to "expand their interests" into Kuwait, or most recently in the congo, where over 2 million people have already been slaughtered to make way for U.S. and European oil interests. Coincidentally, there has been almost no reports of any of this in the U.S. media.

One more quick interesting topic I would like to bring people's attention to is the "Lilith" /

"Mailer Daemon" / 666 / Sandia Labs Connection. This is groundbreaking research going on here. The author isn't finished yet, and still learning. Basically, it goes like this. The government, Microsoft, Sandia Labs, NASA, etc. are coding the bible words and concepts into the overall computer designs. Words we use day to day are being used by secret societies to conjure up spells and create magic. Does this seem far out? When we program our computers are we really programming our subconscious? Everyone has probably noticed that the word "Daemon" is similar to "demon", right? You know, on your e-mail, where it says "mailer daemon"? Have you ever noticed this? In the bible it is quoted as saying "if anyone worships the beast and it's image, or receives a mark on his forehead or in his hand". I have not verified this but according to some scholars, the original Greek text says IT'S MARK, IT'S IMAGE - ETC. So does a Catholic Bible.

King James Version says HIS MARK. This may not seem to significant, but there is something else you may need to know about . Have you ever heard of "Information Technology"? (IT) --Acromania reads : IT - Information Technology . Pronounced as separate letters, IT refers to the broad subject of managing and processing information, especially within a large organization or company. Because computers are central to information management, computer departments within companies and universities are often called IT departments. Some companies refer to this department as IS (Information Services) or MIS (Management Information

Services). -- Here is a link that will verify this : <http://www5.zdnet.com/anchordesk/glossary/glossary_326.html> -

Now, this is just the beginning of what people have been calling the "BEAST" system of computers. They have termed the supercomputer in Brussels "The Beast" but now there are even greater supercomputers. Now there is something called "Lilith". Remember the wife of Adam? -

Not Eve, but "Lilith".

This is taken from the American Heritage dictionary : Magic "N. 1. The **art** that purports to control or forecast natural events, effects, or forces by **invoking** the supernatural. 2. a. The practice of using charms, spells, or rituals to attempt to produce supernatural effects or control events in nature. b. The charms, spells, and rituals so used. 3. The exercise of sleight of hand or conjuring for entertainment".

Now here is a description of "Lilith" from Louisville.edu : Lilith was created at the same time as Adam and is sometimes referred to as Adam's first wife (see Charles Pellegrino, The Return to Sodom and Gomorrah). She was very beautiful and had a very rebelious nature. It is disputed whether she was cast out of the Garden of Eden by God for some offense or whether she left Eden of her own accord. In one rather interesting story, Adam tried to force her to have sex in the male superior ("missionary position") favored by male dominated, patriarchal cultures, and she refused his domination, sneered at him, cursed him, and flew away (Barbara Walker, The Women's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets). At any rate, since she left Eden before Adam and Eve ate from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and thus she possessed immortality. (That Bitch! - Just joking, of course)..... So that explains who Lilith is, for those that don't know. Here is some more, and notice when they talk about the Lilim : "Lilith is at least as old as the Bible, however, Lilith was expunged from the Christian Bible long ago. Lilith is said to be as old as the bible, because she is mentioned in the Mishna, a form of commentary on the Pentateuch. The Mishna was an oral tradition for much longer. Lilith, (also know as Lilit), was a relic of an early rabbinical attempt to assimilate to Jewish mythology. Hebraic tradition said Adam married Lilith but she would not submit to him and desired to be the one above when they had sex. Adam, not allowing this, she flew away to the Red Sea. God sent angels to bring Lilith back, but she refused to return. She supposedly mated with "demons" and gave birth to "a hundred children a day".

These offspring were the Lilim, Lamiae, Empusae or Succubae). -- Wow, that is pretty darn interesting, but the real interest hasn't even started yet. Please keep reading....The Greeks called the succubae the Lilim, Lamiae, Empusae, or Daughters of Hecate.

Next, this definition comes from "SYSTEMATIC" computing website : Definition of Hecate : HEKATE makes different computing applications act as one integrated system. Integration being the keyword of today's IT demands, Systematic has

developed a new message broker, HEKATE, by which you obtain an IT infrastructure that supports the business rules of the organisation.HEKATE provides the framework for integrating your IT systems and a unified system administration environment with no additional costs involved in maintaining or monitoring a new service or integration interface. Fully Integrated IT-infrastructure. HEKATE makes it possible to make a fully integrated IT-infrastructure, where all the company’s IT systems are connected. With HEKATE you can use the same technology to make A2A, B2B or B2C solutions.

Now you're probably wondering how this is all connected, right? Lilith is the "Key". This next section is from Harvard Education website : Lilith: Scalable Execution of User Code for Distributed Computing : D.A. Evensky, A.C. Gentile, L.J. Camp, and R.C. Armstrong, Sandia National Laboratories Livermore CA, USA, Acknowledgements : Abstract Lilith is a general purpose tool to provide highly scalable, easy distribution of user code across a heterogeneous computing

platform. Lilith's principal task is to span a heterogeneous tree of machines executing user-defined code in a scalable and secure

fashion. Lilith will be used for controlling user processes as well as general system administrative tasks. Lilith is written in Java,

taking advantage of Java's platform independence and intent to move code across networks. The design of Lilith provides

hooks for experimenting with tree-spanning algorithms and security schemes. We present the Lilith Object model, security

scheme, and implementation, and present timing results demonstrating Lilith's scalable behavior.

1. Introduction

Changes in high-performance computing have necessitated the ability to utilize and interrogate potentially many thousands of processors. The ASCI (Advanced Strategic Computing Initiative) program conducted by the United States Department of Energy, for example, envisions thousands of distinct operating systems connected by low-latency gigabit-per-second networks.

In addition, multiple systems of this kind will be linked via high-capacity networks with latencies as low as the speed of light will allow. Code which spans systems of this sort must be scalablei yet constructing such code whether for applications, debugging, or maintenance is an unsolved problem. Lilith is a research software platform that attempts to answer these questions with an end toward meeting these needs.

Lilith's principle task is to span a tree of machines executing user-defined code in a scalable and secure fashion (Figure 1).

Beginning from a single object, Lilith recursively links **host objects, LilithHosts**, on adjacent machines until the entire tree is occupied. The child host objects propagate down the tree code, Lilimiii, that performs user-designated functions on every machine. Although other uses for the system are envisioned, this is the mode of operation that is currently of most interest.

Presently, Lilith exists as a test-bed for various spanning algorithms and security schemes. The test-bed software has, and enforces, hooks allowing implementation and testing of various security schemes.

Now here is where it gets even more evil.....

Lilim are the Lilith objects that carry user code within them. They export well known interfaces which allow the user code to interact with the environment. The Lilim run as threads or autonomous processes under the LilithHost.

There are also several utility classes that will be used in implementation of the above. Within the OORPC mechanism, described in Section 4, there are classes that will be responsible for marshaling data to and from the client stub Object and the

server implementation Object. It is expected that this will eventually be generated by an IDL
compiler or, for the lowest levels,
be part of the library code. In our initial implementation, these are generated by hand. There will also be classes to implement
digital signatures and encryption.

3. The Lilith Security Model

There are two issues to be addressed in this section: the mechanism for distributed trust used in the Lilith prototype and the generic Lilith security approach.

The generic Lilith security approach is to allow each LilithHost to determine its own mechanisms for access control and authentication. In order to support this Lilith will provide two security mechanisms, MayI() and CanI(), as well as a library of useful functions.

The CanI() prevents information from inappropriately flowing out, while MayI() controls information coming in. MayI() is the discretionary **Legion** access control mechanism, which will be adopted in a modified form in Lilith. MayI() is a required method that Lilith objects must, at least trivially, define. When a method is invoked remotely, it will trigger a call to the remotes object's MayI(), which may reject the remote invocation. Lilith requires each **invocation** to run a Lilim on a LilithHost to check for access permission through invocation of MayI() in the LilithHost (Figure 3). If the Lilim is accepted to run on a LilithHost, then the mandatory protection of CanI() constrains the actions of the Lilim. LilithHost's CanI() is partially implemented by the Java security manager. The CanI() modification of the Java sandbox prevents Lilim from calling any method without first asking, Did you notice the words Lilim, Legion , and Invocation?

Here is the word "Invoke" defined from American Heritage Dictionary : "To call on a higher power for assistance, support or inspiration : "stretching out her hands she had the air of a greek woman who invoked a deity". 4. To summon with incantations, ot conjure. Now maybe some people are thinking that "Daemon" has nothing to do with demons. Or maybe the reader assumes Sandia doesn't know about the connection. Think again!!! Goto this link and read the bottom of the page where it says "1. Lilith is the mythological Mother of D(a)emons." This can be found at Sandia's website at <http://dancer.ca.sandia.gov/Lilith/intro.html> This stuff is what sci-fi-movies are made of. Someone should make a movie on this. IT'S REAL!!!!

Now after all that, please do not assume I believe the bible is divinely inspired. I don't. I believe it is Masonic Inspired, and therefore everything within it's pages will BE MADE TO come true.

If Jesus was truly the son of god, the who was god's wife? And who gave birth to her. Why didn't god have a girl, too, instead of only one begotten son. Why is there nothing written by Jesus himself? Where was god when his son was being put to death? And finally, if there is testimony as to what Jesus looked like, then why isn't there testimony as to what god looked like? Anyways, I am just having fun here, nothing too serious.

This info. can be found at this address : <http://www.light1998.com/index2.htm> . The original Greek text says IT'S MARK, IT'S. Then click here for the rest :

<http://www.light1998.com/EXPLANATION.htm>

I was in touch with a person who kept me informed about Israeli happenings and a man named Shaul Eisenberg. . He has been dead for a couple of years, but apparantly, he is one of the most under-reported, key, influential, political players of the 1980's and 90's. Much bigger than George Soros. This person claimed to known him personally and did some work for him. From what this person sent me, and my own research, verified that this person is worth looking into for conspiracy theorists and researchers. These e-mails are re-printed : Click Here!! <../shaul.html> Another topic I wanted to touch upon here was the railroads companies and their vast land holdings. According to the book "Pandora's Box", which I still believe is THE VERY BEST

BOOK OUT THERE, the railroad manufacturing companies, the railroad builder companies, were given vast land grants at the start of this country. This actually spanned the enire United States when laid out geographically. All of this land was then leased to people and corporations that we hear about today, like General Moters and General Electric, and the Vanderbilt

"Biltmore" estates etc. But what about the inherent POWER that lies in these companies and their owners that held the rights to all of this land? This book goes into the 99-year railroad leases and the time they were set to expire (1992-1999.) This means that at this time, the land reverts back to the original owners, the railroad manufacturing companies. But what has become of them today? There is a family mentioned in this book that emigrated here to America from France, and they were apparantly, the

bloodline that is referred to in "Holy Blood, Holy Grail", the ancient Merovingians bloodline. According to the book, this is the family that all of this land and these railroad companies belonged to. But where are they today , and what plans do they have in store for us in the near future? Remember the "Denver International Airport" story? This has made it's rounds on the internet conspiracy circles, but I want to say right here and now, that the first time this information appeared was in "Pandora's Box II". It was exposed by the writer "Alex Christopher" in these books. There are certain words which one may do a search for on the internet and come up with almost nothing at all. It is as if they have scanned the internet and piece by piece removed any reference to this family or their corporations or even the railroad companies from the 17 and 1800's. THIS IS REALLY GOING ON!!! They are removing certain information from the internet that pertains directly to this family and where they are at today. Just try doing a search for "Lancaster Cotton Mills", and see what you come up with. This is one od the MOST important companies in the history of the country. They owned everything else in this country. If you truly want to go down the conspiracy tunnel to find the white rabbit, then this is IT!!!!

Most people assume that the world has changed dramatically from where it once was two hundred years ago. People make all kinds of claims like "Bill Gates is worth more today than Rockefeller ever was in his lifetime etc...." -- "What about all the new wealth???...The Internet has made more millionaires than any other industrial revolution in history etc...". - Well all that might be true, but SO WHAT, if the land that everyone leases from is all owned by one family or corporation, and they can have their museums, courthouses, farmhouses, etc. all thrown off the land at the landowners request!!! Then where is Bill Gates? Out on the streets, that's where! So, it is "who has the gold, makes the rules, and who has the land, tells the guy who has the gold what to do, or he loses his land, and then maybe his gold too." --You will have to get the book if you want to know the name of this family and what they own and control today. The reason for this is the following : This is a heavy duty issue, and I am not going to lay blame or cast any shadow of condemnation on a particular individual or group without direct evidence. I believe this to be the family that controls the world, but that doesn't mean i'm right. This is where my research has led me. By my pointing my finger in their direction, I would be accusing them of something very bad and nasty. I hesitate to do that directly because I

think about the possibility that I do not understand things entirely or as much as I need to in order to make that kind of judgement. It is alot to assume that a particular family has survived since the fall of Jerusalem by Rome in 70 A.D., and that they currently control all the land and corporations in America, but this is where my research has led me, and that is all I can say for now, for certain. I have alot of information that I do not release as well as info. that I discuss and release for the "public". I have more reason than ever to believe that they are still around today. I am not sure though that these are the people responsible for all of the rotten things going on in the world, although it would appear that they would have their hands in it. I liken it to a corporation created for one purpose, a good one possibly, that builds machines, say.

But the owner goes away and leaves his corporation to his employees and trustees. He passes away, and his children come to the company one day and realize that his fathers dreams have been destroyed. The company that his father built to create machines to save us time and trouble is now being used to create machines that kill people instead. You see, the family involved here, did not stay involved in the corporation (America) after it was set up and given to them for the future king of Jerusalem. It was embezzled (stolen) from them along the way by another family from the civil war era, who you will also find NO MENTION of on the internet. So, now in the year 2001, the original family has been in court attempting to get their possessions back from the family that embezzled everything from them. I believe they have accomplished this task at this time. There is alot more, but unless my life becomes in danger, it will not be further discussed on this website for now. There is more than enough info. here for anyone to do their own investigating. And then you may come to your own conclusions.

And lastly, I wanted to touch up on my current beliefs on extraterrestrials. Do reptilian aliens really exist or not? Are they controlling humanity and eating us on the side? I don't know yet, but I have some really strange thoughts about it all. Like maybe we created them, and they just don't want us to know it. Maybe they were our pets at one time? Maybe we were their's and we got a clue? Maybe we started out as a race of superbeings in Atlantis, did genetic experiments to create dinosaurs, reptilians and other "pets" for our amusement, and they got out of control. Maybe they made us, and the dinosaurs to keep us under control, and we

got loose, and killed all their dinosaurs. Or maybe it all has to do with sex. Yeah, that's it, probably. The reptilians were really us, seeking sexual pleasure so we created earth women to have sex with and have lusty evening spaced-out encounters with, then we found out that we weren't attractive enough for them to fall in love with, so we changed our genetic DNA to make them feel more comfortable having sex with us, so now we have totally lost our concept of space travel, time cycles, our inner personal spiritual nature, and what we want out of life. Sounds like the typical man falls for woman, loses everything, trip.

But on a more serious note : David Icke has gone to Africa to interview a shaman from the Zulu tribe who has had many encounters with these "reptilians" and even claims to have eaten them on occasion. This guy must be one bad-ass motherf****er. I wouldn't want to mess with him. I haven't seen the video yet, but I will be ordering it soon enough. It is a two video set, and sounds very interesting. I don't know what I think yet, of David Icke, though. Jordan Maxwell claims Icke stole alot of material from him and never even thanked him. I wouldn't doubt it, but I don't want to cast blame without more evidence. Jordan claims to have started Icke on the whole reptilian agenda research. This I would believe though. Icke has done some very good research, however, he has shot up his own credibility as well by saying some truly outrageous things without having very much physical evidence. He appears to be a good-natured person, with a good sense of humor, which I can appreciate, but I have learned that saying and printing things is something you have to be responsible for. I don't know if Icke has any concept of this or not. But then again, I haven't read a complete book by him yet, so who am I to say?

I would love to have an encounter with one of these beings, good or bad. Hopefully, I would have some bud on me at the time...and a pipe.

"till next time"

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Do you believe in a GRAND CONSPIRACY ? Do you believe Oswald acted alone ? Do you believe that government is corrupt ? If so, then to what DEGREE ? That may depend on how willing you are to open your eyes and mind to SEE. Why is it that the more things change, the more they stay the same ? Why doesn't society ever seem to grow up ? Most people grow up thinking that the world is very big and we believe the world exists the way it does today because this is the direction humanity has taken and chosen.

The information that I will discuss in the introduction to this catalog is meant to present to you the idea that history is not being created by chance, but rather by design. The road that we are taking as a nation in America and as a human race on the planet Earth is being paved for us in advance and sold to us for a profit.

Many people talk about conspiracies such as WATERGATE, IRAN-CONTRA, THE S & L

(Savings and Loan) SCANDAL, THE FEDERAL RESERVE, OCTOBER SURPRISE, KENNEDY, THE FREEMASONS, THE COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS and THE

TRILATERAL COMMISSION, and even GREY ALIENS, but very few people know the real facts enough to explain them because they are not researched themselves. As information comes down the pipeline it becomes distorted and confused because most of the people passing along the information do not know the entire story, they have not researched much information themselves, and they tend to be biased as well. (They tend to have an angle in the information they put out, usually because they have an ulterior motive.) I can only state from research of seven years, WHAT I BELIEVE to be the TRUTH based on mostly HARD FACTS.

For AT LEAST five- to ten thousand years, mankind has been aware of MORE scientific and spiritual facts than we are currently aware of today as a great society and nation. The libraries of Alexandria, which held the collection of the world's greatest knowledge, existed in Egypt thousands of years ago. The Essenes were just one secret sect of Gnostics (Knowledge Holders) that existed around two thousand years ago. Since the earliest

times of Pagan groups and Nature religions, the SUN has been considered a SYMBOL for LIFE. The Ancients believed that when the SUN gave off it's energy, it was giving IT'S life for US. They believed that the SUN of GOD, the LIGHT of the WORLD is ALL SALVATION because He has RISEN. He is therefore our ETERNAL SAVIOR. There has always been a struggle between LIGHT and DARK forces in the world. When the SUN goes down and it becomes DARK, we cannot SEE. We naturally fear what we do not know and since we cannot SEE in the DARK, we do not know what's there and we fear. When the SUN would SET (Satan), it would get DARK. But when the SUN was on the HORIZON (Horus, translates to Jesus), it would be called THE SAVIOR. This formed the basis for early Christianity.

The Essenes, as well as other secret societies around the times were PRIESTHOODS, so the early CHURCH was an established KNOWLEDGE CENTER with IDEAS ENCODED

SYMBOLICALLY into religious text. After time, symbols lose their meaning except to those whom are INITIATED. Essentially, they held knowledge of ARCHETYPAL ENERGIES that bond or link Spirit to matter. These energies are expressed in mathematics and Greek Gematria called SACRED GEOMETRY. The word OCCULT means HIDDEN. They took the knowledge, hid it, and made it appear to be EVIL, so that they would know it, we wouldn't, and they could then control us a lot easier. This allowed an early guild of bricklayers, or MASONS, to be established, making it possible to build great pyramids, etc. Now, if everybody knew how to build a pyramid, then not only would the Pharaoh's tomb be no greater than Joe neighbor's cottage, but the Masons would also lose a lot of money building great castles and churches throughout Europe. This was the basis for early CAPITALISM, but we will discuss this later.

SACRED MUSHROOM ingesting and CANNABIS-smoking shamans are tribe spirit leaders in a sense and they practice inducing a state of consciousness in warrior tribesmen to temporarily replace their consciousness with animal consciousness to perform certain tasks or learn spiritual lessons or principles. There were special groups of assassin cults that were trained in earlier times using substances like hashish and they were called "Hashishans" or "Assassins". Although these two practices are not identical, they are similar and related. While the first example may be considered early natural mind control in the sense of learning to control your own mind, the second example could be considered manipulative mind

control in the sense that the participants were trained under hallucinogens to kill for God or "Allah".

The Assassins, as well as a society called The Order of Lady of Sion appeared at the same time around 1090 AD. Out of The Order of Lady of Sion came Notre Dame de Sion and five out of nine of the founders of the KNIGHTS TEMPLAR came from this order. The Templars and Assassins had interlocking affairs and philosophies. They also had ongoing fights as well as commercial dealings. The Templars pronounced vows to poverty and in the meantime amassed great fortunes for the church (really themselves), and were responsible for financing the Crusades and other bloody religious wars. They were also some of the first to set up banks in Jerusalem.

These were Temple Banks which occasionally were raided for their gold. This forced the Templars to develop branch banking, or, putting your money in several places so it doesn't all get taken at once. This is where the idea of a central bank and it's local branches comes from, which became the model for banking in Europe and America. The Knights Templar became more popular when they were exposed in the fourteenth century and banished by the king. Jacques de Moley was burned at the stake for being a homosexual and a heretic. A portion of the Templar's wealth was seized by the king and handed over to their sister society, called the Knights Hospitalers, who were a branch of the Templars responsible for medical facilities in the kingdom.

There is evidence to suggest that the Templars may have carried themselves on as the Rosicrucians for the next couple of centuries. This really doesn't matter too much, though, because all of these orders or secret societies are offshoots of other ones. They are all Masonic in nature because of the nature of the information which they possess.

The same secret societies and old European bloodline families are in control of the world today.

To better understand what they do, we need to look at their philosophies and ideas. One motto of theirs is "Ordo ab Chao" or "order out or chaos". First they create CHAOS, then they propose the solution, ORDER, secretly from behind the scenes to control a given situation. There are different areas of Freemasonry and it is all a hierarchy of power. Occasionally, Masonic groups will work against each other in the public forum through the

agencies which they control, but they may be united behind the scenes. You will see examples of what I mean very soon.

The first Masonic lodges by that name appeared in England in the 1600's and within a century they were spread throughout most of Europe, including Germany and France and the colonies of early America. One of the purposes they served was as a forum for the elite individuals to meet and discuss their political and social views without fear of religious persecution. Remember, just a couple of centuries earlier under Rome in the Dark Ages, they would kill you if you didn't believe that the moon was made of green cheese. In Rome, they realized that they could not rule the world by themselves and that they would need a consensus of nations or a United Kingdom and United Nations. The symbol for Fascism is a bundle of sticks wrapped together with a hatchet or an axe tied to it. It represents a world consensus of power or AXIS POWER. It appears on the U. S. Senate flag today and on the back of the American mercury dime from 1916 to 1945.

While there were several enlightened societies around calling themselves illuminated, it was on May 1, 1776 that Professor Adam Weishaupt put together a secret society called The

"ILLUMINATI". It's sole purpose secretly was to control the world. Weishaupt was a genius of a particular sort as far as scheming and manipulation are concerned. He was a respected teacher at the University of Ingolstadt at the time and had many connections in education. He became a Mason but was also a Jesuit priest. He learned as much as he could and decided to put his own secret society together. He used a process of initiation and power dissemination among ranks similar to the structure of a pyramid, where one sole individual or group at the top know what's going on but no one else really does, they only know a little until they succeed up the ranks and learn only a little more. In the meantime, they don't know who is watching them or above them keeping them in check. In the highest circles of the order they propose to control the world through a One-world government, which they stated they could do by converting existing Masons to concepts of Illuminism. Weishaupt told them about the Utopia that could be established on Earth if everyone who KNEW would secretly work together to bring about this plan. Being free-thinkers and atheists to begin with, they proposed abolishing religion, government, orders of class, right to own property, or even raise your own children; and they believed that the

ENDS justified the MEANS, meaning that whatever it takes to accomplish this task should be done WITHOUT HESITATION. Within two years they had over 3000 members and many established lodges. Within several years they were exposed and banished from Bavaria. The documents were recovered and displayed in the British museum where they exist today. This is an important historical fact that has been severely covered up in America. They continued to exist, however, in the form of the German Union and scattered Reading Societies.

Through their combined fortunes, the members of the Illuminati gained control over the literary societies and printing press. They circulated printed papers showing falsities of religion and abuses of government and promoted a general state of desperation throughout society, all the while blaming it on religion and government. They sought to promote ANARCHY and REVOLUTION, whereby they would strip the monarchy (king) of power using the classes (people) as a lever to ultimately bring power back into their own hands, all the while creating new forms of government which would be puppets they could secretly control from behind the scenes. In Germany, the lodges which preceded the Illuminati were the Lodge Theodore and the Lodge of Strict Observance. In France they were known as the GRAND ORIENT TEMPLE

MASONS. Their motto was "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY". In 1789, they beheaded the King and Queen of France and orchestrated what was historically known as the French Revolution. This was only the first of several revolutions to come. Weishaupt had succeeded in grabbing the existing reigns of power in both Europe and America, entwining them together using new philosophical concepts, and tightening all of the existing slack.

In 1797, a book appeared in Europe by John Robison called "Proofs of A Conspiracy against all of the Religions and Governments of Europe, Carried on in the Secret Meetings of Freemasons, Illuminati and Reading Societies". Then in 1799, written in another country and in another language, Abbe Augustine Barruel published his four-volume study entitled "Memoirs Illustrating the History of Jacobinism". Then in 1826, William Morgan, an American Freemason who had written a book entitled "Illustrations of Freemasonry", was abducted and drowned in Lake Ontario. Because of the existence of these books, as well as the murder scandal, there was a nationwide furor resulting in the creation of an Anti-Masonic

political party in 1829. After this there was a temporary drop in membership in the lodges, but their control over the press soon caused the anger to diminish.

There is what is called the "Colombian" faction of the Illuminati which came over to America early on. The documents that were recovered in Germany showed that the symbol for the Illuminati society was the PYRAMID and the EYE IN THE CAPSTONE as shown on the back of the ONE-DOLLAR BILL. The symbol for Columbia Broadcasting System (CBS) is the ALL-SEEING EYE. The U. S. is located in the District of Columbia. There is Columbia University, and the Columbia space shuttle.

The Americas have been called the New World since Columbus, however, Columbus did not come here first. There had already been a "New England Charter" and a colony established twenty years before he arrived. In America in the east, we have the area of NEW ENGLAND, where the first colonies were established. The eventual American Revolution wasn't actually a real revolution. The Founding Fathers (Masons), did not go to war with their parents, the monarchy of England. There are many prominent American Presidents who are related to strong European bloodlines and great wealth. When the YORK Rite Masons of York, England, came over here, they settled on the East coast and declared it NEW YORK. Then they went to work to build the "Empire State". In New York sits the Statue of "LIBERTY", given to us by FRANCE, holding up the Masonic torch of ENLIGHTENMENT. The highest degrees of Freemasonry are the 32nd and 33rd degree.

On the back of the dollar bill, on the Great Seal of the U. S. , there are 32 feathers on the right wing of the eagle and 33 on the left. Underneath the pyramid, the Latin term "Novus Ordo Seclorum" means "New World Order". It has appeared on the dollar bill since 1933.

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels were students of Weishaupt and Illuminism. The 10 platforms that make up COMMUNISM are identical to the goals of the ILLUMINATI. The Communist Manifesto appeared in 1848 and Communism formed itself as a solid revolutionary movement in Russia in the early 1900's, in the form of the Bolshevik Revolution.

One particular group of families made up of the Russells and the Piertponts founded several scholastic institutions, two of which were Yale and Princeton. Rev. James Piertpont and Rev.

Nodiah Russell CO-founded Yale in 1701. In 1832, Gen. William Huntington Russell and Alfonso Taft, grandfather of William Howard Taft, former President of the U.S., founded a secret society at Yale called SKULL AND BONES, or "The Brotherhood of Death". Gen. Huntington's brother-in-law, Samuel Russell, founded "Russell and Co.", the world's largest opium smuggling syndicate at the time. This provided them with a huge fortune in the millions. The founders and later influential graduates of Skull and Bones studied philosophy and other subjects in Germany where many prominent "Illuminated" teachers were working. Probably the most influential family in this power circle throughout the last century has been the Harriman family. Edward H.

Harriman amassed over $60 million in the late 1800's in a swift stock deal involving Union Pacific Railroad and Kuhn Loeb. (1904 Northern Securities case) William Averall Harriman, his son, graduated Yale in the Skull and Bones Fraternity in 1913. Averall Harriman controlled Harriman and Co. which owns Brown Bros. and Harriman, the world's largest private investment bank. Prescott Bush, George Bush's father was initiated and graduated in 1917. Prescott Bush as well as some other Skull and Bones Graduates were directors of the bank. These banks as well as Guaranty Trust and Union Banking Corp, all of which were controlled by Skull and Bones, were the most influential entities in building up the Soviet Union from the early times of the Bolshevik Revolution in the early 1900's, through contracts to improve mining of raw materials and rebuilding of the RR transportation infrastructure. These same banks were also directly responsible for financing Hitler's rise to power and build up of Nazi-Socialism through contacts and subsidiary banks in Germany.

The PURPOSE for the build up of World Wars was to create a NEED for PEACE so that a UNITED NATIONS may be needed and then created as a SOLUTION for establishing peace between nations. A WORLD body of GOVERNMENT with a WORLD COURT and a WORLD

POLICE to keep nations in place and to concentrate power into a few people's hands. Who's hands? William Howard Taft, Skull and Bones graduate of 1878, helped found the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes in 1920. This soon became the League to Enforce the Peace, then the League of Nations and then finally The United Nations. If you look at things from a historical perspective, the U.N. today has implemented or is in the process of implementing all the planks

of Adam Weishaupt's Manifesto. When George Bush took us to war in the Persian Gulf, he stated boldly that he didn't need the approval of Congress anymore to declare war because he had a U.N. Mandate. We have sacrificed a large part of our U.S. sovereignty. The U.N. has recently passed a Declaration of Children's Right's. It is now a RIGHT of the child to receive vaccinations, which do more harm than good, and a parent doesn't have the right to interfere. Parents who interfere with the rights of a child or abuse a child or are accused of abuse can have their children taken by the state. If you are seen spanking a child more than two or three times, the child abuse police will be unleashed against you. This amounts to nothing more than a giant power transfer, from US to THEM. The only way they can do this is by tricking us into thinking that we are so irresponsible that we cannot manage our own affairs and lives and that the state is better suited to raise our children. If you still like the U.N. then wait until you get hit with the new U.N. TAX that is coming.

This brings us to the World Bank, the IMF (International Monetary Fund), both creations of the U.N., and banking in general. In Switzerland there is a big building that is divided into 3 parts. If you look at it from above it looks like a peace symbol or Rune. This is the headquarters of the United Nations and the World Bank, the 3rd part is the World headquarters of Freemasonry. It's so convenient they can go back and forth between coffee breaks. In Brussels, there is a computer called "The Beast" which stores the names and information of every person in the world and that was created years ago. By now, it probably orbits the planet. THE U.S. IS A CORPORATION

located in the DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and each CITIZEN IS A FRANCHISE OF THE U.S.

IDENTIFIED BY A SOCIAL SECURITY #.

One of the main influences of British Masonry comes to America in the area of Banking. Cecil Rhodes made his fortune from diamond mines in South Africa. Millions and millions of dollars were secured and put into a trust in his will to be used to finance the creation of secret societies for the furtherance of Anglo-Saxon rulership in the New World Order and the eventual recapture of the U.S.

for England through the creation of a central bank in America. Cecil Rhodes formed what is called the "Rhodes Scholarship" at Oxford. There is also the Round Table in England put together by Alfred Milner. Bill Clinton

is a Rhodes Scholar as well as other things. In Europe, at least at the time, the Rothschilds were the leading banking clan. Paul Warburg, an agent for the Rothschilds as well as several members of Skull & Bones were instrumental in setting up the Federal Reserve Central Banking system in America in 1913. President Andrew Jackson had stated that the central bankers were a den of vipers and thieves and he intended to drive them out of America in earlier times. He also

stated that if the American people understood the rank injustice of our banking system, there would be a revolution by morning. President Thomas Jefferson stated "If the Americanpeople ever allow the private banks to control the issue of their currency, first by inflation, then by deflation, the banks and the corporations that grow up around them will deprive the people of all property until their children wake up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered".

Abraham Lincoln took action against the central bank in his time and he was killed for it.

President Garfield was shot and killed shortly after declaring that whoever controls the supply of currency would control the business and activities of all people. Baron Nathan Mayer de Rothschild

once said, "Let me issue and control a nations money and I care not who writes the laws".

The measure of a nations wealth is the sum total of it's goods, services, natural resources and private wealth. In early America, private wealth consisted mostly of gold or silver. This is a great monetary standard because it has inherent value. For a long time, gold was worth $20.00 an ounce.

A One-Ounce gold coin was a $20.00 piece. Our grandfathers and great grandfathers found it a hassle to carry these around during large transactions due to heavy weight and frequent robbery, so out of the kindness of their hearts, the bankers would allow people to leave their gold and silver on deposit, while the bank would issue a gold or silver certificate, a piece of paper that was as good as gold. It said on the bill, "Pay to bearer upon demand in gold or silver. So after the bankers started to issue these notes they saw after a while that the people were not using the gold as much and coming back to withdraw it and that they could issue and loan more notes than they had gold to back it up. This is the true source of inflation. A short time later they replaced the gold and silver certificates with Federal reserve notes which are worthless. Without the gold and silver, the real

valuables, America was essentially bankrupt. The Federal Reserve is a private corporation. When Federal Reserve notes are printed they are loaned to the U.S. Treasury or the people. Notes that cost 2 cents each are printed by the Fed and loaned to the U.S. government at face value plus 8 1/2% interest compounded. The interest is collected each year by the IRS (Repo Man), also a private corporation controlled by the Federal Reserve. With a federal deficit of 4

trillion 8 hundred billion dollars so far, the interest is in the neighborhood of $200 Billion dollars, which is drained from the economy each year in the form of income taxes. The words "Federal Reserve Note" first appeared on our paper currency in 1933.

It is common sense that if you are borrowing money from someone and you have to pay interest then where will the money come from to pay the interest ? If you have to borrow it then that creates more interest. Obviously, in this situation, there is no way out. However, coins are minted by the U.S. treasury and they are worth their face value as currency. There is a clause written into the agreement that provides us with the option to buy back the right to issue our own currency.

The solution to the problem of the National Debt is to coin a 4 trillion dollar coin and use it to pay off the Federal Reserve. It would have to be accepted and it could even be made out of copper nickel clad. In 1963, President Kennedy passed an Executive Order calling for the printing of $450 Billion dollars in U.S. backed Debt-Free currency. Shortly after, he was killed and as soon as his successor, Lyndon Johnson took office, the first thing he did was suspend the executive order and the printing of the currency. If you look hard enough, you can find $2 bills from 1963 that say "U.S. Treasury" at the top instead of "Federal Reserve note". 1964 was the last year silver was used as the standard coin metal and coincidentally Kennedy's face first appeared on the half-dollar. Now, 23 years later, silver is $5.00 per ounce instead of $1. If you still don't see how this works, just realize that 23 years later, you now need 5 times as much money (work) to buy the same ounce of silver and 60 years later, after they removed the gold, we have to pay 20 times as much money for the same ounce of gold. ($400.00 / ounce). The moral of this little story is that we are being ripped off by the biggest "Sleight of Hand" money scam ever devised. There is a Masonic term for this kind of deception, they call it "Hoodwinked". We are the sheep and we have had the wool pulled over our eyes.

It may appear to be a grand conspiracy where you may think that everyone knows what's going on, or you may say that it is impossible for everyone to work together on such a large scale for so long and so secretly, but the truth is that not everybody knows everything. Some people that are a part of the establishment only know a little and some don't really have a clue, some just follow the money, but most that hold high degrees have a pretty good idea, if not a lot of knowledge about the inner workings of the conspiracy.

Big name families like the Rockefellers and J.P. Morgan, even in their time, were not the main financial powers in America. They were highly paid agents, frontmen and spokespeople. Henry Ford resigned from the Ford Foundation citing an inability to maintain control over affairs. The Rockefeller foundation ties into and controls the American Medical Association and the public educational system through textbook publishing. The Rockefeller family got started with the help of the Harriman family, the Whitneys (Eli Whitney's family) and Standard Oil of New York (SONY), now Exxon. They have a lot of influence, even today.

All of the founding fathers of this nation were Masons as well as almost all of the presidents. The building of early American colonies as well as the American Revolution would not have been possible if it were not for a very special plant. The Cannabis / Hemp plant was used throughout the world since the beginning of time for just about everything that mankind needed. Paper made from hemp was used for books, bibles, maps, and money. You can produce 4 times as much paper from an acre of hemp as you can from an acre of trees at 1/4 the cost, 1/5 the pollution, it is 10 times stronger and lasts up to 1000 years instead of only 50. And it can be recycled 4 times as many times as paper from wood pulp. The Constitution was printed on hemp paper as well as the first 3 drafts of the Declaration of Independence. Even great sailing ships like the U.S.S.

Constitution were made primarily out of hemp. Hemp is the STRONGEST natural fiber on the planet. Hemp is 26 times stronger than cotton and 10 times longer lasting. The first Levi jeans were made out of hemp as well as all of the soldier's clothes for the Revolutionary War. It requires no chemicals to grow, has very few natural enemies, and grows in the widest variety of climates of any weed or plant. It is also the FASTEST GROWING plant on the planet, growing 4

times faster than corn. The seeds from the hemp plant provide the highest source of complete vegetable protein of any food source on earth. Even higher than soybeans. It has also been re-realized lately that the hemp seed is the highest source of Essential Fatty Acids in the world.

ESSENTIAL, meaning :NECESSARY FOR LIFE, Fatty Acids are necessary for us and beneficial for cleaning the cholesterol out of the arteries naturally. All oils in the supermarket are bad since they are placed in clear plastic containers and exposed to direct sunlight. They become as bad as saturated fats, and end up CAUSING cholesterol buildup, leading to heart attacks, etc.

Hemp seed oil can even be used as a machine-grade lubricant for engines and other machines replacing petroleum oil from the ground.

Henry Ford built his Ford Model-T using hemp to line the side panels. The impact strength was 10 times stronger than steel alone. This would eliminate many vehicular deaths today. The Model-T was also designed to run on hemp fuel which Henry Ford grew. This was displayed in Popular Mechanics in Feb. of 1938. Concentrated extracts of Cannabis from the flowers were the 2nd most used medicines in America for 150 years for over 100 separate medical illnesses. It is probably the best natural medicine for Glaucoma, stress, and controlling nausea, and works very well for arthritis , asthma, and epilepsy. It is estimated that Hemp would have at least 50,000

commercial uses if it were legal in America today.

The reason that Hemp is illegal in America today is because the main families in America (Masons), the Harrimans and Rockefellers (Standard Oil), the Whitneys (Eli Whitney-Cotton Gin), Dupont (Chemicals in wood pulp processing and cotton pesticides), and Hearst (Newspapers, Media) find it more profitable to sell us unnecessary chemicals, unneeded dug-up petroleum oil, immune system destroying pharmaceuticals, and axed up trees cut into real thin slices, all at over-inflated prices and at the expense of our health and living environment. For these companies, the real problem is that one cannot patent a natural plant. Almost everything produced in America by large corporations is exported for sale on the world markets. The total value of oil, petrochemicals, and pharmaceutical sales totals hundreds of billions of dollars.

However, with the availability of over 50,000 new products and the necessity to manufacture them, America would be a much richer nation if

the farmers and the average citizen were allowed to grow this valuable crop.

Right now, the power is concentrated in the hands of a few rich individuals like George Bush, for example, who's legacy goes something like this : Graduated Yale in the Skull and Bones fraternity in 1948, went into the Airforce, got shot down and was played up in the press as a war hero, becomes owner of Zapata Off-shore Oil , which controls a large fleet of oil tankers off the coast of Kuwait, becomes director of the CIA, working to introduce cocaine and heroin in large part to America, is made Director of Eli Lilly Pharmaceuticals by Dan Quayle's Father (Lilly produces precursor chemicals used in cocaine production), sits on the board of First Interstate Bank, Puralator Shipping, and Texas Gulf (Fertilizers and pesticides to grow the Coca with and then spray on it to wipe some of it out), then becomes Vice-President and Drug Czar (During this time Cocaine influx into the U.S. increased by over 2000 %), declares war on the American people and the Bill of Rights through the militarization of a phony drug war, tricks Saddam Hussein with the help of the leaders of Kuwait, into attacking Iraq (The reason was Zapata Oil's slant drilling from Kuwait into Iraqi territory) so that he could declare war under a U.N. Mandate, strengthen the U.N. and hike up oil prices, then before leaving office, signs into law a secret Telecommunications Bill requiring the switch-over of all Federal and Bank phone lines to Fiber Optic for the purpose of electronic funds transfer as required by law in the year 2000 when cash and checks will be no longer legal. If that isn't bad enough, he also has brothers and sons that are Skull and Bones members and they do politics as well. Neil Bush (Silverado Savings and Loan Scam), there is Jeb Bush and there are several other Bush's hiding in the BIG BUSH FAMILY. It is probably no coincidence that the Harriman and Bush families both have a history in Eugenics or race purification and Genetic Selective Breeding. They will propagate their own young on the planet because they can afford it, while sitting back and deciding which countries can have how many children per family.

Population control and mind control are the methods used by the new Fascist Roman Capitalistic Empire. Millions of people die around the world each year from debilitating diseases like cancer, AIDS, Leukemia and now flesh-eating strep and Ebola. Does the Rockefeller-run American Medical Association (AMA) do everything it can to insure that doctors know the truth about health and do the most to insure the safety of the patient ? NO !

Let's consider these facts. Herbs have been around forever, they grow naturally and they have been used for healing for centuries. Drugs are synthetic chemical reproductions sold by the large pharmaceutical corporations at highly inflated prices. Doctors receive less than 3 hours of instruction on nutrition, eating right and preventative medicine in their entire 4-6 years of training.

Luis Pasteur, shortly before he died, stated that he was possibly mistaken about his germ theory.

He said that germs and viruses might be the result of the disease instead of the cause. The way this could be explained is that the body overloads on toxic build-up and produces symptoms of stress, then necessary bacteria or viruses move in to scavenge the toxins, creating an abundance of these in the system, and leaving a super toxic waste by-product behind, which the body has a difficult time expelling. Therefore the presence of the virus or high bacteria count is a result of the disease and not the cause. A couple of very important things to realize when considering this possibility are : 1. A person does not need to be exposed to another individual to come down with a cold. People living in small communities with no outside exposure can come down with colds and disease. 2. People with no disease can sleep with people and exchange bodily fluids with people with HIV and not be infected. Considering these facts further weakens the Germ Theory of Disease. If this information is true, then the introduction of prescription and pharmaceutical drugs would only serve to mask the symptoms of the problem and slowly destroy the immune system since these drugs are highly toxic.

There have been several cures for cancer and other diseases but these have been viciously suppressed by the establishment and pharmaceutical industry. Some of these include Raymond Rife and the Rife Microscope, Harry Hoxsey, Cancell, Essiac, and Ozone. The latest and most promising information so far comes from a woman named Dr. Hulda Clark. Her books and research have just been published this year. She states that the age-long problem and cause of diseases are parasites, Worms in particular. There is a worm, an intestinal fluke, which exists in most people throughout their lives. Generally, it is excreted by the body in the younger stages and does not grow into an adult in our bodies. But, something different happens when substances like Benzene and Propyl Alcohol are abundant in our body. These toxic chemicals are consumed in the form of carbonated sodas and

extracts and they are absorbed into our skin in hair and body care products. The abundance of propyl Alcohols break down the shells of the eggs allowing them to hatch early.

The build-up of these toxic substances weakens the immunity of certain organs or areas of the body (Thyroid, Lymph, skin), allowing worms to grow in these areas. Dr. Clark has diagnosed hundreds of people with both Cancer and AIDS and found that all of them had both the worm present and the weakened immunity from one of these toxic sources. She was also successful curing all of them with the three herbs that are necessary to kill the worms. She does claim though that some people that are very close to death may be too far gone from the severe burden of over-toxicity. We will see how long it takes for the general public to find out about this. We have already spoken to people in different states that have used her methods successfully. Even if people do find out about things one way or another, the average person will not even know that people are finding out about something because the media will not televise it and tell people certain things.

The biggest people in the media are members of the Council on Foreign Relations and Trilateral Commission, both creations of Skull and Bones and David Rockefeller. The media is used to promote disinformation and propaganda. The only way you can think the media doesn't withhold information is if you don't know what is REALLY going on. Hitler said, in regard to propaganda and thought control, "The bigger the lie, the easier to believe". Sometimes it can be very difficult to discern the truth and find out what is really going on. Your heart will tell you one thing and your intellect another and usually we get caught up believing what we want to believe because it's too much trouble to see all the way through.

To one with an open mind, it would seem foolish to assume that we are alone in the universe. In contrast, to one with a closed mind and a probable lack of spirituality, it would appear that reality is made up only of what we see and feel physically. There is, at this time, a growing awareness on the planet that perhaps we are not alone. Millions of people around the world claim to have seen unidentified flying objects, flying disks, bright lights, and fast moving objects that reflect advanced technology, that we, most people claim, could not possess. Some people claim to have been abducted by GREY ALIENS and underwent childbearing and medical experiments only to have been returned somewhere unconscious with examination scars

left behind. Thousands of cattle mutilations have occurred in remote areas sometimes followed by sightings of flying disks or bright lights and occasionally black helicopters. There has been a recent movie made about the crash and retrieval of a spaceship as well as bodies of several dead aliens in Roswell, New Mexico and it is suggested that the government might be covering up this entire situation for political or religious reasons. UFO researchers were a very small group in the 1950's and 60's, but recently in the 1980's and 90's there has been an enormous increase in interest on the subject.

I was personally first introduced to this information in 1987 through info put out by Bill Cooper a little while before the first printing of "Behold a Pale Horse". I was very curious about the subject and read everything of quality that I could find. There were less than 100 half-way decent books in print that you could find at the time. Today, there are probably over 500. I read the best books I could find by retired high ranking military officials, channeled material from Seth and The Ashtar Command, I learned about Billy Meier, Barbara Marciniak and the Pleadians material, Bob Lazaar, Area 51 and S-4 Dreamland in Las Vegas, listened to contactees discuss the Draco-Reptilian and Andromeda connection and watched Richard Hoagland bring out the "Face on Mars" info to the U.N. and the public.

If you take the sum total of the info that exists and put it into perspective, it would appear as though our race may have been seeded here by off-planet intelligences or that we were created as an intergalactic experiment, that huge 8-10 foot tall powerful Reptilian beings live at the core of the Earth, pilot advanced flying craft, read minds and plot to enslave mankind by using grey Zeta-Reticulans, who have no choice but to assist because their race is dying from genetic inbreeding and they need help and have no where else to go, and that they have the government under their control through genetic cloning and electronic implants. It has even been proposed that members of the government are related to these aliens. This may sound a little silly, but some people believe it might be true. The positive side to this double edged sword is that the Pleadians are supposedly here to save us along with another group called the Arcturians. They are supposedly here to assist us in our higher spiritual development and help us break out of our old 3rd dimensional physical reality into the 4th dimension or multi-dimensional reality. All we have to do to receive their help is give

up nuclear weapons, turn our lives to god and learn to live in peace. Although these are good ideas they are easier said than done.

Probably the best book I have read on the subject came to me recently after years of entertaining the idea of this possible reality of Aliens, gov. cover-ups, and so forth, all the while learning about secret societies and other related info. The book is called "Space Aliens from the Pentagon" by William Lyne. While the former reality may seem to be a little out of this world, the info presented in this book is a lot more down to Earth. According to Mr. Lyne, the secret societies in America and abroad have harnessed a naturally occurring "Free Energy" and have possessed and suppressed this secret for at least 80-100 years. Many people have heard of Albert Einstein and his Theory of Relativity (E=MC2). Most would consider him a genius although it is known that he was a Grade School dropout. Around the same time lived a man named Nikola Tesla. He came to America in the early 1900's as a scientist and inventor. He was responsible for many great discoveries, but it is not mentioned in history very much. He was responsible for Radio, Television, Fluorescent and Neon lighting, Helicopters, Lasers, Particle Beams and Alternating Current. If you haven't heard of him you should at least wonder why. William Lyne is himself an inventor and scientist. Mr. Lyne claims that when Tesla came to America, he had under his arm blueprints for possibly the world's first FLYING SAUCER and it flew without the need for external energy. He intended to present it to the Geneva Convention as a proposed solution for world peace and energy liberation. He had theories of Magnetism and Anti-gravity as well as other forms of "Free Energy". The story goes that Einstein was working as a clerk at the Swiss Patent office at the time that Tesla was applying for his patents. Alternating Current was in the position of putting DC out of business, which meant that Edison and Westinghouse would suffer. J.P. Morgan, a Skull and Bones Banking Frontman, was financing Westinghouse and attempted to make arrangements to secure Tesla's patents through con deals and contracts.

He used Einstein's position at the patent office to rip off several of Tesla's patents and then told him outright that since it would be difficult to collect money on this "Free Energy", that it would not be used or promoted in society. Instead, Einstein's Theory of Relativity would prevail and Tesla's Dynamic Theory of Gravity would be suppressed. Today, it is impossible to locate some of Tesla's earlier patents. The Flying Saucer project was then

moved out of the country to a secret joint German / American base near the South Pole called "Neu Shwabenland" or New Berlin, which was under the control of the Thule society, a secret society in Germany to which the SS

belonged. Here, the crafts were perfected and outfitted with the latest technology and design. The Nazis created propaganda back home that Hitler was in touch with a Blond-haired, blue-eyed Aryan race of beings who communicated to him that he was chosen to lead the Germanic people.

There was a resurgence of Occultism in Germany at this time. Hitler was into the occult and he was a master of propaganda. Remember, he stated "The bigger the lie, the easier to sell to the public", people believe what they want to believe After W.W.II, during Operation Paperclip, hundreds of Nazi intelligence officers were secretly brought to America and given positions in the OSS (Office of Strategic Services), the forerunner to the CIA, supposedly to gain information on the Russians, our new enemy. Along with the Nazis came the flying saucer project.

The project was brought to New Mexico, where it was worked on further. Soon there were several sightings by people of mysterious flying objects and bright flying balls of light. In 1944

and 45, there were newspaper reports about flying balls of light possibly being advanced Nazi aircraft. They were called FOO-FIGHTERS. Then a couple of years later, in 1947, there was supposedly a flying saucer crash in the desert of Roswell, New Mexico, with advanced technology and even bodies of aliens recovered. This was reported on the front page of the newspaper and then it was explained away as a weather balloon. Within a few years science fiction films started coming out like crazy. (The day the Earth Stood Still-about the threat of war and the necessity to make peace with ourselves and the aliens, and War of the Worlds-H.G.

Wells, a British Intelligence Agent).

There was a time in America in the 1950's, when it was trendy to wear alien antennas on your head or a Hat shaped like a flying saucer. This was the beginning of the first wave of American propaganda. Then in the 1970's, we had Star Wars, Close Encounters, Hanger 18, and eventually E.T. T.V. movies like Alien Nation and "V" were shown to us and now Sightings, The X-files, and even Roswell the movie. There is a consistent theme that suggests the government is involved in a super high level cosmic Watergate cover-up.

William Lyne claims to have seen this entire drama evolve from a simple bungled crash recovery story to the elaborate present day theory mentioned before. He basically says that this is the biggest "Free Energy Cover-up" scam ever perpetrated against the people of the world. Millions and millions of dollars are poured into an elaborate propaganda complex of Authors, Ph.D.'s, Ret.

Military Officials and self proclaimed "Channelers" to distribute books and videos on these ideas.

They fund UFO expos, research groups like MUFON, and UFO magazines. He even claims that he was offered money by the CIA to write phony scripts about being abducted by grey Zeta-Reticulans. He claims to have many contacts himself, through his own family and relatives and friends from previous service in the Air Force, who have confirmed this info. He claims the UFO

expos are filled with disinformation agents.

Here are a couple of things to consider : 1. If you wanted to expose the government or publish books or videos on UFOs or aliens then where do you get the money to do it ? Who has this kind of money lying around and is willing to invest it in these ventures ? There is new information appearing that Lawrence Rockefeller has been behind the private financing of groups to discuss the UFO issue and undoubtedly promote more propaganda and lies. 2. If this is the government's biggest cover-up then how come all of this info is coming out all at once all over the place ? 3.

After Bill Lyne presented this info for the first time at the UFO expo in California and was a huge success, why was he asked not to return and told that he would be better suited at the Extraordinary Experiences Expo ?

There has been some speculation that the government maybe preparing to "inform" the public about the supposed alien presence and possibly even present a staged landing or invasion scenario. Either way we may soon see, depending on how carefully we are watching. If this is the kind of technology the government had 50 and 100 years ago, then 166 mhz pentium processors are probably a far cry from REAL present day capabilities.

One of the symbols for Roman Catholic Freemasonry is the Double Cross. It may appear on the Pope's headdress or on the advertisement for the American Lung Association or even in the EXXON sign. This may imply that we've been double-crossed. Is the Shell gas station symbol really

a shell ? Or is it the SUN rising in the East ? The Panorama Mall in California uses an almost identical symbol and it is surely not a shell, but the SUNRISE. The flag of El Salvador and Nicaragua both are a symbol of the triangle or pyramid with the eye in the peak or capstone as well as the sun rising. The flag for Germany is the Masonic compass symbol. Look at the America On-line symbol. A Current Affair T.V series. The next time you are driving on the freeway and you see an exit sign with gas station displays that offer you a choice between Citgo or Shell, ask yourself whether you are really looking at a pyramid and a sun rising in the east.

And now, back to the most popular conspiracy question : Who did kill JFK ? If you still think it was Lee Harvey Oswald and you believe the lone assassin theory or if you are stuck in a cave somewhere building a wheel that is shaped like a square then consider these important historical facts : The assassination took place in Dealey Plaza, site of the first Masonic temple in Dallas.

Dallas is located just south of the 33rd degree of latitude. The 33rd degree is the highest degree one can achieve in Freemasonry. Shakespeare's MacBeth is a "Killing of the King" drama.

MacBeth, who killed his King in accordance with a witch's plot and was himself later killed, parallels the JFK assassination and the sequence of Oswald being killed by Ruby. "Mason Road"

in Texas, connects to the "Mason No El Bar" and the Texas / New Mexico "Land of Enchantment" border. This connecting line is on the 32nd degree.

When the 32nd degree line of latitude is traced west into the "Land of Enchantment", it becomes situated midway between Deming and Columbus. Slightly to the north of the town of Columbus are the "Tres Hermanas" (Three Sisters) mountains. The Three Sisters are found approx. 32 miles between Deming and Columbus and are a minute and some seconds south of the 32nd degree line. When this line is traced further to the west, it passes the ghost town of Shakespeare at a distance south of the town that is roughly equivalent to the distance which the 32nd degree line passes north of the three sisters mountains. Both Shakespeare and the three sisters relate to MacBeth. When this 32nd degree line is traced some distance further west, into Arizona, it crosses an old trail which meanders north of a ghost town, which was once the town of Ruby.

The trail itself was called Ruby Road. Ruby Road twists north into the area of 2 mountain peaks known as Kennedy and Johnson Mountains. The New Orleans CIA (who provided security) station's headquarters were in a Masonic temple. And last but not least, Mason Lyndon Johnson appointed Mason Earl Warren to investigate Kennedy's death. 33rd degree Mason, Gerald Ford was instrumental in suppressing what little evidence of a conspiratorial nature reached the commission. Responsible for supplying information to the commission was 33rd degree Mason J.

Edgar Hoover and former CIA director and Mason Allen Dulles was responsible for most of his Agency's information to the panel. There IS NO need to wonder whether there is a conspiracy going on, the fact is AMERICA IS ONE BIG LIVING CONSPIRACY.

The 2000 year old Reich of the NEW WORLD ORDER is HERE and NOW. We are about to start 1996. The more that this sort of information gets out to the public, the faster the crackdown and grab for power becomes. The government is not as dumb as most people believe, it only appears to be on the surface. How many more police do we need ? The Fraternal Order of Police is a Masonic Order. You will understand this the next time they put you through the 3rd DEGREE, and offer you 3 SQUARE meals a day. How much more power do we want to give them ? Current Gun Control Legislation is taken almost word for word from gun control laws passed in Nazi Germany under Adolph Hitler. There have been many Executive Orders and Public Laws passed giving tremendous powers to the president to declare National Emergencies, suspend the Constitution, and round up large groups of people, and the power to use converted and shut down MILITARY BASES AS LABOR BOOT CAMPS (CONCENTRATION

CAMPS), has been handed to the Pentagon. This will be sold to us as immigration control, drug trafficker punishment and so forth.

In Europe today, the National I.D. Card (Smartcard) has already been issued. In Singapore, you are required to carry it by law. It will soon arrive in America and it will be pushed using Health-Care reform or Immigration Control as a means to sell it to the public. This card will store all of the necessary information on you and more.

There was a particular type of wood that magicians used to make their wands from. It was the wood from the Holly plant. Hollywood today is where the Mason Magicians of the silver screen wave their hypnotic magic

wands over our eyes and fool us with ILLUSIONS. If you remember the T.V. series "Get Smart", there were the bad guys called CHAOS and the good guys called CONTROL. GET SMART .

The following books in this catalog are most highly recommended : America's Secret Establishment, Proofs of a Conspiracy, Secret Societies and Subversive Movements, The Emperor Wears No Clothes, Space Aliens From the Pentagon, The Cure for All Diseases, The World Order: Our Secret Rulers, Jesus Christ : SUN of God, The Illuminati, and The Scarlet and the Beast Series.

EXTENDED INTRODUCTION (Feb.-'97)

It has been a little over a year since the first Catalog was released. A lot of things have happened since then. Dozens of books and videos have become available and thousands of people more have learned about the New World Order. The direction that this country is going in has become clearer to a lot more people as jobs are lost, properties are seized and more and more people are witnessing and

experiencing military preparedness actions taking place in their cities and towns. The secret forces attempting to take this country CANNOT just do whatever they want because they need the support of the masses. It has been remarked in Globalist meetings that the nations and leaders and even the heads of the U.S. are waiting to usher in the New World Order, the only thing that is stopping them or slowing them up is the American people. There is too much resistance at this time from patriots who would rather see the United Nations dissolved. A bill was sponsored by Congress to remove us from the U.N., but was shot down. It is definitely time for a MOVEMENT in America to disassemble the U.N. or at least get US OUT. Recently, an attempt to fly the United Nations Flag in Montana was shot down by patriots and protesters.

New information has surfaced about the Oklahoma bombing, John Doe # 2 might be identified.

There is a family, Glen and Kathy Wilburn, who lost two grandchildren in the daycare center, and who have conducted their own investigation for the past year and a half. They have filed a wrong ful death lawsuit against McVeigh and doing so has given them discovery subpoena power to pursue

their investigation. Two key people have been identified as major co-conspirators along with the BATF itself. The person believed to be John Doe # 2 is a man named Michael Brescia. Once pictures were shown to a

number of key witnesses, almost all overwhelmingly agreed that he was the one. Brescia is a 24 year old man from Philadelphia. He has been identified as the individual with Mcveigh at the Ryder truck office. Brescia is a Christian Identity follower who was living at Elohim City, a Christian Identity center on the border of Oklahoma and Arkansas. There he shared a room with the second key individual, a man named Andreas Strassmeir, a former German military officer who came to the U.S. hoping to work undercover for the Justice Dept. or the DEA. It is more likely he got a job with the BATF. In 1988 and '89, he was involved in the infiltration of the Texas Light Infantry and a set up involving militia members and illegal gun purchases. Strassmeir has been interviewed a couple of times by a British reporter named Ambrose Evans Pritchard.

According to Pritchard, Strassmeir has stated that the BATF had an operation going where they were monitoring McVeigh and the whole thing and tried to wait until the last minute so they could show that they saved everyone from doom and look like heroes, except for one problem: the bomb was supposed to go off in the middle of the night, and the ATF had a surveillance operation going

on all night long, they had a bomb squad and a team to intercept the bombers, but somehow the plan got changed, they lowered their guard and then it went off at nine in the morning.

Same Subject From A New Perspective—Whether the government knew about it, had something to do with it, intentionally or not, or just plain screwed up a sting type situation isn't really the point !----It has been said that McVeigh was part of an intelligence group involved in criminal activites. McVeigh himself claims to have a microchip implant !

New information has come out just recently in the major news about several people on trial for a series of bank robberies tied to an Aryan Nations Republican Army, a neo-Nazi Christian Identity group based out of guess where ? That's right, Elohim City !! -----A Brief Thought: During the civil war period, a man named Albert Pike from the south, not just any man, but founder of the 33rd degree, the highest degree in Scottish Rite Masonry, who himself was a Sovereign Grand Inspector General and authored many books on Freemasonry, including "Morals and Dogma" (The Bible of Freemasonry), also was the Leader and Founder of the Ku Klux Klan. Elements of British Israel Freemasonry and the movement to bring America back under England's control, become apparent in the Christian Identity

movement. British race patriots and promoters of Racial Identity linked to Freemasonry (Theories that the nothern Europeans, Vikings, etc, are the true Jews and therefore god's chosen people and thus superior), were people who Hitler admired greatly and studied intensely. ----Is it not possible that Freemasonry, with it's tentacles wrapped up in the BATF on one hand and the neo-Nazi movement on the other, could be promoting CHAOS to achieve ORDER ? The Anti-Terrorism bill had already been written and was waiting to be passed into law at the time of the Bombing !!!

WAKE UP !!! We are being terrorized into giving up our rights and guns through OUR FEAR

OF TERRORISM !!

And what ever happened to the MONTANA FREEMEN ? …..80 Days the FBI tried to get them to surrender. The government kidnapped the leaders on their own property. Everybody in the country watched. Some people got so tired of watching , they would have had the FBI burn the place down just so they could get back to the O.J. Simpson trial. Why did the FBI want them so bad ? Do you think they're trying to teach people not to write bad checks ? What do you think would happen if they sent the FBI, the tanks and the SWAT team in for everyone who wrote a BAD CHECK ? How come we haven't heard anything at all since, not even word of a trial ? It's as if there's a place they can take people that society doesn't care about, bypass the judicial system and we may never even hear from them again. This is a SERIOUS possibility !! THIS

COULD BE YOUR FAMILY !!!

THE STORY BEHIND THE MONTANA FREEMEN IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING

AND IMPORTANT STORIES OF THE CENTURY !! ….HERE IT IS :

The Revolutionary War was fought for one purpose and one end and that is SOVEREIGNTY !

After the war, the colonies were each separate and Independant countries and still are today.

Every FREEMAN 21 years of age or older who owned land and was able to vote was a king in his own home. He was untaxable. His land was untaxable and his income was untaxable. Nobody can tax the King, the King is Sovereign. The FREEMEN of MONTANA had long ago renounced their U.S. citizenship status in favor of being an American National (Different From a State Citizen, But Similar). They severed all contracts

with the government so they would not be under it's jurisdiction. The U.S. government is a Foreign Corporation with respect to a state. A corporation cannot have citizens, only franchises. When you except a social security # or you register to vote , you elect to be a U.S citizen, which the courts have ruled is of SUBJECT

STATUS, Not SOVEREIGN. So after having renounced their U.S. citizenship, they then attempted to set up a township. Using proper methods, with an understanding of the laws involved, they were competent, knowledgable and lawfully able to set up a township, after all, who set up the township you live in or the one up the road ? Someone or some people have to be able to set it up. In a TOWNSHIP, you may have a COURT. Who do you think set up the court in your community or town ? God ? No, people did. Someone with the proper authority. Who has the authority to set up a court ? Who is the government ? WE THE PEOPLE ARE !!! Not U.S.

citizens, but state citizens or maybe American Nationals. George Washington was not a U.S.

citizen, he was a state Citizen of Virginia. Do you think the IRS was going around telling Washington or Jefferson to pay their taxes or forfeit their land ? Of course not!! That is why we fought the war!!!

You need to know what is a Common law or COMMERCIAL LIEN. This may be the Light Saber that slew Darth Vader and took down the Empire in one swipe. The entire legal system in America is based on certain principles. Not to sound religious but the truth is that these principles come to us from the Bible. Our organic law in America comes from the Magna Carta and the Bible. Even going back to the bible, if someone wronged you, you would present them with a

"Commercial Affidavit" to seek remedy or recourse. This is your complaint that they wronged you, but that you intend to straighten it out with them and this is your attempt. At this time , they now have X number of days to respond (usually 10 or 20),and if they don't respond in that time then you win the contest by default. Now that you won the contest and you know you were right you can sue for damages by placing a Lien on their ass or assetts. You can now claim that you are taking their property or car or whatever as a security against the judgement. You present them with the Lien, they ignore it, they lose by default and you now own everything you named in the Lien. Take the IRS for example: And remember, everything works on presumption. The IRS

presumes you are a U.S. citizen and owe $50,000 to the IRS for taxes. They don't send you proof, just a notice that you owe and to pay this amount. That is their informing you of the wrong that you've done. The next letter comes informing you of their intent to place a Lien on your property unless the amount is paid. The only way to refute a Commercial Affidavit is POINT FOR POINT

IN WRITING. If you don't do this, you have just defaulted and everything the IRS said in their original presentment is considered true and that is how the court will rule. Most people never contest a Lien or even know how to do it properly. So almost everybody loses. But you don't have to.

To understand the Liens a little better you need to have a clear understanding of WHAT MONEY

IS….Lawful money is Gold and Silver only. Paper is not Lawful Money. Federal Reserve Notes are NOT Lawful Money at all. Federal Reserve Notes are not even money, they are DEBT ! I hate to let you down, but if you have a hundred dollar bill in your pocket you are not A hundred dollars richer, you are a hundred dollars in DEBT ! Ever since 1933, the U.S. government has declared Bankruptcy and borrowed money from the Federal Reserve, a private (for profit) corporation with stockholders who make upwards of a billion dollars a year. The Federal Reserve Notes floating around represent Debt, or borrowed money. Borrowed money has to be payed back and the bum in front of Seven-Eleven isn't the one paying it back, you and I are, people who use the money, and each year that we pay interest on that money, we have less of it, not just the guy down the street, but everyone in the economy. There are several economies operating alongside each other at this time both locally and globally.

One type of economy which has always been around and which is still in use is uses the CREDIT

SYSTEM. We have been on the CREDIT SYSTEM exclusively since 1933. The CREDIT

SYSTEM is regulated by the U.C.C or UNIFORM COMMERCIAL CODE. Along with the credit system comes limited liability for debts. If I take you to court and sue for a hundred dollars you are not obligated to pay me real money, you can use monopoly money (Federal Reserve Notes) or a Promissory Note, a promise to pay. That is what a Federal Reserve Note is,

A PROMISE TO PAY. ---YOU CANNOT PAY A DEBT WITH DEBT !! You CAN

DISCHARGE DEBT, however. Now, think about this carefully. If the Federal Reserve can print money, and loan it to us, Number 1: What authority do they have to print the money at all ?, and, if they do have the authority to print money, where is the gold and silver to back it up, or are they just printing it out of thin air ? Number 2: Why would we be obligated to use it and forced to pay interest to them ? Number 3 : What stops you or I from doing the same thing ? Remember, the government doesn't print the money, a private corporation does. Who gives them the authority ?

Here are the answers : The government can contract if they want to to borrow money; it's a stupid idea since they can print their own, but for the meantime, while it's under the control of the Masonic International Bankers, that's what they are doing. The point is , THEY DO NOT

HAVE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO PRODUCE CREDIT OR MONEY.

The MONTANA FREEMEN had spent 20 years studying common law and commercial banking procedure and so forth…They had also acquired a very powerful book on banking that is not well known because they don't want you to have it, called the Banker's Handbook Of Commercial Banking Law, which reveals a SECRET--that CREDIT IS CREATED WITH THE LIEN

PROCESS !!

This is where the Federal Reserve gets the authority to print X amount of dollars. Since 1933, the Federal Reserve has had Liens on the U.S. citizens and their property. From this Credit of a perfected Lien, they can then issue bills of exchange, documentary drafts or Federal Reserve Notes, which are the same. Consider this , the 1930's, the Great Depression, a cattle rancher stuck in a position of needing to purchase food for his cattle, and short on Federal Reserve Notes at the time still had credit. His sheepskins are worth money and although he doesn't have it at the time, he knows he will in the near future. He can't wait to buy food so he issues a documentory draft or a promissory note for the amount due to the foodseller. It's the same as a check. He doesn't need the bank to provide him with a check or even need to have it in the bank. Now, the foodseller takes a look at this piece of paper and says well it doesn't look like a dollar but it doesn't really matter because he knows if he wants some sheepskins he can redeem that paper for some sheepskins, or if he needs a boat and he

knows that the guy who sells boats could use some sheepskins, he'll give the boat dealer the piece of paper and the boat dealer can then redeem it for the sheepskins. As long as people aren't issuing more credit than they have goods or services to back it up, everyone will be happy. If you find out somebody in the community is doing that then you don't have to accept his promissory notes and then he will have no customers and go out of business. Simple. In other words, WE DON'T NEED THE FEDERAL RESERVE !!

Now back to the FREEMEN and what they were doing. The FREEMEN placed common law Liens on public officials, state and federal, including Judges and Sheriffs, The IRS, Large Corporations and The United States Corporation and everyone else that wronged them. Since none of these people knew how to respond properly, and also given the fact that the way the Liens were written, they were written as confessions, so whether they were signed or not by the party, the refusal to respond means acquiescence to the confession, the Freemen now had the government and it's employees Liened up to 17 TRILLION Dollars. Now, when you have had a Lien placed against you, you cannot obtain credit, buy or sell your house, car or any property written into the Lien. And the most devastating part is that you cannot, almost no matter what, ever have the Lien removed except by the party who filed it against you or a court order. If you try to get a court order to remove it, the judge will tell you he can't, it is RES JUDICATA, or ALREADY DECIDED. It is a bargain of the parties in fact and the government cannot keep you from your right to CONTRACT. Now that the FREEMEN had all of this credit, they started to do several things: They placed 200 million dollars in certified money orders to the World Bank to pay off the National Debt and forever bar the IRS from existence. They also started to teach classes at the ranch for people who wanted to learn and to pay off their debts. This is what Shweitzer would do. Say you owed the IRS $10,000, they would write you a check for $20,000

pay to Your Name and the IRS. The IRS would accept the check and issue you a refund for the remaining $10,000 and you could go the next day and cash it at the bank !!!!! This worked well for over 3 years and the Freemen took in millions of dollars, without a problem. You're probably thinking now, why did it work then? and what happened to make it stop working? Well, it worked then, the same as it still works now and always will. There is some speculation the government didn't go after them for the

checks, but for something else, and just used the check situation as a confusion cover. The Freemen, in their pursuit of taking back their government, accumulated large amounts of hard evidence of drug trafficking by Montana officials. There was an elementary school with only several hundred kids in it, but there was cocaine in the school at the fifth and sixth grade and the Freemen had evidence of high officials involvement in trafficking. But back for now to the money issue. The fact of the matter is that all kinds of government and non-government agencies accepted these checks for years. Examples : In Sept.

1995 a Sonoma couple, Drehne and Sheila Pierce, who had an IRS Lien placed on their assets for back taxes exceeding $8,000, obtained a "Certified Bankers Check" from Leroy Shweitzer with a face value of $22,700, and mailed it to the IRS. Since Shweitzers's money order was for nearly triple the amount due, the couple sent a letter with the check requesting a refund for overpayment or Criminal Conversion will occur. Within 30 days, the IRS lifted its' Lien against the couple and mailed them a refund check for more than $14,000 dollars. A photo of these checks is included in the catalog for PROOF that this did occur. The IRS is not alone. Roger Leffler of Fridley, Minn., sent a $13,000 Freeman bank draft to his state's Office of Child Support Enforcement for past due child support. The agency apparently accepted the check, clearing his account, and issued him a refund check for $5,712.72 and on and on the stories go.

So, was it legal ? Well, is the Federal Reserve and IRS and what they are doing legal? It's the same thing and it works because the system is based on it. The commercial Liens are often for hundreds of thousands or even millions of dollars. The amount of damages sought is at the discretion of the individual, but at the common charge of 5 to 10 cents on the dollar to fashion the Lien, the more you seek, the more you pay. They are registered under form U.C.C.-1 with the respective secretaries of state, and then are used as collateral, or as in most cases, commercial paper that is sold, leased, transferred for collection, or used to back up money orders. "Liened Up" companies and individuals have been known to buy them back at a fraction of their value in order to save money on legal costs fighting them, and escape related aggravation. Patriot community leaders suggest Americans are putting Liens against banks, companies and government entities and employees as a simple and effective means to redress grievences.

Literally billions of dollars in Liens have been filed in the last few years. Liens apparently are also ending up in the hands of Foreign governments. Unlike banks in the United States, the intrinsic value of American-generated Liens is not disputed by most countries, many of which are buying them up as they would any other form of government paper. F. Joe Holland claims the offshore sale of this paper has become a cottage industry in the U.S. And according to Michael Overturf of Burbank, Calif.,who acts as an intermediary between citizens and offshore intersets and manages a "portfolio" he claims is worth more than $10 Billion, "the Process of liquidating the Liens is quite simple, and lawful. Say for example there is a third world country that owes debt to the U.S. government. They can rent or lease a commercial lien from us, and use it to increase or enhance their asset base, allowing them to loan money to people in their country to do projects. Now, if they purchase the lien outright, they can also go to the U.S. and say they want to apply this lien against their debt. They can also create letters of credit, or they can borrow more money from the treasury of the U.S., because they have increased their asset base. An offshore bank can add these Liens to their portfolios, and they actually become part of their assets. When they loan money or credits to their clientele, they are loaning from a credit base calculated from their asset base. They are using the Lien as an asset and 'consideration of a contract'".

Do you know that an unprecedented number of politicians have announced their retirement in '95

and '96. It's as if they're all flying south for the winter. Over 50 key politicians have announced their retirement and most of them have strangely commented that they want to spend more time with their families. Does this seem odd ?

Another very important SECRET in this country at this time is the FIFTH COLUMN. Within the CIA there is an elite group of computer hackers who have aquired an 18-wheeler and a KRAY

SUPERCOMPUTER and are traveling around the country at this time downloading files from U.S. and Foreign Bank accounts and draining these accounts of their finances. The accounts belong to

politicians and world leaders and the finances are the bribes and hush money of those individuals involved in criminal activities.

Several years ago a system of software was developed called PROMIS, by a company called INSLAW. This was criminal tracking software that

was used by the Defense Dept. and other agencies after they stole it from the maker and forced him into Bankruptcy and Jail, where he remains today. Danny Cassalero was murdered investigating this case shortly after he came up with an "Octopus" conspiracy theory of they way things operated in the highest circles. Anyway, this software was slightly modified by the CIA and secretly "slipped" into banking software that was exported out of our country for use by foreign and offshore banks. The software was modified to track banking transactions instead and the information about the flow of finances throughout the world was now being monitored by the CIA or at least a few agents who wanted to find out where the money was going. After this rogue CIA group got ahold of the information they then photocopied it and had it hand delivered to each particular congressman, senator or politician along with a note explaining to them that they no longer had their bribe fund and they had 24 hours to turn in their resignation or face public scandal, humiliation and possible criminal charges if they refused. This gave the politician just enough time to check and see if the funds were still there or not and to make a decision. Well, according to Jim Norman, a respected journalist for Forbes Magazine (who happens to be the Fifth Column's only Media Liason), EVERY politician so far has resigned. Media Bypass published Norman's story detailing how former White House Deputy Vince Foster was a spy for Israel and had his $2.73 million dollar espionage bounty, stashed at a Swiss bank, raided by the Fifth Column shortly before his death—

after Forbes declined to run it. Norman was later forced to resign from Forbes after coming across evidence that Forbes Inc. Chairman, Casper Weinberger himself had more than $2 million raided from a Swiss account by the Fifth Column.

At the time of this writing, one member has died, one is disabled and now Chuck Hayes "Angel of Death" has been arrested on the eve of the presidential election. A flood of information may be released soon exposing many corrupt politicians if Hayes is messed with. This could be a fun scene to watch unfold. Stay tuned and pay attention.

Through the help of a mutual friend, I have been able to talk to Charles Hayes's attorney, Gatewood Galbraith, who ran for Governor of Kentucky on a Pro-Hemp platform. According to Gatewood, Chuck Hayes is a liar and could not produce any good evidence or witnesses at the trial. You would think if there was an element in the CIA that was working for the

good of the people and one of their own was on trial for part of an operation to expose high ranking officials in the government, that they would use the opportunity to bring out the information.

According to Karen Lee Bixman, who wrote for Media Bypass magazine, the entire "FosterGate"

story you just read about above was false information. Apparently, Karen tried to expose this and Jim Norman, Troy Underhill and a couple others attempted to keep the truth from coming out.

Karen claims the Swiss bank account number that supposedly belonged to Casper Weinberger was really the license number on John Hull's (Contra cocaine trafficker) airplane. If this is true then there is a possibility that Media Bypass is infiltrated or even started by the Intelligence Community to spread false information to the patriot community.

Do you own a cable box? If you do, consider this possibility: Ever since you purchased that cable box and put it on top of your T.V, it has been monitoring and videotaping you in your living room and recording everything you say for the intelligence agencies.

This has not yet been established as a fact, but it is a tremendous possibility. As of this writing, the new issue of Nexus magazine contains an interesting letter from a man who met someone recently who had spent the last 20 years working for one of the largest cable companies in the U.S. This man witnessed the top-level cooperation between the cable companies and the government as part of a giant surveillance and intelligence gathering network. He was responsible for designing the new range of T.V. top boxes that all cable systems employ as a junction “decoder”. He said that all of these new junction boxes contain a tiny microphone inside and a black and white fisheye camera behind the clear plastic on the front, and that the cable has return channels included into it’s specification for sending these signals back to the carrier. –Note

: This is complete hearsay at this point, as it’s only source for verification at this point is from a letter written in to a magazine, which anyone can do. If anyone has real info on this sort of thing, please send it to me.

Another not completely verified story, yet absolutely possible : A supposedly “leaked” 3 Page document has appeared recently regarding a new surveillance and control product developed by IBM and secretly tested on prisoners in California, Texas and Massachusetts. The 2020

NEURAL CHIP IMPLANT—According to the source of this document, they are aware that Federal regulations do not permit the use of implants on prisoners, but they have entered into contractual testing of their products. They boast of having major successes in privately owned sanitariums, but cite an increased need to test the products full scale on violent subjects.

Supposedly, in California, several prisoners who were identified as members of the Mexican Mafia were brought to the health services unit at Pelican Bay and tranquilized with advanced sedatives. The implant procedure takes 60 -90 minutes, but they are working on a device that will reduce that time by up to 60%. The results of implants tested on eight prisoners are as follows : Implants served as surveillance monitoring device for threat group activity; Implants disabled two subjects during an assault on correctional staff ; Universal side effects in all 8 subjects revealed that when the implant is set to 116 MHz all subjects became lethargic and slept an average of 18-22 hours per day; Each subject was monitored for aggresive activity during the test period and they found that 7 out of 8 test subjects exhibited no aggression, even when provoked.

One problem discussed was slight bleeding at the nose and ears for up to 48 hours after implantation, which they express a need to fix or risk being exposed. The document makes claims that law enforcement has now penetrated EME or Mexican Mafia because of this technology, and that they know they cannot use the information in court, but it has still helped them to figure out who their outside connections are and to help them wrap up a 14-month long investigation into their activities. Essentially, the implants make the unsuspecting prisoner a WALKING, TALKING RECORDER of every event he comes in contact with. This may SOUND like a great way to control crime, but when the REAL CRIMINALS are in Washington D.C. then the entire population will become slaves to the criminal bureaucracy and there will be no more GOOD PEOPLE ANYMORE !! Whether this is real or not, IT WILL BE HERE SOON, if it isn't already.

One of the effects that science fiction has is that although you read it or watch it knowing that it is not real at the time, you still leave with the impression of the possibility in your mind. If we do not take the time to imagine the possibiliy of things, we may be that much slower to realize the reality of things. Anyways, it can't hurt anymore to be aware. – AWARENESS IS THE KEY !!

Since awareness and conciousness are the keys, when you happen to slip from your everyday waking awareness state and realize that you are ALIVE and you want to find out WHAT IS

GOING ON ? , fortunately now, in today's age, we have access to the MOST incredible medium of INFORMATION EXCHANGE, possibly ever developed on the planet –THE INTERNET—

Now for the first time in history, the average Joe Blow can find out just about anything, if he knows where to look. Not just in America, but almost anywhere in the world. So, how important is this ? About as important as YOU probably believe life to be. THE INTERNET is a reflection of our awareness in cyberspace, an area where we can all meet with minds only, and soon video and audio, where we can share all of our thoughts and feelings with the world at no EXTRA CHARGE. Everything that has been suppressed for centuries, will soon be available for all to know. EVERYTHING that EVERYBODY knows will soon be available for all to see. Everyone who knows what the SECRET GOVERNMENT is doing should put out a WEB SITE with hundreds of PAGES discussing everything that they are aware of and include a page for LINKS

to other important sites. This is happening right now and there is A LOT of INFO on the INTERNET at this time. Eventually there will be so many sites out there, that everyone will learn what they need to know in order to make an effective change. The government is attempting to do several things to control the INTERNET and us as well through the use of it. They know they cannot shut off the information exchange, but they are going to control who uses it and whether someone who is using it to expose the government, goes to jail or not. Clinton would like to see legislation passed that makes it a crime to post offensive speech on the INTERNET. Offensive to WHOM ? ---The truth hides from no one. Only lies attempt to hide themselves.

If they can lock you up for posting offensive speech online, then they can ARREST almost ANYONE at ANYTIME for almost ANYTHING. This is what they want. Another reason to KICK IN YOUR DOOR if they want you. There is already talk of denying Federal Parolees access to the INTERNET or prisoners on probation, because of access to pornography, bomb making info, etc… That's like denying a driver's license to someone caught smoking pot, who wasn't driving at the time. Which they do in California. One has nothing to do with the other, but somehow, NOW you

can’t drive your car, you can’t own a gun for protection and you can’t even find out what you can do about it because you CAN’T USE THE INTERNET, all because you got caught with some POT. 30-60 million Americans use marijuana regularly and they are all subject to these discriminations. Imagine how many people will be on the INTERNET. The other way that they will keep you from the information is by filling the WEB with so much GARBAGE info that you will never find what you're looking for or if you do it will take you all night and by the time you do you will be ready to go to sleep. That’s why we need tens of thousands of PATRIOT SITES on the INTERNET with lots and lots of LINKS !!

EXTENDED INTRODUCTION (Jan. '98)

1998 has started and still no word about the FREEMEN anywhere in the media. The Oklahoma Bombing Trial just ended for Terry Nichols. Strange weather patterns are occurring around the world. Is it because it was predicted in the BIBLE ? Or because the Masons, who wrote the bible, own weather control devices now, which can influence religion and popular opinion ? Is it a coincidence that the Kobe Earthquake and the California Earthquake both occured on the 17th of January, one in 1994 and one in 1995 and both within about an hour of each other ?

A very strange and interesting scenario is being followed by researcher Harry Mason for Nexus Magazine involving The AUM Shinri Kyo (SUPREME TRUTH) in Japan, (supposedly responsible for the subway (sarin) gas attacks), and Drug Trafficking in Ecstacy and the purchase of a 900 Million Dollar EM (Electromagnetic) Tesla "Earthquake" Machine that is possibly either being tested at this time or maybe even involved in a secret sound-wave-war between powerful drug factions or empires. Apparently, the epicenter of the Kobe Earthquake in 1995 was also the location of a secret Electromagnetics research and manufacturing facility in Japan.

The research started with strange fireball events in remote parts of Australia around the beginning of 1995. On May 28, 1993, a meteor fireball was seen by several people and reported to local police stations. The Fireball was followed by an immediate 3.9 Earthquake. This area of Western Australia has had no recorded earthquakes since seismographs were first installed in the early 1900's. Some observers reported that the fireball was cylindrical and yellow-blue-white in color. It was heard as a pulsed, roaring or loud diesel-engine sound, well before it passed overhead.

Next, a near blinding high energy burst of blue-white light. Then eyewitnesses say, a second fireball was seen which was a little smaller. Following the sighting of the second fireball, there was a smaller, less significant ground tremor. The Fireballs were spotted by residents near Banjawarn. Banjawarn is the most isolated station area in the Eastern Goldfields region of Western Australia. This Sheep station gained notoriety since it's purchase the same year (1993) by the Japanese Aum Supreme Truth sect. Hayakawa, Deputy Leader of the sect, initiated the purchase in late 1993 desiring to "Conduct experiments there for the benefit of mankind". The agreement regarding the sale was completed on April 23, some 35 days prior to the 1st Fireball event. Since the May 1993 event, there have been over 1000 reports concerning Aerial Fireballs and associated light-energy emissions. Similar events have been reported in the New Zealand area.

The most spectacular and well documented of these Fireball events occured around 2:00 A.M. on May 1st 1995 above Perth, W.A. It was seen as a large spherical red-orange fireball with a small blue-white tail. It flew over the eastern side of the city of Perth (Population 1 million) and was seen and heard by many people. Observers reported that the "object" emitted a loud, roaring, pulsed noise--similar to a diesel freight train before it arrived. It was reported that it stopped dead in the sky and the tail inverted through the fireball to point toward the previous direction of travel. Then there was an enormous burst of blue-white arcing light-energy that briefly lit up the city and it's suburbs as clear as daylight. A loud, vibrating massive explosion-like seismic wave reverberated around Perth, causing the city buildings to shake and books and objects to fall off shelves. About 500,000 people were estimated to have been woken up by this "sound".

Evidence for the existence of exotic weapons capable of producing these effects is given in part in a "Voice of Russia" program of Dec. 23, 1996, where they discussed modern RUSSIAN

ELECTROMAGNETIC WEAPONS of the MICROWAVE PLASMA variety. Science Authority Boris Belitsky claimed a plasmoid, a blob of Plasma fired into the path of an upcoming missile, it's warhead or an aircraft, would effectively Ionize that region of space and disturb the aerodynamics of the flight and terminate it's flight. This makes such a generator and it's plasmoid a practically invulnerable weapon, providing protection against attack via airspace or the atmosphere. Belitsky claimed

evidence of the existence of this technology comes partially from the fact that a few years ago, back in 1993, at the Russian-American summit in Vancouver the Russians proposed a joint experiment in testing such generators--or "Plasma" weapons as they are called--as an alternative to the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI). It was proposed to be code-named "Trust". There is a lot of evidence out there to prove the existence of this technology. The Soviets have been leading the way in this research for decades. Scientific researcher Tom Beardon is one of the best sources for info on this subject. Nikola Tesla claimed in 1908 that he could hit any antipodean planetary city with an enormous EM energy pulse, delivered in microseconds that would "Create an explosion equivalent to more than the power of the extant world Navies combined."

U.S. Senator Sam Nunn was chairman of a U.S. Senate inquiry into the "Japanese Aum Sect and Weapons of Mass Destruction". Nunn was reported to have stated that the U.S. inquiry team had evidence that the Aum Supreme Truth sect had attempted to purchase Nuclear Weapons from the Russians and had also attempted to develop the same from their own scientific laboratory base--and had probably succeeded. Researcher Harry Mason contacted Dan Gelber, chief counsel of the U.S. Senate inquiry. Dan Gelber informed him that the U.S. had found evidence that in 1992 the Aum sect had sent a research team to study at the Nikola Tesla Museum in Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

Their objective was to get data on Tesla's electromagnetic wave transmission technology. As early as 1914, Tesla predicted the electrical control of atmospheric moisture and he gave some thought to how this "Weather Control" could be achieved using his magnifying transmitters. The background of the Aum's Deputy leader Kiyohide Hayakawa is interesting. He studied for his masters degree at Osaka University in "Greening Technology". His thesis is marked highly confidential and is under Top Secret wraps. The University authorities originally stated that he studied "Anti-desertification" in the Climate Engineering department. However Japanese investigative journalist Yoichi Shimatsu (see web site--www.pelego.com) has uncovered strong evidence that this department is a cover for secret Japanese Electromagnetic (EM) weapons research. Hayakawa was a high ranking member of the "Moonies" before he broke with them in 1987, with $20 Million (U.S) of their funds and joined the Aum Supreme Truth. He brought along with him 35 fellow members of the

Moonies and rose almost immediately to the position of Deputy Leader. He apparently used the Aum organization for drugs, arms and high-tech scientific equipment dealing around the world.

In 1997, Garry Greenwood wrote a book titled "All the Emperor's Men" wherein is discussed the interesting career of Yasuko Shimada, Hayakawa's contact and helper in Western Australia. In the book Greenwood discusses his own personal experiences with the international Japanese cult

"MAHIKARI". He was a devoted member of this "New Civilization" Spiritual Healing Religion for some 17 years and was their # 2 spiritual leader / executive in Australia for about 10 years.

Several years ago, Greenwood left the sect when he discovered that it's founder Lt. Colonel Yoshikazu Okada (Ex-Emperor's bodyguard and Imperial Guards), had been instrumental in planning the Japanese Armys' Rape of Nanking" in China prior to WWII. He also found out that at the higher Japanese Mahikari Command levels the cult was viewed as designed with just one purpose : TO INITIATE THE PLACEMENT OF CURRENT EMPEROR OF JAPAN BACK TO

HIS "RIGHTFUL" POSITION AS EMPEROR OF PLANET EARTH WITHIN OUR

LIFETIME. Apparently these people believe that in an earlier lifetime, many thousands of years ago, the Present Japanese Emperor ruled this entire planet, and it is now his ordained destiny to rule the Earth again. Greenwood noted that Yasuko Shimada, Hayakawa's contact, was instrumental in establishing Mahikari in Australia in 1974, where it has approximately 2000

members, but concentrates on the rich and powerful. In April 1993, a Japanese group arrived in Western Australia.

The Japanese Environment Ministry approached the Western Australian government with a plan to undertake an "Anti-Desertification" study in the eastern goldfields area of W.A. Joint research by Yoichi Shimatsu in Japan and Garry Greenwood has uncovered a trail of connections between the covert Japanese money-power supporters of both the Aum and Mahikari sects. These include prominent (LDP) Liberal Democratic Party politicians such as Shintaro Ishihara, co-author (With the late Sony chairman Akio Morita) of a book entitled "The Japan That Can Say No". This 1989

books' basic thesis suggested that Japan should allay with Russia, & that by MATING

JAPANESE MICROCHIPS TO RUSSIAN SUPER-WEAPONS they could put the finger up to the USA and JOINTLY RULE THE WORLD.

Researcher Harry Mason was informed by The Australian Federal Police that the Aum's Science Minister Hideo Murai (A Nuclear Physicist) was regarded as "The Most Intelligent Living Japanese". Murai had a pre-Aum background in EM technology. He had worked at Kobe Steel, researching microwave and other EM / Ray Wave technology applications for cold moulding of steel, having graduated as an astrophysicist specializing in Cosmic X-Ray Analysis. His KOBE

STEEL LABORATORY WAS AT THE EPICENTER OF THE 1995 KOBE EARTHQUAKE.

Strongly supportive evidence about these weapons came from a Moscow source developed by Japanese investigative journalists. This person was present during a conference in Moscow (Jan.

1990), when a top Japanese delegation, led by Foreign Minister Shintaro Abe met with USSR

President Gorbachev and his aide, Politburo Member Alexander Yakovlev. Their intent was to establish "Bilateral Cooperation". At further meetings in Jan. 1991, Gorbachev via Yakovlev offered the Japanese the USSR's super-secret intercontinental EM Weapons technology--Capable of producing Earthquakes--for U.S. $900 Million. Gorbachev also agreed with Japanese Diet member Toshio Yamaguchi to the setting up of a joint Japan-Russia University in Moscow that would be tasked with co-opting the brightest young Nuclear Physicists' minds of both countries to develop new 2nd and 3rd generation EM superweapons by mating Japanese Microchip and electronics know-how to Russian 1st Generation Weapons Technology !! This University was soon formed and under the cover of "Cultural Studies" was administered by the Aum sect and one Lobov. Lobov became Yeltsin's Head of the Security Council--after the late 1991 coup that removed Gorbachev. The Aum members first arrived in Moscow in late 1991. Under the support of Lobov, given many hours of free time on Radio Moscow and access to the Russian Army the Aum soon had 50,000 Russian members as compared to 30,000 Japanese. The Aum sect was utilized to effect many covert arms purchases in Russia for the Japanese government. Both Yakovlev and Lobov were in repeated contact with Hayakawa over the next few years. The U.S.

Senate inquiry found that very large sums of money had been transferred to Lobov's Swiss Bank account and supposedly several people have ended up dead in Russia attempting to research this information.

There have been 1000 major fireball events known to have occured in Australia over the last 4

years, 100 of these involving huge aerial explosions of Nuclear-bomb-force levels, and 10 of these "explosions" have coincided with medium range 3.6 - 4.0 Richter Scale earthquakes.

Another major fireball event occurred on May 1st 1997, in Central New South Wales in the late evening. As with the Perth May 1st 1993 event, this, too was witnessed by a large number of people, described as Massive Blue-White Rippled Lights flashing through the night sky. There were calls to the local police stations and national and local UFO groups and the following day channel 10 TV ran a story picked up from the Sydney Reuters concerning the many reports to the police and astronomical observatories. Within one day, there was a news blackout and that was all that was heard. SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S CELEBRATING MAY DAY !! Who Could That Be ? Maybe the Illuminati ?

Another interesting point: Shoko Asahara, the leader of the Aum Supreme Truth had predicted in a Tokyo Radio Broadcast on Jan. 8th, 1995, that a major earthquake would soon occur at Kobe.

He even stated that this quake would be initiated by "A foreign power" utilizing an Electromagnetic EM weapons system. Aum's Science Minister Hideo Murai later stated at the Foreign Press Correspondant's Club in Tokyo on April 7 1995 that, "There is a great possibility that the great Hanshin (Kobe) earthquake was activated by electromagnetic power or some device that exerts Energy into the ground". In Japan, European chemical and nerve gas experts who examined the Aum's chemical complex claimed there was no evidence to show that Sarin or other nerve gases were manufactured there. They did find some samples of Sarin as well as other nerve gases. What was discovered that was being manufactured there was the drug "Ecstacy"

(MDMA). Japanese investigative journalists believe that the drugs were being distributed world-wide by the Yakuza, possibly through a rogue CIA operation. That is all on this subject. The only thing I personally find skeptical about all this is the fact that the researcher Harry Mason also discusses and includes the April 19th bombing as evidence in his

information and makes the very large mistake of saying that it occured on April "17". I don't know maybe it's one of those small oversights that is actually a very large and critical one when doing research. The REAL

information tends to come out once other reasearchers have had a chance to review new information coming down the pipeline and they have a say at it from their own personal perspective and research. Sometimes it literally takes years before it is possible for consciousness to come to certain semi-solid conclusions about events that took place at an earlier time. Like Kennedy, like Watergate and like Iran Contra, the facts don't come out right away, but over time we can see the puzzle start to piece itself together.

Speaking of the PUZZLES that are piecing themselves together, like The Oklahoma City Bombing. You can add several hundred to the number of people MURDERED BY THE FBI IN

WACO. The "PROOF" that the FBI MURDERED all those people at the OKLAHOMA FEDERAL BUILDING on April 19th, HAS JUST COME OUT. ----I will quote directly from the McCurtain Daily Gazette (This appeared in the Free American) : Near Pandemonium broke out in a Federal courtroom here Monday when a senior agent of the FBI shocked observers by telling the court that the spiritual leader of Elohim City, the Rev. Robert Millar, was a confidential informant for the FBI. The McCurtain Daily Gazette has long been reporting that Elohim City is a religious and paramilitary compound in east-central Oklahoma that is frequented by some of the most dangerous members of the neo-Nazi underground in the United States and Canada.

Although residents of the cult have continued to deny it publicly, the Gazette has reported that it's sources believe one of those shadowy figures was Timothy McVeigh. Stories published in this newspaper have also exposed Elohom City as the center of a wide-ranging conspiracy to overthrow the federal government by members of a group called "The Aryan Republican Army".

Several of those members have since been arrested on charges related to a string of bank robberies across the midwestern United States.

The incredible revelation that the leader of Elohim City himself was part of a government intelligence operation came during a pre-trial hearing associated with the upcoming trial of another confidential informant, Carol E. Howe. Howe, a former Tulsa beauty queen, debutante and one-time paid

undercover informant for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, is scheduled to stand trial later this month for conspiracy charges associated with making bomb threats and possession of bomb making components. Howe was indicted shortly after the Gazette reported that she intended to be a key witness in the trial of Timothy McVeigh.

U.S. District Judge Richard Matsch, who presided over the McVeigh trial, refused to let Howe testify in Denver, ruling that her information that Elohim City was the center of the Bombing conspiracy might "Confuse the Jury". Under questioning Monday by Howe attorney Clark Brewster of Tulsa, Special Agent Peter Rickel stunned everyone when he reluctantly admitted that the man Elohim City Members call "Grandpa" is really a cooperating source for the FBI.

Millar's status as a confidential informant began in the Fall of 1994. The FBI admitted in court that Millar was a paid confidential informant, although the amount of his paycheck was not revealed. When Rickel disclosed this startling information, a Senior FBI agent and several U.S.

Attorneys bolted from the courtroom in an agitated state.

Millar's encampment was heretofore considered by experts in domestic terrorism to be the

"Switzerland" of the neo-Nazi movement in the United States. Elohim City, a 1000 acre area of rolling timberland is the residence of some 80 followers. But, more importantly, it has played host to some of the nation's most notable subversives. Thus Millar's position as a mole for the FBI could explain why the compound was never raided. Despite it's use as a hideout for gun-runners, drug smugglers, bank robbers and suspected members of the conspiracy that bombed the Federal Building in Oklahoma City, Elohim City has enjoyed a reputation as a place fugitives can live without fear of arrest.

In the weeks before the Oklahoma City bombing, BATF agent Angela Findley had planned to raid the compound and arrest it's Security Advisor Andreas Carl Strassmeir. Strassmeir, an illegal alien who migrated to Elohim City from Germany, was suspected by Findley of converting semi-automatic weapons to machine guns as well as plotting with other Elohim City residents and visitors to bomb federal installations. Carol Howe reported to Findley during the time she worked for the BATF. Howe told Findley that Strassmeir was the ringleader in the plot to bomb the Oklahoma City federal building and that Millar was preaching twice a day

to his flock that the group had to ACT BY APRIL 19th, OR THEY WOULD END UP LIKE THE BRANCH

DIVIDIANS IN WACO !!! The arrest of Strassmeir was scrubbed after senior members of the BATF, FBI and the U.S. Attorney's office met in Feb. 1995 and discussed Findley's plan.

Strassmeir was also an important source of intelligence for the U.S. government. In Jan. 1996, shortly after it was discovered that it was Strassmeir that Timothy McVeigh had called for in the days before the bombing, the German national fled to his native Berlin with the aid of German Intelligence officers. All I can say is this: If Timothy McVeigh got the DEATH PENALTY, then so should the FBI Agents and all others INVOLVED, including Janet Reno and possibly Bill Clinton. We will wait until the Independant Grand Jury comes to a verdict in Oklahoma, but if they decide there was a Government cover-up and conspiracy then WE THE PEOPLE should put the Criminal perpetrators on TRIAL !!! I'M SURE this would send the PROPER MESSAGE to GOVERNMENT TERRORISTS that they cannot get away with CRIMES AGAINST THE

PEOPLE.

Have you heard of Remote Viewing ? The CIA has, and they've been using it to spy on you, or so they say. The only problem is: the people discussing it and writing books on it are CIA operatives who claim they are "Allowed" to talk about this stuff. I personally don't think they are "Allowed"

to talk about anything they are not instructed to talk about specifically for PROPAGANDA purposes. If someone who used to be in the CIA is saying anything at all, it is probably because THAT is their new assignment. I could be wrong, of course.

The creation of these Remote Viewing programs was mostly in response to the aquired knowledge in the U.S. intelligence agencies that the Russians had been working on such projects.

"GONDOLA WISH" evolved into Project "GRILL-FLAME" in the Late part of 1978. Later, it became "Sun Streak" and then "Star-Gate".

The "official" story goes like this: The unit was known formally as "Special Action Branch" and was attached to INSCOM. It took it's orders from the Pentagon office of the Army's Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence. It's tasking requests originated from a variety of offices throughout the U.S. Intelligence Community, including the CIA, DIA, even

the President's NSC. The information was stamped not only with the standard Army intelligence "SECRET" , but with the Pentagon Code-word "GRILL-FLAME". Only a few dozen officials in the intelligence community had been briefed on the existence of "Grill-Flame". The unit's Commander was Lieutenant Colonel Murrey B. "Scotty" Watt. A partial listing of the "Remote Viewers" are as follows: Mel Riley, Skip Atwater, Joe McMoneagle, Major Edward Dames Fernand Gauvin, Uri Geller (Psychic ?), Keith Harary, Ingo Swann, First Sergeant Leonard "Lyn" Buchanan. Some other KEY players are as follows: Colonel John Alexander, a Senior Aide to Major General Albert Stubblebine, Chief of the Army's Intelligence & Security Command (INSCOM) 1982-84; Bonnar "Bart" Cox; Dir. of Information & Engineering Science Div. at Stanford Research Institute (SRI); Lieutenant General Daniel O. Graham (USAF), Dir. of Defence Intelligence Agency (DIA) 1974-76; Commander C.B. "Scott" Jones, USN, Former Senior Aide to Senator Claiborne Pell (D-RI), advisor on Psi-related matters who ran a group of psychics that performed contract work for several federal agencies in the early 80's; Professor Michael Persinger, Psychologist at Laurentian Univ. Ontario and informal consultant to SRI, early 80's. Persinger had studied the link between Neurophysiological processes and mystical or paranormal experiences. Major General Edmond Thompson, Head of the U.S. Army Intelligence Agency 1975-77, Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence, 1977-1981, DIA Deputy Dir. for Management

& Operations 1982-84, and a key supporter of the Remote Viewing Program.

"Remote Viewing" is a term used by the Army / CIA to describe a process where the participant

"Projects" his or her mind into another Time / Space "Location", thereby being able to "See" a given situation in the past, present, or future time. The philosophy behind the ability to do this is simple: Something similar to a tape head (Use your mind) imprints thoughts and vibrations as they occur in Real-Time on an Etheric Tape (Akashic Record, called by the ancients & still today), documenting the entire history of mankind (civilization) and all the events that have occured so far. By meditating or Directing your thought to "Blank your mind out" and then focusing on a particular given object, you can "Be" wherever you think. This is supposedly different than "Astral Travel" where you take a part of your spiritual body with you. According to

the "Experts", this only involves your mind, not your body in spirit. Robert Monroe already had a center set up teaching people about Astral Projection in the late 1970's or early 80's. I read the book "Journeys Out of the Body" when I was in my early teens. Apparently, this is a little different. The intelligence agencies may not have helped set up Monroe's institute, but they definitely took advantage of its' existence and used it to train operatives in the "Remote Viewing"

program for a lengthy period of time.

Altered States such as those in which "Out-of-body experiences" occured are mostly unmeasurable. By using electroencephalographs and other scanning devices, one could see the changes in brainwaves and brain activity pattern. After some experimenting, Bob Monroe came up with idea for controlling these patterns by playing sounds with frequencies that matched the brain-wave frequencies because he learned that the brain had a tendency to mimic the frequencies presented to it that way. Monroe knew that when one frequency was presented to one ear and a seperate frequency to the other ear, the difference between those frequencies (e.g., 8,000 Hz minus 7,990 Hz=10 Hz) was also perceptible to the mind. It was what communications engineers called the "Beat Frequency". Monroe decided to present the Altered-State mimicking sounds as beat frequencies--i.e. One set of frequencies in one ear, and a slightly different set in the other in such a way that the mixture would produce the desired waveform pattern. It seemed to work so well that Monroe patented it and called it the "Hemi-Sync" method and soon started producing Hemi-sync tapes which would induce the Altered State necessary for "Out-of-body experiences".

Supposedly, when the first of the team of Remote Viewers, Skip Atwater, visited the Monroe center in 1977, Monroe had already been around for awhile and had already developed these tapes. It is possible that this is when the CIA started working with the Monroe Institute. How closely they were working together and on what other "Programs" is probably a more significant question.

It is my suspicion as well as others' like Alex Constantine ("Virtual Government & Psychic Dictatorship in the U.S.A") that the so-called "Remote Viewing" program is possibly in reality a cover for a very sophisticated MIND CONTROL --THOUGHT IMPLANTATION Program.

Have you been hearing voices in your head lately ? I haven't personally, but I do know that several serial killers who spent time in CIA-run

psychiatric facilities have claimed to have heard voices as well as other mass murderers and people who have "flown off the handle" like post office employees and U.P.S. workers. How come all of the disgruntled employees who go off all work for government-connected (contracted) corporate businesses? Also, what connection would this "Thought Implantation" have with supposed "UFO abductees" or various "Channels".

According to the Remote Viewers, there were several times when they "Viewed" UFOs or their

"Grey Occupants" or various other mysteries like underground caverns on Mars, etc. The official line from the remote viewers is they didn't know what to conclude except that possibly our civilization was under some kind of observance or control by other worldly entities and pretty much the same line of info that comes down through the UFOlogy pipeline. Here is one interesting possible (mind control) twist: According to the members of the CIA Remote Viewing team who worked with Uri Geller, when the team questioned Geller about the origin of his supernatural abilities, he claimed a belief in a Supercomputer Spaceship in the Heavens that controls All That Is, Called "Spectra".

Anyways, around 1990, Dave Morehouse and Ed Dames formed a company called Psi-Tech, with the idea of using moonlighting remote viewers as a kind of psychic investigation team for private clients. One of Psi-Tech's clients supposedly asked Dames to Remote View the mysterious "crop circles" appearing in wheatfields in Southern England and was provided with data suggesting that the circles were caused by "Flying Saucer-like devices skimming over the wheat fields". Later, a group from the former Soviet Union asked Psi-Tech to Remote View the disappearance of a Russian Space probe and Ed Dames again implicated "aliens". In 1991, Dames retired from the Army, seperated from his wife, moved to Alberquerque, and became very involved in the UFO scene. A year and a half later in March 1993, he appeared at a local UFO

conference and announced that a colony of pregnant Martian females lay beneath the New Mexico desert. Sometime between April & August, he predicted, these Martians would give birth and emerge above-ground. He told the audience "We're sure it's going to happen, we've alerted the media, and teams of doctors, technicians, and documentary filmmakers are on call and in place to respond at a moment's notice...President Clinton will announce it and everyone in the world will know!". After August 1993

came and no aliens appeared, Dames was running out of money and turned Psi-Tech into a "Remote Viewing Training Company" and offered a week-long course. One of his students was Courtney Brown, political science professor at Emory University in Atlanta. Courtney Brown got very involved in Remote Viewing and began to take a look at the "History of Interactions between Aliens and Planet Earth" and the details of the various races of aliens such as the big-headed "Grays" and the "Blond and Blue-eyed Nordics".

Later, Brown published his book titled "Cosmic Voyage". Are you starting to see the PATTERN

? It is very possible that "Remote Viewing" programs are also a cover for Thought Implantation Mind Control. THOUGHTS ARE FREQUENCIES. By aiming different frequencies at you and trnsmitting wave-forms of information to you, it would be logically concluded that they could influence your thoughts. One very good way to study the effectiveness of this would be to use subjects who have cleared their minds in a controlled environment and are "Seeking out Information in the Ethers".

Information is coming out from several different sources, claiming that the Jesus did not die on the cross, but was instead saved by his brother James and taken away somewhere safe where he and Mary Magdalene had children. Supposedly these children became the French Kings in the fifth and sixth centuries. King Merovee. The story is long and involved. It is fully documented in books like, "Holy Blood, Holy Grail", "The Messianic Legacy" both by authors, Michael Beigent, Richard Leigh and Henry Lincoln. Shortly after, appeared "Guardians of the Grail" by J.R. Church, and then "Pandora's Box" by Alex Christopher, and most recently "Bloodline of the Holy Grail" by Lawrence Gardner. I have read these and the story is quite convincing when you take a look at it. All books are written by completely different people and include basically the same information "Line".

The Freemasons actually trace their history to the Knights Templar; the Templars however, were created by the Priory of Sion, which was set up supposedly to protect the Merovingian bloodline.

Wouldn't it be nice and convenient for the Masons to say they have inherited the teachings and the lineage of Jesus? Then they could really get away with some crimes. If you do the research, in conspiracies you cannot

avoid at some point tracing things back to the Knights Templar and then to the Priory of Sion. There is conclusive evidence that there was something inherited, possibly wealth, or possibly just information, (MAJOR INFORMATION, perhaps). The Priory, after all had the Wealth of Solomon's Gold, of this we can almost be certain. It had been placed in the hands of the Templars for safe keeping and there is dispute whether this gold was taken and stored at Rennes Le Chateau in Southern France.

The most important documents discovered by the authors concerning the Priory of Sion came from the Grand Lodge Alpina, the Supreme Mother Lodge of Switzerland. These documents, called "The Dossiers Secret", told of a Catholic priest named Berenger Saunier, who was also a Freemason. Saunier had joined a Rosicrucion Order that was founded in 1873. On June 1st, 1885, Saunier was posted to a little parish in the tiny village church of Rennes Le Chateau in Southern France. Eight centuries earlier in 1059, the village of Rennes Le Chateau was consecrated to Mary Magdelene, the Patron Saint of Southern France. At the time of Saunier's assignment, the church was in need of repair and in 1891, Saunier attempted to restore it. At this time he discovered four parchments preserved in sealed wooden tubes. Two of these parchments are said to have comprised genealogies, one dating from 1244 and the other from 1644. These parchments contained a list of the Grand Masters of both the Knights Templar and the Priory of Sion, as well as a history of the Merovingian bloodline. The heading of one of these documents was in cipher.

When translated it read, "To Dagobert II King and to Sion belongs this treasure and he is there dead." According to the tenets of the Priory of Sion, Jesus Christ did not die, but merely pretended to die, was taken from the cross and stolen from the tomb and was believed to have married Mary Magdalene, and even produced children. They claim that when the Romans destroyed the Temple at Jerusalem in 70 A.D. , that Magdalene fled with her sacred children by boat across the Mediterranean to France. She then found refuge within a Jewish community.

Future generations of her offspring were said to have married into the Royal Frankish Family and by the fifth century produced a king, whose name was Merovee. He was the first in a series of kings called the Merovingian bloodline. It is said that the offspring of Merovee were noted for a birthmark above their heart, a small "red cross".

This symbol eventually became the emblem of the Priory of Sion. This same "Red Cross" carried over to the Rosicrucions (Rosy Cross). The first forming of the Rosicrucions was after the Battle at Gisors in 1188. This is where the Knights Templar and the Priory of Sion had a "falling out"

and split. The Ordre de Sion (Order of Sion) changed it's name to the Prieure de Sion (Priory of Sion) and selected Jean de Gisors as it's first Grand Master, a vassal of the King of England.

Ormus was an Egyptian sage and mystic and a gnostic adept of Alexandria, blending Christianity with "Masdeism", which was a Greek / Roman Form of Zoroastrianism. Ormus and his initiates had taken the Red Cross as their identifying symbol four centuries before Merovee was born with the supposed "Red Cross" birthmark above his heart. The Knight's Templar adopted Merovee's Red Cross six centuries later. To emulate the Templars, The Priory took the Red Cross of Ormus as it's own emblem, then adopted the Title "L' Ordre de la Rose Croix Veritas" or "The Order of the True Red Cross".

If Ormus is the source of the 'Red Cross', and the bloodlines coming out of Jerusalem or the immediate area used the 'Red Cross' as an emblem, we have to consider the significance of this

"Red Cross". What is it really ? Or maybe more appropriately, What does it represent? It is my personal contention that it represents "knowledge". Not just any knowledge, but a very particular knowledge of the history of religion and the origin of religious meanings. Remember when you read the next section on religious history, that the Knights Templar were originally called the

"Milice du Christ" or "Soldiers of Christ". Is the Red Cross a secret symbol for a Mushroom, particularly the (Red Cap) Amanita ?

In no way is this meant to be a blasphemy to God. Also, at the same time, this material is not Anti-religious. I suppose it could be considered Anti-church, or Anti-establishment religion.

After all, everyone's relationship with God is INDIVIDUAL. How people perceive God and what people perceive to be God, will always be different according to different people and cultural makeup. The New World Order seeks to bring about a ONE UNDERSTANDING of GOD. This can never be. A one-world religion is Utopian at best. It may SOUND like a good idea, but I wouldn't want to require someone of a different religion to believe in mine as I would not want to be required to believe the

doctrines of the Jehovah's Witnesses or some other fanatical religious sect. This information is being presented to give the reader a CHOICE to realize to where the origin of modern religions traces back, NOT to deny God or the idea of GOD in any way. As long as people live by GOODNESS, it doesn't matter what you believe as far as religion goes. I personally don't believe anything is more in accordance with God than sound spiritual practices, like teaching GOODNESS or showing people how to be FREE in their MINDS. Living for God, or living in accordance with God is far more important than one's church related beliefs. What goodness comes with murder ? How many murder in the name of God ? Even Abortion clinic protesters that murder are still murderers, even if they are trying to prevent the murder of innocent children. Is this what God would want ? If so, in whose opinion ? One Man cannot decide what God would want, and no clergy can speak for God. Everything in this catalogue is not the word of God either. This information is here to be studied and pondered, not necessarily taken as God's WORD. Now for a little bit on Language.

Do You Believe that God ever authored a Book and that he called it "The Bible"? Or do you believe that a group of scholars close to God or the Son of God ever collected the works of God's Words or God's Son's Words ? Do you believe the Son of God ever appeared on Earth ? If he did, do you think he would actually allow a bunch of mere mortals to Crucify him on a Cross ? Why do you think God would allow it and not step in and stop it from happening, if He is ALL-SEEING ? And, if God spoke to Moses, how do we know He really did and that Moses was not lying? How do we know Moses was not just another Capitalist trying to Monopolize on a Book by saying he spoke to God? What if the Ten Commandments were really a reflection of Moses'

own morals and guilt complexes brought about through his own cultural and spiritual ideologies at the time and he intended to push his Religion at the time?, after all, they were ingesting some strange fungus.

WHAT IF GOD IS A GODDESS AND JESUS WAS A MUSHROOM ? What if "God" was a

"Great Penis" in the Heavens, who every Winter blessed the Mother Earth's Womb with Fertile Semen, called today "Rain", and gave birth to the "Son of God", a "Miniature Penis"--A SACRED MUSHROOM. This would not be so unbelievable if you were living thousands of years ago, in Ancient Sumeria, Egypt or Jerusalem. How can we really verify what

happened thousands of years ago if we don't even know the language in which the books that we are reading were written. Also, words mean different things depending on the culture and time of their use. If the Latin is a translation of the Hebrew writings and we look at the Hebrew writings themselves (understanding Hebrew), how do we know that the people who wrote them at that time correctly understood the Egyptian or Babylonian translations of the Original Sumerian Version? Or, what if, along the way, each time the shaman priesthood translated into a new language, they kept the Original Words or Meanings hidden intentionally? Very few people in the world today know EVERY language including: Sumerian, Babylonian, Cuneiform, Acadian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Hebrew, Phoenician, Greek, Latin, and others. If you happen to know all those languages, what are the chances that you have also read the "ACTUAL DEAD SEA SCROLLS"? John Allegro nows all of these languages and was hired to be a part of the Original editing team deciphering the Dead Sea Scrolls back in the 1950's, shortly after they were found.

He was the first to access and read the "Copper Scroll". He was kicked off the editing team after a period and then went on to publish his findings. In 1970, he published "The Sacred Mushroom

& The Cross", a book about Judaism and Christianity and their origin in Ancient Mushroom Fertility Cults still in existence around the time of the conquering of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. by the Romans. He cites the obsession of the "Essenes" with the Amanita Muscaria Mushroom and blames the wrathful response of the Roman Empire on the secret, subversive mushroom cults and dissemination of information in code relating to "Jesus", the Sacred Fungus. -"The Fungus recognized today as the 'Amanita Muscaria', or 'Fly Agaric', had been known from the beginning of history. Beneath the skin of it's characteristic red and white spotted cap, there is concealed a powerful hallucinatory poison. Every aspect of the mushroom's existence was fraught with sexual allusions, and in it's phallic form the anciaents saw a replica of the fertility god himself. It was the "Son of God", it's drug was a purer form of the god's own spermatozoa than that discoverable in any other form of living matter. It was, in fact, God himself, manifest on earth. To the mystic it was the divinely given means of entering heaven; God had come down in the flesh to show the way to himself, by himself."--From "The Intro of "The Sacred Mushroom & the Cross".

According to Allegro, in ancient times it was believed that if the rain in the desert lands was the source of life, then the moisture from heaven must be only a more abundant kind of spermatozoa.

If the male organ ejaculated this precious fluid and made life in the woman, then above the skies the source of nature's semen must be a mighty penis, as the earth which bore it's offspring was the womb. It followed therefore that to induce the heavenly phallus to complete it's orgasm, man must stimulate it by sexual means, by singing, dancing, orgiastic displays and, above all, by the performance of the copulatory act itself. "To raise the crops the farmer copulated with his wife in the fields. To seek the drug that would send his soul winging to the 7th heaven and back, the initiated into the religious mysteries had their priestesses seduce the god and draw him into their grasp as a woman fascinates her partner's penis to erection. Plants were thought more plentifully endued with the sperm of God than anything else. These were the Drug-Herbs, the science of whose cultivation and use had been accumulated over centuries of observation and dangerous experimentation. Those who had this secret wisdom of the plants were the chosen of their God; to them alone had he vouchsafed the priviledge of access to the heavenly throne. And if he was jealous of his power, no less were those who served him in the cultic mysteries. Their's was no gospel to be shouted from the rooftops: Paradise was for none but the favored few. The incantations and rites by which they conjured forth their drug plants, and the details of the bodily and mental preparations undergone before they could ingest their God, were the secrets of the cult to which none but the initiate bound by fearful oaths, had access." "Very rarely were these secrets ever commited to writing. Normally, these 'scriptures' would be passed from mouth to mouth, unless a disruption of their cultic center occured, such as war, then it became necessary to write down the names of the herbs and the manner of their use and accompanying incantations, and it would be in some esoteric form comprehensible only to those within their dispersed communities."

Allegro believes that this is the case with the Jewish revolt of A.D.66. "Instigated probably by members of the cult, swayed by their drug-induced madness to believe God had called them to master the world in his name, they provoked the mighty power of Rome to swift and terrible action. Jerusalem was ravaged, her temple destroyed. Judaism was disrupted, and her people to seek refuge with communities already established around the

mediterranean coastlands. The mystery cults found themselves without their central fount of authority, with many of their priests killed in the abortive rebellion or driven into the desert. The secrets, if they were not to be lost forever, had to be committed to writing, and yet, if found, the documents must give nothing away or betray those who still dared defy the Roman authorities and continue their religious practices."

Allegro goes on to say "The folk-tales of the ancients had from the earliest times contained myths based upon the personification of plants and trees. They were invested with human faculties and qualities and their names and physical characteristics were applied to the heroes and heroins of the stories. Some of these were just tales spun for entertainment, others were political parables like Jotham's fable about the trees in the Old Testament, while others were means of remembering and transmitting therapeutic folklore. The names of the plants were spun out to make the basis of the stories, whereby the creatures of fantasy were identified, dressed and made to enact their

parts. Here then, was the literary device to spread occult knowledge to the faithful. To tell the story of a Rabbi called Jesus, and invest him with the power and names of the magic drug. To have him live before the terrible events that had disrupted their lives, to preach a love between men, extending even to the hated Romans. Thus, reading such a tale, should it fall into Roman hands, even their mortal enemies might be deceived and not probe farther into the activities of the cells of mystery cults within their territories."

Allegro gives us other insights into what was happening at the time in Jerusalem. How did Modern Christianity come about ? And what happened to change it from a mushroom-worshipping cult then to the Modern conservative, Christianity based on a man dying on a cross?: Also from the introduction, "The ruse failed, Christians, hated and despised, were hauled forth and slain in their thousands. The cult well nigh perished. What eventually took it's place was a travesty of the real thing, a mockery of the power that could raise men to heaven and give them a glimpse of God for which they gladly died. The story of the Rabbi crucified at the instigation of the Jews became a historical peg upon which the new cult's authority was founded. What began as a hoax, became a trap even to those who believed them-selves to be the spiritual heirs of the mystery religion and took to themselves the name of "Christian" . Above all, they forgot, or purged from

the cult and their memories, the one supreme secret on which their whole religious and ecstatic experience depended: The Names and Identity of the source of the Drug, the Key to Heaven--The Sacred Mushroom."

Probably the most overlooked point in researching history is the fact that we do not take into consideration the origin of the WORD we are dealing with, for the WORD had a different meaning in the previous language from which it came. A WORD in ENGLISH today may have a particular MEANING, but it is not necessarily the same MEANING as the WORD had in say, Latin or Hebrew. And what do Latin and Hebrew have in common? If a word means something in English and a word means something in Hebrew, is that WORD going to have the same meaning? Possibly Not! But, what if that WORD had a common origin in both languages, going back to Sumerian? Then the MEANING of the WORD in SUMERIAN would be the correct or closer TRUE MEANING of the WORD.

Allegro's work is really a study in words and their origin, since this is the source of their true MEANING. From the Introduction of "The Sacred Mushroom & the Cross"--"Our present study has much to do with names and titles. Only when we can discover the nomenclature of the sacred fungus within and without the cult, can we begin to understand it's function and theology. The main factor that has made these new discoveries possible has been the realization that many of the most secret names of the sacred mushroom go back to ancient Sumerian, the oldest written language known to us, witnessed by cuneiform texts dating from the fourth millennium B.C..

Furthermore, it now appears that this ancient tongue provides a bridge between the Indo-European languages (which include Greek, Latin and our own tongue) and the Semitic group, which includes the language of the Old Testament, Hebrew and Aramaic. For the first time, it becomes possible to decipher the names of gods, mythological characters, classic and biblical, and plant names. Thus, their place in the cultic systems and their functions in the old fertility religions can be determined. Even gods such as Zeus and Yahweh embody the same fundamental conception of the fertility deity, for their names in origin are precisely the same. A common tongue overrides physical and racial boundaries. Even languages so apparently different as Greek and Hebrew, when they can be shown to derive from a common fount, point to a communality of culture at some early stage."

One of the first examples given in the book is the word "Etymology", which is the study of the relationship between words and the thoughts they express. Where does the word "Etymology"

come from? Etymology seeks the "True" meaning of the word. The Greek word for true is

"Etumos". So, at least going back to Greek, the word "Etymology" has in it's roots, the MEANING of "TRUE".

Taking a word back even farther to Sumerian is a little more involved, though this is necessary, if we are to know the "True" meaning of the word. Another example taken from the first chapter, this time, titled "In the Beginning god created" ; "If we were to seek the root of a modern barbarism like "de-escalate", we should immediately remove the "de-" and the verbal appendage

"-ate", slice off the initial "e-" as a recognizable prefix, and be left with "scal-" for further study.

The Latin scala means "Ladder" and we are clearly on the right track. But at this stage the etymologist will look out for possible vocalic changes occuring between dialects. One of the more common is between "L" and "N" and we are not surprised to find that an early form of the root has "N" in place of "L", so that Sanskrit, one of the earliest dialects of Indo-European, has a root "skan-" with the idea of "going up". Sibilants can interchange also, such as "s" and "z" and short vowels can drop out in speech between consonants, like "i" between "s" and "c". In fact we can break down our Indo-European root "scan-" "ascend" still further into two Sumerian syllables, ZIG, "rise" and AN "up" ". --ZIGAN (Scan) (Scal) (Escalate).

How many people do you think there are that are actually qualified to tell you what's in the books that comprise the bible ? I would think only a handful, if that. Not only would you have to know all of the languages going back to Sumerian, you would also have to have devoted your life to the study and research of religion, and the third qualification is that you would have to possess no preconcieved notions or expectations about what you were researching. (An open Mind). If you go back into the books looking for Jesus the Christ, you may only find a man, but if you were to approach the situation having already taken Hallucinogenic Mushrooms in your life and you realized in your research that the original meaning of the words, Jesus Christ meant, "to be Annointed" or "To Annoint with Semen",

you might figure that the original meaning had more to do with fertility, or possibly an object closely associated with fertility.

Allegro describes the difficult situation of translation : "Even within the bible, language has hitherto posed a major barrier to research into Christian origins. Jesus and his immediate followers are portrayed as Jews, living in Palestine and adopting Jewish customs and religious conventions. The religion propounded by the New Testament is at root a form of Judaism, but the language in which it is expressed is Greek, a non-semitic tongue. Words and names like "Christ",

"Holy Ghost", "Jesus", "Joseph" and "Mary" come through Hebrew channels but have Greek forms or translations in the New Testament. The words of Jesus are quoted freely, and often given the weight of incontrovertible authority, but in fact nobody knows for certain what he said, since what we have are translations of a supposedly Aramaic original of which all trace has otherwise been lost."--"What we have now discovered is that by going far enough back in time, it is possible to find a liguistic bridge between these ethnic and cultural groups. However far apart their respective languages (Greek & Hebrew), and philosophies may have become, they stem from a common, recoverable source, and it is there that any realistic study of Christian and Jewish origins must begin. The Root of Christianity in a sense lies not in the Old Testament, but like that of Judaism itself, in a pre-semitic, pre-hellenic culture that existed in Mesopotamia some two or three thousand years before the earliest Old testament composition. The Christian doctrine of the fatherhood of god stems not from the paternal relationship of Yahweh to his chosen people but from the naturalistic philosophy that saw the divine creator as a heavenly penis impregnating Mother Earth."

From the Chapter "The names of the Gods"--"Based on an etymological examination of the chief God-names, we can arrive at a common theme of Life-giving, fecundity, or fertility. Thus the principle Gods of the Greeks and Hebrews, Zeus and Yahweh (Jehovah), have names derived from Sumerian meaning "juice of fecundity", spermatazoa, "seed of life". The phrase is composed of two syllables, IA (ya, dialectally za), "juice", literally, "strong water" , "U", perhaps the most important phoneme in the whole of Near Eastern religion. It is found in the texts represented by a number of different cuneiform signs, but at the root of them all is the idea of

"Fertility". Thus one U means "copulate" or "mount", and "create"; another "rainstorm", source of the heavenly sperm; another "vegetation", as the offspring of the God, whilst another U is the name of the storm God himself. So far from evincing a multiplicity of gods and conflicting theological notions, , our earliest records lead us back to a single idea, even a single letter, "U".

Behind Judaism and Christianity, and indeed all the Near Eastern fertility religions and their more sophisticated developments, there lies this single phoneme, "U" ".

From the chapter "Plants and Drugs"--"The Greek word Daimon, derives, through the Persian

"dew" (there is a strong linguistic affinity between "m" and "w"), from a probable Sumerian original DA-IA-U-NA, meaning, "having power over fertility". The demon thus had the power of affecting, for good or ill, birth or death, and the various stages of health in between. The medicinal drug had similar powers, and the Hebrew word for "be sick", dawah, and it's cognate noun in Arabic meaning "medicine", come from the same root. So the demon of health and sickness and the drug are one and the same"....."Since all life derives from the divine seed, it follows that the most powerful healing drug would be the pure, unadulterated semen of the God.

Some plants were thought to have sap or resin approximating to this, their "purity" or "sanctity"

in this regard being measured by their power as drugs to kill or cure or intoxicate. In Sumerian, the words for "live" and "intoxicate" are the same, TIN and the "tree of life", GEShTIN, is the

"vine". Similarly, in the Greek oinos and the Hebrew yayin "wine", there is probably a common Sumarian root, IA-U-NU-, "semen seed" ". ...."The use of the name Jesus (Greek "iesus") as an invocation for healing was appropriate enough. It's Hebrew original, yehoshua, Joshua, comes from Sumerian IA-U-ShU-A (ShUSh), "semen which saves, restores, heals". Hellenized jews used for "Joshua", the Greek name Iason, Jason, very probably since Iason, "healer", and the deponent verb iaomai, "heal", come from the same Sumerian source. In the New Testament taunt,

"physician, heal thyself" (Luke 4:23), we probably have a direct allusion to this meaning, as we certainly have in Jesus' title "savior", Greek soter, the first element of which reflects the same Sumerian word, ShU, "save", and so is rightly used in Greek for saving from disease, harm, peril, etc., and is a

common epithet of Zeus and kings. The fertility god Dionysus, (Greek Dionusos), whose cult emblem was the erect phallus was also a god of healing, and his name, when broken down to original parts, IA-U-NU-ShUSh, is almost identical with that of Jesus, having NU "seed"

only in addition : "Semen seed that saves", and is comparable with the Greek Nosios, "healer", an epithet of Zeus." This is very compelling. If you don't understand it, then you might want to re-read it a few times.

Basically, the information above represents one idea that perhaps the source of "Christianity" was not a man, but instead a Mushroom, specifically "Amanita Muscaria" (Fly-Agaric). The confusion supposedly arose through the changes in language and an attempt to keep rituals and secrets of the fertility cult from the Roman authorities. Apparently, both the Greek and the Hebrew languages have common roots tracing back to Sumerian. There is no record of a Hebrew version of the New Testament, only a Greek translation. The stories in the Bible parallel stories that existed in other countries in other languages in earlier times. The names even trace back directly in language to the names of the same characters in the stories from other countries. The one main difference between

"Christianity" and these earlier fertility religions is the fact that in the earlier religions the central figure, the "Son of God", was a Mushroom. So, the question is, was Jesus really a man or was he a symbolic representation for a Psychedelic Mushroom ? We may have to learn ancient language ourselves in order to find out, or maybe take a trip to Kashmir.

In this next section I have presented a couple of letters by Leroy Shweitzer of the Montana Freemen describing why he believes he and the others are still in jail. I would like to add a couple of points to this involving Sovereignty. Most readers by now are probably wondering, "just what exactly is a Sovereign Citizen ?". If you ask different "authorities", you will certainly get different answers.

To some, "Sovereignty" means not having any contracts with the federal or state government, including licenses, social security numbers, and bank accounts. To others, it is not being a U.S.

citizen under the 14th Amendment, but instead a State citizen of the Republic. This would include recession of all contracts and documents relative to governments', etc. Others claim membership in a "Jural Society" is a necessary element of "Sovereignty". The reason for this is because the

definition of a "citizen", in Law, is "a member of a Jural Society or body politic".

Some of the different groups that teach "Sovereignty" or "state Citizenship" include Richard McDonald, an ex-police officer from Simi Valley, Johnny Liberty (John Van Hove) in Cascadia Oregon, The Montana Freemen, The Republic of Texas, Erwin Rommel School of Law, Jim Mattatel and the Concerned Citizens of the South Bay and the list goes on. There are many more around the country and probably many other groups of which I am unaware. All of these groups have a lot of information in common, but they teach different tactics, methods, and have different beliefs, some religious-based. This makes sense, since our organic law in America comes down to us from Biblical (Canon) Law....I believe a "Sovereign" is someone who can walk into a courtroom and walk out of that courtroom a FREEMAN, provided no common law crime was committed (Rape, Robbery or Murder).

In this country there are a lot of secrets, but there are some really BIG secrets, too. THERE ARE

SO MANY CRIMINALS IN THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM THAT THERE IS NO

ROOM LEFT FOR ANY JUSTICE. Our government is secretly being run by a CRIMINAL

MOB that will do WHATEVER is necessary to stay in power. Even if you have the law on your side and you are RIGHT, you can still be sent to jail, convicted and sent away. Even if you know all the laws and you are correct, the judges can do whatever they want. They won't even allow the jury to know they have a right to judge the law as well as the facts of the case. An informed Jury can Nullify any case they want and it only takes ONE JUROR. "Sovereigns" often think they are immune to laws because they are "Sovereign" and the judge is just going to let them go. THIS IS

NOT TRUE. They will walk all over you, unless you walk on them first.

The best defense is a good offense they say. You will soon see how this is true. The FREEMEN

are still in jail today, mostly because they DO know the Law. How does the criminal government deal with this? They can't. So they have to hide everything, commit more crimes and cover these up as well.

I have studied a bit from all of the groups mentioned and have met some interesting people along the way. From what I have learned, the only "Sovereign" people are the ones with backpack nukes and ground to air missile launchers and lots of firepower. In other words, the "Sovereigns"

in the world today are the International Bankers and the might they can whip up against an opposing country or political group. The Illuminati Freemasons have destroyed every last remaining spec of "Sovereignty" that ever existed in this country.

There are people who win using "Sovereignty" methods, but usually only because they take the judge by surprise and the next time the "Method" is used the judges are ready for it and they just overrule you. The big problem really, is that people do not represent themselves, but instead hire an attorney, who is really an agent of the court. You see, it all goes back to the Original 13th Amendment and "Titles of Nobility". There are 25 National and 4 State (California) Constitutions that have been discovered. The only ones that have not been repealed or altered are the ORIGINAL ones. These documents are still the "Law of the Land" today. The Original 13th Amendment forbide public officers from holding "Titles of Nobility". "Sir" and "Esquire" etc. are

"Titles of Nobility" bestowed by the "KING" on his subjects, thus empowering them and making them "Agents" of the King. The Bar Association is a Fraternal Order that the Judges and Attorneys belong to. The Judges are not supposed to be Attorneys. Back in early America, everyone knew the Law, because knowing the Law meant your Freedom was important to you. In American Jurisprudence an Attorney's relationship to the court is given first priority over his relation and duty

to his client. A client is further defined as a "Ward of the court". A ward of the court is defined as a "child or person of unsound mind". Therefore someone who hires an Attorney is a child or a person of unsound mind. In court, if you have an attorney, you cannot speak unless the judge asks you a direct question and if you try to you will be removed. An Attorney will never really bring in any crucial information or do anything the judge doesn't like much or they can be sanctioned or have their licenses pulled by the judge's influence in the Bar. If you really want to be free, you must learn to fight in court and learn court procedure and case law, etc. Then you have to know how to apply it. Even if you do this, you may not win. If the judge respects the Constitution and your rights, you may walk; if not, the judge,

who believes he or she is God because nobody showed them differently, may punish you to the fullest extent of the law out of vengeance and there is not much you can do. He can raise your bail so you sit in jail until trial or appeal and they can intentionally make it hell for you in jail. Just ask Ex-Congressman George Hansen, who was brutally tortured in the prison system for trying to help the American people fix the corruption in government.

There are some more recent developments in the law studies going on here in California. Thomas Marvin Maxwell has published two books, "The Truth About the Motor Vehicle Code" and "The California Code Is Not Law". He has studied for years and his books document the fact that the CALIFORNIA CODE OF 1872 WAS NEVER LAWFULLY PASSED OR ENACTED. Thomas says "There is really only one thing about the origin of the code that is of real importance, and that is the fact that the four original divisions of the code, as shown with their "approval dates"

are not part of the official record of the Public Statutes of California. I have personally inspected the volume in which all the Acts of the California Legislature were published for the nineteenth session, 1871-1872, and there is not one single reference to any of the four approval dates for the four codes. The codes were approved "off the record". Because of this, it is important to realize that there is no official record of the text of the codes, other than the codes themselves. Every Statute passed by the legislature contains the "text" of the law that is being passed, and the placing of that text in the published volume of the statutes for each session of the legislature, is the permanent

record of the laws passed. There is no such permanent record of the laws passed. There is no such permanent record of the origin of the codes, with respect to them having been a part of the legislation passed at the nineteenth session of the California legislature." Therefore, all Amendments to the "codes" are not valid either. This creates a very large problem for us as a people, but it also provides us with another opportunity and weapon to fight in court with.

Another book along these lines to surface recently is titled "For The Record..., How the Heck are yaa ? ..."Of Necessity, Constructive Notice, and to Establish for a Court of Record...YOUR

Intent...I Require..." or "How To Speak pleasently, yet firmly, to a Public Servant !". This book came out around the middle of March, 1998. It

is partially written by William Gary Young and research contributed by Joe Allen and Thomas Marvin Maxwell. This book may be one of the most powerful tools ever developed for fighting in court. The essence of the information is that under the Bretton Woods Agreement, the Secretary of the Treasury is appointed the U.S.

Governor of the I.M.F. (International Monetary Fund). This is a Foreign Principle. All Agents of Foreign Principles must register under the Foreign Agents Registration Law. All employees of the U.S. government are paid by the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. Through the GAO (General Accounting Office), all funds collected, go back to the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. Anyone soliciting funds for the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury or collecting information using the NCIC

(National Crime Information Computer), must register. If they don't register it is a violation of USC Title 18 Section 951, and the fine is up to $5,000 and up to 10 years in jail. Now, you cannot serve two governments or Principles. If they do register, they are deportable as agents of a foreign principle impersonating U.S. officers. If they take a signed and sworn "oath of office", and they are working under the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury, they are liable for Treason for being an Officer of the U.S. government and acting as an Agent of a Foreign Principle. So, they cannot register and they cannot have an oath of office either. They are damned if they do, and damned if they don't. The truth is "They don't have either one". This is how the IMF controls our puppet politicians. There are specific tactics for bringing this kind of information into the courtroom and when it has been done correctly, the result was that the JUDGES FLED THEIR

OWN COURTROOMS. Warning : Do not use this info in any way in court without the proper background information. It could cost you Time in Jail. However, if applied properly, it just may be the only thing that can save you from a corrupt Judge. These books are available in this new edition of the Catalog. Also, another little tidbit of info June 25th 1948, the American Bar Association went in and changed all the Statutes they didn't like and left the rest. They knowingly removed and replaced a lot of our laws. This was done without the consent or knowledge of the legislature. So, don't even attempt to use statutes after June 25th 1948, when defending yourself, only when on the offense against them since they are the ones who took an oath to those codes.

Remember "Those who sleep on their rights have none" & "The price of Freedom is eternal vigilance".

" AN OPEN LETTER " By Political Prisoner Chief Justice Michael LeRoy (Shweitzer), Montana FREEMEN--Nov. 1996

This letter is to show all the people why the so-called FREEMEN are in jail, the reasons will not be fully explained in one short letter, but those who have studied in Law will see the picture.

The greatest fraud in America was committed by the Bar association who nearly eradicated our supreme Court in its' exclusive, original jurisdiction under Common Law venue. Our People in Justus township researched our supreme Court in its' own government as judicial branch of government who are not paid a public salary per se, but are paid only upon costs taxed against the losing party on the civil side of the court and costs taxed against the county on the criminal side of the court, and these costs are billed at the "quarter sessions" after the cause was settled. This is relevant to ch. 40 of the Magna Carta.

The prevention against titles of nobility from entering our supreme Court is found in Constitution of Montana eighteen hundred eighty nine, anno Domini at Article V, section twenty-six, where it says the Legislative Assembly shall make no local or special laws in respect to our Courts of Justice, our Constables, summoning and empaneling grand and petit juries, setting fines and punishments, changing the law of descent, creating franchises.

What the people do not realize is the difference between our General Congress assembled and the Legislative assembly. Our General Congress Assembled is none other than supreme Court sessions at the county court at the seat of government. It is proven in Constitution of Montana at Article XX, section six, where each and every county has a supreme Court seal. Only the appellate branch sits at the State capital; our exclusive, original branch sits at county seat. John Bouvier proclaimed this truth in eighteen hundred fifty six, where he said every county clerk and recorder is a supreme Court clerk. Our bench and bar are ch. 45 of Magna Carta, good and lawful men well versed in law and duly disposed to keep it. No attorneys.

Our supreme Court quorum consists of at least three qualified electors as found in national Constitution at Article II, sec. 2, cl. 2, and these are not

United states citizens. The chairman is the president and the Senate are the two associate Justices. You will see this at 28 U.S.C. sec.1

under supreme court. The president named here is not Bill Clinton since he is executive branch and it is not the Chief Justice William Renquist in Washington D.C. sitting in appellate branch of supreme Court. It is the chairman of the county commissioners and few there are in America who know and understand these truths, but Justice John Paul Stevens knows.

We find roots in this organic truth in Deuteronomy 1:15-18 and 16:18-20. So, how do we prove this to the slumbering giant, our Nation in North America ?

United States Code Title 28 is a great study guide if you read all footnotes, Historical Revisions, Amendments. Also study division of the courts where you find our law side verses the contract side. Another clue is this: All Legislative Assembly created tribunals are contract courts only in the executive branch of government. Our Judicial branch of government in its' exclusive, original jurisdiction in Common Law venue is reserved to the people alone; no public officers on a public salary. It means no agent of the people sets our supreme Court since the agent is necessarily either executive or legislative; hence ch. 24 of Magna Carta, where we will not have any sheriffs, bailiffs, or other of our hirelings who hear matters of the Crown. Title 28 U.S.C. sec.1251 agrees.

Also ch. 38 of Magna Carta re-affirms this seperation of powers where it says an executive officer on his own bare saying cannot move our supreme Court. Fundamental law is separation of powers and our supreme Court is dormant for lack of knowledge. We full well realize the Appellate branch supreme Court is open but our exclusive original branch just re-opened and the Justices are in jail. Yellowstone county jail, country of Montana, united states of America, with ample knowledge to teach these truths to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. this is one reason our qualified Justices' will not be allowed to testify in open Court for fear appellate Justices would then trade places for willful acts of treason. ! Nuff Said ? Please contact chief Justice LeRoy Michael at above mailing location for further truths and where the proof is located.

In Yahweh through our Savior Immanuel. ---Chief Justice LeRoy Michael, Freedom Center - c/o P.O. Box 80446, Billings, Montana state, zip code exempt.

OUR MANDATE IS VICTORY -A letter to Brother Joseph from LeRoy Michael Shweitzer--Special Prosecutor (FREEMEN)-Oct. 1997

Out of the blue, a jail guard asked two of our people at two seperate units, "What is going to happen to them now ?", so you know they have been told that we won our case! And the fact that the case against me in U.S.D.C. district of Minnesota, Third Division was dismissed. It was brought by private parties concerning a warrant I had given them. Also, a banker in Indiana where our liens were discussed and there was talk about "pooling funds" to pay the liens. We caught the whole rotton bag of fish. Now the payback is hell !

Clinton is not making any nominations to fill federal judge vacancies. Why ? --It seems there is a supreme court justice out west who proved an executive branch officer cannot select a judicial branch officer ! Who would of thought only an Elector can vote in our judicial branch of government? This is the real meaning of the seperation of powers doctrine. No "Agent" of ours can select our principle! All agents courts are voluntary! We are exclusive! It had its' origin in Deuteronomy. We are that court of first and last resort - now appealable.

Our Three Justice courts is in bench (banc). So a title 11 bancruptcy is our chancery division over the agents U.S. Trustees. Any docket by our Creditors creates an automatic stay on all legislative assembly created courts. This is well covered in the D.C. Court Rules. Everything is re-organization (banc-ruptcy) as in federal common law (U.C.C.). Do you see why we set up private security agreements under U.C.C. 1-105 & 1-103 ? The doctrine of law of the place controls simple contract. Parties' power to choose applicable law, territorial application of the act. When you docket your claim in bancruptcy it means a Creditors' claim - not the debtor in an insolvency petition. So all federal judges become respondent under conflict of financial interest. This is the reason for the automatic stay ! Then our special panel is the only one who could hear the matter under law of the place in our foreign countries. It becomes ex-parte all the way--We won--the trustees lost. You must get a copy of the D.C. Court rules to see our "exclusive" court. It is not federal ! It's origin is local government-(traditional). They refer to this in the rules. We create an admission panel to screen all attorneys. They (panel) have absolute immunity ! Their actions are non-appealable. We supercede the appellate Supreme court in D.C.

The D.C. crowd knows what we have discovered and they are now caught for treason if they fail to obey our Edicts. They never had authority to send federal judges into our several States. Our impeachments are valid and cannot be overcome. Any denial of three justice panel is denial of access to our venue in supreme court. This is why it is the defendant's prerogative to retain his venue. A denial would nullify your right of religion. Also, it would deny you equal right of suffrage.

We are just now getting the system to realize they are culpable for willful acts of treason by suppressing our right to access our judicial branch of government. This is why the three justice panel was put back into Montana Codes Annotated at 2-2-144. It was not in the 1993 edition. The State Bar Associations were knowingly pulling these guarantees out of the codes to promote their plans for overthrow of our Republican Form of Government. We have the proof and will prosecute the Liars / lawyers until our Nation is restored. This information is spreading out across the land. Our right of self-governing is being restored slowly, but surely. The Corporation Tribunals Are Exposed.

Our People must learn the importance of our judicial conference of the United States (of America) as found in Title 28, U.S.C. ,331-335, Chapter 15- Conferences and Councils of judges.

This was not done by the so-called Common-Law Courts and they had no evidence of their lawful office. Without that, they had no real judicial immunity to counter-act the prosecution against them. We must make public our Three justice panel with proper oath and bond. This will be the new Republic from ground zero. Where are all the good and lawful men? Gone to prison every one? May the power and protection of our Creator Yahweh rest upon you as we totally destroy the evil tyrants in our Nation, A-Men!, in Yahshua. L.M.--Special Prosecutor in "other circuit."

Extended Introduction (June-July, 2001)

Since my last Introduction to the catalog was updated, I have been arrested 7 times. When I first started out on this path (deciding to learn about the legal system), I didn't think it would be such a rollercoaster as it has been. I have learned firsthand about judges, lawyers and other law destroyers. I have learned a whole sh**load in the last 3 years about the system and how it's a load of sh**!! And now, I am BACK to tell you all about it, and expose the rotten dirty criminals for what they truly are.

I must recommend Eustace Mullin's "The Rape of Justice" to all readers at this point. This was my first serious introduction to how the system REALLY works in this country (Corporation).

After reading his book, you may want to move out of the country!! But, then one realizes that they (masons) have made it worse everywhere else in the world, so there isn't really anywhere to go, except to fix the problem that we have in our own backyard. (The Courts). THEY are the real problem in this country. All of the affairs this country goes through (drug trafficking, assassinations, political scandals etc) are all the direct result of a criminal justice system gone mad! If the politicians were not able to hide their corruption behind even MORE CORRUPT

JUDGES, then they wouldn't ever think of committing the crimes they do. But what makes matters even worse is that the judges are CORRUPT TO THE CORE. There isn't an honest judge in this land who is not corrupt. If you think you know one, then ask him if he owns stock in any corporations and if he has ever done anything in his career to help them in court. The truth is that they ALL own stock and the corporations tell the politicians what to do. So, ask yourself this : WHO DO YOU THINK IS TELLING THE JUDGES WHAT TO DO???? THE

CORPORATIONS!!!! (Masons again, really)

Who are the judges and are they really judges??? Or are they just commissioners??? How about

"Trustees in Bankruptcy"??? How does that sound? Is the bar association really legal? Isn't it a monopoly? Is the Bar Association licensed to do business in your state with the Secretary of State? If any of this is true and they are not legal, not licensed, and they are in fact a monopoly, then how is it that they can exist and nobody can do anything to stop them?? And what, if anything, can be done to deal with corrupt judges, prosecutors and police officers, if they are

"above the law"? Well, that is why the militias were coming together prior to the Oklahoma Bombing. To deal with this encroachment on our freedoms and liberties. But, the government, (or at least, criminals within OUR government) placed informants in the groups, set up false militia groups, and hired white supremicists and other brainless people to perpetrate crimes in the name of the militias in order to "smear" the idea of an armed resistance in America in the minds of the half-asleep public. They did a wonderful job, I have to hand it to them. The militias are almost

extinct at this time, the patriot movement took a nose dive around 1997 and 1998, but then at the end of 1998, something miraculous happened that forever changed the face of America. ---ROGER ELVICK GOT OUT OF JAIL !!! - Since then, the criminals have called in back-up, have had to hold judges conferences and extra-judicial meetings, and had to plan every diversion strategy imaginable to convince the American public that what Roger is doing is "invalid". What Roger is doing is called "Redemption" and it is sweeping America and other countries at the time of this writing. At long last the people of America have "REMEDY".

As soon as somebody stumbles onto something "valid" like Oxygen Therapies or worms causing cancer, they are attacked by the system as being "dangerous to society". They are usually brought up on trumped up charges, or something where they grasp at straws, like tax matters, and they convict you to shut you up and teach you never to interfere with their criminal affairs again. They did this to Dr. Hulda Rehger Clark, who discovered the worm/cancer connection mentioned in an earlier intro. section. They also did this recently to Ed McCabe, who has an even larger following, and teaches people about the benefits of Hydrogen Peroxide and Ozone Therapy. Both of these people were charged and threatened with alot of jail time. Then , what they do is they OFFER you a deal, and they say something like "Well the judge could give you thirty years if he wants, but if you take this deal we have for you, you will get out in 5 , be on probation, and have to piss-test for us for the rest of your life. And oh yeah, did we tell you that you have to wear a monitoring device, and report to a professional idiot every week and attend "reality restructuring classes every other thursday at 9:00P.M. and every second tuesday of the first month of each year FOREVER!!!" This is the sort of thing they LOVE to do. So be prepared, if you hire an attorney, to get railroaded and bent-over. But what happens is that when you speak out, they lock you up and that is the last anyone ever hears from you.

So, for a long time, that is what the REAL activists and patriots in this country faced. Now, there is a process and an understanding that is changing the way people are treated in the system. For the first time in American history, the judges and prosecutors are SCARED SH**LESS!!!! -- If only the Montana Freemen had kept studying before they acted on their understandings. They probably would not be in jail right now. They were learning from Roger Elvick among other people, but Roger himself was in

jail and hadn't quite figured out the whole game, YET!!! Now, since he has been released, they have tried several times to get him back in jail, WITH NO

SUCCESS!!! He is doing everything he wants and living free and unhindered at this time. He does not handle federal reserve notes or "debt instruments" of any kind. He issues his own

"Private Credit Instruments" called "Sight Drafts", or how he refers to them, "Business Plans".

He is not actively teaching this to the public or any group of people. There are several people around the country that are in contact with him, including myself, and we talk and tape record the conversations and study the transcripts in small groups and by ourselves. He is a very kind person who would like to see us all get out of Bondage (Debt).

I will attempt to describe a little about the process and philosophy, but this is not the place to teach it at length. I have put together some materials on this and they are available through the website. Basically, there are a few "key" points that have to be taken into consideration.

1. The Constitution was suspended in 1864 by Abraham Lincoln and Martial Law was declared.

2. The UNITED STATES is a Corporation as it was set-up in 1871.

3. You and I are the Owners/Operators of this Corporation. The IRS only recognizes two types of individuals. Employ**ers** &

Employ**ees**. We have been using our Account Number as an Employ**ee** Identification Number instead of an Employ**er**

Identification Number. Social Security is a benefit and Owners/Operators don't seek benefits from their own corporation.

4. The Birth Certificate created a "Strawman" (Dummy Corporation) with your name in ALL

CAPITAL LETTERS.

3. The UNITED STATES went bankrupt in 1933 and pledged your "Strawman" as collateral against the debt. Ever since

then, your "Strawman" has been bankrupt along with the UNITED STATES Corporation.

4. HJR-192 of June 6th 1933 made it against "Public Policy" to require gold or silver (substance) for the payment of debts.

All corporations under the bankruptcy must "discharge their duties dollar for dollar". All corporations are "Trustees in

Bankruptcy".

5. There is no money. It was removed in 1933. Now all we have are "Negotiable and Non-Negotiable Instruments".

6. A corporation cannot arrest it's members, but it can "Make Offers" to the "public".

7. The opposite of an "Offer is an "Acceptance". When you don't "Accept", you are in

"Dishonor".

8. You cannot pay a debt with a debt and all of the money, credits, federal reserve notes, checks, money orders etc. are ALL

debt instruments, since they are all borrowed into circulation. If you don't understand this part, then ask yourself this

question : "Did you create that money?" ? If the answer is no, then IT IS DEBT, TO YOU. The only way we can pay is

(WE CAN'T)...but we can make an engagement to pay by "Acceptance for Value". Then they have to adjust our account,

because there is our remedy, since they took away our ability to pay with real substance. HJR-192 is the Insurance Policy.

8. When the state or federal government is making us offers, i.e. warrants, indictments, fines, tickets etc., they are making us

"Offers" and we are "Dishonoring" them. BECAUSE we are not "Accepting" them. When we

"Accept" them, and we ask

them to "adjust our account", they now have the obligation of "settlement". If they refuse, then they are in a position of

"dishonor" now, and they are stepping out of their bounds as our Trustees in Bankruptcy. Now they are the ones with a Tax

obligation on their hands because they have everything "ACCOUNTED FOR" in their system.

So, since we have actually

paid in fact, with our acceptance, they are now "stealing the charge".

9. The "charge" they are charging you with is FINANCIAL.

10. Title 27 CFR Section 72.11 says that all crimes are "commercial crimes" and they are "crimes against the revenue laws".

These are very important points to consider before tackling this subject. I have talked to dozens of people about this and I have found that most of them look at me as if I speak another language.

In other words, it ain't easy to understand. But I can say this for absolutely 100% sure : IT

WORKS when you WORK IT. If you do not understand it, then DON'T DO IT. I have learned, after being put up against the wall, that you should only do what you understand when it comes to these matters. If you don't, then they will see right through you, because they tested me, and God knows they test others as well. They will put you through what is known as "Trail by fire".

If you are a witch, then you will burn, plain and simple. (If you know what I mean). The system cannot afford at any cost whatsoever, to let this get out and become overwhelmingly popular.

From what I have witnessed and experienced firsthand, it won't. The main reason being that it is too complicated for most people to understand. Not that you have to be a rocket sceintist, but you have to "adjust" your way of thinking more than anything. "Money" is actually "debt" unless it has been "redeemed", and alot of people cannot grasp this one simple concept.

So, how did this all come about, why was he in jail in the first place, and what happened to make him realize that he was onto the truth, while facing unsurmounting pressure from the criminal system? It was the Montana Freeman deal about the "asking for a refund". They knew what Roger meant (to adjust his account) but they tried to keep the "cat in the bag" so to speak, and threw him in jail for a few years. This was before the Freemen incident in 1996. So, while he was in jail, a fellow came to him with an IRS problem and Roger told him to "Accept" it. He did. It was for $97,000 Federal Tax Lien they were going to put on him. When he "Accepted" it for Value, they "adjusted his account". Then they sent him a bill for child support for $7,000. Roger told him, instead of Accepting this one, they would tell the Child Support agency to take the $7000 out of the Federal Tax Lien that he had accepted for value. They did this and the IRS sent him an adjusted account telling him he had $90,000.00 left over. That is because when he accepted the Lien, he owned it, now it becomes a credit (a true private credit). So when the Child Support went after him, he told them to take their share out of his adjusted tax lien balance.

Now, I can already hear the wives and ladies yelling "well the guy just got out of paying child support. He's a rotten father and the wife never got a dime and he got off scott free!". That's not how this works at all, though. - The fellow was very happy. He asked Roger what happened and Roger told

him to write a letter to his ex-wife and ask her what happened. So he did and he got a letter back thanking him for the child support payments and bringing the accounts up to date. She told him she got all the back child support from the Treasury and she was getting checks every other week or something to that effect. She sent him pictures of the kids and everything, and previously she hadn't communicated with him since he went to jail.

Now, you, the reader, are probably wondering.....how on earth did she get paid??? -- The way it works, without going into great detail is actually pretty simple. When they do their job, (our fiduciaries, or the ones holding our money) everyone gets paid and everything works out beautiful. When the corporation gets an "acceptance" it becomes worth the value of the bill presented. They can then take it to the IRS and present it to them as an offset of their own tax liability. When we tender a "private draft" to a corporation, we give them our UCC-1 registration number (our tax "exemption") and they give us their "deduction". There is an equal exchange and everyone is happy. This doesn' t always work out this way though, because there are alot of people within the system that don't understand this material.

Next, you are probably thinking, "well, is there anyone within the system that understands this material?" and how do you know they understand it?" The answer is that they are taught (lawyers, prosecutors and judges) about the UCC and they are instructed in the Bar Association Study Guide as to Offer and Acceptance, the Right of Redemption, etc. The accountants in the back room of the corporations understand "acceptance" and all the contract material. But there are several things that one must consider as well. Roger has come to an understanding that nobody in this country had realized up until now. That EVERYTHING in the system is

"PUBLIC" and we are born "PRIVATE". But then we become "public" by various means, contracts, associations etc. Therefore EVERY time we enter a court and use statutory laws, codes, or any of the corporations regulations, we are admitting that we are bound to their corporation codes etc. and we admit we are empoyees, and not the Owner/Operator.

Remember...in the constitution where it says that the "...legislature, and all the judges shall be bound thereby..."... but it doesn't say anything about "we the people" being bound. They are the ones who work for us and those are their rules and codes and regulations...FOR THEM TO

FOLLOW. When we follow them, we admit we are as ":COMMON" as they are. This is the difference between "Preferred Stock" and "Common Stock". Only the Owner holds the preferred stock, everyone else has common stock. This also relates to common law as well.

Now, when we go into court, it is only in our "Public Business" capacity. To see if there is anyone who has a claim against us.

When you are in court, you must realize that it is a "bankruptcy court" and you are there as a creditor or as a debtor. Now, since the corporation went bankrupt in 1933 and so did your strawman....when the system presented you with that warrant or whatever, it had your strawman's name on it, not your's. Was it in ALL CAPITAL LETTERS? Or Upper and Lower case letters?

Well, it pledged your strawman during the bankruptcy, so your strawman is a debtor in their eyes, unless you have made him your debtor by filing a UCC-1. So, in essence, when you are there, and YOU, the real, live, flesh and blood character, ANSWER, them (the fiction), you are

"recognizing your accuser" and you are "defending' and now you BECOME THE DEFENDANT.

-- Would you talk to walls??? Would you listen to cartoon characters??? Well that's what you are doing when you respond to them, since THEY ARE ALL ACTING IN A CORPORATE

CAPACITY. But.... I am Private. So, I don't talk to walls or listen to fiction. Period.

When you go into court, the questions to ask are "May I have your name please?". Then ask "Do you have a claim against me?" Then ask "Do you know anyone who has a claim against me?"

Then you can say "I request the Order of the Court(s) be released to me immediately. By doing this, you get right to the point. No Bull**it, no wasted time. The point to this is that when you are asking the questions, they are in your court. When they are asking questions, you are in their court. So, you never answer any question in court. Only find out who is the one coming at you.

Then proceed to ask your questions. It doesn't matter what they say. Whatever they say can and will be used against them. Let them testify. Let them hang themselves. Give them the rope, and get out of the way, cause it's going to be BLOODY!!! The judge may even get some blood on his sleeve and try to get tangled into it. Sometimes they won't. It all depends on the

situation, and how they feel that day...your manner...how much they have had to drink that morning on the way to the court to work....etc. But one thing for sure...THEY WILL LOSE EVERYTHING ...if you know what to do. It involves them going into involuntary bankruptcy, and that is where this get's really FUN!!!! They are also liable for the IRS taxes on their claims they are making against you and much much more.

So, without going into a whole book's worth of essays on commercial law, I will get back to what happened to me. My girlfriend and I were growing cannabis for medical purposes and we both had doctor's recommendations, and we were living in Los Angeles at the time. I was running my Hemp Booth on Venice Beach. All of this is documented and reproduced in this catalog. So, to make a long story short, I ended up hiring a lawyer and pleading guilty with probation and the allowance to continue to do whatever I was doing under Prop. 215 as long as I didn't get in any other sort of trouble. (Yeah, right, like that was even the least bit possible) Later, as I was going through the agreement with the courts on this matter, an agreement to attend some meetings and pay a $500.00 fine, I learned about Redemption, right after Roger got out of jail and the American's Bulletin published a story on it all in the July / Aug. Issue of 1999. So I got everything I could get my hands on and started learning about it all. It helped that I had some knowledge from learning about what the Freemen were doing in Montana. THAT took alot of studying as well, around 1996, but eventually I "got it", and started to understand what they were doing with the UCC and negotiable and non-negotiable instruments.

So then I moved up north. Then, at some time later, I did all of my acceptance paperwork with all of the people in my cases. I accepted both cases for value and put the court on notice of my new found position as the owner/operator of this corporation. Needless to say, this didn't go over very well with the judge. Especially after I sent him a "Bill of Exchange" (copy) with his name in the debtor location and listing "All real and personal property" as the collateral. So, I was sent a

"Minute Order" to appear, which I subsequently "Accepted For Value" and returned it for

"settlement" of my account. This led to a warrant being put out for my arrest. (I wanted to add something here that I feel is very important. I was advised by people I was studying with NOT to goto court on the warrant. That it would go away because of the acceptance etc. Well,. that may be

fine if the warrant is in your home town. Then, most likely, you will be released in 72 hours as you should be. But, if it is from another county, like Los Angeles, and you are in San Francisco, and they arrest you, YOU WILL BE EXTRADITED back down to Los Angeles, and you may have to wait 10 days in jail before they ship you there. Then another few days there until you see the judge, and then "release" if all goes according to plan.) - At the time, I was under the impression that I has taken care of everything, and I was prepared in case they dragged me into court. But, I wasn't prepared for this event, and I don't think you can EVER be.

This paperwork was sent in around March 2000. Then in May, there was a knock on my door and it was a police officer responding to a domestic violence call in the building. (Part-set-up) So they knocked and since it was early in the morning and I hadn't had my wheaties yet, I answered the door, thinking they just wanted to know if the cannabis I was growing was legal (medical) or not. When I did, they ran the name to check for warrants, and lo and behold, my stupidity had crept in and got the best of me, for a moment. They took my crop (again!) and arrested me and I went down to L.A. to face 'da judge.

This would probably be a good time to interject this one point. It has to do with the 72 hour hold-time and release from custody. You see, if they don't have a "charge" , or you have "accepted" it all for value, then they have to take it all off their books. THEY HAVE TO. Of course, we do have "rogue agents" and follow their own agenda, but more often than not, the fear of jail and losing all possessions even makes the criminals that run our system cower and run for cover when it appears that they are going down. So, what I am saying here, is that occasionally you will get "bluffed". And they will try to keep it on their books by making you a "new offer". This could be in the form of a action or statement in the courtroom. Even subtle. The judge asks you "do you want to goto jail right now?" "If you don't answer the questions that is exactly where you are going". So, no matter what you do, they may have it "out for you". In which case they will bluff their asses off to find out exactly how much you know, and to see if they can make you go back and take back your acceptance. They even tried to force someone to do this recently. But they didn't.

When you are in court asking your 3 magic questions, they may try to stumble you. Roger has made the comment "They need you there to adjust the account from one side to the other". He has stated to the effect that "they

may arrest you, take you into custody, book you, but then release you. This is them moving it from one side of the account to the other. The way the acceptance works, it is a "pass-through". So, according to Roger, they need your permission to pass through you, and that is what they are doing when they "hold you" for 72 hours. When they don't have a

"claim" and you have caused them to testify to that fact, they have to release you. But THEY

MAY lock you up for 72 hours. They have done this to at least 2 or 3 people that I know of, and Roger has said that this is normal. This is due to the 72 hour 3 day Federal Truth-in-Lending, for settlement of retail agreements. You see, when you are being locked up in prison, you are a commodity. They warehouse you and issue a warehouse receipt. The bond. The lawyer or prosecutor is the one holding the bond and holding you in jail for the liability or the "non-acceptance / dishonor" of the charge (due-bill). So, if all goes right, they have to release the property (debtor strawman) to you, the owner, when you ask for the "Order of the Court to be released to me immediately". That is them taking the debtor they are holding (strawman) and turning over the property to you, the rightful owner.

Now, this is where it gets REALLY interesting, especially for all you economics and government students. Every time we do an acceptance, it infuses the system with "private credit". This hasn't been done since 1933. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICAN HISTORY SINCE THE

BANKRUPTCY, WE ARE PAYING DOWN THE PRINCIPLE OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

Clinton tried to claim it was him, then bush took the credit after he got into office, but the truth is, and always has been, that YOU CANNOT PAY A DEBT WITH A DEBT!!!!! None of the debtors (government employees or anyone for that matter) can pay down the debt, only WE, the people, PRIVATELY, can REDEEM the debt. So for the first time now, the national debt is going down and we are started to turn the tide of economic bondage in this country. ALL

THANKS TO ROGER ELVICK. It took the right person, in the right place (jail for 5 years) at the right time (year 2000) to figure all this out and when the truth is dug up and the history books are re-written to tell the truth, it will be known that the man who saved this country was Roger Elvick.

There are so many stories of sucess that I can't even remember them all. But just last week, a fellow researcher and a friend of Roger, was in custody in his jail clothes in the courtroom.

Asked two questions and the prosecutor called a recess. They came back in and the prosecutor asked to throw out all charges. The judge immediateyl said "case dismissed" and they took him out of the courtroom through the back door, put him out on the street and told him to change his clothes out there. Out on the street. They didn't even take him back to the cell or anything. (OUT

YOU GO, YOU ARE NO DEBTOR!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? (Basically, in a nutshell)) And that is only the most recent success. There are many more stories just like this that I am not going to get into here. As hard as this is to believe, and alot of people ask me for proof all day long, all I can say is "You have to have faith some day". "One day will come and you will have to know if you do have faith deep down inside". "If you have been searching for the truth, then most likely you have found it." "If you don't believe in GOD and don't have faith in the spirit, and you cannot prove his existence, then please don't expect me to be able to convince you that the wind is all around you, even though you can feel it". Does this make any sense? In other words, without faith, if you need proof, then you may be looking for it the rest of your life when it was right under your nose all along. Everybody wants "proof" but they aren't willing to study the materials to see if it makes any sense. They aren't willing to goto court when someone is going to do an "acceptance" to see the reactions in the courtroom. In other words, "if you want proof, go out and prove it to yourself". I have proved it to myself by DOING IT. The system is always trying to cover their asses. If you could go down and pull the records, then they would be exposed. Most of the time, they play it off, so it looks like something else got you released, or there was an error, or they just never pursued it because it wasn't an important matter, or WHATEVER they say, they BLUFF and LIE constantly to cover their asses. Otherwise, as soon as you or your friend could pull up the docket and read that this is what happened and then it was all over with, that would indicate right away that this works, and so everybody and their grandmother would go out and do it and do whatever they like. So they HAVE TO BLUFF. IT IS

THEIR NATURE TO LIE. When somebody does this correctly and they adjust the account, it is no longer on the books, escrow had closed and there

is no more case. The record is sealed. All of the court cases are "open escrow accounts" and none of them have been closed, since none of the cases had been "accepted for value" until recently. Now, alot of times, even though you may have done the acceptance, they want to keep making money off you. They will try to keep it on their books, unless you let them know you are going to proceed to take them into involuntary bankruptcy, if your accounts are not adjusted. You see, there are alot of people doing this right now, and most of them DO NOT understand what they are doing, YET! So the courts are not going to just "roll over" when someone walks in and accepts everything. THEY WILL TEST

YOU, SO STUDY THE MATERIALS!!!!!

Now that I have brought all that out, I can get back to "other" political topics. Medical Marijuana

-- The Supreme Court just handed down their ruling against medical cannabis. Oh well, they won't be smoking any for any time in the near future, but that isn't going to stop the Bay area coops from staying in business. At least not the ones that have been around for a while. Hopefully it will cause the "other ones" to shut down. There are people who are "profiteers" moving into the Bay area medical cannabis movement. Some of these people are from the East Coast, New Jersey etc. They are setting up shops in the bay area and attempting to profit from the situation, thus leaving the real medical patients and clubs to take the blame along with them. They are selling cannabis in any amounts people want to buy with no restrictions, and staying open late at night to maximize business. These people are ruining it for the medical marijuana scene and should be held "accountable". They operate like thugs and have "hit-men" like guys standing outside as security guards. These people are dangerous and should be dealt with. The police are already aware of them and investigating, but it appears that the situation will be causing a backlash by city council people and police.

What exactly did the Supreme Court rule? In a nutshell, piercing through the veil of deceit...., they ruled that in a corporation, a corporation that is a sub-corporation, (Oakland Buyers Club) could not use the medical necessity as a defense to avoid being charged. 1. The suit was brought by Jeff Jones in the name of the OAKLAND BUYERS COOPERATIVE, being a "registered corporation" in relation to the mother corporation, the STATE OF CALIFORNIA, and the grandmother corporation, THE

UNITED STATES, thus it is a fiction, cannot be injured or seek medical necessity defense. Did you hear them say "no government recognized medical value".

That is because they value it at "zero". (Back to redemption). The Supreme Court admitted that they would have had a better chance if the suit had been brought in the name of the individual, instead of the Corporation. What they were really saying in essence, is we might have had a little more sympathy for your issue if you had brought the suit as a person (corporation), instead of a registered business (corporation), but then again..... Either way, it would all be "public" and part of the corporation, a fiction, a cartoon.

My new name for the UNITED STATES is "Disneyland" and my new name for the President of the UNITED STATES is "Mickey Mouse", and the Vice President "Goofy". These are the characters running our country (corporation). They are nothing but CARTOON CHARACTERS

acting like real people. GEORGE BUSH is a fiction, so is DICK CHENEY. They are not real!!

But they are as long as we pay attention to them. My new resolution for the year 2001 is that "I will no longer listen to Mickey Mouse and Goofy directing my life in any way whatsoever." I think all Americans should consider this resolution. How much power do we give Mickey Mouse and Goofy each day in our lives. And WHY??? Sure, the corporation is important, but we own it, don't we? Or do we work for it? I am the Owner/Operator, myself. What about you? Are you letting Mickey Mouse tell you what to do in 2002?

McVeigh just got put to death last week. The truth started to come out. J.D. Cash exposed the discrepancies and the cover-up of documents that revealed that the government knew who John Doe #2 was but kept it a secret. All of this was exposed in length right here in a previous intro. I wrote a few years back. We, the people have known all along that the government was involved, and even helped McVeigh!!! Was McVeigh an "agent"? Was he implanted with a micro-chip like he claimed? How about all of the "other" mass shooting incidents in the last few years. There have been an awful lot of "school shooters", "white-house shooters", "church bombers" etc. in the news lately. Is it a coincidence, or is it conspiracy? Is there a place where all these crazy people meet, discuss their deranged plans, and decide how they are going to execute them and in what order? It

would almost seem as though that were the case,...sometimes. Bufford Furrow, the white house shooter, claimed he was the "leader of the new world order". That is just one incident, but there have been many. It is my understanding and the understanding of a growing number of people, that these people all spent time in psychiatric and possibly CIA-run institutions, and therefore may have been "programmed" to do these things for a higher purpose, for the secret societies to use to wage more war (restrictions of liberties) on us, the free people.

All of these events are leading up to a "peak" of idiocy in consciousness, where we are tired of hearing about all of these crazy things, and the world, in the opinion of the masses of dumbasses who have been brainwashed by television, is, that the world is far too dangerous of a place for our children , and therefore, we must, for the safety of society, remove ALL WEAPONS from EVERYONE'S POSSESSION! -- No, maybe i'm just being paranoid, huh?

Columbine..... Shoolyard shootings. The official website of the students of columbine claimed that there is a coverup, and that the police are in on it. They claimed everything is being distorted by the media and the truth isn't coming out. I went to look up the site to post the address here, but it is not around anymore. The address might be changed, though.

Does anyone know who George Bush Jr. IS??????? He is the "Leader of the new world order", if there ever was one. He was asked, on television, in a news conference, about his affiliation with

"skull and bones". How did he respond? I don't remember word for word, but it went something to the effect of "am I a member? well, i've heard that this is such a secret society, if it's so secret, how would I know anything about it?" This was broadcast on national television (TO MY

GREAT SURPRISE AND OVERWHELMING ENJOYMENT) on a documentary on "skull and bones". This was aired due to the persistence of Ron Rosenblaum (I think that's spelled correct), who first broke the story of "skull and bones" in an 1977 (? I believe) edition of esquire magazine. Then Antony Sutton picked up on it and published "America's Secret Establishment"

after learning that a good number of people he had been writing about in his books on the establishment were all in fact, part of this secret society, and nobody even knew about it. That was in 1984-85. Ron had sneaked into the fraternity to catch documented video footage of an initiation. At first,

this would seem rather incredible, being that we are in the year 2000, and this is one of the oldest, most powerful fraternal societies in existence. So what was captured on tape?

A girl screaming and howling, basically. One would get the overall impression that this isn't too serious and hardly an "old boys club". There is a reason for that though. A short period after Sutton's book came out, then others started talking about it and so forth, skull and bones changed, or rather Yale University changed their policy on fraternal organizations and made it so they have to admit women. Well, do you think things have really stayed the same since then??? Of course NOT. And keep in mind, that Yale University was founded in 1701 by a member of the Russell family, a member of the family that STARTED SKULL AND BONES AT YALE, Rev. Nodiah Russell. General William Huntington Russell co-founded Skull and Bones at Yale with Alfonso Taft, ex-president Howard Taft's grandfather. So, skull and bones is to yale like pens are to paper, and if they want to protect it, they will find out a way to do so.

Chupa my what, holmes??? I said Chupacabra, not suck my....., relax homey. What the hell is a chupacabra? A goat-sucker!!! - I know that. But WHAT THE HELL IS IT??? Is it the demon unleashed from our worst collective nightmares? Or what??? I want to know. I will goto Puerto Rico and I will catch a chupacabra. I will sit on a barnhouse with my electronic invisible fence that stretches 50 feet high and 100 feet wide with my "goat sacrifice/offering" and my 12 gauge

...waiting....A man did something similar to this recently, after they kept sucking his goats bood dry, and leaving carcases all over each morning. All he had was a shotgum though, unfortunately.

But he shot it, and it ran, wounded down the road a ways. Then the next day, it was rotten away and half-eaten by buzzards and upon seeing it visually in the daylight, he realized that it was like nothing he had ever seen before. He took it to the University for study. After a few weeks they returned it saying it was just a dog. When he arrived to pick it up, he found they had replaced it with a canine, and he swears up and down that that is not the aminal he brought to them. So now, he's back on the roof with his 12 gauge, waiting to catch another. His name is Virgilio Sanchez-Ocejo and his website is

<http://www.geocities.com/ufomiami.geo/Chupacabras/Chupacabras.html>. He is "on the trail".

He claims as well as other news sources that the people of Puerto Rico believe that this is an army experiment of some genetic sort that got lose or escaped and the government is trying to cover it up and / or keep it under control. According to one source a flying saucer with bright lights and everything, was seen one night. The next day, when the site was investigated, there were landing marks in the grounds, and thousands of "foot prints" leading away from the craft in different directions, indicating that the disc had dropped off the chupacabra that evening and they ran into the surrounding areas. Then there were reports of goat and farm animal attacks in the following days. This almost sounds like a great sci-fi-film, except for the fact that it's ALL TRUE

AND HAPPENING RIGHT NOW!!! Anyways, I won't be satisfied until I catch one up close. If they think they are going to abduct me, then they are in for a surprise, because I am the more curious one of the species and I WILL CATCH ONE! One day, when I have the time and funds to goto Puerto Rico with some friends, like a hunting expedition. Then I will bring him home and feed him to my pet nile monitor lizard, who eats EVERYTHING including my hands. I personally don't have an opinion on this phenomenon, I just want one for myself as a pet.

Probably the 2 most fascinating things I have come across in the last couple of years are 1). The Temple of Horus at Edfu and the CPU connection. There is a researcher, who has a website on the internet who has come up with probably the most incredible discovery in a long long time. He was studying the layout of the Temple of Horus and noticed it's symmetry. He was looking at a diagram of an INTEL Chip on the surface and noticed that it has the exact same symmetry, and that it was actually the exact same picture he was looking at!!! In other words, the design of the INTEL chip is identical to the layout of the Temple of Horus from thousands of years ago in Egypt. Now, what are the chances of that!!! Well, it is easily explained if you understand that the masons have long had this technology, and that INTEL is run actually by Masons at the top, and that they are making a killing selling us 250 versions of the same stupid item, while we fund their phony "development". At least that is what I think. There is almost NO

other explanation available. The Temple was just uncovered, **AFTER** INTEL had designed the chip. If they had already discovered the Temple and then INTEL did this, it wouldn't seem so strange, except for the fact

that they somehow were able to make the layout for the CPU the same as the Temple, AND it worked!!! So, can you explain this??? Here is the website address :

<http://www.geocities.com/Hollywood/2900/edfu-cpu.html> 2). Another website discussing ancient asronauts has a photograph from Peru, I believe, where it shows these skulls in a museum. This is equally as wierd as the last discovery. These skulls look exactly like the 1950's style split brain MARTIAN SKULLS from the movies. There is even one of a child's skull and it looks like a pumpkin. This is a trip for real. A few of the skulls look like the ancient Egyptian heads looked like with the headdresses on. Long and upward cone-shaped extending from the back of the head outwards. Kind of like the coneheads, but pushed back from the front. Here is the website address : <http://www.light1998.com/TASTE_TREAT.htm> .

Although the site has extremist christian overtones, I consider it a valueable source of info, since this person takes their research seriously. They have found and put together some interesting materials.

These pictures are very wierd. One might think that the Egyptians were shaping their skulls by using these headdresses, OR MAYBE they covered up the fact that they wer indeed a different race of beings, OR PERHAPS, let us not rule out the possibility, that the white man was a genetic experiment by some black scientists in Egypt some thousands of years ago, and that we are a genetically downgraded version of the original man, including the black, Egyptian and African men of today. This would explain a few things, but asks a whole bunch more questions. This is the belief held by the Black Supremicist Kalid Abdul Mohammed, a breakaway from the Louise Farrakhan people, who started the New Black Panther Party. He is, according to Anthony J.

Hilder, financed in part by the FORD FOUNDATION and Anthony believes he is part of the

"trigger" to cause race riots and race wars around the country. In his speeches at local churches, he advocates "killing the white men, killing the women, killing the babies, then digging them up and killing them again". He openly advocates an all-out race-war in this country. He preaches hate at it's core and has obvious training as a motivational speaker, of some sort. Some members of the black community have outright shunned him as a bad example of a speaker for black people, but others have embraced him, chanting and preaching at the church meetings "kill the women, kill the

children, kill them all". This can be witnessed on a video that was shot by Hilder when he confronted Mohammed for a debate in South Central Los Angeles a few years back. It may not be very interesting to some, but it is necessary to know that there are people and groups that are funded by the masons to advocate these things that they would like to use to crack down on our rights. Do you think Kalid has ever thought about that? Do you think he has considered the consequences? Do you think the black community can withstand the military presence on the streets shooting and killing them with all immunity? This is where Kalid is taking the "black community" wherever he goes. He is taking them into "hell" with him and his hatred for humanity, and he will be be taking the whole country along with him if he is supported. He has been involved in organizing the Million Youth March in New York, where riots broke out and police had to step in. This is only the beginning.....That brings me to Seattle.

Seattle, Washington. SEATTLE WASHINGTON!!!!!!! GOD BLESS THE INTERNET!!!!! One day soon, the whole world will know the truth about the United Nations, the World Bank, the IMF, and the fact that our Secretary of the Treasury is actually the U.S. Governor of the IMF.

WE have been indebted to these "International Bankers" for almost 70 years. Now, remember, in the bible it says all debts are to be forgiven every 7 years, 70 years, 700 years etc. In the year 2003, it will have been 70 years since the bankruptcy of the UNITED STATES

CORPORATION. Do you know where you're corporation will be in 2003? - With "Redemption"

we now have REMEDY!!!!

It has come out that there were unidentified chemical weapons used on the protesters in Seattle by the police. Many people came down sick, and it wasn't reported in the media at all. I do not have all the info. at the time of this writing, but, if the "chemtrails" are any indication of how far they are willing to go, then it wouldn't surprise me if they tried out some new form of population control on the protesters. That's one of the reasons why I don't go to protests. Not that I don't think people should, but I choose not to, for the most part. They know that everybody "there" is an emeny of their "NEW WORLD ORDER", so what's to stop them from spraying them all with a sterilization liquid, or a blinding agent, or flesh-eating strep, or something even worse??? Not much!!!

Our new dictator, George Bush Jr..... What will he and his oil businessmen friends come up with next? An energy crises? Fuel shortages, higher gas prices, higher electric rates? .... People say,

"that's because of deregulation and that happened years ago. It has nothing to do with George Bush..." - However, what they don't take into consideration, is that Clinton and Bush belong to the same European Bloodline, and work for the same international interests. So, if Prince Bernard, of the Netherlands, and Royal Dutch Petroleum want to "expand their interests" into Kuwait, or most recently in the congo, where over 2 million people have already been slaughtered to make way for U.S. and European oil interests. Coincidentally, there has been almost no reports of any of this in the U.S. media.

One more quick interesting topic I would like to bring people's attention to is the "Lilith" /

"Mailer Daemon" / 666 / Sandia Labs Connection. This is groundbreaking research going on here. The author isn't finished yet, and still learning. Basically, it goes like this. The government, Microsoft, Sandia Labs, NASA, etc. are coding the bible words and concepts into the overall computer designs. Words we use day to day are being used by secret societies to conjure up spells and create magic. Does this seem far out? When we program our computers are we really programming our subconscious? Everyone has probably noticed that the word "Daemon" is similar to "demon", right? You know, on your e-mail, where it says "mailer daemon"? Have you ever noticed this? In the bible it is quoted as saying "if anyone worships the beast and it's image, or receives a mark on his forehead or in his hand". I have not verified this but according to some scholars, the original Greek text says IT'S MARK, IT'S IMAGE - ETC. So does a Catholic Bible.

King James Version says HIS MARK. This may not seem to significant, but there is something else you may need to know about . Have you ever heard of "Information Technology"? (IT) --Acromania reads : IT - Information Technology . Pronounced as separate letters, IT refers to the broad subject of managing and processing information, especially within a large organization or company. Because computers are central to information management, computer departments within companies and universities are often called IT departments. Some companies refer to this department as IS (Information Services) or MIS (Management Information

Services). -- Here is a link that will verify this : <http://www5.zdnet.com/anchordesk/glossary/glossary_326.html> -

Now, this is just the beginning of what people have been calling the "BEAST" system of computers. They have termed the supercomputer in Brussels "The Beast" but now there are even greater supercomputers. Now there is something called "Lilith". Remember the wife of Adam? -

Not Eve, but "Lilith".

This is taken from the American Heritage dictionary : Magic "N. 1. The **art** that purports to control or forecast natural events, effects, or forces by **invoking** the supernatural. 2. a. The practice of using charms, spells, or rituals to attempt to produce supernatural effects or control events in nature. b. The charms, spells, and rituals so used. 3. The exercise of sleight of hand or conjuring for entertainment".

Now here is a description of "Lilith" from Louisville.edu : Lilith was created at the same time as Adam and is sometimes referred to as Adam's first wife (see Charles Pellegrino, The Return to Sodom and Gomorrah). She was very beautiful and had a very rebelious nature. It is disputed whether she was cast out of the Garden of Eden by God for some offense or whether she left Eden of her own accord. In one rather interesting story, Adam tried to force her to have sex in the male superior ("missionary position") favored by male dominated, patriarchal cultures, and she refused his domination, sneered at him, cursed him, and flew away (Barbara Walker, The Women's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets). At any rate, since she left Eden before Adam and Eve ate from the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and thus she possessed immortality. (That Bitch! - Just joking, of course)..... So that explains who Lilith is, for those that don't know. Here is some more, and notice when they talk about the Lilim : "Lilith is at least as old as the Bible, however, Lilith was expunged from the Christian Bible long ago. Lilith is said to be as old as the bible, because she is mentioned in the Mishna, a form of commentary on the Pentateuch. The Mishna was an oral tradition for much longer. Lilith, (also know as Lilit), was a relic of an early rabbinical attempt to assimilate to Jewish mythology. Hebraic tradition said Adam married Lilith but she would not submit to him and desired to be the one above when they had sex. Adam, not allowing this, she flew away to the Red Sea. God sent angels to bring Lilith back, but she refused to return. She supposedly mated with "demons" and gave birth to "a hundred children a day".

These offspring were the Lilim, Lamiae, Empusae or Succubae). -- Wow, that is pretty darn interesting, but the real interest hasn't even started yet. Please keep reading....The Greeks called the succubae the Lilim, Lamiae, Empusae, or Daughters of Hecate.

Next, this definition comes from "SYSTEMATIC" computing website : Definition of Hecate : HEKATE makes different computing applications act as one integrated system. Integration being the keyword of today's IT demands, Systematic has

developed a new message broker, HEKATE, by which you obtain an IT infrastructure that supports the business rules of the organisation.HEKATE provides the framework for integrating your IT systems and a unified system administration environment with no additional costs involved in maintaining or monitoring a new service or integration interface. Fully Integrated IT-infrastructure. HEKATE makes it possible to make a fully integrated IT-infrastructure, where all the company’s IT systems are connected. With HEKATE you can use the same technology to make A2A, B2B or B2C solutions.

Now you're probably wondering how this is all connected, right? Lilith is the "Key". This next section is from Harvard Education website : Lilith: Scalable Execution of User Code for Distributed Computing : D.A. Evensky, A.C. Gentile, L.J. Camp, and R.C. Armstrong, Sandia National Laboratories Livermore CA, USA, Acknowledgements : Abstract Lilith is a general purpose tool to provide highly scalable, easy distribution of user code across a heterogeneous computing

platform. Lilith's principal task is to span a heterogeneous tree of machines executing user-defined code in a scalable and secure

fashion. Lilith will be used for controlling user processes as well as general system administrative tasks. Lilith is written in Java,

taking advantage of Java's platform independence and intent to move code across networks. The design of Lilith provides

hooks for experimenting with tree-spanning algorithms and security schemes. We present the Lilith Object model, security

scheme, and implementation, and present timing results demonstrating Lilith's scalable behavior.

1. Introduction

Changes in high-performance computing have necessitated the ability to utilize and interrogate potentially many thousands of processors. The ASCI (Advanced Strategic Computing Initiative) program conducted by the United States Department of Energy, for example, envisions thousands of distinct operating systems connected by low-latency gigabit-per-second networks.

In addition, multiple systems of this kind will be linked via high-capacity networks with latencies as low as the speed of light will allow. Code which spans systems of this sort must be scalablei yet constructing such code whether for applications, debugging, or maintenance is an unsolved problem. Lilith is a research software platform that attempts to answer these questions with an end toward meeting these needs.

Lilith's principle task is to span a tree of machines executing user-defined code in a scalable and secure fashion (Figure 1).

Beginning from a single object, Lilith recursively links **host objects, LilithHosts**, on adjacent machines until the entire tree is occupied. The child host objects propagate down the tree code, Lilimiii, that performs user-designated functions on every machine. Although other uses for the system are envisioned, this is the mode of operation that is currently of most interest.

Presently, Lilith exists as a test-bed for various spanning algorithms and security schemes. The test-bed software has, and enforces, hooks allowing implementation and testing of various security schemes.

Now here is where it gets even more evil.....

Lilim are the Lilith objects that carry user code within them. They export well known interfaces which allow the user code to interact with the environment. The Lilim run as threads or autonomous processes under the LilithHost.

There are also several utility classes that will be used in implementation of the above. Within the OORPC mechanism, described in Section 4, there are classes that will be responsible for marshaling data to and from the client stub Object and the

server implementation Object. It is expected that this will eventually be generated by an IDL
compiler or, for the lowest levels,
be part of the library code. In our initial implementation, these are generated by hand. There will also be classes to implement
digital signatures and encryption.

3. The Lilith Security Model

There are two issues to be addressed in this section: the mechanism for distributed trust used in the Lilith prototype and the generic Lilith security approach.

The generic Lilith security approach is to allow each LilithHost to determine its own mechanisms for access control and authentication. In order to support this Lilith will provide two security mechanisms, MayI() and CanI(), as well as a library of useful functions.

The CanI() prevents information from inappropriately flowing out, while MayI() controls information coming in. MayI() is the discretionary **Legion** access control mechanism, which will be adopted in a modified form in Lilith. MayI() is a required method that Lilith objects must, at least trivially, define. When a method is invoked remotely, it will trigger a call to the remotes object's MayI(), which may reject the remote invocation. Lilith requires each **invocation** to run a Lilim on a LilithHost to check for access permission through invocation of MayI() in the LilithHost (Figure 3). If the Lilim is accepted to run on a LilithHost, then the mandatory protection of CanI() constrains the actions of the Lilim. LilithHost's CanI() is partially implemented by the Java security manager. The CanI() modification of the Java sandbox prevents Lilim from calling any method without first asking, Did you notice the words Lilim, Legion , and Invocation?

Here is the word "Invoke" defined from American Heritage Dictionary : "To call on a higher power for assistance, support or inspiration : "stretching out her hands she had the air of a greek woman who invoked a deity". 4. To summon with incantations, ot conjure. Now maybe some people are thinking that "Daemon" has nothing to do with demons. Or maybe the reader assumes Sandia doesn't know about the connection. Think again!!! Goto this link and read the bottom of the page where it says "1. Lilith is the mythological Mother of D(a)emons." This can be found at Sandia's website at <http://dancer.ca.sandia.gov/Lilith/intro.html> This stuff is what sci-fi-movies are made of. Someone should make a movie on this. IT'S REAL!!!!

Now after all that, please do not assume I believe the bible is divinely inspired. I don't. I believe it is Masonic Inspired, and therefore everything within it's pages will BE MADE TO come true.

If Jesus was truly the son of god, the who was god's wife? And who gave birth to her. Why didn't god have a girl, too, instead of only one begotten son. Why is there nothing written by Jesus himself? Where was god when his son was being put to death? And finally, if there is testimony as to what Jesus looked like, then why isn't there testimony as to what god looked like? Anyways, I am just having fun here, nothing too serious.

This info. can be found at this address : <http://www.light1998.com/index2.htm> . The original Greek text says IT'S MARK, IT'S. Then click here for the rest :

<http://www.light1998.com/EXPLANATION.htm>

I was in touch with a person who kept me informed about Israeli happenings and a man named Shaul Eisenberg. . He has been dead for a couple of years, but apparantly, he is one of the most under-reported, key, influential, political players of the 1980's and 90's. Much bigger than George Soros. This person claimed to known him personally and did some work for him. From what this person sent me, and my own research, verified that this person is worth looking into for conspiracy theorists and researchers. These e-mails are re-printed : Click Here!! <../shaul.html> Another topic I wanted to touch upon here was the railroads companies and their vast land holdings. According to the book "Pandora's Box", which I still believe is THE VERY BEST

BOOK OUT THERE, the railroad manufacturing companies, the railroad builder companies, were given vast land grants at the start of this country. This actually spanned the enire United States when laid out geographically. All of this land was then leased to people and corporations that we hear about today, like General Moters and General Electric, and the Vanderbilt

"Biltmore" estates etc. But what about the inherent POWER that lies in these companies and their owners that held the rights to all of this land? This book goes into the 99-year railroad leases and the time they were set to expire (1992-1999.) This means that at this time, the land reverts back to the original owners, the railroad manufacturing companies. But what has become of them today? There is a family mentioned in this book that emigrated here to America from France, and they were apparantly, the

bloodline that is referred to in "Holy Blood, Holy Grail", the ancient Merovingians bloodline. According to the book, this is the family that all of this land and these railroad companies belonged to. But where are they today , and what plans do they have in store for us in the near future? Remember the "Denver International Airport" story? This has made it's rounds on the internet conspiracy circles, but I want to say right here and now, that the first time this information appeared was in "Pandora's Box II". It was exposed by the writer "Alex Christopher" in these books. There are certain words which one may do a search for on the internet and come up with almost nothing at all. It is as if they have scanned the internet and piece by piece removed any reference to this family or their corporations or even the railroad companies from the 17 and 1800's. THIS IS REALLY GOING ON!!! They are removing certain information from the internet that pertains directly to this family and where they are at today. Just try doing a search for "Lancaster Cotton Mills", and see what you come up with. This is one od the MOST important companies in the history of the country. They owned everything else in this country. If you truly want to go down the conspiracy tunnel to find the white rabbit, then this is IT!!!!

Most people assume that the world has changed dramatically from where it once was two hundred years ago. People make all kinds of claims like "Bill Gates is worth more today than Rockefeller ever was in his lifetime etc...." -- "What about all the new wealth???...The Internet has made more millionaires than any other industrial revolution in history etc...". - Well all that might be true, but SO WHAT, if the land that everyone leases from is all owned by one family or corporation, and they can have their museums, courthouses, farmhouses, etc. all thrown off the land at the landowners request!!! Then where is Bill Gates? Out on the streets, that's where! So, it is "who has the gold, makes the rules, and who has the land, tells the guy who has the gold what to do, or he loses his land, and then maybe his gold too." --You will have to get the book if you want to know the name of this family and what they own and control today. The reason for this is the following : This is a heavy duty issue, and I am not going to lay blame or cast any shadow of condemnation on a particular individual or group without direct evidence. I believe this to be the family that controls the world, but that doesn't mean i'm right. This is where my research has led me. By my pointing my finger in their direction, I would be accusing them of something very bad and nasty. I hesitate to do that directly because I

think about the possibility that I do not understand things entirely or as much as I need to in order to make that kind of judgement. It is alot to assume that a particular family has survived since the fall of Jerusalem by Rome in 70 A.D., and that they currently control all the land and corporations in America, but this is where my research has led me, and that is all I can say for now, for certain. I have alot of information that I do not release as well as info. that I discuss and release for the "public". I have more reason than ever to believe that they are still around today. I am not sure though that these are the people responsible for all of the rotten things going on in the world, although it would appear that they would have their hands in it. I liken it to a corporation created for one purpose, a good one possibly, that builds machines, say.

But the owner goes away and leaves his corporation to his employees and trustees. He passes away, and his children come to the company one day and realize that his fathers dreams have been destroyed. The company that his father built to create machines to save us time and trouble is now being used to create machines that kill people instead. You see, the family involved here, did not stay involved in the corporation (America) after it was set up and given to them for the future king of Jerusalem. It was embezzled (stolen) from them along the way by another family from the civil war era, who you will also find NO MENTION of on the internet. So, now in the year 2001, the original family has been in court attempting to get their possessions back from the family that embezzled everything from them. I believe they have accomplished this task at this time. There is alot more, but unless my life becomes in danger, it will not be further discussed on this website for now. There is more than enough info. here for anyone to do their own investigating. And then you may come to your own conclusions.

And lastly, I wanted to touch up on my current beliefs on extraterrestrials. Do reptilian aliens really exist or not? Are they controlling humanity and eating us on the side? I don't know yet, but I have some really strange thoughts about it all. Like maybe we created them, and they just don't want us to know it. Maybe they were our pets at one time? Maybe we were their's and we got a clue? Maybe we started out as a race of superbeings in Atlantis, did genetic experiments to create dinosaurs, reptilians and other "pets" for our amusement, and they got out of control. Maybe they made us, and the dinosaurs to keep us under control, and we

got loose, and killed all their dinosaurs. Or maybe it all has to do with sex. Yeah, that's it, probably. The reptilians were really us, seeking sexual pleasure so we created earth women to have sex with and have lusty evening spaced-out encounters with, then we found out that we weren't attractive enough for them to fall in love with, so we changed our genetic DNA to make them feel more comfortable having sex with us, so now we have totally lost our concept of space travel, time cycles, our inner personal spiritual nature, and what we want out of life. Sounds like the typical man falls for woman, loses everything, trip.

But on a more serious note : David Icke has gone to Africa to interview a shaman from the Zulu tribe who has had many encounters with these "reptilians" and even claims to have eaten them on occasion. This guy must be one bad-ass motherf****er. I wouldn't want to mess with him. I haven't seen the video yet, but I will be ordering it soon enough. It is a two video set, and sounds very interesting. I don't know what I think yet, of David Icke, though. Jordan Maxwell claims Icke stole alot of material from him and never even thanked him. I wouldn't doubt it, but I don't want to cast blame without more evidence. Jordan claims to have started Icke on the whole reptilian agenda research. This I would believe though. Icke has done some very good research, however, he has shot up his own credibility as well by saying some truly outrageous things without having very much physical evidence. He appears to be a good-natured person, with a good sense of humor, which I can appreciate, but I have learned that saying and printing things is something you have to be responsible for. I don't know if Icke has any concept of this or not. But then again, I haven't read a complete book by him yet, so who am I to say?

I would love to have an encounter with one of these beings, good or bad. Hopefully, I would have some bud on me at the time...and a pipe.

"till next time"

THE SIGNS BEFORE THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT

IBN KATHIR

THE SIGNS BEFORE THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT

Author: Al-Haafidh Ibn Katheer Hadeeth
Checking: Abu Talhah Daawood Burbank

Ayaat and Ahaadeeth about the Hour

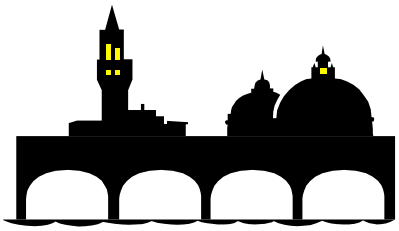

"My Lord! Increase me in knowledge!" - Qur'an 20:114"

Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) said:
"They ask you (O Muhammad sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) about the Hour, - when will be its appointed time? You have no knowledge to say anything about it, To your Lord belongs (the knowledge of) the term thereof? You (O Muhammad sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) are only a warner for those who fear it, The Day they see it, (it will be) as if they had not tarried (in this world) except an afternoon or a morning." [An-Nazi'aat (79):42-46]

"They ask you about the Hour (Day of Resurrection): 'When will be its appointed time?' Say: 'The knowledge thereof is with my Lord (Alone). None can reveal its time but He. Heavy is its burden through the heavens and the earth. It shall not come upon you except all of a sudden.' They ask you as if you have a good knowledge of it. Say: 'The knowledge thereof is with Allaah (Alone) but most of mankind know not.'" [Al-A'raaf (7):187]

There are many Ayaat and Ahaadeeth concerning this subject: Allaah said:
"The Hour has drawn near, and the moon has been cleft asunder." [Al-Qamar (54):1]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, whilst pointing with his index and middle fingers,
"The time of my advent and the Hour are like these two fingers." [1]
In another report he said,
"The Hour almost came before me."

This indicates how close we are, relatively speaking, to the Hour.
Allaah said:
"Draws near for mankind their reckoning, while they turn away in heedlessness." [Al-Anbiyaa' (21):1]
"The Event (the Hour or the punishment of disbelievers and polytheists or the Islaamic laws or commandments), ordained by Allaah will come to pass, so seek not to hasten it. Glorified and Exalted be He above all that they associate as partners with Him." [An-Nahl (16):1]

"Those who believe not therein seek to hasten it, while those who believe are fearful of it, and know that it is the very truth. Verily, those who dispute concerning the Hour are certainly in error far away." [Ash-Shooraa (42):18]
In Saheeh al-Bukhaaree, there is a Hadeeth which states that a Bedouin asked the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) about the Hour.

He (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"It will surely come to pass. What have you prepared for it?" The man said, "O Messenger of Allaah, I have not prepared much in the way of prayer and good works, but I love Allaah and His Messenger." The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "You will be with those you love." The Muslims had never rejoiced as much they did when they heard this Hadeeth. [2]
Some Ahaadeeth report that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was asked about the Hour. He looked towards a young boy and said, "If he lives, he will not grow very old before he sees your Last Hour coming to you." [3]

By this he meant their death and entering the Hereafter, because everyone who dies enters the Hereafter; some people say that when a person has died, his judgment has begun. This Hadeeth with this meaning is "correct" (Saheeh).
Some heretics comment on this Hadeeth and give it an incorrect meaning. The exact timing of the Great Hour (as-Saa'at al-'Uzmaa) is something which Allaah alone knows and which He has not revealed to anyone, as is clear from the Hadeeth in which the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:
"There are five things which nobody knows except Allaah;" then he recited, "Verily, Allaah! With Him (Alone) is the knowledge of the Hour, He sends down the rain, and knows that which is in the wombs. No person knows what he will earn tomorrow, and no person knows in what land he will die. Verily, Allaah is All Knower, All Aware (of things)."" [Luqman (31):34] [4]
When Gabriel (Jibreel) (alayhi-salaam) came to the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) in the guise of a Bedouin, he asked him about Islaam, Eemaan (faith) and Ihsaan (excellence of faith); and the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) answered his questions. But when he asked him about the Hour, he said,

"The one questioned about it knows no better than the questioner." Jibreel said, "Tell me about its signs." Then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) described them, as we shall see later when we quote this Hadeeth and others in full.
Hudhayfah said:
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) stood up one day to speak to us, and told us everything that was going to happen until the Hour, and left nothing unsaid. Some of the listeners learnt it by heart, and some forgot it; these friends of mine learnt it. I do not remember it completely, but sometimes it springs to mind, just as one might remember and recognise the face of a man whom one had forgotten, when one sees him." [Abu Daawood, Muslim] [5]
Imaam Ahmad reported via Abu Nudrah that Abu Sa'eed said:
"One day the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) led us in praying the afternoon prayer (Salaat al-'Asr). Then he stood and addressed us until sunset. He mentioned everything that was to happen until the Day of Resurrection, and left nothing unsaid. Some of us remembered it, and some of us forgot it. One of the things he said was:
'O people, this world is full of attractive temptations. Allaah has appointed you as vicegerents (Khaleefah) in this world, and He will see how you will act. So guard yourselves against the temptations of this world and of women.'
Towards the end of this speech, he said,
'The sun is about to set, and what remains of this world, compared to what has passed, is like what remains of this day compared to what has passed.' [6]"
'Alee ibn Zayd ibn Jad'an al-Timi narrated some Gharib and Munkar Ahaadeeth - which could bring into question the validity of this Hadeeth. But there are some reports which are similar to this Hadeeth, and which were transmitted with different isnaads. Part of this Hadeeth is in Saheeh Muslim, through Abu Nudrah on the authority of Abu Sa'eed. This Hadeeth refers to something which is beyond any doubt: what remains of this world, compared to what has passed, is very little. In spite of that, no-one can know exactly how much time is left except Allaah, and no-one can know exactly how much time has passed, except Allaah.

Footnotes
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab at-Tafsir, commentary on Surat an-Nazi'aat, 6/206.
[2] A similar Hadeeth was narrated by Bukhaaree in Kitaab al-Adab.
[3] See Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Adab; Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat

al-Sa'ah.
[4] Bukhaaree, Kitaab at-Tafsir, commentary on Luqman 31:34. A longer Hadeeth is narrated by Muslim in Kitaab al-Eemaan.
[5] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraaat al-Sa'ah; Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Fitan wa'l-Malahim.
[6] The whole speech is narrated by Imaam Ahmad in his Musnad, 2/61. Checker's Note: Da`eef, al-Musnad (3/61) [or 2/61 as stated in the book??], at-Tirmidhee and al-Hakim (4/505). Da`eef due to `Alee ibn Zayd ibn Jad'an. al-Mishkat: 5145 of al-Albaanee. Parts of the complete speech are authentic, see Ibn Kathir's comments.
General Description of the Fitan (Tribulations)
Hudhayfah ibn al-Yaman said,
"People used to ask the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) about good things, but I used to ask him about bad things because I was afraid that they might overtake me. I said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, we were lost in ignorance (Jahiliyyah) and evil, then Allaah brought this good (i.e. Islaam). Will some evil come after this good thing?' He said, 'Yes' I asked, 'And will some good come after that evil?' He said, 'Yes, but it will be tainted with some evil' I asked, 'How will it be tainted?' He said, 'There will be some people who will lead others on a path different from mine. You will see good and bad in them." I asked, 'Will some evil come after that good?' He said, 'Some people will be standing and calling at the gates of Hell; whoever responds to their call, they will throw him into the Fire.' I said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, describe them for us.' He said, 'They will be from our own people, and will speak our language.' I asked, 'What do you advise me to do if I should live to see that?' He said, 'Stick to the main body (jamaa'ah) of the Muslims and their leader (Imaam). I asked, What if there isno main body and no leader?' He said 'Isolate yourself from all of these sects, even if you have to eat the roots of trees until death overcomes you while you are in that state.' [1]"
'Abd Allaah ibn Mas'ood said:
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Islaam began as something strange, and it will revert to being strange as it was in the beginning, so good tidings for the strangers.' Someone asked, 'Who are the strangers?' He said, 'The ones who break away from their people (literally, 'tribes') for the sake of Islaam.'" This Hadeeth was narrated by Ibn Majah on the authority of Anas and Abu Hurairah. [2]

Footnotes
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/65.

[2] Muslim, Kitaab al-Eemaan, 1/90: Ibn Majah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 3988), 2/1320.

Divisions Within the Main Religious Groups

Abu Hurairah reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:

"The Jews have split into seventy-one sects, and my Ummah will divide into seventy-three." [1]

'Awf ibn Malik reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:

"The Jews split into seventy-one sects: one will enter Paradise and seventy will enter Hell. The Christians split into seventy-two sects: seventy-one will enter Hell and one will enter Paradise. By Him in Whose hand is my soul, my Ummah will split into seventy-three sects: one will enter Paradise and seventy-two will enter Hell." Someone asked, "O Messenger of Allaah, who will they be?" He replied, "The main body of the Muslims (al-Jamaa'ah)."

'Awf ibn Malik is the only one who reported this Hadeeth, and its isnaad is acceptable. [2]

Anas ibn Malik said,

"I shall tell you a Hadeeth which I heard from the Messenger of Allaah, and which no-one will tell you after me. I heard him say, 'Among the signs of the Hour will be the disappearance of knowledge and the appearance of ignorance. Adultery will be prevalent and the drinking of wine will be common. The number of men will decrease and the number of women will increase until there will be fifty women to be looked after by one man.'" This Hadeeth was reported in the two Saheehs from the Hadeeth of 'Abd Rabbihi. [3]

'Abd Allaah said,

"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Just before the Hour, there will be days in which knowledge will disappear and ignorance will appear, and there will be much killing.' " [Ibn Maajah; also narrated by Bukhaaree and Muslim, from the Hadeeth of al-A'mash] [4]

Hudhayfah ibn al-Yaman said,

"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Islaam will become worn out like clothes are, until there will be no-one who knows what fasting, prayer, charity and rituals are. The Qur'aan will disappear in one night, and no Ayah will be left on earth. Some groups of old people will be left who will say, 'We heard our fathers saying La ilaha illa Allaah, so we repeated it.' Silah asked Hudhayfah, "What will saying La ilaha illa Allaah do for them when they do not know what prayer, fasting, ritual and charity

are?" Hudhayfah ignored him; then Silah repeated his question three times, and each time Hudayfah ignored him. Finally he answered, "O Silah, it will save them from Hell", and said it three times. [Ibn Maajah] [5] This indicates that in the last days, knowledge will be taken from the people, and even the Qur'aan will disappear from the Mushafs and from people's hearts. People will be left without knowledge. Only the old people will tell them that they used to hear people saying La ilaha illa Allaah; and they will repeat it to feel close to Allaah, so it will give them some blessing, even if they do not have any good deeds or beneficial knowledge. Knowledge will be taken away from men and ignorance will increase during the last days, and their ignorance and misguidance will increase until the end, as in the Hadeeth of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam):
"The Hour will not come upon anyone who says, 'Allaah, Allaah'; it will only come upon the most evil of men." [6]

Footnotes
[1] Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 3991), 2/1321.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh Ibn Maajah: 3225
[2] Abu Daawood, Kitaab as-Sunnah, (Hadeeth 4572, 4573), 12/1340-2.
"The main body of the Muslims (al-Jamaa'ah)" means the people of the Qur'aan, Hadeeth, Fiqh and other sciences, who have agreed to follow the Traditions of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) in all circumstances without introducing any changes or imposing their own confused ideas.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 1082, the narration of `Awf ibn Malik is also reported by Ibn Maajah (no. 4992), Ibn Abee `Asim in as-Sunnah (no. 63) and al-Lalikai in Sharh us-Sunnah (no. 1492).
[3] A similar Hadeeth was narated by al-Bukhaaree in Kitaab al-'Ilm, 1/30,31; and by Muslim.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, al-Bukhari and Muslim.
[4] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/61; Msulim, Kitaab al-'Ilm, 8/58.
[5] Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 87.
[6]The first part of it was related by Muslim in Kitab al-Eemaan, 1/91, and the second part in Kitab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Sa'ah, 8/208.
The Evils Which Will Befall the Muslim Ummah During The Last Days
'Abd Allaah ibn 'Umar said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) came to us and said, 'O Muhaajiroon, (emigrants from Makkah to al-Madinah) you may be

afflicted by five things; God forbid that you should live to see them. If fornication should become widespread, you should realise that this has never happened without new diseases befalling the people which their forebears never suffered. If people should begin to cheat in weighing out goods, you should realise that this has never happened without drought and famine befalling the people, and their rulers oppressing them. If people should withhold Zakaat, you should realise that this has never happened without the rain being stopped from falling; and were it not for the animals' sake, it would never rain again. If people should break their covenant with Allaah and His Messenger, you should realise that his has never happened without Allaah sending an enemy against them to take some of their possessions by force. If the leaders do not govern according to the Book of Allaah, you should realise that this has never happened without Allaah making them into groups and making them fight one another.'" [Ibn Maajah] [1]
'Alee ibn Abee Taalib said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said: 'If my Ummah bears fifteen traits, tribulation will befall it.' Someone asked, 'What are they, O Messenger of Allaah?' He said, 'When any gain is shared out only among the rich, with no benefit to the poor; when a trust becomes a means of making a profit; when paying Zakaat becomes a burden; when a man obeys his wife and disobeys his mother; and treats his friend kindly whilst shunning his father; when voices are raised in the mosques; when the leader of a people is the worst of them; when people treat a man with respect because they fear some evil he may do; when much wine is drunk; when men wear silk; when female singers and musical instruments become popular; when the last ones of this Ummah curse the first ones - then let them expect a red wind, or the earth to swallow them, or to be transformed into animals.'" [Tirmidhee] [2]
'Alee ibn Abee Taalib said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) led us in praying Salaat al-Fajr (the morning prayer). When he had finished, a man called to him: 'When will the Hour be? The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) reprimanded him and said 'Be quiet!' After a while he raised his eyes to the sky and said, 'Glorified be the One Who raised it and is taking care of it.' Then he lowered his gaze to the earth and said, 'Glory be to the One Who has outspread it and has created it.' Then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Where is the one who asked me about the Hour?' The man knelt down and said, 'I asked you.' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will come when leaders are

oppressors, when people believe in the stars and reject al-Qadar (the Divine Decree of destiny) when a trust becomes a way of making a profit, when people give to charity (Sadaqah) reluctantly, when adultery becomes widespread - when this happens, then your people will perish.'" [3]
'Imran ibn Husayn said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Some people of this Ummah will be swallowed up by the earth, some will be transformed into animals, and some will be bombarded with stones.' One of the Muslims asked, 'When will that be, O Messenger of Allaah?' He said, 'When singers and musical instruments will become popular, and much wine will be drunk.'"[4]

Footnotes
[1] Narrated by Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 4019), 2/1332.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 106-107.
[2] Tirmidhee, Abwaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 308), 6/4620-458.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Da`eef al-Jami as-Sagheer: 608.
[3] al-Haythami, Kitaab al-Fitan.
Checker's Note: al-Haythami, says, "al-Bazzar reports it and it contains narrators I do not know." We do not know the status of the hadeeth as no muhaddith (as far as we know) has given a definite verdict.
[4] Narrated by at-Tirmidhee.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1604.
The Greater Signs of the Hour
After the lesser signs of the Hour appear and increase, mankind will have reached a stage of great suffering. Then the awaited Mahdee will appear; he is the first of the greater, and clear, signs of the Hour. There will be no doubt about his existence, but this will only be clear to the knowledgeable people. The Mahdee will rule until the False Messiah (al-Maseeh ad-Dajjaal) appears, who will spread oppression and corruption. The only ones who will know him well and avoid his evil will be those who have great knowledge and Eemaan (faith).
The false Messiah will remain for a while, destroying mankind completely, and the earth will witness the greatest Fitnah (tribulation) in its history. Then the Messiah Jesus (alayhi salam) will descend, bringing justice from heaven. He will kill the Dajjaal, and there will be years of safety and security.
Then the appearance of Ya'jooj and Ma'jooj (Gog and Magog) will take mankind by surprise, and corruption will overtake them again. In answer

to Jesus' faithful prayer to Allaah (subhanahu wa ta'aala), they will die, and safety, security, justice and stability will return.
This state of affairs will continue for some years, until the death of Jesus.
The Ulamaa differ concerning the order in which the other greater signs of the Hour will come about. They are:

- The destruction of the Ka'bah and the recovery of its treasure.
- The rising of the sun from the west.
- The emergence of the Beast from the earth.
- The smoke.
- A wind will take the souls of the believers.
- The Qur'aan will be taken up into heaven.
- A fire will drive the people to their last gathering place.
- The Trumpet will be sounded: at the first sound everyone will feel terror; at the second sound all will be struck down; at the last sound all will be resurrected.

The Mahdee
The Mahdee will come at the end of time; he is one of the Rightly-Guided Caliphs and Imaams. He is not the Mahdee who is expected by the Shee'ah, who they claim will appear from a tunnel in Saamarraa. This claim of theirs has no basis in reality nor in any reliable source. They allege that his name is Muhammad ibn al-Hasan ibn al-Askaree, and that he went into the tunnel when he was five years old.
The matter we intend to discuss has been proven by Ahaadeeth narrated from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam): that the Mahdee will appear at the end of time. I believe that he will appear before Jesus the son of Mary comes down, as the Ahaadeeth indicate.
Hajjaaj said that he heard Alee say,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "Even if there were only one day left for the world, Allaah would send a man from among us to fill the world with justice, just as it had been filled with oppression and justice." [Ahmad] [1]
Alee said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "The Mahdee is one of us, from among the people of my household. In one night Allaah will inspire him and prepare him to carry out his task successfully." [Ahmad and Ibn Maajah] [2]
Alee said, whilst looking at his son al-Hasan,
This son of mine is a Sayyid (master), as the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) named him. Among his descendants there will be man named after your Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam). He will resemble him

in behaviour but not in looks. Then he told them the report which mentions that the earth will be filled with justice. [Abu Daawood] [3]
Abu Daawood devoted a chapter of his Sunan to the subject of the Mahdee. At the beginning of this chapter he quoted the Hadeeth of Jaabir ibn Samrah, in which the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "This religion will remain steadfast until twelve caliphs have ruled over you." (According to another report he said, "This religion will remain strong until twelve caliphs have ruled over you.") Jaabir said, "The people cheered and shouted Allaahu Akbar! Then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) whispered something. I asked my father 'What did he say?' My father said, 'He said, All ofthem will be from Quraysh.'" Another report says that when the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) returned to his house, Quraysh came to him and asked, "What will happen after that?" He said, "Then there will be tribulation and killing." [4]
Abu Daawood reported a Hadeeth from Abd Allaah ibn Masood:
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "If there were only one day left for the world, that day would be lengthened until a man from among my descendants or from among the people of my household, was sent; his name will be the same as my name, and his fathers name will be the same as my fathers name. He will fill the earth with justice and fairness, just as it will have been filled with injustice and oppression. The world will not end until a man of my household, whose name is the same as mine, holds sway." [5]
Abd Allaah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'A man from my household, whose name is like mine, will take power.'" [Tirmidhee] [6]
In another report, from Abu Hurairah, the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"If there were only one day left for this world, Allaah would lengthen it until he took power." [7]
Aboo Sa'eed said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Mahdee will be one of my descendants; he will have a high forehead and a hooked nose. He will fill the earth with justice and fairness just as it was filled with injustice and oppression, and he will rule for seven years.'" [Abu Daawood] [8]
Umm Salamah said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say,'The Mahdee will be one of my descendants, from the children of Faatimah.'" [Abu Daawood] [9]

Umm Salamah reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"People will begin to differ after the death of a Khaleefah. A man from the people of Madinah will flee to Makkah. Some of the people of Makkah will come to him and drag him out against his will; they will swear allegiance to him between al-Rukn and al-Maqam. An army will be sent against him from Syria; it will be swallowed up in the desert between Makkah and Madinah. When the people see this, groups of people from Syria and Iraq will come and swear allegiance to him. Then a man from Quraysh whose mother is from Kalb will appear and send an army against them, and will defeat them; this will be known as the Battle of Kalb. Whoever does not witness the spoils of this battle will miss much! The Mahdee will distribute the wealth, and will rule the people according to the Sunnah of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam). Then he will die, and the Muslims will pray for him." [Abu Daawood] [10]
Alee said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'A man named al-Haarith ibn Hirath will come from Transoxania. His army will be led by a man named Mansoor. He will pave the way for and establish the government of the family of Muhammad, just as Quraysh established the government of the Messenger of Allaah. Every believer will be obliged to support him.'" [Abu Daawood] [11]
Abd Allaah ibn al-Haarith ibn Juz' al-Zubaydee said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'A people will come out of the East who will pave the way for the Mahdee.'" [Ibn Maajah] [12]
Abd Allaah said,
"Whilst we were with the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam), some young men from Banu Hashim approached us. When the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) saw them, his eyes filled with tears and the colour of his face changed. I said, 'We can see something has changed in your face, and it upsets us.' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'We are the people of a Household for whom Allaah has chosen the Hereafter rather than this world. The people of my Household (Ahl al-Bayt) will suffer a great deal after my death, and will be persecuted until a people carrying black banners will come out of the east. They will instruct the people to do good, but the people will refuse; they will fight until they are victorious, and the people do as they asked, but they will not accept it from them until they hand over power to a man from my household. Then the earth will be filled with fairness, just as it had been filled with injustice. If any of you live to see this, you should go

to him even if you have to crawl across ice.'" [13]
This text refers to the rule of the Abbasids, as we have mentioned above in the text referring to the beginningof their rule in 132 AH. It also indicates that the Mahdee will appear after the Abbasids, and that he will be one of the Ahl al-Bayt, a descendant of Faatimah, the daughter of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam), through Hasan, not Husayn, as mentioned in the Hadeeth from Alee ibn Abee Taalib; and Allaah knows best. [14]
Thwaban said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,'Three men will be killed at the place where your treasure is. Each of them will be the son of a Khaleefah, and none of them will get hold of the treasure. Then the black banners will come out of the East, and they will slaughter you in a way which has never been seen before.' Then he said something which I do not remember; then, 'If you see him, go and give him your allegiance, even if you have to crawl over ice, because he is the Khaleefah of Allaah, the Mahdee.'" [Ibn Maajah] [15]
The treasure referred to in this text is the treasure of the Ka'bah. Towards the end of time, three of the sons of the Khaleefahs will fight to get hold of it, until the Mahdee appears. He will appear from the East, not from the tunnel of Saamarraa, as the Shee'ah claim; they believe that he is in this tunnel now, and they are waiting for him to emerge at the end of time. There is no evidence for it in any book or Saheeh tradition, and there is no benefit in believing this.
The truth of the matter is that the Mahdee whose coming is promised at the end of time will appear from the East,and people will swear allegiance to him at the Ka'bah, as some Ahaadeeth indicate.
At the time of the Mahdee, there will be peace and prosperity, with abundant crops and wealth, strong rulers, and Islaam will be well-established.
Aboo Sa'eed said,
"By Allaah every ruler we have had has been worse than the previous one, and every year has been worse than the year before, but I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'Among your rulers will be one who will give out wealth freely, without counting it. A man will come and ask him for money, and he will say, "Take"; the man will spread his cloak out and the ruler will pour money into it.' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) spread out a thick cloak he had been wearing, to demonstrate the mans actions; then he gathered it up by its corners and said, 'Then the man will take it and leave.'" [Ahmad] [16]

Footnotes
[1] Ahmad, al-Musnad; similar Hadeeth in Abu Daawood, Kitaab Awwal al-Mahdee.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Ahmad and Abu Daud, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 5305.
[2] Ahmad, al-Musnad and Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan.
Checker's Note: Saheeh Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 6735. It has been mistranslated slightly, it should be "In one night, Allaah will prepare him," the mention of inspiration and the carrying out of the task is explanatory.
[3] See Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Mahdee.
Checker's Note: Da`eef Munqati' (chain of narration is broken), al-Mishkat, 1st checking: 5462.
[4] Checker's Note: "... returned to his house" is a da`eef addition. The rest of the hadeeth is saheeh.
[5] See Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Mahdee.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh Abee Daawood: 3601.
[6] Checker's Note: "A man from my household ..." Hasan, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 8160.
[7] at-Tirmidhee, in his chapters dealing with al-Fitan.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh at-Tirmidhee: 1819.
[8] Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Mahdee.
Checker's Note: Hasan, Saheeh Abee Daawood: 3604. Translation states, "... a hooked nose." Correct translation is "... an aquiline nose."
[9] Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Mahdee.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh Abee Daawood: 3603.
[10] Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Mahdee.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, al-Mishkat, 1st checking: 5456.
[11] Checker's Note: Da`eef, Da`eef al-Jami as-Sagheer: 6418.
[12] Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 3088).
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Silsilatul Ahaadieeh ad-Da`eefah: 4826.
[13] Ibn Maajah, ibid., (Hadeeth 4082).
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Da`eef Ibn Maajah: 886.
[14] See Ahaadeeth above. (Ref. 1, 2 & 3)
Checker's Note: Footnote refers to hadeeth no. 3.
[15] Narrated by Ibn Maajah, op. cit., Hadeeth 4084.
Checker's Note: Da`eef Munkar (the isnaad is weak and moreover the meaning is wrong). In this case, the mention of "Khaleefah of Allaah" is munkar because Allaah cannot have a successor or vicegerent in His absence, Silsilatul Ahaadeeth ad-Da`eefah: 85.

[16] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/98.
Checker's Note: Da`eef. Its isnaad contains Mujahid ibn Sa'eed
Different Kinds of Fitan (Tribulations)
Zaynab bint Jahsh said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) got up from his sleep; his face was flushed and he said, 'There is no god but Allaah. Woe to the Arabs, for a great evil which is nearly approaching them. Today a gap has been made in the wall of Gog and Magog like this (Sufyan illustrated this by forming the number of 90 or 100 with his fingers).' Someone asked, 'Shall we be destroyed even though there are righteous people among us?' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Yes, if evil increases.'" [Bukhaaree] [1]
Umm Salamah, the wife of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"One night the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) got up and said, 'SubhanAllaah! How many tribulations have come down tonight, and how many treasures have been disclosed! Go and wake the dwellers of these apartments (i.e. his wives) for prayer. A well-dressed soul in this world may be naked in the Hereafter.'" [Bukhaaree] [2]
Usamah ibn Zayd said,
"Once the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) stood over one of the battlements of al-Madinah and asked the people, 'Do you see what I see?' They said, 'No.' He said, 'I see afflictions falling upon your houses as rain drops fall.'" [Bukhaaree and Muslim] [3]
Abu Hurairah (radiallahu anhu) said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Time will pass rapidly, knowledge will decrease, miserliness will become widespread in peoples hearts, afflictions will appear, and there will be much Harj.' The people asked, 'O Messenger of Allaah, what is Harj?' He said, 'Killing, killing!'" [Bukhaaree] [4]
Al-Zubayr ibn Adee narrated,
"We went to Anas ibn Malik and complained about the wrong we were suffering at the hands of al-Hajjaaj. Anas ibn Malik said, 'Be patient, "For no time will come but that the time following it will be worse, until you meet your Lord." I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say that.'" [Bukhaaree]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There will come a time of afflictions when one who sits will be better than one who stands; one who stands will be better than one who walks; and one who walks

will be better than one who runs. Whoever exposes himself to these afflictions, they will destroy him. So whoever can find a place of protection or refuge from them, should take shelter in it.'" [Bukhaaree and Muslim] [5]
Hudhayfah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) told us two Hadeeth, one of which I have seen fulfilled, and I am waiting for the fulfilment of the other. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) told us that honesty came down into mens hearts (from Allaah); then they learnt it from the Qur'aan, and then from the Sunnah. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) told us that honesty would be taken away. He said, 'Man will be overtaken by sleep, during which honesty will be taken away from his heart, and only its trace will remain, like traces of a dark spot. Then man will be overtaken by slumber again, during which honesty will decrease still further, until its trace will resemble a blister such as is caused when an ember is dropped onto ones foot: it swells, but there is nothing inside. People will be carrying on with their trade, but there will hardly be any trustworthy persons. People will say, There is an honest man in such-and-such a tribe. Later they will say about some man, What a wise, polite and strong man he is! - although he will not have faith even the size of a mustard-seed in his heart.' Indeed, there came a time when I did not mind dealing with any one of you, for if he were a Muslim his Islaam would compel him to pay whatever he owed me, and if he were a Christian, the Muslim official would compel him to pay it. But now I do not deal with anyone except so-and-so and so-and-so." [Bukhaaree] [6]
Ibn Umar said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) stood beside the pulpit, facing the east, and said, 'Afflictions will verily emerge from here, where the top of Satans head will appear.'" [Bukhaaree] [7]
Abu Hurairah said that he had heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say,
"The Hour will not come until a man passes by someone's grave and says, 'Would that I were in his place!'" [Bukhaaree] [8]
Abu Hurairah said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'The Hour will not come until the buttocks of the women of Daws move whist going around Dhoo l-Khalasah.'" Dhoo l-Khalasah was an idol worshipped by the tribe of Daws during the Jaahiliyyah. [Hadeeth from Bukhaaree] [9]
Abu Hurairah also said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Euphrates will

disclose a golden treasure. Whoever is present at that time should not take anything of it.'" [10]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come before the Euphrates uncovers a mountain of gold, for which people will fight. Ninety-nine out of every hundred will die, but every one among them will say that perhaps he will be the one who will survive (and thus possess the gold).'" [Muslim] [11]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam)said, 'The Hour will not come until the following events have come to pass: two large groups will fight the another, and there will be many casualties; they will both be following the same religious teaching. Nearly thirty Dajjaals will appear, each of them falsely claiming to be a Messenger from Allaah. Knowledge will disappear, earthquakes will increase, time will pass quickly, afflictions will appear, and Harj (ie killing) will increase. Wealth will increase, so that a wealthy man will worry lest no-one accept his Zakaat, and when he offers it to anyone, that person will say, "I am not in need of it." People will compete in constructing high buildings. When a man passes by someones grave, he will say, "Would that I were in his place!" The sun will rise from the west; when it rises and the people see it, they will believe, but,
"No good will it do to a soul to believe in them then, if it believed not before nor earned righteousness through its faith..." [Al-An'aam (6):158]
"The Hour will come suddenly: when a man has milked his she-camel and taken away the milk, but he will not have time to drink it; before a man repairing a tank for his livestock will be able to put water in it for his animals; and before a man who has raised a morsel of food to his mouth will be able to eat it." [Bukhaaree] [12]
Hudhayfah ibn al-Yaman said,
"Of all the people, I know most about every tribulation which is going to happen between now and the Hour. This is not because the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) told me something in confidence which he did not tell anyone else; it is because I was present among a group of people to whom he spoke about the tribulations (al-Fitan). The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) mentioned three tribulations which would hardly spare anybody, and some which would be like storms in summer; some would be great and some would be small. Everyone who was present at that gathering has passed away, except me." [Muslim] [13]
Abu Hurairah said,

"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, "If you live for a while, you will see people go out under the wrath of Allaah and come back under His curse, and they will have in their hands whips like the tail of an ox.'" [Ahmad, Muslim] [14]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There are two types among the people of Hell whom I have not yet seen. The first are people who have whips like the tails of oxen, with which they beat people, and the second are women who are naked in spite of being dressed; they will be led astray and will lead others astray, and their heads will look like camels humps. These women will not enter Paradise; they will not even experience the faintest scent of it, even though the fragrance of Paradise can be perceived from such a great distance.'" [15]
Anas ibn Malik said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was asked, 'O Messenger of Allaah, (what will happen) when we stop enjoining good and forbidding evil?' He said, 'When what happened to the Israelites happens among you: when fornication becomes widespread among your leaders, knowledge is in the hands of the lowest of you, and power passes into the hands of the least of you.'" [Ibn Maajah] [16]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Woe to the Arabs from the great evil which is nearly approaching them: it will be like patches of dark night. A man will wake up as a believer, and be a kafir (unbeliever) by nightfall. People will sell their religion for a small amount of worldly goods. The one who clings to his religion on that day will be as one who is grasping an ember - or thorns.'" [Ahmad] [17]
Abu Hurairah said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) saying to Thawbaan, 'O Thawban, what will you do when the nations call one another to invade you as people call one another to come and eat from one bowl?' Thawbaan said, 'May my father and my mother be sacrificed for you, O Messenger of Allaah! Is it because we are so few?' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'No, on that day you (Muslims) will be many, but Allaah will put weakness (wahn) in your hearts.' The people asked, 'What is that weakness, O Messenger of Allaah?' He said, 'It is love for this world and dislike of fighting.'" [Ahmad] [18]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"There will be a tribulation in which one who is sleeping will be better than one who is lying down, one who is lying will be better than one who is

sitting, one who is sitting will be better than one who is standing, one who is standing will be better than one who is walking, one who is walking will be better than one who is riding, and one who is riding will be better than one who is running; all of their dead will be in Hell." The Companion of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) who narrated this Hadeeth said, "O Messenger of Allaah, when will that be?" He said, "That will be the days of Harj." He asked, "When will the days of Harj be?" The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "When a man will not trust the person to whom he is speaking." The Companion asked, "What do you advise me to do if I live to see that?" He said, "Restrain yourself, and go back to your place of residence." The Companion then asked, "O Messenger of Allaah, what should I do if someone enters my neighbourhood to attack me?" He said, "Go into your house." The Companion asked, "What if he enters my house?" He said, "Go into the place where you pray and do this - and he folded his arms, - and say 'My Lord is Allaah', until you die." [19]
Abu Bakrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There will be a tribulation during which one who is lying down will be better than one who is sitting, one who is sitting will be better than one who is standing, one who is standing will be better than one who is walking, and one who is walking will be better than one who is running.' Someone asked, 'O Messenger of Allaah, what do you advise me to do?' He said, 'Whoever has camels, let him stay with them, and whoever has land, let him stay in his land.' Someone asked, 'What about someone who does not have anything like that?' He said, 'Then let him take his sword and strike its edge against a stone, then go as far away as possible.'" [Abu Daawood; similar Hadeeth in Muslim] [20]
At the time of the Fitnah of Uthmaan ibn Affaan's Khilaafah (Caliphate), Sa'd ibn Abee Waqqaas said,
"I bear witness that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There will come a tribulation during which one who sits will be better than one who stands, one who stands will be better than one who walks, and one who walks will be better than one who runs.' Someone asked, 'What do you advise if someone enters my house to kill me?' He said, 'Be like the son of Adam (i.e. resign yourself).'" [Muslim, Tirmidhee] [21]
Abu Moosaa al-Asharee said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Before the Hour comes, there will be a tribulation like patches of dark night. A man will get up a believer and go to sleep a kaafir, or will go to sleep a believer and

get up a kaafir. The one who sits will be better than one who stands, and one who walks will be better than one who runs. Break your bows, cut their strings, and strike your swords against stones. If someone comes to kill any of you, then be like the better of the twos ons of Adam.'" [Abu Daawood] [22]
Abu Dharr said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was riding a donkey and sat me behind him. He said, 'O Abu Dharr, if the people were suffering from such severe hunger that you could not even get up from your bed to go to the mosque, what would you do?' I said, 'Allaah and His Messenger know best.' He said, 'Be decent and restrain yourself.' Then he said, 'O Abu Dharr, if the people were suffering from severe death (i.e. if a man were worth no more than a grave), what would you do? If the people were killing one another, until Hajarat al-Zayt (an area of Madinah) were submerged in blood, what would you do?' I said, 'Allaah and His Messenger know best.' He said, 'Stay in your house and lock the door.' I asked, 'What if I am not left alone?' He said, 'Then be one of them.' I said, 'Should I take up my sword?' He said, 'If you did that, you would be joining them in their activities. No - if you fear that the brightness of the shining sword will disturb you, then cover your face with part of your clothing, and let him carry his own sin and your sin.'" [Ahmad] [23]
Abd Allaah ibn Amr said,
"We were on a journey with the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam)...When the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam)'s caller called for prayer, I went there. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was addressing the people, saying: "O people, it has been the duty of every Prophet before me to guide his people to whatever he knew was good for them, and to warn them against whatever he knew was bad for them, but this Ummah has its time of peace and security at the beginning; at the end of its existence it will suffer trials and tribulations, one after the other. Tribulation will come, and the believer will say, "This will finish me", but it will pass. Another tribulation will come, and he will say, "This is it", but it will pass, and a third will come and go likewise. Whoever wishes to be rescued from Hell, and enter Paradise, let him die believing in Allaah and the Last Day, and treat the people as he himself wishes to be treated. If anyone gives allegiance to an Imaam, then let him obey him if he can (or on one occasion he said: as much as you can).'"
Abd al-Rahman (one of the narrators of this Hadeeth) said,
"When I heard that, I put my head between my knees and said, 'But your cousin Mu'aawiyah is ordering us to squander our wealth among

ourselves in vanity, and to kill each other, although Allaah has said, "O you who believe! Squander not your wealth among yourselves in vanity..." ' [an-Nisaa (4):29]
Abd Allaah (another narrator) put his head in his hands and paused a while, then he raised his head and said,
"Obey him in that which is obedience to Allaah and disobey that which is disobedience to Allaah." I asked him, "Did you hear that from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam)?" He said, "Yes, I heard it with my ears and understood it in myheart." [Ahmad, Abu Daawood, an-Nasaa'ee, Ibn Maajah] [24]
Abd Allaah ibn Amr said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'If you see my Ummah fearing a tyrant so much that they dare not tell him that he is a tyrant, then there will be no hope for them.'"
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Among my Ummah, some will be swallowed up by the earth, some bombarded with stones, and some transformed into animals." [Ahmad] [25]

Footnotes
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan.
[2] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-'Ilm.
[3] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/60; Muslim, Baab Nuzuul al-Fitan ka-Mawaaqi' al-Qatar, 8/168.
[4] Bukhaaree, ibid.
[5] op. cit., 9/64; Muslim, Baab Nuzuul al-Fitan ka-Mawaaqi' al-Qatar.
[6] Bukhaaree, op. cit., 9/66.
[7] Bukhaaree, Kitaab Bid' al-Khalq, 4/150.
[8] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/73.
[9] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/132
Daws: a tribe in Yemen; Dhoo l-Khalasah: a house full of idols - it is so called because they believed that whoever worshipped it or went around it would be purified (khallasa). This Hadeeth means that the tribe of Daws will become apostates from Islaam and will go back to idol worshipping; even their women will exert themselves in worshipping the idol and running around it, so that their flesh will quiver.
[10] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/73.
[11] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Saa'ah, 8/174.
[12] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/74.
[13] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Saa'ah, 8/172.

[14] Muslim, Kitaab al-Jannah wa Sifat Na'imihaa wa Ahlihaa, 8/155, 156.
[15] Muslim, ibid.
[16] Ibn Maajah narrated a similar Hadeeth in Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 4015), 2/1331. Ahmad, Musnad, 3/187.
Checker's Note: Da`eef due to the `an`anah (usage of the word `an (from)) of Makhool, Da`eef Ibn Maajah: 870.
[17] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/390.
Checker's Note: Saheeh. Weak isnaad but supported by other narrations similar in meaning. Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 2/390.
[18] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/359.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 958. Wording should be "dislike of death".
[19] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/448.
Checker's Note: Saheeh. Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: [??] Ahmad's narration contains an unnamed narrator who is named in the narration of Abdur Razzaaq, no. 20727 and al-Hakim, 4/320, and he is reliable.
[20] Abu Daawood, ibid. (Hadeeth 4236). Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/169.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh Abee Daawood: 3580.
[21] Tirmidhee, Abwaab al-Fitan, (Hadeeth 2290), 6/436, 438. Ahmad, Musnad, 1/185.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, al-Irwa, no. 2451 of Shaykh al-Albaanee. It is saheeh but has not been reported by Muslim, as main text states.
[22] Abu Daawood, Abwaab al-Fitan wa'l-Malaahim, (Hadeeth 4139), 11/337.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Abu Daawood and Ibn Maajah, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1535.
[23] Ahmad, Musnad, 5/149; similar Hadeeth in Abu Daawood, Abwaab al-Fitan wa'l-Malaahim, (Hadeeth 4241), 11-340, 343.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, al-Irwa, no: 2451.
[24] Ahmad, Musnad, 5/149. Muslim, Kitaab al-Imaarah, 6-18. Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 3956), 2/1306, 1037. an-Nasaa'ee, Kitaab al-Bay'ah (shorter version), 7-152,153. Abu Daawood, Kitab al-Fitan (shorted version), Hadeeth 4429, 11-319.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 241.
[25] Ahmad, Musnad. 2/163.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Silsilatul Ahaadeeth ad-Da`eefah: 1264. Its isnaad contains the `an`anah of Abu Zubair, but its last part ("Among my Ummah ...") is supported. See Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1787

The Signs and Portents of the Hour
'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr said,
"I went to the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) one day whilst he was performing Wudoo' (ablution) slowly and carefully. He raised his head, looked at me and said, 'Six things will happen to this Ummah: the death of your Prophet - 'and when I heard that I was aghast,' - this is the first. The second is that your wealth will increase so much that if a man were given ten thousand, he would still not be content with it. The third is that tribulation will enter the house of every one of you. The fourth is that sudden death will be widespread. The fifth is a peace-treaty between you and the Romans: they will gather troops against you for nine months - like a woman's period of childbearing - then they will be the first to break the treaty. The sixth is the conquest of a city.' I asked, 'O Messenger of Allaah, which city?' He said, 'Constantinople.' " [Ahmad] [1]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Hasten to do good deeds before six things happen: the rising of the sun from the West, the smoke, the Dajjaal, the beast, the (death) of one of you, or general tribulation.' " [Ahmad, Muslim] [2]
Hudhayfah ibn 'Ubayd said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) came upon us whilst, we were busy in discussion. He asked us, 'What are you talking about?' We said, 'We are discussing the Hour.' He said, 'It will not come until you see ten signs: the smoke, the Dajjaal, the beast, the sun rising from the West, the descent of Jesus son of Mary, Gog and Magog, and three land-slides - one in the East, one in the West, and one in Arabia, at the end of which fire will burst forth from the direction of Aden (Yemen) and drive peopl eto the place of their final assembly.' " [Ahmad] [3]

Footnotes
[1] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/174.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 6623. Weak hadeeth due to Abra Iamah al-Kalbi.
[2] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/207, Ahmad, Musnad, 2/337, 372.
[3] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/179.
Checker's Note: Wrong spelling, Ibn `Ubayd should be Ibn Usayd. Reported by Muslim, not by Ahmad as main text states.
The Battle with the Romans
After the battle with the Romans, which ended with the conquest of Constantinople, the Dajjaal will appear, and Jesus son of Mary will

descend from Heaven to the earth, to the white minaret in the east of Damascus, at the time of Salaat al-Fajr (the morning prayer), as we shall see in the Saheeh Traditions.
Dhoo Mukhammar said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'You will make a peace-treaty with the Romans, and together you will invade an enemy beyond Rome. You will be victorious and take much booty. Then you will camp in a hilly pasture; one of the Roman men will come and raise a cross and say "Victory to the Cross", so one of the Muslims will come and kill him. Then the Romans will break the treaty, and there will be a battle. They will gather an army against you and come against you with eighty banners, each banner followed by 10,000 men.' " [Ahmad, Abu Daawood, Ibn Maajah] [1]
Yusayr ibn Jaabir said,
"Once there was a red storm in Kufah. A man came who had nothing to say except, 'O 'Abd Allaah ibn Mas'ood, has the Hour come?' 'Abd Allaah was sitting reclining against something, and said, 'The Hour will not come until people will not divide inheritance, nor rejoice over booty.' Pointing towards Syria, he said, 'An enemy will gather forces against the Muslims and the Muslims will gather forces against them.' I asked, 'Do you mean the Romans?' He said, 'Yes. At that time there will be very heavy fighting. The Muslims will prepare a detachment to fight to the death; they will not return unless they are victorious. They will fight until night intervenes. Both sides will return without being victorious; then many will be killed on both sides. On the fourth day, the Muslims who are left will return to the fight, and Allaah will cause the enemy to be routed. There will be a battle the like of which has never been seen, so that even if a bird were to pass their ranks, it would fall down dead before it reached the end of them. Out of a family of one hundred, only one man will survive, so how could he enjoy the booty or divide any inheritance? While they are in this state, they will hear of an even worse calamity. A cry will reach them: "The Dajjaal has taken your place among your offspring." So they will throw away whatever is in their hands and go forward, sending 10 horsemen as a scouting party. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'I know their names, and the names of their fathers, and the colours of their horses. They will be the best horsemen on the face of the earth on that day.' " [Ahmad, Muslim] [2]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come until the Romans camp at al-A'mash or Dabeeq. An army,

composed of the best people on earth at that time, will come out from Madinah to meet them. When they have arranged themselves in ranks, the Romans will say, 'Do not stand between us and those who took prisoners from amongst us. Let us fight with them.' The Muslims will say, 'No, by Allaah, we will never stand aside from you and our brothers.' Then they will fight. One-third will runaway, and Allaah will never forgive them. One-third will be killed, and they will be the best of martyrs in Allaah's sight. One-third, who will never be subjected to trials or tribulations, will win, and will conquer Constantinople. Whilst they are sharing out the booty, after hanging their swords on the olive-trees, Satan will shout to them that the Dajjaal has taken their place among their families. When they come to Syria, the Dajjaal will appear, while they are preparing for battle and drawing up the ranks. When the time for prayer comes, Jesus the son of Mary will descend and lead them in prayer. When the enemy of Allaah (i.e. the Dajjaal) sees him, he will start to dissolve like salt in water, but Allaah will kill him.' " [Muslim] [3]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Hour will not come until the furthest border of the Muslims will be in Bulaa." Then he said, "O 'Alee!" 'Alee said, "May my father and mother be sacrificed for you!" The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "You will fight the Romans, and those who come after you will fight them, until the best people among the Muslims, the people of al-Hijaaz, will go out to fight them, fearing nothing but Allaah. They will conquer Constantinople with Tasbeeh and Takbeer (saying "Subhaan Allaah" and "Allaahu Akbar"), and they will obtain booty the like of which has never been seen - they will share it out by scooping it up with their sheilds. Someone will come and say, 'The Dajjaal has appeared in your land', but he will be lying. Anyone who takes notice of him will regret it, and anyone who ignores him will regret it." [Ibn Maajah] [4]
Naafi' ibn 'Utbah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'You will attack Arabia, and Allaah will enable you to conquer it. Then you will attack Persia, and Allaah will enable you to conquer it. Then you will attack Rome, and Allaah will enable you to conquer it. Then you will attack the Dajjaal, and Allaah will enable you to conquer him.' " [Muslim] [5]
When Mustawrid al-Qurashee was sitting with 'Amr ibn al-'Aas, he said, "I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'The Hour will come when the Romans will be in the majority.' 'Amr asked him, "What are you saying?" He said, "I am repeating that which I heard from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam)." 'Amr said, "If you say this, it is

true, because they have four good characteristics: they are the most able to cope with tribulation, the quickest to recover after disaster and to return to the fight after disaster, and are the best as far as treating the poor, weak and orphans is concerned. They have a fifth characteristic which is very good; they do not allow themselves to be oppressed by their kings." [6]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"You will fight the Romans, and Believers from the Hijaaz will fight them after you, until Allaah enables them to conquer Constantinople and Rome with Tasbeeh and Takbeer ("Subhaan Allaah" and "Allaahu Akbar"). Its fortifications will collapse, and they will obtain booty the like of which has never been seen, so that they will share it out by scooping it up with their shields. Then someone will cry, 'O Muslims! The Dajjaal is in your country, with your families', and the people will leave the wealth. Anyone who takes notice will regret it and anyone who ignores it will regret it. They will ask, 'Who shouted?' but they will not know who he is. They will say, 'Send a vanguard to Ilyaa.' If the Dajjaal has appeared, you will hear about his deeds.' So they will go and see, and if they see that everything is normal, they will say, 'No-one would give a shout like that for no reason, so let us go together to Ilyaa'.' If we find the Dajjaal there we will fight him together, until Allaah decides between us and him. If we do not find the Dajjaal, we will go back to our country and our families.' " [7]
Mu'aadh ibn Jabal said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The building of Bayt al-Maqdis (in Jerusalem) will be followed by the destruction of Yathrib (Madeenah), which will be followed by the conquest of Constantinople, which will be followed by the appearance of the Dajjaal.' Then he put his hand on the thigh or the shoulder of the one with whom he was speaking (i.e. Mu'aadh), and said, 'This is as true as the fact that you are here (or as true as you are sitting here).' " [8]
This does not mean that Madeenah will be destroyed completely before the appearance of the Day, but that will happen at the end of time, as we shall see in some authentic Ahaadeeth. But the building of Bayt al-Maqdis will be the cause of the destruction of Madeenah, as it was proven in the Hadeeth that the Dajjaal will not be able to enter Madinah. He will be prevented from doing so because it is surrounded by angles bearing unsheathed swords. [9]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said about Madeenah: 'Neither plague nor the Dajjaal can enter it.' " [Bukhaaree] [10]

Footnotes
[1] Similar Hadeeth in Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Malaahim, (Hadeeth 4271), 11/397/399. Ibn Maajah, Kitab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 4089), 2/1369. Ahmad, Musnad, 9104.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 3612.
[2] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/177, 178. Ahmad, Musnad, 1/384, 385.
[3] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8 - 175, 176.
Al-A'mash is a place outside the city, and Dabeeq is a market-place in the city. "The city" refers to Aleppo (some say Damascus).
[4] Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 4094), 2 - 1370.
The one who believes the liar will regret it, because he will find that the Dajjaal is not there. The one who does not believe him will regret it because the Dajjaal will appear soon afterwards.
Checker's Note: Fabricated. The reason is Kathir ibn `Abdillah, who is declared a liar by Abu Daawood and Shaafi'ee. He narrates a fabricated collection of hadeeth.
[5] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashtaar al-Saa'ah, 8 - 178. Ibn Maajah, Baab al-Malaahim (Hadeeth 4091), 2 - 1380.
[6] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitaan, 8 - 176.
[7] Al-Haythamee, Majma' al-Zawaa'id. Ibn Maajah, 7:248.
Checker's Note: Fabricated. Same reasons as the previous one. Reported by al-Bazzar, Kashful Astar bi Zawa'id al-Bazzar of al-Haythamee: 3386.
[8] Hasan, al-Mishkat, 1st checking: 5424.
[9] Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Malaahim (Hadeeth 4273), 11 - 400, 401; Ahmad, Musnad, 5/245.
Checker's Note: Hasan.
[10] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/76.
The Appearance of the Dajjaal
First of all, we will quote the reports which mention the liars and "dajjaals" who will precede the coming of the Dajjaal, or Antichrist, who will be the last of them; may Allaah curse them and punish them with Hell-fire.
Jaabir ibn Samurah said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'Just before the Hour there will be many liars.' " Jaabir said, "Be on your guard against them." [Muslim] [1]
Jaabir said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'Just before the Hour there will be many liars; among them is the one in al-Yamamah, the

'Ansi in San'a', the one in Himyar, and the Dajjaal. This will be the greatest fitnah.' " [Ahmad] [2]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come ... until nearly 30 "dajjaals" (liars) appear, each one claiming to be a messenger from Allaah.' " [Bukhaaree and Muslim] [3]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come until 30 "dajjaals" appear, each of them claiming to be a messenger from Allaah, wealth increases, tribulations appear and al-Harj increases.' Someone asked, 'What is al-Harj?' He said, 'Killing, killing.' " [Ahmad] [4]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come until 30 "dajjaals" appear, all of them lying about Allaah and His Messenger.' " [Abu Daawood] [5]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Just before the Hour, there will be thirty "dajjaals", each of whom will say, I am a Prophet.' " [Ahmad] [6]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There will be "dajjaals" and liars among my Ummah. They will tell you something new, which neither you nor your forefathers have heard. Be on your guard against them, and do not let them lead you astray.' " [Ahmad] [7]
Thawbaan said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There will be thirty liars among my Ummah. Each one will claim that he is a prophet; but I am the last of the Prophets (Seal of the Prophets), and there will be no Prophet after me.' " [Ahmad] [8]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Verily before the Day of Resurrection there will appear the Dajjaal, and thirty or more liars." [Ahmad] [9]
Ibn 'Umar said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'Among my Ummah there will be more than seventy callers, each of whom will be calling people to Hell-fire. If I wished, I could tell you their names and tribes.' " [10]
Abu Bakrah said,
"The people spoke a great deal against Musaylimah before the Prophet

(sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said anything about him. Then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) got up to give a speech and said: '...as for this man about whom you have spoken so much - he is one of the thirty liars who will appear before the Hour, and there is no town which will not feel the fear of the Antichrist.' " [Ahmad] [11]
In another version of this report, the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"He is one of the thirty liars who will appear before the Dajjaal. There is no town which will escape the fear of the Dajjaal, apart from Madeenah. At that time there will be two angels at every entrance of Madeenah, warding off the fear of the Antichrist." [12]
Anas ibn Malik said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The time of the Dajjaal will be years of confusion. People will believe a liar, and disbelieve one who tells the truth. People will distrust one who is trustworthy, and trust one who is treacherous; and the Ruwaybidah will have a say.' Someone asked, 'Who are the Ruwaybidah?' He said, 'Those who rebel against Allaah and will have a say in general affairs.' " [Ahmad] [13]

Footnotes
[1] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/189.
[2] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/345.
Checker's Note: Ahmad's isnaad contains Ibn Lahi'ah who reports by way of `an, as does Abu Zubair. Al-Bazzar's isnaad contains `Abdur-Rahman ibn Maghra and Mujaahid ibn Sa`eed. Majma' az-Zawaid of al-Haythamee: 7/335. The status of the hadeeth is unknown as no muhaddith, as far as we know, has given a definite verdict.
[3] See Part 7, where the Hadeeth is quoted in full.
[4] Ahmad, Musnad, 2 - 457.
Checker's Note: Saheeh.
[5] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/450.
Checker's Note: Hasan, Saheeh Abee Daawood: 3643.
[6] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/429.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1683.
[7] Ahmad, Musnad, 20/349.
Checker's Note: Da`eef isnaad, but Muslim reports similar wording.
[8] Ahmad, Musnad, 5/46.
Checker's Note: Saheeh. Wrong reference, Ahmad, Musnad, 5/46, should be Ahmad, Musnad, 5/278.

[9] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/95.
Checker's Note: Hasan, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1683, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 5694.
[10] Da`eef. Reported by Abu Ya'la. Its isnaad contains Laith ibn Abee Sulaim.
[11] Ahmad, Musnad, 5/41, 46.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Majma' az-Zawaid of al-Haythamee: 7/335.
[12] Ahmad, Musnad, 5/46.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 5/41. It is part of no. 10 above, which is not given in full in the book.
[13] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/220.
Checker's Note: Saheeh. Its isnaad is hasan and is further supported, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1887, Kashful Astar bi Zawa'id al-Bazzar of al-Haythamee: 3373.
Ahaadeeth about the Dajjaal
'Abd Allaah ibn 'Umar said,
"'Umar ibn al-Khattab went along with the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) and a group of people to Ibn Sayyaad, and found him playing with some children near the battlement of Banoo Maghaalah. At that time Ibn Sayyaad was on the threshold of adolescence; he did not realise that anybody was near until the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) struck him on the back. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said to him: 'Do you bear witness than I am the Messenger of Allaah?' Ibn Sayyaad looked at him and said, 'I bear witness that you are the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) of the unlettered.' Then Ibn Sayyaad said to the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam), 'Do you bear witness that I am the Messenger of Allaah?' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) dismissed this and said, 'I believe in Allaah and His Messengers.' Then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) asked him, 'What do you see?' Ibn Sayyaad said, 'Sometimes a truthful person comes to me, and sometimes a liar.' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said to him, 'You are confused', then he said, 'I am hiding something from you.' Ibn Sayyaad said, 'It is Dukh.' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Silence! You will not be able to go beyond your rank.' 'Umar ibn al-Khattab said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, shall I cut off his head?' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'If he is (the Dajjaal) you will not be able to overpower him, and if he is not, then killing will not do you any good.' "
Saleem ibn 'Abd Allaah said,

"I heard 'Abd Allaah ibn 'Umar say, 'After that, the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) and Ubayy ibn Ka'b went along to the palm trees where Ibn Sayyaad was. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) started to hide behind a tree, with the intention of hearing something from Ibn Sayyaad before Ibn Sayyaad saw him. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) saw him lying on a bed, murmuring beneath a blanket. Ibn Sayyaad's mother saw the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) hiding behind a tree, and said to her son, "O Saf (Ibn Sayyaad's first name), here is Muhammad!" Ibn Sayyad jumped up, and the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "If you had left him alone, he would have explained himself." "
Saleem said,
"Abd Allaah ibn'Umar said, The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) stood up to address the people. He praised Allaah as He deserved to be praised, then he spoke about the Dajjaal: 'I warn you against him; there is no Prophet who has not warned his people against him, even Noah warned his people against him. But I will tell you something which no other Prophet has told his people. You must know that the Dajjaal is one-eyed, and Allaah is not one-eyed.' "
Ibn Shihaab said:
"'Umar ibn Thaabit al-Ansaaree told me that some of the Companions of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) told him that on the day when he warned the people about the Dajjaal, the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said: 'There will be written between his eyes the word Kaafir (unbeliever). Everyone who resents his bad deeds - or every believer - will be able to read it.' He also said, 'You must know that no one of you will be able to see his Lord until he dies.' " [Muslim, Bukhaaree] [1]
Ibn 'Umar said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) mentioned the Dajjaal to the people. He said, 'Allaah is not one-eyed, but the Dajjaal is blind in his right eye, and his eye is like a floating grape.' " [Muslim] [2]
Anas ibn Malik said,
"TheProphet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There has never been a Prophet who did not warn his people against that one-eyed liar. Verily he is one-eyed and your Lord is not one-eyed. On his forehead will be written the letter Kaf, Fa, Ra (Kaafir).' " [Muslim, Bukhaaree] [3]
Hudhayfah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'I know more about the powers which the Dajjaal will have than he will know himself. He will have two flowing rivers: one will appear to be pure water, and the other

will appear to be flaming fire. Whosoever lives to see that, let him choose the river which seems to be fire, then let him close his eyes, lower his head and drink from it, for it will be cold water. The Dajjaal will be one-eyed; the place where one eye should be will be covered by a piece of skin. On his forehead will be written the word Kaafir,and every believer, whether literate or illiterate, will be able to read it.' " [Muslim] [4]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Shall I tell you something about the Dajjaal which no Prophet has ever told his people before me? The Dajjaal is one-eyed and will bring with him something which will resemble Paradise and Hell; but that which he calls Paradise will in fact be Hell. I warn you against him as Noah warned his people against him.' " [Bukhaaree, Muslim] [5]
Muhammad ibn Munkadir said:
"I saw Jaabir ibn 'Abd Allaah swearing by Allaah that Ibn Sayyaad was the Dajjaal, so I asked him, 'Do you swear by Allaah?' He said, 'I heard 'Umar swear to that effect in the presence of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam), and the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) did not disapprove of it.' " [6]
Some 'ulamaa' (scholars) say that some of the Sahaabah (Companions of the Prophet) believed Ibn Sayyaad to be the greater Dajjaal, but that is not the case: Ibn Sayyaad was a lesser dajjal.
Ibn Sayyaad travelled between Makkah and Madeenah with Abu Sa'eed, and complained to him about the way that people were saying that he was the Dajjaal. Then he said to Abu Sa'eed,
"Did not the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say that the Dajjaal would not enter Madinah? I was born there. Did not he say that he would not have any children? - I have children. Did not he say that he would be a Kaafir? - I have embraced Islaam. Of all the people, I know the most about him: I know where he is now. If I were given the opportunity to be in his place, I would not resent it.' " [Bukhaaree, Muslim]
There are many Ahaadeeth about Ibn Sayyaad, some of which are not clear as to whether he was the Dajjaal or not. We shall see Ahaadeeth which indicates that the Dajjaal is not Ibn Sayyaad, as in the Hadeeth of Faatimah Bint Qays al-Fahriyyah, although this does not mean that he was not one of the lesser Dajjaal; but Allaah knows best.

Footnotes
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Adab, 8/49, 50. Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/192, 193.

Ibn Sayyaad's [or Ibn Sa'eed's] first name was Saaf. He had some characteristics similar to those ascribed to the Dajjaal. When he was young, he was like a Kaahin (soothsayer) - sometimes he spoke the truth, sometimes he lied. When he grew up, he embraced Islaam and displayed some good characteristics, but later he changed, and it was said that his behaviour might indicate that he was the Dajjaal. But the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) had not received any Wahy (revelation) to that effect, so he told 'Umar: "If he is [the Dajjaal] you will not be able to overpower him."
Banoo Maghaalah: if you stand facing the Masjid al-Nabawee, (the Prophet's Mosque in Madeenah), everything on your right is the territory of Banoo Maghaalah.
Dukh: i.e. al-Dukhaan (smoke). The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was thinking of the Aayah,
"Then wait you for the Day when the sky will bring forth a visible smoke." [ad-Dukhaan (44):10]
"… with the intention of hearing something…" in other words, the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) wanted to eavesdrop on Ibn Sayyaad so that he and his companions could find out whether he was a soothsayer (kaahin) or a sorcerer.
"if you had left him alone, he would have had explained himself": i.e., if his mother had not told him that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was there, then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) would have found out what he was - a soothsayer or a sorcerer.
[2] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/194, 195.
"His eye is like a floating grape" - this means that, his eye will protrude and there will be some kind of brightness in it.
[3] Muslim, ibid. Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/75, 76.
"On his forehead will be written the letters Kaaf, Faa', Raa' " - this indicates that he will call people to Kufr, not the right path, so we must avoid him. The fact that Muslims will be able to identify him as a Kaafir is a great blessing from Allaah to this Ummah.
[4] Muslim, ibid. Shorter version in Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/75.
[5] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Anbiyaa, 4/75. Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/196.
[6] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/192.
The Hadeeth of Faatimah bint Qays
'Aamir ibn Sharaaheel Sha'bi Sha'b Hamdaan reported that he asked Faatimah bint Qays, the sister of Dahhaak ibn Qays,who was one of the first Muhaajiraat,
"Tell me a Hadeeth which you heard directly from the Prophet (sal-

Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) with no narrator in between." She said, "I can tell you if you like." He said, "Yes, please tell me." She said,
"I married Ibn al-Mugheerah, who was one of the best of the youth of Quraysh in those days. But he fell in the first Jihaad on the side of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam).
"When I became a widow, 'Abd al-Rahmaan ibn 'Awf, one of the companions of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) sent me a proposal of marriage. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) also sent me a proposal of marriage on behalf of his freedman Usaamah ibn Zayd. I had been told that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) had said, 'He who loves me should also love Usaamah.' When the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) spoke to me, I said, 'It is up to you: marry me to whomever you wish.'
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Go and stay with Umm Shareek.' Umm Shareek was a rich Ansaaree (Muslim originally from Madeenah) woman, who spent much in the way of Allaah ande ntertained many guests. I said, 'I will do as you wish.' Then he said, 'Don't go. Umm Shareek has many guests, and I would not like it if your head or leg were to become uncovered accidentally and people saw something you would not wish them to see. It is better if you go and stay with your cousin 'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr ibn Umm Maktoom' (Abd Allaah was of the Banoo Fihr of Quraysh, the same tribe as that to which Faatimah belonged).
"So I went to stay with him, and when I had completed my 'Iddah (period of waiting), I heard the Prophet's (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) announcer calling for congregational prayer. I went out to the mosque, and prayed behind the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam). I was in the women's row, which was at the back of the congregation. When the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) had finished his prayer, he sat on the pulpit, smiling, and said, 'Everyone should stay in his place.' Then he said, 'Do you know why I had asked you to assemble?' The people said, 'Allaah and His Messenger know best.'
"He said, 'By Allaah, I have not gathered you here to give you an exhortation or a warning. I have kept you here because Tameem ad-Daaree, a Christian man who has come and embraced Islaam, told me something which agrees with that which I have told you about the Dajjaal. He told me that he had sailed in a ship with thirty men from Banoo Lakhm and Banoo Judhaam. The waves had tossed them about for a month, then they were brought near to an island, at the time of sunset. They landed on the island, and were met by a beast who was so hairy that they

could not tell its front from its back. They said, "Woe to you! What are you?" It said, "I am al-Jassaasah." They said, "What is al-Jassaasah?" It said, "O people, go to this man in the monastery, for he is very eager to know about you." Tameem said that when it named a person to us, we were afraid lest it be a devil.

"Tamim said, 'We quickly went to the monastery. There we found a huge man with his hands tied up to his neck and with iron shackles between his legs up to the ankles. We said, "Woe to you, who are you?" He said, "You will soon know about me. Tell me who you are." We said, "We are people from Arabia. We sailed in a ship, but the waves have been tossing us about for amonth, and they brought us to your island, where we met a beast who was so hairy that we could not tell its front from its back. We said to it, "Woe to you! What are you?" and it said, "I am al-Jassaasah." We asked, "Whatis al-Jassaasah?" and it told us, "Go to this man in the monastery, for he is very eager to know about you." So we came to you quickly, fearing that it might be a devil.'

"The man said, 'Tell me about the date-palms of Baysaan.' We said, 'What do you want to know about them?' He said, 'I want to know whether these trees bear fruit or not.' We said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Soon they will not bear fruit.' Then he said, 'Tell me about the lake of at-Tabariyyah [Tiberias, in Palestine].' We said, 'What do you want to know about it?' He asked, 'Is there water in it?' We said, 'There is plenty of water in it.' He said, 'Soon it will become dry.' Then he said, 'Tell me about the spring of Zughar.' We said, 'What do you want to know about it?' He said, 'Is there water in it, and does it irrigate the land?' We said, 'Yes, there is plenty of water in it, and the people use it to irrigate the land.'

"Then he said, 'Tell me about the unlettered Prophet - what has he done?' We said, 'He has left Makkah and settled in Yathrib.' He asked, 'Do the Arabs fight against him?' We said, 'Yes.' He said, 'How does he deal with them?' So we told him that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) had overcome the Arabs around him and that they had followed him. He asked, 'Has it really happened?' We said, 'Yes.' He said, 'It is better for them if they follow him. Now I will tell you about myself. Iam the Dajjaal. I will soon be permitted to leave this place: I will emerge and travel about the earth. In forty nights I will pass through every town, except Makkah and Madeenah, for these have been forbidden to me. Every time I try to enter either of them, I will be met by an angel bearing an unsheathed sword, who will prevent me from entering. There will be angels guarding them at every passage leading to them.'

Faatimah said, "The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam), striking the

pulpit with his staff, said: 'This is Tayyibah, this is Tayyibah, this is Tayyibah, [i.e. Madeenah]. Have I not told you something like this?' The people said, 'Yes.' He said, 'I liked the account given to me by Tameem because it agrees with that which I have told you about the Dajjaal, and about Makkah and Madeenah. Indeed he is in the Syrian sea or the Yemen sea. No, on the contrary, he is in the East, he is in the East, he is in the East' and he pointed towards the East. Faatimah said: I memorised this from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam)." [Muslim] [1]
'Abd Allaah ibn 'Umar said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'While I was asleep, I saw myself in a dream performing Tawaaf (circumambulation) around the Ka'bah. I saw a ruddy man with lank hair and water dripping from his head. I said, "Who is he?" and they said, "The son of Mary." Then I turned around and saw another man with a huge body, red complexion, curly hair and one eye. His other eye looked like a floating grape. They said, "This is the Dajjaal." The one who most resembles him is Ibn Qatan, a man from the tribe of al-Khuzaa'ah'.' " [Bukhaaree, Muslim] [2]
Jaabir ibn 'Abd Allaah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Dajjaal will appear at the end of time, when religion is taken lightly. He will have forty days in which to travel throughout the earth. One of these days will be like a year, another will be like a month, a third will be like a week, and the rest will be like normal days. He will be riding a donkey; the width between its ears will be forty cubits. He will say to the people: "I am your lord." He is one-eyed, but your Lord is not one-eyed. On his forehead will be written the word Kaafir, and every believer, literate or illiterate, will be able to read it. He will go everywhere except Makkah and Madeenah, which Allaah has forbidden to him; angels stand at their gates. He will have a mountain of bread, and the people will face hardship, except for those who follow him. He will have two rivers, and I know what is in them. He will call one Paradise and one Hell. Whoever enters the one he calls Paradise will find that it is Hell, and whoever enters the one he calls Hell will find that it is Paradise. Allaah will send with him devils who will speak to the people. He will bring a great tribulation; he will issue a command to the sky and it will seem to the people as if it is raining. Then he will appear to kill someone and bring him back to life. After that he will no longer have this power. The people will say, "Can anybody do something like this except the Lord?" The Muslims will flee to Jabal al-Dukhaan in Syria, and the Dajjaal will come and besiege them. The siege will intensify and they will suffer great hardship. Then Jesus son of Mary will

descend, and will call the people at dawn: "O people, what prevented you from coming out to fight this evil liar?" They will answer, "He is a Jinn." Then they will go out, and find Jesus son of Mary. The time for prayer will come, and the Muslims will call on Jesus to lead the prayer, but he will say, "Let your Imaam lead the prayer." Their Imaam will lead them in praying Salaat al-Subh (Morning prayer), then they will go out to fight the Dajjaal. When the liar sees Jesus, he will dissolve like salt in water. Jesus will go to him and kill him, and he will not let anyone who followed him live.' " [Ahmad] [3]

Footnotes
[1] Muslim, Kitaab al- Fitan, 8/203-205.
Al-Jassaasah is so called because he spies on behalf of the Dajjaal (from jassa - to try to gain information, to spy out, etc.).
Baysaan - a village in Palestine.
'Ayn Zughar (the spring of Zughar) is a town in Palestine.
[2] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/75. Muslim, Kitaab al-Imaan, 1/108.
[3] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/367, 368.
Checker's Note: Da`eef. Silsilatul Ahaadieeh ad-Da`eefah: 1969. It contains the `an`anah of Abu Zubair. Parts are found in authentic narrations. Refer to Dajjaal section in Saheeh Muslim.
The Hadeeth of Al-Nuwas Ibn Sam'an Al-Kilabi
Al-Nuwas ibn Saman said,
"One morning the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) spoke about the Dajjaal. Sometimes he described him as insignificant, and sometimes he described him as so dangerous that we thought he was in the clump of date-palms nearby. When we went to him later on, he noticed that fear in our faces, and asked, 'What is the matter with you?' We said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, this morning you spoke of the Dajjaal; sometimes you described him as insignificant, and sometimes you described him as being so dangerous that we thought he was in the clump of date-palms nearby.
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'I fear for you in other matters besides the Dajjaal. If he appears whilst I am among you, I will contend with him on your behalf. But if he appears while I am not among you, then each man must contend with him on his own behalf, and Allaah will take care of every Muslim on my behalf. The Dajjaal will be a young man, with short, curly hair, and one eye floating. I would liken him to 'Abd al-Uzzaa ibn Qatan. Whoever amongst you lives to see him should recite the opening Ayaat of Surat al-Kahf. He will appear on the way between

Syria and Iraq, and will create disaster left and right. O servants of Allaah, adhere to the Path of Truth.' "
"We said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, for the day which is like a year, will one days prayers be sufficient?' He said, 'No, you must make an estimate of the time, and then observe the prayers.' "
"We asked, 'O Messenger of Allaah, how quickly will he walk upon the earth?' He said, 'Like a cloud driven by the wind. He will come to the people and call them (to a false religion), and they will believe in him and respond to him. He will issue a command to the sky, and it will rain; and to the earth, and it will produce crops. After grazing on these crops, their animals will return with their udders full of milk and their flanks stretched. Then he will come to another people and will call them (to a false religion), but they will reject his call. He will depart from them; they will suffer famine and will possess nothing in the form of wealth. Then he will pass through the wasteland and will say, Bring forth your treasures, and the treasures will come forth, like swarms of bees. Then he will call a man brimming with youth; he will strike him with a sword and cut him in two, then place the two pieces at the distance between an archer and his target. Then he will call him, and the young man will come running and laughing.' "
"At that point, Allaah will send the Messiah, son of Mary, and he will descend to the white minaret in the east of Damascus, wearing two garments dyed with saffron, placing his hands on the wings of two angels. When he lowers his head, beads of perspiration will fall from it, and when he raises his head, beads like pearls will scatter from it. Every Kaafir who smells his fragrance will die, and his breath will reach as far as he can see. He will search for the Dajjaal until he finds him at the gate of Ludd, where he will kill him."
"Then a people whom Allaah has protected will come to Jesus son of Mary, and he will wipe their faces (i.e. wipe the traces of hardship from their faces) and tell them of their status in Paradise. At that time Allaah will reveal to Jesus: "I have brought forth some of My servants whom no-one will be able to fight. Take My servants safely to at-Toor."
"Then Allaah will send Gog and Magog, and they will swarm down from every slope. The first of them will pass by the Lake of Tiberias, and will drink some of its water; the last of them will pass by it and say, "There used to be water here." Jesus, the Prophet of Allaah, and his Companions will be besieged until a bull's head will be dearer to them than one hundred dinars are to you nowadays."
"Then Jesus and his Companions will pray to Allaah, and He will send

insects who will bite the people of Gog and Magog on their necks, so that in the morning they will all perish as one. Then Jesus and his Companions will come down and will not find any nook or cranny on earth which is free from their putrid stench. Jesus and his Companions will again pray to Allaah, Who will send birds like the necks of camels; they will seize the bodies of Gog and Magog and throw them wherever Allaah wills. Then Allaah will send rain which no house or tent will be able to keep out, and the earth will be cleansed, until it will look like a mirror. Then the earth will be told to bring forth its fruit and restore its blessing. On that day, a group of people will be able to eat from a single pomegranate and seek shelter under its skin (i.e. the fruit would be so big). A milch camel will give so much milk that a whole party will be able to drink from it; a cow will give so much milk that a whole tribe will be able to drink from it; and a milch-sheep will give so much milk that a whole family will be able to drink from it. At that time, Allaah will send a pleasant wind which will soothe them even under their armpits, and will take the soul of every Muslim. Only the most wicked people will be left, and they will fornicate like asses; then the Last Hour will come upon them." " [Muslim] [1]

Footnote
[1] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Saa'ah, 8/196-199.
Ludd: the biblical Lydda, now known as Lod, site of the zionist state's major airport
Hadeeth narrated from Abu Umaamah Al-Baahilee
Abu Umaamah al-Baahilee said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) delivered a speech to us, most of which dealt with the Dajjaal and warned us against him. He said, 'No tribulation on earth since the creation of Adam will be worse than the tribulation of the Dajjaal. Allaah has never sent a Prophet who did not warn his Ummah against the Dajjaal. I am the last of the Prophets, and you are the last Ummah. The Dajjaal is emerging among you and it is inevitable. If he appears while I am still among you, I will contend with him on behalf of every Muslim. But if he appears after I am gone, then every person must contend with him on his own behalf. He will appear on the way between Syria and Iraq, and will spread disaster right and left. O servants of Allaah adhere to the path of Truth. I shall describe him for you in a way that no Prophet has ever done before.
He will start by saying that he is a Prophet, but there will be no Prophet after me. Then he will say, "I am your Lord," but you will never see your

Lord until you die. The Dajjaal is one-eyed, but your Lord, glorified be He, is not one-eyed. On his forehead will be written the word Kaafir, which every Muslim, literate or illiterate, will be able to read. Among that which he will bring will be the Paradise and Hell he will offer; but that which he calls Hell will be Paradise, and that which he calls Paradise will be Hell. Whoever enters his Hell, let him seek refuge with Allaah and recite the opening Ayaat of Surat ul-Kahf, and it will become cool and peaceful for him, as the fire became cool and peaceful for Abraham.
"He will say to a Bedouin, What do you think if I bring your father and mother back to life for you? Will you bear witness that I am your lord? The Bedouin will say Yes, so two devils will assume the appearance of his father and mother, and will say, "O my son, follow him for he is your lord."
"He will be given power over one person, whom he will kill and cut in two with a saw. Then he will say, Look at this slave of mine, now I will resurrect him, but he will still claim that he has a Lord other than me. Allaah will resurrect him, and this evil man (the Dajjaal) will say to him, Who is your Lord? The man will answer, 'My Lord is Allaah, and you are the enemy of Allaah. You are the Dajjaal. By Allaah, I have never been more sure of this than I am today.' "
Aboo Sa'eed said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'That man will have the highest status among my Ummah in Paradise.' "
Abu Sa'eed said,
"By Allaah, we never thought that that man would be any other than 'Umar ibn al-Khattab, until he passed away."
Al-Muhaaribee said:
"Then we referred to the Hadeeth of Abu Raafi'ee, which said, 'Part of his Fitnah will be the fact that he will pass through an area whose people will deny him, and none of their livestock will remain alive. Then he will pass through a second area whose people will believe in him; he will order the sky to rain and the earth to bring forth crops, and their flocks will return from grazing fatter than they have ever been, with their flanks stretched, their udders full. He will pass through every place on earth - except Makkah and Madeenah, which he will never enter, for there are angels guarding every gate of them with unsheathed swords - until he reaches al-Zareeb al-Ahmar and camps at the edge of the salt-marsh. Madeenah will be shaken by three tremors, after which every Munaafiq (hypocrite) will leave it, and it will be cleansed of evil, as iron is cleansed of dross. That day will be called Yawm al-Khalaas (The Day of Purification).' "

Umm Shareek bint Abee'l-'Akr said,
"O Messenger of Allaah, where will the Arabs be at that time?" He said, "At that time they will be few; most of them will be in Bayt al-Maqdis (Jerusalem), and their Imaam will be a righteous man. Whilst their Imaam is going forward to lead the people in praying Salaat al-Subh (themorning prayer), Jesus son of Mary will descend. The Imaam will step back, to let Jesus lead the people in prayer, but Jesus will place his hand between the man's shoulders and say, 'Go forward and lead the prayer, for the Iqaamah was made for you.' So the Imaam will lead the people in prayer, and afterwards Jesus (alayhi-salam) will say, 'Open the gate.' The gate will be opened, and behind it will be the Dajjaal and a thousand Jews, each of them bearing a sword and shield. When the Dajjaal sees Jesus, he will begin to dissolve like salt in water, and will run away. Jesus will say, 'You will remain alive until I strike you with my sword.' He will catch up with him at the eastern gate of Ludd and will kill him. The Jews will be deflated with the help of Allaah. There will be no place for them to hide; they will not be able to hide behind any stone, wall, animal or tree - except the boxthorn (al-Gharqarah) - without it saying, 'O Muslim servant of Allaah! here is a Jew, come and kill him!' " The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "The time of the Dajjaal will be forty years; one year like half a year, one year like a month, and one month like a week. The rest of his days will pass so quickly that if one of you were at one of the gates of Madeenah, he would not reach the other gate before evening fell."
Someone asked,
"O Messenger of Allaah, how will wepray in those shorter days?" He said, "Workout the times of prayer in the same way that you do in these longer days, and then pray." The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "Jesus son of Mary will be a just administrator and leader of my Ummah. He will break the cross, kill the pigs, and abolish the Jizyah (tax on non-Muslims). He will not collect the Sadaqah, so he will not collect sheep and camels. Mutual enmity and hatred will disappear. Every harmful animal will be made harmless, so that a small boy will be able to put his hand into a snakes mouth without being harmed,a small girl will be able to make a lion run away from her, and a wolf will go among sheep as if he were a sheepdog. The earth will be filled with peace as a container is filled with water. People will be in complete agreement, and only Allaah will be worshipped. Wars will cease, and the authority of Quraysh will be taken away. The earth will be like a silver basin, and will produce fruits so abundantly that a group of people will gather to eat a bunch of grapes or

on epomegranate and will be satisfied. A bull will be worth so much money, but a horse will be worth only a few dirhams."
Someone asked,
"O Messenger of Allaah, why will a horse be so cheap?" He said, "Because it will never be ridden in war." He was asked, "Why will the bull be so expensive?" He said, "Because it will plough the earth. For three years before the Dajjaal emerges, the people will suffer severe hunger. In the first year, Allaah will order the sky to withhold a third of its rain, and the earth to withhold two-thirds of its fruits. In the third year, He will order the sky to withhold all of its rain, and the earth to withhold all of its fruits, so that nothing green will grow. Every cloven-hoofed creature will die except for whatever Allaah wills." Someone asked, "How will the people live at that time?" He said, "By saying Laa ilaaha illaa Allaah, Allaahu Akbar, Subhaan Allaah and Al-Hamdu-lillaah. This will be like food for them." [1]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Dajjaal will come forth, and one of the Believers will go towards him. The armed men of the Dajjaal will ask him, 'Where are you going?' He will say, 'I am going to this one who has come forth.' They will say, 'Kill him!' Then some of them will say to the others, 'Hasn't your lord [ie the Dajjaal] forbidden you to kill anyone without his permission?' So they will take him to the Dajjaal, and when the Believer sees him, he will say, 'O People, this is the Dajjaal whom the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) told us about.' Then the Dajjaal will order them to seize him and wound him in the head; they will inflict blows all over, even in his back and stomach. The Dajjaal will ask him, 'Don't you believe in me?' He will say, 'You are a false Messiah.' The Dajjaal will order that he be sawn in two from the parting of his hair to his legs; then he will walk between the two pieces. Then he will say 'Stand!' and the man will stand up. The Dajjaal will say to him, 'Don't you believe in me?' The believer will say, 'It has only increased my understanding that you are the Dajjaal.' Then he will say, 'O people! he will not treat anyone else in such a manner after me.' The Dajjaal will seize him to slaughter him, but the space between his neck and collar-bone will be turned into copper, and the Dajjaal will not be able to do anything to him. He will take the man by his arms and legs and throw him away; the people will believe that he has been thrown into Hell, whereas in fact he will have been thrown into Paradise." The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "He will be the greatest of martyrs in the sight of Allaah, the Lord of the Worlds." [Muslim] [2]

Footnotes
[1] Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan, (Hadeeth 4077), 2:1363.
"He will break the cross and kill pigs", i.e. Christianity will be annulled.
"He will not collect the Sadaqah" (i.e. Zakaat) - because there will be so much wealth, and no-one will be in need of Sadaqah.
Checker's Note: Da`eef. Da`eef Ibn Maajah: 884. Parts are supported.
[2] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashtaar al-Saa'ah, 8/199, 200
The Hadeeth of Al-Mugheerah Ibn Shu'bah
Al-Mugheerah ibn Shu'bah said,
"No-one asked the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) more questions about the Dajjaal than I did. He said, 'You should not worry about him, because he will not be able to harm you.' I said, 'But they say that he will have much food and water!' He said, 'He is too insignificant in the sight of Allaah to have all that.' " [Muslim]
Al-Mugheerah ibn Shu'bah said,
"No-one asked the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) more questions about the Dajjaal than I did." One of the narrators said, "What did you ask him?" Al-Mugheerah said, "I said, 'They say that the Dajjaal will have a mountain of bread and meat, and a river of water. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'He is too insignificant in the sight of Allaah to have all that.' " [Muslim]
From these Ahaadeeth, we can see that Allaah will test His servants with the Dajjaal and by the miracles which he will be permitted to perform: as we have already mentioned, the Dajjaal will order the sky to rain for those who accept him, and will order the earth to bring forth its fruits so that they and their livestock will eat of it, and their flocks will return fat and with their udders full of milk. Those who reject the Dajjaal and refuse to believe in him will suffer drought and famine; people and livestock will die, and wealth and supplies of food will be depleted. People will follow the Dajjaal like swarms of bees, and he will kill a young man and bring him back to life.
This is not a kind of magic; it will be something real with which Allaah will test His servants at the end of time. Many will be led astray, and many will be guided by it. Those who doubt will disbelieve, but those who believe will be strengthened in their faith.
Al-Qaadi 'Iyaad and others interpreted the phrase "He is too insignificant in the sight of Allaah to have all that" as meaning that the Dajjaal is too insignificant to have anything that could lead the true believers astray, because he is obviously evil and corrupt. Even if he brings great terror, the word Kaafir will be clearly written between his eyes; one report

explains that it will be written "Kaaf, Faa, Raa," from which we can understand that it will be written perceptibly, not abstractly, as some people say.
One of his eyes will be blind, protruding and repulsive; this is the meaning of the Hadeeth: "...as if it were a grape floating on the surface of the water." Other reports say that it is "dull, with no light in it," or "like white spittle on a wall," i.e. it will look ugly.
Some reports say that it is his right eye which will be blind; others say that it is his left eye.
He could be partly blind in both eyes, or there could be a fault in both eyes. This interpretation could be supported by the Hadeeth narrated by at-Tabaraanee, in which he reports that Ibn 'Abbaas said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Dajjaal is curly-haired and white-skinned. His head is like the branch of a tree; his left eye is blind, and the other eye looks like a floating grape.' "
One may ask: if the Dajjaal is going to cause such widespread evil and his claim to be a "lord" will be so widely believed - even though he is obviously a liar, and all the Prophet's have warned against him - why does the Qur'aan not mention him by name and warn us against his lies and stubbornness?
The answer is:-
The Dajjaal was referred to in the Ayah:
"...The day that some of the Signs of your Lord do come, no good will it do to a person to believe then, if he believed not before, nor earned good (by performing deeds of righteousness) through his Faith..." [al-An'aam (6):158]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There are three things which, when they appear, no good will it do a soul to believe in them then, if it believed not before nor earned righteousness through its Faith. They are: The Dajjaal, the Beast, and the rising of the sun from the west.' "
Jesus son of Mary will descend from Heaven and kill the Dajjaal, as we have already mentioned. The descent of Jesus is mentioned in the Ayaat:
"And because of their saying (in boast), "We killed Messiah 'Eesaa (Jesus), son of Maryam (Mary), the Messenger of Allaah," - but they killed him not, nor crucified him, but the resemblance of 'Eesaa (Jesus) was put over another man (and they killed that man), and those who differ therein are full of doubts. They have no (certain) knowledge, they follow nothing but conjecture. For surely; they killed him not [i.e. 'Eesaa

(Jesus), son of Maryam (Mary) alayhi-salam]:
But Allaah raised him ['Eesaa (Jesus)] up (with his body and soul) unto Himself (and he alayhi-salam is in the heavens). And Allaah is Ever All Powerful, All Wise.
And there is none of the people of the Scripture (Jews and Christians), but must believe in him ['Eesaa (Jesus), son of Maryam (Mary), as only a Messenger of Allaah and a human being], before his ['Eesaa (Jesus) alayhi-salam or a Jew's or a Christian's] death (at the time of the appearance of the angel of death). And on the Day of Resurrection, he ['Eesaa (Jesus)] will be a witness against them." [an-Nisaa' (4):157-9]
We think that the Tafseer (interpretation) of this Aayah is that the pronoun in "before his death" (qabla mawtihi) refers to Jesus; i.e, he will descend and the People of the Book who differed concerning him will believe in him. The Christians claimed that he was divine, while the Jews made a slanderous accusation, i.e. that he was born from adultery. When Jesus descends before the Day of Judgment, he will correct all these differences and lies.
On this basis, the reference to the descent of the Messiah Jesus son of Mary also includes a reference to the Dajjaal (false Mesor Antichrist), who is the opposite of the true Messiah, because sometimes the Arabs refer to one of two opposites and not the other, but mean both.
The Dajjaal is not mentioned by name in the Qur'aan because he is so insignificant: he claims to be divine, but he is merely a human being. His affairs are too contemptible to be mentioned in the Qur'aan. But the Prophet's, out of loyalty to Allaah, warned their people about the Dajjaal and the tribulations and misguiding miracles he would bring. It is enough for us to know the reports of the Prophet's and the many reports from the Prophet Muhammad (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam).
One could argue that Allaah has mentioned Pharaoh and his false claims, such as:
"I am your lord, most high" [an-Nazi'aat (79):24] and "O chiefs! I know not that you have an ilaah (a god) other than me..." [al-Qasas (28):38]
This can be explained by the fact that Pharaoh and his deeds are in the past, and his lies are clear to every believer. But the Dajjaal is yet to come, in the future; it will be a Fitnah and a test for all people. So the Dajjaal is not mentioned in the Qur'aan because he is contemptible; and the fact that he is not mentioned means that it will be a great test.
The facts about the Dajjaal and his lies are obvious and do not need further emphasis. This is often the case when something is very clear. For example, when the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was

terminally ill, he wanted to write a document confirming that Abu Bakr would be the Khaleefah after him. Then he abandoned this idea, and said,
"Allaah and the believers will not accept anyone other than Abu Bakr."
He decided not to write the document because he knew of Abu Bakr's high standing among the Sahaabah (Companions) and was sure that they would not choose anyone else. Similarly, the facts about the Dajjaal are so clear that they did not need to be mentioned in the Qur'aan. Allaah did not mention the Dajjaal in the Qur'aan because He (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) knew that the Dajjaal would not be able to lead His true servants astray; he would only increase their faith, their submission to Allaah and His Messenger, their belief in the Truth, and their rejection of falsehood. For this reason the believer whom the Dajjaal overpowers will say, when he revives him,
"By Allaah, it has only increased my understanding that you are the one-eyed liar about whom the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) spoke."
More Ahaadeeth about the Dajjaal
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Dajjaal will emerge in a land in the east called Khurasan. His followers will be people with faces like hammered shields." [1]
Asmaa' bint Yazeed al-Ansaariyyah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'During the three years just before the Dajjaal comes, there will be one year when the sky will withhold one third of its rain and the earth one-third of its fruits. In the second year the sky will withhold two-thirds of its rain, and the earth two-thirds of its fruits. In the third year the sky will withhold all of its rain, and the earth all of its fruits, and all the animals will die. It will be the greatest tribulation: the Dajjaal will bring a Bedouin and say to him, "What if I bring your camels to life for you? Will you agree that I am your lord?" The Bedouin will say "Yes." So devils will assume the forms of his camels, with the fullest udders and the highest humps. Then he will bring a man whose father and brother have died, and will ask him, "What do you think if I bring your father and brother back to life? Will you agree that I am your lord?" The man will say "Yes," so the devils will assume the forms of his father and brother.' Then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) went out for something, and then returned. The people were very concerned about what he had told them. He stood in the doorway and asked, 'What is wrong, Asma'? I said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, you have terrified us with what you said about the Dajjaal.' He said, 'He will

certainly appear. If I am still alive, I will contend with him on your behalf; otherwise Allaah will take care of every Muslim on my behalf.' I said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, we do not bake our dough until we are hungry, so how will it be for the believers at that time?' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The glorification of Allaah which suffices the people of Heaven will be sufficient for them.' " [2]
Abu Hurairah (radi-Allahu 'anhu) said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come until the Muslims fight the Jews and kill them. When a Jew hides behind a rock or a tree, it will say, "O Muslim, O servant of Allaah! There is a Jew behind me, come and kill him!" All the trees will do this except the box-thorn (al-Gharqad), because it is the tree of the Jews.' " [Ahmad] [3]

Footnotes
[1] Tirmidhee Abwaab al-Fitan, Hadeeth 2338, 6/465. Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan, Hadeeth 4072, 1354, 2/1353, 1354. Ahmad, Musnad 1/7.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh Ibn Maajah: 4072.
[2] Ahmad, Musnad, 6/455, 456.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, al-Mishkat, 1st checking: 5491. Its isnaad contains Sharh ibn Hawshab, who is weak.
[3] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Saa'ah, 8/388. Ahmad, Musnad, 2/417.
Protection Against The Dajjaal
1. Seeking refuge with Allaah from his tribulation.
It is proven in the Saheeh (authentic) Ahaadeeth that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) used to seek refuge with Allaah from the tribulation of the Dajjaal in his prayers, and that he commanded his Ummah to dol ikewise:
"Allaahumma innaa na'oodhu bika min 'adhaabi jahannam, wa min 'adhaabi 'l-qabr, wa min fitnatee 'l-mahyaa'i wa'l-mamaat, wa min fitnatee' l-maseehi 'd-dajjaal."
"O Allaah! We seek refuge with You from the punishment of Hell, from the punishment of the grave, from the tribulations of life and death, and from the tribulation of the False Messiah (Dajjaal)." [1]
This Hadeeth was narrated by many Sahabah, including Anas, Abu Hurairah, 'Aa'ishah, Ibn 'Abbaas, and Sa'd (radi-Allaahu 'anhum).
2. Memorising certain Aayaat from Surat al-Kahf.
Al-Haafidh ad-Dhahabee said,
"Seeking refuge with Allaah from the Dajjaal is mentioned in many

Mutawaatir Ahaadeeth (those with numerous lines of narrators). One way of doing this is to memorise ten Ayaat from Surat al-Kahf."
Abul-Diraa reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "Whoever memorises the first ten Aayaat of Surat al-Kahf will be protected from the Dajjaal." [Abu Daawood] [2]
3. Keeping away from the Dajjaal.
One way to be protected from the tribulation of the Dajjaal is to live in Madeenah or Makkah.
Abu Hurairah reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"There are angels standing at the gates of Madeenah; neither plague nor the Dajjaal can enter it." [Bukhaaree, Muslim]
Abu Bakr reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "The terror caused by the Dajjaal will not enter Madeenah. At that time it will have seven gates; there will be two angels guarding every gate." [Bukhaaree] [3]
Anas said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Dajjaal will come to Madeenah, and he will find angels guarding it. Neither plague nor the Dajjaal will enter it, inshaa-Allaah.' " [Tirmidhee, Bukhaaree]
It has been proven in the Saheeh Ahaadeeth that the Dajjaal will not enter Makkah or Madeenah, because the angels will prevent him from entering these two places which are sanctuaries and are safe from him. When he camps at the salt-marsh (Sabkhah) of Madeenah, it will be shaken by three tremors - either physically or metaphorically - and every hypocrite will go out to join the Dajjaal. On that day, Madeenah will be cleansed of its dross and will be refined and purified; and Allaah knows best.

Footnotes
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Janaa'iz, 2/124. Muslim, Kitaab al-Masaajid, 2/93.
[2] Muslim, Kitaab al-Musaafirun, 2/199. Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Malaahim, (Hadeeth 4301), 11/401, 402.
[3] Bukhaaree, Baab Haram al-Madeenah, 1/28.
The Life And Deeds Of The Dajjaal
The Dajjaal will be a man, created by Allaah to be a test for people at the end of time. Many will be led astray through him, and many will be guided through him; only the sinful will be led astray.
Al-Haafidh Ibn 'Alee al-Aabaar wrote in his book of history (at-Taareekh)

that the Dajjaal's Kunyah (nickname or paternal title) would be Abu Yoosuf. [1]
Abu Bakrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Dajjaal's parents will remain childless for thirty years, then a one-eyed child will be born to them. He will be very bad and will cause a great deal of trouble. When he sleeps, his eyes will be closed but his heart (or mind) will still be active.' Then he described his parents: 'His father will be a tall and bulky man, with a long nose like a beak; his mother will be a huge, heavy-breasted woman.' " [2]
Abu Bakrah said,
"We heard that a child had been born to some of the Jews in Madeenah. Az-Zubayr ibn al-'Awaam and I went see his parents, and found that they matched the description given by the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam). We saw the boy lying in the sun, covered with a blanket, murmuring to himself. We asked his parents about him, and they said, 'We remained childless for thirty years, then this one-eyed boy was born to us. He is very bad and causes a great deal of trouble.' When we went out, we passed the boy. He asked us, 'What were you doing?' We said, 'Did you hear us?' He said, 'Yes; when I sleep, my eyes are closed but my heart (mind) is still active.' That boy was Ibn Sayyaad." [Ahmad, Tirmidhee; this Hadeeth is not very strong] [3]
As we have already seen in the Saheeh Ahaadeeth, Maalik and others think that Ibn Sayyaad was not the Dajjaal; he was one of a number of "lesser dajjaals." Later he repented and embraced Islaam; Allaah knows best his heart and deeds.
The "greater" Dajjaal is the one mentioned in the Hadeeth of Faatimah bint Qays, which she narrated from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam), from Tameem ad-Daaree, and which includes the story of the Jassaasah. The Dajjaal will be permitted to appear at the end of time, after the Muslims have conquered a Roman city called Constantinople. He will first appear in Isfahaan, in an area known as the Jewish quarter (al-Yahoodiyyah). He will be followed by seventy thousand Jews from that area, all of them armed. Seventy thousand Tatars and many people from Khuraasaan will also follow him. At first he will appear as a tyrannical king, then he will claim to be a prophet, then a lord. Only the most ignorant of men will follow him; the righteous and those guided by Allaah will reject him. He will start to conquer the world country by country, fortress by fortress, region by region, town by town; no place will remain unscathed except Makkah and Madeenah. The length of his stay

on earth will be forty days: one day like a year, one day like a month, one day like a week, and the rest of the days like normal days, i.e. his stay will be approximately one year and two and a half months. Allaah will grant him many miracles, through which whoever He wills will be astray, and the faith of the believers will be strengthened. The descent of Jesus son of Mary, the true Messiah, will happen at the time of the Dajjaal, the false messiah. He will descend to the minaret in the east of Damascus. The believers and true servants of Allaah will gather to support him, and the Messiah Jesus son of Mary will lead them against the Dajjaal, who at that time will be heading for Bayt al-Maqdis (Jerusalem). He will catch up with him at 'Aqabah 'Afeeq. The Dajjaal will runaway from him, but Jesus will catch up with him at the gate of Ludd, and will kill him with his spear just as he is entering it. He will say to him, "I have to deal you a blow; you cannot escape." When the Dajjaal faces him, he will begin to dissolve like salt in water. So Jesus will kill him with his spear at the gate of Ludd, and he will die there, as many Saheeh Ahaadeeth indicate.
Majma' ibn Jaariyah is reported to have said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) saying, 'The son of Mary will kill the Dajjaal at the gate of Ludd.' " [Tirmidhee] [4]

Footnotes
[1] Checker's Note: Reported as the saying of ash-Sha'bi. The reporter, Mujaahid ibn Sa'eed is weak.
[2] Checker's Note: Da`eef, al-Mishkat, 1st checking: 6445.
[3] Tirmidhee, Abwaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 2350), 6/522, 523. Ahmad, Musnad, 5/40.
"When he sleeps, his eyes will be closed but his heart (or mind) will still be active" - means that his evil ideas will still come to him even while he is asleep.
Checker's Note: Da`eef due to Alee ibn Zaid ibn Jad'an.
[4] Tirmidhee, Abwaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 2345), 6/513, 514.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh at-Tirmidhee: 1829.
The Descent of Jesus at the End of Time
Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Dajjaal will appear in my Ummah, and will remain for forty - "I cannot say whether he meant forty days, forty months or forty years." - Then Allaah will send Jesus (alayhi-salam), the son of Mary, who will resemble 'Urwah ibn Mas'ood. He will chase the Dajjaal and kill him. Then the people will live for seven years during which there will be no enmity between any two

persons. Then Allaah will send a cold wind from the direction of Syria, which will take the soul of everyone who has the slightest speck of good or faith in his heart. Even if one of you were to enter the heart of a mountain, the wind would reach him there and take his soul. Only the most wicked people will be left; they will be as careless as birds, with the characteristics of beasts, and will have no concern for right and wrong. Satan will come to them in the form of man and will say, "Don't you respond?" They will say, "What do you order us to do?" He will order them to worship idols, and in spite of that they will have sustenance in abundance, and lead comfortable lives.
"Then the Trumpet will be blown, and everyone will tilt their heads to hear it. The first one to hear it will be a man busy repairing a trough for his camels. He and everyone else will be struck down. Then Allaah will send (or send down) rain like dew, and the bodies of the people (i.e. the dead) will grow out of it. Then the trumpet will be sounded again, and the people will get up and look around. Then it will be said, "O people, go to your Lord and account for yourselves." It will be said, "Bring out the people of Hell," and it will be asked, "How many are there?" - the answer will come: "Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand." "On that day a child will grow old and the shin will be laid bare." [al-Qalam (68):42] " [Muslim] [1]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The son of Mary will come down as a just leader. He will break the cross, and kill the pigs. Peace will prevail and people will use their swords as sickles. Every harmful beast will be made harmless; the sky will send down rain in abundance,and the earth will bring forth its blessings. A child will play with a fox and not come to any harm; a wolf will graze with sheep and a lion with cattle, without harming them.' " [Ahmad] [2]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'By Him in Whose hand is my soul, surely the son of Mary will come down among you as a just ruler. He will break the cross, kill the pigs and abolish the Jizyah. Wealth will be in such abundance that no-one will care about it, and a single prostration in prayer will be better than the world and all that is in it.' "
Abu Hurairah said,
'If you wish, recite the Aayah: "And there is none of the People of the Book but must believe in him before his death; and on the Day of Judgement he will be a witness against them..." [an-Nisaa' (4):159] '

[Bukhaaree, Muslim] [3]
Abu Hurairah reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Prophets are like brothers; they have different mothers but their religion is one. I am the closest of all the people to Jesus son of Mary, because there is no other Prophet between him and myself. He will come again, and when you see him, you will recognise him. He is of medium height and his colouring is reddish-white. He will be wearing two garments, and his hair will look wet. He will break the cross, kill the pigs, abolish the Jizyah and call the people to Islaam. During his time, Allaah will end every religion and sect other than Islaam, and will destroy the Dajjaal. Then peace and security will prevail on earth, so that lions will graze with camels, tigers with cattle, and wolves with sheep; children will be able to play with snakes without coming to any harm. Jesus will remain for forty years, then die, and the Muslims will pray for him."
[Ahmad] [4]
Ibn Masood reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"On the night of the Israa' (night journey), I met my father Abraham, Moses and Jesus, and they discussed the Hour. The matter was referred first to Abraham, then to Moses, and both said, 'I have no knowledge of it.' Then it was referred to Jesus, who said, 'No-one knows about its timing except Allaah; what my Lord told me was that the Dajjaal will appear, and when he sees me he will begin to melt like lead. Allaah will destroy him when he sees me. The Muslims will fight against the Kaafirs, and even the trees and rocks will say, "O Muslim, there is a Kaafir hiding beneath me - come and kill him!" Allaah will destroy the Kaafirs, and the people will return to their own lands. Then Gog and Magog will appear from all directions, eating and drinking everything they find. The people will complain to me, so I will pray to Allaah and He will destroy them, so that the earth will be filled with their stench. Allaah will send rain which will wash their bodies into the sea. My Lord has told me that when that happens, the Hour will be very close, like a pregnant woman whose time is due, but her family do not know exactly when she will deliver.' "
[Ahmad, Ibn Maajah] [5]

Footnotes
[1] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Saa'ah, 8/201, 202.
[2] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/482, 483.
Checker's Note: The Tabi'e is Ziyad ibn Sa'd, who is mentioned by Ibn

Hibban in ath-Thiqat al-Bukhari and Abu Hatim did not speak for nor against him. Ibn Kathir says the report is good and strong.
[3] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Anbiyaa, 204, 205. Muslim, Kitaab al-Imaan, 1/93, 94.
[4] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/406.
Checker's Note: Saheeh as declared by al-Hakim and adh-Dhahabi. Qatadah's hearing it is reported in a later narration in al-Musnad 2/436.
[5] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/375. Similar Hadeeth in Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 4081), 2/1365, 1366.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Da`eef al-Jami as-Sagheer: 4709. See Saheeh Muslim translation, no. 6924
Description of the Messiah Jesus son of Mary, Messenger of Allaah
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'On the night of the Israa' (miraculous journey to Jerusalem) I met Moses - he was a slim man with wavy hair, and looked like a man from the Shanoo'ah tribe. I also met Jesus - he was of medium height and of a red complexion, as if he had just come out of the bath' " [Bukhaaree, Muslim] [1]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Whilst I was asleep, I saw myself (in a dream) making Tawaaf around the Ka'bah. I saw a brown-skinned man, with straight hair, being supported by two men, and with water dripping from his head. I said, 'Who is this?' They said, 'The son of Mary' I turned around and saw a fat, ruddy man, with curly hair, who was blind in his right eye; his eye looked like a floating grape. I asked, 'Who is this?' They said, 'The Dajjaal.' The one who most resembles him is Ibn Qatan." Az-Zuhri explained: Ibn Qatan was a man from Khuzaa'ah who died during the Jaahiliyyah (before the coming of Islaam). [Bukhaaree] [2]

Footnotes
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Anbiyaa, 4/302. Muslim, Kitaab al-Imaan, 1/106, 107.
[2] Bukhaaree, ibid.
The Appearance of Gog and Magog
They (two tribes or peoples) will appear at the time of Jesus son of Mary, after the Dajjaal. Allaah will destroy them all in one night, in response to the supplication of Jesus.
Abu Hurairah reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Everyday, Gog and Magog are trying to dig a way out through the

barrier. When they begin to see sunlight through it, the one who is in charge of them says, 'Go back; you can carry on digging tomorrow,' and when they come back, the barrier is stronger than it was before. This will continue until their time comes and Allaah wishes to send them forth. They will dig until they begin to see sunlight, then the one who is in charge of them will say, 'Go back; you can carry on digging tomorrow, inshaa'-Allaah.' In this case he will make an exception by saying inshaa'-Allaah, thus relating the matter to the Will of Allaah. They will return on the following day, and find the hole as they left it. They will carry on digging and come out against the people. They will drink all the water, and the people will entrench themselves in their fortresses. Gog and Magog will fire their arrows into the sky, and they will fall back to earth with something like blood on them. Gog and Magog will say, 'We have defeated the people of earth, and overcome the people of heaven.' Then Allaah will send a kind of worm in the napes of their necks, and they will be killed by it...' 'By Him in Whose hand is the soul of Muhammad, the beasts of the earth will become fat.' " [1]

Gog and Magog are two groups of Turks, descended from Yaafith (Japheth), the father of the Turks, one of the sons of Noah. At the time of Abraham (alayhi-salam), there was a king called Dhu'l-Qarnayn. He performed Tawaaf around the Ka'bah with Abraham (alayhi-salam) when he first built it; he believed and followed him. Dhu'l-Qarnayn was a good man and a great king; Allaah gave him great power and he ruled the east and west. He held sway over all kings and countries, and travelled far and wide in both east and west. He travelled eastwards until he reached a pass between two mountains, through which people were coming out. They did not understand anything, because they were so isolated; they were Gog and Magog. They were spreading corruption through the earth, and harming the people, so the people sought help from Dhu'l-Qarnayn. They asked him to build a barrier between them and Gog and Magog. He asked them to help him to build it, so together they built a barrier by mixing iron, copper and tar.

Thus Dhu'l-Qarnayn restrained Gog and Magog behind the barrier. They tried to penetrate the barrier, or to climb over it, but to no avail. They could not succeed because the barrier is so huge and smooth. They began to dig, and they have been digging for centuries; they will continue to do so until the time when Allaah decrees that they come out. At that time the barrier will collapse, and Gog and Magog will rush out in all directions, spreading corruption, uprooting plants, killing people. When Jesus (alayhi-salam) prays against them, Allaah will send a kind of worm

in the napes of their necks, and they will be killed by it.

Footnotes
[1] Tirmidhee, Abwaab al-Tafsir: Soorat al-Kahf (Hadeeth 5160), 8/597-99. Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan, (Hadeeth 4080), 2/1364. Ahmad, Musnad, 2/510, 511.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1735.
The destruction of the Ka'bah
At the end of time, Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn, who will come from Abyssinia (al-Habash), will destroy the Ka'bah in order to steal its treasure and Kiswah (cloth covering). The Ka'bah is the ancient building which was built by Abraham, and whose foundations were laid by Adam.
As Tafseer (interpretation) of the Aayah "Until the Gog and Magog (people) are let through (their barrier)" [al-Anbiyaa' (21):96], it was reported from Ka'b al-Ahbar that Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn will first emerge at the time of Jesus, son of Mary. Allaah will send Jesus at the head of a vanguard of between seven and eight hundred. While they are marching towards Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn, Allaah will send a breeze from the direction of Yemen, which will take the soul of every believer. Only the worst of people will be left, and they will begin to copulate like animals. Ka'b said: "At that time, the Hour will be close at hand." [1]
'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn from Abyssinia will destroy the Ka'bah and steal its treasure and Kiswah. It is as if I could see him now: he is bald-headed and has a distortion in his wrists. He will strike the Ka'bah with his spade and pick-axe.' " [Ahmad] [2]
It was reported from 'Abd Allaah ibn 'Umar that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Leave the Abyssinians alone so long as they do not disturb you, for no-one will recover the treasure of the Ka'bah except Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn from Abyssinia." [Abu Daawood, in the chapter on the prohibition of provoking the Abyssinians] [3]
Ibn 'Abbaas narrated that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"It is as if I can see him now: he is black and his legs are widely spaced. He will destroy the Ka'bah stone by stone." [Ahmad] [4]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Hour will not come until a man from Qahtaan appears and rules the people." [Muslim; similar Hadeeth in Bukhaaree]

This man could be Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn, or someone else, because this man comes from Qahtaan, while other reports say that Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn comes from Abyssinia; and Allaah knows best.
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Day and night will not come to an end until a freed man called Jahjaah holds sway.' " [Ahmad] [5]
This could be the name of Dhul-Suwayqatayn from Abyssinia; and Allaah knows best.
'Umar ibn al-Khattab reported that he heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say:
"The people of Makkah will leave, and only a few people will pass through it. Then it will be resettled and rebuilt; then the people will leave it again, and no-one will ever return." [6]

Footnotes
[1] Concerning Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn, see: Bukhaaree: Kitaab al-Hajj, Baab Hadam al-Ka'bah (The Book of Pilgrimage, Chapter of the Destruction of the Ka'bah), 2/183. Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Saa'ah, 8/183. Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn: al-Suwayqatayn is the dimunitive of al-Saaqayn (legs); his legs are described as being "small" because they are thin. Thin legs are, in general, a characteristic of the Sudanese and people of the Horn of Africa.
[2] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/220.
Checker's Note: Da`eef isnaad. It contains the `an`anah of Abu Zubair. The first part, up to 'treasure' is hasan, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 771.
[3] Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Malaahim, (Hadeeth 4287), 11/423.
Checker's Note: Hasan, Saheeh Abee Daawood.
[4] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/227.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, also reported in al-Bukhaaree.
[5] Checker's Note: Saheeh, Ahmad, Muslim and at-Tirmidhee. Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 7684.
[6] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/23.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Da`eef al-Jami as-Sagheer: 3298. Da`eef due to Ibn Lahi'ah and `an`anah of Abu Zubair
Madeenah will remain inhabited at the time of the Dajjaal
It has been proven in the Saheeh Ahaadeeth, as already stated, that the Dajjaal will not be able to enter Makkah and Madeenah, and that there will be angels at the gates of Makkah to ward him off and prevent him

from entering.
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Neither the Dajjaal nor plague will be able to enter Madeenah."
As mentioned above, the Dajjaal will camp outside Madeenah, and it will be shaken by three tremors. Every hypocrite and sinner will go out to join the Dajjaal, and every believer and Muslim will stay. That day will be called the Day of Purification (Yawm al-Khalaas). Most of those who go out to join the Dajjaal will be women. As the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Verily it (Madeenah) is good; its evil will be eliminated and its goodness will be obvious."
Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) said:
"Women impure are for men impure, and men impure for women impure, and women of purity are for men of purity, and men of purity are for women of purity..." [an-Noor (24):26)
Madeenah will remain inhabited during the days of the Dajjaal, and during the time of Jesus son of Mary (alayhi-salam), until he dies and is buried there. Then it will be destroyed.
'Umar ibn al-Khattab said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'A rider will go around Madeenah and say, There used to be many Muslims here.' " [Ahmad] [1]

Footnotes
[1] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/20.
Checker's Note: Da`eef isnaad due to Ibn Lahi'ah and `an`anah of Abu Zubair. The fact that Madinah will be deserted is reported from Abu Hurairah by al-Bukhaaree.
The Emergence of the Beast
Among the signs of the Hour will be the emergence of a beast from the earth. It will be very strange inappearance, and extremely huge; one cannot even imagine what it will look like. It will emerge from the earth and shake the dust from its head. It will have with it the ring of Solomon and the rod of Moses. People will be terrified of it and will try to run away, but they will not be able to escape, because such will be the decree of Allaah. It will destroy the nose of every unbeliever with the rod, and write the word "Kaafir" on his forehead; it will adorn the face of every believer and write the word "Mu'min" (true believer) on his forehead, and it will speak to people.

Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) said:
"And when the Word is fulfilled against them (the unjust), We shall produce from the earth a Beast to (face) them: it will speak to them..." [an-Naml (27):82]
Ibn 'Abbaas, al-Hasan and Qataadah said that "It will speak to them" (tukallimuhum) means that it will address them. Ibn Jareer suggested that it means that the Beast will address them with the words "...for that mankind did not believe with assurance in Our Signs..." [an-Naml (27):82 - latter part of the Ayah]
Ibn Jareer reported this from 'Alee and 'Ata'. It was reported from Ibn 'Abbaas that tukallimuhum means that the Beast will cut them, i.e., it will write the word "Kaafir" on the forehead of the unbeliever. It was also reported from Ibn 'Abbaas that he will both address them and cut them; this suggestion incorporates both of the previous suggestions; and Allaah knows best.
We have already mentioned the Hadeeth of Hudhayfah ibn Usayd, in which the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) is reported to have said,
"The Hour will not come until you see ten signs: the smoke; the Dajjaal; the Beast; the sun rising from the West; the descent of Jesus son of Mary; Gog and Magog; and three land-slides - one in the East, one in the West, and one in Arabia, at the end of which fire will burst forth from the direction of Aden (Yemen) and drive people to the place of their final assembly."
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Hasten to do good deeds before six things happen: the rising of the sun from the West, the smoke, the Dajjaal, the Beast, the (death) of one of you or general tribulation.' " [Muslim]
Bareedah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) took me to a place in the desert, near Makkah. It was a dry piece of land surrounded by sand. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Beast will emerge from this place.' It was a very small area." [Ibn Maajah] [1]
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Beast of the Earth will emerge, and will have with it the rod of Moses and the ring of Solomon."
It was also reported that he said,
"(The Beast) will destroy the noses of the unbelievers with the ring, - so

that people seated around one table will begin to address one another with the words "O Believer!" or "O Unbeliever!" (i.e., everyone's status will become clear) [Ibn Maajah] [2]
'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr said,
"I memorised a Hadeeth from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) which I have not forgotten since. I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'The first of the signs (of the Hour) to appear will be the rising of the sun from the West and the appearance of the Beast before the people in the forenoon. Whichever of these two events happens first, the other will follow immediately.' " [Muslim] [3]
That is to say, these will be the first extraordinary signs. The Dajjaal, the descent of Jesus (alayhi-salam), the emergence of Gog and Magog, are less unusual in that they are all human beings. But the emergence of the Beast, whose form will be very strange, its addressing the people and classifying them according to their faith or unbelief, is something truly extraordinary. This is the first of the earthly signs, as the rising of the sun from the West is the first of the heavenly signs.

Footnotes
[1] Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan, (Hadeeth 4267), 2/1352.
Checker's Note: Da`eef Jiddan (very weak). Ibn Maajah, no. 4067, Da`eef Ibn Maajah: 882.
[2] Similar Hadeeth narrated by Ibn Maajah in Kitaab al-Fitan, (Hadeeth 4061), 2 - 1351, 1352. Ahmad, Musnad, 2 - 295.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Da`eef al-Jami as-Sagheer: 2413.
[3] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/202.
The Rising of the Sun from the West
Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) says:
"Do they then wait for anything other than that the angels should come to them, or that your Lord should come, or that some of the Signs of your Lord should come (i.e. portents of the Hour e.g., arising of the sun from the west)! The day that some of the Signs of your Lord do come, no good will it do to a person to believe then, if he believed not before, nor earned good (by performing deeds of righteousness) through his Faith. Say: 'Wait you! we (too) are waiting.'" [al-An'aam (6):158]
It was reported from Abu Sa'eed al-Khudree that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) explained,
"The day that some of the Signs of your Lord do come, no good will it do to a person to believe then...", referring to the rising of the sun from the West. [Ahmad] [1]

Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come until the sun rises from the West. When the people see it, whoever is living on earth will believe, but that will be the time when - No good will it do to a person to believe then, if he believed not before then' " [Bukhaaree] [2]
It was also reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Hour will not come until the sun rises from the West. When it rises and the people see it, they will all believe. But that will be the time when 'No good will it do to a person to believe then.' " [Bukhaaree] [3]
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"There are three things which, if they appear, 'No good will it do to a person to believe then, if he believed not before, nor earned good (by performing deeds of righteousness) through his Faith' They are: the rising of the sun from the West, the Dajjaal, and the Beast of the Earth." [Ahmad, Muslim, Tirmidhee] [4]
Abu Dharr said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) asked me, 'Do you know where the sun goes when it sets?' I said, 'I do not know' He said, 'It travels until it prostrates itself beneath the Throne, and asks for permission to rise again. But a time will come when it will be told, 'Go back whence you came.' That will be the time when 'No good will it do to a person to believe then, if he believed not before, nor earned good (by performing deeds of righteousness) through his Faith' " [Bukhaaree] [5]
'Amr ibn Jareer said,
"Three Muslims were sitting with Marwaan in Madeenah, and heard him say, whilst talking about the Signs of the Hour, that the first of them would be the appearance of the Dajjaal. The three went to 'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr, and told him what they had heard Marwaan say concerning the Signs. 'Abd Allaah said, 'Marwan has not said much. I memorised a Hadeeth like that from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) which I have not forgotten since. I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say:
"The first of the signs will be the rising of the sun from the West, and the emergence of the Beast in the forenoon. Whichever of the two comes first, the other will follow immediately"
Then 'Abd Allaah, who was widely-read, said,
"I think that the first to happen will be the rising of the sun from the West.

Every time it sets, it goes beneath the Throne, prostrates itself, and seeks permission to rise again. A time will come when three times it will seek permission and will receive no reply, until, when part of the night has passed and it realises that even if it were given permission, it would not be able to rise on time, it will say: 'O my Lord, how far the rising-point is from me! What can I do for the people now?' Then it will seek permission to go back, and it will be told: 'Rise from where you are now' - and it will rise from the West." Then 'Abd Allaah recited the Aayah: "No good will it do to a person to believe then, if he believed not before, nor earned good (by performing deeds of righteousness) through his Faith." [Ahmad] [6]

Footnotes
[1] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/31.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh at-Tirmidhee: 2455.
[2] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Tafsir, 6/73.
[3] Bukhaaree, ibid.
[4] Muslim, Kitaab al-Imaan, 1/96. Tirmidhee, Abwaab al-Tafsir (Hadeeth 5067), 8/449, 450. Ahmad, Musnad, 2/455, 446.
[5] Similar Hadeeth in Bukhaaree, Kitaab Bid' al-Khalq, 4/131.
[6] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/201.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 6881.
The Smoke which will appear at the End of Time
Masrooq said:
"While a man was giving a speech among the people of Kindah, he said, 'There will be smoke on the Day of Resurrection which will deprive the hypocrites of their hearing and sight, but the believers will only suffer something like a cold.' We were terrified, so we went to Ibn Masood, who was reclining. When he heard about this, he became angry and sat up, and said: 'O people, whoever knows a thing, let him say it; but whoever does not know, let him say, "Allaah knows best." It is a part of knowledge, when one does not know something, to say "Allaah knows best." Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) said to His Prophet Muhammad (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam):
"Say (O Muhammad sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam): 'No wage do I ask of you for this (the Qur'aan), nor am I one of the Mutakallifoon (those who pretend and fabricate things which do not exist).'" [Saad (38):86]
"Quraysh were being slow in embracing Islaam, so the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) prayed against them, saying, 'O Allaah, help

me against them by sending seven years of famine like those of Joseph.' They were afflicted by a year of famine in which they were destroyed, and ate dead animals and bones. They began to see something like smoke between the sky and the earth. Abu Sufyan came and said, 'O Muhammad! You came to command us to keep good relations with our relatives, and your people have perished, so pray that Allaah may relieve them.'"
Then Ibn Mas'ood recited,
"Then wait you for the Day when the sky will bring forth a visible smoke. Covering the people, this is a painful torment. (They will say): "Our Lord! Remove the torment from us, really we shall become believers!" How can there be for them an admonition (at the time when the torment has reached them), when a Messenger explaining things clearly has already come to them. Then they had turned away from him (Messenger Muhammad sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) and said: "One (Muhammad sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) taught (by a human being), a madman!" Verily, We shall remove the torment for a while. Verily! You will revert." [ad-Dukhaan (44):10-15]
Ibn Masood asked:
"Will their punishment in the Hereafter be removed so they can go back to their Kufr?"
Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) said:
"On the Day when We shall seize you with the greatest grasp. Verily, We will exact retribution." [ad-Dukhaan (44):16]
...and soon will come the inevitable (punishment)!" [al-Furqaan (25):77]
These Ayaat refer to the Day (Battle) of Badr. Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) said:
"Alif Laam Meem. The Romans have been defeated. In the nearer land (Syria, Iraq, Jordan, and Palestine), and they, after their defeat, will be victorious. Within three to nine years." [ar-Room (30): 1-4] [Bukhaaree] [1]
This speaker's suggestion - that the idea that the smoke would be on the Day or Resurrection was not a good one - made Ibn Masood react angrily. But the smoke will appear before the Day of Resurrection; it will be one of the signs, which are: the Beast, the Dajjaal, the Smoke, and Gog and Magog, as the Ahaadeeth narrated from Abu Sareehah, Abu Hurairah and other Sahaabah indicate.
As mentioned in the Saheeh Ahaadeeth, the fire which will appear before the Day of Resurrection will burst forth from the direction of Aden, and drive the people to the place of their final assembly. It will move with

them and halt with them, and will devour any who lag behind.

Footnote
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab at-Tafsir - Soorat ar-Room, 6/142, 143
Other Events which will precede the Hour
It was reported from Abu Sa'eed al-Khudree that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Thunderbolts will increase so much as the Hour approaches that when a man comes to a people, he will ask, 'Who amongst you was struck by a thunderbolt this morning?' and they will say, 'So-and-so and so-and-so was struck.' " [Ahmad] [1]
Heavy rain before the Day of Resurrection
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The hour will not come until there has been rain which will destroy all dwellings except tents." [2]
We have already mentioned many Ahaadeeth about the signs of the Hour. Now we will turn our attention to some Ahaadeeth which could indicate that the Hour is close at hand.
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:
"The Hour will not come until the following events have come to pass: people will compete with one another in constructing high buildings; two big groups will fight one another, and there will be many casualties - they will both be following the same religious teaching; earthquakes will increase; time will pass quickly; afflictions and killing will increase; nearly thirty dajjals will appear, each of them claiming to be a messenger from Allaah; a man will pass by a grave and say, 'Would that I were in your place'; the sun will rise from the West; when it rises and the people see it, they will all believe, but that will be the time when 'No good will it do to a person to believe then, if it believed not before...' [al-An'aam (6):158]; and a wealthy man will worry lest no-one accept his Zakaat." [Bukhaaree, Muslim]
It was reported from Anas that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:
"Among the signs of the Hour are the following: knowledge will decrease and ignorance will prevail; fornication and the drinking of wine will be common; the number of men will decrease and the number of women will increase, until one man will look after fifty women." [Bukhaaree] [3]
'Aa'ishah said,

"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'Day and night will not pass away until people begin to worship Laat and 'Uzzaa' (two goddesses of pre-Islaamic Arabic). I said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, I thought that when Allaah revealed the Aayah "It is He Who has sent His Messenger (Muhammad sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) with guidance and the religion of truth (Islaam), to make it superior over all religions even though the Mushrikoon (polytheists, pagans, idolaters, disbelievers in the Oneness of Allaah) hate (it)" [at-Tawbah (9):33], it implied that (this promise) would be fulfilled.' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'It will happen as Allaah wishes. Then Allaah will send a pleasant breeze, which will take everyone who has as much faith as a grain of mustard-seed in his heart. Only those with no goodness in them will be left, and they will revert to the religion of their forefathers.' " [Muslim] [4]
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that one day, while the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was sitting with the people, a Bedouin came to him and asked him about Eemaan and Islaam, then he asked, "O Messenger of Allaah, when will the Hour be?" He said, "The one who is asked about it does not know more than the one who asks, but I tell you about its signs. When a slave gives birth to her mistress, and when the bare-footed and naked become the chiefs of the people - these are among the signs of the Hour. There are five things which no-one knows except Allaah." Then he recited:
"Verily the knowledge of the Hour is with God (alone). It is He Who sends down rain, and He Who knows what is in the wombs. Nor does anyone know what it is that he will earn on the morrow: nor does anyone know in what land he is to die. Verily God is All-Knowing, All Aware." [Luqman (31):34]
Then the man went away, and the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "Call him back to me," but when the people went to call him, they could not see anything. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "That was Gabriel, who came to teach the people their religion." [Bukhaaree, Muslim] [5]
"The bare-footed and naked paupers will compete with one another in constructing high buildings" means that they will become the chiefs of people. They will become rich, and their only concern will be to compete in constructing high buildings. This is as in the Hadeeth we shall see later:
"The Hour will not come until the happiest people in the world will be the depraved sons of the depraved."
It was reported from Abu Sa'eed that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa

sallam) said:
"The Hour will not come until the time when a man will leave his home, and his shoes or whip or stick will tell what is happening to his family." [Ahmad] [6]
It was reported from Abu Sa'eed that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:
"By Him in Whose hand is my soul, the Hour will not come until wild animals talk to men, and a man speaks to his whip or his shoe, and his thigh will tell him about what happened to his family after he left." [7]
Anas said,
"We were discussing the fact that the Hour would not come until there is no rain, the earth does not produce crops, and fifty women will be cared for by one man; and if a woman passes by a man, he will look at her and say, 'This woman once had a husband.' " [Ahmad] [8]
Abu Hurairah said:
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said: 'The Hour will not come until time passes so quickly that a year will be like a month, a month like a week, a week like a day, a day like an hour, and an hour like the time it takes for a palm-leaf to burn.' " [Ahmad] [9]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said: 'The world will not pass away until the one who enjoys it the most is the depraved son of the depraved.' " [Ahmad] [10]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Before the Hour comes, there will be years of deceit, in which a truthful person will be disbelieved and a liar will be believed; and the insignificant will have a say.' " [Ahmad] [11]
Abu Hurairah said:
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say: 'The Hour will not come until the sheep with horns no longer fights the sheep without horns.' " [Ahmad] [12]
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Hour will not come until wealth increases so much that a wealthy man will be worried lest no-one accept his Sadaqah; knowledge will be taken away; time will pass quickly; tribulations will appear; and there will be much Harj." The people asked, "What is Harj, O Messenger of Allaah?" He said, "Killing, killing." [Ahmad] [13]
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe

wa sallam) said,
"By Him Who sent me with the Truth, this earth will not pass away until people are afflicted with landslides, are pelted with stones, and are transformed into animals." The people asked, "When will that be, O Messenger of Allaah?" He said, "When you see women riding in the saddle, when singers are common, when bearing false witness becomes widespread, and when men lie with men and women with women." [14]
Taariq ibn Shihaab said,
"We were sitting with 'Abd Allaah ibn Mas'ood, when a man came and told us that the time for prayer had come. So we got up and went to the mosque... After the prayer, a man came to 'Abd Allaah ibn Mas'ood and said, 'As-salaam 'alayka (Peace be upon you), O Abu 'Abd ar-Rahmaan'. 'Abd Allaah answered, 'Allaah and His Messenger have spoken the truth.' When we went back, we asked one another, 'Did you hear the answer he gave? Who is going to ask him about it?' I said, 'I will ask him'; so I asked him when he came out. He narrated from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam):
'Before the Hour comes, there will be a special greeting for the people of distinction; trade will become so widespread that a woman will help her husband in business; family ties will be cut; the giving of false witness will be common, while truthful witness will be rare; and writing will be widespread.' [Ahmad] [15]

Footnotes
[1] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/64, 65.
Checker's Note: Da`eef isnaad due to Muhammad ibn Mus'ab.
[2] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/262.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 7554 and Majma' az-Zawaid of al-Haythamee: 7/331.
[3] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-'Ilm, 1/30, 31.
[4] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan 8/182.
[5] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Imaan, 1/19; Kitaab at-Tafsir - Soorat Luqmaan, 6/144. Muslim, Kitaab al-Imaan, 1/30, 31.
[6] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/88, 89.
Checker's Note: Saheeh.
[7] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/82, 84.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 122.
[8] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/286.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, reported by Ahmad, Abu Ya'la and al-Bazzar. Majma' az-Zawa'id of al-Haythamee: 7/333 and Kashful Astar bi Zawa'id

al-Bazzar of al-Haythamee: 3415.
[9] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/358.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 7422.
[10] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/358.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 7272.
[11] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/238.
Checker's Note: Hasan, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1887.
[12] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/442.
Checker's Note: Da`eef?? [not quite sure] due to as-Salt ibn Quwaid; an-Nasaa'ee said, "His hadith is munkar."
[13] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/313.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 8120, 8121.
[14] al-Haythamee, Kitaab al-Fitan.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, related by al-Bazzar and at-Tabaraanee in al-Awsat. It is weak due to Sulaiman ibn Daawood al-Yamami who is matrook (abandoned). Majma' az-Zawa'id of al-Haythamee.
[15] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/407.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 648.
Description of the People who will be Alive at the End of Time
It was reported from 'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Hour will not come until Allaah takes away the best people on earth; only the worst people will be left; they will not know any good or forbid any evil." [Ahmad] [1]
'Abd Allaah ibn Mas'ood said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say: 'Eloquence can be bewitching; the worst of the people are those upon whom the Hour will come while they are still alive, and those who turn graves into mosques.' " [Ahmad] [2]
It was reported from Anas that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Hour will not come until no-one on earth says 'Laa ilaaha illaa Allaah.'" [Ahmad] [3]
It was also reported from Anas that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:
"The Hour will not come until no-one on earth says, 'Allaah, Allaah.'" [Ahmad] [4]
There are two suggestions as to the meaning of the phrase, "until no-one on earth says 'Allaah, Allaah'":

It could mean that no-one will forbid evil, or try to correct another if he sees him doing something wrong. We have already come across this in the Hadeeth of 'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr:
"Only the worst people will be left; they will not know any good or forbid any evil."
It could mean that Allaah will no longer be mentioned, and His Name will not be known; this will be part of the prevalent corruption and Kufr, as in the previous Hadeeth,
"Until no-one on earth says 'Laa ilaaha illaa Allaah."
'Aa'ishah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) came in, saying 'O 'Aa'ishah, your people will be the first of my Ummah to join me.' When he sat down, I said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, may I be sacrificed for you! When you came in, you were saying something which scared me.' He asked, 'What was that?' I said, 'You said that my people would be the first of your Ummah to join you.' He said, 'Yes.' I asked, 'Why is that?' He said, 'Death will be widespread among them, and their relatives will be jealous of them.' I said, 'How will people be after that?' He said, 'Like locusts: the strong will devour the weak, until the Hour comes.' " [Ahmad] [5]
'Albaa' al-Salamee said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say: 'The Hour will only come upon the worst of the people.' " [Ahmad] [6]

Footnotes
[1] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/454.
Checker's Note: Da`eef isnaad due to `an`anah of al-Hasan al-Basree.
[2] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/268.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 4342.
[3] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/268.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Tahdheerus Saajid of Shaykh al-Albaanee, pg. 119.
[4] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/107.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 7420.
[5] Ahmad, Musnad, 6/81.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1953.
[6] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/499.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Mustadrak of al-Hakim: 4/496. Declared saheeh by al-Hakim and agreed to by adh-Dhahaabee

THE SIGNS BEFORE THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT
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THE LUCIFERIAN PLAN TO DESTROY CREATION

Dean and Jill Henderson

ILLUMINATI
AGENDA 21
The Luciferian Plan To Destroy Creation

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Cover and interior design by Jill Henderson

ISBN-10: 1720819106
ISBN-13: 978-1720819103

DEDICATION

To Mother Earth and To Humanity
We Are One

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Chapter 1

Leaving the garden of Eden

In the Book of Genesis Adam and Eve - certainly a metaphor for humanity - landed in the Garden of Eden, a paradise of abundance that only required the acceptance, contentment and gratitude of the humans to remain intact and fertile.

Despite God’s warning and tempted by the serpent - a metaphor for Lucifer and the Anunnaki, whose Nephilim hybrid offspring are also mentioned in the Book of Genesis - the first humans ate the apple from the tree of knowledge and were cast out of the Garden of Eden.

Rather than being content with being human, with seeing themselves as connected to the entirety of God’s creation, Adam and Eve began a process of intellectual self-worship, which today has supplanted all holy books to become the religion of the emerging Luciferian New World Order.

As humanity was forced away from nature by an emerging Babylonian priesthood of Satanists - first, via agriculture as per the story of Cain and Abel and later, via industrialization and capitalism - we lost our God-given abilities to heal ourselves, create free energy, find food in Creator's wild garden and connect telepathically with other beings.

We went from having seven senses to believing we only have five. We were intentionally crippled by the Luciferians. We fell out of love with Mother Earth.

The universe is 93% energy and 7% matter. With this understanding we should remember the Lakota saying, “We are not much, but we are a whole lot more than nothing”. Our bodies are just a shell containing our soul, our vital energy, which is free in the knowledge that we are all actually One.

A priesthood of secret societies emerged who were obsessed with the Luciferian idea that man is smarter than the Creator. They prided themselves on being fallen angels. The ancient cities of Ur and Babylon were ruled by these Luciferians, who justified their deceptions using evil texts like the Talmud and Cabala. They eventually coalesced around the pyramids of Giza, enslaving the Israelites to cover up the real reason that ancient people - probably black African Moors - built the pyramids.

As researcher Michael Tellinger and others are finding out, the pyramids were an important part of a free energy grid spanning the planet, a grid that includes all the ancient ruins from Machu Picchu to Angkor Wat to Ayers Rock. From the air, many of these ruins look like computer circuit boards. It's all about silicon and water. Human beings are 75% water and if tuned in, are excellent conductors.

The Luciferian brain worshipers literally covered up this fact by topping-off the structures, then from their Grand Lodge of Cairo headquarters, created an Egyptian Triad as a template for the establishment of a pyramid-shaped economic, social and religious system that they have used to enslave the rest of humanity.

They called themselves the Brotherhood of the Snake, again a metaphor for the snake that tempted humanity away from their hunting and gathering existence in the Garden of Eden.

In fact, these Luciferians looted and pillaged all the wealth and resources from this Garden of Eden, and usurped the ancient wisdom. They then hid this wisdom from the masses and slaughtered aboriginal people around the globe who *were* content in the garden and lived harmoniously in the knowledge that they were just a part of God's creation.

They stole the seven-sense knowledge of the indigenous people and hid it from humanity within their secret societies where they lorded over it and called it the Ancient Mysteries, though there was nothing mysterious about it. It was simply reality.

The Luciferian philosophy is one of division, individualism, conquest and the atomization of the whole. They reject the reality of nature, which is that we are all One.

Where the ancient ones knew that Mother Earth was a whole living breathing organism called Gaia, the worshipers of the fallen angel saw it as a resource to be owned and plundered for personal financial gain. Materialism is the their religion.

As their wealth has accumulated, so has their bad karma. Instead of facing it, they remain in denial and burrow deeper into their Luciferian delusion as to the nature of reality.

As a result of this lack of understanding of the nature of reality, they live in ignorance and bondage. And so they work tirelessly to make sure we also dwell in this same fourth dimension of bondage, chasing money and fame instead of embracing reality and being happy.

The New Science renaissance being led by quantum physics is exposing the lies that these physical, intellectual and emotional hoarder pirates have enslaved us in, proving that science itself has a spiritual, rather than an objectified basis.

The Luciferians know this, so an epic battle between Good and Evil is entering a critical phase. While truth lies in unity and wholeness, they seek to divide, disrupt and obfuscate.

Whether their deliberate attempt to destroy humanity and this planet is a result of sheer ignorance, or terraforming for a coming return of their Anunnaki lizard cousins doesn't really matter.

These most misguided, miserable and dense humans on the planet - these baby sacrificing, depopulation-obsessed war-mongering vampire inbreds - are so deranged that they think they are smarter than us. Thus, they pompously call themselves the Illuminati.

Part I
the luciferian PERPERTRATORS

Chapter 2

The Rothschild illuminati

While the Luciferians hide in the shadows and try to manipulate creation, it is tactically important that they be identified and become household names. These delusional psychopaths have declared war on humanity and if we are to survive as a species, we who are One must now take the fight to them by exposing their agenda.

Once a critical mass of awareness is reached, the Satanists will melt away into the shadows. But to reach that awareness we need to know who they are, how they think and what they have planned.

The Illuminati serves as ruling council to all the Luciferian secret societies. Its roots go back to the Guardians of Light in Atlantis, the Brotherhood of the Snake in Sumeria, the Afghan Roshaniya, the Egyptian Mystery Schools and the Genoese families who bankrolled the Roman Empire and hung Jesus Christ on the cross for exposing them.

British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli, who “handled” mafia-founder and 33rd Degree Mason, Giuseppe Mazzini, alluded to the Illuminati in a daring speech before the House of Commons in 1856 warning, “There is in Italy a power which we seldom mention. I mean the secret societies. Europe is covered with a network of secret societies just as the surfaces of the earth are covered with a network of railroads.”

The Illuminati is to these secret societies what the Bank of International Settlements is to the Eight Families central bankers. Their hierarchy consists of exactly the same people. The forerunners of the Freemasons - the Knights Templar - founded the concept of banking and created a “bond market” as a means to control European nobles through war debts.

The Templars claim to possess secret knowledge that Jesus Christ married Mary Magdalene, fathered children and was the son of Joseph of Arimathea. This is a lie based on the fact that Joseph was the son of King Solomon. Solomon’s Temple thus became the model for Masonic Temples, which are found without fail in every town of any size in America.

The Freemasons are officially Crown Agents who work to further the Satanic goals of world domination hatched by the City of London and the

Bank of International Settlements crowd.

Solomon’s Temple was a place of ill repute where fornicating, drunkenness and human sacrifice were the norm. These Babylonians justified these deeds based on the Luciferian Talmud. Its location on Jerusalem’s Mount Moriah may have also been an Anunnaki flight control center.

The Crusader Knights Templar looted a huge store of gold and numerous sacred artifacts from beneath the Temple, which they used to found the Holy Roman Empire. King Solomon was the son of King David who, during his 1015 BC reign, massacred thousands of people. This claimed-lineage to the House of David is what the Illuminati use to justify their global control.

Author David Icke calls King David “a butcher” and asserts that the king wrote a good chunk of the Bible. His son Solomon killed his own brother to become King. He advised the Egyptian Pharaoh Shishak and married his daughter. Solomon studied at Akhenaten's Egyptian Mystery Schools, where mind control was rampant. The Grand Lodge of Cairo spawned both the Assassins and the terrorist Afghan Roshaniya. Solomon returned to Jerusalem to build his Temple with help from Egyptian Brotherhood brick Freemasons.

The Canaanite Brotherhood was headed by the god-king Melchizedek, who may have been an Anunnaki. The king focused on a Hebrew understanding of the Ancient Mysteries. The Order of Melchizedek became the secret society associated with the Cabala. King Solomon developed his vast wisdom studying the Sumerian Tablets of Destiny, which Abraham possessed.

Abraham may have also been of Anunnaki origin. Both he and Melchizedek had been tutored by the Sumerian Brotherhood of the Snake, represented in the Biblical creation story when Adam and Eve are tempted from the bountiful garden of Eden (a hunting and gathering existence) into a world of “sin and servitude” by a snake. Eve could have also been impregnated by the snake - an Anunnaki serpent - thus damning all Adamus (the Sumerian word for human beings) to a life of toil under serpent king bloodline control.

The basis of the Sumerian Tablets of Destiny that Abraham possessed were known as *Ha Qabala*, Hebrew for “light and knowledge”. Those who understood these cryptic secrets believed to be encoded throughout the Old Testament, are referred to deferentially as *Ram*. The phrase is used in Celtic, Buddhist and Hindu spiritual circles as well. The Knights Templar brought Cabalistic knowledge to Europe when they returned from their Middle East

Crusade adventures.

The Knights created the Prieuré de Sion on Mt. Zion near Jerusalem in the 11th century to guard such holy relics as the Shroud of Turin, the Ark of the Covenant, and the Hapsburg family's Spear of Destiny, which was used to kill Jesus Christ.

The Priory's more important purpose was to guard Templar gold and to preserve the alleged bloodline of Jesus - the royal Sangreal - which they believe is carried forth by the French Bourbon Merovingian family and the related Hapsburg monarchs of Spain and Austria. The French Lorraine dynasty, which descended from the Merovingians, married into the House of Hapsburg to acquire the throne of Austria.

The Hapsburgs ran the Holy Roman Empire until its dissolution in 1806 through King Charles V and others. The family traces its roots back to a Swiss estate known as Habichtsburg, which was built in 1020. The Hapsburgs are an integral part of the Priory of Sion. Many researchers are convinced that Spain's Hapsburg King Philip will be crowned Sangreal World King in Jerusalem.

The Hapsburgs are related to the Rothschilds through the Holy Roman Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa's second son, Archibald II. The Rothschilds - leaders in Cabala, Freemasonry and the Knights Templar - sit at the apex of the both the Illuminati and the Eight Families banking cartel. The family accumulated its vast wealth by issuing war bonds to the Black Nobility for centuries, including the British Windsors, the French Bourbons, the German von Thurn und Taxis, the Italian Savoys and the Austrian and Spanish Hapsburgs.

David Icke believes the Rothschilds represent the head of the Anunnaki Serpent Kings, stating, "They (Rothschilds) had the crown heads of Europe in debt to them and this included the Black Nobility dynasty, the Hapsburgs, who ruled the Holy Roman Empire for 600 years. The Rothschilds also control the Bank of England. If there was a war, the Rothschilds were behind the scenes, creating conflict and funding both sides."

The Rothschilds and the Warburgs - who funded both Hitler and the Bolsheviks - are main stockholders of the German Bundesbank. The Rothschilds control Japan's biggest banking house, Nomura Securities, via a tie-up between Edmund Rothschild and Tsunao Okumura. The Rothschilds are the richest and most powerful family in the world. Their wealth is hidden by City of London-created off-shore accounts that show no ownership. The

only one who knows who controls these accounts is the Bank of England, which the Rothschilds also control. They are also inbred. Over half of the last generation of Rothschild progeny married within the family, presumably to preserve their “Sangreal”.

The 1782 Great Seal of the United States is loaded with Illuminati symbolism. So is the reverse side of the US $1 Federal Reserve Note, which was designed by Freemasons. The pyramid on the left side is derived from those in Egypt - a possible space beacon or energy source for the Anunnaki - whose Pharaohs oversaw the building of the pyramids using Israelite slave labor.

The pyramid is an important symbol for the Illuminati bankers. They call themselves Illuminati because there are 33 vertebrae in the human back. The highest level of Masonry is the 33rd Degree. Above that are the Illuminati, who believe they are the head sitting above the vertebrae, thus giving them the right to herd humanity in whatever direction they see fit - the ultimate expression of the Luciferian doctrine.

Thus, the Illuminati employ Triads, Trilaterals and Trinities to create a society ruled by the few elite Sangreal presiding over the masses, which is represented by the pyramid. When the Brotherhood of the Snake occupied the Grand Lodge of Cairo they worshiped a trinity of Isis, Osiris, and Horus, who may have been Anunnaki offspring.

The Brotherhood spread the concept of trinity to the Christian (Father, Son and Holy Spirit), Hindu (Brahma, Shiva and Krishna), and Buddhist (Buddha, Dharma and Sangha) faiths.

The eye atop the pyramid depicted on the $1 bill is the all-seeing eye of the Afghan Roshaniya, known alternately as The Order, and the Order of the Quest - names later adopted by Skull and Bones, Germanenorden, and the JASON Society.

Novus Ordo Seclorum appears beneath the pyramid, while *Annuit Coeptis* appears above the all-seeing eye. *Annuit Coeptis* means “may he smile upon our endeavors (Great Work of Ages)”.

Above the eagle on the right side of the note are the words *E Pluribus Unum*, Latin for “out of many one”. The eagle clutches 13 arrows and 13 olive branches while 13 stars appear above the eagle’s head. America was founded with 13 “colonies”. Templar pirate Jacques de Molay was executed on Friday the 13th.

The numbers 3, 9, 13, and 33 are significant to the secret societies. The

Bilderberger Group has a powerful Policy Committee of 13 members. It is one of 3 committees of 13 that answer to Prince Bernhard - a member of the Hapsburg family and leader of the Black Nobility. The Bilderberg Policy Committee answers to a Rothschild Round Table of 9.

The ancient spiritual texts tell us that numbers are the basis of creation, so these same numbers are key to understanding reality. But again, the Luciferians have hijacked this spiritual knowledge, hidden it from us with their secret societies, inverted it and used it to reinforce their fourth-dimension madness.

One of the goals of the Illuminati's Freemason lieutenants is to study the holy texts in order to glean information that can be inverted and deployed to advance their sociopathic agenda.

As Jamaican revolutionary reggae artist Peter Tosh said of these Babylonians, “Everything you do upside down”.

Chapter 3

Protocols of the elders of Zion

The current worldwide Crown reign of terror on behalf of the banker elite is reminiscent of a blueprint for global domination that first emerged in the mid-1800's. The document, known as the Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion, was obtained by the daughter of a Russian general after she paid a bribe of 2,500 French francs to a member of the Mizraim Freemason Lodge in Paris, which is home to the inner circle of the Knights Templar known as the Priory of Sion.

The Priory of Sion elite believe that Jesus faked his death with the help of certain herbs, then married the administer of those herbs, Mary Magdalene. The Priory believes the couple fled to southern France and had numerous children. During the 5th century, the theory goes, Jesus' descendants married into the Frank royalty from which France takes its name, thus creating the Merovingian Dynasty. This royal blood or Sangreal is the justification the Crown uses to legitimize its rule over humanity.

By the 13th century, the Knights Templars used their looted gold to buy 9,000 castles throughout Europe from which they ran an empire stretching from Copenhagen to Damascus. It was the wealth used to establish the Roman Empire.

The robber baron Templars founded modern banking techniques and legitimized usury - also known as interest payments. Templar banks popped up everywhere, backed by their newfound gold wealth. They charged up to 60% interest on loans, launched the concepts of trust accounts and bond markets, and introduced a credit card system for Holy Land pilgrims. They acted as tax collectors, though they themselves were exempted by Roman authorities. And having also found instructions regarding secret building techniques under Solomon's Temple, the Templars built the great cathedrals of Europe. The stained glass used in these cathedrals resulted from a secret Gothic technique known by few. One who had perfected this art was Omar Khayyam, a good friend of Assassin-founder Hasan bin Sabah.

The Templars controlled a huge fleet of ships and their own naval fleet based at the French Atlantic Port of La Rochelle. They were the first to use

magnetic compasses for navigation and were especially cozy with the royals of England. They purchased the island of Cyprus from Richard the Lion Heart, but were later overrun by the Turks.

On Friday October 13, 1307, King Philip IV of France joined forces with Pope Clement V and began rounding up Templars on charges ranging from necromancy to the use of black magic. Friday the 13th would, from that day forward, carry negative connotations. It was then that the Templars packed up their loot, signed onto the Magna Carta and established their current lair in the Freemason City of London.

"Sion" is believed to be a transliteration of Zion, itself a transliteration for the ancient Hebrew name "Jerusalem". The Priory of Sion first came into public view in July 1956. A 1981 notice in the French press listed 121 dignitaries as Priory members. All were bankers, royalty or members of the international political jet set. Pierre Plantard was listed as Grand Master.

Plantard is a direct descendant, through King Dagobert II, of the Merovingian Kings. Plantard, who owns property in the Rennes-le-Chateau area of southern France where the Priory of Sion is based, has stated that the order has in its possession lost treasure recovered from beneath Solomon's Temple and that it will be returned to Israel when the time is right. He also stated that in the near future monarchy would be restored to France and other nations.

The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion was first published in an 1864 French book, Dialogue in Hell Between Machiavelli and Montesquieu or the Politics of Machiavelli in the Nineteenth Century by a Contemporary. By the 1890's Russian Professor Sergei Nilus had published the Protocols in his book, The Great Within the Small: The Coming Anti-Christ. Nilus was arrested and tortured and the Protocols were suppressed for many more decades. The Protocols were a manifesto written by a secret society that claimed itself superior to the rest of mankind, using the Hebrew word *goyim* (cattle) to refer to the masses.

Anti-Semites, including Hitler, have used the Protocols to falsely attack "a Jewish conspiracy". But the Protocols authors were not Jewish. Rather, they were Satanists intent on creating a political movement called Zionism, which seeks to use Israel as its linchpin for City of London global hegemony and as guardian of the vast Rothschild/Rockefeller oil reserves of the Middle East region.

The movement is spearheaded by Illuminati Satanist secret societies such

as the Knights Templar, Freemasons, Cabala and Muslim Brotherhood. Its power center has moved from Sumeria to Egypt to Rome and is now in the City of London - a one square mile separate jurisdiction within, but not governed by, London or the United Kingdom. The Illuminati nucleus of this movement is Luciferian in orientation. What follows are excerpts from the Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion:

Protocol 4: "In order to give the goyim no time to think and take note, their minds must be diverted towards industry and trade. Thus, all nations will be swallowed up in the pursuit of gain and...will not take note of their common foe. But, again, in order that freedom may once and for all disintegrate and ruin the communities of goyim, we must put industry on a speculative basis, the result of which will be that what is withdrawn from the land by industry will slip through their hands and pass into speculation, that is, to our classes."

Protocol 10: "It is from us that all-engulfing terror proceeds. We have in our service persons of all opinions: monarchists, demagogues, socialists trying to overthrow all established authority. By these acts all states are in torture; they exhort tranquility, are ready to sacrifice anything for peace. But we don't give them peace until they openly acknowledge our international super-government, and with submissiveness to utterly exhaust humanity with dissension, hatred, struggle, envy and even by use of torture, by starvation, by inoculation of diseases, by want, so that the goyim see no other issue than to take refuge in our complete sovereignty in money."

Protocol 13: "And how far-seeing were our learned elders when they said that to attain a serious goal behooves not to stop at any means or to count the victims sacrificed. We have not counted the victims of the goy cattle. In order that the masses themselves may not guess what they are about we must further distract them with amusements, games, pastimes, passions, people's palaces...these interests will finally distract them from questions in which we should find ourselves compelled to oppose them. Growing more and more unaccustomed to reflect and form opinions of their own, people will begin to talk in the same tone as we, because we alone shall be offering them new directions of thought."

Protocol 15: "We shall create and multiply Freemasonic Lodges in all countries of the world, absorb into them all who may become or who are prominent in public activity, for in these Lodges we shall find our principle intelligence office and means of influence. Among the members of these

Lodges will be almost all the agents of international and national police since their service is for us irreplaceable in the respect that the police are in a position not only to use its own particular measures with the insubordinate, but also to screen our activities and provide pretexts and disguises. All these Lodges we shall bring under one central administration, known only to us and to all others absolutely unknown, which will be composed of our learned elders (Illuminati). The most secret political plots will be known to us and will fall under our guiding hands on the very day of their conception."

Protocol 16: "...we shall emasculate the first stage of collectivism - the universities...any form of study of ancient history...we shall replace with the study of the program of the future. We shall erase from the memory of men all facts of previous centuries which are undesirable for us. Each...life must be trained within strict limits corresponding to its destination and work in life. The system of bridling thought is already at work in the so-called system of teaching by object lessons (objectivity). In our program one-third of our subjects will keep the rest under observation. It will be no disgrace to be a spy".

Another section of the Protocols states, "We are the chosen, we are the only true men. Our minds give off the true power of the spirit; the intelligence of the rest of the world is merely instinctive and animal. They can see, but they cannot foresee. Does it not follow that nature herself has predestined us to dominate the world. Outwardly we (will) do our best to appear honorable and cooperative. A statesman's words do not have to agree with his acts. If we pursue these principles, the governments and peoples which we have thus prepared will take our IOU's for cash...the substitution of interest-bearing money... Economic crises have been produced by us...by no other means than the withdrawal of money from circulation... One day they will accept us as benefactors and saviors of the human race. If any state dared to resist us, if its neighbors make common cause with it against us, we will unleash global war."

Though decried as a forgery by the Illuminati propaganda networks of mainstream media, the Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion have been taken seriously by many scholars, along with political and economic leaders including Germany's Kaiser Wilhelm II, Russia's Czar Nicholas II and American industrialist Henry Ford.

The document refers often to the "ancient mysteries", the "seed of David" and the "symbolic snake". Its concluding statement reads, "Signed by the

representatives of Sion of the 33rd Degree.”

Chapter 4

dirty money & the Anunnaki

All of the “ancient mysteries” guarded by the Illuminati secret societies played out in Sumeria along the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers in Mesopotamia, where Sumerian clay tablets say man was forced into agriculture from a Garden of Eden hunter gatherer existence by Anunnaki invaders from a planet called Nibiru.

Today this area is known as Iraq and the occupation of the country had as much to do with concealing history as it did with oil.

The very first building US forces secured during their March 2003 invasion was the Iraqi National Museum in Baghdad. The second was the Iraqi National Bank. The latter was handed over to the Rorhschilds. The former was “looted” by the Illuminati of the many Sumerian artifacts it contained.

These relics provided valuable tools for New Science researchers who had just begun delving into the Sumerian clay tablets and their seemingly outrageous claims that Annunaki space invaders landed here to genetically engineer human slaves to work in their gold mines.

During this same period, Dubai, one of the emirates comprising the United Arab Emirates (UAE), became a duty-free port and drug money laundry serving much the same role as Hong Kong had for the City of London during the Vietnam War. This time the poppies for the Crown heroin were being sown in Afghanistan.

Where Hong Kong had financed Crown opium for arms swaps in the Golden Triangle, Dubai serves the City of London’s smack -for-weapons trade in the Golden Crescent, an area comprised of parts of Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan. Golden Crescent opium production eclipsed Golden Triangle production just as the CIA was manufacturing the *mujahideen* in Pakistan. Sharjah, another UAE emirate, has a duty-free airport specializing in covert weapons shipments.

The Gulf States of Saudi Arabia, UAE, Qatar, Bahrain, Oman and Kuwait are run by single-family monarchs who have been Muslim Brotherhood Crown Agents since the 1916 Sykes-Picot Agreement put them in power.

Forty-two percent of the world's oil is contained within their borders. A year later, the Balfour Declaration sent to Lord Walter Rothschild paved the way for the creation of Israel, which is a Cabalistic Crown Agent.

Gold is the currency of drug and weapons traffickers and Dubai is a favorite hub in the global bullion trade. The British Bank of the Middle East dominates the Dubai gold trade. It is 100% owned by the world's largest bank, Hong Kong Shanghai Bank, better known as HSBC. Crown Agent HSBC monopolizes the Hong Kong gold trade along with Kleinwort Benson, which has close relations with Rio Tinto, a Crown company founded on Matheson family opium proceeds.

Matheson's heirs are the Keswick and Swire families, which dominate the board of directors at HSBC, Jardine Matheson, P&O Nedloyd and Cathay Pacific Airlines. Kleinwort's Sharps Pixley subsidiary is one of five firms that until 2007, gathered daily at N. M. Rothschild & Sons in London to unilaterally "fix" the price of gold.

Another of these gold fixers is Mocatta Metals, which is majority-owned by Standard Chartered, the bank Cecil Rhodes founded and where Lord Inchcape sits on the board. Mocatta is a favorite conduit for Israeli Mossad financing. Midland Bank subsidiary Samuel Montagu is a third London gold "fixer". Midland was bought by HSBC in 1999 and is partially owned by the Kuwaiti al-Sabah clan. The other two gold fixers are Johnson Matthey and N. M. Rothschild, both of which have interlocking boards with Anglo-American and HSBC.

Anglo-American is controlled by South Africa's Oppenheimer family who also own Engelhardt, which enjoys a monopoly in refining the world's gold. It was the mysterious Count of Saint-Germain who first claimed to possess the esoteric knowledge necessary for the transmutation of metals like gold and for removing flaws from diamonds.

The Count stayed for a time with William IX of Hesse, whose financial adviser was Mayer Rothschild. The Count may have imparted his secret wisdom upon young Mayer and his House of Hesse employer, who in partnership came to control the Cabalistic Frankfurt Freemason Lodge.

Diamonds are important in the laundering of drug money since they are small and easy to transport, yet hold great value. Sir Harry Oppenheimer's De Beers controls 85% of the global wholesale diamond market. De Beers is a subsidiary of Anglo-American where Sir Harry sits on the board. The current De Beers chairman is Nicky Oppenheimer.

De Beers' most valuable diamond mines are in southern Africa. One called Jwaneng, at the edge of the Kalahari Desert in Botswana, may be the most valuable property on earth. This vein of kimberlite produces diamonds and was only discovered in 1973.

De Beers also mines diamonds from platforms off the coast of Namibia. The world's largest store of diamonds sits under De Beers London headquarters. The company sells rough diamonds ten times a year in London to 125 hand-picked customers at a take-it-or-leave-it set price. De Beers was indicted in 1994 for price-fixing by the US Justice Department and to this day company officials do not set foot on US soil for fear they may be nabbed by US authorities.

Diamond cutting was, until recently, done in only two places in the world - Antwerp, Belgium and Ashqelon, Israel. In Antwerp the cutting was financed by Banque Bruxelles-Lambert, which is controlled by the Lambert family, cousins to the Rothschilds and owners of the scandal-ridden Drexel Burnham Lambert. In Israel, the cutting was financed by Bank Leumi – the biggest finance house in the country - and is controlled by the British Barclays Bank. Sir Harry Oppenheimer also sits on the Barclay's board. Recently, Gujarat, India, has become the location of choice for 90% of global diamond cutting due to the cheap labor it affords. Bangkok, Tel Aviv and New York handle the rest. Eighty-percent of diamond trading still occurs in Antwerp.

De Beers, like gold-fixer Standard Chartered, was founded by Cecil Rhodes in South Africa during the 1880's. Rhodes' last will and testament created the Royal Institute for International Affairs, which spawned the Council on Foreign Relations as its US Crown Agent. The main intent of the will is, "to establish a trust, to and for the establishment and promotion and development of a secret society, the true aim and object whereof shall be the extension of British rule throughout the world...and the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire."

Rhodes Scholars like Bill Clinton are funded by the Rhodes Trust. The principal trustee for the Rhodes estate is Lord Alfred Milner, who in 1899 provoked the Boer War through which Britain and Rhodes gained control over South Africa's diamond and gold mines. There, black South Africans toil in one of the world's most dangerous jobs and receive almost nothing for enriching the Oppenheimers and their cronies.

The world's three biggest mining companies: BHP Billiton, Rio Tinto and Anglo American are all controlled by the Crown Agent

Oppenheimer/Rothschild/RD/Shell mob. In 2010 the first two talked of merging.

Canada is controlled by the Crown through the Bronfman family and their surrogates. Five huge Canadian banks and four large British banks that dominate the Caribbean Silver Triangle, a drug smugglers haven in which Belize and the Cayman Islands play key roles. The other Canadian banks are the Bank of Montreal, Royal Bank of Canada, Toronto Dominion Bank and Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. The British banks are National Westminster, Barclays, Lloyds and Midland Bank.

Midland was bought by HSBC and owns 20% of Standard Chartered Bank. These latter two banks print Hong Kong's money. Midland's board is loaded with ex-Pentagon officials who specialize in recycling petrodollars into CIA covert operations.

The Bank of Nova Scotia is the leading gold dealer in the Caribbean and the leading handler of capital flight out of the Caribbean. It is the banker of Noranda, a huge Canadian mining company that is the second largest dealer of gold in the Caribbean. Gold is the preferred currency of drug traffickers and Bank of Nova Scotia Jamaican subsidiary Scotiabank plays a huge role in the Caribbean drug trade. The 200 tons of gold recovered from vaults beneath the World Trade Center in the cleanup effort following the 911 terror attacks belonged to Bank of Nova Scotia.

Royal Bank of Canada has more off-shore subsidiaries than any other bank in the world. It bailed out the government of Guyana in 1976 after a CIA coup brought down the socialist government of Cheddi Jagan. Royal launched the business career of Venezuela's most powerful Cisneros family, which overseas Rockefeller interests in that country. Royal has a joint venture in the Bahamas with National Westminster called RoyWest.

Both the Bank of Nova Scotia and Royal Bank of Canada are controlled by Canada's most influential family - the Bronfmans. The Bronfmans control DuPont, which recently spun off Conoco, as well as Seagrams, Vivendi and Eagle Star Insurance.

Eagle Star is the Bronfman holding company and is a joint venture with British powerhouses Barclays, Lloyds, Hill Samuel and N. M. Rothschild & Sons. Eagle Star combined with Allianz Versicherung, a German company controlled by the von Thurn and Taxis and Wittelsbach families, to become a global titan in the area of finance.

The von Thurn and Taxis, Germany's deposed royal family, funded

Tradition, Family and Property, the fascist movement responsible for right-wing death squad genocide throughout South America.

Eagle Star is close to British intelligence. Two current directors, Sir Kenneth Strong and Sir Kenneth Keith were #1 and #2 at British Intelligence during WWII. Keith is a director at Bank of Nova Scotia and chairman of Hill Samuel, where HSBC's Sir Philip de Zulueta joins Keith on the board. Keith is an influential member of the Canadian Institute for International Affairs (CIIA), the sister organization of London's powerful Royal Institute of International Affairs and the US Council on Foreign Relations. The official leader of Canada, by virtue of its Crown affiliation, is Britain's Queen Elizabeth II, whose mandates are carried out by a governor-general.

The Bank of Montreal has interlocking directorates with Seagrams and Hudson Bay Company. Hudson Bay is tight with Lord Inchcape's Peninsular & Orient Navigation Company (PONC) and the Hong Kong Keswick family that controls Jardine Matheson. PONC's Sir Eric Drake sits on the board at Hudson Bay. He and William Johnston Keswick also sit on the board of BP Amoco. Drake sits on the board of Kleinwort Benson, whose Sharps Pixley subsidiary runs 49% of the Hong Kong gold market. Keswick's son Henry Neville Lindley Keswick is a director at HSBC, Jardine Matheson and the Canadian paper giant MacMillan Bloedel, which merged with the largest US paper and timber company Weyerhaeuser in 1999.

MacMillan Bloedel took off when British Prime Minister Harold MacMillan married the daughter of Canada's Governor General Victor C. W. Cavendish, the 9th Duke of Devonshire. Canadian Pacific owns a controlling interest in MacMillan Bloedel.

Vancouver is a favorite drop point for SE Asian heroin on the way to the US. In 1978 Canadian intelligence officials were forced to admit in a Vancouver courtroom that Canadian Pacific Air flies most of Vancouver's heroin into the US. Canadian Pacific Railways is also involved.

All of these Canadian Silver Triangle interests have members of Queen Elizabeth II's secret modern-day roundtable, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, on their boards. At Canadian Pacific, board members J.C. Gilmar, J.P.W. Ostiguy, Charles Bronfman and W.E. McLaughlin are all Knights of St. John. McLaughlin also chairs Royal Bank of Canada.

Barclays has five Knights of St. John on its board, while Bank of Nova Scotia and Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce have three Knights of Malta members each on their respective boards. Another Knight of Malta is

Canadian Pacific board member M. G. Sandberg, who once chaired HSBC. Each of the big five Canadian banks have at least one Knight of Malta on their boards.

The CIIA is loaded with Knights of St. John as well. The CIIA's Honorary Chairman for life is Walter Lockhardt Gordon, whose father founded Clarkson & Gordon, the accounting firm that audits Toronto Dominion Bank, Bank of Nova Scotia and Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. CIIA board member Henry R. Jackman is a board member of the Italian Knights of St. John and the Order of Lazarus. Roland Michener, a former Canadian Governor General who chairs the CIIA, is a Knight of Malta.

During the Crusades, the Knights of St. John, also known as the Hospitallers, escorted European pilgrims into Jerusalem where King Solomon had built his Temple on Mount Moriah. The site is said to have housed the Ark of the Covenant and other sacred objects and secret documents. What remains of Solomon's Temple is housed today within the Al Aqsa Mosque on the Dome of the Rock, where the latest intifada began and always at the epicenter of Israeli/Palestinian tensions.

When the Dead Sea scrolls were discovered in 1947 at Qumran, one document etched in copper mentioned a huge treasure of gold buried beneath Solomon's Temple. This booty may explain why the Knights of St. John's brother organization, the Knights Templar, had turned over their pilgrim protection racket to the former group and focused their Crusade-era activity on excavating beneath the Temple. It would also explain how the Templars suddenly became the richest organization in the world.

Following their defeat by Muslim Saracens during the Crusades, the Knights of St. John fell back to the Mediterranean island of Cyprus, but in 1522 the Turks invaded and the twice-defeated Knights relocated to Malta where the Roman Catholic faction became known as the Knights of Malta, today recognized as a sovereign nation by more than 40 countries. They are headquartered in Rome and answer to the Pope.

The protestant faction based in Britain is the Knights of St. John Jerusalem who answer to the Grand Prior of the Order, the Duke of Gloucester, cousin of Queen Elizabeth II.

Cecil Rhodes was a leader in European Freemasonry, where he mingled with the likes of the Rothschilds, King George IV, King William IV, Lord Randolph Churchill (Winston's father), the Marquis of Salisbury, Arthur Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling and Oscar Wilde. The group was preoccupied

with the notion of an Aryan super-race, one they passed on to Adolf Hitler and the South African apartheid regime.

Their “secret knowledge” of human creation, which defies both creationist and evolutionist theories, is bound up in the tale of the Anunnaki who, according to recently uncovered Sumerian clay tablets, arrived around 6000 BC in Sumeria from planet Nibiru.

A growing number of researchers led by Zechariah Sitchin say the Anunnaki bred human slaves known in the Hebrew bible as Adamu and in English as Earthlings to mine gold necessary to patch up a hole in Nibiru’s ozone layer caused by a collision with another planet.

One Anunnaki leader was named Nazi. According to the tablets, the alien gods who created Adam called their Mesopotamian colony E.DIN. They traveled the world in search of gold, which NASA scientists agree would be the best patch for our own ozone problem. Scientists have discovered mining operations going back as far as 100,000 BC in Africa, and South and Central America.

The Adamus who left Eden became gold mining slaves and their worldwide deployment may explain the many holes in evolutionary and anthropological theories of the day. It may also explain phenomena such as the Nazca Lines in Peru and the Great Pyramids of Egypt. Adam and his descendants became slaves to these Lords. The biblical Hebrew word *avodah*, commonly translated as “worship”, actually means “to work”. Adam and the biblical characters were not worshiping God, they were working for him as slaves. And “God” was the Anunnaki invaders.

The Sumerian tablets provide an intriguing explanation as to why man settled into agriculture in Mesopotamia from the much easier and more sustainable practice of hunting and gathering. The tablets state simply that the Anunnaki gods made them do it. Cities grew and the Anunnaki placed one of its god/human hybrids in charge of each new urban center. These rulers became Kings, their dynastic right to rule based on bloodlines to the Anunnaki.

The first such king was Cush, who was Noah’s grandson and the father of Nimrod. Some researchers believe Yahweh himself was actually Anunnaki earth mission commander Enli, who was a brutal tyrant. Abraham, who all major religions claim as their patriarch, may have also been an Anunnaki hybrid.

The secret knowledge Abraham purveyed serves as the basis for all

modern secret societies, from Freemasonry to Cabala to the Muslim Brotherhood. Whether true or not, what is important is that the Illuminati elite believe that these special bloodlines give them the God-given right to enslave all Earthlings.

By the mid-1890s, Freemason Cecil Rhodes launched the Diamond Syndicate whose successor, Central Selling Organization, still monopolizes the global diamond trade. Rhodes' forays were financed by the Rothschild family. In November 1997, Baron Edmond Rothschild died in Geneva and left in his trust substantial holdings in De Beers. According to former British Intelligence officer John Coleman, author of The Committee of 300, "Rhodes was principal agent for the Rothschilds [who] dispossessed the South African Boers of their birthright, the gold and diamonds that lay beneath their soil."

In 1888, Cecil Rhodes wrote his third will and left everything to Lord Rothschild. Rhodes, Milner and Rothschild founded the Business Roundtable in London in early 1900, which charted a course for expansion of the British Empire and for Crown control over the global economy.

CHAPTER 5

the business roundtable

The Rothschilds exert political control through the secretive Business Roundtable, which they created in 1909 with the help of Lord Alfred Milner and South African industrialist Cecil Rhodes. The Rhodes Scholarship is granted by Cambridge University, out of which oil industry propagandist Cambridge Energy Research Associates operates. Cambridge Analytica also has its base here.

Rhodes founded De Beers and Standard Chartered Bank. Milner financed the Russian Bolsheviks on Rothschild's behalf, with help from Jacob Schiff and Max Warburg. In 1917 British Foreign Secretary Arthur Balfour penned a letter to Zionist Second Lord Lionel Walter Rothschild in which he expressed support for a Jewish homeland on Palestinian-controlled lands in the Middle East.

The Balfour Declaration justified the brutal seizure of Palestinian lands for the post-WWII establishment of Israel. Israel would serve, not as some high-minded "Jewish homeland", but as lynch pin in Rothschild/Eight Families control over the world's oil supply. Baron Edmond de Rothschild built the first oil pipeline from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean to bring BP Iranian oil to Israel. He founded Israeli General Bank and Paz Oil. He is considered by many the father of modern Israel.

Roundtable inner Circle of Initiates included Lord Milner, Cecil Rhodes, Arthur Balfour, Albert Grey and Lord Nathan Rothschild. The Roundtable takes its name from the legendary knight of King Arthur, whose tale of the Holy Grail is paramount to the Illuminati notion of Sangreal or holy blood. According to former British Intelligence officer John Coleman, who wrote Committee of 300, "Round Tablers armed with immense wealth from gold, diamond and drug monopolies fanned out throughout the world to take control of fiscal and monetary policies and political leadership in all countries where they operated."

While Cecil Rhodes and the Oppenheimers went to South Africa, the Kuhn Loebs were off to re-colonize America. Rudyard Kipling was sent to India, the Schiffs and Warburgs manhandled Russia, while the Rothschilds, Lazards

and Israel Moses Seifs pushed into the Middle East.

At Princeton, the Round Table founded the Institute for Advanced Study (IAS) as partner to its All Souls College at Oxford. IAS was funded by the Rockefeller's General Education Board. IAS members Robert Oppenheimer, Neils Bohr and Albert Einstein created the atomic bomb.

In 1919 Rothschild's Business Roundtable spawned the Royal Institute of International Affairs (RIIA) in London. The RIIA soon sponsored sister organizations around the globe, including the US Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), the Asian Institute of Pacific Relations, the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, the Brussels-based Institute des Relations Internationales, the Danish Foreign Policy Society, the Indian Council of World Affairs and the Australian Institute of International Affairs. Other affiliates popped up in France, Turkey, Italy, Yugoslavia and Greece.

The RIIA is a registered charity of the Queen and, according to its annual reports, is funded largely by the Four Horsemen of Oil - Exxon Mobil, Royal Dutch/Shell, Chevron Texaco and BP Amoco. Former British Foreign Secretary and Kissinger Associates co-founder Lord Carrington is President of both the RIIA and the Bilderbergers. The inner circle at RIIA is dominated by Knights of St. John Jerusalem, Knights of Malta, Knights Templar and 33rd Degree Scottish Rite Freemasons.

The Knights of St. John were founded in 1070 and answer directly to the British House of Windsor. Their leading bloodline is the Villiers dynasty, which the Hong Kong Matheson family married into. The Lytton family also married into the Villiers gang. Colonel Edward Bulwer-Lytton led the English Rosicrucian secret society that Shakespeare opaquely referred to as Rosencranz, while the Freemasons took the role of Guildenstern. Lytton was spiritual father of both the RIIA and Nazi fascism. In 1871, he penned a novel titled, Vril: The Power of the Coming Race.

Seventy years later the Vril Society received ample mention in Adolf Hitler's Mein Kampf. Lytton's son became Viceroy to India in 1876 just before opium production spiked in that country. Lytton's good friend Rudyard Kipling introduced the the poppy to India and later worked under Lord Beaverbrook as Propaganda Minister, alongside Sir Charles Hambro of the Hambros banking dynasty.

James Bruce, ancestor to Scottish Rite Freemason founder Sir Robert the Bruce, was the 8th Earl of Elgin. He supervised the Caribbean slave trade as Jamaican Governor General from 1842-1846. He was Britain's Ambassador

to China during the Second Opium War. His brother Frederick was Colonial Secretary of Hong Kong during both Opium Wars. Both were prominent Freemasons. British Lord Palmerston, who ran the Opium Wars, was a blood relative of the Bruce monarchy, as was his Foreign Secretary John Russell, grandfather of Bertrand Russell.

Children of the Roundtable elite are members of a Dionysian cult known as Children of the Sun. Initiates include Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence and H. G. Wells. Wells headed British intelligence during WWI. His books speak of a “one-world brain” and “a police of the mind”. William Butler Yeats, another Sun member, was a pal of Aleister Crowley. The two formed an Isis Cult based on a Madam Blavatsky manuscript, which called on the British aristocracy to organize itself into an Isis Aryan priesthood.

Most prominent writers of English literature came from the ranks of the Roundtable. All promoted Empire expansion, however subtly. Blavatsky’s Theosophical Society and Bulwer-Lytton’s Rosicrucians joined forces to form the Thule Society out of which the Nazis emerged. Aleister Crowley formed the British parallel to the Thule Society, the Isis-Urania Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn.

He tutored LSD guru Aldus Huxley who arrived in the US in 1952, the same year the CIA launched its MK-ULTRA mind control program with a little help from Warburg-owned Swiss Sandoz Laboratories and Rockefeller cousin Allen Dulles - OSS Station Chief in Berne. Dulles had also received information from the Muslim Brotherhood Saudi monarchy regarding the creation of mind-controlled Assassins. Dulles’ assistant was James Warburg.

The Atlantic Union (AU) was an RIIA affiliate founded by Cecil Rhodes - who dreamed of returning the US to the British Crown. In 1939 AU set up its first offices in America in space donated by Nelson Rockefeller at 10 E 40th St in New York City. Every year from 1949-1976 an AU resolution was floored in Congress calling for a repeal of the Declaration of Independence and a “new world order”. Today the group is on the forefront of pushing for war with Russia and Syria and calls itself the Atlantic Council.

Another RIIA affiliate was United World Federalists (UWF), founded by Norman Cousins and Dulles assistant James P. Warburg. UWF’s motto was “One world or none”. Its first president Cord Meyer stepped down to take a key position in Allen Dulles’ CIA. Meyer articulated UWF’s goal, “Once having joined the One-World Federated Government, no nation could secede or revolt...with the atom bomb in its possession the Federal Government

would blow that nation off the face of the earth."

In 1950 UWF founder and Dulles' assistant James Warburg, whose elders Max and Paul sat on the board of Nazi business combine IG Farben, testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "We shall have world government whether or not you like it - by conquest or consent." The AU and UAF are close to the CFR and the Trilateral Commission (TC), founded by David Rockefeller and Zbigniew Brzezinski in 1974.

The TC published The Triangle Papers, which extended the "special relationship between the US and Western Europe" to include Japan, which was fast becoming creditor to the rest of the world. Former Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker was TC Chairman. TC/CFR insider Harvard Professor Samuel Huntington, who most recently has argued for a "Clash of Civilizations" between the West and the Muslim world, wrote in the TC publication Crisis in Democracy, "...a government which lacks authority will have little ability short of cataclysmic crisis to impose on its people the sacrifices which may be necessary."

CHAPTER 6

the city of london

Also known as the Crown, the one square mile City of London is contained within London proper and is a separate entity from both London and the UK. It has its own mayor, committeemen and aldermen. To be an alderman, one has to be a “Freeman” - code for Freemason. The world's biggest Freemason lodge is contained within the City. Thus, all the perverted regalia its managers wear.

Every prominent bank in the world has a branch in the City and it is here where all derivatives in the world trade from. The City was founded in the 11th Century under the Magna Carta agreement made by the European nobility.

When Knights Templar Jacques de Molay was burned alive by Pope Clemente for being a Satanist, the Holy Roman Empire loaded up its ill-gotten wealth and moved their headquarters to the City of London.

Thus the Roman Empire never died. It just relocated. Nor did the British Empire die. They both operate now from the City of London.

The Anglican Church is here and its bishops are instrumental in giving religious cover to the Satanists who rule the City. The entire offshore banking network of the world is run from here, since there is no regulation or transparency. The Bank of England sits within the City, shielding the identity of the owners of these dirty money tax-free accounts in places like the Cayman Islands, Panama, Curacao, the Isle of Man and the Isle of Jersey.

“Freeport” status is granted from here, making all ships registered in either Liberia or Panama exempt from taxation from either the country of origin or the country of destiny for all goods. Freeport, Bahamas holds a similar status.

The voters in the City include the banks themselves. There is no democracy here and even Queen Elizabeth II must bow before the City mayor before entering, then walk behind him while inside its confines.

The Crown used its Bridge Fund to socially engineer entire nations via the Tavistock Institute. It’s media arm is the BBC, run out of Chatham House. Its foreign policy/war making arm is the Royal Institute for International Affairs (RIIA). It’s historical lie department is the Royal Geographical Society. And

its vampire branch is the Red Cross (Red Shield of Rothschild), which gets people to donate blood, then sells it for hundreds of dollars a pint to people in need of it.

The Crown's financial repository is headquartered at the Bank of International Settlements (BIS) in Basel, Switzerland. There is a reason why Switzerland is not part of the EU. There is also a reason the Crown is behind the Brexit. The Satanists like to herd others into unions of all sorts, but they always remain free of any possible democratic interference in the hegemony.

Interestingly, Basel lies half way between Rome and London. This is very convenient for the Holy Roman empire bankers who moved their loot to London when deMolay was burned by Pope Clemente on Friday the 13th, since most of the old Genoese banking families still lived in northern Italy.

This also explains why the British are constantly portrayed as smarter than the rest of us, often narrating documentaries and broadcasting news. The City wants Americans to be Anglophiles so that we won't suspect the fleecing that is being done to us.

For the same reason, Italy is portrayed in the Tavistock media as a treasure trove of knowledge and culture - a must visit country for every American. Personally, it was one of my least favorite countries of the 50 I have traveled to. But Americans are constantly being pushed to visit this cradle of Satanism. Tuscany is Tavistock's latest tourist "program".

Egyptology as a study is promoted for the same reason, because it was the Grand Lodge of Cairo that spawned this Luciferian Brotherhood of the Snake, which moved first to Rome then to London. The bankers write history.

BIS oversees and controls the planet's private central banks, including the US Federal Reserve. It is said that around 8,000 Illuminati run the BIS, though I think the number may be much smaller. For more on this see my book *The Federal Reserve Cartel*.

Every nation's central bank falls under BIS control, except Cuba, Iran, Syria, Sudan and North Korea. Libya's did not until Qaddafi was murdered and replaced with City stooges.

"Free Trade" is the mantra of these Satanists, and those working for the City of London are known as Crown Agents. The East India Company was an earlier version of this. Nowadays, the Crown has its agents in every country in the world.

In the US Henry Kissinger has played a key Crown Agent role in the

foreign policy arena. In recent times George Soros has been the most prominent Crown Agent, engineering currency collapses, fake colored revolutions, the Arab Spring and wars worldwide. Soros also plays this role domestically in the US in the social engineering sphere. His cover is known as the Open Society Foundation. Foundations are the way the oligarchs launder money, while steering social, economic and foreign policy.

Kissinger Associates clients included the Bank of Credit & Commerce International, BCCI-owned National Bank of Georgia, and Banca Nacional de Lavoro (BNL), which worked with the Iraqi Central Bank to arm Iraq through numbered accounts at Bank of America, Bank of New York, Chase Manhattan and Manufacturers Hanover Trust. BNL's clearing agent on these transactions was Morgan Guaranty Trust. The Rockefeller-controlled JP Morgan Chase Board of Directors mirrors BNL's Consulting Board for International Policy.

Henry Kissinger is tight with both Chase Manhattan and Goldman Sachs, which helped the drug-infested Bank of New York and CS First Boston loot Russia's Treasury in 1998. When the CIA mob was done looting the S&Ls in 1988, Goldman Sachs swooped up billions in assets for a song. JP Morgan Chase's International Advisory Board includes Y. K. Pao of Hong Kong Worldwide Shipping, Ian Sinclair of the Canadian Pacific heroin express and G. A. Wagner of Royal Dutch/Shell. Pao is Vice-Chairman at HSBC - the world's biggest and dirtiest bank based in the City.

Kissinger Associates' board is even more shadowy and powerful, a Masonic Freudian slip since "Kiss Ass" is what the brethren do when old money talks. Co-founder Lord Carrington, board member at both Barclays and Hambros, chairs both the Bilderberger Group and the Royal Institute for International Affairs. Kiss Ass board member Mario d'Urso of the Kuhn Loeb banking dynasty heads Jefferson Insurance - the US joint venture of Assicurazioni Generali (AG) and Riunione Adriatica di Sicurta (RAS).

AG of Venice is keeper of the immense fortunes of the old Venetian banking families who funded the Crusades and the Holy Roman Empire. Its board included Elie de Rothschild; Baron August Von Finck, the richest man in Germany; Baron Pierre Lambert, Rothschild, cousin and the money behind Drexel Burnham Lambert; Jocelyn Hambro, whose family owns Hambros Bank, which owned half of Michelle Sindona's Banca Privata; Pierpaolo Luzzatto Fequiz of the powerful Italian Luzzato family, which had ties to Michelle Sindona's Banco Amrosiano; and Frano Orsini Bonacossi of the

powerful Orsini family, whose members sat in the original Roman Empire Senate. The biggest shareholders of AG are Lazard Freres and Banque Paribas.

Paribas is controlled by the Warburg family, while Lazard is dominated by the Lazard and David-Weill families. The British Lazards are now part of the Pearson conglomerate that owns *The Financial Times*, *The Economist*, Penguin and Viking Books, Madame Tussaud's, and has extensive US interests. The French Lazard Freres is tucked under a holding company known as EuraFrance. Lazard handles money for the global elite including the Italian Agnellis, the Belgian Boels, the British Pearsons and the American Kennedys.

RAS board members include members of the Giustiniani family, who descend from Roman Emperor Justinian; members of the Dora family, Genoese financiers of the Spanish Hapsburg monarchs; and the Duke of Alba, who descends from the Spanish Hapsburg monarchy.

Another powerhouse on the Kiss Ass board was Nathaniel Samuels, an old Kuhn Loeb hand from the Samuel clan that controls much of Royal Dutch/Shell and Rio Tinto. Samuels was Chairman of the Paris-based Banque Louis-Dreyfus Holding Company, which descends from the Louis Dreyfus grain trading dynasty - one of the Four Horsemen of Grain (Cargill, Bunge, Andre and Louis Dreyfus). Lord Eric Roll is another board member at KissAss. Roll is chairman of the Warburg family investment bank S. G. Warburg.

The Kiss Ass Asian powerhouse board member is Sir Y. K. Kan of Hong Kong, who represents four old money Chinese families that control the Bank of East Asia. Kiss Ass client BNL's P-2 Freemason roots can be traced back to Banca Commerciale d'Italia, where P-2 was founded. The bank's Swiss subsidiary Banca de la Svizzera bought 7% of Lehman Brothers in the mid-1970's. The Lehman family made their fortune running guns to Confederate forces while smuggling southern British opium family plantation cotton to the Union. When Lehman Brothers client Enron collapsed, UBS Warburg swooped in to seize Enron OnLine for $0.

The Crown Killed Kennedy

Clint Murchison had meat packing interests in Haiti that were looked after

by CIA agent George de Mohrenschildt, a wealthy Russian oilman and, according to the FBI, a Nazi spy during WWII. It was de Mohrenschildt who drove Lee Harvey Oswald from New Orleans to Dallas days before the November 22, 1963 assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Gaeton Fonzi, a special investigator for the House Select Committee on Assassinations, was on his way to interview de Mohrenschildt in Florida regarding his role in the JFK hit when the CIA agent was found with a shotgun blast through his head. De Mohrenschildt's diaries were later uncovered. One entry read, "Bush, George H. W. (Poppy), 1412 W Ohio also Zapata Petroleum Midland".

Kennedy had done plenty to piss off the US military establishment. In October 1963 he pulled 1,000 advisers out of SE Asia and issued NSAM 363, a blueprint for a total Vietnam withdrawal. He sent US Ambassador to Guinea William Atwood to Cuba to begin talks with Fidel Castro after publicly blasting the CIA's bungling of the Bay of Pigs operation.

Kennedy said he wanted to "splinter the CIA into a thousand pieces and scatter it to the winds" and that he understood Castro's revolutionary struggle against dictator and Meyer Lansky crony Fulgencio Batista, who Kennedy called, "an incarnation of a number of sins on the part of the US".

Ted Shackley, Santos Trafficante and the CIA boys running Operation Mongoose, which aimed to assassinate Castro, were especially outraged at Kennedy. Major General Edward Lansdale had commandeered Operation Mongoose and escalated it into a small war against Cuba.

In 1955 Lansdale helped Lucien Conein set up the South Vietnamese Opium Monopoly under President Nguyen Cao Ky. The CIA continued to train anti-Castro rebels in south Florida and around Lake Ponchartrain outside New Orleans, even after JFK had the FBI raid these CIA camps.

Kennedy fired CIA Director and Rockefeller cousin Allen Dulles, CIA Deputy Director Charles Cabell (whose brother was the mayor of Dallas) and CIA Deputy Director of Plans Richard Bissell. Richard Helms was Bissell's successor at the Company's dirty tricks bureau, as the Plans section was known.

Helms was tight with James "Jesus" Angleton, who ran the CIA's MK-ULTRA mind control program for years, possibly utilizing information Dulles had obtained in Switzerland from the House of Saud Muslim Brotherhood.

All the Watergate plumbers came from an Operation Mongoose offshoot

known as Operation 40. Plumber Howard Hunt was paymaster for Operation 40, which also included plumbers Bernard Barker and Enterprise liaison Rafael Quintero. Plumber Frank Sturgis ran the Miami-based International Anti-Communist Brigade, which was funded by Santos Trafficante through his Teamsters Local 320 front. The other Watergate burglars were Felipe Diego and Rolando Martinez. They were buddies with OSS China hand William Pawley, who had owned sugar refineries in Cuba as well as the country's bus line.

Hunt ran the Miami based Double-Chek, a CIA channel during the Bay of Pigs. Sturgis physically attacked Vietnam War opponent Daniel Ellsberg on the steps of the Capitol and recruited agent provocateurs to disrupt peaceful protests at the 1972 Democratic Convention. As part of Operation 40 Frank Sturgis recruited Marita Lorenz to seduce Castro, then kill him.

Miss Lorenz says she rode to Dallas in a vehicle loaded with weapons with Frank Sturgis, Jerry Patrick Hemming, two Cuban exile brothers named Novis and a pilot named Pedro Diaz Lanz. Lorenz says they arrived in Dallas the day before Kennedy was shot, where they met Howard Hunt at a local hotel.

Fletcher Prouty was an Air Force intelligence officer who had been part of Kennedy's fact-finding mission that resulted in the NSAM 263 directive calling for a US pullout of Vietnam. On November 10, 1963 Prouty's boss Edward Lansdale reassigned him to a South Pole desk job. Twelve days later Kennedy was assassinated.

Prouty swears that a photograph of Dealey Plaza on the day of the assassination shows Edward Lansdale walking away from the scene of the crime. Others have identified Howard Hunt as one of the tramps who lurked on the railroad tracks behind the grassy knoll from where the fatal shot was fired.

George Bush Sr. headed Houston-based Zapata Offshore Petroleum from 1956-1964. According to authors William Cooper and David Icke, in 1961 Zapata got the CIA into the Colombian cocaine business.

Zapata's offshore oil platforms were used to transship cocaine, while the Four Horsemen of Oil (Exxon Mobil, Royal Dutch/Shell, BP Amoco and Chevron Texaco) shipped chemicals to Columbia necessary in the production of coke. One CIA operation to invade Cuba was code-named Operation Zapata. The two Navy ships used in the attempt were named Barbara and Houston.

An FBI memo from J. Edgar Hoover dated 11-23-63 discusses briefing "George Bush of CIA" on the Kennedy assassination, which had occurred one day earlier. Bush was in Dallas on November 22nd. One intelligence source stated, "I know he (Bush) was involved in the Caribbean. I know he was involved in the suppression of things after the Kennedy assassination".

In a 1973 interview published in the Atlantic Monthly, Kennedy Vice-President and successor Lyndon Johnson, himself a Texas oilman, hinted at a conspiracy on that gloomy day in Dallas and talked of a "Murder Incorporated" being run by the CIA out of the Caribbean. Johnson was referring to Permindex (Permanent Industrial Exhibitions), an assassination bureau run by the Special Operations Executive (SOE) of Britain's MI6.

According to a book published by Executive Intelligence Review called Dope Inc., Permindex was funded by the Canadian Bronfman family and the wealthy Polish Solidarist Radziwill family. Permindex leader, MI6 SOE Colonel Sir William "Intrepid" Stephenson, had earlier deployed the Meyer Lansky syndicate and helped rehabilitate Lucky Luciano.

SOE Colonel Louis Mortimer Bloomfield was an OSS veteran and Bronfman liaison who chaired Permindex since its 1958 founding in Montreal and Geneva. SOE and Permindex insider General Julius Klein ran guns to the murderous Haganah when the Zionists seized Israel from the Palestinians. He now "handles" Buffalo mob boss Max Fischer and Carl Lindner at United Brands.

Other SOE members included David Sarnoff, whose RCA conglomerate at that time formed the core of the US National Security Agency; and Walter Sheridan, who provided intelligence to Resorts International and fugitive financier Robert Vesco.

RCA was later bought by General Electric, whose spin-off SERCO now serves as the Crown Agent that sponges exclusive contracts from the US State and Defense Departments, all branches of the US military and FEMA Region 9.

The most familiar member of Crown-controlled SOE was Colonel Clay Shaw, whose son of same name became a Florida Congressman serving on a House Narcotics Task force. Shaw was an OSS veteran who later became Director of the New Orleans International Trade Mart, the US subsidiary of Permindex. Shaw was indicted in 1969 for his role in the Kennedy assassination by New Orleans attorney Jim Garrison. During the trial seventeen key prosecution witnesses died and Garrison became the target of a

smear campaign.

According to Dope Inc., Shaw served under Stephenson for twenty years starting in WWII, where he had been OSS liaison to Winston Churchill. SOE operatives infiltrated the FBI and formed Division Five, a British intelligence Fifth Column that was headed by Bloomfield. Both Bloomfield and Shaw were present at a series of meetings in Montego Bay, Jamaica in 1963. The meetings were held at the Tyndall Compound, built by Sir William Stephenson to serve British intelligence interests in the Caribbean after WWII.

Stephenson had launched BRINCO, an energy exploration firm financed by the Oppenheimer family's Rio Tinto. He moved to Jamaica in 1949 and set up the British-American-Canadian Corporation with financing from UK merchant banking giant Hambros. It was Stephenson who helped Allen Dulles stash the Hitler and Goebell trusts in Swiss bank accounts after WWII. Now he presided over the Montego Bay meetings where, according to many Kennedy assassination researchers, the JFK hit was planned.

Those present at the meetings included Ferenc Nagy, a WWII cabinet minister in the pro-Hitler Horthy government of Hungary, who later became Hungarian Prime Minister; Georgio Mantello, a Romanian emigre who served as Italian dictator Benito Mussolini's Trade Minister; Paul Raigoradsky, a Russian Solidarity leader; and Jean de Menil, an old money European aristocrat and Russian president of Schlumberger, the giant oil industry service provider and frequent CIA arms conduit based in Houma, LA.

All present at Tyndall were executives of Permindex, whose board members included Donald Trump's mentor Roy Cohn, former general counsel to Sen. Joe McCarthy; Montreal crime boss Joe Bonnano; Mussolini Agriculture Minister Count Guitierez de Spadafora of the Italian House of Savoy; Hapsburg and Wittelsbach family banker Hans Seligman of Basel; Carlo d'Amelio, Rome attorney for the Houses of Savoy and Pallavicini; King Farouk of Egypt's uncle Munir Chourbagi; and Guiseppe Zigiotti, head of the Italian Fascist Association for Militia Arms. Permindex was a front for the Crown's Nazi International.

Colonel Louis Bloomfield was a partner at Philips, Vineberg, Bloomfield and Goodman - attorneys for the Canadian Bronfman family. In 1968 the firm was forced to delete Bloomfield's name from its letterhead when French President Charles de Gaulle publicly exposed Bloomfield for his role in an

assassination attempt on de Gaulle. de Gaulle named Credit Suisse of Geneva as financier of Bloomfield's attempted putsch and traced its origin to NATO Headquarters in Brussels.

Permindex was forced to move its offices out of Europe to fascist-friendly South Africa. Simultaneously, de Gaulle kicked the Israeli Mossad out of France due to its cozy relations with Permindex. Credit Suisse Canada has been identified by some researchers as SOE paymaster for the Permindex assassination of JFK, which was accomplished after Stephenson set up an operations command center in David Sarnoff's RCA Building at New York's Rockefeller Center.

Bloomfield worked under the cover of Israeli Continental Corporation and the Canadian subsidiary of Heineken Breweries. He controls the Ran Histadrut "charity", which constitutes 33% of Israel's GNP; and Bank Hapoalim, Israel's second largest bank and a favorite Mossad conduit. Bloomfield was director of the Israeli-Canadian Maritime League and served as Canadian Consul-General in the "free port" nation Liberia.

There he worked with the only other foreign diplomat in the Monrovia, Banque du Credit Internacionale's (BCI) Tibor Rosenbaum, in establishing Liberia's status as an off-shore banking center and in making Liberia's flag available to international shippers who wished to disguise their true country of origin. The Liberian flag has been well utilized by the Crown's drugs and arms smugglers.

Bloomfield was also chairman of the Red Cross Ambulance Service, a post traditionally held by the top Knight in Queen Elizabeth II's modern-day roundtable - Most Venerable Military & Hospitalier Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Though known for its more charitable side, which includes selling donated blood for around $700/pint, the Red Cross is officially an intelligence arm of the Crown.

According to Dope Inc., Tibor Rosenbaum's BCI was a key bank in the Permindex assassination of Kennedy, transferring funds from Bank Hapoalim to New Orleans FBI Division Five Station Chief Guy Bannister.

Bannister's agent Jerry Brooks Gaitlin doled out the cash to Hunt and his Cuban team of assassins. Both Bannister and Gaitlin died under mysterious circumstances. Howard Hunt's Double Chek was a subsidiary of Centro Mondiale Commerciale - the Permindex Rome branch. William Seymour, the Oswald double who played Cuban sympathizer for months before the Kennedy hit, met with Clay Shaw and David Ferrie to form the triangulation

of fire plan. The actual Oswald was also on SOE Division Five payroll.

According to many researchers, the weapons for the Kennedy coup came through Schlumberger and the seven-shooter hit team consisted of an elite group put together by J. Edgar Hoover and Sir William Stephenson in 1943. The team was formed through the American Council of Christian Churches (ACCC), which Bloomfield, Stephenson and Hoover had founded as a cover for US and British intelligence via ACCC Latin American missions.

ACCC is a network of aristocratic far-right religions. Its west coast director E. E. Bradley was indicted by New Orleans prosecutor Jim Garrison for his role in the JFK hit. David Ferrie worked under ACCC cover. An ACCC orphan school near Puebla, Mexico was used to train 25-30 of the world's premier marksmen.

ACCC Minister Albert Osborne ran the school after he fled the US due to his support of Hitler during WWII. These "students" carried out the Kennedy assassination. Assassins from this same team may have deployed to kill both Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr.

Kennedy was scheduled to speak at the Dallas Trademart, a Permindex affiliate, the day he was gunned down. After the Kennedy assassination Permindex morphed into Intertel, while BCI was replaced by Robert Vesco's Bahamas-based Resorts International, whose lawyers included Paul Helliwell and Kennedy Justice Department hack Robert Peloquin, who served in Naval Intelligence and with NSA before joining Justice.

In 1987 Donald Trump bought 93% of Resorts International before being bailed out of bankruptcy in 1992 by Rothschild Inc. bond specialist Wilbur Ross - now Secretary of Commerce.

Resorts has its headquarters on Paradise Island, which is owned by Huntington Hartford, scion of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. Intertel is officially a subsidiary of Resorts and its board included Howard Hunt buddy Edward Mullin of FBI Division Five, the president of the Bronfman family-controlled Royal Bank of Canada, David Belisle of NSA and Sir Randolph Bacon, former head of Scotland Yard. Intertel provides security for Caribbean and Las Vegas casinos and moved gambling and horse racing into Atlantic City, NJ after strawman Donald Trump bought up the boardwalk.

The Warren Commission that "investigated" the Kennedy assassination was stacked with the very cronies Kennedy had denounced. Allen Dulles, the CIA Director whom Kennedy had fired, loomed large over the proceedings,

steering the inquiry away from any hint of CIA involvement. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover was a right-wing fanatic who despised Kennedy. President Gerald Ford, then a Michigan Senator, leaked information on the hearings to FBI Assistant Director Cartha De Loach. Senators Arlen Spector (D-PA) and Richard Shelby (R-AL) were prominent members of the Senate Intelligence Committee, which oversees CIA activity.

But the most influential member of the Warren Commission was Chase Manhattan Bank chairman John McCloy, who later directed the World Bank. McCloy was attorney for the Saudi-based ARAMCO and helped David Rockefeller spirit the Shah out of Iran. Kennedy had angered the US military establishment but his death sentence was signed by the international bankers.

Kennedy had announced a crackdown on off-shore tax havens and proposed increases in tax rates on large oil and mining companies. He supported eliminating tax loopholes that benefit the super-rich. His economic policies were publicly attacked by *Fortune* magazine, the *Wall Street Journal* and both David and Nelson Rockefeller. Even Kennedy's own Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, who came from the Bechtel-controlled Dillon Read investment bank, voiced opposition to the JFK proposals.

Kennedy's fate was sealed in June 1963 when he authorized the issuance of more than $4 billion in United States Notes by his Treasury Department in an attempt to circumvent the high interest rate usury of the Crown's private Federal Reserve international banker crowd. President Lincoln had made a similar move 100 years earlier and suffered the same consequences.

The wife of accused assassin Lee Harvey Oswald, who was conveniently gunned down by Jack Ruby before Ruby himself was shot, told author A. J. Weberman in 1994, "The answer to the Kennedy assassination is with the Federal Reserve Bank. Don't underestimate that. It's wrong to blame it on Angleton and the CIA *per se* only. This is only one finger on the same hand. The people who supply the money are above the CIA".

New Orleans Trade Mart Director and SOE operative Clay Shaw's address book contained the names of many powerful people who may have "supplied the money". They included international oligarchs Maquesse Guiseppe Rey of Italy, Baron Rafaelo de Banfield of Italy, Princess Jaqueline Chimay of France, Lady Margaret D'Arcy of England, Lady Hulce of England and Sir Michael Duff of England.

But the most interesting phone number in Shaw's address book belonged to Sir Steven Runciman, an elite historian with insider knowledge of the

Knights Templar and their Priory of Sion inner sanctum. Warren Commission Chairman Earl Warren, John McCloy, Allen Dulles, J. Edgar Hoover and Gerald Ford were all 33rd Degree Illuminized Freemasons.

Visitors to the Dealey Plaza assassination site report seeing an obelisk dedicated to Freemasonry. Dallas, headquarters for illumination merchant Exxon Mobil and much of corporate America, sits on the 33rd parallel.

The Crown Was Behind 911

The Crown had the most to gain from dialing 911. The day of the terror attacks there was an unusually heavy volume of financial transactions being handled at the WTC. The bulk of investment bankers killed in the WTC worked for competitors of the Big Six old money investment banks. Cantor Fitzgerald was particularly hard hit.

Merrill Lynch had its own building nearby, as did Deutsche Bank. Lehman Brothers moved from the WTC to a newly built headquarters just prior 911. Only seven weeks before 911 a group of wealthy oligarch investors terminated their lease on the WTC. Investor Larry Silverstein bought a 99-year lease on the property in July 2001, while the old money slid out from under it.

Silverstein filed a $7.2 billion insurance claim after the tragedy. The Federal Reserve-controlling Eight Families (Rothschild, Rockefeller, Kuhn Loeb, Lazard Freres, Warburg, Israel Moses Seif, Lehman/Oppenheimer and Goldman Sachs) insurance companies involved offered only $3.6 billion.

The President's brother Marvin was on the board of directors at Securacom - now known as Stratesec Inc. - from 1993-2000. The company provided security for the WTC, Dulles International Airport and United Airlines. It had the security contract at Los Alamos Laboratories, when there had been a number of security breaches at that facility.

The firm is backed by a Kuwaiti-American investment firm known as KuwAm. Current clients include the US Army, US Navy, US Air Force and Department of Justice. They carry a Blanket Purchase Agreement with the GSA - meaning no other company can compete for these security contracts.

According to David Icke's bombshell book *Children of the Matrix*, Securacom is a subsidiary of Crown Agency - a British Crown entity that Icke says also owns the Agha Khan Foundation. Khan founded the modern Muslim Brotherhood and is spiritual torch-bearer for Islamism - from which

groups like Al Qaeda and the Taliban take their cues. This important fact points to Buckingham Palace involvement in the prosecution of 911.

Marvin Bush also sat on the board at HCC Insurance Holdings until November 2002. That company carried some of the insurance on the WTC. Brother Jeb - Governor of Florida - declared a state of emergency in his state one week prior to 911. He personally escorted the alleged hijackers' flight school documents to Washington, DC shortly after the attacks.

New York Mayor Rudolf Guliani was portrayed as hero of 911. Yet on November 2, 2001 Guliani ordered New York firefighters to thin their ranks at ground zero, as the WTC carnage became known. The day before, 200 tons of gold buried in vaults beneath the WTC belonging to Silver Triangle gold kingpin Bank of Nova Scotia was recovered.

No one in the fawning corporate media bothered to ask Guliani about the callous timing of his decision. Nor did they ask him why, according to Internet reports, he had ordered 6,000 gallons of fuel stored in WTC #7 to supply his personal bomb shelter. The explosion of this fuel may have caused WTC #7 - which was clearly not hit by an airplane - to collapse, destroying sensitive Enron-related CIA and FBI documents stored there. The CIA ran an undercover station on the 47th floor of #7. The 23rd and 24th floors of the WTC North Tower housed FBI covert operations and boatloads of agency documents.

Louie Cacchioli, a firefighter with Engine 47 in Harlem said he was in an elevator to the spook-occupied 24th floor of the North Tower, when he heard explosions. His crew - the first in that building - believes bombs were set off inside the towers.

In a statement to *The Albuquerque Journal* shortly after the disaster, Van Romero - Vice-President for Research at the renowned New Mexico Institute for Mining and Technology - agreed. Romero, one of the world’s foremost demolitions experts, stated, “My opinion is, based on the videotapes, that after the airplanes hit the World Trade Center there were some explosive devices inside the buildings that caused the towers to collapse.”

Numerous experts also agreed that jet fuel alone burns too fast to have melted the massive steel structure of the WTC on its own. The orderly nature of the collapse of both towers and later pancake collapse of Building #7 cry out for inquiry.

The contractor awarded the $7 billion job of cleaning up the WTC rubble was eerily named Controlled Demolition - the same outfit that quickly

disposed of the evidence of the Alfred T. Murrah Federal Building after the Oklahoma City bombing.

WTC “scrap metal” was expeditiously shipped to China. Brigham Young physics Professor Steven Jones, who studied the WTC rubble, says he found traces of thermite explosives all over the stuff. In September 2006, Brigham Young placed Jones on paid leave for his efforts at seeking truth.

In the weeks before 911 people working at the WTC reported entire floors being shut door for “elevator maintenance” It had to be Securacom that authorized this closing and it was during this time that the Crown Agents must have been busy mining the elevator shafts.

There is a persistent rumor that all Israelis working at the WTC were instructed not to report to work on 911. Was Time’s 2001 Man of the Year and current Trump advisor Rudy Guliani part of a covert operation to consolidate British/Israeli/Rothschild control over Persian Gulf Oil? It was probably no coincidence that Guliani was Knighted by Queen Elizabeth II in February 2002.

It was is also convenient that Crown Agent SERCO has current contracts through the FAA to run numerous air traffic control at major airports. SERCO, owned by British Knights, also has contracts with every branch of the US military, the Defense Department and the State Department. It regularly receives no bid contracts by using Crown Agents within the US government know as Senior Executive Services (SES). SERCO is a spin-off from the old RCA Kennedy assassins via that latter's takeover by General Electric. Both SERCO and GE have close ties to both Lockheed Martin and British Aerospace, the world's two biggest defense contractors. All are Crown Agents.

SERCO is the mechanism through which the City of London both creates war, then profits from the resulting contracts. In Britain they own a pathology company that some believe is poised to profit from the coming depopulation of 75% of the world's people, a major goal of the Crown Satanists. SERCO also holds a contract to run FEMA Region 9 in the US.

This region contains Arizona, Nevada, California, Hawaii and the Pacific Islands. As I write this, Kilauea Volcano is erupting. A company called Puna Geothermal Venture, which is financially connected to the Rothschilds, has been fracking near the Puna Geothermal Power Station. Why?

Puna Geothermal Ventures is owned by Ormat Industries, an Israeli firm found by Lucien Yehuda Bronicki. In 1977 Bronicki was awarded with the

Rothschild Prize for Innovation/Export.

According to a 5-15-18 article on *Exopolitics.org* by Big Island resident Michael Salla, independent journalist Hal Turner says he had been contacted by scientists with the US Geological Survey. They told Turner that an area of land on the south flank of the volcano known as the Hilina Slump - about the size of Manhattan - is moving and could break off into the ocean, sending a Tsunami toward the west coast with 100+ foot waves moving at 500 miles per hour. Cities like San Diego, Los Angeles and could be wiped off the face of the earth.

God forbid, should this occur, that SERCO FEMA Region 9 contract will be worth billions to the Luciferian Crown.

CHAPTER 7

The social Darwinism fraud

It is important to understand the historical transition of the methodology employed by the Illuminati in their never-ending quest to control the people and resources of planet earth.

Paramount is the shift from open confrontation with and violent suppression of liberation movements, to more subtle forms of psychological warfare-waged control and distortion of information through the mass media. Perception management is the name of the game.

This battle for our minds takes many forms, but begins by inserting key philosophical premises into the public consensus. One of the most insidious of these is social Darwinism, which preaches “survival of the fittest” and reinforces the top-down dominance paradigm. This fraudulent Luciferian world view - reinforced by corporate-funded “scientific” research - needs to be deconstructed and discredited if we are to progress as a species.

Charles Darwin’s expedition was funded by European nobility. He was himself a Freemason. Despite this elite pedigree, Darwin’s research led him to one very important conclusion, and it was not the “survival of the fittest” mantra that the global elite have since employed to justify everything from colonialism and slavery to private central banking and monopoly capitalism. Rather, Darwin’s central thesis was that the survival of a species was dependent on a high degree of cooperation within that species.

I grew up on a 2,000 acre ranch and have lived in the country almost my entire life. I have hunted, trapped, fished, raised livestock and had pets. I have hiked countless miles of back country Montana trails where I’ve encountered grizzly bears, mountain goats, moose and wolverine. My wife and I recently went on a safari in South Africa’s Kruger National Park.

Through all of these experiences I have never seen two wild animals locked in mortal combat. What I have seen is cooperation at many levels, not only within species, but between species. Yet if you watch any Royal Geographic Society-funded documentary on wildlife, the theme of conflict is omnipresent.

Take a walk in the woods and you will hear songbirds warning the fox that

you are headed her way. Observe a herd of deer and you will see the fit, healthy individuals watching out and waiting for the young, injured or sick members. Visit Kruger and you will see warthogs sticking close to the zebras. The zebras can see above the bushveld and watch for lions, while the smaller warthogs, with their razor-sharp tusks, can give a lion problems for long enough to allow a zebra to escape an ambush.

I had two dogs for nearly fifteen years. Buck, the larger dog, deferred to Milo, the smaller but older dog, his entire life. They never once had a physical confrontation. Though Buck was easily the stronger of the two, he saw no need to be the "big dog". Buck knew that cooperation was a much easier path. In turn Milo never abused his respected position of "elder".

I later adopted a family of three male cats. When Bob caught a mouse, he would often give it to Loris. When Loris caught one he would give it to Harvey. We used to wait in anticipation to see if they would fight over it, but they never did. Often they would triangulate and hunt together, while also keeping a lookout for bigger predators.

Of course confrontation occurs in the animal community, mostly during the rut and when food is scarce. Boys will be boys. And all living beings must eat. But why does the Tavistock perception management media focus so much on these rare incidents and so little on the much more prevalent cooperation within the natural community? Because doing so would shatter the myth that monopoly capitalism is a natural economic system.

Greed is not natural. Cooperation is. We are inherently loving.

The global elite have utilized this same phony version of neo-Darwinism in their portrayal of indigenous people. We are told, usually when justifying some oil war for Exxon Mobil or Citibank, that "Indians were constantly at war (blah, blah, blah),too." Yet any cultural anthropologist worth their salt will tell you that Native Americans rarely waged inter-tribal war during the 100,000+ years before European contact.

Pre-contact tribes also didn't have one "alpha" chief. They had tribal councils, consisting of elderly men and women whose life experiences were valued. Young physically strong hunters were always expected to show deference to these elders. Among the Lakota, the hunter who made the kill always ate last, reinforcing the virtue of humility and discouraging arrogance. Might was not right in tribal society. The very concept of "chief" was foisted upon native people by the Crown colonizers.

The Luciferian European nobility saw this socialist tribal model as a threat

to their growing industrial capitalist empire. So their hired guns led by Albert Pike - founder of both Scottish-Rite Freemasonry in the US and the Ku Klux Klan - launched the Indian Wars.

These mercenaries also taught Indians to collect scalps, paying them a bounty before sending the scalps back to the Euro-inbreds who did God knows what with them. The Crown Agent Skull & Bones Society reportedly keeps Geronimo's skull in its Yale University house of horrors.

Pike's troops then hand-picked tribal "chiefs" of low character that were easily bought - usually with whiskey. These "chiefs" replaced the traditional tribal councils, signed treaties giving away tribal land, and were bribed into attacking other tribes to create the disunity necessary for the Illuminati to destroy the Native American nature-based model of living with the earth instead of pilfering it.

Pike was a 33rd degree Mason and Crown Agent. He brought Freemasonry to America at Charleston, SC in the 1870's. His book *Morals and Dogma* serves as a bible for US Freemasons today. In the book Pike proclaims the Satanic bent of Freemasonry espousing, "The Masonic Religion should be by all of us initiates in the High Degrees maintained in the purity of the Luciferic Doctrine".

Neo-Darwinism is a diabolical, fear-laden Luciferian way of thinking about the world. It is a reality at odds with nature. The dominance paradigm it justifies is a Western industrial human construct conjured up as a rationale for past, present and future subjugation of the planet and its people by the Illuminati bloodline elite.

One last thought: If control over the global economy really is as simple as "survival of the fittest" and "alpha male dominance", shouldn't Evander Holyfield own Bank of America, while Goldman Sachs' scrawny CEO Lloyd Blankfein rents a cockroach-infested shack in Harlem?

CHAPTER 8

Psychological warfare for all

The inbred Luciferian bloodline elite have, over the centuries, refined the techniques they employ to assure continued dominion over the resources of the planet and its people. In the early days the Crown publicly crucified and tortured rebellious citizens, sprinkling in the occasional bloody peasant massacre when things got dicey. These open displays of barbarism ensured a climate of fear that thwarted any challenge to their hegemony.

The Crown's global terror network still serves this function. If they can kill JFK and pull off 911, they can kill any of us, right? And that's exactly what they want you to internalize as part of their perception management program This perception keeps you full of fear - the language of Satan - rather than full of courage and love - the language of God.

Death and destruction are the bread and butter of the Illuminati business plan. World Wars create the most revenue and the most blood sacrifice, upon which these fallen angels feed.

On August 15, 1871 Sovereign Grand Commander of the Ancient & Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry General Albert Pike, the aforementioned Ku Klux Klan founder and Indian war prosecutor, wrote a letter to Italian P-1 33rd Degree Grand Commander and Mafia founder Guiseppe Mazzini.

In the letter Pike talked of a Brotherhood plan for three World Wars. The first, he said, would destroy czarist Russia and create a Communist "bogeyman" that the bankers could employ to justify their foreign interventions around the world. The second, Pike said, would be used to create Israel, which would become a mercenary force for the international bankers while protecting oil interests in the Middle East for the Rothschild and Rockefeller combines.

The Third World War, stated Pike's letter, would pit Arabs against Zionists, and would culminate in a New World Order completely controlled by the international bankers and their secret societies.

Pike described the events that would unfold as pretext for WWIII, "We must provoke a social cataclysm which in all its horror...everywhere, the

citizens obliged to defend themselves against the world minority of revolutionaries...will receive the true light through...the pure doctrine of Lucifer, brought finally out into public view.”

While it has been easy for the Crown to pit nation against nation with their agents embedded on both sides, quelling domestic dissent has proven a bit more difficult.

The medieval servitude of the Dark Ages and the ancient gallows employed to deal with dissenters eventually provoked revolution in such disparate locales as France, America and Russia. More recently, the Crown's equally crude, if better armed, corporate sponsored fascist resource-control juntas have produced the same revolutionary result in Iran, Iraq, Syria, Cuba, North Korea, the Congo, Angola, Mozambique, Zimbabwe, Vietnam, Chile, Afghanistan, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Bolivia, Ecuador and Venezuela to name just a few.

Befuddled, the bloodline Babylonians were forced to shift to a more veiled menu of covert assassination, well-funded opposition parties, NGO intrigues, currency counterfeiting, leaflet drops, fake trucker’s strikes and all manner of counter-revolutionary shenanigans. But even these deceptions are eventually exposed, especially with the surge in truth journalism on the Internet. Brutality is brutality, however subtle and disguised.

When this strategy failed to stem the tide of history, provoking a democratic and thus subversive reaction among the populace, the international banking syndicate and its coterie of idle rich Luciferians turned to psychological warfare as their mainstay.

They learned that it was much easier to control a population through Tavistock Institute-funded television and Internet brainwashing, than to be forced to mow down a more cognizant citizenry in the streets and risk backlash. The key is to keep people docile, fearful, ignorant and filled with self-hatred.

Another way the Crown steers public opinion is through their Bridge Fund foundations. In 1913 the Rockefeller Foundation came into being. It would shield the Rockefeller’s wealth from the coming income tax provisions of the never-ratified 16th Amendment. More importantly it would allow these Federal Reserve (formed the same year) Illuminati owners to steer public opinion through social engineering via grant patronage.

One of the Foundation’s most infamous tentacles was the General Education Board. In Occasional Letter #1 the Board stated, “In our dreams

we have limitless resources and the people yield themselves with perfect docility to our molding hands. The present education conventions fade from their minds and, unhampered by tradition, we will work our own good will upon a grateful and responsive rural folk. We shall try not to make these people or any of their children into philosophers or men of learning or men of science…of whom we have ample supply."

Over the next decades the condescending financial parasites at Club Fed would fabricate all matter of story lines and staged events to keep the "rural folk" frightened and inert. These included the Great Depression, the Cold War, McCarthyism, the threat of nuclear Armageddon, the Kennedy, Malcom X and Martin Luther King Jr. assassinations and 911. All of these were also, quite conveniently, financial boons for the international banking syndicate and their defense/oil/drug mafia cartels.

The current "scary story lines" include school shootings, Ebola virus and Muslim extremism. All are problem-reaction-solution contrivances of the Crown and its tentacles. The latter is central to my book, *Big Oil & Their Bankers in the Persian Gulf: Four Horsemen, Eight Families & Their Global Intelligence, Narcotics & Terror Network*.

All of these terrors are created for specific reasons as part of the bigger agenda being slowly pushed forward by the Luciferians behind the Crown. The Freemason *modus operandi* is *Order Ab Chao* - Order out of Chaos.

Centered in Pakistan the Crown-subsidiary Agha Khan Foundation is funded by the Illuminati's secret Muslim Brotherhood society. It churns out "Muslim extremists" who are then "handled" by the Cabalistic Rothschild intelligence arm, which is more commonly known as the Israeli Mossad.

These "Muslim extremists" are then used to butcher local resistance while the bankers grab the oilfields in whichever Middle East country they find it in. The Afghan opium monopoly was achieved in the very same way, along with the recently opened natural gas pipeline from Turkmenistan to the Pakistani port of Karachi.

911 was the well-contrived scheme used to launch the phony war on terror and its parallel permanent war economy that lit up Wall Street banks and their war profiteer cartels like Christmas trees. Pearl Harbor served the same purpose in justifying US entry in defense of the Crown in WWII.

Despite their attempts to hard-wire their lies into us via the Internet and TV, for many the scary bedtime stories are wearing off. Despite the constant stream of lies emanating from the Tavistock media wing of the Illuminati

banksters, millions of people around the world are waking up.

As Pete Townsend of The Who sang, the important thing now is that we "Don't Get Fooled Again." Because as their plan moves into a new phase, the tools at their disposal are integrating. Technology is the key. And these new systems involve low-frequency weaponry capable of creating alien (AI) perceptions or "virtual realities" in human consciousness which are much more amenable to the furtherance of the Luciferian agenda.

Part II
the luciferian agenda

CHAPTER 9

agenda 21

In 1992, just as the US Democratic Party was being hijacked by the Illuminati Presidency of Bill Clinton, and just as the UK Labor Party was about to be surrendered to Illuminati Prime Minister Tony Blair, there was a meeting in Rio de Janeiro that would, under the soft fuzzy guise of “sustainability”, implement the Luciferian plan to end humanity.

With anything resembling an organized left wing political opposition to their global fascist plan knocked out by the rise of the right-leaning Clinton and Blair - and the subsequent surrender of their respective long-standing worker parties to the bankers - the Satanists would now use the constituents of these two parties to help manufacture a crisis through which they could justify total control over the planet.

The *Order Ab Chao* pretext was environmental cataclysm and global warming. Both Democrats and Labor took the bait, as did many well-meaning people around the world who knew through observation that there was something seriously wrong with the weather, but could never imagine it being used to further the agenda of the Illuminati.

With Occidental Petroleum billionaire owner Armand Hammer's protege Al Gore as its spokesman, the Luciferians would now promote their myth of scarcity, which assigns blame to humanity instead of to themselves. From their Babylonian pulpit they preached misanthropy, carbon footprints, carbon taxes, tiny houses, a contraction in living standards and general austerity.

All the while, Illuminati puppets Clinton and Blair were busy deregulating the banks of Glass-Steagall, merging corporations, privatizing education, increasing killer vaccinations, rolling out glycophosphates and GMO foods, launching a low-frequency weapons war via the introduction of the Internet and polluting entire ecosystems with their Eight Families cartels.

But we were not to blame the elites. We were to blame ourselves and our fellow humans. In fact, we were to think that “humans” had screwed up the planet so badly that the world would be better off without us. The ultimate self-hatred was becoming a normalized plank in their perception management offensive.

Environmental groups led the charge, their boards filled with Crown agents, bankers and corporate oil, mining and chemical CEOs. Prince Charles spearheaded much of the public relations, Prince Albert led the anti-human mantras.

In Rio de Janeiro, it was the Honorable Maurice Strong pulling the anti-humanity bandwagon. Strong is a Canadian oil and mining billionaire who once suggested, “Isn't the only hope for the planet that the industrialized civilizations collapse? Isn't it our responsibility to bring that about?”

Out of this June 1992 Rio Earth Summit came a human control plan that came to be known as Agenda 21. Some of its goals include an end to national sovereignty, the restructuring of the family unit, the assignment of certain jobs for certain people, restrictions of people's movements, an increase in the role of the state in raising children, the creation of densely populated human settlement zones accompanied by an emptying out of rural areas, a dumbing down of education via testing rather than learning, the abolition of private property, and at its core a massive reduction in the population of Planet Earth.

Under the guise of a front called Local Governments for Sustainability, the elitist polluters have set out to push this anti-human agenda into every corner of the planet. The word “sustainability” is their Trojan Horse. Wherever you see it used, know that it has nothing to do with protecting the earth, and everything to do with destroying it and you.

Using the typical inverted morality of Lucifer, these pigs who have trashed this planet, now seek to make us feel culpable for their crimes via the guilt and shame-ridden “environmental movement”. It's the perfect cover for the evil agenda they have planned for us.

The key to their plan is depopulation. The Georgia Guide Stones, which no one seems to know who built, call for the population of earth to be maintained under 500,000 million. The stones are astrologically aligned and the writing is in several languages, some of them ancient.

A separate draft copy of the United Nations Global Biodiversity Assessment calls for a population of 1 billion. This would also be a massive cull since the current world population is around 7.6 billion.

Using 911 as yet another pretext, the Illuminati have embarked on a plan of permanent war economy, first justified by the fake war on terror. While their Crown Agent companies and banks get the arms, oil, aid and rebuilding contracts, they are also using this model to achieve their goal of global depopulation.

CHAPTER 10

the Illuminati depopulation agenda

While the global elite construct underground bunkers, eat organic food, and hoard seeds in Arctic vaults; the global poor are being slowly starved thanks to high commodity prices and poisoned with genetically modified (GMO) food.

Austerity measures aimed largely at the poor are being imposed on all the nations of the world through the Illuminati IMF. Weather events grow more deadly and brush fire wars more frequent. An AK-47 can be obtained for $49 in the markets of West Africa. The depopulation campaign of the inbred Illuminati bankers is accelerating.

In 1957 President Dwight Eisenhower, who later warned of a "military-industrial complex", commissioned a panel of scientists to study the issue of overpopulation. The scientists put forth Alternatives I, II and III, advocating both the release of deadly viruses and perpetual warfare as means to decrease world population.

The first supposition dovetailed nicely with the pharmaceutical interests of the Rockefellers. According to Nexus magazine, the Rockefellers own one-half of the US pharmaceutical industry, which will reap billions developing medicines and vaccines to "battle" the deadly viruses about to be released.

In 1969 the Senate Church Committee discovered that the US Defense Department (DOD) had requested a budget of tens of millions of taxpayer dollars for a program to speed development of new viruses that target and destroy the human immune system.

DOD officials testified before Congress that they planned to produce, "a synthetic biological agent, an agent that does not naturally exist and for which no natural immunity could be acquired…Most important is that it might be refractory to the immunological and therapeutic processes upon which we depend to maintain our relative freedom from infectious disease."

House Bill 5090 authorized the funds and MK-NAOMI was carried out at Fort Detrick, Maryland. Out of this research came the AIDS virus, which was targeted at "undesirable elements" of the population. The first AIDS viruses were administered through a massive smallpox vaccine campaign in central

and southern Africa by the World Health Organization in 1977. A year later ads appeared in major US newspapers soliciting “promiscuous gay male volunteers” to take part in a Hepatitis B vaccine study.

The program targeted male homosexuals age 20-40 in New York City, Los Angeles, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco. It was administered by the US Centers for Disease Control which, under its earlier incarnation as the US Public Health Department in Atlanta, oversaw the Tuskegee syphilis experiments on African American males.

San Francisco has been a target of numerous CIA experiments, due to its high population of left-leaning citizens, which the Illuminati views as “undesirables”. According to Dr. Eva Snead, San Francisco has one of the highest cancer rates in the country.

For years Malathion, first developed by the Nazis, was sprayed over the city by helicopters from CIA Evergreen Air, whose Arizona base was used, according to author William Cooper, as a CIA transshipment point for Colombian cocaine. The mysterious Legionnaire’s Disease occurs often in San Francisco and the CIA’s MK-ULTRA mind control bad acid program was based there.

The intellectual force behind the introduction of AIDS was the Bilderberger Group, which became fixated on population control after WWII. William Cooper said that the Policy Committee of the Bilderbergers gave orders to DOD to introduce the AIDS virus. The Bilderbergers are close to the Club of Rome, which was founded on a Rockefeller estate near Bellagio, Italy and is backed by the same European Black Nobility who frequent Bilderberger meetings.

A 1968 study by the Club of Rome advocated lowering the birth rate and increasing the death rate. Club founder Dr. Aurelio Peccei made a top-secret recommendation to introduce a microbe that would attack the auto-immune system, then develop a vaccine as a prophylactic for the global elite.

One month after the 1968 Club of Rome meeting Paul Ehrlich published The Population Bomb. The book hints at a draconian depopulation plan in the works. On page seventeen Ehrlich writes, “The problem could have been avoided by population control…so that a ‘death rate solution’ did not have to occur.” A year later MK-NAOMI was born.

Peccei himself authored the Club of Rome’s much-touted Global 2000 report, which President Jimmy Carter pushed on his BCCI shakedown cruise of Africa. Peccei wrote in the report, “Man is now vested with

unprecedented, tremendous responsibilities and thrown into the role of moderator of life on the planet, including his own”

The Bilderbergers were behind the Haig-Kissinger Depopulation Policy, a driving force at the State Department and administered by the National Security Council. Pressure was applied to Third World countries to reduce their populations. Those that did not comply saw their US aid withheld or were subject to Pink Plan low-intensity war that targets civilians, especially women of child-bearing age.

In Africa famine and brush-fire wars are encouraged. AK-47 rifles can be bought at West African markets for under $50. The same is true in the markets of Peshawar, Pakistan. In 1975, a year after attending a Club of Rome conference on the topic, Secretary of State and Crown Agent Henry Kissinger founded the Office of Population Affairs (OPA).

Latin American OPA case officer Thomas Ferguson spilled the beans on OPA’s agenda when he stated, “There is a single theme behind all our work; we must reduce population levels. Either they do it our way, through nice clean methods or they will get the kind of mess that we have in El Salvador, or in Iran, or in Beirut…Once population is out of control it requires authoritarian government, even fascism, to reduce it…The professionals aren’t interested in reducing population for humanitarian reasons…Civil wars are somewhat drawn-out ways to reduce population. The quickest way to reduce population is through famine like in Africa. We go into a country and say, here is your goddamn development plan. Throw it out the window. Start looking at your population…if you don’t …then you’ll have an El Salvador or an Iran, or worse, a Cambodia”.

Ferguson said of El Salvador, “To accomplish what the State Department deems adequate population control, the civil war (run by CIA) would have to be greatly expanded. You have to pull all the males into fighting and kill significant numbers of fertile, child-bearing age females. You are killing a small number of males and not enough fertile females to do the job…If the war went on 30-40 years, you might accomplish something. Unfortunately, we don’t have too many instances of this to study”.

Report from Iron Mountain

In 1961 Kennedy Administration officials McGeorge Bundy, Robert McNamara and Dean Rusk, all CFR and Bilderberger members, led a study

group that looked into “the problem of peace”. The group met at Iron Mountain, a huge underground corporate nuclear shelter near Hudson, New York, where CFR think tank The Hudson Institute is located. The bunker contains redundant offices in case of nuclear attack for Exxon Mobil, Royal Dutch/Shell and JP Morgan Chase. A copy of the group discussions, known as Report from Iron Mountain, was leaked by a participant and published in 1967 by Dial Press.

The report’s authors saw war as necessary and desirable stating “War itself is the basic social system, within which other secondary modes of social organization conflict or conspire. (War is) the principal organizing force…the essential economic stabilizer of modern societies.” The group worried that through “ambiguous leadership” the “ruling administrative class” might lose its ability to “rationalize a desired war”, leading to the “actual disestablishment of military institutions”.

The report goes on to say, “…the war system cannot responsibly be allowed to disappear until…we know exactly what we plan to put in its place…The possibility of war provides the sense of external necessity without which no government can long remain in power…The basic authority of a modern state over its people resides in its war powers. War has served as the last great safeguard against the elimination of necessary classes.”

Historian Howard Zinn described this conundrum when he wrote, “American capitalism needed international rivalry - and periodic war - to create an artificial community of interest between rich and poor, supplanting the genuine community of interest among the poor that showed itself in sporadic movements”.

The Iron Mountain gang was not the first to discover the virtues of war. In 1909 the trustees of the Andrew Carnegie Foundation for International Peace met to discuss pre-WWI American life. Many of the participants were members of Skull and Bones. They concluded, “There are no known means more efficient than war, assuming the objective is altering the life of an entire people…How do we involve the United States in a war?”

The Report from Iron Mountain goes on to propose a proper role for those of the lower classes, crediting military institutions with providing “antisocial elements with an acceptable role in the social structure. The younger and more dangerous of these hostile social groupings have been kept under control by the Selective Service System…A possible surrogate for the control

of potential enemies of society is the reintroduction, in some form consistent with modern technology and political process, of slavery…The development of a sophisticated form of slavery may be an absolute prerequisite for social control in a world at peace."

The Iron Mountain goons, though thrilled by the idea of slavery, listed as other socioeconomic substitutions for war: a comprehensive social welfare program, a giant open-ended space program aimed at unreachable targets, a permanent arms inspection regime, an omnipresent global police and peacekeeping force, massive global environmental pollution that would require a large labor pool to clean up, socially-oriented blood sports, and a comprehensive eugenics program.

The 1990 Gulf War genocide fulfilled the dreams of the Club of Rome Zero Population Growth maniacs, while also providing a testing ground for two of the war substitutes proposed by the Iron Mountain fascists: an arms inspection regime and UN peacekeepers. Both concepts gained traction in the international community thanks to the Gulf War.

Let the Iraqi Genocide Begin

Estimates of Iraqi casualties during the Gulf War are sobering. Some organizations like Greenpeace put the death toll at near one million people. It was a war in which the media was denied access on a scale never before seen, so casualty figures vary greatly. According to Tony Murphy, a researcher at the International War Crimes Tribunal, the US attack on Iraq killed 125,000 civilians, while destroying 676 schools, 38 hospitals, 8 major hydroelectric dams, 11 power plants, 119 power substations and half the country's telephone lines. The attacks occurred mostly at night when people were most vulnerable.

In the months following the war the death rate of Iraqi children under five tripled. Thirty-eight percent of these deaths were caused by diarrhea. Victor Filatov, a Russian journalist reporting for Sovetskaya Rossiya from post-war Baghdad wrote, "What further bloodshed do these barbarians of the 20th century need? I thought the Americans had changed since Vietnam…but no, they never change. They remain true to themselves."

According to former US Attorney General Ramsey Clark, the US was

found guilty of nineteen war crimes against Iraq before the International War Crimes Tribunal. The US dropped 88,000 tons of bombs on Iraq during the Gulf War and has rained down countless more bombs since. Many bombs were tipped with armor piercing depleted uranium (DU) warheads, which may account for chronic Iraqi health problems.

Dr. Siegwart-Horst Gunther, a German physician who came to Iraq to help its people, became gravely ill when he handled just one cigar-sized fragment from a DU warhead. Dr. Gunther measured the tiny object's radioactivity to be 11 microSv per hour, whereas an acceptable exposure is no more than 300 microSv per year. Three hundred tons of DU ammunition was deployed during the war.

Many believe DU is responsible for Gulf War Syndrome, which has killed and permanently injured many US soldiers who fought in the Persian Gulf theater. Since 2000, nearly 11,000 US Gulf War veterans have died from Gulf War Syndrome, while the Pentagon continues to cover up this travesty.

Satanism and Psychotronic Warfare

The US also tested numerous top-secret high-tech weapons systems in the Gulf theater, while utilizing some old low-frequency favorites. When Iraqi ground forces surrendered, many of them were in a state of delirium and lethargy that could have been induced by extremely low-frequency radio waves, which the US used as a weapon as early as the Vietnam conflict.

Yale University and CIA psychiatrist Dr. Jose Delgado studied mind control for the Company during the 1950's as part of the MK-ULTRA program. Delgado determined, "Physical control of many brain functions is a demonstrated fact…it is even possible to create and follow intentions…By electronic stimulation of specific cerebral structures, movements can be induced by radio command…by remote control."

According to a military document written by Colonel Paul Valley and Major Michael Aquino titled From PSYOP to Mindwar: The Psychology of Victory, the US Army used an operational weapons system "to map the minds of neutral and enemy individuals and then to change them in accordance with US national interests".

The technique was used to secure the surrender of 29,276 armed Viet Cong and North Vietnamese Army soldiers in 1967 and 1968. The US Navy was also heavily involved in "psychotronic" research. Many US soldiers who

served near the DMZ that divided North and South Vietnam claimed to see UFOs on a regular basis. The Pentagon Papers revealed that an electronic barrier was placed along the DMZ by the secretive JASON Society.

Major Michael Aquino was an Army psyops specialist in Vietnam, where his unit specialized in drug-inducement, brainwashing, virus injection, brain implants, hypnosis, and use of electromagnetic fields and extremely low-frequency radio waves.

After Vietnam, Aquino moved to San Francisco and founded the Temple of Set. Set is the ancient Egyptian name for Lucifer. Aquino was now a senior US Military Intelligence official. He'd been given a Top Secret security clearance on June, 9, 1981. Less than a month later an Army intelligence memo revealed that Aquino's Temple of Set was an off-shoot of Anton LaVey's Church of Satan, also headquartered in San Francisco. Two other Set members were Willie Browning and Dennis Mann. Both were Army Intelligence officers.

The Temple of Set was obsessed with military matters and political fascism. It was especially preoccupied with the Nazi Order of the Trapezoid. Aquino's "official" job was history professor at Golden Gate College. The Temple recruited the same Hells Angels who Billy Mellon Hitchcock had used to dole out his bad CIA acid. Its members frequented prostitutes where they engaged in all manner of sadomasochistic activities. Director of Army Counter-Intelligence Donald Press revealed that Dennis Mann was assigned to the 306 PSYOPS Battalion and that Aquino was assigned to a top secret program known as Presidio.

Presidio is also the name of a spooky complex in the Golden Gate National Recreation Area, which Mikhail Gorbachev reportedly frequented as the Soviet Union was falling apart. Was Aquino part of an operation to "map the mind" of the Soviet Union's last leader and induce him into proposing both glasnost and perestroika, the two free market policies that ultimately led to the Soviet Union's demise? Remember the curious mark that suddenly appeared on Gorbachev's forehead? Was he implanted with some sort of microchip mind-control device to make him think "in accordance with US national interests"?

Such Orwellian technology is marketed on a regular basis throughout the world. International Healthline Corporation and others sell microchip implants in the US, Russia and Europe. The Humane Society has adopted a policy of micro-chipping all stray pets. The State of Hawaii requires that all

pets be micro-chipped.

Six thousand people in Sweden have accepted a microchip in their hand that they use for all purchases. Trials are also underway in Japan. In July 2002, National Public Radio reported a similar trial beginning in Seattle. Later in 2002, after a rash of suspicious abductions of young girls, BBC reported that a British company plans to implant children with microchips so that their parents can monitor their whereabouts. In 2017, a Wisconsin company micro-chipped its employees. That same year the drug Abilify was chipped.

Dr. Carl Sanders, a highly acclaimed electronics engineer, revealed that a microchip project he launched to help people with severed spinal cords was taken over by the Bill Colby's Operation Phoenix in a series of meetings organized by Henry Kissinger. Sanders says the optimal spot for a microchip implant is just below the hairline on a person's forehead, since the device can be recharged by changes in body temperatures, which are most pronounced there. Interestingly, this is the location of the pineal gland or Third Eye.

The 1986 Emigration Control Act grants the President the power to mandate any kind of ID he deems necessary. Researchers at Southern California have developed a chip that mimics the hippocampus, the part of the brain that deals with memory. Pentagon officials are interested in using it in experiments to create a "super-soldier". Another microchip called Braingate is being implanted in paralyzed people. It allows them to control their environment by simply thinking.

In Iraq, psychological warfare gave way to slow genocide. According to UNICEF, as of late 2001, 1.5 million Iraqi children had died as a result of sanctions, while one child in ten died before their first birthday. Thalassemia, anemia and diarrhea were the biggest killers and could have been prevented were it not for a chronic shortage of blood and medicine in Iraq due to the sanctions. UN Committee 661 served as arbiter of what constituted a "dual use" item and therefore banned for import into Iraq. As of 2001, over 1,600 Iraqi contracts with Western companies for medical equipment had been blocked by 661.

The Gulf War decimated Iraq's sewer and water treatment systems. Iraqis were forced to drink polluted water, leading to numerous health problems. Iraq was not allowed to import chlorine to clean the water since 661 deemed it a potential chemical weapon. Electrical power was rationed in three-hour daily increments per household since the Iraqi government couldn't get the

parts it needed to fix its power plants after the US bombed its entire power grid. With the devaluation of the Iraqi dinar and the ban on the export of 2.4 million barrels of oil per day, the average Iraqi lived on $2.50 a month - enough to buy a pair of shoes. The only Iraqis not affected were the wealthy elite, who had long ago stashed their savings overseas in US dollars.

UNICEF estimates that 28% of Iraqi children no longer went to school. Before the war almost all children attended. Often families could only afford to send one child to school because of the cost of simple things like backpacks, shoes and notebooks. Rafah Salam Aziz, Director of Mansour Children's Hospital, said parents were often forced to make similar decisions about their children's lives. Aziz said, "Many times it's easier for a family to let a baby die rather than let the whole family go hungry and get sick."

But depopulation is just part of the reason that the Illuminati finance the permanent war economy. As former Dutch banker and Illuminati defector Ronald Bernard tells us, war is also part of the Masonic project to provide a steady blood sacrifice on which the Luciferians feed to increase their power.

Bernard says that our birth certificate places each of us into a bondage to the Satanists. In the corporation called Holland for example, a baby is assigned a debt of five-hundred thousand euros. Throughout their life each person, through a series of taxes, consumption and wage slavery, is expected to pay back this debt to the Illuminati. In many countries birth certificates are traded on the stock exchanges.

Since we slaves have already built out their infrastructure, these freaks now wish to depopulate 90% of humanity, but they have a plan for the rest of us as well.

The end game of the Masonic project, Bernard says, is to turn us all into batteries to generate the negative energy that, along with wars and outright human sacrifice, fuels the 4th dimension evil consciousness.

Trans-humanism plays a big part in this agenda, since they have to convince us that we have no souls and are only machines. Trans-genderism is a stepping stone towards this goal. This accounts for many recent popular movies promoting trans-humanism. The Tavistock Institute is behind these movies through their Hofjuden Hollywood cartel.

Soon Alexa will not only be recording your conversations and sending them to the authorities, as happened recently to an Oregon couple. It will also be programming your thoughts, turning you into a miserable blithering idiot, whose unhappiness and confusion is rocket fuel for the Illuminati.

But there are many other ways in which the Babylonian priesthood keeps us dumbed down, unhealthy and unaware of both our own immense powers and of their criminal agenda.

Chapter 11

toxic food for the masses

There is a lot of talk these days about being prepared for natural and man-made disasters. Finding classes, lectures, videos and books on how to be self-sufficient is as simple as a click of the mouse. Some people even scoff at preppers, saying they are overly paranoid. However, if you consider the staggering number of deep-earth bunkers that have been constructed for the military and super-elite, and those still under construction, you might think twice about becoming a prepper yourself. Just the idea of it should make the rational mind wonder. If the gendarme branches and their upper-class handlers are so fixated with survival bunkers fortified with everything needed to live comfortably for 50-75 years, maybe shit really is about to hit the fan.

Indeed, how can anyone sit back in comfort after witnessing the massive disasters that unfolded during hurricanes Katrina, Harvey, and Irma. What of the 2017 California wildfires, the massive earthquakes in Mexico, or the eruption of Hawaii's Kilauea volcano? Among the myriads of man-made world-wide disasters that many of us see coming down the road, there is one of epic proportions that is currently underway – yet, too few have yet to recognize it.

By now, the entire world population has heard of GMOs or Genetically Modified Organisms, but apparently not everyone understands exactly what these are or what they mean to the average person. The World Health Organization describes them as "...organisms in which the genetic material (DNA) has been altered in a way that does not occur naturally. The technology is referred to as "modern biotechnology", "gene technology", "recombinant DNA technology", or just plain old "genetic engineering". Whatever you want to call it, genetic manipulation allows selected genes to be taken from one organism and forced into another.

It is important to realize that the genes used to develop GMO plants and food crops can and often do belong to any number of living organisms, including unrelated plants, animals, insects, bacteria, viruses, fungi, and even human genes.

People who have a deep and abiding faith in a Creator God of any kind

should be especially horrified at this Island of Dr. Moreau experiment on the human population. If God had intended rice and mice to splice mad scientists wouldn't have to force DNA from one species into another using viruses as a vector - it would happen naturally.

While I certainly don’t intend to eat any mice in the near future, nearly half of the world’s population relies on rice as a staple food source. Until there is a real law that requires the listing of GMO ingredients we cannot trust that the food we buy in the grocery stores aren't made with a mutant strain of monkey virus or worse.

There are very real concerns as to how genetically modified foods act upon the human and animal body. Not only were the big bio-tech companies allowed free reign to play God with our food, they also got to carry out and present their own research to the FDA and USDA to “prove” that GMO foods and their associated herbicides and pesticides were safe for human consumption. The Big 6 Franken-Food purveyors are BASF, Bayer, DuPont, Dow Chemical Company, Monsanto, and Syngenta.

The wolf in sheep's clothing is guarding the pasture, and if you want to eat or farm or sell seed, you had better get on board or be prepared to be lied to, coerced, or run out of business.

The powerful lobby of these chemical companies, who brought the world delights such as Agent Orange and DDT, are granted all manner of privileges by cowardly government officials who don't dare confront them.

Among the many free passes given to these almighty chemical companies include the acceptance of laughable in-house research studies that are clearly manipulated either by their own lackey scientists or by bought-off labs and universities to raise little, if any cause for alarm.

In fact, long before the FDA was cow-towed by the powerful hammer of Monsanto, their own scientists repeatedly warned that GM foods might create unpredictable and hard-to-detect side effects, such as increasing food allergies, a build up of toxins in the body, newly emerging diseases and “conditions”, a worsening of existing diseases and syndromes, nutritional problems, and serious digestive disorders such as leaky gut syndrome - a precursor to celiac and other digestive disorders.

Yet, even as long-term safety studies of GMO crops were being called for by the FDA, reports of their detrimental impacts were already flooding in.

In India, thousands of sheep, buffalo, and goats died after grazing on Round-Up Ready Bt cotton plants. Mice that ate GM corn had fewer and

smaller babies and exhibited signs of aggression, confusion and unsocial behavior - the same behaviors found in the human disease Autism.

Additional studies demonstrated that more than half of the babies born to mother rats that were fed GM soy, died within three weeks. Hamsters that were fed GM soy lost the ability to have babies by the third generation. Rodents fed GM corn and soy showed immune system dysfunction and signs of toxicity.

The stomach lining of rats fed GM potatoes showed excessive cell growth, a condition that may lead to cancer. One study on animals that ate GM food found that they developed organ lesions, altered liver and pancreas cells, changed enzyme levels, and many other disturbing effects. All these studies and more were done in the early GMO years.

Even the American Academy of Environmental Medicine (AAEM) reports, "…several animal studies indicate serious health risks associated with GM food consumption including infertility, immune dysregulation, accelerated aging, dysregulation of genes associated with cholesterol synthesis, insulin regulation, cell signaling, and protein formation, and changes in the liver, kidney, spleen and gastrointestinal system."

The AAEM was so disturbed by their studies that they took an important and historically significant stand by asking physicians to advise their patients to avoid GM foods.

It is quite apparent that there is more than a casual association between GM foods and adverse health effects. Increasingly, genetically modified foods are being blamed for sudden increases in incidences of autism and Alzheimer's disease in areas where they were recently introduced into the food system.

In the UK, soy allergies skyrocketed by 50% soon after GM soy was introduced. And for those who are allergic to soy, you should know that cooked GM soy protein contains as much as seven-times the amount of known allergens as compared to non-GM soy.

In the early GMO years these Franken-Food murderers were promising to feed the world while at the same time twisting the arms of any farmer who resisted planting their seed. And any truly independent researcher daring to investigate or study the claims made by one of these Big 6 Franken-Food companies was quashed as ruthlessly and effectively as an insect doused with Monsanto's DDT.

Despite their ruthless tactics, many truly independent studies were able to

be conducted outside of the long reach of Monsanto and Friends, and they turned up some truly frightening results.

In September of 2012 a two-year peer-reviewed study on the effects of feeding Monsanto's NK603 GMO Roundup Ready corn to rats and exposing them to exceedingly low levels of Roundup herbicide was published by researchers at Caen University in France. Their findings found seriously alarming results that indicated the dangers of GM food, feed, and their associated herbicides.

The study was based on the same exact protocols Monsanto had used in 2004 to prove that their corn was safe for consumption. But the scientists in the Caen study increased the length of the research period from Monsanto's paltry 90-day study to a more revealing 2-year study. The Caen scientists also wanted more documentation as to the effects of their study, so they not only increased the number of animals tested (it was already the largest animal study of its kind) but increased the frequency of testing and the number of factors that would be tested for.

Researchers tested for three doses (rather than two in the usual ninety-day long protocols) of the Roundup-tolerant NK603 GMO maize alone, the GMO maize treated with Roundup, and Roundup alone at very low environmentally relevant doses starting below the range of levels permitted by regulatory authorities in drinking water and in GM feed." What they found was nothing short of horrific.

It took only four months (eight weeks more than the Monsanto-led study) for the research team to begin seeing the negative physical effects. The Caen study rats developed 400 times the number of large tumors and died 2-3 times more often - and faster - than the control group. They had increased mammary tumors, affected pituitary glands, and congestion and necrosis of the liver. Researches also found that exceedingly low doses of Roundup disrupted estrogen and androgen receptors in cells and acted as a sexual endocrine disruptor in live animals.

According to the study, "By the beginning of the 24th month, 50–80% of female animals had developed tumors in all treated groups, with up to three tumors per animal, whereas only 30% of controls [non-GMO-fed] were affected. The Roundup treatment groups showed the greatest rates of tumor incidence with 80% of animals affected with up to three tumors for one female in each group."

Read that again very slowly and imagine that we humans are the rats.

An earlier study conducted in 2011, entitled,“Maternal and fetal exposure to pesticides associated to genetically modified foods in Eastern Townships of Quebec", led by Aziz Aris and Samuel Leblanc and published in the journal *Reproductive Toxicology*, found Bt toxin and the herbicides glyphosate and gluphosinate in nearly 100% of pregnant (and non-pregnant) women and their unborn babies. And a more recent study of randomly selected participants from around the country had glyphosate (Roundup) in their blood and urine.

A few years ago I might have said to you that only certified organic foods do not contain genetically modified organisms, but I can't say that anymore. That's because we know that GMO plants often have an increased ability to cross-pollinate with their open-pollinated and heirloom counterparts, like corn.

In one early and devastating experiment that took place in 1998, University of Chicago scientists were working on genetically modifying a variety of mustard to be herbicide resistant. And while no known gene effecting floral characteristics was altered in the experiment, the researchers noticed that the flowers from the genetically modified mustard looked different than those on the unaltered mustard. Even though the scientists thought this change was unlikely to be significant, they decided to test the modified plants' out-crossing rate, which essentially tests the speed and effectiveness of pollen moving from the male flower to the female flower in order to produce viable seed.

It turned out that the genetically engineered mustard had over twenty times the out-crossing rate of the standard mustard. In other words, the pollen from the GMO mustard was more than twenty times more likely to successfully reproduce than its natural counterpart in the same scenario. This disturbing fact spells disaster for non-GMO crops grown in the same region as open-pollinated and organic crops, and its outcome has already been felt by farmers all over the Midwest.

Today any and all non-GM open-pollinated heirloom plants are in real danger of being contaminated by their Franken-Food counterparts. This includes natural hybrids, (which are simply a cross of two varieties of a similar species), heirlooms, and open-pollinated vegetables in your garden, as well as seed, grain, cereal, and fruit crops being grown in commercial and organic fields.

And once a non-GMO plant is infected with the patented DNA of a GMO,

it is essentially illegal to grow it or save its seed without obtaining legal permission from the patent owner first.

Additionally, multinational corporations like Monsanto are working hard to buy up as many small seed companies as they can in order to gain control of yet more genetic material for their freakish food experiments.

Worse yet, our government has full and complete awareness of the dangers lurking in our food and is doing absolutely nothing to stop it.

In fact many former Monsanto employees now work in positions of power at the FDA and other regulatory agencies that are supposed to monitor the safety of the American food supply. They have the power to approve or deny crops introduced by bio-tech giants like Monsanto, but they choose to climb the ladder of power and enrich themselves and their evil friends rather than save lives.

Even if you have a moral opposition to GMOs, you are probably eating them right now and don't even know it.

That's because there is no law that requires GMO foods and ingredients to be labeled or identified as such. If the laughable labeling bill that was passed a couple of years ago ever goes into effect, there won't be a single word about GMOs on them.

Once again, the onus will be placed on the consumer, who will need to locate and scan a QR Code for every single product they want to buy just to find out if they contain GMOs or not.

The big argument from the GMO-herd is that labeling costs too much (sob). But if the labels have to be changed anyway to include the QR code, why not just print the warning,“This product contains GMOs” and be done with it? Because they know that no one wants to eat Franken-Food, that's why.

The GMO labeling bill also has the organic industry nervous. Democratic Senator Jon Tester told reporters, “...the bill uses a new definition of ‘bioengineering’ and because USDA is given the authority to determine which foods are considered bioengineered, there could ultimately be a situation where a GMO seed is planted, raised using organic processes, and then certified organic despite it being a GMO plant.”

In in July 2018, the Organic Trade Association was called to task for accepting the membership of chemical giant BASF – maker of the deadly dicamba herbicide.- and other non-organic corporate entities and growing modalities, like hydroponics. As the purveyors of chemical and genetic

farming worm their way into the lucrative organic market, we may soon see organic food being grown with GMO Franken-seeds and their associated petro-chemicals.

The ruthless and willful contamination of the world’s food supply by invasive and irreversible genetic material is the greatest silent disaster in human history. There is absolutely no way to stop the spread of GMOs into our food system and there is no known way to reverse the contamination once it has occurred.

The first solution to this disaster is to educate yourself as to what kinds of GMO ingredients are in the food you buy - which is pretty much everything. Then grill your supermarket manager and local, state, and federal politicians about their stance on GMOs and labeling, and boycott all GMO-foods. If no one buys them, they'll stop growing them.

Better yet, grow and raise as much of your own organic food and seed and animal feed as possible, or buy it directly from a local farmer who does.

chapter 12

POISONING THE ELIXIR

Water has been sacred to mankind since the dawn of time The human body is made up of 75-85% water and without it, life on earth as we know it would end. We are only alive because water is alive. Yet, water all over the world - including the water we drink every single day - is being mindlessly polluted and willfully poisoned. Will this nightmare be the true downfall of mankind?

One of the most wonderful places to appreciate the vast power of water on a physical and spiritual level is from the shore of any great ocean. From that viewpoint, the water seems eternal and ethereal all at the same time. Imagine you are standing on the sun-kissed beaches of California looking out into the reaches of the Pacific Ocean. Travel in your mind across the water for a hundred miles or so and soon you will see the edges of a great island that spans the blue waters as far as an eagle can see.

Welcome to the Great Pacific Garbage Patch (GPGP). First discovered in 1997, this once-living, breathing body of water filled with the most amazing array of life on earth is being choked to death by mankind's *laissez-faire* consumer mentality. This horrific scene is manifested in a swirling gyre of life-sucking garbage and micro-plastic twice the size of Texas and growing every day.

The GPGP was the biggest garbage patch until just recently, when a new floating dump upwards of a million square miles in size – bigger than the country of Mexico - was found in the South Pacific. Those who have seen these monstrosities up close are utterly horrified because they know that what they see floating on top of the water pales in comparison to what lurks just beneath and that which lays in a tangled, life-choking mass on the ocean floor.

As appalling as it is, these vast stretches of ocean trash are but a visual manifestation of the total disregard for the natural world, and water in particular. These garbage patches not only represent obscene consumerism but also industrial greed.

Not only do corporate entities not care about the welfare of nature, they use it intentionally to sabotage the human race in their quest for wealth,

power, and control. By destroying water with garbage, sewage, and hazardous waste, they also destroy one of the most fundamental elements of human life, energy, and solace.

The clean water our grandparents took for granted just a few short decades ago is now in serious peril. Rivers, lakes, streams, and oceans carry the bulk of the world's toxic waste. The very rain that falls from the sky is contaminated with industrial toxins, heavy metals, and a whole host of other life-sucking chemicals.

Even the water from public municipal sources - once touted as the cleanest drinking water in the world - is no longer fit for drinking, much less bathing or watering your garden or the commercial crops we rely on for sustenance.

Never mind fecal matter in the water, these days we should be more concerned with industrial pollutants, urban and rural runoff and a frightening array of pharmaceutical drugs in the billions of gallons of feces and urine that are flushed down the toilets of millions of Americans every single day. These and many other toxic substances are increasingly difficult to remove using the water purification systems employed throughout the Western world today. And just imagine those countries that don't have such sophisticated systems.

As if all this weren't bad enough, we also have to contend with pollutants and pharmaceuticals like fluoride and chlorine that are intentionally added to our water after it has been through the purification systems and before it is sent to our water taps.

Chlorine is nasty stuff, but at least it is fairly easy to filter out or allow to evaporate before drinking. On the other hand, fluoride and other pharmaceuticals are extremely difficult to remove.

It's hard to believe that in this day and age that fluoride, an FDA-approved drug first introduced to drinking water in the 1940's, is still being added to municipal water systems around the world. This crime against humanity was based on a lie of epic proportions and it's high time to expose the perpetrators and take control of our water and make it whole again.

It is well known that pre-farming cultures had very little if any dental decay due to a whole food diet that did not include a lot of sugary and floury foods, which cling to teeth and create a cavity-producing bio-film that is very hard to remove with brushing.

This simple fact is proof that humans, along with the rest of the animal world, were created with decay-resistant teeth. Today, both human and

animal diets are filled with sticky foods, which not only cause oral decay but are detrimental to overall health. Cavities were pervasive in the colonial and post-colonization era because Europeans simply didn't understand the connection between hygiene and disease. That tradition carried on into the new world for at least a hundred years, if not more before they got clued in.

Fluoride was first introduced to the municipal water supply of the United States in 1945. Government scientists bamboozled the American people into believing that treating the water with fluoride would strengthen tooth enamel and help prevent cavities by up to 65%.

Since then, thousands of in-depth studies have proven beyond a doubt that fluoride does not prevent cavities or protect the teeth in any way. In fact, the World Health Organization has said outright that there is no difference at all in the incidence of tooth decay between the few countries that fluoridate their water and the majority of the world that does not.

Not only is the addition of fluoride to drinking water ineffective, a massive body of evidence exists that proves that fluoride is extremely dangerous to human health, too. At the very minimum, consumption of fluoride in water has been shown to causes irreversible dental fluorosis, which now affects 32% of American children. This drug-induced condition permanently yellows, spots, and rots teeth starting at a very young age. Additionally, accumulation of fluoride in the bones and joints causes skeletal fluorosis, which is a permanent and incredibly painful condition that leads to severe arthritis, bone diseases, and bone cancer.

Fluoride is also known to affect the brain, particularly in the early developmental years of childhood. Not only is the damage compounded over a lifetime of exposure to fluoride, but damage at all levels is permanent. The Illuminati's Agenda 21 ensures that fluoride is added to water to sedate and impede the mental capacity of the masses. The key to avoiding becoming a fluoride zombie is to know the facts. Naturally-occurring fluoride is a mineral called calcium fluoride. It is found in very small amounts in certain types of rocks and in the soils and water they are associated with.

On the other hand, the types of fluoride used in the dentist's office, ADA approved toothpastes and mouthwashes, and in water fluoridation are sodium fluoride, sodium silicofluoride, and fluorosilicic acid (aka hexafluorosilicic acid). All of these types of fluoride are extremely toxic USDA certified pharmaceutical drugs that do not occur in nature anywhere.

The fluoride found in dental products and drinking water are hazardous

wastes generated during the manufacturing of steel and aluminum, chemical fertilizers, and nuclear weapons. Aside from their inherent toxicity, they are further contaminated with a whole host of life-sucking poisons including aluminum, lead, and arsenic. Actually, the US government's own toxicity scale lists fluoride as being just slightly less deadly than arsenic.

To give you an idea of the poisonous nature of fluoride, most of the old smelter sites where this garbage first came from are now abandoned Superfund Sites polluted with the very chemicals they are now putting in our water. Additionally, the vast majority of these fluorides are imported to the U.S. from China - a country not known for the quality of its environmental and manufacturing ethics.

Brainwashed proponents of fluoridation, primarily those in the incredibly lucrative dental industry, continue to repeat the Illuminati mantra like a broken record: “Fluoride is a harmless mineral that naturally occurs in water, soil, and food.” Blah, blah, blah. The undeniable truth is that these people are even more brainwashed than the general public because they've been deeply indoctrinated into The Society by the “higher education system” to tow the Illuminati agenda.

It's curious to note that fluoride is a drug that requires a prescription to obtain. On every package of ADA and FDA-approved toothpaste and mouthwash is a warning not to swallow the product. If you do, you are advised to call the Poison Control Center. Yet, this drug is freely administered for consumption in municipal water systems in the US and many other countries.

The toxic dose of toothpaste for which it is advised to seek medical attention is about the size of a pea. Yet the equivalent amount of fluoride is found in every 8 oz. glass of fluoridated tap or bottled water. Fluoridation of public drinking water began in 1939 when the Aluminum Company of America (ALCOA, the largest producer of aluminum in the world, and DOW,the largest chemical company in the world, decided to open manufacturing plants in Nazi Germany.

Many manufacturers made this move at the start of WWII in order to take advantage of the old Cabalistic expression, “War is business, and business is good!”.

The Nazis began using fluoride in the water to sedate the general population and make them more docile and malleable to the control of Hitler's Third Reich. Back in America, the same multinational corporations

had been poisoning and killing plants, crops, livestock, and people via the toxic fluoride-laden ash emitted from their smokestacks, while the US government manufactured and tested nuclear weapons by the dozens above ground.

Declassified files from the Atomic Energy Commission and the Manhattan Project now prove without a doubt that fluoridation of the water began as a way to negate the liability for fluoride contamination caused by above ground testing of nuclear weapons and the unregulated disposal of waste from aluminum smelters and similar manufacturing operations.

Knowing the public would soon be knocking down their doors demanding answers, the elite Cabal needed to come up with a way to blame the toxic side effects of their industries on something more benign and harder to detect.

This would not only help get rid of some of their unprofitable waste byproducts, but it would turn the public's attention elsewhere while the responsible parties slipped off into a dark corner to count their money. Having done this sort of thing many times before, the conspirators knew the general public would balk at the idea of putting chemicals in their water.

Early on, the American Dental Association (ADA) actually warned the public that “the potentialities for harm [in fluoridation] far outweigh those for the good.” This little set-back led to the hiring of the master of subliminal mind control, Edwin L. Bernays, as the Illuminati public relations strategist. The nephew of Sigmund Freud, Bernays had an instant connection to the trusting public. In his book, Propaganda, Bernays explains how he used Freudian theory to manipulate the public using what he called “half-truths”

“A relatively small number of persons pull the wires which control the public mind,” he boasted. Of course, Bernays knew full well the depth of his deception about fluoride and was proud of it.. His campaign to brainwash the masses into consuming poison for the benefit of the elite class was his primary claim to fame as the original “Doctor of Spin”.

When even that effort didn't sufficiently sway the public, the satanic Illuminati turned to the classic bait and switch, appointing Oscar R. Ewing - a prominent lawyer for the Rockefeller-controlled ALCOA - as the head of the Federal Security Agency. This little maneuver all but assured the fluoridation of public water systems would go ahead as planned, no matter what the people wanted.

“Fluoridation is the greatest case of scientific fraud of this century, if not of all time," said Robert Carton, Ph.D. and former EPA scientist in 1992.

Fluoridation began as a way to camouflage and obfuscate responsibility for the contamination of water and earth by the industrial Illuminati war machine, but also as an intentional act to stunt and slow the brain development of future generations Hitler-style.

Today, the awake and conscious know fully well that fluoride calcifies and suffocates the pineal gland, a rice-sized organ located in the center of the brain just behind and above the pituitary gland. Modern humans didn't discover this gland until 1958, and even then they considered it to be a vestigial organ whose function ceased to exist during the course of our evolutionary history.

Yet, ancient peoples somehow innately understood this part of the human brain and believed it to have mystical powers. Often referred to as the third-eye (adopted as the all-seeing eye by the Illuminati), the pineal gland has long been considered to be the gateway between the physical and spiritual worlds. We still don't know everything there is to know about the brain, much less the pineal gland, but what we do know is vitally important.

We know that the pineal gland produces certain hormones including melatonin, which drives the human circadian rhythm. Melatonin's biggest role is in regulating the sleep-wake patterns that keep our brains and bodies healthy and energized. Melatonin is also believed to regulate female fertility cycles, and protect our hearts from cardiovascular disease and our bodies from cancer.

Fluoride is known to calcify the pineal gland and calcified plaque in the brain is known to be connected to various forms of dementia, including Alzheimer's disease.

From a spiritual perspective, damage to the pineal gland disrupts our connection to the Oneness of the universe and our connection to God. This ultimately brings about impaired perceptions of reality, which leads to confusion, depression, anxiety, and a whole host of other mental and neurological disorders.

The human body is approximately 75% water and the human brain, 85% water. All forms of fluoride are more easily absorbed by the body in an aqueous state. Fluoride also bio-accumulates in the body and crosses the blood-brain barrier, something that most substances and drugs do not do as a way to protect itself from foreign invaders.

One crucial aspect of the Illuminati's Agenda 21 is to poison the elixir of life. This not only destroys humanity's connection to the physical and

spiritual worlds but also destroys their mental capacity to recognize the danger and sedates the drive needed to take control of the situation.

Ancient cultures had an instinctive awe and reverence for water equally as a life source and a divine force. Many have likened water to a living being, treating it - and all life on earth - with the respect given to gods and elders.

Today, we mostly just dump stuff in it and flush it away to who-cares-where. We run it through pipes for convenience and send it back into the world full of chemicals, drugs, and trash.

Then, after a quick run through the municipal sewage plant - which cannot and does not remove hormones, antidepressants, chemotherapy drugs and other autoimmune disruptors and carcinogens - it is treated to a healthy dose of brain and bone damaging chlorine and fluoride.

Once back in the main water supply, some money-hungry slickster simply takes it from the fluoridated municipal taps and bottles it in flimsy plastic bottles polished off with a fancy label that says “spring” something or other.

People pay good money for this “tasty and convenient” water, thinking that it's better to drink than tap water or corn-syrup-laden soft drinks. They keep it handy at all times and give it to their children to drink, even after it has sat in a hot car for days leaching plastic-based toxins like Bisphenol-A (BPA) into the biologically dead elixir and thus into our bodies.

Of course, we love our water. We like to play in it, touch it, look at it, and admire its beauty. Some even feel more connected to the whole when in the presence of pure wild water. Yet, the majority of modern culture no longer reveres water as a living, conscious being - giving it the respect and honor it deserves.

But that is about to change, for new research is confirming what ancient people have always known - water is alive.

And while they have tried hard to kill the living water, we've still got hope. Let's be clear about this - water is not alive because it moves or stirs our souls, it is alive because it has its own memory and consciousness. Modern research on water memory didn't really get going until Dr. Masaru Emoto, a Japanese researcher and author began working with vibrational energy, or what Emoto called “hado” in Japanese. In fact, Emoto described his work as “...the intrinsic vibratory pattern at the atomic level in all matter, the smallest unit of energy. Its basis is the energy of human consciousness".

Emoto had been energizing water by exposing it to different positive stimuli including, but not limited to healing spoken words and beautiful

music. The vibrations of these sounds “energized” the water, which he then used to effectively heal people.

When his practice was brought into question, Emoto set out to prove that human consciousness directly influenced water's ability to heal.

He did this by taking photos of ice crystals made from the water he worked with. In his now-famous experiment, Emoto took regular water from a single source and divided it into two separate containers. One container had a positive word like “love” shown to it or spoken to it, while the other received a negative word like “hate”. Drops of water from each container was then flash-frozen, observed and photographed.

The ice crystals that formed from the same exact water source but exposed to different words were remarkably unique from one another. The water exposed to a positive word had beautifully structured crystals, while those exposed to negative words were distorted, chaotic and sometimes even ugly.

He exposed water to all kinds of stimuli, from beautiful classical music to rock and roll, from words being spoken to it, to ignoring it all together. The results were consistent. Positive, peaceful, and beautiful thoughts, words, sounds, images, emotions, and other stimuli produced beautifully unique ice crystals, while their negative counterparts did not.

Since then, researchers around the world have replicated and confirmed Emoto's experiments and findings and taken them many steps further.

A laboratory in Israel recently used a similar protocol to Emoto's, but this time the water was dropped onto glass slides by different people. Each person made the same number of water drops on a glass slide. The drops were allowed to dry and then photographed using a dark-field microscope.

Each person's set of drops were exactly the same as one another, yet completely distinct from the other people's drops - much like fingerprints. Not unlike Emoto's ice crystals, each person's dried drops had unique circular structures.

The researchers applied the same technique in many more unique experiments, all of which pointed to the conclusion that water not only had memory but could quite literally connect, mirror and replicate anything it touched on a molecular level never seen before.

The revelationary documentary, Water Memory (2014), begins with the statement, “Water has the ability to reproduce the properties of any substance it once contained.”

The study being discussed and shown in this epic work was begun by

Nobel Prize Laureate, Professor Luc Montagnier. Despite being forced to do his research in a sub-par lab by his professorial co-workers who thought he was nuts, Montagnier continued to study the way water had the ability to hold, carry, and transmit very specific information to another and separate body of water.

After Montagnier's death, his friend and colleague Professor Guiseppe Vitiello picked up where Montagnier had left off.

Among other things, the two proved that water, having been purified of all matter, physically had the ability to create DNA strands merely by “listening” to a recording of water that had been inoculated with that exact DNA halfway around the world. A pure jar of water literally created an exact duplicate strand of DNA out of nothing but sound.

Our molecularly intimate physical and spiritual connection to water and sound are the driving force of all life on earth. If 75% percent of the human body is comprised of water and 85% percent of the brain is water, then water truly is the elixir of life.

And if water has the ability to remember, reflect, and reproduce both life and emotions like love, it also has the ability to do the same for hate and death.

This is something that the Cabalistic purveyors of dualistic spirituality and social Darwinian theories of intelligence and superiority have tried to do for thousands of years.

In a slow and insidious creep, this elite form of fascist eugenics is being used to fulfill the Illuminati's Agenda 21 for a New World Order reduction in the population. Their weapons of choice are not necessarily those of outright war, but more subtle tactics intended to divide, conquer and cull using any means necessary.

Fluoride, arsenic, aluminum, cadmium, lead and a whole host of neuro-damaging bisphynol and bisphynol A, which are found in plastic bottles, baby bottles, plastic food bags, food storage containers, and in the linings of canned foods. They are also found in chemicals used for dry cleaning, household cleaners, detergents and sanitizers, and in the plasticized inks on store receipts and in pretty much all commercial cosmetics, deodorants, and body products, including shampoos, deoderants, and lotions.

Once we consume these products, they and their toxic containers wind up in landfills, rivers, streams and oceans – like the Great Pacific Garbage Patch - where they continue to leach toxins into the elixir, killing the water and

everything that relies on it for life – like us.

For many decades now, the powers that be have known about the toxicity of these and many other industrial chemicals. Yet, we the people, are just beginning to understand exactly how they affect the human brain and body. Those that affect the brain tend to mimic Alzheimer's and dementia, causing memory loss, brain fog, fatigue, insomnia, irritability, headaches, reduced fertility in men and women, and permanent damage on the cellular level. They disrupt our body's immune system from functioning correctly, resulting in autoimmune disorders, which have been rising to levels never seen before in human history. Still others cause cancer, organ failure, and general maladies like depression, chronic anxiety, insomnia, pain, inflammation and more. Most of the disease-like symptoms are actually forms of brain damage and cellular dysfunction at the DNA level.

The massive amount of toxins now found in our drinking water and in bodies of water that we rely on for food, drink, and even recreation are burning out the human brain and shutting it down like a light-dimming switch.

At the very least, these toxins weaken the brain and the immune system, which if healthy, would fight off true diseases naturally. But as it is the elixir of life is being destroyed with glutenous abandon. And by this act, the human population is not only being pacified and preoccupied with illnesses, but being slowly poisoned to death through the divine waters that we need in order to survive. But it doesn't have to be like that

Those who have had the cosmic fortune of having a true spiritual experience or revelation, fully understands that consciousness exists on many planes. If you believe in a Higher Power, then you also believe that everything is One and One is Nothing without Everything.

Indeed, researchers have begun to move from the idea of fission, which is the separation of principles to generate energy, to fusion, the bringing together of principles to generate energy. Only recently have researchers discovered that this simple understanding of reality will allow mankind to tap into a source of waste-free open-source energy that can free humanity from our current bondage to wasteful and polluting sources of energy and help us tap into less toxic ways to make and package products.

One of my she-roes, Vandana Shiva, speaks eloquently about violence and the homogenization of culture in Satish Kumar's deeply-moving book, You Are, Therefore, I Am. In it she says, “Rural people knew how to use the

abundantly available nutrients of the forest plants, and the knowledge was handed down to them from generation to generation, but now that knowledge is fast disappearing under the influence of mono-crops and factory-made synthetic medicine. I call it monoculture of the mind."

This is such an appropriate and descriptive view of how we have allowed ourselves to become herded, misinformed, and myopic on the state of our natural world and how we, as a tribe of people, have put our faith in a single, violent, and myopic system that values money and power above all of the life on earth and the earth itself.

Isaac Newton eluded to that which modern man has forgotten when he said, "...what we don't know is an ocean."

As of yet, we don't know everything about the ocean and water in general, but we are re-learning what the Creator taught us in the beginning and that means respect for all of Creation. To change things for the better, we must increase the diversity of our information sources, open our hearts and minds, look beyond the corporate lies and have faith in the instinctive knowledge of ourselves and the beautiful garden we were given.

With this in mind, we must turn our attention to the holy water that is the true elixir of life. Think of what Emoto and others did when they turned loving energy towards water. We can do that on a grand scale.

There are other ways to use the memory of water to help heal water around the globe. It's called restructured water and the science of this is as fascinating as it is helpful. By introducing pure, clean, wild water to damaged, diseased, and dead water the structure of the dead water is restored to life. I know this may sound a bit hokey, but check it out. It's being done now with amazing results. But there is no time to lose. We must act now if we are to stop the Illuminati Agenda 21 elite from killing us with the thing we need the most. We can heal the God-given elixir of planet earth and all life can truly flourish once again.

Chapter 13

The medical death industry

The United States of American is among the wealthiest nations on earth. We have what many believe is the best medical care available in the world, anywhere - but only to those who can afford it.

Yet, when compared to similarly wealthy and “developed” nations, America has a higher infant mortality rate, epidemic levels of obesity among adults and children, skyrocketing increases in mental illnesses and chronic diseases among young adults. There has also been an alarming rise in cases of Alzheimer's and other forms of dementia – not only in the elderly, but also in the young.

The increase in chronic diseases in children and young adults is particularly worrying to many health care givers. Type II diabetes, cancer, allergies, severe asthma, and autism spectrum disorder being of primary concern.

Many people were shocked, when in 2016 the US life expectancy actually began to drop. And you might be hard-pressed to find anyone you know that is not taking at least one pharmaceutical drug – a large portion of which are prescriptions for anxiety, sleeping disorders, depression, and pain. Opioid, heroin, and alcohol addiction have become epidemic - the former fueled by the Crown's Afghan opium monopoly.

Many of the causes of common chronic disease in America are obvious. Westerners typically eat more “pre-made”, convenience, and processed foods and mixes low in nutrition, high in calories, corn syrup, added “nutrients”, and unhealthy fats.

The US is renowned for food with unpronounceable additives, preservatives and fillers; laden with GMOs and Americans are probably the largest consumers of toxic sodas and energy drinks.

When it comes to food, many Americans - particularly the poor and working class - not only have fewer fresh food choices, but have been duped into the belief that convenience takes priority over a healthy diet.

Daily and abundant doses of fresh air, direct prolonged exposure to sunshine, and real physical exercise have been similarly discredited.

We've already talked about the poison elixir that the general public is forced to drink on a daily basis. In relation to the health-giving properties of living water, most tap water in the U.S. has horrible crystalline structure and is energetically dead.

We talked about dis-ease-causing heavy metals, industrial chemicals, and pharmaceutical drugs like fluoride, chemotherapy, hormones, and antibiotics - all of which are difficult to remove through typical water filtration.

Americans work longer hours with less time off than most other countries. This reduces sleep and taxes the adrenal glands, sending stress levels off the charts, which ultimately, shuts down our immune system - or, adversely, sends it into overdrive.

A cytokine storm is when the body overproduces immune cells and activating compounds known as cytokines. These chemical messengers send signals to the immune system. Sometimes it signals for a reduction in inflammation, but sometimes it does just the opposite. Diseases like lupus and the oft-misdiagnosed “Alzheimer's”, among many other diseases, are awash in whirlwinds of unnatural cytokine storms.

Add to that the fact that living conditions for a vast majority of Americans is on the decline. Now referred to as the working poor, more and more Americans struggle with increasing levels of debt. Adjusted for inflation, we get paid less and have little savings compared to other wealthy nations. For most Americans, money doesn't go as far as it used to and everything costs more, leaving us living paycheck to paycheck and feeling powerless to change the system.

Because many American's financial situations are in the pits, they spend much less time vacationing and traveling, especially internationally. This small fact actually reduces our exposure to other culture's often healthier ways of living. Most other developed countries have more time off and personal time with family, have access to good public transportation, and much more market-fresh food choices.

Westerners, and now pretty much the rest of the world's population, watch too much TV, spend too much time on their phones, computers and video games and read fewer books, newspapers, and magazines than ever before.

For better or worse, we have been lured into the embrace of the Illuminati Surveillance and Mind Control Network, also known as the “technological revolution”. The “Internet of Everything”Agenda 21 5G network will, in two years, expose everyone to the immune-killing and brain damaging effects of

electromagnetic radiation emitted by billions of wireless and so-called “smart” devices connected to high-power, high-frequency, low-to-the-ground “small cell” radio frequency emitters every 100 yards or so.

This technology has led us like never before into a more sedentary lifestyle that keeps us indoors and away from natural sunlight and nature in general for the majority of our days.

The majority of people spend most of their waking hours completely bathed in the pineal-gland-killing light emitted from from fluorescent tubes, LED light bulbs, and electronic screens.

None of these artificial light sources are attuned to life as we know it. You can't grow plants in this light, so how can *we* expect to live in it - and be healthy.

The sun emits a measurable frequency of 528 Hertz of sound and 528 nanometers of light, which is the same frequency emitted by chlorophyll in plants and by the human brain. That's not a coincidence - that's Creation.

Life was Created in resonance with the wide spectrum of colors and sounds emitted by the sun, which is why ancient cultures often worshiped and revered it as a living being.

When we don't get enough real sunlight, we don't make our own vitamin D and our circadian rhythms are thrown out of whack, disturbing sleep/wake cycles, hormones, fertility, and the immune system as a whole - all of which are driven by the pineal gland in our brains.

When combined, these factors greatly reduce our body's ability to regenerate on a cellular level making us sluggish, chronically sick, and mentally deranged.

The Purveyors of Death were well-aware of the effects of artificial light when they decided to ban incandescent light bulbs, which actually had a half-way decent color spectrum that favored more relaxing reddish-orange hues over blue and white - light that is known to make humans prone to sleeping less and working more.

All of these alterable factors are enough to send any healthy immune system on a downward spiral leading directly to dis-ease in the body and mind, leaving the masses to degenerate slowly into a morass of devitalized energy, illness, and death.

And the sickest part is that those who push these products and agendas know it, full well. Yet, they don't do anything about it because it not only makes them rich and powerful, but ultimately, making people chronically ill

is part of the Illuminati's long-range goal of eugenics and population control.

It only gets worse from here.

So many of those working in the traditional allopathic fields of health do not realize the harm that's been done to them and through them by official educators, politicians, government agencies, corporate drug pushers, and Illuminati liars of all stripes.

Much like the fluoride scam, there are countless ways to deceive and manipulate trusting people who believe so deeply in what they have been taught that they either do not even know that there are more effective and less toxic alternatives to treating disease than what the mainstream medical industry advocates. But they are all bought and paid for by so many medical-industry lobbies that it boggles the mind. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to see that the Illuminati Death Industry mantra now reads, “Illness is business and business is good... Really, really good.”

The Big Pharma approach to healing the sick involves getting filthy rich while people suffer. Part of this is evidenced by laughably lax FDA regulations on pharmaceuticals with ridiculously biased, if any, peer-reviewed studies, a woeful lack of affordable generic drugs for common illnesses and infections, and multi-billion-dollar fear-based advertising campaigns aimed directly at consumers, which are not allowed in most other developed nations. Tack on huge industry perks and cash “incentives” from corporate drug pushers to medical practitioners, and lists of side effects that read like a horror novel.

Couple that with incredibly expensive health care available only to the wealthy. Those who can't afford it or are under-compensated by their insurance providers (or completely denied) are driven into life-long poverty. All the while the Medical Mafia “healthcare system” is being slowly consolidated and run by fewer and fewer “mega care providers” catering to the upper classes.

In 2018, the incidence of cancer and Alzheimer's is at epidemic levels, while the number of known and newly discovered viral diseases caused by ticks and mosquitoes occurring outside of their natural boundaries are on the rise. There was also a disturbing trend of relatively new autoimmune diseases cropping up in the general population, for which there are no known cures. Yet, the most disturbing and devastating medical apocalypse of our time has got to be the huge spike in autism, likely caused by an increase in required childhood vaccinations.

This hotly-debated topic, when carefully scrutinized, appears at the very least to be one of the largest cases of outright criminal fraud in the history of modern medicine and if not stopped right now, will be the impetus to convince the masses of the “value” of the Illuminati eugenics program in the near future.

The vaccination story starts innocently enough back in 1796 with Edward Jenner's smallpox vaccine. Eighty-nine years later, Louis Pasteur came up with the rabies vaccine. Relatively few people actually got these vaccines and when they did it was by choice, not by force.

It wasn't until the 1950's, when vaccines for diseases such as polio, measles, mumps, and rubella came onto the scene, that parents were forced to vaccinate their school-age children. At that time, they were given a total of five vaccinations. By the late 1960's, that number had risen to eight. Today, babies are automatically vaccinated against Hepatitis B at birth, even if they have no immediate risk for it. At two and four months, babies are given eight different vaccinations.

If parents follow the CDC's vaccination schedule, by the time a child is 6-years old they will have received 49 doses of 14 different vaccines. By the age of 18 (but often as early as age 9), children will have been given 69 doses of 16 vaccines! A ridiculous amount.

Nowadays, people between the ages of 19 and 65 are told by the CDC that they should also get yearly inoculations for influenza and multiple doses of Tdap (tetanus, diphtheria, pertussis), shingles (Zoster), Pneumococcal, Meningococcal, MMR (rubella), HPV (Human papillomavirus), Chickenpox (Varicella), hepatitis A and B, and Hib (Haemophilus influenzae), among others.

The vaccination cheerleaders bragging about all the new shots in the pipeline say, “Innovative techniques now drive vaccine research, with recombinant DNA technology and new delivery techniques leading scientists in new directions. Disease targets have expanded, and some vaccine research is beginning to focus on non-infectious conditions such as addiction and allergies.”

While the government and medical establishment advocate the use of vaccinations, not everyone trusts the medical death machine to decide their efficacy or safety.

Many parents and doctors have witnessed first-hand the life-altering effects that vaccines have had on their children. Every vaccine is tainted with toxic

adjuvants such as mercury, lead, iron, nickel, aluminum, arsenic, and chromium, not to mention the viruses themselves or the inactivated toxoid and biosynthetic bacteria used to make them.

In the 1960's, a polio vaccine produced by Merck was given to 200 children in Berkeley, California. Several of the children died immediately and many others were paralyzed for life.

When researchers began looking into the vaccine's safety, they found multiple cases of cancer among children that had received the vaccine during the previous ten years of use.

The deaths, paralyzations, and cancers were all caused by the Simian Virus 40 (SV40) strain of polio vaccine. They determined that the cause for all the deaths and illnesses stemmed from a virus found in the kidneys of the Rhesus monkeys that were used to make the vaccine.

In 1962, Dr. Bernice Eddy published her findings into the SV40 vaccine in a journal produced by the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology. Her findings revealed that "...an impressive list of oncogenic [cancer causing] viruses - the rabbit papilloma, polyoma, Rous sarcoma, the leukemia viruses . . ." were all found in SV40. The report clearly stated that the vaccine makers knew that these monkeys harbored such viruses, yet they continued to use the SV40 vaccine anyway.

A few years ago my oldest brother Patrick was diagnosed with glioblastoma brain cancer. During the course of research for alternative cancer therapies, we were shocked to come across a study that revealed that adults, particularly men, who were given the SV40 polio vaccine as children in the 1960's, were now developing glioma cancers at an alarming rate.

Merck knew in 1960 that SV40 caused brain cancer. My brother died at the age of 54, a mere 18 months after being diagnosed and the murderous bastards at Merck walked away scot-free yet again.

In 1987, an MMR vaccine made by Smith Kline Beecham was administered to children in Canada. Many soon came down with meningitis. The vaccine was quickly withdrawn, but instead of being destroyed as it should have been, it was sent to Britain and used on children with the same deadly results.

Once again the vaccine was withdrawn then sent to Brazil where it caused a massive meningitis outbreak. None of the pathological murderers at Smith Kline Beecham spent a single day in jail and they got to keep the billions of dollars they made maiming and killing innocent children.

Today, the entire world is faced with a biological apocalypse of such epic proportions that it makes the Bubonic Plague look like a day at the beach.

Autism was once a relatively obscure disease. The term “autism” was first used in the U.S. in 1940 to describe people who were withdrawn and socially removed, while the term Asperger's was being used for a similar condition in Germany.

Thousands of these injured adults were treated by the allopathic medical establishment using severe electroshock therapy and total isolation as the “cure”.

In 1978, only 1 in 15,000 children was diagnosed with autism and even as recently as 2002, only 1 in 10,000 children were diagnosed with it. That number exploded to 1 out of 80 in 2014. The most recent statistics conclude that 1 out of every 45 children have some form of what is now called Autism Spectrum Disorder.

If the exploding trend in autistic children continues along this gradient, 1 in 3 children will be autistic by 2050. That means that within the next 32 years, one-third of the entire population will be mentally and/or physically disabled for life and will need full time care.

This horrific fact makes the Luciferian energy vampires incredibly happy because they feed off of pain and suffering. The autism crisis will leave families and the entire nation financially and emotionally shattered. People with autism can live a normally long life, but their needs will always be those of a sick child.

If this trend isn't stopped soon, the sheer number of people living with autism and the associated costs of caring for them will become a perfectly perverted opportunity for the introduction of the Illuminati Agenda 21 eugenics program as a solution for the nation and the world.

The neurological nightmare called ASD is characterized by one or more behaviors including the lack of social interaction and communication with others, the inability to develop relationships, emotional or social withdrawal, the need to have repetitive daily patterns and routines, and physical abnormalities such as rocking, flapping, twirling, head-banging and the inability to sense emotions and events correctly.

Mounting evidence shows that the cause of the autism nightmare is mandatory childhood vaccinations. It now appears to all serious researchers that ASD occurs after toddlers receive their first MMR (measles, mumps, and rubella) combination vaccination at 12-15 months of age. This is the time

when baby's brains are incredibly vulnerable and growing fast, as evidenced by their first words and first steps.

After receiving their MMR on schedule, parents are reporting symptoms such as rashes, fevers, convulsions, abnormally long and disturbing bouts of crying or screaming, head banging, loss of motor-coordination (walking, crawling), reduction or loss of speech (words, babbling), and loss of emotional response (smiling, eye contact, play). Many babies are reported to become listless and unresponsive - unable to hold a bottle or sit upright, and often exhibit many other disturbing behaviors not present prior to the vaccination.

What is apparent to almost everyone but the Merck-ants of Death and their Apologists is that autism is linked directly to the MMR combination vaccine.

The CDC recommendation for this vaccination is a two-dose series given at 12–15 months and again at 4–6 years. According their schedule, the second dose can even be given as early as four weeks after the first dose. This means that many children likely receive not only one dose at 12-15 months, but two doses only four weeks apart.

The cause is now known, but what people aren't talking about is the physical nature of the “dis-ease”, which is for all intents and purposes a massive brain injury.

Like all the cases of vaccination injury that have come before, Merck and Friends know that its vaccination is causing injury to babies and will do nothing about it.

In fact, in a classic Luciferian move, Merck publicly denied that their combined MMR vaccine was causing any harm. And when it was suggested that perhaps the single dose vaccinations would not have the same outcome, Merck officials responded by withdrawing their individual single dose options from the market all together in order to protect their $30 billion dollar a year “MMR project”.

As word got around, things got heated. Julie Gerberding, CDC Director from 2002-2009, was put in charge of investigating the rates of autism in relation to the MMR combo-vaccination on behalf of the people of the United States.

In the documentary, *Vaxxed: From Cover-Up to Catastrophe*, whistle-blower William W. Thompson, PhD, Senior Scientist for US Centers for Disease Control (CDC) said, “I was involved in deceiving millions of taxpayers regarding the potential negative side effects of vaccines. We lied

about the scientific findings. The CDC can no longer be trusted to do vaccine safety work. They can't be trusted to be transparent. The CDC can't be trusted to police itself."

He said this because he was actually a part of the Illuminati cover-up to protect the wealth of Big Pharma - 50% of which is owned by the Rockefeller family. Thompson revealed that the CDC's own 2004 MMR vaccination study proved that children given the MMR vaccination on the CDC's schedule at 15 months old were more prone to developing autism.

The plot becomes more sinister when you take into account that the children who were most susceptible to this vaccine-induced brain damage were those that were perfectly normal and healthy during their first year of life. They were also predominantly male with African American boys being more than four times as likely to get autism than any other group.

This makes complete sense if you're a eugenics-loving Nazi psychopath, since black males are the most potentially revolutionary part of the population because of hundreds of years of institutional-scale racism and economic depravity.

Because of this, black men are notoriously difficult to brainwash, as has been proven by their tenacity and will to survive the City of London holocaust known as slavery, the violent backlash to the Civil Rights movement, and the modern day effort to dehumanize, criminalize, imprison and execute them in what amounts to 21st Century slavery.

If you want to control a population, it's important to take out the most rebellious males first. They are the ones who have the potential to physically overpower the scrawny Illuminati bankers and their ilk.

Of course, the FDA, HHS, and CDC all colluded to fudge the numbers to make the MMR study look rosy and sweet for the public so that parents would keep bringing their babies in for more shots and keep the money train rolling for their Babylonian handlers to the tune of 30 billion dollars a year for each vaccine on the market.

As for Julie Gerberding - she didn't spend a single day in jail for her murderous fraud, but rather knelt before her Luciferian bosses to receive her Merchant of Death Badge as she was promoted to President of Merck Vaccines in 2010.

She must have done something else equally as evil as the maiming and injuring of tens of thousands of little babies, because she was recently promoted again to the Executive Vice President and Chief Patient Officer,

Strategic Communications, Global Public Policy, and Population Health at Merck & Co.

The Illuminati's Agenda 21 eugenics program includes plenty of mandatory vaccinations for the entire adult population and laws and new vaccines are in the works at this very moment.

Many healthy adults have been strong-armed with fear into accepting annual flu vaccinations and many employers now require it. The push is so strong that just about anyone can get a free flu vaccination at the local drug store even though they are immunologically strong enough to deal with the flu and can develop a stronger natural immunity to it if they do.

Is the flu vaccination the beginning of mandatory adult vaccination program and could it just possibly carry with it some Simian-like virus that causes cancer or cause the feminization of males and infertility of females in order to reduce the population?

Will vaccines be used to inject the population with microscopic bits of aluminum so the Chosen Ones can use EMFs from the ever-expanding cellular network to destroy our inert ability to harmonize with the natural frequencies of earth and make us more easy to track and control?

Do vaccinations cause severe mental fatigue and confusion to make it hard for us to find our will to rebel against fascist tyranny?

Will the next worldwide plague originate from mass vaccinations forced upon the people in order to prevent the next major social upheaval, which appears to be brewing at this very moment?

I don't know all the answers, but I certainly do not trust the Luciferian vampires that currently run the show. What I do know is that we must expose the Cabalists right now - stand in the brilliant light of the sun and connect with the energies of Creation.

Search out and use alternative health care practitioners and medical doctors that are versed in real alternative therapies to treat illness and disease.

Spend more time in the company of nature and those you love, rather than watching someone else's life unfold on Fakebook or other anti-social media. Go on vacation, get out of debt, and find a job you love - even if you won't make as much money.

Focus on eating clean nutritionally-dense food and drinking clean pure water that has been exposed to the sun, which resonates at the Creation Frequency of 528 Hz.

And last but not least, do not fear.

Good always conquers evil.

Chapter 14

Casting The World Wide Inter-Net

Imagine Darth Vader having Spider-Man's ability to cast a huge, inescapable web of evil over all of mankind in order to subvert, surveil, and subdue those who would oppose his reign and you have a full understanding of the World Wide Web and all the technology that goes with it. Indeed, just a few investigative queries show that every single one of our so-called technical advances were first developed and used by the military industrial complex as weapons of war.

The technology that 98% of the people on earth have been sold on for entertainment, socializing and to “make life easier”, also happens to be the perfect tool for Orwellian-control of the masses and quite literally, a way to depopulate those deemed as “useless eaters”. Everything you do or say on the internet is being recorded for posterity or for blackmail, whichever suits the Illuminati's needs. Mouth off, say too much, or get too close to the truth and you will quickly find out how “free” you really aren't.

Everyone likes to think they aren’t addicted to their cell phones and other wireless tech but most are because the algorithms that run them were designed to be addictive. Aside from the social disorders that excessive cell phone use is causing across the board, there is one aspect to the “technological revolution” that the military, government, and the motley rich tech developers don’t want you to know – the sound from your devices is killing you.

Maybe you remember the days of the dial-up modem where you sat for an eternity listening to screechy beeps and squeals as your phone connected your computer to the Worldwide Web or those that sometimes interfered with your radios, televisions, or telephones? Those sounds were generated as a result of electromagnetic radio frequencies (EMF) emitted from one device and picked up by the antennas on the others.

Humans can't normally hear the sound of electromagnetic energy pulsing through the air, but once you're able to hear it through EMF measuring instruments or device feedback, you really don't want to hear it again – and for good reason. Sounds like these, unlike natural sounds of rain or beautiful

music, grate on the human ear like fingernails across a chalkboard and make people feel agitated, uncomfortable, and even angry because they are disharmonic and out of tune.

The effects of disharmonic frequencies on humans is a serious topic among product manufacturers, who understand that the sound their products produce has a direct effect on the “emotional quality” of the consumer, as explained in the abstract from proceedings at the 18th International Conference on Concurrent Engineering (ISPE), entitled, “Effect of Tonal Harmonic Feature in Product Noise on Emotional Quality”.

Being comprised of mostly water, the human body is like a giant antenna that readily picks up electromagnetic frequencies in the environment. Our ability to tune into sound frequencies includes those that we can hear and those we cannot. Birds find their way south in the winter and north in the summer by tuning into the earth's natural magnetic frequencies.

Humans are like birds, bees, monarch butterflies and every other form of life on earth in that we were created to harmonize with the natural radio frequencies emitted by the earth and sun, which resonates at 528 Hertz of sound and 528 nanometers of light. Our brains emit 528 Hz of sound, as do green leaves and plants. It's not a coincidence or a manipulation of statistics - it's Creation.

Of course, we can't hear the sounds of the sun or of chlorophyll in plants. We can't hear the stars and other planets with our ears. But that doesn't mean we don't feel and hear them with our body and mind. In fact, NASA and other astral observers have been recording the sounds of space for a long time. Every planetary body in our solar system resonates with beautiful harmonic frequencies – all but earth, that is.

Earth most assuredly sounded that way at one time but these days, our beautiful blue planet sounds like demonic metal grinding over death. It is not pleasant to listen to, yet that is exactly what our bodies “hear” with our internal antennas every day of our lives. This is caused by all the electromagnetic sound smog, which now covers our planet like a thick veil that is not only drowning out the earth’s natural harmonic sound as heard from space, but is also changing the pulse, or heartbeat, of Earth itself. If we humans were created to function perfectly in the presence of harmonic frequencies, then it makes sense that discordant frequencies made by unnatural sources have a negative impact on our emotions and biological functions.

Just as our government and military industrial complex have known about harmonic frequencies and their correlation to life on earth, they also know that sound can be used as a weapon that kills. One example of a modern sound weapon is the LRAD (Long Range Acoustic Device) Sound Cannon, which causes extreme pain to anyone within 100 meters of its 30 degree-wide aim. The military-grade version of this weapon can transmit voice commands and debilitate listeners up to five and a half miles away, causing permanent hearing loss and the inability to move. Other examples come from the Department of Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) and friends. These weapons come in many forms, including directed-energy weapons (DEW) that use highly focused energy waves emitted as lasers, microwaves, and particle beams.. There's Pulsed Energy Projectiles (PEP), which emit an infrared laser pulse that shoots expanding plasma and stuns, paralyzes, and causes extreme pain and the Electrolaser, which sends electric currents down an ionized plasma track to immobilize, stun or kill victims.

Probably one of the biggest and nastiest of the known energy weapons comes from your friends at the High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program, which goes by the angelic acronym, HAARP - yet another super-high-power, high-frequency radio transmitter brought to you by DARPA. The publicly-claimed purpose of HAARP is "...to conduct pioneering experiments in ionospheric phenomena" and assess its ability to be used for developing "enhancement technology for communications and surveillance".

Yet, the military-grade weapons our government (and others) use regularly aren't nearly as insidious as those that we have been slowly conditioned to both want and need. We embraced them wholeheartedly and welcomed them into our homes and lives believing they were not only safe but would make our lives "better". Yet, emerging research indicates that since the introduction of cell phones and the internet into the public sphere, the shit has really hit the fan. For the last 20 years, HAARP has been working hard on manipulating and weaponizing the weather. They call it "geoengineering", but it goes much, much further than that.

If you weren't sure before, make no mistake now - chemtrails are real. In fact, in mid-2018, President Donald Trump actually made a public statement saying that he wanted chemtrail spraying to end.

Chemtrails are aerosolized chemicals laden with nano-particles of aluminum, strontium, barium, fluoride and a number of other toxins that are "seeded" into our lower atmosphere. Eventually, these particles drift to earth

and are ingested and inhaled by everything that breathes and absorbed by the roots of plants, trees, and food crops. The levels of aluminum that have been found in water, food, and all biological life forms in the last 10 years are simply staggering.

Dig into this terrifying rabbit hole and you will find Morgellon's(Google that one if you want to be really freaked out), explosive wildfires, dying forests, the disappearance of insect and bird life, starving salmon, whales grounding themselves on shore, bleaching coral reefs and a whole host of other creepy life-sucking dis-eases.These nano-metals are now inside of nearly every living organism and when exposed to the extremely high EMFs from HAARP, cell towers and wireless devices, our bodies become living antennas and lead to radiation damage on a cellular level.

Electromagnetic frequencies (EMFs) emitted from all forms of wireless technology – wireless keyboards, laptops, cell phones, iPads, tablets, FitBits, gaming devices, smart meters, smart everything, and much more - are now *the* most prevalent disharmonic frequency on the face of the earth (and probably in space, as well).

More than a decade ago, California health officials warned that "long-term use of cell phones—which emit electromagnetic radiation when they send and receive signals from towers or WiFi devices—can affect human health.".

They also stated that, "...some laboratory experiments and human health studies have suggested the possibility that long-term, high use of cell phones may be linked to certain types of cancer and other health effects" including brain cancer, tumors of the acoustic nerve and salivary glands, lower sperm count, headaches, and effects on learning, memory, hearing, behavior and sleep. But it wasn't until 2017 that a member of UC Berkeley's School of Public Health sued the state in order to have the study released to the public.

This is but one study among thousands that link wireless technology with widespread, life-threatening human and animal diseases and cellular malfunctions that include cancerous tumors, blood abnormalities, reduced sperm and egg counts, hearing loss, ringing in the ears, headaches, and decreased well-being, among others.

As far back as 1998, Polish researchers found that non-ionizing radio frequencies promote cellular mutations that lead to cancer and leaks between the blood-brain barrier caused by changing the calcium ion activity in cells, which in turn regulates central and peripheral nervous system health, membrane integrity and energy production. In a nutshell, wireless technology

is the vaccine, fluoride, tobacco, lead paint, and mercury filling scandals all rolled into one massive low-frequency armpit of Luciferian stench.

Many people are still skeptical of the warnings about the dangers of EMF's because they really don’t want to give up the convenience of their cell phones and the fun of their other wireless devices. But the truth is out there for anyone to see.

A working group of scientists from 14 countries meeting at the World Health Organization's Agency for Research on Cancer (WHO/IARC) looked at dozens of peer-reviewed studies on the effects of EMF's from cell phones and wireless devices. They determined that cell phones were “possibly carcinogenic” and listed them as 2B carcinogens - a category that includes toxic chemicals and pesticides like fuel exhaust, dry cleaning chemicals, and the banned pesticide DDT. “A review of the human evidence of epidemiological studies shows an increased risk of glioma and malignant types of brain cancer in association with wireless-phone use,” said Dr. Jonathan Samet, the chairperson of the IARC working group. If you aren't sure, glioblastoma is a death sentence.

Research has long shown electromagnetic radiation to be harmful to the human body. The primary factors involved in physiological harm correlates directly to the frequency of the radio waves, the strength of transmission, and the duration of exposure. A comparison of the radio frequencies used over the last few decades with those of the new 5G (and future YG) wireless networks reveal a massive increase in frequency levels and types of radio waves being employed.

Cell phones became a popular and affordable item in the late 90's. Before that, they were big, bulky and expensive. Phones operating in the 2G and 3G networks operated at 800 and 1900 (1.9) MHz respectively. With the demand for faster service, the 4th Generation Wireless (4G) utilized frequency realms of from 700 MHz at the very lowest and cheapest range, to the more common 2500 (2.5) MHz range. The latter just happens to be the same exact frequency at which water molecules begin to oscillate (spin). Until then, these super-high frequencies were only used by commercial airlines and the military for radar, sonar, and communications - and, of course, for frequency weapons, torture, and brainwashing.

The new 5G, which is currently being installed and tested in several major metropolitan areas and scheduled to be fully operational nationwide by 2020, is going to operate at a death-inviting minimum of 6000 (60.0) GHz (that's

giga-hertz!), which is basically 1,000,000,000 (one-billion) Hertz! This is literally mind-blowing because it is at this frequency that the body binds and absorbs oxygen. Seriously?

In other words, the Illuminati 5G network will not only starve humans of their ability to uptake water and oxygen, the two most essential elements to our lives, our health, and our natural resonance with the earth and Creation, but it has been proven through the US military's own studies and documentation to have the ability to mutate and destroy the molecular structure of every part of the human and animal body. If I were to condense all this information to make it short and sweet and to the point so that no one misunderstands the situation: EMFs from 5G can permanently alter your DNA and kill you.

Now, if that weren't enough, it is very popular to have a cordless walk-around home phone as a landline. These conveniences first came to market in the '80's and operated on a radio band frequency of around 1.7 to 50 MHz. The 90's models operated at roughly 900 Hz. Today's DECT or Digital European Cordless Telephones operate between 1.9 - 5.9 GHz, but most use the higher band frequency. This makes these ubiquitous devices even more powerful than cellular phones using the current 4G network. Many experts are suggesting that modern cordless DECT phones are even more dangerous than cell phones - emitting as much EMF's as a cell tower near your home. Both the phone and the deck of these units emit the same mind-blowing levels of EMF's, which is essentially microwave radiation.

The new and astounding speeds of 5G are brought to you, not by the current form of radio waves being used, but by shorter and more powerful millimeter waves. These waves have not been used in this way before because they don't travel long distances or penetrate physical obstacles like walls and trees very well. Because of this, 5G can only operate well if the transmitters (cell towers) and receivers (devices) are very close together.

To achieve this closer distance requirement, cell tower antenna arrays must be much closer to the ground and connected by a daisy-chain of “small cell” transmitters placed roughly 100-200 yards apart to efficiently move the frequency around objects that it cannot pass through. Look around you and pay attention to the cell towers in your area. Not only are they erecting new towers closer and closer together, but they are dropping the arrays closer and closer to the ground.

I've actually seen cell towers with arrays that have been re-positioned so

that they are just above the treetops and typically within 30 feet of rooftops. In order to connect the world to the Internet of Things, hundreds of thousands of new cell towers are being erected and located only hundreds of yards from of each other. These larger, lower cell towers will soon be connected to literally billions of “small cell” transmitters at ground level in order to further extend the reach of the short millimeter waves around obstructions like trees and buildings.

These mini-cell-towers are very innocuous. Most are less than 3 feet tall and are being mounted to stop lights, street lights, electric poles, lampposts, and flagpoles, as well as being attached to the lower floors of homes and buildings and overpasses. Many are being dressed up to look like just another part of the architecture or disguised as trees or cacti or other “natural” features to make them hard to spot. Soon, there will be small cell emitters every 200 yards or less. By 2019, you will most likely have one or more of these new high-energy weapon systems in your front or backyard or on the roof or facade of your home, workplace, or school where their super-high radio frequencies can bombard you and your children's brains day in and day out.

The total assault on humanity began in 1992 with the Trojan Horse known as UN Agenda 21. We have endured so much already: the introduction of the internet and wireless communications to homes, schools, and workplaces around the globe; the forcing of GMOs and their associated pesticides into the global food system; an unprecedented uptick in the frequency of childhood and adult vaccinations; an increase in weather modification and chemtrail activity from our friends over at HAARP; the introduction of the CERN psychopaths who happily collide the “God Particle” for shits and giggles; and the advent of a permanent war economy.

It's time for people to wake up to the fact that humans are soon to join the endangered species list and that the Illuminati hunters do not have your interests in mind and are not just out sight-seeing.

Tom Wheeler, who was the Obama Administration's FCC Chairman and a long-time tool of the telecommunications cartel. Under his guidance, he almost assured the telecom and tech industry free reign when he gave a long and very disturbing speech about how no regulations will be enacted to curtail the new “Internet of Things”. He said, “Unlike some countries, we do not believe we should spend the next couple of years studying what 5G should be, how it should operate... Turning innovators loose is far preferable

to expecting committees and regulators to define the future. We won’t wait for the standards to be first developed... Instead, we will make ample spectrum available and then rely on a private sector-led process for producing technical standards best suited for those frequencies and use cases.”

So, next up for planet earth and its inhabitants is the miraculous 5G Network, which will take our current exposure to radio frequency radiation into the stratosphere and allow the maniacal corporations of the Crown to “Ensure” that everything you own has super-enhanced Artificial Intelligence that is way “smarter” than you are – and better looking and funnier, too.

And while you're dying of EMF cancer or some other exotic disease no one has ever heard of before, your personal droid will lock you out of your own home to live with the other biologicals in the wild - leaving them, their Illuminati Masters, and a few mind-altered human slaves to tend to their privatized Garden of Eden. God help us all.

CHAPTER 15

2016 Illuminati election nightmare

The June 2016 premature crowning of Hillary Clinton as the US Democratic nominee for president by the Rothschild-controlled AP was key to suppressing voter turnout in the crucial California primary. This combined with the massive voter disenfranchisement in the Golden State sealed the fate of the latest and possibly last attempt at political revolution in America, as embodied by the Bernie Sanders campaign.

The Rothschild-led Illuminati lizard bloodline banksters depend on a climate of fear and negativity to maintain and increase their control over the global populace. Remember, the Masonic project is about turning us into batteries to generate negative energy for their 4th dimension nightmare.

The general election match between Druid Council war witch Hillary Clinton and Rothschild mob strawman Donald Trump created a perfect negative energy nightmare scenario for the US.

Trump duped many good people into believing he was a maverick, though in fact he is a Rothschild tool and Crown Agent. He was used as a strawman when he bought long-time CIA drug money laundry Resorts International in 1987, along with a bunch of ocean-front property that would be turned into the Atlantic City boardwalk. The Illuminati got its East Coast dirty money gambling site, while Trump was bailed out of bankruptcy by Rothschild Inc. bond specialist Wilbur Ross, who was rewarded with his post as Commerce Secretary. Trump was rewarded with the Presidency.

This Crown Agent vs. Crown Agent match-up created a climate of fear, hopelessness, anger, and division that the Illuminati then used to temporarily derail the Truth Movement so they could push forward with their final solution trans-humanist 5G agenda.

The hatred and vitriol coming from both sides towards the other reached dangerous levels, further feeding the blood lust of the Anunnaki lizards and their cousin Luciferians who run this planet as their slave plantation.

Their infrastructure, now built out by us slaves, jobs will become more scarce and the Crown will use this bad energy vortex to push forward with their desired 75% depopulation of the planet.

This climate of negativity, combined with the ongoing mass addiction to all things Internet, has stripped many of their humanity already. Elon Musk and other tech gurus now openly talk about how their quantum computers are summoning demons. But the demons are already here.

The rise in US school shootings, for example, can be directly correlated with the coming of the Internet. Chaos is the Luciferian goal and will cause human culture to degenerate. They will then use this chaos to justify a micro-chipped population, a digital crypo-currency and 5G enslavement.

Cataclysmic events such as WWIII, a massive stock market crash and ensuing depression, or a sudden reversal of the North Atlantic current could all be used to usher in this final solution New World Secular Order.

Order out of Chaos - the self-proclaimed modus operandi of the Freemasons - will be deployed more frequently, as fear overtakes the rational mind of the public.

In a worst-case scenario, we could see an outright alien invasion of this planet, as the Dark Star Planet X Nibiru - home to the Anunnaki - looms ever closer. Scientists at CERN who are arrogantly attempting to identify the “God particle” have begun to see demons. Luciferian brain worship, reinforced by the internet, acts as a homing beacon, calling the Anunnaki back to planet Earth

During the coming months it will become difficult for people to simply stay human. I recommend disengaging from the political party two-camp illusion as soon as possible.

Disengage too from Facebook and all Internet communication. The aliens are using it to ostracize rebels and create a hive consensus that reinforces negativity. Social media is anti-social. Depend instead on nature and real human interaction to guide your thoughts and feelings.

The epic battle is upon us. Put simply - because it is simple - it will be a contest between good and evil, between nature and technology, between God and Satan, between high-frequency humans and low-frequency 4th dimension lizard-brain aliens. Make sure you pick the right side. You won’t get a second chance.

CHAPTER 16

internet psyops
and the coming collapse

Due to the fear-based political polarization that the well-orchestrated Trump/Clinton presidential match up produced, the wheels of this once-great nation appear to be coming off.

There was the Orlando false flag prosecuted by a Wackenhut agent, countless white supremacist police assassinations of black people and the Dallas response to that, a supposedly populist Brexit that was actually engineered by the City of London banksters and, quite appropriately and not coincidentally, a record heat wave throughout the nation.

Rothschild lieutenant George Soros has sold his US stock portfolio in favor of a short position on the US stock market, saying that in a best case scenario we are in for a deflationary depression, while at worst there will be riots and a class war in America. He ought to know, since his Crown handlers are fomenting it.

Deutsche Bank - the Nazi-funding Warburg family wealth repository that made a killing shorting the airline and insurance stocks negatively affected by 911 - is reportedly sitting on $40 trillion in bad derivative bets and is offering a ludicrously high 5% CD to the public to illustrate its desperation. The Federal Reserve has marked their US division as “troubled”.

The stock buyback machine that has been propping up stock markets around the world is running out of gas. People still aren’t buying anything. Factories are operating at record-low production levels. Personal debt is piling up again. And more youth are living in their parents’ basements, trying to dodge the student loan police.

Another housing market bubble is in its late stages, as the same big banks who caused the 2008 housing crash, then swallowed up those foreclosed houses on courthouse steps across the US, are now offering the same no-money-down loans to poor people now looking to buy houses as they did in the decade that preceded the crash.

Amidst this cultural and economic carnage, an increasing number of Americans are addicted to the internet and all things electronic. They are

increasingly urbanized and landless and much less self-reliant than their parents' and especially their grandparents' generation. Most people, like America, produce absolutely nothing.

Instead, they spend their lives hardwired *en masse* into matrix machines and taken "on-line" in much the same way a nuclear reactor is brought online to produce negative, combative and disagreeable energy, this time in chat rooms, Facebook groups and similar social engineering hive-mentality projects of the global elite. This negativity is rocket fuel for the global elite, be they inbred Rothschilds, aliens, the Devil or simply heartless machines.

They are, in fact, all of the above.

And you are being used as their on-line batteries. You are, as the late great former American Indian Movement (AIM) counter-intelligence chief and poet/musician John Trudell stated, "being mined".

You are being deprived of oxygen and water and transformed into metal, so that you can be mined.

Kindness, decency and integrity have become "uncool". Spiritual grounding has given way to phony electronic-based fashion shows of all sorts, with the posers trying in very great vain to be the smartest person in the room, all the while getting dumber.

Everyone seems to talk in the same dispassionate monotone voices, whether their position is open white supremacy (Trump) or scared political correctness that doesn't much mind corruption and cheating (Clinton). People are starting to sound like robots.

The Internet - founded by the Pentagon's DARPA under the guise of "liberating the information flow for a more democratic world" - is in fact creating a world of character-devoid mono-culture machines who think and talk the same and have only a vague and fleeting resemblance to their former humanity.

Petitions are signed, virtual groups are formed, debates are engaged in, yet if the lumpen mass of on-line negative-energy drones were to look out their air-conditioned windows - and most won't - they would actually see that living conditions continue to deteriorate rapidly, the planet gets increasingly trashed, families are being torn apart by the selfishness and narcissism produced by machine addiction and survival skills do not exist.

Life-experience has been tossed over the side in favor of whatever Wikipedia or Ask Jeeves says about it. Everyone knows everything about… well…everything. People talk too much. No one listens. The information

overload produces indecision, isolation, insecurity fragmentation and confusion in people.

The old ways of the ancients are discredited as “Luddite”, when in fact these are the ways that will save us from this beast.

All the while the “expert drones” who have positioned themselves as Internet gatekeepers get dumber, more detached from reality, and frighteningly amoral.

The most recent example of this was a black woman in Minneapolis whose boyfriend had been shot by a white supremacist cop during a routine traffic stop. It was creepy enough to watch the cop screaming like the demented psychopath that he is on the video from the women’s all-important “smart” phone.

Far more disturbing was the fact that the woman was so busy narcissistically filming the situation for her Fakebook friends and sycophants that she neglected to help her dying boyfriend in any way. He died, but hey, she’s famous. Isn’t that what really matters?

In the coming months there will be a financial collapse that will make the 1930’s look like a walk in the park. The biggest banks will fail due to the aforementioned derivatives, taking down most other smaller banks, the stock markets, commodities (including gold), housing and all else with it.

Without a functioning banking system, grocery shelves could go bare, the lights may well go out, hopefully the Internet will go down, the fake election will become irrelevant and World War III - given the current and very dicey geopolitical situation - could easily be started by an unhappy electronic accident.

Preppers who have tried to buy their way to survival will perish along with the others beside their gasless generators, rotting freezer food, and empty computer screens. The “expert” Internet drones will be helpless, city dwellers will go even more crazy than they already have and millions could well die in the riots and starvation that ensue.

The elite’s drone weaponry - now well-tested on the fake ISIS and in Gaza - will be turned on unruly citizens, all easily located using their tracking device cell phones. Never more exposed due to the “Web”, people’s bank accounts, mutual funds and life insurance policies will be looted by bankers disguised as hackers who are waiting in the wings for just this event.

It will suddenly dawn on many that the Internet really was a City of London drag net and that they have been had. At this point the only thing that

will matter is a survival skill set and cooperation - two very human matters that are threatened with antiquity by the machines.

CHAPTER 17

smart phones make dumb people

This morning our yard was abuzz with a chorus of songbirds. summer tanagers, vireos, orioles, indigo buntings, goldfinches and cardinals that had joined the resident bluebirds, woodpeckers, Virginia creepers, nuthatches, titmice and sapsuckers to complete the ensemble.

Many had come in flocks, which was unusual before a few years ago. We live in a remote area, far from any cell phone towers. As these towers have become more ubiquitous the flocks of birds coming here have increased. Others in urban areas say their songbirds have disappeared altogether. Many urban people are also reporting a massive decline in insect populations.

With the discovery of the Schumann resonances in 1952, it became apparent even to mainstream scientists that the earth was an electromagnetic living organism that constantly emits extremely low-frequency (ELF) waves.

Birds and insects use these frequencies as a compass when migrating. Many studies have demonstrated the adverse effects that the spike in artificial ELF waves have had on birds and insects. Colony collapse in honey bees has been connected to these same ELFs. Hundreds of species of birds and butterflies will soon be extinct. These are the canaries in the coal mine for a coming mass extinction event.

Human health is also being severely damaged by this explosion in radio waves.

The earth’s electromagnetic field surrounds and protects us, operating at an average natural frequency of 7.83 Hertz. Solar winds, lightning and other natural phenomenon act to maintain this average by adding or subtracting energy when necessary. This is the heartbeat of Mother Earth.

Since humans are of this earth, we are electromagnetic beings. Just look at an EKG (electrocardiogram) screen in any hospital and this becomes obvious. In the 1980’s it was discovered that the human brain also has an operating frequency - the exact same as the Schumann resonance at 7.83 Hertz.

Austrian electrical engineer Lewis Hainsworth discovered these naturally occurring brain frequencies, which have become known as alpha waves. Hainsworth was the first to suggest that human health is dependent upon our

brain frequency being in sync with the earth's Schumann resonance.

One of the main researchers on the topic, Dr. Wolfgang Ludwig, discovered that while the Schumann resonance could be easily measured in nature and out at sea, it was nearly impossible to detect in cities or even smaller towns where cell phone towers and usage are omnipresent.

More ominously Hainsworth predicted that should humans continue to be exposed to these unnatural frequencies, an evolution of the human brain was likely. But an evolution into what?

We would be evolving from a hundred thousand year state where we were happily tuned into Mother Earth's natural rhythms, to a state of chaos and discontent based on an unnatural and therefore Alien/AI life cadence.

Does this explain the multiple personality, identity scrambling trans-gender, trans-humanist push by the Illuminati's Tavistock Institute media branch? Does it explain why people seem to be going completely nuts? What happens when 5G gets completely rolled out? Will humans be in the same boat as birds? Will we completely lose our bearings as to who we are and be herded that much more easily into New World Secular Order City of London-orchestrated depopulation and disease?

Despite the lack of both telecom regulation and funding for studies critical of ELFs, even mainstream organizations like to WHO now admit that cell phones cause cancer, the most common form of which are gliomas located in the area of the brain nearest the ear. Many of these gliomas then migrate to the pineal gland at the center of the brain. This is significant for two reasons.

Physiologically, the pineal gland is where we produce melatonin. This human hormone attacks free radicals and is key to rebuilding our badly taxed immune systems, which most researchers agree is the main culprit behind not just cancer but all disease.

We produce melatonin only when we sleep in a dark place, due to our innate circadian rhythm. But recent studies have shown that our brain cannot distinguish between light frequency and ELFs. So if you live in an area congested with cell phone chatter, you are not producing melatonin because your brain doesn't think you're asleep even when you are.

Spiritually, the pineal gland was regarded by the ancients as our "third eye", giving humans a natural ability to detect phenomenon existing beyond our five-senses. Many Illuminati researchers have documented the obsession these self-professed Luciferians have had with shutting down this God-given ability based in our pineal gland in the entire human population, and hoarding

this knowledge for themselves via their secret societies.

If we are to remain human, we must expose this well-marketed onslaught of radio waves for what it is: an assault on both humanity and our earth Mother by an alien/AI invader.

Get off your “device”, get outside and get to know both your Mother and yourself. Then fight like hell to defend both of you, because this is a war they have declared on all of us. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have some birds I need to get in tune with.

CHAPTER 18

Cambridge analytica
Facebook mi6 psyop

If ever there was smoking gun evidence as to who is behind the constant manipulation of global geopolitics, it is the 2018 scandal involving Facebook and Cambridge Analytica. The case unravels the Gordian knot that binds British and Israeli intelligence in the service of the City of London Crown bankers.

I have long contended that Mark Zuckerberg's Facebook is an Israeli Mossad intelligence operation designed to gather a dossier on every person on the planet, while destroying the social fabric necessary to challenge banker hegemony via disinformation, division and conflict creation, and also damaging the emotional well-being of humanity through cleverly orchestrated psychological warfare.

Cambridge Analytica is a British "data mining" firm, whose logo is a brain with vectors connecting dots. It was spun off from its parent firm SCL (Strategic Communications Laboratories) Group in 2013 to "participate in American politics".

Cambridge and Oxford Universities in the UK are incubators for the global banking elite, producing - as do Harvard and Yale in the US - the managerial class for the Rothschild Illuminati.

Cambridge Analytica insider Robert Mercer was an early pioneer in artificial intelligence and is a major funder of far-right US groups like Heritage Foundation, Cato Institute, Breitbart.com and Club for Growth. He resides at "Owl's Nest" mansion in New York.

Mercer was also the biggest funder of Brexit, via Nigel Farrage and the UK Independence Party. While many see Brexit as emancipation from EU tyranny, I have long contended that it was orchestrated by the elite to cement the Anglo-American alliance and to insulate the City of London banks from incoming EU regulations on their dirty activities.

Mercer himself was named as a director of eight different Crown-controlled Bermuda-based firms implicated in tax evasion by the leaked Paradise Papers.

But a recent British Channel 4 undercover investigation has revealed far more nefarious activities that make Cambridge Analytica and Facebook look an awful lot like a well-orchestrated British/Israeli intelligence operation. In fact it is a textbook example of how the now silent British Empire still runs the world using its Israeli and US surrogates.

About twelve minutes into the interview Cambridge CEO Alexander Nix is caught on camera bragging about how British companies often "subcontract" work to Israeli firms since they are, "very effective in intelligence gathering".

The undercover reporter for Channel 4 News posed as an operative for a wealthy client hoping to get certain candidates elected in Sri Lanka.

Nix told the reporter, "…we're used to operating through different vehicles, in the shadows, and I look forward to building a very long-term and secretive relationship with you."

Nix then brags about how Cambridge and its parent SCL Group have secretly manipulated elections in over 200 countries around the world, including Nigeria, Kenya, Czech Republic, Argentina and India.

Cambridge used bribes, prostitutes and fake IDs to engineer election outcomes. Nix describes the honey traps his firm set to discredit certain candidates where they would, "send some girls around to the candidate's house. Ukrainian girls are very beautiful. I find that works very well."

It is no coincidence that one of the biggest MI6/Mossad operations in recent years was the Ukrainian coup that brought billionaire Petro Poroshenko and his Zionist mafia to power. White slavery is a trademark of British intelligence, where pedophilia is rampant.

The spin-off of Cambridge in 2013 now gave the Illuminati direct access to manipulate the 2016 US presidential election. While the City of London pushes the fake Russiagate narrative, it now appears it was the City of London that engineered the Trump victory in an attempt to further nullify the American Revolution.

They did it using an Israeli "subcontractor" called Facebook, which fed data to Cambridge while GCHQ was busy monitoring the Trump campaign to make sure their soon-to-be-played "trump card" was going to do as he was told.

But Cambridge wasn't just mining the data from Facebook. Recently uncovered memos reveal that it was manipulating the data with Facebook's knowledge to "create desired emotional states" in users. In other words it was an MK-ULTRA type mind control operation on a massive scale.

As Nix brags in the interview, “We just put information into the bloodstream of the internet, and then watch it grow, give it a little push every now and again… like a remote control. It has to happen without anyone thinking, ‘that’s propaganda’, because the moment you think ‘that’s propaganda’, the next question is, ‘who’s put that out?’. Many of our clients don’t want to be seen to be working with a foreign company… so often we set up, if we are working then we can set up fake IDs and websites, we can be students doing research projects attached to a university, we can be tourists, there’s so many options we can look at. I have lots of experience in this.”

There it is. Straight from the Crown Agent “subcontractor’s” mouth. Naturally, on May 18, 2018 Cambridge Analytica declared bankruptcy, a move that will seal its records in a court of British Maritime law for a good long while. Thank goodness the inbred lizards can still count on Oxford Analytica.

God Hang The Queen!

CHAPTER 19

tech addiction & the illuminati agenda

In a 2018 open letter the two largest investors in Apple - Jana Partners and The California State Teacher's Retirement System - called on the tech giant to take a serious look at how increased screen time is affecting and addicting children to technology.

The letter said, "Apple can play a defining role in signaling to the industry that paying special attention to the health and development of the next generation is both good business and the right thing to do."

While a handful of commentators have railed against the dangers of a world operating in "augmented reality" mode, could this letter be a bellwether towards a quantum leap in societal awareness as to the dangers of technological addiction on a mass scale? Let's hope so.

With CERN opening Pandora's box in its arrogant quest for the "god particle", increasingly powerful cell phone towers are said to be broadcasting CERN-generated dark matter into American households.

Additionally, demonic "pay with your face" portals are now in the hands of nearly every American - child and adult alike. We are at a spiritual crossroads on planet earth.

Illuminati programming on both TV and the Internet is coming out in the open. The latest Taco Bell commercials contain a tacit and triumphant admission of the secret societies' existence.

On November 13 the FDA approved the first-ever micro-chipped prescription drug. Abilify MyCite contains a "digital ingestion tracking system" that will record whether or not the patient took his/her medication.

And now corporate retailers like Walmart and Tommy Hilfiger are embedding invisible RFID tags and microchips in the clothing and other "goods" you buy, which allow them to literally track your every move, how often you wear or use the item, and much more personal data. The Illuminati end game is nigh. And technology is their spearhead.

Ironically, it is disCERNment that now becomes paramount, as the Tavistock media step up their deception and perception management as to who are the angels and who are the demons. Social media is their favorite

venue.

In November 2017 former Facebook president Sean Parker himself stated of the social media platform, “God only knows what it’s doing to our children’s brains.”

Another top former Facebook executive Chamath Palihapitiya stated the obvious solution, “I can control my decision, which is that I don’t use that shit. I can control my kids’ decisions, which is that they’re not allowed to use that shit.”

Those who choose to remain addicted to their cell phones, tablets and laptops act as electrical conduits in opening demonic lynch mob portals that bring increased hatred, division, death and destruction to this earth.

Those who go back to talking to animals, trees, Father Sky and Mother Earth will see the deception, seek to reunify the people and become hunted enemies of the Satanic state.

It’s pretty simple. And simplicity is precisely where God can be found.

Chapter 20

The Illuminati 5G End Game

We are moving rapidly towards what the Illuminati call the New World Order and what David Rockefeller called “The China Model”. Rockefeller ought to know since it was he and his Satanic oligarch banker buddies who set up the slave wage corporation we know as modern China.

To understand this model, take a look at the following two articles from Hong Kong's *South China Morning Post* newspaper.

The first written by Stephen Chen on April 29, 2018 is titled, *‘Forget the Facebook leak’: China is mining data directly from workers’ brains on an industrial scale.* In it Chen writes,“Workers outfitted in uniforms staff lines producing sophisticated equipment for telecommunication and other industrial sectors.

But there’s one big difference - the workers wear caps to monitor their brainwaves, data that management then uses to adjust the pace of production and redesign workflows, according to the company.

The company said it could increase the overall efficiency of the workers by manipulating the frequency and length of break times to reduce mental stress.

Hangzhou Zhongheng Electric is just one example of the large-scale application of brain surveillance devices to monitor people’s emotions and other mental activities in the workplace, according to scientists and companies involved in the government-backed projects.

Concealed in regular safety helmets or uniform hats, these lightweight, wireless sensors constantly monitor the wearer’s brainwaves and stream the data to computers that use artificial intelligence algorithms to detect emotional spikes such as depression, anxiety or rage.

The technology is in widespread use around the world but China has applied it on an unprecedented scale in factories, public transport, state-owned companies and the military to increase the competitiveness of its manufacturing industry and to maintain social stability.”

Awesome!

The second article, published four days earlier on April 25, 2018 in the *South China Morning Post* was titled, *“Shenzen Police Can Now Identify*

Drivers Using Facial Recognition Surveillance Cameras”. Author Li Tao writes,

“Shenzhen is expanding a network of facial recognition surveillance cameras to catch more violations, after the success of an earlier trial to publicly name and shame jaywalkers.

The so-called electronic police system captures photos of vehicles that violate the traffic rules in the metropolis of 12 million people, providing an image of not only the number plate but also the driver’s face, which can then be identified from the police database using facial recognition technology. A total of 40 roads will be covered under the expanded surveillance, from the initial single intersection, to identify and fine traffic violators, including those driving without a valid license.

Drivers who had their licenses revoked due to illegal conduct such as driving under the influence of alcohol or drugs have already been captured and identified through the system, according to the Shenzhen Traffic Police’s official Sina Weibo account. The system, which went on trial Monday, will be officially launched on May 1st.

This move is just the latest in a push by Chinese cities and securities agencies to employ advanced artificial intelligence-based technologies in policing. Earlier this month a fugitive was arrested in southeast China after facial recognition technology helped identify him in a crowd of about 50,000 attending a pop concert. The country is also exporting such technology, with start-up Yitu Technology selling its body mounted cameras equipped with facial recognition software to the Malaysian police.

Traffic violators who are registered with the Shenzhen traffic police - a mandatory step for residents - receive a text message that includes their name, identification card number, and details of the time and location of the offense.

For those who think they are safe from prying electronic eyes under cover of darkness, the new Shenzhen cameras come equipped with night-vision mode.”

Double awesome!

China is a Rothschild slave labor laboratory for the Big Brother technology that will gradually be rolled out worldwide. The integrated Orwellian system is known as 5G. And make no mistake, it is a weapon.

In the late 1970’s scientists at Lawrence Livermore Laboratories were developing what they called a Brain Bomb - a low-frequency energy weapon

that could be used on the battlefield to liquidate the brains of thousands of soldiers at one time.

This weapon was likely used by President George H.W. Bush against Iraqi troops during the 1990 Gulf War, when it was reported that thousands of Iraqi Army troops were simultaneously obliterated near Basra. Their bodies were bulldozed into mass graves and no autopsies were performed.

HAARP (High-Frequency Active Auroral Frequency Program) had already been established in 1933. It was a joint program between the US Air Force, the US Navy, the University of Alaska at Fairbanks and DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency).

Based on the stolen research of Nikolas Tesla, HAARP experimented with the weaponization of radio frequencies and energy. Officially it was shut down in 2014, but DARPA carries forward the research, which has now come to focus on the effects of these frequencies on the individual human being.

Currently DARPA - whose logo is a pyramid surrounding the all-seeing eye of the Illuminati - is developing a robotic soldier in tandem with Crown Agent Lockheed Martin.

The Internet was launched and funded by the military as ARPANET in the 1970's. ARPA later became DARPA. On August 6, 1991 the Internet went live to the world and by the end of the 1990's it was being widely used by the public. That was only 20 years ago.

As more people were exposed to DARPA's newest and most widespread low-frequency weapon, school shootings spiked, health problems increased, life-expectancy began a rapid decline, families disintegrated and society began to embrace many dark themes such as vampires and zombies as "normal".

Former DARPA director, Regina Dugan, moved on to Google, where she works with CEO and Bilderberger member Eric Schmidt to promote "smart tattoos", one of which she has herself. It is a bio-metric chip that will be used to access the coming integrated 5G reality that is being rapidly rolled out.

Known as the internet of things, 5G involves hundreds of billions of microchips that will permeate our possessions, our homes, our cars, our neighborhoods and eventually our bodies. Some say that chemtrails are a means by which they are loading our bodies up with aluminum, since this is the best conductor for plugging us into the 5G "smart grid".

In line with the Masonic project that we are nothing more than soul-less

batteries to be used to power the Luciferian elite, human beings are slated to become just another “thing” in this Internet of Things. They want to starve us of oxygen and water and change our organic DNA to metal, which they can then mine to run their Babylonian nightmare.

Trans-genderism is an Agenda 21 stepping stone Trojan Horse gateway to trans-humanism, which involves the integration of 5G into our very being. The hip-sounding Silicon Valley front men they are using to promote this Orwellian nightmare are calling it the Fourth Industrial Revolution. It seeks to integrate smart chip low-frequency weapons technology with biological processes.

The goal is to turn us into machines that can be programmed to perform certain jobs, purchase certain things, think certain thoughts and emit the negative cold dark emotions that will be used to power and normalize the permanent war economy Illuminati blood sacrifice into an acceptable parallel reality they call “virtual reality” or “augmented reality”.

Israeli companies are behind this 5G enslavement. They got the Tesla blueprints from James Trump, uncle of President Donald Trump. This explains Trump's moving the US embassy to Jerusalem al-Quds, where the Illuminati Satanists hope to replace the Muslim al Aqsa Mosque with a new version of King Solomon's debaucherous Temple to crown their New World Secular Order.

The violent video games inundating America and destroying our kids are also almost exclusively made by Talmudic Israeli entities in the service of the Crown.

Bitcoin and other crypto-currencies, although portrayed by Max Keiser and other hipster Illuminati shills as some sort of revolt against the private central banking cartel, is actually being rolled out and tested BY the Eight Families Federal Reserve cartel.

A 1992 NSA white paper discussed its viability for use in a cashless society. Indeed it will be the 5G currency that your “tattoo” will store, but only if you are issued “social credit” by the Ministry of Truth. Rebels will get an “access denied” notice from the Beast system.

The Facebook/Cambridge Analytica scandal gave us a glimpse into how Facebook is being used as an emotional dossier gathering tool on each individual for later use by DARPA in their 5G control matrix.

They are mapping everyone’s psyche to find out which buttons to push when they hit the 5G switch and transform us all into permanent reliable

negative energy batteries for the roll-out and acceptance of their Satanic New World Order.

The divisive 2016 election served to normalize division and reinforced the negative energy environment in which these lower 4th dimension demons operate.

Meanwhile in Switzerland - home to the Bank of International Settlements (BIS), which is the central bank for all the world's private central banks and controls the world via debt slavery - the CERN project continues apace as the Luciferians attempt to isolate the "god particle" using super-high speed atomic fission colliders.

These fallen angel inbreds like to split atoms rather than fuse them since they are all about opposition to a whole Gaia Creation and instead, promote a disjointed atomization of reality that is foreign to this planet. Nuclear fusion could change the world by producing free energy with no waste, but the Satanic bankers wish to take us down the path of nuclear fission, divided reality, conflict with Creator and destruction.

CERN scientists have reported seeing demons during some of their experiments as have other tech "wizards" involved in D-wave quantum computing. They talk about this openly now. One Canadian computer whiz said recently of meeting the demons, "but we still have to push on and hopefully we won't destroy the world in the process."

Some believe CERN is deliberately generating dark matter, that is then funneled into the "cloud", which is Newspeak for the "World Brain" now under construction and set to be completed this year. It will listen, watch, remember and act. A statue of Shiva - Hindu god of destruction - stands at the entrance to CERN headquarters.

This is why the hipster tech leaders talk of "disruptive technology" and "game-changers". Knowingly or not, they are pushing forward this DARPA Luciferian agenda. One company has now created artificial auras for people, while another has produced personal replicas, promoting them as "comforting" in such a suddenly disagreeable world.

Computers have become so powerful that they are now programming themselves. Illuminati spokesman Elon Musk is now warning that unless we want to become these computer's "pets", we must ourselves merge with AI (artificial intelligence). Intel says that by 2020 human brains will contain chips that will run the computers to "prevent" this AI takeover.

These kinds of fear-provoking statements reflect the old Masonic project

advancement technique of problem-reaction-solution, or *Ordo Ab Chao* (Order out of Chaos). They first create a problem, then they tell us they can fix it, but only with a Draconian solution that will advance their Great Work of Ages or New World Secular Order.

The Illuminati are obsessed with numbers. They know certain numbers have power. And they do. The ancient spiritual texts all tell us this. Creation is based on a numbers system. But these Luciferians have usurped this ancient knowledge, hidden it from the general populace to keep us dumbed down, and are now using it to enslave us in a Worldwide Web that they have cast out in the hopes of finally capturing the entire human race.

Now enthralled by and willingly caught in their Internet, numbers and algorithms will be key to the coming DARPA endgame called 5G. Once in place it is all math. Human originality, dissent and creativeness are being crushed and discredited as *passe*.

Drones already fly overhead stealing pictures of your face to use as facial recognition software installed in this control matrix. Companies have recently begun asking for a verbal confirmation when you pay bills on the phone. They are stealing your voice, which will then be integrated into the voice recognition software for 5G.

There will be 5G transmitters on every block of every city connecting this “smart grid”. Alexa-type devices will monitor every home. Your “smart phone” will track your every purchase, movement, discussion, emotion and thought. It will also implant and change your thoughts and emotions to ones more congruent with the Satanist agenda. Through Facebook, they have learned and will now play upon your weaknesses.

The Hunger Games have begun. And we will all become nothing more than Maze Runners if we do not escape this net of technology that has been cast upon us. When 5G gets rolled out, both our free will and our humanity will be radically curtailed and may cease to exist.

Look around you, it’s happening already.

chapter 21

Returning To The Garden Of Eden

For many, this information may seem overwhelmingly dark, but if we are to heal ourselves and our planet, we must leave our illusions behind and accept what is truly reality.

The Illuminati elite have planted a lie that affects the way we deal with discussing and exposing their own sicknesses. Perception management is their specialty and they want us to perceive that discussing the dark acts they commit is, itself, negative.

In fact, this is a positive act. It is light. When you shine a light on cockroaches, they scatter. Conversely burying our heads in the sand and pretending their atrocities will go away without our active and conscious opposition is what is negative and dark.

The Babylonians use patriarchy to further their agenda of permanent war, depopulation, sexual violence and blood sacrifice. But they also use matriarchy to tamp down dissenters who are told if they talk of these devils, they are being “negative” or wear “tin-foil hats” or whatever other fear-based excuse for docility and inaction they wish to implant in their brains.

We should reject ALL forms of tyranny and inequality. Patriarchy, matriarchy and oligarchy are all forms of “hatriarchy”. No being “arches over” any other. This goes against natural law.

These concepts are Luciferian and reflect unbalanced energy in bondage and servitude to a top-down pyramid structure that the Illuminati created. We are all equals. Men, women, blacks, whites, gays, straights, turtles, coyotes, rocks, air, water. We are One.

All that is love is the domain of the God. All that is fear is the domain of Satan. When we expose the heinous actions of these demented Luciferians, we are loving. When we turn our heads away from them, we are fearful and we enable the perpetrators.

There is a scientific term for this mental health condition known as Stockholm Syndrome, where we bow down like cowards to authoritarian figures and cater subconsciously to these oppressors. In doing so, we often betray the very people we love the most.

As Paul Westerberg of The Replacements wrote in the song *Bastards of the Young*, “The ones who love us best are the ones we'll lay to rest, and visit their graves on holidays at best. The ones who love us least are the ones we'll die to please. If it's any consolation, I don't begin to understand it.”

The first thing we should do in this epic battle of Good vs. Evil is to learn to flip this brainwashing on its head. When you learn to speak your mind and to stand up to authority, you will also begin to treat those whom you love better. We must all rectify these energy imbalances in our personal lives. Stand up to bullies and energy vampires, while rewarding the decent people in your lives.

Love and truth leads to unity and awareness of the planetary reality that the New Science is proving - that 93% of the universe is energy and only 7% is matter. We are just holograms, our bodies merely shells that contain energy.

The energy we generate scientifically impacts outcomes in the universe. Quantum mechanics is proving that a researcher's vibe affects the experiments being conducted. So it is very important that you wake up every morning and thank Creator for the chance to live another day and to try and do better at sending out good vibes.

Translated into the collective consciousness, we must choose either love of fear. If we choose love, we scientifically unify into one organism and create good healing energy. If we choose fear, we schism into shattered fragments of disjointed negative energy that tears at the very fabric of the cosmos.

Awareness of the enemy and unity of the people are both key to bringing down the dividers of reality - the Babylonians. They seek to fracture all, including the very collective consciousness that is innate to humanity. We must be aware of this and try to get along better with people. Be agreeable where possible.

The Luciferians are disagreeable. This is why they chose to pursue, for example, nuclear fission to create destructive weapons and infinitely toxic waste. Fission is the splitting apart of atoms, the dividing of God's creation.

If they understood creation and wished to accept Creator's Garden of Eden, they would instead pursue nuclear fusion, which seeks to unify atoms to generate unlimited free energy and has no harmful waste as a byproduct.

Energy must be unified, not divided if we wish to live in a healthy, prosperous and scarcity-free world of benefit to all, instead a vampire few.

Unity is the natural order, not chaos, as the trillionaire pedophiles and their minions would have you believe. The New Science Renaissance is debunking the Satanist's age-old "augmented reality" sales pitch that has passed during the many centuries since the so-called Enlightenment for science. But the reality is that even science and religion are One, rather than two disparate concepts. In the end, these crude Illuminati division bell stories were always designed to justify their insatiable rape, pillage and genocide while keeping us off balance.

As the great Indian scholar and revolutionary thinker J. Krishnamurti said, "Truth cannot be realized through any creed, any dogma, any philosophical knowledge, any psychological technique, any ideology, any ritual, or any theological system...you are the world and the world is you. The world is not separate from you and me. There is a common thread of relationship weaving us all together. Deep down we are all connected. Superficially things appear separate. Separate species, separate races, separate cultures and colors, separate nationalities and religions and politics. But if you look closely we are all part of the great tapestry of life. ...When we are ignorant of the fact that all life is interconnected, then we try to control each other...The problem goes much deeper than religion or politics. It starts in our minds, in our habits, in our lives. There is a constant conditioning that has gone on for centuries...We have been conditioned to believe that the observer is separate from the observed, the thinker is separate from the thought.. This dualism, this compartmentalization, is the mother of all conflicts."

This new awareness can transform into good free spirit energy which in

turn can unify us in opposition to the very head of the snake - namely the Rothschild-led Illuminati City of London private central banking cartel. If we all continue to pursue single issue fragments of the planetary and cosmic brokenness,it indicates more than anything a misunderstanding of reality.

But if we unite in defense of the whole of Mother Earth and attack the head of the Annunaki serpent together, we can heal the schism in our understanding and thus in the universe. We can then shame the perps, game over, get on with simply living and living simply in this abundant Garden of Eden - and all by lunch time tomorrow.

Simply put the important thing is to become AWARE of the nature of reality. This in turn reveals the gravity and nature of this criminal historical Illuminati assault on our very perception of reality.

Time may be short. Mother Earth is feeling the dis-ease of her inhabitants. We are beyond divided and agitated by all of the methods described in this book.

When you get sick, your body generates a fever to fight the pathogen. In the same way Father Sun is heating up to try and heal the sickness that the Luciferians have wrought upon Mother Earth. Solar flares are increasing, volcanoes and earthquakes are more frequent and the weather is getting more extreme.

Great Spirit is trying to wake us up to tell us that the Seventh Generation is here and that we must rise against the Illuminati and their destruction of Creation. We must do so now because if we do not, the fever may get too high and Earth could die. It is past the time of politics, religion, groups, cliques, isms and division. It is about unity, awareness and revolution - or it is about extinction.

The Luciferians think they have it all figured out, but in the end Creator's patience will run out. As the Australian aborigines - the world's oldest surviving humans - tell us, when that time comes “the sticks and rocks will go in the ground” and it's game over.

The Illuminati and all their ill-gotten wealth will melt into the abyss along with everyone else. A few wise ancients will remain to try and teach the next wave of humans the way of contentment, gratitude, relationship and love in the garden that we have been generously granted.

We've been here before, probably many times, and we'll probably be here again. *Kharma* is scientific. What comes around does go around. A certain action generates an equal and opposite reaction. We can end it all by living

according to this axiom.

At some point we will collectively learn to accept our Oneness and to love all life equally. When that point is reached, *dharma* replaces *kharma* and bliss can return to the the Garden of Eden.

These are the darkest of times, but they are also the brightest of times. We must meet the accelerating darkness with an intense and everlasting light based on reality. We must fall back in love with nature and with all of life. It's science.

It's a vision worth fighting for. It's an epic love story. It's the acceptance of a scientific reality which has been there in front of us all along in this Garden of Eden paradise.

"…the wicked know that if the ill they do be of sufficient horror men will not speak against it. That men have just enough stomach for small evils and only these will they oppose. He said that true evil has power to sober the smalldoer against his own deeds and in the contemplation of that evil he may even find the path of righteousness which has been foreign to his feet and have no power but to go upon it. Even this man may be appalled at what is revealed to him and seek some order to stand against it.

Yet in all of this there are two things which perhaps he will not know. He will not know that while the order which the righteous seek is never righteousness itself but is only order, the disorder of evil is in fact the thing itself. Nor will he know that while the righteous are hampered at every turn by their ignorance of evil to the evil all is plain, light and dark alike.

This man of which we speak will seek to impose order and lineage upon things which rightly have none. He will call upon the world itself to testify as to the truth of what are in fact but his desires. In his final incarnation he may seek to indemnify his words with blood for by now he will have discovered that words pale and lose their savor while pain is always anew".

Cormac McCarthy, "The Crossing"

ABOUT THE Author

Dean Henderson was born in Faulkton, South Dakota. He earned a BLS at the University of South Dakota and an M.S. in Environmental Studies from the University of Montana, where he edited *The*

Missoula Paper and was a columnist for the *Montana Kaimin*. His articles have appeared in *Multinational Monitor*, *In These Times*, *Paranoia* and hundreds of online websites and magazines.

A life-long activist and traveler to 50 countries, Henderson appears regularly as a political analyst for Iran's Press TV, RT, Russian Channel 1, The Syria Times, Rense Radio,Tactical Talk with Zain Khan and The Richie Allen Show. In June 2018, Dean spoke at New York City's Deep Truth conference where he delivered a speech titled, “All Roads Lead to the City of London” as part of a panel named Confronting Oligarchy: Resisting Full Spectrum Dominance.

Dean and his wife Jill live in the Missouri Ozarks where the rivers run clear, the water tastes sweet and the air is clean. They operate and live on a small organic vegetable farm, burn wood for heat, and gather wild berries, mushrooms, fruits and nuts. They don't work slave wage jobs and buy very little, living a simple and rich life.

Subscribe free to Dean's weekly column and interviews at

HendersonLeftHook.wordpress.com

BOOKS BY DEAN HENDERSON

Big Oil & Their Bankers in the Persian Gulf

Four Horsemen, Eight Families & Their Global
Narcotics & Terror Network

An internationally acclaimed best-seller that started the recent conversation about who really runs the world, Big Oil... exposes a centuries-old cabal of global oligarchs that control the global economy through manipulation of the world’s central banks via the planet’s three most valuable commodities: oil, guns and drugs.

Stickin' It to the Matrix

Stickin' it to the Matrix is this generation's version of Abbie Hoffman's Steal This Book. Funny and irreverent, the book is above all a practical step-by-step guide to both escaping and extracting from the matrix. In Stickin’ it to the Matrix, Henderson offers the reader the same insights that allowed him to "retire" at age 28, move to the country and author this and other books.

The Federal Reserve Cartel

The Federal Reserve Cartel is a brief, well-documented history of the Eight Families who control the world's private central banks and most of the planet's resources.

The Grateful Unrich
Revolution in 50 Countries

Covering fifty countries on six continents over a twenty-year span, Henderson asks the hard social, political and economic questions while vagabonding his way around the world. Invoking the wit and humor of Twain and the curiosity of Kerouac, Henderson discovers himself, humanity and revolutionary politics through prolonged contact with God's chosen people - The Grateful Unrich.

ABOUT THE Author

Jill Henderson is an author, artist and backwoods herbalist with a passion for wild edible medicinal plants and culinary herbs. A featured columnist for *Acres USA* and longtime contributor to *Llewellyn's Herbal Almanac,* Jill's articles have been featured online and in print magazines such as the *Permaculture Activist*, *Permaculture Design*, and *The Essential Herbal.*

For more than 25 years, Jill has been an organic gardener, seed saver, and passionate advocate for sustainable agriculture. She often writes about the global challenges presented by GMOs and teaches gardeners and small farmers how to avoid them by saving their own open-pollinated and heirloom seeds.

In addition to her books, Jill is the author and editor of Show Me Oz, a weekly blog filled with in-depth articles on gardening, seed saving, homesteading, wildcrafting, edible and medicinal plants, herbs, nature, and more. She also sells her unique artwork at ForeverPetPortraits.wordpress.com.

Jill and her husband Dean live in the heart of the rugged Missouri Ozarks, where they grow and wildcraft a wide array of organic herbs, fruits, and vegetables on their rural homestead with their furry feline, Loris.

Connect with Jill at

ShowMeOz.wordpress.com

BOOKS BY JILL HENDERSON

The Healing Power of Kitchen Herbs

Growing and Using Nature's Remedies

A no-nonsense guide that is literally jam-packed with proven information on growing, harvesting and using the world’s safest and most flavorful culinary herbs to spice up your favorite dish, beautify the landscape, attract beneficial insects, and create safe and effective natural healing herbal remedies at home.

A Journey of Seasons

A Year in the Ozarks High Country

Take a walk through the Ozark highlands with herbalist, naturalist, and armadillo whisperer, Jill Henderson, as she takes you through the changing landscapes of the seasons. This delightfully inspiring book is filled with nature notes, botanical musings, backwoods wisdom, and just a pinch of "hillbilly" humor. This is one journey you don’t want to miss!

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Easy Heirloom Seeds for the Home Gardener

As the world food and seed supply is being been hijacked by powerful corporate interests, saving seeds is a skill that everyone needs to learn to survive. Praised by gardeners and seed savers alike, this little no-nonsense book will teach you everything you need to know to start saving your own organic seeds in less than 50 pages.

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HOWL OF THE WEREWOLF

Lupravia is a cursed land; a chill place of snow-capped mountains, brooding forests and mist-shrouded moors, haunted by the spirits of the restless dead. Only the foolhardy or insane would enter that benighted realm of predators.

But enter you must, after a vicious wolf attack sets you on the path to murder and madness. Steadily succumbing to the beast within, YOU must seek out a cure to your condition before the next full moon. But how long can you survive in a land where all live in fear of the Howl of the Werewolf?

Part story, part game, this is a book with a difference – one in which you become the hero! A pencil and an eraser are all you need to make your journey. YOU decide which route to take, which creatures to fight & which dangers to risk.

Children's/Gamebooks

ISBN 978-1840468-38-0

9 781840 468380

Wizard Books UK £5.99
Canada $12.00

Printed in the UK

Front cover illustration by Martin McKenna. Design and back cover illustration by Hilltop Books.com

HOWL OF THE WEREWOLF

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STEVE JACKSON AND IAN LIVINGSTONE

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HOWL OF THE WEREWOLF

BRAND NEW ADVENTURE

A Fighting Fantasy Gamebook in which ***YOU*** *are the hero!*

SPECIAL·LIMITED·EDITION

For Andy, Simon and Stef,
the godfathers

This edition published in the UK in 2007 by Wizard Books,
an imprint of Icon Books Ltd., The Old Dairy,
Brook Road, Thriplow, Cambridge SG8 7RG
email: wizard@iconbooks.co.uk
www.iconbooks.co.uk/wizard

Sold in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia by TBS Ltd.,
TBS Distribution Centre, Colchester Road,
Frating Green, Colchester CO7 7DW

This edition published in Australia in 2007 by
Allen & Unwin Pty. Ltd., PO Box 8500,
83 Alexander Street, Crows Nest, NSW 2065

Distributed in Canada by Penguin Books Canada,
90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700,
Toronto, Ontario M4P 2Y3

ISBN-13: 978-1840468-38-0

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Illustrations copyright © 2007 Martin McKenna

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Typesetting by Harada Fotoset
Woodthorpe, Nottingham

Printed and bound in the UK by
Cox & Wyman Ltd., Reading

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INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to discover your initial scores. On pages 14–15 there is an *Adventure Sheet*, which you may use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording the scores of your attributes. You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Even if you have read a Fighting Fantasy gamebook before, please read the following section carefully, as you will see that your attributes are handled differently in this adventure to how they are in most other gamebooks.

Roll one dice. Divide the number rolled by 2, rounding fractions up. Add 7, giving you a total of between 8 and 10. Enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 10 to the number rolled, giving you a total of between 12 and 22. Enter this total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one dice. Add 6 to the number, giving you a total of between 7 and 12. Enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, all your scores will change constantly during the adventure to

come. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may never exceed their *Initial* scores, except on those occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Your SKILL reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility. Your STAMINA score reflects how healthy and physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky you are.

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures that will attack you, and you yourself may choose to draw your sword against an enemy you chance across. In some such situations you may be given special options allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions, which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll both dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled, to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.

3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows: start a new Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see LUCK section).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. You may use LUCK to reduce the loss of STAMINA (see LUCK section).
6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die, your adventure ends and you must start all over again by creating a new character.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one person or creature in combat. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; sometimes you will be able to fight each in turn; and at other times you will have to fight them all at the same time! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. When you are instructed to fight your opponents one at a time, the combat is resolved normally – except that once you defeat an enemy, the

next steps forward to fight you! When you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against any additional opponents you throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way; if your Attack Strength is greater than your opponent's, in this instance you will not inflict any damage; you can regard it as if you have parried an incoming blow. If your Attack Strength is lower than your adversary's, however, you will be wounded in the normal way. Of course, you will have to settle the outcome against each additional adversary separately.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given in the relevant paragraphs), you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for *Testing your Luck* works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the outcome will be in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalised.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realise that, the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this procedure will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, either to inflict more serious damage on an opponent you have just wounded, or to minimise the effects of a wound you have just received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky you have inflicted a severe wound; deduct an extra 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow only scratches your opponent; and you deduct only 1 point from your opponent's STAMINA (i.e., instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you now score only 1).

Whenever you yourself are wounded in combat, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimise the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct 1 point from the damage you sustain. If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 extra STAMINA point than you would normally.

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score may change occasionally during the course of your adventure. From time to time a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

At various times during your adventure you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for this is exactly the same as that for *Testing your Luck*: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current SKILL score, you will have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure. It will drop as a result of wounds gained through combat, or by falling foul of traps and pitfalls, and it will also drop after you perform any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start all over again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating meals or Provisions. You start the game with enough for 10 Meals, and during your adventure you will be able to obtain more. You must keep track of how many Provisions you have left by filling in the details in the Provisions box of your *Adventure Sheet*. Each time you eat a meal you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, but you must remember to deduct 1 Meal from your remaining Provisions. You may stop and eat Provisions at any time except when you are engaged in battle.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score may be awarded in the adventure when you have been particularly fortunate or created your own luck by some action. Details are given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value, unless the text specifically instructs you to the contrary.

Change Points

As you will soon discover, you are about to undergo something of a transformation as you undertake the adventure ahead of you. Although it will not mean anything to you just yet, the rate of this change is monitored in terms of CHANGE points. You start your adventure with a CHANGE score of zero. However, during the adventure this total will inevitably increase

but it may also decrease occasionally. Keep a careful note of your current number of CHANGE points in the appropriate box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Once the transformation begins, your CHANGE score cannot drop below 1.

Equipment and Gold

You begin your adventure with some basic equipment that you will need for the challenge ahead of you. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions, Gold Pieces and any treasures or other items you may find along the way. You also carry a lantern and tinderbox. To find out how many Gold Pieces with which you begin your adventure, roll two dice and add 6 to the number rolled. Note this total down in the Gold Pieces box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Your sword and lantern should be noted in the Equipment box, as must any other useful items you may acquire on your quest.

Alternative Dice

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to roll only one dice, read only the first printed dice; if two, total the two dice symbols.

HOWL OF THE WEREWOLF

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

ITEMS AND EQUIPMENT CARRIED

ADVENTURE SHEET

GOLD	PROVISIONS REMAINING	CHANGE

CODEWORDS

NOTES AND CLUES

BAD MOON RISING

It was madness even to think that you could make it to the next village before nightfall. As dusk descended, what possessed you to leave the road and attempt to take a shortcut through the suffocating forest? An experienced sword-for-hire you may be, but your brash bravado has got the better of you this time once and for all. Your heart beats a tattoo of near panic in your chest, your ragged breathing rasps loudly in your ears. You quicken your step, just as you know that the creatures that are hunting you are quickening theirs.

You can hear the wolves panting as they run, easily keeping pace with you. The night closes in, a smothering shroud of darkness. You trip over exposed tree roots, the moon – only a matter of nights away from being full – casting its sickly light through naked, black branches above. To your agitated mind the trees seem to claw at you with skeletal black fingers.

Suddenly the adrenalin rush of panic is replaced by that of desperate hope as you catch sight of a flickering light between the looming, leafless trees. It may be no more than a lone guttering candle-flame, but to you it is a brilliant beacon of hope amid the blackness. The light is shining from the window of an isolated hut, and suddenly you feel there is a chance you might yet escape the cruel fate that the encroaching night seems to have set aside for you.

A howl cuts through the chill night air, a mournful sound that freezes the blood in your veins. You immediately stumble to a halt: the animal cry came from somewhere close by. Your heart racing, your breathing shallow and fast, you spin round, scouring the oppressive forest for the tell-tale signs that you know must be there. And then you see them, a dozen blazing-red eyes, smouldering like coals, watching you from the darkness.

Growling, the wolves slink into the moonlight in front of you. The animals have a lean, hungry look, their grey pelts scabrous and patchy, their ear-tips pressed low against their skulls, lips curling back from yellowed, slavering fangs. Darting anxious glances around, you realise, to your horror, that you are surrounded.

You unsheathe your sword, the blade shining as it slides from its oiled leather scabbard. You test its weight in your hand, knowing that it is only a matter of moments before you will be forced to fight for your life. In that moment, your mind is suddenly awhirl with memories of the last few months . . .

Growing weary of the comfortable security of the plains of Femphrey and Lendleland, you ventured north into that cloud-capped, frostbitten realm of unforgiving mountain peaks and brooding forests that is Mauristatia. The pettily feuding principalities of that deadly land have histories as long and as

bloody as that of the Old World itself. People talk in hushed tones of the Vampire Lords of Mortvania and the ghoulish death-cults of Bathoria. No land is more benighted and accursed than that of Lupravia. A chill place of primeval mountains, dark forests and mist-shrouded moorland, it is said to be haunted by the spirits of the restless dead. The wretched native folk of that land struggle to eke out even the meanest living from its thin soil and regularly suffer the predations of wild animals. Only the foolhardy or insane would choose to willingly pass beyond its borders and enter that desolate realm. And yet here you are on the very edge of Lupravia, and suddenly everything you have ever heard about that place seems so terrifyingly real . . .

A snarl more menacing and blood-chilling than any you have yet heard this hateful night brings you back to the present and the dire nature of your predicament. The wolves halt as one. Pushing aside the other wolves as it moves through the pack is the undoubtable leader. It is caught for a moment in the washed-out light of the moon, which hangs like a mourner's corpse-watch candle in the pall of night. You have never seen its like before.

The creature is huge, a monstrous beast twice the size of any other wolf in the pack. Its pelt is utterly black, apart from the one long streak of grey that runs from the top of its head all the way down its back. The look of evil intent is in its eyes, something wholly unnatural in a wolf, something almost inhumanly human. A

guttural growl that speaks of your imminent demise rises from deep within its chest and the wolves begin to move again. With death reflected in its eyes, the great wolf prepares to pounce.

Turn to paragraph 1.

1

With the wolf pack steadily closing in on you, and the great wolf tensed ready to attack in an instant, you are going to have to act fast and use all your cunning if you are ever going to get out of this dire situation alive. Will you:

Turn your back on the wolf and try to run for it? Turn to 43
Stand your ground and prepare to meet the Black Wolf's inevitable attack? Turn to 66
Seize the initiative and charge the wolf? Turn to 147

2

Sharpness? Silverness? She must be talking about the Silver Dagger you found on the body of the goblin thief. Quickly you take out the gleaming blade. The Spider-Queen's eyes practically bulge out of her head as the eight black orbs catch sight of the dagger glittering in the light of the crystal formations. 'My sharpness! My pretty silverness!' she shrieks. 'Give it to me, thief. Or shall I have to take it from you?' She stalks towards you over the desiccated husks of men and dwarfs that litter the floor of her chamber. If you want to throw the monster the Silver Dagger, turn to 67. If you choose to keep a tight hold of it, turn to 162.

3

Inexplicably, something starts to claw at you inside your chest – at least that's what it feels like. You cry out in pain as you double up, but the cry that comes from your throat is more like a lupine howl; and that's

not all! You can feel fur bristling on your face and see it appearing on the backs of your hands, while the tips of your ears stretch and reshape themselves. (Add 1 to your CHANGE score.) The gathered circus folk gasp and take a step back, apart from the Master. 'Ah,' he muses, 'a wolfman. We haven't got one of those.' You stare at him in stunned amazement; this is not the reaction you would have expected. 'We all have our secrets, do we not?' the Master says, giving you a wicked grin. 'But I think we might have a place for you, within our Carnivale – that is, if you would like to join us.' Will you accept the Master's offer (turn to 15), or decline his invitation (turn to 509)?

4

Hans, the young man you met at *The Gibbet Tree*, said that his sister Leisel had run away to join the Carnivale. It surely can't be a coincidence; this must be the travelling circus he was talking about. You remember Hans' words clearly: 'weird, grotesque and macabre,' was how he described it. You have to admit that you are intrigued. Do you want to pay the entrance fee and enter the Carnivale now, in the hope of finding out more (turn to 134), or would you rather wait until after dark and enter then under cover of darkness (turn to 238), or would you rather have nothing to do with the place (turn to 26)?

5

You do not have to walk far to reach the ruins. With the dusk deepening around you, you begin to explore them by twilight. You pass between crumbling stone

walls – whatever roof they might once have supported long gone – and beneath broken arches into dirt-floored chambers open to the sky, home now to scurrying beetles, centipedes and vermin. Who built this place – you find yourself wondering – and what went on here? Were these ruins once some lord's stronghold, a sorcerer's hideaway, or some holy temple dedicated to a now-forgotten deity? There is one thing you are certain of, however. Evil holds dominion here now. Lurking shadows seem to change shape and move. The longer you explore the ruins the more intense the feeling becomes that there is an evil presence lingering within this place, and it is making you feel increasingly uncomfortable. Do you want to depart the ruins without further delay (turn to 38), or will you persist with your investigations (turn to 249)?

6

Lifting the latch, you push open the heavy door of *The Gibbet Tree*. The inn sign, which depicts an empty gallows scaffold and swinging noose, creaks rustily in the night-breeze above you. Shutting the door, you enter the bar room beyond. It is relatively large, with a number of tables and chairs dotted around, but, other than you, there appears to be only one other customer: a young man with an intensely serious expression on his face. The last embers of a fire smoulder in the grate, which is set into a large chimney breast. Standing behind the bar is a blubbery, bald-headed man whom you take to be the landlord, lugubriously rubbing a tankard with the skirts of his filthy apron, and a girl of no more than eighteen or nineteen, whose black hair

is an unkempt mess, her vacant eyes staring into the dying coals of the fire. No one speaks, making the whining of the wind in the eaves even more unsettling. A night at an inn such as this shouldn't cost more than a couple of Gold Pieces, but you can imagine you would receive a warmer welcome from a pack of snow wolves in the Cloudcap Mountains in mid-winter. Do you want to spend what remains of the night at *The Gibbet Tree* (turn to 131), or would you prefer to risk a night out on the moors under the stars (turn to 466)?

7

Being mindful not to return to anywhere you have already been, which floor will you now explore?

The crypt?	Turn to 297
The cellar?	Turn to 138
The ground floor?	Turn to 126
The first floor?	Turn to 187
The second floor?	Turn to 217
The third floor?	Turn to 348
The fourth floor?	Turn to 264
The fifth floor?	Turn to 408
The sixth floor?	Turn to 435
The seventh floor?	Turn to 273

8

Leaving Strigoiva, you make your way towards the dark spur of trees that delineates the outermost extent of the forest. Gnarled and twisted trees arch over the path between them, forming a foliaged tunnel that leads into the depths of the woods. Between the crowded trunks and clutching branches, the forest is as dark as at dusk. Occasionally you hear the twitter of birdsong or the distant shriek of a forest animal, but you see nothing. The forest has an uncanny quality to it that unnerves you. It has all the atmosphere of the woodlands of fairy tales and folk-lore. The dimming of the half-light that penetrates this far beneath the trees tells you that night is on its way. A clearing opens before you and you find yourself looking at the mirror-black surface of a woodland pool. Traces of water-weed trail the surface amid patches of thick, slime-green algae. The pool is a good hundred yards across but in the twilight you can see that the straggly path you are following wends its way around the edge of the lake to the far side. As you prepare to set off again, the sound of singing drifts to your ears over the water. It is a lilting, wordless tune that speaks to you of melancholic loneliness and a deep, dark sorrow. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your current CHANGE score, turn to **64**. If it is greater, turn to **161**.

9

Following the tunnel through the peak you come to a smaller cave from which a total of three routes lead onwards. How will you progress now? Will you follow:

The tunnel from which emanates a musky animal smell?	Turn to 433
The cobweb-plastered passageway?	Turn to 415
The white quartz tunnel?	Turn to 70

10

Staring into the Countess' eyes and enraptured by the mesmerising tone of her voice, you forget why you came to Maun Tower in the first place. Suddenly all that matters is what the Lady is telling you: 'You will be my agent of destruction. I know what you desire, and I desire it too. Hunt down the wolf and slay it.' Her manservant is suddenly at her side, a small, teak chest, open in his hands. Inside, lying on a bed of black velvet is an ornate Silver Dagger. 'Take this,' the Countess says, as her servant offers you the blade, 'and if you succeed in your quest, I shall reward you beyond your wildest dreams.'

Acting as if all free will has left you, you take the Silver Dagger (add it to your *Adventure Sheet*, along with the codeword *Deliugeb*). You may use the dagger in combat but, if you do so, you will have to fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point. Injuries you cause any creature with the word 'Were' in its name will suffer increased damage (3 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2) as the pure metal is inimical to their

kind. The Silver Dagger will also harm the Undead but will only cause the usual 2 STAMINA points of damage.

'Now go,' the Countess commands, and you leave her tower. Passing through Maun you head north into the hills. Turn to 350.

11

By the time you have trekked high into the hills to the dark, fortress-like structure, night has properly fallen and the moon holds dominion over the land once more. The path between the peaks climbs a rocky escarpment, with a precipitous drop on one side and a sheer cliff on the other, until it finally stops in front of the stone-walled entrance to the building, the wall having been built across a narrow pass between the peaks, so that they have been incorporated into the building. Beyond the rockface-wall, you can see the pointed gables and squat towers of another structure within the complex. You are standing in front of a sturdy, and secured, oak door. To one side a tallow-fat lamp flickers within a tiny recess, and on the other side there hangs a knotted piece of rope that you take to be a bell pull. If you want to spend the night under shelter, you are going to have to gain access to the building, somehow. Will you ring the bell pull (turn to 58) or look for another possible way in first (turn to 23)?

12

After half an hour of searching, and with beads of feverish sweat prickling your brow despite the cold,

Ulrich suddenly cries out, 'Over here! I've found it!' You hurry to the spot where the woodsman is standing beside the bole of an aging oak. Growing there is the plant known as belladonna, or deadly nightshade, the herb you have been so desperately seeking. Quickly you pick a handful of sprigs and pop them into your mouth. But belladonna is poisonous and eating some makes you sick (lose 2 STAMINA points). By doing so, however, you have also slowed the advance of the lycanthropy throughout your system (subtract 1 point from your CHANGE score). Yet, despite this, some sixth sense tells you that it hasn't been enough to rid you of your affliction altogether. Unless you find another, more effective cure, you are still going to turn into a wolf the next time the moon is full. Will you now set off after the wolf pack (turn to 473) or go in search of Grandmother Zekova (turn to 302)?

13

You spend a restless night in your room, kept awake by strange and disturbing noises that fill you with a sense of dread. There is the clattering of hooves on cobbles, shrill whinnying, crazed cackling laughter, and the moaning of an unearthly gale. Come the morning, you feel just as tired as you did on retiring to bed and in your weakened state, your inner wolf gains a greater hold on your body (add 1 to your CHANGE score). You leave *The Gibbet Tree* without seeing another soul and set off again along the road north across the moors. Turn to 69.

14

Emerging from the tunnel, you enter a vast chamber – a natural stone cathedral deep within the rock of Sundered Peak. Hanging amid the stalactites suspended from the roof of the cavern are pendulous, silk-wrapped egg-sacs, like those made by spiders, although each of these is as big as a treasure chest. As you cross the chamber, you detect movement above you. Looking up into the gloom you see several of the sacs split open and the giant spider hatchlings emerge. Each has a distinctive set of markings on its abdomen, in the form of a grinning Death's Head, and each hatches with the instinctive desire to hunt! Roll one dice and add 1. This is the total number of spider hatchlings that attack you. Each of the hatchlings has the same statistics. Fight the emerging spiderlings one at a time.

GIANT SPIDER HATCHLING SKILL 6 STAMINA 2

15

If you manage to battle your way through the hatchery, which route will you take out of the vast cavern again?

A wide, circular tunnel?	Turn to 122
A tunnel with its walls running with water?	Turn to 405
A steeply inclined cleft in one wall?	Turn to 31
A narrow, twisting passage?	Turn to 415

15

You spend the next two days in the pleasant company of the Carnivale folk as they break camp and set off along the road east out of Balci. You feel rested and refreshed, and more positive about your whole situation. The unsettling transformation you underwent also reversed itself come dawn the next day. (Restore up to 4 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point.) Another day on the road brings you to the town of Vargenhof. As the circus folk start setting up for another series of shows, you thank the Carnivale Master for his generosity of spirit but tell him that you must be on your way, and so wander off into the town. Turn to 500.

16

You come to lying in a cold stone cell, lit by a single flickering oil-lamp. Awareness returns more quickly as you hear a disconcerting chirruping sound. You are not alone in the cell. Between you and the cell door scuttle two grotesquely overgrown cockroaches. Sawing their antennae together they move towards you. You are going to have to fight them at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT COCKROACH	7	6
Second GIANT COCKROACH	6	7

If you defeat the Cockroaches you manage to break the rusted lock of the cell door and, opening it, find yourself in a subterranean passageway. To your right the corridor comes to a dead end. You can either follow it left (turn to 421), or take another passage that runs perpendicular to this one straight ahead of you (turn to 282).

17

Brandishing the holy symbol in front of the Vampiress causes her to recoil, throwing her hands up in front of her face, spitting like a wildcat. Turn to 245.

18

The savage Shuck is upon you. This demon dog has terrorised would-be pilgrims making the journey to the healing shrine of Saint Crucius for long enough. Tonight, its reign of terror must come to an end.

SHUCK SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If the Shuck wins three consecutive Attack Rounds, turn at once to 30. If your battle with the hell-hound reaches the seventh Attack Round without a resolution, turn to 99. If you kill the beast before then, turn to 113.

19

The people of Wulfenstein have locked and barred their doors and windows, hiding from whatever it is that is making the dreadful, growling you can hear echoing along the village streets. Your hackles rise, your wolfish senses recoiling in the presence of something bestial and malign. As you creep through the eerily empty streets, you hear panting and the scrape of claws on cobblestones. Shadows loom around a street corner . . . Something is coming . . . It is at that moment that a gaunt old man sticks his wild-haired head out from an alleyway and beckons to you with a long-nailed finger. 'Stranger, if you want to live, come with me.' Will you:

Follow the mangy beggar?	Turn to 59
Prepare to face whatever it is that's coming?	Turn to 172
Try to hide without the beggar's help?	Turn to 204

20

The lycanthropy is steadily spreading throughout your body and changes are being wrought at the core of your being. In fact, perversely the curse of the werewolf is making you physically stronger and more adept. Increase your current and *Initial* SKILL score by 1 point and your current and *Initial* STAMINA score by 2 points. You must also increase your CHANGE score by 1 point. And there are other changes that you are becoming aware of too, which might not be altogether unbeneficial. Roll one dice and turn to the paragraph indicated. Remember each of the following may occur only once. If you roll a number you have rolled before, roll again.

Dice Roll	
1	Turn to 51
2	Turn to 248
3	Turn to 469
4	Turn to 106
5	Turn to 305
6	Turn to 354

21

With the wolf-monster that has terrorised Lupravia for so many years lying dead at your feet at last, you become aware of something flapping at the window of the Count's chambers. You gasp, truly taken aback to see a striking, platinum-haired woman, with skin as white as ivory, wrapped in a black cloak, suspended in the cold night air beyond the glass – the Countess Isolde of Maun! A cruel smile spreads across her

blood-red lips revealing the points of elongated fangs and she transfixes you once more with her mesmerising stare. You cannot help yourself as, compelled by a persuasive voice inside your head, you step forward, open the window, and invite the Countess into the tower chamber. 'Well done, my pet,' she purrs. 'You have served me well. Ever since the days of the Cadre Infernal I have sought power over these lands, but, thanks to the ritual we enacted that night, so many years ago, Count Varcolac of the ruling House of Wulfen has had power over me and the others. For as long as he lived, and the demon protected him, I could not act against him: nor could Serpensa, the widow Aranaea, or the Abbot. But now that you, one of his own line, have deposed him, I am free to take up the reins of power and seize control of all Lupravia.' You are in the thrall of the vampiric Lady of Maun, and have been ever since she bewitched you in her tower. So it is that there is nothing you can do to stop her; you are utterly under her control. Count Varcolac may be gone, but Lupravia will remain in the grip of evil, only now under the rule of the House of Maun and the Vampiress Isolde. You will serve her loyally, as her wolf-thrall. When it seemed that, against all the odds, you had beaten the Curse of the Werewolf, the Curse of the Vampire has thwarted you at the last. You have failed in your mission. Your adventure is over.

22

With such a large target and at such a close range there was never any question of you missing. The rod buries itself deep inside the torso of the hulking golem but it

does not even slow the brute. With clanking steps it stalks towards you. It is at that moment that lightning strikes the windmill again. Scintillating flashes of elemental energy explode around the laboratory, shattering dials and setting fire to banks of arcane equipment. All of this raw storm-force finds its way to the lightning rod that you have just plunged into the golem, with devastating effect. The man-made monster shudders where it stands, as the full force of the storm passes through its metallic components. Its dead flesh cooks to a blackened cinder while its metallic parts melt and fuse together. Eventually the whole ruined creation topples over backwards and crashes onto the floor of the laboratory. Add 1 LUCK point for defeating such a dangerous enemy without having to resort to physical combat and turn to 169.

23

To your left at the base of the wall, where it merges with the natural rock face, is a grilled culvert, the rusted bars clad with moss. An unpleasant odour, a blend of raw effluent and damp-rot, rises from the tunnel. Even without your lycanthropy-heightened senses the stink would make your eyes water. You test the resistance of the bars and, with little effort, the grille twists in the hole. You do not fancy scaling the high, sheer wall in front of you in the pitch darkness, nor, as the temperature drops, do you fancy spending another night in the open: so if you want to enter this place you are going to have to try the culvert (turn to 39) or ring the bell (turn to 58).

24

Taking a firm hold of the stones at the lip of the pit you carefully lower yourself over the edge, down into the darkness. There are plenty of hand- and foot-holds to be found but the stones lining the pit are slick with slime. The air in the shaft smells of damp, fungal matter. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you reach the bottom of the pit safely (turn to 221). If you are Unlucky, turn to 121.

25

It is no good; the lycanthropy has your body within its clawed grip now. With a yowl of intense, bone-wrenching pain, your physical form reshapes itself, growing in height, limbs becoming longer, your pain-contorted features giving way to a lupine muzzle. You have become the thing you have fought so hard and for so long to thwart. Your clothes and leather armour can no longer contain your changing body and are shed along with your human skin, as the hairy wolf's hide rips through from inside. (Lose 2 LUCK points, increase your current and *Initial* SKILL score by 1 point and your current and *Initial* STAMINA score by 2 points.) Dropping the weapon you wielded as a human being, howling with bestial rage, still vaguely aware that it is the Count Varcolac who has ultimately brought the Curse of the Werewolf upon you, in your new lycanthrope form you spring at the Varcolac-wolf, determined to exact your revenge. Record the codeword *Degnahc* on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 189.

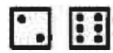

26

'Roll up! Roll up!' the elfin Carnivale Master shouts, his voice like a town crier's, seeing that he is about to lose a paying customer. 'Tame the savage Grendel, and see the unnatural cross between female beauty and rapacious reptile that is Serpensa the Snake-woman. Visit the haunting Hall of Mirrors, marvel at the magic of the Puppetmaster's marionettes or cross Madame Zelda's hand with gold to have her forecast your future. All the fun of the fayre is here at the Carnivale!' You find yourself drawn to the little man's mesmerising gaze, unable to tear your eyes away. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your CHANCE score, something makes you change your mind and you decide you would like to visit the Carnivale after all, turn to 134. If the total is greater, turn to 90.

27

You take another step forward and your boot abruptly sinks into the squidgy ground up to your thigh. Your momentum carries you forward with your other foot and soon you are up to your waist in the stinking clutches of a peat bog. Grasses and moss have grown over this patch of marshy ground, hiding the dangers of the bog beneath. As you twist and turn, trying to see a way to get yourself out of the bog your body sinks still further. You are up to your chest when you spy the length of exposed root protruding from a tussock of grass on which a gnarled bush grows. Trying to gain any purchase you can from the ground beneath your feet you lean forward, straining every

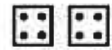

muscle in an attempt to reach the root and pull yourself free. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to 128. If the total is greater, turn to 84.

28

As the sun runs its course across the heavens, you climb higher through the wooded hills and the clouds close in. During your trek you see not hair nor hide of the Beast. In fact you are barely aware of any signs of life in this desolate landscape. The sound of birdsong ceased long ago in the woods of the lower slopes. You come in sight of an isolated farmstead. As you take in the drooping, mossy thatch of the farmhouse and the near-derelict nature of the tumbledown outbuildings, thunder rumbles across the hilltops and the clouds burst. What starts as a shower becomes a torrential downpour within minutes. Do you want to seek shelter at the run-down farm (turn to 53) or will you turn back and return to Vargenhof (turn to 463)?

29

It is almost dawn by the time you make it away from the Carnivale. Having tended to any wounds you may have received and eaten a meal (if you wish), you decide that it is time to move on from Balci altogether. Pressing on east, there are two routes you can take. Do you want to travel on the open road towards the town of Vargenhof (turn to 144) or would you rather follow the well-worn track that leads south-east into the forest (turn to 508)?

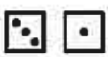

30

Beaten back by the Shuck's relentless attacks you find yourself teetering on the edge of the escarpment. The monstrous dog bounds forward to attack once more and you take an involuntary step back. Your heel touches midair and you topple backwards off the cliff. The last thing you see before your body is broken upon the jagged rocks below is the slavering face of the demon Shuck. Your adventure is over.

31

The steady *drip, drip, drip* of water echoes around the waters of the basin-like chamber you now find yourself in. Formed in a natural hollow in the rocky floor is a wide pool of sharply cold, crystal clear water. In the darkness it looks like a black mirror, disturbed only by the occasional droplet of water seeping through from the bedrock above to drip into the pool below. If you want to drink from this natural pool, turn to 185. If not, how will you proceed from here? Will you take:

The tunnel accessible through a pit-like hole in the cavern floor?	Turn to 97
The steeply inclined cleft in the wall of the cavern?	Turn to 14
The uneven-floored tunnel with an almost triangular entrance?	Turn to 141
The winding corkscrew tunnel?	Turn to 159
The green crystal-riven passageway?	Turn to 70

32

Ulrich bends down beside the crone, curled in a ball in front of you, feeling for a pulse at her throat. A moment later he rises, his head hanging, his chin on his chest. Before he speaks you know what he is going to say. 'We are too late: she is gone.' You do not need to ask who the old woman was, either. From the moment you saw the cottage and heard Ulrich utter the name Grandmother you had a fearful premonition that this was the home of the wisewoman Zekova, the one person who could help you, and now she is dead. 'There is nothing more we can do here, my friend,' Ulrich says. 'But we can avenge Grandmother Zekova's murder by hunting down her killer!'

So you set off into the night once more, determined to run the insane lunatic to ground and put an end to the nightmare that this ill-fated night has become. You soon find yourselves descending a path strewn with pernicious exposed roots. You become aware of distant yelps and howls. There is a sudden snarling roar behind you and you turn in time to see the monstrous Black Wolf launch itself from the deeper pools of darkness between the trees. But this time it is Ulrich who turns out to be its target. The creature has revenge on its mind. You hear a sickening crunch and Ulrich howls in pain as the wolf sinks its teeth into his throat. Then the woodsman lies still. You watch, frozen for a moment in disbelieving horror, as the wolf rises from Ulrich's prone form and you realise that it is now standing on its hind legs. Only the creature is a wolf no longer. Its body is shaped more

like that of a man, although it is still covered in coars black fur and has the unmistakeable snout and arrow tip ears of a wolf. It has become something more than beast and less than human. Lips curling back from its bloodied fangs, the Black Werewolf growls, its bestial voice full of menace, and turns towards you. You have no choice but to fight.

BLACK WEREWOLF SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

The beast will not run from this fight and you will not let it. One way or another, this will be a fight to the death. If you prevail, turn to 229.

33

As you gaze around the chamber, your vision blurs momentarily and then refocuses, only now everything is suffused with an orange glow. Burning torches have appeared in cast iron brackets on the walls. That is not the only change; you are no longer alone either. Five other people have joined you in the vault. They are each standing a few feet from the edge of the pit facing the gaping hole. They are chanting the same phrase over and over, esoteric words that mean nothing to you, but words of power nonetheless. They are carrying out some kind of invocation, the echoes of their chanting out of time with their voices, creating an unsettling resonance that fills the vaulted space. None of them appears to be aware of you presence. As they continue their rite, you examine each of the individuals in turn. The first upon whom your gaze falls is an attractive, black-haired woman with one eyebrow raised. She wears a revealing, low-cut black

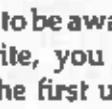

bodice and long velvet skirts. Next around the circle is a platinum-haired younger woman with striking aristocratic features, her slim figure hidden beneath the drapery of a velvet cape. The third is a monk, only the white skin of his hands and face visible outside his heavy-cowled habit. Then there is another woman, wearing a midnight-blue gown embroidered with stars and moons. She wears numerous charms on chains around her neck, suggesting she is an initiate of the magic arts. Finally, there is a tall, raven-haired man, muscularly built and wearing a garish ruffled shirt, open to the waist, and a crushed velvet jacket. The man's dark hair falls in a thick mane around his shoulders, a wave of white hair running through it from the middle of his forehead. Each of the people is holding something in their hands. The wolfish-looking man holds a shining sword in front of him, its tip resting on the lip of the pit. With one abrupt action, he hurls the sword into the hungry black maw of the pit. Each of the others in turn toss the relics of their former lives into the pit, their chanting rising in pitch and intensity. Their voices are joined by a booming bellow, that rises from the depths of the pit, and thick shadow-black smoke begins to rise from the darkness below. Something has been summoned from the pit . . .

Silence returns, sudden as a clap of thunder, leaving only the echo of its passing behind. The light fades, the gloom returns, and your vision of the vault is gone. Turn to 214.

34

In frustration, you hurl a wrought-iron candelabra at the Obsidian Mirror, hoping to reveal its secrets that way. The black glass shatters, splintering into a thousand razor-sharp shards, as does your own reflection. At the same moment, your body has received a multitude of horrendous stabbing wounds and you drop to your knees. Gasping in agony, you catch a sliver of your reflection in an obsidian splinter. There is something increasingly bestial about the expression that snarls back at you. For your rash action you have suffered the Curse of the Mirror. Roll one dice and lose that many STAMINA points. If you are still alive, also add 1 to your CHANCE score. There is nothing left for you to do here and so you have to return to the Map Room and proceed from there. Turn to 321.

35

You crouch over the body of the werewolf, lantern in one hand and sword ready in the other. Before your eyes the creature undergoes one final transformation. You watch appalled as the beast sheds much of its thick black hair and the corpse becomes that of a pale-skinned, wild-haired man, missing his left hand.

Suddenly aware of a snuffling sound behind you, you turn and come face-to-face with what looks like a furious grizzly bear. Then you see that it is dressed in the tattered clothes of your woodsman ally. It takes you a moment to realise the terrible truth of what has happened before the Werebear is on you, terrible steel-dagger claws ready to tear you limb from limb, and in

38

Turning back, you retrace your steps through th tumbledown warren of the ruins. You are within sigl of the spot where you entered the ruins when yo become aware of a skittering, scurrying sound fro all around you. Iridescent black beetles scuttle acro the packed earth at your feet, while long-bodied cent pedes writhe from between the bricks of the wal either side of you. Pale, almost luminous moths flutt down from out of the darkness. The oppressive feelin of an all-pervading evil intensifies as, right there i front of you, beetles, moths, centipedes, worms an spiders emerge from the shadows, scuttling, writhin and crawling over one another to form a swelling pi at your feet. In seconds this mass of gathering vermi has become a pulsating mound of disgusting carrio creatures. With a sudden upwards thrust the mass tiny living things takes on a semi-humanoid form. I undulating body held together by the will of th malefic presence that lives within these ruins, th Vermin-Host reaches for you with hands drippin with wriggling mealy bugs and, somewhere withi the mass of creatures that you take to be a face, disgusting maw opens, but makes no sound. The onl thing you can hear is the incessant slithering, skitte ing rattle of the writhing invertebrates. You are goin to have to fight this bizarre manifestation of the ev possessing these ruins.

VERMIN-HOST SKILL 6 STAMINA (see below

To work out the Vermin-Host's STAMINA score, ro one dice and add 5; if you roll a 6 also add 1 to its SKI

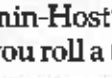

score. If you win this battle, the malign sentience holding the Vermin-Host together loses the power to maintain a physical form and bursts apart like a ripe boil, spiders, beetles, worms and other wriggling things raining down on top of you. But other than for a brief shuddering feeling of revulsion, you suffer no lasting effects. Turn to 143.

39

Tugging the rusted grille free of the culvert opening, taking a deep breath, you crawl into the stinking tunnel beyond. You have not gone far when you feel the tunnel angle downwards dramatically and, without any warning, find yourself slipping on the wet slime coating the pipe. Unable to control your descent, you slide head first down the tunnel into the foetid darkness beyond. Turn to 194.

40

'We have a little time before sunset,' Konrad says, 'so rest awhile here and enjoy your meal.' The headman keeps you company as you gulp down your steaming bowl of stew. Several things he mentioned have caught your attention, and there may be other things on your mind as well, of course. As you finish your meal you seize the opportunity to ask Konrad more about the troubles besetting Strigoiva. Will you ask him about:

The Headless Highwayman?	Turn to 179
The Shuck?	Turn to 157
Strigoiva's neighbouring settlements?	Turn to 132
The Howling?	Turn to 109

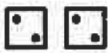

Alternatively, if you have the codeword *Avokez* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet* you may choose to ask Konrad about another matter altogether by turning to 61.

41

Making your way inside the gaping maw tent, you come face-to-face with a fire-eater, with the tattoo of a sinuous red dragon across his chest. The man sinks a burning torch into his throat, pulls it out and exhales flame into the air, to cries of wonder from the other Carnivale visitors. 'Welcome to Crookshank's Cabinet of Curiosities!' he declares. What curiosities they are! As you wander around the tent you see a two-headed sheep, a pair of conjoined juggling twins and a half-giantess. But then you come to the most mutated mutant of all. In a large cage at the back of the tent is one of the most hideous and terrifying creatures you have ever seen. From the waist up it appears to be humanoid but from the waist down, it is wholly snake, and a large snake at that. 'Serpensa the Snakewoman' a sign above the cage reads in gaudy red letters. As you approach, Serpensa hisses and darts her head close to the bars, her tail rattling ominously. You decide there is something unnatural about a snake-woman and, as a result, something sinister about a

circus that would exhibit one. (Make sure that the codeword *Egnarts* is recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*.) You have seen enough. It is time to leave the Cabinet of Curiosities. Turn to 167.

42

Cautiously you approach the scything blade, judging your moment carefully. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to 208. If you are unsuccessful, turn to 447.

43

Spinning on your heel you hurl yourself away from the leader of the pack even as the monstrous wolf springs forwards, claws bared. But are your reflexes faster than those of a deadly predator? *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to 191. If you fail, turn to 254.

44

You follow the corridor until it ends at an open archway in the right-hand wall. Stepping through, you find yourself in a cloistered courtyard. In front of you looms the impressive and yet, at the same time, oppressive façade of the Abbey church. To your right, another archway leads back to the main entrance to the complex and in the left-hand wall of the cloister there is a closed oak door. Will you enter the inner sanctum of the Abbey church (turn to 156), try the door in the left-hand wall (turn to 356), or turn right and make your escape from this accursed Abbey (turn to 98)?

that split second the beast cuffs you with one mighty paw (lose 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice but to fight your erstwhile friend.

WEREBEAR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If the Werebear wounds you three times or more, add 1 to your CHANGE score. If you win this battle, turn to 200.

36

The Countess' servant swoops down on you, seizing your shoulders in its claw-footed grasp. With two strong wing-beats, the Werebat hauls you up into the vault of the dome. When you are some height above the chamber floor, it lets go of you again. You crash down onto the cold marble with bone-shattering force. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point (unless you have the *Quickening* special ability, in which case you simply lose 3 STAMINA points). If you survive the fall, you cannot rest as you must finish your fight with the Werebat. If you win, turn to 68.

37

The cottage shudders with a resounding crash as something throws itself at the bolted door. Incredibly the wolves are attacking the cottage, trying to force their way in. You are going to have to help defend Grandmother Zekova's home from the creatures' determined assault.

There are three ways into the cottage, the door by which you entered and two windows. Ulrich, Grandmother Zekova and you all guard one entrance each.

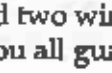

Choose who is covering each entrance. Eight wolves will attempt to break into the building. Roll one dice for each wolf. On a roll of 1 or 2 the wolf charges the door; on a roll of 3 or 4 it attacks the first window; on a roll of 5 or 6 the creature assaults the second window. The door can resist one wolf attack; Ulrich will be able to kill two wolves before any of the animals can get past him and into the cottage; Grandmother Zekova can dispatch one wolf with her trusty frying pan before any others get the better of her. Any wolves that you must face you fight one at a time, adding one to your Attack Strength because you are defending a narrow opening.

WOLVES SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If you win, you will then have to do away with any other wolves that have managed to enter the cottage. Once you have dispatched any remaining wolves, with the pack's attack repelled the wizened old wisewoman turns to you, fixing you with her needling gaze. 'Tell me again about the creature that attacked you,' she says. If you have a Signet Ring, turn to 369. If not, turn to 326.

45

Night comes and with it a horde of huge spiders emerges from the cave mouth, ready to hunt for their queen. The giant arachnids immediately pounce on you. There are too many of them for you to have any hope of defending yourself and you soon succumb to numerous venomous bites. Your adventure ends here.

46

You continue your way through the woods undisturbed by man or beast, the stands of beech and elm uncannily quiet. The sun sinks lower until the day is a mere purple-orange line on the horizon, half-glimpsed through the gnarled and tangled trunks. With sunset almost done and moonrise well under way, you reach a crossroads in the forest path. Surprisingly, for such a lonely, isolated place, there is a signpost with four place names marked on the four panels that point north-west, south-west, north-east and north-west, respectively: Balci, Strigoiva, Vargenhof and Maun. Having travelled from the west already, and sensing that your path lies towards the east, you ignore the

other track that leads back west through the forest, leaving you a choice of two routes. You have heard too many tales about what happens during the witching hour to spend a night in the open at a crossroads. So, will you head north-east towards Vargenhof, indicated in gothic lettering on a larger sign (turn to 490) or follow the Maun path south-east (turn to 438)?

47

'Count Varcolac, I have not fought my way across many leagues to join you in your debauched celebration of the evil curse that has this land within its cruel grasp!' you declare. 'I have come here to kill you, to liberate Lupravia and free myself from the Curse of the Werewolf.'

'Brave words,' Varcolac counters, 'but I have endured long and have learnt how to use my gift to the best of my ability, whereas you are yet to embrace its power. How can you hope to best me, Count Varcolac, Prince of Lupravia, the Wulfen Lord?' With that the Count snaps his fingers and the huge wolves pad towards you, hungry for a kill. If you have the *Call of the Wild* special ability, turn to 247. If not you are going to have to fight these creatures together if you are to get to Varcolac.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DIRE WOLF	8	8
Second DIRE WOLF	8	9

If you kill Varcolac's lupine bodyguards, turn to 513.

48

Trusting your instincts, Katya directs the horses onto this new track. You cling onto the roof of the jolting carriage as it bumps and bounces over exposed tree-roots and deep potholes, determined not to fall off. And your ploy appears to have worked. The sounds of the pursuing pack fade as the stagecoach follows this less well-used route through the night-shrouded forest. At last the uneven, winding path loops back towards the most direct route through the forest and rejoins the main highway. With no little satisfaction you start to think you might have left the hunting pack behind for good. Turn to 239.

49

In the drama and tension of the moment, time seems to slow as you discharge your weapon, the Werebeast appearing to freeze midleap. And then your projectile finds its mark and the passage of time returns to normal. With a howl of rage and pain the Werebeast crashes down on the roof of the coach, claws splintering the wood mere inches from you. Turn to 480.

50

An evil practitioner of the Black Arts lies dead at your feet: you were right not to trust this servant of the Dark Powers, for who knows what vile witchcraft she might have used on you, given the chance. (Restore 1 LUCK point.) There is little the crone has that you could possibly want, or use, but two things intrigue you: her book and the bubbling concoction steadily simmering

on the hearth. The bubbling brew doesn't seem to smell quite so noxious any more. Do you want to:

Look at the crone's book?	Turn to 338
Sample some of the concoction she was busy brewing?	Turn to 119
Leave the kitchen and take the other passageway leading from the entrance hall?	Turn to 340
Leave and ascend the grand staircase to the double doors?	Turn to 146

51

The Call of the Wild – You have gained a howl like a wolf, which those you fight will find very unnerving. When you use this new ability in battle you may reduce the Attack Strength of your opponent by 1 point. However, it will not affect magical creatures, artificial constructs or the Undead. Make a note of this new special ability on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were last instructed to write down.

52

Even as the woman's beguiling powers are beginning to take effect, a persistent part of your subconscious screams at you to break eye contact; the Lady of Maun is trying to mesmerise you with her hypnotic gaze. Through sheer strength of will alone, you force yourself to look away, freeing yourself of the Countess' enchantment. She hisses in frustration, like a wildcat, but takes a step away from you. 'Very well,' she spits, 'let's see what manner of creature you truly are.' She casts a dagger-glance at her manservant. 'Kill the intruder. Put the animal down,' she says with icy malice.

The Countess' manservant steps between you and his mistress. He opens his mouth and utters a shrill, piercing cry. Your eyes fixed on the gaunt-faced man in appalled wonder, you watch as he undergoes a hideous and terrifying transformation. His limbs warp and distort, his arms contracting into his body even as his finger bones lengthen, membranes of leathery skin unfurling between them. The man's ears become pointed and pronounced as his nose becomes an ugly snout. His body, now entirely covered in bristly fur, bursts free of his clothes. No longer a man but a monstrous bat with a wingspan nearing twelve feet, the Countess Isolde's servant dives for you, trying to snatch you up in his clawed feet. With the Werebat suspended in the air in front of you, buffeting you with every beat of its wings, you retaliate with your own weapon.

WEREBAT SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If the Werebat wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn at once to 36. Also, if the Werebat wounds you more than twice, add 1 to your CHANGE score as the creature's own strain of lycanthropy accelerates the spread of the disease in your body. If you manage to kill the shape-changing servant, turn to 68.

53

There is something deeply unnerving about the farm. Wheat has been left to rot in the fields and everywhere you see signs of neglect. As the rain drums down around you, keeping caution foremost in your mind, will you approach the farm directly along the muddy track that leads to the farmyard (turn to 420), via the wheat-field to your left (turn to 460), or across the muddy pasture to the right of the road (turn to 392)? On the other hand you may now prefer to turn back and leave this place (turn to 483).

54

Plumbus Gelt's stall is arrayed with all manner of coloured glass potion bottles and the other accoutrements befitting a work-a-day alchemist. There is a crucible set above a small, smouldering brazier, a pestle and mortar, as well as ingots of metal still to be worked. You get chatting with the eccentric alchemist – all patched robes, wild hair and scorched eyebrows – who happily divulges the properties of his wares and their prices. You may buy one of each of the items listed below, as long as you have enough money (and any other special materials required).

Healing Potion *Cost: 4 Gold Pieces*
Drinking this potion will restore your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level and reduce your CHANCE score by 2 points.

Elixir of Expertise *Cost: 6 Gold Pieces*
This potion will restore your SKILL score to its *Initial* level and will increase your Attack Strength by 1 point for the first battle you fight after consuming the elixir.

Fare-Thee-Well *Cost: 5 Gold Pieces*
When drunk, this potion restores your LUCK score to its *Initial* level. The next time you have to *Test your Luck* after drinking the potion you do not need to roll any dice as you will be Lucky automatically and will not need to lose 1 LUCK point either.

Lead Bullets *Cost: 4 Gold Pieces*
You can purchase six lead bullets for use with a Flintlock Pistol for a reasonable price. If you already have such a pistol you will know how to use them.

Silver Bullets *Cost: 6 Gold Pieces*
If you have an item of silver (such as a Silver Dagger, Silver Cross or Silver Candlesticks) the alchemist can melt down the precious metal to make six silver bullets. Plumbus will melt down a maximum of two silver items for you. As this is a relatively laborious process there will not be time for him to make more than twelve bullets in total.

Iron Padlock *Cost: 5 Gold Pieces*

As described, this is a large, iron padlock, which comes with its own set of keys.

Brass Key *Cost: 4 Gold Pieces*

Plumbus claims he cannot recall how he came by this key, nor what it is that it opens, but it is such a large and finely wrought piece – ensorcelled with silver filigree – that it must be valuable in its own right.

When you have finished making your purchases, you may peruse the market for more practical pieces of equipment (turn to **170**), join with the hunting party outside the meeting hall (turn to **201**) or leave the town without any further delay (turn to **507**).

55

The contorted shadow-shapes of stunted moorland trees come and go through the fog so that you cannot even use the bleak, rocky bluffs of the landscape or the dark quagmire pools of peat bogs as effective way-markers. Strangely muffled hoots and echoing croaking cries add to the eerie atmosphere of the moors. To try to go back now would be as hopeless as to continue your directionless wandering. So you press on and after another hour you realise that you are totally lost. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **272**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **27**.

56

The Tower of Maun, forbidding fortified domain of the Countess Isolde, stands on a blasted escarpment

overlooking the village, which appears almost to cower under its ever-present shadow. The sun has already set by the time you reach the tower and you are surprised to find the gatehouse unmanned. However, something makes you feel uneasy, gooseflesh rising on your arms and the hairs on the back of your neck standing on end. Crossing the bridge – which spans a chasm-rift in the cliff in front of the tower – unhindered, you enter the high-walled courtyard that stands beneath the looming tower. The sudden snarling that greets you makes you start but is not entirely unexpected. Two large, lean and hungry-looking dogs bound out of the gathering shadows, halting a few feet from you. The animals are wearing heavy spiked iron collars, their fur matted with dried blood. The dogs fix you with red-eyed stares, their lips curling back threateningly, revealing horribly elongated canine teeth. There is something evil and other-worldly about these creatures: in the next moment they bound forward to attack. If you have the *Call of the Wild* special ability and wish to use it now, turn to 71. If not, you will have to meet the dogs' dreadful teeth and claws with the keen edge of your blade.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FANG HOUND	7	6
Second FANG HOUND	6	7

If you win your battle with the bloodthirsty dogs, you are free to approach the entrance to the tower itself (by turning to 102). However, before you do so, if the battle lasts longer than six Attack Rounds, add 1 to

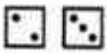

your ALARM score. Also, if you suffer more than three wounds add 1 to your CHANGE score.

57

'And it was then that the wolves attacked,' you explain, coming to the end of your story. 'Their leader was a monstrous black beast the like of which I have never seen before, nor do I wish to again, for it bit me here,' you add pointing to your shoulder. Without even a by your leave, the man suddenly rips open your tunic to see the wolf-bite for himself. He gasps in horror and recoils. Glancing sideways, you cannot contain your own appalled cry of disgust as you see the skin surrounding the spot where the Black Wolf bit you now bristling with black hair. (Add 1 CHANGE point.)

'Get away from here!' the villager demands, his stern voice edged with wavering fear. 'Leave Strigoiva now and never return!'

Will you do as the man says (turn to 202), or will you try to explain that you are as much the victim as anyone, considering the circumstances, and try to persuade him that you mean him and the other villagers no harm (turn to 246)?

58

As you tug on the rope, a bell rings somewhere inside the complex. When several minutes have passed and nothing has happened, you try again. This time the slap of sandals on stone approaches the door from the other side, there is the rattle and grate of bolts being drawn back, and then the creak of hinges as the door opens. A black-robed monk stands there, his face entirely hidden by the cowl he wears. 'Well met, traveller,' the monk says. 'What brings you to the Abbey of the Black Monks this night?' How will you reply? Will you:

Tell the monk that you are a lone traveller in need of shelter for the night? Turn to 129

Admit that you are travelling the land seeking a cure for the lycanthropy you have contracted? Turn to 75

59

'This way,' the beggar says as you follow him into the alleyway. He scampers away from you along the narrow space between close buildings. At the end of the alley he sweeps aside a ragged piece of sackcloth to reveal a grate. He yanks this open and drops down into the darkness beneath. 'Come on,' he calls from below. The unearthly growling is nearing the end of the alleyway, so you drop through the hole after the old man, pulling the grate shut above you.

'This way,' the beggar calls and trots away along the stinking sewer tunnel you find yourself in. Seeing that you have little option other than to keep after him, as

you travel through the sewer, bent almost double, you ask, 'Where are we going? How much further is it?'

'This should be far enough,' the man chuckles and turns to face you. As he does so, you see that his body is changing shape. His face stretches into a pronounced snout, his ears stretch to points, fingers and toes become talons and claws, and a hairless tail extrudes from the base of his spine. Your supposed saviour was just after you for himself. With a shrieking cry, almost like a furious squeaking, the Wererat attacks.

WERERAT SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If the Wererat wounds you more than twice add 1 to your CHANCE score. If you defeat it, you see greying sky through another grilled opening above you. Climbing rusted rungs to this grate you push it open and assess where you are now. Turn to 390.

60

Despite all your exertions over the last day you push your body into a sprint. Leg muscles burning in protest, you hare along the road, fatigue giving way to an adrenalin-fuelled burst of speed. But you can still hear the hooves pounding after you, getting closer all the time, and the desperate panting of the horse joined by the maniacal laughter of its rider. Then the racing phantom horse is next to you and the rider kicks out with a heavy booted heel, planting it squarely in the middle of your back. You are sent sprawling on the hard-packed earth of the road and cut your leg open on an exposed flint. (Lose 2 STAMINA

points.) The ghostly rider races away ahead of you down the road and then is gone, like mist on the night-breeze, the echo of maniacal laughter lingering for a moment after the apparition has vanished. Picking yourself up, you hobble the last hundred yards to the coaching inn. Turn to 6.

61

Considering the startling stories Grandmother Zekova told you, will you ask the headman if he knows anything about:

The House of Wulfen and Mad Prince Garoul?	Turn to 283
The village of Wulfenstein?	Turn to 318
Werewolves roaming the countryside?	Turn to 339

62

Revealed as the Werebeast at last, Burgomaster Straub undergoes a terrifying transformation. His clothes are shredded as his metamorphosing body swells beyond all reckoning. The Burgomaster must have had his clothes hidden close by so that when you and Katya pursued him back to Vargenhof he just had time to clothe himself so as not to arouse any further suspicions. But now, his terrible, murderous secret revealed, the Werebeast of Vargenhof has nothing to lose and everything to gain, if he can escape. Ignoring you, the monster bats the Burgomaster's fellow townsmen aside in its bid for freedom. Fighting its way through the startled, screaming onlookers, the Werebeast bursts from the meeting hall with you in hot pursuit.

Running on all fours, the hulking Beast easily outpaces you. It flees into the night along the road that leads further north and east into the Orsov Mountains. There is the clatter of iron-shod hooves and banded wheels on cobbles, the rattle of harness, the sharp whinny of horses, and then Katya is next to you reining in two horses pulling a requisitioned stagecoach behind them. 'Quickly, get on board!' she shouts. You stand there staring at her in dumbfounded amazement. 'It's the only way we have any chance of catching up with that monster and bringing Burgomaster Straub to justice!'

'Hi-yah!' Katya shouts as she cracks the reins, and the stagecoach flies out of the town gates. The moon is rising, icy-white beyond the mountains. Katya urges the horses onwards along the road that leads from Vargenhof to the furthest inhabited point in all Lupravia – Wulfenstein. Towering dark pines press in from either side of the road and you find yourself seized by doubt. When you left Vargenhof you and the Were-hunter had been chasing down the Were-beast but now you are out in the wilds, you get the feeling that the tables have been turned, as myriad red

eyes appear between the trees to your left. The wolves are running again: the hunters have become the hunted. Behind the pack you can see the black shape of the Werebeast as it runs with the wolves, guiding them towards their target – the stagecoach!

A fork in the road appears, curving sharply away to the right. Will you urge Katya to take this diversion (turn to 48) or will you let her keep to her current course along the main highway (turn to 166)?

63

The Hall of Mirrors isn't very impressive: it's not very large for a start, and seeing yourself morphed to be taller and thinner, or shorter and fatter, than you really are can only be *so* funny for *so* long. The longer you find yourself staring at the distorting mirrors the more uncomfortable you begin to feel, until you become paranoid that others can see you for how you truly are. The claustrophobic confines created by the mirrors is also starting to get to you. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your CHANGE score, turn to 92. If it is greater, turn to 78.

64

The wordless voice speaks to you in a language that something deep inside you understands, and that new entity awakening within you responds to its call. As if in a dream, you approach the reedy bank of the pool and without a moment's hesitation dive headlong into its reed-choked depths. In the dark waters of the pool, you can still see the way forward thanks to

an eerie, all-pervading emerald luminescence. Ther is magic at work here, a primal magic that speaks t you of the wild, untamed places of the world. Fronds of water-weed sway before you, but you brush pas them as you swim deeper and deeper, on towards th source of the mournful singing, which you can stil hear despite being far beneath the surface of the pool And then, between the spiralling fronds, you see them – three beautiful maidens, their long green hai streaming out around them like pondweed and veiling their fish-white nakedness. The dirge of th Daughters of the Drowned fills you with a heart rending pity that is hard to resist. *Test your Skill* adding 2 to the total rolled. If you succeed, turn to 388 but if you fail, turn to 213.

65

Armed and with your ire up, you leap at the cantan kerous old witch who shrieks while trying to strik you with her crackling wand.

CRONE SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If the witch manages to hit you, by winning an Attac Round, roll one dice and consult the table below to se what damage it does.

Dice Roll	*Damage*
1-2	Lose 2 STAMINA points.
3-4	Lose 3 STAMINA points.
5	Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point.
6	Lose 2 STAMINA points, 1 LUCK point and add 1 to your CHANGE score.

If you reduce the witch's STAMINA score to 2 points or less, turn to 359.

66

Feeling the familiar, reassuring weight of the blade in your hand, you take deep, measured breaths to calm yourself, and prepare to meet the beast's attack. With a snarl, the creature is on you.

BLACK WOLF SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

After two further Attack Rounds, or if you reduce the Black Wolf's STAMINA to 7 or less, whichever comes sooner, turn at once to 271.

67

You toss the dagger across the chamber, where it clatters to the ground at the monster's feet. 'My pretty precious,' she coos. 'My silvery darling, my shining sharpness.' As the spider-creature fusses over the dagger you have time to act while she is distracted. Will you:

Set fire to her webs (if you have a lantern in good working order)?	Turn to 125
Turn tail and run for it?	Turn to 498
Charge the spider-monster with weapon in hand?	Turn to 252

68

Her shape-shifting servant dead, with a banshee scream the Countess throws herself at you, claws and fangs revealed. The deceptive mask of apparently

FEE
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CES

alluring beauty is gone, with the Lady of Maun revealed now in her true bat-like undead form. You are going to have to defend yourself. If you have a Silver Cross and want to use it, or a Pair of Silver Candlesticks with which you can improvise, turn to 17. If not, turn to 141.

69

You walk for the best part of the morning, your well-paced footsteps carrying you to the village of Balci. The architecture of the buildings reminds you of the distinctive style of Strigoiva, all sharply pointed roofs and gable-ends. What makes Balci so different is the huddle of multicoloured tents pitched outside it. The Carnivale is in town. The sound of accordion music reaches your ears along with the 'oohs' and 'ahhs' of a captivated audience. A few villagers are drifting in and out of the entrance. A board beneath the entrance banner declares that the entry fee is 2 Gold Pieces and standing next to that is a grotesque little man – almost Dwarfish in his proportions. Barely a metre tall, with a large grinning face and spindly limbs, he is dressed in the most outlandish and brightly coloured clothes you think you have ever seen, crowned with a black top hat. If you have the codeword *Retsis* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 4. If not, a visit to the Carnivale might be just what you need to give you an hour's respite from the rigours of your mission. Do you want to pay the 2 Gold Pieces and enter the Carnivale (turn to 134), or will you pass by and enter the village of Balci itself (turn to 26)?

70

The tunnel that lies beyond the cave entrance winds its way up inside the peak. When the daylight that seeps in from outside is but the merest glimmer, you emerge from the twisting passageway and step down into a broad, low-ceilinged gallery. Not including the tunnel you entered by, there are four further tunnels leading to elsewhere within the cave network. The rough walls of each is shot through with different coloured seams of quartz crystals. (While you are exploring the cave network inside the Sundered Peak, make a careful note of the paragraph number of each new cavern you enter. If you find yourself returning to somewhere you have already been, unless you are specifically told otherwise, you may skip the encounter described at that paragraph and go straight to the exit options listed at the end). Which way do you want to go now?

The white quartz tunnel?	Turn to 9
The blue crystal passageway?	Turn to 415
The green crystal path?	Turn to 31
The narrower yellow crystal tunnel?	Turn to 159
The wider tunnel with the rumour of daylight at its end?	Turn to 331

71

The howl rises from deep inside your chest and reverberates around the walls of the courtyard. Hearing the sound, the Fang Hounds break off their attack and run whimpering back to their den beneath the walls. If you have the codeword *Nethcir* written on your

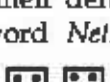

Adventure Sheet, turn to 89. If not, you are able to approach the tower unhindered (turn to 102).

72

The table and chair clatter to the floor, now just chopped firewood. You freeze, your heart racing, your breathing shallow. Someone must have heard the fight and you remain exactly where you are, half-expecting the landlord to burst in at any moment. But no one comes. With the poltergeist activity apparently done with, you try to settle down again. As you lie awake, unable to sleep, thanks to the adrenalin still coursing through your system, you hear the sound of a door opening followed by the creak of floorboards as somebody makes their way down the corridor to the stairs. But who would be moving around the inn in the middle of the night? Will you satisfy your curiosity and investigate further (turn to 429), or will you stay where you are for the rest of the night (turn to 13)?

73

The Cadaver drops to the floor and is motionless again, as Doktor Kafka sits up, rubbing his head. 'She knows we are coming!' Van Richten hisses, his expression as dark as ever. 'The situation is even more dire than I had imagined.' While you are hunting down the Vampiress, she will be preparing for your arrival; keep track of how much advance warning she has by means of an ALARM rating. Write down on your *Adventure Sheet* that your ALARM rating is currently 1. Any combats you tackle from now on, until you are

informed otherwise, you will face with Van Richten fighting at your side. When faced with two opponents, you need only fight the first one to win that battle, as the Vampire Hunter, who is a consummate swordsman, will do away with the other. His attributes are SKILL 10, STAMINA 9. If you face only one opponent you will gain two Attacks, both of which can injure that opponent. In this case, if injuries are sustained they will only effect you on a dice roll of 1–3. Keep a careful note of Van Richten's STAMINA score as well. If he dies in battle you will have to continue alone. Cross off the codeword *Nethcir* from your *Adventure Sheet*.

'It is time we were gone,' Van Richten says, eager to be away. The two of you set off for the home of the Countess Isolde, the forbidding Tower of Maun. Turn to 56.

74

Descending the steps, you find yourself in the damp, musty tunnels of the castle's dungeon levels. It is as you are exploring these chambers and corridors that you hear a wailing howl, the like of which you have heard before in the realm of the Lords of Lupravia. As you prepare to defend yourself, something resembling a decomposing wolf erupts from the darkness. Snarling with insane hunger, the Werewarg attacks.

WEREWARG SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you are wounded more than twice, add 1 to your CHANGE score. If you kill the undead werewolf you

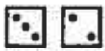

decide that these dungeons have nothing more to offer you and so return to where you first entered the castle. Will you now take the other passageway that leads from the hall (turn to 319), or climb the staircase to the second set of double doors (turn to 146)?

75

It is a daringly honest move, but one which pays off. 'Then I think we can help you,' the monk says in response to your brave admission. 'Come with me.' He leads you inside the complex, taking you to the Abbey's herbalist. This monk is robed like the first, his face hidden, but he welcomes you into his workshop where he quickly sets to work. In no time at all it seems, he has prepared you a concoction made from the distilled essences of various plants. You give it a sniff: the panacea smells strongly of mint. 'This elixir is something of my own making. There is a little valerian in there, and a drop or two of belladonna extract, along with other ingredients, but it should do the trick. Now, drink deeply and finish all of the draught.' With nervous excitement you take the elixir from the herbalist. Could this really be the end to your quest? Could it really be this simple? Do you want to down the draught in one go, as the monk instructed? If so, turn to 91; if not, turn to 108.

76

With a wailing cry from the Headless Highwayman, the phantom horse launches itself skyward. Meg screams as she too is carried off, the horse galloping away towards the cold orb of the moon and into the

next world. Meg and the Highwayman were lovers in life and after his death she recovered his severed head. Tutoring herself in the Dark Arts, she used the skull to summon his spirit back to the Earthly Plane to be with her. By your actions you have broken her evil spell and banished the ghost of Lord 'Filthy' Lucre back to the hell where he belongs. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) The last discernible words you hear are Meg's. 'No, not like this!' she screams. 'It wasn't meant to be like this!' And then the ghostly rider and his sorceress lover are gone. The only sound that remains is that of the wind whistling over the moors.

Considering what you have been party to at *The Gibbet Tree* there is no way that you can stay here a moment longer. It will be a night on the moors for you after all. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, morning comes cold and grey and you are on your way again (turn to **69**). If you are Unlucky, turn to **466**.

77

Taking a firm hold of the Iron Rod you hurl it at the construct-creature as if it were a spear. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **22**. If you fail, incredibly you miss your target (turn to **152**).

78

On the verge of screaming, you run out of the Hall of Mirrors, overwhelmed by the feelings of paranoia and claustrophobia. Add 1 to your CHANGE score and make sure that the codeword *Eguarts* is recorded on your *Adventure Sheet* before turning to **167**.

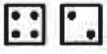

79

Snatching the crone's Cook Book from your pack you flick to the correct page and begin intoning the Transfiguration Spell. As the words of power take effect you watch as Varcolac doubles up in pain, his body wracked by further changes. His fangs and claws lengthen further, as do his arms and legs. The Transfiguration Spell has certainly worked on the Count, but it has made him even more like the savage wolf he is steadily becoming; it has not had the crippling influence you had hoped. When you come to fight the Arch-Lycanthrope you must add 1 SKILL point and 3 STAMINA points to his statistics before you resolve the combat. With a roar of rage, the Varcolac-wolf leaps at you, teeth bared. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to 150.

80

Approaching the wide-arched entrance to the sanctuary of the church, you hear an ominous staccato

drumming. The sound betrays the presence of your would-be ambushers. Two robed monks emerge from either side of the pillared archway. They are dressed in the same all-enclosing black robes but, as they move to attack, the hood of one of the monks falls back from his head. With a sharp intake of breath you see that his head is halfway between that of a cockroach and a man, as black and hard as obsidian. As the mandibled monk hisses at you, malformed jaws clacking, the second monk advances, reaching for you from within the voluminous sleeves of his habit. The sleeves fall back to reveal mantis-like claws where the monk's arms should be. You have no choice but to fight the Black Monks together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
MANDIBLED MONK	7	7
MANTIS MONK	8	6

If you manage to defeat both mutated monks, turn to 262.

81

As you unsheathe the Wulfen Sword you see something like recognition in the Werewolf's eyes and the creature recoils from you, allowing you to get in an uncontested strike before it retaliates. As with any other were-creature, the Wulfen Sword will cost the Arch-Lycanthrope 3 STAMINA points of damage (rather than the usual 2) with every successful strike. However, the sword seems to hold some other power over the transformed Varcolac and for the duration of your battle against the monstrous Prince of Lupravia

you may reduce his SKILL score by 1 point. Regain 1 LUCK point for having this advantage and turn to 150.

82

Wandering the market square you find all manner of peddlers and traders selling their goods. But one stall attracts your particular attention. It is hung with a garish banner declaring that it belongs to 'Plumbus Gelt – Alchemist and Metallurgist'. Do you want to spend a little time perusing the alchemist's stall (turn to 54) or would you rather scour the market square for more practical items of equipment (turn to 170)? Alternatively, if you wish, you may join the hunting party in front of the meeting hall (turn to 201) or simply quit the town (turn to 507).

83

Retracing your steps, you make your way back through the labyrinthine ruins. You pass through a broken colonnade of gargoyle-infested columns. The small stone carvings of the demonic imps glower down at you with malevolently narrowed eyes and leering, fang-filled smiles. A sinister, high-pitched chuckle echoes from the broken walls either side of

you, followed by the abrasive sound of stone scraping on stone. In the encroaching darkness you glimpse movement, but what you think you see causes you to doubt your own eyes. It must be a trick of the failing half-light. Then you see it again, and now there cannot be any doubt. The stone-carved imps, which moments before were clinging to the tops of the shattered columns, are scrambling down from their perches and advancing towards you, predatory smiles wide, stone claws outstretched. The malefic presence haunting this place has taken physical form, manifesting in the animated stone imps. Once again you find yourself fighting for your life. Fight the Grinnygogs at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GRINNYGOG	6	5
Second GRINNYGOG	5	6
Third GRINNYGOG	7	6
Fourth GRINNYGOG	6	5

If you win, the malicious sentience animating the stone imps is forced to quit the statues. The Grinnygogs shatter, now just so many shards of splintered stone. Unable to rid yourself of the lingering feeling of unease you hurry away from the ruins as quickly as you can. Turn to 143.

84

Unable to haul yourself out of the bog you continue to sink. Soon the clinging mud is up to your neck. Finally, with a disgusting sucking belch, the bog closes over your head and swallows you up. Your eyes see

nothing but smothering darkness as the bog draws you down into its foetid depths. You involuntarily gasp for air, swamp water rushing in to fill your lungs. You drown in the depths of the bog. Your life and your adventure are over.

85

Cutting the bodies free of the webs, you are not surprised to find that they are those of two dead goblins. They are wearing rough hide clothes and have small leather backpacks. In one you find a pouch containing a total of 8 Gold Pieces and in the other no money, but a finely crafted Silver Dagger instead. The two goblins were obviously thieves but it looks like they got their come-uppance. Where they stole the dagger from, you have no idea.

If you take the Silver Dagger, add it to your Equipment list and write the codeword *Snilbog* on your *Adventure Sheet*. You may also use the dagger in combat, if you wish, but because it is not as long as your sword, nor balanced in the same way; if you do so you must fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point. Injuries you cause any creature with the word 'Were' in its name, however, will suffer increased damage (3 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2). The Silver Dagger will also harm Undead and demons but only causes such creatures the usual 2 STAMINA points damage.

There is nothing else here that is of interest or value to you so, before the weavers of the webs return, you leave the cave. Return to 368 to choose your way out.

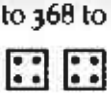

86

The Order of the Black Rose,' you state confidently. The old man looks you up and down once more and then hurriedly ushers you inside, securing the door firmly behind you.

'Well met, friend,' comes a familiar voice from a darkened corner of the room and the Vampire Hunter, Van Richten, emerges from the shadows. He is obviously pleased to see you but his expression is still a dark mask. Having formally introduced you to Doktor Kafka, the three of you retire to the surgeon's crude operating theatre. You are taken aback to see that the surgeon appears to be part-way through an autopsy – the partially dissected body lies on a blood-stained table, draped with a filthy sheet. You find yourself wondering what sort of people you have got yourself mixed up with.

With the three of you secreted away in the Doktor's lab, Van Richten tells you of the quest that has brought you here. 'As you know, I am a renowned Vampire Hunter, and the bloodsucker I am currently trailing keeps the people of this place in her thrall.' Van Richten certainly has you in his thrall now.

'Who is this life-leech?' you ask.

'The one whose greatest concern should be the welfare of the people who owe her fealty, the noblewoman who claims authority over this village and its environs, the Lady of Maun herself – Countess Isolde. I have tarried too long and been delayed by distractions of her making enough already but with your help I can

put an end to her. Let us ready ourselves and then be on our way, for time is very much of the essence.'

There is a movement from under the sheet covering the corpse. All eyes turn to the autopsy table. 'We have been overheard!' Kafka cries. An arm, grey-green with rot, throws the sheet aside and the surgeon's dissection subject sits up. You gag in horror at the sight of the disembowelled corpse as it rises to its feet. A clay-like fist lashes out and Doktor Kafka is sent crashing to the floor, unconscious. Van Richten reacts immediately, unsheathing his rapier blade with a practised flourish, but you are the one closest to the reanimated cadaver. You arm yourself as the undead cadaver bears down on you with throttling hands outstretched.

CADAVER SKILL 8 (see below) STAMINA 9 (see below)

Doktor Kafka has already begun to dissect the corpse and as a result its performance may be affected. Roll one dice to see which crucial part, or parts, of the body the surgeon has removed and alter the Cadaver's stats accordingly.

Dice Roll	*Part(s) Removed*	*Effect*
1–2	Brain	Reduce its SKILL by 1 point.
3–4	Heart	Reduce its STAMINA by 2 points.
5	Brain and Heart	Reduce both its attributes as described above.
6	Intestines	No effect.

In the cramped confines of the lab, you must fight the first two Attack Rounds against the corpse alone.

After that Van Richten is able to join the fight, so you effectively have two Attacks to the Cadaver's one. The Vampire Hunter has a SKILL score of 10 but any successful strikes made by the corpse are deducted from your STAMINA score, as you are the one it is trying to kill. Also, if the Cadaver wins two Attack Rounds in a row, it grabs you by the throat and throttles you for an extra 2 STAMINA points of damage. If you win your fight with the Doktor's dissection subject, turn to 73.

87

Pulling your travelling cloak tighter about you, you set off across the barren heath with only a chill, close wind for company. You had hoped you could reach the shrine before another night passed but, after an hour's trudging across Fenmoor, a miasma rises from the peaty ground, limiting your visibility even further. Stifled by the cloying mist you proceed with greater caution. The dark tufts of reed-beds at your feet and the spongy feel of the turf under your boots indicates that this stretch of moorland is becoming ever more boggy and treacherous. Also, it is not long before you cannot even accurately judge which direction you are travelling in: the usual markers you would use to estimate compass points are all smothered by the fog. You are not certain you could even retrace your steps successfully. There is a very real risk of you becoming completely lost on Fenmoor. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your current CHANCE score, turn to 363; if it is greater, turn to 55.

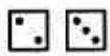

88

Through the door you follow another passageway, which turns right and ends at yet another portal. Sensing that something ominous awaits you on the other side, taking a deep breath, you turn the handle and step through. Turn to 156.

89

'What is this?' Van Richten almost screams. 'What kind of a creature are you that you can command the beast-servants of a creature of the night, unless you are a thing of darkness yourself? And if that is the case, how were you able to fool me?' The Vampire Hunter takes a step away from you, unsheathing his trusty rapier. 'You may have fooled me once, but you have revealed your true nature to me now, and I cannot allow you to live.' Van Richten seems willing to put aside his quest to destroy the Lady of Maun until after he has dealt with you. You have no choice but to defend yourself against your erstwhile ally.

VAMPIRE HUNTER SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

If you defeat the Vampire Hunter lose 1 LUCK point, gain 1 ALARM point and then decide how you want to proceed. Will you continue with Van Richten's mission to put an end to the Vampiress (turn to 102) or will give up on this course of action and return to your own quest (turn to 240)?

90

Leaving the bright tents of the Carnivale behind you enter the village of Balci. There appears to be nothing particularly special about this place. It has a mill, a tavern and a forge and you would judge that most of its populace make a living either farming the land hereabouts or through forestry in the woods that lie to the south and east of the settlement. If you wish to, and you can afford it, you may enjoy a basic meal of meat and potatoes along with a flagon of ale for 2 Gold Pieces, which will restore up to 4 STAMINA points. Whether you eat here or not, with the sun past the zenith again, you decide that it is time to press on. There are two routes you can take out of the village: the road east, signposted towards Vargenhof (turn to 144), or the well-worn track that leads south-east towards the forest (turn to 508).

91

You knock back the contents of the cup in one go and swallow deeply. You feel the effects of the potion immediately, as the sleeping draught you have just consumed sends you into an unconscious stupor in seconds. Turn to 16.

92

You turn, catching one of what seems like a million reflections in the mirrors surrounding you: but the reflection looking back at you is that of a half-human wolfman. You cry out in terror and look down at your hands to see that your fingernails have grown to become cruel, sickle-edged claws. You look back into the lupine eyes of the monster reflected in front of you and blackout in shock (add 1 to your CHANCE score). When you come to again, you stumble out of the Hall of Mirrors to find that night has fallen and the Carnivale has closed to the public for the night. But you are not alone. Turn to **281**.

93

Sprinting out of the stable you come face to face with the Highwayman's phantom steed. The ghostly horse rears up on its hind legs, trying to trample you beneath

its crushing hooves. Before you can defend yourself you feel an icy stab of pain in your back as the cold iron of a basket-hilted sabre skewers your heart on its tip. You drop to the cold, hard cobbles of the stable yard, your heart's blood pooling on the ground around you, and the last thing you ever hear is the insane giggling of the barmaid-witch and the words of the headless ghost. 'Like I always say, your money *and* your life.'

94

'In the name of Saint Crucius, I would rid the unholy and the unclean from this temple!' you declare, calling on the spirit of the long-departed holy man. The maggot emits a shrill, screeching cry, its body writhing in torment. You have dealt the monster a grievous blow. Regain 1 LUCK point and then turn to **426** to fight the creature, but before you do so reduce both its SKILL and STAMINA scores by half.

95

Considering fresh human flesh preferable to rotting rat meat, the beetles leap from the half-eaten carcass into your path, ready to take you on. Fight the insects two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEATH'S HEAD BEETLE	6	5
Second DEATH'S HEAD BEETLE	5	5
Third DEATH'S HEAD BEETLE	6	6
Fourth DEATH'S HEAD BEETLE	7	6

If you kill the carrion feeders, turn to **136**.

96

You hack and slash at the ghostly wolf but your sword simply passes straight through it. However, the dire spectre has no difficulty in harming you. The phantasm savages you with teeth and claws before leaving you for dead on the cold ground and moving onto its next victim. (Lose 6 STAMINA points.) If you survive the attack, you slowly lose consciousness listening to the desperate cries of the Strigoivans as they struggle against seemingly insurmountable odds to rid themselves of the spectral pack . . .

You come to the next day, lying on the cold, hard ground where the villagers left you, having been driven back while fending off the ghostly wolves of the Howling. From the position of the sun's white disc in the leaden sky, you judge that you have slept well into the following afternoon, although you feel no better for it. Beyond the eastern boundary of the village you are confronted by a parting of the ways. Will you follow the road as it divides to the north (turn to 160) or the east (turn to 478)? Or will you take the less well-used track into the forest, which lies a mile or so to the north-east of Strigoiva (turn to 8)?

97

You enter a chamber that is really a natural chimney, rising into the gloom above, from which you can feel movement in the cold, moist air of the cave complex. And the breeze is not all that is moving in the cave. Two zebra-striped spiders leap out of the shadows. Each of them is over four feet long, their short powerful legs hurling them high into the cavern to drop down on you from above. Fight the Giant Jumping Spiders one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT JUMPING SPIDER	7	4
Second GIANT JUMPING SPIDER	6	5

If either of the spiders wins its first Attack Round, its leaping assault knocks you to the floor. This means that you spend the next Attack Round getting up again (unless your have the *Quickening* special ability in which case you jump to your feet straight away). This means that you must fight the next round of battle with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point. If you defeat the two spiders, which way will you take out of the chimney-cave?

A tunnel through which the moist breeze is channelled?	Turn to 368
A narrow crawl-space?	Turn to 122
A passageway strewn with rough, broken stones?	Turn to 207
A pit-like hole in the floor of the cave?	Turn to 31

98

Another night under the stars beckons, so leaving the road you make a bed for yourself among the fallen leaves that have collected beneath a stand of beech trees. Fatigued by your travails, you are just dropping off to sleep when a flapping sound in the branches above rouses you again. Fully awake, you listen more carefully to the sound: it is like the beating of wings, and – from the gusts of air sweeping down over you and stirring the leaves within the hollow – large ones at that. Then you see it, silhouetted for a moment against the moon. It looks semi-humanoid but for a huge pair of moth-like wings. Soundlessly, the night-hunter descends. You see long, feathery antennae, large multifaceted eyes, a grey furred body and a slash of mouth filled with needle-sharp teeth. Without making any noise, this curious nocturnal hunter closes in for the kill.

MOTH-MAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you defeat your assailant you spend the rest of the night without any further disturbances and, in the morning are on your way again. Turn to 500.

99

As you battle on against the snarling demonic hound, the door of the chapel opens and a wild-haired man, wearing a worn and patched robe and sporting an equally unkempt beard, dashes out of the building brandishing a large silver cross in one hand. 'Begone, devil!' he shouts, spittle flying from his lips. 'Begone, hound of Hell, back to the pit that spawned you!' At that the Shuck breaks off its attack, snarls savagely at the man, who thrusts the silver cross even closer, and then turns tail, fleeing into the embrace of night. Turn to 367.

100

You heave open the huge book and start to flick through its pages. As you do so, a strong smell of sulphur fills the library and a thick black cloud coalesces in front of you. You jump back startled, knocking the book from the lectern, but hear nothing as it crashes to the ground. The cloud solidifies into a vaguely man-like shape, with strong, clawed arms, velvety black skin and – most horribly of all – no face! Trapped within the demon's veil of silence you prepare to defend yourself against the Silent Death.

SILENT DEATH SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

Being a demon, the Silent Death can only be harmed by magical weapons or ones cast from silver. If you

have neither, the demon will slay you where you stand. If you can defend yourself, and you manage to kill the Silent Death, turn to 459.

101

The bare stone walls of the chamber drip with black slime and patches of grey mould bloom in the crumbling crevices. The air smells of rot and damp earth. There is nothing of note in the vault, other than the gaping black mouth of a wide, stone-walled pit in the middle of the packed earth floor. Once again you find yourself wondering what happened here. Roll two dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your current CHANCE score, turn to 33; if it is greater, turn to 214.

102

You climb a broad flight of steps up to the grand entrance of the tower. Testing the double doors you find that they are not locked and so, cautiously push

them open. You enter a large, circular entrance hall, its floor polished white marble inlaid with darker stones to produce the heraldic crest of the noble house that rules the people of Maun. But what a house it must be, for the crest is that of a human skull surmounted by a bat with wings outstretched. A sudden gust of wind rises from nowhere, sweeping through the hall and slamming the door shut behind you. Torches in wall-sconces burst into flame in its wake. You try the doors but they are now locked, and no amount of struggling on your part can force them open again. You shudder at the prospect of what might await you within the Tower of Maun, but there is no going back now. On the other side of the entrance hall a broad, polished stone staircase spirals both up to the top of the tower and down to a cellar level and beyond. On first inspection it appears that the staircase gives access to seven floors above, as well as a cellar and crypt level below. You have no choice but to explore this dark domain further. Where will you explore first?

The crypt?	Turn to 297
The cellar?	Turn to 138
The ground floor (where you are now)?	Turn to 126
The first floor?	Turn to 187
The second floor?	Turn to 217
The third floor?	Turn to 348
The fourth floor?	Turn to 284
The fifth floor?	Turn to 408
The sixth floor?	Turn to 435
The seventh floor?	Turn to 273

103

Tearing your eyes away from the cold gaze of the moon, you pull your cloak even tighter about you in an attempt to keep out the freezing chill. Deciding it would be best to keep moving for fear of succumbing to hypothermia, you continue onwards through the icy night. And then you catch sight of something darting through the wintry woods. But when you turn your head to get a clearer view of the glittering figure it is gone again. Folk-lore has it that the wild, untamed places of this accursed land are haunted by elemental spirits, not evil as such but capricious, their intentions unknowable and therefore just as dark and unsettling. With another sharp drop in the temperature around you, the being reveals itself, leaping onto the path. It is no more than three feet tall and looks like it is made entirely out of ice. Its hair consists of spiky upstanding icicles, its nose and chin are pointed and sharp, its arms and legs stick-thin. The creature's hands and feet end in glinting talons of ice and its mouth is spread unnaturally wide in a shark-like grin. The sprite cocks its head on one side, and fixes you with its penetrating ice-blue gaze. Its teeth are never still, chattering constantly. All the while it gibbers to itself: 'Icicle nose and frozen toes, shudder and judder come the snows. Slivers of ice and frost are nice, leave the hearth and pay the price!' The curious creature continues its caper about on the frozen path in front of you, effectively blocking your way. If you think you know the ice sprite's name, turn to 118. If not how will you proceed from here? If you want to threaten the creature to make it leave you alone, turn to 218. If you

would rather try another, less aggressive, approach, turn to 265.

104

Archer's Arrows is a straightforward game of skill. Archer – for it is he who runs the stall – and his assistant, an attractive young woman, have set up three targets at the back of his booth: 1 Gold Piece buys you three arrows with which you have to hit the targets, one in each. If you do not want to play turn to 167 now; if you do, read on.

You hand over your money to Archer who says to his assistant, 'Come on, Leisel, give our challenger his three arrows.' (If you have the codeword *Retsis* on your *Adventure Sheet* after you have finished playing, turn to 117.)

To hit the first target with the first arrow you much *Test your Skill*: you succeed if you make a successful roll. Do the same for the second target and arrow but add 1 to the number you roll when *Testing your Skill*, and on the third go add 2 to the number rolled. If you succeed with all three rolls you win 5 Gold Pieces and then have to leave the stall (turn to 167). If you fail any of the rolls you lose. You may have up to three goes before you have to move on from here (turning to 167).

105

You find yourself in a luridly decorated chamber. On display are all manner of musical instruments, lutes, viols, horns, a harp and an ornately painted

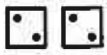

harpsichord. Another door leads out of the Music Room on the opposite side of the chamber. You start to cross the room but are barely halfway across when a great cacophonous noise erupts from the instruments around you, a jangling of bells, twanging of harp-strings, jingling of keys, crashing of chords and trumpeting of horns. As the spectral music continues, you run for the second door. Roll two dice. If the total is less than, or equal to, your CHANGE score, turn to 225. If it is greater, you make it out of the room suffering no ill after effects (turn to 321).

106

Unnatural Vigour – Your continued transformation into a Werewolf has granted you an increased metabolism and resistance to damage. After a battle you may restore up to half the number of STAMINA points you lost during the fight. Also, if you suffer any injuries outside a combat situation you may reduce the damage sustained by 1 point. Make a note of this new special ability on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were last instructed to write down.

107

You hurry over to Ulrich. At first you are thrilled to see that he is not dead – he lies there with one hand clamped over the wound to his throat – but then you realise that there is something else terribly wrong. By the light of your lantern you see that Ulrich's eyes have turned blood-red and his face is pulsating, as

though the bones beneath are rearranging themselves. The wounded woodsman fixes you with that same red-eyed stare. 'Run!' is the one discernible word he manages to utter before his voice becomes an animal roar. Backing away in horrified disbelief you cannot tear your eyes away as Ulrich suffers his own flesh-warping transformation. His body swells, bursting his clothes at the seams, becoming covered in thick brown hair. At the same time the whole shape of his head changes – gaining a snout and fang-filled maw – while his hands change into heavy paws. He too is a skin-changer but the second skin he wears beneath his human one is that of a wild bear! Rising on its hind legs, bellowing ferociously, the Werebear attacks! You have no choice but to fight your friend.

WEREBEAR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

Slow to anger and yet highly dangerous once aroused, Ulrich the Werebear is a formidable opponent. If he wounds you more than twice, add 1 to your CHANGE score. If you win this battle, turn to 200.

108

After everything you have been told or discovered so far, you really do begin to imagine that this is all too easy. Lowering the cup you take a step towards the monk, trying to peek under his cowl. The unexpected blow comes from behind as a blunt instrument cracks across the back of your head. You fall unconscious to the floor of the herbarium. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 16.

109

'Since my grandfather's time there has been talk of the wild woods round these parts being haunted. Every once in a while a wandering beggar or a child would stray from the path and get lost in the woods, never to be seen again. Whenever that happened the village folk would always look knowingly at one another and say, "The Howling called them and they went."'

'But what *is* the Howling?' you ask.

'Some say it is the call of the wild. Some that it's the ghosts of all the animals that have been hunted to a violent end in the wild woods,' Konrad goes on. 'But whatever it is, over the last year there have been more and more strange occurrences, until last month when the attacks began. But you'll see for yourself soon enough.'

None the wiser, but feeling a lot less certain, you do what you can to prepare to face whatever it is that is threatening Strigoiva. Turn to 395.

110

Your foot touches a flagstone, which is the trigger for another trap. The floor drops away and you cannot stop yourself plummeting through the trapdoor into a vertical chute. You drop down the pipe until another opening appears beneath you. You pass through the hole to find yourself freefalling through the air into the Garou Gorge, the protruding turret vanishing into the velvet night sky above you. There is no way that you can survive a fall from such a height. Your

adventure ends with your body smashed to pieces on the rocks at the bottom of the gorge far below.

111

You wake from a feverish and terrifyingly realistic dream, in which a wolf is snapping at you with slavering jaws. You open your eyes and find yourself looking up at the cobwebbed rafters of a wooden shack. You are suddenly brought back to the present with a start, a rush of unbidden and unpleasant memories whirling through your mind. You remember catching sight of the hut between the trees, a beacon of hope in the cold, wolf-haunted night. Your next recollection is a painful one – the savage attack by the Black Wolf – and then you recall the face of the woodsman peering down at you, his axe gripped firmly in his meaty hands, its sharp edge ruddy with the wolf's blood.

But now you are lying on the uncomfortable, straw-stuffed mattress of a pallet bed. You force yourself to sit up and gasp in pain from the savage wolf bite you received to your shoulder. 'You want to take care of that,' you hear a gruff voice say and you turn in surprise – wincing again as the wound smarts – to see a thickset, bearded man sitting at a table next to a stone chimney breast, smoking a pipe. His careworn face is lit by the dull orange glow of a fire, crackling in the hearth. 'I've cleaned and dressed the wound as best I can but its going to take time to heal.' A candle burns in the window and outside all is shrouded in darkness.

Not really sure where you are, who the man is, or why he's chosen to take care of you, you mumble your thanks. 'Come, sit. There's something I have to show you.' Cautiously you rise from the bed and join the man at the table. 'I'm Ulrich, and I make my living as forester in these wild woods,' he says, proffering his hand as you take a seat. On the table in front of the woodsman is a bundle of coarse, bloodstained cloth, and you find yourself wondering why a seemingly decent man would want to live out here in such a wild, isolated and dangerous place.

'What happened?' you ask, unable to take your eyes off the crimson bundle that lies between the two of you. And so Ulrich relates his version of events. He was inside his shack when he heard the wolves howling and your cries. Taking up his axe, he rushed to your aid.

'I managed to lay a savage wound on that black wolf,' he explains. 'Sent it packing, the rest of its sorry pack scurrying after, once they saw their leader bested.'

'You wanted to show me something,' you remind Ulrich.

'Indeed I do,' he mutters, and begins to unwrap the bundle in front of him. 'I told you I dealt the wolf a savage blow. Well, in fact, I cut off its paw. At least, it was a paw to begin with . . .' Ulrich peels back the last strip of bloodstained cloth, 'But tell me, does that look like a paw to you?'

Lying on the table in front of you is a gnarled black-furred claw, somewhere between a human hand and a wolf's paw. Horror twists your heart in its chilling grip. Before Ulrich even has a chance to explain, you already know what he is going to say. 'That wasn't a wolf that attacked you out there in the woods tonight. It was a . . .'

'Werewolf!' you finish. You know what this means. It would explain your feverishness and horrible hallucinatory dream. For the bite of a werewolf – a man cursed to take on the form of a wolf when moonlight bathes the world – carries the dread disease of lycanthropy, the selfsame affliction that is responsible for its own ghastly transformation. It is as good as a death sentence, for without a cure, the only future you can look forward to is one of madness and murder, as the wolf inside you struggles to free itself and satisfy its bloodlust.

You stare at the grotesque object lying on the table. Even as you watch, it appears to become more human and less animal in form. Seeing your reaction, Ulrich says, 'This is an evil thing and should be destroyed. Throw it into the fire and be done with it.'

Do you want to throw the changing hand into the fire immediately (turn to **290**), or do you want to take a closer look at it first (turn to **139**)?

112

You skilfully take control of the horses and the stagecoach. Then, animal senses suddenly flaring, you hear a terrible roar from behind and feel your blood turn to ice. Turning, you see the huge and dreadful form of the Werebeast as it leaps over the back of the carriage, claws outstretched to tear you limb from limb. If you have a crossbow or pistol, and something to fire, turn to **49**. If not, turn to **206**.

113

At your killing blow the demon dog slumps to the ground, the bulging milky orb of its blind eye still staring up at you. As you watch, the Shuck's body begins to bubble and smoke, dissolving into a foul black slime, until all that is left are a few bones and its yellowed fangs. You look up to see that the door to the chapel-shrine is open. A wild-haired man, dressed in a worn and patched robe and sporting an equally unkempt beard, is standing at the threshold holding a large silver cross. He has seen everything. 'It appears I owe you a debt of thanks,' the guardian of the shrine says. 'May the gods bless you.' Regain 1 LUCK point and lose 2 CHANGE points thanks to the priest's blessing. Add the codeword *Nomed* to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **367**.

114

At your final, killing stroke, the giant maggot goes into its death-throes. Convulsing violently, it thrashes about in the slick mess of its own yellow ichor-blood. Its segmented tail hits one of the incense-burning braziers, sending the brass stand crashing to the floor and hot coals cascading across the flagstones of the sanctuary. Several of these come to rest among the gathered swathes of church vestments. In mere moments the fabric is alight and seconds later fire has seized hold of the Abbey building. It somehow seems fitting that the corruption that was at work here should now be purged with fire. (Regain 1 LUCK point.)

Taking nothing from this desecrated temple, you flee the Abbey. No one tries to stop you as you run back through the courtyard to the main entrance, and from there you follow the winding track back through the crags. By the time you return to the highway, the night sky to the east is lit up for miles around by the blazing beacon of the burning Abbey.

Eventually you can go no further without stopping to rest. You sleep fitfully, in a ditch beside the road, and come the morning you are on your way again. Turn to 500.

115

You deliver what you would have thought was a killing blow against the Highwayman's body. But what's this? The undead criminal still stands, laughing at your vain attempts to destroy him. 'You cannot kill

what does not live!' the Headless Highwayman declares triumphantly. Barely controlling your rising sense of panic, you choose a different course of action. Will you try to destroy the symbol marked out on the floor of the stable (turn to 241), snatch up the skull (turn to 295) or run for it while you still can (turn to 93)?

116

Making your way between the tall, sharply pitched buildings, you arrive at the village square, where an impromptu meeting appears to be taking place. The villagers present are all carrying pitchforks, scythes and other objects, which might well be improvised weapons. As soon as they become aware of your presence, a hush falls over the assembled throng and all eyes fix on you, making you feel incredibly uncomfortable. A lean, middle-aged man, with thinning grey hair and wearing a chain mail-covered leather tunic, detaches himself from the crowd and approaches you.

117

He holds his hands open to show that he means no ill, but the scabbarded sword buckled to his belt and the steely look in his eyes suggest this man is not to be fooled with. 'Ho, friend,' he calls. 'We don't get many strangers visit us in these parts. Where are you from and what can we do for you?' How will you answer the man's question? Will you tell him the truth, that you were travelling through the backwoods when you were attacked by a pack of wolves (turn to 57)? Will you tell him that you were travelling from Pritzbad to Saarven when you left the road and became lost in the forest (turn to 135)? Or will you tell him that you are a wandering sword-for-hire in search of an employer who might appreciate your services (turn to 268)?

117

You beckon Archer's assistant to one side. Once she has confirmed that her name is Leisel you tell her how you met her brother Hans at *The Gibbet Tree*. As you tell her of his heartbroken search for her, in order to bring her home again, she bursts into tears. 'I was too hasty,' she says between sobs. 'I should not have left home so suddenly. Oh my poor Hans. I must return to him. Thank you, stranger, for bringing me news of my brother. May the gods bless you.' You feel the warm glow of a good job well done, and feel that you have achieved something to help repair the broken relationships of an unhappy home. Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to 167.

118

Convert the letters of the winter elemental's name into numbers, using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 . . . Z=26. Add the numbers together and then turn to the paragraph, which is the same as the total. If the paragraph makes no sense you have got the creature's name wrong and you are going to have to try a different approach. Will you threaten the creature to let you pass (turn to 218), or will you try something else (turn to 265)?

119

Bravely – or foolishly – you scoop up some of the sludgy green broth in a ladle and raise it to your lips. In one bold action you gulp down its contents. You gasp at the foul taste and it is all you can do to stop your gorge rising. Slowly the potion takes effect. A warming glow spreads throughout your body, revitalising every fibre of your being. You have just swallowed some kind of healing potion. Restore STAMINA points equal to half your *Initial* STAMINA score, rounding fractions up, and reduce your CHANGE score by 4 points (noting that it cannot drop below 1). Feeling that there is hope yet for your cause, will you now:

Look at the book?	Turn to 338
Leave the kitchen and take the other passageway leading from the entrance hall?	Turn to 340
Leave and pass through the double doors at the top of the grand staircase?	Turn to 146

120

In a burst of brilliant blue-white light, lightning is channelled through the various conducting rods and wires to the table, on which lies the scientist's ungodly creation. The part-flesh, part-machine construct jolts violently with the unbridled elemental power of the storm coursing through it. And then the violence of the tempest passes, its echo rumbling over the distant mountain peaks. For a moment all is still, the air around you hot with the smell of burnt ozone, but the calm is short-lived. With a hiss of steaming pistons and the clank of mechanical joints, the monstrous creation staggers to its feet. Its jaw drops open, letting out a terrible moaning wail. 'It's alive!' the scientist shouts with unbridled glee. 'Never again will they accuse Professor Arcanum of being a madman!' and then he bursts into a fit of hysterical laughter. 'And to think, you have had the honour of witnessing my golem's birth.' The hulking construct turns to face you and with lumbering, clanking steps advances on you, arms outstretched. You know you must at least attempt to stop this thing, which should never have been given life at all. The only suitable weapon you might have at your disposal is an Iron Rod. If you have such an object, turn to 77. If not, you are going to have to rely on cold steel once again (turn to 152).

121

With all your weight hanging from one hand, as you search for your next foothold, the brick you are holding comes loose. Instinctively you let go and

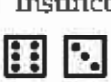

reach for another, but in your haste your clutching fingers slip on the wet mould and finds no purchase. Unbalanced, you lose your footing and plunge into the pit. You hit the bottom with a splash, landing in a foot of foul water, among heaps of tumbled stone, jarring your shoulder and twisting your knee. (Lose 3 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point.) Painfully, you pull yourself to your feet. Turn to 221.

122

You find yourself following a slope downwards into a cave, which is little more than a wide tunnel, with two further tunnels leading off it. Gold gleams in the darkness, a seam of the glittering yellow metal coursing through one wall where it comes to the surface. Lying face down on the ground, beneath the seam of gold, is the body of a Dwarf. From the melted candle fixed to his helmet and the pickaxe lying at his side, as well as the pack still on his back, you take the Dwarf to be a prospector. You cautiously crouch down next to the body and feel for a pulse. The Dwarf is dead, but what killed him? Then you see the two puncture holes in his neck. They look like those that might have been made by a vampire – or a very large spider. If you want to search the Dwarf's body, turn to 266. If not, you will have to leave this dividing of the ways: but which way will you go?

Along the narrow crawl-space of an exit?	Turn to 97
Along a wide circular tunnel?	Turn to 14
Along a stalactite-hung passageway?	Turn to 442

123

You notice that the man wears various charms on chains around his neck. One of these starts to pulse with a warm yellow light and he grabs hold of it, as if for reassurance. 'Just as I suspected,' he says darkly, 'the Were is upon you, night creature!' Your feel that a battle is inevitable, and draw your sword in readiness. Turn to 465.

124

Bidding Grandmother Zekova a hasty farewell, you head into the night once more, Ulrich at your side. You are determined to run the insane lunatic to ground and put an end to this living nightmare. It is not hard to mark the wolves' passing. You soon find yourselves descending a path at a stumbling run, the trail strewn with exposed roots. You become aware of distant yelps and howls. Behind you comes a sudden, snarling roar: you turn to see the Black Wolf launch itself from the deep darkness between the trees. But this time it is Ulrich who is the target – the creature has revenge on its mind. You hear a sickening crunch and Ulrich howls in pain as the wolf sinks its teeth into his throat. Then the woodsman lies still. You watch, frozen for a moment in disbelieving horror, as the wolf rises from Ulrich's prone form and you realise that it is now standing on its hind legs. Only the creature is a wolf no longer. Its body is shaped more like that of a man, although it is still covered in coarse black fur and has the unmistakeable snout and arrow-tip ears of a wolf. It has become something

more than beast and less than human. Lips curling back from bloodied fangs, the Black Werewolf growls menacingly and turns towards you. You have no choice but to fight.

BLACK WEREWOLF SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

The beast will not run from this fight and you will not let it. One way or another, this will be a fight to the death. If you prevail, turn to 229.

125

The instant the exposed flame of your lantern touches the hanging cobwebs, the silken strands burst into flame. The fire spreads rapidly throughout the chamber, with the monster trapped at its centre. With the Spider-Queen's blood-chilling screams echoing in your ears, you flee the bejewelled cave. The cavern consumed by flames, thick black smoke pours into the network of underground tunnels: you will not be able to re-enter the cave now. If you are going to continue searching the caves beneath Sundered Peak, make a note that if you are ever given the option of visiting paragraph 442 you may not choose that path. There are only two exits from this place. Will you follow the tunnel of stalactites (turn to 122) or the stalagmite tunnel (turn to 405), or will you quit the spider-infested caves altogether (turn to 331)?

126

The footprint of the Tower of Maun is larger than you had at first thought. The main tower keep obviously rises above the more extensive layout of the ground

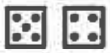

floor. You find kitchens and storage rooms (and manage to find enough dry goods to make up 3 Meals worth of Provisions) but the most impressive room is a large banqueting hall. The table, which is set for 30 dinner guests, has been laid for supper – but how long ago? The plates, candlesticks and empty goblets are all covered in the fine gossamer veils of spider-webs. You may take a pair of Silver Candlesticks from the table but there is really nothing else of use to you here. Turn to 7.

127

'Mirror, mirror, hear me speak. The Silver Dagger is what I seek.' As soon as you have spoken, the glass in front of you appears to ripple and your reflection fades. It is replaced by the image of a finely crafted Silver Dagger, its hilt towards you. (Regain 1 LUCK point.)

Add the Silver Dagger to the Equipment List on your *Adventure Sheet*. You may use the dagger in combat, if you wish, but because it is not balanced in the same way as your sword, you must fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point. However, injuries you cause any creature with the word 'Were' in its name

will suffer increased damage (3 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2) as the pure metal is inimical to their kind. The Silver Dagger will also harm Undead and Demons but in this case will cause the usual 2 STAMINA points of damage.

Certain that you are one step closer to defeating the evil that holds all of Lupravia in its taloned grip, and freeing yourself from the Curse of the Werewolf, you leave the turret room, return to the Map Room, and pass through the other door. Turn to 321.

128

Fingertips brush against the fibrous root and then, with a lurch, you manage to grasp hold as you sink another few inches into the peaty morass. It is a slow and tiring process but in the end you manage to pull yourself out of the swamp, until you lie panting for breath on the grassy mound. As you lie there, feeling strength return to your aching limbs, you become aware of a pulsating light close by. Looking up you can see flickering marshlights hovering over the boggy ground, glowing with a scintillating green luminescence. The movement of the bobbing balls of light is hypnotic and you are entranced by the strange darting movements of one in particular. The glowing marshlight is surging towards you, and is now pulsing a malevolent crimson. You barely have time to get to your feet and unsheathe your sword before the Will-o'-the-Wisp is upon you, intent on feeding off your life-force.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP SKILL 10 STAMINA 6

The magical creature can be harmed by the cold steel of the blade you wield but it fights back with sizzling bolts of energy. Every time it makes a successful hit against you, the malevolent marshlight will cause you 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you kill the Will-o'-the-Wisp, the unknown forces holding its form together dissipate into the air, leaving behind the sharp smell of ozone, as the creature fizzes away to nothing. Turn to 342.

129

The monk admits you to the Abbey, leading you through the complex of stone buildings to the dormitory reserved for wandering pilgrims. The monk shows you to a simple pallet bed and then departs. A little later another monk – his face hidden by the cowl of his robe like the first – brings you a bowl of steaming broth and a cup of clear water. Do you want to eat the food the monk has brought you (turn to 145), or would you rather eat your own provisions (or nothing at all) before settling down for the night (turn to 164).

130

On tiptoe you reach up and run your fingers over the image of Castle Wulfen, as the old witch advised. The castle gates feel slightly raised and, confident that this is the opening mechanism for the secret door, you apply pressure at this point. With a click, a door hidden within the painting of the map of Lupravia – that you would never have been able to find otherwise – swings open. Beyond is a narrow stone staircase. Do you want to climb this new staircase (turn to 512) or

would you rather leave the Map Room through the door in the far wall (turn to 321)?

131

Taking a deep breath you approach the bar and enquire as to the cost of a room for the night. 'Three gold pieces, half board,' he says, 'one gold piece for just the room.' If you are willing to pay the 3 Gold Pieces, you find that half board includes a tankard of ale and a cold, spit-roast chicken, which restores up to 4 STAMINA points. If you only pay for the room you will have to eat one meal's worth of Provisions to restore any energy. Whatever you decide, you may now either retire to your room (turn to 258), or stay in the bar and try speaking to the landlord (turn to 155), the barmaid (turn to 188) or the intense young man (turn to 220).

132

'Balci lies to the north and further east of here is Maun, but that's a good day's journey away. And on the other side of the forest you'll find the town of Vargenhof, although word has it that that place too has fallen on hard times.' Now turn to 395.

133

If you killed the Arch-Lycanthrope with the Wulfen Sword, turn to 464. If not, you do not have the means to stop the demon from resurrecting Count Varcolac, and there is no way you will be able to prevail against the Werewarg Prince of Lupravia. Your adventure will end here, at the dread claws of the first of the Wulfen Werewolf line.

134

'Step this way,' the sinister Carnivale Master says with a twinkle in his eyes. You toss him 2 Gold Pieces, which he catches in his top hat. 'Stay an hour or stay all day,' he chirrups, 'but enjoy your stay, come what may.' Passing beneath the 'Carnivale' banner you explore the fair beyond. There are six different spectacles that capture your interest. The first is a midnight-blue tent embellished with silver moons and stars, bearing the banner: 'Madame Zelda – Mistress of Mystery'. The second is a gaudily painted wagon with the legend 'Hall of Mirrors' painted on the side. Next comes the ominous sounding 'Cage' and after that a stall called 'Archer's Arrows'. Then there is a one-man puppet show, 'Master of Marionettes', which is attracting quite a crowd. Last of all there is a large tent at the centre of the Carnivale, which has a threatening pair of glowering eyes and fang-filled open mouth painted on the thick canvas. Outside the drawn back entrance flap is the sign 'Crookshanks' Cabinet of Curiosities'. Which of these exhibits would you like to visit first?

Madame Zelda, Mistress of Mystery?	Turn to 149
The Hall of Mirrors	Turn to 63
The Cage?	Turn to 445
Archer's Arrows?	Turn to 104
The puppet show?	Turn to 430
Crookshanks' Cabinet of Curiosities?	Turn to 41

135

'Lost, you say?' The man's steely eye never wavers as he considers your story. In an effort to convince him

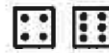

you begin to babble, embellishing your tale with pertinent details. You are not lying exactly; you are just being a little economical with the truth. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **268**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **57**.

136

The passageway eventually ends at a small, circular chamber, really no more than an extended alcove. The floor of the space has been hollowed out to form a stone bowl, and inside this is a writhing mass of glistening black Leechworms. You are about to turn and go back the way you have come when you notice what looks like the handle of a dagger protruding from the repulsive, rippling mass. You could almost believe someone was breeding vermin down in these dungeons. Do you want to reach into the pit to take hold of the hilt and pull it out (turn to **482**) or would you rather return to the junction (turn to **181**)?

137

Once the farmer and his wife are out of the way you make your move against the Changeling. The creature hisses and spits at you, baring claws and needle-sharp teeth. You, in turn, trust in cold steel, folk-lore having it that iron is inimical to such as the Changeling.

CHANGELING SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If the Changeling wounds you more than once, add 1 to your CHANGE score. As soon as you defeat the imp, turn to **493**.

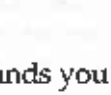

138

The candlelit cellar houses an extensive wine collection, racks and bottles thick with dust. Many of the bottles stored here are centuries old – completely undrinkable and yet worth a fortune to the right collector. But you are not here as a connoisseur. On a table, however, you find a number of dusty bottles of red wine and some of a clear spirit, a number of them already uncorked. Do you want to drink some of the red wine (turn to 153), some of the clear spirit (turn to 171) or would you rather leave the wine cellar and look elsewhere (turn to 7)?

139

Taking the hand in your own, by the flickering amber light of the fire you examine it. The hand is now almost completely human, except that it still sports particularly long and hardened claw-like nails. But there is something else. On the middle finger there is a large gold signet ring bearing a remarkable crest on its circular face. The crest shows a howling wolf's head against a full moon. If you want to keep this morbid curiosity, add the Signet Ring to the Equipment list on your *Adventure Sheet*. Turn to 290.

140

And so you come at last to Wulfenstein. Its buildings are dusted with snow and cling to the edge of the Garou Gorge, a great rift that drops hundreds of feet from these mountainous highlands to the Raging River that lies in thundering spray and darkness far below. The rundown village is watched over by a

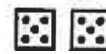

brooding castle that stands at the lip of the cliff, high above Wulfenstein, its broken battlements forming a jagged line against the sky. Dusk is spreading its purple-grey mantle over the snow-capped mountains to the north, which in turn cast their shadows across the roofs of the village. Your first impression is that it is a feral place, more home to animals than humans. Mangy curs pick over detritus in the streets and there is no one to check your progress. If you have the codeword *Aytak* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 196. If not, turn to 19.

141

If you are able to fight with a Silver Dagger, turn to 192. If you do not have such a weapon, turn to 173.

142

Creeping along the passageway you enter a section that is the size of a small room, where several tunnels meet within the heart of Sundered Peak. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to 292. If you fail, turn to 383. (If you have been here before, turn to 236 straight away.)

143

Still feeling uneasy, trying to shake the paranoid feelings of malicious intent, you return to the road. Aware that twilight is rapidly giving way to night, will you now make for the sanctuary among the peaks to the east (turn to 11) or press on north towards Vargenhof, knowing that you will have to make camp under the stars (turn to 98)?

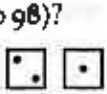

144

Determined to complete your search for the Arch-Lycanthrope and free yourself from its cursed legacy, you press east along the road until well after sunset. The moon rises, almost full now, the scudding silhouettes of clouds whipped across it by the rising wind. Shadows move on the road in the strobing moonlight. You cannot help but stare at the glowing disc of the moon, and as the moonlight is reflected in your eyes, you feel a change occurring within every fibre of your being. Make a note of the number 176 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 20.

145

You tuck into the hearty broth with great gusto and in a matter of minutes you have emptied the bowl. (Regain up to 4 STAMINA points.) You suddenly feel very tired and lie down on the pallet bed. You are asleep as soon as your head hits the pillow. Turn to 16.

146

Passing through the doors at the top of the staircase, you find yourself in a much smaller, walnut-panelled antechamber. Before you are two more walnut-panelled doors. A brass plaque on the one to the left is

etched with the words 'Map Room'. A similar metal plate on the door to the right reads 'Music Room'. As you can see no other way on, will you enter the Map Room (turn to 180) or the Music Room (105)?

147

Drawing on all your reserves of desperate, adrenalin-fuelled courage, with your sword raised above your head, you charge the wolf even as it launches itself at you. But having seized the initiative, it is you who lands the first blow. The wolf squeals in pain, and then, its pain turned to anger, it is upon you.

BLACK WOLF SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

After two further Attack Rounds, or if you reduce the Black Wolf's STAMINA to 7 or less, whichever happens first, turn at once to 271.

148

You turn from the maggot in horrified fear, intending to run from the Abbey. But as you do so, the repellent monstrosity convulses, vomiting copious amounts of slime over you, which is of a highly acidic nature. Roll one dice, divide the total by 2 (rounding halves up) and add 3 to the number (giving you a total of between 4 and 6); reduce your STAMINA score by this many points. If you are still alive, you are going to have to fight the monster. Turn to 426.

149

Pulling aside the curtain hung across the entrance, you step into the tent of moons and stars. A fug of

incense smoke assails you. Sitting behind a circular table draped with a blue velvet cloth is a middle-aged woman, overly made-up and wearing layer upon layer of coloured veils and shawls. On her head is a crimson turban, held together by a sapphire pin. A crystal ball rests in its carved ebony cradle in front of her. 'Welcome, stranger,' Madame Zelda says, her accent strong and probably overdone for effect. 'Cross my palm with gold and I will reveal to you all that the future has in store.' If you want to pay for this privilege, deduct the gold from your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 224. If you do not want to spend any longer here, turn to 167.

150

A vicious barking snarl escaping from between the Werewolf's slavering jaws, the terribly changed Count attacks.

ARCH-LYCANTHROPE SKILL 12 STAMINA 16

If the Werewolf wounds you at all, add 1 to your CHANGE score. If you reduce the Arch-Lycanthrope's STAMINA score to 6 points or less, or after seven Attack Rounds – if you last that long – turn immediately to 503.

151

The hunting party makes it back to the town without further ado, only to discover that the Beast has struck again; this time to the south of Vargenhof, breaking into a mill, slaughtering the miller and his family. Without pausing to rest, you and the rest of the hunt

set off to the scene of the crime, but by the time you get there the Beast is long gone. (Lose 1 LUCK point and add 1 to your CHANGE score.) Returning once more to the town meeting hall, you spend the rest of the night camped inside the building, along with the other hunters. When you wake it is well past noon and time you were on your way. Turn to 507.

152

The hulking man-made monster advances on you with heavy, lumbering steps, tiny blue sparks – mirroring the storm raging across the heavens – bursting in its eyes. The creature's mouth opens in a baleful moan as its fat, decaying fingers reach for your neck.

GOLEM HULK SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

Every time the Golem wins an Attack Round, roll one dice. On a roll of 5 or 6, the construct grabs you with both hands and delivers a shocking burst of residual electrical energy, for 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you manage to defeat the shambling behemoth, turn to 169.

153

You take a swig from one of the bottles and as you feel the thick liquid trickle down your throat, you realise your horrific mistake. Red wine in a supposed Vampire's castle! What were you thinking? It is not wine that fills these bottles but human blood! You recoil aghast, spitting to clear the foul taste from your mouth, but the damage has already been done. The

wolf inside you luxuriates at the taste of the blood and takes a stronger hold on your body. (Add 1 to your CHANGE score and lose 1 LUCK point.) Hurling the bottle of blood to the floor, you cannot leave the cellar fast enough. Turn to 7.

154

Your ascent of the pit shaft, although tiring, does not come with any more nasty surprises and you haul yourself into the subterranean chamber without suffering any unpleasant accidents. Still uncertain as to what happened here, you know that there is nothing else for you here and so make your way back through the disorientating ruins.

An unholy ritual was carried out here years ago, a rite so blasphemous that it has left its mark on the world. The feeling of a lingering malignance is its legacy and the longer you have spent in the ruins, the more that insidious presence has fed on your own fears, until it has become strong enough to manifest in physical form. It appears before you now, a leering demonic face coalescing out of the air in front of you. It is a thing of nightmares, an amalgam of everything you have ever feared. Vile writhing bodies and hairy spider legs break through tears in the leathery skin of the grotesque gargoyle face. And then the thing grows wrongly jointed limbs of its own. The black hollows of its eyes dripping with maggots, the Malice scuttles towards you like a spider on legs that might be arms and grabs for you with hands that might be feet, all the time hissing like a susurration of cockroaches.

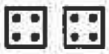

THE MALICE SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you defeat the Malice, the evil entity seems to melt like wax and its pure black essence runs away into the night-deepened shadows. Your heart pounding in your chest, you run the rest of the way to the road. Turn to 143.

155

'Quiet night,' you say conversationally, desperately trying to improve the pervading mood of the bar and yet not wishing to make mention of your recent, unsettling experience on the road.

'What do you expect?' the man says gruffly. 'First that wretched cur of a highwayman kept the customers away thanks to his one-man crime wave, and now he's dead his ghost is scaring people off. I'm thinking of selling up and taking my daughter to try our luck in Bathoria, not that anyone would want to buy this place.'

Embarrassed, you make your excuses and decide to speak to the barmaid, whom you take to be the landlord's daughter (turn to 188), or the young man (turn to 220), or you can retire to your room (turn to 258).

156

You find yourself in a colonnaded nave. A pungent, sickly sweet smell fills the mote-shot air, thick with incense smoke, illuminated by smouldering charcoal braziers. The murmur of plainsong echoes from the barrel-vault of the choir. Drawn by the echoing chant,

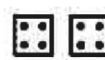

keeping to the shadows between the pillars, you creep along the nave towards the incense-shrouded sanctuary. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **80**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **439**.

157

'The Shuck is a terrible beast, a phantom hound, sent to vex Father Corran, the priest who tends the shrine of Saint Crucius and the healing well that lies there. The shrine lies north and west of here across the treacherous Fenmoor. The Shuck is said to have only one eye, which is as cold and white as the moon, and fangs like knives. Although how anyone can know such things, I know not, for it is also said that those who look upon the face of the beast die of fright.' Add the codeword *Enirhs* and turn to **395**.

158

Further on along the passageway you to come to a junction. Three short corridors lead away to the left, to the right and straight ahead, all ending at doors which, you presume, lead to other rooms. There are no indicators as to what lies behind these doors so will you choose the door:

To your left?	Turn to **428**
Straight ahead of you?	Turn to **496**
To you right?	Turn to **310**

159

You have to crouch low to keep from cracking your head on the rough rock of the ceiling only a matter of

inches above you. Emerging from this tunnel you find yourself in a cold cave that is little more than a parting, or converging, of the ways. Which way will you go now?

Along a winding corkscrew tunnel?	Turn to 31
Down a pebble-strewn passageway?	Turn to 142
Follow a yellow quartz shaft?	Turn to 70

160

You walk mile after mile along the road north, through bleak grey hills, without seeing another soul abroad on this late autumn day. The road rises out of the desolate valley onto a stretch of windswept moorland. You continue your way under a leaden sky as the sun sinks towards the horizon. If you have the codeword *Enirhs* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 511; if not, turn to 190.

161

The sorrowful voice continues its song and you feel that it is speaking directly to you, even though no clear words are ever uttered. Entranced by the mesmerising voice, you find your feet turning from the path towards the water's edge. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to 46. If you fail, turn to 64.

162

The spider-woman lets out a piercing scream and, all eight legs moving simultaneously, gallops towards you. In the battle to come, if you choose to defend yourself with the Silver Dagger you recovered from

the Goblin, any wounds you cause the monstrous Black Widow will cause her 3 STAMINA points of damage, as the weapon has power over her, but you will have to fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point. Now turn to 252 and face your fate.

163

Putting a hand to the equally unsteady banister you begin to climb the stairs. You are almost at the top when a thickset, hunched figure appears above you on the next floor up. The man's face is horribly deformed, his hair long and lank. You realise that he is hunched because he is, in fact, hunchbacked. 'Mathter!' the wretched creature shouts over his shoulder. 'We have been dithturbed!'

Another voice, this one free of impediments, calls back, 'Deal with it, Igor. The moment is close now, the experiment cannot be interrupted. So deal with it!'

At his master's command, the Hunchback creeps down the staircase towards you, a heavy cosh raised above his head.

HUNCHBACK SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

For the duration of this fight you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because of the precarious position you are in halfway up the staircase with your opponent above you. If the Hunchback wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to 393. If he does not, and you manage to reduce his STAMINA to 5 points or less, turn at once to 422.

164

Despite feeling fatigued by your travels you find, as you lie tossing and turning on the hard pallet bed, sleep does not readily come. There is something not quite right about this place, no matter how warm the monks' welcome has been, and the wolf inside you feels threatened too. Unable to sleep, you have to find out more. Creeping through the darkness of the complex – sword at your side, pack on your back – you make your way out of the dormitory. At the top of the monks' night-stairs you pause, hearing voices. It is the two monks from earlier and they are talking about you! Then you hear one of them say, 'The Abbot will enjoy his audience with our pilgrim.' There is a sinister chuckle underlying the monk's words.

'Come,' says the other, 'let us not keep his bloated eminence waiting any longer. The sleeping draught will not last for much longer.'

There is no time to lose – the Black Monks are coming for you and you cannot be certain how many there are. You decide to use the fact that the monks probably think you are asleep to your advantage, and hurry

through the benighted Abbey hoping to make your way back to the entrance and out again, before the monks even realise you are gone. Your getaway seems to be going to plan until, halfway along a flag-stoned cloister a stone slab tilts beneath you and hinges downwards, dropping you into a steeply sloping chute. Unable to arrest your descent, you slide down the pipe into a foetid darkness below. Turn to 194.

165

Explaining precisely how you came to acquire the Silver Dagger you show Vereticus the exquisite blade. His reaction is to pull down a scroll from a high shelf and unroll it on his book-cluttered desk. On the scroll a picture of a dagger has been drawn and it looks exactly like the one you have in your possession. 'Incredible!' he exclaims. 'And you say that this dagger was in the possession of a snakewoman? Then she must have been Serena the Sorceress of Saarven. I believe it was she who led the actual Summoning Ceremony. A sideshow freak, you say? Serpensa the Snakewoman? Oh how the mighty have fallen. Well, they do say that absolute power corrupts absolutely, and never has it been more true.' Now return to 260.

166

As the coach races along the road to Wulfenstein, the wolves close in, snapping at the hooves of the whinnying horses and snarling as they struggle to gain the courage to make a leap for the carriage itself. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 239. If you are Unlucky, turn to 223.

167

Choosing a location you haven't been to already, will you visit Madame Zelda, Mistress of Mystery (turn to 149), the Hall of Mirrors (turn to 63), the Cage (turn to 445), Archer's Arrows (turn to 104), the puppet show (turn to 430), Crookshanks' Cabinet of Curiosities (turn to 41), or alternatively, will you now leave the Carnivale (turn to 186)?

168

'Shiversprite!' you shout. The creature's reaction is to practically jump out of its hoary skin. There is power in knowing the true names of things, and to name of an elemental creature such as this is to be able to command it to do your bidding. Without a moment's hesitation you declare that the sprite should 'Begone!' and with an ear-piercing shriek Shiversprite evaporates into thin air. Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to 314.

169

The storm is wild as a ferocious beast. Lightning strikes the top of the tower again. Who said that lightning never strikes in the same place twice? Elemental energy from the lightning storm ignites several fires throughout the scientist's lab. 'My creature! My beautiful creation!' the deranged Professor Arcanum howls and falls to his knees beside the smoking ruin of his golem. And then, screeching like a wildcat, his hunchbacked servant is upon you. (If you have fought him already, reduce his STAMINA score listed below accordingly.)

HUNCHBACK SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If you win this fight with Igor in five Attack Rounds or less, turn to 197. If it takes longer than five Attack Rounds, turn to 184.

170

At various stalls around the square you find the sorts of things you might be looking for.

Item	*Cost*
Sword	10 Gold Pieces
Dagger	6 Gold Pieces
Rope and grapple	3 Gold Pieces
Crossbow and six quarrels	12 Gold Pieces
Breastplate	8 Gold Pieces
Lantern and tinderbox	3 Gold Pieces
Provisions	1 Gold Piece per Meal

The majority of the items listed do not need any explanation. There are a few things you should be aware of, however. The dagger is lighter and less expensive than the sword, but if you fight with this you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point. You may use the crossbow once in each battle you fight before having to engage in hand-to-hand combat (as long as you still have quarrels to shoot); *Test your Skill* and if you succeed your crossbow bolt costs your opponent 2 STAMINA points. On a roll of 1–3 the Breastplate will reduce any damage done against you by 1 point. You may buy as many Meals' worth of Provisions as you can afford; each Meal will restore up to 4 lost STAMINA points.

Make whatever purchases you desire (as long as you

have enough money, of course) and then decide what you would like to do next. Will you:

Visit the alchemist-cum-metallurgist's stand?	Turn to 54
Join the hunting party before the town hall?	Turn to 201
Leave Vargenhof altogether?	Turn to 507

171

The vodka burns your mouth and throat as you take a swig, but it is soon filling your whole body with a radiant glow. You may restore up to 3 STAMINA points for drinking the spirit, but the next time you are instructed to *Test your Skill* you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point. That said, the vodka also fills you with renewed courage: for the duration of the next battle increase your Attack Strength by 1 point. Do you now want to drink some of the red wine (turn to 153) or will you now leave the cellar (turn to 7)?

172

Snarling and snapping at each other, two hideous wolfish forms appear from around the end of the street. At first you take them to be wolfmen. It is only as they pass from the deeper shadows into a pool of failing daylight that you make out rips in their scabrous hides, through which can be seen bare bone, green-grey internal organs and exposed ribs. Sometimes they move on their hind legs like men, sometimes on all fours – and they have your scent. Their eyes burning balefires, the Werewargs – undead

werewolves trapped in a decaying semi-lupine form – attack! Fight these savage monsters together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WEREWARG	7	8
Second WEREWARG	8	7

If you are wounded more than twice, add 1 to your CHANGE score. If you survive your battle, turn to 390.

173

As the Vampiress slashes at you with the talons of her bare hands, you fight back with cold steel. Although the wounds you lay against the undead Countess appear to injure her, they close bloodlessly moments later. Conventional weapons cannot harm this creature of the night and in the end her seemingly limitless, iron stamina triumphs as your battle-fatigued body eventually gives in. Without a blessed weapon to use against her, the Vampiress tears your body to shreds. Your adventure ends here.

174

At your killing blow, the monstrous creature sinks back under the water. With the horror slain, you turn your attention back to the Silver Sword. You feel drawn to the weapon, your skin goose-pimpling in excited anticipation. But something in these ruins is the cause of the oppressive, almost overwhelming, atmosphere of evil that pervades the place like a festering canker. Do you want to reach into the water and take the blade (turn to 267) or will you spend no longer in the dark and damp, and climb out of the well-pit once more (turn to 154)?

175

The voices of the spectral creatures steadily overwhelm your senses until it is the only sound you can hear. It is as if the ghostly howling is speaking to the wolf inside you. It strains to take control of your body and as you try to fight the effect your muscles go into spasm. (Add 1 CHANGE point.) Caught in a fit, you pole-axe onto the ground, frothing at the mouth. And there you remain while the Strigoivans do all they can to rid themselves of the spectral pack, but to no avail . . .

You wake next day, lying on the cold hard ground outside Strigoiva where the villagers dumped you after their traumatic night fighting the ghostly Howling. From the position of the white disc of the sun in the leaden sky above you, you judge that you have slept well into the following afternoon, although you feel no better for it. Beyond the eastern boundary of the village you are confronted by a parting of the ways. Will you follow the road as it divides to the north (turn to 160) or the east (turn to 478), or will you take the less well-used track into the forest that lies a mile or so to the north-east of Strigoiva (turn to 8)?

176

Distant thunder rolls across the sky and lightning flashes over the mountains far to the north. A storm is coming and you would do well to find somewhere to sit it out. It is then that you catch sight of the dilapidated windmill standing on a hill not 200 yards up a track off the road. The ragged sails spin, turned by the rising wind, and you can see the fitful flicker of a light at a high window. Will you seek shelter within the derelict windmill (turn to 235) or will you brave the elements out in the open (turn to 198)?

177

Engaging the priest in conversation you soon turn to the topic of the derelict state of the village. 'It's the Lady of Maun,' he confides. 'I once thought she had our best interests at heart but now I'm not so sure. It's why I'm still here; I want to do all I can to help. If there's evil at work in this place, its source lies within Maun Tower. What we need is a brave adventurer to challenge the cruel Countess in her lair. Will you take up that quest?' If you will, you must keep track of how much advance warning the Countess has that you are coming by means of an ALARM rating. Write down on your *Adventure Sheet* that your ALARM rating is currently 0 and then turn to 56. If you do not want to take up the quest, you decide it is time to quit the village altogether (turn to 350).

178

You gulp down the mixture and immediately feel sick to the pit of your stomach. However, the potion has

had the desired effect and, although it has not actually cured you of your lycanthropy, it has significantly reduced its effects. Reduce your CHANGE score by 4 points (but note it cannot drop below 1) and regain 1 luck point. Vereticus tells you that, much as he would like to offer you a bed for the night, he feels that you should press on in your search for the Arch-Lycanthrope as, with the approach of the next full moon, time really is of the essence. Thanking the scholar for all his help, you leave the tumbledown estate – but not before Vereticus has given you 3 Meals of Provisions. Turn to 46.

179

'In life he went by the name of Lord "Filthy" Lucre,' Konrad explains. 'His crimes were many – from extortion and armed robbery, to horse-stealing and cold-blooded murder – and his reputation spread far and wide throughout this country and beyond. That is until the roadwardens ran him to ground at *The Gibbet Tree* inn. He met his end there and then, the roadwarden's captain beheaded the highwayman with his own sabre in the stable yard of the inn. But it was not long before people reported seeing Lord Lucre abroad again. Then the disappearances began, and it was said that Lucre was no longer after people's gold and riches, but was stealing away their souls in revenge for his own untimely end.' Now turn to 395.

180

The Map Room takes your breath away. There are no scroll maps or atlases here. Instead, each wall, and

even the ceiling, has been painted with intricately detailed maps. There is a map of all the provinces and principalities of Mauristatia and one that shows the entirety of the Old World. There is even a huge globe standing in one corner, as tall as a man, a representation of the whole of Titan. Covering the broad expanse of the wall to your left is a decorative map of the land of Lupravia, from Strigoiva in the south-west to the town of Vargenhof, Wulfenstein shown balanced precariously on the lip of the Garou Gorge to the north-east. An exaggerated picture of Castle Wulfen has been painted above the representation of the village it watches over like some forbidding sentinel. Although the room itself is a wonder, there is nothing here of practical use to you and so you pass through a door in the far wall, and into the corridor beyond. Turn to 321.

181

The passageway ends at another wooden door. You pass through into an abandoned inquisitorial torture chamber, thick with cobwebs. From there you pass through a second door and climb a flight of stone steps until you arrive at another. This plain wooden door is also unlocked so, turning the handle, you step through. Turn to 356.

182

Van Richten, the man you killed, might have been a paranoid borderline psychotic, but ultimately he fought on the side of Good, intent on saving the people of Lupravia from their wretched fate. Although you only put an end to him in self-defence, you have helped Old Night tighten its grip on this world. (Lose 1 LUCK point.) A hasty search of the Vampire Hunter's body uncovers a purse containing 10 Gold Pieces and a Silver Charm Necklace. Of course, there are also the holy weapons of his righteous calling: his rapier blade and the Flintlock Pistol, along with a pouch containing six Silver Bullets. The rapier is lighter and easier to wield than your own sword. If you choose to exchange your weapon for this you may add 1 to your Attack Strength in battles. Record any items you take on your *Adventure Sheet*. (If you want to find out more about how to use the Flintlock Pistol, you may turn to paragraph 400 at any time, making a note of the paragraph you are on at the time first.) You spend the rest of the night with Van Richten's corpse for company, and in the misty grey haze of morning are only too keen to be on your way again. Turn to 250.

183

'Tell me what you know,' you demand, your voice barely more than a growl.

'Count Varcolac was not always as he is now,' the crone explains. 'Once he was an ordinary mortal man but now he is something much greater, and much less. For all his strength and invulnerability there is one thing he fears, the touch of silver, and one weapon in particular – a consecrated Silver Dagger. So much so, in fact, that he has gone to great lengths to hide it within the castle, while also keeping it near him, for fear of anyone else chancing upon it and using its power against him.'

'Where can I find this dagger?' you demand.

'Not far from here,' the witch stammers, fearful before your bestial anger. 'Return to the main hall where you doubtless entered the castle and climb the stairs. Beyond the double doors you want the Map Room. In this room there is a secret door; the means of opening it is hidden within the picture of Castle Wulfen itself.

Beyond this door lies the dagger's resting-place. It is bound to be guarded but by what I do not know.' This is valuable information indeed. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) If you ever find yourself in the Map Room, to look for this secret door, deduct 50 from the paragraph you are on at the time and turn to this new reference. 'Now, leave me in peace!' the old crone snarls. Will you leave, as she demands (turn to 467), or finish her first, just to be sure (turn to 50)?

184

As the hunchback falls to the floor dead, flames licking at the banks of equipment around you, through a flickering heat-haze you see the professor pull a bottle of lurid green liquid from a shelf and down its contents in only a few gasping gulps. He turns to face you with fury in his eyes. As you watch, his body begins to expand. His lab-coat rips along the seams as his shoulders swell, his arms bulging with cords of muscle. The man's face and hands quickly become covered with thick hair. Snorting like an enraged

bull, the transformed professor lumbers towards you, knuckles dragging on the ground. You are no longer facing the deranged genius Professor Arcanum, but must now take on the raging animal side of his personality – Arcanum Unbound!

ARCANUM UNBOUND SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

If you overcome the changed professor, with your killing blow you deliver him an almighty clout that sends him reeling (turn to 197).

185

As you thought, the dark water of the pool is ice cold and, as a result, wonderfully refreshing. In fact it is better than that: there are minerals dissolved in the water that revitalise your body, re-energising you. (Regain 3 STAMINA points.) Return to 31 and choose a way to proceed.

186

If you have the codeword *Retsis* or *Egnarts* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet* turn to 209. If not, turn to 90.

187

On the first floor you come upon a candlelit corridor lined with archaic suits of armour. Various weapons – swords and maces mainly – are mounted on the walls as well as shields bearing various heraldic designs. Do you want to take a mace, seeing as how you already have a sword (turn to 278), one of the shields (turn to 203) or will you continue to explore the tower (turn to 7)?

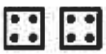

188

'Good evening,' you say, flashing the barmaid your most winning smile. 'How's trade?'

The barmaid continues to stare at the fire and says nothing. The landlord is watching you edgily from the other end of the bar. Then the girl speaks, her voice having a faraway quality. 'He still comes to me, you know? They say he's gone, but he's not. A love like ours can never be broken. Not even death can keep us apar . . .'

'Meg!' snaps the landlord, silencing the girl. 'That's enough, daughter. Get back to the kitchen. There are dishes to wash and the floor needs scrubbing!'

Meg turns to go and then glances back over her shoulder, fixing you with her stony amethyst gaze for the first time. 'Not even death,' she repeats and then she is gone. The girl's look unnerves you. You suddenly feel that you would prefer just your own company for the rest of the evening and so you retire to your room. Turn to 258.

189

The Arch-Lycanthrope hollers in bestial delight as the moonlight continues to work its magic on him. Add 4 points to the Werewolf's STAMINA score and continue your battle with the moon-changed monster. If you manage to defeat Count Varcolac, turn to 300.

190

Preoccupied with thoughts of how long you have left until the next full moon, you barely realise that the sun has set and that the last splashes of colour underlighting the clouds is fading to dusky amethyst. The moon is rising and, with no shelter in sight, it looks like you are going to have to camp in the open on these dark moors. Just then you come in sight of a coaching inn. A light flickers in a window, like a beacon beckoning you on. Eagerly you quicken your pace, determined not to be caught out on these desolate moors after what you have heard about the ghosts that stalk the land of Lupravia.

Slowly, over the unsettling keening of the wind, you become aware of the jangle of harness behind you. Hearing hooves pounding the road you turn to see who is following you, but there is no one there; no horse, no rider, nothing. But you can still hear the drumming beat of the hooves pounding the road. You peer through the darkness, back the way you have come. And then you *do* see something. Materialising out of the gloom, in a haze of greeny-yellow luminescence twenty paces from you is the figure of a phantom rider on horseback. A cape streams out behind the rider and you see he is wearing finely worked, knee-length black leather boots. He lashes the reins of his horse as it tears along the road towards you, foaming at the mouth, its eyes burning witch-lights. As if that were not horrifying enough, the rider has no head, and yet from somewhere you can hear the cry of, 'Yaah! Yaah! On, Barushka. On till morning!'

The phantom rider and its steed are closing on you fast. Will you turn tail and run, trying to reach the safety of the inn before the rider catches you (turn to 60), or will you stand and face the rider (turn to 462)?

191

You throw yourself out of the way as the wolf lands hunched on the spot where you were standing only a moment before. But you are still surrounded by the rest of the pack. You abruptly find yourself face-to-face with two particularly mangy-looking, slavering specimens that try to rake you with their ragged claws while their fellows howl encouragement. Fight the wolves both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF	7	6
Second WOLF	6	5

After you have fought two Attack Rounds against the wolves the monstrous Black Wolf – tiring of waiting for its fellows to finish you – joins the battle.

BLACK WOLF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

You now find yourself fighting all three wolves at the same time. After two further Attack Rounds, or if you reduce the Black Wolf's STAMINA to 7 or less, whichever is sooner, turn at once to 271.

192

Shrieking with inhuman fury, the vampiric Lady of Maun flies at you, her cloak spreading out behind her like hideous, oversized bat wings.

VAMPIRESS SKILL 10 STAMINA 13

If the Vampiress scores two consecutive hits against you, turn to 228. If you reduce the Vampiress' STAMINA score to 4 points or less, turn immediately to 245.

193

'If you will not accept my help, given freely and without expectation of reciprocation, I think you had better leave.' You now see how inconsiderate and ungrateful you have been, but it is too late for apologies. Thanking Vereticus for the use of his library, you leave his home and the poorly maintained estate, returning to the forest path as the sun sinks ever lower. Turn to 46.

194

You drop from the end of the pipe onto a pile of rotting waste and stinking detritus. You are in what appears to be little more than a natural cavern that has been absorbed into an underground dungeon complex. The cave-chamber is lit by a dull green luminescence that comes from patches of moss covering the rugged roof. By this bilious green glow you see that the floor of the chamber is flooded with sludgy water. Hearing a splash you see a tell-tale ripple at the edge of the pool. You cannot imagine that there is anything that you could possibly want or need down here so your mind turns to finding a way out. Two pipe-like passages lead out of the chamber, one directly ahead of you (turn to 227) and another to your left (turn to 242). But if you want to explore this cave further first, turn to 211.

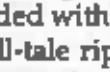

195

Wasting no time, you strap on your sword-belt and heave your pack onto your back, both of which had been lying beside the bed. Lighting your lantern, you step out of the hut and back into the chill night. Ulrich follows you, putting on a thick wolfskin cloak but carrying only his axe for protection. Soon you are swallowed up between the black trees once more and, by a combination of lantern-light and moonlight, you scour the benighted forest glades for the elusive herb. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 12. If you are Unlucky, turn to 233.

196

Accompanied by Katya, you ride through the village unhindered, without seeing another human soul. The inhabitants of Wulfenstein have locked and barred their doors and windows, no doubt to hide from whatever it is that is making the dreadful growling that can now be heard, echoing along the filthy, empty streets. Your travelling companion turns to you. 'I don't like the look of this place,' she says, her eyes narrowed by dark suspicions. 'It is too wild to be somewhere that humans should call home. There is too much of the "Were" about it.' She is right; this is the place where you will find the head of the were-bloodline you have been hunting, you know it! 'The Straub-Werebeast was trying to escape to here,' Katya continues, 'and I could well believe that this place holds a veritable werewolf's lair. We have much work to do here. But where to start?'

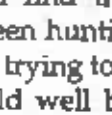

You can answer her that. 'The castle,' you say. 'A lord who would let his demesne become a place fit only for strays and wild animals must at least have an inkling as to what is happening here.' Katya agrees and so the two of you steer your weary mounts towards the forbidding edifice of Castle Wulfen. You neglect to tell her that your heightened animal senses can smell the reek of the Were emanating from the direction of the towering fortress. It is as if something is calling to the wolf in you. Calling it home.

The gates of the Castle are wide open and so, the scent of wolf hot in your nostrils, you pass beneath the barbican. And then your lupine senses are screaming a warning. You draw your weapon as what looks like a wolfman leaps at you from out of the shadows of the gatehouse, batting away the creature's initial attack. Katya receives no such warning and is pulled from her horse by another wolfman. It is only as the creature that attacked you comes at you again that you take in its matted scabrous hide and glimpse exposed bone, green-grey internal organs, and hollow ribs. The Werewargs are unholy creatures, undead werewolves, trapped in a decaying semi-lupine form and possessed of an insane hunger for living flesh. You engage in battle with one of the monsters as Katya struggles to defend herself against the other.

WEREWARG	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If the Werewarg wounds you more than twice, add 1 to your CHANGE score. If you kill the undead horror, turn to 387.

197

With his own pained howl of rage and frustration the mad professor stumbles out of the lab, smashes through a wooden balustrade and plunges to his death on the ground at the foot of the windmill. You too will have to make your own hasty exit if you are not to be trapped in the burning building and suffer the consequences. However, as you look for a way out, you spy a shelf, as yet untouched by the flames, on which stand what look like various bottled potions. If you want to take a closer look at these bottles before fleeing, turn to 212, otherwise, turn to 291.

198

Getting off the road, you hunker down in a ditch, using your travelling cloak like a tarpaulin. Exhausted, you soon fall asleep, despite the inclement weather. You are woken some time later when the full fury of the storm breaks overhead. The cacophonous roar of thunder shakes the landscape, loud enough, it seems, to shatter the sky. With explosive force, a bolt of retina-searing lightning streaks down from the sundered heavens and strikes the top of the derelict windmill. There is a secondary flash from inside the building and in the silence that follows the thunderclap, you fancy you hear an insane voice cry, 'It's alive!' But whatever may be going on inside the abandoned mill you have your own safety to worry about. Lightning strikes the windmill again setting the structure alight and sending secondary bolts sparking down to the ground. Two of these bolts hit the ground nearby but rather than earth themselves harmlessly in the soil,

they take on the fizzling form of two tiny, and vaguely humanoid creatures. Fizzing and sparking, the Lightning Sprites – true children of the storm – leap jerkily towards you, attracted by the metal objects you have in your possession. Fight the elementals both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LIGHTNING SPRITE	7	4
Second LIGHTNING SPRITE	6	4

If you choose to fight the sprites with a sword or dagger, every time you make a successful strike against one of them you receive a sharp electric shock in return, causing you to lose 2 STAMINA points. However, if you fight these elemental beings unarmed you will not suffer this damage, although you will have to reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of the battle. If you manage to defeat the curious and capricious creatures, you spend the rest of the night battered by howling winds and lashed by torrential rain. When morning does eventually come, you go on your way, sodden and weary (turn to 500).

199

Your blade cuts into the Hound Master's leg and he howls in pain. At once his loyal mastiff is on you, sinking its teeth into your sword-hand before you can kick it away from you. Lose 2 STAMINA points, 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point. The mastiff suddenly becomes a quaking cur as a dreadful howl cuts through the tense atmosphere of the hall. The true Werebeast is revealing itself. Turn to 62.

200

With a sorrowful heart you gaze down at the dying Ulrich, who has regained his human form. 'Do not blame yourself, my friend,' he manages. 'We all have our secrets. I should thank you for releasing me from my own dreaded curse.' Then he is gone. After everything that the kind-hearted woodsman did for you in the short time that you knew him, at the end all you could offer in return was death by cold steel. But there is still one more thing you can do for him now. No longer troubled by wolves, you spend the rest of the night digging Ulrich's grave. As the sun finally rises over the forests, drawing a ground mist from the hollows of the trees, you lay the woodsman to rest, placing his axe on the earthen mound that marks his final resting-place. You leave the spot with a heavy heart and not only because you have had to bury a good man, whatever dark secrets might have troubled his soul. Despite having slain the werewolf that infected you, it is clear the affliction still has a hold of you.

Exhausted, you lie down to sleep as a watery sun drags itself into the sky behind a veil of grey cloud. It has been a harrowing night, and in spite of all the worries running through your mind, you still sleep, although your dreams are beset by visions of Ulrich changing into a savage bear, roaring in bone-wrenching agony.

When you wake, stiff and sore from sleeping on the root-knotted forest floor, the sun is again sinking in

the sky. Your search for the head of the werewolf bloodline cannot wait any longer. The next full moon can only be a matter of days away. Something in your blood tells you that the resolution to your quest lies somewhere within the land of Lupravia.

Walking east you descend out of the chill forest and emerge on the westernmost boundary of the principality. There is a noticeable absence of birdsong, which unnerves you. Crossing gorse-covered heathland, in the far distance you can see the hazy purple peaks of the mountain wall that holds the ancient principality of Lupravia within its rocky embrace. Ahead of you lies a land of menacing forests, boggy moorland and abyssal river gorges.

Nestled at the base of the narrow valley you are descending is a village of grey, steeply pitch-roofed buildings, clustered together as if for mutual protection from the bleak wilderness all around them. Stony, cropless fields surround the settlement making

the whole place appear truly uninviting. As you get nearer still, a weathered road sign informs you that you are approaching the village of Strigoiva. Beyond the huddle of houses, you make out a road that leads away from Strigoiva before forking in three directions. If you want to enter the village, turn to 116. Alternatively, if you would prefer to press on and avoid an encounter with the native populace of Lupravia, you may skirt around Strigoiva and take the road heading north (turn to 160), the one heading east (turn to 478) or the one less well-travelled that leads north-east into the forest, the scrubby boundaries of which lie a mile or so from the village (turn to 8).

201

Coming within earshot of the Burgomaster, you listen intently to what he has to say. Filling in the gaps for yourself it soon becomes apparent that the lands surrounding the town are being terrorised by a monster that folk have named the Beast of Vargenhof. This creature is supposedly responsible for the slaughter

of various sheep and cattle and also for the disappearance of a shepherdess, an aging woodsman, and even a child. The Beast is said to be twice a big as a man, and walks on its hind legs, but has characteristics more befitting a bear or wolf. Perhaps the Beast of Vargenhof is the Arch-Lycanthrope you are searching for.

Burgomaster Straub has declared that whoever captures or kills the Beast will be presented with a reward from the town's coffers. Talk of a bounty has drawn all manner of hunters and trappers from the surrounding hills and forests and it is among these hard-bitten men that you find yourself now. Despite their outward bravado, the hunters are organising themselves into a band, thereby to run the Beast to ground – they obviously believe there is safety in numbers. If you want to join this Beast Hunt you may either do so alone (turn to 456) or as part of the larger party (turn to 259). Alternatively you may, if you wish to and you haven't already done so, explore the market square (turn to 82) or, if you are done here, leave the town altogether (turn to 507).

202

Beyond the limits of Strigoiva once more, will you follow the road as it splits to the north (turn to 160), to the east (turn to 478), or will you take the less well-used track, into the forest, to the north-east (turn to 8)?

203

Reaching up, you lift one of the shields down from its place on the wall. Nothing untoward happens either, which is a relief. There are several different designs but all of the shields carry the same benefits. For as long as you are carrying the shield in battle you may reduce an enemy's Attack Strength by 1 point. Record the shield on your *Adventure Sheet*. Will you now take one of the maces down from the wall (turn to 278) or leave this floor and look elsewhere (turn to 7)?

204

Ducking into the deeper shadows of a sunken doorway, feeling your heart pounding in your chest, you try to calm your accelerated breathing. You pray that whatever it is that is approaching will pass by, without even knowing you are there. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your CHANGE score, turn to 172; if it is greater, turn to 345.

205

Meg shrieks as you burst into the stable and jumps to her feet. But what will you do now? Will you:

Attack the witch?	Turn to 274
Wipe out the markings on the floor?	Turn to 241
Grab the skull?	Turn to 295

206

Releasing the reins you arm yourself. The creature's powers of transformation have restored its strength so that it is as deadly a foe as the first time you fought the Beast of Vargenhof.

WEREBEAST	SKILL 8	STAMINA 11

If you do not have the *Quickening* special ability, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of your battle with the Werebeast atop the jolting stagecoach. If the Beast wounds you, roll one dice and if you roll a 6, turn to 351. If you survive six Attack Rounds or reduce the Werebeast's STAMINA to 4 points or less, turn to 480 at once.

207

You reach another junction in the never-ending tunnels. Will you follow:

A passageway with puddles of water collected on the floor?	Turn to 368
A passageway with rough, broken stones covering its rocky floor?	Turn to 97
A sandy-floored passageway?	Turn to 433

208

Once you are past the axe-blade, you hear a grinding of gears and the pendulum stops swinging. Opening the door at the end of the corridor you enter a circular turret room. The chamber has no windows but is lit by hundreds of candles, some fixed to wrought-iron candelabra, many stuck on top of the melted remains of others. The guttering candlelight is also reflected from a circular black mirror on the opposite side of the room. However, as soon as you enter the room, something takes a step forwards that stops you in your tracks. A great mass of wax, roughly humanoid in shape, heaves itself towards you, wicks still burning all over it, liquid tallow fat running from its inconstant surface. If you are quick, you will be able to escape the room and its guardian, slamming the door behind you and returning to the Map Room without having to fight (turn to 321). If you want to stay, however, you are going to have to fight as the magically animated creature reaches for you with burning, taper-fingers.

WAX GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win an Attack Round against the Golem and you are fighting it using a bladed weapon, such as a sword or a dagger, roll one dice. On a roll of 6 your blade sticks in the waxy body of the creature and you must fight the next round of combat with your Attack Strength reduced by 2 points as you try to free your blade. If you defeat the room's curious guardian, turn to 264.

209

There is something strange going on within the Carnivale, of that you are sure, but what exactly? You feel that the only way you are going to be able to find out more is if you sneak back this evening under the cover of darkness to investigate further. If you want to do this, turn to 238. If not, turn to 90.

210

'The Cadre Infernal? Why yes, I can tell you something of the cult's resurgence. I investigated them when I was a member of another secret society, that went under the name of the Order of the Black Rose.' Vereticus' tone is both conspiratorial and excited at having someone with whom to share his carefully gleaned knowledge. 'Twenty years ago, the members of the newly reformed Cadre sought to increase their temporal power in this world through magical means. I have learned that there were five of them altogether, but I have not yet been able to discover the identities of them all. I do know that one of them was the Lady Aranaea, who had been married and widowed five times by the time she joined the group. All of her husbands has died under mysterious circumstances, earning her the nickname 'Black Widow'. But I digress. The group somehow managed to carry out a Summoning Ceremony, calling up a fell demon from the Infernal Pit to grant them all their selfish wishes. I have also found out that the ritual involved the use of five specially consecrated silver daggers. At first all the Cadre's members became more powerful but they steadily began to change, corrupted by the evil power

they had unleashed, until at least two of them had lost more than they had ever gained by taking part in the ceremony. More than that I do not know.' If you have a Silver Dagger, turn to 165. If not, you should now turn back to 260 and continue reading the paragraph.

211

Your initial assumption was correct; there is nothing of value at all in this effluent sump. But all the while you have been wading around in the foul pool the heat of your body has lured something ever closer. As you are considering how to leave the chamber, the stinking sludge erupts in front of you and a snaking pallid white form rises from the pool. An eyeless, worm-like head sways from side to side in front of you, its leech-like mouth opening and closing menacingly. Sudden as a striking cobra, the overgrown parasite attacks.

GIANT TAPEWORM SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you slay the vile tapeworm, you are free to leave the detritus chamber. Will you take the tunnel directly ahead of you (turn to 227) or the one to your left (turn to 242)?

212

The intense heat of the roaring flames already scorching your eyebrows, you pick out three potions that particularly capture your interest. Will you drink a potion that is a deep red in colour and smoking (turn to 231), one that is a lurid green, syrupy liquid (turn to 253) or down the bubbling contents of a bottle that

continually changes its hue (turn to 277)? Alternatively, you could leave all of them and flee the burning building (turn to 291).

213

Unable to resist the call of the Daughters you join the wretched maidens in their spiralling dance, their enchantment tightening about you until you forget even the need to breathe. And so it is that you are saved from the curse of lycanthropy as you are lured to a watery grave. Your bones will be picked clean by the creature that calls the depths of the Drowning Pool its domain. Your adventure is over.

214

The silence of the vault is swept away by a susurrating wind, which brings with it a disquieting feeling of impending doom. At the edge of hearing you can almost believe that the wind is whispering to you. In fact, the half-heard murmur seems to come from inside the pit. You edge closer and peer into the depthless dark. With a lull in the wind you hear the distant splash and slurp of something moving within watery depths. Do you want to climb down into the pit to find out what is lurking at the bottom (turn to 24) or would you rather leave these malign ruins (turn to 83)?

215

Heaving open the unbarred barn door you are immediately assailed by the musty smell of animals and damp straw. It is dark inside the barn and, as your

eyes adjust to the gloom, something large canters out of the shadows beneath the hayloft, ready to trample you into the ground. You get the impression of bony protrusions and a whipping, scaly tail. With an evil snarling whinny, the mad-eyed horse-mutant attacks.

HAVOC HORSE SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you manage to kill the crazed stallion, you stumble out of the barn and either into the farmhouse (turn to 324) or away from this freakish farm (turn to 244).

216

Before the demon possessing the Count can resurrect his werewolf body you take out the five Silver Daggers, that belonged to the five members of the damned Cadre Infernal. You plunge them into Varcolac's body, marking out the five points a pentacle. One final, unearthly howl breaks from the Arch-Lycanthrope's throat as something like black smoke pours from its mouth, only to dissipate into the chill air of the chamber. If you have the codeword *Deliugeb* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 21. If not, turn to 515.

217

On the second floor you come to an ornately decorated chamber that is filled with all manner of stone statues. They range from sculptures of knights in armour and weeping angels to funereal effigies and the busts of notable individuals from Lupravia's past. One of the finest examples of the stone-carver's art is the statue of a griffin standing next to a wall-length mirror hung on the far side of the room. Light from a flickering crystal chandelier casts disconcerting shadows around the chamber so that you could almost believe that the statues are moving. You cannot help thinking that this is a strange place to have a mirror. Do you want to examine the mirror more closely (turn to 232) or will you leave the room and the second floor altogether (turn to 7)?

218

You have barely unsheathed your weapon when the elemental creature screeches like a wildcat and leaps at you, teeth and claws bared. You have forced the situation to this point and now you have no choice but to defend yourself against your capricious opponent.

ICE SPRITE SKILL 11 STAMINA 6

If Old Man Winter's minion wounds you roll one dice; on a roll of 5 or 6 the elemental's freezing touch numbs you to the bone, dulling your senses (reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point). If you are able to reduce the sprite's STAMINA to 2 points or less, turn at once to 237.

219

You have no idea what the crazed spider-woman is talking about. 'No? Then why are you here? Have you come to steal my pretties, is that it? You would take my treasures from me? How dare you?' she screams. With a speed and agility you would not have expected from a monster as large and bloated as she, the Spider-Queen leaps from her web, ready to punish you for entering her lair. But how are you going to fight back? If you want to defend yourself using your sword, turn to 252. If you want to try using your lantern to set fire to her webs (if you have a lantern and it can put it to use here), turn to 304. If you would rather run for it, turn to 498.

220

As you sit down opposite the serious young man he shakes himself from his reverie and appears to lighten. He too, it would seem, is glad of the company in this strange staging post. It turns out he is not a native of

these lands but comes from far off Scarton in Analand. His name is Hans and, with a mutual bond discovered, the two of you make idle conversation. While you steer clear of revealing the true reason for coming to Lupravia, he develops the urgent need to open his heart. 'It's my sister,' he says, worry ringing his eyes, 'my little Leisel. She had had enough of life in Scarton, especially as my parents tried to force her to marry the son of the local burgomaster. When the Carnivale came to town she saw a chance to escape her fate. A weird, grotesque and macabre travelling circus it was, but the morning after the Carnivale had packed up and moved on, Leisel was gone. I followed on foot, but the Carnivale – travelling as a caravan of wagons – always remained a day or so ahead of me. I hope to catch up with it soon, find my sister, and persuade her to come home.' His story finished, a great weariness comes over Hans. He apologises for his rudeness but says that he must retire and get some sleep, so you bid him good night, wishing him well with his search. (Add the codeword *Retsis* to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Will you follow Hans' lead and make for your own bed (turn to 258), or would you rather engage the landlord in conversation, if you haven't done so already (turn to 155), or the barmaid (turn to 188)?

221

Holding your lantern aloft, you take in the subterranean chamber in which you are standing. It opens up away from you like a cave, all murky gloom and a regular echoing drip. The only other sound is the splash and ripple as you move through a foot of

foul-smelling water. And then you see it: the glitter of something silvery beneath the surface of the water, caught in the ambient light of your lantern. It is a sword that shines with a silvery gleam, even through the stirred up filth. As you reach out a hand towards the submerged blade, something reaches for you. A thick, rubbery tentacle bursts from the water, causing you to jump back as something pale-fleshed and monstrous heaves its massive bulk towards you from out of its shadowy lair. You get the impression of grabbing tentacles and pseudopods, huge watery eyes, a cavernous mouth packed with teeth, a mucus-oozing blowhole, and white albino-flesh. This lurking horror has been lying in wait for its usual prey – rats, small crustaceans and the like – but sensing the hot blood pumping in your veins has excited its unholy appetite. You cannot hope to escape without a fight, so fight you must.

LURKING HORROR SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you manage to slay this foul fiend, turn to 174.

222

And then the devils are gone again, their bodies dissolving back into the mist. You breathe a sigh of relief at having overcome your grotesque assailants. But any sense of a reprieve from the horrors of Fenmoor are short lived as yet another horrible howl resonates through the cloying mists. This is no wolf but something else, yet unmistakeably canine – something demonic. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your CHANCE score, turn to **251**. If it is greater, turn to **342**.

223

And then one of the wolves does indeed find the brazen bravado it needs to assault the stagecoach. The lithe, grey-pelted creature manages a gravity-defying leap onto the roof of the coach and, having found purchase with its unsheathed claws, goes for you.

GREY WOLF SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

Unless you have the *Quickening* special ability, due to your precarious position on the roof of the carriage, you must conduct combat with the wolf with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point. If you triumph in this battle, turn to **239**.

224

You place the Gold Piece in Madame Zelda's outstretched hand and she makes it vanish with a sleight of hand flourish. She begins making exaggerated hand movements over the crystal ball and you fancy you can see swirling clouds forming within its depths.

'Ah yes,' the fortune-teller begins theatrically, 'I see many perils ahead, but also great courage and a goal achieved.' This sounds like the sort of rubbish she probably tells all her punters. But suddenly Madame Zelda's voice changes dramatically, dropping by several octaves, and her eyes roll up into her head, revealing the whites.

'Beware the storm-made monster and shun the eastern hills. Nothing but death awaits you there,' she moans. 'Heed the words of a mourning father and seek out the rock of wolves. And once you are within the belly of the beast, wake not the man of brass but seek out the infernal cadre.'

Madame Zelda shakes her head as if stirring from a waking dream. 'Er, yes, the, um, stars have spoken,' she says, sounding as if she can't quite remember what has just happened. 'Yes, the future is an undiscovered country, um, but your path is clear. Go now, be on your way!' The fortune-teller is clearly distressed and, feeling a little shaken yourself, you decide not to hang around any longer. Add the codeword *Dloterof* to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 167.

225

The unnatural cacophony continues, setting your teeth on edge and working in an even more sinister way upon your lycanthropy-riddled body. The wolf within howls in discomfort and struggles to be free of the tormenting music. You fight to keep the beast

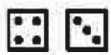

contained but feel that the animal inside is steadily taking control. (Add 1 to your CHANGE score and lose 1 LUCK point.) Howling in anger, fear and frustration, you flee the cursed Music Room. Turn to 321.

226

You make your way along the passageway, down the stairs and into the empty, darkened bar room. A half-open door leads you outside into the coaching inn's stabling yard. The moon hangs over the bleak moors, casting everything in its cold, monochrome light. Your gaze is drawn to the silvery disc and something deep inside you howls in joy at the touch of the moonbeams.

But across the yard another light beckons, spilling from the crack between the stable doors. Stealthily you sneak over to the stable and put an eye to the gap. Inside, the straw has been cleared from the middle of the floor and a curious, and disturbing, symbol has been drawn on the floor, surrounded by esoteric runes and zodiac symbols. The space is lit by candles stuck to barrels and crates positioned around the esoteric circle. At the centre, Meg, the landlord's daughter, is conducting some kind of ritual. In front of her, on the cold, stone floor of the stable, is a human skull. You watch transfixed as the witch chants under her breath, in some unintelligible language, making mystical gestures with her hands.

As you watch her conducting her unholy rite, you feel the wind at your back and your hackles rise. Dark powers are being drawn to this place and who knows

what might happen if Meg is allowed to finish her spell. Will you wait for her to complete the ritual (turn to 308), or burst into the stable without further hesitation (turn to 205)?

227

Crouching low in the waterlogged tunnel you wend your way towards a barred circle of light in the distance – it must be a way out! The tunnel widens and you see that it ends at a circular grille: beyond that lies a torch-lit stone-walled corridor. You are aware of a sinister scuttling sound and look up at the curve of the tunnel roof above you. Antennae rippling repugnantly, the huge centipede moves towards you on its myriad, jointed legs. As you prepare to defend yourself, a second overgrown centipede raises its head from the channel ahead of you and writhes towards you, its body covered in tough, chitinous armour. In the confines of the tunnel-pipe, fight the centipedes one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT CENTIPEDE	8	7
Second GIANT CENTIPEDE	9	7

If you manage to defeat both the carnivorous creatures you make it to the grille without meeting further resistance. Turn to 341.

228

The Countess batters through your defence with her bare hands and pounces on you, sinking her long fangs into your throat. Penetrating your jugular, she

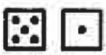

sucks noisily at the hot blood gushing from the wound. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Suddenly the Vampiress recoils from you, gagging horribly and retching blood. 'Your blood is tainted!' she gasps. 'Another already has a claim on your cursed soul!' Hearing this you feel that you must be truly damned if even one of the aristocracy of the night will not feed on your life-force. Add 1 to your CHANGE score. However, if you have the *Cursed Bloodline* affliction, you may also subtract 3 points from the Vampiress' STAMINA. Finish your fight with the Lady of Maun and if you reduce her STAMINA score to 4 points or less, turn immediately to **245**.

229

With a final thrust, your sword enters the Werewolf's chest, sinks up to the hilt, piercing the creature's heart, until the tip emerges from its back. The beast dies, issuing one last howl as its limp body slides off your blade. Your attention immediately turns to the wretched woodsman, who lies some feet from you, where he was felled. You are about to rush to your friend's aid when you suddenly stop yourself. You have faced the beast lying at your feet more than once this night; can you be certain that the fiend is really dead at last? Will you make a closer inspection of the werewolf's corpse (turn to **35**) or go straight to Ulrich's aid (turn to **107**)?

230

If you are fighting with a sword which has been engraved with a particular name, turn that name into a number, using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 . . . Z=26, and

then turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not have such a weapon, turn to 150.

231

As luck would have it you have consumed a potion that, among its other healing properties, is intended to reverse the effects of lycanthropy. Restore up to 6 STAMINA points, regain 1 LUCK point and reduce your CHANGE score by 4 (although it cannot drop below 1). Will you now try one of the other potions (turn to 337) or tarry no longer and escape the blazing structure (turn to 291)?

232

Crouching in front of the mirror, you examine where the glass meets the frame. The sound of stone grinding on stone sends a shiver down your spine. You react instantly, jumping back from the mirror as the stone griffin comes to life and steps down from its plinth. With a granite growl, the statue swipes at you with a marble paw. Once again you are fighting for your life.

STONE GRIFFIN SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you are using a bladed weapon, such as a sword or a dagger, a successful strike against the animated statue will only cause 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you are using a mace, a hit will cause 2 STAMINA points damage. If you manage to destroy the statue, add 1 to your ALARM score.

With the stone guardian defeated, you resume your inspection of the mirror. *Test your Skill*. If you are

successful, turn to 269. If you fail you are unable to find anything unusual and so have to leave this floor (turn to 7).

233

After an hour of searching you still have not found the belladonna plant you so desperately need. Even with Ulrich's woodsman's skills, hampered by the smothering darkness he finds nothing. You are feeling worse than ever. The fever is eating you up and you feel nauseous to the pit of your stomach. (Add 1 more CHANGE point to your total.) Ulrich suggests that it would be foolish to waste anymore time looking for the herb, considering your worsening condition, so will you now set off after the wolf pack (turn to 473) or go in search of Grandmother Zekova (turn to 302)?

234

In time the pain passes again and you continue your journey, determined to press on further before finding somewhere to pass the night. It is then that the sound of music drifts to you through the forest – voices raised in song accompanied by a lilting accordion accompaniment. A little further along the path you catch glimpses of firelight flickering behind the silhouettes of midnight black trees. Do you want to leave the road and travel towards the music and the light of the campfire (turn to 288), or would you rather keep on along your current path and look for a place to stop well away from any other encampments (turn to 275)?

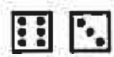

235

Despite being in an obvious state of neglect, with the door in the base of the tower shut behind you, the stone building proves to be weather-tight, sheltering you from the worst of the storm raging outside, the wind soughing through the shredded sails of the windmill. Free of the torment of the tempest you take a more measured look around you. The base of the tower is cluttered with boxes, crates, barrels and, curiously, pieces of metal machinery. In fact there is nothing here to suggest the true purpose of a working mill, certainly no bags of flour or grindstones. A rickety wooden staircase leads up to the floor above and, gazing up into the gloom, you can see another level beyond that. As you gaze upwards you fancy you see the shadowy suggestion of movement in a flickering flash of lightning. Was there really something moving up there, or was it simply your overwrought imagination playing tricks on you? Will you:

Investigate this level of the windmill-tower more carefully before settling down to sleep? Turn to 256
Climb the unsteady staircase to the next floor? Turn to 163
Settle down to sleep straightaway, ignoring what you think you might have seen? Turn to 279

236

Three alternative exits present themselves but which way will you choose?

The triangular tunnel? Turn to 31

The tunnel with walls covered with green algae? Turn to 405
The passage strewn with pebbles? Turn to 159

237

The creature suddenly dances away from you in a flurry of snowflakes. 'Winter's pall and first snowfall, warm hearts grow cold, we claim them all,' it sings in its squeaky voice. You suddenly find yourself at the centre of a freezing whirlwind. You can feel ice crackling across your skin but can do nothing to stop its freezing effects. You find yourself paralysed by cold, your body as immovable as a block of ice. By the time morning comes, you have thawed out and are able to move again, but the winter sprite's chilling enchantment has had a detrimental effect upon your body. (Lose an additional 3 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point.) If you are still alive after this ordeal, turn to 314.

238

You while away the rest of the day in the village of Balci itself. There is nothing particularly special about the place: it has a mill, tavern and forge, and its people spend their days tending the land or labouring in the forest to the south-east. A basic meal of meat and potatoes, along with a flagon of ale at the village tavern, will cost you 2 Gold Pieces and restore up to 4 STAMINA points. As dusk falls you make your way back to the area of the Carnivale. The circus is now closed to the public for another day and most of the place is in darkness. You skirt the perimeter awning the circus people have set up until you are in a position where you are sure no one can see what you are doing. Loosening a sheeted panel you slip inside and make your way stealthily between the tents, stalls and standing wagons. You are just trying to decide where

to explore first when you hear a noise. It is the sound of urgent voices. 'I tell you, someone's broken in,' one says. 'They won't get far,' says another. The voices are getting closer: you are going to come face-to-face with their owners any moment. If you run you will definitely be spotted, but there might be another way out of this. If you want to stand your ground and face whoever is approaching, turn to 257. Alternatively you can try to hide. If so, will you hide in the large tent to your left (turn to 370) or the painted caravan to your right (turn to 316)?

239

The coach sweeps around a bend in the road and it is then that you see the chasm before you. Katya urges the horses towards the wooden, lamp-lit bridge, which spans the gaping gorge. With the stagecoach picking up speed, it is only when you are too close to even attempt to stop the horses that you realise someone – or something – has tampered with the bridge. The middle span is missing entirely, broken spars stretching out into the precipitous void that yawns beneath it. Trying to contain her rising sense of panic, Katya whips the horses into a frenzy, urging them at the last possible moment to jump. If you did not take an earlier diversion through the forest, turn to 502. If you did take this diversion roll one dice and add twelve, giving you a total of between 13 and 18: this is the horses' combined STAMINA score. Then roll four dice. If the total of these four dice is less than or equal to the horses' STAMINA score, turn to 502. If it is greater, turn to 380.

240

Without looking back you flee the Tower, nothing standing between you and freedom. You are back on the blasted escarpment, thinking you have made it away safely, when a terrible screeching cry resounds across the hilltop. Sweeping down out of the night sky is a foul, winged creature, roughly humanoid in shape, with an ugly, oversized head and a thin, stunted body. Stretched between its arms and legs are vast leathery wings and it reaches for you with bird-like claws. You have no choice but to fight the Harpy.

HARPY	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you survive the encounter, you finally take shelter for the night in the lea of a huge, mossy boulder. The next day you set off again, circumnavigating the village of Maun this time and joining the road that leads north. Turn to 350.

241

You scuff away part of the chalk-drawn sigil with the heel of your boot, drawing your sword ready to defend yourself at the same time. A sudden gust of wind whirls around the stable, like a trapped tornado, and the candles are snuffed out. At the same moment the landlord's daughter lets out a terrible cry of anguish. Suddenly the Headless Highwayman is there again, on the back of his phantom steed. 'And now, my love, we shall be together forever!' he declares over the howling, gale-force wind. With that he gathers the young witch in his arms and swings her onto the saddle in front of him. The symbol was a

Summoning Sigil, a witch-mark of ill-omen, used to draw restless spirits to a place. Having destroyed it, you have broken the girl's power over the ghost of the Headless Highwayman. Turn to 76.

242

You progress along the tunnel in a half-crouch, until it becomes more like a proper passageway and you can stand upright again. The luminescent moss does not let your eyesight penetrate very far through the gloom; your ears pick up the approaching drone long before you see the two huge flies. They are grotesquely overgrown insects, their bloated bodies black with stiff hairs. The buzzing of the Giant Flies intensifies as they home in on you, darting forwards as they try to puncture your flesh with their long, needle-sharp, proboscises.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT FLY	6	5
Second GIANT FLY	5	6

If you kill both of the insects, turn to 261.

243

Lying in a hollow between patchy gorse bushes is the body of an adventurer, much like yourself. Only this poor wretch is obviously dead, his body lacerated by terrible claw marks. His backpack lies at his side and, seeing as he has no use for it now, you rummage through it. You find a total of 8 Gold Pieces and enough food for 2 Meals. But while you have been investigating this scene, the crows have been circling

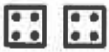

closer and closer. Squawking loudly, the birds suddenly drop out of the sky, beaks snapping and talons clawing.

MURDER OF CROWS SKILL 6 STAMINA 12

If you defeat the crows, thereby driving the flock away, you set off east again, before the birds become emboldened and return. Turn to 69.

244

Your search for the Beast has been frustratingly futile and has brought its own dangers. In the end you have no choice but to return to the relative safety of the town before the moon rises. The sun has set, the walls of Vargenhof a solid black shadow against the purpling skyline, still some way off, as you make your way back through the forests bordering the town. Suddenly, a savage and yet mournful cry cuts through the night: it came from somewhere nearby. Running hell-for-leather, you burst into a clearing between the dark trees and a monstrous sight greets you. Lying on the floor of the clearing is a young woman, wearing a hooded cloak, close-fitting bodice and trews, her discharged crossbow fallen at her side. Looming over her is a monstrous creature, seemingly part wolf, part bear, and yet with some semblance of a human. Lupine senses flaring, there is no doubt in your mind that this is the Werebeast of Vargenhof! Sensing your presence, the creature gives voice to a bellowing roar and turns from the defenceless woman to face you. It is then that you see the crossbow bolt protruding from the flesh of its right arm. You have little

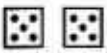

time to prepare yourself before the monster is upon you.

WEREBEAST SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If the monster wounds you more than twice, add 1 to your CHANGE score. If you survive five rounds of battle against the monstrous creature, or you manage to reduce its STAMINA score to 5 points or less, turn at once to 334.

245

The Countess shrieks and whirls away from you, wrapping her cloak around her. 'You will never leave my domain alive!' she wails and, with that, her corporeal form dissolves into black mist. Have you destroyed two coffins while exploring the tower? If so, turn to 263. If you have only destroyed one, or none at all, turn to 286.

246

'Begone, night creature!' the man starts yelling. 'Get away from here and leave us in peace!' At this, the assembled villagers shuffle towards you too, waving their pitchforks and billhooks in the air. These people have obviously been unnerved by something and are preparing to vent their fears and frustrations on you. With a sudden shout of, 'Kill the night creature!' from their middle-aged leader, the angry mob rushes you. If you are going to get out of Strigoiva alive you are going to have to fight your way out.

ANGRY MOB SKILL 7

Fight the agitated villagers as if they were one opponent. However this is not a conventional combat. You are not trying to injure these hapless peasant folk, although they are most definitely trying to kill you! If the mob wins an Attack Round, deduct STAMINA points from your total as normal. If you win an Attack Round, however, you do not deduct STAMINA points as you would against a conventional enemy. Instead, if you win two Attack Rounds in a row or, failing that, after six Attack Rounds (if you are still alive), you manage to break free of the angry mob and escape from Strigoiva (turn to 202).

247

You give voice to a terrible baying cry and watch as the huge wolves quail and quake, whimpering at your animalistic howl, before finally turning tail and running from you. Turn to 513.

248

Red in Tooth and Claw – As part of your slow but steady transformation into a Werewolf, your fingernails have hardened into talons and your canine teeth have lengthened. This means that you are now just as effective and deadly in battle unarmed as you are armed. If you ever have to fight unarmed you may ignore the penalties placed upon you. Record this new special ability on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were last instructed to write down.

249

Moving steadily towards the heart of the dusk-shrouded ruins, you find yourself at the top of a flight of worn stone steps leading down into a dome-roofed underground chamber. Drawn as you are towards this darker gloom, you will need to be able to light your lantern to progress further. If you have a lantern or, if not, the *Night Creature* special ability, turn to 101. If not, you will have to retrace your steps and leave the ruins (turn to 38).

250

Before you even come in sight of Maun you see the tower that looms over it, looking like a black clutching claw against the blank canvas of the sky. Keeping a wary eye on the tower, and the tiny ragged shadows flitting about its turrets, you follow the road down into an enclosed valley, which holds the crumbling buildings of Maun. The pale-faced peasants you see struggling to till the land appear possessed of a morbid lethargy. Their homes are in a state of disrepair, the thatched roofs saggy and green with moss. The whole place seems to lie under a shadowy pall, even though dusk is still some hours away. If you have the codeword *Nethcir* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 391. If not, turn to 413.

251

Inexplicably, you find yourself drawn towards the demonic howling. Following the wailing lure, you stumble over swampy ground, unmindful of what is happening underfoot. You take another step and abruptly sink to your thigh in the peaty mud. Momentum carries you forward and soon you are up to your waist in a stinking bog. As the reality of your perilous situation hits home, the power the eerie howling had over you is broken. You twist and turn, trying to get yourself out of the bog before you sink any further. You are already up to your chest when you spy a trailing root protruding from a mound, on which a gnarled bush grows. Trying to free yourself from the clutches of the bog, you lean forward, straining every muscle as you try to reach the root.

Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to 128. If the total is greater, turn to 84.

252

And then the monstrous spider-creature is on top of you and you have no choice but to fight back. 'Trespasser!' she shrieks. 'Step into my parlour, would you? Well now you never leave!' Arming yourself, you prepare to repel the Spider-Queen's assault.

ARANAEA THE SPIDER-QUEEN — SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

The Spider-Queen has several different methods of attack. Each time Aranaea wins an Attack Round, roll one dice and consult the table below to see which attack she uses and the damage it causes.

Dice Roll	*Attack and Damage*
1–2	Barbed talons – lose 2 STAMINA points.
3	Leaping attack – you are knocked to the ground (lose 2 STAMINA points) and spend the next Attack Round trapped under the monster, fighting with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point.
4	Web-spit – you suffer no wounds but cannot defend yourself during the next Attack Round as you struggle to free yourself from the sticky silken strands.
5	Venomous bite – lose 4 STAMINA points.
6	Spider-swarm – tiny, red-bodied spiders burst from blisters on her abdomen. Roll one dice and

lose that many STAMINA points as the swarming spiders sink their fangs into your flesh. (However, this attack also costs the Spider-Queen 2 STAMINA points.) If you manage to slay the Spider-Queen, turn to 364.

253

You gulp down the thick, green liquid, which leaves a bitter aftertaste in your mouth – but there is worse to come. You can feel your body swelling and changing, as the flesh-warping effects of the lycanthropy are exacerbated. (Add 2 points to your CHANGE score.) Perhaps there is another potion on the shelf that can reverse these devastating effects. Do you want to try another of the bottled potions (turn to 337) or will you choose not to put your faith in any more of the mad scientist's concoctions and flee the building (turn 291)?

254

Even as you turn to run you sense the monstrous wolf launch itself into the air behind you. There is a moment of terrible stillness and then the full weight of the creature lands on top of you, sending you sprawling on the ground. You gasp in pain, the breath knocked out of you, as the wolf sinks its cruel teeth into your shoulder and rakes your back with its steel-sharp claws. (Lose 4 STAMINA points.)

You suddenly hear a gruff voice bellowing at the beast to release you. You feel the wolf on top of you tense. The pressure of the steel gin-trap of its jaws around your shoulder abruptly eases, as your would-be

by her cold, piercing stare. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than, or equal to, your CHANCE score, turn to **10**; if it is greater, turn to **52**.

256

Among the clutter and detritus that has been dumped at the base of the windmill, now lying under a thick covering of dust, you find a gleaming Iron Rod, polished to a blue-black finish, with a sphere of metal at one end and a gleaming spike atop that. It is a curious piece and you may add it to your Equipment List if you wish. There is nothing else of value so will you settle down to sleep (turn to **279**) or climb the wooden staircase to the next level (turn to **163**)?

257

Three figures appear, picking their way among the guy ropes of the tents. They are taken by surprise when suddenly confronted by you. But you don't know who is more shocked, you or they, for you are faced by three surly circus folk. There is the Carnivale fire-eater (his naked torso covered with a tattoo of a serpentine dragon) and the bald-headed, moustachioed strongman, who is leading a hulking, green-skinned ogre by a length of chain attached to a spiked collar. 'We've found them!' the fire-eater gasps.

'You should think about giving yourself up,' the gruff-voiced strongman says, tugging meaningfully on the lumbering ogre's chain, making the barrel-chested brute grunt with annoyance. As he does so, the fire-eater moves round behind you, blocking off your

escape route. Will you give up, as the strongman suggests (turn to 281), or prepare to take on all three Carnivale characters together (turn to 294)?

258

Stifling a yawn you make for the stairs that lead out of the bar and up to the guest-rooms. As you leave, you hear the landlord making his demands of the barmaid, finishing with, 'And lay a new fire in the grate, daughter.' To which she mutters something undoubtedly disrespectful in return. Leaving the miserable pair to their bickering, you head upstairs for bed. The room is sparsely furnished – a small table, a chair and a pallet bed – but you do not care. You feel shattered after your meeting with the phantom Highwayman, not to mention the wearying march. You are asleep from almost the moment your head hits the pillow.

You wake from a dream (in which you are chasing through the woods barefoot after a stag) due to your bed being shaken. You open your eyes blearily. You cannot see anyone else in the chamber with you, by the thin shaft of moonlight entering your room between the shutters, but there is the sound of wood scraping on wood, as if the furniture is being moved across the bare floorboards. Cautiously, you ease yourself out of the bed, which has stopped shaking, and pull your sword from its scabbard. You watch dumbfounded as the table and chair rise into the air in front of you. They hover there for a moment, three feet off the ground, and then suddenly hurl themselves at you. Incredibly, you find yourself fighting for your

life against a table and a chair! Fight the two pieces of furniture at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
TABLE	5	6
CHAIR	6	4

If you win, turn to 72.

259

With the day wearing on, the hunting party sets off in search of the Beast. The men who make up the band are used to the hardships of life in an even harder land. They are men of few words, who value action over rhetoric. Their hounds strain at their chains, snarling and slavering, eager to be after their prey. A number of veteran trappers guide the party into the forests north of Vargenhof, beyond the scraggy pastures where the Beast took its most recent victim. You enter the pinewoods under a glowering, overcast sky, and once beneath the overarching branches it is as dark as if dusk has fallen. The path the party takes wends this way and that through the forest, wolf-hounds and mastiffs being loosed to sniff out the quarry. Others among the group assure you that you are following signs left by the Beast of its passing. You, with your own heightened lupine senses, however, cannot pick up any scent or sign of such a monster anywhere nearby. As dusk really does begin to fall, in desperation the hunters split up and spread out in an attempt to find their quarry. Suddenly alone, you stumble on through the encroaching darkness. If you have the *Night Creature* special ability, turn to 410. If

not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 410; if you are Unlucky, turn to 489.

260

'Here,' says the scholar, proffering a steaming flask, 'drink this.' You take the flask and sniff at the steam clouding at the brim. You instinctively recoil in disgust. You ask Vereticus what the elixir is made from. 'There's a little wolfsbane in there,' he offers, 'tincture of silver and oil of mistletoe.' You are going to have to hold your nose as you drink, if you are ever to stomach this curious potion: but are you even certain you want to drink it? If you do, turn to 178. If you politely decline, turn to 193.

261

Further on, the passageway bends to the right and opens into a large, low-roofed cavern. On the other side of the cave, another tunnel, similar to the one you have just left, continues into the darkness that lies beneath the Abbey rock. But between you and the onward tunnel the floor of the cave is lost beneath a pool of foetid slime, writhing with the bloated white bodies of Giant Maggots. This explains the aggressive attitude of the Giant Flies towards you: the insects were protecting their brood. The stench here is even worse than that of the effluent pipe and you can see nubs of bone picked clean by the hungry maggots. Do you want to risk crossing the maggot-pool to get to the tunnel on the other side (turn to 293), or would you rather retrace your steps to where you entered this stinking underworld and take the other path (turn to 227)?

262

The monks dead, you stumble into the sanctuary and come upon the heart of the corruption in this place. Sloshing about in a pit cut from between lifted flagstones, and filled with cloying green slime, is a maggot of a magnitude you would never have imagined. The thing must be 20 feet long from snout to tail and as you watch it shudders, its tiny blind-head end swaying around, sniffing you out, the maggot's moist white body rippling repulsively. Glutinous slime dribbles from the abomination's incessantly working mouthparts. The sickly sweet smell is at its strongest here and makes you gag. It is then that you realise why it is so familiar to you: it is the stench of decay. Surely evil such as this cannot be permitted to live. If you have the word *Stoggam* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **365**. If not, you could deal with the grotesque Abbot-Maggot with cold steel (turn to **426**), or, if you know of another means of fighting the maggot, you will also know a particular name. Turn this name into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 . . . Z=26, add the numbers together and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the total. Alternatively, you could just run from the monstrous maggot's presence and the Abbey (turn to **148**).

263

The cloud of black mist moves across the palatial chamber at speed, until it disappears under a tapestry on the far wall. Hurrying after it, you pull aside the wall-hanging and find a hidden door. Beyond it, in a cramped turret chamber, you find the last of the

Vampiress' coffins. Throwing back the lid you see the re-forming body of the undead dominatrix. Without hesitation you plunge your blade into the creature's chest, penetrating her shrivelled black heart. The Countess' eyelids flick open and an unholy scream escapes from her gaping mouth as she expires. Before your eyes her flesh dissolves into slime and her blackened skeleton crumbles to dust. You have destroyed the vampiric Countess Isolde and freed the people of Maun from her tyranny. Regain 2 LUCK points! With the undead Lady of Maun truly dead at last, do you want to spend time searching her chambers for treasures (turn to 325), or do you want to quit this place of evil as without further delay (turn to 346)?

264

With the Golem nothing more than a puddle of melting fat, waxy white chunks and cut candlewicks, you cross the room and examine the ornate looking-glass hanging on the far wall. Close to, you realise that the mirror has been fashioned from black volcanic glass, its ornately wrought frame, burnished gold. As you stare into the black glass, your own shadow-eyed face stares back at you. An inscription has been etched into the frame. It reads:

If you would my secrets know,
And take all I can bestow,
Take courage now, step forth and speak
And tell me what it is you seek.

If you know what it is you should ask for, turn the name into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 . . .

Z=26, and turn to the paragraph which is the same as the total you come up with. If the paragraph makes no sense the mirror will not give up its secrets to you which leaves you only two options. Will you smash the mirror (turn to 34), or leave the turret room, return to the Map Room and proceed from there (turn to 321)?

265

As the curious being darts over the sparkling ground you desperately try to wrack your brains for any way you can possibly think of to rid yourself of the icy sprite. You now need to test one of your abilities, either by *Testing your Skill* or *Testing your Luck*. If you *Test your Skill* and are successful, turn to 287. If your *Test your Luck* and are Lucky, turn to 299. If you fail, no matter which ability you test, in desperation you pull your sword from its scabbard (turn to 218).

266

Apart from the pick, the dead Dwarf has few possessions about his person, which is probably why he risked prospecting in such a perilous place. However, in the miner's pack you find a still-stoppered potion bottle labelled 'Fortune'. The bottle has one tot left in it. Drinking the potion will return your LUCK score to its *Initial* level. This is a lucky find indeed! Now you must return to 122 to decide which way to go.

267

Out of the foetid pool, the blade appears to shine. It is a magnificent weapon and has not suffered any

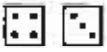

tarnishing, despite its resting-place. Turning the blade over you see engraved gothic lettering flash in the lantern light. They spell out a name: 'Wulfen'. You have found a powerful magical weapon. Restore 1 LUCK point and, for as long as it is your weapon of choice, increase your Attack Strength in battles by 1 point. As well as counting as a magical weapon, which will harm the undead, demons and magical creatures, the Wulfen Sword has a charm bound into it, which works against the moon-wrought powers of were-creatures. Injuries you lay against any creature with the word 'Were' in its name, while wielding the Wulfen Sword will cause 3 STAMINA points damage rather than the usual 2. Add the Wulfen Sword to your Possessions. Still marvelling at the magnificent weapon you hold in your hands, you begin to wonder what else might be lying beneath the surface of the pool. Do you want to extend the search for artefacts (turn to 432) or will you climb out of the pit with your wondrous new find (turn to 154)?

268

'. . . And so I find myself here, a mercenary seeking a job that will pay for a comfortable bed at a warm inn for the night,' you say, concluding your story.

'A sell-sword, you say?' The man never once takes his eyes from you. 'Then you have come to the right place. But let's not talk here. You must be hungry after your travels and *The Suckling Pig* has a roaring fire that will take the chill from your bones.'

You allow the man – who is Konrad, headman of

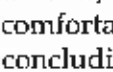

Strigoiva – to lead you to the village's only tavern, where at his insistence, a bowl of steaming mutton stew is placed before you. You devour the meal hungrily as you listen to what he has to tell you. (Regain up to 4 STAMINA points.)

'We live in cursed times, my friend, and Strigoiva feels this curse more strongly than other places. On a nightly basis we suffer the attacks of a veritable army of ghosts.'

Ghosts? Konrad has captured your attention. 'What ghosts?' you ask.

'Terrible spectres all,' he goes on. 'First there is the Shuck, which preys upon travellers on the western moors and keeps Father Corran a virtual prisoner within the holy shrine to the goddess of the healing spring. Then there is the Headless Highwayman, who preys on folk who travel the road north to Balci, just as he did in his ungodly lifetime. And last, but most terrible of all, there is the Howling, which assails us in our homes each and every night. We have had enough. When you arrived, you found us preparing to meet the ghostly pack and send it on its way back to Hell, or die trying. Will you help rid us of our spectral tormentors? We would reward you in our own modest way.'

If you want to stay and help the villagers in their battle with the Howling – whatever that might be – turn to 40. If not, turn to 434.

269

There is a definite gap between the edge of the mirror and the frame. Tapping the wall around the edge of the frame you finally find what you are looking for. You apply just the right amount of pressure at the right spot and the reflecting glass swings back. Beyond the mirror lies a small chamber draped with black velvet and lit by a single red lantern. Standing on trestles is a grand black coffin with gleaming gold handles. If you ever had any doubts that Maun Tower is the lair of a Vampire they vanish now. You know that a Vampire's coffin is its last refuge and as long as the undead creature has such a retreat to return to it can never truly be vanquished. You send the coffin crashing to the floor and smash it to smithereens. (Make a note of the fact that you have destroyed the coffin on your *Adventure Sheet* and add 1 to your ALARM score.) Feeling more confident about the outcome of your mission you leave the second floor to explore elsewhere (turn to 7).

270

There being no time like the present, you seize your moment and leap at the thing, sword drawn. Seeing what you are planning, the Changeling hisses and leaps into the rafters above your head. In the same instant, as if compelled by the will of another, Farmer Bauer and his wife march towards you, arming themselves with a stout log from the woodpile and a rolling-pin, ready to defend their unnatural 'child'. The Changeling giggles as the old couple try to batter you with their improvised cudgels. You have no wish to harm the elderly pair and so fight only to disarm them. Farmer Bauer has a SKILL score of 6 and Mistress Bauer a SKILL of 5. Roll for Attack Rounds as normal, but reducing your Attack Strength by 1 point. You need to win two Attack Rounds to disarm each opponent, and have to fight them both at the same time. If the farmer or his wife win an Attack Round you will suffer damage as normal. Keep a track of how many Attack Rounds it takes to disarm the pair (you will need to fight a minimum of four). When you have disarmed both Farmer and Mistress Bauer, you are at last able to tackle the Changeling. But while you have been distracted the imp has been steadily transforming itself. It is now much larger, and more vicious than it was in its infant form. When you come to fight the monstrous imp you must increase its STAMINA score by the number of Attack Rounds it took you to disarm the old couple. You must also increase it SKILL score by the same number divided by two (rounding fractions up). Now turn to 137 to resolve this battle.

271

As you battle the Black Wolf you become increasingly aware of the rest of the wolf pack continuing to close in around you, and that momentary distraction is all it takes. You stumble on an exposed root and lose your footing. The huge wolf seizes the opportunity with unnerving animal cunning. Your sword-arm flailing as you try to maintain your balance, the wolf smashes through your compromised defence and hurls you bodily to the ground. You feel its great weight on top of you, the breath knocked out of you. You can smell its foetid, carnivore's breath, hear its snarl in your ear. And then, with a savage cry of animal satisfaction, the wolf sinks its fangs into the flesh of your shoulder. (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) Your agonised cry is suddenly joined by a howl of pain as the wolf releases its grip. Your vision greying, you see a tall, thickset figure standing over the Black Wolf, a sturdy woodsman's axe raised above his head. The axe descends again and the wolf gives a strangled yowl and leaps off you. The woodsman swings his axe again and the wolf flees yelping, the rest of the pack skulking after their leader. Then the great figure is looming over you. Defeated by pain and blood loss, your body cannot take any more and you black out. Turn to 111.

272

You trudge on across Fenmoor, following the narrow paths of firmer ground zigzagging between the marshes that have given these moors their name. The fog that continues to thicken around you adds to your sense of disorientation until you have no idea where

you are going. A shrill sound suddenly cuts through the smothering mist, something like the screaming of demented wolves. All sorts of terrible premonitions assail your overwrought mind and you begin to feel that your fate is inescapable. (Add 1 to your CHANGE score.) And then you see movement ahead. Smoky tendrils dance before your eyes, their twisting course seemingly directed by some gestalt intelligence. As you watch, transfixed, you fancy that you can see monstrous faces appearing through the fog. As you are wondering whether your own eyes are playing tricks on you, a nightmarish visage coalesces from the vapour around you. It has burning eyes and a hideous, fang-filled slash of a mouth. Beneath the misshapen head and neck, two muscular arms emerge from the swirls of mist, ending in savage, rending claws. From the torso down, the creature's body trails away into nothingness as it merges back into the mist. The grotesque creature darts forward, spiralling around you in an effort to confuse, but you do not fail to spot the appearance of a second creature. You have heard tell of these monsters before but had thought them the stuff of fairy tales. Unfortunately for you these Fog Devils are all too real. You have no choice but to fight the creatures together as they close in for the kill, their cries setting your teeth on edge.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FOG DEVIL	8	6
Second FOG DEVIL	7	6

If you win, turn to 222.

273

At the very top of the spiral staircase you pass through a door and emerge onto the battlements of the tower. Dark rags of cloud scud across the moon, which hangs near full over the landscape. Staring up at the moon you can feel its lunar energy working its way into every fibre of your being, calling to the wolf within. (Add 1 to your CHANGE score.) Momentarily ensnared by the moon's gaze you become aware of a high-pitched squeaking sound that you would never have been able to hear at all before your transformation into a wolf began. Looking up, you see the flapping flock of bats descending from the tempestuous sky. Before you can reach the door that leads back down into the tower, the bats are upon you, all slashing wing-claws and needle-sharp fangs. You are going to have to fight these servants of the night creature who rules here.

FLOCK OF BATS SKILL 5 STAMINA 10

Deduct your SKILL score from 15; this is the total number of Attack Rounds you will have to fight before you can escape the flock of bats, if you do not defeat them in fewer rounds. If you do manage to drive the bats off and return to the relative safety of the interior of the tower, turn to 7 to explore elsewhere.

274

Drawing your sword, you leap at the landlord's daughter, but before you can land a blow against her the doors of the stable are thrown open by a gale-force

wind and you hear the shrill whinny of a horse in the yard behind you. 'He comes,' Meg says, looking past you, 'my fine gentleman, my brave Lord Lucre.' You turn and come face-to-face, as it were, with the Headless Highwayman once again. The spectre enters the stable on foot, drawn sabre in one hand and his own severed head under the other. 'You would lay a hand on my Meg?' the ghost declares its face contorted in rage. 'Then you will pay with your life!' And with that Lord Lucre attacks.

HEADLESS HIGHWAYMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you defeat your ghostly opponent, turn to 115.

275

Another half an hour further down the path and you make camp beneath the outstretched branches of a lightning-sundered elm tree. You may eat 1 Meal's worth of Provisions if you wish, before settling to sleep, but as soon as your close your eyes sleep is not long in coming . . .

You are woken from a dream (in which you are baying at the moon with the rest of your pack) by some ever-watchful sixth sense. You hear a leathery flapping sound coming from the branches of the dead elm and catch the shimmer of shadowy movement. There is the glimmer of moonlight on glistening, elongated fangs and the Vampire Bats, which have scented you out by the corrupted blood pulsing in your veins, fly down to feed. You are going to have to fight the bloodthirsty creatures all together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPIRE BAT	5	4
Second VAMPIRE BAT	6	5

Lupravian Vampire Bats are even more to be feared than those of other lands. They are horribly overlarge creatures with savage, fanged faces, giving them an undead appearance. To add to their unpleasant form, this particular pair are also riddled with rabies. If they manage to bite you – even just once – you must add 1 point to your CHANCE score. If you dispatch both of the cruel creatures you spend the rest of the night wide awake, listening out for more of their kind. You are glad when dawn breaks at last and you are able to go on your way. Turn to 500.

276

When you plunged your sword into the bowl of water outside the onion-domed building, you were in fact anointing the blade with holy water from the village shrine. As a result, thankfully, you are now able to cause the spectral wolf harm (regain 1 LUCK point), but it is still going to be a battle that will test your mettle.

SPECTRAL WOLF SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you destroy the wolf-ghost, turn to 443.

277

The effects of the potion you have chosen to drink are not constant, changing from one minute to the next. Roll one dice and consult the table below to see what effect the elixir has on you.

Dice Roll	*Effect*
1–2	Restore your current SKILL score to its *Initial* level.
3–4	Restore your current STAMINA score to its *Initial* level.
5–6	Restore your current LUCK score to its *Initial* level.

Will you now drink one of the other potions (turn to 337) or would you prefer to leave the burning building (turn to 291)?

278

You lift the mace down from its mountings and test its weight in your hand. It is heavy enough to break bone and stone with equal ease, causing conventional opponents 3 STAMINA points of damage. But because of its weight, if you wish to use the mace in battle, rather than a bladed weapon you might have, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point. As you are getting used to the feel of the mace you hear an ominous grating sound behind you. You turn to see one of the suits of armour climb down from its pedestal, the iron plate clattering noisily as it does so. It too pulls a mace down from the wall and advances on you with slow clanking steps. (Add 1 to your ALARM score.)

ANIMATED ARMOUR SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

As with your mace, every time the suit of armour wins an Attack Round you will suffer 3 points of STAMINA damage. You may escape after two Attack Rounds by turning to 7. If you stay the fight and destroy the metal

menace, it collapses on the carpeted floor of the corridor, now just so many pieces of battered armour. Will you now take down one of the shields from the wall (turn to 203) or will you leave to explore elsewhere (turn to 7)?

279

Pulling an old, moth-eaten blanket over you for extra warmth, you make yourself a make-do bed for the night, using your backpack as a pillow. You are fast asleep and snoring soundly when somebody creeps up on you and knocks you over the head with a heavy cosh. Lose 2 STAMINA points and, if you are still alive, turn to 476.

280

The old woman gives a startled cry and spins round. On seeing you her beady black eyes narrow and an ugly grimace contorts her already unattractive features. She quickly flicks to another page in her book and, chanting the incantation she finds there, points her wand at the creatures at her feet. Realising the crone's evil intentions you prepare to defend yourself. Then the spell takes effect: one of the toads at her feet starts to swell, rapidly increasing in size. Having started off as big as a man's fist, it is soon the size of a dog but keeps on growing. The transformation does not stop until the bloated toad is as large as a pony. Pushing itself forward on its huge webbed feet, the witch's familiar moves to attack, the tip of its tongue darting in and out of its mouth.

GIANT TOAD SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

If the toad wins an Attack Round, it lashes you with its poisonous sticky tongue; on a roll of 5 or 6 you lose 4 STAMINA points instead of the usual 2. If you kill the toad, you must now deal with the witch. Turn to 65.

281

Suddenly surrounded by Carnivale folk, you are seized and your weapon taken from you. You are taken inside the larger, grinning maw tent at the centre of the encampment. You find yourself standing at the centre of a circle of the strange Carnivale players. Many of them bear some kind of mutation. You see one man with gills in his neck like a fish, and a woman joined at the hip to her twin. The diminutive Carnivale Master pushes his way through the crowd and peers up at you from beneath the shadowing brim of his top hat.

'People are suspicious of us Carnivale folk, with our unfamiliar Carnivale ways, but we do not mean any harm. We are just trying to make our way in the world like everybody else. We offer sanctuary to the dispossessed, the unwanted and the outcast. Most are happy to leave us be, paying for the privilege of glimpsing a world they are fortunate enough not to be part of. But then some people like you,' he says, stabbing an accusing finger at your chest, 'never let us be and force us to move on from town to town, village to village, never able to rest for fear of the false accusations that follow us. And what kind of person are you anyway, to think the worst of us?' If you have the codeword *Rellik* written on your *Adventure Sheet*,

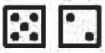

turn to 418. If not, roll two dice and add 2 to the total. If the total is equal to or less than your current CHANGE score, turn to 3; if it is greater, turn to 509.

282

The dressed stone walls soon give way to hard packed earth, within which have been cut long, low recesses, each large enough to hold a coffin. These must be the catacombs of the Abbey, in which the predecessors of the present-day brethren are interred. The catacomb tunnels wind through the ground beneath the Abbey complex, lit by flickering tallow-tapers. Turning a corner you hear a sudden skittering sound, which is then joined by a shrill squeaking. You can see that a number of the coffin-alcoves have been disturbed, the shroud-bound remains being gnawed at by the creatures your arrival has interrupted. At first glance you take them to be rats but as you begin to see more clearly through the gloom, you glimpse patches of bare skin, suppurating sores and oozing buboes, exposed ribs, jaundice-yellow eyes and bony, fleshless tails. These are no mere rats, they are contaminated carriers of the lethal Yellow Death, and would much rather feast on warm fresh meat than old, dry bones. Fight the undead rodents as if they were one entity.

GHOUL RATS SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If the rats bite you more than twice, you become infected with the vile plague they carry. Lose 1 SKILL point in addition to any STAMINA you may lose, and add 1 to your CHANGE score. If you survive this pestilential encounter, turn to 362.

283

'Why, everyone knows the name of Wulfen. And, aye, I've heard tell of the Mad Prince, not to mention his brother, Count Varcolac, who is head of the family now. Although how much is fiction and how much is truth I wouldn't like to say,' Konrad warns you. 'What I've heard is that this Garoul was locked up in a tower of Castle Wulfen and was driven mad by his incarceration. Now it is said that he will eat only raw meat and howls at the full moon, when it appears in the heavens.' Now turn to 395.

284

Higher up the tower, on the fourth floor, you come to a long corridor lined with large portraits in heavy frames. They depict various members of the same aristocratic family, their shared likeness being a hungry, hawkish look. Some of the paintings must be several hundred years old. They range from gaunt-looking old men in ill-fitting suits of ceremonial armour to full-length portraits of a striking, platinum-haired young woman. In fact, there are more paintings of her than any other person on display. One representation of the noblewoman in particular grabs your attention. Realised in earth-toned oils and broad brushstrokes, it shows the subject standing before crenelated battlements, a stormy night's sky behind her and the silhouettes of bats and carrion birds flitting across the glowing orb of the moon. You feel as if the woman is staring from the canvas directly into your eyes, and are suddenly overwhelmed by the feeling that you are being watched. (Add 1 to your

ALARM score and make sure the codeword *Dehctaw* is recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Unable to shake the feeling of unease this has left you with you hasten away from the gallery and try another floor of the tower. Turn to 7.

285

Somehow you manage to master the beast struggling to free itself from inside the fleshy cage of your body for just a few more precious moments. You might still get out of this alive, and still human! Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to 189.

286

The black mist rushes out of the chamber with inhuman speed, leaving you alone in the palatial domed room. The vampiric Countess has retreated to one of her hidden coffin-sanctuaries to recuperate. Although you have won a victory over her, it is only temporary. The vampiric Lady of Maun will return, of that you can be assured! (Lose 1 LUCK point and add the codeword *Daednu* to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Alone at the top of the tower, will you spend some time searching the Countess' chambers for valuables or artefacts of power (turn to 325), or will you quit this place of evil as quickly as you can (turn to 346)?

287

Of course, it seems so obvious to you now. The elemental is a creature of ice and cold, so heat would be a natural defence against it. Quickly, you pull your tinderbox from your backpack. Using the kindling

you carry with you, you light a small fire and are able to get a dry tree branch to burn. Waving your burning brand in front of you, you force the sprite back and out of your way. 'Frost and snow and chill winds blow, the warming comes away we go!' the creature shrieks and then seems to evaporate into thin air. Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to 314.

288

Changing course you pick your way through the undergrowth towards the lilting music and flickering firelight. It does not take long to reach the encampment, which has been made in a sheltered clearing. A number of brightly painted wagons have been drawn up in a rough circle, the horses and mules that brought them here now freed of their traces and grazing nearby. At the centre of the ring of wagons a large fire is burning furiously, and dancing barefoot before the flames is a beautiful young woman. She lifts her skirts as she dances, as her legs kick and leap, bracelets around her wrists and ankles jangling, providing a percussive accompaniment to the accordion. There are other people present too, sitting around the fire, clapping in time to the music. They are dressed in brightly coloured skirts and trews, waistcoats and shawls. All of them are olive of skin and dark of hair, and all of them show their wealth about their person in an ostentatious fashion, gold-hoop earrings, necklaces of semi-precious stones and large rings. These are the Mortani gypsies, native people of the cursed land of Lupravia, descendants of the original nomadic tribespeople who first settled the mountain-

shaded valleys of Mauristatia. A few of them give you sideways glances as you approach, but none try to stop you. And all the time the music drums its way through you. Roll two dice and add 2 to the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your CHANCE score, turn to 336; if it is greater, turn to 323.

289

Thankfully, despite her terrible ordeal, the old woman is still alive, although badly injured. The kind-hearted woodsman takes Grandmother Zekova up in his arms and carries her to her bed, where he does his best to make her comfortable. Her eyes flickering, between ragged gasps, she says, 'Ulrich, is that you?'

'It is, Grandmother,' he replies, his voice low and gentle.

'So what brings you to my cottage, so fortuitously, at this late hour?' she wheezes.

You listen anxiously as Ulrich relates the events that have led you both to this point. The old woman takes in all he has to say with remarkable calmness. When he is done she turns her head to look at you. 'So you have been bitten by a lycanthrope and now carry the same dread disease?' You nod wearily. 'Lycanthropy is a terrible and crippling curse indeed, but you are fortunate to have met Ulrich this night, and that he had the foresight to bring you to me. But if I am to help you now, you must tell me again about the creature that attacked you.' If you have a Signet Ring, turn to 369. If not, turn to 326.

290

Picking up the transformed hand you hurl it into the fire with a scream of rage and then watch as the fingers blacken and burn, the flesh crisping and crackling in the hungry flames.

'Then I am doomed,' you say, in utter despair as you gaze into the fire. 'Doomed to become a creature of bloodthirsty appetites I shall be unable to control when the moon waxes full. I shall be an outcast, an animal, a murderous beast.' (Add 3 points to your CHANGE score.)

'Maybe not,' Ulrich says, fixing you with an unnerving stare. There is something old and forbidding about the dark pits of his eyes, as if there is something else looking out of Ulrich at you. 'There may still be hope – for you.'

There is? Then what is to be done? You press the woodsman to tell you more. What does he know that you do not?

'I know of two cures for lycanthropy, but we will have to act quickly.' Ulrich will help you? But why? 'Let us just say that we all have our secrets.' So what are the cures? 'The surest way, is to find the werewolf that infected you with its bite, and kill it. You could also eat a sprig of the herb belladonna, if you could find some. And there is one other course of action we could take. We could seek the assistance of Grandmother Zekova, the wisest person I know, who lives further into these woods, over the border in Lupravia. But it is up to you. What do you want to do?' Will you choose to:

Pursue the wolves in the hope of hunting down the animal that bit you?	Turn to 473
Search the woods for the herb belladonna?	Turn to 195
Go in search of the wisewoman Grandmother Zekova?	Turn to 302

291

The staircase leading to the windmill's lower levels is on fire so, in a feat of courageous derring-do, you throw yourself out of the top of the building, landing on one of the ragged, broken-battened sails, and allow the sails' rotation to carry you down to the ground. Dropping the last six feet, you run hell-for-leather away from the blazing structure as its dilapidated framework finally gives in to the ravages of the raging conflagration and the storm, and collapses in on itself. You spend the rest of the night being battered by the unrelenting storm and when morning comes you go on your way, weary with sleep-deprivation and soaked to the skin, but nonetheless grateful to be alive. Turn to 500.

292

You spot the large, flat, circular boulder almost flush with the floor of the cave just in time to escape the attempt on your life that follows. The stone flips up, like an opening hatch, and a huge, hairy brown spider – over ten feet in diameter – leaps out of the hole now revealed in the cavern floor. The arachnid's powerful, grasping front limbs hit the rocky floor barely a foot from you but, realising that its surprise attack has failed, the Giant Trapdoor Spider retreats into its hole, pulling the boulder back into place over the top of its tunnel to protect itself. Do you want to heave the stone out of the way and take the fight to the spider (turn to 514) or would you rather get away from here as quickly as possible (turn to 236)?

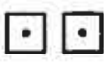

293

As soon as you wade into the slimy pool the maggots' blind heads turn towards you, drawn to your body-heat. Unperturbed, with one hand on the pommel of your sword, you take one determined step after another across the lake of ooze. The slime sucks at your feet; it feels just like walking through a clinging swamp. A bloated maggot rolls over and bumps into your leg, making you jump, but the fly larvae do not attack. They are only interested in consuming dead flesh. You are halfway across the disgusting cavern when your foot knocks against something under the surface of the slime. Do you want to reach into the slime to pick up whatever it is you have inadvertently found (turn to 307), or will you keep going without stopping, just in case (turn to 322)?

294

'Grendel, kill!' the strongman shouts, releasing his hold on the beast's chain. With a bellow the hulking beast bounds towards you, the knuckles of its massive fists dragging on the ground, as the strongman and fire-eater arm themselves with long knives and advance towards you. You must always fight two of your opponents at the same time (in whatever combination you choose), until there is only one left alive.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GRENDEL	8	10
STRONGMAN	9	8
FIRE-EATER	7	6

If the Grendel-beast scores a hit against you roll one

dice; on a roll of 6 the creature's massive club fists cause you 3 points of STAMINA damage. If you lose two Attack Rounds in a row (to any of your opponents) the Fire-Eater breathes a gout of flame at you, causing you an additional 2 STAMINA points' damage. If you overcome all three opponents, you can either flee the Carnivale straight away (turn to 29), or risk continuing your search of the camp (turn to 281), but whatever you choose to do, add the codeword *Rellik* to your *Adventure Sheet* first.

295

You snatch up the skull and then, there in front of you, is the headless ghost once again. You have no choice but to fight as the Headless Highwayman tries to reclaim his skull.

HEADLESS HIGHWAYMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you win, you hurl the skull onto the cobbles of the stable yard where it smashes into bony shards. Turn to 76.

296

Talking to the cheerful smith does not tell you anything about the malaise affecting the people of Maun but you do get on to the subject of your own quest. Without revealing any of the pertinent – and potentially contentious – details, you do tell him that you could do with some help. 'Then you should try Countess Isolde, the Lady of Maun Tower. She is a sorceress. I'm sure she would be willing and able to help you. And then there are the Black Monks, they might be able to help too. You'll find them at their abbey, north of here.' Do you want to take the smith up on his advice and seek an audience with the Lady of Maun (turn to 255), or will you press on and quit the village (turn to 350)?

297

As you descend the staircase the shadows deepen, as the wall-mounted torches peter out. The crypt itself is pitch black and you will need a lantern if you are to progress any further. If you have a lantern, the *Night Creature* special ability or the codeword *Nethcir* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, you can enter the crypt safely (turn to 320). If you don't have any of the above, but still want to risk entering the crypt, turn to 329. If you don't want to enter the crypt after all, turn to 7 to choose another floor of the tower to explore.

298

The mist thickens in front of you, coalescing into the shape of a grotesque, phantasmal creature. Everything about it is a macabre exaggeration of what a wolf would be in life; horrific dagger-length fangs, shredding scythe-hook claws, blazing coal-eyes and that incessant wailing howl. You have no choice but to defend yourself against the leader of the spectral pack. If you dipped your sword in water earlier, turn to 276. If not, turn to 96.

299

Rising from the depths of your subconscious comes a rhyme that you remember being taught as a child.

'Beware the Shiversprite, my dear, when the moon is fat.
Sharp of claw and spindle-limbed he is, and cunning.
With icy breath and freezing touch he brings the snowfall chill.
But Winter hungers and has teeth, my love, and sharpened ones at that.
So beware the Shiversprite, my dear, when the moon is fat.'

The cautionary rhyme was more than just a child's bedtime tale, it was a warning for those who might find themselves at the mercy of one of Grandfather Winter's minions. The ditty even tells you the elemental creature's name and to know such a being's true name is to have power over it. 'Shiversprite!' you shout. Hearing you utter its name, the creature almost jumps out of its icy skin. Without a moment's

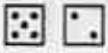

hesitation you declare the sprite to 'Begone!' With an ear-piercing shriek the elemental appears to evaporate and is gone. Turn to 314.

300

Count Varcolac, Prince of Lupravia, Were-Lord of Wulfen Castle and first of his cursed werewolf blood-line lies dead at your feet. You have exacted your revenge on this monstrous tyrant, this begetter of wolf-spawn. But what is this? Even as you are looking down at Varcolac's corpse in triumph you see the many wounds you inflicted on him knit and heal bloodlessly. The werewolf's eyes flick open but now they burn like the fiery pits of hell itself. Your hackles rise and suddenly a series of vision-memories that are not your own assail your conscious mind . . .

You see five gathered within shadow-haunted ruins – a monk, a sorceress, a black-shrouded widow, a noblewoman and a younger Count Varcolac – as they embark upon some unholy ritual. In your mind's eye you see them cast treasures, valuable to each, into a pit of darkness. You hear the chanted invocation, see

the silver-wrought daggers they have consecrated for their dark rite, feel the gathered Cadre's fear and excited anticipation. And then you briefly glimpse the thing they summon forth from the Infernal Pit, a wolfish demon, its insubstantial flesh black as an evil man's dreams, snarling like a caged beast. You see the demon possess the astounded Count and witness his transformation into a wolf for the first time . . .

You understand now what is happening under your appalled gaze. The demon the Cadre summoned, which possessed the rakish young prince and wrought its changes so dramatically upon him, is resurrecting Count Varcolac's werewolf body from the dead. But what can you do to stop this demonic resurrection? If you have the codeword *Degnahc* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 399 immediately. If not, have you collected any Silver Daggers during your adventure? If you have collected no daggers at all, turn to 133. If you have collected five daggers and know what to do with them, turn to the relevant page number you noted down earlier. If you have less than five daggers, or you do not know what to do with them, turn to 464.

301

There are various chapters within *Grymm's Folk-lore* and the pages of wooden-block print are accompanied by woodcut illustrations of subjects such as a man extracting the stone from a toad's head and a hag being put to the ducking-stool. Much of *Grymm* is knowledge that any peasant child would know. But in

a chapter entitled 'Of Myths Concerning the Cycles of the Year', the author writes about beliefs surrounding the changing of the seasons, stating that such times of transition are when elemental forces, tied to the different times of the year, have most influence in the world. The seasons themselves are given the personifications of Mistress Springtime, the Summer Lord, Dame Autumn and Grandfather Winter by the peasant folk of Lupravia, whose lives and livelihoods are closely bound to the seasonal cycles. The chapter describes one of these elementals, a minion of Old Man Winter, called the Shiversprite, who heralds winter's return, bringing hard frosts and sudden blizzards. You reach the end of the chapter just as Vereticus returns to the library. Turn to 260.

302

Ulrich sets off through the night at such a pace that, in your current condition, you find it exhausting to keep up. Your panting breath mists before you in the cold night air, but Ulrich shows no sign of slowing: your predicament is just too dire. And so you continue, half running to keep up with the woodsman as he hurries through the brooding forest, leading you deeper and deeper into this dark domain.

You have been travelling in this way for almost an hour when you come in sight of a stone cottage, complete with sagging thatched roof. Without breaking his stride, Ulrich marches up to the sturdy, iron-bound oak door and beats on it with the haft of his axe. From inside the cottage comes the sound of shuffling steps,

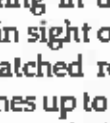

followed by a cracked, irritable voice: 'Who's there? And what do you want?'

'Grandmother!' the woodsman calls. 'It is Ulrich with a friend in need of your help.' A tiny hatch in the middle of the door slides open and two cataract-blurred eyes peer out before the opening closes again. There is the grate of bolts being pulled back until at last the door opens. A hunched figure ushers you both into the warm glow before the door is slammed shut and rebolted.

Wrapped in a woollen shawl, the wizened old crone looks you up and down, suspiciously. She has a hooked nose and chin, and looks every part the witch, with a chain of silver charms hanging round her neck. 'So it's you who needs my help, is it?' Grandmother Zekova says. You listen in nervous anticipation, as Ulrich tells the old wisewoman of the fate that has befallen you. The old woman appears to take in what Ulrich says with dispassionate interest. When he is done she turns to you. Without saying a word she starts to prod and poke you, looking in your eyes and getting you to stick out your tongue. She also takes a look at the wolf-bite on your shoulder.

'Lycanthropy is a terrible and crippling curse indeed,' she says at last, 'but you are fortunate to have met trustworthy Ulrich here, who has had the foresight to bring you to me. For I can help you, although I cannot cure you. The disease is still just taking hold and if we act fast we might yet be able to counteract the effects of the werewolf's saliva-venom. I can prepare a potion

brewed from the belladonna weed, which will hel
but with your consent, I would like to bleed you fir
so that the concoction might have a faster, mo
potent, effect.'

Will you let the wisewoman bleed you before admi
istering her potion (turn to 335), or will you refuse ar
simply ask her to prepare the belladonna concocti
(turn to 358)?

303

Lightning courses through your body in an outbur
of primal fury. (Lose 4 STAMINA points and, for as lon
as you remain in the windmill, reduce your SKILL by
point as well.) However, fortuitously, the force of th
explosion also melts the manacles securing you to th
equipment bank and hurls you across the room t
land before the now-electrified table. The man-mad
monster laid out on the slab shudders as the force o
the storm animates it with unnatural life. 'It's alive
the scientist shouts with unbridled glee. 'Never agai
will they dare to accuse Professor Arcanum of infam
Now they will have to declare me a genius rathe
than insane!' The hulking construct turns to face yo
and with lumbering, clanking steps advances on you
arms outstretched. Turn to 152.

304

Lantern in hand, you run towards the monster's web
while trying to avoid the ravening monster at the
same time. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to
125. If you fail, you cannot avoid the stalking Black
Widow (turn to 252).

305

Night Creature – Werewolves are creatures of the night, their powers influenced by the lunar cycle. You now have a closer affinity to the darkness and your night vision has improved considerably. You no longer need a lantern to see by when it is dark, whether it is in the depths of a moonless night or you are exploring subterranean tunnels. If you are told that you must have a lantern to follow a particular route you may ignore this instruction. Make a note of this new special ability on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were last instructed to write down.

306

'Ah, good,' says the second as you draw your blade, 'something to sharpen my claws on!'

'Like a lamb to the slaughter,' says the third.

'No,' the first barks, sniffing the air again, her muzzle-nose wrinkling, 'more like a wolf in sheep's clothing!'

Screaming, Count Varcolac's Wolf Brides attack, clawed hands ready to tear your flesh. Their path to you is obstructed by the dining table and chairs. You are able to manoeuvre yourself so that you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First WOLF BRIDE	7	7
Second WOLF BRIDE	6	7
Third WOLF BRIDE	7	8

A silver weapon will harm the brides just as it would other were-creatures. If you are wounded more than three times, add 1 to your CHANGE score. If you manage to kill all three of the savage brides, turn to 352.

307

Blind white heads nudge at your hands as you fumble about in the slime, making you shudder in disgust. Your hand closes around what feels like the hilt of a weapon. Withdrawing it you wipe the clinging slime from the object now in your hands and are amazed to discover that you are holding a beautifully crafted Silver Dagger.

If you want to take the Silver Dagger, add this item to your *Adventure Sheet* and add the codeword *Stoggam* to your *Adventure Sheet*. You may use the dagger in combat but if you do so you will have to fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point. Injuries you cause any creature with the word 'Were' in its name will suffer increased damage (3 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2) as the pure metal is inimical to their kind. The Silver Dagger will also harm Undead and demons but only causes the usual 2 STAMINA points damage.

It takes a few moments for you to realise that there has been a cost to putting your hand into the slime, for it is mildly acidic. Your hand begins to burn and the skin reddens, just as if you had been burned. In time the pain will pass but you still suffer 1 STAMINA point of damage caused by the acid burn. Turn to 322.

308

The barmaid utters the last line of her spell with a final flourish of her hands staring towards the stable door. You realise that she can see you, but seems unperturbed by your presence. 'He comes,' she says, looking past you, 'my brave Lord Lucre.'

Hearing the jangle of harness behind you, and the impatient snort of a horse, you turn around and come face-to-face, as it were, with the Headless Highwayman once again. The ghost of Lord Lucre enters the stable on foot, drawn sabre in one hand and his own severed head under the other. Without uttering a single word, the spectre attacks.

HEADLESS HIGHWAYMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you defeat your ghostly opponent, turn to 115.

309

With cautious steps, keeping one hand on the wall to your left, you enter the crypt. The silent darkness swallows you up, but it does not remain silent for long. A ghastly hissing sound alerts you to the dire nature of your situation. Then you feel the first of half a dozen pairs of filthy talons seize hold of you and, as you struggle to ready your weapon, the first decaying teeth sink into your flesh. You end your adventure as the main course in a ghoulish feast for the undead.

310

Passing through the door you enter what appears to be an artificer's workshop. The mechanical guts of all manner of clockwork contraptions cover shelves and workbenches, along with the tools used to construct them. However, one object stands out beyond all others. It is a life-size, brass replica of a man. The metal mannequin, an exquisite work of art more delicate than any suit of armour, stands immobile, like nothing so much as an artist's poseable maquette. Right over where the figure's heart would be is a large keyhole. If you have a Brass Key and want to turn it in the keyhole, turn to 452. If not, there is nothing else for you in the artificer's room and so you will have to return to the junction and take the door that is now ahead of you (turn to 428), or the one that is to your right (turn to 459).

311

'Then I pity you your predicament,' the man says darkly, 'but I cannot permit a cursed creature of the night to live, and risk the contagion spreading.' With that, he raises his pistol again and in response, realising that combat is inevitable, you unsheathe your sword. Turn to 465.

312

'Pretty things indeed,' agrees the second.

'Wondrous, my sweeting, wondrous!' warbles the first, snatching the item from you. (Cross it off from your Possessions.) 'Now, be on your way.'

Will you now depart, as instructed (turn to 352), or will you turn on the brides when they are least expecting it (turn to 306)?

313

Lycanthropy: The Curse of the Werewolf surprises you because it has been copied out by hand, each new page of information beginning with a sinisterly illuminated capital letter. Much of the book is filled with incorrect and downright ridiculous rumours, half-truths and utter lies about the nature of Were-creatures, lycanthropy, and how to contract the condition. Of what is left you feel that you know most of it already – that silver is harmful to lycanthropes and that they are forced to transform once every lunar cycle when the moon is full. However, there is other information here that you know will help you manage the transformation from man to wolf. (Lose 1 CHANGE point.) In time Vereticus re-enters the library. Turn to 260.

314

With the rising of the sun, the ice melts again and the forest is free once more of the attentions of Winter's minion. The trees begin to thin until you emerge from the woods and cross a tussocky heath, dotted with the standing stone markers of some ancient and long-forgotten tribe. Your path descends through this purple and green landscape of heather-thick heathland until you come in sight of another village. Turn to 250.

killer's attention is drawn to the new arrival. The wolf gives voice to its blood-curdling growl and you feel it rumbling through your body as the weight of the beast still pins you to the cold, damp floor of the forest. There is another shout and then an agonised yelping. The weight on top of you is released. Hearing another howl of pain you manage to roll onto your side. But something is wrong; you feel woozy and your head starts to spin. Your vision greying, you see a tall, thickset figure standing over the Black Wolf, a sturdy woodsman's axe in his hand. The axe descends again and the wolf gives a strangled yowl. The axeman swings his makeshift weapon again, landing another blow, and the wolf flees yelping, the rest of the pack skulking after their leader. Then the hulking figure is looming over you. Overcome by pain and blood loss, your body cannot take any more and you black out. Turn to 111.

255

The Tower of Maun, home of the Countess Isolde, stands on a blasted escarpment overlooking the village. The sun has already set by the time your reach the tower and you are surprised to find the gatehouse unmanned. Crossing the bridge that spans a chasm in

front of the tower, you enter a high-walled courtyard. Climbing a broad flight of steps up to a grand entrance, you knock on the large double doors. The doors are opened by a gaunt-faced man, dressed in the apparel of a servant. You tell him that you are here to seek the help of the Countess and are ushered into a large, circular entrance hall. From there the man-servant takes you up a polished stone staircase to the top of the tower. Finally he leads you into a grand, high-ceilinged chamber, ornately decorated with heavy velvet window drapes of black and red, the dome of its ceiling painted with a zodiacal map of the heavens. At your abrupt arrival, a striking, platinum-haired woman dressed in crimson and black, her skin as white as ivory, rises from a high-backed wooden chair. Her scrawny servant tells her you are here seeking her help. 'Is that right?' the Countess says, approaching you. 'And how can I help you?' You are captivated by her beauty and find yourself transfixed

315

The werewolf snaps as you thrust the Silver Cross of Saint Crucius into its face. A brutal clawed hand lashes out, smacking the cross from your hand and raking the flesh of your arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 150.

316

Ducking inside the wagon you shut the door carefully behind you. You hold your breath as whomever you heard walks right past the caravan and around the Carnivale camp. It is only after their voices have faded into the distance that you dare to breathe again and take in your surroundings. Puppets appear to cover every available surface inside the wagon. Glove puppets lie in piles on the bed, while painstakingly painted and varnished marionettes hang from the roof beams. Other incomplete puppets, some operated by wires, lie on a workbench to your right. You walk the length of the caravan amazed at the detail and craftsmanship on display. The first inkling you have that something is wrong is the *tap-tap-tap* as of a wooden leg on the boarded floor behind you. You turn, expecting to see the caravan's owner returning, but instead you see a gaggle of marionettes moving jerkily towards you – and no one is pulling their strings! What malign magic is at work here? And then the puppets are on you, wooden-jointed knights and sock-puppet dragons fighting alongside grinning papier mâché skeletons and hook-nosed jester-clowns, trying to swamp you with their multitudinous numbers. And all the while chiselled wooden jaws

clack-clack-clack as they try to bite you. You have invaded the Puppetmaster's innermost sanctum and now you must pay the price.

PUPPETS SKILL 6 STAMINA 12

Where one puppet falls to your hacking blows, it seems that another takes its place in an instant. If you have not defeated the puppets within ten Attack Rounds, and you are still alive, turn to 344. If you win this battle within ten Attack Rounds, all it means is that you have managed to fight your way back to the door and so can escape from the caravan (turn to 329).

317

With a deft move you cut in under the automaton's guard and succeed in knocking the key out again. Straightaway, just as you hoped, with a grinding of gears the attacking automaton becomes still again. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) There is nothing else of interest to you in the artificer's room so you return to the junction and take the door which is now ahead of you (turn to 428), or the one to your right (turn to 496).

318

'Why, that's a dark place. No one goes there any more. It's more home to wild animals now. Of course it wasn't always like that but I wouldn't even think about going there if I were you. The only thing that awaits anyone there is madness and a slow, lingering death, if you're unlucky. A quick, brutal death if you're more fortunate. No, I'd steer well clear of that accursed place.' Now turn to 395.

319

The corridor leads you down a flight of steps into the smoky heat of the castle kitchens, but the gods alone know what foul meal is being prepared within. A crone stands at a large cauldron, bubbling and steaming over a roaring fire blazing in the grate, muttering to herself. At her feet hop, scuttle and slither all manner of toads, newts, cockroaches, snakes, spiders and rats. She consults a book open on a stand next to her, bends down, picks up a wriggling salamander and tosses it into the pot, stirring it in with a gnarled length of wood that looks like it could be a wand. A vile, acrid smell fills the kitchen. Will you:

Call out to the crone, to attract her attention? Turn to 280
Enter and attack her? Turn to 65
Leave the kitchens and take the other passageway leading from the entrance hall? Turn to 340
Leave the kitchens and ascend the grand staircase and pass through the double doors at the top? Turn to 146

320

The crypt extends beneath the foundations of the tower, the vaulted roof supported by a series of stone arches. Between the columns stand numerous stone sarcophagi. Moving towards you between the tombs are four shambling corpses, their rotting flesh covered by filthy grave-shrouds. You will be able to escape from the crypt before the zombies ever reach you, if

you leave immediately (turn to 7). However, if you would rather face the undead in battle, in the confines of the crypt you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE	5	6
Second ZOMBIE	6	5
Third ZOMBIE	5	5
Fourth ZOMBIE	6	6

If you defeat the undead crypt stalkers, add 1 to your ALARM score and turn to 333.

322

You enter a mahogany-panelled corridor festooned with black velvet drapes, the spaces between hung with the portraits of the ruling house of Lupravia. Above them are the plaque-mounted heads of deer, wild boar and more exotic animals, including a unicorn among them, hunting trophies of the Wulfen family. The members of the Wulfen line all bear an uncanny resemblance to one another, with lean, gaunt faces and hungry, wolfish expressions. Passing along the corridor you come to the portraits of the two current princes of this dark land. First there is Prince Garoul, the werewolf you first killed. His portrait seems to stare at you with its piercing, red-gleaming eyes, right out of the canvas. His untidy black hair hangs down around his shoulders like a mane, a streak of grey running through it from a widow's peak. Then there is the mad prince's brother, Count Varcolac. He is a forbidding man indeed. Where his brother is dark, he is grey, although he has the same

untamed look about him but tempered with a lordly air. He is ruggedly handsome and has pronounced canine teeth. The eyes of the painting seem to bore into yours, and suddenly instinct tells you that this is the creature you have come to kill. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your CHANGE score, turn to 485. If it is greater, turn to 158.

322

Eventually you reach the other side of the cave and breathe a sigh of relief. You duck down the new stretch of tunnel, the stony floor becoming steadily drier underfoot until it joins another tunnel running perpendicular to it. To your right, the passageway dissolves into darkness whereas, to the left, the tunnel soon ends at a circular grille. In turn, beyond that, lies a torch-lit, stone-walled corridor. It seems the logical choice. Turn to 341.

323

The gypsies readily welcome you into their gathering and soon you are tucking into roasted rabbit and cask-brewed fiery vodka. (Restore up to 4 STAMINA points.) Caught up in the fervour of good feeling – watching the Mortani dance the night away, your soul soothed by the music – the evening seems to pass like a dream and eventually, exhausted after your long trek through the woods, sleep takes you.

You wake refreshed from a dreamless sleep to find the grass glistening with dew, the ground cold beneath you, and the Mortani gone: only the blackened embers

of their campfire remain. Mystified by the strange behaviour of the capricious gypsies, you prepare to set of again when something about the weight of your backpack makes you stop and check inside it. Roll one dice. On a roll of 1–2, turn to 353; on a roll of 3–4, turn to 366; and on a roll of 5–6, turn to 378.

324

You burst through the farmhouse door and into a fire-lit kitchen. Cowering in the corner are an elderly couple and next to them – you note with some surprise – a cradle. Seeing their anxious expressions you bluster an apology and something about wanting to shelter from the storm. Once they are reassured you are not here to murder and rob them, the aging farmer and his wife make you welcome, offering you a seat by the fire and a bowl of turnip soup, warming you inside and out. Bearing in mind what you have seen so far, you converse with the couple cautiously and taste the soup with some trepidation. You are pleased to find that there are no unpleasant ingredients included (restore up to 3 STAMINA points). Your preternatural senses tell you that there is nothing malevolent about the couple but that some evil enchantment has the farm under its spell. Your questions inevitably turn to the disturbing nature of the farm. 'A holding like this must take some work to maintain,' you say. 'Is there anyone else working for you here?'

'No,' says Farmer Bauer, 'just meself, the wife, Mistress Bauer and our little one.' Little one? Surely

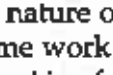

the couple are far too old to have a new baby! But Farmer Bauer points to the cradle. 'That's right, our baby boy, our pride and joy, long wished for and now here with us. A foundling he was, not these two months past. One day our house and home was as quiet and cheerless as it ever had been, since we lost our Tomas these twenty summers past, the next there he was on our doorstep, and suddenly hearth and home knew joy and laughter once again.'

'Have a look, why don't you,' says Mistress Bauer. 'Pick him up if you like.'

Your animal senses snarling at you from your subconscious, you lean over the cradle and pull back the covers. It is all you can do not to cry out in shock and recoil from the cot. Lying there wrapped in a woollen blanket is no baby – at least no human child. The thing looks more like a malevolent imp, a wolfish sprite covered in thick fur, with pointed ears, fangs and claws, and a grotesque gargoyle's smile splitting its warty face. The Changeling fixes you with darkly burning eyes and its sinister smile widens, a guttural growl rising from its throat.

'Isn't he a bonny boy?' Mistress Bauer says. This sprite has enchanted the farmer and his wife into believing that it is what they want it to be, but its evil influence has also spread to the rest of the farm. How long before it increases in power and its influence spreads to the lands beyond? Your own changing state has prevented the Changeling's spell from working on you, and only you can do anything about it. But how

are you going to resolve this situation? Will you challenge the Changeling outright (turn to 270) or will you attempt to use cunning to achieve the same goal (turn to 468)?

325

Among the Vampiress' possessions are a number of items that may be of value to you, including a Gilt Mirror, a brass telescope, a lodestone and gold and jewels to a value of 20 Gold Pieces. You also find a small, teak chest. Inside, lying on a bed of black velvet is an ornate Silver Dagger.

If you want to take the Silver Dagger, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. You may use the dagger in combat but, if you do so, you will have to fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point. Injuries you cause any creature with the word 'Were' in its name will suffer increased damage (3 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2) as the pure metal is inimical to their kind. The Silver Dagger will also harm the Undead but will only cause the usual 2 STAMINA points of damage.

There is nothing else for you here so you run back down the long winding staircase. Turn to 346.

326

Having heard you out, Grandmother Zekova gives you her considered opinion. There is only one other course of action left open to you now. If you are to rid yourself of this terrible curse, you must find and kill the first of the werewolf bloodline before the next full

moon, or become a werewolf yourself.' The first of the bloodline, but that could be the black-furred werewolf that infected you in the first place.

Ulrich has obviously made the same connection. 'We must hurry my friend, if we are to catch your killer and save your soul.' Turn to 124.

327

You hold the mirror out in front of you, reflecting Varcolac's transformed visage back at him. At first the Werewolf appears to recoil, yellow eyes widening in surprise. Then the creature lashes out with a tautly muscled arm, smashing the silvered glass from your hands. It smashes on the floor of the chamber as the claws gouge your arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 150.

328

Despite its sensationalist title, the *History of the Cadre Infernal* is a rather dry tome regarding the debauched activities of a group of ambitious aristocrats from the principalities of Mauristatia. Their main aims being social advancement and control of lands at the centre of the Old World, the Cadre was something like a cult for the idle rich. Through connections with the Cadre, its members were able to arrange politically advantageous marriages, burgeoning business alliances and partake of every illicit substance, pastime and magical practice they could think of. It was at its height a hundred years ago, drawing its members from the noble families of Mortvania and Bathoria, as well as Lupravia, but lost popularity in the years after the War of the Four Kingdoms. However, the author concludes by stating that there are rumours of the Cadre Infernal being revived two decades ago by a band of Lupravian aristocrats. Perhaps Vereticus'

investigations have uncovered something about this group. (If you want to ask him about the Cadre Infernal, the next paragraph in which you encounter the scholar, subtract 50 and turn to that new paragraph.) As Vereticus has still not returned, you decide to skim through one of the shorter reads you have found. Will you look at *Lycanthropy: The Curse of the Werewolf* (turn to 313) or *Grymm's Folk-lore of Lupravia* (turn to 301)?

329

Out in the open, under the blind white gaze of the moon again, will you flee the strange Carnivale (turn to 29), or persist in your investigation (turn to 281)?

330

To reach the crags north of Vargenhof, you pass through a spur of dense pine forest. As you progress through the undergrowth you notice that the trees are becoming festooned with thick drapes of webs that cover the branches like a shroud. The close-packed pines thin out again and you find yourself at the foot of a sundered peak, standing before the dark slash of a slanting cave mouth. The woods are eerily still within the vicinity of the cave. Perhaps this is a sign that the Werebeast has its lair here? Not taking any chances, you approach the entrance weapon in hand. The washed-out grey light penetrates only a little way into the cavern beyond. You listen intently and hear only the occasional drip of water and the sound of your own heart thumping in your ears. If you are going to explore whatever lies beyond this cave

mouth, you are going to need your lantern. If you want to turn back from the gaping darkness (or if you cannot use your lantern), turn to 244. However, if you do want to enter the cave in search of the Beast, you can either do so immediately (turn to 70), or wait until nightfall to surprise the creature in its lair (turn to 45).

331

Retracing your steps through the claustrophobic caves, you find your way back to the chamber by which you entered the caves beneath Sundered Peak. From there you make your way out, emerging into the clearing before the cave mouth by which you first entered the underworld. Turn to 244.

332

'I seek to rid the land of the dark forces that would claim dominion over it, for I too have sworn myself to a quest such as yours,' the man says grandly. 'Let us sit and talk awhile, for I am always on the lookout for allies in the eternal fight against Evil.' The man holsters his pistol and sits down on a sundered roof beam opposite you. 'But I am forgetting myself,' he goes on, proffering his hand in comradeship, 'my name is Van Richten and I am a Vampire Hunter.' The two of you get to talking about all the evils that threaten the security and sanctity of the world. 'The Were has its filthy claws well and truly sunk into the principality of Lupravia,' he tells you, his voice suddenly hushed and conspiratorial. 'I fear that the corruption has even infected the ruling House of Wulfen and there are precious few of us left to counter

the threat of Old Night, men such as myself, Doktor Kafka and the hermit priest Corran. Even that grief-stricken scholar Vereticus has become a recluse and turned his back on old acquaintances. Myself, the Doktor and the priest are in fact all who remain of the secret Order of the Black Rose, and I have not had word from Corran for many months now. But it is not only the power of the Were that threatens the mortal souls of this land. There are others among the aristocracy of the night who would see the people of Lupravia subjugated beneath the yoke of their blasphemous oppression. My current mission concerns the ungodly creature that threatens the people of Maun, not half a day's journey east of here. I could make use of one such as yourself. Will you join me in my quest?' If you agree to help Van Richten, turn to 379. If you decline his request, turn to 419.

333

With the zombies dead you are able to explore the crypt without fear of further hindrance. Among the broken tombs and mouldering sarcophagi, you find a blackwood coffin, finished with brass fittings, resting on a polished granite plinth. It is open and empty, lined with red velvet, but it must be here for a reason. If you want to destroy the coffin make a note of the fact that you have done so on your *Adventure Sheet*. There is nothing of any use to you that you can take away from the crypt, so you head back to the spiral staircase and set about climbing the worn steps once again (turn to 7).

334

Over the roars of the enraged Beast you hear the twang of a crossbow firing, and another bolt buries itself in the monster's shoulder. The young woman has recovered herself and her weapon. Side-by-side the two of you prepare to finish the brutish Beast. And then, howling like a beaten dog, it is gone, away through the woods to escape its end.

'I must thank you, stranger,' the young woman says, turning large, limpid eyes on you. Her striking beauty takes your breath away but it is tempered by a hard, unsmiling mouth and eyes that tell of many dark things seen and overcome. 'I fear that were it not for your intervention, the Beast would have been the end of me.' It is nothing, you tell her, and introduce yourself. 'It was anything but nothing,' the woman chides, 'and I, Katya of the Crimson Cloak should know, being a hunter of were-creatures myself. But we must be away; our quarry eludes us even now. We cannot let it get away!' (Add the codeword *Aytak* to your *Adventure Sheet*.)

The injured Werebeast leaves a trail that even one unskilled in the ways of the tracker could follow. The trail of blood spots and gouging paw-prints leads you back to the town and right up to the steps of the meeting hall! You burst in, expecting a scene of carnage and chaos to greet you but there is no sign of any monster and everything seems calm. What is going on? The Werebeast must have resumed human form! Gathered before you in the hall are five men. Your lupine senses flaring, you know that one of them

is the creature you now seek, but which one? You and Katya scan their surprised faces, as you try to discern which is the savage, murdering monster you seek. Will you strike at:

Veteran hunter Johannes?	Turn to 453
Gregor the blacksmith?	Turn to 377
Trapper Sorn?	Turn to 504
Burgomaster Straub?	Turn to 62
Piotr, Master of the Hounds?	Turn to 199

335

Grandmother Zekova sits you down on a chair and then, without making any great show of what she is doing, pulls up the sleeve of your jerkin and puts a knife to an exposed vein. Your blood starts to flow hot and dark, and she collects it in a shallow wooden bowl. The wisewoman keeps the wound open for several minutes until you start to feel light-headed and woozy. (Lose 3 STAMINA points.) Just as you think you are going to pass out she staunches the blood-flow with a poultice of herbs and then quickly binds the wound with a strip of cloth bandage.

As you take a moment to recover from the bleeding, Grandmother Zekova takes a stoppered gourd-bottle from a shelf and warms its contents in a small cauldron over the fire. She adds a bundle of dried herbs and then leaves the concoction to simmer. The close air inside the cottage is filled with an acrid aroma. Another half an hour and the potion is ready. 'Drink this,' Grandmother Zekova commands, shoving a ladleful of viscous grey-green liquid in front of your

lips. Holding your nose you swallow the potion in a single gulp, hoping not to taste it. Although you feel no obvious effects, the potion begins to act immediately, slowing the transformation that the lycanthropy is working upon your physical form. (Subtract 2 points from your CHANGE score.) Now turn to 382.

336

Unable to help yourself, you push through the ring of observers and join the gypsy girl in her dance. Rather than push you away she takes your hands in hers and whirls you away in a spinning dance around the fire. Faster and faster you spin, and all the time her smiling brown eyes are locked on yours. It feels as if you are drowning in those limpid pools, and then suddenly...

You are elsewhere, a grim market town where a band of hunters is gathering, but you spurn their company and set off on the hunt alone . . . You find yourself in front of a gaping cave mouth, lighting your lantern you brave the darkness . . . You are entering a forbidding castle . . . A moment later you are at the top of a staircase, standing before two doors. You turn the handle of the door to your left and enter the room beyond . . .

And then you are back at the gypsy camp, staring into the fire, the images you thought you just saw fading amid the flickering flames. Turn to 323.

337

You have tarried too long here. As you reach for another potion, the floor of the lab burns through beneath you, plunging you into the burning heart of

the building. No one could survive such a fall and the roasting effects of the fire combined. Your adventure is cruelly and abruptly over.

338

The crone's Cook Book is in fact a book of spells. Most of the charms recorded on the crinkled parchment pages in a spidery hand are curses or simple hedge wizard's love spells. However, there is one that catches your eye, a Transfiguration Spell on page 79, a potent charm against skin-changers. Taking the crone's Cook Book with you, will you:

Sample some of the concoction she was busy brewing? Turn to 119

Leave the kitchen and take the other passageway leading from the entrance hall? Turn to 340

Leave and ascend the grand staircase to the double doors? Turn to 146

339

'Werewolves?' Konrad says, his voice suddenly a harsh whisper. 'Why yes, there are plenty of stories concerning werewolves in these parts, and other skin-changers besides. But why do you ask? What interest do you have in such malevolent matters?' *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you manage to fob Konrad off with a convincing excuse you make up on the spot, turn to 395. However, if you are Unlucky, turn to 355.

340

You follow the passageway past and through abandoned rooms and empty spaces that appear to have all the characteristics of an animal's den rather than a nobleman's family seat. At last you come to another set of stone steps that descend into the bedrock of the cliff, on which the castle is built. Do you want to:

Continue down these steps?	Turn to 74
Return to the entrance hall and take the left-hand passage?	Turn to 319
Return to the hall and climb the staircase to the double doors beyond?	Turn to 146

341

A few firm tugs on the grate frees it from the mouth of the tunnel. Clambering through, you set off along the larger, illuminated passageway. A few yards further on you come to a junction, of sorts. To your left is a locked cell door, and you do not have a key. To your right another passageway leads away into darkness, while directly ahead the torch-lit tunnel continues.

There are only two viable ways onward. Will you follow the passageway to the right (turn to 282) or continue straight ahead (turn to 421)?

342

The mists part and you find yourself in sight of an unassuming stone-built chapel, the slates of the roof bathed in the silvery light of the gibbous moon. This must be the shrine to Saint Crucius, the location of the healing well you so desperately seek. The shrine stands at the edge of a wind-blown spur of land, the worn path that leads to it, following the precipitous lip of a rocky escarpment that drops away 100 feet to the undulating expanses of moorland beyond.

A hideous howl cuts through the night, chilling you to the core and sending a thrill of adrenalin rushing through your body. You turn to face the spot where the sound originated and see something big and black moving towards you. It is a dog, but as big as a pony, its fur bristling like a wildcat's. And yet it is the creature's muzzle-face that horrifies you most. One eye burns red, while the other is white and blind, like the orb of the moon. The dog's slavering jaws are lined with savage, dagger-like fangs and from its heavy paws sprout claws that might gut a man with one powerful swipe. You unsheathe your sword. The monstrous midnight-black hound growls, measuring you up with its one good eye. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your CHANGE score, turn to 389. If it is greater, turn to 18.

343

According to the author of *The Fall of the House of Wulfen*, the ruling family of Lupravia has a long history of madness and strange inbred behaviour. One chapter recounts a great battle between the Wulfens, who are descended from a berserker barbarian tribe, and a vampire bloodline, fought for control of the principality. In those days the Wulfen family were seen as champions of Good, but the head of the vampire cult cursed the family with his dying breath. The frontispiece of the book is decorated with the Wulfen family tree, which shows the line of descent from Dragomir, the first lord of Lupravia, through to the current Count Varcolac and his brother, Prince Garoul. And then Vereticus re-enters the library. Turn to 260.

344

As you struggle against the possessed puppets, the animated marionettes hanging from your arms and jerkin by their chisel-sharp teeth, the door of the

caravan opens and a stooped old man enters. He is stick-thin, with an overly large head – not unlike a marionette in his proportions – and he glares at you from behind a pair of pince-nez spectacles. 'So, you would like to know more about my precious pets, would you?' he hisses. 'Then so be it.' With a surprisingly sudden movement the old man hurls a handful of sparkling red powder at you. There is a flash and a puff of lurid crimson smoke. As the smoke clears you find yourself looking up at the now towering Puppetmaster. In fact everything appears to have grown in size around you. The old man bends down and picks you up in one hand. You are unable to move, your limbs feeling stiff – almost wooden . . .

When the Carnivale moves on to its next destination, people will marvel at the intricate detail of the carved wooden figures in the puppet show, particularly with regard to the character of a sword-wielding – yet tragically doomed – hero. Your adventure is over.

345

Two hideous wolfish forms round the corner at the end of the street. You feel that they are loping straight towards you, heads swaying from side to side, sniffing the air. Then they pass your hiding place, without reacting to your presence, and you see that in places their scabrous hides are holed and pulled back to reveal bare bone, green-grey internal organs, and fleshless ribs. The Werewargs – grotesque undead werewolves, trapped in a semi-lupine form – disappear again. You let out your breath in a shuddering sigh of relief. With the immediate danger passed, you proceed on your way. Turn to 390.

346

Back in the entrance hall of the tower, you discover that the doors are now open again and you are able to flee this house of horrors. There is only the moonlit courtyard to cross and then you will be beyond the bounds of the dark tower's power. If you have the codeword *Daednu* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 360. If not, turn to 373.

347

The aquatic creature's blood staining the water purple, its corpse sinks back into the depths from which it arose. Lungs straining fit to burst, it is then that you catch sight of white nubs of bone between the entangled weeds and the glint of gold. You surface gasping for oxygen, taking in heaving lungfuls of air. Having recovered your breath, do you want to dive back down into the pool to see what treasures you can

retrieve (turn to 414), or will you drag yourself out of the clinging, slimy water and continue your way through the woods (turn to 499)?

348

The third floor of the tower is spartanly furnished and decorated in contrast to the rest of the tower. You pass what seem to be a number of cell doors leading off a corridor that follows the outside wall of the tower. Reaching a door, from under which blows a chill night breeze, you stop to listen and can hear a *scritch-scratch* sound coming from the other side. Trying the handle you discover that the door is not locked. If you want to open the door and enter the room beyond, turn to 361. If you would rather leave well alone, turn to 7.

349

'Ooh, pretty things,' chuckles the last of the wolf-women as you carefully extract an artefact from your backpack. But what can you offer them? If you offer the brides a Garnet Ring, a Gilt Mirror, a Bloodstone Amulet, or a Moonstone Amulet, turn to 312. If you offer them a Silver Mirror, a Charm Necklace, a Silver

Locket, a Silver Crown, or a Silver Dagger, turn to 381. If you have none of the above, snarling, their patience used up, the brides stalk towards you (turn to 306).

350

You are several miles from Maun, passing through a range of low hills with the day wearing on, when you come in sight of two dark silhouettes jutting up from the landscape. To the west you can see an unidentifiable crumbling ruin. Away to the east the hills rise towards jagged peaks that look like the teeth of some sleeping Earth Dragon. But the outline of one of these peaks is obscured by a solid citadel-like structure still some miles away. The road splits at this juncture. The main road continues north through the hills, while a less well-travelled track winds away into the higher hills to the east. There is no longer any clearly defined path leading to the ruins to the west. Mindful of the approach of nightfall, will you seek shelter at the citadel away to the east (turn to 11), investigate the ruins to the west (turn to 5) or simply keep on along the road you are following towards Vargenhof (turn to 98)?

351

Under the hulking Beast's relentless attack, you flounder and stumble backwards – over the edge of the roof of the carriage. And then you are falling, plummeting to your death at the bottom of Garou Gorge, the stagecoach, with the Werebeast roaring in triumph atop it, racing away into the night. Your adventure is over.

352

There is nothing more for you here. At the far end of the banqueting hall, a magnificently carved wooden staircase, covered with a rich claret carpet, leads up to yet another set of double doors. Taking a deep breath in an attempt to steady your nerves and keep the beast within at bay, you ascend the staircase. At the top you pause before the double doors. The family crest of the House of Wulfen has been carved across them both. (Now is your chance to make any final preparations you may wish to before entering the highest chamber of Castle Wulfen.) You throw open the doors and stride boldly through.

The chamber beyond is an example of opulent splendour. Fine tapestries bedeck the walls, antique Arantian rugs cover the floor, all lit by light-splitting crystal chandeliers. However, everything has an air of neglect about it. The tapestries are faded and dusty, the rugs scratched and frayed, the chandeliers dulled by grime. Framed by a tall window directly in front of you is an ornately carved chair, throne-like in its magnificence. Sitting slouched, one leg swinging over the chair arm, is someone you recognise from the portrait gallery you passed through. A tousled mane of grey hair hangs down to his shoulders, shot through with a single streak of lustrous black. He is wearing an unbuttoned jacket, exposing a ruffled shirt beneath, and fine black trews with knee-length boots. The man is darkly handsome, the visible skin of his chest, arms and hands covered with coarse black hair. He is toying with a pewter goblet in one hand, and on his middle

finger you notice a gold signet ring, as it catches the light. In front of the chair lie two huge wolves. They watch you intently with cold, unblinking yellow eyes. For his part, the lord of Castle Wulfen watches you with languid interest as you stride slowly, yet confidently, towards him.

'Let me introduce myself,' the nobleman says. 'I am Count Varcolac. Don't worry about introducing yourself. I know who you are.' He sniffs the air sharply. 'You are my brother's killer. But let that not stand between us and friendship. More importantly, you were remade by my brother. That practically makes you family! Your wolfish abilities have served you well, for you to get this far. I have high hopes for you. Bow before me. Swear fealty to me, and I will show you all that your gift has to offer you.'

Inwardly, every wolfish fibre of your being howls that this is the Arch-Lycanthrope, the first of the Werewolf bloodline, the one whom you seek and whose demise will free you from your vile curse. But you cannot help being taken aback. The creature whose death you have desired from the outset is offering you the chance to join with him. And his arrogance may have given you the perfect opportunity to rid the world of his malign, cunning evil. Will you bow before the Count, in the hope that you will be able to strike when his guard is down (turn to 441), or will you simply draw your weapon with no such pretence (turn to 47)?

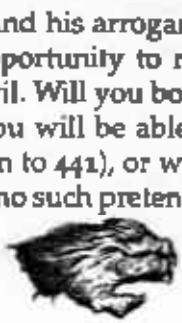

353

In the bottom of your pack you find a bottle of the gypsies' vodka as well as flatbreads and cheese enough for 2 Meals. (Add these items to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point.) You may drink the vodka whenever you want, but there are only three tots in the bottle (make a note of this as well). The vodka is sterling stuff: each tot restores 3 STAMINA points. But the next time you are instructed to *Test your Skill* after drinking it, you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point. However, the drink also fortifies your courage so, for the duration of the next battle you fight after drinking, you may increase your Attack Strength by 1 point. Then it is time to be on your way again. Turn to 500.

354

Cursed Bloodline – The disease coursing through your blood is potent and potentially fatal. As your body slowly transforms into that of a wolf you are wracked by crippling pains. Lose 4 STAMINA points and add 1 more point to your CHANGE SCORE. If you survive this bone-wrenching transformation, turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were last instructed to write down on your *Adventure Sheet*.

355

You 'umm' and 'err' as you try to think up a convincing excuse on the spot. 'What's wrong with your shoulder?' Konrad suddenly blurts out. You were not even aware of the fact that you were scratching your shoulder while talking to the village leader. Suddenly,

without even a by-your-leave, Konrad rips open your tunic and sees your wolf-bite for himself. He gasps in horror and takes a step back. Surprised by his reaction, you glance sideways at the shoulder wound yourself. You cannot contain your own appalled cry of disgust as you see that the skin surrounding the injury is now bristling with thick black hair. (Add 1 CHANGE point.)

Before you know what is going on, you are grabbed and bundled out of the inn. You find yourself out in the village square again, surrounded by a mob of villagers, who are spoiling for a fight. Turn to 246.

356

You find yourself in a cramped room packed to overflowing with bookcases, the shelves crammed with dusty tomes, large leather-bound volumes and rolled scrolls. The dusty air smells strongly of mouldering parchment and rotting leather. There is another door in an adjacent wall between the teetering bookcases. Do you want to leave the room by this door, without delaying (turn to 88), or would you rather linger a while in the Abbey's archive to see what you might glean from its dusty records (turn to 401)?

357

There are four tomes which have particularly caught your attention, but which one would you like to spend your time studying?

The Fall of the House of Wulfen? Turn to 343

Evil and Excess: A History of the Cadre Infernal? Turn to 328

Lycanthropy: The Curse of the Werewolf? Turn to 313
Grymm's Folk-lore of Lupravia? Turn to 301

358

'Have it your own way,' the old woman says testily. Taking a stoppered bottle from a shelf, she warms its contents in a small cauldron over the fire. She adds a bundle of dried herbs and then leaves the concoction to simmer. The close air inside the cottage is filled with an acrid aroma. Another half an hour and the potion is ready. 'Drink this,' Grandmother Zekova commands, shoving a ladleful of viscous grey-green liquid in front of your lips. Holding your nose you swallow the potion in a single gulp, hoping not to taste it. Although you feel no immediate effects, the potion will slow the transformation that the lycanthropy is working upon your physical form. (Subtract 1 from your CHANGE score.) Now turn to 382.

359

The old woman suddenly drops to her knees crying, 'Spare me and I can help you defeat the lord of Castle Wulfen, the ultimate evil power in all of Lupravia. That is why you're here isn't it?' Will you let the witch live, in the hope that she will prove true to her word (turn to 183) or will you finish her now, while you have the chance (turn to 50)?

360

You are halfway across the courtyard when a shadowy spectral form materialises in front of you. You recognise the twisted, bat-like features of the shade.

361

The undying spectre of the Countess Isolde has come to stop you ever leaving her domain of darkness and to visit unholy vengeance upon you. You will have to triumph in one final battle to escape the Lady of Maun's clutches.

VAMPIRE-WRAITH SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win but the Wraith wounded you, turn to 397. If you overcome the Countess' spectral form without sustaining any injury, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to 373.

361

Opening the door you are assaulted by the stench of guano and a startled beating of wings as the birds making their home in the chamber are disturbed by your sudden arrival. The room is open to the night through a large arched opening. Monochrome moonlight enters the filthy roost, gleaming dully from the sharp black beaks and obsidian talons of the throng of huge ravens that have made the chamber their home.

Their cracked croaking caws are deafening and the birds are certainly not happy at your intrusion. However, you can also see something else glinting in the moonlight among the feathers and muck covering the floor. Do you want to risk entering the ravens' roost to claim this 'treasure' (turn to 375) or will you leave and quit the third floor too (turn to 7)?

362

Pressing on through the winding tunnels, you finally come to a stone staircase that leads up and out of the Abbey catacombs. It is obvious that some malign power had infested the Abbey of the Black Monks and that the place is now rotten to the core. At the top of the steps a new passageway leads away left (turn to 44) and right (turn to 406).

363

Without knowing how, you seem to have developed an unerring sense of direction, which is not hampered by the presence of the clinging fog and ever-present gloom. It is almost as if you can smell your way through this trackless wilderness. As you make your way along spits of dry ground, managing to steer clear of the ensnaring swamps all around you, the eerie sound of a canine wail reaches your ears. One hand on the hilt of your sword you press on, hoping to reach the shrine before you meet whatever it is that is making that mournful noise. Turn to 342.

364

With the metamorphosed Black Widow dead, you search her chamber. Roll two dice and add 12. This is the total number of Gold Pieces you glean from the floor of the cave. You also find a string of pearls, worth 6 Gold Pieces, a Silver Crown, worth 10 Gold Pieces, and gemstones worth 12 Gold Pieces. Regain 1 LUCK point. Having fought the Spider-Queen in her lair and won for yourself a king's ransom, where will you go from here? To leave the spider-infested cave network altogether now, turn to 331. If you would rather keep exploring the caves, will you leave the chamber via the stalactite-hung tunnel (turn to 122) or the stalagmite tunnel (turn to 405)?

365

Taking out the Silver Dagger you found in the maggot pit, you sense the disgusting, overgrown monstrosity recoil from it. This blade of pure silver has power over the maggot-monster. If you choose to fight the monster, you must do so with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point, but any wound you cause the creature will cause it 3 STAMINA points damage, rather than the usual 2. Bearing this information in mind, return to 262 and make another choice.

366

You cannot believe it: your purse is missing! One of the gypsies has robbed you. Cross off all your remaining Gold Pieces and lose 1 LUCK point. You have no idea where the gypsies have gone, there is no sign of any tracks leaving the clearing, and so it would be a futile waste of time to try to pursue them. Cursing the capricious Mortani, you set off again through the forest, feeling thoroughly miserable and dejected. Turn to 500.

367

'You look like you could do with somewhere to rest and recover,' the wild-looking priest says, ushering you into the shrine and barring the door behind him. He leads you past an altar to Saint Crucius, placing the silver cross upon it as he does so, and on into a warming room. You sit down at a stall next to the fire blazing in the hearth there, while the priest ladles out a bowl of steaming broth from the cauldron bubbling over it. You gulp down the soup and finish it in no time (add 3 STAMINA points). 'So,' the priest says once you have eaten, 'what has brought you to the shrine of Saint Crucius and an encounter with the demon Shuck?' What will you tell the priest?

That you have been cursed with lycanthropy and seek a cure? Turn to 386
That you are on a quest to rid the land of evil and seek holy aid? Turn to 404

368

You are in a small chamber, its walls plastered with the dust-covered shrouds of spiders' webs. Whatever made these webs must have been very large indeed, or there were a great number of them. As you move cautiously across the chamber, you notice two web-bound bundles. From the look of it, the two bundles each contain a small, humanoid body and you get the impression of green skin and pointed ears. If you want to linger a while longer and search the bound bodies, turn to 85. If you would rather leave with delaying, which exit will you take out of the cave?

A tunnel from which a damp breeze blows?	Turn to 97
A tunnel with an obvious seam of black stone?	Turn to 433
A puddle-floored passageway?	Turn to 207

369

You tell Grandmother Zekova how Ulrich hacked off the werewolf's paw when you were first attacked, how it turned into a human hand afterwards, and of the Signet Ring you found on the middle finger. 'Let me see it,' the old woman demands, so you take it out

and show it to her. She cannot suppress her gasp of dread. 'This is the crest of the House of Wulfen, the ruling house of Lupravia,' she explains, her voice quavering. 'Lupravia is a cursed land and theirs is a cursed bloodline. The stories surrounding the Wulfen curse are many and terrible, tales of nightmarish monsters, people being taken from their homes, murder and madness. Castle Wulfen lies at the furthest point of Lupravia, in the foothills of the Orsov Mountains. It is said to be a sinister shadow of what it was in more prosperous times. There are stories of monsters roaming the streets of Wulfenstein, the village that lies beneath the castle, where people live in constant fear, as the howling of wolves and worse haunts their nights. The wretched people of that damned place rarely venture far from home. The tales of Mad Prince Garoul of the Wulfen family have reached even as far as these woods. It is said that he prefers the company of wild beasts to that of human beings and from what we have witnessed this night I believe that the curse on the Wulfen line is the curse of the werewolf. It was Garoul who infected you with lycanthropy. If you are to escape that curse you must hunt him down and finish what you started here. You must destroy the head of the Were-bloodline before the next full moon.'

Grandmother Zekova has given you information that can do nothing but help you in your quest to rid yourself of the cursed disease you have contracted. (Write the codeword *Avokez* on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **124**).

370

Tugging back a piece of canvas, you duck inside. You wait, your heart racing, listening as the owners of the voices pass by and then disappear, as they check another part of the camp. It is then that you hear a dry, rapid rattle behind you and the scraping of scales on the floor. Before you can even turn round and pull your sword from its scabbard, you feel something thick and muscular slide around your legs and trap you within its constricting coils. You are bodily pulled round to face your assailant. A lamp is burning somewhere so you can make out the hideous features of the creature that has ensnared you. It is a grotesque amalgam of snake and woman. The upper half of her body is human, although totally hairless, her fingernails long talons and her face misshapen by ophidian features. From the waist down she is entirely serpentine, and her whole body is covered with mottled brown and green scales. The monster fixes you with its orange-yellow eyes and a forked tongue darts out between her lips, her cry of disgust at your intrusion a spitting hiss. The furious snakewoman opens her mouth, her jaw stretching horribly wide and exposing long, cobra's fangs. You gasp as the coils tighten about you with bone-crushing force. You are going to have to fight your way free, and fast.

SERPENSA THE SNAKEWOMAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

Before you can tackle your adversary in the usual way, you are going to have to free yourself from her crushing coils. Fight this battle with your Attack Strength

reduced by 1 point, until you manage to win tw Attack Rounds; after that you can consider that yo have managed to free yourself and will no longe suffer this penalty. However, Serpensa has severa different methods of attack, depending on whic Attack Round it is. If you lose an Attack Round chec on the table below to discover what damage yo suffer.

Attack Round	*Attack and Damage*
1–2	Constricting coils – lose 3 STAMINA points.
3	Cobra's kiss – her fangs deliver a poisonous bite. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point.
4	Tail-lash – a swipe from her tail knocks you off your feet. Lose 2 STAMINA points and reduce your Attack Strength by 1 for the next Attack Round as you struggle to stand again.
5 onwards	Tearing talons – lose 2 STAMINA points.

If you manage to slay the Snakewoman, turn to 385.

371

Of the three books listed below, which would you like to spend some more time perusing?

Evil and Excess: A History of the Cadre Infernal? Turn to 32[illegible]
Lycanthropy: The Curse of the Werewolf? Turn to 313
Grymm's Folk-lore of Lupravia? Turn to 30[illegible]

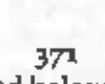

372

As with any other battle, you have time to use the crossbow once before Varcolac is on you. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, your crossbow bolt causes the werewolf 2 STAMINA points of damage, unless it is tipped with silver, in which case it will cause 3 points of damage. When you come to fight the Arch-Lycanthrope, adjust the monster's STAMINA score accordingly, if you wound him with a crossbow bolt. Turn to **150**.

373

As you pass beneath the gatehouse and leave the environs of the Tower of Maun you immediately feel the oppressive atmosphere lift. You shelter for the night in the lea of a huge, mossy boulder and the next day you set off again, circumnavigating the village before joining the road leading north. Turn to **350**.

374

There is a loud *Crack!* as the pistol fires. A split second later you gasp in pain as the bullet hits you (lose 2 STAMINA points)! How can ghostly bullets injure a living being, you wonder, looking down at the splash of ectoplasm on your leather tunic where the bullet struck, feeling a numbing, ice-cold sensation in your chest. You are dragged back from your musings by a shout of, 'Have at you!' from the phantom Highwayman. Turn to 501.

375

You are not halfway across the room when the birds lift off from their perches and swoop at you, trying to peck out your eyes and scratch your face with their hard black talons. You are forced to defend yourself.

UNKINDNESS OF RAVENS SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you defeat the birds you can take it that those ravens still alive return to their perches but continue to caw harshly at you as you rummage through the filth covering the floor (add 1 to your ALARM score). Among the detritus you find a total of 10 Gold Pieces, a closed Silver Locket on a chain, and most disconcertingly of all, the skeleton of a man picked clean by the murderous birds. If you want to open the locket, turn to 394. If not, you may take the locket and Gold Pieces with you (adding them to the Equipment List on your *Adventure Sheet*) before leaving the foul aviary. Turn to 7.

376

The force of the bullet striking you feels like being clubbed with a sledgehammer and you reel backwards. Pain burns through your shoulder like molten quicksilver. You have never known a sensation like it and howl in agony in response. The bullet now lodged in your shoulder was fashioned from silver, a metal which is inimical to your lycanthropy-cursed kind, and will have a permanent debilitating effect on your body. (Lose 4 STAMINA points, 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point.) Driven by pain-induced rage and a furious need for vengeance against your aggressive assailant you meet the man in combat. Turn to 398.

377

The blacksmith howls as you strike him, clutching his right forearm where you have wounded him (lose 1 LUCK point). Then you hear another dreadful howl from beside you and something claws at you with rapidly extending talons. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to 62.

378

One of the gypsies has left you a present. Inside your pack you find a Moonstone Amulet. If you want to keep the treasure, you put it on around your neck. Bewildered by the whimsical behaviour of the mysterious Mortani, you go on your way again through the forest. Turn to 500.

379

'To hear you say that fills me with renewed hope,' Van Richten declares. (Add 1 LUCK point.) 'There is something else I must yet do, so for now our paths must part, but look for me again tomorrow night at the house of Doktor Kafka the surgeon, in Maun. We must go about our work as our enemies do, under cover of darkness, but at our next meeting I shall reveal all concerning our mutual quest. As a sign of my faith in you I give you this,' the Vampire Hunter says, handing you his Flintlock Pistol and a leather pouch containing six round Silver Bullets. Add these items to your *Adventure Sheet*, along with the codeword *Nethcir*. (If you want to find out more about how to use the Flintlock Pistol, you may turn to paragraph 400 at any time, making a note of the paragraph you are on at the time first.) 'Until tomorrow night,' Van Richten says, by way of farewell, and then he is gone. You spend the rest of the night in fitful sleep. When you wake in the morning to a dull grey misty dawn, you set off without further delay. Turn to 250.

380

With whinnying shrieks of terror, the horses attempt to leap the gap in the broken bridge. But they are fatigued after their frantic chase through the forest. Their hooves clatter against the opposite edge of the bridge but cannot find purchase, and pulled down by the weight of the coach behind them, the horses plunge after it into the gaping chasm. You and Katya follow, plummeting to your deaths on the jagged rocks far below. Your adventure ends here.

381

'What do you think you are doing?' screams the first, as you offer the bride the silver object. Then, with a snarl, she leaps at you, biting your wrist and making you drop your proffered gift. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point and turn to 306.

382

'So, am I cured?' you ask the wizened wisewoman. 'Have you rid me of the curse of the werewolf?' Before Grandmother Zekova can answer, a chilling howl cuts through the night: it came from outside the cottage. 'Spirits preserve us!' she gasps, clutching the necklace of charms around her throat. 'They're back!' Ulrich hurries to double-check that the iron-bound oak door is secure.

The howl is joined by other lupine voices, coming from all around the cottage. The wolves have Grandmother Zekova's cottage surrounded. There is

a sudden, and totally unexpected rap at the door, which makes the old woman start and Ulrich tighten his grip on the axe. And then comes the voice that you will never forget as long as you live: 'Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in.'

'Begone, night creature!' Grandmother Zekova screams. For a moment the only sound is the snuffling of creatures prowling the perimeter of the cottage. The relative peace is violently broken by furious fists beating on the door.

'Let me in, you wretched swine!' the malevolent – yet refined – masculine voice continues. 'My brothers and I wish to dine with you. And if you won't let us in, I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll break my way in!' The unseen man's scream of rage seems to transform into an unearthly howl. The wolf pack take up the cry, and deep inside you, something strains to answer their call. Roll two dice and if the total rolled is less than, or

equal to, your current CHANCE score, turn to 416. If it is greater, turn to 37.

383

Before you know what's going on, a large flat stone in the centre of the cave floor – which you hadn't noticed before – flips back like a trapdoor and a huge, arachnid with filthy, matted brown fur leaps out of the hole and grabs hold of you with powerful limbs. Before you can fight your way free, the giant spider scratches your skin with the tips of its venomous fangs (lose 2 STAMINA points). And then you *are* free, sword drawn, ready to fight back.

GIANT TRAPDOOR SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you slay the spider, you look for a way out (turn to 236).

384

Which of the following books from Vereticus' library would you like to spend some time over?

The Fall of the House of Wulfen?	Turn to 343
Lycanthropy: The Curse of the Werewolf?	Turn to 313
Grymm's Folk-lore of Lupravia?	Turn to 301

385

Serpensa the Snakewoman lies dead at your feet, her reptilian blood soaking into the packed earth of the floor. (Regain 1 LUCK point for prevailing in such a challenging fight and add the codeword *Rellik* to your *Adventure Sheet*.) You are certain that one of the circus

folk must have heard you struggling with the snake-woman so, whatever you decide to do next, you must act quickly. Will you leave the tent and flee the Carnivale immediately (turn to 29), or do you want to search the tent first (turn to 402).

386

The wild priest jumps up from his seat. 'Begone, creature of evil!' he exclaims, rushing back to the altar and taking up the silver cross once more! 'So that is how you could dominate the Shuck. You and the devil-dog are kindred spirits!' He spits the words out as if they are poison. 'Begone, and never darken my door again!' With that he thrusts the cross at you, which starts to glow with holy light. You feel its power as you would a naked flame against your skin; it burns and you feel repelled by it! You cannot bear to stay here any longer. Giving voice to your own howl of agony you run from the chapel. The priest's banishing curse has taken a physical toll on you as well. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point, adding 1 to your CHANGE score.

You spend the rest of the night under the stars and come the morning, by dawn's wan light, you descend from the rolling moors to the valley-lying settlements to the east. As you do so you catch sight of a flock of blackbirds circling in the sky over a spot some half a mile away to the north. Such behaviour suggests the birds have found something in this wild place. Do you want to take a diversion north, to see what you might be found there (turn to 243), or will you continue east, back to the road (turn to 69)?

387

The Werewarg dies on the end of your sword with a grisly moan. You leap down from your horse to Katya's aid – but you are too late. The were-hunter's opponent lies dead in the dirt, Katya of the Crimson Cloak lying next to its stinking carcass. Blood pours from terrible lacerations all over her body and as her eyelids flicker open you already know that she is not going survive her wounds. 'I know I'm not much longer for this world,' she splutters, gargling on her own blood, 'but don't let my death be in vain. There is an insidious evil rooted in this place, one that has spread its malicious influence throughout all Lupravia. Root it out, put an end to it – free Lupravia from the curse of the Were.' And then she is gone. Before you continue with your quest alone, you may take Katya's crossbow, if you wish. She also still has six silver-tipped quarrels to use with it. Having cast up a brief prayer for Katya's departed soul, to whatever gods might still be listening to one as tainted as yourself, you enter Castle Wulfen. Turn to 510.

388

Although your conscious mind tells you there is nothing to fear, and that only you can free the Daughters from their direful predicament, as they surround you with their spiralling dance your subconscious screams that something is deeply wrong. The warnings of your subconscious mind are too strong to resist and you unsheathe your sword, deep below the surface of the pool. You lash out at the mysterious maidens, who break off their singing and shriek like banshees, darting away into the even darker depths of the pool. As awareness returns you realise that your lungs are burning, desperate for you to take a breath of fresh air. Instinctively you kick out, in an effort to reach the surface, as a cold, scaly hand closes around your ankle. You look down and from the green gloom of the depthless pool a horrific visage rises. It appears to be semi-humanoid and female and yet at the same time it reminds you of a sinister, snaggle-toothed water-dweller. The woman's bulging, glassy eyes are those of a trout while her gaping maw is filled with needle-sharp pike's teeth. You have come face-to-face with the true elemental power of the Drowning Pool, the Water-Wyrd. With your sword already free of its scabbard you fight to free yourself from the fish-woman's clutches.

WATER-WYRD SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you defeat your opponent in fewer Attack Rounds than your current SKILL score, turn to 347. If not, you will drown before you can ever escape the cold embrace of the predatory Water-Wyrd.

389

Unaware that you are doing it, you find yourself growling back at the creature. Although you shock yourself, you shock the demonic dog even more. The beast cowers before you, realising that it has come face-to-face with a creature more terrible than itself. Seizing the initiative you strike the hell-hound with your sword before it can regain its composure. Now turn to 18 where you will fight the cruel canine but before doing so you may reduce its SKILL score by 1 point and its STAMINA by 2 points.

390

And then, at last, you find yourself at the gates of Castle Wulfen, ancestral home of the lords of Lupravia. Your heightened animal senses can smell the reek of the Were about the place, and you realise that you have found the lair of the lycanthrope you have been hunting, ever since the Black Wolf infected you with its unholy affliction. It is as if something is calling to the wolf inside you, summoning it home. You pass beneath the barbican, through the open castle gates, and into the lair of the beast. Turn to 510.

391

'Look for me again tomorrow night at the house of Doktor Kafka,' were Van Richten's words to you, and now that you have reached Maun, you have the opportunity to meet with the Vampire Hunter again and find out more about the clandestine quest he

spoke of in hushed whispers at your last meeting. Do you want to look for the house of this Doktor Kafka, with the intention of meeting with Van Richten again (turn to 412), or, if you consider your own undertaking to be of the utmost importance, do you want to pass on through Maun and continue your way (turn to 350)?

392

Clambering over a fence, you begin to cross the quagmire that the rain-sodden pasture has become. Through the heavy rain, and under an overcast sky that spreads its pall across the barren landscape like the dusky mantle of night itself, you find it hard to discern distant shapes on the other side of the field. The going is hard, the thick mud sucking at your boots. You are halfway across when you hear a gruff snorting, and the clanking of an iron bell, and turn in time to see a monstrous bovine creature galloping across the field towards you, splashing through the mud. You would have said it was a cow, were it not for the branching, antler-like horns, claw-split hooves and savage tusks protruding from between ulcerated lips. But whatever it is, you have to fight it.

BOVINE BEAST SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

As you fight the cow-creature you find the sucking mud hampers your movements. Unless you have the *Quickening* special ability or *Unnatural Vigour*, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If you win, turn to 420.

393

Igor's second blow unbalances you and you topple backwards down the stairs to land in an unconscious heap at the bottom. Lose an additional 2 STAMINA points and turn to 476.

394

Popping open the locket you find yourself gazing upon the miniature portrait of a striking, platinum-haired young woman. It is so realistic you have to admire the skill of the artist who painted it. In fact, unable to tear your eyes away from the haunting beauty portrayed there, you begin to feel as if the woman is looking back at you. (Add 1 to your ALARM score and make a note of the codeword *Dehctaw* on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Unnerved, you hurl the locket out through the arched window and run from the ravens' roost. Turn to 7.

395

As dusk falls, you leave the inn with Konrad and return to the village square, where a group of villagers has gathered. They are armed with everything from bows and arrows to axes and short swords, even pitchforks – anything they could lay their hands on. The people of Strigoiva have been terrorised by their spectral assailants for long enough. Tonight they are going to fight back and lay their demons to rest once and for all.

When all are ready Konrad leads the brave Strigoivans towards the southern edge of the village. As the hunters file out of the square they dip their weapons

into the water that has collected in a stone bowl outside a shingle-clad building with a tarnished gold onion dome for a roof. The people mutter to themselves and make curious gestures with their hands as they do so. Some even splash themselves with the water. Soon it is you who is passing the bowl. As you do so, do you want to mimic the villagers by dipping the tip of your sword in the water (turn to 407), by splashing some of the water on your face (turn to 437), or will you do neither and simply follow the others out of the village (turn to 497)?

396

A loud crack from above you spurs you on along the tunnel and then, with a sharp snap, a rocky spear breaks free of the tunnel ceiling. The heavy stalactite drops as the monstrous spider-woman squeezes herself underneath. The stone spear crushes the monster's distorted skull, killing it instantly. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) If you want to return to the cave to search the chamber, turn to 364. If not, turn to 122.

397

Roll one dice. If you roll 1–4, the chilling, ghostly touch of the Vampiress' wraith has also drained 1 SKILL point from you. If you roll a 5 or 6, you have fortunately avoided this extra damage. Turn to 373.

398

'Those who would dare challenge Van Richten, Vampire Hunter extraordinaire and champion of the light, will meet their end in righteous battle. So do I decree!' As is so often the way, cold steel will settle your disagreement with the paranoid Vampire Hunter once and for all.

VAMPIRE HUNTER SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

If you triumph in your struggle against the Vampire Hunter, turn to 182.

399

Count Varcolac's werewolf corpse twitches, as you stand there panting for breath, your human awareness rapidly being taken over by the feral instincts now controlling your changed body. The corpse spasms and falls limp again, as choking black smoke begins to pour out of the Arch-Lycanthrope's slack maw. The smoke takes on the form of a savage wolf-creature, eyes glowing red. The insubstantial demonic form rushes into your own gaping mouth. The last thought that passes through your barely dissolving consciousness is the realisation that the demon has found a new, stronger host, through which to maintain its cruel grasp on this cursed land. As the new lord of Wulfen

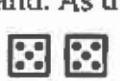

Castle, you will continue to suppress the populace of Lupravia beneath the yoke of oppression, as monstrous as the last. Your adventure is over.

400

To use your Flintlock Pistol against an opponent before engaging in conventional combat you first have to work out whether you have the initiative to use the following rules.

1. If your opponent has a higher SKILL score than you, they are too quick for you and you cannot use your pistol in time. Conduct the battle as normal. If your SKILL scores are the same you are able to get off one shot. If your SKILL score is greater, go to 2.
2. Subtract your opponent's SKILL score from your SKILL score. This is how many shots you have time to fire before your opponent is on you, as long as you have enough bullets.

3. For each shot *Test your Skill*. If you are successful you wound your opponent, go to 4. If you fail, your shot misses, go to 5.
4. Roll one dice. If you roll a 6, go to 7. If you roll 1–5, go to 5.
5. Conventional bullets will cause 2 STAMINA points of damage. Silver Bullets will cause Were-creatures 3 STAMINA points of damage and all other opponents 2 STAMINA points. However, Silver Bullets will also injure Undead and Demons.
6. If you still have more shots to fire (and you want to) go to 3. If not you must engage your opponent in hand-to-hand combat.
7. You have made a kill shot. Your opponent is dead! Continue as you would if you won the battle hand-to-hand.

Now return to where you have just come from.

401

Among all the others, you find one scroll that tells of the life of one Saint Crucius. In centuries past he carried out his holy work throughout the provinces of Mauristatia, putting right countless wrongs and banishing the servants of Evil. The scroll claims that such was his righteous influence that calling upon his name, even to this day, can physically harm corrupt creatures.

Your perusal of the archive is interrupted by a curious munching sound and suddenly one bookcase collapses under the weight of the creatures feasting on the

parchments stored there. Unpleasant, grey, six-foot-long bodies rippling repulsively, the giant bookworms sniff you out and move hungrily towards you. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VERMIS LIBRIS	7	7
Second VERMIS LIBRIS	8	6

If you kill the bookworms, you are able to leave the archive through the other door. Turn to 88.

402

Close by is the snakewoman's cage, the barred gate hanging open. Someone has been careless. Inside the cage you are surprised to find, among the mouldering straw, a bundle of oilskins. Unwrapping it you are even more surprised to find a gleaming Silver Dagger with a razor-sharp edge. What would a freakshow mutant be doing with such a finely crafted item?

If you want to take the Silver Dagger, add it to your Equipment List. You may also use the dagger in combat if you wish but because it is not as long as your sword, nor balanced in the same way, if you do so you must fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point. However, injuries you cause any creature with the word 'Were' in its name will suffer increased damage (3 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2) as the pure metal is inimical to their cursed kind. The Silver Dagger will also harm Undead creatures but in this case will only cause the usual 2 STAMINA points of damage.

There is nothing else among the Snakewoman's possessions that is of interest to you so you leave the tent. Will you also leave the Carnivale at this juncture (turn to 29), or will you explore further (turn to 281)?

403

With humbling honesty you relate your own wretched story to Vereticus who listens with growing intensity. When you have finished, it is the scholar's turn to speak, and his response surprises you. 'I can help you, and I want to help you, even though I cannot help my own son,' he says earnestly, scratching the Wolf-Were behind the ears as he might a pet hunting dog. You look at the Wolf-Were again with new eyes. Can this transformed creature really be the man's son? 'Come with me and I will explain everything,' Vereticus says, as if reading your mind, and leads you inside his house. 'I have made the study of lycanthropy my life's work,' Vereticus explains as he ushers you into his extensive private library, 'along with that of the myths and legends of Lupravia, in an attempt to find a cure

for this terrible affliction.' The mahogany-panelled room is filled with books. 'I have learned much, but equally, I have begun to realise how much more there is yet to discover about this malign condition. For one thing, the most common strain of the disease in existence, in Lupravia, cannot be cured by the usual means: eating sprigs of poisonous belladonna and suchlike. But then I suspect you have found that much out for yourself already.' You nod, confirming the scholar's assumption. The two of you then get to talking about your own experiences of the disease and he tells you the sorry tale of how his son came to be infected.

'He was thirteen years old. I had sent him out into the forest to collect toadstools and other fungi for me to catalogue, but he went much deeper into the heartwoods than I had anticipated and was still out after dark. He was on his way home when he was attacked. I had set out to look for him, when he did not return at sunset, and heard his cries, along with the savage snarls of a wolf. I drove the creature off with compound of silver nitrate and carried the boy home. I cleaned and dressed his wounds with all the care a father could give his child but, although he appeared to recover from the attack, at the next full moon the truth was revealed to me when he transformed into the creature you see here for yourself. He is neither one thing nor the other, trapped in this Wolf-Were form. I have been searching for a cure ever since.'

'How long ago was that?' you ask.

'Ten years,' the scholar replies, a sorrowful faraway look in his eyes. 'But this is not helping you. There is an elixir I can prepare for you, but it will take a little while. While you are waiting, why don't you avail yourself of the information contained within my library? Knowledge is power after all.'

Vereticus bustles out of the room to prepare his elixir, leaving you to your own devices. The wealth of knowledge stored in this room is phenomenal and would rival that of some temples of Hamaskis. Perusing the spines of the books on the shelves several attract your attention in particular. If you have written down the codeword *Avokez*, turn to 384. If you have written down the codeword *Dioterof*, turn to 371. If you have both of the codewords recorded, turn to 357. If you neither, which of the following tomes would you like to spend time reading?

Lycanthropy: The Curse of the Werewolf?	Turn to 313
Grymm's Folk-lore of Lupravia?	Turn to 301

404

'Is that right?' the priest says, his tone almost challenging. 'But what kind of warrior would willingly brave the perils of Fenmoor and then prevail?' He reaches out a hand towards you and closes his eyes, as if trying to sense the aura of power around you. The priest's eyebrows knit in consternation. 'I sense something of the darkness about you,' he says. 'Is it from consorting with the evil ones you fight against, or is it something else?' Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less

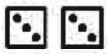

than your CHANGE score, turn to 386. If the total is equal to or greater than your CHANGE score, turn to 425.

405

You find yourself in a web-draped passageway. You cannot hope to proceed without breaking many of their sticky strands. The huge webs are home to a multitude of blood-red spiders, each no bigger than a man's fist. The arachnids immediately home in on you, drawn to the heat of your body in the cold cave. As you fight your way through the hangings webs, the spiders swarm all over you, seeking out bare flesh into which they can sink their bloodsucking fangs. The vampiric spiders are too small to fight with your weapon. All you can do is hurry through the web-strung passageway, desperately trying to brush them from you and crush their blood-bloated bodies beneath you heels. Roll one dice and add 1: this is the total number of STAMINA points you have to lose. (If five or more spiders bite you, add 1 point to your CHANGE score as well.) If you survive this vampiric encounter, you find yourself at another junction in the claustrophobic spider tunnels. Will you now follow:

The stalagmite filled tunnel?	Turn to 442
The tunnel covered with green algae?	Turn to 142
A tunnel with its walls running with water?	Turn to 14
A subterranean tunnel leading under one wall?	Turn to 433

406

The passageway leads to an open archway which, in turn, leads into a charnel house. Human skulls fill row upon row of niches in the walls, while skeletal angels of death gaze down from chiselled roof bosses. Several raised stone slabs in the centre of the chamber bear the decomposing bodies of black-robed monks. But there is one of the living among the dead. With a cockroach hiss, a monk rises, turning from the corpse over which it was hunched – and that you can see now see that it was eating! The monk's heavy cowl falls back to reveal a head misshapen by savage, beetle-like mandibles and grotesquely bulging compound fly's eyes. Appalled by the horrific appearance of the abomination you stare aghast as two extra pairs of black, chitin-armoured legs unfold from beneath the mutated monk's habit. Jaws and limbs clicking repulsively, the hybrid scampers towards you, closing in for the kill.

COCKROACH MONK SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you manage to slay this grotesque abomination, you flee the morbid charnel house. Your mind awhirl with questions that you wonder if you would dare to know the answers to, you go back the way you came along the passage. Turn to 44.

407

You plunge the blade of your weapon into the icy water but are unaware of any effect it might have had. Will you now splash some of the water on your face (turn to 437) or will you just follow Konrad and the other villagers (turn to 497)?

408

A short corridor leads off from the staircase on this level, ending at a narrow wooden door which bears the image of a chalice. Opening the door you find yourself inside a large, torch-lit chapel. A pillared nave leads up to a cloth-draped altar on which stands a golden chalice set with glittering precious stones. The flickering flames of rush-lights reflect from a number of exquisitely painted stained-glass windows. The most magnificent of these is set in an alcoved recess above the altar and shows a knight in full armour kneeling in penance before a white-robed priest. The knight holds his sword out before him like a cross. The chapel appears to be a place of peace and you can see no obvious dangers. You approach the altar and take a look at the contents of the chalice: it appears to contain nothing more than water. If you want to drink from the chalice, turn to 424. If not you must leave the chapel and ascend, or descend, the staircase to another part of the tower (turn to 7).

409

And then, with a hollering cry, the crazed man barges past you and out into the night. Before you can follow him Ulrich is suddenly there beside you, slamming the door to the cottage shut again and bolting it securely from the inside. You both immediately turn your attention to the old woman lying motionless on the floor. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 289. If you are Unlucky, turn to 32.

410

You narrowly avoid falling into one of the many wolf-traps that riddle these woods but as you start to make your way back to join the main party again, you come face-to-face with one of the hunters' dogs. The wolf-hound is as big as the wolves it has been bred to hunt and its canine senses tells it that there is something of the wolf about you. Snarling, it bares its teeth and leaps at you, ready to tear out your throat. If you have the *Call of the Wild* special ability you are able to terrify the dog so much that it runs yelping back to its master, its tail between its legs (turn to 151). If not, you are going to have to fight it.

WOLFHOUND SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you kill the dog, you are able to return to the safety of the rest of the hunting party as they are preparing to return to Vargenhof before moonrise (turn to 151).

411

You plunge your sword into the rogue's chest, right up to the hilt. The Highwayman's head lets out a shrill death-cry, its eyes rolling up into its head. Pulling your sword free, you stagger back from the rider as the horse snorts and stamps the ground with its glowing hooves. But the horseman's wailing cry does not stop but turns into a grotesque, gurgling cackle once more. His dead eyes fix on you again and you feel the blood in your veins turn to ice-water. 'Oh dear, what a shame,' he says with mock regret, 'it would appear that I am already dead, and you cannot kill that which is not alive!' (Lose 1 LUCK point.) 'I would

suggest you run. I'll give you a head start,' the Highwayman laughs. Without a moment's hesitation, you sprint for the safety of the inn. You hear the phantom horse's hooves on the road behind you again but then you are at the door to the stone-built coaching inn and suddenly both rider and steed are gone, like mist on the night-breeze. The echo of maniacal laughter lingers for a moment and then that too is gone. Turn to 6.

412

Maun is not a large place and it does not take you long to find what you are looking for. Down a narrow side street off the village square is a stone building bearing a brass plaque, on which has been etched 'Doktor Kafka – Surgeon'. Having knocked at the door, you have to wait so long that you are about to turn away when it suddenly opens a crack. You find yourself looking down at the bespectacled and heavily lined face of a stooped old man. His pate is bald, what little hair he has left white, wispy and wild. 'What do you want?' he asks in a gruff, curmudgeonly tone. 'If you've cut yourself with that sword of yours, I'm not interested.' Being careful to keep your voice down, you mutter that you have come to meet with Van Richten. At mention of the Vampire Hunter's name, the surgeon's eyes narrow suspiciously. 'Is that right?' he challenges. 'But how do I know if you are truly a friend or simply an agent of Old Night? If you really have arranged to meet with such a man, at this place and this hour, tell me, which Order was he a member of?' If you think you know the answer to Doktor

Kafka's question, convert the words you are looking for into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 . . . Z=26, totalling the individual numbers of the letters, and then turn to the paragraph which is the same as that total. If the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, or if you have no idea what the answer is, nothing you can say will persuade the old man of your good intentions and so you have no choice other than to pass on through Maun without meeting the Vampire Hunter again (turn to 350).

413

Walking through the village, seeing the zombie-slack sad expressions of its populace, your honourable adventurer's nature wishes there was something you could do to help. But what is the problem? You can see a blacksmith working at his forge and a priest doing his rounds. Do you want to talk to the blacksmith (turn to 296), the priest (turn to 177), or would you rather press on and leave Maun (turn to 350)?

414

Taking a deep breath you submerge again and swim back down to the treasure-strewn depths. Beneath you, ensnared by the pernicious water-weed, are the skeletal remains of the Water-Wyrd's previous victims. Churning up the silty bed of the pool you recover what you can. Roll one dice and add 6. This is the total number of Gold Pieces you manage to collect. Your lungs aching, you realise that it is time to return to the surface. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 499. If you are Unlucky, turn to 431.

415

Clambering over the spurs of broken stalagmites, you emerge from the cave tunnel into a wider cavern, the sight of which takes your breath away. Stalactites and stalagmites formed over thousands of years fill the cave like a forest. In places they even join to form natural columns of glistening stone. The mineral deposits in the rock formations have coloured Nature's sculptures a myriad of colours, from coppery green and acid yellow, through bronzy oranges and burnt umbers, to vermillion, crimson and black. There are even shades of cyan and purple, and to think that, until now, such beauty has been hidden in total darkness. As you gaze in wonder at the forest of stone, at the periphery of your vision you glimpse movement. There above you, perched between natural limestone buttresses and spires, is a gigantic spider with a bulbous black body and long, spindly legs. Held by the talons at the end of its legs is a finely spun web. You realise what the spider intends to do when, with a flick of its feet, the arachnid releases its silk net. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, you evade the Tangleweb Spider's trap and draw your sword, ready to defend yourself. If you fail, you become ensnared by the resilient web-net. In the battle to come it will take you two Attack Rounds to cut yourself free from the spider's cast web, during which time you will not be able to injure the Tangleweb, although the spider will be able to injure you.

TANGLEWEB SPIDER SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you manage to kill the web-spinner you continue

your way across the cavern of wonder and choose a way out. Will you take:

The narrow twisting tunnel?	Turn to 14
The heavily cobwebbed passageway?	Turn to 9
The wide cleft in the rock with an obvious seam of blue crystal?	Turn to 70

416

Something in the tone of the man's voice speaks to the primal creature that is awakening within you. Unable to stop yourself, and before Ulrich or the old woman realise what you are doing, as if in a trance you walk over to the threshold, draw back the bolts, and fling open the door. Standing in the doorway is a wild-looking man dressed in only a shirt and torn britches. His black, tousled hair hangs down around his shoulders like a mane. Behind him you see the wolves circling in the moonlight. The man fixes you with a piercing red-eyed stare and a hungry smile spreads across his bloodstained lips, revealing protruding canine teeth. Then you catch sight of the stump where the man's left hand should be. The shock of realisation snaps you out of your trance-like state and you just manage to draw your sword before the lunatic leaps at you, trying to claw you with the dirt-encrusted, talon-like fingernails of his remaining right hand.

LUNATIC SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

As you fight the crazed lunatic on the threshold to the cottage, neither Ulrich nor the old woman can do anything to help, so you have to face the madman

alone. After three Attack Rounds, or if you reduce the madman's STAMINA to 6 or less, whichever comes first, turn at once to 457.

417

Just for a second – just the briefest moment – the wolf inside gets the better of you. You only regain control of your body again once the scholar is lying dead at your feet. What have you done? And what is becoming of you? You begin to wonder if it is inevitable that you will succumb to the curse of the werewolf. (Lose 1 more LUCK point.) Howling in tortured anguish you flee from the scene of your brutal crime and do not stop running until you are deep in the embrace of the darkening forest again. Turn to 46.

418

'I'll tell you what you are,' the diminutive Carnivale Master spits, his voice dripping with venom. 'You're a killer! You murdered one of our own and Carnivale justice demands retribution.' You are dragged to

another part of the tent where rotating board that forms part of a knife-thrower's act stands. You struggle vainly as the Master's assistants manacle you to the board. Then someone sets it spinning and the knife-thrower steps up. He is a dead-shot and during his act can miss his assistant by only a hair's breadth. Tonight, however, he chooses not to miss. Carnivale justice decrees it! Your adventure is over.

419

'Then I feel that this is where our paths must part again,' Van Richten says, obviously annoyed and disappointed, and stalks off again into the night. You feel that perhaps you have made an error of judgement in letting the Vampire Hunter down, giving in to the darker side of your personality, which is becoming stronger all the time. (Lose 1 LUCK point and add 1 to your CHANGE score.) You spend the rest of the night in fitful sleep, and in the grey haze of morning are on your way again. Turn to 250.

420

Eventually you make it to the main compound and enter the farmyard. Two buildings of note stand here, the farmhouse itself and a large, shingle-roofed barn. Where will you shelter from the downpour: the farmhouse (turn to 324) or the barn (turn to 215)?

421

The corridor ends at a door of mouldering green planks, which opens into a square room reeking of damp. Strings of fibrous plant growths hang from the

ceiling. The floor of the dank chamber is covered with all manner of fungi. Large yellow puffballs grow against broad-capped white toadstools and bulbous grey mushrooms. There is not a square inch of floor that is not covered. On the other side of the room is another door. To get to it you are going to have to cross across the carpet of fungi. Will you:

Run across the chamber?	Turn to 446
Creep carefully across the fungus room?	Turn to 461
Return to the last junction and go the other way?	Turn to 282

422

With cries of, 'Mathter! Mathter!' the Hunchback lopes away up a second flight of stairs to the top of the tower. You know now that there is something sinister afoot here and so you waste no time in pursuing Igor. You arrive out of breath in what can only be described as a mad scientist's laboratory. The space at the top of the tower is crammed full of all manner of curious pieces of equipment and mechanical contraptions. There are spinning globes that crackle with the static charge of the storm raging outside and glass-cased gauges, the needles within them quivering around the danger line. Thick bundles of copper wire descend from the topmost part of the windmill and connect all the various pieces of equipment to a tilted metal table, on which rests one of the most bizarre and monstrous things you have ever seen. It is at least half the height again of a man and almost as broad across. It appears to be made from slabs of dead grey flesh crudely sewn

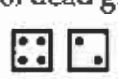

together and yet, in places, missing organic parts have been replaced with mechanical apparatus. Around its ugly head is a band of metal secured with a number of unsubtle bolts. Standing next to a bank of steel levers is a tall man wearing a long, once-white lab-coat, his eyes hidden behind thick-lensed goggles. Cowering behind him is the hunchback. 'Welcome,' the tall man says, the excited tone of his voice suggesting to you that he is totally unhinged. 'You are here just in time to witness the creation of a new form of life!' Thunder rolls ominously across the sky and lightning flashes around the top of the windmill, as if having waited for the most dramatic moment to do so. Before you can do anything to stop him, the crazed scientist throws a lever just as lightning strikes the top of the tower itself. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 120. If you are Unlucky, turn to 454.

423

In the presence of the Arch-Lycanthrope himself, you are unable to contain the beast within you any longer. You give voice to an agonising howl as your body contorts – bones reshaping, muscles and internal organs realigning, the furry hide of the wolf ripping through your skin – until you are no longer human but instead utterly animal. Count Varcolac offers his hand and, rather than bite it, you lick it with your rough wolf's tongue paying your new master homage. 'That's right,' he purrs, 'you are mine now, my pet.' Totally under the Count's control you will join his pack and run with the other wolves, when the moon is full, preying on the weak. Your adventure is over.

424

You sniff the liquid but can still find nothing to suggest that it is anything other than water and so you swallow a large mouthful. Starting in your stomach, a warm prickling sensation spreads throughout your body. You can feel it revitalising you as it spreads to the tips of your fingers and the very roots of the hair on your head. You have just drunk an Elixir of Life. Restore your STAMINA, SKILL and LUCK scores to their *Initial* levels! The elixir also does something to combat your steadily worsening lycanthropy; reduce your CHANCE score by 2 points. Feeling reinvigorated and ready to face anything, you turn from the altar and start walking down the aisle. But rewards such as those that you have just received come at a price in the lair of one of the aristocracy of the night.

The first warning you have that anything is wrong is when a shuddering vibration fills the chapel, which puts painful pressure on your eardrums. The panes of the stained-glass windows rattling behind you, you turn to see the knight's window coming apart at its leaded seams – only now it shows the warrior, standing over the body of the slain priest, sword bloodied. You watch as the painted segments making up the knight pull free of the window and descend in front of you, maintaining the shape of the priest's murderer in the air in front of you. The corruption that has taken root within the Tower of Maun has desecrated even this once sanctified refuge. The knight's glass sword looks painfully sharp, as the chapel's guardian swings it about threateningly, determined not to let you escape alive.

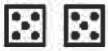

GLASS KNIGHT SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you are fighting the knight with a mace, when you win an Attack Round roll one dice. If you roll a 6, the entirety of the knight's glass body shatters under your blow, destroying it in one fell swoop. If you win the battle you are able to exit the chapel without further obstructions. Add 1 to your ALARM score and turn to 7.

425

The priest's expression relaxes and he opens his eyes again. 'I sense only goodness and a true heart,' he says, smiling. He introduces himself as Corran, the guardian of the spring that was first brought forth from the ground by the blessed saint. 'And you are worthy to partake of its holy healing gift,' he says. Corran leads you out of the warming room to a spiral stone staircase that winds down into the earth, leading you beneath Fenmoor. At the bottom, in a circular stone-walled chamber lit by smoking wall sconces, stands the well of Saint Crucius. Corran draws a bucket of clear water from the well and decants some into a golden chalice that stands at its lip. 'Here,' he says, offering you the cup, 'drink, and may the saint's blessings pour down upon you.' Reverently you accept the chalice and gulp down its contents.

As soon as the liquid reaches your stomach, you grip your belly in agony, teeth clenched and tears streaming from your eyes. The water that comes from Crucius' well has been blessed by the saint, which

makes it holy water, and holy water is inimical to your kind. There is no escaping the fact that you are now well on your way to becoming a creature of the night. (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) Thankfully the knot of agony eases and, as the overwhelming pain passes, you become aware of another feeling inside you. The waters of the healing well have slowed the spread of the lycanthropic infection riddling your body. Roll one dice, divide by 2 (rounding fractions up) and then add 1; this is how many points you should reduce your CHANGE score by (but make a note that it cannot drop below 1). Regain 1 LUCK point too. Corran fixes you with a suspicious look. 'I have never seen the blessed waters affect anyone in that way before,' he says. If you have the codeword *Nomed* written down on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **455**. If not, turn to **484**.

426

Despite its massive size and ungainly bulk, the maggot is able to move surprisingly quickly. The creature is a truly horrific corruption of nature. However, more horrifying than its grisly nature is the fact that the creature you are fighting was once the Abbot of the Black Monks, now changed beyond all recognition. That said, it is not the most cunning of killers and so shouldn't prove too much of a challenge to an accomplished warrior such as yourself.

MAGGOT SKILL 6 STAMINA 16

The maggot will attempt to bite you with its perpetually mashing mandibles. If it wounds you, roll one

dice. On a roll of 6, rather than bite you, the maggot will spit acidic slime at you, causing 3 STAMINA points damage. If you kill the Abbot-abomination, turn to 114.

427

'Friend,' you say, but the man's aim does not waver, his eyes narrowing, in case you should try anything. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your CHANGE score, turn to 123. If the total rolled is greater, turn to 506.

428

Opening the door, you enter Castle Wulfen's extensive library. Row after row of bookcases groan under the weight of innumerable dusty tomes. Within this great repository of knowledge, one book has been given pride of place, lying on a lectern carved to resemble a dragon. The book is bound in black leather and bears the title *On the Conjuration and Banishment of Demons*. The air around the book seems suffused with a grim malfeasance and you are sure it is colder at this spot. If you dare to open this forbidding book to see what aid it can offer you, turn to 100. If you would rather leave well enough alone, you vacate the library and take either the door that is now to your left (turn to 496), or the one directly ahead of you (turn to 310).

429

Peering around the door jamb, and seeing no one outside in the corridor, you set off towards the stairs. As you creep along the darkened corridor you pass

another door which stands slightly ajar, the room beyond lit by the soft yellow light of a guttering candle. Perhaps this is the room that the mystery midnight wanderer vacated. Glancing through the open door you see an empty unmade bed, a rickety bedside table, on which stands the dripping candle, and a large wooden chest against one wall. The room appears to be empty so will you enter and explore further (turn to 449) or will you continue after whoever it was who just left this chamber (turn to 226)?

430

You while away a quarter of an hour watching the Puppetmaster at work. On the small stage of his booth a brave knight battles a despicable wizard, conquering his monstrous dragon to rescue a beautiful princess and free the kingdom from an evil enchantment. It is a traditional tale that has been told a thousand times over but you find this particular performance captivating, almost as if you were under a spell yourself. This is in part due to the lifelike qualities of the tiny marionettes and their naturalistic movements. You have been amazed by the puppet show, but you have also been slightly unnerved by it. (Make sure that the codeword *Egnarts* is written down on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Leaving an equally engrossed crowd still enjoying the show, you move on through the fayre. Turn to 167.

431

You kick out with you feet to return to the languidly rippling surface but go nowhere. You can feel a vice-like grip around your ankle. Looking down through the murky water you see that your foot has become caught in the trap of a human ribcage lying among the tethering weeds. You kick out again, lungs fit to burst, but still cannot free yourself. You then take your sword to the skeletal snare but the more you hack at the ribcage, twisting and turning in the soupy green water, the more you become entangled in the pernicious water-weed yourself. Eventually you can hold your breath no longer and, involuntarily gasping for air, you suck in great lungfuls of foetid water. The Water-Wyrd may not have claimed you for its supper, but the Drowning Pool has won itself another victim nonetheless. Your adventure is over.

432

Keeping a watchful eye on the ichor-clouded water where the horror's body sank – just in case – you wade through the pool looking for anything else of value that might be lying forgotten beneath the surface. And, incredibly, you do find several other treasures. There is a Silver Mirror, an Ebon Wand, a Bloodstone Amulet and a Garnet Ring. (If you decide to take any of these objects, add them to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Now you are ready to leave, but the abomination lurking in this place is not prepared to let you. All the while you have been searching its waterlogged lair, the horror's unnatural physiology has begun to regenerate. You are about to start climbing the stone

shaft when a slime-slick, regenerating tentacle coils out of the murky water and wraps itself around your ankle, pulling you back towards the centre of the pool. Sword in hand you hack at the suckered pseudopod to free yourself.

REGENERATING TENTACLE SKILL 7 STAMINA 4

If you defeat the tentacle, you recommence scaling the pit-shaft before any more of the monster can regenerate. Turn to 154.

433

The passageway opens out into a much larger, cavernous space. A distinctive mammalian smell hangs in the still, moist air of the cave. Lying against a congregation of limestone stalagmites is the body of a wolf, only now it is little more than a husk of skin and bones. Surely this can't be the Beast you are hunting. It looks, and smells, like it has been lying hear for some time, all fluid having been drained from the carcass. Then you hear the skittering, scratching sound of something moving across the cave towards you. Creeping down the vertical wall of the cave is a huge spider. Its body alone is at least five feet in length, the spread of its legs more than double that. As if the size of the monstrous arachnid were not horrendous enough, its head is some grotesque amalgam of wolf and spider, a long muzzle forced out of shape by huge mandibles. Making a sound that is halfway between a hiss and a growl, the mutated Giant Wolf Spider launches its attack.

GIANT WOLF SPIDER SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

434

If you slay the lupine arachnid, there is nothing for you here so you have no other choice than to leave the rocky chamber. Will you take:

A tunnel with an obvious seam of black stone?	Turn to 368
A sandy-floored tunnel?	Turn to 207
A subterranean tunnel leading under one wall?	Turn to 405
A musky-smelling tunnel?	Turn to 9

434

Konrad is unable to hide his disappointment at your refusal. 'Well if that's how you feel,' he says obviously disgruntled, 'then you won't mind paying for that meal.' He rises abruptly and points at the bowl in front of you, before storming out of the inn. You feel obliged to pay for the meal you have just consumed and, as dusk is already falling outside *The Suckling Pig*, you decide to pay for a room for the night as well. (Deduct a total of 3 Gold Pieces from your *Adventure Sheet*.)

You spend a fitful night sleeping on a lumpy, lice-ridden mattress in a cold room, kept awake by an eerie howling that echoes from somewhere beyond the edge of the village, seemingly calling to something in your blood. (Add 1 CHANGE point.) You eventually fall asleep as dawn is breaking. When you wake you discover it is already past noon, and you feel no better for having paid for what you had hoped would be a decent rest. Leaving Strigoiva, will you follow the road to the north (turn to 160) or the east (turn to 478).

or will you take the less well-travelled track into the forest, the scrubby outskirts of which lie a mile or so to the north-east of the village (turn to 8)?

435

In a small ante-room off the main staircase you come to a set of black-lacquered double doors. Above them is the same crest you saw on the floor of the entrance hall – a skull surmounted by a bat with wings outstretched. Your unfailing sixth sense tells you that you have found the lair of the Lady of Maun. Boldly, you push open the doors, and find yourself at one end of a gloomy corridor, a second set of double doors stands at the other end. Roll one dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your ALARM score, turn to 448. If the number rolled is greater than your ALARM score, turn to 477.

436

You spring forward and plunge your blade into the creature. The tip of your sword pierces its heart and the Wolf-Were dies with a piteous howl. With apparently no regard for his own safety, the man runs over to the dead creature and, falling to his knees, cradles its misshapen head in his hands. 'What have you done?' the man screams, tears glistening in his eyes. 'He was no threat to you! He did not know what he was doing. He was only acting on instinct, and now you have murdered him – my son!' The man fixes you with a look of burning hatred and says quite clearly, 'I curse you in the name of Almor, Lord of Wolves, for

the life you have taken.' Your skin suddenly feels like it's on fire and you claw at your clothes to try to stop the pain as something bestial claws at you from the inside – the wolf in you hungers for freedom. (Add 2 to your CHANGE score and lose 2 STAMINA points, as well as 1 LUCK point.) Roll two dice. If the total is greater your CHANGE score, you turn tail and run from this tragic scene, not stopping until you are well away from the estate (turn to 46). If the total is less than or equal to your CHANGE score, turn to 417.

437

You plunge a hand into the icy water but even as you splash your face with it you can feel it burning. You stifle a cry of pain but the burning sensation continues. (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) You look at your hand and see that the skin is twisted as if it has been plunged into boiling water. You imagine that your face must look the same. None of the other villagers suffered in this way, but then you aren't like other people any more. The stone bowl contains blessed holy water and, like it or not, you are slowly but surely becoming a creature of the night. Holy water is anathema to you! (Lose 1 LUCK point.) The burning pain eventually passes but you have been permanently scarred. There is nothing you can do but hurry after the hunting party. Turn to 497.

438

As you make your way along the barely perceptible track, spindly branched trees encroach further onto the path, until you are picking your way between

distended knotty boles and half-protruding roots. The sun sinks, veiled behind heavy grey clouds and the dark silhouettes of trees. A carrion bird croaks hoarsely into the dusk and then is ominously silent. You wonder where you should make camp for the night, as the air is getting noticeably colder around you. In fact the chill feels more like what you would expect of a midwinter night. You take another step forward, your booted heel crunching on a thick layer of ground frost. Hearing a perceptible crackling in the air around you, you watch as feathery tendrils of ice spread across the trunks and naked skeletal branches of the gnarled trees, covering everything in a hoar frost. Icicles form on the ice-heavy boughs and your breath mists in clouds before your face. This sub-zero scene sparkles, glitters and glows under the ghostly luminescence of a moon near full. Some battle of the seasons is taking place at this spot but that is not the only change that is occurring at this moment. Write the number 103 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to 20.

439

You are unaware of the presence of the two Black Monks lying in wait for you beyond the archway until it is too late. The two holy men leap out of the shadows with preternatural speed and seize you, holding you in a grip of iron that surprises you. Leaving you in the hands of his brother, one of the monks produces a chalice from somewhere and brings it to you. 'You have been truly blessed,' he says. Oozing slime hangs in strings from the lip of the chalice. 'The Abbot has

deemed you worthy of an audience and offers you this sacrament. Take the cup, and drink.' There is nothing you can do as, between the two of them, the Black Monks force your mouth open and empty the nauseous contents of the chalice into your mouth. Spluttering and gasping for air you cannot help but swallow a mouthful of the revolting stuff. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to you current CHANGE score, turn to 491. If it is greater, turn to 474.

440

As the last of the wolves turns tail and flees, you follow Ulrich as he strides up to the iron-bound oak door of the cottage, the wood gouged to splinters by savage claw marks. 'Grandmother!' he calls. 'It is Ulrich with a friend in need of your help.' A tiny hatch in the middle of the door slides open and two cataract-blurred eyes peer out before the hatch is shut fast again. There is the grate of bolts being pulled back and then finally the door opens. A hunched figure ushers you both into the warm glow, muttering something about 'Damned wolves' before slamming the door shut again and throwing back the bolts.

Peering out from under a woollen shawl, the old crone looks you up and down, blinking myopically. She has a hooked nose and chin, and looks every part the witch, with a chain of silver charms hanging round her neck. 'So, it's you who needs my help, is it?' Grandmother Zekova asks. You listen in nervous anticipation as Ulrich tells the old wisewoman what

has happened. You expect her to cry out in horror and run screaming from the cottage at any moment, but the old woman appears to take in what Ulrich is telling her with earnest concentration. When he is done she turns to you. Without saying a word she starts to prod and poke, looking in your eyes and getting you to stick out your tongue. She also takes a look at your wolf-bite.

'Lycanthropy is a terrible and crippling curse,' she says at last, 'but you are fortunate to have met trustworthy Ulrich this night, and that he had the foresight to bring you to me. The disease will still just be taking hold, so if we act fast we might yet be able to counteract the effects of the werewolf's saliva-venom. I can give you a potion brewed from the belladonna plant, which will help, but, with your consent, I would like to bleed you first so that the potion might have a faster, more potent, effect.'

Will you let the wisewoman bleed you before administering her potion (turn to 335), or will you refuse and simply take the potion without being bled first (turn to 358)?

441

Approaching Count Varcolac's throne you kneel before him, keeping a watchful eye on the huge wolves that, in turn, keep a wary, jaundiced eye on you. The Count extends his signet ring so that you might kiss it and, maintaining the pretence for as long as you dare, you touch your lips to the warm gold. 'That's right, my pet,' Varcolac growls. 'Now, reveal

your true form to me!' At his command, agonising pains seize every muscle of your body. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your CHANGE score, turn to 423. If it is greater, turn to 247.

442

Before you reach the end of the twisting tunnel you make out sparkling light coming from the chamber that lies at its end. You emerge from the passageway behind a large stalagmite and enter a cave lit by glittering crystals set into the dark limestone walls. This strange luminescence sparkles from myriad webs strung across the chamber – almost like curtains and drapes – making the webs look like they have been spun from pure silver. The light also reflects from genuine treasures. Gold pieces lie scattered on the floor of the chamber, along with other, less valuable objects: battered helmets, rusty swords and axes, rotten backpacks and gnawed pieces of leather armour. Then you hear the voice: it is that of a woman, but strained with anxiety and with a hissing impediment. 'Where is it?' the voice is saying. 'Who's taken it? Where's my fine sharpness, my glittering silverness? Who has it? Where is it?' the woman repeats over and over.

Rounding the edge of the stalagmite you gasp in amazement and horror at what you see before you. Covering the far end of the crystal-lit cave is the most intricate, most beautifully woven, and largest web you have ever seen. It is decorated with strings

of pearls and precious stones, but amid all this ostentatious wealth squats one of the most hideous things you have ever seen. At first glance it appears to have all the proportions of a spider only on a colossal scale. At second glance, however, you see that it is much worse than that. The monstrous arachnid body appears to have grown from that of a human woman. From the waist down the abdomen of the monster is a swollen, hairy black pulsating sac ending in silk-oozing spinnerets. From the waist up, however, the creature looks more human except that she has a total of six arms and two legs which, although they begin as human, become the long, bony black limbs of the spider, ending in cruelly barbed chitinous claws. Her matted hair is short and spiked, like spider fur, and her possibly once beautiful face has been warped by yet more arachnid attributes. An additional six eyes have formed on her forehead above her human eyes, looking like ripe black blisters, and her mouth has been stretched impossibly wide by the protrusion of huge spider fangs, each as long as your sword arm. Lying on the sandy floor of the cavern are the desiccated bodies of adventurers – dwarfs as well as humans – sucked dry of all bodily fluids. And then the grossly mutated spider-woman sees you.

'Ah, the thief returns to the scene of the crime!' she hisses. 'Was it you? Did you take it, my precious sharpness?' If you have the codeword *Snilbog* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 2. If not, turn to 219.

443

At your final, killing stroke, the body of the spectral creature unravels, dissolving back into mist with one final, soul-rending howl. But as their pack leader departs the Earthly Plane, so too do the other phantom creatures of the Howling. The last of the wolf-ghosts nothing but tendrils of night-mist, the dreadful wailing ceases. For a moment the villagers look around in stupefied silence and then, as they realise what you have done for them, a cheer goes up from the hunters. You have banished the Howling and saved the people of Strigoiva from their torment. (Regain 1 LUCK point.)

You spend the rest of the night making merry with the elated villagers back at *The Suckling Pig*. Eventually, as dawn is breaking, you stumble off to bed in one of the inn's guest-rooms, the use of which you have been given for free with the Strigoivians' thanks. When you wake again, from a thankfully nightmare-free sleep, you discover that it is already well past noon. You feel much better for the rest and tuck into a brace of wood pigeon cooked for you by the landlord's wife. (Regain 4 STAMINA points.) But a great feeling of unease still hangs over you. Your personal quest demands that you move on from Strigoiva again. Leaving the village and its grateful populace, you can either follow the road where it divides, to the north (turn to **160**) or the east (turn to **478**), or you take the less well-travelled track into the forest that lies a mile or so to the north-east of Strigoiva (turn to **8**)?

444

At first you think you are winning, then you misjudge the best route to take to avoid a boulder on the road in front of you. One of the carriage wheels hits the rock, sending the stagecoach veering off the road. With whinnying shrieks of terror, the horses are pulled over the edge of the gorge as the coach topples past the point of no return, and down the side of the cliff, taking you and Katya with them. Your adventure ends here, your bodies smashed on the jagged rocks far below.

445

'Who will face the challenge of the Cage?' a bald-headed strongman dressed in a leopard-skin leotard and sporting a fine moustache calls to the crowd from a roughly erected stage. 'Tame the savage Grendel and 10 Gold Pieces could be yours!' Standing behind him, before a painted backdrop, is a large cage. Inside it is the beast he speaks of. It is at least a head taller than the strongman and as broad across the shoulders as a gorilla. Its arms are as thick as ship's cables, corded with muscle, and end in club-like fists. The creature's skin is green and pitted, its face suggestive of a primitive ogre bloodline. As you are considering taking up the challenge you see that a thickset, bearded man – whom you take for a blacksmith – is being led away from the stage holding a hand to his bloodied and broken nose. The aim of the game is to enter the Cage unarmed and subdue this Grendel. If you want to take up the challenge it will cost you 2 Gold Pieces (turn to 458). If you would rather leave it to some other mug to tame the beast, turn to 167.

446

You inevitably crush any number of puffballs and mushrooms beneath your feet, the fungi releasing clouds of spores into the damp air. As you could have predicted, the spores irritate your airways and lungs. You burst through the door on the other side and collapse in the corridor beyond, your body convulsed by hacking coughs. (Lose 3 STAMINA points and add 1 to your CHANCE score.) Turn to **492**.

447

You misjudge your timings and suffer the consequences as the heavy swinging blade slices into you. Roll one dice and add 2: this is the total number of STAMINA points you must lose. If you survive such a terrible injury, you collapse on the floor of the corridor on the other side of the pendulum blade (turn to **208**).

448

As soon as you enter the corridor, the doors slam shut behind you and something begins to manifest. Some unholy phantasm is clothing itself in shadows, taking on a threatening form. Your actions within the Tower of Maun have alerted the Lady to your presence and your arrival has been anticipated. The necromancer that is the power in this place has brought forth entities that normally dwell on the Spirit Plane, until a practitioner of the Dark Arts summons them to the earthly realm. Trailing smoky tendrils, the faceless shadow-born creatures circle you, ready to rake your flesh with claws formed of impenetrable darkness. If you have the codeword *Nethcir* recorded on your

449

Adventure Sheet, turn to 463. If not, you have no choice but to take up your weapon and defend yourself. In the narrow confines of the corridor, fight the shadow-born one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TENEBRAE	7	7
Second TENEBRAE	7	6
Third TENEBRAE	8	7

Fortunately cold steel is just as effective against the Tenebrae as silver or magic. If you manage to defeat these creatures of darkness, turn to 477.

449

A floorboard creaks ominously under your foot as you enter the room and you step swiftly inside. Shutting the door, you make your search undisturbed. There is nothing unusual about the bed or the small table next to it, but the chest is another matter altogether. Inside you find a number of folded dresses, which leads you to believe that you are actually inside the bedchamber of the landlord's daughter. Underneath the dresses you find a strange collection of objects that includes bundles of herbs, dried powders in small glass bottles

and a book covered in unsettling symbols. You decide to leave these well alone, as their connection to the practice of witchcraft is obvious. However, you also find a bundle of letters, tied up with pink ribbon. A quick glance at these reveals that they are love letters, written and signed by 'Meg' to someone simply referred to as 'My love' or 'My fine gentleman'. This is a curious mix of possessions to find in a barmaid's bedroom. Right at the bottom of the chest you find an ornately carved wooden box secured with a brass lock. There is no key but you think you could force the box open with your sword. Do you want to force the lock (turn to 481), or will you leave the room and continue in your pursuit of the person who you now suspect is in fact Meg the landlord's daughter (turn to 226)?

450

Pistol in hand you take aim and fire. Divide your SKILL score by 4, rounding fractions down: this is the number of times you may fire the pistol before the Varcolac Werewolf will be on top of you, providing you have enough bullets loaded in the pistol. There is no time to reload now, given your dire predicament! *Test your Skill* as you would normally to resolve whether your shots hit the werewolf. Conventional lead bullets causes the creature 2 points of STAMINA damage each. Silver bullets, however, will each cause 3 STAMINA points of damage. When you come to fight the Arch-Lycanthrope in hand-to-hand combat, alter the Werewolf's STAMINA score according to how many times you wound him with your pistol shots. Turn to 150.

451

'Then you have heard of my studies concerning the powers of darkness and want my help,' the man says in a musing tone. 'Well, I am sorry to disappoint you but the services of Vereticus the Scholar are no longer for hire; I have my own work now that takes up all my time. I suggest you leave by the same way that you entered my estate.' Will you leave as Vereticus requests (turn to 46) or will you make the most of the opportunity and do away with the vicious Wolf-Were and (turn to 436)?

452

Inserting the key in the hole, you turn it until you hear a ratchetting click. With a sudden lurch the automaton takes a step towards you, and without hesitation tries to strike you with its crushing gauntlet-hard hands. You have no choice but to take up your own weapon to defend yourself.

CLOCKWORK AUTOMATON SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

As it was the key that activated the Automaton, perhaps removing it would shut down your clockwork attacker again. If you want to try to knock out the key you must fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 2 points. However, if you win two consecutive Attack Rounds, fighting in this way, turn to 317. If you defeat the automaton, leaving its exquisite bodywork battered and broken on the floor of the workroom you quit and return to the junction, from there you take the door which is now ahead of you (turn to 428), or, alternatively, the one that is now to your right (turn to 496).

453

The veteran hunter curses as you strike at him and ducks out of your way. Cries go up from the others in the hall and you hear a terrible sound which makes your blood curdle – something like a cross between the roar of a bear and the howl of a wolf. You turn in horror to see what is happening to Burgomaster Straub. Turn to 62.

454

Lightning streaks down inside the building via the network of wires and cables, stray sparks flying in all directions, lighting the space with their wild, electric-blue brilliance. One of these jagged bolts strikes you and hurls you backwards into a bank of humming machinery. (Lose 4 STAMINA points. For as long as you remain in the windmill you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point as well.) Something is moving with jerky spasms at the centre of the chamber amid the blaze of white storm-light. Picking yourself up you prepare to face the worst you can imagine, made brutally real. Turn to 120.

455

'I sense that your mission to rid the land of evil is a personal quest for retribution or an act of repentance,' the priest says. 'And having seen you put an end to the Shuck where others, including myself could not, I can tell that you are a hero on whom the gods are smiling. For that reason I wish to bequeath you something to aid you in your quest.' Corran leads you back up through the shrine to the altar to Saint Crucius. He

takes up the cross that stands there and places it into your hands. 'Take this,' he says, 'and may it guard you as well in your quest as it has protected this shrine these many years.' Add the Silver Cross to your Equipment List and turn to 484.

456

You decide that you can work more effectively without others around you – making a lot of noise and scaring your would-be prey away – and set off alone without further delay. Once outside the town you scout the surrounding landscape, trying to work out where a monster like the Beast of Vargenhof would have its lair. Directly beyond the perimeter of the town lie the pastures, paddocks and pine forests where the monster's attacks have been centred, but to your mind these places are its hunting grounds and not its home. South of Vargenhof lie the blasted heaths, where you doubt any creature would look for shelter. That leaves the wooded hills to the east of the town and the craggy peaks that form the foothills of the Orsov Mountains to the north. Where will you look for the Beast?

In the eastern hills? Turn to 28
In the crags to the north? Turn to 330

457

You manage to drive the lunatic back out of the cottage and Ulrich slams the door shut again, bolting it securely once more. The wolves howl mournfully at the moon, the sound retreating as the lunatic leads

them back into the forest. The woodsman and wise-woman stare at you grimly. 'The lycanthropy is still within you,' Grandmother Zekova says. 'You are not cured. Tell me again about the creature that attacked you.' If you have a Signet Ring, turn to 369. If not, turn to 326.

458

A young woman takes your backpack and sword-belt from you, once you have handed over your 2 Gold Pieces, and then, taking a deep breath to steady your nerves, you enter the Cage. The Grendel-ogre goes for you immediately. You are not trying to kill your opponent in this contest: your aim is merely to subdue the beast. To do this you need to win two Attack Rounds in a row. Roll for Attack Strengths as normal (reducing yours by 1 as you are not using your sword) but do not remove STAMINA points for damage sustained, merely keep track of who has won the round.

GRENDEL SKILL 8

If you win two consecutive Attack Rounds first, turn to 470. If Grendel wins two consecutive Attack Rounds before you, turn to 488.

459

At your killing blow, the demon dissolves into a sulphurous black cloud again, leaving you free to study the book to which it had been bound. On page 216 you find a ritual to banish demons. It involves marking out a pentacle – a five-pointed star – using consecrated artefacts. Who knows when such information might

come in useful? With this knowledge safely stored away, you leave the library before it suffers any further demonic visitations. Returning to the junction, will you take the door now to your left (turn to 496), or pass through the one directly ahead of you (turn to 310)?

460

Two forlorn-looking scarecrows watch over the failed crop, strung up on poles like condemned men on the gallows. Wading your way between the rotten stalks of wheat, you see how badly the corruption has set in here. The whole crop is blighted. You are not far from the perimeter of the farmyard when you hear a swishing sound in the sodden stems around you and glimpse shadowy movement. Something has changed – the two scarecrows are missing from their posts. With a shrill banshee-wail the two straw men burst out of the mouldering crop in front of you. With claws made from sharp splinters, the Scarecrows attack you, leaping and capering with jerky, insect-like movements. Fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SCARECROW	7	5
Second SCARECROW	6	5

Their bodies stuffed with hay, your bizarre assailants shouldn't cause you too much trouble. Once you have hacked their cobbled-together bodies to pieces, turn to 420.

461

Watching where you put your feet, you take your first steps into the fungus-filled room. *Test your Skill* three times. If you fail any of the tests, turn to **446**. If you pass every single one, turn to 475.

462

Standing your ground you unsheathe your sword, ready to face the approaching rider. The phantom reins in his wild steed with a shout of, 'Whoa there, Barushka!' The greenly glowing apparition trots the last few paces before coming to a halt directly in front of you. The headless rider drops the reins and reaches under its cloak with both gloved hands. When it withdraws the right one again you see that it is now holding a cocked flintlock pistol. In its left hand it is holding a man's head by the hair. The eyes in the head fix you with a needling stare, while a cruel smile spreads across its lips. 'Stand and deliver!' the head declares. 'Your money *and* your life!' And with that the ghostly highwayman pulls the trigger. *Test the Skill* of the Headless Highwayman, who has a SKILL of 8. If he passes the test, turn to 374. If he fails, his shot misses you; turn to 501.

463

'The Tenebrae are creatures born of darkness and so their greatest weakness is light. Quickly, light your lantern!' If you have a lantern, and can use it (the *Night Creature* special ability will not work as a substitute here), you must spend one Attack Round lighting it, during which time you will be vulnerable to attack.

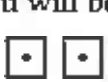

However, if you accomplish the task, when you do come to fight the Tenebrae they will be repulsed and weakened by the light. (Reduce all of the creatures' SKILL scores by 1 point and their STAMINA scores by 2 points.) Now return to 448 and face your foes.

464

The werewolf's flesh sizzles and burns at the touch of the silver, cruel wounds opening all over its corpse – but it is not enough. Under the influence of the demon possessing it, the Arch-Lycanthrope rises again. Snarling with unrestrained infernal rage the Wolf Demon attacks. (For every Silver Dagger you have been able to use, you may reduce the demon's STAMINA score by 2 points before resolving this battle.)

WOLF DEMON SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

If you manage to overcome the Varcolac-demon, and you have the codeword *Deliugeb* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 21. If not, turn to 515.

465

The whetted edge of your blade rings as it slides from its scabbard. It only takes a split second for your midnight-black challenger to react. There is another sharp *Crack!* as the man fires the pistol held in his outstretched hand. *Test the Skill* of the Vampire Hunter, who has a SKILL score of 10. If he passes the test successfully, turn to 376. If he fails, he misses you, turn to 398.

466

The cold earth is your bed, the chill night air your blanket. Despite such unpleasant conditions, weariness forces sleep upon you. You wake feeling something tugging at your leg and come to with a start. Kicking free, you provoke whatever it is that was pawing at you to snarl in defiance. You find yourself staring into the cold yellow eyes of a mangy cur, a hunting dog, but one that is barely more than skin and bone, and rotting flesh. The Ghoul Hound should be dead, but these moors refuse to let sleeping dogs lie. You pull your sword from its scabbard as the snarling undead dog bounds towards you.

GHOUL HOUND SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If the hound wounds you more than 3 times, add 1 to your CHANGE score. If you defeat the dog, as far as you are concerned morning cannot come soon enough. And when it does you are eager to be on your way again. Turn to 69.

467

As soon as you turn your back on the old woman, and hear her muttering the words of another incantation, you realise that you should never have trusted a witch. Before you can do anything else to defend yourself, you feel the change you have been dreading come over you, freeing the wolf inside you from its fleshy prison. Howling in pain and frustration, your clothes and possessions falling from your new lupine form, you run from the witch's kitchen on all fours, out of the castle and into the night, in search of a pack to call your own. Your adventure is over.

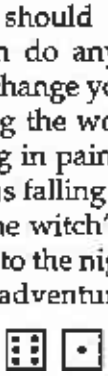

468

Somehow you find the words to compliment Mistress Bauer on her 'handsome' son. You tolerate the pair's anecdotes about their babe-in-arms and bide your time beside the fire, you and the Changeling eyeing each other warily. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 137. If you are Unlucky, turn to 270.

469

The Quickening – Your reflexes have become sharper, your reaction times faster, and you are now as agile as a wolf. Add 1 more point to your *Initial* as well as your current SKILL score. Record the *Quickening* on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were last instructed to write down.

470

To the uproarious cheers of the crowd you force the beast into a headlock and, with the ring of a bell are declared the winner. Reluctantly the strongman hands

over your winnings (a bag containing 10 Gold Pieces) and his assistant returns your other possessions. As you leave the stage the strongman tells the crowd that the Cage is closed for business for the rest of the day to a chorus of light-hearted boos. Turn to 167.

471

Watching the rhythmically swinging blade, you step into the corridor. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 42. If you are Unlucky, turn to 110.

472

The door to the house is suddenly flung open, a middle-aged man standing in the doorway, wearing scholarly robes and with a neatly trimmed goatee beard. He commands the creature to be still and, to your amazement, the Wolf-Were breaks off its attack and takes a slouching step away from you. 'What do you think you are doing here, trespassing on my land?' the man demands. How will you answer him? Will you:

Say that you are on a quest to rid the land of evil? Turn to 451
Tell him the truth that you are seeking a cure for your lycanthropy? Turn to 403
Or will you seize the moment and finish the Wolf-Were? Turn to 436

473

Ulrich leads you back to the spot where you were first attacked. From there it is not hard to pick up the trail left by the wolves as they made their flight. By the flickering yellow light of your lantern – and thanks to Ulrich's knowledge of these oppressive woods – the two of you follow the animals' tracks deeper and deeper into the forest. The trail you find yourself following leads you a merry dance indeed, and on more than one occasion you find yourselves doubling back along paths you have already taken. And then the eerie howling reaches your ears again, deadened by a mist that is rising from the darkened hollows between the trees. You quicken your pace, determined to catch up with the Black Wolf and its kin before they can escape you again.

You crest a rise and suddenly find yourselves looking down on a stone-built thatch-roofed cottage nestled between the looming trees at the bottom of a slope.

By the cold, silver moonlight you can see the wolves circling the cottage, but from the snarling of the animals, and the scraping of claws on wood, it sounds very much like the creatures are trying to force their way into the cottage. 'By the spirits!' Ulrich suddenly exclaims. 'Grandmother! Grandmother Zekova!' And then he is rushing down the slope ready to meet the wolf pack with his axe. You cannot let him fight this battle alone and so, despite your weariness, you sprint after him, sword drawn. You will fight the Wolf Pack as if it were one creature. Every Attack Round, as well as rolling for your Attack Strength, also roll for Ulrich's (he has a SKILL score of 8). During an Attack Round, if his Attack Strength is higher than that of the wolves, then he also delivers wounds totalling 2 STAMINA points to their total score.

WOLF PACK SKILL 7 STAMINA 14

Keep a careful note of how many Attack Rounds the battle lasts. If you reduce the pack's STAMINA score to zero, it means that you have driven them off. If you and Ulrich manage this in seven Attack Rounds or less, turn to 440. If it takes you eight Attack Rounds or more to win the battle, turn to 486.

474

Your entire physical being rifles at the presence of the putrescent slime in your stomach and you vomit violently (lose 2 STAMINA points and add 1 CHANGE point), the monks releasing their steely grip on you. Drained as you might be, there is no time to rest and recuperate. Without a moment's respite, the monks are on you again. As they leap to attack, the monks' robes fall open to reveal monstrous insectoid mutations. With a sharp intake of breath you see that the head of the first is halfway between that of a cockroach and a man. As the mandibled monk hisses at you, malformed jaws snapping, the second reaches for you from within the voluminous sleeves of his habit. The sleeves fall back to reveal mantis-like claws where the monk's arms should be. You have no choice but to fight the Black Monks at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
MANDIBLED MONK	7	7
MANTIS MONK	8	6

If you manage to defeat both the mutated monks, turn to 262.

475

Unbelievably, you make your way between the bloated, bruise-coloured fungi without causing any of them to release their spores. Regain 1 LUCK point. Opening the second door you enter another stone-walled corridor. Turn to 492.

476

Your head thumping as if your skull is fit to burst, you regain groggy consciousness to find yourself manacled to a bank of arcane, mechanical equipment within what can only be described as a mad scientist's laboratory, which you judge to be located at the top of the windmill. Bundles of copper cabling descend from the criss-crossed rafters above you, connecting all the pieces of equipment in the lab to a tilted metal table on which rests one of the most bizarre and monstrous things you have ever seen. It is at least half the height again of a man and almost as broad across, made from slabs of dead grey flesh as well as gleaming mechanical components. Around its ugly head is a band of metal secured in place with a number of unsubtle bolts. Standing next to a bank of steel levers is a tall man wearing a long, once-white lab coat, his eyes hidden behind thick-lensed goggles. And cowering behind him is the hunchbacked Igor. 'Welcome,' the tall man says, his excited tone of voice suggesting to you that he is mentally unhinged. 'You are here just in time to witness the creation of a new form of life!' Thunder rolls ominously across the sky and lightning hits the top of the tower, as if it had been waiting for the most dramatic moment to strike. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 303. If you are Unlucky, turn to 495.

477

You know that you cannot risk tarrying here any longer. Running to the other end of the corridor, you fling open the doors there and burst into the room beyond. You find yourself in a grand, high-ceilinged chamber, ornately decorated with heavy velvet drapes of black and red, its ceiling painted with a zodiacal map of the heavens. The windows of the chamber are covered by the heavy hanging drapes. At your abrupt arrival, a striking, platinum-haired woman, dressed in crimson and black, her skin as white as ivory, rises from a high-backed wooden chair. At her side stands a gaunt-faced man, dressed in the apparel of a servant, and with a feral look about him. For a fleeting moment the noblewoman looks startled but this expression is soon replaced by a look of arrogant superiority, and a sinister smile forms on her rose-red lips. 'Ah, look, Gustav, we have company,' she says, addressing her servant. She rises and moves gracefully across the room towards you, her movements so fluid that you could almost believe she were gliding across the floor a few inches above it, her feet never actually touching the polished marble tiles. You are captivated by her beauty and find yourself transfixed by her piercing cold-eyed stare. If you have the codeword *Nethcir* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 494 immediately. If not, roll two dice, subtracting 2 from the total if you have the codeword *Dehctaw* written down on your *Adventure Sheet*. If the final total is less than or equal to your CHANGE score, turn to 10; if it is greater, turn to 52.

478

Taking the well-trodden road east out of Strigoiva, you continue under a leaden sky, wary of any potential dangers on the road in this mysterious and sinister land. As the sun sinks towards the horizon behind the steadily darkening cloud cover, you start to think about finding somewhere to sleep for the night. To the north, some miles from the road, you can see the forbidding silhouetted tree line of an expanse of forest, but just off the road to the south, beyond untended fields running riot with gorse and thistle, stands the remains of a gamekeeper's cottage. All that is left now is the tumbledown ruin of the chimney and fireplace and one sheltering wall. You decide that this would make an ideal place to camp for the night. On reaching the ruined cottage you set a fire in the smoke-blackened hearth to keep the chill of the night at bay. Having eaten (cross off 1 Meal of Provisions) you settle down to sleep, pulling your travelling cloak tight about you.

You are just drifting off to sleep, the night breeze sighing through the leafless boughs of a copse, when you hear the sharp *Crack!* of a dry twig snapping underfoot. You are on your feet in a moment. A shadow detaches itself from the enveloping darkness and takes a step closer towards you. By the dull red glow of the dying embers of your fire you study the imposing figure standing at the threshold to the cottage. It is a man dressed from head to foot in black. His coat is long, the leather durable, he wears heavy leather gloves and sturdy leather boots, and on his

head is a tall, wide-brimmed hat, on which shines a silver buckle that holds a scarlet ribbon in place. Only the steely orbs of his eyes are visible beneath the brim of the hat, the rest of his face being covered by a red scarf. Ember-glow reflects from the polished barrel of a flintlock pistol that the man has aimed at you. From a sword-belt at his waist hangs a gleaming rapier blade. 'Do not move!' he commands, his voice as cold as steel. 'Are you friend or foe?' How will you react to this challenge? Will you unsheathe your own sword (turn to 465) or will you hold your hands up above your head in a gesture of non-aggression (turn to 427)?

479

While using the Silver Dagger in your battle with the Arch-Lycanthrope you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point, as usual, but wounds delivered with it will cause the Werewolf 3 STAMINA points of damage. Also, if you are using a Silver Dagger that you found hidden somewhere within Castle Wulfen, you may reduce Varcolac's SKILL score by 1 point for the duration of the battle. Now turn to 150.

480

And then a brief window of opportunity presents itself and you seize it with both hands. Plunging your blade downwards, you slice through the tethers securing the horses to their traces. Leaping onto the back of the horse next to Katya's, with a 'Yaah!' you set the untethered steeds galloping free of the carriage.

Glancing back over your shoulder, as the horses pull away, you watch with deep satisfaction as the stagecoach veers off the edge of the road, the Werebeast raging in vain atop it. Down, down, down it plunges into the gaping void of Garou Gorge. You have put an end to the Beast of Vargenhof at last: regain 2 LUCK points. Unfortunately, you feel no different within yourself. The Werebeast could not have been the Arch-Lycanthrope you seek. Free of the threat of the monster at last, you and Katya ride on, further into the mountains towards Wulfenstein, in hope of finding your true quarry at last. Make a note of the number 140 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to 20.

481

You manage to prise the box open and find that it is lined with red velvet. Lying within a shaped hollow is a Flintlock Pistol. It is an exquisite piece but it is unloaded, and you cannot find any bullets for it in its case. (If you want to find out more about how to use the Flintlock Pistol, make a note of the paragraph you are on at the time and turn to paragraph 400.)

You are about to leave the room when you notice something marked out in red chalk underneath the bed. Moving the bed aside you see an esoteric star and circle symbol drawn on the floorboards, with other, smaller runic marks at the apex of each star-point. You are not sure whether it is a warding sign, to guard against the evil eye, or a witch-mark intended to attract evil. Feeling increasingly uneasy you leave the room. Turn to 226.

482

As you reach into the pit several Leechworms latch onto your exposed skin, cutting your flesh open with rings of razor-sharp teeth, before engorging themselves on your blood. Roll one dice and lose that many STAMINA points. If you survive the attentions of the hungry Leechworms, when they have eaten their fill they release their grip and drop back into the pit. It is only then that you realise the hilt you risked your health to recover is attached to a worthless, rusted blade. Casting the corroded dagger back into the pit you storm back down the corridor nursing your wounds. Turn to 181.

483

Turning from the derelict farm, you set off for the town again through the rain. You have not gone far when you hear a sloshing and a splashing behind you. Turning, you see three large creatures galloping down the mud-slick track towards you. At first, from their proportions and their vicious, sabre-like tusks, you would have taken them for wild boar. But their warty

hides, although covered with bristly hair, are not as thickly furred as boars'. These are some kind of monstrous mutation. It is just as you had thought, there is some rotten magic at work at the farm. The monstrous pigs have caught up with you so you have to defend yourself against their slicing tusks, and belligerent porcine temperaments.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SAVAGE SWINE	6	5
Second SAVAGE SWINE	5	4
Third SAVAGE SWINE	5	5

Fight the animals two at a time on the farm track. If you defeat the three, bloodthirsty animals, do you want to return to the farm to investigate further (turn to 420) or will you stick to your original plan and return to Vargenhof (turn to 244)?

484

You spend the rest of the night at the shrine and in the morning, with the sun struggling into a cloud-hazed grey sky, you bid Corran farewell. As you leave the security of the shrine, its guardian watches your progress long after you have left, the orange glow of the warming room emanating from the open portal behind him.

By dawn's wan light, as you descend from the rolling moors to the valley-lying settlements to the east, you catch sight of a flock of blackbirds circling in the sky over a spot some half a mile away to the north. Such behaviour suggests that there is something there, out in the cold of this wild place. Do you want to take a

diversion north, to see what might be found there (turn to 243), or will you continue east, back to the road (turn to 69)?

485

Even as you are studying at the Count's portrait, it feels as if Varcolac is looking through you to the animal within, and you feel the wolf trying to break free again. The creature howls, using your throat and vocal cords, straining to be free. To your tortured psyche it seems as though you can hear the trophy heads braying and hooting in response to the presence of the Were inside you. Add 1 to your CHANGE score. Desperate to escape your fate and bring on the final confrontation that you know must be coming, you race on along the corridor, past the smiling lords of Lupravia and the howling heads. Turn to 158.

486

As the last wolf falls you look up to see Ulrich running towards the now open door of the cottage, the sturdy iron-bound oak gouged by what are, unmistakeably, claw marks. Something has got in. You follow the woodsman as he runs inside. In the single room beyond you find a wild-haired man standing over the crumpled body of a white-haired old woman. 'Grandmother!' Ulrich cries and on hearing his voice, the stranger turns to look at you. He has a horrid leering grin on his face and the manic look in his staring eyes tells you that he is quite mad. But there is one other thing you cannot help noticing that sends a chill of horror shivering down your spine: he is missing his left hand. Ulrich simply stands there dumbfounded and in that moment's hesitation, the lunatic leaps past him, trying to make for the door, where you bar his way to freedom. Snarling like an animal he tries to claw you with the talon-like fingernails of his remaining right hand, seemingly unconcerned as to the harm your sword could cause his unprotected flesh.

LUNATIC SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

After three Attack Rounds, or if you reduce the madman's STAMINA to 6 or less, whichever comes first, turn at once to 409.

487

Dropping down from the broken-mortared top of the wall you land in a pile of russet leaves and, shooting darting glances all around, you creep towards the house. You freeze once on hearing a cry, but it is only the croaking cry of a woodcock and nothing to be afraid of. You are only ten yards from the door when you hear the furious scraping of paws clawing the ground to get at you, the rattling of a long chain and then a snarling bark that sounds like it must belong to some monstrous dog. Running around the side of the house is a creature that at first you take to be a wolf. A moment's consideration later and you see that, despite rushing towards you on all fours, the wolf actually has the physical proportions of a man. It is not unlike the Werewolf you fell foul of and yet looks like it has been trapped mid-transformation – and night has still not yet fallen.

WOLF-WERE SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If the Wolf-Were wounds you more than twice, add 1 point to your CHANGE score. You may escape after three Attack Rounds, if you wish, running back to the entrance to the estate and climbing back over the wall, as the Wolf-Were will be held at bay by its chain (turn

o 46). However, if you choose to fight and reduce the Wolf-Were's STAMINA to 4 points or less, turn to 472.

488

The Grendel grabs you with both of its huge hands and lifts you bodily off the ground. With a grunt of delight the ogre hurls you against the bars of the Cage and you fall to the ground, cradling bruised ribs (lose 4 STAMINA points). If you are still alive, you stagger from the Cage to reclaim your possessions before disappearing into the crowds to hide your embarrassment (turn to 167).

489

The people of these parts have been protecting their flocks, herds and homes from the predations of wild animals for far longer than they have had to worry about a Werebeast, so the forest paths are riddled with wolf traps – which are just as effective against unwary humans. Walking along a seemingly little-used track alone you succumb to one such trap, as what you had taken to be fallen branches strewing the path give way under your weight, dropping you into a deep pit lined with sharpened stakes. You cannot stop yourself from falling in and being speared by the cruel pit-stakes. Roll one dice, add one and lose this many STAMINA points. (If you have *The Quickening* special ability you may divide this damage by 2, rounding fractions up.) If you are still alive, you eventually struggle out of the pit-trap and do what you can to bind your wounds before rejoining the rest of the party as they are preparing to return to Vargenhof. Turn to 151.

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490

The way through the woods that you have chosen widens as it passes between drifts of fallen leaves between the trees. The pale disc of the sun sinks lower in a featureless grey sky, the monotonous skyscape broken only by the flapping specks of birds returning to their roosts. Their hoarse croaking cries echo across the leafless canopy. Your mind turns to thoughts of where you should camp for the night as the moon appears like a luminescent lantern above you. Without any warning you are seized by crippling pains that force you to your knees, gasping for breath. Something is happening to the very fibre of your being. Write the number 234 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 20.

491

Even as you are gagging on the putrescent slime you feel its metamorphosing power take hold of you. The effects of the mutagenic slime, combined with the lycanthropy riddling every fibre of your being, forces you to undergo a catastrophic transformation. Muscles contract and twist, bones melt and reform, skin become chitin, hair becomes rank fur, until what is left resembles an unholy cross between a cockroach and a wolf. Your rapid transformation, exacerbated by the lycanthropy, shocks even the monks. But you no longer care about such things or even remember your life before this moment as all the humanity you once had is gone. Your adventure ends here, as you scuttle down into the dark sanctuary of the dungeons beneath the Abbey, where you begin your new life among the vermin, as one of them.

492

You follow the corridor to another junction, where the stench of death hangs heavy in the musky air of the subterranean passageway. The carcass of a huge rat – six feet long from nose to tail – lies against one wall. Crawling over it, picking at the dead creature with massive, bone-crushing mandibles, are four large carrion feeders, each one over three feet in length. The insects' heads look just like horned human skulls. The Death's Head Beetles pause in their consumption of the rat corpse, hideous skull-heads turning in your direction, mandibles clicking. You sense that they could attack at any moment. Will you take the new right-hand turn at the junction (turn to 181) or will you continue straight ahead, past the feeding beetles (turn to 505)?

493

The Changeling lies dead at your feet. The elderly couple gasp in horror but not at the thought that you have killed their baby. It is as if a veil has been lifted from their eyes, for now they can see the Changeling in its true guise at last. They apologise to you profusely as the imp dissolves into bubbling slime and soaks into the floor. They have nothing to offer you by way of a material reward but they do force you to take an earthenware jug of cider and a cured cheese with you. (Add 2 Meals to your Provisions and regain 1 LUCK point for freeing the couple from the Curse of the Changeling.) There is nothing more for you to do here. Bidding Farmer Bauer and his wife farewell you leave their farm to find that the rainstorm has passed as

well. Disconsolate that you have not managed to track down the Beast of Vargenhof but satisfied that you have done good at Bauer Farm, you retrace your steps through the hills, negotiating the wooded slopes as dusk falls and the town comes in sight again. Turn to 244.

494

'Do not meet her gaze!' you hear Van Richten shout, although his voice comes to you as in a dream. 'Do not look into her eyes!' you hear him cry, louder this time. You somehow manage to break free of her beguiling power, tearing your eyes away from hers. There is no doubt in your mind that this is the Countess Isolde, Lady of Maun, vampiress and necromancer. And you know what must be done. But before you can act, the Countess' servant gives a piercing, high-pitched cry and throws himself at the Vampire Hunter, even as Van Richten is taking aim with his pistol. Time seems to slow as the gaunt-faced man's body warps, changing shape dramatically. His arm bones appear to contract even as his finger bones lengthen, membranes of leathery skin unfurling between

them. The man's ears become even more pointed as his nose becomes an ugly snout, his fur-covered body bursting free of the torn remnants of his clothes. No longer a man but now a bat of unbelievable proportions, with a wingspan approaching 12 feet, the Vampiress' servant swoops on Van Richten. The Werebat snatches hold of him with clawed feet and, with two strong wing-beats, drags him up into the vault of the dome. You catch a glint of steel and hear the Werebat screech in pain, as it is sent tumbling towards one of the velvet-draped windows. With a splintering crash, the Vampire Hunter and the Werebat smash through the glass and plunge to their deaths trapped in a mutual murderous embrace.

It suddenly dawns on you that you are alone again, and the Vampiress has realised that fact too. With a banshee scream of her own she throws herself at you, claws and fangs revealed, the deceptive glamour of her alluring beauty replaced by her true bat-like undead form. If you have a Silver Cross and want to use it, or a Pair of Silver Candlesticks with which you can improvise, turn to 17. If not, turn to 141.

495

Secured by iron manacles to what is effectively a large block of metal, you become the unfortunate focus for the elemental fury of the electrical storm. With several hundred thousand volts of raw electricity passing through your body, you are cooked to a frazzle until all that is left is a human-shaped lump of charcoal. Your adventure is over.

496

You open the door and step through into a vast banqueting chamber. What was obviously once a luxuriously laid table – with finest bone china, gleaming gilt cutlery and magnificent glittering crystal centrepieces – is now nothing better than a dog's dinner. Platters of rotting food, white with solidified grease, litter the soiled tablecloth, while the carcasses and bones of many passed meals lie strewn across the table and over the floor. Hearing a chomping, slavering sound you look towards the far end of the hall. Sitting at the other end of the table are three veiled women wearing gowns that were once no doubt fabulous examples of the dressmaker's art, but which are now torn and dishevelled. The noise is the sound of their disgusting table manners, as they pick at the remains of chicken carcasses. One of the women stops abruptly, even as she is sucking the marrow from a leg bone, and sniffs the air sharply. 'We have company, sisters,' she snarls. The other two women both cease their messy eating then and sniff the air, turning your way, their faces hidden behind their veils. Moving as stealthily as cats, the three woman glide towards you across the banqueting chamber.

'What's this,' asks another, her tone imperious and mocking, 'another guest for dinner?'

'Or another course?' says the third, gleefully. 'I do hope so. I'm still hungry.'

'What have you brought us, fresh meat?' the first asks, addressing you directly. 'Are you the next course or

do you have something else to delight us with?' At that she pulls aside her veil and you gasp in unexpected horror as you catch sight of the face beneath. It is a hideous amalgam of human being and animal, somewhere between that of a woman and a she-wolf. The wolf-woman licks a long pink tongue across canine fangs and something like a smile splits her horrible visage. How will you react to this revelation? Will you ready your weapon and prepare to fight (turn to 306) or will you offer the wolf-woman something from among your Possessions (turn to 349)?

497

The battle-ready Strigoivans stop at the edge of the fields beyond the southern perimeter of their village. Fires have been lit in iron-wrought braziers, the smoke from the fires drifting away over the blighted fields. Some 30 yards away you make out the dark shape of a wooden watchtower, positioned in front of a line of straggly trees. 'They always come this way,' Konrad states ominously. And then you wait.

Several bone-numbing hours later you hear the muffled tolling of a bell, marking midnight. And then you hear the Howling for the first time: the sound sends a chill of ice-water running through your veins. A voice screams from up in the watchtower, 'They're coming!'

Your eyes straining, you peer into the darkness. Twisting between the scraggy trees you can see what appear to be writhing tendrils of mist. As the tendrils come closer, they take on the form of insubstantial

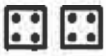

wolf-like creatures, with savage dagger-length fangs and elongated tearing claws. And all the while, the dread howling continues. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your CHANCE score, turn to 175; if it is greater, turn to 298.

498

'Don't go!' the spider-woman shrieks as you turn tail and run. 'Stay with me and my husbands,' she cries as she scuttles after you over the desiccated husks of men and dwarfs that litter the floor of her chamber. You can hear the monster closing on you as you reach a tunnel, the roof of which is thick with the spear-like points of heavy stone stalactites. Your footfalls ringing from the bedrock, you launch yourself down the tunnel. Seconds later the Spider-Queen squeezes her great bulk into the passageway after you. She is not going to let you get away that easily. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 396. If you are Unlucky, the monster catches up with you; turn to 252.

499

Your clothes dripping with the foul-smelling stagnant water of the pool, you haul yourself out onto the bank. Before going on your way you stop to check over your equipment and the contents of your backpack. Your sword and leather armour, apart from being wet, are fine, as are most of the things stowed inside your oil-skin backpack. However, a certain number of your Provisions have been spoiled by contact with the water. (Roll one dice and remove up to this number of Meals from your Provisions.) Your lantern is still intact

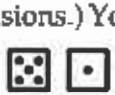

too, but the dry powder and kindling you keep inside your tinderbox has got wet and will take a while to dry out. The next time you are told you may only do something if you light your lantern, you may not choose that option. The subsequent time you are given such an option the tinder will be dry and you may make that selection from then on. Now turn to 46.

500

As soon as you arrive at the small market town of Vargenhof you sense that something is wrong. A pall of fear and uncertainty hangs over the place like a smothering shroud. A group of men with spike-collared hunting dogs are gathered in front of Vargenhof's meeting hall. A portly man – the town's burgomaster – is addressing the party. Over the general hubbub of the town square, where traders ply their trade, your heightened hearing catches odd snatches of the burgomaster's rousing speech, phrases such as 'plaguing our lands', 'Werebeast' and 'something must be done'.

If you want to avail yourself of the services Vargenhof has to offer, turn to 82. If not, you can either join the party of hunters gathered before the meeting hall (turn to 201) or quit the town without dallying here at all (turn to 507).

501

Stuffing the discharged pistol into the leather belt looped around his torso, the Headless Highwayman unsheathes a basket-hilted sabre, ready to face you in

hand-to-hand combat. Ready with your own blade, you prepare to defend yourself.

HEADLESS HIGHWAYMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

While you are fighting, the Highwayman maintains a grip on the head in his other hand, which shouts encouraging comments to its body as it fights, which you find most off-putting! You must also reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point because your opponent is still in the saddle and so has an advantage over you. If you defeat the phantom felon, turn to 411.

502

Defying death, and gravity, the horses make the jump, dragging the stagecoach over the brink of the broken bridge behind them. As the coach crashes down onto the road on the other side of the chasm, Katya is thrown from her seat at the front of the carriage onto the back of one of the horses. At the same time the road veers to the right again and emerges from the dense-packed pines to follow an equally precarious course along the edge of another precipitous gorge to the left. The carriage slides sideways, sending a cascade of pebbles from the road into the void. If you don't seize control of the careering carriage – and soon! – your pursuit of the Werebeast could still end in all your deaths. Vaulting into the driver's seat you grab hold of the slackened reins. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to 112; however, if you fail, turn to 444.

503

At the height of your battle with the Werewolf, the full moon comes into view beyond the tall window at the end of the chamber, bathing the Count's chambers in its mystical luminescence. Moonlight washes over you and it feels as if the cold, white beams are soaking into every pore. You were so close to completing your quest. If only you can keep the beast contained a little longer maybe you still can. Roll three dice. If you are wearing a Moonstone Amulet, subtract 3 from the dice roll. If the new total is less than or equal to your CHANGE score, turn to 25. If it is greater, turn to 285.

504

Trapper Sorn dies on the end of your sword with a curse on his lips (lose 2 LUCK points). And then the figure standing next to him is transforming into a terrifying monster. The thing that was once the Burgomaster slashes at you with lengthening claws, dealing you a savage wound. Lose 3 STAMINA points and turn to 62.

505

The Death's Heads make a sinister hollow knocking sound that intensifies as you draw nearer. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 136. If you are Unlucky, turn to 95.

506

Slowly the man lowers his pistol. 'So, what brings a lone traveller like you out on a night such as this, in these accursed lands?' he asks. Will you tell the stranger the truth, that you are seeking a cure for the

curse of a werewolf's bite (turn to 311), or will you tell him that you are on a personal quest to rid the land of Lupravia of the many evils that mar its reputation among the principalities of Mauristatia (turn to 332)?

507

You journey for a night and a day, taking the road north through the pinewoods, crossing a bridge spanning a dark chasm, and onwards along the edge of the precipitous Garou Gorge, following signs to Wulfenstein. Make a note of the number 140 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to 20.

508

As the day wears on and the shadows lengthen you pass the boundary that marks the point where scrubby heathland becomes forest. The paths are thick with fallen leaves, the skeletal forms of the trees sinister as their shifting shadows reach for you with black clawing fingers. You have not travelled far into the forest when you come upon a high stone wall that cuts across between the trees, marking the perimeter of what must be the demesne of a hunting lodge or some secluded manor house. A little further on you come to a pair of large, rusted iron gates that are firmly locked. The track that leads up to these gates is even less regularly used and more overgrown than the path you are following. A weather-faded sign on one of the gates reads, 'Beware of the Dog'. Through the rust-flaking bars you can see the rundown mansion that the wall and the gates enclose. You cannot tell how occupied or otherwise the estate may be – it could be

entirely empty for all you know – but you are aware that the day is drawing on and that you may well have to spend another night under the stars. There is no obvious way to attract the attention of anyone inside the mansion, so do you want to scramble over the wall to investigate further (turn to 487) or will you go on your way without trespassing (turn to 46)?

509

'Your place is not with us,' the Master says, his face a grim mask of indifference. 'So you are not welcome here.' Before you can speak, the little man tosses a handful of sparkling powder in your face and you collapse unconscious in an instant . . .

When you come to again it is still dark and something tells you that you are a long way from where you started. You are lying at a crossroads surrounded by dense woodland and you are utterly alone – there is no sign of the Carnivale. A quick check of your backpack reveals the theft of all your Gold Pieces and any Silver items you may have had with you. (Lose 2 LUCK points.) Cursing your misfortune, although doubtless you brought it on yourself, you decide what to do next. A signpost marked with four place names stands at the crossroads: Balci to the north-west, Strigoiva to the south-west, Vargenhof to the north-east and Maun to the south-east. Having travelled from the west already, and sensing that your onward path lies to the east, you are left with two choices. Will you head in the direction of Vargenhof (turn to 490), or follow the less well-trodden path to Maun (turn to 438)?

510

Standing in the courtyard beyond the unguarded gatehouse, you look towards the main doors to the castle at the top of a grand set of stone steps. Above the entrance to the castle is emblazoned the crest of the ruling family of Lupravia – a howling wolf's head against a full waxing moon. Rousing your courage, you climb the steps and push open the main doors. You find yourself in a dusty, dimly lit entrance hall. The place seems deserted. Broad passageways lead away, further into the castle, to left and right while directly in front of you, a grand, macabrely carved stone staircase rises to a balcony and another set of closed double doors. How do you want to progress through Castle Wulfen?

Along the passageway to the left?	Turn to 319
Down the corridor to the right?	Turn to 340
Up the grand staircase and through the double doors beyond?	Turn to 146

511

Konrad said that the Healing Well of Saint Crucius lies across the moors north and west of Strigoiva. If you want to set off in search of the shrine, turn to 87. If not, you will have to camp out under the stars for the night (turn to 466).

512

You climb some way higher into what you guess must be one of the castle's turrets. The steps end at last at a dark corridor. At its far end you can make out another

door, but before you can reach this you must avoid the huge axe blade that swings at the end of an iron pendulum pole back and forth across the passageway. If you want to proceed, trying to dodge the pendulum blade to reach the door at the end of the corridor, turn to 471. If you would rather not risk it, you will have to descend the staircase again, return to the Map Room, and leave through the alternative exit there (turn to 321).

513

'Very well,' Varcolac growls with barely contained fury, 'I shall have to deal with you myself. Rising from his chair, the Count throws back his head giving an unadulterated howl of animal delight. With the horrible cracking-crunching sound of bones warping and re-forming, Varcolac's body grows in stature, his ribcage broadening, spine arching, arms becoming longer, nails thrusting from the ends of his fingers, turning to claws. Fangs push through bleeding gums as the Count's skull reshapes itself, becoming a lupine muzzle, his ears stretching to hairy arrow points. His feet lengthen and change shape, bursting free of his boots, until standing before you is no longer the mortal ruler of this cursed land but a terrifying cross between wolf and man. It is the largest, most awe-inspiring werewolf you have ever seen. You can feel pure evil intent pouring off the transformed Varcolac like musky scent, a mixture of savage animal cunning and pure human malevolence.

Now is your moment to strike, while the Varcolac-wolf is gathering its wits following its sudden, violent

transformation. If you know of a spell that might work against the Arch-Lycanthrope, you can try to use it now by turning to the paragraph which is the same as the page number on which you found it. If you do not know of such a spell, or would rather not use it, what will you use against the werewolf (if you have the relevant item)?

A Silver Cross?	Turn to 315
A Silver Mirror?	Turn to 327
A Crossbow?	Turn to 372
A Flintlock Pistol?	Turn to 450
A Silver Dagger?	Turn to 479
Some other weapon?	Turn to 230

514

The spider is lying in wait for you, venom-dripping mandibles at the ready. As soon as you heave the stone cover from the Trapdoor Spider's lair, the monstrous arachnid pounces again. This time it cannot miss. The spider grabs you and pulls you down into its hole, sinking its huge fangs deep into your neck. The trapdoor closes again and the spider begins to feast. Your adventure ends here.

515

With the wolf-monster that has terrorised Lupravia for so many years lying dead at your feet at last, you feel a change come over you. Your hearing becomes suddenly dulled, colours seem less vibrant, and the myriad scents of the chamber are reduced to an indistinct, muddled smell. Something has changed, the beast within is gone. You are entirely human again.

Moving to the window, you watch the full moon as it continues its path across the heavens, no longer fearing the chill touch of its ethereal light. In fact you luxuriate in its silvery glow, knowing that it can do you no harm, knowing that it has no power over you. By defeating the Arch-Lycanthrope, before succumbing to the Were yourself, you have escaped a fate worse than death. But that is not all you have achieved. Thanks to you the land of Lupravia has been freed from Count Varcolac's cruel tyranny; its people need live in fear of the howl of the werewolf no longer, and neither need you.

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ISBN 1-84046-847-1

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Wizard Books

This edition published in the UK in 2005
by Wizard Books, an imprint of Icon Books Ltd.,
The Old Dairy, Brook Road, Thriplow, Cambridge SG8 7RG
email: wizard@iconbooks.co.uk
www.iconbooks.co.uk/wizard

Sold in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia by Faber and Faber Ltd., 3 Queen Square, London WC1N 3AU
or their agents

Distributed in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia by TBS Ltd., Frating Distribution Centre, Colchester Road, Frating Green, Colchester CO7 7DW

This edition published in Australia in 2005 by
Allen and Unwin Pty. Ltd., PO Box 8500,
83 Alexander Street, Crows Nest NSW 2065

Distributed in Canada by Penguin Books Canada, 90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700, Toronto, Ontario M4P 2Y3

ISBN 1 84046 642 1

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Illustrations copyright © 2005 Martin McKenna

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Typesetting by Hands Fotoset

Printed and bound in the UK
by Cox and Wyman Ltd., Reading

To the Warlocks of Kilimanjaro:
Andy, Charles, Darren, Dave, Doron,
Graeme, Harry, Jeff, John, Kelly,
Mark, Roger, Sean and Tony.
Special mountain, special guys,
special memories

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FIGHTING MONSTERS

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses.

Use dice to determine your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. On pages 14–15 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy.

But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business, and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score every time you *Test your Luck*.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a Battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA.

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of this book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

Alternative Dice

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

NOTES AND ITEMS

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

Like any seasoned adventurer, you are always interested to hear rumours about gold, diamonds and hidden treasure. Unfortunately, you have been down on your luck recently and you are struggling to earn the few copper pieces needed for food and lodgings. You are hoping that your luck will soon change.

Two days ago you arrived in Fang, a town notorious for its deadly labyrinth Deathtrap Dungeon. The annual challenge is taking place next month and the town is buzzing with excitement.

You are staying in the damp attic of the Blue Pig Tavern, sharing your room with other travellers and wretches who have fallen on hard times and so you always sleep with your sword under your pillow. One night a stranger enters the room and slumps down on the bed opposite you. Lit by the pale moonlight coming through the single window, you see that he is a tall, thick-set man dressed in dark robes that hide all but his eyes. The amount of dirt and dust on his clothes shows that he has travelled far.

You are intrigued by this stranger and offer him a drink from your flask which he accepts with a grunt. He introduces himself as Henry Delacor and he tells you of his recent adventures; how he almost lost his life in search of a legendary item of treasure.

Naturally, you are excited to hear about the treasure and offer him another drink in the hope of gaining more information. He goes on to tell you of his five-year search for a metre-high solid gold dragon with jewelled eyes. He describes in detail how he finally found the underground labyrinth that led to the golden dragon.

He tells you of all the monsters he killed in the labyrinth to reach that dragon, and how he even entered the room in which it had been hidden for years. He smiles as he recalls the pleasure of first sighting the dragon, but tells of how angry he became when he noticed that the jewelled eyes were missing. He had been told that without the eyes the dragon could not be touched as to do so would mean instant death. He was not sure if this was true or not, but he did not dare find out for himself. He left the room without touching the dragon, and began to search the labyrinth in the hope of finding the two emerald eyes.

The search almost cost him his life when he entered a cave and was attacked by a two-headed troll some three metres tall. Having survived the battle he decided to give up his quest as gold was of no use to a dead man!

You tell him that you are an adventurer, like himself, and that you would dearly like to finish his quest. You ask him to tell you where the labyrinth is located. He replies that he will on condition that if you find the gold dragon you will bring it back to him and share the spoils from its sale.

'I promise you it is worth more than all the gold in Deathrap Dungeon, so there will be plenty of wealth for both of us,' he says convincingly. 'At a guess I would say it's worth 335,000 gold pieces!'

You assure him that if you succeed, you will definitely return.

'In that case you won't mind drinking this!' he says gleefully while handing you a small glass bottle of purple liquid.

On asking him what it is, he tells you that it is a slow-acting poison and unless you return to him for the antidote within fourteen days you will die. You snatch the bottle from him, stare at him coldly, and drink the liquid in one gulp. He then produces a map that shows the way through Darkwood Forest to a woodcutter's hut. Inside there are stairs leading down from a trapdoor to an underground labyrinth. At that point the map ends, although he warns you that the passageways are inhabited by violent, evil people and fearsome creatures. He then lies down on his bed and goes to sleep exhausted. You try to sleep yourself but are restless and can think only about the dangerous adventure that awaits you. In the morning the mysterious stranger hands you a small leather pouch.

Inside you find a large emerald cut in the shape of an eye!

'I found one. I hope you find the other. Here, take it. You will fail without it. I will wait for you here. Remember two things. One, you have fourteen days to return and no more. Two, find the matching emerald to the one I gave you and place both in the eye sockets before you touch the dragon itself,' he says very seriously.

Before setting off for Darkwood Forest, you fill your backpack with provisions, put the leather pouch and 10 Gold Pieces in your pocket and say goodbye to Henry Delacor. 'Good luck,' he says, 'you'll need it'. Then the huge, balding man extends his hand and doesn't so much shake yours as crush it. His icy blue eyes stare out from his chubby face, watching you carefully. Although he is smiling, there is something in his eyes that makes you feel uncomfortable and unwilling to trust him. But it's too late to change your mind now! You set off and look back once to see him leaning against the doorway of the Blue Pig Tavern. Is there a golden dragon? Are you being slowly poisoned? What is it about Henry Delacor that makes you feel so ill at ease? No doubt all these questions will be answered in the coming days.

NOW TURN OVER

1

The three-day trek across the Pagan Plains to Darkwood Forest is exhausting. It passes without incident apart from an attack by two wild dogs that you quickly dispatch with your sword. The most memorable sight of the journey is the view to the east of Firetop Mountain with its distinctive red peak rising sharply up to the sky. You pass by the dwarf village of Stonebridge, cross Red River and finally enter Darkwood Forest. You follow the map through the foreboding forest and finally arrive at the woodcutter's hut nearly five days after leaving Henry Delacor at the Blue Pig Tavern in Fang. Despite feeling tired and hungry, seeing the woodcutter's hut is a real boost to your spirits. The small hut is made of oak and its front door is open. You poke your head through the doorway and shout 'hello' in the hope of seeing the woodcutter, but the piles of dirt and debris on the floor tell you he is long gone. In the far corner of the hut you see a wood-burning stove and underneath a dirty rug you discover a trapdoor. You lift it up and see wooden steps leading down into the gloom below. If you want to search the hut first, turn to 311. If you want to go straight down the steps, turn to 69.

2

Confident that you have made the right choice, you step forward to pull the dagger from the wall. Turn to 280.

3

The breastplate fits perfectly but it is not what it appears. It was made by an evil sorcerer who cursed the metal which it was made from. Even though you think the breastplate will defend you, the curse has actually weakened you. Lose 1 SKILL point, 1 LUCK point and 3 STAMINA points. Turn to 151.

4

You cross the cavern and see that here, too, the wall is solid rock with no way out. There is a rope hanging down from the high ceiling but you cannot see where it leads to. If you want to climb up the rope, turn to 406. If you would rather walk around the wall of the cavern in the hope of finding a way out, turn to 40.

5

The moment you sit down in the chair you fall into a long deep sleep. You wake up hours later to find that you have been robbed. All the gold has been removed from your backpack by the Dark Elves who made the magic sleeping chair. Then you notice that your sword has also been stolen and has been replaced by a blunt, short sword. Reduce your SKILL by 2 points. But at least the Elves did not find the leather pouch containing the emerald. Angry at yourself for falling into the trap, you stride on up the corridor cursing loudly. Turn to 220.

6

You enter a small room which is completely empty except for a playing card lying on the floor. It is the Queen of Spades and it looks slightly unusual in that the queen has a very wide grin on her face. If you want to pick up the card, turn to **129**. If you would rather leave the room and walk on, turn to **112**.

7

As the walls close in, you just have time to grab the emerald and dive through the hole in the wall. You land heavily on the floor of an enormous cave. Water drops noisily on to the floor from the tips of stalactites hanging down from the high rock ceiling. The cave is lit by a strange fluorescent fungus, which grows in patches all over the walls and gives off an eerie amber light. 'Well, is it the one we are looking for?' Littlebig asks excitedly, his words echoing loudly throughout the cave. You can hardly contain your own excitement as you untie the leather pouch given to you by Henry Delacor so you can compare the emeralds. You hold them next to each other and examine them carefully. They match! 'Yippee!' shouts Littlebig happily running around in a circle waving his hands in the air. You place both emeralds back in the pouch and tell Littlebig to calm down and look for a way out of the cave. Turn to **266**.

8

You climb slowly up the rope and peek through the hole in the ceiling. You find yourself looking inside a cluttered room that is filled with all sorts of objects: chests, armour, weapons, statues, vases, idols, sacks and boxes. It looks like a storeroom full of stolen loot. You cannot resist the urge to pull yourself up through the hole and rummage through the loot. You are almost through the tight-fitting hole when suddenly three short humanoids, just a metre tall but with large heads and mean-looking faces, jump out from behind the boxes armed with clubs. They shout at each other in high-pitched twittering voices, and one of them rushes forward to whack you on the shoulder with its club before you can free your hands to defend yourself. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You are being attacked by thieving NIBLICKS who love nothing better than to trap unwary travellers, beat them to a pulp and rob them. If you want to drop down to the corridor below and retrace your steps, turn to **144**. If you would rather fight the Niblicks, turn to **231**.

9

On the right-hand wall of the corridor you see a large oak door with big iron hinges. The skeletons of several small rodents are nailed to the door. If you wish to open the door, turn to **211**. If you wish to carry on walking up the corridor, turn to **166**.

10

You walk up to the cage and push on the door. You are amazed when it opens and the young woman immediately walks towards you. As her smile broadens you notice two long fangs extending from her upper jaw. With a crazed look of hunger on her face and her mouth wide open, the Vampire lunges at you. This undead creature is unafraid of your sword. If you have garlic, turn to **372**. If you have a silver dagger, turn to **163**. If you have neither of these, you will have to fight. Turn to **107**.

11

A deep frown appears on Littlebig's face as you raise the bottle to your lips. But you smile and wink at him and gulp down the clear liquid in one go. You feel a warm, tingling sensation as the liquid runs down your gullet. All your aches and pains from combat disappear and your scars vanish too. Gain 4 STAMINA points. You thank Pia for giving you the potion of healing.

'My pleasure,' Pia replies softly.

'I don't wish to appear rude,' Littlebig says hesitantly, 'but would you mind telling me what a nice girl like you is doing in a place like this?'

Pia raises her hand over her mouth and starts to giggle. 'Not everything is as it seems, my dear dwarf,' she replies. 'What you see is not what I am. It's an illusion brought on by another of my potions. In reality I am a lady long of age and short of teeth.' Pia

then tells you that she has spent her whole life perfecting her potions, many of which are unknown in the rest of Allansia. She came to live in this dungeon to get away from people who tried to steal her secret formulas. But now and again she does sell potions to people she likes. 'Well do you like us?' Littlebig asks enthusiastically. 'So far', she replies teasingly. 'To you two I am prepared to sell my Clear Vision potion, my Water Breathing potion and my Green Skin potion. All of them cost 5 Gold Pieces each.'

After buying the potions you want, and paying Pia, you bid her farewell and leave the room. Turn to **265**.

12

The rats suddenly stop a metre in front of you, as though they have hit an invisible screen. The bracelet you are wearing, although cursed, has low level creature control magic properties. Add 1 LUCK point. The rats quickly scurry back down the hole they appeared from, making the Witch more furious than ever. She starts mumbling strange words in a low monotone voice, and you watch almost transfixed as her arms elongate from her body and transform into snakes! You have no choice but to fight the Snake Witch.

SNAKE WITCH SKILL 10 STAMINA 6

With her venomous snake heads, the Witch has two attacks to your one. If you are bitten three times, turn to **352**. If you win, turn to **201**.

13

Floresto smiles and looks very confident as he raises his sword to signal the start of the duel.

MASTER SWORDSMAN SKILL 11 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **152**.

14

The silver key turns the lock of the silver box. It clicks open and inside you find a polished stone etched with the words 'three axe'. Turn to **227**.

15

You make a wish but nothing happens. This is not a wishing pool. If you want to reach into the pool to collect some of the gold coins and recover the Gold Piece you tossed in, turn to **369**. If you want to walk directly to the door opposite, turn to **322**.

16

The scroll is in fact a map of a section of the dungeon. It shows a passageway with two doors next to each other. One door has a green square painted on it and the other door has a blue triangle painted on it. The door with the green square is circled in ink with the words "this way" written underneath it. You show it to Littlebig who says, 'Let's not forget this, it could be important.' If you have not done so already, you may either uncork the flask (turn to **245**) or take the sword (turn to **358**). If you would rather leave these where they are and walk, turn to **212**.

17

You begin to feel very ill as you rummage through your backpack for the bottle. You uncork it quickly and gulp down the potion. It acts immediately and in less than a minute you feel well again. Add 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **201**.

18

You examine the sword closely hoping to find a clue to convince you that you have made the right choice. Sweat breaks out on your forehead as you reach out to take the sword. Turn to **106**.

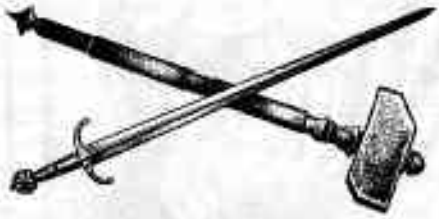

19

The doll is hollow and breaks into small pieces on the floor. Lying amid the clay shards you see a gold ring. Inscribed on the inside of the ring you see some strange runes which you don't understand. You hand the ring to Littlebig who presses it close to his nose to read the inscription. 'It says "ring of zombie control", I believe,' Littlebig says rather smugly. 'That could come in useful. Here, you better take it.' You place it on your middle finger before walking back down the corridor. Turn to **234**.

20

The corridor soon turns sharply left. Around the bend you see an alcove in the left-hand wall where water gently trickles from the mouth of a stone fountain carved in the shape of a hideous looking Hag. If you want to drink at the fountain, turn to 340. If you would rather keep on walking up the corridor, turn to 136.

21

You crawl into the dark recess which leads to the Giant Spider's lair. Your face brushes against a thick, sticky web which you claw at blindly with your hands. As your eyes adjust to the darkness you see some items among the debris. There is a glass ball, a broken dagger, an iron key with the number 34 stamped on it, a short stick sharpened at both ends and a leather pouch. Inside the pouch you find an exotic yellow flower that is dry and withered. It gives off a wonderful aroma and you feel immediately energetic and strong. Add 1 SKILL and 1 STAMINA point. After taking any of the items that you want, you manage to climb slowly out of the pit and carry on up the corridor. Turn to 98.

22

The Hanging Snake is very quick to strike. You swing your sword at the incoming tail, but miss. The tail coils itself around you so that you are unable to move and barely able to breathe. Slowly, the snake rises upwards carrying you with it into its lair in the ceiling. Its enormous head and jaw will have no trouble in devouring you within the next hour. And there is nothing that Littlebig can do to help you. Your adventure is over.

23

The ugly Ogre grunts and snuffles but doesn't wake up. Sweat runs down your brow as you reach the chair. The acrid smell of the Ogre's unwashed body fills your nostrils. Slowly you lift the bag off the back of the chair and tiptoe out of the cave. In the corridor you open the bag to find a dagger and a gold ring which fits nicely on the thumb of your left hand. Breathing a sigh of relief, you walk on. Turn to **139**.

24

As you try to uncork the bottle it slips out of your hand and shatters on the stone floor. You see wisps of white smoke escaping from the broken bottle and, thinking it may be poisonous gas, you decide to run out of the cavern. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **76**.

25

When you lift the lid of the box the whispering voice changes to hysterical laughter. At the same time purple-coloured gas escapes from the box and envelops you completely. You start coughing uncontrollably and wherever you move the gas cloud follows. Soon you are gasping for air and start to choke. You have sprung a trap of poisonous gas and nothing can save you. Your adventure is over.

26

The door opens into a cold room which is empty except for a large mirror hanging on the wall. There is another door in the opposite wall. If you would like to

look in the mirror, turn to **51**. If you would rather walk past it and open the door opposite, turn to **243**.

27

You attack the Ghost from behind as it faces Littlebig in frantic combat. But your sword simply cuts right through the Ghost, as though it wasn't there, causing it no harm at all. You yell at Littlebig to make a run for it. The Ghost turns to you as Littlebig runs for the door.

GHOST GUARDIAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 0

If you win an Attack Round, you do not cause the Ghost any damage. It just gives you the chance to try to escape. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **401**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **263**.

28

You cannot stop yourself from falling over backwards. The Uglukk Orc seizes its opportunity and swings its mighty club into your side with a dull thud. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you roll over in great pain and try to get back on your feet before the Uglukk can strike again. Turn to **313**.

29

The cell starts to cloud with dust as you rummage through the dirt, making you cough. You find bits of old bone, fragments of rock, some huge toenail clippings which must have come from a giant creature, and some torn rags. You are about to give up the search when your fingers find a small velvet pouch. You untie the knotted string and find two items inside the pouch: a gold bracelet and a gold nugget. You put the nugget in your pocket and decide what to do with the bracelet. If you want to put it on your wrist, turn to 272. If you would rather leave it behind and jump down into the room below, turn to 64.

30

If you are wearing a silver armband, turn to 56. If you are not wearing a silver armband, turn to 279.

31

The stone clatters along the tunnel until it comes to rest somewhere out of sight. You listen carefully and hear the distant sound of a deep growl. Lose 1 LUCK point. 'Whoever or whatever is at the end of the tunnel knows we are here now!' says Littlebig somewhat apprehensively. You decide that you must crawl

along the tunnel straight away and be ready for combat at any time. Turn to 405.

32

The liquid seems to burn your throat, but the feeling changes to a soothing glow. You have drunk a potion of healing. Add 2 STAMINA points. There is a little of the potion left so you replace the cork in the bottle and put it in your backpack. Feeling a lot stronger, you leave the room and continue up the corridor. Turn to 336.

33

Much to your relief, none of the ceiling stones hit either Littlebig or you. 'Phew!' Littlebig says exhaling noisily. 'That was a little too close for comfort'. You gasp a sigh of relief, slap him on the back and walk on. Turn to 255.

34

The iron key turns the lock of the iron box. It clicks open and inside you find a polished stone etched with the words 'one spear'. Turn to 227.

35

Taking one end of the heavy lid each, Littlebig and you strain to lift it. Huffing and puffing, with one mighty heave you manage to lift it a centimetre and slide it on to the floor. It lands with a crash, breaking into several large pieces. Something starts to rise out of the chest and now you realize it is not a chest but a stone coffin. An armoured skeleton with a golden crown on its skull steps out of the coffin brandishing a long sword.

SKELETON KING SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

Edged weapons like swords and daggers do little harm to Skeletons. You will only cause it to lose 1 STAMINA point during a successful Attack Round. But in each Attack Round you have two attacks to the Skeleton King's one because Littlebig can fight too. If you win, turn to **399**.

36

Littlebig sighs and says in a disgruntled voice, 'I can't believe you want to keep rummaging around in this cockroach-infested stink hole.' You decide to rip open some of the sacks. Most are filled with grain which has long since turned to dust, thanks to the mites and assorted insects that have been feeding without interruption for years. Suddenly a silver ball rolls out of one of the open sacks on to the floor. If you want to pick up the ball, turn to **256**. If you would rather agree with Littlebig and leave the room and walk on, turn to **346**.

37

Although made of old iron, the breastplate you are now wearing is magical. It seems to glow in the semi-darkness and you feel suddenly more powerful. Add 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point. There is nothing else of interest in the room except for some dried leaves that you find inside a brown leather pouch. The leaves give off a very unpleasant smell. After deciding whether or not to take the leaves, you leave the room and continue walking up the corridor. Turn to 151.

38

'Try a different weapon,' says Littlebig casually. But when you try to let go you find that you can't. Your hands seem to be stuck to it like glue. Suddenly you feel a shock run up your arm like a bolt of electricity. It happens again, only with greater force. You struggle to free yourself but cannot. When you are hit a third time you pass out and are left dangling helplessly. There is nothing Littlebig can do to save you as another bolt of electricity finishes you off. Your adventure is over.

39

You empty your backpack on to the floor and pick out all the gold coins and items that you have. After repacking your other items, you walk slowly backwards towards the door as the image of Vigdis stares at you in silence. Feeling fortunate to have escaped from the Snake Witch with your life, you hurry on up the corridor. Turn to 323.

40

You follow the cavern wall all the way around until you arrive back at the staircase which leads up to the alcove. There doesn't appear to be any other option other than to climb it. Turn to 318.

41

You try with all your might to raise your hands to shield your eyes but find it impossible. Lose 1 STAMINA point. As the pain increases you draw your sword and try to smash the mirror. Turn to 258.

42

The door opens into a long room that is lined on both sides with what must be hundreds of hanging swords. At the far end of the room a man wearing leather armour is in the middle of a sword fight with a ghostly figure that is brandishing a real sword. The fighting is frantic, with the blades clashing noisily against each other. The man in the leather armour suddenly shouts out two strange words and the ghostly figure stops moving, as though frozen to the spot. The man turns to you and says, 'My name is Floresto and I am a master swordsman. Fight me if you dare and the winner takes all!' If you want to accept the challenge, turn to 13. If you would rather refuse and walk on up the corridor, turn to 238.

43

The Troll's axe is too big and heavy for you to use so you leave it on the floor. You rummage through the debris and find 2 Gold Pieces, a silver charm in the shape of a lion's head, a broken dagger and a silver arrow head. After putting the items you want in your backpack, you leave the room and continue up the corridor. Turn to **166**.

44

You walk along briskly and suddenly you hear the faint sound of stone grating against stone.

'Oh, oh!' Littlebig says. 'Quick! Flatten yourself against the wall.' Four square sections of the ceiling drop to the floor with a great crashing sound. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **33**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **316**.

45

In slow, jerky steps, the Skeletons advance towards you. Their mouths hang open as if they are screaming a silent battle cry. Fortunately the corridor is narrow and you can fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETON	6	5
Second SKELETON	5	6

If you win, turn to **309**.

46

With strenuous effort Littlebig manages to hack off six of the spiked horns. Looking pleased with himself, he places them in his backpack before setting off to look for a way out of the cave. Turn to **199**.

47

You pick up the shovel and commence digging in the sand pit. Thirty minutes of digging yields an old wooden chest, a leather-bound book with most of its pages ripped out, a broken chair, a torn flag bearing the symbol of a wolf's head and a wooden staff. Will you:

Open the wooden chest?	Turn to **327**
Open the book?	Turn to **165**
Strike the staff on the floor?	Turn to **198**

48

The flying shards of metal shoot past you but miraculously none hit you. They miss Littlebig too. 'I told you we should have left this dump,' Littlebig says with a smirk on his face. As you leave the store room you tell him that you will take his advice next time. Turn to **346**.

49

Littlebig can hardly contain himself, such is his excitement as you take the emeralds from your leather pouch and place them in the eye sockets of the dragon. They fit perfectly. Then you and Littlebig stand on either side of the dragon and prepare to lift the heavy treasure. 'One, two, three, lift!' says Littlebig gleefully. The dragon is very heavy but you manage to lift it down from its plinth. While you are packing the dragon inside your backpack, Littlebig looks around the chamber. Finding nothing of interest, he wanders back to the plinth and sits down on it. As he does so you hear a click, and a section of the wall at the back of the chamber starts to rise up into the ceiling. Daylight floods into the chamber and it is so bright that it hurts your eyes. 'We're free!' shouts Littlebig excitedly. He strides out of the chamber and you follow him out on to a ledge that is halfway up the side of a rocky hill. A heavy-set man with a familiar face is standing on the ledge and smiles as though he was expecting you. It's Henry Delacor and you wonder what he is doing here as you had agreed to meet him back at the Blue Pig Tavern. 'Sharcle!' screams Littlebig with sudden anger. 'Why you no good, thieving coward.'

'How is it?' replies Henry Delacor, or Sharcle, or whoever he really is, still smiling that same insincere smile that you remember so well. 'How's what?' asks Littlebig.

'How's this!' he says as he pulls out a small crossbow from under his robes and fires it at Littlebig from short range. The bolt flies out and hits your friend in the chest

with a dull thump. Littlebig staggers back and slumps to the floor. You run to him but he is bleeding badly.

'I should have finished him off in his cell, but maybe he helped you bring the dragon to me. How funny. Yes, I am indeed Henry Delacor but my thief friends know me as Sharcle. Now, if you would just like to hand over the dragon to me, I will happily give you the antidote you need for the poison I gave you. Now that's what I call a fair deal!' You stare back at the man with hatred in your eyes. You have never been so angry in your life. Your friend lies dying in a pool of blood. Suddenly you don't care about the antidote. All you seek is revenge. You draw your sword and step forward to attack the lying thief who drops his crossbow and draws his own sword.

SHARCLE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win two Attack Rounds, turn to 400.

50

The lid pops up quite easily and lands with a clatter on the floor. As you both lean over to take a peek inside the barrel, two bloated, hairy JUMPING SPIDERS spring out of the barrel. One lands on Littlebig's long beard and the other lands on your arm. It scurries up your arm intent on sinking its poisonous fangs in your neck. Instinctively you try to brush it off with your hand. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 118. If you are Unlucky, turn to 392.

51

As you look into the mirror, your body is gripped by a terrible pain. Try as you might, you find it impossible to look away. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you want to try to cover your eyes with your hands, turn to 41. If you would rather try to smash the mirror with your sword, turn to 258.

52

Holding the moonstone brooch in your outstretched hand, you walk towards the evil wizard. When he catches sight of the brooch, the look on his face suddenly changes from anger to that of fear. He covers his eyes and starts to scream as though in pain. He suddenly barges past you and runs down the passageway, his screams amplified by their echoes against the stone walls. You turn to go after him but Littlebig stops you. 'Let him go. He is of no use to us,' says Littlebig. 'And besides we are on a mission and you cannot afford to be late!' Thinking back to the slow-acting poison that you drank in the Blue Pig Tavern you nod in agreement and continue on up the corridor. Turn to 291.

53

The door opens into a room that is empty apart from twelve large portraits that line the redwood walls. There is only one portrait on the far wall, but it is much larger than the others. It depicts a bearded man standing proudly in plate armour with his sword in his right hand and his helmet tucked under his left arm. Will you:

Take a closer look at the portraits?	Turn to 373
Close the door and walk on?	Turn to 70
Go back to the door with the green square?	Turn to 141

54

The corridor soon turns sharply right and you arrive at a doorway in the left-hand wall. The door is slightly ajar and through it you can hear a woman's voice chanting a strange rhyme. If you want to open the door, turn to 254. If you would rather carry on walking up the corridor, turn to 323.

55

The pit is just too wide for you to jump over. Your fingers catch the edge on the far side, but you are unable to hang on and tumble down into the dark depths to land heavily below. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you survive, there is no time to recover as a GIANT SPIDER scurries out of a dark recess on its long hairy legs, intent on feasting on your corpse! You are trapped and must fight.

GIANT SPIDER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 21.

56

You sense there is something very strange about the old man. He looks as though he is desperate to do something but is unable to do so. Little do you know that the armband used to belong to a powerful cleric who spent his time ridding the world of demons, and it is protecting you now from a terrible attack by a Lesser Demon. You ask the old man if he has any knowledge of the emerald eye but he does not reply. 'Let's keep moving,' Littlebig whispers nervously, 'I don't trust this fellow'. If you want to follow the left-hand passage, turn to **169**. If you want to follow the right-hand passage, turn to **286**. If you would rather attack the old man, turn to **160**.

57

The Witch is now angrier than ever. She starts mumbling strange words in a low monotone voice and you watch almost transfixed as her arms elongate from her body, transforming into snakes! You have no choice but to fight the hideous Snake Witch.

SNAKE WITCH	SKILL 10	STAMINA 6

With her venomous snake heads, the Witch has two attacks to your one. If you are bitten three times, turn to **352**. If you win, turn to **201**.

58

When you point the ring in their direction, the Zombies stop in their tracks. Their mouths open as if to scream, but no sound comes out. One by one they turn and shuffle off into the gloom of the cavern. When they have gone, you notice a leather pouch on the floor that must have fallen out of the pocket of one of the Zombies' tattered clothes. If you want to open the leather pouch, turn to 287. If you want to walk on, turn to 376.

59

The dark and musty corridor eventually splits offering you the choice to go left or right. If you wish to go left, turn to 250. If you wish to go right, turn to 124.

60

Breathing heavily, and soaked with perspiration, you slump down on the floor next to Littlebig. His face is still vacant-looking after his trauma, but after a drink of water and some warm words of encouragement from you, he slowly returns to his old self. 'I can't believe that creature could force me to attack you,' he says, shaking his head, 'and how did it manage to change itself into another me?' While you are listening to Littlebig, you notice another small tunnel entrance in the wall opposite. If you want to continue your quest and crawl through the new tunnel, turn to 233. If you would rather search the cavern first, turn to 364.

61

You are suspicious of the old man and, sensing that something is not quite right, you keep your eye on him as you turn the corner. There is an unpleasant smell of sulphur in the air and that is usually a telltale sign of evil. You trust your instinct and turn around to attack the old man. Turn to 160.

62

The pendant you are wearing is a lucky charm. Add 1 LUCK point. It also has another magical property: it will glow brightly if somebody you are talking to is lying. Feeling pleased with your new treasure, you leave the room. Turn to 365.

63

For each Flesh Grub that is alive you must again lose 1 STAMINA point as they strip away your skin and burrow into your arms. But Littlebig comes to your rescue and pulls the remaining grubs off you and crushes them underfoot. 'Nasty little brutes,' he says, while checking the tunic carefully for any remaining grubs. Turn to 102.

64

The room is a disused torture chamber. An iron maiden lies open on the floor and in the far corner you see a wooden rack. Old blood-stained instruments of pain litter the ground. A strong musty smell fills the still air making you feel a little queasy. Almost hidden by a pile of chains you see an iron chest. If you want to open the chest, turn to 131. If you would rather leave the chamber, turn to 317.

65

You walk along the corridor and soon arrive at a T-junction. On the stone floor you see chalk arrows leading up the corridor to your right. If you want to follow the arrows, turn to 387. If you would rather turn left, turn to 304.

66

You react too slowly to prevent the rat from biting you. This is no ordinary rat. You have been bitten by a Fang Rat that injects strong poison into its prey like a venomous snake. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you watch the Fang Rat jump off your leg and disappear back into its hole in the wall. Littlebig grunts and says, 'Do you know what? It's just my gut feeling, but I think we are going the wrong way. I think we should go the way that person did a few minutes ago.' You decide to take Littlebig's advice and go back to the corner where the figure disappeared. Turn to 206.

67

The fat man suddenly disappears in a puff of smoke and is replaced on the floating cushion by a small brooch made of moonstone. You pin it on to your tunic wondering what magic it holds. If you have not done so already you may search the bodies (turn to 299) or leave the cavern (turn to 76).

68

A thorough search of the room reveals nothing more than a bone charm on a leather cord. There are symbols etched on the charm but neither you nor Littlebig understand their meaning. If you want to put the charm around your neck, turn to 324. Otherwise you can put it in your pocket and either let Littlebig touch the glass ball with his dagger (turn to 386) or leave the cellars and return to the corridor above (turn to 355).

69

The stairs lead down to a gloomy, stone-walled corridor that is lit by a few flickering torches. In the dim light you can just see that there is thick slime dripping down the walls. There is an unpleasant stench in the air. You hear a scampering noise and look down to see rats running across the muddy floor in front of you. Ahead the corridor soon splits at a junction. If you want to turn left, turn to 186. If you want to turn right, turn to 88.

70

A few minutes later you see a message written on the right-hand wall in large chalk letters. It reads "Go back or face certain death". 'That message is clear enough,' says Littlebig with a grin on his face. 'So what should we do?' If you want to walk on, turn to **209**. If you want to turn around and go back, you may, if you have not done so already, either open the door with the blue triangle (turn to **53**) or open the door with the green square (turn to **141**).

71

You try to look sincere and tell Vigdis that she is beautiful. Her eyes narrow to slits and she says in a cold voice, 'Not only are you a fool you are also a liar, and a cowardly one at that. I am hideously ugly and that's just the way I like it. I hate beauty. Now give me all your gold otherwise I will change you into a bat!' If you want to give Vigdis all your gold, turn to **39**. If you would rather refuse her demand, turn to **268**.

72

Holding your breath, you slide the ring slowly on to the first finger of your right hand. You wait for something terrible to happen but nothing does. If you have not done so already, you can break the glass wasp (turn to **171**) or continue walking up the passage (turn to **291**).

73

It's a long drop to the rock floor and you land heavily. Roll 1 die and reduce your STAMINA by this number. If you are still alive you may either follow the wall around the cavern (turn to 40) or have a rest (turn to 314).

74

You grab hold of the rope and walk back with it as far as you can. Then you run up to the edge of the pit with great speed and swing across. Turn to 190.

75

This time as you charge Lo Lo Mai the lightning bolt that shoots from her crystal is much more powerful. It hits you like a sledgehammer and sends you crashing into the wall. As everything goes dark, you can just hear Lo Lo Mai reciting another rhyme.

'Proud dwarf go now as you're told
Forget your pointless search for gold
I tried to help you with my voice
But your foolish friend left me no choice.'

You hear Littlebig start to argue but then you lose consciousness. Your adventure is over.

76

A small alcove comes into view in the right-hand wall of the corridor. The alcove houses a magnificently carved wooden chair with the words 'Rest Ye Well' engraved in the seat. If you want to sit on the chair, turn to 5. If you would rather carry on walking, turn to 220.

77

Miraculously all the darts miss you and fly past to hit the walls opposite. It occurs to you that all the blood on the floor is from victims of the darts. You decide to turn around and open the door behind you (turn to 277).

78

As you run past the Zombies, the one closest to you lashes out at you with its clawed hand. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 164. If you are Unlucky, turn to 339.

79

You enter a disused kitchen where the dirty cupboards are crammed with broken boxes, old buckets, cracked bowls and dented cooking utensils. A table with one leg missing lies upturned next to a pile of rotten potatoes. Three GIANT RATS are gnawing on some old leather boots in the far corner and do not seem to notice you. If you want to leave the kitchen before you are seen, turn to 336. If you want to fight the Rats, you can do so one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT RAT	5	4
Second GIANT RAT	5	3
Third GIANT RAT	5	2

If you win, turn to 229.

80

The Ogre's eyes suddenly open and it jumps up, grabbing its club. It lets out a fearsome roar and swings its club at you in anger.

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 319.

81

The Wizard's blade strikes your arm causing a deep gash. It's painful but appears not to be serious. However, as you lunge forward to counter attack, you feel unbelievably weak and drop your sword. The Wizard begins to laugh. 'Ha! That will teach you to attack the mighty Malbus! Your life is draining away thanks to the evil power of my wyrm sword.' You try to move but fall head first to the ground. Your adventure is over.

82

You have drunk some very strong poison, but luckily for you it is counteracted by the magic properties of your turquoise ring. Add 1 LUCK point. The dull pain quickly disappears and you feel well again. If you have not done so already, you may either open the leather bag (turn to 114) or take the sword (turn to 358). Your only other option is to walk on, turn to 212.

83

Exhausted after the long fight, you sit down on the floor to recover. You watch on in horror as the Vampire's body crumbles into dust. A bat emerges from the dust and flies away, carrying with it the Vampire's spirit. In two days time the Vampire will return in human form and will come looking for you to exact her revenge. Suddenly you notice something else lying in the pile of dust – a jewel on a gold chain. The jewel is an emerald but, much to your disappointment, it is square and not at all shaped like a dragon's eye. You place it quickly in the black pouch

in your pocket and leave the room in a great deal of excitement. Turn to 116.

84

You tell Littlebig to calm down and remind him that you were told by Henry Delacor that both emerald eyes had to be put into their sockets before the dragon could be lifted. Littlebig hurls the dagger at the wall in anger and says, 'I can't believe we have come so far and failed. I thought we had searched every inch of this infernal dungeon. How could we have missed the emerald? Maybe your friend was wrong. Let's put one emerald in its socket and lift the dragon. I'm not going back now.' The thought of turning around and going back also fills you with dread. You take the emerald from its pouch and place it in its socket. It fits perfectly. Then, standing either side of the dragon, you and Littlebig get ready to lift it. Littlebig smiles and says, 'One, two, three, lift!' But as soon as you touch the dragon, you trigger a trap. Over thirty needle-like, poison-tipped darts shoot out of tiny holes in the plinth on which the dragon stands. Three hit you in one leg and two hit you in the other leg. Littlebig is hit by nine darts. The poison is deadly and there is no antidote. You both drop to the floor, pulling desperately at the darts. But it's no use. Although in great pain, Littlebig manages a smile and, jovial to the end, he says, 'I hear there is a lost chest filled with diamonds in the Moonstone Mines. Let's go there next...'. He never finishes his sentence and slumps over. Seconds later, so do you. Your adventure is over.

85

The bronze key turns the lock of the bronze box. It clicks open and inside you find a polished stone etched with the words 'two arrow'. Turn to 227.

86

The scroll is ancient and brittle. You unroll it slowly as you fear it might crumble into small pieces. The once white paper is now dark amber with age and the ink writing has faded badly. In large ancient script you read the words 'Hole in the Wall'. Underneath this heading you read the secret of a magic spell that will allow you to make a hole in a wall by saying the words 'Azang Bazang-zang'. You whisper the words to yourself to remember them and as you do so the scroll crumbles into dust, its secret gone forever. But you remember the spell and one day it might save your life. Now if you have not done so already, you may pick up the black sword (turn to 345) or examine the painting (turn to 184). If you would rather climb back down the rope and walk back down the corridor, turn to 144.

87

As the Verminspawn gets closer, you feel a surge of courage. You raise Skullsplitter above your head in both hands and charge at the vile beast.

VERMINSPAWN SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

During each Attack Round, you will have two attacks, one for yourself and one for Littlebig who has a SKILL of 8. However, the Verminspawn will focus its attacks on you. If you win, turn to 380.

88

You turn left into another similar dark corridor. This passage turns a sharp left and then continues straight on, soon arriving at a doorway in the right-hand wall. You press your ear to the large oak door and hear the sound of somebody humming. If you want to open the door, turn to **119**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **236**.

89

The soup is a thick, tasty vegetable broth that is very nourishing. You share it with Littlebig who slurps it down enthusiastically, wiping his bearded, dribbling mouth with the back of his hand before letting out a rather noisy and crude belch. 'That's good!' he says beaming. 'I wonder who made it?' Add 1 STAMINA point. If you have not done so already, you may read the sheets of paper (turn to **240**). Otherwise you can open the door opposite (turn to **312**).

90

Your strength slowly starts to drain away, but you do not know it is due to the helmet. Lose 5 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **222**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **385**.

91

You sense something strange about the old man and watch him carefully as you turn the corner to walk past him. Although you did not know it, the armband used to belong to a powerful cleric who spent his time ridding the world of demons. Had the armband not protected you, the little old man might not have been so harmless as he appeared. You hurry on until the old man is out of sight. Turn to 169.

92

With your sword in hand, you run down the corridor and turn the corner. A short distance ahead, the corridor ends at a T-junction where you see the person turn right and disappear again. As you approach the junction you see a white symbol on the wall ahead. Turn to 308.

93

There is nothing you can do to stop the blade piercing your throat. You sink to your knees slowly as the blood pours from the deep wound. Your adventure is over.

94

During all the commotion in the last room, you didn't notice that a small hole was made in your backpack by Floresto's sword. You also did not realize that something fell out. Lose 1 item from your *Adventure Sheet*. Oblivious to the loss, you walk on. Turn to 238.

95

As you start to speak, you hear the noise of fluttering wings above you. Looking up, you just have time to draw your sword to defend yourself against the two large VAMPIRE BATS that are swooping down to attack you. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VAMPIRE BAT	5	4
Second VAMPIRE BAT	5	4

While you are fighting the first Vampire Bat, the second will cling to your neck to suck your blood. You must lose 1 STAMINA point per Attack Round until you are able to fight it. If you win, turn to 241.

96

The Evil Wizard stops muttering when he sees the pile of Gold Pieces cupped in your hands. He raises one of his eyebrows and looks at you suspiciously. 'I don't like this,' Littlebig whispers nervously. Suddenly the Evil Wizard bursts out laughing and says, 'Ah, a peace offering from a grovelling little toad. Thank you, I'll take your gold. Now here's my gift to you!' He raises his arms and mutters a spell to release another fireball at you from point blank range. Reduce your total of Gold Pieces to zero and roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to 267. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, turn to 216.

97

Convinced that the dwarf you are about to fight is not Littlebig but a Doppelgänger imitating him, you wield your sword in a frenzied attack. Suddenly the dwarf starts to metamorphose into a hideous creature some two metres tall with large scarlet scales covering its massive chest and an oversized, pulsating skull. Its eyes are large and red-veined, and its mouth is small but crammed with long needle-like fangs. There is no doubting who the DOPPELGÄNGER is now.

DOPPELGÄNGER SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

During each Attack Round you must reduce your SKILL by 2 as you must use all your mental strength to fight the mental powers of the creature. Meanwhile, Littlebig manages to break free from the Doppelgänger's mind control but is too exhausted and drained to help you in combat. If you win, turn to **60**.

98

You continue along the dimly lit corridor until you come to another doorway in the left-hand wall. The door is unlocked. If you want to open the door, turn to **167**. If you want to carry on without further delay, turn to **151**.

99

Running along after the hooded figure, you do not see two more dark-robed figures hiding in the shadows of a small alcove. As you run past them, one thrusts a wooden staff at your legs, tripping you and sending you crashing to the floor. In an instant they are on top of you, punching and kicking as hard as they can. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You manage to free an arm to land a few blows yourself and stand up to fight the THIEVES one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First THIEF	6	6
Second THIEF	7	5

If you win, turn to 382.

100

You tell Vigdis that she is disgustingly ugly. She smiles and says, 'Thank you. Nobody has paid me such a compliment in years. You are obviously a person of great taste. You are free to go. And please take the wooden box from the shelf in the corner of the room, as a token of my appreciation.' As you leave the room, you take a peek inside the box and find a few garlic cloves, 7 Gold Pieces, a large tooth and a bronze key with the number 85 stamped on it. You pack the items away and carry on up the corridor. Turn to 323.

101

As you put your hand slowly into the hole, Littlebig shakes his head and tells you that you must be mad. You half expect to feel terrible pain as some unseen creature bites your hand off, but nothing happens. You reach further into the hole until your shoulder is pressed hard against the wall and your fingertips touch something that feels soft. Your immediate thought is that it is a rat and you withdraw your arm quickly. But convincing yourself that it is not a rat you reach back into the hole and pull out what turns out to be an old sock! Inside the sock you find 3 Gold Pieces, a small silver cross and a wavy-bladed knife. 'Some people have all the luck!' Littlebig says shaking his head. 'That's no ordinary knife, that's a kris knife. They are made by the demon priests of the abyss. Their blades are forged in cursed flames and are the only blades that can pierce the skin of a Lesser Demon.' You place the unholy knife in your belt, pocket the other findings and walk on. Turn to 354.

102

Satisfied that there are no more grubs hidden in the warrior's tunic, you decide what to do. Will you:

Open the leather bag?	Turn to 114
Uncork the silver flask?	Turn to 245
Take the sword?	Turn to 358
Leave everything and walk on?	Turn to 212

103

The laughter gets louder and louder but you cannot tell where it is coming from as it echoes around the room. It turns into a piercing shriek which is painful to your ears. You begin to lose your sense of balance and fall over feeling violently ill. The door through which you entered the room slams shut, trapping you inside. Using all your energy, you just manage to crawl over to the footmarks and haul yourself up to stand on them. There is a sudden blinding flash and it seems as though the room is spinning. You are unable to stop yourself from passing out. Turn to 215.

104

You both heave on the door with all your might. It opens slowly, with its hinges squeaking noisily in protest. You find yourself in a cold, dark room that has a marble plinth in the middle. On top of the plinth is a large ball made of green glass. Littlebig walks up to it but you warn him against touching it in case it's a trap. 'I think there is something inside the glass ball,' he says, peering closely at it. 'I'm just going to touch it with my dagger.' Will you:

Let Littlebig touch the glass ball?	Turn to 386
Leave the cellars and return to the corridor above?	Turn to 355
Look for something else in the room?	Turn to 68

105

Scratched, bruised and battered, you land with a thump at the bottom of a dark pit. There is no time to recover as a GIANT SPIDER scurries out of a dark recess on its long hairy legs, intent on feasting on your corpse. You are trapped and must fight.

GIANT SPIDER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 21.

106

With nervous anticipation you take hold of the sword in both hands and begin to pull. It does not move, so you put one leg up against the wall and pull harder. Turn to **38**.

107

The Vampire sneers at you contemptuously as you swing your sword at her. Normal weapons are almost ineffective against the undead! But there is no alternative now but to fight.

VAMPIRE	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you defeat the Vampire, turn to **83**. If you wish to try to *Escape*, which you may only do after 6 Attack Rounds, you will have to *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you may *Escape* through the door, turn to **116**. If you are Unlucky, you must fight on to the death.

108

There is a new passageway in the left-hand wall that you see some fifty metres ahead. A hooded figure wearing dark robes suddenly appears from around the corner carrying a black sack over his shoulder. In his right hand you see a long dagger. The figure catches sight of you, stops in his tracks, turns and

runs back from where he came. 'Hey! Come back!' Littlebig shouts. His cries echo down the corridor but the hooded figure does not return. You decide to give chase and turn left down the new corridor. Turn to 224.

109

'That's very interesting,' says the wizard after hearing your tale. 'I admire your spirit and I'm going to help you. Here is a little gift for you. Good luck.' There is a sudden flash of light and a wooden box appears in the centre of the room. Inside the box you find a gold key with the number 325 stamped on the barrel. You place it in your pocket and leave the room. Turn to 65.

110

After Lo Lo Mai has been paid her 10 Gold Pieces, she walks over to the door and opens it for you, gesturing for you to walk through it. In the circumstances, you think that this offer is the best you can hope for. Turn to 396.

111

As you open the door, a horrible stench fills your nostrils. You enter a large, dirty cavern, the floor of which is covered with rotten food, old bones, insects and leaking buckets of foul green liquid. Sitting at a roughly-made wooden table are two ugly brutes with warty brown-green skin. They look disgusting and smell like they have never washed in their lives. They are grunting and slavering as they stuff their large fanged mouths with what looks like intestines and rats' heads. There is no doubt about it, they are ORCS. But these are not ordinary Orcs. These two are tall, powerful and extremely violent Uglukk Orcs. They turn to look at you and belch in contempt. Black greasy drool runs down their chins, which they wipe with the back of their enormous hands. Pushing the table away, one of them rises slowly and reaches for its large morning star. The other grabs its heavy club but stays seated to watch the fight. The first Orc lets out a deafening roar and strides towards you. This will be a fearsome fight to the death.

UGLUKK ORC	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to 285.

112

Further up the passageway you see another door on the right-hand wall. You listen at the door and hear scratching sounds coming from the other side. If you want to enter the room, turn to 79. If you wish to carry on walking up the passageway, turn to 336.

113

You find a velvet bag concealed inside the Evil Wizard's robes. Inside the bag you find 5 Gold Pieces, a gold ring with a large turquoise stone set in it and a small wasp made of coloured glass. You pocket the Gold Pieces and say to Littlebig, 'Do you think this is a magic ring?' Littlebig frowns and says, 'I'm sure it is but I have no idea what it does. Maybe if you put it on we'll be attacked by a swarm of wasps! You can't expect a nice gift from an Evil Wizard.'

If you want to try on the ring, turn to **72**.
If you want to break the glass wasp, turn to **171**.
If you would rather leave the items and continue walking up the passage, turn to **291**.

114

The bag contains: 2 Gold Pieces, a small copper bowl, a long tooth, a scroll, a wooden catapult and three lead balls. You decide to keep the gold and the catapult. If you want to look at the scroll, turn to **16**. If you would rather not look at it, you may, if you have not done so already, uncork the flask (turn to **245**) or take the sword (turn to **358**). The only other choice is to disregard the items and walk on, turn to **212**.

115

You feel groggy and extremely weak as the snake's venom spreads through your body. You lie down on the floor and start to tremble uncontrollably. Sweat pours from your brow. Standing over you, the Witch starts to laugh manically. The poison acts fast and everything goes black. Your adventure is over.

116

You walk hastily up the corridor and see an iron gate in the right-hand wall. Through the bars you can see a room which is painted entirely green. Even the tables and chairs are painted green. The room is filled with hundreds of tall plants, which give off an unpleasant smell. If you want to open the gate and enter the room, turn to 343. If you would rather keep on walking up the corridor, turn to 142.

117

After removing the stopper you see that the bottle contains a clear liquid. You sniff the bottle and smell something that reminds you of almonds. If you want to drink the liquid, turn to 328. If you would rather leave it and walk on, turn to 376.

118

The spider drops to the floor and, before it can jump up again, you stamp down on its bloated abdomen with your foot to make a green sticky mess on the floor. You are pleased to see that Littlebig has also squashed the spider that attacked him. He stands on his tiptoes, leans over the edge of the barrel and reaches down. First, he throws out a good length of rope that you decide to keep. Then he pulls himself back out again, huffing and puffing, clutching a red clay doll that has copper nails sticking out of its head like hair. 'I wonder what this is?' he asks, handing it to you. If you want to drop the doll on to the floor to break it, turn to 19. If you would rather toss it back in the barrel and walk back down the corridor, turn to 234.

119

The door opens and you are surprised to see what looks to be a small art gallery. The walls are almost totally covered with paintings of animals and birds. In the middle of the room an old man is busily painting a picture of a wolf on a large canvas and he is oblivious to the fact that you have come in. He just stands there humming happily to himself while he works. If you want to talk to the artist, turn to 196. If you think he is a danger and want to attack him, turn to 348. If you would rather leave him alone and return to the corridor, turn to 236.

120

The cave wall is almost vertical, but there are plenty of cracks and rock outcrops to use as hand and foot holds. Nevertheless, it's going to be a difficult climb down. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is the same or less than your current SKILL score, turn to 305. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 137.

121

The helmet does indeed have magical properties, but not the kind you were hoping for. It has been cursed by an evil sorcerer and drains the life out of anybody who wears it without them even knowing it. If you are wearing a snake's head necklace, turn to 331. If you are not wearing this necklace, turn to 90.

122

If you are wearing a silver armband, turn to 342. If you are not wearing a silver armband, turn to 61.

123

In the safety of the den, you relax and share tales of adventure with Littlebig over plates piled high with delicious food. When you can eat no more, you flop on to your bed and sink into a deep sleep, dreaming, as always, of the golden dragon. Many hours later you wake feeling strong and filled with energy. Add 4 STAMINA points. Littlebig is already sitting at the table eating another plateful of food. 'I wonder if it is breakfast or dinner time?' he asks with his cheeks bulging. 'I've completely lost track of time in this dungeon, so I'm having breakfast and dinner!' All you can manage at this point is an apple that you eat whilst having a good look around the den. A wooden box that has been tucked under one of the beds looks intriguing. You pull it out and open it to find part of an old hand-drawn map of a dungeon. It shows a section of corridor that ends at a junction where a white star is marked in chalk on the wall. An arrow pointing to the right-hand corridor has the word 'life' written underneath it and an arrow pointing to the left-hand corridor has the word 'death' written underneath it. You fold the map, place it in your pocket and tell Littlebig it's time to go. Leaving the den you turn left. Turn to 330.

124

The corridor makes a sharp turn to the right and once around the bend you are forced to stop at a deep pit. A rope hangs down from the ceiling over the centre of the pit, which you can just reach with your sword. If you want to try to swing over the pit on the rope, turn to 74. If you would rather try to jump over the pit, turn to 306.

125

Although the Hanging Snake is quick to strike, you are quicker. Your sword cuts through the air and lops off the tail end of the snake. You slide down until you reach the severed tail. It is only a two-metre jump down to the floor, and Littlebig stands beneath you to help break your fall. The wounded snake slowly rises into the ceiling to recover in its lair. You may now have a rest (turn to 314) or follow the wall around the cavern (turn to 40).

126

With your weapons at the ready, you tread carefully along the passageway. You can hardly see a metre in front of you in the thick, swirling mist, but you hear something that sounds like shuffling feet coming towards you. Littlebig raises his arm as a sign for you to stop walking. The shuffling sounds grow louder until a horrific-looking creature steps into view. It is a large, muscular humanoid that has a hunchback and an oversized head. Drool pours out of its gaping mouth that houses large broken teeth. It is its large single eye that makes it instantly recognizable. Raising its massive battleaxe above its head, the gruesome CYCLOPS strides forward to attack.

CYCLOPS	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 200.

127

Using your sword to poke around the debris on the floor, you find 2 Gold Pieces, a silver armband and a dark blue glass bottle with a cork in it. The rotten smell in the cavern is almost unbearable and you must decide what to do. If you want to uncork the bottle, turn to **149**. If you have not done so already, you can search the bodies, turn to **299**. If you want to leave the stinking cavern immediately, turn to **76**.

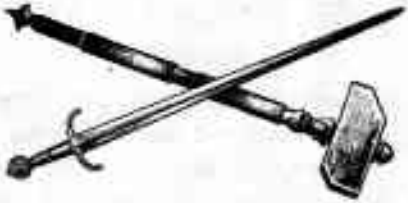

128

Confident that you have made the right choice, you step forward to pull the sword from the wall. Turn to **185**.

129

You pick up the card and it springs out of your hand landing back on the floor. There is a sudden flash of blinding light. The card disappears and standing before you, from out of nowhere, is an old woman dressed as the Queen of Spades. She smiles and says, 'Thank you so much. Here are 5 Gold Pieces for your trouble.' She hands you the gold before walking slowly and elegantly out of the room. Still somewhat puzzled, you put the coins in your backpack and continue your quest. Turn to **112**.

130

The walls grind steadily on until no more than a metre separates them. You try wedging your swords between them but they snap like twigs under the pressure. There is no stopping the force that is driving the walls together. Moments later a terrible end befalls you as the walls connect. Your adventure ends here.

131

The chest lid is very heavy and you struggle to lift it. Inside you find 5 Gold Pieces, a small silver box and a strange, bronze-handled dagger with a blade made of opaque crystal. After taking what you want, you leave the chamber and continue up the corridor. Turn to 317.

132

The fireball crashes into your chest and you are engulfed by flame. Littlebig is unable to help as the flames surround your body. As you begin to lose consciousness you see him hurled to the floor as another fireball successfully hits its target. Your adventure is over.

133

Lying still on the floor, the lifeless Gigantus once more resembles a boulder. Littlebig crouches down by its head and says, 'I'm told these spiked horns can pierce anything, even rock. They could be very useful. Maybe I should break off a few of them and put them in my backpack?' If you want to let Littlebig chop off the horns, turn to 46. If you would rather dissuade him from doing so and continue looking for a way out of the cave, turn to 199.

134

In the left-hand wall of the corridor you see a door which has been painted red. You hear laughter coming from the other side. It sounds like a man chuckling to himself. If you wish to open the door, turn to 374. If you would rather walk on, turn to 65.

135

As you step down the ladder it gets darker and darker until you can hardly see your own hands on the rungs. Looking up you can just about see Littlebig's round face beaming down at you. Down and down you go until your foot hits the floor. Suddenly you feel something crawling up your leg and then you feel lots of things crawling all over you. You feel a sting in your leg and another in your arm. You panic and try to brush the unseen attackers off your body. But there are literally hundreds of large scorpions and spiders at the bottom of the pit and they are all in a state of frenzy. There is nothing you can do but try to climb back up the ladder. Roll two dice. This is the number of STAMINA points you must lose due to poisonous stings and bites. If you are still alive, you just manage to crawl out of the pit with the help of Littlebig. If you possess Stinger Leaves, turn to 247. If you do not have any, you may either walk on (turn to 4) or walk back to the staircase in the cavern wall (turn to 318).

136

You soon arrive at another alcove in the left-hand wall. Inside it you see a stone throne, carved as though it has been made out of a hundred open-mouthed skulls. If you want to sit on the throne, turn to 170. If you would rather carry on walking up the corridor, turn to 9.

137

You manage to climb down roughly five metres when the rock outcrop that you are standing on breaks off. You lose your footing and are left dangling helplessly by one hand. Rock fragments clatter down the side of the wall and land noisily on the floor some six metres below. Your heart starts to beat faster when you see the dragon stir. It opens one giant eye and looks around its lair, spotting you immediately. You have no choice but to jump down and face the dragon. You twist your ankle on landing and lose 1 STAMINA point.

BLACK DRAGON SKILL 14 STAMINA 18

The dragon will concentrate its attack on you, but you will have two strikes each Attack Round, one for yourself and one for Littlebig. During the first Attack Round you must *Test your Luck* to see if you are caught within the cloud of poisonous gas that the dragon blows at you. If you are Lucky, it misses. If you are Unlucky, lose 4 STAMINA points. If somehow you manage to defeat the mighty dragon, turn to 337.

138

Holding the lion charm in your outstretched hand, you advance towards the Wizard. When he catches sight of the charm, the Wizard begins to roar with laughter. 'Oh you pathetic weasel,' he snorts. 'What harm do you think you are going to do to me with that piece of junk?' He raises his arms and mutters a spell to release another fireball at you from point blank range. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **267**. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, turn to **216**.

139

The corridor eventually comes to an end at a solid oak door. You try the handle and are surprised to find that it is unlocked. Slowly, you open the door into a dark room. The only light inside comes from a burning candle on a shelf on the far wall. Something else on the shelf also catches your eye as it sparkles in the candlelight. If you want to examine the sparkling object, turn to **381**. If you would rather close the door and walk back down the corridor, turn to **365**.

140

Inside the bag you find a small bronze statuette of a monkey with its hand covering its eyes. After deciding whether or not to keep the statuette, you set off again. If you want to go down the left-hand passage, turn to **169**. If you want to go down the right-hand passage, turn to **286**.

141

The door opens into a dark and dingy room that is covered from ceiling to floor in thick cobwebs. There doesn't appear to be anything of interest in the room. If you want to cut through the cobwebs and search the room, turn to **257**. If you want to leave the room, you may either open the door with the blue triangle (turn to **53**) or walk on up the corridor (turn to **70**).

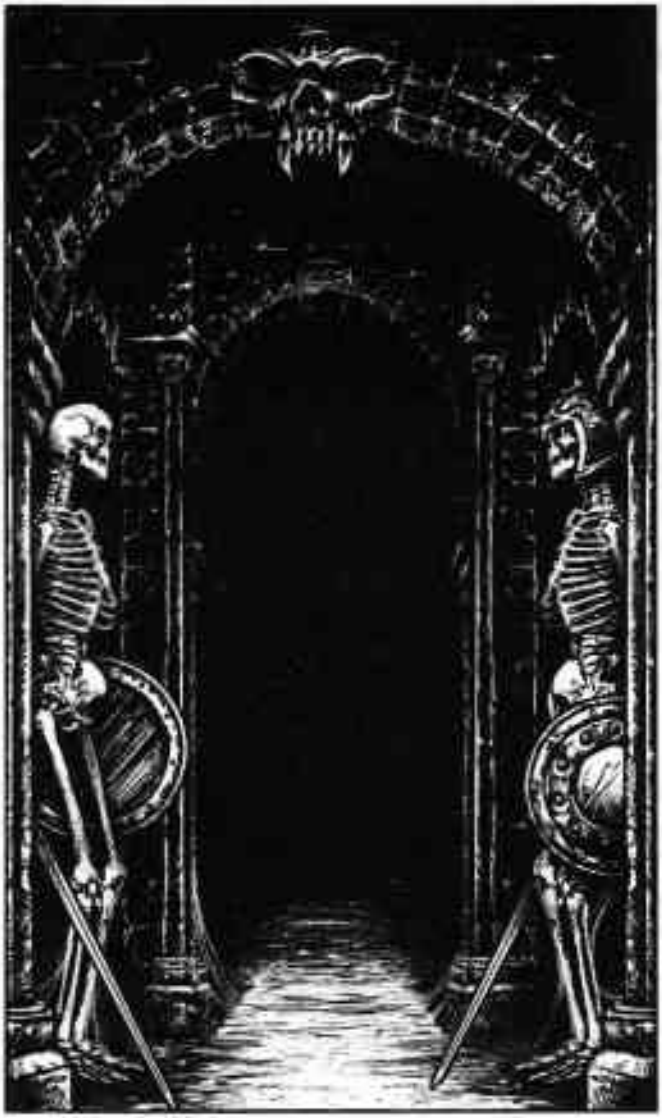

142

Ahead in the corridor you see a stone archway, its centre stone is carved in the shape of a skull. There is a second archway another twenty metres beyond the first and there are two alcoves in between. Standing motionless in the alcoves are two tall skeletons armed with swords, helmets and shields. With your sword drawn you step slowly under the first archway. As you do so the skeletons' heads crane towards you. If you want to try to run past them, turn to **403**. If you would rather stand and fight, turn to **45**.

143

While you are cutting through the warrior's belt to take the leather bag, you feel a sharp pain in your right hand. In the gloom of the corridor you hadn't noticed that the warrior's tunic was riddled with fat, maggot-like, flesh-eating worms. Although blind, the acute sense of smell of a FLESH GRUB enables it to target its prey and sink its barbed teeth into exposed flesh. Although these vicious grubs can be pulled off and crushed easily, the number that attack can be a problem. Roll one die and add 6 to the total. This is the number of Flesh Grubs that crawl on to you. Roll two dice to decide how many you kill. If this total is less than the number of Flesh Grubs, turn to **271**. If the total is the same or greater than the number of Flesh Grubs, turn to **102**.

144

You are soon back at the sand pit and turn left to arrive at a junction in the corridor. While contemplating which way to go you notice three silver coins on the floor almost hidden in shadow. You pick them up and put them in your pocket. Having walked up the passageway to your left, you now choose to walk straight on. Turn to 304.

145

You play your favourite tune on the tin whistle but the Ghost continues to attack Littlebig. The Ghost's sword flashes through the air and it is all Littlebig can do to defend himself. 'Stop playing that silly whistle and come and help me,' he shouts. If you have a Golden Orb and want to try that, turn to 347. If you would rather attack the Ghost, turn to 27.

146

A search of the room reveals nothing of interest and so you decide to search the Goblin. You landed some mighty blows on its chest during the battle, which seemed to have little effect on the Goblin. You discover that it is wearing a chain-mail coat under its clothing. It is made of a strange, blue-grey metal and you decide to put it on. Add 1 SKILL point. You leave the room and continue up the corridor. Turn to 173.

147

You rummage through the Mercenary's pockets and find: 2 Gold Pieces, a fish hook, a small brass bell and three copper buttons. A search of the Uglukk Orc's clothing reveals nothing but maggots and lice. The unbearable smell of the cavern is beginning to make you feel sick so you decide to leave without further delay. Turn to 76.

148

At the back of the room you find a large wooden box set against the wall that was hidden from view by the cobwebs. Littlebig looks at it closely in case it has been set as a trap. 'It doesn't look like a trap to me,' he says confidently. If you want to open the box, turn to 289. If you would rather move the box away from the wall, turn to 326.

149

As you uncork the bottle, wisps of shimmering white smoke escape and begin to take the shape of a man. Sitting in mid-air, on a floating silk cushion, is a short fat man with his arms folded and a turban on his head. He is semi-transparent and you can see through him. He smiles at you and says, 'Did you know that I have been stuck in that infernal bottle for over two hundred years? I cannot tell you how pleased and grateful I am to be free. I should never have trusted those tricksters. Bah! Now how can I help you, young adventurer? Would you like some gold pieces (turn to 252) or a little magic item (turn to 67)?'

150

The water has a metallic taste but is nevertheless quite refreshing. Add 1 STAMINA point. Strangely, your eyesight seems to have improved. Everything appears sharper and you can see further into the gloom. Littlebig also drinks the water and is overjoyed with his improved vision. 'Things are looking up,' he says setting off again. Turn to 301.

151

Back in the corridor you arrive at another doorway in the left-hand wall. You press your ear against the wooden door and hear the sound of a woman's voice crying for help. If you want to enter the room, turn to 225. If you want to ignore the cries and walk on, turn to 116.

152

You are exhausted after the fight and sit down to get your breath back. Meanwhile, Littlebig starts inspecting all the swords. But as soon as he touches one of them the ghostly figure moves again and starts to attack Littlebig. You run to his aid, but at the same time wonder how you can defeat a GHOST. If only you could remember the two words that Floresto used. But you can't, so you must decide quickly what to do. If you want to try one of your items against the Ghost, turn to 187. If you would rather attack the Ghost, turn to 27.

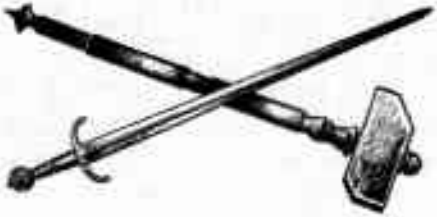

153

The deep voice continues, slowly saying, 'I'm so grateful that you have decided to stay, my friend, as I am very lonely and in much need of conversation. I am a wizard trapped in another dimension. Don't ask me how I got here as it's a long story, and not a particularly nice story either. Anyway, what brings you to this evil place?' If you want to tell the wizard about your quest for the golden dragon, turn to 109. If you would rather make a polite excuse and leave the room, turn to 264.

154

The whispering voice continues to call to you as you reach the door and turn the handle. You enter the room cautiously and see that it is small and empty, apart from a marble plinth in the centre of a marble floor. On top of the plinth sits a highly varnished black box from which the voice appears to be coming. If you want to open the box, turn to **25**. If you would rather leave the room and walk towards the opposite door, turn to **284**.

155

As you walk back to the rope ladder, you stumble over something on the floor. You reach down and pick up a heavy shield. You sling it over your shoulder and climb back up the ladder on to the bridge. In the dim light of the corridor you see that the shield is etched with strange runes around its edge, and it has been polished so much that you can see your own reflection in it. You feel it was worth fighting the Ghoul after all to get such a magnificent shield and set off down the corridor. Turn to **193**.

156

The corridor turns sharply right and around the corner you see an iron lever set in the left-hand wall. Littlebig looks at it carefully but does not touch it. 'Could be a trap,' he says, again stating the obvious in his now familiar way. If you want to pull down on the handle, turn to **366**. If you would rather just keep walking, turn to **44**.

157

You close both hands around the shaft of the arrow and pull on it as hard as you can. The arrowhead remains firmly embedded in the rock wall. You try again but you are unable to move it. Turn to 38.

158

You say hello to the old woman and yet she still does not turn around to look at you. You decide to walk up to her and tap her on the shoulder. Suddenly she spins around. Her eyes are wide open with glee and an evil, hysterical laugh erupts from her mouth. Close up you notice that she has tiny snakes in her hair and realize in horror that she must be a MEDUSA. You try to avoid her staring eyes by looking away as you know her gaze is deadly. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL, you avoid her stare. If you are carrying a piece of broken mirror you may be able to reflect her stare back at her, turn to 210. If you do not have this item, you can run out of the room, turn to 281. If the total is greater than your SKILL you catch sight of her deadly gaze, turn to 377.

159

If you have any keys, turn to 276. If you do not have any keys, turn to 259.

160

Littlebig frowns and says, 'I've got a feeling that this is not such a good idea.' But you ignore his words and run at the old man with your sword raised. You are almost within striking distance when the old man leaps up and instantly metamorphoses into a horrific beast almost three metres high and covered in scaly black skin. Steam hisses from its nostrils and a terrible stench of foul breath blows out of its fanged mouth. It has a large head with long horns curving out of the top. Its hands end in hooked claws. It has cloven hooves and a long, lashing tail. You are face to face with a raging HELL DEMON and you realize that your sword will cause it no harm. It fends off your blow with ease and strikes back with its iron-like claws. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You reel back from the blow and hear Littlebig shouting something from behind you. You just catch the words 'wavy blade' and they puzzle you. Suddenly the words make sense. If you have a kris knife, turn to 195. If you do not have this knife, turn to 371.

161

In the heat of battle you suddenly notice that somebody else has entered the room. It is a huge bearded man, wearing thick leather armour reinforced with steel shoulder pads. 'Pay me 10 Gold Pieces and I will help you,' he growls in a deep voice. If you want to agree to the Mercenary's demands, turn to 334. If you would rather tell him that you do not need his help, turn to 213.

162

Lo Lo Mai's pleasant smile disappears from her face and in a stern voice she says,

'Your words are false, that I know,
It's your mistake, now you must go.'

She walks quickly over to the door opposite and opens it, gesturing for you to walk through. Something tells you that it would be foolish to disobey her, so you do as she says. Turn to 396.

163

While their evil power and near-immortality make Vampires very difficult to kill, silver weapons can harm them. You plunge the dagger into her chest and watch on in amazement as her body crumbles into dust. A bat emerges from the dust and flies away, carrying with it the Vampire's spirit. In two days time the Vampire will return in human form and will come looking for you to exact her revenge. Suddenly you notice something else lying in the pile of dust – a jewel on a gold chain. The jewel is an emerald, but, much to your disappointment, it is square and not shaped like a dragon's eye at all. You place it quickly in the black pouch in your pocket and leave the room in a great deal of excitement. Turn to 116.

164

You swerve around the clawed hand of the Zombie and run off into the gloom of the cavern. The lumbering Zombies are soon left far behind. Turn to 376.

165

The few pages remaining in the old book are yellow and brittle. The ink writing on them is very faded and almost illegible, but on the last page there is a rhyme which looks to have been written in blood. If you want to read the rhyme, turn to **260**. Alternatively, if you have not done so already, you may either open the wooden chest (turn to **327**) or strike the staff on the floor (turn to **198**). You may also walk on and follow the arrows along the corridor, turn to **248**.

166

The corridor is long and narrow with just the occasional burning torch on the wall to light the way. You walk along slowly, ever alert to potential danger. A rat suddenly scurries across the damp floor before disappearing into a hole in the wall. On and on you walk, until you hear the sound of flowing water in the distance. The corridor eventually ends at the bank of a fast-flowing underground river. A crudely made raft is tied to a stake in the bank. If you want to climb on to the raft and float downstream, turn to **188**. If you would rather retrace your steps and walk back to the last junction, turn to **398**.

167

The door opens into a marble-floored room in the middle of which stands an ornate stone table. Two shining breastplates lie on top of the table, one is made of bronze and the other is made of iron. If you want to try on the bronze breastplate, turn to **3**. If want to try on the iron breastplate, turn to **37**. If you do not wish to try on either, you leave the room and continue up the corridor. Turn to **151**.

168

You rummage frantically through your backpack in a desperate search for the healing potion. Finally you find it just in time as you begin to feel weak. You gulp down all of the potion and sit down on the floor to rest for a while. You soon feel better and well enough to continue. Turn to **148**.

169

Littlebig notices something on the floor and runs ahead to investigate. It's a large stone chest some two metres long with a very heavy-looking lid. 'Funny place to leave this,' Littlebig says, stating the blindingly obvious. 'I wonder what's inside?' If you want to try to lift the lid off the chest, turn to **35**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **156**.

170

Sensing a trap, you sit down very slowly on the chair. You think you hear the sound of wailing voices but realize it's just your imagination. Suddenly, a feeling of incredible power surges through your body. You are sitting on a chair of life. Add 1 SKILL point and 1 STAMINA point. Feeling strong, you leap out of the chair and stride up the corridor, turn to **9**.

171

You drop the glass wasp on the stone floor but it doesn't break. You stamp on it with your foot but still it doesn't break. You even try smashing it with the hilt of your sword but that does not work. 'Give it to me,' says Littlebig. 'I'm going to keep it. It might be a lucky charm after all.' You toss it over to him and decide what to do. If you have not done so already, you may try on the ring (turn to **72**) or continue walking up the passage (turn to **291**).

172

As the Verminspawn gets closer, you feel almost paralysed by fear, and looking at the insects and grubs crawling over its loathsome torso makes you feel sick. It is all you can do to raise your sword to fight. But fight you must.

VERMINSPAWN SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

During this combat, you must reduce your SKILL by 3 because of your fear. Littlebig is unable to move at all and stands motionless with his mouth wide open. If somehow you manage to win, turn to 380.

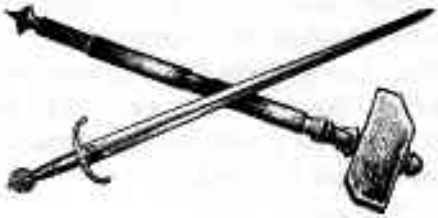

173

The dank and gloomy corridor finally ends at a doorway. As you are deciding whether or not to open it, you hear a noise like that of grating metal followed by the loud clang of metal hitting stone. You look around to see that your way back is barred by an iron bar gate that has dropped down from the ceiling. You have no choice but to turn the door handle. You find yourself in a marble-floored room. The room is empty but there are a pair of golden footprints in a silver circle on the floor. A sign on the wall says 'Please stand on the footprints'. From out of nowhere you

hear the sound of thunder followed by a loud evil laugh. If you want to stand on the footprints, turn to 302. If you want to wait and see if the owner of the evil laugh will appear, turn to 103.

174

One of the pointed darts sinks into your thigh. As you reach down to pull it out you begin to feel very dizzy. The tips of the darts have been coated with deadly poison by a gang of dungeon looters. It will not be long before they return to rob your lifeless body of all your treasure. Your adventure ends here.

175

All of the magic keys have a number stamped on them. To open a box, turn to the paragraph number that is stamped on the key you wish to try first. If you are unable to do this, you will just have to guess which weapon to choose. Turn to 390.

176

You enter a room that is painted white which contains white furniture and objects. In a corner of the room, standing on a white marble column, you see a cat made of white porcelain that has jewelled eyes. If you want to take a closer look at the cat, turn to 383. If you would rather leave the room straight away, turn to 204.

177

If you have any of the following magic items, you may choose to use one now.

Lion Charm.	Turn to 138
Moonstone Brooch.	Turn to 52
Staff of Thunder.	Turn to 333

If you do not have any of these items you can either attack the Evil Wizard with your sword (turn to 320) or offer him some Gold Pieces (turn to 96).

178

As you draw your sword from the body of the last Zombie, you look around to see that Littlebig has already despatched his two Zombies and is rummaging through their pockets. He finds a leather pouch, which he hands to you. If you want to open the pouch, turn to 287. If you would rather walk on, turn to 376.

179

As you plummet down the chute, your head bangs against a stone outcrop. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 105.

180

The Hell Demon swipes at you with its razor-sharp claws and catches you on the head as you run past. If you are wearing a helmet, lose 1 STAMINA point only. If you are not wearing a helmet, lose 4 STAMINA points from the deep head wound caused. If you are still alive, you summon all your remaining energy and run for your life. Turn to **286**.

181

You feel a tingling sensation as the liquid runs down your throat. A dull pain that starts in your stomach quickly spreads through your body. If you are wearing a turquoise ring, turn to **82**. If you are not wearing this ring, turn to **332**.

182

Furiously hacking, stamping, crushing and stabbing, you attack the swarm of Plague Rats. Inevitably some of them will bite you, as there are 37 of them! Each Attack Round roll one die and add your current SKILL score to it. This is the number of rats you kill each round. Each round that any are left alive, you will lose 1 STAMINA point. If you win, turn to **57**.

183

As the walls close in, you just have time to jump through the hole in the wall to avoid being crushed. You land heavily on the floor of an enormous cave. Water drops noisily on to the floor from the tips of stalactites hanging down from the high rock ceiling above. The cave is lit by a strange fluorescent fungus, which grows in patches all over the walls and gives off an eerie amber light. 'I wonder if that was the emerald we were looking for?' Littlebig asks a little gloomily. 'I hope not.' You tell Littlebig not to worry and suggest he starts looking for a way out of the cave. Turn to **266**.

184

The painting is of a red dragon asleep in its cavern lair surrounded by thousands of gold pieces and items of treasure. You can hardly believe your eyes when one of the dragon's eyes flicks open and its tail swishes from side to side. Instinctively you drop the painting on the floor and draw your sword as the dragon takes on a three-dimensional shape and expands out of the painting. Smoke shoots out of its nostrils as it flaps its wings to prepare for flight. Even though it is only a metre in length, the dragon's fiery breath and sharp talons can cause a lot of damage.

RED DRAGON	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **391**.

185

You wrap your fingers around the handle of the sword and pull it gently. You smile as the sword slides out easily from the rock as though from its scabbard. Littlebig screams with delight and grabs hold of the dagger, the last remaining weapon. It, too, comes free and both of you start to chuckle with nervous laughter as a section of the wall starts to rise into the ceiling to reveal another room. Standing on a wooden plinth, in the middle of an otherwise empty room, is a magnificent treasure made of gold. 'Look!' shouts Littlebig, almost beside himself with excitement. 'A dragon! It's the golden dragon!' With your heart pounding, you walk into the treasure chamber and stare almost in disbelief at the golden dragon that you have been seeking. Now here it is within touching distance. Your mind suddenly goes back to when you were in the Blue Pig Tavern and you recall the words of warning given to you by Henry Delacor. 'Before touching the golden dragon, place both the emerald eyes in their sockets.' If you have two emerald eyes, turn to 49. If you only have one emerald, turn to 84.

186

After turning sharply right, the corridor soon ends at a large oak door with ornate iron hinges The door is firmly shut. If you wish to try to force the door open, turn to 389. If you would rather save your energy and return to the last junction to continue on, turn to 288.

187

The Ghost has been under the spell of Floresto for over five years, acting as both a guardian for his collection of swords and also as a combat training partner. However, magical music can release this trapped soul back to its own world. If you have something musical you should use it now. Will you:

Try a Golden Orb?	Turn to 347
Try a Tin Whistle?	Turn to 145
Use neither of these and attack with your sword?	Turn to 27

188

The channel narrows and the flow of the river increases. You are soon in a tunnel with a very low ceiling and are forced to lie flat on the raft. Ahead, you hear the roar of water crashing into unseen depths and you realize to your horror that you are heading for a waterfall. Suddenly the raft hits a rock and breaks apart before plunging over the edge of the waterfall. You are bowled over and over and crash into a dark, watery grave. Your adventure is over.

189

Having nothing in your possession with which to open the door, you decide to climb back down the staircase to find another way out. You spend the next few hours walking around the cavern. Littlebig starts to complain that he is tired and fed up but you keep on searching for a way out until you are quite exhausted. Finally you call it a day and lie down to sleep between two boulders. You fall into such a deep sleep that you do not hear the almost silent flutter of the wings of a Vampire Bat circling overhead. Finally it lands nearby and transforms into a female Vampire who is seeking revenge. She walks silently over to you and sinks her two fangs into your neck while you sleep. Then she does the same to Littlebig. When you wake, both of you will have become Vampires, condemned to a shadow life. Your adventure is over.

190

You just manage to scramble to the other side of the pit. As you land, some small stones are dislodged and fall back into the dark pit. You hear some shuffling sounds below and wonder what creature lurks in the shadows. Not staying to find out, you hurry on up the corridor. Turn to 98.

191

A black rat suddenly appears out of a hole in the wall. It looks crazed, with mad red eyes and a slavering jaw from which two long fangs protrude. It runs straight at you without fear and jumps on to your leg. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL, turn to 370. If the total is higher than your SKILL, turn to 66.

192

The copper key turns the lock of the copper box. It clicks open and inside you find a polished stone etched with the words 'four sword'. Turn to 227.

193

The corridor comes to an end at a junction with turnings to left and right. If you want to walk down the left-hand corridor, turn to 54. If you would rather go down the right-hand corridor, turn to 20.

194

You tread warily around the slumbering beast. Having successfully avoided waking it you enter a new tunnel. Turn to 378.

195

As the raging Hell Demon closes in for the kill, you frantically grab the fabled knife from your belt and strike out and up at the demon's throat. It tries to block the knife with its muscular arm but howls in pain as the tempered blade severs it completely, like a knife cutting through butter. Amazed and excited, you lunge at the demon again, spurred on by Littlebig's shouts of encouragement.

HELL DEMON	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

Each time you win an Attack Round, the kris knife will cause 2 SKILL points and 4 STAMINA points of damage. If you win, turn to **232**.

196

You cough to get the attention of the old man who then puts down his brush to look at you. He enquires if he can be of assistance and you ask him if he knows the whereabouts of the emerald you are seeking. He tugs on his beard and shakes his head. 'We don't speak about the Eye of the Dragon here,' he says nervously. 'Most of those who've come treasure hunting down in the dungeons have never been seen again. Can't help you I'm afraid. But would you like to buy my new painting of a lovely owl?' he asks enthusiastically. 'I only want 5 Gold Pieces for it.' If you wish to buy the small painting you must pay his asking price before leaving the room. Or you can leave without buying the painting. Turn to **236**.

197

Holding a burning torch in front of him, Littlebig leads the way down the steps. You descend into a large cellar with bare stone walls that are damp and covered with brown fungus. The floor has large patches of sticky green slime covering it and old bones and skulls are everywhere. The hissing sound grows louder and suddenly the most hideous creature you have ever seen steps slowly into view from out of the shadows. Its shape is humanoid but large and blubbery. Foul green slime drips from sores on its repulsive body. But the most revolting thing about the VERMINSPAWN is that its body is completely covered by worms, lice, cockroaches, maggots, rats and leeches that crawl in and out of every orifice, crease and fold on its bloated body. A forked tongue flicks out of its gaping mouth, which houses rows of blackened teeth. The Verminspawn is a fearsome fighter and it possesses mental powers that paralyse its opponents with fear. If you have the 'Skullsplitter' sword, turn to 87. If you do not have this sword, turn to 172.

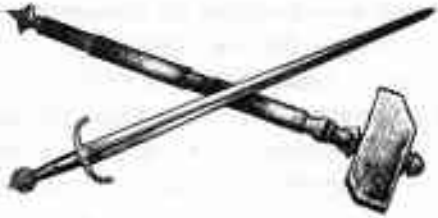

198

When the staff hits the stone there is a deafening boom that is louder than the loudest thunder you have ever heard. It causes a sonic wave, which knocks you off your feet when you let go of the staff. Lose 1 STAMINA point. When you pick it up to give it a closer inspection you see an inscription on it in tiny writing. It says 'Staff of Thunder – hold on tight.' You remember these words and decide to keep the staff. If you have not done so already, you may either open the wooden chest (turn to 327) or open the book (turn to 165). Alternatively you may follow the arrows down the corridor (turn to 248).

199

The noise of water dripping from the stalactites into the pool on the floor echoes eerily through the cavern. You notice that one pool has a wooden ladle lying next to it. The water in the pool seems to sparkle in the light. If you would like to drink the water, turn to 150. If you would rather keep walking, turn to 301.

200

No sooner does the lifeless body of the Cyclops hit the floor than Littlebig starts searching through its pockets. When he's finished he shakes his head and says, 'I can't believe the only things of any value this brute had were 3 Gold Pieces. But I'll take his battle-axe, thank you very much. Very nice craftsmanship, I must say.' You pocket the Gold Pieces and set off again down the misty corridor. Eventually the mist clears and you arrive at a metal door in the right-hand

wall that has a sign attached to it with the words 'Pia's Potions'. If you want to open the door, turn to 393. If you would rather walk on, turn to 265.

201

As you plunge your sword into the Snake Witch, she disappears in a puff of smoke. You hear her sickly voice shout 'You missed!' When the smoke clears she is nowhere to be seen. A mouse runs between your feet and through a tiny hole in the far wall. Meanwhile, the cauldron starts to boil over on the fire and you see the image of the Snake Witch in the steam. Her eyes stare at you and her mouth is wide open with laughter, although you cannot hear her laugh. She extends an arm towards you, gesturing with one long crooked finger for you to come closer. In the palm of her hand you see a small emerald in the shape of an eye! Your heart skips a beat with excitement. If you want to grab the emerald from her outstretched hand, turn to 357. If you would rather leave the room immediately, turn to 323.

202

The dimly lit corridor comes to a dead end where there is a large wooden barrel standing against the wall. 'That's a bit of a strange place to leave a barrel,' Littlebig remarks. 'I wonder what's inside it?' If you want to prise the lid off the barrel with your sword, turn to 50. If you would rather go back down the corridor, turn to 234.

203

The noise of the stone is not loud enough to wake the sleeping dragon. But the look of fear on Littlebig's face is so intense you almost burst out laughing. You carry on walking on tip-toes and enter the new tunnel. Turn to 378.

204

Striding up the corridor you see a dilapidated wooden doorway in the left-hand wall. If you want to step through the doorway, turn to 64. If you want to keep on walking, turn to 317.

205

You lift it carefully out of the coffin and are surprised to hear soft music coming from it. You put the orb down on the floor and the music stops. It starts again when you lift it up. You hand it to Littlebig who places it in your backpack and once again it falls silent. 'How strange,' says Littlebig. 'But I'm sure it will come in useful sometime or other. Let's go.' Littlebig strides off and you walk on after him. Turn to 156.

206

With your sword ready for action you cautiously peer around the corner, but there is nobody to be seen. The corridor ahead ends in a T-junction where there is a white symbol on the wall. You decide to take a closer look. Turn to 308.

207

As you run past the Skeletons you feel a sharp pain in your back. The sword of one of the Skeletons has sliced through your clothing and made a deep wound in your back. Lose 3 STAMINA points. Not stopping to look behind, you run on down the corridor. Turn to 134.

208

As you run past the Hell Demon it lashes out at you with its claws and catches your midriff. If you are wearing chain-mail, lose 1 STAMINA point only. If you are not wearing chain-mail, lose 4 STAMINA points from the deep gash in your stomach. If you are still alive, you summon all your remaining energy and run for your life. Turn to 169.

209

Littlebig strides on confidently and says, 'I bet that message is rubbish and the golden dragon is down here somewhere. Somebody didn't want us to follow them.' He has hardly finished speaking when suddenly the corridor floor gives way beneath your feet. You fall ten metres down a pit and land on iron spikes that are tipped with deadly poison. Your adventure is over.

210

You take the piece of mirror out of your backpack and hold it up to the Medusa. You hear an anguished scream, which quickly fades to silence. Slowly, you open one eye and then the other to see the rigid torso of the Medusa who has been turned to stone by the reflection of her own stare. You put the mirror in your backpack and search the room. In a corner cupboard you find an ornate wooden box which opens to reveal a strange necklace. A small snake's skull hangs on a silver chain. If you want to put the necklace around your neck, turn to **297**. If you would rather leave the room without it, turn to **281**.

211

The door opens into a cavernous room in which the floor is littered with small bones and debris. Standing in the middle of the debris you see an ugly two-headed TROLL. It is busy sharpening its large axe on a spinning stone wheel that is powered by a treadle. One of its head's turns to stare at you. Its face is covered with warts and its large teeth stick out of its drooling mouth like tusks. It is violent, stupid and very dangerous. If you want to fight the Troll, turn to **359**. If you would rather slam the door shut and hurry on up the corridor, turn to **166**.

212

You soon arrive at a wooden trapdoor in the floor. While you stand guard, Littlebig lifts the trapdoor by its iron ring. A horrible stench wafts up into your nostrils making you feel quite ill. Stone steps lead down into the gloom below, from where you can hear a faint hissing sound. If you want to go down the steps, turn to **197**. If you would rather close the trapdoor and walk on, turn to **355**.

213

The Mercenary grunts and turns around to walk out of the cavern. The Uglukk Orc cannot resist a chance to land a cowardly blow. Turning away from you, it strides towards the Mercenary and lands a mighty blow on his head with its heavy club. The Mercenary crumples to the floor with blood pouring from his cracked skull. Thinking this tactic is a good one to use yourself in these circumstances, you rush at the Orc from behind and strike a heavy blow with your sword. The Orc, too, slumps to the floor, its dying breath gurgling in its throat. If you want to search the bodies, turn to **299**. If you would rather search the cavern first, turn to **127**.

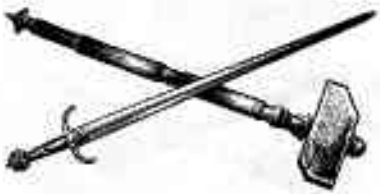

214

You stare at the axe for a few seconds as you convince yourself that you are making the right choice. You take hold of the axe handle in both hands and lean back to pull on it. You breathe a huge sigh of relief as the axe comes away from the wall with ease. Now there are only two weapons left in the wall. If you want to choose the sword to pull first, turn to **128**. If you want to pull the dagger first, turn to **2**.

215

Hardly able to see, and feeling sick and disorientated, you wake up in a tiny room measuring some two metres by two metres. There are no doors in the walls. On the low ceiling there is a luminous crystal, which gives off an eerie green glow. You have been teleported to an old prison cell in another part of the labyrinth. Lose 2 SKILL points and 2 STAMINA points. You scratch around in the thick dirt on the floor and find an iron bolt which is attached to what feels like it could be a trapdoor. You pull on the bolt and suddenly the iron door falls open into a room below. If you want to search further in the dirt of the prison cell, turn to **29**. If you would rather jump down into the room below, turn to **64**.

216

If you are carrying a shield, turn to **397**. If you do not have a shield, turn to **132**.

217

You utter the magical words at the top of your voice but, to your absolute horror, they fail to work. Turn to 130.

218

You stand back from the lifeless Wolf and look around. The old man has gone. A search of the room reveals a highly polished steel wristband that the old man was using as a brush holder. After placing it on your wrist you feel a sudden surge of power run through your body. Add 1 SKILL point and leave the room. Turn to 236.

219

You soon arrive at the edge of a pit that is roughly three metres square. A bamboo ladder runs down one side into total darkness. 'You won't catch me climbing down that ladder,' Littlebig says quite firmly. 'If you want to, however, be my guest!' If you want to climb down the ladder, turn to 394. If you would rather walk on, turn to 4.

220

As you walk along you notice a trail of dried blood on the floor, as though a wounded creature has been dragged along the floor. You follow the trail of blood to a door in the left-hand wall which has strange symbols crudely etched into it. Whoever was wounded must have been dragged into the room or corridor on the other side of the door. You press your ear to the door and hear the sound of somebody moaning in

pain. If you want to open the door, turn to 277. If you would rather walk on up the corridor, turn to 307.

221

You drop to your knees as the poison takes its toll. You begin to lose consciousness and your body feels like it is on fire with fever. You can't quite believe that after all you have been through, and the creatures you have fought, a tiny spider could defeat you. Lose 7 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 349.

222

As you start to walk, you trip over one of the Skeletons and fall to the ground. Your helmet falls off your head as you land. You immediately feel stronger, as if a bolt of energy has surged through you. You kick the helmet against the wall and you hear a sound like a cry of pain. Taking no chances, you swing a mighty blow with your sword on to the helmet, cleaving it in two. You grunt in satisfaction and walk on down the corridor. Turn to 134.

223

The Mercenary's ugly face erupts with rage as he raises his sword with both hands high above his head, ready to strike a heavy blow. 'Nobody goes back on a deal with me and lives to see the light of day,' he screams at the top of his gruff voice. You have no choice but to fight the giant man.

MERCENARY	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to 147.

224

You turn the corner and see the figure running away as fast as he can. 'Let him go,' Littlebig shouts, 'I'll never catch him. You can chase him on your own but don't forget to come back for me.' If you want to let the person escape, turn to **368**. If you want to run after him on your own, turn to **99**.

225

You walk into a large room that, much to your surprise, is crammed full of lavish furniture and furnishings. There are ornately carved tables and chairs, beautiful paintings and vases, and embroidered drapes and curtains. At the back of the room, you are shocked to see a beautiful young woman is locked inside an iron cage. She seems unafraid of you and smiles coyly. If you want to try to rescue her, turn to **10**. If you wish to leave the room immediately, turn to **116**.

226

Hovering above the steaming embers of the fire, the illusion of the Snake Witch reappears. She smiles and says, 'Only a fool such as you would expect to barge into my chamber and steal an emerald of such beauty. My name is Vigdis and I am the most beautiful woman in the world. Do you agree?' You look at her and are repulsed by her hideous face, which is covered with scabs and warts. Her nose is long and hairy, and her mouth houses two rows of broken black teeth. If you wish to agree with her, turn to **71**. If you want to tell her she is ugly, turn to **100**.

227

If you have another key and you wish to open another box, turn to the number that is stamped on the key. If you have finished opening the boxes or do not have any more keys, turn to 390.

228

You are consumed by a raging temperature and your vision is badly blurred. You sink to your knees feeling as though you cannot move a muscle. You expect to feel the sharp pain of the spider's bite again but instead you feel cold liquid hit your face and then somebody pushing some foul-tasting leaves into your mouth. 'Come on young adventurer,' shouts Littlebig. 'It's no time to go to sleep now. Chewing these lumbugg leaves will soon have you feeling as fit as a flea,' he laughs, quite unconcerned that you feel as though you are about to die. It only takes a few minutes for the leaves to counteract the poison. The fever is gone and you feel fine again. Add 2 STAMINA points. You stand up and see two squashed spiders on the floor that must have been stamped on by Littlebig, who is now standing on his tiptoes trying to reach down into the barrel. First, he throws out a good length of rope that you decide to keep. Then he pulls himself back out again huffing and puffing, clutching a red clay doll that has copper nails sticking out of its head like hair. 'I wonder what this is?' asks Littlebig, handing it to you. If you want to drop the doll on to the floor to break it, turn to 19. If you would rather throw it back in the barrel and walk back down the corridor, turn to 234.

229

After wiping the blood from your sword you begin a search of the kitchen. There are lots of utensils, pots and pans but nothing of use to you. You are about to leave when you notice a corked green bottle on top of a cupboard. You pick it up and uncork it to find that it contains a clear, odourless liquid. If you want to drink some of the liquid, turn to 32. If you would rather pour it away, leave the kitchen and continue up the corridor, turn to 336.

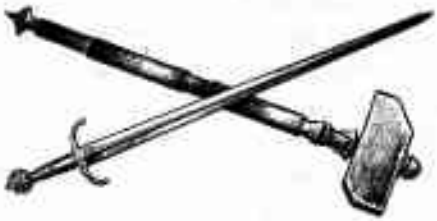

230

There is nothing of interest in the cellar but you find an iron door in the far corner. It is not locked but it is very heavy and difficult to open due to its rusted hinges. If you want to open it fully, turn to 104. If you would rather leave the cellar and continue along the corridor above, turn to 355.

231

As you climb up into their lair, another of the Niblicks lands its club on the back of your head. If you are wearing a helmet, lose 1 STAMINA point. If you are not wearing a helmet, lose 3 STAMINA points. Bruised and battered you draw your sword to fight the Niblicks one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First NIBLICK	4	3
Second NIBLICK	5	2
Third NIBLICK	3	4

If you win, turn to 295.

232

Littlebig looks down at the bloody corpse and says, 'How did that thing find a way to our world? It must have killed and eaten the poor old man and taken his image to roam through the dungeon looking harmless. It's a good thing that you had the kris knife or we would have been eaten too.' Littlebig points to the floor and says, 'Hey, what's that on the floor under the chair?' You look to where he is pointing and see a leather bag. Will you:

Open the leather bag?	Turn to 140
Leave it and go down the left-hand passage?	Turn to 169
Leave it and go down the right-hand passage?	Turn to 286

233

You tell Littlebig that you will enter first and bend down to crawl along the dark tunnel. In the far distance you can see a faint glow of light and, as you approach the end of the tunnel, you try to be as quiet as possible. You see that it opens out into a huge cave and that you are halfway up the side of the wall. Looking down, you see a giant, black-scaled reptile asleep in the middle of the floor. It has a long neck and tail and huge wings that are folded across its ridged back. Smoke rises from its large, gaping nostrils. There is no mistaking it: the terrifying beast that is slumbering below is a BLACK DRAGON. 'Maybe we can creep past it while it's asleep,' whispers Littlebig. 'But how are we going to get down on to the floor of the dragon's lair?' If you are carrying a coil of rope, turn to **242**. If you do not have any rope, you will have to climb down the wall. Turn to **120**.

234

As you walk back along the corridor you suddenly see something in the wall that you hadn't noticed earlier. It's a small hole, just big enough to put your hand into. If you want to reach into the hole, turn to **101**. If you would rather keep walking back to the junction and head straight on, turn to **354**.

235

Lo Lo Mai looks suddenly excited and says,

> *'The room of webs might seem bare*
> *But you'll find a secret tunnel there*
> *Beyond the weapons fixed in stone*
> *The golden dragon stands alone.'*

Without further ado, she walks over to the door opposite and opens it, gesturing for you to walk through it. Trusting her, you do as she bids. Turn to 396.

236

You soon arrive at another doorway in the right-hand wall and above it there is a sign which reads 'Thomas Cornpepper, Merchant'. If you wish to open the door, turn to 329. If you want to continue walking up the corridor, turn to 262.

237

You see that there is now thick slimy jelly running down the walls, large globules of the stuff are falling off the ceiling and landing on the floor with a dull splat sound. The jelly is green and vapour rises from it. The acid smell is quite intense and unpleasant to breathe. Littlebig pokes his dagger into the jelly and there is a loud hissing sound as it dissolves the tip of

the blade. 'Death Slime,' Littlebig mumbles to himself, 'I've heard about it but I've never seen it before. Believe it or not, this stuff is alive. It can reform into one ball of slime and even take a humanoid shape to attack and consume you. We have got to go quickly before it does. If you get a drop of this stuff on you it will burn a hole right through you!' If you want to make a run for it past the Death Slime, turn to 356. If you want to turn around again and walk through the mist, turn to 126.

238

As you walk along the corridor, two rats run past you and disappear into a small hole in the left-hand wall. Another rat appears in front of you, it stops when it sees you and scurries into the hole in the wall. In the distance you can see that the floor is littered with broken bones that are being gnawed on by ten or eleven rats. As you get closer, you can see that the bones are definitely humanoid. 'Somebody met an untimely end here,' says Littlebig rather sombrely. Suddenly he runs towards the rats, screaming at the top of his voice. The rats scatter and run off in all directions, leaving Littlebig standing among the bones looking rather solemn. You ask him why he is looking so glum. He points at a brass button on the floor and says, 'This button has a special symbol of a letter S with a crown above it. That means it comes from Stonebridge, my village. But I wonder who it belonged to? I'm going to take it with me in case somebody back home recognizes it.' You pat Littlebig reassuringly on the back and suggest you move on.

You soon come to an old iron door in the left-hand wall that is firmly locked from the inside. There is no keyhole. Littlebig gives it a couple of kicks with his large boots just for good measure, but it doesn't budge. Suddenly, a figure appears from around the corner in the distance, sees you, and disappears back around the corner. If you want to chase after the figure, turn to **92**. If you want to continue trying to open the door, turn to **404**.

239

The pendant feels warm against your skin and it also gives off a faint green glow. If you want to take off the pendant, leave the room and walk back down the corridor, turn to **365**. If you would rather leave the pendant on, turn to **62**.

240

All of the sheets of paper have a two-line rhyme written on them in red ink. Some of the rhymes have lines drawn through them as if they have been discarded. None of them make sense to you or Littlebig, apart from one which reads:

'If you see a monster double,
The left one is the cause of trouble.'

Littlebig frowns and says, 'That must mean there is a deadly Doppelgänger somewhere in this dungeon. They are able to transform themselves into a duplicate image of any humanoid near them, and if you attack the person being copied instead of the Doppelgänger

itself, well, you could lose friends that way! But now we know, don't we!' Thinking about the Doppelgänger, you decide what to do. If you have not done so already, you may drink the soup (turn to 89). Otherwise you can open the door opposite (turn to 312).

241

The Witch starts shrieking at the top of her voice, 'Dim and Dumb, my little boys! You've killed Dim and Dumb. Now you are going to pay for this with your own life!' She suddenly reaches down to open a trapdoor and cackles with glee as a swarm of black rats jump out of the hole to attack you. If you are wearing a gold bracelet, turn to 12. If you are not wearing a gold bracelet, turn to 182.

242

After fixing the rope to a rock overhang, you lower yourself over the edge with Littlebig following right behind. Turn to 305.

243

The door opens into another dimly lit, stone-walled passageway which ends at a doorway. The door is not locked and you enter a small, circular room with a shallow pool at its centre. A ledge around the pool allows you to walk to the closed door opposite you. At the bottom of the pool lie several gold coins. If you want to throw one of your Gold Pieces into the pool and make a wish, turn to 15. If you would rather walk around to the far door, turn to 322.

244

As soon as you touch your sword there is a blinding flash and, momentarily, you are unable to see anything. When your sight returns it is blurred, and everything looks slightly out of focus. Lose 1 SKILL point. Pia and her potions are nowhere to be seen. 'I think she disappeared through a secret door at the back of the room,' Littlebig says, rubbing his eyes. You try to find a way to open the secret door but eventually give up. There is nothing you can do but leave the room. Turn to 265.

245

There is a clear liquid inside the silver flask that has a faint odour of herbs. If you want to drink the liquid, turn to 181. If you would rather not chance it, you may, if you have not done so already, either open the leather bag (turn to 114) or take the sword (turn to 358). Your only other option is to walk on (turn to 212).

246

You are too quick for the Skeletons. Their swords slice through the air but fail to hit you. Without looking behind, you run through the second alcove and on down the corridor. Turn to **134**.

247

Littlebig helps you rub the healing Stinger Leaves on to your bites and stings. You use them all up, but they do help to counteract the insects' poison. Add 4 STAMINA points. 'So what are we going to do now?' asks Littlebig. If you want to walk on, turn to **4**. If you would rather walk back to the staircase in the cavern wall, turn to **318**.

248

You follow the chalk arrows until the corridor comes to a dead end where you see a chalk circle on the floor. Hanging through a hole in the ceiling above the circle is a thick rope. If you want to pull on the rope, turn to **350**. If you would rather walk back down the corridor, turn to **144**.

249

You smile and introduce yourself and Littlebig to Lo Lo Mai. She smiles back at you and says,

> *'Welcome warriors brave and bold*
> *Do you seek the dragon made of gold?'*

If you want to reply 'yes', turn to **235**. If you want to reply 'no', turn to **162**.

250

The corridor turns sharply to the left and continues straight on. Further on you come to a wooden door in the right-hand wall that has a bright yellow painting of a sun in the middle of it. You listen at the door but hear nothing. If you want to open the door, turn to **176**. If you wish to continue walking up the corridor, turn to **204**.

251

You convince yourself that the dagger is the correct choice and step forward to pull it from the wall. You feel your heart beating faster as you reach out to take the dagger. Turn to **280**.

252

The fat man suddenly disappears in a puff of smoke and is replaced on the cushion by a knotted leather purse. You take the purse, untie the knot and count 15 Gold Pieces into your hand. Add 1 LUCK point. If you have not done so already you may search the bodies (turn to **299**) or leave the cavern (turn to **76**).

253

There is a pack of rats gnawing on the bones that you see, as you approach, are definitely humanoid. 'Somebody met an untimely end here,' says Littlebig, rather sombrely. Suddenly he runs towards the rats, screaming at the top of his voice. The rats scatter and run off in all directions, leaving Littlebig standing amid the bones looking rather solemn. You ask him why he is looking so glum. He points at a brass button on the floor and says, 'This button has a special symbol of a letter S with a crown above it. That means it comes from Stonebridge, my village. But I wonder who it belonged to? I'm going to take it with me in case somebody back home recognizes it. Maybe that person we saw just now knows something about it. I suggest we go and find out.' If you want to turn around and chase after the figure, turn to **92**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **191**.

254

You enter a dingy, cramped room. The walls are lined with shelves that are stacked with all sorts of bottles and jars containing herbs, potions, insects, dead rats and disgusting-looking things like pickled ears and animal droppings. A huge fire is burning in the centre of the room, over which an ugly old woman with long black fingernails is stirring foul-smelling sludge in a cauldron. She turns to face you and smiles to reveal two rows of broken black teeth. If you want to talk to her, turn to **95**. If you would rather leave the room without talking to the woman, turn to **323**.

255

The corridor turns sharply right again and you see a rough hole in the left-hand wall just big enough for you to climb through. You peer into the hole but can't really see much in the gloom beyond. Littlebig grabs a flaming torch from its holder on the wall and thrusts it through the hole to reveal a small cave that has been carved out of the rock. Its rough walls are covered with strange drawings and symbols. There are also some chains attached to the wall. If you want to climb through the hole into the cave, turn to **303**. If you would rather press on, turn to **108**.

256

The silver ball starts to warm up in your hand and is soon quite hot. It gets hotter and hotter until you cannot hold it any longer and are forced to drop it on the floor. In a blinding flash it explodes into tiny pieces that shoot out in all directions. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **48**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **375**.

257

Whilst you are cutting through the cobwebs, a deadly black widow spider drops from the ceiling on to your back. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **273**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **384**.

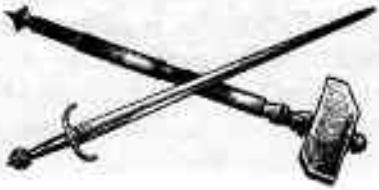

258

The mirror shatters and the terrible pain in your body slowly eases. When you finally recover you search the room but find nothing except a Gold Piece which is lodged in a crack in the floor. You decide to keep a piece of the mirror for LUCK and leave the room by the door opposite. Turn to 243.

259

Littlebig kicks the door several times in frustration and hammers on it with his fists. Much to his surprise, a piece of paper suddenly appears from under the door. He picks it up and reads out a rhyme that is written on it:

'No key will open the iron door
So ring a bell and count to four.'

If you possess a brass bell, turn to 296. If you do not have a bell, turn to 189.

260

It is a very short rhyme that reads:

'Roses are red
Violets are blue
A face like yours
Belongs in the zoo.'

Without warning, twenty iron bars shoot up out of the sand and thump into the ceiling to trap you in the sand pit like a caged animal. The iron bars are too close together to allow you to squeeze out between them. If you have eaten green paste from a jar found in the green room, turn to **315**. If you have not eaten this paste, turn to **338**.

261

You sense that the dwarf you are fighting is not attacking with all his heart. You look into his eyes and see a look of desperation. It is the look of a friend who is fighting you against his will. You realize your mistake and turn to face the other dwarf. Turn to **97**.

262

As you walk along the corridor you step on a floor stone, which gives a little under your weight. You hear a click as an arrow is released from a hole in the wall. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the arrow misses you. If you are Unlucky, the arrow thuds into your leg. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Cursing loudly, you pull the arrow from your leg and limp up the corridor. Turn to **59**.

263

The Ghost lunges at you with its sword, as you run for the door, just catching you in the leg with the tip of the blade. Lose 2 STAMINA points. But it doesn't stop you and you run out of the room as Littlebig slams the door in the Ghost's face. 'Come on!' shouts Littlebig. 'Let's go!' Needing no encouragement, you hurry along the corridor. Turn to 94.

264

As you walk towards the door, the wizard shouts out in an angry voice, 'Those who have no time to talk to me always pay a price!' There is a sudden flash of light and you are smashed to the ground by an invisible force. Lose 2 STAMINA points. When you stand up, your backpack feels a little lighter. Roll 1 die. This is the number of items you must lose to the wizard who has taken them into his dimension. You waste no more time and dash out of the room and up the corridor. Turn to 65.

265

There is a new passageway in the right-hand wall that you see some forty metres ahead. A hooded figure wearing dark robes suddenly appears from around the corner carrying a black sack over his shoulder. In his right hand you see a long dagger. The figure sees you, stops and turns, and runs back the way he came. 'Hey! Come back!' Littlebig shouts. His cries echo down the corridor but the hooded figure does not return. You decide to run after it and turn right down the new corridor. Turn to 224.

266

As you walk through the enormous cave you see what appears to be a large boulder some three metres high. But all of a sudden it moves. Standing before you on its huge trunk-like legs is a fearsome beast with the most terrifying head you have ever seen. Its skull is missing in parts, exposing sections of its pulsating red brain. It has many horns that grow out of the rest of its skull like spikes. Its teeth are long and sharp, its nose is flat and dripping, and its two eyes are tiny and close together. Its body is rock-like and its huge muscular arms end in massive stone fists. The GIGANTUS is delirious with hunger and is eager to rip you apart.

GIGANTUS SKILL 12 STAMINA 12

The beast's prodigious strength will cause 4 STAMINA points of damage if it wins an Attack Round. But during each Attack Round you will have two attacks, one for yourself and one for Littlebig who has a SKILL of 8. However, the Gigantus will only attack you. If you win, turn to 133.

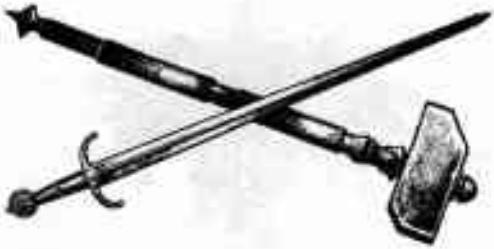

267

Miraculously, the second fireball misses you by centimetres. It flies past your head before exploding against the wall at the end of the corridor. You rush in to attack the Wizard who is now forced to defend himself with a short sword that is made of an unusually dark metal.

EVIL WIZARD SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you lose an Attack Round, turn to **81**. If you win without losing an Attack Round, turn to **113**.

268

'Some people never learn,' Vigdis says with a sigh. Her image suddenly grows in size. She reaches towards you and wraps you in her ghostly arms. You try to run away but are unable to move your legs. Your mind races and you start to panic. Vigdis meant what she said. She utters an arcane spell and your body slowly changes into that of a Vampire Bat. Vigdis is pleased that she has another pet, but for you the adventure is over.

269

Littlebig's face is frozen with fear as the dragon stirs. Its tail swishes from side to side and one giant eye flicks open to spy on the intruders. It sees you immediately and you have no choice but to fight the enraged beast.

BLACK DRAGON SKILL 14 STAMINA 18

The dragon will concentrate its attack on you but you will have two strikes each Attack Round, one for yourself and one for Littlebig. During the first Attack Round you must *Test your Luck* to see if you are caught within the poisonous gas cloud that the dragon blows out at you. If you are Lucky, it misses. If you are Unlucky, lose 4 STAMINA points. If, somehow, you manage to defeat the mighty dragon, turn to 337.

270

The cursed bracelet has some use after all. It counteracts the magic of the cursed sword that you are suddenly able to throw on the ground. If you have not done so already, you may either read the scroll (turn to 86) or examine the painting (turn to 184). If you would rather climb back down the rope and walk back down the corridor, turn to 144.

271

For each Flesh Grub that is alive you must lose 1 STAMINA point. If you are still alive, roll two dice again to decide how many of the remaining Flesh Grubs you kill this time. If the number rolled is the same or greater than the number of Flesh Grubs, turn to **102**. If the number rolled is less than the number of Flesh Grubs, turn to **63**.

272

The bracelet shimmers slightly as you slide it over your wrist. It suddenly feels hot as it tightens around you, burning the skin. The bracelet is cursed by evil magic! Lose 1 SKILL point and 1 STAMINA point. Unable to remove it, you have no choice but to jump down into the room below. Turn to **64**.

273

Fortunately for you, Littlebig is standing near and sees the spider land on you. He quickly flicks it off your back and stamps on it with his large boot. 'That would not have been funny,' says Littlebig, serious for once. 'Little insect, big bite!' Watching each other's back, you carry on your search of the room. Turn to **148**.

274

As you tiptoe across the floor you step on a rat's skull that cracks under the weight of your boot. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **23**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **80**.

275

You sense there is something not quite right about the old man and you keep your eye on him as you turn the corner. There is an unpleasant smell of sulphur in the air and that is usually the telltale sign of evil. You trust your instinct and turn around to attack the old man. Turn to **160**.

276

None of the keys that you have fit the rusty old padlock. One of them breaks off in the lock as you try to jam it in and becomes useless. Littlebig kicks the door several times in frustration before slumping on the floor cursing loudly. Suddenly, he goes quiet when he sees a piece of paper appear from under the door. He picks it up and reads out the rhyme that is written on it.

'No key will open the iron door
So ring a bell and count to four.'

If you have a brass bell, turn to **296**. If you do not possess a brass bell, turn to **189**.

277

The door opens into a small dungeon cell that is furnished with just a small wooden table on which a candle is burning. Rats scurry across the damp floor. At the back of the cell you see a short, stocky man chained to the wall. He has been stripped of his shirt and you see blood trickling down his side from a deep wound under his arm. He has pigtails and a long beard. His chin rests on his chest and he is moaning, obviously in some considerable pain. He must have heard you enter the room because he starts to speak slowly without looking up. 'I've told you a thousand times,' he croaks, 'I do not know where the emerald eye is. You might as well just kill me now and get it over and done with.' You feel terribly sorry for the poor dwarf, who thinks you are his jailor. You decide to help him, as he is probably a good-hearted treasure hunter like yourself. It doesn't take too long to free the dwarf who is both surprised and grateful to be rescued. You patch up his wounds as best you can and give him food and water. 'My name is Littlebig,' he says enthusiastically, 'I was ambushed five days ago by that evil, thieving, half-human called Sharcle. Have you ever heard of him? He comes from Saffrica. He would sell his own mother if he could get 2 Gold Pieces for her! But I'll get him one day and the world will be a better place for it.'

You decide to tell Littlebig about your quest and that you, too, are looking for the emerald eye. 'Well let's go and find it!' exclaims Littlebig. If Sharcle wants it so badly, it must be worth something!' You

leave the cell and turn left up the corridor. 'Stop!' shouts Littlebig. 'There's a trap here.'

Littlebig drops to his knees and crawls slowly along the corridor, pressing down on all the floor stones. One of them gives way under the pressure and six darts immediately shoot out from narrow slits in both walls. They smash harmlessly into the opposite walls and Littlebig stands up with a smug grin on his face. 'Off we go!' he says in a jolly voice. You soon come to a junction in the corridor. If you want to turn left, turn to **354**. If you want to turn right, turn to **202**.

278

The leaf paste tastes disgusting and makes you feel quite sick. However, the feeling of nausea soon passes and is replaced by a feeling of strength and vitality. Add 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points. At the bottom of the jar you are surprised to find a small silver key with the number 14 stamped on it. You put it in your pocket and leave the room. Turn to **142**.

279

As you walk up to the old man, he leaps up into the air and instantly metamorphoses into a horrific beast, three metres high and covered in scaly black skin. Steam hisses from its nostrils and a terrible stench of sulphur belches out of its fanged mouth. It has a large, horned head and hands that end in hooked claws. It has cloven hooves and a long, vivid red tail. For a moment you are in shock as the HELL DEMON lashes out at you with its iron-like claws. Lose 4 STAMINA

points. You reel back from the blow and hear Littlebig shouting something from behind you. You only catch two words '... wavy blade ...' and they puzzle you. Suddenly the words make sense. If you have a kris knife, turn to 195. If you do not have this knife, turn to 371.

280

You close your hand slowly around the handle of the dagger and take a deep breath. 'You can do it!' Littlebig says encouragingly. You count to three and then pull on the handle as hard as you can. Despite pulling it with all your might, the dagger remains fixed in the wall. Turn to 38.

281

Another door appears in the right-hand wall of the passageway. It is made of dark oak and is standing half open. If you want to enter the room, turn to 6. If would rather keep on walking, turn to 112.

282

Despite the darkness of the pit, you can see all the way to the bottom. The floor is totally covered by hundreds of large scorpions and bloated, hairy spiders crawling over each other. It's a trap and not an exit from the cavern. You call to Littlebig that you are coming back up.

'So what are we going to do now?' asks Littlebig. If you want to walk on, turn to 4. If you would rather walk back to the staircase in the cavern wall, turn to 318.

283

As you leave the room, you are hit on the head by an invisible club and are knocked to the ground by the force of the blow. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You scramble to your feet and leave the room before the angry wizard attacks you again. Turn to 65.

284

When you reach the door, the voice calling to you falls silent. You turn the handle and enter a small room. A door in the opposite wall closes as you walk in the room. There is a table against the left-hand wall on which stand a bowl of steaming soup. A chair lies on its side on the floor by the table. Nailed to the wall above the table are many sheets of paper. Will you:

Read the sheets of paper?	Turn to 240
Drink the soup?	Turn to 89
Open the door opposite?	Turn to 312

285

You hardly have time to draw breath before the other Uglukk Orc kicks the table away and charges at you wielding its club. You take a step back to defend yourself and stumble on a large bone on the floor. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 313. If you are Unlucky, turn to 28.

286

You arrive at a wooden door in the left-hand wall that has the words 'Store Room' etched into it. The door is not locked and the handle turns easily. If you want to enter the Store Room, turn to 361. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 346.

287

The pouch contains a tiny bottle made of purple frosted glass. The bottle has a glass stopper. It is impossible to tell if there is anything inside the bottle. If you want to remove the stopper, turn to 117. If you would rather leave it and walk on, turn to 376.

288

You soon arrive back at the junction. To your right you see the stairs leading back up to the woodcutter's hut. It suddenly becomes clear to you that this quest is going to be very difficult and you are tempted to climb the stairs. But you urge yourself on, convincing yourself that you will succeed. Turn to 88.

289

You stand with your sword at the ready as Littlebig prises open the box. He peers inside and says in a moaning voice, 'All that effort just to find two pairs of old boots!' He hands one pair to you and you see that there is a shoemaker's mark that you recognize on the sole. You tell Littlebig with some satisfaction that these are Elven Boots that enable people who wear them to walk silently wherever they go. Without any hesitation you put them on. Add 1 SKILL point. Littlebig complains that he should not be wearing anything that has been made by an elf and puts them on reluctantly, muttering under his breath. Out of curiosity you decide to move the box away from the wall. Turn to 326.

290

You walk no more than three paces before the sand starts to rise in a long line as though something is swimming just beneath the surface. Suddenly something breaks through the sand and rears in the air, ready to strike. Its body is long and bloated and divided into many segments like a gigantic maggot. Its head does not have eyes but powerful scent glands above its enormous mouth which is lined with spiked teeth. The GIANT SANDWORM has not eaten in four weeks and intends to feed on you. You must fight to save your life.

GIANT SANDWORM SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you have a crystal blade dagger, turn to 367. If you do not have this dagger you must defend yourself with your sword. If you win, turn to 47.

291

You watch Littlebig whistling happily to himself, as he walks along, and feel very pleased to have such a good companion with you to explore this infernal dungeon. Then a dark thought suddenly crosses your mind. What if you do not find the emerald eye and have to return to the Blue Pig Tavern empty handed and explain to Henry Delacor that you have failed? Would he believe you? Would he still give you the antidote to the poison? You talk to Littlebig about your concerns and he replies in his usual jovial way, 'Well, we are going to find the emerald eye and the golden dragon, so failure is out of the question. And if that Henry what's-his-name refuses to give you the antidote, he will have me to deal with. Ha!' Littlebig's optimism is infectious and you feel immediately positive again. Looking ahead to the junction at the end of the corridor you see a scrawny, little old man with a very long white beard sitting on a wooden chair facing you. He doesn't seem particularly concerned at seeing you. He slowly puffs out his cheeks and starts humming a song to himself. Will you:

Attack him with your sword?	Turn to 160
Talk to him?	Turn to 30
Ignore him and turn left?	Turn to 363
Ignore him and turn right?	Turn to 122

292

The walls grind steadily towards each other as you gather your thoughts to remember the spell. But can you remember it exactly? Will you shout:

Agga Zagga Zoo?	Turn to 217
Azang Bazang-zang?	Turn to 351
Arr Booda Ba?	Turn to 402

293

The door opens into a small room. As you walk in the door slams shut. Behind you stands an ugly, brown-skinned creature, about a metre and a half tall, who is dressed in animal skins. It is a GOBLIN armed with two daggers, intent on slaying you for your treasure.

GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to 146.

294

As you raise your sword arm a bolt of lightning shoots out from the crystal and slams into your chest. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. Even if you are still alive you are dazed and confused and in some considerable pain. Littlebig tries to support you as Lo Lo Mai says angrily,

'Foolish warrior tell me how
You think you will defeat me now
One chance is all you have, no more,
Ten Gold Pieces open yonder door.'

If you want to attack her again, turn to 75. If you have 10 Gold Pieces to pay her instead, turn to 110.

295

The Niblicks' lair is a veritable treasure trove. You find some bread and apples in the sacks, which you eat very quickly. Add 2 STAMINA points. Next, you examine the armour and weapons and help yourself to a fine bronze shield. Add 1 SKILL point. Most of the swords are no better than your own, but a black sword with a large ruby set in the handle catches your eye. One of the chests contains a rolled up scroll. And one of the vases contains a copper key with the number 192 stamped on it. The only other thing of real interest is an old painting of a dragon. After placing the key in your pocket, you decide what to do. Will you:

Pick up the black sword?	Turn to **345**
Read the scroll?	Turn to **86**
Examine the painting?	Turn to **184**

296

You reach for the brass bell in your backpack and follow the instructions by ringing it four times. Much to your amazement the rusty lock unlocks itself and the iron door creaks open into a stone-walled corridor. Looking right, you see many broken bones strewn along the corridor floor. Looking left, you just catch sight of somebody running away and disappearing around a corner. If you want to look at the bones, turn to **253**. If you want to follow the person who ran away, turn to **92**.

297

As you place the necklace over your head you see two ghostly figures before your eyes. Two shimmering skeletons armed with swords seem to be coming right at you! It is as if they are running right through you and then they are gone. Everything appears to be normal again and, slightly shaken, you leave the room. Turn to **281**.

298

You grab hold of the spear with both hands and get ready to pull. 'Go on, you can do it!' says Littlebig excitedly. The spear comes out of the wall as though it had been lodged in butter rather than rock. You tumble backwards a couple of steps but remain on your feet. Littlebig cheers loudly, but now you must make your second choice. Will you:

Pull the sword?	Turn to **106**
Pull the dagger?	Turn to **280**
Pull the axe?	Turn to **321**
Pull the arrow?	Turn to **353**

299

You find nothing but maggots and lice in the Uglukk Orc's clothing and move over to the Mercenary. His pockets contain 2 Gold Pieces, a fish hook, a small brass bell and three copper buttons. After taking what you want, you decide what to do next. If you have not done so already, you may search the cavern (turn to **127**) or you may leave the cavern (turn to **76**).

300

'After you,' Littlebig says with a smile, while bowing in mock deference. You breathe in deeply and jump on to the first stepping stone. To your amazement nothing untoward happens to you. You jump between the stepping stones until you reach the flat corridor floor again. 'Wait for me!' Littlebig shouts, as he jumps awkwardly from stone to stone. Despite a couple of wobbly landings, he reaches you safely. Turn to 255.

301

Walking along, you hear a new sound echoing through the cavern, like that of many groaning voices. From out of the gloom step six shuffling figures wearing tattered rags. Their pallid skin is scarred and peeling, and their vacant, hollow eyes stare blankly from their tortured-looking faces. Suddenly animated by your presence, the ZOMBIES lurch towards you with their clawed hands outstretched. If you have a Ring of Zombie control, turn to 58. If you do not have this ring you can either fight the Zombies (turn to 310) or try to run for it (turn to 78).

302

Upon standing on the footmarks, the room appears to spin before your eyes. You lose your sense of balance and fall over feeling sick. You fall in and out of consciousness and lose track of time. When you come to, you stand up to find yourself in a different place. You are back in the woodcutter's hut with only your sword, shield and empty backpack. Everything that you had taken from the labyrinth is gone. You have been teleported back to the hut and must start your adventure again. But you are much weaker now. Lose 4 SKILL points and 4 STAMINA points. Turn to **69**.

303

As Littlebig gets close to the writing on the wall, he starts to chuckle to himself. 'I think this cave used to be an old prison cell,' Littlebig says. 'All these symbols are written in dwarf and poke fun at the Half-Orc captors of the poor soul who was held here. Some of them are quite funny. This one says, "Orcs are more stupid than forks." And this one says "The only good Orc is a dead Orc". I wonder what happened to the dwarf? Hello, what's this?' Littlebig crouches down and looks closely at some symbols inside a circle. 'It says here "Black Dragon leads to Gold Dragon." I wonder if that could be the golden dragon we are

looking for?' he says excitedly. A search of the cave reveals nothing else of interest so you climb back out into the corridor and walk on. Turn to **108**.

304

The corridor soon turns sharply to the right. You arrive at a large, wooden door in the left-hand wall. You press your ear to the door and hear the sound of somebody eating very noisily. If you want to open the door, turn to **111**. If you would rather keep walking up the corridor, turn to **76**.

305

You manage to climb down to the cave floor without waking the giant dragon. Beyond the dragon you can see a much larger tunnel entrance. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **194**. If you are not wearing these boots, turn to **335**.

306

You breathe in deeply and run up to the edge of the pit to jump as high and far as you can. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL, turn to **190**. If the total is greater than your SKILL, turn to **55**.

307

Just metres beyond the door, one of the floor stones moves slightly as you step on it. Too late you notice the narrow slits in the walls on both sides of the corridor. You have sprung a trap and six darts shoot out at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **77**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **174**.

308

You see that the symbol is a white star. You look left and right down the corridor and see that both ways end with doors. There is nobody to be seen, but suddenly you hear an eerie, whispering voice coming from the left saying 'Come this way' over and over again. Then you hear a shrill female voice coming from the right saying 'No' over and over again. If you want to go left, turn to 154. If you want to go right, turn to 284.

309

One of the Skeletons was wearing a helmet which is etched with mysterious runes. The helmet is made of heavy iron and you think it might have magical properties. If you want to wear it, turn to 121. If you would rather walk on without it, turn to 134.

310

The Zombies are slow and clumsy, and you are able to fight them one at a time. You decide to take on four of them, leaving two for Littlebig to take care of.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ZOMBIE	6	6
Second ZOMBIE	6	7
Third ZOMBIE	5	7
Fourth ZOMBIE	5	5

If you win, turn to 178.

311

You open drawers and look in cupboards, but find little more than broken crockery and general mess. You walk over to a pile of logs by the stove. Behind the logs you find a large axe with a broken handle. There is a strange inscription etched into the axe head that has no meaning to you. Intrigued, you put the axe head in your backpack hoping it may be of use to you later. You walk over to the trap door and walk down the stairs. Turn to **69**.

312

You enter another small room with a door in the wall opposite. Standing in the middle of the room is a small, eastern-looking girl with short dark hair and cat-like eyes. She is wearing a white silk robe. In her left hand she is holding two sheets of paper and in her right hand she is holding a triangular-shaped crystal. In a calm voice she says, 'Hello, my name is Lo Lo Mai. My words of wisdom tell no lie.' Will you:

Attack her with your sword?	Turn to **294**
Speak to her?	Turn to **249**
Walk past her and open the other door?	Turn to **396**

313

You regain your balance and ready yourself for the ferocious battle.

UGLUKK ORC	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you are still alive after three Attack Rounds, turn to **161**.

314

Littlebig produces some old cheese, some stale biscuits and a leather flask of goat's milk. Though it was hardly tasty, you welcome the nourishment and even manage a thirty-minute nap. Add 2 STAMINA points. Feeling much better, you decide to follow the wall around the cavern. Turn to 40.

315

There appears to be no way out of the cavern. As a last resort you pull on the iron bars and are amazed to see that they bend. The green paste has given you super strength and the ability to bend metal. With ease you pull two bars apart to enable you to escape. If you have not done so already, you may either open the wooden chest (turn to 327) or strike the staff on the floor (turn to 198). If you would rather leave the cavern and follow the arrows, turn to 248.

316

As you leap sideways against the wall, you are caught by a glancing blow on the left shoulder from one of the ceiling stones. You feel a sharp pain that makes you cry out. Unfortunately you have fractured your collar bone. If you are carrying a shield, you will be unable to use it from now on and must leave it behind. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Littlebig tears a strip of cloth off the bottom of his tunic and makes a sling for your arm. Cursing your luck, you walk on. Turn to 255.

317

Ahead you see that the corridor leads to a narrow bridge which spans a deep pit. A rope ladder tied to the bridge descends into the dark depths of the pit below. If you want to walk over the bridge and carry on up the corridor, turn to **193**. If you want to chance climbing down the rope ladder, turn to **362**.

318

The steps that are cut into the wall of the cavern are very narrow and you have to concentrate so as not to fall. At last you reach the top of the steps and the relative safety of the alcove. There is an iron door at the back of the alcove that is firmly locked by a large padlock. If you possess a picklock, turn to **344**. If you do not have a picklock, turn to **159**.

319

There is nothing else of interest in the cave apart from the leather bag that contains a dagger, and a gold ring which fits nicely on the thumb of your left hand. You leave the cave and carry on up the corridor. Turn to **139**.

320

Littlebig is still without a weapon, so you must fight the Wizard on your own. As you close in on him he releases another fireball. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **267**. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, turn to **216**.

321

You wrap both hands around the axe handle and breathe in deeply. 'Give it your best!' Littlebig says enthusiastically. Putting one leg against the wall to get better leverage, you pull the handle as hard as you can. Unfortunately, it does not move even a millimetre. Turn to **38**.

322

The door opens back on to a passageway and after walking along it for a few minutes you see another door in the left-hand wall. There is a small window in the door that looks into a candlelit room in which a woman sits at a bench with her back to you. You knock on the door but she does not stand up. If you want to enter the room, turn to **158**. If you wish to continue walking up the corridor, turn to **281**.

323

You arrive at the entrance to a cave in the right-hand wall of the corridor. Peering in, you see a stone table and four chairs. A burning candle housed in a large skull is giving off a dim and eerie light. Asleep in one of the chairs, and snoring loudly, you see the large bulk of an Ogre. It must be at least two metres tall. Its lumpy face is green and its open mouth is drooling spittle down its hairy chin. It is wearing animal skins and has a strange necklace made out of rats' skulls. A large wooden club leans against the chair, on the back of which hangs an old leather bag. If you want to creep into the room to take the bag, turn to **274**. If you want to carry on walking up the corridor, turn to **139**.

324

Half expecting something terrible to happen, you grimace as you slide the cord over your head. But nothing does happen, and you look around to see Littlebig still staring at the glass ball. If you want to let him touch it with his dagger, turn to **386**. If you want to leave the cellars and return to the corridor above, turn to **355**.

325

The gold key turns the lock of the gold box. It clicks open and inside you find a polished stone etched with the words 'five dagger'. Turn to **227**.

326

With Littlebig's help, you move the heavy box aside to reveal a hole in the wall no more than a metre in diameter. 'A tunnel!' shouts Littlebig excitedly. 'A secret tunnel! Come on, let's crawl through it.' If you want to crawl through the tunnel, turn to **405**. If you would rather throw a stone down the tunnel first, turn to **31**.

327

You lift the chest out of the sand pit and see that the iron hinges and lock are very rusty. One blow with your sword sends the lock flying through the air. Wary of traps, you lift the lid slowly and see a pile of Gold Pieces. You count 27 in total. If you have not done so already, you may either open the book (turn to **165**) or strike the staff on the floor (turn to **198**). Alternatively you may follow the arrows further (turn to **248**).

328

Although there is less than a thimble-full of liquid in the bottle, it is actually enough poison to kill twenty men. It is very quick acting and you fall over unconscious within seconds of drinking it. There is nothing Littlebig can do to save you. Your adventure is over.

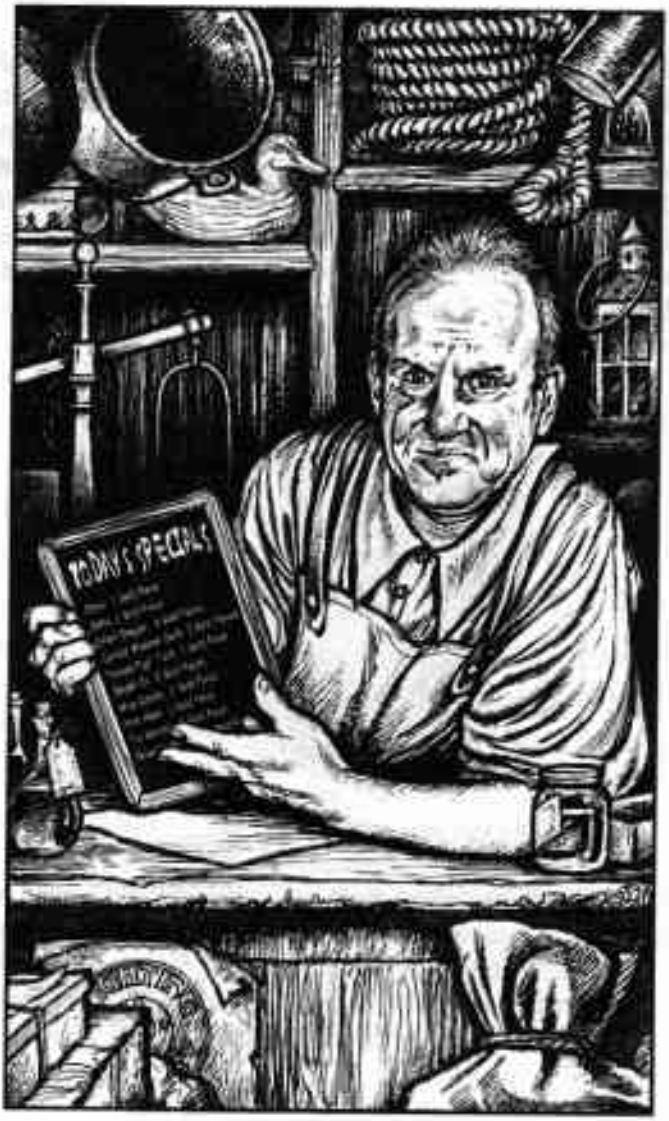
TODAY'S SPECIALS

329

The door opens into a small storeroom that is lined with shelves from floor to ceiling. The shelves are crammed with tins, boxes, jars, bottles, pots and objects of all shapes and sizes. Behind the counter at the back of the room stands an old man wearing a white apron. He bids you good day in a friendly voice and reaches down to produce a small chalkboard on which is written:

Today's Specials

Chalk:	1 Gold Piece
Garlic:	1 Gold Piece
Silver Dagger:	3 Gold Pieces
Carved Wooden Duck:	2 Gold Pieces
Pickled Pigs' Tails:	1 Gold Piece
Skunk Oil:	2 Gold Pieces
Wax Candle:	1 Gold Piece
Fish Hook:	1 Gold Piece
Tin Whistle:	1 Gold Piece
Dried Mushrooms:	1 Gold Piece

If you wish to buy any of the items, you must pay the merchant in gold before leaving the room. Turn to 262.

330

Ahead in the corridor, you see the skeletal figure of a fallen warrior lying face down on the stone floor. He still clutches his sword in his skeletal hand and his body has leather armour over a purple tunic. A leather bag is strapped to his belt and there is a small silver flask around his neck on a silver chain. If you want to take a closer look at the items, turn to 143. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 212.

331

Luckily for you, the snake's head necklace is a magic charm, which counters the evil magic of the helmet. Add 1 LUCK point. Now instead of draining your life, the helmet will help defend you in combat. Add 1 SKILL point. Leaving the Skeletons behind, you walk on down the corridor. Turn to 134.

332

You have drunk the same strong poison that killed the warrior. The only difference is that he was forced to drink it by an evil wizard, whereas you drank it of your own accord! The result, however, is the same. You sink to your knees, clutching your stomach, as Littlebig watches on in horror. You slump forward and lose consciousness, and in less than a minute it's all over. Your adventure ends here.

333

Gripping the staff tightly, you strike its end as hard as you can against the floor.

'Hold on to me tightly Littlebig,' you shout at the top of your voice. There is an almighty, deafening crack of thunder, followed by a massive shock wave that rolls down the corridor like a giant invisible wave. Anything in its path is picked up and rolled along at high speed, including the evil wizard who attacked you. Moments later all is quiet again and the wizard is nowhere to be seen. 'That will teach him to attack a couple of adventurers who meant him no harm,' mutters Littlebig. 'Come on, let's get going,' you say, slapping him on the back. 'There is no time to lose!' Turn to **291**.

334

You tell the Mercenary that you will pay him to help you. Swinging his mighty two-handed sword through the air, the Mercenary strides towards the Uglukk Orc, which is oblivious to the danger behind it. You watch the long blade rise and then fall heavily on the Orc's neck. For a moment its face shows a surprised look, as the Mercenary's blow strikes home. Then its mouth opens as if to scream, but all that comes out is the blood-gurgling sound of its dying howl. The Mercenary grunts in satisfaction and holds out his huge hand to demand payment. If you have 10 Gold Pieces and want to pay him, turn to **379**. If you do not have 10 Gold Pieces or you decide not to pay him, turn to **223**.

335

As you walk around the slumbering beast, Littlebig inadvertently kicks a loose stone across the floor. The noise echoes noisily around the cave. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **203**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **269**.

336

You soon arrive at a formidable-looking iron door in the left-hand wall. If you want to try to open the door, turn to **293**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **173**.

337

Littlebig starts to complain that there is no treasure to be found in the dragon's lair. 'I mean, after all, dragons are supposed to guard huge hoards of treasure in their lairs aren't they? It's just not fair!' While half listening to his latest complaint, you look around the cave and see a new tunnel entrance that is much larger than the one from which you emerged. You tell Littlebig not to give up hope and start walking towards the new tunnel. Turn to **378**.

338

There appears to be no way out of the cavern. You pull on the iron bars with all your might but your efforts are futile. There is no way out. You realize that you will perish when your food and water eventually run out, or when the poison that you took in the Blue Pig Tavern has its full effect on you. Your adventure ends here.

339

As you attempt to swerve around the Zombie you stumble over a rock and fall over. The Zombies move in to surround you and you have no option but to fight them. Turn to 310.

340

You question your own wisdom to drink water that is coming from the mouth of such an ugly old crone, but your hunch is right. The water is pure and has magical properties. Add 2 STAMINA points. With renewed energy you walk up the corridor. Turn to 136.

341

You stagger back from the force of the blow and receive another terrible blast on the back of the head from the warhammer of the second Littlebig. You drop to the floor semi-conscious and see both dwarves standing over you. One of them starts to metamorphose before your very eyes. It turns into a hideous-looking creature, some two metres tall with scarlet scales and an oversized, pulsating skull. Its eyes are large and red-veined, and its mouth is small with long, protruding lips. Despite your blurred vision there is no mistaking a Doppelgänger. You realize that you made a mistake and attacked your dwarf friend. As you lose consciousness you see the Doppelgänger strike Littlebig who is powerless against its mind control. Your adventure is over.

342

You sense something strange about the old man and watch him carefully as you turn the corner to walk past. Although you did not know it, the armband used to belong to a powerful cleric who spent his time ridding the world of demons. Had the armband not protected you, the little old man might not have been as harmless as he appeared. You hurry on until the old man is out of sight. Turn to **286**.

343

As you enter the room, you hear a rustling noise and see some of the leaves move. You draw your sword and prepare yourself for combat. Suddenly a small, sinewy, green GREMLIN jumps out in front of you brandishing a short sword. He is bare-chested and is only wearing a loin cloth. He crouches down and then leaps high into the air straight at you, screaming at the top of his scratchy voice.

GREMLIN	SKILL 4	STAMINA 3

If you defeat the nasty little creature, turn to **395**.

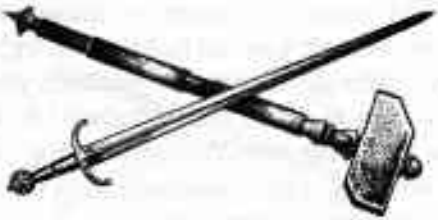

344

You set to work trying to open the rusty padlock with the picklock. Although you do not possess the skills of a thief, you manage to open the lock in less than five minutes. Littlebig is very impressed. You push on the iron door and it opens out into a stone-walled corridor. Looking right, you see many broken bones strewn along the corridor floor. Looking left, you just catch sight of somebody running away and disappearing around a corner. If you want to examine the bones, turn to **253**. If you want to follow the person who ran away, turn to **92**.

345

The sword was made hundreds of years ago for an evil necromancer by the name of Razaak. It is a cursed sword and can only be used by evil wizards who have the power to control it. As soon as you touch the handle of the sword, it starts to move of its own accord. Even though you are holding on tightly to the handle, the blade starts to move towards your throat! Beads of sweat roll down your forehead as you strain to keep the tip of the sword from piercing your flesh. If you are wearing a gold bracelet, turn to **270**. If you do not have this item, turn to **93**.

346

As you walk further along the corridor, you notice that the temperature drops significantly. The walls on both sides are wet and there is a strong acid-like smell in the air. In the distance you see that the passageway turns sharply left. Littlebig runs ahead and carefully peers around the corner. 'I can't see very far,' he whispers, 'it's so misty. Maybe we should go back the other way?' If you want to go back, turn to **237**. If you would rather walk on into the mist, turn to **126**.

347

You reach into your backpack and pull out the orb. The moment you touch it, gentle music starts to play. It has an immediate effect on the Ghost, which stops in its tracks and slowly starts to fade from view. Its sword clatters to the floor and seconds later the Ghost has disappeared. Littlebig looks very relieved. Although uninjured, apart from a nick on his forearm, he is bathed in sweat from the exertion of combat. 'You search the room,' he says in short breaths, 'I need a rest'. You examine all the swords and find one of the best you have ever seen in your life. You take it and leave your own behind. Add 1 SKILL point. Happy with your new weapon, you leave the room and walk on. Turn to **94**.

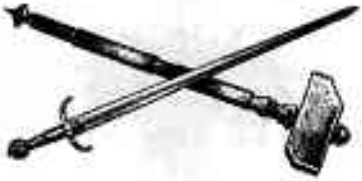

348

As you lunge at the old man with your sword, the painting's canvas tears and from it leaps a HOWLING WOLF. Sharp teeth protrude from its slavering mouth. The old man calls the wolf to rip the flesh from your bones.

HOWLING WOLF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **218**.

349

Littlebig does all he can to revive you with herbs and potions that he brought with him from his village. Eventually the fever subsides and, although weak, you feel well enough to continue your quest. Lose 1 SKILL point and turn to **148**.

350

When you pull on the rope you hear the sound of a bell ring. It is not very loud, but loud enough to alert anybody above of your presence. Looking up at the hole in the ceiling you think you could just about squeeze yourself through it if you were to climb up the rope. If this is what you want to do, turn to **8**. If you would rather walk back down the corridor, turn to **144**.

351

As you shout the words there is a blinding flash of light. What looks like a shimmering ball of white light flies from your fingertips and smashes into the wall opposite the iron door. A hole about a metre in diameter appears as the two other walls grind steadily towards each other. You are about to jump through the hole in the wall when Littlebig calls for you to wait. 'Look!' he shouts. 'There's a large emerald lying in the shards of broken glass!' If you want to pick up the emerald, turn to **7**. If you would rather not waste any more time and jump through the hole in the wall, turn to **183**.

352

If you have a potion of healing in your backpack, turn to **17**. If you do not have this potion, turn to **115**.

353

You take hold of the arrow with both hands and give it a sharp tug. Much to your relief, it comes out of the wall as easily as the spear. Littlebig lets out another loud cheer and says, 'Come on, only three to go!' But which weapon will be your third choice? Will you:

Pull the sword?	Turn to **18**
Pull the dagger?	Turn to **251**
Pull the axe?	Turn to **214**

354

The dimly lit passageway stretches into the distance as far as you can see. The walls and floor are damp and there is a musty smell in the air. Littlebig seems unconcerned by the situation and starts talking loudly, his words echoing down the passage. 'I don't suppose you ever met my famous uncle Bigleg did you?' he asks excitedly. Without waiting for an answer he says, 'Bigleg died a hero saving the dwarves of Stonebridge! That's the village where I come from too. It's just north of where we are now in Darkwood Forest or, as some folk call it, the Forest of Doom. Bigleg was a good friend of Yaztromo, the most famous wizard in Allansia. Now you must have heard of him! Anyway ...'. Littlebig stops talking mid-sentence when you see something on fire flying down the corridor towards you at high speed. It's a fireball and it's coming straight at you. 'Look out!' screams Littlebig, pushing you against the wall. The fireball flies past you and you watch it explode at the end of the passage. 'Missed! I can't believe it!' shouts a man in a gruff voice. You look ahead again to see a man in purple robes appear out of the smoke with his arms pointing at you. He is bald and wears a pointed purple skullcap. His short beard is also pointed and he looks very angry. He starts to mutter an incantation, readying himself to cast another spell. You are being attacked by an EVIL WIZARD. Will you:

Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **320**
Use one of your magic items?	Turn to **177**
Offer him some gold pieces?	Turn to **96**

355

You soon arrive at an oak door in the right-hand wall. You press your ear against the door and hear the sound of metal clashing against metal: possibly the sound of a sword fight. If you want to open the door, turn to **42**. If you would rather keep walking, turn to **238**.

356

You have only gone a few metres when you run, literally, into a shower of Death Slime as it senses your presence. It is impossible to avoid being hit by the acid jelly and you scream out in pain as it burns through your skin. There is no escape and you suffer a painful and unpleasant end. Your adventure is over.

357

You reach out to take the emerald but grab nothing but air. The jewel is an illusion! The cauldron suddenly explodes, sending shards of pot and boiling sludge flying everywhere. Roll 1 die and reduce your STAMINA by the number rolled. If you are still alive, turn to **226**.

358

The sword is finely crafted and is made of the finest steel that you have ever seen in your life. There is an inscription running down the centre of the blade which reads 'Have no fear, skullsplitter is here.' 'That's encouraging,' says Littlebig, 'I prefer a war-hammer myself, but go ahead and take it. Enjoy yourself!' The skullsplitter sword will definitely aid you in combat. Add 1 SKILL point. If you have not done so already, you may either open the leather bag (turn to 114) or uncork the silver flask (turn to 245). The only other option you have is to walk on (turn to 212).

359

The angry Troll walks slowly towards you swinging its mighty axe through the air. You breathe in deeply and charge at the Troll.

TWO-HEADED TROLL SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to 43.

360

Unsure as to whether the dwarf you are about to fight is your friend or a Doppelgänger, you wield your sword more in defence than attack.

LITTLEBIG SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you win the first Attack Round, turn to 261. If you lose the first Attack Round, turn to 341.

361

The room is quite small and crammed with casks, barrels, boxes, vases, tins, sacks, jars, bottles and pots. There is quite a bad smell in the room. Littlebig starts opening some of the jars and tins, and prises the lids off some of the barrels. 'Ugh!' he says grimly, 'Everything is rotten. All this stuff must have been dumped in here years ago. The maggots and cockroaches must love it in here! Shall we go?' If you want to leave the storeroom and press on, turn to **346**. If you would rather continue your search of the room, turn to **36**.

362

It takes quite a long time to reach the bottom of the pit. It is almost pitch black and you can hardly see anything at all. As your eyes adjust to the gloom you hear some shuffling sounds coming from in front of you. Slowly, a vile undead creature lumbers towards you. Its decaying innards protrude through holes in its maggot-ridden flesh. Its swollen tongue hangs down from its sickly purple mouth and its deep-sunken red eyes stare straight at you. Gurgling and hissing, the GHOUL steps forward to attack.

GHOUL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If the Ghoul manages to hit you four times, you will be paralysed and eaten later. If you win, turn to **155**.

363

If you are wearing a silver armband, turn to **91**. If you are not wearing a silver armband, turn to **275**.

364

You find a dirty old sack jammed into a crevice in the wall of the cavern. You open it and find a large gold coin inside that has a dragon's head stamped on one side and an eye on the other side. 'That's encouraging,' says Littlebig excitedly. 'We must be getting close to our goal now.' You place the coin in your pocket and walk over to the new tunnel. Turn to 233.

365

As soon as the door shuts behind you, you hear the sound of metal grating against stone. Suddenly, the floor opens up beneath your feet and the corridor section you are standing on collapses. You slide feet first down a dark stone chute and are unable to stop yourself from falling to the bottom. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to 105. If you are Unlucky, turn to 179.

366

It takes the strength of both of you to be able to pull the lever down and, as you do so, ten floor stones in the corridor ahead slowly rise up to look like a crooked line of stepping stones.

'Now do we walk along the top of the stones or avoid them like the plague?' asks Littlebig.

If you want to walk along the top of the stepping stones, turn to 300. If you want to walk along the corridor floor, turn to 44.

367

A voice in your head tells you to use the magic dagger instead of your sword. You obey the voice and stab the Sandworm as it lunges at you. The moment you strike the Sandworm stops, as though frozen in time. You watch on amazed as the stricken worm starts to crumble into grains of sand. In less than a minute the metamorphosis is complete. Turn to 47.

368

Ten minutes later Littlebig gets very excited when he sees two symbols scratched on the left-hand wall. 'Secret door!' he says proudly. 'That's what it says. A secret door right here! Watch this.' He taps the symbols with his fingertips and suddenly a door appears in the wall. It opens by itself into a room that looks well equipped for comfort. There are chairs and a table, two beds, shelves piled high with food, water, books and even sheepskin rugs to cover the stone floor. 'It's a secret dwarf den,' Littlebig says proudly. 'It was built so that dwarves in danger could hide and rest. I haven't seen this one before. I don't know about you but I am tired and very hungry. It must be getting late and I could do with a good sleep.' If you want to sleep in the dwarf den, turn to 123. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to 330.

369

As you lower your hand into the pool, you feel a terrible burning sensation. The water in the pool contains transparent flesh-eating jellies to protect the coins. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You pull your hand out quickly and run to the door opposite. Turn to 322.

370

You react quickly and brush the rat off your leg before it can bite you. Littlebig stamps on it with his large boot, saying, 'You are lucky because that was a Fang Rat and they are deadly poisonous.' Then with a worried look he says, 'Do you know what? It's just my gut feeling, but I think we are going the wrong way. I think we should go the way that person did a few minutes ago.' You decide to take Littlebig's advice and go back to the corner where the figure disappeared. Turn to 206.

371

You shout back at Littlebig, above the screaming roar of the Hell Demon, telling him that you do not have a kris knife. 'Well, we are going to have to run for it as we have no hope of defeating a demon with normal weapons,' Littlebig shouts at the top of his voice. 'Quick, run!'

If you want to run down the left-hand corridor, turn to **208**. If you want to run down the right-hand corridor, turn to **180**.

372

The Vampire immediately stops in her tracks when she sees the garlic brandished in your hand. But this will only stop her for a few moments and you must decide quickly what to do next. If you wish to leave the room immediately, turn to **116**. If you have a silver dagger, turn to **163**. If you want to attack the Vampire with your sword, turn to **107**.

373

When you walk into the room, you have a weird feeling that all the people in the portraits are watching you. 'I'm sure the eyes are moving in some of these paintings,' whispers Littlebig. 'I think we should get out of here.' Will you:

Walk over to the large portrait?	Turn to 407
Leave the room and walk on?	Turn to 70
Go back to the door with the green square?	Turn to 141

374

Much to your surprise, the door opens into a small room that is completely empty. As you step inside, the door closes behind you and the laughter stops. From nowhere, an old man's deep voice calmly says, 'Welcome friend'. If you wish to stay in the room, turn to 153. If you would rather leave the room quickly and press on, turn to 283.

375

You are hit in the leg by one of the flying shards of metal. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Littlebig helps you to bandage the wound and can't resist saying 'I told you so'. In some considerable pain, you limp out of the storeroom and tell Littlebig that you will listen to him next time. Turn to 346.

376

You reach the far side of the cavern where you see a staircase that has been roughly cut into the wall rise up some twenty metres to an alcove. 'Looks like this could be our only way out of here,' says Littlebig looking up. If you want to climb the staircase, turn to 318. If you would rather look for another way out of the cavern, turn to 219.

377

As your skin tightens and your muscles harden, you realize there is no hope of survival. The Medusa has turned you to stone. Your adventure ends here.

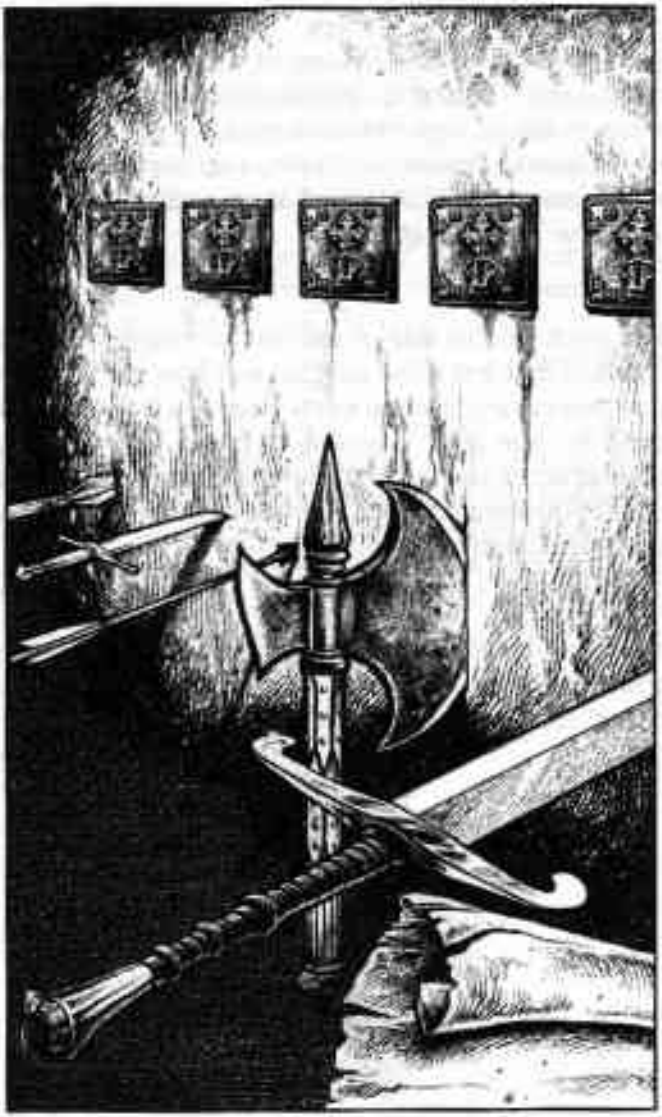

378

The tunnel is lit by flaming torches and is wide enough for you to be able to walk along side-by-side. Although the tunnel runs as straight as an arrow, there is a steady incline that makes the walk quite hard work. After fifteen minutes you come to a dead end where a smooth stone wall blocks the tunnel. Curiously, five weapons are sticking out of the wall – a sword, a dagger, an axe, a spear and an arrow. There are also five small square metal boxes set in the wall with a keyhole in each one. The doors are no more than 10 cm square and each is made of a different metal – silver, iron, bronze, gold and copper. There is a rolled up parchment on a wooden shelf nearby on the tunnel wall that Littlebig picks up. 'Look, there is a dragon in gold leaf on this parchment and some instructions written underneath,' he says excitedly. 'It says there is a treasure chamber on the other side of this sliding wall that is locked by magic. To open it, we have to pull the weapons out of the wall one by one in the correct order. The correct order can be found inside the five metal boxes that can only be opened by five magic keys of the same metal as the box. That's it. Sounds simple enough.' If you have some keys, turn to 175. If you do not have any keys, turn to 390.

379

You count out 10 Gold Pieces one by one and give them to the Mercenary. He stares at you coldly, grunts once and turns to walk out of the cavern. You decide to poke around the debris on the floor and find 2 Gold Pieces, a silver armband and a dark blue bottle with a cork in it. The rotten smell in the cavern is unbearable and you must decide what to do. If you want to uncork the bottle, turn to 24. If you want to leave the stinking cavern immediately, turn to 76.

380

The hideous beast slumps forward and lands face first in a shallow pool of its own disgusting slime. All the insects and worms start to jump or crawl off its body as it starts to shrivel, hissing and steaming, until it dissolves into a sticky mound of black jelly. An acrid, ammonia-like smell from the steam rising from the jelly fills your nostrils. 'This is the most disgusting stink I have ever smelt in my life,' says Littlebig, holding his nose. 'Let's go before our lungs collapse!' If you want to leave the cellar and continue your quest, turn to 355. If you would rather search the cellar, turn to 230.

381

The room is empty except for the sparkling object, which you see is a crystal pendant mounted on a silver chain. If you want to put it around your neck, turn to 239. If you would rather leave the room without the pendant and walk back down the corridor, turn to 365.

382

As the second thief falls to the floor, you see that Littlebig is locked in combat with the first hooded figure who came back to rob you. His hood has fallen back off his head to reveal the face of a man with a deep scar running from his eyebrow to his chin and an eye patch over his right eye. He wields his two daggers deftly, cutting and thrusting at Littlebig. But the noble dwarf stands his ground and defeats the thief with a heavy blow to the side of his head. All three of the thieves own swag bags and their contents add up to 7 Gold Pieces, a picklock, a silver cross, a silver pin and two fish hooks. 'Not much of a haul from three thieves,' Littlebig says. 'But these daggers are worth having. I was thinking that the one I was fighting was going to turn out to be Sharcle, but it wasn't him. I'd know that evil no-gooder if I saw him again. But there's still plenty of time to get even with him. What goes around comes around!' After taking the things you want, you set off again. Turn to 368.

383

As you look at the cat, its eyes start to sparkle brightly. You become mesmerized by the sparkling eyes and are unable to look away. A terrible pain grips your head. It becomes so unbearable that you pass out. Lose 2 STAMINA points. When you wake some time later you see that the cat has completely turned to dust. Nursing a thumping headache, you leave the room. Turn to **204**.

384

The spider crawls up your back on to your neck and, before you realize that it is there, it sinks its fangs into your skin. You cry out in pain and grab your neck, but there is nothing you can do to stop the poison from surging through your veins. If you have a Potion of Healing, turn to **168**. If you do not have this potion, turn to **221**.

385

Your energy continues to drain out of you. As you try to walk on down the corridor, you fall forward and land flat on your face on the cold stone floor. The helmet has you completely under its evil control. Your eyes flutter for a moment as everything around you fades into darkness. Soon your last breath is gone. Your adventure is over.

386

Littlebig barely taps the glass ball with the tip of his dagger, but it is enough to set off a magic trap! The ball cracks open and the old iron door slams shut with a loud bang. You hear an unnerving grating sound and realize with horror that two of the walls are slowly closing in on you. Littlebig runs over to the door but is unable to open it. 'It's locked! We are going to be crushed to death. What are we going to do?' Littlebig cries with fear in his voice. There appears to be no other means of escape. Only magic can save you now. If you know the 'Hole in the Wall' spell, turn to **292**. If you do not know this spell, turn to **130**.

387

You follow the arrows around a left-hand bend in the corridor until you reach another junction. The arrows lead down the corridor to your right. Looking to your left you see that the corridor ends at a cavern with a sunken floor that is full of sand. Several objects are sticking out of the sand but it is hard to tell what they are. There is a shovel lying on the sand in the centre of the pit. If you want to grab the shovel and dig out the objects from the sand, turn to **290**. If you would rather follow the arrows, turn to **248**.

388

Hanging on to the writhing snake with one hand, you attempt to hack off its tail as it darts in and out trying to coil itself around you. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to 125. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL score, turn to 22.

389

You take a step back before charging at the door. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL, the door flies open (turn to 26). If the total is greater than your SKILL, the door does not give way and all you succeed in doing is injuring your shoulder. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You may try again if you wish or you may choose to return to the junction in the corridor (turn to 88).

390

Knowing that you are about to pull one of the weapons from the wall, Littlebig walks up to you and gives you two slaps on the back in encouragement. 'Good luck,' he says solemnly. 'I'm sure you'll choose the right one.' Will you:

Pull the sword?	Turn to 106
Pull the dagger?	Turn to 280
Pull the axe?	Turn to 321
Pull the spear?	Turn to 298
Pull the arrow?	Turn to 157

391

The dragon drops on to the stone floor with a dull thump. It begins to lose its three-dimensional shape and is soon nothing more than a red stain on the floor. If you have not done so already, you may either pick up the black sword (turn to 345) or read the scroll (turn to 86). If you would rather climb back down the rope and walk back down the corridor, turn to 144.

392

The deadly spider's fangs puncture the skin on the back of your hand. Its poison is powerful and takes effect quickly. Lose 1 SKILL point and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to 228.

393

You enter a small room that is brightly lit by many burning candles, which have been stuck on top of just about every available flat surface. There are two glass tables with mirrored tops on which stand twenty or so bottles with wax-sealed corks and handwritten labels. Standing between the two tables is one of the most beautiful girls you have ever seen in your life. She is wearing black baggy silk pants and a short white top. Her bare shoulders are draped by long blonde hair. A large sparkling diamond covers her navel and she wears another one around her neck on a gold chain. A small bottle rests on the open palm of her left hand. She stares at you instantly with her ice-blue eyes while showing just the slightest hint of a smile, and says in a soft voice, 'If you need a cure, my potions are pure.' She then motions for you to drink from the bottle in her hand. Will you:

Drink from the bottle?	Turn to 11
Attack her with your sword?	Turn to 244
Politely refuse her offer and leave the room?	Turn to 265

394

You step on the ladder and start your descent. If you have recently drunk the water in the cavern pool, turn to 282. If you have not drunk this water, turn to 135.

395

Hidden by the plants at the back of the room, you find a wooden cupboard fixed to the wall. It is also painted green. You open the cupboard and see a small jar on the shelf. The jar contains a green paste that smells as bad as the plants, and you assume the paste is made of crushed leaves. If you want to eat some of the leaf paste, turn to 278. If you would rather leave the room and continue walking up the corridor, turn to 142.

396

Lo Lo Mai stares at you intensely as you walk past her. The door opens into a corridor that goes straight on for as far as you can see. You soon come to two doors next to each other in the left-hand wall. The first door has a green square painted on it and the next one has a blue triangle painted on it. Will you:

Open the door with the green square?	Turn to 141
Open the door with the blue triangle?	Turn to 53
Keep on walking along the corridor?	Turn to 70

397

Holding the shield firmly in front of you, you crouch down behind it as the fireball hits. Only your hand is burned where it is holding the red-hot shield. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You stand up quickly and attack the Wizard, who is now forced to defend himself with a short sword made of an unusually dark metal.

EVIL WIZARD SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you lose an Attack Round, turn to 81. If you win without losing an Attack Round, turn to 113.

398

You pass the oak door, the stone throne and the fountain, and finally arrive at the junction. Ignoring the passageway to the left, up which you walked, you press on. Turn to 54.

399

You step over the broken bones of the Skeleton King and look inside the coffin. There is a lot of dirt and debris but also something that looks very interesting. It is a golden orb that has two bands of diamond-shaped pieces of mother of pearl running around it. If you want to pick up the orb, turn to 205. If you would rather leave it where it is and walk on, turn to 156.

400

Clutching at a deep wound in his stomach, Sharcle drops to his knees and pleads for mercy. You ignore him and tend to Littlebig, who is still alive, but has lost a lot of blood. You see Sharcle's leather bag on the ground and find a bottle inside with the words 'Healing Potion' written on a label. 'Give it to me,' pleads Sharcle.

'Drink ... it ... yourself,' whispers Littlebig to you. There is less than a teaspoonful left in the bottle but you have no doubt who is going to drink it. You press the bottle to Littlebig's lips and tell him to drink. One gulp is enough and the potion is gone. In less than ten minutes Littlebig is up on his feet and fully recovered. Sharcle, meanwhile, is now slumped over and silent. Littlebig presses his ear against Sharcle's chest to listen to his breathing. 'Nothing. He's had it. He's a dead dog. But let's not cry over that. Come on my friend, I've got to get you to Stonebridge. We have some powerful healers there who can deal with most poisons.' Two days later, you are welcomed by the dwarf villagers of Stonebridge. The whole village is celebrating King Gillibran's birthday. Joining him in his celebrations is the Grand Wizard of Yore, Yaztromo, who has made a rare visit. News of your quest spreads quickly through the village and you are invited with Littlebig to join Yaztromo and the King at his table for a feast. Littlebig recounts the whole adventure in great detail and asks Yaztromo if he has any antidotes for slow-acting poison. Yaztromo looks at you and says slowly in a deep voice, 'Poisoned?

You're not poisoned. If you had drunk slow-acting poison you would be near death by now. That was just another of Sharcle's lies to make sure you came back to him. Forget about it and enjoy yourself.' With good friends and a golden dragon worth more than you could ever have imagined, it would be difficult not to enjoy yourself. And so you do.

401

You just manage to run out of the room and slam the door in the Ghost's face. 'Come on!' shouts Littlebig, 'Let's go!' Needing no encouragement, you hurry along the corridor. Turn to **94**.

402

You recite the magic spell as loud as you can, but to your horror the walls carry on grinding towards each other. Turn to **130**.

403

As you run past the Skeletons, they both take a swipe at you with their swords. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **246**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **207**.

404

You try charging down the door together, but all you manage to do is to injure your shoulder. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You finally give up and walk to the corner where you saw the figure disappear. Turn to **206**.

405

Littlebig sighs and says, 'I suppose I had better go first, seeing as I am smaller than you.' You watch him disappear into the dark tunnel on his hands and knees, and follow him after a few moments. Two minutes later, Littlebig calls back to tell you that he has come to the end of the tunnel and that it leads into a cavern. Then you hear him scream. You crawl as fast as you can until you reach the end of the tunnel. Without stopping, you stand up and find yourself in a small cavern with rough, sandstone walls. Expecting to see Littlebig locked in combat with some fearsome creature, you are not prepared for what you do see. Running to attack you are two identical dwarves, both the exact likeness of Littlebig. One of them must surely be a Doppelgänger that has turned itself into a duplicate of Littlebig and used mind control to force him to attack. But which one is the Doppelgänger and which one is the real Littlebig? You have seconds to decide before they are upon you. If you want to fight the Littlebig to your left, turn to 97. If you want to fight the Littlebig to your right, turn to 360.

406

You are about five metres up the rope when suddenly the bottom of it starts to curl upwards to wrap itself around your body. It is not a rope that you are holding on to but a dreaded HANGING SNAKE that is able to disguise itself cleverly. You must decide quickly what to do. If you want to drop to the floor, turn to 73. If you would rather use your sword to hack at the snake, turn to 388.

407

Suddenly the door closes behind you with a loud bang. You spin around to see two framed canvases hanging on the wall on either side of the door. Curiously the canvases are blank. But then you notice outline images start to appear on both of them. At the same time you feel an uncomfortable tingling sensation in your fingers and toes. The canvases soon turn into portraits, as though some invisible artist is painting them quickly. Then you recognize the people in the portraits – it is Littlebig and you! You try to run for the door but are now too weak to move. You look at Littlebig and are alarmed to see that he is no more than a shadow of his former self. You look down at your body and see that it is virtually transparent. You are both disappearing into another dimension and only your portraits will remain in this world. Your adventure is over.

Terrible things are happening in Goraya castle...

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A Fighting Fantasy gamebook in which YOU are the hero.

Cover artwork by Greg Staples

Wizard Books UK £7.99
Canada $12.00
Cover design and typeset
www.blackdogdesign.co.uk

ISBN 978-184831405-4

9 781848 314054

fightingfantasy.com

IAN LIVINGSTONE

BLOOD OF THE ZOMBIES

FIGHTING FANTASY

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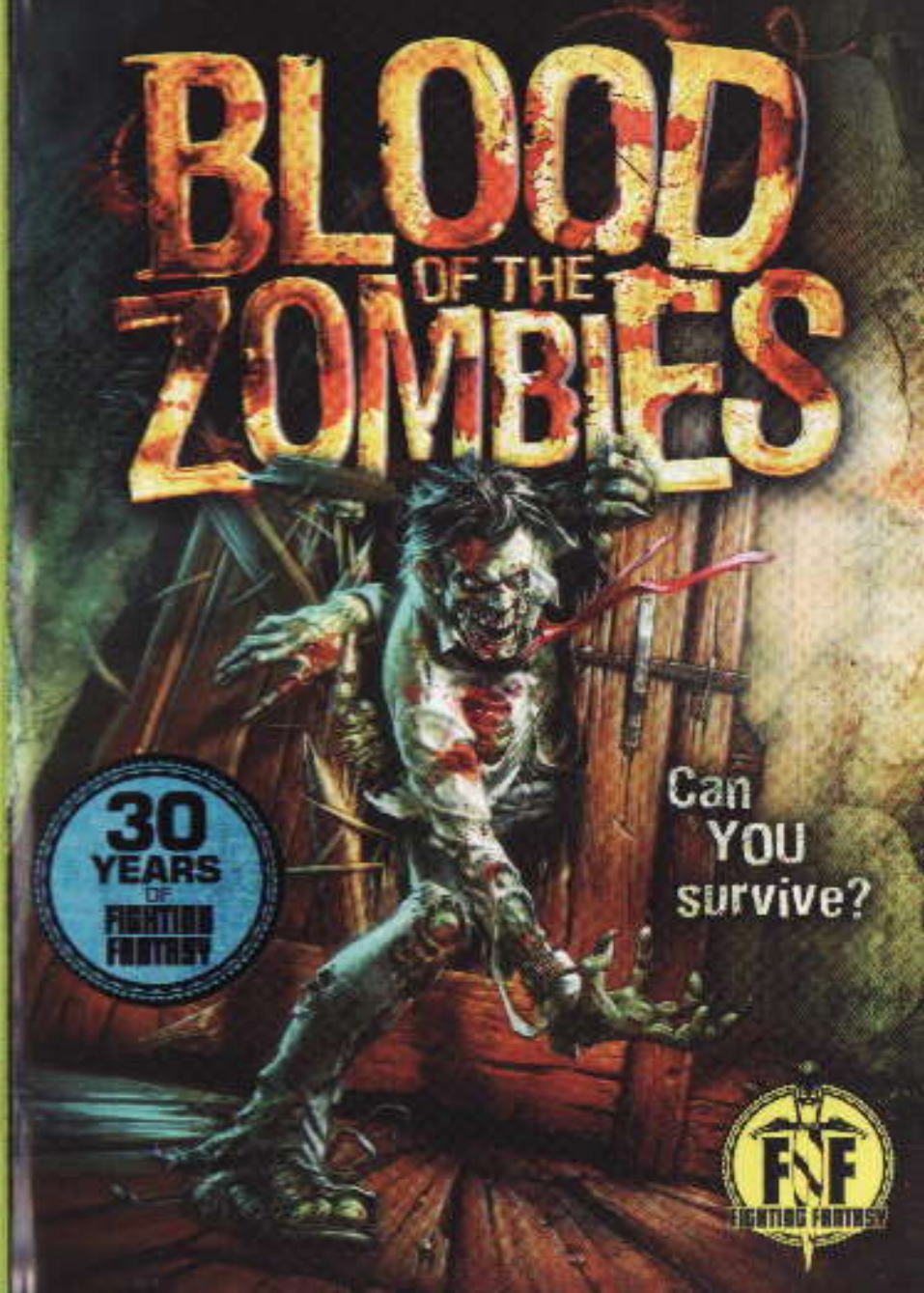

Ian Livingstone has been a leading pioneer of the UK games industry since 1975 when he co-founded Games Workshop and launched Dungeons & Dragons in Europe.

In 1982, with Steve Jackson, he wrote ***The Warlock of Firetop Mountain***, the first of the Fighting Fantasy gamebooks, which went on to sell over 16 million copies in 28 languages.

In 1995 he was instrumental in the flotation of Eidos plc where he served as Executive Chairman until 2002. At Eidos he helped to secure and launch many of the company's major franchises, including ***Lara Croft:Tomb Raider***.

In 2002 he received the BAFTA Special Award for his outstanding contribution to the interactive entertainment industry and in 2006 he was awarded an OBE for services to the computer games industry.

In the ***Wired 100*** list for 2012, ***Wired*** magazine ranked him the 16th most influential person in the UK's digital economy.

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IAN LIVINGSTONE

BLOOD OF THE ZOMBIES

Wizard Books

Published in the UK in 2012 by Wizard Books,
an imprint of Icon Books Ltd, Omnibus Business Centre,
39–41 North Road, London N7 9DP
email: info@iconbooks.co.uk
www.iconbooks.co.uk

First reprint – 2012

Sold in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia
by Faber & Faber Ltd, Bloomsbury House,
74–77 Great Russell Street,
London WC1B 3DA or their agents

Distributed in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia
by TBS Ltd, TBS Distribution Centre, Colchester Road,
Frating Green, Colchester CO7 7DW

Published in Australia in 2012 by Allen & Unwin Pty Ltd,
PO Box 8500, 83 Alexander Street,
Crows Nest, NSW 2065

Distributed in Canada by Penguin Books Canada,
90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700,
Toronto, Ontario M4P 2YE

ISBN: 978-184831-405-4

Text copyright © Ian Livingstone, 2012; Interior illustrations by
Kevin Crossley copyright © Ian Livingstone, 2012; Cover illustration
by Greg Staples copyright © Ian Livingstone, 2012

Fighting Fantasy Gamebook Concept
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Typeset by Marie Doherty

Printed and bound in the UK by
Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

To my family and
to Fighting Fantasy fans everywhere.

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FOREWORD

It seems like only yesterday, but it was in fact 30 years ago, in August 1982, that *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* first went on sale in bookshops around the UK. Steve Jackson and I were very excited – at last we got to see our first Fighting Fantasy gamebook on the shelves. We had been running Games Workshop since 1975 and were convinced that fantasy role-playing and interactive entertainment were the future – well, at least they were for us. In *Warlock* we had created a story with a branching narrative and an attached game system. We hoped its appeal would go beyond hardcore gamers, but we didn't anticipate just how popular Fighting Fantasy would become. Written in the second person present, these strange interactive adventures in which 'YOU are the hero' became a worldwide craze in the 1980s, with millions of copies being sold. Who would have thought it? Not us.

I started writing this book in 2009. I had first thought about writing a book linked to Firetop Mountain, but I didn't want to do that without collaborating with Steve Jackson. Hopefully we'll do that for the 40th anniversary! Having worked in the video games industry for the last twenty years, I'm aware of the everlasting popularity of zombies, and it seemed an omission on my part that I'd never written a zombie Fighting Fantasy book. So I got to work. I started writing the story set in Allansia as usual, but I then changed my mind, and switched it to a contemporary

setting. That was a BIG decision for me – moving away from medieval fantasy. You'll notice that I kept the adventure in a castle, though, rather than asking the reader to run around shopping malls and 21st-century streets – I guess old habits die hard!

It was very satisfying to write a new book and I hope it's a worthy addition to the series. Thanks to Twitter, I had a lot of encouragement along the way, and I would like to thank all those people who spurred me on, especially when I lost a chunk of the book to a computer crash. I would also like to thank Simon Flynn and the team at Icon for their continued faith in Fighting Fantasy, Greg Staples for the amazing cover, Kevin Crossley for the incredible interior illustrations, Andi Ewington for his invaluable help with production and, of course, Steve Jackson for a lifelong friendship of killing monsters together.

So here it is – *Blood of the Zombies*, a brand new Fighting Fantasy gamebook. And for the digital age, it is also available to download as an app. I hope you have fun with the zombies – you'll find a lot of them running around Goraya Castle.

Can YOU survive?

Ian Livingstone

Blood of the Zombies is a **Fighting Fantasy** gamebook, an interactive adventure in which **YOU ARE THE HERO**! You can only win through by choosing the correct path, finding equipment, avoiding traps and surviving combat. There are *Adventure Sheets* at the back of the book for you to keep a record of combat, and of everything you discover along the way, such as information, food, money, weapons, and useful items of equipment. It is important to make a map as you go, and to keep a running total of all the Zombies who have been killed, or you'll be sorry!

COMBAT

COMBAT takes place in a series of *Attack Rounds*. Most of the enemies you will face are Zombies. They are usually slow and unarmed, allowing you to attack first. Combat involves rolling dice which affect two attributes – STAMINA and DAMAGE.

STAMINA represents how strong you are. The higher your STAMINA, the stronger you are. To calculate your initial STAMINA, roll two dice (or use the virtual dice by flicking through the book and stopping on a page

to give you a random roll of two dice). Add 20 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box on your *Adventure Sheet*. STAMINA will go up and down during the adventure. For example it will increase when using Med Kits (which can only be used once) and it will decrease due to injuries and wounds. If your STAMINA falls to zero, you die and your adventure is over. Note that Zombies only have 1 STAMINA point each.

DAMAGE reduces STAMINA. When fighting enemies, DAMAGE is calculated by rolling dice according to weapon type. The number rolled decides the number of Zombies (or other enemies) killed, as they only have 1 STAMINA point each. Whilst they may be easy to kill, Zombies often attack in large numbers, making it difficult to defeat them all in a single *Attack Round*. Before combat begins you must decide which weapon you are going to use. A dagger causes 1d6 DAMAGE (a d6 is a six-sided die). A machine gun causes 2d6+5 DAMAGE. Remember to note down a weapon's DAMAGE dice on your *Adventure Sheet*. After your first attack, any surviving Zombies will each reduce your STAMINA by 1 point before the next Attack Round begins. Armed Zombies may inflict more than 1 point of DAMAGE. Attack Rounds continue until you have defeated all of your enemies or you have died in combat. If you do not have a weapon, you must fight barehanded (1d6-3).

Example: You enter a room to face a pack of 14 Zombies. Your current STAMINA is 15. You select a shotgun which inflicts (1d6+5) DAMAGE to start the

first Attack Round. You roll a 3 and add 5, resulting in 8 Zombies killed. You suffer the loss of 6 STAMINA points (1 DAMAGE point taken from each of the surviving 6 Zombies), reducing your current STAMINA to 9 points. You kill off the remaining 6 Zombies automatically in the second Attack Round because the shotgun causes a minimum DAMAGE of 6 points (1d6+5). Note that you must find ammunition before firearms can be used, but once found it is unlimited.

Hopefully you will defeat the hordes of Zombies you are about to encounter and escape to tell the tale! Good luck – you'll need it!

BACKGROUND

Was it the cold iron shackles biting into your bleeding wrists that woke you, or was it the terrible hunger in your belly? It doesn't matter. You are awake again for at least the tenth time tonight, if in fact it is night. It is not easy sleeping on a cold concrete floor at the best of times, but when your wrists are chained to a wall it is virtually impossible. The gloomy cell in which you are imprisoned would be in total darkness were it not for the bare light bulb fixed to the ceiling above you; a small globe of pale, flickering light. Cockroaches scurry across the floor but you don't even care. How long have you been held prisoner? Is it five or six days since you were thrown into the cell? It is impossible to tell. Time passes slowly. The only break from your solitude comes when you hear the grating sound of the bolt on the heavy steel door sliding back. That signals the entrance of a thickset prison guard who staggers into the cell limping from an old wound and usually drunk. If you are lucky, he will be carrying a small bowl of foul-tasting stew that slops over the rim as he lurches along. If you are very lucky, he will also bring a chunk of stale bread and a mug of pale coffee made from dregs. He always places the food on the floor just out of your reach, his cruel, pockmarked face momentarily smiling as he enjoys the moment. He knows that if he does this you have to stretch to reach the bowl with your feet, making the shackles bite deeply into your bleeding wrists. He never speaks, but always kicks you hard in the ribs on his

way out, before slamming the door behind him and bolting it shut. He doesn't seem to care whether you live or die.

It was hard to come to terms with the fact that you are a prisoner. As a second year student of mythology at Bolingbroke College, it had been a great summer for you – until now. You had spent six weeks of your holidays travelling through Southern Europe trying to find evidence of legendary beasts. You started your quest by flying to Crete in search of Minotaur bones and the cave of the Cyclops, alas without success. From there you went by boat to Sicily looking for evidence of werewolves, again without success. Then you travelled by boat and train to Hungary where you searched for ghosts and spectres, in the shadows of misty graveyards and ruined castles. Much to your disappointment, none materialized. Hitching rides in open-top trucks, you ended up in Romania, in the part once known as Transylvania where Count Vlad, the notorious vampire, reputedly drank the blood of his many victims. During a week spent asking the locals if they knew anything about the existence of vampires you were met with only blank looks and shaking heads until you encountered a wrinkled old man who was willing to talk to you for the price of a new hat. He took you some three kilometres north of his village to a stone crypt, its entrance overgrown and virtually hidden by brambles and ivy. Whilst you cut back the weeds covering the steps down to the entrance, the old man disappeared without a word. The crypt door was locked, but the wood was rotten and you were able to kick

it open. You shone a torch down the stone stairs and made your way slowly down to a damp chamber. Brushing back thick cobwebs, you saw an ancient dust-covered coffin set on a stone plinth at the back of the chamber. With your heart pounding, you crept forward and lifted the lid. But the coffin contained a yellow-boned skeleton, not the sleeping vampire you had hoped to find. You went back outside to find three burly thugs waiting for you. Armed with clubs, they set upon you as you tried to make a run for it. You struggled, but barehanded it was a fight you were always going to lose. You were handcuffed and gagged, before being bundled into the back of an old black car and driven for miles along a narrow road that carved its way through a dense forest to a range of hills. There you saw a foreboding-looking castle built of dark stone nestled in a valley between two hills. The thugs grinned at each other, agreeing that you would be sold for a good price at the castle. You realized you were in grave danger; not only had you been kidnapped but you were about to be sold to a modern-day slave trader or perhaps worse. The car sped on up the hill until it reached the high-walled castle, where it screeched to a halt outside arched entrance doors. The thugs dragged you out of the car as the castle doors slowly creaked open to reveal a courtyard with some people milling about in it. You were blindfolded and handed over to an unseen person who led you into the courtyard. You heard groaning voices all around you. Dogs brushed against your legs, sniffing curiously. Somebody bumped into you. The strange gurgling sounds erupting from

their throats were like nothing you had heard before. You were jostled and pushed around until the crack of a whip and a commanding voice drove the unruly mob away. Much to your relief you were taken indoors out of the burning sun, and marched along what must have been a long corridor. Doors opened and slammed shut behind you, and it became noticeably cooler as you were led down several staircases. You were bundled along more passageways, stumbling against walls and banging your head against low door frames, until at last you were ordered to stop. Then you heard for the first time that now-familiar grating sound of the steel bolt of your prison cell sliding open. You were kicked inside and your handcuffs were removed, replaced by heavy shackles that were chained to the wall. Your blindfold was taken off, and you set eyes on your fat-faced prison guard for the first time. His pot belly strained against his filthy white t-shirt as he swung his army-booted foot into your ribs as he would many times over the next few days. Sweating and panting from the effort of kicking you, he spoke to you, a few words in a deep, sneering voice, 'Welcome to Goraya Castle. My name is Otto. My master is Gingrich Yurr. He's going to kill you.' Ignoring your pleading questions, he left the cell, roaring with laughter. It was the only time he ever spoke.

Who is Gingrich Yurr? Why does he want to kill you? You tug helplessly at the chains in anger, trying to get free. Eventually you give up and focus on the challenge of reaching the stew and bread before the cockroaches do.

NOW TURN OVER

1

You kick the cockroaches away and stretch to reach the bread with your feet. You drag it towards you, grabbing it with one hand. You break off small pieces, flicking them one at a time into your mouth. You make a stupid promise to yourself that one day you will do this as a party trick for your friends, if you live to tell the tale. You breathe in before stretching even further, this time to reach the bowl. The pain is unbearable as the shackles dig even deeper into your lacerated wrists, causing fresh blood to trickle down your arms. A few weeks ago, you could not have imagined putting yourself through so much agony just to eat a bowl of old stew, but now hunger drives you on. With one last excruciating effort, you just manage to get both feet around the bowl, lifting it up carefully and passing it to your shackled hands. You tip the contents of the bowl into your mouth, gulping down the foul-smelling slop. It tastes so bad that for a moment you think you are going to be sick, but you are so hungry that you devour every morsel, gristle and all. But a few chunks of rotten meat are not enough to keep a mangy dog alive, let alone a starving prisoner. Something has to be done before you die of hunger. And if it is true that Gingrich Yurr is going to kill you, there is nothing to lose. You are going to have to try to escape from your prison cell.

If you want to call out to Otto, turn to **59**. If you would rather wait to talk to him when he next enters your cell, turn to **194**.

2

You land in a heap on the hallway floor below, injuring your shoulder quite badly. Lose 3 STAMINA points. The huge Zombie who attacked you lies motionless nearby, adding to the pile of dead. Some of the boxes and suitcases also fell into the hallway. If you want to search through them, turn to **336**. If you would rather walk on to the lift at the end of the hallway, turn to **367**.

3

The stray bullet whizzes past your ear and hits the wall behind you. Amy suddenly comes to her senses and realizes that you really are trying to help her. She is wracked with guilt for nearly shooting you and apologizes over and over again. You reply that it was your own fault and, given the circumstances, you should have said straight away that you had read her diary. Turn to **193**.

4

You walk over to the edge of the roof and grab hold of the drainpipe so you can lower yourself down. As you begin your descent, the Zombies in the courtyard become extremely agitated. They begin to screech loudly, consumed by a seemingly uncontrollable rage. You begin to question whether this was such a good idea the moment you see Gingrich Yurr stride out of the garage holding a sniper rifle with a telescopic sight. He is very annoyed that you have escaped from your cell. He takes aim and fires. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1-3, turn to **389**. If the number rolled is 4-6, turn to **58**.

5

You pick your way carefully between the hanging carcasses as you make your way towards the back of the room. You can see your own breath crystallize in the freezing air. Without warning one of the hanging pig carcasses swings towards you, pushed by an unseen hand. You are momentarily caught off balance as a young female Zombie dressed in a tattered beige jumper and torn black leggings jumps

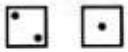

out from behind a hanging side of beef wielding a chainsaw. Could it be Amy? You have no time to think before the Zombie fires up her chainsaw and attacks you. The initiative is hers. Roll one die. If you roll 1-3, turn to **130**. If you roll 4-6, turn to **98**.

6

A quick search of the Zombies' pockets reveals nothing of use. Ahead, in an alcove in the right-hand wall, there is a large yellow wheelie bin. There are bloody hand prints on the lid and fresh blood dripping down the front of it. If you want to lift the lid up to take a look inside the bin, turn to **397**. If you want to keep walking, turn to **155**.

7

Halfway along the hallway, you notice a long wooden pole clipped to a bracket on the wall. It has a small brass hook at one end. Looking up, you see a trapdoor in the ceiling. At the end of the hallway there is a lift with polished metal doors. If you want to pull the trapdoor open with the pole, turn to **146**. If you want to use the lift, turn to **367**.

8

A large pack of Zombies appears from out of the gloom, running towards you at speed. There are a lot of them, twenty-four in total. There is time to use a grenade if you have one, which will reduce their number by (2d6+1) before firing your weapon at the remainder of the oncoming horde. If you win, turn to **382**.

9

Much to your satisfaction, the key turns in the lock. The heavy door creaks open, leading into an old coal store. There is a shovel on top of the pile of coal but nothing else of interest. There is a black iron door in the far wall and a key hanging on a hook nearby. If you want to search through the pile of coal with the shovel, turn to **170**. If you would rather try to open the door with the key hanging on the hook, turn to **321**.

10

With weapon in hand, you open the door slightly. The Zombies immediately charge, barging the door open and sending you flying. You fire at them as they surge into the room, but they keep coming. You keep on firing until you run out of bullets. You stagger back as the pack closes in on you, drooling with excitement. Standing amongst them is a man wearing orange overalls whose face you recognize, though it is now covered in open wounds and weeping sores. Boris has been turned into a Zombie, and soon you will become one too. Your adventure is over.

11

You run for your life towards the doors with the speeding car bearing down on you, horn blaring loudly. Yurr stamps down impatiently on the accelerator, trying to go faster still. The car is almost at full speed when it ploughs into your back, catapulting you into the air. You land on your head, breaking your neck. Yurr carries on driving around the courtyard, punching the air triumphantly and waving to an invisible crowd, as though in an ancient arena. Your adventure is over.

12

You soon arrive at another door in the right-hand wall, again painted white. There is a sign on it in red lettering which says *Changing Rooms*. If you want to go in the changing rooms, turn to **54**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **220**.

13

Without warning, the double doors of the cupboard burst open. Two half-dead human-like beings in ripped clothing leap out and try to grab you with

their bleeding, blistered hands. One has broken fingers sticking out at strange angles. Their skin is grey and pallid, covered with open wounds and festering sores. They have thin, greasy hair and their gaping mouths reveal broken, blackened teeth. Their sunken, bloodshot eyes ooze yellow gunk. A horrible gurgling sound erupts from their throats as they close in on you. They are Zombies! You must fight them barehanded, or with a weapon if you have one. If you win, turn to **235**.

14

You reach the door and find that it isn't locked. You step outside onto the gravelled entrance of the courtyard. Beyond the entrance, directly opposite you, there is another door which leads into the hallway on the other side of the south wing. To your right are the main gates of the castle; huge wooden double doors beneath a tall stone archway. They are padlocked shut. The Zombies in the courtyard catch sight of you and move towards you en masse, baying for blood. They speed up as they get closer, some falling over in the rush as yet more of them pour into the courtyard. There are so many that it is impossible to count them. You must decide quickly what to do. If you want to fight them, turn to **107**. If you want to try to open the padlock on the main gate, turn to **350**.

15

The Zombie's head rises up through the trapdoor, its eyes scanning the room. You have to act quickly.

You pick a brick up off the floor and hurl it at the glass face of the clock. It shatters on impact, sending a shower of thousands of shards of glass onto a rooftop some twelve metres below. If you possess a length of climbing rope and a grappling hook, turn to **314**. If you do not have any rope, turn to **91**.

16

You walk around the corner to the east wing, picking your way through the bodies of dead Zombies. On the first floor you find a grenade (2d6+1) in a metal box in one of the rooms but there is a no sign of Gingrich Yurr anywhere. Suddenly you hear the sound of a car's engine starting up. You open a window and look through to see that the garage doors below are open. Gun in hand you run down the stairs into the courtyard and head for the garage. Turn to **369**.

17

It's kill or be killed in this close combat situation. You choose your weapon and, with adrenalin pumping, you charge at the screaming Zombies. It's a fight to the death. If you win, turn to **215**.

18

The new blade saws through two iron bars in just a few minutes, allowing you to squeeze through the gap. As you walk further along the path, you catch sight of something floating in the sewage water. It's a small bottle made of green glass. If you want to fish the bottle out of the water, turn to **63**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **278**.

19

The gigantic beast crashes to the ground, making the wooden floor shake. 'We need to escape from the castle right now. Yurr is going to flip when he finds out that we have taken down his favourite Zombie,' Amy says anxiously. You tell her that you will help her to escape. 'But what about you?' she asks. You reply that you cannot leave the castle until all the Zombies have been killed. 'But that's crazy!' she exclaims. 'You will have to go back down into the basement because that's where most of them are, holed up in their stinking rooms. Surely you don't want to go back down there?' Nodding your head to say yes, you walk out of the office into the hallway. If you want to go left, turn to **356**. If you want to go right, turn to **207**.

20

You carry out a quick search of the Zombies and find a box of matches and $7. You leave the bathroom through the swing doors and open the bedroom door (turn to **183**).

21

You give Otto the choice of him telling you about Gingrich Yurr or you giving him a very hard kick in the ribs. He quickly agrees to tell you all he knows. He claims that he has never met Yurr. He was brought to the castle by two men who recruited him from his home town, promising him work as a prison guard. They offered good pay, too good to turn down. That was two years ago. Now he feels like a prisoner himself, as he is not allowed to leave the prison quarters other than to take charge of new prisoners. Only a handful of people ever talked to him. It was best for him not to ask questions about why people were being kidnapped and brought to the castle. He knows that Gingrich Yurr is a terrifying man. He learned from the old man who brought him his food supplies that Yurr is planning something unspeakably terrible! Something that involves the prisoners. But he has no idea what that might be as his role is simply to guard new prisoners until they are hauled off to another part of the castle. Otto falls silent, staring blankly at the floor. There is no time to lose, you have to escape. Turn to 73.

22

The Zombies who survive the first deadly round of bullets climb up the ladder and jump onto the balcony to attack. Reduce your STAMINA by the number of Zombies left alive. If you are still alive, you must fight them with your handgun. If you win, turn to 168.

23

The suit of armour does indeed fit you perfectly. You walk up the corridor, realizing how hard it must have been to be a knight back in the Middle Ages. Plate mail armour is very heavy and makes walking slow and very tiring. Lose 1 STAMINA point. However, the sword (1d6) is a fine weapon with a keen blade and you cut it through the air with great enthusiasm. Turn to 248.

24

The old lift descends slowly, juddering and rumbling. It finally grinds to a halt at the basement, where the doors slide slowly open. There is another set of sliding doors which you step through. You find yourself standing in a cold corridor lit by ceiling lights with square-shaped frosted glass shades. The ceiling is painted a cheerless mustard colour. The walls are the same colour above a waist-high strip of dark green tiles, many of which are missing. The paint on the walls is old and cracked, smeared with blood in several places. You sniff the air sharply, noticing an acrid chemical smell. To your right some twenty metres away, there are swing doors made of vulcanized rubber across the corridor. Suddenly you hear the sound of footsteps coming down the corridor to your left. If you want to find out who is coming down the corridor, turn to 45. If you want to walk through the swing doors, turn to 31.

25

There is another white door in the left-hand wall not far ahead. You listen at the door but hear nothing. If you want to open it, turn to **301**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **160**.

26

You open the door a fraction, just enough to see that the room is full of vicious-looking Attack Dogs, growling and barking loudly. There must be at least ten of them. There is a bunch of keys hanging on a nail at the back of the room. The slavering beasts are frantically trying to get out. Some of them begin chewing at the door frame. If you want to go inside the room to get the keys, turn to **143**. If you would rather shut the door and walk on, turn to **276**.

27

The scientist lunges at you but you manage to jump out of the way just in time. The syringe flashes through the air, narrowly missing your neck. You fire your gun at the ceiling and shout at the scientist to drop the syringe on the floor and crush it underfoot. He obeys, albeit reluctantly. You motion with your gun for the scientists to walk on until they come to the first open cell, which you tell them to enter. You close the cell door behind them and lock it, taking out the key and putting it in your pocket. The scientists start shouting at you, saying that when they are freed from the cell you will be turned into a Zombie. You wave goodbye, promising them that soon there will be no more Zombies left alive in the castle. You

walk back through the swing doors and arrive at a door in the right-hand wall. It's not locked so you decide to open it. Turn to **251**.

28

'We haven't got any provisions for sale, but Gregor and I would be very happy to share with you what meagre supplies we have,' Boris says, handing you a bar of chocolate and a bottle of water. You devour the chocolate and gulp down the water. Add 3 STAMINA points. You thank the men for their help, say goodbye, and walk over to the door in the far wall with Boris's words ringing in your ears, 'Kill them all. You've got to kill them all!' Turn to **157**.

29

You deal with your attackers quickly, without any problem. The two Zombies drop to the ground riddled with bullets. If you want to read Amy's diary, turn to **123**. If you want to search through the pockets of the Zombies' tattered clothing, turn to **384**.

30

The door opens onto a narrow spiral stone staircase that winds its way up inside a circular tower. With your weapon in hand ready for any sudden attacks from above, you begin the climb up it. Turn to **322**.

31

You are about to go through the swing doors when you hear somebody shouting at you from behind. It's a voice that you recognize. Then you hear the

sound of a gunshot. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **188**. If you roll 4–6, turn to **335**.

32

The door is locked and is far too sturdy to break open. You could try a key in the lock if you have one. If you do have a key, turn to the number which is stamped on it. If you do not have a key you have no choice but to go back down the narrow passageway and turn right into the main corridor. Turn to **385**.

33

You press button G but nothing happens. The lift doors remain open. If you want to walk down the hallway to open the door, turn to **177**. If you would rather stay in the lift and press button B, turn to **147**.

34

You rip the packing tape off the cardboard boxes and look inside. Most of the boxes contain magazines and auction catalogues for large collections of toy soldiers, tin toys, comics, trading cards and music from the 1960s. Behind the boxes you find a small black metal box that has a printed label on the lid: 'Danger'. If you want to open it, turn to **293**.

If you would rather leave it untouched where it is and open the door opposite, turn to **281**. If you want to walk on to the end of the corridor, turn to **81**.

35

You fumble through your possessions, desperately searching for the key whilst Amy shoots at the Zombies to keep them at bay. 'Hurry up!' she screams at the top of her voice. With seconds to spare you retrieve the key from your bag and open the lock. The double doors swing open and you run into the outside world. With Amy alongside you, you sprint down the road as fast as your legs will carry you. Your lungs feel like they are about to burst. Suddenly you hear the roar of a car engine and the sound of screeching tyres. You look behind you to see a sports car speeding towards you. It's Gingrich Yurr driving his Austin Healey at full speed. One of his scientists is sitting in the passenger seat. He leans out of the window and begins firing a machine gun at you. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to **205**. If the number rolled is 4–6, turn to **114**.

36

The pouch contains a small key with the number 9 stamped on it, a box of matches and a marker pen. Take the items you want and carry on down the corridor. Turn to **391**.

37

You rush into the bedroom and slam the door behind you, locking it shut. You hear a terrible scream

as the Zombies descend upon poor Boris. The fight is soon over and then there is silence, but for the occasional grunting and snorting sounds coming from the Zombies outside. You realize they are not going to go away when they begin to hammer on the door. Will you open it to attack them (turn to **10**), wedge some furniture up against it to stop them getting in (turn to **180**) or jump out of the bedroom window into the courtyard below (turn to **163**)?

38

The girl screams at you to go away or else she will shoot. If you want to call out the name Amy, turn to **312**. If you want to call out the name Amanda, turn to **197**. If you have a chainsaw and would rather cut your way through the door, turn to **203**.

39

It is virtually impossible to run whilst wearing a heavy suit of armour. Before you are able to reach the door, three Attack Dogs at the front of the pack leap up and bowl you over. You struggle to sit up but are pinned down by the combined weight of the dogs and the armour. The vicious animals howl and begin to gnaw at your flesh wherever it is exposed. You suffer a long and painful death. Your adventure is over.

40

You look down into the courtyard where a large number of enraged Zombies are stomping around

searching for you behind sculptures and potted shrubs, under benches and under the plastic sheeting of a covered skip. The only way you could be sure of defeating such a huge horde would be to use the Browning machine gun that is mounted on the first floor balcony of the east wing opposite. Gingrich Yurr is nowhere to be seen and the heavy machine gun looks to be there for the taking. There is a zip wire fixed to the roof near to where you are standing, which runs across to the east wing roof. There is a metal ladder attached to the wall which runs down from the roof to the ground, passing close to the balcony. Another way of getting to the balcony would be to climb down the drainpipe and chance running across the courtyard to climb up the metal ladder. If you have a steel pulley and want to clip it onto the zip wire to slide across to the east wing, turn to **199**. If you don't have a pulley or would rather climb down the drainpipe, turn to **387**.

41

When you flick the switch up, you hear a faint clicking sound like that of a catch being released. Suddenly a whole section of the bookcase pops out of the wall to reveal a secret passageway behind it. You peer inside it and see there is an open wooden staircase going down. If you want to enter the secret passageway and go down the stairs, turn to **189**. If you would rather not take the chance and want to leave the library immediately, turn to **160**.

42

You land safely in the middle of the mattress and roll quickly off the bed to look around. Turn to **221**.

43

There is a large boulder by the side of the road which you jump behind. The Austin Healey roars by and screeches to a halt some 50 metres further down the road. If you want to tell Amy to run for the cover of the forest and leave you shoot it out with Yurr and his crony, turn to **128**. If want to run into the forest with Amy to escape, turn to **287**.

44

You take no chances and pick up your gun to shoot Yurr several times, to make sure he is no longer a threat to the world. All you can think about is getting away from the castle as quickly as possible. You hurry into the garage to take a look at the van. If you have a set of car keys in your pocket, turn to **217**. If you do not have a set of keys, turn to **96**.

45

It soon becomes apparent who is coming down the corridor. A pack of nineteen Zombies is heading towards you, led by somebody you recognize. It's a man with a bald head, orange overalls and black army boots. It's Boris, but not as you remember him. He is no longer human. He has weeping blisters and open sores on his head. His eyes are bloodshot and bulging out of their dark sockets. His top lip has been ripped away, revealing bleeding gums and

broken teeth. Boris has turned into a Zombie. He lurches towards you brandishing a pistol, seemingly unaware that it is a weapon. He urges the Zombies behind him to attack you, not that they need encouragement, shouting at the top of his voice, 'Got to kill them all! Got to kill them all!' over and over again. You have no choice but to fight him and the other nineteen Zombies behind him. If you win, turn to **149**.

46

The ceiling is quite low and you have to stoop a little to avoid hitting your head on the beams as you walk across the creaking floorboards. You are about to start rummaging through the boxes and suitcases when suddenly a huge fist smashes through the roof tiles, reaching down to grab you by the throat. You are lifted off your feet by a rough hand that is missing one finger and is covered with red blotches. If you have a gun to hand, turn to **361**. If you do not have a gun, turn to **186**.

47

The landing is carpeted and the walls are covered with bright patterned wallpaper. There are some still life paintings hanging on the walls, plus some mirrors and etchings, but nothing of use to you. You walk on until you come to a corner where the corridor turns sharply to the right. Around the corner you see a white doorway in the left-hand wall some twenty metres ahead. You walk up to the door and see a sign painted on it in black lettering which reads *Games Night Club*. If you want to open the door, turn to **347**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **129**.

48

Running as stealthily as you can, looking around all the time, you pass sections of the castle which are familiar to you. You reach the west wing where Zombie corpses lie twitching on the floor, but there is no sign of Yurr. The door of a small wall-mounted cupboard hangs open. You look inside and find a Med Kit which adds 4 STAMINA points when used. Suddenly you hear the sound of a car's engine starting up. You look through a window and see that the

garage doors in the east wing are open. Gun in hand you run into the courtyard and head for the garage. Turn to **369**.

49

The grenade bounces along the floor towards you and almost immediately there is a deafening explosion which echoes loudly down the corridor. You are lifted off your feet by the blast and thrown violently against the wall. The effects of the blast are made worse by the grenade exploding within the confines of a corridor. Smoke, dust and debris fill the air. Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or a 2, turn to **383**. If you roll a 3 or a 4, turn to **319**. If you roll a 5 or a 6, turn to **115**.

50

Despite being in the close confines of the lift, the flak jacket takes the brunt of the explosion. You are hit by just two pieces of shrapnel. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **234**.

51

You introduce yourself to the men, telling them how you came to be kidnapped. 'Tell somebody who cares,' Boris says, shrugging his shoulders, indifferent to your hard luck story. 'Listen, we can help you. We have things that you need which we might be willing to sell to you. But only at a price. And that price is dollars. Take it or leave it.' If you have some dollars and wish to buy something, turn to **131**. If you do not have any dollars, you can either head over to the far door (turn to **157**) or fight the men (turn to **284**).

52

You keep telling Amy that everything is going to be alright but you are unable to convince her. She begs you to go with her to find help, arguing that it would be better if the authorities sent in the army to deal with the Zombies. You tell her that by the time the army arrives, it might be too late. You say it's time for you to go back to the castle, advising her to follow the road so she doesn't get lost in the forest and to make sure she stays out of sight of anybody driving along the road. You wave goodbye, saying that you will catch her up soon. It doesn't take you long to return to the castle where, much to your surprise, you find that the main gates are still unlocked. You open one of the double doors and slide through the gap unnoticed, closing it behind you. You turn left along the south wing, and then walk north along the west wing before reaching the staircase at the junction with the north wing. You are about to go down the staircase to the basement when you catch sight of the telescope mounted on the table ahead. Turn to **230**.

53

You walk through the swing doors and see six murderous-looking Zombies barging around the bedroom. They see you and surge forward together, intent on tearing you limb from limb. You must fight them. If you win, turn to **268**.

54

You take a look around the door and survey a scene of devastation. Both the male and female changing rooms have been wrecked. The mirrors are all smashed, as are the sinks. The benches are splintered and broken as though somebody has taken a sledgehammer to them. The locker doors have all been ripped off their hinges, as have the shower cubicle doors. The pipes have been wrenched off the wall and water is gushing from them. The Zombies who most likely destroyed the changing rooms did a very good job. If you want to take a look inside the open lockers, turn to **263**. If you would rather close the door and walk on, turn to **220**.

55

The scientist instinctively ducks down to avoid being shot, enabling you and Amy to run safely past the window, turning left down the hallway of the north wing. Turn to **207**.

56

You empty the flask and put it in your back pocket. You search quickly through the tattered clothing of the other Zombies and find a total of $7 and a pair of silver cufflinks in the shape of frogs. You find nothing else of interest so you walk back to the staircase. You are about to climb it when you notice something beneath it. It is a large cast iron safe that is cemented into the floor. It has a combination lock on the door. You try a few random strings of numbers, alas without success. You realize that it is too solid to prise or shoot open and wonder if you have anything else that you could use to get into it. If you have a piece of yellow note paper, turn to **86**. If you do not have the note paper, there is nothing you can do other than climb back up the stairs to the library. You are annoyed at not being able to open the safe but try to convince yourself that it was probably empty or booby-trapped anyway. You decide not to spend any more time in the library and head out into the corridor. Turn to **160**.

57

You run down the stairs and along the gloomy basement corridor, passing the open cells and the lift before reaching the vulcanized rubber swing doors.

There are small glass panels in them which you peer through to see a group of four men standing together. They are all wearing blood-spattered white laboratory coats and appear to be having a heated argument. One particularly evil-looking man seems to be very annoyed about something and keeps tapping at his clipboard whilst shouting at the other men. He has a shaved head, a patch over his left eye and a deep scar running down the left side of his face. There is a badge sewn onto his breast pocket with the name Roznik embroidered on it. The three others are Gober, Steen and Lange. But even though these are the evil scientists responsible for creating Yurr's Zombies, you know you can't just run in and shoot them. If you want to try to arrest the men and lock them in the cells, turn to **214**. If you have a laboratory coat and want to talk to them whilst pretending you are a new assistant scientist recently hired by Yurr, turn to **380**.

58

Gingrich Yurr is an excellent marksman. He does not usually miss his target. But being angry he rushes his shot. The bullet fizzes past your head, hitting the wall. You waste no time and haul yourself back up the drainpipe to climb onto the roof before he can fire a second shot. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1-3, turn to **211**. If the number rolled is 4-6, turn to **153**.

59

You shout at the top of your voice for several minutes but nobody comes. Eventually you hear the

steel bolt slide open. Otto enters the cell looking very angry. He has a dirty, food-stained cloth tied around his neck. He was in the middle of his meal and is very annoyed at having it interrupted by a common prisoner like you. Without a word he comes over to you and kicks you several times in your already damaged ribs as hard as he can. There is a sickening noise as one of them cracks. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You are in too much pain to try to escape and decide to wait until the thug's next visit. After giving you one final boot for good measure, he walks off to finish his meal (turn to **194**).

60

The screen immediately freezes up and the laptop shuts down. You slam the screen shut in frustration. Amy tries to calm you down, saying that using the laptop is not important right now. Turn to **158**.

61

With the security of wearing rubber gloves to protect you from coming into contact with the blood, you reach down and pick up the notebook. You flick through it, reading various entries about the number of people a day being turned into Zombies after being injected with contaminated blood. Most days it is one or two but an entry made on 3rd July notes eight people being injected. If only you could stop this terrible nightmare, or at least escape to call the authorities. There is a telephone extension number on the last page of the notebook which you

memorize. It reads 'Yurr: Ext 121.' You toss the notebook away and walk on. Turn to **155**.

62

You force it into the gap between the sliding doors, pushing upwards until you locate the catch. It pops up easily. You slide the doors open and find yourself standing in a cold corridor lit by ceiling lights that have square-shaped frosted glass shades. The ceiling is painted a cheerless mustard colour. The walls are the same colour above a waist-high strip of dark green tiles, many of which are missing. The paint on the walls is old and cracked and smeared with blood in several places. You sniff the air and notice a very unpleasant chemical smell. Suddenly you hear the sound of footsteps coming down the corridor to your left. To your right some twenty metres away, there are swing doors across the corridor made of vulcanized rubber. If you want to find out who is coming down the corridor, turn to **45**. If you want to walk through the swing doors, turn to **31**.

63

Not wishing to touch it, you find a stick on the path, which you use to flick the bottle out of the water. It hits the tunnel wall, smashing into tiny pieces to

reveal a piece of crumpled yellow notepaper. You unfold the paper to find the words 'combination lock number: 181' printed on it. You place the piece of paper in your pocket and walk on. Turn to **278**.

64

As you start to drag the furniture away from the door, the screeching and banging begins again. You look through the crack in the doorway and see that the hallway is jammed full of Zombies. If you want to attack them, turn to **10**. If you would rather jump out of the bedroom window into the courtyard below, turn to **163**.

65

You are about halfway down the drainpipe when it becomes obvious that there are just too many Zombies below for you to be able to survive if they attack at once when you reach the ground. Hanging on to the drainpipe with one hand, you begin shooting at them, hoping to disperse them. But this only causes more of them to flood into the courtyard. You kill several but it is impossible to stop the rest pulling at the drainpipe to rip it off the wall. You try to hang on but are unable to do so for long. The drainpipe comes away from the wall and you fall into the eager clutches of the Zombies. Clawed and bitten by them, you quickly become infected by their contaminated blood. Soon you will become one of them. Your adventure is over.

66

The door is padlocked. If you have a gun and want to try shooting at the lock, turn to **259**. If you have a crowbar and want to prise the lock open, turn to **192**. If you would rather keep walking along the corridor, turn to **388**.

67

The sharp teeth pierce your skin, drawing blood. Unfortunately for you, the Zombie has bleeding gums and its blood infects yours. You are doomed to become another conscript in Gingrich Yurr's army of Zombies. Your adventure is over.

68

You reach into your pocket and give Amy the gold locket and chain. 'My locket! Where did you find it?' she asks excitedly. 'You don't want to know!' you reply. 'Thank you. Thank you. Thank you,' she says happily, a beaming smile lighting up her face for the first time since you met her. You tell Amy it's time to go, advising her to follow the road so she doesn't get lost in the forest, but to make sure she stays out of sight of anybody driving along the road. You wave goodbye, saying that you will see her soon. It doesn't take you long to return to the castle where, much to your surprise, you find that the main gates are still unlocked. You open one of the double doors and slide through the gap unnoticed, closing it behind you. You turn left along the south wing, and then walk north along the west wing before reaching the staircase at the junction with the north wing. You

are about to go down the staircase to the basement when you catch sight of the telescope mounted on the table ahead. Turn to **230**.

69

There is a small, red-painted cupboard fixed to the left-hand wall that you hadn't noticed earlier as it was hidden from view by one of the boilers. On opening it you find some bandages and antiseptic cream that you use to bind your wounded wrists, since they are still in bad shape from the shackles. Add 2 STAMINA points. Suddenly you hear a noise overhead. Sliding down the air vent are three Zombies who land on the floor in a crumpled heap. They stand up awkwardly and step forward to attack. You must fight them barehanded or with a weapon if you have one. If you win, turn to **273**.

70

You jump backwards to give yourself time and space to take aim at the Zombie. A single shot is all that it takes to bring her down. The chainsaw continues to roar until you pull it out of her hands to switch it off. If it was Amy there is nothing you can do for her now. You thank her for the chainsaw (2d6+3) which should be a very effective Zombie-stopper if you are happy to carry the heavy weapon. Reduce your STAMINA by 1 point if you take it. After deciding what to do, you leave the refrigerated room and turn right along the corridor. Turn to **341**.

71

The sword (1d6) is a fine weapon with a keen blade and you cut it through the air with a great deal of confidence. Turn to **248**.

72

Raising her gun at you, Amy backs away and screams, 'You're one of them aren't you? You're one of them!' If you want to reply that you were only joking and that you really had read her diary and deduced she must to be Amy, turn to **193**. If you want to tell her to put down her gun, turn to **94**.

73

As you turn to leave, Otto begs you to release him, but instead you take his key off its chain and throw it into the corner of the room, telling him that you hope somebody will soon bring him a nice bowl of stew. You bid him farewell and walk over to the steel door. You peer out into the corridor which is lit by a row of flickering strip lights in the ceiling. You sense evil all around and hope to find a weapon sooner rather than later. To your right, the corridor ends at a half-open doorway. To your left, the corridor continues as far as you can see. If you want to walk to the open doorway, turn to **255**. If you want to head left up the corridor, turn to **93**.

74

The Zombies keep hammering and charging at the door until the hinges finally give way, sending the door flying. It crashes to the ground as twenty-four

Zombies pour out onto the roof, berserk with rage. You take aim and fire. If you win, turn to **40**.

75

The hammer flies through the air, hitting you smack in the middle of your forehead. It is a painful blow which makes you dizzy. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **399**.

76

The swing doors open into an en suite bathroom with plush bath, shower, sink and toilet units, albeit in rather vivid banana-yellow porcelain. There is a mirrored stainless steel cupboard above the sink. You open it but find nothing more than a toothbrush and some toothpaste. Suddenly you hear the bedroom door opening. If you want to go back into the bedroom armed and ready for combat, turn to **53**. If you would rather hide behind the shower curtain, turn to **344**.

77

The document opens up to reveal details of an emergency exit that Yurr had built so he could escape from the castle if ever the police were to arrive before he had been able to release his Zombie army on the world. You discover that there is an electronic display panel at the back of the stock room in the south wing which will open a secret door if you key in the code number 161. 'Come on, let's go to the stock room now! I know where it is,' Amy says excitedly. If you have not done so already, you can try to make a call on the telephone (turn to **323**). If you don't want to make a call, turn to **158**.

78

The nails creak as you prise the lid off the crate. It is full of bags of sand and cement. You take out two to reveal a plastic lunch box. The bad news is that it doesn't contain any food. The good news is that it does contain two hand grenades (2d6+1). You clip them on to your belt, feeling very pleased with your discovery. They could prove to be very useful in combat but remember to cross them off your *Adventure Sheet* when you use them. If you want to lift the manhole cover, turn to **210**. If you want to carry on down the corridor, turn to **337**.

79

The Zombie holding the grenade pushes his way to the front of the line, stumbles, and lets go of it. It rolls along the floor towards you. Almost immediately there is a deafening explosion which echoes loudly

down the corridor. You are lifted off the ground by the blast and thrown against the wall. The effects of the blast are made worse by the grenade exploding in the confines of the narrow hallway. Smoke, dust and debris fill the air. If you are wearing a flak jacket, turn to **275**. If you are not wearing a flak jacket, turn to **228**.

80

The wire cable is covered in black grease, and it is difficult to stop yourself from sliding down it more quickly than you would like. You land on the floor with a bump but luckily do not injure yourself. The diamond-grilled sliding doors at the bottom of the lift are shut and you are unable to pull them apart to enter the basement. If you possess a crowbar, turn to **185**. If you do not possess a crowbar, turn to **300**.

81

You soon arrive at a junction at the end of the corridor. To your left it continues straight on before turning sharply left, back in the direction you have just come from. To your right it continues straight on before turning sharply right, also back in the

direction you have just come from. Directly ahead there is a wide, carpeted staircase going down. There is a lot of banging and shouting coming from downstairs. You decide to investigate, weapon in hand and ready for combat. Turn to **176**.

82

You place both keys in their respective keyholes and turn the one stamped with a number 8 first, followed by the one stamped with a 2. The padlock flips open. You slide back the metal bolt in the door, the grating sound reminding you of the dark cell in which you were so recently imprisoned. You suddenly hear banging and shouting coming from the other side of the door. You check your gun and push the door open, ready to face whoever is on the other side. It opens into an unlit room. The bright light from the laboratory casts a long shadow of your body onto the floor. A terrible stench wafts out of the room making you retch. You see figures moving about in the semi-darkness, some moaning, others shouting in anger. The room is full of Zombies, walking towards you in a solid block. If you want to feel around for a light switch on the wall, turn to **310**. If you want to start firing your weapon, turn to **179**.

83

You search the room but find nothing more than a $10 bill stuffed down the back of the sofa. There are no other doors leading out of the room so you walk back down to the other end of the corridor to open the door there (turn to **30**).

84

The door opens into a small, musty-smelling cubbyhole which is used for storage. It is disgustingly filthy inside, with rats' droppings covering the floor and cobwebs hanging down in the corners. There are two large plastic storage boxes tucked away at the back. The first box is full of old newspapers and magazines. The second contains old books, a wallet with $2 inside and a small cardboard box full of bullets. You put the items you want into your bag before closing the cubbyhole door to carry on walking along the corridor. Turn to **202**.

85

You stand up and begin your long walk back to civilization. You choose a path through the trees that is close to the road but which still keeps you out of sight in case Yurr drives past in his car. You walk along in silence, the events of the last day having been far too terrible to talk about right now. Instead of being happy for having escaped from Yurr, Amy looks to be in a state of shock. Suddenly a thought comes into your head. If you possess a gold locket on a gold chain, turn to **100**. If you do not have the locket, turn to **227**.

86

You take the piece of paper out of your pocket, remembering that it had the number of a combination lock written on it. You decide to try this number to open the safe. Turn to the number that is written on the paper. If you are unable to do this, there

is nothing you can do other than climb back up the stairs to the library. You are annoyed at not being able to open the safe but try to convince yourself that it was probably empty or booby-trapped anyway. You decide not to spend any more time in the library and head out into the corridor. Turn to **160**.

87

In desperation you throw cushions, bedding and pillows out of the window, hoping to land on them to soften your fall. You tie a sheet around the window handle, climb out of the window and lower yourself down as far as possible. You take a deep breath and let go. You fall head over heels and crash onto the gravel-covered courtyard below. Unfortunately you land on your head and break your neck. Your adventure is over.

88

As you run across the courtyard a shot rings out. It is from Gingrich Yurr's sniper rifle. He is firing from a first floor window in the west wing. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, turn to **174**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **398**.

89

The door opens to reveal a small, dark cupboard. As you reach for the light switch, a drooling, one-eyed Zombie jumps out from behind a pile of storage boxes, scattering them everywhere. Caught off guard, you are pulled to the ground by the undead fiend, who launches a frenzied attack on you, screeching loudly. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You struggle to throw the heavy Zombie off you to defend yourself as it tries to bite you with the jagged, virus-infected teeth protruding from its gums. If you win, turn to **349**.

90

You pick up the brass weights from the scales and, standing as far away as possible from the cabinet so as not to get splashed, throw them as hard as you can at the jars. There is a crash of breaking glass, and you watch with satisfaction as blood pours out of the broken jars and down onto the floor. You walk over to the cupboard at the back of the laboratory and slide the doors open to find more scientific

equipment. You also find two grenades (2d6+1), a box of bullets and a Med Kit inside a metal box tucked away at the back of the cupboard. Satisfied with the results of your sabotage, you walk over to the padlocked iron door. Turn to **320**.

91

The Zombie looks at you intently, attempting to sneer in spite of the fact that its lips appear to have been crudely sewn together with twine. Blood trickles down from its mouth onto its chin. Still holding the burning dynamite sticks, it climbs the last few steps into the clock tower. If you want to shoot the Zombie, turn to **242**. If you want to jump through the hole in the broken clock face, turn to **368**.

92

You find blouses, dresses, t-shirts, jumpers and jeans hanging up on coat hangers inside the wardrobe. There are several handbags on the top shelf. Inside one of them you find a camera which appears to be in working order but is out of battery. You put it in your bag and continue your search. The chest of drawers is crammed full of duvet covers, blankets

and pillows. The bedside cabinet contains a loaded handgun (1d6+2), a hairbrush, an empty purse, some letters, a pen and a diary. If you want to read the letters and the diary, turn to **279**. If you want to go through the swing doors opposite, turn to **222**.

93

You are tempted to go back into your cell to give Otto a kick but decide against petty revenge. You hurry down the corridor, the smooth concrete floor uncomfortably cold on your bare feet. After some distance you see some messages scrawled on the wall. One says 'They're coming to get us'. Another says 'We're doomed.' There are other messages in languages you don't understand. You keep walking until you come to a black canvas pouch hanging from a hook in the wall. If you want to open the pouch, turn to **36**. If you would rather keep on walking down the corridor, turn to **391**.

94

Quivering with fear, Amy drops her gun onto the floor, causing it to fire. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **308**. If you roll 4–6, turn to **3**.

95

You are lucky to have survived the onslaught of the Attack Dogs. You unlock the door and walk out into a corridor. There is a terrible stench coming from the left end of the corridor, so you decide to head right towards a T-junction. There is a large oak chest on the floor, set against the far wall. Turn to **226**.

96

You search the garage from top to bottom but do not find a set of keys for the van. You don't want to spend a minute longer in the castle than you have to – you are eager to leave this terrible place of evil and meet up with Amy in the village she was heading towards. There is an old bike under a sheet at the back of the garage which you decide is good enough to get you there before nightfall. You wheel it to the main entrance gates, blasting the padlock open with a round of gunfire. You throw down your weapon, open the doors to the outside world and cycle as fast as you can along the road through the forest. About an hour later you see a girl ahead of you, walking along the road. Even from a distance you can see that she has long blonde hair and is wearing jeans and a t-shirt, so you recognize that it is Amy at once. You call out her name and she turns around and waves frantically, jumping up and down with excitement. You ride up to her and stop. 'What took you so long?' she asks, smiling. You reply sarcastically that you stopped for a coffee and tell her to sit on the crossbar. She laughs, and says, 'No, I'll cycle and you sit on the crossbar!' You are too tired to argue. Amy is soon peddling hard, listening to the gruesome account of your battles with Gingrich Yurr and his Zombies. Turn to **400**.

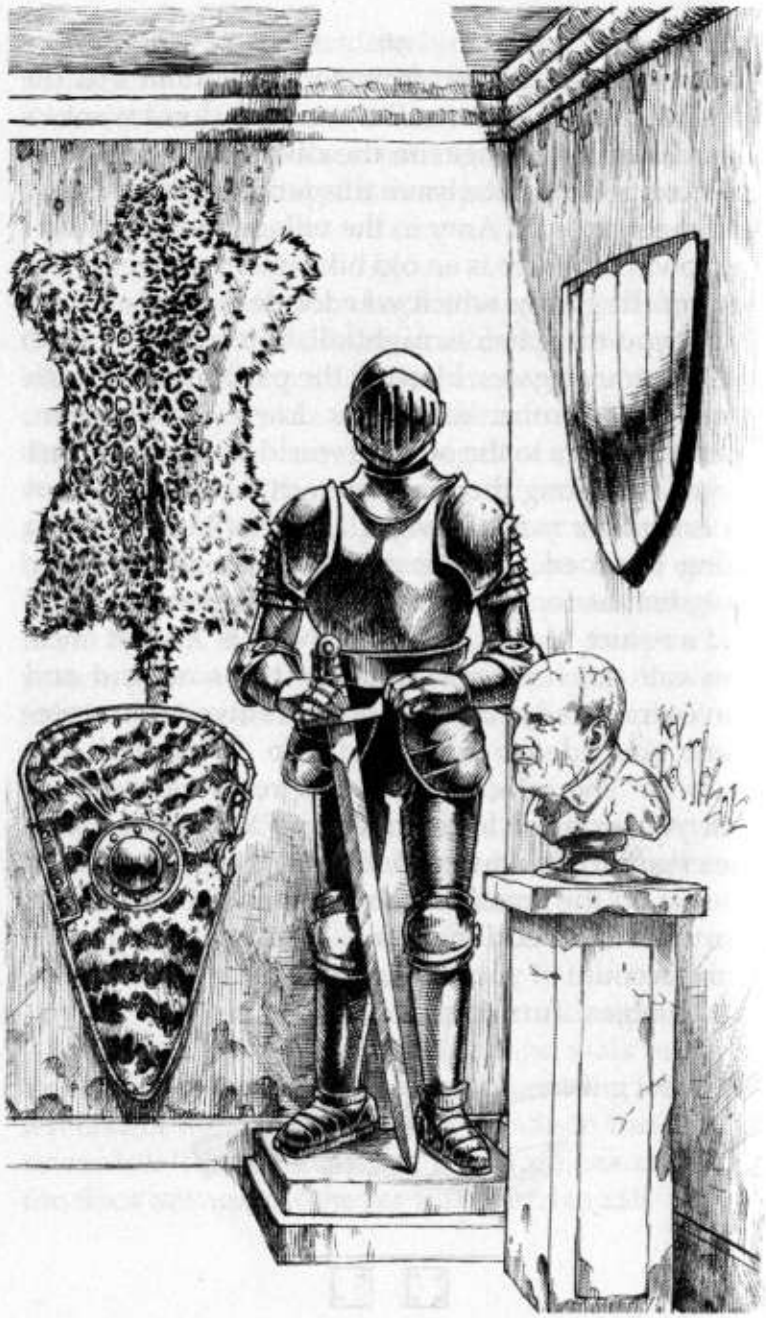

97

Thirty metres further on, you see a white marble bust of a man set against the wall at the point where the corridor turns left, behind which stands a magnificent suit of plate mail armour, illuminated by a spotlight in the ceiling. The armour is about your size. If you wish to try it on, turn to **23**. If you wish to leave the armour but take the sword, turn to **71**. If you would rather walk on without stopping, turn to **248**.

98

The Zombie thrusts the roaring chainsaw towards you. You try to jump out of the way of the rotating blade but are caught on the arm by the sharp teeth. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **70**.

99

Holding your arm over your eyes, you crash through the clock face, sending more glass flying. You drop like a stone, whirling your arms and legs around in the air, trying to keep yourself upright. As you land you roll in an attempt to break the fall. But twelve metres is a long way to fall onto a solid roof. Roll two dice and reduce your STAMINA by the total rolled. If you are still alive, turn to **359**.

100

You reach into your pocket and give Amy the gold locket and chain. 'My locket! Where did you find it?' she asks excitedly, snapping out of her morose silence. 'You don't want to know!' you reply. 'Thank

you. Thank you. Thank you,' she says happily, grinning for the first time since you met her. You pick up the pace and hurry on, hoping to reach a village before it goes dark. Turn to **400**.

101

You reach down with bare hands and pick up the notebook. You flick through it, reading various entries about the number of people a day being turned into Zombies through injections of contaminated blood. Most days it is one or two but an entry made on 3rd July notes eight people being injected. If only you could stop this terrible nightmare or at least escape to tell the authorities. There is a telephone extension number on the last page of the notebook but you can't be bothered to remember it. You toss the notebook away and walk on, unaware that a droplet of Zombie blood has been wiped off the notebook and onto the open wound on your wrist. Already you are losing your ability to think and by the time you reach the end of the corridor you have started to transform into a mindless Zombie, soon to join Gingrich Yurr's undead army. Your adventure is over.

102

You are trapped at the bottom of the lift shaft and cannot find a way to get out. If you want to call out for help, turn to **374**. If you want to climb up the lift cable, turn to **190**.

103

The corridor ends at a solid-looking, white-painted door. You press your ear to it but hear nothing. If you want to open the door, turn to **378**. If you would rather turn around and walk along the corridor in the opposite direction, turn to **265**.

104

You are struck by the rock with such ferocity that you are knocked off your feet. You drop to the ground unconscious. All the Zombies pile on top of you, each one ripping at your flesh. You do not regain consciousness until you have transformed into a Zombie yourself, doomed to the life of the undead. Your adventure is over.

105

You open the violin case and smile. It contains a machine gun (2d6+5) and several cases of bullets. If you have not done so already you can try to open the flight case (turn to **272**). If you would rather turn left out of the room and immediately right down the corridor turn to **252**.

106

You are very badly injured and are bleeding profusely. Your best weapon has also been destroyed by the explosion; delete it from your *Adventure Sheet*. If you have a Med Kit you should use it now. Turn to **267**. If you do not have a Med Kit, you are in great danger of bleeding to death. Unless you find a Med Kit in one of the next three rooms you choose to enter, your adventure will be over. Keep a record of your next three room choices. Clutching your wounds with both hands, you stagger off down the corridor. Turn to **25**.

107

As the seething mass of Zombies bears down upon you, you realize there are far too many of them to take on. If you still want to try shooting the Zombies, turn to **266**. If you want to try to open the main entrance gate to escape, turn to **394**.

108

Emerging from out of the smoke and dust, the remaining Zombies step over their fallen undead comrades and stagger towards you screaming and

screeching. They close in on you as you pull the safety pin out of the grenade and attempt to throw it over the heads of the front line of Zombies. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to **184**. If the number rolled is 4–6, turn to **253**.

109

Coming down the corridor towards you with ungainly, lumbering strides are four Zombies. They have pallid grey skin covered with gaping wounds and festering sores. Their hair hangs down in greasy clumps. They have cracked lips and bleeding tongues that stick out of their open mouths. Their sunken, glazed-over eyes are bloodshot and red-rimmed but they get very animated when they see you, making screeching and gurgling sounds as they try to walk faster. You must fight them barehanded or with a weapon if you have one. If you win, turn to **136**.

110

The battle is over. No more Zombies come into the courtyard. The air raid siren is no longer blaring, and it seems unnaturally quiet without the

deafening rat-a-tat-tat of the Browning, which still has wisps of smoke drifting from its red-hot barrel. As the dust settles below, you see the gruesome pile of dead Zombies. You look up at the observation tower but Yurr has vanished. You scan the windows of the inner courtyard buildings and catch sight of something sticking out of an open window directly opposite. You shield your eyes from the sun and see it is the barrel of a large weapon, the sunlight reflecting off its telescopic sight. Holding the weapon is Gingrich Yurr, his grey facial features hideously disfigured like those of his Zombie followers. A puff of smoke shoots out from the end of the barrel. You have a millisecond to decide what to do. If you want to fire your machine gun at the window, turn to **292**. If you want to jump off the balcony turn to **224**.

111

The safe door clicks open and you find a small stack of dollar bills inside, $45 in total. You also find a set of car keys which you put in your pocket. Finding nothing else of interest, you leave the games room and walk further up the corridor. Turn to **129**.

112

You climb the ladder slowly until your head pokes through the trapdoor. You peer into a loft. The darkness within is pierced by shafts of daylight streaming through cracks in the roof tiles. There is a light switch on the frame of the trapdoor which you flick on. The floor of old wooden floorboards is piled high with storage boxes, old suitcases and

unwanted furniture and belongings. Everything is covered in a thick layer of dust. If you want to climb into the loft, turn to **46**. If you would rather climb back down the ladder and walk to the lift at the end of the hallway, turn to **367**.

113

You pass by a mirror on the wall and are shocked to see how much weight you have lost in the short time since being locked up in the prison cell. You hurry on until the hallway turns sharply left, bringing you to a doorway in the left-hand wall. If you want to open the door, turn to **295**. If you would rather walk ahead, turn to **198**.

114

Bullets whizz through the air but none of them hit you or Amy. If you want to stand your ground and fire back, turn to **390**. If you want to run for cover, turn to **43**.

115

Miraculously, most of the shrapnel misses you, apart from one small piece which is embedded in your leg.

Lose 3 STAMINA points. The Zombie is not so fortunate. It lies motionless on the stone floor, shredded by the explosion. You waste no time and hurry on down the corridor until you come to a doorway in the left-hand wall. As you walk up to it you hear the sound of loud barking coming from the other side of the door. If you want to open the door, turn to **26**. If you would rather press on, turn to **276**.

116

The old lift descends slowly, rumbling and juddering, before grinding to a halt at the first floor. You press button G again but nothing happens. The lift doors slide open to reveal another long hallway like the one on the second floor, ending at a window that looks out onto the courtyard. There is also a doorway on the right at the far end of the hallway. If you want to walk down the hallway to open the door, turn to **177**. If you would rather stay in the lift, you can either press button G again (turn to **33**) or press button B (turn to **147**).

117

The noise of the blazing inferno inside the car blocks out the sound of footsteps on the gravel behind you. Suddenly you hear an agonized scream as somebody jumps on your back. It's Yurr, his face blackened and blistered from the fire and his charred body warm on your back. Despite being shot, burned and badly injured from the car crash, the undead madman is still not defeated. He tightens his grip around your neck and wrestles you to the ground, making you drop your gun. You must fight for your life barehanded. Yurr has 7 STAMINA points and is also fighting barehanded. If you win, turn to **44**.

118

Even though he tried to kill you, you are saddened by Boris's death. He was simply a victim of Gingrich Yurr's insane plan; he didn't know that he'd been turned into a Zombie and wasn't aware of what he was doing. Apologizing to Boris for the intrusion, you carry out a quick search of his pockets which yields a small torch. You stand up, vowing to hunt down Yurr to avenge poor Boris. If you want to open the steel door, turn to **294**. If you want to walk on past the door, turn to **341**.

119

As you approach the door you hear music, laughter and voices chatting in a language you don't understand. It sounds like the noises could be coming from a television or a radio. If you still wish to open the door, turn to **290**. If you would rather go back and open the door at the other end of the corridor, turn to **30**.

120

You run past two iron doors in the right-hand wall and on up the corridor as fast as you can until you come to a fire door at the end. You don't stop, and push down on the handle. Turn to **172**.

121

The phone rings just once before somebody picks it up. You hear nothing but slow, heavy breathing until a creepy voice finally says, 'Who said an insignificant disease-ridden parasitic worm like you could use my office? You and that dumb blonde friend of yours are about to die. I'm sending somebody round to say hello. Got to kill them all! Got to kill them

all!' With that, the line goes dead. You tell Amy what Yurr said and she screams that you need to leave the study immediately. Turn to **158**.

122

A stinking sewer inhabited by rats is not a place you would normally choose to be and it takes some time to get used to the foul smell. You walk on until you are stopped in your tracks by the sight of two shadowy figures ahead, sloshing around in the filth. Two males in ragged clothing come into view, wading slowly through the dark, stinking sludge. One of them is chewing on a rat and the other is carrying a bucket. They become very animated when they see you, pointing at you and howling with rage. They are Zombies! You must fight them with whatever weapon you have. If you win, turn to **187**.

123

You pick up the diary and see that it is this year's, and that the last entry was made just a week ago. Back in January Amy writes about how excited she is to be in Romania and how she is enjoying life as a cook in the castle. It is bitterly cold but she loves the beauty of the snow-covered hills and rugged countryside. There's more snow in February, and it's colder, but life is great. Her mood starts to change in March when she hears bad rumours about Gingrich Yurr. In April she writes that she is concerned by the arrival of white-coated scientists. Two weeks later her anxiety turns to fear on learning that the scientists are carrying out experiments – on humans!

She hears terrible screams and cries for help coming from the basement, although she writes that she is not brave enough to go down there to find out what is going on. A month later she writes about the constant flow of people arriving against their will, taken down to the basement cellars, never to be seen again. Across one double page she scrawls in large capital letters, 'I am scared out of my mind.' There is an entry in late July which simply says, 'OMG there are Zombies in the basement!!!' She asks Gingrich Yurr many times if she may leave but he will not let her. On 27th July she tries to escape during the night but is caught and brought back. Her last entry reads, 'I am going to try to escape again tonight. I will die if I stay here. Gingrich Yurr is insane. He is building an army of Zombies and intends to take over the world. He must be stopped.' It all makes sense. But where is Amy now? Did she manage to escape? At the back of the diary there is an entry which reads, 'Note to self. The rickety old lift's buttons are faulty. For G, press 2 and G together. For B, press 2 and B together – not that I ever would!' You put the diary down and walk back to the lift, thinking about the fate of Amy Fletcher. If you want to press buttons 2 and G to go to the ground floor, turn to **257**. If you want to press buttons 2 and B to go down to the basement, turn to **24**.

124

You breathe in deeply and jump, bending your legs as you hit the mattress. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to **42**. If the number rolled is 4–6, turn to **171**.

125

If you have a crowbar, you can slide it between the handles on the outside of the fire door to give you some time to think. Turn to **305**. If you do not have a crowbar you will have to face them on the roof. Turn to **151**.

126

The image of Yurr holding a rabbit looks quite surreal against the backdrop of the 1960s light blue and cream Austin Healey sports car that he is standing in front of. You notice that the painting is tilting slightly to one side. If you want to look behind the portrait, turn to **386**. If you want to go left along the hallway, turn to **223**. If you want to go right along the hallway, turn to **113**.

127

The cupboard hits you smack in the middle of your chest. The force of the impact knocks you back against the shower wall but does not cause you injury. Turn to **375**.

128

You wait until Amy disappears from view in the forest before standing up and walking out into the road. You are shocked to see the scientist injecting himself and Yurr with what must be Zombie blood. At the same time Yurr presses down on the car horn repeatedly. The noise attracts hundreds of Zombies who swarm down the hill towards you. Yurr raises his arms and roars encouragement to his undead army as he begins to transform into a Zombie himself. 'Let it begin!' he screams. 'The undead shall live. Mankind will die!' You manage to fire a round of bullets before being bowled over by the oncoming swarm. You are soon covered in Zombie blood and become infected. In a matter of minutes you too become a Zombie and give chase to poor Amy as she flees through the forest, shrieking in terror. Your adventure is over.

129

A few metres further on, you arrive at another white door in the left-hand wall. You listen at it and hear shouting voices and banging and crashing; perhaps the sound of a fight. If you want to open the door, turn to **66**. If you would rather walk on by, turn to **388**.

130

The Zombie thrusts the roaring chainsaw towards you. You try to jump out of the way of the rotating blade but are caught in the side by its sharp teeth, which inflict a deep wound. Lose 6 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **70**.

131

'Good decision,' Boris says with a smirk on his face. 'You probably want to know what's going inside this castle! I'll tell you for $10.' If you want to pay for the information, turn to **229**. If you do not want to give Boris the money, you can either head over to the far door (turn to **157**) or fight the men (turn to **284**).

132

There are bodies of dead Zombies everywhere but Gingrich Yurr is nowhere to be seen in the north wing. Suddenly you hear the sound of a car's engine starting up. You look through a window and see that the garage doors in the east wing are open. Gun in hand you run into the courtyard and head for the garage. Turn to **369**.

133

If you possess a crowbar or a sword it should be a simple task to prise the lock open. Turn to **162**. If you do not have either of these items and want to try shooting the lock open, turn to **196**. If you would rather leave the chest untouched, you can either head left along the corridor to open the door (turn

to **30**) or head right along the corridor to open the other door (turn to **119**).

134

Gingrich Yurr laughs at your stupidity. He takes careful aim and squeezes the trigger of his rifle a second time. The shot is perfect. You are dead before you hit the ground. Your adventure is over.

135

You tiptoe along the corridor and it isn't long before you find out who is spilling the blood. A tall Zombie wearing an old grey hoodie and dirty jeans is staggering along the corridor ahead of you, groaning with pain. Its entrails are hanging out, oozing dark blood which is running down its legs onto the floor. It is very badly injured, perhaps from being in a fight with another Zombie. Suddenly it stops in its tracks and turns around slowly. It stares at you blankly. Its eyes are sunken and grey, and its mouth is covered in fresh blood. You catch sight of something it is gripping tightly and freeze. The Zombie is holding a grenade in one hand and the pin in the other. With no expression on its vacant face, it casually tosses the grenade towards you, unconcerned by the possibly fatal outcome. If you are wearing a flak jacket, turn to **340**. If you are not wearing one, turn to **49**.

136

You notice that one of the Zombies is clutching a pistol (1d6+2), holding it by the barrel. You prise it out of the undead monstrosity's fat fingers and discover that the clip has no bullets, although the pistol appears to be in full working order. If you have bullets in your backpack, you will be able to fire the gun. Further down the corridor you see a large wooden crate next to a round manhole cover in the floor. If you want to prise the lid off the crate, turn to **152**. If you want to try to lift the manhole cover, turn to **210**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **337**.

137

You tip out all the contents of the drawers in the desk onto the bed. You find pens, pencils, cheque books, old bills, writing paper, stamps and envelopes but nothing of real use. You open the bedside cabinets and find a Med Kit (+4 STAMINA) in one, and two hand grenades (2d6+1) in the other. You wonder how long it will be before Yurr comes calling with his Zombies. If you want to continue searching the bedroom, turn to **239**. If you want to walk through the swing doors, turn to **76**. If you want to open the bedroom door, turn to **183**.

138

Roznik snatches the money from you and stares at you coldly, saying, 'Good. It's about time Yurr paid me. Now, since you are new around here, you can start by washing out all the equipment in the laboratory. We are going for lunch. The laboratory is the first iron door on the right. But don't open the door at the back of the laboratory. It leads into a room that we call the Slab Room. It's where we convert humans into Zombies and they never seem to be too pleased when it happens to them. Funny that. So be warned – don't go in. They may not take too kindly to you!' Roznik suddenly roars with laughter and walks off down the corridor through the swing doors with his fellow scientists. You are determined to make Roznik pay for his evil deeds, but right now you have to deal with the Zombies. Turn to **251**.

139

There are hundreds of books on the shelves; old classic novels, reference books, atlases, history books and a huge section on undead creatures. There is even a book of jokes about the undead entitled *Demons are a Ghoul's Best Friend*. There are books dedicated to the subject of vampires, werewolves, ghosts, ghouls, skeletons and wraiths but there are more books about Zombies than on all the other undead creatures put together. As a student of mythological beasts, you couldn't have found a better collection of books. If only you could spend a week in the library to read them. But lingering here is a dangerous option if you hope to escape from the castle alive. If you still

want to read one of the books about Zombies, turn to **288**. If you want to leave the library and walk on, turn to **160**.

140

Somebody is shooting at you through a small, porthole-like window in the wall behind you. Miraculously, all the bullets miss you. The alarm bell stops ringing and all is quiet again. If you want to run off down the east wing hallway, turn to **289**. If you want to turn around and fire back, turn to **156**.

141

There is a narrow passageway behind the mattress, so narrow it would require you to walk sideways to go down it. You peer down it but it is too dark to see very far. If you want to squeeze yourself along it, turn to **244**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **385**.

142

The rapid gunfire leaves six small bullet holes in the panel of the door. The two Zombies who were lying in wait outside drop to the ground with a thump. They do not move again. If you want to read Amy's diary, turn to **123**. If you want to search the pockets of the Zombies' tattered clothing, turn to **384**.

143

As soon as you open the door, the dogs jump up to attack. You must defend yourself with whatever weapon you have to hand. There are 17 Attack Dogs

in the room, each with 1 point of STAMINA and each causing 1 point of DAMAGE. If you win, turn to **351**.

144

You stand your ground as the speeding car bears down on you, taking careful aim and firing rapidly at the crazed undead driver. Yurr is hit and the car suddenly swerves left, crashing head-on into the building at high speed before bursting into flames. The petrol tank ignites, causing a huge explosion which totally destroys the car. As you watch the burning wreck, you feel an incredible sense of relief. Lost in your own thoughts, you walk back towards the garage. Turn to **117**.

145

You step over the mangled bodies of the Zombies to take a look inside the bunk room. Feathers from the old mattresses are floating around in the smoke-filled room, creating a very surreal scene. Beyond the bodies and debris, you see a small red metal chest in the far corner. If you want to open the chest, turn to **213**. If you would rather leave the bunk room and head off along the corridor, turn to **388**.

146

You guide the hook into the metal ring of the trapdoor. You tug down hard on the pole until the trapdoor drops down on its hinges, revealing a folding aluminium ladder which is fixed to the inside of the trapdoor. If you want to use the hook to pull down the ladder, turn to **112**. If you would rather

walk over to the lift at the end of the hallway, turn to 367.

147

You press button B but nothing happens. The lift doors remain open. If you want to walk down the hallway to open the door, turn to 177. If you would rather stay in the lift and press button G, turn to 33.

148

You start to walk up the staircase and soon find out who was making the noise. Twelve Zombies are coming down the stairs, stumbling into each other as they do. When they catch sight of you they yell loudly and push forward in a mindless rage. Two of them fall down the stairs, rolling past you, but stand up and climb back up the stairs to attack. You are surrounded and must fight them all. The Zombies are all carrying crude weapons which make them more powerful in attack. Some of them are brandishing chair legs and pick axe handles, whilst others are wielding hammers and machetes. One of the Zombies is missing a hand. It looks to have been recently cut off, but the Zombie seems unconcerned that blood is pouring from the stump. Its right hand is holding its severed left hand which, bizarrely, brandishes an axe tightly. You breathe in deeply and draw your weapon. After your initial attack, any surviving Zombies will each inflict double damage of 2 STAMINA points against you. If you win, turn to 373.

149

Beyond the pile of bodies you see that the corridor carries on into the distance. Not far ahead you see a polished steel door in the right-hand wall. If you want to open the door, turn to **294**. If you want to search through Boris's pockets, turn to **118**. If you want to walk past the steel door, turn to **341**.

150

You attach the grappling hook to the back of the clock and throw the rope through the hole in the clock face. After breaking away more of the glass, you step through the hole and abseil down the wall of the clock tower. The rope is not long enough to reach the all the way down and you have to let go of it to drop the last couple of metres to the roof-top below. You twist your ankle as you land. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Turn to **359**.

151

You hear the Zombies coming up the stairs and step back from the door, ready to face the onslaught. Moments later twenty four of them pour out onto the roof, berserk with rage. Choose your weapon and fight them. If you win, turn to **40**.

152

The lid is firmly nailed down and the crate is too heavy to lift to try to smash open. If you possess a crowbar, turn to **78**. If you do not have a crowbar, you can either try to lift the manhole cover (turn to **210**) or walk on along the corridor (turn to **337**).

153

Climbing up the drainpipe is hard work but you manage to scramble onto the roof before Yurr has time to take another shot at you. Keeping your head down, you walk quickly across the roof until you reach the open skylight, through which you see what appears to be a lavishly-furnished bedroom. There is a large four-poster bed directly under the skylight some five metres below. You have no choice but to jump down onto the bed, turn to **124**.

154

One of the bullets finds its mark with deadly effect, passing through the wooden door and lodging in your throat. Your adventure is over.

155

As you walk along the corridor you become aware of a bad smell in the air. The further on you go, the worse it gets, to the point that you have to hold your nose to stop the sickening stench from making you retch. You notice a trail of dark blood on the floor leading up the corridor. You soon arrive at a junction. If you want to follow the trail of blood straight on, turn to **135**. If you would rather turn right, turn to **97**.

156

You run back, firing your weapon repeatedly at the small, round window. The hallway is filled with the sound of bullets ricocheting off the walls in an exchange of rapid gun fire. Roll one die. If you roll 1–4, turn to **289**. If you roll 5 or 6, turn to **55**.

157

The door opens into another white-walled corridor illuminated by bright strip lights. You see the words 'Help Me' written in dried blood on the left-hand wall. You don't stop to think about it and carry on until you arrive at a T-junction where the corridor branches left and right as far as you can see. If you want to go left, turn to **103**. If you want to go right, turn to **265**.

158

Suddenly you hear the sound of fists hammering on the office door outside. You walk out of Yurr's study and into his office in time to see the far door crash down onto the floor. A giant ape-like Zombie, well over two metres tall, stoops its head under the top of the door frame to enter the office, bellowing loudly. You tell Amy to back you up while you face the monster Zombie head on. 'I'm right behind you. This must be Zombie Kong – an undead mutant that Professor Roznik created, trying to breed the ultimate Zombie,' Amy shouts, pistol in hand. To defeat Zombie Kong you need to roll a total of 20 or more by combining the rolls of both your and Amy's weapons. Add the total rolled from your weapon to Amy's pistol (1d6+2). If you fail to roll a combined total of 20 or more, Zombie Kong will reduce your STAMINA by 6 points each Attack Round. If you win, turn to **19**.

159

The old lift lurches into action, rumbling and juddering as it descends slowly, before grinding to a halt at the first floor. The lift doors slide open to reveal another long hallway like the one on the second floor, ending at a window that looks out onto the courtyard. There is also a doorway on the right at the far end of the hallway. If you want to walk down the hallway to open the door, turn to **177**. If you would rather stay in the lift, you can either press button G (turn to **33**) or press button B (turn to **147**).

160

Just before the corridor turns right, there is a white doorway in the left-hand wall. You walk up to the door and see a sign painted on it in black lettering which reads *Music Room*. You listen at the door and hear the sound of drums being played. The drumming is totally out of time and awful to listen to. Whoever is playing has absolutely no sense of rhythm. If you want to open the door, turn to **204**. If you would rather walk past the door and turn right, turn to **252**.

161

You hear a grating sound as a section of wall at the back of the room slides back, leaving a gap just large enough for you to squeeze through to reach the outside world. Amy jumps for joy. 'Yes!' she shouts, clapping excitedly. Once outside Amy pleads with you not to go back into the castle. You reply that you have to stop Yurr before he unleashes his Zombies on the world. You reassure her that it won't take you long to deal with the remaining Zombies and that you'll catch up with her in no time at all. Amy stares at the ground, a single tear running down her cheek. If you possess a gold locket on a gold chain, turn to **372**. If you do not have the locket, turn to **285**.

162

The lock flies open with hardly any effort. You lift up the lid of the chest and find there are three separate compartments. One contains two small Med Kits that will each restore 2 STAMINA points when used. The second contains six boxes of bullets and shotgun cartridges. The third contains a small gas cylinder for a camping stove. You help yourself to what you want and look up and down the corridor. If you want to head left along it to open the door, turn to **30**. If you want to head right along it to open the other door, turn to **119**.

163

You look out of the bedroom window and see that the courtyard is about twenty metres below. In desperation, you throw cushions, bedding and pillows

out of the window, hoping to land on them to soften your fall. You tie a sheet around the window handle, climb out and lower yourself down as far as possible. You take a deep breath and let go. You fall head over heels and crash onto the gravel-covered courtyard below. Unfortunately you land on your head and break your neck. Your adventure is over.

164

To your left you see the swing doors and to your right you see another iron door in the right-hand wall. Beyond the door, the corridor continues on for some distance. You try to open the iron door but find it is locked and there is no keyhole on the outside. You walk up the corridor to where it ends at a fire door. There is nowhere else to go so you push down on the metal bar to open the fire door. Turn to **172**.

165

You failed to kill all the Zombies in Goraya Castle. Not long after you escaped, the Zombies you failed to find burst through the main gates that had been left open. They are now rampaging through the countryside, biting and infecting any poor victims

they encounter. Eventually they will reach Melis, most likely in the middle of the night, where they will attack and infect everybody in the village whilst they sleep, including you. By daybreak you will be running alongside them, a mindless Zombie in an army of undead. Your adventure is over.

166

As soon as you type in the cat's name, the screen immediately freezes up and the laptop shuts down. You slam the screen down out of frustration. Amy tries to calm you down, saying that not using the laptop right now is not the end of the world. Turn to **158**.

167

The dart flies past your head and lodges itself harmlessly in a book on one of the shelves behind you. A lucky escape! You examine the switch carefully and see that there are actually three positions it can be in. There is a central 'off' position, a down position which sets off the trap, and an up position. If you now wish to flick the switch up, turn to **41**. If you would rather not take the chance and would prefer to leave the library immediately, turn to **160**.

168

Although there is carnage, that does not stop the next wave of Zombies from being drawn into the courtyard by the rallying call of the air raid siren. They clamber over the bodies of their fallen comrades, each one of them desperate to get to you first. You

slide another belt of cartridges into the ammunition chamber of the heavy machine gun. You are about to fire, when you hear the balcony doors burst open behind you. Two scientists, one of them with a bald head and an eye patch, jump out onto the balcony wielding axes. Their grey faces are covered with open wounds and weeping sores. They have both turned into Zombies! There is no time for you to grab your handgun and you will have to fight them bare-handed (1d6-3). The axe-wielding Zombies attack first, each causing 2 points of DAMAGE. Reduce your STAMINA by 4 points. If you win, turn to **360**.

169

If you want to go back into the bedroom to read the diary, turn to **123**. If you want to search the pockets of the Zombies' clothes, turn to **384**.

170

It is dirty work and you are soon covered in coal dust. You are just about to give up digging when your shovel hits something solid. You clear away the coal to discover an old plastic sack tied with nylon twine. You untie the sack and find a grappling hook attached to a good length of climbing rope. You fasten it to your bag, thinking that it might be needed later, and go over to the door to try to open it with the key hanging on the hook. Turn to **321**.

171

Misjudging your jump slightly, you land heavily on the edge of the mattress and fall off the bed. Your

head hits the marble floor, causing you considerable pain and making you dizzy. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You shake your head to try to focus but the dizziness continues. You are slightly concussed and during your next combat you must deduct 4 from your DAMAGE rolls. Your head is still pounding as you stand up to look around. Turn to **221**.

172

Opening the fire door triggers a red light to start flashing and an alarm to start ringing loudly. You are at the bottom of a fire escape which houses a winding iron staircase leading up several flights of stairs to another fire door at the top. If you want to run up the staircase, turn to **377**. If you want to stay where you are to see if anybody comes to investigate, turn to **8**.

173

You climb up the iron rungs until you reach the manhole cover at the top of the shaft. You push on it and are relieved to see that it lifts up. You climb out of the shaft and find yourself standing in a

small room with bare, white-painted walls. There is a white door in one wall with a key in the lock. The key turns and the door opens into a main corridor exactly like the one you left to go down to the sewer. Going left would only take you back to where you have already been so you decide to head right towards a flight of ascending stairs. Turn to **250**.

174

At such close range it is very unlikely that an excellent marksman like Yurr would miss such an easy target. The bullet hits you in the side of the head and you are dead before you hit the ground. Your adventure is over.

175

The corner of the cupboard hits you on the forehead causing you to scream out in pain. You fall back against the shower wall dazed and confused, blood pouring down your face. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **375**.

176

The staircase leads down to a wide corridor with a limestone floor. You soon see where the noise and commotion is coming from. Some twenty metres ahead there is a group of Zombies fighting over the carcass of a dog. They are all trying to grab the carcass to take a bite out of it; oblivious to the fact that it is crawling with maggots. The brawl gets really vicious and out of control, with some of the Zombies biting each others arms and legs, whilst two others try to poke each other's eyes out. But when the starving Zombies catch sight of you, they stop fighting and lurch towards you, arms outstretched, drooling and baying for blood. There are sixteen Zombies in total and you will have to fight them. If you win, turn to **6**.

177

You hurry down the hallway until you reach the door. It's solid white with a silver-plated handle. You press your ear against it but do not hear any noise coming from the other side. Armed and ready for combat, you turn the handle slowly, open the door and scan the room. It's another bedroom similar in size to the one on the floor above. The centrepiece is an expensive-looking bed with a plush mattress and a white headboard. Next to it stands a bedside cabinet on which there is a clear plastic table lamp with a vivid yellow shade. The bedroom also has a white wardrobe and a chest of drawers. On the far wall there are white-painted swing doors which you presume lead into a bathroom. You peer out of the window and see a number of Zombies wandering

around aimlessly. If you want to examine the bedroom furniture, turn to **92**. If you want to go through the swing doors opposite, turn to **222**.

178

The box contains a small penknife (1d6-2), $15 and some string. You take what you want, putting the items into the bag, which you sling over your shoulder before leaving the room to head down the corridor (turn to **93**).

179

It is too dark for you to see how many Zombies there are in the room so you fire your gun randomly at the oncoming pack. They continue to press forward undeterred, even though many are cut down by your bullets. Without warning you are suddenly hit on the side of the head by a lump of rock wielded by a Zombie who leaps out of the shadows to your left. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **104**. If you roll 4–6, turn to **195**.

180

You push the heavy four-poster bed against the door and pile all the bedroom furniture on top of it. The noise outside is getting louder as more Zombies are attracted by the commotion. They continue to hammer against the door and you see that the frame is beginning to come away from the wall, breaking the lock. If you want to stay where you are, turn to **327**. If you want to jump out of the bedroom window into the courtyard below, turn to **233**.

181

You spin the lock through to the numbers written on the paper and smile with satisfaction when the door swings open. Inside the safe you find a stack of dollar bills amounting to $44 in all, two boxes of bullets, three boxes of shotgun shells, a grenade (2d6+1) and a notebook. You flick through the notebook. All the pages are blank except for one on which the words 'Password reminder: my car' are written in capital letters. You tear the page out of the notebook and tuck it into your pocket. Pleased with your haul, you climb back up the stairs to the library, leaving immediately to head out back into the corridor, turn to **160**.

182

You hear the piercing wail of an old World War II air raid siren coming from above. You look up at the rooftops and see Gingrich Yurr, now fully transformed into a Zombie, standing inside a small observation tower above the south wing entrance gates. He is manically winding the handle of the air raid siren with both hands, screaming at the top of his voice. A second wave of undead pours into the courtyard from all sides, twenty-six Zombies in total. They swarm towards the ladder as you desperately scramble to feed another belt of cartridges into the ammunition chamber of the heavy machine gun. You release the safety catch, cock the handle and fire a deafening rat-a-tat-tat salvo of bullets at the oncoming Zombies. They begin to drop like flies, disappearing under the cloud of dust kicked up by the high-impact bullets hitting the gravel.

The rapid-firing Browning causes 2d6+15 damage. If you kill all of the Zombies in the first Attack Round, turn to **168**. If you fail to kill them all, turn to **22**.

183

You find yourself at the end of a narrow hallway. There is a window to your right which looks out onto the courtyard. You see a few Zombies stomping around aimlessly below. The hallway floor is covered with plush carpet and the walls are lined with richly-patterned floral wallpaper. There is a larger wicker basket outside the bedroom. If you want to lift the lid of the basket, turn to **302**. If you would rather walk down the hallway, turn to **271**.

184

One of the Zombies reaches up and plucks the grenade out of the air. He stares at it curiously but carries on walking towards you. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to **352**. If the number rolled is 4–6, turn to **79**.

185

It doesn't take much effort to prise the doors open. You slide them apart and find yourself standing in a cold corridor lit by ceiling lights that have square-shaped frosted glass shades. The ceiling is painted a cheerless mustard colour. The walls are the same colour above a waist-high strip of dark green tiles, many of which are missing. The paint on the walls is old and cracked and smeared with blood in several places. You sniff the air and notice a very unpleasant

chemical smell. Suddenly you hear the sound of footsteps coming down the corridor to your left. To your right some twenty metres away, there are swing doors across the corridor made of vulcanized rubber. If you want to find out who is coming down the corridor, turn to **45**. If you want to walk through the swing doors, turn to **31**.

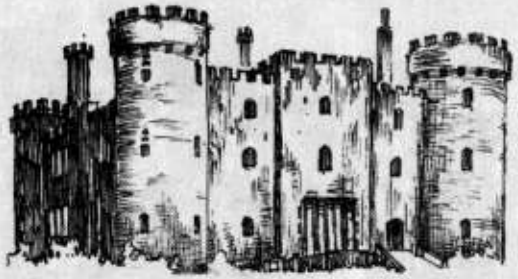

186

Whoever is on the roof is very strong and has no trouble in lifting you up by your throat. You gasp for air, legs wriggling, as you struggle to free yourself from the iron grip on your throat. But you are unable to prise open the Zombie's giant fingers and it does not take long before your body goes limp. Your adventure is over.

187

You see that the bucket contains nothing but dead rats. However, you also see a gold locket attached to a gold chain that is hanging around the purple-veined neck of one of the Zombies. Luckily the Zombie landed on the path and you are able to

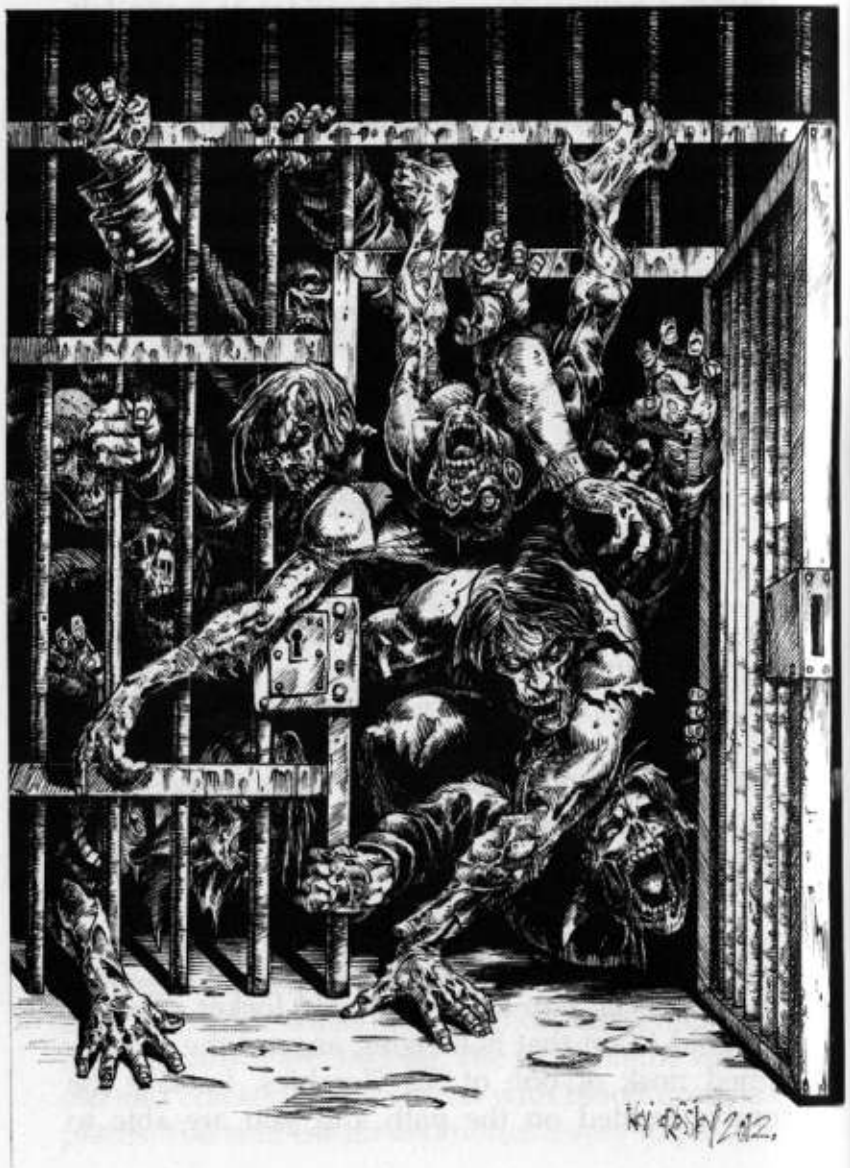

pull the locket from its neck. You open it to reveal a photo of a pretty blonde-haired girl who looks to be eighteen or nineteen years old. The other side of the locket has the name Amy Fletcher engraved on it. You put it in your pocket and walk on, eventually coming to another vertical shaft, similar to the one you climbed down earlier. Ahead you can see that the tunnel is blocked by an iron barred grill preventing you from walking along the path. If you have a hack saw and want to try to cut through the iron bars, turn to **18**. If you would rather climb out of the sewer, turn to **173**.

188

A stray bullet fired from the gun of your adversary hits you in the thigh, causing a bad flesh wound. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **45**.

189

The staircase takes you down to a windowless concrete tunnel. Ahead you hear the sound of loud voices and somebody or something rattling the doors of a metal cage. You walk slowly down the tunnel towards where the noise is coming from. It ends at a large, iron-barred cell that is full of screeching Zombies. They go berserk when they see you – in a blind rage, they throw themselves violently against the iron bars of the cell door. Suddenly the padlock on the door flies off and the Zombies pour out, arms outstretched, desperate to eat you alive. There are nineteen in total and you must fight them

with whatever weapon you have to hand. If you win, turn to **232**.

190

The thick cable is covered in black grease and you find it impossible to grip it firmly enough to enable you to climb up it. If you have a sword or a crowbar you could try to prise open the steel sliding doors (turn to **62**). Alternatively you could call out for help (turn to **374**).

191

You feel a wet, slavering mouth on your neck and before you can do anything about it, the Zombie bites down as hard as it can with its jagged, sharp teeth. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to **67**. If the number rolled is 4–6, turn to **371**.

192

As you try to force the lock open, the crowbar slips, trapping your fingers painfully against the door. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You try again, and this time you succeed. The lock flies off and the door swings open to reveal a large, dimly-lit, windowless room which looks like it was once an old bunk room. There are six wooden bunk beds lining the walls, their dirty mattresses ripped open and lying abandoned. The mystery of the scuffling sounds is immediately solved. A group of angry Zombies, some with limbs missing, others with gaping wounds on their faces and bodies, are fighting each other inside the room. On seeing you, they stop fighting. They now have a

common enemy – a human! You count seventeen in total as they rush towards you, arms outstretched. If you possess a hand grenade, it might be a good time to use it now. Turn to **357**. If you do not have any grenades you will need to use another weapon. Turn to **270**.

193

The fear and anguish that was etched on Amy's face slowly drains away and she exhales a huge sigh of relief, saying that she still can't quite believe you are here to help her escape. You tell her about how you were one of the people who were kidnapped and brought to the castle to be turned into a Zombie. You explain how you managed to escape by overpowering your prison guard and how you have been running for your life since, killing Zombies at every turn. 'Gingrich Yurr has to be stopped! The only way is to kill all his Zombies,' Amy says urgently. You reply that she is not the first person to say that, and relate the tale of poor old Boris. You tell her not to worry and that you will get her out of the castle alive – and still human! Amy manages a tiny smile and

says that you have to hurry as today's turmoil will trigger Gingrich Yurr's twisted mind into deciding to turn himself into a Zombie and unleash his undead army on the world. You look around the room and see that it is an office, which Amy says is used by Yurr. There are several shelves on the far wall that are filled with box files and books. There is a door in the middle of this wall, and a desk and office chair in front of it. There is a meeting table with eight chairs in the centre of the room. If you want to look inside the drawers in the desk, turn to **296**. If you want to open the door at the back of the office, turn to **238**.

194

Many hours pass before you hear the sound of the steel bolt sliding open again. Even though you have come to fear Otto's boot, the noise of the bolt also signals the arrival of food, disgusting though it is. As often is the case, Otto is drunk and looking forward to playing his usual game of placing your bowl of cold stew just out of reach before giving you a good kick. But this time you are going to fight back. To distract him, you tell him that he smells worse than a bag of dead frogs, which sends him into a blind rage. But you are prepared, committed in your mind to an all-or-nothing move – you will try to wrap your legs around him and pull him to the ground. As he pulls his leg back to kick you, you seize the moment and strike. Holding onto the chains, you thrust your legs upwards to ensnare the fat jailor. If you want to try a risky head shot, turn to **299**. If you want to go for his body, turn to **345**.

195

You are dazed by the blow but manage to stay on your feet. You turn to shoot the Zombie who attacked you and watch him fall to the ground, twitching. Head spinning, you stumble back against the wall and inadvertently hit the light switch with your head. The room is immediately lit up by rows of neon lights fixed to the low ceiling. It is devoid of any furniture. There is just a bloodstained slab of polished stone on a plinth in the middle which has manacles and chains attached to each corner. There are nine Zombies lying dead on the floor and nineteen left alive, most shielding their eyes against the sudden bright light. You seize your chance and start shooting. If you win, turn to **298**.

196

You take careful aim at the lock and squeeze the trigger of your gun. The explosion that follows is both deafening and unexpected. It is followed by many more explosions as dozens of bullets and shotgun cartridges are set off. The bullet that you fired burst a gas cylinder inside the chest, which in turn set off the bullets and cartridges that were also packed inside. Bullets fly everywhere. Several hit you in the head and chest with fatal results. Your adventure is over.

197

The girl screams at you to go away or she will shoot. If you want to call out the name Amy, turn to **312**. If you want to call out the name Amelia, turn to **38**.

If you have a chainsaw and would rather cut your way through the door, turn to **203**.

198

The hallway turns left once more and you walk around the corner, arriving at a wide, carpeted staircase on the right, again going up. The hallway continues on beyond the staircase. Suddenly you hear a noise coming from the top of the staircase and get ready to defend yourself. Turn to **148**.

199

You take the pulley out of your bag and clip it onto the zip wire, tying a short length of rope to it from which to hang. You sit on the edge of the roof and push off, flying through the air as the Zombies watch from below, screaming and shouting at you. The zip wire droops under your weight, slowing you down when you are just over half way across the courtyard. Luckily your momentum keeps you going and you reach the edge of the roof of the east wing. You grab hold of the metal ladder and climb down to the balcony as fast as you can. At the same time, ten of the Zombies in the courtyard start to climb up the ladder. They reach the first floor balcony at the same time you do, and you have to fight them. If you win, turn to **280**.

200

You pull out the pin and throw the grenade down the hallway into the path of the oncoming Zombies. You drop to the floor next to Boris just as it explodes.

Shrapnel and debris fly down the corridor, tearing into the pack of Zombies. Reduce their number by 2d6+1. If you have another grenade, you may just have time to use it whilst there is chaos and confusion. Turn to **108**. If you would rather use a different weapon, turn to **17**.

201

The laptop makes familiar starting-up noises before prompting you to enter a username. If you know Yurr's username, turn to **358**. If you do not, turn to **158**.

202

You pass by a dirty old mattress that is propped up against the right-hand wall. It appears to have been dumped in the corridor long ago. Broken springs stick out through its torn, grubby cover. If you want to look behind it, turn to **141**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **385**.

203

You pull the cord and the chainsaw's motor bursts noisily to life. You thrust the rotating chain of tiny blades at the wooden door, cutting a circular hole through the oak panel like a knife through butter. But the girl you are trying to help is hysterical, believing you are a Zombie. She has a pistol and begins firing random shots at the door in the mistaken belief that you are trying to kill her. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **154**. If you roll 4–6, turn to **366**.

204

You open the door slowly, peering round to see who is playing the drums so badly. The room is a wreck. There are smashed up guitars with broken necks, a trombone which is bent in two, a flattened saxophone and a piano on its side with all its keys and strings ripped out and scattered over the floor. Amidst the pile of broken instruments and torn up pages of sheet music, you see a Zombie sitting on a stool, bashing away at a set of drums with a flute and a hammer instead of drum sticks. The Zombie appears to be in a trance, its blank staring eyes looking straight through you, oblivious to everything. Suddenly the skin of the snare drum is ripped open by the force of the hammer pounding down on it. This makes the Zombie fly into a rage, screaming loudly. Snapped out of its trance, it catches sight of you and immediately throws the hammer at you. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to **75**. If the number rolled is 4–6, turn to **237**.

205

You are caught in the spray of bullets. Two of them hit you, one of them causing a fatal wound. Your adventure is over.

206

The book is an illustrated reference work on Zombies, giving very detailed descriptions of their history and habits. The book claims that Zombies were first created by witch doctors of the Caribbean. On one small island, the Zombie population grew uncontrollably and had to be hunted down and slaughtered. But before their corpses were all burned, blood from slain Zombies was taken away and sold to unscrupulous traders. They sold it on to evil megalomaniacs who wanted to experiment in turning humans into Zombies. Any human who has blood-to-blood contact with a Zombie will turn into one themselves. The book gives a stern warning to be very careful when coming into contact with Zombies. You make a mental note of the advice before deciding what to do next. If you want to flick the brass switch, turn to **324**. If you want to leave the library and walk on, turn to **160**.

207

You run down the north wing hallway, past the doors in the middle, to the staircase from which you emerged not long ago when leaving the basement. You are tempted to go back down the stairs to finish off the Zombies in the basement but decide that can wait until you have helped Amy escape from the

castle. You turn left at the end of the hallway into the west wing, running all the way to the end before turning left again into the south wing, arriving at a door on your right with a sign on it marked 'Stock Room'. Twenty metres further on the hallway ends at a glass-panelled door which leads to the castle's main entrance gate. If you want to go into the stock room, turn to **283**. If you want to walk to the door ahead, turn to **14**.

208

Some of the suitcases contain old clothes and shoes which appear to be your size if you want them. Another contains a broken old cricket bat and some mouldy cricket balls. Yet another suitcase on the bottom shelf is full of plastic soldiers, model tanks and scenery. The figures are beautifully hand-painted but dusty and long-forgotten by whoever once played war games with them. The final suitcase you open contains something more immediately useful. It is a Med Kit. When you use it, gain 4 STAMINA points. You take the Med Kit and shut the cupboard door. If you have not done so already, you may open the door opposite – turn to **246**. If you would rather walk on to the end of the corridor, turn to **81**.

209

You pull out the pin and throw the grenade into the path of the advancing Zombies. Before it explodes, you jump back into the laboratory and close the iron door, taking cover behind it. There is a huge explosion seconds later, and you hear the Zombies wailing louder than ever. Reduce their number by 2d6+1. Seizing the initiative, you open the door to fight the remaining Zombies. If you win, turn to **298**.

210

There is a handle on the manhole cover and you lift it up quite easily. You are immediately engulfed by a terrible stench, so bad that it makes you retch. It is the foul smell of raw sewage. There is a narrow shaft that drops vertically down to an open sewage tunnel below. There are iron rungs fixed to the wall all the way down the shaft. You drop a stone down and hear it land with a dull 'plop' into the sewage water below. If you want to climb down the shaft, turn to **379**. If you would rather close the manhole cover and continue along the corridor, turn to **337**.

211

Climbing up the drainpipe is hard work. Gingrich Yurr has plenty of time to settle down and take careful aim. He does not miss his target a second time. The shot rings out and darkness envelopes you. You let go of the drainpipe and fall headlong into the baying throng of Zombies below. Your adventure is over.

212

Do you know the young girl's name? If you want to call out the name Amy, turn to **312**. If you want to call out the name Amelia, turn to **38**. If you want to call out the name Amanda, turn to **197**.

213

The chest isn't locked. You lift the lid and find three boxes of bullets, three boxes of shotgun cartridges, an empty plastic bottle and $15. You take what you need and leave the bunk room to head off along the corridor, turn to **388**.

214

The scientists are caught completely by surprise when you barge through the doors with your gun pointed at them. They immediately raise their arms in the air to surrender. You tell them to walk through the swing doors and into the first cell past the lift. As you pass by the lift, the scientist with the shaved head drops his clipboard, pretending it was by accident. As he bends down to pick it up, he suddenly jumps up and tries to inject you with a syringe containing contaminated blood. Roll one die. If you roll 1-3, turn to 353. If you roll 4-6, turn to 27.

215

You look down the corridor momentarily to view the carnage before kneeling to help Boris who is lying face down, groaning in pain. You see that he is very badly injured. You turn him over and see blood trickling out of the corner of his mouth. He reaches up and grabs your arms, gripping them tightly. He stares at you with pleading eyes. 'Stranger, it's down to you now,' he whispers slowly, coughing in great discomfort. 'Otto is dead. Gregor is dead. The rise of the Zombies has begun. You have to stop Gingrich Yurr. You have to kill his Zombies. You have to kill

them all!' Boris breathes out slowly as his eyes close. He loosens his grip and falls back, his head slumped to one side. There doesn't appear to be anything that you can do for him. You stand up and walk slowly down the hallway, picking your way through the pile of Zombie corpses. Turn to 7.

216

You fall through a trap door and land painfully on the floor below. Your legs are broken in several places, and you pass out from the pain. When you wake up, you cannot believe your eyes. You are in a large, windowless room lit by neon ceiling lights. You are chained to a smooth stone slab, surrounded by screeching Zombies who become very animated when they see your eyes flick open. They shuffle closer to watch a tall, thin, bespectacled man wearing a long white laboratory coat and rubber gloves inject your neck with Zombie blood. The scientist sniggers and tells you that you are about to become the latest conscript in Gingrich Yurr's army of Zombies. Your adventure is over.

217

You search through your pockets and find the keys you are looking for. You open the van door, jump into the driver's seat and turn the key in the ignition. The starter motor whirrs for what seems like ages before the engine finally splutters into life, backfiring, and belching thick black smoke out of the exhaust. You put the van in gear and press down on the accelerator. The van lurches forward into the courtyard, engine misfiring. There is a sudden loud bang, caused by something landing on the cabin roof. A hideous face appears upside down in front of you, pressed against the windscreen. A lone Zombie has jumped down from the first floor window above the garage and onto the roof of the van. It begins hammering on the windscreen. You point your gun above you and shoot through the roof. The Zombie screeches in pain, rolls off the roof and hits the ground. Through the rear-view mirror you see it attempt to stand up again. You stop the van and get out, leaving the engine running. The bleeding Zombie stumbles towards you, arms outstretched, uttering the words 'the enemy' in a low, rasping voice. You shoot again and watch it drop face-down onto the ground, this time for good. You approach the body cautiously and slowly turn it over with your foot. Its jacket flops open and you see a tag sewn on the inside pocket, with the name Higson embroidered on it. Still alert, you scan the area, but seeing no more Zombies, you jump back in the van and drive up to the main gates, blasting the padlock off with a burst of gunfire. You toss your gun out

of the window, crash through the gates, your foot pressed down on the accelerator. You speed through the forest and some ten minutes later you see a girl ahead of you walking along the road. Even from a distance you can see that she has long blonde hair and is wearing jeans and a t-shirt, so you recognize that it is Amy at once. You toot the horn and watch her turn around and wave frantically, jumping up and down with excitement. You drive up to her and stop. 'Nice wheels,' she says, laughing. You are relieved to see that she is safe and tell her to jump in. You drive off, admonishing her for walking alongside the road. She dismisses your lecture with a wave of the hand, as all she wants to hear about is the gruesome account of your battles with Gingrich Yurr and his army of Zombies. Turn to **400**.

218

If ever you needed a Med Kit it is now. You do what you can to bandage yourself up but the state of your wounds is worrying. Still, at least you are alive. The Zombie is not so fortunate. It lies motionless on the stone floor, blown to pieces. You waste no time and hurry on down the corridor before stopping outside

a doorway in the left-hand wall. You listen at the door and hear loud barking coming from the other side. If you want to open the door, turn to **26**. If you would rather press on, turn to **276**.

219

Somebody is shooting at you through a small, porthole-like window in the wall behind you. It is one of Yurr's scientist henchmen. At close range it is difficult to miss you with a machine gun. Two of the bullets hit you in the back with fatal results. Amy screams hysterically as you drop to the floor. She tries to revive you with a Med Kit but it is already too late. Your adventure is over.

220

You continue along the corridor, turn left at the end, and soon arrive at a junction. To your left there is another corridor leading back the way you have just come from. Directly ahead the corridor continues straight on before turning sharply left. To your right there is a wide, carpeted staircase, this time going down. There is a lot of banging and shouting coming

from downstairs. You decide to investigate, weapon in hand and ready for combat. Turn to **176**.

221

The bedroom is large and lavishly decorated, with burgundy-coloured flock wallpaper. The huge bed is made of dark oak, its stout corner posts ornately carved in the shape of intertwining snakes. The two bedside cabinets, also made of oak, have modern lamps with orange shades standing on them. The room is a treasure trove of fine antiques; a dressing table, chairs, wardrobe, a leather-topped desk, a plant stand, a full-length swivel mirror, a beautiful 18th century chest of drawers and several fine porcelain figurines displayed above the marble fireplace. You look out of the window, down into the courtyard below and see lots of Zombies milling around, looking angry and confused. Gingrich Yurr is nowhere to be seen. There is the main bedroom door in the wall on the left side of the bed and double swing doors in the wall on the right side of the bed. If you want to search the room, turn to **137**. If you want to walk through the swing doors, turn to **76**. If you want to open the bedroom door, turn to **183**.

222

You walk into a small bathroom. Nothing catches your eye other than a small cupboard with a mirrored door fixed to the wall above the sink. You open it and are pleased to find some bandages and a Med Kit which will add 4 STAMINA points when used. You go back into the bedroom and notice that the bedside cabinet drawer is open slightly. Your curiosity

gets the better of you, and you pull the drawer open further, to find a loaded handgun (1d6+2), an empty purse, some letters, a pen and a diary. The letters are all addressed to a girl by the name of Amy Fletcher. They were written by her Aunt Helen who has a New York address. The early letters write of her disapproval of Amy going to work as a cook for a man of questionable character in a castle in a remote part of Romania. She asks if Amy is being well looked after, and when she will be returning home to New York. Her later letters beg her to come home. As the months go by her communications become more frantic; Aunt Helen says she is 'worried sick' about the things Amy has written to her, such as her having seen 'men in white coats' and Gingrich Yurr acting 'totally weird' and that she has heard 'terrible screams' coming from the basement. You put the letters down and are about to pick up the diary when suddenly you hear a noise outside. It's the sound of footsteps coming down the hallway. If you want to investigate, turn to **303**. If you want to close the bedroom door and lock it, turn to **258**.

223

You pass by an ornately-carved mahogany table on which stands a large, patterned vase and two small porcelain figurines. The vase has a striking design of interwoven blue flowers painted on it. You look inside it but it is empty. There is a small drawer at the end of the table. You slide it open and find a tape measure, a pair of reading glasses, a pocket Romanian-English dictionary and a calculator. You take what you want and walk on. The hallway makes a sharp right turn and you soon arrive at a doorway in the right-hand wall which has a hand-painted sign with the word 'Cleaners' on it screwed to the door. If you want to open the door, turn to **89**. If you would rather walk on ahead, turn to **311**.

224

You jump off the balcony, landing painfully but unharmed on the pile of bodies, which breaks your fall. There is a huge explosion overhead as a bazooka shell blows the balcony to pieces. You roll away to avoid being hit by falling rubble and debris. You stand up and run across the courtyard and through the doors in the north wing before Gingrich Yurr has time to fire another shell. All is deathly quiet in the corridor, but you know that Yurr in his Zombie state will be desperate to hunt you down. You suddenly remember with horror that your bag was on the balcony. Everything that was inside it is now lost. All you have left is your handgun and any small items you have inside your pockets to take on Yurr and any remaining Zombies. You must decide which wing of

the castle to search first. If you want to search the north wing, where you are now, turn to **132**. If you want to search the west wing, turn to **48**. If you want to search the south wing, turn to **236**. If you want to search the east wing, turn to **16**.

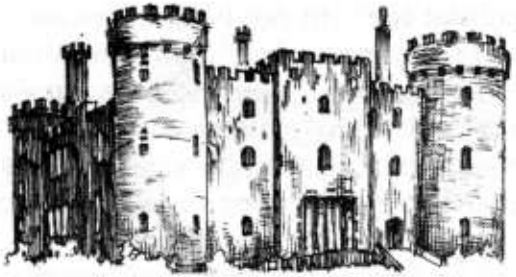

225

The next morning Amy wakes early to the sound of birds singing outside her window. The sun is shining and all is quiet and peaceful in the picturesque village of Melis. She opens the curtains and looks out onto the village square. People are busy setting up their market stalls, unaware that you have averted the apocalypse of the undead. You, however, did not sleep so well in your tiny bedroom in the attic. All night you thought about the events of the previous day, going through everything in your mind over and over again. You are positive that you checked all the rooms, but something is still bugging you. Suddenly it dawns on you – the skip in the courtyard! You didn't look under the cover. You try to convince yourself that it was very unlikely that there were any Zombies hiding in a skip. Before long you

have managed to dismiss the idea as paranoia. You go downstairs to meet Amy for breakfast. She talks excitedly about flying back to New York and you discuss how long you think the police will make you stay in Melis. Not long, as it turns out. Local politics intervene, and later in the morning you are told by the police that they do not believe your story after all. Not wanting to scare off any tourists with ridiculous rumours about Zombies, they have decided not to carry out an investigation, and have instead arranged for a taxi to take you to the railway station – immediately. Despite your protests, you are sent on your way. The following day Amy flies to New York. Back in England, your life eventually returns to normal at college. You end up graduating with the highest marks ever recorded for your dissertation.

226

On reaching the T-junction you look left to see that the corridor ends some twenty metres ahead at a doorway. Looking right you see the corridor also ends at a doorway in that direction. The oak chest is an antique and the lock is flimsy-looking. If you want to head left along the corridor to open the door, turn to **30**. If you want to head right along the corridor to open the other door, turn to **119**. If you want to prise open the lock on the chest, turn to **133**.

227

The castle is soon left far behind. You walk along in silence, both consumed by your own thoughts about the terrible events of the day. But it doesn't take long for you both to cheer up, as you realize how lucky you are to have escaped. You pick up the pace and hurry on, chatting again, hoping to reach a village before dark. Turn to **400**.

228

You take the full force of the blast in the chest. There is no way you can survive such an explosion. Your adventure is over.

229

After you hand the money over to Boris, he tells you that Gingrich Yurr is an insane megalomaniac hell-bent on world domination. In his twisted mind he believes the only way he can do this is to lead an army of Zombies to conquer mankind. Yurr despises all humans, tolerating only his scientists and a few servants out of necessity. The scientists are helping him with his evil master plan. They have experimented for years in his subterranean laboratory, developing a mutated human gene. They found they were able to turn physically weak people into mindless Zombies by injecting them with blood

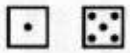

contaminated with this gene. For the last year Yurr's henchmen have kidnapped hundreds of victims who were locked up and starved until they were weak enough to be transformed. The Zombies are kept underground in semi-darkness, locked up inside huge cellars. Some are occasionally allowed out to roam around the castle for Yurr's amusement. He enjoys watching them going berserk with rage, baying for blood. Boris is certain that one day Gingrich Yurr will inject himself with the contaminated blood to lead his army of Zombies against the world.

'Not surprisingly, we would like to leave before that day comes,' Boris says with a frown. 'We've earned decent money here but we are not allowed to leave, so it's all been a bit pointless really. Gregor and I are hoping to bribe one of the scientists to get us out of this hellhole as soon as possible. It will be Armageddon day when Yurr unleashes his Zombies on the world. But maybe you can stop him? It's a monumental task but not impossible. You will have to kill his Zombies, each and every one of them.

You've got to kill them all. If you don't kill them all, we are doomed. And so are you.'

Boris's desperate words ring inside your head. What he's told you about Yurr seems crazy, but maybe it is true? Could it have been Zombies who jostled you in the courtyard when you arrived? Have you ironically found the mythological beasts you have spent so long searching for? Or are they about to find you? You smile at Boris and tell him you have nothing to lose and that you will do it – or die trying. Both men cheer loudly and give you a big slap on the back in gratitude.

'A few words of advice before you begin your Zombie-slaying, stranger,' Boris says looking at your wrists. 'Make sure your open wounds don't get any Zombie blood on them or you will end up becoming infected too. The Zombie virus is highly contagious.' If you want to ask Boris if there is anything in the storeroom which could be of use to you, turn to **329**. If you would rather thank him for the advice, say goodbye, and walk immediately over to the door in the far wall, turn to **157**.

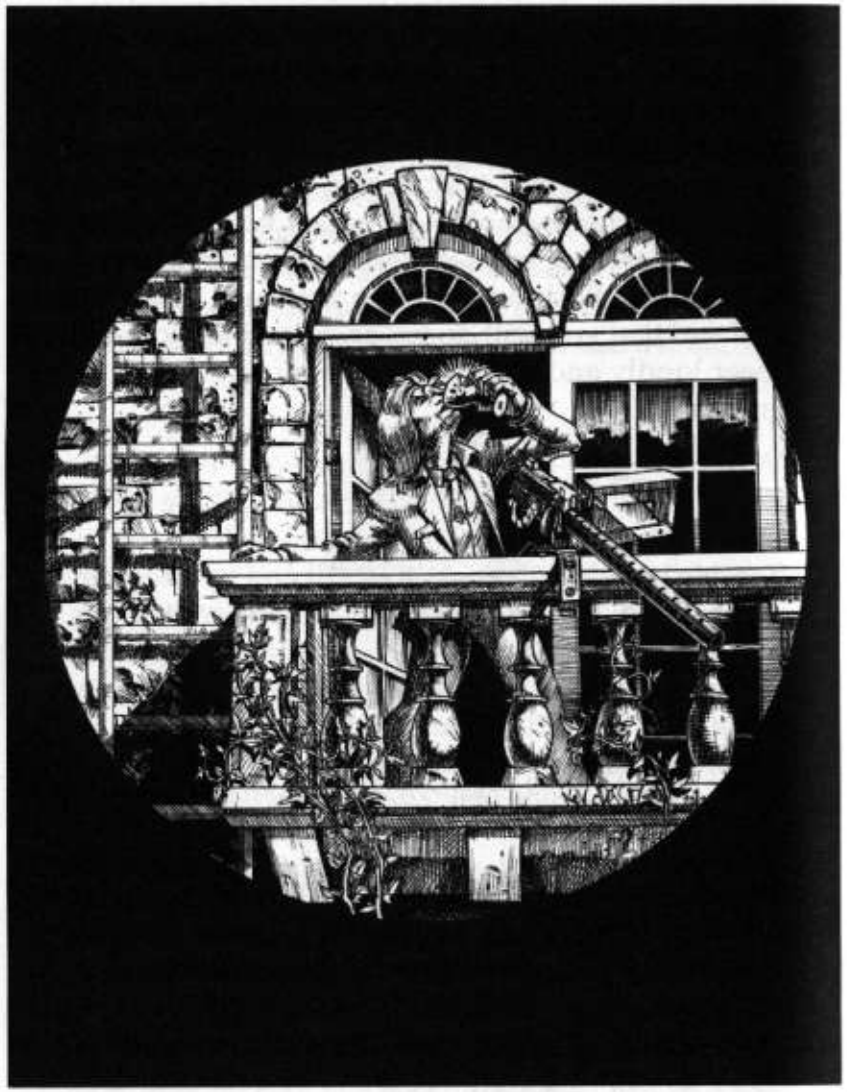

230

Crouching down to avoid being seen by the Zombies in the courtyard, you tiptoe down the hallway to reach the telescope. Pointing it at the balcony on the first floor of the east wing, you peer into the lens, focusing on the heavy machine gun mounted on the wall. You recognize it as a .30 calibre Browning, an insanely powerful rapid-firing machine gun that fires belt-fed high-calibre bullets. If only you could get your hands on it to mow down the Zombies. The French windows on the balcony suddenly open. The familiar figure of Gingrich Yurr appears as he walks to the edge. Holding a syringe full of blood in one hand and a glass of blood in the other, he screams manically at his Zombies below. They all turn and look up. Yurr stops shouting. He stands in silence for a few moments completely still, before injecting himself in the neck with the syringe and drinking the glass of blood. Your worst fears are soon realized as Yurr starts to transform into a Zombie. His skin turns grey and erupts with sores and blisters. His red-rimmed eyes turn milky white, sinking deep into their sockets. His lips split and begin to bleed. He crushes the glass in his hand, cutting his fingers badly, but doesn't seem to care as he bellows at the sky. No longer human, he is a man possessed, spitting blood as he calls on his fellow undead to ransack the world. With the deafening sound of screaming Zombies ringing in your ears, you rush back along the hallway to escape down the staircase. Turn to 57.

231

You land in a heap on the hallway floor, twisting your ankle. Lose 1 STAMINA point. The huge Zombie who attacked you lies motionless nearby, adding to the pile of corpses. Some of the storage boxes and suitcases have also fallen down from the loft with you. If you want to search through them, turn to **336**. If you would rather walk on to the lift at the end of the hallway, turn to **367**.

232

Somehow you survive the onslaught of the Zombies and step over the twitching bodies to take a look inside the cell. One of the prone Zombies has a silver flask sticking out of the top pocket of its blood-stained shirt. You take the flask and give it a shake. There is liquid inside. You unscrew the top to take a sniff. It has a strange smell which reminds you of bitter almonds. If you want to take a swig of the liquid, turn to **376**. If you would rather pour the liquid away, turn to **56**.

233

You look out of the bedroom window and see that the courtyard is about twenty metres below. It is very unlikely that you could jump that far down without fatally injuring yourself. If you still wish to chance it, turn to **87**. If you would rather stay where you are, turn to **327**.

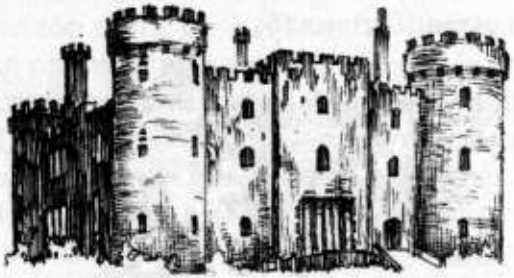

234

The doors have been blown out, wedging the lift tight against the wall of the lift shaft, and preventing it from moving. You can hear the lift's motor humming loudly, straining to lower it. A hole has also been blown through the floor of the lift, which looks just about big enough for you to squeeze through. You peer into the gloom and estimate that it is about a five metre drop to the basement floor. If you want to slide down the lift cable, turn to **80**. If you want to jump down to the floor, turn to **343**.

235

Despatching the two slow Zombies was easy enough, but you know that unless you find yourself a gun, you will have no chance against a horde of them.

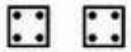

You step over their bodies to look in the cupboard. Inside you find a small metal box with a green cross printed on the lid. It is a Med Kit, which will add 4 points to your STAMINA when you decide to use it. There are also two cardboard boxes of bullets which you put into your bag together with the Med Kit. At least you now have ammunition, if not a gun. There is no other way out of the room so you go back the way you came. Turn to **265**.

236

You run silently along the corridors, gun in hand, until you reach the south wing. You search all the rooms but find no trace of Gingrich Yurr. In one room you find a locker which you manage to prise open with a screwdriver you find on the floor. Inside you find a sawn-off shotgun (1d6+4) and a box of cartridges. Suddenly you hear the sound of a car's engine starting up. You look through a window and see that the garage doors in the east wing are open. Gun in hand you run into the courtyard and head for the garage. Turn to **369**.

237

The hammer spins through the air and crashes against the door, just missing your head. Turn to **399**.

238

You enter a plush study which has as its centrepiece a huge walnut desk and a black, high-backed leather chair. There is a laptop computer and a telephone on top of the desk. There is a library of books covering one wall and detailed drawings of mythological creatures covering all the other available wall space. There are drawings of werewolves, vampires, demons, ghouls, ghosts, wraiths and other hideous undead fiends, some of which you don't even recognize, which is surprising since you are supposed to be an expert. However, pride of place goes to the Zombies who have a wall all to themselves, with hundreds of gruesome photos from the castle pinned to it. Amy tells you to stop looking at the Zombies and get back to working on the escape plan. If you want to use the telephone, turn to **323**. If you wish to turn on the laptop, turn to **201**.

239

A quick search of the wardrobe provides you with a change of clothing and a scientist's laboratory coat, which you stuff into your bag. You also find $3 and a magnifying glass in a drawer of the dressing table, which you may decide to keep. If you want to walk through the swing doors, turn to **76**. If you want to open the bedroom door, turn to **183**.

240

The landing is carpeted and the walls are covered with bright patterned wallpaper. There are some still life paintings and mirrors hanging on the walls but nothing of value to you. You walk on until you come to a corner where the corridor turns sharply left. Around the corner you see a white doorway in the right-hand wall some twenty metres ahead. You walk up to the door and see a sign painted on it in red lettering which says 'Gymnasium'. If you want to open the door, turn to **342**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **12**.

241

Without anything to shield you from the blast, the force of the exploding grenade is deadly in the close confines of the lift. Your adventure is over.

242

You squeeze the trigger and fire. From such close range it is impossible to miss. The Zombie falls backwards, tumbling head over heels down the staircase. Suddenly there is a massive explosion from below as the dynamite ignites. The shockwave from the

explosion knocks you completely off your feet and you bang your head against the bell. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Smoke billows up from below but at least the clock tower is still standing. The staircase is blocked by rubble and you have no choice but to escape from the top of the tower. You pick up a brick off the floor and hurl it at the glass face of the clock. It shatters on impact, sending a shower of thousands of shards of glass onto a rooftop some twelve metres below. If you possess a length of climbing rope and a grappling hook, turn to **150**. If you do not have any rope, turn to **99**.

243

You start shooting at the padlock on the double doors as the horde of Zombies closes in on you. But the lock is made of thick steel and the bullets merely bounce off it. You turn to shoot at the Zombies and survive for a few minutes before you are dragged to the ground and set upon. You are soon covered in Zombie blood and become infected. In a matter of minutes you too become a Zombie, giving chase to poor Amy who runs away shrieking in terror. Your adventure is over.

244

As you inch your way slowly down the narrow passageway, you see a chink of light in the distance. You also notice a very bad smell in the air, something akin to rotten eggs. You keep going as quietly as possible. At last you come to the end of the passageway and see that it leads into what looks like an old workshop. There is a disused fireplace set in the left-hand wall with an anvil in front of it. A long work bench is set against the right-hand wall with a vice fixed to it and old broken tools lying on top of it. A tatty orange plastic curtain stretches across the wall opposite. As you step into the room, the curtains are suddenly pulled apart by snarling half-dead humans in ripped clothes who rush at you, trying to slash you with the long broken nails of their outstretched hands. Their skin is grey and blighted with open wounds and festering sores. They have long dishevelled hair, with teeth missing from their blackened mouths. Swollen tongues fill their open mouths, and their vacant eyes are milky white, red-rimmed and sunken in their sockets. They screech and gurgle in anticipation as they rush towards you. They are Zombies, eight of them in total! You must fight them barehanded or with a weapon if you have one. If you win, turn to **395**.

245

You try to open the door that the girl went through but it is locked. You knock on the door but the girl screams hysterically, yelling at you to go away. You tell her that you can help her escape but she

continues to scream at the top of her voice. If you want to call out her name, turn to **212**. If you want to go out into the courtyard, turn to **348**.

246

The door opens into a large storage cupboard that is full of cardboard boxes piled high. If you want to open them, turn to **34**. If you have not done so already and would like to open the door opposite, turn to **281**. If you would rather walk on to the end of the corridor, turn to **81**.

247

You hear the car engine roaring loudly inside the garage. You look round the door and see Gingrich Yurr sitting in the driver's seat of his Austin Healey, revving the engine and laughing insanely. There is a rusty old delivery van parked next to the Austin Healey. Being so close to Yurr, you see just how hideous he really is, his innate evil made all the more obvious by his Zombie eyes and torn flesh. He suddenly catches sight of you and revs the engine even louder, but appears confused when he tries to put the car into gear. Because of his transformation he has virtually forgotten how to drive and his frustration quickly turns into anger. He pulls and pushes the gear stick viciously back and forth until suddenly the car shoots forward, forcing you to jump to the side to avoid being run over. He drives out of the garage at high speed, swerving around the courtyard out of control, trying to run you down. If you want to run for the open doors in the north

wing, turn to **11**. If you want to turn and shoot at Yurr, turn to **144**.

248

The corridor turns sharply left once more. You turn the corner and walk towards a doorway at the end of the corridor. Suddenly you hear the sound of dogs barking loudly behind you. A large pack of vicious-looking Attack Dogs rounds the corner, wild-eyed and slavering. The sleek-looking and ultra aggressive animals are running at you at full speed. You decide to run for the door. If you are wearing the suit of armour, turn to **39**. If you are not wearing a suit of armour, turn to **326**.

249

You turn and run, firing your gun at the window from which the barrel of the rifle is sticking out. Yurr backs away long enough for you to run back through the double doors, locking them behind you to keep the Zombies out. You press your ear against the door opposite and hear the girl is still screaming

uncontrollably. You decide to help her, and call out her name. Turn to **212**.

250

The rickety stairs lead up to the ground floor of the castle. You are relieved to be back in daylight after being held captive for so many days in near darkness. Your eyes water as they adjust to the bright light of the sun's rays pouring through a window high up in the wall opposite the top of the stairs. There are several life-size portraits hanging on the brightly-patterned walls. A vivid red carpet runs along the centre of a stone-floored hallway on either side of the stairs. If you want to inspect the paintings, turn to **354**. If you want to go left along the hallway, turn to **223**. If you want to go right along the hallway, turn to **113**.

251

The door opens into a brightly lit laboratory that has stainless steel work tops laid out with microscopes, flasks, bottles, jars, pipettes, thermometers, weighing scales and glass tanks containing bubbling

liquids. Glass cabinets line the walls and inside one there are three large glass jars containing a red liquid, most likely blood contaminated with the Zombie virus. At the far end of the laboratory there is a black-laminated cupboard with sliding doors. There is another iron door at the back of the laboratory on the left which is padlocked and bolted. If you want to smash the jars containing the red liquid, turn to **90**. If you want to try to open the iron door, turn to **320**.

252

Around the corner, you soon arrive at a junction. To your right there is another corridor leading back the way you have just come from. Directly ahead the corridor continues straight on before turning sharply right. To your left there is a wide, carpeted staircase, this time going down. There is a lot of banging and shouting coming from downstairs. You decide to investigate, weapon in hand and ready for combat. Turn to **176**.

253

One of the Zombies reaches up and tries to grab the grenade as it flies overhead. But he fumbles the catch and clutches nothing but air. Seconds later the grenade explodes amidst the close-packed Zombies who take the full force of the blast, blowing many of them to pieces. Reduce their number by 2d6+1. You jump up to fight those that remain with your chosen weapon. Turn to **17**.

254

You decide to poke your head through the hole in the door to show her that you are not a Zombie. Whilst you are doing this, a tall man with an unusually large head walks silently down the hallway towards you, armed with a rifle. Gingrich Yurr looks at you with your head through the door and laughs silently to himself. He begins firing and doesn't stop until he has run out of bullets. Your adventure is over.

255

As you approach the doorway, the strong smell of cooked food fills your nostrils and awakens your hunger. Consumed by the thought of eating, you dash through the doorway into a small, poorly-lit room which appears to be Otto's living quarters. Grubby sheets cover a thin mattress on a wrought iron bed in one corner, and set against the far wall there is an old gas cooker that has a saucepan of potatoes simmering on the hob. Above the cooker there are some badly painted green shelves fixed to the wall. One shelf is crammed with cooking utensils and crockery, and the other is laden with bags of vegetables, most of which are rotten. On the floor you see a bright red shoulder bag that has the word 'Hendrix' printed on it in ornate lettering. You open the bag and find it contains nothing more than some dice, three pencils, a few coins, a book with half the pages missing and a magazine about accordions. None of it is of interest to you, and you empty the contents onto the floor and keep the bag. In the middle of the room there is a rickety table with a white

laminated top on which lie a paperback book and a plate of half-eaten meatloaf and potatoes. If you want to finish off Otto's meal, turn to **317**. If you would rather leave the room and head down the corridor, turn to **93**.

256

The Zombies who survive the first round of bullets climb up the ladder and jump onto the balcony to attack. Reduce your STAMINA by the number of Zombies left alive. If you are still alive, you must fight them with your handgun. If you win, turn to **182**.

257

The old lift descends slowly, juddering and noisy, until it grinds to a halt at the ground floor where the doors slide slowly open. You are not expecting the reception that is waiting for you. Standing behind a shield of four screaming Zombies, you see the madman himself, Gingrich Yurr, who is laughing manically and shaking his fist at you. One of the Zombies is holding a grenade in its hand. You try to shut the lift door by pressing buttons 2 and B repeatedly, at the same time firing at the Zombies. All four are hit by the hail of bullets, but Yurr crouches down behind the Zombies and is left unscathed. He shoves the Zombie holding the grenade in the back as it falls,

pushing it into the lift just as the doors are closing. It drops onto the lift floor, letting go of the grenade just as the lift starts its rumbling slow descent to the basement. There is a massive explosion from which there is no escape. If you are wearing a flak jacket, turn to **50**. If you are not wearing a flak jacket, turn to **241**.

258

You press your ear against the door and hear the footsteps come to a halt outside it. Then you hear the all-too-familiar grunt of a Zombie. If you want to shoot through the door, turn to **142**. If you want to keep quiet and stay where you are, turn to **318**.

259

You take aim and fire several shots, sending the lock flying off the splintered door. It swings open to reveal a large, dimly-lit, windowless room which looks like it was a bunk room. There are six wooden bunk beds lining the walls, their dirty mattresses ripped open and lying abandoned around the room. The mystery of the scuffling sounds is immediately solved. A group of angry Zombies, some with broken limbs, others with gaping wounds, are fighting each other inside the room. On seeing you, they stop fighting – they now have a mutual enemy. You count seventeen in total as they rush towards you, arms outstretched. If you possess hand grenades, now might be a good time to use them. Turn to **357**. If you do not have any hand grenades you will need to use another weapon. Turn to **270**.

260

Poor Amy is wracked with guilt and apologizes over and over again for accidentally shooting you. She pulls a small Med Kit out of her shoulder bag and helps bandage your wound. The Med Kit restores 2 STAMINA points. She realizes that you really are trying to help her. You reply that it was your own fault and, given the circumstances, you should have said straight away that you had read her diary. Turn to **193**.

261

When you lift the lid, you hear a faint click followed by a rapid ticking sound. Before you have time to react there is a huge explosion. The trunk was booby-trapped with a bomb which blows up in your face. Lose 10 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **106**.

262

Choosing whichever weapon you think best for close combat, you step into the room to fight the twenty eight Zombies. The odds are not in your favour but if you win, turn to **298**.

263

Most of the lockers are empty, save for one in which you find a leather wallet. It contains some receipts, two club membership cards, a credit card, $4 and a piece of paper with the number 333 scribbled on it in pencil. You pocket the wallet and the piece of paper before leaving the room. Turn to **220**.

264

'That's an easy one,' says Amy. 'Yurr drives an Austin Healey. You probably knew that already.' As soon as you type in the words Austin Healey, the screen immediately boots up and you see a number of icons on the desktop. 'There isn't an internet connection. How annoying,' says Amy. But there is one document which looks interesting, labelled 'Emergency Exit.' If you want to open this document, turn to **77**. Alternatively, if you have not done so already, you could try to make a call on the telephone (turn to **323**).

265

You notice a small door no more than a metre high in the right-hand wall of the corridor. A simple latch keeps it closed. If you want to open it, turn to **84**. If you would rather keep walking along the corridor, turn to **202**.

266

You empty the chamber of your gun into the blood-crazed horde. Some drop to the ground screaming, ignored by others who step over them to attack you. Before you can reload, you are set upon and become covered in Zombie blood. Quickly infected, you become a Zombie, joining the screeching pack to give chase to poor Amy who runs away shrieking in terror. Your adventure is over.

267

The pain from your wounds is terrible and your hands shake as you try to open the Med Kit.

Fortunately there is everything in it you need to bandage yourself up and stop the bleeding. Add 4 STAMINA points. Still reeling from the effects of the explosion, you stagger off down the corridor. Turn to **25**.

268

You carry out a quick search of the Zombies' tattered clothing and find a box of matches and $7 before opening the bedroom door to leave. Turn to **183**.

269

You look down the fire escape and count twenty-four Zombies clambering up the staircase. If you have a grenade and want to use it now, turn to **331**. If you do not have or want to use a grenade, turn to **151**.

270

All seventeen of the Zombies pour out of the bunk room, intent on ripping you apart. You quickly select your weapon to fight them. If you win, turn to **145**.

271

A man suddenly appears at the far end of the hallway, running towards you as fast as his stocky frame will carry him, screaming at the top of his voice. He looks like a normal human being, certainly nothing like the Zombies you have had to face. 'Help! Help! They're coming! Help!' he shouts in a terrified voice. As he gets closer you recognize his trademark shaved head, orange overalls and black army boots. It's Boris, one of the men you met in the storeroom.

Behind him you see a pack of Zombies stumbling down the corridor giving chase. They are fighting each other to get to the front of the pack. Running for his life, exhausted and out of breath, Boris suddenly trips over his own feet and tumbles to the floor some ten metres in front of you. You must quickly decide what to do. If you want to go back into the bedroom and leave Boris to fend for himself, turn to **37**. If you want to stand and fight the Zombies, turn to **339**.

272

You pop open the two latches on the flight case and lift off the lid. You are very pleased to find a flak jacket and a Med Kit inside. When you use the Med Kit, gain 4 STAMINA points. If you have not done so already you may open the violin case (turn to **105**). If you would rather turn left out of the room and go immediately right down the corridor (turn to **252**).

273

You continue your search of the boiler room and find a crowbar (1d6) propped up against some piping. There is nothing else in the room of much use

so you decide to try to open the door in the far wall with the key hanging on the hook. Turn to **309**.

274

You try several combinations of the different keys but the padlock doesn't open. In the last frustrating attempt, you force the smallest key too hard, snapping it off inside the lock. You cannot get it out and have no option but to leave the laboratory and go back out into the corridor, turn to **164**.

275

The flak jacket takes most of the impact of the shrapnel that flies towards you. You are hit by just a small piece of jagged metal which lodges in your leg, reducing your STAMINA by 2 points. The Zombie who was holding the grenade was not so fortunate and neither were his fellow Zombies. They take the full force of the blast, with many of them blown to pieces. Reduce their number by 2d6+1. You jump up to fight those that are left with another weapon. Turn to **17**.

276

You soon arrive at a door in the right hand wall. You try the handle but it is firmly locked. Ahead the corridor ends at a T-junction where there is a large oak chest on the floor, set against the far wall. Turn to **226**.

277

If you want to carry on running towards the ladder, turn to **134**. If you want to retreat back through the double doors, turn to **249**.

278

The sewer comes to an end at a point where it feeds into a sewage pipe in the brick wall. The pipe is too narrow to crawl into, not that you would want to anyway! There is no alternative but to go back to the shaft you passed and climb out of the sewers. Turn to **173**.

279

The letters are all addressed to a girl by the name of Amy Fletcher. They were written by her Aunt Helen who has a New York address. The early letters write of her disapproval of Amy going to work as a cook for a man of questionable character in a castle in a remote part of Romania. She asks if Amy is being well looked after, and when she will be returning home to New York. Her later letters beg her to come home. As the months go by her communications become more frantic, with Aunt Helen 'worried sick' about the things Amy has written to her, such as her having seen 'men in white coats' and Gingrich Yurr acting 'totally weird' and hearing 'terrible screams' coming from the basement. You put the letters down and are about to pick up the diary when suddenly you hear a noise outside. It's the sound of footsteps coming down the hallway. If you want to investigate, turn to **303**. If you want to close the bedroom door and lock it, turn to **258**.

280

After pushing the dead Zombies off the balcony, you jump behind the Browning machine gun and check it for ammunition. There are several cases of belt-fed cartridges, certainly enough for the coming battle. You put your bag down to give yourself more freedom to swing the heavy gun from side to side. Sitting ready for action with your finger on the trigger, you release the safety catch, cock the handle and take aim at the Zombies below. There are twenty-four in total. They swarm towards the ladder, fighting each other to climb up it first. You squeeze the trigger and empty the belt of cartridges into the horde of undead. The deadly firepower of the Browning machine gun inflicts (2d6+15) damage. If you kill all of the Zombies in the first attack round, turn to **182**. If you fail to kill them all, turn to **256**.

281

The door opens to reveal a small storage cupboard, at the back of which is a bulging stack of tartan-patterned suitcases. If you want to open the suitcases, turn to **208**. If you have not done so already, you may open the door opposite (turn to **246**). If you want to walk on to the end of the corridor, turn to **81**.

282

You pull the safety pin out before tossing the grenade through the gap in the doorway. Seconds later there is a loud explosion. The banging on the door immediately stops and all you can hear is groaning and whimpering. If you have a second grenade and

wish to toss it into the hallway, turn to **307**. If you would rather pull the furniture away from the door so you can open it, turn to **64**.

283

The door isn't locked and you enter a small room that is fitted out with cupboards and shelves filled with boxes of tools, tins of paint, rags, brushes, cleaning materials, old gardening equipment, spades, shovels, compost bags, hosepipes, gardening gloves, sacks and miscellaneous household items that have been dumped in the room and forgotten. The one thing which catches your eye is a large brass key that is hanging on a hook by the side of the door. The words 'Main Gate' are written on the wall in black marker pen above the hook. You decide to take the key, slipping it into your bag. 'Hey, look over here,' Amy says excitedly. 'I've found an electronic panel on the wall. It's got a numeric touchpad below the display.' If you know the code number to operate the panel, turn to that number now. If you do not know the number, there is not much you can do other than

leave the stock room and turn right to open the door at the end of the hallway. Turn to **14**.

284

'I wouldn't do that if I were you,' says Boris as you step towards him. 'I assure you I am very capable of looking after myself.' If you still wish to attack him, turn to **370**. If you want back off and head for the door, turn to **157**.

285

You tell Amy not to worry and brag that you are now a veteran Zombie slayer, perfectly able to finish off the remaining Zombies. This comment cheers her up a little. You tell her it's time to go, and that she should walk along the edge of the forest, following the road. You advise her to make sure she stays out of sight of anybody driving along the road. You wave goodbye, saying that you will see her soon. You go back inside the stock room and close the secret door. You exit, turn left, and then walk north along the west wing before reaching the staircase at the junction with the north wing. You are about to

go down it to the basement when you catch sight of the telescope mounted on the table ahead. Turn to **230**.

286

Before the Zombie can reach the top of the steps, you slam the trapdoor on top of its head and slide the lock shut. Suddenly there is a massive explosion and you are blown off your feet. The trapdoor beneath you is blown to smithereens, as is the clock tower. There is no way you could survive such a terrible explosion. Your adventure is over.

287

You grab Amy's hand and run off towards the cover of the forest. You hear machine gun fire but don't stop to look back as you weave your way between the tall trees. After ten minutes running hard, you stop and sit down on a log, exhausted. 'Now what?' Amy asks breathing heavily. If you want to suggest that you should go together to warn the authorities, turn to **85**. If you want to suggest that Amy goes on

her own to warn the authorities whilst you return to the castle to finish your mission, turn to **338**.

288

There is a huge leather-bound book on one of the shelves fixed to the end wall between two bookcases. It is entitled *Living Dead: The World of Zombies*. On removing the book from the shelf you notice a small brass plate on the wall behind it. There is a switch in the middle of the plate. If you want to read the book, turn to **206**. If you would rather flick the switch, turn to **324**. If you want to leave the library and walk on, turn to **160**.

289

The person shooting at you is one of the scientists. At this range it would be difficult for him to miss you a second time with a machine gun. He sprays the hallway with bullets, several of which hit both you and Amy with fatal results. Your adventure is over.

290

The door is unlocked and opens into a living room that has been totally trashed. A light grey sofa lies upside down, its linen cover and cushions ripped open, spilling foam stuffing all over the floor. Two armchairs are in a similar state and the white plastic coffee table has been jumped on and flattened. All the pictures have been ripped off the walls, their frames smashed to pieces on the floor amidst bits of broken glass and pottery. A red plastic radio has been stuffed into a plant pot. It is still working, blaring out some drama at full volume. A television on its side against the far wall has an umbrella sticking out of its shattered screen. Next to it is a huge rectangular fish tank on a wrought iron stand that has had a hole punched through the front glass panel from which water is still pouring out. A Zombie is picking up the fish that are jumping about on the floor and cramming them into its gaping mouth. You are just about to attack the Zombie when a second that was hiding behind the door leaps on your back and tries to bite your neck. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1-3, turn to **191**. If the number rolled is 4–6, turn to **363**.

291

You unzip the bag and find some musty old sports clothes – a pair of grey sweat pants, a T-shirt and a pair of trainers. Everything seems to be your size if you want them. But the most exciting thing you find in the bag is a baseball bat (1d6) which could serve as a very useful weapon. Suddenly you hear

scratching sounds coming from inside the cupboard. Turn to **13**.

292

You do not have time to reload the Browning before you are hit by the full force of an exploding bazooka shell. The impact is devastating. The balcony is blown to pieces and you with it. Gingrich Yurr's plans to conquer the world may be over for now, but he roars with crazed laughter at the sight of the smoking hole in the wall. Your adventure is over.

293

Paying great attention, you carefully lift up the lid of the box and find a grenade (2d6+1) inside. You sigh with relief that it was not set up as a booby trap. You clip the grenade onto your belt and consider what to do next. If you have not done so already, you may open the door opposite (turn to **281**). If you would rather walk on to the end of the corridor, turn to **81**.

294

As you open the steel door you are met by a blast of cold air. You peek into the refrigerated room and see lots of animal carcasses hanging on butcher's hooks, attached to chains fixed to the ceiling. There must be at least thirty half-sides of frozen beef and pork suspended from the ceiling. If you want to take a look inside the room, turn to **5**. If you would rather close the door and continue along the corridor, turn to **341**.

295

The door opens into a small washroom. There is a wrist watch and a pair of reading glasses on the basin that somebody must have left behind by mistake. You take the opportunity to have a good wash, the first in days, and you feel much better for it as a result. You also take a long drink of water from the tap. Add 2 STAMINA points. You may take the watch and the glasses before leaving to turn left back into the hallway. Turn to **198**.

296

In the top drawer you find pens, paper, a ruler, a pocket calculator, a stapler, a hole punch and a phone charger. In the next drawer down you find some postcards of the castle. One of them has a short birthday greeting on the back but no address. It simply says, 'Happy 30th Zagor' and is signed by Yurr himself. You ask Amy if she knows who Zagor might be, but she shakes her head looking puzzled. The bottom drawer contains nothing but a notebook with the words 'Important Information' written on the cover. You flick through the notebook and read two entries which could be useful. The first one is 'Username is White Rabbit'. The second one is 'Roznik is owed $100 for blood.' Amy tells you that Professor Roznik is Yurr's head scientist and that he is a very dangerous man. You rip the two pages out of the notebook and ask Amy if she knows where the door at the back leads to. 'It's Gingrich Yurr's private study,' she replies. You don't wait for an invitation to open the door. Turn to **238**.

297

You open lots of boxes but find nothing more than game components inside. However, set in the wall you see the door of a small safe that was previously concealed behind the boxed games. The words 'Use brass key' are written on the front of the safe, obviously a reminder for the owner. If you have a brass key, turn to the number stamped on it. If you do not have a brass key you can try to prise the safe open. If you have a crowbar, turn to **362**. If you have nothing

with which to open the safe, you will have to leave the room and walk further up the corridor. Turn to **129**.

298

You look around at the carnage in the room. You almost feel sorry for the Zombies, these helpless lost souls were once human beings before being transformed by Gingrich Yurr and his evil servants. There is another iron door in the left-hand wall of the room which is also padlocked and bolted. Using the numbered keys you are soon able to open it. You find yourself back in the gloomy corridor. The entrance to the laboratory is on your left with the swing doors beyond. On your right you see that the corridor continues on for some distance. You decide to turn right, walking up the corridor to where it ends at a fire door. There is nowhere else to go so you push down on the metal bar to open the fire door. Turn to **172**.

299

Hampered by your shackles and weak from hunger, you fail to get your legs high enough in the air. Otto easily fends off your attempt to snare him. 'You'll pay for that,' he says in a deep wheezing voice, kicking over your bowl of food in anger. Still enraged, he then kicks you viciously in the ribs several times. The pain is terrible and you pass out. When you wake up, you cannot believe your eyes. You are in a large, windowless room lit by neon strip lights. You are chained to a smooth stone slab, surrounded by screeching Zombies. They become very animated

when they see your eyes flick open. They shuffle closer to watch as a tall, thin, bespectacled man wearing a long white laboratory coat and rubber gloves injects your neck with Zombie blood. The scientist sniggers as he tells you that you are about to become the latest conscript in Gingrich Yurr's army of Zombies. Your adventure is over.

300

You search through your bag, looking for something that could open the sliding doors. If you possess a hack saw, turn to **355**. If you do not possess a hack saw, turn to **102**.

301

The door isn't locked and opens into a large room that is fitted out with rows and rows of bookcases. There is a musty smell in the air created by all the old leather-bound tomes that have deteriorated over time, sitting unread on the shelves. Without warning two Zombies jump out from behind one of the bookcases to attack you. If you win, turn to **365**.

302

The basket is full of dirty laundry; towels, sheets and pillow cases. You empty the contents onto the floor and are surprised to find a cardboard box at the bottom of the basket. You remove the lid to find three hand grenades (2d6+1) inside the box. After making sure the firing pins are secure, you put the grenades in your bag which lifts your spirits and puts a spring

in your step as you walk down the hallway (turn to **271**).

303

You sneak a look through the doorway and see two Zombies approaching. They should not be much of a problem for a veteran Zombie-slayer! If you win, turn to **169**.

304

The door opens to reveal a narrow cupboard set into the wall. Inside the cupboard you are overjoyed to find the perfect Zombie-stopper; a shotgun (1d6+5), four boxes of shotgun cartridges and two boxes of bullets. You take everything and close the door quickly, moving the painting back to its original position. If you want to go left along the hallway, turn to **223**. If you want to go right along the hallway, turn to **113**.

305

The Zombies reach the top of the staircase and begin hammering on the fire door. It shakes under their weight and it won't be long before they smash it

open. If you want to stand your ground and fight the Zombies, turn to **74**. If you want to look down into the courtyard, turn to **40**.

306

You push down on the water cooler tap and fill your cup. The water is ice-cold and refreshing and you take your time to drink as much as possible. You hadn't realized just how thirsty you were and feel much better after drinking your fill. Add 2 STAMINA points. A quick search of the gym reveals nothing of interest so you make a quick exit and walk on. Turn to **12**.

307

Taking no chances, you toss the second grenade into the hallway. You brace yourself for the explosion but are horrified to see the grenade tossed back through the doorway, landing on the bed. There is a massive explosion and you take the full force of the blast. Lying on the floor badly injured and unable to move, you can only watch as the door is pushed open by a horde of Zombies. Standing over you is a

man wearing orange overalls whose face you recognize, though it is now covered in wounds and open sores. Boris has turned into a Zombie and soon you will become one too. Your adventure is over.

308

Unluckily for you, the stray bullet hits you in the thigh. You drop to the floor clutching your leg. Amy comes to her senses and is shocked to see you writhing on the floor in agony. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **260**.

309

The key turns in the lock and you find yourself back in a main corridor running left to right. You lock the door behind you and think about which way to go. The decision is soon made for you. There is somebody coming along the right-hand corridor. Turn to **109**.

310

With the Zombies closing in, you fumble around frantically in the shadows for the light switch, finally

locating it high and to the right of the doorway. You flick the switch down and the room is immediately illuminated by rows of neon lights fixed to the low ceiling. The room is devoid of any furniture. There is just a blood-stained slab of polished stone on a plinth in the middle which has manacles and chains attached to each corner. The Zombies moan and groan, shielding their eyes from the bright light. You count twenty-eight in total. If you possess any grenades you may want to use one of them now whilst the Zombies are still blinded by the neon lights. If you want to lob a grenade at the slow-moving Zombies, turn to **209**. If you do not have any, turn to **262**.

311

The hallway turns right once more and you walk around the corner, arriving at a wide carpeted staircase on the left, again going up. The hallway continues on beyond the staircase. Suddenly you hear a noise coming from the top of the staircase and get ready to defend yourself. Turn to **148**.

312

As soon as you call out the name Amy, the screaming stops. You hear footsteps approaching and step back as the door opens. A young girl's head appears from behind the door. She has a terrified expression on her face and tears are streaming down her cheeks. She beckons you inside the room and locks the door again. You notice that she is holding a pistol loosely in her right hand. 'How do you know my name?' she asks. If you want to reply it was just a random guess, turn to **72**. If you want to reply that you have read her diary and assumed it must be her, turn to **193**.

313

You stand motionless in the shower, heart pounding. You hear somebody enter the bathroom snorting loudly like a pig. Then you hear the sound of the cupboard being ripped off the wall. But you do not see the Zombie hurl it at the shower curtain! Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1-3, turn to **175**. If the number rolled is 4-6, turn to **127**.

314

You quickly attach the grappling hook onto the back of the clock and throw the rope through the hole in the clock face. As the Zombie walks towards you, dynamite in hand, you leap through the hole and abseil down the wall of the clock tower. The rope is not long enough to reach all the way down and you have to let go of it to drop the final five metres to the rooftop below. You twist your ankle quite badly as

you land. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Above you there is a huge explosion as the roof of the clock tower is blown off by the dynamite. Debris falls on top of you – fragments of stone, wood, clock parts and even the foot of the Zombie that is no more. Turn to **359**.

315

More and more Zombies gather below. Hanging onto the drainpipe with one hand, you rummage through your bag for a grenade. You grip the pin with your teeth and pull, dropping the grenade on the Zombies below. There is a loud explosion causing carnage below, but this causes even more Zombies to surge into the courtyard. Scrambling over the pile of bodies, they grab hold of the drainpipe and start pulling at it frantically. It shakes and shudders, making it difficult for you to hold on, before coming away from the wall completely. You tumble headfirst into the outstretched arms of the Zombies below. Clawed and bitten, you become infected by their contaminated blood. Soon you will become one of them. Your adventure is over.

316

You step over the slain Zombies to get into the lift. You see there are four buttons you can press; 2, 1, G and B which you assume relate to floors 2, 1, ground and basement. You are on the second floor. Will you press button 1 (turn to **159**), button G (turn to **116**) or button B (turn to **330**)?

317

Even though plain meatloaf is not your favourite dish, right now it tastes like the best meal you have ever had in your life. You help yourself to some potatoes and scoff them down until you can eat no more. You pat your full stomach contentedly and let out a loud belch. Add 2 STAMINA points. You are about to leave the room when you spot a small metal box tucked away under the stove. If you want to open the box, turn to **178**. If you would rather leave the room and head down the corridor, turn to **93**.

318

There is a loud crack of splintering wood as the door is suddenly kicked open by two large Zombies. You must fight them. If you win, turn to **29**.

319

You are hit in the arms and legs by shrapnel, but your head and chest miraculously escape injury. Lose 6 STAMINA points. If you survive, turn to **218**.

320

The large padlock on the door is made of toughened steel. There is no way you could prise it open even with a crowbar. If you have a bunch of keys numbered 1 to 8 and want to try to open the door, turn to **396**. If you do not have these keys or do not want to try to open the door, you must go back out into the corridor. Turn to **164**.

321

The key unlocks the door, which opens into a boiler room housing four large, rumbling boilers with outlet valves hissing steam. Gurgling hot water pipes lead up from the boilers, disappearing into the low ceiling. There is a large metal air vent in the ceiling, yet it is still very hot inside the room. At the far end of the room there is another iron door and a key hanging on a hook next to it. If you want to search the boiler room, turn to **69**. If you would rather try to open the door in the far wall with the key hanging on the hook, turn to **109**.

322

You climb up the steps at a brisk pace. You are about half way up the tower when you hear a noise coming from below. Somebody else is coming up the staircase behind you. You hurry up the steps until you arrive at a trapdoor in the wooden floor above you. It is not locked and you are able to push it open. You climb through it to find yourself in a square room at the top of a clock tower. A huge bronze bell is suspended from the ceiling. There are four large mechanical clocks, one on each of the four walls, facing the outside world, all whirring and ticking loudly. Looking through the transparent faces of the clocks you are able to see forests and mountains in the distance and yearn to escape to freedom. But right now you have other more pressing matters to deal with; the footsteps on the staircase are getting louder. Whoever it is doesn't seem to care that you can hear them coming. You hear a sniggering

voice, a voice that is not quite human. You grab a weapon, ready to fight whoever it might be. The sniggering stops and you hear a repeated clicking sound that reminds you of somebody trying to get an empty lighter to work. You look down through the trapdoor and see a burly Zombie standing on the staircase holding three sticks of dynamite in one enormous hand, their burning fuses fizzing loudly. If you are armed with a gun and want to shoot the Zombie, turn to **242**. If you would rather slam the trapdoor shut, turn to **286**. If you want to smash the glass face of one of the clocks and attempt to climb outside and down the clock tower, turn to **15**.

323

You lift the receiver and try dialling home but the telephone line is not connected to the outside world. All you are able to do is phone extension numbers inside the castle. If you know Gingrich Yurr's number and want to dial it now, turn to that number. If you do not know the number and wish to turn on the laptop, turn to **201**.

324

When you flick the switch down, you hear a faint clicking sound like that of a catch being released. You have set off a trap. Without warning a small dart shoots out of a near-invisible hole in the wall beneath the switch. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to **167**. If the number rolled is 4–6, turn to **381**.

325

The Zombies who survive the deadly salvo of bullets reach the top of the ladder and climb onto the balcony to attack before you can reload the Browning. Reduce your STAMINA by the number of Zombies left. If you are still alive, you must fight them with your handgun. If you win, turn to **110**.

326

You reach the door but find it is locked. There is a key in the lock but you do not have time to turn it before the Attack Dogs are upon you. The three at the front of the pack jump up at you, mouths open and snarling. You must defend yourself with whatever weapon you have to hand. There are 17 Attack Dogs in total, each with 1 STAMINA point and each causing 2 DAMAGE points. If you win, turn to **95**.

327

The loud banging on the door continues and slowly it starts to inch its way open, the combined strength of the crazed Zombies pushing back the heavy furniture. A grey, skinny arm covered with festering wounds squeezes through the doorway, quickly followed by two others. There is no stopping the Zombies now. If you want to jump out of the bedroom window into the courtyard below, turn to **87**. If you possess a grenade, turn to **282**.

328

The username is correct and you are now asked to type in a password. You tell Amy that you have no idea what it is. She asks if there is a reminder prompt for the password. You tell her there are two options, 'My Cat' or 'My Car'. If you want to type in the name of a cat, turn to **166**. If you want to type in the make and model of a car, turn to **264**.

329

'We haven't got much in stock at the moment but you are welcome to what we have. I'm sorry, but

I'm going to have to charge you. If there is any stock missing and Yurr finds out, we will be turned into Zombies immediately.' Boris looks at his clipboard and reads out what he has for sale, saying. 'Everything here costs a dollar. We've got rubber gloves, AAA batteries, hack saws, screwdrivers, pencils, steel pulleys, magnifying glasses, magnets, string, fish hooks, sunglasses, knife sharpeners, glue, packing tape and scissors. A bit of a mixed bag but there we are. What would you like to buy?'

Buy what you wish and pay $1 for each item. If you want to ask Boris if he has any provisions, turn to **28**. If you would rather thank him for his help, say goodbye, and walk immediately over to the door in the far wall, turn to **157**.

330

The old lift descends slowly, rumbling and juddering, before grinding to a halt at the first floor. You press button B again but nothing happens. The lift doors slide open to reveal another long hallway like the one on the second floor, ending at a window that looks out onto the courtyard. There is also a doorway on the right at the far end of the hallway. If you want to walk down the hallway to open the door, turn to **177**. If you would rather stay in the lift, you can either press button G (turn to **33**) or press button B once more (turn to **147**).

331

You pull the pin out before dropping the grenade down the stairwell. You hear it clatter down the

stairs and seconds later there is a mighty explosion which echoes loudly inside the concrete shaft of the fire escape. The twenty-four Zombies are reduced in number by (2d6+1). Those that are left go crazy and race up the stairs as fast as they can, looking for revenge. You step back from the door and get ready to face the onslaught of Zombies. Moments later they pour out onto the roof, berserk with rage. Choose your weapon and fight them. If you win, turn to **40**.

332

The landing is carpeted and the walls are covered with bright patterned wallpaper. There are some still life paintings and mirrors hanging on the walls, but nothing of use to you. You walk straight ahead until you come to two white doorways opposite each other. You press your ear against them in turn but do not hear anything. If you want to enter the door on your left, turn to **246**. If you want to open the door on your right, turn to **281**. If you would rather walk on to the end of the corridor, turn to **81**.

333

Amy looks at you intently as you recount all the battles one more time. Satisfied that you searched everywhere inside the castle and left no Zombies standing, you announce that you are certain you killed them all. 'I certainly hope so,' she replies, smiling. 'If not, Melis will be the first village the Zombies come to and they will attack during the night. If I wake up in the morning, I'll know you did kill them all!' Turn to **225**.

334

Next to the fallen Zombie, you find a $5 bill on the floor that was tucked into the baseball cap it was wearing. All the instruments are smashed to pieces, but at the back of the room you see a violin case and a large, black flight case for an amplifier, which is covered in airline stickers. If you want to open the violin case, turn to **105**. If you want to open the flight case, turn to **272**. If you would rather turn left out of the room and immediately right down the corridor turn to **252**.

335

A stray bullet fired from the gun of your adversary coming down the corridor flies past your head, piercing the rubber door. Turn to **45**.

336

The storage boxes contain nothing but magazines, books and old photographs. One photo is of an intelligent-looking woman with long dark hair who is standing in front of a private jet. The name Therese Clark is written on the back of the photo.

You wonder who she might be and if she has been turned into a Zombie. The suitcases are empty but one contains costumes and props which must have been used for dressing up by children long since grown up and departed. There is a clown outfit, a cowboy hat, a policeman's helmet, a fairy princess costume, a space helmet, a sailor's uniform, some wigs, false beards and moustaches. If you want to take anything, help yourself. Eager to leave the scene of the carnage, you hurry towards the lift at the end of the hallway. Turn to **367**.

337

You walk along the long dark corridor until you arrive at a white door in the right-hand wall. You try the handle but the door is locked. You look through the keyhole and see that there is a key in the lock on the inside. Ahead you see stairs going upwards which appear to be the best way to get out of the underground corridors. Turn to **250**.

338

Amy looks at you imploringly and begs you not to go back to the castle. You reply that you have to stop Yurr before he unleashes his Zombies on the world. You reassure her that it won't take long to deal with the remaining Zombies and that you'll catch her up in no time. She stares at the ground, a tear running down her cheek. If you possess a gold locket on a gold chain, turn to **68**. If you do not have the locket, turn to **52**.

339

With your weapon at the ready, you step forward to defend Boris. Your heart pounds when you count the sheer number of screeching undead charging down the hallway towards you. There are twenty-seven Zombies in total. If you possess any grenades you may use one of them now, turn to **200**. If you do not have any grenades, turn to **17**.

340

The grenade bounces along the floor towards you and almost immediately there is a deafening explosion

which echoes loudly down the corridor. Luckily for you, the flak jacket takes the brunt of the impact. The only injury you receive is a small piece of shrapnel embedded in your leg which reduces your STAMINA by 3 points. The Zombie is not so fortunate. It lies motionless on the stone floor, blown to pieces. You waste no time and hurry on down the corridor until you stop outside a doorway in the left-hand wall. You listen at the door and hear loud barking coming from the other side. If you want to open the door, turn to **26**. If you would rather press on, turn to **276**.

341

You soon arrive at a row of cells running along both sides of the corridor. The front of each cell has floor-to-ceiling iron bars with doors built in. All of them are hanging open. There is a terrible stench coming from the cells which you recognize as the putrid undead stink of Zombies. But there is no sign of them. Perhaps they were released by Boris? You walk on and arrive at a staircase going up. You climb it and find yourself on the ground floor of the north

wing of the castle. You are at one end of a long hallway which turns right at the far end. There are two doorways opposite each other in the middle of the hallway. The one on your right would appear to open onto the courtyard. There is a telescope mounted on a table next to this door. Suddenly a young, blonde girl dressed in jeans and a white T-shirt and carrying a small shoulder bag appears from around the corner at the far end of the hallway. Half walking, half running, she keeps glancing behind her, acting as though somebody is following her. Before you can call out to her, she opens the door to your left, just as a pack of Zombies appears from around the corner in hot pursuit. The girl closes the door quickly behind her. The Zombies begin hammering on it and you hear the girl scream. You have no choice but to go to her rescue and fight the Zombies, all seventeen of them. If you win, turn to **245**.

342

The door opens into a brightly lit room that is laid out with state-of-the-art gym equipment. There are running machines, rowing machines, treadmills, exercise bikes, weights and benches. But there is a lot of rubbish on the floor and none of the equipment looks like it has been used in a long time. There is a water cooler in the far corner of the room, its paper cups ripped out of the holder and strewn across the shiny black floor. If you want to pick up a cup and drink the water, turn to **306**. If you would rather shut the door and keep going, turn to **12**.

343

You climb down through the hole, letting go of the lift floor at the last possible moment. You drop down and hit the basement floor hard, twisting your ankle. Lose 1 STAMINA point. The brass diamond-grilled sliding doors at the bottom of the lift are shut and you are unable to pull them apart to enter the basement. If you possess a crowbar, turn to **185**. If you do not possess a crowbar, turn to **300**.

344

You step into the shower and pull the yellow curtain shut behind you. There is a lot of noise coming from the bedroom. There is shouting and screaming, banging and crashing, and the sound of furniture being thrown around and glass being smashed. There must be Zombies in the bedroom, no doubt about it. Will you stay hidden behind the shower curtain, armed and ready to fight (turn to **313**) or go into the bedroom to attack the Zombies (turn to **53**)?

345

Otto's reactions are slow and your quick movement catches him off guard. You manage to wrap your legs around his midriff and haul him screaming to the ground. He tries to wriggle free but you hold on to him, wrapping one of your chains around his neck. He gasps for breath and lashes out, catching you in the face with his elbow but causing no real damage. You hang on to him and pull harder on the chain until he gives up the struggle and passes out. He slumps down on top of you but you are just able to reach his belt. Your searching fingers find a key attached to a thin chain on his belt. The chain is just long enough for you to be able to put the key in the lock of your shackles. It fits and the lock pops open, much to your relief. You unlock the other shackle and snap it shut over the unconscious thug's wrist. A search of his pockets yields nothing more than a photo of a plump, middle-aged woman which you throw to the floor. You rub your injured wrists and think about what to do next. You are barefoot and wearing the same t-shirt and cargo shorts you had on when you were kidnapped. A change of clothes would be welcome but Otto's smell worse than yours do, so that will have to wait. You must find a way to escape. Otto starts to moan as he regains consciousness. If you want to interrogate him, turn to **21**. If you want to leave the prison cell immediately, turn to **73**.

346

Roznik stares at you coldly and says, 'Well, I suggest you turn around, go back and get the money from Yurr.' If you want to pull out your gun to arrest them and lock them in the cells, turn to **364**. If you want to push past them and run down the corridor, turn to **120**.

347

The door opens into a windowless room that has a circular table and six chairs in the centre. All the walls are lined from floor to ceiling with shelves that are crammed full of board games, computer games, books and even 25 issues of an old games magazine with the strange name *Owl & Weasel*. One shelf has a row of books with distinctive green spines and fantastical-sounding titles like *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, but most shelves display row upon row of board games. On a high shelf, nestled between a pile of board games and a box file labelled *Games Night Newsletters*, you see a silver two-handled cup. You lift the trophy down and see it is inscribed with the words 'The Pagoda Cup'. There are six names etched on the back of the cup over a period of 27 years. If you want to open some of the boxed games, turn to **297**. If you would rather leave the room and walk further up the corridor, turn to **129**.

348

The glass-panelled double doors leading into the courtyard are not locked. There are a lot of Zombies wandering around in the courtyard looking very

agitated. You see a balcony on the first floor of the east wing which has a heavy machine gun mounted on it. There is a metal ladder attached to the wall by the side of the balcony which runs from the roof down to the courtyard. If you want to run across the courtyard to the ladder, turn to **88**. If you would rather start shooting at the Zombies, turn to **392**.

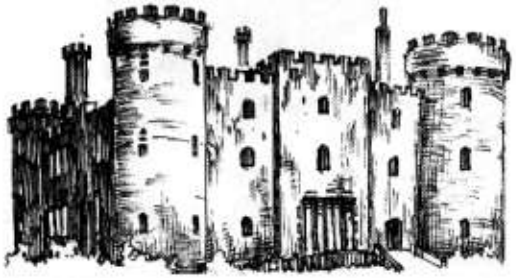

349

A quick search of the Zombie's clothes produces a brass key and a wallet. The key has the number 111 stamped on it. The wallet is empty apart from a cracked plastic driving licence in the name of Tom Watson. The photo on the card is of a smiling, round-faced man with black hair and glasses. You stare at the photo for a few moments, wondering what fate had led him here, to be turned into a Zombie. You toss the wallet away and look in the cupboard. The storage boxes are full of household junk which is of no use to you. You pocket the key and carry on down the hallway. Turn to **311**.

350

With the huge number of Zombies closing in on you, Amy screams at you to hurry up and open the padlock. If you possess a large brass key, turn to **35**. If you do not have this key, turn to **243**.

351

You are relieved to have survived the onslaught of the Attack Dogs. You walk to the back of the room and take the bunch of keys off the hook. There are eight in total, each different in size and each stamped with a number between one and eight. The smallest key is No. 1 and the largest key is No. 8. You hook them onto your belt, hoping they will be of use later. On your way, you notice a small cupboard on the left-hand wall. You open it to find two Med Kits inside. Turn to **276**.

352

Seconds later there is a huge explosion. Fortunately you are only hit by a small piece of shrapnel which lodges in your leg, reducing your STAMINA by 2 points. But the Zombie who was holding the grenade was not so fortunate and neither were his

fellows. They take the full force of the blast, with many of them blown to pieces. Reduce their number by 2d6+1. You jump up to fight the remaining Zombies with your chosen weapon. Turn to **17**.

353

The scientist manages to plunge the syringe into your thigh. You scream in terror, realising that you will soon become another member of Gingrich Yurr's army of Zombies. The transformation begins almost immediately. You fire your gun randomly before dropping it on the ground, unable to think for yourself. Your adventure is over.

354

The paintings are all portraits of formidable-looking gentlemen who have lived in the castle down through the ages. They are all named and dated. All of them have the surname Yurr. Each has a stern look on his face, except for one – a sharp-featured man with long hair, a piercing stare and a sly grin who looks more mean and evil than all the others. His name is Gingrich Yurr. He is the current owner of the castle and the man Otto said wanted to kill you. Despite wearing a yellow waistcoat and holding a small white rabbit in his arms, he stands there confidently as a man to be feared. If you want to inspect the portrait more closely, turn to **126**. If you want to go left along the hallway, turn to **223**. If you want to go right along the hallway, turn to **113**.

355

It does not take very long to cut through the metal catch keeping the sliding doors fastened. You slide the doors open and find yourself standing in a cold corridor lit by ceiling lights that have square-shaped frosted glass shades. The ceiling is painted a cheerless mustard colour. The walls are the same colour above a waist-high strip of dark green tiles, many of which are missing. The paint on the walls is old and cracked and smeared with blood in several places. You sniff the air and notice a very unpleasant chemical smell. Suddenly you hear the sound of footsteps coming down the corridor to your left. To your right some twenty metres away, there are swing doors across the corridor made of vulcanized rubber.

If you want to find out who is coming down the corridor, turn to **45**. If you want to walk through the swing doors, turn to **31**.

356

You see that there are still plenty of Zombies milling around in the courtyard outside and whisper to Amy that you will deal with them after you have helped her to escape. You tip-toe up the hallway, crouched down so none of them can see you through the windows. You reach the end of the hallway and peer round the right-hand corner to look down the east wing hallway. You walk about five metres down the hallway when suddenly an alarm bell goes off, emitting a shrill, deafening noise. This is quickly followed by the rat-a-tat-tat burst of machine gun fire coming from behind you. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **140**. If you roll 4–6, turn to **219**.

357

You waste no time and pull the pin out of the grenade, tossing it into the dormitory before slamming the door shut. You drop to the floor to avoid the

impact of the explosion. Seconds later there is a loud boom as the grenade explodes, causing 2d6+1 DAMAGE. You open what's left of the door and peer into the smoke-filled room to view the carnage. The Zombies left standing stagger forward to attack and you must select another weapon to finish them off. If you win, turn to **145**.

358

What username will you enter? If you want to type in the words 'White Swan', turn to **60**. If you want to type in the words 'White Rabbit', turn to **328**.

359

You are in considerable pain but pick yourself up and look around. You are standing on the flat roof of the west wing, high above the gravel-covered courtyard below. The quadrangle is formed by the inner walls of the sandstone buildings that make up the castle. Suddenly a blue and cream sports car roars through the main gates in the south wing and into the courtyard, tyres screeching on the gravel. In a handbrake turn, the car comes to a halt in a cloud of dust in front of a garage door in the east wing. The driver, a man with long hair and an unusually large head, jumps out of the car and unlocks the garage

door. He jumps back into the driver's seat, slams the car into gear, and reverses it into the garage, wheels spinning. It must be none other than Gingrich Yurr himself! Zombies flood into the courtyard but the man does not reappear. Two of the Zombies below turn their heads and look up. They point up at you and begin screaming, attracting the attention of the others. You need to act quickly. There is an open skylight in the roof some twenty metres ahead of you. There is a drainpipe which runs down the side of the west wing, from the base of the clock tower all the way down to the courtyard. If you want to walk quickly over to the skylight, turn to **393**. If you want to climb down the drainpipe, turn to **4**.

360

You look over the edge of the balcony and see that the ladder is jammed with more Zombies climbing up it. Some fall off and others lose their footing, dangling by one hand from the ladder. Pushing and shoving each other, they are slow to climb up. You scramble back into position behind the heavy machine gun and breathe in deeply. You count

twenty-seven Zombies in total trying to get onto the ladder. You grit your teeth, release the safety catch and fire continually at the Zombies until the belt is empty, causing 2d6+15 damage. If you kill all of the Zombies in the first Attack Round, turn to **110**. If you fail to kill them all, turn to **325**.

361

Whoever is on the roof is very strong and has no trouble in lifting you up by your throat. You gasp for air, legs wriggling, struggling to point your gun at the ceiling. You take aim and fire, immediately the iron grip on your throat is released. You fall onto the loft floor, landing heavily on your back. At the same time a huge Zombie crashes through the roof, continuing straight on through the loft's rotten floorboards to the corridor below, taking you down with it. Roll one die. If the number rolled is 1–3, turn to **231**. If the number rolled is 4–6, turn to **2**.

362

The safe door is set flush against the wall and you are unable to get any leverage on it with the crowbar.

You try hacking at the wall with the crowbar but cannot dig the safe out, as it is bolted inside a solid brick cavity. The noise you are making is bound to attract the attention of somebody or something any minute and you realize it is futile to continue trying to break in to the safe. Finding nothing else of interest, you leave the games room and walk further up the corridor. Turn to **129**.

363

You feel a slavering mouth on your neck but before the Zombie has time to close its jaws and bite you with its broken teeth you grab its arm, bend forward, and flip it over your shoulder. It lands with a thump on its back on the broken coffee table and roars in pain. It stands up slowly and both Zombies close in to attack. If you win the fight, turn to **83**.

364

The scientists look shocked when you point your gun at them. They raise their arms in the air to surrender. You tell them to walk through the swing doors and into the first cell past the lift. As you pass by the lift, Roznik drops his clipboard, pretending it was by accident. As he bends down to pick it up, he suddenly jumps up at you, attempting to inject you

with a syringe containing contaminated blood. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **353**. If you roll 4–6, turn to **27**.

365

A quick search of the Zombies reveals nothing but a note in the top pocket of the male. It simply says, 'Tell Lara I love her.' If you want to stay in the library and take a look at the books, turn to **139**. If you would rather continue walking along the corridor, turn to **160**.

366

Six bullets fly through the door in rapid succession and one of them hits you in the leg. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **254**.

367

You press the call button on the stainless steel panel next to the lift door. The lift starts to hum as it rumbles up the lift shaft from the floors below. It stops with a thump and the doors slide open. Seven crazed Zombies wielding kitchen knives pour out of the lift to attack you. You are stabbed in the arm by the first Zombie before you have time to react. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Then the battle is on. If you win, turn to **316**.

368

Holding your arm over your eyes, you crash through the hole in the clock face, sending more glass flying. You hurtle through the air, whirling your arms and legs around, trying to keep yourself upright. You land heavily and painfully on the roof, rolling over in an attempt to break the fall. Above you there is a huge explosion as the top of the clock tower is blown apart by the dynamite. Debris falls on top of you – fragments of stone, wood, clock parts and even the foot of the Zombie that is no more. You are not in great shape yourself after the long fall down onto the roof. Roll two dice and reduce your STAMINA by the total rolled. If you are still alive, turn to **359**.

369

As you run across the courtyard towards the open garage, thirteen Zombies charge out. They have been locked up in a store room at the back of the garage for days and are berserk with rage. They are wielding large spanners and hammers, making them

more powerful. You must fight them. Each Zombie who survives your first attack will cause 2 points of DAMAGE. If you win, turn to **247**.

370

As you stride over to attack him with your clenched fists, Boris simply shrugs his shoulders again looking almost bored and says, 'Goodbye!' He pulls a lever and a section of stone floor drops away from under your feet. Turn to **216**.

371

The Zombie's bite is painful (lose 1 STAMINA point) but its teeth do not pierce your skin. Before it can infect you by biting deeper, you grab its arm, bend forward, and flip the Zombie over your shoulder. It lands on its back with a thump on top of the broken coffee table and howls in pain. It stands up slowly to join the other Zombie who closes in to attack. If you defeat the Zombies, turn to **83**.

372

You reach into your pocket and give Amy the gold locket and chain. 'My locket! Where did you find it?' she asks, suddenly cheerful again. 'You don't want to know!' you reply, grinning. 'Thank you. Thank you. Thank you,' she says happily, grinning for the

first time since you met her. You tell Amy it's time for her to go and suggest that she walks along the edge of the forest, following the road, but making sure she stays out of sight of anybody driving along it. You wave goodbye, saying that you will see her soon. You go back inside the stock room and close the secret door behind you. You exit the stock room, turn left, and then walk north along the west wing before reaching the staircase at the junction with the north wing. You are about to go down the staircase to the basement when you catch sight of the telescope mounted on the table ahead. Turn to **230**.

373

You pick your way through the twitching corpses of the Zombies that are piled up on the staircase. You pull the axe (1d6) out of the hand of the one-armed Zombie before climbing the staircase to the next floor. You step out onto a corridor landing where you can go left (turn to **47**), go right (turn to **240**) or go straight ahead (turn to **332**).

374

You hear a noise from above and look up to see Gingrich Yurr's evil face staring down at you through the hole in the bottom of the blown-out lift. He drops a small bottle down through the hole which shatters on hitting the floor of the lift shaft. It contains knockout gas and you soon fall unconscious. When you wake up, you find yourself in a large room with a high ceiling, chained to a slab of polished stone. You are surrounded by screeching

Zombies who become very animated when they see your eyes flick open. They crowd in closer to watch a tall, thin, bespectacled man wearing a long white laboratory coat and rubber gloves inject your neck with Zombie blood. The scientist sniggers and tells you that you are destined to become another conscript in Gingrich Yurr's army of Zombies. Your adventure is over.

375

All the Zombies that were in the bedroom pour through into the bathroom, each one eager to rip you apart. You try to stand up to defend yourself but are set upon by six of them. They have the initiative and you lose 6 STAMINA points in their initial onslaught. If you are still alive, you manage to crawl out from underneath the pile of Zombies to fight them as normal. If you win, turn to **20**.

376

You are quite thirsty and gulp down the liquid which tastes much better than it smells. Unfortunately it is laced with a deadly poison – cyanide! The poison

is quick-acting and you drop to your knees clutching your stomach. You fall unconscious and never recover. Your adventure is over.

377

You bound up the stairs as fast as you can. The alarm stops ringing when you are halfway up, replaced by new sounds coming from below – footsteps and the all-too-familiar sound of howling and screeching Zombies. You keep running up the stairs, hoping that the fire door at the top is not locked. Breathing hard, you reach the fire door and push down on the metal bar. The door is not locked and opens out onto a flat part of the roof of the west wing, where you find yourself standing in brilliant sunshine. If you want to block the fire escape to stop the pursuing pack of Zombies from coming out onto the roof, turn to **125**. If you want to get ready to fight the Zombies, turn to **269**.

378

The door opens into a small laundry room. There is a tall white cupboard in one corner, in front of which lies a bucket on its side, a mop and two brooms. A plastic basket piled high with washing sits on top of a work surface which runs from one corner of the far wall over to the cupboard. Underneath it you see a washing machine and a tumble dryer. There is an old black kit bag propped up against the wall by the door, next to a row of shoes. If you want to open the kit bag, turn to **291**. If you want to open the cupboard door, turn to **13**.

379

Climbing down the iron rungs, you nearly choke on the acrid fumes rising up from below. At the bottom of the shaft you find yourself standing on the edge an open sewer. A large open pipe protrudes from a brick wall to your left, spilling its unpleasant contents into the sewer, which has a red brick path running alongside it on which you are standing. The cylindrical sewer is dimly lit by small light bulbs attached to a drooping cable suspended from the brick ceiling. The lights are too far apart to enable you to see very far. Droplets of water fall from the ceiling, making an eerie plopping sound as they land in the slow-flowing sewage water. Suddenly you hear squeaking sounds. You peer ahead into the gloom and see not Zombies, but a swarm of huge, grey rats scurrying towards you. Mutated by the contaminated sewage, the Mutant Sewer Rats are four times the size of ordinary rats. They have bulging red eyes, and long sharp teeth and claws. There are fifteen of them in total. Each has 1 STAMINA point and causes 1 DAMAGE point. You must choose a weapon to fight them. If you win, turn to **122**.

380

After putting on the white laboratory coat, you walk boldly through the swing doors and introduce yourself to the scientists, saying that Gingrich Yurr has sent you to join them. The evil-looking scientist with the shaved head introduces himself in a cold voice as Professor Roznik. He looks at you suspiciously and demands to know if you have brought the

$100 that Yurr owes him for the last batch of contaminated blood. If you have $100 and want to pay Roznik, turn to **138**. If you do not have $100 or do not want to pay him, turn to **346**.

381

The dart thumps into your neck, piercing the skin with ease. The dart is poison-tipped, albeit a mild poison. Lose 5 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you pull the dart from your neck and apply a crude bandage to the wound. You examine the switch carefully and see that there are actually three positions it can be in. There is a middle 'off' position, a down position which sets off the trap, and an up position. If you now wish to flick the switch up, turn to **41**. If you would rather not take the chance and want to leave the library immediately, turn to **160**.

382

The alarm has stopped and you waste no time and run up the fire escape, not stopping until you reach the top of the stairs. Breathing hard, you reach the fire door and push down on the metal bar. The door is not locked and opens out onto the roof of the west wing where you find yourself standing in brilliant sunshine. Turn to **40**.

383

You take the full force of the blast in the chest. There is no way you can survive such an explosion. Your adventure is over.

384

You search quickly through their pockets and find nothing more than a bottle opener and a marker pen which doesn't even work. Not wishing to waste any more time finding useless junk, you decide to read Amy's diary. Turn to **123**.

385

The corridor makes a sharp turn to the right, carries on for about 50 metres and makes another right turn.

You soon arrive at a black-painted iron door in the right-hand wall of the corridor. It is firmly locked and you don't have a key which can open it. Whilst you are thinking about what to do next, the decision is made for you. Turn to **109**.

386

You move the painting to one side and see that there is a narrow door in the wall that was previously concealed. If you want to open it, turn to **304**. If you want to go left along the hallway, turn to **223**. If you want to go right along the hallway, turn to **113**.

387

As you climb down the drainpipe, the Zombies gather in large numbers, waiting for you at the bottom. If you have any grenades, turn to **315**. If you do not have any grenades, turn to **65**.

388

A few metres further along the corridor you see a large, black metal trunk set against the right-hand wall. There is a handwritten message taped on the

lid which says 'Danger – Do Not Open' in big red letters. If you want to ignore the warning and open the trunk, turn to **261**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **25**.

389

Yurr is an excellent marksman. He does not miss his target. Your head slumps to one side, a trickle of blood running down the side of your face from a small wound above your temple. Your hands let go of the drainpipe and you fall into the baying throng of Zombies below. Your adventure is over.

390

As the sports car closes in on you at high speed, you see Yurr smiling in anticipation of running you down. You empty your gun at the oncoming car, unaware that it has a bullet-proof windscreen. Yurr's sickly grin grows wider as he bears down on you, whilst the scientist continues to fire his machine gun. You have no chance of surviving being hit by both bullets and Yurr's car. Your adventure is over.

391

The corridor ends at a door. You can hear the sound of footsteps coming from the other side. There is no alternative but to open the door and face whoever it is. You breathe in deeply, kick the door open, and charge in to find yourself standing in a large store room. There is a man making notes on his clipboard, inspecting floor-to-ceiling shelves which are mostly empty. He is about 30 years of age, quite stocky with a shaved head, and wearing orange overalls and black boots. He appears unconcerned by your sudden intrusion.

'Ah, you must be the new prisoner. I wasn't expecting to see you here,' he says in matter-of-fact kind of way. 'Nobody has ever escaped from Otto's dungeon before. Do you want to give me one reason why I shouldn't raise the alarm?' Before you can speak, the man smiles and says, 'The answer my friend is money. Show me the money! My name is Boris.'

'And I'm Gregor,' says a deep voice to his left. You turn to see a much older man with a heavily lined face. He is wearing a brown bomber jacket and dirty old trainers. For some reason the top of his head is wrapped in grubby bandages.

There is a door in the wall opposite the one you came through. If you want to make a dash for the other door, turn to **157**. If you want to stay and talk to the men, turn to **51**.

392

You point your gun at the nearest group of Zombies and begin firing. All the Zombies in the courtyard immediately flock towards you. There are so many of them that you are unable to shoot them all before running out of bullets. You survive for a few minutes more before you are dragged to the ground and set upon. You are soon covered in Zombie blood and become infected yourself. As the transformation takes hold you turn and point to the double doors, and the room beyond where Amy is hiding. You lead the screaming Zombies across the courtyard. It won't be long before Amy is turned into a Zombie too. Your adventure is over.

393

You walk across the roof until you reach the open skylight. You look down into what appears to be a lavishly-furnished bedroom. There is a large four-poster bed directly under the skylight some five metres below. If you want to jump down onto the bed, turn to **124**. If you would rather walk back across the roof to climb down the drainpipe, turn to **4**.

394

You run back to the main gate with Amy screaming at you to open the padlock. If you possess a large brass key, turn to **35**. If you do not have this key, turn to **243**.

395

You step over the twitching bodies of the Zombies and take a good look around the room. The only thing of interest you find is a pair of blacksmith's tongs which you put in your bag. There is an alcove behind the curtain where you find a black iron door that was previously hidden. If you want to open the door, turn to **32**. If you would rather go back down the narrow passageway and turn right into the main corridor, turn to **385**.

396

You see that there are two keyholes in the lock, one larger than the other. There is a number 8 scratched above the larger keyhole and a number 2 scratched above the smaller keyhole. If you want to try to open the padlock with the keys numbered 8 and 2, turn to **82**. If you would like to try a different combination of keys, turn to **274**.

397

You carefully lift the lid of the bin and see that there are several empty clear plastic bottles lying at the bottom. There are dregs of blood in all of them. One of the bottles is cracked and has leaked its bloody contents all over the bottom of the bin. There is a black notebook sticking out from underneath the bottles, its pages soaked in blood. It crosses your mind that it could be Zombie blood. If you possess a pair of rubber gloves, turn to **61**. If you do not have rubber gloves but want to reach down to get the notebook anyway, turn to **101**. If you would rather close the lid and walk on, turn to **155**.

398

At such close range it is unlikely that an excellent marksman like Yurr would miss such an easy target. Yet somehow he fails to hit you in the head where he was aiming and the bullet thumps into your arm. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **277**.

399

The Zombie stands up, kicks over the drum kit and lurches forward in its attempt to get its bleeding and blistered hands on you. But one Zombie should not be too difficult to despatch. If you win, you can either search the room (turn to **334**) or go out of the room, turn left and immediately right down the corridor (turn to **252**).

400

With the sun slipping slowly beneath the horizon, you arrive at a small village by the name of Melis. You go straight to the police station and report the horrific events that happened at Goraya Castle. There are only two policemen in the village. Both stare at you in disbelief when you relate your shocking tale. At first they threaten to arrest you, but finally agree to go to the castle in the morning to investigate. They tell you to go to the local inn but not to leave the village, as they will need to speak to you in the morning. You find rooms at a small guest house and after a much-needed shower you meet Amy downstairs for dinner. Neither of you are very hungry and you just talk endlessly about Gingrich Yurr. 'So do you think you killed all the Zombies?' Amy asks anxiously. You reply that you think you did, and certainly you hope you did. You go through all your battles, writing down the number of Zombies killed in each one. When you have counted up the total, turn to that number. If it is not the right number, turn to **165**.

ADVENTURE SHEET

STAMINA

ITEMS & EQUIPMENT

INFORMATION

MED KITS

DOLLARS $

WEAPONS : DAMAGE
Barehanded : 1d6-3

ZOMBIE ENCOUNTERS

Number:	Number:
Number:	Number:
Number:	Number:
Number:	Number:
Number:	Number:
Number:	Number:
Number:	Number:
Number:	Number:

TOTAL NUMBER OF ZOMBIES KILLED

GRENADES

CREATURES

Number:	Number:
Number:	Number:

Fighting Fantasy is the original and best interactive gamebook series. Launched in August 1982 with the publication of ***The Warlock of Firetop Mountain***, Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone's books have since sold over 16 million copies and inspired legions of dedicated fans across the world.

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THE SIGNS BEFORE THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT

Author: Al-Haafidh Ibn Katheer Hadeeth
Checking: Abu Talhah Daawood Burbank

Ayaat and Ahaadeeth about the Hour

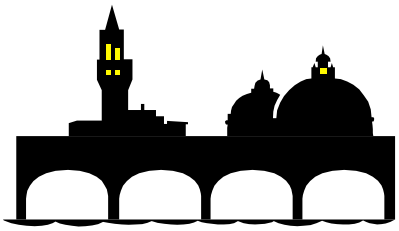

"My Lord! Increase me in knowledge!" - Qur'an 20:114"

Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) said:
"They ask you (O Muhammad sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) about the Hour, - when will be its appointed time? You have no knowledge to say anything about it, To your Lord belongs (the knowledge of) the term thereof? You (O Muhammad sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) are only a warner for those who fear it, The Day they see it, (it will be) as if they had not tarried (in this world) except an afternoon or a morning." [An-Nazi'aat (79):42-46]

"They ask you about the Hour (Day of Resurrection): 'When will be its appointed time?' Say: 'The knowledge thereof is with my Lord (Alone). None can reveal its time but He. Heavy is its burden through the heavens and the earth. It shall not come upon you except all of a sudden.' They ask you as if you have a good knowledge of it. Say: 'The knowledge thereof is with Allaah (Alone) but most of mankind know not.'" [Al-A'raaf (7):187]

There are many Ayaat and Ahaadeeth concerning this subject: Allaah said:
"The Hour has drawn near, and the moon has been cleft asunder." [Al-Qamar (54):1]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, whilst pointing with his index and middle fingers,
"The time of my advent and the Hour are like these two fingers." [1]
In another report he said,
"The Hour almost came before me."

This indicates how close we are, relatively speaking, to the Hour.
Allaah said:
"Draws near for mankind their reckoning, while they turn away in heedlessness." [Al-Anbiyaa' (21):1]
"The Event (the Hour or the punishment of disbelievers and polytheists or the Islaamic laws or commandments), ordained by Allaah will come to pass, so seek not to hasten it. Glorified and Exalted be He above all that they associate as partners with Him." [An-Nahl (16):1]

"Those who believe not therein seek to hasten it, while those who believe are fearful of it, and know that it is the very truth. Verily, those who dispute concerning the Hour are certainly in error far away." [Ash-Shooraa (42):18]
In Saheeh al-Bukhaaree, there is a Hadeeth which states that a Bedouin asked the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) about the Hour.

He (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"It will surely come to pass. What have you prepared for it?" The man said, "O Messenger of Allaah, I have not prepared much in the way of prayer and good works, but I love Allaah and His Messenger." The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "You will be with those you love." The Muslims had never rejoiced as much they did when they heard this Hadeeth. [2]
Some Ahaadeeth report that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was asked about the Hour. He looked towards a young boy and said, "If he lives, he will not grow very old before he sees your Last Hour coming to you." [3]

By this he meant their death and entering the Hereafter, because everyone who dies enters the Hereafter; some people say that when a person has died, his judgment has begun. This Hadeeth with this meaning is "correct" (Saheeh).
Some heretics comment on this Hadeeth and give it an incorrect meaning. The exact timing of the Great Hour (as-Saa'at al-'Uzmaa) is something which Allaah alone knows and which He has not revealed to anyone, as is clear from the Hadeeth in which the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:
"There are five things which nobody knows except Allaah;" then he recited, "Verily, Allaah! With Him (Alone) is the knowledge of the Hour, He sends down the rain, and knows that which is in the wombs. No person knows what he will earn tomorrow, and no person knows in what land he will die. Verily, Allaah is All Knower, All Aware (of things)."" [Luqman (31):34] [4]
When Gabriel (Jibreel) (alayhi-salaam) came to the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) in the guise of a Bedouin, he asked him about Islaam, Eemaan (faith) and Ihsaan (excellence of faith); and the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) answered his questions. But when he asked him about the Hour, he said,

"The one questioned about it knows no better than the questioner." Jibreel said, "Tell me about its signs." Then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) described them, as we shall see later when we quote this Hadeeth and others in full.
Hudhayfah said:
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) stood up one day to speak to us, and told us everything that was going to happen until the Hour, and left nothing unsaid. Some of the listeners learnt it by heart, and some forgot it; these friends of mine learnt it. I do not remember it completely, but sometimes it springs to mind, just as one might remember and recognise the face of a man whom one had forgotten, when one sees him." [Abu Daawood, Muslim] [5]
Imaam Ahmad reported via Abu Nudrah that Abu Sa'eed said:
"One day the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) led us in praying the afternoon prayer (Salaat al-'Asr). Then he stood and addressed us until sunset. He mentioned everything that was to happen until the Day of Resurrection, and left nothing unsaid. Some of us remembered it, and some of us forgot it. One of the things he said was:
'O people, this world is full of attractive temptations. Allaah has appointed you as vicegerents (Khaleefah) in this world, and He will see how you will act. So guard yourselves against the temptations of this world and of women.'
Towards the end of this speech, he said,
'The sun is about to set, and what remains of this world, compared to what has passed, is like what remains of this day compared to what has passed.' [6]"
'Alee ibn Zayd ibn Jad'an al-Timi narrated some Gharib and Munkar Ahaadeeth - which could bring into question the validity of this Hadeeth. But there are some reports which are similar to this Hadeeth, and which were transmitted with different isnaads. Part of this Hadeeth is in Saheeh Muslim, through Abu Nudrah on the authority of Abu Sa'eed. This Hadeeth refers to something which is beyond any doubt: what remains of this world, compared to what has passed, is very little. In spite of that, no-one can know exactly how much time is left except Allaah, and no-one can know exactly how much time has passed, except Allaah.

Footnotes
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab at-Tafsir, commentary on Surat an-Nazi'aat, 6/206.
[2] A similar Hadeeth was narrated by Bukhaaree in Kitaab al-Adab.
[3] See Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Adab; Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat

al-Sa'ah.
[4] Bukhaaree, Kitaab at-Tafsir, commentary on Luqman 31:34. A longer Hadeeth is narrated by Muslim in Kitaab al-Eemaan.
[5] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraaat al-Sa'ah; Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Fitan wa'l-Malahim.
[6] The whole speech is narrated by Imaam Ahmad in his Musnad, 2/61. Checker's Note: Da`eef, al-Musnad (3/61) [or 2/61 as stated in the book??], at-Tirmidhee and al-Hakim (4/505). Da`eef due to `Alee ibn Zayd ibn Jad'an. al-Mishkat: 5145 of al-Albaanee. Parts of the complete speech are authentic, see Ibn Kathir's comments.
General Description of the Fitan (Tribulations)
Hudhayfah ibn al-Yaman said,
"People used to ask the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) about good things, but I used to ask him about bad things because I was afraid that they might overtake me. I said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, we were lost in ignorance (Jahiliyyah) and evil, then Allaah brought this good (i.e. Islaam). Will some evil come after this good thing?' He said, 'Yes' I asked, 'And will some good come after that evil?' He said, 'Yes, but it will be tainted with some evil' I asked, 'How will it be tainted?' He said, 'There will be some people who will lead others on a path different from mine. You will see good and bad in them." I asked, 'Will some evil come after that good?' He said, 'Some people will be standing and calling at the gates of Hell; whoever responds to their call, they will throw him into the Fire.' I said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, describe them for us.' He said, 'They will be from our own people, and will speak our language.' I asked, 'What do you advise me to do if I should live to see that?' He said, 'Stick to the main body (jamaa'ah) of the Muslims and their leader (Imaam). I asked, What if there isno main body and no leader?' He said 'Isolate yourself from all of these sects, even if you have to eat the roots of trees until death overcomes you while you are in that state.' [1]"
'Abd Allaah ibn Mas'ood said:
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Islaam began as something strange, and it will revert to being strange as it was in the beginning, so good tidings for the strangers.' Someone asked, 'Who are the strangers?' He said, 'The ones who break away from their people (literally, 'tribes') for the sake of Islaam.'" This Hadeeth was narrated by Ibn Majah on the authority of Anas and Abu Hurairah. [2]

Footnotes
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/65.

[2] Muslim, Kitaab al-Eemaan, 1/90: Ibn Majah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 3988), 2/1320.

Divisions Within the Main Religious Groups

Abu Hurairah reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:

"The Jews have split into seventy-one sects, and my Ummah will divide into seventy-three." [1]

'Awf ibn Malik reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:

"The Jews split into seventy-one sects: one will enter Paradise and seventy will enter Hell. The Christians split into seventy-two sects: seventy-one will enter Hell and one will enter Paradise. By Him in Whose hand is my soul, my Ummah will split into seventy-three sects: one will enter Paradise and seventy-two will enter Hell." Someone asked, "O Messenger of Allaah, who will they be?" He replied, "The main body of the Muslims (al-Jamaa'ah)."

'Awf ibn Malik is the only one who reported this Hadeeth, and its isnaad is acceptable. [2]

Anas ibn Malik said,

"I shall tell you a Hadeeth which I heard from the Messenger of Allaah, and which no-one will tell you after me. I heard him say, 'Among the signs of the Hour will be the disappearance of knowledge and the appearance of ignorance. Adultery will be prevalent and the drinking of wine will be common. The number of men will decrease and the number of women will increase until there will be fifty women to be looked after by one man.'" This Hadeeth was reported in the two Saheehs from the Hadeeth of 'Abd Rabbihi. [3]

'Abd Allaah said,

"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Just before the Hour, there will be days in which knowledge will disappear and ignorance will appear, and there will be much killing.' " [Ibn Maajah; also narrated by Bukhaaree and Muslim, from the Hadeeth of al-A'mash] [4]

Hudhayfah ibn al-Yaman said,

"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Islaam will become worn out like clothes are, until there will be no-one who knows what fasting, prayer, charity and rituals are. The Qur'aan will disappear in one night, and no Ayah will be left on earth. Some groups of old people will be left who will say, 'We heard our fathers saying La ilaha illa Allaah, so we repeated it.' Silah asked Hudhayfah, "What will saying La ilaha illa Allaah do for them when they do not know what prayer, fasting, ritual and charity

are?" Hudhayfah ignored him; then Silah repeated his question three times, and each time Hudayfah ignored him. Finally he answered, "O Silah, it will save them from Hell", and said it three times. [Ibn Maajah] [5] This indicates that in the last days, knowledge will be taken from the people, and even the Qur'aan will disappear from the Mushafs and from people's hearts. People will be left without knowledge. Only the old people will tell them that they used to hear people saying La ilaha illa Allaah; and they will repeat it to feel close to Allaah, so it will give them some blessing, even if they do not have any good deeds or beneficial knowledge. Knowledge will be taken away from men and ignorance will increase during the last days, and their ignorance and misguidance will increase until the end, as in the Hadeeth of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam):
"The Hour will not come upon anyone who says, 'Allaah, Allaah'; it will only come upon the most evil of men." [6]

Footnotes
[1] Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 3991), 2/1321.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh Ibn Maajah: 3225
[2] Abu Daawood, Kitaab as-Sunnah, (Hadeeth 4572, 4573), 12/1340-2.
"The main body of the Muslims (al-Jamaa'ah)" means the people of the Qur'aan, Hadeeth, Fiqh and other sciences, who have agreed to follow the Traditions of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) in all circumstances without introducing any changes or imposing their own confused ideas.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 1082, the narration of `Awf ibn Malik is also reported by Ibn Maajah (no. 4992), Ibn Abee `Asim in as-Sunnah (no. 63) and al-Lalikai in Sharh us-Sunnah (no. 1492).
[3] A similar Hadeeth was narated by al-Bukhaaree in Kitaab al-'Ilm, 1/30,31; and by Muslim.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, al-Bukhari and Muslim.
[4] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/61; Msulim, Kitaab al-'Ilm, 8/58.
[5] Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 87.
[6]The first part of it was related by Muslim in Kitab al-Eemaan, 1/91, and the second part in Kitab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Sa'ah, 8/208.
The Evils Which Will Befall the Muslim Ummah During The Last Days
'Abd Allaah ibn 'Umar said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) came to us and said, 'O Muhaajiroon, (emigrants from Makkah to al-Madinah) you may be

afflicted by five things; God forbid that you should live to see them. If fornication should become widespread, you should realise that this has never happened without new diseases befalling the people which their forebears never suffered. If people should begin to cheat in weighing out goods, you should realise that this has never happened without drought and famine befalling the people, and their rulers oppressing them. If people should withhold Zakaat, you should realise that this has never happened without the rain being stopped from falling; and were it not for the animals' sake, it would never rain again. If people should break their covenant with Allaah and His Messenger, you should realise that his has never happened without Allaah sending an enemy against them to take some of their possessions by force. If the leaders do not govern according to the Book of Allaah, you should realise that this has never happened without Allaah making them into groups and making them fight one another.'" [Ibn Maajah] [1]
'Alee ibn Abee Taalib said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said: 'If my Ummah bears fifteen traits, tribulation will befall it.' Someone asked, 'What are they, O Messenger of Allaah?' He said, 'When any gain is shared out only among the rich, with no benefit to the poor; when a trust becomes a means of making a profit; when paying Zakaat becomes a burden; when a man obeys his wife and disobeys his mother; and treats his friend kindly whilst shunning his father; when voices are raised in the mosques; when the leader of a people is the worst of them; when people treat a man with respect because they fear some evil he may do; when much wine is drunk; when men wear silk; when female singers and musical instruments become popular; when the last ones of this Ummah curse the first ones - then let them expect a red wind, or the earth to swallow them, or to be transformed into animals.'" [Tirmidhee] [2]
'Alee ibn Abee Taalib said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) led us in praying Salaat al-Fajr (the morning prayer). When he had finished, a man called to him: 'When will the Hour be? The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) reprimanded him and said 'Be quiet!' After a while he raised his eyes to the sky and said, 'Glorified be the One Who raised it and is taking care of it.' Then he lowered his gaze to the earth and said, 'Glory be to the One Who has outspread it and has created it.' Then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Where is the one who asked me about the Hour?' The man knelt down and said, 'I asked you.' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will come when leaders are

oppressors, when people believe in the stars and reject al-Qadar (the Divine Decree of destiny) when a trust becomes a way of making a profit, when people give to charity (Sadaqah) reluctantly, when adultery becomes widespread - when this happens, then your people will perish.'" [3]
'Imran ibn Husayn said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Some people of this Ummah will be swallowed up by the earth, some will be transformed into animals, and some will be bombarded with stones.' One of the Muslims asked, 'When will that be, O Messenger of Allaah?' He said, 'When singers and musical instruments will become popular, and much wine will be drunk.'"[4]

Footnotes
[1] Narrated by Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 4019), 2/1332.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 106-107.
[2] Tirmidhee, Abwaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 308), 6/4620-458.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Da`eef al-Jami as-Sagheer: 608.
[3] al-Haythami, Kitaab al-Fitan.
Checker's Note: al-Haythami, says, "al-Bazzar reports it and it contains narrators I do not know." We do not know the status of the hadeeth as no muhaddith (as far as we know) has given a definite verdict.
[4] Narrated by at-Tirmidhee.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1604.
The Greater Signs of the Hour
After the lesser signs of the Hour appear and increase, mankind will have reached a stage of great suffering. Then the awaited Mahdee will appear; he is the first of the greater, and clear, signs of the Hour. There will be no doubt about his existence, but this will only be clear to the knowledgeable people. The Mahdee will rule until the False Messiah (al-Maseeh ad-Dajjaal) appears, who will spread oppression and corruption. The only ones who will know him well and avoid his evil will be those who have great knowledge and Eemaan (faith).
The false Messiah will remain for a while, destroying mankind completely, and the earth will witness the greatest Fitnah (tribulation) in its history. Then the Messiah Jesus (alayhi salam) will descend, bringing justice from heaven. He will kill the Dajjaal, and there will be years of safety and security.
Then the appearance of Ya'jooj and Ma'jooj (Gog and Magog) will take mankind by surprise, and corruption will overtake them again. In answer

to Jesus' faithful prayer to Allaah (subhanahu wa ta'aala), they will die, and safety, security, justice and stability will return.
This state of affairs will continue for some years, until the death of Jesus.
The Ulamaa differ concerning the order in which the other greater signs of the Hour will come about. They are:

- The destruction of the Ka'bah and the recovery of its treasure.
- The rising of the sun from the west.
- The emergence of the Beast from the earth.
- The smoke.
- A wind will take the souls of the believers.
- The Qur'aan will be taken up into heaven.
- A fire will drive the people to their last gathering place.
- The Trumpet will be sounded: at the first sound everyone will feel terror; at the second sound all will be struck down; at the last sound all will be resurrected.

The Mahdee
The Mahdee will come at the end of time; he is one of the Rightly-Guided Caliphs and Imaams. He is not the Mahdee who is expected by the Shee'ah, who they claim will appear from a tunnel in Saamarraa. This claim of theirs has no basis in reality nor in any reliable source. They allege that his name is Muhammad ibn al-Hasan ibn al-Askaree, and that he went into the tunnel when he was five years old.
The matter we intend to discuss has been proven by Ahaadeeth narrated from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam): that the Mahdee will appear at the end of time. I believe that he will appear before Jesus the son of Mary comes down, as the Ahaadeeth indicate.
Hajjaaj said that he heard Alee say,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "Even if there were only one day left for the world, Allaah would send a man from among us to fill the world with justice, just as it had been filled with oppression and justice." [Ahmad] [1]
Alee said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "The Mahdee is one of us, from among the people of my household. In one night Allaah will inspire him and prepare him to carry out his task successfully." [Ahmad and Ibn Maajah] [2]
Alee said, whilst looking at his son al-Hasan,
This son of mine is a Sayyid (master), as the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) named him. Among his descendants there will be man named after your Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam). He will resemble him

in behaviour but not in looks. Then he told them the report which mentions that the earth will be filled with justice. [Abu Daawood] [3]
Abu Daawood devoted a chapter of his Sunan to the subject of the Mahdee. At the beginning of this chapter he quoted the Hadeeth of Jaabir ibn Samrah, in which the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "This religion will remain steadfast until twelve caliphs have ruled over you." (According to another report he said, "This religion will remain strong until twelve caliphs have ruled over you.") Jaabir said, "The people cheered and shouted Allaahu Akbar! Then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) whispered something. I asked my father 'What did he say?' My father said, 'He said, All ofthem will be from Quraysh.'" Another report says that when the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) returned to his house, Quraysh came to him and asked, "What will happen after that?" He said, "Then there will be tribulation and killing." [4]
Abu Daawood reported a Hadeeth from Abd Allaah ibn Masood:
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "If there were only one day left for the world, that day would be lengthened until a man from among my descendants or from among the people of my household, was sent; his name will be the same as my name, and his fathers name will be the same as my fathers name. He will fill the earth with justice and fairness, just as it will have been filled with injustice and oppression. The world will not end until a man of my household, whose name is the same as mine, holds sway." [5]
Abd Allaah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'A man from my household, whose name is like mine, will take power.'" [Tirmidhee] [6]
In another report, from Abu Hurairah, the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"If there were only one day left for this world, Allaah would lengthen it until he took power." [7]
Aboo Sa'eed said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Mahdee will be one of my descendants; he will have a high forehead and a hooked nose. He will fill the earth with justice and fairness just as it was filled with injustice and oppression, and he will rule for seven years.'" [Abu Daawood] [8]
Umm Salamah said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say,'The Mahdee will be one of my descendants, from the children of Faatimah.'" [Abu Daawood] [9]

Umm Salamah reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"People will begin to differ after the death of a Khaleefah. A man from the people of Madinah will flee to Makkah. Some of the people of Makkah will come to him and drag him out against his will; they will swear allegiance to him between al-Rukn and al-Maqam. An army will be sent against him from Syria; it will be swallowed up in the desert between Makkah and Madinah. When the people see this, groups of people from Syria and Iraq will come and swear allegiance to him. Then a man from Quraysh whose mother is from Kalb will appear and send an army against them, and will defeat them; this will be known as the Battle of Kalb. Whoever does not witness the spoils of this battle will miss much! The Mahdee will distribute the wealth, and will rule the people according to the Sunnah of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam). Then he will die, and the Muslims will pray for him." [Abu Daawood] [10]
Alee said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'A man named al-Haarith ibn Hirath will come from Transoxania. His army will be led by a man named Mansoor. He will pave the way for and establish the government of the family of Muhammad, just as Quraysh established the government of the Messenger of Allaah. Every believer will be obliged to support him.'" [Abu Daawood] [11]
Abd Allaah ibn al-Haarith ibn Juz' al-Zubaydee said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'A people will come out of the East who will pave the way for the Mahdee.'" [Ibn Maajah] [12]
Abd Allaah said,
"Whilst we were with the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam), some young men from Banu Hashim approached us. When the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) saw them, his eyes filled with tears and the colour of his face changed. I said, 'We can see something has changed in your face, and it upsets us.' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'We are the people of a Household for whom Allaah has chosen the Hereafter rather than this world. The people of my Household (Ahl al-Bayt) will suffer a great deal after my death, and will be persecuted until a people carrying black banners will come out of the east. They will instruct the people to do good, but the people will refuse; they will fight until they are victorious, and the people do as they asked, but they will not accept it from them until they hand over power to a man from my household. Then the earth will be filled with fairness, just as it had been filled with injustice. If any of you live to see this, you should go

to him even if you have to crawl across ice.'" [13]
This text refers to the rule of the Abbasids, as we have mentioned above in the text referring to the beginningof their rule in 132 AH. It also indicates that the Mahdee will appear after the Abbasids, and that he will be one of the Ahl al-Bayt, a descendant of Faatimah, the daughter of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam), through Hasan, not Husayn, as mentioned in the Hadeeth from Alee ibn Abee Taalib; and Allaah knows best. [14]
Thwaban said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,'Three men will be killed at the place where your treasure is. Each of them will be the son of a Khaleefah, and none of them will get hold of the treasure. Then the black banners will come out of the East, and they will slaughter you in a way which has never been seen before.' Then he said something which I do not remember; then, 'If you see him, go and give him your allegiance, even if you have to crawl over ice, because he is the Khaleefah of Allaah, the Mahdee.'" [Ibn Maajah] [15]
The treasure referred to in this text is the treasure of the Ka'bah. Towards the end of time, three of the sons of the Khaleefahs will fight to get hold of it, until the Mahdee appears. He will appear from the East, not from the tunnel of Saamarraa, as the Shee'ah claim; they believe that he is in this tunnel now, and they are waiting for him to emerge at the end of time. There is no evidence for it in any book or Saheeh tradition, and there is no benefit in believing this.
The truth of the matter is that the Mahdee whose coming is promised at the end of time will appear from the East,and people will swear allegiance to him at the Ka'bah, as some Ahaadeeth indicate.
At the time of the Mahdee, there will be peace and prosperity, with abundant crops and wealth, strong rulers, and Islaam will be well-established.
Aboo Sa'eed said,
"By Allaah every ruler we have had has been worse than the previous one, and every year has been worse than the year before, but I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'Among your rulers will be one who will give out wealth freely, without counting it. A man will come and ask him for money, and he will say, "Take"; the man will spread his cloak out and the ruler will pour money into it.' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) spread out a thick cloak he had been wearing, to demonstrate the mans actions; then he gathered it up by its corners and said, 'Then the man will take it and leave.'" [Ahmad] [16]

Footnotes
[1] Ahmad, al-Musnad; similar Hadeeth in Abu Daawood, Kitaab Awwal al-Mahdee.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Ahmad and Abu Daud, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 5305.
[2] Ahmad, al-Musnad and Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan.
Checker's Note: Saheeh Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 6735. It has been mistranslated slightly, it should be "In one night, Allaah will prepare him," the mention of inspiration and the carrying out of the task is explanatory.
[3] See Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Mahdee.
Checker's Note: Da`eef Munqati' (chain of narration is broken), al-Mishkat, 1st checking: 5462.
[4] Checker's Note: "... returned to his house" is a da`eef addition. The rest of the hadeeth is saheeh.
[5] See Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Mahdee.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh Abee Daawood: 3601.
[6] Checker's Note: "A man from my household ..." Hasan, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 8160.
[7] at-Tirmidhee, in his chapters dealing with al-Fitan.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh at-Tirmidhee: 1819.
[8] Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Mahdee.
Checker's Note: Hasan, Saheeh Abee Daawood: 3604. Translation states, "... a hooked nose." Correct translation is "... an aquiline nose."
[9] Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Mahdee.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh Abee Daawood: 3603.
[10] Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Mahdee.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, al-Mishkat, 1st checking: 5456.
[11] Checker's Note: Da`eef, Da`eef al-Jami as-Sagheer: 6418.
[12] Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 3088).
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Silsilatul Ahaadieeh ad-Da`eefah: 4826.
[13] Ibn Maajah, ibid., (Hadeeth 4082).
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Da`eef Ibn Maajah: 886.
[14] See Ahaadeeth above. (Ref. 1, 2 & 3)
Checker's Note: Footnote refers to hadeeth no. 3.
[15] Narrated by Ibn Maajah, op. cit., Hadeeth 4084.
Checker's Note: Da`eef Munkar (the isnaad is weak and moreover the meaning is wrong). In this case, the mention of "Khaleefah of Allaah" is munkar because Allaah cannot have a successor or vicegerent in His absence, Silsilatul Ahaadeeth ad-Da`eefah: 85.

[16] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/98.
Checker's Note: Da`eef. Its isnaad contains Mujahid ibn Sa'eed
Different Kinds of Fitan (Tribulations)
Zaynab bint Jahsh said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) got up from his sleep; his face was flushed and he said, 'There is no god but Allaah. Woe to the Arabs, for a great evil which is nearly approaching them. Today a gap has been made in the wall of Gog and Magog like this (Sufyan illustrated this by forming the number of 90 or 100 with his fingers).' Someone asked, 'Shall we be destroyed even though there are righteous people among us?' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Yes, if evil increases.'" [Bukhaaree] [1]
Umm Salamah, the wife of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"One night the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) got up and said, 'SubhanAllaah! How many tribulations have come down tonight, and how many treasures have been disclosed! Go and wake the dwellers of these apartments (i.e. his wives) for prayer. A well-dressed soul in this world may be naked in the Hereafter.'" [Bukhaaree] [2]
Usamah ibn Zayd said,
"Once the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) stood over one of the battlements of al-Madinah and asked the people, 'Do you see what I see?' They said, 'No.' He said, 'I see afflictions falling upon your houses as rain drops fall.'" [Bukhaaree and Muslim] [3]
Abu Hurairah (radiallahu anhu) said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Time will pass rapidly, knowledge will decrease, miserliness will become widespread in peoples hearts, afflictions will appear, and there will be much Harj.' The people asked, 'O Messenger of Allaah, what is Harj?' He said, 'Killing, killing!'" [Bukhaaree] [4]
Al-Zubayr ibn Adee narrated,
"We went to Anas ibn Malik and complained about the wrong we were suffering at the hands of al-Hajjaaj. Anas ibn Malik said, 'Be patient, "For no time will come but that the time following it will be worse, until you meet your Lord." I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say that.'" [Bukhaaree]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There will come a time of afflictions when one who sits will be better than one who stands; one who stands will be better than one who walks; and one who walks

will be better than one who runs. Whoever exposes himself to these afflictions, they will destroy him. So whoever can find a place of protection or refuge from them, should take shelter in it.'" [Bukhaaree and Muslim] [5]
Hudhayfah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) told us two Hadeeth, one of which I have seen fulfilled, and I am waiting for the fulfilment of the other. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) told us that honesty came down into mens hearts (from Allaah); then they learnt it from the Qur'aan, and then from the Sunnah. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) told us that honesty would be taken away. He said, 'Man will be overtaken by sleep, during which honesty will be taken away from his heart, and only its trace will remain, like traces of a dark spot. Then man will be overtaken by slumber again, during which honesty will decrease still further, until its trace will resemble a blister such as is caused when an ember is dropped onto ones foot: it swells, but there is nothing inside. People will be carrying on with their trade, but there will hardly be any trustworthy persons. People will say, There is an honest man in such-and-such a tribe. Later they will say about some man, What a wise, polite and strong man he is! - although he will not have faith even the size of a mustard-seed in his heart.' Indeed, there came a time when I did not mind dealing with any one of you, for if he were a Muslim his Islaam would compel him to pay whatever he owed me, and if he were a Christian, the Muslim official would compel him to pay it. But now I do not deal with anyone except so-and-so and so-and-so." [Bukhaaree] [6]
Ibn Umar said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) stood beside the pulpit, facing the east, and said, 'Afflictions will verily emerge from here, where the top of Satans head will appear.'" [Bukhaaree] [7]
Abu Hurairah said that he had heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say,
"The Hour will not come until a man passes by someone's grave and says, 'Would that I were in his place!'" [Bukhaaree] [8]
Abu Hurairah said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'The Hour will not come until the buttocks of the women of Daws move whist going around Dhoo l-Khalasah.'" Dhoo l-Khalasah was an idol worshipped by the tribe of Daws during the Jaahiliyyah. [Hadeeth from Bukhaaree] [9]
Abu Hurairah also said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Euphrates will

disclose a golden treasure. Whoever is present at that time should not take anything of it.'" [10]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come before the Euphrates uncovers a mountain of gold, for which people will fight. Ninety-nine out of every hundred will die, but every one among them will say that perhaps he will be the one who will survive (and thus possess the gold).'" [Muslim] [11]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam)said, 'The Hour will not come until the following events have come to pass: two large groups will fight the another, and there will be many casualties; they will both be following the same religious teaching. Nearly thirty Dajjaals will appear, each of them falsely claiming to be a Messenger from Allaah. Knowledge will disappear, earthquakes will increase, time will pass quickly, afflictions will appear, and Harj (ie killing) will increase. Wealth will increase, so that a wealthy man will worry lest no-one accept his Zakaat, and when he offers it to anyone, that person will say, "I am not in need of it." People will compete in constructing high buildings. When a man passes by someones grave, he will say, "Would that I were in his place!" The sun will rise from the west; when it rises and the people see it, they will believe, but,
"No good will it do to a soul to believe in them then, if it believed not before nor earned righteousness through its faith..." [Al-An'aam (6):158]
"The Hour will come suddenly: when a man has milked his she-camel and taken away the milk, but he will not have time to drink it; before a man repairing a tank for his livestock will be able to put water in it for his animals; and before a man who has raised a morsel of food to his mouth will be able to eat it." [Bukhaaree] [12]
Hudhayfah ibn al-Yaman said,
"Of all the people, I know most about every tribulation which is going to happen between now and the Hour. This is not because the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) told me something in confidence which he did not tell anyone else; it is because I was present among a group of people to whom he spoke about the tribulations (al-Fitan). The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) mentioned three tribulations which would hardly spare anybody, and some which would be like storms in summer; some would be great and some would be small. Everyone who was present at that gathering has passed away, except me." [Muslim] [13]
Abu Hurairah said,

"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, "If you live for a while, you will see people go out under the wrath of Allaah and come back under His curse, and they will have in their hands whips like the tail of an ox.'" [Ahmad, Muslim] [14]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There are two types among the people of Hell whom I have not yet seen. The first are people who have whips like the tails of oxen, with which they beat people, and the second are women who are naked in spite of being dressed; they will be led astray and will lead others astray, and their heads will look like camels humps. These women will not enter Paradise; they will not even experience the faintest scent of it, even though the fragrance of Paradise can be perceived from such a great distance.'" [15]
Anas ibn Malik said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was asked, 'O Messenger of Allaah, (what will happen) when we stop enjoining good and forbidding evil?' He said, 'When what happened to the Israelites happens among you: when fornication becomes widespread among your leaders, knowledge is in the hands of the lowest of you, and power passes into the hands of the least of you.'" [Ibn Maajah] [16]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Woe to the Arabs from the great evil which is nearly approaching them: it will be like patches of dark night. A man will wake up as a believer, and be a kafir (unbeliever) by nightfall. People will sell their religion for a small amount of worldly goods. The one who clings to his religion on that day will be as one who is grasping an ember - or thorns.'" [Ahmad] [17]
Abu Hurairah said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) saying to Thawbaan, 'O Thawban, what will you do when the nations call one another to invade you as people call one another to come and eat from one bowl?' Thawbaan said, 'May my father and my mother be sacrificed for you, O Messenger of Allaah! Is it because we are so few?' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'No, on that day you (Muslims) will be many, but Allaah will put weakness (wahn) in your hearts.' The people asked, 'What is that weakness, O Messenger of Allaah?' He said, 'It is love for this world and dislike of fighting.'" [Ahmad] [18]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"There will be a tribulation in which one who is sleeping will be better than one who is lying down, one who is lying will be better than one who is

sitting, one who is sitting will be better than one who is standing, one who is standing will be better than one who is walking, one who is walking will be better than one who is riding, and one who is riding will be better than one who is running; all of their dead will be in Hell." The Companion of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) who narrated this Hadeeth said, "O Messenger of Allaah, when will that be?" He said, "That will be the days of Harj." He asked, "When will the days of Harj be?" The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "When a man will not trust the person to whom he is speaking." The Companion asked, "What do you advise me to do if I live to see that?" He said, "Restrain yourself, and go back to your place of residence." The Companion then asked, "O Messenger of Allaah, what should I do if someone enters my neighbourhood to attack me?" He said, "Go into your house." The Companion asked, "What if he enters my house?" He said, "Go into the place where you pray and do this - and he folded his arms, - and say 'My Lord is Allaah', until you die." [19]
Abu Bakrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There will be a tribulation during which one who is lying down will be better than one who is sitting, one who is sitting will be better than one who is standing, one who is standing will be better than one who is walking, and one who is walking will be better than one who is running.' Someone asked, 'O Messenger of Allaah, what do you advise me to do?' He said, 'Whoever has camels, let him stay with them, and whoever has land, let him stay in his land.' Someone asked, 'What about someone who does not have anything like that?' He said, 'Then let him take his sword and strike its edge against a stone, then go as far away as possible.'" [Abu Daawood; similar Hadeeth in Muslim] [20]
At the time of the Fitnah of Uthmaan ibn Affaan's Khilaafah (Caliphate), Sa'd ibn Abee Waqqaas said,
"I bear witness that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There will come a tribulation during which one who sits will be better than one who stands, one who stands will be better than one who walks, and one who walks will be better than one who runs.' Someone asked, 'What do you advise if someone enters my house to kill me?' He said, 'Be like the son of Adam (i.e. resign yourself).'" [Muslim, Tirmidhee] [21]
Abu Moosaa al-Asharee said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Before the Hour comes, there will be a tribulation like patches of dark night. A man will get up a believer and go to sleep a kaafir, or will go to sleep a believer and

get up a kaafir. The one who sits will be better than one who stands, and one who walks will be better than one who runs. Break your bows, cut their strings, and strike your swords against stones. If someone comes to kill any of you, then be like the better of the twos ons of Adam.'" [Abu Daawood] [22]
Abu Dharr said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was riding a donkey and sat me behind him. He said, 'O Abu Dharr, if the people were suffering from such severe hunger that you could not even get up from your bed to go to the mosque, what would you do?' I said, 'Allaah and His Messenger know best.' He said, 'Be decent and restrain yourself.' Then he said, 'O Abu Dharr, if the people were suffering from severe death (i.e. if a man were worth no more than a grave), what would you do? If the people were killing one another, until Hajarat al-Zayt (an area of Madinah) were submerged in blood, what would you do?' I said, 'Allaah and His Messenger know best.' He said, 'Stay in your house and lock the door.' I asked, 'What if I am not left alone?' He said, 'Then be one of them.' I said, 'Should I take up my sword?' He said, 'If you did that, you would be joining them in their activities. No - if you fear that the brightness of the shining sword will disturb you, then cover your face with part of your clothing, and let him carry his own sin and your sin.'" [Ahmad] [23]
Abd Allaah ibn Amr said,
"We were on a journey with the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam)...When the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam)'s caller called for prayer, I went there. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was addressing the people, saying: "O people, it has been the duty of every Prophet before me to guide his people to whatever he knew was good for them, and to warn them against whatever he knew was bad for them, but this Ummah has its time of peace and security at the beginning; at the end of its existence it will suffer trials and tribulations, one after the other. Tribulation will come, and the believer will say, "This will finish me", but it will pass. Another tribulation will come, and he will say, "This is it", but it will pass, and a third will come and go likewise. Whoever wishes to be rescued from Hell, and enter Paradise, let him die believing in Allaah and the Last Day, and treat the people as he himself wishes to be treated. If anyone gives allegiance to an Imaam, then let him obey him if he can (or on one occasion he said: as much as you can).'"
Abd al-Rahman (one of the narrators of this Hadeeth) said,
"When I heard that, I put my head between my knees and said, 'But your cousin Mu'aawiyah is ordering us to squander our wealth among

ourselves in vanity, and to kill each other, although Allaah has said, "O you who believe! Squander not your wealth among yourselves in vanity..." ' [an-Nisaa (4):29]
Abd Allaah (another narrator) put his head in his hands and paused a while, then he raised his head and said,
"Obey him in that which is obedience to Allaah and disobey that which is disobedience to Allaah." I asked him, "Did you hear that from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam)?" He said, "Yes, I heard it with my ears and understood it in myheart." [Ahmad, Abu Daawood, an-Nasaa'ee, Ibn Maajah] [24]
Abd Allaah ibn Amr said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'If you see my Ummah fearing a tyrant so much that they dare not tell him that he is a tyrant, then there will be no hope for them.'"
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Among my Ummah, some will be swallowed up by the earth, some bombarded with stones, and some transformed into animals." [Ahmad] [25]

Footnotes
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan.
[2] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-'Ilm.
[3] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/60; Muslim, Baab Nuzuul al-Fitan ka-Mawaaqi' al-Qatar, 8/168.
[4] Bukhaaree, ibid.
[5] op. cit., 9/64; Muslim, Baab Nuzuul al-Fitan ka-Mawaaqi' al-Qatar.
[6] Bukhaaree, op. cit., 9/66.
[7] Bukhaaree, Kitaab Bid' al-Khalq, 4/150.
[8] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/73.
[9] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/132
Daws: a tribe in Yemen; Dhoo l-Khalasah: a house full of idols - it is so called because they believed that whoever worshipped it or went around it would be purified (khallasa). This Hadeeth means that the tribe of Daws will become apostates from Islaam and will go back to idol worshipping; even their women will exert themselves in worshipping the idol and running around it, so that their flesh will quiver.
[10] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/73.
[11] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Saa'ah, 8/174.
[12] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/74.
[13] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Saa'ah, 8/172.

[14] Muslim, Kitaab al-Jannah wa Sifat Na'imihaa wa Ahlihaa, 8/155, 156.
[15] Muslim, ibid.
[16] Ibn Maajah narrated a similar Hadeeth in Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 4015), 2/1331. Ahmad, Musnad, 3/187.
Checker's Note: Da`eef due to the `an`anah (usage of the word `an (from)) of Makhool, Da`eef Ibn Maajah: 870.
[17] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/390.
Checker's Note: Saheeh. Weak isnaad but supported by other narrations similar in meaning. Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 2/390.
[18] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/359.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 958. Wording should be "dislike of death".
[19] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/448.
Checker's Note: Saheeh. Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: [??] Ahmad's narration contains an unnamed narrator who is named in the narration of Abdur Razzaaq, no. 20727 and al-Hakim, 4/320, and he is reliable.
[20] Abu Daawood, ibid. (Hadeeth 4236). Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/169.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh Abee Daawood: 3580.
[21] Tirmidhee, Abwaab al-Fitan, (Hadeeth 2290), 6/436, 438. Ahmad, Musnad, 1/185.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, al-Irwa, no. 2451 of Shaykh al-Albaanee. It is saheeh but has not been reported by Muslim, as main text states.
[22] Abu Daawood, Abwaab al-Fitan wa'l-Malaahim, (Hadeeth 4139), 11/337.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Abu Daawood and Ibn Maajah, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1535.
[23] Ahmad, Musnad, 5/149; similar Hadeeth in Abu Daawood, Abwaab al-Fitan wa'l-Malaahim, (Hadeeth 4241), 11-340, 343.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, al-Irwa, no: 2451.
[24] Ahmad, Musnad, 5/149. Muslim, Kitaab al-Imaarah, 6-18. Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 3956), 2/1306, 1037. an-Nasaa'ee, Kitaab al-Bay'ah (shorter version), 7-152,153. Abu Daawood, Kitab al-Fitan (shorted version), Hadeeth 4429, 11-319.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 241.
[25] Ahmad, Musnad. 2/163.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Silsilatul Ahaadeeth ad-Da`eefah: 1264. Its isnaad contains the `an`anah of Abu Zubair, but its last part ("Among my Ummah ...") is supported. See Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1787

The Signs and Portents of the Hour
'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr said,
"I went to the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) one day whilst he was performing Wudoo' (ablution) slowly and carefully. He raised his head, looked at me and said, 'Six things will happen to this Ummah: the death of your Prophet - 'and when I heard that I was aghast,' - this is the first. The second is that your wealth will increase so much that if a man were given ten thousand, he would still not be content with it. The third is that tribulation will enter the house of every one of you. The fourth is that sudden death will be widespread. The fifth is a peace-treaty between you and the Romans: they will gather troops against you for nine months - like a woman's period of childbearing - then they will be the first to break the treaty. The sixth is the conquest of a city.' I asked, 'O Messenger of Allaah, which city?' He said, 'Constantinople.' " [Ahmad] [1]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Hasten to do good deeds before six things happen: the rising of the sun from the West, the smoke, the Dajjaal, the beast, the (death) of one of you, or general tribulation.' " [Ahmad, Muslim] [2]
Hudhayfah ibn 'Ubayd said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) came upon us whilst, we were busy in discussion. He asked us, 'What are you talking about?' We said, 'We are discussing the Hour.' He said, 'It will not come until you see ten signs: the smoke, the Dajjaal, the beast, the sun rising from the West, the descent of Jesus son of Mary, Gog and Magog, and three land-slides - one in the East, one in the West, and one in Arabia, at the end of which fire will burst forth from the direction of Aden (Yemen) and drive peopl eto the place of their final assembly.' " [Ahmad] [3]

Footnotes
[1] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/174.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 6623. Weak hadeeth due to Abra Iamah al-Kalbi.
[2] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/207, Ahmad, Musnad, 2/337, 372.
[3] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/179.
Checker's Note: Wrong spelling, Ibn `Ubayd should be Ibn Usayd. Reported by Muslim, not by Ahmad as main text states.
The Battle with the Romans
After the battle with the Romans, which ended with the conquest of Constantinople, the Dajjaal will appear, and Jesus son of Mary will

descend from Heaven to the earth, to the white minaret in the east of Damascus, at the time of Salaat al-Fajr (the morning prayer), as we shall see in the Saheeh Traditions.
Dhoo Mukhammar said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'You will make a peace-treaty with the Romans, and together you will invade an enemy beyond Rome. You will be victorious and take much booty. Then you will camp in a hilly pasture; one of the Roman men will come and raise a cross and say "Victory to the Cross", so one of the Muslims will come and kill him. Then the Romans will break the treaty, and there will be a battle. They will gather an army against you and come against you with eighty banners, each banner followed by 10,000 men.' " [Ahmad, Abu Daawood, Ibn Maajah] [1]
Yusayr ibn Jaabir said,
"Once there was a red storm in Kufah. A man came who had nothing to say except, 'O 'Abd Allaah ibn Mas'ood, has the Hour come?' 'Abd Allaah was sitting reclining against something, and said, 'The Hour will not come until people will not divide inheritance, nor rejoice over booty.' Pointing towards Syria, he said, 'An enemy will gather forces against the Muslims and the Muslims will gather forces against them.' I asked, 'Do you mean the Romans?' He said, 'Yes. At that time there will be very heavy fighting. The Muslims will prepare a detachment to fight to the death; they will not return unless they are victorious. They will fight until night intervenes. Both sides will return without being victorious; then many will be killed on both sides. On the fourth day, the Muslims who are left will return to the fight, and Allaah will cause the enemy to be routed. There will be a battle the like of which has never been seen, so that even if a bird were to pass their ranks, it would fall down dead before it reached the end of them. Out of a family of one hundred, only one man will survive, so how could he enjoy the booty or divide any inheritance? While they are in this state, they will hear of an even worse calamity. A cry will reach them: "The Dajjaal has taken your place among your offspring." So they will throw away whatever is in their hands and go forward, sending 10 horsemen as a scouting party. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'I know their names, and the names of their fathers, and the colours of their horses. They will be the best horsemen on the face of the earth on that day.' " [Ahmad, Muslim] [2]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come until the Romans camp at al-A'mash or Dabeeq. An army,

composed of the best people on earth at that time, will come out from Madinah to meet them. When they have arranged themselves in ranks, the Romans will say, 'Do not stand between us and those who took prisoners from amongst us. Let us fight with them.' The Muslims will say, 'No, by Allaah, we will never stand aside from you and our brothers.' Then they will fight. One-third will runaway, and Allaah will never forgive them. One-third will be killed, and they will be the best of martyrs in Allaah's sight. One-third, who will never be subjected to trials or tribulations, will win, and will conquer Constantinople. Whilst they are sharing out the booty, after hanging their swords on the olive-trees, Satan will shout to them that the Dajjaal has taken their place among their families. When they come to Syria, the Dajjaal will appear, while they are preparing for battle and drawing up the ranks. When the time for prayer comes, Jesus the son of Mary will descend and lead them in prayer. When the enemy of Allaah (i.e. the Dajjaal) sees him, he will start to dissolve like salt in water, but Allaah will kill him.' " [Muslim] [3]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Hour will not come until the furthest border of the Muslims will be in Bulaa." Then he said, "O 'Alee!" 'Alee said, "May my father and mother be sacrificed for you!" The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "You will fight the Romans, and those who come after you will fight them, until the best people among the Muslims, the people of al-Hijaaz, will go out to fight them, fearing nothing but Allaah. They will conquer Constantinople with Tasbeeh and Takbeer (saying "Subhaan Allaah" and "Allaahu Akbar"), and they will obtain booty the like of which has never been seen - they will share it out by scooping it up with their sheilds. Someone will come and say, 'The Dajjaal has appeared in your land', but he will be lying. Anyone who takes notice of him will regret it, and anyone who ignores him will regret it." [Ibn Maajah] [4]
Naafi' ibn 'Utbah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'You will attack Arabia, and Allaah will enable you to conquer it. Then you will attack Persia, and Allaah will enable you to conquer it. Then you will attack Rome, and Allaah will enable you to conquer it. Then you will attack the Dajjaal, and Allaah will enable you to conquer him.' " [Muslim] [5]
When Mustawrid al-Qurashee was sitting with 'Amr ibn al-'Aas, he said, "I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'The Hour will come when the Romans will be in the majority.' 'Amr asked him, "What are you saying?" He said, "I am repeating that which I heard from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam)." 'Amr said, "If you say this, it is

true, because they have four good characteristics: they are the most able to cope with tribulation, the quickest to recover after disaster and to return to the fight after disaster, and are the best as far as treating the poor, weak and orphans is concerned. They have a fifth characteristic which is very good; they do not allow themselves to be oppressed by their kings." [6]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"You will fight the Romans, and Believers from the Hijaaz will fight them after you, until Allaah enables them to conquer Constantinople and Rome with Tasbeeh and Takbeer ("Subhaan Allaah" and "Allaahu Akbar"). Its fortifications will collapse, and they will obtain booty the like of which has never been seen, so that they will share it out by scooping it up with their shields. Then someone will cry, 'O Muslims! The Dajjaal is in your country, with your families', and the people will leave the wealth. Anyone who takes notice will regret it and anyone who ignores it will regret it. They will ask, 'Who shouted?' but they will not know who he is. They will say, 'Send a vanguard to Ilyaa.' If the Dajjaal has appeared, you will hear about his deeds.' So they will go and see, and if they see that everything is normal, they will say, 'No-one would give a shout like that for no reason, so let us go together to Ilyaa'.' If we find the Dajjaal there we will fight him together, until Allaah decides between us and him. If we do not find the Dajjaal, we will go back to our country and our families.' " [7]
Mu'aadh ibn Jabal said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The building of Bayt al-Maqdis (in Jerusalem) will be followed by the destruction of Yathrib (Madeenah), which will be followed by the conquest of Constantinople, which will be followed by the appearance of the Dajjaal.' Then he put his hand on the thigh or the shoulder of the one with whom he was speaking (i.e. Mu'aadh), and said, 'This is as true as the fact that you are here (or as true as you are sitting here).' " [8]
This does not mean that Madeenah will be destroyed completely before the appearance of the Day, but that will happen at the end of time, as we shall see in some authentic Ahaadeeth. But the building of Bayt al-Maqdis will be the cause of the destruction of Madeenah, as it was proven in the Hadeeth that the Dajjaal will not be able to enter Madinah. He will be prevented from doing so because it is surrounded by angles bearing unsheathed swords. [9]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said about Madeenah: 'Neither plague nor the Dajjaal can enter it.' " [Bukhaaree] [10]

Footnotes
[1] Similar Hadeeth in Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Malaahim, (Hadeeth 4271), 11/397/399. Ibn Maajah, Kitab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 4089), 2/1369. Ahmad, Musnad, 9104.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 3612.
[2] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/177, 178. Ahmad, Musnad, 1/384, 385.
[3] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8 - 175, 176.
Al-A'mash is a place outside the city, and Dabeeq is a market-place in the city. "The city" refers to Aleppo (some say Damascus).
[4] Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 4094), 2 - 1370.
The one who believes the liar will regret it, because he will find that the Dajjaal is not there. The one who does not believe him will regret it because the Dajjaal will appear soon afterwards.
Checker's Note: Fabricated. The reason is Kathir ibn `Abdillah, who is declared a liar by Abu Daawood and Shaafi'ee. He narrates a fabricated collection of hadeeth.
[5] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashtaar al-Saa'ah, 8 - 178. Ibn Maajah, Baab al-Malaahim (Hadeeth 4091), 2 - 1380.
[6] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitaan, 8 - 176.
[7] Al-Haythamee, Majma' al-Zawaa'id. Ibn Maajah, 7:248.
Checker's Note: Fabricated. Same reasons as the previous one. Reported by al-Bazzar, Kashful Astar bi Zawa'id al-Bazzar of al-Haythamee: 3386.
[8] Hasan, al-Mishkat, 1st checking: 5424.
[9] Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Malaahim (Hadeeth 4273), 11 - 400, 401; Ahmad, Musnad, 5/245.
Checker's Note: Hasan.
[10] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/76.
The Appearance of the Dajjaal
First of all, we will quote the reports which mention the liars and "dajjaals" who will precede the coming of the Dajjaal, or Antichrist, who will be the last of them; may Allaah curse them and punish them with Hell-fire.
Jaabir ibn Samurah said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'Just before the Hour there will be many liars.' " Jaabir said, "Be on your guard against them." [Muslim] [1]
Jaabir said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'Just before the Hour there will be many liars; among them is the one in al-Yamamah, the

'Ansi in San'a', the one in Himyar, and the Dajjaal. This will be the greatest fitnah.' " [Ahmad] [2]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come ... until nearly 30 "dajjaals" (liars) appear, each one claiming to be a messenger from Allaah.' " [Bukhaaree and Muslim] [3]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come until 30 "dajjaals" appear, each of them claiming to be a messenger from Allaah, wealth increases, tribulations appear and al-Harj increases.' Someone asked, 'What is al-Harj?' He said, 'Killing, killing.' " [Ahmad] [4]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come until 30 "dajjaals" appear, all of them lying about Allaah and His Messenger.' " [Abu Daawood] [5]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Just before the Hour, there will be thirty "dajjaals", each of whom will say, I am a Prophet.' " [Ahmad] [6]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There will be "dajjaals" and liars among my Ummah. They will tell you something new, which neither you nor your forefathers have heard. Be on your guard against them, and do not let them lead you astray.' " [Ahmad] [7]
Thawbaan said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There will be thirty liars among my Ummah. Each one will claim that he is a prophet; but I am the last of the Prophets (Seal of the Prophets), and there will be no Prophet after me.' " [Ahmad] [8]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Verily before the Day of Resurrection there will appear the Dajjaal, and thirty or more liars." [Ahmad] [9]
Ibn 'Umar said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'Among my Ummah there will be more than seventy callers, each of whom will be calling people to Hell-fire. If I wished, I could tell you their names and tribes.' " [10]
Abu Bakrah said,
"The people spoke a great deal against Musaylimah before the Prophet

(sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said anything about him. Then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) got up to give a speech and said: '...as for this man about whom you have spoken so much - he is one of the thirty liars who will appear before the Hour, and there is no town which will not feel the fear of the Antichrist.' " [Ahmad] [11]
In another version of this report, the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"He is one of the thirty liars who will appear before the Dajjaal. There is no town which will escape the fear of the Dajjaal, apart from Madeenah. At that time there will be two angels at every entrance of Madeenah, warding off the fear of the Antichrist." [12]
Anas ibn Malik said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The time of the Dajjaal will be years of confusion. People will believe a liar, and disbelieve one who tells the truth. People will distrust one who is trustworthy, and trust one who is treacherous; and the Ruwaybidah will have a say.' Someone asked, 'Who are the Ruwaybidah?' He said, 'Those who rebel against Allaah and will have a say in general affairs.' " [Ahmad] [13]

Footnotes
[1] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/189.
[2] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/345.
Checker's Note: Ahmad's isnaad contains Ibn Lahi'ah who reports by way of `an, as does Abu Zubair. Al-Bazzar's isnaad contains `Abdur-Rahman ibn Maghra and Mujaahid ibn Sa`eed. Majma' az-Zawaid of al-Haythamee: 7/335. The status of the hadeeth is unknown as no muhaddith, as far as we know, has given a definite verdict.
[3] See Part 7, where the Hadeeth is quoted in full.
[4] Ahmad, Musnad, 2 - 457.
Checker's Note: Saheeh.
[5] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/450.
Checker's Note: Hasan, Saheeh Abee Daawood: 3643.
[6] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/429.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1683.
[7] Ahmad, Musnad, 20/349.
Checker's Note: Da`eef isnaad, but Muslim reports similar wording.
[8] Ahmad, Musnad, 5/46.
Checker's Note: Saheeh. Wrong reference, Ahmad, Musnad, 5/46, should be Ahmad, Musnad, 5/278.

[9] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/95.
Checker's Note: Hasan, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1683, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 5694.
[10] Da`eef. Reported by Abu Ya'la. Its isnaad contains Laith ibn Abee Sulaim.
[11] Ahmad, Musnad, 5/41, 46.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Majma' az-Zawaid of al-Haythamee: 7/335.
[12] Ahmad, Musnad, 5/46.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 5/41. It is part of no. 10 above, which is not given in full in the book.
[13] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/220.
Checker's Note: Saheeh. Its isnaad is hasan and is further supported, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1887, Kashful Astar bi Zawa'id al-Bazzar of al-Haythamee: 3373.
Ahaadeeth about the Dajjaal
'Abd Allaah ibn 'Umar said,
"'Umar ibn al-Khattab went along with the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) and a group of people to Ibn Sayyaad, and found him playing with some children near the battlement of Banoo Maghaalah. At that time Ibn Sayyaad was on the threshold of adolescence; he did not realise that anybody was near until the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) struck him on the back. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said to him: 'Do you bear witness than I am the Messenger of Allaah?' Ibn Sayyaad looked at him and said, 'I bear witness that you are the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) of the unlettered.' Then Ibn Sayyaad said to the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam), 'Do you bear witness that I am the Messenger of Allaah?' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) dismissed this and said, 'I believe in Allaah and His Messengers.' Then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) asked him, 'What do you see?' Ibn Sayyaad said, 'Sometimes a truthful person comes to me, and sometimes a liar.' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said to him, 'You are confused', then he said, 'I am hiding something from you.' Ibn Sayyaad said, 'It is Dukh.' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Silence! You will not be able to go beyond your rank.' 'Umar ibn al-Khattab said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, shall I cut off his head?' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'If he is (the Dajjaal) you will not be able to overpower him, and if he is not, then killing will not do you any good.' "
Saleem ibn 'Abd Allaah said,

"I heard 'Abd Allaah ibn 'Umar say, 'After that, the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) and Ubayy ibn Ka'b went along to the palm trees where Ibn Sayyaad was. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) started to hide behind a tree, with the intention of hearing something from Ibn Sayyaad before Ibn Sayyaad saw him. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) saw him lying on a bed, murmuring beneath a blanket. Ibn Sayyaad's mother saw the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) hiding behind a tree, and said to her son, "O Saf (Ibn Sayyaad's first name), here is Muhammad!" Ibn Sayyad jumped up, and the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "If you had left him alone, he would have explained himself." "
Saleem said,
"Abd Allaah ibn'Umar said, The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) stood up to address the people. He praised Allaah as He deserved to be praised, then he spoke about the Dajjaal: 'I warn you against him; there is no Prophet who has not warned his people against him, even Noah warned his people against him. But I will tell you something which no other Prophet has told his people. You must know that the Dajjaal is one-eyed, and Allaah is not one-eyed.' "
Ibn Shihaab said:
"'Umar ibn Thaabit al-Ansaaree told me that some of the Companions of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) told him that on the day when he warned the people about the Dajjaal, the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said: 'There will be written between his eyes the word Kaafir (unbeliever). Everyone who resents his bad deeds - or every believer - will be able to read it.' He also said, 'You must know that no one of you will be able to see his Lord until he dies.' " [Muslim, Bukhaaree] [1]
Ibn 'Umar said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) mentioned the Dajjaal to the people. He said, 'Allaah is not one-eyed, but the Dajjaal is blind in his right eye, and his eye is like a floating grape.' " [Muslim] [2]
Anas ibn Malik said,
"TheProphet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There has never been a Prophet who did not warn his people against that one-eyed liar. Verily he is one-eyed and your Lord is not one-eyed. On his forehead will be written the letter Kaf, Fa, Ra (Kaafir).' " [Muslim, Bukhaaree] [3]
Hudhayfah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'I know more about the powers which the Dajjaal will have than he will know himself. He will have two flowing rivers: one will appear to be pure water, and the other

will appear to be flaming fire. Whosoever lives to see that, let him choose the river which seems to be fire, then let him close his eyes, lower his head and drink from it, for it will be cold water. The Dajjaal will be one-eyed; the place where one eye should be will be covered by a piece of skin. On his forehead will be written the word Kaafir,and every believer, whether literate or illiterate, will be able to read it.' " [Muslim] [4]
Abu Hurayrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Shall I tell you something about the Dajjaal which no Prophet has ever told his people before me? The Dajjaal is one-eyed and will bring with him something which will resemble Paradise and Hell; but that which he calls Paradise will in fact be Hell. I warn you against him as Noah warned his people against him.' " [Bukhaaree, Muslim] [5]
Muhammad ibn Munkadir said:
"I saw Jaabir ibn 'Abd Allaah swearing by Allaah that Ibn Sayyaad was the Dajjaal, so I asked him, 'Do you swear by Allaah?' He said, 'I heard 'Umar swear to that effect in the presence of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam), and the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) did not disapprove of it.' " [6]
Some 'ulamaa' (scholars) say that some of the Sahaabah (Companions of the Prophet) believed Ibn Sayyaad to be the greater Dajjaal, but that is not the case: Ibn Sayyaad was a lesser dajjal.
Ibn Sayyaad travelled between Makkah and Madeenah with Abu Sa'eed, and complained to him about the way that people were saying that he was the Dajjaal. Then he said to Abu Sa'eed,
"Did not the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say that the Dajjaal would not enter Madinah? I was born there. Did not he say that he would not have any children? - I have children. Did not he say that he would be a Kaafir? - I have embraced Islaam. Of all the people, I know the most about him: I know where he is now. If I were given the opportunity to be in his place, I would not resent it.' " [Bukhaaree, Muslim]
There are many Ahaadeeth about Ibn Sayyaad, some of which are not clear as to whether he was the Dajjaal or not. We shall see Ahaadeeth which indicates that the Dajjaal is not Ibn Sayyaad, as in the Hadeeth of Faatimah Bint Qays al-Fahriyyah, although this does not mean that he was not one of the lesser Dajjaal; but Allaah knows best.

Footnotes
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Adab, 8/49, 50. Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/192, 193.

Ibn Sayyaad's [or Ibn Sa'eed's] first name was Saaf. He had some characteristics similar to those ascribed to the Dajjaal. When he was young, he was like a Kaahin (soothsayer) - sometimes he spoke the truth, sometimes he lied. When he grew up, he embraced Islaam and displayed some good characteristics, but later he changed, and it was said that his behaviour might indicate that he was the Dajjaal. But the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) had not received any Wahy (revelation) to that effect, so he told 'Umar: "If he is [the Dajjaal] you will not be able to overpower him."
Banoo Maghaalah: if you stand facing the Masjid al-Nabawee, (the Prophet's Mosque in Madeenah), everything on your right is the territory of Banoo Maghaalah.
Dukh: i.e. al-Dukhaan (smoke). The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was thinking of the Aayah,
"Then wait you for the Day when the sky will bring forth a visible smoke." [ad-Dukhaan (44):10]
"… with the intention of hearing something…" in other words, the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) wanted to eavesdrop on Ibn Sayyaad so that he and his companions could find out whether he was a soothsayer (kaahin) or a sorcerer.
"if you had left him alone, he would have had explained himself": i.e., if his mother had not told him that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was there, then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) would have found out what he was - a soothsayer or a sorcerer.
[2] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/194, 195.
"His eye is like a floating grape" - this means that, his eye will protrude and there will be some kind of brightness in it.
[3] Muslim, ibid. Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/75, 76.
"On his forehead will be written the letters Kaaf, Faa', Raa' " - this indicates that he will call people to Kufr, not the right path, so we must avoid him. The fact that Muslims will be able to identify him as a Kaafir is a great blessing from Allaah to this Ummah.
[4] Muslim, ibid. Shorter version in Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/75.
[5] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Anbiyaa, 4/75. Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/196.
[6] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/192.
The Hadeeth of Faatimah bint Qays
'Aamir ibn Sharaaheel Sha'bi Sha'b Hamdaan reported that he asked Faatimah bint Qays, the sister of Dahhaak ibn Qays,who was one of the first Muhaajiraat,
"Tell me a Hadeeth which you heard directly from the Prophet (sal-

Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) with no narrator in between." She said, "I can tell you if you like." He said, "Yes, please tell me." She said,
"I married Ibn al-Mugheerah, who was one of the best of the youth of Quraysh in those days. But he fell in the first Jihaad on the side of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam).
"When I became a widow, 'Abd al-Rahmaan ibn 'Awf, one of the companions of the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) sent me a proposal of marriage. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) also sent me a proposal of marriage on behalf of his freedman Usaamah ibn Zayd. I had been told that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) had said, 'He who loves me should also love Usaamah.' When the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) spoke to me, I said, 'It is up to you: marry me to whomever you wish.'
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Go and stay with Umm Shareek.' Umm Shareek was a rich Ansaaree (Muslim originally from Madeenah) woman, who spent much in the way of Allaah ande ntertained many guests. I said, 'I will do as you wish.' Then he said, 'Don't go. Umm Shareek has many guests, and I would not like it if your head or leg were to become uncovered accidentally and people saw something you would not wish them to see. It is better if you go and stay with your cousin 'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr ibn Umm Maktoom' (Abd Allaah was of the Banoo Fihr of Quraysh, the same tribe as that to which Faatimah belonged).
"So I went to stay with him, and when I had completed my 'Iddah (period of waiting), I heard the Prophet's (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) announcer calling for congregational prayer. I went out to the mosque, and prayed behind the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam). I was in the women's row, which was at the back of the congregation. When the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) had finished his prayer, he sat on the pulpit, smiling, and said, 'Everyone should stay in his place.' Then he said, 'Do you know why I had asked you to assemble?' The people said, 'Allaah and His Messenger know best.'
"He said, 'By Allaah, I have not gathered you here to give you an exhortation or a warning. I have kept you here because Tameem ad-Daaree, a Christian man who has come and embraced Islaam, told me something which agrees with that which I have told you about the Dajjaal. He told me that he had sailed in a ship with thirty men from Banoo Lakhm and Banoo Judhaam. The waves had tossed them about for a month, then they were brought near to an island, at the time of sunset. They landed on the island, and were met by a beast who was so hairy that they

could not tell its front from its back. They said, "Woe to you! What are you?" It said, "I am al-Jassaasah." They said, "What is al-Jassaasah?" It said, "O people, go to this man in the monastery, for he is very eager to know about you." Tameem said that when it named a person to us, we were afraid lest it be a devil.

"Tamim said, 'We quickly went to the monastery. There we found a huge man with his hands tied up to his neck and with iron shackles between his legs up to the ankles. We said, "Woe to you, who are you?" He said, "You will soon know about me. Tell me who you are." We said, "We are people from Arabia. We sailed in a ship, but the waves have been tossing us about for amonth, and they brought us to your island, where we met a beast who was so hairy that we could not tell its front from its back. We said to it, "Woe to you! What are you?" and it said, "I am al-Jassaasah." We asked, "Whatis al-Jassaasah?" and it told us, "Go to this man in the monastery, for he is very eager to know about you." So we came to you quickly, fearing that it might be a devil.'

"The man said, 'Tell me about the date-palms of Baysaan.' We said, 'What do you want to know about them?' He said, 'I want to know whether these trees bear fruit or not.' We said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Soon they will not bear fruit.' Then he said, 'Tell me about the lake of at-Tabariyyah [Tiberias, in Palestine].' We said, 'What do you want to know about it?' He asked, 'Is there water in it?' We said, 'There is plenty of water in it.' He said, 'Soon it will become dry.' Then he said, 'Tell me about the spring of Zughar.' We said, 'What do you want to know about it?' He said, 'Is there water in it, and does it irrigate the land?' We said, 'Yes, there is plenty of water in it, and the people use it to irrigate the land.'

"Then he said, 'Tell me about the unlettered Prophet - what has he done?' We said, 'He has left Makkah and settled in Yathrib.' He asked, 'Do the Arabs fight against him?' We said, 'Yes.' He said, 'How does he deal with them?' So we told him that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) had overcome the Arabs around him and that they had followed him. He asked, 'Has it really happened?' We said, 'Yes.' He said, 'It is better for them if they follow him. Now I will tell you about myself. Iam the Dajjaal. I will soon be permitted to leave this place: I will emerge and travel about the earth. In forty nights I will pass through every town, except Makkah and Madeenah, for these have been forbidden to me. Every time I try to enter either of them, I will be met by an angel bearing an unsheathed sword, who will prevent me from entering. There will be angels guarding them at every passage leading to them.'

Faatimah said, "The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam), striking the

pulpit with his staff, said: 'This is Tayyibah, this is Tayyibah, this is Tayyibah, [i.e. Madeenah]. Have I not told you something like this?' The people said, 'Yes.' He said, 'I liked the account given to me by Tameem because it agrees with that which I have told you about the Dajjaal, and about Makkah and Madeenah. Indeed he is in the Syrian sea or the Yemen sea. No, on the contrary, he is in the East, he is in the East, he is in the East' and he pointed towards the East. Faatimah said: I memorised this from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam)." [Muslim] [1]
'Abd Allaah ibn 'Umar said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'While I was asleep, I saw myself in a dream performing Tawaaf (circumambulation) around the Ka'bah. I saw a ruddy man with lank hair and water dripping from his head. I said, "Who is he?" and they said, "The son of Mary." Then I turned around and saw another man with a huge body, red complexion, curly hair and one eye. His other eye looked like a floating grape. They said, "This is the Dajjaal." The one who most resembles him is Ibn Qatan, a man from the tribe of al-Khuzaa'ah'.' " [Bukhaaree, Muslim] [2]
Jaabir ibn 'Abd Allaah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Dajjaal will appear at the end of time, when religion is taken lightly. He will have forty days in which to travel throughout the earth. One of these days will be like a year, another will be like a month, a third will be like a week, and the rest will be like normal days. He will be riding a donkey; the width between its ears will be forty cubits. He will say to the people: "I am your lord." He is one-eyed, but your Lord is not one-eyed. On his forehead will be written the word Kaafir, and every believer, literate or illiterate, will be able to read it. He will go everywhere except Makkah and Madeenah, which Allaah has forbidden to him; angels stand at their gates. He will have a mountain of bread, and the people will face hardship, except for those who follow him. He will have two rivers, and I know what is in them. He will call one Paradise and one Hell. Whoever enters the one he calls Paradise will find that it is Hell, and whoever enters the one he calls Hell will find that it is Paradise. Allaah will send with him devils who will speak to the people. He will bring a great tribulation; he will issue a command to the sky and it will seem to the people as if it is raining. Then he will appear to kill someone and bring him back to life. After that he will no longer have this power. The people will say, "Can anybody do something like this except the Lord?" The Muslims will flee to Jabal al-Dukhaan in Syria, and the Dajjaal will come and besiege them. The siege will intensify and they will suffer great hardship. Then Jesus son of Mary will

descend, and will call the people at dawn: "O people, what prevented you from coming out to fight this evil liar?" They will answer, "He is a Jinn." Then they will go out, and find Jesus son of Mary. The time for prayer will come, and the Muslims will call on Jesus to lead the prayer, but he will say, "Let your Imaam lead the prayer." Their Imaam will lead them in praying Salaat al-Subh (Morning prayer), then they will go out to fight the Dajjaal. When the liar sees Jesus, he will dissolve like salt in water. Jesus will go to him and kill him, and he will not let anyone who followed him live.' " [Ahmad] [3]

Footnotes
[1] Muslim, Kitaab al- Fitan, 8/203-205.
Al-Jassaasah is so called because he spies on behalf of the Dajjaal (from jassa - to try to gain information, to spy out, etc.).
Baysaan - a village in Palestine.
'Ayn Zughar (the spring of Zughar) is a town in Palestine.
[2] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Fitan, 9/75. Muslim, Kitaab al-Imaan, 1/108.
[3] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/367, 368.
Checker's Note: Da`eef. Silsilatul Ahaadieeh ad-Da`eefah: 1969. It contains the `an`anah of Abu Zubair. Parts are found in authentic narrations. Refer to Dajjaal section in Saheeh Muslim.
The Hadeeth of Al-Nuwas Ibn Sam'an Al-Kilabi
Al-Nuwas ibn Saman said,
"One morning the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) spoke about the Dajjaal. Sometimes he described him as insignificant, and sometimes he described him as so dangerous that we thought he was in the clump of date-palms nearby. When we went to him later on, he noticed that fear in our faces, and asked, 'What is the matter with you?' We said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, this morning you spoke of the Dajjaal; sometimes you described him as insignificant, and sometimes you described him as being so dangerous that we thought he was in the clump of date-palms nearby.
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'I fear for you in other matters besides the Dajjaal. If he appears whilst I am among you, I will contend with him on your behalf. But if he appears while I am not among you, then each man must contend with him on his own behalf, and Allaah will take care of every Muslim on my behalf. The Dajjaal will be a young man, with short, curly hair, and one eye floating. I would liken him to 'Abd al-Uzzaa ibn Qatan. Whoever amongst you lives to see him should recite the opening Ayaat of Surat al-Kahf. He will appear on the way between

Syria and Iraq, and will create disaster left and right. O servants of Allaah, adhere to the Path of Truth.' "
"We said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, for the day which is like a year, will one days prayers be sufficient?' He said, 'No, you must make an estimate of the time, and then observe the prayers.' "
"We asked, 'O Messenger of Allaah, how quickly will he walk upon the earth?' He said, 'Like a cloud driven by the wind. He will come to the people and call them (to a false religion), and they will believe in him and respond to him. He will issue a command to the sky, and it will rain; and to the earth, and it will produce crops. After grazing on these crops, their animals will return with their udders full of milk and their flanks stretched. Then he will come to another people and will call them (to a false religion), but they will reject his call. He will depart from them; they will suffer famine and will possess nothing in the form of wealth. Then he will pass through the wasteland and will say, Bring forth your treasures, and the treasures will come forth, like swarms of bees. Then he will call a man brimming with youth; he will strike him with a sword and cut him in two, then place the two pieces at the distance between an archer and his target. Then he will call him, and the young man will come running and laughing.' "
"At that point, Allaah will send the Messiah, son of Mary, and he will descend to the white minaret in the east of Damascus, wearing two garments dyed with saffron, placing his hands on the wings of two angels. When he lowers his head, beads of perspiration will fall from it, and when he raises his head, beads like pearls will scatter from it. Every Kaafir who smells his fragrance will die, and his breath will reach as far as he can see. He will search for the Dajjaal until he finds him at the gate of Ludd, where he will kill him."
"Then a people whom Allaah has protected will come to Jesus son of Mary, and he will wipe their faces (i.e. wipe the traces of hardship from their faces) and tell them of their status in Paradise. At that time Allaah will reveal to Jesus: "I have brought forth some of My servants whom no-one will be able to fight. Take My servants safely to at-Toor."
"Then Allaah will send Gog and Magog, and they will swarm down from every slope. The first of them will pass by the Lake of Tiberias, and will drink some of its water; the last of them will pass by it and say, "There used to be water here." Jesus, the Prophet of Allaah, and his Companions will be besieged until a bull's head will be dearer to them than one hundred dinars are to you nowadays."
"Then Jesus and his Companions will pray to Allaah, and He will send

insects who will bite the people of Gog and Magog on their necks, so that in the morning they will all perish as one. Then Jesus and his Companions will come down and will not find any nook or cranny on earth which is free from their putrid stench. Jesus and his Companions will again pray to Allaah, Who will send birds like the necks of camels; they will seize the bodies of Gog and Magog and throw them wherever Allaah wills. Then Allaah will send rain which no house or tent will be able to keep out, and the earth will be cleansed, until it will look like a mirror. Then the earth will be told to bring forth its fruit and restore its blessing. On that day, a group of people will be able to eat from a single pomegranate and seek shelter under its skin (i.e. the fruit would be so big). A milch camel will give so much milk that a whole party will be able to drink from it; a cow will give so much milk that a whole tribe will be able to drink from it; and a milch-sheep will give so much milk that a whole family will be able to drink from it. At that time, Allaah will send a pleasant wind which will soothe them even under their armpits, and will take the soul of every Muslim. Only the most wicked people will be left, and they will fornicate like asses; then the Last Hour will come upon them." " [Muslim] [1]

Footnote
[1] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Saa'ah, 8/196-199.
Ludd: the biblical Lydda, now known as Lod, site of the zionist state's major airport
Hadeeth narrated from Abu Umaamah Al-Baahilee
Abu Umaamah al-Baahilee said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) delivered a speech to us, most of which dealt with the Dajjaal and warned us against him. He said, 'No tribulation on earth since the creation of Adam will be worse than the tribulation of the Dajjaal. Allaah has never sent a Prophet who did not warn his Ummah against the Dajjaal. I am the last of the Prophets, and you are the last Ummah. The Dajjaal is emerging among you and it is inevitable. If he appears while I am still among you, I will contend with him on behalf of every Muslim. But if he appears after I am gone, then every person must contend with him on his own behalf. He will appear on the way between Syria and Iraq, and will spread disaster right and left. O servants of Allaah adhere to the path of Truth. I shall describe him for you in a way that no Prophet has ever done before.
He will start by saying that he is a Prophet, but there will be no Prophet after me. Then he will say, "I am your Lord," but you will never see your

Lord until you die. The Dajjaal is one-eyed, but your Lord, glorified be He, is not one-eyed. On his forehead will be written the word Kaafir, which every Muslim, literate or illiterate, will be able to read. Among that which he will bring will be the Paradise and Hell he will offer; but that which he calls Hell will be Paradise, and that which he calls Paradise will be Hell. Whoever enters his Hell, let him seek refuge with Allaah and recite the opening Ayaat of Surat ul-Kahf, and it will become cool and peaceful for him, as the fire became cool and peaceful for Abraham.
"He will say to a Bedouin, What do you think if I bring your father and mother back to life for you? Will you bear witness that I am your lord? The Bedouin will say Yes, so two devils will assume the appearance of his father and mother, and will say, "O my son, follow him for he is your lord."
"He will be given power over one person, whom he will kill and cut in two with a saw. Then he will say, Look at this slave of mine, now I will resurrect him, but he will still claim that he has a Lord other than me. Allaah will resurrect him, and this evil man (the Dajjaal) will say to him, Who is your Lord? The man will answer, 'My Lord is Allaah, and you are the enemy of Allaah. You are the Dajjaal. By Allaah, I have never been more sure of this than I am today.' "
Aboo Sa'eed said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'That man will have the highest status among my Ummah in Paradise.' "
Abu Sa'eed said,
"By Allaah, we never thought that that man would be any other than 'Umar ibn al-Khattab, until he passed away."
Al-Muhaaribee said:
"Then we referred to the Hadeeth of Abu Raafi'ee, which said, 'Part of his Fitnah will be the fact that he will pass through an area whose people will deny him, and none of their livestock will remain alive. Then he will pass through a second area whose people will believe in him; he will order the sky to rain and the earth to bring forth crops, and their flocks will return from grazing fatter than they have ever been, with their flanks stretched, their udders full. He will pass through every place on earth - except Makkah and Madeenah, which he will never enter, for there are angels guarding every gate of them with unsheathed swords - until he reaches al-Zareeb al-Ahmar and camps at the edge of the salt-marsh. Madeenah will be shaken by three tremors, after which every Munaafiq (hypocrite) will leave it, and it will be cleansed of evil, as iron is cleansed of dross. That day will be called Yawm al-Khalaas (The Day of Purification).' "

Umm Shareek bint Abee'l-'Akr said,
"O Messenger of Allaah, where will the Arabs be at that time?" He said, "At that time they will be few; most of them will be in Bayt al-Maqdis (Jerusalem), and their Imaam will be a righteous man. Whilst their Imaam is going forward to lead the people in praying Salaat al-Subh (themorning prayer), Jesus son of Mary will descend. The Imaam will step back, to let Jesus lead the people in prayer, but Jesus will place his hand between the man's shoulders and say, 'Go forward and lead the prayer, for the Iqaamah was made for you.' So the Imaam will lead the people in prayer, and afterwards Jesus (alayhi-salam) will say, 'Open the gate.' The gate will be opened, and behind it will be the Dajjaal and a thousand Jews, each of them bearing a sword and shield. When the Dajjaal sees Jesus, he will begin to dissolve like salt in water, and will run away. Jesus will say, 'You will remain alive until I strike you with my sword.' He will catch up with him at the eastern gate of Ludd and will kill him. The Jews will be deflated with the help of Allaah. There will be no place for them to hide; they will not be able to hide behind any stone, wall, animal or tree - except the boxthorn (al-Gharqarah) - without it saying, 'O Muslim servant of Allaah! here is a Jew, come and kill him!' " The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "The time of the Dajjaal will be forty years; one year like half a year, one year like a month, and one month like a week. The rest of his days will pass so quickly that if one of you were at one of the gates of Madeenah, he would not reach the other gate before evening fell."
Someone asked,
"O Messenger of Allaah, how will wepray in those shorter days?" He said, "Workout the times of prayer in the same way that you do in these longer days, and then pray." The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "Jesus son of Mary will be a just administrator and leader of my Ummah. He will break the cross, kill the pigs, and abolish the Jizyah (tax on non-Muslims). He will not collect the Sadaqah, so he will not collect sheep and camels. Mutual enmity and hatred will disappear. Every harmful animal will be made harmless, so that a small boy will be able to put his hand into a snakes mouth without being harmed,a small girl will be able to make a lion run away from her, and a wolf will go among sheep as if he were a sheepdog. The earth will be filled with peace as a container is filled with water. People will be in complete agreement, and only Allaah will be worshipped. Wars will cease, and the authority of Quraysh will be taken away. The earth will be like a silver basin, and will produce fruits so abundantly that a group of people will gather to eat a bunch of grapes or

on epomegranate and will be satisfied. A bull will be worth so much money, but a horse will be worth only a few dirhams."
Someone asked,
"O Messenger of Allaah, why will a horse be so cheap?" He said, "Because it will never be ridden in war." He was asked, "Why will the bull be so expensive?" He said, "Because it will plough the earth. For three years before the Dajjaal emerges, the people will suffer severe hunger. In the first year, Allaah will order the sky to withhold a third of its rain, and the earth to withhold two-thirds of its fruits. In the third year, He will order the sky to withhold all of its rain, and the earth to withhold all of its fruits, so that nothing green will grow. Every cloven-hoofed creature will die except for whatever Allaah wills." Someone asked, "How will the people live at that time?" He said, "By saying Laa ilaaha illaa Allaah, Allaahu Akbar, Subhaan Allaah and Al-Hamdu-lillaah. This will be like food for them." [1]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Dajjaal will come forth, and one of the Believers will go towards him. The armed men of the Dajjaal will ask him, 'Where are you going?' He will say, 'I am going to this one who has come forth.' They will say, 'Kill him!' Then some of them will say to the others, 'Hasn't your lord [ie the Dajjaal] forbidden you to kill anyone without his permission?' So they will take him to the Dajjaal, and when the Believer sees him, he will say, 'O People, this is the Dajjaal whom the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) told us about.' Then the Dajjaal will order them to seize him and wound him in the head; they will inflict blows all over, even in his back and stomach. The Dajjaal will ask him, 'Don't you believe in me?' He will say, 'You are a false Messiah.' The Dajjaal will order that he be sawn in two from the parting of his hair to his legs; then he will walk between the two pieces. Then he will say 'Stand!' and the man will stand up. The Dajjaal will say to him, 'Don't you believe in me?' The believer will say, 'It has only increased my understanding that you are the Dajjaal.' Then he will say, 'O people! he will not treat anyone else in such a manner after me.' The Dajjaal will seize him to slaughter him, but the space between his neck and collar-bone will be turned into copper, and the Dajjaal will not be able to do anything to him. He will take the man by his arms and legs and throw him away; the people will believe that he has been thrown into Hell, whereas in fact he will have been thrown into Paradise." The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "He will be the greatest of martyrs in the sight of Allaah, the Lord of the Worlds." [Muslim] [2]

Footnotes
[1] Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan, (Hadeeth 4077), 2:1363.
"He will break the cross and kill pigs", i.e. Christianity will be annulled.
"He will not collect the Sadaqah" (i.e. Zakaat) - because there will be so much wealth, and no-one will be in need of Sadaqah.
Checker's Note: Da`eef. Da`eef Ibn Maajah: 884. Parts are supported.
[2] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashtaar al-Saa'ah, 8/199, 200
The Hadeeth of Al-Mugheerah Ibn Shu'bah
Al-Mugheerah ibn Shu'bah said,
"No-one asked the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) more questions about the Dajjaal than I did. He said, 'You should not worry about him, because he will not be able to harm you.' I said, 'But they say that he will have much food and water!' He said, 'He is too insignificant in the sight of Allaah to have all that.' " [Muslim]
Al-Mugheerah ibn Shu'bah said,
"No-one asked the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) more questions about the Dajjaal than I did." One of the narrators said, "What did you ask him?" Al-Mugheerah said, "I said, 'They say that the Dajjaal will have a mountain of bread and meat, and a river of water. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'He is too insignificant in the sight of Allaah to have all that.' " [Muslim]
From these Ahaadeeth, we can see that Allaah will test His servants with the Dajjaal and by the miracles which he will be permitted to perform: as we have already mentioned, the Dajjaal will order the sky to rain for those who accept him, and will order the earth to bring forth its fruits so that they and their livestock will eat of it, and their flocks will return fat and with their udders full of milk. Those who reject the Dajjaal and refuse to believe in him will suffer drought and famine; people and livestock will die, and wealth and supplies of food will be depleted. People will follow the Dajjaal like swarms of bees, and he will kill a young man and bring him back to life.
This is not a kind of magic; it will be something real with which Allaah will test His servants at the end of time. Many will be led astray, and many will be guided by it. Those who doubt will disbelieve, but those who believe will be strengthened in their faith.
Al-Qaadi 'Iyaad and others interpreted the phrase "He is too insignificant in the sight of Allaah to have all that" as meaning that the Dajjaal is too insignificant to have anything that could lead the true believers astray, because he is obviously evil and corrupt. Even if he brings great terror, the word Kaafir will be clearly written between his eyes; one report

explains that it will be written "Kaaf, Faa, Raa," from which we can understand that it will be written perceptibly, not abstractly, as some people say.
One of his eyes will be blind, protruding and repulsive; this is the meaning of the Hadeeth: "...as if it were a grape floating on the surface of the water." Other reports say that it is "dull, with no light in it," or "like white spittle on a wall," i.e. it will look ugly.
Some reports say that it is his right eye which will be blind; others say that it is his left eye.
He could be partly blind in both eyes, or there could be a fault in both eyes. This interpretation could be supported by the Hadeeth narrated by at-Tabaraanee, in which he reports that Ibn 'Abbaas said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Dajjaal is curly-haired and white-skinned. His head is like the branch of a tree; his left eye is blind, and the other eye looks like a floating grape.' "
One may ask: if the Dajjaal is going to cause such widespread evil and his claim to be a "lord" will be so widely believed - even though he is obviously a liar, and all the Prophet's have warned against him - why does the Qur'aan not mention him by name and warn us against his lies and stubbornness?
The answer is:-
The Dajjaal was referred to in the Ayah:
"...The day that some of the Signs of your Lord do come, no good will it do to a person to believe then, if he believed not before, nor earned good (by performing deeds of righteousness) through his Faith..." [al-An'aam (6):158]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'There are three things which, when they appear, no good will it do a soul to believe in them then, if it believed not before nor earned righteousness through its Faith. They are: The Dajjaal, the Beast, and the rising of the sun from the west.' "
Jesus son of Mary will descend from Heaven and kill the Dajjaal, as we have already mentioned. The descent of Jesus is mentioned in the Ayaat:
"And because of their saying (in boast), "We killed Messiah 'Eesaa (Jesus), son of Maryam (Mary), the Messenger of Allaah," - but they killed him not, nor crucified him, but the resemblance of 'Eesaa (Jesus) was put over another man (and they killed that man), and those who differ therein are full of doubts. They have no (certain) knowledge, they follow nothing but conjecture. For surely; they killed him not [i.e. 'Eesaa

(Jesus), son of Maryam (Mary) alayhi-salam]:
But Allaah raised him ['Eesaa (Jesus)] up (with his body and soul) unto Himself (and he alayhi-salam is in the heavens). And Allaah is Ever All Powerful, All Wise.
And there is none of the people of the Scripture (Jews and Christians), but must believe in him ['Eesaa (Jesus), son of Maryam (Mary), as only a Messenger of Allaah and a human being], before his ['Eesaa (Jesus) alayhi-salam or a Jew's or a Christian's] death (at the time of the appearance of the angel of death). And on the Day of Resurrection, he ['Eesaa (Jesus)] will be a witness against them." [an-Nisaa' (4):157-9]
We think that the Tafseer (interpretation) of this Aayah is that the pronoun in "before his death" (qabla mawtihi) refers to Jesus; i.e, he will descend and the People of the Book who differed concerning him will believe in him. The Christians claimed that he was divine, while the Jews made a slanderous accusation, i.e. that he was born from adultery. When Jesus descends before the Day of Judgment, he will correct all these differences and lies.
On this basis, the reference to the descent of the Messiah Jesus son of Mary also includes a reference to the Dajjaal (false Mesor Antichrist), who is the opposite of the true Messiah, because sometimes the Arabs refer to one of two opposites and not the other, but mean both.
The Dajjaal is not mentioned by name in the Qur'aan because he is so insignificant: he claims to be divine, but he is merely a human being. His affairs are too contemptible to be mentioned in the Qur'aan. But the Prophet's, out of loyalty to Allaah, warned their people about the Dajjaal and the tribulations and misguiding miracles he would bring. It is enough for us to know the reports of the Prophet's and the many reports from the Prophet Muhammad (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam).
One could argue that Allaah has mentioned Pharaoh and his false claims, such as:
"I am your lord, most high" [an-Nazi'aat (79):24] and "O chiefs! I know not that you have an ilaah (a god) other than me..." [al-Qasas (28):38]
This can be explained by the fact that Pharaoh and his deeds are in the past, and his lies are clear to every believer. But the Dajjaal is yet to come, in the future; it will be a Fitnah and a test for all people. So the Dajjaal is not mentioned in the Qur'aan because he is contemptible; and the fact that he is not mentioned means that it will be a great test.
The facts about the Dajjaal and his lies are obvious and do not need further emphasis. This is often the case when something is very clear. For example, when the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was

terminally ill, he wanted to write a document confirming that Abu Bakr would be the Khaleefah after him. Then he abandoned this idea, and said,
"Allaah and the believers will not accept anyone other than Abu Bakr."
He decided not to write the document because he knew of Abu Bakr's high standing among the Sahaabah (Companions) and was sure that they would not choose anyone else. Similarly, the facts about the Dajjaal are so clear that they did not need to be mentioned in the Qur'aan. Allaah did not mention the Dajjaal in the Qur'aan because He (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) knew that the Dajjaal would not be able to lead His true servants astray; he would only increase their faith, their submission to Allaah and His Messenger, their belief in the Truth, and their rejection of falsehood. For this reason the believer whom the Dajjaal overpowers will say, when he revives him,
"By Allaah, it has only increased my understanding that you are the one-eyed liar about whom the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) spoke."
More Ahaadeeth about the Dajjaal
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Dajjaal will emerge in a land in the east called Khurasan. His followers will be people with faces like hammered shields." [1]
Asmaa' bint Yazeed al-Ansaariyyah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'During the three years just before the Dajjaal comes, there will be one year when the sky will withhold one third of its rain and the earth one-third of its fruits. In the second year the sky will withhold two-thirds of its rain, and the earth two-thirds of its fruits. In the third year the sky will withhold all of its rain, and the earth all of its fruits, and all the animals will die. It will be the greatest tribulation: the Dajjaal will bring a Bedouin and say to him, "What if I bring your camels to life for you? Will you agree that I am your lord?" The Bedouin will say "Yes." So devils will assume the forms of his camels, with the fullest udders and the highest humps. Then he will bring a man whose father and brother have died, and will ask him, "What do you think if I bring your father and brother back to life? Will you agree that I am your lord?" The man will say "Yes," so the devils will assume the forms of his father and brother.' Then the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) went out for something, and then returned. The people were very concerned about what he had told them. He stood in the doorway and asked, 'What is wrong, Asma'? I said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, you have terrified us with what you said about the Dajjaal.' He said, 'He will

certainly appear. If I am still alive, I will contend with him on your behalf; otherwise Allaah will take care of every Muslim on my behalf.' I said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, we do not bake our dough until we are hungry, so how will it be for the believers at that time?' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The glorification of Allaah which suffices the people of Heaven will be sufficient for them.' " [2]
Abu Hurairah (radi-Allahu 'anhu) said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come until the Muslims fight the Jews and kill them. When a Jew hides behind a rock or a tree, it will say, "O Muslim, O servant of Allaah! There is a Jew behind me, come and kill him!" All the trees will do this except the box-thorn (al-Gharqad), because it is the tree of the Jews.' " [Ahmad] [3]

Footnotes
[1] Tirmidhee Abwaab al-Fitan, Hadeeth 2338, 6/465. Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan, Hadeeth 4072, 1354, 2/1353, 1354. Ahmad, Musnad 1/7.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh Ibn Maajah: 4072.
[2] Ahmad, Musnad, 6/455, 456.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, al-Mishkat, 1st checking: 5491. Its isnaad contains Sharh ibn Hawshab, who is weak.
[3] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Saa'ah, 8/388. Ahmad, Musnad, 2/417.
Protection Against The Dajjaal
1. Seeking refuge with Allaah from his tribulation.
It is proven in the Saheeh (authentic) Ahaadeeth that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) used to seek refuge with Allaah from the tribulation of the Dajjaal in his prayers, and that he commanded his Ummah to dol ikewise:
"Allaahumma innaa na'oodhu bika min 'adhaabi jahannam, wa min 'adhaabi 'l-qabr, wa min fitnatee 'l-mahyaa'i wa'l-mamaat, wa min fitnatee' l-maseehi 'd-dajjaal."
"O Allaah! We seek refuge with You from the punishment of Hell, from the punishment of the grave, from the tribulations of life and death, and from the tribulation of the False Messiah (Dajjaal)." [1]
This Hadeeth was narrated by many Sahabah, including Anas, Abu Hurairah, 'Aa'ishah, Ibn 'Abbaas, and Sa'd (radi-Allaahu 'anhum).
2. Memorising certain Aayaat from Surat al-Kahf.
Al-Haafidh ad-Dhahabee said,
"Seeking refuge with Allaah from the Dajjaal is mentioned in many

Mutawaatir Ahaadeeth (those with numerous lines of narrators). One way of doing this is to memorise ten Ayaat from Surat al-Kahf."
Abul-Diraa reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "Whoever memorises the first ten Aayaat of Surat al-Kahf will be protected from the Dajjaal." [Abu Daawood] [2]
3. Keeping away from the Dajjaal.
One way to be protected from the tribulation of the Dajjaal is to live in Madeenah or Makkah.
Abu Hurairah reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"There are angels standing at the gates of Madeenah; neither plague nor the Dajjaal can enter it." [Bukhaaree, Muslim]
Abu Bakr reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "The terror caused by the Dajjaal will not enter Madeenah. At that time it will have seven gates; there will be two angels guarding every gate." [Bukhaaree] [3]
Anas said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Dajjaal will come to Madeenah, and he will find angels guarding it. Neither plague nor the Dajjaal will enter it, inshaa-Allaah.' " [Tirmidhee, Bukhaaree]
It has been proven in the Saheeh Ahaadeeth that the Dajjaal will not enter Makkah or Madeenah, because the angels will prevent him from entering these two places which are sanctuaries and are safe from him. When he camps at the salt-marsh (Sabkhah) of Madeenah, it will be shaken by three tremors - either physically or metaphorically - and every hypocrite will go out to join the Dajjaal. On that day, Madeenah will be cleansed of its dross and will be refined and purified; and Allaah knows best.

Footnotes
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Janaa'iz, 2/124. Muslim, Kitaab al-Masaajid, 2/93.
[2] Muslim, Kitaab al-Musaafirun, 2/199. Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Malaahim, (Hadeeth 4301), 11/401, 402.
[3] Bukhaaree, Baab Haram al-Madeenah, 1/28.
The Life And Deeds Of The Dajjaal
The Dajjaal will be a man, created by Allaah to be a test for people at the end of time. Many will be led astray through him, and many will be guided through him; only the sinful will be led astray.
Al-Haafidh Ibn 'Alee al-Aabaar wrote in his book of history (at-Taareekh)

that the Dajjaal's Kunyah (nickname or paternal title) would be Abu Yoosuf. [1]
Abu Bakrah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Dajjaal's parents will remain childless for thirty years, then a one-eyed child will be born to them. He will be very bad and will cause a great deal of trouble. When he sleeps, his eyes will be closed but his heart (or mind) will still be active.' Then he described his parents: 'His father will be a tall and bulky man, with a long nose like a beak; his mother will be a huge, heavy-breasted woman.' " [2]
Abu Bakrah said,
"We heard that a child had been born to some of the Jews in Madeenah. Az-Zubayr ibn al-'Awaam and I went see his parents, and found that they matched the description given by the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam). We saw the boy lying in the sun, covered with a blanket, murmuring to himself. We asked his parents about him, and they said, 'We remained childless for thirty years, then this one-eyed boy was born to us. He is very bad and causes a great deal of trouble.' When we went out, we passed the boy. He asked us, 'What were you doing?' We said, 'Did you hear us?' He said, 'Yes; when I sleep, my eyes are closed but my heart (mind) is still active.' That boy was Ibn Sayyaad." [Ahmad, Tirmidhee; this Hadeeth is not very strong] [3]
As we have already seen in the Saheeh Ahaadeeth, Maalik and others think that Ibn Sayyaad was not the Dajjaal; he was one of a number of "lesser dajjaals." Later he repented and embraced Islaam; Allaah knows best his heart and deeds.
The "greater" Dajjaal is the one mentioned in the Hadeeth of Faatimah bint Qays, which she narrated from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam), from Tameem ad-Daaree, and which includes the story of the Jassaasah. The Dajjaal will be permitted to appear at the end of time, after the Muslims have conquered a Roman city called Constantinople. He will first appear in Isfahaan, in an area known as the Jewish quarter (al-Yahoodiyyah). He will be followed by seventy thousand Jews from that area, all of them armed. Seventy thousand Tatars and many people from Khuraasaan will also follow him. At first he will appear as a tyrannical king, then he will claim to be a prophet, then a lord. Only the most ignorant of men will follow him; the righteous and those guided by Allaah will reject him. He will start to conquer the world country by country, fortress by fortress, region by region, town by town; no place will remain unscathed except Makkah and Madeenah. The length of his stay

on earth will be forty days: one day like a year, one day like a month, one day like a week, and the rest of the days like normal days, i.e. his stay will be approximately one year and two and a half months. Allaah will grant him many miracles, through which whoever He wills will be astray, and the faith of the believers will be strengthened. The descent of Jesus son of Mary, the true Messiah, will happen at the time of the Dajjaal, the false messiah. He will descend to the minaret in the east of Damascus. The believers and true servants of Allaah will gather to support him, and the Messiah Jesus son of Mary will lead them against the Dajjaal, who at that time will be heading for Bayt al-Maqdis (Jerusalem). He will catch up with him at 'Aqabah 'Afeeq. The Dajjaal will runaway from him, but Jesus will catch up with him at the gate of Ludd, and will kill him with his spear just as he is entering it. He will say to him, "I have to deal you a blow; you cannot escape." When the Dajjaal faces him, he will begin to dissolve like salt in water. So Jesus will kill him with his spear at the gate of Ludd, and he will die there, as many Saheeh Ahaadeeth indicate.
Majma' ibn Jaariyah is reported to have said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) saying, 'The son of Mary will kill the Dajjaal at the gate of Ludd.' " [Tirmidhee] [4]

Footnotes
[1] Checker's Note: Reported as the saying of ash-Sha'bi. The reporter, Mujaahid ibn Sa'eed is weak.
[2] Checker's Note: Da`eef, al-Mishkat, 1st checking: 6445.
[3] Tirmidhee, Abwaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 2350), 6/522, 523. Ahmad, Musnad, 5/40.
"When he sleeps, his eyes will be closed but his heart (or mind) will still be active" - means that his evil ideas will still come to him even while he is asleep.
Checker's Note: Da`eef due to Alee ibn Zaid ibn Jad'an.
[4] Tirmidhee, Abwaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 2345), 6/513, 514.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh at-Tirmidhee: 1829.
The Descent of Jesus at the End of Time
Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Dajjaal will appear in my Ummah, and will remain for forty - "I cannot say whether he meant forty days, forty months or forty years." - Then Allaah will send Jesus (alayhi-salam), the son of Mary, who will resemble 'Urwah ibn Mas'ood. He will chase the Dajjaal and kill him. Then the people will live for seven years during which there will be no enmity between any two

persons. Then Allaah will send a cold wind from the direction of Syria, which will take the soul of everyone who has the slightest speck of good or faith in his heart. Even if one of you were to enter the heart of a mountain, the wind would reach him there and take his soul. Only the most wicked people will be left; they will be as careless as birds, with the characteristics of beasts, and will have no concern for right and wrong. Satan will come to them in the form of man and will say, "Don't you respond?" They will say, "What do you order us to do?" He will order them to worship idols, and in spite of that they will have sustenance in abundance, and lead comfortable lives.
"Then the Trumpet will be blown, and everyone will tilt their heads to hear it. The first one to hear it will be a man busy repairing a trough for his camels. He and everyone else will be struck down. Then Allaah will send (or send down) rain like dew, and the bodies of the people (i.e. the dead) will grow out of it. Then the trumpet will be sounded again, and the people will get up and look around. Then it will be said, "O people, go to your Lord and account for yourselves." It will be said, "Bring out the people of Hell," and it will be asked, "How many are there?" - the answer will come: "Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand." "On that day a child will grow old and the shin will be laid bare." [al-Qalam (68):42] " [Muslim] [1]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The son of Mary will come down as a just leader. He will break the cross, and kill the pigs. Peace will prevail and people will use their swords as sickles. Every harmful beast will be made harmless; the sky will send down rain in abundance,and the earth will bring forth its blessings. A child will play with a fox and not come to any harm; a wolf will graze with sheep and a lion with cattle, without harming them.' " [Ahmad] [2]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'By Him in Whose hand is my soul, surely the son of Mary will come down among you as a just ruler. He will break the cross, kill the pigs and abolish the Jizyah. Wealth will be in such abundance that no-one will care about it, and a single prostration in prayer will be better than the world and all that is in it.' "
Abu Hurairah said,
'If you wish, recite the Aayah: "And there is none of the People of the Book but must believe in him before his death; and on the Day of Judgement he will be a witness against them..." [an-Nisaa' (4):159] '

[Bukhaaree, Muslim] [3]
Abu Hurairah reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Prophets are like brothers; they have different mothers but their religion is one. I am the closest of all the people to Jesus son of Mary, because there is no other Prophet between him and myself. He will come again, and when you see him, you will recognise him. He is of medium height and his colouring is reddish-white. He will be wearing two garments, and his hair will look wet. He will break the cross, kill the pigs, abolish the Jizyah and call the people to Islaam. During his time, Allaah will end every religion and sect other than Islaam, and will destroy the Dajjaal. Then peace and security will prevail on earth, so that lions will graze with camels, tigers with cattle, and wolves with sheep; children will be able to play with snakes without coming to any harm. Jesus will remain for forty years, then die, and the Muslims will pray for him."
[Ahmad] [4]
Ibn Masood reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"On the night of the Israa' (night journey), I met my father Abraham, Moses and Jesus, and they discussed the Hour. The matter was referred first to Abraham, then to Moses, and both said, 'I have no knowledge of it.' Then it was referred to Jesus, who said, 'No-one knows about its timing except Allaah; what my Lord told me was that the Dajjaal will appear, and when he sees me he will begin to melt like lead. Allaah will destroy him when he sees me. The Muslims will fight against the Kaafirs, and even the trees and rocks will say, "O Muslim, there is a Kaafir hiding beneath me - come and kill him!" Allaah will destroy the Kaafirs, and the people will return to their own lands. Then Gog and Magog will appear from all directions, eating and drinking everything they find. The people will complain to me, so I will pray to Allaah and He will destroy them, so that the earth will be filled with their stench. Allaah will send rain which will wash their bodies into the sea. My Lord has told me that when that happens, the Hour will be very close, like a pregnant woman whose time is due, but her family do not know exactly when she will deliver.' "
[Ahmad, Ibn Maajah] [5]

Footnotes
[1] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Saa'ah, 8/201, 202.
[2] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/482, 483.
Checker's Note: The Tabi'e is Ziyad ibn Sa'd, who is mentioned by Ibn

Hibban in ath-Thiqat al-Bukhari and Abu Hatim did not speak for nor against him. Ibn Kathir says the report is good and strong.
[3] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Anbiyaa, 204, 205. Muslim, Kitaab al-Imaan, 1/93, 94.
[4] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/406.
Checker's Note: Saheeh as declared by al-Hakim and adh-Dhahabi. Qatadah's hearing it is reported in a later narration in al-Musnad 2/436.
[5] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/375. Similar Hadeeth in Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan (Hadeeth 4081), 2/1365, 1366.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Da`eef al-Jami as-Sagheer: 4709. See Saheeh Muslim translation, no. 6924
Description of the Messiah Jesus son of Mary, Messenger of Allaah
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'On the night of the Israa' (miraculous journey to Jerusalem) I met Moses - he was a slim man with wavy hair, and looked like a man from the Shanoo'ah tribe. I also met Jesus - he was of medium height and of a red complexion, as if he had just come out of the bath' " [Bukhaaree, Muslim] [1]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Whilst I was asleep, I saw myself (in a dream) making Tawaaf around the Ka'bah. I saw a brown-skinned man, with straight hair, being supported by two men, and with water dripping from his head. I said, 'Who is this?' They said, 'The son of Mary' I turned around and saw a fat, ruddy man, with curly hair, who was blind in his right eye; his eye looked like a floating grape. I asked, 'Who is this?' They said, 'The Dajjaal.' The one who most resembles him is Ibn Qatan." Az-Zuhri explained: Ibn Qatan was a man from Khuzaa'ah who died during the Jaahiliyyah (before the coming of Islaam). [Bukhaaree] [2]

Footnotes
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Anbiyaa, 4/302. Muslim, Kitaab al-Imaan, 1/106, 107.
[2] Bukhaaree, ibid.
The Appearance of Gog and Magog
They (two tribes or peoples) will appear at the time of Jesus son of Mary, after the Dajjaal. Allaah will destroy them all in one night, in response to the supplication of Jesus.
Abu Hurairah reported that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Everyday, Gog and Magog are trying to dig a way out through the

barrier. When they begin to see sunlight through it, the one who is in charge of them says, 'Go back; you can carry on digging tomorrow,' and when they come back, the barrier is stronger than it was before. This will continue until their time comes and Allaah wishes to send them forth. They will dig until they begin to see sunlight, then the one who is in charge of them will say, 'Go back; you can carry on digging tomorrow, inshaa'-Allaah.' In this case he will make an exception by saying inshaa'-Allaah, thus relating the matter to the Will of Allaah. They will return on the following day, and find the hole as they left it. They will carry on digging and come out against the people. They will drink all the water, and the people will entrench themselves in their fortresses. Gog and Magog will fire their arrows into the sky, and they will fall back to earth with something like blood on them. Gog and Magog will say, 'We have defeated the people of earth, and overcome the people of heaven.' Then Allaah will send a kind of worm in the napes of their necks, and they will be killed by it...' 'By Him in Whose hand is the soul of Muhammad, the beasts of the earth will become fat.' " [1]

Gog and Magog are two groups of Turks, descended from Yaafith (Japheth), the father of the Turks, one of the sons of Noah. At the time of Abraham (alayhi-salam), there was a king called Dhu'l-Qarnayn. He performed Tawaaf around the Ka'bah with Abraham (alayhi-salam) when he first built it; he believed and followed him. Dhu'l-Qarnayn was a good man and a great king; Allaah gave him great power and he ruled the east and west. He held sway over all kings and countries, and travelled far and wide in both east and west. He travelled eastwards until he reached a pass between two mountains, through which people were coming out. They did not understand anything, because they were so isolated; they were Gog and Magog. They were spreading corruption through the earth, and harming the people, so the people sought help from Dhu'l-Qarnayn. They asked him to build a barrier between them and Gog and Magog. He asked them to help him to build it, so together they built a barrier by mixing iron, copper and tar.

Thus Dhu'l-Qarnayn restrained Gog and Magog behind the barrier. They tried to penetrate the barrier, or to climb over it, but to no avail. They could not succeed because the barrier is so huge and smooth. They began to dig, and they have been digging for centuries; they will continue to do so until the time when Allaah decrees that they come out. At that time the barrier will collapse, and Gog and Magog will rush out in all directions, spreading corruption, uprooting plants, killing people. When Jesus (alayhi-salam) prays against them, Allaah will send a kind of worm

in the napes of their necks, and they will be killed by it.

Footnotes
[1] Tirmidhee, Abwaab al-Tafsir: Soorat al-Kahf (Hadeeth 5160), 8/597-99. Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan, (Hadeeth 4080), 2/1364. Ahmad, Musnad, 2/510, 511.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1735.
The destruction of the Ka'bah
At the end of time, Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn, who will come from Abyssinia (al-Habash), will destroy the Ka'bah in order to steal its treasure and Kiswah (cloth covering). The Ka'bah is the ancient building which was built by Abraham, and whose foundations were laid by Adam.
As Tafseer (interpretation) of the Aayah "Until the Gog and Magog (people) are let through (their barrier)" [al-Anbiyaa' (21):96], it was reported from Ka'b al-Ahbar that Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn will first emerge at the time of Jesus, son of Mary. Allaah will send Jesus at the head of a vanguard of between seven and eight hundred. While they are marching towards Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn, Allaah will send a breeze from the direction of Yemen, which will take the soul of every believer. Only the worst of people will be left, and they will begin to copulate like animals. Ka'b said: "At that time, the Hour will be close at hand." [1]
'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn from Abyssinia will destroy the Ka'bah and steal its treasure and Kiswah. It is as if I could see him now: he is bald-headed and has a distortion in his wrists. He will strike the Ka'bah with his spade and pick-axe.' " [Ahmad] [2]
It was reported from 'Abd Allaah ibn 'Umar that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Leave the Abyssinians alone so long as they do not disturb you, for no-one will recover the treasure of the Ka'bah except Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn from Abyssinia." [Abu Daawood, in the chapter on the prohibition of provoking the Abyssinians] [3]
Ibn 'Abbaas narrated that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"It is as if I can see him now: he is black and his legs are widely spaced. He will destroy the Ka'bah stone by stone." [Ahmad] [4]
The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Hour will not come until a man from Qahtaan appears and rules the people." [Muslim; similar Hadeeth in Bukhaaree]

This man could be Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn, or someone else, because this man comes from Qahtaan, while other reports say that Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn comes from Abyssinia; and Allaah knows best.
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Day and night will not come to an end until a freed man called Jahjaah holds sway.' " [Ahmad] [5]
This could be the name of Dhul-Suwayqatayn from Abyssinia; and Allaah knows best.
'Umar ibn al-Khattab reported that he heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say:
"The people of Makkah will leave, and only a few people will pass through it. Then it will be resettled and rebuilt; then the people will leave it again, and no-one will ever return." [6]

Footnotes
[1] Concerning Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn, see: Bukhaaree: Kitaab al-Hajj, Baab Hadam al-Ka'bah (The Book of Pilgrimage, Chapter of the Destruction of the Ka'bah), 2/183. Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan wa Ashraat al-Saa'ah, 8/183. Dhu'l-Suwayqatayn: al-Suwayqatayn is the dimunitive of al-Saaqayn (legs); his legs are described as being "small" because they are thin. Thin legs are, in general, a characteristic of the Sudanese and people of the Horn of Africa.
[2] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/220.
Checker's Note: Da`eef isnaad. It contains the `an`anah of Abu Zubair. The first part, up to 'treasure' is hasan, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 771.
[3] Abu Daawood, Kitaab al-Malaahim, (Hadeeth 4287), 11/423.
Checker's Note: Hasan, Saheeh Abee Daawood.
[4] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/227.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, also reported in al-Bukhaaree.
[5] Checker's Note: Saheeh, Ahmad, Muslim and at-Tirmidhee. Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 7684.
[6] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/23.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Da`eef al-Jami as-Sagheer: 3298. Da`eef due to Ibn Lahi'ah and `an`anah of Abu Zubair
Madeenah will remain inhabited at the time of the Dajjaal
It has been proven in the Saheeh Ahaadeeth, as already stated, that the Dajjaal will not be able to enter Makkah and Madeenah, and that there will be angels at the gates of Makkah to ward him off and prevent him

from entering.
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Neither the Dajjaal nor plague will be able to enter Madeenah."
As mentioned above, the Dajjaal will camp outside Madeenah, and it will be shaken by three tremors. Every hypocrite and sinner will go out to join the Dajjaal, and every believer and Muslim will stay. That day will be called the Day of Purification (Yawm al-Khalaas). Most of those who go out to join the Dajjaal will be women. As the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Verily it (Madeenah) is good; its evil will be eliminated and its goodness will be obvious."
Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) said:
"Women impure are for men impure, and men impure for women impure, and women of purity are for men of purity, and men of purity are for women of purity..." [an-Noor (24):26)
Madeenah will remain inhabited during the days of the Dajjaal, and during the time of Jesus son of Mary (alayhi-salam), until he dies and is buried there. Then it will be destroyed.
'Umar ibn al-Khattab said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'A rider will go around Madeenah and say, There used to be many Muslims here.' " [Ahmad] [1]

Footnotes
[1] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/20.
Checker's Note: Da`eef isnaad due to Ibn Lahi'ah and `an`anah of Abu Zubair. The fact that Madinah will be deserted is reported from Abu Hurairah by al-Bukhaaree.
The Emergence of the Beast
Among the signs of the Hour will be the emergence of a beast from the earth. It will be very strange inappearance, and extremely huge; one cannot even imagine what it will look like. It will emerge from the earth and shake the dust from its head. It will have with it the ring of Solomon and the rod of Moses. People will be terrified of it and will try to run away, but they will not be able to escape, because such will be the decree of Allaah. It will destroy the nose of every unbeliever with the rod, and write the word "Kaafir" on his forehead; it will adorn the face of every believer and write the word "Mu'min" (true believer) on his forehead, and it will speak to people.

Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) said:
"And when the Word is fulfilled against them (the unjust), We shall produce from the earth a Beast to (face) them: it will speak to them..." [an-Naml (27):82]
Ibn 'Abbaas, al-Hasan and Qataadah said that "It will speak to them" (tukallimuhum) means that it will address them. Ibn Jareer suggested that it means that the Beast will address them with the words "...for that mankind did not believe with assurance in Our Signs..." [an-Naml (27):82 - latter part of the Ayah]
Ibn Jareer reported this from 'Alee and 'Ata'. It was reported from Ibn 'Abbaas that tukallimuhum means that the Beast will cut them, i.e., it will write the word "Kaafir" on the forehead of the unbeliever. It was also reported from Ibn 'Abbaas that he will both address them and cut them; this suggestion incorporates both of the previous suggestions; and Allaah knows best.
We have already mentioned the Hadeeth of Hudhayfah ibn Usayd, in which the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) is reported to have said,
"The Hour will not come until you see ten signs: the smoke; the Dajjaal; the Beast; the sun rising from the West; the descent of Jesus son of Mary; Gog and Magog; and three land-slides - one in the East, one in the West, and one in Arabia, at the end of which fire will burst forth from the direction of Aden (Yemen) and drive people to the place of their final assembly."
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Hasten to do good deeds before six things happen: the rising of the sun from the West, the smoke, the Dajjaal, the Beast, the (death) of one of you or general tribulation.' " [Muslim]
Bareedah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) took me to a place in the desert, near Makkah. It was a dry piece of land surrounded by sand. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Beast will emerge from this place.' It was a very small area." [Ibn Maajah] [1]
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Beast of the Earth will emerge, and will have with it the rod of Moses and the ring of Solomon."
It was also reported that he said,
"(The Beast) will destroy the noses of the unbelievers with the ring, - so

that people seated around one table will begin to address one another with the words "O Believer!" or "O Unbeliever!" (i.e., everyone's status will become clear) [Ibn Maajah] [2]
'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr said,
"I memorised a Hadeeth from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) which I have not forgotten since. I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'The first of the signs (of the Hour) to appear will be the rising of the sun from the West and the appearance of the Beast before the people in the forenoon. Whichever of these two events happens first, the other will follow immediately.' " [Muslim] [3]
That is to say, these will be the first extraordinary signs. The Dajjaal, the descent of Jesus (alayhi-salam), the emergence of Gog and Magog, are less unusual in that they are all human beings. But the emergence of the Beast, whose form will be very strange, its addressing the people and classifying them according to their faith or unbelief, is something truly extraordinary. This is the first of the earthly signs, as the rising of the sun from the West is the first of the heavenly signs.

Footnotes
[1] Ibn Maajah, Kitaab al-Fitan, (Hadeeth 4267), 2/1352.
Checker's Note: Da`eef Jiddan (very weak). Ibn Maajah, no. 4067, Da`eef Ibn Maajah: 882.
[2] Similar Hadeeth narrated by Ibn Maajah in Kitaab al-Fitan, (Hadeeth 4061), 2 - 1351, 1352. Ahmad, Musnad, 2 - 295.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, Da`eef al-Jami as-Sagheer: 2413.
[3] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan, 8/202.
The Rising of the Sun from the West
Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) says:
"Do they then wait for anything other than that the angels should come to them, or that your Lord should come, or that some of the Signs of your Lord should come (i.e. portents of the Hour e.g., arising of the sun from the west)! The day that some of the Signs of your Lord do come, no good will it do to a person to believe then, if he believed not before, nor earned good (by performing deeds of righteousness) through his Faith. Say: 'Wait you! we (too) are waiting.'" [al-An'aam (6):158]
It was reported from Abu Sa'eed al-Khudree that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) explained,
"The day that some of the Signs of your Lord do come, no good will it do to a person to believe then...", referring to the rising of the sun from the West. [Ahmad] [1]

Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'The Hour will not come until the sun rises from the West. When the people see it, whoever is living on earth will believe, but that will be the time when - No good will it do to a person to believe then, if he believed not before then' " [Bukhaaree] [2]
It was also reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Hour will not come until the sun rises from the West. When it rises and the people see it, they will all believe. But that will be the time when 'No good will it do to a person to believe then.' " [Bukhaaree] [3]
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"There are three things which, if they appear, 'No good will it do to a person to believe then, if he believed not before, nor earned good (by performing deeds of righteousness) through his Faith' They are: the rising of the sun from the West, the Dajjaal, and the Beast of the Earth." [Ahmad, Muslim, Tirmidhee] [4]
Abu Dharr said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) asked me, 'Do you know where the sun goes when it sets?' I said, 'I do not know' He said, 'It travels until it prostrates itself beneath the Throne, and asks for permission to rise again. But a time will come when it will be told, 'Go back whence you came.' That will be the time when 'No good will it do to a person to believe then, if he believed not before, nor earned good (by performing deeds of righteousness) through his Faith' " [Bukhaaree] [5]
'Amr ibn Jareer said,
"Three Muslims were sitting with Marwaan in Madeenah, and heard him say, whilst talking about the Signs of the Hour, that the first of them would be the appearance of the Dajjaal. The three went to 'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr, and told him what they had heard Marwaan say concerning the Signs. 'Abd Allaah said, 'Marwan has not said much. I memorised a Hadeeth like that from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) which I have not forgotten since. I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say:
"The first of the signs will be the rising of the sun from the West, and the emergence of the Beast in the forenoon. Whichever of the two comes first, the other will follow immediately"
Then 'Abd Allaah, who was widely-read, said,
"I think that the first to happen will be the rising of the sun from the West.

Every time it sets, it goes beneath the Throne, prostrates itself, and seeks permission to rise again. A time will come when three times it will seek permission and will receive no reply, until, when part of the night has passed and it realises that even if it were given permission, it would not be able to rise on time, it will say: 'O my Lord, how far the rising-point is from me! What can I do for the people now?' Then it will seek permission to go back, and it will be told: 'Rise from where you are now' - and it will rise from the West." Then 'Abd Allaah recited the Aayah: "No good will it do to a person to believe then, if he believed not before, nor earned good (by performing deeds of righteousness) through his Faith." [Ahmad] [6]

Footnotes
[1] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/31.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh at-Tirmidhee: 2455.
[2] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Tafsir, 6/73.
[3] Bukhaaree, ibid.
[4] Muslim, Kitaab al-Imaan, 1/96. Tirmidhee, Abwaab al-Tafsir (Hadeeth 5067), 8/449, 450. Ahmad, Musnad, 2/455, 446.
[5] Similar Hadeeth in Bukhaaree, Kitaab Bid' al-Khalq, 4/131.
[6] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/201.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 6881.
The Smoke which will appear at the End of Time
Masrooq said:
"While a man was giving a speech among the people of Kindah, he said, 'There will be smoke on the Day of Resurrection which will deprive the hypocrites of their hearing and sight, but the believers will only suffer something like a cold.' We were terrified, so we went to Ibn Masood, who was reclining. When he heard about this, he became angry and sat up, and said: 'O people, whoever knows a thing, let him say it; but whoever does not know, let him say, "Allaah knows best." It is a part of knowledge, when one does not know something, to say "Allaah knows best." Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) said to His Prophet Muhammad (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam):
"Say (O Muhammad sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam): 'No wage do I ask of you for this (the Qur'aan), nor am I one of the Mutakallifoon (those who pretend and fabricate things which do not exist).'" [Saad (38):86]
"Quraysh were being slow in embracing Islaam, so the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) prayed against them, saying, 'O Allaah, help

me against them by sending seven years of famine like those of Joseph.' They were afflicted by a year of famine in which they were destroyed, and ate dead animals and bones. They began to see something like smoke between the sky and the earth. Abu Sufyan came and said, 'O Muhammad! You came to command us to keep good relations with our relatives, and your people have perished, so pray that Allaah may relieve them.'"
Then Ibn Mas'ood recited,
"Then wait you for the Day when the sky will bring forth a visible smoke. Covering the people, this is a painful torment. (They will say): "Our Lord! Remove the torment from us, really we shall become believers!" How can there be for them an admonition (at the time when the torment has reached them), when a Messenger explaining things clearly has already come to them. Then they had turned away from him (Messenger Muhammad sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) and said: "One (Muhammad sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) taught (by a human being), a madman!" Verily, We shall remove the torment for a while. Verily! You will revert." [ad-Dukhaan (44):10-15]
Ibn Masood asked:
"Will their punishment in the Hereafter be removed so they can go back to their Kufr?"
Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) said:
"On the Day when We shall seize you with the greatest grasp. Verily, We will exact retribution." [ad-Dukhaan (44):16]
...and soon will come the inevitable (punishment)!" [al-Furqaan (25):77]
These Ayaat refer to the Day (Battle) of Badr. Allaah (subhaanahu wa ta'aala) said:
"Alif Laam Meem. The Romans have been defeated. In the nearer land (Syria, Iraq, Jordan, and Palestine), and they, after their defeat, will be victorious. Within three to nine years." [ar-Room (30): 1-4] [Bukhaaree] [1]
This speaker's suggestion - that the idea that the smoke would be on the Day or Resurrection was not a good one - made Ibn Masood react angrily. But the smoke will appear before the Day of Resurrection; it will be one of the signs, which are: the Beast, the Dajjaal, the Smoke, and Gog and Magog, as the Ahaadeeth narrated from Abu Sareehah, Abu Hurairah and other Sahaabah indicate.
As mentioned in the Saheeh Ahaadeeth, the fire which will appear before the Day of Resurrection will burst forth from the direction of Aden, and drive the people to the place of their final assembly. It will move with

them and halt with them, and will devour any who lag behind.

Footnote
[1] Bukhaaree, Kitaab at-Tafsir - Soorat ar-Room, 6/142, 143
Other Events which will precede the Hour
It was reported from Abu Sa'eed al-Khudree that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"Thunderbolts will increase so much as the Hour approaches that when a man comes to a people, he will ask, 'Who amongst you was struck by a thunderbolt this morning?' and they will say, 'So-and-so and so-and-so was struck.' " [Ahmad] [1]
Heavy rain before the Day of Resurrection
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The hour will not come until there has been rain which will destroy all dwellings except tents." [2]
We have already mentioned many Ahaadeeth about the signs of the Hour. Now we will turn our attention to some Ahaadeeth which could indicate that the Hour is close at hand.
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:
"The Hour will not come until the following events have come to pass: people will compete with one another in constructing high buildings; two big groups will fight one another, and there will be many casualties - they will both be following the same religious teaching; earthquakes will increase; time will pass quickly; afflictions and killing will increase; nearly thirty dajjals will appear, each of them claiming to be a messenger from Allaah; a man will pass by a grave and say, 'Would that I were in your place'; the sun will rise from the West; when it rises and the people see it, they will all believe, but that will be the time when 'No good will it do to a person to believe then, if it believed not before...' [al-An'aam (6):158]; and a wealthy man will worry lest no-one accept his Zakaat." [Bukhaaree, Muslim]
It was reported from Anas that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:
"Among the signs of the Hour are the following: knowledge will decrease and ignorance will prevail; fornication and the drinking of wine will be common; the number of men will decrease and the number of women will increase, until one man will look after fifty women." [Bukhaaree] [3]
'Aa'ishah said,

"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say, 'Day and night will not pass away until people begin to worship Laat and 'Uzzaa' (two goddesses of pre-Islaamic Arabic). I said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, I thought that when Allaah revealed the Aayah "It is He Who has sent His Messenger (Muhammad sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) with guidance and the religion of truth (Islaam), to make it superior over all religions even though the Mushrikoon (polytheists, pagans, idolaters, disbelievers in the Oneness of Allaah) hate (it)" [at-Tawbah (9):33], it implied that (this promise) would be fulfilled.' The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'It will happen as Allaah wishes. Then Allaah will send a pleasant breeze, which will take everyone who has as much faith as a grain of mustard-seed in his heart. Only those with no goodness in them will be left, and they will revert to the religion of their forefathers.' " [Muslim] [4]
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that one day, while the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) was sitting with the people, a Bedouin came to him and asked him about Eemaan and Islaam, then he asked, "O Messenger of Allaah, when will the Hour be?" He said, "The one who is asked about it does not know more than the one who asks, but I tell you about its signs. When a slave gives birth to her mistress, and when the bare-footed and naked become the chiefs of the people - these are among the signs of the Hour. There are five things which no-one knows except Allaah." Then he recited:
"Verily the knowledge of the Hour is with God (alone). It is He Who sends down rain, and He Who knows what is in the wombs. Nor does anyone know what it is that he will earn on the morrow: nor does anyone know in what land he is to die. Verily God is All-Knowing, All Aware." [Luqman (31):34]
Then the man went away, and the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "Call him back to me," but when the people went to call him, they could not see anything. The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, "That was Gabriel, who came to teach the people their religion." [Bukhaaree, Muslim] [5]
"The bare-footed and naked paupers will compete with one another in constructing high buildings" means that they will become the chiefs of people. They will become rich, and their only concern will be to compete in constructing high buildings. This is as in the Hadeeth we shall see later:
"The Hour will not come until the happiest people in the world will be the depraved sons of the depraved."
It was reported from Abu Sa'eed that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa

sallam) said:
"The Hour will not come until the time when a man will leave his home, and his shoes or whip or stick will tell what is happening to his family." [Ahmad] [6]
It was reported from Abu Sa'eed that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:
"By Him in Whose hand is my soul, the Hour will not come until wild animals talk to men, and a man speaks to his whip or his shoe, and his thigh will tell him about what happened to his family after he left." [7]
Anas said,
"We were discussing the fact that the Hour would not come until there is no rain, the earth does not produce crops, and fifty women will be cared for by one man; and if a woman passes by a man, he will look at her and say, 'This woman once had a husband.' " [Ahmad] [8]
Abu Hurairah said:
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said: 'The Hour will not come until time passes so quickly that a year will be like a month, a month like a week, a week like a day, a day like an hour, and an hour like the time it takes for a palm-leaf to burn.' " [Ahmad] [9]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said: 'The world will not pass away until the one who enjoys it the most is the depraved son of the depraved.' " [Ahmad] [10]
Abu Hurairah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said, 'Before the Hour comes, there will be years of deceit, in which a truthful person will be disbelieved and a liar will be believed; and the insignificant will have a say.' " [Ahmad] [11]
Abu Hurairah said:
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say: 'The Hour will not come until the sheep with horns no longer fights the sheep without horns.' " [Ahmad] [12]
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Hour will not come until wealth increases so much that a wealthy man will be worried lest no-one accept his Sadaqah; knowledge will be taken away; time will pass quickly; tribulations will appear; and there will be much Harj." The people asked, "What is Harj, O Messenger of Allaah?" He said, "Killing, killing." [Ahmad] [13]
It was reported from Abu Hurairah that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe

wa sallam) said,
"By Him Who sent me with the Truth, this earth will not pass away until people are afflicted with landslides, are pelted with stones, and are transformed into animals." The people asked, "When will that be, O Messenger of Allaah?" He said, "When you see women riding in the saddle, when singers are common, when bearing false witness becomes widespread, and when men lie with men and women with women." [14]
Taariq ibn Shihaab said,
"We were sitting with 'Abd Allaah ibn Mas'ood, when a man came and told us that the time for prayer had come. So we got up and went to the mosque... After the prayer, a man came to 'Abd Allaah ibn Mas'ood and said, 'As-salaam 'alayka (Peace be upon you), O Abu 'Abd ar-Rahmaan'. 'Abd Allaah answered, 'Allaah and His Messenger have spoken the truth.' When we went back, we asked one another, 'Did you hear the answer he gave? Who is going to ask him about it?' I said, 'I will ask him'; so I asked him when he came out. He narrated from the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam):
'Before the Hour comes, there will be a special greeting for the people of distinction; trade will become so widespread that a woman will help her husband in business; family ties will be cut; the giving of false witness will be common, while truthful witness will be rare; and writing will be widespread.' [Ahmad] [15]

Footnotes
[1] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/64, 65.
Checker's Note: Da`eef isnaad due to Muhammad ibn Mus'ab.
[2] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/262.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 7554 and Majma' az-Zawaid of al-Haythamee: 7/331.
[3] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-'Ilm, 1/30, 31.
[4] Muslim, Kitaab al-Fitan 8/182.
[5] Bukhaaree, Kitaab al-Imaan, 1/19; Kitaab at-Tafsir - Soorat Luqmaan, 6/144. Muslim, Kitaab al-Imaan, 1/30, 31.
[6] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/88, 89.
Checker's Note: Saheeh.
[7] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/82, 84.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 122.
[8] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/286.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, reported by Ahmad, Abu Ya'la and al-Bazzar. Majma' az-Zawa'id of al-Haythamee: 7/333 and Kashful Astar bi Zawa'id

al-Bazzar of al-Haythamee: 3415.
[9] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/358.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 7422.
[10] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/358.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 7272.
[11] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/238.
Checker's Note: Hasan, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1887.
[12] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/442.
Checker's Note: Da`eef?? [not quite sure] due to as-Salt ibn Quwaid; an-Nasaa'ee said, "His hadith is munkar."
[13] Ahmad, Musnad, 2/313.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 8120, 8121.
[14] al-Haythamee, Kitaab al-Fitan.
Checker's Note: Da`eef, related by al-Bazzar and at-Tabaraanee in al-Awsat. It is weak due to Sulaiman ibn Daawood al-Yamami who is matrook (abandoned). Majma' az-Zawa'id of al-Haythamee.
[15] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/407.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 648.
Description of the People who will be Alive at the End of Time
It was reported from 'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Hour will not come until Allaah takes away the best people on earth; only the worst people will be left; they will not know any good or forbid any evil." [Ahmad] [1]
'Abd Allaah ibn Mas'ood said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say: 'Eloquence can be bewitching; the worst of the people are those upon whom the Hour will come while they are still alive, and those who turn graves into mosques.' " [Ahmad] [2]
It was reported from Anas that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said,
"The Hour will not come until no-one on earth says 'Laa ilaaha illaa Allaah.'" [Ahmad] [3]
It was also reported from Anas that the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) said:
"The Hour will not come until no-one on earth says, 'Allaah, Allaah.'" [Ahmad] [4]
There are two suggestions as to the meaning of the phrase, "until no-one on earth says 'Allaah, Allaah'":

It could mean that no-one will forbid evil, or try to correct another if he sees him doing something wrong. We have already come across this in the Hadeeth of 'Abd Allaah ibn 'Amr:
"Only the worst people will be left; they will not know any good or forbid any evil."
It could mean that Allaah will no longer be mentioned, and His Name will not be known; this will be part of the prevalent corruption and Kufr, as in the previous Hadeeth,
"Until no-one on earth says 'Laa ilaaha illaa Allaah."
'Aa'ishah said,
"The Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) came in, saying 'O 'Aa'ishah, your people will be the first of my Ummah to join me.' When he sat down, I said, 'O Messenger of Allaah, may I be sacrificed for you! When you came in, you were saying something which scared me.' He asked, 'What was that?' I said, 'You said that my people would be the first of your Ummah to join you.' He said, 'Yes.' I asked, 'Why is that?' He said, 'Death will be widespread among them, and their relatives will be jealous of them.' I said, 'How will people be after that?' He said, 'Like locusts: the strong will devour the weak, until the Hour comes.' " [Ahmad] [5]
'Albaa' al-Salamee said,
"I heard the Prophet (sal-Allaahu 'alayhe wa sallam) say: 'The Hour will only come upon the worst of the people.' " [Ahmad] [6]

Footnotes
[1] Ahmad, Musnad, 1/454.
Checker's Note: Da`eef isnaad due to `an`anah of al-Hasan al-Basree.
[2] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/268.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Musnad Imaam Ahmad, checking by Ahmad Shakir: 4342.
[3] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/268.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Tahdheerus Saajid of Shaykh al-Albaanee, pg. 119.
[4] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/107.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Saheeh al-Jami as-Sagheer: 7420.
[5] Ahmad, Musnad, 6/81.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Silsilatul Ahadeeth as-Saheehah: 1953.
[6] Ahmad, Musnad, 3/499.
Checker's Note: Saheeh, Mustadrak of al-Hakim: 4/496. Declared saheeh by al-Hakim and agreed to by adh-Dhahaabee

THE SIGNS BEFORE THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT
Author: Al-Haafidh Ibn Katheer Hadeeth Checking: Abu Talhah Daawood Burbank
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THE TRIGGER

THE LIE THAT CHANGED THE WORLD – WHO REALLY DID IT AND WHY

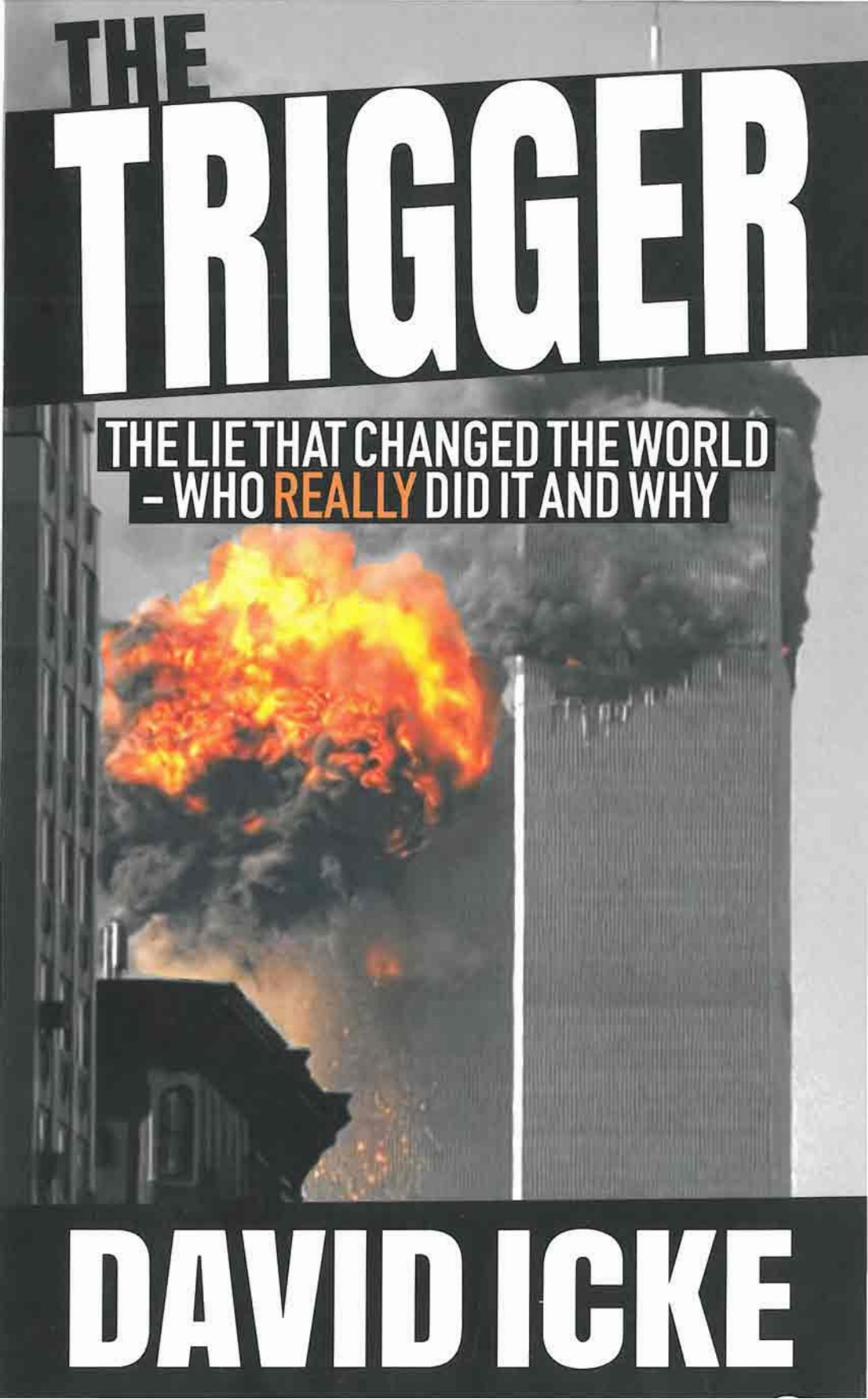

DAVID ICKE

THE TRIGGER

EXPOSING THE LIE THAT CHANGED THE WORLD – WHO *REALLY* DID IT AND WHY

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publishing

First published in September 2019.

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publishing

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Cover Design: Gareth Icke

British Library Cataloguing-in
Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is
available from the British Library

ISBN 978-1-9160258-0-6

Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY

THE TRIGGER

EXPOSING THE LIE THAT CHANGED THE WORLD – WHO *REALLY* DID IT AND WHY

DAVID ICKE

Dedication:

To all those who lost their lives on September 11th and to their loved ones left behind.

To all those who have lost their lives in the 'war on terror' and to their loved ones left behind.

To all those truly behind 9/11 – may you one day have mercy on your *own* soul.

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/ˈren·ɪˌgeɪd/

noun

a person who abandons the religious, political, or philosophical beliefs that he or she used to have, and accepts opposing or different beliefs.

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'Twas always so ...

Why of course the people don't want war. Why should some poor slob on a farm want to risk his life in a war when the best he can get out of it is to come back to his farm in one piece? Naturally the common people don't want war: neither in Russia, nor in England, nor for that matter in Germany. That is understood.

But, after all, it is the leaders of the country who determine the policy and it is always a simple matter to drag the people along, whether it is a democracy, or a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship ... Voice or no voice, the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked, and denounce the peacemakers for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in any country.

Nazi Hermann Goering

The Answer

When humanity remembers we are all one consciousness having different experiences the illusional fault-lines that divide us will fall and peace will come.

David Icke

The Answer

What is needed is the right to print what one believes to be true, without having to fear bullying or blackmail from any side.

George Orwell

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What happened on September 11th?

Ask Alice ...

Nothing would be what it is,
Because everything would be what it isn't.
And contrary-wise – what it is, it wouldn't be.
And what it wouldn't be, it would.
You see?

Lewis Carroll

Eyes Wide Shut

We ought to be thankful not for our eyes but for our ability to see
– Mokokoma Mokhonoana

The highly-symbolic title of director Stanley Kubrick's final film is a good place to start with an exposure of the extraordinary Mega-Lie that is the official story of what happened on September 11th, 2001.

Two years before the 9/11 attacks Kubrick's last movie was released with its strange inverted title which said everything about human society in three short words: *Eyes Wide Shut*. Okay, eyes can't be literally wide shut, but they can be open and see nothing which is the same in outcome and consequence. I have written at length in other books about the life-long perceptual download imposed through 'education', media and peer-pressure which programs people to sleep-walk through life seeing only what they are told to see and thinking only what they are told to think. This doesn't apply to everyone, of course, but enough to allow a very few to dictate the lives of the very many by hijacking individual and collective perception and manipulating the subsequent myopia that can enslave a mind for life. Downloading a perception of what happened on 9/11to great swathes of the human population has been essential to the transmutation of global society that we have seen in its wake. If more human eyes had been wide-open instead of wide-shut this would not have been possible. The attacks of September 11th were the perceptual trigger that launched a sequence of events still unfolding that are transforming the world into an Orwellian state. Therefore, this book will be both exposing the Big Lie of 9/11 and putting those catastrophic events within the context of a vastly bigger picture of human control – a context in which perception is all.

Never has incessant perceptual programming been more obvious than today with fascistic/communistic screaming mobs driving the mass censorship of political correctness and insisting that you either agree with them or be intimidated and abused into silence by those who believe they are the 'progressive' chosen who have the right to edit, censor and dictate the lives of everyone else. I say fascistic/communistic

because I see fascism and communism as basically masks on the same face, terms for the same thing. Both are centralised tyrannies and the detail is simply window-dressing. I'm sure Russians would have felt so much better if they had been under Hitler's mass-killing fascist control and Germans the same under Russia's mass-killing Karl Marx-inspired communism. The extreme 'progressive' mind-set seeking to impose its will on society today through the deletion of free speech and opinion is only Marxism wearing a very thinly-veiled disguise. Marxism ('left') and fascism ('right') share techniques of control and manipulation because they are both tyrannies and so use the same *tools* of tyranny. Here you have the reason why extreme 'progressives' (Marxists) employ classic techniques of fascism while claiming to be 'anti-fascist'. Marxism was the creation of the banking and business elite to fool the masses into handing over power to a 'government of the people' controlled by ... the banking and business elite. Karl Marx was the elite's man as will become very clear. This is why 'radical', 'anti-establishment progressives' are cheered on today by mega-rich owners of giant corporations who censor opposing views on their behalf. This is why 'arch-capitalist' billionaires such as George Soros hand over tens of billions to parties and organisations promoting a Marxist society under the smokescreen of 'progressive' and 'social justice'. Marxism is not and never was an ideology to throw off human oppression but an ideology to impose oppression for the benefit of the elite it is supposed to be designed to overthrow. Transformation of society via the conflict of the Marxist 'class struggle' has been replaced by the conflict of the Marxist 'self-identity struggle'. Self-identity is the new 'class' and as ever more self-identities are systematically invented so the potential for 'struggle' between them is constantly expanded. Playing one group off against another is still the technique of the New Marxism and only the names and forms of division have changed. Self-identity struggle replacing class struggle has removed the divisions between masses and elite because now if the elite support your self-identity struggle they are 'on your side' and no longer oppressors. Of course they *are* still oppressors, but they are not perceived as such while they appear to share the same goals or what are today called 'values'. Thus a multi-billionaire financial manipulator like George Soros becomes a hero of the 'progressive' (fake) left in ways that would never have happened before when class was the source of division and not, as now, self-identity. Ongoing transformation through conflict and the destruction of cohesive community including the family unit are classic Marxism (Elite-ism) on the road to a global state of total and merciless centralised control. September 11th was an historic day on that nightmare journey because of where it has led us so quickly and exposing the lies on which the 9/11 narrative is founded is a historic day in changing direction.

Control is not about what is true or not true; it's about what the target population can be manipulated to *believe* is true. Purveyors and promotors of a Marxist/fascistic society can be manipulated to believe they are anti-fascist, anti-establishment 'radicals' while building a world that gifts power over the many to the very, very few. They will think they are seeking equality while preparing the way for extreme and systematic inequality – precisely what is happening day after crazy day. The imposition of belief I am describing here can most certainly be seen in the case of 9/11 and the scale of perceptual programming involved is made even more extraordinary by the evidence that I will present to expose the official story as a work of utter fiction. A more obvious lie – or indeed mountains of them – would be hard to imagine and the same with blatant contradictions and impossibilities that include the suspension of the laws of physics. Yet somehow this global fairy tale has survived largely intact all these years in the perceptions of the populous – or many of them, anyway, *far* from all. There are a number of reasons for this. One is that people overwhelmingly get their information (thus perceptions) from mainstream sources where government narratives dominate and by their very nature mainstream organisations employ mainstream minds. Most of these are so completely enslaved they actually think they are free. As Johann Wolfgang von Goethe said: 'None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free.' Mainstream minds are mantra-minds battered into submission by the constant repetition of official reality, but still convinced they are free because of either self-delusion or in a desperate bid to retain some self-respect and avoid facing the truth that the state is in their head.

'Progressive journalist' George Monbiot at the London *Guardian* rails against 9/11 'conspiracy theorists' with comments that include: 'Why do I bother with these morons?' He accepts the official story of 9/11 while bizarrely believing he's somehow anti-establishment and a 'radical thinker'. Does he know that those who told us the official version of 9/11 were the *same people* who lied about weapons of mass destruction in Iraq to justify a catastrophic war? Does he know that experts from a stream of relevant professions have created organisations to highlight the lies, miracles and inconsistencies of the official garbage? They include Pilots for 9/11 Truth; Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth; Firefighters for 9/11 Truth; Scientists for 9/11 Truth; Intelligence Officers for 9/11 Truth; Military Officers for 9/11 Truth; Veterans for 9/11 Truth; Medical Professionals for 9/11 Truth; Scholars for 9/11 Truth; Political Leaders for 9/11 Truth; Lawyers' Committee for 9/11 Inquiry and more. Does he know that the terms 'conspiracy theory' and 'conspiracy theorists' came into widespread use as a form of abuse and dismissal after the CIA contacted major media organisations in 1967 to urge them to use those labels to discredit anyone exposing the official story of the

Kennedy assassination? Too right – we must discredit those strange, misguided nutters who didn't buy the claim that a single bullet went through several people while changing direction at crazy angles or that a bullet which so clearly came from the front and hit Kennedy in the forehead miraculously came from behind. Do we have U-turn bullets now, then? Does Monbiot and his media mind-set think the CIA took that action to protect the truth about what happened to Kennedy or to protect the lie they were seeking to sell? Yet here we are all these decades later with the mantra-minds of the mainstream media simply repeating as a form of abuse the very terms circulated for its own ends by the CIA. How pathetic is that?

It really is a head-shaker to see how the so-called 'progressive left' is the most resistant of all to questioning 9/11 and statements by the very authorities they claim to be challenging. My God, what's going on in there? You can't trust authority except when they tell you what to believe about a world-changing event which triggered a sequence of other events that have left millions dead and injured, countries turned asunder and shredded civil liberties and basic freedoms across the globe. It must be sheer coincidence that this very sequence of human catastrophe and censorship had been provably planned for decades and by September, 2001, only the excuse to launch the sequence remained to be found. The stance of these 'progressive' system-servers goes like this: 'You crazies who question, think for yourself and don't have a naivety addiction, should shut up and leave the revolution to those of us who live in the real world.' Or, as Alexander Cockburn at the 'progressive' *Counterpunch.org* put it: 'The Conspiracy Nuts have combined to produce a huge distraction.' But from what, pray – that the state tells us the truth? David Corn at the 'progressive' AlterNet website urged readers to stop sending him emails 'suggesting, or flat-out stating, the CIA and the US government were somehow involved in the horrific September 11 attack.' Corn was adamant: ' ... the notion that the US government either detected the attacks but allowed them to occur, or, worse, conspired to kill thousands of Americans to launch a war-for-oil in Afghanistan is absurd.' This is what I mean by terminal naivety – terminal in the sense of being the death knell of real change, real justice and real comprehension. I would say to this mind-set before we start: You will never change the world until you understand how it works and unless you open your eyes-wide-shut you never will.

The rhetoric of the Monbiots, Cockburns and Corns is not based on whether something is right or wrong, happened or didn't happen, but is simply a reflection of their capacity or incapacity to *perceive* that it could happen. This or that could not have happened because my imagination cannot *perceive* the possibility. Er, that's it. Facts should lead perception. Instead people allow the limits of their own imagination to dictate their

sense of the possible and what they believe to be 'real'. I cannot imagine what you say is happening and so it can't be happening. This arrogance of ignorance holds humanity in ongoing perceptual, thus 'physical', servitude. Are we really to be imprisoned in our sense of the possible by the limits of a *Guardian* or *Counterpunch* mind? Or by some professionally-biased joker at CNN or the BBC? Now *that* would be absurd. Day after day, hour by hour, you see mainstream 'journalists' of every background making definitive statements about subjects and situations they know absolutely nothing about because they have never crossed the perceptual Rubicon to breach the illusions of the box or bubble they have allowed to define them. This myopic perspective then blocks all motivation to research possibility beyond the mantra-norms because why would you research something that your software mind tells you cannot be? Why in this perceptual Alcatraz would you take seriously or show respect to those who *do* seek out truth in realms of possibility that you cannot imagine? Therefore: 'I cannot conceive that what they are saying is true, so it can't be true, and they must be weirdos and crazies' – Monbiot's 'morons' and Cockburn's 'Conspiracy Nuts'. The mentality of *I am right* and so anyone saying something different must by definition be wrong is a human disease now reaching epidemic proportions across global society. Such self-inflicted perceptual ignorance among the media masses of *all* shades in this unquestioning *'I am right'* society creates a dependency on official pronouncements which they can only repeat and call it 'news' and 'journalism'. They have no idea what is really going on and so have no questions that would reveal and uncover the lies and deceit. How can the clueless question the ruthless and come out with the truth? This is even more so when their continuing income depends on conformity to 'norms' and not free thought and investigation.

The dictionary definition of 'conspiracy' is 'a secret agreement made between two or more people or groups to do something bad or illegal that will harm someone else.' On that basis there are conspiracies everywhere in government, banking, business, intelligence agencies, the military, and every-day experience. Lies about weapons of mass destruction in Iraq to justify mass murder that wouldn't otherwise have happened is *not a conspiracy*? The same people who told us those lies that have killed and maimed millions would not kill 3,000 on 9/11 and then lie about it? The very idea that anyone would do this is 'absurd'? *Why* – because the dead were mostly Americans and Americans wouldn't do that to Americans? You think that psychopaths that kill millions without a second thought care about little details like the birthplace of their victims? Blimey, the childlike naivety is breathtaking and, anyway, who said that the 9/11 conspiracy was only perpetrated by Americans? I certainly don't – as we will see – and I am not talking

about Muslims either. Irony of ironies ... what is the *official* story of 9/11 except a *conspiracy theory* and a crazy one at that? A theory that includes incompetent pilots of one-engine planes miraculously flying wide-bodied jets in ways that pilots who have flown them for decades say they could not have done; a theory that depends on the suspension of the laws of physics for the buildings to collapse as they did without the use of explosives. You will see as we proceed that there is no provable evidence that the alleged Muslim hijackers boarded those planes and some of the 'hijackers' named certainly didn't because they were still alive after the attacks. What did they do – parachute? You will further see that no provable evidence has been produced to confirm that the planes which left the airports that morning were the ones that struck the buildings and this evidence would be easy to produce from serial numbers of surviving parts if in fact they were the same aircraft. Did you know that the FBI has said there was not enough evidence against Osama bin Laden to make a case that would stand up in court? The list of such anomalies is almost endless and so are the outrageous lies of key government players on 9/11 such as Vice President Dick Cheney and Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld. But, no, the idea that a bunch of psychopaths in government would lie to you about what happened to justify a series of *very* long-planned wars and societal redirections is simply 'absurd'. What *is* absurd is the belief that even the possibility is absurd and this is the mentality that allows the few to control and direct the lives of the global population. Programmed myopia you might call it, or myopian naivety – *eyes wide shut.*

The moment I heard about the 9/11 attacks shortly after the first plane struck I was sceptical of the fast-emerging official story and the very speed with which that narrative was circulated amid the chaos and confusion was a big red flag in itself. How could they explain what happened so quickly while at the same time claiming they had absolutely no clue beforehand what was being planned? As days turned to weeks the bare-faced lies and daily contradictions confirmed that we were looking at an horrific event orchestrated by horrific people for horrific ends – which have played out ever since – and those responsible were not 19 Muslim hijackers answering to Osama bin Laden. I gave the subject most of my waking moments through what was left of 2001 and the first half of 2002 to expose the official story for the mendacious nonsense that it is. The result was the book *Alice in Wonderland and the World Trade Center Disaster – why the official story of 9/11 is a monumental lie.* It was, at least to my knowledge, the first major book challenging the full-of-holes narrative being sold to the world by every mainstream source. *'Alice'* was published a year to the month after the attacks. I began this book as an update of that one, but soon the scale of evidence researched and compiled in the two decades since the attacks by so

many dedicated people made it clear that a whole new book starting basically from scratch was necessary. *The Trigger* is, however, infinitely more than a book about 9/11. I will dot-connect information that exposes the lies and identifies the networks and people really behind what happened, but also put 9/11 in the context of what has happened since and what is happening *now*. None of the society-transforming events we have seen since 2001would have been possible in the way they have happened without the essential trigger of 9/11 which supplied the initial excuse and momentum to impose a long-planned sequence of overseas wars and domestic oppression that have literally changed the world. Indeed the world today cannot be understood without awareness of the force that was really behind the attacks of that sunny September morning. Identifying this force will take me in to seriously controversial areas, but sod it – the truth is the truth and it needs to come out.

I want to make it clear before we start that I am not seeking to prove exactly *what* happened on 9/11. There are far too many smoke and mirror diversions and cover stories to be definitive about that although we will see the themes very clearly and I will let different opinions have their say on how they believe the various elements were orchestrated and made possible. *What* happened is less important in the greater context than what *didn't* happen. I am going to show that (a) the official story *definitely* didn't happen, and (b) who and what was really behind what *did* happen. We only have to show that the official story *cannot be true* to prove the conspiracy and from that everything else will follow.

PART 1

Demolishing the official story

CHAPTER 1

Lord of the Flies

Laws, like the spider's web, catch the fly and let the hawk go free
– Spanish proverb

Human life – let alone 9/11 – cannot be understood without awareness of The Spider and The Web. I may seem to be talking metaphorically, but not really. The symbolism describes precisely the dynamic and organisational structure that allows the very few to dictate the lives of the very many and pull off attacks like those of September 11th while others get the blame.

I have written at enormous length over the last 30 years about the nature of 'The Spider' – a force that hijacked human society thousands of years ago with the goal of complete control of human perception (thus behaviour) and ultimately the assimilation of the human mind into its own. The current race to connect the human brain to Artificial Intelligence is its endgame. I have exposed all this in detail in a stream of books including *All You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* and for a deeper understanding of The Spider and its ultimate nature the information is there to be read. In most of this book I am going to stay focussed on the attacks of 9/11 and the background to who was really behind them and why. An appreciation of the basic dynamic of The Spider and The Web is, however, essential to putting those events in their wider context and to answer often-asked questions like how could anyone carry out such a massive attack on the American mainland and then make the world believe that someone else was to blame? It sounds fantastic at first hearing, but it's not – because of The Web. Standing at the centre is The Spider from where the direction of human society is dictated with its demand for the constant centralisation of power in all areas of life. The more you centralise power the more power the few at the centre have over the many, and the more power is centralised and concentrated the more power you have to centralise even quicker. The whole process therefore accelerates and that's exactly what we have seen. Humans once lived in tribes that made decisions about the tribe; then lots of tribes were brought together to form nations and countries through which a few people could then dictate to *all* the former tribes;

these nations are now being absorbed into superstates like the European Union and 'trading groups' which allow a few to dictate the lives of all the nations and all the former tribes. The overall effect of this power-grab was given a name a long time ago – globalisation – which is simply the incessant centralisation of power I am describing playing out in plain sight. I see protests about the consequences of globalisation which allows a tiny elite (currently dubbed 'the one percent') to exploit the poorest and most desperate in the human family. Yet many of the *same people* have been protesting against the 'Brexit' disconnection of Britain from the European Union. It is testament to the scale of systematic perceptual programming that they don't realise the obvious fact that globalisation and the constant and unelected centralisation of power in the EU are different expressions of the *same* agenda. This is why the all-party political class in the UK and EU bureaucrats worked so hard to block the Brexit that a public referendum voted for. More than 7.7 billion people can only be directed and dictated by a relative handful through the concentration of power because devolved diversity of decision-making would make it impossible for a few to call the shots and control the game. I have been exposing this for three decades and alerting people to where it is all meant to end. The attacks of 9/11 have allowed an enormous leap forward in this agenda – which is why they happened. This is the planned structure of global dictatorship that I first warned about here decades ago:

> A world government imposing tyrannical control over everyone everywhere on Planet Earth; a world army imposing the will of the world government on those who resist; a world central bank controlling all finance; a single global electronic currency with all cash deleted; and a microchipped population connected to a global computer system.

Look at the money situation alone and what has happened since I first wrote those words in the early 1990s. Digital money via cards and technology is taking over and cash fast disappearing from circulation. Oh, but it's so *convenient?* Really? How convenient will it be when the computers say 'no' to your digital 'money' and there is no longer cash to pay any other way? The cashless society, as I have warned from the start, is primarily about control, not finance. Digital money is only 'convenient' while cash still exists. When cash has gone what is left is only control by dictating who is allowed to use cashless money and who isn't. You want to challenge our authority? Oops, your card suddenly won't work – or your microchip as it is meant to be. We have seen the constant centralisation of power in politics, finance and military since I warned about this all those years ago and we are fast heading for a microchipped, nano-chipped population connected to Artificial

Intelligence which is planned to replace the human mind. The technological 'revolution' is another example of the famous poem *The Spider and the Fly* and the line: '"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly.' The idea from the start has been to manipulate or force the population to accept under-the-skin microchips they can see and nano-chips they cannot. People were first made addicted to technology they can hold – smartphones and tablets etc.; then came technology they could wear – Bluetooth, Apple watches and endless other gadgets; now technology is being inserted into the body as microchips which was the aim step-by-step all along. This process of addicting people to screens and introducing more and more sophisticated technology until human brains are connected to Artificial Intelligence has been coldly calculated and is moving fast towards its goal. Insiders like Google's Ray Kurzweil predict that this will be happening by 2030 and while this may not appear at first to be connected to 9/11 those attacks and their aftermath triggered a series of multiple events that have driven the speed of change across all areas of human society and led us to where we are now on the brink of total human control.

Children and the young have been prime targets because they will be the adults when AI-controlled humans will be full-blown reality unless we wake up like *now*. Human microchips are being introduced with ever-greater speed. At the time of writing more than 3,000 people in Sweden have been microchipped to interact with technology and both the British employers' organisation, the Confederation of British Industry (CBI) and Trade Unions have publicly expressed their concern at companies planning to microchip their staff. You mean that guy Icke they dubbed a 'crazy nutter' has turned out to be right? My God – some mistake, surely. How is it possible to impose and coordinate this global agenda in every country? How is it possible for political correctness – getting the population to silence itself – to be hatched in California and then go worldwide? How can the same be done with the transgender explosion which began with the premise of protecting transgender people from discrimination but has become a global phenomenon dedicated to creating widespread confusion about gender which has led to a thousands of percent increase in the number of those wishing to change from birth gender to perceived gender? The young are again the prime targets. There are big picture reasons why all this is happening that I reveal in other books, but how they can happen and be so coordinated worldwide is simple to explain: The Web. The same is true for how a relatively small number of people could plot, prepare, carry out and cover up the biggest terrorist event in history on American soil.

The Web

Human society is controlled by a hierarchy that we don't see which inflicts its will on the population through the hierarchy that we do see. They are, in fact, the same seamless hierarchy but divided into two forms – the seen and the unseen. The former is given labels such as the 'one percent', global elite, the establishment, and so on, while the latter works from the shadows through a global network of secret societies and connected groupings (Fig 1). Each 'strand' in The Web represents a secret society, semi-secret group or organisation in the world of the seen including governments and their agencies, corporations, the banking system, media etc. The strands closest to The Spider are the most exclusive secret societies which almost no one will have heard of. Many don't even have names to make them harder to uncover and track and they have among their membership those initiates deep in the shadows who know exactly what is really going on, why, and to what end. Many

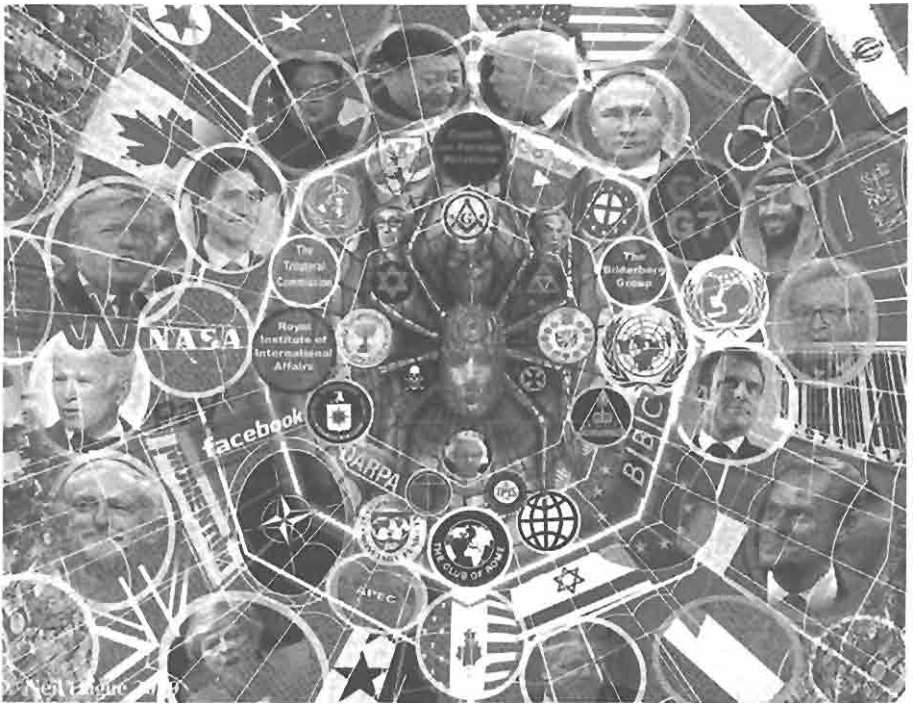

Figure 1: The Spider's Web structure that allows the Hidden Hand few to control the many. Strands around the Spider are the most exclusive secret societies and further out – still in the hidden – are the secret societies that people will have heard of, but have no idea of their agenda – the inner circles of the Freemasons, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Jesuit Order, and so on. Next are the 'cusp' organisations where the hidden meets the seen and from here the Spider's agenda plays out into mainstream society as 'random' events and decisions. The vast majority of those who actually implement the decisions have no idea there even is a Spider let alone that they are imposing its will. © Neil Hague 2019

of these names will be unknown to the public despite their power to influence events. They will certainly never have been troubled by a ballot box. Further out from The Spider, still in the unseen, we have the secret societies that most or many people will have heard of – the Freemasons, Knights of Malta, Knights Templar, Opus Dei, the inner-circle of the Jesuit Order and so many more. The last four are connected to the Roman Church which itself is a hierarchical secret society and the successor to the religion and secret society network of ancient Babylon (a key historical foundation of The Web). The inner core of Zionism (a political philosophy, not a race) is also a secret society which connects via The Web with the inner sanctums of the Roman Church and the other secret societies. No one will be more surprised to hear this than most Jewish people who are systematically kept in the dark about what Zionism really is. They think it's a political movement supporting a homeland for Jews in today's Israel, but that is only to mislead them into supporting an agenda they are not supposed to understand. Some far-seeing Jewish people – brave ones, too – have looked beyond the propaganda and worked to expose the truth while the great majority are subjected to life-long perceptual programming which is fierce and constant from the earliest age and leaves them at the mercy of the manipulators in their midst. Talk to Jewish people about how the indoctrination instils from birth a cultural self-identity 'norm' which includes the claim that the rest of world 'hates the Jews'. In fact we *don't*, but when the inner-core few want to secure the support of a majority in any situation then fear of a perceived enemy is always on page one of the training manual. I will call this inner-core elite of Zionism '*ultra*-Zionism' and later 'Revisionist Zionism'. This is the extreme and much manipulated version that is driven though secret society Zionism. The difference can be likened to mainstream Islam and the Saudi Arabia-based version called Wahhabism which manifests as crazies like ISIS or Islamic State. Mainstream Zionism and *ultra*-Zionism are absolutely not the same and no one needs to understand the difference more than the mass of Jewish people from whom this knowledge is hidden. I will be going much deeper into this background towards the end of the book and its fundamental connection to what happened on 9/11. Ultra-Zionism, a relatively modern phenomenon, wants to replace the Al-Aqsa Mosque on what Jews call Temple Mount in Jerusalem with a rebuilt 'Solomon's Temple'. You might look at the Jewish connection and say, well, I can see why they would want that. But, hold on. Rebuilding 'Solomon's Temple' on that spot has also been the goal of the Knights Templar secret society since it was established in the *12th century.* One of the major symbols of Freemasonry which emerged in its present form centuries ago are the twin pillars said to have been at the entrance to 'Solomon's Temple' (Figs 2 and 3 overleaf). Ultra-Zionism is part of a far

Figure 2: The twin pillars said to stand at the entrance to 'Solomon's Temple'.

Figure 3: The twin pillars of Solomon's Temple became the twin pillars of Freemasonry. The six-pointed 'Star of David', or hexagram, is a symbol of Saturn which will be significant much later in the book. This image is from the 'Mother Lodge' of Freemasonry in London.

bigger and more ancient picture and agenda than it appears to be and the body of Jewish people are to this day its unknowing pawns. Today's Israel with its total population of around just eight million has so much power and influence in the world because of the part played by ultra-Zionism in the global web and the connections that come not least through the House of Rothschild which largely created modern Israel in the land of Palestine in 1948. There is a point on The Web where the hidden meets the seen and I refer to this as 'The Cusp'. Here you find semi-secret groups and organisations that gather together people from American, European and global politics, intelligence, military, business, banking and media to form common policies and approaches to current events and longer term agendas for the world. These 'cusp organisations' include a group spawned by a London-based secret society called the Round Table established by the Rothschild dynasty at the end of the 19th century and headed by Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered southern Africa for gold and diamonds to add still more to his masters' phenomenal wealth (Fig 4). The Round Table was behind the 'Balfour Declaration' in 1917 when the British government formerly announced its support for a homeland for Jewish people in Palestine. The 'declaration' was actually a letter sent by Lord Arthur Balfour, British Foreign Secretary and inner circle member of the Round Table, to Lord Lionel Walter Rothschild, funder and founder of the Round Table and described as 'a leader of the British Jewish community'. You can see with this example alone how events in the seen can be so easily orchestrated from the unseen while the public are told a

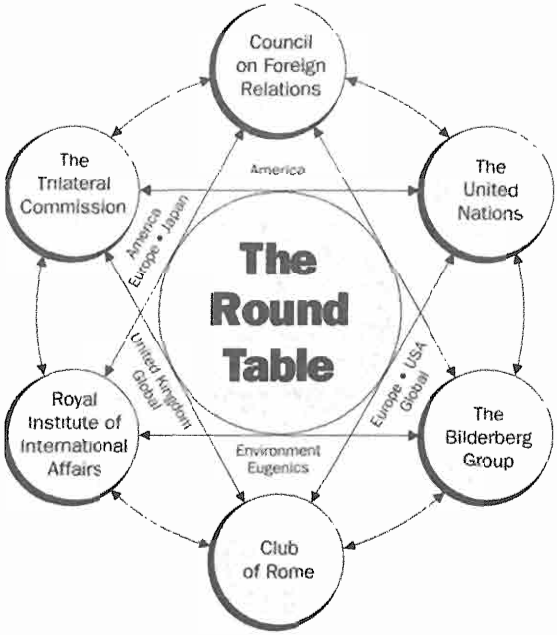

Figure 4: The London-based Rothschild Round Table secret society and the network of organisations it created both sides of the Atlantic.

very different story. Keep that in mind when we get to the details about 9/11. The Round Table created a series of cusp organisation satellites which include the following: Royal Institute of International Affairs (also known as Chatham House) in London (1920); Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) in New York (1921); Bilderberg Group (1954); Club of Rome (1968); and the Trilateral Commission (1972). The Rothschild and Rockefeller families were the major force behind their creation together with other connected elite families and they are known by various descriptions including 'non-governmental discussion groups', 'non-governmental organisations' (NGOs) and the all-encompassing title of 'think tanks'. You will see later the essential part played in 9/11 of 'think tanks' which are a means to group together like-minded people in pursuit of a common outcome while also persuading necessary outsiders to come to your view of what should be done. In this way think tanks are incredibly influential in manipulating policies decided in the hidden to become public reality. This Round Table cusp network was also responsible for the establishment of the United Nations which is a stalking horse for fully-fledged world government. The Rothschild-Rockefeller-dominated Council on Foreign Relations has been a major manipulating force behind United States foreign policy from 1921 to present day. America's delegation at the founding of the UN included 74 of its members making it what one insider called 'a roll call of the CFR'. The land on which the UN building stands in New York was donated by the Rockefellers such was the determination of The Web to establish a global body which they could eventually transform into world government. The Bilderberg Group has been behind so much manipulation of European, American and world affairs. It was intimately involved in the creation of the European Union as it replaced the former Common Market and in the

introduction of the single-currency euro as so many European countries replaced their own unique version of money (a major step on the road to a single global currency). A secret society that works closely with the Bilderberg Group is Le Cercle which will later become relevant to 9/11. Another cusp entity to mention is the Club of Rome established in 1968 with the specific task of exploiting environmental issues to justify global transformation in line with The Spider agenda and from this has come the human-caused 'global warming' hoax which is being used to do just that. Greenpeace co-founder Patrick Moore described it as 'the greatest scam in history', but he's a rare sane voice in the mob-rule that the environmental movement has become. American meteorologist Joe Bastardi said that billions of years of climate fluctuations are being judged by the time equivalent of six seconds in the life of an 80-year-old. 'It's like one scene in a movie of five seconds determining the whole movie.' The overwhelming contribution to 'greenhouse gases' comes from water vapour and clouds and the majority of carbon dioxide (without which we'd all be dead) is naturally-occurring (Fig 5). I have been warning again for decades that 'climate change' blamed on human activity is the manufactured excuse to justify fascistic/communistic centralisation of control through United Nations deceptions known as Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. Elite stooge Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, the extraordinarily narcissistic New York congresswoman, launched her 'Green New Deal' in 2019 which demands what I said years ago would be the societal transformation that 'climate change' would be used to justify. What was the justification that Ocasio-Cortez gave for her plan? Human-caused climate change is going to kill us all. It's just a coincidence, nothing to worry about.

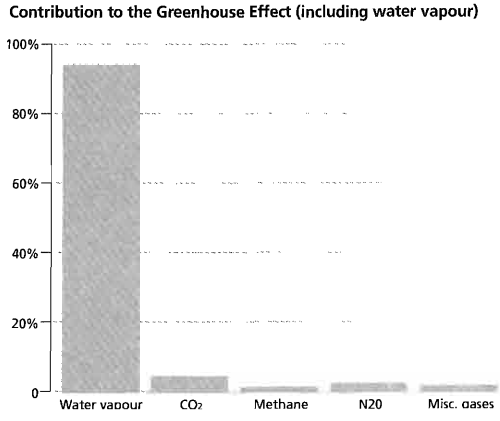

Figure 5: This graph of greenhouse gases puts the hysteria about carbon dioxide into perspective. If you want to stop the greenhouse effect then ban clouds and condensation and, by the way, without a greenhouse effect and carbon dioxide (C02) there would be no human life.

The mushroom technique

So the Spider dictates the policies and direction of the world and these play out through the upper levels of secret societies into the cusp organisations and on into mainstream society where we see apparently random decisions and legislative changes that appear to be made by

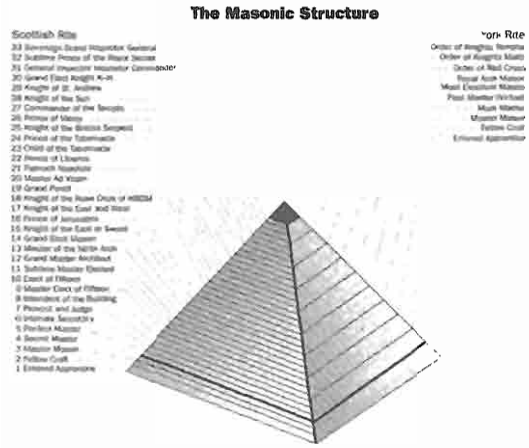

Figure 6: The structure of secret societies is the blueprint for human societies. Each lower level is compartmentalised from higher levels and so only the few at the top know what is really happening and why.

governments and their agencies, the military, corporations, banks, medicine, Silicon Valley and all the rest. In fact, the society-changing decisions are not random. They are originally made by The Spider and transform human society through its agents/gofers/serfs while the overwhelming majority of them have no idea there even is a Spider let alone they are doing its bidding. This is possible because of the technique of 'compartmentalisation' or 'the need to know' which is the same system employed by secret societies to keep most of their members blind to what the few at the top know and are doing (Fig 6). Look at any sizable organisation, no matter what it may be, government, corporation, university, anything, and you will see a compartmentalised pyramid in which a few at the top know what's going on while everyone else is only aware of their particular contribution in compartmentalised isolation from what others are doing. If you make an isolated piece of technology you don't necessarily know what it will be part of once all the other components made elsewhere are fitted together. This is the principle I am talking about and it means that people daily contribute to their own and their family's enslavement while having no idea that this is what they are doing. The structure of isolated contributions means that very few are needed to control the actions and direction of giant organisations, multiple actions and global events. In that one sentence I have described the structural basis of 9/11 and how its cover up was possible. Each compartmentalised strand in The Web, governments and their agencies, corporations, banks, military, intelligence, media are overwhelmingly staffed by those who don't know there *is* a Web or what their organisation is ultimately being used to achieve. Go deep enough into these hierarchies and you'll reach the point where they attach to The Web or to use another analogy all the pyramids fuse into one global pyramid (Fig 7 overleaf). At this level of the global network governments and their agencies, corporations, banks, military, intelligence, media are operating as *one unit* in pursuit of the *same end* – the complete control of human society. It is important to remember that The Web has no borders and operates as one global

The Pyramid of Manipulation

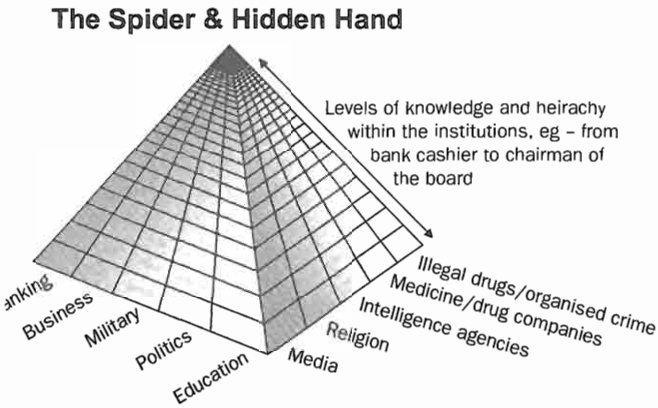

All the major institutions and groups that affect our daily lives connect with the Global Elite, which decides the coordinated policy throughout the pyramid.

People in the lower compartments will have no idea what they are part of.

Figure 7: The Hidden Hand – where all compartmentalised pyramids meet.

entity.

The Web dramatically increases the potential for covert coordination between apparently unconnected people and organisations and their hidden connections allow so much to be secretly orchestrated while a totally different cover-story is presented to the public by the elite-owned (and largely clueless) media. For example, people see governments, major corporations, cartels like Big Pharma, Big Biotech, Big Oil, Big Tech and Big Media, world events and political happenings, and they are perceived a certain way. In and of themselves they all appear as individual entities making apparently random decisions made by random individuals; but if you go deep enough or high enough in these organisations they all attach to the same Web and a very different perspective emerges. Internet media near-monopolies like Facebook, Google, YouTube, Twitter, Apple, Amazon, PayPal, Reddit, GoDaddy, Shopify and others become one unit at that level and respond in unison to attack and destroy the Internet presence of alternative information and social media platforms dedicated to free speech – cheered on by the Marxist elite-controlled 'progressives' who are an insult to the civil rights movement of the 1960s they so wrongly claim to succeed. Inner-circle initiates and funders driving this 'progressive' response are also attached to The Web and serve its interests while the mass of mindless repeaters and followers think they are challenging the established order. How easy it is to have Web-controlled governments, newspapers and Web-funded and manipulated 'progressives' to demand in unison that free speech be deleted from those they want to silence and then Web-controlled Internet companies to say they are censoring people in response to public opinion and government pressure. The Web is used to

promote giant corporations and limit their tax bills while government agencies that supposed to protect the public from the activities of those corporations are attached to the same Web and so let them get away with it. They target the opposition in the form of small independent businesses that face incessant regulation and far higher levels of taxation. The potential for manipulation through The Web is endless and coordinating actions between elements of government, military, intelligence agencies and law enforcement on 9/11 would have been quite straightforward with such a structure in place.

Spider bloodlines

The concept of 'royalty' and 'aristocracy' did not appear out of nowhere. I reveal in other books how bloodlines were seeded in the ancient world that believed themselves to be the bloodlines of the 'gods' – hybrids or 'demigods' of entities in bands of frequency unseen to human sight or what is called 'visible light'. Most people don't realise that the band of frequency that we can see is so tiny it is laughable. According to mainstream science the electromagnetic spectrum is 0.005 percent of what exists in the Universe (some say more but not much) and 'visible light', the only frequency band we can see, is a *fraction* of the 0.005 percent. Everything else we *cannot see* – the almost entirety of the Universe and all of infinite reality beyond. These 'gods' as they were perceived operate in these unseen realms and some of them comprise The Spider ultimately behind world events and the hierarchical control system in the realm of the seen. We see this theme of humans interbreeding with 'gods' most famously with the biblical sons of God who are described as interbreeding with the daughters of men and producing the hybrid Nephilim; but this is not unique to the Bible. The theme can be found in ancient cultures all over the world with the 'gods' referred to as 'Archons' (Gnostic), 'Jinn' (Islam and pre-Islam); 'Anunnaki' (Sumer/Babylon); 'Chitauri' (Zulu); and so many more around the world. I have had the same story confirmed to me many times by whistleblower insiders of the government-military-intelligence complex. When native shamans and dark suit insiders speak the same language and tell the same story it is worth listening if you have a mind of your own. I have been researching and tracking this bloodline 'Nephilim' network since the early 1990s and it makes so much sense of the world. 'Royal' families have claimed the 'Divine Right to Rule' and this is taken to mean 'Divine' in the meaning of the Christian God. In fact the word 'divine' originates from early Vedic literature in India and their word 'Deva' which meant 'supernatural beings'. 'Divine' Right to Rule becomes the right to rule at the behest of supernatural beings, not the Christian God. This certainly fits with the Old Testament concept given that 'sons of God who interbred with the daughters of men'

translated originally as 'sons of the *gods*' plural. These hybrid 'royal' bloodlines and families saw themselves as special and chosen above the rest of humanity and for thousands of years they were seen in the same way by their 'subjects'. Some shockingly still do. Rule by bloodline became a common method of leadership and dictatorship until humanity began to grow up and demand far more representative government. Some overtly royal families survived – as in Britain where the head of state is bizarrely still decided by who had sex with who and in what order to dictate the line of succession. Why is the present monarch on the British throne and not someone else? The answer is *bloodline* and only bloodline. Most of the formerly open royal families and their offshoots around the world rebranded themselves and headed into politics, business, banking and other influential areas of society. Their attire may have changed with the transformation but they still consider themselves special and 'of the gods' which they have worshipped in their rituals since ancient times.

One group of bloodlines very relevant to the world today can be picked up thousands of years ago in Sumer and Babylon, in what today is Iraq, and in the Egypt of the Pharaohs. I have charted their movements and background in other books but basically they eventually headed north into Europe under various names and some established Rome and the Roman Empire which allowed for further infiltration into Britain and northern Europe. This was only one flow of people and their 'royal' leadership, however, and others went north

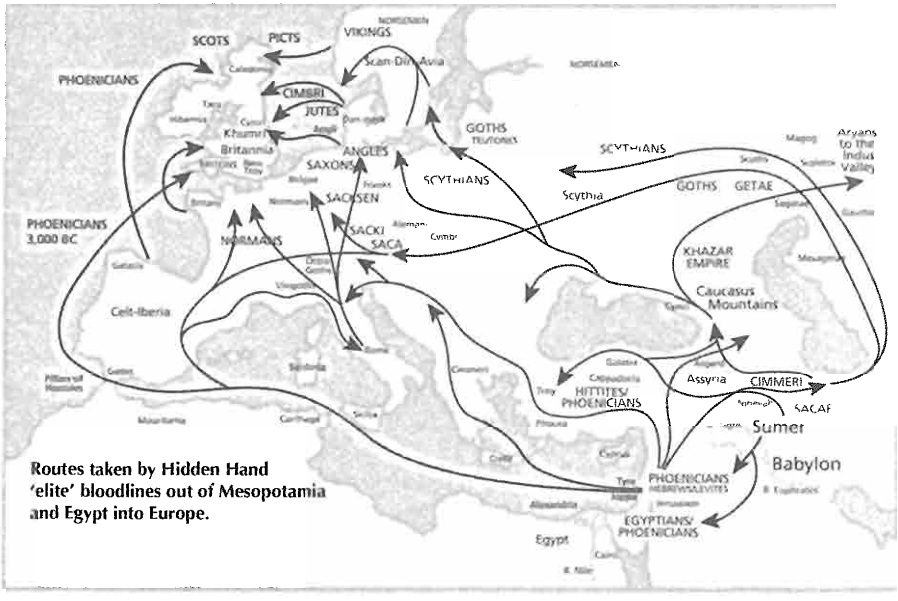

Figure 8: The march of Hidden Hand control out of the Middle East that seized the reins of power in Europe before expanding across the world through 'colonisation'.

Figure 9: Virgin mothers and their holy child abound throughout the ancient world from reptilian figurines found in of the Ubaid culture in the land that became Sumer and Babylon to Egypt's Isis and Horus and on to Christianity's Mother Mary and Jesus.

through the Caucasus and into Eastern and Western Europe by various routes (Fig 8). The bloodlines that established Rome would go on to found Christianity as we know it today which was a milder version of the religion their ancestors brought out of Babylon which today's bloodline family elite still follow under what is now called 'Satanism'. In Babylon they worshipped a trinity of Nimrod, the father god; Tammuz, the virgin-born son; and Queen Semiramis, the virgin mother. It was said that when Nimrod died he became the sun-god Baal and impregnated Semiramis with the rays of the sun through which came the virgin-birth of Tammuz. Roman Emperor Constantine the Great decreed what Christians must believe at the Council of Nicaea in what is now Turkey in 325AD. Constantine worshipped Sol Invictus, the 'Unconquered Sun', and so had no problem encompassing a new religion in which Nimrod became 'The Father', Tammuz became 'Jesus' and Semiramis became the 'Holy Spirit'. Christianity symbolises the Holy Spirit as a dove which was the symbol for Semiramis in Babylon. Other Babylonian attributes of Semiramis like virgin mother and mother of God were given to the Christian figure of Mother Mary. The virgin mother and child story is ancient and can be found all over the world long before Christianity inherited the story and presented it in a new historical context (Fig 9). Symbols of the bloodline religion with its origins in Babylon and beyond are all around us. Symbolism is their secret language and they believe that very few will ever work it all out. The symbol of the Babylonian goddess Semiramis was the dove and the name Colombia comes from a Latin root-word meaning 'dove'. Washington DC is located in the District of Columbia or the District of the Dove – the Babylonian goddess. This was supposed to be named after Christopher Columbus, but that's a diversion. Another Babylon goddess symbol is the owl and so you have the street plan around Capitol Hill in the District of the Dove clearly made to depict an owl

Figure 10: The owl and pyramid street plan in Washington DC symbolising the Babylonian goddess with Capitol Hill so appropriately in her belly.

Figure 11: The 'Statue of Liberty' is really a depiction of the Babylonian goddess given to New York by French Freemasons in Paris. Under the satanic law of inversion Statue of 'Liberty' means Statue of Control.

with the Congress Building in its belly (Fig 10). How utterly appropriate and indicative of how things are. The Statue of Liberty is also the Babylonian goddess holding the torch of the 'Illuminated Ones', 'Illuminati' or bloodline elite (Fig 11). The Liberty statue was given to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew what it really represents and there is a mirror-image 'Liberty' on an island in the River Seine in the French capital (Fig 12). The woman holding the torch in the logo of Columbia Pictures is the same symbolism and in London the 'Mother Lodge' of Freemasonry (established in 1717) is located in Great Queen Street because 'Great Queen' was a title of Semiramis in Babylon (Figs 13 and 14). Freemasonry was introduced into America by the Mother Lodge where it has been

Figure 12: The other Statue of Liberty on an island in the River Seine in Paris.

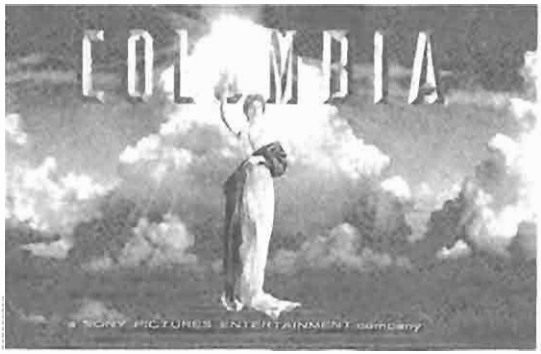

Figure 13: The Babylonian goddess again as the famous logo of 'Columbia' (the dove, goddess) Pictures. See also Washington DC in the 'District of Columbia'.

Figure 14: The Mother Lodge of Freemasonry in London with the twin pillars of 'Solomon's Temple'. The building is located in Great Queen Street – a title given to the Babylonian goddess. It was from here that Freemasonry was established in the United States.

central to the creation and direction of the United States.

Bloodline Satanism

While Christianity became the publicly acceptable version of the religion of Babylon the real deal involving human sacrifice and other unspeakable horrors has continued to be worshipped in secret by the bloodlines and their offshoots and lackeys which is why my research into such people invariably leads to Satanism and its fundamentally-connected paedophilia. I explain in other books why the two are so connected and what Satanism really is. Very briefly we don't live in a 'world' so much as a band of frequency that our senses can decode. You can symbolise this as a television channel. Tune the TV to one channel and that is what you get – it is all you are aware of on the screen. However, all the other channels exist at the same time although they can't be seen and you can access them if you tune the set to their code or frequency (switch the channel). Our reality is like that. The five senses tune us to a particular and tiny band of frequency and beyond five-sense reality is infinite reality teeming with life of every conceivable kind and then some. Skilled psychics and mediums can tune to some of these unseen realms – unseen to the human senses – and Satanists perform their rituals specifically to interact with those realms and entities that we know as demonic. This is where they get their power and source of unimaginable evil. American Freemasonic and occult historian Manly P. Hall wrote in *The Secret Teachings of All Ages:*

> By means of the secret processes of ceremonial magic it is possible to contact these invisible creatures and gain their help in some human undertaking. Good spirits willingly lend their assistance to any worthy enterprise, but evil spirits serve only those who live to pervert and destroy ... The most dangerous form of black magic is the scientific perversion of occult power for the gratification of personal desire.

Interacting with these 'evil spirits' and being 'possessed' by their demonic power is what elite Satanism is all about. I had correspondence some years ago, which I published in books at the time, with a man who said he was the unofficial son of the late Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine estates in France (Fig 15). He told me that his half-sister is the Baron's daughter, Baroness Philippine de Rothschild, who inherited the wine empire (see *Children of the Matrix*). He said his Rothschild name was Phillip Eugene de Rothschild and he was living in the United States under another name after fleeing the horrors of what he called the 'grand conspiracy' of his family which had given him a role of infiltrating the Christian Church for the satanic Rothschild Death Cult. This will be extremely significant later on. Phillip Eugene told me how the Rothschilds have hundreds of thousands of children produced through sperm bank breeding programmes to ensure survival and expansion of the hybrid bloodline. These children then come to power in many and various fields under different names and appear to have no genetic or other connection to the Rothschilds and bloodline families. He said that incest within the elite families was considered normal and something to be admired – something my own research has confirmed again and again. Phillip Eugene de Rothschild described the elite obsession with Satanism and its sacrifice rituals:

Figure 15: Baron Philippe de Rothschild.

> I was present at my father's death in 1988, receiving his power and the commission to carry out my destiny in the grand conspiracy of my family. Like their other children, I played a key role in my family's revolt from God. When I watch CNN, it startles me to see so many familiar faces now on the world stage in politics, art, finance, fashion and business. I grew up with these people, meeting them at ritual worship sites and in the centres of power. Financiers, artists, royalty, and even Presidents ...
>
> ... I can recall the Rockefellers and the Bushes attending rituals, but never having the supremacy to lead them. I still regard them as lackeys and not real brokers of occult power. Except for Alan Greenspan [long-time head of the US Federal Reserve], most of these fellows were camp followers in the occult, primarily for the economic power and prestige. Greenspan, I recall, was a person of tremendous spiritual, occult power and could make the

> Bushes and the younger Rockefellers cower with just a glance.
>
> Ex-CIA Director Casey (as were most of the CIA leadership for the past forty years), Kissinger, and [former US Secretary of State] Warren Christopher were in attendance at non-ritual gatherings and some occult rituals as well, but well back in the gallery.

Ultra-Zionist Alan Greenspan held an incredibly powerful position as chairman between 1987 and 2006 of the Federal Reserve, a *privately*-run operation that serves as America's central bank directing the US economy with its global implications and consequences. Phillip Eugene said that others he met at rituals included Bill Clinton, who would become President of the United States, and Al Gore, Clinton's vice president who would be chosen as the elite's frontman for the global warming hoax aimed at manufacturing an excuse to transform global society with great support from the Round Table's Club of Rome. A Swiss banker described the same theme in an anonymous interview in 2011 for the Russian magazine, *NoviDen.* He said of elite bankers:

> ... These people are corrupt, sick in their minds, so sick they are full of vices and those vices are kept under wraps on their orders. Some of them ... rape women, others are sado maso, or paedophile, and many are into Satanism. When you go in some banks you see these satanistic symbols, like in the Rothschild Bank in Zurich. These people are controlled by blackmail because of the weaknesses they have. They have to follow orders or they will be exposed, they will be destroyed or even killed.

Paedophilia and Satanism are fundamentally connected and this is why so many people in positions of royal, political, corporate and religious influence are both paedophiles and Satanists. I highlight this because it provides an insight into the mentality of those in power with regard to 9/11. To these sick and perverted psychopaths 9/11 would have been a mass sacrifice ritual – just as wars are to them. I hear it said that political, military and intelligence leaders would not be evil enough to kill thousands of people that day and use the attacks to justify their agenda of wars and deletion of freedom. The truth is that those who would sacrifice children or watch them be sacrificed are hardly going to suddenly become empathetic and emotional over dead men, women and children on 9/11. Not only *would* they do it – they would be sexually aroused by it. They feed off human death and suffering and to them the death and destruction of war is something to celebrate. I have exposed many rich and famous names involved in human sacrifice, paedophilia and violent abuse of children – it is rampant at 'elite' levels of society. When you see what they will do to children and in manipulated wars of

mass murder you may appreciate that the calculated killing of nearly 3,000 people on September 11th would be of no consequence to these psychopaths – for that is what they are. Robert D. Hare, a Canadian criminal psychology researcher, developed the 'Hare Test' listing the traits of psychopaths and if you have enough of them you are considered psychopathic. They include no empathy; no remorse; no shame; parasitical behaviour; pathological lying and doing whatever it takes to get what they want. I have read that psychopaths are considered to be born that way whereas sociopaths are the result of life experience. These bloodlines are largely *born* psychopaths with an incapacity to process empathy – the ability to connect with the feelings of those they adversely affect. Without empathy there is no fail-safe mechanism of human behaviour because there are no emotional consequences, no shame or remorse, no matter what you do. This is the mentality running our world and the one behind 9/11. To understand those who orchestrated the attacks you have to get into their minds and then their capability to do what they did becomes clear.

The former overtly royal and aristocratic bloodlines now employing their new dark-suit disguise set about the work of building a global structure of control that would allow for their domination of human society. They were behind the European empires of conquest and colonisation led by Britain where the centre of this assault on the world was located. The British Empire was vast because that was the centre of bloodline activities along with Rome. They remain so today in the shadows if not publicly while the spotlight has turned to America and its modern-day global empire. Bloodlines out of Britain and to an extent France invaded Native American lands and seized them as their own fiefdom. This was a pattern that happened across the world as Planet Earth became Global Babylon through colonisation and centralisation of power or what is today called globalisation. They created a money system to control and suppress choice that involves lending people 'money' that doesn't exist called 'credit' and charging interested on it. If you don't pay back the loan of fresh-air 'credit', often through no fault of your own and actions taken by bankers and financiers, those same people can take your wealth that does exist like your home, land, business and resources. By this means the bloodlines and their networks have absorbed the wealth of the world by simply exchanging non-existent 'credit' for the real wealth of the world. We haven't reached the point by accident where six people own collectively the same wealth as the poorest *half* of the human population. It's been done by design and they are far from finished yet. They want *everything*. One of their most productive scams is to issue non-existent 'credit' for the amount that you borrow, but never create even with fresh-air 'money' the amount of *interest* you will have to pay. This means that there is never ever enough

money, credit or otherwise, in circulation to pay back all the principle and *interest* on the outstanding debt. Losing your home, land, business and resources is built into the system on purpose to achieve just the outcome I have described. Talk about psychopaths and parasites. Control of money means control of choice and choice means freedom. Control money in the way that society is currently structured and you go a long way to controlling freedom and dictating who has it and who doesn't. People fall for the idea that the hysterical pursuit of money by this 'elite' is all about greed, and that is true to an extent, but its bottom line is really *control*.

Permanent Government

The financial system is an essential part of the Permanent Government which by definition is a government that is always there no matter what political personality or persuasion comes and goes every few years. I have been writing about the Permanent Government for decades and now we have the widely-used term of the 'Deep State' to describe agencies of government pursuing their own agenda often at odds with that of elected officials. The Deep State consists of intelligence agencies, military personnel, law enforcement and government administration that transcend the comings and goings of politicians and work to undermine and obstruct political agendas that threaten the interests of its own. The Permanent Government, of which the Deep State is a part, also consists of the banking and financial networks, major corporations, mainstream media (and parts of the 'alternative'), legal system and courts as well as the Deep State intelligence agencies, military personnel, law enforcement and government administration (Fig 16). Weaving through all of these agencies and subject areas are the secret societies into which key players are initiated. They pledge allegiance in their initiation rituals to The Spider and The Web under various guises and this allegiance overrides any publicly-spoken pledge to the people they are supposed to represent or, in the United States, to the Constitution. Compared with this edifice of permanent power the here-today-gone-tomorrow politicians and parties are small fry controlled either

Figure 16: Structure of the Permanent Government which really dictates global events. Politicians and 'elected' governments that come and go are a hoax and diversion to protect the real rulers from exposure. The 'All-Seeing Eye' is a prime symbol used by the Hidden Hand to portray its perceived 'omnipotence'.

directly or by manipulating circumstance through the Permanent Government and Deep State. This is why that no matter what party or politician comes and goes the same agenda continues with them all.

The American political system is a clear and perfect example of how the scam works in every country. There are usually two or three political parties that have any chance of forming a government and if the Permanent Government controls all of them it controls events whichever one a 'democratic vote' puts temporarily in office. In America the Republican and Democratic parties take it in turns to form the government although it is planned for the Democrats to be permanently in office eventually through the transformation of American demographics. For now we have a one-party state with two masks that claim to be independent and in opposition. The Republican Party is controlled by a group known as the Neocons or neoconservatives (big-time involved in the 9/11 story) that ran the Boy Bush presidency and now dictate to Trump. The Democrats have a similar group behind the scenes which I call the Democons. They include people like billionaire manipulator extraordinaire George Soros. Neocons and Democons are the Permanent Government's representatives ensuring control of the political parties and dictating who runs for office and who doesn't. Whether it be 'Democrat' Bill Clinton, 'Republican' Boy Bush, 'Democrat' Barack Obama or 'Republican' Donald Trump the same force is in charge because the Neocons and Democons control the parties and both groups answer one step deeper into the shadows to the same Permanent Government (Fig 17). This is why no matter who you vote into office, and no matter what they promise to do, human society continues in the same direction – the direction dictated by the Permanent Government. Presidents, prime ministers, parties in political office, just come and go while the Permanent Government is always in control. An essential diversion is to focus attention of the population on the political level of the structure and program perception that this is

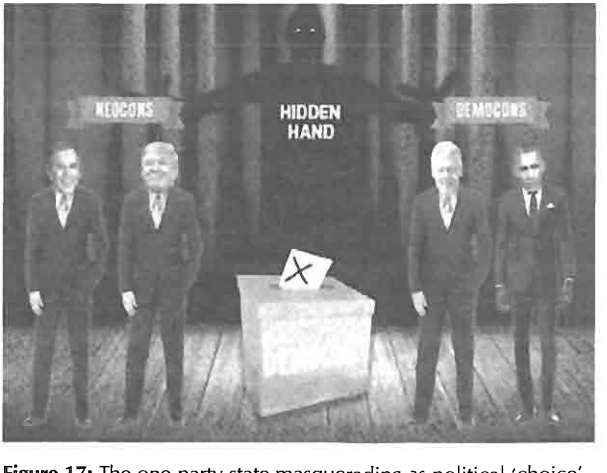

Figure 17: The one-party state masquerading as political 'choice'. They appear to be 'different' politicians from 'different' parties – but they answer to the same masters. This is why the direction of the world doesn't change no matter who is in illusory political 'power'.

where the power lies to change events and direction. It isn't. The political level is largely there only for show and to officially implement in the form of legislation what the Permanent Government has decided. I read one dismissal of 9/11 conspiracy 'poison' by 'progressive' journalist David Corn at AlterNet which said that 9/11 president Boy Bush was 'not that evil', 'not that ballsy' and 'not that competent'. The level of ignorance it takes to write that sentence is breathtaking. Bush was a gofer, mate. He did not have to be that 'ballsy' and 'competent', only do what he was told and as far as possible stay out of the way – hence he was nowhere near Washington DC on 9/11 leaving Dick Cheney to control the White House.

Permanent Governments in each country are connected by The Web to form essentially a Permanent Global Government. Of course it doesn't always work as they would like with a few mavericks here and there pushing back and not everything always goes to plan. The idea is to so increase the level of control that eventually even the mavericks are squeezed and forced out. You can imagine The Web as like a transnational corporation with a corporate headquarters and subsidiaries in each country which operate in line with the centrally-dictated corporate brand, mode of working and business plan. The Web has centres of power in places like London, Rome, Paris, Berlin, Tel Aviv/Jerusalem, New York and Washington and in each country there is a subsidiary secret society network and bloodline family hierarchy whose job it is to implement in their sphere of operation the plan dictated from the centre. This is how the same things can suddenly happen all over the world pretty much at once or certainly in a close time period. The Web and the US Permanent Government were crucial in coordinating 9/11 with other Web assets, most notably the ultra-Zionist network and its military intelligence arm, Mossad, which I will come to much later in the book.

Global mind game

The numbers dynamic between manipulators and manipulated is absolutely shocking. A comparative few are controlling and directing a population of beyond 7.7 billion. This can only happen if the few control key positions of power either directly or through proxies and place people. It is remarkable how few positions you need to control to dictate events through an entire structure or system. You only have to dominate the big decision-making and hire-and-fire roles and then you can select personnel who will do what you want either through those in awareness of the game (the very few) or through compartmentalised ignorance (everyone else). Another essential is to control to the greatest extent possible the perceptions of the target population by control of information. Perceptions dictate behaviour and what people will do or

not do, support or not support, challenge or leave alone, and perceptions are formed from information received. This can be through personal experience (some) or mass media (most of the rest). By controlling information you are controlling perception and through that you dictate behaviour. It is a simple cause and effect and so many people ('journalists' especially) simply believe what the authorities tell them. We have already seen classic examples of this with the response to questioning 9/11 from those 'progressive' journalists who think they are 'anti-establishment'. Perceptions are formed not only through the media but also the 'education' system in which children only four years out of the womb begin a process of perception programming throughout their entire formative years as day after day they download the state's official version of everything. The idea is to give them an initial foundation download of 'normal' which they have topped-up for the rest of their lives by the mainstream media and peer-pressure friends and associates who have been through the very same process. 'Normal' becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy in the absence of query and questions – an 'everybody knows that' when a few questions and a bit of independent research would reveal so many norms to be nonsense. September 11th is an example almost like no other. There has been a short window in the developing years of the Internet when people had access to other sources of information and this has had such an affect in changing perceptions of the world that a frenzy of censorship has been launched by Web organisations such as elite-owned Facebook, Google and Google-owned YouTube, Twitter and so on to protect official narratives from demolition by factual investigation. Justifications for this include 'fake news' (see mainstream media that isn't censored), and 'hate speech' (an Orwellian term meaning a different opinion). They had to allow the Internet to be free from censorship to start with to get people hooked and make the Internet the foundation of modern society. Now that point has been reached and Internet Web corporations have achieved near-monopolistic power they can transform the Internet into the information controller and suppressor it was always intended to be (see *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* for the detailed background). I have noticed how Google and others make it far more difficult to locate specialist information questioning 9/11 than it did when I researched *Alice in Wonderland* in 2001 and 2002. A perfect example is the information gathering website, Reddit. Those seeking out content on Reddit exposing the official story of September 11th are met with this notice:

> Are you sure you want to view this community? This community is quarantined. It may contain a high degree of misinformation. If you are seeking historic information about the September 11th attacks, please visit the

National Commission on Terrorist Attacks on the United States (https://www.9-11commission.gov).

What a message to encapsulate the times we are living in and if anyone wants to make a statement about that they can always boycott Reddit in protest and tell them they are doing so. You will see in this book that the official 9/11 Commission 'report' on the attacks recommended by Web servants Reddit is the biggest fairy story since Cinderella. No, make that Sleeping Beauty because you have to be asleep to believe it, as American comedian George Carlin famously said of the 'American Dream'. I coined the terms 'Problem-Reaction-Solution' and the 'Totalitarian Tiptoe' for the two most used and most powerful techniques of perception manipulation. I will be brief here because I will expand on both with regard to 9/11. Problem-Reaction-Solution (P-R-S) is a term I began using in the 1990s to describe the technique that specifically creates a problem to justify a solution that would otherwise be difficult to sell. It goes like this:

(1) The Problem: Covertly create a problem that would provide the excuse for your desired 'solution' or change. This could be a terrorist attack, war, government or financial collapse or a long list of other 'problems'. Crucially you produce a fake story about who or what is behind the problem to hide the fact that it was you all along. Your fake 'villain' is designed specifically to lead to your pre-planned 'solution'. If you want to invade Afghanistan, for example, then blame Osama bin Laden based in Afghanistan for what happened on 9/11.

(2) The Reaction: Tell the public through an unquestioning mainstream media the version of the 'problem' you want them to believe and you are looking for the 'reaction' of fear, outrage and a demand that you 'do something' about what has happened. Even if people don't demand what you want to do they will be more open to it – 'We don't want our freedoms taken away but we've got to fight terrorism'.

(3) The Solution: Once you have the problem and reaction you then offer the solution through which you introduce new laws, policies and changes that advance your agenda for human control, deletion of freedoms and centralisation of power.

There is another version that I call NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution in which you don't need a real problem only the *perception* of one. Lying about weapons of mass destruction in Iraq to justify an invasion that would not otherwise have happened is a perfect example of this technique. The modus operandi of P-R-S is also known as a 'false flag'

operation as with covertly carrying out a terrorist attack and then blaming the people you want to target. The partner-in-crime of P-R-S is a technique I refer to as the 'Totalitarian Tiptoe' which often connects different P-R-S events together to drive society in a particular direction. You start at 'A' and you want to go to 'Z', but you know that if you move too quickly the change will be such that many people might see the pattern of where they are being taken. So you go in steps that move you towards 'Z' at the fastest speed you can while not moving so fast that the pattern is too clear. In this way a European 'free-trade area' became step-by-step a centralised bureaucratic dictatorship called the EU. Globalisation and the deletion of freedoms, not least freedom of speech, has been achieved through the Tiptoe. You will be seeing both techniques in action with regard to 9/11.

One more thing before we proceed. I will refer to The Spider and The Web from hereon as the 'Hidden Hand' to keep it simple. I will use the term to describe any person or organisation doing The Spider's work, knowingly or otherwise.

CHAPTER 2

Rule by psychopaths

Liberty cannot be preserved without a general knowledge among the people, who have a right and a desire to know; but besides this, they have a right, an indisputable, unalienable, indefeasible, divine right to know that most dreaded and envied kind of knowledge, I mean of the characters and conduct of their rulers – John Adams

Public incredulity is a key defence mechanism protecting the Hidden Hand and its agents and gofers from exposure. This is captured in the reaction: 'They would never do that'. Oh, but they *would* and the more horrific and unspeakable the better. The Bush family is a classic case.

Point number one to stress again: Those truly behind 9/11(not 'Arab hijackers') and all the war, poverty, deprivation, hunger and human suffering of every conceivable kind are full-blown in-extremis psychopaths on a scale that is almost unfathomable for those who are not psychopathic. They have no empathy and so no limits to the depths of depravity to which they will descend. If you view those that direct and manipulate world events – in this case 9/11 – through your own sense of morality, conscience and behaviour then read no more. If you judge them through your own lens of possibility there is no way you will grasp the sheer undiluted evil that is at work among us. These people do not see the world and human beings as you do. They are what have been described through history as the 'soulless ones' and their depravity has no limits because they have no emotional or empathic consequences no matter what they do. Suffering to most of the human population is something to be avoided, but to the Hidden Hand and its operatives *maximising* suffering is the whole point of their existence. It is their very 'life-force', their energetic sustenance, and the bloodline families born into psychopathy select their foot soldiers from non-bloodline psychopaths. They constantly scan the universities and the world of business and Satanism looking for potential recruits. A re-evaluation of what evil means is urgently required to understand the forces driving human society into a global Orwellian nightmare that even Orwell himself understated.

To put this into perspective I am going to outline the background to some of the public players in the mass murder of 9/11 to give you a feel for the mentality that I'm describing. Then there will be no doubt that they *would do that* in terms of the mass murder of thousands of innocent people. I emphasise the term 'public players'. Most of those that you see with political and military titles and the calculated liars in the media were not the real architects of what happened on September 11th – as they are not the real power running America and other countries. They are merely the front men and women who play their compartmentalised parts like actors on a stage to deliver their script and then cover up what really happened. Writer David Corn, who has trashed any idea of a 9/11 conspiracy or 'inside job', personified this misunderstanding when he wrote in *Mother Jones* magazine that the Bush administration was 'not that evil', 'not that ballsy' and 'not that competent'. The idea Boy George Bush with all his intellectual limitations orchestrated 9/11 is a joke. He was just an empathy-deleted pawn, a peripheral player, to those in the shadows who *are* that evil, ballsy and competent. Clearly Corn like all the others of his ilk doesn't appreciate the difference. Political and military leaders had to *officially* make decisions that allowed 9/11 to happen because that was the law while the engineers in the shadows decided *what* decisions their puppets appeared to make. Most of the high-profile public names involved in the attacks are the oil-rags and not the engineers of 9/11. Two exceptions I would make to that are Father George Bush, the three-times President of the United States (two of them officially given to Ronald Reagan while Bush was his deputy) and Dick Cheney who was 9/11 vice president to Boy George Bush while being de-facto president the whole time alongside his bewildered and clueless official 'superior' (Fig 18 and 19). Both were the puppet-masters of Boy Bush, the little boy in short trousers way out of his depth (Fig 20). Father Bush and Cheney have appeared in my books since the 1990s for their unspeakably disgusting actions and behaviour and both give

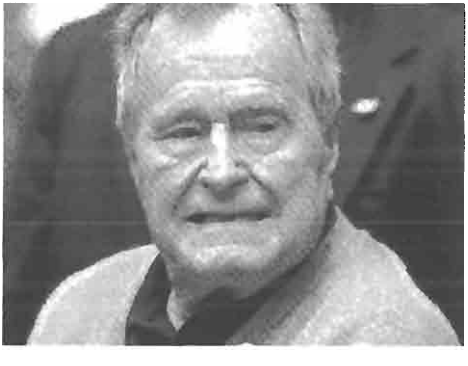

Figure 18: Brutal Bush.

Figure 19: Brutal Cheney.

personification to the term 'psychopath' (see *And The Truth Shall Set You Free, The Biggest Secret* and others). Neither are anywhere near the top of the hierarchy behind 9/11, but they were higher than other American politicians. Father Bush died in 2018 aged 94 and it's a pity he didn't get to read this book. Mind you, there were plenty of others I wrote exposing him before he left us for that darkest of dark places which evil calls home.

The Bush crime family (see also the Clintons)

The Bushes have been one of the most active Hidden Hand families (but still servants of the real power) since at least Father Bush's own father, the Nazi-supporting-and-funding politician and banker Prescott Bush (1895-1972). The family has produced two US presidents, both called George Bush, and I will overcome the potential confusion in the text by referring to George H.W. Bush as 'Father George' (de-facto president and official president from 1981 to 1993) and his son George W. Bush (president from 2001 to 2009) as 'Boy George'. The latter is more than appropriate because a little boy is all he was while the adults ran 'his' presidency – including the White House/Pentagon contribution to the events of September 11th, 2001. Father George and his wife Barbara were both descendants of Godfroi de Bouillon (also known as Godfrey of Bouillon) who led European noblemen in the successful Crusade in 1099 to recapture Jerusalem from Islam and then occupied the King's palace at what Christians and Jews call Temple Mount where the Al-Aqsa Mosque stands today. This is the alleged site of 'Solomon's Temple' and rebuilding this temple with its perceived twin pillars at the entrance has been a long Hidden Hand obsession going back at least to the Knights Templar in the 12th century. Plans by ultra-Zionist extremists to replace Al-Aqsa in East Jerusalem with a new Solomon's Temple are not unique to the relatively recent Rothschild-engineered Zionism movement. A new Solomon's Temple is a 'Web' ambition and moving the American Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem (Al-Quds to Muslims) in 2018 while continuing the systematic ethnic cleansing of Palestinian Arabs in East Jerusalem are stepping-stones to this end. The long obsession of the Hidden Hand with Jerusalem, Temple Mount and Solomon's Temple explains so much about the terrible events over centuries in that

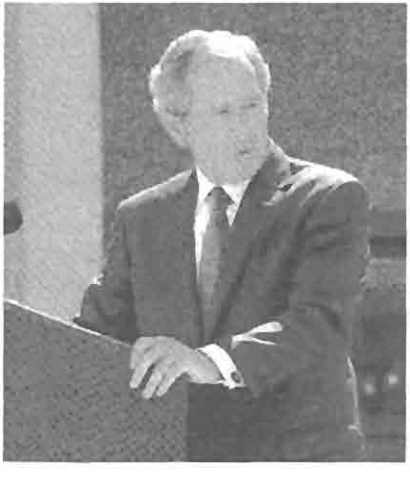

Figure 20: Boy George Bush: 'What did you tell me say again?'

city and the focus on Jerusalem by Christianity, Judaism and Islam. Godfroi de Bouillon was the first ruler of Jerusalem after the First Crusade and Duke of Lower Lorraine in France which remains a major region to this day for the Hidden Hand bloodline (see *The Biggest Secret*). Boy Bush, a descendant of de Bouillon through both his mother and father, talked of a 'Crusade' against Islamic terrorism after September 11th and this was no slip of the tongue or unfortunate gaffe as reported. He knew exactly what he was saying and why (or those who told him to say it did). Godfroi de Bouillon became the first ruler of the Kingdom of Jerusalem and 20 years later the Knights Templar secret society was formed to protect Christian pilgrims visiting Jerusalem – or so it officially claimed. The Knights Templar grew into a vast network that became fantastically wealthy and established the basis for today's banking and financial system. Monarchs were in debt to them and in 1307 they were purged in France by King Philip IV ('Philip the Fair') who owed them lots of money. The Templars seemed to disappear after that, but that was only in public. They went underground in locations like Portugal and Scotland where they re-emerged on one front as the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry. Today they remain a major arm of the Hidden Hand with their initiates involved in global politics, banking, business and media. Modern-day Templars control the City of London financial district, one of the world's premier centres for manipulating the world financial system. Part of the 'City' or 'Square Mile' within the greater expanse of London is known as The Temple after the Templar's still-surviving original temple established there in the 12th century and featured in the 2006 movie, *The Da Vinci Code*. The centre of the English legal system (and in many ways the world's) is located in The Temple district on land once owned (and still controlled by) the Knights Templar. Freemasonry, the world's biggest secret society in terms of membership, largely emerged from the Knights Templar and forms a highly-significant strand in The Web. You can see that in bloodline terms the Bush family meet the criteria for positions of power which serve the agenda of the Hidden Hand although they are far from the top and today in decline.

George and Barbara Bush were from the Pierce bloodline that changed its name from Percy after fleeing England in the wake of the Gunpowder Plot of Guy Fawkes to blow up the English Parliament and kill King James I in 1605. This event is still celebrated in the UK every November 5th when effigies of Guy Fawkes are burned on bonfires. Bush ancestor Thomas Percy was one of the main plotters. George and Barbara Pierce Bush (of Merrill, Lynch, Fenner and Smith) are from the same bloodline as US President Franklin Pierce who was in the White House from 1853 to 1857. Other Bush relatives include the Grosvenor families of England and America, the Tafts of Ohio, who produced

William Howard Taft, president from 1909 to 1913, and the Delano-Roosevelts who gave us President Franklin Delano Roosevelt (in office from 1933-45) and Theodore Roosevelt (1901-1909). It's true then – *anyone* can be President of the United States! The English Grosvenors are the Dukes of Westminster who own prime properties in London and the City of London financial district. The Grosvenors of America founded National Geographic which is notorious for removing the archaeological treasures of the world, especially those with religious significance, and relocating them at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington DC. The Institute is controlled by Grosvenor cousins, the Smithsons, who in turn are descended from the Percys – the Pierce bloodline that produced the Bushes. Ancestry of both George Bushes can be traced to England's Alfred the Great and to Charlemagne, a very notable figure in the Hidden Hand bloodline story from whom the great majority of US presidents are descended. Charlemagne, also Charles the Great, was King of the Franks and then Holy Roman Emperor from 800AD. Rome was a major centre for the bloodline and remains so today. Charlemagne was a hero of Adolf Hitler. With both his father and mother having such serious royal and aristocratic ancestry Boy George has a mass of bloodline connections as documented by the bible of 'elite' genetics, *Burke's Peerage*. The Bushes are related to the British royal family who are big-time Hidden Hand.

Dark secrets galore

The bloodlines manipulate and recruit through their secret society networks and so you would expect the bloodline Bushes to be heavily involved in secret societies. They have long been pillars of the infamous Skull and Bones Society based in a windowless mausoleum known as 'the Tomb' alongside the campus at Yale University at New Haven in Connecticut (Fig 21). The skull and bones is an ancient Hidden Hand symbol and the Knights Templar were accused of using skulls in their rituals. They certainly flew the skull and bones flag on their ships which became associated with the flag of pirates. 'The Order of the Skull and Bones' was co-founded by bloodline operatives Huntington Russell and Alphonso Taft in 1832 and appears to have its origins in Germany. Elite universities have secret societies that recruit initiates to be future Hidden Hand agents to serve the agenda for human control in politics,

Figure 21: Skull and Bones Society headquarters across the street from Yale University where the elite of tomorrow, called 'Bonesmen', are initiated into the Hidden Hand network.

banking, business, military, intelligence, media, and so on. Another secret society at Yale is the Scroll and Key. Every year 15 bloodline or other elite students are initiated into the Skull and Bones Society and the ratio of 'Bonesmen' who end up in positions of power is enormous compared with the general student population. They span the arenas of politics, banking, business, media, military and intelligence agencies, both in front of the camera and behind the scenes. Father and Boy Bush were initiated into Skull and Bones and so was their father and grandfather Prescott Bush who has a particular claim to fame in The Order. He and five other Skull and Bones initiates raided and ransacked the grave of Native American Apache leader Geronimo at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in May, 1918. They took turns to stand guard while others robbed the grave and took away artefacts and Geronimo's skull. This was taken to the Skull and Bones headquarters at Yale where it was used in their sick rituals and ceremonies. This horrible story is told in an internal history of the Skull and Bones Society and was quoted to Ned Anderson, Tribal Chairman of the San Carlos Apache tribe, when he was negotiating to have Geronimo's remains returned to tribal custody. A 1989 article in *The New Yorker* said: 'One Bonesman ... recalled during the early 70s seeing perhaps 30 skulls, not all of them human, scattered about the Tomb.' Initiates of university and other secret societies pledge allegiance to the goals of the secret society above all else – and this includes those that become President of the United States or head of the CIA. The public they supposed to be serving are irrelevant compared with their allegiance to their 'Order' which, in turn, locks into The Web. Initiation rituals for new members of Skull and Bones involve lying naked in a coffin within 'The Tomb' headquarters and spilling your sexual secrets to all assembled. Chanting is also part of the ritual as the initiate is taken out of the coffin, clothed in a symbol-festooned robe and said to be 're-born' into the Society. This is what Father and Boy Bush would have been through before going on to be US president. Such is the mentality of the people running our world and in power at the time of 9/11. The presidential 'election' in 2004 was between Skull and Bones Boy Bush and Skull and Bones John Kerry – the statistical chances of that with so few Bonesmen in the American population are absolutely fantastic (Fig 22).

Redwood rituals

Bush family men have a long association with the diabolical rituals performed by Hidden Hand bloodlines and lackeys every summer at Bohemian Grove, a ritual and sexual playground for leading American and foreign politicians, mobsters, bankers, businessmen, media owners and editors, top entertainers, etc., who are Hidden Hand initiates or serve the agenda in some form. Bohemian Grove is located in 2,700 acres

Figure 22: The 2004 Skull and Bones election for US President between Boy Bush and John Kerry. The one-party state personified.

Figure 23: Ronald Reagan and Richard Nixon either side of the speaker at the 'elite playground' of Bohemian Grove in a picture dated 1947. This was taken long before either became President of the United States. Presidents are not elected by the public – they are chosen by the Hidden Hand. Yes, including Trump.

of very secluded redwood forest near the hamlet of Monte Rio in Sonoma County, 75 miles north of San Francisco. Attendees have included presidents Father Bush, Boy Bush, Jimmy Carter, Bill Clinton, Ronald Reagan, Richard Nixon, (Fig 23); 9/11 vice president Dick Cheney; Secretaries of State Henry Kissinger, George Shultz, Casper Weinberger and Bush family crony, James Baker; Alexander Haig, former US Defense Secretary; Alan Greenspan, long-time head of the Hidden Hand's Federal Reserve and 'a person of tremendous spiritual, occult power'; David Rockefeller, grandson of Standard Oil tycoon J. D. Rockefeller and Hidden Hand manipulator for most of his life who was responsible for the building of the World Trade Center; Walter Cronkite, television news anchor; David Gergen, author and adviser to presidents for 30 years and editor-at-large at *US News and World Report*; newspaper tycoon William Randolph Hearst and presidents of major media operations like CNN and Associated Press. Dirk Mathison, San Francisco bureau chief of *People* magazine sneaked into the Grove three times in July, 1991. On the third occasion he was recognised by an executive of Time Warner which owned the magazine and he was thrown out and the story suppressed. Mathison said that John Lehman, a former Secretary of the Navy, delivered a lecture at the Grove which revealed how the Pentagon estimated 200,000 Iraqis had been killed a few months earlier in the US-Iraq Gulf War – a figure not made public. Another speaker was Al Neuharth, founder of American daily, *USA Today*, who was identified in the official programme as chairman of the

Freedom Forum – a $700-million foundation dedicated to a 'free press'.

Whistleblower Cathy O'Brien was held captive in US government mind control programmes for 30 years (see *The Biggest Secret*) and she describes in her book, *Trance-Formation of America*, how she and her fellow mind-slaves were forced to serve the perversions of their famous abusers at Bohemian Grove (Fig 24). These included satanic rituals, child sacrifices, torture and blood drinking. I have known Cathy since 1996 and spoken to her and her late partner Mark Phillips at great length about her experiences in an 'elite' mind control programme called Project Monarch (after the butterfly which symbolises part of the brain). Monarch was an offshoot of the publicly-exposed MKUltra which was (and still is under other names) a huge CIA-military operation to develop techniques of mind control and 'Manchurian candidates' that would carry out assassinations and other horrors when programmed to do so. MKUltra involved some 80 institutions, including universities, and was overseen by the CIA's Office of Scientific Intelligence working with military organisations like the US Army Biological Warfare Laboratories. Drugs, sensory deprivation, hypnosis, torture, sexual abuse and other violence were inflicted upon adults and children to make them literally lose their minds. Prison inmates were used in drug experimentation and even dogs. The unspeakable abuse of children in MKUltra and Project Monarch is testament to the level of psychopathy that drives the Hidden Hand and was at work on 9/11. President Gerald Ford, who was involved in MKUltra, appointed his vice president Nelson Rockefeller (also involved) to head an 'inquiry' into the project in the 1970s when it was exposed to public attention. The idea was to have the 'Rockefeller Commission' appear to reveal what happened while covering up the most extreme aspects of it. Father George Bush, Dick Cheney and the Clintons were seriously involved in the abuse of MKUltra and Monarch mind-slaves long after the projects officially ended with the emphasis in Father Bush's case on *children*. Still more details of this horrendous programme came to light in 2018 through documents released under the Freedom of Information Act.

Figure 24: Cathy O'Brien.

Cathy O'Brien says of Bohemian Grove in her book: 'Slaves of advancing age or with failed programming were ritually murdered at random in the wooded grounds of the Grove and I felt it was only a matter of time before it would be me.' She says the Grove has a number of rooms for different perversions, including a Dark Room, Leather Room, Necrophilia Room (sex with dead bodies) and one known as the

Figure 25: The 40-foot stone owl at Bohemian Grove is symbolic of both the Babylonian goddess and the ancient god Moloch or Molech to whom children were sacrificed in fire. Moloch/ Molech is also a symbol of Saturn which is a focus of Hidden Hand satanic rituals.

Underground Lounge, spelt as U.N.derground on the sign. I know this sounds seriously far out to peoples' 'normal' sense of reality, but you will see the enormous evidence to support all this if you read *The Biggest Secret, Children of the Matrix* and many books by other researchers and victims. The bloodlines have been involved in sickening human sacrifice rituals since Babylon and before and this still continues in secret and on a scale that beggars belief. Robed and hooded men conduct the opening ritual at Bohemian Grove standing alongside a large fire and a 40-foot stone owl – symbolic of the Babylonian goddess and also with male 'god' symbolism relating to Moloch or Molech to whom children were sacrificed by fire in ancient times (Fig 25). Molech is mentioned several times in the Old Testament as in Jeremiah 32:35: 'They built the high places of Baal in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, to offer up their sons and daughters to Molech, though I did not command them, nor did it enter into my mind, that they should do this abomination, to cause Judah to sin.' These world famous initiates at Bohemian Grove burn and sacrifice a human 'effigy' under the owl at the start of their 'summer camp' every year during a Babylonian-type ritual called Cremation of Care. Put 'Bohemian Grove' into YouTube and you will see footage of the owl ritual filmed secretly by talk show host Alex Jones. The film clearly shows the bizarre opening ritual and the sound quality is particularly good. At one point an 'effigy' is floated on a boat across the lake at Bohemian Grove where it is placed under the giant owl and set on fire. At this point you hear very clearly a bloodcurdling scream and one of two things are happening here. They are either sacrificing a human being in the guise of an 'effigy' or they broadcast the sound of the scream of agony as part of the ceremony. Either way, these are the people running our world. Jones was too far away to see if the sacrifice was an 'effigy' or real, but human sacrifice rituals go on among the elite of the elite in much more secret and secluded locations during the 'camp'. Boy Bush is a Bohemian Grove member like his father and grandfather were and he arrived at the Grove in 2000 shortly after the Jones video was shot.

Skull and Bones drug network

Among the most important functions of the Bush family and Skull and Bones Society has been circulating drugs like cocaine and heroin on the streets of America and around the world. Global trade in drugs, weapons and children are orchestrated from the shadows by Hidden Hand families along with Satanism and paedophilia. The vehicle for all these crimes against humanity are the global secret society networks which lock into government, military, intelligence agencies, law enforcement and the rest of the Permanent Government. Drug-trafficking generates incredible amounts of money to spend on secret so-called 'black budget' projects (including 9/11) and this doesn't appear in official government and military bookkeeping. Another source of funding is simply to make trillions in the US military budget disappear and then have a 'terrorist attack' strike the very offices at the Pentagon where civilian accountants were seeking to track the trillions. In doing so all evidence of what you have done is destroyed. This is what happened on 9/11 as we shall see and news of the missing trillions was announced by the Pentagon on September 10th, 2001, because of what they knew was coming the following day to divert attention. Very wealthy aristocratic and other Hidden Hand bloodline families in Britain and the United States launched the global drug trade and they still control it with the Bushes and Clintons – drug and business associates not political 'opponents' – very much involved in the United States before and across 9/11. Hidden Hand drug networks use their government agencies to 'bust' the opposition and leave the field clear for themselves. This is worth remembering when you hear reports of a 'big drug find' or some villain or network exposed for trafficking. The real players never get caught because they control law 'enforcement' and intelligence agencies. The Hidden Hand drug-running network destroys lives on a monumental scale and creates fear and divide and rule through the division and crime generated by those who rob and steal in a desperate attempt to feed their addiction. This in turn justifies greater police powers and deletions of freedom and privacy to 'fight' the problem that has been systematically created.

The Skull and Bones Society is owned by the Russell Trust which is controlled by the drug-running Russell bloodline family. They flew the skull and bones flag on their ships as they transported drugs for the British Empire from Turkey to China and elsewhere during the Opium Wars of the 19th century. Samuel Russell (1789-1862), an American 'entrepreneur', launched Russell and Company in 1824 and within seven years it had absorbed the Perkins opium syndicate based in Boston. Russell's head of operations in Canton, China, was Warren Delano Jr, grandfather of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a Bush family relative and US President during the Second World War. Roosevelt was

also a cousin of fellow wartime leader, British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill. Other famous families (Hidden Hand bloodline) were partners in the Russell drug network – names like Coolidge, Forbes, Perkins, Low and Sturgis. In the background behind all of them was the ever-dominant force and overseers of The Web at one level, the House of Rothschild. Railroad magnate John Murray Forbes (1813-1898) was involved with the drug-running Russell and Company and he was the great-grand uncle of American politician, John Forbes Kerry, who was Secretary of State to the fraud, Barack Obama, during the ongoing 'war on terror' that followed 9/11. Kerry is descended from a line of Austro-Hungarian Jewish immigrants and ran against Boy Bush in the 'Skull and Bones' presidential election of 2004. Both were asked during their election campaigns about the Skull and Bones connection, but they refused to go there. It was a 'secret', they said. *What* – a secret from the American people you are asking to vote for you?? Yes, *especially* them. A member of the public who stood up at an event to ask Kerry about his Skull and Bones membership was Tasered by police and thrown out. If you are new to all this perhaps you are now getting a feel for how the world really works and how something like 9/11 could be both pulled off and the truth hidden.

Bush and Kerry are not rare examples of the connection between Skull and Bones and positions of power. Skull and Bonesmen and initiates of other secret societies are strategically placed across the range of influential positions including the law and judiciary. Henry Stimson, US Secretary of War for the whole of World War II, was a Bonesman and so were Henry Luce, founder and publisher of *Time, Life, Fortune, and Sports Illustrated;* Frederick W. Smith, founder of FedEx; Harold Stanley, co-founder of Morgan Stanley and families that have dominated American politics, business, banking, and covert intelligence operations – the Rockefellers, Harrimans, Tafts, Lords, Kelloggs, Goodyears, Whitneys, Vanderbilts, Bundys, Sloanes, Perkins and others. Skull and Bones initiates have always had a very close association with the US intelligence community and they include the infamous James Jesus Angleton and Father George Bush. Angleton was a major figure in the creation of the CIA structure after the agency was formed in 1947 under Nazi supporter Allen Dulles and he specialised in liaising with Israel's Mossad and Shin Bet intelligence agencies. Both will become prominent in the 9/11 story much later on. Bonesman Father George Bush was Director of the Central Intelligence Agency between 1976 and 1977 before becoming the 41st President of the United States. He was replaced by his drug-running associate, oops, sorry, political opponent, Bill Clinton, president between 1993 and 2001 when Boy Bush took over for the next eight years during which came 9/11 and the 'war on terror' justified by 9/11. This is clearly all just another coincidence and nothing

to worry about. I'll come to the Bush-Clinton drug operation in more detail shortly. Clinton was a member of DeMolay International, an organisation for men 'of *good character*' between 12 and 21 which is named after Knights Templar Grand Master Jacques de Molay who was burned to death during the Templar purge in France in the early 14th century. Walt Disney was another DeMolay member.

Prescott Bush, funder of Hitler, and Rockefeller 'race-purity'

Prescott Bush, father and grandfather to the Bush presidents, was a Senator for Connecticut, home of the Skull and Bones Society. He was a golf partner of President Dwight D. Eisenhower, a military man who, like 9/11 Secretary of State Colin Powell, enjoyed a fantastic rise to prominence because of his Hidden Hand sponsors; but Eisenhower disappeared from view after he warned about the dangers to freedom posed by the 'Military-Industrial Complex' (the Hidden Hand) in the closing days of his presidency. Prescott Bush was a keen and active supporter of the eugenics (master race) movement along with his bloodline associates, the Rockefellers and Harrimans. This clique led by the Rockefellers and ultimately by the Rothschilds funded the work of Adolf Hitler's race 'purity' expert, Ernst Rudin. Their money allowed Rudin to occupy an entire floor at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Genealogy and Demography in Berlin. Soon after Hitler had abolished elections and become dictator of Germany in 1933, the Rockefeller-funded, Bush and Harriman-supported, Dr Rudin was commissioned to write the Law for the Prevention of Hereditary Diseases in Posterity which involved the forced sterilisation of anyone considered genetically inferior. President Father George's enthusiastic funding of 'population control' programmes was another modern example of this family obsession. The detailed and sickening story of the master race movement supported by the Bushes, Harrimans and Rockefellers (with the Rothschilds) is told in *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. Both sides in the World Wars were funded by the same people via Hidden Hand-controlled Wall Street and the City of London financial district. Prescott Bush supported eugenics and Hitler's crazed master race 'philosophy' and helped to fund the Nazi war machine. He brought up his son with the same psychopathic mentality as his own and ditto with Father Bush and his sons including the 9/11 president. Wars are instigated to transform society and create the excuse and opportunity to centralise global power through the Problem-Reaction-Solution perception manipulation technique. Nations are manipulated into conflict and all sides funded until the status quo is destroyed and another status quo – the Hidden Hand's version – can replace it. This is what the two world wars of the 20th century and endless other conflicts have really been about – transforming societies and the world map in ways that are

irreversible. See also Afghanistan, Iraq, Libya, Syria and the post-9/11 'war on terror'. Prescott Bush helped to finance Hitler to this end through a company run by German Nazi-funder Fritz Thyssen called the Union Banking Corporation (UBC). Thyssen, a German steel entrepreneur and banker, was funding the Nazis from the early 1920s. His banking operation in Germany was affiliated through a subsidiary with the W.A. Harriman Company in New York (Brown Brothers Harriman after 1933), which in turn was funded by the House of Rothschild. The Harriman family was also prominent in supporting the Russian Revolution, Adolf Hitler and the master race insanity of the eugenics movement. E. Roland Harriman (Skull and Bones Society) was on the board of Fritz Thyssen's Union Banking Corporation in the US along with known Nazis and Nazi financial backers. Prescott Bush was also on the UBC board and owed his wealth to the Harrimans. The trio of Brown Brothers Harriman, the Sullivan and Cromwell law firm, headed by Rockefeller cousin John Foster Dulles, and the Union Banking Corporation of Prescott Bush and George Herbert Walker (Father George's grandfather) represented the interests of Nazi business cartels in the United States at the time of the Second World War. The golf trophy, the Walker Cup, is named after Father Bush's Nazi-supporting grandfather. John Foster Dulles would become US Secretary of State while his brother, Allen, was the first head of the CIA. In 1942 the US government seized UBC assets under the Trading with the Enemy Act and stopped George Walker and Prescott Bush pouring money into Hitler's regime – at least in theory. Eight days later two other Bush-managed companies, the Holland-American Trading Corporation and the Seamless Steel Equipment Corporation, were seized for the same reason. These were followed by another Bush-Harriman operation, the Silesian-American Corporation. Thanks to their Hidden Hand connections they were able to not only avoid prosecution, but secured a massive pay-out when the bank was liquidated.

The Bush-Nazi connection was highlighted by John Loftus, president of the Florida Holocaust Museum, who pointed out that Prescott Bush derived a portion of his personal fortune from his affiliation with a Nazi-controlled bank. Loftus, a former prosecutor in the [In]Justice Department's Nazi War Crimes Unit, confirmed that Prescott Bush was a principal in the Union Banking Corporation in Manhattan in the 1930s and 40s, and that leading Nazi industrialists secretly owned the bank at the time. Loftus said they were moving money into the UBC through a second bank in Holland even after the United States declared war on Germany. He said the bank was liquidated in 1951 and Boy Bush's grandfather and great-grandfather received $1.5 million as part of that dissolution. Loftus said he possessed a file of paperwork linking the bank and Prescott Bush to Nazi money. 'That's where the Bush family

fortune came from: it came from the Third Reich,' Loftus said in a speech during the Sarasota Reading Festival. He documented in his book, *Unholy Trinity: The Vatican, The Nazis and the Swiss Banks*, how Swiss bank accounts harboured funds confiscated from concentration camp victims and the involvement of Italian priests in smuggling Nazi war criminals to safe havens in Canada, Central and South America and the United States after the war. This is also detailed in the earlier *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*, which, like Loftus, exposes the Nazi connections of other prominent American Hidden Hand families, including the Rockefellers and Kennedys in the form of Nazi-supporting Joseph Kennedy, the father of President JFK. Nancy Krauss, a member of the audience who heard Loftus in Florida, said:

> I am absolutely shocked. I wish this would have come out before the election. My husband voted for Bush. I don't think he would have voted for him if he would have known.

If people knew what the Bush family had really done – and did with regard to 9/11 and other human catastrophes – they would all have long been in jail with the key hurled into a very deep ocean. Hidden Hand control of the mainstream media and the clueless and gutless nature of the great majority of alleged 'journalists' has protected them and their Web associates from widespread exposure. Another important question here is why the Zionist and Nazi-hunter organisations and networks have never sought to expose the Bush family for their Nazi funding and support for Hitler's race-purity programme when all you have to do – especially these days – is to factually expose the government of Israel to be instantly labelled a 'Nazi', 'anti-Semite' and 'Holocaust denier'. There is a simple answer to that, however. Those calculated slurs are used by the inner core of ultra-extremist Zionism and its gofers and agents to silence exposure and opposition while the Bush family and so many other bloodline families have served the interests of the ultra-Zionist (Hidden Hand, Web) agenda and so they get away with supporting Hitler and his race purity insanity. It is essential to understand the ultra-Zionist modus operandi that the inner core has as much contempt for Jewish people as they do for everyone else. They are there to serve the Web, not Jewish people. I will be explaining much more about this in due course. The two totally manipulated World Wars cost the lives of an estimated more than 120 million people if you include deaths from war-related disease and famine. More than 60 million were civilians. Hey, but 'they would never do that' to 3,000 more on 9/11, right? The Second World War came to a close with the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945 after which Japan surrendered on the same terms they had offered before the nuclear strikes which killed

105,000 after impact and who knows how many since through the effects of radiation? The order to drop the bombs came from President Harry S. Truman, a Freemason and Rockefeller cousin. Truman was also the first world leader to recognise the State of Israel under Jewish rule amid extreme levels of terrorism that caused 750,000 Palestinians to flee their homeland never to return. Truman did this despite opposition from his own administration and while the United Nations was discussing other options. The need to drop those bombs on Japan related to the next stage of the long-planned Hidden Hand sequence of events to transform human society into a global fascist/communist tyranny – the Cold War. This would be founded on the fear of nuclear destruction and that would be far easier if the public had experience of what atomic bombs can do rather than trying to sell a concept that had never been seen. These are real nice people and the very psychopathic mentality that orchestrated 9/11.

Funding the Russian Revolution

The sequence of events to change the face of global society is planned long in advance of each stage and ahead of the Cold War had to come the creation of 'the Baddy' in the form of the Soviet Union. Once again the same bloodline crowd was involved. The Harriman family and their close associate, Prescott Bush, helped to fund the Russian Revolution. E. Roland Harriman was the brother of W. Averill Harriman (Skull and Bones Society), a director of a company called the Guaranty Trust when it was financing Lenin and Trotsky to trigger the Russian Revolution (another Hidden Hand Problem-Reaction-Solution). Half the board members of Brown Brothers Harriman and their fellow Russian Revolution financers, J.P. Morgan, were Skull and Bones initiates. Roland Harriman, Prescott Bush and Percy Rockefeller were in the same Bonesmen group. Global manipulator Averill Harriman, the Henry Kissinger of his day, would later make big profits from Russian ventures and be appointed US ambassador to the Soviet Union to advance Hidden Hand interests there. American and Soviet governments were on different 'sides' in the 'Cold War'? Not at the Hidden Hand level they weren't. It was all yet another game to dupe the people. Averill Harriman was a controlling voice in the Democratic Party and dictator to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt of the drug-running Hidden Hand bloodline related to the Bushes. Harriman's wife, Pamela, who died while US ambassador to Paris in 1997, was extremely influential in Bill Clinton's rise to the presidency and he made her ambassador to France as a pay-back. In turn, her husband, Averill, a 'Democrat', was very much a mentor to Prescott Bush and the Bush family in general who were 'Republicans'. As one headline at the time of Bill Clinton's run for president put it: 'Bush Camp Finances Clinton Campaign.' The

United States, as with the UK and other countries, is a one-party state masquerading as a free society. Whoever you vote for the same government gets in – the Hidden Hand Permanent Government. Pamela Harriman was also married to Randolph Churchill, son of Britain's wartime Prime Minister, Winston Churchill (bloodline and cousin to Franklin Roosevelt) and she had affairs with the Italian Fiat boss Giovanni Agnelli (bloodline and Hidden Hand operative) and Baron Elie de Rothschild (bloodline and Hidden Hand operative) among a string of others. When you move in Hidden Hand circles, it is a very small world. The network of support for the Russian Revolution in the United States that I have described was a subordinate group controlled by the House of Rothschild and I will come to their central involvement in the revolution and the connection to 9/11 later in the book.

Father George – the psychopath's psychopath (one of so many)

This was the background into which George Herbert Walker Bush – Father George – arrived in this world on June 12th, 1924. He was groomed from birth to serve the Hidden Hand in a long list of roles, including US Ambassador to the United Nations, Chairman of the Republican Party at the time of the Watergate hearings, Director of the CIA, and Vice President and President of the United States. The Herbert Walker in his name comes from his grandfather, George Herbert Walker (Skull and Bones Society), who was heavily involved with Prescott Bush in the funding of the Russian Revolution, expansion of the eugenics movement and Adolf Hitler. Wherever you look in Father Bush's life you find bloodline operatives, human sacrificing Satanists, child abusers and orchestrators of genocide. Father Bush was all of these, as my books and others have long detailed. He was very much a power behind the throne during the 9/11 presidency of his son along with Daddy Bush's long-time friend and associate Dick Cheney who was his Defense Secretary during the 1991 Gulf War and would be vice president (de-facto president) during the reign of Boy George. Cathy O'Brien was designated to 'serve' Bush and Cheney during the Reagan and Bush presidencies and told me how Boy George was treated as little more than a 'make-the-tea' servant to his father and Cheney while he was growing up. Well, trying to. One of Boy Bush's roles was to get his father home in often paralytic drunken states. The same dynamic continued when Boy Bush was president – he was the tea-maker and gofer for Cheney and his dad – and that included what happened before, during and after the attacks of September 11th.

I will summarise here just a few of the crimes against humanity inflicted by Father George Bush and his dominant partner and fellow genocidal maniac, the ultra-Zionist Rothschild/Rockefeller asset, Henry Kissinger. It will give you further confirmation of the true mentality

behind September 11th and the subsequent 'war on terror'. Bush served the Hidden Hand in China while Kissinger and the Chinese were supporting Pol Pot in the genocidal war on Cambodia that led to the extermination of millions of Cambodians. Bush returned home in 1975 when he received a telegram from Kissinger saying that he was being nominated by President Ford (Kissinger in other words) to be Director of the CIA. Bush held the post in 1976 and 1977 and he has been so fundamentally involved in CIA activities officially and unofficially that in 1999 its headquarters compound at Langley, Virginia, was named the George Bush Center for Intelligence. The CIA is part of the so-called 'Inner Fed' of the secret government or 'Deep State' that consists of the CIA, National Security Agency, FBI, NASA and the Federal Reserve 'Central Bank of America'. Through 'umbrella' network structures like the 'Inner Fed' a coordinated policy and response can be conducted between apparently unconnected agencies and organisations. Much of the funding of this cartel of manipulation in secret projects comes from its involvement in the drugs trade. Father Bush was not new to the intelligence game and his connections with the CIA would appear to go back to the 1950s or even much earlier given the Skull and Bones Society connection to the US intelligence community. Among Bush's CIA operatives in South America was the infamous Nazi 'Butcher of Lyon', Klaus Barbie, who had escaped from Europe thanks to US (Hidden Hand) intelligence. It was he who masterminded the so-called 'cocaine-coup' in Bolivia in June, 1980, and used the profits from CIA-supported drug networks to finance the neo-Nazi overthrow of the government in Argentina. Mike Levine, a former US Drug Enforcement agent, said the coup was achieved by troops wearing Nazi armbands. The contacts George Bush made at the CIA would be invaluable when he became vice president to Ronald Reagan in January, 1981. Reagan's personal fortune dated from a time shortly after becoming Governor of California when he bought some land cheaply and sold it at a massive profit to a group of benefactors who have never been publicly identified. Reagan, a former B-movie actor, was a long-time member of Bohemian Grove and an initiate of the Knights of Malta, another very significant strand in The Web. Reagan was 70, the oldest man to be inaugurated as President. His mind was failing and he needed long afternoon naps each day. Almost everything Reagan said, even in relatively off-the-cuff situations when greeting foreign leaders, was written for him by his aides on cue cards. Father Bush was president in all, but name.

Iran-Contra

It was strictly illegal under US law for the government to supply arms to Iran or to fund and arm the Nicaraguan 'freedom fighters' (terrorists) called the Contras in their war with the Sandinista government. It was

certainly illegal to accept payment with drugs in return. The Reagan-Bush administration would do all of these things. They would fund the Contras through Honduras in an operation involving Oliver North, an official of the National Security Council. On January 18th, 1985, the Bush-appointed Felix Rodriguez is known to have met his namesake (but not thought to be a relative), Ramon Milian Rodriguez, an accountant and money launderer who worked for the Medellin drug cartel. This meeting was confirmed by Felix Rodriguez and reported in the *Miami Herald* on June 30th, 1987. From his cell in Butner, North Carolina, Ramon told investigative journalist, Martha Honey:

> ...[Felix offered] ... in exchange for money for the Contra cause he would use his influence in high places to get the [cocaine] cartel US goodwill ... Frankly, one of the selling points was that he could talk directly to Bush. The issue of goodwill wasn't something that was going to go through 27 bureaucratic hands. It was something that was directly between him and Bush.

This could easily be done given that Felix Rodriguez was working from Bush's office. A memo in early September, 1986, sent to Oliver North by retired Army Major General John K. Singlaub, said that Felix Rodriguez was talking of having 'daily contact' with Bush's office and this could damage President Reagan and the Republican Party. Oliver North would write in his notebook: 'Felix has been talking too much about the VP [Vice President].' Former *CBS News* producer Leslie Cockburn presents devastating evidence in her 1987 book, *Out Of Control*, of Bush's involvement in Iran-Contra and drug running. She says that planes chartered by the CIA and packed with cocaine flew directly into the Homestead Air Force Base in Florida using a CIA code signal. Drug-running through Florida will enter the 9/11 story later with alleged leader 'hijacker', Mohamed Atta. Colonel Albert Carone, who was later murdered, said in a sworn statement that he remembered seeing Oliver North make more than 20 entries in his diary detailing how drug profits were being used to buy weapons for the Contras. Carone said that an entry for July 5th, 1985, noted that '$14 million to buy arms came from drugs'. North was made president of the influential US National Rifle Association in 2018 and was acclaimed as a 'national hero'. Cathy O'Brien writes in *Trance-Formation of America* that she witnessed drug parties in which the drug-running North was among the guests. The Reagan-Bush administration admitted in 1986 that Adolfo 'Popo' Chamorro's Nicaraguan Contras, terrorists supported by the CIA, were helping a Colombian drug-trafficker to transport drugs into the United States. Testimony by John Stockwell, a former high-ranking CIA official, revealed that drug smuggling was an essential component of the

CIA operation with the Contras. North was up to his neck in this. George Morales, one of South America's biggest traffickers, testified that he was approached in 1984 to fly weapons to the Contras. In return, he says, the CIA helped him to smuggle thousands of kilos of cocaine into the United States via an airstrip on the ranch of John Hull, a self-confessed CIA agent and associate of Oliver North. As Michael Ruppert, a former drugs specialist with the Los Angeles Police Department, said:

> The CIA and Ronald Reagan and [CIA Director] Bill Casey and vice president George Bush were running the whole operation, we know that now. They circumvented the will of Congress and there was an explosion of drug trafficking all throughout Central America, coordinated by the CIA.

Meanwhile, the other aspect of Iran-Contra was continuing to illegally trade arms for American hostages held by Iran and Oliver North was heavily involved again. Weapons were being shipped via close associates in Israel. Release of hostages was explained in part by the efforts of Terry Waite, the representative of Britain's Archbishop of Canterbury. 'Negotiator' Waite was being used without his knowledge by North who was quite happy for him to take the credit for the release of hostages when, in fact, they were the result of illegal arms sales. Waite would eventually as a consequence be taken hostage himself. Father Bush was telling the American people throughout all of this: 'We will make no concessions to terrorists' – just as his son said after 9/11. Father Bush negotiated with the Iranians even before Reagan was elected to delay release of hostages until after the presidential election of 1980 to ensure that Jimmy Carter, the sitting tenant, would not get the kudos before polling day. This worked so perfectly that 52 hostages flew out of Iran after 444 days in captivity minutes after Reagan was inaugurated. No doubt the promise of arms sales to Iran by a future Reagan-Bush administration was fundamental to the deal. I know it's hard for us to imagine how anyone could coldly ensure that American hostages would spend months longer in captivity just to serve a political agenda, but that's the mentality we are dealing with here – the same mentality that was behind September 11th and what followed. The Iran-Contra scandal blew in late 1986 and Ronald Reagan had to admit some, though only some, of what was happening. He said:

> A few months ago I told the American people I did not trade arms for hostages. My heart and my best intentions still tell me that is true but the facts and evidence tell me it is not.

Put another way – I lied. Father Bush should have been bang-to-rights for his involvement in Iran-Contra with the evidence so

overwhelming, but I want to highlight how he got away with it because this will be useful later in appreciating how the true perpetrators of 9/11 could have been protected from exposure and a prison cell for life. On October 5th, 1986, a plane left the Ilopango Air Base in El Salvador with arms and ammunition for the Contra terrorists in Nicaragua. The flight had been coordinated by officials within George Bush's office. As the plane came low to make the drop, it was grounded by a Sandinista missile. Three people died in the crash while cargo handler Eugene Hasenfus parachuted into the hands of the Sandinistas. Bush was alerted in a call to his office by his long-time friend, drug-runner and assassin Felix Rodriguez. The truth was out. Or some of it was. The power of the Hidden Hand network can be the only explanation for how, despite the overwhelming evidence against him, Father Bush evaded prosecution even though Buz Sawyer, the pilot of the crashed plane, was found to have Bush's private office phone number in his pocket. Hasenfus also stated that Father Bush knew about the whole thing. Bush denied involvement or knowledge of what happened. Subordinates like Donald Regan, Admiral John Poindexter, Oliver North, Robert McFarlane, and Major General Richard Secord, were sacrificed and scapegoated instead. They were very much involved, but Bush got away with it, as did Reagan and his Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger. North, who was up to his eyes in the intrigue, faced hearings with other small-fry and staggeringly emerged in the eyes of many as an American hero. Bush still had a problem, however, with former Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger, who was indicted with others in 1992 for lying to Congress over what happened. This could have been disastrous for Bush with his presidency coming to an end and so he pardoned Weinberger and the others to ensure there would be no trial. The pardon came on Christmas Eve, 1992, in the dying days of his presidency after he had lost the November election to Bill Clinton and a matter of weeks before Weinberger and company were due to face a trial that would have implicated Bush. The presidency passed from Father Bush to Clinton in January, 1993, who continued the cover-up because – as I expose at length in *And The Truth Shall Set You Free* – he was also involved with the Contra drug operations in Arkansas when he was Governor. It is actually possible to coordinate a drug-running and arms-running operation from the White House and get away with it. Where were the media while all this was going on? Nowhere as usual – with rare exceptions. One proper reporter, Gary Webb at the San Jose Mercury News, did have the guts to expose how the CIA and the Father Bush-controlled White House had poured crack cocaine into African-American communities to raise money for the Contras and create more addiction and the consequences that follow. Webb and his newspaper were not only attacked by the authorities when the stories appeared. At

the frontline of condemnation were their fellow 'journalists' and major papers like the Hidden Hand-owned *Washington Post*, *New York Times*, and *Los Angeles Times*. The United States was convicted by the World Court in 1986 for its war crimes against Nicaragua and later faced censure for its actions against the people of Panama; but nothing happened. Governments claim immunity for colossal crimes while holding the 'little people' to account for minor ones.

The Gulf War

At the time of 9/11 in 2001 we had the Bush family in the White House, Dick Cheney as Vice President, Colin Powell as Secretary of State, and a United States international 'coalition' went to war in the Middle/Near East. In 1991 the Bush family was in the White House, Cheney was Defense Secretary, Powell was head of the US forces as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a United States international 'coalition' went to war in the Middle East. The 1991 Gulf War was over a border dispute between Iraq and Kuwait. Father Bush sent US forces – or a 'UN coalition', including the UK – to intervene in what was called Operation Desert Storm. Add together the casualties from the initial conflict in 1991, the brutal sanctions that followed and the 2003 US invasion and Iraqi casualties were numbered in millions. What happened during the Gulf War and after offers clear insight into the mentality later involved in 9/11 and the 'war of terror' and how 'they *would* do that'. First of all, the Gulf War wasn't exactly a war. My understanding of a 'war' is that you need two sides and under that definition the Gulf War was not a 'war'. It was the military equivalent of putting Mike Tyson in the ring with your granny. American soldiers have described this 'war' as a 'turkey shoot' which is precisely what it was. The Iraqi army, mainly conscripts who had no choice, may have been armed over the years by the US and Britain, but it was still like trying to stop an elephant with a pop gun. While the media was showed us pictures provided by the US military of 'smart bombs' that could target a building and go through a toilet window a very different reality was happening beyond the military censors. At least 93 percent of the bombs that rained down were not 'smart' – that's according to the Pentagon's own numbers – and 70 percent missed their military target. Writer Wade Frazier's excellent study of the Gulf 'War' revealed the background to just one of the devices used against the Iraqi people:

> The [fuel-air] bomb works thus: there are two detonations; the first spreads a fine mist of fuel into the air, turning the area [about the size of a football field] into an explosive mix of vast proportion; then a second detonation ignites the mixture, causing an awesome explosion. The explosion is about the most powerful 'conventional' explosion we know of.

> At a pressure shock of up to 200 pounds per square inch (PSI), people in its detonation zone are often killed by the sheer compression of the air around them. Human beings can typically withstand up to about a 40-PSI shock. The bomb sucks oxygen out of the air, and can apparently even suck the lungs out through the mouths of people unfortunate enough to be in the detonation zone. Our military used it on helpless people [in the 1991 Gulf Slaughter].

People who would order the use of such weapons without a care for the consequences would not kill 3,000 people on 9/11 with the same empathy-deleted nonchalance? The Iraqi people, living, breathing, human beings like you and me, were subjected to a lovely piece of hardware called a 'Big Blue' which produces a shock wave only eclipsed by nuclear weapons. As Wade Frazier points out, the power of the shock wave can turn a body into a hamburger. So-called 'bouncing bombs' were also deployed. These are designed to 'bounce' to waist height before exploding and ensure a better chance of splattering people into a thousand pieces. These are called 'antipersonnel' weapons in the sanitised Orwellian 'Newspeak' of Hidden Hand front men. Then there was the 'Beehive' which explodes 8,800 pieces of razor-edged shrapnel in all directions, cutting through a human body like the proverbial knife through butter. All these weapons were used against civilian men, women and children in the Gulf 'War' and others since – including the 'war on terrorism'. In an oh, so rare excursion into reality by the media, John Balzar of the *Los Angeles Times* reported in 1991 on the fate of Iraqi conscripts. Balzar saw night-vision 'gun sight' footage from the US military briefing room:

> They looked like ghostly sheep flushed from a pen – Iraqi infantrymen bewildered and terrified, jarred from sleep and fleeing their bunkers under a hellish fire. One by one, they were cut down by attackers they could not see or understand. Some were blown to bits by bursts of 30-millimeter exploding cannon shells. One man dropped, writhed on the ground, then struggled to his feet; another burst of fire tore him apart ... Even hardened soldiers hold their breath as the Iraqi soldiers, as big as football players on the television screen, run with nowhere to hide. These are not bridges exploding or airplane hangers. These are men.

The same reporter wrote:

> The mechanics of death and destruction are a grim affair. The military's scientific approach and its philosophies – for example, its preference for wounding vital organs over blowing off limbs – can be deeply disquieting to anybody who imagines such matters are left to chance. Many people would

rather not know about the gruesome details.

The psychopaths of the Hidden Hand behind the Gulf War and 9/11 enjoy the gruesome details because for them it's a sexual high.

'Nuke 'em, kill 'em all'

This was not a war, it was a mass slaughter by the very forces and their controllers that would wage a 'war on terror' justified by 9/11 that would include a full-blown invasion of Iraq. These protectors of 'freedom' and 'liberty' used the same rhetoric then as they do now to justify the mass bombing of civilians. They hide the truth behind the lies so eagerly repeated by excuses-for-journalists and large swathes of the public that has long forgotten not only what to think, but even how to think. Then, as now, no dissent was allowed against the genocide of the innocent by the criminally insane. Talk show hosts, without two brain cells acting in unison, called for nuclear attacks on Iraq and anyone who challenged the 'war' was either stupid or a supporter of evil. While the sheep and chickens followed the fox, or Fox, the US government and their British allies were targeting civilian bomb shelters, killing hundreds of fathers, mothers and children because 'intelligence told us that the bomb shelter was actually a military headquarters'. *Bullshit.* On the ground thousands of Iraqi soldiers were buried alive as 'UN' forces used bulldozers to fill in their trenches in shocking contravention of international law. Nothing better sums up the mentality of the deeply sick people behind 9/11 and still waging the 'war on terror' than the almost unimaginable attacks on the 'Highway of Death'. The Iraqi army was in retreat in the wake of the air bombardment and headed out of Kuwait across the border to Basra in Iraq. With them were civilians and prisoners. US pilots attacked the vehicles at the front and back of the seven-mile *retreating* human convoy, so forcing it to a standstill on the open road. They then bombed the convoy while constantly racing back to their aircraft carrier to re-arm and return to continue the mass murder. One pilot said that it was like 'shooting fish in a barrel' and thousands died at the hands of the very people who promote themselves as morally superior to those they target. Barry McCaffrey, one of the generals involved in this mass murder, was later appointed by President Clinton to head his 'war on drugs'. Father George Bush's approval ratings soared as he conducted these crimes against humanity – just as they did for his son when he continued the long, long, family association with genocide. The blatant defiance of the Geneva Convention on the Highway of Death produced no action against the Father Bush administration because there is one law for America, Britain, France and Germany, etc., and a very different one for those they choose to bomb, kill, and mutilate. An International War Crimes Tribunal found

President Father Bush, Vice President Dan Quayle, Defense Secretary Dick Cheney, Secretary of State James Baker, and military leaders, Colin Powell and Norman Schwarzkopf, guilty of war crimes. What was done as a result? Nothing – *as always*. When Bill Clinton replaced Bush he imposed sanctions on Iraq so severe that by 1995 his evil Secretary of State Madeleine Albright was forced to admit on the US *60 Minutes* television programme that sanctions had already cost the lives of *half a million* Iraqi children and that was only up to then. This was the exchange:

> Lesley Stahl: 'We have heard that half a million children have died. I mean, that's more children than died in Hiroshima. And, you know, is the price worth it?'
>
> Albright: 'I think this is a very hard choice, but the price – we think the price is worth it.'

The figure continued at some 5,000 dead children a month and passed a million in total. Albright's answer was one which only a psychopath could deliver. This mentality would not orchestrate 9/11?

Burying the truth

Crimes for which the Bush family and their masters and associates are responsible rarely come to light because the corporate media is controlled by the Hidden Hand and most journalists either don't realise they are pawns in a game or silently accept that they are to protect their careers. Accounts are legion of how evidence and footage that would expose the lies, especially in wartime, are banned or confiscated as they are with regard to 9/11. One example during the 1991 Gulf War was when American TV networks NBC and CBS refused to air pictures shot in Iraq of the destruction of civilian areas which revealed Bush government and military accounts to be a grotesque fiction. The story was blocked by the President of NBC Michael Gartner and producers offered it to CBS where Tom Bettag, Executive Editor of the CBS *Evening News*, said he would run the story the following day. That evening Bettag was sacked and the story buried. This is the real background to TV news and today the Internet information giants, too, all of which ultimately answer to the Hidden Hand. Footage of the Highway of Death was suppressed and US casualties caused by the enemy were claimed to be 'training accidents'. Father Bush's lies about Iraqi troop deployments in Kuwait, provable by satellite images, were never shown. This satellite 'loophole in the lies' was the reason why the US government purchased all rights to satellite pictures of Afghanistan while that country was subjected to another insane American and British

bombing onslaught after 9/11. We should remember that having said in 1991 that CIA-installed dictator Saddam Hussein was a threat to the world, and with the Iraqi 'army' destroyed, Father Bush suddenly called an end to the 'war' and pulled the troops out leaving Saddam still intact. Norman Schwarzkopf said with an air of disappointment: 'We could have completely closed the door and made it a battle of annihilation ... [it was] literally about to become the battle of Canaan, a battle of annihilation.' This is what I wrote at this point in *Alice in Wonderland and the World Trade Center Disaster* published in 2002:

> Ah, never mind, Norman, but you see your President and those who controlled him wanted Hussein to stay put, or at least appear to, so they could play that card over and over. I suspect, however, that the Saddam story is going to lead to some kind of climax eventually.

A few months later it did with the invasion of Iraq in 2003.

Evil begets evil

Hidden Hand operatives like Father Bush and his associate Henry Kissinger are mass murderers on a scale that is almost incomprehensible. They and their associates and successors have a record of genocidal horror that spans the world in Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Korea, Nicaragua, Panama, Grenada, Indonesia, Bosnia, Kosovo, Iraq, Afghanistan, Libya, Syria and that's only a partial list. The dead, maimed, starving, destitute and dispossessed that have ensued can be numbered in billions of our fellow men, women and children. Nothing captures the 9/11 mentality of empathy-deleted psychopathy behind all this more powerfully than Father Bush's sexual abuse, torture and murder of children held in captivity in the mind-control and sexual abuse programmes of this depraved beyond belief Hidden Hand network. I explain in other books why these bloodlines are obsessed with paedophilia, but the why is less important here than the fact that it happens at all as we explore the depths of evil to which these extreme psychopaths daily plunge. If you read *The Biggest Secret*, *Children of the Matrix*, and other books by researchers and victims of this network, you'll see that what I am saying is no fantasy. Father Bush was a notorious paedophile, torturer and child killer among those who have researched this subject. I first outed Bush in 1998 as a rampant paedophile who tortured children and while I was writing this book more than two decades later Washington and Republican insider Dr Steve Pieczenik also exposed Bush in an Internet video. Pieczenik is a former US Department of State official and a Harvard-trained psychiatrist who served as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State under Henry Kissinger, Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan and Father

Bush. He confirmed from his own knowledge the paedophilia of Father Bush and how prevalent it is among the power elite – what I have been exposing for so long. Pieczenik said:

> It has been rampant in our government, if you remember Bush Sr. had a whole group of young Hispanic men who he groomed and played with. At the same time, Hillary and Bill Clinton along with their friend Mr. Epstein went down to the Bahamas and they were molesting and utilizing young girls and boys to have sexual pleasures, but nothing was done about the fact that Jeffrey Epstein had been guilty and convicted of that crime.

Paedophile billionaire Jeffrey Epstein was not only a buddy of the Clintons. Among the names and phone numbers in Epstein's 'little black book' were Donald Trump, Tony Blair and his close friend Prince Andrew of the British royal family. Epstein's friends arranged an outrageous plea deal that allowed him to avoid the long jail sentence which the paedophilia charges against him should have involved. Alex Acosta, the US attorney in Miami who agreed the deal on behalf of the government, was appointed US Labor Secretary by Trump. A judge ruled in 2019 that Acosta broke the law by not informing Epstein's victims of the plea agreement which allowed the paedophile to get off basically scot-free for running a child-trafficking ring. What a cesspit. Even by these 'standards' Father Bush was at the far end of extreme. Cathy O'Brien, a mind-controlled slave of people like Bush and Dick Cheney for the first 30 years of her life, reveals in *Trance Formation of America* the staggering levels of abuse inflicted on her and her daughter Kelly by Father Bush and his like. Kelly was only a small child literally born into captivity when Bush began his sexual and violent abuse of her – abuse and torture that her mother had long suffered. This is just one of her experiences with President George H. W. Bush, father and controller of 9/11 President Boy Bush. The Alex Houston she mentions here was her and Kelly's CIA handler in the US government mind-control programme known as MKUltra:

> Kelly became violently, physically ill after her induction into George Bush's 'neighborhood' and from every sexual encounter she had with him thereafter, she ran 104-6 degree temperatures, vomited and endured immobilizing headaches for an average of three days. These were the only tell-tale evidences aside from the scarring burns left on her skin. Houston forbade me to call a doctor, and Kelly forbade me to comfort her, pitifully complaining that her head 'hurt too bad even to move'. And she did not move for hours on end. Kelly often complained of severe kidney pain and her rectum usually bled for a day or two after Bush sexually abused her. My own mind-control victimization rendered me unable to help or protect her ...

> ... Kelly's bleeding rectum was ... one of [the] ... physical indicators of George Bush's pedophile perversions. I have overheard of him speak blatantly of his sexual abuse of her on many occasions. He used this and threats to her life to 'pull my strings' and control me. The psychological ramifications of being raped by a paedophile president are mind shattering enough, but reportedly Bush further reinforced his traumas to Kelly's mind with sophisticated NASA electronic and drug mind controlled devices. Bush also instilled the 'Who ya gonna call?' and 'I'll be watching you' binds on Kelly, further reinforcing her sense of helplessness. The systematic tortures and traumas I endured as a child now seem trite in comparison to the brutal, physical and psychological devastation that Bush inflicted on my daughter.

Father Bush pledged during his 1987 presidential election campaign to build a 'kinder, gentler, America'. This man was in the White House for twelve years followed by his friend and associate Bill Clinton, whom Cathy also exposes, and then his son and tea-maker, Boy Bush. Such a mentality would not plan and execute what happened on September 11th, an event that has so massively advanced the Hidden Hand agenda for a global fascist/communist state? 'They would never do that'? You must be joking. It is their modus operandi in every way.

CHAPTER 3

The Gofer Gang

It is better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to open one's mouth and remove all doubt – Voltaire

Boy George Bush would have been well aware that the attacks of September 11th were not the work of 'Arab hijackers' answering to Osama bin Laden, but to claim that he had any direct involvement in planning them is to miss the entire point. Politicians – even US presidents – are agents and stooges of the Hidden Hand and not its centre of power and organisation.

The very idea that Boy Bush with such a glaring lack of intelligence would be an organiser of 9/11 is patently ridiculous and for those who bravely call themselves mainstream 'journalists' to dismiss evidence of a conspiracy on the grounds of Bush's limited grey matter shows just how clueless they are about how the world works. Why do they think he was down in Florida at a long-arranged school visit when all hell was breaking loose in New York and Washington? Why do they think he was then whisked away to two Air Force Bases and kept well clear of the White House until 7pm that evening? The real orchestrators wanted him out of the way where his gaff-prone lack of intelligence could do no harm as initial events and responses were underway. There are basically three types of political 'leader': (1) those who knowingly work for the Hidden Hand; (2) those who want power for power's sake and will do and say whatever it takes to secure funding and other support; (3) those who are not very bright and puppets of their Hidden Hand-appointed advisors and aides. Boy Bush was a combination of (1) and (3) when he took office in January, 2001. He could not possibly be a member of the Bush family or a Skull and Bones initiate and not know about the Hidden Hand and its plans for humanity. Nor did he have the mind that could be any more than a hapless frontman while his father and vice president Dick Cheney ran the White House and he took only official responsibility. 'Sign this, George' – 'Okay, dad'. 'Do this, George' – 'Okay, Uncle Dick'. These are just a tiny selection of his stupendous intellect:

'I know the human being and fish can coexist peacefully.'

'More and more of our imports come from overseas.'

'Well, I think if you say you're going to do something and don't do it, that's trustworthiness.'

'We cannot let terrorists and rogue nations hold this nation hostile or hold our allies hostile.'

'I'm telling you there's an enemy that would like to attack America, Americans, again. There just is. That's the reality of the world. And I wish him all the very best.'

'I remember meeting a mother of a child who was abducted by the North Koreans right here in the Oval Office.'

So, no, Boy George Bush was not an organiser of 9/11. This is not to excuse him from responsibility in any way because he played his part and should be in jail with the rest of them. I am saying we have to look elsewhere for the real orchestrators both close to him and much further away – start with Dick Cheney who utterly controlled every aspect of the Boy Bush government and then pan out until you are no longer within the borders of the United States. Boy Bush was born in 1946 in New Haven, Connecticut, home of Yale University and the Skull and Bones Society, and was raised in Texas. He was groomed and moulded from birth, like his father, to serve the Hidden Hand cause with all the open doors, protection, financial support and privilege that come with that. He attended Yale University and avoided the draft to Vietnam, as did Dick Cheney. Send others to kill and be killed while you stay home safe and sound. People like Bush, Obama and Trump say '*We* will do this or that' when they threaten countries with the US military and yet the '*We*' they talk about are the men and women in uniform they send into battle. The political '*We*' sits back in Washington sipping coffee while carnage is delivered on the other side of the world. The same applies to all the other 'We' psychopaths like Tony Blair in Britain. None of them has ever seen a bullet fired in anger or war. *Washington Post* staff writers George Lardner Jr and Lois Romano revealed in an article in 1999 how two weeks before he was due to graduate from Yale, Boy Bush arrived at the offices of the Texas Air National Guard at Ellington Field outside Houston and said he wanted to sign up for pilot training. This was on May 27th, 1968, when the Vietnam War was at its peak with some 350 Americans dying every week and goodness knows how many

Vietnamese. Another twelve days and he would have lost his student immunity from the draft and so he grasped, with his father's help, an escape route from combat by joining the National Guard. Father George was at this time a Congressman for Houston and a supporter of the Vietnam conflict and the policy of sending American soldiers to suffer and die. Many of the American elite were trying to pull the same trick for their sons and the National Guard had a long waiting list. Not only that, Boy George had scored only 25 percent in a pilot aptitude test and that was the lowest acceptable grade. This will surprise no one who witnessed his presidency and all these factors should have prevented his admission and, therefore, made him available for Vietnam. Instead Boy George was sworn in as an airman with the Texas Air National Guard on the *same day* that he applied. Colonel Walter B. 'Buck' Staudt, commander of the 147th Fighter Group, even staged a special ceremony later so he could be photographed administering the oath for Bush instead of the captain who had officially sworn in Bush earlier. Staudt did the same when Boy Bush was commissioned as a second lieutenant. Lloyd Bentsen Jr, a major Texas Democrat, ensured that his son, Lloyd Bentsen III, was enlisted into the National Guard by Staudt around the same time as Bush. When obvious questions were asked during Boy Bush's run for the presidency, Staudt said that no favouritism had been shown to him. Boy Bush claimed he did not join the National Guard to avoid the Vietnam War which he and his father supported, but rather because he wanted to be a fighter pilot. Okay, insult my intelligence some more. Even on his National Guard application forms he ticked the box saying, 'do not volunteer' when asked if he wanted to go overseas. Not only did he avoid going to Vietnam, he was even able to live in his then home town of Houston while learning to be a pilot who was never to face a conflict. He served as an F-102 pilot with the Texas Air National Guard to avoid the draft to Vietnam and became a hard-drinking, cocaine-snorting, womaniser before 'discovering Jesus' (I know, I know, but this is the official story). Bush's drug habit was brought to public attention – and then buried by the media – with the publication of the 1999 book, *Fortunate Son: George Bush and the Making of a President.* Author J.H. Hatfield was subjected to a national campaign of character assassination after he claimed Bush was arrested on drug charges in 1972 while serving with the National Guard and that this had been wiped from the record by a Republican judge and friend of his father in exchange for Bush's participation in a community service programme called Project PULL in Houston's inner city. What is for sure is that suddenly, and for no credible reason, this hard-drinking playboy felt an overwhelming desire to volunteer to work with black inner-city kids in Project PULL.

Bush drug family

Michael C. Ruppert, a former Los Angeles Police Department narcotics investigator, went further in his newsletter, *From The Wilderness.* He said that Boy Bush and his brother, Jeb, Governor for Florida across 9/11, were filmed in a 1985 'sting' by the US Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) at Tamiami airport outside Miami. Ruppert quotes statements made by Terry Reed who took part in drug operations for the CIA and the Bush family involving the notorious self-confessed drug smuggler Barry Seal who was murdered when he began to talk too much (see *And The Truth Shall Set You Free* and Reed's book, *Compromised: Clinton, Bush and the CIA.*). Ruppert said the Bush brothers arrived from the Intermountain regional airport at Mena, Arkansas (Governor Bill Clinton), to pick up two kilos of cocaine from Seal. This was the location of the infamous and well-documented Mena airstrip drug operations involving the Clintons and Bushes which would see a number of people murdered including two young boys who saw too much (again see *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*). There is no way that the Bush sons could not have been involved in drug trafficking when their then vice president father was one of the most active drug barons in America working for Hidden Hand networks. CIA drug operative Terry Reed quotes a conversation with drug pilot Barry Seal about the Bush family drug operations. Seal was the son of a Ku Klux Klan member and involved in covert off-the-books operations from the 1950s. His wife, Deborah, said he 'flew a getaway plane out of Dallas after JFK was killed'. Seal once met alleged JFK assassin Lee Harvey Oswald and certainly had connections to characters like Clay Shaw and David Ferrie who New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison believed were involved in the assassination plot. Seal's association with Father Bush and family fit this scenario with Bush also reported to have had a role in Dallas that day in 1963. Barry Seal was played by Tom Cruise in the 2017 film *American Made* in which a lot of poetic licence was used. Terry Reed wrote that Seal told him:

> Ever hear the old expression, it's not what ya know, it's who ya know? Well, whoever said that just hadn't caught the Vice President's kids in the dope business, 'cause I can tell ya for sure what ya know can definitely be more useful than who you know ...

Reed asked Seal if he was saying that Father Bush's sons were in the drug business:

> Yup, that's what I'm tellin' ya. A guy in Florida who flipped for the DEA [Drug Enforcement Administration] has got the goods on the Bush boys. Now I heard this earlier from a reliable source in Colombia, but I just sat on it then,

> waitin' to use it as a trump card, if I ever needed it. Well, I need ta use it now. I got names, dates, places ... even got some tape recordin's. Fuck, I even got surveillance videos catchin' the Bush boys red handed. I consider this stuff my insurance policy ... Now this is real sensitive shit inside of US Customs and DEA and those guys are pretty much under control.

Barry Seal's 'insurance' did not prove too effective, however, because he was silenced before he could tell his story to a bigger audience. Soon after he began to speak out in February, 1986, he was murdered at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. The murder was blamed officially on two Colombian hitmen with Mac-10 machine guns and while they may or may not have been the actual killers the assassination was ordered by the highest levels of the United States government to stop his revelations about Bush and Clinton family involvement in the drug racket through Mena, Arkansas (Fig 26). Bill Clinton said at a press conference at the time that he knew very little about Seal when a number of people reported seeing them dining together at Fu Lin's, one of Clinton's favourite restaurants in the Arkansas capital of Little Rock. Noelle Bush, the then 24-year-old daughter of Jeb Bush, was arrested in January, 2001, for prescription drug fraud involving an anti-anxiety drug similar to Valium. I understand her need for that after being brought up by the Bush family and living with Jeb at the governor's mansion in Florida. Jeb Bush said at the time with stunning hypocrisy: 'Unfortunately, substance abuse is an issue confronting many families across our nation ...' Yes, but not every family has made billions from making those substances available on the streets of America. Private investigator Stewart Webb uncovered Bush family connections to the drug trade and major American financial firms who laundered the money for them. He said:

Figure 26: Political 'opponents' Bill Clinton and Father Bush who were in fact close associates involved in the same drug-running operation – Hillary, too.

> George Jr., Jeb and Neil Bush were all party to the crimes involving drugs and gun money laundering through Silverado Savings in Denver. They were all aware of 'poppy' George's schemes using CIA, Israeli Mossad, Homestead Air Force Base and Mena, Arkansas to import drugs and ship weapons.

Yep, weapons to terrorists. The significance of 'Israeli Mossad' to drug-running and 9/11 will become clear later because Mossad was both centrally involved in 9/11 and is a major player in the global drug trade. The closeness of the Bush family to Mossad will make a lot of sense of 9/11 as the story unravels. Investigator Stewart Webb highlighted Bush family involvement in financial fraud and murder while his calls for a grand jury investigation into his findings were ignored – of course they were when the Hidden Hand controls the decision-making levels of law enforcement and the courts. Mind control whistleblower Cathy O'Brien reveals from personal experience how the drug operation involving the Clintons extended into human-trafficking in Haiti. Cathy, who was often sexually abused in her mind-controlled state by Hillary Clinton, writes:

> Bill Clinton's infamous Mena cocaine operations that I'd been exposed to since the late 1970's extended internationally to include Haiti and expanded into related criminal activity such as human trafficking. Bill and Hillary's complicity in crimes against humanity are rooted deeply with absolute power corrupting absolutely.
>
> The Clintons are no strangers to charities being used as cover for their criminal operations. Charities like World Vision and various Christian 'missions' collecting money under the guise of helping Haitians instead notoriously lined pockets while funding black ops. Churches including the Lord's Chapel in Brentwood, Tennessee and Hendersonville, Tennessee's Mormon church are among those 'missions' I had experience to know merged with CIA cocaine ops. Like many others, these cult churches sent their mind controlled followers out on 'missions' to Haiti as cover for muling cocaine for the CIA.

You can read the full article and much more at Cathy's website *Trance-formation.com.*

Buffoon in the White House (not the first or last)

Boy Bush was somehow elected Governor of Texas in November, 1994, after which he became the most enthusiastic enforcer of capital punishment in America. I wonder if he wanted the electric chair for drug-traffickers? The plan soon became clear that another Bush was being groomed for the presidency. He was re-elected governor in 1998 with 68.6 percent of the vote and two years later he was the 43rd President of the United States as I had predicted he would be some three years earlier. You only had to know his family background and the way his political profile was being raised to realise that he was the chosen one. Presidents are not elected by the public except in theory – they are selected by the Hidden Hand with the candidate they want the most pitched against a candidate that is still acceptable if things don't go

according to plan. In this case the other one was Hidden Hand asset to his fingertips, the 'Democrat' Al Gore, who would later front-up the hoax about human-caused 'global warming' as an excuse to transform global society through de-industrialisation and other restructuring of human life (see *The Perception Deception* and other books for the detailed background). Boy Bush's election campaign broke all records at the time for fundraising as Hidden Hand companies and assets pitched in with the cash to win the presidency for their first choice. Gore's insider knowledge of the Bush family could have destroyed Boy Bush, but then Bush could have done the same with Gore so they both stayed quiet. The result all came down, infamously, to the outcome in Florida, the state governed by Bush's brother, Jeb, another mega-crook. The Florida vote was so obviously rigged (to anyone with a brain cell) and yet Al Gore meekly accepted it in the end and slipped quietly away as a Bush family-controlled Supreme Court awarded the election to Bush. Gore knew what had happened and he knew why. He also knew better than to cause trouble serious enough to stop Bush taking the throne. What I have revealed is only a fraction of the grotesque background to the Bush family that produced the 9/11 president and it is worth concluding before I move on to other 9/11 'personalities' with a quote from Al Martin, a retired Lieutenant Commander with the US Naval Reserves and Naval Intelligence, and author of *The Conspirators: Secrets of an Iran-Contra Insider.* Martin claimed to have seen at first hand government drug trafficking, illegal weapons deals and an 'epidemic of fraud' – corporate securities fraud, real estate fraud, insurance fraud and bank fraud. He said of the Bush family:

> You have to look at the entire Bush Family in this context – as if the entire family ran a corporation called Frauds-R-Us. Each member of the family, George Sr., George Jr., Neil, Jeb, Prescott, Wally, etc., have their own specialty of fraud. George Jr.'s speciality was insurance and security fraud. Jeb's speciality was oil and gas fraud. Neil's specialty was real estate fraud. Prescott's speciality was banking fraud. Wally's speciality was securities fraud. And George Sr.'s specialty? All of the above.

This is the family of President Boy Bush who said there must be 'a new era of integrity' in American corporate life. Anyone still think these guys have told you the truth about September 11th?

'Big Dick'

The Bushes have always surrounded themselves with crooks, killers and deeply disturbed friends and associates. They like to feel at home. There are few better examples of this theme than their fellow Bohemian Grover, Dick Cheney, the White House Chief of Staff to President Ford;

Father George's Defense Secretary at the time of the 1991 Gulf War; and vice president to Boy Bush across 9/11 and the launch of the 'war on terror'. Cathy O'Brien describes in *Trance Formation of America* her almost unimaginable experiences of Cheney when she was a victim of the Hidden Hand/CIA mind-control programmes and Cheney was Defense Secretary to Father George – the violent sexual abuser of her daughter, Kelly. Cathy details how she was involved in drug running operations under instructions from Cheney, some of which involved Bandar bin Sultan (Cheney called him 'the Sultan'). Bin Sultan was the deeply corrupt US ambassador to King Fahd of Saudi Arabia, the George Bush puppet and close associate of the Bin Laden family and terrorist financiers such as Bush family friend and Saudi billionaire Khalid bin Mahfouz. We will see later that Father Bush – indeed the Bush clan in general – also had close connections with the Bin Laden family. Cathy describes the constant and sickening brutality that she and her daughter suffered from Cheney and Father Bush. This was just one occasion:

> Bush attempted to sell Cheney on the idea of pedophillia through graphic descriptions of having sex with Kelly. Both were already sexually aroused from drugs and anticipation. Cheney demonstrated to Bush why he did not have sex with kids by exposing himself to Kelly and saying: 'Come here'. Upon seeing Cheney's unusually large penis, Kelly reeled back in horror and cried 'No!' which made them both laugh. Bush asked Cheney for his liquid cocaine atomizer as he got up to take Kelly to the bedroom. When Cheney remarked how benevolent it was of Bush to numb her with it before sex, Bush replied: 'The hell it is. It's for me.' He described his excited state in typical vulgar terms and explained that he wanted to spray cocaine on his penis to last longer.
>
> Cheney said: 'I thought it was for the kid.'
>
> Bush explained: 'Half the fun is having them squirm.' He took Kelly's hand and led her off to the bedroom. Cheney told me that since I was responsible for Bush's assault on my daughter ... I would 'burn' (in hell). He burned my inner thigh with the fireplace poker and threatened to throw Kelly in the fire. He hypnotically enhanced his description of her burning to traumatize me deeply. As he sexually brutalized me, I heard Kelly's whimpers coming from the bedroom. As her cries grew louder, Cheney turned on classical music to drown out her cries for help.

Cathy tells of what happened another time when she asked Cheney, amid yet another brutal beating session, if she could go to the toilet:

> Cheney's face turned red with rage. He was on me in an instant, slamming my back into the wall with one arm across my chest and his hand on my

> throat, choking me while applying pressure to the carotid artery in my neck with his thumb. His eyes bulged and he spit as he growled: 'If you don't mind, I will kill you. I could kill you – kill you – with my bare hands. You are not the first and you won't be the last. I'll kill you any time I goddam well please.' He flung me on the cot-type bed that was behind me. There he finished taking his rage out on me sexually.

This was the same Dick Cheney who became de-facto US President during the official tenure of Boy Bush. Cheney controlled every aspect of the Bush administration and lied, lied and lied again about what happened on 9/11 as we shall be seeing. This brutal man, an extreme psychopath, would give a damn about the consequences for 3,000 people and their loved ones in attacks in which he played a very significant part? These people have no empathy, remorse or shame – the latter confirmed by Boy George, son of a serial paedophile and associate of Cheney, announcing an initiative in 2002 to 'protect America's children'. Richard Bruce Cheney was born in Nebraska in 1941 and brought up in Casper, Wyoming. He is yet another of the clique to hail from Yale, home of the Skull and Bones Society, but he dropped out before eventually securing a degree in political science at Wyoming University. Cheney then headed for Washington where he joined the Nixon administration as a special assistant to Donald Rumsfeld, the 9/11 Defense Secretary and yet another professional liar. Rumsfeld at that time was the first director of the Office of [Hidden Hand] Economic Opportunity. President Richard Nixon resigned over the Kissinger-engineered Watergate scandal in 1974 (see *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*) and Rumsfeld joined the White House staff as assistant to the new president, Gerald Ford, another abuser of Cathy O'Brien, and a man who, thanks to Watergate, never had to be elected and never would have been if the voters had been given a say. This was another coup on America. Ford's intellectual capacity was akin to that of Boy Bush. The famous saying that Ford couldn't walk and chew gum at the same time was right on and here was another combination of someone well aware of the Hidden Hand he served while fulfilling the role of I-do-what-they-tell-me. Cheney moved to the White House with Rumsfeld and eventually became Ford's Chief of Staff between 1975 and 1977 when he was still in his early thirties and gained experience of controlling and nursing an idiot president. Cheney had the first of several heart attacks (how did they find it?) and recovered to be elected as Congressman for Wyoming where he remained until Father George made him Defense Secretary after the presidential election of 1988. Cheney is yet another of the bloodline clique who are keen to send others into battle so long as they never have to go. He avoided the draft to Vietnam when he was given deferments because he was a student and a 'registrant with a

child'. He told his Senate confirmation hearing that (just like Boy Bush) he 'would have been obviously happy to serve had I been called'. What a coincidence that they never are. Cheney's wife, Lynne, who he married in 1964, was another Hidden Hand Washington insider who would be at his side in the White House during the 9/11 attacks while Boy Bush was kept out of the way. She was head of the National Endowment of the Humanities from 1986 to 1993 under Reagan and then Father Bush (or under Bush and then Bush in other words) and later became a senior fellow at the seriously Hidden Hand American Enterprise Institute (where Dick Cheney was also involved between 1993 and 1995). Mrs Cheney was on the Hidden Hand Lockheed Martin board from 1994 until January, 2001 – a company that has benefited in billions from the war on terror that followed 9/11. Dick Cheney became widely known during the Gulf Slaughter in 1991 when he worked to ensure the mass murder of Iraqis which reached more than a million when you include the sanctions that followed under Bill Clinton and Madeleine 'We think the price is worth it' Albright. Alongside Cheney in the Father George government was Bush family associate, Secretary of State James Baker, who would later serve as chief legal adviser to Boy Bush during the Florida election controversy.

Big Dick and big business

Cheney moved into 'private business' to serve the Hidden Hand in another way after Father Bush's pre-arranged defeat to his subordinate associate Bill Clinton in 1992 and became fantastically wealthy as a director of elite companies like Morgan Stanley, Union Pacific and Procter and Gamble. His most important business appointment came in 1995 when he was named Chairman and Chief Executive of the Texas-based Halliburton Oil in the Bushes' home state. This was founded in 1919 and owned a highly relevant subsidiary called Brown & Root. Cheney had no experience in the oil industry, but that's not why Halliburton offered him the job. He had other 'qualities' that would expand their business. While Cheney was Defense Secretary (and before and afterwards) Brown & Root was awarded hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of construction contracts in war zones in countries devastated by US bombing and/or manipulation. The technique is this: you control the political decisions to start wars that suit your agenda; you hand over taxpayers money for your military to buy armaments from your companies; then, when all this has devastated the target country and its population you get yourself awarded the contracts to rebuild what you have destroyed. Cheney was the biggest shareholder in Halliburton with a stake of some $45.5 million and the company's board included Lawrence Eagleburger who held State Department posts under President Father George and was an executive of the notorious

Kissinger Associates. Halliburton and Brown & Root had long used political patronage and funding to expand business and profits. Brown & Root's ticket to the top came through its political contributions to President Lyndon Johnson from the time he ran for the Senate in 1948. The *Austin Chronicle* once called him 'the candidate from Brown & Root'. Thanks to Hidden Hand puppet Johnson they made billions on government contracts including those relating to the Vietnam War after Johnson reversed the policies of the assassinated JFK and plunged America deeper into the conflict. Johnson further gave his personal funders contracts for airports, pipelines and military bases. Biographer Ronnie Dugger, author of *The Politician: The Life and Times of Lyndon Johnson*, said much of the money he was paid by Brown & Root arrived in cash. 'It was a totally corrupt relationship and it benefited both of them enormously,' Dugger said. 'Brown & Root got rich, and Johnson got power and riches.' Using the same tactics, contracts continued to flow from government not least thanks to Dick Cheney. Michael C. Ruppert, a former Los Angeles police officer, wrote in a study of Brown & Root:

> From Bosnia and Kosovo, to Chechnya, to Rwanda, to Burma, to Pakistan, to Laos, to Vietnam, to Indonesia, to Iran to Libya to Mexico to Colombia, Brown & Root's traditional operations have expanded from heavy construction to include the provision of logistical support for the US military. Now, instead of US Army quartermasters, the world is likely to see Brown & Root warehouses storing and managing everything from uniforms to rations to vehicles.

Both Halliburton and Brown & Root were funders of a now infamous company called Permindex, a British Intelligence front organisation headed by the Canadian Louis M. Bloomfield, which, it is now well documented, was a central coordinating network behind the assassination of President Kennedy in Dallas in 1963. Permindex also ran death squads in Europe, Mexico, Central America, the Caribbean and the United States. Clay Shaw, who ran a division of Permindex in New Orleans, is the only man to be tried for involvement in the assassination. New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison failed to secure a conviction because key prosecution witnesses had this strange habit of dying from less than natural causes. Shaw was a British intelligence operative who worked for Winston Churchill during the Second World War. We should not let any of this deflect attention, however, from the involvement of Mossad, Israeli intelligence, in the Kennedy assassination which I detail in *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. Connections into Permindex involved a stream of famous companies, banks and personalities. Among them were the Bush family and ultra-Zionist Bronfman gangster family in Canada through its Seagram liquor

operation. Halliburton, at Cheney's say-so, bought and merged with Dresser Industries in an $8 billion deal in 1998 to create the biggest oil-drilling services company in the world. Boy Bush's grandfather Prescott Bush was on the board of Dresser Industries for 22 years in his capacity as a partner in Brown Brothers Harriman, funders of Hitler and the eugenics movement, which owned Dresser. President and Chairman of the Dresser board was Henry Neil Mallon who was among those involved in the raid on the grave of Apache leader Geronimo at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in 1918 to steal his skull and take it back to Skull and Bones headquarters at Yale. It was Mallon, apparently, who burned the flesh and hair off the skull after Prescott Bush and friends had stolen it. Father George's crooked son, Neil Mallon Bush of Silverado Savings and Loans corruption fame, was named after the Skull and Bones Dresser president.

Snouts in the trough

Dick Cheney said he stood for small government and against government handouts. What he meant, naturally, is he believed in that for everyone else and absolutely not for himself. Thanks to Cheney Halliburton received in five years some $4 billion (at least) in government contracts and loans insured by the taxpayer. The Clinton government guaranteed credits worth $489 million through the US Export-Import Bank to a Russian oil company to the benefit through Brown & Root of Halliburton. This company, according to Russian and American sources and documents, was connected to drug trafficking and organised crime. Halliburton's business with the US Defense Department before Cheney arrived was worth around $300 million a year. Under Cheney, the former Defense Secretary, government contracts soared to more than $650 million, according to the *Baltimore Sun*. It's the same story with loans and guarantees from the Clinton government's Export-Import Bank and the Overseas Private Investment Corporation: $100 million in the five years before Cheney, but at least $1.5 billion under his leadership. In return for political support and loan guarantees, Halliburton donated big sums to political candidates and parties after Cheney's arrival and the lobbying budget doubled: $300,000 a year on lobbying politicians before Cheney and $600,000 with him at the helm. Halliburton has also benefited from US 'aid' to various countries, which was then spent by the recipients on hiring Halliburton. The *Los Angeles Times* obtained State Department documents that showed how government officials helped Halliburton to win major contracts in Asia and Africa. This is the way the Hidden Hand families and their agents operate. They control government decisions through the Hidden Hand one-party state and operate companies like Halliburton which benefit from those government decisions and policies. This is how, once Cheney

took over, Halliburton was able to expand so rapidly and become the fifth largest defence contractor in the US and benefited enormously from the 'war on terror' which followed Cheney's clear involvement in 9/11. Halliburton developed a worldwide operation involving 130 countries and became America's biggest non-union company. No wonder Cheney was given a $34 million 'retirement package' when he left in the summer of 2000 to be the running mate of Boy George. This was after five years on a salary of $1.3 million a year, plus bonuses of millions more, stock options worth some $45 million, and his sale of 100,000 Halliburton shares that netted him $5.1 million. Remember these are year 2000 figures and values. Cheney's Halliburton has worked closely with some of the most appalling terrorist dictatorships on the planet because this psychopath would work with anyone at any price to ensure more money, power, and the advancement of the Hidden Hand agenda. Cheney was Defense Secretary in the Gulf Slaughter supposedly aimed at Saddam Hussein in 1991 and yet made big profits for himself and Halliburton after 1998 through deals with ... Saddam Hussein's Iraq. The London *Financial Times* reported that Cheney oversaw $23.8 million worth of contracts for the sale of 'oil industry' technology and services to Iraq and he used Halliburton subsidiaries in France, Italy, Germany and Austria to hide the Cheney-Halliburton connection. Among these companies were Dresser Rand and Ingersoll-Dresser Pump. These contracts together were worth more than any other US company doing business with Iraq. A Halliburton spokesman admitted that its Dresser subsidiaries had sold oil-pumping equipment to Iraq via their European agents. So get this: Cheney's Halliburton contracts were helping to rebuild the oil infrastructure of Iraq destroyed by the bombs dropped by United States aircraft in 1991 commanded from the Pentagon by Defense Secretary Dick Cheney. Then, after 9/11 and the invasion of Iraq in 2003, he blew them up again while controlling the White House of Boy Bush.

Donald Rumsfeld – integrity not a speciality

Boy Bush's 9/11 Defense Secretary was Donald Rumsfeld, a long-time insider with an impeccable record of service to the global agenda (Fig 27). He began his career in Washington DC as an administrative assistant after attending Princeton University and serving in the Navy and was elected to Congress from his home state of Illinois in 1962.

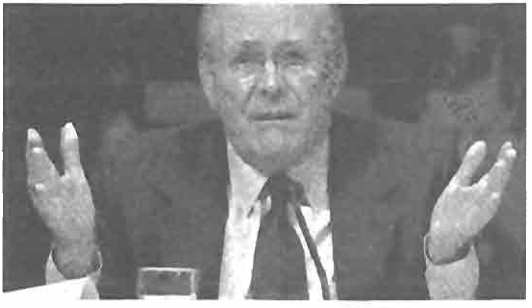

Figure 27: Donald Rumsfeld: 'So I lied – it's what I do.'

Rumsfeld joined the Richard Nixon administration (controlled by Hidden Hand Secretary of State Henry Kissinger) in 1969. He was a member of the Nixon cabinet from 1971 to 1972 – the year of the Watergate break-in, the sting on Nixon orchestrated by Kissinger which caused Nixon to resign. Rumsfeld went to Europe in 1973 as US Ambassador to NATO while the Watergate storm blew out before returning the following year when Nixon had been ousted. He became chairman of the transition to the presidency of the unelected, Watergate-imposed Gerald Ford. Rumsfeld joined the Ford cabinet as Chief of Staff at the White House (which means he must have been very acceptable to the despot Kissinger) and he became US Secretary of Defense for the first time between 1975 and 1977. He then went into private business while maintaining a close involvement in politics. He was Chairman and Chief Executive of G.D. Searle, the pharmaceutical company later owned by the despicable Monsanto, and was given a long stream of appointments in and by government. These included a role as the Reagan-Bush 'envoy' sent to meet Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein to arrange for the shipment of chemical and biological weapons for Saddam to use in the US-Iraq instigated war against Iran throughout most of the 1980s. The war began the year that Reagan and Bush took office. A declassified CIA report in 1991 estimated that Iran had suffered more than 50,000 casualties from these chemical weapons, but the Organization for Veterans of Iran said the figure didn't include all the civilians affected or the children of Iranian troops that developed 'blood, lung and skin complications'. A figure closer to 100,000 is believed to be more accurate with some 20,000 Iranian soldiers killed instantly by the chemical weapons shipped from America to Iraq with Donald Rumsfeld operating as the facilitator and middle man (Fig 28). These facts were confirmed by thousands of State Department documents declassified and released under the Freedom of Information Act. Among the biological weapons that Rumsfeld arranged to be shipped were viruses including anthrax and bubonic plague. This is the empathy-deleted psychopath who became Boy Bush's Defense Secretary across 9/11 and the subsequent war on terror in which American

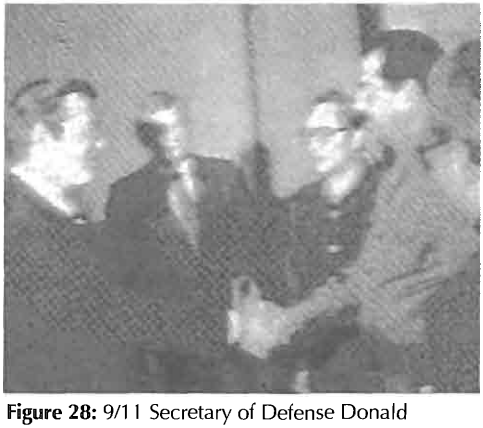

Figure 28: 9/11 Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld greets Iraqi President Saddam Hussein in Baghdad on December 20th, 1983, as he arranged for the shipment of chemical and biological weapons to Saddam for use against Iran. Rumsfeld was acting as an envoy for President Ronald Reagan (Father Bush).

troops invaded Iraq on the lie about 'weapons of mass destruction'. Rumsfeld even had the nerve (psychopaths have no capacity for shame) to say that 'ruthless and brutal monster' Saddam had to be removed because he used chemical weapons on his own people – yes, the ones that Rumsfeld arranged for him to be shipped. When he said 'ruthless and brutal monster' he must surely have been looking in a mirror. Rumsfeld is another who would 'never do that' with regard to 9/11? He was appropriately head of a pharmaceutical company when he did the business with Saddam and how helpful all his government connections proved at Searle in other ways. Rumsfeld used his Washington insider contacts to ensure that the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) gave the go-ahead to market the infamous brain- suppressing artificial sweetener aspartame (now known by other names). He was to Searle what Cheney was to Halliburton. FDA documents released under the Freedom of Information Act in 1995 revealed that according to scientists the consequences of this horrendous aspartame substance included blindness and death; brain tumours, brain lesions, headaches, mood swings, skin polyps, insomnia, depression, suppression of intelligence and effects on short-term memory. Investigative author and food specialist Carol Guilford described aspartame a 'molecular holocaust'. This is the mind suppressant (sorry 'sweetener') for which Donald Rumsfeld was hired by Searle in 1977 to win government approval. In January, 1981, with the Rumsfeld's friends in power under Bush and Reagan, he could get the job done. According to one attendee, he told a sales meeting that he would 'call in his markers' and get aspartame approved by the end of the year. The Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration was then fired and the job was given to Dr Arthur Hull Hayes, a professor and contract researcher for the Defense Department. His first major decision was to approve the use of aspartame in dry foods and his last, in 1983, was to approve it for soft drinks. This was despite all the evidence of its consequences and the opposition of his own board of inquiry. Hayes then left the FDA to become a senior adviser to the public relations firm of ... Rumsfeld's Searle. Rumsfeld earned millions for manipulating aspartame into widespread use and he picked up a $12 million bonus when Searle was bought by Monsanto, promoter of genetically modified (GM) food. Monsanto has since merged with Bayer which was once part of I.G. Farben that ran the concentration camp at Auschwitz. What a shower – what a Web. Donald Rumsfeld, a life-long manipulator with a missing integrity gene, was the Defense Secretary on 9/11 and during the subsequent war on terror and he would lie his way through the official explanation of what happened before, during and after the attacks. He was the official top man in the Pentagon although he was really a version of Boy Bush in that his deputy, the Israel operative, Paul

Wolfowitz, was the real point of power.

Other psychopaths

There are three other characters to mention to set up the background to the 9/11 Bush administration key personnel – John Ashcroft, Michael Chertoff and John Negroponte. Ashcroft was Bush's 9/11 Attorney General and another with his snout in the corporate trough with Monsanto, Microsoft, corrupt energy company Enron and the alcohol industry among his benefactors. When Boy Bush's biggest funder – again Enron – collapsed amid corruption and scandal we had the farcical situation in which Attorney General Ashcroft could not take part in the subsequent investigation because he had taken money from them. Ashcroft was so disliked that when he ran for the Senate in the 2000 election he even failed to beat a dead man. His opponent, the Missouri Governor Mel Carnahan, died in a plane crash with his son and campaign adviser while flying in a Cessna to a campaign rally. Carnahan's name stayed on the ballot paper and more people voted for him than Ashcroft. It was the first time anyone had posthumously won election to the Senate. While he couldn't beat a dead man Ashcroft was soon back in Washington when Bush named him US Attorney General. This is the man who began dismantling basic human freedoms in the United States in the wake of September 11th with an enthusiasm and glee that can only be described as orgasmic. Attorney General is another big Hidden Hand-nominated post. Ashcroft described himself as a Christian conservative who didn't smoke, drink or dance. He was against abortion because it takes a human life created by God and yet supported the death penalty and the murder of men, women and children in their thousands every month in the war on terror. Ashcroft's claim to fame before he joined the Bush administration was his 'war on drugs' and addictive substances and he demanded the death penalty for drug offences. Shit, bad news for the Bushes and Clintons then, but somehow they survived. Much more powerful and significant than Ashcroft in the 9/11 [In]Justice Department was ultra-Zionist fanatic Michael Chertoff, son of a rabbi father and reportedly a Mossad agent mother, who was named by Bush (those that controlled him) as head of the Criminal Division of the Department of [In]Justice overseeing the entire criminal investigation into 9/11. Chertoff is a central player in the 9/11 story and there is *much* more about him to come. One other psychopath I want to mention is John Negroponte who became Bush's 9/11 Ambassador to the United Nations which was a vital role in selling the post-attack 'war on terror'. Negroponte knew all about terror from his days as US ambassador to Honduras between 1981 and 1985 under Reagan-Father Bush where he helped to coordinate America's covert war against the Sandinista government in Nicaragua. US aid to

Honduras soared from $3.9 million in 1980 to $77.4 million in 1984 during his time there. This funded so many US bases and so much weaponry that the country became known as *USS Honduras*. I can see why Boy Bush (Cheney) chose him, then. Among the characters aiding and abetting Negroponte in his Central American genocide was Elliot Abrams who was named as 'special envoy' by Donald Trump in 2019 to take charge of the so transparent attempted US coup in Venezuela. The same soul-sellers turn up everywhere.

I wanted to lay out right at the start some essential background to key players involved in 9/11 to dispel the myth that they would not be evil enough to coldly play their part in the deaths of 3,000 people that September morning. The 'not that evil', 'not that ballsy' and 'not that competent' nonsense had to be addressed first for those new to this information because it is such a block on the opening of minds to the reality of what really happened and who was responsible. Yet even most of these US government operatives were relatively bit-part players compared with the prime orchestrators that I will come to much later in the book. The rabbit hole goes so very, very deep and before I finish we will be exploring – and exposing – those depths of almost unspeakable malevolence.

CHAPTER 4

Play it again, scam

The best kept secrets are those in plain sight – George Banister

Problem-Reaction-Solution (P-R-S) events abound throughout history that mirror in their themes and often detail what happened in New York, Washington DC and Pennsylvania on September 11th. They have been orchestrated by the same networks – even the same people in recent times – that played their central or peripheral parts in 9/11.

The P-R-S technique is so simple yet so devastating in the way it seizes and hijacks public perception and opens the collective mind to accept 'solutions' to 'problems' that have been covertly created by the very same people and networks promoting the said 'solutions'. Such connections, however, are hidden by the essential cover-story concocted beforehand to pin the blame on others for the 'problem' – a cover-story sold to the public by a compliant and pitiful mainstream media that simply parrots without question what the authorities tell them about what happened and who was responsible. If we had a mature, grown-up media these P-R-S mega-scams would not be possible because the cover-story would be taken apart very quickly; but we don't. We have overwhelmingly clueless people called 'journalists' who know nothing about how the world really works being string-pulled by the few that own and control media corporations and set the limits on what can be investigated or reported. Employment is swiftly concluded for those who cross the line. The Hidden Hand secret society network crucially extends into the media to install the owners, executives and keyboard fodder that dictate what you see – and don't. This is absolutely vital because you can't control perception if you don't control information. Ironically, the same clueless, gutless media then ridicule and dismiss as 'conspiracy theorists' those who do have the intelligence and backbone to question the cover-stories and show them to be riddled with blatant lies and contradictions. This essential cluelessness – essential for the cover-ups and the survival of their careers – extends even to the terms 'conspiracy theorists' and conspiracy theories' which are used as labels of derision to discredit those that question unsupportable and

unsustainable official narratives. As I said earlier, these terms came into widespread use in the 1960s when the CIA contacted major media organisations in the United States as part of a campaign to discredit those questioning the assassination of President Kennedy in 1963 and later those of his brother, Bobby, Martin Luther King and Muslim leader Malcolm X. The document can still be found on the Internet in which the CIA suggested that the labels 'conspiracy theorists' and 'conspiracy theories' could be effective in making the public ignore what was being uncovered. All these decades later today's 'journalists' continue to repeat these CIA-circulated terms of derision while having no idea how they came into such widespread use. Cover stories go on being repeated without question in accordance with the ancient technique of perception control – repeat something often enough and people will believe it. Fortunately, and more than ever before, the 'suckers' as the Hidden Hand perceives them are not buying the lies on the scale we have seen before and this is driving both the censorship of the alternative, questioning media, and public contempt for the systematically mendacious mainstream.

A perfect example of Problem-Reaction-Solution is NATO's Operation Gladio which operated throughout Europe after the Second World War. Gladio was primarily the work of British and American intelligence and involved operatives from many countries – especially in Italy where they were responsible for terrorist attacks and kidnappings that were blamed on target groups they wished to demonise to justify increased government powers. Operation Gladio was behind the Bologna railway station bombing in 1980 which killed 85 people and was blamed on a terrorist group called the Red Brigades to discredit communists. An Italian parliamentary investigation in 2000 heard that the bombing was actually carried out by 'men inside Italian state institutions and ... men linked to the structures of United States intelligence'. Former Gladio agent Vincenzo Vinciguerra, a neo-fascist serving a life-sentence for a deadly car bombing in 1972, said in testimony:

> You had to attack civilians, the people, women, children, innocent people, unknown people far removed from any political game. The reason was quite simple. They were supposed to force these people, the Italian public, to turn to the state to ask for greater security. This is the political logic that lies behind all the massacres and the bombings which remain unpunished, because the state cannot convict itself or declare itself responsible for what happened.

This is the foundation methodology behind 9/11 and there are so many Problem-Reaction-Solution 'false flags' which have remained unquestioned to this day by the very same media – sometimes even the

same 'journalists' – that have told you what to believe about the attacks of September 11th. Here are just a few:

Oklahoma bombing

There was a 'rehearsal' for what happened on September 11th six years earlier on April 19th, 1995, when a massive bomb, or bombs *plural* in truth, destroyed the Alfred P. Murrah Building in Oklahoma City and killed 168 people, many of them children at a day care centre (Fig 29). All the classic features were there: the *Problem* of a 'terrorist attack' on a US federal building and the villain or 'patsy' named immediately as Timothy McVeigh; the *Reaction* of understandable outrage from the public when they saw the devastation and believed the government's version of events; and the *Solution* that followed with a series of measures that deleted civil liberties and targeted the so-called Christian Patriot or militia movement that had been having considerable success exposing the global conspiracy at least on one level. The Oklahoma cover-story from the government of Bush family associate Bill Clinton and law enforcement agencies like the FBI claimed that McVeigh was connected to the militia underground. He was executed by lethal injection on June 11th, 2001, and became the first federal execution for 38 years (Fig 30). Terry Nichols, his alleged accomplice, was portrayed as a white supremacist and racist even though his two marriages had been to a Mexican and Filipino. Go figure. McVeigh was executed and Nichols was sentenced to 161 consecutive life terms without parole – a Guinness world record. 'Anti-terrorism' bills were rushed through Congress in days and at least some had clearly been written and printed before the bombing. They included all the elements of destroying civil liberties that have been still

Figure 29: The devastated Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City. No way that this scale of damage was caused by a truck bomb as claimed by the official story.

Figure 30: Timothy McVeigh, executed patsy of the Oklahoma bombing.

further extended as a result of 9/11 with the 'white supremacy' card being played today with ever-growing hysteria. President Clinton was calling within 24 hours of the carnage for '... an easing of restrictions on the military's involvement in domestic law enforcement'. He also used the bombing to urge the media to ban 'anti-government extremists' from their newspapers, screens and microphones, and he attacked alternative talk radio shows which were giving the public a rare opportunity to hear and communicate information that differed from the official line.

The bombing was said to have been a response by McVeigh to the murder of men, women and children by the Clinton government at Waco, Texas, two years earlier to the day on April 19th, 1993. One of the government agencies blamed for Waco (along with the FBI) was the Bureau of Alcohol Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) which had offices in the Murrah Building. The official story said they were the target. A bill proposed in response to the bombing by Democrat and ultra-Zionist Charles Schumer, who became a senator for New York, included five-year prison sentences for publicly engaging in 'unseemly speculation' and publishing or transmitting by wire or electronic means 'baseless conspiracy theories regarding the Federal government of the United States'. Naturally, the government would decide if it was 'baseless'. Schumer, one of a stream of ultra-Zionist agents batting for Israel within the US political system, had also vehemently dismissed evidence of the mass murder by the FBI in Waco in a way that had sane people gasping for breath. His fascistic bill never became law, but it was part of a long-planned trend to target alternative information and opinion that is in overdrive today. The FBI 'Joint Anti-Terrorism Task Force' issued flyers urging the public to call the authorities with information about possible 'terrorists' in the United States. They warned people to particularly watch for those who were 'defenders' of the US Constitution against the federal government and United Nations; people who make 'numerous references to the Constitution'; those who 'attempt to police the police'; and 'lone individuals'. The FBI, the main [non]investigation agency for the September 11th attacks, is deeply corrupt at its controlling core and its primary goal is not to find the truth but to support official cover-stories by hiding the truth. My goodness you will see this recurring theme so clearly before the end of the book. You can appreciate from the 'solutions' to the Oklahoma City bombing how a Big Brother state was being prepared that would be expanded so much further and quicker after 9/11 and through Facebook/Google etc. and other censorship in current times.

There is a clear tell-tale theme with these set-ups and stings, be it Oklahoma, the Kennedy assassination or September 11th: The official story is so full of untruths and glaring contradictions that anyone with a smear of intelligence could take them apart. The cover narratives are just

that – a cover. They don't describe what happened, only what they want you to believe happened, and so by definition they have to weave a web of lies. With such a deluge of mendacity required to hide the truth there are inevitably lies that contradict other lies, and the bigger the event and the more elements and people involved the more lies have to be employed which lead to even more contradictions. If 'A' is true, then 'B' can't be true, and so on. This is certainly the case with 9/11. The Clinton government and FBI claimed that a fertiliser and fuel oil bomb in a Ryder truck parked outside by McVeigh destroyed the Murrah Building. McVeigh had said he was microchipped while serving with US forces and to understand why he would not vigorously defend himself we would need to know what was going on in his head. Why would someone not mount such a defence when he could not possibly have been responsible for that scale of death and devastation by himself and possibly even at all? Once a person is in government captivity the potential for mind and perception control is limitless with the techniques available then and even more so today. They can be made to say and think almost anything. A 'confession' from his jail cell by Terry Nichols in 2004 – eleven years after the bombing – should be viewed with that in mind although his claim that he didn't know what was really going on rings true of the way these attacks are set-up using 'patsies' – people who are manipulated to take the blame for something others have really done. They are tricked and misled to be in the wrong place at the wrong time by thinking they are there for a completely different reason. It was highly significant with regard to mind control that when McVeigh was first arrested he was given a 'mental assessment' by Louis Jolyon West from the University of California. What newspaper reports about this did not say is that West was one of the most notorious CIA mind controllers in America and heavily involved in MKUltra. West performed the psychiatric evaluation of Jack Ruby who killed Lee Harvey Oswald so the Kennedy assassination would not see an open court where the truth could be told. This mentally ill psychiatrist once killed an elephant with a massive dose of LSD. Another interesting coincidence is that two years before the Oklahoma bombing, Martin Keating, brother of Oklahoma Governor Frank Keating, wrote a novel called *The Final Jihad* which described a terrorist attack on the 'Oklahoma City Building' by a man called Thomas McVeigh. Keating dedicated the book to the 'Knights of the Secret Circle'. Days before the attack a Ryder truck was photographed from the air within a secure a military compound near Camp Gruber-Braggs, Oklahoma.

Provable lie

The FBI said the Murrah Building was destroyed by a single ammonium

nitrate truck bomb in a 20-foot Ryder rental truck parked outside by McVeigh. The problem is that this was impossible. Lies can do the impossible, but truth can't. You have only got to see the small crater left where the truck was standing to see that the explosive power could never have brought down the Murrah Building. There are other little details like the fact that while some pillars closer to the truck bomb did not fall, others further away did. This was a prelude to the stunning contradictions and impossibilities with regard to the collapse of the World Trade Center buildings. Retired Brigadier General Benton K. Partin said from the start that a fuel-fertiliser device in the Ryder truck could not possibly have brought down the Murrah Building. He said that too many facts simply didn't add up. Partin was no anti-government 'extremist', although that was the way he was portrayed to discredit his devastating testimony. He was chairman for four years of the Republican Party in Fairfax County, Virginia, and among a long list of US Air Force appointments he was Commander of the Armament Laboratory, a top research and development facility at Eglin Air Force Base in Florida. During his 31 years of active duty he became a highly acclaimed expert in weapons systems and explosives and his Air Force and civilian career record was extremely long and impressive. Partin's detailed assessment of the bombing was widely quoted in the alternative media while virtually ignored in the mainstream even though it destroyed the official story. Actually, make that *because* it destroyed the official story. Partin's report, dated July 30th, 1995, said that serious damage and demolition to supporting columns inside the building could *only* have been caused by devices attached to, or placed within, the columns. He said it was impossible for that to be achieved by an explosion from outside the building. The truck bomb could have shattered windows and scattered considerable debris, but the laws of physics did not make it possible to bring down concrete pillars that distance away. The laws of physics were also suspended by the official story of 9/11. Partin pointed out that '... most people fail to appreciate how inefficient a blast is in air and how dramatically its destructive potential drops off just a few feet from the explosion'. The main columns in the Murrah Building were constructed to survive pressure of more than 3,000 pounds per square inch. There is no way, as Partin's report pointed out, for a fuel-fertiliser bomb that far from the building to generate more than a fraction of that pressure. By contrast, Partin said the fantastic damage to the Murrah Building could have been caused by a total of just 150 pounds of explosive if it was located in the right places on the right support columns. Dr Rodger Raubach, a PhD in physical chemistry and member of the research faculty at Stanford University, said:

> General Partin's assessment is absolutely correct. I don't care if they pulled up a semi-trailer truck with 20 tons of ammonium nitrate; it wouldn't do the damage we saw there.

The 'McVeigh bomb' began to miraculously increase in size once the government and FBI were faced with these facts about the impossibility of a truck bomb causing the damage – the same way the 9/11 story changed once elements of the earlier version were revealed to be impossible. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms and other government agencies originally said the bomb contained 1,200 pounds of ammonium nitrate and fuel oil; but, as if by magic, it was to become 4,000 pounds and eventually 4,800. I even heard 7,000 pounds quoted in the media around the time of McVeigh's execution in 2001. It really didn't matter to the laws of physics even if it was 20 tons although it did provide confirmation that we were dealing with a cover-story lie. A study by the US Air Force confirmed that even at 4,800 pounds the story does not make sense:

> It is impossible to ascribe the damage that occurred on April 19th, 1995, to a single truck bomb containing 4,800 pounds ... In fact, the maximum predicted damage of the floor panels of the Murrah federal building is equal to approximately 1% of the total floor area of the building. It must be concluded that the damage at the Murrah federal building is not the result of the truck bomb itself, but rather due to other factors such as locally placed charges within the building itself.

This report was not presented at McVeigh's trial and neither were 4,000 pages of other evidence that the corrupt-to-its-core FBI claimed to have 'lost'. FBI agents interviewed General Partin but did nothing when he showed them that the official story was impossible (this is the same FBI that was the lead investigating agency of 9/11). Partin sent copies of his detailed engineering analysis, including colour photographs, to every member of Congress and more than a thousand media organisations. Only a handful of replies came back. They would rather the orchestrators of mass murder remain at large than reveal that the government and its agencies were lying at every turn. People still say that if the conspiracy I am exposing were true *the media would tell us* about it. Talk about fully-paid-up members of Naivety Anonymous. Researcher J. Orlin Grabbe and others have revealed that a secret Pentagon report on the bombing came to basically the same conclusions as Partin. Grabbe said the Pentagon commissioned nine explosives experts to write reports and accepted two of them as the 'official' report. He said he spoke to both experts, but they declined to be interviewed because of 'confidentiality agreements with the Pentagon'. Grabbe

revealed that sources familiar with the Pentagon report told him that the conclusions were the same as those of General Partin, except that the Pentagon report concluded there were demolition charges placed on five columns and not the four suggested by Partin. These findings were supported by the science and witness accounts. Many said they heard more than one explosion. A 500-page report by the Oklahoma City Bombing Investigation Commission said that many witnesses 'have testified to hearing a second bomb' and that 'explosives experts contend that the extent of the damage to the building could not have resulted from a single truck bomb ...' The seismographic record at the Oklahoma Geological Survey (OGS) at the University of Oklahoma recorded two 'seismic events' at the time the Murrah Building was hit and a geophysicist at the OGS, Dr Raymon L. Brown, told *New American* that the simplest explanation for this was 'two separate explosions'. Witnesses support this. After rescuers arrived on the scene there were many reports of other bombs being found and defused and the area was evacuated several times. Volunteers at the site and television viewers remember how police and fire authorities warned that another device, or devices, had been found in the rubble. Television reporters and witnesses that morning said there were other bombs on the site that had not exploded. Oklahoma Governor Frank Keating told one interviewer: 'Reports that I have is that one device was deactivated, apparently there's another device ...' A television report quotes the FBI as saying the explosion was caused by a 'very sophisticated device and had to have been done by an explosives expert'. A spokesman for the rescue teams said that they were not able to get into the wreckage to retrieve the injured because of unexploded bombs still in the building. A reporter with KWTV said that he had just seen a bomb squad truck going towards the Murrah Building to defuse another device. Senator Charles Key's Oklahoma Bombing Investigation Committee confirmed these reports and said there were at least four sightings of other bombs in the building. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) removed these unexploded bombs from the scene according to police logs and firefighter witnesses. This is the ATF that was supposed to have been McVeigh's target in the official cover story. We were told at different times that other bombs were found, that no other bombs were found, and that bombs were found, but they were 'dummies' used for training by the ATF. Soon all of this was forgotten and the official version of what happened dominated the media. The Oklahoma Bombing Investigation Committee also concluded:

> There is sufficient evidence to confirm that law enforcement agencies in Oklahoma City, as well as Washington DC, had sufficient prior knowledge of the impending disaster, yet took minimum measures to avert the bombing.

> Documents and witnesses support this conclusion.

What a precursor that statement was to what happened on 9/11. On the subject of which ... rubble from both the Murrah Building and the World Trade Center was swiftly removed to prevent a proper analysis that would reveal the truth of what happened.

Rubble trouble

Rubble from the Murrah Building contained the proof of where the bombs were really located, what they were, and how many there were. All that was required to establish what had happened beyond doubt was for explosives experts to go in and do their analysis. General Partin made this very point and requested that the site be protected until this investigation could take place. He wrote to Oklahoma Senator Don Nickles and delivered the letter personally to his Washington office and to those of some 23 other senators and 30 congressmen on May 18th, 1995. He wrote:

> I am concerned that vital evidence will soon be destroyed with the pending demolition of the Federal Building in Oklahoma City. From all the evidence I have seen in the published material, I can say with a high level of confidence that the damage pattern on the reinforced concrete superstructure could not possibly have been attained from the single truck bomb without supplementing demolition charges at some of the reinforced column bases.
>
> The total incompatibility with a single truck bomb lies in the fact that either some of the columns collapsed that should not have collapsed or some of the columns are still standing that should have collapsed and did not.

Instead of listening to Partin the government hired a company called Controlled Demolition to bring down the rest of the building and take the rubble to a private landfill site operated by BFI Waste Systems. Here the remains of the Murrah Building were kept under guard by the Wackenhut Corporation, one of the Hidden Hand's many private armies which helped to ship chemical weapons equipment to Saddam Hussein before the Gulf War thanks to middleman Donald Rumsfeld. George Wackenhut, a former FBI operative, started the company with other FBI associates in 1954. Recruits from the FBI, CIA, and military dominated its board. Wackenhut was a long-time friend of Father Bush and funded his political campaigns along with those of Boy George and Florida governor Jeb Bush. McVeigh's defence team and independent explosives experts were refused access to the rubble that would have revealed all and represented a glaring admission that there was something to hide. Controlled Demolition said this about the Murrah contract on its

website: 'When a crime scene involves the detonation of explosives, and the possibility of undetonated materials exist, an experienced contractor is needed to preserve evidence critical to ongoing investigations while dealing with any explosives discovered.' So why was McVeigh's defence team not allowed access to any virgin remains to conduct such investigations? The removal of the Murrah Building rubble before it could be analysed was repeated with the remains of the World Trade Center after 9/11 as I will detail.

Clear prior knowledge

The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms was supposed to be McVeigh's target so how strange then that no ATF agents were killed or injured because they were miraculously not in the office that morning. We'll see that key players on 9/11 were also miraculously not where they would normally have been on that morning and survived as a result. There were no badge-carrying federal agents in the Murrah Building, only civilian workers. The ATF wheeled out agent Alex McCauley when this fact became known and he told of heroic efforts to rescue victims by himself and a fellow agent who was said to have fallen three floors in an elevator and lived; but Duane James, the building maintenance supervisor, proved that technically and logistically the story was a lie. He said that it was 'pure fantasy' and the ATF had to retract the story and admit that McCauley was nowhere near the building – let alone in it. Remember that when reading the official story of 9/11. The ATF would not say where McCauley or any of their other personnel actually were. Federal Judge Wayne Alley was not in his chambers across the street from the Murrah Building either. He told the *Oregonian* newspaper that he had decided not to go to work that day because 'there had been talk'. He said:

> Let me just say that within the past two or three weeks, information has been disseminated ... that indicated concerns on the part of people who ought to know, that we ought to be a little more careful ... My subjective impression was there was a reason for a dissemination of these concerns.

Alley was warned off in other words and took the advice because the authorities had prior knowledge of what was going to happen – the same would be the case on 9/11. Witnesses who spoke with ATF agents at the scene were told its personnel were not in the building because they had been tipped off through their pagers not to go to work that day. These witnesses included Tiffany Bible, a paramedic who was at the Murrah Building within minutes of the blasts. She swore in an affidavit that she found the ATF in full combat gear (which apparently takes half an hour to put on) and they said they had been pre-warned. Another

major question: Why was the bomb squad on site *before* the bombing? Glenn and Kathy Wilburn who lost two small children in the bombing worked constantly and passionately for years to uncover the truth. They conducted and documented more than 300 hours of interviews and persuaded people to talk who had remained silent for fear of the consequences. They established beyond question that a heavily armed bomb squad had been in downtown Oklahoma near the Murrah Building that morning *before* the bombs exploded. Many people saw them, including Oklahoma lawyer Daniel J. Adomitis, who was heading for a charity board meeting at 7.30am, an hour and a half before the explosion:

> There was this fairly large truck with a trailer behind it. It had a shield on the side of the door that said 'bomb disposal' or 'bomb squad' below it. And I really found that interesting. You know, I'd never seen anything like that in person.

Parents saw these people in their bomb squad uniforms when they dropped their children off at the day care centre at the Murrah Building – children they would never see alive again. The Sheriff's Department had to admit after months of denial by the FBI and other government agencies that the bomb squad *had* been there. Glenn and Kathy Wilburn were bitterly attacked by other bereaved families as they challenged the government story and they were denounced as 'conspiracy theorists'. Such is the scale of 'they would never do that' programming. We are dealing with extreme psychopaths and 'they' will do whatever it takes to get what they want. In the end other families also became convinced that the authorities had prior knowledge of the bombing, just as they did about 9/11. The Wilburns and many other families filed legal claims against the US government alleging they had 'detailed prior knowledge of the planned bombing of the Murrah Building yet failed to prevent the bombing from taking place' and claimed that ATF agents were 'alerted not to go to work on April 19th, 1995'.

FB-LIE

Danny Colson, the FBI's director of the terrorist task force, told *Time* magazine in 1999 that when he heard about the blast he had driven to Oklahoma from his home in Dallas at speeds of 100 miles an hour to support the rescue operation and 'investigation'. In fact, Colson checked into the Embassy Suites Hotel in Oklahoma at 12.20am on April 19th which was nine hours *before* the bomb went off. *Why*? The FBI said McVeigh's truck rental agency was tracked from a vehicle identification number (VIN) on the Ryder truck's rear axle. This axle was somehow found both in the bomb crater (mayor of Oklahoma press statement) and

three blocks away (FBI). It must have been one heck of an axle. The FBI story is another provable lie because rear axles of vehicles manufactured in America were not imprinted with a VIN and the Ryder rental company did not add them to the axles either. McVeigh was claimed to have rented the truck with both his real ID and a false ID and the same FBI had to admit shortly before McVeigh's first scheduled execution that they had withheld 4,304 documents from his defence team. He was given a month-long stay of execution because of this. I can hardly say often enough that this is the agency that told you the official story of 9/11 and is completely controlled from its highest levels by the Hidden Hand. The foundation, motivation and nature of the FBI's upper hierarchy were dictated from the start by that epitome of psychopathic evil, J. Edgar Hoover. He became director of the FBI's forerunner, the Bureau of Investigation, in 1924 and was key man in the founding of the FBI in 1935. Hoover was appointed its first director and remained in the post until his death more 37 years later. FBI headquarters in Washington DC is named after him. Hoover created the FBI blueprint of corruption and deceit and was most definitely involved in the assassinations of the two Kennedys, Martin Luther King and Malcolm X in the 1960s. That is not to say that all FBI agents are corrupt – far from it and often quite the opposite. I am talking about those that control the organisation and the lower-level assets who choose to do their bidding.

McVeigh stitch-up

The FBI's 'star witness' against McVeigh was Michael Fortier who admits doing a deal to testify for the prosecution in return for lighter sentences for gun offences. He told the court that he and McVeigh had made themselves familiar with the Murrah Building weeks before the bombing to establish the location of the ATF offices. Well, in that case why did McVeigh stop at a gas station in the Ryder truck that morning and ask the way to the building? Why would he do that anyway when he knew he would be recognised and reported after the bombing? In that one moment he connected himself to the Ryder truck and the Murrah Building. Why? If he had spent so much time locating the ATF offices, why did he park the truck on the side of the Murrah Building *furthest away* from the ATF section when he could have left it directly underneath? We are also asked to believe – and depressingly many do – that having connected himself with the Ryder truck and the Murrah Building before the bombing by stopping at the gas station he then proceeded to 'get away' undetected in a highly visible yellow car travelling at nearly 100 miles an hour with expired licence plates. We are further asked to accept that when he was stopped by police for a traffic violation a man who had just murdered 168 people and maimed hundreds made no attempt to avoid arrest even though he was armed

and a highly trained soldier. McVeigh was arrested so conveniently for a traffic offence immediately after the bombing for the same reason that Lee Harvey Oswald was arrested in a cinema immediately after the Kennedy assassination and Osama Bin Laden was named as the culprit immediately after 9/11. They are the patsies required by Problem-Reaction-Solution to hide the real orchestrators so name your fake villain as fast as you can. Lee Harvey Oswald was a US agent who was placed in the right place at the right time (wrong for him) without being told exactly why he was there. He realised this after Kennedy was shot and he ran. When he was arrested he said he was a patsy, a stooge, and would have said so in court. This is why he was paraded in public through a parking lot to allow another government agent, Jack Ruby, to shoot him and kill the evidence (see *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*). Ruby was mentally 'assessed' by the same MKUltra psychiatrist Louis Jolyon West who 'assessed' McVeigh – when he wasn't killing elephants with LSD. In the same way, very possibly, McVeigh was a government stooge who parked the Ryder truck without knowing the full story. This would explain why he saw no problem in stopping at the gas station to ask the way to the Murrah building and why he made such a 'getaway' and offered no resistance to the police officer. It would further explain why witnesses saw another man with McVeigh and the Ryder truck who became known as 'John Doe 2'. This mystery man appeared briefly in news reports and was then forgotten. I present evidence shortly that the FBI have security video of 'John Doe 2' which they have kept from public view. McVeigh apparently said that he was not told what the project was really all about and had been trapped, 'framed', and made a patsy to cover up high-level US government complicity. Years later Terry Nichols would say that McVeigh misled him about the nature of what they were doing – which would make sense if McVeigh didn't know either. It would be the blind leading the blind. Your patsies don't have to know the real story – it is essential they *don't* – and you only have to make sure they are where they need to be to manufacture your story of fake villains and give cover to the real ones.

Father Bush and the Iraqi connection

I almost completed a section without mentioning the Bush family, but naturally that couldn't last. It will stagger Americans to learn that at the end of the Gulf War in 1991 President Father Bush arranged for around 4,000 officers from the military and intelligence agencies of Iraq, mostly from Saddam's Republican Guard, to relocate in the United States and 2,000 of these officers became resident in ... *Oklahoma.* Another 500 went to Lincoln, Nebraska. Father Bush arranged for their funding, housing and employment, and this was continued by Bill Clinton and Boy Bush. Jayna Davis, a former reporter with NBC affiliate KFOR-TV in

Oklahoma, worked tirelessly after the bombing to uncover the true story. In 1996 the ultra-Zionist *New York Times* bought her television station and stopped her reports, but she continued to uncover devastating information. She established that more than 70 witnesses saw McVeigh with other men and that more than 20 of these sightings involved people with Middle Eastern features. A sketch of a man with 'olive skin' seen with McVeigh was released by the FBI immediately after the bombing and this was 'John Doe 2'. Jayna Davis was represented by lawyer David Schippers, one of the lead investigators in the impeachment proceedings against Bill Clinton over allegations of perjury and obstruction of justice in 1998/99. Schippers would later represent FBI agents who said their investigations into terrorist suspects were blocked by their superiors before 9/11. He described how the FBI manipulated witness evidence relating to Oklahoma:

> Some of these people who gave affidavits were interviewed by the FBI during the course of the investigation. They were interviewed about the second person they saw and the agents tried to make them say that the second person was Nichols. Every single one of these people said absolutely not, it was a Middle Eastern type individual. Now, listen to this, none of those 302s [interview documents], none of those investigative reports, have ever surfaced.

Reporter Jayna Davis produced a detailed dossier and interviewed witnesses who said they would testify that they saw McVeigh with a former Iraqi soldier who lived in Oklahoma City at the time of the bombing. This man surrendered during the Gulf War and was resettled in the United States from a detention camp in Saudi Arabia. The FBI issued an All-Points Bulletin immediately after the blast for Middle Eastern-looking suspects seen fleeing the scene in a brown Chevrolet pickup with tinted windows and a bug shield. James Patterson, an editorial writer on the *Indianapolis Star*, remarked: 'Something here doesn't pass the smell test.' FBI agents seized all security camera footage in the area that would have shown what happened and who was involved – exactly what they did on 9/11. Their excuse was that the videos were 'part of the investigation' (the traditional excuse also used with 9/11), but TV reporter Brad Edwards located a source who had seen parts of them. Edwards presented a reconstruction for the UK's *Channel 4 News* of what his source claimed to have seen:

> The source said that the tapes show two men inside [the Ryder truck]. One strongly resembling Timothy McVeigh gets out of the driver's side, steps down, he then appears to have dropped something on the step up into the truck. He bends down and appears to pick something up off the step. Then he turns and

> walks directly across this street towards the General Electric building. All this time John Doe number 2 is still inside the Ryder truck's cab sitting on the passenger side.
>
> Time passes. The surveillance tape is time-lapse photography. Without knowing exactly the time interval between shots our source can't be sure how long John Doe number 2 sat in that cab. What was he doing all that time? Then the tape shows John Doe number 2 getting out of the passenger side of the Ryder truck. Again the tape shows that a bombing witness accurately described what happened next ... the tape shows John Doe 2 getting out, shutting the passenger side door. He steps towards the front of the truck and is momentarily out of the frame of the surveillance camera. But shortly he appears back in frame walking towards the rear of the truck, still on the sidewalk in the front of the Murrah Building.

The source said that 'John Doe' wore a baseball cap, was taller than the man resembling McVeigh, and had an olive complexion. This was supported by many witnesses, including a man interviewed with a blacked-out face and featured in the report by Brad Edwards:

> I was standing in the building and I looked out the window and I seen the Ryder truck and I seen a man get out of the Ryder truck. He was olive complexion and he was ... he had black curly hair. He was wearing a baseball cap, but his curls were sticking out of his hat. It was very short in the back, but you could still see the curls in his hair. He was not American, he was foreign, you could tell by his skin, his face, and the way his face was ...

Senator Charles Key, who helped to produce a report on Oklahoma, said his understanding was that there is a video showing McVeigh and John Doe 2 getting out of the Ryder Truck and into another pick up. 'Where is that video ... are we going to get to see it?' he asks. Er, you must be joking, the FBI replies. Incidentally, I was on a radio show in McVeigh's home town in America in 2002 talking about the way the FBI had refused to release these surveillance camera tapes. A bloke claiming to be a former FBI agent came on the line saying loudly and vehemently that he worked on the case and there were no surveillance tapes. It took a member of the public to come on to tell him that not only did the tapes exist the FBI had admitted this on the national news. The FBI said in 2001 the tapes were not going to be released at all because of 'national security' (the security of the official lie). When McVeigh went on trial the FBI did not use the tapes in prosecution because they would have destroyed its story. If only McVeigh and no one else had been on the tapes the world would have seen them within hours of the blast. Rule number one of cover stories: if letting the public see something that

would support your cover story you let them see it. If the public seeing something would destroy your cover story you don't let them see it. Surveillance cameras are part of the Hidden Hand system of control, but they are also a problem for them when they carry out their public operations. Therefore we have a clear red flag test on these occasions – are we allowed to see the surveillance camera tapes of the scene in question? There were 17 surveillance cameras working 24 hours a day along the route of the last journey taken by Princess Diana between the Ritz Hotel and the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris in 1997, but at that time, of all times, every single one of the *17 cameras* was 'not working' – or so we are told. This scenario has been repeated again and again including with the London bombings of 2005, the police killing of an innocent Brazilian electrician shortly afterwards and most certainly with 9/11. James Patterson of the *Indianapolis Star* described how critical evidence that several Middle Eastern men may have been connected to the Oklahoma bombing appeared to have been kept from the public by the FBI. He said:

> Officially, the FBI has dismissed the possibility of a John Doe No. 2, an olive-skinned man whose sketch they released immediately after the bombing, or other suspects. But current and former FBI agents in Oklahoma City say they received documents pointing to another person or even a cell of Middle Eastern operatives. At a minimum, Congress should question one former FBI agent who says he obtained 22 affidavits and more than 30 witness statements describing sightings of Middle Easterners with McVeigh.

Hoppy Heidelberg, a prominent Oklahoma horse breeder, was dismissed from the grand jury 'investigating' the case when he went public with his complaints that the 'investigation' was a sham. He said he was not allowed to ask for witnesses, even though it was his lawful right, and one of the areas he wanted to explore was the reports about 'John Doe 2'. He said he was visited by FBI agents brandishing guns who said that if he knew what was good for him he would shut up. Apparently local, state and federal police detained dozens of Middle Eastern men after the bombing as they tried to leave the United States and these included members of the Iraqi Republican Guard brought to the US by Father Bush. Some reports claim that Bush-buddy President Clinton insisted they were released despite being found in possession of bomb-making materials. You are going to see that this behaviour was repeated in the aftermath of 9/11. Do these 'Middle Eastern men' brought to the United States from Saddam's Iraq by Father Bush connect with the 'Middle Eastern men' that form the basis of the 9/11 story? They had enough to choose from – *4,000* – and it would make far more sense than the official make-believe. David Schippers, lawyer for

Oklahoma reporter Jayna Davis, said the same team that carried out the Oklahoma bombing was also responsible for the September 11th attacks. He said that he understood a former Iraqi Republican Guard officer called Al-Hussaini Hussain, who had been mentioned by Jayna Davis as a possible John Doe 2, later worked at *Boston Logan Airport where two of the 9/11 flights took off.* Larry Johnson, a former Deputy Director of the State Department's Office on Counterterrorism, told Fox News the same. He said he believed that Al-Hussaini Hussain was John Doe 2 in Oklahoma and he added: 'The thing that really concerns me relative to 9/11 [is that] when he left Oklahoma, around 1996 and 1997, he went to work at Logan Airport in Boston. We don't know where he is now.' The involvement of Father Bush's Iraqi soldiers is highly possible – if not probable – in the 9/11 story, but only at a bit-part level. The force really orchestrating everything will become obvious much later in the book. Jayna Davis has testified under oath before a grand jury about the Oklahoma bombing and in 1997 she attempted to hand over a large part of her evidence to the FBI which didn't want to know. The Deep State agency showed a similar lack of interest when offered information about Osama Bin Laden which would have dismantled the official 9/11 story. Former FBI agent Dan Vogel offered to testify at a hearing of Terry Nichols, the man convicted with McVeigh, to say that he had received from Jayna Davis affidavits from witnesses who had seen McVeigh with Middle Eastern men in the months, weeks and days before the attack and on the morning of the bombing. Vogel wanted to testify that he had sent the package to FBI agent Henry C. Gibbons and yet the witness statements were not made public. However, a judge ruled that Vogel could not make this devastating testimony because the [In]Justice Department did not want the evidence to be heard and would not authorise the testimony. The Oklahoma bombing was a blueprint for how 9/11 was covered up by the same people.

Waco revisited

The FBI and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) were lead players in the mass murder of men, women and children at the ranch or 'compound' of the Branch Davidians community, a Bible-based apocalypse cult located 13 miles from Waco, Texas, on April 19th, 1993. The Oklahoma bombings were claimed to be retaliation two years later to the day for what happened to the Davidians. The ranch was known as Mount Carmel from the reference in the Old Testament to a mountain of that name in Israel. Authorities claimed the group were stockpiling illegal weapons and the ATF secured a warrant to search the compound and arrest the group's leader David Koresh and some other members. If they had something on Koresh they could have arrested him months earlier when he often left the ranch, but these deeply mentally disturbed

psychopaths wanted a ritual sacrifice by bullets and fire. Perhaps not coincidentally Adolf Hitler and the Nazis, serious malevolent occultists, chose the same day, April 19th, to burn the Jewish ghetto in Warsaw in 1943. They torched the ghetto block by block and then flooded and smoke-bombed sewers when Jews tried to use them to escape. What the ATF and FBI did at Waco was pretty much the same. April 19th and 20th are days of blood sacrifice through fire according to satanic occult law followed so slavishly by the Hidden Hand and its agents. April 19th is the first day of a 13-day satanic ritual period dedicated to the fire god, Baal, Molech/Nimrod, also known in Rome as Saturn, and sacrifice by fire on April 19th/20th has an emphasis on children – as with the Oklahoma bombing on April 19th when 19 children died mostly in a day care centre and the 26 dead children at the Branch Davidian compound on April 19th. The Columbine High School shooting at Littleton, Colorado, was on April 20th, 1999, and also involved the ATF and FBI. I cannot stress enough the obsession these people have with occult ritual and its calendar and I explore this in detail in *The Biggest Secret* and other books. Wars to these satanic psychopaths are mass blood sacrifice rituals. The ATF eventually tried to raid the Davidian compound in a seriously over-the-top manner that included three Army National Guard helicopters and an 80-vehicle convoy stretching back a mile. The raid was resisted and a siege began with the authorities having little interest in negotiation, a fact later criticised by an [In]Justice Department report. Janet Reno, Clinton's recently-appointed Attorney General, gave the go-ahead for a final assault on the Mount Carmel compound using *tanks and gas* to force them out on April 19th. Her main excuse was that children were being abused and Reno's solution was to *kill 26 of them.* The FBI Hostage Rescue Team would later deny they had such evidence of child abuse. Two documentaries, *Waco: The Rules of Engagement* (1997) and *Waco: A New Revelation* (1999) devastatingly exposed calculated mass murder by the FBI and ATF and the involvement of the highest levels of the US government. *The Rules of Engagement* won an Emmy award for best investigative journalism. *Waco: A New Revelation* was narrated by former FBI Special Agent Dr Frederic Whitehurst who detailed the criminal manipulation of evidence and stunning 'incompetence' at the FBI crime laboratory. The documentaries reveal how the authorities used 'flash-bang' devices to start the fire that engulfed the Branch Davidians after filling their compound with high explosives and poisonous gas. The devices were found at all locations where the fires started, but were claimed to have been silencers and gun parts. The documentaries show how 'shape' charges were placed by military operatives at the top of a concrete structure that became a 'bunker' where women and children sought to escape from lethal concentrations of CS gas. The 'shape' charges blew a hole in the concrete

roof killing everyone inside and caused the partial disintegration and fusing together of some of the bodies of the women and children because of the pressure and heat from the blast. Military explosives expert General Benton Partin supported this version of events and shape charges were also identified by some researchers in relation to the Murrah Building in Oklahoma. Gene Cullen, a CIA service officer, was among the sources that confirmed how Delta Force, an elite (and brain dead) unit of the US military, was at the compound during the 'siege'. Delta Force fired on anyone who tried to flee the compound through the only escape route and the Davidians either died this way or in the inferno. The FBI claims to have tapes of the Davidians planning to set the compound alight which they have never produced because they are lying. That's what FBI chiefs do – lie. It's their job (see 9/11). Cult leader David Koresh was among 76 Davidians who died that day including all those children. What were the consequences for the FBI and ATF after Waco? *Their funding was increased.* After Oklahoma? *Same.* After September 11th? *What do you think?*

Pearl Harbor – the first 9/11

President Boy Bush called the attacks of September 11th 'our Pearl Harbor' and 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century' and for once he was right although not in the way he wanted us to believe. Months earlier a Hollywood blockbuster movie had been released amid widespread promotion that marked the 60th anniversary of the attack by the Japanese Air Force on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, in 1941. This was the attack that took the United States into the Second World War. To this day popular accounts of history portray President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a Bush family relative, as a man who 'strove in vain to ward off war' and this is yet another gross misrepresentation. The Roosevelts and the Delanos are Hidden Hand bloodline and I mentioned earlier that President Roosevelt's grandfather, Warren Delano, was a major operator in the drug-running operation of the Russell family, founders of the Skull and Bones Society. Delano also worked in the drugs networks of the British government in Asia, China and the Far East in general. When Franklin Roosevelt was seeking re-election as president in 1940 he repeated the same mantra:

> ... while I am talking to you, mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance. I have said this before but I shall say it again and again and again; your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars!

Roosevelt even had the nerve to add: 'You can therefore nail any talk about sending armies to Europe as deliberate untruth.' He was re-elected because that is what people wanted to hear and this is another

example of how psychopaths are pathological liars. Roosevelt, a Hidden Hand stooge to his fingertips, knew that the sons and many daughters of America were going to war again across the ocean very soon. What he needed was an event of such magnitude that America would go to war while, at the same time, Roosevelt would be cleared of any responsibility for going back on his constantly-repeated pledge in the election campaign. The Hidden Hand plan, known all along by Roosevelt, was to engineer an attack on the United States that would so anger public opinion that people would agree to go to war against the aggressor and also join the European conflict. Roosevelt would have been well schooled in manipulating public opinion with engineered events as a member of President Woodrow Wilson's administration in the First World War. I have described in detail in *And The Truth Shall Set You* Free how America was manipulated into that so-called 'Great War' by ultra-Zionist agents of the Rockefellers and Rothschilds. Senator Gerald Nye of North Dakota said in 1939 that he had seen a series of volumes called *The Next War*. These included one entitled *Propaganda in the Next War* and they were written before there was any talk of a Second World War. The material, Nye revealed, included the plan for manipulating public opinion into accepting American involvement in a second global conflict which the documents revealed was coming. Wars don't happen spontaneously – they are long planned. This *Propaganda in the Next War* document originated in Britain (a global Hidden Hand centre). It said:

> To persuade her [the United States] to take our part will be much more difficult, so difficult as to be unlikely to succeed. It will need a definite threat to America, a threat moreover, which will have to be brought home to every citizen, before the Republic again take arms in an external quarrel ... 'The position will naturally be considerably eased *if Japan were involved*, and this might and probably would bring America in without much further ado. [My emphasis.]
>
> At any rate, it would be a natural and obvious effect of our propagandists to achieve this, just as in the Great War, they succeeded in embroiling the United States with Germany ... Fortunately with America, our propaganda is on firm ground. We can be entirely sincere, as our main plank will be the old democratic one. We must clearly enunciate our belief in the Democratic form of government, and our firm resolve to adhere to ... the old Goddess of Democracy routine.

Sound familiar in the months after September 11th and so many times since? The Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) is a Hidden Hand front organisation in the United States established by the Rockefeller/Rothschild-connected elite in 1921 which has driven so

much of American foreign policy to this day. The CFR is part of a web of satellite organisations that I highlighted earlier spawned by a London-based secret society called the Round Table which includes the Bilderberg Group, Trilateral Commission, London-based Royal Institute of International Affairs (also known as Chatham House), and the Club of Rome which was specifically created in the 1960s to exploit fears about the environment to justify the transformation of human society. The Council on Foreign Relations devised the plan to antagonise Japan to such an extent that it would attack the United States so providing the excuse for the US to enter the Second World War with Roosevelt in the clear despite his election promises. CFR founder Henry Stimson, Roosevelt's Secretary of War, wrote is his diary: 'We face the delicate question of diplomatic fencing to be done so as to be sure that Japan is put into the wrong and makes the first bad overt move.' The CFR's War and Peace Studies Project sent a memo to Roosevelt suggesting that aid be given to China during its conflict with Japan and that Japanese assets be frozen in the US, a trade embargo imposed and Japan refused access to the Panama Canal. George Morgenstern's excellent book, *Pearl Harbor, The Story of the Secret War*, reveals how Japan was goaded to attack Pearl Harbor on December 7th, 1941. Roosevelt, who was wholly-owned by the Council on Foreign Relations, set about provoking Japan into an attack with a number of measures and sanctions that included targeting Japanese oil supplies. The Hidden Hand circle controlling Donald Trump have employed the same techniques against Russia, China and other targets. Roosevelt's administration had been intercepting and decoding secret Japanese messages for four years before the Pearl Harbor attack. They knew the Japanese intended to alert diplomatic centres around the world of a decision to go to war through a false weather report during the daily Japanese-language short-wave news broadcast. The forecast of 'east wind rain' indicated war with the United States; 'west wind clear' would mean a decision to go to war with Britain, and British and Dutch colonies in the east; 'north wind cloudy' meant war with Russia.

A Congressional investigation heard in 1945 that messages indicating a decision to go to war with the United States and Britain, though not with Russia, were intercepted and decoded on December 3rd, 1941 – four days before Pearl Harbor. These messages subsequently went 'missing' from Navy files. Other decoded messages gave Roosevelt prior warning of the attack, but the public were not told and nor were the sitting targets in Hawaii. Joseph Grew, US Ambassador to Tokyo, had written to Roosevelt on January 27th, 1941, to say that Pearl Harbor would be the first target in the event of war and Roosevelt had information in total from eight different sources indicating a probable attack. Historian Robert Stinnett revealed the results of 17 years of

research into the Pearl Harbor conspiracy in his book, *Day of Deceit: The Truth About FDR and Pearl Harbor.* His research included more than a million documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act which show that prior knowledge of Japanese plans was kept from US commanders in Hawaii – the very same men who were later made scapegoats for what happened. Stinnett uncovered a memo written on October 7th, 1940, by Lieutenant Commander Arthur McCollum who headed the Far East section of US Naval Intelligence. McCollum confirmed the policy of systematically provoking the Japanese to attack the United States in order to provide the political and public motivation for the declaration of war. The attack was purely to manipulate American public opinion into agreeing to take part in another Hidden Hand war that had long been planned and no one was more duped than the Japanese. They had been tricked into attacking the US both by the Americans and the Germans. Nazi Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop had been pressing the Japanese to attack the United States. Hitler had added to the Japanese resolve on December 6th, 1941, by indicating that German forces were about to enter Moscow. On December 8th, the day after Pearl Harbor, the Germans were found to be in retreat from the Russian front. More than 3,000 people were killed at Pearl Harbor, about the same as the official death toll on September 11th, and they were still more victims of the Hidden Hand agenda.

The network that coldly allowed 3,000 Americans to be killed at Pearl Harbor to secure a political end would not kill 3,000 others on 9/11 to do the same?? Allen Dulles, the Hidden Hand agent, Hitler supporter and Rockefeller cousin, was appointed to the staff of the Office of the Coordinator of Information the day after Pearl Harbor. This later became the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) and then the CIA which Dulles would lead. The Pearl Harbor plan worked brilliantly as public opinion reacted exactly as required to an attack on American soil – or soil the US had stolen from native Hawaiians. Now the United States was involved in another war in Europe and 'our boys' were on their way across the ocean again, many of them to die, despite Roosevelt's election promises to their mothers and fathers. Roosevelt was in the clear, though, because, well, circumstances had changed. This is how Problem-Reaction-Solution works. You get what you want with none of the responsibility. Winston Churchill, the Hidden Hand bloodline Prime Minister in Britain and a relative of Roosevelt and the Bushes, said of the news: 'That is what I have dreamed of, aimed at, and worked for, and now it has come to pass.' He might have added: 'And I always knew it was going to.' The influence on Roosevelt of the Hidden Hand Council on Foreign Relations, with its membership throughout government, banking, commerce, media and military, cannot be overestimated. Roosevelt's son-in-law, Curtis Dall, said:

> For a long time I felt that [Roosevelt] ... had developed many thoughts and ideas that were his own to benefit this country, the USA. But he didn't. Most of his thoughts, his political 'ammunition', as it were, were carefully manufactured for him in advance by the Council on Foreign Relations-One World Money Group. Brilliantly, with great gusto, like a fine piece of artillery, he exploded that 'ammunition' in the middle of an unsuspecting target, the American people – and thus paid off and retained his internationalist support.

A committee known as the Informal Agenda Group packed with members of the CFR wrote the proposal for the United Nations and handed it to Roosevelt who made it public on June 16th, 1944, as if he was the architect. Henry Louis Mencken wrote in *The American Language* that the term 'United Nations' was first mentioned by Roosevelt in a meeting with Churchill at the White House in December 1941 – the month of Pearl Harbor. Some 74 members of the Council on Foreign Relations were in the US delegation at the founding meeting of the United Nations which was created from the start to be a stalking horse for the Hidden Hand's planned world government. The UN building in New York today stands on land donated by the Rockefeller family at a location formerly occupied by a slaughterhouse (how apt). The Rockefellers were also responsible for two other famous buildings in Manhattan ... the twin towers of the World Trade Center.

Gulf of Tonkin

The 'incident' that triggered the full-blown Vietnam War (plus the related conflicts in Laos and Cambodia) was another example of P-R-S. It was also confirmation that often you don't even need a real problem only a public perception of one – as with 'weapons of mass destruction' in Iraq. This is the technique that I call NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution. President Lyndon 'Brown & Root' Johnson, the man who replaced (without an election) the assassinated John F. Kennedy, announced on August 4th, 1964, that Communist North Vietnam had attacked American destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin off the Vietnamese coast. The official story claimed a US destroyer on 'routine patrol' was targeted by North Vietnamese torpedo boats in an 'unprovoked attack' on August 2nd and that this action was repeated against US ships on August 4th. The media, as usual, reported this as fact simply because Johnson and the Pentagon said it was. The truth is there was no second attack on August 4th and the first was not 'unprovoked' against a US ship on 'routine patrol' as many studies and investigative books have revealed. The destroyer *Maddox* was actively involved in intelligence gathering to support attacks on North Vietnam by the US-backed South Vietnamese Navy and Laos Air Force. Captain John J. Herrick, head of the task force

in the Gulf of Tonkin, sent cables to Washington that talked of 'freak weather effects' and an 'overeager sonarman' who was 'hearing [his] ship's own propeller beat'. Squadron Commander James Stockdale, a famous prisoner of war and later a vice-presidential candidate, was flying over the scene that night. Years later he said that he had 'the best seat in the house to watch that event'. He said there was no attack by North Vietnamese gunboats: '... Our destroyers were just shooting at phantom targets – there were no PT [North Vietnamese] boats there ...There was nothing there but black water and American fire power.' President Johnson said the year after he had used this non-existent attack to escalate the conflict into the Vietnam War: 'For all I know, our Navy was shooting at whales out there.' Tom Wells, author of *The War Within: America's Battle Over Vietnam*, said the government was able to deceive the American people because of the media's 'almost exclusive reliance on US government officials as sources of information' and their 'reluctance to question official pronouncements on national security issues'. This happens every time and never more so than after 9/11. Daniel C. Hallin wrote in *The Uncensored War: The Media And Vietnam* that journalists had a great deal of information available that contradicted the official version of events in the Gulf of Tonkin, but it was ignored. He said that it was '... generally known ... that "covert" operations against North Vietnam, carried out by South Vietnamese forces with US support and direction, had been going on for some time.' Journalists and media watchers Jeff Cohen and Norman Solomon described the responsibility of the media in what followed the non-incident in the Gulf of Tonkin:

> By reporting official claims as absolute truths, American journalism opened the floodgates for the bloody Vietnam War. A pattern took hold: continuous government lies passed on by pliant mass media ... leading to over 50,000 American deaths and millions of Vietnamese casualties.

Journalists, or those who pass for them, love to deny responsibility for their actions. They say 'we are just the messenger; don't kill the messenger because you don't like the message'. This is bullshit. If the messenger accepts the message without question they cease to be some neutral, 'independent' courier for information and allow themselves to become an essential tool in the propaganda war against the population. At this point, which was reached a long time ago, they are not 'journalists' at all. They are PR people for the official version of everything – propaganda tools of the Hidden Hand which ultimately owns them. President Johnson went on national television to lie about the Gulf of Tonkin and announce 'retaliatory air strikes' that became the insane Vietnam War. The media praised his speech and said the North

Vietnamese had only themselves to blame. Politicians are overwhelmingly influenced by the media, their perceived public image and financial backers and only two votes were cast against the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution that went through Congress three days after a US ship was *not* attacked by the North Vietnamese. Another lie = another war.

One interesting aspect of the Gulf of Tonkin was the part played by Rear Admiral George Stephen Morrison who was in command of the Carrier Division during the controversial 'incident'. He was the father of Jim Morrison, lead singer of The Doors, one of the most iconic 'anti-establishment' bands in the Flower Power 'counter-culture' era of the 1960s. It is simply fantastic to realise how many key bands and artists central to the 60's 'revolution' came from military-intelligence families in the Washington DC/Pentagon area and how they suddenly headed in the same period to California and especially a location outside Los Angeles called Laurel Canyon. From there the 'counter-culture' was basically launched on the world and one of the effects with its free-love, 'drop out' drug culture was to hijack the anti-Vietnam War movement and allow the carnage on both sides to continue for much longer than a feet-on-the-ground response may have done. Copious amounts of the mind-altering drug LSD that formed such a foundation of Flower Power came courtesy of the CIA. I can most strongly recommend the book by the late David McGowan, *Weird Scenes Inside the Canyon: Laurel Canyon, Covert Ops & the Dark Heart of the Hippie Dream.* I loved 60's music, but nothing, but *nothing*, is what it seems.

History is awash with Problem-Reaction-Solution events set up to justify a course of action that could not otherwise be justified. Another was when the Nazis burned down the Reichstag parliament building in Germany and blamed others for this mega-arson. Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany on January 30th, 1933, and on February 27th the parliament building was torched. The attack was blamed on Marinus van der Lubbe, a mentally-challenged Dutch communist who was later executed for a crime he did not commit. Hitler invoked Article 48 of the Weimar Constitution the day after the fire which allowed civil liberties to be suspended during a 'national emergency'. This Decree of the Reich President for the Protection of the People and State brought an end to freedom of speech and the press, the right of assembly and association, privacy in postal and electronic communications, protection against unlawful searches and seizures, individual rights to property and the rights for states to be self-governing. A further decree created federal 'police' agencies, the SS or 'Special Security' and the SA or 'Storm Troops'. The rest, as they say, is history and look at what has happened as a result of 9/11. What Hitler introduced to fight 'communist terrorism' has been repeated by American presidents and what has been

signed into law since the September 11th attacks. Problem-Reaction-Solution is a technique that spans the entirety of known human history and it is time to get wise to it.

Okay, now with all this essential background laid out we shall turn our attention to what happened and didn't happen when America awoke to the clear blue skies of September 11th, 2001. Strap in – it's an extraordinary story that will get progressively more extraordinary the deeper we go.

CHAPTER 5

What didn't happen

If the freedom of speech is taken away, then dumb and silent we may be led, like sheep to the slaughter – George Washington

The attacks of September 11th and their consequences of war and deletion of freedom are a textbook example of Problem-Reaction-Solution. This becomes obvious when you observe the blatantly mendacious official story and what it has been used to justify. I will briefly outline in this chapter the foundations of the utter claptrap we have been asked to believe and then begin to take it apart lie by lie. I should stress that many of the 'facts' in this official version depend on which spokespeople or agency you speak to because they have contradicted each other over and over.

The US government and its 'security' agencies like the CIA and FBI say they had no idea that a terrorist attack was being planned as tens of thousands of people began their working day in the office complexes of Manhattan and at the headquarters of the American military at the Pentagon across the Potomac River from Washington DC. These 'security' agencies employed together some 100,000 people in the United States and worldwide and devoured tens of billions from US taxpayers every year (and that's only the official funding). Yet they claim not to have uncovered one single piece of information to suggest that '19 Arab terrorists' were planning to simultaneously hijack four US commercial aircraft in American airspace and crash them into the very symbols of US military and financial power. The first they knew, so the story goes, was when it was far too late to respond. This is an outrageous lie to be filed with all the rest under 'n' for nonsensical. Anyway, this is the official fairy tale that they want us to believe:

Arab terrorists answering to al-Qaeda 'terror-chief' Osama bin Laden conspired to hijack four commercial aircraft in United States airspace to fly them into iconic American landmarks over a period of some two hours. The 19 hijackers included pilots who took over the controls and gave their lives – and everyone else's – for the glory of Allah. At 7.59am that Tuesday morning, American Airlines Flight 11, a Boeing 767, took off from Logan International Airport in Boston heading for Los Angeles. On board were 81 passengers, two pilots and nine flight attendants.

Following along the runway soon afterwards was United Airlines Flight 175, another Boeing 767, which departed at 8.14am, also for LA. This flight was carrying 56 passengers, two pilots and seven flight attendants. At 8.01am, and more than 200 miles to the south, United Airlines Flight 93 pulled back from the gate at Newark, New Jersey, and the Boeing 757 began its routine journey across America to San Francisco with 38 passengers, two pilots and five attendants. The take-off was delayed apparently by runway congestion and Flight 93 did not leave the ground until 8.42. Meanwhile, at 8.20, American Airlines Flight 77 was leaving Washington's Dulles International Airport for Los Angeles with 58 passengers, two pilots and four attendants aboard a Boeing 757.

American Airlines Flight 11

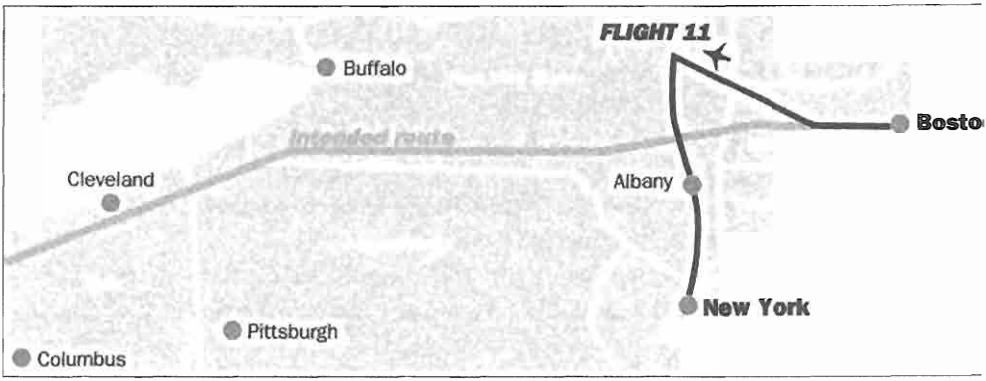

The official story claims that shortly after Flight 11 took off from Boston the plane was hijacked by Arab terrorists using small knives and box cutters. The pilot and co-pilot were John Ogonowski and Tom McGuinness, a former F-14 Navy Tomcat pilot described as 'big and burly'. About 14 minutes into the flight they were instructed by air traffic control to make a 20-degree turn to the right. The pilot replied in the normal way of ground to air communications by repeating the instruction and giving the flight code: '20 right, AAL11'. Very soon after this, the pilot was asked to climb to 35,000 feet, but there was no response. The following is claimed to be a transcript of the exchange published in *The New York Times* that took place from approximately 8.13am:

Boston Control Center: AAL11 turn 20 degrees right.

AAL11: 20 right AAL11.

Controller A: AAL11 now climb maintain FL350 [35,000 feet].

Controller A: AAL11 climb maintain FL350.

Controller A: AAL11 Boston.

Controller A: AAL11, ah, the American on the frequency how do you hear me?

Controller B: This is Athens.

Controller A: This is Boston. I turned American 20 left and I was going to climb him; he will not respond to me now at all.

Controller B: Looks like he's turning right.

Controller A: Yeah, I turned him right.

Controller B: Oh, O.K.

Controller A: And he's only going to, um, I think 29.

Controller B: Sure that's fine.

Controller A: Eh, but I'm not talking to him.

Controller B: He won't answer you. He's nordo [no radar] roger. Thanks.

So the first sign of a problem on 9/11 was shortly after 8.13am and at 8.24am a controller is officially reported to have heard a voice from the cockpit which said:

> We have some planes. Just stay quiet and you will be okay. We are returning to the airport. Nobody move.

The controller is said to have replied: 'Who's trying to call me?' There was no response. This was another 'radio transmission' reported to have been heard by controllers at 8.33am:

> Nobody move please. We are going back to the airport. Don't try to make any stupid moves.

Two minutes later another instruction was heard:

> Everything will be okay. If you try to make any moves, you'll endanger

yourself and the airplane. Just stay quiet.

If all this is true the pilots or 'hijackers' had switched on the microphone in the cockpit, which, the official version says, allowed air traffic controllers to hear the hijackers. Strangely, the four-digit alert code that warns the ground that a plane has been hijacked was never sent and that's the first thing a pilot is meant to do in such circumstances. Even more inexplicably no hijack code was sent by any of the four 9/11 aircraft. The official story says there was only one further contact between Flight 11 and air traffic control. This was when controllers were asked for a route, or air corridor, to John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York, although by whom is not clear. The transponder, or IFF beacon, which allows an aircraft to be more easily tracked on radar and supplies detailed information, was switched off at 8.20am and Flight 11 turned sharply and headed for New York. Losing the transponder makes it harder to track a plane with the more basic conventional radar that bounces a signal off the body of the aircraft, but it is still trackable so long as it is not blocked by mountains or low altitude. Without a transponder signal the plane's location can be tracked although not its height or identity.

We are told that flight attendant Madeline Amy Sweeney (known as 'Amy'), a 35-year-old mother of two, made calls from the plane and spoke to American Airlines Flight Services Manager Michael Woodward at Boston Logan Airport who had known her for ten years. She said hijackers had stabbed two flight attendants, we are told, and that 'a hijacker cut the throat of a business class passenger and he appears to be dead'. She added that terrorists 'had just gained access to the cockpit'. This begs the question of why the pilots had not punched in the hijack code of 7500 (known as 'squawking') if things were happening on the plane before the hijackers gained entry to the cockpit. The action takes two seconds and this would have alerted air traffic controllers to what was going on, but none of the pilots initiated this absolutely basic hijack procedure. Sweeney first spoke with Evelyn Nunez, a passenger service agent for American Airlines, then to staff assistant James Sayer before the most publicised of her conversations with Michael Woodward. An FBI media report said the men were storming the front of the plane even as Sweeney was relating to Woodward details about the hijackers. If all this was happening on the plane why no hijack code from the cockpit and why wasn't the cockpit door immediately secured from the inside? According to Woodward when the plane changed direction and began to descend Sweeney called the cockpit and got no reply. Sweeney told James Sayer the plane was over New York when at that time it was still around 150 miles from the city. She is reported to have told Woodward the seat numbers of the hijackers and that the plane was going down.

Her final words were given as: 'I see water and buildings. Oh my God. Oh my God.' I met with Michael Woodward at Boston Logan Airport when I was researching *Alice in Wonderland and the World Trade Center Disaster* but he said he could add nothing to what had been reported.

American Airlines later released an account of a conversation it says took place during the flight between attendant Betty Ong and airline staff on the ground. They say that Ong pressed number 8 on a seatback Airfone and got through to an American Airlines reservations agent who called the system operations control centre in Fort Worth, Texas. Airfone was an air-ground radiotelephone service embedded in seatbacks and marketed under the names Airfone, GTE Airfone and Verizon which allowed passengers to make in-flight calls. Ong is said to have made her call at 8.27am which was about twelve minutes after the cockpit first failed to respond to air traffic instructions. She said she was on 'Flight 12' before correcting to Flight 11. Amy Sweeney also said 'Flight 12' in her call from the plane to American Airlines passenger service agent Evelyn Nunez. Sweeney then called Flight Services Manager Michael Woodward and in his notes taken at the time the flight number 12 is overwritten with 11 suggesting a third mention of 'Flight 12'. Craig Marquis, the American Airlines manager on duty, said that Betty Ong told him that two flight attendants had been stabbed and one was being given oxygen. A passenger had been slashed in the throat and looked dead and the hijackers were in the cockpit. She said passengers had been sprayed with something that made her eyes burn and she was having difficulty breathing. Ong reported there were four hijackers (not the five the FBI claims) and she said they were in the first-class seats, 2A, 2B, 9A, and 9B. These numbers were slightly different to those given by attendant Sweeney and both were different to those given by the FBI. I asked the FBI in 2002 why there was a discrepancy and they said they could not answer questions because of the 'ongoing investigation'. I would have to apply through the Freedom of Information Act in years to come to find the information I wanted, a spokesman said. Craig Marquis asked Betty Ong if the plane was descending. 'We're starting to descend. We're starting to descend,' she is said to have replied.

At 8.46am, 48 minutes after leaving Boston, the official story says that Flight 11 crashed into the North Tower of the World Trade Center at the 96th of the 110 floors. Some may question why I am saying 'the official story says' Flight 11 struck the building when everyone saw that this was the case. But was it? The building was hit, yes, of course, but was the impact from Flight 11? There is much to question about that. The FBI later listed five hijackers on Flight 11 although two separate attendants on the plane both said four. I will use 'hijacker' names and spellings from the official 9/11 Commission report into the attacks published in 2004 because names have come and gone and varied in spelling. Among

those listed by the FBI as a hijacker of Flight 11 was Egyptian Mohamed Atta who is claimed to have been at the controls and the overall leader of the 9/11 terrorists. Other alleged hijackers on Flight 11 were named as Saudi Arabians Abdulaziz al-Omari, Wail al-Shehri, Waleed al-Shehri and Satam al-Suqami.

United Airlines Flight 175

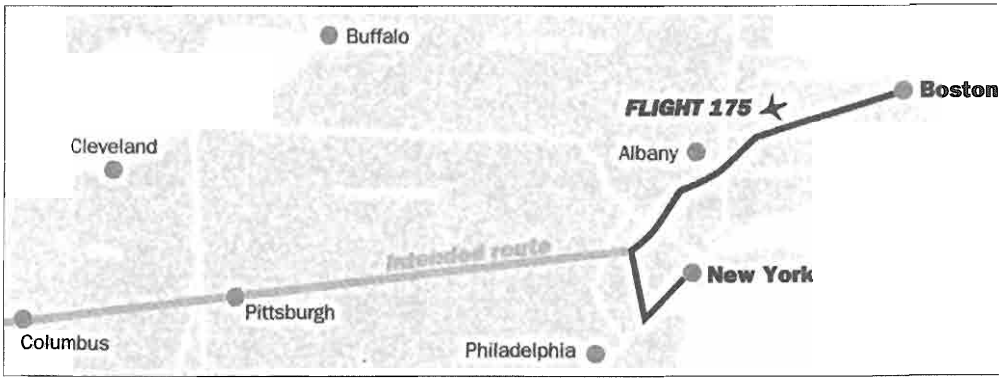

Captain Victor J. Saracini, aged 51, and 38-year-old first officer Michael R. Horrocks were at the controls of Flight 175 when it pushed back from Gate 19 at Boston's Logan Airport. This was seven gates along from Flight 11 which had left from Gate 26 about 15 minutes earlier. Official stories of what happened to the two planes are very similar. Flight 175 took off about 8.14am and nothing seemed amiss in the initial climb. At 8.37, with Flight 11 now known to be in trouble, a controller is said to have asked Saracini and Horrocks if they could see American Flight 11 ahead of them.

> **Controller:** Do you have traffic? Look at, uh, your twelve to one o'clock at about, uh, ten miles south bound to see if you can see an American seventy six seven out there please.

> **UAL175:** Affirmative we have him, uh, he looks, uh, about twenty, yeah about twenty nine, twenty eight thousand.

> **Controller:** United 175 turn five turn thirty degrees to the right. I [want to] keep you away from this traffic.

We are told there were no further communications between the ground and Flight 175 until 8.41, that's just five minutes before Flight 11 crashed into the World Trade Center. At this time one of the pilots on Flight 175 is reported to have called the controller and said, using the pilot code for Boston: 'We heard a suspicious transmission on our

departure from B-O-S. Sounds like someone keyed the mike and said: "Everyone stay in your seats".' Just 90 seconds after that communication with air traffic control Flight 175 veered off-course over northern New Jersey and headed south before turning back in a U-turn towards New York at some 400 miles an hour. Think about that – *90 seconds* between no problem and the plane being taken over by hijackers and flown off-course? Once again the transponder was switched off and there was no hijack code from the pilots. Howard Dulmage, an aviation attorney and pilot, said: 'You think four times in one morning one of those crews would have done that – that means they had to be upon them before they could react.' Well, that's one way of trying to explain it, but there are others as we'll see. I mean, *four* pilots on *four* planes did not do the first thing they are supposed to do when a hijack is happening? A female flight attendant is said to have spoken to a mechanic at an airline maintenance centre in San Francisco that takes in-flight calls from attendants reporting items that need replacing or repairing. We are told the mechanic reported the conversation at about 8.50am to Rich 'Doc' Miles, manager of the United Airlines System Operations Center in Chicago. Miles said the mechanic told him the attendant had said: 'Oh my God. The crew has been killed; a flight attendant has been stabbed. We've been hijacked.' The line then went dead. If this is all accurate then, according to the official timeline, the hijackers stormed the cockpit, killed the crew, took over the controls, a flight attendant rang the airline mechanic, and he called Rich Miles to report what she said – all in the space of around seven minutes. Messages were sent to the cockpit computer without reply. Passenger Peter Hanson, a software salesman, is said to have used his cell phone to ring his parents in Easton, Connecticut, at about 9am, some 45 minutes after take-off, and told her that hijackers with knives had taken over the plane and stabbed a stewardess. He is reported to have called again and before the line was lost he is said to have told his father Lee that the plane was 'going down'. Hanson's wife Sue, son Peter, and their two-year-old daughter Christine were also on the plane. At 9.03am what is a claimed to have been 'Flight 175' smashed into the South Tower of the World Trade Center on live television amid a fireball that no one who saw it will ever forget. The FBI said hijackers on Flight 175 were led by Marwan al-Shehhi of the United Arab Emirates who is claimed to have been a close friend and associate of Mohamed Atta. Others named are Fayez Banihammad (United Arab Emirates), Mohand al-Shehri (Saudi Arabian), Hamza al-Ghamdi (Saudi Arabian) and Ahmed al-Ghamdi (Saudi Arabian).

American Airlines Flight 77

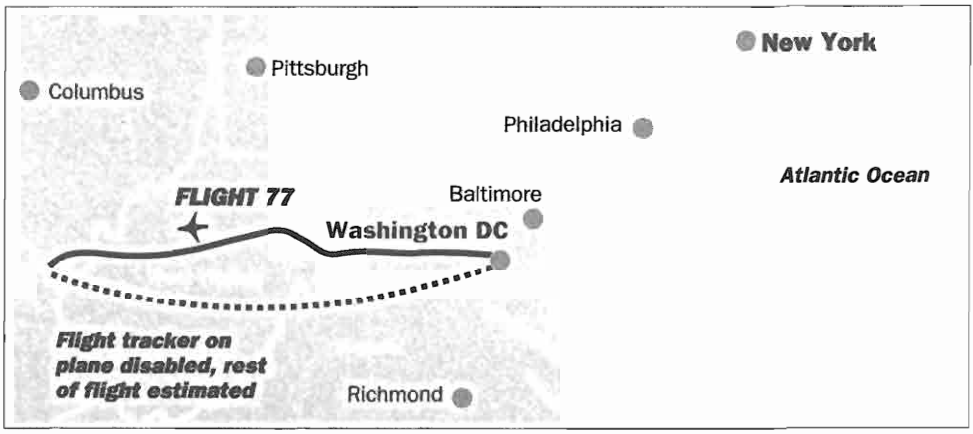

In the cockpit that morning as Flight 77 took off from Washington Dulles at 8.20am for Los Angeles were 51-year-old Captain Charles F. 'Chic' Burlingame III and first officer David Charlebois, who was 39. Burlingame was a graduate of the 'Top Gun' fighter pilot school and was such a perfectionist that one colleague said that he would carry a set of small paint brushes to dust the instruments. He had once worked at the Pentagon while a Navy reservist not far from where his flight would be said to have crashed that morning. Once again – *said* to have crashed? I'll explain as we proceed why there is good reason to question that claim. Burlingame's father was in the Navy and Air Force for 23 years and he and his wife are buried in the Arlington National Cemetery close to the Pentagon. Among the passengers on Flight 77 was a former American Airlines pilot called Wilson 'Bud' Flagg, a retired Navy Admiral once posted to the Pentagon; Brian Jack, a head of fiscal economics in the office of Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld at the Pentagon, where he had worked for 25 years; three engineers from plane makers, Boeing; and Barbara Olson, an on-air contributor to CNN and wife of the US Solicitor General, Theodore 'Ted' Olson. About 8.50am we are told that the cockpit stopped responding to controllers and six minutes later the transponder was turned off. A controller is said to have called the aircraft repeatedly asking: 'American 77 Indy radio check, how do you read?' At 9.02am, still nearly 40 minutes before impact, a controller is reported to have told American Airlines:

> We lost track control of the guy, he's in coast track [no transponder] but we haven't – we don't really know where his target is and we can't get a hold of him.

An 'unidentified' aircraft was then picked up on radar headed for

Washington at some 500 miles an hour. A military C130 took off from Andrews Air Force Base near Washington to identify the plane and reported it was a Boeing 767 (Flight 77 was a 757) moving low and very fast. This was Flight 77, or so we are told, with the Pentagon as its target. One of the alleged terrorists is said to have told passengers that they were going to die and they should phone their families. The official story claims that former federal prosecutor and CNN contributor Barbara Olson rang her husband, US Solicitor General Ted Olson, at his office in the [In]Justice Department at about 9.25am. He said he was watching television coverage of the World Trade Center when his secretary told him: 'Your wife is on the phone.' Olson said that Barbara, his third wife, told him that her plane had been hijacked using box cutters and knives. She said nothing about the number of hijackers or their nationality. There appear to be several published versions of their conversation and in one she said the pilots were with her at the back of the plane. Ted Olson told her about the World Trade Center and she said: 'What should I tell the pilot?' before the line went down. Olson said he called the [In]Justice Department command center staff who told him they had no idea the plane had been hijacked. His wife rang back and said the plane was circling, but the line was lost again, Olson said. We will see that the validity of Ted Olson's story is *seriously* open to question. He was the lawyer who argued the case before the Supreme Court for George W. Bush to be elected president after the Florida voting fiasco and he was a vehement advocate of Bush's anti-terrorism laws after September 11th. Ted Olson defended the United States before the Supreme Court in March, 2002, against charges that the CIA committed murder (which it does). He said that day:

> It's easy to imagine an infinite number of situations where the government might legitimately give out false information. It's an unfortunate reality that the issuance of incomplete information and even misinformation by government may sometimes be perceived as necessary to protect vital interests.

The official story claims that some *80 minutes* after take-off Flight 77 was seen approaching Washington DC. The plane is said to have made a sharp turn and descended very steeply from 7,000 feet to near surface level, crossed a highway and clipped street lamps, before striking a helicopter pad and exploding into a five-storey section of the Pentagon (one of the world's biggest buildings) at 9.43am. Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld was in an office at the opposite end of the Pentagon to the impact and such is the size of the Pentagon he said that he felt only a 'jarring thing'. We are told that a total of 190 people died in the plane and the Pentagon. The FBI said five hijackers were on board Flight 77 led by Hani Hanjour, a notoriously poor pilot of tiny one-engine aircraft,

who is said to have been at the controls when the wide-bodied jet struck the Pentagon. He was a Saudi and so were the other 'hijackers' claimed to have been on the plane: Khalid al-Mihdar, Majed Moqed, Nawaf al-Hazmi and Salem al-Hazmi.

United Airlines Flight 93

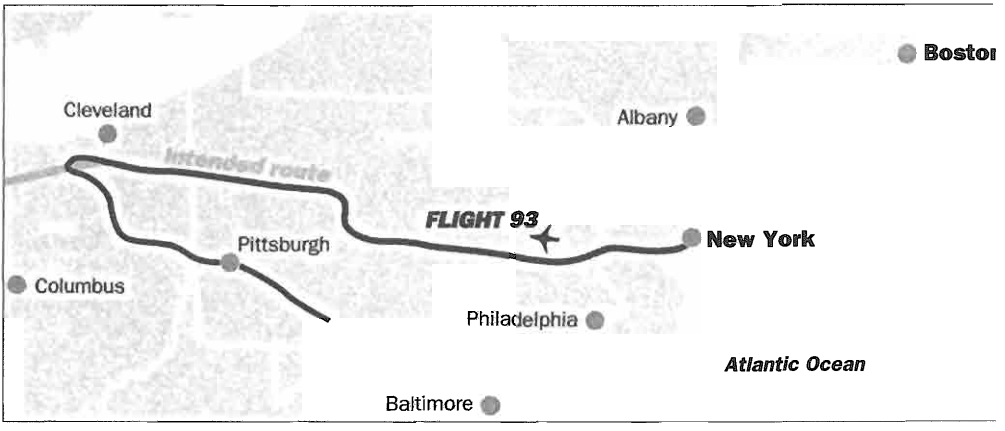

Flight 93 left Gate 17 at Newark International Airport at 8.01am bound for San Francisco and took off at 8.42am after its long delay. At the controls were 43-year-old captain Jason Dahl, from Littleton, Colorado, and the 36-year-old first officer LeRoy Homer of Marlton, New Jersey. They flew west over Pennsylvania and into northern Ohio where they received a message from United Airlines warning all pilots of a potential 'cockpit intrusion'. Flight 93 pilots confirmed receipt of the message and because of its late departure this was the only one of the four planes that had prior warning of possible trouble. It is said that Flight 93 was hijacked some 30 minutes after take-off, that's around 9.10am, and after two planes had crashed into the World Trade Center. The official story says that it was not until 9.40 that the transponder signal was lost. Hijackers are said to have forced their way into the cockpit and one of them warned he had a bomb attached to his waist. Hijackers told passengers they were taking the plane to another airport according to the official story. Air traffic controllers apparently said they heard two short radio transmissions around the time the 'cockpit was stormed' and in one they heard a pilot say: 'Get out of here'. An unnamed government official quoted in the media said there were at least four radio transmissions in which the phrases 'bomb on board', 'our demands' and 'keep quiet' were heard. *ABC News* claimed to have secured a tape of these transmissions in which a hijacker says:

> We'd like you all to remain seated. There is a bomb on board. And we are

> going to turn back to the airport. And they had our demands, so please remain quiet.

We are told that passengers used their cell phones and seatback Airfones to call friends and family and they heard about the planes crashing in New York and Washington. This, it is claimed, led to passengers getting together to challenge the four hijackers who were armed once again with small knives and box cutters. At 9.45am Todd Beamer, a 32-year-old employee of the computer software company Oracle, is said to have spoken to Airfone supervisor Lisa Jefferson after his credit card was refused when he tried to call his family. A summary of the 15-minute conversation was faxed by the Verizon phone company to his wife in which he said that the pilot and co-pilot appeared to be dead and the hijackers were flying the plane. Another passenger, Lauren Grandcolas, is reported to have phoned her husband Jack in San Francisco to say: 'We have been hijacked.They are being kind. I love you.' Beamer is said to have stated that one hijacker was guarding 27 passengers at the back of the aircraft while having what was claimed to be a bomb around his waist. He is reported to have said that two other hijackers were in the cockpit and another was guarding first class. Beamer sent love to his wife, who was five months pregnant, and his two small sons. The last words the phone supervisor is said to have heard him say were: 'Are you guys ready? Let's roll.' His wife Lisa, never spoke to him directly. The official story says that at 9.42am Mark Bingham, a 31-year-old rugby player and an enormous man at six-feet-five, called his mother, Alice Hoglan, from the plane:

> Mom, this is Mark Bingham. I want to let you know that I love you. I'm calling from the plane. We've been taken over. There are three men that say they have a bomb.

Jeremy Glick, a former national judo champion, is reported to have talked with his wife, Liz, on an Airfone and asked if it was true about planes crashing into the World Trade Center. He said the passengers were taking a vote over whether they should try to take back the plane. 'Honey, you need to do it,' she told him. Glick's mother-in-law told CNN that he also called her to report that 'one of the hijackers had a red box he said was a bomb and one had a knife of some nature'. She said Glick left the phone for a while and then returned to say; 'The men voted to attack the terrorists.' Thomas Burnett Jr, a 38-year-old father of three girls, is said to have called from the plane four times and in his last call told his wife that they planned to challenge the hijackers. 'I know we're all going to die,' he is said to have told her. 'There's three of us who are going to do something about it. I love you, honey.' Flight

attendant Sandy Bradshaw called her husband Phil, a US Airways pilot. 'Have you heard what's going on?' she said. 'My flight has been hijacked. My flight has been hijacked with three guys with knives.' Note again that the FBI says four, just as it names five for Flight 11 and 175 when attendants were reported to have said four. Bradshaw reported she was in the galley filling jugs with boiling water and she ended: 'Everyone's running to first class. I've got to go. Bye.' The official story is that passengers attacked the hijackers and the plane crashed into a field at Shanksville, Pennsylvania, at 575 miles an hour. The aircraft is said to have hit the ground at 10.03 or 10.06 depending on the information you believe. This is more than two hours after the first hijacked plane left Boston. By now thousands of people were dead and the world was in trauma at the unspeakable horror of what had happened. Four alleged hijackers on Flight 93 were named as: Ziad Jarrah (Lebanese), Ahmed al-Haznawi (Saudi Arabian), Ahmed al-Nami (Saudi Arabian), Saeed al-Ghamdi (Saudi Arabian).

Television brought the shocking scenes to hundreds of millions of people as the North Tower burned from the collision with 'Flight 11'. Then, 18 minutes later, as people were watching those live pictures, 'Flight 175' careered into the South Tower amid an enormous explosion of flame. An estimated 20,000 people could have been working in each of the towers at that time in the morning and the official death toll was a little under three thousand. At 9.59am, 56 minutes after impact from 'Flight 175', the South Tower collapsed as a horrified world looked on. Half an hour later the North Tower went the same way an hour and 42 minutes after impact from 'Flight 11'. The official explanation for the imploding collapse was that the fuel fire had weakened steel supports and the floors above the impact began to fall, creating an ever more powerful chain reaction as floors crashed upon floors until the whole building collapsed. Among the dead were 341 fire fighters together with other rescuers who had rushed into the buildings to help and been killed in the sudden collapse. We will see that the official story of why the towers collapsed in a provable lie that would have required the suspension of the law of physics.

This is a basic outline of the official story of 9/11 which has been used to justify mass death, destruction and slaughter in the Middle and Near East, a frenzy of mass surveillance 'to stop the terrorists' and the deletion of fundamental freedoms. From hereon we shall dismantle this impossible version of events and show that all the world-changing happenings that have followed have been founded on a Big Lie.

CHAPTER 6

House of cards

Let us never tolerate outrageous conspiracy theories concerning the attacks of September the 11th – George W. Bush

The official story of 9/11 is an obvious and transparent fantasy and the unspeakable atrocities were yet another version of Oklahoma and Pearl Harbor.

Problem-Reaction-Solution attacks are not only *made* to happen but *allowed* to happen and this is the combination you see in all these Hidden Hand false flags. First they arrange for their agents in government, military and intelligence networks, and sometimes terrorist groups they control, to execute the plan and then ensure the plan is allowed to happen by blocking the usual response by law enforcement and other security agencies. A proper investigation is suppressed in the aftermath and this, together with a pathetically compliant mainstream media, means the real perpetrators are never exposed. The perpetrators and those protecting the perpetrators are both assets of the same Hidden Hand Web. In fact, they are often the very same people and certainly were with 9/11. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty was a man with long experience in covert operations working with the US security apparatus. He worked with the Office of Strategic Services, the forerunner for the CIA, and established Air Defense Command in 1950. Prouty went on to work with the CIA then led by its notorious first director, Allen Dulles, and for nine years he served at the Pentagon as Briefing Officer for the Secretary of Defense, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Chief of Special Operations. He revealed in his 1973 book, *The Secret Team*, that the CIA was a tool of a 'high cabal' of industrialists and bankers (the Hidden Hand). Prouty revealed the existence of the CIA Executive Action programme which specialised in removing foreign leaders 'unfriendly' to American (Hidden Hand) interests. Prouty said this group was behind the assassination of President Kennedy in 1963 under the direction of its head, Edward Lansdale, who was in Dallas acting '... like the orchestra leader, coordinating these things'. Prouty later wrote and lectured about many clandestine operations and authored the book, *JFK, The CIA, Vietnam And The Plot To Assassinate John F. Kennedy*. The

Donald Sutherland character called 'X' in the Oliver Stone movie *JFK* was apparently based to an extent on Prouty who died just three months before September 11th. This guy operated for decades in the shadowy world from which came the real orchestrators of 9/11. This is what he said about assassinations and it applies just as much to what happened that September day:

> No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

If you look at the evidence detailed in books by myself and others, Fletcher Prouty's words are true in the assassinations of John F. Kennedy, his brother Bobby, Martin Luther King, Princess Diana, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, Swedish Prime Minister Olaf Palme ... the list could go on for pages. The same is also true of September 11th in that the usual security and response systems were nowhere to be seen. I am going to present the information layer-by-layer going deeper and deeper as we progress and what appears to be the case at one point will look different as more and more layers are revealed. Only at the end of the book will my presentation of the evidence (so far) be complete and even then there will be more to know. There always is. I will start with the most obvious question of how four commercial airliners could be hijacked in highly-protected American airspace and crashed into iconic buildings and a field without a military response over nearly two hours that in any way affected events.

NORAD and Cheyenne Mountain

The organisation charged with the task of protecting North American airspace in both the United States and Canada is NORAD, the North American Aerospace Defense Command, headquartered at the Peterson Air Force Base in Colorado with its operational centre in the nearby Rockies known as Cheyenne Mountain. This was the organisation that did nothing to effectively respond to the attacks in the very American skies it is their job to protect. Consider the scale of their operation and capability even in 2001. NORAD was created by an agreement signed by the US and Canadian governments on May 12th, 1958. NORAD's brief, to quote its own website at the time of 9/11, involves:

> ... the monitoring of man-made objects in space, and the detection, validation, and warning of attack against North America whether by aircraft, missiles, or space vehicles, utilizing mutual support arrangements with other commands. Aerospace control includes ensuring air sovereignty and air defense of the airspace of Canada and the United States.

NORAD has an agreement with the civilian Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) to respond to civil aviation emergencies when commercial aircraft are hijacked, lose contact with air traffic controllers or stray off-course. What happened on 9/11, therefore, was exactly what NORAD is there to deal with. The President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Canada officially appoint NORAD's commander. This means, of course, that the US President appoints him – on the recommendation of others. Another quote from the NORAD website in 2001: 'Cheyenne Mountain serves as a central collection and coordination facility for a worldwide system of sensors designed to provide ... the leadership of Canada and the US with an accurate picture of any aerospace threat.' Ah yes, Cheyenne Mountain. It was not long into my research of the global conspiracy in 1992 that I first came across Cheyenne Mountain. There have been many mysterious animal mutilations in that area, including some at the nearby Cheyenne Mountain Zoo, and researchers into 'UFO' activity have long had their eyes on the Cheyenne Mountain complex (Fig 31). What we know for sure is that this is the vast super-secret headquarters for the 'defence' of North America which acted as the early warning and response centre during the (manufactured) 'Cold War' with the Soviet Union. Cheyenne Mountain is also the location of so much more that we are not told about. The complex is mounted on more than 1,300 half-ton springs that allow it to sway up to a foot horizontally in any direction should it be struck by an earthquake or nuclear attack. The two main doors consist of 25 tons of baffled steel, three feet thick, and the complex is located 2,000 feet inside the granite mountain. In the same region are other major military and technology centres like Ent Air Force Base, Fort Carson Army Base, Peterson Airfield, Lowry Air Force bombing range, US Air Force Academy, Buckley Air National Guard and Naval Air Station, and Rocky Mountain Arsenal. A Scripps Howard News Service survey reported in 1998 that about 7,000 people were employed within Cheyenne Mountain and that spending on the facility was substantially increased by the best part of $2 billion after the 'Cold War' was over. This would seem to be a

Figure 31: The fantastic global tracking facility at Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado.

strange contradiction if you didn't know that the enormous network of underground bases and tunnel systems that connect them across the United States are not there primarily to protect the population at all. Their role is to *control* the population and operate as part of the secret Permanent Government with an agenda that US Presidents know nothing about. Inside Cheyenne Mountain are some of the most brilliant technological minds in the world using and developing technology that is light years ahead of anything you will see in the public arena. It is a big mistake to judge what is possible only on the basis of technology you know about. These guys aren't working with that.

The following information came from the official Cheyenne Mountain website in the period across 9/11 and represents only a fraction of what really goes on there. The excavation of Cheyenne Mountain near Colorado Springs began in May, 1961, and was completed in around a year, according to the official story. The NORAD command centre was located here and became fully operational on April 20th, 1966, when its duties were transferred from Ent Air Force Base. NORAD has since been joined inside Cheyenne Mountain by other 'early warning and response' organisations tasked with defending North America from air attack. One is the Air Force Space Command that is supposed to provide protection from space and missile attack and this operates the Space Defense Operations Center. From here personnel and 'their worldwide sensors, under the direction of Air Defense Command', supported the first flight of the space shuttle in April, 1981. Cheyenne Mountain continued to support every subsequent shuttle mission. General Ralph E. Eberhart, commander of NORAD during 9/11, was also commander of Space Command and took over in February, 2000, from General Richard B. Myers who was Deputy Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff at the Pentagon and acting chairman when the attacks were happening. Myers was appointed chairman soon afterwards and became head of the uniform level of the Pentagon hierarchy. Eberhart and Myers both served at the 'CIA' Air Force Base at Langley near Hampton, Virginia, from where, it is claimed, jets were scrambled (far too late) to intercept Flight 77 as it headed for Washington. Eberhart was Commander, Air Combat Command, from June 1999 to February 2000 when he replaced Myers at NORAD. I'll have much more about Myers' behaviour on September 11th and his bizarre lies in due course. I'm not finished with Eberhart either.

This defence network could not respond on 9/11?

The website for Cheyenne Mountain operations in 2001 described the role of NORAD and its capabilities – none of which were on view on 9/11 when events happened over a period of some two hours without a NORAD intervention that was routine every other day. The website said

that the Air Defense Operations Center employed its air defense network 'to provide surveillance and control of air operations to North America and unknown traffic'. NORAD's Combat Operations Center evolved into the Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center which collected data 'from a worldwide system of satellites, radars, and other sensors and processes that information on sophisticated computer systems to support critical NORAD and US Space Command missions'. Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center provided warning of ballistic missile or air attacks against North America, assisted the air sovereignty mission for the United States and Canada, and, if necessary, was the focal point for air defense operations to counter enemy bombers or cruise missiles. The website said that Cheyenne Mountain provided a day-to-day picture of precisely what was in space and where it was located and 'supported space operations, providing critical information such as collision avoidance data for space shuttle flights and troubleshooting satellite interference problems'. Cheyenne Mountain operations were conducted by six centres manned 24 hours a day, 365 days a year – the Command Center; Air Defense Operations Center; Missile Warning Center; Space Control Center; Combined Intelligence Watch Center; and the Systems Center. The Command Center was 'the heart' of operations 'monitoring, processing, and interpreting missile, space or air events which could have operational impacts on our forces or capabilities, or could be potential threats to North America or US and allied forces overseas'. The Command Center was linked directly to National Command Authorities of both the US and Canada as well as regional command centres overseas. NORAD and US Space Command assessed missile, air, and space events and a response and direction were then 'properly conveyed and executed ...' *Except on 9/11*. The website said:

> ... The Air Defense Operations Center provides command and control for the air surveillance and air defense network for North America. In 1994, they monitored over 700 'unknown' radar tracks entering North American airspace. Many of these were subsequently identified as friendly aircraft that had erred from flight plans or used improper procedures. Yet nearly 100 were identified as illegal drug-carrying aircraft that were subsequently prosecuted by the US and Canadian Drug Enforcement Agencies.

The technology located within Cheyenne Mountain was state of the state of the art for 2001 and the Missile Warning Center employed a 'worldwide sensor and communications network to provide warning of missile attacks, either long or short range, launched against North America or our forces overseas'. The technology provided information 'regarding missile launches anywhere on earth which are detected by the strategic missile warning system and which could be a potential

threat to Canada or the US'. The Space Control Center at Cheyenne Mountain, opened in March, 1994, had highly sophisticated technology that 'supports the space control missions of space surveillance and protection of our assets in space' and its primary objective was to perform 'the surveillance mission ... to detect, track, identify, and catalog all manmade objects in space'. The Center has a computerised catalogue of 'all orbiting space objects, charts objects, charts present position, plots future orbital paths, and forecasts times and general locations for significant objects re-entering the Earth's atmosphere'. The Space Control Center was tracking some 8,000 'in-orbit objects', and this information was used to provide NASA with collision avoidance information during space flights. Cheyenne Mountain was also home to the Combined Intelligence Watch which served as North America's 'indications and warning center for worldwide threats from space, missile, and strategic air activity, as well as geopolitical unrest that could affect North America and US forces/interests abroad'. Put another way, they have a satellite surveillance network that could read your licence plate from space wherever you may be. Combined Intelligence Watch gathered 'intelligence information to assist all the Cheyenne Mountain work centers in correlating and analyzing events to support NORAD and US Space Command decision makers'. There was a Systems Center that ensured 'continuity of operations throughout the Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center by providing communications and computer systems management for over 100 computer systems and 600 communications circuits in support of NORAD and US Space Command missile warning, space control, and air defense missions'. This is the organisation that failed to intervene in the 9/11 attacks.

'Most unique installation'

Cheyenne Mountain called itself one of the most unique installations in the world in 2001 and no doubt still does. The complex allowed for cooperation and coordination between apparently unconnected organisations because it employed staff from the Army, Navy, Marine, Air Force and Canadian Forces. Cheyenne Mountain operated military communication and navigation satellites that directed and guided 'western' armies during their bombardments of Iraq, Afghanistan and elsewhere. Major Mike Birmingham, an Army spokesman for the Colorado base, said: 'Space support basically allowed US forces to perform that famous 'left hook' operation [employed during the Gulf War] – the Iraqis assumed no one could navigate that well in the desert.' Despite all of this amazing technology and response capability four commercial airliners hijacked in American airspace proved too much for them on September 11th and absolutely nothing was done that made any difference to events. *Why?* If anyone is still in any doubt about the

technological and coordination capability we are talking about here and its instant communications network throughout the United States government, military and air traffic surveillance, the official Cheyenne Mountain website said at the time:

> The Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center comprises the largest and most complex command and control network in the world. The system uses satellites, microwave radio routes, and fiber optic links to transmit and receive vital communications. Two blast-hardened microwave antennas and two underground coaxial cables transmit the bulk of electronic information. Most of this information is data sent from the worldwide space surveillance and warning network directly to computers inside the Mountain. Redundant and survivable communications hotlines connect the Command Center to the Pentagon, White House, US Strategic Command, Canadian Forces Headquarters in Ottawa, other aerospace defense system command posts, and major military centers around the world.

I am outlining all these capabilities because this is the same organisational network of surveillance and security that we are told could not respond even *once* to the 9/11 hijackings and attacks over a period of nearly two hours that in any way impacted on the outcome. Flight 77 alone was in the air for more than *80 minutes* and is officially reported to have performed a U-turn from its authorised course more than *40 minutes* before it is claimed to have struck the Pentagon.

Colonel Prouty again:

> No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

Exactly.

Federal Aviation Administration (FAA)

The civilian (US government) Federal Aviation Administration has a joint response procedure with NORAD to react to hijackings. The FAA has been accused of large-scale corruption over the years and being steeped in the culture of cover-up. I am not referring to most of the employees, but the controlling core of the FAA. The late Rodney Stich, a former navy and airline pilot and FAA crash investigator, documented some of the corruption that he experienced directly and through his own investigations. He was author of the book *Unfriendly Skies* which charged the FAA with a catalogue of corruption, cover-ups and lies putting the safety of passengers at risk. Stich accused one FAA

administrator of covering up testimony and dozens of government documents supporting charges of corruption within the FAA relating to fatal airline crashes. It might be worth keeping that in mind when assessing the trustworthiness of the FAA leadership over 9/11. Stich said that information about FAA corruption had been repeatedly given to the 'politically-appointed' National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) which investigates air disasters. He said the information had been covered up and 'fraud-related' air disasters were allowed to continue to happen. Stich accused the NTSB of 'falsifying accident reports that covered up for their own duplicity in the crashes and deaths'. He cited the FBI, US attorneys and 'the main Justice Department personnel' as other people and government agencies which had been given the facts about FAA corruption involving major aircraft disasters, but ignored it and even retaliated against him and other former federal agents who tried to expose what was happening. He said federal judges blocked his efforts to expose FAA corruption through the courts. It is sobering to think that the FAA, NTSB, FBI and [In]Justice Department were all involved in the [non]-investigation of 9/11. Government agencies are pliable to what is expedient to government and financial interests and we will see obvious lies and diversions from all these agencies and the military with regard to September 11th. I saw a documentary about an air accident that happened in 1989 when parents of a passenger tenaciously pursued the truth and secured documents that the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) themselves possessed. These clearly showed that the problem was a faulty mechanism on a United Airlines cargo door which had long been known about. The NTSB gave a different reason for the door's failure which cleared airlines, aircraft-maker Boeing and the FAA from responsibility. In fact, *all* of them knew about the problem, but the FAA had allowed airlines 18 months for economic reasons to fix the problem when it needed to be sorted immediately and disaster followed. The parents were later proved to be right as the NTSB was forced to admit. We need to keep in mind that while these agencies have many genuine people in their ranks those in charge cannot be trusted without question to tell us the truth as history has confirmed so many times. Crash investigator Rodney Stich told his story about lax air safety to members of Congress who he said ignored documented evidence of 'hard-core corruption' within the FAA:

> These are the same members of Congress, and the secretary of the Department of Transportation, whose crocodile tears cover up for the fact that they were repeatedly offered evidence of the corruption that resulted in a series of fatal airline crashes, fatal hijackings, and who helped insure the success of the September 11, 2001, terrorist hijackers. The cover-up of these matters by members of Congress following the September 11 tragedies will

insure the protection of the guilty and continuation of the tragic consequences, as documented for the past 40 years ...

What the hell happened to normal procedure?

This is the corrupt-at-its-core network that told you what happened when the planes were hijacked on September 11th. The FAA was the other organisation, with NORAD and the Pentagon, that was responsible for responding to what happened that day. An example of the FAA-NORAD response procedure can be seen in the case of the private Learjet carrying professional golfer Payne Stewart and his friends on October 25th, 1999. Air traffic controllers lost contact with Stewart's plane after it took off from Orlando in Florida heading for Dallas. When they realised all was not well the FAA contacted NORAD and fighter jets were *immediately* scrambled to check out what was happening. The Learjet had suffered a pressurisation failure and was flying on autopilot while the real pilot and passengers were unconscious. An *ABC News* report quoting the Air Force said that after contact was initially lost two F-15s from Tyndall Air Force Base in Florida were sent to track the Learjet. The F-15s pulled back and two F-16s from Florida's Eglin Air Force Base took over. When the Learjet reached the Midwest, the Eglin F-16s withdrew and four others along with a mid-air refuelling tanker from the Tulsa Air National Guard replaced them. Finally, two F-16s from Fargo, North Dakota, moved in close to look into the windows to see if the pilot was slumped over and to help clear airspace. 'Officials hoped that the F-16s could provide assistance to anyone on board who might have helped land the plane safely', *ABC News* said. The Learjet ran out of fuel and the F-16 pilots watched the plane fall to the ground on unoccupied land. White House spokesman Joe Lockhart said the National Security Council monitored the doomed flight, fearing the jet might crash in a populated area. President Bill Clinton could have ordered fighters to shoot down the plane to avoid that potential tragedy, but Lockhart said no such recommendation had been made. Clinton told reporters at the time: 'I am very grateful for the work the FAA did, and for the two Air Force pilots, and the others in the Air Force that monitored this plane and made every effort to try to make contact with it.' The Pentagon's National Military Command Center (NMCC) and military big-wigs of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were also monitoring the Payne Stewart plane and that will become very significant when we get into the detail of the (systematic) non-reaction to the 9/11 attacks.

There's another important point to stress here. If you were 'highly trained' Arab terrorists from this 'brilliantly organised' network of Osama bin Laden, a network we are told was capable of hijacking four commercial aircraft simultaneously in American airspace, one of your

obvious calculations would be the possible NORAD reaction time once it was known that the planes had been seized. So why did they choose to hijack planes in Boston to strike the World Trade Center in New York with a distance well in excess of normal every-other-day NORAD reaction time and why would they have allowed Flight 77 to fly way out from Washington towards the Midwest before turning around and going all the way back to Washington? This meant they had to fly for *45 minutes* from the time the plane was known to be hijacked to the moment it was alleged to have struck the Pentagon. By any criteria, and the most minimal study of NORAD and FAA procedures on the Internet, they would have known that Air Force jets would be scrambled long before they reached their target. They would have further known that these procedures involved the shooting down of aircraft that threaten US cities. Had Payne Stewart's plane threatened people on the ground that would have been taken out. Any idiot putting this plan together, with the aim of crashing planes into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, would have been aware that under NORAD's every-other-day reaction times they would have to complete the mission as fast as possible. Taking off from New York and Washington and crashing them immediately into those buildings would have been the ideal plan for them, surely? Instead, Flight 77, which actually took off from Washington, was allowed to fly away from the city for around three quarters of an hour before the hijack happened and then had to be flown all the way back. This is clearly ridiculous. It would make sense only if those truly behind the attacks – not 19 Muslim hijackers – knew that NORAD would not be reacting that day. I suggest this is exactly what happened with the evidence to follow.

Reacting to the hijackings should not have been a problem with the fantastic technology available to NORAD and the Cheyenne Mountain operation in general. Technology allows aircraft to be located and safely navigated and communicated with from almost anywhere on or above the earth thanks to the satellite network known as the Global Positioning System (GPS). This was created for use by the US military and provides 'incredibly accurate position information to end users'. I'll just give you that again: it provides 'incredibly accurate position information to end users' and I am quoting from descriptions of what was possible in 2001. What's more this system was controlled by NORAD and the rest of the gang at Cheyenne Mountain. Yet they could not track those hijacked planes and follow what was going on? Besides all the ground-based and satellite-based sensors and surveillance NORAD also directed AWACS aircraft which are in the air 24 hours a day while refuelling from flying tankers. AWACS (airborne warning and control system) were a modified Boeing airframe from a 707-320 with the 30-foot rotating radar dome on the top. They were the premier 'air battle command and control' aircraft

in the world and provided surveillance to NORAD from the earth's surface to the stratosphere over land and water. One was involved in the Payne Stewart case. AWACS radar has a range of more than 250 miles (375.5 kilometres) for low-flying targets and further for those at higher altitudes and has a 'friend or foe' identification system that can detect, identify and track friendly or 'enemy' low-flying aircraft by eliminating 'ground clutter' that can confuse other radar systems. There is, to put it mildly, no credible excuse imaginable for what happened – or rather didn't – on 9/11 if normal procedures had been followed. Why and how they weren't will become clear much later in the book.

What should have happened

The hijack response protocol is made very clear in official regulations and procedures of the FAA. Chapter 7 of the procedures in 2001 deals with the 'escort of hijacked aircraft'. It says that an FAA 'hijack coordinator' on duty at the Washington DC headquarters will request the military to provide an escort aircraft for a confirmed hijacked plane to: (a) assure positive flight following (that's staying on the authorised course to you and me); (b) report unusual observances; and (c) aid search and rescue in the event of an emergency. The escort service, the regulations said, will be requested by the FAA hijack coordinator by direct contact with the National Military Command Center (NMCC) at the Pentagon (which monitored the Payne Stewart Learjet in real-time when alerted by the FAA). NORAD escort aircraft will normally take the required action, the document said:

> The center/control tower shall coordinate with the designated NORAD ... military unit advising of the hijack aircraft's location, direction of flight, altitude, type of aircraft and recommended flight plan to intercept the hijack aircraft.

Escort aircraft were told to position themselves five miles directly behind the hijacked plane and to approach from the rear to avoid the possibility of being observed. The escort plane should take the same altitude, speed and heading as the hijacked aircraft. When a hijacking happens within the continental United States, the procedures said, the 'appropriate NORAD ... Senior Director' is forwarded reports of the aircraft's call sign of position, latitude, longitude, heading, speed and altitude. An escort mission could be terminated by FAA headquarters, the National Military Command Center at the Pentagon or major military command authority – in other words NORAD. Air traffic controllers could, through the FAA, call for military planes to escort or 'intercept' a commercial aircraft if contact is lost with the pilot, the plane strayed from its designated course or anything inexplicable was

happening. NORAD scrambled jets 125 times in such circumstances the year before 9/11. An intercept does not require the approval of the US President or some high-up government official. It is a routine response to check what is going on and who is flying the plane. The intention was not to blow the plane from the sky which needed presidential approval or, since 9/11, the approval of the head of NORAD and other designated military chiefs. There was an agreed procedure and code in place for communicating between intercepting NORAD jets and commercial aircraft. For example:

> Rocking wings from a position slightly above and ahead of, and normally to the left of, the intercepted aircraft and, after acknowledgement, a slow level turn, normally to the left, on to the desired heading = You have been intercepted, follow me; circling aerodrome, lowering landing gear and over flying runway in direction of landing ... = Land at this aerodrome.

There was, likewise, a series of coded replies for the other aircraft. If the hijacked plane did not follow these orders the interceptor could 'make a pass in front of the aircraft' and eventually 'fire tracer rounds in the airplane's path' or 'down it with a missile', according to Marine Corps Major Mike Snyder, a NORAD spokesman quoted in the *Boston Globe*. Snyder confirmed that fighters intercepting aircraft was 'routine'. For example, after 9/11 when a small private Cessna flew near to President Bush's ranch at Crawford, Texas, the FAA activated a response through NORAD and two jets were dispatched immediately. They tuned to the pilot's frequency and ordered him to land. Another similar incident was reported in Wood County, Texas, where Rodney Mize, the Sheriff's Senior Dispatcher, confirmed that a private plane carrying four reporters from the *Houston Chronicle* was forced down by two military pilots in A-10 Warthog jets. They flew above and below the plane and it landed at Wisener Field near Mineola. Bush's ranch, it seems, was far more important than the Pentagon and the World Trade Center. Such incidents are happening week after week as the FAA and NORAD activate the normal response system.

Hijack procedure

If a problem with an aircraft is considered a possible hijack by an air traffic controller a much higher level of command is activated. FAA spokeswoman Alison Duquette explained: 'The air traffic controller would notify the supervisor on the floor who would then immediately notify the FAA's regional operation center who would notify NORAD, as well as others.' In these cases, according to the regulations: 'The escort service will be requested by the FAA hijack coordinator by direct contact with the [Pentagon] National Military Command Center (NMCC).' The

Defense Department (DOD) manual covering plane hijackings said:

> In the event of a hijacking, the NMCC will be notified by the most expeditious means by the FAA. The NMCC will, with the exception of immediate responses ... forward requests for DOD assistance to the Secretary of Defense for approval.

CNN described how '... officers on the Joint Chiefs were monitoring the [Payne Stewart] Learjet on radar screens inside the Pentagon's National Military Command Center'. This was the normal response system in action as the FAA alerts the Pentagon and the military respond immediately. None of this happened on 9/11. FAA regulations left air traffic controllers in no doubt that they must never take chances. They were told that if there was an unexpected loss of radar or radio communication they must consider that 'an aircraft emergency exists'... and ... 'If ... you are in doubt that a situation constitutes an emergency or potential emergency, handle it as though it were an emergency.' An Air Defense Liaison Officer, a top FAA official, was located within Cheyenne Mountain to coordinate between the FAA and NORAD in these situations. All these personnel and procedures were in place on September 11th. Yet look at what happened, or rather didn't. Robin Hordon, an air traffic controller who had worked at the Boston Air Traffic Control Center involved in 9/11, said:

> I knew it was an inside job by 4 or 5 o'clock that afternoon [because] we got the information to kind of say roughly where the aircraft went [and] if they knew where the aircraft went and they were talking to them at a certain time ... normal protocol is to get fighter jet aircraft up to assist ...

Hordon said he had information provided by those he knew at Boston Center that hijack response protocols were fulfilled from their end – 'the controllers were not asleep, they did their job' – and the only way the planes could not have been intercepted was through a major systems failure such as a power crash which stopped all communication – 'but that did not happen'. Much later in the book we will see how this communication system could have been scrambled by those *truly* behind the attacks. Hordon said that information provided to the public by the FAA was enough for him to know that all the systems at the centres were working well and that if the usual protocols had been acted upon there was no way the planes could have reached their alleged targets. He added that once a hijack is confirmed or suspected this information is communicated throughout the FAA and military system. To put it simply this was the procedure that should have been followed – but wasn't – on 9/11: The civilian FAA should have contacted the National

Military Command Center (NMCC) at the Pentagon as soon as a plane was suspected – *suspected,* not confirmed – to have been hijacked. The NMCC should have then contacted NORAD to immediately scramble fighters to locate and pursue the aircraft involved. The NORAD centre for the region where the 9/11 planes were flying was the Northeast Air Defense Sector or 'NEADS' which was based in a rural location called Rome in northern New York State about 45 miles from Syracuse. NORAD chief General Ralph Eberhart said in 2002 that from the moment the FAA suspects a problem it takes 'only about one minute' to contact NORAD which can have fighters in the air 'within a matter of minutes to anywhere in the United States'. There is no evidence to suggest that the same situation was not the case a few months earlier on 9/11 – so why the NORAD no-show?

NORAD timeline

I asked both NORAD and the FAA in 2002 for the sequence of events and the timeline for what occurred that morning. Both said that only at 8.40 did the FAA notify NORAD that American Airlines Flight 11 had been hijacked (this was changed to 8.38 in the official 9/11 Commission report of 2004). Yet contact was lost with the aircraft at 8.13 and at the very latest it was clear by 8.20 that something was seriously wrong. We should know why it took up to 27 minutes (25 in the Commission version) for Air Traffic Control through the FAA to alert NORAD. *The New York Times* reported that Flight 11 maintained its authorised course for only 16 minutes after take-off and 'just past Worcester, Mass., instead of taking a southerly turn, the Boeing 767 swung to the north at 8.15. It had been taken over ...' Let's give the controllers another five minutes before they were sure the aircraft was in trouble. This still means that the FAA waited 20 minutes from the point of confirmed lost contact to report that a commercial airliner was not responding to instructions and had changed course with a deactivated transponder over an area of high population and in skies criss-crossed by intensive air traffic. Either that or the military ignored the FAA alert. I asked the FAA in 2002 to confirm when exactly it was known that Flight 11 was in trouble and why it took so long to contact NORAD, but the spokesman would not answer. Let us make it clear again: FAA regulations instructed air traffic controllers that if there was an unexpected loss of radar or radio communication they must consider that 'an aircraft emergency exists'... and ... 'If ... you are in doubt that a situation constitutes an emergency or potential emergency, handle it as though it were an emergency.' This could not be clearer. For goodness sake, the official story says that at 8.24 the controller heard from the cockpit of Flight 11:

> We have some planes. Just stay quiet and you will be okay. We are returning

> to the airport. Nobody move.

This is said to have happened *16 minutes* before we are told the FAA alerted NORAD that the plane had been hijacked. None of this makes sense. The FAA would seem to be in the dock here right from the start, but the finger of responsibility is going to point in other directions, too, as we unpick the cover stories protecting cover stories protecting cover stories. Nothing with 9/11 is what it first appears to be. Flight 11's transponder was switched off at 8.20 – around *20 minutes* before NORAD was informed. We should not forget that through all of this the Air Force was constantly monitoring the commercial air traffic system as it does 24 hours a day. This has to be done to prevent collisions between commercial and Air Force planes. Flight 11 attendant Betty Ong is said to have used a seatback phone to call an American Airlines reservations agent who contacted the system operations control centre in Fort Worth. Ong is reported to have made that call at 8.27 – more than *ten minutes* before NORAD says it was told of the hijack. Even five minutes before the first alleged contact with NORAD the controllers are claimed to have heard another cockpit transmission that said:

> Nobody move please. We are going back to the airport. Don't try to make any stupid moves.

The FAA-NORAD timeline therefore is simply ridiculous. NORAD said it scrambled fighter jets at 8.46 from Otis Air National Guard Base on Cape Cod in Massachusetts 153 miles from New York. This is eight minutes after it says it was told of the Flight 11 hijack (9/11 Commission timings). At the very moment the jets were officially scrambled, and seven minutes before they were airborne, 'Flight 11' (or something) was crashing into the North Tower. An F-15 departing from Otis can reach New York City in 10 to 12 minutes, according to an Otis spokeswoman, and can fly three times the speed of a 767. If you take the journey to be ten minutes that means the jets would be flying at around 918 miles per hour and well within their top speed of in excess of Mach 2.5 (more than 1,600 mph). Some sources even quote a top speed of 1,800 mph and yet a NORAD spokesman estimated the speed of the scrambled F-15s to me at only between 603 and 675 miles per hour. Why not faster? I did read one report that the Otis standby jets had been ordered by Colonel Robert Marr, battle commander at NORAD's Northeast Air Defense Sector (NEADS), to carry missiles and extra fuel for monitoring a Russian Air Force exercise taking place over the North Atlantic, Pacific, and Arctic Oceans and this was why their speed was reduced. One of the pilots told a BBC 'documentary' *Clear The Skies* on September 1st, 2002, that they did fly supersonic and this statement added to the contradictions

emerging from different spokespeople for the US military. But wait. It gets sillier. The Pentagon told CNN that NORAD was 'informed of the plane striking the World Trade Center at 8.47'. *Informed?* We are talking about the most sophisticated military surveillance operation on the planet which, in its own words, is 'the largest and most complex command and control network in the world', utilising a vast network of satellites and cutting-edge air tracking and surveillance technology. Cheyenne Mountain can tell you if a missile has been launched on the other side of the world and it has to be 'informed' that a commercial airliner one of its agencies had already belatedly scrambled jets to intercept had hit the World Trade Center? Ah, but the military response to 9/11 aircraft was basically isolated within NORAD's Northeast Air Defense Sector (NEADS) in New York State while Cheyenne Mountain was nowhere to be seen. Isolating NEADS with far less sophisticated technology was very important in negating effective response. We are told that at 8.53am the two F-15 Eagles took off from the Otis base 153 miles from New York to intercept the second hijacked plane from Boston – Flight 175 – although the pilots say they didn't know that as we'll see. About ten minutes later, at 9.03, Flight 175 crashed into the South Tower (so says the official story) with the F-15s still 70 miles away, so they tell us. Why did it take the planes seven minutes to get airborne from a scramble at 8.46 to take-off at 8.53 when the Air Force apparently claims response times of scramble to 29,000 feet in two and a half minutes? The collective suspension of normal procedures in so many ways meant that nothing intervened throughout the entire period of the attacks to make any difference to the outcome.

What about no-fly zones?

Another major point is that of no-fly zones (also 'prohibited airspace') where access is barred to unauthorised aircraft which can be shot down if they fail to broadcast the code that allows them to enter. The World Trade Center is said by one of its first tenants to be a 'no-fly zone'. If that is so (and you would have expected it to be) there has to be a system of air response very close to New York or the no-fly zone would be unenforceable. What would be the point of it? Ken Smith, a tenant of the World Trade Center back in 1979, said on Radio Free America that when he was there it was well known by tenants that the WTC was a no-fly zone. Smith said that any plane off-course within 12 miles of the buildings was given a warning to change direction and he added: 'If you came within five miles they would threaten to shoot you down ... If you came within three miles, they could shoot you down.' Former US Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger told US television about the Washington DC no-fly zone and how it was policed:

> The city is ringed with Air Force Bases and Navy bases and the ability to get defensive planes in the air is very, very high [and you would close] off the entire airspace so in effect the whole Washington area is a no-fly zone so that any planes that can't identify themselves and get into that are shot down. Those were the orders and that was the response that was always contemplated.

Well, *except* on September 11th. Robin Horton, a former air traffic controller at the Boston Center responsible for Boston Logan, said: 'No untracked aircraft get near the Pentagon and near the White House, it just doesn't happen.' Again – except on September 11th. Restricted airspace around Washington DC – known as P-56 – is the best-defended airspace in the world (on every other day). Horton said that no unknown aircraft are supposed to go through there: 'It's like an aviation no-man's land, nobody.' P-56 is an air-identification zone within a 50-mile radius of Washington with a 17-mile protected zone around the Washington Monument with an inner-protection zone of three miles around the capital. Yet somehow all this was breached simply through the non-action by the air defences that would normally respond. Then there are the ground-to-air missiles that defend Washington. Barbara Honegger served in high-level federal government posts including White House Policy Analyst and Special Assistant to the Assistant to the President for Domestic Policy during the Reagan administration. She was also a Senior Military Affairs Journalist at the Naval Postgraduate School, the leading science, technology and national security affairs graduate research university of the Department of Defense. Honegger became a member of Political Leaders for 9/11 Truth after seeing the nonsense of the 9/11 narrative and she has been one of many government, military and intelligence officials calling for a new 9/11 investigation. She said of Pentagon defences:

> If a plane, any kind of plane, was coming into the Pentagon why didn't its anti-aircraft missile batteries that are there, why didn't they fire to protect the building? This is, after all, the most protected building on the planet.

The Pentagon and the White House are defended by ground-to-air missile systems – *of course they are*. So why weren't they used on 9/11? Even at the G-8 Summit in Genoa, Italy, only weeks earlier in July, 2001, airspace was closed over the city and defended with ground-to-air missiles. I was shown around the parliament building in Canberra, Australia, by a man who worked with the nation's air-defence computer system. He showed me the hidden positions around the building where the ground-to-air missiles are located and said that when a plane enters the restricted airspace over the Australian capital the computer system

demands that pilots tap in a four-digit code that gives them permission to be there. If this is not done quickly enough missiles automatically launch, I was told. This is what happens in Canberra while the same or better technology is not in place at the Pentagon and White House? My Australian contact said he knew for a fact that the Pentagon, and Washington in general, are defended by an even more sophisticated missile system than Canberra which works in basically the same way. It is obvious that this would be the case and it has been openly accepted that a ground-to-air system is in place to defend the White House. The *Globe and Mail* newspaper in Canada provided one of the rare mentions of the Pentagon system:

> Meanwhile, there was no explanation of how four airliners could be hijacked and flown – in at least two cases hundreds of kilometres and for nearly an hour – without being successfully intercepted. That one ploughed into the Pentagon, supposedly protected by surface-to-air missiles, dramatically demonstrated US vulnerability. Why weren't those missiles launched to stop the Pentagon crash?

They weren't meant to be launched because the 9/11 attacks were both *made* to happen and *allowed* to happen.

The whole system went AWOL

After I had originally completed this chapter I came across an investigative website that claims to have conducted a phone interview on December 9th, 2001, with a member of the US Air Force based in New York. The source said he was ordered to the crash sites in New York, Pennsylvania and the Pentagon within days of 9/11 as part of an Air Force investigation. What he and others discovered, the website claims he told them, was that the standard response procedures were fully in effect that morning and were followed to the letter as usual by FAA air traffic control and that Air National Guard and Air Force units were alerted immediately that it was clear that something was amiss with the four aircraft. He said that after these alerts and requests for action were received from the FAA, orders from the 'highest level of the executive branch of the federal government were received, demanding that the Air Force stand-down and not follow through with established scramble-intercept procedures that morning until further notice'. This Air Force contact was unnamed, but then, to be fair, how could he have been? People will just have to decide for themselves if what he is claimed to have said rings true. It is a scenario that does fit what happened and makes sense of the apparently nonsensical lack of response. No fighters were scrambled to intercept the hijacked planes and no ground-to-air defences were activated to save the lives of those

who died inside the Pentagon and the World Trade Center. Some would call this incompetence and, staggering as that alone would be, what happened on September 11th is far more than that. It was calculated mass murder by psychopaths so extreme they stretch comprehension to its outer-limits. Any unidentified aircraft heading into the protected airspace over Washington and the Pentagon should have been *automatically* shot down before it would cause harm on the ground. The only way that this could not happen is for the system to have been purposely disarmed or stood down. This just gets crazier and crazier when you look at Flight 77.

The official timeline says the FAA notified NORAD at 9.24am (often reported as 9.25) that American Airlines Flight 77 from Dulles Airport near Washington DC to Los Angeles may have been hijacked when it was known at least *20 minutes* earlier that Flight 77 was hijacked. *The New York Times* published what it claimed was a partial transcript of the communication tapes with Flight 77. When contact was lost with the cockpit at 8.50am the plane would have been under the control of the Indianapolis Air Route Traffic Control Center. This is one of 20 regional centres that track flights between airports. At 9.02, still 40 minutes before 'impact with the Pentagon', a controller is reported to have told American Airlines the latest news on Flight 77: 'We lost track control of the guy, he's in coast track but we haven't – we don't really know where his target is and we can't get a hold of him.' Yet it was only at 9.34 – *44 minutes* after contact was lost – that the FAA told NORAD that Flight 77 was *'missing'* and not that it was hijacked (according to the official story). Four minutes after that FAA communication 'Flight 77' was said to have hit the Pentagon. Oh do come on, this is the land of clouds and cuckoos. On air safety grounds alone there should have been an immediate response to Flight 77 because of the lethal dangers to other aircraft of flying off-course. 'Flight 77' did a 180-degree turn near the Ohio border and headed back towards Washington, but *still* no alert even with two hijacked planes buried in the World Trade Center and with controllers apparently unable to locate Flight 77 on their radar screens for ten minutes. FAA regulations for air traffic controllers said:

> Consider that an aircraft emergency exists ... when: ... There is unexpected loss of radar contact and radio communications with any ... aircraft [and] If ... you are in doubt that a situation constitutes an emergency or potential emergency, handle it as though it were an emergency.

An MSNBC television report the day after 9/11 detailed how seriously air traffic controllers and their bosses at the FAA are supposed to take aircraft that deviate from their agreed route:

> If a plane deviates by 15 degrees, or two miles from that course, the flight controllers will hit the panic button. They'll call the plane, saying 'American 11, you're deviating from course.' It's considered a real emergency, like a police car screeching down a highway at 100 miles an hour. When golfer Payne Stewart's incapacitated Learjet missed a turn at a fix, heading north instead of west to Texas, F-16 interceptors were quickly dispatched.

So why not on *four separate occasions* on 9/11? A *Newsday* report said: 'The record suggests that teenagers on instant-message networks communicate faster than some federal officials did during the crisis.' Or, as *The New York Times* put it:

> ... despite elaborate plans that link civilian and military efforts to control the nation's airspace in defense of the country, and despite two other jetliners' having already hit the World Trade Center in New York, the fighter planes that scrambled into protective orbits around Washington did not arrive until 15 minutes after Flight 77 hit the Pentagon.

Even beyond all this, there is a more fundamental question that needs to be answered. Why, when two hijacked airliners had been crashed into the World Trade Center, weren't fighter jets deployed immediately to guard the skies over Washington? Surely the first thing you would do after what happened in New York is to instigate air defence for your other most likely targets – Washington DC being the most obvious. The *Miami Herald* talked to air traffic controllers who said they could not understand why there was no reaction to what was happening in the skies that morning. Why no response from the FAA and the military? A controller in Miami told the *Herald*:

> That's a question that more and more people are going to ask. What the hell went on here? Was anyone doing anything about it? Just as a national defense thing, how are they able to fly around and no one go after them?

The *Herald* quoted controllers who said that even with the transponder silent the plane would have been visible on radar to controllers who handle cross-continent air traffic and to an FAA command centre outside of Washington. The FAA would not discuss with the *Miami Herald* the track of Flight 77 or what happened in air-control centres while it was in flight and nor would American Airlines. Air traffic controllers said the trouble should have been instantly noticeable. Flight 77, as with all such planes, would have first showed up on radar screens as a short solid line, the *Herald* reported, with a readout that identifies the plane and gives its altitude and speed. When the transponder shuts down, the short line vanishes. The speed number goes away too. 'It's just

something that catches your eye', one controller said. The first move when a transponder goes down would be to contact the pilot and tell him the transponder wasn't working and even if the plane remained silent controllers could still find it – by switching their screen display to the old fashioned radar that bounces a signal off the plane's metal skin, the *Herald* said. The report went on:

> Military jets are routinely scrambled in the case of hijackings and 'runners,' planes that do not answer or do not heed air traffic controllers. But FAA officials would not say when controllers detected the errant Flight 77 or whether any fighter jets were able to get into the air to confront it. Fighter jets are based nearby, in Virginia, and could have reached the White House within minutes, aviation sources say ...
>
> ... The FAA has a detailed hijacking manual: Supervisors are notified. The FAA command center near Washington and the FBI are put on alert. Military jets are scrambled to follow the plane. Air-traffic controllers try to figure out where the hijacker wants to go and, if necessary, clear an air space of other traffic.

The 'why' will become increasingly obvious as we traverse the rabbit hole. Vice President Dick Cheney told NBC's *Meet the Press* that from the time that Flight 11 struck the World Trade Center the Secret Service travelling with President Bush on a public engagement in Florida had 'open lines' with the FAA. He said: 'The Secret Service has an arrangement with the FAA. They had open lines after the World Trade Center was ...' He didn't finish the sentence, no doubt because he realised he had said too much, and it is worth pondering the wider implications of that statement. The FAA had open lines with the Secret Service after the World Trade Center was hit? That happened at 8.46, about the time that Flight 77 was known to be in trouble, and yet the FAA said they did not tell NORAD and the Pentagon Command Center about Flight 77 until 9.24 when they had already established open lines to the Secret Service. Are we being told that the Pentagon and NORAD did not have open lines also with the FAA and were able to follow in real time the communications and non-communications from the cockpits long before any fighter jet was deployed? Indeed the FAA and NORAD both confirmed to me in 2002 that they had open lines to discuss Flights 77 and 93. I asked the FAA when exactly these open lines were established, but its spokesman would not say. Surely in any sane system these would have been established, as Cheney indicated, at least from the moment the first plane struck the World Trade Center. So, again, why the delay in responding?

The NORAD tapes

The official 9/11 Commission 'investigation', which produced a laughable 'report' in 2004, was established to hide the truth of what happened, as I will detail later. It did, however, at least subpoena audiotapes of exchanges claimed to be between the control room of NORAD's Northeast Air Defense Sector, or 'NEADS', and the FAA air traffic control system. Recordings were made at both NEADS and FAA ends of the conversation. They exposed the lies told to the Commission earlier by senior military figures about what happened that morning with response to the hijackings. Military chiefs who misled the Commission were brought back to testify under oath (shockingly they were not under oath for their original statements) and I will cover that in due course. What the tapes claim to record destroys the official NORAD version that was first issued on September 18th, 2001, and repeated to the 9/11 Commission before the tapes came to light in 2004. They reveal the confusion and diversion faced by NEADS operatives in reacting to the attacks. I would say this was instigated confusion and diversion from deep in the shadows and much further on in the book I will highlight how 9/11 computer systems could have been manipulated in real time. Remember compartmentalisation. A series of 'exercises' were happening on that day of all days in the skies over the Eastern Seaboard that mirrored the themes of what actually happened and this created (I say calculated) confusion from the start. I will address these exercises in more detail shortly. Information communicated to NEADS about real-time events by the FAA led to more confusion and diversion in the form of false reports of possible hijackings including one that said *Flight 11 had not struck the World Trade Center* and was instead still in the air heading for Washington DC. Delays in the FAA informing NEADS of problems with 9/11 flights was a consistent and massively significant factor in the lack of response if you believe the official timeline. Just one example on the tapes was after 8.57am when Flight 175 veered off course near Allentown, Pennsylvania, and set a course for New York. Air traffic controllers at New York Center are heard speculating on its target – maybe the Statue of Liberty – and one calls out the plane's rate of descent every twelve seconds as the radar refreshes. Even so the FAA didn't alert the military at NEADS about Flight 175 until *seconds from impact* (according to the official story). Flight 175, or at least a large plane, struck the South Tower at 9.03. The first military version of events that stood between September 18th, 2001, and 2004 when the tapes came to light claimed that the FAA notified NORAD about Flight 77 at 9.24am and jets from the CIA-connected Langley Air Force Base in Virginia, 130 miles from Washington, were immediately scrambled to protect the US capital from 'Flight 77'. By contrast the NORAD tapes reveal that NEADS was not told of the hijacking of 'Flight 77' until just before

impact 'with the Pentagon' and 'Flight 93' (Pennsylvania) until *after* it is said to have crashed. They reveal that fighters had been scrambled from Langley, Virginia, not in response to Flight 77, but to the *false report that Flight 11 had passed over New York and was flying towards Washington.* The official story had also claimed that Air Force jets were tracking Flight 93 and could have shot it down if the order had come while the tapes record a very different scenario. The information about the 'still-flying' phantom Flight 11 came from Colin Scoggins, civilian military liaison at the FAA's Boston Center, from a still-unknown source apparently resulting from an FAA teleconference call. None of this appeared in official reports until the tapes were released in 2004. Scoggins said American Airlines refused to confirm for several hours that Flight 11 had hit the World Trade Center and this caused confusion as the attacks continued. Well, it certainly appears to have done so for him. Scoggins told *Vanity Fair* magazine:

> When we phoned United [after the second tower was hit], they confirmed that United 175 was down, and I think they confirmed that within two or three minutes. With American Airlines, we could never confirm if [Flight 11] was down or not, so that left doubt in our minds.

The report of the 'phantom Flight 11' flying past New York towards Washington turned out to be nonsense and they weren't even tracking a plane heading for Washington at the time; it was all supposition. The tapes reveal that NEADS wanted to direct more jets to protect New York airspace to join the two from Otis that had arrived too late, but the FAA, which has the final say when civilian airspace is involved, refused. The excuse was that it would put civilian aircraft in danger in crowded airspace, but they clearly already were. Given that NEADS was the central hijack reaction centre to launch fighter jets in response to events the more confusion and misinformation that could be generated there the better. Keeping NEADS personnel out of the loop of information they required would have been essential and it is clear that the public watching live television knew more about some of what was going on than those in the NORAD hijack operations center. NEADS personnel said they were working with limited and outdated technology and couldn't track the planes efficiently when transponders were turned off. This is extraordinary given the state-of-the-art tracking technology their colleagues within Cheyenne Mountain were claiming to have. Where was the Cheyenne Mountain operation in all this? Are we saying that all Soviet planes had to do to access the United States airspace during the Cold War was to turn their transponders off? Jets from the Otis base had been scrambled, but too late to reach New York before 'Flights 11' and '175' and now the second scramble from Langley had been launched in

pursuit of a 'Flight 11' that didn't exist. In fact, it gets even crazier. The fighters were scrambled to Washington from Langley at 9.24am, but they didn't head for the capital at all. *They flew east into the Atlantic because as one pilot said: 'No one told us why we were being scrambled'!* The 9/11 Commission heard that the Langley pilots were not told what was happening and assumed they were scrambled to protect the American mainland from attack from the Atlantic to the east in line with the procedure during the Cold War. 'I reverted to the Russian threat – I'm thinking cruise-missile threat from the sea', a pilot told the 9/11 Commission. By 9.24am two commercial airliners had crashed into the World Trade Center, much of humanity was watching on live television, and the Langley pilots didn't know what they were being scrambled for? The Otis pilots said that they were similarly kept in the dark about much of what was happening, including the crash of Flight 175. Major Dan Nash, one of the Otis pilots, said they were shocked to see billowing smoke appear on the horizon as they approached New York because no one had told them what was occurring. They had only been told they were scrambled to intercept and escort Flight 11. Nash said:

> From 100 miles away at least, we could see the fire and the smoke blowing. Obviously, anybody watching CNN had a better idea of what was going on. We were not told anything. It was to the point where we were flying supersonic towards New York and the controller came on and said, 'A second airplane has hit the World Trade Center' ... My first thought was 'What happened to American 11?'

Chaos and confusion was being instigated everywhere. Back at NEADS, a NORAD Staff Sergeant William Huckabone saw the Langley jets were going the wrong way and out to sea. At 9.34am this exchange took place involving him, Master Sergeant Steve Citino, and Naval Air Traffic Control, or 'ATC':

> **9:34:12**
>
> **Navy ATC:** You've got [the fighters] moving east in airspace. Now you want 'em to go to Baltimore [Washington]?
>
> **Huckabone:** Yes, sir. We're not gonna take 'em in Whiskey 386 [military training airspace over the ocean].
>
> **Navy ATC:** Okay, once he goes to Baltimore, what are we supposed to do?
>
> **Huckabone**: Have him contact us on auxiliary frequency 2-3-4 decimal 6. Instead of taking handoffs to us and us handing 'em back, just tell Center

they've got to go to Baltimore.

Navy ATC: All right, man. Stand by. We'll get back to you.

Citino: What do you mean, 'We'll get back to you'? Just do it!

Huckabone: I'm gonna choke that guy!

The misdirection and delayed scrambles meant the Langley fighters would not make it to Washington before 'Flight 77' which NEADS found out about *by accident.* Tech Sergeant Shelley Watson was frantically ringing all possible sources to establish the position of the long-crashed 'Flight 11' that was supposedly still flying and when she contacted Washington Center air traffic at 9.34 the operations manager told her that Flight 11 was lost. Why had no one told NEADS? Why didn't NEADS know with all the tracking and surveillance technology available to their colleagues at Cheyenne Mountain? On one section of the NORAD tapes this exchange can be heard with Washington Air Traffic Control when NEADS heard about Flight 77 for the first time:

9:34:01

Washington Center: Now, let me tell you this. I – I'll – we've been looking. We've also lost American 77.

Watson: American 77? ... Where was it proposed to head, sir?

Washington Center: Okay, he was going to LA also.

Watson: From where, sir?

Washington Center: I think he was from Boston also [it was actually Washington Dulles]. Now let me tell you this story here. Indianapolis Center was working this guy.

Watson: What guy?

Washington Center: American 77, at flight level 3-5-0 [35,000 feet]. However, they lost radar with him. They lost contact with him. They lost everything. And they don't have any idea where he is or what happened.

It was *40 minutes* before this conversation, at 8.54 am, that Indianapolis controllers lost radar contact with American 77 and, in line with regulations, told their superiors at the FAA that the plane was probably

hijacked. According to the tapes no one at the FAA told NORAD, or the military didn't tell their NEADS centre, and only *by chance* did Tech Sergeant Shelley Watson find out from Washington Air Traffic Control. At 9.35, Colin Scoggins at the FAA's Boston Center told NEADS that they had a report of a low-flying aircraft six miles southeast of the White House, but 'moving away'. This was the alleged Flight 77. The following exchange involves Major Kevin Nasypany, NEADS mission crew commander:

9:36:23

Nasypany: Okay, Foxy [Major Fox, the Weapons Team head]. I got an aircraft six miles east of the White House! Get your fighters there as soon as possible!

Male voice: That came from Boston?

Huckabone: We're gonna turn and burn it – crank it up.

Male tech: Six miles!

Huckabone: All right, here we go. This is what we're gonna do ...

Nasypany: We've got an aircraft deviating eight miles east of the White House right now.

Fox: Do you want us to declare A.F.I.O. [emergency military control of the fighters] and run 'em straight in there?

Nasypany: Take 'em and run 'em to the White House.

Fox: Go directly to Washington.

Citino: We're going direct DC with my guys [Langley fighters]? Okay. Okay.

Huckabone: Ma'am, we are going A.F.I.O. right now with Quit 2-5 [the Langley fighters]. They are going direct Washington.

Navy ATC: Quit 2-5, we're handing 'em off to Center right now.

Huckabone: Ma'am, we need to expedite that right now. We've gotta contact them on 2-3-4-6.

They thought the White House was under threat, but it turned out to be the Pentagon. One of the NEADS staff spotted the plane, or whatever it

was, on radar.

9:37:56

Male tech: Right here, right here, right here. I got him. I got him.

Nasypany: We just lost track. Get a Z-point [coordinate] on that ... Okay, we got guys lookin' at 'em. Hold on ... Where's Langley at? Where are the fighters?

The answer was that they were more than a hundred miles away after being allowed, through lack of information, to fly in the opposite direction out into the ocean. This would explain why they took so long and why their average speed from take-off to arrival in Washington appeared to be so pedestrian. At 9.38 the Pentagon was struck. This was 15 to 20 minutes depending on the report before the Langley planes arrived. Immediately after the Pentagon strike, Colin Scoggins at Boston air traffic called with yet *another* false alarm, a Boston plane heading for Las Vegas. Then, at 10.07am, came a call to NORAD's NEADS centre from Cleveland air traffic control in Ohio:

10:07:16

Cleveland Center: We got a United 93 out here. Are you aware of that?

Watson: United 93?

Cleveland Center: That has a bomb on board.

Watson: A bomb on board? And this is confirmed? You have a [beacon code], sir?

Cleveland Center: No, we lost his transponder.

Nasypany: Gimme the call sign. Gimme the whole nine yards ... Let's get some info, real quick. They got *a bomb?*

Four minutes before this conversation took place the plane, or *a* plane, had *already crashed* in Pennsylvania at 10.03 – some reports say it was 10.06. It was *35 minutes* earlier that John Werth, a Cleveland air traffic controller of long experience, had heard suspicious noises from the cockpit of Flight 93 and believed it had been hijacked. It was, by now, a familiar tale. Werth had reported his suspicions through the FAA chain of command, as per regulations, but according to the tapes they did not

pass this information to the NEADS centre until the plane and its passengers and crew were already no more. Or the FAA *did* tell the Pentagon, but they didn't tell NEADS. This happened despite the fact that two planes had hit the World Trade Center before John Werth's report, and the Pentagon was also hit some 25 minutes before Cleveland air traffic informed NEADS about Flight 93. By 10.03 when that plane is officially reported to have crashed it was an hour and 11 minutes since fighters are said to have been scrambled from Otis AFB to New York. We should remember, too, after outlining the 'scrambled planes' response here, that for *a week* after 9/11 the official story from the Pentagon, NORAD and the White House was that *no planes* were scrambled at *all from anywhere* until the Pentagon was hit. I will come to that in the next chapter.

Military special operations commander was head of FAA 'security'

Everyone involved in the chain of command at the FAA that day who is still alive should be subject to an independent public inquiry into what on earth happened and the same with other civilian and military agencies. This is not to condemn the operational level of air traffic controllers and nor does this pin all the responsibility on the FAA. It is clear when you study statements and evidence that a big effort has been made to pile the blame onto FAA personnel and away from the military. There is much evidence to suggest that higher levels of the military were kept informed of events by FAA operatives including an FAA memo presented to the 9/11 Commission which said that an FAA-military teleconference had begun within minutes of the first tower being struck at which real-time information was shared on 'all flights of interest'. Highly significantly this very important memo was not included in the final report of the cover-up Commission. The head of FAA security on 9/11 was Major General Michael Canavan. His title was Director of Civil Aviation Security for the FAA and, according to the 9/11 Commission report, the hijack coordinator on September 11th was the 'Director of the FAA Office of Civil Aviation Security, or his or her designate' – Major General Canavan or whoever he designated. I asked the FAA in 2002 who the hijack coordinator was that day, but they didn't reply. Canavan is reported to have been in San Juan, Puerto Rico, on 9/11 and headed for Washington by military jet. So who was his designate as FAA hijack coordinator and why are we not being told given the importance of this position that day? Look again at the official hijack regulations with regard to the FAA alerting the military:

> The escort service will be requested by the FAA hijack coordinator by direct contact with the National Military Command Center (NMCC) [based at the Pentagon].

The Defense Department (DOD) manual covering plane hijackings says:

> In the event of a hijacking, the NMCC will be notified by the most expeditious means by the FAA. The NMCC will, with the exception of immediate responses ... forward requests for DOD assistance to the Secretary of Defense for approval.

Why didn't this happen? Where was the 'hijack coordinator', *who* was the 'hijack coordinator', when air traffic controllers were reporting suspicious planes and passing this information up the FAA chain of command while NORAD operatives at the NEADS response centre were apparently not being told until it was too late? Why wasn't Director of the FAA Office of Civil Aviation Security Major General Michael Canavan publicly questioned on this obvious issue by the 9/11 Commission? Personnel at the National Military Command Center (NMCC) in the Pentagon also have major questions to answer about the non-reaction as will become clear. General Canavan has a considerable background in US Special Operations, which, according to the Department of Defense's *Dictionary of Military and Associated Terms*, are defined as: 'Operations conducted by specially organized, trained, and equipped military and paramilitary forces to achieve military, political, economic or psychological objectives by unconventional means in hostile, denied or politically sensitive areas'. In short: Operations that are above the law and off the record and involved the manipulation of *perception*. Canavan had been stationed at Fort Bragg, home to the US Army 4th Psychological Operations (PSYOPS) Group which had operatives working in the news division at CNN's headquarters in Atlanta in the final days of the Kosovo War, according to media reports, and also staffed the National Security Council's Office of Public Diplomacy (OPD), a shadowy government propaganda agency that planted stories in the US media supporting the Reagan-Bush administration's policies in Central America. The *Miami Herald* of July 19th, 1987, quoted a 'senior US official' as describing the OPD as a 'vast psychological warfare operation of the kind the military conducts to influence a population in enemy territory'. These are the sorts of operations that Michael Canavan, head of FAA security on September 11th, would have been involved with in his high positions in Special Operations Command. Canavan was Commanding General, Special Operations Command, Europe, and Commanding General, Joint Special Operations Command, at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, with its centre for psychological warfare which is defined thus:

> The use of propaganda ... intended to demoralise the enemy, to break his will

> to fight or resist, and sometimes to render him favourably disposed to one's position ... The twisting of personality and the manipulation of beliefs ... by brainwashing and related techniques can also be regarded as a form of psychological warfare.

Problem-Reaction-Solution is psychological warfare. Major General Canavan had further been involved with a plan by the elite Delta Forces to capture Osama Bin Laden. Canavan, a one-time Chief of Staff of the US European Command in Stuttgart, Germany, became FAA Director of Security in late 2000, just before Bush was sworn in as president, and he announced his departure less than a month after September 11th.

Calculated confusion

The NORAD NEADS tapes subpoenaed by the 9/11 Commission provide far more questions than answers. Why would NORAD issue a false timeline in September, 2001, that posed so many questions about its lack of response and competence when the timeline on the tapes directs the blame on the FAA? Why would NORAD officers repeat the same story to the 9/11 Commission right up to the tapes being revealed and open themselves to accusations of deliberately misleading the inquiry? General Larry Arnold, commander of NORAD's Continental US Region from 1997 to 2002, confused matters even more when he told the Commission: 'We launched the aircraft out of Langley to put them over top of Washington DC, not in response to American Airlines 77, but really to put them in position in case United 93 were to head that way.' Where the heck did that come from? The official story is a mass of contradiction and confusion, added to by the NORAD tapes and of course confusion and chaos were absolutely essential to the attacks playing out without challenge. Who had the power to call off the normal response to hijackings that day – *Osama bin Laden* or the American Deep State? The first position taken by the authorities is that there was nothing they could have done. That is what they really want you to believe. The second, when that doesn't work, is to let you think they were incompetent. Both positions are designed to hide the truth – the truth that what we are looking at here amid the explosion of lies and diversions is not incompetence at all. This was *orchestrated* incompetence in which forces at, and behind, the highest levels of the United States government and military were intervening to stop the system working as it normally would. To stop thousands of people going home to their families that September day because it suited the sick agenda for those people to die and for the world to watch it all live on television. Genuine people at the FAA and within the military did their job as best they could, but another force was intervening and before this book is complete you will see what that force was and how it could have been

done. The claim that the military didn't know what was happening because the FAA didn't tell them does not stand up to scrutiny. Not only were there open lines between the FAA and the Pentagon we are told by Ben Sliney, operations manager at the FAA Air Traffic Control System Command Center, they had a 'military cell' on site for FAA-military liaison and they were present throughout the 9/11 attacks. The military clearly *did* know what was happening, but the response was sabotaged.

Why not Andrews?

Fighter jets were scrambled and arrived too late from Langley (130 miles from Washington) and Otis (153 miles from New York City), but why did NORAD choose those bases when Andrews Air Force Base, the one designated to defend Washington DC, is little more than *ten miles* from the capital and Andrews pilots could have had breakfast and still intercepted Flight 77 with time to spare? Andrews Air Force Base is a minute or so by fighter jet from Washington DC and that's why it is the capital's first line of air defence (Fig 32). In the name of sanity, the airspace above the Pentagon and the White House is a *no-fly zone* and of course, short of complete and utter insanity, there are going to be fighter jets on standby at the nearest Air Force base to defend the area. Mike Kelly of the North Jersey Media Group reported in December, 2003, that two F-16s from 177th Fighter Wing at Atlantic City International Airport were taking part in bombing run practice 'just eight minutes away' from Manhattan. Boston Air Traffic Control Center contacted the Atlantic City base to ask for air response to the hijacking of Flight 11, but were unaware that its NORAD reaction role had ended after 1998. Even so – they had planes *in the air* eight minutes from the World Trade Center. The disgusting 9/11 Commission didn't mention the Atlantic City planes in its pack of lies, distortions and omissions (sorry, 'report') compiled in 2004 specifically to defend the official story from the truth. Colin Scroggins, military liaison at the FAA's Boston Center, said fighters at

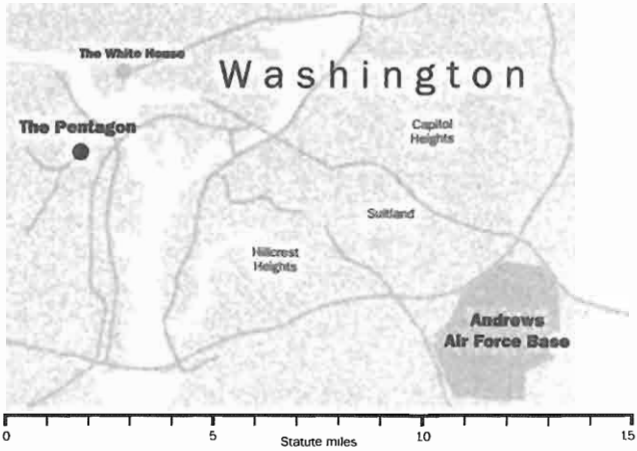

Figure 32: Andrews Air Force Base, home to the US President's plane, is down the road from the Pentagon, but instead fighters were scrambled from the Langley base 130 miles away.

Burlington, Selfridge, Syracuse and Toledo would have been ready to respond while the District of Colombia Air National Guard may not have been on stand-by they did fly every morning and NORAD 'could have grabbed' those aircraft to react to events. The Commission claimed that the entire United States had only seven bases on scramble alert and each had only two fighters in that mode at any time. They blamed 'the end of the Cold War'. The Commission asked us to believe that NORAD'S Northeast Air Defense Sector (NEADS), the one responsible for the 9/11 skies, had only two bases on alert to cover more than half a million square miles of airspace – Otis and Langley. There was no other choice and that explains everything. Doubles all round. This is either mendacity or incompetence on a scale that beggars belief. New York airspace with all those commercial planes coming and going all day is 'defended' from a base in Massachusetts *153 miles away*? The Washington-Pentagon no-fly zone is policed from the Langley base *130 miles away* when the major base at Andrews is only *ten miles* away? The very idea is as crazy as the mainstream media is pathetic for not challenging this nonsense.

Former ABC investigative producer James Bamford reported that in truth NEADS had a choice of on-alert planes at least four other locations. Among them was Andrews, one of the most famous bases in America and home of the US President's plane Air Force One with foreign heads of state often passing through. Are you going to locate the presidential plane at a base that does not have fighters ready to move at a moment's notice? Andrews, in fact, has two major squadrons on what are officially termed 'the highest possible state of readiness'. These are the 121st Fighter Squadron of the 113th Fighter Wing and the 321st Marine Fighter Attack Squadron of the 49th Marine Air Group. Thousands of people are employed at the base and they have at their disposal the very F-16s that NORAD says it deployed from 130 miles away at Langley, plus F/A-18 fighters. Sidewinder missiles carried by F-16s have a range of 18 miles and they would only have to get off the ground, lock in and fire to stop a plane crashing into the Pentagon even if there was no ground-to-air missile response. The fact that these planes were not scrambled from Andrews at any time before the Pentagon was hit is stunning and fundamentally significant. The Andrews AFB website went down immediately after September 11th and did not reappear until around mid-November. When it came back online it no longer had a link to the Air Force web pages describing the capabilities and mission of 113th Fighter Wing of the Air National Guard at Andrews – the capability of reacting immediately to any threat by air to Washington. A website called dcmiltary.com was authorised to supply information to those employed by US forces. It reported *before* 9/11 that Andrews is the base for the 121st Fighter Squadron, 113th Fighter Wing, and it confirmed the

role:

> ... as part of its dual mission, the 113th provides capable and ready response forces for the District of Columbia in the event of a natural disaster or civil emergency. Members also assist local and federal law enforcement agencies in combating drug trafficking in the District of Colombia. [They] are full partners with the active Air Force.

The website said of the 321st Marine Fighter Attack Squadron of the 49th Marine Air Group at Andrews:

> In the best tradition of the Marine Corps, a 'few good men and women' support two combat-ready reserve units at Andrews AFB. Marine Fighter Attack Squadron (VMFA) 321, a Marine Corps Reserve squadron, flies the sophisticated F/A-18 Hornet. Marine Aviation Logistics Squadron 49, Detachment A, provides maintenance and supply functions necessary to maintain a force in readiness.

These units are operated by the District of Colombia National Guard, headquartered at Andrews, which provide combat units in 'the highest possible state of readiness' and describe themselves as the 'Capital Guardians'. Well, as long as jets are on standby 153 and 130 miles away. NORAD spokesman Barry Venable told me in 2002 that NORAD fighters were 'not standing alert, nor even stationed, at Andrews AFB on 11 September':

> The USAF did indeed have fighters stationed at Andrews AFB on 11 September, but not for the purpose of standing air sovereignty alert – a role NORAD performs.

Then how come fighters from Andrews were in the sky over Washington immediately *after* the Pentagon was hit? *USA Today* sought to explain away the 'Andrews mystery' by reporting that 'Andrews Air Force Base, home to Air Force One, is only 15 miles [by road not military jet] away from the Pentagon, but it had no fighters assigned to it. Defense officials won't say whether that has changed.' Not even NORAD claims there were no fighters at Andrews and what kind of journalism is it that prints this story when the truth is only a search-engine away? The same *USA Today* edition said in direct contradiction: 'The District of Columbia National Guard maintained fighter planes at Andrews Air Force Base, only about 15 miles from the Pentagon, but those planes were not on alert and not deployed.' The *San Diego Union-Tribune*, however, told the truth about Andrews when it reported:

> Air defense around Washington is provided mainly by fighter planes from Andrews Air Force Base in Maryland near the District of Columbia border. The DC Air National Guard is also based there and equipped with F-16 fighter planes, a National Guard spokesman said. But the fighters took to the skies over Washington only after the devastating attack on the Pentagon ...

Other media sources reported that fighters from Andrews AFB were deployed over Washington. NBC *Nightly News* said: 'It was after the attack on the Pentagon that the Air Force then decided to scramble F-16s out of the DC National Guard Andrews Air Force Base to fly a protective cover over Washington, DC.' The UK *Daily Telegraph* said:

> Within minutes of the attack [on the Pentagon] American forces around the world were put on one of their highest states of alert – Defcon 3, just two notches short of all-out war – and F-16s from Andrews Air Force Base were in the air over Washington DC.

Surely it is common sense that Washington DC and its no-fly zone would be defended from air bases in and around Washington DC and not from 130 miles away. A 'former Pentagon Air Traffic Controller' quoted, but not named, is reported to have said:

> All those years ago when I was in the Pentagon, this wouldn't have happened. Air Traffic Control Radar images were (and are) available in the understructures of the Pentagon, and any commercial flight within 300 miles of DC that made an abrupt course change toward Washington, turned off their transponder, and refused to communicate with ATC, would have been intercepted at supersonic speeds within a max of 9 minutes by a fighter out of Andrews. Period. Why these planes weren't, baffles me. If we could get fighters off the ground in two minutes then, we could now.

Yet Pentagon spokesman Rear Admiral Craig Quigley made this astonishing statement: 'Planes come up and down the Potomac all the time. You can hear them in the building. There was no warning.' John A. Koskinen, the Washington DC City Administrator, said the District was 'largely helpless' to stop such attacks'. Utter garbage. There were apparently bases contacting NORAD *offering help* after the attacks began. William Scott wrote about this in a 2002 edition of *Aviation Week and Space Technology*. He described offers of air support made to NORAD NEADS Commander, Colonel Robert Marr:

> Calls from fighter units ... started pouring into NORAD and sector operation centers, asking 'What can we do to help?' At Syracuse, N.Y., an ANG commander told Marr, 'Give me 10 minutes and I can give you hot guns, Give

> me 30 minutes and I'll have heat-seeker (missiles). Give me an hour and I can give you slammers.' Marr replied, 'I want it all'.

But *nothing happened.*

I asked FAA media spokesman Fraser Jones in 2002 who was responsible for policing no-fly zones like the ones over Washington and New York and what was the procedure when they were threatened. What aircraft were used and where were they based? What happened on September 11th when there was no effective response? What is the point of a no-fly zone if there is nothing to defend it? Mr Jones replied:

> The FAA monitors prohibited airspace and would be aware if a pilot blundered into such an area. Our mission is not civil defense. We would help coordinate the appropriate response given the circumstances.

What on earth does that mean? NORAD told me that it is not responsible for policing the no-fly zone over Washington and it was a matter for the civilian FAA. The FAA tells me it 'monitors prohibited airspace' and would be aware if a pilot blundered into such an area and would then help to coordinate the appropriate response in the circumstances. Oh, really, well take your time, no rush. How long does it take for a plane to enter restricted airspace over Washington before it parks itself in the White House, Capitol Hill or the Pentagon? So where would the immediate air response come from? Langley, Virginia, 130 miles away? What use would that be? The FAA and NORAD were either not telling me the truth or there was no system for protecting no-fly zones. However, we know there *was* – in the name of sanity there *had* to be or a no-fly zone would be pointless. Why wasn't it activated on 9/11?

Another astonishing ''coincidence' – the wargame ''exercise drills'

What are the chances on this of all days that a series of 'training exercises' were happening in the same airspace at the same time as the 9/11 hijackings? Or that among these 'exercises' was a training scenario involving *a plane flying into a building in Washington?* This meant that radar screens were potentially infected with simulated 'hijacked planes', as well as genuine ones, which confused the system that morning – as planned. The wargame exercises also gave cover to the force in the shadows manipulating events. Jeremy Powell, a technical sergeant at the NORAD Northeast Air Defense Sector (NEADS) dealing with the hijackings, assumed at first like his colleagues that reports about a problem with Flight 11 were part of the exercise scenarios. He asks on the NORAD tapes: 'Is this real world or exercise?' This was a question asked many times that morning. Lieutenant Colonel Kevin Nasypany,

mission-crew commander on the operations floor at NEADS, said that when he was told about a hijack his first reaction was 'somebody started the exercise early'. He had said out loud: 'The hijack is not supposed to be for another hour.' Now we can see one reason why lower-level NORAD operatives dealing directly with the attacks were so confused. They didn't know initially when the actual 9/11 planes were hijacked if this was for 'real' or part of an exercise. This was not by accident, but design. There were many exercises happening that day and among them were those code-named Vigilant Guardian; Global Guardian; Northern Vigilance; Northern Guardian; Vigilant Warrior; Amalgam Warrior; Amalgam Virgo; Crown Vigilance; Apollo Guardian; and Whisky 105. They were supported by AWAC reconnaissance aircraft in the skies over Washington and elsewhere. The exercises had the added effect of relocating fighter planes to Alaska, Canada and a list of other locations that would normally be defending the East Coast. General Eberhart, commander of NORAD, said: 'It took about thirty seconds to make the adjustment to the real-world situation.' But this was an obviously ridiculous statement when the 'exercises' were clearly confusing the hijack response system. His mate, General Myers, acting uniform head of the military, said something similar and so they had one song-sheet in sync at least.

Eberhart was the man who ordered that an series of 'exercises' which normally take place in October and November each year were instead to be held across September 11th with enormous implications for confusing the response when real hijacks were happening that morning. Eberhart's decisions meant that at least *twelve* aerial exercises were happening at the same time that 9/11 planes were being hijacked – a move described as unprecedented. If that is a coincidence then I'm a pair of curtains and I should pull myself together. Scenarios included hijackings of two 747 passenger aircraft. Operation Vigilant Guardian involved the simulation of hijacked planes in 9/11 airspace and the same NEADS centre dealing with 9/11 hijacks. One Vigilant Guardian scenario was a plane hijacked to target New York City. The exercises focused attention of many agencies within Cheyenne Mountain including Eberhart's Space Command. The Whisky 105 exercise was centred on Otis Air Force Base and six of their F-15s took off for exercise duties in the Atlantic at 9am on 9/11 – eight minutes after the two F-15s were said to have been scrambled for New York. Vigilant Guardian was supervised by NORAD's airborne and warning officer, Lieutenant Colonel Dawne Deskins at NEADS. Newhouse News Service reported Deskins as saying that when she was called by Boston Air Traffic Control about the hijacking of Flight 11 the belief was that 'it must be part of the exercise'. FAA and military officials had difficulty discerning the war game operations from the actual attacks – as they were meant to – and this

was most importantly the case with NORAD's NEADS centre which was directly responsible for responding to the 9/11 aircraft under its commander, Colonel Robert K. Marr. 'Everybody' at NEADS thought at first that the attacks were part of Vigilant Guardian, according to NORAD's Lieutenant Colonel Deskins.

Other US air defence fighters were occupied in Canada and Alaska on another exercise and staff at Cheyenne Mountain were heavily focussed on this and other drill scenarios when reports of genuinely hijacked aircraft began to come in. Canadian Lieutenant General Rick Findley, Battle Staff Director in the Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center, told the 9/11 Commission that there was 'confusion as to how many, and which aircraft, were hijacked'. General Larry Arnold, NORAD commander of the Continental US region, said: 'By the end of the day we had 21 aircraft identified as possible hijackings.' Despite all of this we are expected to believe that simulated hijackings in the same airspace did not affect the response to the real hijackings? The claim by General Eberhart and General Myers that the exercises didn't adversely affect the reaction time to the 9/11 attacks is beyond belief. Myers even said they 'enhanced the response' and Eberhart said the exercises 'cost us no more than 30 seconds'. How can that be when the normal raft of fighter aircraft at Andrews Air Force Base was seriously reduced by taking part in an exercise in the Las Vegas area? They left before the first plane struck the World Trade Center and didn't return until 2.35 in the afternoon when the attacks were well over. James Ampey, an FAA air traffic controller at Andrews, told the 9/11 Commission that an unusually high number of aircraft were taking off and landing on 9/11 morning because of the exercises and radar screens were depicting 'emergencies all over the place'. This is explained by an *absolutely vital* aspect of 9/11 that must be understood. At least some of the exercises like Vigilant Guardian involved 'sim over live' procedures in which the *simulated hijacks appeared on the live screens of air traffic controllers* both civilian and military. Imagine the potential for confusion, chaos and havoc that this would have wreaked once the real hijackings began – just as the orchestrators planned. Radar operators at Cheyenne Mountain demanded during the attacks that NEADS 'get rid of the goddam sim'. This is a major reason why NEADS, genuine operatives at Cheyenne Mountain and FAA air traffic controllers and others became so confused about what was real and what was exercise. What a coincidence that *twelve hours* before the attacks NORAD chief General Eberhart had reduced the protection for Pentagon communication networks to its *lowest level.* The Information Operations Condition (Infocon) system consists of a series of levels dictated by the perceived threat to military information and computer networks and is employed to defend against computer attacks. In a period where multiple wargame exercises were

happening and simulated hijackings were to be visible on real-time air traffic screens Eberhart directs that Infocon be put on its *lowest level* of alert and protection? *What*? Much later in the book when I get down to the fine detail of who was behind 9/11 you will see how fake 'hijackings', simulated events and even phantom planes could have been inserted in real-time onto air traffic screens by those who were not even directly working with NORAD, the Pentagon, Cheyenne Mountain or the FAA. It's quite a story and the lower the Infocon level the better.

A closer look at Eberhart

General Ralph E. Eberhart has not been a high-profile figure in the 9/11 story compared with people like Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld and Myers, despite being the commander-in-chief at NORAD and as such the man with overall responsibility for protecting America from the 9/11 attacks. His behaviour that day and before deserves far more public scrutiny than has been the case so far. Red flags fly for me when someone is lauded as a 'hero' when the opposite should be the case and people like Eberhart enjoy post-event promotion for what should have seen them fired. Flashing lights should also be activated when people and events crucial to uncovering the truth about 9/11 are either ignored or made peripheral in the final report of the official 9/11 Commission. All these things happened with Eberhart. You may think that calling him a '9/11 hero' might just require some re-evaluation in the light of the following. Eberhart both rearranged exercises so they would all be happening on September 11th and reduced the level of Pentagon computer protection to its lowest level at the time of the attacks and so why has he not come under serious scrutiny? Eberhart began his day on September 11th at his office at Peterson Air Force Base in Colorado about 20 miles from Cheyenne Mountain. Peterson was the headquarters of another Eberhart operation, the US Air Force Space Command and according to Lieutenant Colonel Dawne Deskins at NEADS in evidence to the 9/11 Commission: 'NORAD planning exercises are mostly held at Peterson.' Colorado was in a different time-zone to New York, but I will use East Coast time to avoid confusion. The official version tells us that Eberhart was contacted from Cheyenne Mountain at 8.45am to be told of a suspected hijacking (Flight 11) that was 'not exercise' and he then saw on television the stricken North Tower. Eberhart said there was confusion in the system and that's not surprising after he had sanctioned – and re-scheduled – so many exercises across America and Canada and in the skies above the eastern United States that simulated aircraft were all over air traffic screens. He said that he recognised after the second plane struck that they were dealing with 'an ongoing and coordinated terrorist attack' (such brilliant insight). His words and response, however, might appear very strange to many. We are told that he spoke

with General Myers and said there were 'several hijack codes in the system' – meaning that pilots were punching in the hijack code; but 9/11 planes *weren't* and this is one of the great mysteries of the hijackings. Where was he getting that from? Eberhart informed Myers that he was going to stay at Peterson because he didn't want to be out of communication and then soon afterwards headed for Cheyenne Mountain, a usually 30 minute car journey that took him 45 minutes, and throughout that time he was not able to take calls because apparently his cell phone didn't work. He is reported to have missed a call from Dick Cheney while on the road. At the same time as claiming he was out of communication he says he ordered fighters to 'battle stations' at 9.49am. Ugh? Battle stations is an on-alert status when pilots sit in their planes with the engines off waiting for orders and he didn't order planes in the air as per standard practice in hijacking situations as we have seen in official regulations. Eberhart said he drove to Cheyenne Mountain because 'things had quieted down' when obviously they hadn't. Two planes were still hijacked and while he was on the road the Pentagon was hit. What's more he was a commander on a military base – why wasn't he rushed to Cheyenne Mountain by helicopter? Eberhart could have triggered a response plan known as Security Control of Air Traffic and Air Navigation (SCATANA) to clear the sky of commercial aircraft and give the military control of airspace. NORAD staff had urged him to do so, but he refused. He said NORAD radar were not sophisticated enough to do this while his staff clearly didn't see this as a problem. Two hours after Flight 175 hit the South Tower at 9.03 a 'modified' SCATANA was implemented when the attacks were well over. Eberhart also allowed his wargame exercises to continue despite what was happening until 10am when the attacks ended and the 'sim' or simulated attacks were allowed to stay on air traffic screens until the Pentagon was hit. We will see a clear pattern with major players on 9/11 like Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld, Myers and Eberhart all with concocted out-of-the-loop cover stories for what they were doing before the Pentagon was hit and to within minutes of Flight 93 going down. In other words – *until it was all over.* Fighter response failed to effectively react *until it was all over* and the confusion and diversion of wargame exercises were continued *until it was all over*. Colonel Prouty:

> No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

Groundhog Day

Exercises began the day before 9/11 and were due to last a week and

who was in political charge of these wargames that confused the response system on 9/11? Well, well, well: *Dick Cheney*. Others involved were Donald Rumsfeld and acting Chairman of the Joints Chiefs of Staff that morning, General Richard Myers. It is important to remember this when you read the accounts of Rumsfeld and Myers in the next chapter and Cheney later in this one. 'Exercises' and drills have been used again and again as a cover for the scenario they are 'practising' to happen for real. We saw this with the London '7/7' bombings in 2005 when three tube trains and a bus were bombed while an exercise was going on at the same time that mimicked what actually happened. Peter Power, a former police officer in the anti-terrorism branch of London's Scotland Yard, was running the exercise staged by his crisis management company, Visor Consultants, in conjunction with an unnamed company 'of over a thousand people'. He told BBC radio that his London training drill was 'based on simultaneous bombs going off precisely at the railway stations where it [actually] happened this morning, so I still have the hairs on the back of my neck standing up right now'. Power said that they 'had to suddenly switch an exercise from fictional to real which is what we have heard many times before – not least from NORAD commander General Eberhart after 9/11. It is highly doubtful that Power would have been initially so open about the stunning 'coincidence' if he had been knowingly involved in using the exercise as cover for the real thing. Who did have prior knowledge and make the exercise fit so perfectly? Somebody did because when you see how many exercises happen at the same time as the real thing don't give me that 'it's just a coincidence' crap. Power would tell ITV News: '... we chose a scenario – with [the company's] assistance – which is based on a terrorist attack because they're very close to, er, a property owned by Jewish businessmen, they're in the city and there are more American banks in the city than there are in the whole of New York.' The *Jerusalem Post* ran an article that same day by Efraim Halevy, former head of Israel's military intelligence agency, Mossad, which described the 'multiple, simultaneous explosions that took place today on the London transportation system'. A little problem there is that London police did not know they were 'simultaneous' at the time of the article and believed they happened one after the other at 7.51, 7.56, and 8.17am. Halevy called in his article for a world war against Muslim terrorism in the wake of the attacks. Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu – then Finance Minister – was in London at the time and so was New York 9/11 Mayor Rudolph Giuliani. An Associated Press correspondent in Jerusalem reported that the Israeli embassy in London had been warned by Scotland Yard of an imminent terror attack (how did they know?) and Netanyahu was warned by the embassy not to attend an economic conference at the Great Eastern Hotel near to the Liverpool Street

underground station where one of the bombs went off. Giuliani was staying at the Great Eastern Hotel where the conference had been arranged by the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange, the Israeli embassy and Deutsche Bank. See *Terror on the Tube, Behind the Veil of 7/7* by Nick Kollerstrom for more on the London attacks.

Rudolph Giuliani, who knew Netanyahu, also had a Peter Power-type security company – Giuliani Security and Safety – that ran 'mock terror drills' and so on, and it would appear that Power knew Giuliani personnel such as Richard Sheirer, Senior Vice President of Giuliani and Partners. Sheirer was formerly Commissioner at the New York Office of Emergency Management (created by then Mayor Giuliani) from February 2000 to March 2002 which included 9/11. Sheirer was also Director of New York City Homeland Security. He was called 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight' after 9/11, but was later widely criticised for 'crucial failures of communication, especially between the Fire Department and the Police Department, which may have led to unnecessary deaths of scores of firefighters'. Pasquale J. D'Amuro, the FBI inspector in charge of the 9/11 [non]-investigation under Director Robert Mueller, left the Bureau after 26 years to become chairman of Giuliani Security and Safety. You will see that the world of 9/11 is a very small one indeed. 'Terror drills' that are near carbon copies of what happens for real in the same place at the same time, or very soon afterwards, have been identified many times. Among them have been the sinking of the ferry *Estonia* in the Baltic Sea en route from Estonia to Sweden (1994); the Madrid train bombings (2004); Oslo bombing (2011); Boston bombings (2013) and a long list of other terror attacks and mass shootings. Many police officers who took part in the *Estonia* terror drill died on their way home on the ship. When the part of the vessel officially responsible for the sinking was raised from the seabed the lead investigator was reported to have ordered it to be thrown back. 9/11 anyone?

Cheney tracks 'missing plane' from White House 'bunker'

Vice President Dick Cheney was given control of all 9/11 exercise operations just four months before the attacks in a presidential executive order in May, 2001. Executive orders are an outrageous system by which the President decrees law without the complication of a vote or debate. Cheney is a brutal and deeply imbalanced man. His computer program must have been written by a sadist and he was the real power in the White House in the Boy Bush years. Cheney told the media on September 12th, 2001, that he only heard of the 9/11 attacks from a clerical secretary who was watching television in his Washington office. Yes, and pigs are flying in formation. He said the Secret Service took him to the Presidential Emergency Operations Center, an underground

bunker at the White House, and he began to direct the response – or lack of it – to what was happening. It was no accident that Boy Bush was arranged to be out of the way at a school in Florida and then to be flown between military bases until the evening. Bush was only a figurehead president and he would have got in their way. Go fetch the tea, George – Dick is thirsty. What happened in that White House operations 'bunker' was described by Secretary of Transportation Norman Mineta who witnessed a highly significant exchange. Mineta described what happened before the Pentagon was hit in evidence to the 9/11 Commission:

> During the time that the airplane was coming in to the Pentagon, there was a young man who would come in and say to the Vice President, 'The plane is 50 miles out, the plane is 30 miles out'. And when it got down to 'the plane is 10 miles out', the young man also said to the Vice President, 'Do the orders still stand?' And the Vice President turned and whipped his neck around and said, 'Of course the orders still stand. Have you heard anything to the contrary?

Here is devastating evidence from a member of the Bush-Cheney administration which the official 9/11 Commission shockingly censored and *did not include in its final report*. Mineta was confirming that Cheney and the Hidden Hand he represented were tracking Flight 77, or whatever hit the Pentagon, all the way into Washington, while the official story claims that air traffic controllers had 'lost' the aircraft and NEADS wasn't told of a problem until just before impact. There were two levels of tracking going on all the time. One was the day-to-day operational staff at the NEADS operation in New York State and the FAA (or at least the operational levels). The other was the tracking system that Cheney, the hierarchy at Cheyenne Mountain and Pentagon top brass were operating. *They* were tracking all the planes all the time and directing events while the rank-and-file FAA/NORAD system was having spanners hurled in the works and again towards the end of the book I will explain how this could be done and who by. Cheney was still relatively 'yes sir' and bit-part compared with the real orchestrators. The evidence presented by Norman Mineta has the 'young man' asking Cheney if 'the orders still stand', as the plane hurtles towards Washington with Cheney replying: 'Of course the orders still stand. Have you heard anything to the contrary?' What orders were these then? Mineta indicated that he didn't know what they referred to, but appeared to take them to mean they were to shoot down the plane. This makes no sense at all because, despite the obviously detailed tracking that was going on, the plane or projectile was *not* shot down before the Pentagon was struck. The only explanation that makes sense of what

Mineta said he witnessed is that the orders were *not* to shoot down the plane or whatever it was and allow it to reach its target. No wonder Mineta said the 'young man' sounded so anxious and wanted more confirmation. In other words there was a 'stand-down' order in place that would explain the absence of an effective military response in every aspect of 9/11. Charles E. Lewis, who worked on a project involving the Airport Operations Area at Los Angeles airport, or LAX, until two months before 9/11, described what happened when he returned to the airport after the happenings in New York to see if he could help in some way given his experience of new security systems. He said:

> As on other days, there was 'chatter' on LAX Security walkie-talkies and I could easily hear what Security was saying when they were outside the guard shack (they would go in and out, but they were mainly outside). On some of the walkie-talkies, I could hear both sides of the conversations; on others only one.
>
> I do not know who was at the other end of the walkie-talkies, but I assumed that it was LAX Security dispatch or command. At first, LAX Security was very upset because it seemed to Security that none of the FAA's Air Traffic Controllers (ATCs) tracking the hijacked airliners had notified NORAD as required. More chatter revealed that ATCs had notified NORAD, but that NORAD had not responded, because it had been 'ordered to stand-down'.
>
> This report made Security even more upset, so they tried to find out who had issued that order. A short time later the word came down that the order had come 'from the highest level of the White House'. Security was puzzled and very upset by this and made attempts to get more details and clarification, but these were not forthcoming while I was still there.
>
> Another piece of information that I heard, shortly after my arrival, was that the Pentagon had been 'hit by a rocket'. It's possible that the word was 'missile', although I'm quite certain it was 'rocket'. I was, in any case, quite surprised when I later got home and learned that the media were reporting that an airliner had hit the Pentagon.

Apparent chaos is wonderful camouflage for calculation. As I've said, there were two communication networks operating on 9/11. One involved the 'people on the ground', the operatives at air traffic control centers and those at NEADS. These communications were systematically disrupted and sabotaged by those working for the other communication networks that day. This was the one involving the Joint Chiefs of Staff Command Center in the Pentagon (which I am about to discuss), the highest level of NORAD and associated agencies at Cheyenne Mountain,

Dick Cheney and other Hidden Hand and Web operatives. Something similar was planned in the 1960s by the Pentagon Joint Chiefs of Staff, as I will be explaining. Some researchers have confused the more basic NEADS operation in New York State with NORAD's operational headquarters in Cheyenne Mountain where incredible tracking technology exists, much of it unknown to the public arena. This second network, operating to its pre-arranged plan, had access to state-of-the-art technology while NEADS was kept confused and bewildered about what was going on as they tried to make sense of what was happening amid, among other things, Pentagon 'wargame exercises' that also involved simulated hijackings. These wargames were under the ultimate authority of Dick Cheney.

It was this Cheney-Pentagon-NORAD network that was orchestrating the attacks on one level and sabotaging the normal speed and efficiency of response but even they were only artisans in a network of even deeper control that I will expose in detail towards the end of the book.

CHAPTER 7

Where were you on 9/11?

Without censorship, things can get terribly confused in the public mind
– General William Westmoreland, Commander US forces in Vietnam

Our attention turns next to the National Military Command Center (NMCC). This is the Pentagon command and communications operation that is supposed to oversee and respond to emergencies and threats like 9/11 under the authority of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff who officially answers to the Secretary of Defense and US President.

General Richard B. Myers officially took over as Joint Chiefs chairman, the highest uniform post in the US military, two weeks after the attacks and was acting chairman while they were happening (Fig 33). He was appointed deputy chairman in 2000 and before that he was commander of NORAD. Myers, therefore, knew precisely what the procedures were for reacting to unexplained happenings with planes in North American airspace. FAA regulations say: 'The escort service will be requested by the FAA hijack coordinator by direct contact with the National Military Command Center (NMCC).' The Department of Defense manual says:

> In the event of a hijacking, the National Military Command Center will be notified by the most expeditious means by the Federal Aviation Administration. The NMCC will, with the exception of immediate responses ... forward requests for DOD [Department of Defense] assistance to the Secretary of Defense for approval.

Figure 33: General Richard Myers was somehow in two places at the same time on 9/11.

This is the same National Military Command Center that claims it had no warning that an airliner was about to

crash into its own building some 45 minutes after it deviated off course! Where was General Myers while all this was going on and what were the top brass in the Pentagon doing all this time? What was Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld doing? Where was President Bush? Myers knew the response procedures. He knew that Andrews Air Force Base little more than ten miles down the road had all that was necessary to respond to Flight 77 as it headed for Washington. Yet nothing was done. *The New York Times* tried to explain what was happening at the Pentagon that morning:

> During the hour or so that American Airlines Flight 77 was under the control of hijackers, up to the moment it struck the west side of the Pentagon, military officials in a command center on the east side of the building were urgently talking to law enforcement and air traffic control officials about what to do.
>
> [No, you didn't misread that.]
>
> But despite elaborate plans that link civilian and military efforts to control the nation's airspace in defense of the country, and despite two other jetliners' having already hit the World Trade Center in New York, the fighter planes that scrambled into protective orbits around Washington did not arrive until 15 minutes after Flight 77 hit the Pentagon [reported elsewhere as 20 minutes].

What? Military chiefs in the Pentagon Command Center were 'urgently talking about what to do?' These are the guys who are supposed to protect the United States from nuclear attack! Officials in the Command Center were talking to air traffic officials (FAA) during the hour in question and so why no response from NORAD? Why are we told that NORAD's NEADS center, which is under Pentagon command, was not alerted about Flight 77 when Pentagon officials were 'urgently talking to law enforcement and air traffic control officials about what to do' during 'the hour or so that American Airlines Flight 77 was under the control of the hijackers'? Given what had happened in New York why weren't planes scrambled to patrol the skies over Washington as a matter of course anyway? Here we have the nexus from which the two tracking operations were coordinated – one that was feeding countdown information to Cheney in his White House bunker and the other (run by NEADS and lower-level FAA) was being systematically isolated and sabotaged. General Myers told his Senate confirmation hearing when he became Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff that he pledged '… to keep our armed forces at that razor's edge'! Pentagon spokesman Air Force Lieutenant Colonel Vic Warzinski even had the audacity to tell *Newsday*: 'The Pentagon was simply not aware that this aircraft was coming our way …' The Cheyenne Mountain

official website said of the NORAD Command Center supplying real-time information to the Pentagon:

> Redundant and survivable communications hot lines connect the Command Center to the Pentagon, White House, US Strategic Command, Canadian Forces Headquarters in Ottawa, other aerospace defense system command posts, and major military centers around the world.

Where were these 'hot lines' on 9/11 when Pentagon chiefs claim they *didn't know that a hijacked plane heading for their own city for more than 45 minutes was coming their way??* CNN reported that while golfer Payne Stewart's plane was flying on auto pilot '... officers on the Joint Chiefs were monitoring the Learjet on radar screens inside the Pentagon's National Military Command Center'. Of course they were, that is what they are supposed to do. Why are we told they did not do this on September 11th when four planes were hijacked and how come they didn't know one was heading in their direction? The lies would be laughable if the consequences had not been so tragic. CNN also quoted officials at the Pentagon as saying they were never made aware of the threat from hijacked United Airlines Flight 93 until after it crashed in Pennsylvania at 10.03am. The FAA is reported to have informed NORAD at 9.16 that Flight 93 may have been hijacked and the transponder was turned off at 9.40. NORAD and the FAA both told me that open lines between them were established to discuss Flight 93. There is no way that the Pentagon's National Military Command Center with open lines to the FAA and NORAD (in Cheyenne Mountain) was not aware of the hijack of Flight 93 until we are told that it crashed after 10am. The Pentagon's entire story is nonsense and it is designed to hide the simple truth – at the highest levels within the US government and military these attacks were being both orchestrated and allowed to happen. 'Flight 77' crashed into the Pentagon on the west side of what is the biggest office complex in the world. This is the opposite side of the building to where Rumsfeld, military top brass and the National Military Command Center were located. The targeted section had been the first of five to undergo renovations and strengthening to protect the Pentagon from terrorist attacks and yet this is the very section these 'highly trained, highly professional' terrorists aimed for?? Such is the size and strength of the Pentagon that Rumsfeld said that he only felt a 'jarring thing' when the plane hit. If you were really a crazed Islamic fanatic dedicated to attacking the 'Great Satan America' why would you aim the plane at the very opposite side of a 29-acre, six million-square-foot building to where your real targets are? The answer I guess is the same as why Timothy McVeigh parked the Ryder truck as far away as he did from his alleged target, the offices of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco,

Firearms and Explosives (ATF).

Where was Myers?

General Myers was acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on September 11th in the absence abroad of the outgoing General Hugh Shelton. Myers would be confirmed as Shelton's successor at a Senate hearing only two days later. Chairman of the Joint Chiefs is the highest-ranking uniformed military post and third in command of US forces. Surely this is a man who would have been at the centre of events with America 'under attack' from terrorists. Where was Myers while the nightmare was being unleashed? It turns out, and I'm not kidding, that he was having a meeting with Senator Max Cleland of Georgia on Capitol Hill. Or, at least that's what he claims. I think it's best if you sit down while you read the following and breathing deeply might help, too. This is Myers' account of his movements that morning described in an interview with the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service:

> I remember it was like watching a bad movie. I was on Capitol Hill. I was about ready to meet with Senator Cleland. I was meeting with him in preparation for my hearing, my confirmation hearing to be the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. And I remember before we walked in there was a TV that was playing and somebody has said, 'An airplane has hit one of the World Trade Center towers'.
>
> They thought it was an airplane, and they thought it was a small airplane or something like that. So we walked in and we did the office call with Senator Cleland.

The highest-ranking uniformed officer in the US military on American soil that day hears that a plane has hit the World Trade Center and instead of checking it out he goes into a routine meeting with a senator about confirmation hearings? *Come again?* And it gets worse:

> Sometime during that office call the second tower was hit. Nobody informed us of that. But when we came out, that was obvious. Then right at that time somebody said the Pentagon has been hit.

Hold on, let me sit down here and fasten the seat belt. No one informs the acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the top military man in America at the time, that a second airliner has hit the World Trade Center (or even the first) when down in Florida White House Chief of Staff Andrew Card was telling President Bush that 'America is under attack' according to the official story? General Myers' account makes no rational sense whatsoever. Do they really think we are all so

stupid that we would believe that the acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is not contactable at all times and that he would not have been told by the Pentagon about the second plane – indeed the first also – as a matter of course? Myers then says that 'right at the time' when he and Cleland came out of their meeting 'somebody said the Pentagon has been hit'. We can therefore add a timeline to his story. Myers' account puts him in the meeting with Cleland at no later than around 9am before the second plane crashed and he did not come out until about the time the Pentagon was struck. This means no earlier than 9.38-9.40 and even later given reaction time. How amazing that this meeting took place across precisely the period that the attacks were happening – if indeed there was such a meeting given evidence that follows. *The New York Times* tells us that 'during the hour or so that American Airlines Flight 77 was under the control of hijackers, up to the moment it struck the west side of the Pentagon, military officials in a command center on the east side of the building were urgently talking to law enforcement and air traffic control officials about what to do'. All this was happening and they didn't inform their ultimate boss that day who claims to have been in a meeting down the street on Capitol Hill? Smell a rat? I smell a whole species. General Myers says that when he emerged from the meeting to be told what most of the world already knew he launched into action:

> Immediately, somebody handed me a cell phone, and it was General Eberhart out at NORAD in Colorado Springs talking about what was happening and the actions he was going to take. We immediately, after talking to him, jumped in the car, ran back to the Pentagon.

I have detailed the fantastic technology and communications network at the disposal of NORAD and the Pentagon yet NORAD's commander contacts the acting military head of US forces only *after* three hijacked planes had crashed over nearly an hour and when somebody handed him a cell phone? NORAD commander General Eberhart – the man who replaced Myers at Cheyenne Mountain – is telling him 'the actions he is *going* to take' after three airliners are embedded in three of America's biggest buildings? What in God's name had Eberhart and his NORAD operation been doing all this time? And why did Eberhart wait until three aircraft had crashed into buildings before calling the acting Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff? If you feel you can stand any more General Myers also told Armed Forces Radio and Television:

> The Chairman [General Shelton] had left that morning to go to Europe, so he was somewhere over the Atlantic. As I got to the Pentagon I noticed a lot of people were coming out of the Pentagon. Of course they'd been told to evacuate. My concern was where can you best discharge your duties? ... [My]

> battle station was in the National Military Command Center. I asked if it was still running, they said it sure is, so I went back in the building to the Command Center and was joined shortly thereafter by the Secretary of Defense [Rumsfeld]. The Deputy Secretary [Wolfowitz] actually went to another location at that point. We did what had to be done in terms of the command and control of the day ...

The interviewer asked Myers if he could believe that it was actually a terrorist attack:

> I didn't know what to believe at the time. That was the problem. We had these events, and then subsequently the airplane went down in Pennsylvania. We were trying to tie this together, what does this mean? General Eberhart was working with the Federal Aviation Agency trying to figure out the logical steps at this point. We had some fighters airborne at that time in case we had some hijacked airplanes that were possibly a threat to other institutions or structures, but it was initially pretty confusing. You hate to admit it, but we hadn't thought about this.

They hadn't thought about this when they had been performing practice drills over years based on just this scenario? Given what is claimed to have happened, the voices said to have been heard from cockpit radios and reports by passengers and attendants on 'cell phones' and 'Airfones' that morning it is an unbelievable misrepresentation to say they didn't know this was a 'terrorist attack'. Only with three planes down and a fourth soon to crash in Pennsylvania did the top military officer on duty that day walk into the Command Centre at the Pentagon which, as we have seen, has clear and set procedures for reacting to hijackings or aircraft anomalies and would have had open lines throughout to the FAA and NORAD in Cheyenne Mountain. Only then did the Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld appear and he was in the building from at least before the time that Flight 11, the first hijacked plane, was leaving its gate at Boston Logan. More about Rumsfeld shortly, but let us stay with General Myers because this guy really is something else. You may have seen him at the time, a grey-haired chap in uniform giving news conferences at the Pentagon while his forces bombed innocent civilians in Afghanistan and elsewhere justified by what is alleged to have happened on September 11th. Two days after 9/11 Myers appeared before the Senate Armed Services Committee hearing that confirmed his appointment as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Committee Chairman Senator Carl Levin questioned him about what had happened while the attacks were taking place:

> **Levin:** Was the Defense Department contacted by the FAA or the FBI or any

other agency after the first two hijacked aircraft crashed into the World Trade Center, prior to the time that the Pentagon was hit?

Myers: Sir, I don't know the answer to that question. I can get that for you, for the record.

[He didn't know?]

Levin: Thank you. Did the Defense Department take – or was the Defense Department asked to take action against any specific aircraft?

Myers: Sir, we were ...

Levin: ... And did you take action against – for instance, there have been statements that the aircraft that crashed in Pennsylvania was shot down. Those stories continue to exist.

Myers: Mr Chairman, the armed forces did not shoot down any aircraft. When it became clear what the threat was, we did scramble fighter aircraft, AWACS, radar aircraft and tanker aircraft to begin to establish orbits in case other aircraft showed up in the FAA system that were hijacked. But we never actually had to use force.

Levin: Was that order that you just described given before or after the Pentagon was struck? Do you know?

Myers: That order, to the best of my knowledge, was after the Pentagon was struck.

[He doesn't know?]

The highest-ranking military man in America, third only in military authority to the President and the Defense Secretary, and himself a former Commander of NORAD, does not know two days after 9/11 if his own Defense Department was contacted by the FAA or FBI or any other agency after the first two hijacked aircraft crashed into the World Trade Center and before the Pentagon was hit? He didn't ask at any time after he claims to have rushed to his 'battle station', the National Military Command Center in the Pentagon, where they would have known everything that had happened? What utter tripe. He knew exactly the procedure and lines of communications as both the acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a former head of NORAD. He knew that the Defense Department, NORAD, and the FAA work closely in hijack situations and that the Pentagon would have normally been

notified before the first plane crashed never mind after two had done so. He knew that fighters are deployed as a matter of course to seek out rogue aircraft. Myers said that 'to his knowledge' no order was given to scramble jets in response to the attacks until after the Pentagon was hit. 'To his knowledge'? He didn't ask that question either when he arrived at the Pentagon or *for two days afterwards?* In that time no one told him? This question of whether jets were indeed scrambled before the Pentagon was struck is interesting because not only did Myers say to his knowledge that military jets were *not* scrambled until after the Pentagon strike this was NORAD's position for several days also. New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani said that he called the White House just before 10am and asked Chris Henick, Bush's deputy political director, about air cover over New York. Giuliani said he was told that jets had been scrambled twelve minutes earlier which would have made that after the Pentagon was hit. This is a common theme. NORAD spokesman Barry Venable told me in 2002 that this was not the case and sent me an Associated Press report of September 11th in which NORAD spokesman Colonel Mike Perini is quoted as saying: 'NORAD controllers did track one of the hijacked planes, but it crashed into the World Trade Center even as fighters were scrambling.' Other NORAD spokesmen said the very opposite, as did General Myers. Major Mike Snyder, a spokesman at NORAD headquarters, said that no fighters were scrambled before the Pentagon was hit. This was exposing outrageous incompetence (at best) and the story was about to change.

No fighters were scrambled? *What??* Cue Dan

The 'we did scramble planes' story only began to circulate after a report by Dan Rather, a Council on Foreign Relations member and CBS News 'anchor'. Rather is the man who told talk show host David Letterman:

> George Bush is the President. He makes the decisions. Wherever he wants me to line up, just tell me where.

You are a *journalist*, man – or supposed to be. It was Rather who announced to the nation on September 14th that jets had been scrambled while quoting no sources. From this 'Rather exclusive' the 'we scrambled jets, but they were just too late' story became official history. In fact Rather himself had asked CBS military consultant Colonel Mitch Mitchell on September 12th why the Pentagon didn't have a system in which fighters were used to defend against attacks like 9/11. Rather's revelations that jets *were* deployed on September 11th before the Pentagon was hit came the day after the disastrous testimony of General Myers to the Senate Armed Forces Committee in which he had made the shocking statement that no fighters had been ordered to intercept the

first three hijacked airliners that morning. Myers made no mention of planes scrambling from Otis or Langley, the CIA Air Force base where he was stationed for three years in the late 1980s. Then, hey presto, the following day the scrambled fighter jets story suddenly appeared on CBS. Dan Rather said that night:

> CBS News has learned the FAA alerted US Air Defense units of a possible hijacking at 8.38 Tuesday morning, and six minutes later, at 8.44, two F-15s received a scramble order at Otis Air Force Base on Cape Cod. But two minutes later, at 8.46, American Airlines Flight 11, the first hijacked jet, slammed into the World Trade Center. Six minutes later, at 8.52, the F-15s were airborne and began racing towards New York City, but the fighters were still 70 miles away when the second hijacked jet, United Airlines Flight 175, hit the second Trade Center tower. Shortly after that blast, the F-15s reached Manhattan and began flying air cover missions over the city.
>
> But to the south, a new danger and a new response. At 9.30, three F-16s were launched out of Langley Air Force Base in Virginia, 150 miles [130] south of Washington. But just seven minutes later, at 9.37, American Airlines Flight 77 hit the Pentagon. The F-16s arrived in Washington just before 10am and began flying cover over the nation's capital.

The contradictions can be clearly observed in two reports in the *Boston Globe* just four days apart. On Saturday, September 15th, reporter Glen Johnson highlighted the opposing accounts of CBS and NORAD. After repeating Rather's CBS 'exclusive' the night before, he wrote that NORAD at that stage still denied scrambling any jets before the Pentagon was attacked even though a NORAD spokesman, Marine Corps Major Mike Snyder, said they 'routinely' intercept aircraft (it was happening about 100 times a year). Go figure. The *Globe* quoted Snyder as saying:

> We scramble aircraft to respond to any aircraft that we consider a potential threat. The hijacked aircraft were normal, scheduled commercial aircraft on approved flight plans and we only had 10 minutes prior notice to the first attack, which unfortunately was not enough notice.

But he also confirmed that none were scrambled for the next hour either! The *Globe* story said:

> ... Snyder, the NORAD spokesman ... said the command did not immediately scramble any fighters even though it was alerted to a hijacking 10 minutes before the first plane, American Airlines Flight 11 from Boston to Los Angeles, slammed into the first World Trade Center tower at 8.45am Tuesday.

> Never before had a hijacked airliner been steered into a skyscraper, Snyder noted, in trying to explain the lack of immediate response [exercise scenarios had been happening for years to practice for just such a situation].
>
> The spokesman said the fighters remained on the ground until after the Pentagon was hit by American Airlines Flight 77 at 9.40am, during which time the second Trade Center tower was struck by United Airlines Flight 175, which also originated in Boston and was destined for Los Angeles. By that time, military authorities realized the scope of the attack, Snyder said, and finally ordered the jets aloft.

Vice President Cheney was still telling this same story five days after the attacks on September 16th when he told the NBC show *Meet the Press* that it was Bush who personally made the decision to send up interceptors and Cheney suggested this was only done after the Pentagon was hit. How does all this square with the later (and since official) story about having fighters in the air heading for hijacked airliners before that time? Suddenly the story changed, new song sheets all round at Cheyenne Mountain and the Pentagon. By September 19th – *eight* days after 9/11 – Glen Johnson and the *Boston Globe* were reporting a very different version of events from NORAD. Johnson wrote:

> Two fighter jets dispatched from Otis Air National Guard Base on Cape Cod had closed to within 71 miles of New York last week when the second of two hijacked airliners slammed into the World Trade Center towers, the military confirmed Tuesday.
>
> Similarly, two F-16 fighters that had scrambled from Langley Air Force Base in Virginia streaked toward Washington as a third airliner bore in on the Pentagon, but both were still about 12 minutes away when the commandeered plane struck the nation's military headquarters.

The timeline, provided by NORAD, had miraculously changed. Johnson rightly pointed out:

> The account contradicted earlier statements from a defense command spokesman and the incoming chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff [Myers]. Both said the military did not launch its planes until after the Pentagon had been hit.

NORAD spokesman Army Major Barry Venable said the previous statements were based on 'inaccurate information'. What – *for more than a week?* I met with the *Boston Globe's* Glen Johnson and he told me he had

called the public affairs office at Otis Air Force Base to ask them to confirm that they did scramble planes that morning, but they refused to comment for reasons of 'operational security' even though their bosses at NORAD had now issued a press release saying that they had. Johnson told me that eventually they would not return his calls. What goes on? I asked NORAD if I could speak with the pilots of the planes that were said to have been scrambled from Otis. I was told they had 'elected not to speak with the media'. They had no problem, however, speaking with the BBC programme *Clear The Skies* that unquestioningly repeated the official line and enjoyed great cooperation and access to Cheyenne Mountain and other military establishments as a result. The blatant contradictions in the official story are constant and obvious everywhere you look. Anyway, even according to this new timeline of NORAD and the Pentagon, no fighter jet got within 100 miles of even the fourth aircraft, Flight 93, before it 'crashed in Pennsylvania'. The *Globe's* Johnson highlighted the obvious point that these 'scrambled' jets flew to their targets at well below their potential speed. Why? We had the same contradictions with Flight 93 almost two hours after the problem was first identified with Flight 11. Major General Paul Weaver, director of the Air National Guard, said that 'no Air National Guard or other military planes were scrambled to chase the fourth hijacked airliner, United Airlines Flight 93'. This is a staggering statement in itself, but Defense Secretary Rumsfeld's deputy Paul Wolfowitz was quoted in the *Boston Herald* telling a very different story. He said: '... the Air Force was tracking the hijacked plane that crashed in Pennsylvania on Tuesday after other airliners slammed into the Pentagon and World Trade Center and had been in a position to bring it down if necessary.' General Myers was questioned by Senator Bill Nelson during his Senate confirmation hearing on September 13th and his shocking mendacity was there for all to see:

> **Nelson:** The second World Trade tower was hit shortly after 9am. And the Pentagon was hit approximately 40 minutes later. That's approximately. You would know specifically what the timeline was. The crash that occurred in Pennsylvania after the Newark westbound flight was turned around 180 degrees and started heading back to Washington was approximately an hour after the World Trade Center second explosion.
>
> You said earlier in your testimony that we had not scrambled any military aircraft until after the Pentagon was hit. And so, my question would be: Why?
>
> **Myers:** I think I had that right that it was not until then. I'd have to go back and review the exact timelines. [He *thinks* that's right?]

Nelson: Perhaps we want to do this in our session, in executive [secret] session. But my question is an obvious one for not only this committee, but for the executive branch and the military establishment. If we knew that there was a general threat on terrorist activity, which we did, and we suddenly have two trade towers in New York being obviously hit by terrorist activity, of commercial airliners taken off course from Boston to Los Angeles, then what happened to the response of the defense establishment once we saw the diversion of the aircraft headed west from Dulles turning around 180 degrees and, likewise, in the aircraft taking off from Newark and, in flight, turning 180 degrees? That's the question. I leave it to you as to how you would like to answer it. But we would like an answer.

Myers: You bet. I spoke, after the second tower was hit, I spoke to the commander of NORAD, General Eberhart. And at that point, I think [*think?*] the decision was at that point to start launching aircraft.

In his interview with Armed Forces Radio and Television Myers said that when he came out of his meeting on Capitol Hill with Senator Max Cleland he was told of the second plane crashing into the WTC *and* that the Pentagon had just been hit. Only then, he said, did he talk to Eberhart. Myers is changing his accounts in response to Nelson's questions as they expose the inexplicable non-reaction of Cheyenne Mountain and the Pentagon. What Myers is therefore saying here again is that no planes were scrambled until after the Pentagon was hit.

Myers: One of the things you have to understand, senator, is that in our posture right now, that we have many fewer aircraft on alert than we did during the height of the Cold War. And so, we've got just a few bases around the perimeter of the United States.

What about the fighters a minute's flying time from Washington at Andrews AFB, which were deployed after the Pentagon was hit?

Myers: So it's not just a question of launching aircraft, it's launching to do what? You have to have a specific threat. We're pretty good if the threat's coming from outside. We're not so good if the threat's coming from inside.

Two planes have hit the World Trade Center and another hijacked aircraft is heading for Washington and he says you have to have a 'specific threat' before scrambling fighters? And 'launching to do what?' Launching to do what they do every week of the year and as a former commander of NORAD he well knew that. Why were planes not deployed over Washington as soon as the World Trade Center was attacked? If it was felt right to do that after the Pentagon was hit why

not before?

> **Myers:** In this case, if my memory serves me – and I'll have to get back to you for the record – my memory says that we had launched on the one that eventually crashed in Pennsylvania. I mean, we had gotten somebody close to it, as I recall. I'll have to check that out. [Remember this is the top-ranking uniformed military officer in America speaking two days after the attacks.] I do not recall if that was the case for the one that had taken off from Dulles. But part of it is just where we are positioned around this country to do that kind of work because that was never – it goes back to Senator Collins' issue. Is this one of the things that we'll worry about. You know, what's next? But our posture today is not one of the many sites and the many tens of aircraft on alert. We just have a handful today.

Let us not forget that General Myers said that he headed straight for the Command Center in the Pentagon after he came out of his meeting on Capitol Hill. The idea that he did not know that morning, never mind two days later, what fighter jets had been, or not been, scrambled is simply insulting to the American public. Of course he knew and what he said until he was faced with uncomfortable questions is that they did not scramble jets until the Pentagon was hit. When you have someone presenting such a travesty of the truth and dithering around unable to answer the most basic of questions – answers he would clearly have known – the alarm bells begin to explode. Senator Nelson later emphasised his point again to the committee:

> Mr Chairman, may I, just for the record? Commenting from CNN on the timeline, 9.03 is the correct time that the United Airlines flight crashed into the South Tower of the World Trade Center; 9.43 is the time that American Airlines Flight 77 crashed into the Pentagon. And 10.10am is the time that United Airlines Flight 93 crashed in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. So that was 40 minutes between the second tower being hit and the Pentagon crash. And it is an hour and seven minutes until the crash occurred in Pennsylvania.

What a [coordinated] shambles

The whole official story is a mess and the 9/11 Commission, the official cover up of what really happened, would produce *a third* FAA/NORAD response timeline when it reported in 2004 in another desperate attempt to hide the truth that normal procedures were sabotaged to allow the attacks to happen unchallenged. *Three* separate report and reaction timelines were issued all contradicting each other over a period of three years? Yep, sounds credible. The Commission described a 'they-called-them-who-called-them' chain of command to explain delays in response that totally contracted hijack reaction procedures in the official manuals

which are based on problem-report-scramble. Military chiefs were exposed in Commission hearings for lying in their previous statements, but don't worry there's not a scam going on or anything. In the Commission's timeline for Flight 11 the FAA was aware of a hijacking at 8.25am and yet waited seven minutes to alert the NORAD'S NEADS response system in New York State where NEADS Battle Commander Colonel Robert Marr only put Otis planes on alert and called Major Larry Arnold, commanding general of NORAD's US Continental Region, to consume another eight minutes before Arnold gave the go-ahead to get them airborne. Forty seconds later, according to the Commission timeline, Flight 11 hit the North Tower. From the FAA realising the plane was hijacked to the fighters being scrambled to respond took *21 minutes* in this timeline. It should have taken less than five and if that had happened the fighters would have travelled the 153 miles to New York before the building was struck. Yet another misdirection is that NEADS required higher authorisation before jets could be scrambled. Regulations say that in an emergency action can be taken before higher authority is secured. While FAA top brass have fundamental questions to answer the 9/11 Commission version of events hung out to dry the rank and file FAA and cleared the top brass military to hide the existence of stand-down/don't respond orders until after the Pentagon strike.

NORAD or SNORAD?

General Ralph Eberhart, Commander in Chief of NORAD and Space Command at Cheyenne Mountain, appeared on October 25th, 2001, before the Senate Armed Services Committee Hearing on the 'Role of Defense Department in Homeland Security'. By now the new song sheets had been circulated. Eberhart said that the FAA did not notify NORAD or the Department of Defense that Flight 77 was 'probably hijacked' until 9.24am even though it had changed course and turned back at about 8.55 – after the first plane had already crashed into the World Trade Center. The plane was 'probably hijacked'? Can it get any sillier? Eberhart said:

> I show it as 9.24 that we were notified, and that's the first notification that we received. I do not know, sir, why it took that amount of time for FAA. I hate to say it, but you'll have to ask FAA.

Did anyone ever bother? It should also be pointed out the claim that NORAD was told about Flight 77 at 9.24 was exposed as untrue three years later by the NORAD tapes. Eberhart was asked if they had now improved the communication system:

> Sir, I assure you that we have, and we practice this daily now, and now it takes about one minute from the time that FAA sees some sort of discrepancy on their radar scope or detects a discrepancy in terms of their communication before they notify NORAD. So that certainly has been fixed.
>
> I think at that time, the FAA was still thinking that if they saw a problem it was a problem that was a result of a mechanical failure or some sort of crew deviation. They weren't thinking hijacking. Today, the first thing they think is hijacking, and we respond accordingly.

You can see from the evidence presented in the last chapter about the normal reaction procedures of the FAA and NORAD before September 11th that we are being seriously misled here. If you look at what happened to those planes it was clear to air traffic controllers that the aircraft were not suffering a 'mechanical failure or some sort of crew deviation' and so why is Eberhart talking such nonsense? Senator John Warner said he was 'a little bit stunned' that Eberhart didn't know six weeks after the attacks why there was such a delay in the FAA informing NORAD/NEADS about what was happening. Warner asked him if the FAA and NORAD had not rehearsed the possibilities of an aircraft being seized by terrorists. Eberhart replied: '... although we practice this, day in and day out, the FAA sees on their scopes scores of problems that are a result of mechanical problems, switch errors, pilot errors, et cetera, and that's what they think when they see this'. Oh do come on. Contact was lost with the cockpits, transponders were turned off, there were serious changes in course and planes were crashing into buildings. Then we are told there were calls from passengers on the planes and 'terrorists' heard in the cockpits. Nothing to worry about, Ralph, must be a mechanical fault. Note that he says they 'practice this, day in and day out ...' and uses the pre-September 11th tense if you read the sentence. He was, after all, speaking only weeks after the attacks. Eberhart continued:

> Although we have exercised this, we have practiced it, in most cases it's a hijacking like most of the hijackings, all of the hijackings I'm aware of, where we have plenty of time to react, we get on the wing, and we follow this airplane to where it lands and then the negotiations start. We were not thinking a missile – an airborne missile that was going to be used as a target – a manned missile if you will – the origin of this flight was from overseas and we did not have the time-distance problems that we had on that morning. We had plenty of time to react.

[Nonsense – exercise drill scenarios for just this plane-as-a-missile situation had been practiced for years.]

> We were notified that for sure there was a hijacking and we were notified that they were holding a gun to the pilot's head and telling him to fly toward New York City or Washington, DC. So that's how we had practiced this, sir. I certainly wish we had practiced it differently, but I really think that, for sure in the first two instances, and probably in the third, the time and distance would not have allowed us to get an airplane to the right place at the right time.

A few months later he said that from the moment the FAA suspects a problem it took 'only about one minute' to contact NORAD and fighters are in the air 'within a matter of minutes to anywhere in the United States'. He claimed this was a new procedure when it was nothing more than the previous policy – suspended on 9/11 – that said if there was an unexpected loss of radar or radio communication it must be considered that 'an aircraft emergency exists'... and ... 'If ... you are in doubt that a situation constitutes an emergency or potential emergency, handle it as though it were an emergency'. Eberhart's operation within Cheyenne Mountain had access to the most sophisticated tracking and surveillance technology on earth – and in space – known to man and this is a point missed (of course it was) by the 9/11 fake Commission which said that NORAD was struggling to locate Flight 11 because its transponder was turned off. Author and researcher David Ray Griffin points out in *The 9/11 Commission Report, Omissions and Distortions* that NORAD's tracking systems are far more advanced than civilian technology and did not need a transponder to track a plane and its altitude. Griffin rightly adds that if all Soviet planes had to do to avoid detection during the Cold War was to turn off their transponders what kind of state-of-the-art defence system was that? It's all nonsense and another diversion to cover the military response stand-down/sabotage on 9/11. Two planes had hit the World Trade Center and Eberhart claims they didn't have the time to intercept a plane that turned back towards Washington 40 minutes before it struck the Pentagon? He says that they 'were not thinking a missile – an airborne missile that was going to be used as a target – a manned missile if you will', but two such 'missiles' had already crashed into the World Trade Center before the non-reaction to Flight 77 in Washington by the FAA-NORAD system. Senator Wayne Allard asked Eberhart if they had aircraft 'at least up in the air with the second plane to hit the twin towers'. He replied, 'Yes sir.' The following exchange then took place:

> **Allard:** And so what I'm interested in knowing is, what was the process there and then, how was that followed-up with the other aircraft that you identified that were coming or heading toward Washington, and how you responded? And how was the FAA interacting with NORAD in that whole situation,

starting with that first plane that you deployed heading toward New York City?

Eberhart: Yes, sir. The first flight I think was American Flight 11. [He thinks?] The FAA, once they notified us and we issued a scramble order almost simultaneously to the first crash, tragically. That flight of two out of Otis Air Force Base, out of Cape Cod ...

Allard: Let me understand – so right at the time the first aircraft was hitting the Twin Towers, you were being notified by FAA that you had another plane headed toward the Towers, you just routinely brought another aircraft ...

Eberhart: No, they notified us of the first hijacking just about the time that that airplane was hitting the tower.

Allard: Okay.

Eberhart: And at that time, we issued a scramble order for the two F-15s out of Otis Air Force Base [even though NORAD was denying this for a week]. We continued to send those airplanes toward New York City because initially, as we worked with the FAA, we weren't sure if that was the hijacked airplane [a ludicrous statement]. I mean, I hate to admit this, but I'm sitting there hoping that someone has made a mistake; there has been an accident; that this isn't the hijacked airplane, because there is confusion. We were told it was a light commuter airplane. It didn't look like that was caused by a light commuter airplane.

[With NORAD's technology at Cheyenne Mountain they would have known exactly what it was.]

So we were still trying to sort this out, so we're moving the two F-15s and we continue to move them. They're flying toward New York City. In fact, they are eight minutes away from New York City when the second crash occurs. We didn't turn around. We didn't send them back.

Allard: They hadn't made a sighting of that ...

Eberhart: Again, it's time and distance. It took them only six minutes to get airborne. [The Air Force claimed a potential response time of 2.5 minutes from scramble to 29,000 feet.] Once we told them to get airborne, it took them six minutes to get airborne. I think this talks about the professionalism and training of these individuals. Tragically, there was just too much distance between Otis and New York City to get there in time to ...

Allard: Did FAA then notify you that you had a second hijacked plane

somewhere in there, and the planes up there were ...

Eberhart: During that time, yes, we were notified, and again we'll provide the exact time line for the record.

Allard: I'm not interested in exact time lines as much as I am just how the FAA reacted with NORAD during this time period. And then you had the other two planes heading out. Then FAA continued to notify NORAD that you had two other potential hijackings, these headed for Washington; is that correct?

Eberhart: Yes, sir. The initial hijacking of the one, I think [think?] it's 77 that crashed into the Pentagon, we were working that with the FAA and we launched the airplanes out of Langley Air Force Base as soon as they notified us about hijacking.

At that time it took those airplanes, two F-16s, again, six minutes to get airborne. They were approximately 13 minutes away from Washington, DC, when that tragic crash occurred. Six minutes to get airborne, but still 13 minutes to it.

I don't want to worry you, but this guy was the head of the operation that is supposed to protect the United States from attacks from air and space. Better get that shelter dug pronto. Eberhart's claim about scrambling planes in pursuit of Flight 77 would later be shown to be untrue – the Langley planes were scrambled according to the NORAD tapes in response to a false report that Flight 11 didn't crash and was heading for Washington. He also doesn't mention that the Langley fighters first headed the wrong way into the Atlantic because no one told them where to go. Eberhart revealed that NORAD helped to provide the radars used by the FAA to track aircraft in US airspace and that NORAD had 'moved manpower of the order of about 200 people over the years to the FAA to operate these radars'. I wonder if any NORAD staff were on FAA duty that day? We can't know because no one is saying and if they did would you believe them? Eberhart said that he could not discuss in an open session who had the authority to order a commercial plane to be shot down even though the White House had confirmed it was the President before 9/11 and that the head of NORAD and a list of other named military men could now issue such an order. Oh, by the way, after questioning Eberhart and being given pathetic answers Senator Allard said:

Well, I just want to thank you and your people for, I know, I think a tremendous effort in light of some totally unexpected circumstances. And at least, I, for one, appreciate, you know, the readiness that was displayed.

I know, incredible isn't it? These are the people running our world.

Where was Rumsfeld?

We have established where General Myers was that morning – nowhere to be seen according to his own account (but more about that shortly). What about the Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, the number two in the United States military command structure behind the president? He said that he was working on the east side of the Pentagon from before the time that Flight 11 took off from Boston. He told CNN talk show *Larry King Live* on December 5th, 2001, that he was in his office and was given no warning whatsoever that Flight 77 was heading for Washington before it crashed into the Pentagon. Can the official story get any more insane? Unfortunately it can. This is the headquarters of the US military with open lines to NORAD at Cheyenne Mountain with all its satellites, AWACS and ground-based surveillance and with open lines by now with the FAA. Two planes had already crashed into the World Trade Center and the US Defence Secretary was given no warning that an aircraft was about to crash into the building he was in, albeit a long, long, way from impact? This is an extraordinary statement and more transparent tosh. Larry King failed to ask a single question about the Defense Secretary's ridiculous story which will surprise no one. If he'd have asked the questions a proper journalist would have asked that would have been career over. The money's too good, right, Larry? He has since been employed by Russian station RT – what are they thinking of? Rumsfeld related to King that earlier on 9/11 morning he had told a congressional delegation in his office at the Pentagon:

> Sometime in the next two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve months, there would be an event that would occur in the world that would be sufficiently shocking that it would remind people, again, how important it is to have a strong, healthy Defense Department that contributes – that underpins peace and stability in our world. And that is what underpins peace and stability.

How amazingly prophetic. Then came another outrageous statement that Rumsfeld made to King. He said that during this meeting in his office ...

> ... someone walked in and handed me a note that said that a plane had just hit the World Trade Center. And we adjourned the meeting. And I went in to get my CIA briefing right next door here, and the whole building shook within 15 minutes. And it was a jarring thing.

Now hold on here. The first plane hit the World Trade Center at about

8.46. The Pentagon wasn't hit until around 9.38. Yet Rumsfeld tells King he was handed a note saying a plane had 'just' hit the WTC and within 15 minutes Flight 77 crashed into the Pentagon? Are we being asked to believe that the Defense Secretary wasn't told about the first plane crashing until some *40 minutes* after it happened when he had been sitting in his own office at the Pentagon all this time? This is the only way that the Pentagon strike 'within 15 minutes' can be explained. Most of America and hundreds of millions across the world were watching events unfold live on television well before 9am and yet the Defense Secretary, number two only to the President in the US military command, *didn't know until about 9.20?* Where does that leave the 'just' hit the World Trade Center in the Rumsfeld story and why was he not told about the second hit on the WTC at the same time which happened at 9.03? Rumsfeld's own Department of Defense manual said:

> In the event of a hijacking, the [National Military Command Center at the Pentagon] will be notified by the most expeditious means by the FAA. The NMCC will, with the exception of immediate responses ... forward requests for DOD assistance to the Secretary of Defense for approval.

Given this procedure alone the Secretary of Defense would surely have been told immediately the first plane hit the North Tower – more than 50 minutes before the Pentagon was hit and not 15. In fact, he would have *had* to be told under the Pentagon's own procedures immediately it was known that the first plane had been hijacked. That would have been around 8.20 – an hour and 20 minutes before the Pentagon was hit. The lies are just so breathtaking and we will see shortly that what Rumsfeld said he did that morning is pure fantasy. *The Washington Post* reported that after Rumsfeld was informed of the World Trade Center attack by his Chief of Staff he 'stayed in his office on the east side of the Pentagon for a scheduled CIA briefing' – note 'scheduled' – while 'several of his senior aides rushed to the Pentagon's Command Center deep within the five-sided complex, where a crisis action center [no-action center] was being set up'. If you only believe the *ludicrous* official version that Pentagon officials were given twelve minutes' warning of the plane heading their way, why would no one tell the Defense Secretary before he felt his 'jarring thing'? Why wasn't evacuation of the Pentagon begun and how come Rumsfeld claims he didn't know a potentially hostile plane was heading towards Washington when Dr Thomas Mayer, the top Department of Emergency Management official and medical director for Fairfax County Fire and Rescue, said that he was told by air traffic controllers that 'something was headed towards the national capital area' and 'we knew we needed to get ready'? John Darrell Sherwood, a Navy historian, said that a Park Police helicopter working that day from

the helipad close to where the building was hit was dispatched to 'try to distract the plane' and try to stop it going into the Pentagon. This was confirmed by the pilot's girlfriend, Stephanie Hughes, who went to meet pilot Keith Bohn at his workplace that morning but she said he had left a note saying: 'Got called into the air, there is another plane headed this way, go home and wait for me to call.' *But Rumsfeld and the military chiefs didn't know??* Nowhere, but nowhere, do the official pieces fit and there is a very good reason for that. It's a pack of lies. I contacted the Pentagon with the following list of questions, but officials chose not to answer them.

1. With the capability of United States air defence, how can a hijacked airliner, Flight 77, be allowed to fly for 40 minutes towards Washington, with communication lost with air traffic control and the transponder turned off, approach a no-fly zone and hit your headquarters without any challenge whatsoever?

2. Why was the Defense Secretary Mr Rumsfeld unaware that the plane was approaching until the Pentagon was actually struck?

3. Why was Secretary Rumsfeld not told of the first plane striking the WTC until around 15 minutes before Flight 77 struck the Pentagon (thus about 9.20am to 9.25am)? Why was he not told at this time that a second plane had struck the World Trade Center?

4. Why was Richard Myers, the acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, not informed that two planes had struck the WTC and that another was heading for Washington while he was in a scheduled meeting on Capitol Hill and available throughout? Why did he only learn of what was happening when he emerged from the meeting to be told that the Pentagon had been hit? Is there not a constant communication link between the Chairman and the Pentagon?

5. Why were the ground to air defences at the Pentagon and the White House not activated when Flight 77 approached?

6. Why is there no surveillance camera footage of Flight 77 from much closer to the point of impact? The pictures released by the Pentagon seem to be a long way away for a building that must be guarded by a very large number of cameras, many of them looking outwards.

The questions were not answered because those questions are unanswerable without lifting the lid on the endless flow of lies that are the official story of 9/11. The government released just five frames of

distant footage that claim to show the plane striking the building but we will see later that what it appears to portray is actually impossible. Five distant frames are all they have when the Pentagon must be drowning in security cameras?? A Freedom of Information request led to the Department of [In]Justice revealing that 85 security camera videos were in its possession retrieved at or close to the Pentagon where officials refused to make them public because they were exempt from Freedom of Information laws. Why didn't the 9/11 Commission (a) subpoena them and (b) even mention them? Dan Philbin from the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense (Public Affairs) Directorate for Public Inquiry and Analysis merely referred me to transcripts of Pentagon press briefings on the Internet which did not address my listed questions. I told him so and asked for direct answers. He did not respond. Rumsfeld's response to the 'jarring thing' and his fake realisation that two airliners had struck the World Trade Center and another smacked into the Pentagon was to head outside to help with rescue efforts. Yes, that's just what you want an elderly man to do who happens to be US Secretary of Defense in the middle of a national catastrophe when there were thousands of service people to deal with rescue. It keeps you out of the official loop, though. Rumsfield's story is a lie as we shall see.

Where was Bush?

So to George W. 'Boy' Bush: Where was he when his country needed a decisive President? Boy Bush was not in Washington on September 11th which doesn't surprise me at all. They would have wanted him to be where his legendarily-limited intelligence couldn't get in the way. Bush was in Florida, then governed by his brother, Jeb, for a pre-publicised photo opportunity at the Emma E. Booker Elementary School in Sarasota. What he did that morning and when and how he heard about 'Flight 11' striking the World Trade Center depends very much on which official account you want to believe. There are several different versions claimed by Bush, Cheney and Ari Fleischer, the presidential press secretary. Sonya Ross, an Associated Press reporter, said she knew of the first crash even before Bush had reached the school:

> My cell phone rang as President Bush's motorcade coursed toward Emma E. Booker Elementary School in Sarasota, Florida. A colleague reported that a plane had crashed into the World Trade Center in New York. No further information. I called the AP desk in Washington, seeking details. Same scant information. But I knew it had to be grim. I searched for a White House official to question, but none was on hand until 9.05am.

If her office knew and enough time had passed for her to call them then

Bush must have known well before he arrived at the school that an aircraft had crashed into the World Trade Center and he must have known even earlier there was a hijack in progress on Flight 11. Contact was lost with the aircraft at 8.13am and the president travels with a staff in instant contact with the National Military Command Center (NMCC) at the Pentagon, which coordinates with NORAD, the FAA and the government Secret Service intelligence and security network. Dick Cheney let this slip – well almost – in a post-9/11 interview when he said:

> The Secret Service has an arrangement with the FAA. They had open lines after the World Trade Center was ...

He stopped the sentence abruptly at that point because he was about to demolish the 'Bush didn't know' story and it was left to Richard Clarke, the Bush administration counterterrorism advisor on 9/11, to basically complete the sentence in his 2004 book, *Against All Enemies.* Clarke wrote: 'Secret Service had a system that allowed them to see what the FAA's radar was seeing.' The Secret Service had open lines with the FAA when the World Trade Center was hit – of course they did, it was normal protocol – and who was looking after Bush in Florida? The *Secret Service.* Clarke also said that he had an open line with Deborah Lower, director of the White House Situation Room, who was ... *in Florida travelling with Bush and his entourage.* The claim that Bush didn't know what was going on is another lie and another insult to those who died and lost loved ones that day. John Cochran, an ABC journalist, was reporting Bush's visit to Florida. He told anchor Peter Jennings:

> Peter, as you know, the President's down in Florida talking about education. He got out of his hotel suite this morning, was about to leave, reporters saw the White House Chief of Staff, Andy Card, whisper into his ear. [A] reporter said to the President, 'Do you know what's going on in New York?' He said he did, and he said he will have something about it later. His first event is in about half an hour at an elementary school in Sarasota, Florida.

We have it confirmed that Bush was asked by reporters as he left his hotel about what was happening in New York because those reporters already knew that a plane had struck the World Trade Center. From that knowledge alone the Bush cover story that would later be sold to the public can be seen to be a whopping lie. At the very least from about 8.46am when 'Flight 11' crashed the Secret Service which looks after the safety of the President had 'open lines' with the FAA. Open lines would surely have been activated earlier than that when 'Flight 11' began to act very strangely and dramatically change course. The Bush team in

Florida knew precisely what the FAA knew by that time – indeed suspected from about 8.20 – that 'Flight 11' had been hijacked. It would have been the most basic security response to keep the President away from a pre-publicised event at a school only five miles from the Sarasota-Bradenton International Airport. Especially after 'Flight 11' struck the World Trade Center the thought that the President could be a target for a similar attack must have occurred to them and at the very least you would delay the school visit until you knew what was happening. Dick Cheney said he was whisked away to an underground bunker at the White House by Secret Service agents who wouldn't take no for an answer but here was Bush, President of the United States, allowed to continue his trip to the school. Did they know something we didn't? Oh, just a little bit. What about the potential danger to the children in these circumstances if you take them on face value?

'There's one terrible pilot'

Despite the journalist eye-witness reports of when Bush must have known about 'Flight 11', he completely contradicted this – and earlier accounts of his own officials – in an extraordinary performance on December 4th at a 'town meeting' at the Orange County Convention Center in Orlando, Florida, where he was answering non-challenging questions from a sycophantic audience. I actually watched this happen live on CNN in a hotel bar in America. I sipped my beer and despaired at the hero worship being enjoyed by a village idiot when Bush made a startling statement about September 11th. For the next two days I scanned the newspapers, Internet mainstream 'news' sites, including CNN, but there was no mention of the amazing statement Bush had made. Weeks later a Belgian visitor to my website sent me the text of what Bush said which was posted on the White House website and hidden away in the full and long transcript of the meeting. Bush was talking about what happened on 9/11 and how he heard of the atrocities in New York in response to a question from a young boy called Jordan:

> Well, Jordan, you're not going to believe what state I was in when I heard about the terrorist attack [well, it didn't show]. I was in Florida. And my Chief of Staff, Andy Card – actually, I was in a classroom talking about a reading program that works. I was sitting outside the classroom waiting to go in, and I saw an airplane hit the tower – the TV was obviously on. And I used to fly, myself, and I said, well, there's one terrible pilot. I said it must have been a horrible accident. But I was whisked off there; I didn't have much time to think about it. And I was sitting in the classroom, and Andy Card, my Chief of Staff, who is sitting over here, walked in and said, 'A second plane has hit the tower, America is under attack.

A few facts are urgently required. There was no live television coverage of the first plane hitting the North Tower – how could there be? Recorded footage of the first crash did not air until long after Bush went into the classroom where he was told of the second crash by Card. Live pictures were of the *second* plane when the television networks were already broadcasting shots of the burning North Tower. How could Bush, therefore, claim to have seen the first plane strike? This is simply not possible, so what on earth was he talking about? What about his reaction of 'there's one terrible pilot'? A passenger jet crashes into a 110-storey building full of people and all the President of the United States can say is 'there's one terrible pilot'! We have already seen that Bush must have known about the first crash before he even arrived at the school and he wants us to believe that the President of the United States, Commander-in-Chief of US forces and 'homeland' defence, had no idea what was going on? Bush, remember, said before leaving his hotel for the school that he would 'have something' later about what was happening in New York and the Associated Press reporter said she knew of the first crash before Bush had even arrived at the school. Yet he says that he saw the plane crash on a television at the school (not possible) and his reaction was: 'I used to fly myself, and I said, well, there's one terrible pilot.' Lies, lies and still more lies. Bush's story is also in direct contradiction to the earlier official version that he was told about Flight 11 in a call at the school from his National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice before he went into the classroom. This, in turn, contradicts the accounts of reporters who made it clear that Bush must have known what was happening before he arrived at the school. Then, knowing what had happened and knowing the plane had been hijacked the President of the United States walks into a classroom to hear children from the second grade read him a story about a pet goat! As the children read to him he said: 'Really good readers – whew!' Bush interrupted at one point, saying: 'This must be sixth grade.' God help us. There had just been a catastrophe in New York, Mr President, involving and eventually killing thousands of people and you know the cause is a hijacked airliner. *Hello?* Andrew Card came into the classroom and is said to have whispered in Bush's ear that a second plane had hit the World Trade Center and 'America is under attack'. This was the picture seen all over the world along with headlines like: 'The Moment Bush Knew' (Fig 34 overleaf). What does the President do then? He continues to sit there listening to a story about a pet goat. If you were writing this as fiction they'd say it was a ridiculous story. It is certainly ridiculous, but unfortunately it's *fact* not fiction. Associated Press reported on September 12th:

In Sarasota, Florida, Bush was reading to children in a classroom at 9.05am

Figure 34: Andrew Card tells Bush about the second plane.

Figure 35: Satanic symbol Baphomet – the Hidden Hand's 'pet goat'.

when his chief of staff Andrew Card whispered into his ear. The president briefly turned somber before he resumed reading. He addressed the tragedy about a half-hour later.

He 'briefly' remained somber, or sombre, as we spell it in Britain? He was supposedly just told that a second commercial airliner had struck the World Trade Center. Death and destruction on a massive scale was already obvious, but he turned 'briefly somber' before continuing to focus on the adventures of a pet goat. Goat symbolism is very much part of the Hidden Hand's satanic language – see the satanic symbol known as Baphomet – and anyone who has studied their staggering obsession with symbolism will note the 'coincidence' (Fig 35). They leave their symbolism signature everywhere if you know what to look for because it's their hidden language which insiders understand. What is ancient hieroglyphics except the language of symbolism? Jenna Heath of Cox Newspapers' Washington Bureau reported that Bush 'did not appear preoccupied' as he introduced Education Secretary Rod Paige inside the classroom and shook hands with teacher Sandra Kay Daniels. 'There was no sign that [Condoleezza] Rice had just told Bush about the first attack on New York's World Trade Center during a telephone call,' Heath wrote (repeating the official story). Look at his reaction when Card 'whispered in his ear' before he left his hotel? 'He did not respond,' said witnesses. Is this really a natural reaction from a man who had been told of such extraordinary events in the country he is supposed to be leading? Or is it the response of someone who knew full well what was going on even if he was only a figurehead while those really in power were doing their dastardly deeds? Bush told the Florida town meeting on December 4th:

> But I knew I needed to act. I knew that if the nation's under attack, the role of

> the Commander-in-Chief is to respond forcefully to prevent other attacks from happening. And so, I've talked to the Secretary of Defense; one of the first acts I did was to put our military on alert.

Bush says he knew he needed to act when the indisputable truth is that he didn't. What's all this about calling Defense Secretary Rumsfeld? When did he do that? Rumsfeld told Larry King that even though he was in his office in the Pentagon he didn't know anything was happening until he was handed a note while meeting a congressional delegation in his office little more than 15 minutes before the Pentagon was struck at about 9.38am. We are being told here that although the President knew well before 9am, the Defense Secretary was not told until at least half an hour later even though he was in the Pentagon. Wherever you look there is a deluge of lies and contradictions. Either Bush didn't talk to Rumsfeld, which means Bush was lying, or he did and Rumsfeld was lying. Actually, both of them are – and big time. Bush said that he put the military on alert when he could not have done this until he was finished with the goat story and left the classroom shortly before 9.30 – more than 40 minutes after the first plane hit. The official tale (official version 99933/S11/666/update/updated/updated) is that Bush was taken to a private room before he went into the classroom and spoke on the phone with National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice who told him about Flight 11. We are asked to believe that at this point the crash of 'Flight 11' could have been considered just a 'terrible accident' – an obvious lie. If Bush talked to Rice before 9am how come Defense Secretary Rumsfeld says he didn't know anything for another 25 minutes? Why was Rice not in immediate contact with Rumsfeld? Why wasn't the President? Why wasn't anyone? It was 9.30 – *26 minutes* after hearing of the *second* crash – before Bush went into the school library to announce:

> Ladies and gentlemen, this is a difficult moment for America. Two airplanes have crashed into the World Trade Center, in an apparent terrorist attack on our country. I am going to conduct a full-scale investigation and hunt down and find those folks who committed this act. Terrorism against our nation will not stand.

Those folks? *Those folks?* Bush's behaviour that morning was at the very least criminally inept and incompetent, but it was more than that as I shall highlight later. 'Those folks' were not 'Muslim hijackers', but very much closer to home as Bush well knew. The disgraceful cover-up known as the 9/11 Commission official [non]investigation of the attacks claimed despite the all the evidence laid out here: 'No one in the [president's] travelling party had any information during this time that

other aircraft were hijacked or missing.' Filmmaker Michael Moore highlighted Bush's inaction in his movie, *Fahrenheit 9/11* (executive producer ultra-Zionist women-abuser Harvey Weinstein), but as usual with Moore he missed the real point completely and failed to ask all the key questions while not challenging the official story about Muslim hijackers taking down the planes. This is typical of the work of fake-radical Moore and his productions which appear to be challenging the establishment while again and again promoting what that very establishment wants people to believe. I don't say for a moment that he is doing this knowingly – he's just incredibly uninformed about how the world works and enslaved by his 'progressive' addiction to virtue-signalling.

The lie about Scare Force One

Bush was taken to the presidential plane, Air Force One, and even the official story says that he did not call Vice President Cheney and put the US military on high alert status until at least 10am – by which time the Pentagon had been hit (a constantly recurring theme of no effective action until the Pentagon strike). Bush took off about 9.55 and headed for Barksdale Air Force Base, Louisiana, and the US Strategic Command at Offutt Air Force Base in Nebraska. He did not arrive at the White House, via Andrews Air Force Base, until shortly before 7pm. This was more than ten hours after the first strike on the World Trade Center. When understandable questions were being asked about why Bush did not head straight for Washington to lead his country at such a terrible time the White House propaganda machine said a phone call had been received giving a secret code to warn that Air Force One was the next target. *No it wasn't* – that was yet another lie. Attorney General John Ashcroft, a man who delivered 'justice' to others, also said the 'government had credible evidence that the White House and Air Force One were targets'. Lie again. Reports were circulated through the news agencies on September 12th that quoted a White House spokesman as saying: 'There was real and credible information that the White House and Air Force One were targets of terrorist attacks and that the plane that hit the Pentagon was headed for the White House.' Bush press secretary Ari Fleischer confirmed this the same afternoon. The Secret Service had 'specific and credible information' that the White House and Air Force One were potential targets, he said. Bush's chief political strategist, lie-for-a-living Karl Rove, was quoted the following day as confirming that the threat came in language that proved the terrorists had knowledge of the president's 'procedures and whereabouts'. So why did they allow him to attend a publicised appearance at a school in the circumstances of that morning and why, if there was a specific threat to Air Force One, was Bush taken straight to the airport to take off in that

very plane after he had finished with the pet goat story? And why did it take off *with no military air cover*?? There were Air Force bases only 185 miles away (Homestead) and 235 miles (Tyndall) with fighters that could have responded to a call in minutes; but the call never came. Once again – what did they know that we didn't? Maureen Dowd wrote in *The New York Times* that Karl Rove had 'called around town, trying to sell reporters the story'. Then two weeks later the White House was forced to back down on the whole fantasy and on September 25th *CBS Evening News* reported that the threat 'simply never happened'. Most newspapers did not even report this exposure of the lies spewed out daily by the Bush administration and *The Washington Post* only ran the story on an inside page. Ari Fleischer, the same White House press spokesman who repeated the lies about Air Force One, also told us how Flight 77 was heading for the White House before it 'veered off' and aimed at the Pentagon. Dick Cheney said the same on NBC's *Meet the Press.* Cheney confirmed that the plane was being tracked (so why no response?) and then produced this lie: 'When it entered the danger zone and looked like it was headed for the White House was when they grabbed me and evacuated me to the basement ...' They waited, he claims, until the aircraft was 'in the danger zone' before evacuating the vice president when in truth they had been tracking a plane's progress towards Washington for some 40 minutes after two planes had already crashed into the World Trade Center. *CBS News* Transportation Correspondent Bob Orr reported that the recorded flight path of Flight 77 does not support what Cheney and Fleischer claim:

> Eight minutes before the crash, at 9.30am EDT, radar tracked the plane as it closed to within 30 miles of Washington. Sources say the hijacked jet continued east at a high speed toward the city, but flew several miles south of the restricted airspace around the White House.

Once again I sent a list of questions to the White House media office relating to these events. They were faxed in May, 2002, but they chose not to answer any of them:

1. When did the President know that Flight 11 was in trouble or there could be a problem? When did the FAA, NORAD, and the Pentagon communicate this information to the President's support team in Florida that morning?

Would not respond.

2. Why, when he was told of the first plane striking the WTC, did the President continue with his engagement and go into a reading class at

the Emma Booker School?

Would not respond.

3. Why when told by Andrew Card in the classroom that a second plane had struck the WTC and that 'America is under attack', did he continue to stay in the classroom for some time?

Would not respond.

4. When did the President put the United States military on high alert?

Would not respond.

5. Why did the President not go back to Washington immediately when we now know that the story of the telephone warning that Air Force One was the next target never happened?

Would not respond.

6. Why did the President tell a public meeting that he saw the first plane strike the WTC and said 'There's one a terrible pilot', when he could not possibly have seen that happen before he entered the classroom? That footage was not aired until much later.

Would not respond.

7. Why was the President not considered to be in danger when the attacks began, and thus removed from the school and a pre-announced visit when the school was only a short distance from an airport?

Would not respond.

Why no evacuation?

Another piece of criminal negligence – in truth more than that – was the failure to evacuate the Pentagon, White House and other major Washington symbols until the Pentagon was struck. This was despite a warning apparently issued to the Pentagon by the FAA. 'Defense Department officials', quoted by CNN, said that no action was taken for at least 12 minutes despite warnings that an airliner 'appeared' to be heading towards Washington. In fact the aircraft must have been tracked heading in that direction for more than 40 minutes. American Forces Press Service reported that personnel at the Pentagon realised they could be a target long before they were hit: 'We were watching the World

Trade Center on the television,' said a Navy officer. 'When the second plane deliberately dove into the tower, someone said, "The World Trade Center is one of the most recognizable symbols of America. We're sitting in a close second".' Top people in the Pentagon, apparently, could not see what everyone else could. Or maybe, I would suggest, some of them could see very clearly, but did nothing because a pre-planned series of events had to be played to their conclusion. Officials at the Pentagon, quoted by CNN, said that 'no mechanism existed within the US government to notify various departments and agencies under such circumstances'. *No mechanism to evacuate the Pentagon with a flying bomb heading in its direction??* Pentagon spokesman Glenn Flood contradicted this when he said that 'to call for a general evacuation, at that point, it would have been just guessing ... We evacuate when we know something is a real threat to us.' Clearly something is only considered a 'real threat' when it smashes into the building. Oh, it was a real threat then; better evacuate, I guess. So there *was* an evacuation procedure (of course there was) – it just wasn't activated. *Newsday* reported that many of the building's 20,000 workers were still sitting at their desks when the plane struck and some said they heard the crash but didn't know the plane had hit the Pentagon until they saw it on TV! 'The first thought everyone had was that it had been a bomb,' said Victoria Clarke, a spokeswoman for Defense Secretary Rumsfeld (maybe it was, at least in part, but that's for later). Only with a hole in the side of the building and 125 employees and workers dead was the Pentagon evacuated followed by the White House, Capitol Hill and elsewhere. None of the Pentagon leadership were killed or injured because they did not work in the part of the building that was struck. They were on the opposite side as far from impact as you can get. The segment of the colossal building that was hit was where civilian accountants were working to track down the missing trillions from the Pentagon budget publicly announced the day before. Many of the money-trackers were killed. General Richard Myers, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, had the unbelievable nerve to say at a memorial ceremony for the victims that they were 'serving their country' in the course of doing their jobs at the Pentagon 'and on September 11 were called to make the ultimate sacrifice'. Sacrifice, I think, was the only appropriate word. They were allowed to die as the recorded facts make so plain. All this was coldly calculated by those running the 9/11 operation because the more death and destruction they could cause the bigger would be the problem, the bigger the reaction and therefore the bigger the solution that could be offered – a war without end and the dismantling of basic freedoms. The families of those who died in the Pentagon have an open and shut case for a lawsuit against the US government for the gross negligence that cost the lives of their loved ones. It is, however, as I continue to stress, far more than

'negligence' that is behind all this.

Where was 'Big Dick'?

Representatives of government, 'security' agencies and the military at the highest levels constantly lied over and over about what did and did not happen on 9/11 which brings me to mega-liar Dick Cheney. Where was the vice president all this time? He told the media on September 12th that a clerical secretary watching television in his White House office alerted him to the attacks. Oh really, Dick? The Cheyenne Mountain official website said of the NORAD Command Center: 'Redundant and survivable communications hotlines connect the Command Center to the Pentagon, White House, US Strategic Command, Canadian Forces Headquarters in Ottawa, other aerospace defense system command posts, and major military centers around the world.' Yet Cheney, sitting in the White House, says he learned of the attacks when a clerical secretary comes in and says: 'Hey, you'll never guess what I've just seen on the telly.' The whole story is a joke, but look at the common denominator here between Bush, Rumsfeld and Myers, the 1, 2, 3, in the military command structure, and Cheney. You can throw in NORAD's Eberhart as well. Their (cover) stories and actions all ensured that they were not in a position to react immediately to events until after the Pentagon was hit. Or rather they had an excuse why they didn't do so. Bush was occupied with the goat story until shortly before the Pentagon was hit and then went straight into another room to make a statement to the media. Rumsfeld gave Larry King a tale that he knew nothing about the World Trade Center until 15 minutes before the Pentagon was hit and claims no one told him that a plane was coming his way before his 'jarring thing'. 'So how could I order a response?' is the obvious implication. Myers says that he was in a pre-arranged meeting with a senator on Capitol Hill throughout the period between the first strike on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon strike almost an hour later while the actual Joint Chiefs chairman at the time was on a plane mid-Atlantic. The cover-story narratives about the movements of Cheney, Rumsfeld and Myers all have them otherwise engaged until about the same time – around 10am and crucially after the Pentagon was hit (by something). Isn't that all so terribly convenient? These transparently false cover-stories were accepted by the 9/11 Commission cover up. Another key question is where was *Father* George Bush, the orchestrator, with Cheney, of the Boy George 'presidency'? Daddy Bush, like Cheney, was a disgusting man, the depths of which are almost indescribable. He admitted himself that he was at the White House the night before 9/11, but said he flew the next morning to St Paul, Minneapolis. What time the next morning? The first plane to be hijacked was Flight 11 at about 8.15. Two planes had crashed into the World

Trade Center by 9.03 and, if Flight 93 had not been delayed well over half an hour before take-off, it is highly probable that all four aircraft would have hit their targets by around 9.40. What were Father Bush and Cheney doing while all this was going on? How did he take a plane out of Washington amid what was happening? One place Bush was reported to have been by the mainstream media on September 10th and 11th was at Washington's Ritz-Carlton Hotel in a business meeting for the Carlyle Group with Osama bin Laden's brother, Shafiq bin Laden, and other members of the family. I'll have more later about the Bush-Carlyle Group-Bin Laden family connection. Also at the meeting were Carlyle executives, former Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci and former Father Bush Secretary of State James Baker, who played a crucial role in getting Boy Bush the presidency in 2004 amid the controversy over the vote in Florida.

Clarke's bombshell

Richard Clarke, Boy Bush's counterterrorism advisor at the time of September 11th, published a book, *Against All Enemies*, in 2004 that demolished the accounts of Myers, Rumsfeld and Cheney about what they were doing that morning and where they were. Clarke said he was at a conference when he heard about Flight 11 and in the five minutes or so it took him to get to the White House he ordered a secure teleconference to be organised with the Counterterrorism Security Group. This included key personnel in government counterterrorism and security agencies. When he heard that the second tower had been hit, he said: 'I want the highest level person in Washington from each agency on-screen now, especially the FAA.' Clarke immediately made contact with Dick Cheney and National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice who were in Cheney's White House office. Cheney told him: 'It's an al-Qaeda attack and they like simultaneous attacks. This may not be over.' What prophets were on duty that day. These events happened according to Clarke just a few minutes after the second tower was hit at 9.03. How on earth could Cheney make such a statement to Clarke when, according to the official story, everyone else was running around in confusion about what was happening? As with all Problem-Reaction-Solution events, the false villain story is prepared and waiting when the 'problem' occurs. Hence, minutes after the first attacks, Cheney was already selling his manufactured culprits – Osama Bin Laden and 'al-Qaeda'. Remember, too, that Cheney was the man with ultimate responsibility for the wargame exercises going on in the skies at this same time and he claims he didn't know about 'Flight 11' hitting the World Trade Center? *Utter bollocks.* Richard Clarke's revelations expose Cheney's monumental lies about what he did that morning and what he knew. Clarke said he told Cheney and Rice that he was instigating 'a

secure teleconference to manage the crisis'. He said that as he left he saw both of them gathering papers and preparing to leave for the Presidential Emergency Operations Center (PEOC) in the East Wing of the White House. This was about 9.10 and David Bohrer, a White House photographer, says that he saw Cheney head for the bunker just after 9am. This supports Clarke's version while Cheney and the official account accepted by the 9/11 Commission [non]investigation says he didn't leave until 9.30. Cheney told NBC's *Meet the Press* that Flight 77 was being tracked and 'when it entered the danger zone and looked like it was headed for the White House [Secret Service agents] grabbed me and evacuated me to the basement [the White House 'bunker'] ...' Yeah, sure Dick, and there were fairies there to help them?

By the time this made-up story was supposed to have happened Cheney was already in the Presidential Emergency Operations Center (PEOC) and not his office, as confirmed by both Richard Clarke and Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta who said that when he arrived at the PEOC at 9.20 Cheney was already there. Secret Service documents and accounts confirm the same. Cheney's false account was concocted to help him claim ignorance about events in the sky and especially Flight 77. His wife, Lynne Cheney, a member of the Hidden Hand's American Enterprise Institute, was to join him along with Rice in the White House operations room. What was Cheney's *wife* doing there? What authority did she have to be there? Also assembled were Cheney's Chief of Staff Lewis 'Scooter' Libby and Deputy White House Chief of Staff Josh Bolton. Richard Clarke described Cheney's East Wing command operation as 'decidedly more political' than the one he was running and Cheney was constantly hanging up the line to Clarke's teleconference. Clarke says it was about 9.10-ish when he arrived at the Secure Video Conferencing Center next to the Situation Room in the West Wing and began to direct and discuss a response to the attacks with leading military and FAA officials. I emphasise the time – about *9.10*, or just after. Clarke says that others taking part in this teleconference were CIA Director George Tenet, FBI Director Robert Mueller, FAA Administrator Jane Garvey, Deputy Attorney General Larry Thompson, Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage and ... here we go ... *Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld and acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Richard Myers*. Well, well, bloody well. Both men, Clarke said, were 'surrounded by generals and colonels' the whole time. Rumsfeld had said 'I am too goddam old to go to an alternate site' when a relocation had been suggested. Robert Andres, Principal Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Special Operations and Low Intensity Conflict, said in 2007 that he knew Rumsfeld had gone to Clarke's video conference and went to find materials that Rumsfeld would need. Andres said: 'I was there in the Support Center with the secretary when

he was talking to Clarke on the White House video-conference, and to the President.' So what happened to Rumsfeld's account on *Larry King Live* that he was handed a note in his office about 9.25 telling him that the first plane had hit the World Trade Center, but not the second, and that he felt a 'jarring thing' when the Pentagon was hit in an attack for which he was given no warning? What happened to the General Myers story of being in a meeting on Capitol Hill until the Pentagon was hit? Of course Myers would have been at the Pentagon. For a start he would have been involved in the long list of simultaneous wargame exercises going on that morning. Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta told the 9/11 Commission that he was in Cheney's East Wing bunker as the 'young man' was giving Cheney regular reports of the progress of 'Flight 77' heading for Washington, but Defense Secretary Rumsfeld in a teleconference with open voice lines to Cheney's and Clarke's operations didn't know? If Cheney knew, the military knew, so why didn't Rumsfeld? Richard Clarke said that Rumsfeld joined the teleconference minutes after the second plane crashed in New York and remained throughout. Clarke had said about the moment when the Pentagon was struck: 'I can still see Rumsfeld on the screen, so the whole building didn't get hit.' What happened to Myers' story that he was on Capitol Hill having a meeting with Senator Max Cleland while all this was going on? He said he had seen that a plane had hit the first tower (8.46am), but had still gone into the meeting with Cleland and did not come out until about the time the Pentagon was hit (9.38am). He said that in the interim no one had told the top uniformed commander in the US military on duty that day that a second plane had crashed at 9.03. Yet here he was all along, according to Richard Clarke, taking part in a teleconference with Rumsfeld and company at the Pentagon. Joint Chiefs Chairman General Hugh Shelton, on his plane heading for Europe, also indicated that Myers was where Clarke said he was during the attacks (even Shelton's own account of his return to Washington later that day is fraught with inconsistencies – did anyone tell the truth that day?). I tried to contact Max Cleland while researching *Alice in Wonderland* to ask about his alleged meeting with Myers which provided the cover story of where Myers was before the Pentagon was hit, but I received no reply. Cleland later indicated that he was indeed with Myers, but *he could not have been.* Richard Clarke even recounts one exchange he had with Myers at 9.28 – before the Pentagon was struck. He told Myers that he assumed that NORAD had already scrambled fighters and AWAC recognisance aircraft. Clarke asked how many and where? Myers had replied:

> Not a pretty picture, Dick. We are in the middle of Vigilant Warrior, a NORAD exercise, but ... Otis has launched two birds toward New York. Langley is trying to get two up now. The AWACS are at Tinker and not on

alert.

AWACS were actually in the air taking part in the exercises and could have been immediately diverted to real events – but weren't. Clarke asked 'how long to CAP [Combat Air Patrol] over Washington?' Myers replied: 'Fast as we can.' Looking around at other generals he asked: 'Fifteen minutes?' This is Myers who claimed that (a) he was on Capitol Hill at this time and (b) said he didn't know if fighters were airborne in response before the Pentagon strike. He told a hearing on Capitol Hill two days later that 'to the best of my knowledge' no fighters were scrambled before the Pentagon attack when he must have known the details on the day given that he was involved in making those decisions. Rumsfeld and Myers outrageously lied about where they were and what they were doing and their lies were meant to hide what really happened that morning. The idea was to sell the public a story of apparent confusion to hide coldly-calculated design. Look at the other implications in what Clarke describes. He was on the line with NORAD and he confirmed that FAA Administrator Jane Garvey was also there. This teleconference alone, starting around 9.10, connected NORAD, the FAA and the Pentagon via Rumsfeld and Myers and their 'generals and colonels'. What is all this stuff from NORAD and the military about the FAA not telling them in time to react? We are told in one mendacious diversion that air traffic was not sure if Flight 11 had crashed into the North Tower because American Airlines would not confirm it. How can this claim stand up when Clarke opened his teleconference, not long after 9am, by asking FAA Administrator Jane Garvey what she knew? Clarke said she replied: 'The two aircraft that went [into the WTC] were American Flight 11, a 767, and United 175, also a 767 – hijacked.' Where is the confusion in that? NORAD NEADS operatives were not told about Flight 93 until after it crashed, according to the tapes subpoenaed by the 9/11 Commission, but Flight 93 was being mentioned in the Richard Clarke teleconference at 9.35 when the FAA's Jane Garvey reported it among possible hijacked flights. This was *28 minutes* before it officially crashed.

The criminal '9/11 Commission', which was set up *not* to find the truth, said of this teleconference: 'It is not clear to us that the teleconference was fully under way before 9:37, when the Pentagon was struck'. This false time is in the Commission report purely to obscure fundamental contradictions in the official story. The Commission report goes on: 'We do not know who from Defense participated, but we know that in the first hour none of the personnel involved in managing the crisis did.' Excuse me. A Commission that held months of hearings could not establish 'who from Defense' participated in this crucial teleconference? *Didn't they ask?* Or are the Pentagon top brass and

everyone else who took part with Clarke suffering from mass amnesia? No – the Commission is laying a diversion. To tell the truth and list the people from the Pentagon who participated and the time they were there, including Rumsfeld and Myers, would destroy the official story – and that of Cheney. When you see who was involved in the compilation of the Commission's 'report' you'll appreciate why it cannot be taken seriously. The report says that none of the information conveyed in the White House teleconference, at least in the first hour, was being passed to the NMCC [National Military Command Center]'. The Command Center is located in the Joint Chiefs of Staff department of the Pentagon and, in its own words, is responsible for 'generating Emergency Action Messages to launch control centers, nuclear submarines, recognisance aircraft and battlefield commanders worldwide'. The NMCC is essentially the control centre for the entire military and described as a central clearinghouse. It provides continuous monitoring and coordination of worldwide military operations and supports commanders, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Secretary of Defense and the President, in the command and control of US armed forces in peacetime, contingencies and war. Well, if you believe the 9/11 Commission, and no one with half a brain will do so, all this is happening 24 hours of every day – *except* on September 11th. The Commission report says that Richard Clarke's teleconference was not connected into the area of the NMCC from where the crisis was being managed, and 'the director of the operations team who was on the phone with NORAD did not have the benefit of information being shared on the teleconference'. *Nonsense.* Clarke confirms that the Secretary of State for Defense and the acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the second and third in command of the entire US military, were surrounded by generals and colonels during the conference. But still the Pentagon Command Center didn't know what was going on?? *Lies, lies, lies.*

Dick Cheney left the White House after the attacks and relocated to Site R, or the 'Underground Pentagon', a top-secret complex of buildings inside Raven Rock Mountain, near Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania. This is about seven miles north of the presidential 'retreat' at Camp David. Site R is also known as the Alternate Joint Communications Center. Journalist James Bamford, a former ABC investigative producer and an intelligence specialist, said that hours after the attacks five helicopters arrived at Site R together with a convoy of vehicles with black-tinted windows. One of the first people to arrive was Paul Wolfowitz, Deputy Secretary of Defense and the real power at the Pentagon where Rumsfeld was window dressing. Wolfowitz went on to head the World Bank before corruption finished him. He was the Bush administration's liaison to the American Israel Public Affairs Committee

(AIPAC), one of Washington's biggest lobby groups which campaigns for policies favourable to Israel. AIPAC is an extension and agent of the Israeli government at the heart of American political affairs and the Israel connection to 9/11 will become very clear later on. Cheney would disappear for long periods in the wake of the attacks to top secret locations preparing for the next stage of the attack on human freedom – the 'war on terror' justified by 9/11.

CHAPTER 8

Contradictions, anomalies and mystery men

Many are destined to reason wrongly, others, not to reason at all; and others, to persecute those who do reason – Voltaire

Accepted versions of 'truth' and 'history' are rarely the result of factual information. They are formed by simple repetition. Tell people something often enough and they will believe it.

In this way it has become accepted truth and official history that 19 hijackers working for Osama Bin Laden hijacked four commercial aircraft, took over the controls, and flew them into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon while the fourth crashed when passengers attacked the Arab pilots. These hijackers, we are told, learned to fly on simulators and at schools in the United States where they trained on small one-engine light planes like the Cessna. Keep that in mind as you read the next two statements. First a report on what happened when Flight 77 is said to have crashed into the Pentagon:

> The hijacker-pilots were then forced to execute a difficult high-speed descending turn. Radar shows Flight 77 did a downward spiral, turning almost a complete circle and dropping the last 7,000 feet in two-and-a-half minutes. The steep turn was so smooth, the sources say, it's clear there was no fight for control going on. And the complex maneuver suggests the hijackers had better flying skills than many investigators first believed. The jetliner disappeared from radar at 9.37 and less than a minute later it clipped the tops of street lights and plowed into the Pentagon at 460 mph.

Now the remarks of Rick Garza, a flying instructor at Sorbi's Flying Club in San Diego, who remembers trying to teach Khalid al-Mihdhar and Nawaq al-Hamzi, two of the Arab 'pilots' alleged to have been on Flight 77:

> It was like Dumb and Dumber. I mean, they were clueless. It was clear to me they weren't going to make it as pilots.

A 'hijacker' named by the FBI as Hani Hanjour is said to have been at the controls of the wide-boded 757 of 'Flight 77' performing that incredibly skilled manoeuvre to approach the Pentagon and yet instructors at Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, banned him from renting a one-engine plane because he was such an incompetent pilot only *weeks* before 9/11. He took three flights with instructors in the second week of August, 2001, and flew so badly his application for plane rental was refused. A *New York Times* story headed 'Trainee Noted For Incompetence' described how Hanjour was reported in February, 2001, by instructors at his flying school in Phoenix because his piloting and English were so poor. The instructors questioned if his pilot's licence was genuine. *The Washington Post* ran a story the month after 9/11 headed 'Hanjour: A Study in Paradox' which said that how and where Hanjour obtained a pilot's licence remained 'a lingering question that FAA officials refuse to discuss'. Descriptions of Hanjour's ineptitude as a pilot of one-engine planes include 'a trainee noted for incompetence' and this from a former employee of his flying school: 'He could not fly at all.' One thing can be stated without question: Hani Hanjour was not at the controls of Flight 77 as the authorities claim. Clearly there's something seriously wrong here with these official stories – there is at every turn. I am going to explore the official story of the 9/11 'hijackers' in this chapter and we know the identity of at least one without a modicum of doubt because we have his passport. Yes, in one of those amazing little miracles that so often turn up in government narratives the always-truthful FBI and New York police revealed that the paper passport of one of the hijackers was found in a New York street even though it was supposed to be in a plane that crashed in a fireball into the World Trade Center. Who said God is not on our side? The 'passport' was spotted by an 'unnamed passer-by' a few blocks from the WTC 'in the vicinity of Vesey Street' (Fig 36).

Figure 36: A paper passport survived the impact with the World Trade Center and a subsequent fireball and was not even damaged? Yes, and I'm Dolly Parton.

Was it singed? FBI Assistant Director Barry Mawn told a news conference that the passport was found 'several blocks' from the World Trade Center and a 'grid search' of the whole area had been launched in the hope of finding other important evidence about the hijackers. At the same conference it was said to be unlikely that remains of the hijackers would be conclusively identified since nothing was likely to be available for use as a DNA match. *Phew* – thank goodness they found the passport then. We are told that no aircraft black boxes survived the World Trade Center crashes to tell us what happened, but a paper passport that one of the 'hijackers' was carrying somehow survived a fireball and wafted back to earth. The passport story surviving a fireball and a skyscraper collapse turned out to be too ridiculous even for the 9/11 fairy tale and by 2004 the story had changed to it being found before the towers fell. Oh, that makes sense now, thank you, except there is still the problem of the fireball, if I may be so bold. The passport was claimed to belong to Satam Muhammed Abdel Rahman al-Suqami, an alleged hijacker on Flight 11. Lead Counsel Susan Ginsburg, in testimony to the waste-of-space 9/11 Commission which 'investigated' the attacks, said the passport had been 'manipulated in a fraudulent manner in ways that have been associated with al-Qaeda'. Yawn. A year after 9/11 when a British television news team were filming for a first anniversary programme they asked New York police about the passport. They replied that it was 'a rumour that might be true'. This was a 'rumour' reported as fact immediately after 9/11 at a news conference for no other reason than to sell the validity of the official story in the immediate aftermath. Passports belonging to 'hijackers' Ziad Jarrah and Saeed al-Ghamdi were said to have been found at the alleged crash site of Flight 93 which would be a little more credible were not the story of that crash awash with contradictions. Mark Twain said: 'When you tell the truth you don't have to remember anything.' The official story is founded on so many lies told so often that it has to remember everything it has previously lied about and you therefore have an endless stream of contradictory stories and claims. Given a mainstream media with a modicum of willpower and courage to establish the truth there would be famous people in jail by now and they would not be Arabs. There are so many lies that every aspect has to be questioned to see if its stands up to scrutiny.

Hijacking the 'hijackers'?

The CIA and FBI claimed they had no prior warning of the September 11th attacks which is clearly baloney and has been shown to be so; but let's run with that for a moment. Let's say it was really true that they didn't know. This incompetence in failing to trace any orchestration of such a multi-faceted and long-planned attack on US soil would, in any

sane society, lead to wholesale sackings and inquiries. Instead President Bush rewarded the CIA and FBI for their 'incompetence' by greatly increasing their budgets. Again the contradiction can be explained by the realisation that these agencies were not meant to stop the attacks before they happened, just as the elite inner core of the FAA, NORAD and the Pentagon were not meant to stop them while they were underway. Having failed, or so they say, to track any sign whatsoever of the 'terrorists' and their plans before September 11th the FBI was able to name the 19 men it claims were responsible almost immediately afterwards. What brilliance. There has been much controversy over the identity of the 'hijackers' officially named with claims at various times that seven and up to ten were still alive amid stories of identity theft and mistaken identity. We cannot be sure that all the people named are accurate even before we examine if they were actually to blame for what happened. The list of the 'guilty 19' was released by a highly-politicised FBI 'investigation' led by Boy Bush appointee Robert Mueller who took over the Bureau only two weeks before September 11th. The same Mueller was wheeled out in 2018 to lead the highly-politicised 'investigation' into alleged Russia collusion with the Trump election campaign and predictably found no evidence but still disingenuously gave Democrats encouragement to impeach the President. Even Mueller told CNN in 2002 there was 'no legal proof to prove the identities of the suicidal hijackers' and yet the same names went on being used. In the light of the staggering untruths told by the FBI and other government agencies decade after decade, and never more so than since 9/11, you'll understand if I don't take the official information released on the 'hijackers' at face value. Such 'information' is so often of two-face value (Fig 37). The most famous of them and the 'poster man' of the 9/11 attacks is Mohamed Atta, an Egyptian

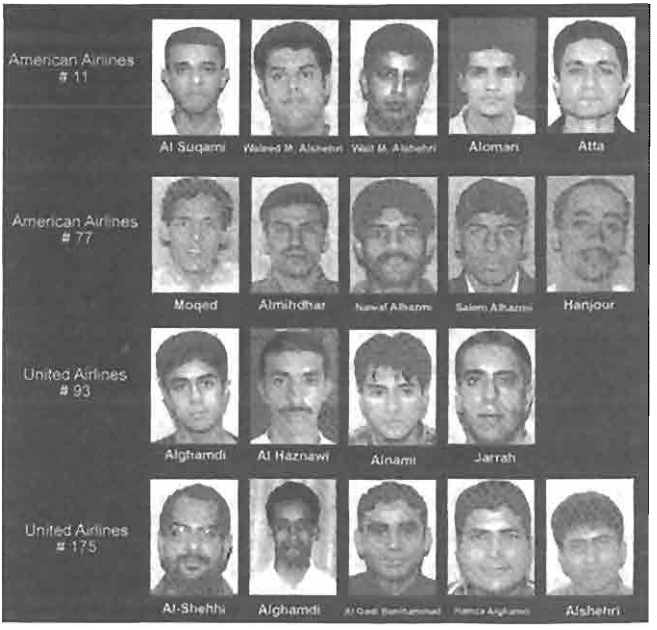

Figure 37: The alleged 9/11 'hijackers'.

Figure 38: Mohamed Atta, 'lead hijacker' on 9/11 – or maybe not.

national who is said to have been the leader of the hijackers and the 'pilot' who directed Flight 11 into the World Trade Center (Fig 38). Atta – or the person claimed to have been him – grew up in Cairo and used the name Mohamed El-Amir. His full name was Mohamed El-Amir Awad el-Sayed Atta. He became an electrical engineering student at the Technical University of Hamburg-Harburg in Germany where his tutor Dittmar Machule said he didn't know the name Mohamed Atta until after 9/11 because his pupil didn't call himself that. 'Atta' was described in very different terms by those who met him to the Islamic extremist profile promoted by the official story. Machule said the Germany 'Atta' – Mohamed El-Amir – was very religious, prayed often and never touched alcohol. He said his student would not even shake hands with a woman when introduced. Ralph Bodenstein, a fellow student who spent three months with El-Amir on a field study in 1995, said:

> The Mohamed I know was not a terrorist. But the photo they show in the press, that is the person, that is the same person I knew. He was a very complex person. On the one hand, he was a very religious person. He was growing a beard, he had just come back from a small hajj. He did pray five times a day.
>
> On the other hand, he was very full of idealism and he was a humanist. He was very much interested in social work. The person I knew then is not a person who could do what he is said to do now ... I knew him as an idealist who had great dreams about people living together.

Descriptions of Mohamed El-Amir's personality by his father, retired Cairo lawyer Mohamed al-Amir Atta, matched those who knew him in Germany. He said: 'Oh God! He is so decent, so shy and tender. I used to tell him "Toughen up, boy!"' El-Amir's father said in a statement to the London-based *al-Sharq al-Awsat* newspaper on September 22nd, 2001, that his son was in Germany and had phoned him after the attacks. The father claimed that on September 12th he was at his holiday home on the Mediterranean coast without radio or television and was unaware of the attacks in America the previous day. He said his son called him there and they talked about 'normal things'. Only later did the father hear

what had happened in the United States. He also dismissed the suggestion that El-Amir was a supporter of al-Qaeda:

> Mohamed, my son, hates Osama Bin Laden like he hates the sinner. Do not forget that Osama Bin Laden is behind the attack on our embassy in Pakistan. Mohamed is a real Egyptian. All this talk is nonsense.

He said he believed that his son's identity had been stolen and that El-Amir 'Atta' didn't know how to fly a plane. In fact, he was frightened of flying and always vomiting when he travelled by air. 'He was a donkey when it came to politics. I advised him, like my father advised me, that politics equals hypocrisy,' he said. Mohamed El-Amir's tutor Dittmar Machule supported this theme. He told the *Wall Street Journal*: 'I never heard any anti-Zionist, anti-American or anti-Christian statements from him.' For sure the 'Atta' in America was not frightened of flying and although he had no experience whatsoever on wide-bodied jets he could pilot one-engine planes. Mohamed El-Amir was remembered in Germany as tolerant of other religions and 'not a radical thinker'. Friends said he condemned terrorist attacks on tourists in Egypt and in 1999 he presented his thesis on the restoration of the old quarter of the city of Aleppo in Syria with his 152-page study arguing that urban planning should reflect the traditional coexistence of Muslims and Christians. He appears to have registered with *Bab Souria*, formerly known as *Syria Online*, in 1997 under the name Mohamed El-Amir asking for information about Aleppo. His alleged transformation into 'American Atta' is claimed to have happened when according to *The New York Times* he disappeared from the university from mid-1997 to October, 1998, and when he returned he had changed. He now wore a beard and persuaded the university to provide a prayer room for himself and other Arab students including his 'hijacker' friend Marwan al-Shehhi and one other 'suspected hijacker', a Lebanese student named Ziad Jarrah or Jarrahi, who studied aircraft design. There has been confusion about the spelling of the name with the FBI first saying Jarrahi and then Jarrah. The man they claim to be Jarrahi/Jarrah liked nightclubs and was due to marry his Turkish girlfriend two weeks after September 11th which sounds like we have a real Muslim extremist on our hands. I don't buy the convenient 'Atta' personality transformation and there is the rather relevant matter of Germany-based 'Atta' being a very small man, no more than five-feet-four, while American 'Atta' was said to be between five-feet eight and ten. Mohamed El-Amir's father said that the 'Mohamed Atta' seen on security video at an airport in Portland, Maine, did not look like his son. The UK *Guardian* recognised the personality contradictions days after the attacks. It said of Atta:

> He repeatedly switched names, nationalities and personalities. If in Egypt, and later in the US, he was Mohamed Atta, then at the Technical University of Harburg, he was Mohamed el-Amir. For the university authorities, he was an Egyptian, yet for his landlord, as for the US authorities, he was from the United Arab Emirates.
>
> And while it is not hard to see Atta, whose face gazes out from the passport photograph released by the FBI, as that of the mass murderer of Manhattan, el-Amir was a shy, considerate man who endeared himself to Western acquaintances. Such indeed was the gulf between the two that some people, notably his father, insisted last week that Mohamed Atta's identity must have been stolen by the hijackers' leader.

Does that description of 'America Atta' sound more like an intelligence operative than a urban planning student?

Booze-drinking, cocaine-snorting 'Muslim hijackers'

Germany 'Atta' was described by friends and acquaintances as polite, reserved, introverted, never aggressive, always smiling, 'very nice', and a Muslim so devout that he would not shake hands with a woman. Contrast this with the description and life-style of America-based Mohammed Atta who was often dubbed rude, aggressive and arrogant and was anything but devoutly religious. Amanda Keller, a lingerie model escort and pizza restaurant manager, said she lived with Atta for a short time in early 2001 in the Sandpiper Apartments in Venice, Florida, close to the airport where he is said to have trained at a flying school. Stephanie Frederickson, a neighbour of Keller, remembered Atta living there with Keller and so did apartment manager Charles Grapentine. Frederickson said:

> Amanda moved in next door first, saying she had come from Orange Park. Then one day in the middle of March she brought home Atta ... Amanda said to me, 'I'd like you to meet my friend Mohamed Atta. He's from France.' I looked at her to see if she was joking, but I guess she wasn't.

We are told the 9/11 attacks were carried out by Islamic fanatics as part of a Jihad, or Holy War, against the United States and two most basic tenets of the Muslim religion are that you never drink alcohol and never eat the meat of a pig. Atta, according to Amanda Keller, was a heavy drinker, regularly snorted cocaine and his favourite food was pork chops. He and other alleged hijackers are reported to have made at least six trips to Las Vegas with all its non-Islamic recreational activities including handing hundreds of dollars to lap dancers at the Pink Pony strip club. Islamic fanatics *they were not*. Why would he be the 'lead

hijacker' in a suicide attack on behalf of an Islamic 'holy war'? Was the Germany 'Atta' the same man as the American 'Atta'? It's highly unlikely unless he went through a remarkable transformation in which he ditched his Muslim beliefs, carried out a suicide attack in the name of his Muslim beliefs and grew several inches. The 9/11 cover up doesn't want us to know this background because their fairy tale starts to unravel. Amanda Keller was tracked down by investigative journalist Daniel Hopsicker for his book, *Welcome to Terrorland: Mohamed Atta and the 9-11 Cover-Up in Florida*, and she described anything but the 'Islamic extremist' the authorities want us to believe he was. Keller eventually retracted her story after being subjected to what she called FBI intimidation. Neighbour Stephanie Frederickson and manager Charles Grapentine said they experienced the same from the FBI after speaking publicly. Frederickson said:

> The question they asked was always the same. You aren't saying anything to anybody, are you? At first, right after the attack, they told me I must have been mistaken in my identification. Or they would insinuate that I was lying. Finally they stopped trying to get me to change my story, and just stopped by once a week to make sure I hadn't been talking to anyone.

Charles Grapentine described the same experience:

> They called me a liar, and told me to keep my mouth shut. Nobody likes to hear that; that they didn't see something they know they saw.

This is how the truth stays hidden and FBI operatives are long-time experts at this in the mould of their psychopathic former leader, J. Edgar Hoover (assassinations of 'threats to the state' like Martin Luther King a speciality). Amanda Keller is quoted by Hopsicker as saying: 'They told me not to talk to anybody, to keep my mouth shut.' The 'Muslim extremist' 'Mohamed Atta' named in the official story was, in fact, a hard-drinking, cocaine-snorting pork-eater with a white, seriously non-Muslim American girlfriend and frequented strip clubs and lap-dancing joints. No wonder the FBI sought to intimate witnesses telling this story. The enormous difference in personality and lifestyle, plus the distinct difference in height, between Mohamed El-Amir in Germany and Mohamed Atta in America make it clear that they were not the same people. Amanda Keller said that Atta had pilot licences from many countries – flying experience confirmed by his flying school owner in Florida. There is no evidence it seems that Mohamed El-Amir knew how to fly and his father said he had been frightened of flying. If the American 'Atta' was not the German 'Atta' then who was he?

Where are the 'hijackers'?

American and United Airlines released 'partial' passenger lists ('manifests') for the four hijacked planes and not one contained any of the 'terrorists' named by the FBI, nor even anyone with an Arabic name. The airlines said that some passengers were not listed because their next of kin had yet to be informed. This would not have applied to the hijackers, though, surely, so why were they not there? To this day we have not seen the original passenger manifests which were immediately confiscated – like all video surveillance footage – by Robert Mueller's FBI which then produced a list of 19 alleged 'hijackers' three days after the attacks. The first list (later changed) was revealed by CNN a day after the attacks but four names alleged to have been on Flight 11 would be replaced by the FBI in a subsequent version. Adnan Bukhari, Ameer Bukhari, Abdulrahman al-Omari and Amer Kamfar would be replaced by Abdulaziz al-Omari, Wali al-Shehri, Waleed al-Shehri and Satam al-Suqami. How can this be? Either the first four were on the passenger manifest lists or they weren't. They could not have been because Ameer Bukhari was killed a year to the day before 9/11 in a mid-air crash while Adnan Bukhari was still alive and living in Florida. Abdulrahman al-Omari and Amer Kamfar were alive in Saudi Arabia. This is extraordinary. The FBI identified 'hijackers' from the flight manifests (legal documents) and the names were either there or they weren't. You can't name people from passenger lists and then change your mind when evidence emerges that they could not have been on board. Hani Hanjour, the supposed 'hijacker pilot' of Flight 77, was not named in a list of 18 hijackers and then appeared hours later replacing another name reported by CNN that was never mentioned again or appeared in print which sounded something like 'Mosear Caned'. *The Washington Post* reported that Hanjour was not on the original passenger list 'because he may not have had a ticket'. How did he get on the plane, then – teleportation? A letter from American Airlines to the 9/11 Commission in March, 2004, said: 'We have not been able to determine if Hani Hanjour checked in at the main ticket counter.' What they mean is there is absolutely no proof that he was on the plane. This is the bloke who was supposed to have flown Flight 77 into the Pentagon. Despite all of the above Hani Hanjour was named on an official passenger list produced for the trial of alleged '20th hijacker' Zacarias Moussaoui in 2006, of whom more later.

The FBI released photographs on September 27th of men they believed, note believed, were the hijackers and emphasised that 'attempts to confirm the true identities of these individuals are still underway'. We appear to have heard no more so how are they getting on? The family of alleged 'hijacker' Hamza al-Ghamdi said his

photograph looked nothing like him. I met with Michael Woodward, the American Airlines Flight Services Manager at Boston Airport, who says he took the call from attendant Amy Sweeney shortly before Flight 11 crashed. He told me that when he took the call from the plane he punched up the passenger list for Flight 11 on his computer screen and Atta's name was there in the seat that Sweeney had mentioned. A BBC report, *The Last Moments of Flight 11*, pointed out that Sweeney said there were only four hijackers while the FBI says there were five and that 'the seat numbers she gave were different from those registered in the hijackers' names'. Flight 11 attendant Betty Ong gave other different seat numbers for the hijackers in her alleged call from the plane. I asked the FBI to explain these inconsistencies, but it would not give me an answer. In fact five passengers were missing from the list released for American Airlines Flight 11 and eight for Flight 77. It was the same story with the lists issued by United Airlines. Nine names were absent from Flight 175 and twelve from Flight 93. There is much confusion and contradiction about the authenticated passenger lists or manifests – again *legal documents* – which have never been released by either the airlines or the FBI. They have all steadfastly resisted doing so despite endless requests directly or through the Freedom of Information Act. What they have made public are alleged lists of passengers with no authentication. The question of who was on the planes reached new levels of farce in 2004 with a report by American Airlines to the 9/11 Commission claiming that some passengers had boarded Flight 11 'after the plane had pushed back from the gate'. Now that is a feat I would love to hear explained. Take your time. Robert Bonner, former Administrator of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and Commissioner of US Customs and Border Protection, told the 9/11 Commission that within an hour of the attacks 'US Customs Office of Intelligence had identified the 19 probable hijackers as well as the complete lists of passengers on the aircraft'. Many questions come from this. For example – why then have we never to this day seen the original authenticated legally-binding passenger lists and how did they access them so quickly and identify the 'hijackers' within an hour amid multiple confusions about which flights had been hijacked and crashed.

Atta is said to have flown to Boston that morning from Portland, Maine, and according to a US Air ticket agent in Portland, Michael Tuohey, he would have had to go through check-in and security again at Boston to board the American Airlines Flight 11. Tuohey said Atta gave him an icy stare when he refused to give boarding passes to him and his associate for their connecting flight in Boston. He warned the pair they had to hurry to avoid missing their flight and they left for security. If the 'hijackers' were on those planes out of Boston then surely check-in staff would remember them. When you travelled by air inside America in

2001 you didn't tend to see that many Arabic people and as these guys were supposed to have flown in business class and first class they would have had their own check-in desks and attendants with far fewer passengers to deal with than those checking in economy passengers. There were very light passenger loads on all four planes anyway – remarkably so. We are told that Atta was in first class and if he was on board there is no way the first class check-in attendant or boarding gate attendant would not have remembered him especially as he would have had to present a photo ID that matched his face and name with his ticket. Why have we never seen the boarding card clips of the 'hijackers' that are removed by staff at the boarding gate? When Michael Woodward was asked if he could put me in contact with the check-in staff that dealt with Atta and company that morning he paused and said: 'I don't know who that would be.' Maybe it's just me, but I found that a strange statement five months after the attacks. If you had taken a call from someone on a hijacked airliner that then crashed into the World Trade Center wouldn't you want to know from your colleagues what exactly happened that morning and who did what? Was there never any conversation between staff in five months about who checked in these guys, what happened and what they were like? I find that bewildering. Woodward said he would find out the name of the check-in person for me and when he did not reply over the next three days I returned to Boston Airport in search of the person who checked in Atta and his fellow hijackers. I talked to a check-in staff supervisor on duty at American and asked him about speaking to the check-in staff in business and first class on September 11th. The man became very agitated and would not even tell me his name. He went over to a check-in computer while refusing to enter into any conversation to find the number of the American Airlines media centre in Texas. Asked why he couldn't, or wouldn't, speak to me he said it was 'for personal reasons' and would say no more.

'Ask the FBI'

I asked staff at American Airlines corporate headquarters in Fort Worth, Texas, if they could confirm that the alleged hijackers passed through their check-in systems at Boston Logan and Washington Dulles. Tim Kincaid, Manager of Communications Planning, American Airlines Corporate Communications, replied that I would have to ask the FBI. I asked if I could speak with the check-in staff that dealt with the 'hijackers' to confirm that they went through. Kincaid replied: 'Sorry, no.' Rich Nelson, media spokesman for United Airlines based in Chicago, told me the same. When I asked if he could confirm that the men named as hijackers passed through United's normal check-in procedures at Boston Logan and Newark, New Jersey, Nelson also

referred me to the FBI. He said that I couldn't speak with the check-in staff involved out of respect for their privacy. However, I heard a very different story from Stanley Hilton, the San Francisco lawyer who filed a $7 billion lawsuit against Bush and other members of his administration on behalf of 9/11 families and others claiming Bush administration complicity in allowing the attacks to happen. The case was dismissed in 2004 when the judge ruled that US citizens do not have the right to sue a sitting President because of the Doctrine of Sovereign Immunity which degrees that a 'sovereign or state cannot commit a legal wrong and is immune from civil suit or criminal prosecution'. Hilton told me that clients who worked as flight attendants and pilots for American Airlines had been subjected to 'very tough gag orders' and were threatened with 'immediate termination if they talk about any of this publicly'. That would certainly explain my own experience with AA staff at Boston Logan and why should we think it would be any different at United? I said to Tim Kincaid at American Airlines that when they released passenger lists for Flights 11 and 77 there were five names missing on Flight 11 and eight for 77. I said I understood the original reason given for some of the passenger names not being there – next of kin not yet notified – but why were there no names for the hijackers on those lists? Kincaid's reply: 'Sorry, you'll need to contact the FBI.' I said that given next of kin for all the passengers will now long have been informed could I have complete passenger lists for Flights 11 and 77? Kincaid referred me to the American Airlines website for news releases for September, 2001, which merely had the original lists with the names missing. I went back to ask if the incomplete passenger lists released on September 12th were the only ones they had published. He said that the news release 'is the only one we put out and is as complete as we could make it'. He explained that 'some families asked that their loved one's name not be listed, and [they had] honored their wishes'. This is not the reason originally given for the missing passengers which was that next of kin had not been informed. Are we to believe that by some fantastic coincidence the very same next of kin who had not been informed soon enough for their loved ones to be included in the first list are the very same next of kin who decided they did not want the names of their loved ones to be published? Where are the hijackers? I contacted Kincaid again: 'What do you mean by 'as complete as we could make it? Why no hijackers anywhere?' His reply: 'That's as much as we can share. Call the FBI.' A year later at the time that *Alice in Wonderland and the World Trade Center* was published we had still not had a full passenger list for the 9/11 flights nor seen authenticated airline ticket and boarding pass documentation of the 'hijackers' who are claimed to have been on those planes. Nearly two decades later we *still haven't*. I asked Kincaid, a pleasant guy merely doing his job, if I could I see copies of the

paperwork detailing the calls made by Betty Ong and Amy Sweeney to AA ground staff from Flight 11, but it was the usual reply: 'Contact the FBI.' Rich Nelson, media spokesman for United Airlines, told me that they only released the names of those whose families authorised them to do so.

Why so few passengers?

Then there is the matter of the passenger numbers on the four flights involved. Okay, it was a Tuesday, the slowest day of the week the airlines claimed, but these were pan-America flights leaving at a time to coincide with the business day on the West Coast in the major cities of Los Angeles and San Francisco. According to airline figures Flight 11 had only 81 passengers on a plane that could carry 158; Flight 175 had 56 passengers on a plane with a capacity of 168; Flight 77 was carrying 58 passengers when the capacity was 176; and Flight 93 had just 38 on a plane capable of holding 182. We have four aircraft leaving from three airports, all hijacked in well under two hours, all left to their fate with no effective reaction from the FAA-NORAD response system, the Pentagon or government, Bush administration complicity in allowing the attacks to happen and all remarkably low on passengers. I asked American Airlines for the average number of passengers on Flights 11 and 77 throughout the year 2000. They told me: 'This information is proprietary and not available, sorry.' At least I wasn't told to contact the FBI. Rich Nelson at United Airlines said that, beyond saying that Tuesdays are typically light days, he couldn't tell me the average passenger numbers for those flights because it was considered to be 'proprietary information'. So 'proprietary information' was more important to these people than being open about what happened on 9/11? Even with the small number of passengers we are still told that between four and five hijackers without guns could overpower and control two pilots in each plane and between 43 and 90 passengers and flight attendants, using box-cutters and small knives. *The Washington Post* reported that attendant Michelle Heidenberger on Flight 77 had been 'trained to handle a hijacking':

> She knew not to let anyone in the cockpit. She knew to tell the hijacker that she didn't have a key and would have to call the pilots. None of her training mattered.

The question is – why? What could have happened? There were some big guys on these planes both in the cockpit and among the passengers. Mark Bingham, a 31-year-old, six-feet five rugby player, and Jeremy Glick, a former national judo champion, were both on Flight 93. Judo is an art of self-defence that includes dealing with people who have

knives. I contacted the FBI where everyone kept referring me and was asked to fax a list of my 47 questions to Rex Tomb, a representative for the FBI's Fugitive Publicity and Internet Media Services Unit. Many of the questions were the ones I had asked the two airlines and other organisations which they told me could only be answered by the FBI. A few days later I received a faxed reply from Ernest J. Porter at the Office of Public and Congressional Affairs saying that Tomb had given my questions to him. Porter said he regretted being the bearer of disappointing news, but it was not possible for the FBI to answer any of my questions. The news was not, in fact, 'disappointing', just depressingly predictable. Porter told me: 'It will be some time, perhaps years, before the FBI's investigative files on this case may be available through vehicles such as the Freedom of Information Act. The answers to your questions may be found in the files at that time.' One of my questions was: 'When did Robert Mueller officially become head of the FBI?' The propaganda and cover-up technique comes clearly into focus. It is the same technique used with all such set-ups: (1) you give the media the 'information' about the event that tells the public the story you want them to believe; (2) you tell everyone with any knowledge or relevant information about the event that they must pass all inquiries to the FBI; (3) the FBI then says it cannot answer questions about its official story because of the 'ongoing investigation'. It's funny how the 'ongoing investigation' didn't prevent the FBI from promoting its version of events. It only becomes a problem when the Bureau is questioned about that version. There are many decent, dedicated people working for the FBI, but when it comes to key positions of power they are not there to uncover the truth only to stop it ever being known.

'Ringleader' Atta

The FBI claims that Mohamed Atta first arrived in the United States with fellow 'hijacker' Marwan al-Shehhi on June 3rd, 2000, but the FBI in Miami reported that in *April*, 2000, a 'Mohamed Atta' approached a Farm Loan Manager at the Florida Department of Agriculture seeking a loan 'to buy a six-passenger, twin-engine airplane that he wanted to convert into a crop-dusting plane'. The loan officer was Johnelle Bryant who told the FBI what happened after 9/11 and she went public in June, 2002. Bryant confirmed in a television interview that this 'Mohamed Atta' was in the United States before the official entry time and that 'Atta' told her he came from Egypt, studied in Germany, had moved to Afghanistan, admired Osama bin Laden and wanted to find recruits in America for al-Qaeda. Why would you reveal that unless it was part of the cover story being constructed? Who was this guy? 'Atta' was also sighted in Portland, Maine, in the same April, 2000, ahead of 'his' official arrival. The *Portland Press Herald* reported that Spruce Whited, head of

security at the Portland public library, claimed to have seen Atta several times at the library using computers with al-Shehhi. Reference librarian Kathy Barry said the same: 'It was either him or his twin brother.' Yep, but which one was it?? Then there was the strange report of the two 'Atta's' arriving in Florida at the same time. The *Miami Herald* reported on September 22nd, 2001:

> INS [immigration] documents, matched against an FBI alert given to German police, show two men named Mohamed Atta [arrived] in Miami on January 10 [2001], each offering different destination addresses to INS agents, one in Nokomis, near Venice, the other at a Coral Springs condo. He [or they] is admitted, despite having overstayed his previous visa by a month.
>
> The double entry could be a paperwork error, or confusion over a visa extension. It could be Atta arrived in Miami, flew to another country like the Bahamas, and returned the same day. Or it could be that two men somehow cleared immigration with the same name using the same passport number.

There was certainly more than one 'Atta'. The FBI said that in November and December of 2000 Atta purchased flight deck videos for the Boeing 747 Model 200, Boeing 757 Model 200, Boeing 767 Model 300ER, Airbus A320 Model 200 and other items from a pilot store in Ohio. This is thought to be Sporty's Pilot Shop at the Clermont County Airport, about 20 miles from Cincinnati, although the owners wouldn't confirm that except to say they had spoken with the FBI. Nawaf al-Hamzi, who is alleged to have been on Flight 77, is said to have bought similar videos from an 'Ohio pilot store' along with Zacarias Moussaoui, a 33-year-old (at the time of arrest) French national and so-called '20th hijacker' who would be jailed for life for playing a part in 'the plot'. Officials said that Atta was given his visa at the US Consulate in Berlin on May 18th, 2000, and landed at Newark, New Jersey, on June 3rd on a flight from Prague in the Czech Republic. He overstayed his visa by more than 30 days, but was allowed back for another six months when he returned to the US with no questions asked by immigration. This is not normally the case when previous visas have been overstayed. Some who claim to have met Atta and rented him rooms in America were quoted in the media as saying he was cold, distant and secretive. They talk of his stare like the one portrayed in the driving licence picture distributed by the FBI. Atta is a real mystery man in that we don't know where he came from or what his background was and so many diversions have been thrown in the path of anyone trying to find out. I know what the authorities say about him, but that's not where you find the truth. We actually know very little about the 'Atta' who lived in the United States.

There have been many false or unsubstantiated claims about Atta and much 'information' has been presented as 'proof' when it was nothing of the kind. He was said to be wanted for the bombing of an Israeli bus in Jerusalem in 1986 and one newspaper report said: 'He was so brazen that he crisscrossed US and European borders under his own name while listed as a suspect in a 1986 Israeli bus bombing.' Brigadier General David Tsur, Chief of Staff of the Israeli Ministry of Public Security, said that Atta was not the man suspected of the bombing. The wanted man was Mahmoud Atta (also known as Mahmoud Abad Ahmad), a 33-year-old (in 1986) Jordanian who ambushed a bus in the West Bank. Mohamed Atta was said to have met with an official of Iraqi intelligence in Prague in April, 2000, and this was used to implicate Iraq with the 9/11 attacks. Iraq denied this and, once again, no evidence was produced except for Secretary of State Colin Powell saying the information came from Czech Prime Minister Milos Zeman. *The International Herald Tribune* reported a senior Bush official in May, 2002, as saying there was no evidence that Atta met the Iraqis in Prague. The whole story is claimed to have come from Czech 'intelligence' which thought that a man seen on surveillance camera footage was Atta when he wasn't. See how 'history' and 'truth' are created from utter crap? What people retain, however, is not the detail that destroys the story, but a perceptual 'image' compiled from the sum total of lies and false statements presented to them.

Atta was reported by 'witnesses' to have been at the Professional Aviation Flight Training University in Punta Gorda, California. When the FBI checked the story he had never attended that flying school. Atta was claimed to have been seen in Norfolk, Virginia, in the winter of 2000 where he 'might' have been surveying the US naval base as a possible target. Who says so? The FBI through *Newsweek*. He 'might' have been 'casing' Boston's Logan Airport more than six months before. Who says so? *Newsweek*. Sources? The usual. The *Chicago Tribune* said that he was a member of the Egyptian Jihad group with ties to Osama bin Laden. Who said so? 'Sources'. The FBI claimed that Atta flew from Miami, Florida, to Madrid, Spain, on July 9th, 2001, and picked up a rental car ordered through the Internet. The *Observer* newspaper in London claimed to have seen hotel records confirming that Atta spent at least one night at the Montsant hotel in the resort town of Salou on Spain's eastern coast during this trip and he returned his Hyundai Accent rental car to Madrid airport on July 18th, less than two months before the 9/11 attacks. The paper claimed that he went to Salou to meet with four unidentified Muslim extremists. Who says so? A Spanish newspaper. Sources? 'Investigators'. Oh, them again. Now I am not saying that any of this is true or not true, just that all the 'evidence' we have with regard to 'Muslim extremism' is from agencies with a genetic condition widely

known as 'lying through your teeth'. The FBI claims that Atta met an 'al-Qaeda' operative called Ramzi bin Shibh in Salou. Shibh is said to have once shared an apartment with Atta and 'the authorities believe' he may have been involved in the planning of 9/11 from Germany. *The International Herald Tribune*, reporting *The New York Times*, said that investigations in Salou by the FBI and Spanish intelligence had found no one who saw the two together at the resort. Another point to highlight here: Atta and Marwan al-Shehhi were alleged by the FBI in a court indictment in December, 2001, to have bought a knife in Zurich, Switzerland, on July 8th, 2001. How could Atta do that if, as the FBI also claims, he didn't fly from Florida to Spain until July 9th?

'Mr Nice Guy' or not?

The official story says that Atta drove some 3,200 miles in rental cars in America between August 6th and September 9th, 2001. He and al-Shehhi apparently walked into Warrick Rent-A-Car in Pompano Beach, Florida, on August 6th and owner Brad Warrick said that Atta carried a briefcase, was polite and looked like a businessman. Many witnesses remember him as a slick dresser who wore jewellery – another no-can-do for Muslim men. Warrick said: 'He didn't spend money like there was an unlimited source. He squabbled a little bit over mileage.' Atta had switched to a Ford Escort after renting a Chevy Corsica for a week because it cost ten dollars less. He was by contrast said by various witnesses and people who knew him to have unlimited funds and wads of notes in his pocket. Warrick described the two Arabs as 'uncommonly polite' and always '... had a briefcase and books in the trunk'. This description of Atta's demeanour is at odds with reports from flying schools where he is described as anything but polite. Warrick said that on one occasion Atta phoned from Venice, Florida, to say that the oil light had flickered on and reminded him about the problem when the car was returned on September 9th. 'The only thing out of the ordinary was that he was nice enough to let me know that the car needed an oil change,' Warrick said. 'That was odd since he was planning to die in a matter of days.' Or was he? Warrick said he found it strange that Atta had been concerned about the condition of the car when he returned it just two days before the 9/11 attacks. 'I mean, if you're going on a suicide mission, why not leave the car at the airport?' You'll never get a job with the FBI, Mr Warrick. The car rental owner also revealed that when the car was returned – again two days before 9/11 – al-Shehhi asked for the charge to be transferred from Atta's credit card to his own. Warrick said: 'If you're going on a suicide mission who cares who pays for what?' How about if you're not?

Atta was lucky not to be stopped by a traffic cop (very easy, as I know, when travelling those distances in cop-happy America) because

in the April, 2001, he had been given a ticket for driving without a licence and didn't show for a court hearing. The bench issued a warrant for his arrest which the police failed to act upon. He overstayed his visa and no action was taken. Lucky man, or was he? Patsies and intelligence assets are always protected to allow them to serve their purpose. Atta is said to have rented a Piper Archer single-engine plane at Palm Beach County Park Airport in Lantana, Florida, on August 16th, 17th and 20th, 2001, or on three consecutive days from August 19th, depending on which report you read. The manageress told the media that Atta said he wanted to complete 100 flying hours. On August 28th he is reported to have used a Visa card on the Internet to buy two one-way tickets for Flight 11 ... quoting a frequent flyer membership number obtained only three days before! Anyone who has frequent flyer membership knows how long it takes to build up enough free miles to make it worthwhile – in Atta's case that would have been long after September 11th had passed. Why is he collecting air miles if he plans to kill himself days later? The other ticket, we are told, was in the name of Abdulaziz Al-Omari, or whoever that was because the real Al-Omari was still alive after 9/11. A man by that name turned up alive in Saudi Arabia and said his passport was stolen in 1995 when he studied at the University of Denver. The FBI released the man's details claiming he was a hijacker, but the accompanying picture was not him. 'I couldn't believe it when the FBI put me on their list,' the real Abdulaziz Al-Omari said. 'They gave my name and my date of birth, but I am not a suicide bomber. I am here. I am alive. I have no idea how to fly a plane. I had nothing to do with this.' The Wikipedia page of the fake 'Al-Omari' named as a hijacker with Atta on Flight 11 sums it up really: 'Little is known about al-Omari's life, and it is unclear whether some information refers to Omari or another person by that name.' But we *know* he did it – *we know*. Now go back to sleep and stop asking questions.

Atta was said to have been at Shuckums Oyster Pub and Seafood Grill in Hollywood, Florida, 30 miles from Miami, with Marwan al-Shehhi and another man on September 8th with three days to go before the 9/11 attacks. Night manager Tony Amos said they stayed from around 4.30pm until about 7pm. Waitress Patricia Idrissi told the media that one of them went to play a video machine at one end of the restaurant while Atta and al-Shehhi sat drinking and arguing. Al-Shehhi drank rum and coke, she said, while Atta downed five Stolichnaya vodkas with orange juice. The bill was $48 and Atta argued with the manager about it. This is a guy with a pocketful of notes who, we are told, was only three days from flying a plane into the World Trade Center? 'You think I can't pay my bill?' Atta is said to have shouted. 'I am a pilot for American Airlines. I can pay my fucking bill.' *Mmmm*. Did he really mention American Airlines? It seems very convenient to the

official narrative. Atta paid the bill from a 'thick wad' of $50 and $100 bills, staff said, and so why the argument about the cost only days before September 11th? This is just silly. The *St. Petersburg Times* and other media reported that FBI agents arrived at Shuckum's 'soon after the attack' (what fantastic detective work so quickly) to interview staff and show them pictures of 'several Middle Eastern men' to see if they were the drinkers they were talking about. Amazingly they *were*. FBI documents submitted to the 9/11 Commission and released in 2009 contain three agent reports of these interviews in which some witnesses recognise Atta but not al-Shehhi and others do the opposite. The reports also play down the alcohol consumption which was bad for the official story. Islamic law strictly forbids drinking alcohol. 'Atta's' father, or the father of Mohamed El-Amir, said:

> If my son sees you with a beer, he'll cross the road' and he was 'very shy, very polite, would never swear'. He said it was '... like accusing a decent, veiled religious girl of smuggling prostitutes into Egypt. It is nonsense, imagination!

Other reports have said that al-Shehhi did all the boozing, which, if true, casts still more doubt on the 'American Airlines pilot' statement that Atta is said to have made according to the same witness who claims he drank five vodkas. Whether it was al-Shehhi or both of them hitting the bottle these people are supposed to be Islamic fanatics willing to kill themselves and thousands of others for their faith while drinking in public such a banned substance? It doesn't add up – none of does. Azzan Ali, a friend of Atta and al-Shehhi when they were students at a Florida flying school, said: 'They were very religious.' Clearly they weren't – *if they were the same people.* The *Longboat Observer* at Longboat Key, Florida, reported in November, 2001, that bartender Darlene Sievers had seen Atta four days before 9/11 at the Holiday Inn Hotel & Suites drinking rum and coke at the bar. She said she remembered him because of the big tip he left and other staff recalled al-Shehhi drinking there. A similar story emerged from the other side of the world when *The New York Times* reported the month after 9/11 that Atta and al-Shehhi had been seen drinking whisky during visits to the Philippines between 1998 and 2000 when they stayed at the Woodland Park Resort Hotel, dined at a Middle Eastern-style restaurant and al-Shehhi hosted a party for 'six or seven Arab friends'. The FBI story is that Amir ('Atta') disappeared from his German university from mid-1997 to October, 1998, and returned as a religious extremist. Now witnesses were telling us where he was for some of that period – getting pissed with women in the Philippines. Woodland Park waitress Gina Marcelo recalled:

> They drank Johnnie Walker Black Label whisky and mineral water. They

> barbecued shrimp and onions. They came in big vehicles, and they had a lot of money. They all had girlfriends ... [but] they never tipped. If they did, I would not remember them so well.

Money no problem and lots of booze appears to be the common theme of these 'Islamic fanatics'. Then there were the reports of other 'Islamic fundamentalists' drinking in a strip bar the night before September 11th. Associated Press reported on September 13th: 'Three men spewed anti-American sentiments in a bar and talked of impending bloodshed the night before the terrorist attacks.' John Kap, a strip club manager in Daytona Beach, told FBI investigators that the men in his bar used credit cards to spend $200 to $300 each on lap dancers and drinks, the report said. 'They were talking about what a bad place America is.' Kap is quoted as telling the FBI: 'They said "Wait 'til tomorrow. America is going to see bloodshed".' It's all so convenient. Kap said that he gave the FBI the men's credit card receipts, photocopied driver's licences, a business card left by one of the suspects and 'a copy of a Koran that one of the men had left at the bar', the Associated Press report claimed. Pardon me? A Muslim 'fanatic' would take a Koran into a strip bar, knock-back the booze and leave it there? Oh, do let's be sensible here. These alleged 'hijackers' and 'accomplices' (diversion agents) seem to have left copies of the Koran everywhere they went in cars, hotel rooms and bars – how perfect for the cover story. What were these guys, the Islamic version of the Gideons? The Associated Press article said the FBI told Kap not to reveal the names of these men. The *Arab News* of Saudi Arabia asked:

> How could the hijackers themselves have been 'Islamists' if they frequented bars, drank in some cases beer and wine, and one even attended an evangelical Christian school and stated that he would not have minded marrying a non-Muslim? How can we have faith in the investigations when almost half of the original list of hijackers have turned out either to be dead [before the event] or alive and well in other parts of the world?

A writer on the Liberty of Freedom website said:

> Ziad Jarrahi, the alleged Lebanese hijacker of the plane which crashed in Pennsylvania, had a Turkish girlfriend in Hamburg and enjoyed nightclubs and drinking. Yet at the same time, we are being told that these same hijackers spent the night before the attack getting drunk in bars, making noise, screaming insults at the 'infidels', and doing everything they could to attract attention to themselves.
>
> They used the credit cards issued in their stolen names, allowed their driver's

> licenses with the stolen names to be photocopied, and used public library computers to send emails back and forth using their stolen names signed to unencrypted messages about their plans to steal aircraft and crash them into buildings, then decorated their apartments with absurdly obvious props such as a crop dusting manual to the point where the whole affair reads like a low budget 'B' detective movie from the 1930s. In short, these men did everything they could to make sure everyone knew who they were, or more to the point, who they were pretending to be.

Pretending to be is a highly relevant point and so is attracting attention to themselves. You will see by the end of the book that many people with clear connections to events acted in ways that made people remember them. A cover story was being concocted before the attacks that could be 'uncovered' the moment they happened. This is very easy because the mainstream media simply accepted the official story without question. I remember seeing a television 'documentary' about Mohamed Atta on the UK ITV channel in which Jonathan Dimbleby, one of Britain's best-known current affairs presenters, repeated the FBI story without question from start to finish. Unbelievable.

Doubles all round

A staple technique of intelligence agencies such as the CIA, Mossad and British Intelligence is the use of doubles and we should add this into the mix. Even plastic surgery can be used when necessary. Some of the alleged hijackers using their alleged names were credibly sighted and/or recorded on official documents in different locations at the same time – some in very different locations on different sides of America and even in different countries. This can only be achieved by the use of doubles and false identity documentation for which intelligence agencies are legendary. We will see later the extent to which Mossad for example goes to produce credible fraudulent passports and other documents. The Florida *Sun-Sentinel* reported 17 days after the 9/11 attacks:

> At least six of the suspected terrorists had two sets of driver's licenses issued by Florida, which would have allowed two or more people to use the same identity ... Many of the suspected terrorists, it is becoming increasingly clear, swapped identities as part of their preparations for the Sept 11 attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, according to a *Sun-Sentinel* review of documents, interviews and published reports.

They swapped identities or their handlers and manipulators did? Lee Harvey Oswald, the patsy wrongly accused of the assassination of President Kennedy, is an example of someone who appeared to be in

more than one place at the same time and if doubles were used for that we have another reason why Oswald was killed to head off a public court hearing. We should also keep in mind the around 4,000 Saddam Hussein Republican Guard operatives brought from Iraq to the United States to settle after the Gulf War of 1991. Anyone think Father Bush did that out of the kindness of his heart? He didn't have one. They were brought to the United States to be used and exploited, but why? Well, for a start here were thousands of 'Middle Eastern looking men' with the potential to pose as would-be terrorists and their doubles. At least one has been connected to the Oklahoma bombing as 'John Doe 2' and it would not have ended there. Look-a-likes can pose as the target person while doing different things in different guises and claiming different background histories. When someone of the same name and appearance is reported to be a guilty party all these different appearances and personas of the real person and the double or doubles are fused together into a composite 'history' which then becomes the official one. In this way people can be described as having different personalities when they are not the same people. I am sure this is what happened with 'Atta'. Doubles can be put on terrorist watch lists when the target they are standing in for has (a) no idea he has a double and (b) has never done anything to deserve being on a terrorist watch list. Then when an attack happens the authorities say the patsy 'was on a terrorist watch list' and so give public credibility to their false narrative. Using doubles with the target party's identity is a common way to set someone up to take the rap for something they didn't do. Real people set up by doubles are often liquidated to stop them proving they could not have been responsible. What's the point of having a fake Mohamed Atta and then allow the real Mohamed El-Amir to turn up and prove it wasn't him? The authorities can try to explain away dead hijackers turning up alive as 'identity theft', but Atta was such a central character on which so much of the official narrative depends that Mohamed El-Amir would have had to be taken out. His father said in 2005: 'My son is gone. He is now with God. The Mossad killed him.' He probably got the assassins right as we will explore much later. Ziad Jarrah, a friend of El-Amir in Germany and the alleged hijacker pilot of Flight 93, is another victim of the doubles hoax. Lebanon-born Ziad Jarrah was no Muslim extremist. He was educated in Christian schools, liked to dance, party and drink beer and had a reputation for knowing the best night clubs and beaches in Beirut. Jarrah had a Turkish girlfriend in Germany and they were planning to marry in the summer of 2002. His father said:

> He never expressed any religious thoughts or ideas. He never changed in his appearance, or behaviour. He was still the same person we know since he was born, and throughout all his life.

FBI claims about Jarrah's background turned out to be false and there have been inconsistencies about where he was supposed to have been. 'Jarrah' was said to have been questioned in Dubai on January 30th, 2001, when he admitted to his inquisitors spending the previous two months and five days in Pakistan and Afghanistan where Osama bin Laden operated a terrorist training camp; but what this fake 'Jarrah' said in Dubai is impossible. The real Jarrah was registered with a flying school in Venice, Florida, near the one attended by 'Atta'. The school confirmed that he continuously attended until January 15th and his family confirmed that he then flew to Lebanon where he arrived on January 26th to visit a hospital every day until the 30th where his father had undergone open heart surgery. He could not have been in Dubai. Fake 'Jarrah' in Dubai (a major intelligence centre for the CIA) was playing his role in preparing the post-9/11 cover story. He told his questioners that he was going back to Florida to connect him to the real Jarrah, but then flew to Europe and how could someone who had just indicated possible terrorist connections then be allowed to head for the airport? CNN reported that the Dubai interrogation of 'Jarrah' was conducted at the request of the CIA and provided the only confirmed link (a lie) between any of the alleged 'hijackers' and Afghanistan. Another fake Ziad Jarrah made an appearance years earlier when he leased a home in Brooklyn, New York, between March 1995 and February 1996. His landlords recognised the picture of the real Jarrah/Jarrahi circulated after the 9/11 attacks, but while what would appear to be his double was in New York the real Jarrah was completing his education at a Catholic high school in Beirut. He didn't leave Lebanon until April, 1996, when went to study in Germany. Fake Jarrah had his rent paid by a house-mate called Ihassan Jarrah and claimed to be a photographer. His New York landlord said he would sometimes come home with a prostitute. Charles Lisa, a landlord of Jarrah in Florida in 2001, said he had a German passport. Why would that be when he was supposed to be a Lebanese citizen? Lisa was reported as saying that Jarrah 'was too happy a man for a guy who knew he was going to die in the next ten days or so.' Most of those who met the alleged hijackers appeared to be astonished that they could have carried out such attacks. Many were described as 'ordinary' people or, as one article put it: 'Friendly neighbors, serious students and model dads: the men suspected of hijacking the jets that carried out history's deadliest terror strikes looked a lot more like the guy next door than the incarnation of the devil.' Another aspect of the patsy operation on the real Ziad Jarrah was his alleged 'suicide letter' to his girlfriend in Germany 'hours before the attacks' in which he is alleged to have said:

> I did what I had to do. You should be very proud of it, it is an honor, and you will see the result, and everybody will be happy.

Somehow – just a coincidence – 'Jarrah' wrongly-addressed the package to a location he knew very well and just by chance it was returned to the United States where it ended up in the hands of the FBI. Oh do fuck off. This alleged 'suicide note' mentioned future meetings and contained references to scuba diving instructions. The real Jarrah of course disappeared at just the right time to go the same way as the real Mohamed El-Amir ('Atta'). Jarrah's family offered to provide DNA for a test with fragmentary alleged remains of 'hijackers' on Flight 93, but the FBI turned it down. I can't for the life of me think why. Doubles would explain how devout Muslims became booze-swilling, cocaine-snorting pork eaters and womanisers and how in reverse people who had no interest in Islamic extremism suddenly began behaving like Islamic extremists. Atta's English and accent were described by Florida rental car owner Brad Warrick as that of someone resident in the United States for a long time. By contrast 'Atta' (which one?) would be denied flying tuition at Jones Aviation in Sarasota, Florida, because he and al-Shehhi were aggressive, rude, and ... *couldn't speak English*. The question might be asked about why doubles would allow themselves to pose as people and then be killed on crashed airliners. The answer is two-fold. Often the doubles themselves don't know the big picture and can be manipulated into the wrong place at the wrong time and secondly, in the case of 9/11, there is *no confirmation they were on the planes*. I say that because if the 'hijackers' that are claimed to have crashed the planes actually boarded them, even as patsies who didn't know what was going to happen, *multiple* surveillance pictures around the airports and their boarding pass stubs would have been made public immediately after the attacks. All these years later we are still waiting. There would appear to be two different 'Attas' in Germany and America, but how many 'Attas' were there in America? How many doubles of other alleged 'hijackers' were there when they could not possibly have been in different locations, even countries, at the same time? Confusion is the key to diversion from the truth and with 9/11 we are drowning in it. We have had apparently credible sightings of 'Atta' all over America from coast to coast – and in Canada and Germany – and he and other alleged 'hijackers' were seen or located in different places at the same time.

Evidence presented by investigative journalist Daniel Hopsicker and in highly detailed books like the excellent multi-authored *The Hidden History of 9-11* clearly show that Atta and others in the alleged 'Islamic plot' were being both closely watched by military intelligence assets and protected from investigation or arrest. Mossad and the Israeli military will seriously enter the story with regard to this. The same Hidden Hand

operatives were guiding the cover story and preventing those involved in the cover story (knowingly or otherwise) from being stopped or exposed – operatives of the same agencies that claimed after 9/11 that they were taken completely by surprise and had no idea what was coming. A double could explain reports that Atta was seen with his father in the United States. Either that or the father of Mohamed El-Amir has been lying to us. Numerous witnesses in Venice contacted the FBI office in Sarasota after El-Amir's father appeared on television after 9/11 to say they had seen him in Venice with Atta two weeks before the attacks. The usual FBI intimidation of witnesses telling the wrong story then followed to pressure them to shut up. Both the FBI and the 9/11 Commission have sought to air-brush and delete Atta's months of residence in Venice, Florida, and you can see why with what happened there demolishing their 'radical Islamist' script. I will focus further on Venice, this key centre of 9/11 activity, later in the chapter. Another Atta location in Florida was the town of Hollywood about 30 miles from Miami and a three-hour drive from Venice. Hollywood is going to be centrally-important to the 9/11 story much later in the book. One other point about identity is that technology can fabricate photographs or fuse two people into a face that resembles both. That is obviously true today and even in 2001 intelligence networks had technology way ahead of what was available to the public. On the subject of pictures – why have we not seen many more of Atta and his alleged accomplices who would have been caught on camera all over the place? Why did the FBI turn up at the LA Fitness gym in Coral Springs, Florida, where Atta was a member for some weeks, and remove his picture from the computer – as confirmed by employee José Serraz? Why haven't we ever seen it? All we see is basically the same single image of his period in the United States from his driving licence.

'Atta' everywhere

On September 8th a man of Middle Eastern appearance (they had so many to choose from thanks to Father Bush) is reported to have walked into the control tower at Boston Logan Airport. Some speculated that this was Atta, but the FBI claim that he flew from Florida to Boston via Baltimore the following day, September 9th. Well, that's one FBI timeline, anyway. Other FBI reports have him flying out of Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood airport on September 7th on a flight to Baltimore at a time he was seen drinking at Shuckum's bar while also booking a one-way ticket on September 5th from Florida to Boston, not Baltimore. Still another timeline has Atta and al-Shehhi checking out of the Panther Inn in Deerfield, Florida, on September 9th which would fit returning the hire car to Brad Warrick on the same day. An FBI document compiled on September 12th, 2001, has a man identified as Atta selling

his 1989 red Pontiac Grand Prix to Wynn Errico at the Wynn Motor Company in North Lauderdale for $800 on September 7th. Another version of that car-selling story, with differences, appeared in an FBI document dated September 17th and still another has the car sold for $800 but to Sun Auto Leasing and Sales on September 8th. Whatever the discrepancies why would you go to so much trouble selling your car when you already had lots of money and were planning to die in four days? To add still further to this Twilight World an FBI document has Atta, Hani Hanjour (the alleged pilot of Pentagon Flight 77) and possibly other 'Middle Eastern men' photographing passports on September 7th at a Kinko shop in Laurel, Maryland, 20 miles from Baltimore which is more than a thousand miles from where he is supposed to have sold his car in the early afternoon on the same day. Amid all these conflicting timelines came another in May, 2002, when CNN and the *New York Daily News* sourced reports to the FBI which said credit card receipts appeared to locate Mohamed Atta in Manhattan, New York, on September 10th, 2001.What he is supposed to have bought was not mentioned. It's crazy stuff and fuels the confusion and contradiction that hides the truth.

Several hours before the 'Atta' figure showed up at the Boston Airport control tower on September 8th we are told that four 'Middle Eastern men' had asked a controller how to get into the tower. This begs the question of what 'Atta' and these other men expected to gain by getting into the tower. What would it have told them? It wouldn't have helped them hijack the planes three days later in any way. What it would have done is attract attention to them and suspicion. This is the last thing they would have wanted so close to their 'big day' at the very airport where they were acting suspiciously. On the other hand if you were setting up a cover story for September 11th you would want 'Middle Eastern men' acting suspiciously at the airport where the first two planes were to be hijacked. I asked the FBI about the 'Atta' man and the other four at the control tower when I was researching *Alice in Wonderland*, but they refused to answer my questions. Forbes.com quoted frequent flier Janice Shineman in a 2016 article as saying she saw Mohamed Atta at the American Airlines terminal at Boston Logan on September 9th – the day his rental car was returned in Florida. She said he 'stared menacingly' into her car when she arrived and then cut in front of her inside the airport to ask a question of an American Airlines agent. Shineman said he held a red file folder and wore pink and blue flowered gym pants. The word 'Nantucket' was on the back of his purple T-shirt. She said 'Atta' took notes while standing in front of gate agents and she planned to say something to the pilot about him, but he did not board the flight. The *Forbes* article went on:

> An FBI chronology of the hijackers' movements states that Atta rented a car at

Logan on Sept. 8, 2001 – which coincides with Shineman's observations the next morning – but it also states that Atta flew to Logan from Baltimore on Sept. 9. The FBI could not explain the discrepancy or why the time-line lists two different flight numbers for Atta's Baltimore-Boston flight.

There are so many discrepancies in the 9/11 story I don't wonder people have trouble keeping up with them and while Atta was hiring a car in Boston he was being seen drinking heavily in a Florida bar. The main focus of the 2016 *Forbes* article was an even more bizarre story in which Delta Airlines captain Pat Gilmore claimed that he had flown from Baltimore to Atlanta on a Boeing 757 on July 26th, 2001, with Mohamed Atta in the jump-seat behind him posing as an American Airlines pilot. *You are kidding me?* No – Gilmore told the American Media Institute that Atta showed him a standard pilot's FAA Class 1 medical certificate and a jump-seat request form that pilots typically present when riding as cockpit passengers on their own or competing airlines. The documents bore the name 'Atta' and his picture was on the company ID. Atta had worn an American Airlines pilot uniform and 'cast a pall over the flight deck'. Gilmore claimed: 'He gave me a stare in the cockpit at cruise altitude that was bone-chilling.' Forbes noted that the story conflicts with the FBI Atta timeline (but then what doesn't?) and reports how Gilmore was 'just one of several witnesses who say they saw the mastermind of the attacks on New York and Washington while the clock ticked toward the largest terrorist attack in US history'. How many 'Attas' were there and how many sightings were accurate? Gilmore said he called the FBI who told him there was no way to confirm the story and it probably had nothing to do with the attacks. Surely unless this 'Atta' was protected he was taking a massive chance scamming himself into the cockpit when if he had been caught his alleged contribution to 9/11 would have been over. WTF?

'Quick – we'll miss it!'

The FBI timeline says that on September 10th Atta and Abdulaziz Al-Omari rented a Nissan Altima from Alamo at Boston Logan Airport and drove just over 100 miles to Portland, Maine. They are said to have stayed overnight at a Comfort Inn before heading the next morning for Portland Airport and a plane back to Boston to pick up Flight 11. Why on earth would they take such a chance of missing the flight they were supposed to be targeting when even a short delay could have been crucial? Why would the leader of the biggest plane hijack in history, an attack years in the planning, risk flying to Boston that morning and giving himself so little time between landing in Boston from Portland and the departure of Flight 11? The Portland plane arrived in Boston at 6.45am and Flight 11 was scheduled to leave at 7.45am. Atta and Al-

Omari are said to have been caught on video at Portland as they boarded a Colgan Air commuter flight to Boston. Well, for a start, that wasn't the real Al-Omari on the videotape because he was still alive after the attacks and which 'Atta' was it? On the videotape released by the FBI of 'Atta' and 'Al-Omari' going through security at Portland is the time-code 05-53-41 (Fig 39). That's just 19 seconds short of six minutes to six. I know you can work that out, but it is worth emphasising because the flight they took from Portland to Boston that morning, USAir Flight 5930, was scheduled to depart at ... 6am. That's only *six minutes* after 'Atta' and 'Al-Omari' were 'captured' on videotape passing through security! No wonder they were described as 'rushing' for the plane. Airline worker Michael Tuohey who described how he checked-in Atta and Al-Omari said they wore 'ties and jackets'. By the time they appeared on security cameras immediately afterwards rushing to the gate they had open neck shirts and no jackets. The FBI timeline said that Atta and Al-Omari checked out of their hotel in Portland at 5.33am, just 27 minutes before their plane was due to depart and they then had to park their rental car, check-in and get to the gate. Atta was described as 'sweating bullets' and said he was running late. 'His forehead was drenched,' an airline witness said. Anyone who travels by air knows that if you leave it that late you are highly likely to miss the flight. Not only did the leader of the biggest plane hijacking in history take the chance of flying into Boston from a connecting flight that morning he arrived so late that the Portland plane departed only minutes after he got to the gate. All that planning and he took those risks of not even getting to Boston? What was that *The Washington Post* said about the '... astonishing degree of organization and planning undertaken by the terrorists'? Hilarious. It was more like the Keystone Cops. No, sorry, that's the FBI (or what decent and intelligent agents in the FBI are forced to be by their superiors). I asked the FBI about all these anomalies and contradictions, but, of course, officials refused to answer my questions. On the Portland airport security video a second

Figure 39: 'Atta' and 'Al-Omari' rush through security at Portland airport. The time-code at the bottom (where you would expect it to be) shows six minutes to flight departure (hence the rush) while the one in the middle (the last place you would normally put a time-code on a security video) shows 15 minutes to departure. Most of the media cropped this image to show only the middle time-code.

time-code appears in the *centre* of the screen – the last place you would put a time-code on a surveillance video. This code reads 5.45 and appears to be only there to hide the ridiculous contradiction of a 'highly professional' leader of the hijackers running to his plane at six minutes to departure when if he missed the flight he missed his hijack connection. The way the shot was framed by most of the media only the second time-code in the middle of the screen was visible. The true one at the bottom of the frame was cropped off. If this second, centre-of-the-screen, time-code was correct, it means that Atta and friend must have checked out of their hotel, taken their car to the airport car park, checked in and passed through security to the gate all in 12 minutes. I rang Ruth Dudley, a very nice lady, who was Head of Security at Portland Airport. I asked her why there were two time-codes – one of them slap bang in the middle of the screen. She said she didn't know and would have to see it to give me an opinion. Unfortunately, she said, they didn't have those tapes anymore because they were immediately confiscated by the FBI – as were all the tapes relating to 9/11 and all such attacks, including Oklahoma. I asked the FBI why there were two time-codes on the video and why one was in the middle of the screen, but officials refused to answer.

Other 'hijackers' are said to have arrived at Boston Airport in a white Mitsubishi Mirage with Virginia licence plates. The car contained 'five' Arab men (three in other reports) and the FBI said that in one window was a pass allowing access to restricted areas at the airport. Media reports and official statements claimed that (unidentified) witnesses remembered the men because there was an argument with an unnamed driver over a parking dispute. I have seen the 'hijackers' arrival time as anything between 06.45am and 07.15am, but if we take the now official time of between 06.45 and 06.52 they are still leaving it very late for a departure at 07.45 that they apparently meant to hijack. David Boeri on *NewsCenter 5* in Boston reported: 'Sources say at least four suspects, described as Middle Eastern men, arrived late to the airport, purchased one-way tickets and paid in cash for them, all of those factors being known security risk flags.' He said security personnel were trained to question late-arriving passengers who pay in cash for tickets. Surely 'highly trained' hijackers would know this? There are so many conflicting reports of what happened in this period – the hijackers paid cash at the time or booked their tickets earlier, airline and staff remember them and they don't. The 9/11 Commission said none of the checkpoint supervisors recall seeing any of the 'hijackers' or report anything untoward. If there were no hijackers and nothing happened untoward that would explain it.

Camera shy

I have noticed that many people seem to believe they have seen video footage of Atta and friend going through security at Boston Logan. This is because people tend to get an impression from a news item and not the detail. We have been shown no pictures of any of the alleged hijackers getting on any of the 9/11 planes. We have seen 'Atta' and 'Al-Omari' alleged to be passing through security on the time-code-doctored images from Portland airport but nothing in Boston. *Three years* after the attacks footage was released of the alleged hijackers of Flight 77 passing through security at Washington Dulles (more about this later). Even this was not released voluntarily, but through a Freedom of Information Act request from a law firm representing some 9/11 families. If the footage is real and authentic why wasn't it revealed much earlier and not on the day before the 9/11 Commission presented its report? That's it – the extent of footage confirming the 'hijackers' boarded the planes and you can bet that if proof existed it would have been all over the media on September 11th-12th. Staggeringly, Boston Logan, of all the airports in all the world, did not have surveillance cameras and so we have no proof that Atta and company boarded Flights 11 and 175. A *Boston Herald* article said: 'In perhaps the most stunning example of Massport's lax security safeguards, Logan International Airport is missing a basic tool found not only in virtually every other airport, but in most 7-Elevens'. Massport ran Boston Logan Airport and almost every other transport operation in the city it would seem. I went to see its media spokesman when I was speaking in Boston in February, 2002, and he said that Massport was not responsible for security. I'll come to who was at the most relevant time in the latter stages of the book. He confirmed there were no video cameras in the departure lounge, but by the time I spoke with him they did have face-recognition cameras taking still pictures to ensure that the person who checked in was the person getting on the plane. The *Boston Herald* article pointed out that the lack of cameras in the departure lounge has prevented the FBI from definitively identifying the men who boarded the planes. How strange that when airport cameras were already ubiquitous they did not have them at an international airport when they did at a small regional jetport at Portland. Therefore Boston was the perfect airport if you wanted to hide the truth. Cameras had been in widespread use in airports for some 15 years before 9/11 and Michael Taylor, President of American International Security Corp in Boston, said: 'It's not rocket science, convenience stores employ them, why wouldn't Massport?' The absence of cameras when you would find them at almost every other similar airport is another one of those endless coincidences that you find everywhere in the 9/11 story. This means that the evidence is simply not there to prove that the 'hijackers' named by the authorities were on the

Boston planes – even those that were not still alive. Charles Slepian, a New York security consultant, said:

> You have names, but the FBI has said it hasn't been able to match the faces of those who were on the flights. Who boarded at Logan? You don't have pictures, and that's a problem. And are those suspects the ones who actually got on at Logan or are they still alive? Who knows? That's one of the big questions the cameras would have been able to answer.

How convenient that at Boston Airport of all places they couldn't do that. Funny, too, how there were 17 surveillance cameras constantly filming the roads between the Ritz Hotel and the Pont de L'Alma tunnel in Paris which would have proved beyond question what happened to the car in which Princess Diana died in 1997. For reasons never explained none of them was working the night she died (see *The Biggest Secret*). Cameras are very important to the Hidden Hand when they want to keep surveillance on the public, but they can be a real problem when they need to hide their own activities. Still, hold on: Boston did have cameras in parking garages, ramp areas and on Logan's roadways to monitor traffic. Why haven't we been shown video pictures of these 'Middle Eastern men' who arrived in the car park that morning and had the argument with an unnamed driver? What about the men we are told arrived at the car park in their vehicle several times in the days before September 11th? Where is the footage of the other hijackers arriving that morning? Surely the 'Middle Eastern men' who asked how to get into the control tower must be on tape somewhere as well as the one who seems to have got in 'unaccompanied'. The *Boston Globe* reported on September 13th:

> When they reviewed videotape of the parking lot's surveillance camera, investigators found that the car had entered the lot up to five times between last Wednesday and Tuesday, according to sources. Those sources said the constant presence of the car over the last week suggested that the terrorists had scouted the airport, or performed dry runs for the daring attack.

Who was on the tape and where is it? Where is the recording of the 'Middle Eastern men' arriving in the white Mitsubishi on the morning of September 11th and having the argument over a parking space with an unidentified driver? I asked the FBI all these questions, but officials refused to answer. Michael Taylor, president of American International Security Corp, said he had worked for the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey and confirmed that Newark, New Jersey, from where Flight 93 departed, has video cameras in the departure lounge. Why haven't we been shown footage of the 'hijackers' boarding that flight? I

put this same point to Tara Hamilton, a very pleasant woman in the media office at Washington Dulles Airport. She replied:

> I've checked with our airport police department and they inform me that the FBI is in charge of all information regarding September 11th and the specifics about the men who came to Dulles Airport. In regard to questions about our airport cameras, those are part of our security system and we're not able to discuss that. I'm sorry we're not able to provide the information you are seeking but am sure you understand our situation.

Well actually, no I don't. If releasing video footage of 'Atta' and friend at Portland airport was okay, what was the problem with letting us see other 'hijackers' boarding planes at other airports? Very questionable footage was released in security at Dulles in 2004, but nothing from the departure lounge. Tara Hamilton, like all of these media spokespeople, was just saying what she was told to say, and the idea that asking for confirmation that 'hijackers' were caught on camera would in any way affect the airport security system is ridiculous. They don't want to discuss it, that's the truth. I asked the FBI why these pictures had not been released, but officials refused to answer. Police said that after the attacks they found Atta's red 1989 Pontiac Grand Prix in the parking lot of Logan Airport and the rented Altima in Portland. Why would Atta rent the Altima at Boston Airport to drive to Portland if he had another car already at Boston? Where did this car come from when he had been at the other end of America, in Florida, with another rental car until September 9th? Florida police understandably appealed for anyone who might find the Grand Prix in the area where Atta was said to be living. Instead it turned up in a Boston car park 1,673 miles away and yet Atta went to car rental companies in Florida on the 9th and Boston on the 10th, according to the official story. Do the sums and you find that even if Atta maintained a speed of 100 miles an hour for the entire journey (no chance, he would have had so many speeding tickets) it would take nearly 17 hours to complete the journey with no hold ups or stops whatsoever. Not worth even going there, it's so stupid. Yet the *Chicago Tribune* said:

> Sometime before the attack, Atta, perhaps accompanied by al-Shehhi, made his way up the Eastern Seaboard. After Tuesday's attack, police found Atta's Grand Prix in the parking lot of Boston's Logan International Airport.

The reporters would have seen how ridiculous that was if they had only stopped to think instead of taking the official story without question. How can they find a car so far away from Florida where FBI reports said Atta sold it for $800 on September 7th or 8th? What about the FBI

reports that said Atta flew to Boston via Baltimore? Oh, and would you believe it? The Mitsubishi left by other 'hijackers' in the car park at Boston Airport was found to contain a ramp pass allowing access to restricted areas, a copy of the Koran, a fuel consumption calculator and a flight training manual written in Arabic on how to fly a 767. *Wow!* What synchronicity. All this was 'discovered' at the very time the Bush government was preparing to pin the blame on Arab terrorists working for Osama bin Laden. Shit, thank you God. Just a thought, though: Maybe a note signed by Osama bin Laden saying 'all the best with your mass murder on my behalf today by flying those planes into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon' might have been a nice touch, just to cover all bases. Perhaps they could have placed the note inside the hijacker's passport that was 'found' a few blocks from the World Trade Center. Nicely charred at the edges, you know the sort of thing. Add all this to the 757 flying manuals and 'eight inch stack of East Coast flight maps' that were claimed to have been found in hotel rooms rented by 'hijackers' and the story is complete. Oh yes, not to forget the reports that al-Shehhi and Atta were spotted in Switzerland that summer buying pocket knives and box cutters the day before the FBI says Atta flew from Florida to Spain. 'Hey Mohamed, we need box cutters and pocket knives, better fly to Switzerland to buy them, eh?'

Yet another miracle (they keep on coming)

Even without cameras at Boston the gods clearly wanted to help the FBI and other government 'investigators' to find those responsible. Of all the luggage of all the passengers on all the airlines on that day of all days, it was *Atta's* bags that didn't make it on to Flight 11. The FBI found inside a note dated five years earlier in which Atta said he was willing to martyr himself in a holy war against infidels. Yeah, of course he did. The contents were first reported to have been found in a rental car left by Atta at Boston airport and when the narrative changed to him driving a rental car from Boston to Portland we were told his bags were found at Boston airport because they didn't get on to Flight 11. The contents were the same, though, and oh my God! They only found in Atta's bags a copy of the Koran, a Saudi passport, correspondence from the university he attended in Egypt, Abdulaziz al-Omari's international driver's license and passport, a folding knife and pepper spray and ... *yes, yes* ... a video of how to fly a wide-bodied airliner. *Bingo!* Game, set, and match, all sorted, case closed. What use a knife and pepper spray were in a bag planned for the hold was not explained. The find was described by former FBI agent Warren Flagg as 'the Rosetta stone enabling FBI agents to swiftly unravel the mystery of who carried out the suicide attacks and what motivated them'. Red Flagg said:

> How do you think the government was able to identify all 19 hijackers almost immediately after the attacks? They were identified through those papers in the luggage. And that's how it was known so soon that al-Qaeda was behind the hijackings.

Well blow me down, you don't say. Extraordinary – what a piece of luck! Another document was claimed to give instructions for Atta's burial and what should be done with his possessions 'when I die'. The *Los Angeles Times* reported: 'Authorities said Atta instructed that he be buried 'next to good Muslims,' with his body pointed east toward Mecca, that strict Muslim traditions were to be followed for his burial and that no women be allowed at his funeral. The document, dated April 11th, 1996, suggested that 'Atta may have been considering a suicide attack for several years before he carried it out'. This included the request that he wanted to 'go to heaven as a martyr'. How they can produce this stuff without laughing is beyond me. It's not even a B-movie script. The letter and 'will' 'found' in the baggage of Mohamed Atta was claimed to include a five-page message to his fellow hijackers. The FBI said that essentially the same letter was found in the wreckage of 'Flight 93' in Pennsylvania. *'Essentially'* the same document? Did Atta, or whoever, hand-write basically the same five-page instruction to all of them then? Had he not heard of photocopiers? I mean, he was at a Kinko's copying store near Baltimore while selling his car in Florida. Attorney General John Ashcroft also told an [In]Justice Department news conference on September 28th that another copy of the 'letter' had been found at Washington Dulles Airport 'in a vehicle used by Nawaf al-Hamzi, one of the hijackers on American Airlines Flight 77'. Ashcroft said the letter was a disturbing and shocking view into the mind-set of these terrorists: 'The letter provides instructions to the terrorists to be carried out both prior to and during their terrorist attacks.' The FBI released 'extracts' of the letter 'found' in 'Atta's luggage' via *The Washington Post* on September 28th and it was claimed to be originally written in Arabic by someone alleged to be an Islamic fanatic. The original Arabic text was not released until later by the FBI. A number of various translations have been circulated over the years and the document has been questioned in terms of its Islamic authenticity. These are some instructions for the hijackers in the Atta 'letter' according to a translation for *The New York Times*:

> Pray during the night and be persistent in asking God to give you victory, control and conquest, and that He may make your task easier and not expose us.
>
> Shouldn't we take advantage of these last hours to offer good deeds and

obedience?

Nah, let's just get pissed like we did in Florida.

Bless your body with some verses of the Qur'an (done by reading verses into one's hands and then rubbing the hands over whatever is to be blessed), the luggage, clothes, the knife, your personal effects, your ID, passport, and all your papers.

Why would fanatical Muslims have to be told how to bless something?

Check your weapon before you leave and long before you leave. (You must make your knife sharp and must not discomfort your animal during the slaughter).

Oh yes, and don't sleep in so you have to run your arse off to get on the Portland plane.

Tighten your clothes [a reference to making sure his clothes will cover his private parts at all times], since this is the way of the pious generations after the Prophet. They would tighten their clothes before battle. Tighten your shoes well, wear socks so that your feet will be solidly in your shoes.

Didn't your mum ever tell you that? Mine neither. Remember – don't let your dingle dangle.

When the taxi takes you to (M) [this initial could stand for matar, airport in Arabic] remember God constantly while in the car. (Remember the supplication for entering a car, for entering a town, the supplication of place and other supplications).

I think it is more important to remember that the FBI says these guys travelled to the airports in hire cars, not taxis.

When you have reached (M) and have left the taxi, say a supplication of place ('Oh Lord, I ask you for the best of this place, and ask you to protect me from its evils'), and everywhere you go say that prayer and smile and be calm, for God is with the believers.

Say a prayer, smile and be calm? I thought they were supposed to have had an argument with a guy over a car space immediately they arrived? They ought to listen more.

In his 'will' Atta also asks that his body be washed and buried. What, after flying a plane with a 20,000 gallon fuel capacity into the World

Trade Center? That's one heck of an embalming job. It should also be noted that while they produced this 'letter' to the hijackers, which talks of everyone fearing death, the FBI also said that 11 of the 19 hijackers named did not know they were on a suicide mission, but believed themselves to be preparing for a conventional hijack. Not if they read Atta's letter they weren't. 9/11 was like the worst type of Hollywood movie in terms of the official storyline and the miraculous and implausible happenings required for it to be true.

Venice – City of Mirages

This title may be awarded to the most famous Venice in Italy, but it could equally apply with regard to 9/11 to the small city of the same name on the Florida coast. A key strand of the official story is that all the pilots named by the FBI attended American flying schools in preparation for hijacking four commercial airliners and taking over the controls. They did this by practising on single-engine planes and some extremely incompetently at that. The main centre for this flying tuition was the little airport in Venice which is not far from Sarasota where Bush visited the school on the morning of 9/11. Three of the four alleged pilots trained at flying schools at Venice airport – Mohamed Atta (Flight 11), Marwan al-Shehhi (Flight 175) and Ziad Jarrah (Flight 93). Hani Hanjour, alleged hijacker pilot of Flight 77, attended schools in Arizona and briefly experienced a flight simulator. Venice is a seaside resort and retirement centre on the Gulf of Mexico on Florida's south-western coast with a population of some 23,000. Venice airport was mentioned during the Iran-Contra hearings when Oliver North was being questioned and the subject involved gun running from the airport to the Contras in Nicaragua. The airport was also a conduit for the CIA drug-running operation into the United States out of South America aided and abetted by the Bushes and Clintons. Funnily enough, small as Venice may be, close Bush family associate Jackson Stephens had a long association with the place. Stephens was an investor in George W. Bush's Harken Energy together with Khalid bin Mahfouz, the man named by the US State Department as a financial backer of Osama bin Laden. Bin Mahfouz and Stephens had something else in common, too – their involvement in the corrupt and criminal Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI) in which the Bush family and the Saudis were also seriously implicated. Stephens was a close friend and financial backer of Father George and funded Bill Clinton's campaigns to be governor of Arkansas and US President. He has further been linked by researchers to the National Security Agency (NSA), the major overseer of the US intelligence network and boss to the CIA. Some government officials have accused the NSA of destroying data relevant to the 9/11 investigation, but why wouldn't they when destroying evidence of government-military-

intelligence criminality is their job? Stephens was also a roommate of President Jimmy Carter at the US Naval Academy. To put it mildly, this guy had massive 'connections' and has been named in relation to a number of scandals including the corrupt Whitewater land deals which involved the Clintons and the Iran-Contra gun-running and cocaine smuggling operation through the Mena airstrip in Arkansas while Clinton was governor and Bush/Reagan were in the White House. A block away from Venice Airport and the 'hijacker' flying schools was the former national headquarters of the Stephens company, Beverly Enterprises. At the time of 9/11 it was home to his former law firm, Boone, Boone and Boone, and a Stephens executive still had an office there. Boone, Boone and Boone, it seemed, pretty much ran the place. Venice was a 'Boone town', you might say.

Florida is a major centre of drug trafficking and CIA, Mafia and military activity, all of which go together. I have seen the Saudi royal family mentioned for its connection to the Florida elite and criminal networks and 15 of the 19 alleged hijackers were from Saudi Arabia. Drug-trafficking and 9/11 are intertwined. Florida-based journalist Daniel Hopsicker said the son of Jewish gangster Alvin Malnik from the Miami Mafia was married into the Saudi royal family through a daughter of a Saudi prince. The king of Saudi Arabia would regularly send his private 747 to Florida to allow Malnik and gang to do business with the Saudis away from public view, Hopsicker reports. Three 9/11 'pilots' ended up at Venice flying schools even though Florida had hundreds of schools to choose from. The fact that Venice airport was a conduit for transporting drugs in the CIA operation was not a coincidence it is safe to say. American 'Atta' was involved it seems in the drug racket as a pilot and attending the flying school was a front. He already knew how to fly small planes and had licences from many countries. Being an operative in the CIA drug trade would also explain his many movements and long distances in hire cars and his wads of cash. There is a very good chance that he was set up by the 9/11 cover-story creators while he thought he was working for 'them' on other business. 'Mohamed – we need you to go to Boston and then on to Portland to stay overnight and return to Boston the next day.' Or he could have known what he was doing. Either is possible. The Venice flying schools had both changed hands shortly before Atta and company arrived there and both were purchased 'independently' by Dutch nationals within a month of each other. Rudi Dekkers bought Huffman Aviation and Arne Kruithof bought the Florida Flight Center. Atta and al-Shehhi went to Huffman and Jarrah to the Flight Center. Atta and al-Shehhi also attended Jones Aviation flying school at Sarasota Bradenton International Airport half an hour from Venice and five miles or so from the Emma E. Booker Elementary School where President Bush was on

the morning of September 11th. Dekkers launched an aggressive European 'marketing' campaign not long before the 'hijackers' turned up at Huffman. He told the local *Venice Gondolier* at the time:

> The world is my working place. I won't forget Venice, but I'm going to market throughout the world, Germany, France, Belgium. That's our goal, to get people to come in here from all over the world.

So it proved. Foreign nationals soon made up 80 percent of student pilots at the school. Hundreds a year were paying thousands of dollars while it was reported that Dekkers was falling behind with the rent. Daniel Hopsicker, author of *Barry and the Boys: The CIA, the Mob, and America's Secret History*, said that Huffman Aviation was one of the schools authorised by the Immigration and Naturalization Service to issue I-20M immigration forms. These helped foreign students to secure US visas as vocational students. Arab would-be pilots began to arrive at both Venice schools in unprecedented numbers. The schools were connected to an elite international 'exchange' programme. This was a 'joint venture' between the American and German governments and run by a little-known private organisation, Carl Duisberg International (CDS). Hopsicker said this had close ties to Hidden Hand figures like David Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger and was supported by the Clintons. The usual suspects in other words and what a coincidence that is – or rather isn't. Hopsicker quotes an 'observer' at Venice Airport as saying of Rudi Dekkers:

> I've always had some suspicions about the way he breezed into town out of nowhere. Just too many odd little things. For example, he has absolutely no aviation background as far as anyone can tell. And he evidently had no use for, nor knowledge of, FAA rules and regs.

Dekkers claimed to have extensive aviation experience, but Richard Boehlke, a former business associate who fell out with him, said: 'He was an oxymoron the day I met him. I can't believe anyone handed him millions of dollars to run a business he had no experience in.' That could be explained if we were talking about a business for which the flying schools were only a public cover for very different activities. The joint owner of Huffman Aviation, along with Dekkers, was a guy called Wally Hilliard and on July 25th, 2000, while Atta was attending the school, Hilliard's Learjet was found to have 43 pounds of heroin on board when searched by the Drug Enforcement Administration in Orlando. *The Orlando Sentinel* called it 'the biggest drug seizure in central Florida history'. Hopsicker said it is no coincidence that Atta was, allegedly with Hilliard's help, selling Afghanistan opium and heroin that was financing

the Taliban in league with the CIA and Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence (ISI). The CIA and ISI were running the opium/heroin operation in Afghanistan and creaming off profits for Bin Laden and the training and arming of Islamic terrorism – as I have exposed in other books. The *Times of India* revealed that Atta was wired $100,000 just before 9/11 on the orders of then ISI chief General Mahmoud Ahmed who was in Washington DC on September 11th meeting with CIA Director George Tenet and other intelligence figures. This money was believed to be connected to 9/11, but with Atta involved in the ISI-CIA drug operation this is far more likely to have been the reason. Amanda Keller, Atta's one-time girlfriend, said he had a constant supply of cash and drugs:

> These guys had money flowing out their ass. They never seemed to run out of money. They had massive supplies of cocaine. Whenever they'd run out, they'd go over to the flight school. I followed them one day with Sabrina [a German friend of Atta's] to see where they were going, and saw them go into Florida Flight Training.

Dekkers and Hilliard were also flush with money despite apparently losing a fortune on the flying school. One observer said of Dekkers: 'He didn't even have the money to buy gas for an airplane ... and yet a year later he shows up and plops a million seven, a million eight or two million dollars on the table as if it were paper money.' Hopsicker said this can be explained because Dekkers was a CIA asset and the CIA was running the whole operation. He said in a radio interview:

> I discovered that we were dealing with flight school owners who are CIA assets ... Mohamed Atta was in this country as a result of a program being run through the Central Intelligence Agency.

Hopsicker says the FBI lied to protect Dekkers and, in turn, Dekkers lied to Congress about his relationship with Atta. The 9/11 Commission, set up to whitewash the whole story, basically ignores the flight schools in Venice along with anything else that is relevant to the truth. Whenever you are dealing with a CIA connection you'll almost always find drug trafficking and the same with Israel's Mossad. This is one of the main ways CIA 'black ops' (Hidden Hand ops) are financed without using official funds that can be traced and the Bushes and Clintons have been heavily involved in this. The FBI systematically covered up the Florida connection and claimed it had no idea where Atta was located between leaving the flying school (according to Dekkers about Christmas 2000) and when they officially pick him up again in May, 2001. This is nonsense, as Hopsicker reveals. Numerous witnesses told them where

Atta was in that time – in Venice, Florida. He lived in nearby North Port from January, 2001, until early March and then moved in with Amanda Keller in the Sandpiper Apartments. All this was happening four months after the FBI tells us that Atta left Venice and they lost track of him. Rudi Dekkers claims he never saw Atta again after he left in late 2000 and yet several witnesses saw them together in Venice two weeks before 9/11. These included Venice licenced cab drivers who reported taking Atta to and from Huffman Aviation and other Venice locations in August, 2001, and on two occasions with Rudi Dekkers. Another witness said Atta bought a sandwich from her in Venice one week before the attacks. Why is the FBI covering up what happened in Venice and why has Rudi Dekkers not been held to account for his false testimony?

Trained by the United States?

Florida is home to the Naval Air Station in Pensacola where the US military operates exchange programmes for overseas officers. Within days of September 11th reports appeared in *Newsweek, The Washington Post,* and Knight Ridder newspapers that five of the hijackers named by the FBI were trained at secure US bases in the 1990s including three at Pensacola. *Newsweek* quoted a 'high-ranking US Navy source' as saying that three of the alleged hijackers listed Pensacola Naval Air Station for their driver's licence and car registration addresses. The report said these men were believed to be Saeed al-Ghamdi and Ahmad al-Nami, both allegedly on Flight 93, and Ahmed al-Ghamdi from Flight 175. It was claimed that their training at Pensacola was paid for by Saudi Arabia with its close connections to the Father Bush Carlyle Group which also had direct connections to the Bin Laden family. *Newsweek* claimed that military records showed that three men used the address of 10 Radford Boulevard, a base roadway where the residences of foreign-military flight trainees are located. Saeed al-Ghamdi listed this address in March, 1997, to register a 1998 Oldsmobile, *Newsweek* said. Five months later he used it again to register a late-model Buick. *Newsweek* said that driving licences were believed to have been issued to the other two suspects in 1996 and 1998 and also listed the barracks as their residences. An FBI spokesman was quoted as saying the hijackers could have stolen identities of people who trained at the bases. Mohamed Atta was reported by *Newsweek* to have attended the International Officer School at Maxwell Air Force Base in Montgomery, Alabama. In response to these reports Florida Democrat Senator Bill Nelson faxed a request to Attorney General John Ashcroft demanding confirmation or otherwise of this story. A spokesman for the senator said:

> In the wake of those reports we asked about the Pensacola Naval Air Station but we never got a definitive answer from the Justice Department. So we

> asked the FBI for an answer if and when they could provide us one. Their response to date [five months later] has been that they are trying to sort through something complicated and difficult.

A Pentagon spokesman responded on September 16th, 2001, by saying that 'name matches may not necessarily mean the students were the hijackers and that discrepancies in biographical data indicate that 'we are probably not talking about the same people'. *'May not necessarily?' 'Probably'*? You mean they don't know? Of course they do so why don't they simply reveal the background to those foreign trainees with the same names as those claimed to be hijackers? A Pentagon spokesman denied that the Mohamed Atta who attended the International Officer School at Maxwell was the same man named as leader of the hijackers while refusing all requests for the biographical background of the Mohamed Atta at the school. The spokesman told reporters: 'I do not have the authority to tell you who attended which schools.' Did some of the alleged hijackers, including Atta, attend military training schools in the United States? I asked the FBI this question, but officials refused to answer. Investigative journalist Daniel Hopsicker said the wife of a former CIA pilot at the base told him:

> I have a girlfriend who recognized Mohamed Atta. She met him at a party at the Officer's Club. The reason she swears it was him here is because she didn't just meet him and say hello. After she met him she went around and introduced him to the people that were with her. So she knows it was him. There were a lot of them [Saudi/Arab pilots] living in an upscale complex in Montgomery. They had to get all of them out of there. They were all gone the day after the attack.

The *Los Angeles Times* quoted a 'defense official' as saying that two of the hijackers were former Saudi fighter pilots who had attended two prominent US military programmes, the Defense Language School at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, and the Air Force's Air War College at Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama. There were and are extremely close connections between the US and Saudi military. The United States Military Training Mission operated – and still does – a joint training mission under the command of United States Central Command at MacDill Air Force Base in Florida. Could some of these alleged 'hijackers' have been trained by the United States? There is certainly a massive Saudi connection to the 9/11 official story and Michael Springman, former head of the American visa bureau in Jeddah from 1987 to 1989, told the BBC *Newsnight* programme:

> In Saudi Arabia I was repeatedly ordered by high level State Department

> officials to issue visas to unqualified applicants. These were, essentially, people who had no ties either to Saudi Arabia or to their own country. I complained bitterly at the time there. I returned to the US, I complained to the State Department here, to the General Accounting Office, to the Bureau of Diplomatic Security and to the Inspector General's office. I was met with silence.

The BBC also quoted 'a highly placed source in a US intelligence agency' as saying there had always been 'constraints' on investigating Saudis and that under President George W. Bush it had become much worse. Patsies from military and intelligence backgrounds taking the blame for a much wider plot are numerous and this could well have been the case with the American 'Atta' or 'Attas'. The Kennedy assassination was blamed on US-trained CIA operative Lee Harvey Oswald and the Oklahoma bombing patsy was highly-trained US soldier Timothy McVeigh. 'Middle Eastern men' could easily have been recruited from the thousands of Iraqi Republican Guard officers who were relocated to the United States – Oklahoma in particular – by Father George Bush after the 1991 Gulf War. Operatives from nations with 'Middle Eastern' features can be trained and directed to work on Problem-Reaction-Solution scenarios and unknowing witnesses report seeing 'Middle Eastern men' at relevant places at relevant times. 'See – it was Islamic terrorists!' Al Martin, a retired US Navy Lieutenant Commander, said that one of the Iranians involved in the bombing of the World Trade Center in 1993 was trained at the Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama, and completed an explosives course in the guise of a Pakistani officer. Not just anyone can qualify to attend these US military training schools. You need connections with foreign governments 'friendly' with the United States – governments like Saudi Araba, Egypt etc., – in league with Hidden Hand elements that control the United States. Foreign nationals who are accepted for military training in the United States are not squaddies, foot soldiers or guys off the street and nor could Atta have been if he did attend such a school at Maxwell. A former Navy pilot at the Pensacola base in Florida said in the *Newsweek* article:

> We always, always, always trained other countries' pilots. When I was there two decades ago, it was Iranians. The Shah was in power. Whoever the country du jour is, that's whose pilots we train.

The American military's country of choice for such trainees in the 1990s turns out to be ... *Saudi Arabia* – a country that weaves through the 9/11 narrative while never having consequences for that. We will see in due course that the inner core elites of the United States, Saudi Arabia and Israel are all on the same side and form *one* elite. The way the world

is truly controlled, directed and manipulated cannot be understood while perceiving divisions of country borders, race, culture or apparent religion. Those are there to keep the little people in line and fighting each other while the Hidden Hand and The Web operate beyond them in common cause to the same common outcome of global dictatorship. Many connections between Saudis and 9/11 players and families have already been highlighted. Father Bush's Carlyle Group were 'advisers' to the Saudi royal family and controlled them, according to insiders. The Saudi Arabian Bin Laden family were investors in the Carlyle Group and Boy George's Arbusto Energy. At least eleven members of the family (some report more) were allowed to fly home in a 747 from Boston Logan Airport after the 9/11 attacks while all non-military aircraft were grounded. Who would soon be named as the overseer (patsy) of the attacks? Osama bin Laden. Bush family Saudi associate Khalid bin Mahfouz was a major player in the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI) through which drug money was laundered, weapons trafficked, terrorism supported, including 'al-Qaeda', and off-the-books intelligence operations funded. Jackson Stephens, another BCCI player and close friend and funder of the Bush family, had a liking for the little city of Venice in Florida where the flight schools were located. The overwhelming majority of those named as 'hijackers' were Saudi nationals and even Atta, an Egyptian, was reported to have a Saudi passport. Men with the same name as some alleged hijackers, including Atta, attended US military training schools at secure bases in the 1990s at the time when Saudi Arabia was the country of choice for such training.

Able Danger

Army reserve Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Shaffer who worked for the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) revealed how a classified military operation called Able Danger had identified Mohamed Atta and 'al-Qaeda cells' in the United States more than a year before the attacks. Able Danger was a joint project between the DIA and the Pentagon's Special Operations Command (SOCOM) and was established in 1999 on the orders of the Pentagon Joint Chiefs of Staff then headed by Chairman Hugh Shelton who was on a plane mid-Atlantic during the 9/11 attacks and replaced by General Richard Myers. The goal of Able Danger was said to be 'developing targeting information for al-Qaeda on a global scale'. They should have just called the *creators* of al-Qaeda at the CIA and other levels of the Pentagon and saved themselves a lot of work. Anyway, Shaffer said that the Pentagon's Special Operations Command intervened to stop Able Danger operatives from telling the FBI what they knew and no action was taken against 'Atta and the cells'. Shaffer said that when he leaked the information to the FBI and

demanded the arrest of Atta the alleged 9/11 'terrorist ringleader' was protected by Pentagon lawyers who stepped in and blocked any response by the FBI. Why on earth would a Pentagon operation that was told about Atta and 'al-Qaeda cells' a year before the attacks want to stop action being taken against them? Why did the official 9/11 Commission report omit to mention Able Danger and this blocking of FBI intervention when Lieutenant Colonel Shaffer said that he told Commission Executive Director Philip Zelikow all about what happened? Who was 'Mohamed Atta' *really?* Insider attacks like 9/11 are orchestrated by a fiercely compartmentalised Hidden Hand structure with on one side those organising the event and developing the cover story to blame the wrong people and on the other genuine people in law enforcement and intelligence that want to stop such attacks happening. Positions of power are secured by the Hidden Hand group to plan, prepare and carry out attacks or whatever Problem-Reaction-Solution scenario it might be. When genuine law enforcement/intelligence operatives begin to uncover the plot believing it to be an external plot, in this case from 'al-Qaeda', the same positions of power step in and stop the investigation or actions that would expose the conspiracy and stop it happening. Genuine officers are then bewildered at why their power hierarchy stops them doing their job – why would they do that? They do it because it protects the assets and patsies playing out the cover story that will later be sold to the public and media (easy) and divert attention from the real perpetrators. There is considerable evidence that not only Atta but others named in the cover story were protected so what happened *could* happen. Very few people need to be in on these plots and manipulations so long as they control decision-making positions that can take action to advance the plan and stop action that would expose it. I am not only talking about Hidden Hand networks in America here, but also the global reach – especially in the United States – of Israeli intelligence arm Mossad. I'll have *much* more about its involvement later on.

Expert scepticism

Former German Defence Minister Andreas von Bulow told me that the CIA, German intelligence and Mossad are extremely closely connected and the same certainly goes for British intelligence. Were Atta and company knowingly or unknowingly constructing the cover story, but never boarded the planes? Were they set up to be in the wrong place at the wrong time? Are these stories of the 'hijackers' trained at US military establishments simply a diversion? Any of these situations is possible. In fact, the one story that is truly *im*possible is the one told by the FBI and the American government. Von Bulow was German Minister of Defence and Minister for Research and Technology in the government of German

Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and he wrote a book, *Im Namen des Staates (In the Name of the State)*, which used his knowledge and experience of government investigations to expose the methods employed by intelligence agencies. He said that the official version of what happened on 9/11 is ridiculous and that 95 percent of the work of intelligence agencies is deception and disinformation communicated through the mass media to create an acceptable 'virtual' version of events. Von Bulow should know. He was a member of a parliamentary commission responsible for oversight of the Germany Secret Service. He told *Der Tagesspiegel* that the planning of the 9/11 attacks was technically and organisationally a master achievement. To hijack four huge airplanes within a few minutes and within one hour to drive them into their targets with complicated flight manoeuvres was unthinkable without years of support from 'secret apparatuses of the state and industry'. He said there were 26 intelligence services in the United States with a budget then of $30 billion – more than the German defence budget – and yet they were not able to prevent the attacks and 'for 60 decisive minutes the military and intelligence services let fighter planes stay on the ground'. Then within 48 hours 'the FBI had presented a list of suicide attackers, seven of which turned out to be alive'. Von Bulow went on:

> If this Atta was the decisive man in the operation, it's really strange that he took such a risk of taking a plane that would reach Boston such a short time before the connecting flight. Had his flight been a few minutes late, he would not have been in the plane that was hijacked. Why should a sophisticated terrorist do this? One can, by the way, read on CNN (Internet) that none of these names were on the official passenger lists. None of them had gone through the check-in procedures. And why did none of the threatened pilots give the agreed-upon hijack code over the transponder to the ground station?
>
> In addition: The black boxes which are fire and shock proof, as well as the voice recordings, contain no valuable data ... [and] ... assailants ... in their preparations, leave tracks behind them like a herd of stampeding elephants. They made payments with credit cards with their own names; they reported to their flight instructors with their own names. They left behind rented cars with flight manuals in Arabic ... They took with them, on their suicide trip, wills and farewell letters, which fall into the hands of the FBI, because they were stored in the wrong place and wrongly addressed. Clues were left behind like in a child's game of hide-and-seek, which were to be followed!

Researcher Christopher Bollyn, who has been on the case of 9/11 from day one, writes that Von Bulow told him he believed that Israel intelligence was involved in the form of Mossad to demonise Arabs in the public mind. I agree and I'll be coming to that. Eckehardt

Werthebach, former chief of German domestic intelligence, said that a major intelligence agency had to be involved and the attacks could have required years of planning. Werthebach told *American Free Press* that the magnitude of the planning and the 'deathly precision' could not have been achieved without support from a state intelligence organisation and could not have been the work of a 'loose group' of terrorists by themselves. He said the lack of prior warning would also indicate intelligence agency involvement. Horst Ehmke, who supervised German intelligence in the 1970s, said the same – an intelligence organisation had to be involved. He said the events of September 11th looked like a 'Hollywood production'.

This is precisely what it was – a deadly production for nearly 3,000 people – and there certainly was an intelligence agency involved ... in fact *more* than one.

CHAPTER 9

Searching the maze (with smoke and mirrors)

The elementary principle of all deception is to attract the enemy's attention to what you wish him to see, and to distract his attention from what you do not wish him to see – General Sir Archibald Wavell, Memorandum to the British Chiefs of Staff, 1940

If you know about Operation Northwoods you know basically what happened on 9/11. This Pentagon document from 1962 includes all the major elements of the colossal scam and hoax that played out on live television 40 years later.

People need to know before I come to Northwoods that there are two levels of technology as there are two levels of knowledge: One for the Hidden Hand and the other for the public. Whatever appears to be the technological cutting edge to the public gaze is light years behind what is possible in the shadows. This is how it was in 2001 and remains so today. As technological possibility advances in the world of the seen so it advances still faster in the world of the unseen. The often chasm of difference is widely exploited to make something happen with secret technology and when researchers seek to expose what happened and how it was done they are met with – 'That's ridiculous, it's not possible.' Not with technology we know about, maybe, but that is not the limit of the Hidden Hand which, by definition, keeps its activities and potential *hidden*. Much of what is now called technologically-advanced was being used in the shadows decades and more ago and when you look at publicly-known technology today what on earth is possible away from public sight? If you read *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* you will get an idea. At least some of the 'flying saucers' or UFOs that people report are flown by humans from secret projects and underground bases that even US presidents are not allowed to know about. They are flown with anti-gravity technology that the elite have been working with for decades. You want a fake 'alien invasion' to secure an outcome? 'Okay, sergeant – scramble the fleet!' Presidents and prime ministers don't run countries – the inner core of the military-

intelligence-industrial complex does. The rest is window-dressing to make the population believe they have choice and freedom.

A front-line Pentagon vehicle for developing this secret beyond-the-cutting-edge technology is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) which was established under another name by President Eisenhower in 1958. This truly despicable organisation makes lovely contributions to human society such as death rays, soldiers controlled by artificial intelligence (AI) and ever more sophisticated ways to kill as many people as possible without damaging the architecture. DARPA was behind the technology that became the Internet and is the real power behind major search engines, social media platforms and AI developments in Silicon Valley or what I call the Devil's Playground (see again *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*). Well, on one level it is. Silicon Valley is actually controlled by something much deeper in the rabbit hole beyond DARPA as I will be revealing. DARPA's work in seed-funding and overseeing technologies to advance the Hidden Hand agenda is supported by the CIA and its technology development operation In-Q-Tel. The 'Q' is a reference to the 'Q' character in the James Bond films who provides Bond with his amazing gadgetry. These organisations – and others – develop technological capability that the public dismiss as a sci-fi fantasy when it actually exists. Technology frontrunner Amazon was created to control the American and then global retail market and monopolise book circulation to ensure its pivot role as the censor of books the Hidden Hand doesn't want people to see – just like the Nazis did. Amazon, however, goes much deeper in its relevance to the Hidden Hand than that. The grandfather of Amazon multi-billionaire Jeff Bezos, from whom he says he learned 'business skills', worked for the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency, or ARPA, which was renamed DARPA – creator of what became the Internet. Today Bezos and Amazon have phenomenal contracts and connections with the Pentagon and the CIA to provide 'cloud services'. It's all smoke and mirrors, wheels within wheels. I wonder where all the personal information accumulated by the Amazon Echo ends up? I can't think.

Operation Northwoods

We can see an example of this development of secret military-Hidden Hand technology with Operation Northwoods in which the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon (supported by the US intelligence networks) planned to use a pilotless aircraft flown from the ground to create the illusion of an attack by Cuba to justify an invasion of that country to remove its leader Fidel Castro. In the wake of 9/11 Boy Bush called for a system to be developed that would allow controllers on the ground to assume remote control of a hijacked aircraft and direct it to a safe

landing at the nearest airport. *The New York Times* quoted him as saying that the new technology 'probably far in the future' would allow air traffic controllers to land distressed planes by remote control. This was a gross misrepresentation of the truth. I have pointed out many times in my books and talks how Hidden Hand operatives speak to each other during public speeches and announcements in code that only they understand. Language and statement reversal is one technique where you say the opposite of what is true and those who know the system will simply reverse what you say. Streetwise members of the public always do this with politicians. In this instance the 'we must develop remote control technology' could easily mean in the hidden code of language reversal that 'we already have remote control technology' with all the implications to a Web insider of how 9/11 was pulled off. The statement was also a diversion from any questions about the planes being remotely controlled by emphasising that this was not technologically possible at the time – when it *was*. How could Bush credibly say that such technology was 'probably far in the future' when the existence of remotely-controlled aircraft had been in existence for at least 40 years? A few weeks after 9/11 remotely-controlled aircraft were being flown over Afghanistan under the term 'surveillance drones'.

The Operation Northwood documents were appropriately first made public in 1997 by the John F. Kennedy Assassination Records Review Board. Kennedy's assassination was another military-intelligence 'Deep State' hit. A more complete version of Northwoods was posted online by the National Security Archive on April 30th, 2001, only five months before the same script was delivered on 9/11. The contents came to wider public attention with the publication in late April, 2001, of a book by James Bamford, a former Washington Investigative Producer for *World News Tonight* on ABC Television. The book was called *Body of Secrets* and revealed from official government archives the Northwoods plot hatched by America's top military leaders to commit acts of terrorism in US cities, kill civilians and blame it all on Cuban president, Fidel Castro. This plan was devised by the Pentagon Joint Chiefs of Staff under their chairman, Army General Lyman L. Lemnitzer, after President Dwight Eisenhower, who preceded Kennedy, had earlier asked the CIA to produce a plan that would create an excuse for the invasion of Cuba. Latter-day Joint Chiefs were in the Pentagon Command Center orchestrating events on 9/11 (or at least allowing them to happen). Operation Northwoods was designed to win public and international support for an invasion of Cuba that would remove Castro while the September 11th attacks were engineered to justify an Orwellian state and the 'war on terror' which has devastated the Middle East and elsewhere. James Bamford was researching the National Security Agency (NSA) when he came across official documents

detailing the Northwoods operation. They revealed plans to blow up an American ship and blame Cuba and they say: '... Casualty lists in US newspapers would cause a helpful wave of national indignation.' I emphasis again that to understand those behind these plans and what happened on 9/11 it is vital to appreciate that we are dealing with mentally-deranged psychopaths that should be in a very secure psychiatric hospital and not in the Pentagon or White House. The Joint Chiefs also proposed to kill astronaut John Glenn during the first attempt to put an American into orbit and blame that on Cuba, the documents reveal. If Glenn's rocket exploded 'the objective is to provide irrevocable proof ... that the fault lies with ... Communist ... Cuba', say the Northwood documents. James Bamford wrote:

> ... the plan, which had the written approval of the Chairman and every member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, called for innocent people to be shot on American streets; for boats carrying refugees fleeing Cuba to be sunk on the high seas; for a wave of violent terrorism to be launched in Washington DC, Miami, and elsewhere.
>
> People would be framed for bombings they did not commit; planes would be hijacked. Using phoney evidence, all of it would be blamed on Castro, thus giving Lemnitzer and his cabal the excuse, as well as the public and international backing, they needed to launch their war.

The plan was to stir up so much hatred for Cuba in the United States (see Muslims post-9/11) that the people would support an invasion and even demand that it was done. They intended to explode plastic bombs, arrest Cuban agents and release previously prepared documents falsely substantiating Cuban involvement. The plan included attacks on the now infamous US base at Guantanamo Bay in Cuba where, since the invasion of Afghanistan, the 'Land of Freedom' has detained untried and uncharged 'terrorists' in disgraceful, inhuman, conditions and despite the promises of the mega-fraud Barack Obama the evil of Guantanamo continues to this day. Planned Northwoods attacks on the base would be blamed, once again, on Castro and the documents speak of 'a series of well-coordinated incidents ... in and around Guantanamo to give the genuine appearance of being done by hostile Cuban forces'. A Memorandum of July 27th, 1962, says that the operation would mean an enormous increase in Cuban and American casualties. The techniques to be used included:

Starting rumours; using clandestine radio; landing friendly Cubans in uniform 'over the fence' to stage 'attacks' on the base; capturing (friendly) Cuban 'saboteurs' inside the base; starting riots near the base

main gate using friendly Cubans; blowing up ammunition inside the base and starting fires; burning aircraft on the base and blaming Cuba; throwing mortar shells into the base; capturing assault teams approaching from the sea or Guantanamo City; capturing a militia group which storms the base to sabotage a ship in harbour; sinking a ship near the harbour entrance; blowing up an unmanned vessel in Cuban water and blaming it on Cuban aircraft that would naturally come and investigate what had happened; issue false casualty lists to the US media to whip up public opinion against Cuba; and, look at this ...'conduct funerals for mock victims'.

You can see now the origins of fake terrorist attacks (fake in the sense that those blamed didn't do them) and 'chemical attacks by President Assad' in Syria which have been really carried out by US/UK/NATO proxy terrorists or are 100 percent staged for the cameras with no chemicals involved at all. Even mainstream media 'journalists' have had to admit long after the event that chemical attacks in the Damascus suburb of Douma blamed on Assad were staged by Western-backed anti-Assad 'activist groups' and the terrorist front known as the White Helmets: Problem-Reaction-Solution. Wars can be started in this way – see the Gulf of Tonkin [non]-'incident' and what followed in Vietnam. Northwoods documents call for the use of Soviet Union MIG-type look-alike aircraft flown by US pilots to harass civil aircraft, attack surface shipping and destroy US military remotely-controlled drone aircraft to give the impression it was all done by Cuba. 'An F-86 properly painted would convince air passengers that they saw a Cuban MIG ...' one document says. It was further planned to stage the mock shooting-down of a US Air Force plane in international waters by simply getting the pilot, using a made-up name, to report that he was under attack and stop transmitting. He would then fly back to his base where the plane would be repainted with a new tail number and the pilot would resume his real name. A US submarine would send aircraft to search for planted wreckage in the sea and this would be found to confirm the 'Cuban' attack. Bamford said the plans for these terrorist acts against American targets had the written approval of all the Joint Chiefs of Staff and were presented to President Kennedy in March, 1962, by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Eventually, the 'civilian leadership' rejected them and three days later Kennedy told Lemnitzer there was virtually no chance of ever using overt force to take Cuba. Operation Northwoods remained secret for four decades until these documents came to light and they mirror what really happened on 9/11 – and since. Bamford told his former employers at *ABC News*:

> These were Joint Chiefs of Staff documents. The reason these were held secret

> for so long is the Joint Chiefs never wanted to give these up because they were so embarrassing. The whole point of a democracy is to have leaders responding to the public will, and here this is the complete reverse, the military trying to trick the American people into a war that they want, but that nobody else wants.

Bamford revealed the Northwoods plan to the mainstream media, but when Northwoods Mark 2 came along weeks later with 9/11 that same media believed and promoted every word of the government narrative and have done so ever since. Even more than that they condemn and dismiss all those who asked questions about the government's fairy story as 'conspiracy theorists'. Had the same excuses-for-'journalists' been around in 1962 and had the Northwoods plan gone ahead they would have done precisely the same. Bamford writes that even after the original plans were rejected others continued to be developed, such as creating a war between Cuba and another Latin American country to allow the US to intervene. The highest levels of the military and intelligence plan these Problem-Reaction-Solution operations and they connect into organisations like the National Security Agency (NSA) and CIA along with overseas assets of the Hidden Hand such as British intelligence and Israel's Mossad. It is no good people claiming their leaders could not have been behind the horrors of 9/11 when the documents exist to show that the Pentagon had planned in detail something so very similar in the 1960s. The good news is that Kennedy blocked the execution of Operation Northwoods and sacked Chiefs of Staff chairman Lemnitzer. The bad news is that he was then appointed *Supreme Allied Commander of NATO*.

2001 in 1962

The most profound point about Northwoods in relation to 9/11 was the plan to *hijack civilian aircraft*, land them at an Air Force base and *replace them with pilotless drones* that would then be shot down and the attack blamed on Cuba. Northwoods documents say it was possible to create an incident that would convince the public that a Cuban aircraft had shot down a chartered civil airliner on a flight from the United States to Jamaica, Guatemala, Venezuela or Panama. The destination would be chosen so the route would cross Cuba. The 'real' plane (actually a CIA aircraft) would carry 'selected' passengers boarded under 'carefully prepared aliases' and take off from a civilian airport. It would be replaced in the sky south of Florida with a *remotely-controlled* aircraft and this would then be flown over Cuba, send out a distress signal, and be destroyed by radio signal. The original plane would be landed at an Air Force base where the make-believe 'passengers' would get off. All this was planned *40 years* before 9/11. Imagine what the remote-control

technology was like by comparison in 2001? Bamford quotes from the Northwoods documents in *Body of Secrets*:

> An aircraft at Eglin AFB would be painted and numbered as an exact duplicate for a civil registered aircraft belonging to a CIA proprietary organization in the Miami area. At a designated time the duplicate would be substituted for the actual civil aircraft and would be loaded with the selected passengers, all boarded under carefully prepared aliases. The actual registered aircraft would be converted into a [remote-controlled] drone. Take off times of the drone aircraft and the actual aircraft will be scheduled to allow a rendezvous south of Florida.
>
> From the rendezvous point the passenger-carrying aircraft will descend to minimum altitude and go directly into an auxiliary field at Eglin AFB where arrangements will have been made to evacuate the passengers and return the aircraft to its original status. The drone aircraft meanwhile will continue to fly the filed flight plan. When over Cuba the drone will be transmitting on the international distress frequency a 'May Day' message stating he is under attack by Cuban MiG aircraft. The transmission will be interrupted by destruction of the aircraft, which will be triggered by radio signal. This will allow ICAO [International Civil Aviation Organisation] radio stations in the Western Hemisphere to tell the US what has happened to the aircraft instead of the US trying to 'sell' the incident.

I have said for many years that the staged 'hijacking' of planes and their remotely-controlled replacements planned by Operation Northwoods were eventually carried out on the day known forever as 9/11. I say the planes that left the airports were taken over in-flight from the ground and were not the planes that hit the buildings. I will outline detailed evidence to support that view as we go along. I emphasise that not only was remote-control possible in 2001 the technology had been around since at least 1962 when Northwoods planned to use it. In fact remote-control had been available to the military since the 1950s.

No pilot necessary

I wrote in *Alice in Wonderland*, published in 2002, that a US Air Force fact sheet available to anyone on the Internet at the time of 9/11 detailed the capabilities and background of a remotely-controlled aircraft technology called Global Hawk. This was an Unmanned Aerial Vehicle (UAV) providing Air Force battlefield commanders with near real-time, high-resolution, intelligence, surveillance and reconnaissance imagery flying at extremely high altitudes to survey large areas with pinpoint accuracy (Fig 40 overleaf). The fact sheet said that once the 'mission parameters' were programmed into Global Hawk the aircraft could 'autonomously

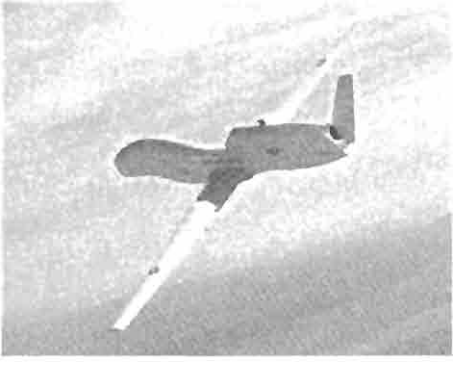

Figure 40: Global Hawk remotely-controlled aircraft technology was being used by the military in 2001.

taxi, take off, fly, remain on station capturing imagery, return and land'. Operators on the ground could alter flying instructions during flight as necessary. *Airman* magazine summarised the control systems of the Global Hawk:

> The bird's 'pilots' stay on the ground. Its flight control, navigation and vehicle management are independent and based on a mission plan. That means the airplane flies itself – there's no pilot on the ground with a joystick manoeuvring it around. However, it does get instructions from airmen at ground stations. The launch and recovery element provides precision guidance for take-off and landing, using a differential global positioning system. That team works from the plane's operating base.

Such technology is commonplace today, but the point is that it was operating in the public arena in 2001 and therefore far more advanced technology was available to the Hidden Hand. The Global Hawk in service at the time of 9/11 was 44 feet long with a wingspan of 116 feet (equivalent to a Boeing 737) and a range of 12,000 nautical miles. Global Hawk could fly at up to 65,000 feet at speeds approaching about 400mph for as long as 35 hours. The plane was developed through the 1990s and the principal contractor was Hidden Hand-controlled Northrop Grumman at its Ryan Aeronautical Center, San Diego, California. Communications systems were provided by L3 Com, Salt Lake City, Utah. Global Hawk began tests and exercises in 1999 sponsored by US Joint Forces Command. Boy Bush-appointed James Roche, who was US Secretary of the Air Force in 2001, held many executive posts with Northrop Grumman. These included corporate vice president and president, Electronic Sensors and Systems Sector, before leaving to join the Bush administration. Roche was a member of the Hidden Hand's Council on Foreign Relations and Center for Strategic Studies and responsible for Air Force 'functioning and efficiency ... formulation of ... policies and programs' and those responsibilities encompassed NORAD. Colonel Wayne M. Johnson became manager of the Global Hawk Programme at the Reconnaissance Systems Program Office, Aeronautical Systems Center at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base at Dayton, Ohio, which assumed total programme control on October 1st, 1998. This is about 200 miles by road from where Flight 93 was 'hijacked'

and turned around. A Global Hawk deployed to Eglin Air Force Base in Florida (where the Operation Northwoods drone was planned to take-off) was flown across the Atlantic to Europe by remote control to take part in NATO exercises. In April, 2001, the pilotless aircraft was flown non-stop the 7,500 miles across the Pacific from the Edwards Air Force Base in California to the Royal Australian Air Force Base at Edinburgh, South Australia. This set (officially) new world records for remote-controlled aircraft. Global Hawk was also deployed in the grotesquely-named Operation Enduring Freedom which after a translation from the Orwellian meant the mass murder of civilians in Afghanistan justified by 9/11. The Predator, another remotely controlled aircraft capable of reaching 25,000 feet, was deployed to Afghanistan and had seen action in the former Yugoslavia. Technology to remotely-control planes from the ground as per Operation Northwoods was far more advanced by 2001 and NORAD, so central to what happened on 9/11, had been using remote-control capability in many different aircraft over more than 40 years. An article by Alan Staats published in *Quill* magazine in 1998 detailed the history and development of remote control technology. Staats writes:

> Controlling the aircraft from the ground is nothing new. The military has been flying obsolete high performance fighter aircraft as target drones since the 1950s. In fact, NORAD (the North American Air Defense Command) had at its disposal a number of US Air Force General Dynamics F-106 Delta Dart fighter aircraft configured to be remotely flown into combat as early as 1959 under the auspices of a program known as SAGE. These aircraft could be started, taxied, taken off, flown into combat, fight, and return to a landing entirely by remote control, with the only human intervention needed being to fuel and re-arm them. To this day, drone aircraft are remotely flown from Air Force and Naval bases all over the country to provide targets for both airborne and ground based weapons platforms.

Staats goes on to say that the technology existed (writing in 1998) that would allow a ground crew to override and direct the flight path of a hijacked plane and that *the military has employed this capability since the 1950s*. So much for Bush and his claim that remote-control from the ground was 'probably far in the future' and as someone who flew with the Texas National Guard to avoid the draft to Vietnam he did not have the excuse of ignorance (for once) for this pathetic misdirection. Staats wrote three years before 9/11 that from an engineering point of view modifying and implementing the technology for use on passenger-carrying aircraft in the United States to fly them and land them by remote control '*is a relatively simple matter*'. He said 'autoland' systems had been in wide commercial use in different parts of the world since

the 1980s. Auto landings were routinely performed thousands of times a day throughout the world and Staats continued:

> It is technically possible to create a system to perform remotely commanded return flights of a hijacked airliner. On-board digital command, control and display equipment can easily share data with, and accept commands from, ground control stations. Little input beyond the initial command to enter safe return flight and the ultimate destination are needed.

Commercial aircraft are largely flown by computers today and the pilot can have comparitively little to do with the actual flying once it's off the ground and programmed with a route to follow. In 2001 a flight plan agreed with the FAA, or its equivalent around the world, was entered into the aircraft computer system or Flight Management System (FMS). This could be done through direct programming or a disc. The flight programme included the planned height and speed throughout the flight as it travelled between points in the sky known as waypoints. When the plane had taken off it aimed for the first waypoint and the computer would execute changes to head for the next point and so on to its destination. The system is highly-advanced today and the point I am making is that it was happening in 2001. Alan Staats wrote three years earlier:

> Because all the components of controlling the aircraft communicate with each other digitally through a central unit, the FMS, activating such a 'safe return' system would be a matter of uploading commands to the FMS to fly the aircraft to the nearest airport. Controlling the aircraft's speed, altitude and course, the FMS would guide it back to land.

In other words to remotely-control any commercial airliner at the time of 9/11 all you needed to do was get control of the Flight Management System (FMS) computers and override the ability of pilots to have an input. Do that and you could fly a plane wherever you like with the pilots in the cockpit unable to do anything about it. You could also turn the transponder off and control the entire system, including blocking the pilot's ability to send the normal hijacking alarm code which, remarkably, none of the pilots on September 11th managed to do. But there's more – the very act of hacking the flight computers could *automatically turn off the transponder.* I'll have more about this shortly.

Remote-control and DARPA

Staats said that the data links to remotely-control digital airborne flight control systems in commercial aircraft was already widely used in 1998. They were called ACARS (Aircraft Communications Addressing and

Reporting System) and these communicated a long list of data including position, fuel consumption, weather and flight plan information to ground stations. ACARS also has the ability to send data to the aircraft from the ground. Staats said that this link allowed 'both uploading digital control inputs to control the aircraft as well as the potential to download and remotely monitor the digital aircraft displays'. These are only technological possibilities before 9/11 that were known in the public arena – the military's capability would have been far in advance of this. If you look at what is publicly possible *today* you can get a feel for what the military could do then. Stanley Hilton, the lawyer who filed a lawsuit against Bush and associates over 9/11, told me he had spoken with a mechanic with United Airlines who personally worked on this remote-control system of taking over aircraft from the ground. If you can fly a plane from America to Australia and back without a pilot you will have no trouble directing one into the World Trade Center. Australia-based investigator Joe Vialls wrote in the wake of 9/11 about the connection to the Pentagon's technology-development arm, DARPA:

> In the mid-seventies ... two American multinationals collaborated with the Defense Advanced Projects Agency (DARPA) on a project designed to facilitate the remote recovery of hijacked American aircraft. [This] ... allowed specialist ground controllers to ... take absolute control of [a hijacked aircraft's] computerized flight control system by remote means. From that point onwards, regardless of the wishes of the hijackers or flight deck crew, the hijacked aircraft could be recovered and landed automatically at an airport of choice, with no more difficulty than flying a radio-controlled model plane ... [This was] the system used to facilitate direct ground control of the four aircraft used in the high-profile attacks on New York and Washington on 11th September 2001.

Vialls referred to the technology as 'Home Run' and said that top-secret computer codes were hacked on 9/11 to allow control of the planes from the ground:

> In order to make Home Run truly effective, it had to be completely integrated with all on-board systems, and this could only be accomplished with a new aircraft design, several of which were on the drawing boards at that time. Under cover of extreme secrecy, the multinationals and DARPA went ahead on this basis and built 'back doors' into the new computer designs. There were two very obvious hard requirements at this stage, the first a primary control channel for use in taking over the flight control system and flying the aircraft back to an airfield of choice, and secondly a covert audio channel for monitoring flight deck conversations. Once the primary channel was activated, all aircraft functions came under direct ground control, permanently

removing the hijackers and pilots from the control loop.

The term 'back-doors' into computer systems is going to be crucial to understanding 9/11 and current world events before the end of the book. Vialls said the system began with the best of intentions – to save lives – but 'finally fell prey to security leaks, and eventually to compromised computer codes'. My own view is that it was originally sold under the guise of saving lives with a very different agenda going on higher up. Vialls said the technology 'piggy-backs' on the plane's transponder and this is why the pilots were unable to send the hijack code from any of the many activation points on the aircraft. The 'takeover' technology locked into the frequency of the transponder's communication channel overriding its use by the pilot and no hijack code was sent because before the pilot realises there is a problem the channels are down through which communication with air traffic control can be made. This has been confirmed by many aeronautical sources and this would be one explanation for why transponder transmissions went down. Hidden Hand hackers on the ground were using transponder channels to make a connection with the plane's computers. It should be mentioned, however, that the official story has some transponders turned off some time after the planes began to act strangely, but we shall be exploring how accurate that flight path information really is. Joe Vialls said that the cockpit listening capability of 'Home Run' technology intercepted microphones in the cockpit which normally feed the pilots' conversations to the Cockpit Voice Recorder (CVR) in the black box. The CVR would therefore be blank because microphones would have been de-activated once remote control took over. He claimed that German national airline Lufthansa removed 'Home Run' technology:

> As long ago as the early nineties, a major European flag carrier [Lufthansa] acquired the information and was seriously alarmed that one of its own aircraft might be 'rescued' by the Americans without its authority. Accordingly, this flag carrier completely stripped the American flight control computers out of its entire fleet, and replaced them with a home grown version. These aircraft are now effectively impregnable to penetration by Home Run, but that is more than can be said for the American aircraft fleet.

Brian Desborough, an American scientist/engineer who worked for Boeing and a conspiracy researcher since the 1960s, told me after 9/11:

> Unlike earlier airliners such as the Boeing 747, which are equipped with conventional hydraulically-operated flight controls, the Boeing 757 and 767 aircraft that were involved in the 9/11 incidents, and the Airbus 300 which

> crashed at Queens [New York], have fly-by-wire flight control systems as a weight-saving measure. These aircraft types are equipped with a special black box that was developed by the US Department of Defense Research Agency, DARPA. If terrorists attempt to hijack a fly-by-wire aircraft and deviate off course, the black box prevents whoever is piloting the aircraft from sending flight commands to the flight control surfaces and engines. Instead, the aircraft is remotely flown from a land-based covert Federal facility.
>
> In all probability, a Global Hawk remote surveillance aircraft was circling at 60,000 feet over New York on 9/11 in order to provide the ground command center a real time image of the aircraft. At 60,000 feet, the surveillance aircraft would be invisible to people on the ground. I'm aware of a very covert research company in California engaged in the development of advanced engines for tanks. A remote surveillance plane circles overhead every day as a security measure, yet is invisible from the ground.

So it was possible to take control of those planes from the ground on September 11th and fly them wherever the controllers wanted them to go. Does this not make more sense than incompetent Dumb and Dumber pilots who had struggled to fly a Cessna at American flying schools? Also, looking at this in another way, if these planes did have 'anti-hijack' remote control technology why were they allowed to crash as claimed? Why were they not landed safely?

Missing evidence (a common theme)

Clearly there's something seriously wrong with the official narrative wherever you look. Still, no problem, no worries. What happened on those four flights and who was in the cockpits can be revealed by the information secured by their black boxes (orange, not actually black). Aircraft have two black boxes: The Flight Data Recorder (FDR) which records the plane's speed, height, course and mechanical operation; and the Cockpit Voice Recorder (CVR) which retains at least the last 30 minutes of cockpit conversations and activity. Black boxes are designed to survive fantastic impact and heat, but even with two in each plane we are told that those in the World Trade Center aircraft did not survive and were lost while the Cockpit Voice Recorder was destroyed in 'Flight 77'. Information allegedly gleaned from flight data black boxes for 'Pentagon' Flight 77 and 'Pennsylvania' Flight 93 do not support the official story of what happened peddled by the US government as I will detail. The cockpit voice recording claimed to be from Flight 93 is also inconclusive. We will see there is no published data to show the black boxes were even from the aircraft that left the airports when it would be simple to prove if they were. The *Counterpunch* website ran a story in December, 2005, that in fact black boxes for the World Trade Center

planes *were* found by firefighters and analysed by National Transport Safety Board (NTSB) air-crash investigators before being confiscated by the FBI. New York firefighter Nicholas De Masi and rescue worker Mike Bellone claimed in a 2003 book, *Behind the Scenes: Ground Zero*, to have found three of the four black boxes before January, 2002. They said federal agents took them away and told the men not to say they had found them. Nicholas De Masi has since died of 9/11-related cancer connected to toxins breathed in from the dust. Thousands of others living and working around Ground Zero that day have perished the same way and some 10,000 are estimated to have been affected by a 'cesspool of cancer' among responders and residents. A painstaking clean-up of the World Trade Center site would surely have located the black boxes at some point and they emit a location signal for some time after a crash. How is it credible to find fragments of bone and human tissue but not bright orange boxes emitting a location signal in a relatively small area when finding them would (should) have been a major priority? *Counterpunch* ran the article after they said a source at the National Transportation Safety Board told them the black boxes were recovered and analysed by staff at the NTSB. 'Off the record, we had the boxes', the source said. 'You'd have to get the official word from the FBI as to where they are, but we worked on them here.' This makes far more sense than 'they were never found'. Ted Lopatkiewicz, NTSB director of public affairs, said: 'No recorders were recovered from the World Trade Center.' But he added the rider: 'At least none were delivered to us by the FBI.' He also said it was extremely rare that boxes were not found and he could not recall another domestic case in which the recorders were not recovered. Meanwhile the FBI has officially contended the boxes were never found, but, again, spokesman Stephen Kodak added a caveat: 'To the best of my knowledge, the flight recording devices from the World Trade Center crashes were never recovered – at least we never had them.' What a strange attitude to knowing what happened to them when they should have been crucial to any investigation. *ABC News* reported on the survivability of black boxes:

> Although investigators look for an entire black box, sometimes the only parts of the device that survive are the recorder's crash-survivable memory units (CSMU). The CSMU is almost indestructible. It is housed within a stainless-steel shell that contains titanium or aluminium and a high-temperature insulation of dry silica material. 'It is designed to withstand heat of up to 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit for one hour [greater on both counts than they would have experienced in the World Trade Center crashes], salt water for at least 30 days, immersion in a variety of liquids such as jet fuel and lubricants, and an impact of 3,400 Gs. By comparison, astronauts are typically exposed to up to six Gs during a shuttle take-off.

With a beacon transmitter the black boxes can be, and have been, located deep under the ocean and under piles of rubble when buildings have been struck. The *ABC News* information was confirmed by the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) on its official website which also said:

> Both the Flight Data Recorder and the Cockpit Voice Recorder have proven to be valuable tools in the accident investigation process. They can provide information that may be difficult to obtain by other means.

What a pity, then, that so many black boxes were 'destroyed' or 'inconclusive' from four aircraft in four separate crashes. FBI spokesman Bill Crowley said the Cockpit Voice Recorder (CVR) of Flight 93 'found at the Pennsylvania crash site' was in 'fairly good condition' and yet was sent to CVR manufacturer Honeywell for help in extracting information after officials with the National Transportation Safety Board could not get sound from the device. The 'Flight 93' CVR was alleged to have been found on September 14th some 25 feet below the 'impact crater' when the entire area had been cleared of public and media for miles around. Reports say there are no known witnesses to this 'find' and no serial number for the CVR has been published to confirm the plane to which it belonged. The FBI later claimed to have played this cockpit recording to relatives of those who died on Flight 93, but was it the real one? These questions need to be asked after the scale of lies revealed only this far. What was heard certainly appeared to be inconclusive and unclear and Deena Burnett, wife of passenger Tom Burnett, said she heard one hijacker telling another how to fly the plane and shouting that he was touching the wrong buttons. He demanded the pilot be brought back to the cockpit to turn off the alarms. Oh, a well-drilled operation, then. Hey, Abdul, what does this knob do? The tragedy is unspeakable and matched in that enormity only by the farce of the official story. I guess the 'hijackers' were supposed to be speaking in English given that Deena Burnett knew what they said and there was no transcript provided to families. Why weren't they speaking in Arabic? Two other later publicly-reported versions of the tapes contradicted each other and the version the families said they heard. Elias Davidsson notes in *Hijacking America's Mind On 9/11* that an alleged transcript of the 'Flight 93' cockpit tapes produced for the Moussaoui '20th hijacker' trial lacked the following: Date, time and location of crash; aircraft tail number; CVR serial number; name of transcript agency; names of transcribers; date of transcription; signature of the person responsible for production. All this information and more is included in normal transcriptions of CVR recordings. Every procedure considered normal and routine seems to

have been ditched for anything to do with 9/11. The FBI said the voice recorder on Flight 77 'recovered' at the Pentagon could yield no information because it was too severely burned. A black box can survive heat of 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit for an hour and is located in the tail furthest away from impact. I asked the FBI at the time for details of the black boxes and their condition and I was told this information could not be given because of the 'ongoing investigation'. Every other question about the official story was met with the same response. The *Counterpunch* article rightly observed of the New York black boxes:

> Why would the main intelligence and law enforcement arm of the U.S. government want to hide from the public not just the available information about the two hijacked flights that provided the motivation and justification for the nation's 'war on terror' and for its two wars against Afghanistan and Iraq, but even the fact that it has the devices which could contain that information? Conspiracy theories abound, with some claiming the planes were actually pilotless military aircraft, or that they had little or nothing to do with the building collapses.
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> The easiest way to quash such rumors and such fevered thinking would be openness. Instead we have the opposite: a dark secrecy that invites many questions regarding the potentially embarrassing or perhaps even sinister information that might be on those tapes.

Selling the impossible

I am grateful for much of the information about the aircraft background in this chapter to Pilots for 9/11 Truth. This is an organisation which has brought together a long list of professional commercial and military pilots with extensive collective experience to forensically examine the alleged aeronautical happenings on September 11th. Pilots for 9/11 Truth is one of many groups of experts in specific fields including architects and engineers, firefighters, flight controllers, doctors, academics, intelligence operatives and FBI employees who are questioning the official story of 9/11 because from their area of expertise it makes no sense to them. I am not an aviation expert or a pilot and so I will ask the questions here and highlight the anomalies that pilots – some of whom flew in the same aircraft involved in 9/11 – have asked and noted. Firstly this is the organisation's mission statement:

> Pilots for 9/11 Truth is an organization of aviation professionals and pilots throughout the globe that have gathered together for one purpose. We are committed to seeking the truth surrounding the events of the 11th of September 2001. Our main focus concentrates on the four flights, maneuvers performed and the reported pilots. We do not offer theory or point blame.

However, we are focused on determining the truth of that fateful day since the United States Government doesn't seem to be very forthcoming with answers.

Rob Balsamo, a commercial airline pilot, co-founded Pilots for 9/11 Truth with Glen Stanish, a commercial pilot with American Airlines, ATA, TWA and Continental. Balsamo became interested in 9/11 research in 2006 after watching then CNN host Glenn Beck accept without question that five frames of very dodgy footage claiming to be a plane striking the Pentagon was genuine and beyond question. 'You can see a 757 in 10 seconds flat!', the great mind that is Glenn Beck observed. 'Either that or a naked Michael Moore heading for the buffet!' Beck added that this should put all the 'conspiracy theories' to rest. Pilot Balsamo didn't see a 757 and set out to investigate unresolved questions surrounding the 9/11 attacks from an aviation perspective to see if the government narrative could be confirmed. 'I didn't want to believe our government might have had something to do with 9/11', he said. Balsamo soon had his mind blown when he came across Operation Northwoods and contrasted this with a statement by Thomas Kean, chairman of the set-up-to-fail 9/11 Commission. Kean said that 'the greatest failure of 9/11 was lack of imagination' about the possible nature of a terrorist attack which echoed claims by the military. Here was Balsamo reading about the Northwoods plan from 40 years earlier which included the themes and elements of September 11th and was compiled by the same US military that pleaded 'lack of imagination' for its failure to stop the attacks. Soon after Pilots for 9/11 Truth was established in 2006 they secured Flight Data Recorder information about 'Flight 77' which is claimed to have hit the Pentagon. Analysis revealed that the contents did not support the official story and Pilots for 9/11 Truth has grown consistently ever since with more pilots joining the group bringing with them thousands of hours of experience. All these years later Balsamo says: 'I'm frustrated because we haven't been able to find *anything* to confirm the government's story and what's worse is that the FBI and NTSB refuse to even discuss with us the many obvious problems we found in the Flight 77 Flight Data Recorder.' The FBI refuses to comment or explain? See my own experience with them and that of all other 9/11 researchers when asking the most basic questions. Pilots for 9/11 Truth say they don't publicly express their own conclusions about what happened on 9/11. They focus purely on exposing the fact that the official story surrounding the aircraft and their alleged pilots is simply not possible, or, as I would put it, a crock of shit. The organisation has produced a series of videos explaining their case which you can see at Pilotsfor911truth.org and the site includes many articles updated with new information.

Pilots against 9/11 nonsense

These are some of their findings and conclusions with regard to the planes claimed to have hit the North Tower (Flight 11) and South Tower (Flight 175) of the World Trade Center. Claims that the black boxes were never found obviously make analysis far more difficult although far from impossible. The pilots have considered, for example, radar data, information provided by the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) and the speeds that it claims the planes were travelling at low altitude approaching the towers. They say this makes no sense either with the structural integrity of the airframe (why it didn't fall apart?) or the ability of novice and next-to-useless small plane pilots to control a wide-bodied jet. Novice pilots on small aircraft would have had to somehow strike buildings with only a tiny margin for error – a feat that has been described by pilots as like parking your car in a one-car garage at 150 miles an hour without hitting the sides. The NTSB data claims that Flight 11 was travelling at 430 knots (about 494 mph) and Flight 175 at 510 knots (about 586 mph) which is way higher than the Boeing safety limit at those near-ground altitudes before the plane enters the zone in which structural failure becomes possible and increasingly likely the faster you go. The pilots cite the example of Egypt Air Flight 990 in 1999, a Boeing 767 which went down in the Atlantic on route from Los Angeles to Cairo via New York. The NTSB report claimed a deliberate ditching of the plane by the pilot although Egypt Air disputed this. The plane broke up on decent after breaching the Boeing safety speed limit and reached its fastest speed at about 22,000 feet when air pressure on the plane's structure is far less than it would have been for the near-ground 9/11 aircraft. There were two major fields of debris from Flight 990 indicating a break-up in the air. Black boxes and the transponder stopped transmitting seconds after the plane reached its maximum speed indicating a loss of power and communication connection. You would obviously expect this if the plane was disintegrating.

The impact on the structure is far more destructive at low altitudes where air density is much greater. Boeing therefore lists two maximum safety speeds before the structure may be compromised – VMO (Velocity Max Operating) at lower altitudes and MMO (Mach Max Operating) at higher altitudes measured in Mach. This is based on the relationship to the speed of sound in air which is termed 'Mach 1'. The VMO for a Boeing 767 is 360 knots and the MMO is Mach 0.86. There is also a third measurement known as EAS (Equivalent Air Speed) which projects the speed in MMO to what it would be in VMO, or translates Mach to knots while taking into account the very different air densities at the two altitudes. EAS is measuring the speed at near sea level that would produce the same potential structural effects experienced at higher levels. Air pressure means that the near sea level speed must necessarily

be considerably less than high altitude flying. An example: 522 knots at 22,000 feet for a 767 is equivalent to just 360 knots at near sea level in terms of the structural effect on the aircraft. This is highly significant because according to data from the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) the 767 on Flight 175 struck the South Tower at near sea level at a speed of 510 knots. Boeing have refused to share wind-tunnel footage and information to show at what speed a 767/757 would break up and Pilots for 9/11 Truth calculated the likely speed window from the data available for Egypt Air Flight 990. NTSB official data says the Egyptian plane fell apart at .99 Mach at 22,000 feet and that speed translated to the equivalent at near sea level would be about 425 knots – 65 knots above Boeing's safe operating limit and Flight 175 was said to be doing close to 150 knots above the limit. Pilots for 9/11 Truth point out the following in the video *9/11 World Trade Center Attack*:

> According to the NTSB, Flight 175, the aircraft which allegedly struck the World Trade Center, reached a speed of 510 knots – 150 knots over its max operating and the equivalent of 85 knots [faster than] Egypt Air 990. Using Egypt Air 990 as precedent, it is impossible for the alleged Flight 175 to have reached 510 knots. Period.
>
> We now know an unmodified 767 cannot reach speeds reported for the South Tower strike but it's also impossible for Flight 175, an unmodified 767, to have continued controlled flight at 150-plus knots over its max operating limit according to precedent set by Egypt Air 990 ...

The reported speed of 'Flight 175' of 510 knots before impact is the equivalent, in terms of effect on the plane structure, of 722 knots at 22,000 feet or Mach 1.19 – *above the speed of sound or supersonic speed for a Boeing 767*. Flight 11, another 767, would also have faced 'dynamic pressure' above Mach 1 if the NTSB data is correct, the pilots' analysis concluded, although its reported speed was lower at 430 knots. Flight 77 which allegedly stuck the Pentagon would also have breached the equivalent of Mach 1. So, the pilot video asks, if these weren't stock 767/757s what were they? Were they beefed up or 'modified' to attain such incredible speed? If so, did '19 Islamic extremists' do the modifications?? The very strong possibility that someone much closer to home 'beefed up' other aircraft to replace the ones that left the airports will be considered later on. Pilots for 9/11 Truth members with vast experience, many flying 767s and 757s, are incredulous at what is claimed to have happened that day in terms of speed and other factors. United Airlines captain Ross 'Rusty' Aimer piloted the actual planes that were Flight 175 (N612UA) and Flight 93 (N591UA). He said: 'I think it's impossible to get to that kind of speed [at near sea level] on a

commercial airplane – any pilot that has been in a commercial jet would probably laugh if you said 510 knots' (Fig 41). International captain Ralph Kolstad said that such speeds were 'physically impossible' – 'To come up with 510 knots is pretty insane, [it] defies all laws of physics.' Boeing spokeswoman Leslie Hazzard was asked if it was possible for a 767-200 to reach speeds of 500 miles per hour at 700 feet and she laughed as she replied: 'Not a chance – not that fast.' Dwain Deets, a retired NASA Senior Executive, published his concerns about these questions and anomalies with regard to 'Flight 175' at the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics (AIAA):

Figure 41: An animation of a plane heading for the Twin Towers. Pilots say it is not possible for controlled and stable flight at the speed and altitude claimed by the official story.

> The airplane was UA175, a Boeing 767-200, shortly before crashing into World Trade Center Tower 2. Based on analysis of radar data, the National Transportation and Safety Board reported the groundspeed just before impact as 510 knots. This is well beyond the maximum operating velocity of 360 knots, and maximum dive velocity of 410 knots. The possibilities as I see them are: (1) this wasn't a standard 767-200; (2) the radar data was compromised in some manner; (3) the NTSB analysis was erroneous; or (4) the 767 flew well beyond its flight envelope, was controllable, and managed to hit a relatively small target. Which organization has the greater responsibility for acknowledging the elephant in the room? The NTSB, NASA, Boeing, or the AIAA?
>
> Have engineers authored papers, but the AIAA or NASA won't publish them? Or, does the ethical responsibility lie not with organizations, but with individual aeronautical engineers? Have engineers just looked the other way?

Even if the planes had remained intact they would have been virtually impossible to control for an experienced pilot let alone those who were supposed to be at the controls. What if the planes that struck the buildings had been modified to fly at those speeds and they didn't need the skill of an on-board pilot because they were remotely-controlled from the ground? If they were specially-designed for the job would they not also have specially-designed 'black boxes' or none at all? A

simulator test based on the more manoeuvrable 737 was set up for a group of experienced pilots to see if they could have hit the World Trade Center towers at the reported speeds and none of them could do it despite multiple attempts. However, for 'hijackers' trained to fly one-engine Cessnas (some were poor pilots even at that level) could somehow pull it off. Pilots for 9/11 Truth put all these points to various agencies of government, including the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB), but they all refused to comment – the usual story. I had a long conversation in 2002 with a German pilot who had flown commercial airliners for Lufthansa for 28 years and trained as a military pilot before that. He dismissed immediately the idea that 'hijacker-pilots' could have taken over controls of the four planes from their computer systems and flown them manually. His view would have been that they would have crashed the planes for sure long before they reached their targets such is the complex nature of modern airliners. It is this very complexity which requires that computers make the calculations, he told me. He did say, however, that hijackers would not need to know how to fly the plane to hit a target. They would only need to know how to reprogram the Flight Management System to make the computer do it for them. I take the point, but this begs more questions. If that is the way it was done why would the 'hijackers' have trained at flying schools on Cessnas and similar small planes when the Lufthansa pilot told me this would be utterly useless and irrelevant to flying a 757 or 767 and equally so for knowing how to reprogram a Flight Management System? This doesn't make sense at all. Although he said the reprogramming could be done pretty quickly by someone who knows what he's doing, Flight 175 dramatically changed course only 90 seconds to two minutes after the last communication from the real pilots with air traffic control. The 'hijackers' would have had to seize control of the cockpit, disable the pilots and reprogram the computer system in less than two minutes. This is so ridiculous it can be ruled out. By contrast if the plane's controls were suddenly taken over externally from the ground or another aircraft and all communications from the cockpit were blocked by remote-control technology these circumstances could be explained. One second you are flying a plane and talking with air traffic controllers, the next the aircraft is flying off course and when you tell air traffic control they do not respond because they can't hear you and you can't hear them.

9/11 planes have never been officially identified

This sub-heading may appear to be a fantastic statement although the whole official story depends on the fantastic and miraculous. No, it's true. The planes have not been officially and publicly identified when this could have been done quite easily. For a start the amount of

wreckage against the size and content of the planes is another big question that needs addressing because 767s and 757s are big aircraft with a maximum take-off weight of 300,000 lbs and 255,000 lbs and think of all the parts that would be potential wreckage. What we have been shown is a fraction of each plane. Even with the small amount publicly recovered the confirmation that parts and debris came from the planes allegedly involved is very straight forward. All aircraft have maintenance logs and all parts have serial or part numbers (including black boxes) which can be compared with the serial numbers on the maintenance logs. Shockingly this has *never been done*. Aircraft have certain parts replaced on a time basis and if they are not replaced within that period the plane is grounded. These 'time-change' parts have serial numbers that are logged with the identification number of the aircraft and checking one against the other in the event of a crash proves the identity of the plane. Aircraft also have their own serial numbers and tail numbers to make the process of identification very simple. NTSB air crash investigators always seek to match the black box serial number with that of the doomed aircraft so why has this not happened with any of the planes alleged to have been involved on 9/11 with its national and global importance? *Why?* I suggest that this basic procedure of identification has not been done because it would reveal the truth – they were not the planes that left the airports that morning. Glen Stanish, then a 16-year member of the Air Line Pilots Association (ALPA), had flown with USAir Express, Jetstream International (later PSA Airlines), TWA, ATA and he was a First Officer with Continental Airlines. He sent a letter to ALPA with his observations about plane identity in the case of Flight 77. Stanish wrote in October, 2006:

> [Flight 77] ... was reported to be a Boeing 757, registration number N644AA, carrying 64 people, including the flight crew and five hijackers. This aircraft, with a 125-foot wingspan, was reported to have crashed into the Pentagon, leaving an entry hole no more than 16 feet wide.
>
> Following a cool-down of the resulting fire, this crash site would have been very easy to collect enough time-change equipment within 15 minutes to positively identify the aircraft registry. There was apparently some aerospace type of equipment found at the site but no attempt was made to produce serial numbers or to identify the specific parts found. Some of the equipment removed from the building was actually hidden from public view.
>
> If an aluminum Boeing 757 had struck that fortified building, there would have been more aluminum on the ground outside than what went inside, yet there was little visible evidence of an airplane crash on the outside. What physical evidence that could have been of some value, was immediately

> carted away under cover ... With all the evidence readily available at the Pentagon crash site, any unbiased rational investigator could only conclude that a Boeing 757 DID NOT fly into the Pentagon as alleged.

The plane registration/tail numbers are the identity of the actual aircraft while the 9/11 Commission and media talk only of 9/11 flight numbers. These do not identify the plane – they identify the flight number of the route and time designated to the plane on that one day. Aircraft can change flight numbers on the same day and if you want to identify a specific aircraft this has to be done by the registration/tail number. If you want to identify a particular bus would you do it by the number of the route on the destination board or by the registration plate? Former FAA accident investigator Colonel George Nelson explained that 'time-change' parts such as hydraulic flight surface actuators, pumps, landing gears, engines or engine components are virtually indestructible. 'It would be impossible for an ordinary fire resulting from an airline crash to destroy or obliterate all of these critical time-change parts or their serial numbers', he said. Nelson stated that in his entire career as an accident investigator he 'never witnessed nor even heard of an aircraft loss, where wreckage was accessible, that prevented investigators from finding enough hard evidence to positively identify the make, model, and specific registration number of the aircraft'. If the FBI and company were telling the truth they certainly had enough wreckage to positively identify the aircraft, but if they were *lying* they could never make a match between wreckage and planes which do not match. So why have they never tried?? The fact that they haven't is on the public record. Assistant US Attorney Patrick A. Rose, responding to a Freedom of Information request about proving the identity of 9/11 aircraft, said:

> Federal Defendant [FBI] has determined that there are no responsive records. The identities of the airplanes hijacked in the September 11 attacks was never in question, and, therefore, there were no records generated 'revealing the process by which wreckage recovered by defendant, from the aircraft used during the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, was positively identified by defendant ... as belonging to said aircraft ...'

This is such mendacity. The identity of the aircraft was absolutely in question and even more so now that we know they were never positively identified using simple procedures employed in every other air crash. Not only that – there was never an investigation into any of the 9/11 air disasters by the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) which is the very body designated to identify why planes crash and confirm their identity. Corrupt-to-their-DNA FBI 'investigators' ran the

whole show to ensure one-stop-shop control of what was investigated and what conclusions were agreed.

Wrong engines? Military planes?

We have seen relatively few pictures of plane wreckage in the rubble of the World Trade Center complex. Among them was an alleged piece of landing gear from Flight 11 and part of the fuselage from Flight 175 (Fig 42). Who says this is so? The authorities do. Proof? None. An aircraft engine was found in Murray Street near Ground Zero and claimed to be from a 767 – 'Flight 175' that struck the South Tower judging by where it came to rest. A Pilots for 911 Truth video suggests that this does not belong to a standard 767. They say the South Tower 767 carried the tail number N612UA and according to its logs the plane was powered by two Pratt and Witney JT9D-7R4D engines. The pilots' video points out that the Murray Street engine includes a curved tube structure known as Tobi-Ducts which cool the turbine within the engine and it claims that this comes from a different engine to that carried by Flight 175 – one called the JT9D-7A/JF/7J. The pilots say the cooling duct for the 175 aircraft looked very different and that the engine found in Murray Street is fitted on 747 Jumbo Jets which can travel at much higher speeds (Fig 43). We have the same theme at the Pentagon with an alleged engine part that the Pilots for 9/11 Truth video says could not have come from Flight 77 – plane identification number N644AA. This aircraft carried two Rolls Royce RB211 engines and the pilots' video says the slotted disc on the engine part at the Pentagon doesn't come from a Rolls Royce RB211 (Fig 44). They say the disc is a feature of the Pratt and Whitney JT8D, versions of which have been used in large military aircraft. Others have said the engine parts do match those of a 767 and 757 and Rob Balsamo, co-founder of Pilots for 911 Truth, agrees that the engines can't be definitely identified without physically examining the parts which would require a congressional inquiry. In fact, all it would take to solve this question and many others is for the authorities to match the serial numbers of the parts found at the crash scenes with the maintenance logs of the aircraft just as it would end all questions about what hit the Pentagon if the FBI released the footage from surveillance videos they immediately confiscated on 9/11

Figure 42: A Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) image of what is alleged to be wreckage from 'Flight 175'.

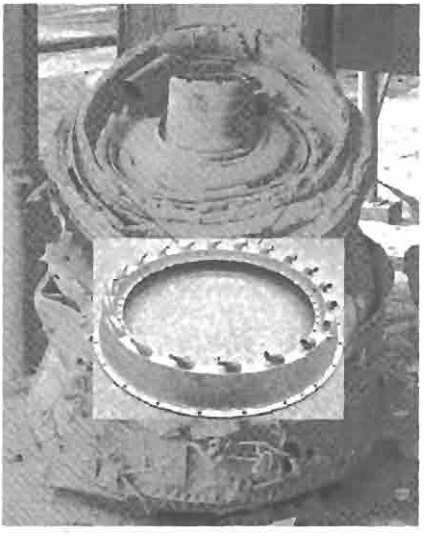

Figure 43: The engine found in Murray Street near the World Trade Center. Does the 'Tobi duct' prove that the 'Flight 175' engine did not come from a standard 767? Some say yes, but others challenge that.

Figure 44: The Pentagon engine part questioned by Pilots for 9/11 Truth.

and have never made public. Some had to have captured what caused the damage at the Pentagon, Flight 77, another large jet, a small plane, missile or bomb. It's that simple and yet we are now closing in on 20 years since 9/11 and neither has been done. For goodness sake – *why?*

It is no good attacking those who question the official story of 9/11 when the authorities refuse to take such simple steps to confirm their story with evidence in their possession all this time – if their story is true. The FBI and other agencies have been questioned about why they have never matched plane part serial numbers with the maintenance logs, but as always they refused to comment. Both the FBI and National Transport Safety Board rejected requests to identify the planes that crashed on 9/11 through their component serial and part numbers. What if the planes which struck the buildings after replacing the ones that left the airports – as described in Operation Northwoods – were modified versions with reinforced airframe and fitted with more powerful engines for greater performance and structural strength than the standard 767/757 could have achieved? Another point is that commercial airliners are upgraded in this way as a matter of course ... by the US military. This would certainly make sense of the experience of Mark Burnback, an employee of Fox Television, who was close to the World Trade Center when 'Flight 175' crashed into the South Tower. He told WCBS in a live interview from the scene that the aircraft definitely did not look like a commercial plane. 'There was a blue logo on the front of the plane,' he said. 'I did not see any windows on the side – it was not a normal plane that I've seen at the airport.' The interview was never

repeated. Voices from onlookers who had seen 'Flight 175' strike the tower can be heard on video footage saying:

> No, wasn't no commercial airliner ... The second wasn't, no, the second definitely wasn't ... It didn't have any markings on it that I saw, no emblems, no markings ... It was a military plane, a military plane.

Interviews with witnesses at the scene had the same theme. One man said of 'Flight 175': 'The plane wasn't no airliner or anything. It was a two-engine big grey plane.' Another said: 'The plane ... smashed into the World Trade Center, it was grey to be honest with you.' A big military aircraft with airframe reinforcement and advanced capability would explain how it performed manoeuvres that a bog-standard 767 would not be able to do.

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No – it's Superscam

Pilots for 9/11 Truth secured through a Freedom of Information Act request to the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) what is claimed to be the Flight Data Recorder (FDR) for Flight 77 which left Washington Dulles and is said to have crashed into the Pentagon. The Cockpit Voice Recorder (CVR) was destroyed in the crash according to the authorities. FDR information secured by the pilots included radar data, air traffic control recordings and an animation of the plane's alleged path. Pilot and aviation engineer analysis conducted by Pilots for 9/11 Truth found that the supplied data did not match the official story of what happened. Pilots and engineers concluded that the data for 'Flight 77' was not actually from Flight 77. The plane recorded in the data didn't even depart from the gate at Washington Dulles that is claimed. I don't mean Flight 77 didn't leave that gate, but whatever plane the data really belongs to didn't. Latitude and longitude coordinates had to be entered into a plane's computer at the gate or the entire flight navigational information was thrown out of sync. American Airlines operating manuals for this aircraft type, confirmed by pilots familiar with the procedure, said that all flights had to be aligned in terms of latitude and longitude at the gate through the IRS, or Inertial Reference System, and the plane had to be stationary for ten minutes or more for this to be completed. American Airlines grounded aircraft if this couldn't be done and even if an error was noted on route to the runway the pilot would have to return to the gate to realign the system. American Airlines captain Ralph Kolstad, who had piloted the Flight 77 aircraft (N644AA), said that if the IRS failed in flight or seriously malfunctioned then an emergency was declared. Flight 77 may have departed from Dulles gate D26, but the pilots say that for sure the plane featured in the fake '77' Flight Data Recorder did not. Commercial jets

like the 757 were not able to realign in-flight if the gate data was incorrect, but *military* aircraft could do so through the Global Positioning System (GPS) which was not available to commercial aircraft at the time (remember what I said about the Hidden Hand and its military having technology ahead of anyone else). Now – *here we go* ... Pilots for 9/11 Truth point out that flight data information which the government says is from Flight 77 shows that its GPS system was operational. Problem is ... the 757 that was Flight 77 *didn't have a GPS system*. The data further shows that the plane was navigationally auto-aligned in-flight which cannot be done without a GPS system which Flight 77 did not have. All this could have been done, however, by a *military aircraft or military modified commercial aircraft*. Another point: The flight data decoding system which was specifically designed for American Airlines aircraft could not fully decode the data in the (fake) Flight Data Recorder claimed to be from American Airlines Flight 77 and nor could the Boeing system from the company that built the plane. They should have asked for help from the military – I'm sure they would have had the technology that synced with it. A military aircraft would also explain why ground-to-air missiles defending Washington and the Pentagon did not launch. Barbara Honegger, Senior Military Affairs Journalist who worked for the Department of Defense, said: 'That craft had to have been a military craft because only military craft put out a signal – it's called an identify friend or foe (IFF) device – and only a military craft would be allowed to approach the building.' Former Boston air traffic controller Robin Horton said the two radar systems which military radar defensive systems read are a civilian aircraft transponder and a military transponder:

> The military transponder is called IFF, civilian aircraft do not have an IFF transponder – they are not given that capability, okay? So if there was an American 757 that went into the Pentagon, for example, and it turned off its transponder, it didn't have an IFF military transponder on it, so it was a primary target going into that airspace – pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh. Should have been shot down.

John Judge, a 9/11 researcher for former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney, a rare questioning voice on Capitol Hill, captured the situation:

> What I am describing to you is a breakdown in proper operating procedure by FAA, NORAD, P-56 [Washington no-fly zone] and the Pentagon all on the same day in the middle, after 9.05, what was known nationally to be a terrorist attack and it makes no sense.

No, mate, because it's all bollocks.

Hani Hanjour: Puddle-jump incompetent

According to the government's Cuckoo Land version of events, hijackers broke through the cockpit door of Flight 77, threatened the pilots with box-cutters and small knives and ordered them to the back of plane while taking over the controls – and all executed in three minutes. The 'hijacker pilot' was claimed to be Hani Hanjour who had been banned by instructors at the Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, from renting a small plane six weeks before 9/11 because he was such an incompetent pilot. He must have been a quick learner because the government said that he now turned around the 757 and headed back for Washington. Hanjour was a small man of around five-feet tall with a slight build (just the man to overpower flight crew with cardboard box-cutters) and had a poor grasp of English. How strange when fluently speaking, writing and understanding English is essential to securing a pilot's licence. Somehow he got one anyway while being next-to-useless. Hanjour was dropped by his first two schools in Oakland, California, and Scottsdale, Arizona. Duncan Hastie, owner of the Scottsdale school, said Hanjour was 'a weak student' who was 'wasting our resources'. Hanjour then enrolled with the nearby Sawyer Aviation which Wes Fults, a Sawyer instructor at the time, described as a 'school of last resort' – '... it was a commonly held truth that, if you failed anywhere else, go to Sawyer.' Fults said that Hanjour got overwhelmed with the instruments on the flight simulator. 'He had only the barest understanding of what the instruments were there to do', Fults recalled. Hanjour had used the simulator three or four times, then 'disappeared like a fog'. This is the man the official story claims took over the controls of Flight 77. Captain Russ Wittemberg, a commercial and military pilot for 30 years, said: 'There is no way you could possibly come out of a [one-engine] 172 and fly a jet that you've never flown before – that's like showing me how to carve up a Christmas cookie and then say go make a heart transplant.' The plane's autopilot was turned on throughout the flight, the National Transportation Safety Board data says, until 9.08. It was then turned off for three minutes before being restored. There's another teeny-weeny problem with the story of the cockpit being stormed and the pilots overwhelmed and forced to retreat to the back of the plane ... according to Pilots for 9/11 Truth the alleged Flight Data Recorder of 'Flight 77' shows that *the cockpit door remained closed throughout the flight*. This is just incredible in every sense unless the 'hijackers' went through demanifestation training to walk through doors, but then you still have the problem of how the pilots were able to go the other way to the back of the plane. Maybe they were given a swift instruction on how to demanifest in the three minutes that little Hanjour was taking over the

plane. That's crazy? Oh, really – any more so than a hijacker's passport floating down undamaged from a fireball or a next-to-useless puddle-jumper 'pilot' taking over a 757? Important note here – soon after this 'hijacking' total radar contact is said to have been lost and the plane disappeared from the screens until *36 minutes* later when a plane was picked up again. It is claimed that Flight 77 was lost to radar at 8.56am and suddenly reappeared at 9.32am when seen by Danielle O'Brien, an air traffic controller at Dulles International Airport, moving at a speed she didn't understand. There is more about her recollections coming up. This missing time is when the switch would have occurred – as per Operation Northwoods – because there is no evidence from 8.56 onwards that what was spotted heading for Washington was Flight 77 and indeed all the evidence says that it wasn't. Captain Russ Wittemberg, a 30-year commercial and military pilot, said:

> If Flight 77 really did go off the radar screens for 36 minutes ... then the plane is no longer flying, or it was low enough it was out of radar coverage – one or the two. So was the airline landed at some place, some remote field? Then it makes sense that they lost the airplane for 36 minutes. Other than that there is very little explanation for that.

If it was landed – and I say at least three and possibly all were – then it was right in line with the scenario of Operation Northwoods. Whatever happened Cheyenne Mountain would not have lost the plane for 36 minutes.

Little 'hijackers, big pilots

The pilot of Flight 77 was Charles 'Chic' Burlingame, an aeronautical engineer and honours graduate from the Navy's Top Gun fighter pilot school in Miramar, California. Kent Hill, an American Airlines captain on European routes and a life-long friend of Burlingame, seriously questioned the official story. The two were graduates of the Naval Academy, flew in Vietnam and had flown with American Airlines for 28 years. Hill could not understand why there was no hijack code sent from any of the planes. He said they were all trained 'on the old type of hijack' where the hijacker is treated cordially, the pilot punches a four-digit code into the transponder to alert ground control that the plane has been hijacked and then takes hijackers where they wish to go and puts the plane on the tarmac. 'However, this is a totally new situation,' Hill said. 'Not one of the planes alerted ground control that they were being hijacked. How come?' Well, this can be explained if the planes were hijacked remotely in a way that would override the transponder channel and block all communication with air traffic controllers including the four-digit hijack code. With no hijack taking place *on* the plane, but *from*

the ground, the pilots might even have believed, at least for a time, that there was a mechanical fault when the plane did not respond to cockpit commands. Kent Hill said he was sure that none of the pilots had control of the aircraft when they crashed because no pilot would do that. 'Even if I had a gun at my head, I'd never fly a plane into a building. I'd try to put it in anywhere – a field or a river – and I'd be searing the hell out of them by flying upside down first. 'Chic' Burlingame's sister, Deborah, said that he would 'never, never have entrusted a stranger with that airplane when he had lives at stake' – and would never have easily conceded control of the cockpit. How does this all square with claims that CNN contributor Barbara Olson rang her husband, Boy Bush Solicitor General Ted Olson, to say that the pilot of Flight 77 was at the back of the plane with her and to ask her husband what she should she tell him? Pilots and an entire crew just went to the back of a 757 leaving hijackers in the cockpit after being threatened only by what Olson described as knives and box-cutters and they managed to do this without the cockpit door ever opening?? Burlingame was a weightlifter and boxer, described as a tough man. How would he have been overpowered by little men with box-cutters when they were described in a statement to the 9/11 Commission as 'not physically imposing, as the majority of them were between 5-5 and 5-7 in height and slender in build'? If they had messed with Burlingame they would have been eating their next meal through a straw. His brother Mark said they would have had to incapacitate or kill him for Burlingame to have allowed the plane to be taken over. If either had happened he would not be at the back of the plane while Olson is said to have asked her husband: 'What do I tell the pilot?' Crazy, crazy stuff. Retired Colonel Donn de Grand Pré, a friend of Burlingame's life-long friend, Kent Hill, said he gathered together a group of experienced civilian and military pilots, including combat fighter pilots and commercial airline captains, to discuss what could have happened during what he described as a 'so-called terrorist attack [that] was in fact a superbly executed military operation against the United States, requiring the utmost professional military skill in command, communications and control'. He said the pilot group concluded:

> ... the enemy is within the gates, that he has infiltrated into the highest policymaking positions at the Federal level, and has absolute control, not only of the purse strings, but of the troop build-up and deployment of our military forces, including active, reserve and National Guard units.

Colonel Donn de Grand Pré reported that the group of highly experienced pilots was not impressed by claims that the four aircraft were flown by hijackers who had trained in planes like the Cessna. He

said one officer remarked: 'I seriously question whether these novices could have located a target dead-on 200 miles removed from take-off point – much less controlled the flight and mastered the intricacies of 11FR [instrument flight rules] – and all accomplished in 45 minutes.' The pilots said that the way the planes were flown ruled out the level of experience and competence reported for the 'hijackers'. An Air Force officer, who flew more than 100 sorties over North Vietnam, is quoted as saying: 'Those birds either had a crack fighter pilot in the left seat, or they were being manoeuvred by remote control.' Stan Goff, a former Special Forces sergeant turned conspiracy investigator, said this about Flight 77:

> Now, the real kicker. A pilot they want us to believe was trained at a ... puddle-jumper school for Piper Cubs and Cessnas, conducts a well-controlled downward spiral, descending the last 7,000 feet in two-and-a-half minutes, brings the plane in so low and flat that it clips the electrical wires across the street from the Pentagon, and flies it with pinpoint accuracy into the side of this building at 460 knots.
>
> When the theory about learning to fly this well at the puddle-jumper school began to lose ground, it was added that they received further training on a flight simulator. This is like saying you prepared your teenager for her first drive on I-40 at rush hour by buying her a video driving game. It's horse shit! There is a story being constructed about these events.

Captain Russ Wittemberg, a military and airline pilot, said 'the story of how the plane hit the Pentagon just doesn't make any sense at all'. American Airlines captain Ralph Kolstad said that even with 6,000 hours of flying time in 757s and 767s he could not have done what incompetent Cessna pilot Hani Hanjour is claimed to have done. Nila Sagadevan, a pilot and aeronautical engineer, said:

> I challenge any pilot, any pilot anywhere: give him a Boeing 757 and tell him to do 400 knots 20 feet above the ground for half a mile. CAN'T DO. It's aerodynamically impossible.

But, of course, it *is* possible if you are a government script-writer.

CHAPTER 10

'Plane strikes the Pentagon' – or did it?

An illusion is an illusion. Reality always exists despite the façade
– Kasie West

If Flight 77 was really hijacked by 'highly-trained Islamic terrorists' they would have known the defence procedures to protect Washington airspace and so why would they (a) allow the plane to fly so far out of the city before turning back, and (b) not hit the Pentagon directly in their approach instead of flying the plane in a fantastic spiral to strike the building at the precise spot which had recently been re-enforced in a Pentagon upgrade to protect the building from just such an attack?

Why would they not have targeted the plane directly at the offices of Secretary of State Rumsfeld and military leaders of the Joint Chiefs of Staff located on the very opposite side of the building to where the Pentagon was hit? Instead the building was struck in the offices where the computer systems were located that held the key to uncovering how $2.3 trillion had disappeared from the Pentagon budget ($8,000 for every man, woman and child in America) which Secretary Rumsfeld had announced the day before the attack was unaccounted for. What a coincidence that he revealed this to the media on September 10th and by lunchtime the following day a 'plane' strikes the building precisely where now-dead civilian accountants, bookkeepers and budget analysts were investigating where that money went. Bryan C. Jack, who headed the Pentagon's programming and fiscal economics division and was responsible for crunching America's defence budget, was also on Flight 77 which is said to have hit the Pentagon where his budget accountants and analysts were working. How predictable, if appalling, that an aide of then British Prime Minister Tony Blair would tell government colleagues on 9/11 that this was 'a good day to bury bad news'. If you wanted to bury the announcement of the missing $2.3 trillion it could not have been better timed than Monday, September 10th, 2001. Monday is normally the last day you announce news you want to hide with another five working days for the media to discuss and expand on the

story and the weekend for more in-depth analysis. Late Friday is when you bury bad news unless you know that something is coming along to make it disappear – which they did. What happened to that money and trillions more since bringing the total officially missing at the time of writing to *$21 trillion?* One answer is that attacks like 9/11 and other so-called 'black budget', off-the-books Hidden Hand projects can be extremely expensive. Investigative journalist David Lindorff described how the scam works:

> ... they submit the financial statements from prior years showing falsely that it's spent all its money and then asking for more. And so Congress obligingly gives them more. But the money that they don't spend each year gets stashed away in secret places within the Pentagon and gets used without any accountability at all.
>
> This means that they are able to do black operations that get no oversight. It means that they could use it for corrupt purposes. There are all kinds of things they could do with it. And that fund could be now as large as $100 billion which I would note is larger than Russia's entire military spending, close to Chinese entire annual military spending. And that is a slush fund.

'Islamic fanatics on Flight 77' could have targeted the gigantic Pentagon roof or even more spectacularly that part of the building where Rumsfeld and the military big-wigs were located (which was publicly known). Instead they aim for a point at the very opposite side to where they had their offices and bang on the spot – known as Wedge 1 – which had recently been seriously upgraded and strengthened to protect from just such a terrorist attack but where the accountants were searching for the missing trillions. A CBS report on November 28th, 2001, said: 'In an astonishing stroke of luck, the terrorists had hit the only section of the Pentagon designed to resist a terrorist attack.' Hey Abdul, you sure this map is the right way up? Another relevant question is why 'Islamic fanatics' bent on maximum death and destruction did not target a nuclear power station instead of the most reinforced part of the Pentagon? 'Flight 11' and 'Flight 175' passed close to the major nuclear power installations at Indian Point about 24 miles from New York City with the potential to turn that whole region of the United States, including New York, into an uninhabitable wasteland and kill millions of 'infidels' through radiation poisoning in the months and years to come. Was it really more effective to target a newly-reinforced section of the Pentagon on the opposite side from Rumsfeld and the military chiefs where the smallest number of people were working because of the on-going work on reinforcement? This building work, of course, would be a great cover for planting explosives.

Questions without answers – official ones, anyway

'Flight 77' is supposed to have struck five lamp posts as it approached the Pentagon and you can see pictures of these poles on the ground, but the route and approach of the 'plane' in the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) Flight Data Recorder information analysed by Pilots for 9/11 Truth has the aircraft on a route and height that makes striking those lamp posts impossible. A Navy Annex building and a gas station were under the path of the aircraft and according to the Flight Data Recorder it passed to the north of these buildings, or the left from a pilot's view, while the flight animation supplied by the NTSB had the plane flying to the south or right of them (Fig 45). The latter would have taken the plane towards the lamp posts, but it is very clear from multiple witness testimonies, with the buildings as an obvious guide, that the plane did indeed pass the Navy Annex and gas station to the left and could not have struck the lamp posts. Pilots for 9/11 Truth highlight serious discrepancies between the alleged hard data from the Flight Data Recorder of the plane as it approached the Pentagon and the animation based on that data provided by the NTSB. Jim Ritter, head of the Vehicle Performance Division at the NTSB, who signed off on the flight data, refused to even discuss these discrepancies. The arrogance of the NTSB and other government agencies like the FBI in not answering legitimate questions and the contempt they therefore have for the truth and victims is sickening.

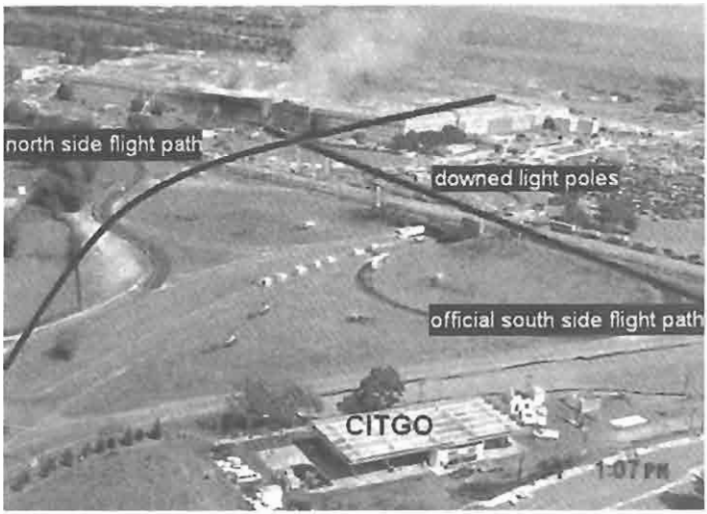

Figure 45: The official flight path of 'Flight 77' came in low from the right of the Citgo gas station and struck lamp poles before smashing into the Pentagon. The Flight Data Recorder information from the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) – along with eyewitness reports – has the plane arriving from the left of the gas station with a direction and height that could not have struck the lamp poles or even the Pentagon in the way the official story claims.

Pilots for 9/11 Truth point out that the altitude indicator in the

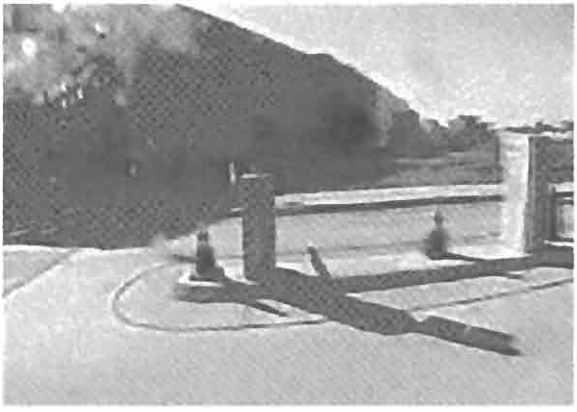

Figure 46: A few frames of a 'security' video at the Pentagon which pathetically claims to show a plane striking the building - but doesn't. There were more than 80 surveillance cameras located at the Pentagon and surrounding business premises. Why were they confiscated on 9/11 and kept from the public ever since?

Figure 47: If a plane came in at ground level and struck the Pentagon why no damage to the lawn?

animation shows the plane 300 feet lower than the hard data and when the aircraft's true height is factored in the lamp posts would have had to be 440 feet high for the plane to hit them. The 'Flight 77' Flight Data Recorder does not have the plane careering across the Pentagon lawn to strike the building level to the ground yet the five-frame Pentagon distant 'security video' images claiming to show the impact depicts a 'plane' hitting the wall while level to the ground across the – *undamaged* – Pentagon lawn (Figs 46 and 47).

Slightly longer footage including the five-frames released under a Freedom of Information Act request in 2006 was also inconclusive and claimed to depict a distant blurry 'plane' doing something considered near impossible by professional pilots let alone by Cessna incompetent, Hani Hanjour, and it's a manoeuvre not to be found on the 'Flight 77' data recorder. Pilots for 9/11 Truth flight simulator tests using the same data provided by the NTSB showed that the plane would have flown over the building or, with the same vertical speed but positioned low enough to hit the lamp posts, it would have crashed into the ground long before it reached the alleged impact point. One postured scenario that would bring the flight data and the explosion together was that the plane – not, of course, Flight 77 – came in low and unleashed a missile that caused the explosion. Could the release of a missile have been what Air Force Master Sergeant Noel Sepulveda witnessed when he saw the plane come in low over a nearby hotel and 'drop its landing gear'? This

would also explain the dearth of aircraft wreckage at the scene and the size of the main hole in the building. People remember the collapsed wall of the Pentagon, but the collapse only happened some 30 minutes *after* the alleged impact (Fig 48). I have seen estimates of between 20 minutes and 45 minutes and I will use a mean figure of 30 which is the approximate period widely quoted. The point is that the wall fell long after impact. The main damage point was described as between 16 and 20 feet across and is supposed to have swallowed a passenger jet with a wing-span of 125 feet (Figs 49 and 50). Witnesses near the Pentagon described seeing 'like a white commuter plane'. One described 'maybe a 20-passenger corporate jet, no markings on the side, coming in at a shallow angle like it was landing right into the side of the Pentagon'. Witness Kelly Knowles described a 'second plane':

Figure 48: This is the image that people remember of the collapsed wall of the Pentagon, but this didn't happen until half an hour or more after 'impact'. Before that time the hole was tiny compared with the size of a 757.

Figure 49: This is what the impact point looked like with the wall still standing when a 757 is supposed to have struck the Pentagon.

> Thank god somebody else saw that. There was most definitely a second plane. It's so frustrating because nobody knows about the second plane, or if they do, they are hiding it for some reason.

A second plane, or a plane and a missile? Or, some researchers ask, could the whole 'second plane' story actually be the same plane seen twice or multiple times? A few witnesses talk of a second plane close to 'Flight 77' as it came into the Pentagon while many others say there was

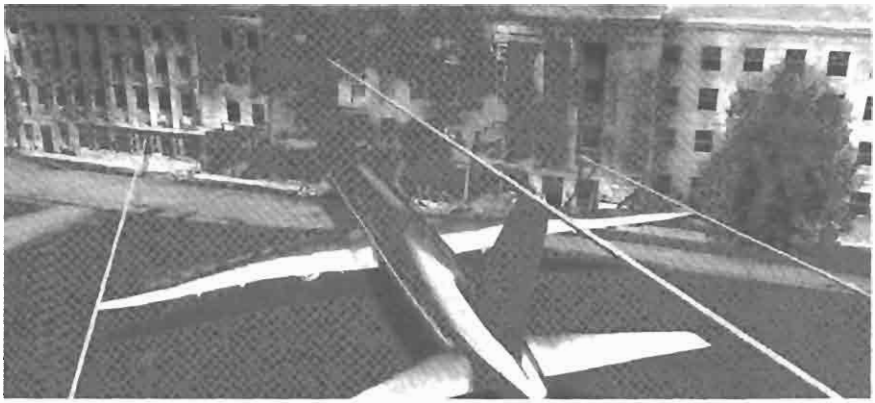

Figure 50: A 757 with this ratio size to the Pentagon is supposed to have disappeared through the entry point that you see.

definitely only one, including a few right under the flightpath. Some 'second-planers' could be systematically disinforming for reasons I will come to while others could have been deceived by seeing the plane coming low towards the Pentagon followed by a massive explosion from a bomb inside the building and the 'second plane' (the only plane) climbing steeply away. Some witnesses describe a single plane lifting sharply to climb over the Pentagon and others say they saw the 'second plane' climbing away from the Pentagon after the explosion. Pentagon police officer Roosevelt Roberts said that he was a few steps inside the Pentagon loading dock during the explosion and immediately ran outside to see a 'large aircraft liner', a commercial jet, very low and flying away. 'You could see that plane as clear as day', he said. 'You couldn't miss it.' He described the plane as silver in colour and flying 'at no more than 100 feet'. Roberts gave a recorded interview for the Library of Congress after the attacks. He didn't see a plane hit the Pentagon and only assumed that one had. He therefore believed the aircraft he saw was a 'second plane' when it could easily have been the only one. People *assuming* the two-plane theory is understandable by associating a plane coming in low towards the Pentagon with the explosion about the same time. What better cover for a plane climbing quickly away than an enormous explosion to focus attention? Imagine if you saw the house across the road explode. What else would you see in your peripheral vision when it was happening? Nothing. If this was the case with the explosion caused by a bomb inside the building or missile it was beneficial to the interests of the cover-up that the second plane story began to circulate.

To confuse matters still further two other aircraft were in the sky over Washington and the Pentagon area at the time. Five minutes before the Pentagon explosion Air National Guard Lieutenant Colonel Steve

O'Brien and his crew were told to take off from Andrews Air Force Base down the road (while the fighter aircraft stayed on the ground) in a C-130 cargo plane headed for Minnesota. This was six minutes after all planes in the United States had been grounded following the attacks in New York. O'Brien said that when he took off he was unware of what had happened at the World Trade Center even though this was 46 minutes after 'Flight 11' and 29 minutes after 'Flight 175' met their fate. That is quite a statement given that he was on an airbase at the time which should have been on stand-by to defend Washington DC. O'Brien said that when they were airborne they saw 'Flight 77' make a close pass of his aircraft and he identified what he said was an American Airlines plane. He said he was told to follow the plane and report on its movements but he couldn't keep up with it in a slow cargo aircraft. Then he saw an explosion on the ground. It was reported in the media that he saw the plane hit the Pentagon. This is not the case – he said he didn't know what the explosion was at first. O'Brien continued his journey to Minnesota and in what is claimed to have been an extraordinary coincidence he was contacted by air traffic controllers over Pennsylvania to ask if he could see another aircraft in trouble – *'Flight 93'* – and he said he saw smoke from the 'crash' two minutes after alleged impact. O'Brien may have been an innocent dupe in all this, but I cannot see myself that these events were actually a fantastic coincidence. There are far too many of those in the 9/11 story. The C-130 over Washington added to the confusion of witnesses and the 'second plane' stories as did reports of a 'mystery white jet' seen circling the White House and central Washington which appears to have been an E-4B National Airborne Operations Center (NAOC) plane – a highly modified Boeing 747 which operate as military command posts in the sky. This was airborne at least immediately in the wake of the explosion at the Pentagon and may have been involved in one of the 'exercises' or, some suggest, the orchestration of the Pentagon attack.

There are witnesses that claim to have seen an American Airlines 757 strike the Pentagon although most are military or other 'establishment' figures and their evidence is contradictory or even impossible as with one account by retired Army officer Frank Probst. He claimed that one of the plane's engines passed within six feet of him. Given the turbulence created by an aircraft that big passing him so close at the reported speed let's just say it's yet another miracle that he survived to tell his tale. I am not saying that 'I saw the plane hit' witnesses shouldn't be believed if that's what people feel to do – only that seeing and saying are not necessarily the same thing. A warning to take great care with the 'evidence' of 'witnesses' supporting the official story is provided by the case of cab driver Lloyde England who claimed on television that one of the lamp poles 'struck by Flight 77' crashed through his car windscreen.

There are no photographs of the car in this state and there was no damage to the car's hood or bonnet which he said had been struck by a 20-foot light pole with the heavier end landing on the hood (Fig 51). England said the pole came through the windscreen to the backseat and 'the large piece was sticking out across the hood'.

Figure 51: Taxi driver Lloyde England said a lamp pole struck by 'Flight 77' smashed into his windshield and came to rest on his car bonnet or hood. The hood being undamaged - indeed pristine - should in no way discount the story.

Clearly it is impossible for a heavy and sturdy metal street light pole to be hurled through a windscreen and smack onto the hood without causing even a scratch. Bizarrely there was a copy of my book *Children of the Matrix* on the back seat at the time which he said he was reading. England said that his wife Shirley Hughes-England worked for the FBI 'for a long time': 'She don't talk about it – I don't talk about it.' Neither England nor his wife would discuss her role even off camera when questioned in 2008. Two years later he said she was 'a cleaner'. There are many discrepancies in his story about what he claims to have happened and he would be captured on camera saying that 9/11 was an event for the 'rich people' and it was bigger than him – 'I'm a small man':

> You know what history is?... It's not the truth, it's his story ... It has nothing to do with the truth, it's his story ... This is too big for me man, this is a big thing ... you know this is a world thing happening, I'm a small man ... I'm not supposed to be involved in this. This is for other people. People who have money and all this kind of stuff. I'm not supposed to be involved with this ... This is their thing. I'm not supposed to be in it ... we came across the highway together. It was planned.

We should also watch out for people coming into what is called the '9/11 Truth Movement' and claiming out of nowhere to be, for example, the 'foremost authority on 9/11'. There are many possible scenarios to mislead and discredit real researchers including disinformation. Circulating total disinformation doesn't work very well because seasoned researchers will see through it very quickly. The most effective method is to promote information that is partly inaccurate and partly true because then the truth can be discredited with the lies. There is also a method whereby the person comes forward with a narrative that is

basically true, but then the person themselves is discredited (as planned) and with that so is the truth they were disseminating. Weaving a path through the smoke and mirrors requires eyes to be constantly wide open.

It was Flight 77? Okay, prove it

The fundamental diversion and cover up technique in these scenarios is confusion. The more conflicting stories there are flying around after 'false flag' or Problem-Reaction-Solution events the better from the Hidden Hand's point of view. The way to avoid this is to focus on the impossibility of the official story which is the point of this book. A lot of very good research is offering possible explanations for *what* happened, but that does not have to be established to prove that 9/11 was a government-military-intelligence conspiracy or 'inside job'. All that is necessary to expose the Big Lie is to show that the official story of what happened could not have happened and that is already clear. The lies are constant wherever you look. While I am including informed speculation and solid evidence about what *did* happen it is what *didn't* happen – the government's version of events – that holds the key to exposing the 9/11 hoax. One thing is absolutely clear – the NTSB 'Flight Data Recorder' information released in 2006 purporting to come from Flight 77 is fraudulent and there are witnesses that also put into question the 'Flight 77' radar data released by the Air Force 84th Radar Evaluation Squadron (84 RADES) after a Freedom of Information Act request in 2007. Multiple witnesses report seeing the plane purported to be Flight 77 heading for the Pentagon from a different direction to the NTSB and RADES data. They describe the plane coming from the East crossing the Potomac River between Washington DC and Virginia while the NTSB/RADES data does not have the plane crossing the Potomac and tracks it coming from the west. The RADES data further shows a plane pulling away from the Pentagon after the explosion and this is said to be the C-130 transport plane. This is at odds with the route that pilot Steve O'Brien said he flew. Once again with Flight 77 we have the recurring theme with 9/11 of serial numbers and part numbers of black boxes and alleged debris from the plane (albeit very little) that were not publicly matched with the serial numbers of the aircraft and part logs. This is done in every case of air crashes where black boxes and debris are found although not with the planes alleged to have crashed on September 11th. Boston air traffic controller Robin Horton said:

> There is nobody, anywhere, in this entire investigation that has said that is positively American 77. They suppose it, they presume it, they assume it, they say this is what we think it is.

The amount of wreckage we have been shown at the Pentagon site has been described as little more than could be carried in the back of a truck. CNN's then senior Pentagon correspondent Jamie McIntyre said this in a dispatch from the scene:

> From my close-up inspection, there is no evidence of a plane having crashed anywhere near the Pentagon ... The only pieces left that you can see are small enough that you could pick up in your hand. There are no large tail sections, wing sections, a fuselage, nothing like that anywhere around which would indicate that the entire plane crashed into the side of the Pentagon and then caused the side to collapse. Even though if you look at the pictures of the Pentagon you see that the floors have all collapsed, that didn't happen immediately, it wasn't until almost about forty-five minutes later [other reports have differing times] that the structure was weakened enough that all of the floors collapsed.

Even Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld said there were no big pieces of wreckage only small pieces and 30-year pilot Captain Russ Wittemberg said:

> I have been at some accident investigation sites in the Air Force. And I have never come across any accident scene where there is no tell-tale evidence of the plane that crashed.

Seismic evidence, or lack of it, also supports this theme with five seismic recording stations between 63 and 350 kilometres from the Pentagon failing to measure a clear seismic signal for the impact – the only one of the four 9/11 planes not to do so.

An expert view

Albert N. Stubblebine III, a retired Major General in the United States Army, was commanding general of the United States Army Intelligence and Security Command from 1981 to 1984. Stubblebine, who died in 2017, was outspoken in his contention that no plane hit the Pentagon. He believed the official story at the time until he saw the hole in the Pentagon and his response was: 'Something's wrong. There is something wrong with this picture ...' Stubblebine should know. He was in charge of Army Imagery Interpretation for Scientific and Technical Intelligence during the Cold War measuring pieces of Soviet technology from photographs. He said that he took measurements of the Pentagon and the depth of the damage and did the same with a 757 in terms of the length of the nose and wings and concluded from 30 years military experience and his time in military intelligence that an aircraft did not make the hole: 'The plane does not fit in that hole. So what did hit the

Pentagon? What hit it? Where is it? What's going on?' This is an understandable assessment given that we are told a 125 foot wide 757 with a 40-foot high tail passed through an entry hole 16-20 feet wide. Stubblebine noted that a turbine that he saw at the scene looked like one from a missile. 'I can't prove that, I don't know ... there was something there that did not look like the engine from an airplane, but did look like a turbine from a missile.' He said of the five-frames claimed by the Pentagon to be the plane hitting the building:

> Later I saw another photograph taken by one of the sensors [cameras] on the outside of the Pentagon. Now, all of the sensors **had been turned off**, which is kind of interesting – isn't it? That day, why would all of the sensors around the Pentagon be turned off? That's strange. I don't care what the excuse is. That's strange.
>
> There happened to be one that did not get turned off, and in that picture, coming in, flying into the Pentagon, you see this object, and it obviously hits the Pentagon. When you look at it, it does NOT look like an airplane. Sometime later, after I'd gone public, that imagery was changed. It got a new suit around it that now looked like an airplane. But, when you take the suit off, it looks more like a missile – not like an airplane.

Surveillance footage and images have not been published from a building that was awash with security cameras except for those highly-dubious out of focus frames of a distant explosion claiming to be the plane's impact. Researchers who slowed down the footage revealed that 'something' appears on the right hand side of the frame and then basically stops until the explosion happens and then miraculously shoots forward at incredible speed into the explosion which came *first*. The footage had clearly been seriously doctored and frames taken out. Let us see the real pictures from all the relevant cameras – they must exist unless they were turned off – and put an end to all this. If they *were* turned off – WTF? The FBI confiscated surveillance camera footage immediately after the crash, just as it did at Portland airport and all the others. We saw the same with the Oklahoma bombing. Major General Stubblebine also said that all defence systems in the region of the 9/11 attacks were deactivated that day:

> All of the air defence systems had been turned off ... Why would you turn off all of the air defence systems on that particular day unless you knew that something was going to happen? It's a dot. It's information. But, it's strange that everything got turned off that day.
>
> There was an exercise that was designed for the air defence systems that was

> an attack on the towers by airplanes. Isn't that strange that we had an exercise that mimicked what really happened? Strange that we had planned an exercise that was exactly what happened. And, at the same time, the air defence systems were turned off. Don't you find that strange? I find that really strange.

Stubblebine believed himself to be the highest-ranked military officer to go public with the view that the official story is not true.

Pentagon witnesses

Pentagon employee April Gallop was at her computer inside the building when it was rocked by the explosion which sounded like a bomb. She said the only fire was from computers bursting into flames, as another witness reported. Witnesses said people shouted that a bomb had exploded and these included Don Perkal, deputy general counsel for the Secretary of Defense, who said that he immediately began to smell cordite, a bomb-making constituent. 'Then I knew explosives had been set off somewhere', he said. The Pentagon is constructed with five concentric rings of buildings dubbed A, B, C, D and E from inside to outside. Claims of a bomb were supported by the deaths of people in the inner A and B rings which were not affected by the 'plane' that caused damage only between the E, D and C rings going from the outside in (Fig 52). Severe damage was reported in the B ring and Robert Andrews, Acting Assistant Secretary of Defense, said he felt an explosion and then had to 'walk over dead bodies' as he left the innermost A Ring furthest from the impact point and way beyond where the 'plane' reached. Pentagon worker April Gallop escaped through a hole in the Pentagon wall with her baby son who was about to go to the day-care centre. They went to a grassed area before being taken to hospital. At no time did she see any wreckage from a plane or smell any jet fuel from what would have been still well-filled fuel tanks after a relatively short journey. Gallop saw no

Figure 52: The ring system at the Pentagon. 'Flight 77' is said to have penetrated the first three.

steel, luggage, human remains or anything to indicate that a plane had crashed there. Then came the usual intimidation from the 'Feds' – a common theme – who came to see Gallop in her hospital bed:

> They never identified themselves or even said which agency they worked for. But I know they were not newsmen because I learned that the Pentagon told news reporters not to cover survivors' stories or they would not get any more stories out of there. The men who visited all said they couldn't tell me what to say, they only wanted to make suggestions. But then they told me what to do, which was to take the money [from the Victim Compensation Fund] and shut up. They also kept insisting that a plane hit the building. They repeated this over and over. But I was there and I never saw a plane or even debris from a plane. I figure the plane story is there to brainwash people.

Gallop's point about lack of evidence that a plane had crashed was a common story from a list of witnesses including firefighters who saw the impact site immediately after the 'hit'. Major Dean Eckmann, a military pilot flying over the Pentagon to assess the damage, believed that a truck bomb had been responsible because of the lack of aircraft wreckage and he only found out later about an 'airliner' after the military told the media that this is what happened. Park Police helicopter pilot Ronald Galey said in an interview with the Naval Historical Center that he couldn't believe that a 757 could have struck the building and he arrived within no more than four minutes of the explosion. He also pointed to a truck from where most of the fire seemed to be coming and there was no large fire. 'There's absolutely nothing you could identify as an aircraft part anywhere around there. Nothing. Just couldn't have been', he said. Galey emphasised what a relatively small hole was in the building before the larger collapse some time later. Fellow Park Police pilot Keith Bohn made the same point about a 'small slit' that he could not believe a 757 could pass through. 'I could not see any aviation parts. I could not see an engine or a wing. There was just rubble, pieces, small pieces.' Where did the little amount of debris come from that later appeared in photographs? Colonel George Nelson, a former US Air Force aircraft accident investigator and expert in airplane parts, a former airframe and power plant mechanic, gave his verdict:

> The government alleges that four wide-body airliners crashed on the morning of September 11 2001, resulting in the deaths of more than 3,000 human beings, yet not one piece of hard aircraft evidence has been produced in an attempt to positively identify any of the four aircraft. On the contrary, it seems only that all potential evidence was deliberately kept hidden from public view.

The hard evidence would have included hundreds of critical time-change aircraft items, plus security videotapes that were confiscated by the FBI immediately following each tragic episode. With all the evidence readily available at the Pentagon crash site, any unbiased rational investigator could only conclude that a Boeing 757 did not fly into the Pentagon as alleged.

Two large planes, Bashkirian Airlines Flight 2937 and DHL Flight 611, a Boeing 757 cargo jet, collided at around 36,000 feet the year after 9/11 and crashed to the ground in Germany with many major pieces of wreckage still visible and intact (Fig 53). No-plane advocates point to pictures of a twelve foot wide hole punched when an object, whatever it was, exited on the other side of three rings of buildings within the five-ring Pentagon (Fig 54). The official story claimed this hole was made by the nose of the 757, but the nose of an aircraft is extremely fragile and made only of carbon fibre to allow electromagnetic waves to freely emit from navigation systems located there. The idea is ridiculous that the nose could have ploughed intact between the point of impact (where it would have been crushed) and through three rings of buildings in an area of the Pentagon that had just undergone serious steel-concrete reinforcement to protect against terrorist attack. Defense Secretary Rumsfeld said the plane 'penetrated three of the five concentric rings of the building' which means the plane had to smash through six outer walls. Could an aircraft score through three reinforced rings of buildings and the nose still be so intact that it could have caused the hole on the other side? Even if an engine caused the hole as some claimed – where are pictures of that engine? The official story is an

Figure 53: Two planes collided in mid-air and careered to the ground from 36,000 feet, but very large and recognisable wreckage can be seen.

Figure 54: The round C-Ring exit hole some twelve feet across made by whatever struck the Pentagon.

absolute blaze of apparent contradictions and it claims that the following happened simultaneously: The plane struck the building and 'pulverised'; engines and other solid components disappeared because they 'melted'; 100 tons of melted metal were not found because the inferno was so hot at more than 2,500 degrees centigrade that everything 'evaporated'; the small exit hole, around twelve feet across, was caused by the nose or engine of the aircraft which had penetrated three reinforced buildings despite all of the former. For sure all of those statements can't be true. The ludicrous official story was summed up by a French website that highlighted the contradictions in the wake of the Pentagon crash:

> The aircraft thus disintegrated on contact with the Pentagon, melted inside the building, evaporated at 2500°C, and still penetrated two other buildings via a hole two and half yards in diameter.

Black box re-run

Dick Bridges deputy manager for Arlington County, was quoted by Associated Press as saying that both black boxes for Flight 77 were found '... right where the plane came into the building'. If that is the case where was the rest of the wreckage if much of the plane and the black boxes in the tail section only made it that far? How could it also have ploughed through those three rings of buildings? 'Flight 77' black boxes were reported to have been found at 4am in the morning on September 14th so why was the Pentagon file detailing the content of the Flight Data Recorder created more than four hours *before* it was found – at 11.45pm on September 13th? Navy Captain Glenn N. Wagner, director of the Armed Forces DNA Identification Laboratory in Rockville, Maryland, said a team of forensic pathologists, odonatologists, a forensic anthropologist, DNA experts, investigators and support personnel worked for more than two weeks to identify victims of the attack on the Pentagon. He said they had identified 184 of the 189 who died in the plane and the building. You either believe this or you don't, I guess, while taking into account government claims that the plane 'vapourised' and 'melted' and that evidence points most strongly to the fact that whatever caused the explosion could not have been Flight 77. Captain Daniel Davis is a former US Army Air Defense Officer and NORAD Tactical Director, former Senior Manager at General Electric Turbine Engine Division and founder of Turbine Technology Services Corp, a turbine services and maintenance company. In short, he knows a lot about jet engines and aircraft. Davis said:

> As a former General Electric Turbine engineering specialist and manager and then CEO of a turbine engineering company, I can guarantee that none of the

high tech, high temperature alloy engines on any of the four planes that crashed on 9/11 would be completely destroyed, burned, shattered or melted in any crash or fire. Wrecked, yes, but not destroyed. Where are all of those engines, particularly at the Pentagon? If jet powered aircraft crashed on 9/11, those engines, plus wings and tail assembly, would be there.

Additionally, in my experience as an officer in NORAD as a Tactical Director for the Chicago-Milwaukee Air Defense and as a current private pilot, there is no way that an aircraft on instrument flight plans (all commercial flights are IFR) would not be intercepted when they deviate from their flight plan, turn off their transponders, or stop communication with Air Traffic Control. No way! With very bad luck, perhaps one could slip by, but no there's no way all four of them could!

Finally, going over the hill and highway and crashing into the Pentagon right at the wall/ground interface is nearly impossible for even a small slow single engine airplane and no way for a 757. Maybe the best pilot in the world could accomplish that but not these unskilled 'terrorists'. Attempts to obscure facts by calling them a 'Conspiracy Theory' does not change the truth. It seems, 'Something is rotten in the State'.

Engines de-manifested when they could not have done so while somehow two pieces of a driver's licence survived allegedly belonging to 'hijacker' Majed Moqed. As the song goes ... 'I believe in miracles – since you came along, you sexy thing.' The song should be renamed 'Ode to the FBI'.

Evidence for a missile strike

We would do well not to dismiss anything out of hand before looking at the facts very carefully after what has been done and planned in the past. Many researchers – myself included – continue to believe that no 757 crashed into the Pentagon and the explosion was caused by a bomb, missile or possibly a remote-controlled military aircraft. I think a missile/bomb is favourite. A commercial airliner flying low towards the Pentagon and then climbing sharply over the building would have been the perfect cover and created what we have – witnesses galore describing an airliner, two planes, small plane, missile and bomb. All of which = confusion – the currency of cover up. Winged missiles were used at the time by the US military and guided to their target by computer with often pinpoint accuracy (Fig 55 overleaf). This is an Internet profile in 2001of a Cruise missile used by the US military:

Cruise missiles are jet-propelled pilotless aircraft designed to strike distant targets with great accuracy. Travelling at hundreds of miles an hour, cruise

Figure 55: A winged cruise missile had the capability in 2001 of travelling at jet plane speed and striking the Pentagon in the way officially described for 'Flight 77'.

missiles use the global positioning system, inertial guidance, optical scenery correlation, and terrain comparing radar to find their targets. Their accuracy makes them especially useful in attacking military targets in urban areas with limited damage to nearby civilian facilities.

Once airborne, its turbojet engine starts, its wings spread, and it noses over to hug the surface at about 500 miles (800 km) per hour toward its target. Over water, the missile relies on inertial guidance, perhaps also the global positioning system, for navigation. Upon reaching land, the Tomahawk updates its position and corrects its course using TERCOM (terrain contour matching) or DSMAC (digital scene-matching area correlator) – the first system compares radar signals, the second optical images, with a computer-stored map – before closing on the target at an altitude of 100 feet (30 m) or less.

See how low a winged-missile could fly at high speed while remaining accurate, very low and stable – everything a 757 could not. Remember, too, the fantastic technology developed in the secret projects that we never see which is always far ahead of what we are allowed to know exists. Witness Steve Patterson said he was watching the World Trade Center coverage on television when he saw a 'silver commuter jet' fly past the window of his 14th-floor apartment in Pentagon City. He described seeing the plane about 150 yards away coming in from the west and about 20 feet off the ground. Patterson said it sounded like the high-pitched squeal of a fighter jet (or missile) and came over Arlington cemetery so low that he thought it was going to land on the road. He recalled that it was moving extremely fast and he couldn't read anything on the side of the 'plane' which appeared only big enough to hold 8 to 12 people. Another witness account by Lon Rains, an editor of *Space News*, said:

> At that moment I heard a very loud, quick whooshing sound that began behind me and stopped suddenly in front of me and to my left. In fractions of a second I heard the impact and an explosion. The next thing I saw was the fireball. I was convinced it was a missile. It came in so fast it sounded nothing like an airplane ...

Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld said in an unintended moment that a missile was involved during an interview at the Pentagon with

Parade Magazine in October, 2001, when he was asked why there was no warning of the attacks:

> There were lots of warnings... It is a truth that a terrorist can attack any time, any place, using any technique and it's physically impossible to defend at every time and every place against every conceivable technique.
>
> Here we're talking about plastic knives and using an American Airlines flight filled with our citizens, **and the missile to damage this building** and similar [inaudible] that damaged the World Trade Center. The only way to deal with this problem is by taking the battle to the terrorists, wherever they are, and dealing with them.'

And ***'plastic knives'***??

Major Doug Rokke, a PhD in educational physics and former top military expert, also pointed to a missile:

> When you look at the whole thing, especially the crash site void of airplane parts, the size of the hole left in the building and the fact the projectile's impact penetrated numerous concrete walls, it looks like the work of a missile. And when you look at the damage, it was obviously a missile.

Then there was the extraordinary high-speed 270 degree turn that the puddle-jumper pilot would have had to perform according to the government story. Robin Horton, former Boston Center air traffic controller and a flight instructor, said:

> An experienced pilot with thousands of hours probably would have to take between 10 and 20 attempts ... before they would be able to pull off that manoeuvre. You just can't do that with one of those big airplanes.

But he said that a military plane could do that and a programmed guided-missile certainly could.

CHAPTER 11

What happened to Flight 93?

History is a set of lies agreed upon – Napoleon Bonaparte

The Pentagon attack has received far less public attention than those involving the World Trade Center and that's even more the case with United Airlines Flight 93 which is claimed to have crashed about 80 miles east of Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania.

Flight 93 pulled back from the gate at Newark International Airport, a half hour drive from New York, at 8.01am bound for San Francisco, but did not take off until 8.42. This was officially explained by early morning take-off congestion and the timing of what was planned for the flight was delayed by approximately 30 minutes on the scheduled lift-off. Flight 93 headed west over Pennsylvania and into northern Ohio. The crew received a text warning from Ed Ballinger, a United Airlines flight dispatcher, via the Aircraft Communication Addressing and Reporting System (ACARS). The message warned about possible cockpit intrusion and reported the two World Trade Center crashes. Jason M. Dahl, the 43-year-old captain on Flight 93, confirmed receipt of the message and this was the only one of the four planes that had prior warning of possible trouble because of its late departure. Surely after such an alert the cockpit door would have been secured immediately if it wasn't already? Flight 93 was hijacked around 9.28am according to the official story when the last contact was made between the cockpit and air traffic controllers. This was about 45 minutes into the flight and after two planes had crashed into the World Trade Center. At 9.29 a controller at Cleveland Center is said to have heard 'a radio transmission of unintelligible sounds of possible screaming or a struggle from an unknown origin ...' The controller asked: 'Somebody call Cleveland?' A second transmission is reported to have been heard with sounds of screaming and a voice shouting 'Mayday – get out of here, get out of here.' The controller asked other pilots on his frequency if they had heard the screaming and some said they had. Then came a third transmission at 9.32: 'Ladies and Gentlemen: Here the captain, please sit

down keep remaining seating. We have a bomb on board. So sit.' The controller at this point is said to have passed this information up the FAA command structure. Flight 93 would change course and head in the direction of Washington DC. At 9.36 Cleveland Center made an offer to the FAA Command Center to contact a nearby military base. The response was that FAA higher ups would have to make that decision and they were working on it. By this time two planes had struck the World Trade Center and fighter jets are said to have been despatched from Cape Cod to New York and from Langley, Virginia, but when Flight 93 showed obvious signs of being hijacked the FAA upper levels were only 'working on it' with regard to scrambling military jets? At 9.39 another transmission is said to have been heard from 'hijacker' pilot 'Ziad Jarrah', the 'Islamic extremist' who attended an evangelical Christian school and said he wouldn't mind marrying a non-Muslim. This is the same 'Jarrah' who was reported to have been questioned in Dubai and admitted spending the previous two months in Afghanistan while the real Jarrah was in that same period daily attending the flying school in Venice, Florida. At the time of his alleged Dubai interview he was at the bedside of his father at a hospital in Lebanon. 'Jarrah' is alleged to say on the cockpit tape:

> Ah, here's the captain; I would like to tell you all to remain seated. We have a bomb aboard and we are going back to the airport, and we have our demands. So, please remain quiet.

The plane's transponder signal disappeared at 9.41 and immediately afterwards Cleveland Center found out from TV coverage that 'Flight 77' had hit the Pentagon. The controller located the plane (whatever plane it was by then) on primary radar and the FAA Command Center reported that the aircraft was '29 minutes out of Washington, DC'. In the light of all this the following reported exchange is mind-blowing when the FAA Command Center at last suggested that FAA headquarters should make a decision about calling for a military response. The exchange took place at 9.46 – *eighteen minutes* after contact was lost with Flight 93 and after *three planes* by then were reported to have crashed into buildings in New York and Washington:

> **FAA Headquarters**: They're pulling Jeff away to go talk about United 93.
>
> **Command Center:** Uh, do we want to think about, uh, scrambling aircraft?
>
> **FAA Headquarters:** Uh, God, I don't know.
>
> **Command Center:** Uh, that's a decision somebody's gonna have to make

probably in the next 10 minutes.

FAA Headquarters: Uh, ya know everybody just left the room.

At 9.53, *25 minutes after contact was lost* and with all that had already happened, FAA headquarters told its Command Center that the deputy director for air traffic services was talking to deputy administrator Monte Belger about scrambling aircraft. *Talking about it??* The Command Center reported that contact with 'Flight 93' had been lost and was then told of a sighting by another aircraft which reported the plane to be 'waving his wings'. This is claimed to be the 'hijackers' trying to fend off an attempt by passengers to regain control of the cockpit. The government story says that the plane crashed in a field near Shanksville, Pennsylvania, 125 miles from Washington at 10.03. 'Black smoke' on the ground was reported by Air National Guard Lieutenant Colonel Steve O'Brien in his C-130 cargo plane that had been over Washington when the Pentagon was hit. The military liaison at Cleveland called the NORAD NEADS military response centre in Rome, New York State, at 10.07 to report the situation with Flight 93 which apparently neither were aware was already said to have crashed. In the entire period of 35 minutes between contact being lost and the alleged crash of Flight 93 did anyone at the FAA request military support after three iconic buildings had already been hit? Red flags are everywhere with lots of flashing red lights.

Little 'hijackers' and big passengers. WTF?

The official story is that passengers on Flight 93 attacked the hijackers and the plane crashed into a field at an estimated 575 miles an hour. What is hard to comprehend once again is that some seriously big guys could be herded to the back of the plane and guarded by one hijacker, as claimed in alleged phone calls from the aircraft. Mark Bingham was a rugby player who stood six-feet five; Jeremy Glick was a rugby player and judo champion; Todd Beamer was over six-foot and 200 pounds; and Lou Nacke was a 200-pound weightlifter with a 'Superman' tattoo on his shoulder. Then there was Daniel Lewin on Flight 11. He was a captain in the Israeli Defense Forces who served in an elite specialist counter-terrorism, hostage rescue and assassination unit who could bench-press 315 pounds and said he was 'trained to kill terrorists with a pen or a credit card' or just his bare hands. I'll have more about him later. Hijackers with 'small knives' would have had no chance if they had been challenged by these guys. A transmission heard from the Flight 93 cockpit is reported to have said 'Mayday' and 'Get out of here'. Shortly afterwards follow more demands to 'get out of here' and then grunting, screaming, scuffling and finally silence. How did they pull off

a hijack with such a weight disadvantage without guns? Alongside captain Jason Dahl was 26-year-old First Officer LeRoy W. Homer who was a former Air Force major and veteran of the 1991 Gulf War. Homer is credited with the 'get out of here' messages. How did hijackers get into the cockpit when the door had to be secured after the cockpit intrusion warning? One researcher spoke with Deena Burnett, wife of passenger Tom Burnett Jr, who said that her husband called her on a cell phone to tell her of the hijack. She said he told her the hijackers had said in English they were going to fly the plane into the ground. The media was twisting the story, she is claimed to have said, to make it look like they were trying to save people on the ground when they were trying to save themselves. My question is why hijackers would tell the passengers they were going to crash the plane when this would clearly trigger a response on the basis of 'what do we have to lose'? How does this fit with the official story that the passengers were told by the hijackers that they had a bomb on board and were flying the plane back to the airport? It makes no sense.

In April, 2002, after months of stalling by the FBI, the families of passengers on Flight 93 were allowed to hear the cockpit voice recording (or what was claimed to be the recording, you can seriously take nothing for granted with these agencies). Tom Burnett, father of Tom Burnett Jr, said the tape was difficult to follow: 'A lot was unintelligible, and a lot of it we couldn't follow very easily, so I don't think it gives us resolution.' He felt however that he had 'learned something, another piece of the puzzle'. What is alleged to be on the Cockpit Voice Recorder was played to the jury in the trial of '20th hijacker' Zacarias Moussaoui in 2006. A lot is indeed unintelligible, but it includes the following: Voices claimed to be the pilots saying they don't want to die; what is claimed to be passengers trying to get in through the cockpit door (how did the hijackers manage it?); and many 'Allah is the greatest' shouts as the plane is said to have been purposely crashed into the field. The tape ends a minute before the alleged impact time of 10.03 although seismic data indicates that impact was at 10.06. This is important because that would mean up to four minutes of the tape were missing at the end. The official crash time puzzled Terry Wallace, a leading expert on the seismology of non-natural events at the Southern Arizona Seismic Observatory. He said: 'The seismic signals are consistent with impact at 10.06am and five seconds plus or minus two seconds. I don't know where the 10.03 time comes from.' The *New York Observer* reported how some relatives questioned why when an apparent struggle was in full swing voices stop and only engine noise is heard after that. Something is being hidden and could it be that the plane was shot down by the Air Force? Could it be that the whole tape is fraudulent?

So what really happened?

Pilots for 9/11 Truth examined the alleged Flight Data Recorder information released by the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) which included a route animation based on the data. The pilots found many discrepancies including the plane lurching around at one point while the *autopilot was on* at a time when the 'struggle' was allegedly taking place. The pilot of another plane had reported that Flight 93 was 'waving his wings' minutes before the reported crash. At one point the autopilot is switched off and the plane descends and when it is restored a few minutes later the plane's descent continues instead of returning to normal altitude. Pilots for 9/11 Truth say that a banking turn at low speed and high altitude should have threatened something called 'stall spin'. This is when the angle of a plane in relation to speed causes one wing to lose lift and pulls the aircraft into a spin which is fatal if not immediately corrected. The Pilots for 9/11 Truth voiceover for its Flight 93 video says:

> Above 40,000 feet at 200 knots in a bank and the aircraft is still flying. No stall spin, the autopilot remains on – wow!

The 'Flight 93' animation eventually has the autopilot switched off and the plane spinning and inverting to the ground. Witnesses describe the altitude of the aircraft very differently to that shown in the alleged flight data record. Two spoke of seeing the plane at an estimated 100 to 200 feet and 500 feet at a time when the height on the cockpit display in the NTSB animation shows the plane to be at nearly 10,000 feet. This enormous difference eliminates simply witness error. There are also differences in the plane's direction. We then have the extraordinary lack of plane debris in and around the small hole where the plane is supposed to have hit the ground while wreckage was found miles away (Fig 56). A 757 is some 155ft long with two engines each weighing more than six tons and even crash experts were bewildered at the lack of wreckage. *Time* magazine for the week of 9/11 reported that the 'largest pieces of the plane still extant are barely bigger than a telephone book'. No witnesses reported seeing any bodies or blood at the 'crash site'. Similar crashes have produced far more wreckage and much bigger pieces. Pennsylvania State

Figure 56: The alleged impact crater of 'Flight 93'.

Police officer Lyle Szupinka said in a repeat of what witnesses said at the Pentagon:

> If you were to go down there, you wouldn't know that was a plane crash. You would look around and say, 'I wonder what happened here?' The first impression looking around you wouldn't say, 'Oh, looks like a plane crash'. The debris is very, very small. The best I can describe it is if you've ever been to a commercial landfill. When it's covered and you have papers flying around. You have papers blowing around and bits and pieces of shredded metal. That's probably about the best way to describe that scene itself.

Wallace Miller, coroner of Somerset County in Pennsylvania, is quoted by author David McCall in his book, *From Tragedy to Triumph*, as saying:

> I got to the actual crash site and could not believe what I saw. ... Usually you see much debris, wreckage, and much noise and commotion. This crash was different. There was no wreckage, no bodies, and no noise. ... It appeared as though there were no passengers or crew on this plane.

Miller told the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* that it was 'as if the plane had stopped and let the passengers off before it crashed' and he remarked to CNN:

> It was a really very unusual site. You almost would've thought the passengers had been dropped off somewhere ... Even by the standard model of an airplane crash, there was very little, even by those standards.

Miller said the crater looked like someone had taken a scrap truck, dug a ten-foot ditch and dropped all the trash in it. He is quoted in Jere Longman's book, *Among the Heroes*, describing how he walked around the scene with assistant volunteer fire chief Rick King for an hour and found almost no human remains: 'If you didn't know, you would have thought no one was on the plane.' Miller told the *Pittsburgh Tribune-Review*: 'This is the most eerie thing. I have not, to this day, seen a single drop of blood. Not a drop.' The authorities claimed that somehow they found hundreds of pounds of human remains at this site. *Where?* Wallace Miller would later seek to retract – I understand why – claiming he was misquoted. What all those times? Come off it, mate. Anyway, many other witnesses said the same including these:

- The only thing you could see was a big gouge in the earth, and some broken trees ... There was nothing that you could distinguish that a plane crashed there ... nothing going on down there, no smoke, no fire ... you couldn't see anything, you could see dirt, ash, and people walking

around – [the hole] from my estimate it was 20 to 15 feet long ... 10 feet wide – Fox News photographer.

- I left work to locate the crash site [along with a colleague] but when we arrived almost nothing was recognizable. The only thing we saw that was even remotely human was half a shoe that was probably ten feet from the impact area – Jeff Phillips, who worked at Stoystown Auto Wreckers.

- We were so early that they hadn't had a chance to set up a barrier for the press ... I was able to get right up to the edge of the crater ... All I saw was a crater filled with small, charred plane parts. ... There were no suitcases, no recognizable plane parts, no body parts – Jon Meyer, reporter with WJAC-TV.

- Several trees were burned badly and there were papers everywhere. We searched ... I was told that there were 224 passengers, but later found out that there were actually 40. I was stunned. There was nothing there – Faye Hahn, an Emergency Medical Technician who responded to the first reports of the crash.

Yet within two weeks of the crash the FBI reported that around 95 percent of the plane had somehow been recovered and a pristine, crash-proof, fire-proof hijacker passport and red bandana or headband that 'hijackers' were claimed to be wearing by a 'caller from the plane'. Milt Bearden, a former CIA agent who trained the US-backed Mujahideen in Afghanistan, pointed out that 'al-Qaeda' were a Sunni Muslim operation and that red headbands were 'a uniquely Shia Muslim adornment which dated back to the formation of the Shia sect'. Real Sunni followers, especially alleged fanatics, would never make that error, he said. Other incriminating evidence supporting the official story was 'found' at the site and personal belongings from passengers were returned to loved ones in undamaged condition. One family member said of a returned wallet: 'It was practically intact. It just looked like it wasn't damaged or hadn't been through much at all, which is so bizarre and ironic.' There are many questions about how a remarkable range of personal items from passengers, crew and hijackers appeared at the 'crash site' where no wreckage or personal items were seen before the area was cordoned off from public and media view. These included 'hijacker' ID cards, a five-page document about conducting the hijacking, red bandanas and many knives or parts of knives. Some of them were labelled 'Hollywood Props Department' I would wager. Numerous paper documents were recovered that would have been in the possession of passengers, but no bodies were independently seen. Planting wreckage and evidence was

part of the planned fake plane crash scenario with Operation Northwoods:

> At precisely the same time that the aircraft was presumably shot down a submarine or small surface craft would disburse F-101 parts, parachute, etc., at approximately 15 to 20 miles off the Cuban coast and depart. The pilots returning to Homestead would have a true story as far as they knew. Search ships and aircraft could be dispatched and parts of aircraft found.

Protecting the lie

The removal of all this alleged wreckage and human remains at the 'Flight 93' crater was done in the strictest secrecy. A double ring of security sealed off several miles around the crash site while the 'removal' was taking place with police on horseback and in helicopters ensuring that no one got anywhere close. Police said 600 troopers were deployed with check-points on all roads leading to the crater. No photographs have been released of wreckage recovery. Paul Falavolito, a Pittsburgh paramedic, described the level of security:

> Upon arrival at the site, we are greeted by a barrier of state police cars on a rural road in this town ... At the checkpoint, we show our IDs and are allowed through. For the next two miles, I cannot believe my eyes. Down this country road, police cars and troopers are everywhere. Horseback troopers are patrolling the area. Hundreds of American flags line the road on both sides, checkpoints are everywhere. I can hear someone talking on a loudspeaker, his voice echoing in the hills. This is a scary feeling; I feel like I am in another country.

The recovered parts from Flight 93 were said to have been returned to the airline when this appears not to be the case. A film report by *Komo News* was given access to the beyond top-secret underground storage facility called Iron Mountain which is 220 feet below the surface at Boyers, Pennsylvania, an hour's drive from Pittsburgh. During the report it was stated that the 'charred evidence' from Flight 93 was 'heavily guarded in one of the underground vaults' at Iron Mountain which was described as 'one of the most protected places on earth'. So – just the place to protect evidence that would scupper the story of Flight 93. There are many other questions besides the lack of plane wreckage at the reported impact site. Footage of vertical crashes like the one claimed to have happened with Flight 93 produce plumes of thick black smoke caused by jet fuel. Smoke in a picture taken immediately after 'impact' shows only light grey smoke. Why wasn't the grass next to the small crater even burnt and the same with most surrounding trees? An aircraft 155 feet long, 125 feet wide with a maximum take-off weight of 220,000

pounds simply disappeared into a hole 20 to 15 feet long and ten feet wide. A Boeing 737-300 hit the ground nose-first into soft ground in 2005 after plunging 34,000 feet and still a large part of the tail-section was clearly visible (Fig 57). Deceased passengers and luggage could also be seen. This leads us to another question: Where was the thousands of gallons of jet fuel in and around the crater? Witnesses said there was no smell of jet fuel (as with the Pentagon) only 'burned earth'. Three ground wells and between 5,000 and 6,000 cubic yards of soil at the site were tested by the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) and no contamination was found. The impact crater itself is at odds with the NTSB alleged Flight Data Recorder which does not depict vertical contact with the ground (as the crater would indicate) but an angled one that would produce a very different length and shape of crater.

Figure 57: The tail is clearly visible after Helios Airways Flight 522 dived nose-first into a Greek mountain gorge in 2005 and there was other obvious evidence of a plane crash – unlike the 'impact point' of Flight 93. Greek fighter jets were scrambled to check out and track the plane when contact was lost with air traffic control – unlike 9/11.

Flight 93 shot down?

President Bush did not give the order to intercept and shoot down any commercial airliner on 9/11 until after the Pentagon had been hit – the constantly recurring point before which any action was taken to influence events. Bush had the best part of an hour to give this order to protect Washington and the Pentagon after 'Flight 11' crashed and almost 35 minutes after the crash of Flight 175. By the time he did officially give the order Flight 93 was only the one of the four in the air when the military were given permission to shoot-to-kill. The order was confirmed by Vice President Dick Cheney who told the *Meet the Press* programme:

> I wholeheartedly concurred in the decision he made, that if the plane would not divert, if they wouldn't pay any attention to instructions to move away from the city, as a last resort our pilots were authorized to take them out.

Had the Air Force shot down Flight 93 a majority of people would have accepted there was no other choice given what had happened. Instead the authorities are insistent this did not happen. NORAD told me in

2002 that F-16s that were said to have been scrambled from Langley to Washington were redirected to check out Flight 93. When the plane crashed near Shanksville they were still eleven minutes or 100 miles from making contact. Shucks, missed again – the story of the day. But is that true? Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz said the Pentagon had been tracking Flight 93 and could have shot it down if necessary and Secretary Rumsfeld seemed to let slip that it was. He said in a speech to troops in Iraq in 2004:

> And I think all of us have a sense if we imagine the kind of world we would face if the people who bombed the mess hall in Mosul, or the people who did the bombing in Spain, or the people who attacked the United States in New York, shot down the plane over Pennsylvania and attacked the Pentagon.

Rumsfeld later claimed he 'misspoke'. But did he? Eyewitness reports near the alleged scene of the crash confirm that Flight 93 was being tracked and they seriously contradict the NORAD claim that the nearest military jet was 100 miles away at the time. The location of wreckage and eyewitness reports put in question the claim that the plane came down in one piece. How could a section of fuselage the size of a dining room table be recovered miles from the crash site? How could a half-ton piece of engine (one ton in some reports) be recovered from more than a mile away? The FBI apparently said it 'bounced'. The *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* reported:

> Residents and workers at businesses outside Shanksville, Somerset County, reported discovering clothing, books, papers, and what appear to be human remains. Some residents said they collected bags-full of items to be turned over to investigators. Others reported what appeared to be crash debris floating in Indian Lake, nearly six miles from the crash site.

Indian Lake is nearer than that as the crow flies but still some miles away and debris was reported even further away. CNN reported on September 13th:

> A second debris field was around Indian Lake about 3 miles from the crash scene. Some debris was in the lake and some was adjacent to the lake. More debris from the plane was found in New Baltimore, some 8 miles away from the crash. State police and the FBI initially said they didn't want to speculate whether the debris was from the crash, or if the plane could have broken up in mid-air.

I have seen a plane crash documentary in which an aircraft dived into a field and left a small crater with no discernible parts and paper and

other debris travelled a considerable distance on the wind. However, the plane was far smaller and hit the ground vertically at 5,000 times the force of gravity and beyond the speed of sound when an airline employee shot the pilots and purposely made the plane dive vertically at full speed. Flight 93 was a much bigger aircraft and according to the official flight data animation and witness accounts the plane did not hit the ground vertically or anywhere close to the speed of sound. There was virtually no wind at the time of the crash yet the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* reported that the plane left a trail of debris five miles long and some witnesses described seeing a 'cloud of confetti' falling from the sky after hearing an explosion. Reuters reported Pennsylvania state police as saying that debris from the plane had been found up to eight miles away in a residential community 'where local media have quoted residents as speaking of a second plane in the area and burning debris falling from the sky'. These reports were ignored by the 9/11 Commission and no witnesses were invited to testify because they do not fit the official narrative. Numerous eye-witnesses reported hearing loud bangs or thuds followed by Flight 93 in the words of one dropping 'like a stone'. Even CNN noted the discrepancies when correspondent Brian Cabell reported from the scene in Pennsylvania on September 13th:

> ... in the last hour or so, the FBI and the state police here have confirmed that they have cordoned off a second area about six to eight miles away from the crater here where [the] plane went down. This is apparently another debris site, which raises a number of questions.
>
> Why would debris from the plane – and they identified it specifically as being from this plane – why would debris be located six miles away? Could it have blown that far away? It seems highly unlikely. Almost all the debris found at this site is within 100 yards, 200 yards, so it raises some questions.

Yes – questions which were subsequently never asked and never investigated. *ABC News* reported that an eyewitness called Linda Shepley had told television station KDKA in Pittsburgh that she 'heard a loud bang and saw the plane bank to the side before crashing'. Other witnesses said they heard up to three loud booms before the jetliner went down. Danny Butler wrote in the *Herald Sun*: 'Witnesses reported eerie sounds from the aircraft as it fell. Some people heard an explosion, and others heard sputtering.' A local Pennsylvania newspaper, the *Daily American*, reported the experience of another witness:

> Laura Temyer of Hooversville RD1 was hanging her clothes outside to dry before she went to work Tuesday morning when she heard what she thought was an airplane. 'Normally I wouldn't look up, but I just heard on the news

> that all the planes were grounded and thought this was probably the last one I would see for a while, so I looked up,' she said. 'I didn't see the plane but I heard the plane's engine. Then I heard a loud thump that echoed off the hills and then I heard the plane's engine. I heard two more loud thumps and didn't hear the plane's engine anymore after that.

The Pentagon told *The New York Times* that Flight 93 was being followed by a fighter jet with an order from President Bush to shoot down the plane if necessary. The *Telegraph* newspaper in Nashua and Southern New Hampshire quoted a 'Federal Aviation Administration employee who works in the Nashua control facility'. He is reported to have said that air traffic controllers there had learned through discussions with other controllers that an F-16 fighter stayed in hot pursuit of Flight 93 until it crashed. They had learned that the F-16 made 360-degree turns to remain close to the plane, the employee said. 'He must've seen the whole thing.' First media reports (often the most accurate before the lid goes on) said the plane had been shot down and *USA Today* reported how local residents said they had seen a second plane in the area. '[FBI Agent] Crowley said investigators had determined that two other planes were nearby but didn't know if either was military,' said the paper.

The mystery 'white jet'

Another aspect of the Flight 93 story that has conveniently been forgotten and ignored is the small white jet seen by many residents at the time of the crash. *The Record* newspaper in Bergen County, New Jersey, quoted five people in its edition of September 14th who live and work less than four miles from the crash site and in the end at least twelve people reported seeing the jet. Susan Custer said she saw a small white jet streaking overhead and then 'heard the boom and saw the mushroom cloud'. Robin Doppstadt was working inside her family food-and-supply store when she heard the crash and when she went outside she saw a small white jet that 'looked like it was making a single circle over the crash site'. She said it climbed very quickly and took off. 'It's the damndest darn thing,' said farmer Dale Browning. 'Everybody's seen this thing in the sky, but no one can tell us what it is.' Susan Mcelwain, a local teacher, said a small white jet with rear engines and no discernible markings swooped low over her minivan, almost clipped the tops of trees, and disappeared over a hilltop. Within a minute, she said, the ground shook and a white plume of smoke appeared over the ridge. 'It was so close to me I ducked,' Mcelwain recalled, 'I heard it ['Flight 93'] hit and saw the smoke. All I could think of was how close I came to dying.' Dennis Decker and Rick Chaney said they heard an explosion and ran outside to see a large mushroom cloud spreading over the ridge.

'As soon as we looked up, we saw a mid-sized jet flying low and fast,' Decker said. 'It appeared to make a loop or part of a circle, and then it turned fast and headed out.' They said the plane was something like a Learjet and was white with no markings that they could see. 'If you were here to see it, you'd have no doubt,' Decker said. 'It was a jet plane, and it had to be flying real close when that 757 went down – if I was the FBI, I'd find out who was driving that plane.' The FBI did not appear interested in doing that which will surprise no one. The FBI said it did not rule out a second plane and then did exactly that. An official at the Cleveland Air Traffic Control Center in Oberlin, Ohio, which tracked Flight 93, said 'no comment' when asked if there was any record of a second plane over the crash site. 'That's something that the FBI is working on and I cannot talk about,' said Richard Kettel, head of tower operations at the Cleveland Center. Small white jets like the one described are used by the US military. 9/11 investigator Christopher Bollyn travelled to the Shanksville area and found 'scores of eyewitnesses' whose story has not been told. What they said was seriously at odds with the official explanation. They describe seeing military aircraft in the area at the time. Resident Viola Saylor said she saw a low-flying 'very quiet' white 'military' plane flying over the crash site after the explosion and two other planes following behind. She was shown a picture of a low-flying combat aircraft called a Fairchild A-10 Thunderbolt II – known as a 'Warthog' – and she agreed that this was like the plane she saw (Fig 58). Witness Susan Mcelwain had described the Warthog perfectly:

Figure 58: The US Air Force 'Warthog' which witnesses said was like the 'white jet' they saw with 'Flight 93'.

> It was white with no markings but it was definitely military, it just had that look. It had two rear engines, a big fin on the back like a spoiler on the back of a car and with two upright fins at the side. I haven't found one like it on the Internet. It definitely wasn't one of those executive jets.

Other witnesses identified the same picture which fitted the descriptions they gave before they saw the picture. They described its two rear engines and distinctive cockpit and nose. A website specialising in the investigation of Flight 93 in the months after 9/11 summarised the situation very well:

> At this point, if a new story comes out – even if it comes with a recording – that shows heroes in the cockpit, I think we all have a right to be skeptical of its accuracy. I have a digital audio studio at home. I, and anyone else familiar with audio these days, can tell you anything can be created. No matter what information is released in the future, skeptics of the hero story have been given all the ammo they need by the FBI to remain skeptical forever. That ammo is silence, time and the failure to discuss witnessed events like the mystery white jet at tree top level before the crash, the wide debris field, the detached engine, the explosions heard by so many and the data recorders.

FBI witness tyranny

Witnesses to what happened in Pennsylvania were soon going quiet after visits from the FBI which controlled all evidence and witnesses and eventually hid the debris away at Iron Mountain while taking over the investigation from designated crash investigators at the National Transportation Safety Board. Those who had recounted stories which did not match the official narrative were told by FBI agents there were no other planes when there clearly were. If they still stuck with their stories they were warned to shut up and not talk about what they saw. This is a common theme running through all aspects of 9/11 as we have seen in Venice, at the Pentagon, the World Trade Center, here with Flight 93 and every facet of what happened. If the FBI and other government agencies really wanted the truth they would have encouraged everyone to share their experiences, but the aim was always to suppress the truth and not seek it out. Researcher and investigator Christopher Bollyn visited the Shanksville area many times in search of what really happened and produced some alarming – if predictable – evidence of outrageous FBI skulduggery. He said the 'crash crater' was on an already-scarred reclaimed mine and suggests the 'crater' could have been caused by a missile to divert attention from where he says the bulk of the plane – or *a* plane – did come down. Bollyn said he discovered that the real impact point was some 100 metres away deep in the woods near the cottage of local resident Barry Hoover with debris scattered over a wide area among the trees. Hoover's cottage was seriously damaged by shockwaves from the crash as described in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*:

> Obviously, I was upset when I saw my house. Who wouldn't be?' said Hoover, 34, whose home off Lambertsville Road is believed to be the local structure most seriously damaged by the crash. 'But you know, it's a house and there's nothing there that can't be replaced. The people who died can't be replaced.'

> ... Wreckage was still burning and emergency workers were still speeding to the scene when Hoover neared his house. While it was still standing, every window and door had been blown off and obliterated, its ceilings and floor tiles had been blasted loose and much of the interior was wrecked. 'It looked like what you see after a tornado or hurricane goes through -- a total ruin,' he said.

Bollyn said he spoke with Barry Hoover's father, Lutheran minister, Reverend Larry Hoover, who lived nearby, and the minister described how luggage had been found around his house (300 metres from the crater) and body parts around his son's cottage. Bollyn asked why he had stayed so quiet about what he knew and he replied: 'We tried to cooperate.' He and his son had been asked by the FBI not to say anything while the clean-up was launched in the woods and the world focussed on the crater devoid of credible plane wreckage, Bollyn writes. Jim Svonavec owned the reclaimed mine, worked at the crash site and provided excavation equipment. Bollyn said Svonavec told him in 2004 that an engine from the plane was recovered 'at least 1,800 feet into the woods' and this was done solely by the FBI using his equipment. This background would provide answers to the questions Bollyn poses about the actions of the local coroner:

> Why was Wally Miller, the Somerset County Coroner, forced to turn over the 'crash' site to the FBI? Why did he abdicate his responsibility for the site and the recovery of the bodies, his obligation under state law? Why was he not even allowed to be involved in the identification of the remains of the passengers of Flight 93, whose death certificates he duly signed?

Bollyn said that he met with Wallace 'Wally' Miller to find out what happened. Miller was prompted by workers painting his porch who said: 'Tell him what the FBI told you.' Bollyn writes that the FBI asked Miller if he was going to be a 'team player' or words to that effect and allow them to have control of the crash scene. Miller agreed and the FBI closed off the whole area of hundreds of metres into the woods around the properties of the Hoovers. Even Jim Svonavec who provided excavation and other equipment was not allowed into the FBI area and neither were those who owned properties there like the Hoovers. Coroner Wallace Miller who should have been overseeing recovery of bodies under Pennsylvania law was located six miles away. Then came the announcement by the Pentagon in 2012 that remains of some of the victims – *some?* – from Flight 93 and the Pentagon had been incinerated, mixed with medical waste and dumped in a landfill site. The report was published after a commission, chaired by retired General John Abizaid, investigated allegations of 'improper' (disgusting) actions at Dover Air

Force Base mortuary in Delaware with regard to the remains of American soldiers killed in Iraq and Afghanistan. The 86-page report said:

> Prior to 2008, portions of remains that could neither be tested nor identified ...were cremated under contract at a civilian crematory and returned to DPM [Dover Port Mortuary]. This policy began shortly after September 11, 2001, when several portions of remains from the Pentagon attack and the Shanksville, Pennsylvania, crash site could not be tested or identified.
>
> These cremated portions were then placed in sealed containers that were provided to a biomedical waste disposal contractor. Per the biomedical waste contract at that time, the contractor then transported these containers and incinerated them. The assumption on the part of DPM was that after final incineration nothing remained. A DPM management query found that there was some residual material following incineration and that the contractor was disposing of it in a landfill. The landfill disposition was not disclosed in the contractual disposal agreement.

The policy began immediately after September 11th, 2001. Well, you do surprise me. Bollyn said he read that FBI agents were working at the Dover AFB mortuary 'identifying' human remains. He said he called Coroner Miller in early 2006 and 'asked him about the ethics of his having signed death certificates for bodies that had been identified by others at Dover AFB'. Bollyn said Miller 'got angry at me for having asked this direct question, but he cannot say that he has not heard that such things could have occurred'. He describes Miller as a 'nice fellow' who thinks everybody plays by the rules. But they don't – especially the FBI. All this happened on the watch of FBI chief Robert Mueller and his bosses John Ashcroft and Michael Chertoff at the [In]Justice Department. Chertoff's ears will be seriously burning later in the book.

CHAPTER 12

'Hijackers' and 'phone calls'

Don't believe everything you hear: Real eyes, Realize, Real lies
– Tupac Shakur

There is something very strange about the whole 'hijackers took over the aircraft' story. It might sound feasible to most people at first hearing and those who research or question no further. When you dig deeper there are many questions about whether there were any 'hijackers' on any of the 9/11 flights.

Some of the names listed were those of people who turned up still alive and the FBI has changed names that it originally said were involved. There were no security cameras in the departure lounge at Boston Logan Airport so we can't see the 'hijackers' boarding Flights 11 and 175 and there were reported to be no cameras at departure gates at Newark and Washington Dulles although officials would not confirm this to me when I asked soon after the attacks. There were cameras elsewhere in and around the airports that *must* have recorded the 'hijackers' on video as they passed through. We have not been allowed to see any of that except for what is *claimed* to be the hijackers of Flight 77 passing through security at Washington Dulles. This was not released through a Freedom of Information request until 2004 at the time the official 9/11 Commission 'report' was made public. If they could release this recording then why not the footage from other cameras and why wasn't this footage made public much earlier as a matter of course? The 9/11 Commission Final Report says that in the case of Flight 93 there is 'no documentary evidence' to indicate when the hijackers passed though security checkpoints or what alarms were triggered or security procedures involved. While Boston may not have had cameras in the departure lounge are they saying they had none anywhere on the 'hijackers" journey to and through the airport? Exactly the same theme can be found with the video footage of Timothy McVeigh and 'friend' in Oklahoma. One thing is certain: if the video footage in and around those airports showed the hijackers arriving in their cars, checking in, going through security and boarding the planes it would have been blasted on

every television station in the world ASAP after the attacks. They didn't have any problem releasing the footage of 'Atta' and 'Al-Omari' rushing to catch the flight from Portland, Maine, that morning or the shots of 'Al-Omari' getting cash the previous night from an ATM Machine or the footage from Dulles *eventually*. Why are they so shy about video recordings that would confirm their story if they were telling the truth?

Video 'proof'?

Let us examine the 'Dulles security footage'. There were 300 security cameras at Dulles at that time, according to David Brent, a technical information engineer for IT systems in a 2011 article at Securityinfowatch.com headed 'The CSI Effect: How TV is changing video surveillance'. He said:

> In 2001, I worked for a manufacturer that at the time had its CCTV system in the Washington Dulles International Airport and the Pentagon. After the 9/11 attacks, I was part of a team that had the laborious task of reviewing all the video from the airport with several federal agents looking over our shoulders. Did you notice I said all the video? That's every frame from over 300 cameras with 30 days of retention time. The task took three weeks of 15-hour days.

There were some 300 cameras around Washington Dulles and we saw alleged footage from *one* and that came *three years* after the attacks with nothing from other 9/11 airports. It took a law firm Freedom of Information request to secure the tapes which were released the day before the report by the 9/11 Commission. If the authorities want to clear up doubts and speculation why wasn't this made public years earlier? The Dulles footage did not carry a time-code or identification number which is simply not credible for a security video (Fig 59). The camera features a wide shot – not a close-up – of people walking through security. Remember how the security footage at Portland, Maine, of 'Atta' and 'Al-Omari' had two time-codes – one at the bottom showing how late they were as they rushed for the commuter flight to Boston and one ridiculously smack in the middle that gave an earlier time? The media overwhelmingly cropped the picture so only the middle code was visible. In the case of the Dulles footage the date, time and

Figure 59: Dulles airport security footage.

camera number is missing altogether which is not normal procedure for a security camera. The cameras did not employ the airport security time-lapse technique to save space with data storage. The don't-question-the-official-story 9/11 Commission Report claims that two of the men, including next-to-useless small plane pilot Hanjour, travelled in first class on a flight of very few people. So why did Brenda Brown who handled first class check-in that day say in her interview with the FBI that she didn't remember any Arab males. This was on what she called 'a light travel day' when she remembered other passengers. No authenticated passenger lists (legal documents) including 'hijacker' names have ever been released and nor have authenticated boarding pass stubs. Some have claimed that shadows on the Dulles footage could not have been generated in the early morning when the video had to have been shot, but much closer to noon. Then there is the experience of Dulles security manager Ed Nelson when the FBI, FAA and other agencies descended on the airport after 'Flight 77'was said to have struck the Pentagon. He said he thought their behaviour was not 'adding up' when they appeared to be more interested in pressuring security screeners to admit violating procedures than the 'hijackers' themselves. 'It was as if they were working off a script', Nelson said. FBI agents later confirmed that the orders were coming from FBI headquarters via local Washington-area FBI field offices and the Joint Task Force on Terrorism. Nelson was also bemused at how FBI operatives could immediately pick out the relevant security tape:

> They pulled the tape right away ... They brought me to look at it. They went right to the first hijacker on the tape and identified him. They knew who the hijackers were out of hundreds of people going through the checkpoints. They would go 'roll and stop it' and showed me each of the hijackers ... It boggles my mind that they had already had the hijackers identified ... Both metal detectors were open at that time, and lots of traffic was moving through. So picking people out is hard ... I wanted to know how they had that kind of information. So fast. It didn't make sense to me.

How come the 9/11 Commission claimed that ten of the 19 'hijackers' were picked out for additional security checks by the automated passenger screening system known as CAPPS when no security staff had testified to seeing them? The Commission reported that in relation to Boston Logan Flights 11 and 175 none of the security checkpoint supervisors 'recalled the hijackers or reported anything suspicious regarding their screening'. Security at Washington Dulles (Flight 77) did not recall that any of those they screened were selected by CAPPS and security staff screening passengers for Flight 93 at Newark, New Jersey, remembered nothing suspicious. Then how come the FBI reported

collecting '14 knives or portions of knives at the Flight 93 crash site'? Oops, the alarm's gone off – wow 14 knives. Never mind, have a good flight gentlemen, nothing suspicious here. Why were airline staff who would have seen the 'hijackers' board and checked their boarding passes not allowed to speak publicly to confirm what happened? I was knocked back by American Airlines after 9/11when I asked to speak with check-in and boarding staff on duty that morning and this has been the experience of other researchers ever since from what I can see. Why did the official 9/11 Commission not include testimony from these people? Why did a letter from American Airlines lawyers to the 9/11 Commission in 2004 list most of those who worked at the check-in desks in Boston and Washington Dulles while redacting the names of staff at the departure gates? Researchers did discover two FBI interview forms – known as 302s – released in 2009 and involving American Airlines employees Liset Frometa (conducted on September 11th, 2001) and Maria Jackson (conducted on September 22nd) who testified to working at Boston Logan Gate 32 on Flight 11. Also included was an interview with another unnamed female member of staff who said she was involved with boarding Flight 11. None of them remembered the alleged 'hijackers' and when Jackson was shown a 'photo spread of subjects' she did not recognise any of them. Jackson is quoted in the FBI form as describing how she 'took the tickets ... from AA flight attendant Karen Martin and brought them to the ticket lift and deposited them in the safe.' *So why have we never seen them?*

Death certificates were issued for everyone claimed to have been on the four flights, but not the alleged hijackers. An offer from the family of one of the men named to help with DNA identification was refused and it's clear from numerous witnesses that the FBI had DNA samples of the people they named from a series of locations including homes, hotel rooms and cars where hair and other DNA sources were gathered and taken away. The FBI has confirmed this and none of the material appears to have been used to identify the 'hijackers'. Chris Kelly, a spokesman for the Armed Services Institute of Pathology which claimed to have identified those killed at the Pentagon and in Pennsylvania, said: 'The remains that didn't match any of the [innocent passenger] samples were ruled ... to be terrorists.' Oh, scientific and thorough then. Somerset County judge Kim R. Gibson approved the issuing of death certificates in October, 2001, for passengers on Flight 93 but not for alleged 'hijackers' because the FBI was *not sure of their identities.* The Armed Services Institute of Pathology claimed in 2003 to have identified 58 passengers on Flight 77. The list was released under a Freedom of Information Act request and ... contained no Arabic names. Amazing how you can identify people from DNA after a crash apparently so fantastic that a Cockpit Voice Recorder specifically designed to survive

such impact and heat was reported to have been destroyed. If they are so certain who was responsible then why did FBI Director Robert Mueller say that a case against the 19 would not stand up in court? Mueller said that not a single piece of paper had been uncovered in America or Afghanistan which mentioned any aspect of the September 11th plot. The FBI confiscated all the video footage relating to 9/11 within hours and what they have allowed us to see is clearly manipulated crap. Where is *any* credible video evidence to confirm the official story of 9/11 in locations like the Pentagon and airports awash with cameras? The fact is that all this time later we still have no proof or independent confirmation that the men named by the FBI actually *boarded* the crashed planes and nor that the planes were the ones that left the airports.

The phone calls

Many phone calls were said to have been made by passengers (most from Flight 93) describing their plight as it was happening. Faced with the constant stream of lies we have been fed about 9/11 and clear and obvious attempts by the FBI to cover up the truth we need to question everything to see if it stands up to scrutiny. This is especially important with reported telephone calls from the aircraft because what is claimed to have been communicated provided the *whole foundation* for the official story of 9/11. Pretty much the only information about what is claimed to have happened on the aircraft came from calls said to have been made by cabin attendants and passengers. From these we get the story of men with 'Middle Eastern appearance' hijacking the planes with small knives and box-cutters and taking over the controls with the pilots forced out of the cockpit to the back of the plane etc. From the same source came the whole 'Let's roll' narrative about an attempt by passengers to retake control of Flight 93. Given their importance to 9/11 official history it is equally important that we ask legitimate questions about them. Long-time 9/11 researcher David Ray Griffin points out in his excellent *9/11 Ten Years Later* that there are many anomalies, contradictions and impossibilities with the phone calls and obvious untruths. Griffin rightly says that if only one of those calls can be shown to be faked then they were all faked because it proves a pre-planned effort to mislead. They are hardly going to fake only one with obvious foreknowledge and planning while all the other calls are genuine. Before I look at the calls themselves I come back to a recurring theme I want to emphasise – technology that we see in the public arena has been available to the military and intelligence agencies for a long time before. So much so, that if we can see it today 'They' almost certainly had it at the time of 9/11. One example is the GPS navigation positioning technology that military planes had in 2001 which commercial 9/11 aircraft did not and that was even publicly available knowledge. The technology to replicate

voices to make someone appear to say what they never did say is now phenomenal. I am not saying this was used on 9/11 – there are other ways to explain the calls – but it should be legitimately added to the mix of possibility. Voice replication or morphing technology takes the unique frequency of a person's voice and puts it through a process that allows someone else to speak while sounding exactly like the voice the technology is mimicking. This has reached the point where it is possible even to *write* the words and the technology will speak them in the voice of whoever you choose, as public demonstrations have shown. The same can be done with videos of people with their lips synched by artificial intelligence to appear to speak words in their own voice they never said. There are many YouTube presentations of this technology and if you have never come across it before you'll be amazed at how authentic it looks and sounds. We also know that the US military had voice-replication technology at the time of 9/11 because this has been revealed in government documents. I have written in other books about how advanced this was before 2001 thanks to technology developed at the deeply sinister Hidden Hand-controlled Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico. William Arkin, author of *The U.S. Military Online* and a specialist on national security, the Internet and information warfare, wrote an article for *The Washington Post* in 1999 about voice-morphing technology developed by scientist George Papcun. Arkin, a former army intelligence analyst, said:

> By taking just a 10-minute digital recording of [General Carl] Steiner's voice, scientist George Papcun is able, in near real time, to clone speech patterns and develop an accurate facsimile. Steiner was so impressed, he asked for a copy of the tape.

Steiner was hardly the first or last victim to be spoofed by Papcun's team members. To refine their method they took various high quality recordings of generals and experimented with creating fake statements including 9/11 Secretary of State Colin Powell. Arkin wrote that digital morphing – voice, video, and photo – had come of age and was available for use in psychological operations, or PSYOPS, to 'exploit human vulnerabilities in enemy governments, militaries and populations to pursue national and battlefield objectives'. What happened on 9/11 was a PSYOP on the world. It was also a coup on the United States by Hidden Hand personnel and how prophetic that Arkin should write this in *1999*:

> To some, PSYOPS is a backwater military discipline of leaflet dropping and radio propaganda. To a growing group of information war technologists, it is the nexus of fantasy and reality. Being able to manufacture convincing audio

or video, they say, might be the difference in a successful military operation or coup.

Daniel T. Kuehl, chairman of the Information Operations Department of the National Defense University in Washington, the military's school for information warfare, said: 'We already know that seeing isn't necessarily believing – now I guess hearing isn't either.' He added that 'once you can take any kind of information and reduce it into ones and zeros, you can do some pretty interesting things'. This is the kind of research and development funded and overseen by the truly evil Defence Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) located in a nondescript building in Arlington, Virginia. DARPA develops death-rays, created the Internet and seed-funded technology now known as 'personal assistants' which give the military-intelligence complex surveillance access to everyone who is asleep enough to have one. DARPA developed technology necessary to carry out the 9/11 military PSYOP including the ability to hijack aircraft computer systems from the ground. Another possibility I have seen suggested is that calls were made by the real people but after they had been landed at a military base in line with Operation Northwoods and they were basically reading a script believing they were playing a part in the wargame exercises. This would explain the strange calmness, lack of emotion and matter-of-factness that people described and the lack of aircraft noise that many mentioned. The point is we don't have to prove what happened in detail to expose the 9/11 conspiracy – only that what we are told happened could not have done.

Impossible phone calls

Many of the calls from the planes were said by media reports without any FBI contradiction to have been made by cell phones at high altitudes which simply wasn't possible in 2001. There is the obvious problem of being too high and cell phones have to connect with ground stations (it's called a 'handshake') and at the speeds the aircraft were travelling they would be rushing between ground station connections so fast the calls would be constantly cut as they were reassigned even if they could get through. Highly significantly after this was pointed out the FBI had changed its story by 2006 at the time of the trial of '20th hijacker' Zacarias Moussaoui and the Bureau said all the calls except two came from Airfones on the back of the aircraft seats. The two they still said were from cell phones were those made at much lower altitudes – around 5,000 feet – which were still dubious in terms of being possible at that time. If you are caught out – change the story. These remaining 'cell phone calls' by Flight 93 passenger Edward Felt and attendant CeeCee Lyles do not appear in phone records with either numbers or duration

despite what the 9/11 Commission report described as 'an exhaustive study ... of the cell phone records of each of the passengers who owned cell phones'. Experimental evidence from Canadian mathematician and scientist A. K. Dewdney in 2003 suggested that cell phones had a one-in-a-hundred chance of working at up to 20,000 feet in a poorly insulated one-engine plane. In better insulated two-engine aircraft none worked at 7,000 feet and in a far more insulated airliner the altitude would be significantly lower for cell phones to operate. Dewdney said that 'in large passenger jets, one loses contact during take-off, frequently before the plane reaches 1000 feet altitude'. Reported cell phone calls from 9/11 aircraft were impossible and American Airlines said they did not have on-board Airfones fitted on their 757s for use by either crew or passengers. AA spokesman Chad Kinder said:

> ... We do not have phones on our Boeing 757. The passengers on Flight 77 used their own personal cellular phones to make out calls during the terrorist attack.

Not according to the updated FBI report they didn't and not according to the laws of physics. American Airlines pilot Captain Ralph Kolstad who flew their 757s and 767s said he was 'absolutely certain' that Airfones had been disconnected on the 757 long before 9/11 and this is supported by the Boeing 757 Aircraft Maintenance Manual (757 AMM), dated January 28th, 2001, which says: 'The passenger telephone system was deactivated by [code-numbered order] ECO FO878.' There were other code-numbered orders to do this, ECO F1463 and F1532. By January, 2001, Airphones on American Airlines 757s were deactivated and that was the plane which flew as Flight 77. Cabin attendant Ginger Gainer said that Boeing 757s on international flights had stickers on the seatback phones to say they were not working. Several current and former flight attendants for American who flew domestic routes were asked about them and they all said the phones were either disabled or removed at the time of 9/11.

Olson calls did not happen

The official story about the calls of CNN contributor Barbara Olson on Flight 77 falls between both cell phone and Airfone narratives. She was the wife of Bush administration US Solicitor General Theodore Olson, better known as 'Ted'. He said that his wife had twice called him at his office from the plane and they had conversations lasting 'about one minute' and 'two or three minutes'. 'Olson' is the only source for hijackers having 'box-cutters' and she is said to have described how passengers and crew had been herded to the back of the plane which meant that a big burly weightlifter and boxer pilot had to have been

overpowered by small, slim and slight hijackers. *CBS News* reported that the manual for security screeners issued by airlines trade groups to comply with FAA regulations listed box-cutters as items not allowed to pass security checkpoints. Screeners were told to call supervisors if they found them. Without Barbara Olson's alleged calls there is no evidence that Flight 77 headed back to Washington and what she is claimed to have said set the theme for who was responsible for the attacks when the story was released within hours. Ted Olson said at first that his wife used her cell phone, but later he changed this to 'airplane phone' before changing again and later again. Well, cell phones were a no, no, and if what American Airlines said is true about 757s then so are Airfones on AA Flight 77. A 2006 FBI report for the Moussaoui trial said that Barbara Olson *didn't make any certifiable calls to her husband*. Or none that connected. The report said that one was attempted but was unconnected and lasted nil seconds. The get-out of jail card (but not really) for the official story is that there were five calls from the flight made by 'unknown callers' to 'unknown numbers' and four of them connected. It was claimed that these four calls were made by Olson. Well, Ted Olson said she made only two and if you can ascertain that 'Barbara Olson' made a call that was unconnected and lasted nil seconds then how come you can't track who the other four went from and to? It's just still more change-the-story-when-you-are-caught-out. Ted Olson said that his wife called him on call-collect because he said 'I guess she didn't have her purse'. Researchers have pointed out that even if the Airfones were working you needed a credit card to activate them and open a line. Once you had done this there would be no need to ask for call-collect because you were free to call who you liked. The bottom line is that according to American Airlines there were no activated Airfones on AA 757s and if she couldn't have called on an Airfone or a cell phone the calls could not have been made. This is why no telephone records from Ted Olson's Department of [In]Justice, Barbara Olson's cell phone or phone company logs have ever been made public.

The change of narrative by the FBI from cell phones to Airfones faces fundamental problems in the case of calls alleged to have been made by Tom Burnett, a passenger on United Airlines Flight 93, to his wife, Deena. She was very clear that when her phone rang her husband's cell phone number appeared. He could not have been calling from an Airfone, therefore, but the FBI had to claim that he did because his alleged cell phone calls came at a time when Flight 93's Flight Data Recorder shows it to be flying at between *34,300 and 40,700 feet*. Deena Burnett, a former Delta Airlines flight attendant, even said that when she saw her husband's caller ID on her phone she didn't understand how he could be calling from the air. Lorne Lyles, husband of Flight 93 attendant, CeeCee Lyles, said the same when he found a recorded

message left by her 'from the plane' on his phone. He said he saw the caller ID was her cell phone and thought 'Okay, wait a minute – how can she call me from the plane from a cell phone because cell phones don't work on a plane?' What Deena Burnett told the FBI in the immediate wake of the attacks was confirmed in the Bureau's own documents:

> Burnett was able to determine that her husband was using his own cellular telephone because the caller identification showed his number, 925 980-3360. Only one of the calls did not show on the caller identification as she was on the line with another call.

The FBI contradicted Deena Burnett's own experience and statement when in 2006 they said the calls came from a passenger seat Airfone on United Airlines Flight 93 because clearly by then the claim that a cell phone was involved at between 34,000 and 40,000 feet was known to be ridiculously untenable. This is not to suggest that Deena Burnett is not telling the truth, but that the FBI isn't. Deena saw her husband's caller ID on calls he could not have made on a cell phone from where he was supposed to have been. So who did make those calls? And where were they made from? Brian Sweeney, a passenger on Flight 175, is said to have left a cell phone message to his wife, Julie, on their home answerphone which said: 'Hi Jules, it's Brian. We've been hijacked and it doesn't look too good.' Flight 175 at that time was flying at some 25,000 feet – way above the altitude that a cell phone could work. There are other questions regarding what 'Tom Burnett' said to his wife, Deena. She said in the last call that their children were asking to speak with him, but he declined and said: 'Tell them I'll talk to them later.' Does this sound a likely response from a father who by then had said the 'hijackers' planned to crash the plane? Would you not want to have what could be the final words with your children?

'Let's roll'?

We saw the same theme with 'Let's roll' United 93 passenger Todd Beamer who is said to have talked with CTE (Verizon) Airfone operators for 20 minutes and told them 'the plane had been hijacked and that he saw two hijackers with knives and someone else enter the cockpit'. The FBI report said Beamer had tried to call his wife on an Airfone and the call was routed to a customer-service operator named Phyllis Johnson who forwarded the call to colleague Lisa Jefferson who spoke with 'Beamer' for another 13 minutes at her station outside Chicago. 'Beamer' was offered the chance to have his call connected through to his wife, Lisa, but he declined. Why would you decline the chance to speak with your wife in such a situation when the FBI claims this is who he had been trying to call? 'Beamer' is said to have told Jefferson that his wife

was pregnant and he didn't want to upset her. Then why try to call her in the first place and how upset did 'Beamer' think his wife was likely to be (a) with what was clearly likely to happen if the 'hijacker' story had been true and (b) that he declined the chance to speak with her one last time? FBI telephone records confirm that 'Beamer' tried to make four calls, but only the last was connected. The rest lasted '0 seconds' or, in other words, didn't get though. The third and fourth calls were somehow dialled at exactly the same time (9:48:48), a fact that has produced no explanation. 'Beamer' is supposed to have tried to call his wife, but when he was connected to an operator he declined to be put through to his wife and instead stayed on the line with an operator who would have been easily fooled by a voice-morpher because she didn't know him.

The bottom line of all this is that there is no proof that this was the real Todd Beamer who made those calls. Jefferson said that 'Beamer' told her he didn't think he would survive. He gave her his home phone number and asked: 'If I don't make it out of this, would you please call my family and let them know how much I love them?' Why not tell them yourself? Why not ask to be connected with his parents or other relatives and people he knew? His wife Lisa Beamer recalled in a 2002 book, *Let's Roll!: Ordinary People, Extraordinary Courage*, that Lisa Jefferson had told her it was 'a miracle that Todd's call hadn't been disconnected' because lines were being disconnected all around her because of the number trying to get through. Jefferson had thought: 'This call is going to get dropped!' But it never was. Airline staff have described how inefficient and hit and miss Airfones were. Without this call from Beamer there would have been no 'Let's roll' in the official narrative. He is said to have told Jefferson that some of the passengers were getting together to retake the cockpit from the hijackers. Jefferson said that the last words she heard were Beamer saying 'Are you guys ready? Okay, let's roll'. Or did she? This alleged phrase was milked by the authorities after 9/11 and used to promote support for the subsequent 'war on terror' in response to the attacks. The London *Evening Standard* said 'Beamer's' words were 'a symbol of America's determination to fight back' and a *Washington Post* article described how the words were 'embraced and promoted by President Bush as a patriotic battle cry'. Let's roll was 'emblazoned on Air Force fighter planes, city fire trucks, school athletic jerseys, and countless T-shirts, baseball caps and souvenir buttons'. Did Beamer or whoever it was really say 'Let's roll'? Lisa Jefferson reported in earlier interviews that he said: 'Are you guys ready? Okay.' Nor were the words included in the FBI report of their interview with Jefferson on the day of the attacks. The report recorded only that at approximately 9am Central Time, Beamer said the passengers were about to attack the hijackers:

> ... [H]e asked Jefferson to call [redacted] to tell them that he loved them ... Next, Jefferson heard another passenger give the go-ahead to make their move. After that point, she heard nothing.

The 'Let's roll' phrase apparently first appeared in an interview with Jefferson by Jim McKinnon in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* five days after 9/11. McKinnon had earlier interviewed Beamer's wife, Lisa, who told him about her husband's use of the term 'Let's roll'. Wasn't such an important conversation between Lisa Jefferson and the alleged Beamer taped? The claim is that it wasn't and so how do we know that the real Todd Beamer was the man she talked to or that he used the term 'Let's roll' which came out of nowhere after not at first being mentioned? Lisa Jefferson also said that her line to Beamer stayed open and connected *long after Flight 93 is supposed to have crashed* and the same happened with Flight 93 passenger Jeremy Glick. Jefferson recalled that after Beamer said he was going to re-take the cockpit with other passengers she remained on the connected line until 10.49am – 46 minutes after the plane is said to have crashed. She said she never heard a crash and during the call there was 'an unusually low amount of background noise'. Jefferson was bewildered about how she stayed connected after the apparent crash:

> I can't explain it. We didn't lose a connection because there's a different sound that you use. It's a squealing sound when you lose a connection. I never lost connection, but it just went silent.

Given what Jefferson said about calls at that time constantly cutting out it is indeed remarkable that she and her colleague earlier could have maintained an open and connected line talking to 'Beamer' for an unbroken 65 minutes while 'Jeremy Glick's' line remained open to his wife and then her father for a total of two hours and six minutes. Glick's father-in-law told the FBI that he heard high-pitch screaming noises and 'wind sounds' between silences and after a Horizon telephone operator cut into the call they stayed on the open line for approximately one and a half hours until around 10.45am but heard nothing further. Neither were disconnected by the plane supposedly crashing when Airfones depend on the plane's power supply?? Weird gets weirder when you consider that phone company records secured by the FBI show that Todd Beamer's cell phone was used to make 19 outgoing calls after – *after* – the plane is said to have smashed into the ground. There is yet another glaring anomaly about the 'Beamer'-Jefferson call. All government agencies say that Flight 93 was hijacked at 9.28, but Jefferson told the FBI that Beamer called at about *9.45* East Coast time

and described for the next seven minutes how the hijackers were *preparing* to seize the cockpit. Only after those seven minutes – that is approximately 9.52 – did Beamer tell her that 'two hijackers armed with knives' had entered the cockpit and secured the door behind them. How can that be when *all* government agencies say the plane was taken over more than 20 minutes earlier at 9.28? He said the plane had just begun to fly erratically while government agencies describe this happening shortly after 9.28.

'Strange calmness' and no hijack drill

Constant themes reported with the calls include no or low aircraft noise, unexpected calm and lack of emotion. Among the descriptions are 'shockingly calm' ... 'very, very calm' ... 'couldn't believe the calm in [her] voice' ... 'calm, matter of fact' ... 'remarkably calm throughout the conversation' and 'it sounded to Jack as if [his wife] were driving home from the grocery store or ordering a pizza'. Phone operator Lisa Jefferson said 'Todd Beamer' was 'so tranquil it made me begin to doubt the authenticity of his call'. Lyzbeth Glick, wife of Flight 93 passenger Jeremy, said he told her the cockpit had been taken over by hijackers wearing red headbands and that pilots, flight attendants and passengers were ordered to the rear of the plane. Lyzbeth recalled:

> I was surprised by how calm it seemed in the background. I didn't hear any screaming. I didn't hear any noises. I didn't hear any commotion.

Todd Bennett's wife, Deena, said:

> It was as if he was at Thoratec [his workplace], sitting at his desk, and we were having a regular conversation. It was the strangest thing because he was using the same tone of voice I had heard a thousand times.

A further big question is why flight attendants did not follow normal hijack procedure – just as none of the pilots punched in the highjack alert code. Flight 11 attendant Betty Ong, or who we are told was Betty Ong, didn't alert people who could have launched a response to the 'hijacking' and instead called the small American Airlines reservations office in Cary, North Carolina, in a call lasting *27 minutes*. Once again she was described as 'calm' despite apparently reporting the following:

> The cockpit is not answering their phone, and there's somebody stabbed in business class ... we can't breathe in business class. Somebody's got mace or something ... I'm sitting in the back ... Our number 1 got stabbed. Our purser is stabbed. Nobody knows who stabbed who, and we can't even get up to business class right now 'cause nobody can breathe. Our number 1 is stabbed

right now ... and our number 5 ... and we can't get into the cockpit, the door won't open.

Amy Sweeney, another attendant on Flight 11, did not make any mention of mace or pepper spray being used when she is supposed to have called American Airlines colleague Michael Woodward. This would surely have been high on the list if it was on the scale that 'Betty Ong' described. When Flight 93 attendant CeeCee Lyles ended her answerphone message to her husband a sound can be heard like headphones being removed then a quiet voice that has been reported by some to say 'You did great'. Others hear this as 'It's a frame'. When Betty Ong reports a hijacking in her call and is asked what flight she is on there appear to be two voices speaking at the same time when she mistakenly says 'Flight 12' – as did attendant Amy Sweeney. Fight 93 passenger Mark Bingham called his mother and began: 'Hi Mom, this is Mark Bingham.' Would you really call your mother and use your last name? It has also been pointed out how few calls were made from the flights if calling had been possible. Surely others would have called given the situation passengers were facing and with passengers making long calls around them. I will be presenting evidence much later in the book when it is most relevant about how computer systems were taken over on 9/11 and this would have allowed air traffic screens to be manipulated and calls and 'cockpit transmissions' inserted in real time. There is a highly-detailed analysis of alleged phone calls from the aircraft in Elias Davidsson's first-class book, *Hijacking America's Mind On 9/11*, which puts the whole official phone call story into serious question. Among his findings on this and associated behaviour are the following:

- No passenger or crew member witnessed or described the 'hijackers' actually entering the cockpit or how they did so. The 9/11 Commission had to admit: 'We do not know exactly how the hijackers gained access to the cockpit.' This was despite passenger 'phone callers' in the first class sections right next to the cockpit door. No one saw the pilots overpowered either.

- Most callers did not describe the hijackers – including flight attendants whose job it was to give as much detail as possible to the ground in these circumstances. Callers in the second row of first class right next to 'hijackers' did not describe them.

- Most flight attendants did not contact the pilots and instead some stayed on the line talking to the ground for long periods while a hijack was supposed to be taking place. Alerting the pilots should have been number one priority. This is not to criticise the attendants but to

question the official version of events.

- No one seems to have observed the reported stabbing of passenger Mark Rothenberg (Flight 93), Daniel Lewin, a former elite officer in the Israeli army (Flight 11) or a flight attendant (also Flight 11).

- Some reports mentioned guns on board and people being shot, but no one else did.

- No one reported the sound of impact at the end of the calls – only silence or something like wind sound.

- Flight 11 attendant Betty Ong complained of breathing difficulties from a mace/pepper spray but no one else did. Fellow attendant Amy Sweeney didn't mention this and if it was used to the extent that Ong described many would be affected including the 'hijackers'.

- Highly-experienced Renee May, an attendant on Flight 77, didn't call her airline to report the hijacking but called her *parents* to ask them to do it. This veteran flyer even had to ask for the emergency numbers – *no way.*

What if those involved were taking part in simulated hijackings as part of the wargames manoeuvres and thought they were playing a role in scripted or semi-scripted simulated attacks and response scenarios while what they were doing would be presented as their responses to 'real attacks' that we know as 9/11. What can be said for sure is that wargames do recruit public participants to play the part of passengers and crew in simulated hijack exercises and what if a secrecy agreement was involved in the name of 'national security'. As Elias Davidsson writes:

> ... the fact that the phone callers reported bogus and implausible events, the question that immediately springs to mind is: Were the callers participating in the hijacking drills? It should come as no surprise that, had this been the case, it would be treated as a mortal secret never to be revealed. The conduct of the callers strongly suggests, indeed, that they were acting rather than relaying real events.

Davidsson reports that this very scenario was happening on 9/11 at the National Reconnaissance Office near Washington Dulles Airport during an exercise scenario involving a fictitious corporate jet crashing into the building to test evacuation procedures. Employees were given cards for pre-scripted actions including making phone calls telling people about

the make-believe 'crash' and fire as if they were real. The fire was simulated by using a smoke generator. Art Haubold, a spokesman for the NRO, said it was 'just an incredible coincidence that this happened to involve an aircraft crashing into our facility'. Add it to the list, mate. If 9/11 phone calls were part of an exercise it would explain the omissions, contradictions and universal calmness that those they spoke with described and the lack of normal procedures. In fact, pretty much all the questions about the phone calls would be answered if this was the case and particularly if the planes were flying at much lower altitudes than reported or were even on the ground.

Double cross

I concluded pretty soon after 9/11 that the four planes had 'doubles' in the way described by Operation Northwoods. Planes that officially took off from the airports were taken over by remote control from the ground and their military-controlled 'doubles' completed the journeys that ended in disaster. Gathering evidence to support this has emerged over the years. Planes with the same air traffic 'signature' could easily have been switched especially with transponders turned off and amid systematic confusion. Non-transponder radar can track location but not be certain of identity. Transponders can also be switched to a different code and assume a new identity on air traffic control screens to bemuse trackers even more. Whoever was controlling Flight 175 twice did this. There has certainly been confusion over which gates some of the planes left from with different ones reported. Flight 11 was reported to have left from Gate 26 at Boston Logan and later Gate 32. Journalists from the German weekly *Der Spiegel* say they established that Flight 11 left from Gate 26 and that boarding started at 7.35am. The 9/11 Commission said boarding began at 7.15am and left from Gate 32. There are also discrepancies in statements made to the FBI and 9/11 Commission about when the plane left. Some say it was five minutes ahead of time and others that it was delayed. American Airlines employee Michael Woodward told the Commission that Flight 11 was delayed although he didn't know why. Another, Elizabeth Williams, told the FBI that Woodward 'advised her that they needed to go to Gate 32 because two flight attendants had been stabbed'. This came from information communicated in a call to passenger service agent Evelyn Nunez by Flight 11 attendant Amy Sweeney which had been misunderstood – the flight had already taken off. Sweeney had also said, like attendant Betty Ong, that she was calling from 'Flight 12'. Elizabeth Williams said that when they arrived at Gate 32 there was only an empty plane. Sweeney's husband told the FBI that she called him from the plane – which he said was very unusual – to say departure had been delayed. Passenger Richard Ross said the same in a call to his wife while the plane was at

the gate. Did it leave from Gate 26 or 32 and was it early or late? Tom Kinton, Aviation Director for Massport at Boston Logan, told 9/11 Commission staff that Flight 11 left from Gate 31. We also have the discrepancy highlighted by Pilots for 9/11 Truth about the departure gate for Flight 77. The pilots point out as I described earlier that Flight Data Recorder information supplied by the authorities reveals that the plane the data refers to did not depart from Dulles Gate D26 which was assigned to Flight 77. The RITA database of the Research and Innovative Technology Administration (which includes the Bureau of Transportation Statistics within the US Department of Transportation) has Flight 175 taking off at 8.23 while the 9/11 Commission says 8.14. RITA records Flight 93 as taking off from Newark at 8.23 while the Commission says 8.42. The RITA database does not include tail numbers for Flights 11 and 77 and records only the scheduled departure times and not the actual ones. The Department of Transportation said this was because the information had not been provided by the airlines. 'Double' planes did not have to take off from the same airports to replace the original flights en route, however, as we saw with Operation Northwoods when the double aircraft would take off from the Air Force base where the original plane was also due to land.

Planes still flying after they 'crashed'??

Then there is the ACARS data secured through the Freedom of Information Act which is claimed by some to be evidence that at least the two aircraft officially assigned to Flights 175 and 93 were still in the air after they were supposed to have struck the World Trade Center and crashed in Pennsylvania. ACARS, the Aircraft Communications Addressing and Reporting System, allows short messages to be communicated between aircraft and air traffic controllers and airlines via radio or satellite through a series of ground stations across the United States. I have already mentioned that ACARS messages were communicated to aircraft on 9/11 warning about possible cockpit intrusions. The point here is that the system routes messages through the nearest ground station with the strongest connection to the aircraft and this is achieved by a central router that picks the best radio ground station just like a mobile phone picks up the nearest communication tower. The ACARS system allows the sender to know that a message has been received by the aircraft. ACARS records show that Flight 93 received a series of messages between 9.21am and 10.10am from a series of ground stations that began with one in Pittsburgh and ended with a communication routed through a ground station at Willard Airport near Champaign, Illinois. The problems this poses for the official story are two-fold: (1) the last message was communicated at 10.10 – *after* the plane was supposed to have crashed; and (2) the ground station it was

routed through is *500 miles* from where Flight 93 is said to have gone down near Shanksville, Pennsylvania. Pilots for 9/11 Truth say that with the way the system works there is no chance even without the technical distance limitations that a message would be routed by the system through a ground station that far from an aircraft. The implication is that the Flight 93 aircraft which connected with the ACARS ground station near Champaign, Illinois, could not have been the one that crashed seven or four minutes earlier near Shanksville 500 miles away. This would fit with the testimony of Colonel Robert Marr, battle commander at NORAD's NEADS response center, who told the 9/11 Commission in 2003 that he tracked Flight 93 as it was 'circling over Chicago'. Willard Airport ground station near Champaign is less than 140 miles by road from Chicago. Marr later said they believed that Flight 93 was heading for Chicago and that NEADS contacted an Air National Guard base in the area 'so they [can] head off 93 at the pass'. Hold on, I'm confused here. What happened to the military not being aware of Flight 93 before it crashed? Lieutenant Colonel Mark Stuart, an intelligence officer at NEADS, confirmed that as the Flight 93 'incident began to unfold' his professional judgment was that the plane was going to strike the Sears Tower in Chicago and he had told Colonel Marr this. The 9/11 Commission sought to explain away this challenge to the official story by suggesting that Colonel Marr mistook Flight 93 for Delta Air Lines Flight 1989 which had been incorrectly reported as hijacked. The ACARS information might suggest otherwise. Detailed passenger phone call analysis by Elias Davidsson in *Hijacking America's Mind On 9/11* also supports ACARS evidence that the plane was not where we are told it was. ACARS data analysis has Flight 175 receiving messages from a ground station at Harrisburg International Airport (also known as Middleton) in Pennsylvania at the very time it was supposed to have struck the World Trade Center 162 miles to the north. Another ACARS message to the plane *20 minutes* after it was said to have crashed was routed through the ground station at Pittsburgh International Airport 230 miles west of Harrisburg. The system must have picked up a stronger connection signal from there by then than Harrisburg and this would have located the aircraft around Pittsburgh 316 miles by air from New York. There was certainly great confusion about the whereabouts of Flight 175 with United Airlines issuing a press release more than two hours after its alleged crash at the World Trade Center saying the airline was 'deeply concerned' about the fate of Flight 175 and that 'United is working with all the relevant authorities, including the FBI, to obtain further information ...' It would be nearly three hours after the alleged crash time that United Airlines confirmed Flight 175 was down and where.

What happened to the real planes that morning if they didn't crash as

reported? I repeat that establishing exactly what happened is not necessary to prove a conspiracy. All that's required is for the official story to be thoroughly discredited and we are certainly past that benchmark already with a lot more to come. It is understandable that people still seek answers to what happened, as I do, but some personalities within the 9/11 Truth Movement have done the cause no favours whatsoever by arguing with each other and abusing each other in irrelevant conflicts over who is 'right' about detail. Egos at ten paces are going to get us nowhere. What happened is far less important than what didn't happen and who really did it and why. My personal view from what I have observed since starting my own research the day after the attacks is that 9/11 aircraft were taken over by remote control via their computer systems and landed at a military base or other location as per Operation Northwoods while remotely-controlled military aircraft replaced them to do the deeds (Flights 11 and 175); a missile/bomb (Flight 77); and possibly the original Flight 93 was shot down or again replaced by another aircraft. The latter left the gate at 8.01, but didn't take off because of traffic congestion until 8.42 if you believe the official story and that may have scuppered the original plan and had to be dealt with. A fourth plane striking a building without a military response would have stretched credulity way, way past breaking point by then. The Flight 93 cover-story also provided the massively-exploited 'Let's roll' narrative to launch the propaganda for the long-planned 'war on terror'. What happened to the passengers? Well, put it this way, the super psychopaths behind all this would not want them telling their stories.

Psychopathic liars

We cannot hope for the authorities to tell us the truth. That is not what they are there to do. 'Investigations' into Hidden Hand plane crashes, including the Lockerbie bombing wrongly blamed on Libya, are fixed to suit the official line and hide what really happened. When TWA Flight 800 crashed shortly after take-off from New York on July 17th, 1996, the official report by the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) claimed it was caused by an explosion in a fuel tank that was traced to a fuel pump. Yes, that's probably partly correct in one sense because fuel tanks do tend to explode when missiles hit them. Jim Sanders, an investigative journalist and husband of a TWA flight attendant, worked tenaciously to expose the lies of the FBI. In retaliation, Sanders, his wife and a TWA captain were arrested by the FBI for impeding its 'investigation'. Sanders went to jail for his trouble, but produced a book and documentary after his release. He acquired samples of seat covers from the plane which were stained by a reddish residue. He sent them for analysis to Morton Thiokol and Hughes Aerospace where the

laboratories discovered that the residue contained 15 chemicals found in anti-aircraft missiles and only one of them – glue – is found in aircraft seat covers. Pilots from the Air National Guard reported seeing a missile strike Flight 800 – as did 250 other people – and pictures existed of the missile and remote-controlled target drone it was launched to hit. The FBI, the organisation telling you what happened on September 11th, covered up the whole story with the help of the Navy who took control of the crash scene instead of the usual civilian crash investigators. This is what the FBI did on 9/11. Richard Russell, a retired airline pilot, acquired FAA radar tapes of the incident which revealed an object travelling at up to 2,000 miles an hour heading directly at the plane. When Russell said he would circulate the tape it was seized by the FBI. The *Southampton Press* told the story in 1997 of Dede Muma, a resident of Riverhead, Long Island, who was mistakenly sent faxes of official documents related to the Flight 800 investigation. Her fax number was very close to the one used by the FBI and other personnel on Long Island overseeing the 'investigation'. The cover sheet Dede Muma received indicated the fax was from a worker at Teledyne Ryan Aeronautical in San Diego to a co-worker helping the FBI on Long Island. Teledyne Ryan Aeronautical is operated by Hidden Hand-controlled Northrop Grumman. This is the company behind the Global Hawk remote control aircraft technology. Multiple fax pages detailed the rear structures of the 'Firebee' drone aircraft that Teledyne Ryan manufactured for the US military. The FBI claims that it was told by the US Coast Guard that the bright orange debris that was found with the debris of Flight 800 was from fishing and boating floats but here was a fax in May, 1997, that revealed how the FBI was asking experts from Teledyne Ryan – makers of a bright orange-red remotely-controlled plane for the US military – to identify this mystery debris. Official 'investigations' are designed to hide the truth, not reveal it.

A moment to ponder: The FAA, other government agencies and private companies knew Flight 800 was destroyed by some sort of missile and yet allowed the FBI/Navy cover story to become official 'history'. This is precisely what has happened with 9/11. FAA and other government agency insiders know the official version is nonsense while helping the FBI and the rest of the Deep State to concoct and defend the Big Lie.

CHAPTER 13

How *did* the mighty fall?

We live in a fantasy world, a world of illusion. The great task in life is to find reality – Iris Murdoch

The Rockefeller family, Hidden Hand to their DNA, were behind the building of the World Trade Center in the form of banker David Rockefeller and his brother Nelson, four times governor of New York. Their vehicle was the government/public-owned (but only in theory) Port Authority of New York and New Jersey.

David Rockefeller drove the project through a development organisation that he chaired in the 1960s and 70s and the involvement of the Rockefeller brothers was so pivotal the Twin Towers were known by some as 'David and 'Nelson'. The World Trade Center was a huge project with the 110 storeys of the North and South Towers soaring 1,368 feet (417 metres) above Manhattan and at the time they were the world's tallest buildings. Each floor was approximately 210 feet by 210 feet. Work began in 1965 and the buildings were opened on April 4th, 1973. The World Trade Center was sold into private hands for the first time only seven weeks before the 9/11 attacks when the Port Authority sold the lease to ultra-Zionist billionaire businessman Larry Silverstein who already owned the much smaller Building 7 in the WTC complex (Fig 60). Silverstein led a consortium that finalised the deal worth $3.2 billion for a 99-year lease while personally committing only $14 million. The deal included new insurance policies which seriously increased the pay-out in the event of a terrorist attack and Silverstein therefore had the money to replace the by-then

Figure 60: 'Lucky' Larry Silverstein.

deteriorating World Trade Center with a brand new state-of-art building on the same site after the soon-to-happen 9/11 attacks.

Hiding the truth from day one

The most traumatic images of all the horrors on September 11th were the collapse of the Twin Towers (Fig 61). These catastrophic events caused the biggest loss of life on American soil from a non-natural disaster; the biggest loss of firefighters in a single incident; and were the biggest structural failures in recorded history. *Fire Engineering* magazine rightly observed that you would think such a disaster would also prompt the biggest investigation in recorded history. But no. What followed continued the same pattern and theme that we have seen with every other aspect of 9/11.

Figure 61: What caused these enormous buildings to fall? The official story makes no sense.

There was no credible investigation and the token effort for public consumption set out to *cover up* what happened, not expose it. Vincent Dunn, a retired deputy chief of the New York Fire Department and nationally-recognized expert on high-rise firefighting, published an article with others in *Fire Engineering* calling for a proper investigation into why the towers fell. Dunn, author of the 1988 book, *Collapse of Burning Buildings*, said that all the public had been given was a 'series of unconnected and uncoordinated superficial inquiries'. There was no comprehensive 'Presidential Blue Ribbon Commission ... no top-notch National Transportation Safety Board-like response'. He said: 'We are literally treating the steel removed from the site like garbage, not like crucial fire scene evidence.' This is precisely what happened with the wreckage of the Murrah building after the Oklahoma bombing in 1995. *The New York Daily News* reported in April, 2002:

> Some 185,101 tons of structural steel have been hauled away from Ground Zero. Most of the steel has been recycled as per the city's decision to swiftly send the wreckage to salvage yards in New Jersey. The city's hasty move has outraged many victims' families who believe the steel should have been examined more thoroughly. Last month, fire experts told Congress that about 80% of the steel was scrapped without being examined because investigators did not have the authority to preserve the wreckage.

Chinese media reported that the Shanghai Baosteel Group Corporation had bought 50,000 tons of World Trade Center scrap steel paying no more than $120 per ton. The *Shanghai Morning Post* said another 10,000 tons was shipped to India from New Jersey scrap processor Metal Management. I'll have much more to say about this later. What happened revealed the recurring contempt shown for the 9/11 victims and their families. New York City Medical Examiner Charles Hirsch said in 2003 that in the haste to clear the site human remains were taken to a landfill facility where the steel was sorted and sold. Eric Beck, a senior supervisor of the landfill recycling, admitted in 2007 that some of these human remains were part of a mixture used to pave roads and fill potholes in New York. The official excuse for removing debris from the site so fast was the need to search for survivors, but they did the same with the remains of World Trade Center Building 7 which the authorities said had been evacuated and so there were no survivors to find. Building 7 was the third building to collapse that day which most people don't even know about, but which provided glaring evidence for what really happened. I'll explore that in detail in this chapter. Erik Lawyer, founder of Firefighters for 9/11 Truth, another organisation of experts in their field questioning the 9/11 cover-story, described the removal of the 1.5 million tons of potential evidence as a crime – which it was. He said:

> 9/11 was the greatest loss of life and property damage in U.S. fire history. This should of been the most protected, preserved, over-tested and thorough investigation of a crime scene in world history. Sadly it was not. What was it? Well, we know from their [government] admission the majority of the evidence was destroyed ... in 22 years of experience I've seen a lot of crime scenes, I've never seen anything like this in my life.
>
> I was out at the site, I saw trucks leaving faster than anywhere I've ever seen but I accepted it at the time and for years I accepted it because it was a recovery and rescue operation and that's normal to have something like that going. Again, we'd never seen anything like it but that was expected.
>
> What I didn't know for years was what was going on behind the scenes was that evidence was being destroyed when it was shipped off. By their own admission, the [official] investigation of Tower 7 had no physical evidence. How do you investigate a crime when you've destroyed all the evidence? It doesn't make sense. They also admit that they refused to test for explosives ...

The reason for all this is simple: When you want to hide the truth you don't preserve and examine evidence that would expose your lies. *Fire*

Engineering called on the Hidden Hand-created Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) to immediately appoint a 'World Trade Center Disaster Review Panel' to coordinate a complete review of all aspects of the World Trade Center tragedy and to produce a comprehensive report which ...

> ... examines a variety of topics including determining exactly how and why the towers collapsed, critiquing the building evacuation procedures and the means of egress, assessing the buildings' fire protection features (steel 'fireproofing', fire protection systems) and reviewing the valiant fire-fighting procedures employed.

There was never any chance of that. The real role of FEMA is the one financed covertly by profits from the multi-billion-dollar Hidden Hand-intelligence agency drug racket. Former Green Beret William Tyree launched a lawsuit against the CIA and Father Bush in September, 1998, claiming they had allowed drug profits to fund FEMA's covert activities without the knowledge of Congress. FEMA was created by Jimmy Carter through a presidential executive order, an undemocratic and dictatorial outrage, in which the President introduces laws without debate in Congress. An executive order only has to appear in a legal newspaper called the *Federal Register* to become law and great swathes of the Hidden Hand's fascist-state-in-waiting has been put together in this way as I describe in detail in other books. Among the founders of FEMA was Zbigniew Brzezinski, President Carter's National Security Advisor and co-founder of the Hidden Hand Trilateral Commission with his fellow psychopath, David Rockefeller. Another famous FEMA name was *Oliver North*, the drug-running gofer from Iran-Contra. Ben Bradlee Jr wrote in *Guts and Glory: The Rise and Fall of Oliver North* that the Iran-Contra 'star' helped FEMA to stage a national emergency rehearsal in April, 1984, known as Rex-84 Bravo. This was a practice exercise in readiness for martial law and a FEMA takeover in the event of a 'national emergency'. The *Miami Herald* reported in 1987 that North was involved with FEMA in exercises that included the rounding-up of refugees and 'troublemakers'. Former Green Beret Colonel Albert Carone, who was murdered in 1990, said in a sworn statement for the William Tyree lawsuit that he worked with North in CIA-Mafia drug operations and he also confirmed North's use of drug profits to create and fund FEMA's unofficial activities. So, no, FEMA was never going to properly investigate 9/11. *Firefighters Magazine*, which published technical studies of major fires, described the destruction and removal of evidence from the World Trade Center site as 'a half-baked farce' of investigation (exactly as planned). The editorial was written by Bill Manning who said that steel from the site should be preserved to allow

proper investigations into the cause of the collapse. He asked:

> Did they throw away the locked doors from the Triangle Shirtwaist fire? Did they throw away the gas can used at the Happy Land social club fire? ... That's what they're doing at the World Trade Center. The destruction and removal of evidence must stop immediately.

It didn't, of course, because a close examination by experts would have identified why the towers collapsed when no other building of this kind had ever done so in architectural history as a result of what was claimed to be heat from fires. Despite this never-happened history the official story of the towers falling due to structural damage from the plane and fire softening steel columns was being promoted within hours without a single second of investigation. *Firefighters Magazine* pointed out that a growing number of fire protection engineers had suggested that 'the structural damage from the planes and the explosive ignition of jet fuel in themselves were not enough to bring down the towers' (Fig 62). *The New York Times* reported the frustration of experts from the American Society of Civil Engineers appointed by FEMA to 'investigate' the cause of the collapse. They said the decision to immediately recycle the steel columns, beams, and trusses may have cost them some of their most direct evidence to explain what happened. Dr Frederick W. Mowrer, an associate professor in the fire protection engineering department at the University of Maryland, said: 'I find the speed with which potentially important evidence has been removed and recycled to be appalling.' New York Mayor and '9/11 hero' (it says here) Rudolph Giuliani was overseeing this extraordinary destruction of evidence along with Richard 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight' Sheirer, Commissioner at the New York Office of Giuliani's Emergency Management, and Pasquale J. D. Amuro, FBI inspector in charge of the 9/11 [non]-investigation. Both would become executives of Giuliani 'security' companies. Overseeing the overseers was Michael Chertoff, head of the Criminal Division of the [In]Justice Department, of whom

Figure 62: 'Tell them anything and they'll believe it.' Or, maybe not.

much more in the final stages of the book. Giuliani would apparently not respond to requests to explain why crucial evidence was being destroyed. Instead he put forward Matthew G. Monahan, a spokesman for the city's Department of Design and Construction which was in charge of debris removal at Ground Zero. He said: 'The city considered it reasonable to have recovered structural steel recycled.' What – *before investigators had examined it?? The New York Times* interviewed members of the investigation team, among them some of America's most respected engineers. They said they had at various times been 'shackled with bureaucratic restrictions' that blocked them from interviewing witnesses, examining the site and requesting crucial information like recorded distress calls to the police and fire departments. 'This is almost the dream team of engineers in the country working on this, and our hands are tied,' one team member told the *Times*. They had been threatened with dismissal for speaking to the media. The team member said: 'FEMA is controlling everything.' In other words the Hidden Hand was. Here we go again as with the plane crashes – questions galore, but no open public investigation. Wherever you look in every aspect of 9/11 there is suppression of information, questioning and genuine inquiry. Everywhere there is something to hide.

'Caused by fire'? What a joke

The response of most people as they watched those terrible images of the Twin Towers collapsing was how they looked like controlled demolitions they had seen on television from time to time. Explosive charges are placed so expertly that colossal buildings, such as skyscrapers and football stadiums, are imploded to fall on their own footprint to protect the surrounding area from damage. None of this is surprising given that controlled demolitions quite obviously brought down the towers and not the fires. People can argue and debate *how* this was done, anything from explosives to super-top-secret energy weapons, but even a glance at the evidence makes it clear that (a) the government story is complete tosh and (b) the buildings came down because they were *made to*. Van Romero, President for Research at the New Mexico Institute of Mining and Technology (known as Tech), said after seeing the towers collapse on television that what happened appeared to be 'too methodical' to be a chance result of airplanes colliding with the structures: 'My opinion is, based on the videotapes, that after the airplanes hit the World Trade Center there were some explosive devices inside the buildings that caused the towers to collapse.' Romero said the collapse resembled controlled implosions and 'it would be difficult for something from the plane to trigger an event like that'. If explosions did cause the towers to collapse, he said, the detonations could have been caused by a small amount of explosive

placed at strategic points. Romero should know what he is talking about as a former director of the Energetic Materials Research and Testing Center in New Mexico which studied the effects of explosions on buildings. The government must certainly have rated him highly because on September 11th he and another Tech official were on their way to a building near the Pentagon to discuss defence-funded research. Ten days later when the official story claimed the towers fell because heat softened the steel girders Romero dramatically changed his tune. He must have been on his way to Damascus at the time on another job. Now Romero agreed that fire was indeed the cause and not explosives: 'Certainly the fire is what caused the building to fail,' he told the *Albuquerque Journal*. The intense heat from the jet fuel fires had weakened the steel structural beams which gave way under the weight of the floors above. This set off a chain reaction as upper floors pancaked on to lower ones, Romero said with his fingers firmly crossed. He still believed it was possible that the final collapse of each building was triggered by 'a sudden pressure pulse caused when the fire reached an electrical transformer or other source of combustion within the building'. I wonder what happened to Romero in those ten days? A word in the ear from the FBI, perhaps, which seems to be a common prelude to silence or story-changing.

Fortunately other architects and structural engineers are made of far sterner stuff and in 2006 Richard Gage, an architect for 23 years, founded Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth. This is the building experts version of Pilots for 9/11 Truth. You can find their excellent information and videos at ae911truth.org. Gage is a member of the American Institute of Architects and has worked on the construction of many fireproof steel-frame buildings. More than 1,500 building and demolition experts are supporters of his organisation and they are demanding an independent investigation into the three building collapses on September 11th. Gage said: 'Fires have never before caused the collapse of any skyscraper even though there are numerous examples of much hotter, larger and longer-lasting fires in these buildings.' The architect of the new Larry Silverstein Freedom Tower on the World Trade Center site and new 7WTC, which replaced Building 7 felled on 9/11, agreed with Gage. David Childs said that a young man came to him in tears and asked if the new buildings would fall: 'I said no. Never has a steel structured building in the history of steel-structured buildings ever fallen down for reasons of fire.' And that includes the World Trade Center. I know the authorities say the Twin Tower structural failures were not entirely due to fire because the planes hit the buildings, but no way in all eternity would a plane have any direct impact-affect to make the towers fall as they did.

There are claims that the 17-storey Plasco Building in the Iranian

capital Tehran collapsed in 2017 because of fire, but watch it fall at ae911truth.org and it is the most blatant controlled demolition. The Iranian government was subsequently as determined to investigate what happened as the American government has been with the World Trade Center. Nowhere can governments be trusted to pursue the truth. There are many examples of fires in steel-framed high-rise buildings that burned for longer with far more heat and did more damage without the structure collapsing. The Windsor Building in Madrid was a raging inferno in 2005, took 24 hours to extinguish and *did not collapse* (Fig 63). A 50-storey skyscraper in Caracas, the tallest building in Venezuela, was ablaze for 17 hours with the top 20 floors gutted and did not fall. The North Tower of the World Trade Center was struck at 8.45am and collapsed at 10.29am – an impact-to-fall time of one hour and 44 minutes. The South Tower was struck at 9.03am and collapsed at 9.50am – an impact-to-fall time of 47 minutes. Therefore the tower struck second collapsed first and took almost an hour less to fall than the other one. Yet the South Tower was struck a more glancing blow and much of the fuel exploded in a fireball *away* from the building and not inside. This can be explained according to the official story by the fact that the South Tower was struck lower between the 75th to the 85th floors compared to the North (93rd to 99th floors) and the damaged section was subjected to greater pressure from the floors above. It is claimed that steel 'trusses' holding up the floors failed as they were undermined by the heat, but none of this makes sense of the buildings imploding like a controlled demolition. For this to happen the trusses would have had to have failed almost simultaneously or one side would have fallen first and caused a topple-over effect. A big topple over would have relieved the pressure on the floors below and they could not have collapsed as they did because of 'pancaking'. Either way the official story is untenable. With the South Tower struck on one side and thus the most intense fire in that area would you not expect this combination to have caused that side of the structure to fail first and for the building to

Figure 63: The steel-framed high-rise Windsor Building in Madrid burned with far greater intensity than the Twin Towers in 2005 and for far longer - the fire took 24 hours to extinguish. It did not collapse.

topple over much more than it did?

Destroying the cover-story

The official explanation claims that the fire was so hot the steel became too weak to hold the weight of the concrete and steel above it. Steel beams then buckled and/or the joints broke. Concrete and steel crashed down on to the floor below and turned the concrete into powder. A chain reaction had started and each floor pulverised the one below. The evidence, as we shall see, does not in the least support this official hypothesis (lie). We are told that the 47-storey Building 7 on the World Trade Center site also collapsed at 5.20pm that afternoon because of fire and this was not struck by a plane or subjected to an aviation fuel explosion. This makes Building 7, long-owned by Larry Silverstein, the first steel-framed building in history to be brought down by fire alone because there was no aircraft strike on the structure. The only way such buildings had fallen before was through specially-placed explosives in a controlled demolition. A government report on the collapse confirmed this fact about Building 7 being a 'first-ever'. Lee Robertson, a structural engineer who co-designed the towers, told an international coalition on terrorism in Frankfurt, Germany, a week before the attacks that they were designed to withstand a hit by a Boeing 707 and this carried about as much fuel as a 767. He said later that buildings could have survived a hit by a 767 (and then went on to repeat the government line) while other high-rise architects and engineers were shocked that the buildings could have fallen from the result of a jet fuel fire. Hyman Brown, construction manager of the towers, said: 'They were over-designed to withstand almost anything, including hurricanes ... bombings and an airplane ...' Other construction engineers have made the same point. William Brinner, an architect for 25 years who witnessed 'Flight 175' striking the South Tower, said it didn't seem possible that buildings designed to withstand the impact of a 707 could possibly collapse in such a short time. 'They were designed to withstand hurricane force winds of up to 140 miles an hour', he said. World Trade Center architect Aaron Swirski lived in Israel and spoke to *Jerusalem Post* radio after the attack. He said the buildings were 'designed around that eventuality to survive this kind of attack'. Thomas Eagar, a professor of materials engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said: '... the number of columns lost on the initial impact was not large and the loads were shifted to remaining columns in this highly redundant structure'. The melting point of steel is 1,538 degrees Celsius or 2,800 Fahrenheit and although it would not have had to reach this level of heat to be compromised we are talking a serious temperature before the structure was affected in a building of some 200,000 tons of steel. This is significant because when heat is applied it is dispersed through the steel

and this helps to cool down the point of hottest temperature. Structural engineer G. Charles Clifton said: 'In my opinion, based on available evidence, there appears no indication that the fires were as severe as a fully developed multi-storey fire in an initially undamaged building would typically be.' Robert Podolsky, a physicist, engineer and systems analyst for ten years working with major companies, said:

> I looked up in the manual the burning temperature of jet fuel and found that under the conditions that existed at the World Trade Center on 9/11 that jet fuel had to have been burning at about 750 degrees Fahrenheit. I also noticed that the official explanation of what happened ... was the heat from the fire supposedly softened the steel and thereby brought the buildings down.
>
> If you have a flame of 750 degrees you can hold that flame under a steel beam forever and you'll never reach a high-enough temperature to bend steel, let alone melt it. So immediately I knew at that point that the official explanation was dead wrong.

This view is widely supported among experts in the field and if the building was being weakened by bending and softening steel we would have seen evidence that parts of the buildings were first beginning to sag. We didn't – they went from stable to collapse in an instant (Fig 64). Leslie Young, a high-rise architect and former firefighter, said the majority of the jet fuel burnt up instantly in the big fireball and it was gone. The fires that were left were office furnishings and carpets and such like. Young said: 'A lot of these things have to be fire resistant by nature, required by code, so there isn't a whole lot of fuel in there to begin with.' Edward Munyak, a fire safety expert who works for cities, federal agencies, insurers and other organisations, said that while the media portrayed the fires as being extremely hot they were, in fact, not that hot in the World Trade Center towers. If you looked at the official government data this was clear, he said, and temperature could be judged by the black smoke coming out of the windows. This meant the fires were oxygen-starved and so

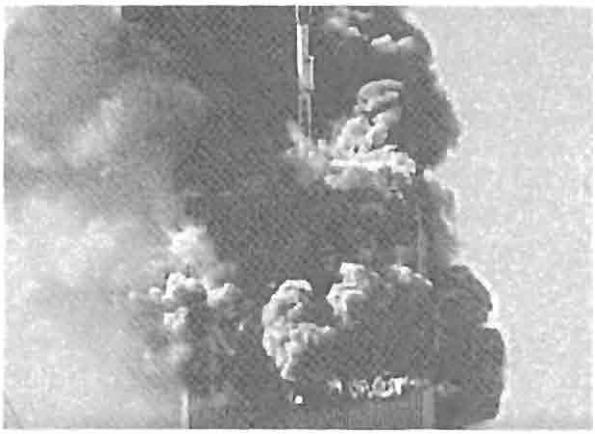

Figure 64: The North Tower begins to fall – straight down on its own footprint.

'it was a low-temperature fire'. Munyak's view is supported by a lot of other evidence. On August 4th, 2002, almost a year after the towers collapsed, *The New York Times* revealed the existence of a tape recording of communications by firefighters who had reached the 78th floor of the South Tower. This was just two floors below the main impact point and the 78th floor was actually struck by a wing of Flight 175. New York fire officials said they had 'delayed listening' to the tape *(what for nearly a year?)* and had continued during that period to say that no firefighter went higher than the 50th floor. The tape is devastating to the official story because *The New York Times* described how Battalion Chief Orio J. Palmer is heard calmly organising the evacuation of survivors with Fire Marshall Ronald P. Bucca and the extinguishing of only 'two pockets of fire' that they could see. We are asked to believe that just above them, at the very same time, the building was reaching fantastic temperatures which caused the building to collapse shortly after these communications by Chief Palmer. It's fairyland. Brian Clark, a survivor from the South Tower, passed the 80th floor right in the impact zone, but he said: 'You could see through the wall and the cracks and see flames ... just licking up, not a roaring inferno, just quiet flames licking up and smoke sort of eking through the wall'. The official story says it was the heat from *this* fire that caused the South Tower to collapse in just 56 minutes when steel doesn't melt until it reaches a staggering 2,800 degrees Fahrenheit. This is why no other major steel-framed building had ever collapsed because of fire – *not ever.* International architect David Johnson said:

> As a professional city planner in New York, I knew those buildings and their design. I attended and participated in the hearings at the New York City Hall when the buildings were first proposed ... So I was well aware of the strength of the core with its steel columns, surrounding the elevators, and stairwells ...
>
> ...When I saw the rapid collapse of the towers, I knew that they could not come down the way they did without explosives and the severing of core columns at the base ... Moreover, the symmetrical collapse is strong evidence of a controlled demolition. A building falling from asymmetrical structural failure would not collapse so neatly, nor so rapidly.

We should not forget that the Twin Towers had 287 steel support columns, 240 perimeter columns and 47 colossal core columns. To say the least they were not coming down without a hell of a fight and they certainly wouldn't disappear in seconds because of fire. We have already seen how expert Van Romero said (before his journey to the Syrian capital) that little explosive would be needed to bring down the towers so long as it was placed in the right locations. Many witnesses from

multiple backgrounds and professions – office workers, police officers, firefighters, government officials, journalists etc. – reported hearing explosions before the buildings collapsed. Firefighter Louie Cacchioli, who was assigned to Engine 47 in Harlem, said his crew were the first to enter the South Tower after it was hit. He said he was taking firefighters in the elevator to the 24th floor to support the evacuation. On his last trip he described how a bomb went off. 'We think there were bombs set in the building,' he said. 'I had just asked another firefighter to stay with me, which was a good thing because we were trapped inside the elevator and he had the tools to get out.' CBS broadcast a documentary six months after the attacks about what happened that day using the footage of firefighters taken by two French brothers, Jules and Gedeon Naudet. They had been shooting their own documentary on September 11th near the World Trade Center featuring the firefighters of Engine 7, Ladder 1, of the New York Fire Department based a few blocks away from the WTC. Suddenly the film-makers found themselves involved in a very different documentary as they captured the first plane hitting the North Tower which Boy Bush claimed to have seen live when he could not have done. When the fire crew and cameraman Jules Naudet arrived at the North Tower they were astonished to find that the lobby, 90-plus floors below impact, had suffered widespread damage. This was later explained away by officials who said burning jet fuel had poured down the elevator shafts and exploded in the lobby. There was no evidence of burning or incendiary explosion in the lobby area. 'The lobby looked like the plane hit the lobby!' one firefighter said. 'Experts' were wheeled out after the event to explain why it was obvious the buildings would collapse because of the fire. This was clearly not considered a potential problem by New York fire chiefs, however, despite their vast experience of the potential dangers in high-rise buildings, none of which had ever failed in this way. Far from clearing the towers in case of collapse they set up their operations command post in the lobby of the North Tower. Had that collapsed first they would all have been killed because it was only when the South Tower came down that the possibility was even considered. Hundreds of firefighters were sent up the stairways to their deaths because the collapse of the towers was not even taken into consideration. Why was this if, according to the 'experts' afterwards, it was so obvious why they collapsed? Then there is the account by the security officer at the World Trade Center told to Peter Jennings on ABC television. The officer said that after the South Tower collapsed he received a call from the New York Port Authority Command Center on the 22nd floor asking for a rescue in the North Tower. He went there himself with firefighters and they found that the offices were so devastated they had to 'tunnel through debris' to 'dig out' trapped Port Authority employees. Remember these offices were some 70 floors

below the impact point of the aircraft. The 22nd, 23rd and 24th floors were also said to contain offices leased to the FBI. This was the reported location of files for investigations against Mobil Oil and businessman-fixer James Giffen involving alleged illegal oil swaps between Iran and Kazakhstan and against then Federal Reserve chief Alan Greenspan, Morgan and Company and Goldman Sachs involving gold price fixing. I asked the FBI in 2002 if it had offices on those floors of the World Trade Center, but my question was not answered.

Free-fall speed

The government claims that heat caused horizontal columns which held up the actual floors to break away from the 47 massive vertical columns that ran through the core of the building from top to bottom. If the horizontal columns had broken away from the vertical central core then that core would have been left standing. It wasn't – that came down too. When a floor hits another floor and another floor in the way they described there is resistance before each new floor gives way, especially near the start. On 9/11, however, the speed at which the two buildings collapsed was *free-fall speed* – the speed of dropping something from mid-air with nothing in the way until it hit the ground. This only happens with ... *controlled demolitions* when explosive charges remove all resistance below. Government agencies agreed that the towers fell in 9 and 11 seconds respectively. To claim this could happen while falling debris was 'pancaking on the floors blow' is utterly insane. A building cannot drop at free-fall speed while meeting with any resistance or it wouldn't be, and couldn't be, free-fall speed! This not only breaks the law of common sense it also violates Newton's Law of Conservation of Momentum which sounds very grand, but actually means that you can't drop at free-fall speed if anything is slowing you down. Who couldn't work that out over the age of four? Well, government agencies like the National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST) who clearly need to hire some pre-schoolers to help them out. What's more – the top of the South Tower did topple (before turning to dust in mid-air) and so could not have provided the impact described in the government's ridiculous story because it did not slam onto the storeys below (Fig 65). David Chandler, a maths and physics academic for 30 years, said that the structures were capable of holding three to five times the weight and they fell with only a fraction of that resistance:

> Roughly 90 percent of its resistance has been removed and what's happening is the top section is not crushing down the bottom section like a pile-driver which is a picture [the authorities] have painted – it's actually falling into material that's already been pulverised.

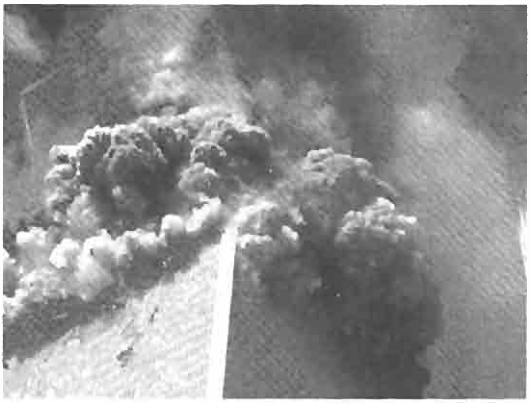

Figure 65: The South Tower falls and the topple of the top section relieves the pressure on the building below.

We all remember those fantastic clouds of dust when the towers fell and this is yet another classic feature of controlled demolition. Buildings that collapse 'naturally' do not produce the power from gravity alone to pulverise everything into small pieces and extraordinary clouds of dust before they even hit the ground. Controlled demolitions do exactly that as you'll see with many examples on the Internet. Buildings implode without falling to one side when they are expertly charged and there is also a momentary delay after the charges go off before the buildings start to fall – another tell-tale confirmation of a controlled demolition. Jerry Russell PhD, who has a Master's Degree in Engineering at Stanford University, points out that steel frame towers are built very strongly and are almost impossible to destroy. He said that aircraft strikes don't destroy skyscrapers and neither does fire. No skyscraper had ever been brought down by a fire and if a big enough impact by a plane ever destabilised a building the structural failure would happen ... 'at the point of highest levered stress, near the base of the tower, and the tower would have fallen over like a giant tree in a forest windstorm'. Like many with his background who have gone public since 9/11, Russell says that the most effective way to make a skyscraper collapse is by controlled demolition:

> As your eyes will tell you, the World Trade Center collapses looked like controlled demolitions. Here's the proof. According to the law of gravity, it is possible to calculate the time it takes for an object to fall a given distance. The equation is H=(1/2)at2, where H is the height, a is the acceleration of gravity (10 meters per second squared) and t is time in seconds. Plug in the height of the building at 1350 feet (411 meters) and we get 9 seconds. That is just about the length of time it took for the very top of the World Trade Center to fall to the street below.' According to all reports, the whole thing was over in just about ten seconds.
>
> It is as if the entire building were falling straight down through thin air. As if the entire solid structure below, the strong part which had not been burned or sliced or harmed in any significant way, just disappeared into nothingness. Yet this (within a small tolerance) is what we would expect to find if there had

> been a controlled demolition, because the explosions below really do leave the upper stories completely unsupported. Like the Road Runner after he runs off the edge of the cliff, the entire building pauses a moment, then goes straight down.

Jerry Russell said any kind of friction process should have slowed the whole thing down. Gravitational acceleration could not achieve its full effect if it was fighting any opposing force. He pointed out that on 9/11 the intact building below 'should have at least braked the fall of the upper stories'. This did not happen and there was no measurable friction at all. 'This proves controlled demolition', he said.

'Boom, boom, boom'

The 'pancake collapse' theory is just another smokescreen to hide what really happened – pre-planned demolition by those who would use this horror to unleash their agenda of human control and wars of conquest. Firefighters talked of hearing explosions in the building and so did William Rodriguez, a janitor for 20 years at the World Trade Center who was in the basement of the North Tower when the first plane struck. He helped many people to safety and was honoured five times at the White House until he began to speak publicly about hearing bombs go off in the building. Rodriguez gave evidence to the 9/11 Commission which was ignored in its final report and he became a well-known advocate for a truly independent inquiry into what happened. There were so many eyewitness reports of explosions before the towers came down and if there was not an outward explosive force of some kind how come enormous columns were ejected horizontally from the buildings to fall at such a speed that they were hurled hundreds of feet into nearby buildings? This was acknowledged by government agency reports which blamed debris from the North Tower for starting fires in World Trade Center Building 7 more than a hundred yards away. What caused those phenomenal ejections right at the start? Jet fuel which the government agrees would have been burned out in a matter of minutes? Paul Lemos arrived at the World Trade Center subway station as events were unfolding. He described how he saw people jumping from the towers and later witnessed one of them collapse:

> I looked up and about 20 storeys below [the fire] I saw, from the corner, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom ... just like 20 straight hits, just went downward, then I just saw the whole building just went 'pshew'... and as the bombs were going people just started running and I sat there and watched a few of them explode and then I just turned around and just started running for my life because at that point the World Trade Center was coming right down.

These are only some experiences of firefighters and paramedics:

Battalion Chief John Sudnik: 'We heard ... what sounded like a loud explosion and looked up and I saw tower two start coming down.'

Paramedic Kevin Darnowski: 'I heard three explosions, and then ... tower two started to come down.'

Firefighter Thomas Turilli: '... it almost sounded like bombs going off, like boom, boom, boom, like seven or eight.'

Firefighter Craig Carlsen: '[We] heard explosions coming from . . . the South Tower. . . . There were about ten explosions. . . . We then realised the building started to come down.'

Firefighter Joseph Meola: '... it looked like the building was blowing out on all four sides. We actually heard the pops.'

Paramedic Daniel Rivera: 'It was a frigging noise. At first I thought it was – do you ever see professional demolition where they set the charges on certain floors and then you hear "Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop?" ... I thought it was that.'

The pops were followed by a brief moment before the entire buildings fell with all resistance removed. Hence, they came down at free-fall speed. The preparation and the planting of the charges would have meant significant access to the building in the weeks before, and that was no problem with the World Trade Center as I will detail before the book's conclusion. New York Deputy Fire Chief Ray Downey, who died on 9/11, was reportedly concerned there were bombs in the buildings which could potentially bring them down. Downey was a 'very respected expert' on building collapse. Fire Department chaplain John Delendick told the 9/11 Commission that after an apparent explosion at the top of the South Tower he asked Downey if he thought that was caused by jet fuel. He said Downey replied that he thought there were bombs up there because the explosion was 'too even'. Downey's nephew, Tom Downey, said his uncle was 'worried about secondary devices in the towers, explosive devices that could hurt the firemen.'

Building 7: 'Pull it'.

The other World Trade Center building to collapse that day was the 47-storey Building 7, also known as the Salomon Brothers Building (Fig 66 overleaf) This fell in exactly the nature of a controlled demolition at

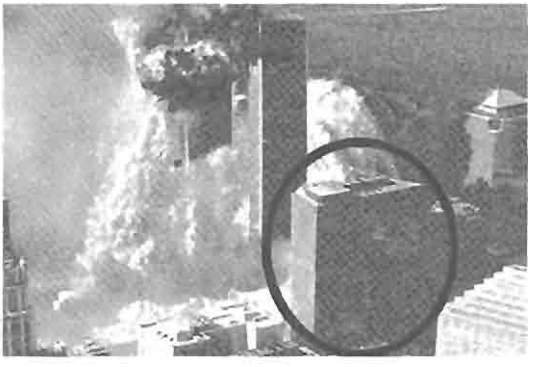

Figure 66: Building 7 or the Salomon Brothers Building.

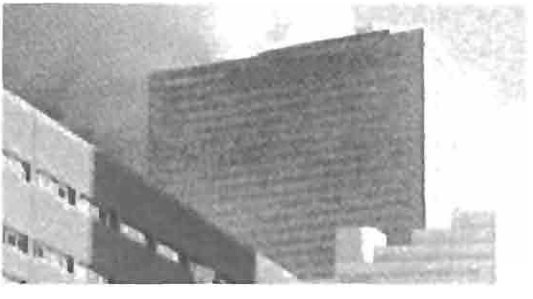

Figure 67: Building 7 standing one minute ...

Figure 68: ... seconds later the 47-floor skyscraper has fallen straight down as one unit in the most classic controlled demolition – the first and only building of its type to collapse because of 'fire'.

5.20pm without being hit by an aircraft and became the first steel-framed skyscraper in history to be brought down purely by fire (according to the government). Still today large numbers of people have no idea that a third building fell on September 11th and this certainly suits officialdom given how easy it is for the example of Building 7 to destroy the government version of why it came down (Figs 67 and 68). Puffs of smoke can be seen in lower floors as the building begins to fall straight down in the way of a controlled demolition (Fig 69). When the subject of Building 7 came up in a New York court in 2009 the judge, Edward Lehner, asked 'Building what?' Such is the ignorance of this key element of the 9/11 Big Lie. The final official report on Building 7 (not published until *seven years* later) said the fires began after being hit by debris from the collapse of the North Tower. We will see that there's another far more credible explanation which dismantles the government narrative. Once again we were led to believe that a miracle of physics occurred when heat from ... wait for it ... 'burning office furnishings' caused Building 7 to collapse after no aircraft came near it. The government report, by the National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST) did not include numerous witnesses describing how they heard explosions before and while the building fell. Neither did NIST mention that steel from the building was holed to the point of being described as like

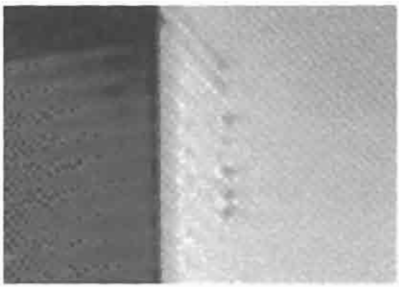

Figure 69: Simultaneous explosions in the lower floors as the building begins to fall straight down.

Figure 70: Larry Silverstein in his 'pull it' interview.

'Swiss cheese'. A controlled demolition was inadvertently confirmed by Larry Silverstein who owned Building 7 and then bought the World Trade Center lease and increased terrorist attack insurance just six weeks before 9/11. The collapse of Building 7 alone led to a pay-out of $861 million from Industrial Risk Insurers based on the official story of what happened – office furnishings on fire (another version of pants on fire). Hold on a cotton-picking second. Silverstein told a PBS television documentary in September, 2002, that he had been informed by fire chiefs that the building was so badly damaged they wanted to 'pull it' (Fig 70). This term is used by the demolition industry and emergency services as short-hand for 'pull it down' – demolish it. Silverstein made a major mistake here and he's been caught with his pants down as well as on fire. A bewildered Senator John Kerry, fending off questions about 9/11 at a public event in Texas in 2007, said that his information was that Building 7 was demolished by a controlled demolition. Even *CBS News* anchor Dan Rather, said the collapse was ...'reminiscent of ... when a building was deliberately destroyed by well-placed dynamite to knock it down'.

Indira Singh, a volunteer civilian Emergency Medical Technician working near Building 7, said she heard the Fire Department say they were going to bring down the building. 'There was another panic around four o'clock because they were bringing the building down and people seemed to know this ahead of time, so people were panicking again and running ...' Singh will return to the story from another crucial angle later in the book. Witnesses, including firefighters, agreed and described how they heard 'boom, boom, boom, boom' before Building 7 came down. Video footage includes the sounds of explosions as the building falls. A radio reporter on 1010 Winsam Radio, New York, said: 'And I turned in time to see what looked like a skyscraper implosion, looked like it had been done by a demolition crew, the whole thing collapsing down.' A television reporter at the scene said: 'It was almost as if it was a planned implosion. The whole building just pancaked

down.' If you've not seen the collapse of Building 7 go to ae911truth.org and the video presented by actor Ed Asner called 'Solving the Mystery of Building 7'. You will see the most obvious controlled demolition imaginable including comparisons with other buildings brought down by professional demolition (Fig 71). There is no difference – they are exactly the same. For the building to fall as it did without a controlled demolition all 82 vertical steel columns would have had to have failed at *precisely* the same moment because of an office furnishings fire which is clearly insanity on a stick. Building 7 is a front-line smoking gun in the 9/11 hoax because it takes weeks to prepare large buildings for demolition and lay the explosives in the right places to implode them on their own footprint. There is no way in all eternity that Larry Silverstein could have decided with fire chiefs to 'pull it' and for the building to come down soon afterwards – not unless it had been pre-charged in the weeks before. This is what he said word for word in the PBS interview:

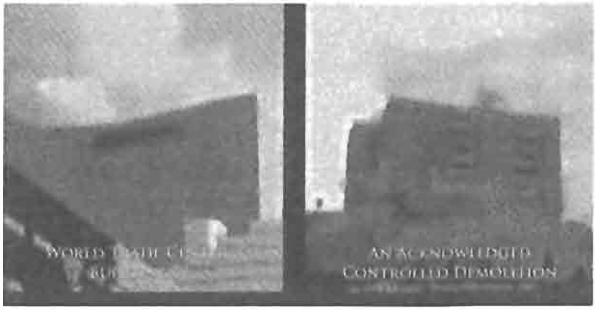

Figure 71: A screenshot from the Architects & Engineers video comparing the collapse of Building 7 with one brought down by controlled demolition. They are exactly the same.

> I remember getting a call from the fire department commander and they said they weren't sure they were going to be able to contain the fire. I said, you know, we've had such a terrible loss of life the smartest thing to do is pull it. And they made that decision – to pull – and we watched the building collapse.

Bullshit. The 'fire department commander' on 9/11 was Chief Daniel Nigro who said he does not recall speaking to Silverstein that day (in an exchange you would never forget):

> I am well aware of Mr. Silverstein's statement, but to the best of my recollection, I did not speak to him on that day, and I do not recall anyone telling me that they did either. That doesn't mean he could not have spoken to someone from FDNY; it just means that I am not aware of it.

The mystery man is still to come forward. There's a few things to mention here: (1) firefighters don't demolish buildings, demolition experts do after weeks of preparation and so Silverstein's story is a crock

of crap; (2) the fire that they were 'struggling to contain' was actually extinguished an hour before the demolition; (3) Silverstein went on to enjoy a fantastic insurance pay-out on the World Trade Center Buildings – insurance secured weeks before the attacks – and now has brand new buildings on the site to replace the aging 1973 World Trade Center towers and his Building 7 completed in 1987. Who said there were no winners on 9/11? Why would a billionaire businessman like Silverstein want to take on a poisoned chalice like the World Trade Center in the deteriorating state the Twin Towers were in? He can't be that bad a businessman when you think that in a deal worth $3.2 billion Silverstein agreed to lay-out $14 million of his own money and was handed $4.56 billion in insurance money. Another question – why did Silverstein say publicly that plans for a new Building 7 were first hatched in 2000 – *the year before* it came down on 9/11? The building was only 14 years old. Why would Mayor Giuliani's New York spend $13 million on a new emergency command centre in the building if there were plans to replace it? The command center was opened in 1999 – just a year before Silverstein said plans for a replacement Building 7 were underway. A number of emergency personnel and volunteers have said they were told long before Building 7 fell at 5.20pm that it was going to be 'pulled' or that it was 'coming down'. One was Kevin McPadden, a search and rescue volunteer formerly with Air Force Special Operations. He was working at a Red Cross centre and said he was told that Building 7 was going to be brought down:

> They said you know you've got to stay behind this line because they're thinking about taking this building down, they're not sure if it's stable or not, so they were holding a line off because they had knowledge that something was gonna happen. Well, they pushed us back a little bit ... a couple of minutes later they started coming down ... people started coming back out to the street, I watched five New York City buses jam packed with people wanting to do search and rescue, head down there towards Building 7 – people walked out into the middle of the street to see these people off, like bon voyage and right then Building 7 came down.

Building 7 was a planned demolition – end of story

Despite all of the evidence from building experts, firefighters, witnesses and the eyes of anyone watching the footage the government refused to admit what had really happened. The National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST) published its final report on the Building 7 collapse in 2008 and proved beyond doubt or question that they have absolutely no shame. Shyam Sunder, the lead [non]investigator, told the media: 'World Trade Center 7 collapsed because of fires fuelled by office furnishings. It did not collapse from explosions or from oil fires.' The

video clip that I saw must have cut out early before he fell about laughing or immediately apologised and begged for forgiveness. A 47-storey skyscraper was brought down by 'an ordinary building contents fire'? Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth founder Richard Gage said:

> In the case of Building 7 the fire that NIST said started the collapse had actually burned out over an hour before. It could not have caused the collapse as NIST claims. Yet this modern, steel-frame skyscraper which was not hit by an airplane, collapsed mostly into its own footprint like a house of cards as fast as a bowling ball falling off the side of the building in just under seven seconds.

For anyone still not sure if Building 7 was brought down in a controlled demolition – hence the preparation to do so must have been instigated weeks before – these are building and demolition experts speaking on the Building 7 video which you can see on the Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth website:

Kathy McGrade, metallurgical engineer: 'The symmetry is the smoking gun.'

Steven Dusterwald, structural engineer: 'Building number 7 descended in free-fall for the first 100 feet which means there was absolutely no resistance to descent whatsoever.'

Ronald Brookman, structural engineer: 'NIST has admitted it went in free-fall for eight storeys and going from motionless to free-fall, instantly, that's a bothersome part of the puzzle because NIST never explained it.'

Michael Donly, structural engineer: 'We've got a building that came down in its own footprint so all the columns needed to be severed at the same time for that structure to fall the way we saw.'

Jack Keller, professor of engineering at Utah State University: 'Obviously it was the result of controlled demolition.'

Frank Cullinan, specialist in bridge construction and demolition: 'Structural connections not only had to fail nearly simultaneously but in sequential order.'

Chester Gearhart, civil engineer: 'When I saw Building 7 fall I knew it was a controlled demolition.'

Anthony Szamboti, mechanical engineer: 'The whole building completely comes down in one continuous motion. There couldn't have been any structural resistance.'

Scott Grainger, forensic fire protection engineer: 'According to NIST, the failure occurred at column 79 on level 12. They're talking about a single columnar collapse or failure that resulted in the total collapse of the building.'

Kamal Obeid, structural engineer: 'It is possible that you could still have a local failure as a result of a connection failing, but the likelihood of that failure dragging the entire building in such fashion that all the columns would fail at the same time – it's an impossibility.'

Tom Sullivan, explosives technician formerly employed by the company, Controlled Demolition: 'What I saw, it was a classic implosion. The centre of the core, the penthouse area, starts to move first and the building starts to follow along with it.'

Danny Jowenko, owner of a Dutch controlled demolition company, was shown footage of the Building 7 collapse by a Netherlands film crew without telling him what or where it was. Like most people he had no idea that a third building had come down on 9/11. He was asked by the film crew for his thoughts on how the building came down. Jowenko said: 'They blew up columns and the rest caved in afterwards ... This is a controlled demolition ... This was a hired job – a team of experts did this.' It is worth pondering on that NIST Building 7 report from this perspective and in the knowledge that the same jokers told us that the World Trade Center towers fell because of heat from jet fuel. I have heard people say that the government would never get enough people to lie and go along with a fake story to make it stick and too many people would have known that it couldn't be true. Here is a government organisation that could not have failed to realise that its report about an 'office furnishings fire' bringing down a 47-story skyscraper is the most monumental, child-like bollocks you could ever imagine, but still went along with it to support the official narrative. At the same time NIST admitted that the building fell in *free-fall* at the start for more than two seconds and this can only happen if all resistance below is deleted. There was no structural prelude; the building went from stable to free-fall in an instant – just like the Twin Towers. We should not forget that the forces driving and directing 9/11 and other catastrophes are at the very outer extreme of psychopaths and your career would be over – or worse – if you failed to act as directed. The same can be said of the FAA, National Transportation Safety Board, FBI and so on. 'I was just

following orders', right? Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth asked a team at the University of Alaska Fairbanks (UAF) to investigate what happened to Building 7 and the impact of the fires. Dr Leroy Hulsey led the team from the Department of Civil and Environmental Engineering. He said: 'It is our preliminary conclusions based upon our work to date that fire did not produce the failure at this particular building.' The study was ongoing at the time of writing. It is a real head-shaker that despite the expert opinion and eye-witness statements presented here I saw an article in the UK *Sun* which said there were 'conspiracy theories' that Building 7 was brought down by controlled demolition but '... there is no evidence to support such a theory'. *Extraordinary.*

Giuliani's bunker

Two years before the attacks Mayor Rudolph Giuliani opened a $13 million command center on the 23rd floor of World Trade Center Building 7– called by the media 'Giuliani's bunker'– and it was constructed with reinforced, bulletproof, and bomb-resistant walls, its own air and water supply and three backup generators. This was to be the focal point for Giuliani's Office of Emergency Management that he established in 1996 to take over the New York Police Department's responsibility for the preparation and directing of emergency response. Giuliani appointed Jerome M. Hauer to be the first director and he was replaced by 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight' Richard Sheirer in early 2000 who was at Giuliani's side on 9/11. 'Giuliani's bunker' was really 'Hauer's bunker' because he made the decision to build a command center and to locate it in Building 7 owned by Larry Silverstein. Hauer and Silverstein must have known each other given they both had deep family connections with the New York Jewish community and with Israel. Giuliani was very clear: 'Jerry Hauer recommended that as the prime site and the site that would make the most sense ... It was largely on his recommendation that that site was selected.' From this command center all New York emergency communications frequencies could be monitored and it was supposed to be staffed around the clock. The facility was designed to respond to emergencies like terrorism and from here the mayor would oversee the response with first Hauer and then his successor Sheirer. Strange, then, that neither Giuliani nor Sheirer were anywhere to be seen there on September 11th. Giuliani cultivates a false image of the 'hero' mayor of 9/11. New York firefighters tell a very different story about this vicious man. He sent in firefighters and other rescue and clean-up workers after the attacks when the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) knew that it was potentially lethal to breathe the toxic air at Ground Zero. Giuliani insisted because he said: 'The stock market must re-open.' Yeah, let's get our priorities right. Firefighters and their colleagues are suffering appallingly and a 2018

media report said: 'Seventeen years out from the Sept. 11, 2001, terrorist attacks, nearly 10,000 first responders and others who were in the World Trade Center area have been diagnosed with cancer ... More than 2,000 deaths have been attributed to 9/11 illnesses.' Many rescue dogs died of rare cancers. Meanwhile Giuliani continues his lucrative career in and around politics and in 'security'. What happened with regard to the Building 7 command center that day was very weird. Barry Jennings, Deputy Director of Emergency Services for the New York Housing Authority, said he took a phone call informing him that a small Cessna had hit the World Trade Center and he was told to go to the Office of Emergency Management – the 'command center' – in Building 7. When he arrived with New York City corporation counsel Michael Hess they were shocked to find the command center deserted:

> We noticed that everybody was gone. I saw coffee that was on a desk, the smoke was still coming off the coffee. I saw half-eaten sandwiches ... After I called several individuals, one told me to leave and leave right away. Mr. Hess came running back in and said, "We're the only ones up here, we gotta get out of here.

Giuliani's $13 million command center built for just this situation was *empty?* Someone told Barry Jennings on the phone to 'get out right away'? The Twin Towers had not fallen by then. Surely emergency management staff would have been in the command center with others heading there fast – most especially 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight' Richard Sheirer, New York's Director of Emergency Management. *Unless* ... and it does appear very clearly that there was an ... *unless*. Barry Jennings and Michael Hess began to walk down the stairwell and when they reached the sixth floor the landing gave way underfoot from an explosion further below. Jennings recalled:

> The explosion was beneath me ... so when the explosion happened it blew us back ... both [Twin Towers] were still standing ... I was left there hanging. I had to climb back up and walk back up to the eighth floor.

Jennings said they were trapped there for several hours when the official report claims that the fire which brought down Building 7 was located between the seventh and ninth floors – precisely where Jennings and Hess were the whole time. Jennings said that as they waited 'I'm hearing all kinds of explosions'. When eventually they were rescued and returned to the lobby it was in ruins:

> Keep in mind, when I came in there, the lobby had nice escalators – it was a huge lobby. And for me to see what I saw was unbelievable.

He said they were told by fire officers not to look down because they were stepping over dead bodies in the lobby and they were warned to get out quickly because of reports of more explosions. Jennings, who died in 2008, officially of cancer, told his story on camera for the 9/11 documentary *Loose Change*. He later sought to retract what he said about seeing dead bodies after what the makers of *Loose Change* understood to be threats made to Jennings about his job. Maybe the FBI dropped in when they weren't sending human remains to landfills. Giuliani had certainly been talking with Larry Silverstein judging by the incredible bullshit he proceeded to deliver. He said in a television interview that they set up an emergency response operation in a building in Barclay Street and not in the purpose-built Building 7 command center which he was told had been evacuated. Why hadn't the Barclay Street building done the same when it was two minutes' walk from Building 7? Then he said he was warned that the World Trade Center was going to collapse. *Whaaaaaaat??* Giuliani told Peter Jennings on ABC:

> I went down to the scene and we set-up headquarters at 75 Barclay Street, which was right there with the Police Commissioner, the Fire Commissioner, the head of Emergency Management [Richard Sheirer] and we were operating out of there when we we're told that the World Trade Center was going to collapse. And it did collapse before we could actually get out of the building. So we were trapped in the building for 10 to 15 minutes and finally found an exit, got out, walked north and took a lot of people with us.

Okay, so why didn't anyone else know about the warning? How did they know the World Trade Center was going to collapse? Who told them? Maybe it was Silverstein's mystery fire commander. Why wasn't anyone else warned – like the firefighters that died? Why would anyone think the buildings could collapse given that not one of their type ever had through fire in the entirety of architectural history? There are some reports from firefighters that the warning about a possible collapse came from Giuliani's own Office of Emergency Management headed by 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight' Richard Sheirer. When later challenged by 9/11 researchers about the impossibility and great significance of what he said Giuliani denied that he was warned even though he said that on national television. You are a another bloody liar Giuliani and why do people lie? To hide the truth – that's why the 9/11 fairy tale is drowning in them. Building 7 was in the news (on the Internet at least) when it emerged that the BBC and CNN reported that Building 7 had collapsed *before* it actually did. BBC correspondent Jane Standley announced that Building 7 had fallen some *26 minutes* before it came down and the building can even be seen still standing behind her while

Figure 72: BBC reporter announces the demise of Building 7 while it remains standing behind her.

she reported its demise (Fig 72). The BBC made the bizarre and ridiculous statement when questioned about this that all recordings of its live coverage on 9/11 had been 'lost'. The corporation typically said that to accuse it of being part of a conspiracy over Building 7 was ridiculous. This, of course, was not what was being suggested. Not by me, anyway. The question was not about a BBC 'conspiracy', but *who told them* and CNN nearly half an hour before Building 7 came down that it had already done so? On this, the BBC was silent. When you look at the sequence of events it is clear that the 9/11 script was always to bring down Building 7 and maybe mistakenly released the news before the deed was actually done. Giuliani later headed to a command centre set up at New York's Pier 92 where hundreds of people were assembled from FEMA, the State Emergency Management Office and the Federal Government preparing for a bio-chemical attack exercise drill long-planned for the next day. What synchronicity, eh?

How was it done?

The fact that the towers were brought down deliberately is a gimme for anyone prepared to look at the evidence and clear their minds of the 9/11 download program. I am not attached, however, to exactly how this was done and I remain wide open to all possibilities. My aim here is to show that the official story didn't happen because everything else comes from that. The obvious conclusion is the use of explosive charges as per familiar controlled demolition technique which are employed all the time around the world to bring down big structures. Professor Steven Jones and others have suggested the involvement of substances known variously as thermite, super-thermite and thermate. These are incendiary mixtures which can burn very fast and very hot. Jones was a professor of physics at Brigham Young University (BYU) in Utah before he was suspended after entering the 9/11 debate and later chose to retire. He said that he became interested in the subject in 2005 because of the questions about Building 7 and many reports from Ground Zero of steel in a molten state still there weeks after the buildings fell. Researcher Christopher Bollyn quotes Peter Tully, president of Tully Construction of Flushing, New York, describing pools of 'literally molten steel' at the World Trade Center weeks into the clean-up

operation. Particularly interesting were witnesses reporting molten steel in the basements of the three towers. Mark Loizeaux, president of Controlled Demolition, Inc. (CDI) in Maryland, told Bollyn there were 'hot spots of molten steel in the basements' – 'at the bottoms of the elevator shafts of the main towers, down seven [basement] levels.' Molten metal was discovered in the rubble of Building 7 which was not struck by an aircraft. This could not have been caused by the original relatively low-temperature fires and certainly not weeks later.

Professor Jones secured formerly molten metal fragments from the World Trade Center site and he and other physicists at BYU put them through a series of experiments and tests. Jones's conclusion was they contained the elements that would be expected with the presence of thermite/super-thermite/thermate. He said: 'The results, coupled with visual evidence at the scene such as flowing yellow-hot liquid metal still red after falling about 500 feet, provide compelling evidence that thermite reaction compounds were used, meaning thermite was deliberately placed in both WTC Towers and WTC 7.' Jones further contended that a souped-up version of thermite, known as thermate, could cut through steel beams and substantially reduce the melting point of steel. He said that thermate could 'cut through steel like a hot knife through butter'. The military use thermate, which burns at higher temperatures than regular thermite, to cut through tank armour and bunkers. Thermate can even burn under water and in other oxygen-starved locations. Professor Jones said thermate would explain molten metal seen falling from the still-standing South Tower and white smoke/ash emitting from the same area (Fig 73). He said they found elements in Ground Zero dust that strongly suggested the presence of thermite/thermate and that 'strange corrosion' on the dust-covered roofs of vehicles in the area would be expected with thermite residue. He claims that other 'finds' in the rubble and dust point in the same direction. This is only the briefest summary of the thermite/thermate hypothesis which has proved highly controversial even within the 9/11 Truth movement. There are a number of interviews and presentations by Steven Jones on the Internet for those who wish look deeper at the claims.

Figure 73: The molten metal pouring from the South Tower highlighted by Professor Steven Jones.

A very different explanation circulating over the years is the use of directed energy weapons to bring down the towers. I am not

saying this did happen or didn't, but I come back to a point I have emphasised over and over: The technology we see is not the cutting edge of technology that actually exists. Selling a perception of what is possible is a major element of the human perception program. If you limit perception of the possible in the target population they will dismiss explanations that are true because the truth appears to be impossible to programmed perception. It may be impossible to their *perception* of reality – but not to *actual* reality. World-changing technology developed in secret projects and underground bases is sitting there waiting for the right moment in the continuing sequence of human control to be played out in the public domain. This includes directed energy technology that could turn an enormous building to dust. These weapons exist today in the world of the known and so they would have existed – and then some – in the world of the hidden at the time of 9/11. I highlighted 'beams weapons' in *Alice in Wonderland* in 2002 and pointed out that some 425,000 cubic yards of World Trade Center concrete disintegrated mostly as immense clouds of dust. One witness said there was 'not a single block of concrete in that rubble'. Dr Charles Hirsch, the government's Chief Medical Examiner, reportedly told grieving relatives in December, 2001, that many bodies had been 'vaporized' and at that time only 500 of the nearly 3,000 who died had been identified. I described in *Alice* how the *American Free Press* (AFP) had interviewed a German physicist who believed a laser beam weapon could have caused the collapse of the Twin Towers using infrared technology that was first developed in the Soviet Union. The physicist, whom AFP does not name, was described as a former East German physicist who studied Soviet infrared technology and 'plasmoids' during the 1960s and 70s. He was claimed to be directly involved in the demonstration of a Soviet laser beam weapon for the US Air Force in Weimar in 1991. According to the physicist the Soviet weapon was used during a Soviet dispute with China in 1969 to destroy 'a wall' at the Ussuri River which separates Manchuria from Russia. Infrared radiation employs invisible wavelengths between visible light and microwave on the electromagnetic spectrum and produces fantastic heat. It creates a potentially devastating phenomenon called a plasmoid cloud of heated and ionised gas, AFP reported. The United States had been developing and deploying such weapons for many years and one of its centres of development was the Brookhaven Laboratories on Long Island, New York. Author Jeff Hecht wrote in his appropriately 1984 book *Beam Weapons: The Next Arms Race:* 'The military 'destructor beam' definitely is in our future tactical arsenal.' Advanced technology and plasma physics involved in directed-energy weapons gave them unprecedented lethal power. They could unleash devastating beams of energy in seconds and less. The 'German physicist' told *American Free Press*:

> From my experience as a physicist and research scientist with the GRU [Russian military intelligence] I have enough experience to judge that the World Trade towers have been burning too quickly, too hot, and too completely to have been caused by the kerosene fires that resulted from the crashes. Furthermore, the demolished buildings nearby are an indication that there was a plasmoid cloud involved, which probably affected the buildings nearby.

He said that in 1991 the GRU demonstrated for the US Air Force Electronic Security Command (AFESC) the capabilities of its infrared beam weapon by reducing a ceramic plate to dust from a distance of one mile. He said the demonstration was designed to show the US 'how a stealth bomber could be turned into dust in the same way'. The plate had been disintegrated into such fine dust, he said, that it was difficult to pick up with a vacuum cleaner. 'The plate was not destroyed suddenly as if hit by a bullet, rather it disintegrated in a process taking about 15 minutes.' The physicist said that one of the transmitters involved in striking the World Trade Center with a beam weapon could have been located in a high building nearby or on a satellite, plane or ship. Russian state-funded TV station RT reported in 2018 that microwave directed-energy weapons were being tested at firing ranges in Russia. The prototypes were designed to burn missile-homing systems and could be incorporated in the arsenal of sixth-generation fighter jets. Vladimir Mikheev, deputy head of KRET, a leading electronic warfare contractor, said that these cutting-edge weapons systems 'exist and progress quite effectively', according to the TASS news agency. Mention of Russia here is not an indication that they were involved in 9/11, only that such weapons existed at the time of the attacks and the American military also had them. Mind you, judging by the hysterical demonisation of Russia maybe the best way to get a new investigation into 9/11 is to claim 'the Russians did it'.

Tesla knew

Targeted electromagnetic energy goes back at least to the late 19th century and was developed most famously in the first half of the 20th century by the Serbian-American technological genius, Nikola Tesla (1856-1943) who was way ahead of his time (Fig 74). He said: 'The day science begins to study non-physical phenomena it will make more progress in one decade than in all the previous centuries of its existence.' Tesla told

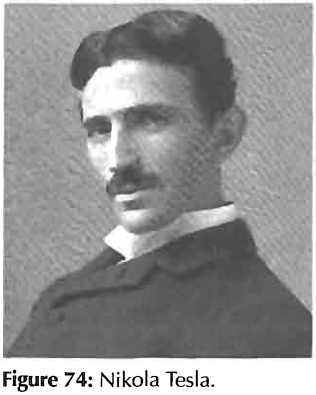

Figure 74: Nikola Tesla.

The New York Times in 1940 that he had developed 'an entirely new principle of physics' which 'no one ever dreamed about'. He called this the 'teleforce' and described it as an invisible beam that could generate an invisible 'Chinese Wall of Defence' and 'melt' aircraft motors at a distance of 250 miles. The teleforce beam was only one-hundred-millionth of a square centimetre in diameter, he said. Tesla was tapping into natural electrical/electromagnetic and other forces and focussing their power through technology. He said that he could produce 100 million volts of pressure with currents up to 100 billion watts and if the radio frequency was resonating at two megahertz the energy released would be the equivalent of ten megatons of TNT. Tesla said that he had the technology to 'split the Earth like an apple'. *New York American* published an article in 1935 with the headline 'Tesla's Controlled Earthquakes' in which he said that his technology's 'rhythmical vibrations pass through the Earth with almost no loss of energy ... [and it] becomes possible to convey mechanical effects to the greatest terrestrial distances and produce all kinds of unique effects'. Tesla manipulated the weather in experiments that included lightning strikes above his laboratory and he could make the ground shake violently (Fig 75). On one occasion thousands of windows in the area were broken before he could turn off his machine. His artificially-generated lightning storms unintentionally started hundreds of forest fires and blew out electrical grids in two states. He could see the military potential of his inventions and acknowledged that his teleforce could be used with devastating effect in war. He said this was not his intention and he preferred to use his knowledge to provide free energy by harnessing naturally-occurring electrical and electromagnetic fields. This immediately had the Hidden Hand networks turn against him with a vengeance. Free energy, along with interest-free money, is their worst nightmare because of its devastating effect on both their income and control. Have any of the Green fanatics pressing to 'save the planet from global warming' ever stopped to ask why the super-rich families behind 'we must transform society to save humanity' are the very same families and networks that have suppressed Tesla-type free energy for everyone

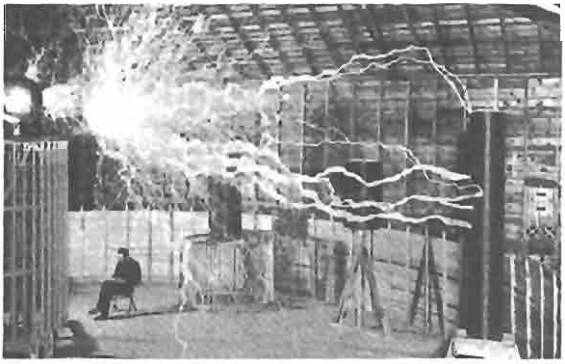

Figure 75: Tesla understood electromagnetic reality and how it could be harnessed for good and evil.

without generating any CO2? Tesla technology and its further developments can, in relation to 9/11, do the following:

- Deliver unprecedented amounts of energy at specific locations that are far more precise than a nuclear weapon.
- Interfere with global communications systems while itself remaining unaffected.
- Manipulate weather (they wanted a clear blue, cloud-free sky, for example, for maximum impact).
- Create nuclear-sized explosions using electromagnetic pulses.

Tesla died in a New York hotel room in 1943 and his cutting-edge research papers were confiscated by the American government, military and intelligence networks. The papers were reviewed for the military by John G. Trump (1907-1985), uncle of 'outsider' president Donald John Trump. This is where his middle name 'John' comes from. Uncle Trump would later become head of the British Branch of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) Radiation Laboratory. This was funded by the Rockefeller family and would appear to have become the centre of a weather-manipulation programme. Did the American government, military and intelligence networks have the technology to bring down the World Trade Center buildings by using directed energy? Too bloody right they did and people will have to decide for themselves if they think that happened.

Dust to dust and more dust

The best-known proponent of the directed energy weapon scenario on 9/11 is Dr Judy Wood, a materials scientist and former professor of mechanical engineering who secured a doctorate in these subjects at the Department of Engineering Science and Mechanics at Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University in Blacksburg, Virginia. Dr Wood set out the case for directed energy in her book *Where Did The Towers Go?* which was published in 2005. The book is highly detailed, illustrated and sourced and you can also see her video presentations on YouTube – '9/11 Dr Judy Wood where did the towers go?' will get you there. She makes a series of observations in support of her contention that the buildings were not brought down by conventional methods of controlled demolition. These include:

- The buildings turned to dust in mid-air – including steel beams and core vertical columns which can be seen turning to dust and

disappearing as they fell – leaving only a tiny fraction of the one and a quarter million tons of steel, concrete, aluminium and other material to actually strike the ground.

- The Twin Towers were built on land reclaimed from the close-by Hudson River within a water-resisting dam or dyke known as the 'bathtub'. Had the buildings slammed into the ground before they turned to dust this dam would have been breached and the area flooded.

- Seismic records do not record the Richter scale reaction that would have been caused by such a massive impact of 110 storey buildings hitting the ground. When the Seattle Kingdome sports stadium was brought down in a conventional controlled demolition in 2000 it had a seismic impact of 2.3. The 110 storey World Trade Center 2 (the South Tower) registered just 2.1 despite having, Wood says, 30 times the potential energy. The mall and parking garage right under the World Trade Center site were still intact.

- Wood compares the 9/11 seismic readings with that of an earthquake in Midtown Manhattan in January of the same year and finds them to be very different. The 9/11 readings show that 'no signal went through the earth' which would have happened if the building had not turned to dust before impact. As for Building 7 there was no seismic reading of note and Wood describes the fall of the building as a 'non-seismic event'.

These are what Wood calls 'the biggest smoking guns' which show that (a) the government story about the World Trade Center is not true and (b) a conventional controlled demolition could not have been responsible. When the World Trade Center towers come down it's almost like watching a fountain of dust emanating from the top as the building basically disappears (Fig 76). Jay Jones, a

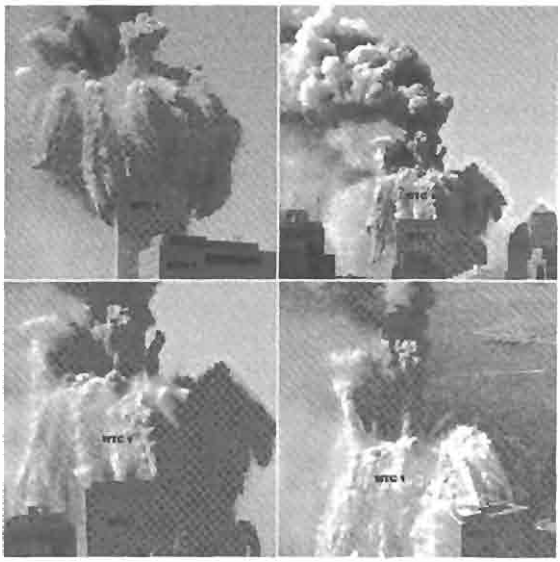

Figure 76: The dust 'fountain' emanating from the top as the Towers came down.

firefighter at the scene, said: 'These were the biggest office buildings in the world and I didn't see one desk or chair or one phone, nothing.' Wood points out other evidence that exposes the nonsense about fire compromising the steel and why there are descriptions of steel 'vaporising'. Buildings around the World Trade Center complex – even across the road – suffered nothing like the damage that would be expected had the falling debris not turned to dust, she says. Wood contends that with all the material 'squeezed' and projected out from the towers had the 'pancaking' story been true buildings all around them would have peppered like machine gun fire. Some were hit as described earlier, but not 'peppered'. She recalls being contacted by a man who worked at the World Trade Center and decided to go home when the planes initially hit. He said he walked past the South Tower 'with the fires about out' and headed for the ferry terminal on the Hudson. While he was there, with his view of the WTC obscured by other buildings, he said someone claimed the South Tower had collapsed. The reaction was that this was ridiculous and the person must be an idiot. When he was crossing the river and looked back there was only one tower standing. He hadn't heard anything or felt the ground shake. Michael Ober, an emergency medical technician, said: 'I don't remember the sound of the building hitting the ground ... if the building is hitting the ground that hard, how do I not remember the sound of it? Six different magnetometer readings of the Earth's magnetic field at ground level by six different stations in Alaska reveal that about 20 minutes before the first tower was struck the field around the World Trade Center began to act strangely and distort. The reading had been quite stable until then, but distorted significantly in the run up to the plane strikes and then began to distort dramatically and go 'haywire' over the period when the towers came down. This continued until Building 7 fell when the readings began to calm down and return to their former comparative stability.

What caused this?

There are other strange phenomena to consider. Vehicles some distance from the impact were turned upside down or burned out in a way that did not suggest a normal fire (Fig 77). Some vehicles were partly burned in a specific area but untouched in other parts and alongside them were trees, street lamps and shops that were not similarly damaged. This cannot be explained by burning debris flying from the building and only striking road vehicles and nothing else. The streets and area around the vehicles were strewn with unburnt paper and there are images of burning cars surrounded by paper that isn't burning. Vehicle engines were melted together with other parts which fire could not possibly have done. Cars and buses were twisted and melted with paintwork

Figure 77: Vehicles a long way from the World Trade Center were burnt out while trees and paper near them, even next to them, were not burned.

Figure 78: Cars were found burned out or 'toasted' on top of each other and others were upside down.

Figure 79: A bus stripped to the metal but with no burn or scorch marks.

stripped as if they had been dipped in paint-stripper (Figs 78). There were melted, paint-stripped buses and cars with no scorch-marks (Fig 79). One witness said: 'It was unbelievable, they were twisted and melted into nothing.' A television reporter described 'car after car, and buses, burned down to the steel'. Door handles and latches were gone and there was no window glass at all. The drjudywood.com website comments:

A reported 1400 vehicles were damaged on 9/11. These vehicles had peculiar

> patterns of damage and some were as far away as ... (about 7 blocks from the WTC, along the East River). Vehicles had missing door handles for example, windows blown out, window frames deformed, melted engine blocks, steel-belted tires with only the steel belts left, and vehicle front ends destroyed with little or no effect on the back end of the vehicles. What could have caused such extraordinary damage? Portions of cars burned while paper nearby did not.

Wood says that comparisons with images of burnt-out vehicles indicate this is not the same phenomena. Similar scenes were reported and photographed during devastating wildfires in California in 2018 which some blamed on energy beams directed from the sky. Houses were burnt to nothing alongside others that were untouched, homes turned to ash while surrounded by unburnt trees and vehicles were burnt and overturned in ways that looked very much like those that Wood highlights with 9/11. World Trade Center steel beams that survived were found twisted tightly back on themselves in a U-bend and materials with very different melting and boiling points became fused together including organic matter that should have been burned away if this had been caused by fire. Some witnesses described being picked up by a wave of energy and being tossed down the street or against walls. *New York Daily News* photographer David Handschuh recalled how he was thrown nearly a block: 'One second I was running, the next I was airborne.' He also remembered feeling a warm, not hot, blast of air which others also described. In the debris of the towers people saw acts of spontaneous combustion long after the towers came down that could not be explained by heat. Some may point to the thermite/thermate hypothesis, but Wood says all these phenomena would be expected if Tesla-like technology had been used on 9/11. She writes that when focussed-energy struck the buildings people would hear 'boom, boom, boom' by the effect of the structure disintegrating. As she puts it: 'Bombs go boom, but not everything that goes boom is a bomb.' Matter is only energy vibrating to a slow frequency and if that energetic construct of 'matter' is hit by high-powered focussed energy it will spatter apart and what it strikes would turn to dust. Wood wonders if many who jumped from the building were not forced to do so by the effect of microwave energy which can give you the feeling that your skin is on fire. The American military/law enforcement employs this skin-fire system to disperse crowds and, by the way, it operates in the same frequency band as the cumulatively lethal 5G communication systems being rolled out across the world by the Hidden Hand without any independent testing of its effect on human health. But then they are psychopaths – the same mentality and networks behind 9/11.

Another aspect of Wood's research is that on that clearest of blue-sky

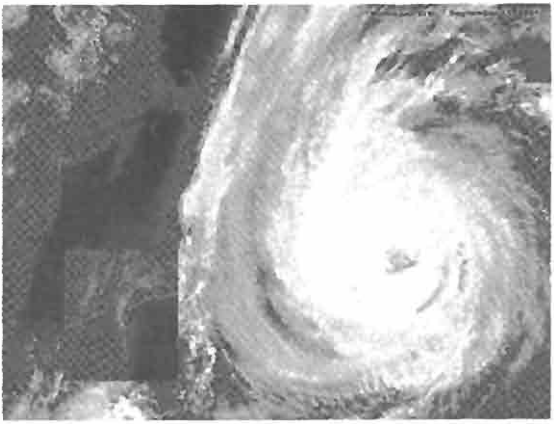

Figure 80: Hurricane Erin off the US East Coast on 9/11.

days in New York and Washington a category 3 hurricane was spinning off the New York coast. Anyone remember hearing about that or any pre-warnings as it worked its way from the south? Me, neither. It was dubbed Hurricane Erin and coverage was sparse compared with what you would expect and restricted to weather reports rather than the main headlines (Fig 80). CNN Weather reported on September 8th that 'the first Atlantic hurricane of the season churned toward Bermuda Saturday night, with experts forecasting even stronger winds over the next 24 hours'. The report located Erin 325 miles southeast of Bermuda 'but creeping closer at a rate of 15 mph'. Wind speeds were recorded at a sustained 85 miles per hour. Erin made its way north to reach its greatest extent off the coast of New York on September 11th and following the attacks moved sharply right out into the ocean. Personnel on the International Space Station orbiting 240 miles above the Earth said they could see plumes of smoke from the World Trade Center but didn't mention a big hurricane system just off the coast. The position of Erin apparently ensured the cloudless blue skies for which 9/11 is remembered and against which events could occur in clear sight with maximum impact. American meteorologist Joe Bastardi mentions Erin in his book, *The Climate Chronicles*, in the sense of weather conditions affecting an outcome. He writes:

> On 9/11 the sun was shining brightly as high pressure along the East Coast and strong sinking air outside of major Hurricane Erin well offshore allowed for a spectacular day on the East Coast. If Erin were closer, chances are the weather would have been less hospitable or perhaps there would have been flight delays. As it was, the storm was in the perfect spot to allow the usual sinking air create ideal conditions for the hijackers to do what they did.

Tesla-type technology can certainly whip-up hurricanes and use them to gather and focus energy for many purposes or produce desired weather conditions as described. Weather systems are simply energy systems and if you can change the nature of that energy you change the weather. Technological modification of the weather has been possible

since at least the first half of the 20th century and is now very powerful and sophisticated. You don't have international agreements not to mess with the weather and use it as a weapon if modifying the weather is not possible. Of course it is and since when did the United States and other countries with this technology give a damn about international laws and treaties? A major cover for this manipulation is the hoax about human-caused climate change upon which they can blame their weather-changing actions. Hurricane Erin off the coast of New York at the time of 9/11 is an amazing 'coincidence', that's for sure.

The deluge of unanswered questions and blatant lies and anomalies regarding the attacks of September 11th was the motivation for citizen journalists to come together organically and independently to form the movement that became known as 9/11 Truth. They are referred to as 'Truthers' and they have been abused and ridiculed by the mainstream media for doing the job *it* should have being doing. You have seen the evidence so far that puts the official story into question at every turn while excuses-for-journalists the world over dismiss with an arrogant wave of the hand the obvious flaws in the story they have accepted without a second thought. Many of these system-defenders call themselves 'progressives', as with Matthew Rothschild, editor of *The Progressive*, who described the official story of the towers falling as 'perfectly logical, scientific explanations'. Typical are comments like those of George Monbiot at the system-serving London *Guardian* which bizarrely claims to be 'radical'. Excuse me a moment, my belly hurts. Monbiot described 'Truthers' as 'fantasists', 'conspiracy idiots' and 'morons'.

Why has the mainstream media never uncovered the truth about 9/11? George Monbiot. Matthew Rothschild, ad infinitum. I rest my case.

CHAPTER 14

Prior knowledge and cover-up

Whenever you find that you are on the side of the majority, it is time to pause and reflect – Mark Twain

Still further confirmation that 9/11 was an inside job would be evidence that those with responsibility to defend the United States from terrorist attacks – and other insiders – were aware of what was going to happen. This evidence can be found a plenty.

Later in the book I will describe the remarkable absence of leaseholder Larry Silverstein and his family at the World Trade Center that morning even though they were there almost every other day at the time the attacks happened. There are many stories that indicate prior knowledge in either detail or theme. San Francisco Mayor Willie Brown said he was warned at 10pm the previous night by what he called 'my security people at the airport' to be especially cautious about travelling by air on September 11th – he planned to fly to New York. A report in *Newsweek* claimed that on the day before the attacks 'a group of top Pentagon officials suddenly cancelled travel plans for the next morning, apparently because of security concerns'. The *San Francisco Chronicle* reported that the FBI had advised Attorney General John Ashcroft not to fly on commercial aircraft in this same period and as the *Chronicle* put it: 'The FBI obviously knew something was in the wind.' Still the FBI and CIA claim they were not aware of a possible attack on commercial aircraft in the United States. Even Dan Rather at CBS asked why the warning was not shared with the public while Ashcroft avoided questions about what he was told. The FAA was reported to have issued a warning to airlines and airports on August 28th that people connected to terrorist networks were planning to fly on US airlines. Author Salman Rushdie, who has been threatened by Arab extremists for his book, *The Satanic Verses*, told the London *Times* that he believed the US authorities knew of an imminent terrorist strike when they banned him from taking internal flights in America and Canada just a week before the attacks.

The *Times* reported: 'On September 3rd the Federal Aviation Administration made an emergency ruling to stop Rushdie from flying unless airlines complied with strict and costly security measures.' Rushdie said the airlines would not upgrade their security. The *Times* said 'the FAA told Rushdie's publisher that US intelligence had been given warning of 'something out there' but failed to give any further details and 'the FAA confirmed that it stepped up security measures concerning Mr Rushdie but refused to give a reason'. Goldman Sachs also circulated a memo on September 10th warning of a possible terrorist attack and advising employees to stay away from American government buildings. A FEMA Urban Search and Rescue Team was deployed to New York City the night before the attacks. FEMA official Tom Kennedy told *CBS News* on September 11th:

> We're currently one of the first teams that was deployed to support the City of New York in this disaster. We arrived on late Monday night and went right into action on Tuesday morning.

They must have been in New York for the FEMA exercise drill planned there for September 11th. What are the chances that a disaster drill in New York on 9/11 by the country's emergency response organisation was planned to take place at the very time that plane hijacking drills were taking place in the skies and just as the 9/11 attacks were happening that mirrored those drills and required an immediate FEMA response? Vice President Dick Cheney said after 9/11 that political criticism of the Bush government's failure to react to warnings was 'thoroughly irresponsible and totally unworthy of national leaders in time of war'. He also tried to deflect such headlines by saying that 'without a doubt, a very real threat of another perhaps more devastating attack still exists'. You should know, Dick. Two Israel-based employees at an Israeli telecommunications company and instant messaging service called Odigo, with offices two blocks from the World Trade Center, were sent a warning two hours before the first tower was hit that some sort of attack was imminent. Odigo vice president Alex Diamandis said: 'The messages said something big was going to happen in a certain amount of time and it did – almost to the minute.' CEO Micha Macover said that immediately after the attack the two told the company about the warning and Israeli security services were then informed who told the FBI. Macover said:

> I have no idea why the message was sent to these two workers, who don't know the sender. It may just have been someone who was joking and turned out they accidentally got it right.

So why hasn't the sender been found then? Did they try? The idea that someone warned about attacks that had never happened before and almost to the minute may have been joking around and got it right by accident simply is not worth troubling neurons to activate in reply. How many know that Israel Mossad agents were arrested after being spotted on 9/11 cheering and high-fiving as they filmed the burning North Tower and were clearly in position knowing what would happen? They became known as the 'Dancing Israelis'. How many know that hundreds of Israelis were questioned by the authorities during 2001 suspected of being in a spy ring operating around the country and especially in Florida in the same period and even in the same city that alleged '9/11 hijackers' were located? All this is coming up in detail when I reach the climax of the book. Many remarkable 'coincidences' have been highlighted in television programmes and other media that have either portrayed or appeared to foretell events of 9/11. Some may be coincidence, but not all of them. The most remarkable was the first episode of a Fox series called *The Lone Gunmen*, an X-Files spin-off show broadcast in America in March, 2001, which featured a passenger aircraft having its controls taken over from the ground via the computer system and flown into the World Trade Center. At the last moment the pilot seized back control with help from 'good guys' on the ground and pulled up to avoid disaster. The point of the attack in the plot-line was to blame the crash on Middle Eastern terrorists to justify a war on terror to make fortunes for arms companies. If you think that's a 'wow' – the plane had its computer systems hijacked during a wargames exercise involved the hijacking of a passenger aircraft. The scenes were shot in the spring of 2000. Where did the inspiration for the storyline originate which was so incredibly accurate in terms of 9/11? Programme makers say it was a coincidence while others believe it was far too close to the soon-to-be truth for such an explanation.

Casino prophets

Then there was stock trading immediately before September 11th involving airlines and companies affected by the attacks. This provides spectacular evidence of prior knowledge. Again the 'government story is true' mind-set led to media speculation that this trading must have been the work of Osama bin Laden. Who is more likely to have been behind this – a guy in a cave in Afghanistan or those who run both the government and the banking/stock market system? These include the CIA which has long and extremely close connections to the financial elite. Many of the CIA's leading personnel over the years have come from this very background, starting with its first director, Allen Dulles, the Nazi supporter and business associate. The CIA claims to constantly

monitor unusual financial transactions on the markets to track evidence of possible terrorist and criminal activity. What does it call 'unusual' when you consider what happened in the days before 9/11? Stock markets are not there to benefit the general population. They are casinos. A news report from Wall Street or the London Stock Exchange is little more than a report from Las Vegas on how the blackjack or roulette tables are going. They bet with people's lives and livelihoods. Two ways of doing this are 'put' and 'call' options. A 'put option' is when you bet that the stock in a company will go down in value within a certain period. If it does you can make big money. A 'call option' is when you bet that the stock price will go up. Clearly the stock price of airlines involved in the hijackings, American and United, would fall immediately after the attacks and the same with companies with a major operation in the World Trade Center or those with a potential insurance liability. How fascinating, therefore, that 4,744 put options were placed on United Airlines against only 396 call options at the Chicago Board Options Exchange between September 6th and 7th. Three days later 4,516 put options were purchased on American Airlines and only 748 call options. This represented six times the usual number of put options and trading in other airlines did not follow this pattern. The theme can be seen with major companies at the World Trade Center like Morgan Stanley and Merrill Lynch and insurance firms that would face crippling claims as a result of the attacks. When these highly unusual trades were reported, revealing as they do blatant prior knowledge of the attacks, more than $2.5 million in put option profits on United Airlines went unclaimed. Michael Ruppert, a researcher and former Los Angeles Police Department drug investigator, made a CIA connection after the attacks to this insider trading:

> That evidence also demonstrates that, in the case of at least one of these trades – which has left a $2.5 million prize unclaimed – the firm used to place the 'put options' on United Airlines stock was, until 1998, managed by the man who is now in the number three Executive Director position at the Central Intelligence Agency. Until 1997, A.B. 'Buzzy' Krongard had been Chairman of the investment bank A.B. Brown. A.B. Brown was acquired by Banker's Trust in 1997.
>
> Krongard then became, as part of the merger, Vice Chairman of Banker's Trust-A.B. Brown, one of 20 major US banks named by Senator Carl Levin this year as being connected to money laundering. Krongard's last position at Banker's Trust (BT) was to oversee 'private client relations'. In this capacity he had direct hands-on relations with some of the wealthiest people in the world in a kind of specialized banking operation that has been identified by the US Senate and other investigators as being closely connected to the laundering of

drug money.

In 1998 Krongard was appointed as counsel to CIA Director George Tenet and promoted to CIA Executive Director by Boy Bush in March, 2001. Bankers Trust-A.B.-Brown was taken over in 1999 by Deutsche Bank when Krongard left for the CIA and it became the biggest bank in Europe. Deutsche Bank was also used for the highly unusual pre-9/11 trading and its London branch was apparently frequented by the Bin Laden family. The question may be asked again: Who is more likely to have been behind these 'prior knowledge' stock trades, Osama bin Laden in Afghanistan or the global financial nexus connected to the CIA and the Hidden Hand elite? This is the same CIA that failed to respond to these highly unusual stock movements just as US air defences failed to respond to four hijacked airliners. The same CIA and 'intelligence community' which despite a then more than $30 billion annual budget (and that was just the official one) claimed with the FBI and military they had no idea the attacks were going to happen until they switched on the TV with the rest of the nation. We'll see what crap that is. The CIA announced an investigation when news of the stock trades broke and media reports said market regulators in the US, UK, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Japan were to be involved. Have you ever heard another word about this 'investigation' even though the transactions must be traceable? The trail did not lead to Bin Laden or the Islamic world or we would have seen it blazed across the front pages a long time ago. The 9/11 Commission dismissed foreknowledge of the attacks by saying they had traced the bulk of the trades in United Airlines to someone 'with no conceivable ties to al-Qaeda'. You've got to laugh or weeping is all that remains.

Designer cover stories

The highest levels of the intelligence and law enforcement networks knew something was coming, but I repeat my warning about cover stories being used to misdirect from the real story. This can even be done by circulating evidence of a lesser conspiracy or cover-up to divert attention from the true depth and nature of the conspiracy/cover-up. We are dealing with state-of-art smoke and mirrors and we need to be careful about the double-spin technique or what I call 'fall-back position'. When these Hidden Hand operations are played out there is always a number one cover story that they want the people to believe and most do. In this case Cover Story A was that Osama bin Laden organised the entire operation with 'his' al-Qaeda network and it was so brilliantly done that US military and civilian agencies had no idea what was going on until the planes crashed. They know that not everyone will believe that and will look for some kind of conspiracy behind the official

version of events. So they give them 'evidence' of a conspiracy to keep them happy and occupied – Cover Story B. When Princess Diana was assassinated in Paris in 1997 the prime cover story was that it was all a terrible accident caused by a drunk driver. The fall-back position for those who questioned that explanation was she was murdered because the British royal family did not want her to marry a Muslim, Dodi Fayed. Diana's murder goes much deeper than that (see *The Biggest Secret*), but together these two narratives provide alternative explanations accepted by the great majority including many of those that don't believe the prime cover story. The 9/11 fall-back position aimed at conspiracy researchers and others who question the official line is that (1) the Bush administration knew the attacks were coming, but were so incompetent that they did nothing; or (2) they knew the attacks were coming, but did nothing because allowing them to happen would provide the excuse to launch a war on terror for reasons of oil and advancing their agenda of conquest in the Middle and Near East. What these versions have in common is very significant: No matter what the background detail might be they are all based on Osama bin Laden and al-Qaeda being responsible for organising the whole thing and the plan involved 'terrorists' trained at American flying schools. This suits the Hidden Hand because it hides the central truth that the core organisation behind the attacks was not based in a cave in Afghanistan, but within the US government, military and intelligence 'community', the Israeli military and intelligence network (much more later) and at the highest level of the Hidden Hand hierarchy. We should keep that in mind when we hear stories that 'Bush was warned'. Incompetence is often used as a smoke screen to hide cold calculation. 'Incompetence' can be used, as in this case, to justify the 'reorganisation' (centralisation) of intelligence and security agencies to focus the power over intelligence, surveillance and law enforcement into even fewer hands. Yes Bush was warned, but it was far more than that – far, far more.

The story broke widely in the mainstream media (big red flag) in May, 2002, about the number of warnings given to, and circulating within, the Bush administration and its agencies. The theme was that President Boy Bush was told of possible hijackings in the United States before September 11th and did nothing to warn people. The White House admitted eight months after the attacks that Bush was told by US intelligence before 9/11 that Osama bin Laden's terrorist network might hijack American aircraft. White House press secretary Ari Fleischer said the administration notified the 'appropriate agencies' in the summer of 2001 that hijackings were possible, but the Massport organisation that ran Boston Logan Airport told the *Boston Globe* that no such warning was communicated to them. Bush was said to have been told of a possible attack during an intelligence briefing on August 6th, 2001,

headed 'Bin Laden Determined to Attack Inside the United States' by the same US intelligence agencies that claimed they had no idea that the September 11th attacks were being planned. The CIA would only say in response to these reports that the subject of airline hijackings was among a number of terrorist methods raised to US government officials at the time. In fact, congressional correspondent David Welna said on National Public Radio on the morning of September 11th: 'I spoke with Congressman Ike Skelton – a Democrat from Missouri and a member of the Armed Services Committee – who said that just recently the Director of the CIA warned that there could be an attack, an imminent attack, on the United States of this nature. So this is not entirely unexpected.' The idea that the military-intelligence complex had no warning does not stand up for a second, but again watch the fall-back positions holding the dam at 'Bin Laden did it' whatever version you go for. I have also made the important point that there is the State and the 'Deep State'. These can be described on one side as government, intelligence and military personnel genuinely seeking to protect America (State) and on the other agents of the psychopathic cabal working for a very different agenda (Deep State). The latter seeks to thwart the efforts of the former and the same happens in every country. Bush even tried to call off Robert Mueller's [non]-investigation of the attacks by the FBI when a week later on September 18th letters containing anthrax were sent to Democratic Senators Tom Daschle and Patrick Leahy and some media organisations. Seventeen people were infected and five died. The FBI described its anthrax investigation as 'one of the largest and most complex in the history of law enforcement'. Oh, really? And 9/11? This was a highly convenient diversion and came to a sudden halt when it was revealed that this Ames strain of anthrax was commonly used in US military research and at the US Army's Dugway Proving Ground in Utah.

Federal Ban on Investigation (FBI)

Understanding 9/11 and its lies, diversions, contradictions and ever-changing stories requires people to grasp the true nature of the FBI. As with all these 'alphabet' organisations like the CIA, NSA and so on the FBI has many genuine, decent and professional people in its ranks, but they are allowed to know only so much. Compartmentalisation of information – the need-to-know technique – means that they are not aware of the agenda those in charge and control are really pursuing. They only know what they need to know to do their particular job. There is a chasm of difference between many of those who work for the FBI and those who control it. At that upper level the Federal Bureau of Investigation is a cesspit of deceit and manipulation and takes its 'moral' compass from that of its notorious long-time chief, J. Edgar Hoover.

Reports became public in the aftermath of 9/11 that a classified memo written by an FBI agent in Phoenix had urged FBI headquarters to investigate Middle Eastern men enrolled in American flight schools and that terrorist groups like those linked to Osama bin Laden could be sending students to the schools as part of terrorist plans. Be careful here with a fall-back position narrative, but law enforcement officials said the memo was received at FBI headquarters in late July, 2001, and reviewed by counterterrorism staff. No action was taken in response to the memo's plea to compile information on the visa applications of foreign students seeking admission to aviation schools. We are told that a flight instructor at the Pan Am Flying Academy in Eagan, Minnesota, called the local FBI office on August 17th to report his suspicions about a 33-year-old French-Moroccan called Zacarias Moussaoui who was later jailed for life for involvement in the 9/11 attacks. *The New York Times* reported that senior FBI officials repeatedly denied requests by agents at the Minnesota office for a detailed investigation into his background. One of the facts that interested the agents was that Moussaoui was attending flying schools while FBI Director Robert Mueller, who was appointed two weeks before 9/11, has constantly claimed the FBI had no idea that potential terrorists were training to be pilots in the US. He said it was 'news, quite obviously,' and added: 'If we had understood that to be the case, we would have – perhaps one could have averted this.' This is clearly not true as genuine FBI agents have pointed out. Agents were blocked in their investigations because they were in danger of thwarting the cover story for 9/11 rather than exposing the real plot. Information from FBI agents in Minnesota was included in an internal FBI document warning that Moussaoui 'might be planning on flying something into the World Trade Center'. Agents asked for a warrant to search Moussaoui's personal computer only for their requests to be refused by the [In]Justice Department of Bush Attorney General John Ashcroft and the head of the Department's Criminal Division, Michael Chertoff. Why? Coleen Rowley, an FBI agent for more than 21 years and Minneapolis Chief Division Counsel, sent a memo to FBI Director Mueller in May, 2002, condemning the way the headquarters had blocked terrorist investigations before 9/11. She said that certain facts about this had been 'omitted, downplayed, glossed over and/or mischaracterised in an effort to avoid or minimise personal and/or institutional embarrassment on the part of the FBI and/or perhaps even for improper political reasons'. She went on:

> In the day or two following September 11th, you, Director Mueller, made the statement to the effect that if the FBI had only had any advance warning of the attacks, we (meaning the FBI), may have been able to take some action to prevent the tragedy. Fearing that this statement could easily come back to

> haunt the FBI upon revelation of the information that had been developed pre-September 11th about Moussaoui, I and others in the Minneapolis Office, immediately sought to reach your office through an assortment of higher level FBIHQ contacts, in order to quickly make you aware of the background of the Moussaoui investigation and forewarn you so that your public statements could be accordingly modified.
>
> When such statements from you and other FBI officials continued, we thought that somehow you had not received the message and we made further efforts. Finally when similar comments were made weeks later, in Assistant Director Caruso's congressional testimony in response to the first public leaks about Moussaoui we faced the sad realization that the remarks indicated someone, possibly with your approval, had decided to circle the wagons at FBIHQ in an apparent effort to protect the FBI from embarrassment and the relevant FBI officials from scrutiny. Everything I have seen and heard about the FBI's official stance and the FBI's internal preparations in anticipation of further congressional inquiry, had, unfortunately, confirmed my worst suspicions in this regard.

Coleen Rowley revealed how in a desperate 11th hour measure to bypass the 'FBIHQ roadblock' the Minneapolis Division directly notified the CIA's Counter Terrorist Center and were 'chastised' by FBI headquarters for making a direct notification without their approval. Rowley told Mueller that in the early aftermath of September 11th when she was recounting the pre-September 11th events concerning the Moussaoui investigation to other FBI personnel in other divisions or FBI headquarters 'almost everyone's first question was 'Why? – why would an FBI agent(s) deliberately sabotage a case?' If they would care to read this book they will have the answer to that question and the fact that it was asked so widely reveals how effective and watertight compartmentalisation can be. FBI special agent Robert Wright Jr who investigated terrorist money-laundering in the United States for four years was equally livid at how his efforts were blocked by superiors. He told the media in May, 2002:

> I truly believe I would be derelict in my duty as an American if I did not do my best to bring the FBI's dereliction of duty to the attention of others. I have made it my mission ... to legally expose the problems of the FBI to the President of the United States, the US Congress, and the American people.

FBI agents were so angry at the way they were blocked by their own hierarchy they gave their information to Chicago lawyer David Schippers, the man involved in legal efforts to impeach President Clinton. He said he contacted the office of Attorney General John

Ashcroft to urge an investigation and again his pleas were ignored. Schippers said he was given information by FBI agents and intelligence sources that a massive terrorist attack was being planned for lower Manhattan and he had tried in vain for six weeks to communicate this information to Ashcroft. He said he had also tried in the past to tell Ashcroft about the connection between the Oklahoma bombing and the Iraqi officers and soldiers that were brought to Oklahoma after the Gulf War by Father George Bush and he got the same response. Schippers said of the Iraqi officers in 2002: 'The word is out even today that the Oklahoma City police are not allowed to touch them.' He described his efforts to warn Ashcroft ahead of 9/11:

> I was trying to get people to understand that [the Palestinian group] Hamas had infiltrated the United States. I tried the House, I tried the Senate, I tried the Department of Justice, these were the very people who put up roadblocks on the attack against the terrorists under Clinton and are still there. They still constitute almost like a moat between the people with information and the people who should hear the information.
>
> I used people who were personal friends of John Ashcroft to try and get him. One of them called me back and said right I've talked to him, he'll call you tomorrow morning. This was like a month before the [9/11 attacks]. The next day I got a call from a lower ranked official of the Justice Department who said they don't start their investigations at the top. He would look into my information and get back to me. He never did.

What stands out like a red flag there is the claim about Hamas which Israel has a prime interest in demonising while Israeli operatives were centrally involved with 9/11 as we shall see.

FBI made the bomb for 1993 attack

Multiple evidence makes it clear that many knew to a larger or lesser extent that attacks were coming and why would we trust the FBI to tell us otherwise with its track record of creating terrorism as well as covering up those really responsible? Even the mainstream media has acknowledged this extraordinary phenomenon with headlines such as 'The FBI again thwarts its own terror plot'. The agency is notorious for covertly setting up targets through its agents and informants to plan terrorist attacks and then either claiming to have foiled them just in time or allowing them to go ahead when they could have been stopped. The FBI has admitted to 'thwarting' a stream of 'terrorist' plots that it originally instigated and this was happening during the tenure of 9/11 FBI chief, Robert Mueller. Intelligence insiders have picked up on the same theme including David Steele, a former Marine with 20 years'

experience as an intelligence officer, who was the second-highest-ranking civilian in US Marine Corps Intelligence. He said that again and again 'terrorist attacks' are false flag (Problem-Reaction-Solution) attacks staged by security services:

> In the United States, every single terrorist incident we have had has been a false flag, or has been an informant pushed on by the FBI. In fact, we now have citizens taking out restraining orders against FBI informants that are trying to incite terrorism. We've become a lunatic asylum.

Tamerlan Tsarnaev, blamed with his brother for the Boston bombings in 2013 and shot dead by police, had connections to the FBI and CIA. His mother Zubeidat Tsarnaeva said Tamerlan was under the control of the FBI:

> My son, he was set up. He was counselled by the FBI for 3 to 5 years. They knew what my son was doing and what actions and what sites on the Internet he was going. They used to come home; they used to come and talk to me; they used to tell me that they are counselling ...

Tsarnaev's father, Anzor, confirmed the FBI had watched his son closely and visited him at home:

> Yes, I was there. It was in Cambridge [Massachusetts]. They said: 'We know what sites you are on, we know where you are calling, we know everything about you. Everything.' They said we are checking and watching – that's what they said.

They were in fact setting him up with his brother to take the rap for the Boston bombing that the 'Deep State' was planning to instigate (see *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*). This brings me to the World Trade Center bombing of 1993 which will become more significant later to 9/11 and what happened will give you a big insight into the FBI lead 'investigation' agency for the September 11th attacks. The story might also make those who dismiss the idea that governments and their agencies plan terrorist attacks take a moment to reassess. *The New York Times* revealed how the FBI had the chance to stop the bombing, but failed to do so. The paper also published conversations secretly recorded by an FBI informant, one-time Egyptian army officer, Emad Ali Salem. The FBI knew the 1993 attack was coming and 'planned to substitute the explosives in the truck bomb [*made by their informant Salem*] for harmless powder'. Or rather not as things turned out. Salem said an FBI supervisor called John Anticev stopped the plan to make the substitution. Six people died and a thousand were injured

when the bomb made by an FBI informer exploded at the World Trade Center. Salem said on the tape: 'Guys, now you saw this bomb went off and you both know we could avoid that.' He said FBI agents were paid to 'prevent problems like this from happening' and asked an Agent Floyd: 'Do you deny your supervisor is the main reason of bombing the World Trade Center?' Salem continues: 'We was handling the case perfectly well until the supervisor messed it up, upside down.' Salem, an FBI informant, built the bomb that exploded at the World Trade Center and was paid a million dollars for his trouble. He was under the witness protection programme when he was the chief prosecution witness in the trial of those blamed for the bombing by the FBI! Ron Kuby, an attorney for one of the defendants, said of the article revealing the tapes:

> The article on the FBI being involved in the World Trade Center bombing actually understated the evidence, believe it or not. The informer, Emad Salem, is actually on tape saying that he built the bomb that ultimately blew up the World Trade Center ... In addition, we have received information that he was visually observed at the scene of the bombing shortly after the bombing took place
>
> .
>
> Shortly after that, he was admitted to the hospital, suffering from an ear problem that was consistent with exposure to blast ... The mastermind is the government of the United States. It was a phoney, government-engineered conspiracy to begin with. It would never have amounted to anything had the government not planned it.

The same theme can be found on a far bigger scale with 9/11 – another FBI non-investigation. There's more: The bomb that exploded at the World Trade Center in 1993 was built by an informant on the FBI payroll and planted in a truck with a rental agreement that included the phone number and address of a notorious Israeli Mossad agent, Josie Hadas. Mossad and US intelligence work very closely together as do the US and Israeli military and this will become incredibly relevant to 9/11 in due course. The late Sheikh Omar Abdel-Rahman, the 'blind Sheikh', alleged 'spiritual leader' of the Egyptian extremist group Al-Gama'a al-Islamiya, was convicted in January, 1996, of 'seditious conspiracy' and sentenced to life imprisonment for his part in planning the 1993 bombing. He was put on the State Department's 'watch list' in 1987 and then reported to have been recruited by the CIA when the American government was supporting Osama bin Laden in Afghanistan during the Soviet occupation in the 1980s. American foreign correspondent Mary Anne Weaver said that in Peshawar, Pakistan, in the late 1980s Sheikh Omar became involved with US and Pakistani intelligence

officials who were orchestrating the war against the Soviets. She said that the '60 or so CIA and Special Forces officers based there considered him a valuable asset'. They overlooked his anti-western message and his incitement to holy war, she wrote, because they wanted him to help unify the Mujahideen groups 'led' by Osama bin Laden. Sheikh Omar was given a one-year visa to enter the United States on May 10th, 1990, by a CIA agent posing as an official at the US Consulate in Khartoum, Sudan, and he arrived in New York in July, 1990. The visa was revoked in November that year and the State Department warned the Immigration and Naturalization Service to watch for him. Instead, within months, they granted him a green card (work permit) and in 1993 came the World Trade Center bombing for which he and others were convicted. *An alleged CIA asset was convicted of conspiracy to plant a bomb that was made by an informant of the FBI and left in a rental truck connected to a Mossad agent.* We are supposed to believe these people when they tell us what happened on September 11th and who was responsible? Or that the CIA and FBI had no connection to what happened and who did it? Later it was revealed, in keeping with the FBI's appalling history of lies and cover-ups, that 'evidence' was changed to support the prosecution of people the FBI claimed to be responsible for the bombing. FBI special agent Dr Frederic Whitehurst testified at the trial in 1995 that the FBI concocted misleading scientific reports and pressured two of their scientists to lie to support its prosecution of the defendants. He was asked if during his examination of bomb residue materials and chemicals connected with the defendants that he became aware the FBI agents investigating the case had developed a preliminary theory that the bomb which blew up the World Trade Center was a fertilizer based urea nitrate bomb? 'That is correct,' he replied. The questioning continued as follows:

> 'Did there come a time when you began to experience pressure from within the FBI to reach certain conclusions that supported that theory of the investigation?'
>
> 'Yes, that is correct.'
>
> 'In other words, you began to experience pressure on you to say that the explosion was caused by a urea nitrate bomb?'
>
> 'Yes, that is correct.'
>
> 'And you were aware that such a finding would strengthen the prosecution of the defendants who were on trial, who were going on trial in that case, correct?'

'Absolutely.'

Special agent Frederic Whitehurst, the senior FBI explosives expert, found himself demoted to paint analysis for the crime of telling the truth – the most heinous of crimes to the FBI when it exposes its ubiquitous corruption. A Boston court released two men in January, 2001, who had spent 30 years in jail for a murder they did not commit, because the FBI rigged the 'evidence'. Two other innocent men jailed for the killing had already died in prison. The FBI was protecting an informant known as Joseph 'the Animal' Barboza who had been named to agents as one of those responsible for the murder. Barboza even gave testimony against the convicted men and was protected from prosecution by his FBI handlers, agents H. Paul Rico and Dennis Condon. Agent Condon testified at the time in support of killer Barboza's credibility. After the trial when Barboza said he had falsely named the four convicted men the FBI stood its ground and the courts denied a new trial. The FBI had the Algerian pilot Lotfi Raissi jailed for five months amid claims that he trained some of the 9/11 'pilots' and then produced no evidence whatsoever to support that allegation. This is the same organisation that is telling you what happened on September 11th and who did it and refuse to answer questions on the stream of lies and contradictions in its bullshit 'investigation'.

The shocking irony of John O'Neill

John O'Neill was an FBI deputy director and head of the Joint Terrorism Task Force in New York. He had refused to capitulate to manipulation from above in his investigations into the funding of 'al-Qaeda', the terrorist attack on the *USS Cole* in Aden harbour, Yemen, in 2000 and a case of Israeli 'art students' considered to be acting suspiciously in the months before 9/11 in locations later connected to the 'hijackers'. O'Neil clashed with Barbara Bodine, US Ambassador to Yemen at the time of the attack on the *Cole*, and among what O'Neil saw as Bodine's blocks on his investigation was her refusal to allow him back into Yemen after he made a brief trip home to the United States for Thanksgiving. O'Neill ignored official interference in all these investigations and his pursuit of Osama bin Laden although he was extremely upset by it. He resigned from the FBI shortly before September 11th amid a smear campaign against him from within the FBI. O'Neil told the authors of the book, *Hidden Truth* (or *Forbidden Truth* in the US version): 'The main obstacles to investigate Islamic terrorism were US oil corporate interests and the role played by Saudi Arabia in it.' One of the authors, Charles Brisard, said O'Neill had complained bitterly that the US State Department and the Bush oil lobby had undermined attempts to prove Bin Laden's

involvement in terrorist activity. John O'Neil left the FBI in late August, 2001, when he was offered a job as head of security at ... *the World Trade Center.* He was reportedly last seen on 9/11 coordinating evacuation efforts on the 49th floor shortly before the South Tower collapsed. Amazing how those with knowledge that could expose the lies so often end up dead at the most convenient times. People like John O'Neill who could have revealed how investigations into Bin Laden and terrorism had been systematically blocked before 9/11; David Kelly, the British weapons inspector who knew that the Blair government was lying and 'sexing up' claims about 'weapons of mass destruction' in Iraq to justify an invasion; and Robin Cook, the former British Foreign Secretary who resigned over the Iraq war and was starting to speak out over the lies and deceptions of the official 'al-Qaeda' story. John O'Neil was not alone at the FBI or CIA in facing official opposition to terrorist investigations. American journalist Greg Palast produced a report on the subject for the BBC current affairs programme *Newsnight* in which he said he had received a phone call from a high-placed member of a US intelligence agency:

> He tells me that while there's always been constraints on investigating Saudis, under George Bush it's gotten much worse. After the [2000] elections, the agencies were told to 'back off' investigating the Bin Ladens and Saudi royals, and that angered agents.

The close connection between those blamed for terrorism and those claiming to 'fight terrorism' is a constant theme. We need to lose this perception of different 'sides' and realise that we are dealing with *one* side with multiple faces working to one end.

The 9/11 Commission – all hide and no seek

All the lies and contradictions I have described so far were there to be exposed from the start by those bravely claiming to be 'journalists' and later by the 9/11 Commission or the 'National Commission on Terrorist Attacks Upon the United States'. The media ignored the mountain of contradicting evidence and has chosen ever since to slavishly repeat the official story in all its insanity because they haven't got the desire, intelligence or balls to seek out the truth. Instead they ridicule and condemn those who have eyes open enough to see the elephant on the sofa. The 9/11 Commission final report came from the same systematic combination of myopia and corruption and never had any intention whatsoever to seek out the truth. The report was an utter disgrace in the same mould as the media who lapped it up as the definitive story and arbiter of what happened. It wasn't. It was a cover-up so transparently obvious that everyone involved had to be well aware that it was a pack

of lies and omissions from cover to cover. The 'report' treated those who died and their loved ones with the most stunning contempt and disrespect. They deserved the truth and what they got was still more lies to cover up all the ones that went before. Evidence to the Commission by Transport Secretary Norman Mineta which totally contradicted Dick Cheney's version of what he did that morning was *left out of the report* including the story of Cheney saying 'the orders still stand' in the run up to the Pentagon being hit. Those orders could only have been not to shoot down whatever was being tracked on radar, but the 9/11 Commission decided this was not worth the necessary paper and ink. All the other contradictions and provable lies by Bush, Rumsfeld and Myers were similarly missing and there was *no mention of Building 7* let alone the fact that it was a crystal-clear controlled demolition. Anything, in fact, that shone a light on the official catalogue of serial mendacity was ignored, omitted or spun.

Bush, Cheney and Rumsfeld did all they could to block any investigation at all and that by itself should have the warning lights flashing. Why would leaders of a country apparently attacked so devastatingly by terrorists on home soil with some 3,000 dead and the country in extreme states of shock and trauma not want to launch the biggest and most detailed investigation in American history to find out exactly what happened and ensure it could never happen again? The answer to that question is as simple as it is disgusting: They knew that a proper investigation would have seen them confined to jail for the rest of their lives. Alongside would have been the network – including those even more deeply responsible – which orchestrated the outrage and many of those were from a land far away. I don't mean Muslims, either, as we shall see. When Bush and Cheney could not resist demands for an official 9/11 inquiry any longer, Bush announced in late 2002 that this would be led by ... *Henry Kissinger*. The implications of that could not have been clearer. Kissinger has been an almost life-long servant of the Hidden Hand (Fig 81). He has 'advised' both Republican and Democrat presidents on what they had better do if they don't want big trouble heading their way from those he represents. Anyone who names lies-for-a-living Kissinger to 'investigate' anything is desperate for a cover up. Even

Figure 81: Henry Kissinger breaks for lunch.

The New York Times said the White House chose him 'to contain an investigation it has long opposed' and the appointment was so breathtaking that Kissinger had to quickly resign in the face of flagrant conflicts of interest involving his infamous Hidden Hand front company, Kissinger Associates, which is exposed in my other books like *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. Kissinger would have had to disclose the clients of Kissinger Associates and there was no way he was going to do that. If he had it would not so much have opened a can of worms as launched the lid into orbit. Kissinger was asked by a 9/11 widow if he had any Saudi Arabian clients that he wanted to tell them about. Kissinger was said to have 'twisted and turned' in his seat. When he was further asked if he had any by the name of Bin Laden 'he just about fell off his couch', according to a witness at the meeting.

Kissinger was replaced by the Republican Thomas Kean, former governor for New Jersey, as Commission chairman. Kean was another insider. He had been a director of the National Endowment for Democracy, a long-time front for CIA covert operations overseas, and had investment connections to the same Saudi sources that funded President Bush and Osama Bin Laden. Among them was Khalid bin Mahfouz who was named by the Bill Clinton State Department as a financer of terrorism. Commission vice-chairman Lee Hamilton sat on advisory boards to the CIA, the President's Homeland Security Advisory Council and US Army. Another Commission member was Richard Ben-Veniste, the Senate-appointed lawyer for the Clintons during the Whitewater corruption 'investigation' and also attorney for Barry Seal who flew cocaine out of South America to the Mena airstrip in Arkansas for the Clinton and Bush families. The 9/11 Commission was established in November, 2002, more than a year after the attacks, and published its final report in the summer of 2004. The official brief was 'to prepare a full and complete account of the circumstances surrounding the September 11 attacks'. This, of course, was the last thing the government wanted or intended to do. Kean and Hamilton would say in their 2006 book, *Without Precedent: The Inside Story of the 9/11 Commission*, that the whole 'inquiry' was 'set up to fail' and woefully underfinanced. Yes, it was, but it could still have been far more robust, candid and honest than it was. I say 'far more' – actually it was none of those things. Commissioners said they were so frustrated with the 'misstatements' (lies where I come from) by Pentagon and FAA officials that an investigation into their obstruction was considered. Why would you underfund and want to obstruct an investigation into the biggest terrorist attacks on US soil that killed so many people unless the truth would have exposed what you didn't want the public to know? Kean said that President Bush had not been 'well served' by the CIA and FBI when in fact from the bigger picture point of view both had served him

and his owners with great distinction by keeping the truth under wraps.

Gatekeeper Zelikow

Kean, Hamilton and their fellow 'investigators' didn't even write the final report. This was overseen (as was the entire process) by Commission executive staff director, Philip Zelikow, a former Texas lawyer and an associate of Boy Bush and National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice whose actions were supposed to be part of the 'investigation'. Bush appointed Zelikow to the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board and he was for three years on the National Security Council of Father Bush. What a safe pair of hands then when you wanted the official story to survive intact. Zelikow had worked closely with Rice and even co-wrote a book with her, *Germany Unified and Europe Transformed: A Study in Statecraft*. She appointed him to be the main writer of the Bush National Security Strategy in 2002 which used 9/11 to justify the policy of attacking countries that posed no imminent threat or even a threat at all. Bush-circle insider and ultra-Zionist Zelikow was the same guy appointed executive director of the Commission 'investigating' the actions of Bush and Rice with regard to September 11th. Zelikow also directed the Aspen Strategy Group, a foreign-policy strategy body co-chaired by Rice's mentor, Brent Scowcroft of ... Kissinger Associates. In short – Zelikow was establishment to his DNA and compared with him Kean and Hamilton were bit-part players. Rice, Cheney and Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz were members of Zelikow's Aspen Strategy Group. The 9/11 Commission was a complete stitch-up from first to last. There are other highly-significant connections to Zelikow which I will come to later when we get to the core of how 9/11 was pulled off and by whom. Paul Sperry wrote in an article for Antiwar.com:

> Zelikow picks the areas of investigation, the briefing materials, the topics for hearings, the witnesses, and the lines of questioning for witnesses ... and the commissioners for the most part follow his recommendations. In effect, he sets the agenda and runs the investigation. He also carries with him a downright obnoxious conflict-of-interest odor, one that somehow went undetected by the lawyers who vetted him for one of the most important investigative positions in U.S. history.

The 9/11 Family Steering Committee and 9/11 Citizens Watch called for Zelikow's resignation which was never going to happen. He was there to cover up the truth no matter what the families of the dead may have wanted. Zelikow ran the 9/11 Commission like his personal fiefdom. He decided what would be pursued or ignored and what would appear in the final 'report'. Zelikow led a staff of some 75 people

and more than half were formerly with the CIA, FBI, Department of [In]Justice and other agencies of government. One staff member quoted in the media said: 'Zelikow is calling the shots. He's skewing the investigation and running it his own way.' This is why crucial information and contradictions in evidence were ignored. One commissioner, by-then former senator Max Cleland, resigned from the inquiry. He said 'Bush is scamming America.' This is the same Max Cleland who agreed he was on Capitol Hill with General Myers during the attacks when he could not have been. Cleland said Commission members had agreed a deal that allowed them only very limited access to CIA reports presented to Bush and the White House which could have indicated prior knowledge of the attacks. He said:

> This is a scam. It's disgusting. America is being cheated. As each day goes by we learn that this government knew a whole lot more about these terrorists before September 11 than it has ever admitted ... Let's chase this rabbit into the ground. They had a plan to go to war and when 9/11 happened that's what they did; they went to war.

Re-writing history

The Commission simply set out from day one to support the official narrative no matter what the evidence and their most important task was to hide the blatantly obvious fact that the military was stood down or blocked that day until after the Pentagon was hit to make sure the attacks would not be stopped by the usual fighter response to hijacked aircraft. This is the cover-up on which all the other cover-ups depend because if a stand-down or systematic delay was proved the whole house of cards collapses. Crucial to this has been to explain away why the military responded far too late to every hijack. We were first given a timeline for the military's non-response to the hijackings that said no fighter jets were scrambled until after the Pentagon was hit. Then, on September 18th a week after the attacks, the military issued a new timeline given the incredulity that three commercial airliners could crash into iconic American buildings before a single military plane intervened. This new version said that two F-15 fighters were scrambled from the Otis base in Massachusetts before the first tower was struck, but didn't get there in time; and two took off from the Langley base in Virginia to intercept the Pentagon 'plane' but, er, yet again, didn't get there to prevent what happened. This second military timeline stood for the next three years and still didn't absolve the military of blame for their shockingly 'inept' non-reaction ('inept' if you believe what they say and I don't). When the 9/11 Commission reported in 2004 it produced yet *another* timeline that was clearly compiled to push the responsibility onto the civilian FAA and hide the staggering truth that the military was

stood down or purposely delayed until the Pentagon was struck because had they responded as they did every other day no buildings would have been hit and thousands of people on the ground at least would still be alive. Wherever the military reaction or non-reaction makes no sense the Commission report invents excuses that are excruciating to behold. If the two Otis jets were heading for New York when 'Flight 11' struck the first tower why weren't they on the scene well before 'Flight 175' arrived to hit the second one when at F-15 speed they would have got there comfortably? Er, um, er ...no, I got it ... they were not told about 175 and so were sent off into 'military-controlled airspace off Long Island' to await instructions. They were *what?* While the pilots were sitting there Flight 175 struck the Pentagon, the Commission claimed, and both planes stayed where they were for another *ten minutes* afterwards. Why didn't the military know about Flight 175? Er, um, er ... the FAA didn't tell them, so the Commission report claims. Phew, the military is in the clear (which was the whole point of all this nonsense). All the evidence up to this mendacious Commission re-write of history was that the military was told by the FAA about Flight 175 well before the South Tower was struck. In NORAD's own revised timeline issued a week after the attacks which remained the official story for the next three years the FAA notified them about the hijacking of Flight 175 at 8.43am – 18 minutes before impact. There are sources and statements galore from military and civilian air personnel and government insiders, including government counterterrorism advisor Richard Clarke, that say open lines and multi-agency conferences were underway in a time period that confirm the military *did* know about Flight 175 and did nothing that made a difference. The Commission in its desperation to serve its political and military masters now invented the 'we didn't know' story to explain the no-show for 'Flight 175' and asked us to believe that fighter jets heading for New York after the first tower strike were ordered to wait over Long Island and see what happened. Nearly 3,000 people died and thousands more lives were devastated you bloody liars. Do you have no soul *at all?* Wherever we look in the 9/11 Commission report we see the story altered and contradictory evidence and witness statements ignored to protect the military – or rather those that control the military – from exposure of what really happened (the stand-down/systematic delay) and why the normal response to these situations was prevented from happening.

Protecting the military - again

The same applies to the Commission's revisions with Flights 77 and 93. The second NORAD timeline issued a week after 9/11 detailing its response to reports about 'Flight 77' heading towards Washington gave the Commission another challenge in hiding the stand-down/delay.

NORAD said the FAA told them at 9.24am that Flight 77 had been hijacked. I guess this is as late as they could claim given all the evidence that the authorities would have known well before that about the strange behaviour of 'Flight 77' and the outlandish claim with state-of-art tracking technology available to NORAD at Cheyenne Mountain that the alleged 'Flight 77' could have been 'missing' for *36 minutes* after 'turning around' and heading for the nation's political and military capital. This still left the question of why F-16s scrambled from Langley, Virginia, at 9.24 did not get to the Pentagon in time. The distance involved and the incredible top speed of an F-16 should have got them to the Pentagon comfortably before 'Flight 77'. We saw earlier how the military attempted to explain this away by saying the pilots did not know why they were being scrambled and headed out to sea in the belief that the threat was coming from outside. Pilots and their superiors at a stand-by, on-alert airbase hadn't heard that the World Trade Center had been hit by two planes 37 and 21 minutes earlier then? This excuse for the military's non-arrival at the Pentagon before 'Flight 77' was not enough for the 9/11 Commission and its report introduced a whole new scenario (which it called 'a brand new idea') that *no one* had mentioned – not the FAA or the military – in the entire three years between the attacks and publication of the 9/11 report. This was the claim that as well as heading out to sea a tape had been found in which an FAA official told a NORAD NEADS operative that Flight 11 had not struck the World Trade Center and instead was heading south towards Washington. The Commission update said the NORAD chap immediately scrambled the F-16s from Langley at 9.24 in pursuit of the phantom 'Flight 11' which the official story says crashed into the North Tower *38 minutes* before. There was no doubt within the FAA networks after impact at 8.46 that 'Flight 11' had struck the North Tower and it is claimed that this FAA employee mentioned earlier caused fighters to be scrambled from Langley in pursuit of a 'still flying' Flight 11 which he – just one man – said he heard was heading for Washington. The cover-story was therefore that the fighters could not get to the Pentagon in time because of taking six minutes to get airborne – pedestrian by scramble standards – initially flying out to sea in the wrong direction and then taking a route to intercept a plane that didn't exist. If lies literally stank you would have to leave the room and get some air. NORAD chiefs like General Larry Arnold, Continental United States Commander, had said after the attacks and for years later that they were notified about the hijacking of 'Flight 77' at 9.24. The Commission said that he was 'incorrect' which, when passed through our Orwellian Translation Unit, means 'it doesn't fit the cover-up narrative'. Reading the transcript of a bewildered Arnold being guided to agree with the 'phantom Flight 11' story by Commission member Richard Ben-Veniste

is like dragging a nail across a steel plate. Laura Brown, Deputy in Public Affairs at FAA headquarters, could not have been clearer that immediately after the first plane hit the World Trade Center (at 8.46) the FAA established 'phone bridges' or open lines with the relevant agencies including the Department of Defense (see NORAD) and the Secret Service (see Bush and Cheney) and she said that during these teleconferences the FAA shared real-time information about 'all the flights of interest, including Flight 77':

> NORAD logs indicate that the FAA made formal notification about American Flight 77 at 9.24am, but information about the flight was conveyed continuously during the phone bridges before the formal notification ...
>
> ... The FAA shared real-time information on the phone bridges about the unfolding events, including information about loss of communication with aircraft, loss of transponder signals, unauthorized changes in course, and other actions being taken by all the flights of interest.

In other words the military knew all along what was happening and did nothing. The 9/11 Commission once again lied to the American people and knowingly made up stories, skewed and omitted evidence to keep the truth from the world and protect the political and military players responsible from a lifetime in jail. This is the same Commission report that visitors to Internet site Reddit are directed to when they seek to access the 'quarantined' section where researchers are challenging the official 9/11 story. Perhaps boycotting Reddit until it stops being a censorship tool of the Hidden Hand might represent a statement of disgust. Another Commission excuse for the alleged delay in reporting a Flight 77 hijack to NORAD is that the air traffic controller at Indianapolis Center thought the aircraft was having electrical or mechanical problems and later that it had crashed. Once again blame the FAA for not telling the military early enough. Are we really to believe that an air traffic controller who knew that two planes had already struck the World Trade Center would assume electrical and mechanical failure for the strange behaviour of Flight 77 involving the transponder, loss of communication with the cockpit and route deviation? Boston Center had told other regional air traffic centers as early as 8.25 that Flight 11 had been hijacked and this included Indianapolis. No, forget all that – it must be mechanical problems. The Commission report contends that the Indianapolis controller didn't know at that stage about what had happened in New York. The rest of the world knew, but not someone on active flight control duty at a time when his bosses at the FAA were reporting that eleven or more other planes could have been hijacked. The new 9/11 Commission make-it-fit timeline for Flight 77 was as

follows: The FAA became aware of a hijack at 9.05; fighters were scrambled from Langley at 9.24 in search of phantom Flight 11; the FAA told NORAD officially that Flight 77 was missing only at 9.34 and the Pentagon was hit at 9.38 with the phantom-chasing Langley F-16s nowhere close. The method in the madness in all this directs us to the same common theme that pervades everything. No matter how insane the story stick to it rather than let the truth be exposed. The Commission claimed that 'no one at FAA headquarters ever asked for military assistance with American 77' and this was to pass all the blame onto the civilian air traffic system and away from the military the Commission had to protect or the whole despicable story would be revealed. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty yet again:

> No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

The answer in this case is the Pentagon and its agents in government with a combination of corrupt and spineless members of the 9/11 Commission providing essential cover. The story was the same with Flight 93 according to the Commission – the FAA never alerted the military even though by now no one disputes that open lines between agencies were operating (as they had been in truth since shortly after the attacks on the World Trade Center at 8.46 and 9.03). Flight 93 was recognised as a hijack by at least 9.34 (after the last routine call at 9.27). Once again the Commission report claims the FAA sat on its hands and the military was in the clear. The Commission said an FAA air traffic controller at Cleveland Center reported a likely hijack and news reached the FAA headquarters by 9.34. Cleveland is said to have asked the FAA Command Center at 9.36 if a military response had been requested and offered to call them directly. The reply was that the request had to go through the chain of command and they were 'working on the issue'. Take your time then, only three planes had already apparently crashed into iconic American buildings, so no hurry. Tea, anyone? The Commission said that another 13 minutes passed without further action and only at 9.49 did the FAA Command Center discuss a request to the military with FAA headquarters. Even then nothing was done and 'Flight 93' crashed without the military being contacted. All this would be criminal negligence and incompetence by the FAA *if it was true*. The claim is that NORAD didn't even know the plane had been hijacked before it crashed when there were three teleconferences going on – one initiated by the FAA, another by the National Military Command Center in the Pentagon and a third by anti-terrorism advisor Richard Clarke from the White House. These were established well before the demise of

'Flight 93' and we are told that the military didn't know anything about that plane being missing or hijacked. It makes no sense because it is nonsense. The Commission mendaciously claimed that at no time in the period from 'Flight 11' striking the North Tower and 'Flight 93 crashing' did any of three teleconferences include the necessary officials from the FAA and Defense Department for information about the hijacked planes to be communicated and acted upon. Richard Clarke states that his conference included Donald Rumsfeld, the Defense Secretary, Richard Myers, the highest-ranked military officer in the US that morning, and FAA chief Jane Garvey. Clarke reports that shortly after 9.30 – some *30 minutes* before 'Flight 93' went down and before the Pentagon was hit – Garvey reported to the conference:

> All aircraft have been ordered to land at the nearest field. Here's what we have as potential hijacks: Delta 1989 over West Virginia, United 93 over Pennsylvania.

The claim that the military did not know about 'Flight 93' before it crashed is another lie to cover the stand-down/delay and quite possibly the shooting down of the plane. There has been much speculation about whether Flight 93 was shot down by a pursuing F-16 – a pursuit confirmed by Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz and other sources. Major Daniel Nash, one of the pilots scrambled from the Otis base to New York said that he heard an F-16 had shot down Flight 93. Wolfowitz said 'the Air Force was tracking the hijacked plane in Pennsylvania ... and had been in a position to bring it down if necessary.' But why would a fighter be chasing or tracking Flight 93 if, as the Commission claims, the military didn't know this aircraft was hijacked or missing until after it had already crashed? The contradictions are legion, constant and endless. If this was Flight 93 (and perhaps the delayed take-off time had skewed the original plan for its destination) those behind 9/11 would not have allowed it to land and the real story told. By now at past 10am there would have been absolutely no possible explanation no matter how contrived for why the military would not have intercepted before another building was struck. The deeply mendacious 9/11 Commission was determined to ensure with its text and timeline that a take-down of Flight 93 did not happen. The report said that permission to shoot down aircraft was given by President Bush via Vice President Cheney at 10.31 when a number of other sources say it was much earlier and well before the end of 'Flight 93'.

Where was Winfield?

Three separate teleconferences also seems strange – why not just the one where all information was processed? Could this have been another ruse

to create confusion? Normal procedure was for the FAA to initiate the conference in these circumstances and include all the relevant agencies – the Pentagon Command Center (NMCC), NORAD, Secret Service and other relevant agencies. The Pentagon NMCC having its own conference was not normal procedure and it claimed that lines could not connect the FAA with its conference because of equipment malfunction and not being able to find secure phone numbers. How very convenient if you wanted to develop a 'we didn't know', 'they didn't tell us' story. Another strange decision was for Brigadier General Montague Winfield, Director of Pentagon NMCC operations, to ask his far less experienced deputy, Captain Charles Liedig, to stand in for him on 9/11. Liedig took over at 8.30 when Winfield left just as the catastrophic series of events began. As 'coincidences' go the timing was uncanny. Liedig was newly qualified for his role and this was the first conference he had overseen – hence the subsequent headline 'Rookie in the 9-11 Hot Seat?' If you were Brigadier General Winfield wouldn't you have headed back to retake control from your rookie deputy when you heard what had happened 16 *minutes* after you left? Winfield didn't do that even though Flight 11 was reported hijacked before he went off duty and there are reports of FAA-NMCC 'phone bridges' being instigated. Is that really the time you would say to your inexperienced deputy – see you later, leave you to it? There seemed to be no problem with this from the authorities with both Winfield and Liedig later nominated for promotion. There were many timing 'coincidences' related to 9/11 including General Myers being in military charge that day because his superior was mid-Atlantic flying to Europe and Robert Mueller taking over at the FBI two weeks before the attacks and then running the subsequent (lack of) investigation. Captain Charles Liebig told the 9/11 Commission that Winfield did eventually return just before the reported crash of 'Flight 93'. Here is still another frontline player who was officially AWOL until the attacks were over or the Pentagon had been hit.

'It never occurred to us'

The Commission further protected the military from serious criticism and exposure by accepting there was a 'lack of imagination' that did not foresee aircraft being used as missiles to crash into buildings when this is provably not true. Researcher and author David Ray Griffin astutely points out in his demolition of the Commission report that this claim about not foreseeing planes used as missiles was deftly connected to the claim that the Pentagon and its agencies were only prepared for attacks from the sea and not from within the United States. The cover-up could then dismiss the considerable evidence that the military *had* foreseen the planes-as-missiles scenario ... *but only coming from the sea!* The Pentagon's General Myers and NORAD chief General Eberhart were naturally

promoting this lunacy. *USA Today* reported that two years before the attacks NORAD conducted exercises simulating aircraft used as weapons to crash into targets and cause mass casualties. General Myers told a hearing of the Senate Armed Services Committee in 2004 about a series of exercises which included 9/11-type scenarios. Myers spoke of 'five exercise hijack events' involving NORAD between November, 1999, and October, 2000, that all 'included a suicide crash into a high-value target'. NORAD practiced in 2000 a response to an aircraft being stolen and flown into the United Nations building in New York. Others involved similar attacks on the White House and the Statue of Liberty close to the World Trade Center. Another exercise in 2000 coordinated by the Defense Protective Service and the Pentagon's Command Emergency Response Team simulated a passenger aircraft hitting the Pentagon and according to *US Medicine* doctors and medics were training for just this situation at the Pentagon in May, 2001. Only twelve days before 9/11 the Department of Transportation in Washington DC ran an exercise preparation for what administrator Ellen Engleman called 'a potentially hijacked plane and someone calling on a cell phone, among other aspects of the scenario that were very strange when twelve days later, as you know, we had the actual event'. Government terrorism advisor Richard Clarke chaired an exercise in 1998 based on a Learjet being hijacked on the ground in Atlanta, filled with explosives and flown to Washington. Correct me if I'm wrong but the route from Atlanta to Washington does not involve arriving from the sea. An expert panel assembled by the Pentagon in 1993 highlighted the threat from planes used as missiles to strike landmark locations and a member of that panel wrote the following in *Futurist* magazine in *1994* which actually mentions the World Trade Center:

> Targets such as the World Trade Center not only provide the requisite casualties but, because of their symbolic nature, provide more bang for the buck. In order to maximize their odds for success, terrorist groups will likely consider mounting multiple, simultaneous operations.

It could not be more obvious that it *did* occur to the military that 9/11-type attacks could happen and they practiced scenarios based on that theme. Nor could it be more evident that the 9/11 Commission was established to cover up the truth. Here are some more disgraceful examples:

- The Commission ignored the 'hijackers' named who were found to be still alive after the attacks. These names were repeated without any discussion or inquiry into how people still alive could have hijacked 9/11 aircraft and therefore who did. They described the backgrounds

and include pictures of 'hijackers' that could not have taken part because they were still with us – an extraordinary confirmation that the Commission was only interested in supporting the official Big Lie.

- The Commission produced no proof that any of the named 'hijackers' were on board the planes and simply repeated the official narrative without question. They refused to even subpoena original passenger lists.

- There was no mention of Mohamed Atta's non-Muslim white American girlfriend Amanda Keller or his heavy drinking, coke habit and liking for pork chops. The report mentions that he and other 'hijackers' met in Las Vegas, but not that they paid hundreds of dollars to lap dancers at the Pink Pony strip club. The Commission referred to him as an Islamic fanatic and 'fantastically so'.

- The Commission maintained the blatant lie about Hani Hanjour, the utterly incompetent Cessna pilot, sitting at the controls of Flight 77 and completing a 270-degree turn at high speed and low altitude which commercial airline pilots with thousands of hours on wide-bodied jets say they could not have done. The report instead described Hanjour as 'the operation's most experienced pilot'. Well, how shit must the others have been then? The report claims all this while *at the same time* acknowledging that Hanjour was denied a pilot's licence on multiple occasions because he was such a 'terrible pilot' and that only weeks before 9/11 an instructor refused to fly with him a second time after his first experience of Hanjour at the controls of a one-engine puddle-jumper. How did the Commission reconcile these outrageous flagrant contradictions in its own report? It didn't even bother.

- The ridiculous official 'explanations' of how the three buildings fell were repeated without question despite the suspension of the laws of physics and endless anomalies and impossibilities. The fundamental questions and evidence by experts surrounding the fall of Building 7 were avoided in one fell swoop: The 9/11 Commission report did not even mention Building 7. By doing so Larry Silverstein's 'pull it' comment was also avoided.

- The question of how buildings could 'pancake' while collapsing at or near free-fall speed was not addressed and nor how steel columns could fail because of a quickly burned-off jet fuel fire with a maximum temperature of 1,700 degrees Fahrenheit when the melting point of steel is 2,770 degrees.

- There was no mention of the fact that before part of the façade of the Pentagon fell 30 minutes after impact (or at least an explosion) the hole in the wall was only 16 to 20 feet across. Through this hole a plane with a 125-foot wingspan and 40-foot high tail would have somehow had to pass with no resistance from a recently reinforced wall that would have surely sheared off the wings and tail and left them outside for all to see. This was not even worth questioning? Er, nope.

- The Commission did not address the ridiculous contradiction that the 'Flight 77' aircraft vapourised inside the Pentagon (impossible at the temperatures involved with jet fuel) while passengers were claimed to have been identified from their fingerprints.

- The fake and rigged 'investigation' did not subpoena security videos from the Pentagon and buildings looking out at the Pentagon and clearly if those videos did show Flight 77 striking the building they would have been circulated en masse to the global media within hours or days. They don't show that and so there was no subpoena by these shameful cover-up artists.

- There was no serious questioning and certainly no credible explanation for why ground-to-air missile systems protecting Washington and the Pentagon were not activated.

- The easily exposed lies about what Defense Secretary Rumsfeld and Joint Chiefs of Staff acting chairman Myers claimed they were doing before the Pentagon was hit were left unquestioned even with the evidence from Bush counterterrorism advisor Richard Clarke that they were taking part in his teleconference well before the Pentagon strike. Surely there are videotapes of that conference with time-codes? So where are they? In the same locked and sealed vault as the surveillance camera videos from the Pentagon no doubt.

- Nor did the Commission seriously question and investigate the confusing effect of all those wargame exercises going on involving the same response agencies as those reacting (or not) to the 9/11 hijackings.

- As for Operation Northwoods – not a mention. I bet you are shocked to the core.

On and on the report goes, page after page of lies, omissions, cover-up and slavish devotion to the official story which a child could have seen through. On that basis alone I say there is no way Thomas Kean, Lee Hamilton and especially Philip Zelikow did not know they were taking

part in a cover up to hide the truth from the world. What level of contempt must they have for those who died and their loved ones left behind? How could Kean and Hamilton put their name to such a piece of garbage? This same question applies to all members of the Commission who didn't speak out and expose the scam. The report was so bad and so mendacious that weeks after publication 25 people who worked for government agencies such as the CIA, FBI, FAA and others involved in 'national security and public safety' wrote an open letter to Congress condemning the Commission's 'findings':

> We are aware of significant issues and cases that were duly reported to the Commission by those of us with direct knowledge, but somehow escaped attention ... The omission of such serious and applicable issues and information by itself renders the report flawed, and casts doubt on the validity of many of its recommendations.

The FBI was mandated by Congress in 2014 to conduct 'an assessment of any evidence now known to the FBI that was not considered by the 9/11 Commission related to any factors that contributed in any manner to the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001'. A year later the FBI reported with painful predictability that no new evidence had come to light that would have changed the verdict of the 9/11 Commission. Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth launched a lawsuit against the Bureau over not including 'an assessment of evidence related to the WTC demolition nor an assessment of several other areas of evidence known to the FBI'. The lawsuit highlighted the following:

- The use of pre-placed explosives to destroy World Trade Center Buildings, 1, 2, and 7.
- The arrest and investigation of the [Israeli] 'High Fivers' observed photographing and celebrating the attacks on the World Trade Center on 9/11.
- Terrorist financing related the reported Saudi support for the 9/11 hijackers.
- Recovered plane parts, including serial numbers from all three crash locations.
- Video from cameras mounted inside and outside the Pentagon.
- Cell phone communications from passengers aboard airplanes.

Architects & Engineers also partnered with the Lawyers' Committee for 9/11 Inquiry to launch a Grand Jury Investigation Project that has named '15 different categories of persons who may have information material to the investigation, including contractors and security companies that had access to the WTC Towers before 9/11, persons and entities who benefited financially from the WTC demolitions, and persons arrested after being observed celebrating the WTC attacks'. We wish them well and you can donate to their efforts at ae911truth.org. The organisation sent to its mailing list an article about the lawsuit published by legal news service Courthouse News which it described as 'a rare deviation from the media's dogmatic denigration of any person who questions the government account of 9/11 (and who refuses to believe that miracles took place that day).' The mail circulation coincided with Courthouse News deleting the article. Just another day in the suppression of 9/11 truth.

I think it is fair to say, at the risk of stating the obvious, that the official story of what happened on 9/11 is among the greatest works of fiction in known human history and I am not anywhere near finished yet exposing the network behind the events of that day and their aftermath.

CHAPTER 15

'Bin Laden did it!'

The masses indulge in petty falsehoods every day, but it would never come into their heads to fabricate colossal untruths and they are not able to believe in the possibility of such monstrous effrontery ... The bigger the lie, therefore, the more likely it is to be believed – Adolf Hitler

Tell-tale signs in all Problem-Reaction-Solution or false-flag scenarios are: (1) who is blamed for the problem and (2) how soon after the event is an alleged villain promoted by establishment mouthpieces who rush to the microphones to sell the cover-story before any investigation has even started.

In the case of 9/11 we had: (1) Osama bin Laden and Islamic terror group 'al-Qaeda' condemned as the perpetrators and they were (2) first named a matter of minutes after the attacks. Villains blamed for the problem tell you what the solution is planned to be. If you want to target 'white supremacists' who oppose government tyranny you blame them and them alone for Oklahoma. If you want to justify wars of death, destruction and regime change in the Middle East you claim that Islamic terrorists were responsible for 9/11. We have had the long-planned invasion of Afghanistan to 'get Bin Laden' and this exploded into the global 'war on terror' launched by the Boy Bush administration and continued by succeeding presidents from 'both' political parties (the Hidden Hand one-party state). The Web of secret societies and other interconnected groups means that support is rarely a problem from Western countries. Afghanistan was invaded to 'get Bin Laden' for 9/11 while the FBI admitted there was not enough evidence against him to stand up in court. The FBI website did not list 9/11 as one of the attacks for which Bin Laden was a 'Most Wanted Man'. When asked why this was so FBI spokesman Rex Tomb said in 2006: 'The reason why 9/11 is not mentioned on Osama bin Laden's Most Wanted page is because the FBI has no hard evidence connecting Bin Laden to 9/11.' American government, intelligence and military officials have never produced *any* evidence of Afghanistan involvement in 9/11 and nor have any credible connections been made between that country and the patsy 'hijackers'. Never mind – we'll set the Middle East on fire anyway (Fig 82 overleaf).

Figure 82: American foreign policy.

While I was writing this chapter I re-watched the television address on October 7th, 2001, when Boy Bush announced that the invasion of Afghanistan had begun less than a month after 9//11. At no point and in no way did he justify the action by connecting Afghanistan to the attacks. Defense Secretary Rumsfeld and his deputy Wolfowitz were asked what evidence they had to link 9/11 to Bin Laden in Afghanistan and they both basically said that everyone saw the evidence on their television screens. Oh, that would be planes painted in the colours of Afghan Air would it? In the wake of 9/11 Hidden Hand gofer Tony Blair, the British Prime Minister, had his tongue out and tail wagging while the Twin Towers were still standing. Overseeing it all as the merciless head of the 'Bush' government was Dick Cheney who arranged for 'legal opinion' to dismantle all checks and balances to give him the power to do whatever he wanted in terms of deleting civil liberties and going to war. What happened on September 11th was indeed *The Trigger* excuse that ignited a wave of calculated violence and terrorism by the psychopaths of the United States, Britain, France, NATO etc., which has killed and maimed millions in Afghanistan, Iraq, Libya, Syria and elsewhere in the name of 'fighting terrorism'. This is quite an act of vengeance in response to the 3,000 who died on 9/11 and even more so given that those who have been killed and wounded for life in the 'war on terror' had nothing to do with what happened in New York and Pennsylvania or at the Pentagon. Former British troops told an investigation by the Middle East Eye website that rules had been relaxed to allow them to shoot unarmed civilians in Afghanistan and Iraq if they were 'holding a mobile telephone, carrying a shovel, or acting in any way suspiciously'. The dead included a number of children and teenage boys and the soldiers described how weapons were placed near bodies to claim they had been armed. One father had turned up at a British base carrying his dead eight-year-old son and demanding an explanation. What responsibility did that kid and all the others have for 9/11?

One ex-soldier said he witnessed the fatal shootings of significant numbers of civilians in Basra and did not believe that all the victims were keeping British troops under surveillance. He claims that relaxing the rules of engagement resulted in 'a killing spree'. He and his fellow soldiers were promised that they would be protected in the event of any investigation by military police. 'Our commanders, they would tell us:

"We will protect you if any investigation comes. Just say you genuinely thought your life was at risk – those words will protect you".' This is the dictionary definition of terrorism: 'The unlawful use of violence and intimidation, especially against civilians, in the pursuit of political aims.' By that definition the 'war on terror' has always been and continues to be nothing more than a 'war *of* terror'. Without 9/11 none of this could have been sold or justified on anything like the scale that we have seen. In that sentence we have the real reason for the 9/11 attacks. Those who have given the orders to make the 'war *of* terror' possible – Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld, Wolfowitz, Powell, Blair, his successors Gordon Brown, David Cameron and Theresa May, and a long, long list of others – are terrorists and mass killers who should be standing in the dock at a war crimes tribunal. Even these psychopaths are only the public face and essential cover for the real orchestrators of 9/11 and the war *of* terror and I will begin the exposure of the prime orchestrators of 9/11 in the next chapter.

Get your villain in early

Problem-Reaction-Solution demands that you get your villain in ASAP before any other explanation can be suggested, debated or take root. Once the villain is named no other version of events is allowed or, in this case, you are giving 'comfort to terrorists'. This is how it is – you are either *with us* (believe what we tell you) or *against us* (ask for evidence). I'll choose 'against' if it's all the same with you. *CBS News* took only 13 minutes after the second World Trade Center strike to throw Osama bin Laden's name in the ring. Ehud Barak, Israeli prime minister from 1999 until early 2001, was on the airwaves soon after the attacks calling for a 'war on terror' and an American invasion of Afghanistan. Barak knew all about terror as former commander of the terrorist Sayeret Matkal (also Unit 269) of Israel's Military Intelligence Directorate (also Aman) which is the military intelligence arm of the terrorist Israel Defense Forces (IDF). Barak told the BBC within an hour of the attacks:

> The world will not be the same from today [that was the idea]. It's an attack against our whole civilisation. I don't know who is responsible [oh, do come on]. I believe we will know in twelve hours [you mean that's when the propaganda really begins]. If it is a Bin Laden organisation, and even if it is something else, I believe this is a time to deploy globally concerted effort led by the United States, the UK, Europe and Russia against all sources of terror [Israel's targets]. The same kind of struggle that our forefathers launched against the piracy of the high seas ... it's time to launch an operational concrete war against terror.

Barak went on to mention Bin Laden for a second time and linked

him to Afghanistan. The script was already rolling. He used the term 'war against terror' and said that freedoms would have to be deleted with crossing borders and boarding aircraft becoming 'more complicated'. What was happening could hardly have been more blatant and in the proposed solutions you see the real creators of the problem. Barak also highlighted Iran, Iraq, Libya and North Korea as 'rogue states' that should be targeted and that list will become very significant as we proceed from here. Television networks named Osama bin Laden as the likely culprit in the hours that followed and Secretary of State Colin Powell first called Osama bin Laden a 'prime suspect' two days after 9/11. Powell told the media: 'We are looking at those terrorist organisations who have the kind of capacity to conduct the kind of attack that we saw.' Asked if he was referring to Osama bin Laden, he answered: 'Yes.' This was insanity. The idea that Bin Laden and a handful of associates could have pulled off 9/11 is beyond ridiculous. No matter – there's a script to be read. Once bin Laden's name was in the public domain the 'evidence' began to emerge in support of the theory that the attacks were the work of extreme Islamic fundamentalists. Funny how the fast emerging official story fitted what Israeli intelligence operative Ehud Barak had so quickly told the BBC. An official 'investigation' was launched by two Bush family gofers, Attorney General John Ashcroft and the two-weeks-in-the-job FBI chief Robert Mueller. The FBI immediately named 19 Arab men as responsible for the hijackings which was remarkable in itself when this same agency, along with the CIA, said they didn't have even a glimmer of an idea that the biggest terrorist attack in American history was being put together for months and, in Mueller's words, almost certainly years. Now the names and pictures of those involved were suddenly produced with such speed. What amazing detective work! The cover story was up and running and repelling all boarders.

Bin Laden and Father Bush

If the authorities wanted to know about Osama bin Laden they only had to ask the father of the 9/11 president. Father George Bush was a business associate of the Bin Laden family through the Carlyle Group which was founded in 1987 and is described as 'an American multinational private equity, alternative asset management and financial services corporation ... [and] ... one of the largest private equity and alternative investment firms in the world'. An article in *The Economist* said the Carlyle Group was embroiled with the defense and intelligence establishment and is 'widely regarded as an extension of the US government, or at least the National Security Agency, the CIA, and the Pentagon'. Some of personnel at the time of 9/11 might give you a feel for its intentions and mode of operation. Carlyle president Frank

Carlucci was a former deputy director of the CIA and Reagan-Bush Defence Secretary before Dick Cheney took over after the election of Father Bush. Carlucci was a long-time CIA agent mixed up in very dirty dealings and accused of involvement in the killing of Congo Prime Minister Patrice Lumumba in the early1960s. He was, naturally, never charged. With a record like that you would expect him to be a friend and associate of people like Father Bush and Donald Rumsfeld. Carlucci's deputy at Carlyle was James Baker, Father Bush's Secretary of State who became Boy Bush's 'advisor' during the election vote dispute with the Gore campaign in Florida. Another major figure at Carlyle was Father Bush himself, a former CIA director, while former British Prime Minister John Major became European Chairman in the late spring of 2001.

Father Bush and family had close connections with the Bin Ladens, their construction operation out of Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, and the 'royal' House of Saud. I mentioned how Father Bush was reported by the mainstream media to be at Washington's Ritz-Carlton Hotel in a Carlyle Group business meeting with Osama bin Laden's brother, Shafiq bin Laden, and other members of the family on September 10th and 11th. Carlyle executives Carlucci and Baker were also there. The Bin Ladens are an asset of the fake royals of the House of Saud who are assets of the United States and Israel. The latter may sound strange, but I'll be explaining that. Power over Arabia was handed to the House of Saud by the British government which was also behind the creation and emergence of the extreme form of Islam known as Wahhabism on which terror groups like ISIS and others are founded. Once again I'll be going more into this later on. ISIS and the Saudi Arabian fake royals both employ beheading as a staple punishment and this is not a coincidence; nor is the massive funding of Wahhabi terrorists by the House of Saud and its financial lackeys in league with the United States, Britain, Israel etc., and the fascistic Gulf states. Terror groups such as ISIS, al-Qaeda and their various 'affiliates' are funded, armed and trained by the United States, Britain, Israel and other Western sources to create proxy armies promoted as anti-Western terror groups to provide the excuse for sending American and other Western military into countries of the Middle East which would otherwise have no justification (Fig 83). Proxy armies of the West like

Figure 83: ISIS is a proxy army for Western countries that claim to oppose terrorism. The rank and file 'Jihadis' will have no idea.

Figure 84: The compartmentalised pyramid structure that manipulates those at the bottom to believe they are fighting a 'holy war' against their perceived 'infidel' targets when those 'targets' are actually controlling and exploiting them for Problem-Reaction-Solution scenarios.

ISIS are largely mercenary operations. Documents came to light in 2018 revealing the lists of payments and rewards handed out to 'religiously-motivated' ISIS fighters. Killing an enemy soldier or 'infidel' gets you ten silver dinars and a car is on offer for bringing down an aircraft. Compartmentalisation means that rank-and-file terrorist fodder actually believe they are fighting some 'holy war' when they are ultimately controlled through military intelligence and terror group 'leaders' by the very Western government 'infidels' they think they are fighting (Fig 84). The Carlyle Group, like other US companies involved in arms sales (see Lockheed Martin, Raytheon, etc.), benefit monumentally from wars that Carlyle personal like the Bushes have instigated. This has continued under Obama and Trump. The same Carlyle Group managed the assets of the Jeddah-based Saudi Bin Laden Corporation (SBC) which enjoyed a close association with Father Bush. Salem bin Laden, Osama's brother, established a Texas company with Boy Bush in the 1970s called Arbusto Energy. This did go ar*bust*o and was later absorbed by another Texas company, Harken Energy. The Bin Ladens helped Boy Bush secure petroleum concessions from Bahrain when he headed Harken and made a fortune for the Bush family. James R. Bath, the American agent for Salem bin Laden, represented him on the Harken board and Bush-Bin Laden connections went back decades before 9/11. Bath was a CIA asset and a close friend of Boy Bush since their days at the Texas Air National Guard when Bush was avoiding the draft to Vietnam. The Bushes and Bin Ladens were further connected through the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI), a conduit for intelligence agency and organised crime (same thing) money transfers before its very public collapse in the early 1990s when the money-laundering and arms transfer activities came to light. The 'bank' was dubbed 'the most corrupt financial institution in history' but with its connections to the Bush family and the CIA why wouldn't it be? BCCI had been involved in financing Boy Bush's Harken Energy. Former CIA Directors Richard Helms and William Casey, business partners of Father Bush, were on the BCCI board along with infamous Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi

who represented Bin Laden family interests in the US. He was an uncle of Saudi dissident journalist Jamal Khashoggi who was murdered by Saudi government assassins at the country's consulate in Istanbul in 2018. Bush family associate Khalid bin Mahfouz, another Saudi 'businessman', held a controlling interest in BCCI which was found to be funding ... *terrorism*. Mahfouz was indicted by a US grand jury and eventually paid his way out of fraud charges by handing over $225 million. The cover up of the BCCI scandal and protection of its big political players was overseen by Robert Mueller, then head of the Criminal Division at the US [In]Justice Department. Mueller would become head of the FBI two weeks before 9/11 and play a key role in covering up what really happened by overseeing a non-investigation.

'Bandar Bush'

Another prime conduit between the Bush family, the Bin Ladens and the Saudi fake royals was the appalling Bandar bin Sultan from the House of Saud who was Saudi ambassador to the United States from 1983 to 2005. This period covered all but two years of the Reagan-Bush, Father Bush and Bill Clinton administrations and the first term of Boy Bush. He would go on to be secretary general of the Saudi National Security Council and director general of the Saudi Intelligence Agency and he used this influence to support US military actions in the Middle East after 9/11. Bandar was so close to Father and Boy Bush – especially Father – that he was nicknamed 'Bandar Bush'. Watergate journalist Bob Woodward claimed that Boy Bush told Bandar of the decision to invade Iraq in 2003 before his Secretary of State Colin Powell. First of all it wasn't 'Bush's decision' it was Cheney's and secondly Colin Powell was being royally exploited and shafted by the Cheney inner circle from which he was excluded. Given this close association between Bandar and the Bushes you won't be surprised to know that two of the alleged 9/11 hijackers received $130,000 from Bandar's checking account – a fact leaked from a *redacted* part of the 9/11 Commission Report. A court affidavit filed in 2015 claims that Zacarias Moussaoui, the jailed '20th hijacker', was a courier for Osama bin Laden and was introduced to Bandar. Moussaoui stated on oath that Bandar and other members of the Saudi royal family funded al-Qaeda and helped finance the 9/11 attacks. Bandar was not investigated for any of this and would have invoked diplomatic immunity if he had been. Russia's President Putin apparently accused Bandar to his face of supporting Islamic Chechen terrorist groups for a decade in southern Russia. You can see the connections between the United States and Saudi Arabia that led to so many Saudi-connected people being named as 9/11 'hijackers'. The Saudi 'royals' and the far-right government in Israel have long had close associations in secret and these have become more public recently (more later).

Bandar promoted greater contact between the Saudis and Israel while National Security Secretary and this fits with the very close relationship that the Bush family has had with Israel. Anyone think all these connections between the Bush and Bin Laden families and other rich Saudis are just a coincidence given who was named as the orchestrator of 9/11 – Osama bin Laden, the brother of Boy Bush's business partner? Or that leading members of the Bin Laden family were allowed to fly out of America on September 11th while all other aircraft were grounded? Or that so many of the alleged 'hijackers' were connected to Saudi Arabia?

Osama – hero then villain

To understand the sequence that led Osama bin Laden to be blamed for 9/11 we must go back to the 1980s and the invasion of Afghanistan by the Soviet Union in a trap set by President Jimmy Carter's National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski shortly before Carter was replaced in 1980 by the Reagan-Father Bush administration. Brzezinski, who died in 2017, was a serious Hidden Hand operative and co-founder with David Rockefeller of the Round Table's Trilateral Commission. This is one of the Web's 'cusp' organisations that act as conduits between the hidden and the seen. Brzezinski was a prominent force in the Democratic Party and one of the Democons that control Democrat presidents as the Neocons or neoconservatives control Republican presidents. Go one step back into the shadows and the Democons and Neocons answer to same masters. Brzezinski told French news magazine, *Le Nouvel Observateur*, in 1998 how he set out to entice the Soviet Union to invade Afghanistan in the 1980s and give them 'their Vietnam'. The Afghan government in the capital Kabul was a Soviet satellite regime at the time and Brzezinski described how he arranged for the arming, training and funding of what became known as the Mujahideen. These were portrayed as 'freedom fighters' seeking to overthrow the Soviet-controlled Afghan government when they were really a US proxy army designed to drag the Soviet Union into a war that it couldn't win (as the US themselves are still finding out in Afghanistan). The Soviets went for the bait and became entrapped in a proxy Soviet-US war via the Mujahideen between 1979 and 1989 when they gave up and went home. By then 1.5 million Afghan lives had been lost, but what did psychopaths like Brzezinski care or the Reagan-Bush (Bush-Reagan) administration that took over Mujahideen support when they came to power in 1980? Saudi Arabia, a satellite state of America (and Israel if the truth be told), also funded the Mujahideen which included fighters from 40 Muslim countries. Britain's MI6 and elite Special Air Service or SAS were involved in the training along with Pakistani forces. Mujahideen terrorists were further trained by the CIA

in Virginia and Brooklyn, New York, down the road from the Twin Towers.

Billions in financial and military aid under the CIA's Operation Cyclone was poured into Afghanistan via Pakistan military intelligence, the ISI, which wired $100,000 to Mohamed Atta shortly before 9/11. The ISI was a central player in the CIA/Bush family drug operation that turned poppies in the fields of Afghanistan into heroin sold on the streets of America and the world. This life-destroying operation continues today. So many wars, including Afghanistan, Vietnam and others in South-East Asia have to a large extent been about the covert drug trade. Poppy production in Afghanistan fell to almost zero when the Taliban took power after the Soviets left and then went through the roof again after the US invaded in the weeks that followed 9/11. ISI chief Mahmood Ahmed was the source of Atta's $100,000 which has never been explained and would have been connected to the drug operation which at least one version of 'Atta' was certainly involved with. Why was Ahmed not subject to serious investigation for this? Perhaps for the same reason that he was in Washington DC on 9/11 having breakfast with Representative Porter Goss and Senator Bob Graham who had been part of a US delegation to Islamabad, Pakistan, two weeks earlier when they met with Ahmed, other ISI officials and the then President Pervez Musharraf. Goss had long been active in the CIA and was made director of the agency in 2004. The man Brzezinski and the Saudis used as the face of the 'Mujahideen resistance' to the Soviets was called Osama bin Laden from the prominent Saudi family with close connections to the House of Saud and the Bushes. Bandar 'Bush' bin Sultan said Osama bin Laden told him how grateful he was for American support against the Soviets in Afghanistan although the feared 'terrorist mastermind' in Bandar's opinion 'couldn't lead eight ducks across the street'. This is one of those rare moments when Bandar actually told the truth. Bin Laden was a hapless stooge and frontman ravaged by ill-heath – not a 'mastermind'. With the Soviets heading home the time had come for 'hero' Bin Laden to become the 'villain' and a 'terrorist monster'. The 'good guys' became the 'bad guys' with 9/11 providing the perceptual backdrop. Bin Laden, the Mujahideen and Taliban were given the roles of evil terrorists despite being the same people supported by the US against the Soviets. The Mujahideen were renamed 'al-Qaeda' for a new movie although the producer and directors remained the same – mainly the US military/CIA. To promote this rebrand Bin Laden and 'al-Qaeda' began to be blamed for terror attacks against the United States and the West in general. Former British Foreign Secretary Robin Cook, who resigned from the Blair government over the invasion of Iraq in 2003, said publicly that the very *name* 'al-Qaeda' came courtesy of the CIA. He said the term means 'the base' or 'database' and referred to the CIA

database of Mujahideen fighters brought together to fight the Soviets. Cook said in 2005:

> The truth is, there is no Islamic army or terrorist group called al-Qaeda, and any informed intelligence officer knows this. But, there is a propaganda campaign to make the public believe in the presence of an intensified entity representing the 'devil' only in order to drive TV watchers to accept a unified international leadership for a war against terrorism. The country behind this propaganda is the United States.

Yes, and Britain and Israel. Less than a month later Robin Cook was dead after suffering a 'heart attack' which, whatever the background, is the easiest thing in the world to inflict with the technology/drugs they have today. 'Al-Qaeda', the US proxy army and terrorist operation, splintered into other names including eventually ISIS/ISIL/Islamic State, Al-Nusra Front, Tahrir al-Sham and Boko Haram further south in Africa. These manufactured terror groups with their compartmentalised command structure have provided the excuse for US and other Western countries to invade and bring devastation to the Middle and Near East killing and injuring multiple millions and setting a sequence in motion that has seen an exodus of people out of the Middle East and Africa and into Europe. All of these consequences have been long planned and none of them is random.

The West – the real home of terrorism

We can now clearly see why the Bush-connected BCCI mega-crooked 'bank' was found to be 'funnelling money to the Mujahideen' and why Bush family associate and leading BCCI shareholder Khalid bin Mahfouz was exposed for donating big money to Osama bin Laden at the request of Osama's brother and Boy Bush business partner, Salem bin Laden. Throughout the 1980s when Father Bush was always in the White House as either vice president or president his family friend Osama bin Laden was a major CIA asset promoted as a hero leading resistance to the evil Soviet Union in Afghanistan. Then, when the Soviets left, it became more beneficial to the Hidden Hand agenda to do a 180 and turn the image of Bin Laden on its head. This led eventually to Bin Laden being named as the 'mastermind' of 9/11 to justify an invasion of Afghanistan where he was based. The United States invaded Afghanistan on October 7th, 2001, less than a month after the 9/11 attacks in a military campaign that was clearly planned way before the excuse was secured by 9/11 and 'Bin Laden did it!' You don't mount an invasion of that scale in less than a month any more than you prepare a building for a controlled demolition in the short time that Silverstein claimed for Building 7. You will see in the next chapter how a long-

planned script has been playing out. The cover-story for the invasion was the need to 'get Bin Laden' and remove the Taliban from power who were protecting him in Afghanistan. The Taliban are a crazy group, but are they any more crazy – or psychopathic – than the US government and its military? When you compare their inflicted death tolls the Taliban are minor league and the US, especially when you add Britain, Europe and NATO, are world leaders year after year, decade after decade in mass murder and terrorism.

The Taliban offered to hand over Bin Laden to the US *if* the evidence was produced to show that he was involved in 9/11. This was a non-starter because the US didn't have any. Secretary of State Colin Powell said Bin Laden was definitely to blame and they would be producing compelling evidence to prove it which naturally they never did. When the time came to reveal this 'evidence' Powell said he could not make the information public because it was 'classified'. Yes and filed under 'piece of crap'. Hidden Hand lapdog Tony Blair read a 'dossier' to a compliant House of Commons in support of Britain joining the US invasion and he began: 'This document does not purport to provide a prosecutable case against Osama bin Laden in a court of law.' They must have been talking to Robert Mueller at the FBI. Moronic and unquestioning MPs in all political parties still gave Blair the nod for another bloodbath on the basis of made-up 'evidence'. The Blair 'report' was compiled by such trustworthy organisations as MI5 and MI6 with their drafts going to Washington and the CIA for approval. Boy Bush captured the moment: 'There's no need to discuss innocence or guilt, we know he's guilty.' The die was cast and Bin Laden was officially the 9/11 mastermind along with his associate Khalid Sheikh Mohammed who was named in the 9/11 Commission Report as 'the principal architect of the 9/11 attacks'. Mohammed was caught in Pakistan in 2003 in a joint operation between the drug-running duo, the CIA and ISI, and he was taken to torture centres in Afghanistan and Poland to encourage him to admit anything they wanted him to. He went on to the US military detention and torture camp at Guantanamo Bay in Cuba where he remains today despite never facing a trial. Further merciless torture by moral America led to Mohammed 'confessing' to a long list of terror attacks including 9/11. Human rights groups and a former military prosecutor have said the confessions are not supportable given they were secured by torture. Some question if it is even the real Khalid Sheikh Mohammed at Guantanamo.

The United States embarked upon precisely the course of action in Afghanistan demanded by Israel's former prime minister and military intelligence commander, Ehud Barak, within an hour of the attacks. The first phrase of the war was code-named Operation Enduring Freedom until 2014 when it became Operation Freedom's Sentinel (god, it's

pathetic) and it's still going on. The official death toll as of late 2018 was 38,000 Afghan civilians with more than 30,000 wounded. These are *seriously* low-side figures, however, and include only the alleged numbers of death by violence and not from all other consequences of war. On the American side the figures are: 2,372 US troops killed and 20,320 wounded, plus all the dead and injured US civilian contractors. Britain joined the invasion early as always under Hidden Hand poodle Blair and later came a coalition of countries and NATO. The cost to American taxpayers is estimated to be nearly *$2 trillion* and if you add in all wars and conflicts since September, 2001, the figure is almost *$6 trillion*. Again these will be low-end figures. In the same period the number of homeless Americans has soared with people living in cars, tent cities or simply rough in the street. All that death and destruction and mind-blowing financial cost only for General Austin Scott Miller, commander of NATO's Resolute Support mission, to state the bloody obvious in 2018 – 17 years after the post-9/11 invasion of Afghanistan. He said: 'This is not going to be won militarily.' What incredible insight and that was in no way obvious from the start after the Soviet experience. Think what *$6 trillion* could have done for those people living in the street and so many others. Instead it pours into the coffers of Hidden Hand armament companies providing the weapons for *both* sides in Hidden Hand wars paid for by struggling Americans and loans from Hidden Hand banks. How apt that Trump nominated Patrick Shanahan, long-time big-wig at major global arms company Boeing, as his Secretary of Defense. The same theme can be seen in Britain under Tony Blair (never seen a country he didn't want to bomb) and his successors. Did I mention that these people are genetic psychopaths?

Bin Laden – movie star

The Osama bin Laden portrayed by the media was a construct, a propaganda invention, and the truth was very different. Somehow old Osama pulled off the attacks despite the reality described by British journalist and Middle East specialist Robert Fisk who trekked across desert and wasteland for a meeting with the 'mastermind' before 9/11: '... Mr Bin Laden saw a pile of newspapers in my bag and seized them ... By a sputtering oil lamp, he read them clearly unaware of the world around him.' South African-born journalist and anti-apartheid activist Tony Karon took the same line in his analysis of Bin Laden in *Time* magazine three months before 9/11:

> ... The media's picture of Bin Laden sitting in a high-tech Bat cave in the mountains around Kandahar ordering up global mayhem at the click of a mouse is more than a little ludicrous. Yes, the various networks of Islamist terror have made full use of the possibilities presented by technology and

> globalization. But few serious intelligence professionals believe Bin Laden is the puppet-master atop a pyramid structure of terror cells.
>
> It's really not that simple, but personalizing the threat – while it distorts both the nature of the problem and the remedy – is a time-honored tradition. Before Bin Laden, the face of the global terror threat against Americans belonged to the Palestinian radical Abu Nidal. Or was it Colonel Ghaddafi? Ayatollah Khomeini, perhaps? And does anyone even remember the chubby jowls of Carlos the Jackal, whose image drawn from an old passport picture was once the icon of global terror?

Karon was correct in his assessment and we see the constantly-repeating technique of keeping people in fear so they will give their power away to those who claim to protect them. American writer Henry Louis Mencken (1880-1956) was spot on when he said: 'The whole aim of practical politics is to keep the populace alarmed and hence, clamorous to be led to safety, by menacing it with an endless series of hobgoblins – all of them imaginary.' Without fear there is no Problem-Reaction-Solution. 'Bin Laden did it' has been a vaudeville show, pure theatre with video inserts that had 'Bin Laden' confirming his terrorist credentials right on cue whenever the Bush-Blair-fronted terrorism network needed a credibility boost. 'Bin Laden' videos were often so perfectly timed you might even think they were manufactured to support the script, but that would be a conspiracy theory and we should immediately dismiss the idea. No, no, there is a much more plausible explanation for the timing – God was on our side. The fact that the videos were circulated by front organisations for Israeli intelligence (more later) should in no way influence our belief in the credibility of the official story. Bin Laden denied involvement after the attacks and said in a statement a week after 9/11:

> I have already said that I am not involved in the 11 September attacks on the United States. As a Muslim, I try my best to avoid telling a lie. I had no knowledge of these attacks, nor do I consider the killing of innocent women, children and other humans as an appreciable act. Islam strictly forbids causing harm to innocent women, children and other people. Such a practice is forbidden even in the course of a battle ... I have already said that we are against the American system, not against its people, whereas in these attacks, the common American people have been killed.

The London *Daily Telegraph* noted that Bin Laden had publicly issued four videos after September 11th and always denied carrying out the atrocities. We are asked to believe that he then suddenly switched his position in a 'confession' video on December 13th, 2001. The date is

more than interesting to say the least because that is the day on which Bin Laden is said to have died. Yes – *died*. I will fill in the background shortly. This about-turn 'confession' was like a scene from the 1998 movie *Wag The Dog* which is so close to the truth in how political showbiz really works. It's all a psychological game to seize control of the public mind or, as Henry Kissinger said: 'It is not a matter of what is true that counts, but what is perceived to be true.' The *Wag The Dog* storyline involves an American president facing an election for a second term when his aides realise that the story of a sexual affair is about to hit the press. They hire a Hollywood producer played by Dustin Hoffman to create a non-existent US war with Albania to take news of the affair off the front pages. They pick Albania because they figure no one in America would know where it was and certainly nothing about the place. There is no actual war – they just kid the public there is. The 'war' all takes place in a movie studio where interviews and 'war footage' are created and then handed to compliant television news networks as 'footage from the front'. They hire singer Willie Nelson and other celebrities to record a Live Aid-type song called 'The American Dream' to capture public emotion in support of the fictional 'war in Albania'. I recommend the movie if you haven't seen it on the grounds of accuracy. In the end, with the Albania 'war' won and the president re-elected, Hoffman's character threatens to spill the beans because he wants to be publicly acknowledged for his achievement. He is then led away by large men to a blacked-out car and that's the last we see of him. This is so close to what really happens with the political and military mind games and anyone who threatens to get in the way. Hollywood is a creation of the Hidden Hand (hence so much Satanism and child abuse goes on there) and it has been used from the start as a stupendous weapon in global propaganda and perception conditioning. Most people download their version of 'history' from Hollywood movies and that's overwhelmingly a version that suits what the manipulators want the public to believe. Karl Rove, Boy Bush's chief political adviser, headed out to California after 9/11 to meet 45 of Hollywood's top players at the Peninsula Hotel in Beverly Hills. These included executives from all the main studios and they formed the Hollywood 911 committee to tell the world the Gospel according to Washington. Movie-makers were told they could have access to military sites, aircraft carriers, almost anything they wanted, so long as their productions did not criticise the government. Bush adviser Mark McKinnon told the BBC's *Newsnight* programme without once bursting into laughter:

> We don't want to, or intend to, turn Hollywood into a propaganda machine. It's not in the long-term interests for the effort, Hollywood, or this administration. This administration is very first-amendment minded. This

> President has no interest in telling people what to do, what to say, or how to say it.

Right, gotcha – so they wanted to use Hollywood as a propaganda machine and tell people what to do, what to say and how to say it. Invert most things that politicians and their apologists say and you are pretty much there. Jack Valenti, President of the Motion Picture Association of America, said:

> We are at war. If I was in the White House, I'd reach out to the most powerful persuaders on earth, the movie industry, and ask, 'What can you do to help?' What can they do?

What Bush (or rather those that controlled him) wanted them to do was to tell lies about world events as they've been doing since Hollywood was founded (with honourable exceptions). Among the latter was Larry Gelbart, creator of *M*A*S*H*, the brilliant series about the Korean War. He said of the government's overtures to Hollywood:

> It is easy to talk out of the other side of your mouth when you are two-faced. You have got this extra mouth. They want it all ways.

Yes they do, and some big players in Hollywood from studio owners to experts in various disciplines were very keen to give them whatever they wanted. Government and military propaganda continues to be widespread in Hollywood productions. The 2019 *Captain Marvel* movie, starring Brie Larson, is a propaganda storyline for the American military involving military officers employed as consultants and advisers, dozens of active-duty US soldiers were used as extras, scenes shot at a military base and the film heavily promoted by the US Department of Defense.

Wag the Dog 'confession'

This brings me back to the Bin Laden 'smoking gun' confession video. With an invasion of Afghanistan to justify and no evidence to pin the rap on the declared villain it was no surprise that the Bin Laden 'confession' would drop from the heavens. Praise the Lord. Pentagon official statements claimed the video was shot at a 'guest house in Kandahar', Afghanistan's second largest city, and 'found in an abandoned private house in Jalalabad' 400 miles away. By whom, pray? That very much depends on which official spokesman you listened to. Most of the 9/11 story depends on that. We were variously told that the Bin Laden tape was found by the US Navy, US Army, United Islamic Front for the Salvation of Afghanistan (Northern Alliance), the 'military' and CIA.

More details, please? Er, sorry, it's classified. The video was said to have been shot on November 9th, 2001. Boy Bush apparently viewed the tape on November 30th before *The Washington Post* 'broke' (officially leaked) the story of its existence on December 9th and the rest of us saw bits of it on December 13th. The tape was about 40 minutes long and of very poor quality which suited the manipulation perfectly. It included shots of a downed helicopter in Afghanistan's Ghazni province and two sections with a man claimed to be Bin Laden talking to a Saudi cleric and others at a 'dinner'. Strangely, the tape had the first part of the 'Bin Laden' conversation at the end of the tape, the end of the conversation at the start, with the helicopter footage in between. Maybe Afghan video cameras whirl the other way like Chinese writing. We were told that the US government used the latest voice and face identification techniques (to check it or make it?) and a team of Arabic translators, none of them familiar with the Saudi language, spent days listening to the tape to make sure the conversations were accurately translated. Why didn't they succeed then? The video was not accurately translated as confirmed by State Department consultant Christopher Ross. If that was the face of the 'Osama Bin Laden' we had been seeing elsewhere then he must have placed a very large order with the Kandahar Cream Cake Company and been visited by a doctor from the local nose-job clinic – 'cave visits a speciality' (Fig 85). 'Bin Laden' in the 'confession video' looks nothing like the Bin Laden we had come to know; but we shouldn't mock, they were doing their best, and after all Boy Bush said:

> This is Bin Laden unedited. It's preposterous for anybody to think that this tape is doctored. That's just a feeble excuse to provide weak support for an incredibly evil man.

Cheers, George, so it was doctored then or rather made from scratch. Jack Straw, Blair's always bewildered Foreign Secretary, said there was 'no doubt it is the real thing' thus providing more confirmation that it wasn't. *Monitor*, a German TV show on the Das Erste channel, asked two independent translators and an expert in oriental studies to analyse the US government translation. They found it to be 'inaccurate' and

Figure 85: Confession tape 'Bin Laden' and the real Bin Laden.

'manipulative'. Dr Abdel El M. Husseini, one of the programme's translators, said that he had carefully examined the Pentagon's translation and found many problems with it. 'At the most important places where it is held to prove the guilt of Bin Laden it is not identical with the Arabic,' he said. My goodness, I'm shocked. Dr Murad Alami, another translator, said the alleged statement that the attacks would take place 'on that day' cannot be heard in the original Arabic version. Garnet Ratter, professor of Islamic and Arabic Studies at the Asia-Africa Institute at the University of Hamburg, told the programme: 'The American translators who listened to the tapes and transcribed them apparently wrote a lot of things in that they wanted to hear, but that cannot be heard on the tape no matter how many times you listen to it.' Bin Laden's mother was quoted by Britain's *Mail on Sunday* as saying the tape was a fake. 'The voice is unclear and uneven. There are too many gaps and the statements are very unlike him', she said. According to the official translation the tape's make-believe 'Bin Laden' appears to say that most of the hijackers did not know the details of the operation until just before they boarded the planes:

> The brothers, who conducted the operation, all they knew was that they have a martyrdom operation and we asked each of them to go to America but they didn't know anything about the operation, not even one letter. But they were trained and we did not reveal the operation to them until they are there and just before they boarded the planes ... (inaudible) ... Those who were trained to fly didn't know the others.

Are we to believe that after 'years of planning' most of those involved were only given the essential details in the few minutes before they boarded the planes for a 'brilliantly executed operation'? Hey, Abdul, quick, we don't have much time. You know those two big towers in New York? Well ... What utter, utter trash. What about the 'Atta letter' claiming to tell the hijackers what to do and how to prepare long before 9/11? Where is the video footage at Washington Dulles and Newark New Jersey of these 'hijackers' being told the plan 'just before they boarded'? Here we have 'Bin Laden' describing something that could not have happened. The 'pilots' didn't know each other? Three trained at Venice flying schools and Atta was a close friend of one according to the official story. The tape translation has the Bin Laden figure saying that he had been informed of the date in advance. Well, I guess as a 'mastermind' he would have to be told when it was happening. The figure says that it was 5.30pm when he heard the news on the radio that the first plane had hit the World Trade Center and he had told people with him that they should be patient with the implication that he knew there would be others. 'Bin Laden' then says he continued to listen to the

radio. Would he not on that of all days have made sure CNN was switched on and ready? Instead he sits listening to the radio while the rest of the world watches live what he is supposed to have orchestrated. The translation also has 'Bin Laden' saying that he did not expect the two towers to collapse as they did. He thought that the fire would undermine the iron structure of the building and that three or four storeys would collapse. Isn't it strange that a man who comes from one of the biggest construction families in the Middle East should not think that three or four storeys falling on those below would threaten the whole building if that was how it was supposed to have happened? And, by the way, Mr Fake Osama, the building structures were made with steel, not iron. What a joke it all is and a deeply tragic one. Why would he 'confess' on tape? Why take that chance? It has been suggested that it was done as a recruitment video, but (a) that means the 'confession' would have been widely circulated and a copy would eventually have fallen into the wrong hands, and (b) why would they record a 'recruitment video' on such a crap camera with such crap quality when we are told he had limitless funds? None of this makes any sense because it isn't true.

By the time the video is said to have been shot on November 9th the Taliban were in serious trouble. The country was being carpet-bombed by the US and Britain and on that day the anti-Taliban forces of the Afghan Northern Alliance claimed to have won the battle for the strategic town of Mazar-e-Sharif. The capital Kabul would fall within days. At no time in the whole tape does Bin Laden or anyone else mention the US invasion, the bombing, the Taliban's retreat or the alleged pursuit of the man himself. 'Bin Laden' is claimed to say on the tape that Mohamed Atta was the leader of the hijackers, but he does not say that at all. He speaks only of Mohamed, hardly a rare name among Muslims, and the name 'Atta' did not leave his lips. 'Bin Laden' said: 'Mohamed from the Egyptian family was in charge of the group.' The name 'Atta' only comes in the translated subtitles on the broadcast version, which says: 'Muhammad (Atta) from the Egyptian family (meaning the Al Qa'ida Egyptian group) was in charge of the group.' The translation is peppered with these in-bracket comments that are not on the soundtrack. The term 'inaudible' appears over and over on the subtitles when they could not understand what was said after playing the tape back dozens of times and later another 50 times more. Significantly, many of these 'inaudibles' come at the start of sentences. A skilled editor can take someone's words and change the order to make them say what they didn't say before. An audiotape of Boy Bush was sent to my website in which he openly declares his intentions for a fascist state. What he said was true, but he didn't actually say it. His words from other speeches and statements had been re-edited to make it

sound as if he had said that. The result was very good and imagine what Hollywood and the Pentagon's own secret Hollywood could do. Hani Al Sibaei, a specialist in Islamic affairs, told Al Jazeera TV that the congratulatory wishes on the tape and Bin Laden's happy expression were taken from a tape of Bin Laden being congratulated on the marriage of one his children which happened four years earlier. Al Sibaei described the 'Bin Laden confession' as 'fabricated and a scandal for the greatest democratic country in the world'. Not sure about the last bit, but you get his drift. With voice recognition technology they would have another means of mimicking the sound of the voice and with the Arabic audio so poor and difficult to hear this would be very straightforward for an expert. There are no close-ups of lips on the video, making it even easier to manipulate.

There were other puzzling aspects of the Kandahar 'confession' tape. The Pentagon said it was shot in mid-November although reports say it carried a date of November 9th. The cleric with 'Bin Laden' said he journeyed to the location on a night of a full moon, but the full moons at that time were on October 31st and November 30th – long before and even longer after the tape was supposed to have been recorded. The cleric, who was a paraplegic, would have had to make his alleged journey of some five hours or more from Kabul to Kandahar while the intensive US bombing and the anti-Taliban forces of the Northern Alliance were sweeping the country. Afghan warlord Mohammad Zaman Ghamsharik apparently reported on November 23rd that Bin Laden dined with Pakistanis in Jalalabad on November 9th and stayed there until the 13th. If that is so how could he also be in Kandahar on the 9th making his video 'confession'? 'Bin Laden' appears to have a ring on his right hand in the video while in his other appearances he only wore a watch and the left-handed Bin Laden is seen to be gesturing a lot and making notes with his right hand in the 'confession'. Bruce Lawrence, Professor of Religion at Duke University in North Carolina, was considered a Bin Laden expert. His opinion on the confession video: 'It's bogus'.

Bloke in a hat

Another 'Bin Laden' video in 2011claimed to have been found at his 'compound' after he was allegedly killed by US forces showed only the side of a beard, the tip of a nose and a woolly hat plonked on a head (Figs 86 and 87 overleaf). The video was taken (why?) of 'him' changing channels on a television and he seemed to be on all of them while never hitting an ad break. The real Bin Laden was left-handed and yet this guy uses his right hand to change the channels throughout. Close-ups of the ears of fake and real Bin Laden show they are not the same and other footage from what was called the 'treasure trove' was only pictures

Figure 86: This is all you see of 'Bin Laden' in the 'compound' video except for one brief moment when his head half-turns ...

Figure 87: ... compare the half-turn profiles and we see that 'compound Bin Laden' is not Bin Laden.

released years before. 'New' footage found in the 'compound' was circulating four years earlier. They did the same in 2007 when the footage was released as 'new' when it was clearly the same video that had been circulating in 2002. Then there was September 11th 'hijacker' Ahmed al-Haznawi 'threatening' attacks in America in a tirade to camera that is said to have been recorded six months before 9/11 on March 6th, 2001. The tape was released by Al Jazeera television, the 'Arab CNN', based in US/Israel-controlled Qatar. Al Jazeera claimed to have 'received' the tape in April, 2002, but would not say from what source. The 'hijacker' speaks to camera on good-quality footage as if he is sitting in a television studio and, most bizarrely, behind him are images of the burning World Trade Center. This was supposed to have been shot six months before the attacks. If that is correct someone has electronically added the background of the burning towers. Why? This tape was claimed to be the 'proof' that al-Qaeda was behind the attacks so why doctor this 'proof' in such a bizarre manner? Why not give us the original footage? Why would this guy record a video six months before the attacks warning that the fight against the United States would be taken to American soil? 'The time has come to prove to the whole world that the United States put on a garb that was not tailored for it when it had the mere thought of resisting the Mujahidin', he said. The United States did not resist the Mujahidin, it funded and armed them, and why would a carefully planned and secret operation to attack targets in the United States be revealed by one of the hijackers on tape six months before the day? Crazy. On the same Al Jazeera tape is claimed to be the

al-Qaeda second in command, Ayman al-Zawahiri, and a silent Bin Laden. The alleged Zawahiri calls the September 11th attacks a 'a great victory' and adds: 'This great victory was achieved only thanks to the grace of God the Almighty, not due to any skill or competence on our part.' At least the last bit is true.

Seeing is believing?

I remember watching the movie *Stuart Little* with my son Jaymie three years before 9/11 and it gave me an idea even then for what was possible. The movie is about an animated mouse living with a human family. Cats in the neighbourhood, real ones not animations, speak to each other like humans. The mouths moved so perfectly with the words I realised that the days of believing what you see even with apparent television interviews or statements were over. If they could do that with cats what could they do with humans? When the actor Oliver Reed died during the filming of the movie *Gladiator* he was replaced in the rest of the film by a computer-generated image of himself. We also saw in advertisements and movies like *Forrest Gump*, released seven years before 9/11, how actors could appear to be chatting and shaking hands with people long dead. Sean Broughton, director of Smoke and Mirrors, one of Britain's top visual effects companies, described at the time how relatively easy it would be for a skilled professional to fake the video of Bin Laden. First they would transfer the original video images on to film tape, he said. The distortion, or 'noise' and graininess, would be removed and a 'morphing package' would be used to manipulate the image on a computer screen. It would be possible to change the person's mouth and expressions to fit whatever soundtrack they chose and finally the 'noise' and graininess would be returned and the whole thing transferred back to videotape. Smoke and Mirrors had used this technique to put Bill Clinton's head on an actor for an advertisement for a United States insurance company. Broughton said there were perhaps 20 people in America who would be good enough to fool everybody, but 'to find someone that good and make sure they kept quiet would probably be pretty difficult'. Not for the Hidden Hand it wouldn't. Philip Taylor, Director of the Institute of Communications at Leeds University in the UK and the author of *Munitions of the Mind, a History of Propaganda*, said US military leaders had once suggested to him intercepting a live broadcast of Saddam Hussein 'and morphing a blonde on one arm and a bottle of scotch on the other'. They decided against doctoring the video, he said, because of its extraordinary potential price of ruining US credibility forever if they were found out. Greg Strause was Visual Effects Supervisor at Pixel Envy, a company involved with special effects on the movie *Titanic*. He said:

> That's how we make our money, kind of faking things to convince everyone else it's real. We just did some Nike commercials where half the people are digital. You wouldn't be able to pick them out.

Henry Hingson, a former President of the National Association of Criminal Defence Lawyers, said that in this age of digital wizardry many things could be done to manipulate video. Bob Crabtree, editor of the magazine *Computer Video*, said it was impossible to judge whether the 'Bin Laden' video was a fake without more details of its source: 'The US seems simply to have asked the world to trust them that it is genuine.' Techniques of video manipulation available then are nothing like we see today when a piece of software can lock-in your facial movements with anyone on video and make their mouth and facial muscles move the same as yours. Once a person's voice frequency is secured technology can to make them appear to say whatever you choose. The point to stress here again is that what we see in the public arena is way behind what they have in the secret military projects and at that level they would have been far closer in 2001 to what we see today. Put 'deep fake videos' into a search engine and you'll see that seeing and hearing is no longer believing.

Bin Laden is dead – but when?

Egyptian newspaper *Al-Wafd* reported on December 26th, 2001, that Bin Laden had died ten days earlier. The report quoted a 'prominent official' from the Taliban in Afghanistan as saying Bin Laden had died from serious lung complications and described how he had been buried in an unmarked grave according to Wahhabi tradition. The *Pakistan Observer* reported that Bin Laden had died a peaceful death due to an untreated lung complication and the Paris-based paper *al-Watan al-Arabi* quoted Pakistan sources confirming his death in 2002. No al-Qaeda source contradicted these reports. Bin Laden looked very ill with what was described as 'a gaunt, frail appearance' in videos that appeared to be genuine just before this time. Pakistan President Pervez Musharraf said that photographs showed Bin Laden to be extremely weak and 'I would give the first priority that he is dead'. Musharraf said Bin Laden had been using a dialysis machine for kidney failure, a fact that was widely known among the intelligence community. French newspaper *La Figaro* ran a story in late October, 2001, that Bin Laden had been treated in the urology department of the American Hospital in Dubai in the previous July and had ordered a mobile dialysis machine to be delivered to Afghanistan. *Time* magazine questioned if he was alive in June, 2002:

> The last time the world heard from Osama bin Laden, there was reason to believe his end was near. In a videotape released in December, bin Laden

> looked sallow; his speech was slow, and his left arm immobile.

Many intelligence sources quoted agreed that Bin Laden was probably dead. CNN reported in July, 2003, that Bin Laden bodyguards had been captured and he was nowhere to be seen. Steve Pieczenik, a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State in three US administrations, said in 2002 that Bin Laden died in 2001 from the consequences of the degenerative genetic disease Marfan syndrome which affects the connective tissue of the body. Suffers tend to be thin, tall and have long arms, legs and fingers which certainly fits Bin Laden. A major symptom is lung disease. Pieczenik repeated the claim in 2011 when dismissing reports that Bin Laden had been killed in his 'compound' in Pakistan by American forces. Pieczenik said he worked with Bin Laden when he was used by the United States as the poster boy for Afghan resistance to the Soviet invasion in the 1980s. He said CIA physicians had treated Bin Laden and they had visited him at the American Hospital in Dubai in July, 2001. 'He died of Marfan syndrome, Bush junior knew about it, the intelligence community knew about it', Pieczenik said. David Ray Griffin reports in *Osama bin Laden – Dead or Alive?* that no messages from Bin Laden were intercepted by US intelligence from about December 13th, 2001, when he was reported to have died. Angelo Codevilla, a former foreign service officer and senior editor of *The American Spectator*, wrote about 'Osama bin Elvis' in 2009: 'Seven years after Osama bin Laden's last verifiable appearance among the living, there is more evidence of Elvis's presence among us than for his.' Video and audio tapes of 'Bin Laden' began to re-appear in 2003/4 up to his alleged death by US troops in 2011. Angelo Codevilla spoke for a lot of people when he said:

> The audio and video tapes alleged to be Osama's never convinced impartial observers. The guy just does not look like Osama. Some videos show him with a Semitic aquiline nose, while others show him with a shorter, broader one. Nor does the tapes' Osama sound like Osama ... Above all .... the words on the Osama tapes differ substantially from what the real Osama used to say.

Why would fake videos be circulated except to mislead and give the impression Bin Laden was still alive when he wasn't?

You only die twice

Bin Laden died again on May 2nd, 2011. This time he was killed by US Special Forces who raided his 'al-Qaeda compound' (a house) in Abbottabad about 35 miles north of the Pakistan capital Islamabad. The 40-minute operation by SEAL Team Six brought an end to the life of the 'World's most want terrorist' for the second time if you accept that he'd

met his maker once and came back for more. President Obama is said to have approved the raid known as 'Operation Neptune Spear' (mercy, please) after 'months of preparation' that followed 'intelligence' about where Bin Laden was hiding. The authorities claim that Black Hawk helicopters took off from Afghanistan with 25 Navy SEALs and landed at the 'compound'. One crashed without causing injuries and they found Bin Laden on the third floor where they shot him in the head above the left eye. A woman was also killed along with Bin Laden's son and two other men. The SEALs all returned to Afghanistan with your man in a body bag. Obama-the-Fraud addressed the nation and big crowds cheered the news outside the White House, Pentagon and in New York's Times Square, so proving yet again that most people will believe anything the government tells them. With 24 hours to comply with Islamic law Bin Laden was buried at sea. No, no, I'm not taking the piss – that's what they told us. *Buried at sea*? He was a Saudi landlubber not Jack Sparrow. Does anyone really think the American government and military would care less about Islamic law in such circumstances? They were getting rid of the evidence pure and simple so their story could not be questioned. There were so many different versions of the raid and what happened in the house, sorry compound, and no tangible evidence to constitute 'proof of death' has been produced. Freedom of Information requests for DNA results, videos and photographs were denied. Internal emails released under the Freedom of Information Act suggest that only a very small number of people on board the ship were aware of what took place and no sailors witnessed it. The Pentagon sent all its files to the CIA in 2012 and deleted them from its own database so circumventing any more Freedom of Information requests because the CIA is exempt. They're not trying hide anything you understand.

Muhammad Bashir, a Pakistani national who lived next door to the 'compound', told Pakistan television that only one helicopter landed which was the one that exploded and crashed. How could they take away 'Bin Laden' if no other helicopter landed? He said that those in the crashed helicopter were dead. Bashir's cousin was said to have a vegetable garden at the 'compound' which the owner – not Bin Laden – let him use. Other residents interviewed by the BBC said it would have been impossible for Bin Laden to have lived there all that time without their knowledge and in fact the person living there was a neighbour they knew very well. The 'Bin Laden' raid was officially carried out by SEAL Team Six and within weeks 38 people – 15 from SEAL Team Six – were killed when their helicopter crashed in Afghanistan. They were on a mission with the call-sign Extortion 17 in a slow-moving Chinook helicopter totally inappropriate for such an action. The bodies were cremated 'because they were burned beyond recognition' when photographic evidence is reported to show otherwise. Black boxes were

apparently not recovered after being washed away in a 'flash flood'. The helicopter had no air cover and drone surveillance wasn't working at the time of the crash which was claimed by the Taliban to have been hit by their missile. Family members have many questions about what happened to their loved ones and so do many in the military.

Sound like 9/11? History does have a habit of repeating when those driving events are the same people and the same networks. People will have to come to their own conclusions about when and how Bin Laden died, but he was just another patsy exploited as a hero and then a monster to advance the Hidden Hand agenda. He was no more responsible for 9/11 than I was.

PART 2

Who really did it - and *so* much more

CHAPTER 16

The Sequence

There is a stubbornness about me that never can bear to be frightened at the will of others. My courage always rises at every attempt to intimidate me – Jane Austen

We are now starting a journey into the Forbidden Land. I am going to address and expose information, facts and connections that a whole global network of professional censors is desperate for you not to see.

There was massive and central involvement in 9/11 by Israeli government, military and intelligence operatives and what happened that day cannot be understood without its exposure. Most researchers are intimidated and cowed into silence about this and won't go there. They hide behind '9/11 was an inside job' through fear of the consequences that come with speaking the name that must not be spoken. Others are simply ignorant of the ultra-Zionist connection and no doubt in some cases they are specifically planted to hold the line of the 9/11 Truth movement at 'the government did it'. Actually 'the government' did not do it. A Hidden Hand network infiltrating and working from within government, military and intelligence agencies 'did it'. Those representing the Hidden Hand in the United States government and its agencies and military were of course involved. The story, however, goes much deeper than that – *much deeper.* The Forbidden Land of 9/11 (and so much else) is the involvement of Israel and more accurately the satanic Death Cult that controls Israel while hating to its core everything that country and its people are claimed to stand for and represent. Jewish people need to read the exposure that follows even more than non-Jews because they have been royalty stitched up by this Death Cult and continue to be so. Cult members have a deep and gathering hatred for me which I take as a compliment. Their problem is that I don't succumb to intimidation and I seek truth not popularity. If the latter results from the former, then fine. If it doesn't, that's equally fine. Whenever intimidation is attempted I shout louder and run faster in their direction. Far from fearing them I think they are pathetic. I'm sure the Cult believed that it had secured such levels of

intimidation and acquiescence by now that a book like this would never be written today by anyone with a public profile. Wrong chaps – *very wrong*. When Michael Caine said that famous line in the *Italian Job* – 'You're only supposed to blow the bloody doors off!' – I must have been overcome by temporary deafness. I seek to blow the roof and the walls off, too, so that all humanity – Jewish and non-Jewish – can be free to create a world of our own choosing instead of being the puppets and lackeys of a self-appointed elite that takes the form at its core of a dark and satanic Death Cult. I will refer to the extreme expression of Zionism as 'ultra-Zionism' and I will use the term Death Cult for its inner core until I come to its background and real name. All will become clear as we proceed.

This is not an exposure that targets Jewish people for being Jewish, nor does it point the finger at the overwhelming Jewish majority. Revealing the involvement in 9/11 and far wider manipulation of the ultra-Zionist and Death Cult wing of the Hidden Hand does not refer to Jewish people in general any more than criticism and unmasking of the Sicilian Mafia is a condemnation of all Italians. Ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult only want you to believe that one means the other to secure their own protection from exposure by constantly – and I mean *constantly* – playing the card marked 'anti-Semitism'. I seek instead to shine a light on those who present a public face of Jewishness while treating the great body of Jewish people worldwide with absolute contempt. It is quite a story to say the very least which I am going to tell in the following order: (1) The sequence of ultra-Zionist and Death Cult manipulation that led to 9/11; (2) the staggering scale of the ultra-Zionist network of ever-gathering censorship and intimidation which prevents the truth from circulating in the mainstream; (3) where this cult came from and how it seized control of Israel and runs the country as its personal fiefdom; (4) how the Cult and its ultra-Zionist support network expanded their influence and manipulation around the world – especially in the West; and finally (5) how this Cult was the driving force behind 9/11 before, during and after. I will detail the real nature of ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult, both modern and historic, and expose what the global network of censorship and suppression is designed to hide from public view – particularly from the mass of Jewish people who have no idea what is being done in their name. The religion followed by most Jews is not the religion of the Cult which is a phenomenon that operates within mainstream Jewish society while being a self-contained and separate group. The Death Cult and the ultra-Zionists that support its agenda (some knowingly, most unknowingly) is a modern expression of a breakaway faction that can be traced at least to the 17th century and this has inverted much of what mainstream Judaism stood for and believed. What emerged from this was a satanic religion that spawned

both the cabal that controls today's Israel *and* the House of Saud 'royal' family with its satanic version of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the extremist, beheading-branch of psychopathy practiced in Saudi Arabia and by terrorist groups such as ISIS/ISIL/Islamic State. The Israel-House of Saud connection explains so much about what happened on 9/11 and in its aftermath right up to present day, and why there was such a Saudi involvement.

'Jewishness' and 'Zionism' are not interchangeable

Before I begin to detail 30 years of research into these subjects it is essential to define the terms I will use from hereon. I am exposing those that seek to exploit the mass of Jewish people as their cover to hide and protect their activities from exposure and this should *not* be equated with claiming there is some 'Jewish plot'. Defining the term 'Jewish' is highly controversial in that it means different things to different people. Some think of Jewishness as relating to a race – I say wrongly; others define Jewishness as a religious belief (although there are several alleged versions); and still others emphasise the common culture, rituals and way of life. This is for Jewish people to decide by what it means to them. One thing Jewishness is *absolutely not* is Zionism. This is a fundamental misunderstanding that is promoted and encouraged by the ultra-Zionist elite and their ultra-Zionist gofers to equate Zionism and Jewish people as interchangeable terms. They are not and never have been. Once that connection is erroneously made in the public mind – Jewish and non-Jewish – exposure of ultra-Zionism and its extremists can be protected and censored by claiming that such criticism is by definition always an attack on all Jewish people. From this the 'anti-Semitism' industry was born in which critics and exposers of ultra-Zionism are targeted and often silenced in the name of protecting Jewish people from 'racist bigots' and 'Nazis' when it's really all about protecting the ultra-Zionist elite from legitimate investigation. This is the dictionary definition of Zionism: 'International movement originally for the establishment of a Jewish national or religious community in Palestine and later for the support of modern Israel.' Zionism is a *political philosophy* – not a race – which sought to establish a homeland for Jews in Palestine and now seeks to keep it that way. The Jewish Virtual Library expands on the theme:

> The term 'Zionism' was coined in 1890 by Nathan Birnbaum. Its general definition means the national movement for the return of the Jewish people to their homeland and the resumption of Jewish sovereignty in the Land of Israel.
>
> Since the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948, Zionism has come to include the movement for the development of the State of Israel and the

protection of the Jewish nation in Israel through support for the Israel Defense Forces.

From inception, Zionism advocated tangible as well as spiritual aims. Jews of all persuasions – left, right, religious and secular – formed the Zionist movement and worked together toward its goals. Disagreements in philosophy led to rifts in the Zionist movement over the years, and a number of separate forms emerged. Notably: Political Zionism; Religious Zionism; Socialist Zionism and Territorial Zionism.

While Judaism and Jewish people are said to go back thousands of years the term 'Zionism' only emerged in 1890. Therefore Jewish people and Zionism are not the same thing and not interchangeable. Many Jews vehemently oppose Zionism never mind support it. Nor do you have to be Jewish to be a Zionist. There are the Christian Zionists, for example, that support the existence of a homeland for Jews in Palestine. We can also see from the Virtual Library definition that even Zionism itself has many faces and expressions. It isn't just one thing to all Jews. There is a myth that Jews are somehow all the same with the same beliefs and attitudes to life. This is another *absolutely not*. Jews span the spectrum of both behaviour and belief just like every other group. Selling the lie that all Jews think the same allows their elite to claim that they speak for all Jews. This is a travesty of the truth and there are endless self-styled Jewish organisations that exploit this misunderstanding by claiming to represent all Jewish people. They don't and never have, but their power and influence comes from making that claim and having it believed. These are the terms that I will be using to emphasise these differences: I will simple say Jews or Jewish people for everyone who considers themselves Jewish; I will refer to 'Zionists' when I am talking about those who support the existence of a Jewish homeland in Palestine, but don't support the extremists who exploit Zionism and Jewish people to increase their own self-interest and expand their personal and collective power; and I will describe the elite extremist minority and their support system as 'ultra-Zionist'. There are also two expressions of ultra-Zionism. There are those utterly consumed by Israel and Zionism in ways that completely define their self-identity and colour their every view and action. They are 'Israel right or wrong' and can support and justify horrors and injustices if they are perceived to be 'good for Israel'. The most extreme of them at the other end of the ultra-Zionist spectrum are willing to engage in any action – *literally anything* – to secure personal and collective power in the name of Israel and Zionism. This extreme fuses into the satanic Death Cult. Jewish people represent only 0.2 percent of the global population – *0.2 percent*. Take away those who oppose Zionism and those I will refer to as Zionists and you are left with

a tiny number of ultra-Zionists and even fewer in the Death Cult. Their influence, however, is *fantastic* when compared with their number. This is possible because they exploit and manipulate Jews, Zionists and even many 'Israel right or wrong' ultra-Zionists to do their bidding without realising the true background to the satanic cult running the show which actually has contempt for Jewishness. To them Jewish people are only a means to an end, not the end itself, and the end they desire for the rest of humanity, Jewish and non-Jewish, is horrific.

On the road to 9/11

There is a sequence of events before, during and after the September 11th attacks that pulls all the pieces together and the sequence continues to play out to this day. The connections are devastating for the official version of the attacks and sweep back the curtain to allow the wizard to be seen. This is indeed the Yellow Brick Road in so many and various ways to what really happened on 9/11 and it takes us into evidence that reveals without question the foundation involvement in the attacks of the ultra-Zionist and Death Cult cabal that controls the State of Israel and operates worldwide. We can pick up the trail in 1979 when future Israeli Prime Minister, US-educated Benjamin Netanyahu, organised the Jerusalem Conference on International Terrorism (JCIT) where he called for a 'war on terror' to destroy what he called international terrorism. This was 22 years before his wish was granted as a result of 9/11. No wonder his first public reaction to the attacks was that they were 'very, very good for Israel'. He wanted 'to focus public attention on the grave threat that international terrorism poses to all democratic societies, to study the real nature of today's terrorism, and to propose measures for combating and defeating the international terror movements'. Netanyahu demanded pre-emptive attacks on states that were alleged to support 'terrorists', the use of torture, expanded intelligence networks, dehumanising propaganda against targets and curtailed civil liberties. Netanyahu's fellow speakers included then Israel Prime Minister Menachem Begin and future US president, Father Bush. Brian Crozier was another speaker – the leader of Le Cercle, a highly significant secret society formerly known as the Pinay Circle after former French Prime Minister, Antoine Pinay. Its members are in influential positions across multiple countries in North America, Europe and worldwide and at least four of them spoke at Netanyahu's 1979 conference. Le Cercle has a long history of political and other manipulation across the world together with its fellow secret society strands in The Web. I wrote in *The Biggest Secret* about alleged connections between Le Cercle and the murder in Paris of Princess Diana.

Le Cercle members have included Donald Rumsfeld, 9/11 Secretary of Defense; Paul Wolfowitz, Rumsfeld's 9/11 'deputy' but the one really

in control; Richard Armitage, 9/11 Deputy Secretary of State; John Bolton, 9/11 Under Secretary of State for Arms Control and International Security Affairs who became Donald Trump's National Security Advisor ('I advise you to bomb everyone that Israel demands'); Richard Perle, a central figure in the 9/11 Pentagon; John Negroponte, 9/11 US Ambassador to the United Nations; Norman Schwarzkopf, the US General who would lead Operation Desert Shield in the US-Iraq Gulf War in 1991 when Dick Cheney was Defense Secretary; Henry Kissinger, master manipulator on all fronts; Zbigniew Brzezinski, Jimmy Carter's National Security Advisor and co-creator with David Rockefeller of the Hidden Hand Trilateral Commission; David Rockefeller and his brother, four-times Governor of New York Nelson Rockefeller who together ensured the Twin Towers were built; Otto von Habsburg, a major driving force behind the creation of what became the European Union; and Jean Monnet who is still known as the 'Father of the European Union' (in truth a Habsburg-Rothschild front man). If only the pro-EU 'progressives' and others would open their eyes they would realise that *nothing* is what it seems to be (see my other books for the detailed exposure of the EU conspiracy). Interestingly, an offshoot of Le Cercle, known as the Safari Club, had Saddam Hussein among its members.

So back in 1979 Netanyahu and his secret society cohorts were preparing the ground for the post-9/11 war on terror and Israel was soon implementing the conference themes by bombing Lebanon using 'terrorism' as the pretext – attacks the US supported. A similar Netanyahu 'war on terror' event followed in Washington DC in 1984 attended by Reagan-Bush Secretary of State George Shultz, UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick (Le Cercle), and Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin. Netanyahu followed up with a book called *Terrorism: How the West Can Win*. You get the constant theme. Vice President Father Bush and Kissinger-clone Shultz supported the war on terror concept because masks on the same face seek the same outcome. Shultz called for 'defence through appropriate preventive or pre-emptive actions against terrorist groups before they strike'. I emphasise *before* they strike. Netanyahu and his secret society support system were getting their way. In 1990 Dick Cheney, then Defense Secretary to Father Bush, established the Defense Planning Group with ultra-Zionists Paul Wolfowitz, a key to understanding 9/11; Lewis 'Scooter' Libby, who would be Cheney's 9/11 Chief of Staff, and Eric Edelman, who would be Cheney's 9/11 Principal Deputy Assistant for National Security Affairs. The 9/11 Cheney team was already being assembled. Cheney was, and is, a raving ultra-Zionist (you don't have to be Jewish to be a Zionist) and a member of the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA). Libby, a political science student of Wolfowitz at Skull and Bones Yale University, would later become the highest-ranking White House official convicted

in a government scandal since John Poindexter, Reagan's National Security Adviser during the Iran-Contra drugs-for-arms operation. Libby was convicted in 2007 for obstruction of justice, making false statements and two counts of perjury over the leaking by 9/11 Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage of the name of undercover CIA agent Valerie Plame. This became known as the 'Plame affair' and the man who ordered the name to be leaked was Dick Cheney who got away with it as always. Cheney had taken exception to an article written by Plame's husband questioning the government's fake 'intelligence' on Iraq and he had to be vindictive because it runs permanently through his bloodstream. Libby was sentenced to 30 months in jail, but Boy Bush commuted his sentence and in 2018 Donald Trump pardoned him. Armitage himself wasn't even charged. Such is the way the Cabal looks after its own. Cheney's Defense Planning Group (DPG) developed plans for seizing control of Eurasia, the enormous landmass from Europe to China and Russia to the Middle East that covers 36.2 percent of the Earth's land area. Eurasia would be targeted by former Jimmy Carter National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski in his 1997 book, *The Grand Chessboard* (Fig 88). Brzezinski and the Hidden Hand believed that control of Eurasia = control of the world and look at where the countries are that have been targeted since 9/11 (Fig 89). Cheney was a 'Republican' and Brzezinski a 'Democrat' but both were operatives for the Hidden Hand one-party state and sought to advance the same agenda. Cheney and Brzezinski also realised that the Eurasia plan – which would require considerable military action – would not secure American public and political support unless the population believed this was necessary to protect US security. Brzezinski said that 'the pursuit of power and especially the economic costs and human sacrifice that the exercise of such power often requires are not generally congenial to democratic instincts'. He added:

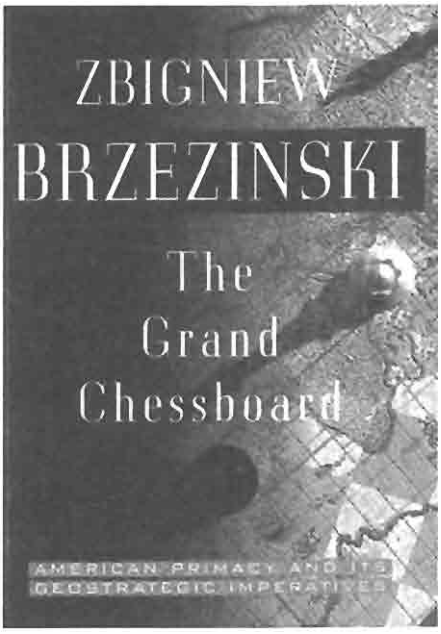

Figure 88: Brzezinski's Grand Chessboard – describing the future that he knew was coming.

> Moreover as America becomes an increasingly multi-cultural society, it may find it more difficult to fashion a consensus on foreign policy issues, *except in*

Figure 89: The landmass that Brzezinski said in 1997 had to be targeted in pursuit of global control – and has been ever since.

the circumstances of a truly massive and widely perceived external threat [my emphasis].

This was written in 1997. What could Brzezinski have been thinking about? Slithering in the background as always as the preparations were made for 9/11 was Henry Kissinger, an ultra-Zionist agent for Israel in the United States all his political career. This included roles as Secretary of State *and* National Security Advisor at the same time to presidents Nixon and Ford. He was Nixon's handler during the Watergate scandal that cost Nixon his job while Kissinger got away unscathed. Kissinger was at the centre of manipulations involving the Vietnam War; horrendous war crimes in Indo-China; and the 1973 Arab-Israeli Yom Kippur War which he didn't tell Nixon about for three hours to 'stop him interfering', as documents show. I mean, Nixon was only US President after all and nothing like as important as Kissinger. It was such confirmation of what really happened on 9/11 when Boy Bush and Cheney tried to appoint Kissinger to head the 9/11 Commission.

Ultra-Zionism seizes power

Dick Cheney's ultra-Zionist Defense Planning Group produced a classified document (dominated by the views of Wolfowitz) in 1992 calling for permanent US dominance of Eurasia and the systematic undermining of potential 'rivals' in the region while targeting any countries with 'weapons of mass destruction'. I can't think where I've heard that before. The document included strategies to control Western Europe, countries of the former Soviet Union, Asia and ... here we go ... targeting *Afghanistan and Iraq*. This was 1992 when Cheney was Father Bush Defense Secretary and his dream would be realised nine years later as Boy Bush vice president – thanks to *9/11*. In 1997, the same year that Brzezinski's book was published, came the creation of The Project for the New American Century (PNAC). This crucially-important 'think tank' in the story of 9/11 was co-founded by the ultra-Zionist and Israel-focussed Robert Kagan and William Kristol and demanded everything

that Cheney, Wolfowitz, Brzezinski and Netanyahu had earlier promoted. A 'think tank' is defined as 'a body of experts providing advice and ideas on specific political or economic problems'. The PNAC was not so much a think tank as an ultra-Zionist tank. Watch the think tank organisations because they are a widely used Hidden Hand means of publicly formulating and securing its policy goals. Robert Kagan is Think-Tank-Man and so are many of the others who imposed the long-planned war on terror. Kagan has been connected to a long list of Hidden Hand front organisations including the public policy think tank, the Brookings Institution; the Rockefeller-Rothschild Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) which has driven much of US foreign policy since it was established in 1921; the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace which was exposed by a congressional committee to be manipulating war; the Foreign Affairs Policy Board and many others. Founding members of the Council on Foreign Relations included ultra-Zionist Colonel Mandel House, President Woodrow Wilson's 'alter-ego' when America entered the First World War, and people like elite bankers Paul Warburg (ultra-Zionist), Otto Kahn (ultra-Zionist), Rothschild front man Jacob Schiff (ultra-Zionist), J.P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller who had conspired together to manipulate the creation of the Federal Reserve, the privately-owned 'US Central Bank' which has controlled, with others, the American economy ever since. The agenda of these people can be seen in the comment by James Warburg, son of CFR and Federal Reserve founder Paul Warburg, to a Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing in 1950: 'We shall have world government whether or not you like it – by conquest or consent.'

Ultra-Zionist Robert Kagan's Foreign Affairs Policy Board was established by Barack Obama Secretary of State Hillary Clinton 'to provide independent advice and opinion to the Secretary of State, the Deputy Secretary of State, and the Director of Policy Planning on matters concerning U.S. foreign policy'. You will see the common theme of controlling 'foreign policy'. The same applies to ultra-Zionist William Kristol, founder and editor-at-large of the political magazine *The Weekly Standard*, and a 'political commentator' who appears regularly on TV cable news shows. Kristol is also a member of many Hidden Hand think tanks which are nothing more than vehicles to drive and influence government policy in pursuit of a clear agenda that is not good for the peace, justice and stability of human society. 'Foreign policy' to Kristol, as with his cohort Kagan, is really code for 'whatever is best for Israel' and the ultra-Zionist agenda. Both have been connected to a staggering network of organisations before and across 9/11 which have campaigned for invading countries in the Middle East in the 'war on terror' that the ultra-Zionist Israeli hierarchy had so long desired. This network includes, but is far from limited to: The Project for the New

American Century (PNAC), American Enterprise Institute, Council on Foreign Relations; Middle East Media Research Institute; Hudson Institute; Heritage Foundation; Washington Institute for Near East Policy; Middle East Forum; and a long list of openly Zionist organisations including the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA) and Center for Security Policy (CSP). There are so many others where they came from. Some change their names from time to time and appear in new guises. The Project for the New American Century disbanded in 2006 and was replaced by the Kristol-Kagan Foreign Policy Initiative which itself dissolved in 2017. No matter what the name and background the goal for Kagan and Kristol is always the same – service to the interests of Israel and ultra-Zionism. The Project for the New American Century (PNAC) was absolutely vital to the 9/11 story and the war on terror during its functioning years between 1997 and 2006. Among the members was a long list of key players involved with September 11th who became known as 'Neocons' or neoconservatives. These are only some of them and the positions they would hold in the incoming Boy Bush administration that took office in January, 2001, just nine months before 9/11. You might recognise some of them:

Dick Cheney– Vice President and de-facto President to Boy Bush and seriously involved in the events of 9/11. Reported to be responsible for securing government roles for fellow psychopaths and PNAC members (oops, I repeat myself) Donald Rumsfeld, Paul Wolfowitz, John Bolton and Elliot Abrams; **Donald Rumsfeld** (Le Cercle), 9/11 Secretary of Defense who lied about what he was doing that morning; **Paul Wolfowitz** (Le Cercle), Deputy Secretary of Defense and the real power behind Rumsfeld; **Douglas Feith**, 9/11 Under Secretary of Defense for Policy; **Dov S. Zakheim**, 9/11 Pentagon comptroller in charge of the entire military budget including the trillions that were announced to be missing on September 10th, 2001; **Richard Armitage** (Le Cercle), a brutal man who ran drugs for the CIA in South-East Asia and was 9/11 Deputy Secretary of State under Colin Powell; **Elliot Abrams**, served in foreign policy roles in the Reagan-Bush years in which he was involved in the Iran-Contra affair and genocidal US operations in Central America. He was 'Special Assistant' to Boy Bush on foreign policy – 'invade Afghanistan and Iraq, Mr President' – and appointed by Donald Trump to oversee the US-instigated attempted coup in Venezuela in 2019. Abrams proves that career longevity is secured if you are a clinically insane, psychopathic genocidal incarnation of evil; **Richard N. Perle** (Le Cercle), Pentagon Policy Advisor during the Boy Bush presidency and major manipulator of people and events. Extremely close to Israel's Benjamin Netanyahu; **John Bolton** (Le Cercle), 9/11 Under Secretary of State for Arms Control and International Security who went on to be

Ambassador to the UN to press for ultra-Zionist Neocon wars; **Lewis Libby,** 9/11 Chief of Staff to Cheney and close to Wolfowitz; **Jeb Bush**, brother of Boy Bush and Governor of Florida while the alleged 'hijackers' were living in his state; **James Woolsey,** member of the 9/11 Pentagon Defense Policy Board and Director of the CIA in the Bill Clinton administration. Nasty man, but then they all are, and a major promotor of post-9/11 war against Saddam Hussein and Iraq; **Robert B. Zoellick**, Boy Bush Trade Representative and Cabinet member who later replaced Wolfowitz as Head of the World Bank (they get everywhere these people); **Frank Carlucci**, chairman of the Bush-Bin Laden Carlyle Group, Secretary of Defense under Reagan-Bush and Deputy Director of the CIA. **William J. Bennett**, Secretary of Education under Reagan and Director of the Office of National Drug Control Policy under Father Bush. What a non-job that must have been. Bennett was also one of Cathy O'Brien's mind control abusers.

Another significant member of the Project for the New American Century was Afghan-born US 'diplomat' Zalmay Khalilzad who would go on to be US Ambassador to Afghanistan and Special Presidential Envoy to Afghanistan after the invasion. He would also be appointed Special Presidential Envoy to the Free Iraqis when Bush-Blair-fronted terrorism turned its attention to removing Saddam Hussein. Khalilzad had also written in the 1990s in ways that echoed both Cheney and Brzezinski designs on Eurasia and the fact that a way to win over public support would have to be found if that was going to happen. Khalilzad was a close associate of Brzezinski and worked with him in support of the Mujahideen in Afghanistan after the Brzezinski-manipulated Soviet invasion in the 1980s. He was also sponsored by the Hidden Hand's Council on Foreign Relations. You can see that membership of the Project for the New American Century covered every base in advancing the long-planned agenda of exploiting the upcoming 9/11 for wars of acquisition and regime change in pursuit of Eurasia domination and much else. The PNAC membership was much bigger than I have mentioned here and covered many other roles in the political-military hierarchy before and after 9/11. Quite simply the PNAC would control the incoming Bush government after January, 2001. Members included a stream of ultra-Zionists with allegiance to Israel and people like Cheney and Rumsfeld who were vehement supporters of Israel and its cause and ambitions. Their work is supported to this day by 'journalists' like ultra-Zionist Max Boot, the warmonger columnist for *The Washington Post* and many other outlets. Every time he taps the keys Neocon policy appears on the screen.

JINSA pincer

Cheney was on the advisory board of the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA) along with other PNAC stalwarts Paul Wolfowitz, Douglas Feith, John Bolton and Richard Perle. This organisation was a major player with its highly-placed Jewish and non-Jewish members committed to the ultra-Zionist action plan. JINSA's demands included: Increased counterterrorism training and funding (this was before 9/11); joint American-Israeli training and weapons programmes; 'enhanced weapons of mass destruction (WMD) counter-proliferation programs' (but don't you dare mention Israel's nuclear arsenal); and regime change in what it called 'rogue nations' providing 'support for terrorism'. Some of those named before 9/11 were Iran, Syria, Lebanon, Venezuela, Cuba, North Korea, and Libya. JINSA, an ultra-Zionist group lobbying for the Israeli elite, enjoyed close ties with the Pentagon and US military and through JINSA members Paul Wolfowitz (PNAC, Le Cercle), Douglas Feith (PNAC) and Richard Perle (PNAC, Le Cercle) would dictate Pentagon policy before 9/11 and beyond. JINSA established a programme in coordination with the Pentagon and State Department which has led to more than 200 retired US military chiefs, admirals and generals, making visits to Israel to meet with Israeli military leaders and politicians. There is also a JINSA Military Academies Program in Israel for cadets and midshipmen at US Military, Naval, Air Force and Coast Guard Academies to 'build bridges for future associations between the US Armed Forces and the Israel Defense Forces (IDF)'. These 'US' (proxy Israel) military leaders of the future visit six IDF bases, meet with Israeli academia, think tanks, and private companies 'to receive briefings covering a broad spectrum of subjects related to security, society, and contemporary life in Israel [and] ... learn about Israel's history and current events in the Middle East'. The game is so utterly clear – indoctrination for the future benefit of Israel. JINSA emphasised before 9/11 the need for greater 'homeland security' in the United States (JINSA is an *Israeli* organisation) and in 2002 after Boy Bush established the Orwellian Homeland Security structure justified by 9/11 JINSA began a programme to exchange counter-terrorism experience and tactics between US and Israeli law enforcement agencies. They were just trying to help, you understand. US police leaders and sheriffs from all across America have been to Israel for 'training' under this JINSA programme and the result has been 'significant changes in local law enforcement counter-terrorism tactics and training' which is Orwellian-speak for transferring the tactics used by Israel against Palestinians to the streets of American cities. People have no idea of the influence these ultra-Zionist fronts have on American society and in other countries, too.

One of those retired military chiefs taken to Israel under the JINSA

programme was Lieutenant General Jay Garner who would be made Director of the Office for Reconstruction and Humanitarian Assistance for Iraq after the 2003 invasion which was long planned by this appalling crowd. Garner would be replaced by Le Cercle member Paul Bremer, a gofer to ultra-Zionist Henry Kissinger and managing director of the disgusting global manipulation front Kissinger Associates. Bremer would be named head of the Coalition Provisional Authority (CPA) to govern Iraq after the invasion. Billions in US 'reconstruction' money would disappear on his watch. JINSA and the Project for the New American Century were different expressions of the same organisational structure and one of their common themes was the late US senator and Le Cercle member, Henry Jackson. Every year JINSA hands out its Henry M. 'Scoop' Jackson Distinguished Service Award (distinguished service to ultra-Zionism). Israel agents in government like US senators John McCain and Lindsey Graham have been recipients for supporting the bombing of every country on the ultra-Zionist hit-list and Paul Wolfowitz had his turn, too. Many future 9/11 Neocons, including Wolfowitz and Perle, were aides to Henry Jackson who died in 1983. So, too, was ultra-Zionist Brooklyn-born Manny Weiss who is a 'generous funder' of the British wing of the Neocon think-tank network, the fiercely pro-Israel Henry Jackson Society. This, as you would expect, works to advance the ultra-Zionist agenda as does Jewish Human Rights Watch established by Weiss in the UK. The Henry Jackson Society agenda includes the demonisation of Russia in preparation for war.

The Blueprint

The ultra-Zionist Project for the New American Century (PNAC) (peopled by utter crazies) published a 90-page document in September, 2000, called *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources For a New Century* and described the blueprint for 9/11 and its aftermath (Fig 90). They didn't say that directly – though they came close –and it was pitched from a good-for-America perspective. It included the sequence of events that was about to play out through 9/11 long demanded by ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult. The document detailed a plan for American forces

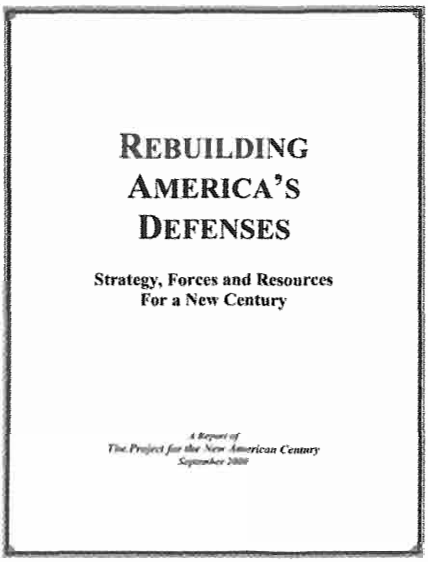
REBUILDING AMERICA'S DEFENSES

Strategy, Forces and Resources For a New Century

A Report of The Project for the New American Century September 2000

Figure 90: The Project for the New American Century document a year to the month before 9/11 demanding all that has happened since the attacks and because of the attacks.

to impose a series of regime changes in the Middle East and North Africa all for the benefit of the Israeli elite and to advance their agenda for the region. The PNAC document called for America-instigated regime change in Iraq, Libya, Syria, Iran and Lebanon among others. The strategy basically photo-copied a policy document compiled in 1996 by PNAC/JINSA/Le Cercle asset Richard Perle and other ultra-Zionists for the psychopath Prime Minister of Israel, Benjamin Netanyahu. They were officially known as the Study Group on 'A New Israeli Strategy Toward 2000' and this 'strategy' was remarkably close to the later PNAC plan for an 'American' strategy for post-2000 or the 'new American century'. Netanyahu's 'Study Group' produced a report for Netanyahu entitled *A Clean Break: A New Strategy for Securing the Realm* and the ultra-Zionist members were: Richard Perle, who would be 9/11 Chairman of Defense Policy Board under Boy Bush; James Colbert, Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA), former assistant and college friend of Wolfowitz; Charles Fairbanks Jr, Johns Hopkins University and former assistant to Wolfowitz; Douglas Feith, who would become 9/11 Pentagon Undersecretary of Defense for Policy; Robert Loewenberg, President of the Institute for Advanced Strategic and Political Studies; Jonathan Torop, Washington Institute for Near East Policy; David Wurmser, Institute for Advanced Strategic and Political Studies who would be Middle East advisor to Vice President Cheney; and Meyrav Wurmser from Johns Hopkins University. David Wurmser published a book in 1999 on why Saddam must be removed as leader of Iraq and why that would be good for Israel. What an incredible coincidence that when his ultra-Zionist pals came to power with Bush his wish was granted (Fig 91 overleaf). The Perle group document, *A Clean Break: A New Strategy for Securing the Realm*, also demanded the removal of Saddam Hussein in Iraq and targeting of the Assad government in Syria. The document said:

> Israel can shape its strategic environment, in cooperation with Turkey and Jordan, by weakening, containing, and even rolling back Syria. This effort can focus on removing Saddam Hussein from power in Iraq – an important Israeli strategic objective in its own right – as a means of foiling Syria's regional ambitions ...
>
> ... Most important, it is understandable that Israel has an interest supporting diplomatically, militarily and operationally Turkey's and Jordan's actions against Syria, such as securing tribal alliances with Arab tribes that cross into Syrian territory and are hostile to the Syrian ruling elite.

Plans for the downfall of Saddam Hussein and targeting the Assad government in Syria with internal conflict were already in place then in

Figure 91: Project for the New American Century co-founders Kagan and Kristol with de-facto 9/11 President Dick Cheney and those who dominated the 9/11 Pentagon - Rumsfeld, Wolfowitz, Zakheim and Perle.

1996 and in truth long before. What remained was to secure American military, political and financial power to bring all this about for Israel's benefit. These various ultra-Zionist plans that all read from the same script were also connected with another ultra-Zionist goal for the Balkanisation (as with the former Yugoslavia) of the surrounding region by dividing countries into smaller ethnic factions on the road to a new Middle East that would impose Israeli control and the dream of a Greater Israel from the River Nile in Egypt to the River Euphrates in Iraq. This area is known as the Eretz Yisrael and ultra-Zionists claim this to be the largest expanse of biblical Israel (Fig 92). This 'Greater Israel' includes all or part of what are now Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Theodore Herzl, officially Zionism's 'founding father' (it was really the House of Rothschild) said the area of the Jewish State stretches ... 'From the Brook of Egypt to the Euphrates'. The Greater Israel plan would give them control of their true spiritual home – Babylon in what is now Iraq. Rabbi Fischmann, a member of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, said in testimony to the UN Special Committee of Enquiry in 1947: 'The Promised Land extends from the River of Egypt up to the Euphrates, it includes parts of Syria and Lebanon.' The goal to secure all this land for Israel was described in what became known as the Yinon Plan. Oded Yinon, who formerly worked for the Israeli Foreign Ministry, set out the ultra-Zionist vision in 1982 when he published *A Strategy for Israel in the 1980s* in which he called for the fragmenting of Arab countries into a mosaic of ethnic groupings – it would be good for Israel to have 'every kind of inter-Arab confrontation'. Look at what has happened since 9/11 from this perspective and you can see how this has been systematically happening ever since in 'peoples' uprisings' and inter-country wars.

We have lift-off

To implement the vision in the Yinon Plan, *A Clean Break* and all the other plans, reports and strategies plotting the same outcome, the ultra-Zionist networks had to sell their Middle East regime change strategy to

Figure 92: The approximate area of control demanded by the Greater Israel Project – and they don't want to stop even there.

Americans as if it was for the benefit of America. To this end the Project for the American Century was established and its strategy document in September, 2000, presented essentially the same Yinon-*Clean Break* plan from the angle of good-for-America-and-whatever-you-do-don't-mention-Israel. The PNAC *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources For a New Century* was written by the same networks that produced *Clean Break* for Netanyahu and were the inspiration of the Yinon Plan. The PNAC document came with an added bonus, however. Those who wrote it were little more than three months away from taking over the American government and military when the hapless and clueless Boy Bush entered the White House in January, 2001, in the run up to 9/11. Content of the PNAC document leaves no doubt about what the game was. The paper called for 'American forces to fight and decisively win multiple, simultaneous major theater wars' to 'regime change' a series of countries: Iraq, Libya, Syria, Lebanon, Iran, Somalia, Sudan and North Korea leading to regime change in China – 'American and allied power [should provide] the spur to the process of democratisation in China.' This agenda is far bigger than only the Middle East – it's a plan for global control. The Project for the New American Century blueprint in September, 2000, demanded the following for Israel under the guise of 'America':

- US military control of the Gulf region whether or not Saddam Hussein was in power: 'While the unresolved conflict with Iraq provides the immediate justification, the need for a substantial American force presence in the Gulf transcends the issue of the regime of Saddam Hussein.'

[Since achieved]

- The US to 'fight and decisively win multiple, simultaneous major theatre wars' as a 'core mission'.

[Partly achieved and still going on]

- US forces to be 'the cavalry on the new American frontier'.

[US forces to be 'the cavalry on the new *ultra-Zionist Israel* frontier']

- Action to discourage advanced industrial nations from challenging US leadership [ultra-Zionist leadership via the US] or aspiring to a larger regional or global role.

[A strategy clearly being followed by the US – not least with Israel-controlled Trump's explosion of sanctions]

- Exploitation of allies like the UK as 'the most effective and efficient means of exercising American global leadership'.

[Easily achieved – see Tony Blair]

- Ensuring that 'peacekeeping' missions have 'American political leadership, rather than that of the United Nations'.

[Partly achieved but challenged by Russia in Syria]

- Permanent US bases in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait.

[Since achieved]

- Increased military pressure on China: 'It is time to increase the presence of American forces in South East Asia', which will lead to 'American and allied power providing the spur to the process of democratisation in China'.

[Targeting of China is clearly happening as I long predicted]

- The 'creation of "US Space Forces" to dominate space, and the total control of cyberspace to prevent "enemies" [opponents of the ultra-Zionist agenda] using the Internet against the US [proxy for the Hidden Hand and Israel]'.

[Happening big-time]

- Development of new methods of attack – electronic, 'non-lethal' and biological. These would be more widely available and 'combat is likely to take place in new dimensions, in space, cyberspace and perhaps the world of microbes ... advanced forms of biological warfare that can 'target' *specific genotypes* may transform biological warfare from the realm of terror to a politically useful tool' [my emphasis].

[Happening – and can you imagine the level of psychopathy required to envision 'advanced forms of biological warfare that can "target" *specific genotypes*' or the level of hypocrisy when you scream 'Nazi' and 'Hitler' to silence your critics?]

- The development of a 'worldwide command-and-control system' [world army] to contain the 'dangerous' regimes of North Korea, Libya, Syria and Iran.

[Happening]

- This 'American grand strategy' to be advanced 'as far into the future as possible'.

[It's still happening with no end in sight]

I don't for a moment want you to concern yourself with any of this – just ignore it. Remember there are no conspiracies let alone global ones. Ask the media.

'We need a 9/11'

The Yinon Plan, *A Clean Break* and *Rebuilding America's Defenses* were essentially the same vision under different names and now the ultra-Zionists had their chance to enforce it. Soon after the PNAC document was published in September, 2000, the people who wrote it or signed it came to power with Bush in the White House and Pentagon – Cheney, Rumsfeld and the ultra-Zionist cabal that dominated the Pentagon in the form of Wolfowitz, Feith, Zakheim, Perle and many others. Richard Perle, known as the Prince of Darkness, would work mostly in the background in terms of public profile while Robert Kagan and especially William Kristol would sell the strategy on cable TV news. There was still one problem, however – the problem recognised earlier by Cheney, Brzezinski and others. Somehow they needed something to kick-start the sequence that would give them widespread political and public

support for their grotesque ambitions. The PNAC document said:

> ... [The] process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

A year to the month after the publication of that PNAC document and nine months after those behind it came to power with Bush the United States experienced what Bush called 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century'. What happened on September 11th, 2001, was their 'catastrophic and catalysing event'. The road to Damascus – and Kabul, Baghdad, Tripoli, Tehran etc. – suddenly opened up before them and if anyone thinks that all this was a coincidence they should read the rest of the book or become fully-paid-up members of Naivety Anonymous. The Project for the New American Century and its connecting networks like JINSA had their agents and operatives in key positions right across the Boy Bush administration and the Pentagon on 9/11 and immediately after the attacks they and the network as a whole sang from the same pre-written song-sheet – *invade Afghanistan*. This invasion was to be the prelude to picking off their long-planned wish-list of targeted countries. Ehud Barak, former Israeli prime minister and military intelligence chief, must have been so pleased and even contemplated his own powers of prophecy by highlighting Bin Laden and the need to invade Afghanistan within an hour of the 9/11 attacks. Now *bingo*, here it was happening. A controlled, compliant and overwhelmingly clueless mainstream media cheered them on and became the propaganda arm of the Hidden Hand and ultra-Zionist agenda for carnage in the Near and Middle East planned long before. American lives and money (and British) were going to pay for what would soon be happening to country after country. Most of all the price of ultra-Zionist ambitions would be paid by millions of civilians who now faced death and destruction as an ongoing way of life – or not.

Clark's confirmation

US General Wesley Clark is no hero after his role in the bombing of Serbia during the Kosovo conflict when he was Supreme Allied Commander of NATO. However, we are grateful to him at least for further confirmation of the PNAC plan. You will find on YouTube Clarke's interview in 2007 with the *Democracy Now* TV show in which he says that about ten days after 9/11 he went to the Pentagon to meet with PNAC Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld and his PNAC deputy Paul Wolfowitz and then went downstairs to see members of the Pentagon Joint Chiefs of Staff that he once worked with. Clark said:

> ... one of the generals called me in. He said, 'Sir, you've got to come in and talk to me a second.' I said, 'Well, you're too busy.' He said, 'No, no.' He says, 'We've made the decision we're going to war with Iraq.' This was on or about the 20th of September. I said, 'We're going to war with Iraq? Why?' He said, 'I don't know.' He said, 'I guess they don't know what else to do.'
>
> So I said, 'Well, did they find some information connecting Saddam to al-Qaeda?' He said, 'No, no.' He says, 'There's nothing new that way. They just made the decision to go to war with Iraq.' He said, 'I guess it's like we don't know what to do about terrorists, but we've got a good military and we can take down governments.' And he said, 'I guess if the only tool you have is a hammer, every problem has to look like a nail.

This is how Hidden Hand compartmentalisation works. Even many apparently very high in the official government and military hierarchy have no idea what is really happening and how they are pawns in a game they don't even begin to understand. The invasion of Iraq with American troops and money had been planned for decades by the Hidden Hand's ultra-Zionist network as we have seen. Wesley Clark said that he returned to the Pentagon a few weeks after 9/11 and his meeting with the general who told him about the plan to invade Iraq. By now the US was already in Afghanistan and he went back to see his friend again. Clark recalled:

> I said, 'Are we still going to war with Iraq?' And he said, 'Oh, it's worse than that.' He reached over on his desk. He picked up a piece of paper. And he said, 'I just got this down from upstairs' – meaning the Secretary of Defense's office – 'today.' And he said, 'This is a memo that describes how we're going to take out seven countries in five years, starting with Iraq, and then Syria, Lebanon, Libya, Somalia, Sudan and, finishing off, Iran.' I said, 'Is it classified?' He said, 'Yes, sir.' I said, 'Well, don't show it to me.'
>
> And I saw him a year or so ago, and I said, 'You remember that?' He said, 'Sir, I didn't show you that memo! I didn't show it to you.

Clark added that the Project for the New American Century (PNAC) behind these planned wars 'wanted us to destabilise the Middle East, turn it upside down, make it under our control'. He didn't say, however, that the PNAC was controlled by ultra-Zionists on behalf of Israel because people are utterly terrified of revealing that. The lies and cover ups are so clear once you lift the stone under which these people operate. All the death and destruction since 9/11 was planned for decades and the attacks that killed 3,000 people (and many more since) were only the cold, callous and calculated trigger and excuse instigated

by the satanic Death Cult. This is why on 9/11 Netanyahu said the attacks were 'very good' for Israel. *The New York Times* reported:

> Asked tonight what the attack meant for relations between the United States and Israel, Benjamin Netanyahu, the former prime minister, replied, 'It's very good.' Then he edited himself: 'Well, not very good, but it will generate immediate sympathy.' He predicted that the attack would 'strengthen the bond between our two peoples, because we've experienced terror over so many decades, but the United States has now experienced a massive hemorrhaging of terror.'

Out of the mouths of babes and psychopaths

Hardly a word was said to the media or public about the plan to invade Iraq and the liars that are Bush and Blair were still saying right up to the invasion in 2003 that it could still be stopped if Saddam would comply with Western demands by removing weapons of mass destruction which by then he didn't actually have. Manipulation that led to Saddam's demise began way back and ultra-Zionists of the Project for the New American Century had written to President Clinton in January, 1998, to call for Saddam's removal:

> We urge you to seize that opportunity, and to enunciate a new strategy that would secure the interests of the U.S. and our friends and allies around the world. That strategy should aim, above all, at the removal of Saddam Hussein's regime from power. We stand ready to offer our full support in this difficult but necessary endeavor.

They even gave Clinton the excuse that Boy Bush and Blair would later employ – Saddam has 'weapons of mass destruction'. The letter was signed by among others Kristol, Kagan, Perle, Wolfowitz, Zoellick, Abrams, Bolton, Woolsey and Zalmay Khalilzad who would later be installed during the 'war on terror' as ambassador to Afghanistan, Iraq and the United Nations. Donald Trump made him a special envoy to Afghanistan for the one-party state in 2018. Out-of-the-loop military personnel at the Pentagon had to be told about the Iraq invasion immediately after 9/11 because there were plans to put in place. You don't prepare major invasions overnight which is why the speed with which the US invaded Afghanistan is confirmation that the plans were in the making long before the 9/11 attacks. Iraq was first on the list for regime change by the ultra-Zionist PNAC and Perle's earlier *Clean Break* document for Netanyahu. Both were answering to hidden powers that were orchestrating the whole sequence that would follow. You can see where conflicts and invasions are planned by watching the drip, drip of demonisation aimed at a leader or 'regime'. It wasn't difficult to

demonise a dictator like Saddam and yet they exaggerated anyway with claims that his weapons were a threat to the 'Free World'. Confirmation that psychopaths have no shame arrived in the form of Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld who screamed about 'Saddam's chemical weapons' when Rumsfeld had been the conduit to supply them as I explained earlier. The late and very great American comedian Bill Hicks with his incisive humour once asked: 'How did the Americans know Iraq had incredible weapons?' Answer: 'They looked at the receipts.' No one was mentioning Iraq publicly or officially until 2002 when the demonisation and fear campaign began against Saddam and Iraq which led to the invasion in March, 2003. By now Saddam's chemical and biological weapons had been removed and the United States and Britain knew that. Little details like the truth were never going to be acknowledged when it would have scuppered the manufactured excuse for war. Instead psychopaths and ultra-Zionist puppets Bush and Blair just repeated the mantra which included the bare-faced lie that 'should Iraq acquire fissile material, it would be able to build a nuclear weapon within a year'. It was all a scam. The deal had long been done. *The New York Times* was one of the few that reported soon after 9/11 what was being hatched with regard to Iraq:

> A tight-knit group of Pentagon officials and defense experts outside government is working to mobilize support for a military operation to oust President Saddam Hussein of Iraq as the next phase of the war against terrorism, senior administration officials and defense experts said.
>
> Under this notion, American troops would also seize the oil fields around Basra, in south-eastern Iraq, and sell the oil to finance the Iraqi opposition in the south and the Kurds in the north, one senior official said.

The report described how the Pentagon's Defense Policy Board (Kissinger, Perle, Woolsey etc.) had met for 19 hours on September 19th and 20th, 2001, and, agreed (confirmed the long-time plan) to invade Iraq as soon as possible. Given all this background what can you say about the claim by London *Guardian* 'radical journalist' George Monbiot that 9/11 'conspiracy theories' were a 'distraction' from opposing the invasion of Iraq? I could cry, but I'll smile and move on. Wolfowitz and Rumsfeld had taken part in the Defense Policy Board meeting while Colin Powell at the State Department was excluded because he didn't support the invasion. Even so he later allowed himself to be used as a fall-guy with his comedic 'presentation' at the United Nations claiming to have proof of Saddam's world-threatening weapons capability (which turned out to be the nonsense it always clearly was). Powell should have walked away and maintained his integrity but instead he did what he

was told knowing that his 'evidence' was not credible. He would call the speech the most painful moment of his life. Powell was surrounded by the ultra-Zionist and JINSA Mafia and they had him for breakfast, dinner and tea. He has said that the invasion of Iraq in 2003 was made possible by Defense Secretary Rumsfeld's absorption in the 'JINSA crowd'. Powell's wife, Alma, would say in *Soldier: The Life of Colin Powell* that he was 'callously used' to promote a war she wished had never happened. She told author and *Washington Post* editor, Karen DeYoung: 'They needed him to do it because they knew people would believe him.' There are many stories about Powell being kept out of the loop by Cheney and these ultra-Zionist characters and they exploited his reputation with the 'weapons of mass destruction' presentation at the United Nations which was to make him look an idiot when none were found. Tony Blair, Alastair Campbell, his appalling 'spin doctor' (code for professional liar), and the Hidden Hand-front MI6 concocted a 'dossier' of evidence so full of lies it could have secured them a place on the 9/11 Commission. Much of the 'dossier' against Saddam was later revealed to have been simply cut and pasted from the Internet and even then it was out of date and further distorted to sell the war that wouldn't be stopped. Parts of this plagiarised crap were delivered by Powell at the UN. London's *Evening Standard* reported Blair's claims to the British parliament in September, 2002:

> Saddam Hussein's armoury of chemical weapons is on standby for use within 45 minutes, Tony Blair's dossier revealed today. The Iraqi leader has 20 missiles which could reach British military bases in Cyprus, as well as Israel and NATO members Greece and Turkey. He has also been seeking to buy uranium from Africa for use in nuclear weapons. Those are the key charges in a 14-point 'dossier of death' finally published by the Government today. In an introduction, Mr Blair says that the evidence leaves Britain and the international community no choice but to act.

Compliant, complicit and idiot fodder politicians both sides of the Atlantic lapped it all up with barely a question even though none of this was true and Blair knew that. He, Boy Bush and Cheney should have been before a war crimes court a long time ago with the later Barack Obama, British Prime Minister David Cameron, and so many more. Hidden Hand networks protect them as they always protect their agents and yes-people if their exposure would uncover the bigger picture. The propaganda had been so effective and so many Americans child-like in their trust of government that by the time of the invasion in March, 2003, some 70 percent of Americans polled believed that Saddam had been involved in 9/11 when he had absolutely nothing to do with it and no credible evidence was ever produced to make a connection. It doesn't

matter what is true – only what you can get the public to *believe* is true.

Ticking off the list

Ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult got their long-planned invasion of Iraq and the deletion of Saddam and unleashed a catastrophic series of ongoing conflicts in line with the Yinon Plan, *Clean Break* and Project for the New American Century documents. The second phase of the assault on Iraq came with the invasion by the US/Israel/UK proxy army ISIS which was funded and armed through Saudi Arabia, Gulf States and Turkey. ISIS was also planned to overrun Syria after the US/UK/Israel-triggered 'civil war' that began in 2011. They would have done, too, before Russia came in with military support for President Assad. America used the excuse of its proxy army ISIS to 'free' cities like Mosul in Iraq and Raqqa in Syria from ISIS control (P-R-S). They basically razed Mosul to the ground in 2016/17 leaving an estimated 40,000 civilians dead with thousands more bodies buried in the rubble. Something similar happened in Syria's Raqqa. We are dealing with a death cult in which death is worshipped and mass murder is a form of satanic blood sacrifice ritual. This is how these deeply disturbed people look at the world. All this carnage – including the removal of Gaddafi in Libya and the targeting of Iran – has been the Death Cult ticking off the list of target countries published by the Project for the New American Century. The joke is that we are supposed to live in 'democracies' in which the people select the political leaders. This is only for public consumption. Illusion of freedom protects the tyranny. The nature of the one-party state can be seen in what followed the ultra-Zionist strategy document of September, 2000, and the 9/11 attacks that triggered and publicly justified its sequence of events. First Boy Bush ('Republican') and Tony Blair ('Labour Party') sent the military into Afghanistan and lied about weapons of mass destruction to sell the invasion of Iraq. Two ultra-Zionist targets were ticked off and Iraq was the first named in the PNAC document. Bush and Blair left the scene – Bush to learn to read and Blair to represent his beloved Israel as Middle East envoy for the United Nations, EU, US and Russia. This basically meant meeting with Israeli leaders to get his orders. With those two psychopaths gone and with all the political choice we are told is available surely things would change. In came Barack Obama ('Democrat') and Britain's David Cameron ('Conservative Party'). These had to be different because they represented opposition parties to Bush and Blair. Alas, no, Obama and Cameron promoted and supported the NATO mass murder and mob violence that removed and murdered Gaddafi in Libya and created the catastrophe that the country is to this day. They supported 'rebel' terrorists in Syria in an attempt to unseat Assad and instigated still more death, destruction and suffering on an unimaginable scale. I have

documented at length in other books how the same ultra-Zionist and American/British networks at work in Iraq were behind what happened in Libya and Syria. Obama and Cameron were different to Bush and Blair, you see. Phew, to think they might have been the same. The next front man for the one-party state was the 'truly maverick' Donald Trump ('Republican'). He strode on the scene to drain the swamp he'd been swimming in all his life and 'make America great again'. He set out to do this by surrounding himself with Israel-focussed ultra-Zionists to control his financial and foreign policy and appointed the psychopath's psychopath John Bolton as his National Security Advisor. Bolton was a founding member of the Project for New American Century and the long planned list of targets continued with the focus on Iran, North Korea and China as well as the hysteria about Russia.

Netanyahu, the ultra-Zionists and Death Cult didn't want a peaceful agreement between the West and Iran because it's on their list for regime change. He and his fellow crazies are obsessed with regime-change in Iran and Netanyahu was caught on video aired by Israeli television telling activists from his extremist terrorist-created Likud Party that he had convinced Trump to withdraw from the nuclear agreement with Iran which threw US-Iran relations into turmoil again when the deal had settled everything down. Iran has not started a war against another country for more than 200 years and Netanyahu screams that in the Middle East 'those who are trying to kill us are being led by Iran, which openly and aggressively calls for the destruction of Israel.' I am no supporter of the Iranian regime, but nor do I take such bullshit from Netanyahu in the ultra-Zionist campaign of inventing enemies to justify wars, regime change and land acquisition – the same technique it has employed incessantly since Israel was established with US support in 1948. PNAC National Security Advisor John Bolton also led the Trump regime into pulling out of a nuclear agreement with Russia. Trump (his masters) targeted Iran and two other countries on the PNAC list – North Korea and China. Economic sanctions are the widespread weapon of choice employed by Trump against the countries his ultra-Zionist masters want regime-changed. Whenever a peaceful agreement with North Korea appears to move forward Israel-worshippers John Bolton and Trump's Christian Zionist Secretary of State Mike Pompeo intervene to block progress. The same ultra-Zionist list of countries have been ticked off and targeted one after the other no matter what the apparently different presidents in the United States and leaders and parties in Europe. Without the trigger of 9/11 none of this could have happened on the scale that it has. Watch for other countries on the list, Lebanon, Somalia and Sudan. Israel is desperately looking for an excuse to invade Lebanon after trying and failing before while Sudan and Somalia have been devastated by civil war in the period since 9/11. There are so many

conflicts going on that the media doesn't tell you about including the mostly drone-strike US bombing of 'Islamic militants' in Somalia since 2007. Bombing was significantly increased at the start of 2019.

Terrified of the truth

The blatantly obvious connections between the Project for the New American Century document of September, 2000, and the 'new Pearl Harbor' of 9/11 is a potentially major Achilles heel for the ultra-Zionists and the Hidden Hand in general because it exposes a clear cause and effect. They know it, too. I was on a speaking tour of the UK in late 2018 highlighting these connections when I saw an interview on the Russian TV station RT with an MI6 operative who hilariously tried to provide a cover story for the PNAC document and what followed in the Middle East – and I do mean *hilarious*. Aimen Dean, also known 'Ramzi', is a Saudi-born Bahrainian who claims to have joined the (CIA-created) al-Qaeda, in 1997 and became an agent for British overseas military intelligence, or MI6, in 1998 to spy on al-Qaeda in Afghanistan. He joined al-Qaeda as presumably an Islamic extremist wanting a holy war against the West and within a year he's spying on Al-Qaeda for the very same West? Here is a man who lied for a living by claiming to be on the side of al-Qaeda while spying on them for MI6 which is connected to the CIA that created al-Qaeda. Dean ridiculously claimed in the RT interview that al-Qaeda had 'tricked' America into invading the Middle East. He said they had seen the letter sent by Richard Perle's Neocons to President Clinton in 1998 calling for the forced removal of Saddam Hussein and the subsequent Project for the New American Century document demanding regime changes that would require a 'new Pearl Harbor' to sell the policy to the American public. Dean said the al-Qaeda leadership decided to 'give them a Pearl Harbor ... that's exactly where we want them to be ... [the US] must smash [Iraq] in order for us to build an Islamist structure.' He said the plan was to attract 'the provocation of America as a superpower to come and do their dirty work for them.' Oh, so the PNAC document was not part of the plot to create a new Pearl Harbor. All explained ... Zzzzzzzzz. I wonder why he didn't mention the bit about the al-Qaeda leadership checking with the CIA to see if that was okay? Or the fact that 'al-Qaeda' could not possibly have been behind 9/11 as claimed by the official story. Or, or, or. Dean went on to claim, just as pathetically, that the Saudi murder of journalist Jamal Khashoggi by cutting him up with a bone saw was an accident and they had really only wanted to abduct him back to Riyadh. Oh, right, so Crown Prince Psychopath couldn't have ordered his killing then. So glad MI6 Dean cleared up those little misunderstandings and how fortunate they had a bone saw handy when everything went pear-shaped. The RT interviewer should have taken Dean apart – but didn't.

What this nonsense does show, however, is that they know the PNAC-9/11 connection makes them very vulnerable to exposure.

CHAPTER 17

The dominoes fall

If you want to know what God thinks of money, just look at the people he gave it to – Dorothy Parker

Ultra-Zionist billionaire George Soros has become a highly controversial character in recent years as the extent of his covert manipulation of national and world events has come to light. I had been exposing this devious man for decades before the scale (tip of iceberg) of his political and social influence worldwide seeped into public attention.

There will be many – not least Jewish people – who will reel back at my description of Soros as 'ultra-Zionist' because his manufactured image is that of a 'liberal' and 'progressive' philanthropist who is not a rampant Israel-firster like the Neocons. A person's image and words are irrelevant to me as an insight into who they are and what they stand for. Public image and words tell you nothing except how the person wishes to be seen and the statements they make (which may not be what they really believe). I prefer to consider actions and outcomes to understand what people are truly about and on that basis Soros is a fundamentally important cog in the ultra-Zionist Hidden Hand machine. I am appropriately writing these words on a European speaking tour in Budapest, Hungary, the city where Soros was born György Schwartz in 1930 (Fig 93). We must be constantly vigilant for bluffs and double-bluffs. Soros was born into what is described as a well-to-do non-observant Jewish family and moved to the United States via the UK before becoming an incredibly wealthy investor and financial manipulator. The Hidden Hand controls the global financial markets and what it does politically and economically dictates every day if they go up

Figure 93: The many – many – faces of George Soros

or down. Anyone with access to that information will obviously be on pole position to make financial fortunes by buying stocks before they go up and selling before they go down. Feted 'financial wizards' the world over have become billionaires this way. How did they know that stock was going to soar or plummet? My goodness, they must be financial geniuses! Or maybe they don't have to be. Part of the Soros bluff, I contend, is the image of his alleged disagreements with governments and policies of Israel. When you observe his behaviour and how he donates and directs his seemingly limitless resources he is doing everything the ultra-Zionists and Hidden Hand want him to do. One of his foundation roles is to fund so-called (and it is so-called) 'progressive' organisations and causes and he would not have street-cred in that area if he was an open supporter of ultra-Zionism. He should not have street-cred with 'progressives' anyway with his stated attitude to finance: 'I am basically there to make money, I cannot and do not look at the social consequences of what I do.' But, hey, he hands out lots of money to virtue-signalling 'progressives' so who cares if he's a fraud? 'Progressive' is a term that has been used to hijack the traditional and genuinely liberal left and invert everything that it formerly stood for.

'Anti-Semite' defence system

At the very core of this transformation of the once-liberal left into a screaming mob of virtue-signalling, heart-on-the-sleevers driving the fascism/Marxism of political correctness and free-speech deletion is Soros money. 'Liberal benefactor' Soros has usurped – indeed largely created – the 'progressive' (regressive) pseudo-left while openly ultra-Zionists like casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson has been the biggest funder of Donald Trump and the right. The equation is simple – control both sides and you control the game and so the outcome. I said before Trump came to power (or the illusion of it) that the plan was to set America at war with itself; to divide the population into clearly defined factions for a de-facto (or quite possibly literal) civil war. This has quite demonstrably happened with ultra-Zionist Adelson funding one side and 'Israel sceptic' Soros funding the other. This is, naturally, only an extraordinary coincidence akin to all those that happened with 9/11 and to say otherwise would be virulent 'anti-Semitism'. The 'you are a racist' mantra is the constant defence response whenever these matters are up for debate. You are only pointing out the provable fact that Adelson funds Trump and right and Soros funds 'progressives' and the 'left' because you are an anti-Semite. When the Cabal wouldn't benefit from debate or information circulating they trigger their 'progressive' mob and 'anti-Semitism' industry to shut it down. I will expose this industry and its breathtaking global reach in the next chapter because that is vital to appreciate the extraordinary – and ever-increasing – global censorship

of ultra-Zionism and that of the Death Cult behind 9/11. Israel-worshipping British Labour MP Wes Streeting, who even calls Jews racists when they challenge the behaviour of Israel, demanded the sacking of philosopher Sir Roger Scruton as chair of a government housing commission when it emerged that he had described Jews in Budapest as forming part of a 'Soros empire'. Scruton said that 'many of the Budapest intelligentsia are Jewish, and form part of the extensive networks around the Soros empire'. Streeting, a vice-chair of the All-Party Parliamentary Group on Antisemitism, accused Scruton of propagating 'anti-Semitic conspiracy theories' which is straight from the ultra-Zionist censorship manual. Whether what is said is true or not is irrelevant. If it mentions someone who is Jewish this is by reflex action 'anti-Semitic'. I don't care if Soros is Jewish or Chinese – I care about what he does and the affect this has worldwide on people and their freedom. A member of Leave.eu, the anti-EU organisation, tweeted an image of Soros with the words of Conservative MP Maria Caulfield: 'Not sure there is even democracy in this country anymore ... The powerful elite seem to know best and openly mock the rest of us.' An image of Soros was very appropriate when he was substantially funding people seeking to stop Brexit while living in the United States. 'Appalling and nakedly anti-Semitic image' came the cry with Maria Caulfield herself demanding the tweet be deleted. She said it was particularly hurtful 'as my family are Jewish'. So it's okay for Caulfield to talk about a 'powerful elite' so long as no one mentions anyone who is part of that elite who happens to be Jewish. War criminal Tony Blair, a yes-man for the same Web that attaches to Soros, has also campaigned to stop Brexit, but linking him to a 'powerful elite' is fine. Now that's what I call racism. Ultra-Zionist Democratic Congressman, the ridiculous Adam Schiff, who became Chair of the House Intelligence Committee, told CNN that 'most' of the criticism of billionaire globalist George Soros is because he's Jewish. This line is becoming so familiar as the truth about Soros emerges and it's obviously a centrally-dictated response to avoid having the chilling facts about the man and his activities made public. Soros's son, Alexander, has said that many attacks on his father over the years have been 'dripping with the poison of anti-Semitism'. Yes, mate, it is absolutely nothing to do with the way he uses his fortune to mess with people's lives across the world. It's only because he is Jewish. Okay, glad we sorted that out then, and on that basis the dripping poison of billionaires dictating the lives of the penniless poor should never be questioned again. But, actually, on reflection – fuck that.

Soros Spring

The global vehicle that Soros established for his social engineering and political shenanigans is called the Open Society Foundations (OSF) to

which he has so far donated some *$32 billion*. The latest $18 billion was announced in 2017. That's a lot of bang for a lot of bucks and buys you colossal influence in all sorts of ways, subjects and places. The Open Society networks operate in *100 countries* with 26 national and regional foundations and offices. They call themselves 'NGOs' or 'non-governmental organisations'. This is the Soros vehicle to overthrow governments targeted by Israel and the United States, secure mass immigration into Europe and the United States, and fund and promote 'progressive' mobs transforming human society to herald the long-planned global dystopia I have for so very long warned was coming if we didn't snap out of an induced perceptual coma. The Soros connection to the ultra-Zionist Hidden Hand agenda can be most clearly seen in the role his Open Society networks have played in manipulating unrest in countries targeted for regime change. If the United States and its allies simply keep invading countries as with Iraq even some of the most myopic of the population might wonder what was going on. This would have certainly happened had America's ultra-Zionist proxy military openly invaded Libya and Syria as they ticked off the Project for the New American Century wish-list. To hide the pattern of conflict and its ultra-Zionist coordination they had to invent different excuses to pick off the list. For example we had Afghanistan (get Bin Laden) and Iraq (weapons of mass destruction). With Libya, Syria, Egypt and elsewhere it was 'the Arab Spring' and 'we must stop tyrants killing their own people'. The trick is to manipulate the population to remove – or demand the removal – of regimes that you want to remove. To do this you need to stimulate unrest that can be propagandised into a full-blown 'revolution' which ends with the people you don't want in government being ousted and those you do want being handed power to run the country and control the people according to your instructions. This is where Soros and his Open Society Foundations come in along with CIA fronts like the US Congress-funded National Endowment for Democracy (National Endowment for Deletion of Democracy). They are expert in preparing, funding, training and then promoting agitators to ferment civil unrest which often follows a period of severe economic sanctions by the United States and the West to create economic deprivation and fuel public frustration with the target government. People come out on the streets in phase two who believe they are taking part in a genuine 'revolution' against the government when in fact it is a Western-contrived hoax to secure regime-change without apparent direct American, British and Israeli involvement. The unrest is blazed across newspapers and television screens the world over through Hidden Hand-owned government propagandists who have the audacity to call themselves 'journalists'. They tell the population the story the Hidden Hand wants them to believe and most of these 'journalists' have

no idea what they are being used for. Most of those that *do* know justify this acquiescence to themselves with: 'I have a mortgage to pay.' The few that are left are active members or assets of the Death Cult – mostly in positions of executive and editorial power.

I have described in detail in other books how Soros networks were behind the 'Arab Spring', instigated in 2010, and the 2014 American coup in Ukraine as well as a long list of other 'people's revolutions'. As I write the US Neocons are playing the same scam in Venezuela through their puppet Trump. The, in reality, '*Soros* Spring' brought devastation and new tyrants to the Middle East and North Africa while being promoted by governments and presstitutes of the media as a spontaneous demand by the people to throw off the yoke of oppression. Tyrant leaders in Egypt were replaced by an American-funded military junta that's still in power today. The 'people's revolution' in Ukraine (American coup) replaced a pro-Russia leader with a pro-American yes-man overseeing a country heavily influenced by neo-Nazis. Soros Open Society Foundations manipulated the 'Euromaidan' protests in the Ukraine capital Kiev and protestors were shot in sniper attacks blamed on the government when clearly another force was involved. Pro-Russia president Viktor Yanukovych was forced to flee the country and in came American poodle and long-time US agent in Ukraine, Petro Poroshenko (who was later replaced by a Jewish comedian/actor, Volodymyr Zelensky). Soros operatives orchestrated the initial unrest and the whole coup was overseen by ultra-Zionist Victoria Nuland, the US Assistant Secretary of State for European and Eurasian Affairs. *Nuland is the wife of ultra-Zionist Robert Kagan, co-founder of the Project for the New American Century.* But don't you worry. George Soros and the ultra-Zionist Neocons are not working together. They don't like each other – didn't you know? The fact that Soros networks target the very countries the Neocons want to regime-change is pure coincidence and it is virulent and poisonous 'anti- Semitism' to say otherwise. Yeah, yeah, yawn. In truth, Soros networks provide the excuse for 'regime change' and the Neocons take it from there. A stash of 2,200 Open Society Foundation documents secured by the group DC Leaks reveal that Soros and his lackeys dictated US policy toward Ukraine after the 2014 coup and, with the fake-liberal Obama administration, removed the democratically-elected Yanukovych. One of the documents described the 'New Ukraine' as a key that 'reshapes the European map by offering the opportunity to go back to the original essence of European integration'. This is not how the Jewish community of Ukraine see it (0.1 percent of the population) with the 'revolution' putting Hitler and Nazi-supporting militia on the streets. Well done, George, another glorious victory for freedom. Ukraine's Prosecutor General Yuri Lutsenko revealed that a 2016 investigation into the NGO called the Anti-Corruption Action Centre

(AntAC), funded by Soros and the Obama administration (same thing), was dropped after the US government delivered 'a list of people whom we should not prosecute'. This is 'free' Ukraine? US investigative journalist Wayne Madsen said of Soros involvement in the Ukraine coup:

> It is the degree to which Soros provided finances, logistics, and other support to the Ukrainian coup plotters in 2012, two years before the Euromaidan [fake revolution] uprising, that is noteworthy. [Open Society Foundations] and its affiliates provided entire buildings, office space, computers, software, broadband Internet, videoconferencing equipment, vehicles, travel to the United States, and other material for the Euromaidan uprising [US coup]. This was all done with the cooperation of the US and Swedish embassies in Kiev, USAID, the Carnegie Endowment, the Swedish International Development Agency (SIDA), and the Central Intelligence Agency-linked National Endowment for Democracy (NED).
>
> Investigative journalists were also sought by the Soros gang to travel to Ukraine and submit articles that had to be approved by Soros operatives before publication. One major collaborator of Soros and the United States in pushing Ukrainian propaganda was identified as the Hromadske Television, which was singled out for its work to counter 'Russian propaganda' ...
>
> ... Soros is one of the closest advisers and financiers of Hillary Clinton. The leaked Soros documents describe how the Clinton Global Initiative and Foundation cooperates on undermining the sovereignty of nations around the world, including those in Europe.

The Clintons are buddies and drug-running business partners of the Bushes among much else that is disgusting and sordid beyond belief. DC Leaks documents revealed how Soros is paying a large swathe of 'journalists' (presstitutes) to write articles supporting his agenda in country after country with a veto on publication if he doesn't like anything they say. Soros and his multi-billion dollar network is a major source of the demonisation of Russia which the ultra-Zionist Neocons have been driving. When you realise that the 'progressive left' and the 'far right' are controlled by agents of the same force the behaviour of ultra-Zionists like George Soros and Sheldon Adelson suddenly makes sense. The Soros Open Society network officially left Hungary in 2018 after Prime Minister Viktor Orban's government passed the 'Stop Soros' law to criminalise the organisation's manipulation of the country. Withdrawal from Turkey was announced in December, 2018, when the government said Soros was controlling Turkish opposition figure Osman Kavala who was accused of organising anti-government

demonstrations. Kavala is an advisory board member of Open Society. British academic Frank Furedi exposed the nature of the Soros network and revealed the shocking levels of arrogance expressed by people who think they have the right to impose their will on everyone else (or *Soros's* will – the *Hidden Hand's* will in truth). This is the mind-set of the 'progressives' that direct his operation under his command and brief. Soros, too, is a foot soldier to more powerful interests deeper in the shadows which he had better not cross. Frank Furedi said he was asked to speak at an event funded by a Soros foundation (they are legion) in Budapest. Soros activists attended from many areas of the former Soviet Republics and Eastern Europe. Furedi recalled:

> It was later during lunch at a plush Budapest hotel that I encountered the full force of the arrogant ethos promoted by the Soros network of organisations. At my table I listened to Dutch, American, British, Ukrainian and Hungarian representatives of Soros NGOs boast about their achievements. Some claimed that they played a major role in the Arab Spring in Egypt. Others voiced their pride in their contribution to the democratisation of the Ukraine. Some bragged about their influence in preparing the ground for the overthrow of the Gadhafi regime in Libya.
>
> I sat quietly and felt uncomfortable with a group of people who so casually assumed that they had the right to play God throughout the world. At one point, the head of the table – a Hungarian leader of a Soros NGO – asked me what I thought about their work. Not wishing to offend, I quietly remarked that I wasn't sure whether the external imposition of their idea of democracy on the people of Libya was legitimate nor that it would work. Without a second's hesitation, my interlocutor rounded me with the response: 'I don't think that we have the luxury of waiting until the Libyan people come with their own Jefferson.

This is how the ultra-Zionist network operates manipulating the arrogant and gullible to do its work of global dystopian transformation. Soros is everywhere funding 'progressive' groups of all kinds, mass immigration, censorship of free speech, the climate change hoax, facet after facet of the ultra-Zionist Neocon agenda. If Soros funds it the motivation is bad for humanity. He even gave a large sum to an organisation in Britain seeking to stop Brexit when he doesn't even live in the country. The European Union is a Hidden Hand fly-trap for national sovereignty and freedom and the last thing they wanted was British people voting to come out. Revealing that Soros was using his money to thwart the will of a national referendum and block Brexit was apparently 'anti-Semitic' – the perpetual reflex-action defence against public exposure. UK Zionist *Guardian* columnist and Soros-apologist

Rafael Behr suggested this in an article headed 'A secret plot to stop Brexit, or an anti-Semitic dog whistle?' Frank Furedi describes very well the Soros mentality:

> Why am I not surprised that the billionaire George Soros has decided to give £400,000 to the anti-Brexit crusading group Best for Britain? Because, since the 1980s, Soros has acted as if his considerable wealth entitles him to influence and alter the policies of governments throughout the world. Soros does not believe in the legitimacy of borders nor in the authority of national electorates. Consequently he feels entitled to influence and if possible direct the political destiny of societies all over the world. Today it is the future of Britain; tomorrow it might be Italy or Hungary that will be the target of Soros' largesse.

'Soros largess' means Hidden Hand largesse.

Soros lays the trap

The billionaire prepared the ground for the Arab Spring, Middle East regime change and US/Western intervention with his 2004 article 'The People's Sovereignty'. This appeared in *Foreign Policy* – the magazine published by the Hidden Hand Carnegie Endowment for International Peace which was exposed by a Congressional investigation for manipulating war. Soros said he wanted to change the definition of sovereignty from the *government* of a country to the *population* and this was sold as 'progressive' and giving power to the people. It was, as always with Soros, nothing of the sort. He wanted to bypass the block on external forces invading countries on the grounds that it was a breach of sovereignty. By switching the definition of sovereignty from government to population they can invade on the premise that they are stopping a government from violating the *people's* sovereignty. This is precisely the scam that would be used in Libya, Syria and other countries of the 'Arab Spring' with the claim that the long-targeted 'regime leader' was 'killing his own people'. Soros wrote:

> ... true sovereignty belongs to the people, who in turn delegate it to their governments. If governments abuse the authority entrusted to them and citizens have no opportunity to correct such abuses, outside interference is justified. By specifying that sovereignty is based on the people, the international community can penetrate nation-states' borders to protect the rights of citizens.
>
> In particular, the principle of the people's sovereignty can help solve two modern challenges: the obstacles to delivering aid effectively to sovereign states, and the obstacles to global collective action dealing with states

experiencing internal conflict.

This was exactly what the ultra-Zionist Neocon plan of the Project for the New American Century demanded – you know, the one that Soros isn't part of. He dubbed his doctrine the 'responsibility to protect' (i.e. invade, takeover, slash and burn):

> ... the rulers of a sovereign state have a responsibility to protect the state's citizens. When they fail to do so, the responsibility is transferred to the international community [ultra-Zionism and the Hidden Hand]. Global attention is often the only lifeline available to the oppressed.

Soros cares so much about the 'oppressed' – ask the 'progressives' who take his money and do his bidding. Only a year later in 2005 what Soros called for in that article was adopted by the United Nations Security Council and General Assembly. Everything was in place for a renewed military assault on the Middle East that had been mercilessly targeted since 9/11. Exposure of the lies about weapons of mass destruction in Iraq had slowed the pace of the PNAC ultra-Zionist regime-change schedule. Now the road was open to press the throttle to the floor. This was the deal:

- Decree that the people represent sovereignty and that governments have a responsibility to protect the sovereign population.

- If they don't, or your propaganda makes it look that way, there was now an automatic transfer of power from the country to the 'International community' (ultra-Zionists and the Hidden Hand).

- Arm, fund and train 'rebels' to attack the target regime and wait for them to respond. When they do you scream 'he's killing his own people' and condemn the government for failing in its 'responsibility to protect', as Soros put it.

- The 'International Community' can then deploy the military to 'protect the people' (by bombing them shitless, as in Libya and Syria, and taking over their land and resources under various guises).

Far from protecting national sovereignty the ultra-Zionists and wider Hidden Hand want to destroy it through a tyrannical world government controlled by them which would dictate the lives of everyone on earth. For this to happen the Cabal is plotting the end of countries and just by coincidence this a major goal of the Soros *Open Society* (no countries or borders just global government) Foundations. This is why Soros

described sovereignty as an 'anachronistic concept originating in bygone times' and why his networks are behind the manipulation of mass immigration to break down a sense of defined and tangible countries and cultures. I'll explain more shortly.

Mission accomplished (well, some of it)

The outcome – always judge by outcome not rhetoric – of the Neocon-Soros Doctrine has been mass human catastrophe. Look at the consequences of the 'peoples' revolution' against Gadhafi in Libya and what happened when West/Israel-backed 'rebels' began another 'Arab Spring' civil war in Syria in pursuit of the Neocon-Soros agenda. Look at the multi-millions who have died, towns and cities destroyed, disease and suffering. This is the work of psychopaths hiring other psychopaths to do their bidding while idiocy cheers them all on. Ain't that right, CNN, and both parties in the United States? Libya's Colonel Gadhafi was no saint but under his reign education and medical treatment were free; electricity was either free or cost very little; newlyweds received $50,000 from the government to buy a home; having a home was considered a human right; Gadhafi's Great Man-Made River Project made water available to everyone; Libya had no external debt and the highest per-capita income in Africa. Now after the US-NATO air invasion led by Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton's America, David Cameron's UK, plus France and others, Libya is a basket case of warring factions and life for the population is a barely-surviving hell. None of the psychopaths responsible for this have faced any consequences because as always Hidden Hand networks have their back for services rendered. Libya was bombed into the Stone Age and is now a lawless land of violence, warlords and the very ISIS terrorists that those who caused this mayhem claimed to be fighting. ISIS was in fact a Western-created-armed-and-funded proxy army and outgrowth from the Mujahideen/al-Qaeda creations of the CIA to set the Middle East at war with itself and justify Western 'intervention' – all of which suited the ambitions of the ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult for which wars and mass killing is a human sacrifice ritual. Many of those who attacked Gadhafi were the same people with the same weapons – and certainly the same Western and Israeli backers – that would seek to remove Assad in Syria once the Libyan gig was completed with mass bombing of the innocent by US, UK and NATO raids 'to protect civilians from violence'. Assad would have been long gone, too, without Russia's intervention and air support. Israel and the Death Cult I will expose have been desperate to remove Assad. Major General Gershon Hacohen, former senior Israeli commander, said that then Defense Minister Moshe Ya'alon personally met with Syrian (West/Saudi-funded and armed) 'rebels' at the height of the Syrian war. Hacohen, Commander of the

Israeli Defence Forces Staff Corps before retiring in 2014, said that he was also present at the meeting. Trump said in 2018 that American troops only remained in the Middle East to 'support Israel' (pursue its agenda). Soros is supposed to be antagonistic to authorities in Israel, but his networks start the momentum rolling in 'people's revolutions' and then military and civilian thugs go in. This was all described in a US military document entitled 'US Special Forces Unconventional Warfare Strategy' published on November 30th, 2010, just a month before the Soros 'Arab Spring' began in Tunisia. The document said:

> The intent of US UW [Unconventional Warfare] efforts is to exploit a hostile power's political, military, economic, and psychological vulnerabilities by developing and sustaining resistance forces to accomplish US strategic objectives ... For the foreseeable future, US forces will predominantly engage in irregular warfare (IW) operations.

The document goes on to say the strategy requires that target-state population perceptions are first 'groomed' into accepting an armed insurrection, using 'propaganda and political and psychological efforts to discredit the government'... creating local and national 'agitation'... helping to organise 'boycotts, strikes and other efforts to suggest public discontent'... before beginning the 'infiltration of foreign organizers and advisors and foreign propaganda, material, money, weapons and equipment'. Should there be retaliation by the target government, the document continues, the resistance can exploit the negative consequences to garner more sympathy and support from the population by emphasising the sacrifices and hardship the resistance is enduring on behalf of 'the people'. This is exactly what has happened in the 'Arab Spring' along with the mantras of: 'He's killing his own people'; the protests are 'peaceful (when they weren't); the opposition is unarmed (when often they weren't); and this is a popular peoples' revolution (when it was instigated by Soros and other Western/ultra-Zionist intelligence and military networks). One estimate put the civilian death toll in the post-9/11 war on terror in Iraq, Libya, Syria, Yemen and Sudan at six million, but the figure is substantially higher when deaths from disease, poverty and hunger caused by those wars are taken into account. There is at least some good news – profits of armament companies like Raytheon and Lockheed Martin which are owned by the same Hidden Hand that manipulates the wars have absolutely soared. Don't you worry about dead and mutilated men, women and children when mass murder is good for jobs and profits. United States military spending (much of which goes to the arms companies) increased by *50 percent* (adjusted for inflation) in the first ten years after 9/11 while spending on education, healthcare, public transport and other domestic

civilian programmes increased by only 13.5 percent. Official US spending on the military for 2018 (ironically called 'defence spending') was $700 billion which is only the headline figure for the public to see. The real figure with all aspects included will be way over *$1 trillion* and then some. Even by official figures the United States spends more on the military than the next *eleven* or more countries combined and that includes China and Russia (Fig 94). The ultra-Zionist agenda of regime change triggered by 9/11 has turned the American taxpayer into a cash-cow to fund wars in the Middle East for the benefit of Israel's territorial and acquisitive ambitions while so many Americans sleep in the streets. From the bigger-picture perspective the United States military is really the Hidden Hand military being prepared to be the foundation of the world army to impose the will of the world government. This is why the US has built a global military structure

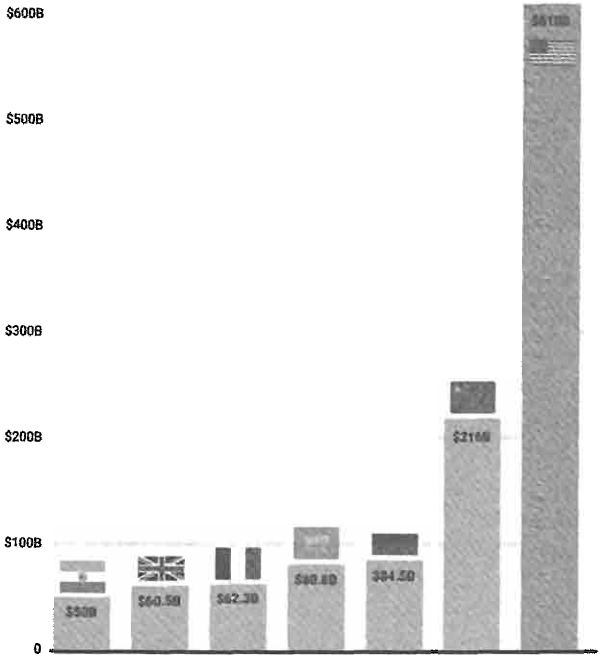

Figure 94: The staggering levels of US 'defence (attack) spending which is preparing for the emergence of the long-planned world army.

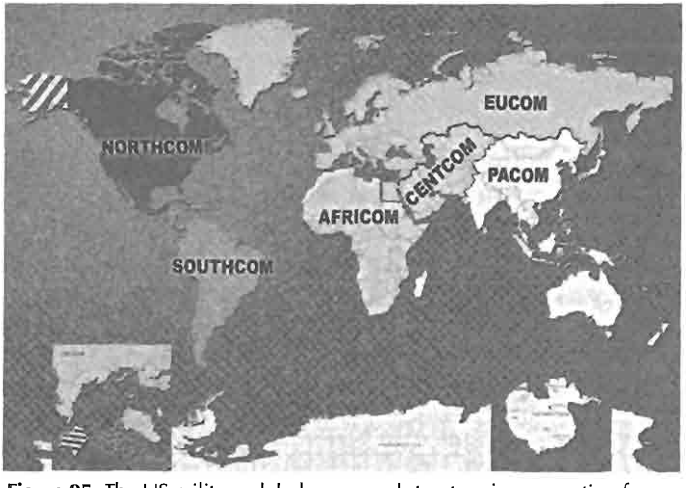

Figure 95: The US military global command structure in preparation for the world army.

operating in 147 countries which has carved up the world into 'Command' regions ready to be handed over eventually to become the control structure of the world army (Fig 95). Locations and actions of the US military overwhelmingly have no impact on the security, safety or *defence* of America and its citizens because that is not the point of what American troops are doing. The 'US military' is really the Hidden Hand military and the ultra-Zionist military. Let that reality sink in and so much that has happened since 9/11 will suddenly make sense.

Dominoes topple

What I am about to talk about next – also involving Soros – may not appear to be connected to 9/11, but it is. I emphasise again that the September 11th attacks did not happen in isolation. They were part of a fantastic global agenda and the subject I raise now would not have happened without 9/11 leading to Middle East wars which themselves led to the situation I am about to address. Context is crucial to understanding anything. What looks one way in and of itself can look very different when contextual connections are revealed. Dots are one reality and dots-connected quite another. This is absolutely the case with the Hidden Hand plan for the world which plays out like lines of dominoes with one event triggering another and another. The preferred sequence is all worked out in advance and what happened on 9/11 was crucial to that. If you have a plan that involves the mass movement and resettlement of people from one culture or cultures into another then you know that war and destruction in the Middle East and Africa are going to understandably generate large numbers of people seeking to relocate to more peaceful lands and their direction would be north into Europe not south into Africa or East into other troubled areas. Desperate people did indeed begin to flee the Western-created hell of Libya and Syria and headed for Europe. Few people, and certainly not me, would challenge humanitarian support and succour for tragic refugees seeking protection from war – especially Western-instigated ones. This was not the real story, however. Waiting to pounce on this movement of genuine refugees from conflict were Soros and connected networks working to massively increase the flow of people into Europe by adding much greater numbers who were not escaping war but simply relocating when the chance arose. France's interior minister Christophe Castaner said that some aid groups operating in the Mediterranean act like accomplices to human traffickers (a fact I pointed out in my last book from other sources) and he said there was 'real collusion between smugglers and some NGOs' including through phone contacts to 'facilitate the migrants departure from Libyan coasts in appalling conditions'. Italian interior minister Matteo Salvini said something similar.

The same networks have been operating in Central and South America where war, conflict, upheaval and violent crime serve the interests of these psychologically insane people to encourage population movements north into the United States. I understand why people south of the US border see America as the Land of Milk and Honey compared with their own plight and if I was them I would try to do the same. The problem is that they are not being guided to America or Europe for their own benefit – the Death Cult couldn't give a damn about them – but to transform American and European society for deeply malevolent ends. Migrants and indigenous populations are both pawns in the same Death Cult agenda. Mass immigration benefits the elite in every day – not least with an over-supply of cheap labour that drives down wages and conditions for everyone. You won't do it for that? Okay, bye, bye, there are plenty who will. Genuine liberals of old would have opposed that – today's 'progressive' fake Soros-liberals cheer and call you a bigot if you point these things out. Trump's much-vaunted wall along the southern border with Mexico was always going to be opposed on the scale he described because the agenda doesn't want any barrier to stop what it plans eventually to be a colossal and unstoppable exodus of people from the south into the United States. Kirstjen Nielsen, then Department of Homeland Security Secretary, told a congressional hearing that close to a million illegal immigrants were expected to attempt to cross the border into the US in 2019 alone and the situation was 'truly an emergency'. This is all planned and migrants often suffer terrible hardships on the way, including violence, rape and child trafficking, while being unknowing pawns in a plan long hatched by the Hidden Hand to transform American society by transforming its demographics and dynamic of power. Kirstjen Nielsen described a 'real serious and sustained crisis at our borders ... make no mistake, this chain of human misery is getting worse'. She went on:

> Since late last year, we have been seeing 50,000 to 60,000 migrants arrive at our southern border each month. But in February, we saw a 30 percent jump over the previous month, with agents apprehending or encountering nearly 75,000 aliens. This is an 80 percent increase over the same time last year.

Nielsen said the system was already being overwhelmed and all she describes has happened under 'we must reduce immigration', ultra-Zionist-owned Trump. I have predicted these events for a long time after uncovering the mass migration agenda and what is now 'overwhelming the system' is planned to become a tidal wave of people crossing the border from the south in such numbers they will be unstoppable. America's southern border will, in effect, cease to exist which is what so many Soros-manipulated 'progressives' are calling for along with the

extreme-'progressives' now hijacking the Democratic Party funded and owned by Soros. Democrats in their myopic idiocy believe that the more migrants the more votes for them until they become the only party of government on the basis that most migrants support them. They don't see that by the time that happens they won't be controlling the Democratic Party and the force that does will then oppress *their* freedom as *they* now oppress the freedom of others. Democrat 'progressives' have been the Soros/Hidden Hand vehicle to block the Trump wall plan along with ultra-Zionist/Sheldon Adelson/Hidden Hand bought-and-paid-for Republicans because no effective barrier is going to be allowed to stop the plan to transform America now long underway. Something similar is happening in Europe with a new flood of migration from the south waiting to be instigated as I write. Turkey is being funded currently to stem the flow and if that agreement falters (as I say it is planned to) the consequences will be obvious and catastrophic both for migrants and the current populations of Europe whether indigenous or migrant. Süleyman Soylu, Turkey's interior minister, said the country was hosting more than 3.6 million Syrians displaced by the US/UK/Israel-manipulated conflict under 'temporary protection' status while security forces held more than a quarter of a million 'irregular migrants' in 2018 and deported another 54,000. 'There is an increase of 56 percent compared to the figures of the first 11 months of last year', Soylu said.

No one knows how many people are in America illegally already although a ball park figure appears to be more than 20 million. Yet another think-tank was launched in 2018 called the New Center to campaign for an amnesty for all those 'illegal aliens' so they can be allowed to stay permanently. The New Center is headed by William Galston of the Hidden Hand Brookings Institute and ... *William Kristol, co-founder of the Project for the New American Century*. You know, the ultra-Zionist far-right advocate of any war going and with nothing at all in common with George Soros who just happens to be using his hijacked Democratic Party and progressive mob to press for exactly the same policy. Kristol-promoted wars have mass murdered millions of people with brown faces yet now he says that not allowing an estimated more than 20 million to stay in the country illegally would be 'morally unacceptable'. No, it would damage the agenda this sleazy man represents of transforming American and European society demographically, religiously and economically. Kristol wants everyone to stay with no discernment at all between genuine and peaceful people and psychopathic Central American gangs like MS13 which plague American cities with their horrific violence overwhelmingly against their fellow immigrants. But if you seek to create fear, chaos and rule of jungle you want MS13 and their like in the country, right Mr Kristol?

Encourage what you want – punish what you don't

We have cities now called 'sanctuary cities' where the state government refuses to cooperate with the Federal government in seeking out people living in the country illegally. Other states and cities have passed laws giving undocumented migrants money for healthcare, education and support costs that *legal Americans and born Americans don't get*. What is that going to do except encourage more to come – exactly as planned. George Soros teamed up with his fellow humanitarian lovers of the poor and destitute at MasterCard in a project called Humanity Ventures in which he pledged $500 million to address 'the challenges facing migrants and refugees'. I bet his heart bleeds. We should not forget that part of the deal with the Hidden Hand to become incredibly rich is that you spend significant swathes of your wealth on advancing the agenda in the guise of 'philanthropy'. Thus you have callous, heartless billionaires like the Rockefellers establishing 'charity foundations' which are also good for avoiding tax – not that they pay much anyway. You can see a pattern of donations with so many billionaires in terms of people, projects and subject areas which affect the world and society in line with the plan that I have been exposing for 30 years. Rockefeller foundations are a perfect example of this and you can add so many others including the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. In a joint statement the Mother Theresa pairing of Soros and MasterCard said:

> Migrants are often forced into lives of despair in their host communities because they cannot gain access to financial, healthcare and government services. Our potential investment in this social enterprise, coupled with MasterCard's ability to create products that serve vulnerable communities, can show how private capital can play a constructive role in solving social problems.

It makes you fit to puke. These 'social problems' are being systematically created because this two-three-four-faced financial elite don't give a shit about migrants. They are just pawns to them. MasterCard admitted in 2016 that it has handed out prepaid debit cards to migrants and refugees traveling through Europe with support from the European Union and the UN High Commissioner for Refugees both of which are promoting the mass migration agenda. Kristol's ultra-Zionist New Center is also calling for an end to caps on numbers from different countries. Up to this point the inflow of people from the south have overwhelmingly competed for jobs and housing with poor Americans (of all backgrounds and races). Now Kristol's demand is aimed at unblocking immigration into America from countries such as

India and China that would compete for jobs of higher earners and what are called 'professional classes'. The aim is to destroy American professional classes with immigration pressure on the jobs market after devastating the low-paid and middle classes. Jessica Vaughan, Director of Policy at the Center for Immigration Studies, explains the consequences:

> If the per-country cap were to be lifted, then for the next 10 years, nearly all of the green cards in the ordinary professional worker category would go to citizens of India. That means any company wishing to sponsor a professional from any of the other 150-plus countries that currently receive employment green cards or immigrant visas would have to wait 10 years or take their chances by entering the annual lottery for a temporary H-1B visa for that individual.
>
> Such a change in legal immigration would shift wage pressure away from U.S. blue-collar workers and onto American white-collar workers who would likely experience more displacement due to the vast number of Indian workers that would be imported to the country every year to take high-paying professional jobs.

This is all part of the ultra-Zionist Hidden Hand transformation of human society into a globally-centralised borderless dictatorship. Donald Trump shocked and angered his deeply-misguided supporters in March, 2019, by announcing that more migrants were going to be allowed to settle in the country because American corporations needed them. Apple CEO Tim Cook, who claims to have 'values', was sitting next to him at the time. For the reason behind this Trump 360 about-turn see the Jessica Vaughan quote above. Trump is the Cabal's man and always was as I shall be explaining later. The Soros progressive mob and the increasingly dominant progressive extremes of the Democratic Party are calling for the end of borders which would, by definition, mean the end of countries – precisely the aim of the Neocon-Soros ultra-Zionist Hidden Hand as I have been exposing for decades.

Media lies and calculated abuse

The debate about the calculated 'migrant crisis' cannot be won by these crazies and so they ban contrary views and information amid a frenzy of abuse in the form of 'racist', Nazi' and 'bigot' if you highlight the obvious consequences of what I have described (Fig 96 overleaf). A guaranteed way of uncovering the agenda is to observe what you are not allowed to have an alternative opinion about. It works every time. The enormous majority of migrants entering Europe and the United States are not families, mothers and children fleeing war but young men

Figure 96: A few questions for the open border Soros 'progressives'. Oh, I'm a bigot? Okay, that must be the answer then.

taking the opportunity to change locations. The same controlled media that lies to you about wars lies to you about this. A 'caravan' of thousands heading for the US border from the south in 2018 was portrayed by the media as dominated by families, mothers and children to manipulate emotions when that was demonstrably not true. As in Europe it almost entirely consisted of single men travelling alone. American filmmaker Ami Horowitz produced a documentary about the 'caravan' and estimated that single males accounted for 90 to 95 percent of the people. Many he interviewed said they were heading for America for a 'better life' and not fleeing violence and oppression. Horowitz exposed the lie that most migrants are spontaneously leaving their countries and walking to America. Instead the operation was highly organised with buses, food and water orchestrated through an organisation called Pueblo Sin Fronteras (People without Borders) which was formed in 2000 by Mexican-American 'human rights activist' Irineo Mujica to get as many as possible into the United States through Central America and call for open borders which means the end of America as a country and society. People Without Borders is being funded to the tune of millions by front-groups and progressive groups in the United States with known associations with George Soros money. The organisation itself is based in Chicago with its affiliated La Familia Latina Unida (The United Latin Family) and Centro Sin Fronteras (Center Without Borders) which share the same goals. Soros is reported to fund Center Without Borders, the parent organization of The United Latin Family which is the parent organisation of People Without Borders. The money trail comes through the National Immigration Forum which is financed by George Soros' Open Society Foundations. Viridiana Vidal, a People without Borders organiser and spokeswoman, is the Nevada state director for America's Voice according to her LinkedIn profile. Soros funds America's Voice. The Soros plan is crystal clear – People *Without Borders = Open Society* Foundations = the end of countries. This just happens to be the Hidden Hand plan for the world working through gofer assets like Soros. I have no truck with the far right or the far anything (except the far out), but it is the so-called 'progressives' that are driving the tyranny. The trouble is

they are so far up their own virtue-signalling arses they can't see that. Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, a US Representative for New York, is the epitome of the George Soros 'progressive'– ultra-Zionist – agenda while believing she is a 'voice of the people'. 'Soros progressive' is an appropriate description for the mind-set. Ocasio-Cortez is clueless about the forces driving 'her' agenda. We have the same in the UK in the form of Owen Jones, a 'journalist' on the 'progressive' *Guardian* who appears to spend his days in television studios spouting his 'anti-establishment' rent-a-rants while the establishment he claims to oppose cheers him on. Why do these people think giant corporations and billionaires who make their money from exploitation of the masses are on the same 'progressive' page? Soros funds so many 'progressive' political projects and organisations it is just mind-blowing and he has transformed the genuine Liberal left that I grew up with into a fascistic mob seeking to impose their mindless will on the global population and delete freedom of speech and opinion. Programmed mindlessness blocks them from seeing that it's not *their* will at all – just a mantra repetition delivering the agenda of the one-percent. Put the words 'Organizations funded by George Soros and his Open Society Foundations' into a search engine and you'll see a list at Discoverthenetworks.org of where just *some* of his money goes.

All planned long ago

US law has been interpreted to mean that anyone born in the country automatically becomes a US citizen and this has led to birth-tourism in which pregnant women travel to America just to give birth. By 2018 one in twelve births in the US was to non-citizens. Steven Camarota, Director of Research for the Center for Immigration Studies, estimated that by 2060 immigration will add 75 million people to the US population and that 95 percent of the country's population growth will come from future immigrants and their children and grandchildren. The percentage of foreign-born people in the United States is soaring with 65 million Americans, or one in five, speaking a language other than English at home. This rises to as high as 50 percent in America's five largest cities and some areas of concentrated immigration has 85 to 95 percent of children in schools speaking a foreign language at home. So-called 'progressive' groups and media dispute the figures, but the trend is clear and indisputable. The number living illegally in the US was estimated at more than 22 million in a 2018 study by Mohammad M. Fazel-Zarandi, a researcher at Yale and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). This exodus from other lands into the United States and Europe has been in the planning at least since the 1920s and in truth far longer – for the detail see *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*. I have highlighted over the years the words of ultra-Zionist Dr Richard Day, a

big-time Rockefeller family insider and executive of Planned Parenthood, who shocked a meeting of paediatricians in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1969 when he asked them to turn off recording equipment and not to take notes because he was going to tell them how the world was going to be changed dramatically by the network he represented. He meant the ultra-Zionist network and wider Hidden Hand. Dr Lawrence Dunnegan, a member of the audience that night, did take notes and made them public through an alternative media site years later when he realised that what Day said would happen *was* happening. I quote Day at length in a book called *Phantom Self* and what he predicted (because he knew) even in detail is the world we see today. This was what he said 50 years ago about the plot for mass migrations of people:

> There [will] be mass movements and migrations of people without roots in their new locations because traditions are easier to change in a place where there are a lot of transplanted people, as compared to trying to change traditions in a place where people grew up and had an extended family, where they had roots.

This is the plan happening all around us today. Mass movements of people are part of the agenda to transform the nature of society in ways described in the 1920s by those behind the eventual development of the European Union – another body manufactured to centralise power into the hands of the unelected few. See the chapter 'Saying the Unsayable' in *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* for the in-depth background to the mass migration agenda in which ultra-Zionism is centrally involved. Sweden-based American ultra-Zionist and academic Barbara Lerner Spectre has been open about their role in transforming European culture. She relocated from America to Israel in the 1960s before heading to Sweden with her husband, Rabbi Philip Spectre, to found the European Institute for Jewish Studies called Paideia which is funded by the Swedish government. She said in a TV interview:

> I think there's a resurgence of anti-Semitism because at this point in time Europe has not yet learned how to be multicultural, and I think we're gonna be part of the throes of that transformation, which must take place. Europe is not going to be the monolithic societies that they once were in the last century. Jews are going to be at the centre of that. It's a huge transformation for Europe to make. They are now going into a multicultural mode, and Jews will be resented because of our leading role. But without that leading role, and without that transformation, Europe will not survive.

I find it hard to comprehend the arrogance it must take for a fraction

of 0.2 percent of the world population to impose their will on everyone else. The truth is that Europe as we know it will not survive what *she* is talking about and when she says Jews will have a leading role she's not referring to *all* Jewish people or anything like. She means ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult I will be exposing later which have contempt for the general Jewish population. It is so important that all Jews are not blamed for the actions and ambitions of the few. While Israel promotes open hostility towards Muslims at home and the wider Middle East its representatives in Europe are calling for Jews and Muslims to unite against 'nationalist' anti-mass immigration parties. France's Chief Rabbi Haim Korsia said the country's Jewish community must seek cooperation with French Muslims against far-right political forces in the country (what is the government of Israel if not far, far right?). Pinchas Goldschmidt, President of the Conference of European Rabbis, said Muslims and Jews have common cause in resisting attacks on minorities with the rise of ultra-nationalist parties and damage to the European Union caused by Brexit. What is the government of Israel if not ultra, ultra nationalist? The hypocrisy is breathtaking. Some Rabbis openly celebrate mass migration into Europe from the Muslim world like Rabbi Baruch Efrati, a yeshiva head and community rabbi in the illegal West Bank settlement of Efrat:

> Jews should rejoice at the fact that Christian Europe is losing its identity as a punishment for what it did to us for the hundreds of years we were in exile there ... We will never forgive Europe's Christians for slaughtering millions of our children, women and elderly ... Not just in the recent Holocaust, but throughout the generations, in a consistent manner which characterises all factions of hypocritical Christianity... Europe is losing its identity in favour of another people and another religion, and there will be no remnants and survivors from the impurity of Christianity, which shed a lot of blood it won't be able to atone for.

Then there is French Rabbi Rav Touitou who said:

> The Messiah will come when Edom, Europe, Christianity, has totally fallen. So, I ask you, is it good news that Muslims are invading Europe? It's excellent news! It means the coming of the Messiah! Excellent news!

It is easy to write such people off as simply bonkers, but they are seeking to manifest their racist madness. When you see quotes like these – and they are legion if you look for them – how outrageous that they blame everyone else for 'anti-Semitism' when they are creating this as people wrongly judge all Jews by these ultra-Zionist extremist crazies. What would happen if anyone else talked of Muslims *invading* Europe?

A deluge of abuse would follow and calls for resignation. Touitou can say that with no problem. What would happen if a non-Jew said that 'we should rejoice at the fact that Zionist Israel is losing its identity as a punishment' or 'Israel is losing its identity in favour of another people and another religion, and there will be no remnants and survivors from the impurity of Judaism'? It would be called 'anti-Semitic' and 'hate speech'. Efrati can say that about Europeans no problem. What does this one law for one and another for the rest stimulate? *'Anti-Semitism'*. The same is happening in the United States with calls for open borders to allow unchecked immigration from the south that would be the end of America as a country and nation. Borders are what define a culture, its laws, values and way of life. Once borders come down all of that goes with it because there is no defined area within which those 'values' and so on can be protected. This is why we have a no-border European Union. What have I been saying for *decades* is a key aim for the Hidden Hand? The *end of countries* and their replacement by a tyrannical hierarchy of superstates and world government. Distinct and individual cultures of *any kind* – not only those in Europe and North America – have no place in the Brave New World of a global fascist/communist state of centralised control. One bland, blob fused-culture common to everyone is what the conspirators want. We are seeing this ever more clearly with gathering deletion of individuality in life-style, thought and opinion and the imposition of one culture with one mind parroting one narrative about everything. The process goes like this:

You arrange for a mass influx of people from other cultures into the target culture; you manipulate support for this on 'humanitarian' grounds, but that is not your real motivation when you are psychopaths after all; incoming cultures begin to impose themselves on the target culture and eventually become significant, then decisive, in which political party is elected to government; those parties then do everything they can to win the 'minorities vote' while ignoring the needs of those from the indigenous culture that they believe have no other choice but to vote for them (the 'gimme vote' as I call it); minority numbers continue to grow until collectively they are the majority, firstly in specific areas and then nationally; at this point the once minorities *become* the government and laws are changed in line with the beliefs of the one-time migrants; a fusion happens the other way, too, with many migrants, especially their children and grandchildren, absorbing into the target culture and an overall fusion is reached in which all cultures are at some point absorbed into each other; now you have the one-world blob culture of the Hidden Hand global state. The plan over time is also for racial fusion through interbreeding. No – this is not a condemnation of interracial relationships – I think they're lovely. It is a question of scale

and a question of what the elite want to happen and *why*. Part of the 'why' is the elimination (what an irony for 'progressives') of all cultural and racial diversity to create a global monoculture which their sick minds appear to desire.

Gathering numbers of people are beginning to realise what is happening and when they speak out the ultra-Zionist and 'progressive' hate groups respond in the usual way – 'bigot', 'Nazi', 'conspiracy theorist'. Attacks on 'white supremacy' and 'white privilege' are all connected to this agenda and so is the increased focus and fearmongering about the 'far right'. The mind-game is to link demands for free speech and claims of a mass migration agenda to the far right so when anyone even mentions these concepts they are immediately dubbed a 'white supremacist'. I think anyone who self-identifies the true 'I' with their body-type is missing the point. We are all expressions of the same consciousness and the body is only a vehicle for a brief experience in a tiny band of frequency we call 'the world'. There are, however, some who do self-identify this way that have a racial agenda to target white people in ways which become more hysterical by the day. Instead of screaming 'white supremacist' would it not be more adult and mature to ask why white people are being so demonised and why they are being pressured to despise *themselves?* Horrors like the mass shooting in Christchurch, New Zealand, in 2019 in which a 'white supremacist' shot dead 50 Muslims serves the Hidden Hand agenda perfectly. Psychopath Brenton Tarrant, a 28-year-old white man, circulated a 74-page 'manifesto' in which he said of mass migration: 'This is ethnic replacement. This is cultural replacement. This is racial replacement. This is white genocide.' What he did and what he said played into the desired perceptual association between questioning the agenda of mass migration and far right white supremacy. Tarrant also wrote that he wanted his sickening attack to spark a debate on gun ownership in the United States and a civil war between left and right which would fracture America 'along ethnic and cultural lines'. This just happens to be what the Hidden Hand has been working towards. It's just a coincidence, nothing to worry about. Either Tarrant is a complete moron (very possible) or there is more to know here. Attacks like his present the opportunity – mercilessly exploited – to justify censorship and suppression of views expressed by the psychopath involved and to link him and his actions to anyone far, far from violent or psychopathic who challenges the impact and goals of mass migration. It might also be worth considering the question of why ultra-Zionism has such a connection with the far right and more about that in a moment. The New Zealand government banned circulation of the Tarrant manifesto with anyone found to have it on their computer facing a jail sentence of up to ten years with another four added for passing it on. This sparked a

free speech debate because there is one constant theme with all these terror attacks from whatever source – freedom is always the loser. 'Progressive' New Zealand Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern, a one-time policy advisor to Tony Blair, vowed she would never mention Tarrant by name which is clearly childish and not the maturity we should expect from leaders of countries. Alarm bells rang with the speed at which the collective 'white supremacy' and 'white nationalist' demonisation agenda flung into action after the killings with Facebook banning content that includes explicit praise, support, or representation of white nationalism or separatism. Posts like 'I am a proud white nationalist' and 'Immigration is tearing this country apart' were outlawed, but 'I am a Jewish nationalist' and 'deport African blacks from Israel' continue to be allowed. There was also not a problem when Jewish journalist, David Sirota, senior communications adviser and speechwriter for Democratic presidential candidate Bernie Sanders, who wrote in 2013: 'Let's hope the Boston Marathon bomber is a white American.' We are replacing one form of racism with another – reverse racism – and even reverse segregation in some cases. This is not 'anti-racism' – it's racism with a different colour face.

Soros and his (Twitter) storm troopers

George Soros is the name that pulls together the 'Arab Spring' with mass migration into both Europe and the United States, the cultural 'fusion' agenda and deletion of free expression to stop the first three being publicly challenged and exposed. Buying and inverting the genuine liberal left has produced the perception program known as 'progressive'. This confuses being awake with being 'woke' to use its utterly ludicrous term. Being 'woke' is defined as 'alert to injustice in society, especially racism'. Unfortunately, they are not 'woke' enough to ask themselves why a man who plays the financial markets without a care about the social impact would be spending billions to fund people claiming to be 'alert to injustice in society, especially racism'. *Wake up* (or woke up) people for goodness sake. The last thing they want is for you to truly wake up and so they park you in a perceptual siding called 'woke' and kid you they mean the same. They *don't*. 'Physical' transformation of society is being driven by *perceptual* transformation and people need to seize back control of their minds. Soros-funded and moulded 'progressive' mind programs have created the storm troopers – or Twitter storm troopers – to enforce the ultra-Zionist agenda for mass migration, fusion of cultures and silencing any opinion except its own. They employ the techniques of fascism while claiming to be 'anti-fascist' and impose the fascistic/communistic agenda of the ultra-Zionists and Hidden Hand. 'Progressives' claim to be 'anti-establishment' and yet the political and corporate elite are watching their backs and supporting

their goals. They have been manipulated to be so utterly confused they don't question why they find themselves on the same side as billionaires and giant global corporations who don't give a shit about injustice or racism. They are the up-their-own-arse mobsters enforcing the will of the elite in the form of the very societal transformation described by George Orwell and Aldous Huxley in *Nineteen-eighty-four* and *Brave New World* in the first half of the 20th century. This is the mind-set that dismisses exposure of the global agenda and 9/11 as 'conspiracy theory' and breaks into applause when 'conspiracy theorists' and their information and opinions are censored by the cabal of giant Internet corporations which increasingly control what we can see and hear. These are 'woke' people like George Monbiot, Owen Jones and Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez who are played by the system like a stringed instrument and do its bidding while claiming to be 'radical' – and actually believing they are such is the depth of their delusion. The 'progressive' mind-program cannot see in the mist of obsession with its own self-purity that its mentality is fundamentally racist in that it divides people into groups of good and bad races and backgrounds instead of seeing everyone as an individual to be perceived by their individual behaviour and not by the colour of their skin or nature of their sexuality.

Racism is not okay and that applies to racism against white people for the crime of being white as it does to everyone else – a fact this mentality cannot seem to grasp. Discrimination against gender-type is not okay and that applies to white men – *all* men – who are now condemned and suppressed from the earliest age for their 'toxic masculinity'. The Web does not want expressions of masculinity that say 'we're not taking this anymore'. It wants weak and fragile people who believe they are powerless victims who must look to the state for protection from racists, Nazis and bigots (which translated from the Orwellian largely mean other opinions and the right to an opinion). The scale of self-delusion is off the dial. They care far more about the political correctness of 'he', 'she' or 'they' than they do about people living on the street and those devastated by Neocon wars. Instead of protecting the population of *all* races and backgrounds from the impositions of billionaires this 'woke' mind stands with the billionaires as freedom disappears and ever more people that the genuine liberal left used to support fall into ever greater levels of deprivation and suppression. Virtue-signalling their own 'woke' credentials and purity is the only show in town. They call for open borders *and* an end to poverty, homelessness, unemployment and deteriorating healthcare. These are not seen as contradictions even though they quite obviously are. To the Soros 'progressive' there are no contradictions here – only demands that signal their own virtue. Look at me, I'm such a good person, look at how much I care – I want an end to poverty, homelessness, unemployment,

deteriorating healthcare *and* I want open borders so any number of people can come in. Whoopee, well done you, oh, righteous one. What they don't realise, and cannot until they regain control of their own minds, is that they are creating a tyrannical, Orwellian nightmare which they and their children will have to live with for the rest of their lives.

I am not doing what I do for me. I'll be long gone before the fully-blown mega-extremes arrive which 'progressives' are helping to make possible. I am pointing out the consequences of what they are doing for *their* sake, not mine. Already once-progressive' campaigners for open borders in Sweden have been forced to leave their former neighbourhoods because Islamic Sharia police are hassling them over the clothes they wear. The momentum of societal transformation increases at ever-faster speed once there is little resistance to earlier waves of people looking to relocate. This encourages even larger numbers to follow. Instead of bringing people together in mutual support to challenge their political, financial and satanic oppressors the 'progressive' mob plays its essential part in dividing that unity into factional divisions of self-identity victimhood – absolutely crucial for the few to control the many. 'Progressives' are the Orwellian infantry at the front-line of the gathering dystopia I have warned was planned for 30 years. It is amazing, too, to see 'progressives' with power and wealth – not least in 'entertainment' – posing as victims of society and calling for 'equality' and 'inclusivity' while bunging the system a large wad to get their kids into Harvard through money and privilege instead of merit. 'Progressive' and 'hypocrisy' are so often interchangeable. America's Democratic Party today is not the party of the 1960s and today's 'social justice warriors' are not the civil rights movement of Martin Luther King. He would weep at the violence and reverse racism of 'progressives' and their paramilitary arm known as Antifa. Soros money and the organisations this has funded and spawned is a prime driver in this usurping of the once-liberal left in the United States and this has since swept across Europe and the wider world with its mass censorship disguised as 'political correctness'; its reverse racism disguised as 'anti-racism'; and its fascistic behaviour disguised as 'antifascism'. I found it interesting that 'pipe bombs' were posted to Soros, Obama, Clinton, CNN and other 'progressive' figures in the run-up to the 2018 US mid-term elections at a time when the manipulations of Soros and the antics of the 'progressive' mobs were being exposed. The ancient question 'Cui bono?' or 'Who benefits' comes to mind. The packages, which had no chance of ever reaching the big names, were immediately blamed on those calling out Soros and company.

Breathtaking bias

Those with any capacity for free thought and observation will have long

noted that attacks on white Europeans and the Christian religion are no problem and laws and limits set by political correctness don't apply. The same happens in North America, Australia and New Zealand. Incoming migrants are a no-go area for criticism almost no matter what some may say or do and their religion of Islam is protected by law from adverse comment as is Zionism. CNN soul-for-sale Don Lemon said on air that the biggest terrorist threat was white men and that was fine because it supported the agenda of demonising white people and especially men and masculinity. Change 'white men' in what he said to 'black men' or 'Muslim/Jewish men' and he would have had to resign amid a hate-fuelled Twitter storm. The bias is systematic to allow this transformation to take place without open debate that would expose what is really going on and how both migrants and indigenous populations are pawns in the same game. We passed another Rubicon in Europe in 2018 when the Hidden Hand European Court of Human Rights ruled that a person's 'religious feelings' are more important than freedom of speech. This in effect brought back the law of blasphemy to Europe with regard to Islam (you can say what you like about Christianity). The Court of Human Rights ruling was made in the case of an Austrian woman who was convicted and fined in her own country for comparing the Prophet Mohammed to a paedophile on the grounds that many Muslims believe from their texts that he married a six-year-old child and consummated the marriage when she was aged nine. Whatever the historical background the correlation would obviously be correct, if true, by modern standards; but the woman's appeal to the human rights court was dismissed for the said reason that free speech is less important than someone's religious feelings. The ruling is clearly ridiculous and very, very dangerous in a society that in any way considers itself to be free. I don't follow any religion. I think all religion is a form of fundamental perceptual myopia, but when someone's chosen religious beliefs (which could be anything) cannot be criticised in case it hurts their feelings we are truly in the land of fascism and tyranny. If your religion has validly it will survive any criticism. Only when it does not have validity or the strength to be questioned does it require censorship. Why can't people reach a state of maturity where they believe what they do and allow others to believe something else? Muslims and their religion are being exploited in two main ways. A manufactured version of extreme Islam has been created via Saudi Arabia and its sponsors Britain and America which is used to demonise *all* Muslims and have them play the role of the Big Bad Terrorist Monster to justify wars of conquest and regime change. I will be explaining the origin of this extreme form of alleged Islam and it puts modern events into a very different context. The other front to exploit Islam is based on mass migration into Europe – with political correctness and 'hate laws' watching its back – to destroy long

fought-for freedoms like the right to free speech and opinion. What can safely be said about Islam is that it does not encourage free speech especially in relation to Islam. Okay, that's their right to do that and the right of the followers to submit to that. When those same restrictions begin to be applied to the non-Muslim population – as they increasingly are – the entire foundations of the indigenous society are transformed and dismantled and that is what is happening. This long-planned process is fast gathering pace and the time for silence is over. Political correctness is simply manipulating the target population to censor itself. Once people's feelings or what 'offends' them overrides freedom of speech then freedom of speech is over, finished, caput, because you will always find someone, somewhere, to be offended about *anything*. The pressure to be offended for ever-increasing reasons is again systematically deleting freedom of speech by providing a consequently ever-increasing list of things you can't say and opinions you can't have because someone, somewhere, takes offence. The equation is: the more offence, the less freedom. I have heard it said that you know who controls you by who you can't criticise, but there is another way – by who you can't laugh at. Try telling a transgender joke in public and when was the last time you heard a joke about Israel or Jewishness? Jokes about white males? Oh, that's okay, say whatever you like. Comedy has been destroyed by political correctness in the 'progressive' purge on human freedom with comedians even asked to sign a contract agreeing not to upset anyone. But that is comedy's power and its greatest contribution to human discourse – freeing people from the prison of their own backside.

Alinsky's blueprint

We have ultra-Zionists funding 'progressives' *and* the far right which 'progressives' spend their lives condemning. Soros-funded 'progressives' might look just a little deeper and see that while Soros, the man dubbed 'Godfather of the Left', is controlling and directing the anti-Trump mob on one side the ultra-Zionist casino and Israel media magnate Sheldon Adelson, who describes himself as 'the richest Jew in the world', has been the biggest financial donor to Trump. If you want to control the outcome before the game starts then you need to control both sides and the referee. This is how the Hidden Hand works. On one side Soros has hijacked the Democratic Party and created an unthinking, unquestioning, unseeing and constantly-incandescent mob calling itself 'progressive'. On the other Adelson owns the Republicans and Trump who is surrounded by ultra-Zionists like son-in-law and 'senior advisor' Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Benjamin Netanyahu; David Freidman, his bankruptcy lawyer who is ambassador to Israel (for Israel); Jason Greenblatt, former Trump company operative who is now

his international negotiator; Steve Mnuchin, his Treasury Secretary from Goldman Sachs ... on and on and on it goes. I say that if you take one step further back into the shadows Soros and Adelson are batting for the same side. They have worked together to create a situation of catastrophic division (divide and rule) with the extreme far right acting like fascists while 'anti-fascists' like 'progressive'Antifa also act like fascists. Trump was brought to power by the ultra-Zionists in line with the philosophy and rules of manipulation of Zionist Marxist Saul Alinsky (1909-1972), the godfather of 'community organising' (manipulating). He wrote the book *Rules for Radicals* published in 1971 giving a nod to Lucifer as the 'first radical' and among his rules for overthrowing the established order was to focus upon a 'common enemy'. Once the enemy figure was established the 'community' would come together in united opposition and put aside differences to focus on a common goal. This is a major reason why ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult brought Donald Trump to power – to play the role of common enemy for the 'progressive' fake left. My goodness how effective this has been to transform the 'left' and the Democratic Party into a hysterical mob with one thought in mind: hate Trump and oppose Trump. Talk about polarisation. The mob is being directed by closet ultra-Zionist George Soros while open ultra-Zionists surround Trump. The pincer movement is classic Marxism and classic Alinsky who said:

> Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it. Don't try to attack abstract corporations or bureaucracies. Identify a responsible individual. Ignore attempts to shift or spread the blame.

Alinsky's book urged his followers to 'rub raw the sores of discontent, galvanize them for radical social change'. What this really means is exploit discontent of the masses to overthrow the established order to create a structure of centralised control that will lead to permanent discontent and oppression. He wrote:

> We'll start with specific issues – taxes, jobs, consumer problems, pollution – and from there move on to the larger issues: pollution in the Pentagon and the Congress and the board rooms of the mega-corporations. Once you organize people, they'll keep advancing from issue to issue toward the ultimate objective: people power.

This is the same 'people power' Marxism that always leads to structural control by the elite few and the crushing of all opposition that has led to a death toll in excess of 100 million in its cumulative expressions. Soros-supported Hillary Clinton is an Alinsky disciple and wrote a thesis on him. Democratic House Speaker Nancy Pelosi was

another student and so is Barak Obama who emerged into politics after working as a 'community organiser' in Alinsky's city of Chicago. Alinsky's methods and tactics can be seen all over the 'progressive' mob today and not least with his rule that 'the issue is never the issue'. For example, 'climate change' is not the issue. Using the hoax of climate change to secure power is the issue. I am all for changing society for the better to make it fairer, more inclusive and just. I have been pursuing that for 30 years by exposing why the world is as it is. But overthrowing the establishment order is not enough. It has to be replaced with something better not worse. The Cabal must be in hysterics as they observe their creation that the pincer movement on Trump has delivered. Israel gets whatever it wants while at the same time America and other societies are divided by mutual hostility. Perfect.

Ultra-Zionism and the far right

Why is it that so many dubbed as 'far right' are enthusiastic critics of Muslims while being ardent supporters of Israel? This is a clear pattern. With what should be extraordinary irony Israeli governments, military intelligence and their apologists have a long and disgraceful record of supporting far right regimes – including apartheid South Africa. I guess they want to be among friends. Jair Bolsonaro, the far right president of Brazil elected in 2018, is a fanatical supporter of Israel's far right government. The Jewish Telegraphic Agency reported how Bolsonaro declared 'my heart is green, yellow, blue and white' in reference to the Israeli and Brazilian flags. His sons have been photographed wearing shirts with the logos of Mossad and Israeli Defense Forces. 'Bolsonaro stood out among the many candidates for including the State of Israel in the major speeches he made during the campaign,' said Osias Wurman, Israel's honorary consul in Rio de Janeiro. 'He is a lover of the people and the State of Israel.' His far right view of the world did not appear to matter so long as he would bat for Israel. This would explain the response to Bolsonaro's election by Trump National Security Advisor John Bolton, the ultra-Zionist tea-maker who is a 'confidant' (lackey) of ultra-Zionist Trump-funder Sheldon Adelson. Bolton welcomed the result and called Bolsonaro 'like-minded' which at least has the benefit of being accurate. Jerry Iannelli wrote in the *Miami New Times*:

> John Bolton just came to Miami's Freedom Tower and gave a speech praising Jair Bolsonaro, the wannabe Brazilian neo-fascist who wants to bring back the country's dictatorship, torture people, and kill dissidents. Bolsonaro has repeatedly compared indigenous tribespeople to animals living in zoos.

This can be explained by the ultra-Zionist/United States wing of the Hidden Hand moving in on South America to remove any government

that doesn't dance to their tune and bow to their will. The attempted American coup in Venezuela, overseen by Trump-appointed Eliott Abrams, a far-right ultra-Zionist Neocon from the Project for the New American Century, is part of this strategy and connects with the installation of Bolsonaro in Brazil. Steve Bannon, Trump's one-time chief White House strategist, is condemned as a far right racist by the 'progressive' left, but he's an Israel fanatic and the admiration would appear to be mutual. Bannon told a Zionist Organisation of America event:

> I am proud to stand with the State of Israel, that's why I am proud to be a Christian Zionist, that's why I am proud to be a partner to one of the greatest nations on earth and the foundation of the Judaeo-Christian West.

It's okay, Steve, you can get off your knees now and put your tongue back in. Bannon's *Brietbart News* is considered a pillar of the so-called Alt-Right and was conceived by conservative commentator Andrew Breitbart during a visit to Israel. British 'working class hero' Tommy Robinson is another example of someone considered far right who is promoting Israel and being promoted himself by ultra-Zionists like American tech billionaire Robert Shillman who serves on the boards of the ultra-Zionist Friends of the Israel Defense Forces, Jewish Foundation for the Righteous, and David Horowitz Freedom Center. Robinson was invited to speak in the United States by the far right and vehemently pro-Israel David Horowitz Freedom Center and Middle East Forum. The latter, established by ultra-Zionist Neocon and war on terror advocate Daniel Pipes in 1990, has paid Robinson's legal bills and those of Dutch politician Geert Wilders who is labelled far right by his 'progressive' critics. Robinson is just a stooge being strung along so the Death Cult can take over the nationalist movements and play them off against the Muslim community and 'progressives'. They will drop him like a stone when he is surplus to requirements. The Middle East Forum is supported by ultra-Zionist Nina Rosenwald, heiress to the Sears Roebuck fortune, who was described by one headline in *The Nation* as 'the sugar mama of anti-Muslim hate' [for] 'using her millions to cement the alliance between the pro-Israel lobby and the Islamophobia fringe'. Rosenwald was on the board of notorious ultra-Zionist lobby group AIPAC and is founder and president of the Gatestone Institute, a New York-based think-tank which has supported Geert Wilders. Trump National Security Advisor John Bolton was Gatestone chairman from 2013 to March 2018 and he was awarded the Defender of Israel Award at the 2018 Zionist Organization of America's annual Brandeis Award dinner where Tommy Robinson supporter Robert Shillman was another award recipient. Daniel Pipes founded Campus Watch in 2002 to harass,

blacklist and intimidate academics who criticise Israel. British journalist and Middle East specialist Robert Fisk wrote:

> Daniel Pipes and Martin Kramer of the Middle East Forum now run a website in the United States to denounce academics who are deemed to have shown 'hatred of Israel'. One of the eight professors already on this contemptible McCarthyite list – it is grotesquely called 'Campus Watch' – committed the unpardonable sin of signing a petition in support of the Palestinian scholar Edward Said. Pipes wants students to inform on professors who are guilty of 'campus anti-Semitism'.

I will expose the astonishing scale of ultra-Zionist censorship in the next chapter. It's no good anyone screaming 'racist' at what I have written here. I think labels of race, religion, income bracket and all the rest are illusory diversions from the true 'I' which is simply consciousness – the same consciousness having different experiences. I say we are a state of awareness and a point of attention within an *infinite* state of awareness of which we are all a part no matter what transitory labels we may be given or give ourselves – man, woman, black, white, Muslim, Jew, Christian, whatever. The body is only a temporary vehicle for our point of awareness to experience this frequency band of reality and the body is illusory in terms of self-identity. Who is more obsessed with race than progressives, 'anti-racists' and the 'anti-Semitism' industry? All they see is race while I see the same consciousness having different experiences through different vehicles. Anyway – all cultures are in the gun-sights of these crazies. Muslim and Arabic people from the south are being exploited to change Europe with countries like Sweden and Germany in the forefront while the Latino population of Central and South America is being used to change the United States. Campaigns of anti-white reverse racism are all part of this in the targeted predominately white countries and so is the psychological manipulation to instil even in white people shame of their own culture. The Hidden Hand doesn't care *what* culture you are so long as you are eventually absorbed into its culture – or lack of one. Exposure of this and everything else the Hidden Hand wants to keep quiet is now in the gun-sights of ultra-Zionist and other censorship that becomes more extreme by the day. Soros money, you will not be shocked to know, has found its way into organisations specialising in censorship and 'fact-checking' which, in this context, is just another term for censorship.

This book has 9/11 as a central theme and I will be returning to that in detail before I close, but 9/11 did not happen in isolation and cannot be fully understood if we only see it that way. There is a lot more background to know before we can put the September 11th attacks in their true context.

CHAPTER 18

Thou shalt not speak its name

I have come to believe over and over again that what is most important to me must be spoken, made verbal and shared, even at the risk of having it bruised or misunderstood – Audre Lorde

It may seem in the next few chapters that I am moving away from the central theme of 9/11, but I'm not. I need to lay out a lot of background information before I return directly to the *real* perpetrators in the context of exactly who and exactly why.

The attacks did not happen in isolation. They were part of a global plot by the Death Cult so vast and so deep it almost defies the imagination. I am going to expose in this chapter the network operating mostly from the shadows that prevents ultra-Zionist involvement in 9/11 and so much more from being exposed and why even seasoned researchers are terrified of going there. Appreciating the scale of ultra-Zionist and Death Cult control and censorship is essential to understanding how what I will be revealing in the rest of the book – including in relation to 9/11 – has never come to mainstream public attention.

Silencing the truth-tellers

Ultra-Zionism has created a vast money-no-object global structure of hate groups – mostly focussed in the West – to weaponise the label 'anti-Semitism' as a means of silencing critics of the far right government in Israel and its global manipulations orchestrated through its satanic military intelligence arm Mossad and the Death Cult in general. I say 'hate groups' because their modus operandi is to make people hate their targets by accusing them of 'anti-Semitism', 'hate speech' (another irony), 'bigotry' and by generally screaming 'Nazi' in all directions. Another regular is 'Holocaust denier' for those that they *really* want to be hated, silenced and crushed. They've thrown the lot at me when I don't have a racist cell in my body and the very concept of racism goes against my entire philosophy and perception of life. Judging anyone by

their body-type or genetic history is utterly ridiculous and childlike to me. I am still dubbed 'anti-Semitic' by ultra-Zionist hate groups in an attempt to silence and discredit me when those groups are themselves consumed by race and self-identity with race. I form my opinions by what people do, not what their temporary, illusory body-vehicle might be. To be called racist by racists is a sight to behold. Not that I give a shit, but it shows how ultra-Zionists play the 'anti-Semitic' card at absolutely anyone who challenges their behaviour. The game is not about exposing 'racists' and 'anti-Semites' – it's about silencing people with information they are desperate for the public not to see. Exploiting the horrors of what happened to Jewish people in Nazi Germany to advance their own agenda of censorship today turns my stomach. I find it absolutely disgusting and an insult to those who suffered under Nazi fascism. The same scam to silence criticism was played by the Hidden Hand's Muslim Brotherhood when its front operation, the America-based International Institute for Islamic Thought, coined the term 'Islamophobia'. Abdur-Rahman Muhammad was with the organisation when the label of abuse was created and later rejected its ideology. He confirms that 'Islamophobia' was coined specifically to silence critics by dubbing them racist: 'This loathsome term is nothing more than a thought-terminating cliché conceived in the bowels of Muslim think tanks for the purpose of beating down critics.' This is the same modus operandi of the 'anti-Semitism' industry.

Ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult hide behind the Jewish population and pedalled misrepresentations of history and motivation that are so outrageous and factually incorrect that only fierce and incessant censorship can protect them from exposure. They not only have to keep the truth from the non-Jewish population. Most importantly of all they must keep it from the great majority of Jews who either support 'mainstream' Zionism (not knowing what's really behind it) or vehemently oppose Zionism in any form. *What – not all Jewish people are Zionists??* No, far from it, and only a relatively few are the extreme ultra-Zionists directly involved with the American Hidden Hand 'elite' over 9/11 who I will focus upon later. 'Zionism' is not a race; it's a political philosophy and standpoint which is opposed by many Jews. The number of Jewish people in the world, lest we forget, is around 16 million out of more than 7.7 *billion* and that means Jewish people represent just *0.2 percent* of the world population. They represent only two percent of the population of the United States where, together with Israel, most Jews are resident. Those two countries account for 83% of the Jewish population with 98 countries hosting the other 17 percent. Most of the 16 million would consider themselves supporters of Zionism in the dictionary definition of 'a movement for (originally) the re-establishment and (now) the development and protection of a Jewish

nation in what is now Israel'. We also have the significant number of Jews who reject Zionism altogether and that leaves us with the ultra-Zionists that represent a small minority even of just 16 million or 0.2 percent of Jewish people worldwide – and the full- blown Death Cult initiates are even fewer than that. We are looking at tiny numbers of those knowingly manipulating events with fantastic comparative influence and power.

Designer language

Even the use of the term 'anti-Semitic' is fraudulent because Semitic refers to a series of language groups in the Middle East which are almost entirely *Arabic*. Current figures for the main native Semitic speakers are Arabic (400 million), Amharic (22 million), Tigrinya (7 million), Hebrew (5 million), Tigre (1.05 million), Aramaic (575,000 to a million) and Maltese (482,880). Yiddish, another Jewish language, is not Semitic. Yiddish is Germanic and related to Bavarian and other sources. To be 'anti- Semitic' in its true definition you have to exhibit discrimination and hatred towards an estimated 500 million Semitic speakers across a range of cultures and racial types throughout the Middle East, North Africa and the Horn of Africa. To isolate the term only to Hebrew speakers (and the many Jewish people who don't speak Hebrew) is a gross misrepresentation of the term. There is an obvious reason why this has been done. Without the label 'anti-Semitism' you are left only with the all-encompassing term of 'racism' which applies to everyone. This doesn't work for ultra-Zionists who want to justify special protection beyond what is afforded to other groups and 'anti-Semitism' was hijacked and applied exclusively to those who are Jewish. The term only came into use in the second half of the 19th century and had its origins in Germany. Ultra-Zionism has so much to hide that this added unique protection from exposure is essential. Special laws that only apply to this term opened the way to unique interpretation and ongoing expansion of the definition which now includes criticism of the government of Israel. The term 'racism' used for the rest of the human family would allow no such special treatment and protection by law. If you are exposing the governments of Nigeria or Uganda are you by definition considered to be racist against all black people? What about if you condemn some mass-murdering African, Far-Eastern or South American dictator – is that racist against all those populations and racial types? No, of course not. That would be considered madness. So why does this happen in the Jewish or Zionist context where criticism of one is interpreted as an attack on all? The answer is that we a dealing with a racket and a scam.

By hijacking the label 'anti-Semitic' and applying that exclusively to Jewish people you create an isolation of meaning which allows an interpretation way beyond racism and takes you into the realm of

silencing *political* critics. This in itself is a grotesque exploitation in my view of those Jewish people that *do* suffer genuine discrimination. The artist known as 'Banksy' produced a poster protesting at illegal Israeli occupation of Palestine and this couldn't be respected as someone expressing their basic human right to an opinion. Israeli billionaire's wife Batia Ofer condemned the picture as 'anti-Semitic' (Fig 97). Yep, I understand. How I share the pain of oppression that must have been felt by Mrs Ofer and her billionaire husband Idan Ofer, his father Sammy Ofer, one of the wealthiest men in Israel, and Monaco-based billionaire brother, Eyal Ofer. An artist publishing a poster highlighting the plight of a truly oppressed people must have been devastating between the caviar course and the champagne. If the label 'anti-Semite' was really about racism then Jewish people wouldn't be condemned as 'anti-Semites' by the ultra-Zionists when they challenge the actions of the Israeli government and the ultra-Zionist agenda. How can a Jew be an 'anti-Semite' under the accepted definition when they are, er, *Jewish?* This is obviously contradictory nonsense and the term is not about protecting Jewish people from 'racism' and discrimination; it's about protecting the ultra-Zionist and Death Cult cabal from exposure and the government of Israel from criticism. Jewish people who challenge them are therefore attacked even more ferociously than anyone else because although they may try the 'anti-Semite' approach it is clearly going to be far less credible than with non-Jews. You are not allowed a contrary opinion even if – actually *especially* if – you are Jewish. RT America journalist Dan Cohen is but one example. Cohen posted a tweet about the Associated Press 'whitewashing Israel's crimes' which included the shooting of an AP journalist covering Gaza. He received a message from the Israeli consulate in Boston calling him a 'disgrace to Americans and Jews everywhere'. Cohen tweeted:

Figure 97: This Banksy poster was branded 'anti-Semitic', but then what isn't these days?

> I received this creepy and menacing direct message from *@IsraelinBoston*. Apparently the consulate uses its official account to monitor and harass journalists, especially Jewish ones.

Here we have the theme – 'especially Jewish ones'. We are looking at the exploitation of Jewish people by those who use them as an excuse to silence legitimate criticism and exposure. 'Self-hater' is another label of abuse employed by ultra-Zionism to target Jewish people who condemn the inhumane-beyond-belief treatment of Palestinians since their land was seized by ultra-Zionists in a frenzy of murder and terrorism in 1948. This disgusting abuse of 'dissident' Jews is the work of self-proclaimed 'protectors of Jewish people'. Jews – and the rest of us come to that – might benefit from the words of Greek philosopher Plato: 'This and no other is the root from which a tyrant springs; when he first appears he is a protector.' The real protection here is aimed at ultra-Zionism.

The Protection Racket

The dictionary definition of 'anti-Semitism' is basically hatred, hostility or prejudice against Jewish people because they are Jewish. I don't accept the meaning of anti-Semitism there for reasons I have explained, but the rest is fair enough. The trouble is that's far from fair enough or far enough when you want to weaponise the slur as the means to protect your activities from investigation and exposure – investigation based on your behaviour and not your cultural background. To secure such protection you must link all criticism to cultural background and perceived 'race' and this is why we constantly see the expansion of what is defined as 'anti-Semitic'. The more you extend the meaning the more critics you can target with your 'unclean, unclean' labelling. 'You are only saying that about Netanyahu because you're an anti-Semite.' No, because he's a psychopath – no cultural connection necessary. This technique was perfectly described by Shulamit Aloni, a former Israeli minister and peace activist, when she told an American alternative television show about the way ultra-Zionists use 'anti-Semitism' and 'the Holocaust' to silence critics:

> It's a trick. We always use it. When from Europe someone is criticising Israel then we bring up the Holocaust. When people in this country are criticising Israel then they are anti-Semitic. The organisation is strong and has a lot of money and the ties between Jews and America – the Jewish establishment – they are strong in this country, they have power ... they are talented people and they have power, money, media and other things, and their attitude is Israel, my country, right or wrong ...
>
> ... They are not ready to hear criticism, and it is very easy to blame people who criticise certain acts of the Israeli government as anti-Semitic and to bring out the Holocaust and the suffering of the Jewish people, and that justifies everything we do to the Palestinians.

Imagine the psychopathic callousness required to exploit what happened to Jewish people in Nazi Germany to advance your political agenda today – *shocking*. We have an 'anti-Semitism' industry running a protection racket to protect ultra-Zionism, the Death Cult and Israel from criticism and exposing its manipulations and behaviour to open public debate. The 'trick' that Aloni described has been expanded with a new definition of 'anti-Semitism' which is outrageously broad and wide-ranging and was compiled simply to increase the number of critics and investigators who could be given 'the label' and silenced. The wording was accepted in 2016 by the 'International Holocaust Remembrance Alliance' (IHRA) thanks it would appear to Mark Weitzman of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, 'an international Jewish human rights organization'. Oh, unbiased then. The definition has since been adopted by a gathering number of organisations and governments including those of the UK, Scotland, Germany, Austria, Lithuania, Romania, Bulgaria, Macedonia and the European Union. The 'trick' here is to say that because most Jewish people associate their identity with Israel any criticism of the actions of Israel is attacking their Jewish identity and is thus 'anti-Semitic'. This is complete baloney and so much so it provides confirmation that the 'new definition' is merely about helping ultra-Zionists, the Death Cult and the Israeli government resist exposure. US attorney Kenneth Stern of the American Jewish Committee against Anti-Semitism, who was involved in the original draft before it was hijacked, told a congressional hearing in 2017:

> The definition was drafted to make it easier for data collectors to know what to put in their reports and what to reject ... because the definition was drafted with data collectors utmost in mind, it also gave examples of information to include regarding Israel ... The definition was not drafted, and was never intended, as a tool to target or chill speech.

Stern has strongly condemned the misuse of the definition in ways he describes as 'McCarthy-like'. To ultra-Zionists, however, it was a Heaven-sent chance to silence opposition to the behaviour of the far-right Israeli government and some have even demanded that people be targeted for 'anti-Semitism' under the new and outrageously-wide definition for articles they wrote years before it was adopted. A hysterical campaign orchestrated by ultra-Zionists and the lap-dog media was waged against the UK opposition Labour Party for weeks in 2018 to pressure them into accepting this definition by condemning the leader Jeremy Corbyn and the party hierarchy as 'anti-Semitic'. Jewish Labour MPs were activated to play the victim as part of the propaganda and add to the pressure on Corbyn to concede to ultra-Zionist demands.

We had extraordinary stupidity at the height of the hysteria when black Labour *anti-racist activist* Marc Wadsworth was expelled from the party for allegedly accusing Jewish Labour MP Ruth Smeeth of working with the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper to undermine the party over 'anti-Semitism' allegations. Wadsworth was, in effect, expelled for making 'anti-Semitic' remarks to Smeeth and bringing the party into 'disrepute' – impossible surely after this decision. But wait. Wadsworth didn't mention anything about Jews or even Israel and says he didn't even know Smeeth was Jewish. How could this be 'anti-Semitic'? *Ahhh* ... Smeeth claimed that Wadsworth connecting her to the *Daily Telegraph* was a 'traditional anti-Semitic slur to attack me for being part of a "media conspiracy."' These are the depths to which we have sunk in the desperation to block all exposure and criticism of ultra-Zionist extremism or any Jewish person supporting Israel. I got a feel for what it must be like now in the Labour Party when I posted a story on Twitter from a political website that was challenging what it called the witch-hunt in the party based on fraudulent claims of 'anti-Semitism'. I included a meme with a picture of Jewish Labour MP Luciana Berger, one of the big promotors of 'anti-Semitic' Labour, which simply said: 'This is the Labour Party, Ms Berger, not Likud.' To say the reaction was over-the-top is rather understating the case. Berger called me 'dangerous', reported me to Twitter for 'anti-Semitism', and a stream of tweet replies expressed sympathy for how she must be feeling and urging her to 'stay strong'. If in doubt play the victim card. Dr Alex Scott-Samuel, a *Jewish* chair of Berger's local Labour Party branch, was dubbed an anti-Semite (yes, really) for supporting two motions of no confidence against her over her constant attacks on leader Jeremy Corbyn for 'anti-Semitism'. The move could not have been a genuine attempt by party members to express discontent at her behaviour – it *had* to be anti-Semitism even though the man himself is Jewish. This is how the Protection Racket works.

The absolute desperation The Racket has with discrediting me was confirmed in the UK *Jewish Chronicle* edited by a bloke called Jonathan Pollard who once wrote an article condemning political correctness attacks on freedom of speech. I contacted him to support his view and asked him to confirm that he would now condemn all attempts by Zionist groups to have people's public events banned. He didn't reply. The *Chronicle* ran an article attacking the *Jewish* Dr Scott-Samuel for his appearances on a radio show that was once broadcast through Davidicke.com. Oh, he *has* to be an 'anti-Semite', then. The story included the claim that I say Jews are reptiles. The more desperate they get the more extreme and insane the claims. There was a hilarious interview at the peak of one period of attacks on the Labour Party when Simon Johnson, Chief Executive of the Jewish Leadership Council,

commented in the usual soft-ball television interview that three Jewish papers, the *Jewish Chronicle, Jewish News* and *Jewish Telegraph* all ran the same headline – 'United We Stand' – and the same Labour-bashing editorial. Johnson said: 'It is unprecedented for three community newspapers to have the same headline, the same story, the same editorial.' So it wasn't carefully coordinated or anything as part of the ultra-Zionist campaign to destroy Jeremy Corbyn and force the Labour Party to adopt the coldly, calculated new definition of 'anti-Semitism'? You may think the British people are all idiots, Mr Johnson, but we're not. Medialens.org published a study of newspaper articles using the terms 'Jeremy Corbyn' and 'anti-Semitism' before and after May 1st, 2015. Before that date during 30 years as a Member of Parliament the number was 18. Since that date in the period he became Labour leader the number was: 11,251. Why? Corbyn was one of the few remaining British politicians who would criticise Israel and his new platform as leader meant he had to be silenced. Unfortunately, he has largely allowed himself to be – another glorious victory for The Racket. Twelve Holocaust survivors sent an open letter to *The Sunday Times* contending that Jeremy Corbyn had 'bent over backwards to help Jews' and that '[We] do not believe that any prejudice against or hostility towards Jews is being perpetuated by Labour.' This was a response to the UK Equality and Human Rights Commission announcing it would investigate the Labour Party's approach to anti-Semitism (bowing to ultra-Zionist pressure). The letter said media attention on the Labour Party in general, and on Corbyn in particular, was being generated by anti-Labour and anti-Corbyn mischief makers, 'who unfortunately are over-represented within the so-called Anglo-Jewish leadership' which was not considered legitimate by 'mainstream Charedi Jews'. Once again we see how ultra-Zionist groups set themselves up as the voice of Jewish people when they are not. We should also be aware of the fantastic army of trolls employed by Israel both to support its ambitions and to post anti-Jewish attacks which can be used as evidence of 'growing anti-Semitism'. The Electronic Intifada website highlighted ten Twitter accounts claiming to be Corbyn supporters posting anti-Jewish abuse that 'share sufficient similarities to indicate that the same person – or group – is running them'. The Protection Racket has absolutely no shame or integrity and only the naïve would dismiss that such fakery posting goes on all the time. By the way, Electronic Intifada reporter, Asa Winstanley, a member of the Labour Party, was suspended in March, 2019, for comments he made on Israel and Zionism. News of his suspension was leaked by the ultra-Zionist *Jewish Chronicle* before Winstanley even heard about it. Labour Party R.I.P.

New definition of 'anti-Semitism' silencing dissent

A Labour Party leadership that would bend the knee to the 'anti-Semite' garbage about anti-racist activist Marc Wadsworth and Asa Winstanley couldn't possibly summon the backbone necessary to resist the ultra-Zionist onslaught. They should have stood firm and made it clear that this ultra-Zionist hate campaign was not about racism in the party, but about power *over* the party which still had people among its number prepared to criticise Israel. Labour's backbone turned to jelly and to mix my metaphors the hierarchy wagged its tail, rolled over, stuck its legs in the air, and accepted the expanded definition. Labour-connected group Jewish Voice for Peace and many other Jewish groups said they were appalled at the new definition and the campaign against the Labour Party. This mattered not a jot. They were the *wrong kind* of Jewish people with the *wrong kind* of opinions. Whether you are Jewish or not is irrelevant because it's irrelevant to ultra-Zionists. Agree to what we want or face dismissal and abuse – even more so if you're Jewish. Other UK political parties, the US Republicans and Democrats and so many others in Europe and Australia simply fall to their knees and hang out their tongue when ultra-Zionists come a-calling. This is the foundation statement in the new and expanded definition of 'anti-Semitism':

> Antisemitism is a certain perception of Jews, which may be expressed as hatred toward Jews. Rhetorical and physical manifestations of antisemitism are directed toward Jewish or non-Jewish individuals and/or their property, toward Jewish community institutions and religious facilities.

Okay, what's wrong with that? Well, on the face of it nothing if you ignore the vagueness and misuse of 'anti-Semitism'. The Devil is in the detail in the form of 'examples' given for what that definition means and how it should be applied and interpreted. Here they are:

> Contemporary examples of antisemitism in public life, the media, schools, the workplace, and in the religious sphere could, taking into account the overall context, include, but are not limited to:
>
> Calling for, aiding, or justifying the killing or harming of Jews in the name of a radical ideology or an extremist view of religion.

Fair enough. Does that work in reverse when ultra-Zionist extremists call for the killing of Palestinians? No.

> Making mendacious, dehumanizing, demonizing, or stereotypical allegations about Jews as such or the power of Jews as collective - such as, especially but not exclusively, the myth about a world Jewish conspiracy or of Jews

> controlling the media, economy, government or other societal institutions.

This is a classic protection clause to stop any investigation and exposure of ultra-Zionist extremism. You have seen a blatant ultra-Zionist conspiracy – not 'Jewish', ultra-Zionist – to manipulate the United States into targeting the list of countries compiled by the ultra-Zionist Project for the New American Century a year before September 11th. You have seen evidence already and you are going to see a great deal more before the end of this book with regard to ultra-Zionist and Death Cult involvement in 9/11. However, under this 'example' such exposure would be 'anti-Semitic' and 'stereotyping'. The little matter of it being true is irrelevant to the definition and this is simply a calculated effort to secure protection from investigation by hiding behind the smokescreen of 'anti- Semitism'. I know we're doing it but you can't say we're doing it because that would be 'anti-Semitic'.

> Accusing Jews as a people of being responsible for real or imagined wrongdoing committed by a single Jewish person or group, or even for acts committed by non-Jews.

Fair enough again. I am certainly not doing that and I have always made it clear that I am talking about a tiny group of ultra-Zionists, not Jewish people as a whole who I have said largely have no idea what is being done in their name. This is another important point – 'in their name'. Jewish people in general have often been collectively condemned for the actions of the ultra-Zionist few and paid the price while the few responsible do not. No one needs to understand this more than Jewish people as a collective. The other point with this 'example' is that when individual Jewish people such as George Soros are exposed for their provable manipulations the exposer is immediately accused of being 'anti- Semitic' both against the individual and Jews in general. They use the example one way but then reverse it to stop criticism or exposure of any Jewish person they want to protect. The 'example' is another expression of the Protection Racket.

> Denying the fact, scope, mechanisms (e.g. gas chambers) or intentionality of the genocide of the Jewish people at the hands of National Socialist Germany and its supporters and accomplices during World War II (the Holocaust).

What happened to so many Jewish people in Nazi Germany was unspeakable and almost unimaginable. I wonder if it is really sensible and sensitive to commemorate victims of a Nazi tyranny that jailed or murdered people for their views and opinions to now jail, assassinate the character and destroy the lives of those asking questions about an

historical happening and not accepting every last syllable of official history. Would it not be a far better tribute to the memory of Nazi victims for us to live in a society where questions can be asked and facts and evidence produced to prove a point rather than sending 'non-believers' to a jail cell or a life of mass condemnation? Wouldn't that be a world those who suffered in the concentration camps would like to see as a contrast to the actions and behaviour of their captures and killers? Does it really serve the memory of those people and what they went through to jail grandmothers for not accepting an historical narrative? Or is what is really happening here a case of weaponising the suffering of Jews in Germany to secure a political agenda today? I can't think of anything more cold and evil, but *isn't it?* I have been interviewed about this by software minds in the media and they insist – as the ultra-Zionists do – that you agree with every last strand of the official narrative or you are a Nazi bigot and 'Holocaust denier'. It has to be six million – don't you dare question if it was a single digit less. What a stomach-turning insult to those who were in the concentration camps as opposed to those exploiting them today who were not. You can call what happened unspeakable or a 'catastrophe' – Jews themselves call it the Shoah or 'calamity' – but none of this is even nearly enough. You must agree with the exactly designated figure or you are an anti-Semitic Nazi. One idiot on a Channel 10 morning show in Australia talked to me about *twelve million*. I can see why he got the job. Are you an idiot? Yes. When can you start?

The term 'holocaust' comes from the Greek 'holos' meaning 'completely' and 'kaustos' or 'sacrificial offering' and had been used to refer to destruction by fire. 'Holocaust' came into widespread use to describe events in German concentration camps after the 1978 TV film, *Holocaust*, starring Meryl Streep. Holocaust museums and memorials are still being built around the world with a new one planned for Victoria Tower Gardens in London next to the Houses of Parliament. Royal Parks rejected the idea on the grounds that it would 'dominate the park and eclipse the existing listed memorials which are nationally important in their own right'. UNESCO's International Council on Monuments and Sites agreed but the campaign to build the memorial continues as I write with all living UK prime ministers voicing support. A bill was introduced in the US House of Representatives in 2019 to 'finance grants to public and private middle and high schools to help teachers develop and improve Holocaust education programs'. The Never Again Education Act was deemed to be necessary by Zionist advocacy groups, including the Center for Jewish History in New York, in the light of 'reports of a rise in anti-Semitism and a decline in awareness of the Holocaust'. Democrat Carolyn Maloney, the bill's sponsor, said: 'Anti-Semitism is on the rise around the world and here at home, and the

memory of the Holocaust is fading for far too many Americans – we can combat this by making sure we teach our students, tomorrow's leaders, about the horrors of the Holocaust.' Okay, but why is it fine to do this while it's a crime to ask a single question about the subject that in any way fails to accept that every word of what is presented in the museums and education programmes is 100 percent correct?

> Accusing the Jews as a people, or Israel as a state, of inventing or exaggerating the Holocaust.

Why would that be a problem? Surely in a civilised society you simply produce the evidence and proof that other arguments are misguided and wrong and the debate is over and won? Isn't this what a mature and free society does? If someone claimed that the millions killed by Pol Pot in Cambodia (close to 25 percent of the country's 1975 population) was an exaggeration would that mean they were racist against all Cambodians? Or that they were by definition far right Nazi bigots?

> Accusing Jewish citizens of being more loyal to Israel, or to the alleged priorities of Jews worldwide, than to the interests of their own nations.

This is the technique again of using the many to protect the few. Is this 'example' really saying that no Jewish person anywhere in the world – *not one* – is more loyal to Israel and the global Jewish community than the country they are living in? This is ridiculous and to have this as an example of 'anti-Semitism' is equally so. There is a difference between saying this or that person is more loyal to Israel and saying *every* Jewish person is the same and this is still another 'example' inserted by the Protection Racket.

> Denying the Jewish people their right to self-determination, e.g., by claiming that the existence of a State of Israel is a racist endeavor.

The irony of this is beyond belief given that in 2018 the Israeli parliament passed the 'national state law' which decrees that Israel is a Jewish state and only *Jews* living there have the right to 'national self-determination'. The law describes Israel for the first time as 'the national home of the Jewish people' and drops Arabic as an official language of the country. Prime Minister Netanyahu declared: 'This is our state – the Jewish state.' He means the one that was Arabic for centuries before 1948 and still has a 20 percent Arab population. The move has been dubbed 'an apartheid law', a term used by Israeli newspaper *Haaretz,* and the Israeli Labour Party and others voted against it. The ultra-Zionist lobby is seeking to ensure that anyone calling for equal rights for

all Israelis no matter what their religion or race is condemned as '*anti-Semitic*'. We have crossed the border into the Land of Lunacy. Political commentator John Wight wrote:

> Learning the lessons of history is non-negotiable – and there has been nothing more squalid in our history than settler colonialism, responsible for the extirpation of the Native American Indians of North America and the aborigines of Australia. Those historical comparisons are fundamental when it comes to understanding the nature of the oppression and dispossession of the Palestinians in our time.
>
> That an Israeli government, led by Benjamin Netanyahu, can pass an explicit apartheid law – the country's so-called 'nation-state law' – mandating and enshrining the superior status of the state's Jewish citizens over its Arab minority of 1.8 million citizens, and do so without any international sanction, is a shameful indictment.

How on bloody earth can this bill be passed while at the same time any suggestion that 'the existence of a State of Israel is a racist endeavor' is being cited as an 'example' of 'anti-Semitism'? This is taking contradiction into the realms of insanity and all those countries and the UK Labour Party have accepted this outrageous example for lack of common sense and a pair of bollocks. Of course Israel is a racist endeavour, don't be silly. What do you say Mr Netanyahu? 'Oh, I say ... This is our state – the Jewish state.' Or, as he said in 2019: 'Israel is not a state of all its citizens. According to the nation state law we passed, Israel is the nation-state of the Jewish people – and not anyone else.' How very inclusive and we should launch a Benjamin Netanyahu Award for Narcissistic Hypocrisy. The new definition is claimed to be non-binding. Sure it is when it is being used to force people out of their jobs for the crime of criticising Israel. Paul Jonson, an employee of the UK Dudley Council near Birmingham, was suspended for posting on Facebook 'stand with Palestine, Israel is a racist endeavor'. Jonson was helping to organise a protest against Ian Austin, a local Labour Party MP and Israel propagandist. The suspension came after a complaint by the free-speech denying Campaign Against Antisemitism (CAA) of which MP Ian Austin is a patron.

> Applying double standards by requiring of it [Israel] a behaviour not expected or demanded of any other democratic nation.

Do they mean behaviour such as having military snipers blowing the legs off children and other unarmed protestors through a Gaza border fence with troops caught on camera cheering at their success? That

behaviour, yes? Or dropping state-of-art bombs and missiles – some illegal under international law – on defenceless civilians in Gaza day and night for weeks in 2014 killing thousands of civilians including 500 children while ultra-Zionist psychopaths sat on hills above the carnage whooping and cheering? Is that what they mean? How about destroying or making uninhabitable more than 20,000 homes in that bombardment and displacing half a million people? Or Operation Cast Lead across 2008/2009 when more defenceless civilians and children were slaughtered from the sky? That behaviour, yes? Or shooting part of the head off a child and then jailing his 16-year-old cousin Ahed Tamimi for slapping a soldier who turned up at her home? Or jailing children in adult jails and treating them with callous inhuman contempt? That behaviour, yes?

Using the symbols and images associated with classic antisemitism (e.g., claims of Jews killing Jesus or blood libel) to characterize Israel or Israelis.

But Jews *did* kill 'Jesus' *according to the New Testament* even though I don't believe any of it. Is the Bible 'anti-Semitic' now when the Old Testament forms a foundation of the Jewish religion? How does that apply to all the Israel-supporting Christian Zionist churches in America who say that Jews must return to Israel before the 'messiah' can come? Extreme Christian Zionists actually believe that all Jews must return to Israel 'from the West' before Jesus the Messiah, or 'anointed one', comes and Jews will then be converted to Christianity or be doomed to Hell. How 'anti-Semitic' is that, but Christian Zionism is supported by the Death Cult and ultra-Zionists because it suits their short-term plans. John Hagee, the best-known frontman for this movement, is an Israel fanatic and founder and National Chairman of Christians United for Israel. Hagee has said that Adolf Hitler was born from a lineage of 'accursed, genocidally murderous half-breed Jews' and that 'God' allowed the Holocaust to happen to punish German Jews who didn't want to resettle in Israel according to Zionist demands and forced those who survived to do so. Not quite, many went to the United States. Outrageous as those words are Hagee is free to say them because he serves the ultra-Zionist cause. Christians who don't, however, are fair game for abuse and slander. Hagee was selected to give the closing benediction at the ceremony marking the opening of the US embassy in Jerusalem (Al-Quds to Palestinians) when Trump bowed to ultra-Zionist donors like casino magnate Sheldon Adelson to move the embassy from Tel Aviv with great symbolic and literal significance for Palestinians.

Drawing comparisons of contemporary Israeli policy to that of the Nazis.

Okay, so the far right government in Israel and its merciless military and intelligence networks are incapable of acting like Nazis did in Germany? It's just not possible, not now, not *ever?* How about Miriam 'Miri' Regev, the right wing Israel minister, former military censor and acting prime minister, who said that she was 'happy to be a fascist'? Or Strategic Affairs Minister Gilad Erdan who said: 'The number [of peaceful Palestinian protesters] killed does not mean anything because they are just Nazis anyhow'? Oh, it's fine to call others Nazis, but anti-Semitic if it is said about you. The Nazi mentality is not a race or culture it's a state of mind and that means every race and culture can produce Nazi-like crazies. If it looks like a duck, swims like a duck and quacks like a duck – it's probably a duck. Hajo Meyer is a Holocaust survivor condemned as 'anti-Semitic' for likening Israel to the Nazi regime – a *Holocaust survivor*. UK Labour Party leader Jeremy Corbyn spinelessly apologised in the face of ultra-Zionist and media demands for speaking with Meyer at an event in 2010. Auschwitz survivor Esther Bejarano, who lost both parents and a sister to the Nazis, has been called an 'anti-Semite' for condemning Israel's sickening treatment of the Palestinians. The 94-year-old has referred to the Netanyahu government as 'fascist – 'I have no other name for it'. Nor are there any words to describe those who never went near a concentration camp labelling those who did 'anti-Semites' while at the same time weaponising the term to silence opposition today. To claim that one particular government or group is not capable of Nazi-like behaviour and that it's racist or 'anti-Semitic' to say so is the Protection Racket at work.

Holding Jews collectively responsible for actions of the state of Israel.

Ahh, but criticise the government of Israel in isolation and they say you are being 'anti-Semitic' against *all* Jews. You can't have it both ways, but that's what they want and this is what the new definition is really all about. How can you have a situation where any criticism of anyone that happens to be Jewish is labelled as 'anti-Semitic'? Are they the only people in all eternity who never do anything worthy of criticism and if you question their actions this is, by definition, racist?? What about the mass demonstration by Israeli women in 2018 about 28 of them murdered by domestic violence in Israel during that year? If non-Jews condemn that and the perpetrators of the violence is this proof of their 'anti-Semitism'? Or do those critics simply care about violence against women no matter what their creed or background?

We will silence them

Governments, education campuses and other organisations the world over are being pressured, manipulated and intimidated into accepting

this calculated censorious stupidity to silence criticism of Israel and the extremes of the ultra-Zionist network. The consequences of this are already seen in cancelled events, lectures and conferences exposing or debating the actions of Israel and they are increasing all the time. I describe many examples in my last book, *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*, and the chapter 'Terrified of Truth'. Events and discussion regarding Israel are being cancelled or banned when they would not have been before because of the expanded definition. Jewish historian Ilan Pappé, professor at the College of Social Sciences and International Studies at the UK University of Exeter, said:

> In the past anti-Semitism hated Jews for being Jews, now Israel is trying to extend it to say that this is any criticism about what Jews are doing ... If you question the right for Israel to be a Jewish state then you are no different from these classical anti-Semites.

Joseph Berman, an American rabbi and a campaigner with Jewish Voice for Peace, condemned the attempts to define anti-Semitism in ways that fuse actual anti-Semitism with 'completely legitimate criticism of Israel or Israel government policies'. John Mearsheimer, Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago, said this is one of the major Israel Lobby tactics to defend against criticism and the tactic was being used more and more 'to identify people who criticise Israel as an anti-Semite'. We are seeing this scam emerging everywhere with Emmanuel Macron, the arrogant and idiotic Rothschild employee and gofer President of France, announcing in 2019 that criticism of Zionism (a political philosophy not supported by many Jews) should be equated with 'anti-Semitism'. Trump and the US government say the same. The almost laughable overuse of the term in their desperation to stop criticism of the far, far right Israeli government is allowing gathering numbers to see through the mirage of bullshit. At the same time that 'anti-Semitism' (i.e. racism) is used to target and silence critics we had Israel launching an advertising campaign urging Israelis to inform on Jewish friends and relatives abroad who may be 'in danger' of marrying non-Jews. Television and Internet advertising has sought to stop the 'assimilation' of Jews outside Israel (diaspora Jews as they are called) and urges them to move to Israel. The idea is to increase the size of the Israeli population to seize more and more Palestinian land. One advertisement said that 'assimilation' (Jews marrying the partner they love) is 'a strategic national threat' and warned that 'more than 50 percent of diaspora youth assimilate and are lost to us'. Lost to '*us*'? Who do these people think they are? They treat the mass of Jews like commodities which is what they are to them. One advertisement featured missing person posters showing images of Jewish youths with

the word 'lost' in various languages. The voiceover asked people who 'know a young Jew living abroad' to call a hotline and give details. 'Together, we will strengthen their connection to Israel, so that we don't lose them,' it said. Israel also refuses to recognise Jewish and Arabian intermarriage unless it is performed abroad. Isaac Herzog, outgoing leader of Israel's Labor Party, said in 2018 that intermarriage between Jews and non-Jews was a 'plague" which required a "solution'. Can you imagine if anyone else spoke or acted with such facism? They would be condemned by Israel and its endless front organisations. Jewish researchers Max Blumenthal and Jesse Rosenfeld exposed Israeli racism with their YouTube video *Feeling the Hate in Jerusalem* in which American Jews visiting the country were asked about Barack Obama. A barrage of foul-mouthed racism followed including: 'White power! Fuck the niggers!' There was also extraordinary racism from Israeli students towards Palestinians. The video was banned by ultra-Zionist-controlled YouTube and some other sites after getting hundreds of thousands of hits. If that had been a video of white supremacists condemning Jews in the same terms there would have been a global outcry and YouTube would be promoting the hell out of it. The hypocrisy is criminal. Israel minister Miriam Regev called African asylum seekers a 'cancer in the nation's body,' inciting anti-immigrant protests and far right racism in general against black immigrants seeking to stay in Israel (Fig 98). Ultra-Zionism is an extreme racist doctrine that has the nerve to accuse everyone else of racism and deports African asylum-seekers and migrants while its agents urge and manipulate the rest of the world to accept indefinite mass-migration until their societies are demographically transformed.

Figure 98: Jewish protest against black Africans in Israel. This is not racist, however, and it's 'anti-Semitic' to say so.

Ultra-Zionist censorship network

Ultra-Zionism has established an absolutely *enormous* global network of front organisations and hate groups to target politicians, activists and anyone else with the audacity to challenge the actions of Israel and/or support the cause of the psychopathically-abused Palestinian people. This is directed and coordinated from the Ministry of Strategic Affairs and Public Diplomacy located in the Prime Minister's Office under Director-General Sima Vaknin-Gill, a former IDF chief censor and Israel

Air Force intelligence officer. The Ministry's brief is to target and 'name and shame' critics of Israel with special emphasis on the Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) campaign for boycotts of Israeli goods and services until the government complies with international law in the treatment and rights of Palestinians. Demands include handing back occupied Palestinian land, taking down the separation wall with the illegally-occupied West Bank, equal rights for Palestinians and Jews and the right of return for Palestinians terrorised into leaving their homeland by ultra-Zionist terror groups when the State of Israel was formed in 1948. The BDS movement has grown at great speed since it was launched in 2005 and operates worldwide with gathering success that the Israeli regime is desperate to stop or mitigate. BDS was established as a non-violent means way of challenging impositions and violence by the military might of Israel to press for a simple humanitarian goal of having Jews and Arabs treated the same. That should be a gimme in any civilised free society, but John Mearsheimer, professor of political science at the University of Chicago, highlighted the key reason why Israel will not agree to that:

> BDS is saying that what Israel has to do is treat the Palestinians in its midst the same way it treats Israeli Jews. The problem is that if Israel does that there are more Palestinians or there will be more Palestinians inside greater Israel than there are Jews and that means that if you had a system where everybody was treated equally and there was one person and one vote you would no longer have a Jewish state.

The reason we have an apartheid Israel is that they don't want a free and equal society but a racist one – the full-blown Jewish state which the ultra-Zionists and Death Cult are determined to impose. To hide clear and obvious racism and ultra-Zionist manipulation in other countries (including 9/11) they have to control the narrative by emphasising their own propaganda while censoring other information and opinions. *The Seventh Eye*, an Israeli media watchdog organisation, reported that the Strategic Affairs (Censorship/Defamation) Ministry paid $100,000 to the publisher of Israel's best-selling daily newspaper to run articles and videos attacking BDS as 'anti-Semitic'. The watchdog added that this was part of a wider campaign by the Ministry which had a $740,000 budget 'to promote content on social media and search engines, including Google, Twitter, Facebook and Instagram'. An added bonus is that ultra-Zionist-controlled Facebook and other social media platforms act as censors for the Israel military. The Electric Intifada website reported in 2018 that Twitter had demanded the removal of a post that the Israeli IDF did not want to be circulated. 'In recent days, other publications and individuals have faced the same demand, indicating

that the social media firm has agreed to become an enforcement arm for Israel's efforts to control information about potential war crimes and abuses of Palestinian rights', the website said. 'It is another ominous sign of how monopolistic Silicon Valley corporations – especially Facebook and Google – that control what are in effect the public commons are colluding with governments to reassert control of information previously lost due to the freedom provided by the internet.' Facebook and Google (which owns YouTube) are ultra-Zionist-controlled corporations *officially* created and run by Jewish 'progressives' Mark Zuckerberg, Sergei Brin and Larry Page and as such Israel and ultra-Zionism dictate censorship policy. Wikipedia where most people get their background information about people and events today is the work of staunchly pro-Israel Zionist and Tony Blair buddy, Jimmy Wales. There is also Amazon, officially controlled by Jeff Bezos with its close connections to the Pentagon and CIA, which somehow absorbed massive losses year after year to secure dominance in the book market and from this position of near-monopoly has now begun a gathering policy of book banning/burning – 'anti-Semitism' among the most prominent excuses. Amazon has taken the same route as Facebook, Google/YouTube and others. No censorship when they are building their near-monopolies and then ever more extreme censorship once domination has been secured (Fig 99). The overall Israeli campaign to weaponise 'anti- Semitism' and demonise critics is called the Hasbara which means 'explaining' in Hebrew. More accurately in this case 'explaining' means ultra-Zionist propaganda and controlling the narrative throughout the media in all its forms and targeting critics – *especially* Jewish ones (Fig 100). Israel bans BDS supporters and Israel critics from the country and this

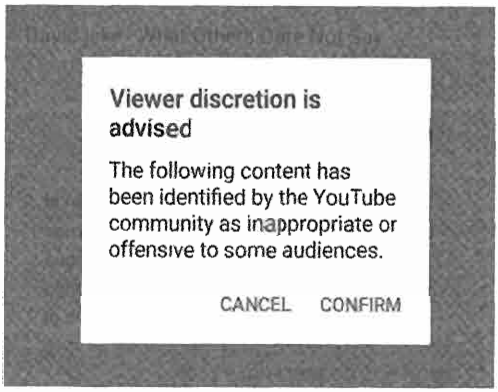

Figure 99: If exposure of Israel is not outright banned by YouTube and others, or its circulation algorithmically suppressed, then the viewer is given warnings like this.

Figure 100: Ultra-Zionist Israeli propaganda in a single image.

includes Jews with the wrong opinions. Rebecca Vilkomerson, executive director of the US-based Jewish Voice for Peace, described the personal consequences of this increasing discrimination on the grounds of opinion. She said of one new law:

> My grandparents are buried in Israel. My husband and kids are citizens, and I lived there for three years, but this bill would bar me from visiting because of my work in support of Palestinian rights.

German newspaper *Die Tageszeitung*, better known as *taz*, revealed in 2018 that the Israeli government was demanding Germany stop funding the Jewish Museum in Berlin and other Jewish human rights organisations including B'Tselem, Coalition of Women for Peace, Israeli publication *+972 Magazine* and Breaking the Silence, an organisation that allows Israeli soldiers to tell the truth about what is happening to Palestinians. Netanyahu wanted the funding stopped because these organisations present a far more balanced view of the Israel-Palestinian conflict and allow free discussion on the subject. Dozens of Israeli artists wrote an open letter to the paper urging the German government to ignore the demand and expressing their shock at the actions of the Israel government. No one should be shocked at the far-right ultra-Zionist extremists targeting Jewish people and organisations who deviate from the script. This is what they do all the time.

Manipulation on a fantastic scale

The ultra-Zionist network is vast and its censorship and intimidation are the reason why the general public has not seen the information that I will be presenting of ultra-Zionist and Death Cult involvement in 9/11. We have New York-based Hasbara Fellowships which train pro-Israel activists on college campuses. These were introduced in 2001 by the Israel Ministry of Foreign Affairs and a Jewish Orthodox organisation which claim to have so far trained nearly 2,000 students on more than 220 North American campuses. The ultra-Zionist and Zionist network in the United States consists of lobby groups, think-tanks, media watchdog groups (censors), spying operations connected to Israel and Mossad, and what are called political action committees or 'PACs'. John Mearsheimer, a professor of political science at the University of Chicago, and Stephen Walt, professor of international relations at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University, expose this network in their 2007 book, *The Israel Lobby and U.S. Foreign Policy*. They say the Israel Lobby 'has a core consisting of organizations whose declared purpose is to encourage the US government and the American public to provide material aid to Israel and to support its government's policies, as well as influential individuals for whom these goals are also a top priority'. The

network has become known as The Lobby and it went into overdrive after 9/11 to secure the American fought-and-funded 'war on terror'. This is only a *small* sample of The Lobby's amazing web of organisations within the United States alone:

American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC); Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA); American Jewish Congress; Zionist Organization of America; Washington Institute for Near East Policy; Anti-Defamation League (ADL); Christians United for Israel; Israel Policy Forum; American Jewish Committee; Religious Action Center of Reform Judaism; Americans for a Safe Israel; Republican Jewish Coalition; American Friends of Likud; Mercaz-USA; Hadassah; Israeli-American Coalition for Action; Israeli-American Council; Alliance for Israel Advocacy; Americans for Peace Now; Tikkun Community; Brit Tzedek v'Shalom; Israel Policy Forum; American Enterprise Institute; Hudson Institute. Center for Security Policy; Foreign Policy Research Institute; Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis; Heritage Foundation; Saban Center for Middle East Policy; Center for Security Policy; Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America; Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations (an umbrella group for more than 50 Zionist lobby groups and Israel policy promotors) with the mission of 'forging diverse groups into a unified force for Israel's well-being' and to 'strengthen and foster the special US-Israel relationship'.

The latter is Orwellian-speak for manipulating America to serve the interests of Israel and ultra-Zionists especially through funding and the military. The infamous Project for the New American Century which did so much to establish the catastrophic (but not for Israel) 'war on terror' was part of this network before it became too exposed and high profile and disappeared to reform under another name. I emphasise that this is only a very *partial* list from what is a truly incredible web of organisations – some estimate as many as 800 – serving the same agenda that claims to serve the interests of just 0.2 percent of the world population and two percent of the American public (Fig 101). In truth it is doesn't even represent that tiny number and it is not supposed to. Ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult are the network's masters and focus. The great majority of people will have never have heard of these organisations while the more high-profile ones hide their real controllers and intentions behind

Figure 101: Tiny country – global reach.

cover stories and mission statements.

Southern Very Rich Israel Center 'plantation'

A major example of Israel agenda groups hiding behind cover stories is the Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC) in the United States established by lawyers Morris Dees and Zionist Joseph J. Levin Jr in Montgomery, Alabama. The organisation was headed by ultra-Zionist President and CEO Richard Cohen until he fell on his sword in 2019 in the wake of a scandal which caused Morris Dees to be removed. Ultra-Zionist 'legal director' Rhonda Brownstein left with Cohen. Both had worked for the SPLC for 30 years and were paid huge salaries to label as 'hate groups' any organisation the ultra-Zionist Mafia demanded to be silenced and demonised. A mirror is all they need at the SPLC if they want to locate a hate group. Morris Dees is credited as a major influence in the strategy of issuing lawsuits against target organisations for an alleged 'wrongful act' and securing court judgements to seize their assets and drive them into bankruptcy. This was the forerunner of the ultra-Zionist technique today known as 'lawfare' in which Zionist hate groups with lots of money or pro-bono ultra-Zionist lawyers take out civil actions against people when law enforcement has decided that the target has done nothing wrong. They couldn't care less what this does to people's lives, but then psychopaths never do. Morris Dees was removed from the organisation in 2019 amid allegations of a *racist culture* (irony of ironies) while Cohen and Brownstein left soon afterwards. Black employees came forward to tell their stories. One said the working environment was like a 'plantation' for black workers. Out of 100 lawyers and advocates for the SPLC only five were black. This is the self-styled 'anti-racist', 'anti-hate', fraudulent censorship operation that dubs others racists and hatemongers. The *Washington Examiner* described the SPLC as a 'scam' with 'no care whatsoever for the reputational and personal harm it causes by lumping Christians and anti-extremist activists with actual neo-Nazis':

> As it turns out, the SPLC is a cynical money-making scheme, according to a former staffer's blistering tell-all, published this week in the New Yorker. The center's chief goal is to bilk naive and wealthy donors who believe it's an earnest effort to combat bigotry. The only thing worse than a snarling partisan activist is a slimy conman who merely pretends to be one.

Here you have the blueprint for ultra-Zionist hate groups and this disgusting organisation advises Facebook, Twitter, Google, YouTube, Amazon and others on who should be censored as a 'hate group'. Former employee Bob Moser said they spent a lot of time 'drinking and dishing' in Montgomery bars and restaurants about 'hyperbolic fund-

raising appeals' in which 'hate' was always on the rise and more dangerous than ever with each new report on 'hate groups'. He said it was 'hard for many of us not to feel like we'd become pawns in what was, in many respects, a highly profitable scam'. Have you ever heard an ultra-Zionist hate group say that 'anti-Semitism' was not on the rise? Selling the perception of 'hate' fills the coffers and provides the excuse to silence and demonise people while hate and racism are in the mirror all along. The SPLC, it is safe to say, is not what it appears to be as with so many in the ultra-Zionist web which claim to represent wider issues of civil rights when really fronting for Israel and the ultra-Zionist agenda. For a start the Southern *Poverty* Law Center is nothing to do with 'poverty'. The organisation is extremely rich thanks to big donations (including from Soros foundations) and only a fraction of its work relates to 'law'. At least it's based in Alabama, so I guess the 'southern' bit is true. A 2003 audit revealed that *89 percent* of SPLC income went in 'administrative costs and fundraising' while only *11 percent* was spent on its alleged mission (alleged being the word) of 'advancing human rights'. The SPLC admitted in 2015 that only $61,000 was spent on legal services (it's a 'law center') while receiving $50 million in donations and having assets of $328 million. Even worse it squirrels away millions in multiple unregulated offshore tax havens in the Cayman Islands, British Virgin Islands and Bermuda while at the same time being classed as a 'non-profit' organisation with all the tax benefits that entails. Ultra-Zionist fronts and hate groups invariably use their contacts to be designated as 'non-profit' in America or 'charities' in Britain. How can a 'charity' enjoy all the benefits of that status while spending its time hurling hate at its targets, manipulating politically and seeking to silence anyone whose opinion doesn't suit the ultra-Zionists behind Israel? They can do this because they are a law unto themselves on the basis of my dad is bigger than your dad. The power of the Zionist lobby, especially in America, is breathtaking and so they do what they like despite their tiny numbers. This is one analysis of SPLC income:

> The Capital Research Center have revealed some of the main funders between the years 2000-2011. Between these years by far the biggest donor was the Picower Foundation, founded by the Jewish Jeffry Picower, the largest beneficiary of the Bernie Madoff financial swindle, to the tune of $3,813,112. Other high profile backers include Cisco Systems at $1,620,000 between the years 2000-2004, the Grove Foundation (associated with the Jewish Andrew Grove, a co-founder of the Intel Corporation) at $875,000 from 2001-2011, the Richard and Rhoda Goldman Fund (Jewish heirs of the Levi Strauss fortune) at $535,000, and Rockefeller Philanthropy at $510,000 between 2008-2010, amongst many others.

Further donors include Apple and the clueless virtue-signalling celebrity George Clooney who handed them a million dollars in 2017. Ultra-Zionist PayPal CEO Dan Schulman admitted during an interview with the *Wall Street Journal* in 2019 that his company consults with the ultra-Zionist SPLC over who to ban from its services. Schulman is a mega-bullshitter who says that PayPal's 'values' are founded on 'diversity and inclusion'. The monumental hypocrite then bans those with views he disagrees with (non-agenda people) and discriminates against Palestinians while working with Israelis. PayPal pulled the payment plug on uncensored BitChute, a video site competitor of ultra-Zionist YouTube, and other uncensored sites offering alternatives to all-censoring ultra-Zionist giants. Yep, Schulman believes in diversity and it is so good to know that he has 'values'. The SPLC portrays itself as a human rights or civil rights organisation as in for 'everyone'. This is just bollocks. The ultra-Zionist network pedals front-stories while its real goal is attacking, labelling and silencing those who don't bow to Israel and the ultra-Zionist agenda. Long-time SPLC spokesman Mark Potok, who always looks like he's chewing a lemon, told an event in Michigan in 2007: 'Sometimes the press will describe us as monitoring hate groups. I want to say plainly that our aim in life is to destroy these groups, completely destroy them.' A year later he continued the theme for a Vermont school meeting:

> You are able to destroy these groups sometimes by the things you publish. It's not so much that they will bring down the police or the federal agents on their head, it's that you can sometimes so mortally embarrass these groups that they will be destroyed.

The SPLC is best-known for its 'hate group' list that includes a stream of organisations which are not in the least hate groups – unlike itself. Among its 'categories' of hate are white nationalist, Ku Klux Klan, Neo-Confederate, skinhead, white power music, radical traditional Catholicism, Holocaust denial, Christian identity, anti-LGBT, black separatist, anti-Muslim and anti-immigrant. Some listings are justified but many are not with qualification decided largely by those the SPLC's masters and owners wish to demonise and silence. This naturally includes 'conspiracy theorists' and those questioning government narratives. Amazing how so many want to silence 'conspiracy theorists' for saying what is claimed to be so obviously crazy. These are some the SPLC does NOT designate to be hate groups: Those supporting Jewish supremacism; groups demanding sharia law (with discrimination and/or violence against non-Muslims, women, and homosexuals); Communist organisations promoting class hatred and praising Communist mass murderers; social anarchist organizations committing

violence and other crimes against opponents; non-white, pro-terrorist or terrorist organisations that promote or commit violence; anti-white hip hop groups. The criteria are clearly not about hate, but agenda. Pulitzer Prize winning journalist Jerry Kammer produced a report exposing the systematic bias of the SPLC both in general and in particular with the case of the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR) which seeks to reduce the number of immigrants entering the United States – especially illegally. Ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult want open borders and an end to countries and nations and so the SPLC went to work branding FAIR a 'hate group' in an effort to exclude it from the national debate on immigration. Kammer wrote:

> With no serious analysis, the SPLC in late 2007 unilaterally labelled FAIR a 'hate group'. That poisonous designation became the centrepiece of a 'Stop the Hate' campaign launched by the National Council of La Raza (NCLR), also known as La Raza, to call on Congress and the media to exclude FAIR from the national debate on immigration.
>
> The campaign gathered strength as newspapers across the country reported that FAIR had been 'designated a hate group by the Southern Poverty Law Center'. While the news stories generally included FAIR's denial of the charge, thereby providing a semblance of balance, the designation's taint lingered. The SPLC, presenting itself as a non-partisan, public-interest watchdog, never acknowledged – and no reporter ever disclosed – that the center was an active ally of the NCLR in the campaign.
>
> The evidence presented here demonstrates that the SPLC became a propaganda arm of the NCLR. The SPLC's decision to smear FAIR was the work of a kangaroo court, one convened to reach a pre-determined verdict by inventing or distorting evidence. The 'Stop the Hate' campaign would more accurately be labelled as a campaign to 'Stop the Debate'.

What an encapsulation of how these ultra-Zionist organisations work throughout the global network using labels of 'hate group' and 'hate speech' to silence dissent for those that control Israel. Type 'Jerry Kammer SPLC' into a search engine and you can read the whole article which exposes the methods of the Southern Poverty Law Center and they are the same as all the ultra-Zionist hate groups. Part of this war on predominantly white societies in the culture-fusion agenda is to delete their history, both good and bad. The SPLC was straight in there in the wake of conflict between 'progressives' and the political right over a Confederate statue at Charlottesville, Virginia, in 2017: 'More than 1,500 Confederate monuments stand in communities like Charlottesville with the potential to unleash more turmoil and bloodshed,' it said. 'It's time

to take them down.' They are nothing if not predictable if you know the game that's being played. The point is not about supporting Confederate history but acknowledging that it happened. History is a culture's heritage, what we liked and what we didn't. Once it's gone, so has the culture, and the manipulators know that. This came to mind when the 800-year-old Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, a global Christian icon, was devastated by fire in 2019 and look how invaders like the US military and ISIS target historical artefacts and ancient monuments as happened in Iraq and Syria. The SPLC has been a major driver of the campaign to pull down historical monuments and for the same reason history is systematically neglected in schools and universities. A poll asked 2,000 people about the First World War (1914-18) and found that six-percent of millennials thought the conflict started over the assassination of President Kennedy (in 1963); one in ten thought Margaret Thatcher was British prime minister during that war when she was in office from 1979 to 1990; almost *half* thought Britain's World War II prime minister Winston Churchill was leader during World War I; a quarter believed Britain was in conflict with war ally Russia and a fifth thought the war was with ally France; five percent of younger people in the poll thought the 'Battle for Helms Deep' from the *Lord of the Rings* movie trilogy was a battle in the First World War. This revealed a dramatic decline in historical knowledge since the 'baby boomers' generation (born between 1946 and the early 1960s) and even since 'Generation X' (early-to-mid-1960s to the early 1980s) although that, too, showed a decline. The figures are highly significant when the deletion of history means the deletion of the culture developed from that history. Mindless destruction of historical monuments and statues by mindless 'progressive' mobs responding to their software are part of this end of history – Orwell's Memory Hole where history is deleted so the past can become whatever it suits authority to be in the present. This is happening with information exposing 9/11 deleted, pushed down the search engine listings or 'quarantined' in the case of Reddit. You would expect the Southern Poverty Law Center and the Hidden Hand to be right there at the front line of censorship and major Hidden Hand corporations including Amazon use the purposely-flawed-and-biased SPLC 'hate-list' to make decisions on who to support and who to censor. The SPLC ultra-Zionist hate group list is also the Bible of 'progressive' hate groups such as Antifa, a named that derives from 'antifascist' while employing precisely those methods to violently suppress dissent against programmed 'progressive' orthodoxy. Indeed 'orthodoxy' is the perfect description because 'progressive' actually refers to a religion in which faith and not facts are the criteria for entry and perception. We can open the borders to everyone and there won't be any consequence is only another version of Jesus walked on water. You have no facts to support what you say and it

goes against all the evidence, but you believe it anyway because you are speaking the words of the Lord, well, George Soros.

SPLC and the FBI

I saw long ago how ultra-Zionist hate groups and other Israel fronts work closely with law enforcement to secure their ends and after what I have written in the book so far about the FBI and 9/11 you won't be surprised to hear that Fox News host Tucker Carlson, one the last surviving real journalist anchors on US television, reported connections between the FBI and the Southern Poverty Law Center. Carlson has faced (failed) attempts to intimidate him when mindless 'progressive' Antifa toddlers gutlessly turned up at his home while knowing he was presenting a live show elsewhere and only his family would be there. 'Progressives' are against 'toxic masculinity' intimidating women, you see. Many efforts have been made to take Carlson's show down including targeting advertisers. The Soros-funded propaganda operation Media Matters trawled through his broadcasting life to find anything they could use to discredit him and in March, 2019, they came up with comments he made years earlier about women while joking around with a 'shock jock'. 'Progressive' rage was unleashed. I didn't agree with what he said, but I agree with his right to say it and take any consequences that follow. It's called freedom of speech and you could never accuse a Soros 'progressive' of having a sense of humour and proportion. Fortunately Carlson gave the perpetually outraged mob the finger instead of falling to his knees. I don't know Tucker Carlson and have never met him, but what I have seen is a man – one of the last standing – who is prepared to ask questions and make points that the elite would love to silence. This is the real reason he is being targeted and that's easy when rage is on tap – the tap of a keyboard away.

Carlson has well understood the propaganda garbage spewed out by the SPLC hate group which he described as 'an entirely fraudulent enterprise', 'totally dishonest' and 'a left-wing political group that uses hate crime designations to target its ideological enemies and to crush people'. He pointed out that wrongly designating organisations as hate groups had led them to be subjected to violence and that the SPLC had been forced to pay $3.3 million in a court case over falsely labelling a foundation as anti-Muslim extremists when it was created and run by a Muslim who condemns Islamic extremism. The guy had to be silenced because he is the wrong type of Muslim preaching peace and not violence. Carlson's report revealed the FBI has a long record of collaborating with the SPLC which the Bureau described as 'a well-established and credible organisation that monitors domestic terrorism in the US'. For 'domestic terrorism' read anyone challenging government propaganda and the ultra-Zionist agenda. Carlson said the

SPLC had been briefing the FBI on 'extremists' and this was ongoing. The agency refused to answer simple questions about the relationship and anyone who has investigated 9/11 will be well aware of FBI stonewalling. Given its cancerous corruption I can understand why its drawbridge is permanently pointing upwards. The FBI/SPLC connection is another example of how The Web functions as a vehicle for coordination between organisations that appear unconnected to the public eye while really operating to secure mutual goals. The political nature of the FBI was revealed by accident on the Carlson show in an interview with former FBI Deputy Assistant Director Terry Turchie. He said in a passing remark that when he first joined the Bureau 'one of the missions of the FBI in its counterintelligence efforts was to try and keep these people out of government'. He was talking about those considered 'left-wing' at the time, but the political stance of the FBI has now shifted in line with a different stage of the Hidden Hand agenda. The point is that here was a former FBI Deputy Assistant Director admitting to manipulating events to influence who could secure political power. This was the main investigation agency of 9/11. I have personal experience of British police also supporting the censorship agenda of ultra-Zionist hate groups as I will be describing.

Censorship Valley

Ultra-Zionist censorship connections also apply to Silicon Valley. The Southern Poverty Law Center despite being, as Carlson said, 'entirely fraudulent' and 'totally dishonest', has partnered with music streaming platform Spotify to 'crack down' on 'hate content' and 'hateful conduct' – censor in accordance with the ultra-Zionist agenda of the SPLC. Spotify's definition of hate speech is anything 'that expressly and principally promotes, advocates, or incites hatred or violence against a group or individual based on characteristics, including, race, religion, gender identity, sex, ethnicity, nationality, sexual orientation, veteran status, or disability'. Observe the limitless potential for making almost anything fit that criteria to justify targeted censorship and we have these Israel-serving hate groups also 'advising' Facebook, Google, YouTube and others on what should be deleted from those platforms. Add to this Soros-funded 'fact checker' organisations employed by the same companies to decide what is 'fake news' and is it any wonder that in this same period ever greater numbers of alternative groups and researchers have been banned from Facebook and YouTube and been made to disappear by Google search list algorithms? *Washington Free Beacon* reported on a leaked 49-page document that revealed how Media Matters and other Soros funded-groups have 'access to raw data from Facebook, Twitter, and other social media sites' to 'systemically monitor and analyse this unfiltered data' to eliminate 'right wing propaganda

and fake news' (what we don't want the public to see). Shouldn't we be legitimately questioning why ultra-Zionist censors are employed by Google headed by Larry Page (Zionist) and Sergey Brin (Zionist); Google's YouTube run by Susan Wojcicki (Zionist); and Facebook run by Mark Zuckerberg (Zionist) along with Chief Operating Officer Sheryl Sandberg (Zionist), formerly with Google; and Apple chaired by Arthur D. Levinson (Zionist)? *Quiet!* To ask why so much power over what we can see is in the hands of people from two percent of the population of the United States and 0.2 percent of the world population is 'anti-Semitic'! No – it's a *legitimate question* and all the censorship and weaponising of 'anti-Semitism' is to stop that question being asked. Well, fuck that. The ultra-Zionist Anti-Defamation League (ADL) has a state-of-the-art Silicon Valley Internet censorship centre to track what people post and 'provide insights to government and policy makers' using the 'best-in-class technology' to 'stamp out hate' and 'anti-Semitism'. Ultra-Zionist censorship has moved to a whole new level and soon it will be impossible to criticise Israel and have any public arena see or hear what you say. This is a main reason for why I am calling them out in such an in-your-face manner in this book. It could be last chance we have to expose the truth about what ultra-Zionism *really* is, how it operates and to what end. Remember the Reddit 'quarantine' of information exposing 9/11 and the direction to the official lies of the 9/11 Commission? What better way to hide the 9/11 involvement of ultra-Zionism and make all questioning of the attacks just disappear? This is meant to be the norm very soon.

Anti-Free Speech Defame People League

The ADL is the Big Daddy of ultra-Zionist hate groups and an example of those in The Lobby which are transparently censoring for Israel. Many try to hide this fact by claiming to represent the 'human rights' of other people, but they don't. The ADL is the offspring of the House of Rothschild and ultra-Zionist front B'nai B'rith, or 'Sons of the Covenant', which was established in 1843 by twelve founders all born in Rothschild Germany who moved to New York in the same period from the late 1820s to the 1830s. B'nai B'rith claims to be the 'global voice of the Jewish Community' when it is nothing of the kind. American rabbi, Marvin S. Antelman, worked to expose the Death Cult that I will be addressing in detail. He writes in his two-volume *To Eliminate the Opiate:*

> After doing the terrible things certain establishment organisations such as B'nai B'rith and the American Jewish Congress did by playing the ostrich during the Shoah [Holocaust], why do we still give these organizations any support? They have Jewish blood on their hands ... They should be ignored and condemned to the cesspools of history. It is very aggravating to see them

continue their self-identity hating campaigns.

We will see as our story develops that there are in fact two distinct groups – fake Jews which are the people I am exposing here and genuine Jews who are something very different although most will not be aware of the frauds in their midst. They will be by the time I've finished and relate all this to 9/11. Many genuine Jews don't support B'nai B'rith and what it does. It represents the voice of the ultra-Zionist agenda, not Jewish people. As such it has attacked me for exposing that agenda and so has the Anti-Defamation League which B'nai B'rith created. I take this as a compliment. B'nai B'rith, which is closely connected to Freemasonry, established the ADL in 1913 and it remains the best-known name in the ultra-Zionist censorship network. The main role of the 'Anti-Defamation' League is ironically to defame people, label them 'anti-Semites' for exposing Israel and its lobby and to crush them into the smallest pieces possible. Its motto appears to be: 'We are the Chosen People and above all others, and you are a racist.' Or maybe the Mossad motto might be better: 'By way of deception, thou shalt do war.' Either works with the ADL. Jewish academic Noam Chomsky said this of the ADL in his book, *Necessary Illusions*:

> The ADL has virtually abandoned its earlier role as a civil rights organization, becoming 'one of the main pillars' of Israeli propaganda in the U.S., as the Israeli press casually describes it, engaged in surveillance, blacklisting, compilation of FBI-style files circulated to adherents for the purpose of defamation, angry public responses to criticism of Israeli actions, and so on. These efforts, buttressed by insinuations of anti-Semitism or direct accusations, are intended to deflect or undermine opposition to Israeli policies, including Israel's refusal, with U.S. support, to move towards a general political settlement.

American Rabbi Michael Lerner took the same view:

> The ADL lost most of it credibility in my eyes as a civil rights organization when it began to identify criticisms of Israel with anti-Semitism, still more when it failed to defend me when I was receiving threats to my life from right-wing Jewish groups because of my critique of Israeli policy toward Palestinians (it said that these were not threats that came from my being Jewish, so therefore they were not within their area of concern).

The reason for this is simple. The ADL has never been a 'civil rights' organisation and was never meant to protect all Jewish people. It was specifically established to protect the ultra-Zionist agenda and by extension only those Jews working in support of that agenda and its

Protection Racket. What about all other Jews? Those who speak *against* the agenda? The ADL couldn't care less. Here are some of the 'civil rights' activities of the ADL: In 1993 it was exposed for spying on Arab-Americans and left-wing groups and for collecting files on more than 600 organisations and 10,000 people. This would not surprise anyone with knowledge of the ultra-Zionist web which operates as a front for the psychopaths of the far, far right Mossad Israeli intelligence network. Organisations targeted by the ADL included the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) and 20 labour unions in the San Francisco area. The 'anti-hate', 'anti-racist' ADL shared this information with Mossad and passed details about anti-apartheid groups to intelligence agents representing the white apartheid regime in South Africa. This is the real mentality of those who brand others as racist. Noam Chomsky has widely criticised Israel's treatment of the Palestinians, and revealed that the ADL compiled a 150-page dossier on him. An ADL insider sent Chomsky the document which he said looked like an FBI file:

> ... It's clear they essentially have spies in classrooms who take notes and send them to the ADL and other organizations. The groups then compile dossiers they can use to condemn, attack or remove faculty members. They're like J. Edgar Hoover's files. It's kind of gutter stuff.

The ADL *is* gutter stuff and seeks to terrorise academics, students, university authorities, the media and public into stopping all criticism of Israel. Examples to support this are legion and now rapidly increasing as the ultra-Zionists seek to lasso all freedom of speech. Mark Levine, a Jewish professor of Middle Eastern Studies, said pro-Israel groups had, in effect, created a 'large machine' to attack Israel-critics on college campuses. 'These are powerful, organised groups in the Jewish community who use fear and intimidation to try to make sure Israel doesn't get criticised,' he said. 'They go after anyone, even more so when the critics are Jews, because they fear that if we can criticise them, then everyone can.'

Silence the kids – silence *everyone*

The Forward, a New York-based Jewish magazine, highlighted a disgusting keynote speech by American-born Israeli, Rabbi Daniel Gordis, at the American Jewish Committee's annual conference. Gordis called for a college junior at the University of California in Los Angeles to be targeted at her home for asking a question of a Jewish student Rachel Beyda who was nominated to the students' judicial board. The junior, Fabienne Roth, asked Beyda how she could maintain an unbiased position given her relationship to the Jewish community. This is a fair question to a candidate who is a member of *any* religious or cultural

community standing for office. The response of Rabbi Gordis was so typical of ultra-Zionist extremists and crazies. Take a deep breath:

> We can find out where [she lives], and she should not be able to come in or out of her house, in or out of her apartment, without being reminded, peacefully, morally, legally, that we know who you are.

He said that everyone needed to understand that 'not for naught is the Jewish people one of the very-best-organized communities in the world'. This bully of a man demanded that Roth's future employers should be protested and boycotted:

> A well-organized Jewish community would let Fabienne Roth know that if she becomes a lawyer, any firm that hires her will have picketers outside its offices until she is fired. It's Jewish and other fair-minded clients will be pressured to leave the firm. Having Roth on staff has to become a liability – not for a month or two, not for a year or two. For decades.
>
> If Fabienne Roth becomes a physician, then whatever hospital or practice hires her needs to know they will experience the same pressure. Should Roth choose not to have a career, she will still have a home somewhere. She should not be able to exit or enter her home without encountering a small number of polite, lawful protesters, who will remind her – day in and day out – that we know exactly what she is. If and when she has children, we'll remind them, too.

Fabienne Roth was just a kid you sad and shameful idiot and people have been jailed for far less. There you see in all its grotesqueness the mentality of ultra-Zionism, its vicious, merciless, empathy-deleted thirst for revenge and its truly staggering self-obsession and sense of self-importance. Anyone still wonder why the ultra-Zionist connection to 9/11 which I am going to expose is unknown to the general public? These are the kind of people that the gutless UK Labour Party, gutless councils, gutless employers, gutless venue owners and gutless media are falling to their knees to appease. John Mearsheimer, co-author of *The Israel Lobby*, said:

> They are picking out individuals who they think are critical of Israel and they are smearing them and they are telling them that what is going to happen here is if you don't cease and desist from acting like this we in the end will do much to destroy your career.

We are talking serious levels of psychopathy here. As Israel-born activist Gilad Atzmon said: 'Jewish power is the power to silence opposition to

Jewish power.' Or, as I would say, ultra-Zionist Death Cult power.

Undercover revelations

Qatar television station Al Jazeera produced a revelatory hidden camera exposure of the Israel Lobby in the United States in 2016 only for pressure from the US and Israel on the Qatari dictatorship to ensure the four-part series did not air. Al Jazeera staff were furious and a source leaked the documentaries which are available on the Electronic Intifada website. They were also made available to French and Lebanon sources. 'Tony', an undercover Jewish reporter, posed as a pro-Israel volunteer in Washington and accessed the inter-workings of the Israel Lobby in the US. The documentaries reveal a staggering spying, surveillance and data-gathering ultra-Zionist network in the United States answering to the Israeli government and its Ministry of Strategic Affairs headed by high-ranking intelligence officer Sima Vaknin-Gil and the Minister of Public Security, Strategic Affairs and Minister of Information, Netanyahu ally Gilad Erdan. Vaknin-Gil spent 20 years with Israeli air force intelligence reaching the rank of brigadier general. She has said she wants 'to create a community of fighters' to 'flood the internet' with Israeli propaganda while publicly appearing unconnected with the government. These are overwhelmingly the people that attack you if you post anything challenging Israel. The Ministry of Strategic Affairs, Israeli military and Mossad are all masks on the same face and they are targeting Palestinian and pro-Palestinian activists worldwide with a focus on the BDS Israel boycott movement. Israeli spy Vaknin-Gil is caught on a hidden camera by Al Jazeera at a pro-Israel event in Washington saying:

> We are a different government working on foreign soil and we have to be very, very cautious. We have three different sub-campaigns, which are very, very sensitive. Regarding data gathering, information analysis working on activist organisations, money trail. This is only something that a country with these resources can do the best ... We have to think differently. And this is waging a holistic campaign against the other side. Take him out of his comfort zone. Make him be on the defensive ...
>
> ... In the air force when you want to win, you have to have aerial superiority. If you want to win a campaign, you must have information superiority. And this is exactly the added value of Israel's capabilities, technological and otherwise, we can bring to the game and we are working on that very hard.

What Vaknin-Gil was describing is a super-extensive Israeli spying and intelligence gathering operation throughout the United States and the wider world to smear anyone who questions or challenges the

actions of Israel. Noah Pollak is the executive director of the ultra-Zionist group, Emergency Committee for Israel (established by Bill Kristol, co-founder of the Project for the New American Century). Pollak also worked at Israel's Shalem Center, a think tank affiliated to Netanyahu's Likud Party and part-funded by Trump's biggest financial backer, Sheldon Adelson. The appalling Pollak was caught on hidden camera saying:

> When you talk about ... BDS, you talk about them as a hate group, as a movement that absolutely endorses violence against civilians, not military conflict, but violence against civilians. AKA terrorism. You discredit the messenger as a way of discrediting the message.

Activists were told by other ultra-Zionist organisers that they should stay on message ... BDS is a 'hate movement'. Al Jazeera undercover reporter 'Tony' was told to call BDS an anti-Semitic hate group as often as possible because 'it polls well'. Israel's ultra-Zionists are terrified of the potential for BDS to awaken the world to the treatment of Palestinians and damage the country financially – a fact confirmed in 2019 by the desperate campaign launched by Strategic Affairs Minister Gilad Erdan to label BDS activists 'terrorists in suits'. I think they call it 'projection'. The strategy and accompanying propaganda was a copy of that used by Jerusalem-based NGO Monitor which claims to be independent while being a front for targeting NGOs that challenge the behaviour of Israel and its far right government. The organisation was founded in 2001 by ultra-Zionist academic Gerald Steinberg and claims 'to promote accountability, and advance a vigorous discussion on the reports and activities of humanitarian NGOs in the framework of the Arab–Israeli conflict' (the 'framework' of whether they criticise Israel or not). The Quakers, a Christian pacifist movement, were targeted by the ultra-Zionist hit-squads after they said they would no longer invest in any company which benefits from the Israeli occupation. Quakers opposed slavery, apartheid in South Africa and were awarded a Nobel peace prize for saving Jews and Christians from the Nazis including 10,000 mostly Jewish children transported to Britain. None of these are mitigating factors to opposing what the ultra-Zionists decree. The Quakers were condemned by the *pathetic* British Board of Jewish Deputies and other ultra-Zionist groups who described the Quaker decision taken on moral grounds as, yes, yes, yes – 'anti-Semitic'. Sagi Balasha, former Chief Executive of the Israeli-American Council from 2011-2015, now works with cyber-intelligence organisations targeting BDS activists. He explained to an Israel Lobby meeting captured by Al Jazeera's secret filming how they have billboards taken down that criticise Israel and call for a boycott. He said that in a few hours of being

alerted about billboards their systems and analysts 'could find the exact organisation, people and even their names, where they live'. They would pass this information to the 'ministry' and 'three days later there were no billboards'. All this is going on in America and so many other countries every day orchestrated by a country of less than eight million people with a total global population of 0.2 percent. Jacob Baime, Executive Director of the Israel on Campus Coalition, described on hidden camera how they track those who criticise Israel:

> We use all sorts of technology. We use corporate level, enterprise-grade social media intelligence software. Almost all of this happens on social media so we have custom algorithms and formulae that acquire this stuff immediately.

Baime added that 'within about thirty seconds or less of one of these things popping up on campus, whether it's a Facebook event ... [or something] on Twitter, the system picks it up.' He said the information then goes into a queue and 'alerts our researchers and they evaluate it'. They tagged it and if it rose to a certain level they 'issue early-warning alerts to our partners'. Baime went on:

> If one of these terrorists on campus [anyone calling for equal rights for Palestinians] wants to disrupt a pro-Israel lecture or something and unfurl a banner or whatever else, we're going to investigate them and look into bad stuff they have done. That stuff becomes very useful in the moment and there are any number of ways to push it out. The only thing is that we do it securely and anonymously and that's the key.

This is how the ultra-Zionist bully boys target kids in universities and anyone with the decency to stand up for the abused Palestinians.

We must destroy them

Bill Mullen a Professor of American Studies at Purdue University, had been a long-standing BDS campaigner when his wife was sent a link to a website containing a letter addressed to her claiming to be from a former student making allegations of sexual harassment against him. The letter said she had found other students telling the same story. Creating anonymous websites is a modus operandi of the Israel Lobby along with copious fake social media pages. Mullen said that within about 48 hours they established that these multiple sites attacking him had been taken out almost at the same time and were clearly the work of the same people. He said:

> It was really an attempt from people who didn't know us to think maybe I can destroy this marriage at the very least, maybe I can cause them horrendous

> personal suffering. The same letter purporting to be harassment to my wife used the name of our daughter. I think that was the worst moment. I think we thought these people will do anything, they are capable of doing anything.

Yes they are – as we will see when I return directly to 9/11. Jacob Baime of the Israel on Campus Coalition said: 'Every few hours you drip out a new piece of the opposition research ... it's psychological warfare. It drives them crazy.' The Al Jazeera documentary featured a Purdue student who was targeted for her Palestinian support with anonymous claims that she was often drunk and had sex with multiple men. Jacob Baime again on hidden camera: 'They either shut down or they spend time responding to it and investigating it, which is time they can't spend attacking Israel – that's incredibly effective.' BDS-supporting Jewish activist and journalist Max Blumenthal said this Israel network operates through subterfuge and walked a very thin line between the legal and illegal to gather information to smear opponents and to ultimately destroy them. Al Jazeera reporter 'Tony' was accepted as an activist working with the Israel Project, or 'TIP', an Israeli propaganda operation that seeks to control the narrative on what is reported about both Israel and Palestinians. Professor John Mearsheimer who has exposed the Israel Lobby told Al Jazeera about the role of the Israel Project. He said the 'special relationship' between the United States and Israel is unprecedented in recorded history. He said that not only did the United States give Israel a tremendous amount of economic aid and diplomatic protection but gave that aid and protection no matter what – it's not conditional. 'The Israel Project will go to enormous lengths to achieve that end', Mearsheimer said. Israel Project staff described to 'Tony' how they had contacts in numerous media organisations and set out to forge friendships with reporters as a primary means of influence to control what is written about Israel and 'neutralising undesired narratives'. The aim was to build an 'echo-chamber for pro-Israel information' using the media as the vehicle. David Hazony, a managing director at the Israel Project, told 'Tony':

> They're not things we do loudly. A lot of them are things we do behind the scenes. You can get a lot more done by making questions get asked by journalists. And if you create it from multiple directions at the same time through multiple journalists, then you create a kind of sense of crisis. We develop relationships. A lot of alcohol to get them to trust us.
>
> We're basically messaging on the following. BDS is essentially a kind of a hate-group targeting Israel. They're anti-peace. We try not to even use the terms, because it builds their brand. We just refer to 'boycotters'. The goal is to actually make things happen and to figure out what are the means of

communication to do that.

New Yorker magazine exposed in February, 2019, how BDS was targeted by a Mossad-front 'security company' called Psy-Group in an operation code-named Project Butterfly. Psy-Group recruited from Israel's secret services and gathered donations from wealthy ultra-Zionists mostly in New York on the understanding that their names would never be revealed. BDS activists would be followed and targeted with discrediting campaigns and this even included putting leaflets on the cars of neighbours claiming an activist to be a 'terrorist'. Article author Adam Entous wrote:

> Psy-Group's intelligence and influence operations, which included a failed attempt in the summer of 2017 to sway a local election in central California, were detailed in a New Yorker investigation that I co-wrote earlier this month. Before it went out of business, last year, Psy-Group was part of a new wave of private-intelligence firms that recruited from the ranks of Israel's secret services and described themselves as 'private Mossads'.
>
> Psy-Group initially stood out among its rivals because it didn't just gather intelligence; its operatives used false identities, or avatars, to covertly spread messages in an attempt to influence what people believed and how they behaved.

This is happening in your country today, America. Are you just going to take this crap and abuse of your country?

Israel's American spy network

The ultra-Zionist campaign against BDS includes keeping surveillance within the United States on American students and it is coordinated through the highest levels of Israeli intelligence. Omar Barghouti, a co-founder of the BDS movement, said that government ministers attacked him with 'one of them threatening BDS leaders with targeted civil assassination'. Yisrael Katz, Israel's Minister of Intelligence, is captured by Al Jazeera saying that the plan is to act against BDS leaders, isolate them and transfer information to other intelligence agencies around the world. Israel must 'carry out a targeted civil thwarting of the leadership of BDS activists', he said. Julia Reifkind, a Director of Community Affairs at the Israeli Embassy in Washington and 'AIPAC-training camp activist', told 'Tony' that nobody really knew what they were doing on behalf of Israel, but it included 'a lot of research, monitoring BDS things and reporting it back to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs – making sure everyone knows what's going on'. When politicians talked about the subject in the Israeli Parliament she said: '... we've usually contributed to

what the background information is.' Reifkind was asked if the Israeli Embassy is trying to 'leverage faculty' (university departments). She said that was correct and they were working with several faculty advocacy groups 'that kind of train faculty'. She said they were 'helping them a little bit with funding, connections, bringing them to speak, having them speak to diplomats and people at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs that need this information'. Reifkind said ultra-Zionist activists lobbying for mega Israel lobby group AIPAC don't come clean about that. They are trained to simply say they are pro-Israel students: 'When you're meeting with students on campus I would never say "I am the AIPAC Campus Rep". I would say, "My name is Julia and I'm a pro-Israel student".' She admitted that Israel groups seek to influence student elections from 'very behind the scenes' and that she had several fake Facebook accounts that allowed her to appear to be other people including 'an old white guy'. One Al Jazeera documentary shows how Reifkind sought to portray students at the University of California Davis using the tired old line of 'anti-Semitism' when they voted to boycott Israel. They use this slur constantly because that's all they have. Once open debate is allowed they lose every time when the treatment of Palestinians by a racist state cannot be intellectually or morally defended. Reifkind told 'Tony' how they pre-planned a walkout from the debate at Davis they knew they would lose and used film of the walkout to post on the Internet and 'control the narrative'. Reifkind recalled:

> That day all of us released 50 op-eds in major news sources, so that ... when people opened their Facebook it would be them celebrating their victory, it would be us sharing our stories. Once it blew up then random people like the Huffington Post contacted me, it was like 'Do you have anything to say?' and I was like 'Conveniently I wrote an op-Ed two weeks ago just in case'.

The article was duly published with the headline 'My 15-Day Journey Confronting Divestment at UC Davis'. Reifkind crowed that people's 'entire newsfeed was Israel stuff and that's what we wanted'. Students demanding justice and fairness for Palestinians against the global political and intelligence networks of Israel should be a no-contest, but it is testament to the disgust that gathering numbers have with the behaviour of the Israel government and military that BDS continues to expand. At the perfect propaganda moment in the UC Davis story swastikas suddenly appeared scrawled on campus and we should absolutely not rule out in these situations that Lobby assets stage their own 'anti- Semitism' including swastikas and slogans to advance their agenda of demonisation and censorship. A joint investigation by US and Israeli authorities led to a ten-year jail sentence for a 19-year-old Jewish

man with dual American-Israeli citizenship for making bomb threats to Jewish community centers in the United States. Michael Kadar made more than 2,000 threatening calls to schools, airports, police stations, malls and other targets over two years, Israeli prosecutors said. The Anti-Defamation League (ADL) and other Jewish groups had blamed 'white supremacists' and even the man's mother said: 'I thought it was done by someone who is anti-Semitic.' The man apparently has mental problems, but the point is that when the crimes happened they were automatically assumed to be the work of 'anti-Semites'. American proper journalist Tucker Carlson presented an expose' of hate crime hoaxes in the wake of the fake self-staged 'racist attack' by actor Jussie Smollett who said he had been beaten and left with a noose around his neck by white men claiming to be Trump supporters. It turned out that Smollett arranged for black associates to beat him and then told his lies to the media and generated more division and hatred between communities with the enthusiastic support of ultra-Zionist controlled CNN. The two black men who 'beat him up' came forward and admitted it was all a set-up arranged by Smollett. Police charged him on a number of counts. What was the outcome? Cook County State Attorney General Kim Foxx, who was funded in her election campaign to the tune of more than $400,000 by George Soros foundations, dropped the charges against Smollett in a blatant fix that followed an attempted intervention on his behalf by Tina Tchen, an ally of the actor's friend Michelle Obama. Smollett rails against 'white privilege' while being so privileged himself that he's above the law. This is yet another example – and they are endless – of 'progressive' bullshit and unspeakable hypocrisy and of the octopus networks controlled by Soros who has been funding state prosecutors and secretaries of state into office for years to dictate who and what gets prosecuted and who and what doesn't. But don't you dare tell anyone – that's 'anti-Semitic'. 'Hate crime' convictions are actually rare and not exploding. Part of Carlson's segment on hate crime hoaxes featured an interview with Robby Soave, author of *Panic Attack: Young Radicals in the Age of Trump*, who exposed the fraudulent nature of 'hate crime' statistics including the Anti-Defamation League claims of a 60 percent increase in 'anti-Semitic' attacks since Trump was elected. Soave said that he checked the statistics and 'anti-Semitic' violence was in fact 'way down'. He said the entire increase claimed by the ADL was the work of Jewish hoaxer Michael Kadar. Did the ADL apologise for such misleading claims and for once be honest? They couldn't spell the word. I am sure you will have observed that 'anti-Semitism' always goes up and is 'on the rise' according to figures released by ultra-Zionist front groups. When you meet rank and file Jews they say they don't know what the fuss is because they have never faced discrimination. Does it happen? Of

course. Does it happen on anything like the scale the ultra-Zionist hate groups claim? Not a chance. Things are not, to say the very least, always what they seem to be and we need to remember that instead of jumping to instant conclusions. A question to ask is who benefits? For example, who benefited from the swastikas that appeared at UC Davis? Who benefits from anonymous log-ins posting anti-Jewish abuse?

Canary Mission

The Algemeiner, a New York-based Jewish newspaper, approached Al Jazeera undercover Jewish reporter, 'Tony', to ironically work 'undercover' within BDS groups as a form of surveillance. Rachel Frommer, *The Algemeiner's* Senior Campus Correspondent, said they were working on a project to rank US universities and colleges with regard to their 'anti-Semitic and anti-Israel activity'. She said they had a campus bureau that monitors BDS campaigns 'all day long, all week long'. Frommer said that the 'new anti-Semitism' is 'anti-Israelism' in line with the new song-sheet worldwide. One *Algemeiner* headline captured its methods and approach: 'Cesspool of Antisemitic, Anti-Israel, Racist Behaviour at U of Tennessee Uncovered by Covert Watchdog Group'. Put another way – there is a BDS group at the University of Tennessee that is far too effective. The story was given to them by a secretive Israel Lobby group called the Canary Mission which weaponises 'anti-Semitism' on US campuses in line with the overall Protection Racket blueprint. *Algemeiner* ran the article while admitting it had no idea who was behind the Canary Mission. The story was a blatant lie, but the label 'anti-Semitism' is all they have. When your only tool is a hammer every situation must be a nail. Respected Jewish magazine, *The Forward*, reported that in 2015 Jewish and pro-Israel groups in the US and Israel used significant resources to direct hard-line, often secretive tactics against their targets:

> An online blacklist called Canary Mission, which went live in 2015, targeted college students critical of Israel. Professional pro-Israel operatives posed online as college students. Pro-Israel campus groups hired top-tier professional Washington, D.C. political consultants and sent them to work on college campuses. An Israeli spy firm pitched U.S. Jewish donors with a proposal to covertly undermine the movement to boycott, divest from and sanction Israel.

A Canary Mission video calls for its operatives to 'make sure today's radicals are not tomorrow's employees' by destroying their careers. This seriously sick organisation keeps surveillance on its targets and constantly harasses them. Israel Lobby operative Jacob Baime said on the Al Jazeera documentary: 'They are terrified of Canary Mission and

it's about time.' Eric Gallagher, an AIPAC director from 2010-2015, told undercover reporter 'Tony' that the highly secretive and 'anonymous' Canary Mission is funded and run by Adam Milstein, Chairman of the Israeli-American Council who was convicted of tax evasion in 2009. Gallagher tells how he was in email contact while Milstein was in jail. Milstein is a pivotal figure in the Israel Lobby with its surveillance and smears, and sits on the boards of AIPAC's national council, Israel on Campus Coalition and StandWithUs. He is close to mega ultra-Zionist donor, Sheldon Adelson, the biggest funder of Donald Trump. Milstein described on a secret camera his mode of operation with regard to critics of Israel: 'We're doing it by exposing who they are, what they are, the fact that they are racist, the fact that they are bigots, they're anti-democracy.' Hypocrisy knows no bounds.

Tennessee is one of the major centres of Israel-worshipping, ultra-Zionist-created Christian Zionism and became the first state government to condemn BDS. Increasing numbers of others have followed, including Arkansas where to receive state contracts firms have to pledge not to boycott Israel or reduce their fees by 20 percent. The power of ultra-Zionism over United States government at all levels can be seen in the targeting of Americans and their free speech and conscience to serve a country of eight million people nearly seven thousand miles away. Helene Sinnreich, Jewish Professor of Judaic Studies at the University of Tennessee and a Fellow at the Center for Advanced Holocaust Studies at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, said a claim of rampant anti-Semitism at the university was quite a shock. 'It was very surreal and strange – I didn't see anything happening on the ground, it all seemed to be internet based.' Suddenly flyers appeared all over the university accusing students of supporting Palestinian group Hamas and the theme was seen again – criticising the Israeli government is 'anti-Semitism'. The psychological game works by repeating lies enough times for them to becomes accepted truth. Among those exploiting this technique to attack the University of Tennessee was Aviva Vogelstein, Director of Legal Initiatives at the Louis D Brandeis Center for Human Rights Under Law in Washington DC (of course). This is another strand in The Lobby that hides its real controllers and reason for being behind the term 'human rights'. Kenneth Marcus, founding president of the Brandeis Center, told 'Tony' that they were attempting to redefine 'anti-Semitism' to include criticism of Israel. They wanted to have this imposed on all American universities to stop criticism of Israel and undermine BDS. Marcus said in a secret recording: 'You have to show that they're racist hate groups – that they are using intimidation to get funded, and to consistently portray them that way.' It is a cold and callous abuse of the term 'racism' in pursuit of a blatant political end and what this does is to cry wolf so often and so constantly that genuine

'anti-Semitism' gets lost in the tidal wave. The real reason for the attack on the University of Tennessee as on all their other targets, including myself, is to silence opposition and to secure changes in the law to protect Israel from criticism. Jewish and other Tennessee students gave evidence to a state hearing into the allegations and said claims of 'anti-Semitism' were nonsense. The only people making the claims were outsiders, most notably Kenneth Marcus and his subordinate Aviva Vogelstein who admitted to 'Tony' that Jewish students had told her there was not an 'anti-Semitism' problem at Tennessee.

Paying the piper ...

Ultra-Zionist control of politicians – especially in the United States – is stunning and explains so much about 9/11. This control is mainly through funding and who gets it and who doesn't. John Mearsheimer and Stephen Walt expose this fact in *The Israel Lobby and U.S. Foreign Policy*. Bribing politicians with ultra-Zionist 'donations' is the norm in America and many other countries. Phenomenal ultra-Zionist donations to both American parties (control both sides and you control the game) are scandalous in an alleged 'democracy' and he who pays the piper calls the tune. *Ynetnews*, an online English-language Israeli news website of newspaper *Yedioth Ahronoth*, reported in 2016 that *50 percent* of donations to the Democratic Party came from Jewish sources and 25 percent of those to Republicans. This is from a minority within a *two percent* minority of the American population. We can see this stark truth in the US presidential election of 2016. The five biggest donors to 'Democrat' candidate Hillary Clinton were: Hedge fund manager Donald Sussman (ultra-Zionist); venture capitalist Jay Robert Pritzker and his wife Mary (ultra-Zionists); Israeli-American media tycoon Haim Saban and his wife Cheryl (ultra-Zionists); financier George Soros (ultra-Zionist place-man whatever they may claim); and SlimFast founder Daniel Abraham (ultra-Zionist). Another Clinton financial supporter to the tune of $35 million was Facebook co-founder Dustin Moskovitz (ultra-Zionist). The Clintons are also very close to the ultra-Zionist Rothschilds via Evelyn de Rothschild and his wife, the American-born businesswoman, Lynn Forester. They spent their wedding night at the White House at the Clintons' invitation. The couple were apparently introduced by Henry Kissinger at a meeting of the Hidden Hand Bilderberg Group. A Hillary Clinton email when she was US Secretary of State has her making a grovelling apology to the Rothschilds for asking then UK Prime Minister Tony Blair, another Rothschild tea-boy, to accompany her to Israel when the Rothschilds were inviting him to a weekend 'conference' in that global elite centre of Aspen, Colorado. Clinton tells Lady de Rothschild: 'I hope you all understand ... Let me know what penance I owe you.' The grovelling nature of the Clinton-to-

Rothschild emails is in stark contrast to the usual Clinton demeanour. A former bodyguard said she could 'make Richard Nixon look like Mahatma Gandhi'. Only her best behaviour will do for the Rothschilds. Fox News reported in 2019 a stash of released Hillary Clinton emails that confirmed Israeli influence over American politics:

> A newly unearthed batch of heavily redacted, classified emails from Hillary Clinton's personal email server revealed that the former secretary of state discussed establishing a 'private, 100% off-the-record' back channel to Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin ['Bibi'] Netanyahu, and that one of her top aides warned her that she was in 'danger' of being 'savaged by Jewish organizations, in the Jewish press and among the phalanx of neoconservative media' as a result of political machinations by 'Bibi and the Jewish leadership' ... The documents, representing a small proportion of the tens of thousands of emails still unaccounted for from Clinton's server, also underscored the apparently significant political threat that the Obama administration felt it faced at the hands of Israel.

Meanwhile 'Republican' Donald Trump's biggest donor was Israeli-American ultra-Zionist Sheldon Adelson who handed over $82 million to Trump and the Republicans. This was three times the contribution of the next highest individual donor (Fig 102). Another big Republican donor is ultra-Zionist Bernard Marcus, co-founder and former CEO of Home Depot, who sits on the board of the Republican Jewish Coalition. Marcus has funded ultra-Zionist and Neocon organisations including the American Enterprise Institute, Christians United for Israel, Friends of the IDF, Hoover Institution, Hudson Institute, the Israel Project, Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA), Manhattan Institute and Middle East Media Research Institute. It's a similar story with ultra-Zionist billionaire investor Paul Singer, founder and CEO of the hedge fund Elliott Management Corporation. Singer, Marcus and Adelson were all major funders of Trump with Adelson out in front. You get what you pay for. The media subsequently reported that 'Trump's' highly controversial decisions' to move the US Israel embassy to Jerusalem, ditch the US-Iran nuclear deal and appoint Project for the New American Century

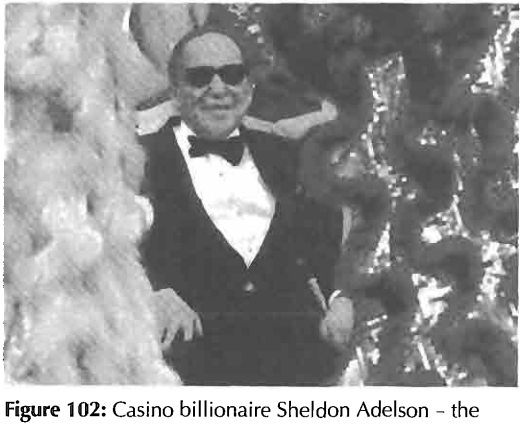

Figure 102: Casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson – the Israel fanatic behind Trump.

stalwart and Israel tea-maker John Bolton as National Security Advisor were all 'passions' of Shelden Adelson. Yes and the government psychopaths in Israel. During the 2016 Republican Primary – or 'Adelson Primary' as it was called – to decide the presidential nominee we saw headlines such as 'Sheldon Adelson is ready to buy the presidency'. *The New Yorker* said Adelson was '... the single person to whom both the Prime Minister of Israel and the President of the United States owe everything'. Trump election strategist Steve Bannon evangelised over Adelson at a Zionist Organisation of America dinner and said that without him Trump would not have become president. It wasn't about Adelson's money, Bannon said, it was his counsel, guidance and wisdom. Of course it was. Adelson told an event for the Israeli Defense Forces that *unfortunately* the military uniform he once wore was American and not Israeli, but he said that his wife and a daughter served in the IDF and he hoped that one of his 'little boys' whose hobby was shooting would go back to Israel and join the Israeli military. He suggested that he could be a sniper. 'All we care about is being good Zionists – good citizens of Israel', Adelson said. Why would this man with those priorities hand over tens of millions to a candidate in Trump with the slogans 'America First' and 'Make America Great Again'? What was an example of 'anti-Semitism' in the new definition again? Oh, yes – 'Accusing Jewish citizens of being more loyal to Israel, or to the alleged priorities of Jews worldwide, than to the interests of their own nations.' How transparent it all is when someone has the backbone to call it out.

Adelson owns Trump as he owns Neocon John Bolton and so they are both continuing the post-9/11 'US' foreign policy dictated by Adelson and the ultra-Zionists. Bolton is reported to have told the ultra-Zionist American Friends of Beit El after Trump's election in 2016 that not only would the US embassy be moved to Jerusalem there would be no opposition to any new Jewish settlements in the occupied West Bank. This has proved to be the case. American Friends of Beit El, headed by ultra-Zionist US Ambassador to Israel David Friedman and financially supported by the ultra-Zionist Jared Kushner family of Trump's son-in-law and 'senior advisor', has been pumping millions into new settlements. Trump is going to oppose illegal settlements when his main funder, his ambassador to Israel and son-in-law are all funding them?? The American people should be embarrassed at how their government has been hijacked so blatantly. Adelson's fingerprints were also all over 'Trump's' decision to seriously cut aid to Palestinians including $25 million from impoverished East Jerusalem hospitals that treat Palestinian cancer patients *when* they are allowed to travel from the West Bank and Gaza. Ultra-Zionists want to clear East Jerusalem of Palestinians so they can replace the Al-Aqsa Mosque with a rebuilt

'Solomon's Temple' and to so impoverish and destitute the Palestinian people that they will agree to Israeli demands in return for a promise of money. The scam was described in its most extreme form by Alliance for Israel Advocacy, a lobbying group established by the Messianic Jewish Alliance of America which is pressing the White House and Capitol Hill for Palestinians to be given money to move aboard and leave Israel to Jews only. Executive Director Paul Liberman said that over ten years they wanted to change the demographics of the illegally-occupied West Bank with a view to annexation by Israel. He said that Palestinians who stayed would 'live under the doctrine of the sojourner', not have a vote and would 'not participate in the sovereignty of the land'. Liberman, who has been to the White House to present his proposals, said: 'The only rights the Palestinians have are squatter's rights.' Sounds such a nice chap. Netanyahu's eldest son, Yair, has also made Internet posts calling for all Muslims to leave Israel. Trump attacked ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs during his election campaign because it played well with his potential voters, but after he won with Adelson's money he immediately appointed Steve Mnuchin (ultra-Zionist), former Goldman Sachs executive vice president, as his Treasury Secretary and ultra-Zionist Gary Cohn, Goldman Sachs chief operating officer, as Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic advisor. When Cohn left in 2018 he was replaced by ultra-Zionist Lawrence Kudlow. Trump is surrounded by Zionists and ultra-Zionists including his son-in-law Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Benjamin Netanyahu who is a long associate of Kushner's jailbird father. The *Wall Street Journal* reported that Kushner didn't disclose on his government financial-disclosure form his business ties to 'Israel critic' George Soros, Goldman Sachs and Silicon Valley billionaire Peter Thiel who has the closest of ties with the US intelligence community. Nor did Kushner disclose that he arranged loans of $1 billion from more than 20 lenders for properties and companies he part-owned including personal guarantees on more than $300 million of that debt. Trump's policy on Israel and what matters to Israel is also dictated by David Freidman, appointed US ambassador to Israel, and Jason Greenblatt, Assistant to the President and Special Representative for International Negotiations. Freidman worked for the Trump Organization as a bankruptcy lawyer and Greenblatt was executive vice president and chief legal officer to Donald Trump and the Trump Organization and his 'advisor on Israel'. Yael Lempert (ultra-Zionist) was named Special Assistant to the President and Senior Director for Israel, Egypt and the Levant. What chance have the Palestinians ever had of justice and can anyone be in the least surprised with this line-up that Trump is continuing the agenda laid out by the Project for the New American Century led by Adelson puppet and PNAC fanatic John Bolton which was triggered by 9/11?

'The Pledge' (pinch yourself, you're not dreaming)

We are talking hundreds of millions being poured into US presidential races and elections by Zionists and ultra-Zionists and in return every candidate who accepts a donation must take 'The Pledge' of allegiance to Israel and its policy demands. This is why by far the biggest financial 'aid' handed out by the United States every year goes to Israel, a tiny already rich country (its elite anyway) with a population of less than some cities. This includes $3.8 billion of US taxpayers' money every year in 'military aid' while Americans sleep in the street. America and Israel signed a 'Memorandum of Understanding' in 2016 through which Israel will receive $38 billion in military assistance over ten years – an increase of around 27 percent on the agreement signed in 2007. This was the biggest single aid pledge of its kind in American history and even before it was signed the Congressional Research Service confirmed that Israel was 'the largest cumulative recipient of U.S. foreign assistance since World War II'. The $38 billion is just a headline figure for the public about one deal – the total amount transferred from American taxpayers to Israel will be bone-shaking. Israel is a sliver of land with a population of eight million people and yet receives more US aid than any other country. So you use your money to buy American politicians and they vote to pay you back – with enormous interest – in American tax dollars in the form of 'aid'. What a racket. Ultra-Zionist funding of Senate and Congressional candidates is fantastic and often make-or-break to their chances of winning. Professor John Mearsheimer said:

> To get elected in the American political system you need lots of money. What AIPAC does is it makes sure that money is funnelled your way if you are seen as pro-Israel and it will go to significant lengths to make sure that you stay in office if you continue to be staunchly pro-Israel.

Former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney has revealed how this scam operates. She said that when she ran for office she was asked to 'sign the pledge' to Israel and confirm she would always vote in Israel's best interests. Agreeing or not agreeing was the difference between money or no money and often whether money was directed instead to an opponent. Which party doesn't matter so long as you pledge allegiance to Israel. McKinney said:

> Every candidate for Congress ... had a pledge, they were given a pledge to sign ... If you don't sign the pledge, you don't get money. For example, it was almost like water torture for me. My parents observed this. I would get a call and the person on the other end of the phone would say 'I want to do a fundraiser for you.' And then we would get into the planning. I would get

> really excited, because of course you have to have money in order to run a campaign. And then two weeks, three weeks into the planning, they would say, 'Did you sign the pledge?' And then I would say, 'No, I didn't sign the pledge.' And then my fundraiser would go kaput.

McKinney eventually lost her seat when the ultra-Zionist lobby funded her opponent who signed the pledge. Jim Moran, a member of Congress from 1991-2015 in northern Virginia, confirmed McKinney's experience:

> ... anybody running for Congress is expected to fill out a questionnaire and they evaluate your depth of commitment to Israel on the basis of that questionnaire, then you have an interview with local people. If you get AIPAC's support, then more often than not you are going to win ...You realise it's not just the money, it's the number of concerned activists. They'll send out postcards, they'll make phone calls, they'll organise. That's the democratic process, they understand the democratic process.

This pledge-to-Israel demand is expanding into wider society, too. A Texas elementary school speech expert filed a federal lawsuit after the school district refused to renew her contract unless she signed a pro-Israel oath. Bahia Amawi had worked for the Pflugerville Independent School District for nine years when her contract renewal form included a demand that she 'will not boycott Israel during the term of the contract' and will not engage in any action 'that is intended to penalize, inflict economic harm on, or limit commercial relations with Israel, or with a person or entity doing business in Israel or in an Israel-controlled territory'. The arrogance and Orwellian nature of this is shocking, but then Texas politics is owned by the ultra-Zionists just as they own American politics in general which ensures that what Israel wants Israel gets and their obvious connection to 9/11 ignored. I think we can also see now why Netanyahu is treated as a god when he visits the United States and speaks to both houses of Congress (as leader of that tiny country) and the politicians of both parties are on their feet in homage every two minutes. In a 50-minute speech in 2011 he was given 29 standing ovations. I said at the time that they must have had springs attached to their arses. They dare not do otherwise because their devotion is *literally* being monitored and there is money to be begged for. So get on your feet to your master. Who do you think you represent – Americans? This is why the annual conference of the America Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC) is the world's biggest arse-licking contest. Prominent politicians of both parties and presidential wannabes shuffle to the stage on their knees and deliver their undying allegiance to Israel while the ultra-Zionist elite look on with both arrogance and

contempt. No wonder then that in early 2019 the House of Representatives voted *411 to 1* for a bill forcing the vacant post of 'anti-Semitism' envoy to be filled. This envoy has always been an activist for the major Israel lobby organisation, the America Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), and the occupant is placed there to 'serve as the primary advisor to, and coordinate efforts across, the U.S. government relating to monitoring and combating anti-Semitism and anti-Semitic incitement in foreign countries'. The bill upgraded the post to the rank of ambassador. The bill was sponsored by Republican Representative Christopher H. Smith. His biggest campaign donor was NORPAC, an ultra-Zionist Israel lobby group 'working to strengthen the United States – Israel relationship' which fundraises for Israel-supporting politicians on both sides. Recipient politicians are sent regular emails on affairs in the Middle East (ultra-Zionist propaganda in other words). The only dissenter to the bill was Republican Justin Amash from Michigan who presumably doesn't take their money (bribery). The first Senate bill at the start of 2019 proposed to hand Israel billions to combat the BDS boycott. These people are owned political prostitutes and a disgrace to everything America claims to stand for. What chance did the truth about 9/11 ever have? But it's coming out in the final section of this book.

I should emphasise that Israel may get all this support from the United States and ultra-Zionist billionaires but this doesn't go the Israeli population in general. Latet, an Israeli humanitarian aid organisation, reported in 2018 that 26.5 percent of the Israeli population in the occupied West Bank live below the poverty line with one in three children missing at least one meal a day. The report describes how Israeli children have to beg for donations, 'collect food from the ground or garbage bins' or steal to eat. Latet chairman Gilles Darmon said: 'When there are more than half a million poor families and more than a million poor children, you cannot just get used to it and accept it.' Israelis have been taking to the streets in protest at ever higher prices for the basics of life. The ultra-Zionist and Death Cult elite have contempt for Jewish people as a whole for reasons that will become clear in later chapters. They want bodies located in the West Bank to take the land from Palestinians, but they don't care what happens to them. An Israeli media host told me before an interview that Holocaust survivors in Israel were suffering from terrible deprivation and poverty and he described cases of their teeth falling out for the lack of nutrition. Jewish people – they don't give a shit about you. All those who endure the consequences of global elite psychopathy – Jewish, Palestinian, everyone – should come together in common cause. While we are divided the Death Cult will rule.

Covering all bases

At the centre (with others) of the US Israel lobby web of hundreds of organisation is the Washington DC-based American Israel Public Affairs Committee or AIPAC. This sounds (on purpose) like something attached to government and it is, but certainly not officially. AIPAC is a massive ultra-Zionist Israel Lobby grouping with almost unlimited funds to buy American politicians of both parties and many others that influence what passes for political debate. It may not fund politicians directly, but it knows a man who does. In fact, many of them. AIPAC has more than 100,000 members and 17 regional offices and constantly campaigns for political and financial support for Israel and against anyone who doesn't think the Israeli government is God's gift to the world. AIPAC was established in 1951 as a lobby group of the American Zionist Council called the American Zionist Committee for Public Affairs. On one side AIPAC is close to the far right Netanyahu Likud Party in Israel while a similar group, J Street, comes from the 'left' or 'progressive' direction. Once again control both sides and you control the game. AIPAC wants a one-state – Jewish state – 'solution' to the Palestinian 'problem' while J Street claims to organise and mobilise 'pro-Israel, pro-peace Americans who want Israel to be secure, democratic and the national home of the Jewish people'. J Street claims to 'advocate policies that advance shared US and Israeli interests as well as Jewish and democratic values, leading to a two-state solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict'. The two-state solution is a herring so red that held against a bright red background it would disappear. Widespread and rapidly-increasing Jewish-only illegal settlements in the Israeli-occupied West Bank means that anyone still supporting a 'two-state solution' is either deeply ignorant or lying to you. There is no Palestinian land left in the occupied West Bank to have a credible 'second state'. Alan Elsner, Vice President of Communications for J Street, described Father George Bush, a mass killer and paedophile who loved to torture children, as 'one of the great foreign policy leaders of the 20th century' and 'anyone who cares about Israel and Middle East peace owes him a debt of gratitude'. Well, Israel sure does, but not the rest of the Middle East which he helped to tear asunder on behalf of Israel. There is very little between these 'right' and left' organisations in truth except for the nature and angle of their mutual bullshit and both will ultimately answer to the same masters. Another prominent organisation in the Israel Lobby is the American Jewish Committee (AJC) established in 1906 and co-founded by Rothschild front-man and Russian Revolution-funder Jacob Schiff (much more later). The AJC calls itself the 'Global Center for Jewish and Israel Advocacy' and as always targets people criticising Israel as 'anti-Semitic'. It has 22 offices in the United States, ten overseas and 33 partnerships with other Jewish organisations around the world. The Israel Web is absolutely

extraordinary for the size of the country because the network is not about Israel, but those that *control* Israel. Eric Gallagher, an AIPAC director from 2010-2015, was recorded on an Al Jazeera hidden camera saying that the aim was to influence the US President and Congress to secure benefits like the $38 billion in military aid:

> You can hold up signs and have rallies on campus, but the Congress gets $3.1 billion a year for Israel. Everything AIPAC does is focused on influencing Congress. Congress is where you have leverage. So you can't influence the President of the United States directly but the Congress can.

With Trump in power and owned by Sheldon Adelson going direct is definitely an option. M. J. Rosenberg, a former editor of AIPAC's policy journal, *Near East Report*, said they make sure there are people in every single congressional district working on Israel's behalf. You can see the influence range of AIPAC-connected people with Rosenberg's CV. He's been a Senior Foreign Policy Fellow at Soros-funded Media Matters Action Network; a worker for Democratic members of the House and Senate; and was appointed by Bill Clinton to USAID, the American CIA-front that claims to be about overseas aid. Ultra-Zionist David Ochs, a pro-Israel advocate, invited Al Jazeera undercover reporter 'Tony' to a fundraising event for people such as Illinois Senator Mark Kirk, Florida Congressman Ted Deutch, Virginia Congresswoman Barbara Comstock, North Carolina Senator Richard Burr and New Hampshire Senator Kelly Ayotte. Ochs described Ayotte as 'fantastic' because she was on the Senate Arms Committee. Ultra-Zionist Ted Deutch, with the greatest of irony, was chairman of the House Ethics Committee. Ochs told 'Tony':

> It's the AIPAC group. It makes a difference, it really does. It's the best bang for your buck and the networking is phenomenal. Congressmen and Senators don't do anything unless you pressure them. They kick the can down the road unless you pressure them. The only way to do that is with money.

And there is so much money to be had. Craig Holman from the Public Citizen consumer advocacy group said the legal limit for individual campaign contributions was $2,700, but this was overcome by getting 50 or 100 people together at an event and pooling their contributions. 'So suddenly you've got a group of people with the same demands they want from the lawmaker handing over a quarter of a million dollars – that buys a lawmaker.' David Ochs told 'Tony' about these 'demands' in return for the money. He said that candidates were told: 'We want to make sure if we give you money that you're going to enforce the Iran deal.' Ochs said when they need something from a lawmaker like the Iran deal they can quickly mobilise and say 'look we'll give you $30,000'.

Public Citizen's Craig Holman said of the Ochs strategy: 'He's actually saying we are buying these office holders and that's the point, we're chipping in all this money so we can hand over $100,000 or $200,000 to the office holder so we can buy him.' Another illegal fiddle revealed by Al Jazeera was that donors gave money to each other so they all gave the maximum amount. Ochs described the involvement of ultra-Zionist Jeff Talpins, founder and Chief Investment Officer of New York-based hedge fund, Element Capital Management:

> In New York with Jeff Talpins we don't ask a goddamn thing about the fucking Palestinians. You know why? Because it's a tiny issue, that's why. It's a small insignificant issue. The big issue is Iran. We want everything focused on Iran. What happens is Jeff meets with the congressman in the backroom, tells them exactly what his goals are and by the way Jeff Talpins is worth $250 million. Basically they hand him an envelope with 20 credit cards and say, 'You can swipe each of these credit cards for $1,000 each'.

Crushing dissent

Iran is a big focus because it was on the list of the Project for the New American Century and is a long-time target of the ultra-Zionists and Death Cult that control Israel. Former Congressman Jim Moran described how the Executive Director of AIPAC had said his most important accomplishment was securing authorisation for the US invasion of Iraq. Moran refused to vote for the war and an ultra-Zionist was planted at a public meeting to ask him why there were not more Jews involved in marches against the war. Moran replied: 'If the leaders of the Jewish community were opposed to the war I think that would make a difference.' The ultra-Zionist Lobby went into overdrive condemning him for believing in a Jewish conspiracy to lead America into war. This is so important to appreciate – the technique of condemning as 'anti-Semitic' the exposure of what you are *actually doing*. This is why ultra-Zionists condemn what they call 'anti-Semitic tropes' claiming a Jewish plot for world domination. They use this to dub any claim of a global conspiracy as automatically 'anti-Semitic' even when a Jewish connection is not even mentioned. It's not Jewish people they are seeking to protect with this mantra. It's the plot itself. Moran told Al Jazeera:

> There was a conservative rabbi in my district who was assigned to me I assume by AIPAC and he warned me that if I voiced my views about the Israel lobby that my career would be over and implied that it would be done through the Post and sure enough the Washington Post editorialised brutally, everybody ganged up.

The ultra-Zionist-controlled *Washington Post*, with its close connection to AIPAC, ran a story by senior editor Marc Fisher saying Moran was not fit for public office because 'what we have here is a United States congressman endorsing and spreading one of the oldest and most pernicious myths in the annals of ethnic hatred'. The 'trope' fraud is also one of the oldest and most pernicious protection rackets in the annals of ethnic diversion. They have constantly tried it with me, often through the clueless on the fake 'socialist' left, but I couldn't care less. Eric Gallagher, a director at AIPAC, was asked by Al Jazeera's 'Tony' which were the main media outlets that the Israel Project propaganda operation worked with. '*Washington Post* is the biggest one,' he replied. The *Post* was owned by ultra-Zionists before being purchased by Amazon's Jeff Bezos which basically means business as usual. 'Jewish leaders' (self-appointed) called on Moran to resign even though both his daughters married Jewish men and his grandchildren are Jewish. This is irrelevant to the ultra-Zionist Lobby to which 'Jewish' is merely a convenient label and means to an end. Former AIPAC magazine editor M. J. Rosenberg said everyone knew that what Moran said wasn't 'anti-Semitic':

> Anti-Semitism has come to mean anti-Israel. The AIPAC crowd doesn't really care very much about whether or not a person likes Jews or wants one to move next door. All they care about is what their position is on Israel.

The whole hoax and diversion of targeting Russia for influencing US elections is to a large part to hide the glaringly obvious fact that Israel and ultra-Zionism is buying and controlling American elections and lawmakers including the president. I had to chuckle when former Mossad chief Tamir Pardo said that Russia deployed tens of thousands of bots to influence the 2016 US elections in favour of Trump to support the candidate they thought would best suit their interests. He warned against 'the danger to Western democracies posed by Russian influence on public discourse'. What utter crap and he knows it. Al Jazeera undercover reporter 'Tony' heard about the 'Israel Cyber Shield' project which is 'a civil intelligence unit that collects, analyses and acts upon the activists in the BDS movement'. This is spying by a foreign power on American citizens and the government does *nothing*. What if the country was Russia or Iran? BDS co-founder Omar Barghouti, said:

> Israel has used cyber sabotage, we suffered from intense denial of service attacks, hacking attacks on our websites. Israel decided to go on cyber warfare against BDS publicly. They said we shall spy on BDS individuals and networks, especially in the west. We have not heard a peep from any western government complaining that Israel is admitting that it will spy on your

> citizens. Imagine Iran saying it will spy on British or American citizens. Just imagine what would happen.

Palestinian-American journalist Ali Abunimah, author of *The Battle for Justice in Palestine*, made the same point. If China, Russia or Iran was doing this there would be uproar, he said. 'You would have Congress going off to them, you would have hearings, you would have prosecutions. The question is how does Israel get away with this?' The answer is the Hidden Hand Web and the Death Cult. The scale of Israeli surveillance in the United States and worldwide is incredible. Jacob Baime, Executive Director of the Israel on Campus Coalition, told 'Tony':

> There's a company called Sensus. It's very pricy though. We had to raise hundreds of thousands of dollars for it. It's going to increase our discovery rate. We're discovering just about everything we need. It's also going to bring new sources online that we weren't able to access in an automated fashion.
>
> Like message boards ... we have ways to crawl message boards right now and to monitor them but it's disconnected from the event and activity discovery mechanism, so we want that system to be all integrated. We just signed the contract yesterday for them to start that work. They actually already started it. Good friends in Israel that are helping us with that.

John Mearsheimer, co-author of *The Israel Lobby*, rightly said that you would think with the United States having an unconditional special relationship with Israel, which gives it so much and protects it diplomatically at every turn, that Israelis would do less spying on America than other countries do: '... but on the contrary what we see is that the Israelis are probably at the top of the list when it comes to foreign countries spying on the United States.' This will become highly significant when I return to the September 11th attacks. Given what I am laying out here is it any surprise that Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres revealed that Prime Minister Ariel Sharon said in the wake of 9/11 in October, 2001:

> I want to tell you something very clear. Don't worry about American pressure on Israel. We, the Jewish people, control America and the Americans know it.

What Jewish academic Noam Chomsky said about Israeli interference in US elections is clear to anyone who has even mildly researched the subject:

> First of all, if you're interested in foreign interference in our elections, whatever the Russians may have done barely counts or weighs in the balance

> as compared with what another state does, openly, brazenly and with enormous support.
>
> Israeli intervention in U.S. elections vastly overwhelms anything the Russians may have done. I mean, even to the point where the prime minister of Israel, Netanyahu, goes directly to Congress, without even informing the president, and speaks to Congress, with overwhelming applause, to try to undermine the president's policies – what happened with Obama and Netanyahu in 2015. Did Putin come to give an address to the joint sessions of Congress trying to – calling on them to reverse US policy, without even informing the president?

The absolutely stunning scale of influence that ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult have over the United States is important to expose before I return to 9/11 because it explains why and how the truth has been suppressed – and ultra-Zionist manipulation is not at all confined to America.

CHAPTER 19

Everywhere you look

Until you realize how easily it is for your mind to be manipulated, you remain the puppet of someone else's game – Evita Ochel

Ultra-Zionist manipulation in Britain and Europe (and countries like Canada and Australia) is also systematically structured for maximum ongoing effect and certainly explains the puppy dog, tail-wagging enthusiasm for the post-9/11 war on terror by war criminal prime minister Tony Blair.

The ultra-Zionist web in the UK includes the Friends of Israel network within every major UK political party – Conservative Friends of Israel, Labour Friends of Israel and Liberal Democrat Friends of Israel. These are essentially the same organisation seeking the same outcome – political support in Britain for ultra-Zionist/Israel desires and demands. These 'Friends' groupings work closely with the Israeli Embassy in London and the Britain Israel Communications and Research Centre (BICOM), a UK version of AIPAC, which promotes 'awareness of Israel and the Middle East in the United Kingdom'. BICOM hilariously describes itself as an 'independent research centre producing research and analysis about Israel and the Middle East'. Don't be silly. BICOM is an ultra-Zionist lobby front established in the 9/11 year of 2001 by ultra-Zionist billionaire Chaim 'Poju' Zabludowicz and works closely with the Israeli Embassy directly and indirectly like all these major expressions of The Lobby. Helsinki-born Zabludowicz is the son of arms manufacturer Shlomo Zabludowicz of Soltam Systems. The family company owns some 40 percent of the land covered by downtown Las Vegas where a big noise is Trump funder Sheldon Adelson. Poju' also bought property in illegal West Bank settlements. He has been a major donor to Conservative Party/Israel causes and developed a close relationship with Conservative prime minister David Cameron. BICOM is Britain's AIPAC making connections with politicians and journalists with daily briefings issued with suggested stories and angles beneficial to Israel. There are the usual free trips for politicians and journalists to visit Israel and pick up the script that we see in the United States and elsewhere.

BICOM is especially active whenever Israel is bombing Palestinian civilians and PR is urgently needed with Israel's public standing in free-fall. Two other UK ultra-Zionist censor groups, the Campaign Against Anti-Semitism (CAA) and the North West Friends of Israel were both established in the period around the 2014 Israel slaughter in Gaza known as Operation Protective Edge. Mass Murder Edge would have been far more accurate. Other strands of the UK ultra-Zionist Lobby include the Board of Deputies of British Jews, the Jewish Leadership Council and the usual Christian Zionists. BICOM also has a UK pro-Israel advocacy organisation called We Believe in Israel headed by former Labour Party councillor Luke Akehurst.

Buying Blair

Long-time Labour Party MP Tam Dalyell spoke out in 2003, the year of the ultra-Zionist-manipulated invasion of Iraq, about how 9/11 Prime Minister Tony Blair was unduly influenced by a 'cabal of Jewish advisers' in forming policy towards Iraq, Syria and Iran. Dalyell particularly focused on Blair's 'Middle East envoy' ultra-Zionist Lord Levy who was also the Labour Party's chief fundraiser and known to the media as 'Lord Cashpoint'. I can't think where Levy would go for money. Levy was described by *The Jerusalem Post* as 'undoubtedly the notional leader of British Jewry'. He was a founding member of the Jewish Leadership Council and led the financial campaign to fund Blair's successful run for prime minister in 1997. Two of the people Levy tapped for big donations were ultra-Zionist television executive Alexander Bernstein and ultra-Zionist printing tycoon Robert Gavron who were both given titles of Baron and Lord when Blair was elected. I'm sure there was no connection. Lord Levy's son Daniel has been an assistant to former Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak who so brilliantly predicted the role of Bin Laden and Afghanistan on the morning of 9/11. Daniel Levy headed the Middle East Department of the European Council on Foreign Relations and became President of the US Middle East Project. Blair was the ultra-Zionists' man from the start and Levy was at his side across 9/11 and into the 'war on terror' until Blair stood aside in 2007 for Gordon Brown to become his brief successor in Downing Street. Blair and Brown were both members of Labour Friends of Israel and so little changed on that score. Levy's fundraising bonanza for Blair ended amid allegations and scandal over people who donated large sums being rewarded with a title and place in the House of Lords. Israeli newspaper *Haaretz* reported a connection between money donated by Zionist Jews and the pro-Israel policy of Tony Blair and Gordon Brown. Ultra-Zionist millionaire David Abrahams, a deputy chair of Labour Friends of Israel, was exposed in 2007 for making secret and illegal donations through junior employees of £600,000. He told *The*

Jewish Chronicle that he 'didn't want Jewish money and the Labour Party being put together'. Oh, really? I wonder why. Journalist Yasmin Alibhai-Brown questioned in *The Independent* the influence in Labour Party election victories of Zionist lobbyists and Labour political organiser Jonathan Mendelsohn. He was a trustee of the UK Holocaust Educational Trust, former chairman of Labour Friends of Israel and prominent in other ultra-Zionist groups. Mendelsohn, too, became a Baron. His ultra-Zionist wife Nicola, or Lady Mendelsohn, was named as Facebook's Vice President for Europe, the Middle East and Africa in 2013 on the watch of ultra-Zionist Facebook chairman and chief executive officer Mark Zuckerberg and ultra-Zionist Chief Operating Officer Sheryl Sandberg. Did I mention that Jewish people are only 0.2 percent of the global population and that many are not Zionists and only a comparative few ultra-Zionists? The Jewish percentage of the UK population is two percent with 290,000 in a nation of more than 66 million. Tony Blair immediately joined Labour Friends of Israel when he became an MP in 1983 and remained a close supporter and attendee. Baron Mendelsohn, chief election fundraiser for Blair's successor Gordon Brown, said that Blair transformed the party's stance on Israel:

> Blair attacked the anti-Israelism that had existed in the Labour Party. Old Labour was cowboys-and-Indians politics, picking underdogs to support, but the milieu has changed. Zionism is pervasive in New Labour. It is automatic that Blair will come to Labour Friends of Israel meetings.

This was all in the run-up to 9/11 and its 'war on terror' aftermath while precisely the same was happening around Boy Bush in the United States via the Project for the New American Century network.

Castrating Corbyn

The vicious hate-filled campaign by the ultra-Zionist lobby against Labour Party leader Jeremy Corbyn in 2018 and beyond to brand him and his party 'anti-Semitic' can now be seen in its true light. The UK Conservative Party is owned by ultra-Zionists and so are most of the Labour Party MPs still loyal to war criminal Tony Blair. They are both a gimme to do whatever Israel demands. It was different with Corbyn and Labour activists supporting him. They were still prepared to speak out against Israel and the inhuman treatment of Palestinians. The campaign of hate against Corbyn and what is left of genuine Labour was specifically orchestrated with disgraceful support from the *Daily Mail* and other media to force the party into adopting the ridiculously-broad new definition of 'anti-Semitism'. I say 'force' but 'force' always requires acquiescence to 'force' and the party hierarchy outrageously caved. Labour Friends of Israel MPs were at the forefront of the campaign as

you would expect and that is the source of constant efforts to replace Corbyn as leader. Ultra-Zionist Labour MPs played the victim card and the depths of insanity and exaggeration of the get-Corbyn campaign were personified by ultra-Zionist Labour MP Margaret Hodge (née Oppenheimer). She is a patron of the Campaign Against Antisemitism (CAA) which hurled hysterical abuse in Corbyn's direction as it has against me. Hodge actually said that facing a party disciplinary inquiry (later dropped) over calling Corbyn an 'anti-Semite' made her think about 'what it felt like to be a Jew in Germany in the 30s'. She went on: '... when I heard about the disciplinary, my emotional response resonated with that feeling of fear, that clearly was at the heart of what my father felt when he came to Britain.' To make a comparison between a party disciplinary hearing and being a Jew in Nazi Germany takes the bloody breath away. One of the most sickening comments I saw with relation to Corbyn was when he posted on Twitter on the 100th anniversary of the end of the First World War in 2018 that we should say 'never again'. This was met with a reply from an ultra-Zionist fanatic who said: 'Please don't ever use the phrase #NeverAgain (which FYI is a reference to the Holocaust). It is an insult!' An estimated 37 million people died in the First World War and this man was claiming copyright for 'never again' for 0.2 per- cent of the global population. Now *that* is an insult, but what a glimpse into the extremes of this cultural chauvinism. Political commentator John Wight made a telling contribution to understanding the background to the anti-Corbyn hate campaign by 'anti-hate' ultra-Zionist frauds. Wight described them as: 'A sundry crew of in the main very middle class, very affluent, and very mendacious champions of war – Iraq, Libya anyone? – and defenders of Israel's oppression and dispossession of the Palestinian people, who to all intents have been marked out as children of a lesser God':

> Many of these defenders of Israel occupy prime positions within the mainstream media, within the Labour Party itself as MPs — indeed within the establishment in general — and key among them are members of a pro-Israel lobby that is committed to policing and controlling the terms of the debate when it comes to the treatment of the Palestinians.
>
> At their behest people in Britain have been invited to enter an upside-down world in which lifelong committed anti-racists, such as Corbyn, are presented as rabid racists and anti-Semites, while they – proponents of regime change wars and defenders of apartheid – are presented as Camusian warriors of integrity and decency.

Gaining Momentum? Or gaining control?

Four weeks after Jeremy Corbyn became UK Labour Party leader an

organisation called Momentum was launched from the multi-million pound home overlooking Tower Bridge in London of Zionist Jon Lansman with fellow Zionists James Schneider and Adam Klug. Momentum is called a 'grassroots' organisation allegedly to gather support for Corbyn and it quickly made inroads into the Labour Party hierarchy with Lansman securing a place on the party's National Executive Committee. There were more than 170 local groups in the UK by early 2018 and 40,000 members. Momentum said it would 'encourage mass mobilisation for a more democratic, equal and decent society' and 'assist members in making their voice heard in Labour Party debates'. Well, debates that don't include criticism of Israel would appear to be more accurate because according to *Jewish News* Lansman was for weeks lobbying Labour's leadership to adopt the international definition of anti-Semitism with all its carefully-worded examples that I detailed earlier. He came out full-blown in 2019 when he said that the Labour Party he claims to support had a major problem with 'anti-Semitism' and members who believed in 'conspiracy theories'. How yawningly predictable. The real agenda of Zionist-controlled 'Momentum' was now on public display and even more so when Momentum produced a video condemning 'conspiracy theories' and saying they were only trying to get people to 'hate Jews'. The Rothschilds and George Soros were especially defended and yours truly naturally got a mention. No matter how much documented evidence is produced about Soros it doesn't matter because there is only one explanation for why people expose him – they're 'anti-Semitic'. The clueless presenter of the video said the Rothschilds can't be part of a conspiracy because they are hardly mentioned in the Forbes Rich List. The idea that those in real control – as opposed to mega-rich frontmen like Jeff Bezos – are going to flaunt the extent of their wealth and power is so ridiculous, naive and misleading that you can only laugh. Are genuine Labour Party members going to realise what Momentum really is and why it was created by Zionists immediately after Corbyn was elected leader? By 2018 Corbyn was so controlled by people like Lansman and Israel-arse-licking Labour Deputy Leader Tom Watson that he posted a link to the Momentum video while condemning 'vile and destructive ... antisemitic conspiracy theories'. This was the end of Corbyn as a credible 'radical'. His backbone had gone and he was now owned by Israel. The coup on the Labour Party was complete. I never had Corbyn down as the brightest, but his spineless contempt for genuine Labour supporters that made him leader is a disgrace. Tom Watson, who has taken donations from pro-Israel lobbyists, said amid rising homelessness and poverty with kids going to bed hungry every night that 'fighting anti-Semitism' should be the Labour Party's 'number one issue'. How Watson shaves without averting his eyes I cannot think. The claim by rich-man

Lansman that he started Momentum to improve the lives of the oppressed working class is utterly hilarious to me. He became a member of the National Executive Committee's working group on anti-Semitism and Momentum vice-chair Emina Ibrahim was on the panel that expelled Labour Party members for 'anti-Semitism' *including* Jewish ones. The most shocking case was that of Cyril Chilson, a Jewish academic at Oxford University who served 16 years of compulsory and reserve service in the Israeli army, including in occupied Palestinian territories and in occupied Lebanon during the war in 1982. He was also a foreign press liaison officer with the Israeli Defence Forces (IDF) spokesman unit. Chilson said that his job was to:

> ... whitewash the atrocities which I had witnessed on a daily basis when serving in the West Bank or in Gaza and spoon-feed with watered-down information the foreign correspondents while escorting them during their restricted visits.

Chilson's parents were both survivors of the Nazis. He moved to the UK where he became a naturalised British citizen in 2006 and was able 'to gain a wider perspective of the real intentions of the state of Israel, reflected through the agenda of the settlers' movement, namely a permanent and irreversible Jewish colonisation of the occupied Palestinian territories'. Chilson joined the Labour Party and said he recognised from personal experience the 'ideological fingerprints' of the Israeli military propaganda machine and 'Hasbara' that were 'all over' the attacks on Jeremy Corbyn and the Labour Party for being 'anti-Semitic'. He was describing how the Israeli military and government via its UK network was the source of the campaign of abuse for Corbyn and Labour to accept the new full and ludicrous definition of 'anti-Semitism' while Momentum's Lansman was lobbying Labour from the inside to the very same end which was eventually successful. This manufactured ultra-Zionist mob abused Chilson and his family and tried to pressure Oxford University to sack him. This is typical of ultra- Zionist hate groups. Instead of giving Chilson support the spineless ultra-Zionist-hijacked Labour Party suspended him in 2016 and he was permanently expelled from the party at a disciplinary hearing with Momentum's Emina Ibrahim on the panel. Another expelled Jewish Labour member, Tony Greenstein, described her as a 'collaborator in this racist outrage'. Cyril Chilson wrote:

> The charges against me revolved around my 'antisemitism' – a grotesque accusation for a son of Holocaust survivors whose mother had been snatched in the last minute from the crematoria of death camps and whose father had fought the Nazis flying a Soviet combat aircraft, while his entire family,

> parents, siblings and all their relatives perished in the Belzec concentration camp.
>
> The 'antisemitism' in question was my criticism of the state of Israel and its atrocious policies – namely, the unending occupation of the West Bank and the inhuman siege on Gaza, the continuous colonisation of the West Bank and annexed territories (i.e. Eastern Jerusalem and the Golan Heights) and the pervasive apartheid and discrimination against the Palestinian citizens of Israel.

What profound confirmation that the 'anti-Semitism' hysteria and ultra-Zionist hate groups are not about protecting Jews, but deleting all criticism and exposure of the far right Israel government and the Death Cult that drives its policies and behaviour. Chilson's comments about Israel 'recruiting certain leaders of western Jewish communities and turning them into zealous supporters who ostracise opposing Jewish voices' were decreed by the panel, or what Chilton calls a kangaroo court, as 'making mendacious allegations about Jews as a collective" and 'accusing Jews, supporters of Israel and critics of antisemitism as being more loyal to Israel than to the UK ...' Chilson said that most insane of all he was accused of 'denying Jewish people the language to describe their own oppression'. Even the sons of Nazi concentration camps victims are 'anti-Semitic' if they criticise Israel. Jeremy Corbyn, caught in a pincer-movement between the Tony Blair-supporting, Israel-supporting wing of his party and Zionist Lansman's Momentum sat on his hands and zipped his mouth while all this was going on. In November, 2018, Lansman's Momentum would turn on me and try to get my public event in Watford, just north of London, cancelled on the grounds of, yes, 'anti-Semitism'. They tried to demonise me on social media and produced a video in support, but they were met with a lot of condemnation from genuine Momentum and Labour Party members and others for their contempt for freedom of speech. It might be wise for those genuine Momentum members and Labour activists to ask a few questions about the organisation's real agenda and why a rich man like Lansman has this calling to represent the poor and downtrodden while campaigning within the party for what suits Israel and its network of lobby groups. Labour MP Chris Williamson was suspended for saying that the party had been 'too apologetic' over the 'anti-Semitism' campaign. This was not only true, but even if it wasn't he had a right to that opinion. Not in the Israel-owned Labour Party he doesn't. Williamson's biggest mistake was to then say he deeply regretted his remarks. Every time someone apologises for speaking either the truth or their view of the truth more power is handed to the ultra-Zionist hate groups who are further emboldened to attack others. They should

demand that I apologise for reporting supportable facts. They will die waiting. 'Progressive' *Guardian* columnist and self-obsessed social justice warrior Owen Jones jumped to the defence of Williamson and free speech, surely? Well, er, not quite:

> This is utterly out of order. When does the left ever say we've been 'too apologetic' about fighting racism or bigotry? Why is he, a non-Jew, right and Jon Lansman - a Jewish socialist who founded Momentum and ran Corbyn's second leadership campaign - wrong about anti-Semitism?

Another little boy in short trousers who believes he's an intellectual giant. Jones and Lansman's Momentum even urged people to protest at a music event of Israeli-born Gilad Atzmon – now music is 'anti-Semitic' to these morons. Didn't the Nazis target music and cultural events? I do they believe they did.

One party state and the climate of fear

Peter Oborne is one of the few mainstream journalists with the courage and integrity to question the influence of the Zionist Lobby in British politics which he has done both in print and a rare television documentary on the subject. He has highlighted the 'formidable turnout' at major Conservative Friends of Israel events including the party leader and how *80 percent* of Conservative Members of Parliament were members of Conservative Friends of Israel (CFI). The UK Conservative Party has been in government since 2010 at the time of writing led by prime ministers David Cameron and Theresa May who have slavishly supported the US ultra-Zionist Neocon agenda in Libya, Syria and elsewhere. The current Conservative Party treasurer and money-man as I write is the Israeli-born businessman Ehud Sheleg who has donated large sums to the party while Sir Mick Davis, born to a South African Jewish family and former chair of the Jewish Leadership Council, was appointed the party's chief executive in 2018. I wonder what the Conservative policy on the Middle East will be? *Mmmm* ... can't think. Peter Oborne reported how then Prime Minister David Cameron made the main speech at the annual Conservative Friends of Israel gathering in 2009 like other Conservative leaders before him. Margaret Thatcher was a founder member of the Conservative Friends of Israel, a member of the Anglo-Israel Friendship League and the first serving British prime minister to visit the country in 1986. Cameron's speech to this Israel lobby group within his own party was made amid an Israeli invasion of the Gaza Strip and Oborne said he was shocked to see that Cameron did not even mention the invasion. Instead he praised the way Israel 'strives to protect innocent life' at a time when 1,370 people in Gaza were dead. Oborne said he found it impossible to reconcile the remarks with the

numerous reports of human rights abuses in Gaza and said as much to some Conservative or 'Tory' Members of Parliament. 'They looked at me as if I was distressingly naive, drawing my attention to the very large number of Tory donors in the audience,' he said. We are looking at the UK equivalent of the spring-arsed Israel-worshippers on Capitol Hill. Most people have no idea about the scale of influence ultra-Zionism and Israel have in the corridors of power, but to know this is to understand so much about the way Israel gets what it wants and avoids criticism and challenge for behaviour that would have others before the International Criminal Court or subject to regime change invasion. Oborne has described how the slur of 'anti-Semitism' is used against journalists and publications to deter would-be critics and how 'News International, Telegraph newspapers and the Express Group have tended to take a pro-Israel line and have not always been an hospitable environment for those taking a critical look at Israeli foreign policy and influence'. I should congratulate him for one of the understatements of the century. Oborne and colleague James Jones produced a pamphlet exploring the influence of the Zionist Lobby and they noted how clearly frightened people were to speak publicly on the subject even though they had plenty to say in private. Oborne and Jones wrote:

> Many people who privately voiced concerns about the influence of the lobby simply felt they had too much to lose by confronting it. One national newspaper editor told us, 'that's one lobby I've never dared to take on.' From MPs, to senior BBC journalists and representatives of Britain's largest charities, the pattern became depressingly familiar. Material would come flooding out on the phone or in a meeting, but then days later an email would arrive to say that they would not be able to take part. Either after consultation with colleagues or consideration of the potential consequences, people pulled out.

Oborne and Jones revealed how charities such as Disasters Emergency Committee, Amnesty, Oxfam, Christian Aid, Save the Children Fund and the Catholic agency CAFOD all refused to comment on the BBC's refusal to air a Gaza disaster appeal in response to the humanitarian catastrophe at the time delivered by the Israeli military. Even finding a publisher for their pamphlet was not easy with potential publishers concerned about losing their charitable status or saying 'I don't think that our donors would like this very much'. Zionist money and intimidation are the twin pillars of ultra-Zionist control networks both sides of the Atlantic and in countries like Australia and New Zealand. The writers described how one MP had predicted they would never 'have the guts' to make a television programme about what was happening. The MP said it was 'a big story' and called the Zionist network 'the most powerful lobby by far in parliament'. When the

programme *was* made the MP refused to take part and a 'front bench Conservative MP was so paranoid he insisted we remove the battery from our mobile phones to ensure our privacy during the conversation'. Only senior MPs reaching the end of their political careers were willing to speak on the record including Michael Mates, a member of the Intelligence and Security Committee and former Northern Ireland minister, who eventually left parliament in 2010. He said: 'The pro-Israel lobby in our body politic is the most powerful political lobby. There's nothing to touch them.' Their lobbying, he thought, was 'done very discreetly, in very high places'. Sir Richard Dalton, former British ambassador to Iran and consul in Jerusalem, told the writers how politicians are afraid to say publicly what they may say in private and so Israel avoided proper public scrutiny and much of this pressure to stay silent was financial. Oborne and Jones described how different members of the Friends of Israel networks from Conservative and Labour parties have public dialogue about Israel policy while never making clear their membership of in effect Israel lobby groups. This included those in government and parliamentary roles highly relevant to Israel policy. Oborne and Jones wrote in 2009:

> Many of the most sensitive foreign affairs, defence and intelligence posts in the House of Commons are occupied by Labour or Conservative Friends of Israel. Mike Gapes, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Select Committee, is a former deputy chairman of the [Labour Friends of Israel]. Kim Howells, the chair of the Intelligence and Security Committee (and another former Middle East minister) used to chair Labour Friends of Israel. James Arbuthnot, chairman of the powerful Commons Defence Select Committee, is also the serving parliamentary chairman of the [Conservative Friends of Israel]. There is no prohibition on parliamentarians having membership of such groups, but how many voters are aware of these links?

The same situation continues today with the ultra-Zionist lobby massively influencing British government policy on the Middle East and elsewhere through their maze of channels. Oborne reveals that then Conservative Party opposition foreign affairs spokesman William Hague was the target of Zionist anger when he described the Israeli attack on Lebanon in 2006 as 'disproportionate'. Threats were made by ultra-Zionist Lord Stanley Kalms, treasurer of the Conservative Party across 9/11, to withdraw funding. Oborne said party leader David Cameron gave the Zionists an assurance that the term 'disproportionate' would never be used again. Members of Parliament supporting the ultra-Zionist agenda attract financial support and particularly those who are standing against critics of Israel. No guesses where the inspiration came from for Jeremy Hunt, I think I pronounced that correctly, the British

Conservative government Foreign Secretary, to describe Israel as 'an inspiration' and 'beacon of democracy' when it is anything but. Hunt announced in 2019 that the UK would oppose the United Nations Human Rights Council's permanent agenda item on human rights abuses in Israel and Occupied Palestinian Territories. He said 'elevating this dispute above all others cannot be sensible' and he might have added 'if I want to stay attached to my arse'. Hunt condemned the suggestion that 'one side alone holds a monopoly of fault'. He's right – the ones with the state of the art arsenal funded by the United States and those by comparison with pea-shooters are equally at fault. The same is true of those who are free to travel anywhere and those imprisoned behind fences with checkpoint exits manned by armed troops and those who pepper-bomb Gaza and those on the receiving end. They are equally to blame. It's your fault – you shouldn't have been having tea in your home with your family when we decided to drop a bomb. In fact, that could even be 'anti-Semitic'.

It's the same game in Britain that we see in the United States, Canada and other countries. Labour and Conservatives Friends of Israel MPs and those they want to snare are taken on funded visits to Israel to be subjected to ultra-Zionist propaganda. How can this be in any way acceptable when according to the Committee on Standards in Public Life: 'Holders of public office should not place themselves under any financial or other obligation to outside individuals or organisations that might seek to influence them in the performance of their official duties.' Do you think being owned by ultra-Zionist money and largesse might qualify for that? Journalists told Oborne and Jones how they had been accused of anti-Semitism' for writing articles unfavourable to Israel and they were sure it had damaged their careers. BBC Middle East reporter Orla Guerin was moved to other duties after a campaign against her by Israel and its lobby dubbing her 'anti-Semitic' for the 'crime' of trying to report the Israeli-Palestinian conflict fairly and honestly. Both words are like garlic to a vampire to the ultra-Zionist lobby which demands that only its narrative is heard. Writer Antony Lerman who had been very supportive of Israel and highlighted anti-Semitism was called 'a nasty anti-Semite' as soon as he broke ranks with the script. 'I think there are people who are deliberately manipulating the use of the term antisemitism because they do see that it's useful in defending Israel', he said. Oh, just a little bit. Veteran British journalist Richard Ingrams, a critic of Blair minder Lord Levy, highlighted 'the reluctance throughout the media to contemplate the Israeli factor' with regard to the September 11th attacks and pointed to 'pressure from the Israeli lobby in this country that many, even normally outspoken journalists, are reluctant even to refer to such matters.' Ingrams pointed out the 'close business links with Israel' with regard to major media owners like Rupert

Murdoch. Sam Kiley, a journalist on the Murdoch-owned *Times* newspaper, resigned after saying his work had been severely censored by senior executives because of the owners' support for Israel and Zionism. Most won't walk out with a mortgage to pay and so they bow their heads and avoid the subject. Columnist Kevin Myers was fired by the Irish version of the Murdoch-owned *Sunday Times* for alleged 'anti-Semitic' comments in 2017 about the way the BBC paid male presenters more than female for the same job. Myers wrote:

> I note that two of the best-paid women presenters in the BBC – Claudia Winkleman and Vanessa Feltz, with whose, no doubt, sterling work I am tragically unacquainted – are Jewish. Good for them. Jews are not generally noted for their insistence on selling their talent for the lowest possible price, which is the most useful measure there is of inveterate, lost-with-all-hands stupidity. I wonder, who are their agents?

Had had the word 'Jewish' instead been 'American', 'Chinese', 'French', 'Russian', 'Colombian' or 'Canadian' Myers would not have been instantly fired, his column removed and an apology published. The Jewish population of Ireland is about 2,500 in a total Irish population of around 4.8 million and the pressure to sack him didn't even come from Jews in Ireland. They *defended* him – not least because he had a record of pro-Israel articles. The Jewish Representative Council of Ireland said that branding him as either an anti-Semite or Holocaust denier was 'an absolute distortion of the facts'. Distortion of the facts? Who could have done that to get Myers sacked and his career destroyed? *Mmmm,* that would be the UK-based Campaign Against Antisemitism (CAA) in its perpetually red-faced outrage. This is the same CAA that targets the Labour Party and myself – while Labour members targeted by the CAA also target me on the same grounds that the CAA targets them. Don't waste your time trying to make sense of that. Just accept that the world is mad and let's continue.

Israel's 'take-down' policy

Ultra-Zionists use their web of organisations and hate groups to fund, manipulate and intimidate their demands into reality through theoretically (and only that) sovereign governments. Elected politicians who won't play ball with the psychopaths of the Israeli far right are targeted for removal. We saw a glaring example of this in an Al Jazeera documentary series about the Zionist Lobby in Britain in 2016 when hidden cameras caught Shai Masot, 'a senior political officer' (see 'Mossad') at the Israeli Embassy in London headed by far-right ultra-Zionist ambassador Mark Regev who has become well known for 'justifying' in the media the slaughter of Palestinian civilians. Israeli

embassies around the world are Mossad fronts with the main Mossad operative having a higher rank than the ambassador. This was revealed by former Mossad agent Victor Ostrovsky in his 1990 book, *By Way of Deception*. Friends of Israel groups within UK political parties work closely with the Israel embassy in London as confirmed by Labour Friends of Israel officer Michael Rubin when caught on a secret camera. He said there was a need to keep this connection to the embassy secret: 'We work really closely together, but a lot of it is behind the scenes.' Oh, I don't doubt it, and so we are looking at organisations connected to the Israel embassy infiltrating UK political parties. *Hello*? Al Jazeera's covert filming exposed the manipulations of the Friends of Israel network and associated groups and in one scene Israeli embassy operative Shai Masot is seen listing British politicians he wanted to 'take down' for their stance on Israel (Fig 103). They included Foreign Office Minister Alan Duncan. Masot was in conversation with his friend, Joan Ryan, then chair of the Labour Party Friends of Israel and a vociferous critic of party leader Jeremy Corbyn. This shocking exposure should have been met with a tidal wave of condemnation and questions about Israel's manipulation of politics in Britain and elsewhere. Imagine what would have happened had the country been Iran? But it wasn't – it was Israel and the incident passed with barely a whimper and that included from Corbyn who is in political hock to the Momentum 'radical socialist' organisation of Zionist Jon Lansman. Prime Minister Theresa May said in reaction to an Israeli demand to take down one of her own ministers: 'The Israeli ambassador has apologised ... the UK has a strong relationship with Israel and we consider the matter closed.' This was both pathetic and also very revealing. Another ultra-Zionist group working within the Labour Party is the Jewish Labour Movement (JLM) which the Electric Intifada website reported, quoting unbroadcast footage from an Al Jazeera documentary, was reformed in 2015 just to oppose Jeremy Corbyn. Still another ultra-Zionist group within the party is Jewish Voice for Labour

Figure 103: UK Israeli embassy 'take down' operative Shai Masot on the left with Ambassador Mark Regev on the right, the notorious apologist for Israeli mass-murder in Gaza. In the centre is Jeremy Newmark , former chair of the Jewish Labour Movement within the Labour Party which has been very active in the 'anti-Semitism' campaign against Jeremy Corbyn and the party in general.

which is a 'racially'-exclusive group that only allows non-Jews to join as a 'solidarity member'. What if it was the other way round? 'Anti-Semitic!!!' JLM director Ella Rose admitted to Al Jazeera's undercover reporter that she worked closely with Shai Masot before and after she took up the post. 'We work with Shai, we know him very well,' she said, which is not surprising. Rose once worked for the Israeli embassy. You won't be shocked to know that Rose is another critic of Corbyn within the party. The Jewish Labour Movement invited an Israeli delegation to the 2016 Labour Party conference at the behest of the Israeli embassy who were portrayed as young, left-wing Israeli activists. Israel daily *Haaretz* reported after the conference – without naming the groups involved – that a cable from Israel's London embassy confirmed that Israeli agents had been 'operating British Jewish organizations' and this was possibly 'in violation of British law'. Michael Rubin, Parliamentary Officer for the Labour Friends of Israel, said on hidden camera that Israel Friends Labour chair Joan Ryan spoke with Shai 'take down' Masot 'most days' and that Labour Friends of Israel 'work with the [Israeli] ambassador and the embassy quite a lot'. Still believe in 'democracy'?

The inevitable came in early 2019 when Israel-stooge Labour and Conservative MPs, including Friends of Israel stalwart Joan Ryan and Jewish MP Luciana Berger, a one-time director of Labour Friends of Israel, left their parties to form their own 'Independent Group'. A greater contradiction in terms it is hard to imagine. They claimed their motivation came from 'anti-Semitism' in the Labour Party. This 'group', which included the oil-slick-slimy Labour MP Chuka Umunna, turned out not to be a new political party, at least at first, but a private company! This allowed them to keep secret their sources of funding. Half a brain cell was all you needed to work out where much of it would come from and confirmation soon arrived. Multi-millionaire Israel lobbyist David Garrard announced that he was funding the 'Independent' Group which chose Umunna as its 'spokesman'. Oil slick would not have had it any other way. David Garrard has been a major financial backer of Labour Friends of Israel and joined its board. He donated nearly $2 million to the Labour Party under pro-Israel leaders Tony Blair, Gordon Brown and Ed Miliband, but then called in a loan of more than $2.5 million when Jeremy Corbyn was elected leader. But don't you worry your little head – there is no ultra-Zionist manipulation of British politics and it is absolutely 'anti-Semitic' and Holocaust-denying to say so. I mean, where's your evidence? Garrard has made donations to Ryan, Umunna and other breakaway Israel-worshippers, but their new 'party', later called Change UK, soon began to unravel. Labour MP Ruth George commented that it was possible this group would get support from Israel (solid gold certainty) but after the usual

furore she apologised for 'invoking a conspiracy theory'. Is there no one in politics or public life who is not permanently on their knees facing Tel Aviv? The UK Liberal Democrat Party is another fiefdom of the ultra-Zionist lobby and the Friends of Israel network. Baroness Jenny Tonge, a thoroughly decent former Liberal Democrat MP and member of the House of Lords, was suspended by the party and later resigned after the truth she told about Israel was too much for her butt-licking colleagues. She said in 2006: 'The pro-Israeli lobby has got its grips on the western world, its financial grips. I think they've probably got a grip on our party' (another solid-gold certainty). The establishment immediately fell to its knees led appropriately by former Archbishop of Canterbury George Carey who condemned Tonge's 'irresponsible and inappropriate' comments which 'evoked a classic anti-Jewish conspiracy theory'. *What an idiot*. Journalists Peter Oborne and James Jones said the following about the influence of the Zionist and Israel Lobby in the UK:

> This influence works in a variety of ways: the unceasing cultivation of British MPs; political donations; availability of research briefs; brilliant presentation of the case for Israel. The Israel lobby has enjoyed superb contacts at the very top of British politics, and never hesitated to use them. As we have shown in this pamphlet, it has used them at key moments; for instance the Israeli invasion of the Lebanon three years ago and the publication of the Goldstone Report into alleged war crimes during the invasion of Gaza earlier this year.
>
> Beyond these specific examples of influence, there is also a wider presence. The Friends of Israel groups in the House of Commons have firmly established themselves in the interstices of British political life. Their heavy presence at party conferences is taken for granted, their lunches and dinners an ingrained part of the Westminster social scene, the donations a vital part of the political financing. An environment now exists where MPs and ministers feel cautious about criticizing the foreign policy of the Israeli state, wary of opening themselves to criticism on the home front. Meanwhile, public discourse on Israel, as we have shown, is heavily policed.

'Conspiracy theorist' = 'anti-Semite'

What the CIA dubbed 'conspiracy theorists' are very dangerous to the official narrative because they are questioning its validity either in total like me or in part. They therefore have to be discredited and silenced and once again 'anti-Semitism' is the weapon of choice. The Board of Deputies of British Jews and the UK Community Security Trust don't seem to like talk of conspiracy – the same with their American counterparts the Anti-Defamation League (ADL). 'Conspiracy theories' are now condemned as 'anti-Semitic tropes' by the Protection Racket even if Jewish people or Zionism are not mentioned because this is

about preventing exposure of the global conspiracy and nothing to do with protecting Jewish people from discrimination. The ADL attacked a researcher for questioning how the Twin Towers collapsed when there was no mention of a Jewish or Zionist angle. How interesting and it will get more so later in the book. The UK Community Security Trust (CST), which likes to attack me, is a private 'security' organisation that makes its money from protecting Jewish people and thus benefits when they feel threatened. Every year it issues figures which invariably show that 'anti-Semitism is on the rise' and the media and politicians just accept the figures without question and with not even a thought about potential conflict of interest. True to form in February, 2019, the CST published its latest 'figures' and would you believe it – 'anti-Semitism' incidents had reached a record high for the third year in a row. The CST said that this indicated a general atmosphere of intolerance when they took a brief break from calling for others to have their free speech denied. The Campaign Against Anti-Semitism (CAA) is so tolerant that its stated policy is 'zero tolerance'. They're not hypocrites or anything – that's just an 'anti-Semitic' trope. The CST and Board of Deputies condemned the anti-EU UK Independence Party (UKIP) for embracing people connected to conspiracy talk show host, Alex Jones. Israel arse-licker, rent-a-quote and Labour MP John Mann said Jones' organisation was 'vile and dangerous'. I thought he was talking about his Labour Friends of Israel at first hearing, but apparently not. I have some big differences with Alex Jones and not least his backing of Trump, but I will support to my dying day his right to his opinion. This is in stark contrast to the tech and financial companies of The Web that have banned him. Apple, Twitter, Facebook, PayPal and so on did so while talking about 'our values' when they don't have any. 'Values' is only Orwell-speak for controlling the narrative. The ultra-Zionist attack on Jones was particularly bizarre on the face of it because the Jones associate they mention rails against the impact of Islam but has argued *against* any suggestion of a 'Jewish plot'. Jones overwhelmingly avoids the Zionist connection, too. Ultra-Zionist groups linked the exposure of George Soros by Alex Jones and company as evidence of 'anti-Semitism' which is the constantly-employed tactic to protect Soros and his mega networks manipulating human society. I read the story about the targeting of UKIP on the *Guardian* website in an article by its 'political correspondent' (God help us) Peter Walker. He wrote about 'the supposed influence of Soros, the billionaire financier who is at the centre of antisemitic conspiracies about so-called "globalists" seeking to control the world.' The fact that what Soros is doing has been confirmed by leaked documents and emails and by arrogant members of his Open Society Foundations passes Walker by. *The Guardian* promotes itself as radical left of centre but is actually the epitome of an establishment

propaganda sheet promoting the agenda of human enslavement while most of its number think they are 'anti-establishment'. The paper's biased coverage of Israel and Palestine is a disgrace to journalism and those seeking to present both sides have been purged as contributors in recent years in yet another example of ultra-Zionist-inspired censorship.

Speaking from experience

Elements within the programmed *Guardian*-like 'progressive left' turned on Alice Walker, once one of their icons, when she recommended my book *And The Truth Shall Set You Free* in an interview with *The New York Times* in late 2018. Alice, the acclaimed author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Color Purple* and many other books and works of poetry, was born as a black child into racist and segregated Georgia in 1944. Against all those incredible odds she built a career as a celebrated author and activist opposing racism and campaigning for justice for all. She married Melvyn Rosenman Leventhal, a Jewish civil rights lawyer, in 1967 and they became the first legally-married interracial couple in Mississippi which obviously attracted harassment and condemnation from white racist morons and their enforcement arm, the Ku Klux Klan. It took incredible commitment and fortitude to stand by her principles – her Jewish husband, too – but all this was forgotten and ignored on both sides of the Atlantic by the calculated hate-merchants of the ultra-Zionist Protection Racket and their mindless sycophants in the 'progressive' mob and media when Walker committed the crime of saying positive things about my book. The symbiosis of ultra-Zionist hate groups and 'progressive' 'anti-hate' groups and activists is the symbiosis of cold calculation and self-righteous ignorance and stupidity. Not a pretty sight from any angle. The media was in uproar as they always are when anyone questions the absolute, uncriticisable perfection of 0.2 percent of the global population. Well, apart from those in the 0.2 percent that criticise Israel – they are fair game to the Protection Racket. I was also interested to see how writers who promote themselves as 'moderate', 'socialist' Zionists were attacking Walker including a bloke called Raphael Magarik writing in the Israeli paper, *Haaretz*. He called my book 'rabidly anti-Semitic' (I doubt he'd even read it) and accused Walker of making 'anti-Semitic' remarks. Utterly ridiculous and outrageous, but for much of the Zionist left Jewish self-identity is still the default position no matter what they may say about the Israeli right wing. Once we reach the point of accusing people like Alice Walker of racism we know that something is seriously wrong and all this does is alert still more people to the Protection Racket, its methods and goals.

I have often been targeted by the ultra-Zionist lobby and its hate groups which have lied to venues and police in an effort to have my public events banned. They have succeeded a few times – at great cost to

their public credibility and standing – but we have always somehow found a way around this coldly-calculated censorship – except in Germany where venues are cowed and threatened into cancelling my events or refusing to take a booking (see *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* for the detailed background). Germany, meanwhile, continues in its delusion of being a free country despite these facts and Orwellian laws targeting freedom of speech. I don't know what they will do when this book comes out. They will be apoplectic and fit to burst and what I have written will be completely misrepresented as always. I can't say enough times that I am not exposing a 'Jewish plot' but a plot by a cabal that hides in part within the Jewish community and connects with the The Web which operates in all communities, cultures and races. The emphasis in this book is on the ultra-Zionist part of The Web because of its direct relevance to 9/11 as we will see. I will address directly in the next chapter the nature of the usurpers who use the Jewish community as their smokescreen. The prime organisation seeking to silence me in the UK has been the Campaign Against Antisemitism (CAA) which was established in August, 2014, during the mass murder of Palestinians by the Israeli military in Operation Protective Edge which killed more than 2,000 Palestinians including more than 500 children. Another Zionist censor group, the North West Friends of Israel, was formed in the same summer of 2014 and it, too, has worked to have my events cancelled by lying to venues and media about what I would be saying and what I believe. The venues, including the Lowry Hotel in Manchester, never consult me about what is being claimed. They just cancel the event often without even telling us.

Manchester (no class) United

A perfect example with regard to the CAA is the behaviour of Manchester United Football Club in 2017 where a book-launch dinner was to be held for *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*. The booking had been confirmed for months and right up to the previous day my son Jaymie was in communication with the club over final arrangements for hundreds of guests, many of them Manchester United supporters and others who had come from abroad. Some had booked tickets to celebrate birthdays. None of this matters to the agenda of the CAA who joined forces with Kick-It- Out, an organisation that campaigns against racism in football. Kick-It-Out knew nothing about me but they didn't have to. The CAA told them everything they needed to know. They both contacted Manchester United with their lies about what I say in the events and alerted local Labour Party Member of Parliament, Kate Green. She went to work on the club as well and we heard on the Internet on the morning of the event that Manchester

United had cancelled. To this day they have never told us. Jaymie headed to the club's Old Trafford ground to ask the people he had been dealing with for months what was going on and he was met by the club's security who escorted him from the premises. Manchester United may be one of the world's biggest football clubs but clearly has no class and no integrity. We managed to find another venue at incredibly short notice to hold the event and in doing so we came across a big venue that will absolutely not cancel when I next speak in Manchester. So thanks for that CAA. It is astonishing to think that MP Kate Green, who was pivotal in having the event cancelled at the expense of her own constituents, was responding to the misrepresentations of me by the very same CAA that so viciously targeted her Labour Party as 'anti-Semitic'. People actually vote for this person? The head of a local homeless charity was pressured by aides to Manchester Labour Mayor Andrew Burnham not to attend the event to receive a donation from us for the homeless of Manchester collected at my events. Burnham sells himself politically as a champion for the homeless. We walked around the city handing out the money directly to the homeless instead. One of three Twitter accounts that Kate Green said had demanded my event to be cancelled was called 'Falconmalteser'. This was established ten years earlier and had the sum total in that time of *one tweet*. So it was genuine then? Green went into battle immediately without even checking. The thought that she is representing anyone let alone a whole political constituency of Stretford and Urmston is terrifying.

The North West Friends of Israel were also involved in pressing for cancellation and they have connections to the Labour Party via people like MP John Mann, a fanatical Zionist, stalwart of Labour Friends of Israel, chair of the All-Party Parliamentary Group against Antisemitism and in the forefront of attacks on Labour leader Jeremy Corbyn over alleged 'anti-Semitism'. You get the picture. Kick-It-Out is partly funded by the Professional Footballers Association (PFA) which is run by Gordon Taylor, a man I knew quite well many years ago when I did interviews with him for the BBC. I wrote to Taylor to point out that the organisation he was helping to fund had grossly misrepresented me both to Manchester United and in public, but he couldn't be bothered to reply. Keep your head down, Gordon, you know it makes sense. I made an offer to publically debate the CAA, Kate Green, Andrew Burnham, Kick-It-Out, all of them together, but they wouldn't accept. Ultra-Zionist hate groups make a point of avoiding open debate with their targets by saying they don't debate with 'anti-Semites'. Throw your mud and run is their modus operandi and they know the media will never call them out. As for Manchester United, they told the media they didn't know the booking was for me which was a lie beyond belief and provably so. Jaymie had actually told them that venues had been targeted to cancel

my events and club staff said that we wouldn't have that problem with them because 'We are Manchester United'. In fact, Zionist-owned Manchester United melted like wax in a fire once the ultra-Zionist lobby came to call representing as it does a fraction of two percent of the UK population and a fraction of 0.2 percent of humanity worldwide. Other venues have taken the same mendacious stand of 'we didn't know it was him' out of sheer terror of ultra-Zionist extremists and their threats. When are people going to get off their bloody knees? When venues refuse to cancel they are themselves accused of being 'anti-Semitic' because standing up for the basic human right of freedom of speech is now considered racist. The desperation to silence me has led to ever more hysterical and insane claims. A Jewish man in the Netherlands claimed that me being allowed to speak was a threat to his life. I did speak and somehow he survived. I am one man who is not a member of any organisation or movement. Why are they so frightened of me? Actually, they are not so much frightened of *me* as frightened of the truth coming out *through* me. Tough – its time has come.

Man and dog with banner

Another Labour Party ultra-Zionist front calling for protests at my events in 2018 was the Jewish Labour Movement which is affiliated to the Board of Deputies of British Jews, the Israeli Labor Party, Zionist Federation of the UK, and the World Labour Zionist Organisation, a faction within the World Zionist Organisation. The Jewish Labour Movement's stated objective is 'to maintain and promote Labour or Socialist Zionism as the movement for self-determination of the Jewish people within the state of Israel.' It's the *Zionist* Labour Movement, then, rather than 'the Jewish'. Anyway, these moronic groups who called on the 'Labour movement' to protest at my events managed only a handful outside the venue in Watford, even fewer days later in Crewe and at my final event on that tour in Margate one man turned up with banners he didn't bother to unfurl because no one else came. He even stood at the wrong entrance while the audience were walking in elsewhere. That's all they could manage because there is an increasing awareness on the genuine 'left' that they are being hijacked by the 'anti-Semitism' Protection Racket which has taken over their party. An ultra-Zionist writer by the name of David Collier and another from the Hope Not Hate (Hate Not Hope in truth) organisation both produced outrageous misrepresentations of my talk and my own views. Collier, who incredibly describes himself as an 'independent' writer, called me 'poison' and then immediately began his laughable 'report' of my talk by saying: 'Icke doesn't stand up and publicly attack Jews.' Even not attacking Jews is now 'anti-Semitic' to these people. I feel sad for them – what a strange and bizarre world they must live in getting up every day

with the intent of silencing and discrediting their fellow humans. A Twitter account was launched in 2019 called Stop Funding Fake News which urged people to target advertisers on alternative media sites and ask them to remove their ads. If this didn't exist then Hasbara would have had to invent it. Collier was one of the first to re-tweet in support and its most vocal promoter appears to be minor Jewish television 'celebrity' Rachael Riley. She seeks to delete funding for websites that include among other things 'antisemitic tropes featuring George Soros'. The Twitter account urges people to 1) Visit a fake news site; 2) Take a screenshot of an advert; 3) Tweet it at the company; 4) Tag @SFFakeNews. Riley said she looked into the 'anti-Semitism' debate after seeing posters that said 'Israel is a racist endeavour' and this offended her. Personally I am more offended by Palestinian kids having their limbs blown off by Israeli snipers. Any TV 'celebrity' who supported a campaign to target advertisers on websites promoting Israel would be taken off air in an instant. Riley wants to boycott alternative news sites but when someone started the hashtag #BoycottRachaelkRiley the ludicrous *Jewish Chronicle* editor Stephen Pollard said: '... every one of you who promotes #BoycottRachelRiley is a racist. Every one of you is the enemy of decency. Every one of you is beneath contempt.' Words have no meaning. Another minor Jewish celebrity David Baddiel said that #BoycottRachaelkRiley was an example that Jews don't count. God, it's pathetic. A YouTube documentary defending Labour activist Jackie Walker – a lady of Jewish descent with a Jewish partner expelled for 'anti-Semitism' – included a picture of David Collier at a small protest against a Palestinian cultural event with Paul Besser, former 'intelligence officer' of the far-right Israel-supporting Britain First organisation. Collier's 'material' has been used by Labour Party elements driving the 'anti-Semitism' agenda which so overcooks the pot that genuine discrimination is sidelined. Collier is considered a credible source of information by the mainstream media despite being a professional Israel propagandist and this shows how crazy and slanted it all is.

The video defending Jackie Walker was apparently taken down many times by ultra-Zionist-owned YouTube. You can have all the coverage you like to libel people that you want to silence, but when anyone defends them they must be denied a voice. Walker's felonies were secretly filmed in a hit-job at a Labour 'anti-Semitism training session' and included criticising Holocaust Memorial Day for only commemorating Jewish victims … saying 'I still haven't heard a definition of antisemitism that I can work with' … and questioning why Jewish organisations and schools claim to need high security. You can see that her comments were absolutely horrendous and in no way could be construed as fair points that anyone with half a brain might consider

making or views that any free and fair society would support her right to have. Labour activists were disgusted with the ultra-Zionist attacks on Walker and demands for her to be expelled, but Euan Phillips of the Labour Against Anti-Semitism group (yet another) had worked out the reason for that and it was nothing to do with her treatment by a racist tyranny. Oh, no. Phillips said: 'If Ms Walker is expelled, as she should be, we can expect an explosion of outrage across the Labour membership – itself an indication of how ingrained anti-Semitism has become.' You can see what we are dealing with. How do you have dialogue with a software program? Jackie Walker was indeed expelled by the Israel-owned 'party of the people' (Fig 104). The Conservative Party also suspended a councillor, Jacqui Harris from Stratford-Upon-Avon, for commenting on Twitter about the 'anti-Semitism' attacks on the Labour Party: '... the whole antisemitism thing is a false flag, probably masterminded by Mossad/CIA.' She added: 'Don't you find it timely that this was encouraged fanned and exploded just before the release of the report on Israel and war crimes?' The moronic virtue-signalling Brandon Lewis, chairman of the Conservative Party, quickly announced Jacqui Harris's suspension for the crime of engaging in free speech, opinion and observation. He said: 'We do not accept any form of abuse or racism.' Clearly, however, they do accept any form of idiocy and censorship which he personifies.

Figure 104: What happens when you let a foreign power highjack your party.

'Apartheid is not racism'

The Campaign Against Antisemitism is actually a man and a dog operation with big political connections. The CAA claims to have close links with the police, legal system, pro-bono lawyers and political corridors of power including UK Prime Minister Theresa May when she was Home Secretary. Freedom of Information emails have confirmed the cosy relationship between the CAA and Derbyshire police and that certainly won't be anything like the only example. The main players at the CAA are chairman Gideon Falter and self-styled Director of Investigations and *Enforcement*, Stephen Silverman. To call yourself an

'enforcer' has got to be Little Dick Syndrome, surely? Anyway, Little Dick and Falter – Big Dick – run the show day-to-day which basically means targeting people as 'anti-Semitic' who are saying anything that Israel's masters would rather not have people hear. They even seek to ban music events of Israel-born and Britain-based jazz musician and anti-Zionist activist Gilad Atzmon. Jewish-born people are the biggest problem because it is far more difficult to make 'anti-Semite' credible. The CAA is a censorship operation like all these 'anti-hate' groups which specialise in hurling hatred at their targets and 'anti-defamation' groups that set out to defame people. American writer, editor and former financial lawyer Eve Mykytyn published an article in 2018 on the Redressonline.com website headed 'Exposed! How Britain's anti-Semitism scaremongers operate'. This section captures the theme and you can read the article in full by putting the headline words in a search engine:

> This article about the British charitable organisation, the Campaign against Anti-Semitism (CAA), and its officers, Gideon Falter and Steve Silverman, examines events in England but ought to serve as a cautionary message for Canadians and Americans.
>
> The article will delve into the corrosive methods of the CAA; review the manner in which this ultra-Zionist group 'discovers' anti-Semitic 'incidents'; examine their inaccurate statistical 'studies' and see how they seek to intimidate political parties, venues, the press and others; and look at the court cases which the CAA has prosecuted. In the guise of fighting anti-Semitism, the CAA has managed to manoeuvre British society into abdicating its core liberal values, intimidate the prosecutorial and judicial system, and silence criticism of Israel in both social media and the mainstream media. The CAA does not just attempt to limit speech; it openly follows a scorched earth policy 'that if someone commits an anti-Semitic act in the UK (including criticism of Israel)' the CAA 'ensure[s] ruinous consequences, be they criminal, professional, financial or reputational'.

They have such big hearts these people and such empathy with their fellow humans. CAA chairman Gideon Falter serves on the UK board of the Jewish National Fund, an apartheid operation established at the turn of the 20th century which buys up land in Israel that only Jewish people can then live on. This is the man who hurls the slur 'racist' at other people (constantly). CAA 'Little Dick' Stephen Silverman refers to me as a 'modern day hate preacher', but that's a role I will leave to him. An example of the deceitful way these people operate was another event of mine in Manchester at a venue owned by a chain of theatres where I had presented many times. They were aware, therefore, what my events are

about and what I say. They knew that the usual mendacious claims made to venues by 'enforcer' Silverman were the garbage that they are and the event went ahead. Little Dick must have been stunned by this knock-back when he's an *enforcer* and must be obeyed. In response he told those attending to send him reports and complaints about what I said so he could take them up with the police and Manchester council. They did write to him in large numbers to report that I said nothing that he claimed I would say; that I had made the point that we are all one consciousness and the labels of race, religion etc. are only illusions to divide us; and that we need to come together irrespective of culture, race and background to realise that we are all being manipulated by the same force. If Little Dick's mission had *really* been about exposing racism he would have published the emails and apologised for the lies that he was spreading about me. At the very least he would have gone away and left me alone. Instead this disingenuous man simply continued to tell future venues what he had told the one in Manchester which audience members had refuted in email responses that he had asked for. This is not about racism or 'anti-Semitism', it's about censorship, and it needs exposing by people who care about freedom because the spineless, gutless mainstream media won't do it.

The ultra-Zionist lobby means that in the country where I was born, and one that claims to be 'free', we have to hold back the locations of my events until the last minute to stop ultra-Zionist hate groups having the time to intimidate venues and campaign to have them cancelled. The interest in my work is now enormous but we can't book bigger venues owned by local councils because we know they will fold at the first call or email from Little Dick and company. The worst for this are councils controlled by the Labour Party which the CAA and its Big Dick chairman have targeted in the same way they target me. It's madness but there we are. Labour Party and backbone don't tend to appear very often in the same sentence these days. One of the reasons ultra-Zionist hate groups give for cancellation is that there could be violence due to my 'controversial' presentation and the audience and venue staff could be in danger. They never have been anywhere in the world in 30 years of public speaking, but the truth doesn't matter to these people – only their desired outcome of silencing my freedom of speech. Little Dick Silverman tried that one again with Bristol City Football Club in 2018 when he emailed the club at the last minute after hearing where I was speaking. Bristol City officials went into backbone-seizure mode as usual but the head of security would not cancel because he had a thousand people heading for his football ground expecting to hear me. What happened? *Nothing* – except for a lovely evening with lovely people. Extra security was added and the police turned up, saw there was no problem and left while asking what the fuss was all about. The

'fuss' was only that generated by Little Dick Silverman. What happened to the law against wasting police time? Or making allegations about a security threat knowing there would be none on the basis of 30 years of history alone? This is the Campaign Against Antisemitism (CAA) with all its ultra-Zionist connections and support system and so they get away with anything. For goodness sake they have been given charity – *charity* – status to do this with all the benefits that affords them. Absolutely outrageous, but who dare take it away? There are ultra-Zionist groups for different regions of the country like the North West Friends of Israel and Sussex Friends of Israel in the UK. If you want to see a video example of the mentality involved go to Davidicke.com and put 'Meet Simon Cobbs, founder of Sussex Friends of Israel' into the search engine. These organisations are absolutely everywhere and all to protect from exposure a tiny section of 0.2 percent of the world population. The big problem these ultra-Zionist hate groups around the world have with me is that I don't give a shit what abuse they throw at me and I don't bow to intimidation of any kind or concede my right to free speech to these humourless numbskulls. It is an approach to professional censors that I can strongly recommend.

Bobbies for Israel

The most sinister aspect of efforts to stop my public events has been the involvement of the police. The Bristol City event was one in a series of talks at football clubs over three weeks in 2018 that also included Sheffield Wednesday, Derby County, Birmingham City, Southampton and Norwich City. Someone – a 'third party' the police wouldn't name – approached Norfolk Police for help in getting the Norwich City event cancelled and the police were only too happy to oblige as emails I secured under the Freedom of Information Act were to prove. Norwich City did cancel after a meeting with police, but Jaymie brilliantly found another venue within half an hour. Worth the effort was it, chaps? The police emails were shocking. They redacted the 'third parties' that contacted them and some were 100 percent redacted. Others at least revealed the emails themselves and the police officers involved. Here's a selection and when you see 'Exempt Section 31' and 'Exempt Section 40' this refers to the 'third parties' and others we are not allowed to know. The bad grammar is theirs, not mine:

> **Email 25/04/2018 09:13 CI Lynne Cross to N Paling, G Dalton, J Colbert, M Austin, D Cocks, R Watkins**
>
> **Team,**
>
> **David Icke is reportedly holding an 'event' in Norwich on 30th April 2018.**

Enquiries to date have failed to identify a location.

Can you task your Beat Managers to keep their ear to the ground and see if they can identify any location?

If you have not heard of him, David Icke is a controversial conspiracy theorist and some of our communities (Exempt Section 31) in Norwich are very concerned about his messaging.

He was previously coming to Norwich in March but the Council cancelled the event once they realised. [NO - once ultra-Zionist hate groups told the Labour council a load of tosh.]

See the EDP for any more info!

(Exempt Section 31)

Thanks,

So here we have Norfolk Police acting on behalf of an unnamed 'third party' to track down the venue of my event – which have absolutely no history of problems – with a view to getting it cancelled. The police are supposed to *defend* free speech, but they have become just another vehicle for destroying it. We continue with an email from the 'third parties' to the police:

Email 25/04/2018 08:29 .... Exempt – Section 40) to CI Lynne Cross & Julie Inns

Dear both

So frustrating because it is still advertised as a Sold Out! ....

(Exempt – Section 31)
(Exempt – Section 40)

And thanks for prompt reply.

How clear could it be that this is collusion between the (ultra-Zionist) third parties and Norfolk Police to track down the venue and have my event cancelled? If you are still in doubt:

Email 25/04/2018 09:15 CI Lynne Cross to .... (Exempt – Section 40) & Julie Inns

We are actively trying to identify a location so if anything changes I will be in touch.

Kind regards

Email 27/04/2018 12:46 CI Lynne Cross to .... (Exempt – Sections 40)

Spookily I have already asked our Events Planning to make some enquiries. We will see what they come back with.

One unnamed party even admits that they can't find anything about trouble at my talks 'and I get the impression the offence is taken in the interpretation rather than what he actually says, but I've never heard him speak so don't know for definite'. *At no point* did Norfolk police contact me about any of this or about what I am or am not saying. Then came ecstatic emails revealing they had located the venue – Norwich City Football Club – and they had secured cancellation of the event:

Email 27/04/2018 16:19 CI Lynne Cross to ...., D Marshall, J Inns, ... (Exempt – Section 40)

Dear all,

I have been in contact with the Club and made them aware of the community concerns. After taking advice internally, they have taken the decision to cancel.

These 'security concerns' were utterly fictitious and came from ultra-Zionist liars. Nice to know the police have such a keen eye for mendacity which they don't even check out with the target. Still ... the liars were ecstatic:

Email 27/04/2018 16:26 Julie Inns to CI Lynne Cross, ... Exempt – Section 40)

Lynne,

Fantastic news .... (Exempt – Section 31)

Brilliant partnership working at its best, well done everyone.

There was even a pat on the back from the boss:

Email 27/04/2018 16:26 Ch Supt David Marshall to J Inns, L Cross, ... (Exempt – Section 40)

Lynne/team,

Well done.

What a disgusting way for a police force to act and just in case the third parties were still concerned that I might have freedom of speech:

Email 27/04/2018 16:33 CI Lynne Cross to .... (Exempt – Section 40) & Julie Inns

Good afternoon ...., (Exempt – Section 40)

By way of reassurance, my enquiries suggest you don't need to worry about NCFC.

Regards

All this effort and police time and yet half an hour after Norwich City announced the cancellation Jaymie had secured another venue and the event went ahead with no problem and without even any security. Once again – worth it was it? How much police time do these ultra-Zionist hate groups waste in a year? It must be phenomenal. No wonder that Philip Flower, a former Chief Superintendent with London's Metropolitan Police, said the force is giving up on investigating burglaries while having *900* 'anti-hate investigators' on the payroll. Incredulity about this insanity can be tempered if you know that allowing free reign for burglars is what the Hidden Hand wants to generate the 'jungle atmosphere' of fear and anxiety that the agenda demands (Problem-Reaction-Solution) and at the same time it seeks to have freedom of speech deleted through the excuse of 'hate crime'. There in a sentence you can see why burglaries and other crimes are left to flourish while 900 investigators seek out hate crime which does not exist on anything like the scale we are told to believe and only expands on the basis of ever more opinions being designated as hate crime. By the way, the police definition of a racist incident or 'hate crime' is: '... any incident which is perceived to be racist by the victim or any other person.' What could possibly go wrong? I wrote to the Chief Constable of Norfolk, a bloke called Simon Bailey, with a series of questions about the disgraceful behaviour of his officers and this arrogant man did not even reply. I then made a complaint to the former Independent [it's not] Police Complaints Commission (IPCC), now the Independent [it's not]

Office for Police Conduct. They replied that my complaint against the officers was an abuse of the complaints system. It's all a stitch-up and freedom of speech always the loser.

Home town repetition

Then there was Leicestershire police when I was booked to speak at a major venue in my home city of Leicester for the first time. The Athena Theatre in the city centre had taken the booking for months, all tickets had gone, and despite the usual lying emails from ultra-Zionist hate groups the theatre management said the event would go ahead because 'we have all kinds of people here'. That was before they had a visit from Bill Knopp, Chief Inspector Regional Prevent Coordinator ('counter-terrorism') and Ben Smith, Leicester City Council counter-extremist coordinator. Bill and Ben the Terrorism Men had been contacted by the ultra-Zionist mendacity network when the theatre had refused to budge and this pair of prats believed them without at *any stage* contacting me. They went to see the Athena management and we received an email from the theatre which said that Knopp and Smith had 'expressed their concerns at your upcoming event at Athena'. The email continued:

> They have strongly emphasised to us the possible consequences of holding the event both in terms of the venue reputation and the increased risk of protests from members of the public which would require large police coordination and pose a serious risk to our patrons, staff and members of the public ... Based on this we have decided that we can no longer continue to host the event.

The said pair of prats had basically frightened the shit out of them to cancel the event and I'm sure their ridiculous titles including 'counter terrorism' and 'counter extremism' would have played their part. I say ridiculous because if their mentality is supposed to protect us from terrorism and extremism then we are in serious trouble. I went with Jaymie to meet them and what happened was a big insight into how easy it is for freedom of speech to be destroyed. I found Knopp arrogant and clueless and Smith just clueless and every police force and council now has its Bill and Bens to enforce the tyranny that is political correctness. I called Knopp 'Mr Nob' when I met him and he will never believe that this was a slip of the tongue but it genuinely was. My subconscious, however, had clearly sussed the situation early. I asked them what they knew about me and where they got their information from. Knopp said at one point 'open sources'. I had to laugh. What police and spy agencies call 'open source intelligence' means they read it in the papers or on the Internet. Wikipedia is 'open source intelligence' by their definition. I asked them how many of my books they had read.

None. I asked when they had attended one of my events. *Never*. I said that since my world speaking tour had begun in 2016 I had spoken at multiple events in the UK, Ireland, United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Netherlands, Italy, Sweden, Serbia, Slovakia, Czech Republic, Estonia, Iceland and so on. I asked them to name a single event where there had been a 'security problem'. They couldn't because there were *none*. I asked who had told them that there could be trouble and violence at the event. Knopp said: 'We can't talk about our intelligence.' Well, at least that was true in every sense. I said this didn't matter because I would tell them where their 'intelligence' came from – organisations contacting them with the usual lies which they had believed without ever checking. You don't question ultra-Zionist hate groups because it's not good for the career. I complained to the Leicestershire Chief Constable Simon Cole, as did many members of the public, and he replied with the usual bollocks; but at least he replied. The police wouldn't even take responsibility for the cancellation and instead blamed it on the theatre. It was *their* decision, the police said without even a smear of embarrassment given how they had told them of potentially dire consequences if they allowed me to speak including damage to the theatre's *reputation*. What on earth has that got to do with the police and council? Anyway, all that effort was still more wasted police time and money. We returned a few weeks later to another venue in Leicester, called The Kube, at what turned out to be a much more convenient time for us and everything went ahead fine with no police security necessary you'll be taken aback to know. What a head-shaker. Leicester City Council has a very different attitude to its own free speech, by the way. It went to the High Court and Appeals Court with two other councils to block attempts by the ultra-Zionist Jewish Human Rights Watch, established by the Henry Jackson Society-connected Manny Weiss, to have council motions supporting the BDS boycott-Israel movement ruled illegal. I'm glad they did and it was called a 'victory for free speech' while the same council was an active participant in denying mine on the say so of people with exactly the same mentality and motivation as Jewish Human Rights Watch. Irony, anyone? I tried for the best part of a year to secure Freedom of Information requests for communications between Essex Police and the Campaign Against Anti-Semitism because I knew they had many interactions. Essex Police refused the first time because the request was too broad (it wasn't for Derbyshire Police) and when I made it specific to two cases they refused again.

Hate-group network

There are versions of the CAA in country after country protecting Israel from criticism and exposure by employing the slur of 'anti-Semite' and

using 'lawfare' to intimidate people in the courts. There is an organisation established in 2011 called UK Lawyers for Israel (UKLFI) which says that its members and supporters 'employ advocacy, legal research and campaigning to support Israel, Israeli organisations, Israelis, and/or supporters of Israel against BDS and other attempts to undermine, attack or delegitimise them'. Perhaps UK Lawyers for the Protection Racket (LFPR) might be more appropriate but everyone to their own. In Ireland there is Irish4Israel who have successfully had academic conferences on Israel cancelled for 'security' reasons. They have failed miserably with me because I have been speaking at the same theatre in Dublin for years and they know that what is claimed by Irish4Israel is a pack of lies. Their gutless mud-slingers won't debate with me, either, as always. In Canada we have Rothschild-created B'nai B'rith which spawned the Anti-Defamation League. They tried to have my meetings banned in Canada in 2017 and failed when we found alternatives. The Mayor of Vancouver refused to bow to their pressure (more lies) to cancel an event there. Canada is a country where ultra-Zionism is incredibly influential as I have personally found many times in efforts to have my meetings banned by B'nai B'rith and its lowlife gofers and front people who do its dirty work. Both sides of the political aisle answer to The Lobby which includes the usual network of ultra-Zionist organisations mendaciously claiming to represent 2.7% of the Canadian population. It was good to hear that the Canadian Jewish Congress (CJC) which spent a lot of time trying to undermine me was disbanded in 2011 after being accused by Jewish people of representing Zionism and Israel rather than the range of Jewish opinion. CJC activist Abraham Arnold had said the organisation 'seem to be spending more time in relation to Israel than in relation to anything else' and had become increasingly Zionist and a 'top-down' group which discouraged debate. There you have more confirmation that these organisations are about promoting Israel and ultra-Zionism – not the interests and *multiple* views of the Jewish community. In 2018 'progressive' Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau made a public apology to Jews refused entry to Canada from Germany in 1939. Okay, nothing wrong with that except that he used the opportunity for more 'Israel is a victim' and anti-BDS boycott propaganda and did he make an apology to all the Muslim men, women and children killed by Canadian forces fighting ultra-Zionist and American wars in the Middle East? Not a chance – he was too busy supplying weapons to Saudi Arabia to bomb the innocent in Yemen and create what has been described as the world's biggest humanitarian catastrophe. Ultra-Zionist-owned Donald Trump takes the same stand and condemns criticism of Israel. Trudeau is the product of a Hidden Hand family – see *The Biggest Secret* for the disgusting background to his father Pierre Trudeau, a long-time Canadian Prime Minister.

Demands for special laws and privileges for Jewish people emerge from these networks including the call by Abraham Lehrer, Vice President of Germany's Central Council of Jews, for extra 'integration' classes for migrants to change their anti-Jewish beliefs. Would it not be more productive for him to pressure the Israeli government to stop treating Palestinians like vermin and manipulating the United States into devastating wars against Israel's perceived enemies in the Middle East? Oh, no – that would mean taking some responsibility for events and that will never happen. It's always someone else's fault. Facebook takes down posts that question the 'genocide of Jews in the Holocaust' but then apologises for having a category in which people claim that a 'white genocide' is happening. Why is there one law wherever you look for matters pertaining to Zionism and Israel and another for almost everyone else? If you have stayed with me this far you will know why.

Banned from Australia

Attempts to silence me reached new levels in February, 2019, when I was banned from Australia on the last-minute say-so of Liberal Party Immigration Minister David Coleman after lobbying by ultra-Zionists Dvir Abramovich of the 'Anti-Defamation Commission', lawyer Kate Ashmor, then Victoria Liberal candidate, and her Labour 'opponent' Josh Burns. They believed in their breathtaking arrogance that they should decide what 25 million Australians can choose to see and hear. The Jewish population of Australia is 0.4 percent and these characters will not represent more than a fraction of that. Other professional virtue-signaller MPs of both major parties declared their agreement with the ban while knowing nothing about me except what the propagandists told them. The three stooges parroted the same bollocks almost word-for-word that is thrown at me everywhere because the same script is circulated in the systematic way I have described already. Coleman's disgraceful and spineless behaviour was beyond outrageous and calculated to do most damage in terms of money and inconvenience. I was given a visa by the Immigration Ministry in September, 2018, for a series of speaking events in Australian cities in March, 2019. It would have been my eleventh speaking tour of the country and there had never been a problem with any event and I had never broken a single law in that time – as Coleman had no choice but to acknowledge. I had been speaking in Mexico and was now with Jaymie in a Los Angeles airport hotel waiting to leave for Melbourne that night to start the tour. *Four hours* before the plane was due to take-off we received a long document from Coleman telling us he had revoked the visa and I was banned from speaking in Australia. The email could not have been better timed for maximum disruption. It cost us £30,000 in booked hotels, flights and venues – especially when the Melbourne Convention Centre and the

Enmore Theatre in Sydney wouldn't return a penny of the deposits. All the other venues did. To inflict that on someone who has done nothing wrong with all the costs and chaos that would obviously entail was extraordinary by any standards of decency which Coleman doesn't have. The move backfired, however, because it allowed the Australian public to see both the scale of Orwellian censorship in their country and how a handful of ultra-Zionists had so much power over what they could see or not see. Coleman listed all the reasons why I *should* have been allowed into the country – including ten previous visits with no problems since 1997 – but decreed that I did not pass the 'character test'. Why this was suddenly the case four hours before my plane left when it wasn't in September, 2018, and in the months that followed he didn't say because he couldn't. Coleman pronounced that I was 'a risk to the health, safety or good order of the Australian community or a segment of the Australian community'. The only thing missing was to add '0.4 percent' before 'segment'. How I could be such a danger when I had never been before in ten visits and hadn't been considered so until four hours before take-off is something else the spine-deleted Coleman didn't explain.

At no point was I given any opportunity to respond – the very least one would expect in a free and fair society – and I was left sitting in Los Angeles after fulfilling everything I was asked to do by the Australian authorities on the basis of unsubstantiated libels, lying 'journalists' and what someone apparently read on the Internet. Yes – Coleman produced no evidence for his claims except what the ultra-Zionist Protection Racket told him, ultra-Zionist 'journalists' wrote in ultra-Zionist Murdoch-owned newspapers and here we go ... 'open sources'. Coleman had obviously been on the phone with Chief Inspector Nob. 'Open sources' – he read it the paper or on the Internet. Two hours before my visa was revoked I was interviewed by Eve Fisher, a Jewish Australian journalist in Victoria, and she was shaking her head and laughing at the claim that I was 'anti-Semitic' because Eve had engaged in a rather revolutionary act in actually reading my books before reaching a conclusion. What was her conclusion? That the claim I am 'anti-Semitic' is utterly ridiculous. She subsequently said so in a published article that received considerable public acclaim in letters to her newspaper. In fact large numbers of Australians were shocked and disgusted by the decision and an online petition was started and supported by the best part of 20,000 people. Thousands of Australians had bought tickets for the events, but they didn't matter to the ultra-Zionist trio and the Immigration Minister they had spun around their finger while his spine vibrated in terror at the very thought of denying those who must be obeyed. No major party politicians spoke out in support of freedom of speech – they wouldn't dare. A West Australian Labour candidate,

Melissa Parke, felt she had to stand down after she later said Israel treated Palestinians 'worse than the South African system of apartheid'. The message from all this is clear – 'little' Israel controls Australia as it controls America and so many other countries. Backbone-deleted minister Coleman's other excuses for the ban were my views on vaccines and global warming which in many ways was even more sinister. I was banned from a country for questioning the propaganda of the say-whatever-you-like Big Pharma cartel? And for not accepting the propaganda about human-caused global warming? George Orwell shakes his head and says 'I told you so'. American doctor Sherri Tenpenny, a long-time opponent of vaccination, was also banned from Australia because the government has contempt for its population and their right to hear all sides. This is the world we now live in and I predicted it three decades ago because it's all been long planned.

Soon after I was banned Palestinian-American poet Remi Kanazi had his Australian visa request blocked amid a campaign to have him banned by the same people who secured my ban – the ultra-Zionist lobby led by Dvir Abramovich of the man and a dog Anti-Defamation Commission (see the US ADL) who had such contempt for the victims of the New Zealand mass shooting (of Muslims!) that he exploited that attack as one of the reasons why Kanazi (a Muslim!) should be denied entry to speak in the country. Abramovich said Kanazi 'has no business being here spreading his toxic agenda' in the 'aftermath of the Christchurch massacre'. A self-appointed 'representative' of a fraction of 0.4 percent of the population thinks he has the right to decide who and what 25 million Australians can and cannot choose to hear. Then, when Abramovich was faced with a publish backlash, he called it 'anti-Semitism'. This is how the 'anti-Semitism' industry and its Protection Racket function across the world. Remi Kanazi said:

> The Anti-Defamation Commission weaponised the white supremacist mass murder of 50 Muslims, including at least six Palestinians, to attack me. Furthermore, groups like the ADC shamelessly back Israeli apartheid and whitewash the stripping away of Palestinian land, resources and dignity.
>
> If you dare challenge Israel's well-documented human rights abuses, which include torture and forced confessions, they will try to smear you into silence.

Having visas revoked is another gathering ultra-Zionist and Death Cult strategy to silence dissent because they are terrified of what they are doing being exposed to the public. They cannot defend what they do and they see their only option as silencing all criticism. This terror of exposure leads to a man like me connected to no organisation or movement being banned from Australia through a revoked visa,

grandmothers and grandads jailed in Germany for questioning the official story of the Holocaust and 72-year-old Palestinian activist Rasmea Odeh banned through a revoked visa from speaking at an event, again in Germany, with the credit for that taken by Israeli strategic affairs minister Gilad Erdan who runs the vast ultra-Zionist network of censorship and surveillance out of Israel and across the world. Israeli ambassador Jeremy Issacharoff and US ambassador Richard Grenell (of course) added their condemnation of Odeh. Berlin mayor Michael Mueller called Odeh's planned event 'extremist propaganda', the Green Party's Volker Beck protested against Odeh while Cornelia Seibeld, deputy leader in the Berlin Senate, called Odeh an anti-Semite. Berlin's interior minister Andreas Geisel said criticism of Israel is 'anti-Semitic'. Why? Because he's an idiot and his tongue needs a workout. Ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult control Germany which is why people like Rasmea Odeh and myself can't speak there on the say-so of the Protection Racket which the German government dare not disobey. Newspaper *Der Tagesspiegel* ran four articles accusing Odeh of spreading hatred towards Jews and referred to BDS as 'anti-Semitic'. The same happened to me via Murdoch newspapers before I was banned from Australia in 2019. It's a repeating pattern that we are asked to believe is 'spontaneous outrage' – outrage on tap more like. We had the truly pathetic sight of Rasmea Odeh being prevented from speaking at a public meeting marking International Women's Day in Berlin. The Electric Intifada described what happened:

> Officers surrounded the 72-year old as she arrived outside the venue and ushered her away from supporters protesting the decision. She was handed a document from the Berlin Senate and told to vacate the area. The 26-page report claimed her appearance could endanger Germany's relationship with Israel and threaten peaceful coexistence. It also referred to BDS Berlin, the event co-host, as an 'anti-Semitic coalition'.
>
> Odeh was scheduled to speak alongside Palestinian poet Dareen Tatour, who was imprisoned in Israel last year for posting a poem on social media, when Berlin city officials forced the Dersim Cultural Community Center to cancel the talk. Odeh decided to speak outside the venue to an audience of over 100 but police cornered her on arrival, following her until she boarded a bus out of the area.

Is this really what we have allowed a handful of the human race to bring us to? Some background to Rasmea Odeh: She was arrested, raped and tortured by Israeli soldiers in 1969 and as a result of the torture signed a 'confession' to killing two people in bomb attacks. She spent a decade in jail before being released in a prisoner exchange. She's been

referred to as a terrorist ever since without acknowledgement that she was tortured to 'confess'.

Tide is turning

The unfairness and bias, plus the actions of the far-right Israeli government, is changing the opinions of people with regard to Israel. A poll conducted for the UK ultra-Zionist lobby group BICOM in 2018 found that only 20 percent of those questioned felt 'warm' towards Israel and only 23 percent towards Israelis while 49 percent felt 'cold' towards Israel and 45 percent towards Israelis. This shows how the actions of the ultra-Zionists wrongly affect attitudes towards all Jews and Israel in general. This is the same pattern we have seen before with the actions of the few affecting the lives – sometimes ending the lives – of the many. I want to stress and stress again that no one needs to know what the ultra-Zionist and Death Cult cabal is doing more than the Jewish community as a whole which takes the consequences in the end in public attitudes. I further emphasise again that I am not exposing a plot by the Jewish community – the 'classic Jewish conspiracy theory' as the censor organisations call it to protect their masters' agenda and actions. Most Jewish people are victims and potential victims of this cabal, not perpetrators of it and should not be held responsible for actions about which they know nothing. Nor is it justified for those in the Jewish community who *do* know what is going on and stay silent about it because of misguided loyalty or fear of consequences. What is happening must be stopped before a global nightmare becomes global reality and freedom of speech disappears altogether. This means all of us coming together – including, and in many ways *especially* – the majority of the non-extremist Jewish community. They need to speak out against the psychopaths in their midst or they will be wrongly blamed for what is going on.

It was clear from the Al Jazeera hidden camera footage that the ultra-Zionist lobby is terrified of the change taking place among young Jewish people especially in America who are rejecting the Israel narrative. Some are organising protests against AIPAC and Israeli treatment of Palestinians. Israeli newspaper *Haaretz* reported in 2018 a sharp decline in the number of American Jews on 'Birthright' trips to Israel. A 'downturn of this magnitude, unrelated to the security situation' was described as 'unprecedented' with some trip providers losing 50 percent of their custom. *Haaretz* said that one explanation is the numbers 'could reflect the well-documented fact that young American Jews are growing increasingly disengaged from Israel, and have less and less interest in visiting the country – even when the trips are free'. The paper said that 'recent studies have shown that Jewish millennials, who are largely progressive, feel less connected to Israel than their parents and

grandparents because they perceive the country's policies as antithetical to their values'. Treatment of Palestinians and of asylum seekers were frequently cited, the paper said. Changing attitudes of young American Jews is reflected in the rise of groups like Jewish Voice for Peace (JVP), IfNotNow and Jews for Racial and Economic Justice. Maya Edery, JVP's national campus coordinator, said:

> More and more young people are realising that our Jewish values are actually about social justice and have to be for all people ... They realise that a lot of Jewish institutions have lied to them.

This is the way forward for humanity – to put aside the labels and treat everyone as individuals with an equal right to be treated with fairness and justice. Ultra-Zionist lobby propaganda is aimed as much – sometimes more – at young Jewish people than the population as a whole. To keep them on board they have to be sold the ultra-Zionist narrative and to believe they need protection against the evil non-Jewish world that 'hates them' when it *doesn't*. How much of the hatred that does exist – far, far less than claimed – stems from the actions of the ultra-Zionist few which is then wrongly blamed on the entire Jewish population? The Israeli American Council (IAC) is yet another strand in the web that aims to connect American Jews with the desires of Israel. Al Jazeera's undercover 'Tony' attended an ultra-Zionist gathering in Washington where they were concerned about the changing attitudes of young people to Israel. David Brog, Executive Director of the anti-BDS Maccabee Task Force, told activists that 'the younger you get on the demographic scales, the lower support for Israel is'. Younger people were leaving college less sympathetic to Israel than when they entered and this threatened future American support for Israel. It is not only young people, either. A major survey of Jewish opinion in Canada found the following:

- Almost two in five respondents (37 percent) had a negative opinion of the Israeli government, while half viewed it positively
- Almost a third (31 percent) opposed Israel's military blockade of the Gaza Strip
- Roughly equal numbers opposed (45 percent) and supported (42 percent) Donald Trump's decision to recognise Jerusalem as Israel's capital
- More than a third (36 percent) viewed the Palestinian call for boycott, divestment and sanctions on Israel to be reasonable, and more than two in five (44 percent) opposed the Canadian parliament's condemnation of the BDS movement
- Almost a quarter (22 percent) thought it would be reasonable to impose

sanctions on Israel

- Almost three in five did not see criticism of Israel as necessarily 'anti-Semitic'
- Half agreed that accusations of 'anti-Semitism' are often used to silence legitimate criticism of Israel

You can see that the general Jewish population has a diversity of opinion while the ultra-Zionist networks claim that they speak for all Jews when they clearly do not. This has been a glimpse, and only a glimpse, of the fantastic number and range of these networks (in the end one network) that seek to silence opposition to Israel and protect ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult. The next question to be addressed as we continue our journey back to 9/11 is: Protect them from what exactly? And two more: What is this 'Death Cult' and where did it come from?

Postscript: We made a legal appeal against my ban from Australia and months later the government has not even bothered to respond. Wake up Australia – you live in a tyranny.

CHAPTER 20

What the censors don't want you to know

Truth never damages a cause that is just – Mahatma Gandhi

I emphasis that while ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult are connected this does not mean the terms are interchangeable. The Death Cult operates at the inner core of what I am exposing and ultra-Zionism has a wide range of advocates with most unaware that such a Cult even exists.

They express what I observe to be their Zionist extremism and elitism from a belief in a Chosen People and the official historical narrative which fuels a further belief that their duty always lies in supporting Israel and its perceived interests no matter what the circumstances. I would rather deal in the justice and fairness of a situation no matter what the racial, cultural, religious and economic background of those involved. Once you have a bias towards one group, whichever one it may be, such values cease to be applied. George Orwell was well aware of the importance of controlling history because our sense of where we are and who we are is fundamentally influenced by the belief in how we got to where we are. Change historical belief and its perceived sequence of events and you change the perception of present time. Orwell wrote: 'Who controls the past controls the future. Who controls the present controls the past.' I have highlighted in other books the importance to the elite of controlling the writing and perception of history. This is especially important – indeed utterly crucial – in the case of Zionism. I had yet another experience of this on the morning I began writing this chapter when synchronistically Zionist-controlled YouTube announced they were taking down a video of mine in a long list of countries after a 'legal complaint'. The video had been posted all of four years earlier and was entitled 'Exposing The Lie On Israel's Fake History – The Cruellest Hoax'. The countries quoted were: Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Switzerland, Cyprus, Czechia, Germany, Denmark, Estonia, Spain, Finland, France, United Kingdom, French Guiana, Guadeloupe, Greece, Croatia, Hungary, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Lithuania, Luxembourg, Latvia, Martinique, Malta, New Caledonia, Netherlands, French Polynesia,

Poland, Saint Pierre and Miquelon, Portugal, Reunion, Romania, Sweden, Slovenia, Slovakia, French Southern Territories, Wallis and Futuna, Mayotte. Clearly the content of the video is information you must not be allowed to know, but I'll tell you anyway.

The claim that today's Jewish people are heirs to Biblical Israel simply does not stand up to the scrutiny of history and yet that is the entire basis for the existence of modern Israel and its justification for occupying the Arab lands of Palestine. The story is a hoax as Jewish historians have documented and the inner core of ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult knows that. They perpetuate the hoax because it gives them power to be wielded for the benefit of themselves and the wider Hidden Hand. This is not to say that we should demand that Jewish people just up and leave. We are where we are and that needs to be the starting point for agreement between Israel and the Palestinian people, but the claim that Israel should be a Jewish state by some historic right is untenable and irreconcilable with the facts. The hoax has been perpetuated on Jewish people more than anyone and the Palestinians have taken the greatest consequences. They are not the only ones, however. Millions have died in wars instigated on behalf of Israel by the United States, Britain, France, NATO and others based on the claims that today's Jewish people have an historic right to the land. This has provided a very convenient excuse to divide and conquer the oil-rich Middle East and go to war with Israel's enemies who are accused of denying the right of Zionists to impose a Jewish state on the alleged land of the Israelites. The *Clean Break* document which provided the policy foundations of the Project for the New American Century and the wars that followed said:

> Our claim to the land – to which we have clung for hope for 2,000 years – is legitimate and noble. Only the unconditional acceptance by Arabs of our rights, especially in their territorial dimension, 'peace for peace', is a solid basis for the future.

The claim is *not* legitimate and certainly not noble given what has happened since Israel was founded in 1948. Jewish writers like Arthur Koestler and historian Shlomo Sand, Professor of History at Tel Aviv University, uncover a very different history in their books, *The Thirteenth Tribe* and *The Invention of the Jewish People*. Alfred M. Lilienthal (1915-2008), a former American State Department official and Jewish critic of Zionism, called this information 'Israel's Achilles heel' because it destroyed Zionist claims 'to the land of the Biblical Hebrews'. Official history tells us that Israelites from the Kingdom of Judah were taken captive in Babylon (formerly Sumer, now Iraq) by King Nebuchadnezzar II after 605BC and this lasted until 539BC. The dispersal to others lands

that followed of former Babylonian captives and the 'exile' of other tribes of Israel is known as the diaspora, or dispersion in Greek, and the claim is that modern Jews in Israel are the successors of those people 'coming home'. This is not the case.

The Khazar conversion

We can pick up the story in what is now southern Russia and the Caucasus Mountains where lived a people called the Khazars. They controlled an empire that stretched to the Ural Mountains in the east and the Caucasus Mountains in the south (Fig 105). Khazars were gifted traders and 'middlemen', levying taxes on goods using the trade routes across their lands and their influence extended into countries we now know as Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria. Khazars were phallic worshippers and engaged in human sacrifice although they were far from alone in that. They were not Biblical Israelites and instead are associated by historians with the Turkic tribe known as the Huns or Hun that invaded Europe from Asia around 450AD. The Huns controlled territories at one time in Central Asia, Siberia, China, North India and Central Europe. Their most famous, or infamous, leader was Attila the Hun who killed his brother, Buda (hence Budapest), to take power. Khazars, like the Huns, spoke the Turkic language and are believed to be the same people. Around 740AD, Bulan, King of Khazaria, adopted the religion of Judaism and the whole nation followed. This was apparently to avoid being absorbed by the Christian empire on one side and the Islamic empire on the other. The Khazarian king was called the Khagan or 'Kagan' and that's why this is such a common Jewish name today as in Robert Kagan, co-founder of the Project for the New American Century. People associate some Jews with a 'hook nose' and that is a physical trait of the lands occupied by Khazaria and not the Middle East. The so-called 'Jewish nose' is found in far greater numbers today among Caucasian tribes and Turks of Asia Minor. Among truly Semite language group peoples it is not seen at all.

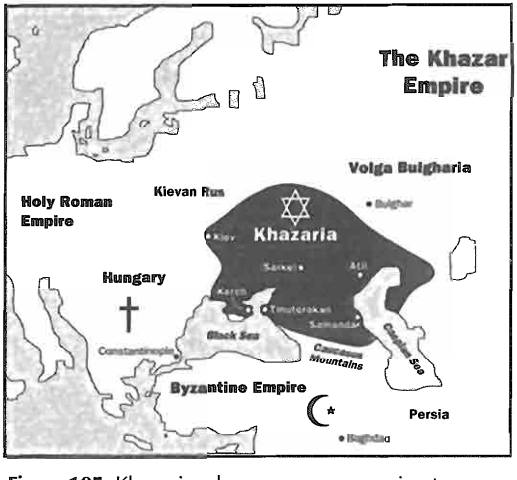

Figure 105: Khazaria where a mass conversion to Judaism in the 8th century was the origin of the overwhelming majority of Jewish people today - not biblical Israel.

Khazars, not the Biblical Israelites, are the ancestors of Jewish people today known as Ashkenazi Jews which dominated the creation of modern Israel and have influenced its direction and politics. They originate from Asia and other parts of the Eurasian landmass and, as I will come to, ancient Sumer (later Babylon and now Iraq). 'Israel' is certainly not on the list. When the Khazar Empire began to unravel in the 12th and 13th centuries they migrated north into Lithuania, Poland and Russia and eventually the biggest concentration of Jewish religion believers were located in Russia and Poland. Jewish Hungary-born Arthur Koestler writes that the numerically and socially-dominant part of the Hungarian Jewish population in the Middle Ages was of Khazar origin. Abraham Nahum Polak (1910-1970), Israeli Professor of Medieval History and founder of the department of Middle-Eastern History at the Tel Aviv University, published a book in Hebrew in 1944 called *Khazaria* followed by a second edition in 1951. He wrote about 'a new approach, both to the problem of the relations between the Khazar Jewry and other Jewish communities, and to the question of how far we can go in regarding this [Khazar] Jewry as the nucleus of the large Jewish settlement in Eastern Europe'. Polak concluded from his research:

> ... The descendants of this settlement – those who stayed where they were [in Khazaria], those who emigrated to the United States and to other countries, and those who went to Israel – constitute now the large majority of world Jewry.

There is also a connection between the Khazars and non-Semitic Sumerians, a highly-significant people which I have written extensively about in other books. Sumerian culture emerged around the fifth or sixth millennia BC in the 'Fertile Crescent' between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers in what is now Iraq. Historians refer to Sumer as the 'cradle of civilisation' because it was in many ways the blueprint for the modern world. Dr Sandor Nagy describes in his 1973 book, *The Forgotten Cradle of the Hungarian Culture*, how the people who later became known as Magyars were re-located Sumerians forced out of the Fertile Crescent. Dr Nagy uses extensive examples to confirm the linguistic similarities between Sumerian, Old Magyar and the current Magyar language. He also refers to several works written during the first millennium including the *Arpad Codices* and *De Administrando Imperio* and Nagy completed 50 years of his own research. He said that while there are only two hundred Magyar words related to the Finno-Ugric language more than two thousand related to the Sumerian. British, French and German archaeologists and linguists concluded that the language of ancient Sumerian inscriptions was not Indo-European nor Semitic, but a language which demonstrated significant similarities with the group of

languages known at the time as the Turanian ethnolinguistic group that included Hungarian, Turkic, Mongolian and Finnic (later referred to as the Ural-Altaic group). Research has indicated that Sumerian and Hungarian languages have more than a thousand common word roots and a very similar grammatical structure. Kálmán Gosztony, professor of Sumerian philology at the Sorbonne in Paris, demonstrated in his *Sumerian Etymological Dictionary and Comparative Grammar* that the structure of the Hungarian language is closest to that of Sumerian. Of the 53 characteristics of Sumerian grammar, 51 matched in the Hungarian, compared with 29 in Turkic, 24 in Caucasian, 21 in Uralic, 5 in Semitic and 4 in Indo-European. The linguistic similarities between Sumerian, Hungarian and other related languages are confirmed by the archaeological and anthropological evidence. Dr Nagy said there were two separate migrations of Sumerian people out of Mesopotamia – one through Turkey to the Carpathian Basin in Central Europe and the other went east and then north across the Caucasus Mountains into the area between the Caspian and Black Seas. This was the land occupied by the Khazar Empire to such an extent that the Caspian became known as the Khazar Sea. Rivers flowing into the Caspian have names that derive from the Sumerian language, Nagy wrote. Khazars were descended from the Huns who are said to be descended, like the Magyars, from what I emphasise were the *non*-Semitic Sumerians in the land that became Babylon and is now Iraq. Ancient Byzantine sources say the Magyars were also called the Sabirs and originated from Mesopotamia, the land of Sumer. Numerous other ancient and medieval sources refer to the Scythians, Huns (Khazars), Avars and Magyars as the same people. I have highlighted in previous books the movement of former Sumerians and Babylonians through the Caucasus Mountains under different names, including the Scythians (Fig 106 overleaf).

Khazar diaspora

The Khazar Empire, the first feudal state in Eastern Europe, broke up in the period after 960AD in a series of wars and invasions culminating in the arrival of the Mongol 'Golden Horde', best remembered for their inspiration, Genghis Khan. Over the centuries of waning power and influence, Khazars began to emigrate in many directions. S.W. Baron said of Khazaria in *A Social and Religious History of the Jews*:

> Its population was largely absorbed by the Golden Horde which had established the centre of its empire in Khazar territory. But before and after the Mongol upheaval the Khazars sent many offshoots into the unsubdued Slavonic lands, helping ultimately to build up the great Jewish centres of Eastern Europe.
>
> The non-Semitic Khazars took their Judaistic or Talmudic faith (with

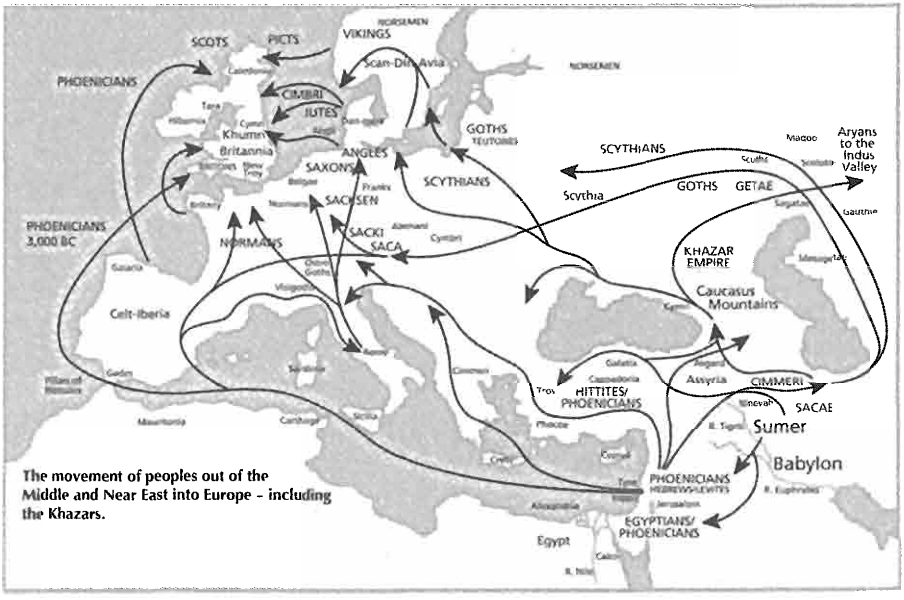

The movement of peoples out of the Middle and Near East into Europe - including the Khazars.

Figure 106: The Khazars, also recorded as names like Scythians, migrated north from the Caucasus into Eastern and then Western Europe.

all its major Sumerian/Babylonian influences) and settled in a number of East European and Alpine lands. There are many ancient place names in Poland and Ukraine inspired by the name 'Khazar' or 'Zhid', a term meaning Jew. These include Kozarzewek, Kozara, Kozarzow and Zydowo. As the Khazar Empire collapsed a number of Slavonic tribes, led by the Polans, formed an alliance that became the country called Poland. 'Jews' (Khazars) played an important role in Polish legends about the formation of the country. One says that a 'Jew' called Abraham Prokownik was elected by the tribes to rule them. Certainly Khazar 'Jews' became prominent in many countries of Eastern Europe. Arthur Koestler writes:

> Both the Hungarian and Polish sources refer to Jews employed as mint-masters, administrators of the royal revenue, controllers of the salt monopoly, tax-collectors and 'money-lenders' – i.e., bankers. This parallel suggests a common origin of those two immigrant communities; and as we can trace the origins of the bulk of Hungarian Jewry to the Magyar-Khazar nexus, the conclusion seems self-evident.

This matches the descriptions of how Khazars operated in their own land as middlemen and tax collectors on the trade routes. Koestler points out that the traditional garb of Polish Jewry is of unmistakably Eastern origin – 'The skull-cap (yarmulke) is worn to this day by orthodox Jews and by the Uzbeks and other Turkish people in the Soviet

Union.' In this period the people known for centuries as Khazars became known simply as 'Jews' and their true origin began to be lost. This allowed their leaders to sell them – and the rest of the world – a false history about them being the Biblical Jews. The fallacy continues to this day with devastating consequences for peace in the Middle East. Khazar 'Jews' were confined to ghettos as a result of Papal decision in the mid-16th century and another mass exodus would see them expand into Hungary, Bohemia, Rumania and Germany. There were hardly any Jews in Germany until this time. 'Thus the great trek to the West was resumed', writes Koestler. 'It was to continue through nearly three centuries until the Second World War, and became the principle source of the existing Jewish communities in Europe, the United States and Israel.' So what does all this mean for the official history of Jewish people? Koestler, who was born in Budapest as was Khazar descendant George Soros, said of Jewish ancestry:

> ... [It] would mean that their ancestors came not from the Jordan, but from the Volga, not from Canaan but from the Caucasus, once believed to be the cradle of the Aryan race [hence 'Caucasian']; and that genetically they are more closely connected to the Hun, Uigur and Magyar tribes than to the seed of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Should this turn out to be the case, then the term 'anti-Semitism' would be void of meaning, based on a misapprehension shared by both the killers and their victims. The story of the Khazar Empire, as it slowly emerges from the past, begins to look like the most cruel hoax which history has ever perpetrated.

Benjamin H. Freedman was a one-time Jewish businessman in New York and a long-time 'insider' before speaking out vociferously against Zionism after World War Two. He was personally acquainted with leading American political figures like Presidents Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy. Jewish-born Freedman, who became a Christian, went even further than Koestler in his assessment of the Khazar revelation:

> What are the facts about the Jews? (I call them Jews to you, because they are known as Jews. I don't call them Jews myself. I refer to them as so-called Jews, because I know what they are) ... There wasn't one of them [the Khazars] who had an ancestor who ever put a toe in the Holy Land. Not only in Old Testament history, but back to the beginning of time. Not one of them!
>
> And yet they come to the Christians and ask us to support their armed insurrections in Palestine by saying, 'You want to help repatriate God's Chosen People to their Promised Land, their ancestral home, don't you? It's your Christian duty. We gave you one of our boys as your Lord and Saviour ...' It is

> as ridiculous to call them 'people of the Holy Land,' as it would be to call the 54 million Chinese Moslems 'Arabs' ...

Former Khazars are known as Ashkenazi Jews (plural Ashkenazim) and some writers estimate that perhaps 90 to 95 percent of those calling themselves 'Jewish' worldwide are ancestors of the Khazars. The other major group are known as Sephardic Jews – which means 'Spanish' or 'Hispanic' – and they are descendants of those who lived in Spain from at least Roman times before being expelled in the 15th century after which they settled in the Mediterranean, Balkans, Western Europe (mainly Amsterdam), North Africa and the East. A sub-group known as 'Mizrahi' literally means 'Oriental' or 'Eastern'. There have been divisions between Ashkenazi and Sephardic Jews based on culture and racial superiority in race-obsessed Israel. The Ashkenazim ('Khazars') hold the reins of power in Israel (at least on the surface) and have done so since the country was created in 1948 although Sephardic Jews account for many wealthy and influential families. The name Ashkenazi is said by some to originate from Ashkenaz, the Hebrew word for Germany. In fact, the Bible refers to the Ashkenaz as a people living in the region of Mount Ararat (now Turkey) and Armenia. That would certainly fit the basic location of the Khazars. There is also a Biblical reference to Ashkenaz, brother of Togarma and nephew of Magog. A Khazar king known as Joseph in the second half of the tenth century wrote in correspondence that they were ancestors of Togarma, who, he said, had ten sons that seeded all the Turkish tribes including the Huns, Khazars and Bulgars. Ashkenazi as a people did not speak the Semitic language of Hebrew in the centuries after the demise of Khazaria. This is no surprise at all because they were not Hebrews. They developed their own tongue called Yiddish which began as a Germanic language from south eastern dialects of Middle High German and expanded into central and Eastern Europe starting in the 12th century. Later it evolved to include elements of Hebrew, Aramaic, Slavic languages and other influences. Once again, Yiddish, the language of the Ashkenazi, did not come from Israel, but from Germany and Eastern Europe. Multiple linguistic influences in their language were also seen in the genes of these former Khazars. By this time they had interbred with so many other races they became a genetic cocktail which included Sumerian, Turkish, Far Eastern and northern and western European. It could well be that among their leaders, their perceived 'royalty' or 'elite', they have held on to their Sumerian genetic origins through targeted interbreeding.

There was no 'exile' and is no 'race'

Jewish-born Shlomo Sand, Professor of History at Tel Aviv University,

also concludes in his book, *The Invention of the Jewish People*, that today's Jews overwhelmingly originate from the Khazar Empire in the Caucasus region. His book has been translated into more languages than any other on Israeli history. He accepts the religious affinity between Jews and the Holy Land but adds: 'I don't think the religious affinity to the land gives you historical right.' Sand calls himself a 'post-Zionist' and 'non-Zionist' because there is no historic justification to claim rights to Palestine. He believes as I do that we are where we are and that must be the starting point to reconciliation. Sand searched for evidence of ancient Israelites being forced out of the area of modern Israel and was shocked to find there wasn't any even though this is the whole foundation of the Jewish belief system. He concluded that this pivotal event in official Jewish history simply didn't happen and that the whole concept of a 'diaspora' is a much later invention. He wrote in a 2018 article for Israeli newspaper *Haaretz:*

> As I pursued my research, my realization that the Exodus from Egypt never happened and that the inhabitants of the Kingdom of Judah were not exiled by the Romans, left me nonplussed. There is not one study by a historian who specializes in antiquity that recounts that 'exile' or any serious historiographic study that reconstructs a mass migration from the place.
>
> The 'exile' is a formative event that never took place, otherwise it would be the subject of dozens of research studies. Judahite farmers, who constituted an absolute majority of the population at the first century C.E., were not seafarers like the Greeks or the Phoenicians, and did not spread across the world.

Sand's research led him to see that far from being an historic 'people' Jews were converted to a *religion* and were not a *race*. He cites other mass conversions, not only that of the Khazars, and points to Christian influence in creating the myth about an ancient Jewish people with a common ancestry being expelled from their lands. 'Christians wanted later generations of Jews to believe that their ancestors had been exiled as a punishment from God,' he said. Sand further notes that after Arabs took control of Palestine in the 7th century many in the region practicing the Jewish religion converted to Islam and became ancestors to today's Palestinians. We are, therefore, at the very extremes of irony with current events in the Middle East. Sand wrote in *Haaretz:*

> I have made a point of emphasizing that it's not only Jews who don't possess a common DNA – neither do all other human groups that claim to be peoples or nations – besides which I have never thought that genetics can confer national rights. For example, the French are not the direct descendants of the Gauls, just as the Germans are not the offspring of the Teutons or of the

> ancient Aryans, even if until a little more than half a century ago many idiots believed just that.
>
> One trait that all peoples have in common is that they are retroactive inventions with no distinctive genetic 'traits'. The acute problem that genuinely disturbs me is that I live in a singular political and pedagogical culture that continues persistently to see the Jews as the direct descendants of the ancient Hebrews.

Further support for a non-Israel origin of Ashkenazi Jews comes from Israeli-born geneticist Dr Eran Elhaik from Britain's University of Sheffield. He said his studies suggest that Ashkenazi Jews are descendants of Greeks, Iranians and others who located more than 2000 years ago in what is now northern Turkey. There they converted to Judaism with the influence of Jews from Persia which had at that time the world's biggest Jewish presence. Elhaik believes that more than '90 percent of Ashkenazic ancestors come from that converted partially Greek-originating ancient community in north-east Turkey', according to an article in the UK *Independent*. His conclusions were based on 'genetic, historical and place-name evidence' and in his view 'Ashkenaz' originates from Ashguza, an ancient Assyrian and Babylonian name for the Iron Age Eurasian people known as Scythians who are associated with the Khazars. The *Independent* article in 2013 goes on:

> From the 690s AD onwards, anti-Jewish persecution by the Christian Byzantine Empire seems to have played a part in forcing large numbers of Jews to flee across the Black Sea to a more friendly state – the Turkic-ruled Khazar Empire with its large Slav and other populations ... By the 730s, the Khazar Empire had begun to convert to Judaism – and more people converted to the faith.

This would explain the King Bulan mass-conversion in 740. Claims of an historic right to the land of Palestine are a hoax perpetuated in more modern times by those who created Zionism with the House of Rothschild at the centre of this as we shall see. The tenuous historic evidence can be seen in the words of Israeli minister Tzachi Hanegbi who said the Bible alone is enough to prove that his country has legitimate claims to the land:

> Defense is important and security is important but the most important thing is the moral claim of Israel and we are committed to living in our regional land, land that was given to us ... by the Bible ... And this is the right, which we are going to demand our right forever and ever.

No, it's not. Don't be daft. Israel's UN Representative Danny Danon made a similiar claim in 2019.

Overwhelming evidence

The assimilation of Jews and Khazars has been confirmed by several studies which give more credence to Jews as *converts* to a religion and not an ancient people. There is, in fact, no such thing as a Jewish 'race', just as there is no Aryan 'race' in the way it is portrayed by white supremacists. These are fabrications of history. What should 'race' matter anyway? It's all illusion and childish beyond belief to self-identify ourselves with what is a transitory experience for our eternal state of awareness. Judging ourselves and others by genetics is the ultimate confirmation of ignorance about the nature of reality. Unfortunately 'race' and its related historical 'rights' and claims are used as a political tool and source of perception manipulation. There are people who follow the Jewish *faith* around the world and those that support the *political philosophy* called Zionism. This, however, is not the same as a *race*. There are white 'Jews', brown 'Jews', black 'Jews', Spanish 'Jews', Chinese 'Jews' etc., etc., that share the *belief system* and good luck to them so long as they don't force it on anyone else. If they want to call themselves 'Jewish' on the basis of their faith then please feel free, it's none of my business; but there is not a Jewish 'race', let alone a 'chosen people'. Arthur Koestler points out that those calling themselves 'Jewish' have far more in common genetically with the 'host' population than they do with each other. This was highlighted by Professor Juan Comas (1900-1979) in his work, *The Race Question in Modern Science*, published by UNESCO:

> Thus despite the view usually held, the Jewish people is racially heterogeneous [diverse in character]; its constant migrations and its relations – voluntary or otherwise – with the widest variety of nations and peoples have brought about such a degree of crossbreeding that the so-called people of Israel can produce examples of traits typical of every people.
>
> For proof it will suffice to compare the rubicund, sturdy, heavily-built Rotterdam Jew with his co-religionist, say, in Salonika with gleaming eyes in a sickly face and skinny, high-strung physique. Hence, so far as our knowledge goes, we can assert that Jews as a whole display as great a degree of morphological disparity among themselves as could be found between members of two or more different races.

Raphael Patai (1910-1996), a Hungarian-born Jewish historian and anthropologist, wrote in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*:

> The findings of physical anthropology show that, contrary to popular view, there is no Jewish race. Anthropometric measurements of Jewish groups in many parts of the world indicate that they differ greatly from one another with respect to all the important physical characteristics – stature, weight, skin colour, cephalic index, facial index, blood groups, etc.

Patai said that with regard to blood type, Jewish groups show considerable differences among themselves and marked similarities to the 'Gentile environment'. American Jewish anthropologist Harry Shapiro (1902-1990) produced the same assessment in his UNESCO work, *The Jewish People: A Biological History*:

> The wide range of variation between Jewish populations in their physical characteristics and the diversity of the gene frequencies of their blood groups render any unified classification for them a contradiction in terms. For although modern racial theory admits some degree of polymorphism or variation within a racial group, it does not permit distinctly different groups, measured by its own criteria of race, to be identified as one.
>
> To do so would make the biological purposes of racial classification futile and the whole procedure arbitrary and meaningless. Unfortunately, this subject is rarely wholly divorced from non-biological considerations, and despite the evidence efforts continue to be made to somehow segregate Jews as a distinct racial entity.

There is no more a Jewish *race* than there is a connection today between the Biblical land called Israel and the mass of people today calling themselves Jewish. It's a faith, a way of life and set of rituals, not a race. The hoax has been sprung by the Death Cult network hiding within that faith and its rituals and playing those identifying as Jewish for fools. Cult leaders have had to concoct the *perception* of a race and a connection to the ancient Middle East to justify everything they have done and continue to do with regard to Palestine and the wider world. How can you claim to be a special race, a 'chosen people' considered by 'God' to be above all others, and with special rights given by 'God' to own a certain piece of land, when there is no such thing as a 'Jewish race'? Arthur Koestler writes that during the Babylonian 'exile' the 'Israelites', including members of the priestly families, married Gentiles and even before the diaspora the Israelites were a 'thoroughly hybridized race'. He says the same story can be found with most historic nations 'and the point would not need stressing if it were not for the persistent myth of the Biblical Tribe having preserved its racial purity throughout the ages.' Koestler concludes his book:

> To sum up, the Jews of our day have no cultural tradition in common, merely certain habits and behaviour-patterns, derived by social inheritance from the traumatic experience of the ghetto, and from a religion which the majority does not practice or believe in, but nevertheless confers on them a pseudo-national status ... the lingering influence of Judaism's racial and historical message, though based on illusion, acts as a powerful emotional break by appealing to tribal loyalty.

The point about tribal loyalty is so important. Most Jewish people are pressured and conditioned to identify with tribal loyalty to protect what they are told are an oppressed people even though when you look at the evidence today this is absolutely not the case. Ultra-Zionists not aware of the hoax or Death Cult (most of them) have simply bought the lie to the extreme and it colours their every perception and action. Observe the national and global influence of 0.2 percent of the human population and the idea that Jewish people are uniquely oppressed is ridiculous. The influence of their elite in particular is way, way, way beyond the ratio to their tiny number and their financial clout is the same. People are getting sick of seeing this obvious fact – this elephant on the sofa – while at the same time constantly hearing how the Jewish community must be uniquely protected from unique danger with free speech deleted to this end. Ultra-Zionists never concede that their own behaviour might be affecting the way others view them. It is never their responsibility and blame always lies with the rest of the population who apparently carry some genetic hatred for anyone Jewish. It's all bollocks, but expedient to the agenda. All tyrannies need enemies to unite people behind them in common cause and if they don't exist they have to invent them. Young people are told in Israel that the world hates them and they must stick together in tribal loyalty to survive. This is just perception manipulation in pursuit of the tyranny's need for collective support and a shield to hide behind. Jewish people are among the most lied-to communities on earth for this very reason. Jewish-born historian Shlomo Sand talks of 'tribal Judeocentrism' and the 'caprices of the sleepwalking sorcerers of the tribe'. The definition of 'caprices' is 'a sudden and silly change of mind or behaviour'. Yes, about right.

The Death Cult

A major departure from mainstream Judaism began with a new cult or sect in the 17th century and this is of fundamental significance to the modern world, ultra-Zionism and 9/11. This cult hiding within Judaism and later Zionism is known as 'Sabbatianism' or 'Sabbateanism'. In many ways this cult – with a later addition called Frankism – *is* ultra-Zionism although most ultra-Zionist Israel-right-or-wrong advocates and fanatics will not be aware of this. Compartmentalisation is the

golden rule. Sabbatian-Frankism is a term used to describe what I have referred to up to this point as the Death Cult. This is a major expression of what is called Satanism which pervades the deeper recesses of The Web in many forms (Fig 107).

Figure 107: Sabbatan-Frankist Death Cult – masters of inversion.

The founder of the cult that controls events in Israel to this day was Sabbatai Zevi (1626–1676), a Sephardic rabbi, occultist and black magician who proclaimed he was the Jewish messiah (Fig 108). Gershom Scholem (1897-1982), the first Professor of Jewish Mysticism at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, writes in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism* that Zevi's cult was 'the largest and most momentous messianic movement in Jewish history' since ancient times and much of the Jewish population fell for it. One of its key promotors was a Zevi devotee, 'prophet' and Kabbalist called Rabbi Nathan Chazzati, or 'Nathan of Gaza', who is credited with convincing Zevi that he was indeed the Jewish Messiah. The Kabbalah or Kabala/Cabala is the bible of Jewish mysticism and esoteric thought and practice. It provides the textual 'spiritual' foundation of the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Kabbalah teachings relate to the 'occult', a word that merely means 'hidden'. Knowledge about the nature of life and reality systematically hidden from the population can be used for good or ill and I will refer to its satanic use as the Dark Occult. Sabbatian-Frankists follow the Lurianic Kabbalah named after its creator, Jewish rabbi Isaac ben Solomon Luria (1534–1572), the 'Holy or Sacred Lion', which emphasises messianic belief. 'Nathan of Gaza' employed Lurianic ideas to claim the 'new Messiah' (Hebrew 'Mashiach') as Sabbatai Zevi and this messianic mind-set remains a pillar of Sabbatian-Frankism today. None of this may appear to be

Figure 108: Sabbatai Zevi.

relevant to 9/11 or what is happening now, but oh, yes it *is*. The Sabbatian cult was supposed to have ended with Zevi's demise according to mainstream Jewish history. This suits the Sabbatians who are still *very* much with us and operating from the shadows in their satanic form while offering a very different public face. Sabbatians and their associated Frankists are world class infiltrators – that's their route to control and they have infiltrated all the world's major religions including Judaism. Belief in a coming messiah who will rule the world from Jerusalem – 'a saviour and liberator of the Jewish people' – is driving modern events and most obviously the step-by-step process of Zionism taking complete control of Jerusalem and replacing the Al-Aqsa mosque with a rebuilt Solomon's Temple. Sabbatai Zevi promised his followers that they would return to their alleged homeland in Palestine to establish a Jewish state and here we have the origin of modern-day Zionism which is the creation of the same Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult that has passed through the centuries and infiltrated almost every aspect of human society. We are now living in the new Messianic Age according to these deluded people – an age when their 'messiah' descended from 'King David via Solomon' will rule the world from Jerusalem. I will come to how this is planned to be done in the final chapters. These are some of the messianic biblical prophecies that these crazies are seeking to make happen:

- The whole world will worship the One God of Israel
- Once he is King, leaders of other nations will look to him for guidance
- The peoples of the world will turn to the Jews for spiritual guidance
- Nations will recognize the wrongs they did to Israel

Sabbatai Zevi's cult sought to usurp traditional Judaism and literally invert everything it stood for. A day of fasting became a day of feasting, for example. Traditional religious teachings and laws, sexual taboos and the concept of right and wrong were all turned on their head as Zevi advocated that doing evil was to be encouraged and celebrated without guilt. Scholars have referred to this as a 'transvaluation' within Jewish culture turning accepted norms on their heads and promoting a belief that the violation of the sacred became a sacred duty. Do not kill became *do* kill and a Sabbatian 'prayer' was 'Blessed be they who permit the forbidden'. Redemption thorough sin was the sales-pitch, but it was really just a scam to spread the Hidden Hand 'religion' of what we call Satanism. Sabbatian belief was founded on the concept that being evil implodes evil and so the more evil there is the quicker it is imploded. I don't claim it makes sense, but that is what they believed (or claimed to believe in pursuit of a desired outcome). Modern Satanism is the same with its inverted anything-goes celebration of evil. Sabbatian-Frankism,

Satanism, human sacrifice religions of Sumer and Babylon fuse into one force within the Hidden Hand and stalk and control the corridors of global power. Sabbatianism has become known by some researchers as the 'Synagogue of Satan'. It is not surprising then that in the heralded new Messianic Age nothing will be forbidden except the freedom to challenge and expose the controllers. Some Jewish sources say their 'messiah' is already alive and waiting to take his place as ruler of the world. Others refer to this figure as the 'anti-Christ'. Jerry Rabow writes in his book, *50 Jewish Messiahs:*

> ... Shabbatai Zevi continued to issue proclamations of the theological changes wrought by the coming of the messianic age. Shabbatai's new prayer was, 'Praised be He who permits the forbidden.' Since all things would be permitted in the age of the messiah, Shabbatai declared many of the old restrictions of the Torah no longer applicable. He abolished the laws concerning sexual relationships. He eventually declared that all of the thirty six major biblical sins were now permitted and instructed some of his followers that it was their duty to perform such sins in order to hasten the Redemption.

Look around at the world today and you see this happening – including clear efforts to make sex with children (a 'norm' in the Cult) legal and acceptable. The name Sabbatai relates to the Hebrew word for Saturn and also to the devil-worshipping 'Witches' Sabbath', or Sabbat, which corresponds with the major ritual days of Satanism. These include May 1st (Beltane), and Halloween. Readers of my other books including *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* will be aware of the connections I have made between Saturn and Satanism – *Saturn*-ism – and human control. Saturn is not actually a planet, but a form of sun – the 'Black Sun' and 'Dark Sun' of Satanism and Nazi dark occultists. Jewish tradition connects 'the reign of Sabbatai', or Saturn, to the arrival of the messiah which Sabbatai Zevi was claimed to be. Remember the 40-foot Moloch/Molech owl, a symbol of Saturn, at Bohemian Grove. Saturday or *Saturn*-day is the Jewish holy day and the Jewish/Hebrew god of Saturn is 'El' as in Isra-*El*. Saturn was the major god of Rome and today's Christmas is really a modern version of the Roman Saturn festival of Saturnalia in the period between December 17th and what became our Christmas. The Saturnalia festival included a sacrifice in the Temple of Saturn in Rome (the ruins still stand today) and people decorated trees, exchanged presents and hung holly etc. Other ancient societies had something similar as with the Greek festival of Kronia – Kronos/Cronus was the Greek name for Saturn. Check out some of my other books and you'll see the significance of Saturn and its symbols that abound in both ancient and modern society. Saturn symbolism can be

found throughout the 'establishment' and religion. The hexagram, or 'Star of David', is one of them and remember the six-pointed star symbol between the twin pillars at the Mother Lodge of Freemasonry in London earlier in the book in Figure 3. Santa is an anagram of Satan and Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman, a fierce opponent of Sabbatian-Frankism within the Jewish community, said the symbolism of the Santa reference to 'Saint Nick' originates from the Hebrew root 'Nikail' which means 'conspiracy'. Can I say 'conspiracy', is that okay?

Enter Jacob Frank

The Sabbatian movement and belief-system was expanded and made even more satanically extreme in the 18th century by Jewish dark occultist Jacob Frank (1726-1791). He was born Jacob Leibowicz in an area of Poland that is modern Ukraine. Black magician Frank claimed to be the reincarnation of 'messiah' Zevi and biblical patriarch Jacob (Fig 109). He posed as a Turkish Sephardic Jew called 'Frenk' – Yiddish for Sephardic Jew – and this eventually became Frank. This deeply psychopathic man was an advocate of human and animal sacrifices, the dark occult and sex with children – hence the story earlier in the book by the unofficial Rothschild about incest being 'considered normal and something to be admired'. Frank said that 'Lucifer' was the true god. Sabbatians and Frankists, what I will call Sabbatian-Frankists, were told: 'Do What Thou Wilt'. This was the anything-goes no matter what the effect on others 'philosophy' of Satanists like British occultist Aleister Crowley (1875-1947) who was an expression of the same satanic web. Jacob Frank said:

Figure 109: Jacob Frank.

> I did not come into this world to lift you up but rather to cast you down to the bottom of the abyss ... The descent into the abyss requires not only the rejection of all religions and conventions, but also the commission of 'strange acts', and this in turn demands the voluntary abasement (degradation) of one's own sense of self, so that libertinism [no morality] and the achievement of the state of utter shamelessness which leads to a tikkun [fixing/rectification] of soul are one and the same thing.

'Anything goes' includes paedophilia, human sacrifice and incest because depravity to Sabbatian-Frankists is a form of worship while compassion and empathy are sacrilege. Imagine what lack of compassion and empathy it would take to pull off 9/11 and Sabbatian-

Frankism was the force behind those attacks. What the Rothschild family insider said about incest being 'normal' to them was actually describing the life-style of Sabbatian-Frankism within which incest is a major pillar. Sabbatian-Frankism is behind the manipulated wars which are to them a mass blood sacrifice ritual – as was 9/11. Once you understand the mentality running the world you understand what happens in the world. We see the Death Cult's obsession with inversion in the inverted symbols of the Dark Occult in the form of the inverted cross and pentagram and with the dove which means 'peace' to the public mind but to them it is the symbol of the Babylonian goddess Semiramis in all her forms and names (Fig 110). The late America-based Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman said in his two-volume work *To Eliminate the Opiate* that Frankism is 'a movement of complete evil'. Jewish professor Gershom Scholem agrees in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*: 'In all his actions [Frank was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.' Scholem wrote a highly acclaimed analysis of Sabbatian-Frankism in which he said:

Figure 110: Inverted symbols of the inverted Death Cult of Sabbatian-Frankism (Satanism).

> The sect's exclusive organization continued to survive in this period through agents who went from place to place, through secret gatherings and separate religious rites, and through dissemination of a specifically Frankist literature. The 'believers' endeavored to marry only among themselves, and a wide network of inter-family relationships was created among the Frankists, even among those who had remained within the Jewish fold. Later Frankism was to a large extent the religion of families who had given their children the appropriate education. The Frankists of Germany, Bohemia, and Moravia usually held secret gatherings in Carlsbad in summer round about the ninth of Av.

This date was believed to be the following: The birthday of Sabbatai Zevi; the alleged date of the two destructions of the Jerusalem Temple by the Babylonians and Romans; and when Sephardic Jews were expelled from Spain. In keeping with their inverted faith this day was celebrated by partying rather than sadness. Professor Scholem describes how Sabbatian-Frankist 'believers' sought to marry only among themselves, passing on the baton through the generations. This is precisely how the Hidden Hand works in totality as I have been exposing since the 1990s. Followers and advocates of Frank and Zevi are still with us and advancing their plan for global takeover with the rest of the Hidden

Hand Web. Rabbis preaching traditional Judaism excommunicated Frank and his supporters as heretics. This just drove them underground and into the realms of covert manipulation. Sabbatian-Frankists are also known as Zoharists because they are led by the Zohar, a group of works considered by many to be the most important in the mystical Kabbalah. Zohar in Hebrew means 'splendour', 'radiance' and by extension 'illuminated'. This is the symbolism of the lighted torch held by the Statue of Liberty (the Babylonian goddess, Semiramis) and of Lucifer 'the light bringer'. Jacob Frank, like Zevi, believed that the Torah, the central document of Judaism, was no longer relevant and should be superseded by the occult Zohar. The Torah is the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament which are more widely known known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. These are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai.

Frank, again like Zevi, said that particular elite people (i.e. them) are exempt from the moral law and therefore the laws and commandments of the Torah did not apply to them. They preached the inversion in which what had formerly been prohibited would now be encouraged and even done through compulsion no matter how despicable – the more despicable the better. Sacrifice, incest and sex with children were included and this is the background to the horrors I have exposed at length in my books perpetuated by some of the most famous people on earth including Father George Bush. Sabbatian-Frankism and Satanism, paedophile rings and Dark Occult ritual dominate the 'elite' and their playgrounds like Hollywood and Bohemian Grove in northern California that I described earlier in the book. A war to these people is a mass human sacrifice and something in their inverted minds to be desired and celebrated. Frank believed – as did his followers – that human society had to be overthrown and destroyed. They wanted 'the annihilation of every religion and positive system of belief' despite being outwardly religious themselves. Their aim was to infiltrate religions and destroy them from within and the same with the human values of society in general. Now ... recognise that world today? This is hardly surprising given that Sabbatian-Frankists and Satanists are running the show. In keeping with their techniques of manipulation the desired end had to be achieved secretly so that no one would see where the source of destruction was coming from. They hid themselves within all religions and no religions and one of their prime covers has been Judaism and Jewishness. Jewish writer and researcher Clifford Shack, author of *The Sabbatean-Frankist Messianic Conspiracy Partially Exposed*, said: 'Jacob Frank was not a big fan of the Jewish people.' Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes in *To Eliminate the Opiate* how Sabbatian-Frankists established their own fake systems to appoint rabbis that appear to be

the genuine article while pursuing a very different agenda. Antelman described them as 'barbarians' who masqueraded as rabbis. He said these same Sabbatian-Frankist groups continue to Christianise Judaism and Judaise Christianity (Christian Zionism) with the ultimate aim of destroying both. The planned replacement is Sabbatian-Frankist Satanism which is why its symbols, methods and ways of life are gathering all around us.

The Red-Shields

Enter at this point one of the most powerful and important names behind Sabbatian-Frankism and ultra-Zionism – the House of Rothschild banking and financial dynasty. Jewish researcher Clifford Shack's research leads him to believe that the Rothschilds are related to Sabbatai Zevi. The scam of lending people money that doesn't exist – 'credit' – and charging interest on it can be traced at least to Babylon and on through the Knights Templar secret society and Italian banking families like the de Medicis into Europe. The system was honed and globalised by the Rothschilds. Jewish bankers were able to dominate the emergence of banking and finance wherever they located because their religion allowed the charging of interest on 'money' (credit), a system known as 'usury', while Islam and Christianity (for a time) condemned it. The Koran states:

> Those who charge usury are in the same position as those controlled by the devil's influence. This is because they claim that usury is the same as commerce. However, God permits commerce, and prohibits usury. Thus, whoever heeds this commandment from his Lord, and refrains from usury, he may keep his past earnings, and his judgment rests with God. As for those who persist in usury, they incur Hell, wherein they abide forever.

The Jewish religion allowed the charging of usury although more specifically it officially allowed Jews to charge usury to *non*-Jews but not to other Jews. The Hebrew Bible says that interest can be charged to strangers but not between Hebrews. Israelites were banned from adding interest to loans made to other Israelites while charging interest to non-Israelites was allowed, so the official texts say. Jews lending money at no interest to fellow Jews is said to be 'tzedakah' (charity or literally 'justice', 'righteousness'). This is the foundation of the global Association of Hebrew Free Loans through which interest-free loans are provided but only to Jews. It's not racist, though, and if you say so you're an 'anti-Semite'. Rothschild frontman Jacob Schiff (more soon) was the prime player behind the creation of the Hebrew Free Loan Society of New York in 1892 after which all the others followed. Jews were expelled from many countries for the actions of their banking class charging

outrageous rates of interest that enslaved the population in debt. This recurring theme is explained away *in total* by the alleged genetic hatred that the rest of humanity is supposed to have for Jewish people. Well, I don't feel hatred towards them and I personally don't know anyone who does so clearly there's more to know here. Charging interest on loans has now enslaved much of humanity and has sucked the wealth of the world into the coffers of the banking families and dynasties by seizing the assets of those who don't – mostly simply can't – pay back loans of created-out of-nothing 'credit' *plus interest.* The vastly greater involvement of Zionist and ultra-Zionist bankers in ratio to 0.2 percent of the global population is protected from exposure by the ultra-Zionist hate group network using the label of 'anti-Semitism' to silence those who wish to make these facts public and begin a legitimate debate on why this is. The Rothschilds have mercilessly exploited the usury system to secure fantastic fortunes and accumulation of assets. They were a Middle Ages occult family called 'Bauer' until 1760 when banker Mayer Amschel Bauer, located in Frankfurt, Germany, changed the family name to Rothschild or 'Red-Sign/Red Shield' in German (Fig 111). The name was inspired by the red hexagram or 'Star of David'/'Seal of Solomon' on their home although the symbolism goes much deeper. A six-pointed star is a symbol of *Saturn* which is a central pillar of Sabbatian-Frankism – Saturnism/Satanism – and so how absolutely appropriate that the very name of the Sabbatian-Frankist inner circle Rothschilds should be inspired by a symbol of Saturn which, in turn, inspired the name Sabbatai (Fig 112). Nor is the six-pointed star an exclusively Jewish symbol. It can be found in many parts of the world because it is an esoteric symbol for Saturn used by a long list of ancient cultures and religions including Islam. One example was discovered on the floor of a 1,200 year old excavated mosque where Tel Aviv is today. The same symbol from which the name 'Rothschild' originates can be seen on the flag of Israel – a state established by the Rothschilds who oversee the country as their own fiefdom (Figs 113 and 114 overleaf). Frankfurt, home city of the Rothschild dynasty,

Figure 111: The Rothschild house in Frankfurt where the dynasty began.

Figure 112: The hexagram or 'Star of David' is the ancient symbol of Saturn from which came the name 'Rothschild' or 'Red Shield/Red Sign'.

Figure 113: The symbol of Saturn on the flag of Rothschild Israel.

Figure 114: The real owners of Israel.

was a centre for Sabbatian-Frankists as was the city of Mannheim an hour's drive away. Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman said that among the Sabbatian settlers in Mannheim were names such as Oppenheim and Hess.

I have exposed the Rothschild inner circle and its history in great detail in other books and I won't repeat everything here. Enough to say they are even more amazingly wealthy than they already appear to be, but don't tell the bloke in the Momentum video or he'll say they can't be or the Forbes Rich list would say so. The Rothschilds control global finance through a network of operatives all over the world. Many of these place-people assets go on to be famous billionaires because of this Rothschild connection and their role as Rothschild proxies. The House of Rothschild has a grotesque history of manipulating wars in which they fund all sides and end up owning countries through the subsequent debt. This increases even more when they lend governments 'money' (credit) to rebuild the countries their manipulated wars have devastated. Mayer Amschel Rothschild, the dynasty founder, made his fortune thanks to his close relationship with German royalty and aristocracy which he then usurped. This was especially so with Prince William of Hesse-Hanau who sought to loan money at high interest rates and no wonder Rothschild became his financial agent (and Svengali). The Hesse dynasty made fortunes from loaning troops to fight other country's wars which increasingly Rothschild networks were causing to happen. William and Rothschild shared a love of the Dark Occult based on the Kabbalah and its Zohar. The inner elite of the Rothschild dynasty remain dark occultists today although I stress that not *everyone* called Rothschild is involved – only the inner sanctum compartmentalised from many in the wider family and its offshoots. The 1999 movie *Eyes Wide Shut* starring Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman was directed, produced and co-written by Stanley Kubrick, a Jewish man who wanted to expose the hidden world of elite Satanism and mind control. He chose the Rothschild-built stately home at Mentmore Towers in Buckinghamshire, England, for the location of the satanic mass orgy around which the film was based. I doubt given the highly symbolic nature of the movie that

this was an accident. Kubrick died of a heart attack soon after the film was shown to Warner Brothers executives and some 25 minutes was cut after his death. The banking and major corporate system is controlled by Satanists and dark occultists which explains why it operates with such cold, callous corruption. I have exposed the 'elite' satanic networks at great length over the years going back to *The Biggest Secret* in 1998.

Sabbatian-Frankist Illuminati and the creation of Marxism

Dark Occult Rothschilds have been the drivers of ultra-Zionism and much of the Hidden Hand structure and it is hardly a shock that satanic occultist Jacob Frank and his Sabbatian-Frankism formed an alliance in 1773 with Mayer Amstel Rothschild and the Jesuit-educated Jew, Adam Weishaupt, who later became (in public) a Protestant. The origin of his name Adam-Weis-haupt apparently breaks down to mean 'the first man to lead those who know'. The Catholic Inquisition jailed Frank for 13 years after his arrest in 1760 when the truth about his Sabbatian-Frankist infiltration of Catholicism was uncovered. After his release he headed for Frankfurt, home city of the Rothschilds, and their alliance was formed. Frank was given the title of Baron and became a wealthy nobleman with a big and gathering following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Rothschild-funded Adam Weishaupt established the infamous Rothschild/Frank Bavarian Illuminati, firstly under another name, in 1776. The 'Illuminati' was (is) based on the Zohar or 'radiance', 'illumination', 'the light bringer' and the organisation set its sights on world control in league with the wider Web. Weishaupt was a Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrator posing as a Jesuit within the Roman Church after apparently being persuaded by Mayer Amschel Rothschild to join the Frankist 'crusade'. Illuminati ambitions for world domination and revolution came to light in 1785 when a horseman courier called Lanz was reported to be struck by lighting and in his saddlebags were found extensive Illuminati documents laying out the plan for world domination and revolution and confirming the connection to Weishaupt. The Rothschild/Frank-directed Illuminati would be involved in widespread society-changing manipulation and violence (death rituals) including the French and American Revolutions (the network was operating before its official formation in 1776). Rabbi Antelman in *To Eliminate the Opiate* connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins who were a central player in the French Revolution and the Bund der Gerechten or League of the Just which was the manipulative force behind the emergence of communism/Marxism. He writes:

> The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate

> destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Antelman pointed out that there has not been a single Communist government in which religion is allowed to be practiced freely without interference. The 'Bund' morphed into the International Communist Party and Communist League which produced the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels in 1848 and spawned the mass-control system known as Marxism. Violent revolution is the Sabbatian-Frankist Illuminati calling card. The Illuminati-Jacobins were behind 'The Terror' in France in 1793 and 1794 when Jacobin Maximillian de Robespierre and his Orwellian 'Committee of Public Safety' killed 17,000 'enemies of the Revolution'. September 11th was just another notch on the bedpost for the Sabbatian-Frankists and their bloodlust. The death-toll of communism and Marxism alone can be counted in hundreds of millions worldwide. Illuminati imposition by death and terror both directly and through its connected offshoots would transform human society. Wars in the aftermath of 9/11 are simply modern examples of a clear pattern through history with the same network manipulating from the shadows. This is what happens when empathy and compassion are deleted. Rabbi Antelman in his studies of the Illuminati and League of the Just concluded:

> Contrary to popular opinion Karl Marx did not originate the Communist Manifesto. He was paid for his services by the League of the Just, which was known in its country of origin, Germany, as the Bund der Geaechteten.

Antelman said the text attributed to Marx was the work of other people and Marx 'was only repeating what others already said'. He describes Marx as 'a hired hack – lackey of the wealthy Illuminists'. Karl Marx (1818-1883) is famous for a description of religion as the 'opium of the people', hence Antelman called his books, *To Eliminate the Opiate* – or eliminate religion by infiltrating them and tearing them apart from within so the openly satanic religion of Sabbatian-Frankism can take their place. Antelman further connects Marxism to the 'Rhodes-Milner-Rothschild nexus' and to the Rockefeller dynasty. The former is the network of satellite organisations spawned by the Rothschild Round Table secret society in London which went on to create the Royal Institute of International Affairs, Council on Foreign Relations, Trilateral Commission, Bilderberg Group and Club of Rome. Antelman notes that Marx's original mentor, Sabbatian Illuminist Moses Hess, was a first cousin of Sabbatian Leopold Zunz and he said the Zunzs were 'an integral part of the Schiff family'. The name 'Schiff', a family that lived in the same house as the Rothschilds in Frankfurt, is of central importance to much of what followed including the

Russian Revolution as we will see. Hess was a French-Jewish philosopher who founded Labour or Socialist Zionism which appears to be in conflict with far-right Zionism while in truth Sabbatian-Frankism ultimately controls both. Rabbi Antelman writes that the later falling out between Hess and Marx was all staged. The Sabbatian-Frankist Illuminati modus operandi was – and still is – to infiltrate, take over and destroy organisations (governments, religions, political parties etc.) while posing as supporters and even leaders of them. Karl Marx was born Jewish but his family converted to Christianity in the way of Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators and he attacked Jews, not least in his book, *A World Without Jews*. Jacob Frank and his movement did the same because Sabbatian-Frankists hate Jews while posing as protectors of them. You can see the seamless links unfolding here which connect Sabbatian-Frankism to the Rothschilds, Illuminati, Jacobins of the French Revolution, the 'Bund' or League of the Just, International Communist Party, Communist League and the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels which would lead to the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution.

'Progressive' Marxism

To know the foundation goals and techniques of what became known as Marxism and its Sabbatian-Frankist origins is to grasp so much about both history and what is happening all around us today. The Marxist methodology is to change society through conflict between distinct groups and this is everywhere to be seen, not least in constant and apparently endless war. Nothing transforms a society more completely and irreversibly than a war and they are manipulated into being to that end by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult and other satanic expressions of The Web. Conflicts are mostly artificially generated by creating, funding and arming different countries and groups which are played off against each other to transform the nature of countries, groups and societies. We have seen this with ISIS and the manipulated conflicts in Iraq, Libya, Syria and elsewhere since 9/11. World Wars were conflicts in the Marxist mode of manipulation to transform global society through conflict and so is today's identity politics. The Marxist 'class struggle' (conflict between groups) has become the Marxist 'self-identity struggle'. Identity politics is based on the struggle for power between *groups* – classic Marxism. The more groups you have the more potential for conflict and societal transformation and so we have the creation of ever more groups based on ever more detailed minutiae of self-identity. You have the male-female struggle subdivided into the straight male/female/gay struggle and the feminist-transgender struggle in which, for instance, transgender imposes its will over feminism by insisting that those in big, strong, males bodies identifying as female can take part in women's sport. This 'struggle' alone is transforming women's sport in accordance with Marxist conflict theory. The war on the family

unit is straight from Marxist doctrine and so is political correctness which both have Sabbatian-Frankist/Illuminati origins through a Sabbatian-Frankist Marxist operation known as the 'Frankfurt [Rothschild] School' which I am coming to. This approach to Marxism is known as 'Cultural Marxism' and human society today is deluged with its poison. You know when something is part of agenda because opponents are insanely targeted by ultra-Zionist attack groups and in 2019 British Conservative MP and former minister Suella Braverman was condemned by the ultra-Zionist Board of Deputies of British Jews for using the term. The Board claimed that 'cultural Marxist' is an 'antisemitic trope' and demanded that she undertake not to use the phrase in future. The ludicrous Hate Not Hope censorship group weighed in saying that Braverman's phrase was 'deeply disturbing' – as is Hate Not Hope – and Israel-worshipping Labour MP Wes Streeting said it was 'an ugly and reprehensible term with anti-Semitic connotations'. How he could speak with his tongue extended I have no idea. You always get ridiculous over-the-top condemnation when someone hits the button dead centre and I am a perfect example (Fig 115).

Sabbatian-Frankist ultra-Zionists that established the Frankfurt School of social engineering in the 1920s referred to a foundation of Marxism as 'Critical Theory' which basically requires groups to be hyper-sensitive to criticism and all of them convinced of their oppression and victimisation by what is deemed the 'dominant culture'. You then harness this manipulated rage to bring down the 'dominant culture' while at the same time all these multifarious self-identity groups are also in a constant state of conflict with *each other* over who is the most oppressed and victimised. Anyone recognise that today – like *everywhere?* The 'dominant culture' in the West is perceived to be (by the constant repetition that it is) the white male. Thus white male 'history' has to be demonised and obliterated on the road to their marginalisation in the present and societal transformation. To achieve this outcome a state of group-think is essential – both in the sense of everyone thinking the same and also judging everyone by their racial, religious and cultural group. Break down the 'white male' culture into individuals and you see that white men span the entire spectrum (as with every race, religion and culture) from kind, courageous, decent and caring to slave-owning, mass-

ULTRA-ZIONIST CENSORSHIP IN NEW LOW
MP TOLD NOT TO SAY 'CULTURAL MARXISM'
CULTURAL MARXISM
CULTURAL MARXISM
CULTURAL MARXISM

murdering psychopaths. Many white people fought against slavery as they did against apartheid in South Africa. Irony of ironies slave-owning, mass-murdering psychopaths created Marxism as a means to achieve total global control and now enslave much of humanity. What you must do is isolate the 'dominant culture' in terms of blame. White men are presented by the propaganda as the only slave owners, oppressors and psychopaths in history when every race, religion and culture has had their slave owners, oppressors and psychopaths – and still do. This is not only about the white male and even some black people owned black slaves in the United States. In other areas of the world the dominant non-white culture is attacked by the need for 'regime change' in the name of freeing the people through 'democracy'. This is another irony because regime change in non-white countries is done overwhelmingly by white males in government and the military. Non-white cultures being prepared for regime-change are told that the white male in the dark suit or uniform is the good guy coming to free them from oppression while in countries where white males are perceived to be the dominant culture they are deemed to be the oppressor. We are looking at designer transformation of different societies while using the same methodology – *ideology.* The trick is to give the same ideology of Marxism different faces for different situations on the spectrum from vicious Soviet and Chinese communism to heart-on-the-sleeve-we-are-nicer-than-you-are 'progressive socialism'. The sales-pitch changes, but not the outcome which is always centralised control by the elite few over everyone else. It is worth 'progressives' pondering on the fact that the foot-soldiers of Marxist (Sabbatian-Frankist) 'revolutions' never end up in power at the end of the story. That is always the gift of the elite who were behind it all along. I am not saying that dominant cultures cannot be forms of oppression – clearly they all are to a larger or lesser extent. 'Progressives' and their billionaire supporters deleting freedom of speech is the most fundamental form of oppression which their self-purity, I-am-right-and-you're-not-so-you-can't-have-a-say arrogance cannot see. Imposed Islam, Judaism, Christianity, Hinduism and so on are vehicles for oppression if choice is not allowed – *everything* is oppression where choice is not freely made. My point is that oppression in its multiple forms and scale is exploited by Sabbatian-Frankist Marxism to justify even more extreme oppression and centralised control. I want to see a world in which power is decentralised and devolved to communities and the individual which negates the potential for a tiny cabal to impose its will on everyone. There is no contradiction whatsoever between individual liberty and collective responsibility on the basis of my own philosophy of do what you like so long as you don't impose it on anyone else either physically or psychologically.

The Soros 'progressive movement' is really the same old Marxist movement wearing its latest disguise and Marxism is the creation of the

Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Marxism is driven by the very elite that Marxism is supposed to be overthrowing. 'Progressive' people – you are being played by the string section and you and your children are going to have to take the consequences if reality doesn't dawn like *now*. The string section is a Death Cult and why do you think that Marxism in its many expressions – Stalin, Mao, Pol Pot and so many more – has led to the deaths of hundreds of millions of people directly and through related consequences? Here we are with virtue-signalling idiots like film-maker Michael Moore and his wish-for 'leader' Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez promoting this very Marxism-in-thin-disguise society with I doubt the first idea that this is what they are doing. The proposed Ocasio-Cortez 'Green New Deal' is only Chairman Mao's Cultural Revolution in China in that it demands subordination of individual uniqueness to the alleged 'collective will' which is really the will of the elite pulling the strings – or playing them – from the shadows. 'Collective will' never actually is because the 'collective' is never consulted. The excuse for the 'Green New Deal's' introduction is that 'climate change threatens human existence' when the 'global warming/climate change' hoax has been perpetrated by the same Death Cult via front organisations like the Club of Rome in the Round Table network. I have been warning since the 1990s that alleged human-caused global warming/climate change was a scam to justify the transformation of global society into a centrally-controlled dictatorship through United Nations projects known as Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. The plan is also to encourage or coerce people not to have children as part of a depopulation agenda, especially in the West, by employing the 'end of the world is nigh' approach. Now we have Ocasio-Cortez urging people to ask: 'Is it okay to still have children?' I watched an interview with a sad-looking lady called Blythe Pepine, founder of Birth Strike, an organisation for those choosing not to have children because of the dangers of 'global warming'. She said she would not have children herself because of 'the threat we have been told about'. By whom, Blythe? The Sabbatian-Frankist propaganda machine designed to transform global society into a single Marxist state. She said we face extinction, but what will speed that quicker than not having children? It reminds me of the line ... 'When we have deleted heterosexuality future generations will thank us.' The 'Green New Deal' promoted by Hidden Hand-stooge Ocasio-Cortez proposes precisely what those UN Agendas demand and I am going to shock you again here ... groups supporting the Green New Deal are funded by George Soros. I bet you're speechless. The policy has been supported by other prominent members of the Soros-funded Democratic Party including Elizabeth Warren who laughably claimed to have Native American ancestry. Definitely someone you can trust.

Sabbatian-Frankist political correctness

Censorship and political correctness (censorship) are an expression of Death Cult Marxism with the *minority will* posing as the *collective will* subordinating individual freedom to the demands of the mob. Marxism and its offspring communism are always about mobs imposing the will of the elite. Marxism demands centralised control and that structure allows even greater control by the few of the many than capitalism (cartelism) does. Instead of having to manipulate control by the few through hording capital and ownership it is delivered on a plate by the very centralised societal structure of Marxism/Communism. Does anyone believe that Marxist governments all over the world have been 'people's governments'? How about Stalin's Soviet Union? Or Mao's China? Today's China? How about Vietnam where it is illegal to criticise the government on the Internet? Why is the 'free world' going the same way as China and Vietnam with ever more extreme censorship and information control? The same Marxist agenda is being rolled out behind the smokescreen of political correctness and so you have Internet corporations owned by the filthy rich elite in alliance with 'progressives' in their support for censoring non-Marxist information and opinion founded on freedom of the individual and not the tyranny of collective control. Demands for equality of *outcome* rather than equality of *opportunity* are straight from the Marxist rule book. Equality of opportunity offers the platform for people to go their own way and choose their own path in pursuit of their chosen outcome. Equality of outcome destroys incentive and imprisons creativity in a grey and dour sameness while driving out individual achievement in pursuit of outcome 'equality' (classic Marxism). Instead of raising people up it crushes them down. The world portrayed in Orwell's *Nineteen-eighty-four* in fact. A structure based on centralisation of power always involves the few controlling the many and to counter that we need devolution of power *from* the centre founded on respect for individuality and freedom of choice and expression. This is everything 'progressives' and their corporate billionaire cheerleaders are seeking to destroy. The whole ridiculous nonsense of political correctness was developed by ultra-Zionist Marxists from the 'Frankfurt School', or the Institute for Social Research, established in 1923 and affiliated to the University of Frankfurt. Jewish historian and theologian Gershom Scholem, who made a major study of Sabbatian-Frankism, described the School as a 'Jewish sect', but I say it was a pseudo-Jewish sect. Sabbatian-Frankism has sought to control key areas of human society including finance, politics, media, law, social sciences and psychiatry. The foundation of the few controlling the many is to understand human thinking and behaviour and armed with that knowledge to manipulate the perceptions of the many. From perception comes behaviour. Zionist website Myjewishlearning.com reports:

> Jewish psychologists and the influence of Jewish tradition have been instrumental in creating the field of modern psychology. The fundaments of several psychological movements can be traced directly to Jewish values, ideas, and practices, and Jews in the 20th century were at the forefront of research about the psyche and the varieties of human behavior.
>
> Jewish psychologists founded several branches of psychological inquiry. All of the major theorists of the Gestalt school, except Wolfgang Kohler, were Jews. Max Wertheimer, Kurt Koffka, Kurt Lewin, and Kurt Goldstein posited theories of perception and understanding based on holistic understanding, rather than a previous model based on the computation of parts. Psychoanalysis was founded by Sigmund Freud and, with the notable exception of Carl Jung, most of its early proponents were also Jews.

Political correctness is a mind-game to manipulate the target population to silence *itself*. The whole 'progressive' mind-set of fascistic/communistic 'socialism' is an outgrowth of the Frankfurt School and Sabbatian-Frankist manipulation which was itself a continuation of the ultra-Zionist Marxism named after Sabbatian-Frankist stooge, Karl Marx. US Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, who claims her family has Sephardic Jewish ancestry, is the current political poster girl of this movement, but she is too obsessed with her own reflection and too perceptually programmed to see who her mind-masters really are. She said of her Jewish roots: '... the story goes that during the Spanish Inquisition so many people were forced to convert on the exterior to Catholicism, but on the interior, continued to practice their faith, continued to be who they were, even though they were pressured to not be that on the outside world.' American academic Kevin Macdonald describes in *The Culture of Critique: An Evolutionary Analysis of Jewish Involvement in Twentieth-Century Intellectual and Political Movements* how 'leftist authoritarianism' emerged from the Frankfurt School. This captures the authoritarian 'progressive' movement of today which has been the goal of these ultra-Zionist intellectuals all along. The Frankfurt School was funded into existence by ultra-Zionist Felix Weil; the first director was ultra-Zionist Carl Grünberg; and he was followed by ultra-Zionist Max Horkheimer. Among other prime influences on the school's thinking were ultra-Zionists Theodor W Adorno and Herbert Marcuse. The School relocated to Switzerland before moving to New York in 1935 and six years later branched into California which would become the global capital of political correctness. This Rothschild ultra-Zionist centre for social engineering set out to control American social sciences and here are just some of the changes they sought to introduce to American and global society. Perhaps you can recognise them:

- The creation of racism offences.

- Continual change to create confusion.
- The teaching of sex and homosexuality to young children.
- The undermining of schools' and teachers' authority.
- Huge immigration to destroy national identity.
- The promotion of excessive drinking.
- Emptying of churches [targeting anything that brings people together].
- A legal system with bias against victims of crime.
- Dependency on the State or State benefits [do what we say or they stop].
- Control and dumbing down of the media.
- Encouraging the breakdown of family.

None of these goals are to benefit people – they are only there to *control* people. National identity *is* being destroyed by 'huge immigration' and it is clear to see the real motivation behind the borderless European Union and the United States failing to adequately police the border with Mexico and make it easier for so-called 'illegal aliens' to secure residency. They want a borderless United States, Canada and Mexico to destroy the self-identity of all three. A sense of nationhood is a big potential block to the acceptance of a single uniform Marxist world and so they are working to delete any sense of national identity. Perhaps people might realise now why mega-rich George Soros who says he doesn't care about social consequences and only making money is spending tens of billions supporting 'progressive' groups and those making it easier for the mass movement of people between different cultures. This doesn't make sense on the face of it, but perfect sense when you see what is really behind it. Marxism/communism has never been an ideology for oppressed masses, only for the super-rich using communism to further oppress those masses. The same is true of its alter-ego fascism and its 'democratic' version of socialism (the don't-scare-the-children term for introducing Marxism to America). Nazi fascism was really a form of Marxism and it was appropriate that they called themselves the National Socialist German Workers Party. The Nazis were dark occultists – the same as the Sabbatian-Frankists that controlled them.

From the inside

The takeover of countries through the perceptions of the population was described in *1985* by Soviet KGB defector Yuri Bezmenov who was trained in the subversion doctrine which he described as a four-step plan to subjugate societies. The first stage he called 'demoralisation'. He said this takes 15 to 20 years in which generations of students are systematically programmed in the school and college system to transform their perception of reality while other information and

perspectives are suppressed. Marxist-Leninist ideology was being pumped into the 'soft head' of at least three generations of American students (it's happening in Europe and elsewhere, too) without being challenged or counterbalanced by the basic values of Americanism. Bezmenov said of the demoralisation stage:

> Exposure to true information does not matter anymore. A person who is demoralised is unable to assess true information – the facts tell nothing to him. Even if I shower him with information, with authentic truth, with documents, with pictures, even if I take him by force to the Soviet Union and show him concentration camps he will refuse to believe it until he gets a kick in the back bottom [realises he has been had by Marxist governments taking over his country]. When the military boot crashes then he will understand.

Look at what has been happening for years in the schools and colleges and you will see that quite obviously stage one has been long underway and is now bearing fruit in people like Ocasio-Cortez. Demoralisation is followed by stages that Yuri Bezmenov called 'destabilisation', 'crisis' and 'normalisation' in which 'normalisation' means the imposition of a new 'normal' (society transformed). These stages together are classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. A poll of American 18-24 year olds in early 2019 found that 61 percent were open to a 'socialist society'. They think that means fair and just – if only. The poll reflects the control of the education (indoctrination) system from pre-school to college for generations now that Bezmenov described. Once the programmed promotors (see today's 'progressives') have played their part as essential pawns they would be 'lined up against the wall and shot', Bezmenov said. They would not be needed any more and they would know too much. There was also the telling line that I have been trying to get across to these programmed people for years: 'They think they will come to power, but that will never happen, of course.' No, because Marxist 'revolutionaries' are only pawns in a game orchestrated by their elite violin players – the 'revolution' always tends to eat itself. Ocasio-Cortez and the Marxist mob masquerading as 'social justice warriors' are temporary pawns to bring their hidden masters to power in a full-on global dictatorship. This is how Sabbatian-Frankists operate the world over and they were the force behind the creation of the Soviet Union/KGB as we will see shortly. All the anti-Russia propaganda directed at Vladimir Putin as an individual is a smokescreen to hide the manipulation of American and global society by the Sabbatian Death Cult with major power-bases in Russia and Eastern Europe which was also once the old Russian Empire from where so many major ultra-Zionist players or their families have emerged that created and still control Israel.

Infiltration a speciality

When you appreciate the Babylonian, Sabbatian-Frankist occult foundation of the force behind human society the pieces start to fit. With Rothschild support the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult (Satanism and *inverted* Judaism) quickly expanded its influence, secret networks and infiltration of Freemasonry. Sabbatian-Frankists were encouraged to convert to other religions posing as advocates and believers while working to turn them into vehicles for the Sabbatian-Frankist agenda and eventually destroy them. The cult infiltrated Judaism, Islam (more shortly) the Roman Church, Protestant Christianity and other religions while also subverting secret societies including the Jesuits, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta and Opus Dei (all connected to the Church of Rome), Rosicrucians, Grand Orient Freemasonry, wider Freemasonry and the secret and semi-secret strands that connect with them to form The Web. All these infiltrated secret societies are based on the teachings of the Kabbalah – the Lurianic Kabbalah – as are the inner core of major religions. Hasidism, or Hasidic Judaism, the ultra-Orthodox Jewish religious group that wear side-curls, the fedora, homburg and big fur hats are an outgrowth of Sabbatian-Frankism and heavily influenced by the Lurianic Kabbalah. The movement emerged out of Poland in the 18th century in what is now modern-day Ukraine and most advocates will not be aware of its Sabbatian-Frankist origins although the inner core will. The same applies to all these infiltrated groups and organisations. Most won't be a practicing Sabbatian-Frankist, but the cult will be the power in the shadows. Hasidic rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson (1902-1994), leader of the messianic Chabad-Lubavitch movement and a deeply racist Jewish supremacist, once said:

> The body of a Jewish person is of a totally different quality from the body of [members] of all nations of the world; an even greater difference exists in regard to the soul. Two contrary types of soul exist, a non-Jewish soul comes from three Satanic spheres, while the Jewish soul stems from holiness ... A Jew was not created as a means for some [other] purpose; he himself is the purpose, since the substance of all [divine] emanations was created only to serve the Jews.

This gives a feel for the attitude to the rest of humanity of extreme Sabbatian-Frankist racists who have the nerve to call others racist. Instead of being condemned for such comments Schneerson was posthumously awarded the Congressional Gold Medal for 'outstanding and lasting contributions toward improvements in world education, morality, and acts of charity'. President Jimmy Carter designated Schneerson's birthday as US Education and Sharing Day and every

president since has fawned over him when the day comes around. Sabbatian-Frankists have no influence with the US government, though, so don't worry.

Jacob Frank targeted the Roman Catholic Church from the start and he was so persuasive in his claim to be a dissident Jew that the Church funded his work and allowed him to convert thousands of apparent followers of Judaism into Catholicism. By 1790, 26,000 Jews were recorded baptised in Poland. Sabbatian-Frankists were not, of course, really converts. They were interlopers infiltrating the Catholic hierarchy to take over the reins of power through clandestine cells and high positions in the Church including the Pope. We see the influence of the paedophilia-practicing Sabbatian-Frankists today with the constant revelations about mass child abuse by Catholic priests which, at the same time, is being exploited by the same Sabbatian-Frankist cult to destroy the church. Child abuse – a calling card of Sabbatian-Frankists – has also made the news within the Hasidic community in Brooklyn, New York, where cover-ups are widespread with internal laws against reporting any of their number to the police. Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman said that a lesser known fact about Jacob Frank is that he also converted to Islam two years before his conversion to Catholicism. A golden rule of the cult was – and is – that 'the believer must not appear as he really is'. This applies to politics and other walks of life and not only religion. Rabbi Antelman gives an example of what happened to the Jewish community in Vienna, Austria:

> What emerges from a close inspection of Viennese Jewry in the latter part of the 19th century is that the establishment is controlled by a Sabbatian Frankist underground, who through their influence on the infrastructure of the community and its media, could orchestrate innocent Jews into supporting their 'causes'.

This is exactly what has happened to the Jewish community in Israel, the United States, Europe and elsewhere.

Sabbatian-Frankist Jesuits

Ignatius of Loyola (1491-1556) was the Spanish Catholic priest who established the Society of Jesus (Jesuits) in 1539. He had appeared before an ecclesiastical commission in 1527 charged with having sympathy with the Alumbrados, a mystical sect with basically the same beliefs as the later Sabbatian-Frankists with their connection to the satanic religion of Babylon. The Alumbrados ('Illuminated') emerged in Spain in the 15th and 16th centuries and they believed that once they became 'illuminated' through a 'complete union with 'God' they could do anything they liked because 'sin' was impossible in their state of

'enlightenment' and no matter what horrors they perpetrated it had no effect on their soul. This is the sales-pitch of the Sabbatian-Frankists when you cut back all the verbiage and manufactured justifications for evil, but when their consciousness leaves the body at 'death' they find out otherwise. Loyola escaped with a firm warning for his Alumbrados connections and his Jesuit Order would go on to become a major controlling force on behalf of the Sabbatian-Frankists and the wider cult within the Roman Church. Adam Weishaupt who established what became the Bavarian Illuminati with Jacob Frank and Mayer Amstel Rothschild in 1776 was a Jesuit-educated 'Jew' (Sabbatian-Frankist). Jewish researcher Barry Chamish, quoting the work of Rabbi Antelman, said:

> A movement of complete evil now took hold. The Jesuits' goal was the destruction of the Protestant Reformation leading to a return of one pope sitting in judgement on all mankind. The Rothschilds' goal was to control the wealth of the planet. And the Frankist vision was the destruction of Jewish ethics to be replaced by a religion based on the exact opposite of God's intentions [Satanism]. When these factions blended, a bloody war against humanity, with the Jews on the front lines, erupted.

The Jesuits, Rothschilds and Sabbatian-Frankists moved – and move – as one unit. Ignatius of Loyola became the first Jesuit Superior General in 1541 and the post continues today. A Superior General is also called the 'Black Pope' and has enormous hidden power within the Church – even more so currently with Pope Francis who became a member of the all-male Jesuit Order. With 20,000 Jesuits – three-quarters of them priests – operating in 100 countries the potential for manipulating events and situations is obvious. They work across the world in their schools, colleges and many other centres which include a big network of Jesuit universities and they follow a vow of obedience to the Jesuit hierarchy. Their 'education' system of calculated perceptual indoctrination provided in many ways the structure for modern 'education' to this day. Jesuits played a front-line role in the European colonisation and 'Christianisation' of native lands around the world and the mass murder of the Inquisition. They engaged in political manipulation wherever they located to advance their own power and agenda. Jesuits were thrown out of many countries only to return in new guises – the technique of Sabbatian-Frankists with whom the Jesuits joined forces. Francesco Borgia, the third Jesuit Superior General, said: 'We came in like lambs and will rule like wolves. We shall be expelled like dogs and return like eagles.' Religious, royal and political leaders were terrified of the Jesuits and when Pope Clement XIV signed the decree abolishing the Jesuit Order in 1773 he said: 'I have signed my death warrant, but I have

obeyed my conscience.' He was dead within nine months and the Jesuit Order was restored in 1814. Needless to say that Clement's death is described as 'controversial'. Jesuits operate like covert Nazis and how appropriate that the Nazi SS was structured and organised by Heinrich Himmler on the Jesuit blueprint. Walter Schellenberg, former chief of Nazi counter-espionage, said:

> The SS organisation had been constituted by Himmler according to the principles of the Jesuit Order. Their regulations and the Spiritual Exercises prescribed by Ignatius of Loyola were the model Himmler tried to copy exactly. Himmler's title as supreme chief of the SS was to be the equivalent of the Jesuits' 'General' and the whole structure was a close imitation of the Catholic Church's hierarchical order.

Jesuits still control the Vatican and Roman Catholic Church today in league with their Sabbatian-Frankist masters. This is highly appropriate given that the Roman Church is the Church of Babylon relocated. Sabbatian-Frankists are modern-day purveyors of the Babylonian satanic human-sacrifice religion and Babylonian bloodlines established Rome and its empire. The Hidden Hand creates religions to seize the minds of the populous and then divides them into factions and sets them at war with each other. How many wars have there been between Christian Catholics and Protestants alone? Martin Luther triggered the schism with the Church of Rome in the 16th century to create Protestantism and then John Calvin triggered a schism within Protestantism called Calvinism. You see this with virtually all religions as with Islam's schism of Sunni and Shia. The Vatican has long been controlled by Sabbatian-Frankist-Jesuit occultists and it's no surprise when you hear Jesuit Pope Francis say that Christians must work 'to ensure anti-Semitism is banned from society'. He said Christians share the same roots as 'their Jewish brothers and sisters'. How about the other link, mate – infiltration by Sabbatian-Frankists which as a Jesuit you well know? Another highly significant family infiltrated by these covert Satanists was the Habsburg dynasty which produced a stream of kings and emperors and occupied the throne of the Holy Roman Empire from 1438 until 1740. They remain very connected to The Web through secret societies like Le Cercle, the Knights of Malta and the elite and exclusive Order of the Golden Fleece founded in 1430. The Austrian version is led today by Karl von Habsburg (also Archduke of Austria, Royal Prince of Hungary, Bohemia and Croatia), current head of the House of Habsburg-Lorraine. Le Cercle initiate Otto von Habsburg, or Archduke Otto of Austria (1912-2011), was a key figure behind the creation of what is now the European Union as an agent of The Web to delete countries and bring them under centralised control. The

Habsburgs have worked closely with the Rothschilds.

America calling

Mayer Amschel Rothschild and his five sons (symbolised by five arrows) established banking houses in Frankfurt, London, Paris, Vienna and Naples and he selected the wives of his sons for the business connections they would bring to the family. He wanted his offspring to marry cousins wherever possible to keep the bloodline 'pure' and keep it all 'in family' – just as Sabbatian-Frankists are told to intermarry and 'keep it in the cult'. Rothschild had eighteen grandchildren and sixteen of them married first cousins while his daughters all married bankers – Worms, Sichel and Beyfus – and the family became immensely rich. They were infamous for their psychopathic activities and behaviour as they took control of European countries through financial and political manipulation. From Europe they hijacked the American economy and expanded worldwide. In 1773 Mayer Amschel Rothschild is reported to have met with Sabbatian-Frankist banking families including Schiff, Oppenheimer, Warburg and Goldschmidts (later Goldsmiths) to agree a plan to bankrupt nations and control world finance. They have certainly achieved that if you look at national debt levels alone. American government debt at the time of writing is $22 *trillion*. The meeting came in the same year of 1773 that saw the alliance formed between Rothschild and Jacob Frank and what followed was the creation of the Bavarian Illuminati by Sabbatian-Frankist Jesuit infiltrator and Freemason Adam Weishaupt. From the mid-19th century a series of German Ashkenazi (Khazar) Jewish (Sabbatian-Frankist) families emigrated to the United States and they would become the great banking dynasties that still largely prevail today with the Rothschilds holding the strings of all of them. They included Goldman, Sachs, Lehman and Warburg (the Venetian Jewish – Sabbatian-Frankist – del Banco family). The most important one of all across the late 19th and early 20th centuries would be lesser known to most people – Schiff. The Ashkenazi Sabbatian-Frankist rabbinical Schiff family shared the Rothschild home in Frankfurt and in 1875 Jacob Schiff (1847-1920) relocated to New York to join (and eventually head) the banking firm Kuhn, Loeb & Company. This was a front for the Rothschilds with Schiff as their loyal agent. Schiff became a dominant figure on Wall Street and a director of companies such as National City Bank of New York, Equitable Life Assurance Society, Wells Fargo & Company and Union Pacific Railroad. 'He' (the Rothschilds) funded the rise of the Rockefeller Standard Oil monopoly headed by J.D. Rockefeller; Andrew Carnegie's steel empire; J. P. Morgan's financial empire; and Harriman family railroad interests. All were really Rothschild-controlled operations through middleman Schiff and the Rothschilds remain in control of their

modern versions. We see the same technique with global corporations, not least in Silicon Valley, which appear to be run by their famous faces when they are actually controlled from the shadows by a very different force. The Rothschilds, via Schiff, orchestrated through banker Paul Warburg the fraudulent creation in 1913 of the Federal Reserve Banking System, the still privately-owned 'Central Bank of the United States' which has controlled the American economy and government financial policy ever since. If you want to know the foundation origin of the $22 trillion debt then look no further than the Rothschild-controlled Federal Reserve (or 'the Fed'). For 31 years from 1987 to 2018 ultra-Zionists headed the Federal Reserve in the form of Alan Greenspan, Ben Bernanke and Janet Yellen. In the same period Yellen and the Israeli-American duel citizen, ultra-Zionist Stanley Fischer, former governor of the Bank of Israel, served as vice chairs of the 'Fed'. What are the statistical chances of that happening randomly from two percent of the American population? The sequence was broken when Jerome Powell replaced Yellen as chair – Powell was a partner in the Father Bush Carlyle Group while it was a financial agent for the Bin Laden family across 9/11. Today the vast ultra-Zionist network that I exposed manipulating American politics and society from within is ultimately controlled by Sabbatian-Frankists to advance their agenda. The mass of those involved with their ongoing childish shenanigans will have no idea that this is so. The same is true in the UK, Europe, Canada, Australia and wherever Sabbatian-Frankists are at work.

Sabbatian-Frankist 'Russian' Revolution

Jacob Schiff in true Rothschild fashion funded half the cost of the successful Japanese war against Russia in 1904 and 1905 (spending more than $4.5 billion by today's equivalent) as part of the effort to prepare Russia for the overthrow of the Romanov Tsars by the Lenin-Trotsky communist (*Marxist*) 'revolution' of 1917. Schiff was awarded the 'Second Order of the Treasure of Japan' medal in recognition of his pivotal role in securing that victory. In the years before the revolution Tsar Nicholas II, the last monarch of Russia, was undermined by the infamous Grigori Rasputin, a mystic and manipulator befriended by the Tsar and his family, and his views were the same as those of Sabbatian-Frankists. Gershom Scholem, Professor of Jewish Mysticism at Hebrew University, said: 'Rasputin, who played a major role in the Russian Revolutions, espoused a doctrine which was identical to that of the Frankists of "redemption through sin".' Zionism had been making ground in Russia and according to the *Encyclopedia Judaica* the Russian delegation accounted for one-third of all the delegates (66 out of 197) at the First Zionist Congress in Basle, Switzerland, in 1897. British-born Jacob Rothschild, 82 at the time of writing, said in a television interview

that 'Zionism was primarily a movement from Eastern Europe'. One center for the emergence of Zionism was Prague in what is now the Czech Republic – a major centre for Sabbatian-Frankists going back to Jacob Frank. The year 1897 also saw Rothschild asset Jacob Schiff use his influence over outgoing US President Grover Cleveland to secure passage into America for Zionist and Communist Jews from Russia and elsewhere. Zionism is Rothschildism. This political movement masquerading as a 'race' has been the Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators' vehicle for taking over the Jewish people worldwide and using them as a smokescreen and diversion on the way to global control. Thus we have today's 'anti-Semitism' industry and the Protection Racket. The Russian 'Revolution' was a version of the 'Arab Spring' which was made to look like a 'people's uprising' when it was actually financed and organised by banking families in the United States, Britain and Germany (i.e. the Rothschilds ultimately). Russian people suffered horrifically after the 'revolution' as Arabs have since their 'Spring'. In both cases this was the idea from the start. John Schiff, Jacob's grandson, said in the *New York Journal American* in 1949 that his New York-based grandfather gave some $20 million ($1 billion today) to fund the Russian Revolution. Rabbi Antelman said Schiff's Rothschild banking firm, Kuhn, Loeb, secured an immense return with 600 million roubles in one payment alone. A key player in the revolution was Ukrainian Jew Leon Trotsky (born Lev Davidovich Bronstein). He lived in New York before travelling to Russia to 'revolt'. He had $10,000 with him when he was stopped on the way by Canadian and British naval personnel – and that was in 1917. Another big funder of Trotsky was Britain's Lord Alfred Milner according to anti-Communist Russian general Arsene de Goulevitch. Milner just happened to be a big-time Rothschild frontman and head of the Round Table secret society who would be heavily involved in the 'Balfour Declaration' in 1917 through which the British government publicly-supported a Jewish homeland in Palestine. Vladimir Lenin, who was part-Jewish, was allowed to travel in an allegedly sealed train across Germany to Russia as part of the same plot to oust the Tsar. Yep, it was a people's revolution all right. Rabbi Antelman describes Lenin as 'a tool of the Illuminati monopoly capitalists'. According to *New World Encyclopedia* Allen Dulles, a Hidden Hand operative almost his entire life and longest-serving head of the CIA, reviewed and rejected Lenin's application for a visa to the United States while working at the US Embassy in Switzerland. Dulles also claimed that he had taken a phone call from Lenin at the embassy, but he 'didn't think the matter was urgent' and asked him to call back. The next day Lenin headed for his train and the revolution. With the limpet-close associations between the Dulles family and those funding the Revolution in the United States there was far more to this Dulles-Lenin story than we are told.

Most of those at the forefront of the communist regime that took over Russia in 1917 were 'Jewish' (I would say Sabbatian-Frankists). Rabbi Antelman said: 'Frankists appear to have dominated Eastern European radical circles' (from where the momentum for Zionism emerged). Trotsky was head of the brutal Red Army and chief of Soviet foreign affairs; Yakov Sverdlov (Solomon) was head of the Soviet government as chairman of the Central Executive Committee; Grigori Zinoviev (Radomyslsky) led the Communist International to expand the revolution to other countries. There were many other prominent 'Jews', too, when the Jewish population of Russia was no more than five percent. British journalist Robert Wilton confirmed these themes in his 1920 book *The Last Days of the Romanovs* when he studied official documents from the Russian government to identify the members of the Bolshevik ruling elite between 1917 and 1919. The Central Committee included 41 Jews among 62 members; the Council of the People's Commissars had 17 Jews out of 22 members; and *458* of the 556 most important Bolshevik positions between 1918 and 1919 were occupied by Jewish people. Only 17 were Russian. Then there were the 23 Jews among the 36 members of the vicious Cheka Soviet secret police established in 1917 who would soon appear all across the country. Professor Robert Service of Oxford University, an expert on 20th century Russian history, found evidence that Leon Trotsky had sought to make sure that Jews were enrolled in the Red Army and were disproportionately represented in the Soviet civil bureaucracy that included the Cheka which performed mass arrests, imprisonment and executions of 'enemies of the people'. A US State Department Decimal File (861.00/5339) dated November 13th, 1918, names Jacob Schiff and a list of ultra-Zionists as funders of the Russian Revolution leading to claims of a 'Jewish plot', but the key point missed by all is they were not 'Jews' – they were Sabbatian-Frankists. Britain's Winston Churchill made the same error by mistake *or otherwise*. He wrote in a 1920 edition of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* that those behind the Russian revolution were part of a 'worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality.' He continued:

> There is no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian Revolution by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews. It is certainly a very great one; it probably outweighs all others. With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews. Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders.

> Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate, Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, or of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the Red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Radek – all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combatting Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses.

In the same way, Donald Rumsfeld was 'eclipsed by his nominal subordinate', the ultra-Zionist Paul Wolfowitz, in the Pentagon at the time of 9/11. What happened in Russia was not a Jewish revolution – many Jews would suffer the consequences. It was a Sabbatian-Frankist revolution to impose the Sabbatian-Frankist-created political creed and tyranny called Marxism. What Churchill calls 'the system of terrorism' applied against 'enemies of the Revolution' was a repeat of the Jacobin period of 'The Terror'. This is a constant theme in 'revolutions' of the Sabbatian-Frankist-Illuminati cult. Churchill's reference to 'atheistical Jews' fits the modus operandi of Sabbatian-Frankist interlopers. Marxism is an atheist creed and this was Sabbatian-Frankist Marxism manifesting as the Russian Revolution which in true Marxist style targeted religion including the Jewish one. A great irony in attacks on me by the ultra-Zionist hate group 'anti-Semitism' Protection Racket is an oft-quoted passage from my book *And The Truth Shall Set You Free* in which I say that the Russian Revolution was the work of a group of Jewish people together with non-Jewish people. This is sighted as proof of my 'anti- Semitism' when, as you see here, it is simply provable *fact* and when fact is no defence against condemnation we are living in a tyranny. *And The Truth Shall Set You Free* is the book in which I expose in detail support for the Nazi master race movement by the Bush, Harriman and Rockefeller families (with the Rothschilds) and its connection to Hitler's race purity 'expert' Ernst Rudin. My ultra-Zionist abusers never mention that. They must have forgot.

Sabbatian-Frankist Red Army

The Russian Red Army, the biggest killing machine in known human history, was the creation of Sabbatian-Frankists. Leon Trotsky was the head of the Red Army and the leading administrators were ultra-Zionists Aron Solts; Yakov Rappoport; Lazar Kogan; Matvei Berman; Genrikh Yagoda; and Naftaly Frenkel. The Red Army killed almost seven million Germans and millions more across Europe. Red Army soldiers murdered and tortured civilians wherever they went and were ordered to do so by their Sabbatian-Frankist leadership. They raped some two million German women and many more in Austria, Hungary,

Romania, Bulgaria, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. They also raped women – most of them *Jewish* – who had been freed from Nazi concentration camps. The Red Army went on to terrorise Eastern Europe for decades. Ultra-Zionist Ilya Ehrenburg was the evil Soviet propagandist who distributed pamphlets ordering the Red Army to rape, torture and kill their millions of victims. Ehrenburg told them:

> If your part of the front is quiet and there is no fighting, then kill a German in the meantime ... if you have already killed a German, then kill another – there is nothing more amusing to us than a heap of German corpses.
>
> Kill! Kill! In the German race there is nothing but evil; not one among the living, not one among the yet unborn but is evil! Follow the precepts of Comrade Stalin. Stamp out the fascist beast once and for all in its lair! Use force and break the racial pride of these German women. Take them as your lawful booty. Kill! As you storm onward, kill, you gallant soldiers of the Red Army.

The Red Army took ultra-Zionist psychopath Ehrenburg at his word and this is how one young Russian officer described what happened day after day:

> Women, mothers and their children lie to the right and left along the route and in front of each of them stands a raucous armada of men with their trousers down. The women, who are bleeding or losing consciousness, get shoved to one side and our men shoot the ones who try to save their children.

Ilya Ehrenburg is celebrated by Zionism as a Jewish hero of the Russian Revolution and he is honoured in Yad Vashem, Israel's Holocaust history museum. At Israel's instigation Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu and Russian President Vladimir Putin opened the 'Victory Monument' in the Israeli city of Netanya in 2012 to celebrate the Red Army. Why would Israel honour this killing and raping machine of historical proportions? See above. The same mentality that created the Red Army and decreed its murdering, raping and torturing methods of operation has been in control of Israel since it was bombed into existence in 1948. Anyone surprised that it is committing genocide against Palestinians and treats them with such hatred and contempt? These people are not 'Jews'. They are fake Jews exploiting and hiding behind genuine ones and those they have enticed into their lair. While Trotsky made sure *fake* Jews under the control of the Sabbatian-Frankist cult were given the major role in the post-revolution Russian hierarchy the story was very different for the rank and file. Rabbi Antelman writes:

> ... born Jews such as Trotsky [cooperated] with Lenin in executing Jews, and ... Lenin's Jewish Section was even more severe than Lenin in closing synagogues and religious schools, and persecuting and murdering Rabbis and religious leaders.

You see it wasn't – and isn't – about 'Jews'. It is rather about Sabbatian-Frankists hiding within the Jewish and other communities posing as 'one of them'. This is why there is no contradiction between 'Jews' taking power or controlling power in Russia, Germany and Israel treating Jewish people with such violence and contempt. Most people will never have heard about the Zionist (Rothschild) dominance of the Russian Revolution and what followed because of the ultra-Zionist censorship networks. These are *facts*, not 'anti-Semitism'. For the latter to be so I would have to be saying that all Jewish people are the same as those I am calling out. I am *not* saying that – quite the opposite. Most Jewish communities around the world will not know about the background that I am summarising here and can be read in detail in other books. They are the ones who are blamed in the minds of many by actions in which they have played no part and of which they know nothing. If we are to protect human freedom for *everyone* these are facts that we cannot go on ignoring because their implications and connections are indivisible from current events. A dispatch in 1918 by the US ambassador to Russia, David R. Francis, said: 'The Bolshevik leaders here, most of whom are Jews and 90 percent of whom are returned exiles, care little for Russia or any other country but are internationalists and they are trying to start a worldwide social revolution.' William Oudendyke, Dutch Ambassador at the time, said something similar: 'Unless Bolshevism is nipped in the bud immediately, it is bound to spread in one form or another over Europe and the whole world as it is organized and worked by Jews who have no nationality, and whose one object is to destroy for their own ends the existing order of things.' This is straight from the Sabbatian-Frankist statement of intent and method of operation. Russian dissident writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn (1918-2008) spent eleven years in labour camps and exile. He was a hero to the Western Establishment for his opposition to Communism until he, too, pointed out the greatly disproportionate overrepresentation of Jewish people in key positions among the Bolshevik 'revolutionaries'. He wrote a two-volume work, *Two Hundred Years Together*, in which he called for both Russians and Russian Jews to take responsibility for their 'renegades' who supported the totalitarian communist regime. The 'renegades' and ultra-Zionist 'Bolshevik leaders' he was talking about were tools of the Sabbatian-Frankist *anti*-Jewish cult which indeed was – and is – pursuing 'worldwide social revolution' on the road to planned global dictatorship. Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman

said this about the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, a highly controversial document that came to light in the early years of the 20th century and some allege to be detailing a Jewish plot for world domination:

> The Protocols alleged that there was a Jewish world conspiracy. The Czar was a virulent anti-Semite, but may have published the Protocols because he had a personal axe to grind with the Schiffs, the Warburgs and the Rothschild banking dynasties, who were already planning a revolution in Russia. Jacob Schiff was giving immense financial help to the Japanese against the Russians. He was decorated by the Mikado after the Russio-Japanese War. The question should be raised of Schiff, if he was such a loyal Jew, why did he finance the Japanese who caused the death of thousands of Jewish men who were used as cannon fodder for the Czar.

Answer – because he was a Sabbatian-Frankist cult member and they hate Jews. I'll have more about the *Protocols* in the next chapter. Antelman continues and invokes the big bad word, *conspiracy*:

> The truth of the matter was, as this book will point out, that there was a conspiracy, but it was neither Jewish, nor Catholic, nor Masonic. It involved people of all types of religious and national backgrounds. Side by side with the Schiffs, Warburgs and Rothschilds were the Morgans and the Rockefellers. With Trotsky were Lenin and Stalin.

This is the same conspiracy that American professor Carrol Quigley exposed in the 20th century with the same families and their agents and assets involved. Quigley (1910-1977) was a professor of history at Georgetown University in Washington DC for 35 years and taught Bill Clinton. He was an insider who revealed in *Tragedy and Hope* and *The Anglo-American Establishment* the existence of the Rothschild Round Table secret society that spawned the network of think tanks including the Council on Foreign Relations, Bilderberg Group, Club of Rome and Trilateral Commission. This is the same seamless intergenerational conspiracy that I have been exposing for 30 years along with a mountain of wider and deeper connections. We can see The Web at work when you connect the funding of the Russian Revolution by the Rothschilds and New York-based Jacob Schiff with other revolution funders I detailed earlier in the book – Skull and Bones initiates, Roland Harriman, Prescott Bush, Percy Rockefeller and their associates. They were all working as one team and their latter-day successors were the evil behind 9/11. Jacob Schiff's granddaughter, Dorothy Schiff, owned the *New York Post* for more than 40 years and his investment banker son Mortimer Schiff was an early leader of the Boy Scouts of America. Karenna Gore, daughter of global warming hoax frontman, Al Gore,

married Andrew Schiff, Jacob's great, great grandson.

Sabbatian-Frankist Islam

Sabbatai Zevi's cult established in the 17th century is described as the biggest messianic movement in Jewish history since ancient times and he promised to return them to a homeland in Palestine. The promise was delivered by the Sabbatian-Frankist cult and ultra-Zionists in the 20th century. This was achieved in stages by infiltrating mainstream Judaism and other faiths and communities with Islam a crucial example. Zevi lived both in Palestine and in what is today's Republic of Turkey under the rule of the Islamic Ottoman Empire which took over the region in stages from the end of the 14th century to its demise in the 20th century. Zevi converted to Islam when the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire gave him the 'choice' between conversion, or torture and death. By now Zevi had a million Jewish followers believing he was the Messiah and although he lost some with his 'conversion' many also converted in the Ottoman Empire and others knew that all the 'conversions' were only agreed to stay alive. Zevi and his fake-conversion cult became known as 'Donmeh' (meaning 'to turn') and they were called 'crypto-Jews' who, while publicly converting to Islam, retained their Sabbatian beliefs. This did not mean *Jewish* beliefs, but the Sabbatian *inversion* of traditional Jewish beliefs. Zevi was rejected as the Messiah by traditional Judaism and he and his followers hid behind the fake conversions and traditional Judaism while practicing their Sabbatian-Frankism in secret. Even their children were not told about their family's real religion until they were old enough to keep the secret and this continues up to current times. A hidden satanic 'religion' was born which continues today as the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult manipulating world events to a specific end and this was the foundation force behind 9/11. Donmeh were forbidden to marry outside of their sect (the interbreeding families theme again) and they became an interloper religion or cult within Islam, mainstream Judaism and other religions. Donmeh bloodlines infiltrated royalty and aristocracy as they expanded into Western society. Jacob Frank lived and studied with the Donmeh in Turkey before launching his Frankist cult in Europe. The Sabbatian Donmeh method of operation was founded on infiltration and control of positions of religious and political influence. They became powerful in the politics and business of Salonica (today called Thessalonica or Thessaloniki in Greek Macedonia in the southern Balkans) which was a major centre for Freemasonry and the birthplace of the Young Turk movement which overthrew Ottoman Islamic rule in Turkey in the 1920s. Mustafa Kemal, more famously known as 'Atatürk', was a Donmeh Jew who played the role of frontman for the rebellion that led to the establishment of the Republic of Turkey in 1923 (see *Everything You Need To Know But Have*

Never Been Told). Atatürk was a Grand Orient Freemason in the Lodge Veritas in Salonica and a British agent in the breakup of the Ottoman Empire, according to Lord Patrick Kinross in his book, *Ataturk, The Rebirth of a Nation.* The end of the Ottoman Empire was essential to the planned establishment of Israel because Palestine had long been under Ottoman rule.

The Donmeh 'interloper Jewish' cult infiltrated Islam and eventually manifested as the Saudi 'Royal' family and the extreme British-Saudi version of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the religion of extreme suppression of women and beheading non-believers and 'infidels'. Western/Saudi-funded, armed and trained terrorist groups like ISIS are its most famous manifestations along with the fascistic Saudi state itself. Wahhabism set the new blueprint for how Islam is perceived both by many of its followers and the wider global public. From this came the perception that Islam is about death and destruction. In fact, like every other religion, it is the chosen *interpretation* of Koranic texts – what you emphasise and what you ignore – that drives your actions. This is what dictates if Islam is a peaceful religion or a violent one and the great majority of Muslims are not violent. I don't support any religion because I think they are all prisons of the mind, but these points need to be made to ensure some balance. On my trips to the Middle East I remember only kind people willing to share with visitors what little they had no matter what your personal beliefs. By contrast Wahhabism is anything but kind. It is a brutal, merciless, deeply psychopathic and supremacist creed that appropriately mirrors in its mind-set the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. There is a reason for this. I tell the story of the Donmeh cult and its connection to Saudi Arabia in *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* and see that book for more detail. Many in the Islamic world are well aware of who the House of Saud interloper 'royals' and architects of Wahhabism really are. Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab, a Donmeh Jew hiding within Islam, was chosen by the British Empire in the 18th century to front-up a new extreme version of Islam and the British forged an alliance between Wahhab and Muhammad bin Saud who created the first Saudi state before he died in 1765. Bin Saud's successors formed the current Saudi Arabia with their British and American controllers in 1932 and in doing so hijacked the major centres of Islamic belief in Mecca and Medina. Wahhab's daughter married Bin Saud's son. Head-chopping Wahhabism spawned head-chopping ISIS and terrorist al-Qaeda (via the CIA) and the Sabbatian-Frankist cult had a home-grown terrorist 'problem' that it could falsely blame for 9/11 and justify a 'war on terror' against the very groups it had created. Saudi royals' are Donmeh 'crypto-Jews' as many Islamic writers have attested. An Iraqi intelligence report includes Arabic texts saying that Abd al-Wahhab and Muhammad bin Saud were Jewish (Sabbatian-Frankist

Dönmeh) and it sources the following from an Arabic work by D. Mustafa Turan called *The Donmeh Jews*:

> Muhammad Bin 'Abd-al-Wahhab is a descendent of a family from the Jews of Al-Dunamah in Turkey. Al-Dunmah [Donmeh] refers to the Jews who declared their embracement of Islam in an effort to insult Islam and to escape the pursuit by the Ottoman sultans ... [Turan] confirms that Sulayman; the grandfather of [Wahhab], is (Shulman); he is a Jew from the merchants of the city of Burstah in Turkey, he had left it and settled in Damascus, grew his beard, and wore the Muslim turban, but was thrown out for being voodoo.
>
> Then he fled to Egypt and he [was] faced [with] strong objection so he left to Hijaz and settled in Al-Ayniyyah where he got married and had a child whom he called Abd-al-Wahab and claimed to be from the descent of Rabi'iyyah, and that he was born in Morocco.

This would explain the otherwise unexplainable closeness between Saudi Arabia and Israel when you would have thought they would be in fierce opposition. The alliance largely happened behind the scenes until more recently when it came to the surface with the installation by Israel and America of Saudi Crown Prince Mohammed bin Salman in 2017 who proceeded to take over the reins of power in Saudi Arabia from the official king. Salman became known as 'Mr Everything' because of his control of the economy, military, foreign affairs, oil and entertainment. He was at the centre of the grotesque murder of Saudi dissident journalist (and one-time Saudi establishment supporter) Jamal Khashoggi at the Saudi consulate in Istanbul, Turkey, in 2018. If you want an example of the psychopathic mentality behind world events look no further than this. Turkish Foreign Minister Mevlut Cavusoglu said he personally listened to an audio recording of the killers being told to listen to music while they dismembered Khashoggi with a bonesaw while he was still alive. 'I listened to it. He was killed within seven minutes', Cavusoglu told Germany's *Suddeutsche Zeitung*. He said one of the killers commented that he 'liked to cut people up'. Would someone with that mentality give a damn about 3,000 people killed on 9/11 or would they get high on such slaughter? This is the mentality behind 9/11 and world events in general.

Crown Prince Psychopath

Salman has also been the architect of the war against Yemen which produced the world's biggest humanitarian crisis using weapons supplied by America, Britain, France and others. By early 2019 this was Yemen in figures: 360,000 dead from malnutrition; 80,000 children dead from starvation; 20 million on the brink of starvation; 16 million lacked

access to water and sanitation; a cholera outbreak had infected an estimated 1.2 million; tens of thousands dead from airstrikes two-thirds of which the United Nations High Commissioner for Human Rights said were by the Saudi-led 'coalition' of Arab state psychopaths supported by US, UK and other Western psychopaths. Never lose sight of the fact that we are dealing with a Death Cult that is sexually-stimulated by death and suffering. The number of Yemini dead from direct attacks passed 60,000 by the end of 2018 with the rate increasing by some 2,000 a month. For the psychopaths involved this enters multiple orgasm territory. The same people who promote and fuel this human catastrophe against Muslim civilians had the outrageous nerve to condemn with their fake moral piety the gun attack on Muslims in New Zealand (Fig 116). They have no shame. Overwhelming support from the American and British governments for the evil Saudi regime comes from the fact that the House of Saud is a Western front and those that control Saudi Arabia and Israel are members of the same Sabbatian-Frankist satanic cult and family network. Prince Khalid Bin Farhan al-Saud, a Saudi prince who defected from the family in 2013 because he was sick of their behaviour, has said publicly that the US and Israel control the Saudi 'royals' and that he knew from inside the family that the US and Israel had set 'conditions' for 'helping' current Saudi king, Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud, succeed his father in 2015. Two others higher up the order of succession conveniently died in 2011 and 2012. The defector prince said that in return for this 'help' King Salman had to agree to 'absolute obedience' to the US and Israel and work to settle all Gaza Palestinians in north Sinai (to be paid for by the Saudis and UAE), destroy Palestinian group Hamas and secure ownership of Sanafir Island from Egypt. The latter would change the Gulf of Aqaba from Egyptian territorial waters to international waters for the benefit of Israeli shipping operating out of the port of Eilat and into the Red Sea (Fig 117). Egypt's president and US-Israel placeman Abdul Fattah al-Sisi secured power for his military government thanks to the Soros-funded and manipulated 'Arab Spring'. Sisi and King Salman obeyed orders and transferred ownership of Sanafir Island and neighbouring Tiran Island in 2017 to Saudi Arabia against the will of the Egyptian people.

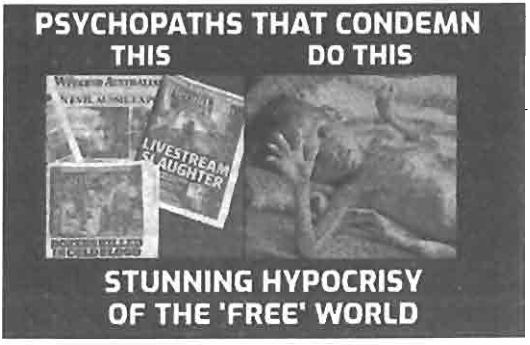

Figure 116: The 'moral' West. When it suits us we condemn mass murder and when it suits us we support it.

Ironically, Israel had to give its permission for the transfer because the islands were part of an earlier peace agreement between Egypt and Israel. I bet the Israeli authorities had a good laugh about that. The installation of Crown Prince Mohammed bin Salman has made King Salman nothing more than a symbolic figure and the media has reported on efforts by the Crown Prince and Egyptian leader Sisi to have closer relations with Israel. Both are puppets of the Sabbatian-Frankists working to stitch-up the Palestinians. We can now see why the home of the bloodthirsty Wahhabi religion would fund and arm Wahhabi terrorist groups like al-Qaeda and ISIS/Islamic State along with America, Britain and Israel (collectively The Web) to create mayhem (the 'problem') in the Middle East to which they could offer the 'solution' (a Western military presence serving the agenda of Israel). Intelligence Colonel Sa'id Mahrnud Najrn Al-'Arniri, who wrote the Iraqi intelligence document which I detail in *Everything You Need To Know*, said that the enemies of Islam use the Wahhabi religion in the political arena 'to prevent the unity of Muslims'. He continued:

Figure 117: Sanafir and Tiran islands are strategically placed with regard to Israeli shipping passing through the Gulf of Aqaba. It is confirmation of Israel's control over Saudi Arabia that it believes its interests are better protected with the islands owned by the Saudi 'royals' than Egypt.

> Al-Wahabi today is subconsciously working in all its power on promoting occupation in order to achieve its despicable desires. The Wahabis have worn the Muslim robe inside out therefore; they couldn't apprehend any of the Muslim goals, because how is it possible for someone who seeks the help of infidels to speak of unity?
>
> They sign treaties of peace and friendship with the criminals, surrender and bow in front of the masters of rotten politics. Therefore; I wanted in my study to focus on the history of this movement from the stand point of its relation with the British government and how Britain had employed all its spies in Muslim countries in order to establish and spread this movement to destroy Muslim religion and create heterodoxies in Islam.

The involvement in 9/11 of Saudi Arabia-connected alleged 'hijackers' alongside Hidden Hand elements in the United States and ultra-Zionist Israel (much more to come) now takes on a new light, significance and clarity. They are on the same team (Fig 118). Saudi government funding of Islamic schools in Sweden is also connected to what ultra-Zionist academic Barbara Lerner Spectre said about Zionists being at the forefront of transforming European culture with 'multiculturalism'. Swedish daily *Svenska Dagbladet* reported that Saudi Arabia has for a long time spread ultra-conservative (Sabbatian-Frankist) Wahhabism or Salafism in Sweden and the same is happening in Germany (where there are thousands of mosques) and elsewhere. The Swedish Defense College said there are 18 registered foundations in Sweden – and counting – with the stated goal of promoting the building of mosques. Sweden is committing cultural and genetic suicide while calling it 'compassion'. Sabbatian-Frankists are global masters at manipulating genuineness that isn't streetwise. The reason Saudi Arabia and Israel are so close when you would think the very opposite would be the case is that both are controlled by Sabbatian-Frankists – the same with the United States, Britain, France, Germany, Canada, Australia and a long list of other countries affecting the direction of human society. No wonder ultra-Zionist Jared Kushner, Trump's son-in-law and 'senior advisor', a life-long friend of Benjamin Netanyahu, was reported to be urging the administration not to punish Saudi Arabia and its Sabbatian-Frankist Crown Prince Salman over the psychopathically-disgusting murder of Jamal Khashoggi when Salman clearly instigated what happened. Sabbatian-Frankists work as one unit towards their collective goal of global domination and watch each other's back on the way unless cutting them loose would benefit the agenda.

Figure 118: Different names – same masters.

In summary

A Hidden Hand has been at work for thousands of years with the aim of transforming human society into a centrally-controlled tyranny by concentrating power in a world government and creating a one-world everything. This would demand a single global government, army, religion and 'culture' which would mean deleting the concept of nations and countries and creating a single fused 'blob' culture underpinned by

the interbreeding of individual races to develop racial fusion. A world army and control of the media was planned to impose this agenda either directly when necessary or through the manipulation of perception and what is now called political correctness, 'hate speech' and 'fake news' to silence debate and exposure of what was happening. Control of money was also essential to dictate and limit choice of the target population and thus freedom. A focal point of the Hidden Hand from the 17th century has been the satanic cult that I am calling Sabbatian-Frankism which is the continuation of the ongoing satanic human sacrifice and child-abuse religion of Babylon under another name. Much older secret societies such as the Knights of Malta (under different names) and Knights Templar, established in the 11th and 12th centuries, were founded on the Babylonian religion and the same 'Hebrew' (Babylonian) Kabballah of esoteric and mystical 'magic' that 'inspires' the Sabbatian-Frankists pursuing the outcomes desired by the same Hidden Hand. This explains why the Knights Templar (since the 12th century) and Sabbatian-Frankists (since the 17th century) have had the ambition to rebuild 'Solomon's Temple' on the current site of the Al-Aqsa Mosque at al-Haram al-Sharif/Temple Mount in Jerusalem. To the Knights Templar and Sabbatian-Frankists 'King Solomon' was an occult magician of the Kabballah religion and rebuilding 'his' temple is nothing whatsoever to do with Jewish people in general who are pawns in a game they have been manipulated not to see. The cult is not 'Jewish' but satanic. This is what unites them and not some perceived 'Jewish plot' which is a smokescreen behind which the cult can take essential cover.

Jewish communities and the official Jewish religion around the world have been infiltrated and exploited by Sabbatian-Frankists who have absolute contempt for non-Sabbatian-Frankists. The cult hijacked much of Judaism while following in secret a very different Kabbalistic psychopathic creed involving Satanism, paedophilia and the manipulation of war and suffering in pursuit of their unspeakably evil desire for control. Rabbi Antelman writes that Sabbatian-Frankist mysticism was known as the 'red Kabbalah' and provides the philosophical basis for 'the international occult neo-Frankist Cult of the All-Seeing Eye' (Fig 119).The Kabbalah, occultism, witchcraft and

Figure 119: The Sabbatian-Frankist symbol of the All-Seeing Eye on the US dollar shining ('illuminated') above the occult-significant 13 levels of the pyramid. The lower Latin words mean 'New Order of the Ages' or 'New World Order' – a long time code-name for the Hidden Hand Sabbatian-Frankist agenda to transform and control human society.

Satanism go hand in hand, he said. Antelman contends in *To Eliminate the Opiate* that the Jewish Reform and Conservative movements, which both emerged in the 19th century, are Sabbatian-Frankist stalking horses for the fracturing and demise of traditional Judaism. Professor Gershom Scholem at Hebrew University concluded the same. Antelman said that the instigators of these movements could be traced back to the Sabbatian families of Europe and he described how Rothschild operative Jacob Schiff and the Rothschilds themselves played a prominent role in the development of both movements along with the Warburgs. Antelman writes that funding fraudulent seminary fronts to create fraudulent Sabbatian-Frankist 'rabbis' was part of the plan:

> The Conservative movement by its very existence, perpetuates the lie that they are a branch of Judaism when, indeed, they are anti-Judaic. Their members are, nevertheless, invariably Jews. The problem is that since their conversions are fraudulent, counterfeit rabbis take authentic Christians and convert them to counterfeit Jews ... Perhaps accurately their members are duped into being 'Jews for Satan'.

What is called Christian Zionism, one of the foundation promoters of ultra-Zionism in the United States, was created by Sabbatian-Frankists in their infiltration of Christianity. Remember how the unofficial Rothschild, Phillip Eugene de Rothschild, said he was designated by the Rothschild hierarchy to be an infiltrator of the Christian Church – classic Sabbatian-Frankism. The term 'Christian Zionist' was reportedly first used by Theodor Herzl, the 'father of modern political Zionism', at the First Zionist Congress in 1897. Most Christian Zionists are evangelical Protestants and they include superstar evangelists like Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson. They believe that Jews must relocate to Israel for the Book of Revelation 'Armageddon' End Times when Jesus returns, presumably on a cloud if biblical texts are to be believed. Trump's Israel-worshipping Vice President Mike Pence and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo are Christian Zionists – and war warmongers and regime-changers who must have missed the lines about turning the other cheek and not coveting their neighbour's ass. To be fair to them it doesn't say anything about oil. I don't know what will happen when the Christian Messiah and the Jewish Messiah tussle for power on their mutual return. My own view is that Jesus will have his work cut out. It may be a double-dose of nonsense but the calculated development of Christian Zionism aligning itself with messianic Judaism has led to a crucial well of support and finance for the ultra-Zionist agenda especially from the southern states of America. It has also paved the way for Sabbatian-Frankist infiltration into America's government and heartlands. There is much that Rabbi Antelman and I would not have agreed on. However,

in the subject areas where I quote him we are absolutely on the same page. I don't follow any form of Judaism or Islam, Christianity, Hinduism or any other religion and that's not the point. Understanding *why* this infiltration and destruction of religion and human society are happening is the point. Religion served the interests of human control for a long time through perceptual control and divide and rule, but in the 'One World' dictatorship they want only one religion – Sabbatian-Frankism.

Exposing The Web

The hidden power and reach of the Death Cult explains why tiny Israel has so much global influence and why so many people *appearing* to be Jewish occupy positions of control and influence from 0.2 percent of the world population. The French 'Revolution', American 'Revolution', Russian 'Revolution' and so many more have been Sabbatian-Frankist 'revolutions' to transform, hijack and control those societies. Most replaced one form of tyranny with another which was much harder to see because it called itself 'liberty' and 'democracy' or, in Russia's case, overthrew the dominance of the Tsars for the dominance of the Politburo. Sabbatian-Frankists play the long game and now look how the long fought-for 'liberties' of America and other apparently 'free' countries are being deleted. If chains on your hands and feet are replaced by a new restraining device there is a short time between the two when your hands and feet appear to be free. This is the short window we have been experiencing in the West during the transition from one form of control to another far more virulent and permanent one via technology which I will highlight in the final chapters. Several rabbis over the years have realised what is happening and tried to alert both the Jewish population and the world in general although with limited success because of the Sabbatian-Frankist domination of mainstream media and communication in general. This is even more so today with ultra-Zionist-controlled censorship fronts in Silicon Valley like Google and Facebook having an increasingly monopolistic control over who sees what and the gathering book-banning by Amazon now it has secured the dominance in book publishing and distribution that it was created to achieve. In early 2019 Amazon banned multiple books about the dangers of vaccines, alternative treatments for vaccine-caused autism and withdrew from Amazon Prime documentaries such as *Vaxxed: From Cover-Up to Catastrophe.* Meanwhile, the Sabbatian-Frankist Big Pharma cartel can say what it likes and Amazon thinks it's fine to sell child sex dolls and baby clothes with slogans such as 'Daddy's little fuck toy' and 'I just look illegal'. The *only* criteria for such decisions is this: Does it serve the agenda that Amazon represents or expose it?

Those who say the global conspiracy is a 'Jewish plot' are missing the

deeper truth and making life easier for the Sabbatian-Frankists by pointing at the wrong villain. The destruction and absorption of Judaism and Jewishness is only one front in the Sabbatian-Frankist satanic war on the world. Agents and activists of this interbreeding cult have infiltrated all religions (to ultimately delete them) and controlled global finance and corporations to enslave the target population in debt and dependency. They have bought and hijacked so much of the mainstream media, not least in satanic Hollywood, and dictated political policy from the shadows through donations and other manipulation. Covertly instigating wars and then funding all sides to the desired end is a speciality and you will see the evidence I will soon present that Sabbatian-Frankists were the real force behind 9/11 which, in turn, has led to so many wars. The Web is what connects outward 'Jews' like William Kristol and Robert Kagan, co-founders of the Project for the New American Century, and non-Jews like Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld and John Bolton. Others only 'find out' about their Jewish backgrounds when they have secured public office. Madeleine Albright, Bill Clinton's 'we think killing half a million Iraqi children is worth it' Secretary of State, had 'a shock' while in office to find that she comes from a Jewish background which she wasn't aware of (lie). Michael Dobbs of *The Washington Post* reported that Albright's parents were Jewish converts to Catholicism (a classic Sabbatian-Frankist theme) and that she had lost three of her grandparents and other close relatives in the Holocaust. Albright would call this 'obviously a major surprise'. Strange then that it was subsequently revealed that she had received letters years before – including one from the mayor of her father's hometown – revealing all this. Skull and Bones John Kerry, Obama's Secretary of State and a presidential candidate in 2004 against Skull and Bones Boy Bush, had the same surprise news. Israeli newspaper *Haaretz* reported:

> Senator John Kerry, with his mother's New England patrician pedigree and his Irish last name actually has a grandfather who was born a Jew in the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. The news was a revelation to Kerry himself, who only found out about his Jewish roots while running in the 2004 presidential election.

The 'elite' are obsessed with their family histories yet neither Kerry or Albright knew this? Oh, please. A declassified document released in 2015 by the US National Security Archive and the Center for Non-proliferation Studies at the Middlebury Institute of International Studies in Monterey revealed that Kerry's father, Richard Kerry, then a US embassy official in Oslo, played a role in the covert sale of Norwegian heavy water to Israel (through the United Kingdom) for Israel's nuclear

programme under a secret agreement made in 1959. Kerry's paternal grandfather, officially known as Frederick A. Kerry, was actually born Fritz Kohn in what today is the Czech Republic before changing his name ahead of emigration to the United States a century ago. The politician's grandparents converted from Judaism to Catholicism at the turn of the 20th century. Many Jewish families changed their names when they crossed the Atlantic. Rabbi Antelman described the mode of operation employed by Sabbatian-Frankists in the United States today which will be mightily important when we return directly to who was behind 9/11:

> The Frankists today no longer call themselves by that name. The organisation has grown into an international group labelled by outsiders as the Cult of the All-Seeing Eye ... They have expanded from Judaism, Islam and Christianity to six religions, adding on Buddhism, Confucianism and Hinduism as well.
>
> In the United States they are most active in Boston, New York, Washington and San Francisco. Their ranks and sponsors include some very famous people, numbering diplomats, senators, governors and clergymen in their ranks ... in Jewish circles, they dominate the Reform movement at many levels and the Conservative movement at the highest level.

Antelman added that Sabbatian-Frankists dominate the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) and its creator B'nai B'rith, the self-appointed 'voice of Jewish people'. Both have tried many times to silence me. He said that B'nai B'rith was founded in New York by twelve Jewish-born German Sabbatian Bundists who emigrated to the United States in the 19th century and by 1860 already had 50 lodges. Antelman named other Sabbatian-Frankist fronts as the American Jewish Congress, Federations of Jewish Charities in many American cities and a clique within in the National Lawyers Guild. Two techniques employed to protect the common identity of Sabbatian-Frankists is for advocates to attack each other in public to give the illusion of separateness and different opinions and to condemn aspects of the Death Cult's agenda while secretly working to that end. The foundation technique of the cult is to set the human population at war with itself in every area of society while it pulls the strings of all sides from the shadows.

Look at the world. I rest my case.

CHAPTER 21

Completing the job

There is not a crime, there is not a dodge, there is not a trick, there is not a swindle, there is not a vice which does not live by secrecy
– Joseph Pulitzer

Sabbatai Zevi promised his followers they would 'return' to their Jewish homeland on the alleged site of ancient Israel and this ambition was pursued to ultimate success by the Death Cult. Jewish people have been sold the lie about their connections to this land and their 'historic right' to ownership and many gave their support to the Sabbatian-Frankists who they believed were regular Jews like themselves; but they weren't 'Jews' in that sense – only crypto ones hiding within Judaism as they have hidden within Christianity, Islam and other religions.

Israeli historian Shlomo Sand said that before the 19th century Jews thought of themselves as people who shared a common religion and not a common racial history. Jewish intellectuals in [Rothschild] Germany then began to retrospectively invent just such a mythical history about a 'Kingdom of David' and a racial connection back to biblical Israel, Sand said. He writes that until the advent of Zionism in the 19th century most Jews did not consider a return to the 'Promised Land'. This was underpinned by their religious belief that they were banned by God from retuning to Jerusalem until the Jewish messiah came and for this reason many orthodox Jews vehemently oppose Zionism and the State of Israel today through organisations such as Neturei Karta (Fig 120). Among the intellectuals to which Sand refers was Heinrich Graetz (1817-1891) who wrote the multi-volume *History of the Jews from Oldest Times to the Present*. Graetz joined the Proto-Zionist movement, the forerunner of Zionism, and it is no accident that just as a mythical Jewish racial history and connection to ancient Israel was starting to be promoted that the Sabbatian-Frankist House of Rothschilds was developing the political philosophy of Zionism founded on the right of Jewish people worldwide to seize their 'historic right' to the land of Palestine. The 'academic' promotion of this 'historical right' and the political demand to act on this 'historic right' were incredibly symbiotic and clearly not random chance. British Foreign Secretary Lord Palmerston wrote in 1840

Figure 120: Not all Jews are Zionists, even fewer are ultra-Zionists and still fewer Sabbatian-Frankists.

to the British Ambassador in the Islamic Turkey-based Ottoman Empire which then controlled Palestine:

> There exists at the present time among the Jews dispersed over Europe, a strong notion that the time is approaching when their nation is to return to Palestine ... It would be of manifest importance to the Sultan to encourage the Jews to return and settle in Palestine because the wealth which they would bring with them would increase the resources of the Sultan's dominions; and the Jewish people, if returning under the sanction and protection, and at the invitation of the Sultan, would be a check upon any future evil designs of Mehmet Ali [of Egypt] or his successor ... I have to instruct Your Excellency strongly to recommend [to the Ottoman government] to hold out every just encouragement to the Jews of Europe to return to Palestine.

What is most relevant and significant about that statement is the background to the man who made it. Lord Palmerston was Grand Patriarch of Grand Orient Freemasonry, the elite version controlled by Sabbatian-Frankism. Palmerston was also prime minister during the 19th century Opium Wars against China when the British Empire sought to get the Chinese hooked on the drug to destroy the country and take control. Sabbatian-Frankist global drug networks continue to operate today and this was the cartel served by Father George Bush and Bill Clinton and by the activities I have described at Venice Airport in Florida where 9/11 'hijackers' attended the flying schools and 'Mohamed Atta' is reported to have flown planes on drug trafficking routes.

Sabbatian-Frankist Zionism

The clearly orchestrated campaign to secure control of Palestine under the fake guise of 'historic rights' continued to build throughout the 19th century both politically and in terms of 'academics' and 'historians' delivering the fraudulent narrative. This culminated at the end of the century with the establishment by the Rothschilds of *Zionism* – Zion was a hill once outside Jerusalem and now within the modern city. This *political movement*, opposed by many Jews and rabbis at the time, was officially launched by Austro-Hungarian journalist Theodor Herzl and

encouraged the relocation of Jews from Europe to Ottoman-controlled Palestine where Jewish settlements began to appear. Such was German Jewish hostility to Zionism that the first Zionist Congress in 1897 was moved from its planned location in Munich to Basle, Switzerland. Jews in general did not want to move to Palestine because they preferred to stay in Germany. This mind-set didn't really change until the Nazis came to power in the 1930s with all that followed. Theodor Herzl was the 'founding father of Zionism' who acted more like a Sabbatian-Frankist in that what Jewish people in general wanted was of no importance – what he (and his masters) wanted was all that mattered. He suggested at one time that Austrian Jews mass-convert to Catholicism to overcome 'anti-Semitism' and his vision of Israel was a state in which what was perceived as Jewishness, including religion, was thrust to the margins. A rabbi reprimanded him for celebrating the Christian Christmas with a Christmas tree and he refused to have his son, Hans, circumcised. Hans later became a Baptist minister before becoming a Catholic and shooting himself at the age of 39. Herzl categorised Jewish people as two types – 'rich Jews' and 'poor Jews'. He saw 'anti-Semitism' as an ally in using fear to bring Jews into line – his line. Ultra-Zionists are still using the same technique today and if there is not enough 'anti-Semitism' they invent it, not least by constantly widening the definition. Herzl said: An excellent idea enters my mind – to attract outright anti-Semites and make them destroyers of Jewish wealth.' Israeli students were asked on video who they thought had said those words and they all replied 'Adolf Hitler'. But, no – it was the 'founding father of Zionism'. Herzl wrote in the German newspaper, *Deutsche Zeitung*:

> The wealthy Jews rule the world. In their hands lies the fate of governments and nations. They start wars between countries and, when they wish, governments make peace. When the wealthy Jews sing, the nations and their leaders dance along and meanwhile the Jews get richer.

Herzl would have been way into 'anti-Semite' territory today with that. British Jewish writer Leon Rosselson rightly said that the quote could have come from the 'Jewish plot' document known as *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.* 'So what is going on here?' he asked. What indeed? Rosselson wrote of Herzl:

> Like many educated, German-speaking Jews, he had nothing but contempt for the mass of religious, Torah-abiding, Yiddish-speaking, shtetl-dwelling Eastern European Jews. There is nothing in his writings to suggest that he had any great attachment to Judaism or much interest in or knowledge of Judaic teaching.

Balfour (Rothschild) 'delares'

Some early Zionist advocates only wanted a homeland and not necessarily one in Palestine. Countries such as Uganda and Argentina were discussed and Theodor Herzl was okay with this at first before committing himself to Palestine with the publication of his pamphlet *Judenstaat* (*The Jews' State* or *The Jewish State*) in 1896. The original title – very appropriately – was *Address to the Rothschilds.* Herzl called for an independent Jewish state to be established during the 20th century and encouraged the buying of land in Palestine although Argentina still wasn't ruled out at this point. The World Zionist Organization was founded at the Basle congress with Herzl at its head and the path to control Palestine began to open thanks to Rothschild money. Baron Edmond de Rothschild (1845-1934) of the French House funded the relocation of Russian Jews to Palestine in the 1880s, built homes, a Hebrew University, drained swamps and dug wells and generally promoted a 'return to the homeland'. As always with the Rothschilds they demanded control of Jewish settlements and established a structure of administration which still calls the shots in Israel today. English Rothschilds, too, were central to the establishment of Israel. Sabbatian-Frankists manipulated events that led to the First World War with the Rothschilds as usual funding all sides and the war was exploited to secure the 'Balfour Declaration' in 1917 in which British Foreign Secretary Lord Arthur Balfour pledged support of the British government to a Jewish homeland in Palestine. This was a pivotal moment in the plan with Britain still an empire with much overt global influence (it's covert today). The term 'declaration' sounds like a speech, but the Balfour Declaration was a letter to Lord Lionel Walter Rothschild (1868-1937), the unofficial leader of the British Jewish community, who would go on to become President of the Board of Deputies of British Jews which led the assault on the UK Labour Party in 2018 to accept the new ridiculously wide definition of 'anti-Semitism'. Balfour said in his 'Declaration' on November 2nd, 1917:

> His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

Mainstream history records the 'Declaration' without the essential background. The Rothschilds established the UK-based secret society called the Round Table in the latter years of the 19th century just as they were launching Zionism. The first head of the Round Table was

Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered southern Africa on their behalf for gold and diamonds and entrapped black Africans in apartheid regimes in South Africa and Rhodesia (later Zimbabwe) by manipulating tribes into wars with each other that allowed the 'British Empire' (Rothschild Empire by now) to take control of those lands and resources. No wonder that Rothschild-controlled Israel would be exposed for supporting the white apartheid South African government in a number of ways including surveillance of anti-apartheid activists by the Rothschild Anti-Defamation League (ADL). Rhodes died in 1902 and left money to fund 'Rhodes Scholarships' for carefully-selected students who were planned to be Sabbatian-Frankist assets (knowingly or unknowingly) to attend Oxford University. Bill Clinton would be one recipient. Rhodes was replaced as Round Table chief by banker and Rothschild lackey Lord Alfred Milner who, as I mentioned earlier, was a big financial supporter of Leon Trotsky according to anti-Communist Russian general Arsene de Goulevitch. This was the same Trotsky supported by Rothschild agent Jacob Schiff out of New York. The letter that became known as the 'Balfour Declaration' was sent by Lord Balfour, an inner-circle initiate of the Round Table, to Lord Rothschild, funder and creator of the Round Table, and was almost certainly written by Round Table leader Lord Milner. Balfour's 'Declaration' was a Rothschild scam to advance the agenda of a homeland for 'Jews' (Sabbatian-Frankism) in Palestine by winning the crucial public support of the Rothschild-controlled British government. The Round Table would go on to spawn those series of think tanks to further that advancement including: the Royal Institute of International Affairs ('Chatham House') in London in 1920; the Council on Foreign Relations established by Sabbatian-Frankists including Rothschild agent Jacob Schiff in 1921 which has driven 'American' (Sabbatian-Frankism) foreign policy from that day to this in league with other organisations in the network; the Bilderberg Group had its first meeting at the Bilderberg Hotel in the Netherlands in 1954; the Trilateral Commission came in 1972 and was the work of Sabbatian-Frankist David Rockefeller and Hidden Hand agent Zbigniew Brzezinski who was President Carter's National Security Advisor and bragged about arming, training and funding the Mujahidin in Afghanistan which morphed into 'al-Qaeda'; and the Club of Rome in 1968 was created specifically to exploit environmental concerns to justify a transformation of global society and from this has come the hoax about human-caused 'global warming' which is indeed being used to transform the way people live, work and are governed. These organisations operating as one unit through the Round Table network and The Web gather together politicians, government administrators, bankers, corporate representatives, intelligence operatives, military and media people to form a common

(Sabbatian-Frankist) policy. Some are invited for short-term goals who have no idea of the real background and others like Henry Kissinger and the late David Rockefeller have spanned the decades. The Balfour Declaration was the turning point for Zionism and the homeland of Palestinians was now destined for takeover. The line in the letter about it being clearly understood that 'nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine' was a joke and only inserted to placate opposition. Minutes of the British War Cabinet led by Prime Minister Lloyd George dated July 18th, 1917, tell a different story:

> H. M. Government, after considering the aims of the Zionist Organisation, accepts the principle of recognising Palestine as the National Home of the Jewish people and the right of the Jewish people to build up its National life in Palestine under a protection to be established at the conclusion of Peace, following upon the successful issue of the war.
>
> H. M. Government regards as essential for the realisation of this principle the grant of internal autonomy to the Jewish nationality in Palestine, freedom of immigration for Jews, and the establishment of a Jewish National Colonising Corporation for the re-settlement and economic development of the country.
>
> The conditions and forms of the internal autonomy and a charter for the Jewish National Colonising Corporation should, in the view of H. M. Government, be elaborated in detail and determined with the representatives of the Zionist Organisation.

The Balfour Declaration came in the same month that the Sabbatian-Frankist Russian Revolution broke out and a massive transformation was underway in Eastern and Western Europe that would be central to the emergence of a Jewish homeland 30 years later. There was indeed only five days between Balfour's 'declaration' and the start of the Russian Revolution.

World-changing war

At the end of the Sabbatian-Frankist-manipulated First World War in which the Rothschilds funded all sides the 'victorious' countries met near Paris at the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919 when Europe's future was decided in the wake of the war (Problem-Reaction-Solution). History records that the following major leaders attended: US President Woodrow Wilson; British Prime Minister David Lloyd George; and French Prime Minister Georges Clemenceau. What people are not told is the Rothschild connection. Lloyd George was 'advised' by Rothschild employee and Round Table leader Alfred Milner and Sir Phillip Sassoon,

a direct descendant of dynasty founder Mayer Amschel Rothschild; Clemenceau was 'advised' by his Minister for the Interior, Georges Mandel, whose real name was Jeroboam Rothschild; and President Wilson was 'advised' (controlled) by two Rothschild/Rockefeller agents, Sabbatian-Frankists, ultra-Zionists and Round Table operatives, Colonel Edward Mandel House (a founding member of the Round Table's Council on Foreign Relations) and financier Bernard Baruch. President Wilson described House as 'my second personality', 'my alter-ego' and said 'his thoughts and mine are one'. I have seen Britain's Lloyd George quoted as saying in the *New York American* in 1924: 'The Treaty of Versailles was hijacked by Jewish international financiers to create the necessary economic, social, and political conditions necessary for Hitler to exploit.' I have not yet been able to track that down to confirm its authenticity, however. Even if it is correct the word 'Jewish' should be replaced with Sabbatian-Frankist. House and Baruch advised Wilson to enter the First World War despite winning an election on the slogan: 'He kept us out of war.' No doubt Britain promising the Balfour Declaration was part of the deal for the US entering the war via House and Baruch. Charles Seymour, who wrote House's biography, described him the 'unseen guardian angel' of the Federal Reserve Act which he manipulated through Congress to hijack the US economy. House also wanted to scrap the US Constitution and rewrite the text – something the Hidden Hand is still desperate to do. House revealed other intentions in an anonymously-published book in 1912 called *Philip Dru: Administrator*. The character Philip Dru (Colonel House) transforms American society with graduated income tax, central bank, and a 'league of nations'. All these things and more would soon follow.

The infamous John Foster Dulles was an American representative at the Versailles Peace Conference. Dulles married into the Rockefeller family and was later Secretary of State to President Eisenhower. He was a founding member of the Council on Foreign Relations, Chairman of the Board of the Rockefeller Foundation and Board Chairman of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace which was exposed by a congressional committee for its role in manipulating America's involvement in the First World War. His brother, Allen Dulles, the first head of the CIA and a president of the Council on Foreign Relations, was also at the Paris Peace Conference. Allen Dulles would be appointed to the disgusting Warren Commission which decided that President Kennedy was hit in the forehead by a bullet shot from behind him. John Foster Dulles was a legal counsel to the US Versailles delegation working under his uncle, Secretary of State Robert Lansing. Those who triggered the First World War and arranged for America's involvement came together to dictate what would happen as a result of the war. They were Sabbatian-Frankist agents advising President Wilson and other

'leaders' on the terms that should be demanded from Germany and the reparations imposed. Wilson would later describe how 'a little group of wilful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great government of the United States helpless and contemptible'. You will hardly be taken-aback in the circumstances to know that the Versailles Peace Conference supported the Rothschild-Zionist plan for a Jewish homeland in Palestine and handed control over Palestine to Britain as a temporary custodian until the State of Israel was established in 1948. Another crucial role of Versailles was to impose such crippling war reparations on Germany that the post-war Weimar Republic would fall amid unbelievable economic mayhem which caused enormous depravation and hyperinflation. A loaf of bread costing one mark in 1919 would cost 100 billion marks by 1923. This prepared the circumstances – on purpose – for the rise of dark occultists Hitler and the Nazis and this would provide the biggest momentum of all for the establishment of Israel in Palestine with Jewish people heading in droves after the war to Palestine and the United States. We have so many wars because they are the most effective way of destroying a status quo and imposing a new one. Nothing transforms a country or culture quicker and more irreversibly than a war and this is why Sabbatian-Frankists specialise in them. The two world wars changed the world totally and irreversibly and all to the advantage of Sabbatian-Frankists and their Death Cult that must have been permanently orgasmic as the mass killing was unleashed year after year and white headstones multiplied by the day.

Out of the Versailles Peace Conference came the League of Nations in 1920 which was the first attempt by the Rothschilds and their Rockefeller subordinates to establish a stalking horse for a planned fully-fledged world government. The stated reason for the League was to bring together nations to work together and 'maintain world peace'. This was just a Problem-Reaction-Solution in which you manipulate war and then offer your long-planned new centralised global structure as the solution to conflict. The League of Nations eventually unravelled, but after the Second World War between 1939 and 1945 (in which the Rothschilds and Sabbatian-Frankist bankers once again funded all sides) came the United Nations and a stream of global organisations including the International Monetary Fund and what became the World Bank. These 'solutions' imposed society-transforming centralisation of global power and installed a global structure that could be morphed into a world government dictatorship. The Rockefeller family was pivotal in the creation of the United Nations as they were with the League of Nations. The UN itself acknowledges their 'moral and financial support'. *Wow* – 'moral' and the Rockefeller family in the same sentence. Land on which the UN headquarters stands in New York was donated

by the Rockefellers on the site of a former slaughterhouse – a 'gift' valued at $8.5 million by *1945* prices. Money has never been an object to Sabbatian-Frankist ambitions.

Following Protocol

It is interesting to note that in the first quarter of the 20th century while all this was happening great controversy surrounded a document entitled the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* or *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* which was claimed to be a report of meetings held during the first Zionist Congress in 1897 in Basle, Switzerland. The *Protocols* describe a secret plan for global conquest and the imposition of a world government dictatorship via constant centralisation of power, control of money and media and a society based on fake liberalism and socialism. Again – recognise that society emerging so fast today? One *Protocol* says:

> It is from us that the all engulfing terror proceeds. We have in our service persons of all opinions, of all doctrines, monarchists, demagogues, socialists, communists and utopian dreamers of every kind ... striving to overthrow all established forms of order. All states are in torture ... but we will not give them peace until they openly acknowledge our international Super government ...

Whatever the background to that statement it captures perfectly the technique of control all sides and you control the outcome. The *Protocols* are another taboo subject. Should you have any questions about them that don't fit with the official narrative you are, instantly and by definition, a Nazi and 'anti-Semite' who must be condemned, vilified, silenced and destroyed. Well, actually, I do have some questions so vilify and condemn to your heart's content, but silence and destroy me you will not. The *Protocols* are claimed to be a forgery originating in Russia and I am quite happy to accept they are a forgery which is defined as: 'An illegal copy of a document, painting, etc. or the crime of making such illegal copies.' So if the *Protocols* are a forgery what are they a copy *of ?* I have seen Zionist activist Rabbi Mordecai Ehrenpreis (1869-1951), Chief Rabbi of Sweden, quoted as saying in 1924:

> Long have I been well acquainted with the contents of the Protocols, indeed for many years before they were ever published in the Christian press. The Protocols of the Elders of Zion were in point of fact not the original Protocols at all, but a compressed extract of the same. Of the 70 Elders of Zion, in the matter of origin and of the existence of the original Protocols, there are only ten men in the entire world who know.

What we can say for sure is that the content of the *Protocols* is a mirror of the plan for global control by the Zionism-creating Sabbatian-Frankist

Death Cult and its offshoot known as the Illuminati as confirmed in documents discovered on the fallen horseman in 1785. I will come back to the subject in a later chapter. The text and techniques described in the *Protocols* also reflect very accurately the theme of a funeral oration attributed to Emanuel Reichhorn, Chief Rabbi of France, in Prague in 1869 at the tomb of Grand Rabbi Simeon-ben-Ihuda of Bohemia. Reichhorn is quoted as saying that 'already the principal banks, the exchanges of the entire world, the credits of all governments, are in our hands'. Other statements quoted include:

- The other great power is the Press. By repeating without cessation certain ideas, the Press succeeds in the end in having them accepted as actualities. The Theatre renders us analogous services. Everywhere the Press and the Theatre obey our orders.

- By the ceaseless praise of democratic rule we shall divide the Christians into political parties, we shall destroy the unity of their nations, we shall sow discord everywhere. Reduced to impotence, they will bow before the law of our bank, always united, and always devoted to our Cause.

- We shall force the Christians into wars by exploiting their pride and their stupidity. They will massacre each other, and clear the ground for us to put our people into.

- But above all let us monopolise education. By this means we spread ideas that are useful to us, and shape the children's brains as suits us.

Make of that what you will because I can't prove authenticity, but (a) you have the right to be aware of this information and (b) there can be no doubt as we observe the world that the plans laid out in the *Protocols*, by the Sabbatian-Frankist Illuminati and attributed to Rabbi Reichhorn *have happened or are happening*. This is so patently obvious that agents of Sabbatian-Frankism, some knowingly, some dupes, have employed the usual fall-back, fit-every-situation technique of condemning as 'anti-Semitic' anyone who points this out and asks any questions about the plan described in the *Protocols*. I am not saying this is all a 'Jewish plot'– I am saying it's a plot by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult that hates and despises Jews and Judaism as it hates and despises everyone else, and that this cult is part of the wider global satanic cult that infests every culture, race and country. On Sabbatian-Frankism I am at one with rabbis such as Marvin S. Antelman and many others. The *Protocols*, whatever their origin, have been dismissed as a forgery since the articles by Irish writer Philip Graves in the London *Times* in 1921 which were

also carried by *The New York Times*. Graves claimed the *Protocols* resembled a satire on Napoleon III by French lawyer Maurice Joly called *Dialogue aux enfers entre Machiavel et Montesquieu* ('Dialogue in Hell Between Machiavelli and Montesquieu') published in 1864. This is where the story usually ends. The *Protocols* were proved to be a forgery in *The Times* in 1921 – move along now, nothing to see here. There is, however, other background to consider. Phillip Graves was a captain in British Army Intelligence who worked with 'Lawrence of Arabia', another British agent, who manipulated Palestinian Arabs to drive out the Ottoman Empire and open the way for the new Israel to hijack their land (Fig 121). Graves' uncle was Sir Robert Windham Graves, a British Consul in Turkey and financial advisor to the Turkish government who worked for Civil Intelligence in Cairo, Egypt. The writer of the articles in *The Times* was connected to British Army Intelligence and there's more. Peter Grose, a writer with the Council on Foreign Relations, revealed in his 1994 book, *Gentleman Spy: The Life of Allen Dulles*, that Philip Graves' 'source' for the articles was a 'Russian émigre' provided to him by ... *Allen Dulles*. What a coincidence. Dulles, a Council on Foreign Relations stalwart, later CIA chief and instigator of the satanic MKUltra mind control horror, 'discovered' his man while stationed at the US Embassy in post-Ottoman Turkey (Fig 122). The end of the Ottoman Muslim empire (brought about by World War I) was crucial to the establishment of Israel because it included Palestine. Peter Grose said *The Times* extended a 'loan' to the 'émigre' on the understanding that it did not have to be paid back. An Internet commentator said of the Allen Dulles 'scoop':

Figure 121: British government agent 'T. E.' Lawrence or 'Lawrence of Arabia'.

Figure 122: Allen Dulles, Hidden Hand to his fingertips, produced the unnamed 'source' for *The Times* articles that also appeared in *The New York Times*.

> This was quite an accomplishment for a young American embassy employee, to both prove the major anti-Jewish plan for world domination was a forgery as well as unilaterally keeping Lenin out of the United States so he could be transported to Russia to begin the communist revolution. Strange coincidences like this seemed to follow both Dulles brothers during their long careers in 'public service' – or should we say 'serving the Anglo-American

interests headquartered in the City of London'.

Dulles and dodgy are interchangeable words and Rabbi Antelman said that the Council on Foreign Relations is America's most powerful pro-Israel lobby group and controlled by Sabbatian-Frankists. *The Times* articles that trashed the *Protocols* were written by a British Army Intelligence operative using an unnamed source provided by the infamous liar and manipulator Allen Dulles and the source secured a loan from the newspaper he would not have to repay. Oh, nothing to question here, then. Now shut up you 'anti-Semite'! Colin Holmes, a lecturer in economic history at the UK's Sheffield University, claimed to have identified the Dulles émigré as Michael Raslovleff, a 'self-identified anti-Semite', who gave the information to Graves because he didn't want to 'give a weapon of any kind to the Jews, whose friend I have never been'. Surely having a document circulating that was alleged to be proof of a 'Jewish plot' is what an 'anti-Semite' would want rather than seeking to trash its legitimacy? Anyway, that's some background and people will have to decide what they think.

Heading for 'home'

The Sabbatian-Frankist First World War hugely advanced the Zionist project with events before, during and after the conflict bringing an end to the Ottoman Empire. The British government in the form of Thomas Edward 'T. E.' Lawrence, more famously known as 'Lawrence of Arabia', persuaded Palestinian Arabs to support British efforts in the 'Arab Revolt' in 1916 to rid those lands of the Ottoman Empire with the promise that when successful they would be given independence. Lawrence knew all along that this was a lie and from the shadows the Rothschilds and Sabbatian-Frankists wanted the Ottoman rulers gone to open the way for their new Israel. A Lawrence associate, British agent and 'the *Protocols* are a forgery' *Times* writer Phillip Graves, must have been delighted how well the hoax worked. By 1924 the Ottoman Empire was over in totality with the Sabbatian-Frankist 'Donmeh' revolution in Turkey fronted by the Donmeh crypto-Jew Atatürk. Less than 30 years after the first Zionist Congress in Switzerland the scene was set for its 'dream' (agenda) to be realised. The new status quo and redrawn geography that emerged after the First World War would be changed again and global power further centralised by the soon-to-be Second World War as the Sabbatian-Frankist-Rothschild 'New World Order' moved ever closer to its desired outcome – world government tyranny. The establishment of Israel entered the finishing straight when the Rothschild-controlled British government was awarded the 'British Mandate for Palestine' as a result of decisions made by the Rothschild-Rockefeller-controlled League of Nations. British administrators and

military forces now oversaw the very lands that Arabs had helped them to clear of the Ottoman Empire and which the Rothschilds and their fellow Sabbatian-Frankists had targeted for Israel. All that was left was to remove the British and take the place over by force and terror.

Rothschild networks and money arranged for tens of thousands of Jewish people to relocate to Israel with 40,000 arriving between 1919 and 1923. A large percentage fled from Russia after attacks on Jews when many of their brethren (actually Sabbatian-Frankists and their agents) were dominating the post-Revolution government and the Red Army. At face value that would seem to be a contradiction, but it wasn't because it caused tens of thousands to head for Palestine who would not otherwise have done so. An estimated 60,000 Jewish people left Germany to settle in Palestine after the Haavara Agreement between Nazi Germany and Zionist German Jews in 1933 which allowed Jews to transfer some portion of their assets to British Mandate Palestine. Meanwhile, the ultra-Zionist Jewish National Fund (JNF), set-up in 1909, was acquiring land with donations from Jewish communities abroad and largely founded Tel Aviv. Only Jews were allowed to live on these JNF lands and that remains the case today in what can only be described as a policy of apartheid. Gideon Falter, chairman of the UK Campaign Against Anti-Semitism (CAA), who hurls the slur 'anti-Semitism' and racism at the British Labour Party, myself and so many others, sits on the UK board of the Jewish National Fund. The Canadian branch of the fund was exposed in a 2018 audit for using donations to finance infrastructure projects on Israeli army, air and naval bases, in contravention of Canadian law while another ultra-Zionist organisation in Canada lost its charity status for funding projects connected to the Israeli military. What many of these organisations say they do often turns out to be something different. Gathering numbers of European Jews heading for Palestine became a flood after the Second World War as a result of the horrors in Nazi Germany where the Jewish community obviously saw things differently now to the time only a few decades earlier when the first Zionist Congress in 1897 had to relocate from Munich to Basle, Switzerland, because of Jewish opposition to their plans. Berihah ('Flight'), a Zionist organisation, arranged for the emigration of a quarter of a million Jews to Palestine from Poland, Romania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. The British, weakened by the Second World War, couldn't cope. The Jewish population of Palestine was already 33 percent of the country by the end of the Second World War and it was about to increase dramatically. European Jews also headed in numbers to the United States. America and Palestine became by far the world's biggest Jewish communities.

Funding Hitler

There was some irony with the relocation choice of the US because from there vast amounts of money had been funnelled to Hitler and the Nazis by elite families like the Sabbatian-Frankist Rockefellers and their associates including the Bush family in the form of Prescott Bush. He was the father of Father Bush and grandfather to Boy Bush, president in name only at the time of 9/11. Other Hitler supporters in the United States included the Dulles Brothers, Allen and John Foster, who would become post war head of the new CIA and Secretary of State respectively. Allen Dulles covered up the assassination of John F. Kennedy as a member of the 'investigation commission', denied a US visa to Lenin before he headed to the Russian Revolution, and supplied the 'Russian emigre' for British agent Philip Graves to trash the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* in *The Times* in 1921. How strange that Hitler-supporter Dulles would be so keen to discredit the *Protocols* which the Nazis used against German Jews. Bush family involvement in funding the Nazis was highlighted by John Loftus, president of the Florida Holocaust Museum and former prosecutor in the [In]Justice Department's Nazi War Crimes Unit. Loftus said in a speech at the Sarasota Reading Festival in 2001: 'That's where the Bush family fortune came from – it came from the Third Reich.' The Rockefeller family funded the work of Ernst Rudin, Hitler's foremost 'racial hygienist', at Germany's Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Eugenics, Anthropology and Human Heredity. Other Nazi doctors, including 'Angel of Death' Josef Mengele, conducted unimaginably cruel and vicious experiments on live, captive human subjects with the emphasis on children. Writer and researcher Anton Chaitkin wrote that body parts from victims 'were delivered to [Josef] Mengele ... and the other Rockefeller-linked contingent at the Wilhelm Institute'. Sabbatian-Frankist families including the Rothschilds, Rockefellers and Harrimans were behind the race purity eugenics movement and shared their knowledge and specialists with Hitler and the Nazis (see *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*). These 'elite' American families and their counterparts in the UK and Europe had common cause with Hitler and his associates because they were all occultists following the same satanic creed. Sabbatian-Frankists hate Jewish people we should not forget and this is why, as noted by Rabbi Antelman, the ultra-Zionist Warburg bank was a funder of Hitler. Rabbi Gunther Plaut, a President of the Canadian Jewish Congress, implies in his 1988 novel-biography of Jacob Frank, *The Man Who Would be Messiah*, that what I am calling Sabbatian-Frankists were behind the Holocaust. Support for Hitler in targeting Jews by the ever-recurring American and European financial elite all fits with the Sabbatian-Frankist agenda of targeting genuine Jews. Rabbi Antelman wrote that 'great Rabbis have warned as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century that if the Sabbatians were not stopped there would

be mass destruction of the Jewish people'. He, too, indicates a Sabbatian-Frankist connection both to Hitler and the Shoah or Holocaust. Antelman said:

> Hitler was really the product of an adulterous relationship between his mother, Klara Polzl, and a Sabbatian Frankist (1861-September 1928), who was Hitler's real father. The Frankist Sabbatians had a ritual on the 9th of Av, which is observed by Jews as a fast day commemorating the destruction of the First and Second Temples. This night, the Sabbatians secretly observed as incest and adultery night. However, there is a persistent rumor that Klara was artificially inseminated that night.

I know from my own research over decades that artificial insemination is a way the Hidden Hand perpetuates its bloodline and in this way there are endless 'Rothschilds' living under other names and coming to power as described to me by Phillip Eugene de Rothschild who claimed to be an unofficial son of Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine estates in France. Rabbi Antelman continued:

> Rabbinic Court testimony claims that not only Hitler's real father was a Sabbatian, but his maternal grandfather as well; i.e., Klara's maternal grandfather, who fathered her mother out of wedlock. There is evidence that Hitler maintained close contacts with Sabbatians throughout his lifetime. In fact, his personal astrologer Erik J. Hanussen (murdered in the woods outside of Berlin in February 1933), was a Sabbatian who was called 'the prophet of the Third Reich' and 'magician of Berlin'.

Rabbi Antelman said that the Sabbatian-Frankist Jew-hating Death Cult was responsible for the Second World War and the Holocaust and Jewish writer and researcher Barry Chamish agreed. Chamish, who died in 2016, said he lost a third of his family to the Nazis. He emigrated to Israel from Canada where he attended the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and fought in the 1982 war with Lebanon as a conscript in the Israeli Defense Forces. Later he became an Israel correspondent with the *Hollywood Reporter, Billboard* and *Screen International* before he began to investigate the assassination of Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin in 1995 and a whole new world opened up for him. This included the Sabbatian-Frankists (he called them Sabbatians) and their history, global agenda and role in the creation of Israel. Chamish contended after decades of research that Sabbatian-Frankists were behind World War Two, the Nazis and the Holocaust. The word 'Holocaust' means 'burnt offering' and historically was 'a Jewish sacrificial offering which was burnt completely on an altar'. Chamish said that 'burnt offering' was a

term used by Sabbatians for the killing of Jews. 'The Sabbatians are not Jews', he said. 'Don't mix them up – they are the enemies of Jews.' Chamish said the Sabbatians set out to transform Judaism into Sabbatianism while hiding behind labels such as 'secular': 'They wanted the Jews to be something else.' Those that would not 'convert' were killed or forced to move to Palestine as a result of what happened in Nazi Germany, Chamish said, and when many Jews fled to the United States from Sabbatian persecution in places like Germany and Russia Sabbatian agents in America arranged for blocks to be introduced on their immigration so Palestine was their only choice. He was adamant that Sabbatians were behind the world wars with the Rothschild dynasty acting as puppet masters: 'The Rothschilds are *THE* Sabbatians of the world.' Chamish said of the Second World War:

> This was a Sabbatian war. This was a war fought by Sabbatians and they are not Jews ... Israel took the German Jews and used them for seed stock to get a new Judaism. They were going to wipe out the Jews – as many as they could in Europe – and start a new Judaism in Israel based on Sabbatianism ... No religious Jews were allowed into Israel. The only Jews allowed into Israel from 1933 until 1939 were German Jews.

Chamish said that if you are a Jew that does not believe in Sabbatai as the messiah 'it is a mitzvah [commandment] to kill you'. He claimed the leaders of Zionism that established Israel were Sabbatians, including Chaim Weizmann, another born in the Russian Empire, who he called a 'butcher'. Weizmann would be Israel's first president and remains a Zionist icon to this day: 'Israel's founders were Sabbatians who went to Turkey to learn their stuff from the original Sabbatians.' Chamish was particularly scathing of 'Labour Zionism' which dominated governments of Israel after the state was formed in 1948. He named Britain's Second World War Prime Minister Winston Churchill as a Sabbatian and for sure Churchill's condemnation of Jews is their modus operandi. Churchill's mother was Sephardic Jew Jenny Jacobson/Jerome, daughter of New York stock market speculator Leonard Walter Jerome (changed from Jacobson). Jerome was a close friend of August Belmont (changed from Schoenberg), the American representative of the Rothschild family. Winston Churchill was close to the Rothschilds who bailed him out when he was in serious debt (as they did with Trump). Jenny Jacobson/Jerome had a long affair with King Edward VII according to a book quoting private Churchill family documents and letters. What we can say for sure is that the shocking treatment of Jews by Hitler and the Nazis opened the way for the post-war flight to Israel when before that time there had been great opposition by German Jews to Zionists seeking to relocate them to

Palestine. American academic Antony Sutton wrote in *Wall Street and the Rise of Hitler*:

> It is important to note as we develop our story that General Motors, Ford, General Electric, DuPont and the handful of U.S. companies intimately involved with the development of Nazi Germany were – except for the Ford Motor Company – controlled by the Wall Street elite – the J.P. Morgan firm, the Rockefeller Chase Bank and to a lesser extent the Warburg Manhattan bank.

Sutton's information, gleaned from documents that came to light during the post-war Nuremberg Trials, includes confirmation that the same American elite made major donations to the Nazi Party. Borders do not divide what occultism unites and leading Nazis, including 'Angel-of-Death' Josef Mengele, escaped from Germany to South America and the United States at the end of the war through an American intelligence/Vatican (Jesuit) network known as Operation Paperclip. More than 1,600 German scientists, engineers, and technicians were taken to America to continue their work and establish NASA (Fig 123). They included Wernher von Braun, the German rocket scientist and member of the Nazi Party who designed the V-2 rockets launched against Britain in World War II. He later became the leading rocket engineer at NASA and largely designed the Saturn V booster rocket that propelled Apollo spacecraft in the Moon programme. Mengele and his team of mind and genetic manipulators who experimented and tortured Jews and children in the Nazi concentration camps were behind the creation of the evil-beyond-belief mind control programme MKUltra which I mentioned earlier in relation to the Bush family, Dick Cheney, Bill Clinton and the experiences of Cathy O'Brien. Mind control was expressed as 'MK' in deference to the German spelling of control – kontrolle. Such is the borderless world of Sabbatian-Frankism and the Dark Occult in general.

Figure 123: More than 2,000 scientists were relocated from Nazi Germany to the United States after World War II under Operation Paperclip. NASA was their creation.

Revisionist Zionism (terrorism)

The target for the Sabbatian-Frankists after the Second World War was British Mandate control of Palestine and the Palestinian Arabs who lived on the overwhelming majority of the land despite all the Rothschild and Sabbatian-Frankist settlement of European and Russian Jews over previous decades. Removing both Britain and hundreds of thousands of Palestinian Arabs was achieved by a campaign of horrific violence. To appreciate the background it is necessary to understand a new extremist cult within Zionism that called itself 'Revisionist Zionism', also known as 'Gun Zionism'. This was, and is, the political wing of Sabbatian-Frankism and I have referred to this combination in some previous books as 'Rothschild Zionism' as opposed to mainstream Zionism that most Zionists believe they are supporting. The cult of Revisionist Zionism was the ideology of violence established in the 1920s by Russian Jew Ze'ev (Vladimir) Jabotinsky (1880-1940). He called for Palestine to be seized with an 'iron wall of Jewish bayonets'. Bombs and mass murder later proved to be the weapons of choice as Sabbatian-Frankist Revisionist Zionists bombed British targets and slaughtered the Arab population of Palestine to such extremes that 750,000 Arabs fled for their lives from their homes and the land of their ancestors. They have never been allowed to return while any person anywhere in the world who is accepted as Jewish or married to someone who is Jewish has the automatic right to settle in Israel whenever they like. But don't worry, that's not racist and it's 'anti-Semitic' to say so. Between 400 and 600 Palestinian villages were destroyed and urban Palestine was reported to be 'almost entirely extinguished'. This racist ethnic cleaning is marked by Palestinians on May 15th every year on Nakba Day – 'Day of the Catastrophe'. Palestinian land abandoned in terror or by direct and brutal force was then seized as Jewish land with the help of organisations like the Jewish National Fund (JNF). That's right Gideon Falter, isn't it? Do you mention that when you accuse others of racism at the Campaign Against AntiSemitism? Israel had the nerve to demand $250 billion in 2019 in compensation from seven Arab countries and Iran for assets left by Jews forced to flee those lands after the creation of the State of Israel. They said this was to correct an 'historic injustice'. Compensation for the 750,000 Arabs which ultra-Zionist terrorist groups forced to flee their homeland in fear of their lives? *Silence.*

Ze'ev Jabotinsky's plan was to impose a Greater Israel from the River Nile in Egypt to the Euphrates in Iraq. This is known to Jews as Eretz Yisrael and represents the largest expanse of 'biblical Israel' described in the Old Testament written by who knows who, who knows when in who knows what circumstances. To achieve this end not only Palestinians had to be conquered but the lands of Syria, Lebanon and parts of Egypt and Iraq. Events since 9/11, anyone? Jabotinsky set out to 'create, with sweat and blood, a race of men, strong, brave and cruel'.

Well, he certainly achieved that with brutal terrorists who would go on to be prime ministers of the new Israel – Menachem Begin (who won the Nobel Peace Prize), Yitzhak Shamir and Ariel Sharon among others with Benjamin Netanyahu walking in their footsteps. All sourced their ideology, brutality and terrorism from Sabbatian-Frankism and Jabotinsky's Revisionist Zionism. Indeed a personal assistant to Jabotinsky was Netanyahu's father, Benzion Netanyahu (1910-2012), a Polish Jew born Benzion Mileikowsky and himself the son of ultra-Zionist fanatic and rabbi, Nathan Mileikowsky. Netanyahu's father was a close friend of ultra-Zionist extremist Abba Ahimeir whose views influenced the actions and approach of underground ultra-Zionist terrorist groups like Irgun and Lehi which began to bomb British targets before turning their attentions to terrorising the Arab population. Irgun, or The National Military Organization in the Land of Israel, was created in 1931 as a breakaway terrorist group from paramilitary terrorists called Haganah or 'Defence'. The Irgun was a terrorist army of Revisionist 'Gun' Zionism and as such believed that only extreme violence would secure a Jewish state.

Einstein's condemnation

Scientist Albert Einstein and more than 20 other prominent American Jews sent a letter to *The New York Times* in 1948 describing Irgun and its new political arm as 'terrorist', 'right wing' and founded on 'ultra-nationalism, religious mysticism and racial superiority'. They were talking about Revisionist Zionism/Sabbatian-Frankism which are all of those things and were controllers of Irgun. Notice the mention of 'religious mysticism' which refers to the Kabbalah/Zohar foundation of Sabbatian-Frankism and thus Revisionist Zionism and Irgun. The letter described the Israeli party representing the Zionist Revisionist movement as 'closely akin in its organization, methods, political philosophy and social appeal to the Nazi and Fascist parties'. Exactly right. This is why Sabbatian-Frankists and Zionist Revisionists behave like Nazis and why they have introduced that new definition of 'anti-Semitism' which includes any suggestion that ultra-Zionists and Israeli leaders can be compared to Nazis. Once again it is nothing to do with protecting Jews in general and everything to do with protecting the hidden agenda of Sabbatian-Frankists. Among Irgun's great 'victories' was the bombing of the British Mandate headquarters at the King David's Hotel in Jerusalem on July 22nd, 1946. The attack killed 91 people and injured 46. Irgun terrorists disguised themselves as Arab workmen and waiters to plant the bomb in the basement, a technique widely used by their successors like Israeli intelligence agency Mossad which has employed the same Arab disguises to blame terrorism on Arabs in Problem-Reaction-Solution scenarios. The dead included 17

Palestinian Jews (Sabbatian-Frankism hates Jews anyway), 41 Arabs, 28 British, two Armenians and a Russian, Greek and Egyptian. Ultra-Zionist terror groups wanted to make life so difficult and dangerous for British people in Palestine that they would walk away from the Mandate and leave Palestine to them. This is what happened and with the British in disarray and seeking a way out the ultra-Zionist Sabbatian-Frankist terrorists could have free reign against the Arab population. In 2006 the Israeli authorities commemorated the King David's Hotel attack without apology. They placed a plaque at the scene unveiled by former Irgun terrorists and right-wing Israeli politicians with the same mentality today. It said:

> The hotel housed the Mandate Secretariat as well as the Army Headquarters. On July 22,1946, Irgun fighters at the order of the Hebrew Resistance Movement planted explosives in the basement. Warning phone calls had been made urging the hotel's occupants to leave immediately. For reasons known only to the British, the hotel was not evacuated and after 25 minutes the bombs exploded, and to the Irgun's regret and dismay 91 persons were killed.

'Dismay' by the same Irgun terrorists who celebrated mass murder in the same period? The British vehemently denied such warnings were received and after protests by the British embassy the wording was changed about ignoring warnings. The British Mandate ended in May, 1948, and on the 14th day of that same month the Rothschild-controlled Jewish People's Council announced the establishment of the State of Israel. Ultra-Zionist-supporting US President Harry S. Truman and Soviet Union monster Joseph Stalin, who came to power as a result of the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution, both immediately recognised the new state. Chaim Weizmann (1874-1952), another born in the Russian Empire, became the first Israeli president while Russian Empire-born David Ben-Gurion (1886-1973), the 'Father of Israel', became the first prime minister. Both were close associates and assets of the Rothschilds who would donate £5 million to build the Israeli Parliament building, or Knesset, and still more to construct the occult symbol-adorned Israeli Supreme Court building (Fig 124 overleaf). Palestinian Arabs had been well and truly shafted and this continues to present day.

Deir Yassin and other outrages

Mass slaughter of Palestinian Arabs by Sabbatian-Frankist/Revisionist Zionism terrorist groups included the massacre in the village of Deir Yassin on April 9th, 1948, shortly before the British officially left the country. Irgun and another Revisionist Zionist terror group known as

Figure 124: The Rothschild-built, occult-symbol-festooned Israel Supreme Court including the pyramid and All-Seeing Eye of the Sabbatian-Frankist/Illuminati Death Cult.

Lehi or the Stern Gang had worked together with the Jewish militia Haganah to bomb, assassinate and generally terrorise the British out of Palestine. They joined forces again for the mass murder at Deir Yassin. They slaughtered at least 107 Palestinians (the terrorists claimed 254, others said 240), including women and children, by throwing hand grenades into homes and shooting the defenceless. Jacques de Reynier of the International Red Cross described bodies lying in the streets with some disembowelled or decapitated. Benny Morris, an Israeli historian, recorded mutilation and rape. Investigator Zvi Ankori said: 'I saw cut off genitalia and women's crushed stomachs.' This is the mentally that terrorised the State of Israel into existence and still controls it today. The head of Irgun at the time of the massacre was the brutal Revisionist Zionist terrorist Menachem Begin (1913-1992), the Eastern European Jew who became Prime Minister of Israel and had the nerve to condemn terrorism (Fig 125). He also ludicrously and outrageously won the Nobel Peace Prize like so many other war criminals. Begin was head of Irgun during its campaign of terrorism against the British and during the slaughter of the Arab innocent. The Albert Einstein letter to *The New York Times* in 1948 was in protest at a visit to America by Menachem Begin in which Einstein and his fellow Jewish signatories highlighted the slaughter at Deir Yassin. They said:

Figure 125: Menachem Begin, one of many terrorist leaders of Israel.

> A shocking example was their [Zionist terrorist] behavior in the Arab village of Deir Yassin. This village, off the main roads and surrounded by Jewish lands, had taken no part in the war, and had even fought off Arab bands who wanted to use the village as their base. On April 9 ... terrorist bands attacked this peaceful village, which was not a military objective in the fighting, killed most of its inhabitants '240 men, women, and children' and kept a few of them alive to parade as captives through the streets of Jerusalem.

> Most of the Jewish community was horrified at the deed, and the Jewish Agency sent a telegram of apology to King Abdullah of TransJordan. But the terrorists, far from being ashamed of their act, were proud of this massacre, publicized it widely, and invited all the foreign correspondents present in the country to view the heaped corpses and the general havoc at Deir Yassin.

This is the difference between interloper Sabbatian-Frankists/ultra-Zionists and Jewish people in general. The idea was to terrorise the Arab population to leave – and they're still doing it. Menachem Begin was not the only future Israeli prime minister who was a terrorist operative – the deeply evil Yitzhak Shamir was another (Fig 126). He was a Jabotinsky-worshipping terrorist with the Lehi/Stern Gang which cared so much about the plight of Jews that it had tried to form an alliance with Nazi Germany against the common enemy, the British. The German minister to Beirut, Lebanon, said that 'the establishment of the historic Jewish state on a national and totalitarian basis, bound by a treaty with the German Reich' was proposed by the Stern Gang in 1941. Did I mention that Sabbatian-Frankists hate Jews? Shamir, Begin and their fellow terrorists were extraordinarily racist yet accused others of 'anti-Semitism' and condemned terrorism while being skilled proponents of it. But then, as Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels said: 'Accuse others of that which you are guilty.' Stern Gang member Uri Greenberg described Arabs as 'the filthiest people in the East' (imagine the storm if anyone said that about Jews). Yitzhak Shamir sanctioned the assassination of Churchill's friend Lord Moyne in 1944 and was one of the terrorists who bombed the King David's Hotel while disguised as a rabbi. He was jailed but escaped after two years. Shamir was involved in the Deir Yassin massacre and the murder of United Nations mediator, Sweden's Count Folke Bernadotte, in 1948. Bernadotte saved an estimated 30,000 Jews in Nazi Germany, but what did that matter to the Jew-hating Sabbatian-Frankists? When Bernadotte opposed the claims of ultra-Zionist extremists to Transjordan (land east of the Jordan River) they killed him. Shamir became head of Mossad, Israeli (Sabbatian-Frankist) intelligence, which was simply an amalgamation of Revisionist Zionism terror groups under another name – the same with the hierarchy of the Israeli Defence Forces (IDF) in general. Shamir said of his move to

Figure 126: Terrorist Israel Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir.

Mossad: 'I felt at home very soon. I had returned to an atmosphere, behaviour, incentives and points of view that were in many ways, familiar to me.' Yes, because it was – and still is – the Stern Gang/Lehi, Irgun etc. with a new title. I will detail more about Mossad in a later chapter and its involvement in 9/11. From these mega-terrorists came the far right Likud Party formed in 1973 by terrorists Menachem Begin (Prime Minster 1977-1983) and Ariel Sharon (9/11 Prime Minister from 2001 to 2006). I'll be coming to Sharon's terrorist and war criminal background when I relate all of this to who was really behind the September 11th attacks. Likud was formed out of Begin's first party, Herut ('Freedom'), which he established from terrorist groups in 1948. The Albert Einstein letter to *The New York Times* described Begin's party as 'closely akin' to fascism:

> Among the most disturbing political phenomena of our times is the emergence in the newly created state of Israel of the 'Freedom Party' (Tnuat Haherut), a political party closely akin in its organization, methods, political philosophy and social appeal to the Nazi and Fascist parties. It was formed out of the membership and following of the former Irgun Zvai Leumi, a terrorist, right-wing, chauvinist organization in Palestine.
>
> The current visit of Menachem Begin, leader of this party, to the United States is obviously calculated to give the impression of American support for his party in the coming Israeli elections, and to cement political ties with conservative Zionist elements in the United States. Several Americans of national repute have lent their names to welcome his visit. It is inconceivable that those who oppose fascism throughout the world, if correctly informed as to Mr. Begin's political record and perspectives, could add their names and support to the movement he represents.

This was the party which with other far right groups became Likud. Terrorist Yitzhak Shamir (Prime Minister 1983-84 and 1986-1992) was a member of Likud as is Benjamin Netanyahu (Prime Minister 1996-1999 and 2009 to the time of writing). Likud is the political arm of Revisionist or 'Gun' Zionism, but extremists can be found in other parties allegedly to the 'left' of Likud. Examples of this can be seen in David Ben-Gurion, Levi Eshkol, Yitzhak Rabin and Shimon Peres. Sabbatian-Frankism always sets out to control all sides and so the game and its outcome. Ben-Gurion oversaw the ethnic cleansing of some 750,000 defenceless Palestinians along with the destruction of hundreds of their villages. Ben-Gurion said that 'without Deir Yassin there would be no Israel' because it caused so many Palestinian Arabs to leave the country as fast as possible in case they would be next. Many of those massacred and forced to flee from the country were Arab Christians. Levi Eshkol, born

Levi Yitzhak in the Russian Empire, founded the Israeli Labour Party and presided over still more ethnic cleansing as Prime Minister between 1963 and 1969. Yitzhak Rabin (Labour Prime Minister between 1974 and 1977 and from 1992 until his assassination in 1995) was a commander of the Palmach ('Strike Forces') of the Jewish paramilitary organisation Haganah during the British Mandate and yet another terrorist. He issued the order to the Israel Defense Forces (IDF) to expel 50,000-70,000 Arabs from the towns of Lydda and Ramle in 1948 which stated: 'The inhabitants of Lydda must be expelled quickly without attention to age ...' Within three days Lydda no longer existed. The way ultra-Zionists can be found in parties in official opposition to Likud is confirmed by Israeli opposition leader Tzipi Livni who called on Netanyahu to resign after Israeli police recommended that he and his wife be indicted for bribery and other corruption charges. Livni was born into a prominent right-wing and Revisionist Zionist family and became a member of an elite Mossad unit. Her father, Eitan, was chief operations officer of terrorist group Irgun and so it's hardly a shock that she was foreign minister during the bombardment of Gaza in 2008/9 for which she has been accused of war crimes. Not really 'opposition', then. The Labour Party's Poland-born terrorist Shimon Peres (1923-2016) would be president and twice prime minister between 1984 and 1986 and from 1995 to 1996 (Fig 127). Peres, a disciple and protégé of Ben-Gurion, was the man behind the development of Israel's nuclear weapons arsenal that it does not admit to having to avoid the limitations of the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (Fig 128). At the same time it condemns Iran as a nuclear danger when it has no nuclear weapons. Anyone observing the Israeli leadership knows what gross and constant hypocrisy looks like. Insider Israeli military historian, Martin van Creveld, was more forthcoming when he described the nuclear consequences the ultra-

Figure 127: Terrorist Israeli Prime Minister Shimon Peres who was Foreign Minister at the time of 9/11.

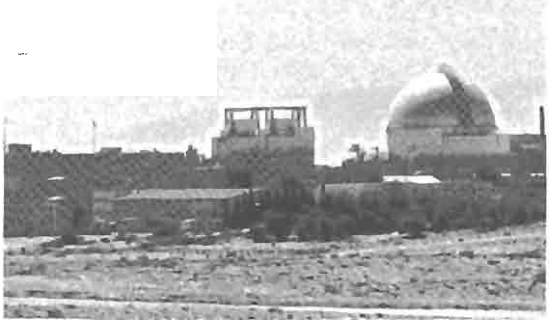

Figure 128: Israel's nuclear programme in the Negev Desert near the city of Dimona, but don't worry – it doesn't exist.

Zionist crazies are prepared to deliver:

> We possess several hundred atomic warheads and rockets and can launch them at targets in all directions, perhaps even at Rome. Most European capitals are targets for our air force ... We have the capability to take the world down with us. And I can assure you that that will happen before Israel goes under .

They're not insane or anything.

By war thou shalt take what thy want

The State of Israel as established in 1948 was not enough for the Sabbatian-Frankists and ultra-Zionists. They wanted the whole region of Jabotinsky's 'Nile to the Euphrates' or Egypt to Iraq including Lebanon, Syria and the northern part of Saudi Arabia. They expanded into the then Egyptian Sinai Peninsula, the Palestinian Gaza Strip and West Bank, which is being covered in illegal Jewish-only development, and part of Syria known as the Golan Heights. The latter has been occupied by the Israelis since the 1967 Arab-Israeli War (the 'Six-Day War') instigated by an Israeli pre-emptive strike and involving Egypt, Syria and Jordan. Gamal Abdel Nasser, President of Egypt (then known as the United Arab Republic) closed the Straits of Tiran to Israeli shipping and access to its port of Eilat. Remember what I said earlier about part of the Israeli-US deal with Saudi Arabia's Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud for him to become king was for him to buy Egyptian islands to secure Israeli shipping access to the Gulf of Aqaba and the Israel port of Eilat. Nasser mobilised his military along the Israeli border in the light of Israel's earlier claim that closing the Straits would be cause for war. Nasser would later tell US President Lyndon Johnson that his troop build-up in the Sinai Peninsula had been to defend against a feared Israeli attack. A CIA assessment spoke of Nasser's military presence in the Sinai as defensive. Michael B. Oren, who would be Israeli ambassador to America, agreed in his book, *Six Days of War*, that 'by all reports Israel received from the Americans, and according to its own intelligence, Nasser had no interest in bloodshed'. Yitzhak Rabin, who would later be prime minister, told French daily *Le Monde* in 1968:

> I do not think Nasser wanted war. The two divisions which he sent to the Sinai, on May 14, would not have been sufficient to start an offensive against Israel. He knew it and we knew it.

The claim that Israel's attack was a response to an imminent invasion by Egypt was therefore a lie. Israel's strike and justification was an excuse to secure more land and it worked. The Egyptian air force was

quickly taken out and more land occupied. By now with American money and state-of-the-art aircraft and weaponry 'little victim Israel' had ever-increasing military superiority over its Arab neighbours. Today that superiority is fantastic and includes nuclear weapons. The United Nations Security Council unanimously agreed in Resolution 242 in 1967 to call for Israel to withdraw from territory seized in the war. This has never happened and instead Israel has been building Jewish-only settlements in the occupied West Bank while removing Palestinians from their homes in yet another clear case of apartheid and ethnic cleansing. The 'two-state' solution to the Israel-Palestinian land dispute has been endlessly talked about for no other reason than to buy time until such a solution is made impossible by so many Jewish developments constructed in the West Bank and that point has now been reached. Israel had been pressing for the United States to recognise its right to permanently absorb the illegally-occupied Syrian Golan Heights and in March, 2019, Trump unilaterally acknowledged Israel's sovereignty over that Syrian land in a signing ceremony with his minder, Netanyahu. He told an American ultra-Zionist group backed by his funder Sheldon Adelson that he made the decision after a 'quick history lesson' from ultra-Zionists David Friedman, US ambassador to Israel, and son-in-law Jared Kushner. The pressure then immediately turned to recognising the West Bank as permanent Israel territory. Trump is owned by Israel and ultra-Zionism to the tip of every orange hair. Jewish-only Israeli settlements are illegal under the Fourth Geneva Convention of 1949 which bans countries from settling their population into territories occupied in a war. The UN Security Council, UN General Assembly, International Committee of the Red Cross, International Court of Justice and High Contracting Parties to the Geneva Convention have all confirmed this. Israel says 'up yours' and 'we do what we like'. In 2018 the UN General Assembly voted by 99 to 10 for a resolution declaring that Israel's demand to absorb the Golan Heights was null and void and called on Israel to withdraw from that occupied land. The United States naturally opposed the resolution and in March, 2019, Trump said it was time for the United States to recognise Israel's sovereignty over the Golan Heights which was 'of critical strategic and security importance to the State of Israel and Regional Stability'. Trump managed to send that tweet while on his knees. The constant theme of Israel doing whatever it wants and ignoring international law and war crimes agreements with the slavish support of the United States and other Western countries should beg the question of why? Why can a tiny, tiny country of eight million people be allowed to do this? Sabbatian-Frankist occult networks are the major explanation. Egypt and Syria sought to regain their lost territory in the 1973 Yom Kippur War which ended in failure in the face of Israel's military superiority. Israel was supported by the United States

as usual with ultra-Zionist Henry Kissinger in place as US Secretary of State and National Security Advisor while the Soviet Union supported Egypt and Syria.

Suffer little children

Life for Palestinians in the occupied West Bank has got ever worse as Israel settlements take over the land and a massive wall has taken more Palestinian property against international law. Week after week Palestinian homes are hijacked for Jewish settlers or demolished on any pretext to free the land for Jews. East Jerusalem is often targeted because the Sabbatian-Frankist psychopaths are ethnically cleansing the area in preparation for the takeover of Temple Mount and a new Solomon's Temple to herald the arrival of their Messiah 'King of the World'. The heartless psychopathy now even plumbs the depths of making Palestinians demolish their own homes or face a big bill from the government for doing it. A Palestinian father was forced in early 2019 to demolish his own home in occupied East Jerusalem, as well as that of his daughter, by the Israeli authorities. Motor mechanic Mustafa Subah spoke with Israel daily *Haaretz* reporters in the ruins of his home. He had fought and lost (a gimme) a 15-year legal battle that cost him around $110,000 and was 'compelled to demolish his and his daughter's homes with his own hands'. His daughter with her husband and three children moved into cramped conditions in the home of her mother-in-law while Mustafa and his wife and three children were 'squeezed into the two rooms of the original structure, waiting in dread to hear whether they will have to raze that as well'. Sabbatian-Frankists get off on suffering, anguish, death and the dopamine rush of their own perceived power over others. Children are almost routinely taken from their homes in the middle of the night by Israeli troops and held in adult jails. Rights group Defense for Children International (DCI) reported that since 2000 at least 8,000 Palestinian children have been detained by the Israeli military detention system infamous for the systematic mistreatment and torture of Palestinian children (Fig 129). Shadi Farah, a 15-year-old minor, described his abuse in prison by Israeli interrogators to the Turkey-based international news agency, Anadolu:

> Israel is using all heinous methods during interrogation from suffocation, beating to giving us hallucinogenic pills. I remember spending days suffering from nightmares and headaches because of the drugs that we were forced to take.

Defense for Children International says Palestinian minors are often made to sign documents written in Hebrew and have no idea what they say. They are interrogated without parents or lawyers. Khaled Quzmar

Figure 129: Just another day in the Israel-occupied West Bank. The boy is 14-years-old.

said minors frequently report being kicked, slapped and blindfolded during arrest and/or interrogation. 'Around 90 percent of detained children are subject to verbal abuse and humiliation by Israeli army officers', he said. Some 30 percent were physically abused in custody. Ahmad al-Zatari, a 15-year-old minor, said he was beaten and suffocated by an Israeli interrogator when he was 12:

> I stepped into the room and one integrator was there. He started asking questions and calling for quick answers. I was only 12-year-old during the interrogation and the questions were not clear to me so I could not answer any.

He said the Israeli interrogator turned off the cameras and started beating him.

> He jumped over me and put his hands around my neck and started yelling at me. It was a horrible experience. I thought he was going to kill me.

The Palestinian Prisoners Society said in 2018 that about 900 Palestinian children had been detained by Israeli forces that year with some 270 children continuing to be held in detention. High profile cases like the jailing of 17-year-old Ahed Tamimi for slapping an Israeli soldier outside her home after her cousin had part of his head blown off by the Israel army are tips of a mountain of daily abuse. I will spare you the images of Gaza children with no heads and as just a pair of legs after Israeli bombing raids on a defenceless people. When Jewish-American actress Sarah Silverman responded to the treatment of Tamimi by tweeting that 'Jews have to stand up EVEN when – ESPECIALLY when – the wrongdoing is BY Jews/the Israeli government' she was castigated by the ultra-Zionist mob. Oshrat Kotler, a television presenter with Israel's Channel 13, was besieged by death threats and put on trial by the 'Middle East's only democracy' when she said that the occupation of Palestinian land was turning Israeli troops into 'animals':

> When you send your children to the army, they are kids. You send them to the territories, and they come back as human animals. This is the result of the

occupation.

Kotler was commenting on IDF soldiers from the ultra-Orthodox Netzah Yehuda Battalion who were convicted of aggravated assault and aggravated battery for beating two handcuffed and blindfolded Palestinians, a 50-year-old father and his 15-year-old son detained in custody. Psychopath Netanyahu was as always seething with outraged condemnation over Kotler's comments. Many former IDF troops, forced into the army by conscription, have said that they were systematically de-humanised, but since when did the truth matter to Sabbatian-Frankists? Kotler was put on trial on charges of incitement, incrimination of suspects, failure to grant a right of reply. Jewish people are only allowed to have approved opinions and Israeli 'democracy' is an illusion. Kotler said she had 'thousands' of death threats and such is the power of the persecuted Chosen People program which leaves no room for self-reflection. Nadera Shalhoub-Kevorkian, an Arab professor of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, told an audience at the University of Colombia in 2019 that the Israeli military tests its weapons on innocent Palestinians, even children, to assess which are the most powerful. She said that 'Israel does weapons tests on Palestinian children' and 'Palestinian spaces are laboratories for the Israeli security industry'. Robrecht Vanderbeeken, cultural secretary of Belgium's ACOD trade union and a philosophy of science scholar, said in 2018 that the population of the Gaza Strip was being 'starved to death, poisoned, and children are kidnapped and murdered for their organs'. Palestinian UN ambassador Riyad Mansour wrote to the Secretary General to say that bodies of Palestinians killed by Israeli security forces 'were returned with missing corneas and other organs, further confirming past reports about organ harvesting by the occupying power'. Even *The New York Times* ran a story in 2014 revealing that transplant brokers in Israel had made enormous sums of money and that Israelis had played a 'disproportionate role' in organ trafficking. Dr Yehuda Hiss, former head of Israel's forensic institute, said in a 2000 interview that Israeli pathologists would harvest skin, corneas, heart valves, and bones from the bodies of Palestinians and others often without permission from relatives. These are the kind of revelations the new definition of 'anti-Semitism' is designed to silence. By adding to the definition of 'anti-Semitism' the point about 'comparisons of contemporary Israeli policy to that of the Nazis' the aim is simply to stop those comparisons being made even when they can be demonstrably true. Jewish people are castigated for protesting at the actions of their government and military and when UK Liberal peer Baroness Tonge claimed that members of the Israeli Defence Forces had been harvesting body parts in the aftermath of the Haiti earthquake she was thrown out of the party for what its

ludicrous leader Nick Clegg called 'wrong, distasteful and provocative' remarks. How did arse-licker Clegg know she was wrong? He didn't. He went down well in Tel Aviv, though, so that was good.

Gaza – a scar on the face of humanity

The Gaza Strip is little more than an open air prison camp and the most densely-populated land in the world with two million people living in an area 25 miles by around six and its borders policed by Israel. Essential goods, medicines and services are subject to an Israeli blockade (Fig 130). The world is watching – or not – the incessant genocide of Palestinians through war and diseases of depravation. *Sky News* reported the effects of the Israeli blockade:

Figure 130: Prison camp Gaza.

> Some 80 percent of its citizens need humanitarian aid to survive and the UN says its people are 'locked in, denied free access to the remainder of the territory and the outside world'... Thousands of young people in Gaza therefore find it very difficult to leave to find work or study abroad and families are unable to see their loved ones. The Oxfam charity says 96% of water is undrinkable and 47% of people don't have enough food ...
>
> ... Restrictions on imports – such as certain chemicals and fertilisers, building materials and technology – have also stunted the economy, for example slowing the construction of new homes ... A six-nautical-mile restriction on Gaza's fishermen – enforced by armed Israeli patrols – makes it difficult for them to make a living, while most farmers cannot export their crops.

Then there are the full-on military and air assaults on the Gaza Strip. The two in 2008/2009 'Operation Cast Lead' and 2014 'Operation Protective Edge' cost the lives of thousands of Palestinian civilians and caused mass homelessness. According to figures by the United Nations Office for the Coordination of Humanitarian Affairs (OCHA) nearly 11,000 were wounded in 2014 which included 3,374 children. More than a thousand were permanently disabled. Another half a million people were displaced with 485,000 requiring emergency food assistance and 17,000 homes were destroyed or severely damaged. In 2018 hundreds of unarmed Palestinians were shot dead by Israeli snipers and tens of

thousands wounded – many in life-changing ways. They have lost limbs and eyes and they have included children, paramedics and journalists with 'Press' emblazed upon them which to Israel's military psychopaths is not a mode of protection but the centre of the target. Israel controls and systematically rations Gaza's electricity, water, food and medical supplies – bombs their homes and then denies them the materials to rebuild. Seriously ill, expectant mothers and children die trying to get to Israel hospitals because they are either denied entry or the process takes so long it's too late. If all that is not acting like Nazis then what the hell is? Gaza is a fenced-in concentration camp with Israel controlling who can come and leave. Those who would do all this to human beings would not be involved in 9/11 if it suited their goals? You must be joking. All of the above is supported either directly or by silence by the United States, UK and other European countries that supply Israel with arms to kill and maim.

Breaking the Silence

Many Israeli army conscripts have only realised the truth of what the ultra-Zionists are doing to Palestinians when they become part of the occupation and terrorist army known as the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF). Some have spoken out and an organisation called Breaking the Silence, established in 2004, has provided a platform to tell their stories. Eran Efrati, a former IDF soldier, has been particularly outspoken in his condemnation of Israeli terrorism against Palestinian civilians. He has described how Palestinians are kept under curfew on their own land to allow illegal Israeli settlers in the occupied West Bank to enjoy themselves at Jewish festivals and feel 'protected'. Efrati said troops arrive with 'guns, uniform and vest with grenades and six packs of ammunition' screaming 'curfew' and 'you see they're scared, you see the people just running from place to place, closing down their shops, running home, because wherever you are when the curfew starts this is where you are stuck and you cannot go anywhere else so you better be at home when we come to start the curfew'. Official orders said they should shoot-to-kill anyone who broke the curfew. 'I realised that my job is actually to maintain an apartheid system,' he said. Here is a Jewish man who witnessed the frontline of daily Palestinian abuse calling it apartheid and when non-Jews say the same they are dubbed 'anti-Semitic'.Troops were not allowed to touch a Jewish settler if they were attacking a Palestinian – 'the best I can do is call the local police department to come and handle it ...' He described how Jewish settlers lived under civilian laws while Palestinians in 'the next house to them, next building, sometimes the next apartment live under my rule, my military rule, and I can do whatever I want with him'. Efrati continued:

> I can take his home as a temporary base for a few hours, to a few days, to a few weeks. I can decide that I am arresting the people of the house and tie them up to the fence of my base ... [You can] get an order to demolish their home or just lock the front door to not let them out into the street, their house is on, a street that only Jewish settlers can walk on and Palestinians cannot. So they have to walk from windows to yards ...

Efrati said the Israeli military bypass a Supreme Court ruling banning outright assassinations with orders that say if a Palestinian reacts in any way to being woken up at night by armed troops they should shoot him dead:

> What we're going to do is come in five or six people units into their home in the middle of the night, break in quietly, go up to his bedroom, go into his bed and point a gun into his head. Now, if he just wakes up and surrenders we're taking him into the police but if he screams you shoot him in the head, if he lifts his blanket you shoot him in the head, if he lifts his hands or legs or is trying to do any movement you shoot him in the head.
>
> Now, because we understand as rational human beings that no human being can wake up in the middle of the night with a gun to his head and not scream or move, we understand these orders as an execution order that bypass the Supreme Court order.

This is the fascism that the Protection Racket of the 'anti-Semitism' industry is designed to keep secret and it is precisely the modus operandi of the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Efrati said that he realised early in his compulsory military service that he had been lied to about Israel and its relationship with the Palestinians. 'I didn't feel like I was protecting anyone, I didn't feel like I am helping anyone feel more safe – I felt like I was terrorising people.' The defined mission was to instil fear in the hearts of Palestinians and that was exactly what they did:

> I don't want to live in an only Jewish state that values privileged Jewish life over every other life. This urges me to understand that I want my kids to grow up in a place when they don't have to press anyone, they don't have to be soldiers ...

Eran Efrati talked about his experience of the appalling treatment of Palestinians in Israel-occupied Hebron, the biggest city in the West Bank and home to 200,000 Palestinians. Dozens of monitors from multiple countries recorded 40,000 cases of abuse since 1967 by Israeli settlers and troops and some constituted war crimes. The response of psychopath

Prime Minister Netanyahu was to expel international observers and this was another expression of the Protection Racket in which you delete all sources of exposure and criticism. With the observers gone the Palestinians are left to an even more extreme fate. There are brave and determined Jewish Israelis who refuse to serve in the military and treat the Palestinians with violent contempt. They are incredible young people who pay for their compassion and backbone by being jailed for the crime of refusing to commit crimes against humanity. Such are the perverse inversions that multiply in sync with the scale of tyranny involved. Are these thoroughly decent Jewish people given respect for what they do by the ultra-Zionists? No – they are dismissed as 'useful idiots of the BDS'. Psychological sickness has no interest in rational thought and psychopaths have no empathy with which to engage with their fellow human beings. Israel's approach to Palestinians and its brutally excessive use of force (Gun Zionism) against unarmed demonstrators was described by Michael Lynk, United Nations special rapporteur on human rights in the Palestinian territories, as 'an eye for an eyelash'. God knows how many Palestinians that Israel has killed directly or through systematic deprivation since 1947/48 but one thing is for sure – the Sabbatian-Frankists would have celebrated all of them. In 2018 the Israeli High Court ruled that Israeli intelligence officers were justified in their use of torture against Palestinians and set a precedent for its continued and expanded use. Israeli officials from the Shin Bet domestic intelligence agency forced a prisoner into stress positions, including arching and tying the body in the 'banana' position and subjected him to 'severe physical and mental violence, including beatings'. Judges ruled that this was all fine and dandy. Israeli human rights group B'Tselem said: 'In interrogating Palestinian residents of the Occupied Territories, the Israel Security Agency routinely used methods that constituted ill-treatment and even torture until the late 1990s.' None of this – not the violent expulsion of Palestinians or the heartless ongoing violence and abuse were in the minds of most people who supported Zionism before the establishment of the State of Israel. Auschwitz survivor Esther Bejarano became a fierce critic of Israel and what she called its 'fascist' government. She was born in Germany and lost her parents and sister to Nazi murderers before moving to a Palestine still then under the pre-Israel British Mandate. She said:

> We wanted to develop the country together with the Palestinians. In general, the Palestinians helped us. Not only us, but also the first Jews who came to the country. We wanted to develop the land together. But it was different with David Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir. They turned Zionism upside down and then the Zionists said 'we are the ones who own the land.' That was not our idea.

Bejarano, 94 at the time of writing, said that she and her husband returned to Germany because they couldn't stand what was being done by the Israel government to Palestinians and she described how difficult it is to challenge and criticise Israel in Germany:

> They also have called me an anti-Semite. I always say I am against the inhuman policies towards the Palestinians, and against war. With war you cannot achieve peace. Then they frame me as an anti-Semite.

Even an Auschwitz survivor is an 'anti-Semite' if they criticise the psychopaths that control Israel. Words have no meaning.

CHAPTER 22

Atlantic Crossing

Any man who has ever tried to use political power for the common good has felt an awful sense of powerlessness – Robert Casey

Jewish researcher and writer Clifford Shack has specialised in the history of Sabbatian-Frankism and wrote the book *The Sabbatean-Frankist Messianic Conspiracy Partially Exposed.* He said of its progression through the centuries:

> Through infiltration, stealth and cunning, this invisible network has come to rule us all. Forty-one years after Shabbatai Zevi's death, in 1717, they would infiltrate Masonry guilds in England and establish Freemasonry ... [Zevi's successor] Jacob Frank would have a great impact on the inner core of Freemasonry known as the Illuminati, formed in 1776. Freemasonry would become the hidden force behind events like the [American, French and Russian] revolutions, the creations of the UN and Israel, both World Wars (including the Holocaust!), and the assassinations of the Kennedy brothers who, together with their father, tried to thwart the efforts of the network on American soil.
>
> Sabbatean/Frankists, also referred to as the 'Cult of the All-Seeing Eye' (look on the back of your one dollar bill to begin to understand their influence in YOUR life), are political and religious chameleons. They are everywhere ... there is power. They are the good guys AND the bad guys. The World War Two era is a prime example. The following leaders were members of the 'Cult of the All-Seeing Eye' (Sabbatean/Frankists): Franklin D. Roosevelt; Winston Churchill; Adolph Hitler; Eugenio Pacelli (Pope Pius XII); Francisco Franco; Benito Mussolini; Hirohito and Mao Tse-Tung.

Franklin Roosevelt was a Sabbatian-Frankist-controlled puppet via the Sabbatian-Frankist Council on Foreign Relations and back to the Sabbatian-Frankist Round Table in London established by the Rothschilds and the real source of the Balfour Declaration supporting a 'Jewish' (Sabbatian-Frankist-controlled) 'homeland' in Palestine. His fifth cousin, Theodore Roosevelt, US President between 1901 and 1909,

was an asset of Rothschild operative, Jacob Schiff. The Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult had long been at work in the United States, but now with the end of the Second World War the expansion would go into overdrive. After the State of Israel was formed in 1948 a number of ultra-Zionists relocated to the United States so their offspring would be born American citizens and take the manipulation of US politics to still new levels. Among them was Benjamin Emanuel (real name Ezekiel Auerbach), a Russian Jewish terrorist with Irgun and father of Barack Obama's White House Chief of Staff (handler), the ultra-Zionist Rahm Emanuel who went on to become the first Jewish Mayor of Chicago. Father Emanuel's speciality was apparently bus bombing. Rahm Emanuel's role has been that of a 'Democon', the name I use for the Democratic Party equivalent of the Neocons of the Project for the New American Century which control the Republican Party and use Donald Trump as their sock puppet. Democons and Neocons answer to the Sabbatian-Frankists and the Hidden Hand and so no matter who is in the White House the same force in the shadows is always in control. Boy Emanuel was Senior Advisor to President Bill Clinton, Chair of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, Chair of the House Democratic Caucus and White House Chief of Staff. New York-born ultra-Zionist David Axelrod was Obama's Chief Strategist overseeing his two successful election campaigns and his senior advisor. Obama's personal advisors on policy, known by the media as 'czars', were also awash with ultra-Zionists and the ratio is almost comically enormous when compared with two percent of the population. Among them was Emanuel's brother Ezekiel, an Obama policy advisor on health while another brother is Ari Emanuel, a Hollywood agent who has represented Obama campaign contributor Michael Moore whose film *Fahrenheit 911* (executive producer ultra-Zionist women-abuser Harvey Weinstein) avoided the real story of what happened. Another Moore film, *Bowling for Columbine*, was an attack on gun ownership in line with the Hidden Hand agenda to disarm Americans while arming law enforcement to the enamel on their teeth. I certainly won't assign to Mr Moore the level of intelligence necessary to realise that he is being used by a force that he has no idea exists. The scale of the Sabbatian-Frankist ultra-Zionist takeover of American politics and financial policy can be seen in 'Obama's' financial team which led the reaction to the 2008 financial crash caused by major banks and bankers. His team decided, just by coincidence, of course, that bailing out those same bankers with trillions of dollars of taxpayer money and debt was the way to go about it. These were 'Obama's' picks:

Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist), Treasury Secretary; Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), director of the White House National Economic Council;

Paul Adolph Volcker (ultra-Zionist and Rothschild business partner), chairman of the Economic Recovery Advisory Board; Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), director of the Office of Management and Budget overseeing all government spending; Penny Pritzker (ultra-Zionist), Commerce Secretary; Jared Bernstein (ultra-Zionist), chief economist and economic policy adviser to Vice President Joseph Biden; Mary Schapiro (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC); Gary Gensler (ultra-Zionist), chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC); Sheila Bair (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC); Karen Mills (ultra-Zionist), head of the Small Business Administration (SBA); Kenneth Feinberg (ultra-Zionist), Special Master for Executive [bail-out] Compensation. Feinberg would be appointed to oversee compensation (with strings) to 9/11 victims and families and will appear again later. These are only a few of the ultra-Zionists out of all proportion to population percentage that could be found throughout the administration of Obama ('Democrat') with a similar story to be found with Trump ('Republican'). 'Obama's' ultra-Zionist financial team was in operation while Bernard Bernanke (ultra-Zionist) was chairman of the Federal Reserve, America's privately owned central bank. He was deciding, no doubt with input from people like ultra-Zionist Feinberg, who got the bail-out money. Bernanke had taken over at the Fed from Alan Greenspan (ultra-Zionist) who had been head of the bank during the Reagan-Father Bush, Father Bush, Bill Clinton and Boy Bush presidencies before stepping down in 2006. Greenspan was in situ when calculated deregulation of banks and financial services unleashed a free-for-all that led to the 2008 crash and he did this in league with Bill Clinton's Treasury Secretaries Robert E. Rubin (ultra-Zionist) and Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), former chief economist at the World Bank; Rubin's assistant Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist); and Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), Clinton's Special Assistant for Economic Policy and Senior Economist and Senior Adviser on the Council of Economic Advisers. Geithner, Summers and Orszag who had played a highly significant role in causing the financial crash would be leading Obama's financial response to the crash and they decided to hand their mates and masters unspeakable amounts of taxpayer money. Many of these people were associated with the infamous ultra-ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which was Obama's biggest corporate donor. Goldman Sachs (with others) was seriously responsible for the engineered economic crash which caused such suffering and deprivation worldwide (Greece is a major example) and which led to corporate bail-outs overseen by Goldman Sachs-connected government officials.

'The Team' picks itself

The origin of these 'Obama-selected' names was revealed in a WikiLeaks release of emails belonging to John Podesta, a chair of Obama's 2008 Transition Team. One email included a list of proposed administration appointees suggested by ultra-Zionist Michael Froman, a Citigroup executive who had been Chief of Staff at the US Treasury in the 1990s under ultra-Zionist Robert Rubin. He had also been a class mate of Obama at Harvard Law School and went on to be a distinguished fellow of the Council on Foreign Relations, Vice-Chairman of MasterCard and a director of the Walt Disney Company. In an email dated October 6th, 2008, before Obama won the election, Froman sent Podesta three documents listing proposed women for top administration jobs, non-white candidates and a sample outline of names for 31 cabinet-level positions. These same people overwhelmingly ended up getting the jobs that ultra-Zionist Forman had 'suggested'. Names included Janet Napolitano for Homeland Security, Rahm Emanuel for Chief of Staff, Robert Gates for Defense, Eric Holder for the [In]Justice Department or White House Counsel, Susan Rice for United States Ambassador to the UN and Arne Duncan for Education. Holder is a big-time agent for the ultra-Zionists and instrumental while Obama's Attorney General in blocking the case of '9/11 mastermind' Khalid Sheikh Mohammed from coming to trial where evidence would have to be produced. Instead Mohammed, or someone with that name, continues to be held without trial in Guantanamo Bay. Zionist John Kerry was named by Froman for Secretary of State and three choices were offered for Treasury Secretary – ultra-Zionists Robert Rubin, Larry Summers, and Timothy Geithner. Always control the money. Alan Sabrosky, a former Director of Studies at the United States Army War College Strategic Studies Institute who has taught at several prestigious universities, also highlighted how Zionists have dominated the White House Personnel Office at least since 1980. This was 'reducing the likelihood that people unfriendly to Israel or unsupportive of its "ways and means" will be nominated in the first place'. He wrote:

> The vetting of nominees by key organized Jewish groups in the US before they go before the US Senate for their confirmation hearings has also been a fixture of this process for decades, as Haaretz (an Israeli newspaper) among many others has pointed out, and forces otherwise excellent nominees to withdraw if said Jewish groups find them to be unsuitable. And the leverage of AIPAC in the US Senate is in this respect crucial: anyone AIPAC wants confirmed will be confirmed, and anyone who manages to reach that point and is not acceptable to AIPAC doesn't stand a chance.
>
> This is why under both Republicans and Democrats, the staffs in and around

> the President and the Vice-President, the National Security Council, the State Department and the Defense Department (among others) look the way they do. Many are Jewish and actively Zionist, often with dual US-Israeli citizenship (not that the absence of an Israeli passport matters all that much to the others). Some are Christian Zionists who need no persuading to take the pro-Israel positions they do ... Others are what the communists used to call 'useful idiots', frequently intelligent people like Condoleezza Rice or John Bolton who have made their own Faustian bargain in the furtherance of their own careers. And the rest of us live with the consequences of all of them, not least of which was 9/11 and the ensuing wars.

Zionists and ultra-Zionists also have an extraordinary ratio to their numbers in lower government positions. I must have mentioned that only two percent of the American population is Jewish and a *fraction* of even them are the ultra-Zionist Sabbatian-Frankist pseudo Jews that we are talking about.

The People pick the President?

Interestingly, on the subject of the Obama administration, a businessman called Tom Fife wrote an article in 2008 in which he recalled a visit to Russia in the early 1990s while starting a joint-venture company with members of the Russian scientific community. He recalled how he was told by his guests that the United States was destined to have its first black president who would be a communist plant. Fife quoted one of his female Russian hosts:

> Yes, it is true. This is not some idle talk. He is already born and he is educated and being groomed to be president right now. You will be impressed to know that he has gone to the best schools of Presidents. He is what you call 'Ivy League'. You don't believe me, but he is real and I even know his name. His name is Barack. His mother is white and American and his father is black from Africa. That's right, a chocolate baby! And he's going to be your President.

Fife said the woman told him that 'Barack' was from Hawaii and she described how everything had been 'thought out':

> His father is not an American black so he won't have that social slave stigma. He is intelligent and he is half white and has been raised from the cradle to be an atheist and a communist. He's gone to the finest schools. He is being guided every step of the way and he will be irresistible to America.

According to Fife the woman said that 'America would have to be converted to communism [Soros 'progressive' socialism] and Barack was

going to pave the way'. Is this so incredible when Obama was brought up and prepared for his task as a follower of Saul Alinsky and his Marxist methods of 'community organising'? I can't of course verify that story. What I can say is this is how presidents come to power. They do not emerge by chance, but by design and long-term grooming. The kind of president installed in the illusion of public choice varies in line with the Hidden Hand agenda for that particular period and they vary the perceived nature and personality to keep the public interested in what is a rigged system. The first black president was followed by the fake 'maverick' president and the first woman will be along eventually. Keep them interested and focussed so they won't open their eyes to the *permanent government* and will keep giving credibility to the here-today-gone-tomorrow political level of government which is nothing more than a smokescreen to hide where the power *really* is.

Draining the swamp

Thank goodness at least the influence in government of Goldman Sachs was going to be ended by Donald Trump who had attacked the company and its personnel during his election campaign. It's called telling your target audience what it wants to hear (Fig 131). When he secured 'power' he named the ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin, a Goldman Sachs employee for 17 years, as his Treasury Secretary; Gary Cohn (ultra-Zionist), chief operating officer of Goldman Sachs, became Trump's Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic advisor; Cohn was later replaced by Larry Kudlow (ultra-Zionist). Trump's senior advisor is his son-in-law, the ultra-Zionist Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Benjamin Netanyahu, with ultra-Zionist Jason Greenblatt as his international negotiator, including on Israel-Palestine. His ambassador to Israel is the ultra-Zionist David Friedman who arranged for the American Embassy to be moved from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem in 2018 in a highly provocative slight against Palestinians. This is a stepping stone on the way to replacing the Al-Aqsa Mosque on what Jews call Temple Mount with a rebuilt Solomon's Temple named after their occult Kabbalah hero. Trump's administration is awash with ultra-Zionists and perhaps the most pro-Israel in American history. This is why from the moment Trump was elected Netanyahu increased the

Figure 131: Swamp swimmer to drain the swamp? Fill it more like.

speed of illegal settlements built in occupied Palestinian land because he knew there would be no resistance. American sanctions and aids cuts to Palestinians have followed with the aim of creating such destitution that they will agree to anything the Sabbatian-Frankist psychopaths demand. Trump's biggest funder is the ultra-Zionist casino magnate Sheldon Adelson while the Democrats are funded by ultra-Zionist George Soros (whatever he may claim) and ultra-Zionist financial and media mogul, Haim Saban. Adelson and Netanyahu wanted Trump to delete the nuclear deal with Iran to re-ignite conflict on the road to regime change as per Project for the New American Century (PNAC) and so he did. Adelson wanted big-time Israel asset John Bolton of the PNAC to be Trump's National Security Advisor and so he is. Bolton is leading the charge against Iran, Russia, China and North Korea, all Sabbatian-Frankist targets. Trump's pick for UN ambassador was the ultra-Israel supporting Nicky Haley who continued America's role of vetoing any resolution of condemnation by the UN Security Council of whatever Israel does – no matter how deadly and grotesque. When Haley resigned she was replaced by her ultra-Zionist deputy Jonathan Cohen who stood in until a permanent appointment was made. Cohen, who attended Hebrew University in Jerusalem on an Israeli government grant, had been Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for European and Eurasian Affairs. Even *New York Times* columnist Timothy Egan highlighted the Adelson influence:

> An 85-year-old casino magnate, Sheldon Adelson, now has more influence on American foreign policy than even the secretary of state ... Adelson got a ... tax windfall for the millions he put into electing Republicans, with the added benefit of controlling the State Department's view of Israel.

There is so much manipulation of political events secured through the chequebook and wire transfer. Alan Hart, a former BBC and Independent Television News correspondent, wrote in *Zionism: The Real Enemy of the Jews:* 'Jewish people make up less than two percent of the American population, but account for *50 percent* of the political campaign contributions.' This incredible amount of political funding (control and influence) does not come from Jewish people in general, but from mega-rich individuals, banks and corporations controlled by ultra-Zionism and Sabbatian-Frankism. There are certainly plenty of billionaire sources to choose from with a *Forbes Magazine* analysis in 2012 concluding that 35 percent of the 400 richest people in the United States were Jewish from a population of two percent. By 2018 five of the top ten richest people in America were Jewish: Facebook CEO Mark Zuckerberg; Oracle's Larry Ellison; Google's Larry Page and Sergey Brin; and former New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg. Close to a

quarter of the richest 200 people in Russia were also found to be Jewish according to Russian ranking website lanta.ru. It hardly scans with the claims of an oppressed minority which the 'anti-Semitism' industry loves to promote, but we should always keep in mind that the great majority of Jewish people worldwide are not rich. Many in Israel itself are struggling economically while the few suck up the spoils. The image of the 'rich Jew' is true if you apply that to a minority and these are the people that spend their wealth to influence politics while most Jews are not at all involved in such manipulation and not mega-wealthy. Unfortunately, the actions of the few colour the perception of the many and this is inaccurate, unfair and potentially very, very, dangerous.

Pro-Israel lobby groups poured more than $22 million into the 2018 US mid-term election cycle according to public records and the real figure is far more than actually tracked. The Washington-based Center for Responsive Politics (CRP) found the Israel lobby to be highly active and spending heavily to influence lawmakers. They could not have come to any other conclusion given the evidence and yet when Minnesota Congresswoman Ilhan Omar tweeted in 2019 about pro-Israel money influencing decisions made on Capitol Hill (it does and fundamentally) she faced the usual orchestrated abuse and contrived rage including the tag of 'anti-Semite'. 'Outrageous', 'disgraceful', screamed her Democratic colleagues as they fell to their knees in gratitude for the latest cheque. Democrats most critical of Omar received some of the highest levels of contributions from the pro-Israel lobby and we are looking at in-your-face political prostitution with representatives of a tiny country buying the support of American politicians that are supposedly elected to represent the interests of Americans and not a foreign power. Omar said 'it's all about the Benjamins baby', as in the image of Benjamin Franklin on the $100 dollar bill. The hysterical attacks on her – not least by AIPAC – simply proved that she was right. Truth is the worst nightmare of the liar. 'Benjamins' Netanyahu weighed in on video-link to the 2019 AIPAC conference by saying that American politicians supported Israel (slavishly) because of shared values and not massive donations. They should put him on at the Comedy Store. It's the Benjamins, Benjamin, and you know it (Fig 132). There are many areas where I would have profound disagreements with Omar but on this she is absolutely right and she should not have made the mistake that almost everyone

Figure 132: It's the Benjamins, Benjamin. To say otherwise is a joke.

does of speaking the truth and then apologising when the ultra-Zionist abuse and outrage follows. Pro-Israel lobbyists and donors spent more than $22 million on lobbying and campaign contributions in the 2018 election cycle, but it's not about the Benjamins?? AIPAC spent more than $3.5 million on lobbying during the cycle and more than $5 million in the year in total – the highest since tracking began in 1998. Ultra-Zionist 'progressive' J Street gave $4.03 million in political donations. Dan Auble, a senior researcher at the Center for Responsive Politics (CRP), said he hadn't seen many other countries which had 'a comparable level of activity'. The Israel lobby donated to a long list of politicians including 269 House representatives. House Majority Leader, the Democrat Steny Hoyer, has so far received $1.02 million from pro-Israel groups. Anyone think that might affect his judgement? Hoyer's condemnation of Congresswoman Omar for stating an obvious fact was matched by Republican Vice President and Christian Zionist Israel butt-licker Mike Pence who called for Omar to be removed from the Foreign Affairs Committee. Hoyer and Pence should form their own Israel support group. Tongues Out For Israel might be a title they could consider and there would be no shortage of members on Capitol Hill – Trump among them who also loudly condemned Omar. Pro-Israel groups have donated hundreds of millions to US politics according to CRP figures and the payback comes in the billions handed over in American 'aid' to Israel and the unwavering support for the ultra-Zionist agenda no matter what Israel's government and military may do. The 'anti-Semitism' industry and Protection Racket target with abuse anyone who reveals this elephant in the room because the scale of ultra-Zionist influence in US politics (and elsewhere) is so appalling they are desperate to keep this from public attention. We saw the Protection Racket at work with Ilhan Omar while at the same time non-ultra-Zionist Jews defended her. An open letter by North American Jews, including Canadian-born author and activist, Naomi Klein, said Omar had been falsely accused of antisemitism' and there was nothing anti-Semitic about calling out the 'noxious' role of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC) in American politics: 'The pro-Israel lobby has played an outsized role in producing nearly unanimous congressional support for Israel.' The letter thanked Omar for having the bravery to shake up the congressional taboo against criticizing Israel. 'As Jews with a long tradition of social justice and anti-racism, AIPAC does not represent us', the letter said. All Jewish people think the same, you see – ask the ADL.

Kosher Nostra

Another aspect of the 'Atlantic Crossing' is the role played by ultra-Zionists from Russia and the former Soviet Union in general. The same

transfer of people can be seen between the Soviet Union and the United States that happened earlier with the influx out of Germany from the 19th century of families that became major banking figures like Goldman, Sachs, Lehman, Rockefeller and Rothschild agent Jacob Schiff. Russian and Soviet Zionists and their organised crime syndicates moved in numbers to Brighton Beach in Brooklyn, New York, which became known as 'Little Odessa' when the 1975 Jackson-Vanik law was passed to allow this Jewish immigration into America from the Soviet Union. The 'Jackson' who drove the law through Congress was ... Henry M. 'Scoop' Jackson, hero of the ultra-Zionist Neoconservatives. Two Jackson assistants at the time were Richard Perle and Paul Wolfowitz. Nearly 80 years earlier in 1897 Jacob Schiff's influence over outgoing Democrat US President Grover Cleveland led to changes to the Immigration Bill that would allow an influx for Zionist and Communist Jews from Russia and other countries in the decades that followed. The mass-Russian (Zionist) arrivals to New York after 1975 have become known as the Russian Mafia, Red Mafia, or 'Red Octopus' (to hide the ultra-Zionist connection) and has strong ties to the Rothschilds, Anti-Defamation League (ADL), AIPAC and Mossad. The most famous leader of this ultra-Zionist mob in the United States has been Marat Balagula and the overall global 'Mr Big' is the Ukrainian-born and Moscow-based Semion Mogilevich who once said there were 'too many Jews' in Israel. This fits with the relationship between the Sabbatian-Frankist satanic cult and the mainstream Jewish population and so does the way Mogilevich first made his fortune – by exploiting Jews leaving Russia for the United States and Israel. He would make a deal to sell their assets at market value and forward the proceeds and then just keep the money. Mogilevich was jailed for that swindle, but would eventually become so powerful that no one would touch him. Mogilevich has been described by US and European law enforcement as the 'boss of bosses' of global Russian (ultra-Zionist) crime syndicates and the FBI has labelled him 'the most dangerous mobster in the world' as the head of a colossal global criminal empire involving 'weapons trafficking, contract murders, extortion, drug trafficking, and prostitution on an international scale.' Lovely man, apparently. Among his nicknames are 'Don Semyon' and 'The Brainy Don'. He is reported to have had a good relationship with Vladimir Putin since the 1990s and lives unchallenged in the Russian capital. The Putin 'good relationship' was described by Russian defector Alexander Litvinenko shortly before he was assassinated in London. Litvinenko had been an officer with the Russian secret service, or FSB, and specialised in organised crime investigation. 'Brainy Don' trafficks Russian and Ukrainian girls to brothels in Israel and the authorities are fine with that so long as the girls aren't Jewish. This, then, is the man who ultimately controls the 'Russian' (ultra-Zionist) Mafia in

the United States and worldwide. American investigative journalist Robert Friedman exposed in his book *Red Mafiya: How the Russian Mob Has Invaded America* that the 'Russian Mafia' is really the 'Jewish Mafia' – hence one of its nicknames is the Kosher Nostra in contrast to the Sicilian/Italian Cosa Nostra. Friedman died in 2002 of a 'tropical disease' after those he named put a price on his head. He wrote that the so-called Russian Mafia were all Jewish with connections into Zionist organisations the world over – especially the Anti-Defamation League. Friedman's work was echoed by Jewish writer Laura Radanko, a long-time researcher of the Russian Mafia and author of *The Russian Mafia in America*:

> During the detente days of the early 1970s, when Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev had agreed to allow limited emigration of Soviet Jews, thousands of hard-core criminals, many of them released from Soviet Gulags by the KGB, took advantage of their nominal Jewish status to swarm into the United States ... In the 1970s, more than forty thousand Russian Jews settled in Brighton Beach. It was under the shadow of the elevated subway tracks on Brighton Beach Avenue, bustling with Russian meat markets, vegetable pushcarts, and bakeries, that the Russian gangsters resumed their careers as professional killers, thieves, and scoundrels.

Radanko says there were 30 Russian crime syndicates operating in the United States with major ones in New York, Miami, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Denver. Their hierarchy locks into Mossad and the Sabbatian-Frankist, ultra-Zionist, Revisionist Zionist, appropriately 'Gun Zionism', networks across the United States. They are brutally violent and often openly so to terrify law enforcement, politicians and anyone else who seeks to challenge them or refuse to do what they are ordered to do. Another tide of Russian ultra-Zionists relocated to the US in the 1990s, among them former KGB officers and veterans of the Soviet war in Afghanistan. They and their successors are so merciless that it is said 'they will shoot people just to see if their guns work'. More empathy-deleted psychopaths, in other words, and they are not nearly as rare as people think. This makes it easier to understand why American politicians jump to attention when the ultra-Zionists speak – this and the same merciless approach of Mossad which I will be coming to. There are many 'incentives' for politicians to do what they are told and not all of them are financial. Israel is the 'spiritual' home of the Sabbatian-Frankist ultra-Zionists – Russian and otherwise – and a safe place to run when trouble brews. Dr M. Raphael Johnson wrote the following in a *Barnes Review* article called *The Judeo-Russian Mafia: From the Gulag to Brooklyn to World Dominion:*

> The roots of Jewish organized crime go far back into tsarist times. Organized crime syndicates assisted Lenin's gangs in bank robberies and the creation of general mayhem. During the so-called revolution, it was difficult, sometimes impossible, to distinguish between Bolshevik ideologues and Jewish organized crime syndicates. They acted in nearly an identical manner ...
>
> ... The state of Israel is a major factor in the rise and power of the Jewish mafia. Jewish drug dealers, child porn pushers and slave traders are free from prosecution in Israel. Israel does not consider these to be crimes, so long as the victims are non-Jews. The Israeli state will not extradite its citizens to non-Jewish countries, and, therefore, Jewish murderers can quite easily escape punishment in Israel.

There is ultra-Zionist law and the law the ultra-Zionists demand is imposed on everyone else. We'll see the escape to Israel scam in relation to 9/11 in the chapters that follow.

Kosher Nostra and Trump

This brings me to the Donald Trump connection. Robert Mueller, the FBI chief appointed two weeks before 9/11 who then played his part in the cover up, was named to investigate allegations of Russian collusion with Trump to win the 2016 presidential election. At the level that Mueller investigated this made-up 'plot' the claim about collusion was nonsense and politically-motivated to ensure that Trump would not secure closer connections and cooperation with Russian President Vladimir Putin. This is why the 'Russian collusion' story began immediately Trump was elected. The Hidden Hand wants conflict with Russia, not friendship, and as a result of the claims and Mueller's 'investigation' Trump dared not get closer to Russia and indeed became tougher – not least through sanctions – than any post-war president in an effort to show he was not 'Putin's puppet'. In the end, as I predicted in my last book, no evidence was uncovered by Mueller to show Trump and Russian government collusion. No, Trump is not *Putin's* puppet – he's an ultra-Zionist puppet and caught in another pincer movement with the ultra-Zionists around him dictating his policy while those opposing him in the Democrat Party boxed him in from the other direction to stop any Trump policies unacceptable to the ultra-Zionist agenda from becoming law. Ultra-Zionist Capitol Hill 'Democratic' stalwarts Adam Schiff, Chuck Schumer and Steve Cohen played the role of 'bad cops' to the 'good cops' (same cops) that encircle Trump by pressing the insane Russia investigation and doing everything they can to block a border wall on the scale that Trump promised. Soros money was involved as always, too. Schiff ended up with access to sensitive American 'intel' on the House Intelligence Committee. This is the man that Fox News host Tucker

Carlson called 'a reckless serial liar'. However, there *is* a Russian connection that Mueller did not investigate and indeed wouldn't dare. This is the link between Trump and the Russian ultra-Zionist Mafia in New York. Trump's mentor and legal advisor from the early 1970s until his death from AIDS in 1986 was the ultra-Zionist, Kosher Nostra-connected Roy Cohn. His death came a few weeks after being disbarred for unethical conduct by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. What kept them? The stunningly corrupt Cohn was also chief counsel to Senator Joseph McCarthy's 'communist' witch-hunt in the 1950s which was a version of the 'anti-Semitism' witch-hunt today. Under Cohn's support and protection Donald Trump became a front man for the ultra-Zionists operating out of New York with their fundamental connections to the 'Russian' ultra-Zionist Mafia for whom Cohn worked. Cohn also represented Rupert Murdoch, the media mogul and fanatical Israel supporter, and introduced him to Trump to start a long friendship. *Esquire* magazine described Cohn in an article headed 'Don't mess with Roy Cohn' as the most feared lawyer in New York and 'a ruthless master of dirty tricks... [with] ... more than one Mafia Don on speed dial'. Cohn worked for both the Jewish and Italian Mafias and these connected into Trump's building projects and the organisations he used for supply and construction.

Trump borrowed huge amounts of money from 72 banks with major ultra-Zionist connections and they never called in the debts to put him out of business. He built two casinos in Atlantic City and bought the massive Taj Mahal operation. Together they were a disaster waiting to happen because of the debt payments involved. By the start of the 1990s he owed $4 billion to banks that he couldn't pay including almost $1 billion that he would have had to find personally. The 72 banks were represented in negotiations with Trump by real estate lawyer Alan Pomerantz who would later say that they didn't foreclose and send Trump into mega-bankruptcy because he was worth more to them 'alive than dead' (bankrupt). Trump also approached BT Securities Corporation and Rothschild Inc. to devise a plan to get him out of trouble and the Rothschild senior managing director who handled the case and sorted out Trump's debacle was Wilber Ross who would be named US Commerce Secretary when Trump was elected US President. Ross worked for the Rothschilds for 27 years. Zionist investor Carl Icahn was a major help in the bail-out by buying the Taj Mahal casino and Trump talked about him becoming Treasury Secretary during his election campaign. Ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin was given that job while Icahn was named Special Advisor to the President on Regulatory Reform. Icahn also had some tremendous good fortune when he sold holdings sensitive to the price of steel three days before Trump imposed a 235 percent tariff on steel imports. The timely sale is reported to have

saved Icahn $31.3 million. The Trump bankruptcy lawyer hired to advise him through the Atlantic City disaster was ultra-ultra-Zionist David M. Friedman who Trump would later make US ambassador to Israel to oversee the relocation of the US embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Friedman and ultra-Zionist Jason Greenblatt, executive vice president and chief legal officer to Donald Trump and the Trump Organization, helped Trump recover from financial disaster. Trump made Greenblatt his Assistant to the President and Special Representative for International Negotiations including Israel-Palestine. The ultra-Zionist/Death Cult Mafia in all its financial and legal forms own Donald Trump and whatever Israel has demanded has been given from day one of the Trump presidency. Trump is owned by ultra-Zionist Neocons and even the Democratic Party is now being dubbed 'the Neocon Party' because it supports war every bit as much as the Republicans. When Tulsi Gabbard, Democrat Representative for Hawaii, announced plans in early 2019 to run for US President she was fiercely attacked by Neocon/Soros 'progressives' in her own party (and the pro-Neocon Democrat media) because she opposes American wars in the Middle East. The vast Israel lobby was immediately on her case, too, as you would expect. Ultra-Zionist Sheldon Adelson funds a right-wing warmongering Neocon Republican Party and George Soros funds a right-wing warmongering Neocon Democratic Party which both pursue the same Middle Eastern policy in the one-party state. Trump is surrounded and owned and his bombastic style gives the appearance of him making decisions when they are being made for him by Sabbatian-Frankists and ultra-Zionists. Israeli daily *Haaretz* reported on contributions to Trump by ultra-Zionist Russian oligarchs:

> Of 10 billionaires with Kremlin ties who funneled political contributions to U.S. President Donald Trump and a number of top Republican leaders, at least five are Jewish ... There's Len Blavatnik, the dual British-American citizen who dumped huge amounts of cash on Republican candidates in the last election cycle, much of it funneled through his myriad investment firms. (The same Len Blavatnik funds scholarships for IDF veterans and who is friends with Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu.) Alexander Shustorovich is the president of IMG Artists, a titan among impresarios, who gave Trump's inauguration committee a cool $1 million ... The list goes on.

David Friedman 'advised' (love it) Trump on Israel and Jewish matters during his presidential campaign and co-chaired Trump's Israel Advisory Committee with Jason Greenblatt. Friedman has headed the American Friends of Bet El Institutions which donates $2 million a year to the illegal Jewish settlement of Bet El in the occupied Palestinian West Bank. Jared Kushner, Trump's ultra-Zionist son-in-law and senior

advisor, a life-long friend of Benjamin Netanyahu, has made donations to American Friends of Bet El. Ultra-Zionists utterly dominate Trump and he has served perfectly their agenda for divide and rule in the United States aided by the 'progressive' mob funded by Soros. Is it any wonder that under this administration Israel has been given everything it wants while Palestinians have seen aid money cut back and warned it will get worse if they don't do as they're told? This has included threatened 'consequences' against Palestinians for joining nearly a dozen international bodies and conventions. The Trump administration announced in 2018 a plan to delete all US funding or the main UN programme for Palestinian refugees, the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees in the Near East (UNRWA), with devastating impacts on five million people who rely on its schools, healthcare and social services. The five million are those (and their descendants) who fled or were expelled from their homes amid ultra-Zionist terror in 1948 and as a result of 1967 Six Day war. The arrogance of the US and Israel takes the breath away. They want to bring Palestinians to their knees and then force them to accept whatever they are given – *nothing*, basically – while the Sabbatian-Frankists pursue their Greater Israel and they will get all the support they ask for from ultra-Zionist operatives within Western political parties. In early 2019 both the Conservative and Labour Party Friends of Israel were pressing the British government to stop funding for UNWRA and the Palestinian Authority. Leading the campaign from the Labour side was ultra-Zionist Liverpool MP Louise Ellman, vice-chair of Labour Friends of Israel. Ellman voted 'very strongly' for the Iraq War and 'very strongly' against an investigation into the war when it turned out to be a humanitarian disaster. Ellman is 'very concerned' about 'anti-Semitism' in the Labour Party. But clearly not about Palestinians.

Israel created and controlled by Russian/Soviet ultra-Zionists

The Russia connection extends to Israel itself with a million-plus citizens of the former Soviet Union migrating to Israel in recent decades. The effect on Israeli society was described in a *Guardian* article by one-time Jerusalem correspondent Harriet Sherwood headed 'Israel's former Soviet immigrants transform adopted country'. We have already seen a clear common theme between those born in Russia and the one-time Russian Empire and political power in the new Israel. Now this was a further influx from the same region. Harriet Sherwood described how these incomers have 'influenced the culture, high-tech industry, language, education and, perhaps most significantly, Israeli politics.' The influx has been so great they constitute 15 percent of the country's population, but not all of them are Jewish. Traditional Judaism insists that a Jew is someone with a Jewish mother or a person who goes

through a formal conversion to Judaism. When the Soviet Union collapsed in 1990, however, the criteria for people from there to become Israeli citizens under 'right of return' was expanded to include those with a Jewish father or grandparent or anyone *married* to someone who has. Sherwood reports that according to Israel's Central Bureau of Statistics around *30 percent* of immigrants from the former Soviet Union in the 1990s were not Jews or not considered Jewish under Orthodox law. The figure had increased to *59 percent* by 2005 with only about five percent converting to Judaism. Sherwood writes:

> ... they almost overwhelmed Israel, causing a severe housing crisis. Many eventually settled in Russian enclaves in cities such as Ashdod, Petah Tikva and Haifa – and in expanding [illegal] West Bank settlements, such as Ariel.
>
> 'It was a very different type of immigration,' said Lily Galili, an Israeli journalist writing a book about the impact of the tidal wave from the former Soviet Union. 'They didn't want to integrate. They wanted to lead. They changed the nature of the country.'

They have certainly in a short time begun to dominate Israeli politics and the former Soviet Union is a major centre for Sabbatian-Frankism. One of their prime vehicles is the far right 'Gun Zionist' Yisrael Beiteinu Party of Netanyahu's one-time Defence Minister, the Moldova-born psychopath Avigdor Lieberman who lives in the illegally-occupied West Bank. Lily Galili said that unfortunately migrants from former Soviet states had changed the nature of democracy in Israel. 'They have strengthened and given confidence to the secular right wing', she said, and she point to alienation between Russian immigrants and native Israelis. 'There is not much social interaction. There are still places for "Russians" that "Israelis" don't go and aren't wanted – and vice versa.' Auschwitz survivor Esther Bejarano pointed out that Israeli settlements in the occupied West Bank were mainly for those from Eastern Europe and the United States:

> They have no business there. Nothing at all, and you know who these settlers are? These are Americans and Russians, Ukrainians. They were not born there. Absolutely not.

Bejarano said the idea that the land 'belongs to the Jews because they lived there 2,000 years ago is the biggest nonsense there can be' – 'There were so many Turks and Arabs who have always lived there. The Jews came later.' Who are these people have taken over Israel to a large extent, many of whom are *not Jews?* What is the significance of the Soviet Union where there was such a ridiculous ratio of Zionists among those

who triggered the Russian Revolution?

Control of money and information

Key areas targeted by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult are banking and finance, politics, law, intuitions of social engineering and media. The last two are crucial. They want to control the perceptions of the target population so they will act and see the world and events in the desired manner. From this manipulated perception comes their behaviour, what they will do and not do, accept and not accept, challenge and not challenge, condemn and not condemn. For example, the man credited with being among the first to 'warn' about the threat of 'global Islam' which exploded as an issue as a result of 9/11 is Avi Lipkin (pen name Victor Mordecai) with his 1995 book, *Is Fanatic Islam a Global Threat?* Lipkin is an American-born Israeli who served in the Israeli Defense Forces and with the press office intelligence department of Israeli Prime Minister and Revisionist Zionist terrorist, Yitzhak Shamir. Lipkin claimed to have spoken in 500 churches worldwide and his role has been to bring Christian Zionists on board with his 'Islam must be stopped', 'Armageddon' claptrap. I am no supporter of any religion, certainly not Islam, but by far the greatest danger to the world is from the satanic orchestrators of Sabbatian-Frankism. They to a large extent own and control the global media to dictate the way their manipulations and wars are reported to the population for whom they have a contempt so deep that words do not suffice – not least their contempt for non-Sabbatian-Frankist Jewish people. Ultra-Zionist columnist Joel Stein wrote an article in the *Los Angeles Times* in 2008 headed 'Who runs Hollywood? C'mon' in which he said: 'I don't care if Americans think we're running the news media, Hollywood, Wall Street or the government. I just care that we get to *keep* running them.' He went on:

> I have never been so upset by a poll in my life. Only 22% of Americans now believe 'the movie and television industries are pretty much run by Jews,' down from nearly 50% in 1964. The Anti-Defamation League, which released the poll results last month, sees in these numbers a victory against stereotyping. Actually, it just shows how dumb America has gotten. Jews totally run Hollywood.
>
> How deeply Jewish is Hollywood? When the studio chiefs took out a full-page ad in the Los Angeles Times a few weeks ago to demand that the Screen Actors Guild settle its contract, the open letter was signed by: News Corp. President Peter Chernin (Jewish), Paramount Pictures Chairman Brad Grey (Jewish), Walt Disney Co. Chief Executive Robert Iger (Jewish), Sony Pictures Chairman Michael Lynton (surprise, Dutch Jew), Warner Bros. Chairman Barry Meyer (Jewish), CBS Corp. Chief Executive Leslie Moonves (so Jewish his great

> uncle was the first prime minister of Israel), MGM Chairman Harry Sloan (Jewish) and NBC Universal Chief Executive Jeff Zucker (mega-Jewish). If either of the Weinstein brothers had signed, this group would have not only the power to shut down all film production but to form a minyan with enough Fiji water on hand to fill a mikvah.
>
> The person they were yelling at in that ad was SAG President Alan Rosenberg (take a guess). The scathing rebuttal to the ad was written by entertainment super-agent Ari Emanuel (Jew with Israeli parents) on the Huffington Post, which is owned by Arianna Huffington (not Jewish and has never worked in Hollywood).
>
> The Jews are so dominant, I had to scour the trades to come up with six Gentiles in high positions at entertainment companies. When I called them to talk about their incredible advancement, five of them refused to talk to me, apparently out of fear of insulting Jews. The sixth, AMC President Charlie Collier, turned out to be Jewish.
>
> As a proud Jew, I want America to know about our accomplishment. Yes, we control Hollywood. Without us, you'd be flipping between 'The 700 Club' and 'Davey and Goliath' on TV all day.
>
> So I've taken it upon myself to re-convince America that Jews run Hollywood by launching a public relations campaign, because that's what we do best. I'm weighing several slogans, including: 'Hollywood: More Jewish than ever!'; 'Hollywood: From the people who brought you the Bible'; and 'Hollywood: If you enjoy TV and movies, then you probably like Jews after all.

If anyone else said that Zionists control the news media, Hollywood, Wall Street and the government they would be condemned as racists and neo-Nazis repeating an 'anti-Semitic trope' even though they say it themselves. Ultra-Zionist Jeff Zucker at NBC Universal is now head of CNN while the chairman of the journalistically corrupt NBC News and MSNBC is ultra-Zionist Andrew Lack. The sheer arrogance of those *claiming* to represent *two percent* of the American population and *0.2 percent* of the world population is hard to imagine. Joel Stein said that then ADL chief Abraham Foxman agreed that Jews are disproportionately represented in the creative industry. 'They're disproportionate as lawyers and probably medicine here as well', he said. But he did not want Stein to brag about their control of Hollywood and the entertainment industry:

> That's a very dangerous phrase, 'Jews control Hollywood'. What is true is that there are a lot of Jews in Hollywood,' he said. Instead of 'control,' Foxman

would prefer people say that many executives in the industry 'happen to be Jewish,' as in 'all eight major film studios are run by men who happen to be Jewish.'

The ADL is actually there to stop people seeing the Zionist influence by intimidating into silence those who *can* see the obvious with the 'anti-Semite' technique. Anyone trying to silence the truth or freedom of speech has an agenda to protect. Ultra-Zionist American lawyer Alan Dershowitz agrees that Jewish people 'are represented in large numbers in various professionals such as the academy, finance, and the media' and he says this is because 'they have proved to be successful at these enterprises'. In some cases that will be true, but *all* of them? As Joel Stein would say ... c'mon. Dershowitz points out in support of his case that 'there is poverty among many Jews, particularly the elderly' and I would respond this way: (1) I am not saying that all Jews are involved in a conspiracy. I am saying that the great majority are victims of the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult of fake Jews who use them as camouflage; (2) If the goal is protecting Jewish people why is there 'poverty among many Jews, particularly the elderly' when there are others worth multiple-billions? American psychologist Kevin B. MacDonald, a former professor of psychology at California State University, Long Beach, confirmed Joel Stein's analysis in a trilogy of books which included *The Culture of Critique: An Evolutionary Analysis of Jewish Involvement in Twentieth-Century Intellectual and Political Movements* published in 2002. MacDonald documents the absolutely extraordinary power of Zionism over Hollywood and the American broadcast and print media which applied in the period across 9/11. He has naturally been dubbed an 'anti-Semite' because facts are no defence against that. Ultra-Zionists don't want to debate facts so they deal only in abuse. As we head back towards the detailed background to 9/11 it is important to know the scale of control that ultra-Zionists had at that time – as now – over government, Pentagon, law and media. It will explain so much from the next chapter onwards.

Shoot the messenger – stop the message

Media control of the Israel/Zionist narrative is also achieved by firing anyone who offers criticism of either. When others see their colleagues sacked in an instant they know they had better stay silent about anything that could put Israel and Zionism in a bad light. Jim Clancy worked as a journalist, correspondent and anchor on CNN for 34 years but resigned in 2015 after tweeting that attacks on him on Twitter were possibly part of the Israeli Hasbara campaign of systematic propaganda. Compared with those mild comments and a justifiable question 34 years of service meant nothing to CNN. He had to go. Only ludicrous,

tongues-out, establishment-repeater clones like Chris Cuomo, Don Lemon, Jim Acosta and former CIA intern Anderson Cooper need apply to CNN these days. Contempt for journalism and a willingness to sell your soul must be ticked on the application form to even secure an interview. See also MSNBC where presenter Rachel Maddow is a disgrace to journalism and the BBC which is Britain's CNN and another disgrace to journalism. Maddow the fake 'journalist' was actually close to tears on air after the Mueller investigation found no provable Trump collusion with Russia (Fig 133). Twitter banned the account of someone making fun of the incident involving a television host who had misled America for two years over Russia and Trump – as did CNN, NBC and others. The BBC can't be so openly biased because of (one-sided) British media 'impartiality' laws but achieves the same biased end through story angles and emphasis, omission, language, labels and choice of interviewees. Britain's state broadcaster feels the need to tell us often how honest and trustworthy it is hoping that we won't notice that it isn't (see 'America is the freest country in the world'). CNN ended the contributor contract of academic Marc Lamont Hill after his comments about the Israel-Palestine conflict were labelled 'anti-Semitic'. Yawn. Hill accused Israel of 'ethnic cleansing' and denying Palestinians due process and compared the experience of the African American struggle against slavery and apartheid in the United States. He called for a new model of regional peace based on a single state with equal rights to Israelis and Palestinians (the ultra-Zionists' worse nightmare) with the two-state 'solution' now dead in the water after so much Jewish-*only* settlement in illegally-occupied Palestinian land. Hill said there should be 'a Free Palestine from the river to the sea' – from the Jordan to the Mediterranean. This was spun as a call to remove all Jews from the region – which it wasn't – but it's okay for the founding charter of the Likud Party of terrorists Menachem Begin and Benjamin Netanyahu to demand that: 'Between the sea and the Jordan there will only be Israeli sovereignty.' The way the global Israeli propaganda network operates can be clearly seen in the response to what Hill said in a much longer speech at a United Nations event marking the International Day of Solidarity with Palestine. Jewish 'leaders' began calling for Hill's

Figure 133: Don't cry, Rachael, biased excuse for a journalist. Just tell the bloody truth – that's all we ask.

dismissal from his position at Temple University. Targeting the income and careers of those who criticise Israel is a foundation modus operandi and a warning to others to keep quiet or risk losing both. Who were these 'Jewish leaders' with their 'spontaneous' response of outrage? Well ... the *Philadelphia Inquirer* reported that one was Leonard Barrack, a 'Temple trustee and major donor' to Temple University, a Temple alumnus and former finance chairman of the Democratic National Committee (DNC). Barrack is also former president of the Jewish Federation of Greater Philadelphia which hosts events with AIPAC and Israel lobby group StandWithUs exposed in the Al Jazeera documentaries over its manipulation on US campuses. Barrack said of Hill: 'He called for the destruction of the State of Israel in code words. I am very upset about it. I think it was anti-Semitic.' Another demand for Hill to be sacked came from Morton Klein, President of the Zionist Organization of America, who is close to the Trump administration and the President's biggest donor (owner) Sheldon Adelson who, in turn, is an associate of Benjamin Netanyahu. Klein described 17-year-old Ahed Tamimi, jailed by Israel for slapping a soldier after part of her cousin's head was blown off, as a 'convicted Palestinian-Arab terrorist'. Nice man. Klein was at the forefront of the campaign to remove Trump National Security Adviser H.R. McMaster for alleged 'anti-Israel' beliefs and he was replaced by Israel sycophant and Adelson confidant, the psychopath, John Bolton. Also on Hill's case was the National Council of Young Israel (NCYI), a collective of more than 100 groups throughout the United States. The NCYI was founded more than 100 years ago and claims to have helped to supply weapons to ultra-Zionist terrorist groups, including Irgun, before Israel was established in 1948. The Jewish Federation of Greater Philadelphia, headed by Leonard Barrack, has celebrated Menachem Begin, the Irgun terrorist Israeli prime minister, in yet another show of breathtaking hypocrisy. This is how the ultra-Zionist networks attack their opponents and the mentality of those behind such coordinated attacks. Ultra-Zionist conservative political commentator Ben Shapiro, who some amazingly see as 'alternative', said Hill had called for 'killing all the Jews' in the region when he blatantly had not. With ultra-Zionists positioned across the political spectrum they can come out in unison and say 'see – everyone agrees'. Cuban-American CNN news anchor Rick Sanchez was fired in 2010 after he indicated that Jewish people claim to be an oppressed minority when they have so much power in the media. Compared with their number that statement is clearly factually correct, but truth has no value if it's not what the ultra-Zionists want people to hear. Sanchez then fell to his knees in an effort to save his career. He wrote to Abraham Foxman, then head of the appalling Mossad front, the Anti-Defamation League:

> [T]here are no words strong enough for me to express my regret and sorrow over what I said. It was offensive, and I deeply, sincerely and unequivocally apologize for the hurt that I have caused. I tell my children that when they make a mistake, they should take responsibility, atone and work to repair whatever they have done ... I cannot undo the offense or controversy I caused; all I can do is to try and learn from this experience and strive to become a better person.

Or you could just tell them to fuck off.

CNN removed reporter Diana Magnay from the Middle East when she described a group of Israelis as 'scum' after they threatened her while she was reporting on Gaza. Magnay said she was live on the air while the Israelis were cheering bombs landing on Gaza during the mass murder of 2014. She said on Twitter: 'Israelis on hill above Sderot cheer as bombs land on #gaza; threaten to "destroy our car if I say a word wrong." Scum.' The President of CNN Worldwide is Jeff Zucker, the man writer Joel Stein described as 'mega-Jewish' when he was chief executive of NBC Universal. Zucker has used CNN to silence free speech and in this inverted world the Radio Television Digital News Association gave its 2019 First Amendment Award for 'free speech defenders' to ... Jeff Zucker. This was like giving a pro-life award to an abortion clinic. Zucker is the boss of CNN's ultra-Zionist 'lead political anchor' Wolf Blitzer who worked for Reuters in Tel Aviv, *The Jerusalem Post* and was editor of AIPAC publication, *Near East Report*. CNN's dramatic decline from at least a lip-service news organisation to full-flown propaganda arm of the 'progressive' mob and its political advocates is attributed by some former journalists to the period when ultra-Zionist Jonathan Klein was president of CNN/US between 2004 and 2010. The late great Helen Thomas covered the White House across ten presidents starting with John F. Kennedy until she was forced out during the Obama era for 'anti-Semitic' comments after 57 years working for United Press International (UPI) and its predecessor. Thomas had asked Obama a question that no one else in the press corps dare about Israel's nuclear weapons. 'Radical' Obama stuttered like an idiot trying not to answer the question because of the don't say, don't ask policy agreement between Israel and the United States in which Israel doesn't admit it has a big nuclear arsenal and the American government doesn't ask. Thomas was then set up by an ultra-Zionist posing as a father with a son who wanted to be a journalist. She was asked out of nowhere about her views on Israel and she said: 'Tell them to get the hell out of Palestine' and 'Remember, these people are occupied and it's their land. It's not German, it's not Poland ...' The switch was immediately flicked on the outrage machine and she was

forced out of Hearst Newspapers, dropped by all and sundry, condemned by her fellow alleged journalists when they lifted their heads from kissing the ultra-Zionist arse and the truly pathetic Obama called her remarks 'offensive', 'out of line' and said her retirement was 'the right decision'. He also thought 'Phew – thank goodness I won't face another question about Israel's nuclear arsenal.' What a major league fraud that man is. The Society of 'Professional Journalists' (you are joking) even voted to retire the Helen Thomas Award for Lifetime Achievement. Thomas was the daughter of Lebanese immigrants from Tripoli and pointed out that she could not be accused of 'anti-Semitism' because she was a Semite and Israelis were not. She said:

> We have organized lobbyists in favour of Israel, you can't open your mouth. I can call the president of the United States anything in the book, but you say one thing about Israel and you're off limits.

She said in another interview: 'I hit the third rail. You cannot criticize Israel in this country and survive.' All demonstrably true. 'Progressive' MSNBC sacked contributor Rula Jebreal after she protested at the channel's biased coverage of the 2014 Israeli slaughter in Gaza. Jebreal said later:

> I couldn't stay silent after seeing the amount of airtime given to Israeli politicians versus Palestinians. They say we are balanced but their idea of balance is 90 percent Israeli guests and 10 percent Palestinians. This kind of media is what leads to the failing policies that we see in Gaza ...
>
> ... We as journalists are there to afflict the comfortable and who is comfortable in this case? Who is really endangering both sides and harming American interests in the region? It's those enforcing the status quo of the siege of Gaza and the occupation of the West Bank.

Jebreal said she told MSNBC bosses there was a serious problem with pro-Israel bias, 'but everybody's intimidated by this pressure and if it's not direct then it becomes self-censorship.'

Ultra-Zionist censorship wherever you look

Jewish journalist and activist Max Blumenthal reported that an NBC producer speaking on condition of anonymity confirmed the existence of a top-down intimidation campaign aimed at presenting an Israeli-centric view of attacks on the Gaza Strip: 'The NBC producer told me that MSNBC President Phil Griffin and NBC executives are micromanaging coverage of the crisis, closely monitoring contributors' social media accounts and engaging in a "witch hunt" against anyone who strays

from the official line.' The NBC chairman (and former president) is ultra-Zionist Andrew Lack. BBC reporter and presenter Tim Willcox was pressured to apologise for a 'poorly phrased question' after telling a Jewish woman that Palestinians 'suffer hugely at Jewish hands' during a live interview at a Paris anti-terrorism rally. Willcox said: 'Many critics of Israel's policy would suggest that the Palestinians suffer hugely at Jewish hands as well ...You understand everything is seen from different perspectives.' Once again this is true and once again truth is no defence from the ultra-Zionist mob. Jewish historian Simon Schama said the question was appalling and as always the hypocrisy of *Jewish Chronicle* editor Jonathan Pollard and the Campaign Against Antisemitism of Jewish National Fund board member Gideon Falter couldn't be unleashed fast enough. Top American basketball player LeBron James lashed out in 2018 against 'a bunch of old white men owning teams and they got that slave mentality.' That was okay – and it is – to express those views, but shortly afterwards when he quoted rap lyrics that included the line 'We been getting that Jewish money, everything is Kosher' he immediately apologised because that was not okay. There is no 'Jewish money', you see, no Jewish billionaires funding both sides in US politics. It's all a myth, an 'anti-Semitic trope', so it is outrageous to even raise the subject and most certainly 'anti-Semitic'. As for exposing ultra-Zionists like the Rothschilds for their serious involvement in the slave trade – you must be a Nazi to say that even though it's true.

Israel-born and now British-based anti-Zionist activist and musician Gilad Atzmon has long contended that 'Jewish power is the power to silence opposition to Jewish power'. I would put it like this: 'Sabbatian-Frankist power is the power to silence opposition to Sabbatian-Frankist power by presenting it as Jewish power and weaponising 'anti-Semitism' to target opponents. Atzmon, even though born into a Jewish family in Israel, is one of the hate figures of the ultra-Zionist Protection Racket and they even seek to have him banned from musical events when all he is doing is playing the saxophone. Islington's Labour-controlled council in London – the area where Labour leader Jeremy Corbyn is an MP – banned Atzmon from playing at a concert in the borough after a *single* complaint from a rabid ultra-Zionist who constantly excuses Israel's disgusting and merciless treatment of Palestinians. You'll find Islington Council in the phone book under 'i' for idiots or 's' for spineless. All who challenge the extremes of Zionism and the Israeli government must be destroyed both financially and in terms of their reputation; but the tide is turning because people are increasingly sick of 'anti-hate' groups promoting hatred and self-serving censorship. Jonathan Schanzer from the ultra-Zionist front, the Foundation for the Defense of Democracy, was caught on a hidden camera saying that those who challenge Israel must be smeared in other

ways because 'Personally I think anti-Semitism as a smear is not what it used to be.' Too right, mate. You've overcooked the mantra and now people are seeing through the game.

SiliCON Valley

By far the most important media control today is based in Silicon Valley, California, or the 'Devil's Playground' as I prefer to call it. The Hidden Hand and its Sabbatian-Frankist, ultra-Zionist arm have worked to transfer the circulation of information from newspapers and television to the Internet because then it can be censored by artificial intelligence algorithms with not even human intervention once the codes are in place. Set the algorithms to censor key words or subjects and you can dictate, potentially in total, what people see and don't see. This is the ultimate ambition of the Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankist ultra-Zionism. The gathering censorship of alternative voices using the systematically-decreed excuses of 'hate speech', 'fake news' and political correctness (see the ultra-Zionist Frankfurt School) is this very agenda unfolding before us and becoming more extreme by the day. In the light of this is it an obviously legitimate question to ask why Internet information giants and near-monopolies are dominated by a fraction of 0.2 percent of the global population. It is not only legitimate to ask this question, but absolutely essential for *everyone* to ask it and that includes Jewish people because they are subject to the same censorship by the same people when they don't sing from the official song-sheet. I have already mentioned that Google is run by Larry Page (Zionist) and Sergey Brin (Zionist); Google's YouTube by Susan Wojcicki (Zionist); Facebook by Mark Zuckerberg (Zionist) and Chief Operating Officer Sheryl Sandberg (Zionist), formerly with Google; and the chairman of Apple is Arthur D. Levinson (Zionist). The statistical chances of this happening from such a tiny percentage of the population must be astronomical given the power these companies have over global communication through the Internet and technology. Add-in the fact that ultra-Zionist hate groups are being employed to 'advise' these ultra-Zionist-controlled companies on who and what to censor and that includes the ultra-Zionist CAA in the UK which targets me and the Labour Party. I doubt the Jewish National Fund will be censored for peddling apartheid.

The ultra-Zionist hate group and apartheid-supporting Anti-Defamation League (ADL) established its own state-of-the-art censorship centre in Silicon Valley and you are looking at a gigantic scam to control what the world population can see and hear. It is part-funded by eBay founder Pierre Omidyar who also contributes to the George Soros Open Society Foundations and has big Pentagon connections. Omidyar is another fake 'progressive' in the mould of Soros who funds Neocon regime change operations and organisations closely

connected to ultra-Zionist Bill Kristol, co-founder of the Project for the New American Century. Investigative journalists Alexander Rubinstein and Max Blumenthal uncovered many of these connections for MintPress News. Rubinstein said:

> If partnering with the Neocon think tank guru who was a main conduit for US government messaging in the lead-up to the Iraq War is 'progressive' then I think it's time we retire the term.

Omidyar also bought The Intercept website via his First Look Media and shut down access to its archive of documents leaked by National Security Agency whistleblower Edward Snowden. This is same Omidyar funding the ADL Internet censorship centre. Multi-billionaire Soros, the 'progressive'-funding ultra-Zionist in disguise, is financially-supporting 'fact-checking' and search engine groups that seek to dictate the information that the ultra-Zionist-controlled Silicon Valley giants will allow to be communicated. Apple CEO Tim Cook was the first recipient of the ADL's 'Courage Against Hate Award' in 2018 which was a mind-boggling irony given that the ADL is an extreme hate group that sets out to get the public to hate its targets. This disgusting organisation was exposed for supporting the apartheid regime in South Africa and is controlled by the far right Israeli government which indoctrinates Israelis to hate Palestinians. Cook seized the chance in his acceptance speech at the ADL's 'Annual Summit on Anti-Semitism and Hate' to say that 'conspiracy theories' should be banned – exactly what ultra-Zionist hate groups like the ADL have been working so hard to achieve. Cook suggested that the Holocaust was a function of too much free speech when what happened in Nazi Germany was actually caused by *too little.* Why does he think the Nazis went on a rampage of book burning?? My God, *what an idiot.* Nazis, like all tyrannies, targeted free speech to silence critics and those who could otherwise have exposed what they were doing. They burned books they didn't want people to see – just like Silicon Valley is involved in digital book-burning. They banned or broke up public meetings of opponents just like the 'progressive' 'anti-fascist' Soros-backed mob and the CAA and censor-network seek to do today. Apple and other ultra-Zionist Internet dominants banned conspiracy radio show host Alex Jones from their platforms in 2018 which freedom-deleting Cook was quite happy to crow about. The level of narcissistic arrogance and self-obsession required to demand freedom of speech for yourself while seeking to deny that to other people is beyond my comprehension. I don't agree with a lot that Alex Jones says – and some I do – but that is irrelevant to the fact that his freedom is speech is *everyone's* freedom of speech. If he doesn't have it then no one does because all that is left is the 'freedom' to conform to what authority

decides to allow. It is worth making the point, too, that while Cook and Apple talk about their 'values' they have already sold hundreds of millions of their WIFI 'Airpods' (many to children and young people) which constantly pass frequency waves through the brain. Apple doesn't know the consequences because they have done no long-term studies, but to anyone *with* a brain those consequences are bloody obvious in dangers to health and brain function. How comforting that Apple and Cook have 'values'.

The 'hate-speech' scam

So-called 'hate speech' constantly expands the excuse for censorship as the definition gets longer by the hour. Things like incitement to violence are subject to criminal law and that is where it should be addressed and debated – in open public courts. It should not be at the behest of biased people like Tim Cook, Zuckerberg, Brin, Page and other corporate dictators to impose their views and agenda on the rest of the human race. People should be free to say anything they like and their views then be open to public debate and challenge while involving the criminal law where violence is being promoted against others. In short, what people say should be dealt with *after* their words are delivered and not *before* as the Internet censors want to achieve through artificial intelligence. The difference between the two is utterly pivotal for human freedom. When speech is addressed *after* delivery there is no way any authority can dictate what people see and hear; but once you accept censorship *before* delivery you are giving exactly that power to authority. What's more the criteria for pre-delivery censorship just goes on growing ... incitement to terrorism, incitement to violence, 'hate speech', 'fake news', hurting anyone's 'feelings'. The list goes on and on until there is no freedom left which has been the plan all along. Tim Cook's ADL speech was a classic misrepresentation of what he was claiming to stand for as he couched his 'ban conspiracy theories' in the smokescreen of 'white supremacy'. In doing so he was following the blueprint of connecting in the public mind free speech and the far right. Link the two together psychologically and then when anyone calls for freedom of speech they are automatically considered 'far right extremists' who believe in 'white supremacy'. I think that anyone who self-identifies the 'I' with the transitory labels of race has completely missed the point about the nature of reality, but it's okay it seems to claim to be God's Chosen People while seeking to silence others for seeing their own race as above all others. I say both are forms of extreme and idiotic racism because I am against racism *in totality* – not only where it suits me. Cook said that companies like Apple need to 'do the right thing' rather than debate whether they are being impartial or not: 'If we can't be clear on moral questions like these, we've got big problems'. Oh, do piss off. It's

about silencing speech and information you don't want people to hear – end of. If only they were honest about it. That would be bad enough because of the consequences for human freedom, but to justify politically-targeted censorship on the basis of the (non-existent) 'morality' of global corporations is definitely sick-bag territory. We are in the midst of a tiny few people controlling all global communication for more than 7.7 billion people and the weaponisation of 'anti-Semitism' is being used to protect this tyranny from exposure. Well, *bollocks* to that. Call me what you like, I don't care. What I *do* care about is free speech, the very foundation of freedom, and the truth of what is really happening.

Time for us all – Jewish and non-Jewish – to call it out

Once again I emphasise the consequences of what the ultra-Zionists and Sabbatian-Frankists are doing for the rest of the Jewish population. Many people can't or won't distinguish between the Death Cult and ultra-Zionist extremists and Jews in general because they don't know about the Cult. Thus the actions of the Cult are blamed on the whole Jewish population and people are getting increasingly enraged at the actions and fascistic tendencies of the Cult. It is well past the time when the overwhelming majority of Jewish people who are not part of any of this start speaking out against its impact on global affairs and the way they themselves are perceived. A CNN survey of 'anti-Semitism' in Europe revealed:

> More than a quarter of Europeans surveyed believe Jews have too much influence in business and finance. One in five say they have too much influence in media and politics. In some countries the numbers are often higher: 42% of Hungarians think Jews have too much influence in finance and business across the world.

The CNN poll also claimed that in Poland '50% of people think that Jews use the Holocaust to advance their position'. These numbers should be of great concern to Jewish people in general because they indicate that efforts to control the narrative have been far from successful and they need to distance themselves from the extremists using them as cover. Israel-born activist Gilad Atzmon wrote:

> If Jews want to be loved or simply just ignored, then: (1) maybe the European Jewish Congress should seriously consider the possible consequences of its 'demand' that 'the Bible and the Koran use "trigger warnings" to highlight anti-Semitic passages'; (2) the French Jewish organisations might want to reconsider their relentless campaign to decimate the artistic career of France's most popular comedian; or (3) it might not be a great idea for Britain's Jewish

institutions to interfere with British national politics by smearing Britain's number one anti-racist [a reference to the Labour Party's Jeremy Corbyn although I wish he would grow a spine].

It is vital for people to see the difference between the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult and its ultra-Zionist gofers and lackeys and Jewish people in general. They are not the same. It is way past the time for Jewish people to address the extremists and cultists who exploit them to silence exposure.

And so back to 9/11

Zionist and ultra-Zionist organisations form a network across America and the world to manipulate and impose the will of ultra-Zionism and the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult which the great majority of Jewish people have no idea exists. They see these organisations as only there to promote the interests of Israel and the land to which they believe they have an historic right. No such right exists, but that has to be indoctrinated into them from birth so they act as unknowing stooges to the Sabbatian-Frankist agenda. It helps, too, when people claim a 'Jewish plot' to take over the world when that is exactly what the Sabbatian-Frankists want to hear to give cover to the real perpetrators that merely exploit the Jewish majority as a convenient shield to hide within. Jewish children are indoctrinated with the belief that the rest of humanity hates them and so they have to stick together behind the collective protection of what are Sabbatian-Frankists posing as Jewish leaders. Fear is the currency of control and the Death Cult employs this mercilessly against the Jewish majority. Add the Kosher Nostra networks of organised crime which interlock with Mossad, the ultra-Zionists in Israel and the rest of the web within The Web – add control of so much of government and media – and you have a hidden stream of interconnections perfectly capable of perpetrating and then covering up 9/11.

Out of these networks in the United States and Israel came the Project for the New American Century and the attacks of 9/11 that were essential to triggering the long-planned response of regime change in the Middle East and elsewhere and the systematic deletion of privacy and civil rights worldwide. From this detailed background we will now return to 9/11 and who was *really* responsible. The 'why?' is already painfully obvious.

CHAPTER 23

Just a coincidence?

And if all others accepted the lie which the Party imposed – if all records told the same tale – then the lie passed into history and became truth. 'Who controls the past' ran the Party slogan, 'controls the future: who controls the present controls the past' – George Orwell, *1984*

Sabbatian-Frankism, ultra-Zionism and Revisionist 'Gun' Zionism have a long and sickening history of using violence to get their way. This forced the British out of Palestine, established the State of Israel and Gun Zionism's military and intelligence arms, the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF), Mossad, Shin Bet and other global assets have ever since followed that lead to bomb, kill and terrorise in pursuit of the Death Cult's agenda of global control.

We should not be surprised to find, therefore, that the attacks of September 11th, 2001, have ultra-Zionist and Death Cult fingerprints all over them, but please don't take my word for it. Consider the evidence and connections I will present – together with those already presented – and see if you think they are all simply bizarre coincidences. I emphasise again (because I know I will be massively misrepresented) that I am not saying 9/11 was a 'Jewish plot'. This would require me to claim that all Jewish people were involved in accordance with how a 'Jewish plot' is defined by the 'anti-Semitism' industry and the Protection Racket. I am absolutely not saying that and indeed in so many ways I am saying the opposite – that claims of a 'Jewish global conspiracy' have perfectly served those who truly drive the hijacking of global society. The claim has diverted attention from the real perpetrators by (a) blaming 'The Jews' and (b) allowing the weaponisation of 'anti-Semitism' to not only silence criticism of 'The Jews' but to silence exposure of the real perpetrators hiding within and behind the smokescreen of 'The Jews'. The satanic Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult has infiltrated the Israeli political left, right, and far right and has contempt for traditional Jewishness, Judaism and its advocates. Jewish people have been manipulated to believe that Israel, Judaism and Zionism are the same as fake and fraudulent Sabbatian-Frankist 'Judaism' and 'Zionism' when that is clearly not the case. Sabbatian-Frankists talk like Jews, but act like Satanists and psychopaths. This is why the background set out in the

last few chapters has been essential to put 9/11 into its real context.

The Sabbatian-Frankist Cult has arranged for Jews to be indoctrinated from the earliest age into believing historical myths and crucially that the rest of the world hates them. This has been essential to manipulate the population to believe they must be 'protected' by the (Sabbatian-Frankist) ultra-Zionist hierarchy. Claims by ultra-Zionist front groups that 'anti-Semitism is 'on the rise' (it always is according to them) are as much aimed at Jewish people as the rest of the population. They have to be kept in fear and the siege mentality for Sabbatian-Frankists to maintain their control. Former Mossad operative Victor Ostrovsky tells in *By Way of Deception* how he was taught that the State of Israel is incapable of misconduct. Look at the new definition of 'anti-Semitism' and you'll see how that is actually claiming the same. No Jewish person can be criticised because that would be 'anti-Semitic' is only another way of saying that no Jewish person can be legitimately criticised. Yet like every other cultural, religious or racial group you find within the Jewish community nice people, okay people and psychopaths. Why should they be different to every other group? The 'anti-Semitism' industry is there to protect the psychopaths from exposure by using the nice and okay people as their human shield. Most Jewish people are victims of the plot, not perpetrators, but they can be manipulated into serving that plot by believing in the genuineness and Judaistic nature of the psychopaths. Ostrovsky describes how he was told from an early age that Jews were 'the David in the unending struggle against the ever-growing Goliath'. There was 'no one out there to protect us but ourselves – a feeling reinforced by the Holocaust survivors who lived among us'. He says of this indoctrination:

> We, the new generation of Israelites, the resurrected nation on its own land after more than two thousand years of exile, were entrusted with the fate of the nation as a whole. The commanders of our army were called champions, not generals. Our leaders were captains at the helm of a great ship ...

You can see how the mind-fuck works. Keep them in fear of the rest of humanity and they will give their power away to the military and government to protect from their otherwise certain fate. What a perceptual burden to carry from birth and even most of those who serve the Sabbatian-Frankist and ultra-Zionist agenda only do so because their minds and perceptions belong to someone else. You can understand Ostrovsky's one-way indoctrination as he was growing up given that his mother fought for Haganah, the Israeli underground (terrorist group), and his father fought in the Israel-Arab war in 1948 and commanded an Israeli Air Force Base. His grandfather was Auditor General of the apartheid Jewish National Fund (JNF). Ostrovsky writes:

> ... My own idea of Israel as I was growing up was as the land of milk and honey. That any hardships were worth it. I believed it was a country that would do no wrong, would not inflict evil on others, would set an example to all nations to see and to follow. If there was anything wrong financially or politically in the country, I always imagined this was at the lower echelons of government – with the bureaucrats, who would eventually clean up their act. Basically I believed there were people guarding our rights, great people like [Israel's first Prime Minister] David Ben-Gurion ...

Ostrovsky realised during his time with Mossad as a 'katsa' (case officer) that Israel and its leaders were not like that and hence his extremely brave exposure of what Mossad is really doing. If Jewish people woke up from the life-program they would see that the rest of humanity doesn't hate them and does not seek to destroy them. I have a problem with the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult, not Jewish people. I don't agree with the behaviour of *some* Jews and I don't believe in their religion, but that's not the same as hating them for simply *being* them. This is what the real definition of 'anti-Semitism' should be if the term is going to be used at all given that it's a misnomer to start with. In fact, I don't hate *anyone* – what you hate you become just as what you fight you become. See the 'anti-fascist' mobs for confirmation. By contrast those who scream 'anti-Semitism' at every turn are seeking to encourage people to hate their targets while calling themselves 'anti-hate' groups. We should also not forget that the Sabbatian-Frankist Satanic Cult is only part of the Hidden Hand Satanic Cult and I am highlighting this part of The Web because of its clear and obvious connection to 9/11.

War by deception

Control of information and intelligence has always been a prime target for Sabbatian-Frankists with the Rothschilds creating an intelligence and courier network that eclipsed in scale and efficiency those of governments. Knowing what is happening or planned to happen before governments do is an immense source of power. Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman describes in *To Eliminate the Opiate* how the Sabbatian network 'was held together by an elaborate system of communications consisting of couriers and emissaries whose full time job it was to run messages all over Eastern Europe':

> Across this network travelled much information and secret messages, some of which have been lying around in archives in Europe. It reached the archives because, from time to time, various governments who were monitoring Sabbatian activity in Europe were able to intercept and confiscate their communications.

These Rothschild and Sabbatian-Frankist communication networks eventually fused to become the national and international intelligence agencies – most especially Israeli Mossad, America's CIA and National Security Agency (NSA) nexus, and Britain's MI5 (domestic) and MI6 (overseas). Victor Ostrovsky said he was told during his Mossad training in the 1980s that its motto is: 'By way of deception, thou shalt do war'. This certainly encapsulates the techniques of Mossad (Israeli global intelligence), Shin Bet (domestic intelligence), Aman (military intelligence) and the fantastic Zionist web of organisations that ultimately answer to the ultra-Zionist hierarchy and Sabbatian-Frankism. Understanding Mossad and its associated military and intelligence networks is crucial to understanding what happened on 9/11 and who was really behind the attacks. Mossad, which was centrally involved in 9/11, was established in 1949 on the say-so of Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion as the central body of Israel intelligence. The full title is the Institute of Intelligence and Special Operations and, as with Israel's nuclear weapons, Mossad did not at first officially exist although everyone knew that it did. Mossad became part of the Prime Minister's Office – just like the Ministry of Strategic Affairs 'Hasbara' operation of global propaganda – but 'the Institute' is actually a law unto itself and beyond even political leadership. Ostrovsky exposes Mossad's targeted assassinations and execution list, the undermining of politicians it doesn't like and secret operations in foreign lands including (especially) those of its apparent 'friends'. He writes that '... one of the first duties of any new Israeli prime minister is to read the execution list and decide whether or not to initial each name on it' (agree for them to be killed). Ostrovsky describes an Israeli spy network in the United States known as 'A1' and says that people 'don't understand that the Mossad regards the whole world outside Israel as a target, including Europe and the United States'. An Israel-defending article by the ultra-Zionist-owned *New York Times* reviewing Ostrovsky's book did acknowledge Israeli spying within the US to be fact. It further revealed that a 'secret CIA report dated March, 1979 (made public by Iran when militants seized the American Embassy there) says that Israel has used bugs, wiretaps and attempted blackmail and bribes to gather intelligence in this country [the US]'. Others have exposed Mossad's assassination policy including Ronen Bergman in *Rise and Kill First – the secret history of Israel's targeted assassinations*. This account of Israel's assassinations, meticulous in its detail and sources, describes how Mossad, Shin Bet and the Israeli Defence Forces (IDF) had a policy from the start of simply assassinating those considered a problem to their agenda and not just in Israel and Palestine either. When you think they are all outgrowths of the ultra-Zionist terror groups that bombed and

murdered Israel into existence this should be no surprise. There are many examples of Mossad and other ultra-Zionist military and intelligence hit-squads killing the wrong people and goodness only knows how many innocents have been killed and maimed who were in the wrong place at the wrong time. Ostrovsky says that Mossad operatives are taught to fire as many bullets as possible at their target – 'When he's on the ground you walk up to him, put your gun to his temple, and fire one more time.' Mossad gives ruthlessness, evil and psychopathy a bad name and no wonder that terrorist Menachem Begin was one of its favourite prime ministers.

In many ways Mossad is a modern-day version of the infamous Sufi Islamic sect from which the very word 'assassin' derived – the Hashashin who became known as the Assassins. Interestingly Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman connects the Sufi 'Islamic mysticism' sect to Sabbatian-Frankism and to Sabbatai Zevi and Jacob Frank themselves. He says that Frank 'received financial remuneration from the Aga of the Sufi to aid him in the Frankist plans to exterminate Jews and Judaism in Bucharest, Romania, on November 6, 1757'. There are many covert connections between Jewish, Islamic and Christian groups not least via the infiltrating Donmeh. The cult of the Assassins can be traced to the First Crusade in the late 11th century under its first Grandmaster, Hassan-i Sabbah (1050s-1124). Their claim to fame and particular method of operation was to control rulers through fear of being assassinated if they didn't play ball. A heavily-protected king or leader would wake up to find a knife on his pillow and a note saying that his guards were no match for the Assassins and they could kill him whenever they liked. This would normally illicit compliance and those who didn't comply were killed which added to the Assassins' reputation for calculated murder. Mossad works on the same principle and politicians and others worldwide are controlled by Israel not only through money but the knowledge that Mossad doesn't take prisoners and doesn't take kindly to Israel's will not being obeyed or people getting in their way. Assassinations of people, family members and/or character are Mossad specialities. Letter bombs are a Mossad calling card and so are limpet bombs stuck onto vehicles by passing Mossad agents on motorbikes. They have killed Iranian nuclear scientists this way. This is one description of the Assassins' (now Mossad's) assassination technique:

> In order to get rid of ... rulers, clerics and officials, the Assassins would carefully study the languages and cultures of their targets. An operative would then infiltrate the court or inner circle of the intended victim, sometimes serving for years as an advisor or servant; at an opportune moment, the Assassin would stab the sultan, vizier or mullah with a dagger in a surprise

attack [classic Sabbatian-Frankist infiltration].

Mossad and its networks do the same although they are much more likely to spring a surprise through people who are either the same race as their targets (an Arab Mossad asset killing an Arab) or made to look so. Jewish terrorists in the merciless groups that became Mossad and the Israel Defense Forces blew up the King David's Hotel while *dressed as Arabs* and waiters. Using disguise to instigate Problem-Reaction-Solution events is very common. Two British Special Air Service (SAS) soldiers dressed as Arabs were arrested by the Iraqi authorities in 2005 after a shoot-out at a checkpoint in which two Iraqi officers were shot, one fatally (Fig 134). The British agents were driving a car full of munitions, explosives and detonators believed to be for a false flag 'terrorist attack' on a religious event in Basra to manipulate conflict between Sunnis and Shia. They escaped from custody when British tanks and infantry with helicopter support stormed the jail allowing 150 other prisoners to get away. Not everyone that looks like an Arab is really an Arab and that could easily be the case with 9/11. Some Israelis have complexions that could be taken for Arabs and in fact this was the original mistake made by some witnesses who saw the 'Dancing Israelis' cheering and celebrating the 9/11 attacks while the World Trade Center burned (much more to come). Israeli Mossad agents with such skin-type are often used to pose as Arabs in their operations and Ostrovsky says they are known within Mossad as 'Arabists'. Adam Yahiye Gadahn who was claimed to be an American operative for al-Qaeda killed in a US drone attack in Pakistan in 2015 turned out to be a Jewish man, Adam Pearlman, grandson of Carl Pearlman, the former director of ultra-Zionist Mossad front, the Anti-Defamation League. Pearlman, sorry Gadahn, is said to have been behind at least one of the ridiculously transparent 'Bin Laden' videos. Another technique Ostrovsky reveals is the use of doubles to simulate someone being in a location at a certain time when the real person is somewhere else and they can often be oblivious that their double even exists. 'I saw him there with my own eyes, it was definitely him', witnesses will report. This technique was undoubtedly used in the 9/11 operation and it is a method common to all intelligence agents,

Figure 134: Two British SAS soldiers arrested by Iraqi police while dressed as Arabs, including wigs, in an unmarked vehicle containing weapons, explosives and a remote-controlled detonator booby-trapped and ready to explode.

including the CIA and British intelligence.

Extraordinary scale and reach

Ostrovsky says that while the core personnel of Mossad are not large in number compared with other major intelligence agencies they have a vast network of people to call upon in Jewish communities around the world. These Jewish volunteers are known by Mossad as 'Sayanim' ('collaborators' in Hebrew) and they number thousands in the United States (especially in New York) and worldwide. Many don't even know that what they are asked to do is being directed by Mossad. They will be approached to do something to 'serve Israel' and told little more. The psychological pressure to 'help the homeland' can be very powerful with the life-long perceptual programming. Ostrovsky says in his book:

> So much of our training was based on forming relationships with innocent people. It built a strange sense of confidence. Suddenly everyone in the street became a tool. You'd think, hey, I can push their buttons. Suddenly it was all about telling lies; telling the truth became irrelevant ...

Support from these 'Sayanim' comes in many and various ways. A Jewish owner of an electrical store might supply electrical goods for a Mossad front operation posing as an electrical shop; a doctor might treat an agent with no questions asked; or they might supply vehicles that can't be traced to the Mossad driver. The cost of Mossad operations, as revealed by Ostrovsky, is absolutely incredible with so many on the payroll worldwide. He writes:

> Of the 30 to 35 katsas [case officers] operating at any given time, each would have at least 20 agents. Each of those 600-plus agents would average at least $3,000 a month, plus $3,000 in bonuses, and many would earn considerably more, which cost the Institute [Mossad] $15 million a month at least just to pay the agents. In addition, there were the costs of recruiting, safe houses, operations, vehicles, and numerous other expenses, all adding up to hundreds of millions a month.

He wrote this in *1990* – what must it be today? A country of eight million people on a tiny area of land spends that kind of money only to protect *itself*? C'mon. Ostrovsky reveals the massive network of Mossad front companies to hide their real activities and I'll come to that in relation to 9/11. He says that Mossad operates out of Israeli embassies with the Mossad station chief outranking the actual ambassador. The 'anti-Semitism' scam against me, the UK Labour Party and others around the world will be orchestrated through the Israeli embassies as the Al Jazeera documentaries confirmed. A network of 'safe houses', as

Ostrovsky mentioned, is operated from Mossad stations in target countries to keep agents and their assets from prying eyes and they have an enormous fake passport operation. He says many immigrants to Israel are asked to give up their country-of-origin passports to 'save Jews' and they are stored in 'a huge, library-like room, containing many thousands of passports divided by countries, cities, and even districts, with Jewish and non-Jewish-sounding names, also coded by ages – and all data computerised'. Agents can enter a country illegally by covert means but still have a passport or visa stamped as if they had passed through an airport. Ostrovsky revealed the level of detail involved:

> The Mossad also had a major collection of passport stamps and signatures that they used to stamp their own passports. These were kept in a log book. Many of them were gathered with the help of the police who could hold a passport temporarily and photograph the various stamps before returning it to the owner.
>
> Even stamping a false passport was done methodically. If, for example, my passport bore an Athens stamp on a certain day, the department would check their files for the signature and stamp from that day at the correct flight time, so that if someone should check with Athens as to which [passport] officer was on duty, that would be correct.

Mossad, like the CIA, has a technology development and seed-funding arm to keep its surveillance and technology capabilities at the cutting edge. Israel today is a global centre for technology and artificial intelligence that is hijacking global communication and dictating what people see and hear. Technology funding and development, added to the Israel-right-or-wrong mentality, means that Israeli technology companies are basically fronts for Mossad, ultra-Zionists and ultimately the Death Cult or at least serve their interests. Silicon Valley Internet giants and AI technology companies are really fronts for Israel, the CIA and Pentagon (controlled by the Death Cult). Israel's global technology hub is supplying surveillance, tracking and other AI/computer high-tech around the world to governments, military and others which have back-door entry-points which Mossad and Israeli intelligence and military networks in general can access (with fundamental relevance to 9/11 as we will see). This back-door access includes taking over the technology at a distance and, for instance, changing what appears on computer screens and in archive records. Israel claims the moral high ground with regard to, well, *everything*, and especially 'fighting terrorism'. The approach reminds me again of the propaganda technique described by Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels as 'accuse your enemy of that which you are guilty'.

Breathtaking hypocrisy

Ostrovsky realised – as many others have exposed – that Israel sells arms to terrorists and tyrannical regimes and even supplied military technology to its alleged Arab 'enemies' such as its Donmeh associates in Saudi Arabia. He says that Israel was selling increased military aircraft fuel-tank capacity to the Saudis via a third country but the Saudis found this too expensive and went to the United States for alternatives. The US Zionist Lobby then 'stood on its hind legs and hollered no!', Ostrovsky writes. The Lobby claimed that such fuel capacity would allow Saudi F-16s to target Israel when it was about nothing more than money. Ostrovsky says that Israel sold missiles to Iran and during the Iran-Iraq war in the 1980s when a Mossad operative in London was calling the embassies of both countries posing as a 'patriot' for each side. He would tell them where each other's shipping was. 'That way we could keep the war "hot"', Ostrovsky says. '... if they were busy fighting each other, they couldn't fight us.' Mossad was close to apartheid South Africa and has trained psychopathic police forces for fascist regimes including Pinochet's Chile, Noriega's Panama and Idi Amin's Uganda as well as apartheid South Africa. Israeli 'advisors' along with Americans were arrested by Iraqi forces in 2015 for 'advising' ISIS fighters. Today Israel trains American police forces. Classic is Ostrovsky's story about a Mossad operation that was training Tamil rebels fighting the Sri Lankan government in the art of guerrilla warfare while at the same time also providing anti-guerrilla training and weapons to Sri Lankan government forces. Neither of them knew, but then the motto is 'By way of deception, thou shalt do war' and Ostrovsky calls his training programme 'a school that taught people to be con artists for their country'. Israeli daily *Haaretz* revealed in 2019 that Israeli officers were training foreign mercenaries, including Colombians and Nepalese, to fight in the Saudi war against Yemen which has created the world's biggest humanitarian crisis. The mercenaries were being trained at camps in Israel's Negev Desert funded by the United Arab Emirates. This is still more confirmation that the Donmeh Saudis and Gulf states such as the UAE are working as one unit with Israel. The *Haaretz* article said the mercenaries had taken part in the Saudi offensive against the port city of Hudaydah and other conflict zones in Yemen. Mossad is heavily involved in the global drug trade along with the CIA and played its part in the Iran-Contra drug operation that involved the Bushes and Clintons. Both families have big Mossad/Israel connections and give evil a bad name. One Mossad drug operative was Israeli official and 'journalist' Amiram Nir who was 'counter-terrorism' advisor to two terrorist Israeli prime ministers, Shimon Peres and Yitzhak Shamir. He was reportedly killed in a plane crash although some doubt he actually

died while Nir's son blamed his apparent death on Father George Bush. What a small world it is when you delve into the cesspit. Whenever exposure is imminent or made public there is always the Protection Racket response when anyone suggests that Mossad has been involved in anything – 'anti-Semitism'. Ostrovsky confirms how this is systematically used by Mossad to prevent public exposure and is directed at anyone who doesn't support the Zionist line:

> There was one simple question asked when anything happened: 'Is it good for the Jews or not?' Forget about policies or anything else. That was the only thing that counted, and depending on the answer, people were called anti-Semites whether deservedly or not.

This is such an insight into the mentality that we are dealing with. Was 9/11 good for Israel or not? Benjamin Netanyahu said on television that very morning that it was and he also said this in 2001 when he was not aware of being filmed:

> I know what America is. America is something that can be easily moved. Moved to the right direction. They won't get in our way. So let's say they say something. So they say it! Eighty percent of the Americans support us. It's absurd.

He said that America would not get in the way of further Israeli expansionism into Palestinian land and he pledged to strike the Palestinians with 'blows that are so painful that the price will be too heavy to be borne'. So speaks a mega-psychopath. The ultra-Zionist network is no friend of the United States, Britain or anywhere else. It is the friend of Israel's Sabbatian-Frankist elite and that's it. Ostrovsky says that recruiting agents from 'friendly agencies' to become a Mossad agent was something they were always on the look out to do. He recalls a Mossad operative who said he had many friends within US intelligence but 'when I am sitting with my [American] friend, he's not sitting with *his* friend'. This is the Mossad/ultra-Zionist dynamic. Ostrovsky writes that danger to non-Jews was far less important to Mossad than a danger to Jews and the most they would offer was a 'low-key' warning to foreign governments and agencies over planned attacks. He describes how in 1983 Mossad learned that a Mercedes truck was being prepared to carry bombs which they believed was likely to target an American installation in Beirut, Lebanon, but Mossad chief Nahum Admoni passed on only a general warning with no specifics even though he had them. A Mercedes truck was then crashed through the barriers of the United States compound and killed 241 US Marines. Ostrovsky became disillusioned with Mossad's one-eyed cultural bias and that of Israel in

general. He writes:

> You know what Israelis say: 'If they weren't burning us in World War II they were helping, or if they weren't helping they were ignoring it.' Yet I don't remember anybody in Israel going out to demonstrate when all those people [nearly two million] were being murdered in Cambodia. So why expect everyone to get involved just for us? Does the fact that Jews have suffered give us the right to inflict pain and misery on others?

Ostrovsky freed himself from the Zionist-imposed perception and self-obsession programme. Many don't and when it is so constant and life-long it's easy to see why.

A history of attacking Americans

Put this Mossad information together with all that I have detailed in the last few chapters and it's clear that the Israel ultra-Zionist network (including all the Sayanim or collaborators located in the US and especially New York) most certainly had the capability to carry out 9/11 together with other Web operatives and place-people like Dick Cheney. The Israel-Mossad operation in America is shockingly vast and includes every area necessary to plan and play out the attacks and to protect those really involved while blaming those who were not. Ultra-Zionists controlled the White House, Capitol Hill, the Pentagon, media, Hollywood, law enforcement and investigation – even the removal of the evidence from Ground Zero and its transportation to Asia. They also had the motive to use 9/11 as the excuse to manipulate the United States into more wars in the Middle East against countries that Israel and its ultra-Zionist Neocons wanted to regime change and subjugate through violence and chaos. They had 'previous' in terms of attacking American targets and others in supposedly 'friendly' countries. Israeli fighter jets and torpedo boats attacked the *USS Liberty*, a US surveillance ship, during the Six Day War between Israel and Egypt and other Arab states in 1967. The *Liberty* was in international waters north of the Sinai Peninsula. Israel sought to hide the source of the attack to blame it on Egypt and cause conflict with the United States. The evidence against Israel became so overwhelming that the government was forced to apologise and pay compensation for the 44 American crew members who were killed and 171 wounded, plus severe damage to the ship. Israel claimed the *Liberty* was attacked by accident – yet another lie. Surviving crew members said it was quite clearly a premeditated attack. Israel was as always protected by the US authorities with the US Navy's Court of Inquiry holding hearings about the attack in closed sessions and survivors subjected to gag orders to stop them talking about what happened. Some, however, still have. A key player in the cover-up was

Admiral John S. McCain, then Commander-in-chief, Naval Forces Europe, and father of the late Israel fanatic US Senator John McCain. Israeli planes made eight reconnaissance trips to identify the *Liberty* over a period of three hours and the ship was flying a big US flag. To claim mistaken identity was laughable. The attack went on for two hours from air and submarine while communications from the *Liberty* were jammed by Israel. Even life rafts launched by survivors were hit by machine gun fire and no one was meant to survive. US fighter aircraft launched after Israel jamming was breached were ordered to turn back and a Russian ship reached the *Liberty* long before anyone from the US Navy. James Ennes Jr, a surviving officer of the *Liberty*, published a book exposing in detail how the Israeli attack was premeditated and no accident called *Assault on the Liberty*. Israel's response as always when anyone tells the truth about its psychopathic elements was that Ennes was ... yes, you got it ... 'anti-Semitic'. You're in shock, right? Ennes recalls how his friend Pat O'Malley, a junior officer, sent a list of the killed and wounded to the Bureau of Naval Personnel and an immediate message came back: 'Wounded in what action? Killed in what action? ... It wasn't an "action", it was an accident.' O'Malley's response was: 'I'd like for them to come out here and see the difference between an action and an accident. Stupid bastards.' Stupid, yes, but then excuses for Israel's outrageous behaviour have to hide the truth, or try to, with transparent lies.

The *Liberty* attack is only one in a long stream of examples that show how America's political and military leaders care far less about protecting American lives than they do Israel's reputation. Israel's far-right political, military and intelligence hierarchy has utter contempt for America and its people. Former Mossad agent Victor Ostrovsky reveals in *By Way of Deception* how in 1986 Israel used a communication system known as 'Trojan Horse' to transmit from an Israeli ship messages that appeared to be coming out of Libya and sent to Libyan embassies around the world in support of terrorism. The US National Security Agency (NSA) intercepted the 'Libyan' (Israeli) transmissions and the Reagan-Bush administration ordered an attack on Libyan airports, military bases and other targets that killed the four-year-old adopted daughter of Libyan leader Colonel Gaddafi. Just another casualty in ultra-Zionism's endless addiction to war and self-interest. Then there was the 1964 'Lavron Affair', named after Pinhas Lavron, Israeli's Minister of Defense, when Israel ran a campaign of terror bombings against British and American targets in Egypt which were planned to be blamed on Egyptians. It was an Israeli 'false flag', or Problem-Reaction-Solution, to demonise a Muslim enemy in the eyes of the West – just like 9/11. Only in 2005 did Israel accept that the bombings blamed on Egypt were carried out by Egyptian Jews overseen by Israeli intelligence.

Moshe Sharrett, Israel's second prime minister and a less extreme Zionist, named the terrorist Shimon Peres for involvement in the attacks on US targets in Egypt. Sharrett said that Peres and Lavron shared the same ideology and that Peres 'wants to frighten the West into supporting Israel's aims'. This was precisely the reason for Israel's involvement in 9/11 at a time when Peres was Minister of Foreign Affairs. Sharrett said of Peres:

> I have stated that I totally and utterly reject Peres and consider his rise to prominence a malignant, immoral disgrace. I will rend my clothes in mourning for the State if I see him become a minister in the Israeli government.

Peres would go on to be President of Israel, twice Prime Minister, an interim Prime Minister and 9/11 Foreign Affairs Minister.

How the West was stung

American investigative journalist Christopher Bollyn has been uncovering the Israel connection to 9/11 since first hearing about the 'Dancing Israelis' – the Mossad operatives cheering and celebrating the attacks as the first tower burned – and he has paid the price for his efforts in a campaign of hate against him by ultra-Zionist hate groups including the Anti-Defamation League (ADL). He was even subjected to a physical attack at his home by 'three heavily-armed unidentified men' in 2006 that were later identified to be undercover police. He suffered a fractured elbow and was hit with 50,000 volts from a Taser. The attack happened in front of his wife and eight-year-old daughter and to make things even more disgusting he was charged with 'resisting arrest'. Bollyn has published two highly recommended books, *Solving 9-11* and the more extensive *Solving 9-11 – the Original Articles*. His research when added to my own produce overwhelming confirmation of Israel's involvement in the attacks of September 11th, 2001. Bollyn writes in *Solving 9-11*:

> At every critical point where the events and circumstances of 9-11 should have been investigated and discussed, there has been a Zionist, a dedicated devotee of the State of Israel, occupying a key position and acting as the controller and censor of evidence – the gatekeeper of information.

Yes, and not only in positions to cover up, but also in those to make the attacks happen. The ultra-Zionist response is that Bollyn is 'anti-Semitic' (yawn). How strange – well, perhaps not – that hate groups like the ADL have attacked him for questioning 9/11 even in areas where he has made no mention of Jewish people or Zionism. The 'anti-Semitic'

Protection Racket tries to equate simply questioning the official story of 9/11 with 'anti-Semitism' as it does any claim in any shape or form of a global conspiracy to enslave humanity. Something is not right here and clearly it's not about protecting Jewish people, but something far deeper, sinister and all-encompassing. The appalling ADL (spawned by the appalling Rothschild B'nai B'rith) condemned Bollyn as early as November, 2001, for an article highlighting the *fact* that numerous witnesses and experts, including news reporters, said they heard or saw explosions immediately before the collapse of the Twin Towers. He did not mention a Jewish connection to this story in any way. Yet the ADL attacked the article and its author. Why would an organisation apparently dedicated to protecting Jewish people from discrimination get involved in condemning the factual reporting that witnesses saw and heard explosions? That might be obvious to many by the end of this book, but people must come to their own conclusions. Heads-up to Christopher Bollyn for his tireless work in uncovering the Zionist connections to 9/11. I don't know him and I'm sure we would disagree on many things about the world and religion, but on the cover up of Israel's involvement in the September 11th attacks we are most certainly in agreement. Given the evidence that will now follow how could *anyone* not be?

I'm going to return to the 9/11 sequence of events with a quote by the Russian-born Isser Harel, former chief of Haganah (terrorist) intelligence, Shin Bet domestic intelligence, and Mossad (1952 to 1963). Harel was Mossad chief when the Nazi Adolf Eichmann was captured in Argentina in a clandestine operation and flown to Israel in a diplomatic plane while disguised as a member of the crew. He was then executed by the Israelis. Nahum Admoni, the later Mossad director who failed to properly warn the United States about the deadly Mercedes truck attack in Beirut in 1983, served under Harel who was infamous for targeting people in 'friendly' countries of the West. Isser Harel resigned from Mossad over a terror campaign called Operation Damocles which included letter bombs and assassination attempts to intimidate German scientists to stop working with Egypt on a rocket programme. This 'Father of Israeli Intelligence', was interviewed in 1979 by 'Christian Zionist' journalist Michael D. Evans and predicted a terror attack by Muslims on 'your tallest building' which he mistakenly believed to be the Empire State Building. In fact, by then the title went to the World Trade Center Twin Towers opened in 1973 in a project suggested and orchestrated by mega Hidden Hand manipulator, David Rockefeller, and his brother Nelson. Three weeks after those buildings came down on September 11th Evans recalled his conversation with Harel in an article for *The Jerusalem Post*. He said Harel told him in 1979:

> New York City is the symbol of freedom and capitalism. It's likely they will strike the Empire State Building, your tallest building and a symbol of your power ...
>
> ... In Islamic theology, the phallic symbol is very important. Your biggest phallic symbol is New York City and your tallest building will be the phallic symbol they will hit.

It is not only Islamic theology that knows the emotional impact of symbolism – Death Cults like Sabbatian-Frankism are steeped in such knowledge and indeed symbolism is their secret language between initiates as I have explained in detail in my books. Associates of Isser Harel who would later be connected to the World Trade Center will enter the picture shortly. Benjamin Netanyahu also called a press conference on September 11th and handed out copies of his 1995 book, *Fighting Terrorism: How Democracies Can Defeat Domestic and International Terrorism*, to claim that he had predicted the attacks. This was after he had said that they were 'good for Israel'. He told journalists that he had foreseen 'militant Islam' seeking a confrontation with the 'Great Satan, the United States' and had suggested that those loyal to Iran might plant a nuclear bomb in the basement of the World Trade Center. He said that 9/11 would be a turning point in the history of the United States just as Pearl Harbor had been. Well, it was the '*new* Pearl Harbor' according to Boy Bush after the attacks which is exactly what the ultra-Zionist Project for the New American Century had said they needed to trigger their regime change plans in the Middle East and elsewhere. Netanyahu and other prominent ultra-Zionists had been campaigning throughout the 1990s for a US war on terrorism and that had been the foundation theme of the 1996 *Clean Break* document produced for then Prime Minister Netanyahu by a group headed by ultra-Zionist Richard Perle who in 2001 ahead of 9/11 entered the Bush administration in a Pentagon post. *Clean Break* provided the basis for the Project for the New American Century (PNAC) document in September, 2000, which has been the blueprint for US foreign policy under successive presidents ever since. The PNAC was co-founded by ultra-Zionists Robert Kagan and William Kristol, the latter of which was constantly appearing on cable news shows selling American wars in the Middle East in the wake of 9/11.

Ultra-Zionist domination

Before, during and after 9/11 the very ultra-Zionists and their gofers who demanded specific regime changes in Middle Eastern countries and said they needed 'a new Pearl Harbor' to achieve that end were in key positions in government and the Pentagon 'under' (over) puppet president Boy Bush. Among them were Dick Cheney, Vice President and

de-facto President; Donald Rumsfeld, Secretary of Defense; Paul Wolfowitz, Deputy Secretary of Defense; Douglas Feith, Under Secretary of Defense for Policy; Dov S. Zakheim, Pentagon comptroller overseeing the entire military budget; Richard Armitage, Deputy Secretary of State to Colin Powell; Elliot Abrams, a 'Special Assistant' to Bush on foreign policy and major architect of the invasion of Iraq who would be appointed by Donald Trump to oversee the attempted US coup in Venezuela; Richard N. Perle, Pentagon Policy Advisor and close associate of Benjamin Netanyahu; John Bolton, Under Secretary of State for Arms Control and International Security, Ambassador to the UN and Trump's National Security Advisor seeking to continue the PNAC campaign of war to this day; Lewis Libby, Chief of Staff to Cheney and close to Wolfowitz; James Woolsey, member of the Pentagon Defense Policy Board and former Director of the CIA; Robert B. Zoellick, Bush Trade Representative and Cabinet member.

Add to them the ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff, son of a Mossad agent, who was named United States Assistant Attorney General for the Criminal Division in 2001 and presided over the non-investigation of the attacks and the destruction of evidence from Ground Zero. Then there were ultra-Zionists Philip Zelikow, Executive Director of the 9/11 Commission who ran that non-investigation, and Judge Alvin K. Hellerstein, who oversaw all the cases in which 9/11 families refused to accept compensation that came with a no-legal action clause. They wanted their day in court where the evidence could be publicly presented and questioned. Hellerstein waged what has been called a 'war of attrition' in which the 96 families withdrew their legal action one by one until the last conceded in 2011. Still another ultra-Zionist, Judge Michael Mukasey, who would go on to be US Attorney General, had significant involvement in the post-9/11 sequence of events. Mukasey had refused demands to recuse himself in 1994 when he presided over a case stemming from the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center. It was claimed that his views and connections to Israel and Zionism put into question a fair trial for Muslims accused of terrorism. Never, surely! That's 'anti-Semitic'! Zionist-owned companies removed the debris from Ground Zero – crucial evidence for what actually happened and why the towers fell – and shipped it to Asia for smelting. Ultra-Zionist-owned companies connected to Israeli intelligence ran security at the World Trade Center and 9/11 airports and the computer systems of the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) and other government departments and agencies. The World Trade Center lease was owned by ultra-Zionist Larry Silverstein after a deal agreed with ultra-Zionist Lewis Eisenberg, head of the New York Port Authority, which had sold the lease into private hands for the first time months before the attacks. In all major areas of the 9/11 story can be found Zionists and ultra-Zionists

answering to Israel – which means Mossad, the military and behind them the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. This gave ultra-Zionists complete control of what happened in those buildings in the weeks before the planes struck. Given this background how can it possibly be dismissed that Israel and its octopus intelligence agency Mossad were involved in the attacks of September 11th? There is only one 'defence' put forward for such legitimate investigation of the facts – the 'anti-Semitism' mantra of the Protection Racket.

Terrorists in charge

The Israeli Prime Minister across 9/11 was the terrorist Ariel Sharon while his foreign minister was terrorist Shimon Peres. Sharon was a brutal psychopath, a commander in the Israeli military from its creation out of terrorist groups in 1948, and he became Prime Minister in March, 2001, just weeks after the ultra-Zionists came to power with Bush in the United States (Fig 135). Sharon was the Israeli Defense Minister who oversaw the mass slaughter of Palestinians in the Shatila refugee camp and the neighbourhood of Sabra in West Beirut during the 1982 Israeli invasion of Lebanon. Christian Lebanese militiamen allied to Israel and known as Phalangists were allowed into the camp and neighbourhood while the Israeli army looked on. They murdered up to 3,500 Palestinian and Lebanese civilians, mostly women, children and the elderly. Many were raped. Survivors were taken for questioning by the Phalangists and Israeli intelligence and many who were then handed back to the Phalangists by the Israelis were executed. *The New York Times* would reveal that Sharon and Israeli officials misled the United States before and during the atrocities about the safety of civilians. Israel's Prime Minister at the time was ultra-Zionist terrorist Menachem Begin. Sharon had contempt for the United States and saw it as a tool to secure Israeli ambitions. He was vocal in his calls for the US to remove Saddam Hussein after 9/11 which was straight from the wish-list of the ultra-Zionist Project for the New American Century. On the second day of the Sabra-Shatila massacre Israeli journalist Ron Ben-Yishai went to Sharon to tell him about reports of mass murder. Ben-Yishai recalled:

Figure 135: Israel's 9/11 Prime Minister, the psychopath Ariel Sharon.

> I found [Sharon] at home sleeping. He woke up and I told him 'Listen, there are stories about killings and massacres in the camps. A lot of our officers

> know about it and tell me about it, and if they know it, the whole world will know about it. You can still stop it.' I didn't know that the massacre actually started 24 hours earlier. I thought it started only then and I said to him 'Look, we still have time to stop it. Do something about it.' He didn't react.

An Israeli committee of inquiry, known as the Kahan Commission, decided that Sharon bore 'personal responsibility' for the massacre and recommended his removal. Menachem Begin removed him as Defense Minister, but kept him in the cabinet. Sharon went on to be Benjamin Netanyahu's Foreign Minister and eventually Prime Minister. This was the mentality running Israel at the time of 9/11.

Synchronicity or what?

Everything was in place with the right personnel and psychopathic mentality by the early months of 2001. All they needed for the PNAC plan to be implemented was – in their own words – a 'new Pearl Harbor' and 9/11 came along right on cue. All a coincidence, of course, and all this happened purely by chance. Move along again – nothing to see here. What are the chances of Netanyahu's close buddy, ultra-Zionist Larry Silverstein, buying the lease on the World Trade Center towers just weeks before they were attacked in the 'new Pearl Harbor'? Or that the man who sold the lease to Silverstein was ultra-Zionist Lewis Eisenberg, head of the New York Port Authority, and another friend of Netanyahu? Or that the one who successfully lobbied for the World Trade Center to be privatised and thus sold to Silverstein was ultra-Zionist billionaire Ronald Lauder of the Estée Lauder cosmetics company who was instrumental in Netanyahu becoming Israeli Prime Minister? But don't concern yourself – these coincidences happen all the time (Fig 136, 137 and 138). Lauder was chairman of the New York State Advisory Commission on Privatization and New York State Research Council on Privatization when he was pressing for the World Trade Center to be sold into private hands for the first time. Journalist Scott Robert Makufka (pen-name Victor Thorn) wrote in his book *9/11 Evil*:

Figure 136: Ultra-Zionist Larry Silverstein bought the World Trade Center lease weeks before 9/11 and increased the insurance in the event of a terrorist attack.

> Prior to 9/11, Netanyahu and Silverstein would speak on the phone every Sunday afternoon. [Netanyahu] becomes a key player in this scenario because he was the man who actually coined the term 'war on

terrorism', the official term for the never-ending, Israeli-induced war.

Silverstein's intimate friendship with Netanyahu and the every-Sunday phone calls have also been confirmed by Israeli paper, *Haaretz*, which said they had been close friends since Netanyahu was Israel ambassador to the United Nations in the 1980s. World Trade Center seller Lewis Eisenberg and buyer Larry Silverstein both held senior positions with the United Jewish Appeal Federation of Jewish Philanthropies of New York, a billion-dollar ultra-Zionist organisation and the biggest Israel fundraiser in America. Well, apart from the American taxpayer that is. Eisenberg was formerly vice president of ultra-Zionist Israel/Mossad mega-lobby group AIPAC and worked for ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs. Silverstein has been heavily involved with extreme right-wing Israeli politicians and Zionist organisations worldwide while Ronald Lauder was connected to the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, the World Jewish Congress, Jewish [apartheid] National Fund, American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, Abraham Fund, Jewish Theological Seminary, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. Lauder became president of the World Jewish Congress in 2007. It was incredible forethought in the circumstances that Silverstein took out so much extra insurance on the buildings in the case of a terrorist attack – just as it was such incredible good fortune that his wife made him a 'dermatology' appointment that stopped him being in the Windows on the World restaurant on the 106th and 107th floors of the North Tower that morning of 9/11 as he nearly always was with an 8.30am start. Two of his children, Roger and Lisa, were vice presidents of Silverstein Properties and also held breakfast meetings with tenants in the Windows on the World most days,

Figure 137: Ultra-Zionist Lewis Eisenberg, head of the New York Port Authority, agreed the World Trade Center deal with his friend Silverstein.

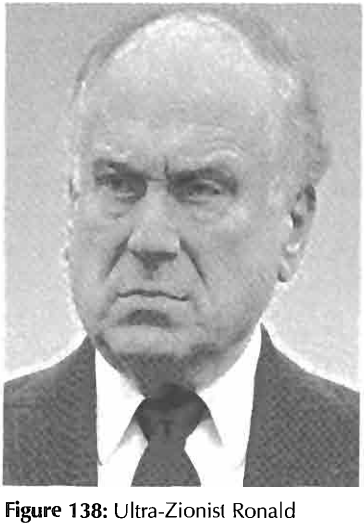

Figure 138: Ultra-Zionist Ronald Lauder of Estée Lauder pressed for the World Trade Center to be sold into private hands which turned out to be the sweaty palms of Larry Silverstein.

but they were at the chiropractor. No, sorry, they were both for different reasons 'running late'. Roger was in the parking garage of Silverstein's Building 7 when the first plane hit the North Tower while Lisa didn't get even that far. The *New York Observer* reported:

> [Silverstein's] son, Roger, and his daughter, Lisa, were working for him in temporary offices on the 88th floor of the W.T.C. north tower. Regular meetings with tenants in the weeks immediately following their July 26, 2001, takeover of the building were held each morning at Windows on the World. But on Sept. 11, Roger and Lisa Silverstein were running late. Meanwhile, Mr. Silverstein's wife of 46 years had laid down the law: The developer could not cancel an appointment with his dermatologist, even to meet with tenants at his most important property. If the attack had happened just a little later, Mr. Silverstein's children would likely have been trapped at Windows.

How fortunate they all were when you think that everyone in the restaurant when the plane struck – estimated at about 170 people – was killed because they could not escape before the tower collapsed. 'Lucky Larry', indeed, in fact, 'Lucky Silversteins'. More great fortune befell Geoffrey Wharton who Silverstein hired to manage and redevelop the property. He 'cut a meeting a little short' and left the restaurant with three other people, two of them senior officials with the New York Port Authority, minutes before the plane hit. They were the last people to leave the restaurant alive.

Lucky Larry – Lucky Frank

Ultra-Zionists Larry Silverstein (Silverstein Properties) and his partner, Frank Lowy (Westfield America Inc.), finalised a 99-year lease on the entire World Trade Center in July, 2001, five months before 9/11. They agreed to pay $3.2 billion after first being outbid. Silverstein got the WTC towers while Lowry took about 425,000 square feet of retail space known as the Mall. Included in the deal was the right for them to rebuild the structures if the properties were destroyed. The World Trade Centre lease had been purchased with a $124 million down-payment and Silverstein's personal investment was just $14 million. Other investors included Zionist real estate developers Lloyd Goldman and Joseph Cayre. Silverstein partner Frank Lowy joined the ultra-Zionist terror group, Haganah, in 1945 during the reign of murder and intimidation against Palestinians (Fig 139). He is a close associate of Israeli prime ministers, including Benjamin Netanyahu and Ehud Olmert, while Silverstein has been close to Netanyahu, Ariel Sharon and Ehud Barak. Sharon was Israel Prime Minister when 9/11 happened and the man he replaced, former Israeli military intelligence chief, Ehud Barak, was the one who immediately after the attacks flagged up Bin Laden and called

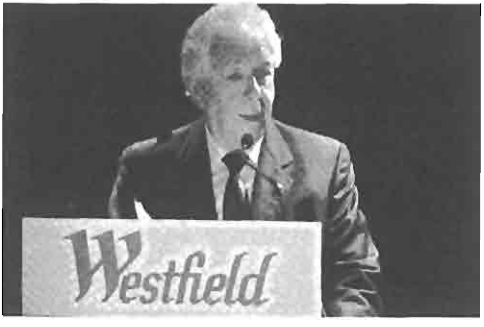

Figure 139: Frank Lowy.

for a war on terror and invasion of Afghanistan. Barak would also later order the mass murder of Palestinians in Gaza in 2008-2009 dubbed Operation Cast Lead. The purchase of the World Trade Center by Silverstein and Lowy bewildered many observers because the Twin Towers were considered a 'white elephant' with low occupancy rates, outdated technology and elevator systems and reports of toxic asbestos estimated to cost $200 million to remove. It appeared to be a really bad investment but after the attacks it became a hell of a deal. Silverstein said that he 'felt a compelling urge to own them'. Oh, I'm sure he did, but why? Silverstein and Lowry insured the complex for $3.55 billion and claimed twice that amount after the attacks on the basis that it involved two attacks and not one. Insurance companies eventually paid out $4.56 billion and Silverstein and Lowry were able to afford to replace the aging WTC with up-to-date buildings in the form of towers and a Mall. Some *24* companies insured the World Trade Center and lost massively, but even though the pay-out was dependent on the ludicrous official story being true (with no provable evidence) not a single one of them questioned the narrative which cost them so much. Silverstein had reportedly managed to control his shock at the attacks and grief at the dead for long enough to immediately hatch his plan for a double-pay-out. Steven Brill, author of *After: The Rebuilding and Defending of America in the September 12 Era*, said Silverstein told him he had not thought about the insurance until 'perhaps two weeks later' because of the tragedy. In fact Brill reports that according to two people who called Silverstein with their condolences the morning after 9/11 he quickly changed the subject:

> He had talked to his lawyers ... and he had a clear legal strategy mapped out. They were going to prove, Silverstein told one of the callers, that the way his insurance policies were written the two planes crashing into the two towers had been two different 'occurrences,' not part of the same event. That would give him more than $7 billion to rebuild, instead of the $3.55 billion that his insurance policy said was the maximum for one 'occurrence.' And rebuild was just what he was going to do, he vowed.

Apparently by mid-morning on September 12th Silverstein had called his architect David Childs and told him to start plans for a new

building with the same office space as those whose debris was still smouldering and full of human remains. Even this was not quite the same level of foresight that had seen Silverstein have the new Building 7 designed and planned in 2000, a year before the old one came down in the most obvious controlled demolition. Silverstein's lawyers are reported to have confirmed that he had phoned them on the night of 9/11 to ask 'whether his insurance policies could be read in a way that would construe the attacks as two separate insurable incidents rather than one'. It's amazing what people do when consumed by shock and grief. The original insurers were ACE, Marsh & McClennan and AIG all run by the ultra-Zionist Maurice Greenberg and family. The Greenbergs quickly sold on their responsibility before the attacks to the 24 other companies through a process called 'reinsuring' and they took the hit, not the Greenbergs. Not only 'Lucky Larry' and 'Lucky Silversteins', then, but 'Lucky Frank', 'Lucky Maurice' and 'Lucky Greenbergs' as well. Greenberg, a former deputy chairman of the Council on Foreign Relations, has connections to the CIA, Mossad operatives, the Anti-Defamation League Mossad front and he's a long-time associate of Henry Kissinger. Eight years before 9/11 Greenberg went into partnership with the ultra-Zionist Kroll family – Kroll and Associates would be responsible for security at the World Trade Center at the time of the 9/11 attacks and employ the ill-fated FBI counterterrorism chief John O'Neil as head of security shortly before the attacks that claimed his life. O'Neil had resigned from the FBI over blocks on his investigation of Obama bin Laden. Kroll and Greenberg will return to the story in due course. Larry Silverstein later received another big pay-out of nearly $9.52 million when he successfully sued American Airlines Group Inc., United Continental Holdings Inc., and other aviation-linked defendants for losses he claimed to have suffered over the 9/11 attacks. The litigation battle lasted for 13 years and was overseen by ultra-Zionist District Judge Alvin Hellerstein who also presided over civil litigation stemming from the attacks and prevented families of 9/11 victims getting their cases to court.

'High-fiving Israelis'

The 'Dancing Israelis' are the most obvious red-flag of Israeli involvement in 9/11 (Fig 140). A New Jersey housewife looked from her apartment window immediately after the first impact on the North Tower and saw young men kneeling on the roof of a white Chevrolet van with a New Jersey registration parked at Liberty State Park in Jersey City. They were filming the catastrophe from the waterside while hi-fiving each other, cheering and laughing. Other witnesses would describe the same van at another location with men who were 'celebrating and filming' and 'videotaping the disaster and shouting in

Figure 140: The 'Dancing Israelis'.

what was interpreted as cries of joy and mockery'. The men were filming and taking photographs of each other with the burning towers in the background. They were initially described as 'Middle Eastern' men – the same description attributed to the 'hijackers' by 'passengers on the planes'. These early reports added to the already gathering story that Arab terrorists were involved in the attacks (said to have been code-named 'The Big Wedding'), but the high-fivers would turn out to be Israelis. For sure they were 'Middle Eastern' only not the type that come to mind with that description. Indeed, as I've mentioned, the likeness of some Israelis to Arabs in their skin colour and features has proved useful for Mossad in anti-Arab covert operations over the years by Israeli 'Arabists'. The woman in New Jersey took down the licence plate and called the police. They and the FBI arrived and went in search of the vehicle which was registered to what turned out to be a Mossad front company called Urban Moving Systems. Later that afternoon law enforcement found the van and its five Israeli male occupants all in their 20s who they handcuffed and arrested. They would become known as the 'Dancing Israelis'. Among their belongings were two foreign passports and $4,700 in a sock. Sniffer dogs located evidence of explosives in the van which also contained box-cutters. The men were named as Sivan and Paul Kurzberg, Yaron Schmuel, Oded Ellner and Omer Marmari. The brothers Kurzberg were apparently known by law enforcement agencies to be Mossad operatives and Yaron Shmuel's LinkedIn profile is reported to describe expertise and experience with 'explosives' and 'secret services'. His Facebook page said his wedding was a year to the day after the attacks on September 11th, 2002. These were the men described by the woman observer as '... like happy, you know ...They didn't look shocked to me. I thought it was very strange'. Sivan Kurzberg, the van's driver, told police:

> We are Israeli. We are not your problem. Your problems are our problems. The Palestinians are the problem.

Investigative journalist Christopher Ketcham said that FBI spokesman Jim Margolin told him the Israelis explained away their joy by saying: 'The United States would now have to commit itself to

fighting [Middle East] terrorism, that Americans would have an understanding and empathy for Israel's circumstances, and that the attacks were ultimately a good thing for Israel.' The sentiments matched those of Benjamin Netanyahu on 9/11. Even if this explanation was correct – and it is far from the whole story – what level of empathy-deleted psychopathy does it take to be happy about the deaths of nearly 3,000 people because it is 'good for Israel'? This does, however, capture the We-and-Israel-are-all-that-matters mentality of ultra-Zionists. An FBI report said that one Israeli claimed the van was on the West Side Highway in New York at the time of the attack, but pictures were found of him and his colleagues at the scene where they were spotted cheering and filming. There was also a police report that another van was found with an extraordinary mural on the side. The incident is mentioned in a document by the Mineta Transportation Institute (MTI) at San Jose State University called 'Saving City Lifelines: Lessons Learned in the 9-11 Terrorist Attacks':

> A panel truck with a painting of a plane flying into the World Trade Center was stopped near the temporary command post. It proved to be rented to a group of ethnic Middle Eastern people who did not speak English. Fearing that it might be a truck bomb, the NYPD immediately evacuated the area, called out the bomb squad, and detained the occupants until a thorough search was made. The vehicle was found to be an innocent delivery truck.

Or *was* it? The original police report was recorded by Robert Stanford, Emergency Coordinator for the New York City District Amateur Radio Emergency Service, which taped hours of police and emergency service communications. An officer calls and reports:

> It's a big truck with a mural painted of an airplane diving into New York City and exploding. Don't know what's in the truck. The truck is in between 6th and 7th on King Street ... with a mural painted ... airplane ... diving into New York blowing up ... two men got out of the truck ... ran away from it, we got those two under ... got them under let's get some units ... we have both suspects under ... we have the suspects who ... drove the van – the van exploded ... we have both of them under ... let's get some help over here ...

Exploded? What on earth was that all about? And what happened to the two men arrested? Manhattan Fire Department Despatch was contacted by two separate fire units about the same 'truck bomb in King Street'. Television news reported that a van/truck full of explosives had been stopped with 'two or three occupants'. The Dancing Israelis were taken to Bergen County jail in New Jersey and then to the FBI Foreign Counterintelligence Section. Dominik Suter, the Israeli owner of Urban

Moving Systems in New Jersey, was questioned by the FBI and another interview was scheduled, but Suter fled to Israel before it could happen and he has since been reported to have returned to the United States clearly in the knowledge that the FBI would leave him alone. Suter apparently surfaced on the Internet in 2012 to say allegations about him were only being made to 'spread hate and anti-Semitism'. So bloody original. ABC reporters who went to Urban Moving Systems said it looked like people left in a big hurry. Cell phones were lying around, office phones were still connected, and the property of dozens of clients remained in the warehouse. Dominik Suter owned some 14 businesses in the United States in New Jersey, New York and Florida – locations that had been connected to an Israeli spy ring that I will describe shortly. Urban Moving Systems was given a $498,750 business loan from the Federal Government Assistance Program in June, 2001, that would never be repaid. New York-based Jewish publication *The Forward* would later report that Urban Moving Systems was a front for Mossad and two of the men were known Mossad agents. Victor Ostrovsky highlighted in his book eleven years earlier the 'hundreds' of 'shell companies' operated by Mossad worldwide 'with an address, a registered number, just waiting to come to life'. Many use Arabs as front owners and cover while Mossad and Israelis are really in control. Ostrovsky said Mossad even kept money in these companies, enough to file tax returns and avoid raising suspicions:

> At headquarters, five rooms were filled with the paraphernalia of dummy companies, listed in alphabetical order, and set up in a pull-out box. There were eight rows of shelves and 60 boxes per shelf in each of the five rooms. The information included a history of each company, all its financial statements, a history of its logo, who it was registered with, anything at all that a katsa [case officer] might be expected to know about the company.

The 'Dancing Israelis' were held in custody for visa fraud and questioned by the FBI for two months. They failed polygraph tests in which they tried to portray themselves as students. FBI agents believed that at least two of them were Mossad operatives and the others were surveillance volunteers. Documents found at the offices of Urban Moving Systems suggested they were focussing on the big Muslim community in Patterson, New Jersey. The mother of one of those arrested was quoted by Israeli daily *Haaretz* as saying the five had worked for the company for between two months and two years.

The cover-up

The Bush White House and ultra-ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff, head of the [In]Justice Department's Criminal Division and with deep

connections to Israel, ordered the release of the five after 71 days in custody and they flew back to Israel after being accused only of 'passport violations'. Three of the five – not the Mossad Kurzberg brothers – appeared on Israeli television on their return and said they were there 'to document the event'. To 'document' an event on a single camera from the other side of the river when it was being filmed from all angles by the US mass media and broadcast around the world? And explain the high-fives, the laughing and cheering at a disaster for America that would lead to the deaths of thousands of people. If they were there before the first tower was hit how did they know it was going to happen? If they were there immediately after the strike (which they were at the *very* latest) how did they know it was a 'terrorist attack'? Even Michael Chertoff said that 'like many people at the time, I thought it was a pilot error'. Boy Bush claimed the same. Yet these Israelis somehow knew? An *ABC News* report in June, 2002, interviewed Vincent Cannistraro, former chief of operations for counterterrorism with the CIA, who said some of the names of the five Israelis appeared as 'hits' on an FBI national intelligence database. Journalist Christopher Ketcham, writing for *Counterpunch*, said Cannistraro told him that 'the FBI investigation operated on the premise that the Israelis had foreknowledge'. The *Bergen Record* in New Jersey quoted 'an investigator high up in the Bergen County law enforcement' as saying: 'It looked like they knew what was going to happen when they were at Liberty State Park.' Marc Perelman, a reporter with Jewish-American *The Forward* , a long-standing New York magazine for Jewish-Americans, said his sources claimed the Israelis admitted to the existence of a spy ring and apologised after American authorities confronted them at the end of 2001. Christopher Ketcham wrote:

> Before such issues had been fully explored, however, the investigation was shut down. Following what ABC News reported were 'high-level negotiations between Israeli and U.S. government officials', a settlement was reached in the case of the five Urban Moving Systems suspects. Intense political pressure apparently had been brought to bear. The reputable Israeli daily Haaretz reported that by the last week of October 2001, some six weeks after the men had been detained, Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage [Project for the New American Century] and two unidentified 'prominent New York congressmen' were lobbying heavily for their release.
>
> According to a source at ABC News close to the 20/20 report, high-profile [ultra-Zionist] criminal lawyer Alan Dershowitz also stepped in as a negotiator on behalf of the men to smooth out differences with the U.S. government. (Dershowitz declined to comment for this article.) And so, at the end of November 2001, for reasons that only noted they had been working in

the country illegally as movers, in violation of their visas, the men were flown home to Israel.

Ultra-Zionist Dershowitz, a massive supporter of Netanyahu, was on the legal team that secured an outrageous plea deal for ultra-Zionist billionaire paedophile Jeffrey Epstein which allowed him to avoid the long jail sentence which the charges should have involved. The five Dancing Israelis had the nerve to sue the US government in 2004 because 'their detention was illegal and their civil rights were violated, suffering racial slurs, physical violence, religious discrimination, rough interrogations, deprivation of sleep, and many other offenses'. Their lawyer was Nitsana Darshan-Leitner, founder of the Shurat HaDin Israel Law Center which is closely connected with the Israeli government. The Center is one of many Israel 'lawfare' operations around the world which target critics of Israel with lawsuits to intimidate them into silence. Israel-owned (to his bone marrow) Donald Trump would later talk about Muslims celebrating 9/11 that day in New York when they were actually Israelis who were certainly not acting alone. A 579-page report on the case was partly declassified in 2005 but won't be fully so until *2035*. Why? France-based journalist Hisham Hamza read through the declassified sections for his book *Israel and September 11: The Great Taboo*. Included were photographs confirming the Israelis' delight at what had happened and one said that 'the United States should now take steps to stop terrorism in the world.' Given that at least one witness saw them in position at 8am and others say that within five minutes of the North Tower strike they saw the group taking pictures – how did they know what was about to happen? A former Urban Moving Systems employee told the FBI, according to the report, that the atmosphere was fantastically pro-Israel and anti-American and director Dominik Otto Suter had said: 'Give us 20 years and we will seize and destroy your media and your country.' *The Record*, the newspaper of Bergen County in New Jersey, quoted an employee as saying the majority of his colleagues were Israeli and that they were happy about the attacks: 'I was in tears. These guys were joking and that bothered me.' The five Israelis arrested were in contact with another company called Classic International Movers and four of its employees were interviewed separately about links with the 19 alleged hijackers. One of them had called 'an individual in South America with genuine links to Islamic militants in the Middle East'. Was the cheering and whooping meant to appear to be by Arabs? Reports believed them at first to be 'Arabs' or 'Palestinians' and an anonymous call to police in Jersey City, reported by *NBC News*, described 'a white van with two or three guys on the inside, they look like Palestinians and they are circling around a building'. The caller said one of them 'is mixing things and he has a 'sheikh's outfit on ... He is

dressed like an Arab.' Journalist Paulo Lima, working for *The Record*, said that police sources he interviewed were convinced of Israeli involvement in the attacks. They told him:

> There are maps of the city in the car with certain places highlighted. It looked like they're hooked in with this. It looked like they knew what was going to happen when they were at Liberty State Park.

The Israeli US spy ring (and what else?)

Fox News reported that Israeli intelligence was involved in a major spying operation in the United States in 2001 and across 9/11 which involved the creation of front companies to hide the identity of Mossad agents who were coordinated via the Mossad station in Washington DC. These 'companies' operated in Florida (where most of the 'pilot hijackers' attended 'flight school'), California and New Jersey – home of 'Urban Moving Systems'. Florida seems to have been the main centre of Mossad operations and this is where 'Mohamed Atta' was located before 9/11. One of their cover stories was to pose as 'art students' and among them was 'art student' Hanan Serfaty who rented two apartments in Hollywood, Florida, close to where Atta lived. Once again Victor Ostrovsky had highlighted eleven years before how Israeli students are often used by Mossad for covert operations. The Mossad 'art student' intelligence scam was focussed on US military secrets and other information and surveillance and the story was told in a series of reports by Fox News in 2002. Israel had been famously caught spying on the US with the conviction of Jonathan Pollard, a former US government intelligence analyst, who was jailed for life in 1987 after he admitted passing a very large stash of classified information including nuclear secrets to Israel which, in turn, traded them on to the Soviet Union. This was in the period when Mossad operatives were keeping close surveillance on the United States and other countries through illegal 'back-door' software which I will be describing in more detail because it has key relevance to 9/11 and how the attacks were pulled off. Fox News reports (quickly deleted from their website) said that US agencies believed Israeli spies were at work again in 2001 and German newspaper *Die Zeit* also uncovered details of a major Israeli spy ring operating across America with some agents masquerading as art students trying to sell 'their' work. The UK *Daily Telegraph* reported the contents of a leaked 60-page internal report by the US Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) which revealed that 200 young Israelis, among them former members of military intelligence units, had been arrested in the United States. The report was compiled in June, 2001, by the DEA's Office of Security Programs and was meant only for the eyes of senior officials at the [In]Justice Department. Someone leaked the document to

the media in December, 2001, and it was widely circulated by the following March. Israelis had used cover stories (we're 'art students') to gain access to sensitive government buildings and homes of American officials. The report said the actions 'may well be an organised intelligence-gathering activity'. *May?* Around 140 Israelis were arrested earlier in 2001 before the 9/11 attacks and another 60 afterwards. The DEA report said most of the 'students' admitted serving in units of the Israeli military 'specialising in military intelligence, electronic signals interception or *explosive ordnance*'. Expertise in explosives and computer programming was a common theme. Former Mossad agent Victor Ostrovsky reveals in *By Way of Deception* a level of Mossad operative known as 'combatants' who are recruited from the Israeli general public from all walks of life – doctors, lawyers, engineers, academics. He said most pose as Europeans and operate as every-day people doing every-day occupations:

> Many bridges in Arab countries had bombs planted in the concrete by combatants during their construction – all combatants are trained in demolition techniques. In the case of war, these bridges could be easily demolished by a combatant sent in to detonate the explosives.

Some of the arrested Israelis were linked to high-ranking officials in the Israeli military. One was the son of an Israeli general, another was a bodyguard to the head of the Israeli Army and a third served in a Patriot missile unit. Peer Segalovitz, one of those arrested, served in the 605 Battalion in the Golan Heights and 'acknowledged he could blow up buildings, bridges, cars, and anything else that he needed to', the DEA report said. 'That these people are now travelling in the US selling art seems not to fit their background.' Fox reporter Carl Cameron said that in the wake of 9/11 more than 60 Israelis had been arrested and detained under anti-terrorism laws or for immigration violations and among them were 'a handful of active Israeli military'. Some of those arrested had failed polygraph tests when asked if they were spying on and in the United States. Cameron said investigators suspected that Israel operatives could have gathered intelligence about the 9/11 attacks and not shared it with American authorities (see the bombing of the US base in Beirut in 1983). A 'highly-placed investigator' had said that there were 'tie-ins'. When asked to elaborate on this Cameron quotes the investigator as saying:

> Evidence connecting these Israelis to 9/11 is classified. I cannot tell you about evidence that has been gathered. It is classified information.

Massive US Mossad network

Cameron said that numerous classified documents obtained by Fox News indicated Israelis had been arrested or detained in a 'secretive and sprawling investigation into espionage by Israel in the United States'. This is the same Israel to which the American taxpayer hands over billions of dollars a year in 'aid'. What gratitude, eh? A report by the US General Accounting Office said: 'According to a US intelligence agency, country A (Israel) conducts the most aggressive espionage operation against the US of any US ally.' The *Washington Times* highlighted a report by the US Army School for Advanced Military Studies at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, which called Mossad a 'wildcard ... ruthless and cunning ... [with the] capability to target US forces and make it look like a Palestinian/Arab act'. The *Washington Times* story was published on September 10th, 2001. Talk about prophetic. A Defense Intelligence report emphasised that Israel possessed the resources and technical capability to achieve its objectives. A working group of US agencies had been compiling evidence against Israel since the mid-1990s and hundreds of incidents had been logged in towns and cities across the country that 'may well be an organised intelligence-gathering activity', Fox reporter Cameron said. The first part of the Defense Intelligence investigation focussed on Israelis who said they were art students from the 'University of Jerusalem' who made repeated contacts with government personnel by saying they wanted to sell 'cheap art or handiwork' and they targeted and penetrated military bases, law enforcement including the FBI, and dozens of other government facilities. They did the same even with unlisted offices and private homes of law enforcement and intelligence personnel. Another part of the investigation led to the arrest of dozens of Israelis selling toys in 'mall kiosks' which was believed to be a front. The kiosks, in San Diego, Kansas City, Cleveland, Houston and St Louis, began to disappear after the Israeli arrests were reported by *The New York Times* and *Washington Post*. Israel denied spying on the US which was the same response they gave when Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard was caught and they later had to admit that Pollard was indeed spying for them. The Israeli authorities have a simple policy – lie until you have absolutely been proved to be lying and then, and only then, admit you lied. Journalist Christopher Ketcham wrote a detailed article for Salon.com in May, 2002, headed 'The Israeli "art student" mystery' and the sub-heading captured its conclusions:

> For almost two years, hundreds of young Israelis falsely claiming to be art students haunted federal offices – in particular, the DEA. No one knows why – and no one seems to want to find out.

Ketcham describes how, in January, 2001, the security branch of the US Drug Enforcement Administration began to receive a number of strange reports from DEA field offices across the country of young Israelis claiming to be art students and offering artwork for sale while attempting to penetrate DEA offices for more than a year. The Israelis had also attempted to penetrate the offices of other law enforcement and Department of Defense agencies. 'Strangest of all, the "students" had visited the homes of numerous DEA officers and other senior federal officials', Ketcham said. The DEA appeared to have been targeted in what it called an 'organized intelligence gathering activity'. In some cases, the Israelis had visited locations not known to the public and without street addresses, plus DEA offices not publicly identified. Authorities suspected that information had been gathered from prior surveillance or perhaps electronically, from credit cards and other sources. Ketcham said one Israeli was discovered holding banking receipts for close to $180,000 in withdrawals and deposits over a two-month period:

> Reports of the mysterious Israelis with an inexplicable interest in peddling art to G-men came in from more than 40 US cities and continued throughout the first six months of 2001. Agents of the DEA, ATF, Air Force, Secret Service, FBI, and US Marshals Service documented some 130 separate incidents of 'art student' encounters. Some of the Israelis were observed diagramming the inside of federal buildings. Some were found carrying photographs they had taken of federal agents. One was discovered with a computer printout in his luggage that referred to 'DEA groups'.

The Office of the National Counterintelligence Executive, a branch of the CIA, issued a warning to federal employees in March, 2001, about 'suspicious visitors to federal facilities' – 'employees have observed both males and females attempting to bypass facility security and enter federal buildings.' The warning said that Federal agents had 'arrested two of these individuals for trespassing and discovered that the suspects possessed counterfeit work visas and green cards'. Salon.com said it had established that none of the Israelis were enrolled in the art school most of them claimed to be attending and the other college where they claimed to be enrolled did not exist. Ketcham wrote:

> The 'art students' followed a predictable modus operandi. They generally worked in teams, typically consisting of a driver, who was the team leader, and three or four subordinates. The driver would drop the 'salespeople' off at a given location and return to pick them up some hours later. The 'salespeople' entered offices or approached agents in their offices or homes.

> Sometimes they pitched their artwork – landscapes, abstract works, homemade pins and other items they carried about in portfolios. At other times, they simply attempted to engage agents in conversation.
>
> If asked about their studies, they generally said they were from the Bezalel Academy of Arts and Design in Jerusalem or the University of Jerusalem (which does not exist). They were described as 'aggressive' in their sales pitch and 'evasive' when questioned by wary agents. The females among them were invariably described as 'very attractive' – 'blondes in tight shorts or jeans, real lookers,' as one DEA agent put it to Salon. 'They were flirty, flipping the hair, looking at you, smiling. 'Hey, how are you? Let me show you this.'

Agents noted that the 'students' made repeated attempts to avoid security personnel by trying to enter federal buildings through back doors and side entrances and suspicious agents visited at home noticed how the Israelis did not approach any of the neighbours. Anna Werner at KHOU-TV in Houston, Texas, reported that 'government guards have found those so-called students trying to get into [secure federal facilities in Houston] in ways they're not supposed to – through back doors and parking garages'. The 'students' had appeared at the DEA's Houston headquarters, at the Leland Federal Building in Houston, and even the federal prosecutor's office. They seemed to be monitoring the buildings. 'Guards at the Earle Cabell Federal Building in Dallas found one "student" wandering the halls with a floor plan of the site', Werner reported, and she said her sources had described a similar pattern at federal buildings in New York, Florida, and six other states, including '36 sensitive Department of Defense sites'. For more than 18 months the Israeli 'art students' were encountered with the same modus operandi in Atlanta, Chicago, Denver, Detroit, El Paso, Los Angeles, Miami, Orlando, New Orleans, Phoenix, San Diego, Little Rock, Seattle, Washington DC, Arlington, Texas, Albuquerque and 'dozens of other small cities and towns'. A former Defense Department analyst told Anna Werner that such activity suggested a terrorist organisation 'scouting out potential targets and ... looking for targets that would be vulnerable'. All this is incredible enough, but even more so is that the 'students' ended up being deported and not charged with the federal offences they were committing. The Web and Sabbatian-Frankists looks after its own. Six of the 'students' were reported to have cell phones purchased by a former Israeli vice consul to the United States. French daily *Le Monde* reported that two of the 'students' had travelled in a single day from Hamburg to Miami to visit an FBI agent in his home, then went on to Chicago and visited the home of an [In]Justice Department agent before taking a direct flight to Toronto. Hamburg was the alleged one-time location of 'student' 'Mohammed Atta' or Mohamed El-Amir. Highly suspiciously

the US [In]Justice Department tried to trash the story as an 'urban myth' and claimed the DEA report, or memo, was written by a 'disgruntled agent' when clearly this was not the case. Salon's Christopher Ketcham puts the 'urban myth' nonsense into its true perspective:

> The memo is a compilation of field reports by dozens of named agents and officials from DEA offices across America. It contains the names, passport numbers, addresses, and in some cases the military ID numbers of the Israelis who were questioned by federal authorities. Pointing a finger at the author is like blaming a bank robbery on the desk sergeant who took down the names of the robbers.

Salon approached agents named in the memo and all confirmed that the information was correct. It was a fantastic scoop for proper journalists, but they are a rare and dying species. The story was dismissed by the ultra-Zionist-owned *Washington Post* and ignored completely by the ultra-Zionist-owned *New York Times*. Ketcham notes that 'the *Post's* "debunking" and the *Times'* silence ... effectively killed the story'. The UK-based Jane's Information Group, an intelligence and military analysis service, said: 'It is rather strange that the US media seems to be ignoring what may well be the most explosive story since the 11 September attacks – the alleged break-up of a major Israeli espionage operation in the USA.' Not so strange if you know how The Web operates and the power and influence that the Sabbatian-Frankist and ultra-Zionist network has over the American government and media. Ketcham wrote:

> Some of the same pressures that keep government officials from criticizing Israel may also explain why the media has failed to pursue the art student enigma. Media outlets that run stories even mildly critical of Israel often find themselves targeted by organized campaigns, including form-letter emails, the cancellation of subscriptions, and denunciations of the organization and its reporters and editors as anti-Semites.
>
> [Fox News reporter] Cameron, for example, was excoriated by various pro-Israel lobbying groups for his exposé. Representatives of the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA), the Anti-Defamation League (ADL), and the Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America (CAMERA) argued that the Fox report cited only unnamed sources, provided no direct evidence, and moreover had been publicly denied by spokesmen for the FBI and others (the last, of course, is not really an argument).

Carl Cameron's reports on the Israeli ring were deleted within four days from the news pages and archives by Fox along with all transcripts,

links and headlines. Robert Zimmerman, a Fox News spokesman, told *Le Monde* that this was normal when it most certainly wasn't. Zimmerman made an utterly lame excuse about 'bandwidth' on the news pages but when told the report series was also gone from the archives he said: 'I don't know where it is.' How absolutely appropriate that the Israeli government spokesman quoted by Salon denying the 'spy ring' story was Mark Regev, a long-time Netanyahu mass murder apologist and Israeli ambassador in London when embassy asset Shai Masot was plotting to 'take down' a British government minister over criticism of Israel. Regev, who changed his name from Mark Freiberg, was a spokesman at the Israeli embassy in Washington at the time of 9/11 and the 'spy' ring. Regev told Salon that 'no American official or intelligence agency has complained to us about this'. They wouldn't dare, but this was his best line: 'Israel does not spy on the United States.' As lies go they don't get much more bare-faced. How about the 1996 US General Accounting Office report which said that Israel 'conducts the most aggressive espionage operation against the United States of any U.S. ally' or the 1997 Defense Investigative Service memo warning that 'Israel aggressively collects [US] military and industrial technology' and 'possesses the resources and technical capability to successfully achieve its collection objectives'? How about Jonathan Pollard? Is Regev lying? Are his lips moving?

Mossad and 9/11 'hijackers' – the Florida connection

Israel's 'spying' operation was said to be keeping surveillance on suspected Muslim terrorists in the United States, but if that was the case why would they appear so often at locations relating to the Drug Enforcement Administration and at homes of government and military personnel? Indications emerged in DEA investigations of some connections to drug-trafficking and that would make sense with Mossad and the CIA heavily involved in this trade and 9/11 'lead hijacker' Mohamed Atta working with drug-trafficking through Venice Airport in Florida. Fox reporter Carl Cameron said he was told that a lot of information had been pieced together to strongly suggest that the Israelis knew about 9/11 beforehand. He quotes one intelligence source as asking 'how could they not have known?' This would explain the behaviour of the 'Dancing Israelis'. German weekly *Der Spiegel* reported:

> An entire troop of Israeli terror investigators disguised as students took to the tracks of Arabic terrorists and their cells in the USA between December 2000 and April 2001. During their undercover investigations, the Israelis came very close to the later perpetrators of September 11. In Hollywood, Florida they located both of the former Hamburg students and later terrorist pilots Mohamed Atta and Marwan al-Shehhi as potential terrorists. Agents settled

> down in immediate proximity of their apartment and observed the seemingly normal flight school students around the clock.

Here we have Mossad agents specifically living near and staking out the very people who would later be – wrongly – blamed for the 9/11 attacks. *What?* The idea that this all ended in April, 2001, is simply not believable when Mossad agents and operatives were on the scene of the attacks to film and celebrate. The spin when news of the Israeli 'hijacker' surveillance came to light was that Mossad handed over details of the 'hijackers' to American authorities in August, 2001 (why the wait since the April?), but they did not pass on specifics only vague possibilities (Mossad modus operandi). Investigative journalist Christopher Bollyn highlights the Israeli and Mossad connection to Florida which he calls 'the central networking base and staging area for the "false flag" terror attacks of 9-11'. How clear this is with 15 of the 19 alleged 'hijackers' based in southern Florida where the Israeli 'spy ring' was also based. Is this yet another coincidence? Florida's governor at the time was Boy Bush's brother, the Israel fanatic, Jeb Bush. A secret government report sourced to the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) identified Florida and the small city of Hollywood (ten miles from Fort Lauderdale and 20 from Miami) as the centre of the Mossad 'art student' ring: 'The Hollywood, Florida, area seems to be a central point for these individuals with several having addresses in this area.' Yes – the same area that 9/11 'lead hijacker' Mohamed Atta lived in the same period and the location with connections to 15 of the 19 alleged 9/11 'hijackers'. Christopher Ketcham wrote in his Salon article:

> One Israeli was discovered holding banking receipts for substantial sums of money, close to $180,000 in withdrawals and deposits over a two-month period. A number of the Israelis resided for a period of time in Hollywood, Fla, – the small city where Mohammed Atta and three terrorist comrades lived for a time before Sept. 11.

Intelligence Online, a Paris-based espionage publication, reported in detail on the DEA report and said that more than a third of the students located in 42 cities lived in Florida and most notably in Hollywood and nearby Fort Lauderdale. Hanan Serfaty, a 'former' Israeli military intelligence officer, sorry 'art student', rented two Hollywood apartments close to the mail drop and apartment of Mohamed Atta and other alleged 'hijackers'. Serfaty rented an apartment at 4220 Sheridan Street and 701 South 21st Avenue in Hollywood. Atta's mail-drop was at 3389 Sheridan Street and he lived with Marwan al-Shehhi, alleged 'pilot' on Flight 175, in a rented apartment at 1818 Jackson Street close to South 21st Avenue. Christopher Ketcham points out that Hollywood, just

north of Miami, was home during 2001 to nine alleged 'hijackers' with six in the surrounding area and that among the 120 suspected Israeli spies posing as art students more than 30 lived in the Hollywood area with ten in Hollywood itself:

> As noted in the DEA report, many of these young men and women had training as intelligence and electronic intercept officers in the Israeli military – training and experience far beyond the compulsory service mandated by Israeli law. Their 'traveling in the U.S. selling art seem not to fit their background', according to the DEA report.

The same coincidence can be found in New Jersey as Ketcham highlighted in his *Counterpunch* article which, despite this background, accepts the official 9/11 story:

> All five future hijackers of American Airlines Flight 77, which rammed the Pentagon, maintained addresses or were active within a six-mile radius of towns associated with the Israelis employed at Urban Moving Systems. Hudson and Bergen counties, the areas where the Israelis were allegedly conducting surveillance, were a central staging ground for the hijackers of Flight 77 and their fellow al-Qaeda operatives.
>
> Mohamed Atta maintained a mail-drop address and visited friends in northern New Jersey; his contacts there included Hani Hanjour, the suicide pilot for Flight 77, and Majed Moqed, one of the strongmen who backed Hanjour in the seizing of the plane. Could the Israelis, with or without knowledge of the terrorists' plans, have been tracking the men who were soon to hijack Flight 77?

No wonder that Ketcham says that 'in retrospect, the fact that a large number of "art students" operated out of Hollywood is intriguing, to say the least'. Now, as coincidences go, these really are major league:

> In fact, an improbable series of coincidences emerges from a close reading of the 2001 DEA memo, the 9/11 Commission's staff statements and final report, FBI and Justice Department watch lists, hi-jacker timelines compiled by major media and statements by local, state and federal law enforcement personnel.
>
> In at least six urban centers, suspected Israeli spies and 9/11 hijackers and/or al-Qaeda-connected suspects lived and operated near one another, in some cases less than half a mile apart, for various periods during 2001 in the run-up to the attacks. In addition to northern New Jersey and Hollywood, Florida, these centers included Arlington and Fredericksburg, Virginia; Atlanta; Oklahoma City; Los Angeles; and San Diego.

Statistical chance alone rules out coincidence and puts 9/11 into a whole new context. What's more we are only just beginning to expose the evidence that implicates Israel and its Sabbatian-Frankist control network.

Mossad patsies?

Were the 'hijackers' really assets – patsies – of Mossad (along with Sabbatian-Frankist elements of US agencies)? I say they were and almost certainly had no idea what they were being set up for. Ali al-Jarrah, a Lebanese cousin of alleged 9/11 hijacker Ziad Jarrah (Flight 93), was recruited by Israeli intelligence in 1983 after the 1982 Israeli invasion of Lebanon. *The New York Times* reported how he spied for Mossad in Lebanon and Syria for 25 years and communicated his findings by satellite phone. He also visited Israel on an Israeli passport and is reported to have been paid hundreds of thousands of dollars. His brother Yusuf is claimed to have helped him before Ali al-Jarrah ended up in a Lebanese jail for betraying his country. Until his work for Israeli intelligence was uncovered al-Jarrah appeared to friends to be 'an earnest supporter of the Palestinian cause'. His friends and colleagues were said to be 'in shock over the extent of his deceptions: the carefully disguised trips abroad, the unexplained cash, the secret second wife'. Many Arabs have been caught over the years working for Israel with a substantial number subjected to blackmail or avoiding long jail sentences. Threats to families will be in there, too, for sure. Journalist Robert Freidman wrote in *The Village Voice* that 'Ahmad Ajaj, a 27-year-old West Bank Palestinian being held in federal custody for conspiring to bomb the World Trade Center [in 1993], may have been a Mossad mole, according to Israeli intelligence sources'. Freidman, writing six months after the bombing, said Ajaj was convicted for counterfeiting in Israel and sentenced to two-and-one-half years. He quoted Israeli intelligence sources as saying Ajaj was recruited by Mossad at this time. Ajaj was released after just one year and suddenly became a 'radical Muslim' when before he was just a 'petty crook'. He was then arrested for smuggling weapons into the West Bank. Friedman said:

> ... Israeli intelligence sources say that the arrest for weapons smuggling, and Ajaj's subsequent torture and deportation, were staged by Mossad to establish his credentials as an intifada activist. Mossad allegedly 'tasked' Ajaj to infiltrate radical Palestinian groups operating outside Israel and to report back to Tel Aviv. Israeli intelligence sources say that it is not unusual for Mossad to recruit from the ranks of common criminals [it makes them feel at home].

This is how espionage works. Nothing is ever what it seems. It could

well be that the wide-ranging and often not very subtle behaviour of most of the Israeli 'art students' was meant to be a diversion and cover for the real deal going on behind that smokescreen. The truth about the alleged 9/11 'hijackers' in terms of their movements will never be truly known because of the potential use of doubles, identity swaps, fake passports and so on – all of them signatures of Mossad and other intelligence agencies. I mentioned earlier how the Florida *Sun-Sentinel* reported 17 days after the 9/11 attacks:

> At least six of the suspected terrorists had two sets of driver's licenses issued by Florida, which would have allowed two or more people to use the same identity ... Many of the suspected terrorists, it is becoming increasingly clear, swapped identities as part of their preparations for the Sept 11 attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, according to a Sun-Sentinel review of documents, interviews and published reports.

How would a double know that he had a double and how would they know if someone else was using false documents purporting to be them?

Bollyn's experience

9/11 investigator Christopher Bollyn recalls how he stayed at a hotel in Miami in 2006 located among under-construction hotels being built by Donald Trump and his ultra-Zionist Israeli-American partners of Russian-descent, Michael and Gil Dezer (Dezertzov). The Dezer family are financial supporters of the Israeli Defense Forces. Bollyn went for a walk with his wife and found a beach store called Wings. The logo reminded him of the 'wings' worn by Israeli pilots and his wife noticed a computer screen filled by an image of the Israeli flag. He asked a Middle-Eastern-looking man behind the counter if he was from Israel and he confirmed that he was and that the store was Israeli-owned. Bollyn only ever saw young men of military age working at the store and they were the same age-group as those Israeli-operatives masquerading as 'art students'. Wings had a large warehouse attached to the store – unlike most beachwear outlets – with two trucks parked at the side of the building. Bollyn observed in *Solving 9- 11*:

> Every time we walked by the Wings store we never saw any customers; the store was always empty. This seemed odd because they must have had very high overhead costs. Nothing about this store made sense. It seemed to me more like a logistics base that operated a beachwear store as a front, not unlike the shuttered Urban Moving Systems outfit I had visited in Weehawken, New Jersey.

Bollyn later established that Israeli-owned Wings had 'a whole chain' of stores in Florida and the East Coast as well as Texas and the West Coast. Their corporate office and warehouse was on a low-rent industrial park at 2800 NW 125th Street in Miami in a building shared with a company selling art products – Empire Art Products Inc. Bollyn discovered that the founders of Wings were two Israelis, Shaul and Meir Levy, and that they had both met in New York the day before 9/11 with Ehud Olmert, then Mayor of Jerusalem and later Israel Prime Minister. Olmert's parents were a founding family of the Irgun terror group. He was convicted of corruption in 2015 over charges related in part to his time as Jerusalem mayor. Olmert's visit to New York was unreported apart from a sports news item three years later in *The Jerusalem Post* that said he had met the Levys in New York on September 10th over the sale of an Israeli football club. It's a heck of a coincidence and didn't Olmert tell his friend, New York mayor and Israel arse-licker Rudolf Giuliani, that he was coming? Surely New York police were told? Why no mention in the media? The same question must be asked about a report by investigative journalist Wayne Madsen who said two sources with the Israeli airline El Al (not Israeli nationals) had told him that an El Al Boeing 747 took off from New York's JFK Airport at 4.11pm on the afternoon of September 11th heading for Ben Gurion International Airport in Tel Aviv. This was hours *after* the FAA had grounded all civilian aircraft incoming and outgoing across the whole of the United States. The same happened with the Bin Laden family who were allowed to leave the US for Saudi Arabia that same day from Boston Logan after all flights were grounded. Was Olmert on that EL Al flight? Who else was on board the jumbo jet? Wayne Madsen said his sources reported that the Israeli flight was authorized by the direct intervention of the US Department of Defense and that 'US military officials were on the scene at JFK and were personally involved with the airport and air traffic control authorities to clear the flight for take-off'.

Connections between Israel, Mossad and 9/11 are already clear and blatant and there is so much more to come.

* See Dancing Israeli updates in the Postscript at the end of the book.

CHAPTER 24

Just a coincidence? (2)

He who passively accepts evil is as much involved in it as he who helps to perpetrate it. He who accepts evil without protesting against it is really cooperating with it – Martin Luther King

Orchestrating the attacks of 9/11 would have meant access and control of US government, military and Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) computer and communication systems and that is precisely what Death Cult-controlled Israel and its Mossad intelligence network had the ability to do.

Many arrested in the Israeli 'spy ring' investigation were employed by Israeli software companies, Amdocs and Nice Systems. Amdocs is a 'private' (yeah, right) Israel-based telecommunications company which had contracts with the 25 biggest phone companies in America and others around the world. Fox News reporter Carl Cameron said that it was virtually impossible to make a call without Amdocs keeping a record. Nice Systems was another Israeli software company connected with those arrested for 'spying'. Israeli 'art student' Tomer Ben Dor worked for Nice Systems – its American subsidiary is located in Rutherford, New Jersey, a few minutes from East Rutherford where the 'Dancing Israelis' were arrested on 9/11. Ben Dor was found with a computer file print-out referring to 'DEA Groups' while he was employed by an Israeli wire-tapping company?? Brigadier General Shlomo Shamir became Nice President and CEO in April, 2001. Shamir led the planning division at the Israeli IDF military headquarters and was Israel's military attaché to Germany. Mossad specialises in creating and controlling telecommunication, Internet and high-technology companies for obvious reasons and some that are not so obvious which I will reveal later. Carl Cameron said that Amdocs had been investigated a number of times and the National Security Agency (NSA) had issued a private warning to other agencies – and held conferences – to say that American phone records were getting into foreign hands – *Israel*. An NSA document warned against America's dependency on oversees technology for telecommunications:

Many factors have led to increased dependence on code developed oversees.

[We] buy rather than train or develop solutions.

They were talking about Israel. Ultra-Zionist 'art student' Michal Gal, arrested by DEA investigators in Texas, was released on a $10,000 cash bond thanks to Ophir Baer, an employee of the Israeli software company Amdocs. An Amdocs internal memo said phone information the company was compiling could be used along with 'spread data mining techniques and algorithms ... [to combine] both the properties of the customer (i.e. credit rating) and properties of the specific behaviour' (such as who the customers are calling and who is calling them). This is a long-standing technique of Israeli surveillance with data from different sources connected together to establish the big picture about a person or situation. The same Israeli focus on control and surveillance via high-technology has led to its domination of information and surveillance based in the Devil's Playground – Silicon Valley. Have a look at who runs Google, YouTube and Facebook for a start and ask how statistically likely it is that this would happen by chance. Israel, a tiny country in both population and geography, has positioned itself at the cutting edge of technology to the point where it is known as the 'start-up nation'. Israel is second in the world only to the United States for start-up companies and only America and China are ahead for companies quoted on the Nasdaq stock market. All this has happened on a sliver of land with eight million people. Israel's prime focus is on technology and 'cyber-security' (cyber infiltration). A *Vice* documentary captured the situation in its title – 'How Israel Rules The World Of Cyber Security'. Israel is basically a military state with the military-intelligence network at the centre of everything – and most definitely with cyber-technology. One of the biggest branches of the Israeli military is the Cyber Intelligence Unit headquartered in the desert-city of Beersheba and involving some 20,000 'cyber soldiers'. The headquarters represents the biggest infrastructure project in Israel's history (Fig 141). Here is located the army of Israeli Internet trolls seeking to appear like members of the public around the world and in the same area as this vast military cyber-hub are a long list of 'private' companies and technology giants. Intel, Microsoft, IBM, Google, Apple, Hewlett-Packard, Cisco Systems, Facebook and Motorola have research and development centres in Israel.

Figure 141: The new Beersheba centre of Israel's military and domestic (military) control of cyber space.

Techcrunch.com ran an article about this global Internet technology centre headed 'Israel's desert city of Beersheba is turning into a cybertech oasis':

> The military's massive relocation of its prestigious technology units, the presence of multinational and local companies, a close proximity to Ben Gurion University and generous government subsidies are turning Beersheba into a major global cybertech hub.
>
> Beersheba has all of the ingredients of a vibrant security technology ecosystem, including Ben-Gurion University with its graduate program in cybersecurity and Cyber Security Research Center, and the presence of companies such as EMC, Deutsche Telekom, Paypal, Oracle, IBM, and Lockheed Martin. It's also the future home of the INCB (Israeli National Cyber Bureau); offers a special income tax incentive for cyber security companies, and was the site for the relocation of the army's intelligence corps units.

Israel's emerging global role in cyber technology and control will be mightily important in the closing chapters as well as shortly in relation to 9/11. We need to define the term 'cyber security' as applied to the Israeli military and Mossad and in true Orwellian fashion all you need to do is reverse the generally accepted meaning. 'Cyber security' appears to mean protection of computer systems, but to Israel it means breaching security protection to gain anytime access to those systems. To 'protect' you need to be given or even design all protection codes and with that knowledge you can access them whenever you want. It really is that simple. In this way 'little' Israel has access to all government, military, intelligence, financial, corporate and air traffic computer systems using its software – which is now much of the world. Imagine the potential for amassing almost limitless wealth alone by tapping into financial and business records and controlling events by blackmailing companies and individuals with the information you have downloaded from their computers. They can access government records, intelligence, military and police databases and steal corporate technology secrets to increase their own cyber-domination. The Israeli military trawls schools, colleges and universities for cyber talent and recruits them for military operations during their period of conscription before sending them out into 'private' (military-Mossad-connected) companies around the world (especially in the United States) to continue to work on Israel's behalf. The elite cyber and intelligence team is known as Unit 8200 which specialises in hacking into computer systems of other countries, inserting viruses, gathering information, instigating malfunction and even taking control of them from a distance. This is very relevant to 9/11 as we shall see. The Stuxnet virus which caused substantial damage to

Iran's nuclear programme and other computer systems worldwide is an Israeli cyber weapon – one of many and increasing all the time. Israel's control of major and not so major cyber technology companies allows 'back-doors' to be covertly-inserted into systems used by governments, military and public throughout the world and through these access points the Israel military and intelligence networks can infiltrate and take control. Israel doesn't make cars but dominates the manufacture of vehicle computer and WIFI systems. Through these connections an external operator can take over and drive you at high speed into a wall, a tree or over a cliff. The *Vice* documentary shows how easy it is for them to take control of your car using Israeli-created technology now fitted as standard. What else can be taken over through computer access? *Aircraft.* The world is dominated today in every area by what happens in cyberspace with the 'Internet of Things' connecting almost every facet of human life to the centrally-controlled Internet. He who controls cyberspace controls the world and every facet of human life – and Israel's Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult to a large extent controls cyberspace and they are working to make that control complete. Sleep well. I will come to the 'endgame' consequences for the world of this Sabbatian-Frankist control of cyberspace out of Israel in the final chapters. The information is both shocking and profound for human freedom and makes absolute sense of past and current events.

Intel Inside

Intel Corporation which provides processors ('brains' or central processing units) for some 80 percent of the world's computers has a massive and ever-increasing presence in Israel. The company's first development centre outside America was opened in Haifa in 1974 (Microsoft's first overseas centre was also in Israel). The late Hungarian-born Zionist-American businessman Andrew S. Grove (born András István Gróf) is credited with the company's incredible success and he was named *Time* magazine Man of the Year in 1997. Grove was Intel president (1979–97), CEO (1987–98), chairman (1997–2005) and a funder of the ultra-Zionist Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC). Today Intel employs thousands of people in its Israeli arm and in early 2019 announced investment of another $11 billion to build a new manufacturing facility in Israel with the government donating a major sum to the global giant while Holocaust survivors live in economic deprivation. Intel's Israel chief Yaniv Garty was named one of the country's most influential people by business and financial newspaper *The Marker* which included 20 tech 'luminaries' in its top 100 most influential Israelis. Al-Awda, the Palestine Right to Return Coalition, points out that the Intel operation north of Beersheba is built on land Israel confiscated from the Palestinian villagers of al-Faluja and Iraq al

Manshiya where thousands of people were living. They were terrorised out of their homes which were razed to the ground for the Jewish settlement of Kiryat Gat. Members of an American Quaker relief mission documented the violence they witnessed including a man with 'two bloody eyes, a torn ear, and a face pounded until it was blue'. UN observers reported beatings, robberies and attempted rape on civilians by Israeli soldiers. The villagers have never been allowed to return. Israel is not racist, though, only everyone else. The Electric Intifada website reported in 2008 the following concern of Israeli authorities about Kiryat Gat:

> ... the local authorities in Kiryat Gat are focused on preventing yet another kind of 'disaster', as they put it: Jewish girls taking up with Bedouin boys. So common has this phenomenon become that the municipality last year convened an 'emergency' conference to address it. The upshot: a program run by the municipal welfare department, with support from the police, that sends speakers into public school classrooms to warn girls about the dangers they face from Arab boys. The curriculum even includes a 10-minute video entitled 'Sleeping with the Enemy'.

Anti-racist racism is never a pretty sight. Intel was in the news in 2019 when computer experts claimed its chips are hiding mysterious and 'undocumented' technology. Analysts from London-based Positive Technologies alleged that Intel chips and processors contain a 'logic signal analyser' which can read 'almost all data on a computer'. This theme of 'back-door' access to computer systems is going to be highly significant to 9/11 and global control from here to the end of the book. Maxim Goryachy and Mark Ermolov revealed their findings at the Black Hat Conference of hackers and cybersecurity experts in Singapore. They said they discovered the 'analyser' (known as VISA) in the Platform Controller Hub (PCH) on Intel motherboards and the main processor itself. These comprise the 'brain' of the computer and potentially VISA technology can allow external access to information stored in the memory and also to connected items such as a webcam or mouse. One report of the story said:

> This ability would be useful to hackers looking to steal information – as well as spies or anyone else interested in stealing sensitive information. Normally, VISA is turned off in commercial systems. Yet the researchers claimed to have found a way to switch it on.

You will see as we proceed the significance of this and the significance of Israel being a global centre for cyber-technology and control in relation to both current events and 9/11.

Israel: Breaking a PROMIS

We can pick up the story of Israel's domination of cyber-technology and its relevance to 9/11 in the 1970s when a Washington DC software company called Inslaw developed tracking technology with the potential for prosecutors to monitor case records. This was dubbed the Prosecutor's Management Information System or PROMIS and was backed by funding from the US Department of [In]Justice. PROMIS user contracts stipulated that the software could not be modified, distributed to others or any derivative versions made. Instead the US National Security Agency (NSA) and other government departments sold PROMIS software to banks and foreign intelligence networks with a built-in 'back-door' that allowed US intelligence to spy on the operations of purchasers. Among the countries involved were Israel, Egypt, Jordan, Iraq and Canada. A letter from the US Department of [In]Justice dated 1985 was secured by Inslaw during its court proceedings against the US government for breaking the terms of contract through among other things modifying the software. The letter revealed that conduits for PROMIS sales by the government included Saudi billionaire Khalid bin Mahfouz and the arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi. Yes, yes, the same Khalid bin Mahfouz, operations director and 20 percent shareholder of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI), close associate of the Bush family and named by the United States government as a financial supporter of Osama bin Laden. The government letter secured by Inslaw said that PROMIS should be delivered without 'paperwork, customs, or delay', and payments channelled through a Swiss bank account. Edwin Meese, Attorney General during the Reagan-Father Bush administration, and Dr Earl Brian from the government consultancy firm Hadron were apparently designated to sell the illegal 'back-door' version of PROMIS. A 1992 House Judiciary Committee report revealed that they were allowed to do this 'for their personal financial gain and in support of the intelligence and foreign policy objectives of the United States'. Earl Brian was also the head of Infotechnology Inc, a New York holding company that controlled among many other companies, United Press International (UPI), and the Financial News Network (FNN). He would later be jailed on fraud charges unrelated to PROMIS.

Earl Brian was apparently given crucial help in circulating the back-door PROMIS by Rafi Eitan, a top Israeli intelligence officer and former head of LAKAM, an intelligence operation connected to Israel's nuclear weapons programme – the open secret that it ludicrously won't confirm or deny. The truly appalling Eitan was central to the PROMIS scam and its back-door access to government and other computer systems around the world. He was also an advisor to MI6 on counter-terrorism (love it)

in Northern Ireland during the Margaret Thatcher premiership in the 1980s. This ended with his involvement in the shoot-to-kill operation in Gibraltar in 1985 when three members of the Irish Republican Army (IRA) were killed by the British elite military unit, the SAS. Shoot-to-kill with no legal oversight is typical of Israeli Mossad. Another Mossad operative involved with PROMIS was the infamous crook, sorry, 'businessman and publisher', Robert Maxwell, nicknamed Captain Bob and the Bouncing Czech. His daughter Ghislaine has been accused of procuring young girls for the paedophile ring of ultra-Zionist billionaire child-abuser Jeffrey Epstein in the United States who is big mates with the rich and famous including Bill Clinton and Britain's Prince Andrew. The Maxwells are a lovely family apparently. Investigative writer Gordon Thomas interviewed many senior officials of Israeli intelligence for his book, *Gideon's Spies – The Secret History of the Mossad*, including Rafi Eitan. Thomas said in a sworn affidavit that Maxwell sold $500 million worth of illegal back-door PROMIS to the 'UK, Australia, South Korea, Canada and the KGB in the Soviet Union'. Former Mossad agent Victor Ostrovsky describes in his book, *The Other Side of Deception*, how Maxwell was murdered by Mossad at sea on his yacht when he became more of a hazard than a help as his business empire collapsed which included his ownership of Britain's Mirror newspaper group. Maxwell was then buried by the country that killed him on the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem – the 'resting place for the nation's most revered heroes', as Ostrovsky puts it. The hypocrisy is breathtaking. A small cabal in the know about back-door PROMIS in both Israel and the United States sold it all over the world to intelligence agencies, government departments and law enforcement giving them global access to people-tracking data. The apartheid regime in South Africa employed PROMIS to identify black activists and dissidents who would then disappear.

Long story short – Israel secured back-door PROMIS access to the government-military-intelligence computer systems of the United States and so knew pretty much everything the US knew. A House Judiciary Committee investigation revealed in 1992 that 'a foreign power – the state of Israel – had been engaged in active espionage against the United States by the illegal use of the Enhanced PROMIS software'. This has since become massively more widespread and sophisticated as Israel has dominated cyberspace ever more totally and it spies on the spies in countries all over the world, especially the United States. PROMIS took this espionage against the American state to a whole new level at that time and no wonder Israeli intelligence was a central player in what happened to PROMIS software and how it was later used. This is highly significant given that PROMIS-like software access to government, military and civil aviation computer systems is centrally connected the attacks of September 11th. Ari Ben-Menashe was a former agent with

Israeli intelligence, served for twelve years in the Israel Defense Forces and was intelligence consultant to terrorist Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir. Ben-Menashe said that PROMIS was given by the US government to the Israel Defense Forces Intelligence Unit and court files in the Inslaw case reveal the plan was to access computer systems of those who had purchased the software. This Israel-American connection would have been Sabbatian-Frankist in nature. Ben-Menashe said in an Inslaw affidavit that he was present at a meeting in Tel Aviv in 1987 when Earl Brian was pitching PROMIS to Israel officials. Two courts ruled in favour of Inslaw in 1988 and said that the US government 'took, converted, stole' PROMIS 'through trickery, fraud and deceit', but amid the most blatant corruption the verdict was overturned by a court of appeal on the grounds of a 'jurisdictional technicality'. Such is the power over the courts by the Hidden Hand. The PROMIS story was a sign of things to come as Israel's control of cyberspace continued to develop in the run-up to 9/11.

Israeli tech-matrix

Comverse Infosys (which changed its name to Verint in 2002) is another Israeli telecommunications company in the United States highlighted in the Fox News report after 9/11 and this company was providing phone-tapping technology to the FBI and other law enforcement. The potential for blackmail through tapped calls is obvious and the ability to stay one-step ahead of any law enforcement investigation. Comverse was established in the early 1980s by three Israelis, investment banker Jacob 'Kobi' Alexander, engineer Boaz Misholi, and Columbia University computer science professor, Yechiam Yemini, who was Alexander's brother-in-law. The Israeli company was phone-tapping for US law enforcement and *retaining access through its computers to the call-tap information.* Reporter Carl Cameron said that US intelligence agencies were concerned about 'back-doors' (here we go again) in the technology. The report said that Comverse worked closely with the Israeli government which under 'special programmes' paid half the company's research and development costs. This is typical of the seamless connection between Israeli tech companies and Israeli government, military and intelligence networks. Cameron said he was told that to question if Comverse was involved in spying for Israel was 'career suicide' for investigators and the technology had never been checked for leaks. Is it not worth asking why 'tiny' Israel so terrifies politicians, intelligence operatives and media the world over that they stay silent in the face of its outrageous behaviour? FBI personnel responsible for awarding contracts to Comverse later ended up working for the company – something that should have been banned in any fair and open system. Cameron also said that what most troubled investigators

into 9/11 was the number of cases in which supposedly *secret* wire-taps led to the people involved immediately changing their means of communication. Intelligence agencies and organised crime have a very close relationship and in fact much of what intelligence agencies do *is* organised crime. Mossad and Israeli-Zionist organised crime – like the Kosher Nostra in New York and the wider United States – are absolutely the same thing. Documents obtained by Fox for the Cameron reports describe how Israeli organised crime operating in Israel, Egypt, New York, Miami, Las Vegas and Canada was being investigated in 1997 for cocaine and ecstasy trafficking along with credit card and computer fraud, but there was a problem. The Israeli crime syndicate had the police beepers, cell phones and home phones *under surveillance.* Investigators concluded that the syndicate 'has apparent extensive access to identify pertinent personal and biographical information'. The Fox News reports were deleted from their website and not another word has ever appeared despite Israel penetrating the entire US government communication and computer system to the point where through PROMIS and later systems they could use the covert back-doors to change information at will – including in real time. Think about the potential of that on 9/11. Pointing the finger at Russia for hacking US government and election systems is simply cover for Israel doing that on an industrial scale. Odigo is yet another Israeli telecommunications company and instant messaging service and has offices near the World Trade Center. I have explained how Israel-based Odigo employees were sent a warning two hours before the first tower was hit that some sort of attack was imminent. Odigo vice president Alex Diamandis said: 'The messages said something big was going to happen in a certain amount of time and it did – almost to the minute.' CEO Micha Macover said that immediately after the attack the two told the company about the warning and Israeli security services were then informed who told the FBI. Macover said: 'I have no idea why the message was sent to these two workers who don't know the sender. It may just have been someone who was joking and turned out they accidentally got it right.' So why hasn't the sender been found?

Israeli tech innovator and trained assassin on Flight 11

A point widely missed with 9/11 is that the first person reported to have been killed on Flight 11 according to flight attendant calls was 31-year-old Daniel Lewin, an American-Israeli co-founder of multi-billion dollar cloud services and cyber-security company Akamai Technologies which is headquartered in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Lewin, who was said to be sitting very close to alleged 'hijackers' Mohamed Atta, Abdulaziz al-Omari and Satam al Suqami in seat 9B, was a captain in the Israeli Defense Forces who served in the elite specialist counter-terrorism,

hostage rescue and assassination operation known as the Sayeret Matkal or General Staff Reconnaissance Unit. This is modelled on the British elite SAS and adopted the same motto of 'Who Dares Wins'. Lewin was the subject of a book entitled *No Better Time: The Brief, Remarkable Life of Danny Lewin, the Genius Who Transformed the Internet.* He was an Israeli-American duel citizen who understood Arabic. Lewin was acclaimed as a hero of 9/11 for tackling the 'hijackers' before being overpowered. This is said to have happened to a man who could bench-press 315 pounds and squat close to 500 pounds. By his own account he was 'trained to kill terrorists with a pen or credit card' or just his bare hands. He was, to get straight to the point, a trained assassin. Somehow we are told he was overpowered by slightly built 'hijackers' as were other huge men said to be on the planes. The official 9/11 account is that Lewin was stabbed which overrode an internal FAA memo on September 11th that said he was shot by a single bullet:

> The American Airlines FAA Principal Security Inspector (PSI) was notified by Suzanne Clark of American Airlines Corporate Headquarters, that an on board flight attendant contacted American Airlines Operations Center and informed that a passenger located in seat 10B shot and killed a passenger in seat 9B ... The passenger killed was Daniel Lewin, shot by passenger Satam Al Suqami. One bullet was reported to have been fired.

The report was later changed from being shot to being stabbed. Childhood friend Brad Rephen who served with Lewin in the Israel Defense Force said: 'With his training, he would have killed them with his bare hands ... I can tell you, their knives would not have stopped him ... He would have taken their knives or their box cutters away and used them against them.' Rephen said Lewin 'knew how to fight with knives and take knives away from people.' The Akamai Technologies website makes it clear what a signigicant internet delivery and security operation Lewin co-founded:

> As the largest distributed platform operating at the edge of the Internet, Akamai provides a defensive shield built to protect your websites, mobile infrastructure, and API-driven requests. Via 24/7 monitoring, we collect and analyze terabytes of attack data, billions of bot requests, and hundreds of millions of IP addresses to solidify your defenses and keep you informed. And we never stop innovating to stay ahead of the latest threats including malware, phishing, data exfiltration, DDoS, and other advanced attacks.
>
> This commitment to security is why we're trusted by the most security-conscious industries, including 18 of the largest asset managers, 12 of the top insurers, and 8 of the top financial technology companies. So you can worry

less about cyber attacks, and more about growing your business.

The company was floated in 1999 and overnight made Lewin at least a near-billionaire as he became one of the world's richest high-tech entrepreneurs before the age of 30. Akamai clients include Sony, Apple and the Murdoch News Corp. The company has been responsible for 'keeping some of the world's most popular websites running smoothly, including Facebook and iTunes'. Akamai claims to be used by 50 percent of Global 500 companies, 55 percent of Fortune 500 companies, all branches of the US military with 85 percent of the world's Internet users 'within a single "network hop" of an Akamai CDN server'. Akamai says it delivers nearly three trillion Internet interactions every day. Danny Lewin reached the rank of captain with the Israeli counter-terrorism, hostage rescue and assassination unit before studying maths and computer science at the Israeli Institute of Technology and going on to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). He also worked for IBM's research lab in Haifa, Israel, and he would then have a 'ground-breaking' idea to allow the internet to work more efficiently and at faster speeds with a set of algorithms that he called 'consistent hashing'. Akamai claim that Lewin's technology 'transformed the Internet from a chaotic network into a secure business platform'. By some bizarre chance a picture was taken of Danny Lewin in 2000 wearing a Swatch Watch of the model name 'Hijacker' and the hour, minute, second hands and date are all set to 11. It's amazing how elite Israeli military and intelligence operatives turn up in every area of the 9/11 story.

Ptech and 9/11

Genuine investigators on the trail of Israel's involvement in 9/11 have highlighted a network of Israeli tech companies in the United States which deserve serious attention. I'm going to start with one called Ptech ('Process Technology'), a 'small' software company in Quincy, a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts, which listed among its clients the Pentagon, NATO, the White House, US Congress, Department of [In]Justice, FBI, US Secret Service and ... the *Federal Aviation Administration, US Air Force and NORAD*. Oh yes, and add US Customs and Border Protection, Internal Revenue Service and the Department of Energy, plus others. At the time of 9/11 Ptech and the associated federally-funded MITRE Corporation had real-time access to all computer systems and inter-agency communications that would have been bottom-line essential to anyone orchestrating the attacks. From 1997 Ptech was given security clearance to deal with 'sensitive military projects' and secured a contract with the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) – the technology-development arm of the Pentagon which basically controls Silicon Valley (for its Death Cult masters) and drives the agenda to

attach the human mind to artificial intelligence (see *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*). Ptech was apparently just a small and insignificant company on the surface although it had connections with giants like IBM and its *high*-significance to 9/11 can be seen with the client list that I described. Another 'apparently' is that it was primarily a Muslim company established in 1994 by Oussama Ziade, a Lebanese immigrant, but there are other links that take us elsewhere. Ptech became a company of interest to 9/11 investigators in the alternative media after Indira Singh, an IT professional, went public with her experience. Singh had worked as a high-level IT consultant to the United Nations, American Express and Wall Street companies including JPMorganChase where she was developing a next-generation system to expose money laundering, rogue trading and illegal financing patterns. She also worked as a senior consultant in Washington DC with the Interoperability Clearing House (ICH) which had connections with the CIA and DARPA. Singh realised in the course of her work with JPMorganChase that Ptech would have had access to all the key computer systems necessary to stage the 9/11 attacks while at the same time having a major Muslim connection with apparent ties to people accused of funding terrorism. Ptech dealt in 'enterprise architecture software' which makes it possible to observe in real time all data produced by an organisation or system. Seeing what is going on everywhere as it happens has clear potential for numerous activities from very good to extremely bad. It was a big advance on PROMIS software with its backdoor to government and military computer systems in which Rafi Eitan, a top Israeli intelligence officer, was a key player. Here was the chance for Israel and the Hidden Hand in general to get even more control of those systems via what *appeared* to be a Muslim company.

The Islamic connection to Ptech was further highlighted by the number of Saudi investors and board members accused or suspected of funding terrorism. Ptech board member Soliman Biheiri was the head of BMI, an Islamic, Sharia-compliant investment bank based in New Jersey which was accused of funding terrorist groups. Biheiri was jailed in 2005 for terrorism and fraud. US prosecutors described him as the US banker for the Muslim Brotherhood. BMI's backers included two brothers of CIA-asset Osama bin Laden. Indira Singh claimed in an interview that Thomas Kean, joint head of the pathetic 9/11 Commission, had done business deals with BMI and should have either not accepted the job of 'investigating' 9/11 or made his connections public. Another big Islam-BMI-Ptech connection was Saudi businessman Yassin al-Kadi, or al-Qadi, who had links with Muslim entities funding terrorism including investments in BMI. Kadi was a major investor in Ptech with all its access to US government, military and FAA computer systems. He has appeared on terrorism wanted lists, been subject to international

financial sanction and has also been connected to the Muslim Brotherhood. Kadi has slowly overturned the terrorist designation through legal actions and submissions. The United Nations Security Council refused to remove Kadi from its terrorism blacklist and in 2009 published a list of reasons which included evidence that Osama bin Laden was the source of working capital for up to five of Kadi's companies in Albania. The UN relented and de-listed him in 2012. Kadi is reported to have been a close friend of Bin Laden (he certainly met him) and claimed himself to be a friend of Dick Cheney. Kadi was a long-time associate and business partner of Bush family friend Khalid bin Mahfouz, a leading shareholder in the stunningly corrupt Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI) who was exposed for donating more than $270,000 to Osama bin Laden at the request of Osama's brother and Boy Bush business partner, Salem bin Laden. Bin Mahfouz was named as a financer of terrorism by the Bill Clinton State Department and was involved along with Israel in selling the back-door PROMIS software. We should not forget that Saudi Arabia and Israel at inner-circle levels are not 'enemies' but fellow Sabbatian-Frankists pursuing the same agenda. This explains so much about events on 9/11. Israel loves those who fund Muslim terrorism because it serves their interests in demonising the Muslim world. Large numbers of Saudis and other Arabic people work for Mossad and the CIA – some by choice, many by entrapment – and Mossad commonly uses Arabs to front-up its operations and companies to hide the real perpetrators. Who is going to suspect Israeli involvement with 'Muslim' companies? The obvious connection between 9/11 and 'hijackers' with a Saudi background makes perfect sense from this perspective. What can be said with certainty is that people like Yassin al-Kadi and Soliman Biheiri would not have had their Ptech software company given access to the most sensitive United States military, government and civilian air traffic computer systems and information by mistake because their connections were well known. The FBI said that Kadi was investing millions in Ptech ongoing and they were told by company insiders of their trips to meet investors in Saudi Arabia with Kadi always among them. Ptech's chief scientist Hussein Ibrahim, who started Muslim bank BMI with Soliman Biheiri, was close to Kadi. Ibrahim was the former president of BMI which was also a seed-investor in Ptech. BMI leased computers and office space in New York from Kadi International. If you find the official Ptech story extraordinary then you are not alone. American Investigative journalist Christopher Bollyn writes:

> It simply did not make sense that the most secure computer systems of the US government would be running software written by a Lebanese immigrant financed by a Saudi who happened to be on the most-wanted list of global

terrorists.

The ultra-Zionist connection

The background to Ptech with its access to top secret computer systems across the US government, military and FAA civilian aviation at the time of 9/11 would appear to be Muslim in nature, but hold on a second. Author Dan Verton in his book, *Black Ice: The Invisible Threat of Cyber-Terrorism*, says that Ptech and its Lebanese founder Oussama Ziade were innocent victims of [Muslim] paranoia. He notes in support of this that many Ptech employees were Jewish. Christopher Bollyn discovered that a key man involved with Ptech was Michael Goff, a Jewish ultra-Zionist lawyer from Worcester, Massachusetts. He is the son and grandson of 'highest level' B'nai B'rith Freemasons in the Worcester lodge and he would go on to work with an Israeli Mossad/military-connected software company called Guardium, later absorbed into IBM. Guardium was an asset of Log-on Software founded by two Israeli military officers, Joseph Segev, one-time head programmer and telecommunications officer with the Israeli Navy, and Major Gil Migdan. The company's vice president was Danny Zeitouny, head of logistics programming for the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF). The same story can be found with Log-on's spin-off Guardium which had Israeli colonel Gill Zaphir or Zafir on its board of directors. Zaphir was head of research and development with the Israeli Air Force. Amit Yoran was another Jewish director of Guardium and also a co-founder, CEO and president. Yoran is a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point and became a founding member of the Pentagon's Computer Emergency Response Team. He would later be appointed by President Boy Bush as director, or 'czar', of the National Cyber Security Division at the Department of Homeland Security with responsibility for coordinating America's cyber security. The number of ultra-Zionist connections to US government, military, intelligence and security systems is simply mind-blowing when they represent only one section of two percent of the population. If the same ratio was true of Chinese people or Muslims what would the reaction be? Amit Yoran has been a consultant and advisor to CIA technology seed-funding company, In-Q-Tel, and when he was with Silicon Valley software company Symantec Corporation he was 'primarily responsible for managing security infrastructure in 40 countries', according to *Business Week*. Yoran also 'designed security architecture for the Pentagon and Office of the Secretary of Defense' and was Network Security Manager responsible for maintaining operations of the Pentagon's network. This was at the same time that ultra-Zionist Michael Goff was 'marketing and information systems manager' at Ptech supplying software for Pentagon computer systems. Those with allegiance to Israel were and are all over US government and military

computer systems.

Amit Yoran was president and chief executive of a company employing hackers to test the vulnerabilities of computer systems. This was Riptech which Yoran co-founded in 1998 and was acquired by Symantec in 2002. Yoran told the Associated Press in 2001 that once you break into a web-server 'there are fewer protections between it and other parts of the network'. And what if you control the web-server? Riptech was established by Yoran and his elder brother, Elad, another Israeli West Point graduate, and Tim Belcher, a veteran of the Gulf War in 1990/91. Belcher has been connected to a long list of tech and software companies and according to his Bloomberg profile 'conducted security assessments of some of the nation's most critical infrastructure components, including the Federal Aviation Administration's Air Traffic Control Network' and has been employed by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, National Reconnaissance Office, Office of the Secretary of Defense and Space and Naval Warfare Command. He and Amit Yoran were also 'advisors' to Security Growth Partners (SPG), a funding company founded and run by Elad Yoran, and on the advisory board was Jeremy M. Kroll from the ultra-Zionist family that was running security at the World Trade Center on 9/11 – of which more shortly. Jeremy Kroll was Managing Director of Marsh Kroll, a division of ultra-Zionist Marsh & McLennan (known as MMC), and the first plane to strike the World Trade Center hit the 'secure computer room' of Marsh & McLennan in the North Tower. Marsh & McLennan was controlled by the family of ultra-Zionist Maurice Greenberg and together they handled the initial insurance for Larry Silverstein and the World Trade Center. Ultra-Zionist interconnections between Big Tech and cyber-'security' companies are extraordinary. Christopher Bollyn writes:

> A number of senior corporate officers of Amdocs, all Israelis, moved between Nice Systems, ViryaNet Ltd, and Guardium. Sometimes a person would go to a company for a while and then return to the previous company. In some cases, such as Gill Zaphir, a person would be involved in an Israeli 'venture capital' fund supporting a company while serving as a director of the company being funded. Elad Yoran, Amit's older brother, held similar positions at Broadview International and Riptech, a 'security' software company that specialized in hacking into corporate computer networks.

Ptech, MITRE and 9/11

These were the sort of people ultra-Zionist Michael Goff would have worked with at Israel-front Guardium and would have come into contact with while at Israel-front Ptech with all its access to computer systems essential to 9/11. Goff had earlier worked for an ultra-Zionist

law firm and later ultra-Zionist Guardium, but in between he suddenly joins an apparently – *apparently* – Muslim company at Ptech which would have access to key swathes of the US government, military, intelligence and FAA computer systems. Here we have a Jewish man from a seriously ultra-Zionist family working as a 'marketing and information systems manager' at Ptech, a company funded by people accused of funding Islamic terrorism, including Hamas which is so condemned by Israel. Yep, makes sense doesn't it? As Bollyn puts it:

> So, why would a recently graduated Juris Doctor in Law leave a promising law career to join forces with a Lebanese Muslim's upstart company sponsored by dodgy funders in Saudi Arabia?

Bollyn asked Michael Goff how in 1994 he left the ultra-Zionist Seder and Chandler law firm in Worcester and ended up with a job at Ptech. Goff said this was done 'through a temp agency'. Which one? He couldn't remember. Goff was asked who wrote the original Ptech software used by government, military and FAA air traffic for which he was the original marketing and information systems manager. He said he didn't know. This is despite being described on his own website in the following terms in relation to his work at Ptech: 'As information systems manager, Michael handled design, deployment and management of its Windows and Macintosh, data, and voice networks ... Michael also performed employee training and handled all procurement for software, systems and peripherals.' He was at the centre of everything, then, and Bollyn was right to question his story:

> Goff, the original marketing manager for Ptech software, said he did not know who had written the code that Ptech sold to many government agencies. Is this believable? Goff leaves a legal practice in his home town to take a job through a temp agency, with a Lebanese Muslim immigrant who is selling software, and he doesn't know who even wrote the code?

How about it was written in Israel and through these connections ended up on US government, military, intelligence and FAA computer systems essential to American security and response on 9/11? The Israeli global technology company network is fantastic and they are all ultimately assets of the equally fantastic Israeli military and intelligence web that spans America, Europe and the wider world. Bollyn, who has researched the subject for nearly two decades, says this about Guardium which Michael Goff worked for after leaving Ptech:

> Guardium is closely connected with other companies of the Israeli military intelligence network in the United States. Some of the key Israeli-run

> companies linked to Guardium are Amdocs, ViryaNet, Nice Systems, and CreoScitex. Like Guardium, these companies are all run by senior officers of Israeli military intelligence.
>
> Amdocs and Nice Systems are especially noteworthy because these two companies were involved in the espionage network of computer programmers and demolition experts from the Israeli military who posed as art students as they tried to infiltrate offices of the US Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) in 2000 and 2001.

Ptech worked closely on government, military and FAA civil aviation computer systems with the MITRE Corporation where James Rodney Schlesinger was the long-time chairman of the Board of Trustees from 1985 until his death in 2014. Schlesinger was born to Jewish parents in New York and later converted to Lutheranism. He went on to be Secretary of Defense, Secretary of Energy, Director of the CIA and was appointed to the Homeland Security Advisory Council by President Boy Bush in 2002. MITRE Corporation was established in 1958 as a private, not-for-profit company to provide engineering and technical guidance for the federal government and provides specialised technology for defense and intelligence. MITRE's headquarters is in McLean, Virginia, where it shares space with big-time Hidden Hand Northrop Grumman, one of the world's biggest aerospace and armament corporations. The MITRE website says it 'has operated at the intersection of advanced technology and vital national concerns [and] we've grown to serve a variety of government agencies at the highest levels through the operation of federally-funded research and development centers'. Among them are the National Security Engineering Center working on 'national security' for the Department of Defense and the Center for Advanced Aviation System Development working for the FAA on air traffic management. MITRE was partnered before and during the 9/11 attacks with Ptech and MITRE also used Ptech (Israeli back-door) software. Back-door access to US government, military and FAA computer systems could have controlled the whole 9/11 scenario while genuine staff were desperately trying to make sense of the mess and confusion. The potential was also there for normal reaction mechanisms including fighter response and ground-to-air missile defences to be infiltrated, delayed and deactivated. This alone would answer so many still-unanswered questions about what happened that day. Elias Davidsson writes in *Hijacking America's Mind On 9/11*:

> A central feature of the simulated war games conducted on 9/11 was for the military to feed electronic blips representing airliners into military and civilian radar [these are known as 'input']. As the events of 9/11 unfolded, radar

> operators had no way of knowing whether the blips they were observing on their screens represented real or simulated aircraft.
>
> There were in fact three types of blips the controllers had to confront: Those representing virtual aircraft, possessing no physical existence; those representing real aircraft which were scheduled to participate in the simulated hijackings; and all other blips representing real aircraft.

This is how it was possible with real-time access to government, military and FAA computer systems to swap planes, lose planes, invent planes and cause maximum confusion during which the deed could have been done while genuine operatives were asking: 'What the fuck is going on?' Major James Fox, leader of the NORAD NEADS weapons team, said amid the chaos: 'I've never seen so much real-world stuff happen during an exercise.' The confusion was such that some operatives believed that the scenes of carnage on their television screens were simulated for them to see as part of an exercise. It tells you so much about the scale of the cover-up that neither the FBI nor the 9/11 Commission sought to investigate the relationship of the wargame exercises with actual events.

In-your-face cover-up

IT risk-assessment consultant Indira Singh began to speak out about the obvious potential security risks of having people accused of funding Islamic terrorism and Osama bin Laden so involved with a company in Ptech at the heart of US government and military computer systems relating to security and communication between front-line 9/11 agencies including the Pentagon, Air Force, NORAD, CIA and FAA. She contacted the FBI in Boston (which had a reputation for being notoriously corrupt) to share her findings and predictably to no avail. She notified a stream of agencies at local, state and federal levels and again nothing happened. JPMorganChase warned her to stop what she was doing *or else* and she lost her job because she refused to stop. For her this was personal. Singh had been due at a meeting on the 106th floor (where no one survived) of the World Trade Center North Tower that morning, but overslept. She was on her way to the building when the first plane hit and then volunteered to help with the medical response as a part-time emergency medical technician. I mentioned her earlier with regard to hearing that Building 7 was going to be brought down. From the information Singh uncovered and her own experience she not unnaturally concluded that Ptech was being protected. With no response amid warnings about dangers to her life if she continued to dig she turned to investigative reporter Joe Bergantino at a Boston CBS affiliate called WBZTV. He verified Singh's story about Ptech and more.

Bergantino's report was due to run on September 11th, 2002, but it didn't because of pressure, Singh says, from the Bush-Cheney White House. Ptech's office was raided by the FBI in 2002 before the lid went on and *seven years* later the FBI 'investigation' concluded with an indictment for 'loan fraud'. Singh said that Bergantino and his investigation team did produce a video connecting a Boston-based Islamic charity called Care International to the Al Kifah Refugee Center (which has been linked to the 1993 World Trade Center bombing in which the FBI was involved) and to the Maktab al-Khidamat (MAK) which was founded in 1984 with input from Osama bin Laden and others to raise money and recruit Mujahidin for the fight against the Zbigniew Brzezinski-instigated Soviet occupation in Afghanistan. MAK was established by the CIA together with the 9/11-connected ISI Pakistan military intelligence to fund Bin Laden and the Mujahidin before morphing into a fundraising and recruitment network for al-Qaeda when the CIA morphed the Mujahidin into al-Qaeda. Indira Singh said she then realised that MAK was being 'run out of Ptech' because faces in the Bergantino videotape she was shown were core employees at Ptech. Some formerly worked for the Islamic Care International (not to be confused with the major international humanitarian agency of the same name) and among them was Suheil Laheir. Singh described him as 'one of the only one or two people who had access to the source code at Ptech' which was the key to the entire program. She said '... it would be like having the formula for Coca Cola, basically.' Singh continued:

> By the end of the day when I was finished with certain parts of the investigations, it was clear to me that there was no way Ptech could have done all of this without a lot of inside help. And that's what I began focusing on, that it was a cut-out, it was a front, was it a regular CIA front, was it a clandestine front, what was it? ... There are walls within the FBI, walls within the CIA, behind which these operations take place, and who is behind those operations, is a key question.

How about Mossad working with Hidden Hand elements within the CIA, US government/military, Pakistan ISI and Saudi Arabia with British intelligence also involved somewhere as they always are? The Web makes this possible. Compartmentalisation means that most strands in something like 9/11 won't know what they are ultimately part of and where it is all meant to lead. Singh correctly observed that this wasn't just a simple case of 'Muslims hate America' – 'there is something else going on here, they're being used as a tool, just as the good people of the US are being used, are being misled, and frightened and terrorised into "if we don't wage these horrific wars, our way of life will be over". Who benefits?' She correctly made this point:

> ... maybe those organisations don't fully know who their masters are. Ptech is the one thread, the one golden thread you pull on, all of this is unravelled. Because it goes into the corporations, it goes into these government entities, it goes into the terrorism financing entities ... none of which have been taken to task ... there are just so many questions about what does this all mean? And as I investigated further, we found that the origins of Ptech were very interesting. Where did this company come from? ... And how did they get to be so powerful? Who were the people, who were the organisations that brought them in who knew, who gave them the power?

Singh is describing The Web and how it works. Ptech was clearly an intelligence front and so all doors were opened at the expense of other companies. Singh said:

> ... I remember that Ptech's competitors, US companies, were extremely annoyed at the fact that they could not get equal time, all the plum contracts were going to a foreign-owned company. And I said, 'Well, did you know that they were foreign-owned? And if they were foreign-owned, they could not get certain classified projects...' and [I was told], 'Indira, everyone knew that they were Saudi-owned and that meant that they got favourable treatment on Capitol Hill.' And I said, 'Well, are you saying that they just got "favoured treatment" or there's something more going on?' They wouldn't answer, their lawyers instructed them not to answer, so they knew a lot of what was going on.

'Saudi-owned' on the surface and ultra-Zionist owned behind the scenes = Sabbatian-Frankist-owned.

Bingo!

Indira Singh said that Ptech software 'is utilized at the highest levels of almost every government, military, security and law enforcement organisation in this country including the Secret Service, the FBI, the Department of Defense, the House of Representatives, the Treasury Department, the IRS, the US Navy, the US Air Force, and, last but not least, the Federal Aviation Administration'. Of the latter she said:

> Ptech was with MITRE in the basement of the FAA for two years prior to 9-11. Their specific job is to look at interoperability [connections between different computer systems] issues the FAA had with NORAD and the Air Force in the case of an emergency. If anyone was in a position to know the FAA, that there was a window of opportunity or to insert software or to change anything, it would have been Ptech along with MITRE ...

> ... they were looking at holes, basically, in the FAA's interoperability, responding with other agencies, law enforcement, in the case of an emergency such as hijacking. So they were looking for ... what people would do, how they would respond in case of an emergency, and find the holes, and make recommendations to fix it. Now, if anyone was in a position to know where the holes were, Ptech was. And that's exactly the point. If anybody was in a position to write software to take advantage of those holes, it would have been Ptech.

Singh explained the potential implications for communications between the FAA, Department of Defense (DOD) and NORAD on 9/11:

> Now, with the FAA in particular, if something goes wrong, and there is an emergency with a particular flight, and the DOD needs to be notified, well, that's a really major interoperability thing, a signal has to be sent in some way, shape or form, either mediated by a human in most cases, or automatically, or even if its mediated by a human something needs to be initiated on a separate computer to start a whole other sequence of events, interventions, scrambling a jet, notification up and downstream with many other organisations, such as NORAD, such as other terminal radar areas, such as local law enforcement, you name it. So, this all has to be blueprinted, mapped out, and that's where enterprise architecture comes in, you need some kind of blueprint to keep all of this together and that's what Ptech was so good at.

In other words, communication between different agencies can be blocked or delayed if their computer systems are not talking to each other. These are extraordinary revelations because as we saw earlier in the book one of the most bewildering mysteries surrounding 9/11 is the non-communication and inexplicably late communication between the FAA, NORAD and the US Air Force which led to no fighter aircraft reaching the scene in time and hijacked planes being left to fly unchallenged and untracked for utterly ridiculous periods. The Ptech-MITRE combination had the potential to see and track all communications in real time throughout all the agencies and centres involved. They could have inserted changes, blocks and adjustments without those working for the agencies and trying to follow protocol having any idea their systems were being manipulated. Note, too, that Ptech software was used by the Secret Service which was with Bush at the school on the morning of 9/11. Access to these computer systems would have allowed fake planes to be added to air traffic and NORAD screens as was happening anyway as part of the war game scenarios. Utter confusion could have been caused by Mossad-CIA-Israeli/US military factions of the Hidden Hand. How easy it would have been with this level of control to make fake planes appear and the real 9/11

aircraft disappear from computer screens to be replaced by doubles – and even easier with NORAD chief General Eberhart deciding to have so many wargame exercises that day and at the same time to order that protection for Pentagon communication networks be reduced to its *lowest level*. Take this further and the potential was there to observe the response to the attacks by those genuinely trying to do the right thing and to track genuine law enforcement officers as they tried to uncover the truth. Everything could be known and responded to, including reports on the Dancing Israelis and the Israeli spy ring in general. This would always keep you one step ahead (along with insiders watching your back) and you would know when assets had to disappear if the law was coming. Anyone think the eventual FBI raid on Ptech would have come as a shock to them? The raid was part of Operation Green Quest, a multi-agency investigation into terrorist funding headed by extreme ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff, then head of the Criminal Division of the [In]Justice Department who chose not to prosecute the Dancing Israelis or the 200 'art students' in the Israeli 'spy ring' and just sent them home to Israel. Michael Chertoff and 9/11 are joined at the hip. Indira Singh said:

> It was possible that there was an alternate command and control system ... could you technically use Ptech software to do the surveillance and intervention? Well, gosh, yes, that's exactly what I was planning on using it for in one of the largest banks in the world.

The MITRE Corporation is also the 'in-house engineer' at the US Air Force Electronic Systems Center at Hanscom Air Force Base in Bedford, Massachusetts, which is described as 'the Air Force's "brain" for information, command and control systems'. Hanscom is near to Boston Logan Airport where the first two '9/11 aircraft' took off. Singh said that because of the vast scope of their enterprise architecture project at the FAA both Ptech and MITRE would have been given pretty much 'carte blanche' to have access to everything in the organization – 'what is being done, where it's being done, on what systems, what the information is'. In a major project like this they 'would have been everywhere in the FAA system' in the years before 9/11. Singh said she was told they were in places that required clearances; they had log-on access to FAA flight-control computers; and they were given passwords to many other computers. She said that when she did the same work for JPMorganChase she could have access to almost anything she wanted: '... If you were up to no good, as an enterprise architect, with such a mandate, you typically could have anything you wanted. Access to anything.' Is anyone in any doubt why Israel is such a global centre of cyber high-tech and 'cyber security' – enterprise architecture?

FBI – Federal Blocking of Investigation

The FBI is an extraordinarily corrupt organisation at its Hidden Hand core although with many genuine and decent people working there around the rest of the organisation. We saw earlier how FBI agents complained about being undermined in their investigations into terrorist groups before 9/11 and one was agent Robert Wright operating out of Chicago – the American base for Ptech funder Yassin al-Kadi (Qadi). Wright began investigating Kadi and others accused of transferring money for guns and ammunition to al-Qaeda and the Hamas 'Palestinian' terrorist group. Not all of them were necessarily guilty in this twilight world of serious smoke and mirrors in which diversion and false accusation are central to the systematic deceit, but 23 organisations in the US were reportedly named for secretly funding Hamas including one called the Holy Land Foundation. This was based in Richardson, a relatively small city in Texas, which was said to be 'throbbing' with Israeli 'art student' activity. I have quoted people in other books, including Palestinian Liberation Organisation (PLO) leader, Yasser Arafat, as saying Hamas was covertly created by Israel. Many of these pre-9/11 Saudis in the US accused of funding terrorists were said to be 'funding Hamas'. This is more smoke and mirrors. Former British MP George Galloway, who called himself a 'comrade of Yasser Arafat', said: 'I saw Hamas be born, and Israel was the midwife':

> The Muslim Brotherhood, a client of the British in Egypt, had brothers in Gaza of course. Those brothers became Hamas with the full cooperation of Israel ... I saw with my own eyes the open development of Islamism in Gaza, a catspaw against Arafat and the PLO. While the gaols (and the grave-yards) were full of PLO men, the roads were choc-a-block with Islamist society vehicles. Communities were served by Islamic schools, hospitals and civic-society institutions of all kinds. Permitted, encouraged, sometimes financed by Israel. It was divide and rule in perfect harmony.

Arab terrorism funders connected to Ptech and other Israeli fronts were said to be supporting Hamas and the Muslim Brotherhood – both Israeli fronts. Everything starts to make sense. Galloway appears to believe that Hamas is now independent of Israel, but I disagree. I am not talking about everyone who calls themselves Hamas only those elements within its ranks that serve Israel's interests. The actions of Hamas perfectly serve the Israeli agenda of refusing to reach a peace agreement with the Palestinians because of 'Hamas terrorism'. Look at how the murder of Palestinians has been explained away by 'fighting Hamas' and cold-blooded killing of civilians is excused by claims of 'Hamas using civilians as human shields'. Legitimate peaceful protest

against shocking Palestinian oppression is condemned as the work of 'Hamas terrorists'. The existence of Hamas is good for Israel's ultra-Zionists and Sabbatian-Frankists and who is blamed for firing makeshift missiles into Israel that provides the excuse to bomb Gaza with state-of-the-art missiles? *Hamas.* Ultra-Zionists that run Israel need terrorists to keep their own population in fear and justify violence and oppression against their targets. Former German Defence Minister Andreas von Bulow described the 'Palestinian terrorist' Abu Nidal as 'an instrument of Mossad'. Anyway – back to FBI agent Robert Wright who claims to have uncovered a whole network of people in the United States apparently funding Hamas and al-Qaeda (a network overwhelmingly of Mossad and CIA fronts in other words) and the investigation became known as Operation Vulgar Betrayal which would be undermined by an undercover FBI agent who refused to secretly record a Muslim suspect. Far from being reprimanded for protecting the suspect the agent was promoted to a post at the US Embassy in Saudi Arabia. This would have been unexplainable if you didn't know how the global networks operate with both 'sides' controlled by same force. Wright realised that the closer he got to the truth the more his bosses at the FBI resisted what he was doing. They forbade him from making arrests and his investigation was trashed. 'Let sleeping dogs lie', he was told. Operation Vulgar Betrayal was shut down the year before 9/11 after Wright had earlier been removed from the case. He highlighted the FBI's International Terrorism Unit as a source for most of the resistance to genuine investigation:

> September the 11th is a direct result of the incompetence of the FBI's International Terrorism Unit. No doubt about that. Absolutely no doubt about that. You can't know the things I know and not go public ... There's so much more. God, there's so much more. A lot more.

This was not incompetence, but design. If you want to stop something being investigated control the agency that should be investigating. Who but the streetwise are going to suspect an 'anti-terrorism' agency of protecting, even instigating, terrorism? Who is going to suspect an anti-drug agency of running drugs? Robert Wright was tenacious in seeking to expose the truth about the FBI after 9/11 and as a result he was banned from working on the 9/11[non]-investigation or even answering calls from the public. His efforts to speak with [In]Justice Department big-wigs like Attorney General John Ashcroft and Criminal Division chief Michael Chertoff were denied. Ultra-Zionist Chertoff, reportedly the son of a Mossad agent, said: 'We are tired of conspiracy theories.' Wright, however, continued to his great credit to fight on.

Mendelson's remote control

The upgrade of FAA air traffic computer systems undertaken by Ptech and MITRE from the late 1990s and across 9/11 was overseen by Monte Belger, a senior official of the FAA and Acting Deputy Administrator for Air Traffic Services and System Operations in the period 1997 to 2002. Christopher Bollyn found his name and his connection to the 'upgrade' in documents about FAA failures on 9/11. I mentioned Belger earlier in this context:

> At 9.53, 25 minutes after contact was lost, FAA headquarters told the Command Center that the deputy director for air traffic services was talking to deputy administrator Monte Belger about scrambling aircraft. *Talking about it??*

Bollyn describes Belger as '... the key decision-maker at the Federal Aviation Administration, responsible for the software and computer upgrades that involved Ptech, the suspicious upgrades which were being done during the years prior to 9/11'. Belger's Internet biography said that he was 'leading the 49,000-person team and in charge of operating the world's safest aviation system'. Well, except on 9/11. Belger's pivotal role in the FAA air traffic system and the 'upgrade' rightly requires investigation in the light of the failure of that system on September 11th, 2001. Bollyn established that when Belger left the FAA in 2002 he was employed as 'Vice President, Government Connection' of an Israeli company called US Aviation Technology in Parkland, Florida, half an hour's drive from Hollywood, Florida, the apparent centre of the Israeli 'spy' ring operation uncovered in 2001, and where Mohamed Atta and other alleged 9/11 'hijackers' lived in the same period. Bollyn says that US Aviation Technology appears to have been run from the apartment of Ehud 'Udi' Mendelson who founded the company. He is a self-described 'captain in the prestigious Army Intelligence Unit of the Israel Defense Forces'. Bollyn tracked down documents and other information from the Israel Venture Capital Research Center website which list Monte Belger of Centreville, Virginia, as a Vice President and Government Connection of US Aviation Technology LLC. Mendelson was Chief Technology Officer of the company which in another incredible coincidence was involved in a remote-control system that allows an operator on the ground to 'monitor and adjust the computer flight systems on aircraft' in real time. In Mendelson's own words: 'We put the ground "pilot" in the cockpit.' Bollyn writes in *Solving 9/11*:

> His software and design was promoted as a system to obtain real-time data from the aircraft's computer recorders (black box, FDR) in order to monitor flight systems – and make corrections – if necessary. The possibility to

> remotely hijack a plane with Mendelson's system is obvious. Mendelson also promoted a Flight Data Animator, which he said gives the ground pilot all of the data and the visuals that the pilot in the aircraft has. In the two on-line presentations of this equipment it is stated that corrections can be made by the ground pilot to avoid an accident or situation.

In short the ground pilot could fly the aircraft – a capability for the military going back at least to the 1960s and Operation Northwoods and mega-updated by 2001. Mendelson's system transmitted data via satellite to the plane's satellite antenna. Bollyn asked Monte Belger, who oversaw the work of Ptech and MITRE on the FAA air traffic computer systems, about his relationship with Israeli military intelligence officer Ehud Mendelson. Belger denied 'knowing or having anything to do' with either Mendelson or US Aviation Technology, a position he reiterated in another Bollyn call to his office at arms giant Lockheed Martin where he was vice president with responsibility for Transportation Systems Security. Then how did Belger's name get on those documents relating to US Aviation Technology along with his address and specific job title?? Bollyn found another interesting name on the Israeli US Aviation Technology personnel documents – Peter Goelz. He is the former managing director of the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB). This is the organisation that investigates the cause of air crashes and produced those woefully flawed flight data recording animations for the 9/11 aircraft discussed at length earlier. Goelz was at the NTSB between 1995 and 1999 in a period when a number of investigations into air crashes remain controversial to this day – including TWA Flight 800 (1996); Egypt Air (1990); and the one that killed JFK's son, John F. Kennedy Jr, near Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts (1999). Goelz was named as Mendelson's US Aviation Technology vice president, Corporate Strategy. Bollyn could find nothing in his background that related in any way to experience or expertise in aviation despite being named by the Bill Clinton administration as managing director of the NTSB and appearing in the documents as Vice President, Corporate Strategy for ultra-Zionist Mendelson's US Aviation Technology. Goelz's background was as a political advisor and a lobbyist for gambling interests in Kansas City. *He* was overseeing investigations of *air crashes*? Blackjack table crashes maybe, but aircraft? Bollyn contacted Goelz and asked him about his connections to Mendelson and US Aviation Technology. At no time did Goelz deny that he was Vice President of a company founded and run by an Israeli intelligence officer with a keen interest in aircraft remote-control technology. Goelz told Bollyn that he had met with Mendelson 'two or three times' in Washington DC and that Mendelson was 'based in Miami'. He said he couldn't recall if he had met Mendelson before

9/11. Goelz knew that the company was focused on technology providing a 'ground pilot' with real-time data from aircraft but said he didn't really understand it. This was a strange comment given that Bollyn found a Goelz testimonial for US Aviation Technology in which he clearly understood it very well:

> Your system of real time downloading of aircraft data meets a very real and pressing problem. Not only is it important from a safety and security standpoint it also has applicability for navigation and flight management. A robust two-way data pipe from the aircraft to the ground and back could revolutionize the industry.
>
> The key to your system is it[s] initial simplicity, relying on tested, almost off the shelf, components. That your concept is well on the way to securing a patent further strengthens your proposal.
>
> I look forward to working with you on this project and believe that with the appropriate backing it will be successful.

Bollyn says that after his conversations with Goelz and Belger the web pages and documents that connected them to US Aviation Technology and Mendelson were taken down.

Hawks and Dov

Ultra-ultra-Zionist Dov Zakheim, who served in a number of Department of Defense positons during the Reagan-Bush administration, is an interesting character with a link to remote-control aircraft systems (Fig 142). Zakheim was a member of the Project for the New American Century (PNAC) that produced the regime-change document (which he co-wrote) in September, 2000, and a member of the ultra-Zionist-dominated group dubbed 'The Vulcans' which 'advised' Boy Bush on foreign policy ('bomb for Israel') before he became president. The group, which was *officially* headed by soon-to-be Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice, included ultra-Zionist PNAC stalwarts Zakheim, Richard Perle, Robert Zoellick, Paul Wolfowitz and Lewis Scooter Libby. Dov Zakheim's fingerprints were everywhere before, during and after 9/11, but that's just a coincidence and nothing to

Figure 142: Ultra-Zionist Dov Zakheim, 9/11 Pentagon comptroller.

worry about. He was appointed Comptroller, or Undersecretary of Defense, in charge of the Pentagon budget when Boy Bush came to power with a list of other ultra-Zionist PNAC Neocons in January, 2001. Zakheim would continue in that role until 2004 in the period in which trillions of dollars were found to be missing from the Pentagon books – a fact announced on September 10th, 2001. He came to the Pentagon after some five years as CEO of SPC International, a subsidiary of the high-technology 'defense' company System Planning Corporation which has close connections to the Pentagon and its technology-development arm, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA). During this period from 1987 to 2001 he advised defence secretaries in the Father Bush and Bill Clinton presidencies and was appointed to many major groups within the Department of Defense including the Task Force on Defense Reform. Three times he won the Defense Department's highest civilian award.

System Planning Corporation was involved with aircraft remote control systems including one developed by its Radar Physics Group called the Flight Termination System, or FTS. This had the capability of controlling multiple aircraft from the ground – including large passenger jets – over a distance of hundreds of miles and taking over planes in-flight. Eglin Air Force Base in Florida is reported to have been a customer for the technology and this is the base mentioned in the Operation Northwoods document as the location of a drone aircraft made to look like a passenger aircraft that it was planned to replace before being brought down by radio signal over Cuba. The Flight Termination System included a Command Transmitter System (CTS) which the company's website described as having 'remote control and flight termination functions through a fully-redundant self-contained solid-state system ...' Zakheim's SPC International reportedly contracted with MacDill Air Force Base in Florida to test the Flight Termination System (FTS) on more than 30 Boeing 767s as part of a planned deal between Boeing and the Pentagon to lease 767s converted into refuelling tankers. 'World Trade Center' Flights 11 and 175 were 767s and some witnesses and observers have suggested that Flight 175 looked more like a tanker than a passenger jet when it struck the South Tower. Former Mossad operative Victor Ostrovsky describes an operation in which an Israeli Boeing 707 refuelling aircraft was made to look like a commercial jet from Irish airline Aer Lingus. Another World Trade Center connection is the Tridata Corporation, a subsidiary of Systems Planning Corporation. Tridata was awarded the contract to investigate the 1993 WTC bombing in which the FBI was seriously involved and ultra-Zionists played a significant part in associated legal proceedings including Michael Chertoff. Dov Zakheim is reported to be an American-Israeli duel citizen and he's an extreme supporter of ultra-

Zionism with a family history to match. His grandfather, Julius Zakheim, was a Russian rabbi who married a relative of Karl Marx, the Rothschild Illuminati bankers' frontman to sell authoritarian control (Marxism) as 'government of the people'. Zakheim's father, Rabbi Jacob Zakheim, befriended terrorist Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin and was himself a member of Betar, a terrorist 'youth movement' established by Mr Gun Zionism, Ze'ev Jabotinsky. I consider them all Sabbatian-Frankist 'rabbis' of the kind described by Rabbi Antelman in *To Eliminate the Opiate.* Dov Zakheim is also a rabbi, but which kind? He resigned from the Pentagon in 2014 with the missing money then totalling $3 trillion and became a Senior Vice President at Booz Allen Hamilton, a management and information technology consulting firm notorious for its connections to the US military and intelligence community including DARPA. Dov Zakheim is an ultra-Zionist insider to his DNA and controlled Pentagon spending before and after 9/11.

Lights, camera – action!

I am coming shortly to ultra-Zionist control of 9/11 'security', but first I want to emphasise again as I conclude this chapter the enormous reach Israel has into the networks of power in the United States in ways and by means and personalities that may not at first sight be obvious. A perfect example is ultra-Zionist Arnon Milchan, the billionaire businessman, film producer and founder of the production company Regency Enterprises. Milchan was born in British Mandate Palestine in 1944. He is known for movies like *JFK, Pretty Woman, Free Willy, Fight Club* and *LA Confidential,* but less known as an Israeli intelligence agent from the mid-1960s to *at least* the mid-1980s. Unless you turn against them like Victor Ostrovsky, do you ever really cease to be one? No way. Milchan is a big-time Israeli elite insider. He claimed terrorist Israeli president Shimon Peres as his 'best friend' and is also close to Benjamin Netanyahu who faces corruption and fraud charges in Israel over accepting more than $283,000 worth of champagne and cigars from Milchan in exchange for tax break laws and intervening to help Milchan with his long-term American visa. Netanyahu is reported to have asked then Secretary of State John Kerry three times to intervene on Milchan's behalf. Official political persuasions mean nothing at this level. Milchan is a close friend of far-right Netanyahu and also helped to establish the Israel Labor Party in 1968 with Peres and others including military leader Moshe Dayan. They were all equally far-right and hiding behind a 'socialist' smokescreen (as many still are today). Under the cover of his work in Hollywood Milchan was for decades Israel's 'foremost weapons procurer' in deals that included 'everything from nuclear triggers to rocket fuel to guidance systems'. Shimon Peres was the architect of Israel's nuclear weapons arsenal and so it's no surprise that one of

Milchan's Israeli intelligence roles was securing technology and materials for Israel's nuclear programme. Peres recruited Milchan to the Bureau of Scientific Relations – known as LAKAM – which negotiated arms deals and supported Israel's secret nuclear weapons project. LAKAM was headed in this same period by Mossad chief Rafael 'Rafi' Eitan, the man at the centre of the PROMIS 'back-door' scandal that infiltrated top secret government and military computer systems in America and other countries. Eitan and LAKAM were working with Jonathan Pollard, the Jewish intelligence analyst for the US government who admitted spying for Israel and providing top-secret classified information. Well, Eitan did describe America as 'the enemy'. Shimon Peres said of Milchan:

> Arnon is a special man. It was I who recruited him ... When I was at the Ministry of Defense, Arnon was involved in numerous defense-related procurement activities and intelligence operations. His strength is in making connections at the highest levels ... His activities gave us a huge advantage, strategically, diplomatically and technologically.

A documentary on Israeli television in 2013 revealed that at one time Milchan, former owner of sports brand Puma, was operating 30 companies in 17 countries to broker deals worth hundreds of millions of dollars and he told the programme that he used connections to promote the apartheid regime in South Africa in exchange for its help with Israel acquiring uranium. Someone was seriously watching his back in 1985 when a close associate heading a company Milchan financed was indicted for smuggling 800 triggers ('krytrons') for nuclear weapons to Israel. Richard Kelly Smyth ran the Milchan-financed Milco International which is reported to have done as much as 80-per-cent of its business with Milchan and Israel. The charges against Smyth listed the buyers of the triggers in Israel as Milchan Brothers and Heli Trading Ltd (also known as Milchan Limited), both owned by Milchan. Yet Milchan was never charged and Smyth did a runner to Israel before the case came to court. He was arrested by Interpol in Spain in 2001 and returned to the United States where 28 of the 29 counts against him were miraculously dropped and he was made immediately eligible for parole. Smyth would claim that his go-between who worked at the Heli Trading Company 'node' of the Israeli smuggling network code-named Project Pinto was ... *Benjamin Netanyahu.* According to the FBI report:

> Smyth and [Netanyahu] would meet in restaurants in Tel Aviv and in [Netanyahu's] home and/or business. It was not uncommon for [Netanyahu] to ask Smyth for unclassified material.

Netanyahu, Sabbatian-Frankists and ultra-Zionists have absolute contempt for the United States and every other country they manipulate for their own dastardly ends. Arnon Milchan's Israeli company Milchan Brothers represented a list of major armament (we-love-war) giants such as Raytheon in arms-to-Israel deals and he has made a fortune in the process. Milchan has been described as a 'big star' at Raytheon – the company behind Unmanned Aerial Systems (UAS) which allows a ground 'pilot' to fly unmanned Global Hawk drone aircraft on the other side of the world. If a missile or military plane hit the Pentagon on 9/11 it would most likely have been made by Raytheon. A remarkable number of Raytheon executives were listed to have died on 9/11 aircraft – Stanley Hall, Director of Electronic warfare program management (Flight 77); Peter Gay, Raytheon vice president of Electronic Systems on assignment to where the Global Hawk remote control system is made (Flight 11); Kenneth Waldie, Senior Quality Control for Electronic Systems (Flight 11); David Kovalcin, Senior Mechanical Engineer for Electronic Systems (Flight 11); and Herbert Homer, Corporate Executive working with the Department of Defense (Flight 175). Terms like 'shady' have been used by those who have worked with Arnon Milchan. Screenwriter and director Terry Gilliam, who directed the film *Brazil* for Milchan, said: 'Arnon can be great, but when it comes to money there's something – I don't know – bits just don't seem to connect.' Milchan told American Jewish journalist Ann Louise Bardach in 2000:

> I love Israel, and any way I can help Israel, I will. I'll do it again and again. If you say I'm an arms dealer, that's your problem. In Israel there is practically no business that does not have something to do with defense.

Now that last point is absolutely the truth and those businesses most especially include tech and security/cyber security companies operating worldwide. Milchan admitted to Bardach that he has allowed 'prominent Israelis' to use his companies to buy newspapers. Other authors have connected him to money-laundering – including some of the $100 million spent by apartheid South Africa to Photoshop its global image. Milchan is a close friend of media mogul and Israel fanatic Rupert Murdoch (with whom he became a business partner in Regency) and other ultra-Zionists at the top of major media organisations. Murdoch's Fox aired the episode of *The Lone Gunmen* in March, 2001, about a group within the American government hijacking an airliner by remote control with the aim of flying it into the World Trade Center and blaming Arab terrorists to justify a war. Six months before the 9/11 attacks that is serious prophecy and the programme was shot in 2000. Would it not have been an obvious move for investigators to ask where the plot for that programme came from? Arnon Milchan's first film as

executive producer, *The Medusa Touch*, in which he invested $2 million dollars, includes a scene in which a passenger aircraft is guided remotely to crash into a high-rise tower by the mind of a character played by Richard Burton. The film came out in 1978 – the year before former Mossad chief Isser Harel, the 'Father of Israeli Intelligence', made his prophecy about an attack on America's tallest building in New York. Milchan's movie, JFK, about the assassination of President Kennedy, put the blame on the US-military industrial complex with no mention of any possible Israeli involvement. American elements were to blame for sure, but was it only them? There is evidence to suggest otherwise which I include in *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. Milchan's friend, the terrorist Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, was in Dallas that day and there are many Israeli connections to Kennedy's demise. Among Milchan's media interests was Israel's Channel 10 which he owned with ultra-Zionists Ronald Lauder – who lobbied for the World Trade Center to be privatised – and Josef 'Yossi' Maiman, a Mossad operative who represents Israeli oil interests in Turkmenistan. Rupert Murdoch bought into Channel 10 in 2006 before a financial crisis caused a change of ownership. Murdoch newspapers in Australia were at the forefront in libelling me in 2019 in an effort to have my speaking visa revoked. When Murdoch's mouth moves Israel is always speaking.

The web of interacting ultra-Zionist organisations and place-people operating worldwide – and especially within the United States – is incredible in its scale and influence and the same applies to 9/11 'security' or lack of it.

CHAPTER 25

Just a coincidence? (3)

The nation is bound together by an invisible chain – George Orwell

Controlling 'security' at the World Trade Center and 9/11 airports would have been essential to those behind the attacks. A list of essential preparations would not have been possible without control of the buildings and at least considerable influence over airport security. You will not be shocked by now to know that ultra-Zionists – ultimately the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult – secured both.

Israel's intelligence and military network had been pursuing control of World Trade Center security for well over a decade before the attacks and they first achieved this in 1987 through a Tel Aviv company called Atwell Security. This was part of the Eisenberg Group of ultra-Zionist intelligence operative and arms smuggler, Shaul Eisenberg, another player at the centre of the Israeli nuclear weapons programme involving film mogul Arnon Milchan and its connections to apartheid South Africa. Eisenberg died in China in 1997 which was appropriate given all the weapons he had covertly supplied on Israel's behalf to China, North Korea and other countries in Asia, plus the most tyrannical regimes in Central America. Eisenberg was also a major player in the creation of ultra-Zionist terror groups Irgun and Betar. He also ran ZIM shipping and a stream of other Mossad front companies. ZIM vacated its offices in the North Tower at short notice a week before 9/11 breaking the terms of its lease to do so. Eisenberg founded the Israel Corporation in 1968 in a deal with the Israeli government and the 'Eisenberg law' was passed giving him tax breaks for 30 years. Israeli police recommended in 2018 that Arnon Milchan be charged with bribery over gifts to Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu to pass tax exemption laws that benefited Milchan. It became known as 'Milchan's law'. There are two Israels – one for the ultra-Zionist elite like Eisenberg and Milchan and another for everyone else.

Ultra-Zionism and WTC 'security'

The Israel Corporation and Eisenberg Group were fronts for Mossad and the Israeli government's Sabbatian-Frankist global agenda. The same

goes for the Eisenberg subsidiary, Atwell Security, which won the contract to 'protect' the World Trade Center in 1987. Atwell was run by senior agents of Israeli intelligence who had worked with Isser Harel, their 'former' boss and 'father of Israeli intelligence', who made the prediction in 1979 that 'Islamic terrorists' would target the biggest building in New York because it was 'America's phallic symbol'. The deal for Atwell to take over World Trade Center security was done with the same New York Port Authority that would later sell the WTC lease to ultra-Zionists Larry Silverstein and Frank Lowy. There was not a security company in America that could have done the job? Once again the ultra-Zionist connection between the New York Port Authority and Israel is glaring at the time when Atwell was awarded the World Trade Center security contract. Ultra-Zionist Stephen Berger, Port Authority executive director at the time, has served on the board of the New York Citizens Budget Commission with Larry Silverstein while ultra-Zionist Philip D. Kaltenbacher was chairman of the Authority's Board of Commissioners. Kaltenbacher's father was the founder of the ultra-Zionist New Jersey branch of the American Jewish Committee. Yet another ultra-Zionist involved with the Port Authority until just before 9/11was Michael Glassner, a senior advisor to chairman Lewis Eisenberg. Glassner was a Southwest Regional Political Director of AIPAC who would turn up again in 2016 as executive director of the Donald Trump for President campaign committee. Ultra-Zionist Ed Koch was New York Mayor in the same period and he would later cross party lines to endorse fellow-travellers Rudolph Giuliani and Michael Bloomberg for mayor of the city vehemently controlled by ultra-Zionism. Koch's Deputy Mayor for Operations was ultra-Zionist Stanley Brezenoff who would become Port Authority executive director in 1990. A prerequisite for being Mayor of New York is to be an ultra-Zionist or Israel fanatic – witness the stomach-turning sycophantism of Mayor Bill de Blasio at the AIPAC conference in 2019 when he spoke of Israel being essential 'to shelter an oppressed people' from rising 'nativism, fascism, and white supremacy'. Straight from the script, Bill. Well done you.

Meanwhile, Atwell's negotiator with the Port Authority at the New York end was Peter (Zvi) Malkin, a major Mossad officer who kidnapped the Nazi Adolf Eichmann in Argentina in 1960 and took him to Israel for execution. Malkin hid his senior Mossad background by posing in New York as a 'security consultant' and 'artist'. There seem to be a lot of artists in Israel. I wonder if Malkin's work interested the reportedly Mossad agent mother of Michael Chertoff who ran an art gallery in New Jersey at the time? Chertoff's key role in the 9/11 cover up will be discussed later in the chapter. The World Trade Center deal quickly went pear-shaped, however, when the background to Atwell's president became known. His official name in the WTC contract

negotiations was Avraham Bendor, but he was exposed to be also known as Avraham or Avram Shalom – the former head of Israeli domestic intelligence, Shin Bet. Shalom, head of Shin Bet for six years from 1980, was exposed by the Israeli Justice Ministry for sanctioning the murder of two Palestinian bus hijackers by smashing their skulls with stones. He had to resign in 1986 along with some Shin Bet agents and was then pardoned by Israeli president Chaim Hertzog. The Israel intelligence terrible trio of Avraham 'Bendor' Shalom, Zvi Malkin and the omnipotent Rafi Eitan had worked together for decades on covert operations which included supplying Israel's nuclear programme with American uranium. Now here was the same gang, with other senior Israeli intelligence assets, seeking to secure security control of the World Trade Center that would be bombed in 1993 and destroyed on 9/11. This is all a coincidence? Pigs might ...

So the first ultra-Zionist, Israeli intelligence, attempt to control security at the World Trade Center was thwarted in 1987 by the Bendor-Shalom exposure, but they were not taking no for an answer. Why were they obsessed with controlling security at the World Trade Center? It's a rhetorical question, by the way. This brings us to ultra-Zionists Jules Kroll and Larry Silverstein insurer, Maurice Greenberg. In 1972 Kroll founded Kroll Inc., a corporate investigations and risk consulting company in Manhattan which would later employ Avraham 'Bendor' Shalom and become known as 'Wall Street's private eye'. Kroll employed ultra-Zionist Jerome Hauer who was the first director of Mayor Giuliani's New York Office of Emergency Management from 1996 to 2000 and responsible for locating the $13 million command center on the 23rd floor of Larry Silverstein's World Trade Center Building 7. It was opened in 1999 just two years before 9/11. The Office of Emergency Management took over the preparation and directing of emergency response from the New York Police Department. Hauer was replaced in this role in 2000 and across 9/11 by ultra-Zionist Richard Sheirer, 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight', and on 9/11 Hauer was a managing director with Kroll Associates which by then had long been the company running 'security' at the World Trade Center. Ultra-Zionism controlled the World Trade Center and New York's security and response system lock, stock and barrel on September 11th. There were also connections between the Kroll family and ultra-Zionist CIA tech advisor Amit Yoran, co-founder, CEO, president and director of tech company Guardium and founding member of the Pentagon's Computer Emergency Response Team who was appointed director, or 'czar', of the National Cyber Security Division at the Department of Homeland Security with responsibility for coordinating America's cyber security. He 'designed security architecture for the Pentagon and Office of the Secretary of Defense' and was Network Security Manager maintaining operations of

the Pentagon's network. Jeremy M. Kroll, son of Jules Kroll, was on the advisory board of Security Growth Partners (SPG), a funding company founded and run by Elad Yoran with his brother Amit on the advisory board with Kroll.

The grip tightens

In 1993 Maurice Greenberg bought into Kroll when his insurance and finance giant American International Group (AIG) purchased 20 percent of the company. Greenberg doesn't do justice to the term 'ultra-Zionist' and many more 'ultras' would be required to get anywhere close. Put it this way – Henry Kissinger became chairman of AIG's advisor board in 1987. AIG was the company that originally agreed to massively increase the insurance in the case of a terrorist attack for Greenberg friend Larry Silverstein's lease on the World Trade Center and swiftly sold on the risk to the companies that had to pay Silverstein billions for his $14 million personal investment. Jules Kroll was also a friend of Silverstein and they served together on the Citizen's Budget Commission of New York. Greenberg's AIG had a joint venture in Israel called AIG Golden with the Aurec Group of ultra-Zionist Morris Kahn. Aurec is the parent company of Amdocs, the Israel-based telecommunications company that employed many of those arrested over the Israeli 'spy' ring in 2001. AIG became widely known during the financial crash of 2008 when it was bailed out by the American taxpayer to the tune of $180 billion to 'protect the financial integrity' of trading partners such as Goldman Sachs, Morgan Stanley, Bank of America, Merrill Lynch and a host of banks in Europe. The fact that AIG and the rest of the financial and banking system were *responsible* for the crash was irrelevant because they controlled the politicians and so they were considered 'too big to fail'. So big, in fact, that a fantastic transfer of wealth from the American people to ultra-Zionist banks and financial institutions was believed justified by the ultra-Zionist Federal Reserve and government operatives to keep them afloat. The financial crash was a disaster for the public but led to a breathtaking transfer of money from public via government to the bankers and insurance operations like Greenberg's AIG although the absolute domination by ultra-Zionists of the Bush and Obama financial teams that made these decisions was surely only another coincidence. Boy Bush's Treasury Secretary during the mega-bail-outs was Henry 'Hank' Paulson, former chairman and CEO of ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs, at a time when ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke was head of the US Federal Reserve overseeing who got what in the bail-out. Bernanke had replaced ultra-Zionist Alan Greenspan as head of the Fed and would be replaced himself by ultra-Zionist Janet Yellen and her deputy Stanley Fischer, former governor of the Bank of Israel. Thanks to the beleaguered taxpayers AIG continues to operate in 'more than 80

countries and jurisdictions'.

In the same year of 1993 when Greenberg became a partner in Kroll two significant things happened. There was the FBI-connected World Trade Center bombing and the award of the contract to Kroll Inc. by the New York Port Authority under ultra-Zionist executive director Stanley Brezenoff to 'redesign' its security procedures – including those at ... the *World Trade Center* in the wake of the 1993 bombing. Kroll continued to control WTC security right up to 9/11 and employed former FBI anti-terrorism agent John O'Neil as head of security just before the attacks in which he died. He was offered the job on the recommendation of Kroll Associates ultra-Zionist managing director, Jerome Hauer. O'Neil had complained that his FBI investigations into terrorism and Osama bin Laden had been blocked and he had investigated the background to the 1993 World Trade Center bombing. Electronic security at the WTC was handled by a company called Securacom (now known as Stratesec) which had Marvin Bush, youngest brother of President Boy Bush, on the board from 1993 to 2000. Securacom was funded by the long-time Bush family-linked Kuwait-American Corp that was connected to the Kuwaiti 'royal' family which, in turn, is close to the Saudi 'royal' family of Donmeh Sabbatian-Frankists. The company also worked for the Department of Defense. Kroll had a close association with another company, Marsh & McLennan (MMC), a New York-based global insurance brokerage and risk management operation. Jeffrey Greenberg, son of Kroll's Maurice Greenberg, was either CEO or chairman of MMC between 1999 and 2004. MMC acquired Kroll Inc. in 2004 in an all-cash deal. The amazing connections and coincidences continue with the fact that the alleged (but not) 'Flight 11' struck the North Tower of the World Trade Centre at an impact zone which spanned the floors of Marsh & McLennan from 93 to 99 and specifically hit a secure computer room. One of the Marsh & McLennan offices belonged to Paul Bremer, former managing director of ultra-Zionist Kissinger and Associates. War criminal Henry Kissinger was the man Bush and Cheney named to head the 9/11 Commission until his monumental conflicts of interest forced him to stand-down. His side-kick Bremer would be appointed Presidential Envoy to Iraq by Bush (Kissinger) to oversee US operations in the country after the invasion of 2003. Bremner at the time of 9/11 was chairman and CEO of Marsh Crisis Consulting, a risk and insurance subsidiary of Marsh & McLennan. He was not in his office when the plane stuck – I bet you are stunned to your water by that – but he was in a live television studio at lunchtime that day being introduced as a 'counter-terrorism expert' who was Chairman of the National Commission on Terrorism. I have watched this NBC interview on the Internet and that was truly shocking even for me. He is quickly into 'Bin Laden did it' mode with Iraq and Iran thrown in and he is astonishingly

calm throughout when hundreds of Marsh & McLennan employees were at the epicentre of the strike on the North Tower in the very area where he had an office. None of them would survive with 295 MMC employees and 63 contractors killed. Bremner does not even mention his Marsh & McLennan connection and what happened to its North Tower offices which suffered a direct hit three hours earlier and by then the building had collapsed. It's an absolute head-shaker.

Calling them 'home'?

The final report on the collapse of the towers by the National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST) describes how the nose of 'Flight 11' struck the 96th floor and 'filled the 96th and 95th floors from top to bottom'. The report describes the 95th floor as being a 'large walled data centre along the north and east sides' and the plane hit the floor on the north side. Christopher Bollyn called Marsh & McLennan to confirm what had been on the 95th floor and talked to company spokesman, Reginald McQuay, who said it wasn't a data centre, but a *computer* centre. NIST's report on the South Tower says it was struck on the 81st floor without describing what was there. The floor in fact was one of three occupied by Fuji Bank, but no other details about floor 81 came to light until a former bank employee who worked with computers came forward. He said the 81st floor had been specifically reinforced and a raised platform introduced to support massive UPS (Uninterrupted Power Supply) batteries, or at least they *appeared* to be. Cables and a power supply ran underneath the raised platform, but the employee said they were *never turned on*. He said they were delivered during the night and were in place by the summer before the attacks ... 'The whole floor was batteries' ... 'huge battery-looking things' [which were] ...'all black' ... 'solid, very heavy'. The employee said that only senior IT people from Fuji and associated banks were ever allowed in there along with staff from Shimizu-America Corp, a Japanese heavy construct, engineering and project management company. Shimizu employees were the only ones who could open the 'enclosed server racks' that 'were so tall you could not see over the top of them', the source said. Bollyn could get no explanation from Shimizu-America about what the 'batteries' were or what was happening on the 81st floor. NIST confirms the floor had been reinforced and other documents say this was 'to accommodate the new UPS workspace'. Bollyn tracked down the structural engineering firm called Leslie E. Robertson and Associates (LERA) and spoke with SawTeen See, a managing partner. She said she was not at liberty to discuss the work and Bollyn should contact the 'project owners' – the New York Port Authority. It is very possible that the floors the planes hit in both towers contained some kind of homing device guiding them to their target via on-board remote-control

technology and there was certainly something strange about the 81st floor of the South Tower from which molten metal was seen pouring after the strike. Bollyn points out that this could be explained if thermite, or thermate, was stored on the floor. He points out that the metal is yellow and white hot and says thermite/thermate could have this effect and explain the white smoke pouring from around the 81st floor. White smoke is produced in a thermite/thermate reaction which has the power to cut through even the huge supporting pillars at the World Trade Center, advocates of this theory claim. Whatever the detail of exactly what happened, we can see that Israeli intelligence and ultra-Zionists both aggressively sought control of World Trade Center security from at least the mid-1980s and had secured that control for years before 9/11. This would have been essential to making the attacks possible and total control came with the arrival of Larry Silverstein as lease-holder from the summer of 2001.

Ultra-Zionist airport 'security'

Several security companies were at work at 9/11 airports, but one worth emphasising in the light of all this background is Huntleigh USA, a subsidiary of ICTS, the Netherlands-based International Consultants on Targeted Security. ITCS was founded in 1982 by Israelis Ezra Harel and Menachem Atzmon and run by Israeli intelligence agents. Harel was under criminal investigation relating to a company collapse when he died in 2003 while Atzmon was convicted of political fraud in 1996 over his actions as co-treasurer of Netanyahu's Likud Party. His fellow co-Treasurer and later Prime Minister, Ehud Olmert, was acquitted in the same case and later jailed in 2016 on other corruption charges. Olmert was in New York on 9/11 when Mayor of Jerusalem with the Israeli owners of the Wings 'beachwear' chain. Three years after his criminal conviction Menachem Atzmon and his partner Ezra Harel took over security at Boston Logan and Newark Airports in 1999 via Huntleigh, a subsidiary of ITCS which was operated by 'former' members of Israeli Shin Bet intelligence and 'former' Israeli military personnel. Mossad-controlled ITCS was also responsible for security at Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris where 'shoe bomber' Richard Reid boarded in 2001 and at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport where 'underwear bomber' Umar Farouk Abdulmutallab, a Muslim Nigerian, was allowed to board in 2009. American lawyers Kurt and Lori Haskell were passengers on the latter flight and said they watched the would-be bomber being allowed on the plane without a passport after the intervention of a 'smartly dressed man' of possibly of Indian descent with an American accent. Abdulmutallab apparently had a one-way ticket which is a no-no for a non-resident flying to the United States. The Haskells, of course, were dismissed as 'conspiracy theorists', but Kurt Haskell was convinced that

the whole thing was a scam: 'Umar was given an intentionally defective bomb by a US Government agent and placed on our flight without showing a passport or going through security, to stage a false terrorist attack to be used to implement various government policies.' It emerged that ICTS had earlier allowed shoe bomber Richard Reid onto a flight from Amsterdam to Tel Aviv in July, 2001, for what is reported to have been an all-expenses-paid trip to Israel. Paid by whom and why? Reid apparently said that he had explosives in his shoes on that occasion, too. His aunt, Claudette Lewis, who raised Reid in London, said she believed he had been brainwashed. *This*, then, is the Israeli company, run by Israeli intelligence operatives, that failed to protect its 9/11 flights from terrorism. Ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff who oversaw the [non]-investigation of 9/11 at the US [In]Justice Department and then became head of Homeland Security did the rounds of television studios using the 'underwear bomber' as an excuse to press for full-body radiation scanners at airports. He didn't mention that his Chertoff Group represented the manufacturer, Rapiscan Systems. I'll have more about Chertoff shortly, but you have him to thank for full-body scanners that give you a blast of radiation every time you board a plane unless you choose to opt out – and almost no one does. Ultra-Zionist ITCS handled security at Moscow's Domodedovo International Airport when 37 people died and 173 were injured in 2011 in a suicide bomb blamed by the government on lax security and also at Brussels airport when 32 civilians died and more than 300 were injured in a bombing blamed on Islamic State in 2016.

The same Israeli ITCS was involved with security on the London underground when bombs on three tube trains and a London bus blamed on 'Islamic terrorists' killed 52 people and injured more than 700 on July 7th, 2007. They became known as the 7/7 bombings. Surveillance cameras on the bus were not working and surveillance images in general were remarkably sparse. Benjamin Netanyahu was in London at the time and said he was warned by the Israeli embassy not to attend an event that morning close to where one of the bombs went off – an event also attended by 9/11 New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani. Some witnesses described how train floors were bent *into* the carriages from underneath and not the other way as would have happened if the bombs were as claimed in the bags of 'Islamic terrorists' inside the train. You'll recall from earlier that former Mossad chief, Efraim Halevy, wrote in *The Jerusalem Post* about 'multiple, simultaneous explosions that took place today on the London transportation system' when London police did not know at the time they were 'simultaneous' and until later believed them not to be. ITCS subsidiary, ITCS UK, had its office in London's Tavistock Square and the bus bomb went off right in front of the building. Fortress GB, another Israeli company, had an office next to

ITCS UK on the first floor of Tavistock House South and still *another* ultra-Zionist operation, Verint Systems, then a subsidiary of Israel's Comverse Technology, was given the contract the year before the 7/7 bombings to install a 'networked video system' across the underground. 'We are delighted to be helping the London Underground meet their important security and customer service objectives,' said Dan Bodner, a former senior Israeli army officer who was President and CEO of Verint. New York-based Verint (around half the staff reportedly live in Israel) was known until 2002 as Comverse Infosys. This has already appeared in the story when its role was exposed by Fox News reporter Carl Cameron in his revelations about the Israeli 'spy' ring and its connection to Israeli security, surveillance and telecommunications companies. Cameron said Comverse worked closely with the Israeli government which under 'special programmes' paid half the company's research and development costs. He was told by US investigators that it was 'career suicide' to question if Comverse was involved in spying for Israel. There is no Israeli 'security' company that is not connected in some way – usually fundamentally – to the Israeli military and intelligence network (see the Beersheba operation). Another Mossad front, sorry, 'private spy firm', to watch is Black Cube (very significant symbolism for Saturn – see my other books) which involves former Mossad chief, Efraim Halevy, who was so prophetic in his *Jerusalem Post* article about the 7/7 bombings. Black Cube is known as 'private Mossad' but then that's what they all are. As ultra-Zionist film producer and Israeli intelligence operative Arnon Milchan said: 'In Israel there is practically no business that does not have something to do with defense.' Or worldwide come to that.

So here we have an attempt by top-level Israeli intelligence operatives to gain control of World Trade Center security from at least the 1980s and when the first attempt failed through the exposure of Avraham 'Bendor' Shalom the control was secured through ultra-Zionist Kroll Inc. in 1993 following the World Trade Center bombing. The first plane to strike on 9/11 made a direct hit on the offices of Kroll-connected Marsh & McClennan run by ultra-Zionist Jeffrey Greenberg, son of Kroll Inc. partner and ultra-Zionist Maurice Greenberg. At the same time a company run by 'former' agents of Israeli domestic intelligence Shin Bet ran security at two of the three 9/11 airports. But don't worry, it's all a coincidence and to suggest otherwise is 'anti-Semitic' and 'Holocaust denial'.

Chertoff your back

It is not possible to understand what happened before, during and after 9/11 without the background to ultra-ultra-Zionist, Michael Chertoff (Fig 143). He is yet another Israeli-firster-and-laster with his fingerprints

Figure 143: Ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff who oversaw the 9/11 (lack of) investigation.

all over 9/11. Chertoff was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, but the family has Russian roots. His father was a rabbi (which kind?), Talmud scholar and former leader of Congregation B'nai Israel in Elizabeth. The Talmud is a deeply racist work with origins in Babylon and the ancient world and this is the foundation, together with the Kabballah, of ultra-Zionism and the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Chertoff's grandfather, Paul Chertoff, was also a rabbi (which kind?) and his mother, Livia Chertoff (née Eisen), was an Israeli citizen and the first flight attendant for Mossad-connected Israeli airline El Al. She was reportedly a founding member of Mossad. She took part in Operation On Wings of Eagles (also Operation Magic Carpet) in 1949/50 that transported nearly 50,000 Yemeni Jews to Israel. This was presented as an wonderful success while many Jews suffered in the extreme with thousands abandoned in deserts and left to fend for themselves. Chertoff spent much of his childhood in Israel and then attended the Jewish Educational Center in Elizabeth and went on to the London School of Economics (the same as insiders like David Rockefeller and George Soros) and Harvard Law School. He was hired as a prosecutor by then US District Attorney Rudolph Giuliani and in 1990 Father George Bush made him United States Attorney for New Jersey. Chertoff was asked to stay in the post by the incoming President Clinton and was the only US attorney not to be replaced when Democrats came to power. He was appointed special counsel for the Senate committee investigation into the Clintons known as 'Whitewater' when no charges followed. Then, in 2001, he was named by the incoming President Boy Bush as head of the Criminal Division of the Department of [In]Justice where he stayed until 2003. Now Chertoff was sitting at the epicentre of the criminal 'justice' nexus in the United States in the period across 9/11. The [In]Justice Department website says:

> The Criminal Division develops, enforces, and supervises the application of all federal criminal laws except those specifically assigned to other divisions. The Division and the 93 US Attorneys have the responsibility for overseeing criminal matters as well as certain civil litigation. Criminal Division attorneys prosecute many nationally significant cases. In addition to its direct litigation responsibilities, the Division formulates and implements criminal enforcement policy and provides advice and assistance on criminal matters.

The Criminal Division also: '... advises the Attorney General, Congress, the Office of Management and Budget and the White House on matters of criminal law; provides legal advice and assistance to federal prosecutors and investigative agencies; and provides leadership for coordinating international as well as federal, state, and local law enforcement matters.' When 9/11 happened ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff was in effect running the show in all matters criminal and the [In]Justice Department was boss to the FBI – the lead [non]-investigative agency for 9/11. A 2005 report in *USA Today* described how Chertoff went to work immediately the first plane hit:

> In the minutes after the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks, while Attorney General John Ashcroft was rushing back from Milwaukee, Michael Chertoff was calling the shots.
>
> Chertoff, then chief of the Justice Department's criminal division, breached the prickly territorial lines that have long divided the Justice Department from the FBI. From a fifth-floor office at FBI headquarters, above the streams of panicked people who flooded Pennsylvania Avenue, he set up shop in the bureau's crisis center. For the next 20 hours, he directed the government's initial response to the most lethal terrorist attack in US history.
>
> Chertoff would spend the next two years serving as a central figure in formulating US anti-terrorism policy – from the effort to secretly detain hundreds of Middle Easterners in the USA, to increasing the FBI's authority to conduct domestic surveillance at religious gatherings and other public events.

In other words ultra-ultra-Zionist Israel-worshipping Michael Chertoff had control of the criminal [non]investigation into 9/11 *and* the writing and implementation of legislation to take away basic freedoms justified by 9/11 *and* as head of Homeland Security the authority to enforce that legislation. *ONE MAN*. In his role as head of the Criminal Division of the [In]Justice Department Chertoff had the power not to prosecute the Dancing Israelis and 200 Israeli 'spy ring art students' and simply send them back to Israel – which he did. There should have been a long and detailed investigation into what had been happening and its connection to the September 11th attacks. Instead Chertoff and company closed it down and sent the suspects home to Israel where they were untouchable. Nor did Chertoff seek out Dominik Suter at the Mossad-front Urban Moving Systems when he fled to Israel after his first FBI interview. Chertoff and the White House were supported in blocking an investigation into Urban Moving Systems by ultra-Zionist California US Representative Jane Harman, chair of the Working Group on Terrorism

and Homeland Security, a subcommittee of the Intelligence Committee. Harman served nine terms in Congress and was a member of all major security committees – Armed Services (six years), Intelligence (eight years) and Homeland Security (eight years). She received the Defense Department Medal for Distinguished Service, CIA Agency Seal Medal, CIA Director's Award and the Director of National Intelligence Distinguished Public Service Medal. These awards go to big-time insiders that serve the interests of the Pentagon and CIA. Washington publication *Congressional Quarterly*, or *GQ*, revealed details in 2009 of a National Security Agency (NSA) wiretap of Harman that was connected to an investigation into alleged Israeli covert operations in the US capital. Well, blow me down, who'd have thought it? The call was between Harman and an agent of the Israeli government in which she is said to have agreed to lobby the [In]Justice Department to drop espionage charges against two employees of AIPAC. In return the agent promised support in Harman's efforts to chair the House Intelligence Committee. NSA transcripts are reported to record Harman saying at the end of the call: 'This conversation doesn't exist.' Even though Harman was a Democrat further investigation of her was blocked by Alberto Gonzales, Attorney General for Republican Boy Bush. There are no national or party boundaries with ultra-Zionism and Sabbatian-Frankisim. Espionage charges against the AIPAC employees were indeed dropped – against the wishes of the FBI.

So transparently corrupt

While Chertoff was failing to investigate and prosecute the arrested Israelis he instead ordered the rounding up of innocent Muslims without charge or lawyer to promote the 'Muslims did it' cover story that ultra-Zionists were using to (a) justify American wars in the Middle East and (b) to cover their own tracks over 9/11. The immediate Problem-Reaction-Solution response to the attacks was to rapidly introduce the Patriot Act – the first post-9/11 assault on freedoms and civil liberties justified by 'protecting America from terrorism'. It was signed into law the month after the attacks and was clearly written and in the pipeline before they happened. The Patriot Act was co-written by its dominant author – *Michael Chertoff*. He drove America's 'anti-terrorism' policy with a huge increase in police powers and secret detention and oversaw the prosecution of '20th hijacker' Zacarias Moussaoui which ended in a life sentence in 2006. Chertoff is described as 'the master of the cover up' by Sanders Hicks in *The Big Wedding: 9/11, the Whistle-Blowers and the Cover-Up*. For a start Chertoff was a key player as a Senate Counsel in the blatant cover-up of the fake suicide (murder) in 1993 of Vince Foster, a Deputy White House Counsel in the Bill Clinton administration and an associate of the Clintons since their days

in Little Rock, Arkansas. Foster knew where the bodies were buried in every sense and he was added to a long, long list of murders, 'accidents' and fake suicides of people dangerous to the Clintons which became known as the 'Clinton Body Count'. John H. Clarke, lead attorney for private detective Patrick Knowlton who tried to expose the Foster murder, said of Chertoff: 'He's a dishonest bastard. He went along with the Foster cover-up.' Just the guy you want in charge of the 9/11 criminal investigation then. Sanders Hicks describes how Chertoff failed to prosecute alleged funders of Islamic terrorism before the attacks and yet a month after 9/11 he was named by the Boy Bush White House to head Operation Green Quest, a multi-agency investigation including the FBI, into the funding of terrorist organisations. The operation went nowhere in terms of the prime culprits and failed to properly investigate Ptech and connected companies with their back-door control of all the relevant 9/11 computer systems. The same is true of the FBI headed by Robert Mueller who moved to the Bureau just two weeks before 9/11. Mueller was head of the [In]Justice Department's Criminal Division during the cover-up of the BCCI banking scandal and flawed prosecutions in the case of Pan Am Flight 103 which crashed after an on-board bomb exploded over Lockerbie in Scotland. Running the Criminal Division is a monumentally pivotal position, especially in the response, or lack of it, to 9/11 and ultra-ultra Zionist Chertoff was sitting in the chair. It is important to remember that all the endless examples of the FBI's determination not to investigate 9/11, cover up and destroy evidence and block the work of genuine agents came under the ultimate control and responsibility of Michael Chertoff and his underling, Mueller.

With the official story in place and any evidence that challenged the narrative trashed, deleted or ignored, Boy Bush made Chertoff the second head of Homeland Security in 2003. This is a freedom-busting operation specifically justified by 9/11 that brought together 187 federal agencies and departments which included the agencies of US intelligence, the Secret Service, National Guard, Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), US Coast Guard, Immigration and Customs Enforcement, Citizenship and Immigration Services, Civil Air Patrol and the Transportation Security Administration (TSA). Homeland Security is a Big Brother wet dream and 9/11 was the excuse to create it. Tom Fitton, president of Judicial Watch, said of Chertoff's rapid progression: 'It's an exceptional rise to power.' Yes, what timing in relation to 9/11 and what it was used to justify in terms of crushing civil liberties. Chertoff has since made a fortune through his Chertoff Group, co-founded with Chad Sweet, his Chief of Staff of Homeland Security who also worked at the Directorate of Operations for the CIA. The Group has employed other Homeland Security personnel and former

Director of the CIA, General Michael V. Hayden. There needs to be an independent investigation into Chertoff's actions throughout his time at the [In]Justice Department with relation to 9/11 – but don't hold your breath.

Smelting the evidence

Chertoff's Criminal Division, its subordinate FBI headed by Mueller, and the administration of New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani allowed the steel from World Trade Center buildings with all the evidence it contained to be rapidly removed from the site and smelted down. More than 1.6 million tons of steel and other remains were transported to New Jersey scrapyards by June, 2002, for shipping to Asia. Chertoff also confiscated aircraft remains and denied all access to evidence by 9/11 families while citing SSI laws or 'Sensitive Security Information Regulations'. I doubt Chertoff has ever felt 'sensitivity' in his life. Chertoff's actions ensured that a full and proper investigation into the cause of the building collapses was virtually impossible. Had the steel been protected for detailed examination we would know for sure what caused the colossal girders to give way in unison in an instant and what explosives, thermite or whatever else were involved. A chemical examination could have been definitive. Instead, on the watch of Chertoff, Mueller and Giuliani, the evidence was whisked away to New Jersey scrap yards and off to Asia for smelting. All three knew each other extremely well with Israel-lackey Giuliani once hiring Chertoff as a prosecutor in the 1980s when the future New York Mayor was the United States Attorney for the Southern District in Manhattan. Giuliani's Commissioner for the New York Office of Emergency Management at the time of 9/11 was ultra-Zionist Richard 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight' Sheirer who died in 2012. Sheirer was put in charge of the rescue and clean up at the World Trade Center and so was directly involved in the chain of command that allowed the steel to be removed before an investigation could take place. He would later become Senior Vice President at Giuliani's private company, Giuliani Partners. The FBI's inspector in charge of the 9/11 [non]-investigation under Director Mueller was Pasquale J. D'Amuro and again he would have had to sanction the destruction of the steel. D'Amuro would become chairman of Giuliani Security and Safety. Ultra-Zionist Sheirer took charge of coordinating the Ground Zero clean-up overseeing the work of some 100 agencies and he handed responsibility for the steel to Kenneth Holden, head of New York's Department of Design and Construction. Holden oversaw removal of the steel under Mayor Giuliani and his successor, ultra-Zionist Mayor Michael Bloomberg who responded to complaints about the removal of evidence with the memorable line: 'Just looking at a piece of metal doesn't tell you anything.' Holden told the 9/11

Commission that he had been given 'verbal permission' to remove the steel and transport it to New Jersey scrapyards. He didn't say who the person was and staggeringly (or maybe not) the Commissioners appear not to have asked him. Holden was no more forthcoming when Christopher Bollyn made contact to ask who had told him to start moving the steel and other debris. The call quickly ended with Holden refusing to answer and saying he was no longer doing interviews on the subject. Bollyn called back and asked immediately the phone was picked up: 'Was it Chertoff who gave you the verbal permission?' Holden remained silent and ended the call. Given that Michael Chertoff was overseeing the entire 'investigation' how could he not have sanctioned the decision for the crucial removal of evidence? Bollyn wrote to Chertoff to ask if he had authorised the removal of the steel. 'No', Chertoff replied. When asked who did he said: 'No idea.' The very suggestion that the man in overall charge of the criminal investigation into 9/11 didn't know who sanctioned the rapid removal of crucial evidence is preposterous and clearly a lie.

The smelting of World Trade Center steel brings us to an ultra-Zionist mega-crook and Mossad operative called Marc Rich. Commodities were his business. He was a billionaire international commodities trader, financier and businessman who was indicted with an ultra-Zionist partner in 1983 on 65 charges relating to tax evasion and oil deals with Iran despite a US embargo while American hostages were being held by the Iranians. Rich fled to Switzerland when he knew the indictment was coming. A 2005 article in Israeli daily *Haaretz* said that Rich 'carried out special missions for the State of Israel and the Mossad'. He was also 'a donor who channelled more than a billion shekels to Israel – and a man who was pursued by the US legal authorities on suspicion of tax evasion, money laundering and commercial ties with the enemy'. Rich had ties with everyone who would make him money. He supplied most of Israel's oil after the 1973 Yom Kippur War when the country was subject to an oil boycott (ironically Rich sourced the oil from Iran) and like so many ultra-Zionists he traded with apartheid South Africa. Charges against Rich in America carried a potential sentence of more than 300 years in jail (life would have sufficed surely), but Bill Clinton gave Rich a presidential pardon on his last day in office. Rich's songwriter wife, Denise (née Eisenberg), gave more than a million dollars to Clinton's Democratic Party plus $100,000 to Hillary Clinton's Senate election campaign and $450,000 to the Clinton presidential library. There were, however, more important reasons than money for Clinton's pardon. *Haaretz* reported that Israeli political leaders were behind the decision:

> The pardon was granted after heavy pressure by none other than then-Prime

> Minister Ehud Barak, Shimon Peres, Ehud Olmert and other prominent Israelis and American Jews ... Clinton received a request for the Rich pardon signed by Barak, Shimon Peres, Ehud Olmert (then mayor of Jerusalem), Foreign Minister Shlomo Ben-Ami, Mossad chief Shabtai Shavit, Spanish King Juan Carlos and a number of leading members of the Jewish community in the US, Switzerland and the world of finance.

Nearly 56 of the 71 signatories were prominent Israeli or American ultra-Zionists including Abe Foxman, head of the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) and Rabbi Irving Greenberg, chairman of the American Holocaust Memorial Museum. Prime Minister Barak further applied pressure directly in a meeting with Clinton. *Haaretz* quotes social activist Eldad Yaniv, who was in the next room, describing how Barak shouted at Clinton, insisting that he approve the pardon. Yaniv wrote in his online book *U-Turn*:

> '[The pardon] could be important,' Barak shouted at Clinton. 'Not only from the financial aspect, but also because he helped the Mossad in more than one instance.'

What did Barak mean by 'the financial aspect'? Terrorist Ehud Barak was the man who spoke on the BBC immediately after the 9/11 attacks pointing the finger at Osama bin Laden and calling for the invasion of Afghanistan. Former Israeli military intelligence commander Barak moved to the United States in 2001 to be an advisor for Electronic Data Systems and a partner with financial company SCP. Marc Rich founded a commodities and raw materials company, Marc Rich & Company AG, in 1974 and sold his majority stake to commodity trading company Glencore International in 1993. Rich's fellow ultra-Zionist, Ivan Glasenberg, CEO of Glencore, also has Mossad connections and the Israel-based Marc Rich Foundation was headed by 'former' Mossad operative, Avner Azulay. *Haaretz* said Azulay had organised the Clinton pardon from behind the scenes with Clinton's Deputy Attorney General Eric Holder, an ultra-Zionist agent, also involved. Holder grew up around ultra-Zionist elite families and became their place-man. Azulay, who had ties to 9/11 Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon, ran the Rich Foundation from the Asia House office building in Tel Aviv of ultra-Zionist Shaul Eisenberg who I highlighted earlier as an Israeli intelligence operative and arms smuggler heavily involved in the Israeli nuclear weapons programme and its connections to apartheid South Africa. The Eisenberg Group owned Atwell Security, the Israeli intelligence front that won the contract to run security at the World Trade Center before the background to its president, Shin Bet chief Avraham 'Bendor' Shalom, came to light. Ultra-Zionism is a very small

world, to be sure.

The Mossad/Asia connection

Shaul Eisenberg had been Mossad's man in Asia where the World Trade Center steel ended up. The steel was quickly removed from the Ground Zero site by a Zionist company and transported to two Zionist-owned New Jersey scrapyards, Hugo Neu and Metal Management, who cut it into small pieces and shipped it to Asia. Hugo Neu was a German Jew who formed the Associated Metals and Minerals Corporation in New York in the 1930s with fellow ultra-Zionists Meno Lissauer and Walter M. Rothschild before founding the Hugo Neu company in 1947. Two years before 9/11 with scrap metal prices extremely low Hugo Neu launched a global trading arm, Hugo Neu Schnitzer Global Trade, to broker deals with Asian markets among others and it was headed by two ultra-Zionist former Marc Rich and Glencore traders, Nathan K. Fruchter and Jedua Saar, as reported by *Business Wire* in 1999. Christopher Bollyn writes in *Solving 9/11:* 'From their early days with Marc Rich and Glencore, on to Hugo Neu and [later] the Midland Group, Saar and Fruchter have always worked for companies closely tied to Israel and Mossad.' Hugo Neu had some good fortune in 2001 when they entered into a joint venture with the New Jersey Office of Maritime Resources to dredge the water access to its yard and this allowed bigger ships to enter – essential with the size of the vessels that would later ship World Trade Center steel to Asia. The dredging cost Hugo Neu $24 million. The new company and the dredging were brave investments at a time of such depressed scrap metal prices. Bollyn points out that Hugo Neu has invested in the Agua-Agro fund, an Israeli venture capital operation. The fund was managed by Nir Belzer who co-founded Israel's Millennium Materials Technologies Fund with Oren Gafri who was trained at the Israeli Dimona Nuclear Research Center in the Negev Desert. Bollyn says Gafri is 'a specialist in energetic nano-composite coatings exactly like the one [he believes] pulverized the 220 acres of concrete floors in the World Trade Center'. He says Millennium Materials Technologies has invested in companies that produce these coatings.

Robert Kelman, Hugo Neu vice president, said in 2002 they had processed and shipped around 250,000 tons of World Trade Center steel. Girders and columns were cut into pieces less than 60 inches long and shipped for smelting while mixed with other scrap. *The New York Times* reported that Hugo Neu had a workforce of nearly a hundred people working on scrap from the World Trade Center with 25 assigned to girder cutting and working in twelve-hour shifts around the clock before being shipped for smelting in eleven countries in Asia. Why not smelters in the United States? Why smelt at all until experts had examined the

steel for evidence? World Trade Center steel would end up as other products from street lamps to refrigerators. The other company involved with the disposal of World Trade Center steel was Chicago-based Metal Management Inc. headed by Zionist Alan D. Ratner who was appointed in 2000. Another executive Daniel W. Dienst, a managing director with Zionist-controlled CIBC World Markets, joined Metal Management to guide the company out of financial difficulties in June, 2001. CIBC World Markets, formerly Oppenheimer & Co., has enormous connections to Israel. *The Jerusalem Post* described CIBC as the leading underwriter in Israel with merger and acquisition transactions in the country worth more than $4.5 billion in the previous five years. CIBC had also been involved with nearly 100 mostly high-tech Israeli companies which takes us back to Israeli military control of cyberspace. Metal Management and Hugo Neu both later merged with the Sims Group. Christopher Bollyn said he made efforts to talk with executives Robert Kelman, Alan Ratner and Daniel Dienst, but was passed on to a Sims company spokesman who refused to connect him with the three men to question them about the steel removal. The spokesman said it was all a matter of public record – 'read *The Wall Street Journal*'.

Contempt for 9/11 victims and families

By early February, 2002, a report by James Glanz and Eric Lipton in *The New York Times* was describing the truly farcical situation that Michael Chertoff and his ultra-Zionist cohorts had allowed to unfold. The headline said it all: 'A Search for Clues In Towers' Collapse; Engineers Volunteer to Examine Steel Debris Taken to Scrapyards'. What an insult to the families who lost their loved ones. Take in the scene described here and think that nearly 3,000 people had died months before in the biggest 'terrorist attack' on American soil:

> From the moment the two towers collapsed on Sept. 11, engineers and other experts have been struggling to answer the monumental questions of exactly why and how the buildings, designed to sustain a jet impact, completely collapsed. But despite promises of a broad federal investigation, and after weeks of calls from victims' families and others to halt the destruction of the steel that could hold all sorts of clues, the half-heroic, half-comic scenes at the Jersey City scrapyard continue to play out.
>
> Small teams of engineers plot slightly mad dashes, like mountain goats, into mounds of steel to claim pieces of tower columns. The engineers time their forays to avoid being crushed ... Through it all, the engineers profess optimism that they are catching and saving what is most useful. But they concede that there is no way of saying for sure; an unknown number of steel columns has been sent off to mills as far away as Asia without ever having been examined

> or saved.
>
> 'What they're doing is extremely noble, ambitious and wonderful and I'm glad somebody is doing that,' said Dr James G. Quintiere, a professor in fire protection engineering at the University of Maryland. But, he added, 'the steel, to me, it's almost a foregone conclusion that it's gone'.

This tragic farce could only have happened because Chertoff and his ultra-Zionist conspirators didn't want the real answers to be found. There can be no other rational or credible explanation. Road transportation from Ground Zero to dump sites in New York and New Jersey was overseen by Zionist Yoram Shalmon of subcontractor PowerLoc Technologies of Toronto. Trucks were tracked in real time using GPS – and I mean *tracked*. Shalmon told SecuritySolutions.com:

> We were able to start identifying patterns of behaviour. If a driver arrived late, the traffic analyst would look at why. Maybe the driver stopped for lunch, or maybe he ran into traffic. Ninety-nine percent of the drivers were extremely driven to do their jobs. But there were big concerns, because the loads consisted of highly sensitive material. One driver, for example, took an extended lunch break of an hour and a half. There was nothing criminal about that, but he was dismissed.

All this high-detailed real-time tracking for 'sensitive material' that was then dumped or shipped to Asia for smelting? *C'mon.*

Covering all bases

Ultra-Zionist judges answering to Michael Chertoff's 'Justice' Department dominated criminal and civil decisions and litigation with regard to 9/11. Chertoff's Criminal Division could block rigorous and genuine investigation into the criminal legalities of 9/11, but there was the problem of civil actions by families of victims and others who claimed civil loss from the attacks. Families were offered government compensation if they agreed not to seek civil actions that would have the background and evidence to what happened examined in open court. Nearly a hundred families, however, were not having that. They wanted their day in court so the evidence could be publicly revealed in cases filed against airlines and security firms like Shin Bet/Mossad front ITCS. This was a potentially catastrophic development because, as *The New York* Times reported: '... the families had amassed a trove of internal documents and depositions.' Enter ultra-Zionist Alvin K. Hellerstein, a judge for the US District Court for the Southern District of New York (Fig 144). He was appointed to oversee (control) the civil litigation relating to 9/11 including compensation for fire fighters and first

Figure 144: Ultra-Zionist Judge Alvin K. Hellerstein - stopped 9/11 families taking their case to court in pursuit of the truth.

responders whose minds and bodies had been ravaged by their experience. Many would die before they received a penny. Hellerstein ran what has been described as 'a war of attrition' against the families and not one of their cases came to court. Over a period of ten years each one in turn was settled confidentially under his direction as the families gave up hope on securing justice. Hellerstein told *The New York Times* that he had 'no regrets' about the outcome of the cases when they should have explored the background to the deaths of nearly 3,000 people. He acknowledged criticism from those that wanted a trial in open court (the very last thing ultra-Zionists and Sabbatian-Frankists behind 9/11 wanted). Families have talked of Hellerstein's coldness towards them. Ellen Mariani, who lost her husband on United Airlines Flight 175, said of Hellerstein: 'That bastard judge is so corrupt.' The family of Mark Bavis, a 31-year-old hockey scout aboard Flight 175, said Hellerstein 'essentially gutted the case so that the truth about what led to the events of September 11, 2001, would never be told at trial'. The Bavis family were the last to settle in 2011. Michael Bavis, twin brother of 9/11 victim, Mark, was saying as late as 2010 that a settlement 'has not been in our vocabulary', but then *The New York Times* reported:

> Judge Hellerstein shifted the focus of the case in a way that the plaintiffs believed favored the defendants, United and a security firm [ITCS] that ran the checkpoint at Logan International Airport in Boston, where Mr. Bavis had boarded the plane.

The Bavis family were well prepared for the trial and argued that the airline had a history of security breakdowns and of not heeding warnings from a company executive about inadequate staffing and training. They said that many screeners on duty on September 11th could not speak English and some had never heard of al-Qaeda or knew what Mace spray was. I guess they would never have heard of Mossad either. With Hellerstein's direction in favour of the defendants the Bavis family finally gave up. Michael Bavis said: 'We put ourselves through great strain to try to do what we considered the right thing and eventually threw the towel in.' One of Hellerstein's scams was to determine the likely financial pay out to families before liability had actually been proved – a ridiculous inversion of normal procedure – and

this was to signal the likely cash payments so families would be more likely to settle out of court. Another point about Hellerstein – he ruled in 2007 that jurors in litigation cases brought by families related to Flight 93 would not be allowed to listen to the entire recording of the alleged Cockpit Voice Recorder. They could only hear 'portions that the hijacked passengers may have heard'. He wasn't even subtle about his intent. Hellerstein agreed that by not holding a trial there was a 'loss of information' to the public. In a telling justification he said: 'But it pales in my mind with the fact that the people who were suing for money got their money.' Yep, money is all that matters, not the truth. 'Money is the essential lubricant', as he told the families and their lawyers. Well, it may be in the dark and cynical world that Hellerstein inhabits, but thank goodness not everyone is like him. Hellerstein said he encouraged families to apply to the (no evidence, no trial) September 11th Victim Compensation Fund for a quicker recovery. The ultra-Zionist judge also told *The New York Times* that courts are 'not the best venue for civil litigants to seek answers'. So where else are they going to get them? *The government?* What mendacious nonsense. Hellerstein was supported in his views and actions by ... yes ... yes ... *ultra-Zionist* Kenneth R. Feinberg – *the lawyer who administered the no evidence, no trial Victim Compensation Fund* (Fig 145). Feinberg summed it all up when he said that Hellerstein 'knew from the very beginning that the cases had to settle – and he got there'. In a nutshell, mate – or the ultra-Zionist cabal would have been fuming. Feinberg had been Special Master for Executive Compensation deciding who got bail-out money after the financial crash of 2008 (his ultra-Zionist associates in so many cases). He said that he, too, told the families that a trial made little sense:

Figure 145: Ultra-Zionist Kenneth R. Feinberg controlled the September 11th Victim Compensation Fund.

> I told them 'If you're going to trial to find out what happened, you are wasting your time. A courtroom is not where you will get answers'.

Same script, same goal. Donald A. Migliori, a lawyer from the firm that represented more than 50 families, said Hellerstein's view was 'absolutely wrong'. He said they used the legal system to gather real information: 'We obtained it; we just couldn't tell the public the whole story.' Ultra-Zionist Kenneth Feinberg ran the no-trial government compensation fund and those who refused to take the money and

wanted their time in court were faced with ultra-Zionist Hellerstein. The 'special mediator' between the families and other parties in the lawsuits was ultra-Zionist Sheila Birnbaum with some of her sessions attended by Hellerstein. Birnbaum worked at the ultra-Zionist Skadden Arps law firm where one of the partners was Kenneth Bialkin, former national chairman of the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) established by the Rothschild-created B'nai B'rith. Hellerstein said of Birnbaum: 'Without her patience, skill, empathy, and persistence, these results [the out of court settlements] would not have been achieved.' Hellerstein is a Talmudic Jew, Israel fanatic and connected to the same New York ultra-Zionist organisations as Michael Chertoff. His son, Joseph Hellerstein, a Talmudic Jew, lives in an illegal settlement in the occupied West Bank. They both worked for the Rothschild-connected New York law firm, Stroock, Stroock and Lavan, which represented Larry Silverstein in acquiring the lease to the World Trade Center and also major ultra-Zionist companies like Goldman Sachs and Maurice Greenberg's AIG. In fact, Stroock, Stroock and Lavan has been the go-to law firm for the ultra-Zionist elite since the hey-days of Rothschild frontman Jacob Schiff more than a hundred years ago. Company historian Jethro Lieberman said:

> It was the 'Our Crowd' German-Jewish clientele for which the firm was mostly, and justly, noted in those days. That included Otto Kahn, Felix M. Warburg, Walter N. Rothschild and Jacob Schiff.

History repeating (yet again)

Otto Kahn was an investment banker connected to Schiff's (the Rothschilds') Kuhn Loeb & Co which funded the Russian Revolution. So was Felix Warburg who also funded Leon Trotsky. The Warburgs have been a front for the Rothschilds since at least 1857 when the Rothschilds saved the Warburg bank in Hamburg from collapse. Max Warburg was a director of I.G. Farben which ran the concentration camp at Auschwitz while his brother, Paul, was a director of its US arm, American I.G. Paul Warburg, a partner in Kuhn, Loeb run by his brother-in-law Jacob Schiff, was a key player on behalf of the Rothschilds behind the creation of the privately-owned US 'central bank', the Federal Reserve, which was established in 1913 to allow elite bankers like the Rothschilds and Warburgs to control government finances and drown America in debt. Why would the 'Jewish' Warburgs be involved with the company that ran concentration camps? Sabbatian-Frankisim which hates Jews. This is just some of the ultra-ultra-Zionist background from which Alvin Hellerstein and his son emerged out of Stroock, Stroock and Lavan. Hellerstein's control of family and civil litigation stopped cases related to the ultra-Zionist Shin Bet/Mossad 'security' company ICTS and its

subsidiary Huntleigh USA coming to court. He also worked to block families seeking legal discovery having access to information and documents about ICTS. How could Hellerstein even hear the case at all when his son Joseph was a lawyer with Amit, Pollak and Matalon, one of Israel's major law firms which, in turn, represented and had close connections to ICTS parent company, the leading Israeli investment bank, Cukierman? This is controlled by founder and chairman Edouard Cukierman and his father Roger, a former Chief Executive Officer in France until 1999 of the Edmond de Rothschild Group. Father Cukierman was also CEO of the Israel General Bank and the Cukiermans have many connections to the Rothschilds. Ultra-Zionist Boaz Harel, president and senior partner at another Cukierman company, Catalyst Investments, was at the time of 9/11 chairman of ICTS – defendants in litigation overseen by Hellerstein. How can it be right for the father of someone at a law firm representing the parent company of ICTS to hear litigation claims against them over 9/11? By the way, Yair Shamir, son of Israeli Prime Minister and terrorist, Yitzhak Shamir, was the co-founding Managing Partner and Chairman Emeritus of Catalyst Investments and Chairman of Cukierman. He was actually named after Avraham 'Yair' Stern, founder of Jewish terrorist group Lehi, also known as the Stern Gang. Netanyahu also has a son called Yair.

Ultra-Zionist Talmudic Jew Michael B. Mukasey, yes another one, was a close and long-time friend and associate of ultra-Zionist asset Rudolph Giuliani and was the judge in the litigation between Larry Silverstein and insurance companies in which Silverstein was awarded billions as a result of the World Trade Center attacks. Mukasey attended the same Manhattan Orthodox Jewish Kehilath Jeshrun synagogue as Hellerstein which says it is 'deeply committed to the State of Israel and its citizens'. The same Mukasey also helped in the Michael Chertoff release of the 'Dancing Israelis' as United States District Judge for the Southern District in Manhattan – a role he took over in 1987 when he replaced ultra-Zionist Abraham David Sofaer. President Boy Bush would name Mukasey as US Attorney General in 2007 despite opposition over the judge's support of torture. Mukasey's appointment followed a campaign on his behalf by New York Senator and ultra-Zionist Charles Schumer. Mukasey refused demands to recuse himself when he presided over a case stemming from the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center in which Michael Chertoff was the prosecutor of the well-stitched-up Omar Abdel Rahman, known as the 'Blind Sheikh' and a CIA asset. Dov Zakheim, 9/11 Pentagon comptroller, was CEO of SPC International when a SPC subsidiary, Tridata Corporation, was put in charge of the investigation into the 1993 bombing which primarily involved the FBI and its 'informants'. The bombing led to ultra-Zionist

Kroll Inc., being awarded the contract to upgrade security at the World Trade Center in the same year that ultra-Zionist Kissinger-buddy Maurice Greenberg of AIG bought into Kroll. The first plane on 9/11 made a direct hit on the offices of his son's Kroll-connected company, Marsh & McLennan. I mentioned earlier that the vehicle used to plant the FBI-informant-made bomb in 1993 was rented by Israeli Mossad agent, Josie Hadas. The bomb was said to have been planted by Mohammed Salameh and he was yet another 'Muslim terrorist' set up by Mossad.

Ultra-Zionist-controlled 9/11 Commission

Ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff controlled the criminal investigation into 9/11 – actually the criminal *lack* of investigation – and ultra-Zionist judges and lawyers controlled the civil litigation to stop the cases reaching a public trial; but there's more. The lead investigator into the building collapses for the National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST) was Zionist Stephen Cauffman. You will recall from earlier the nonsensical reports by NIST that were clearly a cover-up from start to finish of what really happened and why. Then there was the 9/11 Commission that published a 'report' on the attacks that was a grotesque insult to the truth and those who died and their loved ones. Bush and Cheney tried to block *any* official investigation into the attacks and it took an incredible 441 days for one to be established. Then, when they were forced to relent, they sought to have ultra-ultra-Zionist Henry Kissinger take charge. When that failed came Plan B with the Commission controlled from day one by ultra-Zionist Philip Zelikow who was appointed 9/11 Commission executive director (Fig 146). We have seen already how this former Texas lawyer was an associate of President Bush and National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice whose actions were officially part of the Commission's investigation. Zelikow co-wrote a book with Rice and was a Bush administration insider, besides being a representative and agent for ultra-Zionism. Zelikow was a director of the Aspen Strategy Group that included Rice, Cheney and 9/11 Deputy Secretary of Defense, the ultra-Zionist Paul Wolfowitz. Bush 9/11 counter-terrorism advisor Richard Clarke said when Zelikow was appointed to oversee the Commission: 'The fix is in ... could anyone have a more

Figure 146: Ultra-Zionist Phillip Zelikow controlled the 9/11 Commission to block anything but support for the official story.

obvious conflict of interest than Zelikow?' Paul Sperry said in an article for Antiwar.com that 'Zelikow picks the areas of investigation, the briefing materials, the topics for hearings, the witnesses, and the lines of questioning for witnesses ... and the commissioners for the most part follow his recommendations.' In effect, Sperry wrote, Zelikow set the agenda and ran the investigation. One Commission staff member said: 'Zelikow is calling the shots. He's skewing the investigation and running it his own way.'

Ultra-Zionist Zelikow prevented staff of the Commission – which he hired – from talking with Commission members and shut them out while he got on with securing the report his ultra-Zionist masters wanted. Commission member Max Cleland resigned saying: 'This is a scam. It's disgusting. America is being cheated.' Yes, and it was meant to be – that was the whole point. Commission chairman Thomas Kean said: 'We think in many ways the Commission was set up to fail.' Zelikow's contempt for a real investigation included writing with his long-time associate Ernest May a detailed outline in March, 2003, of the *final* 9/11 Commission Report including chapter headings, subheadings and sub-subheadings *before the Commission had held a single hearing*. Given what had happened to those 3,000 people the man must be very sick. Official Commission leaders, Kean and Hamilton, agreed to keep the Zelikow-May pre-emptive report a secret to avoid being accused of pre-determining the conclusions from the start. Outraged Commission staff members were not told about the report until a year later. Zelikow based much of the Commission report about the 9/11 'plot' on 'evidence' secured from illegal torture of alleged suspects while never seeing the documentation which was later illegally destroyed. Khalid Sheikh Mohammed was named by the 9/11 Commission as 'the principal architect of the 9/11 attacks' when that 'confession' had come during horrific torture – including being waterboarded (simulated drowning) 183 times in one month alone. His children were kidnapped by the CIA and he was told they were going to be tortured with insects. Mohammed confessed to anything he was told to and this is how he confessed to bombing a bank that didn't even exist when he was taken into custody. The government and military psychopaths made up the story of what happened and then tortured people until they agreed that indeed this is what happened. Zelikow re-wrote a Commission staffer report to invent a link between Iraq and al-Qaeda before 9/11 because the ultra-Zionists wanted to justify the American removal of Saddam Hussein based on the lie about weapons of mass destruction that didn't exist. He even claimed that the 'al-Qaeda' attack was to punish America for supporting Israel. While Zelikow remains uninvestigated for what he did with the 9/11 Commission Report America is not taking itself seriously.

The 9/11 Family Steering Committee and 9/11 Citizens Watch

demanded Zelikow's resignation, but he was going nowhere when he was in place to do a job. Zelikow decided what was in the final report in which, for example, Building 7 was not even mentioned and anything that would point to what really happened was ignored. Another thing – Zelikow actually wrote (although that wasn't made clear at the time) the United States National Security Strategy document of September, 2002, which set out the policy of attacking countries in the Middle East with pre-emptive strikes that was central to the demands of the ultra-Zionists of the Project for the New American Century to whom Zelikow was so closely connected. The policy 'turned military doctrine on its head' and said countries could be attacked which posed no direct or imminent threat to the United States. This was an essential change produced just in time for the invasion of Iraq a few months later in March, 2003. Zelikow further co-wrote a 'prophetic' article pre-9/11 in 1998 for the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) publication *Foreign Affairs* headed 'Catastrophic Terrorism: Tackling The New Danger' in which he warned about terrorist attacks in the United States and the possible response:

> If the device that exploded in 1993 under the World Trade Center had been nuclear, or had effectively dispersed a deadly pathogen, the resulting horror and chaos would have exceeded our ability to describe it. Such an act of catastrophic terrorism would be a watershed event in American history. It could involve loss of life and property unprecedented in peacetime and undermine America's fundamental sense of security, as did the Soviet atomic bomb test in 1949.
>
> Like Pearl Harbor, this event would divide our past and future into a before and after. The United States might respond with draconian measures, scaling back civil liberties, allowing wider surveillance of citizens, detention of suspects, and use of deadly force. More violence could follow, either further terrorist attacks or U.S. counterattacks. Belatedly, Americans would judge their leaders negligent for not addressing terrorism more urgently.

Note the use of Pearl Harbor three years before 'the new Pearl Harbor' and Zelikow used the term in the article 'weapons of mass destruction' which would be the mantra to sell the ultra-Zionist-demanded invasion of Iraq. Zelikow's co-authors were John Mark Deutch, Director of the CIA and Deputy Secretary of Defense in the 1990s, and Ashton Carter who was on the board of trustees for the MITRE Corporation and would go on to be Secretary of Defense under Barack Obama. Deutch comes from a Russian Jewish family that emigrated to the United States from Belgium in 1940 and his grandfather was a friend of Israel's first president, Chaim Weizmann. Both Deutch and Carter have been senior partners in the Rothschild aerospace, military and technology

investment operation, Global Technology Partners (GTP). Deutch pleaded guilty to mishandling government secrets in January, 2001, after several of his laptops were found to have classified information wrongly labelled unclassified during his time at the CIA. Bill Clinton pardoned him on his last day in office. I think I've heard that somewhere before. Now as the list continues to grow we have ultra-Zionism with the ability to control US government, military and FAA computer systems and manipulate them in real time to cause confusion and deactivate missile defence responses; control of World Trade Center and 9/11 airport security; control of the criminal investigation and destruction of evidence; control of civil cases to stop the truth ever coming out and control of the 9/11 Commission to ... stop the truth ever coming out. All this crucial 9/11 control by a fraction of two percent of the American population. Ah, but there's more.

Ultra-Zionist 'Bin Laden' videos

Every facet of the 9/11 story has ultra-Zionism at the helm either directly (mostly) or through agents and proxies like Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld. This control even extends to the 'Bin Laden' videos and 'al-Qaeda' statements that fuelled the belief in 'Bin Laden did it'. The videos were miraculously 'acquired' and released to the pathetically unquestioning media through Mossad front organisations like SITE, or 'Search for International Terrorist Entities' (but never in Israel). SITE, or SHITE as I call it, is run by ultra-ultra-Zionist Rita Katz, daughter of an alleged Israeli spy executed by Saddam Hussein, and has been reportedly funded by the US government to the tune of $500,000 a year. Who sanctioned that and how much more has been donated out of Israel through ultra-Zionist fronts and operatives in the United States? SITE, the 'private intelligence firm' based in Washington DC, is a for-profit organisation that depends on government and corporate contracts. Look at what has been written and revealed in the last few chapters. Are we seriously meant to believe that SITE is not connected to Mossad? SITE worked in harness with IntelCenter, another releaser of 'Bin Laden' videos run by another ultra-Zionist Ben Venzke. The media has published their 'information' as fact again and again without ever asking about the background, agenda and motivation of either organisation. One of their modes of operation is 'monitoring Islamic extremist websites' but American investigative journalist, Wayne Madsen, has pointed out that many 'Jihadist' and 'al-Qaeda' websites are controlled by Mossad. He writes: 'Mossad has a program to distribute bogus claims of responsibility for Islamist terrorist attacks via 'Jihadist' websites that are actually operated by the Mossad and a network of "hasbaratchiks", Israeli and foreign Jews who act as propagandists on the web.' Set up the websites to make extremist

statements and claim responsibility for attacks and then 'reveal' their content via your 'monitoring' fronts for government and media to repeat them as fact. Katz 'revealed' that what appeared (on the surface) to be a supporter of ISIS in Australia using the tag 'Australi Witness' held a prestigious position in 'online jihadi circles' and was 'part of the hard core of a group of individuals who constantly look for targets for other people to attack'. How strange then that 'Australi Witness' turned out to be a Jewish American called Joshua Ryne who would be arrested by the FBI. Katz, a fluent Arabic speaker, has attended Muslim events disguised with a burqa concealing recording equipment and taken part in pro-Palestinian rallies in the United States as part of her 'investigations'. She even appeared on the CBS *60 Minutes* as 'Sarah' wearing a wig and fake nose before her real identity was outed. A lengthy statement translated and distributed by SITE 'confirmed' the death of Bin Laden in the highly questionable alleged assassination by US troops in 2011. SITE was the source for 'Bin Laden' and other 'al-Qaeda' videos including one in 2007 of a half-an-hour tape by 'Bin Laden' in which all except four minutes was a frozen image of him. The government, of course, deemed it 'authentic'. American intelligence officials said the video was 'inspired' by 'al-Qaeda's' Adam Yahiye Gadahn – Adam Pearlman, grandson of a former director of ultra-Zionist Mossad front, the Anti-Defamation League. Somehow SITE managed to distribute the video to the media a day before (it was claimed) al-Qaeda planned to release it. One question about all this: Who benefits?

Yeah, who does benefit?

We have seen that ultra-Zionism controlled all the key areas of the 9/11 attacks. They provided year after year of incessant propaganda calling for a 'war on terror' and through the Project for the New American Century (PNAC) and other ultra-Zionist-dominated organisations they even named the countries they wished to regime-change. As a result of the 9/11 'trigger' those countries have been picked off one after the other in a 'war on terror' (Netanyahu's pre-9/11term) that has seen – so far – Iraq, Libya, Syria, Iran, Lebanon, North Korea and China targeted either through direct invasion, manipulated 'civil war' or demonisation and sanctions in preparation for direct invasion, 'civil war' or capitulation to the will of the United States (Sabbatian-Frankists). The terrorist former Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak named Osama bin Laden and Afghanistan as targets in a BBC interview within minutes of the attacks to start the momentum rolling and other ultra-Zionists and their assets soon followed to sell the lie about 'Bin Laden did it'. Netanyahu also said it all on the very day of the attacks – 9/11 is good for Israel. In truth, it was not good for the population of that tiny land,

but good for the ultra-Zionist, Sabbatian-Frankist psychopaths who use the Jewish population as a cover for their evil activities and goals. Ultra-Zionists 'prophesied' a terrorist attack in New York on its biggest building in 1979 and the Project for the New American Century made clear in its September, 2000, document that '... the 'process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor'. A year to the month later came 9/11 – an attack on the World Trade Center complex built through the lobbying of the Rockefeller family and a complex which, by September, 2001, ultra-Zionists completely controlled. By then the ultra-Zionists and their PNAC assets were also running the government and Pentagon. They made their first attempt to control WTC security through the most transparent Israeli intelligence front, Atwell Security, which was part of the Eisenberg Group of ultra-Zionist intelligence operative and arms smuggler, Shaul Eisenberg. When that failed after the intelligence background and behaviour of its Shin Bet 'president' Avraham Shalom was revealed, Plan B was soon in operation. In 1993 came the bombing of the World Trade Center in an attack centrally involving the FBI with the investigation contracted to a company connected to ultra-Zionist Dov Zakheim, the 9/11 Pentagon budget controller. A major case arising from the bombing was prosecuted by ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff, who would oversee the whole 9/11 'investigation', while the judge was Michael B. Mukasey who would also preside over the insurance case that would hand ultra-Zionist World Trade Center lease holders, Larry Silverstein and Frank Lowy, billions of dollars in compensation for a comparatively negligible investment. Silverstein and Lowy had greatly increased insurance in the case of a terrorist attack when they became the first private holders of the WTC lease thanks to the ultra-Zionist-controlled New York Port Authority and the campaign to privatise the buildings by ultra-Zionist Ronald Lauder, chairman of the New York State Commission of Privatization and New York State Research Council on Privatization. The deal, which shocked many observers because of the state of the buildings, was sealed weeks before 9/11 in a deal between ultra-Zionist Larry Silverstein and ultra-Zionist Lewis Eisenberg, head of the New York Port Authority. Ultra-Zionist Maurice Greenberg of AIG had insured the towers for Silverstein and then immediately sold on the liability to a long list of other companies that would take the hit. Greenberg would also buy into ultra-Zionist security firm Kroll Inc. in 1993, the year the company was awarded control of World Trade Center security because of the bombing. The first plane would make a direct hit on a secure and mysterious data/computer room in the offices of Greenberg's son and his Kroll-connected global insurance brokerage and risk management company, Marsh &

McLennan. Control of airport security came courtesy of Mossad-Shin Bet front, ITCS, and the company did not have to answer for its actions in court thanks to ultra-Zionist judge Alvin Hellerstein whose son worked for the Israeli legal firm representing ITCS's parent company.

Ultra-Zionist-controlled tech and software companies had access to the computer systems connecting the Pentagon, NORAD, FAA and a host of government and military agencies – including real-time air-traffic computers and information with the power to intervene at will. Cyber control also had the potential to deactivate missile defence systems. Ultra-Zionists dictated the propaganda reporting of the attacks and their aftermath through control and ownership of vast swathes of the American media and Hollywood almost in its entirety. 'Bin Laden' videos to support the official fairy tale came courtesy of Mossad front operations. The criminal lack of investigation was assured by ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff while efforts by families and responders to get their cases to court were blocked by a combination of ultra-Zionist judge Alvin Hellerstein who controlled lawsuit compensation claims and ultra-Zionist lawyer Kenneth R. Feinberg who ran the no-trial Victim Compensation Fund. The oh, so reluctantly established 9/11 Commission was never going to reveal the truth of what happened when it was controlled by ultra-Zionist Executive Director Philip Zelikow who made absolutely sure that any evidence or experience that contradicted the story that he laid out before the Commission even *began* would be trashed or deleted. A Zionist was the lead investigator at NIST into why the towers collapsed (a catastrophic Achilles heel if the truth came out) and the steel with all the potential evidence it contained to solve the mystery was whisked away by an ultra-Zionist transportation firm to ultra-Zionist-controlled scrap metal yards for transportation to Asia for smelting while 'volunteer engineers' ran around trying to dodge the diggers and cranes to examine the steel before it disappeared across the ocean to become someone's fridge. We also had the accurate warning two hours before the attacks sent to two employees at Odigo, an Israeli telecommunications company and instant messaging service with offices two blocks from the World Trade Center. ZIM, an Israeli shipping company with 10,000 square feet of office space in the North Tower, vacated at short notice a week before 9/11 breaking the terms of its lease. Shaul Eisenberg of the Eisenberg Group that owned Mossad-front 'security firm', Atwell, which sought to control World Trade Center security in the 1980s, had a controlling interest in ZIM before he died in China. How could people be this evil? Sabbatai Zevi and Jacob Frank said that doing evil was to be encouraged and celebrated without guilt and some have clearly taken their lead. The major speech-writer for President Boy Bush in this period was ultra-Zionist Neocon David Frum. He came up with the phrase 'axis of evil' in Bush's 2002 State of the

Union address which referred to Iraq, Iran and North Korea – all countries named for regime change by the Project for the New American Century. Frum also wrote the book, *An End to Evil: How to Win the War on Terror*, with ultra-Zionist Richard Perle in 2004.

Elephant on the sofa

Put all the evidence together and the connection between what happened on 9/11 and ultra-Zionist Israel and its military, intelligence and censorship network is breathtakingly obvious. Most people don't have the guts to call this out because they fear the consequences including loss of career; but a few of us do – a very few and getting fewer. Former German Defence Secretary Andreas von Bulow has said he believes Mossad was involved and former Italian President Francesco Cossiga said the same. Cossiga revealed his own role in Operation Gladio, the NATO-controlled terrorist operation after the Second World War that bombed civilian targets in Problem-Reaction-Solution scenarios blamed on those they wished to demonise. He told Italian newspaper *Corriere della Sera* in 2007 that all American and European intelligence agencies well knew that the 9/11 attacks had been the work of the CIA and Mossad 'with the aid of the Zionist world' to induce western powers into targeting Iraq and Afghanistan. As Andreas von Bulow said: ' The CIA is steered by Mossad'. Then there is Alan Sabrosky, a retired Marine officer and former Director of Studies at the United States Army War College's Strategic Studies Institute, who has taught at the United States Military Academy at West Point, Georgetown University, University of Pennsylvania, and Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies. Sabrosky said in 2010 that it was 'one hundred percent certain 9/11 was a Mossad operation'. He said that if Building 7 was wired for demolition – which he agrees it was – then 'all of them were wired for demolition'. He said that 9/11 had led directly to 60,000 Americans dead and wounded and 'God knows how many hundreds of thousands in other countries we have killed, injured and made homeless'. He went on:

> If Americans ever know that Israel did this they are going to strike them off the earth. They are not going to give a rat's arse about the consequences. They are not going to care – they will do it. The Zionists are playing it as a truly all or nothing exercise. If they lose this one – if the American people ever realise what's happened they're gone. It'll be a bloody, brutal war and they're gone.

It is NOT a 'Jewish plot'

You will have your own thoughts on whether that is true about the response, but the theme brings me to a vital point that I have emphasised many times and one which should focus the minds of all

Jewish people worldwide. I have stressed often in this book that what I am exposing is not a 'Jewish plot'. The vast majority of Jewish people do not know what is being done in their name and most would be horrified if they did. I am exposing a conspiracy for human control by a global Hidden Hand – The Web – in which ultra-Zionism and the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult is a frontline player. Through The Web ultra-Zionism connects with regard to 9/11 into the American military and intelligence networks and to people like Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld. Ultra-Zionists infiltrated and controlled the inner workings of the Pentagon-FAA reaction and communication system and blocked the normal response and security wherever necessary. They then orchestrated the cover-up that continues to this day. Jewish people in general were no more responsible for what happened on September 11th than Americans were for the involvement of Cheney, Rumsfeld, Myers, Bolton or the Bush family. Well, except in this way – by allowing psychopaths to take over their countries through control of the key positions and power centres in politics, military, intelligence and media. This has happened the world over and never more blatantly than with the happenings and ongoing consequences of 9/11. Jewish people have fallen for the trap of accepting the perception program instilled from birth that the rest of the world hates them and so believing they must be protected by the psychopaths posing as their saviours. They have fallen for the myth of a Chosen People when we are all the same consciousness having different brief and transitory experiences in what we call 'the world'. 'Chosen People' immediately instigates a sense of apartness as does the belief that for some reason never explained the world somehow hates by reflex action 0.2 percent of its number.

We have seen the consequences in the past for the Jewish many through the actions of the ultra-Zionist, Sabbatian-Frankist few and the only people who can break that cycle are the mass of Jewish people themselves. They need to expose and distance themselves from the ultra-Zionist psychopaths in their midst and the same with Americans with their psychopaths, British people with theirs and so on. The few have controlled the many for long enough – it's time to turn the page and let freedom and justice reign for *all* the human family. We are not apart from each other – we *are* each other. Don't be hoaxed by the 'anti-Semitism' scam whether you are Jewish or otherwise. It is the calculated Protection Racket to protect the control of the psychopathic few over the Jewish community and to protect the psychopaths themselves from exposure. They have no other option because the evidence is there to be seen in abundance to expose them and silencing its communication is all they can do. Who could deny ultra-Zionist involvement in 9/11 after the evidence presented here – or that ultra-Zionism has infiltrated the very fabric of American – and elsewhere – politics, finance, media and

decision-making? Ultra-Zionists cannot debate the evidence because they couldn't win and so they slur and smear and seek to destroy. What was their response to the contention by American military expert Alan Sabrosky that Mossad did 9/11? The Anti-Defamation League condemned him as 'a key figure in anti-Semitic conspiracy theories'. Same old, same old, because that is all they have.

Definition defined

From the perspective of all I have outlined in the last few chapters we can return to that new definition of 'anti-Semitism' which is being increasingly accepted by all levels of government, academia, corporations, media and the entire system under pressure and often abuse from the ultra-Zionist network. Such is the power of a tiny country of eight million people (or rather the Sabbatian-Frankist few that control it). The motivation behind this 'definition' is so transparent – especially after what I have exposed in this book. I am going to return to the definition 'examples' that I highlighted earlier so we can see how calculated they are in the light of what the ultra-Zionists are doing and are desperate to hide. There are many problems in defining those who hate Jews for being Jews because 'anti-Semitism' is a complete misnomer for reasons already explained and 'racism' does not apply because Jewishness is not a race but a cultural and religious system of belief and ritual. Hating Jews for being Jews or discriminating against Jews for being Jews is as close as we can get. But that is not what the new definition sets out to challenge. The new 'definition' is a central pillar of the Protection Racket and so must include every aspect of what the Sabbatian-Frankists are *doing* but wish so ferociously to keep from public view. The definition 'examples' are simply a means to stop legitimate investigation and silence exposure of Sabbatian-Frankists and ultra-Zionists and the wider Web of the Hidden Hand. Here's the first one:

Making mendacious, dehumanizing, demonizing, or stereotypical allegations about Jews as such or the power of Jews as collective – such as, especially but not exclusively, the myth about a world Jewish conspiracy or of Jews controlling the media, economy, government or other societal institutions.

Look at what I have exposed about ultra-Zionist control of the prime positions of power and decision-making with regard to 9/11 – control of the Pentagon, US government, tech companies, media, Hollywood, finance etc., etc. The power of *some* Jews as a 'collective' is clearly at work, but not a collective of *all* Jewish people – only a relative handful who have contempt for the rest. This 'example' is designed to equate exposure of a few – even specific individuals – with a claim that all Jews

are being accused. By doing so they can protect themselves from exposure by hiding behind the Jewish population as a whole through the lie that exposure of one or a few is a condemnation and hatred of all. That is the last thing I am saying, indeed I am saying the opposite. Once the actions of the few are isolated and disconnected from Jewish people in general the ultra-Zionists and Sabbatian-Frankists lose their wizard's curtain and their game is up. The 'example' is worded precisely to stop what ultra-Zionists are *provably* doing from being publicly exposed and debated. Example number two:

Accusing Jews as a people of being responsible for real or imagined wrong doing committed by a single Jewish person or group, or even for acts committed by non-Jews.

This is seriously ironic given that ultra-Zionists and Sabbatian-Frankists are doing exactly the same in reverse. It is *they* who are equating exposure or criticism of a single Jewish person or group with accusing Jews 'as a people' of being responsible. They have to do this for reasons explained above and this is just a calculated and inverted sleight of hand to accuse others of what *they* are doing. Number three:

Denying the fact, scope, mechanisms (e.g. gas chambers) or intentionality of the genocide of the Jewish people at the hands of National Socialist Germany and its supporters and accomplices during World War II (the Holocaust).

This 'example' is to block all questions whatever they may be about an historical happening and it is the only historical event in all human existence on which such a ban is imposed. To ask even the most basic questions about the official narrative is to be immediately labelled an 'anti-Semite' and 'Nazi' and have your life and reputation destroyed. You see this reaction from even most of those who regard themselves as 'moderates' or 'progressive'. The fact is that the horrors of Nazi Germany are coldly exploited by ultra-Zionists and Sabbatian-Frankists to silence those who seek to expose their manipulation today and this is both sick and disgusting. Those who are confident that what they say is true do not seek to ban people from asking questions about it. Those who are *not* confident do that. To *question* is not to *deny* – it is to question and see what answers come back. It's called freedom. Why such desperation to shut down *all* questioning and debate on the subject? Well, Sabbatian-Frankists? Number four:

Accusing the Jews as a people, or Israel as a state, of inventing or exaggerating the Holocaust.

How can anyone know unless the official narrative is allowed to be questioned and the answers forthcoming? Number five:

Accusing Jewish citizens of being more loyal to Israel, or to the alleged priorities of Jews worldwide, than to the interests of their own nations.

I guess most who have read through the last few chapters will now be shaking their head at this one. The extraordinary connections between ultra-Zionists and 9/11 were all for the benefit of America were they? The hundreds of inter-connecting Zionist and ultra-Zionist organisations in the United States alone promoting the policies and self-interest of Israel are only there to make America a better place and are nothing at all to do with 'being more loyal to Israel, or to the alleged priorities of Jews worldwide, than to the interests of their own nations'? Manipulating the United States and its young men and women to fight wars for Israel in the Middle East is only in the interest of America and Americans? What an absolute joke. There can be few more obvious examples than this 'example' of labelling exposure of what the ultra-Zionists are clearly *doing* as 'anti-Semitic'. Ultra-Zionists like Arnon Milchan, Larry Silverstein, Michael Chertoff, Dov Zakheim and the rest of that crowd do not have more allegiance to Israel than America?? Shelden Adelson telling an event for the Israeli Defense Forces that *unfortunately* the military uniform he once wore was American and not Israeli is allegiance to America is it? And what about Adelson's 'all we care about is being good Zionists – good citizens of Israel'? I mean, pass the sickbag. Number six:

Denying the Jewish people their right to self-determination, e.g., by claiming that the existence of a State of Israel is a racist endeavor.

This is to stop exposure of Israel's shocking racism against Palestinians by claiming that such criticism is 'denying the Jewish people their right to self-determination ... by claiming that the existence of a State of Israel is a racist endeavor' and then condemning such views as 'anti-Semitism'. Any country that operates a regime and society based on apartheid, which Israel profoundly does, is a racist endeavour and if ultra-Zionists don't like me saying so they can fuck off. Number seven:

Applying double standards by requiring of it a behaviour not expected or demanded of any other democratic nation.

The wording is designed to equate an apartheid regime with a 'democratic nation' and calling an apartheid regime an apartheid regime with 'anti-Semitism'. Number eight:

Using the symbols and images associated with classic antisemitism (e.g., claims of Jews killing Jesus or blood libel) to characterize Israel or Israelis.

Ban the exposure of symbols and images that relate to Sabbatian-Frankist Satanists and extreme ultra-Zionists by claiming that this is a condemnation of all Jews. Number nine:

Drawing comparisons of contemporary Israeli policy to that of the Nazis.

This 'example' is there to stop anyone saying that if it looks like a duck, swims like a duck, and quacks like a duck, then it probably is a duck. Or, as I say, every race, culture and religion is capable of producing every kind of human personality including what is called 'Nazi'. To claim that one group alone is not is capable of doing that is farcical, but this 'example' is to prevent people from stating the bloody obvious in the case of the Sabbatian-Frankist and ultra-Zionist extremists that control Israel. Finally, number ten:

Holding Jews collectively responsible for actions of the state of Israel.

I agree that this unfair, but the Protection Racket seeks to promote the propaganda that criticism of Israel is criticism of all Jewish people – this is the very foundation of the 'new definition' for goodness sake to protect ultra-Zionists, Sabbatian-Frankists and their vehicle Israel from criticism and public exposure.

The new definition of 'anti-Semitism' needs to be scrapped and the public ignore its 'examples' now the true reason for its introduction are so clearly exposed. You can see from these chapters that claims about Israel and its ultra-Zionist networks having nothing to do with 9/11 are utterly laughable. They were central players at the very foundation of the 'inside job' in league with the Bushes, Cheney, Rumsfeld, and rogue elements in the Pentagon, [In]Justice Department, FBI, CIA, FAA, New York authorities and so on, which lock into the same Hidden Hand Web as the Sabbatian-Frankists and ultra-Zionists. In the light of the blatantly obvious connections exposed here there must be massive and unyielding public pressure for a new and truly independent investigation into what happened before, during and after 9/11 with all the evidence and witnesses presented that were denied and blocked by the ultra-Zionist-controlled 9/11 Commission. Those I have named in this book must be forced to publicly answer for their actions and non-actions and explain the connections between them that take the term 'coincidence' to stratospheric levels of statistical chance.

This is vital not only to bring justice at last to those directly and

indirectly affected by 9/11, but also to dismantle the conspiracy for which the attacks of September 11th were only one strand in a gigantic web of human control that seeks to advance human enslavement to extremes and levels that most people would not even begin to comprehend. To this, in the final chapters, I will now turn.

CHAPTER 26

Eyes wide OPEN

Life is a constant journey of trying to open your eyes. I'm just beginning my journey and my eyes aren't fully open yet – Olivia Thirlby

I think it is fair to say that in the modern climate created by the 'anti-Semitism' industry, the Protection Racket and 'progressive' policing of speech and opinion that I have been 'controversial' in this book so far and I am about to get even more so.

I am 67 at the time of writing and I could live out the rest of my life quietly doing whatever I choose to do. I didn't have to take the untold abuse and ridicule that I have for 30 years and I don't need to amplify that condemnation to still new levels with the writing of this book. I choose to do that, knowing how the 'anti-Semitism' industry and 'progressive' mob will react because, bizarrely in the circumstances, I care about the world that those who abuse me will have to live in unless eyes are opened with immediate effect. I most certainly care about what my children and grandchildren will have to face if the conspiracy to enslave them and everyone else is not brought to public attention before the endgame is complete. We are very close to that now in the wake of decade after decade of perception manipulation through unrelenting propaganda and conditioning; but, as Nazi propagandist Joseph Goebbels said: 'Propaganda becomes ineffective the moment we become aware of it.' I have spent the last 30 years working to make people aware of it and I have written this book as a symbolic arm thrusting through the elevator door as the two sides are about to meet. I do so in the hope that it will have the same effect once the dust has settled and the, oh, so predictable abuse has repeated itself into boring irrelevance. Yeah, yeah, whatever. I want to open those doors to freedom again just as they close for seemingly the final time by showing that you don't have to stay silent and acquiesce to professional bullies or any other kind. You can shout even louder instead. If I have to take monumental abuse to achieve that – and it seems I do – then so be it. They can throw their worst and do their worst. It makes no difference to me. I am, like all of us, a point of attention within an infinity of consciousness and what happens in any moment is but a transitory experience on an infinite

journey of exploration. Put simply: I don't give a fuck (Fig 147).

Figure 147: Twitter storm response system.

'Jewish' cover story

Those who have read this book to the end – the abusers largely will not – know that what I am exposing isn't a 'Jewish plot'. You might have gathered by now that if I thought it *was* a 'Jewish plot' then I would bloody well say so. But I don't, so I'm not. The 'plot' for total human enslavement of mind and body is not 'Jewish' in origin but satanic. In the end it goes off planet, or off dimension, and that's a whole other story told in my other books. The perpetrators are the satanic Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult and the wider Hidden Hand manipulating through The Web. Jewish people are largely its victims, not perpetrators. The Cult has infiltrated and taken control of all major religions, governments, banking and other corporations, media, Hollywood, Silicon Valley, the Internet, high-tech, artificial intelligence, 'education' and almost every other area of human life required for their goal to be secured. What happened on 9/11 gave renewed impetus and momentum to infuse the hijack of human society with an ever quickening pace. Look at how fast the world has changed since September 11th, 2001. The American military, largely the world army in the making, now has personnel in 175 countries out of 195 and 175,000 active troops in 158. This has been made possible by the nearly *90 percent* increase in military spending since 9/11 which has also been used as the excuse for war, mass surveillance, secret courts and invasion of privacy the like of which the world has never seen on such a scale. The Hidden Hand chose to target Jewish society for many reasons. Among them was the need (it's a long story) to control their global tyranny out of what is today called Israel. The Knights Templar (12th century) and Zionism (19th century) both seeking to rebuild Solomon's Temple is not a coincidence. One of the reasons takes us into the esoteric and the Earth's energetic grid or matrix of force lines (ley-lines, meridians) on which particular points of power have greater effect on the whole than elsewhere. Jerusalem is one such place and again the background can be found in other books. The focus of Christianity, Islam and Judaism on the same city and even the same spot – Temple Mount/Haram al-Sharif – is also no coincidence. It's not called the 'Holy City' for nothing. The Greater Israel project which seeks to expand Israel into Iraq would fulfil the Sabbatian-Frankist dream of returning to their

other spiritual home, Babylon.

Targeting the Jewish community gave the Death Cult the potential (which has been mercilessly exploited) to develop a shield of protection from exposure. Again and again you will find quotes from Zionist leaders along the same basic theme that using claims of 'anti-Semitism' would block criticism of 'Jewish' (Sabbatian-Frankist) actions and frighten the Jewish majority into giving their power to the Death Cult and its ultra-Zionist stooges to protect them from perceived 'enemies' (the rest of humanity) while having no idea there even is a Death Cult. Hiding within a *specifically* identifiable group has allowed for a *specific* term of 'anti-Semitism' to be erroneously invented to secure *specific* and amplified protection for the Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators above all other groups. Designer protection you could call it. As the Death Cult moves into its in-your-face endgame stage of total human control even that protection had to be dramatically increased to avoid exposure through open debate and freedom of expression and so we have the hysterical ramping-up of the 'anti-Semitism' industry and Protection Racket with the ever-widening definition of how 'anti-Semitism' should be applied and targeted. More to hide = more to keep hidden = greater extremes of censorship. We are rapidly closing in on the point where no criticism of any Jewish person will be allowed except for ultra-Zionist and Death Cult operatives attacking Jews who refuse to sing from the song-sheet. They are fair game because ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult are not there to protect Jewish people for whom they have extreme contempt. Protecting the ultra-Zionist/Death Cult agenda is the only name of the game. Another bonus is the concept of 'God's Chosen People' which can be manipulated to make significant swathes of the Jewish community believe the Sabbatian-Frankist messianic fairy tale about the return of a Jewish 'Messiah' (Moshiach) to rule the world. The Death Cult is founded on the alleged messianic credentials of Sabbatai Zevi and Jacob Frank. Many ultra-Zionists are not Sabbatian-Frankists, but they have bought the 'Chosen People' lie and the perceived destiny that comes with that. This leads them to work and plot for that destiny while the Sabbatian-Frankists laugh behind their hands. In many ways ultra-Zionists that are not part of the Death Cult are the most manipulated of all and therefore the most despised by the Cult. Those who have seen through the lies may be a threat to the Cult but it has a grudging admiration for them and total contempt for those it manipulates so easily. Such is the power of Death Cult perceptual manipulation that a 2019 poll found that 42 percent of Israelis support annexation (stealing) in some form the Palestinian West Bank illegally occupied by Israel. This is Death Cult policy and they have fallen for it as they have fallen for so much more. The background to the Cult, its history and ambitions, laid out over in the last few chapters, brings

events in the world today into clear focus as we shall see.

Protocol prophecies

Goals and methods of the Death Cult also present the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* in a new light. Whatever the origin of the document circulated under that name the texts describe without question the ambitions and techniques of Sabbatian-Frankism. You can still get a copy – even on Amazon – and it is worth the effort to read what they said well over a century ago and compare that with real world events since then and up to present day. Never mind – 'that's anti-Semitic'. It is your right to read what you see fit and come to conclusions of your choice. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. Anyway, there is nothing 'anti-Semitic' about reading the *Protocols* because they are not, as promoted, detailing a 'Jewish plot'. They just appear to be. The *Protocols* are describing a Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult plot that uses Jewish people as essential cover. You are not supposed to talk about the *Protocols* or you are labelled a 'Nazi'. Well, I don't give a shit. They describe what has subsequently happened and I have the right to ask *why that is*. The Sabbatian-Frankist 'anti-Semitism' industry and Protection Racket is designed to stop that question being asked through its reflex-action hatred and abuse, but I choose to raise my finger in nonchalant response. 'Zion' has a different meaning to Sabbatian-Frankists than it does to Jewish people in general and notice that the document is not called the Protocols of the Elders of Jewish People or Judaism, but the Protocols of *Zion*. To the Death Cult the arrival of 'Zion' is the arrival of their global control system which is being constructed all around us every day. Remember the 'Zion mainframe' in the *Matrix* movies? This will be very relevant shortly. 'The New Jerusalem' also means something different to the Death Cult. The biblical *Book of Ezekiel* (said to be a priest exiled in Babylon) describes this as a city with a rebuilt Solomon's Temple which would be the capital of the Messianic Kingdom in the Messianic Era of a world controlled from Israel by a descendent of 'King David'. The *Book of Ezekiel* says: 'David My servant *shall be* king over them, and they shall all have one shepherd; they shall also walk in My judgments and observe My statutes, and do them.' You don't have to believe in Old Testament prophecy for this to be profoundly relevant to the world today. What ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult believe (or promote for their own ends) is all that matters. This is the sequence of the final plan to bring this about: United States embassy moved to Jerusalem (done); removal of Palestinians from the area of Temple Mount and the Al-Aqsa Mosque (being done); seizure and demolition of the mosque; rebuilt Solomon's Temple. In the same period they want to annex the Golan Heights (already agreed by the United States) and the West Bank on the road to the Greater Israel and a

return to Babylon. You can see how all the post-9/11 wars have fitted into this scenario although they have not yet gone exactly to plan. Another name for the New Jerusalem is Zion and while this is interpreted as a heavenly location it is planned to be very much of the 'physical' world by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult.

The *Protocols* and many other sources for the same plan describe how: Might is the only right; the end justifies the means (see 9/11); freedom is bad; the best form of rule is despotism; the future for humanity is serfdom; Masonic secret societies rule from the shadows; Masonry is the 'legislative force' and the leader and guide of all secret societies; the mob is blind and an essential means for the few to impose their will on the many; political discord is systematically created and political leaders such as presidents are only figure-heads controlled by secret advisors; 'They' control the media and manipulate public opinion; ferments, discords and hostility are secretly instigated all over the world; the plan is for an all-powerful global government; terror is used as a form of human manipulation and control; diseases are introduced through inoculation; 'They' control the police; dissidents will be executed when the final takeover is secured and people will be arrested on first suspicion; collectivism (Marxism) will be the new system of control; a one-day 'coup d'état' (revolution) over all the world will herald the arrival of 'the Sovereign Lord of all the World, King of Israel, Patriarch of all the World and Patriarch-Pope'. These are some other main themes of the *Protocols* from well over a hundred years ago and you may recognise them:

- **Program and demoralise youth by indoctrinating false beliefs and perceptions.**

  (See 'progressive' mob and perceptual programming in schools, colleges and universities.)

- **Destroy the family unit.**

  (This is happening through multiple means including divisions between generations and social media which has for many become the new 'parent'/family.)

- **Appeal to humanity's lower instincts.**

  (This has clearly been happening for a long time.)

- **Destroy respect for religions and the clergy through scandal and other means.**

(Blatantly happening and it helps if the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church is dominated by Sabbatian-Frankists who see sex with children as 'normal'.)

- **Introduce diversions in entertainment that require spending money and erode the enjoyment of simple cost-free pleasures.**

(Smartphones, videogames, etc.)

- **Divert the attention of the population with sport and vacuous 'entertainment' so they don't see what is really going on.**

(Big-time happening and for long past.)

- **Confuse people with false and contradictory theories that hide the real story.**

(Constantly happening.)

- **Instigate class hatred and class war among different classes of people.**

(This has now been morphed into hatred and war between self-identities.)

- **Create division between all groups including employers and employees and 'right' and 'left'.**

(Happening in ever greater extremes.)

- **Destroy agriculture through industrialisation and then destroy industry.**

(What a prediction this was more than a century ago given that industrial farming (promoted by the Rothschilds) has utterly poisoned the food chain and replaced individual farmers with giant corporations to control global food production.)

- **Circulate utopian theories to enslave people in a labyrinth of impractical ideas.**

('Progressive', New Age, Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez.)

- **Cause conflict and suspicion between states that lead to increased spending on armaments.**

  (Obviously happening.)

- **Introduce public voting while keeping the people so ignorant of the real game that they pick people the manipulators want.**

  (This happens at almost every election and when the public vote the 'wrong way' as in the British Brexit referendum you call them 'morons' and 'far right' and do everything you can to thwart what they voted for.)

- **Appoint people to key positons who have something to hide so they will do whatever they are told in fear of exposure.**

  (The system is awash with such compromised place-people.)

- **Slowly change all constitutions in preparation for despotic world government.**

  (Preparation for global Marxism is what they mean. The European Union is a perfect example of constitutional change in countries of the EU and the deletion of sovereignty.)

- **Establish huge monopolies.**

  (Amazon, Google/YouTube, Facebook, ad infinitum.)

- **Trigger economic and industrial crises and instability leading to world bankruptcy and at the most effective time crash the system globally to trigger panic.**

  (This has been done through the Wall Street crash and the crash of 2008, but what is planned is a global crash the like we have never seen. They' who cause the crash can then come forward as the 'saviours' so long as we accept the new system which they will control.)

- **Control global banking and finance to enslave governments and population in debt.**

  (Achieved long ago.)

- **Destroy nations and break the spirit of humanity with all kinds of suffering, deprivation, food shortages and reasons to fear.**

  (Happening to so many today (see the EU) and we have seen nothing yet unless the world wakes up to what is being imposed upon us.)

Whatever the background the *Protocols* describe the Sabbatian-Frankist manifesto and the Illuminati (Sabbatian-Frankist) manifesto. And all this is just *coincidence*? *Please*. What the *Protocols* predict has happened ever since and it is still happening as the plan now surges towards its goal. I mean, just look around you. The arrogance in the *Protocols* is Sabbatian-Frankist arrogance as they describe their new world of tyrannical control in which all humanity would be ruled from Israel by a super global government of Zion. The document says:

> ... we shall so wear [them] down ... that they will be compelled to offer us international power, a nature that by its position will enable us without any violence gradually to absorb all the state forces of the world and to form a super-government; In place of the rulers of today we shall set up a bogey which will be called the Super-Government Administration; Its hands will reach out in all directions like nippers and its organisation will be of such colossal dimensions that it cannot fail to subdue all the nations of the world.

The *Protocols* talk about owning the world through debt to their banks which people and countries could never repay while controlling industry, commerce and governments through Zion-instigated debt. Presidents and politicians were mere puppets to their will: '[We] arrange elections in favour of such presidents, as have in their past some dark, undiscovered stain, some "Panama" or other – then they will be trustworthy agents for the accomplishment of our plans out of fear of revelations and from the natural desire of everyone who has attained power, namely, the retention of privileges, advantages and honour connected with the office of president.' This is exactly how it works and few have been more obviously controlled by Sabbatian-Frankists than 9/11 president Boy Bush and Donald Trump. The *Protocols* continue:

> The chamber of deputies will provide cover for, will protect, will elect the president, but we shall take from it the right to propose new, or make changes in existing laws, for this right will be given by us to the responsible president, a puppet in our hands. Naturally, the authority of the president will then become a target for every possible form of attack, but we shall provide him with a means of self-defence in the right of an appeal to the people, for the decision of the people over the heads of their representatives, that is to say, an appeal to that same blind slave of ours – the majority of the mob.

> Independently of this we shall invest the president with the right of declaring a state of war. We shall justify this last right on the ground that the president as chief of the whole army of the country must have it at his disposal, in case of need for the defence of the new republican constitution, the right to defend which will belong to him as the responsible representative of this constitution. It is easy to understand that in these conditions the key of the shrine will lie in our hands, and no one outside of ourselves will any longer direct the force of legislation.

The *Protocols* describe how 'They' would bring the population into a 'state of bewilderment' through 'so many contradictory opinions and for such length of time as will suffice to make [them] lose their heads in the labyrinth and come to see that the best thing is to have no opinion of any kind in matters political' which were understood only by those who guide the public:

> The second secret requisite for the success of our government is comprised in the following. To multiply to such an extent national failings, habits, passions, conditions of civil life, that it will be impossible for anyone to know where he is in the resulting chaos, so that the people in consequence will fail to understand one another ...

The *Protocols* tell us that education would be manipulated to be a means of perceptually-programming the masses to see themselves and the world in the way that suits the agenda for global control. Observe the transformation of schools, colleges and universities into bastions of free speech deletion, group-think and indoctrination of 'progressive' lies and insanity. The *Protocols* describe how national and individual liberty would end under rule from Jerusalem by the 'King of Israel' born of the 'blood of Zion' symbolised as the 'line of David'. I will describe shortly how from a modern perspective all this is planned to be brought about. I should not even speak in future tense because it is happening now if only people would breach the fire-walls of their Sabbatian-Frankist software program.

Different sources – same story

A long list of prophetic works including Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* (1932), George Orwell's *Nineteen-eighty-four* (1948) and the presentation by ultra-Zionist Dr Richard Day (1969) involve precisely the same themes as the *Protocols*. How could these people be so accurate that long ago? The *Protocols* are older than all of them. The Master Plan was already in place and they were just putting that plan into their own context from their own sources. Therefore Huxley's drug and genetic

agenda is happening; Orwell's Big Brother state is happening; Day's new world order is happening in all the facets and forms that he described. Research the United Nations' scam of Agenda 21/2030 to transform human society into a centralised global state to 'save the world' from the (hoax) of human-caused climate change and the 'Green New Deal' of the Soros 'progressive' Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez. They both demand the centralised control demanded by the *Protocols*. The Sabbatian-Frankist climate change hoax has been spun as a problem to which they can offer their control-system 'solution'. All these various expressions of the plan, including the *Protocols*, describe how private property ownership will be outlawed. Paediatrician Lawrence Dunnegan described what Richard Day said in 1969:

> Privately owned housing would become a thing of the past. The cost of housing and financing housing would gradually be made so high that most people couldn't afford it ... Young people would more and more become renters, particularly in apartments or condominiums. People would not be able to buy [homes] and gradually more and more of the population would be forced into small apartments. Small apartments which would not accommodate very many children [part of the population cull agenda I have described in other books].
>
> Ultimately, people would be assigned where they would live and it would be common to have non-family members living with you. This by way of your not knowing just how far you could trust anybody. This would all be under the control of a central housing authority. Have this in mind ... when they ask, 'How many bedrooms in your house? How many bathrooms in your house? Do you have a finished game room?' This information is personal and is of no national interest to government under our existing Constitution. But you'll be asked those questions ...

We are moving in this very direction every day.

Sabbatian-Frankist coup d'état

The *Protocols* talk about a one-day 'coup d'état' or revolution all over the world at the same time and Richard Day told those paediatricians in 1969:

> The bringing in of the new system probably will occur on a weekend in the winter. Everything would shut down on Friday evening and Monday morning when everybody wakened there would be an announcement that the New System was in place. During the process in getting the United States ready for these changes everybody would be busier with less leisure time and less opportunity to really look about and see what was going on around them.

How this can be done over a single weekend – and done out of Israel – will soon become clear. One *Protocol* says:

> When we have accomplished our coup d'état we shall say then to the various peoples: everything has gone terribly badly, all have been worn out with sufferings. We are destroying the causes of your torment – nationalities, frontiers, differences of coinages [Problem-Reaction-Solution and remember this was stated more than a hundred years ago]. You are at liberty, of course, to pronounce sentence upon us, but can it possibly be a just one if it is confirmed by you before you make any trial of what we are offering you … then will the mob exalt us and bear us up in their hands in a unanimous triumph of hopes and expectations. Voting, which we have made the instrument which will set us on the throne of the world by teaching even the very smallest units of members of the human race to vote by means of meetings and agreements by groups, will then have served its purposes and will play its part then for the last time by a unanimity of desire to make close acquaintance with us before condemning us [this is the long-planned post-democratic society I have warned about for decades].
>
> To secure this we must have everybody vote without distinction of classes and qualifications, in order to establish an absolute majority, which cannot be got from the educated propertied classes. In this way by inculcating in all a sense of self-importance, we shall destroy … the importance of the family and its educational value and remove the possibility of individual minds splitting off, for the mob, handled by us, will not let them come to the front nor even give them a hearing; it is accustomed to listen [only to us] who pay it for obedience and attention. In this way we shall create a blind, mighty force which will never be in a position to move in any direction without the guidance of our agents set at its head by us as leaders of the mob. The people will submit to this regime because it will know that upon these leaders will depend its earnings, gratifications and the receipt of all kinds of benefits.

Once again this dastardly plan came to light well over a hundred years ago and the Soros 'progressive' mob is now with us acting in exactly the way this *Protocol* describes. Yet another coincidence? Not only that – the mob *is* beholding to its funders like Soros who pay for its 'obedience and attention' and drive its direction and tyranny to stop 'individual minds splitting off'. The mob does indeed 'not let them come to the front nor even give them a hearing'. This is political correctness; these are the reflex labels of 'Nazi', bigot' and 'racist'. The social engineers of the Rothschild ultra-Zionist Frankfurt School demanded the demise of the family unit as the *Protocols* do. Wish-list items of the Frankfurt School that I described earlier are widely included in the

Protocols and among them are continual change to create confusion; promotion of excessive drinking; emptying churches (targeting anything that brings people together); dependency on the state or state benefits (thus do what the state says – or else); control and dumbing down of the media and encouraging the breakdown of family. Go as far back as the fallen horseman in 1785 and the Illuminati plan on his person for world domination and revolution and you will see the same themes, methods and goals. No wonder the Hidden Hand had to pull the stunt with its professional liar operative Allen Dulles and his 'Russian émigre' to trash the credibility of the *Protocols* in the *Times* and *New York Times* in 1921 in articles written by an asset of Sabbatian-Frankist-controlled British intelligence. The 'anti-Semitism' industry and Protection Racket ultimately controlled by the Death Cult works 24/7 year after year to demonise and silence the few who are willing to highlight the bloody obvious correlation between the *Protocols* and subsequent world events. Surprise, surprise, mention of the *Protocols* is another press-enter definition of 'anti-Semitism'. Did I say they can fuck off? I think I might have mentioned it.

King of the World

These messianic crazies of the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult want to impose their 'world ruler' on the throne of Jerusalem on the site of a rebuilt Solomon's Temple. We can see with the emphasis in the *Protocols* on the vital part played by Freemasonry the reason why Freemasonic temples are really symbols of Solomon's Temple with their twin pillars and worship of the Sabbatian-Frankist god of Saturn after which Sabbatai (Saturn) Zevi was named. The vast majority of Freemasons will have no idea they are in effect worshipping Saturn under names like the 'Great/Grand Architect', but they are. 'El' is the Hebrew god of Saturn – as in IsraEL – and even the New Jerusalem is described in The *Book of Revelation* in terms of a cube which is an ancient symbol of Saturn. If you read my other books, like *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*, you will see the detailed background to why Saturn is so important to them. The King of the Jews will be the real Pope of the Universe, Patriarch of an international church, the *Protocols* tell us, and rule over what is planned to be a one-world religion (Sabbatian-Frankism) with universal acceptance of the 'Jewish' God and 'Jewish' religion. All other religions (including Judaism as currently practiced) would disappear. This 'figure' will not really be the King of the 'Jews' but what some call the 'Antichrist' or, put another way, a global Big Brother. Christian Zionists have been utterly manipulated to relate this to the return of 'Jesus'. I will describe in this chapter what I have concluded the 'king' really is. The *Protocols* tell us:

> The Supreme Lord who will replace all now existing rulers, dragging on their existence among societies demoralised by us, societies that have denied even the authority of god, from whose midst breaks out on all sides the fire of anarchy, must first of all proceed to quench this all-devouring flame. Therefore he will be obliged to kill off those existing societies, though he should drench them with his own blood, that he may resurrect them again in the form of regularly organised troops fighting consciously with every kind of infection that may cover the body of the state with sores.
>
> This chosen one of God is chosen from above to demolish the senseless forces moved by instinct and not reason, by brutishness and not humanness. These forces now triumph in manifestations of robbery and every kind of violence under the mask of principles of freedom and rights. They have overthrown all forms of social order to erect on the ruins the throne of the King of the Jews; but their part will be played out the moment he enters into his kingdom. Then it will be necessary to sweep them away from his path, on which must be left no knot, no splinter. then will it be possible for us to say to the peoples of the world: 'Give thanks to God and bow the knee before him who bears on his front the seal of the predestination of man, to which god himself has led his star that none other but he might free us from all the before mentioned forces and evils'.

This is classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. Create global mayhem, conflict and suffering and then step forward as the solution to the horrors you have systematically created.

Importance of 'the mob'

The point about sweeping away the mob once it has played its part in overthrowing the old order was exactly what Soviet KGB defector Yuri Bezmenov described in 1985 when he said that once the mob (today's Soros 'progressives') had completed their role as essential pawns they would be 'lined up against the wall and shot'. Bezmenov was describing the techniques of Marxism and that is what today's Soros 'progressive' mob represents – *Marxism*. This is the same Marxism created by Sabbatian-Frankists through their frontman Karl Marx to overthrow the existing order and establish a centralised structure of control under the smokescreen of 'government of the people'. But what happened in Russia, China and everywhere else that Marxism has been imposed? The mob overthrows the prevailing order and then the new order destroys the mob. Self-obsessed pawns of the Soros 'progressive' mob are walking – sprinting – into the same trap with Marxism disguised as 'socialism' and 'inclusivity' (self-identity exclusivity). Marxism seeks to transform society by conflict between groups and Sabbatian-Frankists need a far right mob to provide the focus of hate for the Soros

'progressive' mob which is what we have with ultra-Zionists (ultimately the Death Cult) funding both 'sides'. Donald Trump was brought to power to be that focus of mob-expanding hatred not just in America, but around the world. The *Protocols* say of the mob mentality:

> In order to elaborate satisfactory forms of action it is necessary to have regard to the rascality, the slackness, the instability of the Mob, its lack of capacity to understand and respect the conditions of its own life, or its own welfare; It must be understood that the might of a Mob is blind, senseless and unreasoning forever at the mercy of a suggestion from any side ...

American Freemasonic legend Albert Pike emphasised the importance of the mob in seizing global control for the few. Pike was Supreme Pontiff of Universal Freemasonry and involved in the creation of the Ku Klux Klan (how very progressive). He was said by British-born Canadian intelligence operative William Carr to have revealed in a letter to high Freemason, Mafia founder and Illuminati chief Giuseppe Mazzini in 1871 a plan for three world wars to transform global society into a centrally-controlled dictatorship. Pike described the first two wars accurately, but the alleged content of the letter only came to light after they had happened and so what he said about the still-to-happen Third World War is most relevant. Carr quotes Pike as saying that this would break out in the Middle East between Israel and the Muslim world and drag in other nations to create a global conflict. Those who say that Pike's mention of 'political Zionism' (the State of Israel) as one of the protagonists could not have been known about in 1871 do not understand how far ahead the Sabbatian-Frankist plan is projected. Society-changing world events and happenings are not random, but stepping-stones to a final outcome that are planned and prepared for way in advance. This is where incredibly accurate long-term descriptions and predictions by Huxley, Orwell and Day ultimately originate. Pike is quoted by Carr as saying:

> ... other nations ... will be constrained to fight to the point of complete physical, moral, spiritual and economical exhaustion. We shall unleash the Nihilists and the atheists, and we shall provoke a formidable social cataclysm which in all its horror will show clearly to the nations the effect of absolute atheism, origin of savagery and of the most bloody turmoil.

Nihilism is 'a political belief or action that advocates or commits violence or terrorism without discernible constructive goals' and ISIS/Islamic State is a perfect example. Pike continued:

> Then everywhere, the citizens, obliged to defend themselves against the world

> minority of revolutionaries, will exterminate those destroyers of civilization, and the multitude, disillusioned with Christianity, whose deistic spirits will from that moment be without compass or direction, anxious for an ideal, but without knowing where to render its adoration, will receive the true light through the universal manifestation of the pure doctrine of Lucifer [a god of Sabbatian-Frankism], brought finally out in the public view. This manifestation will result from the general reactionary movement which will follow the destruction of Christianity and atheism, both conquered and exterminated at the same time.

You see the same recurring themes from all these sources pointing to the same story and the evidence of this happening is everywhere. The *Protocols* say:

> ... it is indispensable to trouble in all countries the people's relations with their governments so as to utterly exhaust humanity with dissension, hatred, struggle, envy and even by the use of torture, by starvation, by the inoculation of diseases, by want, so that [the population] see no other issue than to take refuge in our complete sovereignty in money and in all else; but if we give the nations of the world a breathing space the moment we long for is hardly likely ever to arrive.

If that does not describe the world today and indeed throughout the 20th century then I don't know what does.

Essential fake 'liberals'

The *Protocols* stress the importance of 'liberals, utopian dreamers' in the plan or what the Cabal would call today 'progressives'. They would be 'played out' once the Sabbatian-Frankist world government was in place, but until then 'they will continue to do us good service' – 'Therefore we shall continue to direct their minds to all sorts of vain conceptions of fantastic theories, new and apparently progressive.' The *Protocols* boast at having 'turned the brainless heads of the [population] with progress till there is not among [them] one mind able to perceive that under this word lies a departure from truth in all cases where it is not a question of material inventions, for truth is one and in it there is no place for progress.' This *Protocol* continues:

> When we come into our kingdom our orators will expound great problems which have turned humanity upside down in order to bring it at the end under our beneficent rule; Who will ever suspect then that all these people were stage-managed by us according to a political plan which no one has so much as guessed at in the course of many centuries?

> We shall assume to ourselves the liberal physiognomy [face/appearance] of all parties, of all directions, and we shall give that physiognomy a voice in orators who will speak so much that they will exhaust the patience of their hearers and produce an abhorrence of oratory.

This is a vital point that explains so much about what is happening today. The constant mantra from the 'progressive' voice of self-proclaimed 'moderation' is to condemn opposing groups and opinions as 'far right', 'fascist' and 'Nazi'. This is both projection and an effort to demonise opposition as extremists while selling their own image as one of moderation, inclusion and caring. It's another inverted hoax which most of the Soros mob will not have grasped while ensconced in the jet-black darkness of their nether regions. Pump-primers among them representing Sabbatian-Frankism will absolutely know what the game is. The trick is to present a face of 'moderation' while pursuing an agenda of tyrannical extremism. To do this you must brand the opposition as extremists which is what they try to do with me. This technique leads to extraordinary levels of inverted nonsense in which Tony Blair who lied to sell a war that killed or maimed millions directly and through ongoing consequences is described as a 'moderate' while those who opposed his mass murder are 'rebels', 'radicals' or extremists. The media play their vital role in this with the labels they hand out such as 'Labour rebels' and 'Labour moderates' (extremists). Remember how Western-armed-and-funded psychopathic killers in Syria were described as the 'moderate opposition'?

In search of a 'saviour'

The Sabbatian-Frankist Messiah scam is made easier by other religions having the same concept with Jesus in Christianity, Krishna in Hinduism and Maitreya in Buddhism. Humanity's need for a 'saviour' when a mirror would suffice has long been exploited by the few to control the many. Christian Zionism, a Sabbatian-Frankist creation, has entrapped so many Christian believers, especially in the American Deep South, into waiting for the Messiah and supporting the Israel-Jerusalem agenda of Sabbatian-Frankists and ultra-Zionists in the belief that this must happen before their Messiah can come. They think they are talking about Messiah 'Jesus' while the Sabbatian-Frankists plan someone, or something, very different. By the time they realise that it will be too late. Christians call the dawning of the Messianic Age the 'Kingdom of God' and the 'world to come', but they are going to be in for a shock. They have been taught (programmed) to believe that the 'End Times' will bring great trials, tribulations and upheavals which they welcome as signs that 'Jesus' is coming. In fact these planned happenings are the very Problem-Reaction-Solution scenario being played out by Sabbatian-

Frankists to usher in their own 'Messiah' – and a global control system based in Israel. The picture is far bigger than almost anyone has grasped and even Sabbatian-Frankism is only a relatively modern expression of the Hidden Hand Master Plan. It goes way back beyond the emergence of the Bible and thus this is a document encoded with the same basic themes that you find in the *Protocols* and other 'prophetic' works from sources that knew the score. Christians have been had – Christian Zionists have been *massively* had – and where this has all been leading is getting mighty close. The restoration of Israel and the Jewish return is at the very core of Christian Zionist belief and hence all the money they have contributed to making that happen while the Death Cult can barely hold back their contempt and amusement. Messiah Jesus is supposed to save the righteous, judge the wicked, and restore peace to the world which is what Sabbatian-Frankists claim for their Messiah or 'World King' when the idea is to instigate a global tyranny. They are pulling in the gullible until the point of stopping what is planned has passed. Then reality will dawn.

The Torah, or first five books of the Hebrew Bible (Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy) do not specifically mention a 'Messiah' returning although the term 'End of Days' is seized upon by the messianic fanatics along with other quotes about a leader who would restore and rule Israel. Sabbatian-Frankists as a Kabbalah occult religion reject the Torah. The far more extreme Talmud – the guide for ultra-Zionists – reserves the title Moshiach, or Melech HaMoshiach (the King Messiah), for the leader who will 'redeem Israel' in the End of Days. It is claimed that all the nations of the world will recognize Moshiach to be the world leader and will accept his dominion in the Messianic Era. Note how Christians and Christian Zionists say the same about Jesus. Maimonides, a famous Jewish philosopher and codifier of the 12th century, said that the Messiah, or Moshiach, will rebuild the Temple and bring back the exiles. Jerusalem and the Temple would be the focus of divine worship, and 'from Zion shall go forth … the word of the Lord from Jerusalem'. The Sanhedrin rabbinical courts would return and decide matters of law. Jerusalem's Supreme Court built by the Rothschilds was really designed for this purpose with all its satanic symbolism. Jesus was condemned to death by the Sanhedrin in the New Testament story and I wonder if Christian Zionists are following all this? The Sanhedrin this time around are meant to decree law for the whole world and not only Israel. I read that 'the coming of Moshiach will complete God's purpose in creation', but my question is this: Why does 'God' have an obsession with 0.2 percent of the world population on a planet that's a billionth the size of a pinhead compared with the projected extent of the Universe? What manipulative bollocks it all is.

Control the tech – control the world

What is planned for humanity and how it can be achieved can only be understood from the perspective of the 'smart' technological society that has emerged 'out of nowhere' so fast and taken over human focus, perception and perspective. This has been planned all along because the inner sanctum of Sabbatian-Frankism is operating from a very different timeline and level of knowledge to the general population. I am not going into why that is because it is detailed at length in *Everything You Need to Know but Have Never Been Told*. There are reasons for this, however, and they explain how Aldous Huxley could describe modern drug and genetic techniques in 1932, George Orwell describe smart televisions ('telescreens') in 1948, and Dr Richard Day describe the Internet in 1969. There are two 'worlds' in terms of knowledge and projected 'future'. The human population lives in one and the *inner core* of the Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankism lives in quite another. The technology now available and that which is about to be introduced offers the potential to control all human minds and perceptual processes and to do so from a single location – *Israel*. This control system is planned to be operated by artificial intelligence and that is the real meaning of 'Supreme Lord', 'King of the World' and 'from Zion shall go forth ... the word of the Lord from Jerusalem'. I'm not saying they don't plan some form of figurehead around which to sell this control, but artificial intelligence is the means of delivery and the real practical meaning of the terms. This is why today Israel is fast becoming the technology centre of the world which is planned to eclipse Silicon Valley that it already controls from afar through front men and women and the Sabbatian-Frankist-owned Pentagon and US intelligence networks. Silicon Valley giants systematically censor criticism of Israel and exposure of the Sabbatian-Frankist conspiracy in all its expressions because it is owned by that conspiracy and thus employs ultra-Zionist censors such as the Anti-Defamation League (ADL), Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC) and others of their mendacious ilk to recommend what and who should be banned. Humanity has been led like lambs to the slaughter along a technological Totalitarian Tiptoe towards complete enslavement of body, mind and emotions. The plan – which I have long warned about and is now being openly promoted – is to connect the human brain/body to artificial intelligence which would then *become the human mind and all human perception*. Don't take my work for it. Ultra-Zionist Ray Kurzweil, the 'futurist' Google executive, is a central figure predicting and promoting the brain-AI connection to start in earnest by 2030 (Fig 148). He describes how the global population will be perceptually connected to 'the cloud' (which is controlled through ultra-Zionist-controlled Silicon Valley corporations and other ultra-Zionist

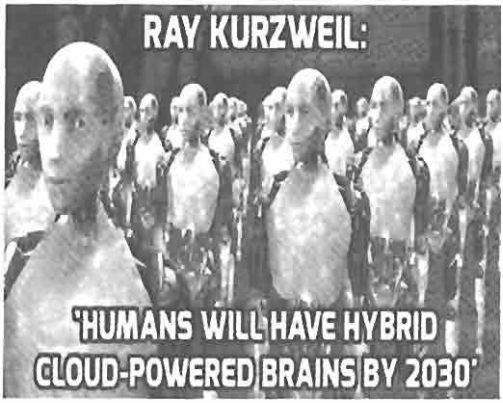

Figure 148: The end of humanity (as long planned) if we allow this to happen.

fronts like Amazon and is planned to be ultimately controlled from Israel). Kurzweil says:

> Our thinking … will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking … humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' … We're going to put gateways to the cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations. As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

Kurzweil also writes in the book *The Scientific Conquest of Death*:

> It will be routine practice to have billions of nanobots (nano-scale robots) coursing through the capillaries of our brains, communicating with each other (over a wireless local area network), as well as with our biological neurons and with the Internet. One application will be to provide full-immersion virtual reality that encompasses all our senses.

I call this the 'assimilation' when our minds will literally no longer be our own, but controlled through AI and by whatever controls AI – Sabbatian-Frankists and the Hidden Hand (and what controls them – see my other books). The takeover of human society will be complete and humanity will be controlled and directed from Israel. This has been the long-unfolding Totalitarian Tiptoe with only the final stage still to come. The AI-brain connection is planned to be made by injecting chips or a connecting 'mesh' into the brain and through other less intrusive methods of securing brain access. Preparation and manipulated acceptance of this human-AI fusion can be seen all around us. Before you can make a physical connection between humans and AI you have to establish a psychological connection. You have to *humanise* AI and make the interaction between the two like a human to human. This is a major reason for the 'personal assistant' technology known under many names including Alexa, Siri, Google Assistant and so on which are also surveillance devices. The technology was seed-funded by DARPA, the technological-development arm of the Pentagon, and is designed to

humanise AI on the road to total control by AI. Notice the AI dolls and other toys for children through which they can converse with AI as if it is human and research has shown that AI can program their perceptions. It's all the same story. Watch, too, for laws protecting robots as if they are human as we head towards a human-AI connection that will be the end of humanity as we know it – the plan all along. Other psychological preparation comes in the form of what is called pre-emptive programming. The world we are being led into is so fantastically different to the one we have known that this chasm of difference is a massive potential point of resistance to accepting its introduction. You want to do *what?* We are therefore being bombarded with Hollywood movies and television programmes depicting this very world to develop a conscious and subconscious 'pre-emptive' *familiarity* to dilute this potential resistance to the society the Hidden Hand wants to impose. The main focus is again on the young because they will be adults when this is meant to be brought in full-blown. Demonising older people and creating a disconnect between young and old is designed to dismiss the concerns of those who remember when the world was not like the one it is so fast becoming. They can thus see the scale and consequences of what is happening. If you are born into the world as it is now that's all you have known and only the awake will see what an Orwellian nightmare it really is.

Mind hack

Humanity has been guided like laboratory rats along a technological journey leading to the brain-AI connection and the end of human thinking and perception. Firstly the population was addicted to technology that they hold – 'holdables' – and for vast swathes of humankind this has already been achieved thanks to Hidden Hand tech companies like Apple and Samsung (Fig 149). By early 2019 it was estimated that more than five billion people have mobile devices with more than half of them smartphones in a world population of 7.7 billion. Smartphone and tablet devices have seized control of children and adults alike as they stare at the screen in a zombie-trance while increasingly incapable of meaningful human interaction. Phones have isolated families in the same home with some having to be texted that

Figure 149: Welcome to 'childhood'. Time for tea, kids. Kids? *HELLOOO!*

their dinner is ready because shouting up the stairs no longer has any effect during their screen 'fixes'. Almost everywhere you see human activity there are eyes welded to screens and the rest of the world doesn't exist. Cyberspace is the new realty, the new 'real world'. Smart technology has catastrophically transformed human relationships and discourse and with its associated social media has hijacked childhood, destroyed self-esteem and is literally rewiring brain function. Until relatively recently scientists believed that once the brain was formed that was it. From then on nothing changed. Now they know very different. Through a process known as placidity the brain is constantly changing in line with *information received* and *how* it is received. The sudden and incessant explosion of information received digitally and electronically is transforming the human brain and the way it processes information – and so reality and perception. Humanity is being rewired and that's especially happening with the young because they do not have the same perceptual resistance of some older people who have earlier perceptions to give them perspective on how the world is changing so quickly. I've already said that those born into this technological Alcatraz think this is how the world is. It is their 'normal'. A few generations pass and it becomes the *only* normal and this is the game that's playing out. As neuron networks and pathways change so does the way information is processed and from that comes changed perception. Think of a computer programmed to compute only in line with the codes of the program. This and the impact of psychopathic social media has coincided with rapidly rising depression, anxiety and suicide rates among the young. Teenage suicides soared by 67 percent between 2010 and 2017 alone in England and Wales and that figure will not only continue to rise but will be matched in other countries with the same or greater smartphone/social media usage. Here is glimpse of what is happening worldwide to young people as they are perceptually and psychologically targeted to become the programmed AI-controlled zombie adults of the near future. This is a report in the UK *Daily Mail*:

> More than 40,000 British 'hermit kids' are locking themselves away from the world for months or even years, shocking research has discovered. The study says chronic social isolation is increasingly affecting young people from all backgrounds and is driven by a combination of poor academic attainment and anxiety about finding good jobs. Many with the condition become obsessed with social media and live effectively virtual lives.

We are allowing the young to be literally *possessed* by technology driven by the Death Cult and the term 'virtual lives' is a potent one. The population, especially young people, is being absorbed into the 'virtual world' because the plan is for humanity to live permanently in a 'virtual

world' through a connection with AI. What is coming off these devices is purposely designed to be electromagnetically addictive. The brain operates electrically and electromagnetically and 'placidity' rewires neuron networks to sync with the frequency fields of smart technology. Addiction follows because the brain demands a constant fix of the electrical/electromagnetic/digital stimulus it has been wired to process. When someone puts the phone down the brain goes into 'cold turkey' as it craves the stimulus. The person then picks up the phone again for no conscious reason because addiction is calling the shots. People and particularly the young think they are constantly on the phone for their own reasons when really the brain-stimulus connection is driving everything. Once this brain-phone frequency connection is achieved then information – much of it subliminal beyond the perceptions of the conscious mind – can be transferred and dictate perception. This is happening to people all the time that the phone is on and through Wi-Fi even when it's not. 'Smart' brains are being hacked and hijacked to be anything but 'smart'. If people really care about their children they should get them off the phones and let them get their minds back. I have a lower-tech phone that stays in the draw for months on end and is only very rarely used when I am going to be nowhere near a proper phone and need to be contacted. Even then I use it on speaker away from my head and all the cumulative damage that would do bombarding my brain with microwaves at touching-range. I quickly note the basic information I need to know and arrange for a later conversation at length if necessary on a landline phone. I don't feel 'deprived' in the least not carrying a smartphone and if I need to speak with people in the usual course of events I have a wired phone to do that. It's not always instant, but so what? Like all addictions people think they need them but when they overcome the addiction they realise that they don't. We are looking at a silent 'holocaust' and humanity is going to reap the whirlwind with the longer-term effect on human brain and body health. This applies especially to children who are using phones while their brains are still forming. Those deep in the shadows behind all this know the consequences and have coldly planned for them to happen. It is a Death Cult after all.

Gotcha!

Stage two of the 'Tiptoe' are 'wearables' worn *on* the body en route to *in* the body. These are Bluetooth devices, Apple watches, and a long and ever lengthening list of Internet-attached technology that people wear including circuitry stitched into clothes for a better cell phone signal and 'electronic tattoos' which are nothing more than microchips on the skin and only one step from under the skin (Fig 150). Wearables are only a middle step to what has been the aim all along – implantable technology

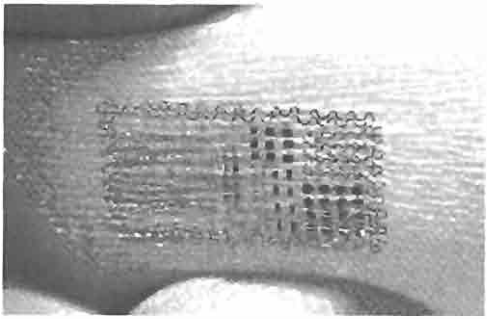

Figure 150: Electronic tattoos – one step from the microchip.

in the body and brain. This is the stage we are fast entering now. Thousands of people have already been microchipped in Sweden and I warned in my books from the mid-1990s that these 'implantables' were coming globally. My words were dismissed then as an example of my 'madness' and yet implantables are here as with a tidal wave of other 'crazy' information I have published over the years which is now happening. I write things and system-thinkers say that's crazy; then they happen. I write new things and same system-thinkers say *that's* crazy and so it continues. I shake my head and keep on writing. This news report about Swedish microchipping captures the Totalitarian Tiptoe without realising that:

> Technology continues to get closer and closer to our bodies, from the phones in our pockets to the smartwatches on our wrists. Now, for some people, it's getting under their skin. In Sweden, a country rich with technological advancement, thousands have had microchips inserted into their hands.
>
> The chips are designed to speed up users' daily routines and make their lives more convenient — accessing their homes, offices and gyms is as easy as swiping their hands against digital readers. They also can be used to store emergency contact details, social media profiles or e-tickets for events and rail journeys within Sweden.

Actually, the chips are designed for far deeper reasons than those described there. 'Benefits' listed like opening doors (lazy bastards) are only the selling points. The real deal is external access and manipulation of the human body through which mayhem and control is planned to ensue. The deeper reasons and fine detail of the technology/AI hijack can be found in *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*. In brief, however, external access to the body can literally decide if you live or die. The body in its base form is an electromagnetic vibrating information field which you can think of as a Wi-Fi field that operates to optimum in its natural and balanced frequency state. Health and clear thinking comes from this energetic harmony while illness, 'physical' and psychological, comes from disharmony in the field – dis-ease. The brain processes information electrically and communicates with the cellular

structure the same way. Any external frequency disturbance from Wi-Fi and other technologically-generated electrical and electromagnetic communications and fields will disrupt and potentially devastate the natural electromagnetic balance and cause anything from mild to catastrophic consequences for 'physical', mental and emotional health. Dramatic increases in depression and anxiety, dementia, suicide (see the young), and other states of emotional imbalance have all happened in the 'smart'/social media era and that is not a coincidence. They are the consequences of energetic (information) disharmony, scrambled brain function and skewed information processing. What are social media 'trolls' except deeply scrambled and imbalanced people? The difference between I am full of joy and I want to kill myself is the difference in how information is processed – same glass, same liquid, but is it half full or half empty? Distorted electrical communication between brain and cells is going to have obvious consequences for health. Observe what happens on the screen of a computer when its communication system is malfunctioning or what happens to analogue radio reception in a vehicle when you drive under electrical pylon cables. Distort the communication and you distort the outcome. In the body/brain's case this is the 'physical', mental and emotional outcome. I will address in a moment the current introduction of 5G communication systems when all of the above will *massively* increase in both scale and effect because of its frequency range and vastly increased power compared with even where we have come so far.

Humanity's perceptions and reactions have been manipulated for thousands of years through control of information received. Religion and various expressions of Problem-Reaction-Solution are only two of the endless examples of how this has been done. The smart era, however, is allowing this to enter a whole new level of control through frequency manipulation. Every thought and emotion is a unique frequency. Love and hate, joy and depression all have their own frequencies and if you can externally generate those frequencies you can trigger the corresponding mental and emotional states in people individually and collectively. The brain picks up the frequency of a thought or emotion in an energetic field like Wi-Fi or directly through microchips and it processes that information into what the person experiences as the corresponding perception or emotion. '*I am* depressed, angry or dispirited' is the subsequent response when the '*I am*' is really being externally generated. I have documented this technological potential for frequency mind-control at great length over the years and it is becoming ever more effective. Dr Andrija Puharich, an American medical and parapsychological researcher, discovered in the 1950s that frequencies affect perception and so behaviour. He used frequencies to change behaviour by manipulating DNA and its

'encoder/decoder' RNA. It has long been known by cutting edge, independent-minded scientists (a comparatively tiny minority) that DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and can be likened to an antenna. If you communicate with DNA using frequencies related to specific perpetual and emotional states you will cause people to think and feel that same way. This also applies to the brain. Even more than that you can by synching with the frequency of DNA make a connection (known as 'entrainment') and then move its 'dial' to another frequency. You could think of this is terms of a computer mouse connecting ('entraining') with a file icon and dragging it to another location or, in this case, frequency. When the DNA frequency switch is complete the genetic antenna is picking up a different information source which has corresponding perceptual, emotional and 'physical' effects. This way you can so affect DNA, the code of life, that it mutates the body into a different form. Yes, technological entrainment with DNA has the potential to mutate humanity into a whole new species and this is happening step-by-step today driven by the Hidden Hand and its Sabbatian-Frankists.

The end of men

Masculinity is being systematically deleted this way through technological frequencies aided by societal pressures and female hormones polluting water supplies by the content of contraceptive pills and other such drugs being peed into the system. We have fish changing from male to female or somewhere in between through chemical pollution of rivers and streams. Contraceptive pills contain the hormones oestrogen (estrogen) and progesterone. Oestrogen is the primary female sex hormone which will have obvious implications if it accumulates in men while Dr Diana Fleischman and a team at the University of Portsmouth discovered, albeit in a relatively small sample, an apparent connection between progesterone levels and sexual attitudes. Women with more progesterone are more likely to be open to relationships with other women and this was found to be even more the case with male-male relationships among men that have high levels of progesterone. For sure sperm counts and male testosterone levels have fallen dramatically and all the attacks on men – especially white men – to demonise 'toxic masculinity' are all part of this process of de-masculinisation of human society for reasons I will come to. Another reason for falling sperm counts is the effect of frequencies emanating from smartphones when men carry them in trouser pockets. This frequency bombardment kills sperm and 5G will enormously increase that process. A vital point here is that *everything* has its own particular frequency including hormones and if the population is bathed in these frequencies through the technological 'sea' via Wi-Fi and other sources

those hormones will be stimulated in the body. Broadcast the frequency of radio station A and you will get radio station A. Broadcast the frequency of oestrogen and progesterone and that's what you will get. Scientist Albert Einstein said:

> Everything is energy [information] and that's all there is to it. Match the frequency of the reality you want and you can't help but get that reality.

Dr Andrija Puharich found that frequencies of 10.80Hz produce 'riotous behaviour' and 6.6Hz makes people depressed. If you want a riot as a Problem-Reaction-Solution to justify more police and surveillance powers or divide and rule you just bathe the target area with the frequencies of rage and 'riotous behaviour' and then light the fuse with an event or situation. Hey, presto, the primed people will rage and riot because their symbolic or literal triggers are already cocked and waiting to fire. There are frequencies to stimulate mass hysteria, fear and outrage. People have no idea how they are being played with and manipulated while they believe that their thoughts, emotions and decisions are coming from within themselves. The US military has used frequency technology to break the spirit of an enemy so they walk out with their hands up and they use the same techniques on the general population. I have read technical reports of experiments in Russia decades ago when behaviour instructions were delivered to people through frequencies directing them to take certain actions and immediately the technology was activated the targets did exactly what they were told while believing they were making the decisions. Journalist Curtis Waltman had a shock when he filed a Freedom of Information Act request with Washington State Fusion Center (partnered with the US Department of Homeland Security) for information about white supremacist groups. He was sent by mistake a file on 'psycho-electric weapons' including electromagnetic effects on the human body and 'remote mind control'. They included descriptions of how electromagnetism can be used for various forms of remotely-induced torture, mind infiltration and perception manipulation including 'forced memory blanking', 'sudden violent itching inside eyelids', 'wild flailing', 'rigor mortis' and 'forced orgasm'. Remote attack and control systems in the documents were described to me by insiders many years earlier. From this perspective it is sobering to ponder on the potential power for mass human control of those who direct the technology and what frequency instructions and perceptions it delivers. The power of consciousness and will can overcome these effects but most people have had their personal power so drained and their responses so programmed that they are babes in arms when the button is pressed.

Why they are called SECRET societies

I am staying with themes rather than fine detail on these subjects because there is no point in repeating what is available in my other books like *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*. Themes can be extremely effective in connecting dots and forming pictures and here are the basic themes that we face. The Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankists know how reality works and how we interact with it. This forms the foundation of 'occult' (hidden) knowledge passed on through secret societies and Satanism to the chosen few across the generations. The knowledge is hidden or 'occult' for a reason. They don't want the target population to know what *they* know or the potential for using that knowledge to control and suppress is dramatically diluted. We are back to Joseph Goebbels again: 'Propaganda [or in this case secret knowledge] becomes ineffective the moment we become aware of it.' While the population goes about its daily business believing largely in the 'physical', 'solid' reality perceived by the five senses the Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankists know that our reality in its prime form consists of waveform radiation fields encoded with information that we decode into the 'physical' world of the five senses. The principle is the same as a computer decoding information from Wi-Fi fields and presenting it on the screen in a totally different form. Our 'screen' is in the brain and that's the only place the world we think is outside of us really exists. The process is the same as computers decoding the Internet. We experience the Internet as pictures, words and graphics, but they only exist in that form on the computer screen (Fig 151). The information exists in its base form as Wi-Fi radiation fields and electronic communication systems. Computers are designed to decode information from that form into what we see on the screen and the biological computer that we call the human body does the same as we decode waveform information into electrical, digital and holographic information that we perceive as the 'external' 'physical' world. The five senses decode waveform information into electrical information which is communicated to the brain to be decoded into digital holographic (illusory 'physical') information (Fig 152 overleaf).

Figure 151: Computers decode information encoded in waveform radiation fields into a very different form on the screen.

The Hidden Hand knows all this and it absolutely doesn't want you to know. Notice how

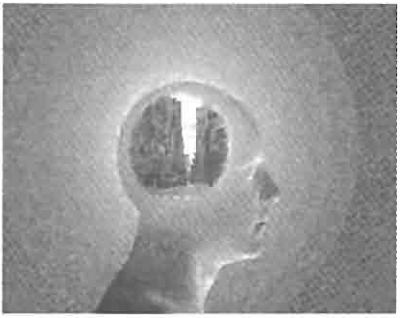

Figure 152: How the human biological computer decodes 'physical' reality from waveform 'cosmic Wi-Fi' that we experience as the illusion of an external world.

rarely the nature of reality is even mentioned in 'education' or the media except to repeat the 'it's all solid and real' nonsense pedalled by most of mainstream science and the establishment in general. By keeping this secret they can manipulate people en masse by understanding reality as it really is while the population believes in a reality that doesn't actually exist – a 'solid', 'physical' world of apparently extreme limitation. The Hidden Hand knows that reality is malleable because it is *not* solid and can be manipulated by changing the nature of the information content of electromagnetic fields and the use of specific frequencies to manifest specific ends. Albert Einstein again: 'Match the frequency of the reality you want and you can't help but get that reality.' This describes very well how humanity is controlled and directed – match the frequency of the reality you want people to believe in and they will then believe in that reality. Bathe the human environment with frequencies that match the mental and emotional states in which you wish to enslave the population; then target, marginalise, ridicule and, if possible, destroy those who expand their minds beyond those prison-frequencies and see the world as it really is. Throughout history such people have been perceived as mad or dangerous (then later right) by the perceptual 'norms' of the time because the population in general, enslaved by perceptual and frequency programming, cannot compute what the visionaries are seeing and perceiving. Legendary artist/inventor Leonardo Da Vinci is a perfect example. He wasn't ahead of his time in the 15th and 16th centuries, but *beyond* time – beyond the perceptual walls of experienced reality where the illusion of 'time' appears to be real. It is no more 'real' than solidity, as I explain in other books, and the Hidden Hand is well aware of that.

'Smart Grid' – the Endgame

From this background we can begin to grasp what the technological 'revolution' and 'smart society' is really all about and the power over the human mind and global society that would come from controlling the fast emerging 'Smart Grid' which I say is planned to be centred eventually in Israel. Who could not have noticed the ubiquitous prefix of 'smart'? We have smartphones, smart meters, smart televisions, smart cards, smart cars, smart driving, smart roads, smart pills, smart dust,

smart patches, smart watches, smart skin, smart borders, smart pavements, smart streets, smart cities, smart communities, smart environments, smart growth, smart planet … smart *everything*. These and all the other 'smarts' are connected parts of the new smart global society planned to be controlled in intricate detail and 24/7 by the 'Smart Grid'. A 'smart object' is defined as something that 'interacts with not only people but also with other smart objects'. Together they form a global grid of 'smart' electrical/electromagnetic/digital information sources controlled by artificial intelligence which means by whatever or whoever controls artificial intelligence. This is the grid or 'cloud' that people like ultra-Zionist Ray Kurzweil at Google says will be connected to the human brain by 2030 and expand thereafter to *become* the human mind. This is the real reason for smart meters planned for every home and business and being promoted like crazy by corporations, media and government. Smart meters are electromagnetic fields – another form of Wi-Fi – through which information can be gleaned from your home and with which your body, mind and emotions are interacting through frequency effects and connections. The meters, like the Smart Grid itself, are both a form of surveillance and mind or perceptual control able to manipulate what you think and feel. They are information delivery systems and the frequencies can be changed and ramped up once in place. The 'cloud' is not only one source, but multiple fields of electromagnetic and electrical/digital information designed to form one global system. Smart meters connect with Wi-Fi (ground-based and

Figure 153: The 'cloud'.

beamed from satellite), smartphone communication masts and networks, the Internet, artificial intelligence etc. (Fig 153 on previous page).

The 'Internet of Things'

It seems like only yesterday that I was warning about the plan for the Pentagon/CIA/Hidden Hand-driven 'Internet of Things' (IoT) to which all technology would be connected – everything from household appliances to televisions to vehicles and once again *everything*. All this is happening now on a mega and ever-growing scale with billions of items connected and controlled through the Internet because the Hidden Hand Sabbatian-Frankist agenda is moving so quickly. The speed in part is to have the Smart Grid in place and dictating human life before the population has realised what is going on and why. I am seeking to bring forward that realisation with this and other books while the Death Cult seeks to silence me. I have been predicting for so long what I called the technological sub-reality which is today known as the Smart Grid or 'cloud'. This is the 'Zion Mainframe' to which everything is planned to be connected including the human mind (Fig 154). The Internet of Things with the human brain added becomes the all-controlling Internet of Everything. Nano-technology far smaller than the eye can see is being embedded everywhere. They are calling this 'nanobots' or 'smart dust' – nano-microchips all communicating with each other no matter what

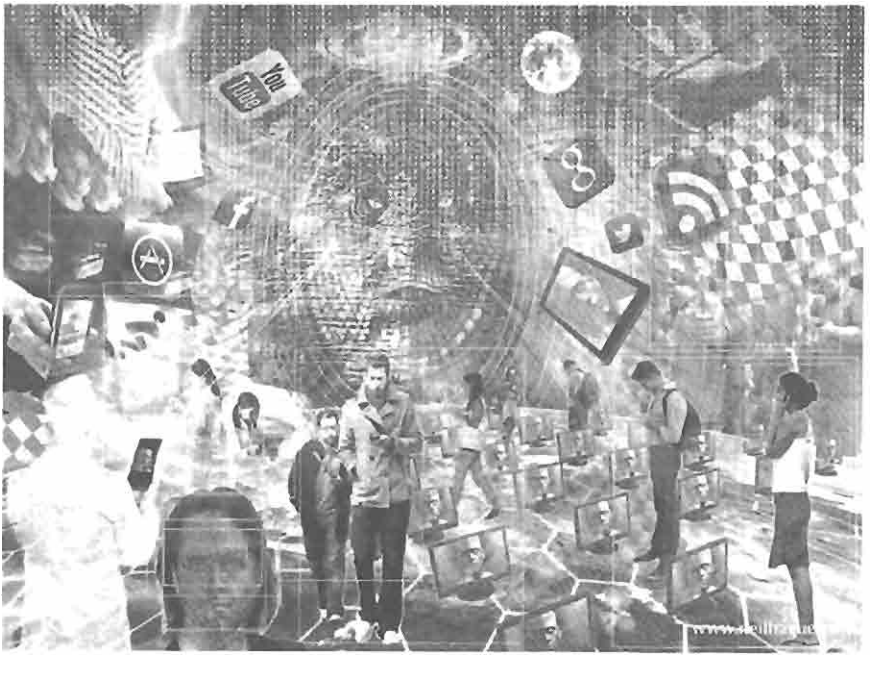

Figure 154: The 'Internet of Everything'.

their location. Nano-chips in pavements, walls, lamp posts, computers, vehicles, aircraft, energy and electrical systems, human brains/bodies and so on would form one grid of communication controlled from a central point (I say Israel) via 'hubs' around the world. Information passing through this system would decide if your car will start and where it will go through self-drive vehicles; if an aircraft falls from the sky; if you have warmth and at what level; if doors will open and elevators will work; if you eat; and, most crucially, the Smart Grid will dictate what you are thinking and feeling once the human-AI connection is made. *Nothing* will happen, including human behaviour, unless decided or deemed acceptable by the AI Smart Grid. A key to this is smart dust which is being released in the atmosphere to be breathed in and connect people to the Smart Grid network. A prime vehicle for this is what are called 'chemtrails'. These are released from aircraft and appear at first to be contrails caused by heat from engine exhaust interacting with the cold air at high altitude. The difference is that contrails quickly disperse as the exhaust heat cools while chemtrails don't disperse and instead expand and eventually fall to earth (Fig 155). I have watched military and other planes so many times around the world criss-crossing the sky pouring out their chemtrails until a clear blue sky looks like a cloudy day. They began to be noticed in the late 1990s and are now everywhere. After decades of denying that chemtrails were real Microsoft's Bill Gates and others are calling for precisely the same process to be officially implemented to block out the sun to 'save the world from climate change'. It is obvious that connecting everything through nano-smart dust would require it to be released from the sky. What Google's ultra-Zionist Ray Kurzweil describes could only be achieved through aerial distribution:

Figure 155: Chemtrails. Nothing to worry about – perfectly natural.

> Nanobots [smart dust] will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.

By 'intelligent' he means controlled by AI – and who will control the AI? Yep, right first time. We are hearing gathering warnings from independent scientists about drugs, chemicals and frequency technology that is undermining the 'blood-brain barrier' which protects the brain from being infiltrated by dangerous foreign bodies or substances. This is

an explanation from a science website:

> The blood-brain barrier (BBB) is formed by brain endothelial cells lining the cerebral microvasculature, and is an important mechanism for protecting the brain from fluctuations in plasma composition, and from circulating agents such as neurotransmitters and xenobiotics capable of disturbing neural function.

The concerted and multi-faceted attack on the blood-brain barrier is to allow, among other things, the passage of smart dust nano-microchips to infiltrate and manipulate brain function. What is freedom in a single word? *Choice*. The more choices you can make the freer you are and the AI Smart Grid is about deleting all choice that doesn't suit the elite controlling the grid. What's more – take away choice and you delete what it means to be human and replace that with little more than a robotic zombie programmed to do and 'decide' whatever the system demands.

Smart cities

You will be hearing more and more about 'smart cities' in which chips and nano-chips are everywhere controlling everything externally through AI (Fig 156). New smart cities are being built and others transformed into smart cities. Sabbatian-Frankist Saudi Arabia is building a $500 billion smart city 33 times the size of New York on the Red Sea coast near the border with Jordan. The real reason for smart cities is hidden in the verbiage and misleading cliché descriptions like this one from IBM:

Figure 156: Coming to every city if they have their way.

> Cognitive computing and its capacity for building citizen engagement introduce fresh opportunities for government organizations to improve citizens' lives and the business environment, deliver personalized experiences, and optimize program and service outcomes.

So what the hell does that mean? The Smart Cities Council definition gets closer to the truth while still ignoring the real motivation which is human control. It describes a smart city 'as one that has digital technology embedded across all city functions'. Yes, as I have described

with the consequences for human freedom ignored. An article at Openingdoors.alj.com also attempts a definition with this: 'As processing power continues to increase at an exponential rate, and artificial intelligence, big data, cloud computing, and the Internet of Things reshape our lives, smart cities aim to harness these tools to transform their ability to meet the demands of 21st Century living.' Good except for the last bit where 'demands of 21st Century living' should read 'demands of 21st Century control'. The article listed seven major elements to smart cities with supporting comments:

- 5G mobile networks, which are expected to be up to 60 times quicker than 4G networks and available by 2020 [I will come to the real reason for 5G in a moment].
- Blockchain, a financial technology that allows transactions to do away with intermediaries like stock exchanges that currently function as guarantors of a transaction.
- Artificial intelligence, which is already being used by Hong Kong, Shanghai, Sydney and New York to deliver smart parking and increased energy efficiency in buildings.
- Autonomous vehicles, which are set to have an enormous impact in the coming decades. Research has suggested autonomous taxis and rapid inter-urban rail systems could combine to reduce the numbers of cars in a city by up to 90%.
- Low-cost space exploration and micro-satellites, which will be the key element in powering the 20 billion connected things research firm Gartner expects to be in use by 2020 [more shortly].
- Biometrics, which could rapidly increase the number of people around the world who are able to prove their identity, thereby reducing fraud, waste and corruption [24/7 tracking and control].
- Drones, which when paired with artificial intelligence, could soon perform everything from parcel deliveries to hazardous jobs, such as maintenance checks on rooftops or towers.

The EU wants all new vehicles from 2022 to have AI controls on speed that stop anyone exceeding speed limits through the installation of 'Intelligent Speed Assistance limiters' connected to GPS satellite location monitors and traffic sign recognition cameras. This is not about safety – the Death Cult couldn't care less about that. It's all about control. Israel dominates the market for in-vehicle AI technology which can externally take over your vehicle and drive it into a wall or over a cliff if the hacker operator so decides. It's no good people laughing at that – go on the Internet and see external control of vehicle systems demonstrated. Then think aircraft and 9/11. All this is only a stepping stone – a Totalitarian Tiptoe – to AI driven vehicles which are planned to

replace all current human-controlled transport eventually – cars, trucks, buses, trains and aircraft. The business model of Silicon Valley-based global taxi company Uber is founded on AI-driven taxis. Current drivers, who are often treated with contempt by the company, are only a transition to self-drive. Uber has lost a fortune on the road to what is planned to be a global monopoly and yet money is always there to keep it expanding (see Amazon).

Just a search engine? Just a social media site?

Technology on which the Internet is based came from the military and in particular DARPA, the Pentagon's Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, which has given the world enormous gifts of peace and love like death rays. They are such nice people. In fact, so lovely they seed-funded personal assistant technology because they care so much about human happiness. DARPA seed-funds Silicon Valley companies and technology that it believes will help with its agenda of human surveillance and control – as does the CIA with its seed-funding arm In-Q-Tel which put money into Google before it was called Google (Fig 157). The bottom line is that DARPA did not develop and release the military technology on which the Internet is based unless that served the agenda of its controllers – the Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. How coincidental that the Internet is the very foundation of the Smart Grid. The Internet of Things allows control of human society and 24/7 surveillance not least through connection to smart televisions with their cameras and microphones monitoring you in your own home (Orwell's telescreens) and today's TVs are only the opening versions and not where they are planned to go. The Internet was described by ultra-Zionist asset Dr Richard Day in 1969 long before it became reality and it is a long-planned global Trojan horse. The Internet has been the fishing line to capture human life and that line is now being reeled in. The first stage was to introduce a free and open Internet without censorship to attract so many users that it became the central foundation of human society and irreversibly so. Now that point has been reached what the Internet was planned to be all along has become more evident by the day as the censorship of what can be said

Figure 157: The Pentagon runs Silicon Valley and Sabbatian-Frankism runs the Pentagon *and* Silicon Valley

and communicated becomes ever more extreme. The plan was to move sources of information that people receive from traditional media such as newspapers onto the Internet where what is seen and not seen can be regulated by AI algorithms. This is exactly what is happening. Another aspect of the strategy was to establish, promote, fund or take over companies to secure near-monopolies on the communication of information. I am talking about Google, Google-owned YouTube, Facebook (which owns Instagram and WhatsApp), Twitter and so on. Once again to become near monopolies they had to sell themselves as free and uncensored to attract the audience and have access to funding that trounced potential competitors. Then, once market domination was achieved, what they were always planned to be was unleashed in a frenzy of censorship to promote the Death Cult agenda and silence its critics and exposers. Once again this is so clearly what is happening. The same process can be seen with Amazon which dominates the book and retail market and is now censoring the 'wrong' books when it wasn't doing so as its domination was being secured.

The extraordinary ratio of Zionist control can also be seen with people like Sergey Brin and Larry Page (Google and parent company Alphabet); Susan Wojcicki (YouTube); Mark Zuckerberg and Sheryl Sandberg (Facebook); and Arthur D. Levinson (Apple chairman). Another Apple board member is ultra-Zionist Bob Iger, chairman and CEO at Disney. The small world nature of Silicon Valley and connected parts of The Web can be seen with Apple board member Ronald D. Sugar, chairman of Uber and former chairman and CEO of global arms manufacturer Northrop Grumman, and with the connections involving YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki, a former executive of Google. Her ultra-Zionist sister Anne was married to Google co-founder Sergey Brin and now runs Silicon Valley DNA testing company 23andMe which was funded by both Google and biotech giant Genentech whose CEO was Arthur D. Levinson, chairman of Apple (he replaced Steve Jobs). Levinson is a former director of Google who is founder and CEO of biotech company Calico owned by Google parent company Alphabet. Google and Facebook are phenomenally important assets of The Web because of their power over the circulation of information. Google suppresses search engine listings of the alternative media while Facebook (like Google/Alphabet's YouTube) increasingly outright bans information that challenges the elite agenda or 'shadow' bans it which means that while it can be posted algorithms ensure its audience is tiny and nothing like what it would otherwise be. This is not, however, the full extent of Google and Facebook service to the Hidden Hand and The Web. They both play globally crucial roles in surveillance and data gathering for intelligence and military networks and if they didn't exist the intelligence-military complex would have had to invent them. I say

Figure 158: Regina Dugan – strange career at first glance, but with a common theme.

they did. Big Brother now accrues the fine detail of people's lives and beliefs because the public tell them via Facebook posts and search engine history. Those that appear to run these companies are anything but genuine and trustworthy characters while they promote a fraudulent image of being 'progressive'. The idea that Zuckerberg is ultimately controlling Facebook is a joke when you see his terrified face and staring eyes on being asked even a mildly incisive question.

The Pentagon and CIA have colossal influence over these Internet giants and the Pentagon/CIA in turn are assets of the Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Regina Dugan personifies these connections (Fig 158). She was the director of DARPA who then became an executive of Google before moving on to Facebook. Her role in all cases can be summed up by her brief at Facebook – 'to develop technologies that fluidly blend physical and digital worlds'. Or, to be more to the point, to develop technologies that fluidly blend AI with the human brain. 'Retail website and bookseller' Amazon has fundamental connections with the Pentagon and CIA and like Google and Facebook operates at the cutting edge of smart technology and AI. Microsoft is up there, too, and this Bill Gates company has the most obvious surveillance and control connections to computers and other devices that use its software. Even Amazon and Microsoft employees have spoken out against their work with the military, intelligence and law enforcement. Amazon's Jeff Bezos provides cloud services, surveillance and other support for the Pentagon, CIA and police. One Amazon worker said: 'Companies like ours should not be in the business of facilitating authoritarian surveillance. Not now, not ever.' So what if those involved in authoritarian surveillance are the real force behind the company? Microsoft responded with the finger to its employees complaining about technology and weapons contracts with the military. CEO Satya Nadella said: 'We made a principled decision that we're not going to withhold technology from institutions that we have elected in democracies to protect the freedoms we enjoy.' If it wasn't so tragic my belly would ache. Billions of dollars are spent by the Pentagon and intelligence 'community' with Silicon Valley companies which are assets of the military-intelligence complex. Employees need to rub their eyes and see that their pay checks are not coming from companies with

humanity's interests at heart – far, far from it. No surprise, then, that Google parent company Alphabet (the CIA, NSA, FBI etc. are known as 'alphabet agencies') is involved in a smart city project in Toronto which foresees everything being controlled and monitored by AI right down to rubbish bins. The plans are being developed by Alphabet-owned and New York-based Sidewalk Labs and the project guided by ultra-Zionist CEO, Dan Doctoroff, who says the smart city development would be built 'from the internet up'. This is what I have been describing. One media report said that the sheer scale of data gathering involved was a cause of concern to those pointing out the Big Brother potential. David Murakami Wood, an associate professor at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, said that the public's ability to give consent to trade privacy for convenience 'goes out the window straight away' under the Alphabet/Google scheme: 'I think in some ways what we're facing here is a situation where none of this is very much like anything we've seen before.' That's because we are entering the Hidden Hand endgame and so witnessing a transformation of human society in ways that absolutely have not been seen before.

Behavior control

Those who refuse to submit to this control system will be cut adrift, made a non-person and where necessary eliminated. You will do what you are told in every aspect of life or the AI Smart Grid will give you severe consequences. We are already seeing this emerging in China with the social credit system that decides how you should behave in every area of life and then awards or deletes credits in response. Act as the government demands and you accrue credits. Act in other ways and they are taken away resulting in multiple consequences. Chinese dictators have blocked millions of 'discredited' citizens from buying plane and train tickets. By the end of 2018 the National Public Credit Information Centre said Chinese courts had banned the purchase of plane tickets 17.5 million times and 5.5 million for train tickets. According to a 2014 government document the behaviour credit system is designed to 'allow the trustworthy to roam everywhere under heaven while making it hard for the discredited to take a single step'. Do as we tell you or we'll destroy you. Imagine the potential for this once the world is subject to a global Smart Grid that controls everything. You want to rebel? Okay, well doors will literally not open for you – anywhere. By then every front door, garage door and barrier will only open if the Smart Grid says it can and the codes of your microchips – constantly reprogrammable – allow you to pass through. I saw a *Guardian* article on the China system which reported that critics were claiming the authorities were using technology and big data to create an Orwellian state of mass surveillance and control'. Critics were *claiming?*

You mean that dictating your every behaviour through a governmental and technological carrot and stick is open for debate about whether or not it is an Orwellian state of mass surveillance and control. *What?* Of course it is. What else could it be? What is happening in China under its murderous communist dictatorship is the blueprint for what is planned for the entire world. China today and the world tomorrow – including China's millions of people-recognition cameras that can identity the location of anyone in minutes. Hidden Hand global Internet companies including ultra-Zionist-controlled Facebook, Google, Apple and Microsoft are actively working with Hidden-Hand-controlled China while claiming to be 'progressive' organisations with 'values'.

The plan in the end as AI destroys almost every current form of employment is to introduce a guaranteed income for people. This may sound at first to be a good thing, but the unspoken reason is control. You don't do what we say? Okay, we stop paying your guaranteed income and where else are you going to earn the money so you and your family can eat? All the jobs have gone to AI. Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankist front groups and organisations are calling for this guaranteed income which will make everyone poor except the elite. Facebook's

Figure 159: The planned structure of the 'post-democratic' society with the Smart Grid and AI taking all the jobs and humanity living off a guaranteed income to ensure guaranteed poverty and only paid to those that conform.

multi-billionaire Zuckerberg is one of those calling for a 'universal basic income' because he cares so much about the poor and needy. My god, these people are truly disgusting and yet heroes to Soros 'progressives'. I have used the term 'Hunger Games Society' in other books for the plan to impose a fierce hierarchical structure controlled by the few with everyone else living in poverty controlled by a mercilessness police state (Fig 159). The latter is fast emerging – a military-police state in the end – while plunging the population in totality into collective poverty and control is planned to be achieved by AI taking their jobs and the 'guaranteed income' ensuring everyone-the-same poverty. Those who think none of this applies to them because they have a nice house and good income today should ponder on that and realise that it absolutely *does* apply to them. Basic income would mean the end of property ownership or ownership of anything (except for the elite) and the same outcome for everyone. This is what Soros 'progressives' are demanding as they promote Marxism (see the Soviet Union) as 'socialism'. Equal opportunity is one thing and to be desired, but equal outcome means a race to the bottom for everyone (except the elite).

Watch for the basic income control scam because it's coming unless we collectively wake up to what the game is. The *Protocols* say: 'The people will submit to this regime because it will know that upon these leaders will depend its earnings, gratifications and the receipt of all kinds of benefits.' Dependency is the greatest form of control.

* Glasgow, Scotland's biggest city, is pledged to be a 'smart city' through AI and surveillance technology and has partnered with Israeli government/military-connected Nice Systems which was exposed by Fox News reporter Carl Cameron in his post-9/11 reports about the Israeli spy ring in the United States. Glaswegians who have questioned the use of an Israeli military-connected company to keep surveillance on them have been condemned by the council as 'anti-Semitic'. Well, wave a feather and I shall swoon. Even more reasons to question the involvement of Israeli technology and 'cyber-security' companies follows in the next chapter.

* Another significant Google and parent company Alphabet executive is ultra-Zionist State Department official Jared Cohen, CEO of Jigsaw (formerly Google Ideas) and an Adjunct Senior Fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations. He wrote a book with former Google and Alphabet Executive Chairman Eric Schmidt called *The New Digital Age: Re-shaping the Future of People, Nations and Business.* You get the picture. Cohen and Schmidt attended the elite Sabbatian-Frankist Bilderberg Group meeting in 2019 along with ultra-ultra-Zionist Jared Kushner, senior advisor and son-in-law to 'anti-elite' (yeah, right) Donald Trump.

CHAPTER 27

Eyes wide OPEN (2)

The only person you are destined to become is the person you decide to be – Ralph Waldo Emerson

The term Smart Grid describes AI and wireless connections between technology and the human brain, all aspects of human society including household appliances and throughout the natural world. This will allow the entire human race and everything else to be controlled and manipulated from a central point once smart dust and other AI/technological connections are made and turn humanity into one hive mind dictated by the 'queen' out of Israel. That's my view anyway.

The plan is being sold as a wonderful thing to increase the collective power of human creativity, but that's just the sales-pitch that claims all this will make us 'super-human' (Fig 160). It won't – it will make us post-human. The real reason for the hive mind is the central control of *all* minds. Scientists are already experimenting with animals to connect their minds into one 'hive' on the way to doing the same with humans. To make this and the Smart Grid in general work the Hidden Hand requires a minimum level of communication and Wi-Fi power of at least what is known as '5G'. This is another Totalitarian Tiptoe. 'G' stands for 'generation' and so we have been pied-pipered from the first generation (1G) of wireless communication power through 2G, 3G, 4G and now the roll-out of 5G. Each one has been more powerful and so has affected mind and body in more intrusive ways. We live in an ever-expanding sea of Wi-Fi (the 'cloud') that with each new 'generation' is impacting on mind and body functions to ever-greater extremes. Anything that disrupts and distorts the electrical and electromagnetic communication and information processing functions of brain and body is

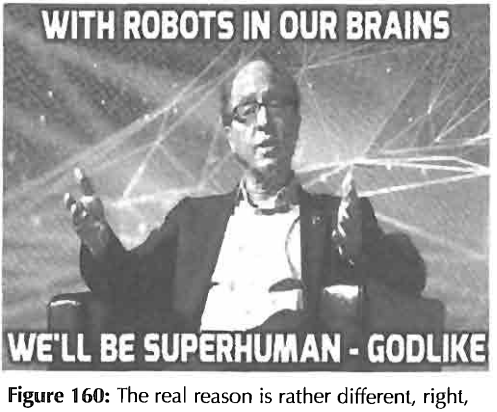

Figure 160: The real reason is rather different, right, Mr Kurzweil?

going to disrupt and distort human health and psychology and each new 'generation' is doing this more fundamentally as the power and impact is increased. Observe the soaring increases in cancer, depression, suicide, dementia and Alzheimer's in the Wi-Fi, smartphone era. What is Alzheimer's? Disrupted brain function caused by toxins as well as direct frequencies. The plan is for there to be no escape from Wi-Fi anywhere on earth by having it beamed from satellite to every inch of the planet. No escape is already the case with those in urban areas. We have children at home in a 24/7 Wi-Fi field made worse by smart meters and they walk to school through increasing prevalence of Wi-Fi and sit in classrooms all day awash with Wi-Fi. This is causing cumulative mind and body consequences and very direct ones for many with brain tumours where they put smartphones to their ear. Studies have revealed a massive increase in brain tumours especially among the young near the ear they use to listen to phone calls and 'scientists' say they have no clue what is making this happen when the cause is staring them in the face – or the ear (Fig 161). The 'don't know' is simply protecting their careers and the telecommunications industry and government from exposure that would threatened the roll-out of the Smart Grid within which smartphones are crucial – well, until the microchips are installed that is and AI is directly dictating perception. Humans are now living in a technologically-generated electromagnetic soup and here's a sobering fact: The first mile above the earth is today filled with *two million* times the amount of electromagnetic fields (EMF) that was there in 1900. EMF radiation has the potential to damage DNA and we are living in an ever more powerful human-generated sea of the stuff which has been systematically created by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Canadian neuroscientist Michael Persinger, a long-time researcher on these subjects, said:

Figure 161: It's a mystery, I guess.

> For the first time in our evolutionary history we have generated an entire secondary, virtual, densely complex environment – an electromagnetic soup – that essentially overlaps the human nervous system.

This is affecting not only humans but all life on earth throughout the natural world. Animals, trees and plant life are damaged the same as humans through information field distortion and the potential is there to

Figure 162: Shocking: 416 whales beached themselves at the same time in New Zealand.

change the very atmosphere that keeps us alive. We are seeing the effects on marine life, birds, bees and others of having their natural navigation systems disrupted to the point where whales and dolphins have been beaching themselves sometimes in large numbers (Fig 162).

Endgame technology – 5G

All this brings us to 5G. Don't fall for the scam that 5G is just a more powerful version of 4G. That would be bad enough, but it's far worse than just increased power. 5G operates on an entirely new frequency range known as millimeter waves which pulsate their highly disruptive frequencies within the window of 30 and 300 gigahertz and 5G is an ultra-high frequency with ultra-high intensity that will bombard the body-brain with ... 90 *billion* electromagnetic waves per second. Just contemplate the consequences of that. The brain, body and DNA receiver-transmission system constantly blasted with 90 *billion* technologically-generated electromagnetic waves per second. When you consider the psychological, emotional and bodily consequences we are already seeing from 4G and lower we are staring in the face of a cumulative human catastrophe for body and mind. Professor Trevor Marshall, Director of the Autoimmunity Research Foundation in California, said:

> The new 5G wireless technology involves millimeter waves (extremely high frequencies) producing photons of much greater energy than even 4G and Wi-Fi. Allowing this technology to be used without proving its safety is reckless in the extreme, as the millimeter waves are known to have a profound effect on all parts of the human body.

Dr Joel Moskowitz, professor of public health at the University of California, Berkeley, said that 5G is a 'massive experiment on all species'. Against this background Dr Graham Downing, who trained in clinical sciences and molecular biology at London's King's College, asks the question: 'Is 5G about to destroy two billion years of evolution?' Put those words and his name into YouTube and you'll see his presentation exposing 5G. Hundreds of doctors and scientists across the world have highlighted how wireless radiation is linked with cancer, brain and immune system malfunction and harm to unborn children. They warn that all these effects threaten to vastly increase with 5G and call for a ban

on its introduction until the facts are known. This is the last thing the Death Cult wants because independent research publicly circulated would assign 5G to history. Instead they simply don't fund or consult independent research and dismiss any that does come to light. Telecommunications industry representatives were asked at a session of the US Senate Commerce, Science and Transportation Committee how much money they had committed to independent research into the effects of 5G. Answer: *Zero*. Senator Max Blumenthal who conducted the questioning summed up the responses when he said: 'No research ongoing – we're flying blind here so far as health and safety is concerned.' Well, yes and no. They don't want the public to have access to research that would be the death-knell for 5G but insiders absolutely know what the effects are going to be in disrupting brain function – clear thinking and emotional response – and the extraordinary numbers it is likely to cumulatively kill. We are dealing with a Death Cult lest we forget and they must have a way of protecting themselves from the affects their targets will suffer. More confirmation of systematic suppression of 5G consequences came from Tom Wheeler, then chairman of the US Federal Communications Commission (FCC) which is supposed to protect the public from the dangers of technology like 5G. The Hidden Hand Web ensures, however, that the force controlling the FCC and other would-be 'protection' agencies also controls the telecommunications industry and it's a complete stitch-up. Wheeler is a classic. The fraud that is Barack Obama appointed him as head of the Federal Communications Commission when his previous jobs included being a lobbyist for the cable and wireless industry which as FCC chairman he was supposed to be regulating. He was also president of the National Cable & Telecommunications Association (NCTA) and CEO of the Cellular Telecommunications & Internet Association (CTIA). He is the last person who should have been FCC chief in the light of his monumental conflicts of interest, but it was fine with Hidden Hand puppet Obama. Wheeler, who is a serious piece of work, said in a speech about 5G at the National Press Club in 2016:

> We won't wait for the standards to be first developed in the sometimes arduous standards-setting process or in a government-led activity. Instead, we will make ample spectrum available and then rely on a private sector-led process for producing technical standards best suited for those frequencies and use cases.

We'll hand safety regulation to the industry that doesn't want regulation and is spending zero on independent scientific research into the consequences of what the industry is doing. If you put 'Tom Wheeler 5G' into YouTube you'll find the speech and I recommend people give it

a look to see the sheer cold-eyed arrogance that we are dealing with. Other 'safety' scams played by industry and government are to focus only on the heating effects of the technology and ignoring all the other far more dangerous aspects and to ensure that official 'safety limits' are always just above whatever the industry needs them to be to do what it wants. The enforced introduction of 5G is being centrally dictated to prevent local opposition blocking the plan and laws and regulations are being imposed to stop local communities refusing to accept it. But we must *not* accept it – under any circumstances.

See no evil

Public opposition is gathering to 5G despite the virtual radar silence on the subject from the mainstream media and we have to act because those who claim to be serving the public interest never will through either malevolence or ignorance and often both. The council leader on the Isle of Wight where I live is a perfect example. His name is Dave Stewart and he took time out from plans to concrete over great swathes of the island to respond to questions about 5G. He said of 5G opposition:

> I am actually an evidence-based individual, when I read some of the things I read and then I research them online I actually have to question the thinking of some people, because it takes them to the extreme of everything.

My experience of Stewart is that little ever emits from his mouth that stands up to scrutiny and he is typical of the political class worldwide. How can he be 'an evidence-based individual' on 5G when there is *no* evidence supporting its safety because there has been no officially-funded independent research? All the truly independent scientific studies done outside the system have pointed to serious dangers. What people like Stewart mean by 'evidence' is 'evidence' that they want to hear. Any other kind – like the obvious truth – is 'the extreme of everything'. Well, here are some 5G consequences that the Stewarts of the political class don't want to hear:

- DNA single and double-strand breaks which genetically mutate and break-down body systems (leading to diseases such as cancer) and seriously disrupt DNA receiver-transmissions which will have catastrophic consequences for mental, emotional and bodily health.

- Infertility, damage to unborn children and miscarriage.

- Heart problems (the heart is pumped by electrical frequencies).

- Oxidative damage (which leads to tissue deterioration and premature

ageing).

- Disruption of cellular systems which means a long list of health consequences.
- Increased blood-brain barrier 'permeability' (opening the door to allow toxins and smart dust to enter the brain).
- Melatonin suppression (sleep problems, increased risk of cancer and many other consequences).
- Behaviour problems including memory loss.
- Serious nose bleeds.

Babies, children, pregnant women and the elderly are especially vulnerable to 5G which also has the effect of diminishing antibiotic potency while making bacteria stronger and more resistant. Some politicians with more intelligence and public concern than off-the-peg political class operatives like Dave Stewart are responding to the dangers although how long they will hold out is quite another matter. Among them is Céline Fremault, a minister in the Brussels-Capital Region responsible for Housing, Quality of Life, Environment and Energy. She announced a halt on 5G:

> I cannot welcome such technology if the radiation standards, which must protect the citizen, are not respected, 5G or not. The people of Brussels are not guinea pigs whose health I can sell at a profit. We cannot leave anything to doubt.

Dave Stewart is checking Google as I speak to convince himself that Fremault is at 'the extreme of everything'. Increasing numbers of people are becoming 'electro-hyper-sensitive' through the technologically-generated 'sea' they are now interacting with and they cannot tolerate even low exposure to Wi-Fi fields. What happens to them at even higher frequencies from which they cannot escape because they are literally everywhere? The body bone structure or skeleton is an antenna and so is DNA and the skin. Dr Yael Stein of Jerusalem's Hebrew University wrote to the Federal Communications Commission (wasting his time, ink and paper) to point out that more than 90 percent of microwave radiation is absorbed *by the skin which is like a sponge absorbing microwave radiation*. Dr Stein said that sweat ducts operate as antennas responding to electromagnetic fields. We have millions of these ducts and the effect of 5G is to make them even more conductive. 5G is a military weapon

planned to be used on the human race and this skin antenna phenomena has allowed them to develop technology to disperse crowds which broadcasts frequencies within the millimeter 5G range to make people feel like their skin is on fire. This 'Active Denial System' emits frequencies which the skin decodes into heat. The 5G Smart Grid gives the Hidden Hand the potential to dramatically increase the power of 5G transmissions to microwave the population and turn streets and homes into the equivalent of microwave ovens. Once the Smart Grid is in place and broadcasting 5G the potential there for a mass cull of the human population which the Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankists have been planned for a very long time as I have detailed in other books. 5G is not the end either with even more powerful 'generations' in the pipeline. Those controlling the grid (I contend Sabbatian-Frankists out of Israel) would have control of every human mind, all human health and that of the entire natural world. 'Dose' levels would be able to target specific individuals with everyone given a unique digital code to isolate them for targeted attacks as required. You want to challenge the control system? Bye, bye.

No escape

The short wavelengths of 5G mean that it can't travel far or pass effectively through physical objects like buildings, trees, etc. and many have noticed the astonishing number of perfectly healthy mature urban trees being felled – thousand alone in the English city of Sheffield. These limitations of 5G communication mean that instead of the big broadcast transmitters we have seen up to this point sending the signal longer distances 5G requires a staggering number of small transmitters at close intervals down every street (Fig 163). 5G can in fact travel further than they claim, but transmitters close together is the agenda. To give you an idea the single city of Thousand Oaks in the Greater Los Angeles area will require '4,000 to 5,000 new cell sites over the next five years', according to campaigner and attorney Jonathan Kramer. At the time of writing Thousand Oaks has just 140 wireless sites and this is the scale of change we are facing. Play-out 5,000 cell transmitters for one city of well under 150,000 people across the world and cities like London, New York or Tokyo and the number

Figure 163: 5G will mean having transmitters along every street and the closer people are to transmissions the more dangerous they are.

would be absolutely fantastic. They would construct a global grid of human manipulation and health devastation controllable from a central point which I say is planned to be Israel. But that's not all. Some 20,000 satellites are due to be beaming 5G at every inch of the planet to ensure no one can escape. Tech celebrity Elon Musk alone is in the process of putting thousands in place through his SpaceX operation. Musk is the man who said that AI could be the end of humanity and then started a company called Neural Link to connect AI to the human brain and without the satellites he is launching the full-spectrum AI Smart Grid entrapping everyone worldwide would not be possible. Go figure. He's either incredibly confused or he's misleading people. Facebook and Google (same thing) are both involved in sky-based Wi-Fi with a Freedom of Information Act request revealing that Facebook is developing an internet satellite that would 'efficiently provide broadband access [5G] to unserved and underserved areas throughout the world'. When a Musk SpaceX rocket exploded at Cape Canaveral in 2016 it was carrying a Facebook Wi-Fi satellite. Facebook is not just a social media platform, nor Google just a search engine, nor Amazon just a global retail site. Their significance and agenda is far greater and all are controlled by the same Hidden Hand in pursuit of the same outcome of global domination and control. They are disgusting organisations controlled by disgusting people for disgusting ends and those working for them need to face that fact. Another point to make here is the connection between the 'climate change' environmental movement, the UN's Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 and the telecommunications industry rolling out 5G and the Internet of Everything. The 5G Smart Grid is being pushed and supported by environmental and UN groups to 'save the world from climate change' with telecommunications/Internet industry and NGO connections to big names in climate change hysteria including Extinction Rebellion which has closed London streets with direct action demanding the government imposes a transformation of society precisely in accordance with the Marxist/Agenda 2030 blueprint being manipulated into place by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Gail Bradbrook of Extinction Rebellion has many such connections while 16-year-old Swedish climate change poster girl Greta Thunberg is being mercilessly manipulated by the billionaires behind the hoax. I have said for decades that the scam of human-caused climate change was a 'no-problem' to which the 'solution' of centralised global control could be imposed – and now here we are. George Soros will be beaming.

Israel and 5G

The Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult and its (largely ignorant) ultra-Zionism support system are planning to be the operational centre of the global Smart Grid from where everything – and everyone – will be

controlled. This is why Israel has so fast become a world cyber tech and 'security' power and we have seen nothing yet. Through control of the Smart Grid the Sabbatian-Frankist 'Messiah', symbolic or otherwise, is planned to be 'Supreme Lord' of human society and that includes the non-Sabbatian-Frankist Jewish population (the overwhelming majority). It is vital that this penny drops because the Cult has contempt for those non-Sabbatian Jews. The cell phone was invented in 1973 by a Jewish man, Martin 'Marty' Cooper, a pioneer of the wireless communications industry with a long list of patents. He made the world's first cell phone call on April 3rd, 1973, while an engineer at Motorola and he is acclaimed as the 'father' of the mobile phone. Qualcomm, co-founded by ultra-Zionist Irwin M. Jacobs and by far the world's biggest cell phone chip company today, is driving the introduction of 5G along with others. 'Leading the world to 5G and a unifying connectivity fabric that will transform the wireless edge', the company claims in its promotion blurb:

> This is the age of 5G. Made real by Qualcomm – the mobile know-how we put into 3G and 4G enabled us to pioneer 5G, connected cars, and a true Internet of Things (IoT) that will have everyone, and everything, talking.

Qualcomm's cellular modem or data converter called Snapdragon (appropriately named for readers of my other books) is leading the transformation to 5G smartphones (digital suicide notes). The company's propaganda describes how over 30 years Qualcomm's 'mobile invention has led to the Invention Age'. Qualcomm's headquarters are in San Diego, California, but the major location for its research and development of the Smart Grid is Israel. *The Times of Israel* reported in 2014:

> Last year, the company celebrated the 20th anniversary of its presence in Israel, where it has developed some of its most innovative technologies. Among the technologies developed by QualComm Israel are the company's m2m (machine to machine) cellular platform, which is used to track the location of pets, kids, the elderly, and property, a spokesperson said.
>
> It's part of QualComm's attempt to create an 'Internet of Everything,' where objects are intelligently connected through a combination of advanced wireless networks, modules, sensors and software to enable the real-time exchange of information – with key elements developed in QualComm's Haifa facility, the company said. Among the products that have resulted from that technology is Tagg, the pet-tracking device.
>
> In addition, Israeli start-up Wilocity, which received a substantial investment

from QualComm Ventures, the company's venture capital group, recently demonstrated multi-gigabit wireless WiGig chipsets, based on chips made by QualComm. The system can transfer high-definition video at distances of up to 40 meters with speeds more than 10 times faster than current average Wi-Fi transmission rates, according to Wilocity CEO Tal Tamir.

This only one of many Israeli start-up technology companies absorbed into Qualcomm. Ultra-Zionist founder Irwin M. Jacobs told *The Times of Israel* that throughout Qualcomm's early years 'a number of Israelis came to work with us in the US – some stayed and some went back and we kept working with them until we eventually decided to open an Israeli office in 1993'. Israel is at the very central core of the Smart Grid agenda and technological control of humanity – Israeli companies and military/Mossad operatives posing as private entrepreneurs are everywhere with regard to this. Israel's increasingly vast cyber and Internet operation is driven by the military out of the Beersheba cyber complex which is surrounded by global high-tech and Internet giants to whom the military send technicians and executives along with all the Israeli start-up tech companies. One headline said: 'Israeli military intelligence unit drives country's high-tech boom'. Other headlines galore herald the arrival of Israel as the centre of the smart tech industry: Musk calls Israel 'technological superpower'; From Jerusalem shall come forth cyber-security, says cyber guru; Israel as a Cyber Super Power; Israel is becoming an artificial intelligence powerhouse; Six reasons Israel became a cybersecurity powerhouse leading the $82 billion industry; How Israel is rewriting the future of cybersecurity and creating the next Silicon Valley; Why Israel dominates in cyber security; Bill Gates: Israeli tech 'changing the world'; Microsoft's top new tech and its Israel connection; Israel leads world in R&D investment; Israel – No. 2 home of global top 500 cyber security companies; Israel wins second-largest number of cybersecurity deals globally; Apple to open R&D centre in Israel; How Intel came to be Israel's best tech friend; Intel CEO: We think of ourselves as an Israeli company as much as a US company; Execs from Facebook, Google, and Microsoft explain why they use Israel for their R&D. There is also a weapons aspect to this Israeli tech explosion as reflected in these headlines: Why Israel has the most technologically advanced military on Earth; 'Weapon Wizards': How tiny Israel became a military superpower; Israel's arms exports spike, hitting record $9 billion. All of the above are driven by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult although most of those involved won't know that. Weapons and Israel's control of the Smart Grid dovetail with these questions: So you want to stop what we are doing through the Smart Grid? Did we tell you we have a serious nuclear arsenal that we are mad enough to use? Something else to

ponder: Why would a country on a tiny piece of land with a population of just eight million (20 percent of them Arab) spend so much time, effort and money building up one of the world's biggest stockpiles of nuclear weapons? Well, maybe now we know.

In his own words

Benjamin Netanyahu was apparently re-elected in 2019 for a record fifth term as Israeli prime minister (and as President of the United States) when the population was given the 'choice' between a far right psychopath and a far right psychopath (Fig 164). However, at the time of writing new elections were called for September, 2019, after he failed to secure a coalition government in a spat with the extremist's extremist Avigdor Lieberman.

Figure 164: Strange, but true.

Netanyahu won the first election with promotional help from Donald Trump and Vladimir Putin who hosted him for high-profile meetings near the end of the election campaign which were nothing more than election propaganda for the home audience. Mossad operative Victor Ostrovsky was not wrong when he said in his 1990 book that Israel politics was constantly moving to the right and the process has continued ever since. Ultra-Zionism is on the march as the programming intensifies. Netanyahu is the common theme through the years of preparation for cyber and Smart Grid domination and I am going to confirm the plan through his words in several speeches to AIPAC, tech conferences and the United Nations General Assembly. The theme is the same – Israel dominance of global technology and cyber 'security'. Netanyahu included in one speech a quote from the 'Prophet Isaiah: 'I've made you a light unto the nations, bringing salvation to the ends of the Earth.' He then took up the theme:

> Today 2,700 years after Isaiah spoke those prophetic words Israel is becoming a rising power among the nations, and at long last its light is shining across the continents. Bringing hope and salvation to the ends of the earth. It's very important for us to recognize that we possess a great treasure, the capacity to innovate is a great treasure, a profound economic value in today's world. We have the economic future of the world in Israel.
>
> You know these companies; Apple, Google, Microsoft, Amazon, Facebook,

> guess what they all have research centres in Israel, all of them. Major research centres! And they're not alone, there's hundreds more and there's a reason, something is going on, it's a great change … It's this shift from the old world to the new world …

The psychopath is talking in barely-hidden code about precisely what I am describing. Netanyahu said there was a revolution that was changing the world, both economically and in terms of security. 'I think it will also change our politics', he said (as always planned). He bragged that top cyber technology and Internet companies were establishing major advanced research centres in Israel which was a 'meeting ground between big data, AI and connectivity':

> Everything is being driven from this nexus, everything … it's the confluence of big data, connectivity and artificial intelligence, okay, you get that? Israeli technology is driving the world. Israeli technology is driving the world.

Global telecommunications giant Verizon launched Verizon Ventures Israel because 'much of today's innovation comes from Israel, where thousands of start-up companies are creating new technologies and services that are challenging the status quo and changing markets every day'. It's a story being repeated by all the leading tech and Internet companies with connections to the Smart Grid agenda. Netanyahu rejoiced that Israel was number two in the world and closing on the United States. He said that Israel is one tenth of one percent of the world's population and yet attracts already 20 percent of global share in cyber security investments. '[We are] … now second to the United States … it's bigger than Israel but it ain't that much bigger than Israel and Israel is number two.' He went on:

> And we look ahead with pride to the remarkable contributions Israel will continue to make to all nations. Captains of industry, as they're called, that is founders and leaders of big companies and some small companies and medium-sized companies. They're all coming to Israel, including today, I had a meeting with another head of state. They all want the same three things; Israeli technology, Israeli technology and Israeli technology.
>
> They crave it, they thirst for it because they know that we're in the knowledge [control] centre. They know that Israel is the repository of great genius, great creativity, entrepreneurship, innovation, scientific capability, out-of-the-box thinking. This is a tremendous capacity that we have, because people are coming here. The new powers, the old powers and the new powers, you know, the new world powers, the superpowers …

It also helps with your 'innovation' if you have back-doors into the computer systems of other innovators in the United States and elsewhere to find out what they know.

'Turning the world blue'

Netanyahu said the world economy was being propelled forward by the Internet which required cyber protection for bank accounts, privacy, communications, power lines, power grids, traffic lights, train schedules and Israel had the capacity to protect (control) them all (and the back-doors will come in very handy to potentially manipulate and trawl for information all these systems). Why would big-time Israel-connected Intel implant a unit in all computers carrying its technology since 2008 that can secretly control the computer and not be turned off? Why would they do that if not for surveillance and external control of all computer systems? Intel's development and success is attributed to Zionist-businessman Andrew S. Grove and the company's first development centre outside America was opened in Israel as early as 1974. The interloper 'Intel Management Engine' is an autonomous system that can override anything you or your main computer operation can do. It has been described as 'a computer within a computer' and runs on its own system known as MINIX which cannot be detected by anti-virus or anti-malware software and can bypass any firewall. Through this system your entire computer hard drive can be accessed at will and the computer shut down at any time (or all at once worldwide through common code connections). Passwords can be accessed and the keys that you type. The open-source MINIX was created by Jewish cyber developer Andrew Stuart Tanenbaum who said in 2017 that he didn't know Intel was using it. Back-door undetectable access to global computer systems is happening on an industrial scale with Israel right at the centre of it. I have already described how analysts from London-based Positive Technologies alleged that Intel chips and processors contain a 'logic signal analyser' which can read 'almost all data on a computer'. Think of the power over the world you would have with control of basically all computer systems at every level of society in every country. This is what we are talking about and it provides the access to devastate financial systems to trigger a global crash so big it would be heard on Mars. Netanyahu said:

> You have bank accounts, sure? Okay, well you don't want anyone hacking into them [except us], right? Or into your cars, or into the planes you ride, you need cyber security. Everybody needs cyber security. Israel has become a world leader in cyber security [back-door access].

Netanyahu called for 'a sort of UN for the internet … a coalition of

the leading companies in the cyber world … and in my opinion Israel is the most advanced.' For this and 'many, many other reasons' Israel was being sought after. The world was coming to Israel and Israel was going around the world, he said, as he highlighted a chart detailing the extent of Israel's global cyber reach:

> The blue are all the new agreements that we have made in various efforts around the world in the year 2017. I've been to Africa four times in two years, to South America most recently, in Brazil. With the great powers of Asia we have new agreements, every single country here, every single country here in Israel's expanding diplomatic horizons is talking to us about cyber …
>
> … They all want to share in our knowledge of cyber defence, that doesn't mean that we share with everyone and it doesn't mean that we share equally with those that we share. But we do have a general policy of cooperation between governments and we have a general policy of cooperation with companies … [so we get the back-doors].
>
> … We are colouring the world blue, all these countries are coming to us, India, China, Mongolia, Kazakhstan, all of them, Azerbaijan, Muslim countries, so we're colouring the world blue. You know what, the numbers, you remember people talked about Israel's isolation, remember that? Israel's isolation, pretty soon the countries that don't have relations with us, they're going to be isolated.

Israel now has ever-growing connections with India in both cyber 'security' and weaponry. Netanyahu said disingenuously that 'we made [the tech domination] stronger by moving Israel to free-market principles which unleashed the spark of genius embedded in our people, into innovation, entrepreneurship'. In fact, the whole thing is led and overseen by the Israeli military and intelligence network including Mossad. Even Netanyahu indicated this when he described how the plan had been to converge military intelligence, academia and industry in one place (Beersheba). He outlined the military intelligence benefits when comparing Israeli intelligence with America's National Security Agency or NSA:

> Our NSA, which is called unit 8200, it's pretty big, how big do you think it is? Hmm, well I'll give you a hint. America, the United States is about 42 times the size of Israel in terms of population, so how much bigger do you think the American NSA is relative to the Israeli NSA? It's not even ten times bigger, you know the [Western intelligence grouping] Five Eyes. Israel is the sixth eye. No, Israel is the second eye, so we have a tremendous sunk investment.

Why wouldn't you build one of the world's – perhaps *the* world's – most effective intelligence networks when you have back-door access to the intelligence systems of other countries, especially the United States, and control double-agents in those foreign agencies like the CIA and NSA? Sabbatian-Frankists and their gofers have become so arrogantly confident of their predominance that they hardly care if we know any more so long as we think they are talking about Israel and not the Death Cult that controls Israel. Netanyahu described the systematic way Israeli cyber dominance is being achieved:

> We take our brightest people and put them in, we look at the entire population, we go into the high schools, we're going to go into kindergartens very soon. So we need the smartest people, we put them in this, they run on the information networks and then it develops into a business, enterprises if we allow the graduates of our military units and our intelligence units to create companies and allow the graduates of our security services to merge into companies with local partners and foreign partners.

There you go from the psychopath's own mouth. Israeli military and Mossad agents are, and have been for a long time, sent out into the global tech and Internet industry posing as purely private entrepreneurs taking with them 'innovations' secured from the Israeli military-intelligence tech program which in part gets its 'inspiration' from other people's creativity waiting on tap through the back-doors. Netanyahu said: 'These incredibly gifted young men and women who come out of the army or the Mossad they want to start their start-ups.' This 'private entrepreneur' Israeli (military/Mossad) technology is then bought and used by governments, military, intelligence agencies, global tech companies, business and (through computers and smartphones) individuals all over the world to which Israel's military and intelligence networks have back-door access – just as they did on 9/11. Technological developments have also come from Israel's military state which has been mega-funded to seek ever more sophisticated ways to keep surveillance on the world (Fig 165). Netanyahu said that Israel had technology because the military, especially military intelligence, produced 'a lot of capabilities'. An article in *The Jerusalem Post* summed up Israel's current level of cyber control:

> Most importantly, Israel is positioned to guard the world's Internet. Everything today is traded, controlled and administered online. And Israel is emerging as the world's number one guardian of the worldwide web. That means, regardless of being a few miles off-track from China's Land and Maritime Roads, it is positioned to be the center of both [East and West] belts …

Figure 165: The 'Zion Mainframe'.

> ... A global currency collapse might be seen as a way to wipe the slate clean of nation-based currencies, especially the US dollar, and establish an international one: like Bitcoin, perhaps. If Bitcoin is the model for a new Internet-based global currency, Israel is likely to be its guardian too, protecting that currency from hackers around the world.

'Guarding the world's Internet' means the potential to have access to the codes that open the door to every aspect of the Internet and cyberspace that uses Israeli-controlled technology, companies and military-intelligence operatives. It also means:

- The potential power to control, manipulate and maintain surveillance on every system.
- To crash the world's financial markets at will and make 'money' disappear from any target.
- Control the information that people see and hear – already being increasingly achieved through ultra-Zionist-controlled Google, YouTube, Facebook and so on, but with the potential to be total.
- To control all military technology attached to the Internet or computer systems to which Israel has access.

- External control of autonomous driverless vehicles as is already the case through Israeli-made cyber-systems on modern cars which constantly feed-back vehicle and driver information.

- To control the perceptions of the human race once an AI connection is made.

- To take over a world founded on the Internet of Things and Internet of Everything which would control all attached technology and eventually the human brain.

I say 'Israel' in terms of this potential control, but that word always means in my context the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult that controls Israel and not the entirety of its general population. According to the Israeli media Israel has designs on creating the global digital no-cash currency which is dubbed the 'digital shekel'. A *Haaretz* headline said: 'Israel's answer to Bitcoin: A digital shekel that could replace cash.' *The Times of Israel* went with: 'Israel – Blockchain capital of the world?' This has all been long in the preparation and 9/11 gave the plan major momentum. Israeli newspaper *Ma'ariv* reported in 2008 that Benjamin Netanyahu had told an audience at Bar Ilan University that 'the September 11, 2001 terror attacks had been beneficial for Israel'. The paper quoted him as saying: 'We are benefiting from one thing, and that is the attack on the Twin Towers and Pentagon, and the American struggle in Iraq.' He reportedly added that those events 'swung American public opinion in our favour'. But then that's why they were made to happen. Netanyahu also said in what he thought was a private conversation caught on camera: 'America is a thing you can move very easily.' No wonder he said at the end of one speech about Israel cyber domination:

> Thank you America. Thank you successive American presidents. Thank you Congress, Republicans and Democrats alike. Thank you AIPAC for helping bring this about, you're terrific!

The man should be in jail and the key thrown into a very deep ocean. This background to the Smart Grid and Israel's central role in its development and control explains what appears at face value to be crazy claims by these messianic lunatics of the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult about installing a 'world ruler' on the throne of Jerusalem on the site of a rebuilt Solomon's Temple. Control of cyberspace in the world as it is today would give them that very global control and via an AI connection to the human mind control over all human perception. Control will then be total and, without outside intervention, irreversible.

Of course we are not there yet – quite – and the point of exposing all this and taking the untold shit that will follow this book's publication is to stop it getting there. We are, however, moving in that direction so fast and we are getting closer by the hour let alone the day.

Many faces of the Death Cult

Some people may look at what I do and think that I see conspiracies everywhere. Well, first of all conspiracies *are* everywhere if you take the dictionary definition of the word: 'A secret plan by a group to do something unlawful or harmful.' By that definition we are drowning in conspiracies and the act of conspiring is defined in law: 'A criminal conspiracy exists when two or more people agree to commit almost any unlawful act, then take some action toward its completion.' My goodness, how many conspiracies must there be worldwide on that basis? Even so, my work is not to see conspiracies everywhere, but to see *ONE* conspiracy with multiple faces in pursuit of the same goal – global human control. The cyberspace conspiracy is the foundation pillar of the greater conspiracy while being underpinned by many other facets that may seem to be unconnected while being fundamentally so. I have been saying for years that if you want to identify major aspects of the global conspiracy look at those subjects and situations about which you are not allowed to have a contrary opinion or engage in free and open debate without being directly silenced or subjected to abuse and hostility from the gatekeepers of the conspiracy (most of whom have no idea there even *is* a conspiracy let alone they are working on its behalf). If you know you can't win a debate to justify what you want the public to believe or accept then simply don't have the debate. Censor other views and information and use abuse to intimidate opposing advocates into self-censored silence. I expose all the major strands of the Death Cult agenda at length in *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* along with all other aspects of the conspiracy and its deeper connections into the 'Beyond'. I have mentioned some already earlier in the book including mass immigration, human-caused global warming, cashless society, police-military state (controlled by AI and robot 'troops') and centralisation of global power giving ever more control to the few over the many. Before I finish I want to emphasise three more which like all the others connect into the emerging Smart Grid: Vaccines, transgender hysteria and the deletion of free speech. They would appear to have nothing to do with 9/11 but they do because they are part of same conspiracy.

Vaccine madness

There are many reasons for the vaccine agenda that have nothing to do

with protecting people from disease. What a perfect way to get access to the body for body/mind manipulation substances and nano-microchips. Insider Richard Day talked in 1969 about 'innoculated diseases'. I was told by a CIA scientist in the 1990s that nano-chips were planned to be implanted in vaccination programmes. You will have noted if you follow the news that a war is underway on those who challenge the Hidden Hand agenda of vaccines. So-called 'anti-vaxers' are having their videos, books and documentaries censored by Google, YouTube, Facebook and Amazon and those questioning the official narrative about 'safe vaccines' are being demonised by the media (Fig 166). This sequence is always confirmation that the agenda is seeking to silence and discredit information that it knows could bring its house down. The pharmaceutical cartel, or Big Pharma, which makes its billions from people continuing to be sick, can basically say what it likes to promote vaccination and has the mainstream media as a constant PR operation to push its products and discredit opponents. When I was a kid childhood diseases were part of the process of activating and developing the immune system and building up ongoing natural resistance. Now those same diseases come with dire warnings and responses along the lines of '*Oh no*, the plague, your child will die, *ahhhh!!!*' The smallest outbreak is made to seem like some end of the world catastrophe with falling vaccination rates due to 'anti-vax' information always declared the villain. 'You horrible people, you terrible child-abusing parents – *look what you've done!*' New York mayor Bill de Blasio responded to a measles outbreak by declaring an emergency and ordering mandatory vaccinations under threat of a fine of up to $1,000. 'We cannot allow this dangerous disease to make a comeback here in New York City', he said. When I was kid I never heard 'measles' and 'dangerous' used in the same sentence. The UK *Guardian* reported the story and pinned the blame on 'anti-vaxers' citing 'scientifically debunked concerns that the shots are dangerous'. Shockingly and outrageously the writer will call herself a 'journalist'.

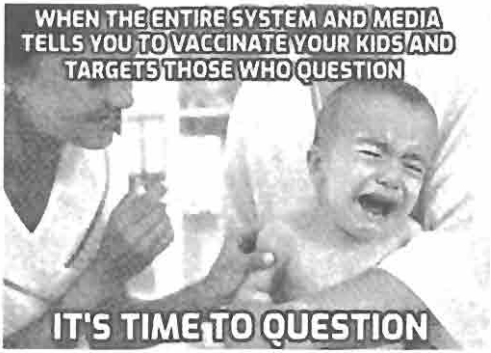

Figure 166: A good motto for everything.

What never gets reported is that often non-vaccinated children don't get the diseases that vaccinated children *do* get. This happened with my two unvaccinated sons who are now strapping adults who remained untouched by childhood vaccination diseases while their vaccinated mates were getting sick. I was given all the vaccines recommended

in the 1950s and got most of the diseases. Studies have shown that vaccinated kids (vaccinated with the 'virus') are able to spread the diseases to others. The obvious contradiction between unvaccinated children staying healthy, while the vaccinated get sick despite their 'protection', presents an obvious problem to credibility of vaccinations. To mitigate this devastating contradiction Big Pharma invented 'herd immunity' which claims that vaccines only work effectively if the vast majority (they want all) are vaccinated. This is a mendacious scam to provide the excuse for mandatory vaccinations for everyone to ensure 'herd immunity' and represents the main thrust of 'anti-vax' demonisation – 'My vaccinated child is only sick because of your unvaccinated child' (who isn't sick). Yes, I know it is mind-numbing bollocks, but tell unquestioning people anything enough times and they will believe it – the Nazis built a whole control system on that basis. 'Herd immunity' does not explain why an unvaccinated child doesn't get a disease and vaccinated children do. If you are vaccinated according to Big Pharma orthodoxy your immune system is triggered to develop protection. Why would a kid need other kids to be vaccinated when the relationship here is between his or her immune system and the disease? Er, um, er. American neurosurgeon Russell Blaylock said:

> In the original description of herd immunity, the protection to the population at large occurred only if people contracted the infections naturally. The reason for this is that naturally-acquired immunity lasts for a lifetime. The vaccine proponents quickly latched onto this concept and applied it to vaccine-induced immunity.
>
> But, there was one major problem – vaccine-induced immunity lasted for only a relatively short period [if at all] and then this applies only to humoral [body fluids] immunity. This is why they began to suggest boosters for most vaccines, even the common childhood infections such as chickenpox, measles, mumps, and rubella.

The whole foundation of vaccinations is that they produce antibodies for the disease in question, but it has long been known that this does not constitute proof of immunity. This is a quote from Learntherisk.org:

> … science has long known that antibodies alone do NOT create real immunity. Some people with high levels of antibodies can be exposed to an illness and still get sick, while others without antibodies can be exposed and not get sick. Dr. Merrill Chase, nicknamed the Grandfather of Immunology for his pioneering work, did clear-cut research on this issue back in the 1950s. His results are clear: antibody levels don't determine immunity.

> The immune system is a highly complex system and science is still in its infancy understanding how it functions. In fact, immunology textbooks were completely rewritten recently after a University of Virginia study finally proving the link between the gut and the brain through the lymphatic system. Before this 2014 study, immunology books were adamant there was no link.

The truth is that the deluge of vaccinations today overwhelms a still developing immune system with toxic shite and this natural protection from disease will never be as powerful as it would otherwise be. Vaccine ingredients and substances used in manufacture include: Aluminium; aborted foetal tissue; mercury-based thimerosal; gelatine; human serum albumin (found in blood plasma); sorbitol and other stabilisers; emulsifiers; taste improvers; antibiotics; egg proteins (ovalbumin); yeast proteins; formaldehyde; acidity regulators; human cell strains, animal cell strains and GMOs; recombinant DNA technology; bovine products. Aluminium alone is a brain toxin. Given that little lot why is anyone surprised that many health problems have been linked to vaccinations? Among them are: Anaphylactic shock; aseptic meningitis and meningitis; Bell's palsy, facial palsy, isolated cranial nerve palsy; blood disorders; brachial neuritis; cerebrovascular accident (stroke); chronic rheumatoid arthritis; convulsions, seizures, febrile seizure; death; encephalopathy and encephalitis (brain swelling); hearing loss; Guillain-Barré syndrome; immune system disorders; lymphatic system disorders; multiple sclerosis; myocarditis; nervous system disorders; neurological syndromes including autism; paralysis and myelitis including transverse myelitis; peripheral neuropathy; pneumonia and lower respiratory infections; skin and tissue disorders including eczema; sudden infant death syndrome (SIDS); tinnitus (ringing in the ears); vaccine-strain versions of chicken pox, measles, mumps, polio, influenza, meningitis, yellow fever, and pertussis vasculitis (inflammation of blood vessels). Big Pharma has so much influence on government policy via The Web that in 1986 the US Congress voted into law the National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act (NCVIA) which protected vaccine makers from being sued at a time when they were losing court cases over vaccine damaged children. What incentive is there to produce something safe when you can't be sued? The only motivation left would be common decency and basic empathetic humanity, but you won't find that anywhere in the Big Pharma racket. Vaccine producers are so callously and satanically empathy-deleted they make colossal profits from selling drugs to 'treat' the health problems their vaccines are causing. One of America's leading opponents of the Big Pharma vaccine narrative is Robert F. Kennedy Jr, son of the US attorney general assassinated by the Hidden Hand in 1968. An article on the Kennedy-connected website, Childrenshealthdefense.org, highlighted this profiteering scam. Writer

Kristina Kristen said:

> Following the passage of NCVIA, the number of vaccines on the childhood schedule mushroomed, creating a gold rush for vaccine makers: the vaccine industry went from a $1 billion industry to a $50 billion industry. But this expansion in the vaccine industry, in fact, is relatively small in comparison to the even greater gold rush for the BIG 4 companies. The drug 'treatment' side of the equation, which is substantially more lucrative than the 'gateway' vaccine side the BIG 4 already monopolized, now also increased substantially.
>
> The vaccine manufacturers began to capitalize on the known adverse effects of their vaccines, and have since created drugs for the 'treatment' side of the equation as well. The lack of incentive to make safe products, which created the bloated vaccine schedule, became the gateway to the lucrative drug treatment side for these companies. Today, the BIG 4 monopolize vaccines as well as the drug 'treatments' for chronic illnesses known to be induced by vaccines. First, vaccines push kids off the cliff, and then vaccine makers profit from 'rescuing' those they don't kill.

The number of vaccinations and their combinations is utterly insane and any society that wasn't completely mad and given up its right to free thought would laugh in the face of such preposterous idiocy. American children and young people are given between 53 and 70 vaccines depending on how you count them from birth to 18 years with many given in one go. The childhood schedule has tripled in little more than 30 years in a period when children have got sicker, not healthier – a period in which once rare autism, food allergies, asthma, brain malfunction, autoimmune diseases and cancer in children have dramatically increased by comparison. We now have the *six-in-one* vaccine for diphtheria, tetanus, whooping cough (pertussis), polio, Hib disease (Haemophilus influenzae type b) and hepatitis B. The still-developing immune systems of babies get this shit (including aluminium) at 8, 12 and 16 weeks. Very common reactions are reported as redness, pain and/or swelling at the injection site; raised temperature (fever); irritability; loss of appetite; vomiting; abnormal crying. Common reactions are diarrhoea; bruising or bleeding at the injection site; a small, painless lump at the injection site. Rare reactions (1 in 1,000) are reported as 'unusual high-pitched screaming', and episodes during which the child may become blue, pale and/or limp. Very rare consequences are described as fits (also called febrile convulsions or febrile seizures). Oh, perfectly safe then. Parents are told that if babies are irritable and have a fever after the shot they should give them infant paracetamol or ibuprofen, so confirming the point about the Big Pharma cause and

effect scam. What is never mentioned in such official lists of consequences are the life-long effects of suppressing the immune system by attacking it with combinations of toxins while still developing and getting up to speed.

Vaccines and DNA

Immune systems of children and the young are being devastated by the vaccine deluge and they grow up with far less immune protection than nature has provided. We have seen an enormous rise in autoimmune diseases in the vaccine era, especially the mass vaccine era, and while technologically-generated radiation and the chemical content of food will also play a part the cause and effect between vaccinations and the immune system are obvious. Injecting into the arm or leg also bypasses the immune system which would otherwise act to repel the toxic infiltration. Today's generation of children in the United States, for example, is sicker than their predecessors with more than 50 percent having one or more chronic illness and as a result they are given pharmaceutical drugs for body and psychological problems on a scale never seen before. Make a fortune creating the problem and then make an even bigger fortune offering the solution (which creates still more problems). The United States is only 19th for infant mortality rates in the developed world and has the most highly vaccinated children with the rest of the West not far behind. Vaccine effects go much deeper than what I have described so far. I have been picking up information from experts and government/intelligence insiders throughout my decades of research that points to vaccines being used to change human DNA as part of an agenda to mutate the human form in ways that include suppressing the scale of potential perception. Put another way – making humans even more myopic in their ability to perceive reality. DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and if you reduce the range of frequencies it can access you close down the channels to insight beyond the reality bubbles that pass for human awareness. Human foetal and animal DNA in some vaccines will alone affect human DNA. The immune system attacks foreign DNA and when this or animal DNA attaches to the recipient's DNA the immune system will attack its own cells. The body is attacked by *itself* and this is known as autoimmune disease. But, don't worry, vaccines have nothing to do with the explosion of autoimmune diseases in the vaccine era. Helen Ratajczak, a former senior scientist at pharmaceutical company Boehringer Ingelheim, suggested a link between brain damage and human DNA in vaccines.

I have written in other books about an emerging branch of science called epigenetics which becomes highly significant in relation to vaccines, toxic 'food' and 'drink' and the effects of technological

radiation with 5G about to increase the consequences dramatically. Epigenetics describes a process in which genes are switched on and off. There is an optimum on/off sequence that keeps you healthy in mind and body and when that sequence is disturbed or scrambled with the wrong ones 'on' and the right ones 'off' big trouble can follow in the form of anything from heart disease to cancer to psychological problems. These distorted blueprint sequences are then passed on to the next generation and human health spirals downwards. Vaccines, toxic food and drink and environmental factors like technological radiation causes this gene switching to malfunction and here you have a frontline reason for the dramatic increases in cancer, heart disease, autism and a long, long list of other ailments in the vaccine/toxic food/smartphone era. Gene-switching malfunction affects neuron transmitters in the brain leading to mental, emotional and psychological disturbances which are also soaring. On some levels this war on humanity is happening through ignorance and stupidity, but it is being orchestrated from the shadows with cold calculation by those who know far more about how reality works than mainstream scientists and doctors who are enslaved by their programming, sources of funding and government regulation. Doctors are little more than paid agents of Big Pharma and so every illness and problem is a 'nail' requiring a scalpel, drug or vaccination. Kerching! More profit for the sickness industry. No wonder mainstream 'medical' treatment is one of the Western world's biggest killers right up there with cancer and heart disease and yet still most people treat doctors with awe when they don't even know what the body *is* let alone how it works. If any doctor strays from Big Pharma (therefore medical/government) orthodoxy they are struck off even if alternative treatments work and the system is constantly seeking to destroy many alternative forms of healing *because* they work. The patient is irrelevant, you see. Only money, power and control matter to the Big Pharma psychopaths who lock into the Sabbatian-Frankist and Hidden Hand psychopaths.

The body is an electro-chemical organism and is therefore affected by infiltration from electro-chemical sources. From one direction we are bombarded by technological electromagnetic frequencies alien to body and mind and from another we have the tsunami of chemical toxicity in vaccines, drugs, food, drink and air. Why would food be so full of poisons and horrific content? Why is the same true of what people drink? Why is humanity becoming a drugged-up society courtesy of Big Pharma and the medical profession that it owns? Why are children targeted by brain-changing drugs from the earliest age? Why is the air poisoned and the land devastated with deadly herbicides and pesticides that end up in food and destroy the soil (the 'industrialisation of agriculture' predicted more than a hundred years ago in the *Protocols*)?

Why are people consuming pharmaceutical drugs and growth hormone weight-gain drugs in the meat that they eat? Why is the human race becoming increasingly obese with this tendency passed on through the epigenetic gene pool to future generations? On the face of it all this is madness and societal suicide, but in fact it is being done systematically from the inner sanctum of The Web and is designed to weaken humanity mentally, emotionally and physically to allow a global takeover with the least resistance possible. Attacking and diluting masculinity is part of this process, too. Quintus Fabius Maximus Verrucosus, a Roman statesman and general of the third century BC, was famous for his technique of never fighting a battle that could be decisive either way. Instead his method was to weaken and wear down the enemy over a period in a war of attrition and when it was too weak to resist just walk in and take over. This is what is being done to humanity today through all these electromagnetic and toxic attacks and how appropriate that the Fabian Society, one of the strands of the Hidden Hand which operates on the left of politics, was named after him. Multi-faceted frequency and toxic attacks purposely weaken the immune system through, among other things, sheer overload. The immune system keeps us alive and healthy when it is strong and effective and here we have a war with endless fronts against the immune system (problem) which leads to demands for vaccinations and drugs (solution). We don't need vaccines, we need *immune systems* and that means toxin-free clean water, toxin-free nutritious food and a harmonious electromagnetic environment – everything that is being destroyed.

Vaccines meet the Smart Grid

Vaccines, drugs and the Smart Grid come together with the plan to track and monitor the population to ensure that everyone has vaccines and drugs imposed by law. This society was accurately portrayed in the 2002 movie *Equilibrium* in which the population has all emotion suppressed by a daily injection that is monitored to ensure compliance. It is worth watching if you can get a copy to see what is planned. I have been warning about this for a long time and the Tiptoe to that end is clear to see with increasing moves to mandatory vaccines. The plan is for forced immunisation and the taking of mind-altering and suppressing drugs to maintain calm apathetic subservience to be monitored through the Smart Grid so that no one can escape. The promotion of lithium in public water supplies is part of this agenda. Lithium is used as a psychiatric medication to treat conditions such as manic depression and its advocates say mass medication of lithium will make people 'happier'. Run 'happier' through the Orwellian Translation Unit and it comes out as 'subservient'. Studies have shown that the electromagnetic soup and 5G can have the effect of making people more apathetic. The

vaccine tracking agenda is already being pushed by Seth Berkley, CEO of Gavi, the Vaccine Alliance, who was formerly with the US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (a Big Pharma front) and the Rockefeller Foundation (the family that gave us Big Pharma 'medicine'). One of Gavi's biggest supporters, financially and otherwise, is Microsoft vaccine fanatic Bill Gates. Gavi is a leading 'light' in the global network of organisations and fronts pushing the Big Pharma vaccine agenda and seeks to have everyone worldwide subject to vaccinations (for their own good, of course). Seth Berkley says Gavi spends an average of nearly $2 billion a year on getting vaccines to children in the poorest countries and has invested tens of millions of dollars in 'innovations to monitor immunization'. Berkley wants technology to track who has been vaccinated and to give everyone an 'identity' which all fits in to the Smart Grid agenda whether he knows it or not. The United Nations wants all 193 member countries to ensure that everyone has a legal form of identity by Kurzweil's year of 2030. Whatever the reason they give you for this it won't be the real one. The increasingly extreme censorship of 'anti-vax' information in all its forms is to stop the public knowing the real story and to give free reign to Big Pharma and its compliant media to tell the population only what the cabal wants them to believe. One of the reasons given by the Australian government for my ban from the country was my views on vaccines and Sherri Tenpenny, an American osteopathic physician and anti-vaccination activist, was also banned from Australia to prevent Australians from hearing her research. Hidden Hand-front Wikipedia classically describes Tenpenny as someone who 'supports the discredited theory that vaccines cause autism'. This is the same controlled and devious Wikipedia used to 'fact-check' the alternative media. If you want to know what the agenda is look at those subjects in which alternative opinions are met with reflex-action censorship and abuse. Talking of which …

Transgender hysteria

Another of my rules of thumb with regard to identifying the Hidden Hand-Sabbatian-Frankist wish-list is this: When it comes out of nowhere and is suddenly everywhere – it's the agenda. The button has been pressed on another stage of the plan. Nothing fits this picture more profoundly than the obsession with transgender 'issues' which literally did come out of nowhere (in terms of the public arena) and now my god it's everywhere. I have once again exposed the background to this in detail in my last book. I really have no need to tell anyone about the insane transgender extremes that have taken over human society like mass hysteria. We have all seen the imposition of 'gender-neutral' toilets in which people in male bodies claiming to be women are allowed to use female or any-gender toilets and changing rooms no matter how that

makes women feel and the obvious affect on women's sport when transgender people in male bodies with all those physical advantages are allowed to 'compete' with and obviously defeat female opponents. They've stopped taking bets on the weightlifting, by the way. Schools and universities have been taken over by the transgender agenda because self-obsessed activists and their extremes of narcissism are given whatever they want by governments and authorities imposing the Hidden Hand plan for the no-gender 'human' which I shall shortly explain. If ever there was a 2 + 2 = 4 v 2 + 2 = 5 then this is it. Professors of biology are being slated, abused and 'investigated' for saying that men and women are biologically different (2 + 2 = 4) while activists prevail with their bloody nonsense that gender is decided by whatever you choose it to be (2 + 2 = 5). I saw a video shot at an American university in which a woman panellist said that men are generally taller than women. What could be more supportable by observational fact? *Fact*, however, is now an historical concept and some members of the audience began to walk out in protest (Fig 167). In the safety of the venue lobby they condemned what they heard as 'fascist'. How can that response be described except in terms of mental illness? It doesn't matter what utter baloney headless-chicken activists may claim to be reality. The law is increasingly standing with them in support because it's a Hidden Hand agenda and so nothing must stand in the way and certainly not open public debate or peripheral matters like facts.

Figure 167: When facts are 'fascist' – walk-out at the kindergarten.

New York congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, a classic Soros 'progressive', summed up the post-fact mind-set: 'I think that there's a lot of people more concerned about being precisely, factually, and semantically correct than about being morally right.' I may make factually unsupportable statements, but I am a good person – far better than you are – and so what I say must prevail. Talk to the general population and they will tell you they think it's all insane (so long as you are considered 'safe' and won't report them for having the wrong opinion). But those with the shrill voices and 'anti-hate' faces of hatred who dominate the microphones and cameras are the only voice you hear because by now most other people are terrified of saying what they really think. Well, let me have a go: It's all *fucking bollocks*. There –

intimidation over. Oh, you say I am a transphobic bigot? I am so sorry, let me have another go: It's *monumental fucking bollocks*. No, I am not speaking here of people who genuinely relate to another gender different to their body-type. How people choose to self-identify is none of my business and I have no problem with that at all. Good luck to them and I hope it makes them happy. My problem – and a very serious problem for human society – is not that some people think they are in the wrong body and you are pushing against an open door when it comes to opposing discrimination against anyone be they transgender or white men. The problem is that 'discrimination' is not the real reason for the transgender agenda at all. That's only the excuse. It's the foot in the door to open the way for the transformation – literally – of the human form. Yet again 'progressive' activists are stretched out and twanging on the Death Cult violin.

Synthetic masculine-deleted humanity

The real transgender agenda, irony of ironies, is the *end* of gender. I have detailed in *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* the plan to replace the present biological human form with a synthetic version that will have no sexes and be unable to procreate. Aldous Huxley described just such a society in his 1932 book *Brave New World* in which children were created in strict genetic castes (lower castes akin to worker ants) in 'hatcheries' where procreation was done technologically and parentless children attended state conditioning centres to program them to never question what the government tells them. Before anyone waves away the idea of synthetic 'humans' with a waft of the hand and words like crazy and ridiculous they should know that the Tiptoe to that very outcome is happening both before our eyes and in secret projects day after day. The replacement of human thought and emotion with artificial intelligence and the replacement of the biological human with a synthetic human are two parts of the same goal of creating the post-human or trans-human that would be artificial intelligence operating through an artificial synthetic body. Humanity as we know it is in the process of being replaced. You would need to read my last book to see where this is ultimately coming from, but for our purposes here all we need to know is this is happening and that transgender hysteria is meant to lead us to this end while appearing to be about something completely different. Rockefeller insider Dr Richard Day told those paediatricians in 1969: 'We are going to make boys and girls the same.' He said people would be made 'gender-neutral'. What is happening now is what he was talking about. The scam is following a multi-stage process of 'physical' and psychological manipulation similar to that of holdables-wearables-implantables that we have seen with technology. The combination this time includes changing the gender foundations by feminising the male

body through a long list of methods that I detail in *Everything You Need To Know*. These involve endocrine-disrupting synthetic chemicals (EDCs) which are found in plastics, food containers and packaging, canned food and drinks, electrics, solvents, cleaning products, detergents, pesticides, cosmetics, soaps, car exhausts, polish, paints, batteries, dental fillings (mercury) and many types of fish. Hormone-disrupter Bisphenol A or BPA is used in cans, bottles, plastic food containers and cash register receipts (because everyone touches them). Plus what could be in vaccines adding to the genetic transformation? Atrazine, one of the world's most-used pesticides, is changing the sex of male frogs and making them infertile. What effect are other common poisons having which are sprayed on farms (food), parks and sports fields including golf courses? EDCs and the female sex hormone oestrogen (estrogen) are found in unfiltered tap water. Indeed EDC's can mimic oestrogen and have the same effect on a male body. I quote in *Everything You Need To Know* Dr Devra Davis, an internationally-renowned American epidemiologist, president of the Environmental Health Trust and director of the Center for Environmental Oncology at the University of Pittsburgh. She both highlights the dangers of 5G and what is happening to men in terms of plummeting sperm counts, diminishing levels of the male hormone testosterone and falling male birth-rates. She points out that fast-dividing cells producing sexual organs in the womb are very open to 'incorporate and replicate errors' that can lead to changing once-developing boys into girls and chemical infiltration can affect this process. Dr Melody Milam Potter, an American clinical health psychologist for 30 years, wrote:

> EDCs we encounter every day can alter the sex hormone balance, preventing male genitals from growing properly. By suppressing testosterone or by enhancing or mimicking the female sex hormone, estrogen, they can undermine the natural testosterone messages surging through a growing fetus. For instance, estrogen mimics [such as] dioxin, a widespread pollutant and potent endocrine disruptor, can intercept and overcome a hormonal message from a male gene. Dioxin also acts as a testosterone flusher reducing male hormone concentrations so much that the male action may not be stimulated adequately.
>
> Testosterone suppressors like DDT can block testosterone's position on a receptor. Hormone stimulators can intensify the action of a natural hormone so much that the system shuts down and refuses to receive a male 'go ahead' signal ... In fact, research substantiates that exposure to EDCs at a crucial time can disrupt the entire genital sequence.

Studies claim that the number of people identifying as gay or 'LGBT'

is rapidly increasing to the extent that one study in the US estimated that those born before and across the Millennium to be nearly twice as likely to identify as LGBT as other American adults – 'Millennials Are the Gayest Generation', as one headline put it. Are we really saying that none of this is connected to a chemical environment awash with gender-bending toxicity? Alongside the chemical manipulation of gender we have the psychological dimension and this is where transgender tyranny and hysteria plays its crucial role. The number of children and young people questioning their gender and identifying with another is exploding since the incessant transgender propaganda began. What is called 'gender dysphoria' was rare until the programming campaign began and as late as 2009 the number referred for treatment in that year in England and Wales was 97. Then came the propaganda surge and today it is thousands per year and growing with the increase since 2009 measured in thousands of percent. Kids are being purposely confused about their gender who were not at all confused before and parents are being margined and blocked from intervening. To question even a small child's contention that they are in the wrong body can mean the child being kidnapped by the social services tyranny and placed with foster parents or permanently adopted. Gender-changing drugs are increasingly handed out to children and young people with cavalier disregard for the life-long consequences. Whistleblower workers at a British transgender clinic resigned over children as young as *three* having 'unnecessary gender reassignment treatment' after being incorrectly diagnosed with gender dysphoria. Carl Heneghan, director of the Centre of Evidence-based Medicine at Oxford University, described the policy as 'unregulated live experiments on children'. You need courage to state the obvious today. Dr Allan M. Josephson, a former head of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry and Psychology, sued the University of Louisville after he was demoted for saying children who insist they are transgender should not be instantly believed. Academia is being terrorised by transgender activism with Professor Nicholas Meriwether at Shawnee State University in Ohio suing officials after being rebuked for refusing to refer to a student with a male body using 'female pronouns' because it was against his religious beliefs. The imposition of how people must be addressed is a tyranny and so many are now losing their jobs over not calling someone with a dick in female terms or vice versa. Anyone noticed what is happening to kids in Yemen? But no – 'he', 'she' or 'they' is far more important to stress about. Moves are being made to legally recognise a gender change simply by people saying 'I identify as a man/woman now' and the whole program is being underpinned and enforced by changing the language and punishing people who won't conform. We have even seen terms like 'mum' and 'dad' targeted because the non-procreation

synthetic human won't have parents and will be owned and brought up by the state – as per *Brave New World*. The concept of parents therefore has to be eroded until it is deleted and to the Hidden Hand falling sperm counts – especially among racial types they want to eliminate – are not a problem because they are heading to the day when natural sperm will no longer be required. Sperm can already be created from other cells. The sequence unfolding goes like this: Two genders – confuse genders – fuse genders – no genders. This is happening through genetic and psychological manipulation. Remember, too, that once generations born before the transgender tyranny began have left this world anyone arriving will inherit a done deal in which insanity is the new normal. The Hidden Hand is waiting for those with the radar of experience to die (quickened by 5G) when the challenge to their madness will all but disappear. It already is through intimidation. If we allow that to happen we'll have what Huxley described in *Brave New World*:

> Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, 'decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

Confirmation that manufactured transgender hysteria is not about helping or protecting transgender people can be seen with those who have surgically transitioned between genders and then regretted doing so. They are marginalised, silenced and abused for making people question what the agenda wants them to do. This is the gender equivalent of attacking Jewish people for criticising the Israeli government and dubbing them 'anti-Semitic'. We are there for your wellbeing and protection unless you deviate from our script in which case we are coming for you big-time you 'anti-Semitic' transphobe. Development of the synthetic human is long underway and psychologically supported through pre-emptive programming in a list of movies and television series (with *Westworld* a prime example) portraying conscious synthetic robots and synthetic human form. You only have to see the now close resemblance between humans and their synthetic equivalent (Fig 168). The development of a synthetic human genome, DNA, blood, skin and so on is already happening and don't judge its stage of development by what you see in the publicly-acknowledged projects. Secret science in the underground and inside-mountain facilities directed by Hidden Hand levels of the military-intelligence networks are light years ahead on all fronts compared with official science. No, the synthetic human may not be arriving tomorrow,

Figure 168: Human and synthetic 'human'.

but the plan is that it eventually will and far sooner than people imagine. Transgender hysteria is preparing the ground and the collective psyche for just that and doing no favours at all for those genuine transgender people who just want to get on with their lives without demanding that everyone else be pronoun perfect or the wrath of hell will follow. As I was writing this chapter the British Co-op supermarket chain launched a gender-neutral gingerbread person (biscuit) to be 'inclusive' and asked the public to choose a 'fitting' name. I suggest 'Loada' for the first name and 'Bollocks' for the second. Yes, Loada Bollocks seems very 'fitting'.

Information control

The foundation of the entire Hidden Hand / Sabbatian-Frankist conspiracy is the control of information. From that comes control of perception which means control of behaviour. Our actions come from our perceptions and our perceptions are formed from information received. Control information and you control that sequence unless the targets have a mind of their own and can see though the game. If you know the outcome you can see the journey and this is why uncovering where we are being taken is so important. Without that compass daily events appear to be random and have no pattern, but when you know what the outcome is planned to be those same events become crystal clear steps towards that end. The Hidden Hand's desired outcome with regard to information is that eventually people will only see and hear what the authorities decide they can see and hear. Everything else will be silenced and censored. The Tiptoe sequence to this outcome cannot be denied as censorship increases by the hour through (Hidden Hand-controlled) government and (Hidden Hand-controlled) Internet and media giants. Transferring the communication of information from traditional media to the Internet allows AI algorithms to censor and suppress information they don't want you to see. We now have the Hidden Hand symbiosis of gofers in government, gofers in Silicon Valley like Zuckerberg and mind-programmed Soros 'progressives' all calling for more regulation of what people can post and thus see. Ultra-Zionists and the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult are the force driving this censorship with the intent of destroying the genuine alternative media before it does any more damage to its satanic ambitions. 'Fake news',

'hate speech' and 'anti-Semitism' with their definitions constantly expanded are only three of the ever-growing manufactured excuses to censor and silence. As I write these words the Hidden Hand-controlled UK government has announced plans for a new 'online regulator' to fine web companies that 'fail to protect users' (censor content) with the power to close down websites that are accused among a list of other things of dealing in 'disinformation'. Who defines that? They do. This censorship on steroids is the calculated abuse of freedom which threatens to fine 'social media platforms, file hosting sites, discussion forums, messaging services and search engines' and to make them responsible 'for any harmful material which they allow their users to share or discover'. The motivation is painfully obvious – to give all these sources the excuse and incentive to censor anything that questions the official version of anything. Watching the UK Home Secretary Sajid Javid selling the policy as 'protection' had me fit to puke when the real reason is so clear. 'Protection from harm' is the latest Orwellian phrase they are using because this takes censorship beyond the merely illegal into the realms of 'harm' which is a totally subjective term that can be used to censor opinion and legitimate exposure that is perfectly legal. Ah, it may be legal and it may be accurate, but does it cause *harm?*

It's best not to rely on the traditional left's historical demand for freedom of speech because that's been hijacked by Soros 'progressives' who believe that freedom of speech is the 'freedom' to agree with them. UK *Guardian* 'progressive' Owen Jones, one of the most arrogant and ignorant people I have ever observed, thinks he should have the right to bounce between TV studios endlessly giving his opinions while those he disagrees with should be censored. He then calls free speech 'sacred'. Yes, for *him*. Free speech is being targeted through ever-gathering excuses and political correctness in general for a simple reason. While it exists there can never be a situation – an outcome – in which authorities dictate everything you can see and hear. Freedom of speech therefore has to be deleted to bring this about and that's why it is now happening on an industrial scale via government regulation and despicable people who call the shots at despicable organisations with contempt for freedom like Google, YouTube, Facebook, Twitter, Apple, Spotify, Amazon and so many others. The Soros 'progressive' software program is screaming its abuse at the frontline to demand that alternative information and opinion is silenced in its alliance with multi-billionaires who have absolute contempt for their 'social warrior', 'woke', puppets and pawns. They are the 'anti-fascist' fascists, the 'pro-inclusion' excluders and the 'pro-diversity' destroyers of diversity. They are the 'anti-hate' haters and the current day version of the two minutes of hate in Orwell's *Nineteen-eighty-four* when Big Brother's manufactured 'villain' Emmanuel Goldstein appears on the screen while the crowd

Figure 169: Orwell's equivalent of the 'progressive' mob screaming their orchestrated hate in the movie version of *Nineteen- eighty-four*.

dressed all the same (guaranteed income) follow instructions to scream hatred at Goldstein using terms such as 'traitor' and 'death' (Fig 169). Put the words 'two minutes of hate, 1984' into a video search engine and you'll see what I mean. Then look at the faces of 'progressive' extremists no matter what their expression or particular obsession and you'll see the same. I feel so sad for them. Forgive them for they know not what they do. The program has possessed them, but it doesn't have to if they choose to take their minds back. Everything is a mind game and perceptual manipulation. Even the ever-growing contempt for politicians is being orchestrated to manipulate the population to accept a post-democratic society in another Problem-Reaction-Solution. All you really need to bring this about is to make sure most politicians are disingenuous, ignorant and incompetent and the rest follows. The political class alliance between Westminster politicians and EU bureaucrats to create the orchestrated chaos aimed at thwarting the UK referendum vote for Brexit is a perfect example. A survey on political attitudes by the Hansard Society in 2019 found support for a 'strong leader' who would break the rules and 42 percent of those questioned agreed that many problems could be dealt with more effectively 'if the government didn't have to worry so much about votes in parliament'. Sabbatian-Frankists would have been punching the air and contemptuously cheering their mainstream media for promoting and supporting the very agenda planned to delete *its* freedom of speech – or what's left of it. The way so much of the media supported the arrest of Julian Assange of WikiLeaks in 2019 for doing the job *they* should be doing said it all and there was not even a titter of media outrage at my own ban from Australia by the authoritarian government on the say-so of basically one ultra-Zionist. I do wonder, however, why in the face of the evidence that Assange calls 9/11 a 'false conspiracy theory'.

So there we are ...

We have come such a long way since you turned the first page and everything between then and now is connected. I didn't intend or expect to write such a big book and to think that I started out to simply produce an updated version of my *Alice in Wonderland*. The enslavement of

humanity, however, has so many elements and such an essential back-story that it cannot be effectively exposed without volume and connections. Dots are interesting', but connecting the dots is devastating. It's the only way to reveal the apparently random to be long-planned calculation and to transform pixels of confusion into pictures of clarity. Even then what I have written in this book is still only part of the story. Far deeper levels and so many other connections and expressions of the conspiracy can be found in *Everything You Need To Know* and earlier works. The basic theme is the same from whichever angle or depth that you observe the human plight. When you give your mind and perceptions away the receiver will control your life. When you take them back their game is over. A relative handful cannot control and dictate the lives of 7.7 billion unless the 7.7 billion give their minds away and concede their uniqueness to group-think and acquiescence. The way out of here becomes obvious: We reverse that process. This means no longer believing what we are told without checking the facts; no longer rejecting the evidence of our own eyes and experience because authority or intimidation demands that we do so; and no longer being frightened into silence by the bullies and the mob. If we don't do that – and in number – then all I have described will come about because who is going to stop it? We are eternal expressions of consciousness and our transitory labels are only brief experiences in a tiny band of frequency – a sort of TV channel. We need to play the long game from that perspective and not limit and enslave ourselves in the fear of short-term consequences. Instead of worrying what will happen if I say or do this, that or the other, consider the consequences of *not* saying or doing it. I have been highlighting those consequences in this book and for 30 years since. If you think it's bad now what kind of world are you, your children and grandchildren going to live in a short and long while hence? We are only where we are – not where it is meant to stay. The most extreme stuff is still to come. We must shout louder when we are told to be silent. You might lose some friends? *And*? What kind of 'friends' don't respect your right to speak your truth? John Lennon said: 'Being honest may not get you a lot of friends but it'll always get you the right ones.' We must cease to cooperate with our own enslavement – cease to be intimated into conformity by a mob of adolescent children (whatever their age) programmed to impose their programming on the rest of us. I will not be intimidated, have my views silenced or take lectures from arrogant terrible-twos masquerading as adults. If people continue to do so we will live in the world they are creating and, with more irony, so will they. Everything they are seeking to impose on others will be imposed on them once they have served their purpose and those pulling their strings sweep back the curtains and openly seize power. We need to call out the social warrior bullies and the 'anti-hate' hate groups

for their blatant hypocrisy and when that happens we will realise their only power was intimidation. When we cease to be intimidated their power will be gone and so will that of their hidden and not-so-hidden masters that they refuse to acknowledge. Fault-lines of divide and rule – race, religion, culture, sexuality, income bracket – need to be set aside to allow unity of purpose. When we divide we fall. When we unite – *they* fall.

Fear of the Maverick

The *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* which I say are based on the Sabbatian-Frankist plan for the world makes it very clear that divide and rule is utterly essential for their endeavours to reach fruition. They talk of the need to 'set one against another the personal and national reckonings … religious and race hatreds, which we have fostered'. This is, of course, what has happened and is happening. There is, however, a pause in the diatribe of arrogance when it comes to maverick people – a term defined as 'a person who thinks and acts in an independent way, often behaving differently from the expected or usual way'. The term 'maverick' comes from Samuel A. Maverick, a mid-19th century Texas rancher who did not brand his cattle. How apt given the microchip branding of human cattle now fast emerging. Maverick translates in the *Protocols* to what they call 'personal initiative':

> The second secret requisite for the success of our government is comprised in the following; To multiply to such an extent national failings, habits, passions, conditions of civil life, that it will be impossible for anyone to know where he is in the resulting chaos, so that the people in consequence will fail to understand one another; This measure will also serve us in another way, namely, to sow discord in all parties, to dislocate all collective forces which are still unwilling to submit to us, and to discourage any kind of personal initiative which might in any degree hinder our affair.

This is their worst nightmare – maverick personal initiative. The *Protocols* emphasise: '*There is nothing more dangerous than personal initiative.*' If it has genius behind it, the document says, such initiative 'can do more than can be done by millions of people among whom we have sown discord'. The *Protocols* describe the plan more than a century ago to so direct education that 'whenever they come upon a matter requiring initiative they may drop their hands in despairing impotence'. Yet again we can see with the perspective of hindsight that what the *Protocols* predict and what has happened are mirrors of each other. 'Education' has suppressed and punished mavericks and personal initiative in favour of the group-think that infects the human psyche and especially its 'progressive' expression. Group-think is not only collective

perception. It is also founded on the black and whiteness of us and them, for us or against us. To break from the program we must break from black and white. I consider individual statements on their validity and not by who makes them. Is what is said *true?* That is my only criteria. It means that I can accept a statement and then reject the next one when spoken by the same mouth. To accept everything from one person and nothing from another only on the basis of what you think of the people involved is clearly crazy, but that happens all the time. I have been criticised for posting clips on my website of Tucker Carlson presentations and interviews because he's on Fox News (black and white – bad) and for calling out the disingenuous 'news' host Rachael Maddow on MSNBC (black and white – good). This is typical of the perception polarisation that people have fallen for whether coming from the far left (far 'progressive') or far right. They both think they are different while psychologically they are just the same and play the essential role of perceived polarities to ensure Marxist-demanded conflict and divide and rule. Anyone who judges statements and information on the basis of the political colour of the source instead of the validity of the statement and information *itself* is caught in the fly-trap. Perceptions should be formed from evidence and actions not whether someone is on MSNBC or Fox and not whether they tell us what we want to hear or not. Rachael Maddow is a professional virtue-signaller and through that a hero of the 'progressive' virtue-signalling fake 'radical left' which is being so blatantly manipulated by the elite and its place-men like Soros. Talk about babes in arms and lambs to the slaughter. 'Progressives' are programmed to believe in a black and white world that doesn't exist and they might ask how come they and the multi-billionaire elite are now on the same page and reading from the same script. How did this come about and to what end? Answer that and they may get their minds back. The same is true of the black and white right and far right and its media 'gods' like Sean Hannity on Fox and the Soros of the right, Sheldon Adelson. The fact that I unite the 'progressive' left and the far right against me in mutual condemnation gives me great comfort. I remember talking to a 'progressive' television news producer who could not compute the fact that I opposed political correctness, unchecked immigration and the hoax of human-caused 'climate change' and yet also opposed Trump. To him if I was against one then I had to be for the other. It was hilarious to observe. The world is not black and white – it's always somewhere in between. Hey, 'progressives' and far right I'll meet you there one day I hope and this nonsense can be brought to an end. The perception of love is another black and white when love is multi-faceted and often the opposite of how it is perceived. Is it love to give your child a smartphone to bring short term elation or to say no in the name of long-term protection? Is it

love to take the easy route to immediate gratitude or the harder route of short-term disappointment for long-term benefit? Is it love to spend 30 years telling people what they want to hear with all the kudos that comes with that? Or to tell them what they don't want to hear – but *need* to hear – in full knowledge of the ridicule and abuse that will ensue? Nothing is black and white except the programmed human mind.

Consequences don't matter – only the truth and freedom does

You can guess what the reaction will be to this book from Sabbatian-Frankists, ultra-Zionists and their agents and place-people. They will be apoplectic and not because what I say is not true – but because it *is* true. Of course they will claim that I'm wrong about where this is planned to go and I have been told the same so many times over the decades only for what was denied to happen. It is hilarious to hear what I say dismissed and condemned only to be proved right by the very people who are trashing it. 'A few people don't control the world and if you say so we'll silence you.' It's hysterical and what happened to me with Australia was a classic. 'He's anti-Semitic' for saying we Zionists have influence way beyond our number and so we've had him banned by the government.' I think you are supposed to be intimidated by all this, but to me they're a comedy club. What I say is planned with Israel so centrally involved is out there now and we'll see what happens from here with the passage of events won't we? If I'm wrong then it won't happen will it? No high-profile person was supposed to reveal this information and be so up-front about it. Everyone was supposed to keep their heads down in fear of the consequences and labels of racist and Nazi; but I don't give a shit what people say about me – least of all the ultra-Zionists and Death Cult behind 9/11 and so much more. I want the truth, that's all, whatever that truth may be and wherever it may take me. The harder they try to silence me the louder I will shout.

It is likely there will be efforts to ban the book or block its circulation or maybe they will just ignore it for fear of giving publicity to a book they don't want people to read – as they did with my last one. It is certainly possible that Problem-Reaction-Solution attacks on Jewish targets will be set-up to blame on the book and fuel demands for it and me to be banned. This is the modus operandi of the satanic Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult and the wider Hidden Hand. I can't do anything about what they do in their efforts to stop me and with such psychopathic evil anything is possible. I can only control what *I* do and that will be, and will *always* be, to speak my truth no matter what the consequences. Nearly 3,000 people died on 9/11 and millions have been killed and wounded in the sequence of wars and upheavals that it was coldly exploited to trigger. For every person who has died there are many, many more who suffer the ongoing emotional consequences of

what happened to their mums and dads, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, wives and husbands. Those people deserve justice and I am not going to stay silent in fear of abuse from the ultra-Zionist hate group network that ultimately connects to the Death Cult perpetrators. The human race has been running away for thousands of years and it's time to stop.

ENOUGH! I'm sick of the bullshit.

Postscript

Just prior to this book going to print a Freedom of Information Act request led to the release of 14 images taken by and of the 'Dancing Israelis' before and during the 9/11 attacks. They are not the originals, only photocopy quality and heavily redacted by the FBI. Even the background of the towers is missing so desperate are the authorities to censor the devastating evidence the public would otherwise see. The pictures do, however, confirm the location.

Their release was remarkable given that the Department of [In]Justice had previously claimed the pictures were destroyed in 2014. Put this headline into the search engine at Davidicke.com and you can see them: Newly Released FBI Docs Shed Light on Apparent Mossad Foreknowledge of 9/11 Attacks. Some of the images, including one with Mossad operative Sivan Kurzberg holding up a lighter flame apparently against the Twin Towers in the background, are dated *September 10th*, 2001, and the rest are from September 11th. This would make sense of FBI reports of an eyewitness stating with certainty that Sivan Kurzberg was at the Doric apartments on September 10th where the Dancing Israelis would be spotted the next day when the towers were hit. Kurzberg was said to have claimed to be a 'construction worker' and he was with at least one other man with whom he conversed 'in a foreign language'. Clearly if Dancing Israelis were on site the day before the attacks and returned to film and celebrate them on 9/11 their foreknowledge is clear. Yet still the case against them was dropped in a blatant cover up of Mossad Israeli involvement. The release of the Israelis was signed off by Attorney General John Ashcroft in league with Criminal Division chief Michael Chertoff and one of Ashcroft's first clients when he entered private business was the Israeli government. Dominik Otto Suter, official owner of the Dancing Israeli Mossad-front, Urban Moving Systems, fled to Israel on September 14th, 2001, after being interviewed by the FBI, but is reported to have lived in the San Francisco area since at least 2016 as a contractor for Silicon Valley tech giants such as Google and Microsoft and also been employed by Granite Telecommunications which works for the US military and government agencies. Granite Telecommunications is headquartered in Quincy, Massachusetts, where key 9/11 computer company Ptech was based in 2001. I am not saying that this implies a connection, only stating a fact. If Suter has been resident in the United States since 9/11 why in the name of sanity has the FBI not been on his case to establish the real

background to Urban Moving Systems and why he fled to Israel after his first interview?? It has been further reported that four Israeli nationals were detained (and released like all the others) who worked for another 'moving company' called Classic International Movers. The FBI in Miami, Florida, told the Newark Division that this company had connections to at least one of the alleged 9/11 'hijackers'. A Dancing Israeli had the number of Classic International Movers in his notebook. What deceit. What a cover up. America should be outraged at the contempt for the dead by its own government that all this reveals – and it's still going on. A *New York Post* headline 18 years after the attacks said: '9/11 fund shrivels up as first responder cancer cases continue to grow'. It is described as 'cancer on steroids'. The *Post* said:

> New Yorkers who survived 9/11 are experiencing a massive surge in aggressive brain cancers as dollars for the September 11th Victim Compensation Fund continue to dry up — leaving them wondering in their final days who will support their families once they're gone.

The world is not run by psychopaths?

Nazi censorship out of control

The agenda moves on so fast and even in the short time this book has been in the production stage much has happened to confirm the themes I have highlighted and exposed. Censorship of information and opinion has reached ever more fascistic extremes through the ultimately Death Cult-controlled Internet tyrannies such as Facebook, Twitter and the rest of the censorship cabal posturing 'values' they don't have. Challenging official narratives across a swathe of subjects is increasingly likely to have you banned from these Hidden Hand, Sabbatian-Frankist and Pentagon operations that dominate the communication of information and crush any competing platforms with the usual enthusiastic support from their Hidden Hand cheerleaders in government and media. A Facebook employee revealed that Zuckerberg 'values' include having a 'hate agents list' of people it seeks to ban while another list gives 'extra credit' to employees who find creative ways to censor them. Those challenging the Big Pharma vaccine scam, transgender imposition and unchecked society-changing mass immigration have all been the particular targets of ever-growing censorship in the short time since I completed the book along with the ubiquitous 'anti-Semitism'. The ultra-Zionist and Death Cult-controlled German parliament decreed that the Boycott Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) movement is 'anti-Semitic' and called for a ban on funding groups backing BDS. Supporters of the decision included the utterly System-serving Green Party. They outrageously likened BDS to German Nazis who urged people not to

buy from Jews. So the United States and all the countries imposing economic sanctions on target governments are all racists and fascists are they? It is so transparent – they do what the Death Cult tells them while the vast majority have no idea there even is a Death Cult. Jonathan Greenblatt, Chief Executive Officer and National Director of the Mossad/Rothschild Anti-Defamation League (ADL), bragged to a meeting of the Council on Foreign Relations that they were leading the Internet censorship war on free speech:

> We work with Google on using AI to try and interrupt cyber-hate before it happens. We work with YouTube to get them to change their algorithms so it lessens the likelihood that a young person is going to run into some of these anti-Semitic conspiratorial videos. So there are different ways [Facebook] can tweak their algorithms and adjust their products so they think not only about free speech … but protect the user's right to not be harassed or hated.

Pass that through the Orwellian Translation Unit and you get censorship of any criticism or exposure of the far right regime in Israel and the force that really controls it. Greenblatt also called for more draconian laws to protect Jews from 'anti-Semitism' (see above). So-called 'world leaders' led by Rothschild frontman Emmanuel Macron met with tech giants in Paris to exploit the deaths of 51 Muslims in Christchurch, New Zealand, to justify even more draconian censorship. They took a break from bombing Muslims and supplying arms to kill Muslims in the Middle East to show how much they cared about Muslims. My god – it turns my stomach in the same way that Jews who suffered in Nazi Germany are mercilessly exploited to pursue a cold and calculated agenda of censorship today. The Hidden Hand UK, France, Germany, Spain, Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Netherlands, European Commission, Senegal, Jordan, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, India, Indonesia and Japan signed the 'Christchurch Call' agreement along with Hidden Hand Facebook, Amazon, Twitter, Google and Microsoft, but Donald Trump declined because it targets for online censorship his public support base. Soros 'progressives' and the mainstream media of course were delighted with still more censorship in their self-deluded stupidity and arrogance. They don't think *they* will be the target eventually? Bless 'em.

Intel Israel inside - *again*

Researchers found *another* back-door 'security flaw' in the Intel processor chips that drive the great majority of the world's computers. This is in addition to the one that I highlighted earlier. The 'flaw' (door) has been dubbed 'ZombieLoad' and is embedded in Intel chips opening the way for access to browser history, passwords, disk encryption keys

and other sensitive data. Experts said it was not possible to 'patch' the problem without loss of performance and access can 'also be exploited in the cloud' external to the computer. They pointed out that access could be gained while leaving no trace of what had happened. Nathaniel Gleicher, Facebook's head of cybersecurity policy, revealed that 65 Israeli accounts, 161 pages, dozens of groups and four Instagram accounts had been removed for attempting to interfere with elections. Many were linked to Tel Aviv-based political consulting and lobbying firm, the Archimedes Group, which claims to exploit social media to 'change reality'. Archimedes' chief executive Elinadav Heymann is listed as a former director of the Brussels-based lobbying group, European Friends of Israel, political adviser in the Israeli parliament and agent with Israeli Air Force intelligence. Accounts posing as political candidates and local news organisations were smearing opponents with the focus on Sub-Saharan African countries, Southeast Asia and Latin America. A headline in the Israeli daily *Haaretz* called it an 'Israeli Campaign to Disrupt Elections in African, Asian and Latin American Nations'. Tip and iceberg come to mind given what I have exposed about ultra-Zionist Internet manipulation and 'it's the Russians' is a smokescreen behind which Israeli manipulation can overwhelmingly hide. Facebook further warned users that hackers were able to remotely install software on phones and other devices by exploiting a flaw (door) in Facebook-owned WhatsApp. A simple WhatsApp missed call was enough to covertly install the software. Facebook said the cyber-attack was orchestrated by 'an advanced cyber-actor' using software developed by Israeli company NSO Group which has been referred to as a 'cyber-arms dealer'. NSO's software known as Pegasus can 'collect intimate data from a target device, including capturing data through the microphone and camera, and gathering location data'. The company said that its technology is 'licensed to authorised government agencies for the sole purpose of fighting crime and terror'. Among its clients are those bastions of democracy and human rights, Saudi Arabia, Bahrain and the UAE. Amnesty International issued a lawsuit against NSO fearing its staff could be under surveillance through Pegasus software and called on Israel's defence ministry to ban its export. The Citizen Lab research organisation at the University of Toronto said the NSO technology has been used by several countries to target human rights groups, activists and journalists with 'no attempt to rein it in'. As I write the Trump administration is targeting Chinese giant Huawei and alleging that back-doors are being installed in its technology to spy for the Chinese government. I'm sure they are – just like the US and Israel does the same – but somehow Trump must have missed that. Maybe he just forgot. Other Israeli tech companies have been exposed for attempting to manipulate elections and in 2019 Microsoft unveiled a technology called

ElectionGuard to 'protect' US elections from hacking with the fake 'Russian interference' hoax used as the excuse. Fox guarding the hen house comes to mind. Microsoft, like all the Silicon Valley giants, has massive connections to the Pentagon, DARPA (funders of ElectionGuard) and US intelligence networks and to the Israeli military and intelligence cabal including the Unit 8200 cyber elite at the Beersheba complex. Microsoft has significant investment in the 8200 front company, Team8, and its spin-off, Illusive Networks. Team8 was founded in 2014 by three former leaders of Unit 8200 and has connections to majors players like Intel, Citigroup, Microsoft and Qualcomm. Eric Schmidt, former CEO of Google (Alphabet), is a significant backer of Team8. You get the picture. See the Mintpressnews.com article: 'Microsoft's ElectionGuard a Trojan Horse for a Military-Industrial Takeover of US Elections'.

Renegades are dangerous (to the Death Cult)

The scale and depths of censorship now being imposed can be seen with two premieres of the film *Renegade* being banned in London and Los Angeles which doesn't even mention Zionism. This is a film about my life and work that was due to be shown at a venue in London owned by the Trades Union Congress (TUC) and at the Aero Theatre in Los Angeles owned by an operation called American Cinematheque which also owns the Egyptian in Hollywood. The really elderly may still remember the time when trade unions represented working people, but they have long since been absorbed by the System like the vast majority of those on the former political 'Left'. The TUC, a trade union umbrella organisation, cancelled the showing of *Renegade* the afternoon before the event because they said they believed in 'inclusivity'. The fact that they made that claim in an email *excluding* me would never have breached the walls of their programming. How more inclusive can a philosophy be than – *we are all one consciousness having different experiences*? But this would be far too deep for the software TUC. Think about that – a *trade union* organisation bans a film about a *renegade*! What confirmation of how far the 'Left' has fallen into cabal conformity. The TUC could not care less about the potential effect on the audience (we fortunately found another venue) and nor had they seen the film or read any of my books. Someone told them what to believe about me and so they did. *Pathetic.* Then there was 'American Cinematheque' which is described as 'an independent, non-profit cultural organization in Los Angeles dedicated exclusively to the public presentation of the moving image in all its forms'. Well, unless it's about me. The American Cinematheque board of directors and trustees is reported to include 'many prominent leaders in the entertainment industry', including directors and producers such as Sydney Pollack, Martin Scorsese, Mike Nichols, Francis Coppola, William Friedkin, Melvin Van Peebles, Brian Grazer, Joe Dante, Paula Wagner,

and Steve Tisch together with actors Candice Bergen and Goldie Hawn, studio chief Mike Medavoy, journalist Peter Bart, editor in chief of *Variety*, and talent agent Rick Nicita, co-chairman of Creative Artists Agency. The producer of *Renegade*, who is not a 'follower' but just thought it would make an interesting film, booked the Aero Theatre in Santa Monica weeks before the premiere and arranged for us to arrive at 4pm for a technical run-through ahead of a 6pm start. At 3.55 when we were only minutes from arriving the producer's phone rang in the back of the vehicle. He put the phone to his ear, but I clearly heard every word even from the front seat such was the volume from the other end. Firstly a woman told us they were cancelling the premiere and then a man came on shouting down the phone. Both of them, especially the man, were extremely unpleasant and basically horrible. This was a deeply sinister part of the conversation between the producer and the hysterical man:

'Is this film about *David Icke*?'

'Yes.'

'Does the film put him in a *good light*?'

'Well, yes, he comes across very well.'

Then it wasn't being shown at his theatre, the hysterical man said – hysterically.

That is another shocker to ponder. If the film does not demonise me it can't be shown but if it did there would have been no problem. We saw the same Orwellian, fascistic approach about the same time when a group of people, including Alex Jones and Muslim leader Louis Farrakhan, were banned from Facebook and Facebook-owned Instagram under the title 'dangerous individuals' that 'promote or engage in violence and hate'. None are in Facebook's league for being dangerous to human society. The ban also targets those who post information from these people or say anything positive about them. Demonising them is okay – as with me and American Cinematheque. We are well on the road to Orwell's 'unperson' – those removed from all communications and records so they do not to the general population even exist. Once again American Cinematheque could not care less about the effect on the audience which turned up at the venue to find the event had been cancelled while we battled through Los Angeles rush-hour traffic to get back to our hotel before we could tell them. David Icke is evil so anyone who supports him is evil so what does it matter if we abuse them?

That's the mentality at work in these situations because they are people who have 'values', you see. It's appropriate to give the last word in this book to the Campaign Against Antisemitism (CAA) because they spend their time saying I'm wrong while constantly proving me right. 'Enforcer' Stephen 'Little Dick' Silverman called on UK station Talkradio to 'immediately apologise' for interviewing me about *Renegade* – a film that doesn't mention Jewish people and the interview didn't mention Jewish people either. 'We are going to make a formal complaint to the station and are considering raising the matter with [media watchdog] Ofcom' said the professional censor. They were going to make a formal complaint about an interview which didn't mention Jewish people and talked about a film that doesn't mention Jewish people?

Yes, because it is not about Jewish people is it Little Dick and Dvir Abramovich who had me banned from Australia? It's about silencing the truth. At the time of writing some 500,000 people had watched the Talkradio recording – it will be many more by the time you read this – but none of them should have been allowed to hear what I said. Little Dick says so. I rest my case.

You can watch *Renegade* by going to Davidicke.com where you will also find world news every day from another perspective and my latest interviews and information. By subscribing you can access a library of my work and presentations over the last 30 years plus many other features, benefits and sources of information and exposure.

Two recommended vaccine books: *Vaccines: A Reappraisal* by Richard Moskowitz MD (Skyhorse Publishing, 2017) and *Saying No To Vaccines* by Sherri Tenpenny (Tenpenny Publishing, 2008). Also put the words 'Robert F. Kennedy Jr. exposes vaccines' into the search engine at Davidicke.com – a magnificent speech with spot-on information that every parent should hear.

For a fantastic interview exposing the catastrophic effects of 5G and microwaves with world expert Barrie Trower put these words into the Davidicke.com search engine: 'Barrie Trower 5G WiFi Smart Meters Armageddon Interview'.

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Skill	8
Stamina	21
Luck	9
Will	6
Equipment	Nightslayer

Evrain Peredur

Having trained with the Knights of Telak, Evrain served for some years within the Demonkeep Outpost on Ruddlestone's border with Brice, before taking up the mantle of Lord of Valsinore, following the death of his father under suspicious circumstances. Early in his career he distinguished himself when he single-handedly thwarted the plans of the Sorcerer Belgaroth, who sought to conquer the kingdom of Ruddlestone with an army of beastmen and Chaos Knights that he was raising in the southern Banarask Hills.

During the Bathorian Crusade he added to his list of noteworthy achievements by earning himself the title Zombie Killer. A skilled swordsman and a skilled horseman too, it would seem that Evrain is blessed by the gods themselves, such is his ability in escaping from seemingly impossible predicaments at the very last minute by the skin of his teeth.

Skill	10
Stamina	17
Luck	11
Will	6
Equipment	Nightslayer

Isolde Laodegan

Isolde Laodegan, the Shield Maiden of Libra, swore her life to the service of Good following the death of her mother. She has trained at abbeys, monasteries and temples all across the Old World becoming equally proficient with the sword, bow, spear and mace. Through physical exercise and spiritual meditation she has honed her body to perfection so that she is just as adept an athlete as she is a deadly swordswoman.

However, a curse seems to hang over her family line, both her parents dying before their time and in recent years Isolde has begun to feel that some ill fate awaits her, dogging her every step, waiting until it can bring her down too and have its final, villainous victory.

Skill	12
Stamina	19
Luck	7
Will	6
Equipment	Nightslayer

RULES AND EQUIPMENT

A HERO COMES HOME

You are about to embark on a Fighting Fantasy adventure unlike any other, but before you do so you need to establish your own strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 360–361 there is an *Adventure Sheet,* which you should use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording the scores of your attributes. Record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures. You can also download fresh *Adventure Sheets* from www.fightingfantasy.com.

Skill, Stamina, Luck and Will

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet.*

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number and enter the total in the LUCK box.

Don't roll any dice for WILL: you always start your adventure with 6 WILL points.

For reasons that will be explained below, all your scores will change during the adventure to come. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, so write

small or keep an eraser handy, and never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their totals may never exceed their *Initial* scores, except on those occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Your SKILL reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility. Your STAMINA score reflects how healthy and physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky you are.

Your WILL is a measure of your determination and strength of purpose. Your WILL score differs from your other attributes because it is not restricted by an *Initial* score. Your WILL may increase or decrease in certain situations, which will be explained in the relevant paragraphs.

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you, and you yourself may choose to attack an enemy. In some such situations you may be given special options allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions, which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll both dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided or parried each other's blows: start a new Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. You may use LUCK to reduce the loss of STAMINA (see below).
6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. However, if your STAMINA score is reduced to zero, your adventure may not actually be over and you should follow the instructions given at the relevant paragraph.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one opponent in combat. Sometimes you will treat them as a single adversary; sometimes you will

be able to fight each in turn; and at other times you will have to fight them all at the same time! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. If you have to fight your opponents one at a time, as soon as you defeat an enemy, the next steps forward to fight you! When you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in a normal battle. Against any additional opponents you throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but if it is greater than your opponent's, in this instance you will not inflict any damage. If your Attack Strength is lower than your adversary's, you will be wounded in the normal way. Of course, you will have to settle the outcome against each additional adversary separately.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky, you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for *Testing your Luck* works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the outcome will go in your favour. If the number

rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalised.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score, so the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this procedure will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck*, and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, to inflict more serious damage on an opponent that you have wounded, or to minimise the effects of a wound you have received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky you have inflicted a severe wound; deduct an *extra* 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow only scratches your opponent; and you deduct 1 point *less* from your opponent's STAMINA.

Whenever you yourself are wounded in combat, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimise the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct 1 point from the damage you sustain. If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 *extra* STAMINA point than you would normally.

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck*.

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score may change occasionally during the course of your adventure, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

At various times you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for *Testing your Skill* works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current SKILL score, you will have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a great deal throughout your adventure. It will drop if you are wounded in combat, if you fall foul of traps, and after you perform any particularly arduous task. In other Fighting Fantasy gamebooks, if your STAMINA score ever falls to zero, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. However, as you will soon discover, death is not necessarily the end where necromancy is concerned. Rather than having to start all over again with a new character, in this book you should follow the instructions given in the text. But if your luck should run out entirely and your adventure does indeed come to an end, if you wish to attempt

your quest again, you will then have to choose a new character and start all over again.

During the course of your adventure you will find that you can restore lost STAMINA but not in the usual way, by eating meals or Provisions. But to find out more, you will just have to commence your quest.

Will

As you will soon discover, your WILL score will be very important in the adventure that lies ahead of you. You start the game with 6 WILL points. Precisely how WILL works will be revealed during your adventure: you will be instructed about this in the relevant paragraphs. However, you should note that your WILL score may never drop below 1.

Equipment

You begin your journey with some simple equipment. You are dressed in leather armour and carry a backpack. You are also the bearer of Nightslayer, a blessed blade worthy of an evil-hunting warrior such as yourself. Powerful enchantments wrought into the weapon mean that it can harm the Undead, Demons, Elementals and other magical creatures.

Alternative Dice

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to roll only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

FIGHTING FANTASY ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial Skill =

STAMINA
Initial Stamina =

LUCK
Initial Luck =

CODEWORDS

WILL
Initial Will = 6

HOST STATS

Skill =

Stamina =

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

Adventurer's Name . . . . . .

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

SKILL =
STAMINA =

SKILL =
STAMINA =

SKILL =
STAMINA =

SKILL =
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SKILL =
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SKILL =
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SKILL =
STAMINA =

***Fighting Fantasy*: new Wizard editions**

1. The Warlock of Firetop Mountain
2. The Citadel of Chaos
3. Deathtrap Dungeon
4. Stormslayer
5. Creature of Havoc
6. City of Thieves
7. Bloodbones
8. Night of the Necromancer

Also available in the original Wizard editions

6. Crypt of the Sorcerer
7. House of Hell
8. Forest of Doom
9. Sorcery! 1: The Shamutanti Hills
10. Caverns of the Snow Witch
11. Sorcery! 2: Kharé – Cityport of Traps
12. Trial of Champions
13. Sorcery! 3: The Seven Serpents
14. Armies of Death
15. Sorcery! 4: The Crown of Kings
16. Return to Firetop Mountain
17. Island of the Lizard King
18. Appointment with F.E.A.R.
19. Temple of Terror
20. Legend of Zagor
21. Eye of the Dragon
22. Starship Traveller
23. Freeway Fighter
24. Talisman of Death
25. Sword of the Samurai
27. Curse of the Mummy
28. Spellbreaker
29. Howl of the Werewolf

STEVE JACKSON & IAN LIVINGSTONE

NIGHT OF THE NECROMANCER

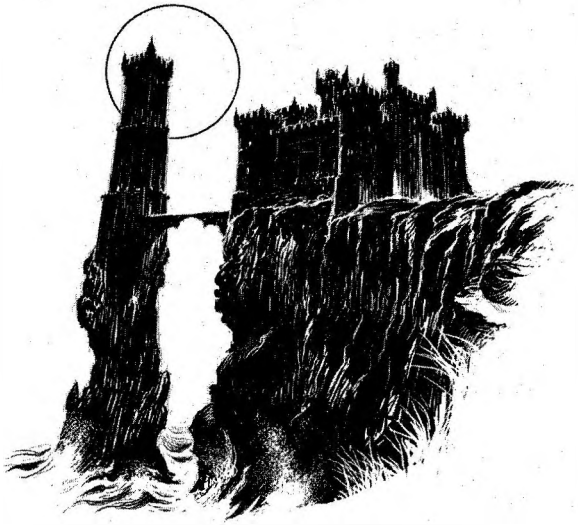

By Jonathan Green

Illustrated by Martin McKenna

Wizard Books

DEAD RECKONING

As the sun sets – a ball of molten iron sinking into the chill waters of the Diamond Sea – you catch sight of Valsinore at long last. With a shout of 'Yaah!' you kick your heels into your horse's heaving flanks and spur it on towards the distant castle. By nightfall you will be home.

You have been away a long time, three years in fact. Three years following the crusading banner of the Knights of Telak. Three years spent in the accursed land of Bathoria, domain of demons and the Lords of Night. Three years fighting the forces of darkness.

In that time you have faced all manner of evils and found yourself in all kinds of life-threatening situations. In fact you almost lost your life on more occasions than you care to remember. But you survived everything that the forces of darkness could throw at you – from an ambush by a pack of werewolves to the seductive enchantments of the Sepulchral Sisterhood – thanks in part to your knightly skills and prowess in battle, but also thanks to your sanctified, charm-wrought sword Nightslayer.

And now, at last, your home is in sight once more. Three years ago you set out from Valsinore Castle on the northern coast of Ruddlestone to join in the crusade to purge Bathoria of the malign influence of the Cult of Death. With the defeat of the Death-Mage Thanatos, your sworn oath fulfilled, you were free to

return home. As you recovered from your last battle at a hospice of the White Lady, you sent letters by messenger ahead of you telling of your imminent homecoming, writing one to your sister, Oriana, who was anxiously awaiting news of your safe return, and another to your chamberlain, Unthank, who you had left to look after your estates and safeguard the people of the Sourstone peninsula while you were away. And there is one other who you are eager to see again after so long – your faithful hound who you left to watch over both the castle but more particularly Oriana.

The sky purpling like a bruise as dusk descends, you guide your steed down off the bleak moorland road towards Valsinore Castle, not once taking your eyes off your ancestral home. It is clearly visible now, an imposing silhouette of rising battlements and looming towers. You can also see the village of Sleath that lies close to the castle, in the shadow of the fortress and before that, to the west, the brooding expanse of Wraith Wood. To the east the bleak, windswept moors continue as far as the eastern cliffs of the Sourstone promontory.

But before you reach home, the Moot Road takes you through the desolate wilderness that the ancient tribal people of these lands once called home. Northern Ruddlestone still bears the marks left by these ancient warrior clans; burial mounds dot the landscape along with time-worm druidic stone circles. You gallop past one such circle of standing

stones – known locally as the Nine Maidens – as the dusk continues to deepen around you, desperate to be home now after such a long time away. But it is in this treacherous twilight that the trap is sprung.

Three men – dark hoods pulled up over their heads to hide their faces – burst from their hiding places among the standing stones and come at you, armed with swords and axes. Your steed whinnies and rears up on its hind legs in surprise. Exhausted after your long ride, you are thrown from the saddle and land hard on the cold ground. Your horse panics and gallops away as your attackers bear down on you, weapons raised.

You scramble to your feet, Nightslayer already in hand. Ruffians like these shouldn't give you any real trouble, even in your weary state. But as the men close in on you with murder on their minds, you notice the fourth member of their band for the first time as he appears to coalesce from out of the gathering darkness.

He is dressed from head to toe in long black robes, his face hidden behind a grotesque skull-mask. The man does not appear to be armed but in one hand he is holding a glowing sphere of amethyst that seems to swirl with gathering storm clouds. You have encountered his kind before, during your crusade to Bathoria. He is an acolyte of the priesthood of Death himself.

As you keep a watch on him out of the corner of your

eye you prepare to meet the would-be assassins' assault. They are no match for your knightly skills and you have soon dealt all of them flesh wounds. In a few moments the battle will be over. But before you can finish the fight, the death-masked cultist casts his spell.

A ball of crackling black light explodes from the acolyte's crystal, forms into a spear of energy that flashes past the beleaguered murderers and hits you full in the chest. You experience a moment of intense pain like you have never known before as the spell hurls you back onto the road again. And then the pain is gone leaving you feeling numb and cold. Who has done this to you and why, when you were so close to home at last?

You waste no time in getting to your feet and bringing your sword to bear once more. Your assailants suddenly stagger away from you, expressions of abject fear on their faces. Only the Death Acolyte appears unperturbed. You are used to intimidating your enemies but you have never received quite such a reaction before.

One of the men keeps looking down at the ground and then back up at you again, a look of utter, disbelieving horror on his face. In fact, he looks like he's seen a ghost. Curious to know what it is that has the thugs so shaken, you glance down at the ground too.

Bathed in an eerie luminescence is what appears to be a body. Judging by the scorched ragged hole in the

middle of its chest you would guess that it is dead, for how could anyone survive such a grievous injury ...? It is only then that you realise that the body you are staring at aghast is your own.

Standing over your dead body, you are a glowing ethereal copy of yourself. Your ghostly form is dressed in the same apparel as your corpse and you are even wielding a phantasmal duplicate of your sword Nightslayer, although the real thing is still lying on the ground next to your lifeless body.

The shock you feel at realising that you are dead is nothing compared to the rage and desire for revenge that consumes you now. There will be a reckoning this night, when all those responsible for your untimely death will be made to pay for the evil they have perpetrated against you. Screaming like a banshee, you move to engage your murderers in battle.

Turn to **1**.

1

As you stalk towards the murderous thugs one of the men gives voice to a terrified scream, his face draining of all colour, turns tail and flees. Another drops his weapon in shock, while the third lets out a whimper of fear and collapses to his knees, sobbing like a baby. Only the Death Acolyte appears to be holding things together, his hand moving over his crystal ball, his lips forming the words of some esoteric invocation, no doubt.

These men are responsible for your death and you will have vengeance upon them. But which will you confront first, the three terrified murderers (turn to 25) or the spell-casting Death Acolyte (turn to 45)?

2

'That is the correct answer,' the Paladin's ghost intones. He then takes some time to demonstrate how you can make the most of your new, paranormal abilities. (Add 1 to your WILL score and 1 to your LUCK.) Write the number 2 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then roll one die, turning to the paragraph indicated on the table below.

Die roll	
1–2	Turn to 120
3–4	Turn to 230
5–6	Turn to 293

The Paladin having offered you what aid he can, bids you farewell before melting back into the moonlight.

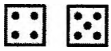

Feeling encouraged that you might yet win your own personal battle against the forces of the darkness, you leave the shrine. Turn to 259.

3

Before long you are enveloped within the bounds of Wraith Wood. The trees grow thick and dark around you, although you can still make out the glowing orb of the moon between the leafless branches above you that look like the clawing talons of skeletal hands. Black thunderheads are starting to mass on the horizon, and the wind is picking up. You believe that the wise-woman's hovel lies at its heart, although some say that she is actually a witch. But, all things considered, if anyone can help you, probably a practitioner of the dark arts can.

The blaring note of a hunting horn suddenly breaks the unnatural stillness of the wood and you hear the pounding of hooves on the wind. Following the sound to its source, you look up to see ethereal riders galloping towards you out of the gathering storm clouds, their phantom steeds pounding the air while shimmering spectral hounds sprint ahead of them. This wild hunt appears to be heading directly towards you. Will you:

Stand your ground and unsheathe your phantasmal blade?	Turn to 49
Try to hide from the hunt in the undergrowth?	Turn to 169
Flee from the ethereal huntsmen?	Turn to 190

4

'Curse you witch!' you shout into the cold night air. 'You shall not have your sacrifice!' You are suddenly wracked by the most agonising pain. It feels as if your very soul is being crushed by the taloned hand of Death itself, squeezing the life-force out of you. Roll one die and add 2; you must lose this many STAMINA points, along with 2 SKILL points, 1 LUCK point and 2 WILL points. If you are still alive, if you can really be considered as being alive anymore, turn to **43**. If you do not survive the effects of the Witch's Curse, write the number 43 on your Adventure Sheet and turn to **100**.

5

And so you find yourself within the Inner Ward of Castle Valsinore. To your left, against the western wall, stands the castle cookhouse which abuts onto the grand structure of the Lord's Feast Hall where many a mighty banquet was held in your father's time.

At the far end of the impressive courtyard you can see the gatehouse that stands before the sea-moat, beyond which lies a bridge that leads to the black stone Keep. You fancy you can see something fiery flickering in the darkness there, like sparks rising from a furnace, but before you even get as far as the gate you can see that a wooden scaffold has been constructed at the centre of the courtyard.

The north-eastern quarter of the Inner Ward is taken up by the castle chapel and the private plot of the

family graveyard used in more recent times. Beneath the chapel lie the extensive tunnels of the castle catacombs, constructed during the first age of the castle, centuries ago, by your distant ancestors. You yourself have not explored their labyrinthine tunnels. Nurses' tales of giant rats and worse lurking in the dark kept you from ever going down there as a child. Castle legend has it that there is another way into the extensive tomb-tunnels via a passageway at the bottom of the castle well, the stone-clad well-head of which lies to your right, in the south-eastern corner of the courtyard.

The last remaining feature worthy of note is the ruined east wall tower. Known as the Blasted Tower, its upper levels were destroyed long ago by a bolt of lightning that sent the top two storeys tumbling into the Diamond Sea far below. You just need to decide where you want to explore first. Will it be:

The castle kitchens?	Turn to 335
The feast hall?	Turn to 95
The chapel?	Turn to 260
The Blasted Tower?	Turn to 34
The well?	Turn to 232

If you would rather not delay here at all, you can approach the last gatehouse that guards the entrance to the sea-moat bridge (turn to 134) or, if you have the *Spirit* special ability, take to the air and try approaching the Keep directly (turn to 191).

6

And then you come before the main gate of Valsinore Castle. This was the place where you and your sister played as children and which became your responsibility upon the death of your father at seventy years old, and who had himself been widowed many winters before. But your ancestral home appears anything but welcoming to you now. Its high crenulations loom over you while its torch-lit windows seem to stare down with malignant intent. There is an oppressive atmosphere hanging over the place.

You have seen neither hide nor hair of the Death Acolyte since your encounter with him and his murdering band on the moor turnpike, but you can't shake the feeling that the truth you are searching for will be found within your castle home. But how do you plan on gaining access?

Two guards, armed with halberds, are on sentry duty before the main gate. However, you do know of another way in. Along the eastern wall of the outer ward of the castle is a culvert, a drain that lets filth and waste water out under the wall and down over the cliff edge into the sea. The prospect of crawling up a sewer – even if you are a ghost – does not fill you with glee, and staring up at the looming walls you wonder what it would be like to soar over them in your spectral form.

If you want to try to fly over the battlements, turn to 75. If you would rather try gaining entry through the

culvert, turn to 36. Then again, if you simply want to approach the main gate and the guards on duty there, turn to 242.

7

Re-tracing your steps back through the castle, you come at last to the haunted stable, and there, waiting for you, is the phantom steed. Clambering up onto its back, as if you were still alive and mounting a living, breathing horse, you ride it out of the stables. Once you are out in the open you kick your ghostly heels into the beast's ethereal flanks and spur the horse into a gallop. It races towards the outer wall of the castle and with one great bound leaps over it! It doesn't land on the other side either, but instead, pounding the air with its ethereal hooves, gallops away into the night sky. (If you have the phrase *Best Friend* written on your Adventure Sheet you will no longer benefit from the advantages this brings until you return to Valsinore Castle.)

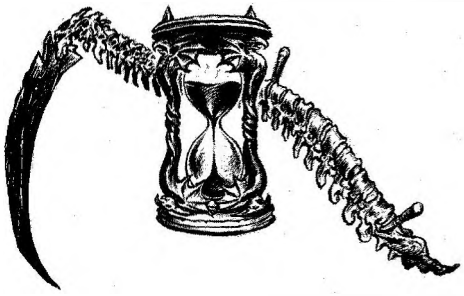

Rivers and forests, towns and villages, hills and heathland, all rush past below in a high-speed blur. In what seems like no time at all you reach your destination. The phantom steed sets foot on solid ground again and you dismount. Your steed will go no further. But where was it that you were travelling to?

Fetchfen, Village of the Damned?	Turn to **441**
Frostfinger, the Winter King's tower?	Turn to **168**

8

'Unthank? He can't be trusted,' Oriana confesses. 'It was him who invited the Knights of the Black Shroud to take up residence here. There's no sign of them during the day but at night they wriggle out of the stonework again like maggots crawling from a rotten apple. And no one other than him and the knights have been allowed into the Keep for months.'

If you want to ask your sister something else, turn to **48**. If you would prefer to bid her farewell and be on your way, will you head down into the catacombs (turn to **88**), or vacate the chapel and search elsewhere (turn to **445**)?

9

You flee from Mother Toadsfoot's cottage as fast as you can, and don't once look back. You are soon deep in the night-shrouded woods again. Eerie cries echo between the night-black trees. An owl hoots and you hear the croaking of toads coming from a reedy pool somewhere nearby.

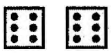

And then, at last, the forest starts to thin and you emerge on the other side of Wraith Wood. Trees give way to tumbled headstones and you find yourself passing between the overgrown graves of a cemetery. Ahead of you lies the village of Sleath, but before you can reach it, or the castle beyond, you must first cross the neglected graveyard. Turn to **107**.

10

The door is made of some black wood ensorcelled with silver that forms unsettling signs and symbols. As you approach you can feel its power, like a crackling magical shield. The energy field sparks violently and you are suddenly hurled backwards by a powerful burst of magical energy. (Lose 2 STAMINA points and if this has reduced your STAMINA score to zero, or below, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.) The door is resisting your ethereal essence somehow and keeping your ghostly form at bay. You cannot even get close enough to touch it.

The door before you is a Spirit Door, a portal intended to prevent undead spirits like you from passing through it. There is nothing you can do to conquer the spells bound into it – at least, not yet – so you have no choice but to search elsewhere. Add the codeword *Catacombs* to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **264**.

11

Now that you have a physical form of sorts again you are able to open the Spirit Door and step through it

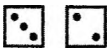

into the tunnels beyond. These are the true catacombs. They are a veritable maze of mouldering passageways, forgotten burial chambers and gloomy mausoleums, but you feel another power – unmistakeably a force for Good – leading you onwards through the labyrinthine passageways.

You come at last to a vast chamber, its roof supported by pillars of black marble. As you enter, iron basket-braziers around the walls burst into flame, revealing the sepulchre in all its terrible splendour. In fact, it looks more like a throne room than a burial chamber. In the distance you can make out tombs and stone sarcophagi but in the middle of the chamber, in front of you is a black marble throne. Seated upon the throne is a beautiful woman wearing luxurious robes, befitting a monarch, and a golden crown. Behind her throne, half-hidden in the shadows cast by the guttering braziers, you can see a host of decomposing figures, watching you with baleful, jaundice-yellow eyes from out of the darkness. The woman is toying with something in her hands. It is your own blessed blade, Nightslayer! You are about to take a step forward when common sense halts you.

'Ah, so you've found us,' the woman says, as she examines the sword in her hands. The runes that spell out the name Nightslayer blaze red as they catch the light of a smouldering brazier. She suddenly looks up and you are astonished by just how beautiful she is. Her eyes blaze with a dark intensity as she regards you with an unblinking stare. 'Be welcome here, you

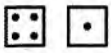

belong here after all' – a serpent smile twists her features into those of something not altogether human – 'with your Queen. Now come, bow before me.'

You have a feeling that bowing before her is the last thing you should do, but judging by the zombie host gathered behind her, ready to do whatever she demands of them, it might be your best chance of snatching Nightslayer from her grasp and getting out of here with your soul intact. Will you bow before this Queen of the Damned (turn to **112**), or will you renounce her claim of dominion over you (turn to **246**)?

12

A savage baying suddenly interrupts the old man's musings. 'Moon dogs!' Yorrick gasps, a fearful look entering his eyes as he stares up at the milky orb of the moon high above. Judging by its position in the sky overhead, the hour must be close to midnight. 'Quick! We'd both best be on our way before they find us.' (Add the codeword *Baying* to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Deciding that Yorrick is probably right, thanking him for his help you part company with the old gravedigger and hurry away from your open grave. Will you enter the chapel, if you haven't tried to already (turn to **274**), or choose somewhere else entirely (turn to **445**)?

13

Although you are have the ability to seize control of another's body to use as your own, the idea of even

attempting to possess another living person in order to wear their physical form as you might a suit of armour fills you with unease. If you want to pursue this route to acquire a physical form again, you will need to know where a suitable host can be found, and that means that they have to be somewhere within the castle already. If you know where someone is, and they are alive, then you will also know their name. Convert the first name of the person you want to possess into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26. Add the numbers together, multiply the total by 3 and turn to the paragraph with the same number.

If you do not know of any suitable candidates and simply want to try possessing one of the castle's guards, turn to **301**. However, if you do not wish to continue with this course of action, you will have to try something else. If you have the phrase *Rest in Peace* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet* and you want to pursue this path, turn to **369**. If you have the code-word *Automaton* written down and you want to pursue this path, turn to **427**. If you have no further tricks up your sleeve, turn to **152**.

14

Bertild the blacksmith looks up from her hammering and freezes. 'Then what they've been saying is true,' Bertild gasps and a single tear courses down her soot-smeared cheek. 'Here, come in, come in,' she says, hurrying over to the door and clearing a gap in

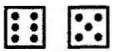

the salt barrier to let you across before closing the door behind you. 'Tell me, what happened?' the woman mumbles, obviously in some distress.

And so you sit down in the comforting warmth of the forge, in the company of one of your oldest and most trusted friends, and tell Bertild how you were cut down within sight of home for the first time after three years away, and everything that has befallen you since.

'I swear by Verlang and the spirits of the forge,' she says, a grim expression on her face, 'your death shall not go unavenged.'

To hear Bertild say that fills you with hope and you begin to believe that it truly is possible. (Regain 1 LUCK point and add 1 to your WILL score.)

'Valsinore Castle is under a curse,' the blacksmith says. 'These are dark times indeed. But listen to me going on. Tell me, what is it you need to know that you might achieve your vengeance?'

Remembering all the times you spent watching Bertild at her forge, you decide that she might be in possession of unique knowledge that could serve you well in your quest. Will you ask her whether she knows of the existence of any weapons or armour that may aid you in your quest (turn to **51**), ask her if she has any idea as to who would have wanted you killed (turn to **21**), or will you ask her if she knows of anyone else resident within the castle who could help you (turn to **161**)?

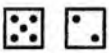

15

Over one hundred years ago, the man who now calls himself Chamberlain Unthank, slaughtered the entire population of Fetchfen that his dark gods might grant him the power over death he so desired. And now you have visited this village of the damned and escaped with your soul intact. But you have spent long enough here and it is time to return to Valsinore Castle to bring Unthank's reign of terror to an end. Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **29**.

16

As you approach the Chamberlain, he snaps his fingers and summons a serving boy to pour him more wine. He appears distracted as he observes the players perform before him and keeps glancing towards a passageway half-hidden by a grand tapestry showing the defeat of the Sourstone Worm by your ancestor, Agravain Wormslayer. Turn to **227**.

17

Tendrils form within the fog, reaching for you, trying to force you to join the macabre dance of the Phantasmagoria. You slice at them with your shimmering blade as you start to fight back against the dream-monster and its hallucinatory nightmares.

PHANTASMAGORIA SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If the nightmarish manifestation destroys you, reducing your STAMINA score to zero, write the number 99 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you reduce

the Phantasmagoria's STAMINA score to zero, turn to 142.

18

Perhaps it is merely some diabolical illusion, but it feels as though you have been climbing this staircase for hours and you wonder whether you haven't fallen into some hellish trap to which there is no end. And then, after a further half an hour's climb, you enter another ice-rimmed chamber. The chamber is empty, apart from a pedestal formed of black granite and blue ice at its centre, atop which rests a multi-faceted jewel roughly the size and shape of a human skull. As you peer into the shimmering jewel you fancy you can see ghostly faces looking out at you. But you're not imagining things, they really are there, and you can hear them now, speaking to you inside your head – insistent voices demanding to be released from their prison of eons. Something tells you that if the power of the Spirit Stone is connected to those souls bound to it and that if it is to prove of use to you, you should not grant them their request – at least, not yet. But what is more amazing is that you are able to touch and even lift the artefact in your own ethereal hands. Greedily you take hold of the jewel. (Add the Spirit Stone to your *Adventure Sheet* and note down that it has 333 faces.) There is only one way out of this chamber and it is the one you entered by, so turning on your heel, with the Spirit Stone in hand, you set off carefully back down the endlessly winding staircase. Turn to 304.

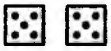

19

At the crossroads, you peer ahead into the darkness and decide which way to proceed. The moorland road that you have been following continues straight ahead into the village of Sleath. A narrower, but equally well-trodden path leads westwards towards the cemetery that lies outside the village, while a gravelled road bears north-east before turning north again, leading towards the stone bridge over the River Sorrow that must be crossed on the way to Valsinore Castle. So which way will you go now in your quest for revenge? Will you head:

West, towards the graveyard?	Turn to **107**
North, towards Sleath?	Turn to **61**
North-east, towards the bridge and Valsinore Castle?	Turn to **121**

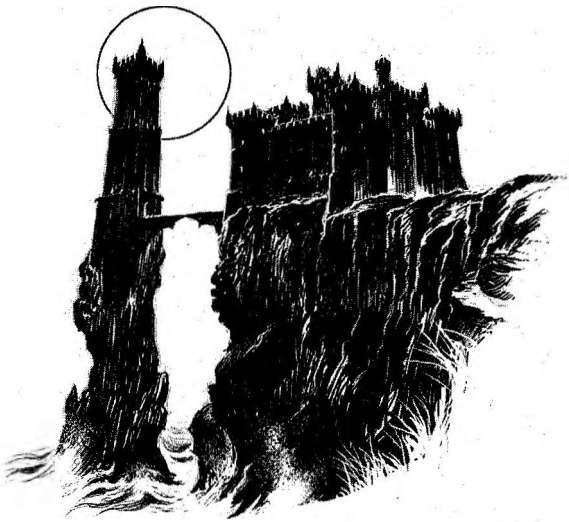

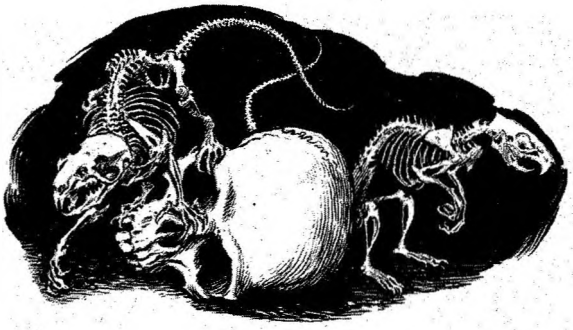

20

Outside the Barbican gatehouse once more, choosing something you haven't tried already, will you:

Attempt to pass through into the Inner Ward of the castle?	Turn to **60**
Climb the staircase beyond the left archway?	Turn to **271**
Climb the staircase through the right archway?	Turn to **85**
Find another way into the Inner Ward?	Turn to **393**

21

Bertild looks at you grimly. 'I wouldn't like to say for sure,' she says glancing anxiously into the corners of the smithy. 'Round here, it's like the walls themselves have ears, if you know what I mean.' She leans closer and whispers, 'But I do believe that when you left to go on crusade, evil was already lurking here in Valsinore Castle. But I'll tell you who you do need to look out for, and that's the Knights of the Black Shroud who arrived here a year ago and never left!' Now turn to **140**.

22

It is then that you hear the splashing sounds of something wading from the breakers behind you accompanied by a croaking cry.

'Oh no, please,' the old man cries, 'not that! Anything but that!'

You turn to see the most appalling abomination emerge from the rising tide and stalk towards you up the beach. It walks on two legs like a man and has the muscular build of an ogre, but its skin is covered with blue-grey scales. It has cruel gutting claws, its fingers are webbed and its bulbous eyes are those of a fish. A crest of spines protrudes from its head and runs all the way down its back to a long, lashing fish tail. The creature opens its mouth, revealing rows of shark's teeth, while the slits of gills in its neck open and close uselessly in the air.

'My tormentor comes to plague me again! Oh, woe. My doom is upon me!' the hermit cries and retreats back into his cave, leaving you to face the monster alone. The fish-beast fixes its eyes upon you and gives another croaking snarl as it continues to stalk towards you.

This is no mere creature of flesh and blood but a demon birthed from the storm-wracked sea; the monster's cruel fish-talons will harm you just as well as if you were still a creature of flesh and blood yourself. Fortunately, your own ethereal copy of

Nightslayer will also be able to injure the demon. Let battle commence!

SEA DEMON	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If the Sea Demon 'kills' you, record the number 145 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100** at once. However, if you manage to slay the demon, turn to **145**.

23

Suddenly the words of the Witch's bargain come unbidden into your mind. *You must slay that which is most dear to you, next time you meet, be it man or lowly beast, or suffer the consequences ...*

The witch's bargain hangs like a millstone about your neck, dragging you down into the depths of despair. But the crone was quite clear about the price you would have to pay for her aid. *Another's life-force for yours ...*

You have never been faced with such a quandary in all your life. Will you cut Korzen down with your ghostly sword, so that you might continue with your quest unhindered (turn to **138**), or will you leave the dog alive and risk whatever might befall you (turn to **4**)?

24

Whether you are unwilling or unable to subject your physical form to the Demon Gate's demands, you still need to source flesh and blood from somewhere. But

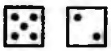

where are you going to find an offering of flesh for the gate down here? You could retrace your steps through the dungeon but that would take time, and time is something you do not have. And then the answer strikes you – the putrescent pool! It is *full* of decomposing flesh.

Not relishing the necessity of what you are about to do, you approach the edge of the pit. You scoop a handful of the green-black slime from the pool and are horrified to see it start to eat away at your gauntlet hand. (Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point, for as long as you remain in this metal body.) The surface of the pool suddenly heaves and something truly awful rises from its depths. Turn to **430**.

25

Screaming like a banshee, you launch yourself at the terrified ruffians, who try to run from before your unearthly wrath. In desperation they fight back but even when one of them manages to get a strike in under your guard the assassin's weapon simply passes straight through your ethereal body as if it were nothing but mist – and you do not feel a thing! Their weapons may be useless against you but your phantasmal sword cuts them down just as if you were still wielding the genuine article and not a ghostly replica of Nightslayer.

In no time at all, the three murderers lie dead at your feet on the moorland road. Only the Death Acolyte remains. You can hear him now quite clearly, muttering under his breath in some dark tongue. Do you want to strike the acolyte down immediately, without hesitation (turn to **114**), or will you press him for information as to who it was that wanted you dead (turn to **64**)?

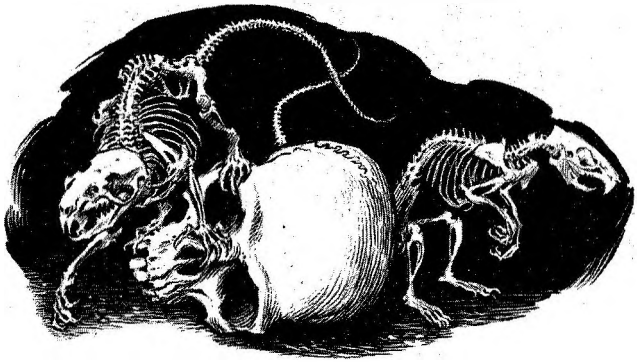

26

You have succeeded in taking over the guard's body. The man's consciousness flees to some dark corner of his mind as you take control. (Add the codeword *Host* to your *Adventure Sheet*.)

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score, for later use, on your *Adventure Sheet*. While you are clothed in the flesh of the guard you must use the guard's stats which are as follows: SKILL 8, STAMINA 18.

If you are injured in battle you may eat provisions to recover STAMINA points. One meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points and the guard has enough food about his person for 3 meals. He is armed with a non-magical sword, which means that you are now too. If the guard's STAMINA is reduced to 2 STAMINA points of fewer he will be knocked senseless, forcing you to vacate his body. You may then continue fighting in your spirit-form using the stats that you have written down here. Now turn to 429.

27

'Out of the way now, Rutterkin,' she says as she nearly trips over her pet pig on her way to the table on which lies her Book of Spells. Without looking down at the black-bound tome before her, the crone flicks through it, seemingly at random, until she lets the book fall open at a particular page. She then proceeds to run her fingers over the words scrawled there in a spidery hand.

'Yes, that should just about do it,' she says. 'But it's going to cost yer!'

You explain to the witch that you have no means of paying her. What little Gold you did have is with your body still, back on the Moot Turnpike.

'That's not the sort of payment I had in mind,' she says with a cruel chuckle. If you want to continue with this exercise, turn to **54**. If you would rather quit this place and have nothing more to do with the sinister Mother Toadsfoot, turn to **9**.

28

'I am sure that Father Umberto could help,' Oriana says. 'He is wise to the ways of the Undead and knows many potent prayer-spells. Wait here awhile, he will not be long.' If you want to wait for the Priest's return, turn to **48**. If you would prefer to bid your sister farewell and be on your way, will you head down into the catacombs (turn to **88**), or leave the chapel and explore the Inner Ward further (turn to **445**)?

29

Back within the walls of Valsinore Castle once again, with the moon commencing its descent towards the horizon, you decide that it is time to find out what secrets lie within the Keep, and so make for the gatehouse and the moat bridge. (If you have the phrase *Best Friend* written on your *Adventure Sheet* you now regain the benefits associated with this.)

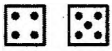

Do you have any of the codewords *Baying*, *Banshee* or *Bard* written down on your *Adventure Sheet*? If you have none, turn to **117**. If you have one or two, *Test your Luck*; if you are Lucky, turn to **117**, but if you are Unlucky, turn to **320**. If you have all three, turn to **320** straightaway.

30

The black pit of the freshly-dug hole appears like a whirling void of oblivion, the darkness sucking you in like a whirlpool pulls at a ship tossed in a storm. You cry out, your startled cry of fear becoming a drawn-out howl of horror as you are sucked down, down, down into the blackness of the grave ... and beyond ... Write the number 195 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

31

The passageway brings you to a flight of stone steps that descend into the lower levels of the dungeons. Considering what you have encountered so far down here, you wonder what horrors await you deeper beneath Valsinore. You follow the steps down into the darkness.

The stairs double back on themselves and lead into another stone-walled passageway. Eventually it bends to the right, but as you turn the corner you cannot help but notice the huge fissure in the floor and one wall of the tunnel. As you watch, through this vast crack a host of undulating, writhing and crawling things emerge and slither, scuttle and wriggle

towards you. All these repulsive vermin have one thing in common – they are all the ghosts of creeping things. If you are in a borrowed body, no matter how repulsive they may look they cannot harm you; you walk right through them and continue on your way (turn to **154**). However, if you are in spirit-form then you must battle the ectoplasmic swarm if you are to make it through to the other side. Fight the ghost-vermin as if they were one creature.

ECTOPLASMIC SWARM SKILL 5 STAMINA 13

If you defeat the swarm, regain up to 7 STAMINA points and turn to **154**. If it is the swarm that defeats you, write the number 154 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

32

With a bubbling cry, that makes it sound like she is screaming through a throat full of seawater, the Flibbertigibbet streaks towards you through the tempestuous air. 'You're not laughing at me, are you?' the insane ghost says in challenge, while continuing to cackle away hysterically. 'I laughed at the gibbet and look where it got me!' With that the insane phantom attacks.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

As the Flibbertigibbet is one of the undead, just like you, she can injure you with her cruelly sharp fingernails. If the insane ghost should defeat you in battle

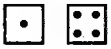

(reducing your STAMINA score to zero), record the number 19 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you send the Flibbergibbet on into the next world by reducing her STAMINA score to zero, as the ghost evaporates with a parting cackle of laughter, you suddenly feel revitalised. Restore up to 4 STAMINA points and turn to **19**.

33

In the blink of an eye you are gone. Hidden from sight, you move cautiously towards the gatehouse. But the Hellfire Golem is a magical construct and does not see in the same way that mortal creatures do. Turn to **240**.

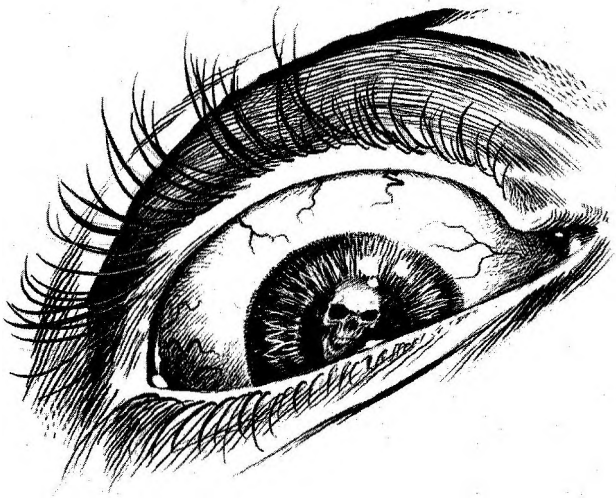

34

Entering the Blasted Tower through the open arched entrance at its base you start to climb the spiralling stair beyond. Higher and higher you climb until the stairs abruptly run out as you reach what is left of its shattered summit. The cold sea-wind buffets your insubstantial body and whines through fissures in the brickwork. It would seem that there is nothing for you here.

And then another sound can be heard over the keening of the wind and the crash of breakers on the rocks far below. Someone is calling your name and as you watch a sphere of ethereal light forms in the air above you. Something is manifesting at the top of the Blasted Tower. If you want to wait and see what it is, turn to **200**. If you would rather flee before whatever it is has time to form fully upon this plane, you run back down the ruined tower to the comparative safety of the courtyard below (turn to **445**).

35

Before the vampire can transfix you with its hypnotic stare, you turn tail and run. The Nosferatu gives a screeching animal cry and a vast flock of bats pours from between the crypt doors behind it, squeaking shrilly as they set off in pursuit. If you have the *Spirit* special ability, turn to **15**. If not, roll three dice and if the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **15**, as you escape from the vampire's vespertilian servants.

However, if the total is greater, the vampire bats catch up with you and mob you. You soon discover that their vampiric powers are as effective at draining life-force from your ghostly form as they are at drinking the blood of mortals. Roll one die, add 1 and lose this many STAMINA points. If this has taken your STAMINA score to zero, or below, write the number 15 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you are still 'alive', you are not out of danger yet as the bat-beast has caught up with you too (turn to **361**).

36

Peering into the culvert you are hit by the appalling stench of the sewer. But, reasoning that nothing unpleasant is likely to stick to your incorporeal form, you press on into the drain regardless. The blue-white glow of your own phosphorescent body lights the way and you soon find yourself climbing what are effectively a set of steps as the channel rises before you into the Outer Ward.

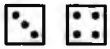

A sudden shrill squeaking drowns out the trickling water of the castle drain and you freeze. Further up the steeply rising tunnel you can see that something has fallen into the sewer and drowned – it looks like a dog. But is that really what happened, you wonder, feeling increasingly ill at ease. For there, blocking the tunnel ahead of you are three rat-like forms that were previously feeding on the carcass. They are huge, with over-large chisel-like incisors, but that's not the worst thing about them. The worst thing is that there is not a scrap of flesh on them. Squeaking hungrily, the undead rats attack. In the confines of the culvert, fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SKELETAL RAT	5	4
Second SKELETAL RAT	4	4
Third SKELETAL RAT	5	5

If you manage to do away with all of the undead vermin, turn to **414**. However, if they manage to do away with you, write the number 414 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

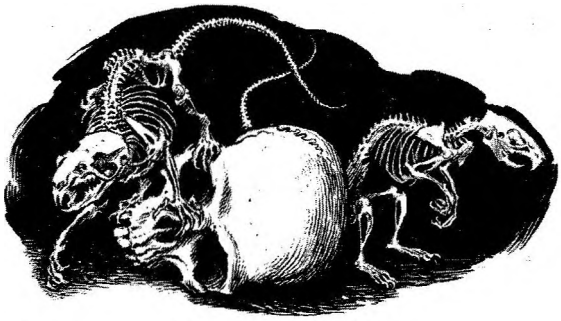

37

As you approach her place at the high table you realise that Oriana is quietly sobbing into her handkerchief. She would obviously rather not be here. Turn to 227.

38

Your unearthly interrogator is not done with you yet; it has one more question to ask.

'Many have claimed this Keep before,
But who now is lord of Valsinore?'

If you think you know the answer, again, turn the name of that person into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26. Add the numbers together, double the total and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not know the answer, or if the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, turn to 372.

39

'Captain Cador,' you say, your ethereal voice echoing weirdly from the walls of his chamber, 'I am not here to harm you, I want only your help.'

'You wear the face of someone I once knew,' he says, his eyes narrowing in suspicion, 'but I know for a fact that that brave knight is dead.' How does he know that, you wonder?

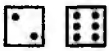

'It's me,' you say, desperate to convince Cador that it really is you, last of the lords of Valsinore, but he isn't going to be swayed so easily.

'How do I know you're not some hellish doppelganger sent here by the forces of darkness to trick me? If you're really who you say you are,' he declares, the light of righteousness blazing in his eyes, 'tell me, what is the name of your own faithful hunting hound?'

If you know the answer to Cador's question, turn it into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26. Add the numbers together and turn to this paragraph. If you do not know the answer, or the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, turn to 380.

40

The stairway leads you at last to a high-ceilinged chamber filled with all manner of detritus, from broken furniture to torn tapestries and the bones of long-dead warriors that have become fused into the icy stalagmites that cover the stone-flagged floor of the chamber, making you wonder who claimed dominion here before the arrival of the Winter King in the dim and distant past. But there is no question as to what makes its home here now. Bellowing like a bull, three-metres tall and supported on huge muscular goat-legs, is a savage beast of a demon. The monster's mouth is full to bursting with discoloured, yellow teeth and four cruelly-spiked horns protrude from its bestial skull. Cracking the hellish whip it carries in

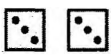

one hand and shaking the huge demonic axe it holds in the other, the Hellhorn Champion attacks.

HELLHORN CHAMPION SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

You will soon discover that the Hellhorn's weapons are as potent against undead spirits as they are against mortal flesh. If the Hellhorn slays you, write the number 18 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. However, if you defeat the demonic champion, you leave the ruined feast hall via yet another ascending staircase (turn to 18).

41

'I don't know about ghosts of your ancestors,' Yorrick starts, 'but I have seen the ghost of your father hereabouts. Up on the battlements it was, at the top of the Blasted Tower. Wouldn't shut up either; something about a dire warning he needed to pass on from beyond the grave.' Now turn to **12**.

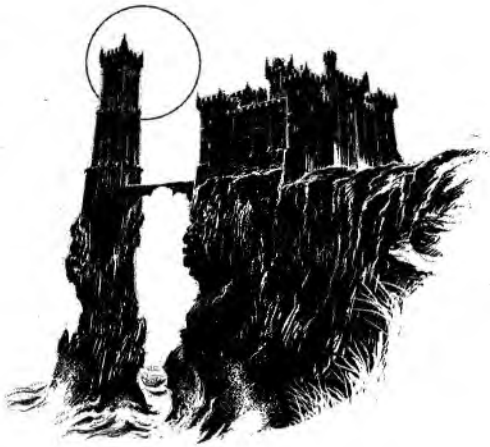

42

'Oh thank you, stranger, thank you,' the ghost of the young woman says in obvious relief.

'But tell me, what manner of creature is it that has you in its thrall?' you ask the restless dead of the graveyard.

The notary looks like he is about to answer when a tremor passes through the graves at your feet. What was that?

'It comes!' the young woman gasps, a terrified look in her eyes.

Abruptly all of the ghosts vanish, as if they have been sucked back into the ground. And then the tremor comes again as the ground in which the dead of Sleath lie rises up before you as a colossal mound of mouldering earth, studded with splintered coffin lids and the remains of those buried within.

This mound of grave dirt shudders once more and takes a lumbering step towards you as arms and legs take shape from within the crumbling conglomeration that now stands before you. The looming humanoid figure exudes a palpable aura of death as it stalks towards you with bone-crunching steps, lumpen arms outstretched, while ghost voices cry from somewhere within it, 'Help us! Free us! Save us!' You have no choice but to draw your ghostly sword once more and engage the Grave Golem in battle.

GRAVE GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

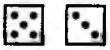

43

If the Grave Golem wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to **155** at once. If the Grave Golem defeats you, write the number 61 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you manage to destroy the grave-dirt monster, turn to **300**.

43

Seeing your old friend again fills you with a renewed sense of hope. And now that the two of you have been reunited, there's no way that Korzen is going to allow himself to be left behind again. Your search of the kennels having turned up nothing else, as you head out into the courtyard of the Outer Ward again, the wolfhound follows you, trotting along at your side.

From now on Korzen will accompany you as you explore Valsinore. This means that whenever you are involved in a battle with a corporeal creature (including demons, undead that have a physical form, such as zombies, and magical constructs, as well as other people and animals) Korzen will harry your opponents, which has the effect of reducing their Attack Strength by 1 point. However, he can do nothing to help you against other incorporeal creatures such as other ghosts; these you will have to face alone. (Regain up to 2 LUCK points, add 1 to your WILL score and record the phrase *Best Friend* on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Now turn to **434**.

44

'Why not?' the monstrous apparition laughs. 'You amuse me, mortal. But remember, I'll be seeing you again.' The Watcher raises its scythe and then brings it down in a reaping motion. Turn to 73.

45

As the three murderers flee in fear, you turn on the individual who actually dealt the killing blow against you. If you want to strike the acolyte down immediately, without showing him any mercy after what he did to you, turn to 114. If you want to demand some answers from him in an attempt to discover who it was that ordered your death turn to 84.

46

You will not go willingly into the dark; you have yet to avenge your untimely death! You feel the pull of the Dead Winds lessen and then a sensation as of rising from the depths of some fathomless ocean overwhelms you and you are floating upwards towards a brightening light high above you. The light is blinding, forcing you to close your eyes.

The sensation of upward motion ceases and you open your eyes to find that you are back in the real world. You have been given another chance and, more than that, you have been revitalised. Restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* levels and add 1 to your WILL score. Now turn to the paragraph with the number you wrote down before you found yourself at the very threshold of the afterlife.

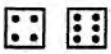

47

'Time,' you state in as clear a voice as you can manage. There is an audible click, the magically-locked door swings open and you enter the lavish tomb of Aramanthus the White who was court wizard during your father's time. A likeness of the dead wizard lies upon the lid of the black granite sarcophagus that dominates his burial chamber, while various items of magical paraphernalia fill the vault around it. As you are taking in all of the crystal balls, glass alembics and a veritable library's worth of books and scrolls, the ghost of Aramanthus materialises before you.

'Ahh!' the ghost exclaims, a broad smile breaking his wizened features. 'Company at last! Albeit if of the recently deceased variety, but company nonetheless,' the wizard goes on excitedly. 'After all, homunculi are not known for their conversational skills, no offence intended, Fizzgig.'

At this last comment a grotesque, bulbous-bellied, winged imp tumbles out from between a collection of glass instruments sending a number of them crashing to the stone-flagged floor. The creature half-falls and half-flies from its perch, executing an unintentional somersault in mid-air before alighting on top of the wizard's tomb, and then, scowling at the ghost, embarks upon a furious bout of squeaking. The spectral wizard raises a despairing eyebrow, as much as to say, 'See what I mean?'

'But I sincerely doubt you came all this way from the

Other Side to discuss the various merits or otherwise of artificially created life-forms, did you? So, why don't you enlighten me as to the reason for your presence here?'

Sensing that the wizard is a goodly soul who genuinely wants to help, you tell Aramanthus everything that has befallen you since the daylight died, and you with it. But fearing that the longer you linger here, the sooner you might be discovered by those that mean you harm, will you ask the wizard:

About the ghosts of Valsinore Castle? Turn to 390
About the evil that has taken root within its walls? Turn to 420
How to make the most of your ghostly abilities? Turn to 350

48

The door to the vestry suddenly opens and Father Umberto emerges again. His head is shaved and he is wearing a gleaming golden breastplate, while in his hand he hefts a heavy-headed warhammer.

'My lady!' he shouts aghast and then, before you can move to stop him, he makes a holy sign before pronouncing your fate. 'In the name of Telak the Swordbearer, I return thee to the hellish nether regions that spawned thee!'

There is a sudden blaze of light and you feel as if your ethereal form is being consumed by holy fire that

burns with all the fury of a funeral pyre. Write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet*, lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **100**.

49

Remaining exactly where you are, you take your phantasmal blade in hand and wait for the riders to reach you. The ghostly hounds, steeds and their riders descend through the skeletal branches of the trees and alight on the forest floor, barely disturbing the dead leaves that smother the ground at your feet.

'You are bold, spirit, but foolish,' the leader of the hunt tells you, as he reins his horse in before you. 'Do you not know who I am?' He is dressed in the garb of a nobleman and a ghostly, but nonetheless lethal-looking crossbow hangs from his saddle.

Another legend of these parts speaks of a ghostly hunt led by the spectre of one Baron Blood who, when the moon shines bright, seeks out lost souls trapped on the Earthly Plane, to carry them back to the Realm of the Damned. You have heard superstitious peasant folk speak of Baron Blood many times, but you had never thought to meet him face to face.

'You are Baron Blood,' you tell him, 'Lord of the Wild Hunt.'

'Then you know why I am here.'

'I do indeed, but this is one lost soul you won't be carrying away to the Realm of the Damned.'

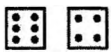

'A challenge!' the huntsman says, delighted.

'A challenge,' you reply, never once taking your eyes from the ghost.

'Very well, what's it to be?' Baron Blood asks. 'Will you face me in single combat or would you prefer to try your luck against my hounds?'

If you choose to face the Baron in single combat, turn to 79. If you would rather pit yourself against the spectral hounds of his Wild Hunt, turn to 220.

50

If you successfully recovered the Spirit Stone from its resting place you will know how many faces it has. Add 100 to the number of faces and turn to this paragraph. If you do not know how many faces it has, lose 1 LUCK point. There is no time to try anything else now; there is only just time to defend yourself from the scything blade of the Shadow King. Choose the weapon that you want to use to battle this Death Lord carefully and then turn to 249.

51

'Weapons a ghost could wield,' Bertild ponders and then a twinkle enters her one good eye. 'Legend has it that hidden somewhere within Valsinore Castle is the Amethyst Blade, a magical blade with sinister life-draining powers, but from its description it could be a weapon of Evil as much as one employed by the forces of Good. And I don't know if you could wield

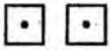

it in your present state.' The blacksmith suddenly looks glum again. 'There was one thing that might have helped but it was taken.'

'What was it?' you ask.

'I fashioned the most wonderful suit of automaton armour, a device of great artifice that would not only protect its wearer to the utmost degree but could actually fight for them. It took me the best part of a year to construct. I had almost perfected it when those dread knights of Unthank's broke in and stole it away from me.'

'Do you know where it is now?'

'I believe it was taken to the lock-up in the Barbican. The knights guard it night and day and no one's allowed in or out of there now.' Now turn to **140**.

52

As you pass by the gibbet tree, you suddenly hear a hysterical cackle of laughter and turn to see the woman gliding towards you over the moors, hands outstretched. Her skin is coloured the horrible grey-green of decomposition and half her face is missing, as if something has eaten it away. There are tresses of bladderwrack and kelp knotted in her wet hair and her talon-like fingernails are thick with dark sand. As there is no escaping the ghost of the drowned woman, you prepare to defend yourself.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you unsheathe your sword in time (turn to **32**). If you are Unlucky, you are still pulling your weapon free of its spectral scabbard as the ghost attacks. Turn to **32** to fight her anyway, but you must automatically lose the first Attack Round.

53

Stepping past the massive beast, you stand at last before the mirrored shield. If you still have a physical form you can take it with you. (Add the Soul Shield to you *Adventure Sheet* and add 1 to your SKILL score, even if this takes it above its *Initial* level.) If you are in your ethereal form, there's nothing you can do other than exit the chamber again. Whether you take the shield or not, you ultimately leave the Moon Dog's cell (turn to **182**).

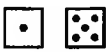

54

Speaking in a dark tongue that you do not understand, Mother Toadsfoot crafts her spell. You immediately feel power flowing through your body, even though you have no body to speak of. Restore your SKILL and STAMINA scores to their *Initial* levels and add 1 to your WILL score. Make a note of the number of this paragraph on your *Adventure Sheet* and then roll one die. On a roll of 1–3, turn to **230**; on a roll of 4–6, turn to **263**.

'Now we come to the question of payment,' the crone says, smiling horribly, her crooked teeth looking like a row of broken tombstones. 'You must slay that which is most dear to you, next time you meet, be it man or lowly beast, or suffer the consequences.'

'Curse you, witch!' you gasp in appalled shock. 'What have you done?'

'Another's life-force for yours. Fair's fair! It has to come from somewhere. Nature will see that the debt is paid, one way or another.'

You get the feeling that the witch has cursed you rather than helped you. (Add the phrase *Fool's Bargain* to your *Adventure Sheet* and lose 2 LUCK points.) If you want to attack the old crone in your fury, turn to **356**. If you would rather get away from this place as quickly as you can, before any greater ill can befall you, turn to **9**.

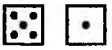

55

Darting from left to right, backwards and forwards to confuse the magical construct, you gradually lure the gatehouse's guardian away from the archway. It is then that you make your move. *Test your Skill.* If you succeed, turn to **337**. If you fail, turn to **240**.

56*

A little further along the passageway you come to another door, this time on your left. However, this one is made from the same black wood as the Spirit Door that first prevented you from entering the Keep and has the same arcane symbols etched into it in silver. Unless you still have a physical form, and know what to do, you will not be able to pass beyond this door. When you are ready to proceed along the passageway, turn to **436**.

57

'I believe so,' Cador replies, 'although it has been some weeks since I saw her last myself. She never leaves her apartments in the Inner Ward, or so I hear. Spends all her time in her solar or at the castle chapel. If your plan is to free her from her captivity there is something I must tell you.' Turn to **269**.

58

You re-appear on the Earthly Plane in the middle of the Inner Ward, bathed in cold, silver moonlight, looking up at the dominating shadowy presence of the Keep. Never before has it appeared so unwelcoming, so unlike home. You understand now that this is where the source of the evil power within Valsinore Castle lies. And if you are to vanquish it, that is where you need to go now.

But you also heard Chamberlain Unthank mention two other places that, from the way he was talking about them, may well hold the key to defeating that same power. If you want to try travelling to one of these places, turn to **188**. If you would rather not waste the hours left between now and dawn and want to approach the Keep, turn to **117**.

59

As the last of the knights falls to the floor, a noxious black gas rising from the pile of armour and black cloth that is all that is left of its physical form, you cross the chamber to another archway that leads to another spiral staircase. However this one both

ascends and descends through the tower. If you want to go up it, turn to **166**. If you want to go down it, turn to **115**. If you would rather return to the ground floor and the portcullis gate, turn to **20**.

60

You approach the portcullis with trepidation. If you have the codeword *Gateway* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **5**. If not, how do you plan on getting past the portcullis? Choosing something you haven't tried already, will you:

Use the *Poltergeist* special ability (if you have it)?	Turn to **291**
Use the *Apparition* special ability (if you have it)?	Turn to **5**
Climb the staircase beyond the left archway?	Turn to **271**
Climb the staircase through the right archway?	Turn to **85**
Find another way into the Inner Ward?	Turn to **393**

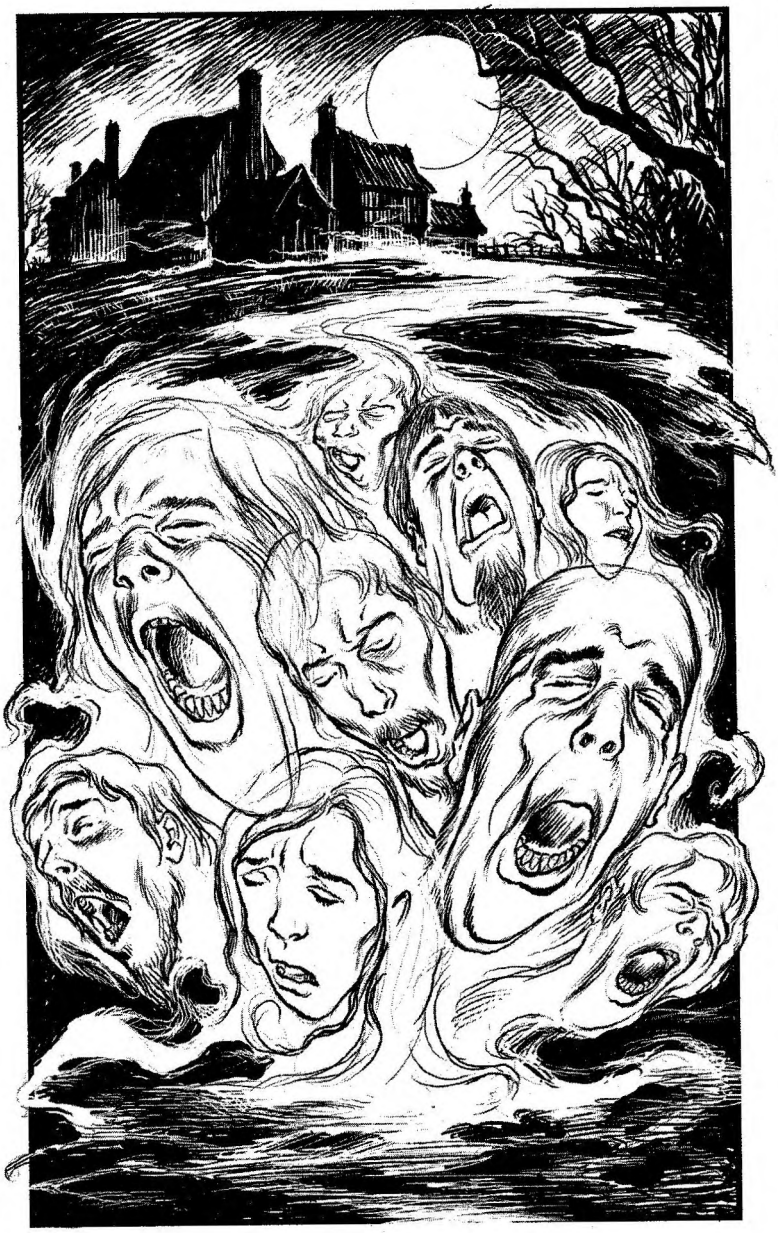

61

Night lies over the sleeping village like a bejewelled cape, the wind chasing black clouds across the sky, like a wolf after a shepherd's flock. Ahead of you lie the stone-built buildings and thatched cottages of Sleath. There are few lights visible in the windows of the village although you see plenty within the windows of Castle Valsinore. Most of the villagers, who predominantly work on the land, have already retired for the night.

The tolling of the temple bell rings through the cold night air, the sound deadened by the capricious whipping wind. And then the soughing of the wind becomes what can only be a moaning voice. The voice is joined by others, all wailing in torment, and they are getting closer. You can see a phosphorescent mist moving towards you like a sentient cloud over the fields that lie between you and the village. This is no natural mist. As you watch, anguished faces, their eyes closed, surface from within it.

The troubled dreams of the villagers have manifested as this nightmarish monster of the Spirit World. There is nothing you can do as the unearthly fog slithers towards you over the wind-ruffled grass. And then it is all around you, enveloping you, smothering you, threatening to overwhelm you with its insanity as the nightmares of the populace of Sleath become manifest reality to your own tortured mind.

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to 17; if it is greater, turn to 105.

62

You come at last to yet another chamber, high up within Frostfinger. Two more spiral staircases lead onwards but the archway leading to the one to the left is blocked by a solid sheet of ice. The only way that you are going to be able to get beyond this icy gate is if you have the *Apparition* special ability. If you do, and you want to follow the staircase to the left, turn to **18**. If not, or you want to take the right-hand staircase anyway, turn to **40**.

63

'There are plenty, let me tell you,' Yorrick says, a look of resignation on his face. 'I've seen ghosts flying around the battlements the last three nights in a row, and some of the serving maids claim to have heard a spider the size of a horse scuttling about on the roof of their sleeping quarters. But that's nothing compared to what's happening down in the catacombs. Other spirits have told me that the Wraith Queen is holding court down there, protected by her zombie generals. Of course, I wouldn't want to go down there and check myself – know what I mean?' Now turn to **12**.

64

'Who did this?' you shout. Your voice does not sound quite like your own; it has gained an echoing, ethereal quality. 'Who commanded that I be struck down on the highway, when I was so close to the end of my epic journey?'

The skull-masked acolyte does not answer you but continues to wave his hand over his crystal ball and then utters the words, 'Begone, spirit! In the name of the Finisher, I banish you from this place to dwell in the Realm of the Damned forevermore!'

It suddenly feels as if a powerful gale is blowing over the moors although you can see no sign of it rippling the grass or tugging at the robes of the Death Acolyte. And then it feels as though you are in danger of being carried away, sucked up by this whirling ethereal maelstrom, and you can hear screaming ghostly voices on the wind.

Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **114**. If the total is greater than your WILL score, turn to **136**.

65

And in the blink of an eye, you become invisible to human sight. As you slip between the jugglers and fire-eaters, Chamberlain Unthank suddenly gets to his feet and, having banged on the floor with the metal-sheathed tip of his staff and achieved silence, he raises his goblet and announces, 'To absent friends!' No one responds to his hail.

Unseen as you are you could approach anyone you wanted to and eavesdrop on their conversations or observe them to work out what is going on here. Will you:

Approach your sister?	Turn to **37**
Approach Chamberlain Unthank?	Turn to **16**
Approach Blondel the Bard?	Turn to **130**
Move among the acrobats and mummers?	Turn to **227**

66

As you enter the kennels you hear the dogs chained up within whining in fear. Wolfhounds and lean hunting dogs cower before your ghostly presence or start barking ferociously, but you know that none of them can hurt you. However, their barking may well alert others within the castle to your presence. (Add the codeword *Barking* to your *Adventure Sheet*.)

But one of those animals present does not tremble and whine in your presence but instead runs up to you, barking in delight and wagging its tail. It is your own hunting hound, Korzen, your faithful companion who you have not seen for three years, since you left him behind to keep your sister Oriana and the castle safe from harm.

If you have the phrase *Fool's Bargain* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **23**; if not, turn to **43**.

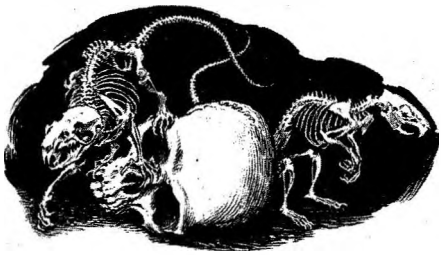

67

The cottage door is suddenly flung open by a scrawny old woman wearing a plain black robe and with a shock of wild white hair streaming out from around her head.

'Who's that? Who's there?' she demands, peering into the night through eyes clouded with cataracts. 'Come on, speak up, I knows yer there. I can smell yer!' She is totally blind.

The expression on her face suddenly becomes one of startled fear and she raises her bony hands ready to defend herself. 'You're one of them, aintcha!' she snaps. 'So your master's sent you to do away with me at last, has he? Well, we'll see about that!'

The old crone weaves her hands through the air in front of her as if preparing to cast a spell. If you want to draw your phantasmal sword ready to defend yourself, turn to 356. If you would rather speak up and tell the wise-woman you mean her no harm, turn to 399.

68

As soon as the metal-eating fungal spores touch the rusted, bloodstained ironwork of the Demon Gate they set to work. The Demon Gate crumbles into nothing but a rust-red powder with a fading cry of, 'Flessshhh!' leaving you free to continue on your way. Cross the Ironbane off your *Adventure Sheet*, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to 243.

69

A bony tail suddenly comes out you out of nowhere and whips you off your feet. (If you still have a physical body lose 2 STAMINA points.) You now have no choice but to fight whatever it is that is coming into being here. Turn to **110**.

70

Then the voice comes again.

'No breastplate, shield, or armoured helm,
Can 'gainst my blade defend.
Prince and pauper, knight and maid,
All face me in the end.
No weapon forged, can strike me down,
No arrow, sword or lance.
King and servant, rich and poor,
Shall join me in my dance.
Who am I?'

If you think you know the answer to this riddle, turn it into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26. Add the numbers together and turn to this paragraph. If you do not know the answer, or if the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, then turn to **372**.

71

Bravely you throw yourself at the Golem and land a resounding blow against it. But to your horror your ethereal blade does not even leave a mark on its iron carapace. The magic powering the arcane automaton

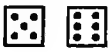

is resistant to your own paranormal powers. The Hellfire Golem retaliates with all its might. Unfortunately the magical construct is perfectly capable of harming you. Roll one die, divide the number by 2 and (rounding fractions up) deduct this number many STAMINA points. If this has taken your STAMINA score to zero, or below, write the number 278 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If not, turn to **278**.

72

The small room you enter appears to have once been a prison cell, and you wonder why it wasn't locked. But then its occupant isn't going to be going anywhere in a hurry; hanging from the wall opposite by lengths of rusted chains is the skeleton of a man. You quickly examine the skeleton but it shows no signs of springing to life and certainly has nothing of value to you. It is as you are turning to leave that you become aware of the hollow knocking of bone on wood and stone. And then you see them. They look like spiders, large spiders, but rather than having soft hairy bodies they are clad in bony armour, like crabs. Three of these bizarre undead arachnids have squeezed through a hole in the roof of the cell and are now scuttling over the door, preventing you from getting out again. If you want to leave this cell you are going to have to fight them altogether.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BONE SPIDER	7	6
Second BONE SPIDER	6	6
Third BONE SPIDER	6	5

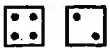

If you manage to defeat all of your adversaries you will be able to leave the cell and continue on your way (turn to **255**). If your spirit-form should 'die' during your struggle against the Bone Spiders, write the number 255 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

73

There is a flash of blinding black light and then the rushing roar of the wind in your ears again. You feel as if you are being sucked violently backwards, away from the purgatory in which you have been languishing, back to the mortal realm.

Suddenly all is still and quiet once more. You look around you in stunned disbelief. You are indeed back in the land of the living, even though you are still in spectral form – but at least you're back. You have been given another chance and, more than that, you feel re-energised. Return your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* levels, and add 1 to your WILL score. Also add the codeword *Judgement* to your *Adventure Sheet*.

Now turn to the paragraph with the number you wrote down before being banished to the borders of the Lands of the Dead.

74

If you are going to catch up with Chamberlain Unthank and your sister, you are going to have to get through his dread knight bodyguards first. Fight them together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DREAD KNIGHT	9	8
Second DREAD KNIGHT	8	8

The knights are armed with swords imbued with necromantic power. If one of the knights wounds you, roll one die; on a roll of 5–6 the cursed blade will cause you 3 STAMINA points damage, instead of the usual 2. If the Dread Knights put an end to you, write the number 394 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you manage to defeat them both, turn to **394**.

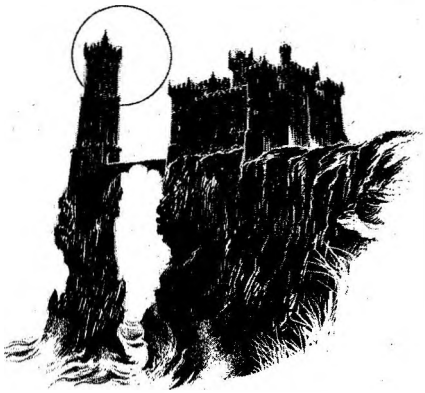

75

Gazing up at the peg-toothed silhouette of the battlements high above you, you picture yourself breaking free of the pull of gravity and letting the rising wind carry you over them. If you have the *Spirit* special ability, turn to **94**. If not, roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL, *Test your Luck*; if you are Lucky, write the number 94 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **293**. If you fail either roll, you are unable to defy gravity, even in your

wraith-like form, and so must resort to finding another way into the castle. Will you try gaining entry through the sewer outlet (turn to **36**) or would you rather approach the guards at the gate (turn to **242**)?

76

The witch sits down on one side of the table and invites you to take a seat opposite her. She then begins her conjuration, her eyes rolling up into her head as she calls her familiar spirit by name. 'Come, Pyewackit, come to mother.'

The temperature in the hovel suddenly drops, frost forming on the inside of the windows. As you watch aghast, something manifests in the air between you and the witch. It has a body like that of a monkey, only it is covered in the iridescent blue and green plumage of a parrot, it has the backward-jointed legs of a cockerel and the face of a demon. It hovers before you, a cruel sneer splitting its ugly visage.

'Pyewackit, answer me this, who is responsible for this one's murder?'

Her familiar spirit writhes as if in pain, mewling like a child.

'Why do you not answer me?' Mother Toadsfoot pushes.

'Another would command me,' Pyewackit snarls from between gritted teeth.

'Tell me!' the witch shrieks. 'Answer your mother!'

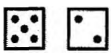

The demon utters something intelligible in some netherworld tongue, unable to resist its mistress any longer.

'Do not try to trick me, demon,' the witch roars at her familiar.

'Ask me no more!' the imp squeals, its unnatural form contorted in pain, its face a picture of agony. 'The Lord of Shadows comes.'

Before your very eyes, the demon's feathers darken to the colour of blood and its skin blackens.

'Command me no more!' it growls in a much deeper voice, suddenly lashing out at the witch with claws as sharp as blades.

Giving a weak cry of pain herself, the old woman slumps face first onto the table, blood pouring from a savage wound in her neck. Her familiar spirit then turns to you and snarls, 'Now you shall die a second death!'

Hastily unsheathing your phantasmal blade you prepare to defend yourself against the familiar's demonic talons.

PYEWACKIT	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If Mother Toadsfoot's familiar does indeed grant you a second death, write the number 9 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you defeat the unbound demon, turn to **9**.

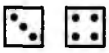

77

Shutting the door again, you continue on your way. You might have been able to help the wretched Iago; leaving him to his fate was a callous act. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **416**.

78

The Dead Winds pull you over the bleak and rugged terrain towards the edge of a mighty gulf that bisects the scarred landscape. In the distance, in the shadow of the rumbling storm clouds you can see an arched gate, made from monolithic blocks of obsidian. An avenue of standing stones forms a processional path that ultimately leads to the gate. You can feel yourself being inexorably drawn towards it, but you cannot shake the feeling that if you pass beyond that stone arch then there will be no going back. You begin to rail against your fate; you have unfinished business in the mortal realm. You will not go willingly into the Lands of the Dead knowing that your murderer has yet to be brought to justice in the world above. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, add the codeword *Devourer* to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **46**. If it is greater, turn to **327**.

79

Baron Blood jumps down from the back of his horse, leaving his steed pawing at the ground impatiently. 'To the death!' he cries as he draws his own spectral blade and the two of you join in combat.

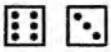

BARON BLOOD SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

You will soon discover that the Baron's own ethereal blade can harm you just as readily as your ghostly blade cuts down your enemies. If the Lord of the Wild Hunt kills you, write the number 290 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If it is you who wins the duel, turn to **129**.

80

Against all the odds, you have managed to break through the holy wards Father Umberto had blessed himself with as protection from the machinations of undead spirits, and taken control of his body. (Add the codeword *Host* to your *Adventure Sheet*.)

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score, for use later, on your *Adventure Sheet*. While you are wearing Father Umberto's physical form, you must use his stats which are as follows: SKILL 10, STAMINA 19.

If you are injured in battle you may eat provisions to recover STAMINA points. One meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points. Incredibly you manage to find food enough for 2 meals. Father Umberto looks very different to how he did when you first encountered him. He is now wearing a gleaming golden breastplate, while in his hand he hefts a heavy-headed warhammer. If you make a successful strike against an opponent with the warhammer roll one die; on a roll of 3–6 you cause 3 STAMINA points of damage, rather

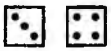

than the usual 2. (Make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*.)

You also now know what Father Umberto knows, and that includes a potent prayer-spell to banish undead spirits. (Also add the *Banish Spirit* special ability to your *Adventure Sheet*.)

If the warrior priest's STAMINA score is ever reduced to 2 STAMINA points or fewer, he will be knocked senseless and you will be forced to leave his inert body. Fortunately, you can keep on fighting in your ghost-form, using the stats that you have written down here. Now turn to **429**.

81

Catching sight of you, a serving wench lets out an ear-splitting scream, and then everybody is looking your way. As terrified people flee before you, two men at a corner booth leap to their feet, grim expressions of pleasure on their faces. The first is dressed completely in black, with a broad-brimmed hat on his head, and a velvet cape around his shoulders. He is also festooned with all manner of charms and is holding a finely-wrought, basket-hilted silvered rapier in one black-gloved hand. His companion looks like nothing less than a thug. The rogue's nose has obviously been broken on more than one occasion, the tattoo of a spider's web covers one side of his shaven head – although he still sports a bushy beard – and a contraption that looks like a silver bear trap hangs from his waist by a chain.

'Do not fear, good people of Sleath,' the black-clad man addresses the tavern's clientele. 'I'll rid you of your plague of ghosts starting with this one, or my name's not Josef Van Richten, ghost hunter extraordinaire!' He advances towards you, adopting a fencer's stance, and shouts, 'Streng, with me. Now have at you, foul fiend!' You have no choice but to draw your own phantasmal blade to defend yourself.

	SKILL	STAMINA
JOSEF VAN RICHTEN	10	9
STRENG	8	8

The Ghost Hunter and his henchman attack you both together, using silver weapons designed to harm undead creatures, such as you. If both Van Richten and Streng wound you in two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to **208**. If you should die for a second time in this battle, write the number 259 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn **100**. However, if you manage to defeat both your opponents, turn to **248**.

82

You climb higher and higher. You have no idea how much time has passed, but it must be half an hour at least. Just when you are wondering if this staircase will ever end, you emerge into another frozen chamber to be greeted by a long, low hiss. It is bitterly cold. Standing before you, at the heart of its lair, surrounded by the frozen bones of its previous victims, is a grotesque creature. It has a bloated green stomach, like that of some monstrous toad, and a hideously

misshapen head supported atop a blubbery neck. Its circular, extended mouth is full of needle-sharp teeth and surrounded by fat purple lips. But it is its extended, sickle-like claws that give this monster its name. There is something otherworldly about this particular Coldclaw that gives you the impression that you are as much in danger as any living creature would be. In fact the chill malice being exuded by this creature starts to affect you, even though you are a ghost. Roll two dice and if the total is greater than your WILL score you must reduce your Attack Strength in the battle to come by 1. Now fight!

COLDCLAW	SKILL 10	STAMINA 11

If the Coldclaw is the end of you, write the number 40 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you win, you cross the hellishly cold chamber and stop before a pair of icy stone staircases that both lead further up into the tower. Will you take the stairway to the left (turn to 40) or the one to the right (turn to **62**)?

83

'First it was the Keep,' Cador explains. 'No one was allowed in there, apart from him. Word was that he was spending all his time in the castle archives, looking for something, but I don't know what. We wouldn't see him for days at a time but other than that life at the castle continued pretty much as it always had. But then the rumours started circulating that he was making something in there – a machine of some sort – but again nobody knew quite what exactly.

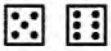

84

'Then, like I said, just over a year ago, one night, in the middle of a terrible storm, thirteen knights turned up at the gates, seeking shelter. Unthank invited them in and they never left. We were banished from the Inner Ward and the knights were set to guard the Barbican. And they've got something in there under lock and key, something that Unthank doesn't want anybody else getting their hands on.

'What I do know is that events have been building up to something, something big, and whatever it is, it's going to happen this very night. I'm sure of it. As a result, there is something else I must pass on.' Turn to 269.

84

'Who commanded that I be struck down on the highway, so close to home?' you demand, your voice sounding not quite like your own, having gained an echoing, ethereal quality. 'Who was it that ordered my murder?'

The skull-masked acolyte does not answer you but continues to wave his hand over his crystal ball and then utters the words, 'Begone, spirit! In the name of the Finisher, I banish you from this place to dwell in the Realm of the Damned forevermore!'

It suddenly feels as if a powerful gale is blowing over the moors although you can see no sign of it rippling the grass or tugging at the robes of the Death Acolyte.

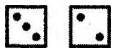

And then it feels as though you are in danger of being carried away, sucked up by this whirling ethereal maelstrom, and you can hear screaming ghostly voices on the wind.

Roll two dice and then subtract 3 from the total. If the total is now less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **114**; if it is greater than your WILL score, turn to **136**.

85

Ascending the spiral staircase you enter the Barbican's guardroom located on the first floor. And there are three guards waiting for you within – three more of the dread knights you met guarding the portcullis. Silently, the undead warriors unsheathe their accursed weapons and surround you, blocking off an easy means of escape. In the confines of the guardroom fight these Dread Knights two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DREAD KNIGHT	8	8
Second DREAD KNIGHT	8	9
Third DREAD KNIGHT	9	8

If a knight wounds you, roll one die; on a roll of 5–6 the knight's cursed blade will cause you 3 STAMINA points of damage. If your battle with the knights ends badly for you, write the number 20 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to **100**. If you manage to defeat them all, turn to **59**.

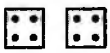

86

You enter what would appear to be an alchemist's chamber. Benches and tables are covered with all manner of glass alembics, crucibles, jars of powdered compounds and flasks of curiously-coloured liquids. There is even a stuffed crocodile suspended from the ceiling. However, one thing draws your attention more than any other. It is a lavish flask that appears to be made from black glass, either that or its contents are black. It is sealed with a clasp-bound stopper and etched into the glass are the words 'Oil of Midnight'. Nothing else interests you as much as this so if you want to take the flask with you as you leave, record the Oil of Midnight on your *Adventure Sheet*, and then turn to 436.

87

'Well there's Aramanthus, former court wizard, although you'll need to go down into the catacombs to find him. There's a set of steps in the chapel that leads down into the tomb tunnels but rumour has it you can enter them through the castle well too, although I wouldn't know about that myself.' Now turn to 12.

88

And so you find yourself in the dripping castle catacombs. It was within these dank tunnels that Castle Valsinore's first founders were laid to rest when it was their time to go into the ground. The otherworldly glow emanating from your own ethereal

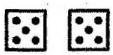

presence illuminating the way onward, you come at last to a crossroads. You can see that the passageway in front of you, and the one to your left, both end at solid looking doors. The tunnel to your right leads further into the dark with no sign of stopping. Which way do you want to go? Will you:

Continue straight on?	Turn to **10**
Head left?	Turn to **235**
Follow the passageway to your right?	Turn to **109**
Leave the catacombs and return to the Inner Ward courtyard?	Turn to **445**

89

'It is you!' Captain Cador exclaims in relief, his tensed body suddenly sagging with relief. 'You came back!'

'Yes,' you reply, 'to avenge my murder.' You fill him in on all that has happened to you since you were cut down on the moors beside the Nine Maidens, concluding by saying, 'And I believe that I shall find the answers I am looking for here within Valsinore.'

Cador in his turn tells you that his guards are no longer permitted to patrol past the Outer Ward, Chamberlain Unthank having apparently invited a mysterious order of knights to take over those duties roughly a year ago. 'So,' he finishes, 'how can I help? What do you want from me?'

'Information,' is your simple reply.

'What do you want to know?'

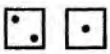

Will you ask Cador whether your sister, the Lady Oriana, is safe (turn to 57), about the changes Chamberlain Unthank has made in your absence (turn to 83), or about where you might find other allies within the castle (turn to 189)?

90

You are able to pass through solid objects, such as walls and doors, as if they weren't there at all. Record the *Apparition* special ability on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were just instructed to write down.

91

Since you have bested his zombie executioner, Unthank has had a change of plan. 'After me!' you hear him shout as he descends from the platform, dragging Oriana after him. 'I've something else in mind for this one,' he tells his knights.

The zombie dead at your feet, you set off after Chamberlain Unthank as he drags Oriana through the archway and onto the bridge heading for the Keep. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to 394. If you are Unlucky, turn to 74.

92

You slip past the woman and gaze up at the skeleton hanging from the gibbet. Thanks to the attentions of wind and rain, carrion birds and rot, the hanged villain's face is now nothing more than the mould-

blackened face of a skull, although it has noticeably elongated canines. A medallion bearing the image of a wolf's head hangs about the corpse's neck on a rusted iron chain, and you notice that the corpse's fingernails have the appearance of animalistic claws. You find yourself wondering what crimes the villain committed to earn a hanging in the first place.

The woman's sudden scream of laughter catches you completely by surprise. You spin round to see her sweeping towards you over the moor, and stare into a partially decomposed horror of a face. A crab crawls through a hole in the woman's drowning-bloated cheek while tangles of seaweed stream out from around her head. When she is within reach she lashes out at you with broken fingernails caked with gritty sand. Turn to **32** as you are forced to fight her, but as you are surprised by the ghost, you must automatically lose the first Attack Round.

93

You can feel the relentless volcano-fury of the Golem coming off it in waves. How are you going to get past such an awesome obstacle as this? Will you:

Attack the Hellfire Golem?	Turn to **71**
Try to dodge past it?	Turn to **55**
Use the *Shade* special ability (if you have it)?	Turn to **33**
Use the *Spirit* special ability (if you have it)?	Turn to **312**

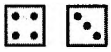

94

And then you are rising high into the sky, soaring over the battlements and enjoying a spectacular bird's-eye view of the castle below. You have never seen Valsinore in this way before. Directly below you lies the Outer Ward, containing stables, kennels, the blacksmith's forge and the guards' barracks. Beyond a second gatehouse lies the more densely defended Inner Ward, containing the kitchens, feast hall, chapel and graveyard, beneath which lie the castle's ancient and extensive catacombs. And then, over the sea-moat, rising from a spur of black rock, is the castle's indomitable Keep. You notice that although you can see lights flickering elsewhere in the castle, the Keep is in total darkness – not something you would have expected to see at all and a sight that fills you with dread.

Now that you are airborne, do you want to continue flying over the castle towards the Keep to investigate further (turn to **125**), or would you prefer to come back down to earth and alight in the Outer Ward below (turn to **414**)?

95

As you enter the castle feast hall you are surprised to be met by the sounds of carousing. A travelling troop of tumblers, acrobats, jugglers, fire-eaters and mummers are doing their best to get those present into the spirit of celebration but it doesn't appear to be working.

The top table groans under the weight of the food arrayed upon it. There is everything from suckling pig, to peacock, to quails and honeyed hams, and all manner of drink to wash everything down with. It is a veritable feast, but despite the great quantities of food on display, nobody seems particularly interested in consuming any of it.

Seated at the table is Chamberlain Unthank, who is watching the players and tumblers with a disdainful look on his face while beside him sits your sister, the Lady Oriana, who is staring unhappily at a plate of untouched sweetmeats. In a nearer corner of the hall Blondel the Bard is coaxing a reluctant melody from the lyre he holds in his lap.

If you want to reveal yourself, in all your ghostly glory, to those present, turn to 348. If you would rather remain unobserved and already have the *Shade* special ability, turn to 65. If you do not have this ability, roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL, *Test your Skill*; if you are pass this test, write the number 65 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 230. If you fail either roll, turn to 348.

96

The horse whinnies and brings its hooves crashing down on the ground just in front of you, the straw of the stall catching fire, burning with ethereal green flame. Once again, you are fighting for the fate of your immortal soul.

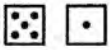

97

PHANTOM STEED SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If the insane animal spirit destroys you, write the number 434 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you destroy the Phantom Steed, a quick search reveals that there is nothing else of use to you here and so you leave the haunted stables. (Recover up to 4 STAMINA points and turn to **434**.)

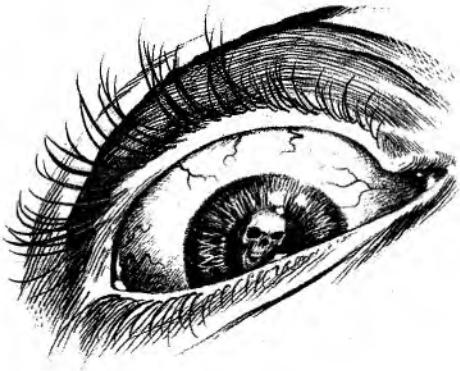

97

You pass straight through the wooden planks forming the door and into the noise and light of the Cockcrow Inn. You suddenly realise that you have entered a tavern full of people by walking right through the door. If you are happy to let the people see you, turn to **81**. If not, and you have the *Shade* special ability, turn to **299**; otherwise, in that instant, you wish that you weren't there. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL, *Test your Skill*; if you are successful, write the number 299 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **230**. If you fail either roll, turn to **81**.

98

'That villain?' the Watcher roars, its scream of rage echoing across the bleak wilderness with all the force of a landslide, causing the distant crags to split asunder and boulders to topple from their jagged peaks. 'He is known to us,' the spectre goes on. 'He has cheated death for too long. His journey to this place is long overdue; his life should have run its course long ago.'

The Watcher reaches inside its cloak once again and this time takes out another life-timer. You see the trickle of sand falling from the top bulb to the bottom is unmoving, as if frozen in time.

'He has signed pacts with darker powers, in his own blood, that he might live beyond a man's natural span of three score years and ten. But the time is coming when he will have to make good on those promises he made so long ago. Take this,' the Watcher says, handing you the black hourglass.

You automatically reach out a hand and take it – and to your amazement find that you can handle the object. (Add the Black Hourglass to your *Adventure Sheet*.)

'You will know when the time is right to use it,' the Watcher tells you. 'And remember, a fool is just a fool but a man's best friend can be his greatest ally.'

Now turn to 73.

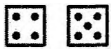

99

Sleath is quiet, but there is one place that shows little sign of anyone going to bed just yet, and that's the Cockcrow Inn that stands on the northern edge of the village square. A warm orange glow exudes from its windows while sounds of carousing can be heard coming from within.

On the southern edge of the square stands the neglected shrine that was built up around the tomb of an ancient champion of Good, sadly now long forgotten. On the eastern side, where the dwellings are few and far between, a gaudy tent has been pitched on a patch of scrubby grass. The midnight-blue canvas has been embroidered with silver sequin stars, crescent moons and other more exotic astrological sigils. A banner hung outside reads, 'Madame Zelda – Mistress of Mystery'.

There is one other place in particular that draws your attention and that is the Burgomaster's grand house on the western side of the square. You cannot see any lights in any of its windows but you can feel the lure

of the place deep down in your bones – at least you would if you had any! Perhaps Burgomaster Jurgen could help you make some progress in your search for answers.

What do you want to do now? Will you:

Visit the Cockcrow Inn?	Turn to 118
Explore the shrine?	Turn to 229
Investigate the tent of Madame Zelda, Mistress of Mystery?	Turn to 368
Approach the Burgomaster's house?	Turn to 437
Leave the village?	Turn to 6

100

And then you are no longer upon the Earthly Plane and the Dead Winds are carrying you over to the Other Side of the veil that exists between the world of the dead and the world of the living ...

Before you lies a barren expanse of grey rock and sand. Above, the sky is as grey as the ground, and full of dark storm clouds in turmoil. Thunder rumbles over distant mountains that rise to jagged black peaks that seem to claw at the storm-wracked sky.

If you have the codeword *Endgame* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 400. If you have the codeword *Judgement* on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 279. If you have the codeword *Watcher*, turn to 286. If you have the codeword *Devourer*, turn to 327. If you none of these codewords recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 78.

101

The front door is in sight when suddenly three apparitions manifest in front of you. The first is a woman dressed entirely in grey, the second a nobleman wearing clothes that are no longer in fashion and carrying his head under one arm, the ghostly impression of a finely-balanced rapier in his hand, and the third a bodiless, floating skull.

'What do you think you're doing here?' the grey lady shrieks.

'This house is already haunted!' the decapitated noble informs you.

And then the building's resident spooks are hurtling towards you. The skull's jaw drops open and a blood-curdling scream rends the air around you. You have no choice but to fight the three, furious ghosts.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GREY LADY	6	6
HEADLESS NOBLE	8	8
SCREAMING SKULL	7	4

Fight the ghosts all at the same time. For as long as the Screaming Skull is still bound to the mortal realm, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point as it keeps up its spine-chilling wail. If any of the ghosts should kill you, write the number 259 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. As soon as you manage to banish two of the spirits back to the Netherworld, regain STAMINA points up to half the STAMINA total of the ghosts you defeated and turn to **406**.

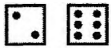

102

'Fool!' the apparition roars in a voice like the banging of coffin lids. 'You cannot cheat death!' And then it flies at you, scythe raised, ready to cut you down where you stand.

Roll dice to calculate Attack Strengths for yourself and the Watcher as you would in a normal battle: the Watcher's SKILL score is 12. If your Attack Strength is higher, you block the sweeping scythe (turn to **73**). If the Watcher's Attack Strength is higher, turn to **279**. If both Attack Strengths are the same, roll again.

103

You can only use your ability to fly if you do not have a physical form, or you are prepared to quit it and leave all equipment, provisions and the like behind and cross off any relevant codewords. If you are not in a position to do this or are not willing to do this, turn back to **154** and try a different option. If you are, you easily soar over the putrid pool and land on the stone-flagged floor on the other side without anything untoward happening. Turn to **421**.

104

If you successfully recovered the Spirit Stone from its resting place you will know how many faces it has. Turn now to the paragraph with the same number. If you do not know how many faces it has, lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **132**.

105

You are beset by the most horrific visions – all the products of the fevered minds of the sleeping villagers. There must be something truly evil haunting these lands to produce such vivid and hideous nightmares among the local populace. You thought you had seen all the horrors the world had to offer within that benighted realm of Bathoria, but you were wrong; the horrors you witnessed there were as nothing compared to the nightmares now conjured in your mind by the predatory Phantasmagoria. You are left a gibbering wreck, your undying mind driven to the brink of insanity by what you have seen. Lose 2 WILL points, 1 SKILL point and 2 LUCK points. Now turn to 17.

106

Having climbed the stair quite some way you enter a frozen chamber but as you do so you notice the temperature start to rise. A dull glow fills the chamber and the ice covering the stone walls begins to melt. It is then that you notice the creature hunched on the far side of the chamber, blocking your way to another staircase. It is over two metres tall, its upper body and arms knotted with muscle, while its lower body is that of a goat. It opens a mouth brimful of tusk-like teeth and issues a bellowing challenge. Lowering its horned head it charges, demon-axe in hand. Demons are as lethal to spirits as other undead so you have no choice but to fight the Hellhorn.

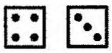

107

HELLHORN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If the Hellhorn's demon-axe does for you, write the number 82 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 100. If you defeat the chamber's guardian, you are able to leave by following the staircase that leads upwards from this floor (turn to 82).

107

The graveyard looks like it has been neglected for some time. Headstones lie tumbled amidst briars and thick tussocks of grass while a number of free-standing tombs look like they have been broken into – or perhaps the bodies interred within have broken out.

You are halfway across the cemetery when the first of the ghosts appears. It is that of a young woman, her face emaciated. The ghost rises from the turfed mound of a grave. 'Help us, stranger,' the young woman pleads.

Another figure steps out of a crumbling mausoleum. This time it is the spectre of a severe-looking old man dressed in the clothes of a notary. 'Yes, help us,' he begs, 'for we are slaves to a foul fiend that will not let us depart this world.'

'Free us,' says the ghost of a bearded woodsman who sits up through the turf of an unmarked grave, 'that we might go to our eternal rest.'

What is it that has bound these ghosts to this place and that fills them now with such dread, having

made their afterlives a misery? Will you help them? Can you help them? If you want to try, turn to **42**. If not, turn to **150**.

108

You re-appear on the Earthly Plane in the middle of the Inner Ward, bathed in cold, silver moonlight, looking up at the dominating shadowy presence of the Keep. Never before has it appeared so unwelcoming, so unlike home. You understand now that this is where the source of the evil power within Valsinore Castle lies. And if you are to vanquish it, that is where you need to go now. Turn to **117**.

109

You wander aimlessly along the mouldering tunnels, further and further under the foundations of Valsinore Castle with really no idea of where you are going. Roll one die. One a roll of 1–3, turn to **139**; on a roll of 4–6, turn to **158**.

110

The last few bones slot into place and then the Bonebeast is complete. But what is it that stands before you now? From the bones of which monster was it formed? Roll one die. On a roll of 1–2, turn to **153**; on a roll of 3–4, turn to **183**; on a roll of 5–6, turn to **212**.

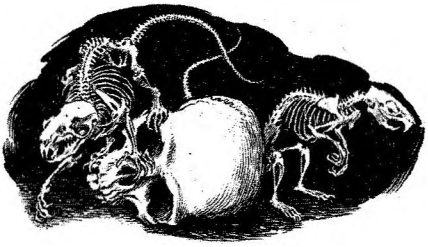

111*

The passageway comes to an end a little further on, at a black wood door riven with silver sigils and esoteric runic patterns. It is another Spirit Door and unless you have a physical form of some kind you will not be able to pass beyond it. When you are ready, you will have to retrace your steps and take the alternative route through the dungeons (turn to **154**).

112

You kneel before the Queen at the foot of her throne and look up into her midnight-black eyes. And then her mask slips and you see her for what she really is – no beauty of flesh and blood but a hellish, undead wraith – but by then it is too late, you are already under the dominion of the Wraith Queen. You will remain here as a member of her undead court until the end of time. Your adventure is over.

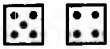

113

'Prepare to learn what an eternity in torment is really like!' the Shadow King roars. Whatever the outcome, this will be one battle you will remember for the rest of your life, no matter how long – or short – that amount of time may be!

SHADOW KING SKILL 13 STAMINA 18

If you are wielding the Amethyst Blade, you may increase your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle and any successful hit you make against the Shadow King will cause him 4 STAMINA points of damage rather than the usual 2. If you are using your blessed blade Nightslayer, you may also increase your Attack Strength by 1 point but each successful hit you make will cause 3 STAMINA points of damage. If, against all the odds, you manage to defeat the Shadow King in single combat, turn to **450**. However, if he should be victorious, there will be no coming back from the dead this time and your adventure, like your life, will be over ...

114

Resisting the pull of the Death Acolyte's spell you rush at the black-robed spell-caster, shrieking in fury. A shocked expression enters the man's eyes and he starts to back away from you. But he is not done with his magic yet. Still holding the crystal ball in one hand he begins another conjuration. Not waiting to see what it is he is attempting to cast now you join in battle with the Death Acolyte.

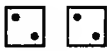

DEATH ACOLYTE SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If the acolyte wins an Attack Round, turn to 186 at once. If you reduce the Death Acolyte's STAMINA score to 3 points of fewer, without him wounding you once, turn to 156.

115

Descending the staircase you enter a stinking prison cell. At your sudden arrival, its single prisoner turns mad-staring eyes upon you and starts to laugh hysterically. You are shocked to see that it is Toadstone the Fool that is imprisoned here. He was court jester in your father's time and he's still wearing his same motley costume even now, although it is stained with filth and hangs off his skinny frame. Eventually the insane cackling subsides. 'Fancy seeing you here,' he says, and once he's started talking it seems he just can't stop.

'How long you been away now? Three years is it? Who'd've thought it? They're holding a slap-up feast tonight but I don't suppose you'll be going will you, seeing as how you've got *no body* to go with? I guess you heart's not in it. I hope there aren't any vampires going. They like everything served in bite-sized pieces!'

The poor fool is obviously completely mad, but he wasn't always like this. You wonder what can have happened – what he must have seen – for him to lose his mind like this.

'So what's it like being a ghost?' he asks. 'My mum wanted to marry a ghost. I don't know what possessed her! But you'll have to forgive me, I've not been myself lately. When I die I want my epitaph to be, 'I told you I was ill'! But anyway, enough about me, have you seen the changes they've made while you've been away? I know something they don't know. I know about their little strongroom at the top of this tower. Thing is it's got this amazing lock but to unlock it you need to reverse the combination. Hey, here's a good one. What's got six legs and flies? A witch giving her cat a ride on her broomstick!' This terrible joke sets him off again, giggling uncontrollably to himself.

You're not going to get any sense out of this poor wretch and so prepare to be on your way again. As you leave the cell and its insane occupant, Toadstone tries one last joke on you. 'Here, I used to be a werewolf but I'm all right nowww!'

If you want to climb back up the spiral staircase right to the top of the tower, turn to **166**. If you would rather return the Barbican and return to the portcullis gate, turn to **20**.

116

Staring into the phantom steed's baleful eyes, exerting your will against it, you manage to calm it down and bring it under your control. The horse ceases its unearthly whinnying and stands patiently within its stall instead. It does not look like it is going anywhere

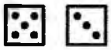

and knowing where there is a horse that is a ghost like yourself, could prove useful – you never know! (Add the codeword *Steed* to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Searching the stables further doesn't uncover anything else that might be of use to you so you leave to look elsewhere. Turn to **434**.

117

Do you have the codeword *Oriana* written down on your *Adventure Sheet*? If so, turn to **376** at once. If not, turn to **134**.

118

As you approach the raucous tavern, you see that the door is closed against the encroaching night. If you have the *Poltergeist* special ability, turn to **148**. If you have the *Apparition* special ability, turn to **97**. If you have neither you cautiously approach the door, recalling that the one thing everyone knows about ghosts is that they can pass through solid objects. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your WILL score, make a note of the number 97 and turn to 90. If the total rolled is greater than your current WILL score you are unable to enter the inn, turn to **259**.

119

Your old friend Bertild gladly allows you to take control of her body, so that you might gain access to the Keep and complete your quest. (Add the codeword *Host* to your *Adventure Sheet*.)

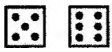

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score, for later use, on your *Adventure Sheet*. While you are wearing Bertild's muscular form you must use her stats, which are as follows: SKILL 11, STAMINA 21.

If you are injured in any way, for as long as you are wearing Bertild's body, you may eat provisions to recover STAMINA points. One meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points and Bertild has enough food for 3 meals. Looking around for a (suitable) weapon you decide to take Bertild's blacksmith's hammer. If you make a successful strike against an opponent while using the hammer roll one die; on a roll of 4–6 you cause 3 STAMINA points of damage, rather than the usual 2. (Make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*.)

If Bertild's STAMINA is reduced to 2 STAMINA points or fewer she will be knocked senseless, forcing you to leave her body. However, you may continue fighting but now in your spirit-form, using the stats that you have made a note of here. Turn to 429.

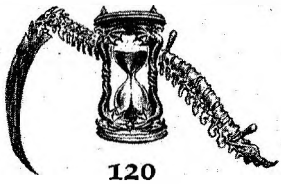

120

Through sheer strength of will, you can, on occasions, move objects in the real world. Record the *Poltergeist* special ability on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one you were just instructed to write down.

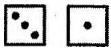

121

As you approach the sturdy stone bridge you hear the clip-clopping of hooves and then another spectre materialises in front of you. It is that of an old knight from ages past and his noble steed, faithful even unto death and beyond. The ancient knight is unhelmeted, a flowing white beard hanging down over his torn tabard and battered breastplate. He has a lance couched at his side. 'Halt!' he calls out in a reedy voice, challenging you. 'No spirit may pass!' If you are determined to cross the knight's bridge, turn to 175. If you would rather submit to the knight, turn to 391. Alternatively you could try wading across the river and not worry about the bridge at all (turn to 313).

122

Climbing over the motionless body of the Golem, its metal body *plinking* as it cools, you set foot on the bridge at last. The bridge spans the natural sea-channel that lies between the headland on which the Outer and Inner Wards of Valsinore Castle were constructed, and the separate spur of rock on which the imposing Keep stands. Below you the waves crash and white water spumes where the sea is funnelled into the narrow channel, forcing the surging waves into the cliffs, sometimes even sending sprays of water cascading over the bridge itself. You are halfway across when something rises from the tumultuous surge beneath. It is little more than a gaping maw of shark-like teeth surmounting a sinuous

serpentine body. With a primeval roar, the moat monster attacks. (If you have fought the bridge's serpentine guardian already, but it remains undefeated, amend its stats accordingly before attempting to best it again.)

MOAT MONSTER SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you win two consecutive Attack Rounds you can escape from the sea serpent by running for the Keep at the far end of the bridge (turn to **449**). If the serpent destroys your physical form it submerges beneath the waves again (cross off the relevant codeword and turn to **173**). If you manage to defeat it, turn to **449**.

123

And so you return to the guard barracks and find Captain Cador keeping watch there, despite the very late hour. Entering his room you attempt to take over his body. If you have the codeword *Braveheart* written on you *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **172**. If not, roll two dice and add two to the number rolled. If the new total is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **172**. If it is greater, Captain Cador resists your attempt to seize control of his mortal body and sends you packing with a slash of his blessed blade. Lose 2 STAMINA and if this has reduce your STAMINA score to zero or below, write the number 13 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**; if not, turn back to **13** to try another subject.

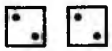

124

You must fight the faceless Tenebrae together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TENEBRAE	7	7
Second TENEBRAE	8	7

If you manage to defeat these creatures of darkness, regain up to 7 STAMINA points and turn to **132**. However, if they are, quite literally, the death of you, write the number 132 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

125

As you soar over the castle, you become aware of dreadful keening cry. Through the wind-whipped night straight ahead you can see a host of phantasmal forms. Some are little more than skull-like faces trailing misty tails behind them, like ethereal comets, while others are fully-formed apparitions. You had never realised Valsinore had so many ghosts. Then the wraith-like creatures sense your presence and their seagull cries intensify as they surge towards you on the wind. Fight the Ethereals as if they were one creature.

ETHEREALS SKILL 8 STAMINA 13

The Ethereals tear at you with their phantasmal claws and weaken your resolve with their terrible keening cries. If they should reduce your STAMINA score to zero or below, write the number 414 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you reduce their

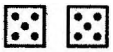

combined STAMINA to zero it means that you have repelled their attack and they break away from you to circle the Keep, their eerie howls echoing from the sea-lashed cliffs below. If you still want to approach the Keep, turn to **191**. If you would rather alight within the courtyard of the Outer Ward, turn to **414**.

126

Standing at the foot of the tower, gazing up at it, you can see no sign of any windows or other entrances higher up. The only way in is under an icicle-encrusted archway, the frozen spikes of water making it look like you are about to enter the gaping jaws of some colossal Ice Demon. But step between them you do.

Inside the tower, every surface is covered in a thick layer of ice and a chill wind wails eerily as it is channelled down two ascending icy spiral staircases from somewhere high above, and into the entrance hall where you now stand. Both staircases lead upwards, but which will take you to the treasure you seek? Choose a staircase. Will it be the one:

To the left?	Turn to **82**
To the right?	Turn to **106**

127

A sound like thunder rumbles across the rift and you realise that the Watcher is laughing at you. 'A second chance?' the otherworldly guardian shrieks. *Test your*

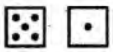

Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to 44. If you are Unlucky, turn to 279.

128

You hastily hurl the pouch containing the Ironbane spores at the Iron Maiden and then stand well back. The pouch bursts open on contact with the magical metal construct, surrounding it in a cloud of corrosive spores. You watch, transfixed, as the solid iron body of the torture device is eaten away until all that is left is a pile of rust-red powder on the floor. Not wanting to spend another moment in this gruesome place, you leave the torture chamber as quickly as possible. Turn to 56.

129

With your 'killing' blow, you pierce the huntsman's ghostly heart with the tip of your ethereal blade. With a shrill, blood-curdling scream, the Baron's spectral form appears to evaporate before your very eyes. But even as his body dissolves like mist on the wind you feel yourself become imbued with phantasmal strength. Regain up to 5 STAMINA points and add 1 to your WILL score.

You suddenly find yourself at the heart of a whirling maelstrom as with whinnying cries, unearthly howls and desperate cries, the rest of the Wild Hunt is forcibly returned to the Realm of the Damned once more. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) Alone again, you set off once more for the wisewoman's hovel. Turn to 290.

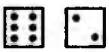

130

Blondel the Bard is strumming away at his lyre without much gusto, a disinterested expression on his face as he half-sings and half-hums along. You can tell that his heart's not in it. You know Blondel of old; he was minstrel to your father just as he was to you, when you were still the guardian of Castle Valsinore. If you want to announce your presence to him, turn to **147**; if not, turn to **227**.

131

'I know you,' Myrddin the hermit gasps. 'You're from the castle. But I've not seen you these three years past. And now here you are, at my door, as it were, and a ghost to boot. What happened to you?'

Your voice echoing strangely on the sea-breeze, you tell the hermit all that has passed since you were struck down on the road.

'But who would employ a servant of darkness like a Death Acolyte to do away with you?' Myrddin asks, appalled. 'Although, that said, there has been a disturbance hereabouts for some time now. Talk of strangers at the castle, people beset by restless dreams, and the Black Dog has been heard to howl again. I've heard it said that Burgomaster Jurgen of Sleath has even gone so far as to call on the services of a ghost hunter.'

Myrddin certainly seems to know a lot, especially for a hermit who's supposed to have cut himself off from

the rest of society. Talk of strangers at Valsinore concerns you and makes you wonder as to your sister's safety. You've seen evidence yourself of other hauntings but the mere mention of a ghost hunter has you intrigued.

As he's in such a talkative mood, and apparently not fazed by your spectral nature, you decide to press the hermit for more information. But will you ask him about:

Recent goings on at the castle?	Turn to 314
Your sister?	Turn to 344
The ghost hunter?	Turn to 374

132

A sound like a thunderclap bursts across the circle of standing stones and you know that Unthank the Necromancer has achieved what he set out to do this night through his dark ritual. Gasps of 'The Shadow King comes!' rise from the remaining cultists, who all fall to their knees in obeisance. All except for Unthank.

'Behold the Lord of Shadows!' he declares staring up at the moonless sky above the Nine Maidens, 'The ruler of the night! Your lord and master!'

Something is condensing out of the moonless night at the very centre of the stone circle. As you watch, dumfounded, a looming figure, twice as tall as a man takes shape, clothing itself in the very fabric of the night. It looks like a giant wearing ancient armour

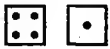

forged from the metal of the night beneath a shroud of darkness, an ornate crowned helm on its head. But it is its face that stops you in your tracks – for it doesn't have one. All that lies beneath its armoured helm are two malevolently glowing coals that burn red like a pair of dying stars. And then the lunar eclipse passes and the apparition is revealed in all its malignant glory.

Peering down at the ground, it fixes the necromancer with its malevolent gaze. Then it reaches forth its hand and a blade of pure darkness forms within it. It raises the two-metre long blade above its head, pauses for a moment, and then brings it down in a sweeping arc – and Unthank is cut down with a single stroke.

'Arrogant fool,' the dread apparition snarls in a voice like the slamming of crypt doors. (Add the codeword *Retribution* to your *Adventure Sheet*.)

The cultists start to whimper in fear. You suddenly feel colder than you have ever felt in your life and the hairs on the back of your neck start to rise. But that shouldn't be possible ...

If you have the codeword *Revenant*, or *Host*, or *Armoured* still written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to 275. If not, turn to 448.

133

Before you even reach the woman, without turning round she suddenly addresses you. 'I used to laugh at the gibbet. So did, Wolfric. 'E said the roadwardens would never catch 'im, but they did. Hanged him too, for what 'e did, but 'e's not laughing now is 'e?'

She suddenly bursts into hysterical, cackling laughter and then spins round to face you. Her skin is the disgusting grey-green colour of decomposition and half her face is missing, as if something has eaten it. You then see that lengths of seaweed have become knotted in her hair.

'But I couldn't go on without 'im, could I?' the hideous apparition goes on, drifting towards you over the heather, wet sand dripping from her clothes, crabs crawling from the fleshless spaces between her ribs, and saltwater dribbling from between her fish-eaten

lips with every sentence she speaks. 'Drowned myself, so that we'd both go over into the next world together, so that we need never be apart,' she giggles. 'Well I got my wish, didn't I? We've never been apart since!' she howls turning back to look up at the blackened skeleton swinging from the gibbet. Giving voice to a blood-curdling hysterical scream she suddenly launches herself at you, broken fingernails outstretched. Turn to **32**.

134

As you approach the gatehouse that guards the entrance to the bridge spanning the castle's sea-moat, by the wan light of the moon you see that there are no guards present, the portcullis is raised and the way onward appears clear. If you want to approach the moat-bridge on foot, turn to **276**. Alternatively, if you have the *Spirit* special ability and want to use that as a way to approach the Keep and avoid having to cross the bridge altogether, turn to **214**.

135

Letting the black-bound spell book fall open in your hands you are immediately confronted by three spells which may be suitable given the circumstances. The only problem is that although you can pronounce the words written in human blood, you do not actually understand the meaning of the dark tongue of necromancy.

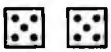

And then two of the shadowy Tenebrae are gliding towards you over the damp grass and frosted heather, reaching for you with their claws of darkness. You are going to have to make a decision and fast. Which spell will you read?

Dae deht fos tirip seh thsin abot?	Turn to **162**
Senok radeh truoc cusot?	Turn to **244**
Li vef oeca feht nignor tsebot?	Turn to **151**

If you don't want to risk invoking the powers of necromancy, turn to **124**.

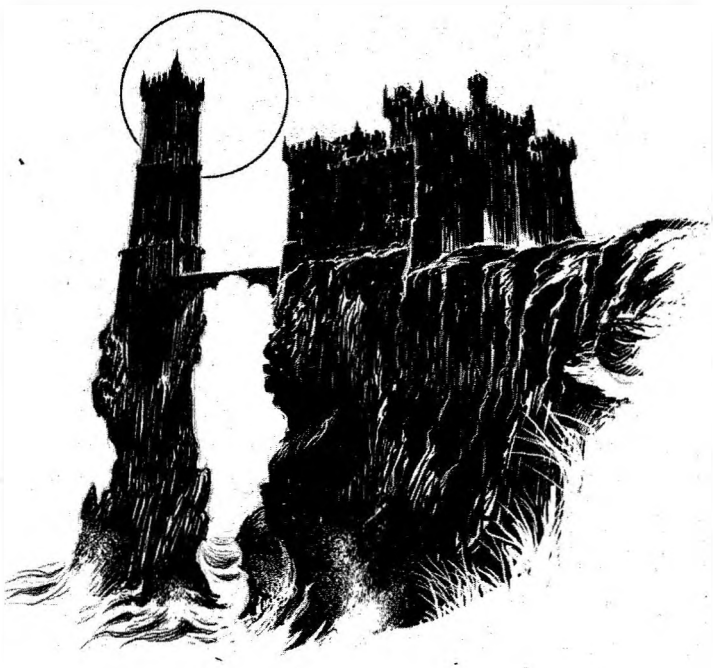

136

The roaring of the unearthly wind surrounds and consumes you. The moorland road begins to fade from before your eyes and you feel as if you are being sucked up by a whirling maelstrom of otherworldly energies. And then you are gone from this world. Write the number 288 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

137

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **205**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **69**.

138

It only takes a moment and then the vile deed is done. You are almost overwhelmed by guilt. Korzen waited faithfully for three years for your return and then, when you did, his loyalty bought him nothing but death. (Lose 2 LUCK points and 2 WILL points.) But the witch has had her due and, as she said would be the case, you are saved from suffering any physical side-effects yourself. Cursing the witch's black soul to Hell

for what she has made you do, barely able to continue with your quest now that it has cost you so much, you leave the kennels. Turn to 434.

139

The catacombs echo to the constant *drip-drip-drip* of water. You are just thinking that you must be alone down here when a figure appears to congeal from the shadows ahead of you. The figure is wearing a hooded cloak. Without any warning, it suddenly spins round, knotted talon-like hands raised ready to strike, and you see that beneath its hood there is nothing but darkness, a darkness that not even your ghostly luminescence can penetrate – the dark oblivion of the Void. You are shocked to the core (lose 1 WILL point) and then find yourself fighting for your continued survival upon the Earthly Plane as the mind-numbing horror that is the Nightshade attacks.

NIGHTSHADE SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

The touch of the Nightshade is deathly cold, as cold as the grave, but worse than that, every time it makes a successful strike against you, it drains off a portion of what little life-force you have left. This causes you 2 STAMINA points damage as normal but also increases the Nightshade's STAMINA score by 1 point! If the Nightshade proves too powerful an opponent and drains all of your life-force, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. However, if you manage to best this undead horror, recover up to 4 STAMINA points and turn to **207**.

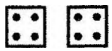

140

Hearing the rattle of shifting coals coming from the forge, Bertild breaks off abruptly and you both turn to see what's making the noise. Unbelievably something is climbing out of the forge fire, two small figures formed from the coals and clinker itself, stirring the flames into crackling life as they do so. They drop from the fire onto the floor and stalk towards you, spitting and hissing like popping embers.

'We are discovered!' Bertild exclaims. 'Someone has been eavesdropping on our conversation,' she says as she stumbles to her feet, taking up her hammer and grabbing a red-hot poker from the fire. Bertild takes on the first of the clinker creatures while you deal with the second.

CLINKER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If the magical creature defeats you, write the number 434 on your *Adventure* Sheet and turn to **100**. If you destroy the spark-spitting Clinker, Bertild, having beaten her opponent into a pile of cold ash, turns to you and says, 'You had best be away from here before anything else finds you, and so I bid you farewell and good luck!' You cannot fault Bertild's assessment of the situation and so leave the smithy, as the blacksmith restores the salt barrier behind you. Add the codeword *Ironheart* to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **434**.

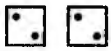

141

The room you enter is like some nightmarish art gallery, containing, as it does, all sorts of grim statues depicting monstrous creatures, hellish demons and grim memento moris of skulls and human skeletons. But by far the largest and most impressive is the looming statue of a cloaked and hooded skeleton with the wings of some black-winged carrion bird spread wide behind it. Gripped in the statue's claw-like hands is an even more macabre scythe. It looks like it has been fashioned from the spine of some great beast while its blade glints blackly in the dim torchlight cast by wall-mounted braziers. It appears to be made from one huge piece of amethyst. Do you want to lift the weapon from the statue's clutches (turn to 412), or would you prefer to leave the room and proceed deeper into the dungeons (turn to 154)?

142

You have broken the dark enchantment holding the dream-monster together and freed the people of Sleath from their tortured dreams. With a lingering scream, like that of a child waking from a horrid dream, the Phantasmagoria breaks apart and dissolves like mist on the wind. At the same time, you feel your ghostly form absorb part of its unreal essence. (Regain up to 5 STAMINA points.)

Alone again on the road, you decide where to go next in your search for answers. If you want to enter

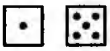

Sleath, turn to **99**. If you want to skirt past the village and make for Valsinore Castle instead, turn to **6**.

143

Surely a will as strong as yours can bring a horse under control. Roll two dice and subtract 1 from the total rolled. If the new total is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **116**; if it is greater, turn to **96**.

144

A chill wind blows flurries of snow and ice flakes across the surface of the lake like winter waves. The ice gleams an eerie white in the moonlight. As the ever-present wind blows a dusting of snow from the surface of the lake you see something trapped in the ice below your feet. You almost lose your footing in shock as you see the frozen features of a terrified warrior looking back at you, locked in the ice for all eternity. Looking to your right you see another, and another. It's the same to your left. In fact, they're everywhere, corpses frozen within the surface of the lake. What manner of place have you come to? (Lose 1 WILL point.)

The sound of the ice cracking echoes across the surface of the lake and you freeze in your tracks. There comes another loud crack and this time you locate the source of the sound; what you see fills you with horror. Breaking free of the ice, ancient battle-axe still in hand, an ice-rimmed bearskin cloak about its shoulders, is one of the frozen warriors. You can

see the blue veins of the corpse beneath its pallid grey skin, the moisture in its body frozen solid. As it pulls itself free of the ice, what looks like breath frosts on the air before it. The warrior's eyes are vacant and its face expressionless, but it stumbles towards you, bringing its weapon to bear, determined to stop you reaching the tower. Hearing the sounds of more corpses breaking free of their icy graves you realise that you are in trouble now. As you engage the Ice Ghost in battle, more of the frozen undead warriors slowly drag themselves towards you.

ICE GHOST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

Roll one die and add 7 to the number, giving you a result between 8 and 13. Now deduct your current SKILL score from that number; this is the number of Ice Ghosts you must battle to get to the other side of the lake, but you must fight at least one. If after fighting at least one ghost you think that the challenge is too great, you may return to the lake shore and from there return to Castle Valsinore (lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **29**). If any of the ghosts finish you off, write the number 126 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. However, if you defeat all of your opponents, you make it to the island at last (turn to **126**).

145

Leaving the beach you return to the cliff-tops and from there set out across the moors in the direction of Valsinore Castle. But then a crossroads comes into view. Turn to **19**.

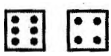

146

Another ten metres on and you come to another door on your left. This one is covered in curtains of spider-webs and looks like it hasn't been opened in a very long time. If you are capable of opening the door and want to enter the room beyond, turn to **72**. If not, you continue on along the passageway (turn to **255**).

147

'Blondel,' you hiss, without revealing yourself just yet.

The bard breaks off his playing and looks about him. 'Who goes there?' he challenges, taken completely by surprise.

'It is I,' you say as you materialise again before his very eyes.

'By Saint Zillah's bones!' he splutters. 'Begone, demon. Do not try to tempt me with your evil wiles, doppelganger. Leave my soul in peace, vile fetch!'

This was not quite the welcome you were hoping for. And then, equally unexpectedly, Blondel takes up his lyre again and begins to play. But there's something unsettling about the melody he is playing now and the words of the song sound more like the words of a spell of exorcism!

Roll two dice and add 2 to the number rolled. If this new total is equal to or less than your WILL score, turn to **187**. If it is greater, write the number 227 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

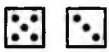

148

Through sheer strength of will you use your supernatural powers to turn the handle and open the latch. The door blows open with a bang in the wind and suddenly the eyes of all those inside turn to see who it is entering the inn. If you are happy to let the people see you, turn to **81**. If not, and you have the *Shade* special ability, turn to **299**; otherwise, in that instant, you wish that you were invisible as well as a ghost. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL, *Test your Skill*; if you are successful, write the number 299 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to **230**. If you fail either roll, turn to **81**.

149

And then you are through. (Add 1 to your WILL score.) Stumbling over the threshold and down the steps on the other side, you find yourself within a chapel of rest. Standing in the centre of the sanctuary is a marble sarcophagus bearing the carved relief image of a noble paladin reclined in prayer, his stone sword clasped in his hands upon its lid. Moonlight shines through a stained glass window at the far end of the shrine that appears to depict the same Templar Knight of Telak, wearing the garb of that holy order, but with his helmet under one arm.

As you watch, the moonlight within the chamber seems to solidify and then runs together like quicksilver, forming the ghostly impression of the knight

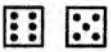

there in front of you. You can sense a palpable aura of Goodness around him.

'Who summons me from the Battle at the End of Time against the forces of darkness?' the Paladin demands, his silvery eyes fixing on you.

You mumble a hasty apology, saying that you did not mean to. The knight suddenly looks beyond you, as if sensing something you cannot.

'Ah, I understand,' he says, 'the Shadow King would manifest within this reality at this place and time as well. Then he must be stopped! But my powers are limited here, I am bound to this place, but if I were able to pass on my knowledge to another ...'

He looks at you again, a severe expression upon his perfect, chiselled features. 'But are you worthy?' he says, somewhat arrogantly. 'A challenge!' he declares, before you have time to answer him.

> 'As I was travelling to Analand,
> I came across three hunting bands.
> Each band had seven knights,
> Each knight had seven squires,
> Each squire had seven hounds.
> Hounds, squires, knights and bands,
> How many were travelling to Analand?'

If you know the answer to the Paladin's riddle, add one to the number and turn to the paragraph that has the same number as this total. If you do not know the

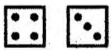

answer (or if you get it wrong) there is nothing more the Paladin will do for you and he simply dissolves into moonlight once more; you have no choice but to leave the shrine (turn to **259**).

150

Making your embarrassed excuses you hasten on your way through the graveyard, the mournful wailing of the ghosts trapped here chasing you between the tumbled tombstones. 'You have doomed us all,' the notary calls, 'so cursed shall your afterlife be too!'

It suddenly feels as if a sinister shadow has fallen across your soul. (Lose 1 LUCK point and 1 WILL point.) Leaving the ghosts to their fate, whatever it may be, you make your way beyond the boundary wall of the cemetery at last and find yourself on the road that leads into Sleath. Turn to **61**.

151

A curious radiating glow floods your being and you feel reinvigorated, in mind as well as body. Regain up to 5 STAMINA points, 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point, and add 1 to your WILL score. Now turn to **124**.

152

Unable to enter the Keep and confront the dark power that now holds dominion of Valsinore Castle, you are robbed of your ultimate revenge. You are doomed to haunt the stronghold that was once your home forevermore. Your adventure is over.

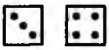

153

The bones that make up the body of the Bonebeast are mainly those of dragons, wyverns and the various other worms slain by your ancestors around the time of the Rise of Kakhabad. So prepare yourself for a titanic struggle indeed.

DRAGONKIND BONEBEAST SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If the Bonebeast wins an Attack Round, roll one die and consult the table below to discover what damage it inflicts upon you.

Die Roll	*Attack and Damage*
1–3	Terrible Claws – the Bonebeast savages you with its cruelly sharp claws. Lose 2 STAMINA points.
4–5	Tail Lash – the dragon-thing's tail hits you, knocking you off your feet. Lose 2 STAMINA points and reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of the next Attack Round as you get up again.
6	Savage Bite – the monster catches you in its mouth and sinks its fangs into you. Lose 4 STAMINA points.

If you manage to defeat the Bonebeast, turn to **236**. Alternatively, after three Attack Rounds have elapsed you can attempt to flee by running for the descending staircase. If you want to do this you must forfeit one Attack Round and suffer the consequences, but if your gamble pays off, turn to **205**. However, if your

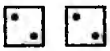

battle with the Bonebeast results in your ethereal form being destroyed, write the number 110 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

154

The passageway ends at a sturdy oak door but someone has been careless, and left it open. Passing through into the chamber beyond you are hit first by the size of the space and secondly by the absolutely appalling smell. The room, if it can be called that, is at least thirty metres long, its high ceiling supported by crumbling pillars ten metres tall. Burning braziers illuminate the vast vaulted space also allowing you to see the pool that lies at its centre. In fact this pool looks more like a vast sewer.

The pool crosses the chamber from one side to the other without leaving so much as a ledge for you to skirt round it. And it is no wonder that such a disgusting stench fills the chamber. The pool is filled with a stomach-turning soup of putrefying flesh and worse. Amidst puddles of foaming bile you see leg bones, skulls, ribcages and calcified hands poking above the surface. Looking at the pool you have no idea how deep it could be, but there is a way across it. One of the pillars that once helped support the roof now lies across its width, forming huge stepping stones across the middle of the pool.

On the other side of the vile pool of putrescence another tunnel leads away from this chamber, deeper underground, but this exit is blocked by a spiked iron

gate cast with a grinning demonic face. You will obviously need to cross the pool to proceed any further and find your nemesis, but by what means? Will you:

Use the *Spirit* special ability (if you have it)?	Turn to **103**
Cross by means of the broken pillar?	Turn to **179**
Step into the pool in the hope that you can wade across it?	Turn to **222**
Attempt to leap across to the other side?	Turn to **261**

155

The Golem sweeps you up in its huge arms and crushes you against its chest. Human faces, screaming in torment, ooze from between the broken graves that make up the undead monster's body and you realise that the Grave Golem is trying to trap you inside itself as it has those wretches buried within Sleath's cemetery.

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, you resist the Golem's power and slip free of its clutches; return to **42** and finish your fight with the monster. However, if the total on the two dice is greater than your WILL score, turn to **254**.

156

As the Death Acolyte starts to succumb to the force of your wrathful vengeance a look of panic enters his eyes. He abruptly quits his spell-casting and instead hurls the crystal ball at your feet. The amethyst sphere explodes with the force of the black energies bound within it. For a moment everything goes black and then the light of the rising moon returns and the world appears once more around you, limned in its monochrome radiance. But of the Death Acolyte there is no sign.

With the murdering magic-user gone, you are still no closer to understanding why you were killed. You return to your body and gaze down upon the cooling corpse. It is a strange feeling to be looking at your own dead body. You know that you will not be able

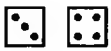

to rest now until you have solved the mystery of your own murder and exacted your revenge against the one who wanted you out of the way. But where will you go first in your search for answers?

You gaze out across the wind-swept promontory towards the distant Valsinore Castle. Ahead of you, directly to the north, lies the village of Sleath, the castle a black shadow now against the horizon behind it. To the north-west lies the tangled expanse of Wraith Wood where, rumour has it, a Wisewoman dwells. Perhaps she could help you in your search for answers. To the north-east, the moors peter out at the edge of the sea, where – when you were here last at least – a hermit monk dwelt, down on the seashore. Perhaps he might be able to help you. However, to the east you can see the dark hill of a burial mound and you feel a strange pull to this place that you cannot explain, just as you do in fact to the stone circle of the Nine Maidens where you were attacked. Will you:

Approach the burial mound?	Turn to **409**
Succumb to the lure of the Nine Maidens?	Turn to **257**
Explore one of the other options open to you?	Turn to **217**

157

Snatching a torch from a wall-bracket, you prepare to fight this undead monstrosity. You know you have chosen the correct weapon when you hear the thing shriek in fear and recoil from the searing flames.

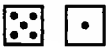

158

NECROS SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If the Necros hits you, the acidic slime coating it will burn you whether you have a physical body or not, due to the fact that it is also one of the Undead, although like no other you have ever seen. In return, your burning brand will burn it for 2 STAMINA points of damage with every successful strike. If you manage to overcome this appalling undead horror, turn to 401. If the Necros puts an end to your spirit-form, write the number 243 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 100.

158

This part of the catacombs is thick with spider webs. However, spiders shouldn't trouble you in your ethereal form and so you press on. But the further you go the thicker they become. Where the moisture-clad webs are at their thickest you are not entirely surprised when a monstrous arachnid descends from the ceiling above. Shock quickly turns to horror when you see the monster's face for the first time; where you would have expected to see the blunt head of a spider, with its myriad black pearl eyes and venom-dripping fangs, there in its place is a malevolent travesty of a human face. Hissing horribly, the demonic Death Spider stalks towards you, determined to snare your soul within its unearthly web and drag you to its own hellish dimension.

DEATH SPIDER SKILL 12 STAMINA 9

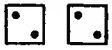

If the Death Spider wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to **177**. If not, keep fighting until either you or the monster is destroyed. If it is you who 'dies', write the number 445 on you *Adventure* Sheet and turn to **100**. If it is the demon's spirit that is returned to the Realm of the Damned, turn to **207**.

159

The will of the Shadow King, one of the Lords of Death, is a powerful force indeed, a tangible force like some crushing tentacle of evil. But you have not fought your way through hosts of Undead, facing untold dangers to be resurrected from the dead only to fail now. Chamberlain Unthank may be dead, and your need for vengeance satisfied, but now an even greater evil threatens the future of these lands, as great an evil, in fact, as that defeated by the massed forces of the Crusade against Evil that cleansed Bathoria.

'I shall not bow before you!' you scream in defiance at the undead entity. 'Your servant Unthank the Necromancer failed to destroy me, even though he tried, and so shall you fail too!'

Thunder rumbles over and around the stone circle again and it takes a moment for you to realise that the Shadow King is mocking you with laughter. If you have the codeword *Retribution* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **419**. If not, turn to **375**.

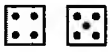

160

You clamber up into a filthy, draughty chamber that reeks of the smell of the crusted droppings that cover every perch and every alcove. You are in what used to be the loft where the falconer kept his trained birds of prey. But there is no sign of the falconer now, other than for a human skeleton, picked clean of flesh and half-buried in bird droppings. Nor is there any sign of his birds, only you wouldn't be surprised if they all ended up inside the blasphemy now picking at the lamb's carcass trapped in its talons. In life it must have been something the size of a Roc or a Giant Vulture, and has characteristics of both, but it is hard to be certain now the thing is somewhat decomposed – its flesh hanging in tatters from its bones, its jaundice-yellow eyes rolling in the orbits of its fleshless skull. Whatever it was in life, now that it is dead its hunger is insatiable. Giving a savage squawk the undead bird launches itself at you on featherless wings of torn dead skin.

CARRION BIRD SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If the undead avian 'kills' you, write the number 20 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you slay the Carrion, you find nothing for you here in the stinking aviary and so make your way back down through the tower to the Barbican gate (turn to **20**).

161

'Would that Aramanthus was still alive,' Bertild says glumly, 'he could have helped you, I'm sure of it. I don't know who to trust round here, these days. The Captain of the Guard's a good man but distrustful of others too. Likewise, I hear the Priest still does what he can to halt the spread of evil, but he hardly ever leaves his chapel now for fear of what lies beyond the limits of that sanctuary. The Bard's hardly ever out of Chamberlain Unthank's presence and appears to be one of the favoured few of the court. The Porter's a dead loss, these days; let's just say he has trouble with spirits of his own. But my information's a little out of date; movement between the wards is restricted. And no one's permitted to enter the Keep anymore.' Turn to 140.

162

As you speak the words of the invocation, the shadow-born Tenebrae scream in pain and dissolve back into the darkness they were originally summoned from. Regain 1 LUCK point, add 1 to your WILL score and turn to 132.

163

As you make for the village of Sleath and your ancestral home, a crossroads comes into view, as does the gibbet that stands before it at the top of a steep escarpment on the moors. The wind is picking up now as it blows in across the black gulf of the Diamond Sea to the east. It bats at the mouldering

body hanging from the end of the hangman's noose, lank hair billowing out around its head. Standing close by, her shawl pulled tight around her shoulders against the wind, her ragged dress billowing in the sea-breeze, is a red-haired woman. You can't help but wonder who the gibbet-body was in life. Perhaps this woman knows. As you look at her more closely, you see that a flickering green aura surrounds her body. Do you want to:

Approach the woman?	Turn to **133**
Study the body hanging from the gibbet?	Turn to **92**
Proceed along the road towards the crossroads?	Turn to **52**

164

Upon entering the stables you are met by the earthy smell of the horses tethered inside. The animals whinny and stamp their hooves in agitation as you pass by them. You notice that one animal is saddled and then, as you look closer, you are amazed to see that it is the horse you were riding back to the castle. You had forgotten about it until now but it makes you wonder ... If your horse has made it back here, then what has happened to your corpse?

As you ponder the fate of your own dead body, the stables become bathed in an eerie green light as something manifests within an empty stall opposite you. As you watch, a phantom horse materialises there. Its eyes are blazing witch-lights while ectoplasm drips

from its foaming lips. The horse appears to be wild and it has you completely trapped. If you want to get out of the stables you are going to have to get past this phantom creature first.

As the horse rears up on its hind-legs, ready to bring its hooves crashing down on your head you hastily decide how to react. If you want to draw your sword to defend yourself, turn to **96**. If you would rather try to calm the horse-ghost, turn to **143**.

165

At the last possible moment the bolt of black lightning is drawn towards the mirrored shield on your arm, hitting it and dissipating harmlessly. Now nothing stands between you and your longed-for revenge, other than Unthank the Necromancer himself. If you still have a Black Hourglass and want to use it now, turn to **410**. If not, turn to **428**.

166

The stairs end before a heavy-looking oak door, painted black and inlaid with ornately-tooled silver filigree that marks out esoteric symbols within the wood. The door has a handle but lacks a keyhole. Instead, in the middle of the door is a set of three tumblers, each one bearing the digits 0 to 9 upon their knurled surfaces. Obviously, to be able to open the door you need to know the code to the combination lock. But even if you do possess such knowledge, it's useless to you if you cannot move the tumblers.

If you think you know the combination and you have the *Poltergeist* special ability, turn to **411**. If you have the combination but not the ability, but you still want to try to force the tumblers to move, roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL, roll three more dice; if this second total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, write the number 411 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **120**. If you fail either roll, you are unable to operate the combination lock; you will either have to leave this wing of the gatehouse (turn to **20**), or use the *Apparition* special ability to try to get round the problem, if you both have that special ability and you want to use it here (turn to **181**).

167

'But what is justice?' the Watcher intones. 'Answer me that.' If you reply by saying that justice means revenge, turn to **226**. If you want to say that you want a second chance so that you might achieve justice for yourself, turn to **127**.

168

You are standing at the shore of a frozen lake, on the distant, ice-locked arctic Diamond Islands. At the centre of the lake's ice sheet stands a rocky island, and from it rises a colossal tower of blue ice and black stone. The icicle-pointed spurs of its battlements seem to reach all the way to the realm of the gods, it's so high. This is Frostfinger, the tower of the Winter

169

King, a place of legend, cursed by demons, but if the information you're acting on is correct, it is also the resting place of the mysterious Spirit Stone. Before you can start looking for this arcane artefact you are going to need to cross the lake to reach the island. If you have the *Spirit* special ability and want to use it, turn to **126**. If not, you set out across the frozen lake (turn to **144**).

169

With the Wild Hunt bearing down on you out of the sky you turn and flee deeper into the wood. You throw yourself into cover beneath the growth of bracken obscuring the root bole of an old oak, just as the hunt's hounds and horses alight in a clearing between the trees. The unearthly barking of the dogs echoes between the black trunks of ash and elder and you hear someone command the pack to, 'Seek them out, wherever they might be!'

As you wait, lurking in the dense undergrowth, you hear the padding footsteps of the hounds getting closer accompanied by an urgent snuffling sound. And then they find you. (Lose 1 LUCK point.) Snarling rabidly, the ethereal hunting dogs go for you. Fight the Phantom Hounds altogether.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First PHANTOM HOUND	7	5
Second PHANTOM HOUND	6	5
Third PHANTOM HOUND	6	6

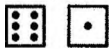

If you die a second death at the jaws of the hounds within 4 Attack Rounds, record the number 290 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you are still 'alive' after 4 Attack Rounds, the leader of the Wild Hunt calls off the dogs. Turn to **220**.

170

As you proceed through the hall you are suddenly bathed in brilliant, arctic light, and find yourself unable to move. You can see nothing all around you but for the blinding whiteness. And then out of the light a rasping, inhuman voice speaks.

'Each thing has its allotted span,
But how many years is the life of man?'

If you think you know the answer to this riddle, turn to the paragraph with the same number. If not, or if the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, then turn to **372**.

171

Having rid yourself of the Black Dog of Barrowmoor, you set off again for the sea-cliffs. Before long you are negotiating the goat track that leads from the windswept moors to the pebbled beach and dark sea below.

Your feet make no sound as you walk over the pebbles, the only sounds are the wash of the tide and the rattle of stones tumbled by the breakers. Ahead of

you, further along the headland, you can see a cave mouth that stands above the band of seaweed left by the tide, illuminated by a crackling driftwood fire. This must be the hermit's home. You only hope that he can help you.

And then he's there, standing at the entrance to his cave, staring out into the night at the moonlit breakers. 'Hello? Is there anybody there?'

He is dressed in a plain grey habit, tied at the waist with rope, a long, straggly grey beard clinging to the hollows of his hunger-lean face, although the top of his head is completely bald. Then he sees you, and his ruddy complexion pales in the moonlight. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **131**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **447**.

172

Your mind, with all the knowledge you have gained, inside Captain Cador's highly-trained body will make a ruthlessly effective combination. (Add the codeword *Host* to your *Adventure Sheet.*)

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score, for later use, on your *Adventure Sheet.* While you are controlling Cador's body you must use his stats, which are as follows: SKILL 12, STAMINA 20.

If you are injured in any way, for as long as you are wearing Cador's body, you may eat provisions to recover STAMINA points. One meal restores up to

4 STAMINA points and Cador has enough food for 2 meals. The captain of the guard is armed with a blessed blade (not unlike your own Nightslayer, only not as powerful) which is capable of harming undead, demons and magical creatures.

If Captain Cador's STAMINA is reduced to 2 STAMINA points or fewer while you are in possession of him, he will be knocked unconscious, forcing you to release his body from your influence. However, you may continue fighting in your spirit-form, using the stats that you have made a note of here. Turn to **429**.

173

You already know that to proceed any further you will need a physical body, and yet you have just lost yours. But do you know of another means of acquiring one? If you have the phrase *Rest in Peace* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **369**. If you have the codeword *Automaton* written down, turn to **427**. If you have the *Spook* special ability and wish to choose this path, turn to **13**. If you have none of these things, turn to **152**.

174

You could not possibly use your sister to exact your revenge! She is the last surviving member of your family line. If she should die, then so will your family's bloodline and that is something you are trying to prevent. As a result, the Lady Oriana is not a

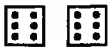

suitable candidate for possession. Lose 1 LUCK point and 1 WILL point. Turn back to **13** and try someone, or something, else instead.

175

'You do not get past Sir Calormayne of Ravenscar that easily,' the knight roars, spurring his horse forwards at a gallop. 'Prepare to meet your doom!' His charger pounding towards you, the old knight suddenly doesn't appear quite so weak and feeble after all. You are forced to draw your sword and defend yourself once again.

GHOSTLY KNIGHT SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the knight in single combat, you are able to cross the bridge unhindered and you also feel yourself filled with renewed energy. (Regain up to 5 STAMINA points and turn to 6.) If the knight bests you in mortal combat, write the number 6 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

176

With a strange, almost musical cry the bard's conscious flees to some distant corner of his mind as you take control of his body. (Add the codeword *Host* to you *Adventure Sheet*.)

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score, for later use, on your *Adventure Sheet*.

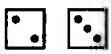

While you are wearing the body of Blondel the Bard you must use his stats which are as follows: SKILL 8, STAMINA 15.

If you are injured in battle you may eat provisions to recover STAMINA points. One meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points. You hastily gather scraps left over after Unthank's bizarre midnight feast and collect enough for 4 meals. Blondel carries a short sword in a scabbard at his waist, which is not enchanted, and his lyre, which is. (Make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet*.)

If Blondel's STAMINA score is ever reduced to 2 STAMINA points or fewer, the Bard will be knocked out, and you will be forced to leave his unconscious body. You can keep on fighting in your spirit-form, however, using the stats that you have written down here. Turn to 429.

177

The Death Spider seizes your ethereal form in its hellish fangs and, making the most of your vulnerable state, tries to drag you into the middle of its web, which is its extra-dimensional link to the Realm of the Damned. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky return to 158 and keep fighting until either you or the monster is destroyed. If you are Unlucky, the Death Spider succeeds in dragging you into the centre of its web. Write the number 445 on you *Adventure* Sheet and turn to 100.

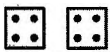

178

As abruptly as it appeared, the light is gone, plunging the entrance hall into darkness once more. But, undaunted, you continue on your way until it opens out into a vast chamber and you begin to realise how much the Keep has been altered in the time you've been away.

The interior of the vast structure is now nothing more than a shell. The upper floors and internal walls have been pulled down, the rubble from this mass destruction piled in great drifts of brick and stone at the sides of the vast chamber so created. Where once the skeletons of those beasts slain by the lords of Valsinore Castle were displayed in all their ossic glory, now there is only a pile of broken bones. On the other side of the chamber, at the north-west and north-east corners of the Keep, you can see two still-intact spiral staircases, leading up, towards the battlements, and down, into the dungeons, respectively.

But it would seem that there is life in these calcified remains yet. As you enter the chamber, some of the bones start to move, rattling across the stone floor towards each other, joining together as if they remember how they once connected in life. And yet bones from all manner of shattered skeletons are joining together in this way as something monstrous manifests within the shell of the Keep. How will you deal with this latest threat? Will you:

Race across the chamber towards the north-west staircase? Turn to **69**

Try to make it to the north-east staircase? Turn to 137

Prepare to fight whatever it is that is manifesting here? Turn to 110

179

Cautiously, you step out onto the broken column spanning the putrid pool. If you are in your ethereal form you easily make it across to the other side without anything untoward occurring (turn to 421). If you are inhabiting a physical body you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky you also make it safely to the other side (turn to 421), but if you are Unlucky, one of the broken pieces of column tips under your weight, sending you stumbling into the foul pool (turn to 222).

180

The welcoming ruddy glow of the working forge draws you through the darkness towards the blacksmith's workshop. The blacksmith has left the door open, as always, to stop the heat inside becoming unbearable. The heat even warms your chill phantom form. You cautiously peer inside.

It is just as you remember it. You have fond memories of this place. As a child you would while away hours within the sphere of its warmth, watching Bertild the smith working at her forge, shaping pieces of armour on the anvil or perfecting sharp-edged weapons.

And Bertild's there now, working at her forge. Bertild is a tall, thick-set woman, with heavily-muscled arms and shoulders and is unmistakeable thanks to the eye-patch she wears over her left eye where a sliver of red-hot iron once caught her in the eye. She wears a heavy-duty leather apron and has a heavy-headed hammer in one thick-gloved hand and the piece of metal she is working held in a pair of tongs in the other.

You are about to enter the smithy when you notice that salt has been poured in a line across the threshold. If you want to cross this salt barrier, turn to **231**. If you would rather call out to the blacksmith first, turn to **14**.

181

Instinctively closing your eyes, you take a confident step forwards. Immediate and inexplicable pain courses through your body like an electric shock and you are thrown back from the door, unable to pass through it. Roll one die and add 1; this is the amount of STAMINA damage you suffer. If this has finished you off, write the number 20 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you are still alive, as it were, unless you think you know the combination and want to try to open the door (turn back to **166**), there is nothing you can do but leave the tower (turn to **20**), or descend the staircase to the bottom, if you haven't already done so, by turning to **115**.

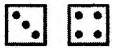

182

The passageway brings you to a flight of stone steps that descend into the darkness below. Considering what you have encountered so far in the dungeons, as you follow the steps down into the gloom, you wonder what horrors await you deeper beneath Valsinore.

The stairs double back on themselves and then you find yourself in another stone-walled passageway. A sound like a rattlesnake's tail vibrating causes you to freeze and you peer into the murk ahead of you. A little further on a new passageway branches off to the left. The tunnel also continues ahead of you, but clinging half to the wall and half to the ceiling by its large ivory dew-claws is a hideous creature that appears to be an amalgam of a large lizard of some kind with a rattlesnake's tail, its scaly skin mottled green and brown. However its head looks horribly like a fleshless human skull, although the nictitating golden eyes in that skull are undoubtedly reptilian and a forked tongue darts from its open mouth tasting the stale, musty air of the dungeons. If you want to continue along the corridor, you are going to have to fight the Catacomb Crawler. If you are prepared to do this, turn to **219**. If not, you could try taking the turning to the left before the creature becomes aware of your presence (turn to **203**).

183

The Bonebeast has been created from the bones of fantastical beasts such as a manticore, a chimera and a basilisk, so you know the battle you are about to fight is going to be legendary!

CHIMERICAL BONEBEAST SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If the Bonebeast wins an Attack Round, roll one die and consult the table below to discover what damage it inflicts upon you.

Die Roll	*Attack and Damage*
1–2	Terrible Claws – the Bonebeast savages you with its cruelly sharp claws. Lose 2 STAMINA points.
3–4	Tail Lash – the Bonebeast's tail hits you, knocking you off your feet. Lose 2 STAMINA points and reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of the next Attack Round as you get up again.
5–6	Savage Bite – the undead monster sinks its fangs into you. Lose 3 STAMINA points.

If you manage to defeat the Bonebeast, turn to **236**. Alternatively, after three Attack Rounds have elapsed you can attempt to flee by running for the descending staircase. If you want to do this you must forfeit one Attack Round and suffer the consequences, but if your gamble pays off, turn to **205**. However, if your battle with the Bonebeast results in your ethereal form being destroyed, write the number 110 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

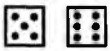

184

A cold sweat breaks out on your forehead and you find yourself gritting your teeth as you struggle to force the very powers you seek to destroy to aid you in their own destruction. But somehow, against all the odds, you manage it.

As you continue to read the spell of banishment the codex found for you, the veil between worlds is torn asunder and the ghosts of a thousand damned souls rush through the tear in the fabric of reality, and surround the Shadow King with a whirling vortex of spectral light. You watch in awe as the spirits tear the Shadow King's insubstantial form apart with their spectral talons. The Death Lord does his best to defend himself from their relentless assault but in the end he is simply overwhelmed. Soon there is nothing left of the Shadow King but a few traces of inky darkness at the heart of the whirling spirit vortex and then, with one last howl of fury and frustration, even that is gone as the evil entity is dragged back to the Realm of the Damned. With an explosive thunderclap boom, as of slamming tombs, the rent in reality closes again. Turn to 450.

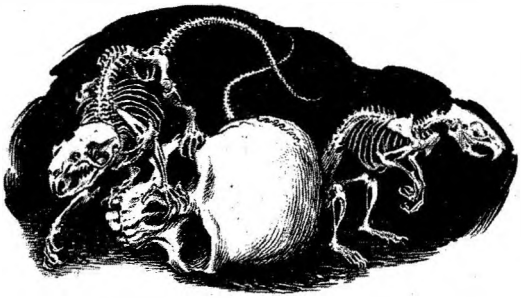

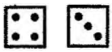

185

You find yourself inside an utterly appalling room. It is a torture chamber – there can be absolutely no doubt about that. The implements of the torturer's trade are everywhere – braziers, chairs covered in iron spikes and all manner of confining irons litter the dungeon cell or hang by chains from the ceiling. But none are as deserving of awe as the two-metre tall iron maiden that stands in the centre of the chamber. It has been made to mimic the shape of the human body, having two arms and two legs, as well as a trunk and head. But you could never have guessed how closely it resembles a human being until, with a squealing of rusted iron joints, the horrific torture implement comes to life. Stomping across the floor on its iron-shod feet it blocks your way out of the torture chamber. If you have some Ironbane and wish to use it, turn to **128**, otherwise you have no choice but to fight the magically-animated Iron Maiden, which is as capable of injuring you as you are of damaging it.

IRON MAIDEN SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you are fighting the magical metal construct with a crushing weapon – such as a hammer of some kind or your own iron fists – or a magical weapon, each successful strike your make against it will inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage. Ordinary bladed weapons (such as a battleaxe or a dagger) will only cause 1 STAMINA point of damage with each successful hit. If you destroy the torture chamber's guardian, you leave its cell as quickly as possible (turn to **56**). If,

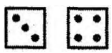

during the battle, your spirit-form perishes, write the number 56 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

186

Rather than fighting back with an ordinary weapon, the acolyte defends himself by blasting you with more of his dark magic. One of these bolts of black energy hits you and you are consumed by pain. It is as if the acolyte's spell has burned your ethereal form and causes you 2 STAMINA points of damage.

Continue your battle with the Death Acolyte. As soon as you reduce the evil magic-user's STAMINA score to 3 points of fewer, turn to **156** at once. However, if your STAMINA score is reduced to zero, write the number 288 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100** immediately.

187

Resisting the arcane power of the Bard's magical lyre you quickly make yourself invisible again and flee from his presence. Add the codeword *Bard* to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **227**.

188

Both the village of Fetchfen and Frostfinger, the Tower of the Winter King, lie many leagues from Valsinore Castle. To travel there on foot would take days, time which you just don't have. But then perhaps you know of a less conventional way to travel. If you have *Spirit* special ability, turn to **218**. If not,

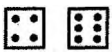

but you have the codeword *Steed* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **7**. If you have neither of these things, there is no way that you would be able to travel to either place and return again before daybreak, and you have a feeling that whatever is going to happen will happen before Valsinore Castle sees the dawn of another day. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **117**.

189

'The cook's busy in the kitchen's preparing Unthank's midnight celebratory feast, the priest barely ever leaves the sanctuary of the chapel, and of course the blacksmith's still here, plying her trade over on the other side of the courtyard. The bard's about the only one who has anything to do with Unthank. For some reason he's still welcome at court.

'The fool went mad long ago. Unthank has him locked up in a cell in the Barbican. I can hear him laughing hysterically on nights when the moon is full. The old gravedigger's still here too. Certainly seems to have plenty to keep him occupied these days.

'But if you're planning to exact your revenge on whoever it might be that's got it coming to them, there's something else you should know.' Turn to **269**.

190

Without looking back again, you turn tail and run. Your ghostly feet still seem to beat the ground beneath you as you tear away between the crowding

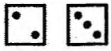

black tree trunks. You can hear the pounding hooves of the horses and the panting of the unearthly hounds quite clearly now behind you. And then they are upon you. A spectral boot is planted firmly in the middle of your back and you are sent tumbling to the ground, under the phantom steeds' hooves.

Roll one die and add 2 to the number rolled. This is the number of STAMINA points you lose. If you are still 'alive', turn to **220**. If the trampling you have just received has granted you a painful second death, write the number 290 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

191

As you approach the solid black blockhouse shape of the Keep, grotesquely leering Gargoyles, that you don't remember being there before, tear themselves free of their stone-carved plinths and launch themselves from their lookout posts at the four corners of the Keep's battlements. They swoop towards you on leathery wings, reaching for you with their stony claws. As a pack of the monsters mobs you, you do your best to defend yourself, but you soon discover that their stony hides are impervious to your ethereal blade. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of your ghostly form and their diamond-hard talons. Roll one die and add 1; this is how many STAMINA points damage you suffer as the Gargoyles attack you in mid-air. If you survive the attack, realising that you are not going to be able to reach the Keep this way, you

quickly descend to the Inner Ward beneath and are relieved to see the Gargoyles return to their perches atop the keep (turn to **445**). If you do not survive the Gargoyles' assault, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

192

Returning to the feast hall, you find Blondel the Bard cowering in a corner, both Chamberlain Unthank and the Dread Knights of the Black Shroud having departed. Before he has time to try any tricks to escape you, you bring the full power of your will to bear against him. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **176**. If it is greater, the minstrel resists your attempts to seize control of his body, plucking the strings of his lyre to create unsettling discords that upset your etheric field, forcing you to flee. Turn back to **13** to try another approach.

193

To reach the steep cliffs that border the Grimcrag Coast you must first cross the undulating terrain of Barrowmoor, named so after all the ancient tumuli that dot the landscape in this far-flung corner of the kingdom. The moon is climbing steadily into the sky as night lays claim to the land.

A dreadful howl suddenly shatters the eerie silence of the moors, carrying to you over the chill wind that is

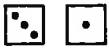

blowing in from the sea. You are reminded at once of the story your father told you and your sister when were both still children – the legend of the Black Dog of Barrowmoor. The Black Dog – or Barghest as legend also knows it – is a phantom dog, the howling of which precedes a death in the family. But on this particular night it would appear to be a little late. After all, you're already dead!

With a savage snarl, ghostly jaws slavering at the prospect of feasting on your soul, its eyes burning coals, the Barghest materialises out of the night in front of you. You had thought this hellhound to be nothing but a ghost story used to bring disobedient children into line. And it *is* a ghost story, only now you're in it!

BARGHEST SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

The black dog's phantasmal claws can harm you just as if you and the dog were both living creatures. If the Barghest's savage attack should kill you, write the number 171 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you manage to defeat the dog, as its spirit dissipates on the wind, you feel your own ghostly body absorbing some of the Barghest's power, and you luxuriate in the new strength flowing through your ethereal form. Regain up to 3 STAMINA points and turn to **171**.

194

With pistoning steps the Hellfire Golem pounds towards you, gauntlet-fists the size of anvils ready

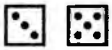

to pound you to a pulp. The magical machine opens its mouth in another inferno roar and you see the white-hot fury that rages at its molten core. The only way to get past the Golem is to defeat it in battle! (If you have fought the Golem already but it remains undefeated, amend its stats accordingly before fighting it again.)

HELLFIRE GOLEM SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

Unless you are using a magical weapon of some kind, if you make a successful strike against this magical automaton roll one die; on a roll of 4–6 you will only cause the Golem 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you lose an Attack Round roll one die and then consult the table below to see what damage you suffer. (You may use Luck to reduce any damage caused in the usual way.)

Die Roll	*Attack and Damage*
1–3	Fists of Fury – the Golem pounds you with its sledgehammer fists. Lose 2 STAMINA points.
4–5	Engine of Destruction – the Golem goes berserk, fists whirling like windmills, its blows delivering double damage. Lose 4 STAMINA points.
6	Inferno Blast – a gout of searing hellfire, hot enough to melt iron, blasts from its gaping maw. You are caught by this blast; roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points.

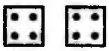

195

If the Golem destroys your physical form, cross off the relevant codeword and turn to **173**. If you manage to overcome the rampaging Golem, regain 1 LUCK point, add the codeword *Hellfire* to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **122**.

195

Resisting the pull of the grave by force of will alone, you turn your attention to the man working away at the headstone. Suddenly aware of your presence he lowers his tools and turns to face you. But rather than react with fear he smiles at you benevolently.

'I wondered whether you might make an appearance,' he says, a twinkle in his eye. 'It's alright,' he adds, 'I'm used to seeing dead people.'

You know this toothless wretch of old. Yorrick is chief ratcatcher, drain un-clogger and gravedigger.

'I've been getting this ready for you,' Yorrick says, pointing at the headstone with his chisel.

He picks up a skull from the disturbed earth he has dug to form the new grave. Holding it in one hand, he gazes intently into the skull's empty eye-sockets, then takes hold of the loosened jawbone with his other hand and wobbles it, opening and closing the skull's mouth as he says, 'Gottle-a-gear! Gottle-a-gear!'

'I know,' you say, your eyes on the open grave, chilled to the very core of your being – what there is left of it.

'Terrible shame, it is. Terrible shame. So, what are you doing here anyway?' the gravedigger asks. 'Revenge is it? A black and deep desire to avenge the wrong done you and see justice served?'

Glad to have someone who understands your predicament, you and Yorrick quickly fall into a conversation about the various merits of revenge over justice and vice versa.

'So I guess you'll be needing some help,' he says at last, a solemn expression on his age-lined face. 'I can't offer you much, but they do say that a little knowledge is worth more than gold. And although they also say dead men tell no tales, I wouldn't be so sure about that, if I were you. I spend most of my time in the company of the dead and they tell me plenty. So, what do you want to know?'

Will you ask Yorrick about:

Ghosts within the castle who might help you?	Turn to **87**
Which ghosts might seek to harm you?	Turn to **63**
The spirits of your ancestors?	Turn to **41**

196

And so you clash swords with the Dread Knights of the Order of the Black Shroud, a company that calls its number from amongst the ranks of the Undead. They will not be easy to defeat and you will have to fight the broadsword-wielding warriors at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DREAD KNIGHT	9	9
Second DREAD KNIGHT	8	9

The undead knights' blades smoulder with dark energy, runes cast into them glowing like red-hot coals. If a knight wounds you, roll one die; on a roll of 5–6 the knight's cursed blade will cause you 3 STAMINA points damage, rather than the usual 2. If the Dread Knights dispatch you, sending you over to the Other Side, write the number 20 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. However, if you manage to defeat them, turn to **323**.

197

In your spirit-form how are you ever going to give the Demon Gate the offering of flesh it demands? The putrid pool is full of decomposing flesh but in your ethereal state you cannot even make use of that. You have no choice but to retrace your path through the dungeon to find another way of acquiring the gruesome offering needed to open the gate. But it is as you are preparing to cross the pool again that its surface

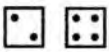

heaves and something truly awful rises from its depths. Turn to **430**.

198

Your attention is diverted from the cleaver-wielding Cook by the arrival of two black-robed knights. Through their visors you catch glimpses of faces spoiled by rot. They are of the Order of the Black Shroud, who many believe to be only a legend, for they draw their number from the ranks of the already dead! But they are here, now, in front of you and you must fight them together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DREAD KNIGHT	8	9
Second DREAD KNIGHT	8	9

The undead warriors' blades smoke with dark energy and if one of them wounds you it will go badly for you; roll one die and on a roll of 5–6 the cursed blade inflicts 3 STAMINA points damage, rather than the usual 2. If the Dread Knights dispatch you, sending you on your way over to the Other Side, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you manage to defeat them, you decide that you need to get out of here as quickly as possible, before more of the silent knights turn up, but which way will you go; out through the cookhouse door (turn to **445**), or along the passageway that the knights entered by (turn to **95**)?

199

Courageously you step up to the doors again. Pain flares through your body a second time. Lose a further 2 STAMINA points and if this reduces your STAMINA score to zero or below record the number 259 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. However, if you are still in this world, roll two dice and add 2. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **149**. If it is greater, try as you might you cannot penetrate the Circle of Protection that surrounds the sanctuary. You will simply have to turn to **259** and explore elsewhere.

200

Unable to take your eyes off the manifesting form, you watch as the ghostly luminescence assumes the shape of an older man, wearing the armour of a warrior-knight. You recognise it as your late father's armour, but then the ghost *is* that of your father.

'My child,' the ghost booms portentously, 'it grieves me to see you in the same state as I, but although my time is run, things are not too late for you. I come to warn you. Trust not the trusted, heed not the helpful and gird yourself against the night for the Lord of Shadows waits at the gate and death comes in his wake.'

Bewildered by your father's ghostly warning, you do not know what to make of his words as his ethereal form begins to break up on the wind and is carried away on the gusting wind. The last thing you hear

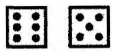

before he is gone again for good are the words: 'Seek the sword under hallowed ground and the shield beyond the door.' And then there is nothing more.

Seeing your father again spurs you on to see your betrayers brought to justice and your own death avenged. Add 1 to your WILL score, 1 to your LUCK and then turn to **445**.

201

You make your way up onto the battlements and are afforded the most marvellous view of the cold, black expanse of the Diamond Sea beyond. The walls of Valsinore Castle seem to rise up out of the very bedrock of the Sourstone promontory. A drop from the gargoyle-encrusted battlements of the Keep would see a man plummet straight down into the sea.

'There's one!' a startled voice suddenly cries out and you turn from enjoying the moonlit view and come face to face with the two guardsmen patrolling the battlements, on the lookout for danger. The two men are armed with pole-axes which they grip tightly in shaking hands. If you have one or more of the code-words *Bell, Barking, Barracks* or *Blacksmith* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet,* turn to **223** immediately. If not, how will you react to the two guards? Will you:

Try to talk to them?	Turn to **253**
Try to scare them away?	Turn to **239**
Engage them in combat?	Turn to **223**

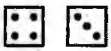

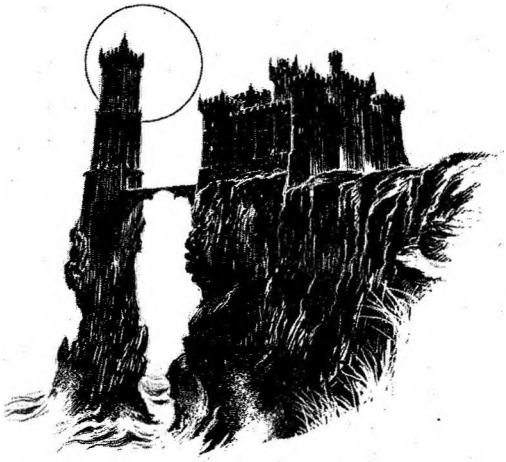

202

The skeletal worm strikes, seizing hold of your ethereal form between its jaws and sinking fangs half a metre long into your incorporeal form. The fangs cause you as much harm as they would if you had still been a thing of flesh and blood, as the monster's poisonous bite taints your very soul. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 WILL point. If you are still in the land of the living, turn back to **232** and finish your battle with the legendary worm. If the worm's corrupting bite has finished you off, however, write the number 88 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

203

Trying to move as quickly and yet as stealthily as possible, you lunge for the turning to the left. You may choose whether to *Test your Skill* or *Test your Luck* here. If you succeed or are Lucky, turn to **154**. If you fail or are Unlucky, turn to **219**.

204

You wake the Burgomaster the only way you can think of, by moaning and wailing like a banshee. The tubby Burgomaster snorts and blearily opens his eyes. A split second later he is sitting bolt upright in bed screaming in abject terror.

'Murder!' he screams. 'Murder! Send for the Ghost Hunter! Send for Van Richten, there's another one here now! Help! Oh, horror! Help me, someone, please!'

Nothing you can do now will calm the distressed Jurgen and you can hear muffled voices and the sound of running feet coming from downstairs. As the Burgomaster has raised the alarm, you feel that you have little choice but to leave the house as quickly as you can. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **406**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **101**.

205

Descending the staircase you enter the dungeons that lie beneath the great Keep. This is an area you had little to do with when you were alive but now that you're dead you have little choice but to explore the dungeons; your nemesis awaits you somewhere within the dark passageways and half-forgotten cells.

It is not long before you come to a plain wooden door in the right-hand wall of the passage. The only thing of interest about it is the sign that has been written on a torn scrap of parchment in what appears to be red ink – although it could well be blood – and nailed to the door. It reads, 'KEEP OUT!' but you can't help noticing that the door is slightly ajar. If you want to enter the chamber beyond, turn to **185**. If you would rather continue on your way, turn to **56**.

206

As you exert your will against the old man, a curious thing happens. You steadily find yourself probing further and further into the porter's mind until suddenly you are looking out at the world through his eyes. You have actually managed to possess the body of the porter. He's still inside there with you too, scared and confused, but his body is yours to command – at least for the time being. Add 1 to your WILL and, having made a note of this paragraph first, turn to **343**.

Looking down at the porter's callused hands and lice-ridden rags you are possessed of an unbelievable

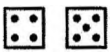

thirst and almost overwhelmed by the need to empty your bladder. It is a weird sensation, controlling another's body. While you are still in control of the porter's body, you stumble over to the capstan and, putting all of Falstaff's strength into it, set to turning it.

Slowly, via a series of trundling gears, the portcullis rises through a slot and into the roof. Once you think it is high enough you lock off the capstan so that it can't be lowered again. You are only just in time. You feel your mental grip slipping and with a shudder your spirit-form is expelled from the porter's body. You can't say you're sorry to say goodbye to his body; and to think that you thought being dead was bad! (Add the codeword *Gateway* to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point.)

As the porter stumbles down the stairs yelling in nerve-shredding terror, you decide what you want to do next. Will you continue up into the gatehouse through the archway opposite (turn to **160**), or will you return to the ground floor gate and re-assess your options there (turn to **20**)?

207

Having wandered these tunnels of the dead for what feels like far too long, you eventually find yourself back where you started. So where will you go now?

Along the tunnel ahead of you?	Turn to **10**
Along the tunnel to the left?	Turn to **235**

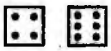

Out of the catacombs and back to the Inner Ward courtyard? Turn to 445

208

'Quick, Streng,' Van Richten calls to his companion, 'deploy the spirit snare!' His henchman responds at once, hurling the modified trap towards you.

Your first reaction is that the trap will pass straight through you but then it snaps shut, its silvered teeth snagging your ethereal form. You let out a blood-curdling scream of agony as pain like you have known only once before – when you died – shoots through you.

'I have a suitable receptacle ready,' the Ghost Hunter says.

As you struggle to free yourself from the spirit snare, Van Richten unstoppers a silver flask and mutters something incomprehensible under his breath. You suddenly feel as though the world around you is swelling in size beyond all reason and then there is a pop and you hear the squeak of the bung being pushed back into the neck of the bottle.

Van Richten holds the flask up to his face and peers at you with undisguised disgust. 'That's another one dealt with,' you hear him say before he stows the flask in his strongbox. There is no way out of the ghost trap for you and so your adventure must end here.

209

You make it safely to the shore and from there depart the frozen domain of the Winter King once and for all. Turn to **29**.

210

And so you come once more to the forge. Despite the lateness of the hour, Bertild the blacksmith is still working away at her anvil and forge, hammering a finely-wrought blade into shape as you enter her sanctuary to take possession of her body. If you have the codeword *Ironheart* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **119**. If not, roll two dice and deduct one from the total. If the final total is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **119**. If it is greater, the blacksmith's mind resists your attempt to seize hold of her physical form; turn back to **13** and try someone, or something, else.

211

You creep towards the stone circle, through the heather, under the cover of the darkness brought about by the eclipse, but there are creatures present that do not need light to detect the life-forces given off by either the living or the ethereal dead. Two of the shadowy creatures observing the ceremony leave the circle and drift towards you, ready to take what little life you have left. If you have the *Banish Spirit* special ability and want to use it now, turn to **162**. If not, turn to **124**.

212

The form the Bonebeast has taken on is like that of some eons-dead reptile species. Although its forebears may be long dead, the Bonebeast is nonetheless a formidable opponent.

LIVING FOSSIL BONEBEAST SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If the Bonebeast wins an Attack Round, roll one die and consult the table below to discover what damage it inflicts upon you.

Die Roll	*Attack and Damage*
1–3	Terrible Claws – the living fossil tears at your body with its savagely sharp claws. Lose 2 STAMINA points.

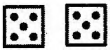

4–5	Tail Lash – the Bonebeast's tail hits you, knocking you off your feet. Lose 2 STAMINA points and reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of the next Attack Round as you get up again.
6	Savage Bite – the fossil-thing takes you in its mouth, its huge jaws closing around your body. Lose 6 STAMINA points.

If you manage to defeat the Bonebeast, turn to **236**. Alternatively, after three Attack Rounds have elapsed you can attempt to flee by running for the descending staircase. If you want to do this you must forfeit one Attack Round and suffer the consequences, but if your gamble pays off, turn to **205**. However, if your battle with the Bonebeast results in your ethereal form being destroyed, write the number 110 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

213

And so you return to the Barbican and the portcullis windlass room, wherein you find Falstaff the porter, fast asleep and snoring loudly, his precious cider bottle clenched tight to his chest. You meet little resistance as you force your mind inside the body of the porter, the drunkard's own consciousness running to hide in some corner of his being in a confused, alcoholic haze. (Add the codeword *Host* to you *Adventure Sheet*.)

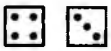

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score, for later use, on your *Adventure Sheet*. While you are possessing the porter's body you must use the drunkard's drink-dulled stats, which are as follows: SKILL 7, STAMINA 16.

If you are injured in any way, for as long as you are wearing Falstaff's filthy body you may eat provisions to recover STAMINA points. One meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points. Falstaff's cider jug contains three tots, the equivalent of three meals. However, every time you drink a measure of cider, for the duration of the next battle you are involved in you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point. The porter's only weapon is a cudgel, but it will have to do for now, until you can find something better.

If Falstaff's STAMINA is reduced to 2 STAMINA points or fewer while you are in possession of his body, he will be knocked unconscious, forcing you to relinquish control of him. However, you can fight on in spirit-form, using the stats that you have made a note of here. Turn to 429.

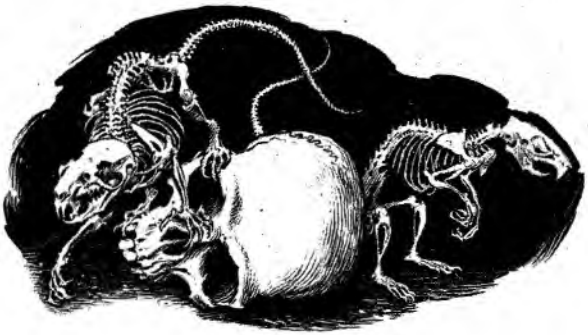

214

You soar over the gatehouse, over the sea-moat and approach the south face of the forbidding black Keep. You hear the crack of shattering stone followed by the beating of leathery wings. The gargoyles set to guard the Keep from aerial assault launch themselves from their battlement roosts and dive towards you, cruel talons outstretched.

Unbelievably, your ethereal sword cannot penetrate the stony hides of these enchanted monsters. However, their diamond-hard talons will ravage your ghostly body as well as they would flesh and blood. All you can do is try to fend off their savage attacks as you try to land again, and negate the enchantment that has set them on you in the first place. You must fight the Gargoyles as if they were one creature.

GARGOYLE PACK SKILL 9

Roll one die and add 1; this is the number of Attack Rounds you must fight against the monsters before you are able to make it to the ground again, on the far side of the moat-bridge. If the gargoyles 'kill' you before that number of Attack Rounds have passed, write the number 337 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you survive long enough to make it to ground again, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to 337.

215

The faint phosphorescence of your own ghostly form illuminates the interior of the barrow. It is cold and

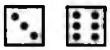

damp and you can see worms, centipedes and beetle larvae writhing about in the rich loam of the earth-cut passageway. The malign presence you felt outside the barrow permeates the atmosphere like a fog of evil intent. But despite its nature, it still draws you onwards, deeper into the mound.

You emerge from the tunnel into the burial chamber itself. A vile stench hangs in the stagnant air of the chamber and seems to be coming from the thing slumped in a stone throne on the far side of the chamber. It is the grey-green rotting corpse of the ancient king that was buried here hundreds of years ago with all his worldly possessions.

You cannot help noticing that most of the dead king's possessions have rotted away over time and that what treasures do remain are tarnished with the patina of eons. You also can't help noticing the piles of mouldering bones surrounding the king's throne. The bones appear to be human, and some of them appear to have been gnawed down to the marrow.

Suddenly the dead king's eyes flick open. 'An intruder!' the corpse hisses, a forked tongue darting out from between fleshless lips. 'Is this another villain come to steal my crown?'

The corpse springs to its feet; it is surprisingly agile for a mouldering corpse. The dead king fixes you with its putrid green stare.

'No, not a common thief,' it hisses, 'but a noble knight, a knight of the living dead.' Warily you

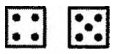

unsheathe your spectral sword. 'A vengeful spectre, one who would rid the world of its own kind,' the ghoulish creature goes on. 'But you are too late, noble knight. The Lord of Shadows comes and none shall stand in his way. He shall reap such a harvest of souls that soon the whole world shall know his name.'

What is the dead king talking about? Whatever it is, his doom-laden prophecy fills you with a sense of doubt and foreboding. (Lose 1 LUCK point and reduce your WILL score by 1.)

'Silence, grave-worm!' you cry, raising your phantom sword high above your head 'Take your vile prophecies with you into the next world.' With that, the ghoul king leaps at you with filth-encrusted talons raised.

GHOUL KING SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If the Ghoul King manages to strike you, he causes 2 STAMINA points of damage. He also drains a measure of the very essence of your soul to grant him greater power. For every three wounds the Ghoul King delivers you must lose 1 SKILL point as well and increase his SKILL score by 1 point in return. If the Ghoul King kills you outright, reducing your STAMINA score to zero and granting you a second death, write the number 295 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you slay the Ghoul King, knowing that nothing you could possibly want could be found within the dead king's foetid tomb, you escape from the barrow as quickly as you can. Turn to **295**.

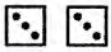

216

A host of maggots suddenly erupts from the worm-eaten flesh of the undead Gatekeeper and tries to burrow its way into your body. If you have the codeword *Host* or *Revenant* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points as the hungry maggots chew their way through your flesh. Now return to **243** and see the battle through to its end.

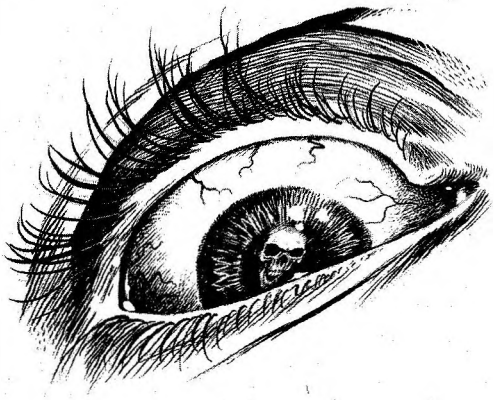

217

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **237**. If it is greater than your WILL score, turn to **257**.

218

No longer bound by gravity, you launch yourself into the chill, wind-whipped air. (If you have the phrase *Best Friend* written on your Adventure Sheet you will no longer benefit from the advantages this brings

until you return to Valsinore Castle.) The Sourstone promontory rushes past below you and then you are passing beyond the bounds of the kingdom of Ruddlestone, towns, villages, rivers, forests, hills and heathland all rushing past below in a blur. You will be at your destination in no time, but where is it that you are travelling to?

Fetchfen, Village of the Damned?	Turn to **441**
Frostfinger, the Winter King's tower?	Turn to **168**

219

The Catacomb Crawler moves with lightning speed and you are forced to put your hand to your weapon before the creature can bite or claw you with its equally vicious teeth or talons.

CATACOMB CRAWLER SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

Despite its appearance, the reptilian Catacomb Crawler is not one of the Undead but a living thing. This means that if you are in your spirit-form, it cannot actually hurt you and you will be able to slay it with ease. However, it could still destroy your physical form, if you have one, although your ghost will then be able to destroy it with ease. With the Catacomb Crawler dead, one way or another, do you now want to continue along the tunnel ahead of you (turn to **111**) or would you rather take the new turning to the left (turn to **154**)?

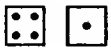

220

You suddenly find yourself surrounded by the ghostly members of the Wild Hunt. You're not going anywhere. Their noble leader points at you with his loaded phantasmal crossbow and declares, 'I am Baron Blood, Lord of the Wild Hunt, and I demand some sport!'

He takes aim and fires, the quarrel of the crossbow zipping through the air and striking a lighting-sundered oak a hundred metres away.

'You see that tree?' he cries. You nod. 'Make it to that tree before my hounds can catch you and you go free. Fail to make it to that tree in time and your soul is mine! Do you understand?' You nod again. 'Then go!'

There's no time to think or plan; all you can do is start running. You set off at a sprint, ghostly lungs still gasping for breath even though you no longer breathe. You run as if your very soul depended on it, which it does. But how can you possibly outrun Baron Blood's phantom hounds?

If you want to rely on cunning and good fortune to get the better of the hounds, turn to **270**. If you would rather rely on brute strength and your own relentless determination, turn to **310**.

221

Unbelievably, with the hellish hounds snapping at your heels, you make it to the tree and fling your arms around the Sundered Oak. You stare in wonder

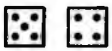

as the crossbow bolt embedded in the bark crumbles into silver dust. With a shrill, spine-chilling scream, the Baron's spectral form dissolves like mist on the wind. (Add 1 to your WILL.)

You suddenly find yourself at the centre of a whirling maelstrom as, with whinnying cries, unearthly howls and blood-curdling screams, the rest of the Wild Hunt is forcibly returned to the Realm of the Damned once more. (Regain 1 LUCK point.)

Just as the huntsman promised, having bested his Wild Hunt, you are free to continue your search for answers upon this Earthly Plane. Turn to **290**.

222

You are soon up to your knees in rotting human remains. Despite everything that you have witnessed this night, this situation appals and repulses you, and it unsettles you deeply. (Lose 1 WILL point.) Just when you think things couldn't get any worse, the surface of the pool heaves and something truly awful rises from amidst the stinking, decomposing remains. Turn to **430**.

223

The guardsmen level their weapons at you and charge. Seeing as how they are not armed with enchanted or holy weapons, the guardsmen are defenceless against you and in a moment you have silenced them – forever! But they were good men, only doing their job, and they did not deserve such an ignominious end. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to 434.

224

You are not quick enough. The squid-like beast smashes the frozen surface of the lake to smithereens, forcing you to retreat to the island again. With no way of crossing the watery barrier, you are doomed to haunt this island for evermore, or at least until the lake surface freezes again, but by then you will be too late to stop your nemesis' evil plan. Your adventure is over.

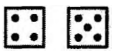

225

As you draw closer to the man he burps loudly in surprise and the stench of stale cider wafts over you, making even your ethereal form recoil. But press on you must, if you are to ever manage to open the portcullis. ''Ere, wot are yoo doin'?' he challenges as you loom over him, your spectral brow knotted in concentration as you pit your will against his. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **206**; if it is greater, turn to **247**.

226

'I was cruelly murdered, cut down in my prime before my life could run its course,' you say.

The Watcher looks at the hourglass again. 'It would appear that you are right, that destiny is not done with you yet. But who was it that desired you death? What is the name of this villain?'

If you know the name of the villain you are seeking, turn it into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 … Z=26. Add the numbers together, reverse the digits and then turn to this paragraph. If you do not know the name of the one who had you killed, you are forced to beg the Watcher to give you a second chance (turn to **127**).

227

The door to the feast hall bangs open and the entertainment abruptly stops. A tall, imposing figure, wearing the tabard and armour of a crusader knight

enters the chamber, his anxious squire trotting to keep up. Chamberlain Unthank is on his feet immediately and at his sycophantic best.

'My lord,' he simpers, bowing obsequiously, 'what a pleasant surprise. We were not expecting guests at our lowly feast.'

'Then whose benefit is this for?' the crusader snaps, indicating the table groaning with food.

'Ah, this was to honour the return of one of our own from the Dark Crusade,' Unthank invents quickly.

You know this man!

'That is who I have come here to pay my respects to,' the crusader announces. 'We fought together at the Siege of Sanctiphrax. I have undertaken a pilgrimage to cleanse my soul after witnessing the horrors I did in Bathoria. I was in the region and remembered my old friend and thought I'd pay a visit.'

You were right! It is Marrok of the Eldermark. Yours was a friendship forged in battle. You saved his life when an undead wyvern attempted to carry him from the field of battle, and he saved you from a pack of rabid Werewargs.

'Then I am very sorry to inform you that your journey has been a wasted one,' Unthanks says with false gravitas. He then goes on to tell the crusader of how you were struck down within sight of the castle by a band of bloodthirsty cut-throats.

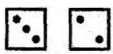

'A pox on this place!' Marrok exclaims in grief and anger. 'What has befallen this accursed castle? On the way here my squire and I were also beset by a pair of undead Golems until they were repelled by the strength of our holy purpose.'

You are overjoyed to see your brother-in-arms again but are also fully aware of your precarious position here within the castle. Do you want to reveal yourself to him and recruit him to your cause that he might help you discover what is going on here yourself (turn to **267**), or would you prefer to keep watching and see what befalls (turn to **298**)?

228

You find Marrok where you left him, in the castle feast hall. He has fallen asleep, his squire beside him, in a corner of the now otherwise empty chamber. Seizing this opportunity, you exert your will against his in an effort to take over his body. Roll two dice and add 2. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **444**. If it is greater, Marrok wakes and, on seeing your ghostly form hovering before him, leaps to his feet.

'Mighty Telak!' he shouts. 'That you would take on the guise of a great and noble warrior to do your evil shall be your undoing, I curse you to Hell for all eternity! For Telak and for Valsinore!' Marrok doesn't believe it is really you and comes at you, his blade bared.

229

If you would allow yourself to be cut down by the noble knight, write the number 13 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If not, you are going to have to fight him, no matter how much you might loathe the idea.

CRUSADER SKILL 11 STAMINA 11

Marrok's sword Deathsbane, is a holy weapon and so will harm you in your undead state. In fact, for every successful strike that the crusader makes against you, roll one die and on a roll of 5–6 you lose 3 STAMINA points instead of the usual 2. If Marrok slays you, write the number 13 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you cut him down first you must lose 1 LUCK point and 1 WILL point for having to kill your battle-brother. Then turn to **13**.

229

The stone-built shrine was obviously once an impressive building bearing all manner of stone-carved ornament – everything from noble knights battling dragons to scythe-wielding angels of death – but it is now choked with briars and does not look like anyone has been inside for a long time, even though one of the rotted wooden doors is hanging half off its hinges. Approaching the open door, you step over the threshold.

Pain courses through your spectral body and you are thrown violently back from the entrance. It feels as if a lightning bolt has just passed right through you.

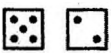

(Lose 2 STAMINA points and if this reduces your STAMINA score to zero or below record the number 259 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.)

Knowing what awaits you now if you try to enter the shrine, do you want to try again (turn to **199**), or would you rather leave and try somewhere else (turn to **259**)?

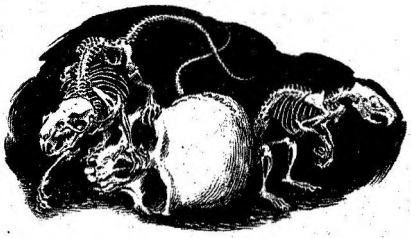

230

You are able to make your incorporeal form invisible to the human eye, dissolving into the shadows with a single thought. Record the *Shade* special ability on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one that you were just instructed to write down.

231

Salt has long been held to be an effective deterrent against witches and the Undead and, no matter how much you might not like it, you are now one of the Undead. As you come close to the barrier it feels as if you have hit an invisible wall of potent energy that burns your ethereal form. Lose 4 STAMINA points, 1 SKILL point, 1 LUCK point and 1 WILL point. If you are still 'alive', turn to **14**. If not, write the number 434 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

232

Peering down into the well you can just about make out the reflection of moonlight on the black mirror of the water far below. It is supposedly possible to get into the castle catacombs from the chamber that lies at the bottom of the well. However, legend also has it that after your ancestor Agravain fatally wounded the Sourstone Worm, which had been terrorizing the area for some months, it slithered into the castle well to die, polluting the water until a priestess made it whole again with a spell of cleansing. (If you have the phrase *Best Friend* written on your *Adventure Sheet* for as long as you are underground you must lose the benefits usually gained from this.)

Cautiously you clamber into the well, your faintly glowing form illuminating hand-holds between the moss and fern-covered stones that line the inside of the shaft. Eventually the well opens out into a large natural chamber within the bedrock of the Sourstone headland on which Valsinore stands. Making use of clefts in the rock now you manage to make it down to the edge of the pool from which the well's water is drawn and are stunned by what you see there.

The northern edge of the pool is littered with millions of bleached white bones. There are so many, piled in great mounds at the water's edge, that some have tumbled into the pool itself, creating calcified islands formed from the skeletons of everything from men to dogs to cattle and even horses. Beyond this bone-yard

a circular passageway does indeed lead away into the darkness, under the foundations of the castle chapel.

Fizzing and spitting like Dwarfish black-powder igniting, sparking green witch-lights rise like will-o'-the-wisps from the still black waters and then vanish, at speed, into the piles of bones surrounding the pool. With a clatter of bones loud enough to wake the dead, a massive skeletal form rises from out of the piles of broken skeletons in front of you. It has the appearance of a monstrous serpent, formed from the strange conglomeration of bones that litter the cave, and its head is the skull of some huge snake, or possibly even a basilisk. Green witch-fires blazing in its eye-sockets, the spirit of the Sourstone Worm strikes.

SKELETAL SERPENT SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If the serpent wins an Attack Round, roll two dice and if you roll a double, turn to **202** immediately. If the ghost of the Sourstone Worm should 'kill' you, write the number 88 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you manage to defeat this monstrous Undead creature, turn to **292**.

233

Unstoppering the flask you hurl it at the advancing Shadow King. The effect is instantaneous. Where the oil splashes over the night-born body of the Undead Lord it burns like acid, eating away at the Shadow King's form. The Shadow King roars in pain and fury and you barely have time to draw your own weapon

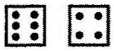

before he is on you. When you come to fight the Shadow King, reduce his STAMINA score by 6 points and his SKILL score by 2, but for now, turn to 249.

234

Making your way upstairs you come at last to the Burgomaster's bedchamber and, as luck would have it, his chamber door is ajar. You slip inside and by the phosphorescent glow given off by your own spectral form you see the Burgomaster fast asleep in bed. You can hear him too; he is snoring loudly. An empty carafe of wine sits on his bedside table. So far, he has no idea that you are there. If you want to risk waking the Burgomaster, turn to 204. If you would rather let sleeping dogs lie, and prefer to explore downstairs, turn to 325.

235

The door at the end of the passageway is an ornate affair, decorated with a complex pattern marked out in bands of gold. On it is inscribed the following verse:

A wizard of great power and might,
Lies sleeping through eternal night.
If you would with him consult,
And seek to enter this stone vault,
If you wouldst the wizard see,
Answer then this riddle-me-ree.

You can waste it, make it, kill it, take it,
But like the tide, no king can break it.

236

If you know the answer to the riddle, turn the word into numbers using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26. Add the numbers together and turn to this paragraph. If you do not know the answer, or if the paragraph you turn to makes no sense, you cannot gain access this way. If you have the *Apparition* special ability and want to use it now, turn to **284**. If not, you will have to search elsewhere within the catacombs (turn to **264**).

236

At your killing blow, the necromantic magic holding the Bonebeast together is dispelled in a burst of noxious energy, and it crumbles into a pile of skeletal remains once more. Amidst all the bones and rubble that fills the interior of the Keep, you find scraps of treasure and a few other items of interest, which are only going to be of any use to you if you still have a physical body with which to carry them. If you do, and you want to pause for a bit of treasure-hunting, turn to **273**. If not, which way do you want to go from here; up the north-west spiral staircase (turn to **294**), or down the north-east stair (turn to **205**)?

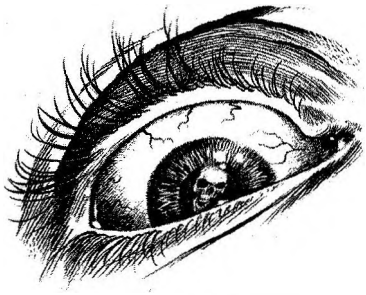

237

Resisting the weird otherworldly lure of the stone circle, you set out across the night-dark landscape, heading north. Your feet carry you forwards just as they did in life and you can even feel the stony surface of the road beneath them. But which way are you headed?

North, towards the village and Valsinore Castle?	Turn to **163**
North-west, towards Wraith Wood?	Turn to **3**
North-east, towards the sea-cliffs?	Turn to **193**

238

The bolt of black lightning hits you square in the chest. Instantly, a howling wind, with the voice of a million screaming souls, picks you up and carries your spirit-form away to the netherworld. (If you have the codeword *Revenant*, or *Host*, or *Armoured* written on your *Adventure Sheet* cross it off now.) Write down the number 132, and turn to **100**.

239

Screaming in terror the two guards flee. 'Attack!' they shout, 'We're under attack from the Undead!' A warning bell starts to toll in the guardhouse and you know that in moments every guard in the Outer Ward will have been alerted to your presence. (Add the codeword *Battlements* to your *Adventure Sheet*.)

You feel that the only thing you can do to avoid detection is to leave the Outer Ward and head further into the castle. Turn to **317**.

240

Just when you are thinking that you have avoided the infernal machine, the Golem turns towards you and, opening its furnace-mouth, vomits a great gout of flame over you. Its hellish breath washes over you, burning you just as badly as if you were still a creature of flesh and blood. Roll one die, add 1, and lose that many STAMINA points. If this flame-attack has taken your STAMINA score to zero or below, write the number 134 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If not, turn to **278**.

241

Certain that the ritual is at its height, if you don't act quickly you will forfeit your sister's life. But what can you do to disrupt the blasphemous rite? Will you:

Try to penetrate the stone circle by stealth?	Turn to **211**
Use a Jet Amulet (if you have one)?	Turn to **258**
Use a Black Hourglass (if you have one)?	Turn to **296**
Use a Spirit Stone (if you have one)?	Turn to **104**
Use the *Codex Mortis* (if you have it)?	Turn to **135**

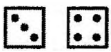

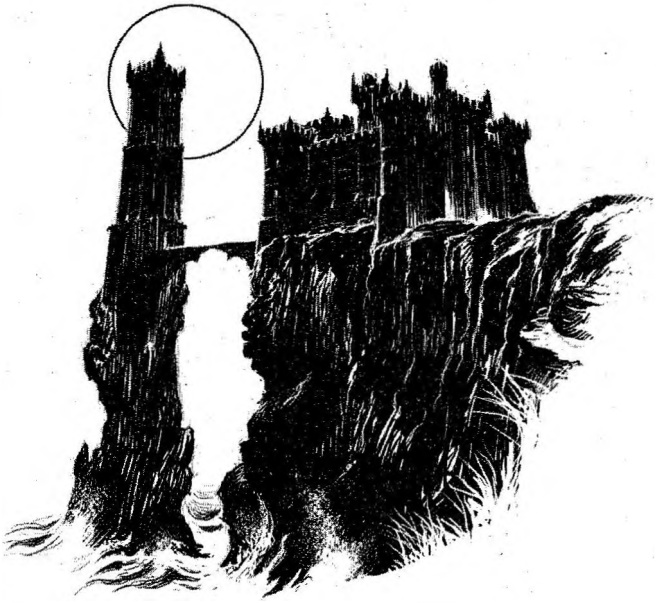

242

The main entrance to Valsinore Castle stands within the imposing edifice of the Outer Gatehouse. Two guards stand on duty here but there are other defences besides them, including the sturdy gates themselves, a heavy iron portcullis, murder holes, a siege ballista and a second portcullis. Nobody gets in or out unless the castellan wills it. But that person should be you, and right now you are on the wrong side of the gate.

As you move in sight of the gate you consider what would be the best way to gain entrance. If you have the *Spectre* special ability and wish to use it, turn to

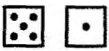

272. If you have the *Shade* special ability and wish to use it, turn to 334. If you possess neither of these abilities, or do not want to use them, you will just have to approach the gatehouse as you are (turn to 395).

243

Beyond the Demon Gate you descend another flight of steps and enter a rock-cut tunnel that is shored up with the rib bones of some great creature – a Bullwhale perhaps – so that it feels as if you are walking down the gullet of some rapacious behemoth. But eventually this ends too and you find yourself entering a near-spherical underground cavern. Ahead of you, across a narrow stone causeway, stands a column of rock upon which rests a circular gateway of black stone. Surrounding the column is a fiery pit, the hungry flames filling the cavern with an infernal glow. You are certain that you have reached the deepest part of the dungeon now but there is no sign of the villain you have been pursuing. The only figure present is a large, rotting corpse, standing beside the black gate, wearing ancient rusted armour and carrying a skull-headed mace – a potent weapon against both the living and the dead. Somehow you know that to find your nemesis you must pass through the gate – wherever it may take you – but to earn that right, you are going to have to battle the gruesome Gatekeeper first. Stepping onto the bridge you prepare to meet your destiny.

GATEKEEPER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

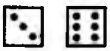

If the Gatekeeper wounds you, roll one die. If you roll a 6, turn to **216** immediately. If you roll any other number, fight on. If you manage to best the Gatekeeper, turn to **309**. If the Gatekeeper vanquishes you in battle and your spirit-form is destroyed, write the number 309 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

244

As you shape the words, the air around you thickens perceptibly. Surely it cannot be possible for the eclipse to get any darker, but that is how it feels to you now. Unknown to you, your spell has enhanced the powers of the shadow-born horrors that are about to attack you. (Lose 1 LUCK point.) Now turn to **124**, but before you fight the Tenebrae, increase their STAMINA scores by 2 and their SKILL scores by 1.

245

Suddenly, unbelievably, the stone shifts. Through willpower alone you have managed to influence an inanimate object in the physical world despite being a ghost yourself. Write the number 215 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to **120**.

246

'Very well,' the Queen says, her sinister smile remaining in place, her eyes blazing with emerald witch-lights. 'Then by hellfire, brimstone and pestilence, I decree that you shall die a second death, here and now. But which shall it be? Choose the manner of your undoing!' How will you answer?

'By hellfire!'	Turn to **340**
'By brimstone!'	Turn to **262**
'By pestilence!'	Turn to **283**
'Do your worst! I do not intend to die again!'	Turn to **305**

247

You bear down on the old man, your features twisting into those of some hellish apparition. 'Listen to me, old man, and listen well,' you growl in a bestial voice that surely cannot be your own. But before you can say any more the porter gives a strangled gasp, his eyes roll up into his head and he pole-axes onto the floor face-first, not dead drunk this time, just dead. What good is another dead man to you? (Lose 1 LUCK point.)

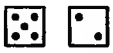

Unable to do anything about the portcullis now, will you continue up into the gatehouse through the archway opposite you (turn to **160**), or will you return to the ground floor and re-assess your options (turn to **20**)?

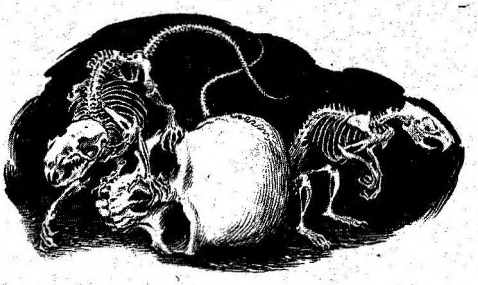

248

As the Ghost Hunter and his henchman drop dead, the life gone from them, the screaming begins again. But the people's fear triggers a hideous transformation within you. Your ethereal form warps and swells and you take on a terrifying aspect more demon than human. This only feeds the villager's fear still further, and they run screaming from the building, into the night.

But this wasn't what you wanted! (If you don't already have it, write down the *Spectre* special ability on your Adventure Sheet and lose 1 LUCK point.) Managing to regain control of yourself at last, you hurtle out of the open door and away from the village of Sleath altogether. Turn to **6**.

249

Are you fighting the Shadow King with a magical or holy weapon? If so, turn to **113**. If not, turn to **346**.

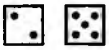

250

'So, is the deed done?' Chamberlain Unthank asks the Death Acolyte.

'The deed is done,' the other replies darkly.

'And there weren't any ... complications?'

The Acolyte does not answer immediately. 'The spirit was willing even though the flesh was weak, but I dealt with it.'

'Good,' the Chamberlain says, steepling his fingers in front of his face. 'Nothing can be allowed to upset my plans. They have been years in the making, ever since I swore my soul to the Darkness all those decades ago back in Fetchfen, the place of my birth. Tonight our lord shall rise and then all shall know the name of Unthank and bow before me or else suffer my wrath. When the eclipse comes ultimate power shall be granted to me and then the dead of an entire kingdom shall answer my call to war.'

'Everything is ready, my lord?' the cultist asks.

'Almost everything. I still need a suitable sacrifice, but I have someone in mind. And we shall succeed, have no fear of that. The only thing that would make me absolutely certain of our success would be if I had the Spirit Stone in my hands right now. The Order of the Black Shroud have searched long and hard but the wards of the Winter King have thwarted them in their efforts to locate his tower, Frostfinger. But no

matter, the eclipse fast approaches and with it my ultimate victory over the grave!'

You cannot quite believe what you are hearing! It was Chamberlain Unthank, the one you set to guard your ancestral home and ensure your sister's safety who was behind your murder all along. And it sounds like your death was only the beginning of his nefarious schemes. He must be stopped or else it won't be only Valsinore Castle that is under his control, and it won't be only your blood on his hands.

'We are discovered!' Unthank suddenly hisses, shooting anxious glances all about him. 'We have a spy in our midst. Someone has been eavesdropping on our conversation. But no matter, with a word it is done.'

The Chamberlain mutters something barely audible and wholly inhuman under his breath and an unearthly gale rises from nowhere to wail and whirl about the secret meeting chamber. It is at that moment that the traitor screams over the roar of the gale, 'Spirit, begone!'

The howling wind rises, forming a spiralling whirlwind with you at its heart. The veil between worlds is suddenly torn asunder and you are sucked through as the Dead Winds carry you over into the next world. Write the number 58 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

251

Captured by Baron Blood's Wild Hunt, there is nothing you can do as the huntsman pulls you up onto the back of his horse. Howling and whooping, Blood's hunters gallop away into the night and beyond the veil to the Realm of the Damned as you despair for the fate of your soul. Record the number 290 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

252

You are halfway across when the frozen surface of the lake fractures and a thick, rubbery tentacle smashes through. The tentacle waves about in the wind-whipped air, as if looking for something and then is withdrawn again. You can see something moving there beneath the ice – something massive. You start to run. There is another crash as a second tentacle smashes through the ice and then a third, sending great fissures skittering out across the lake, plunging back into the ice sheet, opening up great areas of rippling water. Moving water is inimical to undead spirits like you and if you don't pick up the pace, the lake monster's actions could leave you trapped between the island and the shore, unable to go anywhere because of the natural magical barrier formed by the water. With your very destiny depending on it you start to run. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **209**. If the total rolled is greater than your STAMINA score, turn to **224**.

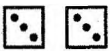

253

You try to tell the guardsmen that you mean them no harm but actually want their help, but the two men are practically out of their wits with fear and don't listen to a word you say. It's anybody's guess how they're going to react. Roll one die. If you roll 1–3, turn to **223**; if you roll 4–6, turn to **239**.

254

You struggle to resist the lure of the Grave Golem but the monster is too powerful for you, engorged as it is with the essence of those souls already bound to it. You become bound to the Golem – neither able to continue with your quest, nor able to pass over into the Lands of the Dead – doomed for all eternity. And so your adventure ends here, in eternal torment.

255*

The passageway turns left and a little further on another door appears out of the gloom to your right. This too is a Spirit Door, constructed from black wood and enchanted silver, and unless you still have a physical body you will not be able to pass beyond it. When you are ready to proceed along the passageway, turn to **31**.

256

'Revenge is a black and deep desire,' the Watcher intones. 'Revenge is a dish best served cold, as cold as the grave. Is revenge really what you wish for? And remember, you should be careful what you wish for,

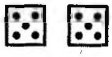

for you might just get it.' If you want to change your mind, turn to **102**. If you want to stick with your original answer, turn to **226**.

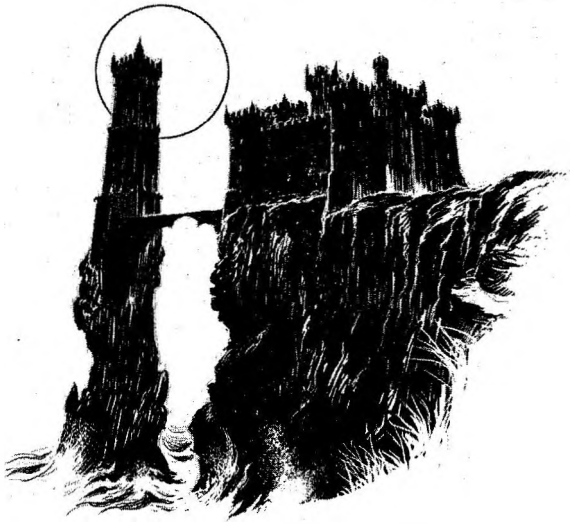

257

Unable to resist the curious attraction of the Nine Maidens, you approach the standing stones, feeling the ground beneath your feet with every ethereal step you take, although the heather passes through you as if your body was nothing but smoke. Where to your mortal eyes the Nine Maidens looked like nothing more than a circle of weathered stones, flecked with moss and lichen, you can now see tendrils of eldritch power rising into the night's sky like coruscating trails of multi-coloured flames. And you can hear the plaintive singing of women, although you can see none.

258

You come to a halt at the centre of the stone circle, before a horizontal altar stone, marvelling at the writhing tendrils of ethereal energy. And then, as you stand there, listening to the mournful voices of the invisible women, those same tendrils of energy are inexorably drawn towards you. At the same time you feel yourself imbued with otherworldly strength. The Nine Maidens have chosen a champion and worked their magic upon you. (Add 1 point to both your *Initial* SKILL and STAMINA scores and then raise those scores to their new *Initial* levels. Regain 1 LUCK point and add 1 to your WILL score.

Standing just beyond the Nine Maidens, on the crest of the hill, are three stones joined to form a stone archway. Within the portal formed by these monoliths you can see a spiralling vortex forming. A gateway to another world is opening in front of you. Will you:

Pass between the stones and through this otherworldly portal?	Turn to 389
Wait and see what happens?	Turn to 308
Try to leave the stone circle?	Turn to 288

258

Raising the skull-shaped jet amulet in your hand you feel it pulse with malignant power. The talisman is a potent evil charm and, rather than repelling the forces of darkness, actually encourages them. You know now that it was a mistake to invoke its power. Lose 1 LUCK point and 1 WILL point, record the codeword *Talisman* on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 132.

259

Back in the village square again, making sure you don't choose somewhere you've visited before, where will you go now?

The Cockcrow Inn?	Turn to 118
The overgrown shrine?	Turn to 229
Madame Zelda's tent?	Turn to 368
The Burgomaster's house?	Turn to 437
Towards the castle again?	Turn to 6

260

The chapel, with the priest's meagre dwelling attached, is a seemingly innocuous building that stands within the bounds of a walled cemetery – complete with hummocks of earth and undulating turf – that has been used in recent decades for the

burial of family members. Flickering candlelight fills the leaded panes of the stained glass windows, pouring out across the small plot of the graveyard and onto the cobbles of the courtyard beyond. It would appear that somebody is inside. Do you want to:

Enter the chapel?	Turn to 274
Explore the graveyard behind it?	Turn to 319
Leave this consecrated ground and explore elsewhere?	Turn to 445

261

Giving yourself a good run up, focusing your will on the task in hand, you run towards the putrescent pool and, as your foot touches the crumbling edge of the pit, throw yourself forwards in an attempt to clear its entire width. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, you incredibly manage to clear the stinking cesspit (turn to 421). If you fail, you fall well short and land in the middle of the stinking mess filling the pool (turn to 222).

262

A horrendous stench presages the coming of the Queen's champion as a truly horrific abomination lumbers from amidst the ranks of the undead to fight you. Covered in unspeakable filth, its body decomposing and decrepit, and carrying with it the repulsive reek of the grave, the Stench Ghoul attacks.

STENCH GHOUL SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you have the codeword *Host* on your *Adventure Sheet* you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for the duration of this battle, so over-powering is the stomach-turning smell of the creature. Also, if you have either the codeword *Host* or *Revenant* written down, and the ghoul hits you three times, the body you are wearing will be paralysed and you will have to vacate it again.

If the Stench Ghoul destroys (or paralyses) your physical form you can fight on as a ghost but if this spectral body is destroyed too, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 100. If you vanquish the ghoul, it rapidly dissolves into a pool of putrescent slime on the stone-flagged floor before the Queen's throne (turn to 321).

263

You are able to change your appearance, transforming yourself into a terrifying phantasmal horror with the power to even scare the weak-minded to death. Record the *Spectre* special ability on your *Adventure*

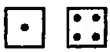

Sheet and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one that you were just instructed to write down.

264

Back where you began, choosing somewhere that you haven't been already, will you follow the passageway to your left (turn to **235**), the one directly in front of you (turn to **10**), or the one to your right (turn to **109**)? Alternatively, if you prefer, you could leave the catacombs altogether (turn to **445**).

265

'I am a ghost,' you say again and then you feel your hand sink through the stone door of the barrow. Closing your eyes, you take a step forwards – and pass right through, into the dank earth tunnel beyond. Write the number 215 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to **90**.

266

With a shout of, 'Die, traitor!' you charge down the hillside and even manage to penetrate the ring of standing stones before Unthank has time to act. But before you can reach him, he turns and hurls a bolt of dark energy at you, a cruel smile on his face. You are hurled backwards by the blast and strike one of the standing stones. (Lose 3 STAMINA points and if this has reduced your STAMINA score to zero or below, write the number 132 on your *Adventure Sheet* and

turn to **100**.) If you are still 'alive' the last thing the necromancer says to you in a gloating tone is, 'Now observe my final victory!' Turn to **132**.

267

'What in Telak's name?' Marrok exclaims as you materialise out of thin air in front of him, drawing his silver sword immediately.

'A doppelganger!' Unthank gasps. 'An evil spirit has taken the guise of our dearly departed! Oh, sir knight, banish it now before it murders us all!'

Marrok doesn't need any further encouragement and, shouting the war-cry, 'For Telak and for Valsinore!' he charges at you, his weapon raised. If you would allow the noble knight to cut you down, rather than draw your own sword against him, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If not, you have no choice but to defend yourself.

CRUSADER	SKILL 11	STAMINA 11

Marrok's sword Deathsbane, like your own blade Nightslayer is a holy weapon and so will harm you in your undead state. In fact, for every successful strike that the crusader makes against you, roll one die and on a roll of 5–6 you lose 3 STAMINA points instead of the usual 2. If Marrok slays you, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you cut him down first you must lose 1 LUCK point and 1 WILL point for having to kill you battle-brother. Then turn to **348**.

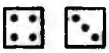

268

Delighted to have found your sister safe and well you hurry over to her, calling her name. Oriana and Father Umberto turn to face you, but you are appalled to see a look of abject horror on your sister's face. 'No! No, it can't be!' she cries.

And then you see, for the first time, what it is that is laid out on the bier behind them – it is your own dead body. Seeing your corpse like this, without realising it was even here, shocks you to the core. (Add the phrase *Rest in Peace* to your *Adventure Sheet* and deduct 1 from your WILL score.)

And then Father Umberto is there, between you and your sister, the holy tome he was reading from open in his hands at a prayer for exorcism and he begins to chant. Finally, with a flourish of his free hand he shouts, 'In the name of Telak, Lord of Courage, I return thee to the hellish nether regions that spawned thee!'

There is a sudden blaze of light and you feel as if your ethereal form is being consumed by holy fire that burns with all the fury of a funeral pyre. Write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet*, lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **100**.

269

'Something evil is afoot here, and I wish I knew what it was. Perhaps if I were a stronger man I would have done more to find out what it is but I think things have gone too far for that now.

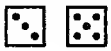

'Anyway, the thing is, Unthank has called a feast, to celebrate your return. Only now you're dead and yet it's still going ahead. We're not invited. But I'm rambling.

'Thing is I have found something out but I'm not sure how important it is or what it applies to. It's a combination, I think: four-two-one. That's it. Now go, and good luck!'

Captain Cador has provided you with some valuable information and could prove a useful ally before this night is done. Regain 1 LUCK point and add the codeword *Braveheart* to your *Adventure Sheet*. Now turn to **434** as you make your way out of the barracks.

270

Sprinting through the undergrowth you take a twisting, tortuous route between the trees in an effort to confuse Baron Blood's hunting dogs. *Test your Skill* and *Test your Luck*. If you are both Lucky and successful, turn to **221**; if you fail either one of these tests, turn to **251**.

271

Climbing the twisting stone staircase, you soon find yourself at the entrance to the chamber that contains the winding gear used to raise or lower the portcullis. Slumped against one wall, an earthenware bottle held loosely in one hand, is Falstaff the castle Porter. You remember that he always liked a drink – cider mainly – but now he just looks like an utter wreck. A scraggly

grey beard covers half his face, his skin is blotched with the spider-web patterns of purple veins and he is having trouble focusing on you. 'Halt!' he slurs. 'Who goes there?'

As he struggles to his feet, you consider the scene before you again. Looking at the capstan and considering the considerable weight of the portcullis you doubt that even with your strong will you would be able to raise it. And yet standing right before you is a man who, although drunk, has the physical strength needed to operate the mechanism successfully.

If you have the *Spectre* special ability and want to terrify the porter into helping you, turn to **247**. If you want to try to dominate his drink-addled will to make him do as you command, turn to **225**. If you would prefer to cross this chamber and continue up into the tower using the new staircase that starts at an archway on the other side of the chamber, turn to **160**. But if you would rather re-trace your steps, going back downstairs and looking elsewhere, turn to **20**.

272

As you bear down on the guardsmen your features twist and change until you become a hideous, twisted thing, utterly terrifying to behold. Hearing the howling moan issuing from your mouth as you emerge from the darkness before them – a glowing spectre, grotesque of form – the two men scream and drop their halberds. But their nightmare does not end there. Before your very eyes, the hair of one turns

stark white and he runs from his post, screaming as he flees into the night. But he's the lucky one; his partner topples backwards onto the ground, as stiff as a board and dead as a doornail. You have scared him to death! He was only doing his job and had never caused you any harm. As you return to your more normal self, you are left feeling wracked with guilt. (Lose 1 LUCK point.)

But an overwhelming sense of guilt isn't the only thing you're going to have to contend with now; the castle gate is still closed and you're still stuck outside. So how are you going to get yourself inside now? If you have the *Apparition* special ability and want to use it, turn to **414**. If you have the *Poltergeist* special ability and want to use that, turn to **303**. If you have neither of these abilities, the only option left open to you is the sewer outlet (turn to **36**).

273

Roll two dice, a total of three times, to see what you manage to collect from the rubble. (If you roll a number you have rolled before, you do not find anything that turn.)

Dice roll	*Treasure*
2	*Potion of Skill* – if you have the codeword *Host* you can drink this to restore your host body's SKILL score to its *Initial* level.
3	*Shield* – add 1 to your SKILL score (even if this takes it above its *Initial* level).

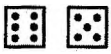

4 *Velvet Purse* – containing 6 Gold Pieces.

5 *Potion of Strength* – if you have the code-word *Host* you can drink this to restore your host body's STAMINA score to its *Initial* level.

6 *Firestone Ruby* – worth 8 Gold Pieces.

7 *Dry provisions* – enough food for 2 Meals.

8 *Potion of Fortune* – if you have the code-word *Host* you can drink this to restore your host body's LUCK score to its *Initial* level.

9 *Jet Amulet* – carved to resemble a human skull.

10 *Battleaxe* – after a successful hit, on a roll of 5–6 on one die, it will cause 3 STAMINA points damage; however, it is not a magical weapon.

11 *Onyx Necklace* – worth 4 Gold Pieces.

12 *Ironbane* – you find a leather pouch containing spores of this metal-eating fungus.

When you are done searching for treasure, will you leave this chamber via the north-west spiral staircase (turn to **294**), or the north-east stair (turn to **205**)?

274

The door to the chapel is closed, but not locked. If you have the *Poltergeist* special ability or the *Apparition* special ability you should be able to gain access (turn to **316**). If you have neither of these abilities, roll two dice; if the total rolled is equal to or less than your

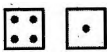

WILL score write the number 316 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **90**. If the total is greater than your WILL score, you are unable to gain entry to the chapel; you will have to look elsewhere instead. Will you go round the back of the chapel to the graveyard (turn to **319**), or leave the chapel grounds altogether (turn to **445**)?

275

You experience a sudden, weird sense of dislocation, and looking down at your body, watch as your spirit-form is expelled from the borrowed body you have been using. It is such an unnerving experience you take a sharp breath in surprise; but that shouldn't be possible either ... Turn to **448**.

276

Do you have the codeword *Hellfire* on your *Adventure Sheet*? If so, turn to **122**; if not, turn to **394**.

277

You have won a mighty victory indeed and recovered a potent artefact. Regain up to 2 LUCK points and add 2 to your WILL score. All that needs to happen now is for you to return to distant Valsinore Castle where you can put the Spirit Stone to good use. If you have the *Spirit* special ability and want to fly away from here, turn to **209**. If not, you will have to cross the frozen lake on foot (turn to **252**).

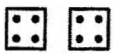

278

You are going to have to fight the Golem to get past it but as even your phantasmal blade cannot harm it, all you can hope to do is fend off its pulverising, steam-hammer blows. In the following battle calculate Attack Strengths as normal, but if you win an Attack Round you have only avoided the Golem's attack, not injured it.

HELLFIRE GOLEM SKILL 9

If you win three Attack Rounds, you have managed to manoeuvre yourself so that you can duck past the Golem, run through the archway and over the moat-bridge (turn to **337**). If the Golem destroys you before you win three Attack Rounds, write the number 337 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

279

'There are no second chances!' a voice like thunder rumbles across the lifeless wilderness 'You cannot conquer death!' and you find yourself before the Black Gate itself. As you gaze into the Void you feel yourself being drawn inexorably towards it. It seems inevitable now that this is it – your life and your quest really are at an end.

And then a cacophonous wailing starts up as a million lost souls plead for your release that they all might be avenged by you, the Champion of the Dead. You feel the pull of the Gate weaken and then the rushing wind is loud in your ears again and this time

it is accompanied by the howling voices of the damned, all begging you to save them from their torment by seeing your quest through to its conclusion. Then darkness consumes you ...

You open your eyes and look around. You are back upon the Earthly Plane. Thanks to the supplication of lost souls you have been granted one last chance to put right the wrongs that have been done to you. Raise your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* levels once more, add 1 to your WILL score and write the codeword *Endgame* on your *Adventure Sheet*. Now turn to the paragraph with the number you wrote down before you found yourself at the door to the afterlife.

280

Unstoppering the flask of oil you hurl it at the Necros. Viscous black fluid splashes over the repulsively rippling gelatinous body but it does nothing to slow the monster's advance. But oil is highly flammable. Grabbing a burning brand from a wall-bracket you hurl that after the oil onto the back of the Necros. The highly combustible oil bursts into flame with a satisfying roar and the undead horror emits a high-pitched scream as it begins to burn. Turn to **401**.

281

'Have no fear, I mean you no harm,' you tell Madame Zelda, an imploring look on your ghostly features. 'I ask only for your aid.'

'I see dead people!' the mystic gasps, as if this is a revelation to her. 'I really can see dead people! H-How can I help?' she asks, as if suddenly remembering that you are there.

You quickly tell her of all that has befallen you since sunset and she listens intently with the same shocked expression locked on her plump face. 'Come with me,' she says when you finally finish your story.

She leads you back into the part of the tent containing the table and crystal ball. She sits down before it and starts making exaggerated hand movements over the crystal. You can see swirling clouds forming within its depths.

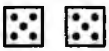

'Ah, yes,' she says at last, 'the path ahead is perilous.' Her voice abruptly drops several octaves, and her eyes roll up into her head. 'Death stalks this land and soon so shall the dead,' she goes on, as if speaking now with another's voice. 'Seek out the metal-worker and the iron man. Be wary of the man who believes only in Good but seek out the court of the Liche Queen, for therein lies salvation.'

The clouds swirling within the crystal ball turn black and the table starts to shake.

'The Lord of Shadows is coming!' the mystic snarls and the crystal ball explodes, sending diamond shards of glass slicing through the sides of the tent. Incredibly both you and Madame Zelda remain unharmed. The fortune-teller shakes her head as if waking from a dream and then sees the wreckage of the crystal ball on the table in front of her. 'Oh my stars, what just happened?'

You decide that it's probably best not to tell her and so, thanking her for what she's done, you quickly vacate the tent instead. Turn to **259**.

282

Returning to the sanctuary of the chapel, you surprise the priest who is in holy vigil before the altar. But before Father Umberto has the chance to exorcise you from the shrine, you bring the full power of your will to bear against him in an attempt to take control of his body. Roll two dice and add 2 to the number rolled. If

the final total is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **80**. If it is greater, the warrior-priest of Telak resists your attempts to seize control and instead attempts to banish you to the nether reaches of the Lands of the Dead. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you resist the pull of the Dead Winds and flee the chapel; turn to **13** to try another approach. If you are Unlucky, the priest manages to complete his exorcism spell; write the number 13 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

283

The packed earth floor at your feet crumbles as something pushes its way up and out of the ground. It looks like a sickly yellow, mouldering skeleton, draped with the remnants of rotted clothes, and the miasma of disease and decay hangs heavy about it. A nasty buzzing fills the air around it as flies burst from the maggot-nest of its ribcage and the Decayer attacks.

DECAYER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

If the Decayer wounds you and you have the codeword *Revenant* on your *Adventure Sheet*, you lose 3 STAMINA points rather than the usual 2, as its corrupting touch speeds the process of decay along. If you win the battle with the Decayer but you have the codeword *Host* written down, the body you are wearing becomes infected with a horrific, flesh-eating disease. (Lose 1 SKILL point and an additional 3 STAMINA points.)

If your battle with the Decayer destroys your physical form you can fight on as a ghost but if your spectral body is destroyed too, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you vanquish this undead horror, it rapidly crumbles to dust as it falls victim to its own powers of putrefaction (turn to **321**).

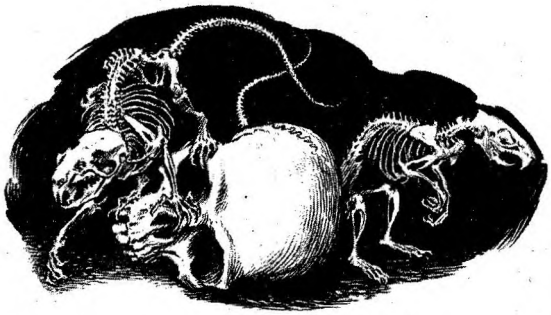

284

You approach the door in the same manner that has got you through locked doors before, but this time it is to no avail. Powerful spells of warding cast upon the door are preventing you from gaining entry. Finding yourself powerless shakes your confidence badly. Lose 1 WILL point and turn to **264**.

285

The instant you enter the pitch black chamber beyond the Spirit Door, you feel the temperature plummet. Frost forms on the metal of your weapon and you feel your movements slow as the intense cold takes hold of your physical form. But there is worse to come.

Something is rising from the frozen floor before you,

unfolding gangly limbs as it gets to its feet. The creature looks like a horribly emaciated man, every bone visible beneath its taut, yellowed flesh, but its jaw has become distended, its mouth open wide enough to take a man's head between its jaws. But that still isn't all this horror has to offer. A horrific, discordant wailing sound rises from deep within it as the monster breathes over you, its foul breath reeking of death, and it is this discordant sound that shakes your confidence to the very core of your being.

The necromancer who summoned this diabolical undead creature, realising at last what a horror he had unleashed upon the world, trapped it behind the Spirit Door so that it couldn't get out to wreak havoc within the Keep. But now you are going to have to fight the Dirge, and defeat it, if you are ever to get out of this freezing cell again.

DIRGE SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

For the duration of this battle you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point due to the intense cold. However, this penalty does not apply to your ghost-form, should you lose your physical form during the course of your battle with the Dirge. Every third Attack Round you must also lose 1 WILL point, as the horror's perpetual moaning saps your very will to live. If you somehow survive your battle with the Dirge, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **31**. If you should 'die' facing this undead enemy, write the number 31 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

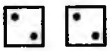

286

The grim gate, the entrance to the Lands of the Dead, stands before you. Beyond the gate, on every side, you can see the great rift in this dead landscape and the scudding storm clouds, but through the Gate you can see only soul-leeching darkness like you have never known. It is not merely the absence of light, it is the blackness of utter oblivion, the absence of anything whatsoever. It is the darkness of the Abyss.

And then the shadows cast by the black stones slither together and coalesce into a floating, black-shrouded figure. Beneath its hood is a fleshless skull and in its skeletal claws it grips a great black-bladed scythe.

'I am the Watcher at the Gate,' a deep voice like the slamming of crypt doors echoes from beneath the hood. 'I stand at the gate to the world beyond and cut the threads of fate when a life is done.'

The Watcher then puts a clawed hand inside its death-shroud cloak and pulls out an hourglass. You can see black sand running from the top bulb into the bottom and, judging by the amount of sand in the top bulb, it still has some time to run.

'But your life is not yet done,' it says, holding the hourglass out towards you. 'And yet you are here and no one comes to the Other Side before their time,' the sepulchral voice sounds confused. 'Then why are you here?' it asks. 'Tell me, what is it you seek?' How will you answer? Will you say that you seek revenge (turn to **256**), justice (turn to **167**), a second chance

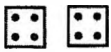

(turn to **127**), or will you attack the Watcher with your sword (turn to **102**)?

287

There is a click and the door swings open before you. The unearthly glow given off by your own ethereal form illuminates the chamber before you, reflecting from the most incredible suit of armour you have ever seen. There are no gaps anywhere, every piece – from the helmet to the leg guards – fitting with every other piece perfectly, effectively forming one unbroken piece of armour. The craftsmanship is incredible, the carefully worked steel ensorcelled with gold. The helmet is particularly striking, having been worked to give it an almost human appearance, its eye-holes set with rubies. It's only a shame that a suit of armour's no good to you in your current condition. However, should that change, it will be worth knowing of the armour's hiding place. (Add the codeword *Automaton* to your *Adventure Sheet*.)

Unable to do any more here at this time, do you want to leave the gatehouse (turn to **20**), or descend the spiral staircase to the bottom, if you haven't already done so (turn to **115**)?

288

The instant you pass beyond the boundary formed by the stones again the ethereal light fades and the otherworldly portal closes. Which way do you want to go now?

East, towards the burial mound?	Turn to **409**
North, towards the village and Valsinore Castle?	Turn to **163**
North-west, towards Wraith Wood?	Turn to **3**
North-east, towards the sea-cliffs?	Turn to **193**

289

To your right is a sturdy oak door, banded with iron. It has a suitably serious-looking lock but the key has been left in it. If you want to unlock the door and enter the room beyond, turn to **315**. If you would rather not get distracted and continue on your way deeper into the dungeons, turn to **416**.

290

And then, between the tangle of trees, the wise-woman's cottage comes into view. You can see the light of a roaring fire flickering behind the grimy windows of the tumbledown hovel, but you also notice that a dead magpie has been nailed to the door.

Some know her as Mother Toadsfoot of Wraith Wood and call on her aid when they are in need of a midwife or a cure for toothache. Others name her 'witch'. Under normal circumstances you wouldn't have any truck with witches, but these are far from normal circumstances. Still, the thought of having anything to do with the crone, after your family has avoided having anything to do with her for three generations, fills you with trepidation.

291

If you want to approach the front door of her hovel, turn to **67**. If you would rather spy on her through a smeary window first, turn to **336**.

291

Although you try with all your might, you are not able to raise the portcullis by even a centimetre; it is far too heavy, and your failure leaves you feeling defeated. (Lose 1 WILL point.) You are going to have to try something else. Will you:

Use the *Apparition* special ability (if you have it)?	Turn to **5**
Climb the staircase beyond the left archway?	Turn to **271**
Climb the staircase through the right archway?	Turn to **85**
Find another way into the Inner Ward?	Turn to **393**

292

Wondering what else might be lurking down here in the darkness, will you climb back up out of the cave of bones to the castle's inner courtyard above (turn to 445), or proceed along the passageway in front of you (turn to 88)?

293

Released from the shackles of a mortal body, you are no longer bound to the ground but are able to fly high above it. Record the *Spirit* special ability on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one that you were just instructed to write down.

294

Making your way up the winding stair you come at last to a turret room that must be at the very top of the Keep. The room is completely empty, apart from the shimmering ball of light three metres in diameter, hovering at its centre, and the object you can just about make out through the glare of the swirling surface of the spectral sphere. It would appear to be a book of some kind. Will you:

Enter the sphere of light?	Turn to 324
Strike the shimmering sphere with your weapon?	Turn to 405
Use the *Banish Spirit* special ability (if you have it)?	Turn to 424
Re-trace your steps and descend the north-east stair?	Turn to 205

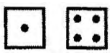

295

Leaving the sinister burial mound behind, where do you want to start looking for clues that will help you to solve the mystery of your own murder? Will you head:

North, towards the village and Valsinore Castle?	Turn to **163**
North-west, towards Wraith Wood?	Turn to **3**
North-east, over the moors towards the sea-cliffs?	Turn to **193**

296

Remembering what the Watcher told you about knowing the right time to use the hourglass you hold it up before you now and regard the motionless black sand contained within it one last time, before dashing it against a jagged rock on the ground in front of you. The glass explodes into a myriad diamond shards, the black sand briefly forming a spiralling vortex in the air in front of you before vanishing, twinkling with starlight. You watch with satisfaction as Unthank clutches at his chest and then drops to the ground in front of the altar stone, the obsidian dagger tumbling from his hand on the cold hard ground beside him. But you're not out of danger yet; your actions have been observed. Two of the three knights present break away from the circle and advance towards you, their cursed blades bared. You must fight them at the same time.

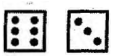

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DREAD KNIGHT	9	9
Second DREAD KNIGHT	8	9

If a knight wounds you, roll one die; on a roll of 5–6 its sword will cause you 3 STAMINA points of damage, rather than the usual 2. If the Dread Knights dispatch you, write the number 423 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you manage to defeat them, turn to **423**.

297

It does not take you long to find the gravedigger again, still at work in the plot behind the chapel. Wasting no time you attempt to merge your mind with Yorrick's and take control of his wiry form. Roll two dice and deduct two from the total. If this new total is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **357**. If it is greater, despite your best efforts you are unable to take control of Yorrick's body; turn back to **13** and try something, or someone, else.

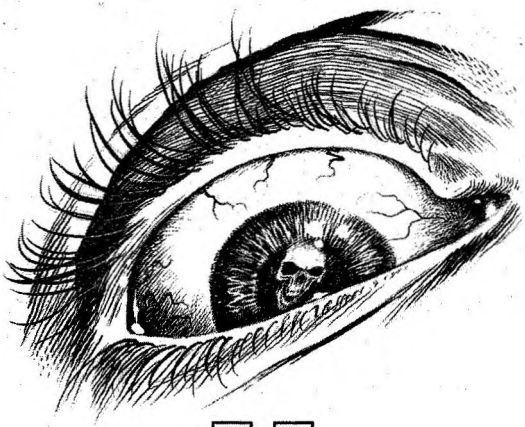

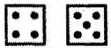

298

Unthank invites Marrok to take a seat at the top table and partake of some nourishment after his long journey, an offer he accepts willingly, although with an air of sadness. He is still hungry, no matter how much grief he feels at news of your death. But Unthank then makes his excuses and leaves the hall via a passageway half-hidden by one of the great tapestries that adorn the walls. If you want to follow the chamberlain, turn to 384. If you would rather reveal yourself to your friend now that he is alone, turn to 329.

299

And in a trice it's as if you weren't there at all, your ghostly form dissolving into the darkness that permeates the shadowy corners of the room. As you survey the bar, your attention is drawn to two men seated at a corner booth. The first is dressed completely in black, with a broad-brimmed hat on his head, and a velvet cape around his shoulders. He is also festooned with all manner of charms and is holding a finely-wrought, basket-hilted silvered rapier in one black-gloved hand. His companion looks like nothing less than a thug. The rogue's nose has obviously been broken on more than one occasion, the tattoo of a spider's web covers one side of his shaven head – although he still sports a bushy beard – and a contraption that looks like a silver bear-trap hangs from his waist by a chain. Approaching their table you listen in on their conversation.

'From what I hear, the old Burgomaster up at the grand house seems to think this cesspit's crawling with lost souls,' the tattooed man whispers out of the corner of his mouth.

'Then my holy work may progress a-pace,' the darkly-dressed gentlemen mutters, a look of grim satisfaction on his face. 'My brother shall be avenged! I shall rid this Sleath of its ghosts once and for all, or my name's not Josef Van Richten.'

'And a pretty penny it'll cost 'em too,' his companion sniggers.

'Streng,' the other scolds, 'that is not why we are here.'

'No, but it helps. Cover our costs as it were. That's all I'm saying.'

'It is time I retired for the evening, to prepare for the work that awaits me here.' And with that the ghost hunter rises from his seat. Followed by his bruiser of a henchman, he makes his way upstairs; he must have taken a room at the inn.

If you think the ghost hunter could help with the search for your killer and want to follow him upstairs, turn to **331**. If not, there is no point in delaying here any longer and so you depart the tavern (turn to **259**).

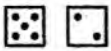

300

With a bellow of frustrated rage you bring your scintillating ethereal blade down upon the monster and the necromantic spell animating it is savagely broken. The Golem's body bursts apart, showering you with grave dirt, human remains and rotting coffin wood. At the same time, the souls of those bound to it fly free. As they ascend into the night's sky, they call their thanks and praises to you for freeing them from their undying nightmare.

And your good deed does not go unrewarded. As they depart the Earthly Plane for good, the ghosts share a portion of their power with you. Roll one die and add 6, (giving you a total of 7–12) and regain this many STAMINA points. You may also add 1 to your WILL score and 1 to your LUCK.

The Ghosts of Sleath freed, you too are free to continue with your quest. Passing beyond the boundary wall of the cemetery at last, you find yourself on the road leading into the village. Turn to **61**.

301

Making your way back through Valsinore Castle you find a suitable subject on sentry duty on the battlements. The poor wretch's eyes widen in horror as you come at him out of the night and he is frozen to the spot. Making the most of the opportunity, you exert your will against his in an effort to take over his body. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **26**. If it is greater, the man

runs from you, screaming in terror; turn back to 13 and try someone, or something, else.

302

You squeeze past the dead husk of the giant spider and eventually reach the end of the tunnel, emerging from underground again through a hole in the stone-clad shaft wall of the castle well (turn to 5).

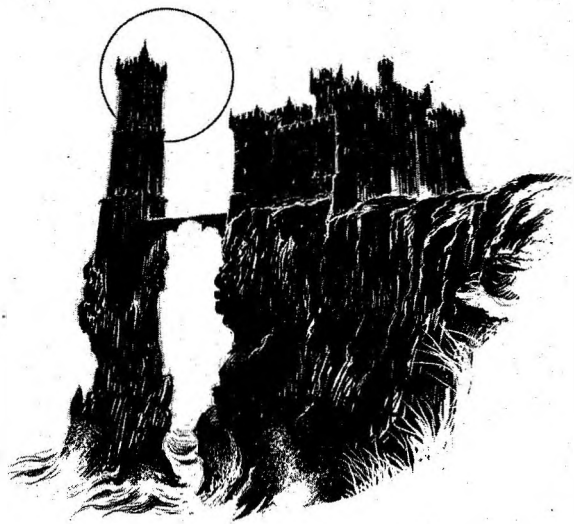

303

Although you are able to will latches to uncatch and handles to turn, weighing several tonnes as they do, the gates are far too heavy for you to move merely by sheer strength of will. (Lose 1 WILL point.) So that leaves you with only two options; to use the *Apparition* special ability if you have it (turn to 414) or the culvert (turn to 36).

304

You descend the staircase for what feels like hours but at last you emerge onto one of the lower levels of the tower – but it is not a place you have visited before. How can this be? There is obviously some dark magic at work here. You are standing at one end of a vast audience chamber. At the other end of the hall stands a large throne carved from a single massive block of black ice. Seated upon it is a colossal armoured warrior, his plate armour gleaming with a blue-metal sheen beneath the layers of ice covering his body.

As you enter the echoing vault, the giant stands, hefting his ice-bladed battle-axe in his armoured hands as he does so. 'Only a fool would attempt to steal the Spirit Stone from the Winter King. Now you shall pay for your crime with your soul!' the corpse king roars. You know that you have no choice but to fight the armoured giant if you are to retain the Spirit Stone, but you are going to have to get past his minions first. 'Arise, my warriors!' the Winter King bellows in a voice loud as colliding icebergs.

The spirits of those who died here remain trapped inside their frozen bodies and, at the Winter King's bidding, those same spirits re-animate the ice-locked corpses of ancient warriors present within the audience chamber. Roll one die; this is the number of Ice Ghosts that you must fight before you can get to the Winter King. If you have the *Spirit* special ability you

may reduce this number by 2. Each Ice Ghost that you have to fight has the following attributes.

ICE GHOST	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

Once you have dealt with his undead minions, you must then confront the demon-possessed Winter King himself.

WINTER KING	SKILL 11	STAMINA 14

If you defeat the Winter King in mortal combat, turn to **277**. If he should slay you, however, your soul will become his for all eternity, and you will become one of his Ice Ghosts, locked in service to him, waiting until the glaciers cover the world again and Hell itself freezes over.

305

'So be it!' the Queen of Liches declares. 'Prepare to meet your doom!' Roll one die. On a roll of 1–2, turn to **340**. On a roll of 3–4, turn to **262**. On a roll of 5–6, turn to **283**.

306

Making your way back through the castle you come to the cookhouse once again. Ingelnook the corpulent cook, quakes in fear before your unstoppable advance until the only method of defence he has left is to resist your efforts to possess him with the strength of his own mind. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **318**. If it is greater, Ingelnook resists your attempts to

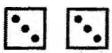

seize control of his bloated body to the end and you are forced to leave the kitchens in defeat. Turn back to **13** to try another approach.

307

With a roar of rage you reveal yourself and fly at the death cultist. Chamberlain Unthank steps back into the shadows to observe the battle from a safe distance. Robbed of his magic powers now that he is without his crystal ball, the Death Acolyte pulls a blade of black metal from within the folds of his robes and prepares to finish you for good.

DEATH ACOLYTE SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

Your ethereal form is vulnerable to the Acolyte's cursed blade and a successful hit from it will cause 2 STAMINA points damage. If the Death Acolyte manages to finish what he started on the Moot Road and kills you, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you kill the Acolyte within 5 Attack Rounds, turn to **370**. If the battle lasts more 5 Attack Rounds, turn to **370** anyway.

308

As you watch, the swirling silvery light between the stones ripples like liquid moonlight. Something is coming through from the other side. The thing stalks through the portal in a crouch, almost walking on all fours as it knuckles towards you. It looks like a cross between a wolf and an ape. Its flat snout wrinkles in a snarl revealing knife-sharp teeth. The creature's fur

sparkles silver and it has the same ethereal quality as you. This thing – this Visitation – is a creature of the Spirit World. Sensing that you are a thing of the other world too, it gives a bark and bounds towards you. It has come to claim you and drag you back with it to the Lands of the Dead by whatever means necessary. Phantom sword in hand, you prepare to defend yourself. After all, you have unfinished business in this world and are not ready to leave yet.

VISITATION SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

Being a thing of the spirit world, like you, the Visitation's cruel claws will harm you, just as your phantasmal sword will harm it in return. If the Visitation wins two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to **328** at once. If the Visitation reduces your STAMINA score to zero, write the number 288 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you slay the Visitation with your phantasmal sword, turn to **359**.

309

And so you step up to the forbidding gateway. Within the circle of black stone is a whirling vortex of starlight and some sixth sense tells you that your destiny lies beyond it. Taking your courage in both hands, you step through it ...

You emerge on a windswept hillside overlooking a circle of nine standing stones. But that is not all you can see before you. At the end of the headland jutting out into the cold, dark Diamond Sea ahead of you,

stands Valsinore Castle. The magical gateway has transported you to virtually the very spot where the drama of this night's unfolding adventure began. Not far away lies the moorland road where you were struck down by the murdering band and the cruel-hearted Death Acolyte. And here you are again, as Chamberlain Unthank prepares to bring his evil plans to fruition. But what are they exactly?

Looking out across the wind-blasted heather you can see the traitorous necromancer standing before the altar stone of the Nine Maidens. He is clad in black and holding an obsidian dagger in both hands over the body of the sacrificial victim that has been bound to the stone with glowing chains of magical power – your sister, the Lady Oriana!

Standing within the ring of standing stones, forming a second circle around the altar, are the members of Unthank's death cult. There are five black-clad acolytes, three Dread Knights of the Order of the Black Shroud, and four faceless shadow-born creatures, trailing smoky tendrils, with claws formed of impenetrable darkness. With the necromancer that makes thirteen – a full coven.

Everything about the scene before you gives the impression that the ritual being enacted here is approaching its climax. It is then that the moonlight itself fails and fades. Looking up at the cloudless heavens you see a dark shadow fall across the face of the moon, as a lunar eclipse plunges the world into

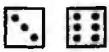

total darkness. You can't shake the feeling that this darkness could well last longer than the duration of the eclipse if something isn't done to stop Unthank and his death cult. Do you want to rush to attack the necromancer and save your sister from certain death (turn to **266**), or will you fight every instinct that tells you to do otherwise and take your time to consider your actions more carefully (turn to **241**)?

310

You race towards the Sundered Oak, determined to reach the tree before the snarling dogs catch up with you. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is equal to or less than your STAMINA score, roll two dice and this time, if the total is equal to or less than your WILL score, turn to **221**.

However, if the first dice roll is greater than your STAMINA score or the second dice roll is greater than your WILL score, the dogs run you down before you are even halfway to the lightning-struck tree (turn to **251**).

311

You are unable to influence the stone at all. (Lose 1 WILL point.) If you want to try to go back to looking for another way into the barrow, turn to **431**. If you have already tried another method, or if you would rather quit this place, turn to **295**.

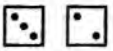

312

Taking to the air, you easily evade the raging Golem. But now that you have broken the bonds that keep you earthbound, will you fly towards the battlements of the Keep (turn to **214**) or land again on the other side of the moat at the end of the bridge (turn to **337**)?

313

Stepping off the track that leads over the bridge on the way to Valsinore Castle, you scramble down the bank to the river's edge. Far to your right the stream tumbles over the edge of the Sourstone headland and into the sea far below as a dramatic waterfall but you are a strong swimmer, and the river isn't particularly wide here so you see no reason why you shouldn't be able to cross safely. You're sure that the knight's ghost is bound to the bridge, so what's the worst that can happen? Besides, you're a ghost; you'll only need to wring out your shroud once you get to the other side. And so you step into the fast-flowing stream.

If feels like you have been struck by lightning as crippling pain sears through your body and you are hurled back from the river to land on the bank, your ghostly form contorted in pain. Running water is anathema to the ranks of the Undead and, no matter how much you might hate the fact, you are now one of the Undead. Roll one die, add 2 and deduct the total from your STAMINA score. If this has taken it to zero or below, write the number 6 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If not, the pain begins to pass

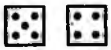

and you are able to pick yourself up again, but you are still on the wrong side of the river and so are forced to approach the bridge.

'Halt!' the knight challenges you again. 'I have sworn to guard this crossing and Valsinore Castle from evil spirits and you will not pass!' To proceed any further you are either going to have to engage the knight in battle (turn to **175**), or submit to him (turn to **391**).

314

'There's been a great deal of to-ing and fro-ing of late. No one from the village is allowed past the main gate anymore, although Bertild the Blacksmith does come out from time to time to collect supplies, but from what she's let slip it sounds like there are sinister goings on indeed. It was nearly a year ago now that the knights first appeared.'

'What knights?' you ask.

'I don't know, but the only heraldry they bore was a plain black field – no decoration whatsoever. They arrived after dark one stormy night. They're rarely seen outside the castle, but when they are, it's always during the hours of darkness.'

What is Chamberlain Unthank up to, admitting this strange order of knights into your ancestral home? Has he had to bolster the castle's defences in light of the rising numbers of restless dead in the area? Or is there another reason?

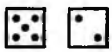

'Do you know if anyone has seen any Death Acolytes about the place?'

'No, not to my knowledge,' the hermit confesses, and his knowledge certainly appears to be suitably in depth. 'But that doesn't mean there aren't any there. What I do know is that there's a grand feast being held at the castle tonight, to celebrate the return of ...' the old man trails off. 'Oh,' he says, 'to celebrate your return, I suppose.'

Everything Myrddin has told you makes you more desperate than ever before to discover what's going on. It is time you were on your way again.

If you have the phrase *Something Fishy* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **145**. If not, turn to **22**.

315

As soon as you open the door, the man chained to the wall on the other side of the musty cell cries out, 'No! No more, please! Not again! Why can't you just leave me alone?'

It takes you a moment – thanks to the murky shadows and the filthy state of the prisoner – but you recognise the man. It is Iago the Gaoler, not a particularly pleasant character but no villain by any means. Do you want to enter the cell and see what you can do to help the Gaoler (turn to 332), or would you rather leave him to his fate and get on with resolving yours (turn to 77)?

316

As you cross the threshold and enter the chapel, your ethereal form is burned by the holy wards protecting this place from the undead. (Lose 4 STAMINA points and if this has taken your STAMINA score to zero or lower, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 100.)

Ahead of you, at the other end of the sanctuary beneath a cast-iron candelabrum festooned with the wax of a hundred melted candles, two figures stand before a trestle bier bearing ... you can't quite see what. One of the figures is Father Umberto, Valsinore's confessor. He is decked out in the robes of a priest of Telak. The other is a young woman wearing a flowing woollen dress ... It is your sister, the Lady Oriana! If you want to reveal yourself now to

the priest and your sister, turn to 268. If you would prefer to hide yourself away in a shadowy corner and observe what they are doing for a moment first, turn to 353.

317

Do you have any of the codewords *Bell, Barking, Barracks, Battlements* or *Blacksmith* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*? If so, make a careful note of how many and turn to 347. If you none of those words written down, turn to 366.

318

You have succeeded in taking over the cook's physical form, while his consciousness flees to some dark corner of his being. (Add the codeword *Host* to you *Adventure Sheet.*)

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score, for later use, on your *Adventure Sheet*. While you are clothed in the ample flesh of the cook you must use Ingelnook's stats which are as follows: SKILL 9, STAMINA 22.

If you are injured in battle you may eat provisions to recover STAMINA points. One meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points and as you are in the castle kitchens you are able to collect provisions equal to 6 Meals. You arm yourself with a hefty cleaver, which should make an effective weapon against mortal foes at least.

If Ingelnook's STAMINA score is ever reduced to 2 STAMINA points or fewer, the cook will be knocked

out, and you will be forced to leave his body. You may then keep on fighting but now in your spirit-form again, using the stats that you have written down here. Turn to **429**.

319

You hear the sound of hammer against chisel and round the corner of the chapel to see a man hunched in front of a new, clean headstone that has been set up before the open pit of a freshly-dug grave. The light cast from his lantern resting on the damp grass beside him is allowing the gravedigger to keep working into the night. Absorbed in his work, peering myopically at the letters he is engraving into the headstone, the gravedigger has not been alerted to your presence yet. Do you want to:

Approach the gravedigger?	Turn to **397**
Linger a while within the graveyard, out of sight of the man?	Turn to **349**
Return to the door of the chapel and enter the holy building (if you haven't tried to already)?	Turn to **274**
Leave the graveyard, and the chapel, and look elsewhere?	Turn to **445**

320

Before you can reach the bridge that crosses the moat that leads to the Keep you are surprised by the sound of savage barking and an armoured figure steps from

the shadows. The knight is barely able to restrain the huge, silver-haired dog straining at the chain in his hand. Without saying a word the knight lets go of the chain and the muscular Moon Dog leaps at you. Existing half in the Ethereal Realm and half on the Earthly Plane, the Moon Dog is just as imposing a threat to a ghost like you as it would be to any mortal soul.

MOON DOG	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you have the phrase *Best Friend* written on your *Adventure Sheet* you do not need to fight the Moon Dog yourself but can instead move on to deal with its handler. If you do fight the Moon Dog yourself, after three Attack Rounds the knight will join the battle too.

DREAD KNIGHT	SKILL 9	STAMINA 9

If either the savage Moon Dog or the Dread Knight 'kill' you, write the number 117 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you should overcome both the dog and its handler, you are free to go on your way again (turn to **117**).

321

'Enough of this!' the Queen shouts in anger, fixing you with her baleful black gaze. 'Now bow before me! I demand it!' Roll two dice. If the total rolled is equal to or less than your WILL score, turn to **358**; if it is greater, turn to **112**.

322

Making your way through the foetid hollows of the drowned village you come at last to the village's overgrown graveyard. You creep between weed-choked tombstones and crumbling tombs but age and decay have all but obliterated the names they once bore. At the centre of the cemetery stands a large stone-built crypt that appears to be largely intact. Unconsciously your wandering footsteps have brought you to this building but you stop when you find yourself standing before its broken stone doors. Red coals blaze in the darkness of the crypt and you flinch as you realise that something is in there.

You have barely put your hand to your sword when something monstrous pulls itself out of the crypt. At first glance it resembles a gigantic bat but at a second glance you can see something unsettlingly humanoid about its make-up. The creature turns its wolf-like head in your direction and opens its jaws to reveal hugely elongated canines. The monster standing before you now is a refugee from the purges perpetrated by the crusaders of Telak. It fled to this place to hide after the cleansing of Bathoria. It was once a mighty vampire lord, but forced to live off the carcasses of wild animals and its own bat-kin in this village where everyone is already dead, it has degenerated into the feral thing you see before you now. And yet despite its bestial state it is still a deadly opponent. Do you want to stand your ground and face the bat-beast (turn to **342**) or would you rather flee (turn to **35**)?

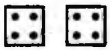

323

With the dread knights disposed of, you approach the heavy portcullis that separates the Outer Ward of the castle from the Inner. Either side of the portcullis – which is down – an arched entrance leads to a spiral staircase that in turn leads up into the Barbican itself. If you think you have the means to get past the portcullis you could do so now. If not, you will have to enter the Barbican to find a way to get through. Alternatively you may simply be curious to discover what secrets the gatehouse might hold. Will you:

Use the *Poltergeist* special ability (if you have it)?	Turn to **291**
Use the *Apparition* special ability (if you have it)?	Turn to **5**
Climb the staircase beyond the left archway?	Turn to **271**
Climb the staircase through the right archway?	Turn to **85**
Find another way into the Inner Ward?	Turn to **393**

324

Do you still have one of the following codewords written on your *Adventure Sheet*: *Revenant*, *Host* or *Armoured*? If so, turn to **381**. If not, turn to **364**.

325

You creep through an empty solar, dining chamber and servants' quarters until you come to the kitchen. Lying beside the dying embers of the fire is a large

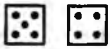

wolfhound, while a cat is curled up in a rocking chair by the door. But as soon as you enter the chamber, both the cat and the dog snap awake. The cat hisses and spits at you, arching its back in fear, its fur standing on end, while the dog starts barking furiously, jaws slavering.

And now you can hear the sounds of the household waking up. This is not what you had in mind at all and decide the best thing you can do is to leave the house as quickly as possible. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **101**.

326

You thought your will was strong, but that of the Shadow King is of an even greater magnitude altogether. You cannot possibly resist an intelligence as incalculably old and as evil as this one. Your mind shatters and you can do nothing to resist as the dark lord forces you to kneel before him and swear fealty to him forevermore. When the Shadow King's undead army marches on the kingdom of Ruddlestone you shall lead it in your new role as Death's Champion. And when Ruddlestone has been taken the rest of the Old World shall fall before you and your vile master ... Your adventure is over.

327

No matter how much you fight their pull, the Dead Winds draw you onwards, ever closer to the black gate. And then you see something else dragging itself

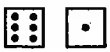

towards you along the avenue of stones. It appears to be incorporeal like you, with a squat, ethereal, toad-like body – although this particular toad would be the size of a horse! – broad front limbs and a gaping, shark-like maw. Everywhere it goes it leaves a slimy trail of ectoplasm behind it. From the top of its head myriad eye-stalks sway like the fronds of a sea-anemone while other tendrils emerge from the side of its body.

As you are drawn towards this hideous apparition by the relentless wind you are even more horrified to see that the waving fronds of its eye-stalks are not eye-stalks at all; each one ends in a small, snapping mouth. The creature raises a slime-dripping foot and you see that that too ends in a toothed maw. The phantasmal creature is almost nothing but mouths. And then, with a croaking cry, the Sin Eater is upon you, ready to devour your soul. Restore your STAMINA score to half its *Initial* level, plus as many more STAMINA points as is equal to your current WILL score, and prepare to fight.

SIN EATER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If the Sin Eater wins an Attack Round, roll one die. If you roll a 6, as well as taking the usual damage you must also reduce your SKILL by 1 point. If you defeat this ghost eater, add the codeword *Watcher* to you *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **46**. If the ectoplasmic horror wins the fight, it hurls your savaged soul even closer to the Gate (turn to **286**).

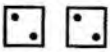

328

The otherworldly creature grabs you with strong arms and drags you towards the magical portal. You must fight the next Attack Round with your Attack Strength reduced by 2 points. If you win that Attack Round, you break free of its grasp and can continue the battle (return to **308** and finish the fight). However, if you lose that Attack Round the Visitation bounds back through the gateway taking you with it. Write the number 288 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

329

'Mighty Telak!' he exclaims as you appear out of thin air in front of him, and then, in the very next moment, his own blessed blade Deathsbane is in his hand and he is ready to do battle. 'Have at you, foul fiend!' he shouts. 'That you would take on the guise of a great and noble warrior to do your evil shall be your undoing. I curse you to Hell for all eternity!'

With a shout of, 'For Telak and for Valsinore!' he charges towards you, weapon raised. If you would allow yourself to be cut down by the noble knight, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If not, you are going to have to fight, no matter how much you might loathe the very idea.

CRUSADER	SKILL 11	STAMINA 11

Marrok's sword Deathsbane, like your own blade Nightslayer is a holy weapon and so will harm you in

your undead state. If fact, for every successful strike that the crusader makes against you, roll one die and on a roll of 5–6 you lose 3 STAMINA points instead of the usual 2. If Marrok slays you, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you cut him down first you must lose 1 LUCK point and 1 WILL point for having to kill your battle-brother. Then turn to 348.

330

Gaining entry to the guardhouse, you make your way silently through the building in search of anyone you think might be able to help you or at least tell you what it is that has spread its foul influence over Valsinore Castle. And then at last you come to the Captain of the Guard's quarters. The door to his spartanly decorated room is ajar and through it you see Captain Cador sitting at the room's only table. He is a courageous warrior and a doughty commander. Cador was in charge here when you left to fight in foreign lands three years ago. Since that time the hair on his head has become thinner and his beard a little more streaked with grey.

He suddenly looks directly at you, some sixth sense alerting him to your presence. He jumps to his feet, sending his chair flying. 'By Siegfried's bones!' he cries, pulling his sword from the scabbard lying on the table. 'Stay back!' he shouts, pointing the tip of his blade directly at you. The lantern-light spilling from his chamber picks out the silvered sigils ensorcelled into the blade. It's your move; will you:

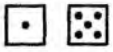

Attack Captain Cador?	Turn to 380
Attempt to engage him in conversation rather than battle?	Turn to 39
Try to intimidate the captain by scaring him?	Turn to 402
Flee the barracks and search elsewhere?	Turn to 360

331

Still in your shadow form, you follow the ghost hunter and his accomplice to one of the inn's guest bedrooms. While Streng makes himself uncomfortable on a chair outside, watching the corridor for any signs of danger, you easily slip past him and follow Van Richten into the room. Having closed the door behind you both, the Ghost Hunter goes over to a table by an open window where he unrolls a velvet cloth containing the tools of his ghost-hunting trade. There is a crucifix, a flintlock pistol and silver bullets, a flask of holy water, a holy talisman, and so on and so forth. You get the feeling that you won't get a better chance to talk to him than this and so, with a single thought, you re-materialise in the room directly in front of him.

Before you can say anything, the ghost hunter leaps up knocking over his chair with a cry of, 'Gods preserve me!' He grabs the container of holy water from the table and throws it at you. Where it touches your wraith-like form it burns like acid. Roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. (If this has finished

you off, write the number 259 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.)

You try to explain why you are there and that you need his help but Van Richten won't listen. 'Have at you, hellish spectre!' he declares grabbing his silvered blade from the table. 'In the name of Libra I shall exorcise you from this place and banish you to the outer darkness to join your evil masters there.' And then you are fighting for your un-life once again.

JOSEF VAN RICHTEN SKILL 10 STAMINA 9

If the ghost hunter slays you for a second time by doing away with your undead form, write the number 259 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn **100**. If you make it to six Attack Rounds without being killed again, turn to **365** at once. If you manage to kill the ghost hunter in less than six Attack Rounds, turn to **383**.

332

'Who did this to you?' you demand of the blinking Gaoler. And then he realises that you are not his tormentors and a smile brightens his face.

'Are you here to save me?' he asks, completely ignoring your question. You decide to help him, hoping that he will return the favour. As you do what you can to free him from his shackles, Iago's tongue runs away with him.

He tells you that Chamberlain Unthank was the one

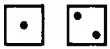

who had him imprisoned within the dungeons and then set his undead servants to torment him. Iago also tells you that Unthank has been hiding certain artefacts of power, which he has recovered from all corners of the kingdom, within the dungeons behind spirit-warded doors. He thinks that behind one of these doors there is an artefact he once heard the chamberlain refer to as the Soul Shield.

And then Iago is free, but at that very moment a dreadful moaning fills the squalid cell. 'Oh no! Not now! There're coming back!' he screams in panic and in a blaze of black light two hideous apparitions materialise within the cell. They look like decomposing corpses bound in rotting bandages, great chains dangling from their wrists and ankles. And then the Gaoler's tormentors attack and you are forced to fight for your continued survival once again. (If you have the *Banish Spirit* special ability then you will be able to use this against your first opponent and will only actually have to fight the second.)

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TORMENT	8	7
Second TORMENT	7	7

If Iago's tormentors finish you off, write the number 416 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you finish them, you may add up to 7 STAMINA points to your own ghost-form's STAMINA.

Free of his tormentors and his incarceration, Iago heaps thanks upon you, asking, foolishly perhaps, if

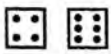

there is anything he can do in return. And there might be one thing, if you no longer have a physical form. If this is the case and you have the *Spook* special ability (and want to use it), turn to **345**. If not, you and the freed Gaoler go your separate ways as he attempts to escape the Keep altogether while you penetrate deeper into its dungeon levels (turn to **416**).

333

Taking the Spirit Stone in hand you hear the souls trapped within calling to you again and you know that it is time to grant them their freedom. Raising the crystal cage above your head you hurl it onto the stony path before you. There is an explosion of actinic light and you suddenly find yourself at the centre of a whirling soul-storm. As your eyes recover after the blinding blast, you witness the fury unleashed by your desperate actions. The spirit-forms of those bound to the Spirit Stone are unleashed in an almighty maelstrom of ethereal fury and assault the gathered members of Unthank's death-worshipping cult. While the shadow-born Tenebrae, the Death Acolytes and the Dread Knights are preoccupied with battling the vengeful ghosts, will you make the most of the opportunity and go after the Necromancer himself (turn to **367**), or would you rather see if you can free your sister first (turn to **426**)?

334

At a thought you melt into the darkness and approach the gate. As you pass between the two sentries,

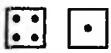

unseen, one of them shoots an anxious glance at his companion, the hairs on the back of his neck rising. 'Did you feel that?' he asks, a panicked look in his eyes.

'Feel what?' the other says, sleepily.

'I don't know,' replies the first. 'A feeling like someone just walked over your grave.'

'No,' yawns the second. 'You're imagining things.'

You have got as far as the main gate but you still need to get into the castle. If you have the *Apparition* special ability and wish to use it, turn to **414**. If you have the *Poltergeist* special ability and want to try that instead, turn to **363**. If you have neither of these abilities, the only option left open to you is the drainage culvert (turn to **36**).

335

The door to the kitchens is open and you can feel the cauldron heat of the ovens radiating from inside as smoke rises from the large chimney in the cookhouse roof. The Cook and his staff are obviously busily engaged in preparing an almighty banquet. Ingelnook was Cook here in your father's time, as well as when you left to go crusading. But what possible reason could there be for preparing such an incredible feast at this time?

Ingelnook, an obese, blubbery man, wasn't a particularly pleasant person, but there was no denying that

he was very good at his job. You didn't get on with him in life, and you're sure that your death won't have made your relationship any easier. If you want to enter the kitchens in full view of everyone there, turn to **355**. If you have the *Shade* special ability and would like to enter the kitchens unseen, turn to **385**. If you would rather not enter the cookhouse after all, turn to **445**.

336

You creep up to a tiny window, your ghostly footfalls making no sound on the fallen autumn leaves that strew the ground outside the hovel. Cautiously you peer inside the cottage. The scene you see there is exactly how you might have imagined it. A cauldron bubbles over a fire in the hearth, while sprigs of herbs hang drying from the rafters. On a table you see a single, black-bound book bearing a curious triangular rune, while lying on a rag-rug in front of the fire is a chubby piglet.

A sudden flicker of darting movement draws your attention back to the fireplace and then something crashes against the inside of the window, clawing and scratching at the glass in frantic agitation. You jump back in surprise as the window flies open. Out jump a gang of four demonic-looking imps. They are covered in bright red fur, have lashing tails, clawed hands and stubby horns. These witch's familiars do not hesitate and attack immediately. You must fight them altogether.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GRIMALKIN	6	3
Second GRIMALKIN	5	3
Third GRIMALKIN	5	4
Fourth GRIMALKIN	6	4

You will soon discover that these demonic creatures, as well as being able to sense your presence can also cause you harm. Fortunately, your otherworldly blade can injure them in return. If you should die a second death under the Grimalkins' ferocious assault, write the number 9 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you manage to fight off the imps, turn to **67**.

337

And so you make it across the moat to the imposing entrance of Valsinore Castle's Keep that you once called home and yet which now feels utterly alien and unwelcoming. There is not a single light visible in any window of the solid square stronghold. But the doors leading into the Keep are not as you remember them. The metre-thick oak doors have been replaced with some sinister black wood inlaid with silver that forms unsettling runes and esoteric symbols. As you approach you feel your progress being limited by a potent magical field. The energy shield sparks violently and you are suddenly hurled backwards by a powerful burst of magical energy. The door is resisting your ethereal essence somehow and keeping your ghostly form at bay. You cannot even get close enough to touch it.

338

This barrier before you is a Spirit Door, a portal intended to prevent undead spirits, like you, from passing through it. There is nothing you can do to counteract the spells bound into it. The only things capable of passing through a Spirit Door are things with a physical form. But now you are a ghost, how can you possibly acquire a physical form again?

If you have the *Spook* special ability and you want to pursue this path, turn to **13**. If you have the phrase *Rest in Peace* written down on your *Adventure Sheet* and you want to pursue this path, turn to **369**. If you have the codeword *Automaton* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet* and you want to pursue this path, turn to **427**. If you have none of these things, turn to **152**.

338

It is as if you cannot help yourself! 'As you are now, so once were we,' you growl menacingly, your leering features becoming more distorted and grotesque with every word you speak. 'As I am now, so you shall be!'

The woman gives a whimpering cry and then collapses on the floor in front of you. Her glazed eyes continue to stare vacantly into space, her features locked in a grimace of unadulterated horror. She doesn't move again.

Madame Zelda is dead. You have scared her to death! She was a harmless old soul really and did not deserve such a fate. (Lose 2 LUCK points and record

the *Spectre* special ability on your *Adventure Sheet*.) There is nothing for you here now so you have no choice but to leave the dead woman's tent. Turn to **259**.

339

Returning to Toadstone's cell once more, you find the Fool still curled up in a dank corner, telling himself appalling jokes, the same haunted look in his wide, bloodshot eyes. Toadstone's mind was broken by what he witnessed within the Keep long ago and you meet not resistance as you take over his body. (Add the codeword *Host* to your *Adventure Sheet*.)

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score, for later use, on your *Adventure Sheet*. While you have possession of the Fool's body you must use Toadstone's feeble stats, which are as follows: SKILL 6, STAMINA 14.

If you are injured in any way, as long as you are still wearing Toadstone's feeble form, you may eat provisions to recover STAMINA points. One meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points, but Toadstone doesn't have any food with him. He does have a weapon, however, a sharp, stiletto dagger. You wonder why he never thought to use it to help him escape from his prison cell. But then his mind has been gone a long time.

If Toadstone's STAMINA is reduced to 2 STAMINA points or fewer while you are possessing him he will be knocked unconscious, forcing you to relinquish

your control of his body. However, you can still fight on in spirit-form, using the stats that you have made a note of here. Now turn to **429**.

340

A whirlwind of necromantic power fills the chamber and it is only then that you notice the summoning circle on the floor of the tomb in front of you. With a fiery roar and a burst of blazing light, an ethereal figure materialises in the chamber. It has the appearance of a burning human skeleton, its blackened bones clothed in a body of scintillating flame. Giving voice to a wild howl of pain, the Bone-Fire flies towards you, bony hands outstretched, intent on making its fate your own.

BONE-FIRE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If the Bone-Fire wounds you and you have the code-word *Armoured* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, your body catches fire; for every Attack Round after this you will automatically lose 1 STAMINA point until the end of the battle when you will be able to bat the fires out.

If the Bone-Fire destroys your physical form you can fight on in your spectral form but if this too is destroyed, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you vanquish the Bone-Fire, its fires are snuffed out and its blackened bones fall to the floor as ash. Your spirit-form recovers up to 3 STAMINA points as it absorbs some of the fiery ghost's ethereal essence. Now turn to **321**.

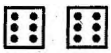

341

Pressing your incorporeal body against the stone you strain to move it, even just a smidgeon. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL, roll three more dice; if this second total is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **245**. If you fail either roll, turn to **311**.

342

As you prepare to join in unholy battle with the monstrous vampire you lock eyes with the bat-beast and start to feel like you are drowning in the blood-red pools of its eyes. Roll two dice and add 2 to the number rolled. If the total is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **361**. If it is greater, turn to **382**.

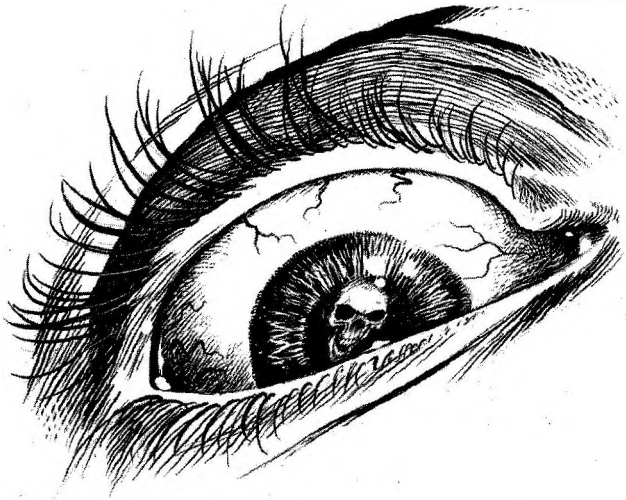

343

Sinister as it may sound, thanks to your incredible strength of will you are able to dominate the mind of another and possess them, using their body as if it were your own for a limited time. Record the *Spook* special ability on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the one that you were just instructed to write down.

344

'The Lady Oriana, you mean?' Myrddin says when you mention your sister. 'Yes, she's still there, although I hear she's made herself a virtual prisoner. Hasn't left the castle in over a year.'

'Then how do you know she's still safe and well?' you challenge the old man.

'Because I've seen her. Every day she gazes out of her apartment window, back along the road across the moors, a crucifix clutched in her hand, as if she is desperately awaiting the return of someone ...' he breaks off. 'Oh, that would be you, wouldn't it?'

Everything Myrddin has told you about your sister makes you more desperate than ever to find out what's going on. It is time you were on your way again.

If you have the phrase *Something Fishy* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **145**. If not, turn to **22**.

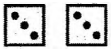

345

You force your consciousness inside the Gaoler's body, the power of your own mind too much for his own shattered sanity. (Add the codeword *Host* to you *Adventure Sheet.*)

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score, for later use, on your *Adventure Sheet.* While you are wearing Iago's body you must use his stats which are as follows: SKILL 8, STAMINA 18.

If you are injured in battle you may eat provisions, or consume potions if you have any, to recover STAMINA points. One meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points but, unsurprisingly, there is no food in Iago's cell. He has no weapon either, but you pull one of the lengths of chain from the wall, which should make an effective weapon. If Iago's STAMINA is reduced to 2 STAMINA points or fewer he will be knocked senseless, forcing you to vacate his body again. You may then continue fighting in your spirit-form using the stats that you have written down here.

You may well find that there are other places within Valsinore's dungeons that are still off limit to spirits. If you come to a paragraph marked with an asterisk (*), and as long as you still have your physical form, you may investigate what lies behind the door by adding 30 to the paragraph number and turning to this new reference. Now turn to **416** as you continue on your way through the castle's dungeons.

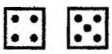

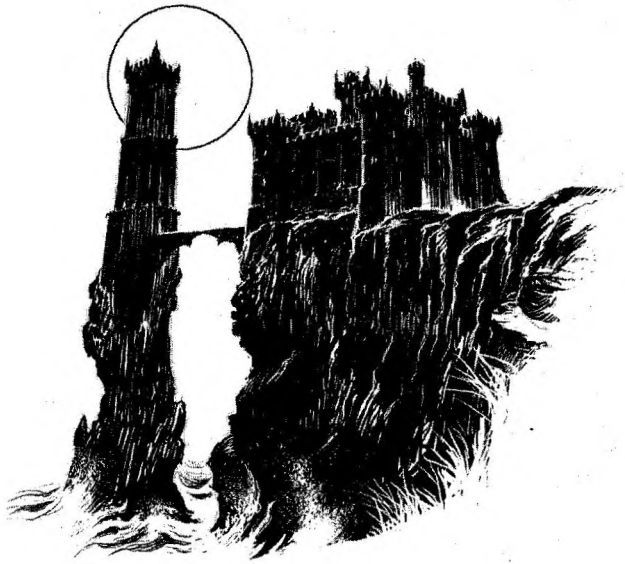

346

Although you put up a valiant defence, your weapon simply passes through the Shadow King's body as though it were nothing more than smoke. You cannot last for long against such an opponent and in the end he delivers you a series of dolorous blows. Lose 8 STAMINA points and 1 WILL point.

If you are still alive and you have something else you could use to fight the Lord of Death, such as a Spirit Stone (turn to 50) or the *Codex Mortis* (turn to 435), you had best use it now. If not, it is only a matter of time before you fall to the Great Undead's fell blade of night. There will be no coming back from the dead this time and your adventure, like your life, will be over ...

347

An unnerving hissing sound, coming from behind you, stops you in your tracks. You turn to see a hideous apparition rising from the very ground behind you. It looks like a human brain trailing tentacles, not unlike those of a jellyfish. It is this creature that is making the horrible hissing noise as it floats towards you, writhing tentacles reaching for you. And it is not alone.

You have perhaps been rash in how you have conducted yourself since entering the castle, perhaps not, but whatever the case, the Spirit Hunters are on to you now. Take the number you wrote down regarding the 'B' codewords before turning to this paragraph and add one. This is the number of Spirit Hunters you must fight. Each one has the following stats:

SPIRIT HUNTER	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

You must fight theses phantasms two at a time as they try to ensnare you with their stinging tendrils. If the Spirit Hunters finish you off, write the number 366 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you defeat your spectral stalkers, turn to **366**.

348

The feast-hall is consumed by chaos as everyone sees you for what you really are. Not a single person present is not now looking in your direction. Tumblers

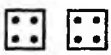

flee before you – a pyramid of acrobats collapsing as those forming it all try to flee in different directions – jugglers drop their batons and fire-eaters burn their throats as they forget what they are doing for one agonising moment.

Then from out of the uproar emerge two threatening figures. Clad in suits of armour, decades old, and sinister black cloaks they are Dread Knights of the Order of the Black Shroud and formidable opponents.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DREAD KNIGHT	9	8
Second DREAD KNIGHT	8	8

The knights are armed with swords imbued with life-stealing energy. If a knight injures you, roll one die; on a roll of 5–6 the knight's cursed blade will cause you 3 STAMINA points damage, instead of the usual 2. If the Dread Knights put an end to you, write the number 445 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you manage to defeat them both, turn to **370**.

349

As you look around you at the tombstones, you realise that you are gazing upon all that is left of your ancestors. This is your family's legacy. Only your sister now remains, and if she dies then your family line dies with her. Suddenly the desire for revenge burns bright and fierce within you again (add 1 to your WILL score).

350

'Here lies Agravain, Wormslayer,' one inscription reads, 'vanquisher of the Sourstone Worm. Lived his allotted span, died aged three score years and ten.'

'Rest in peace, Lydonee,' reads another. 'Three sons she bore, and daughters three. Now she sleeps eternally.'

The next headstone bears the name of one Father Ewlin, 'Who fought for justice, truth and right, and many a devil put to flight.'

Lost in thought, you have unwittingly drifted closer and closer towards the open grave and the gravedigger working away at the headstone with his chisel. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **379**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **397**.

350

'It is a wise warrior who fights using knowledge as much as the sword's sharp edge,' Aramanthus says, and then goes on to school you in the art of using your ethereal powers more effectively. Add 2 to your WILL score, regain 1 LUCK point and write the number 440 on your *Adventure Sheet*. Now roll one die and turn to the paragraph indicated below.

Die roll	
1	Turn to **90**
2	Turn to **120**
3	Turn to **230**
4	Turn to **263**

5 Turn to **293**
6 Turn to **343**

351

Arming yourself, you prepare to face this most appalling monstrosity.

NECROS SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If the Necros hits you, the acidic slime coating it will burn you whether you have a physical body or not, due to the fact that it is also one of the Undead, although like no other you have ever seen. However, if you strike the Necros, its jelly-like body will absorb much of the damage and partially heal itself when your weapon is withdrawn. As a result, you must deduct 1 point from the damage you deal it. If you manage to overcome this undead horror, turn to **401**. If the Necros ends up destroying your spirit-form, write the number 243 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

352

'Please forgive Sir Calormayne for being a wits-addled old fool,' the knight says, sagging in his seat in the saddle. 'I have watched this bridge for so many centuries that I can no longer tell friend from foe.'

He suddenly looks small and pathetic. 'I am so very, very tired,' he says wearily, the exhaustion apparent in his hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. 'I have been guarding this crossing point and Valsinore these last three hundred years.'

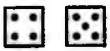

'Well now I am here to relieve you of that duty,' you say, 'for it is my sworn mission to cleanse this place of evil once and for all.'

The knight peers at you through rheumy eyes and he smiles weakly. 'Thank you,' he says, and promptly vanishes. But for a moment the knight's voice lingers on the wind: 'Take this my gift to you.' You suddenly feel yourself filled with new energy. Add 1 to your WILL score. Roll one die and add 2; regain up to this number of STAMINA points, and 1 LUCK point. Now turn to **6**.

353

Father Umberto finishes intoning prayers over what you can now see is a body laid out on the bier and then, having given Oriana his final blessing, departs the sanctuary, leaving her alone with the corpse ... your own dead body!

Seeing your own corpse like this, without realising it was even here, shocks you to the core. (Add the phrase *Rest in Peace* to your *Adventure Sheet* and deduct 1 from your WILL score.)

You cannot help yourself as you give a cry of shock. Oriana spins round, a look of abject horror on her face. 'No! No, it can't be!' she cries, and immediately reaches for the silver crucifix that hangs about her neck. 'Get back! Get back!' she screams.

If you want to leave your sister in peace you can either leave the way you came, through the chapel

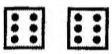

door (turn to 445), or down a flight of stone steps to the right of the sanctuary that leads to the castle catacombs (turn to 88). Alternatively you could speak to her and try to calm her down (turn to 377).

354

In the blink of an eye you are gone ... Invisible as a shadow you creep past the gate's guardians towards the portcullis-barred entrance to the Inner Ward. Only, it would appear that the knights can see you, somehow, as they move to engage you, their heavy two-handed swords raised, ready to strike. The truth of the matter is that even in your Shade form, you are still visible to those with the Second Sight and other undead and these Dread Knights are already dead like you! You have no choice but to fight them. Turn to 196.

355

The hubbub of frantic activity consuming the kitchens is soon replaced by the screams of panicking servants and serving wenches, the harassed-looking men and women fleeing from your ghostly presence.

'Guards!' Ingelnook the cook screams. 'Guards, come quickly! We have an intruder in the kitchens! We are assailed by a terrible apparition! Save us!' Moments later, the sound of hobnailed boots pounding the passageway that leads from the kitchen to the feast hall can be heard.

Will you flee the kitchens immediately in the face of

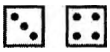

356

Ingelnook's protest (turn to 445), or will you stand your ground and face whoever is coming for you now (turn to 198)?

356

The crone mutters something in a dark tongue you do not understand, but it fills you with a sense of impending doom. (Lose 1 WILL point.) And then the spell is cast. A pack of small, be-fanged, be-horned and be-clawed apparitions suddenly pop into existence in front of you as the witch opens a door to the Spirit World, releasing these Phantasmal Fiends onto the Earthly Plane. The Fiends streak through the air towards you, screaming with elemental fury. Fight them as if they were all one creature.

PHANTASMAL FIENDS SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

If the Fiends reduce your STAMINA score to zero, write the number 9 on you *Adventure* Sheet and turn to 100. If you reduce your attackers' combined STAMINA score to zero, it means that you have managed to banish them from this world and return them to the Realm of the Damned. (Regain up to 6 STAMINA points.)

Mother Toadsfoot gives you a venomous look, even though you're sure she can't really see you, and hisses, 'Now return to your master and tell him I'll not be done away with so easily, or face my wrath again.' If you want to attack the witch directly, turn to 386. If you would rather leave while you are still on

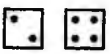

this plane and capable of continuing your search for answers elsewhere, turn to 9.

357

And then you are inside the man's mind, and Yorrick's body is yours to control. (Add the code-word *Host* to your *Adventure Sheet.*)

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score, for later use, on your *Adventure Sheet.* While you are wearing the body of Yorrick the gravedigger you must use his stats which are as follows: SKILL 9, STAMINA 17.

If you are injured in battle you may eat provisions to recover STAMINA points. One meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points. In Yorrick's backpack, which lies propped up against a headstone nearby, you find food enough for 3 meals. The only thing to hand that is even close to being a weapon is the gravedigger's spade which you take with you, just in case. If you make a successful strike against an opponent using the spade roll one die; on a roll of 1–2 it will cause only 1 point of STAMINA damage, rather than the usual 2. (Make a note of this on your *Adventure Sheet.*)

If Yorrick's STAMINA score is ever reduced to 2 STAMINA points or fewer, the gravedigger will be knocked out and you will be forced to leave his senseless body. Fortunately, you can keep fighting in your guise as a ghost, using the stats that you have written down here. Turn to 429.

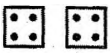

358

'It looks like I am going to have to deal with you myself!' the Queen of Liches screeches – and then the spell is broken. She is suddenly exposed as the undead nightmare she really is. She is no flesh and blood beauty but a hellish apparition. A few grey threads of hair cling to a fleshless head in the advanced stages of decomposition. Her fine robes are really rotting grave-clothes, her crown a crown of finger-bones, her own slender fingers cruel talons, and her eyes nothing but pits of darkness. With a banshee scream, the Wraith Queen flies at you.

WRAITH QUEEN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you lose an Attack Round consult the table below to see what form the Wraith Queen's attack takes. (You may use Luck to reduce any damage caused in the usual way.)

Die Roll	*Attack and Damage*
1–3	Clawing Talons – the Wraith Queen claws you with her broken fingernails. Lose 2 STAMINA points.
4–5	Banshee Scream – the wraith blasts you with a deafening, blood-curdling scream. You lose only 1 STAMINA point but must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points for the duration of the next Attack Round.
6	Hell Sprites – the undead queen summons hellish imps to fight for her. For

the rest of your battle with the Wraith Queen you must also fend off these fiends. They have the following stats:

HELL SPRITES SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

This option can happen only once; if you roll a 6 a second time, roll again.

If you manage to defeat this hellish harridan, turn to **373**. If she should destroy both your physical form and your ethereal form, write the number 445 on you *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

359

As the ghost beast dies, its body dissolving like mist before your eyes, you feel yourself absorbing some of the power of the Visitation's essence. Regain up to 4 STAMINA points. There is no reason to remain here any longer, so freed of its curious influence, you leave the stone circle. Turn to **288**.

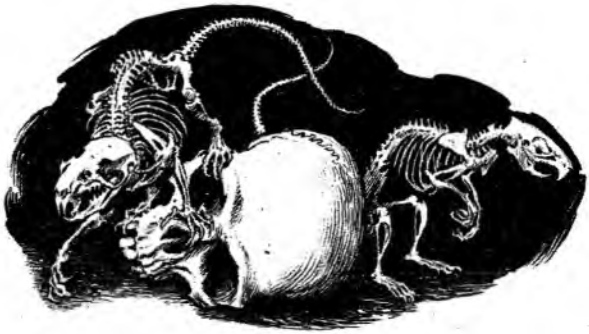

360

Not wanting to get into a fight with the loyal Cador, you flee the barracks, but the Captain of the Guard now knows that your ghost is abroad within Valsinore Castle. Add the codeword *Barracks* to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **434**.

361

At the last minute you manage to drag your ethereal sword free of its ghostly scabbard and lash out at the monstrous bat-beast. The feral vampire screeches in pain and fury and then, possessed of an unthinking bestial rage, it attacks!

NOSFERATU	SKILL 11	STAMINA 14

If you manage to defeat the new vampire lord of Fetchfen, add 1 to your WILL score, and turn to **15**. However, if the bat-beast wins the battle, write the number 15 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

362

With a sound like the rustling of parchment, the husk moves. Animated by the strength of your own persistent life-force, the giant spider skin goes back to behaving just as it would have in life. It quickly unfolds eight, claw-tipped limbs and then, baring its still-sharp mandibles it scuttles towards you on the hunt for blood. But seeing as how you don't have any blood to offer it, your phantasmal life-force will suffice.

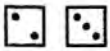

SPIDER-HUSK SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If the husk wins an Attack Round, roll one die. On a roll of 5 or 6 it bites you with its undead fangs and sucks the residual life-force right out of you (lose 1 SKILL point as well as 2 STAMINA points and increase the Spider-Husk's STAMINA score by 2 as it absorbs your strength). If you die a second death fighting the undead husk, write the number 5 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you survive your battle with the soul-sucking spider, turn to **302**.

363

Focusing the full force of your will at the gate, you try to force them open with your mind. You are able to rattle the bolts and jangle some chains but to no avail. The gates weigh several tonnes and are far too heavy for you to move. But the eerie rattling of bolts and shaking of ironmongery has alerted the guards to your presence, even if they can't see you. Turn to **395**.

364

You find your ethereal essence easily breaches the rippling sphere of light and you see the black-bound book floating at its heart quite clearly now. You hear a susurration of whispering voices, but you can't quite make out what they are saying, and then a strange sensation comes over you. You feel your ghostly body becoming less and less cohesive, dissolving like mist which then becomes part of the luminosity of the sphere, until you share the fate of those spirits that

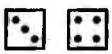

have already been set to protect the necromancer's book of evil spells. And that shall be your fate now forevermore, until Doomsday itself. Your adventure is over.

365

The door suddenly bursts open and the ghost hunter's henchman enters the room. You must now fight the two men together. Streng's stats are as follows.

STRENG	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

The weapons they bear are enchanted so as to be able to harm undead creatures, such as you. If both Van Richten and Streng wound you on two consecutive Attack Rounds, turn to 208. If your ghost-form should be slain by the ghost hunter or his henchman, write the number 259 down on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn 100. However, if you manage to defeat both your opponents, turn to 383.

366

If you are going to gain access to the Inner Ward of Valsinore Castle, you are going to have to go past the Barbican. As you approach the tower two dark figures melt from out of the moon-cast shadows and materialise before its imposing gates, blocking your way. They wear long black cloaks over plate mail armour of archaic, and slightly sinister, design and are an intimidating presence.

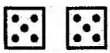

However, having grown up in the castle and having explored practically every one of its hidey-holes and secret passageways, you also know of a tunnel that passes under the wall and into the Inner Ward beyond. Unfortunately it starts in a guard privy under the battlements in the east wall. If you want to approach the gatehouse and its sinister guardians directly, turn to **443**. If you would rather make use of the secret tunnel, turn to **393**. Alternatively, if you have the *Spirit* special ability and would prefer to fly over the gatehouse and into the Inner Ward beyond, turn to **5**.

367

Dodging first a Dread Knight and then a startled Death Acolyte as you run through the maelstrom of whirling ethereal entities, suddenly there you are, face to face with Unthank the Necromancer at last. The desire to be avenged on your betrayer burns volcano-hot within you, but the villain is ready for you, a spell of banishing already on his lips. With a roar of, 'Begone!' he hurls his arms out towards you and casts his spell. A bolt of searing necromantic energy streaks towards you; there is no way it can possibly miss. If you are carrying the Soul Shield, turn to **165**. If you are not protected by this ancient artefact, turn to **238**.

368

Slipping between canvas folds you enter the tent. The first partitioned space you enter contains a circular table draped with a blue velvet cloth, a crystal ball

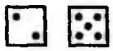

resting in its carved ebony cradle. Passing beyond this area into the back of the tent, you enter its owner's living quarters, or rather, at the moment, her bedroom. Tucked up in bed under a pile of knitted blankets, wearing several layers of coloured veils and shawls, is a middle-aged woman whose make-up is about as subtle as the rest of her get-up.

She suddenly sits up, eyes wide in shock, and clutches at a silver crescent moon charm hanging from her neck. 'Oh my born days,' she gasps, 'a ghost! An actual, real live spirit!'

What is that charm she is holding in her hands? And what sort of a mystic is this Madame Zelda anyway? She has a crystal ball of her own; could she be in league with the Death Acolyte who killed you? If you want to deal with Madame Zelda in a friendly manner, turn to **281**. If you want to try intimidating her, turn to **398**. If you would rather have nothing more to do with her and simply want to leave her tent, turn to **259**.

369

Leaving the Keep again, you make your way back into the Inner Ward and return to the chapel where your mortal body still lies in state. Staring down at your dead face you focus your will like never before, as you attempt to re-enter your own corpse and re-animate it again. Roll two dice and add 2. If the total is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **388**. If it is greater, turn to **408**.

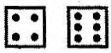

370

And then Chamberlain Unthank is suddenly there before you, an expression of anger and hatred on his face. 'Why won't you just stay dead? I didn't want to have to get my hands dirty, but now it looks like I'm just going to have to deal with you myself,' he snarls.

There can be no doubt in your mind now as who your betrayer is. The blackguard that had you murdered when you were within sight of home, after three years long years away, was Unthank himself – the very man to whom you entrusted the guardianship of your ancestral lands and your sister's well-being. Never can there have been a more ruthless, vile and wholly despicable individual!

You are shocked into inaction by this realisation and in that instant Unthank casts his spell, folding reality around you while muttering something barely audible and wholly inhuman. An unearthly gale howls through the feast hall, springing up from nowhere, and it is at that moment that the traitor bellows, 'Spirit, begone!'

The screaming voice of the unnatural wind rises and spins faster and faster, creating a whirling vortex of air around you. One moment you are facing your nemesis at last, the next the veil between worlds is torn asunder and you are dragged screaming into the next world. Write the number 108 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to **100**.

371

You feel like a sweat is breaking out on your brow, from all your exertions, but how can it be? Try as you might, you are unable to pass through the stone door and into the barrow. (Lose 1 WILL point and 1 LUCK point). If you want to try to push the stone clear of the barrow entrance, turn to **341**. If you would rather quit this place, turn to **295**.

372

The voice then makes its final utterance.

'You shall not leave Castle Valsinore,
But must remain here forevermore.'

With that the light becomes even more intense and you feel its fiery touch upon your soul. You cannot help but cry out in pain. And then the light is gone, and so are you. All that is left is the impression of a screaming face, seemingly melted into the stone-flagged floor, joining the other screaming faces already there, trapped within the stone. Your soul is now bound to the stones of Valsinore Castle for all eternity. Your adventure is over.

373

At your killing blow, the Wraith Queen howls in frustration as her own ethereal body dissolves into smoke. At the same time a furious wind blows up from nowhere and carries the smoke away until all that is left of this Queen of the Damned is her scream

and then that too is nothing more than a fading echo. (Recover up to 5 STAMINA points.) The Wraith Queen is truly dead at last and the blessed blade Nightslayer is yours again – or is it? If you still have a physical form, turn to **392**; if not and you are a ghost again, turn to **413**.

374

'Tell me more about this ghost hunter,' you say, intrigued.

'His name's Van ... Van-something ... Van Richten, yes, that's it. Van Richten. Apparently he's from a family of templars who have all sworn an oath to rid the world of evil, wherever it may be found. Josef Van Richten, that's his name. He's got a brother who's obsessed with vampires after one turned his bride-to-be the night before their wedding.'

You know this to be true; you heard the name Van Richten mentioned more than once during the crusade against the forces of evil in Bathoria. A man like this Josef Van Richten, with all his expertise, could be a valuable ally and may be able to help you where others cannot.

'Where would I find him?' you ask.

'At the Cockcrow in Sleath. He's taken a room there. Apparently there's been all sorts of disturbances in and around the village of late – talk of haunted houses, things hiding out in the graveyard and

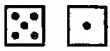

people suffering the worst nightmares they've ever experienced in all their born days – that's why Burgomaster Jurgen sent for Van Richten in the first place.'

Everything Myrddin has told you has left you intrigued and eager to continue with your quest. You decide it is time you were on your way again.

If you have the phrase *Something Fishy* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **145**. If not, turn to **22**.

375

'You may not fear death,' the Shadow King booms, 'but during an eternity in servitude you shall learn to fear me!' With his mighty sword of darkness in his fell grip, the Shadow King strides towards you, ready to engage you in the most titanic struggle of your life. But how can you fight one of the Great Undead and win? Will you:

Use Oil of Midnight against it (if you have such a thing)?	Turn to **233**
Use a Spirit Stone (if you have one)?	Turn to **50**
Use the *Codex Mortis* (if you have it)?	Turn to **435**

If you would rather simply face the Shadow King in hand-to-hand combat, pitting cold steel against cold night, choose the weapon you want to use carefully and turn to **249**.

376

As you are approaching the gatehouse that leads to the moat-bridge, you come across a scene that would make the blood in your veins run cold, if you still had any. A scaffold has been erected in the middle of the cobbled bailey and a grim execution party is now progressing towards it. At the head of the line is your sister, the Lady Oriana, her hands bound before her, flanked by two of Unthank's Dread Knights. Following her is the black-robed chamberlain himself. Already awaiting them on the scaffold, standing next to a blood-stained headsman's block, is a hulking undead monster. It is the size of an ogre but its flesh is grey and rotting. In its hands is a huge axe. There can be no mistaking what is about to happen here.

You race towards the scaffold as your sister is led to the block and forced onto her knees by her attendant knights. The voice of Chamberlain Unthank carries to you on the cold night air in time for you to hear him pronounce Oriana's fate: 'You have been found guilty of treason against the master of this house and the penalty for treason is death. Now die, traitor!'

Unthank having announced his judgement, the zombie raises its axe high above its head, ready to bring it down on your sister's neck. You cannot allow this execution to go ahead, but if you're going to stop it, it is obvious which of the villains you need to deal with first. Raging in fury, you manage to leap onto the scaffold, avoiding the Dread Knights, and come

face-to-face with the hulking executioner. Moaning the zombie lumbers towards you, its slack mouth agape. Drawing your phantasmal sword you engage it in battle.

ZOMBIE EXECUTIONER SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

Ironically, the executioner's axe being wielded by the huge zombie is bound with enchantments to ward against the undead and so can wound you. If you slay your sister's would-be executioner, turn to **91**. If the zombie kills you with its cursed axe, write the number 394 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

377

'It's me,' you tell Oriana. 'It's alright, it's me. You're safe. I mean you no harm. How could I? You're my sister.'

It takes no little persuasion but gradually you are able to calm your sister down. But as the shock of seeing you again passes so the tears come. Crying your name she tries to hold you in her arms, but her desperately clutching hands simply pass straight through your ethereal essence as if you were nothing more than mist. Her tears spent, she pulls herself together enough to ask, 'What are you doing here? How can this be?'

You patiently explain to her how you have risen from the dead to seek justice for yourself, while also sharing with her all that you have learnt of what is going on in Valsinore Castle.

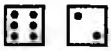

'Your body was brought back to the castle after dark,' she explains, the tears threatening to come again. 'Father Umberto demanded that you be laid here, that he might bless your body that you might remain undisturbed in the ground and not suffer the Curse of the Undead that haunts this place now. In fact Father Umberto was very keen to make sure he got you into the ground this very night. He fears that a great evil has taken root here and that the doom of Valsinore Castle will come this night. He has gone to prepare for the final battle right now.'

You tell Oriana that you too have seen signs that whatever is going to happen will happen before a new day dawns. (Add the codeword *Oriana* to your Adventure Sheet.)

'Then you cannot delay here,' she says, urgently. 'What part can I play? What can I do to help?'

What Oriana has that you need is inside information. Your body lies on the bier, still clothed but, you notice, the blessed blade Nightslayer does not lie with it. Will you ask your sister whether she knows where your sword has been taken (turn to **396**), about Chamberlain Unthank (turn to **8**), or whether there is anyone else who can help you (turn to **28**)?

378

Assuming your most terrifying aspect, you swoop towards the knights, cackling insanely. Neither of them says anything or seems intimidated in any way.

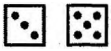

They simply raise their heavy broadswords in their gauntleted hands, ready to join with you in battle. Turn to **196**.

379

It feels as if you are being drawn to this one spot in particular, but realising this in time, you manage to break free of its morbid influence. Now will you:

Approach the gravedigger?	Turn to **397**
Return to the door of the chapel and enter the holy building (if you haven't tried to already)?	Turn to **274**
Leave the graveyard, and the chapel, and look elsewhere?	Turn to **445**

380

'Die, grave-spawn!' the guard captain shouts and lunges at you. Cador's sword is inscribed with holy wards and so is just as effective against your ghostly form as it is against corporeal opponents.

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD SKILL 12 STAMINA 10

If Captain Cador and his blessed blade should do for you, write the number 434 on you *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you defeat the Captain of the Guard it is with no small measure of regret that you leave the guardhouse, knowing that you are responsible for the death of a good man. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **434**.

381

There is a burst of dazzling light, a sound like a hundred screaming souls, and you are thrown backwards to land in a smouldering heap on the far side of the chamber. (Lose 4 STAMINA points.) What do you want to do now? Trying something you haven't already attempted, will you:

Strike the sphere with your weapon?	Turn to **405**
Use the *Banish Spirit* special ability (if you have it)?	Turn to **424**
Re-trace your steps and descend the north-east stair?	Turn to **205**

382

Unable to tear your gaze away, you are trapped by the vampire's transfixing stare, until you no longer wish to see it dead and your own quest means nothing to you. Your will is broken, your mind no longer your own, your fate no longer yours to determine. You are now a soul in thrall to the new Lord of Fetchfen, the monstrous Nosferatu of Bathoria. Your adventure is over.

383

Hearing shouts from outside the room you realise that the noise of your battle with the ghost hunter has alerted the attention of others elsewhere in the inn. This whole exercise has been a disaster from start to finish and you don't want things getting any worse. You decide that the best course of action you can follow now is to look elsewhere for aid. Fleeing from the room and the inn you return to the village square. Turn to 259.

384

Your suspicions aroused, you go after Unthank. From the hidden passageway behind the arras, the chamberlain unwittingly leads you to a secluded chamber at the bottom of the north-west tower. When you see who is waiting for him there, you almost give yourself away you are so shocked. It is your own cold-hearted killer, the skull-masked Death Acolyte. Chamberlain Unthank could be in danger! Will you attack the Death Acolyte immediately (turn to 307) or will you wait and see what unfolds, just to be sure (turn to 250)?

385

As you enter you are met by the roar of Ingelnook the cook furiously berating the servants scurrying about him, in the shadow of his blubbery, cleaver-wielding mass. His face is flushed red from shouting and his multiple chins ripple as he takes his wrath out on the unfortunate page boy whose only mistake was to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. But Ingelnook

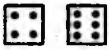

knows how things used to be before you left to fight in the Crusade against Evil and he is one of those who has been permitted to remain within the Inner Ward of the castle and so may know more about what's going on at Valsinore than others in the castle's Outer Ward. If you want to reveal yourself to the Cook, turn to 355. If you feel that to do so would draw unwanted attention to your presence within the Inner Ward, there is nothing for it now other than to quit the kitchens (turn to 445).

386

'I warned you!' the crone spits, and then she begins to chant. An ethereal wind rises seemingly from nowhere and starts tugging at your spectral body, making you feel as if you are about to be pulled apart as if you were nothing more than mist. 'Now leave me in peace!' the witch snarls. Roll two dice and add 3. If the total is equal to or less than your WILL score, turn to 9. If it is greater than your WILL score, write the number 9 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 100.

387

'Stay back,' the old man shouts, 'or I shall smite you again with my magic!'

The look in the man's eyes suddenly dramatically changes from one of determined resolve to one of slack-jawed horror. It is then that you hear the splashing sounds of something wading from the breakers behind you accompanied by a croaking cry.

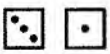

'Oh no, please,' the old man cries, 'not that! Anything but that!'

You turn to see the most appalling abomination emerge from the rising tide and stalk towards you up the beach. It walks on two legs like a man and has the muscular build of an ogre, but its skin is covered with blue-grey scales. It has cruel gutting claws, its fingers are webbed and its bulbous eyes are those of a fish. A crest of spines protrudes from its head and runs all the way down its back to a long, lashing fish tail. The creature opens its mouth, revealing a maw full of shark's teeth, while the slits of gills in its neck open and close uselessly in the air.

'My tormentor comes to plague me again! Oh, woe. My doom is upon me!' the hermit cries and retreats back into his cave, leaving you to face the monster alone. The fish-beast fixes its eyes upon you and gives another croaking snarl as it continues to stalk towards you.

This is no mere creature of flesh and blood but a demon birthed from the storm-wracked sea, so the monster's cruel fish-talons will harm you just as well as if you were still a creature of flesh and blood yourself. Fortunately, your own ethereal copy of Nightslayer will also be able to injure the demon. Let battle commence!

SEA DEMON	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

If the Sea Demon 'kills' you, record the number 145 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100** at once.

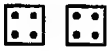

However, if you manage to slay the demon, as its fishy carcass falls back into the sea and is washed away, the hermit suddenly runs out of his cave and down the beach towards you. Add the phrase *Something Fishy* to your *Adventure* Sheet and turn to 131.

388

Closing your eyes, you descend upon your corpse. When you open them again you are staring up at the vaulted ceiling of the chapel through your own dead eyes. Rigor-locked joints crack into action again and you sit up. (Regain 1 LUCK point and add 1 to your WILL score.) You slowly get to your feet and stumble from the chapel, your steps unsteady at first, as if you are having to learn to walk again.

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score on your *Adventure Sheet* for later use. Your corpse's stats are your existing SKILL score but it has a STAMINA score equal to your *Initial* STAMINA score, minus 2. (Add the codeword *Revenant* to your *Adventure Sheet*.) You still may not eat provisions to recover STAMINA points if you are injured, but if your corpse-form should be 'killed' you may rise from it again in your spirit-form and continue fighting with the stats that you made a note of here.

But your blessed blade Nightslayer no longer lies with your body and so you are forced to look elsewhere for a suitable weapon to serve you in battle. You find a sword within an abandoned guard-post which will suffice for the time being.

389

Now that you have a physical body with which you can breach the Spirit Door, you can try to enter the Keep again (turn to **276**). Alternatively, if you have the codeword *Catacombs* on your *Adventure Sheet*, there might be somewhere else you wish to visit first (turn to **11**).

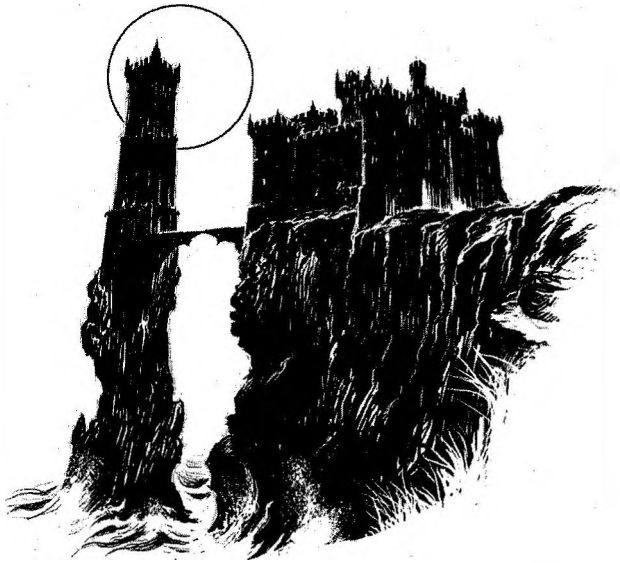

389

Boldly you step forwards into the shimmering light that fills the space between the stones. You suddenly feel numb to the bone like you have never known – at least you would if you still had any bones. And then you know that, somehow, you are no longer on the Earthly Plane. Record the number 288 on your *Adventure Sheet* and then turn to **100**.

390

'The dead of this place have been bound to its chambers, its turrets, its very stones by a greater power and cannot leave,' Aramanthus explains. 'Many are in perpetual torment. They can only be freed if the Necromancer who has bound them here is vanquished and his power broken.'

'Who is this Necromancer?' you ask, certain that the answer to that question will be the same as the one you have been seeking since you were cut down on the Moot Road. Turn to **440**.

391

Remaining precisely where you are, you call out to the ghostly knight, 'I submit!'

The knight looks somewhat taken aback. 'You what?' he splutters in bewilderment. 'You submit?'

'I submit, brave sir knight.'

'No one has ever submitted before,' he mumbles to himself. 'Then what are you doing here?' the knight asks. 'Why do you seek to cross this bridge?'

And so you relate your sorry tale to the ancient warrior, hoping that your rhetoric and noble motivations might persuade him to relent and let you pass. *Test your Skill* and if you are successful, turn to **352**. However, if you are unsuccessful, turn to **175**.

392

With Nightslayer in your hands once more you feel now that nothing can stop you from completing your quest. It is a potent weapon indeed; it is good against demons as well as magical creatures, and against any undead creature – whether corporeal or incorporeal – it will cause 3 STAMINA points of damage on a successful strike. (Make sure that you record Nightslayer on your *Adventure Sheet*, add 1 to your WILL score and regain 2 LUCK points.)

The other undead present within the sepulchre hiss and back away from you in fear, some going so far as to clamber back into their tombs to escape your wrath. This place will need purging, in time, but for now you have more pressing matters to attend to. And so, for the time being at least, you leave the Court of the Wraith Queen and the Catacombs. Turn to 276.

393

Glad that you don't actually have to breathe any more and inhale the stench you clamber into the stone shaft of the garderobe and manoeuvre yourself into the cobweb-draped perpendicular shaft halfway down that leads you into the dusty passageway beyond.

The tunnel takes you down into the foundations of the wall, all manner of spiders, centipedes and other creepy crawlies being chased into dark corners by your ghostly glow. And then you come to an abrupt halt. The passageway is almost entirely blocked by the dried out husk of what must have once been a very large spider indeed. With a leg span of two metres it must have been a monster, and you're only glad you never had to face it in life.

Roll two dice and if the total is less than or equal to your current STAMINA score, turn to **362**. If it is greater, turn to **302**.

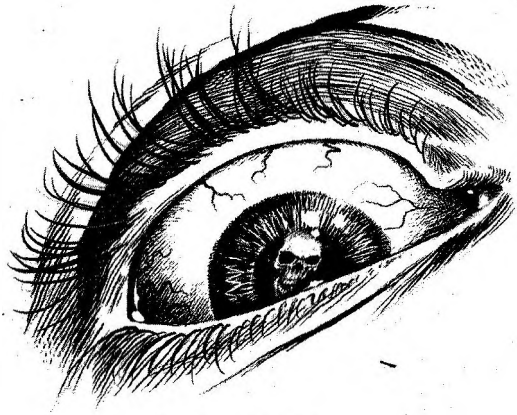

394

As you approach the shadowed archway of the gatehouse at the nearside of the moat-bridge, you see two red-glowing coals in the darkness ahead of you. With a furnace roar, and a great clanking of metal, something truly monstrous rises to its full height before you, blocking your way to the bridge. Made of interlocking plates of iron, like some goliath living suit of armour, at the joints you can see the intensity of the inferno raging within that gives it its unnatural life. The face of this engine of destruction has been fashioned to look like that of some hellish horned skull. Its huge jaw drops open and a searing blast of flame pours forth, the cobbles of the courtyard glowing red under this intense heat-blast. If you have any of the codewords *Revenant, Host* or *Armoured* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **194**. If not, turn to **93**.

395

Suddenly finding themselves in the presence of an undead spirit, the guards howl in terror and, falling over themselves, spring into action. 'Raise the alarm!' one of them cries, helping his companion pull back the heavy bolts holding the gate shut and heave the gate open. As soon as there is a gap wide enough for him to squeeze through, he legs it into the Outer Ward of the castle, as if the very hounds of hell were after him. The other tugs furiously at a chain-pull beside his sentry post and somewhere away within the castle a bell begins to toll. (Add the codeword *Bell* to your *Adventure Sheet*.) However, as well as raising

the alarm, in their haste to pass on their dire warning the guards have also left the gate open, allowing you to slip inside. Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **414**.

396

'Do you know what happened to the sword Nightslayer?' you ask. 'I had it with me when I was so cruelly struck down on the road to Sleath.'

'I saw the knights return with your body – carrying it on a makeshift stretcher – while I watched from my apartments in the east wall. Four carried the stretcher and another followed behind, carrying something cruciform in shape, wrapped in an oilskin. I believe that this was your blessed blade.'

'So where is it now?' you press her.

'The knight took it into the catacombs below. It lies somewhere down there even now.'

If you want to probe Oriana for more information, turn to **48**. If you would prefer to bid her farewell and be on your way, will you head down into the catacombs (turn to **88**), or leave the chapel and explore the Inner Ward further (turn to **445**)?

397

Your eyes fall on the name the gravedigger is carving into the headstone and to your horror see that it is your own. Suddenly you feel the lure of the grave like

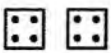

never before. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is equal to or less than your WILL score, turn to **195**; if it is greater, turn to **30**.

398

'Fear me, old woman!' you say as you bear down on her, your rage and frustration and desire for vengeance suddenly bubbling over. You can feel it contorting your features into a horrific, grimly-exaggerated visage.

Madame Zelda tumbles out of bed and backs away from you in panicked fear. 'You cannot escape me that easily, witch!' you snarl in a voice that is no longer quite your own, and you reach for her with one twisted, claw-like hand.

Your ghostly fingers brush the silver moon charm at her neck. You let out a cry of agony and quickly withdraw your hand. As you touched the talisman it felt like you had plucked an iron horseshoe straight from the farrier's forge. Lose 3 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If this injury has reduced your STAMINA score to zero or below, write the number 259 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

Once bitten, twice shy they say, but do you want to persist in your intimidation of Madame Zelda (turn to **338**), or would you rather flee her tent now. If so roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **259**; if it is greater, turn to **338**.

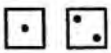

399

'Mistress,' you say, 'wait! I have not come here to harm you; I come only seeking your aid.'

The crone freezes, her hands still. 'You want my help?' She sniffs the air sharply three times. 'You mean he didn't send you?'

'Nobody sent me. I have come of my own accord,' you tell her.

'But you're a ghost, I can smell it!' the witch goes on. 'And what do you mean, you want my help?'

You hurriedly relate the events of the evening so far to Mother Toadsfoot, hoping against hope that she might be able to help you in some way. When you have finished your story she looks at you, a grimace on her face, even though you're certain she can't actually see you. 'You'd best come inside,' she says and you follow her over the threshold into the cottage.

'There's certainly something afoot,' she says when you are both standing before the fire. Being blind doesn't appear to hinder her and certainly not within her own home. 'There have been signs and portents, see? Bad dreams, they're always a good sign, and people have been having a lot of them lately, a right plague of nightmares. There's been a disturbance within the Spirit World too. Something's coming; something bad.'

You press the old woman as to how she thinks she can help you.

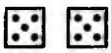

'Well,' she says, scratching at a hairy wart on her hooked chin, 'I might have a charm in my book for bolstering your own powers on the Earthly Plane, but it'll cost you mind.' You wonder what the old woman means. It is obvious that you do not have the means to pay her for her services. 'Or I could conjure my familiar spirit to find out who's responsible for your present ... condition.' Which will it be? Do you want Mother Toadsfoot to try to strengthen your own spectral powers (turn to **27**), summon her familiar spirit to provide you with answers (turn to **76**), or would you rather leave her hovel and not have any more to do with her, as she is obviously a witch of some power (turn to **9**)?

400

And so you stand before the Gate once more, but this time, no choir of lost souls cries for you to be returned to the land of the living. Instead you hear only the screams of the dead and the damned, wailing in terror, for your failure has doomed them and you for all eternity as the Shadow King rises again. Your adventure is over.

401

In its final death-throes, the Necros' body spasms and it rises to its full height before crashing down across the stone-flagged floor on the far side of the pool, its body falling against the spiked gate with the leering demon's face. A feral voice that you realise is coming from the gate itself gurgles one word in gleeful satisfaction: 'Flessssshhh!'

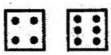

Its spikes draped with gore, the gates grinds open. Not wanting to spend another moment in this gruesome chamber, you hurry through it. Turn to 243.

402

'You don't scare me,' Captain Cador rails, quaking in his boots as you transform into an undead horror. (Add the *Spectre* special ability to your *Adventure Sheet* if you do not already have it.) With an emboldening shout, Cador runs at you, trying to impale you with his sword. Turn to 380 to fight the Captain of the Guard but reduce his SKILL score by 1 point before you do.

403

In your physical form you may not use any of the ghostly powers you might have acquired during the course of your adventure so far. However, you are able to pick up and use physical objects. And of course, if your physical form is destroyed you can still proceed with your quest in your spirit-form, at which point you will be able to use your ghostly abilities again but will no longer be able to carry anything, unless otherwise instructed (and must immediately cross off anything you *are* carrying from your *Adventure Sheet*).

You may well find that there are other areas within the Keep that are off limit to spirits. If you come to a paragraph marked with an asterisk (*), and as long as you still have your physical form, you may

investigate what is behind the door by adding 30 to the paragraph number and turning to this new reference. But for now, turn to **170**.

404

It is as you are making your way towards the road out of the village again, when you are at the heart of foetid marsh, that a semi-skeletal creature rises from the muck and slime, bogweed clinging to yellow ribs and ropes of purple-grey entrails sloshing with swamp-water visible through a great rent in its stomach. As the undead horror stalks towards you, dragging its decomposing body through the swamp, more of the long-dead populace of Fetchfen emerge from where they have been lurking beneath the bog. If you are ever to leave this village of the damned you are going to have to fight the Mire-Men of Fetchfen first. Fight the slow-moving Undead one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MIRE-MAN	7	7
Second MIRE-MAN	7	6
Third MIRE-MAN	6	7

If you have the *Spirit* special ability, once you defeat the first of your attackers you can flee the village and return to Castle Valsinore (turn to **29**). If you do not, but you defeat all of the Mire-Men anyway, you are able to escape Fetchfen at last (turn to **29**). But if the undead inhabitants of the village should win, write the number 15 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**.

405

If you are wielding a magical weapon of some kind, turn to 424. If not, turn to 381.

406

Emerging from the Burgomaster's house again, through the front door, you feel relieved to be away from the place. In fact, you were lucky to escape with your soul intact and not be bound to the house for eternity. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) Now turn to 259.

407

Although it is you who decides to take up the lyre and play, it is definitely Blondel the Bard's dextrous fingers that conjure a magical melody from its

enchanted strings. The effect is almost instantaneous. As the lilting notes sing from the strings of the lyre the monster ceases its growling and a curious lethargy comes over it. It pads across the chamber towards you, then stops, swaying gently. It lies down, puts its head on its paws and closes its eyes, and within a few moments it is snoring loudly.

Now's your chance. While the dog's asleep you could try to creep past it and take the shield. If you want to do this, *Test your Skill;* if you succeed, turn to **53**, but if you fail, you disturb the dog which wakes in an instant (turn to **432**). If you would rather let sleeping dogs lie, you leave the chamber, shutting the Spirit Door behind you (turn to **182**).

408

Unable to take control of the body you had chosen, you begin to wonder whether you will ever be avenged against your enemy. (Lose 1 LUCK point and reduce your WILL by 1.) But perhaps you know of another way of acquiring a physical form.

Choosing something you haven't attempted yet, if you have the *Spook* special ability and want to use it now, turn to **13**. If you have the phrase *Rest in Peace* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet* and you want to pursue this path, turn to **369**. If you have the codeword *Automaton* written down and want to pursue this path, turn to **427**. If you have no further tricks up your sleeve, turn to **152**.

409

The barrow has stood on this promontory since ancient times, since long before there was even a kingdom of Ruddlestone. Its ancientness reverberates deep within your soul and, at the same time, you sense that something festers within. Turf covers the man-made mound which is sealed by a large, flat stone. Despite walking the entire circumference of the barrow you cannot see another way inside. Will you:

Leave the barrow?	Turn to 295
Try to move the stone to so that you might enter the barrow?	Turn to 341
Persist with trying to find another way in?	Turn to 431

410

Recalling the words of the Watcher, that you would know when the time was right to use the hourglass, you hold it up before you now and regard the motionless black sand contained within one last time, before dashing it against a jagged rock. The glass explodes into myriad diamonds shards, the black sand briefly forming a spiralling vortex in the air in front of you before vanishing, twinkling with starlight. Unthank clutches at his chest, a look of unadulterated horror entering his eyes. And then a terrible transformation occurs. As you watch, his flesh pulls taut, his skin wrinkling like a rotten piece of fruit. But the transformation doesn't stop there. His eyes melt like wax in their sockets, his black hair turns white

and winds out of his head at a furious rate from his retracting scalp as the weight of years catches up with him at last and he is made to pay for all those lifetimes he stole from others – including you! And then the evil-hearted Necromancer topples face-first onto the cold hard ground at your feet, dead at last. Turn to **423**.

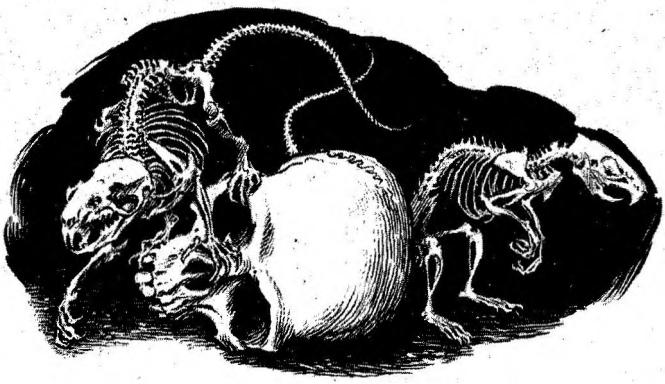

411

Through sheer strength of will you set the numbered tumblers to the correct combination. Subtract the combination from the number of this paragraph and then turn to this new paragraph. If the paragraph makes no sense, you have either made a mistake or you do not know the correct combination and are unable to open the door. You will either have to leave the gatehouse (turn to **20**), descend the staircase to the bottom, if you haven't already done so (turn to **115**), or if you want to and are able to use the *Apparition* special ability here, turn to **181**.

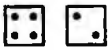

412

As you approach the statue to claim the grim blade, the Spirit Door slams shut behind you with a resounding boom. As the echo fades away a new sound reaches your ears, that of bony feet and hands scratching at the stone-flagged floor of the chamber. Spotting movement out of the corner of your eye, you snap your head round and see a tiny imp-like creature, wearing a coarse sackcloth robe and wielding a tiny scythe in its sharp-clawed hands emerge from behind the statue. It is only the first of many. If you are going to claim the Amethyst Blade as your own, or even just escape from this chamber in one piece, you are going to have to fight the invidious Deathlings.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DEATHLING	6	3
Second DEATHLING	6	2
Third DEATHLING	5	3
Fourth DEATHLING	6	4
Fifth DEATHLING	6	3
Sixth DEATHLING	7	2

Fight the Deathlings three at a time. You will soon discover that whether you are in your ethereal form or a borrowed body, the imps' scythes are just as effective against incorporeal creatures as they are against flesh, bone or metal. If the Deathlings really are the death of you, write the number 154 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you manage to defeat them all, however, you are able to take the Amethyst Blade

without further hindrance and quickly leave the room before anything else unpleasant can crawl out of the stonework and attack. Turn to **154**.

413

After all that you have gone through to win back your sword, without the physical means to wield it, it is useless to you. Feeling thoroughly dejected, no longer sure if you can even see this quest through to the end, you leave the Catacombs. Lose 2 WILL points, 1 LUCK point, and turn to **276**.

414

You are inside the castle at last, within the courtyard of the large Outer Ward to be precise. Overhead, the moon hangs like a silvery orb amidst the backdrop of a myriad stars, limning the buildings in its monochrome light.

You take a moment to reacquaint yourself with your castle home, having been away for so long. It appears to be as you remember it but you can sense a sinister atmosphere hanging over it like a funerary shroud. Flitting through the air above the castle is a multitude of incandescent ethereal forms, spiralling and moaning on the chill wind coming in off the Diamond Sea.

In the south-eastern corner of the courtyard is the familiar thatch-roofed structure of the smithy where you would quite happily while away hours at a time in your youth, watching the blacksmith at work, forging weapons, repairing armour and shoeing horses.

Opposite the smithy against the western wall of the Outer Ward are the castle stables and a little further along, abutting the northern wall that divides the Outer Ward from the Inner is the sturdy stone blockhouse that is the Guard Barracks. Guarding the entrance to the Inner Ward, the Barbican is an imposing three-storey tower, more like a small keep than merely a gatehouse. Next to the Barbican, steps lead up to the battlements while below them, against the east wall, are the kennels, where the lords of Valsinore have kept their hunting hounds ever since your ancestors had the fortress constructed centuries ago.

You still have no real idea about who ordered that you be killed or where the Death Acolyte fled to, but you have an overwhelming feeling that inside the castle is where you will find the answers you so desperately seek. So, where would you like to visit first?

The smithy?	Turn to **180**
The stables?	Turn to **164**
The guard barracks?	Turn to **330**
The battlements?	Turn to **201**
The kennels?	Turn to **66**

If you would rather not delay here, you can leave the Outer Ward and make for the Inner Ward, approaching the Barbican that separates these two parts of the castle (turn to **317**).

415

Standing directly before you is the imposing figure of a Dread Knight, but this is no mere battle-brother. Clad in ornate armour of archaic design, carrying a totally black shield and a spike-headed mace, this is the Chapter Master of the Order of the Black Shroud, an awesome opponent indeed.

DREAD CHAPTER MASTER SKILL 12 STAMINA 12

This will be a battle to truly test your mettle, for the dark templar carries the Mace of Mabuz, a weapon as capable of battering your soul as it is your body, or even wrought armour. If your struggle against the Lord of the Dread Knights should prove too testing and the Chapter Master bests you in single combat, write the number 132 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. However, if it is you who is victorious, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **132**.

416*

The passageway turns right as it wends its way through the bedrock of the Devil's Spur into which the foundations of the great keep were sunk when the first Lord of Valsinore had the castle constructed, and soon you come upon another door to your left. This too is made from black wood banded with pure silver, forming esoteric sigils all across its surface, for this too is a Spirit Door. When you are ready to move on, turn to **53**.

417

'In the name of Hamaskis, begone!' the hermit suddenly shouts and, waving his hands frantically before his face, sends a bolt of searing golden light blasting into your incorporeal body. The prayer-spell burns like fire. Roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points and lose 1 WILL point too. If your STAMINA score has dropped to zero (or below), write the number 145 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you are still 'alive', will you now leave the hermit in peace, and with your ghostly form intact (turn to **145**), or will you persist in your questioning of the querulous old man (turn to **387**)?

418

As you turn towards the front door again, it slams shut in your face! If you have the *Apparition* special ability, turn to **406**. If not, but you still want to try to leave the house, roll two dice and if the total is less than or equal to your WILL score, make a note of the number of this paragraph on your *Adventure Sheet*

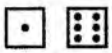

and turn to 90. If the total rolled is greater than your WILL score, or you decide to stay and explore the house of your own free will, will you start with the ground floor (turn to 325) or the first floor (turn to 234)?

419

'My servant failed me before,' the Shadow King agrees, his words reverberating from the ancient stones of the henge, 'but he shall not fail me again.' With that the necromancer's corpse twitches and lurches to its feet. In the short time that Unthank has been dead, his body has begun to decompose at a rate beyond all reason. Rotting hands outstretched before it, ready to throttle the life from you, Unthank the Undead lurches towards you, moaning balefully.

UNTHANK UNDEAD SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

If the undead necromancer scores two consecutive hits against you, the shambling corpse grasps you by the neck and throttles you for an additional die of damage. If you win, turn to 375. However, should Unthank's corpse succeed in slaying you again, there will be no coming back a second time and your adventure, like your life, will be over …

420

'I have tried scrying to find its source but I cannot see beyond the walls of the Keep. That place is closed to me now. What I do know is that this evil is deeply

rooted within the castle and it will take a great deal to free Valsinore from its grip.' Now turn to **440**.

421

And so you stand before the barbed iron gate, cast with a leering demon's face. It is too heavy for you to lift and is even resistant to ethereal methods of entry. There is only one thing that will cause the gate to open as it tells you with relish, in a gurgling growl of gruesome delight: 'Flessssshhh!'

If you have some Ironbane and want to try that on the gate, turn to **68**. If you have the codeword *Revenant* or *Host* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet* and you are willing to make an offering of your own flesh to the Demon Gate, turn to **438**. If you have the codeword *Armoured* written on your *Adventure Sheet* or you have one of the other two but do not want to offer up yourself to the blood-thirsty portal, turn to **24**. If you have none of these codewords currently written down, turn to **197**.

422

The stink of death hangs over Fetchfen – the sick smell of decay – and the windmill is no different. It looks like it hasn't been used for years, the mill machinery corroded into uselessness. You find nothing of interest inside. There are only the few tools of the miller's trade and mouldering sacks of mildewed grain.

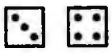

But it is as you are preparing to leave the derelict windmill again that one of the sacks tips over, spilling its contents across the floor, and something that is most definitely not grain tumbles onto the rough wooden planks. It is a human skull. 'Not going so soon, are you?' the skull asks, looking up at you from the dark pits of its empty eye-sockets. 'Not when we haven't had a chance to get to know each other yet.'

Before you can reach the half-broken-down door again, more bones rattle onto the floor from the bag, the bones flying into the air and coming together to roughly resemble the skeleton of a human being. If you are going to escape the windmill you are going to have to battle this old bag-o'-bones.

BAG-O'-BONES	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If the skeleton-ghost wins the fight, write the number 404 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you win this battle of the undead, regain up to 4 STAMINA points and then choose where you want to go next. To visit Fetchfen's cemetery, turn to **322**. If you would rather just leave this village of the dead, turn to **404**.

423

Unthank the Necromancer is dead! You have been avenged. (Regain 1 LUCK point and add 2 to your WILL score.) But the night is not over yet – not by a long way. Something is condensing out of the moonless night at the very centre of the stone circle. As you watch, dumfounded, a looming figure, twice as tall as

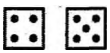

a man, takes shape, clothing itself in the very fabric of the night. It looks like a giant wearing ancient armour forged from the metal of the night beneath a shroud of darkness, an ornate crowned helm on its head. But it is its face that stops you in your tracks – for it doesn't have one. All that lies beneath its armoured helm are two malevolently glowing coals that burn red like a pair of dying stars. And then the lunar eclipse passes and the apparition is revealed in all its malignant glory.

'The Shadow King!' the cultists gasp and fall to their knees, whimpering in fear. So this is what Unthank and his death-cult were trying to summon. Seeing the reaction of the death-cult, you suddenly feel colder than you have ever felt in your life and the hairs on the back of your neck start to rise. But that shouldn't be possible …

If you have the codeword *Revenant*, or *Host*, or *Armoured* still written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **275**. If not, turn to **448**.

424

The Spirit Sphere disappears in an explosion of actinic light accompanied by the howling of spirit voices, as a tremendous rushing wind fills the turret room. The book that was previously suspended at the heart of the sphere drops to the floor with a bang.

It is an evil-looking thing, bound in what you hope is only black leather and bearing the image of a leering

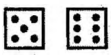

human skull on its front, along with its name: *Codex Mortis*. If you want to take this book of dark magic with you, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. Whether you do or not, there is nothing left to do other than to leave the chamber again. Turn to **205**.

425

In your spirit-form once again, you may use all the special abilities that you will have undoubtedly acquired during the course of your adventure so far. However, you will not be able to carry any physical items with you, except in very exceptional circumstances (which will be described in the text). This includes weapons, magic or otherwise, armour and any other items you might have picked up along the way. Now turn to **170**.

426

Using the whirling maelstrom of vengeful spirits to cover your approach, you enter the ring of standing stones and hasten to your sister's side. When you are only a few metres from the altar stone, one of Unthank's death-cult steps into your path. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **442**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **415**.

427

You make your way back through Valsinore Castle and enter the Barbican gatehouse again, coming at last to the room with the code-locked door and the magnificent suit of automaton armour. As you gaze

into the ruby eyes, you imagine entering the suit and focusing your will to bring it to life. Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **439**. If it is greater, turn to **408**.

428

The longed-for moment has come at last, the moment when you can be revenged against the blackguard who had you killed and who would now bring about the end of your family line by sacrificing your sister to his dark gods. There is nothing more to be said, the time for action is at hand.

NECROMANCER SKILL 11 STAMINA 10

Unthank defends himself with the sacrificial obsidian dagger which he was about to use to spill the blood of the Lady Oriana, which is as potent against the undead as it is against the living. If you lose your battle with the evil necromancer, write the number 132 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. However, if it should be you who is victorious, turn to **423**.

429

Now that you have a physical body again, in which you can pass beyond the magically-warded portal of the Spirit Door, you can try to enter the Keep again (turn to **276**). Alternatively, if you have the codeword *Catacombs* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, there might be somewhere else you wish to visit first (turn to **11**).

430

You are frozen into inaction as something truly grotesque rises from the filth of the pool. In form it is nothing more than a gigantic worm-like shape but formed entirely from a gelatinous necrotic jelly which, you soon realise, is the rendered remains of the corpses that have been festering in the pit. Suspended inside the rippling, jelly-like body are the bones of the creatures that ended up here, which give it a vague internal skeletal structure. Where you imagine its head is supposed to be is a jawless human skull. Moving with peristaltic convulsions, its body rippling like some gigantic slug, the Necros oozes towards you, leaving a trail of acidic slime in its wake.

You are going to have to face this new undead horror in battle, but how will you choose to defend yourself? If you have the Oil of Midnight with you and want to use that, turn to **280**. If you do not have this particular item then you have no choice but to draw your weapon (turn to **351**), or you could try to fight it using one of the burning brands that light the chamber (turn to **157**).

431

As you are busy searching for another way into the barrow a thought strikes you. You are no longer a corporeal being of flesh and blood; that part of you now lies dead on the road behind you. You have to stop thinking of yourself in those terms. You are a ghost now, and when have walls or doors ever been a problem for ghosts?

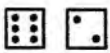

Nervously you approach the stone door and place a spectral hand upon the cold stone. 'I am a ghost', you repeat, over and over to yourself. 'I am a ghost. I am a ghost.'

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL, turn to **265**. If it is greater, turn to **371**.

432

Weapon in hand you prepare to take on the monstrous hound. Existing half in the Ethereal Realm and half on the Earthly Plane, the Moon Dog is as effective at harming your spirit-form as it is a physical body.

MUTANT MOON DOG SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If the dog finishes you off, write the number 182 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If you slay the monster, however, turn to **53**.

433

Taking the Spirit Stone in hand you hear the souls trapped within calling to you again and you know that it is time to grant them their freedom. Raising the crystal cage above your head you hurl it onto the stony path before you. There is an explosion of actinic light and you suddenly find yourself at the centre of a whirling soul-storm. As your eyes recover after the blinding blast, you witness the fury unleashed by your desperate actions. The spirit-forms of those bound to the Spirit Stone are unleashed in an almighty maelstrom of ethereal fury, surrounding the

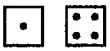

Shadow King with a whirling vortex of spectral light. You watch in awe as the spirits tear the Shadow King's insubstantial form apart with their spectral talons. The Death Lord does what he can to defend himself from their relentless assault but in the end he is simply overwhelmed. Soon there is nothing left of the Shadow King but a few traces of inky darkness at the heart of the whirling spirit vortex and then, with one last howl of fury and frustration, even that is gone. Turn to **450**.

434

Choosing somewhere you haven't been before, where would you like to go now, within the Outer Ward of the castle?

The smithy?	Turn to **180**
The stables?	Turn to **164**
The guard barracks?	Turn to **330**
The battlements?	Turn to **201**
The kennels?	Turn to **66**

If you would rather not delay here, you can leave the Outer Ward and make for the Inner Ward, approaching the Barbican that separates these two parts of the castle (turn to **317**).

435

Willing Unthank's own book of necromantic magic to provide you with what you need to defeat the Shadow King you let it fall open in your hands where it will and begin to read. But you are playing with fire

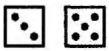

by invoking the very powers that you seek to vanquish. Lose 2 WILL points. Now roll two dice and if the total rolled is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to 184, but if it is greater, turn to 326.

436

Not much further on you come to a T-junction. Do you want to go left (turn to 289), or right (turn to 146)?

437

As you approach the Burgomaster's house, the imp-faced doorknocker seems to smile at you in sinister fashion. Then the great oak door swings open before you of its own accord and you enter the tile-floored hallway of the grandest residence in Sleath. The house was in darkness, but as you enter, candles mounted in candelabra on the stairs and in a chandelier above you spark into life and burn with a lambent green flame.

Before you, broad wooden stairs ascend to the first floor, while underneath them a shadowy archway leads into the rooms on the ground floor of the property. Do you want to:

Explore the ground floor of the house?	Turn to 325
Ascend to the first floor and take a look around there?	Turn to 234
Leave this apparently already haunted house?	Turn to 418

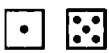

438

It takes all your courage, but nonetheless you approach the gate and press a hand against one of the barbed spikes. You close your eyes and wait for the inevitable. But the sensation is not actually as bad as you were expecting. (Lose 2 STAMINA points and if this has finished you off, write the number 243 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to 100.) With a grating of blood-scabbed hinges, the Demon Gate opens, gurgling happily to itself. Not wanting to spend another moment here, you hurry through. Turn to 243.

439

Your ethereal body dissolving like mist, you ooze into the slit in the helmet that serves as a mouth, filling the armour with your essence and taking possession of it. Gazing out at the world through the crystal lenses of the armour's eyes, you test out your new iron body. It is more awkward and less agile than your own body was, but it is also significantly stronger. (Regain 1 LUCK point and add 1 to your WILL score.)

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score, for later use, on your *Adventure Sheet*. Your armoured body's SKILL score is equal to your *Initial* SKILL score, minus 1. However, the automaton armour has an *Initial* STAMINA score of 24! (Add the codeword *Armoured* to your *Adventure Sheet*.) You still may not eat provisions to recover STAMINA points if you are injured, but if your armoured body should be destroyed you may rise from it in your spirit-form

and continue fighting with the stats that you made a note of here.

Although you are not armed, your new armoured fists are as effective as sledgehammers, enabling you to bludgeon your enemies into submission instead. Also, your new metal body is so tough that you may automatically reduce the damage you may suffer at the hands of your enemies by 1 point. (Regain 1 LUCK point.)

Now that you have a physical body with which you can breach the Spirit Door, you can try to enter the Keep again (turn to **276**). Alternatively, if you have the codeword *Catacombs* on your *Adventure Sheet*, there might be somewhere else you wish to visit first (turn to **11**).

440

A banshee wail cuts through the stillness of the tomb. 'Your presence here has been discovered!' the wizard's ghost exclaims, his features knotted in consternation. 'You must go, but take Fizzgig with you. He will be of more use than perhaps it first appears. Besides,' Aramanthus adds with what would appear to be a ghostly tear in the corner of his eye, 'I'm not much company for him anymore.'

Not questioning the wizard's decision for a second you leave the vault, the bat-winged homunculus flapping after you, burbling to itself. (Add the codeword *Banshee* and Fizzgig the Homunculus to your

Adventure Sheet.) Fizzgig is actually a Spell Sprite, a creature imbued with great thaumaturgical potential. This manifests itself in the form of four spells, which are listed below along with their effects.

Banish Spirit – this spell will send one undead spirit back to the netherworld.

Luck Spell – this spell will raise your spirit-form's LUCK score to its *Initial* level.

Skill Spell – this spell will raise your spirit-form's SKILL score to its *Initial* level.

Strength Spell – this spell will raise your spirit-form's STAMINA score to its *Initial* level.

However, you may only call on Fizzgig's help three times; after that the creature's reservoir of magical energy will have been drained and the sprite will disappear in a puff of logic. Now turn to **264**.

441

A weather-worn signpost beside the dirt track you find yourself on reads 'Fetchfen'. You have heard of this place before. It lies on the borders of Bathoria but it is known as a village of the damned, a place of the dead. No one has lived here for over a hundred years, and yet you heard Chamberlain Unthank claim to have been born here. The village appears to have been flooded long ago and now the rotting timbers of half-collapsed buildings rise from the stagnant pools of the fen looking like the skeletal ribs of some

undead creature. Only two places stand clear of the foetid marsh, a broken-sailed windmill and an overgrown cemetery. The standing water of the fen pools will prove no obstacle to your explorations, so where will you go to first?

The windmill?	Turn to **422**
The cemetery?	Turn to **322**

442

The one trying to prevent you from reaching your sister is a Death Acolyte. Armed with a dagger coated with Spectrebane, he throws himself at you.

DEATH ACOLYTE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

Your ethereal form is vulnerable to the Acolyte's Spectrebane-coated blade, as is your physical body. If the Death Acolyte manages to finish you off, write the number 132 on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **100**. If it is you who kills the Acolyte, turn to **132**.

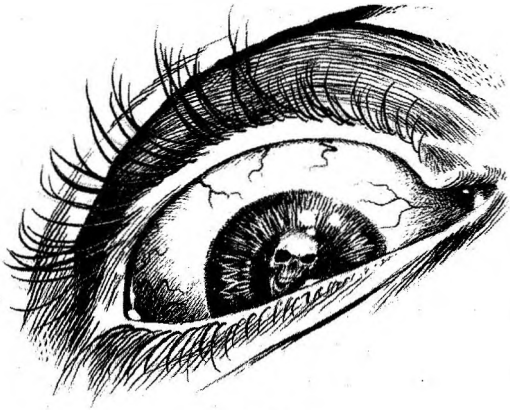

443

As you approach the gatehouse and its guardians, your ghostly blue-white glow giving your location away, you hear the clatter of swords being unsheathed as the silent warriors prepare to repel your advance. Will you:

Prepare to meet the knights in battle?	Turn to **196**
Use the *Spectre* special ability (if you have it)?	Turn to **378**
Use the *Shade* special ability (if you have it)?	Turn to **354**
Give up on this approach and look for the secret tunnel instead?	Turn to **393**

444

Your mind, inside Marrok the Crusader's body will make a ruthlessly effective combination. (Add the codeword *Host* to you *Adventure Sheet*.)

Make a note of your spirit-form's current SKILL and STAMINA score, for later use, on your *Adventure Sheet*. While you are controlling Marrok's body you must use his stats, which are as follows: SKILL 11, STAMINA 22.

If you are injured in any way, for as long as you are wearing the crusader's body, you may eat provisions to recover STAMINA points. One meal restores up to 4 STAMINA points and Marrok has enough food in his backpack for 6 meals. He is armed with Deathsbane, a blessed blade not unlike your own Nightslayer,

which is capable of harming undead, demons and magical creatures.

If Marrok's STAMINA is reduced to 2 STAMINA points or fewer while you are possessing him, he will be knocked unconscious, forcing you to release his body from your influence. However, you may continue fighting in your spirit-form, using the stats that you have made a note of here. Turn to **429**.

445

Back in the courtyard of the Inner Ward, remembering to choose somewhere that you haven't been already, where would you like to explore next?

The kitchens?	Turn to **335**
The feast hall?	Turn to **95**
The chapel?	Turn to **260**
The Blasted Tower?	Turn to **34**
The well?	Turn to **232**

If you would rather not delay here at all, you can approach the last gatehouse that guards the entrance to the sea-moat bridge (turn to **134**) or, if you have the *Spirit* special ability, take to the air and try approaching the Keep directly (turn to **191**).

446

Beyond the Spirit Door you find yourself at one end of a long, narrow room. It is lit by torches mounted in sconces. The flickering light is being reflected from the mirrored surface of a magnificent shield that is

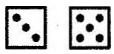

hanging on the wall at the far end of the chamber. But upon entering the room, you disturb the shield's guardian. Giving voice to a guttural growl, the great silver-haired beast that has been set to guard this chamber raises its head. Then a second snarling voice joins the first and a second head turns to look at you. If you want to steal the mirrored shield from this chamber you are going to have to get past the Mutant Moon Dog first. Will you:

Attack the creature?	Turn to **432**
Play it something on a lyre (if you have one)?	Turn to **407**
Slam the door again quickly before the dog can reach you?	Turn to **182**

447

'I warn you, spirit, stay back,' the old man says. 'I have a little Art of my own. Do not provoke me as I shall have no qualms about using it against you. Now, begone!'

The hermit does not seem particularly concerned by the fact that he is being visited by a ghost so perhaps he really does have some magical means of defending himself. He certainly doesn't appear to be carrying a weapon of any kind.

Do you want to continue to approach the curmudgeonly hermit (turn to **417**), or will you leave the old man in peace and return to the cliff-top (turn to **145**)?

448

You look down at your body but you can no longer see the world through your misty form. Before your very eyes your ethereal form is becoming opaque as it solidifies and your ghost-self becomes a thing of blood, flesh and bone once more. Suddenly it all becomes clear in your mind; Unthank was living on borrowed time, your life-time in fact, and now that he is dead that life-force has been restored to you. You are alive again and a ghost no more! Restore your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores to their *Initial* levels.

The monstrous night-born spectre peers down at you and a voice like thunder rolls across the wind-swept hillside. 'Bow before me, worm!' Its burning ember eyes bore into you like smouldering branding irons. Roll two dice, adding 3 to the total if you have the codeword *Talisman* written on your *Adventure* Sheet. If the final total is less than or equal to your WILL score, turn to **159**, but if it is greater, turn to **326**.

449

And so you stand before the spirit-warded entrance of the Keep once more, only this time the black wood double doors open at your touch and you enter the grand, pillared hall beyond. Now that you have gained access to the Keep at last, do you want to quit your recently-acquired physical form (turn to **425**) or would you prefer to continue on your way just as you are (turn to **403**)?

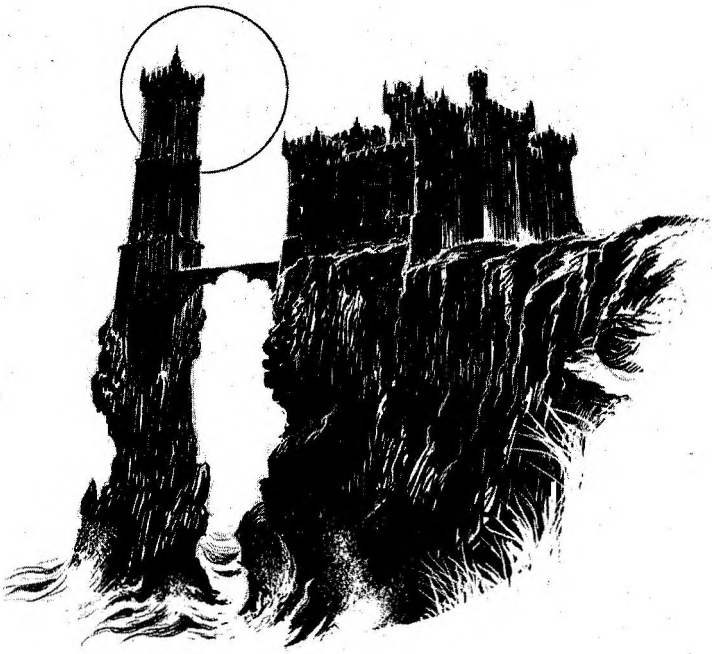

450

You rush over to the altar stone and it is with an overwhelming sense of relief that you see that Oriana remains unharmed. But as you hold your sister close, you cannot shake the feeling that someone is watching you. You turn to see a spectral figure watching you, a look of unalloyed hatred in its eyes. You recognise the figure at once – it is Unthank the Necromancer.

With a howl of frustrated fury, the undead spirit of the necromancer flies at you. But, as they say, the night is always darkest just before the dawn. Even as

Unthank's ghost goes for you, the first probing fingers of morning appear over the wine-dark ocean to the east as a new day dawns. With a soul-shredding scream, Unthank's undead spirit dissolves into vapour as the first rays of sunlight strike his ethereal form, sending him on his way at last to the Other Side and the Lands of the Dead where he shall be punished for all eternity. The night of the necromancer is over and it is the beginning of a new day, a day of endless possibilities ...

THE END

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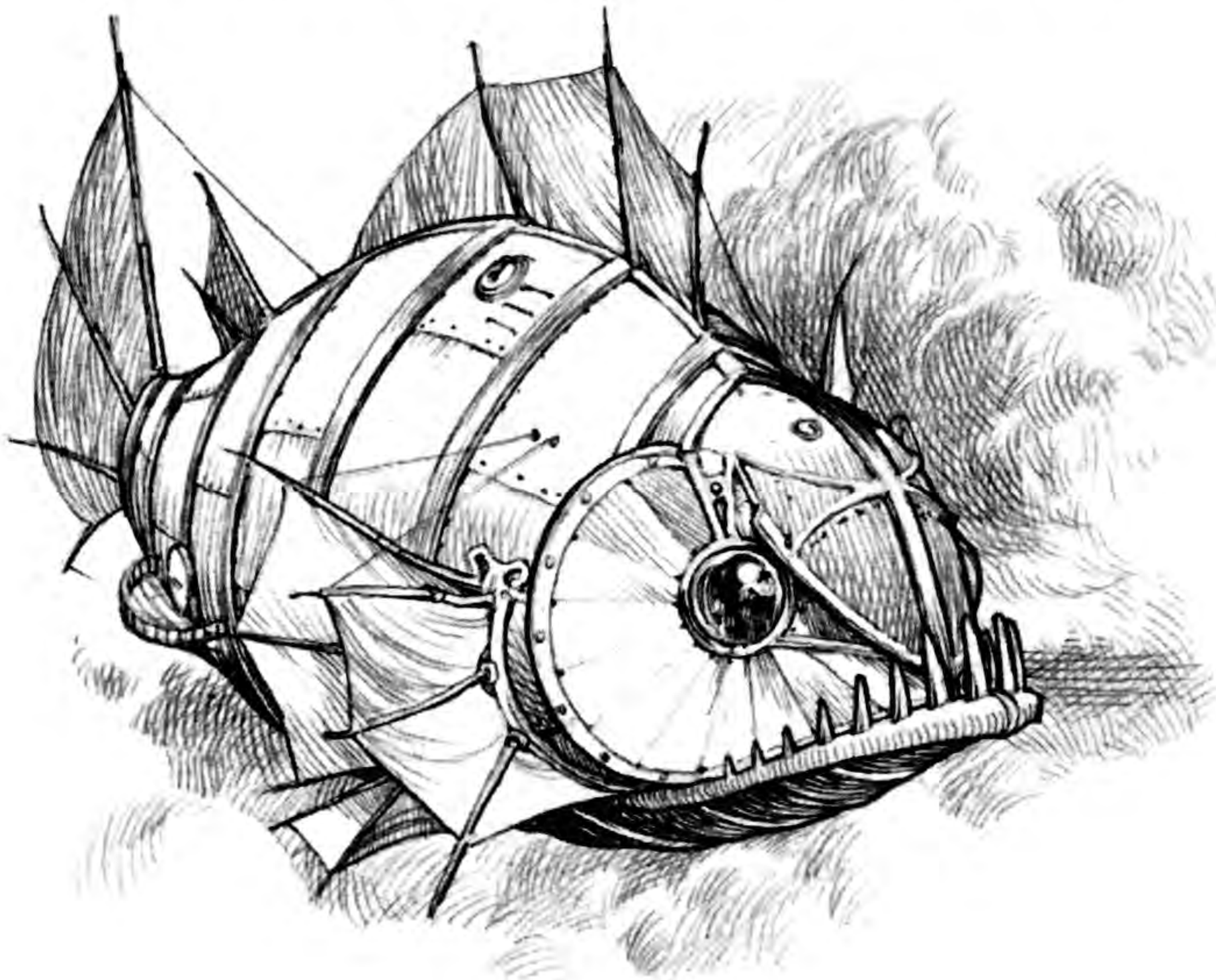

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Wizard Books

Published in the UK in 2009 by Wizard Books,
an imprint of Icon Books Ltd., Omnibus Business Centre
39–41 North Road, London N7 9DP
email: info@iconbooks.co.uk
www.iconbooks.co.uk/wizard

Sold in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia
by Faber & Faber Ltd., Bloomsbury House
74–77 Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3DA or their agents

Distributed in the UK, Europe, South Africa and Asia
by TBS Ltd., TBS Distribution Centre, Colchester Road,
Frating Green, Colchester CO7 7DW

Published in Australia in 2009 by Allen & Unwin Pty. Ltd.,
PO Box 8500, 83 Alexander Street, Crows Nest, NSW 2065

Distributed in Canada by Penguin Books Canada,
90 Eglington Avenue East, Suite 700, Toronto,
Ontario M4P 2Y3

ISBN: 978-1-84831-078-0

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Illustrations copyright © 2009 Stephen Player

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Typesetting by Hands Fotoset, Nottingham

Printed and bound in the UK by
Clays of Bungay

To William

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FIGHTING FANTASY

HOW WILL YOU START YOUR ADVENTURE?

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How would you like to begin your adventure?

If you are new to Fighting Fantasy ...
You probably want to start playing straightaway. Just turn over to the next page and start reading. You may not get very far first time but you'll get the hang of how Fighting Fantasy gamebooks work.

If you have played Fighting Fantasy before ...
You'll realise that to have any chance of success, you will need to discover your hero's attributes. You can create your own character by following the instructions on pages 331–340, or, to get going quickly, you may choose one of the existing Fighting Fantasy adventurers described on pages 328–330. Don't forget to enter your character's details on the Adventure Sheet which appears on pages 342–343.

Game Rules
It's a good idea to read through the rules which appear on pages 331–340 before you start. But as long as you have a character on your Adventure Sheet, you can get going without reading the Rules – just refer to them as you need to.

STORM WARNING

'And that's how I bested Gog Magog, chief of the Giant tribe, and rescued Duke Ervane's daughter,' you say, concluding your tale and downing the rest of your flagon of ale.

For a moment The Traveller's Rest is silent and then its gathered clientele burst into a spontaneous round of applause, whoops and cheers ringing in your ears.

'Another story!' someone shouts from the other side of the bar.

'Yes, tell us another story!' an eager barmaid enthuses, obviously awed by being in the presence of a genuine hero such as yourself.

'Very well then,' you reply and gradually an expectant hush descends over the packed pub again. 'But which one do you want to hear?'

You have been adventuring throughout the Old World for more years than you care to remember. In that time you have faced countless perils and completed numerous quests. You have built up quite a reputation in the process, earning yourself the title Hero of Tannatown after you saved the town from the Crimson Witch and her vampiric swarm.

'Tell us again how you found the fabled sword Wyrmbiter,' a mop-haired youth calls out, suddenly finding the courage to speak up. Unconsciously, you

put a hand to the wondrous weapon sheathed in the scabbard hanging from your sword-belt.

'No!' someone else overrules him. 'I want to know how you snared the Basilisk of Bonebarrow.'

'I want to hear how you recovered the Wraith Dragon's hoard!' a grey-bearded Dwarf bellows, his voice drowning out all the others.

'The Wraith Dragon's hoard it is then,' you accept.

You are about to begin your next tale when the door of the tavern bangs open and Varick Oathbreaker – who you know of old – enters The Traveller's Rest, followed by his band of cut-throats. He scowls on catching sight of you, the livid purple scar that splits his face in two – the memory of an injury you once dealt him – curls his top lip into an ugly sneer.

Picking up your flagon of ale – that someone has seen fit to refill for you without you noticing – you toast your rival's latest defeat. 'Bad luck, Varick, but you just weren't quick enough – again. Better luck next time, eh?'

'You want to keep an eye out behind you,' the bounty hunter warns you with a snarl. 'There's a storm coming. Mark my words, there's a storm heading your way!' Your rival turns to the bar, the ruffians accompanying him throwing you what you suppose are meant to be intimidating glances, but you're not bothered. It takes a lot to intimidate the Hero of Tannatown.

It seems that for as long as you have been adventuring, Varick Oathbreaker has been there at your heel, trying to beat you to the next bounty and yet never quite managing to get there first. The two of you are bitter rivals and there is no love lost on either side.

Most recently you beat him to the reward put up by Duke Ervane for the safe return of his daughter whose cavalcade had been ambushed by a tribe of Hill Giants led by the infamous Gog Magog. You came away from that escapade richer by one princess's ransom and with another story to share in that old adventurers' haunt, The Traveller's Rest in the village of Vastarin on Femphrey's southern border. Varick came away with nothing to show for his troubles.

That was some days ago now and much of the money has gone already as you celebrated your recent success with your friends and took some time to recover from your latest wearying adventure, hiring the best room at the inn for the duration of your stay. The place is even busier than usual, crowded with visitors who have come from far and wide to see the travelling Menagerie of Monsters that has stopped off here for a few days.

'I'm sorry,' you say, addressing your admiring audience, 'where was I, before I was so rudely interrupted?'

'You were going to tell us the tale of how you recovered the Wraith Dragon's hoard,' the adoring

barmaid begins when her words are suddenly cut short by a crash of thunder that explodes right over the pub.

There is a second clap of thunder that shakes The Traveller's Rest to its very foundations and a glaring flash of lightning bathes the tavern in its searing light. The barmaid screams in panic and joins other members of the inn's clientele in taking cover under the tables.

'What, in Sukh's name, was that?' you hear Varick Oathbreaker swear in shock and surprise.

What indeed? The sound of the storm breaking overhead seemed to come from nowhere. One minute outside it was a pleasant, sunny day, the next a storm, the like of which you have never witnessed in all your days as an adventurer, is tearing the sky apart and turning day to night.

The smashing of tiles joins the roar of the storm as a hailstorm, the like of which you have never known before either, lashes the roof of the tavern.

Turn to paragraph 1.

1

You fling open the door of the tavern and gaze upon the mayhem engulfing the village of Vastarin. The sky is black with threatening thunderheads and gale-force winds are racing over the rooftops of the village, tearing the thatch from houses and sweeping helpless villagers off their feet. At the same time, forked lightning streaks down from the heavens, leaving smouldering scorch marks wherever it hits, while hailstones the size of grapefruit bombard the panicking Vastariners.

On the other side of the village square, the carriages and caged wagons of the Menagerie of Monsters stand parked. The roars and screeching cries of the fabulous beasts that make up the travelling zoo echo around the square as lightning lashes the tethered wagons too.

What can possibly be causing such a bizarre storm? Where one moment there was a calm and pleasant day, there are now howling winds, vicious lightning strikes and a devastating hailstorm.

People are in trouble out there, but how can you fight the elements themselves? Will you:

Stay inside the inn to shelter from the storm? Turn to **16**

Run to help those people under siege from the lightning strikes in the middle of the square? Turn to **37**

Make for where the storm appears to be worst, in the thick of the hailstorm? Turn to **59**

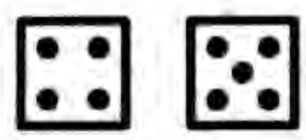

2

You click your heels together three times and set off. Towns, villages, forests and fields hurtle past you in a blur, and you cross rivers in a single bound, barely breaking your stride. In no time at all, you reach your intended destination (cross the Seven League Boots off your *Adventure Sheet*), but where were you travelling to? (Remember, you can only visit each location once.) Was it:

The Eelsea?	Turn to **64**
The Witchtooth Line?	Turn to **250**
Mount Pyre?	Turn to **189**
The Howling Plains?	Turn to **83**

3

You skid to a halt in front of one of the caged wagons of the Menagerie. You hear a roar of animal anger and a paw lashes out at you, a paw that belongs to something with the face of an old man, the body of a lion, the wings of a huge bat, and a deadly scorpion's tail, but you're unharmed. The terrified Manticore is still trapped inside its cage.

Suddenly there is an explosion in the air in front of you that leaves behind the tang of ozone. As you blink the searing after-image of the lightning strike from your eyes, you see the heat-fused lock that had been holding the Manticore's cage shut on the ground at your feet. The twisted metal pings as it cools, having borne the brunt of that last lightning strike. The cage door yawns open before you and, as you look on

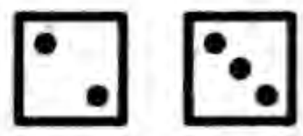

in horror, the Manticore steps through it and pads towards you.

Its fear in the face of the storm has made it angry and the monster is ready to take its anger out on the nearest living thing – and that's you! You hastily unsheathe your sword, Wyrmbiter, and prepare to defend yourself.

CAPTIVE MANTICORE SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

The tail of a Manticore carries a deadly sting but fortunately for you the poison glands have been removed by the Menagerie's owner. The creature is also weak from its long years in captivity but it is a formidable opponent nonetheless. If you survive your battle, there are still people who need your help, so turn to **59**.

4

One day from Chalannabrad it starts to rain, and doesn't stop. Another day later you enter a pleasant valley of managed woodland and green wheat fields. (Move the Day of the Week on 2.) At the end of the valley, lying in the shadow of a huge dam, is an equally pleasant-looking village. You are surprised that the river that runs through the fields isn't higher.

Passing between the soaking fields, the road a quagmire beneath your feet, you soon enter the village of Tumbleweir. Your arrival soon attracts the attention of the local headman. Your legendary deeds are known of far and wide in this part of the kingdom,

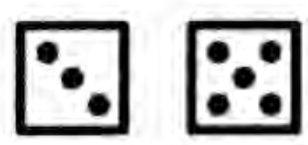

and the concerned-looking headman requests the pleasure of your company at the local inn. Out of the incessant rain, over a tankard of ale he tells you the reason for his anxious state.

'It's the rain,' he says. 'It's been like this for a week and shows no signs of stopping. It's like the weather's all out of kilter.' Obviously Balthazar Sturm's Weather Machine has had an effect on the weather in this part of the kingdom too. 'Anyway, all this excess rainfall has filled the lake on the other side of the dam to near overflowing, and the dam can barely hold it back.'

'But aren't there sluices built into the dam to relieve the pressure?' you ask.

'There are, but the dam was built by Dwarfs centuries ago and there's no-one left here who knows how to open them. The sluices are connected to a series of valves, but we daren't try opening any of them in case we make a mistake and flood the village. I've heard that you have a cunning mind that's saved the day on more than one occasion. Will you help us now and stop the dam from bursting?' If you think you can help, turn to **85**. If not, turn to **52**.

5

You follow the right-hand tunnel into the dank darkness. You have not gone very far when the bobbing nimbus of your lantern reveals another tunnel turning to the right. Do you want to go this way (turn to

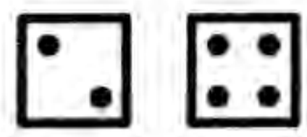

27), or will you keep to your present course (turn to 310)?

6

Standing at the edge of the fissure you peer down through the deepening gloom into the rift. You can just about make out the bottom. The rift opens out like a valley onto another level of sea-floor. On the other side of the rift, the shelf of rock you are on at present enters a narrow ravine between two rising walls of the reef before ending at a vast cave mouth. Do you want to descend into the Devilfish Rift (turn to 146) or will you keep heading towards the cave (turn to 46)?

7

'You have answered correctly,' the Keeper informs you. 'Now, how may I help you?' You briefly tell the mysterious Keeper about your quest to stop the mad weather-mage and overcome his bound Elementals.

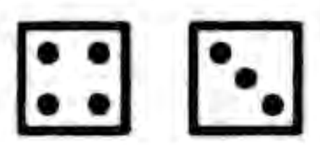

'Ah, yes,' the Keeper of the Four Winds replies, 'I know of this Balthazar Sturm. He has gained magical supremacy over the elements and has Boreas, the North Wind, to do his bidding. To counter the threat this poses, I give you temporary command of his brother Zephyrus, the West Wind. To call on him, you need only intone his name, but you may only do so once – so choose the moment wisely.' (Write down the name Zephyrus on your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point.) 'And now you must be about your quest.' Turn to **159**.

8

You have no other option but to fight the Colossus.

COLOSSUS SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If today is Earthday, add 1 point to the Colossus' SKILL score and 2 points to its STAMINA. If you are using a crushing weapon, such as a Warhammer or a Mace, every blow that connects will cause the Colossus 3 STAMINA points of damage. To swap Wyrmbiter for a crushing weapon, if you have one, you must forfeit one Attack Round, during which time the transformed mage will get in an unopposed strike. If you reduce the Colossus' STAMINA score to 3 points or fewer, turn to **29**.

9

If you have a Rope and Grapple, you are able to let yourself down into the darkness and all you suffer is a cold shower from the cascade, before finding

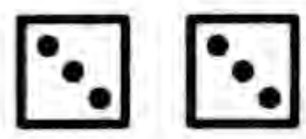

yourself at the edge of a large natural chamber deep below the earth (turn to **80**). If you don't have a Rope and Grapple, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky you still make it down safely (turn to **80**), but if you are Unlucky, you slip (turn to **38**).

10

With the mined-out tunnels continuing to fall in on themselves behind you, you race back through the mine as quickly as you can. You finally find yourself stumbling along the tunnel by which you entered the mine, exhausted and gasping for breath, but alive nonetheless. You lurch from the mine into daylight, blinking against the sudden harsh glare. You collapse, gasping for breath, as a cloud of dust escapes from the mine entrance behind you; Fathomdeep Mine has been sealed for good.

It is time to continue your quest. If you possess a pair of Seven League Boots and would like to use them now, turn to **2**. If not, where do you want to travel next in your search for aid against Sturm's bound Elementals? Remembering that you can only visit each location once, will you make for:

The Eelsea?	Turn to **360**
Mount Pyre?	Turn to **343**
The Howling Plains?	Turn to **36**

Or, if you feel that you are ready, do you want to attempt to reach Balthazar Sturm's Weather Machine – the *Eye of the Storm* (turn to **350**)?

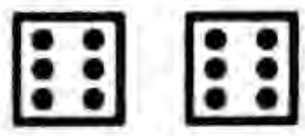

11

The fleeing villagers succeed in driving the rest of them back into their underground burrows. The farmer thanks you for your help and asks you which way you're headed. 'North-east,' you tell him.

'Like I said, you'll find nothing but a wasteland that way,' he says. 'Look, we're heading west to Chalannabrad. We want the authorities there to learn of our plight. Why don't you come with us?' If you want to take the farmer up on his offer (and you have not yet visited the Eelsea), turn to **93**.

If not, you continue on your journey alone. The farmer was right; this part of the kingdom has practically become a desert. (You may not recover STAMINA points for the days you spend on this leg of your journey as you would normally.) After two more days of trudging along beneath a sky the colour of beaten copper (move the Day of the Week on 2), you get your first glimpse of the welcome sight of the waters of Lake Cauldron. Turn to **189**.

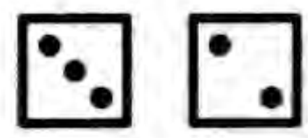

12

It is said that if you hold a shell to your ear you can hear the sound of the sea from within. You wonder if the same is true of the Shell of the Seas. Taking it out you put it to your ear and listen. You hear a distant susurration, as of the ebb and flow of the tide, and waves breaking on the shore. It is as if you can hear a name being whispered: *Oceanus*. Return to **318** and keep reading the rest of that paragraph.

13

It is the end of the second day since you left the southern limits of Femphrey when you settle down for the night at the edge of a small wood. If you have the codeword *Detnuh* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **131**. If not, if today is Moonsday, turn to **95**; otherwise, turn to **40**.

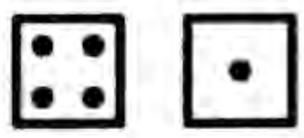

14

Dropping through the air, buffeted by gale-force winds, you struggle to see where you're going. The great ship looms large beneath you. You throw out a hand and grab hold of the metal rail of the balcony in front of the craft's access hatch. You crash into the side of the vessel and, for a moment, look down. All you can see is a whirling maelstrom that surrounds the giant brass fish. And then you are heaving yourself over the railing and onto the balcony. Grasping the wheeled-handle in the centre of the access hatch, you turn it, open the door and enter the *Eye of the Storm*.

The hatch slams shut behind you, the clang echoing through the metal interior of the peculiar vessel. You make your way along a grilled walkway into the craft and stop when you come to a central stairwell. A cast iron spiral staircase leads both up and down, through holes in floor and ceiling, and you shoot a glance in both directions to see where it leads. As far as you can tell, you are on the bottom deck of the vessel. Below you the metal stairs lead down to the bilges of the ship: you can hear water sloshing down there. The stairs also lead to another two decks above this one.

One way of putting paid to Balthazar Sturm's plans would be to do as much damage to the *Eye of the Storm* as possible. While you are on board you will need to keep a running total of the destruction you cause in the form of a DAMAGE score, which currently stands at 0.

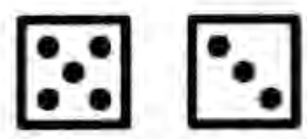

15

If you have a set of Blueprints and would like to consult them now, triple the number associated with them and turn to this paragraph. If not, where would you like to explore first?

The bilges?	Turn to **302**
The bottom deck (where you are now)?	Turn to **54**
The middle deck?	Turn to **126**
The top deck?	Turn to **258**

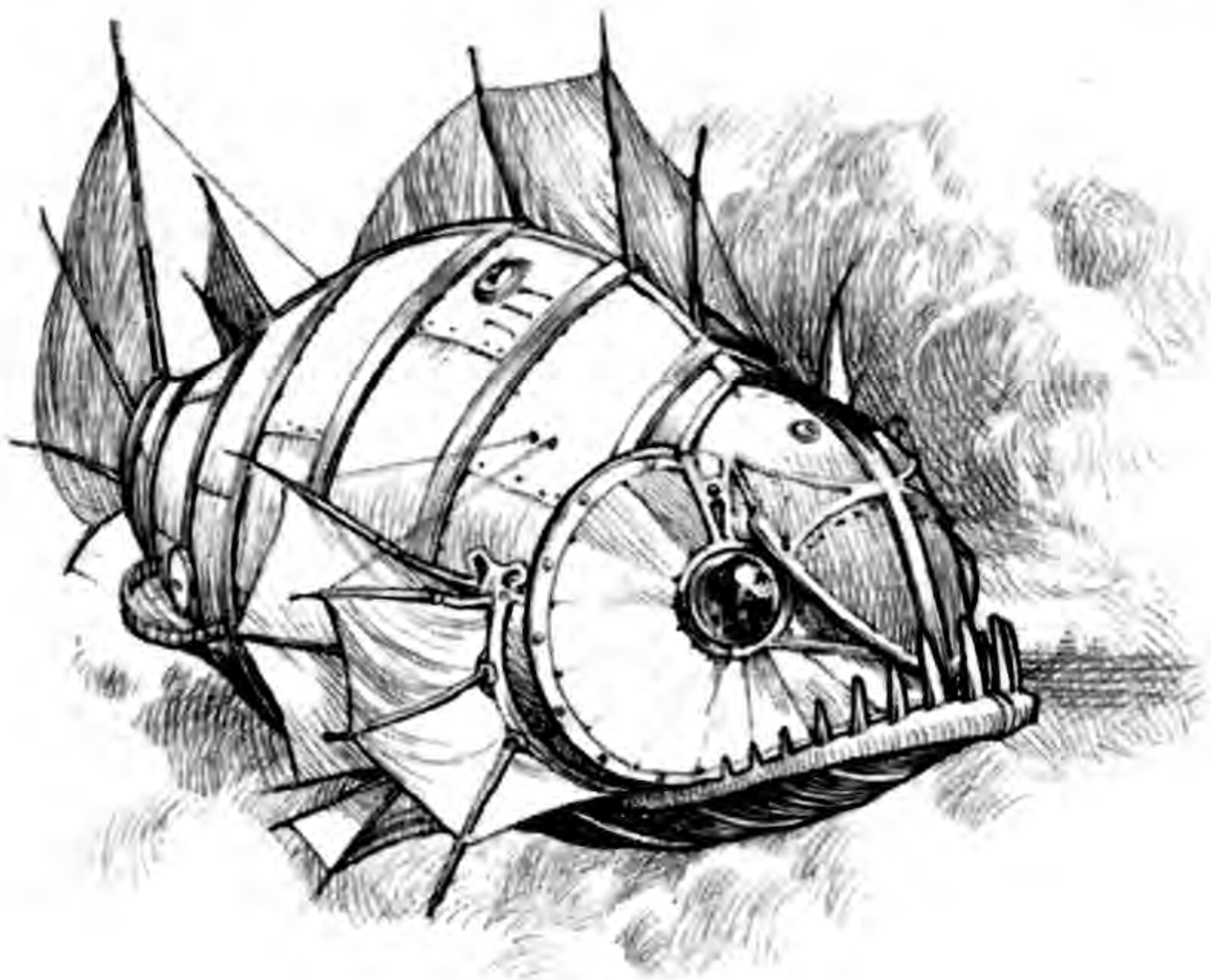

15

Hearing heavy clanging steps behind you, you turn to see the hulking golem-automaton you left in the bilges, forcing its bulk through the door to the Engine Room. The steel-cased figure stomps past you and sets about punching the metal sphere with fists like sledgehammers. You have no idea whose will is controlling the mechanical man but, whoever it is, Dreadnought seems set on destroying the Engine. There is a sharp *crack,* followed by a shrill whistling

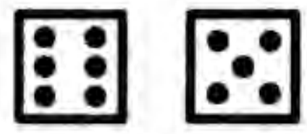

sound, and a torrent of raw elemental energy pours from the fractured shell of the containment unit. A second later, the Engine explodes. Shards of scalding hot metal hurtle across the room, embedding themselves in the walls, floor and ceiling. Fortunately you remained unharmed. The automaton's body shielded you from the blast, but in the process it too was destroyed. (Add 3 to your DAMAGE score, regain 1 LUCK point and strike the codeword *Notamotua* from your *Adventure Sheet*.) It seems that with the destruction of the Engine, the Elementals have left the chamber too. Leaving a scene of utter devastation behind you, you return to the landing. Turn to **126**.

16

Slamming the door shut against the wind, you return to your seat amidst your admiring fans, only rather than offering you beaming smiles they are now glowering at you in anger.

'Call yourself an adventurer?' one of them says in disbelief.

'There are people in trouble out there, people who need your help,' says the mop-haired youth.

The previously fawning barmaid scowls at you before adding, 'And I thought you were a hero, when really you're nothing but a coward!'

The Dwarf looks at you disparagingly. 'I suppose all your stories about slaying dragons and wrestling giants were just lies too.'

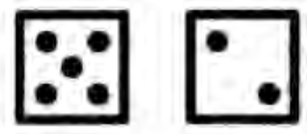

17

The crowd start to boo and jeer, calling you names like 'Liar!' and 'Coward!' You have lost their respect and dealt your reputation a damaging blow by behaving in such a cautious manner. (Lose 1 LUCK point!) You are going to *have* to do something now.

Returning to the door of the tavern you wrench it open again and decide on your next course of action. Will you:

Run to help those people under siege from the lightning strikes in the middle of the square? Turn to **37**

Make for where the storm appears to be worst, in the thick of the hailstorm? Turn to **59**

17

The key slips easily into the lock and, with a click, the strong box opens. Inside is a startling sight. Sitting atop a pile of treasure is a human skull, wearing a marvellous crown made from bright red coral. (If you want to take the Coral Crown, and put it on, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Bearing in mind Captain Katarina's fee, you scoop up handfuls of gold and gems. Roll one die to discover what you manage to pilfer from the coffer.

Dice roll	*Treasure*
1–2	A Silver Necklace (worth 6 Gold Pieces), a Bag of Gems (worth 12 Gold Pieces) and a handful of Gold Pieces (roll one die and add 6 to find out how many).

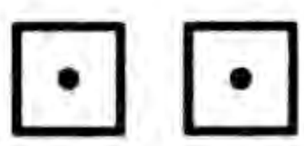

3–4 A valuable hoard of Doubloons (roll two dice and add 12 to find out how many Gold Pieces they are worth).

5–6 A Ruby Ring (worth 5 Gold Pieces), a Large Diamond (worth 15 Gold Pieces) and a purse of Gold Pieces (roll two dice and add 6 to discover how many).

Having loaded your pockets with treasure, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **163**.

18

'Do not enter,' Brokk reads, translating the runes for you. 'Well I don't know why this stretch was blocked off but it must be for a good reason. I'm sure what you're looking for won't be found by going that way. I'd leave well alone if I were you.' Now turn back to **68** and decide what to do next.

19

Your weapon is seized, your hands roughly bound with rope, and only then are you dragged before the warrior-leader of the marauder tribe. The Battle-Khan regards you with open contempt.

'Who are you to infiltrate the camp of the mighty Khaddan Khan, Master of the Thundering Horde, greatest of all the marauder tribes?' He fixes you with a steely stare, his long moustaches twitching. There's only one way out of your predicament now.

'I am the Hero of Tannatown,' you throw back, 'slayer of the Bonebarrow Basilisk, Giant-killer and conqueror of the Crimson Witch. And I challenge you to a test of mettle by single combat.'

For a moment the Khan is silent. Then he bursts out laughing. That was not quite the reaction you had been expecting.

'Are you mad? I am the greatest of all the Khans of Lendleland. Other tribes pay fealty to me!' The Battle-Khan stops laughing and looks suddenly serious again. 'But a challenge is a challenge, and I accept yours. And when I am done with you, I shall feed you to my dogs that they might be as bold as you when facing imminent death.'

You soon find yourself at the centre of a circle of jeering Lendlelanders as their Battle-Khan prepares to prove himself in battle once again. This is one battle that you can only hope you will live to remember.

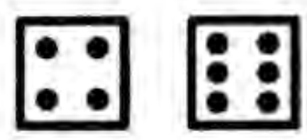

KHADDAN KHAN SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

As soon as you reduce the Khan's STAMINA score to 4 points or fewer, turn to **48**.

20

'Now they were my idea,' the old man explains. 'All this messing about with heavier than air flying contraptions, I thought you'd need some escape mechanism should the precious thing ever go wrong. I call it the Portable Self-Releasing Drop-Arresting Sail – catchy name, don't you think? All you have to do to activate it is pull the cord when you're falling through the air, and it'll slow your fall, at least in theory. Never did get around to testing it properly though.' Return to **335** to ask another question or, if you're done, turn to **365**.

21

You do your best to avoid the gouting flames and showers of molten rock, but they are totally unpredictable. Roll one die and add 1; this is the number of STAMINA points you must lose as your body is burnt by the fiery eruptions. However, if you have a Dragon Tattoo, or you drank a Potion of Fire Protection before entering these tunnels, you may reduce this damage by 1 point. If you have a Dragon Shield you may reduce the damage by 1 more point, and if you are wearing a Wyrmskin Cloak, reduce it by 2 points. All of these reductions are cumulative, so if you drank the potion, have the shield and the cloak, you can reduce the damage by up to 4 points.

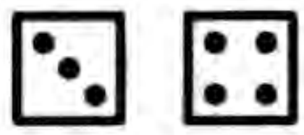

If you are still alive, you make it to the other side of the causeway only to find that you have reached a dead-end. (Lose 1 LUCK point.) You have no choice but to cross the cavern again to return to the tunnel to proceed. Roll one die again, but this time deduct 1; this is the number of STAMINA points you lose this time. Just as before, the tattoo, shield, cloak and potion can reduce the damage suffered accordingly. If you survive this second crossing, turn to **245**.

22

Your journey east eventually brings you to Femphrey's second largest settlement – Crystal City. (Move the Day of the Week on 3.) Many people believe that it is constructed from the crystals that its populace dredge from the lake, but that's about as accurate as saying that the streets of Chalannabrad are paved with gold!

As far as you can tell, the bizarre weather that has been afflicting the rest of the kingdom has not happened here; all is well. So what there is for you here is the opportunity to rest and recuperate from your exhausting adventure, although you can't hang around too long. Probably the best thing to do is visit the city's bustling markets.

Crystal City is one of the stops on the Pollua to Royal Lendle trade route that crosses the Old World and, as a result, you should be able to find a whole range of interesting and curious items for sale within its busy market hub. Do you want to look for practical

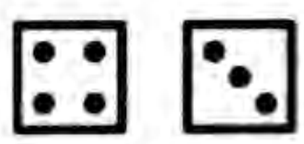

equipment (turn to **41**), or more unusual items (turn to **70**)?

23

Although you run as fast as you can, the splintering crevasse catches up with you. The ground gives way and you plummet into the depths of the earth as tonnes of rock and earth come crashing down on top of you. Your adventure ends here, buried alive at the bottom of Fathomdeep Mine.

24

As you head for the hills you hear the whistle of arrows all around you. As you have already managed to put quite some distance between yourself and the horsemen, the Battle-Khan's warriors have taken up their bows against you. Roll one die and add 1. This is the number of arrows that find their mark (lose that many STAMINA points). If you are still alive, turn to **65**.

25

'Meet the Mole,' Brokk says proudly, waving a hand at the incredible device. 'The most marvellous tunnelling machine this side of the Witchtooth Line. Now, if we can only get it to work, we'd make it to the deepest part of the mine in no time.' Do you want to see if Brokk can get the Mole working and use that to make your way through Fathomdeep Mine (turn to **124**), or would you rather continue on foot (turn to **145**)?

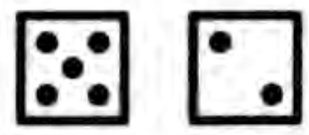

26

'Pesky, malicious things they are! Make my life a misery,' Inigo rants at mention of the lightning lab's guardians. 'They're Sturm's workforce, guards, gaolers all rolled into one. It was them that he put to work building the ship, along with that confounded steam-powered Golem of his. Want to know how he created them? They're Lightning Sprites bound inside sealed suits of leather and brass. Now, of course, if you come up against them again, and you probably will if you're going after Sturm, there is a knack to getting rid of them in a hurry, only you need to be a bit handy with a sword. There's a release valve, see? Where the brass helmet meets the suit at the back of the neck. Hit that and the Sprite will be released from its containment and banished back to the Elemental Planes.'

This is priceless information! (Regain 1 LUCK point.) If you ever find yourself fighting Sturm's Fulgurites again, to try to hit the release valve, if you win an Attack Round against one of the bound Lightning Sprites, *Test your Skill*. If you are successful you hit the spot and the Fulgurite effectively dies instantly. If you fail, you must continue the battle as normal, but can try to hit the valve again when you next win a round of combat. To ask another question, turn to **335**. If you're done with questions, turn to **365**.

27

This tunnel is significantly smaller that the main one and you have to crouch in places again to get

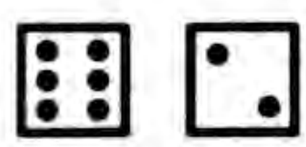

through. You gradually become aware of a scratching, grating sound, as if something is trying to burrow its way out of the rock. Part of one tunnel wall suddenly cracks and collapses into the passageway. Emerging from the hole in the rock-face is a huge, armoured, beetle-like head. The huge insect has no eyes, but does have mandibles capable of chewing through the very rocks of the earth, and quite capable of chewing through your armour – and you! Monstrous mandibles clicking, the Rock Grub – bane of miners everywhere – attacks.

ROCK GRUB SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you kill the huge rock-boring insect, wiping the Grub's viscous yellow blood from your blade, you consider which way to go now. The Rock Grub's bored tunnel has provided you with an alternative route into the earth. Do you want to keep to the Dwarf-cut tunnel (turn to **75**), or do you want to crawl headfirst into the Rock Grub's tunnel to see where it leads (turn to **49**)?

28

It looks like this is it! You've saved Femphrey from Balthazar Sturm's insane schemes, but at the cost of your own life. And then you remember the backpack. As you plunge towards the ground, desperate hands find the cord attached to the pack and give it a sharp tug. The top of the pack flies open, and a great mass of material unfurls from inside it, opening out to form a huge sail above you, still attached to the pack by a

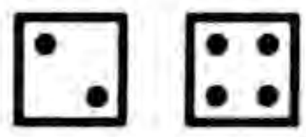

series of tensed lines. The sail slows the speed of your fall dramatically and you make ground-fall with hardly a scratch on you. You have never felt so glad to be on terra firma! Turn to **400**.

29

Sturm's rocky hide begins to craze and crack until his whole body is on the verge of falling apart. However, before it crumbles to dust completely, what is left of the Elementalist dissolves, as Sturm turns into water. In his liquid form, he swirls around the bridge, drenching you and sweeping you off your feet. A figure – humanoid from the waist up and a fountain of water from the waist down – rises from the surge, and its liquid features are those of Balthazar Sturm! If only you could boil the transformed Elementalist away, as a blazing fire turns water into steam …

If you know the name of a Fire Elemental who you could command to help you now, turn the name into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 … Z=26. Add the numbers together and turn to this paragraph. If not, turn to **206**.

30

'What you're seeking lies through there,' Brokk says, pointing towards the fissure with his axe, 'but from here on, you're on your own. I'll wait for you, but I'll go no further myself. That place is cursed, I tell you.' Make a note of the fact that Brokk is no longer travelling with you (meaning that you lose any of the benefits that come from having him with you) and

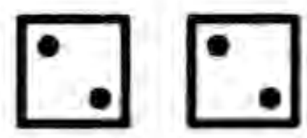

then return to **80** to decide on your next course of action.

31

Stepping warily, you enter the carcass of the dead sea monster through the split in its chest cavity. The creature's ribs rise above you like the vault of some bone cathedral. This really was a mighty behemoth of a beast. Suddenly something moves within, stirring up the sludge of liquefied flesh and rotting fish guts that has collected within the monster's guts. With a ripple of its repulsive body, a giant fluke worm slithers out of the slime towards you, as happy to eat live prey as it is to feast on dead flesh.

WHALE-WORM SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

Flukes are usually tiny creatures, but the parasitic flatworms that inhabit the gut of giant sea creatures are orders of magnitude larger. If you slay the Whale-Worm, you find what you were hoping you might. Lying amongst the mess of the Bullwhale's last meal and its own decomposing flesh, is a shield bearing the image of a Red Dragon. It's not hard to imagine the fate of the previous owner. Taking the shield with you, if you want (adding the Dragon Shield to your *Adventure Sheet*) you quickly vacate the carcass again and proceed further into the rift. Turn to **179**.

32

With the hatchlings dead, you wipe your sword clean of their repulsive purple ichor. Certain that you have

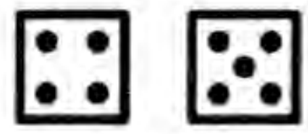

penetrated the lair of the Stormdrake, it is also apparent that the creature is not here. However, by disposing of the next generation of Drakes, if such monsters are responsible for creating climate chaos throughout Femphrey, then you have done the kingdom a favour. (Add the codeword *Mortsleam* to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point.)

You and Sylas between you decide that there is nothing to be gained by waiting for the Stormdrake in its lair – you have no idea how long it will be before it returns, and if the monsters you have just fought were only its young, imagine how terrible the parent must be. Besides, you have another quest to complete. Turn to **386**.

33

The tunnel steadily widens and its roof extends away above you, until you find yourself at the end of a narrow causeway, which crosses the great lake of a magma reservoir. The lava bubbles and bursts, sending geysers of fire shooting into the scalding air of the cave. Do you want to risk crossing the causeway to get across the cavern (turn to **21**), or will you return to the junction and go the other way (turn to **245**)?

34

Doing your best to mimic the actions of the Fulgurites, that were tending to the machine when you first entered the Engine Room, you set about twiddling knobs here and closing pressure valves there,

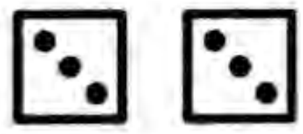

hoping to cut the Engine's power feeds to other parts of the ship. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, your actions have the desired effect (add 1 to your DAMAGE score). If you are Unlucky, you cause a glass dial to blow in your face, splinters of glass blinding you in one eye (lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point).

If you are going to cause the Elemental Engine any greater damage, you are going to have to try something more dramatic. Will you:

Attack the Elemental Engine with your sword?	Turn to **47**
Take a Mace or a Warhammer to the sphere, if you have one?	Turn to **82**
Try using a Spanner, if you have one?	Turn to **63**
Quit the Engine Room and explore elsewhere?	Turn to **126**

35

The way you quickly scale the rocky path up the crag, anyone would think you were a mountain goat. In no time at all you are closing on the summit of the peak, clambering through a knotty stand of trees. You suddenly stumble and fall to the stony ground, grazing both knees (lose 2 STAMINA points). It felt like the ground itself bucked beneath your feet. While you are still picking yourself up, the ground in front of you heaves upwards and a monstrous creature bursts from the ground, dripping mud. It is massive, twice as tall as you with huge club-like arms, its bloated body sprouting disgusting, rubbery tentacles.

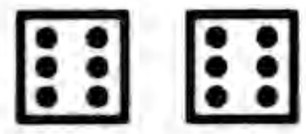

You have heard of such things before but never seen one in the flesh, as it were. The creature is an Earth Demon – not a true Demon, but one of a breed which earned that title for the alarming way they attack. Its feet still buried in the earth, trailing plants and tree roots, the monster lumbers towards you, arms and tentacles outstretched, ready to squeeze the life from you. Once again you are fighting for your life!

EARTH DEMON SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

(If today is Earthday, increase both the Earth Demon's SKILL score by 1 point and its STAMINA by 2 points.) You have heard it said that Earth Demons draw their strength directly from the soil. Certainly, any blow you land against it will only cause it 1 STAMINA point of damage. But if you could separate it from the source of its power, you might be able to wound it more seriously. If you want to try this, after you win an Attack Round, turn to **71**. If you manage to kill the beast, turn to **51**.

36

A day since leaving the foothills of the Witchtooth Line (move the Day of the Week on 1) you come within sight of Tannatown. Just the sight of the place is enough to spur you onwards, and it is not long before you are entering the town once again. Inhabitants cheer and call to their neighbours when they see you, and you soon have a crowd of children scampering at your heels. By the time you reach the centre, the Mayor is there ready to welcome you, a

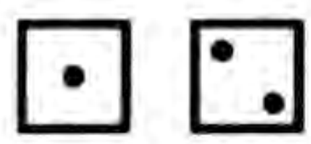

crowd of well-wishers gathering outside the town hall, all trying to catch a glimpse of the Hero of Tannatown for themselves. The townsfolk have not forgotten what you did for them saving them from the Crimson Witch and as soon as you tell him of your quest, the Mayor invites you to stop and rest a while. If you want to take up the Mayor's offer of hospitality, turn to **161**. If not, bidding the people farewell, you set off once again. Three more days of travel through wind, rain, hail and even snow, eventually brings you to the desolation of the Howling Plains. Move the Day of the Week on 3 and turn to **83**.

37

Throwing yourself into the teeth of the terrible storm, your arm up across your face to shield your eyes from the incandescent explosions of the striking lightning, you dash across the square, dodging and darting to avoid being hit yourself. *Test your Skill,* adding 2 to the dice roll if today is Stormsday. If you are successful, turn to **3**. If you fail, turn to **74**.

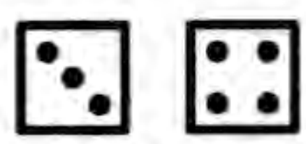

38

Battered by freezing, rushing water, your limp body is thrown against jagged outcrops of rock and ancient rusted mine-workings. Roll one die and add 1; this is the number of STAMINA points you lose. If you are still alive, the tumbling torrent drops you into a freezing underground lake. Coughing the water from your lungs, half-drowned you drag yourself out onto the sandy shore at the edge of a large natural cavern. However, due to your dunking, half of your Provisions have been ruined and are now inedible. Cross off half the Meals you have remaining, rounding fractions down, and turn to **80**.

39

Unfolding the plans of Sturm's magical Weather Machine, you spread them out on the deck and study them properly for the first time. According to the Blueprints, to the fore of where you are now is a cabin labelled 'Wind Turbine' and another chamber after that one labelled 'Lightning Generator'. Aft of where you are now is an unmarked cabin and beyond that a room marked 'Rudder Controls'. The bilges below this deck are marked as just that. However, the two decks above are of much greater interest. On the top deck of the *Eye of the Storm* is an aft cabin marked 'Ice Maker' and a fore cabin labelled 'Burning Glass'. But it is the middle deck which would appear to be of the most interest to you. The whole aft section of this level is marked 'Engine Room' while the fore is marked 'Helm'. Now that you have a better idea of

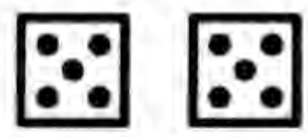

what awaits you on board the *Eye of the Storm*, return to **14** and decide where to begin your exploration of the vessel.

40

When dawn comes at last, you are more than ready to be on your way. You head north-west for two more days until the walls of the capital come into view on the horizon. Move the Day of the Week on 4 and turn to **50**.

41

You find the following items for sale.

Item	*Cost*
Provisions	1 Gold Piece per Meal
Crossbow and 6 Quarrels	12 Gold Pieces
Breastplate	10 Gold Pieces
Potion of Fortune	6 Gold Pieces
Potion of Strength	4 Gold Pieces
Potion of Skill	5 Gold Pieces

Every day is market day in Crystal City, but if today is Highday, in a place where they worship the gods of trade and commerce above all others, you may knock 1 Gold Piece off the price of anything other than Provisions; as there are so many traders in town, competition is fierce.

You may buy as many Meals' worth of Provisions as you want, up to a maximum of 10; each Meal will restore up to 4 lost STAMINA points. You may use the

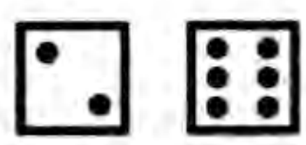

Crossbow once in each battle you fight before having to engage in hand-to-hand combat (as long as you still have quarrels to shoot); *Test your Skill* and if you succeed your crossbow bolt causes your opponent 2 STAMINA points of damage. On a roll of 1–4 the Breastplate will reduce any damage done against you by 1 point. When drunk, the Potion of Fortune will restore your LUCK score to its *Initial* level, the Potion of Strength will restore your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level, and the Potion of Skill will restore your SKILL score to its *Initial* level.

When you are done here, do you want to scour the market for more unusual items (turn to **70**) or will you leave Crystal City and continue on your journey (move the Day of the Week on 1 and turn to **189**)?

42

Not believing that there is any way you could best an Earth Elemental in combat, you run from the chamber, back into the mine. Behind you, the Elemental roars again, bringing its bunched fists smashing

down. At the force of the blow, the ground splits apart, a yawning crevasse opening in the floor of the chamber and chasing after you. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **10**; if it is greater, turn to **23**.

43

If the Ice Elemental injures you at all, the warming power of the Sun Talisman will protect you from its chilling touch to some extent. Reduce any damage caused by the Elemental by 1 point. However, if the Ice Elemental uses its Blizzard Breath attack against you, you may ignore the damage this causes altogether. Now return to **100** and prepare to fight!

44

Your blow connects with the sphere again, but not in the same place as last time. Instead, you strike the glass panel in the front of the Elemental Engine which fractures. You hear a sound like escaping gas and then suddenly there is a gale blowing within the Engine Room, and you have to draw your sword against the raging Greater Air Elemental you have inadvertently released from the containment chamber. Boreas, Elemental manifestation of the North Wind, is not pleased at having been bound within the device, and makes no distinction between his liberator and his captor. Screaming with elemental fury, Boreas attacks!

GREATER AIR ELEMENTAL SKILL 15 STAMINA 20

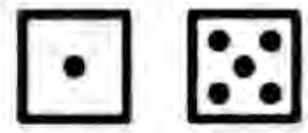

If you somehow manage to defeat the very essence of the North Wind, regain 1 LUCK point, add 2 to your DAMAGE score and write the codeword *Demlaceb* on your *Adventure Sheet*. You feel that you have done enough here, so you quit the Engine Room to explore elsewhere. Turn to **126**.

45

As you plummet towards the ground, desperate hands find the cord attached to the pack and give it a sharp tug. The top of the pack flies open disgorging a great mass of material that opens out above you while remaining attached to the pack by a series of tensed lines. Your deployment of the sheet slows your fall dramatically and you land at the foot of the stack without a scratch. Regain 1 LUCK point. However, you will not be able to use this unusual property of the pack again, as you have to cut the ropes holding the sheet to prevent it dragging behind you as you go on your way. (Cross the Unusual Backpack off your *Adventure Sheet,* although you can still use it as an ordinary pack). Deciding it would be unwise to petition the Keeper of the Four Winds again, you retrace your steps, back through the Screaming Canyon and finally to the edge of the Howling Plains. Move the Day of the Week on 1 and turn to **394**.

46

As you enter the narrow pass, you enter the domain of the creatures that make the reef their home – creatures that are always on the lookout for food.

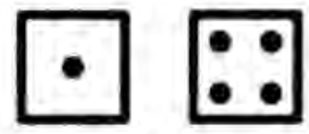

Large-clawed crustaceans and needle-fanged eels strike at you from holes in the rock, while grotesquely large starfish and anemones sting you, intent on feasting on what the other Reef Dwellers leave behind. Fight the Reef Dwellers as if they were all one creature.

REEF DWELLERS SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

You may escape from the Reef Dwellers after 3 Attack Rounds, if you wish, by backing out of the narrow pass and entering the fissure (turn to **146**). If you persist in fighting your way through and win, turn to **76**.

47

You lay into the shell of the iron sphere with your enchanted blade, expecting to slice it open like an apple, but somehow, the enchantments woven into your magical dragon-slaying sword are negated by the raw elemental energy being generated by the device. Rather than your sword harming the Engine, the iron skin of the Engine harms your sword, chipping its razor edge. (Lose 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point.) What will you do now?

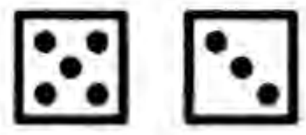

Take a Mace or a Warhammer to the machine, if you have one? Turn to **82**
Try using a Spanner, if you have one? Turn to **63**
Quit the Engine Room and explore elsewhere? Turn to **126**

48

As soon as it starts to look like you might actually win this fight, you also realise that you can't kill the Battle-Khan – not here, not in this way. If you do so, there would surely be another dozen or more pretenders to the Khan's title who would happily challenge you to single combat to win the leadership of the tribe for themselves.

Instead you seize the initiative and, having pushed Khaddan Khan back to the edge of the ring of horsemen with your next successful strike against him, rather than land a killing blow, you run at the downed warrior and use him as a step-up to vault yourself over the heads of the gathered marauders and out of the circle. You land in the saddle of an unattended steed and with a loud 'Yaah!' kick your heels into its sides. With a startled whinny the horse takes off in the direction of the hills. It does not take the horsemen long to set off in pursuit. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **65**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **24**.

49

Hoping that the Rock Grub doesn't have a mate, still lurking within its burrow, you begin to crawl downwards on your hands and knees. The tunnel is lined

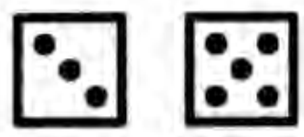

with a sticky residue and you start to slip. Suddenly, the ground begins to shudder and shake all around you. Losing all grip, you slide down the twisting tunnel of the Grub's burrow until you fly out of the end into another prop-supported tunnel. Turn to **68**.

50

Your travels eventually bring you within sight of the walls of the capital of the kingdom of Femphrey – Chalannabrad! You have been here several times before, but the sight of the city's open, tree-lined avenues, stunning parks and monumental public buildings never ceases to amaze. But you're not here to see the sights – you have a quest to complete. As you make your way through the hustle and bustle of the city you could be forgiven for believing that nothing was wrong. The influence of Balthazar Sturm's weather-changing machine does not appear to have reached this far yet. You decide to make the most of this fact, and head for the city docks. As you do so, you consider what you will need for a quest that will take you to the bottom of the Eelsea.

Seeing as how you are not a fish, you are going to need to acquire some way of breathing underwater, just as much as you are going to need to find a ship to take you out to sea. Of course, Chalannabrad is also the perfect place to equip yourself in general. Do you want to visit the city's markets before doing anything else (turn to **91**), or would you prefer to press on with finding a way to breathe underwater (turn to **121**)?

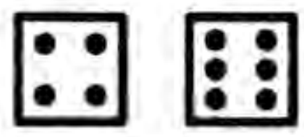

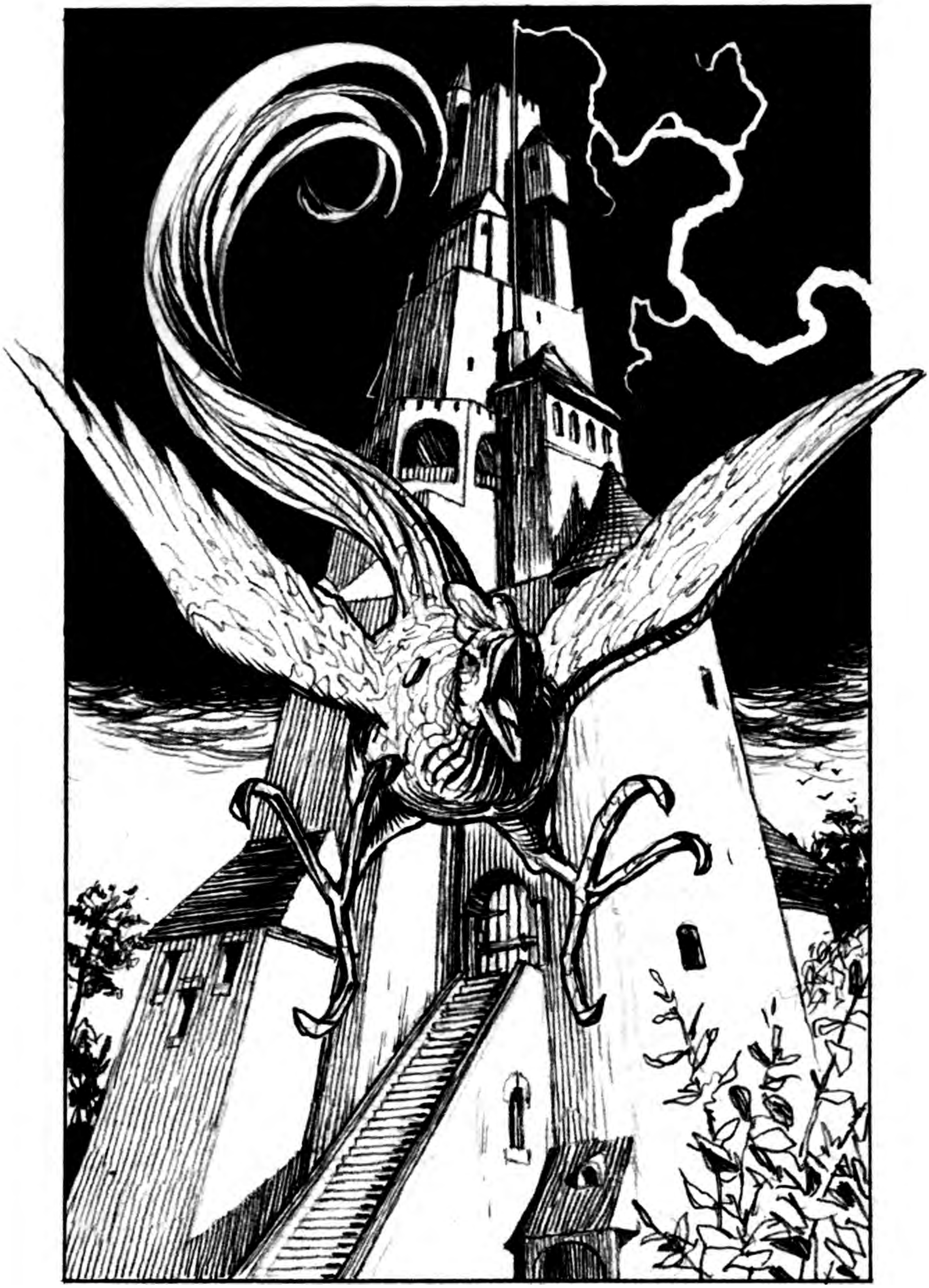

51

Finally you reach the foot of the lonely tower. It has been built right on the edge of the rocky outcrop, where it overhangs the valley below. It appears to be of precarious construction, each level built on the one below in a higgledy-piggledy manner. Craning your head back, you see that the tower has a flat roof, with crenulated battlements open to the elements. A lightning conductor runs half the length of the tower, its spear-like tip projecting high into the sky above it. Coming off from the top of the tower is another turret, atop which stands a gleaming brass weathervane cast in the shape of a large cockerel. In front of you – not twenty metres away – stands the iron-bound entrance to the tower. There does not appear to be anyone on guard, so you step forward.

A harsh, grating cry halts you in your tracks, and causes you to look upwards again. The brass weathervane, stained green with verdigris from its exposure to the elements, has come free of its mountings and is swooping down towards you on wings of metal. The bird opens its brass beak and gives another screeching cry. Unsheathing Wyrmbiter once again, you prepare to meet the tower's guardian in battle.

WEATHERCOCK SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you manage to destroy the Weathercock, turn to **94**.

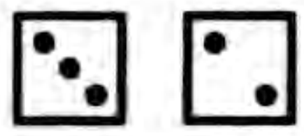

52

It is hardly befitting of a hero to abandon people who have openly asked for your help. Lose 1 LUCK point. With the headman's curses ringing in your ears, you leave Tumbleweir to its fate and continue on your way south-east. The rain eventually stops, the clouds part and the sun starts to beat down again. Two days later (move the Day of the Week on 2) you arrive on the edge of the wilderness known as the Howling Plains. Turn to **83**.

53

Taking a deep breath, you step into the cloud. You can barely see your hand in front of your face, partly because the stinging gas is making your eyes water. You press on regardless but the cloud shows no sign of dissipating any time soon. And then you can hold your breath no longer and involuntarily take in a great breath of the noisome smoke. You start to cough, finding it harder and harder to breath. You stumble onwards, not knowing if you could make it back the other way before you pass out, and then suddenly, mercifully, you pass out of the gas cloud and fall to your knees taking in great lungfuls of clean air. You suffer no long term ill-effects from the gas cloud other than your streaming eyes. For the duration of the next battle you have to fight, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point. Having recovered your breath, will you turn left (turn to **33**) or right (turn to **245**)?

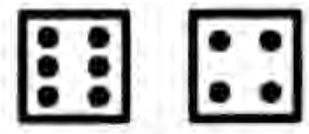

54

Leading off from the bottom deck landing are two wooden doors, one on either side of the stairwell. The one aft of the stairs has no unusual markings, whereas the door to the fore has a spiral carved into it. Choosing somewhere you haven't already been, will you:

Open the spiral-marked door?	Turn to **86**
Open the unmarked door?	Turn to **184**
Leave the bottom deck and explore elsewhere?	Turn to **391**

55

Invoking the power of the God of Fire, you shout, 'I command you to help me, in the name of Filash, the Burning One!' The Fire Elemental roars in fury but is unable to attack you. 'Tell me,' you go on, 'how I might gain control over a Greater Fire Elemental?'

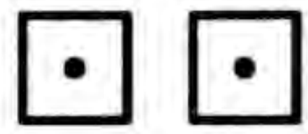

'You must know its name!' the Elemental roars, writhing in torment. You have no idea which Fire Elemental Balthazar Sturm has bound to his Weather Machine. But maybe there's another way.

'Then tell me,' you reply, 'what is *your* name?'

The Elemental screams its frustration to the walls of the magma chamber, but it has to answer. 'Vulcanus!' it howls. 'But you will never get the chance to use it!' Turn to **114**.

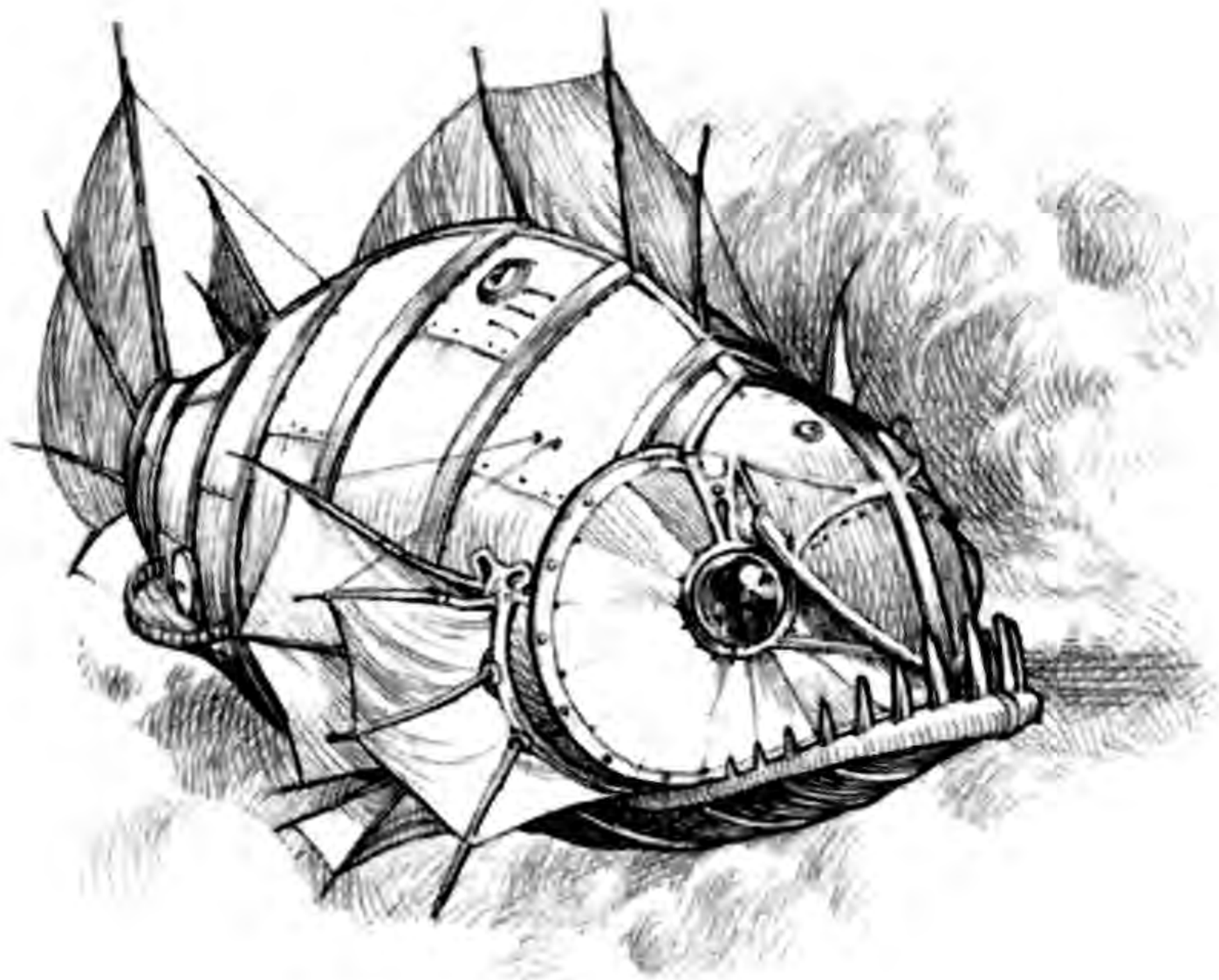

56

A huge explosion rocks the bridge, throwing you to the ground and blowing out the observation window-eyes of the fish in a hail of razor-sharp crystal shards. At the same moment Balthazar Sturm drops onto the platform in front of you, suddenly robbed of his incredible, storm-born powers. You grab hold of a handrail and hang on for dear life.

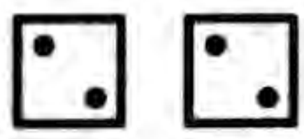

Sturm looks at you with disbelieving horror in his eyes as the entire platform breaks away and is sucked out through the front of the ship. The limp bodies of his minions and broken pieces of esoteric machinery follow soon after. The last you see of the insane Elementalist is his screaming face as he drops like a stone through the churning clouds surrounding the *Eye of the Storm,* arms and legs flailing.

With a scream of rending metal, the bolts holding the handrail to the wall shear through, and you find yourself hurtling through the shattered eyes of the fish after Sturm.

If you know the name of an Air Elemental who could help you now, turn it into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26. Add the numbers together, double the total, and turn to this new paragraph. If you have the codeword *Susagep* on your *Adventure Sheet,* turn to **104**. If you have an Unusual Backpack, divide the number of *this* paragraph by the number associated with it and turn to this new paragraph. If you have none of these things, turn to **349**.

57

It takes half a day to reach Brokk's brewery. The copper and stone building stands nestled in a mountain valley pass where it is fed by a clear mountain stream, tumbling from the cold mountain peaks in a series of dramatic waterfalls.

Approaching the entrance via an ornate stone bridge that spans another roaring cascade, you knock on the

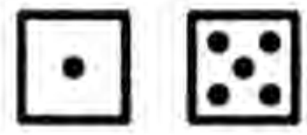

door. It is opened by a silver-haired Dwarf with a plaited white beard, wearing a beer-stained apron. 'What do you want?' he says testily. 'Disturbing old Brokk when he's making beer is not to be done lightly.'

You tell him of your need for a guide to take you into the abandoned Dwarf mine. 'The Fathomdeep Mine, eh?' he says sucking at his teeth and looking at you thoughtfully. 'Yes, I used to work that seam, until the curse came upon that place. I've not been back since. But, yes, I'll be your guide, but it'll cost you – 10 Gold Pieces!'

You give a sharp intake of breath. 10 Gold Pieces is a lot of money. Do you really think it's worth it, when an adventurer like you could surely find your own way through the abandoned tunnels and mine workings? If you are willing and able to pay the necessary 10 Gold Pieces to hire the ex-miner, turn to **77**. If not, turn to **98**.

58

As you advance deeper into the cavernous gorges of the labyrinthine Screaming Canyon, you come under fire. Roll one die and divide the number rolled by 2, rounding fractions up. This is how many arrows hit you. (Each one causes 2 STAMINA points of damage.) And then the Birdman is on you, discarding his bow and arrows in favour of rending talons.

BIRDMAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

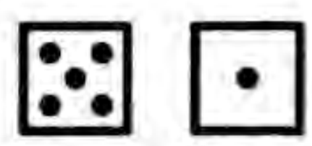

If you kill the Birdman, you are able to continue on your way again, although you keep a watchful eye out for more of his kind, just in case. Turn to **166**.

59

You sprint across the square into the thick of the fantastical storm and right into the path of the hurtling hailstones. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **100**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **87**.

60

Inigo reverently takes the glowing flask from you and gazes at the flickering ball of lightning in wonder. 'Arguably his greatest achievement,' the engineer says of his gaoler. 'He managed to harness the power of the storm, the life-giving force of electricity itself. Tricky procedure, you know. It's how he created the Steam Golem that I believe is still stomping about on the lower levels somewhere.' Return to **335** to ask another question or, if you're done, turn to **365**.

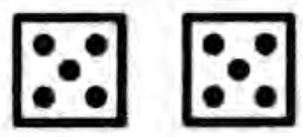

61

Weapon in hand you meet the colossal Elemental head on, every sense heightened in the moment of battle. (Remember to adjust the Elemental's stats to reflect any damage it may have already suffered.)

EARTH ELEMENTAL SKILL 14 STAMINA 22

(If today is Earthday, increase the Elemental's SKILL score by 1 point and its STAMINA by 2). If you are fighting the Elemental using a crushing weapon, such as a Warhammer or a Mace, every blow that connects will cause it 3 STAMINA points of damage. To swap Wyrmbiter for a crushing weapon, if you have one, you must forfeit one Attack Round, during which time the Earth Elemental will hit you for 3 STAMINA points of damage. If you lose an Attack Round roll one die and then consult the table below to see what damage you suffer. (You may use LUCK to reduce any damage caused in the usual way.)

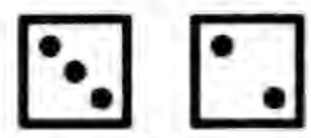

Dice Roll	*Attack and Damage*
1–3	Sledgehammer – the Elemental hits you with its massive stone fists. Lose 3 STAMINA points.
4–5	Seismic shock – the Elemental stamps its foot, opening a yawning pit in the ground beneath you. *Test your Skill.* If you are successful you avoid falling in and are able to keep fighting. If you fail, you fall into the fissure; lose 3 STAMINA points and you must fight the next Attack Round with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point as you struggle to get out again.
6	Sent flying – the Elemental picks you up in one hand and throws you against the side of the cavern. Roll 1 die and lose that many STAMINA points.

If you incredibly manage to beat the Earth Elemental, turn to **10**.

62

At your killing blow, the Ice Elemental shatters into a million tiny shards of ice which are then carried away by the howling wind. A moment later the wind dies too, the lightning strikes cease and the pounding hail peters out. The storm has moved on. As you look to the skies, watching as the thunderheads drift away to the north, you fancy you glimpse a flash of gold – or is it brass? – within the departing storm clouds. There it

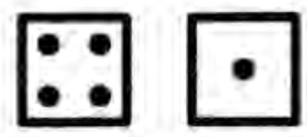

is again. It looks just like ... no, it can't be. You shake your head and look again, but the object has gone.

For a moment there you were convinced you saw a bizarre craft amidst the clouds, shaped like some huge brass fish! You can't shake the feeling that the bizarre vessel had something to do with the sudden appearance of the storm either.

The people of Vastarin start to emerge from all those places where they had sheltered from the storm, staring at you in awe. 'What happened here?' one woman asks in bewilderment. Much of the village is now little more than a storm-ravaged ruin.

'Have no fear,' you say addressing not only the woman but all of the gathered villagers, 'I shall discover who was behind this attack and make them pay. I swear it on my honour as the Hero of Tannatown.'

This meets with whoops and cheers from the people of Vastarin. You return to The Traveller's Rest to collect your backpack and set off soon after with their good wishes ringing in your ears. But where will you go? According to eye-witnesses the storm blew in suddenly from the south and, when it left, moved on again northwards, in the direction of the capital of Chalannabrad.

Having had some dealings with the College of Mages in the past, you could travel to Chalannabrad to find out if your contacts there know anything about this

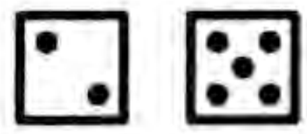

erratic weather or the curious fish-shaped flying machine. Alternatively you could retrace the path of the storm to see where it blew up from, in the hope that that might provide you with some answers.

So, what's it to be? Will you travel north, towards Chalannabrad (turn to **286**), or south, following the path of devastation left by the storm to its point of origin (turn to **111**)?

63

Using the tool, you start turning bolts and twisting valve wheels shut, hoping that in this way you might be able to stem the flow of magical energy being generated by the Elemental Engine from reaching other parts of the *Eye of the Storm*. And your actions do just that. (Add 1 to your DAMAGE score.) However, if you want to cause the device catastrophic damage, you are going to have to try something else. Will you:

Attack the Elemental Engine with your sword?	Turn to **47**
Take a Mace or a Warhammer to the machine, if you have one?	Turn to **82**
Quit the Engine Room and explore elsewhere?	Turn to **126**

64

Without further ado, you set off for the Chalannabrad docks. Making your way through the hustle and bustle of the city you could be forgiven for believing that nothing was wrong. The influence of Balthazar

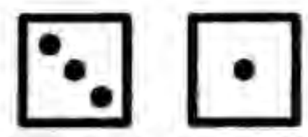

65

Sturm's weather-changing machine does not appear to have reached this far yet. As you continue on your way you go over in your mind what you will need for a quest that will take you to the bottom of the Eelsea.

First of all, you are going to need to acquire some way of breathing underwater, if you don't already have such a thing. Secondly, you will need to find a captain of a ship willing to take you out to sea. Of course, Chalannabrad is also the perfect place to equip yourself in general. Do you want to visit the city's markets before doing anything else (turn to **91**), would you prefer to press on finding a way to breathe underwater (turn to **121**), or, if you don't need to worry about this, will you look for a ship (turn to **252**)?

65

Your head-start means that you have already put some distance between you and the pursuing horsemen. Once you are out of sight of them among the hills again you dismount, sending your steed back to the Khan's encampment with a slap to the rump, and take cover at the end of a rocky defile. You hear the bellowing horsemen gallop right past the mouth of the cleft but none of them stop to check your hiding place. When you are certain that the immediate danger has passed, you creep out of the defile again and continue on your way through the hills. Turn to **142**.

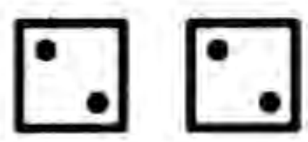

66

Not really sure how to get out of your new predicament, ignoring the rainmaker's protestations, you approach his rattling contraption and try installing the Spark within its inner workings, hoping that it might pep the machine up so that it will actually start to work. Having connected it up as best you can, you take a step back from the clunking machine.

There is a sudden loud crackling and arcs of actinic white light shoot from the core of the machine, enveloping every component in flickering lightning. But the best is yet to come. As you and the villagers watch in fearful wonder, the various parts of the machine detach from one another and then rearrange themselves. Standing in the middle of the village, is no longer a weird-looking machine, but a weird-looking golem-like creation. The three-metre tall giant of metal and wood gives voice to a grating metal moan and lurches towards you, intent, it would seem, on tearing you limb from limb. You must fight the haywire Gubbins Golem.

GUBBINS GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

The villagers flee in panic, along with the so-called rainmaker, leaving you to your fate alone. If you manage to destroy the machine, you waste no time in fleeing Quartz yourself, sure that the villagers will not be too keen on having you hang around after what just happened. (Lose 1 LUCK point.) You continue walking south-west for two days (move the Day

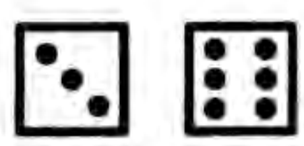

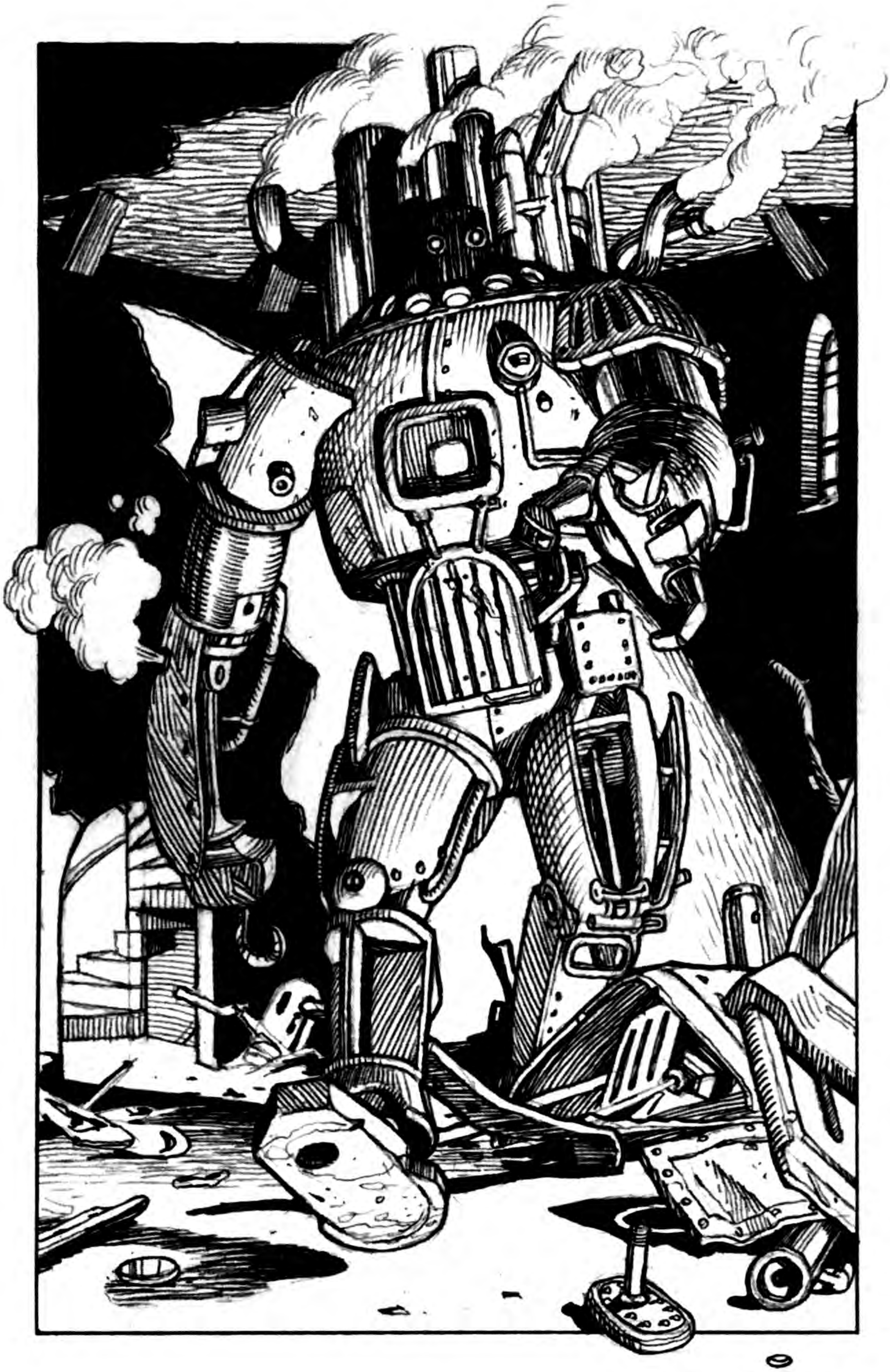

of the Week on 2), until you reach the desolate borderlands of the Howling Plains. Turn to **83**.

67

There is one final blast of steam and then the transformation is complete. Standing in front of you, an impressive four metres in height, is a metallic, humanoid figure. Its body is a rattling steam engine and you can see the incandescent glare of chained lightning behind a scorched glass plate in the middle of its chest. The same furious light crackles within the behemoth's glass eyes, while flaring metal chimneys protruding from its shoulders puff smoke and steam into the room. Steel-claw fingers reach for you as the Steam Golem takes its first clanking step forwards. Not for the first time you thank the gods that Wyrmbiter is an enchanted weapon that can cut through metal as easily as it cleaves through flesh.

STEAM GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you manage to destroy the colossal magical automaton, record the codeword *Rennaps* on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **117**.

68*

The shaking subsides and you continue on your way, feeling a little more anxious having been reminded of the fact that this place has been a focus for earthquake activity of late. Not much further on you find the way forward blocked by a wooden barricade. Nailed to the planks closing off this stretch of the tunnel is a

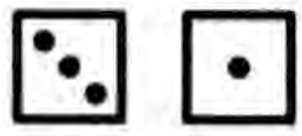

sign written in Dwarf runes, and you can't read Dwarf runes. Another tunnel turns left at this point, providing you with an alternative way onward. Do you want to pull down the barricade and keep following the main tunnel (turn to **186**), or would you rather turn onto the new tunnel to the left (turn to **310**)?

69

Honouring your agreement, you give half of the treasure you found beneath the waves to the avaricious captain (adjust your *Adventure Sheet* accordingly). Another day at sea returns you to the docks of Chalannabrad. (Move the Day of the Week on 1.) But as you are preparing to disembark from the *Tempest*, and continue on the next leg of your quest, Captain Katarina stops you at the gunwale.

'I wish I could do more to help you in your quest,' she says, looking almost shame-faced. 'If there is anything, just say it.'

Well, is there? If you are ready to seek out Sturm and his Weather Machine, and you know the name of an Air Elemental and want to call on it for aid now, turn its name into a number (using the code A=1, B=2, C=3... Z=26 and adding the numbers together) add 100 and turn to the paragraph with the same number as the final total.

If not, but you still wish to seek out Sturm, you bid Katarina farewell and prepare for the next stage of

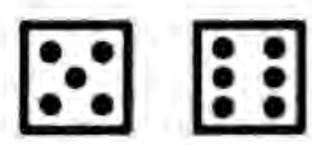

your adventure (turn to **350**). Otherwise you will have to choose where you want to go next in your search for aid against the mad Weather Mage. Remembering that you can only visit each location once, will you head for:

The Witchtooth Line?	Turn to **157**
Mount Pyre?	Turn to **22**
The Howling Plains?	Turn to **4**

70

It does not take you long to find a number of items that are a little out of the ordinary, but which could be of use to you on your quest? They are as follows:

Item	*Cost*
Glowstones	6 Gold Pieces
Crystal Mace	15 Gold Pieces
Luck Sprite	10 Gold Pieces
Wyrmskin Cloak	12 Gold Pieces
Blunderbuss	12 Gold Pieces
Bag of blackpowder and shot	2 Gold Pieces each
Potion of Giant Strength	7 Gold Pieces
Potion of Levitation	7 Gold Pieces
Healing Elixir	7 Gold Pieces

If today is Highday, when the merchants of Crystal City pay homage to the deities of trade and commerce, with there being so many potential buyers in town, you must add 1 Gold Piece to the price of anything other than bags of gunpowder and shot.

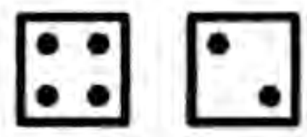

71

Roll two dice. If you roll a double, turn to **106**. If you roll anything else, even with your prodigious strength you are unable to lift the hulking Earth Demon. Return to **35** and finish the fight.

72

You set the last tumbler, close the chest-plate and step back from the automaton again. The humming coming from within the golem rises in pitch and then, with a loud clattering bang, the thing falls apart completely, arms, legs and head disconnecting from the main body of the device and sinking beneath the oily surface of the bilge-waters. (Lose 1 LUCK point and remove the Spark of Life from your *Adventure Sheet*.) Disappointed, you climb back up into vessel above (turn to **54**).

73

There is a nose-curling smell of rotten eggs coming from this passageway and it is getting worse the

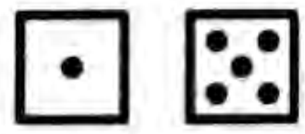

further you go. The air ahead of you starts to cloud with thick yellow smoke. The noxious-smelling gas soon fills the entire width of the tunnel. If you are to proceed any further, you are going to have to pass directly through the gas cloud. If you are happy to do this, turn to **53**; if not, you must return to the main passageway and carry on along it towards the lava river (turn to **141**).

74

You dodge and weave in an effort to avoid the bolts of raw electricity coursing down out of the sky but the storm seems to have a will of its own – and decides to make you the focus of its attacks. A searing bolt hits you, throwing you across the square trailing smoke and an unpleasant aroma of burnt hair. Roll one die, add 1 to the number rolled, and lose that many STAMINA points. Now turn to **3**.

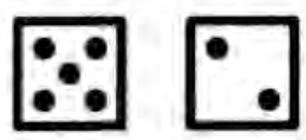

75*

The secondary tunnel ends at a descending shaft and a ladder. Climbing down the ladder takes you into a larger Dwarf-made cavern, standing at the centre of which is the most incredible contraption you have ever seen. It is a construction of wood and metal, with large spiked wheels, caterpillar tracks and a massive drilling head at its prow. Impressive as the machine looks, you can't help noticing that it has also started to rust badly and you doubt that it's still in working order. Continuing on foot, you leave the chamber, entering another Dwarf-cut tunnel. Turn to **145**.

76

Cautiously you enter the gaping cave mouth, glancing up at the long, curving stalactites above you – trailing weed and alive with albino bottom feeders – as you do so. The floor of the cave has a curious, springy quality to it, as if you are treading on a bed of sponges. Suddenly the ground lurches beneath you, concussive waves within the water sending you whirling. And then the cave opening starts to close – only it's not a cave. It is really a mouth! Turning, you pull at the water with your arms, desperately kicking with your legs, as you try to stop yourself becoming a meal for some monstrous leviathan of the oceans. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **116**. If the total is greater, turn to **96**.

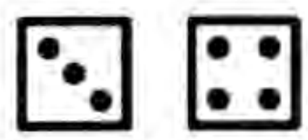

77

Cross the 10 Gold Pieces off your *Adventure Sheet*. Brokk ducks back inside the brewery and reappears some minutes later. He has exchanged his grubby apron for a coat of chainmail armour and is gripping a battle-axe in his ham-like fists. Slung over his shoulder is a coiled rope and iron grapple. He is also wearing a helmet which has the waxy stub of a candle stuck to the brim. You ask him what it is that awaits you in the mine, but he won't be drawn on the subject. 'You hired me to be your guide, that's all,' he says grimly.

When the two of you reach Fathomdeep Mine, if you find yourself reading a paragraph that has an asterisk (*) next to the number, subtract 50 from that reference and turn to the new paragraph to see what Brokk has to tell you. For as long as Brokk is with you, you may also assume that you have a Rope and Grapple (if you don't already). Brokk will also join in any battles you face underground. When faced with two opponents, you need only fight the first one to win the battle, as the Dwarf will do away with the other with his battle-axe. His attributes are SKILL 10, STAMINA 8. If you face only one opponent you will gain two Attacks, both of which can injure that opponent. In this case, if injuries are sustained they will only affect you on a dice roll of 1–3. Keep a careful note of Brokk's STAMINA score; if he dies, down there in the mine, you will have to continue alone (obviously losing the benefits gained by having the Dwarf fighting with you). Now turn to **98**.

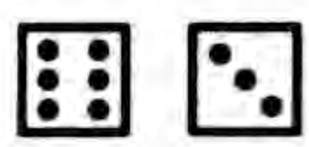

78

Holding the conch shell above your head, you shout, 'Oceanus! Aid me now!'

With a rushing roar, water pours from the shell in an impossible torrent. It rapidly fills the chamber, causing electrical equipment to short out and sweeping Fulgurites from their stations. The waters surge together and rise from the floor of the bridge in a great column which gains crude arms and a face.

With a noise like waves breaking on a rocky shoreline, Oceanus, Spirit of the Sea, crashes into Sturm's stone body. Before your eyes, pieces of his colossal clay-like form break off and dissolve in the water. The Colossus bellows in rage but the tidal attacks of the Water Elemental continue to wash his body away.

But Sturm is not done yet. What is left of his rocky form dissolves as Sturm turns into water himself. The two watery creatures crash and surge around the bridge, dousing you and sweeping you off your feet. Then suddenly all is calm – until another watery humanoid figure rises from the roiling swell, only this time its liquid features are those of Balthazar Sturm! If only you could boil the transformed Elementalist away, as a blazing fire turns water into steam …

If you know the name of a Fire Elemental who you could command to help you now, turn the name into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 … Z=26. Add the numbers together and turn to this paragraph. If not, turn to **206**.

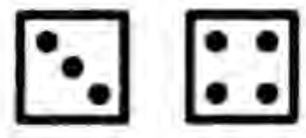

79

The sandstone of the canyon here has been sculpted into all manner of strange shapes which, when the wind blows through them, produce the eerie wailing sound you heard earlier. Not for nothing is this place called the Screaming Canyon. Still a long way off, you make out a towering stack of wind-sculpted rock, rising many metres into the sky above the cliffs of the canyon. Something tells you that this stack of rock is where you need to be heading, but for the time being, the path ahead of you splits again. Will you follow the left-hand (turn to **119**) or the right-hand fork (turn to **99**)?

80*

You are standing on one side of a cathedral-like cavern. A waterfall cascades into a chill lake to the left and on the far side of the chamber you can see an ominously dark fissure leading, you suspect, to a network of caves beyond. Glowstones set into the walls and mats of phosphorescent lichen covering the vault of the water-worn cave illuminate pieces of discarded machinery – from piles of iron pit-props to experimental digging machines. In fact much of it looks like it has deliberately been wrecked.

As far as you can tell, Fathomdeep Mine ends here, at the entrance to the natural cave system beyond. If you want to proceed any further, you have no choice but to enter the crack in the cavern wall for yourself. Watching your footing on the uneven floor, you

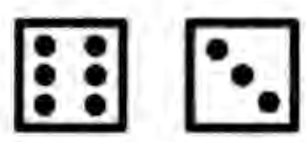

follow the fissure up into the cave network until the way onwards splits. From here you are going to have to go left, entering a high-roofed gallery hung with stalactites (turn to **152**), or right, following a low-roofed cleft which heads downwards again (turn to **387**).

81

Gulping down the potion you feel a warm glow permeate every part of your body – starting at your stomach and working its way to your feet and fingertips. Every nerve ending tingles with the sensation of raw power. (Restore up to 6 STAMINA points and for the duration of the battle to come, increase your Attack Strength by 2 points.) Feeling like you could wrestle a giant or take on a whole army single-handed, you stride towards the roaring Earth Elemental, ready to meet it in single combat. Turn to **61**.

82

With the heavy weapon gripped firmly in your hands, you take a swing at the iron sphere. The resulting clang reverberates around the chamber and along your arms. Hefting the weapon again, mustering all your strength, you take another swing at the Elemental Engine. Roll three dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to **135**; if it is greater, turn to **44**.

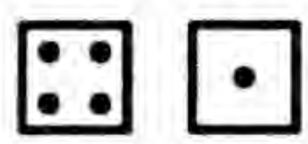

83

The Howling Plains lie to the south of Femphrey, beyond the expanses of fertile farmland, forming something of a barren no man's land between the kingdoms of Femphrey and Lendleland. Little grows here and much of the time howling gales blow across the plains, bringing dust-storms that harry merchant caravans stupid or desperate enough to brave this route across the heartland of the continent.

The sun beats down as you come to the edge of the Howling Plains. Ahead of you lies a parched and desolate land, home to wild animals and tribes of war-like Birdmen; behind, the rolling hills and lush green fields of your homeland. As you gaze southwards, wondering what might await you within the bleak expanse of the Howling Plains, you see that the sky is coloured a dirty yellow. You feel a breeze on your face that soon becomes a powerful, raging wind, as the dusty sky resolves itself into an approaching sandstorm.

You are completely exposed out here. As you try to work out how much time you have before the sandstorm is upon you, you see a dancing silhouette before of it. This object is being blown towards you, ahead of the howling sandstorm. As it gets rapidly closer, swept towards you by the rising gale, you see that it is a huge balloon, stitched together from sheets of sailcloth, with a wicker basket hanging beneath it. You can hear desperate shouts coming from the balloon's pilot and it now looks more like he is

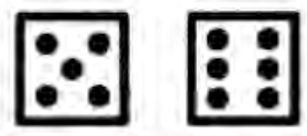

actually trying to escape from the approaching sandstorm.

It is at that moment, when you feel the first stinging wave of sand particles hit your face, that an evil-looking face appears within the whirling cyclone of dust and sand, its mouth open wide as if ready to swallow the balloon and its terrified occupant. But what can you do to help the poor balloonist, or even yourself, in the face of this elemental sandstorm? Will you:

Blow a Hunting Horn, if you have one? Turn to **123**

Draw your sword, ready to defend yourself? Turn to **173**

Take cover as best you can, in the hope that the sandstorm will simply blow over you? Turn to **203**

84

The ore-truck hurtles over the end of the rails, and for a moment you feel a cold rush of air, in your face. And then the next stretch of track appears beyond the gaping hole and the cart crashes down onto the rails again. The truck continues on its way through the mine, descending deeper and deeper through a series of peaks and troughs in the track until it abruptly reaches the end of the line and bumps to a halt against a set of bumpers on one side of a large natural chamber, deep below the earth. Turn to **80**.

85

The headman, a farmer called Giles, takes you to the foot of the towering dam. He opens a grand set of wooden double doors, next to an ornately-carved archway – through which tumbles the churning outflow from the lake into the river – and leads you into a stone-built room. A series of large brass wheels are set into the far wall. They obviously need to be turned a particular way to open the sluice-gates and allow water from the lake to drain through the dam. Without further ado, you set about trying to solve the problem. *Test your Skill* and *Test your Luck*. If you are both successful and Lucky, turn to **150**. If you fail either test, turn to **180**.

86

As soon as you open the door, you are buffeted by a steady breeze. Shutting the door behind you, you look around. You are standing in a large room

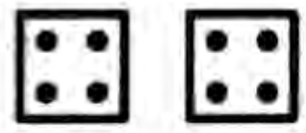

dominated by a massive set of bellows and the rotating blades of a windmill. The bellows pump up and down, powered by gear-driven machinery, causing the windmill fan to turn, which directs most of the airstream generated in this way out through a funnel in the side of one wall. On the opposite side of this windy room is another wooden door, this one marked with what is unmistakeably a lightning bolt. If you could somehow stop the fan from turning, perhaps you could weaken the power of the storm that is being generated by the Weather Machine. A large lever attached to the wind generator is currently pushed forwards. Will you:

Pull back on the lever?	Turn to **118**
Attack the bellows with your sword?	Turn to **101**
Leave this room and return to the landing?	Turn to **54**
Open the door marked with a lightning bolt?	Turn to **133**

87

Your body is bombarded by hailstones as heavy and hard as rocks. One hits you on the top of your head and sends you reeling. Lose 2 STAMINA points and for the duration of your next battle, reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point. Turn to **100**.

88

Katarina gives you a disparaging look and then says, 'Call yourself an adventurer? But don't worry; I'm

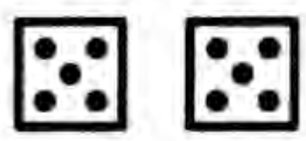

not going to throw you overboard or anything like that. Let's just get back to land before that storm front catches up with us.' (Lose 1 LUCK point.)

Another day at sea brings you back to the docks of Chalannabrad at last and, taking your leave of Captain Katarina and the *Tempest*, you head out of the city to start upon the next leg of your quest. (Move the Day of the Week on 1.)

If you possess a pair of Seven League Boots and would like to use them now, turn to **2**. If not, remembering that you can only visit each location once, will you head for:

The Witchtooth Line?	Turn to **157**
Mount Pyre?	Turn to **22**
The Howling Plains?	Turn to **4**

Or, if you feel that you are ready, do you want to make your attempt to reach Balthazar Sturm's Weather Machine at the eye of the storm (turn to **350**)?

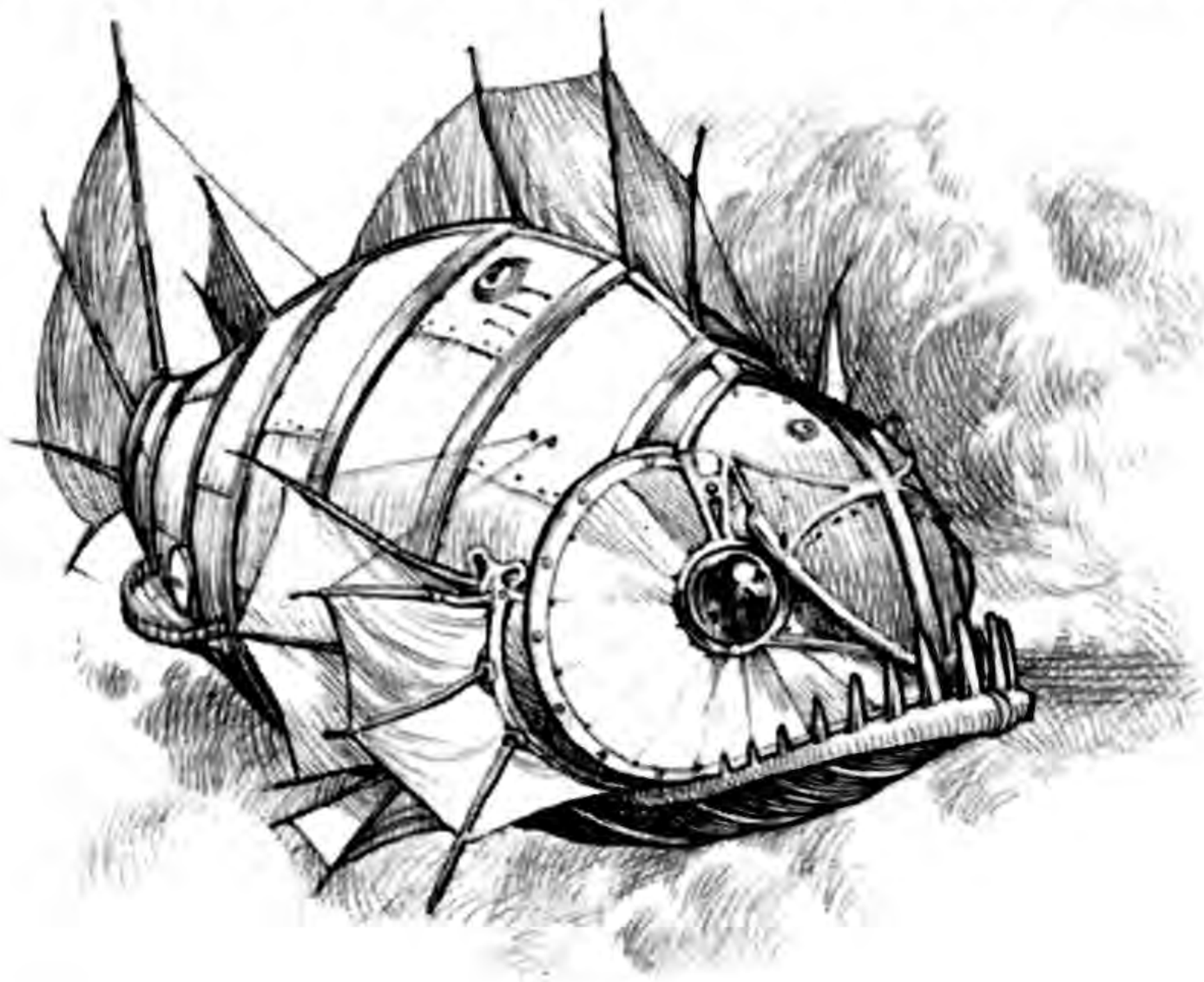

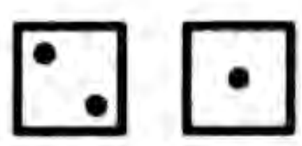

89

Your ploy works. Screeching with fury, the Blizzard-Wings turn their attentions on you and attack, talons outstretched.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BLIZZARD-WING	6	7
Second BLIZZARD-WING	6	6

Unless you are wearing a Sun Talisman, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point while battling the furious lizard-birds. If you kill them both, the Pegasus alights on the ground nearby. It trots through the snow towards you, snorting its appreciation, and nuzzles you with its nose. (Add the codeword *Susagep* to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point.) With a last whinny of gratitude, the Pegasus takes to the skies again, as the blizzard passes. The winged horse gone, you too continue on your way. Move the Day of the Week by 1, and turn to **250**.

90

You barely manage to reach the dais when the Keeper of the Four Winds raises her arms and hurricane-force jets of agitated air hit you with enough force to lift you off your feet and throw you back through the archway, and over the side of the stack. If you are wearing an Unusual Backpack, divide the number of the current paragraph by the number associated with the pack and turn to that new reference. If not, you plummet back down the side of the stack, your

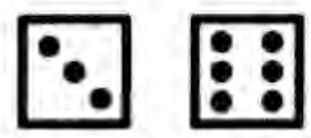

battered body bouncing off hard rock ledges, until you land at the bottom in your own private world of pain. Roll one die and add 2 to the number rolled. Lose this many STAMINA points. If you roll 3–4 lose 1 SKILL point as well, but if you roll 5–6, lose 2 SKILL points. You must also lose 1 LUCK point. Deciding it would be unwise to attempt to petition the Keeper of the Four Winds again, you retrace your route, back through the Screaming Canyon until finally you come to the edge of the Howling Plains. Move the Day of the Week on 1 and turn to **394**.

91

Chalannabrad's markets are just as busy as ever and you find plenty that could be of use to you.

Item	*Cost*
Provisions	1 Gold Piece per Meal
Rope and Grapple	3 Gold Pieces
Crossbow and 6 Quarrels	12 Gold Pieces
Chainmail Armour	8 Gold Pieces
Warhammer	10 Gold Pieces
Sun Talisman	6 Gold Pieces
Wyrmskin Cloak	12 Gold Pieces
Seven League Boots	10 Gold Pieces
Potion of Fortune	6 Gold Pieces
Potion of Strength	4 Gold Pieces
Potion of Skill	5 Gold Pieces

You may buy as many Meals' worth of Provisions as you want, up to a maximum of 10; each Meal will restore up to 4 STAMINA points. You may use the

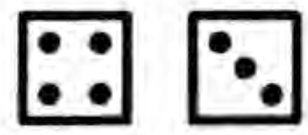

Crossbow once in each battle you fight before having to engage in hand-to-hand combat (as long as you still have quarrels to shoot); *Test your Skill* and if you succeed your crossbow bolt causes your opponent 2 STAMINA points damage. On a roll of 1–3 the Chainmail Armour will reduce any damage done against you by 1 point. The Warhammer is not magical like your sword Wyrmbiter, but it is a crushing weapon; if you hit an opponent with the Warhammer, roll one die and if you roll 5–6 it does 1 extra STAMINA point of damage. On a roll of 1–2 the Wyrmskin Cloak will reduce any damage done against you by 1 point. When drunk, the Potion of Fortune will restore your LUCK score to its *Initial* level, the Potion of Strength will restore your STAMINA score to its *Initial* level, and the Potion of Skill will restore your SKILL score to its *Initial* level.

When you have made all the purchases you want, or can afford (and have recorded them on your *Adventure Sheet*), will you search the city for something that will let you breathe underwater (turn to **121**), or, if you have already acquired such a thing, will you look for a ship to take you out to sea (turn to **252**)?

92

As the Earth Elemental closes on you, you take out the flask containing the precious Spark of Life and hurl it into the creature's path. The flask hits some of the rusted machinery that the Dwarfs left behind, and

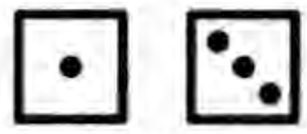

explodes in a dazzling burst of lightning. Blue fingers of electricity crackle between the pieces of corroded metal and your mouth drops open in amazement as you watch it draw them together. The piles of scrap rapidly take on a semi-skeletal humanoid form – made entirely from the scrap littering the chamber – that then gets to its feet. Eyes that were once miners' lanterns crackle with bound lightning as the Golem you have created glares down at you. You point at the Earth Elemental and, with a grinding of rusted joints, the Golem turns and strides forwards to meet the Elemental in battle.

Conduct the battle between the Earth Elemental and your Rust Golem, as you would any other. This will be a titanic battle indeed! (If today is Earthday, increase the Elemental's SKILL score by 1 point and its STAMINA by 2 points.)

	SKILL	STAMINA
EARTH ELEMENTAL	14	22
RUST GOLEM	10	12

If your Golem somehow triumphs against the Earth Elemental, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **10**. If the Earth Elemental destroys the Rust Golem (which is more likely), will you:

Quickly down a Potion of Giant Strength, if you have one?	Turn to **81**
Finish the Earth Elemental off yourself?	Turn to **61**
Run for it while you still can?	Turn to **42**

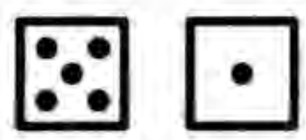

93

The journey to Chalannabrad takes four days. (Move the Day of the Week on 4.) During that time, the farming folk share what little they have with you and when you eventually leave the refugee caravan you have gained many more friends and 4 more Meals to add to your stock of Provisions. Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **50**.

94

Leaving the mangled wreckage of the weathervane lying at the foot of the tower, you approach the large iron-banded door. You are just reaching for the iron door handle when you freeze, wondering what other sorceries could be protecting the tower. If you want to turn the handle to open the door, turn to **134**. If you would rather break the door down, turn to **164**.

95

You are woken in the darkest watches of the night, by a chilling cry. You are on your feet in an instant,

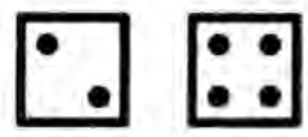

weapon in hand, and just in time too. Crashing through the undergrowth, a hideous creature bursts from the wood. Its body is hairless, other than for a stringy black mane, its fish-white flesh marked by large blue-black blotches. It walks on two legs, but drags its knuckles along the ground and in one hand carries a crude flint axe. Its head is almost equine in form and as it advances it opens its malformed mouth again to moan at the moon. You have no choice but to defend yourself against the cannibalistic Mooncalf.

MOONCALF SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

If you kill the Mooncalf, you settle down for what is left of the night, some way from where it attacked you, but sleep is slow in coming. Turn to **40**.

96

Despite swimming with all your might, you are unable to escape the 'cave' before the sea monster closes its mouth and swallows you whole. Your adventure ends here, as you become supper for some monster of the ocean depths.

97

As the Fulgurites' leathery bodies collapse in on themselves with a few last sparking flashes, you approach the massive metal sphere. You can feel the static electricity saturating the air skitter over your skin, setting every hair on your head on end. Cautiously you put your face to the glass pane of the porthole and peer inside the machine. What you see almost defies belief.

Four huge figures are trapped inside the sphere, each a pure embodiment of one of the four elements. They all have a semi-humanoid appearance despite being composed from solid earth, whirling air, raging fire and churning water. These must be the Greater Elementals that you were told Sturm had bound to his Elemental Engine to power the *Eye of the Storm*. The Elementals are trapped in a never-ending battle with one another, swirling and whirling around inside the containment sphere, their very essence and their constant conflict providing the Weather Machine with its magical means of propulsion.

You are certain that if you can damage the Elemental Engine, then you will deliver Balthazar Sturm and his Weather Machine a devastating blow. But how on Titan are you going to achieve such a thing? If you have the codeword *Notamotua* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **15** at once. If you have a set of Blueprints you could try using these to help you. If you want to do this, multiply the number associated

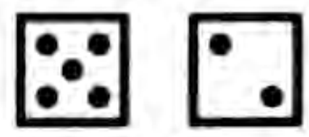

with the plans by 30 and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you have neither of these things, how will you damage the *Eye of the Storm*'s power source? Will you:

Attack the Elemental Engine with your sword?	Turn to **47**
Take a Mace or a Warhammer to the machine, if you have one?	Turn to **82**
Try using a Spanner, if you have one?	Turn to **63**
Resort to fiddling with its controls?	Turn to **34**

98

'Look,' the Dwarf says, as you prepare to set off, 'you're going to need to get your strength up before you head down into that mine, so why don't you sample one of my "special" brews?'

Brokk leads you inside the brewery, past huge copper cauldrons to his liquor store. He points out a number of earthenware jars lining a high shelf and tells you of their potential benefits. However, like anything the Dwarf has to offer, it's going to cost you. Take a look at the list of brews below. As long as you are willing to pay for them, you can choose to drink as many as you like. However, if you try more than two, for every one you sample after that, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point (which is a cumulative penalty) while you are down in the mine, as you become intoxicated by the alcohol.

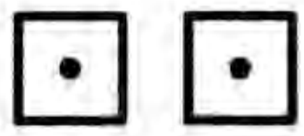

BROKK'S 'SPECIAL' BREWS

Dwarf Ale — *3 Gold Pieces*

Drinking this clear, honey-coloured ale has the effect of restoring 4 STAMINA points.

Trollbreath Beer — *4 Gold Pieces*

This muddy brown beer smells like a Troll's armpit, is the colour of a Troll's armpit but actually tastes quite good, restoring up to 4 points of STAMINA. It also leaves you with the worst case of halitosis you've ever had! For every battle you have to fight down in the mine, you may reduce your opponent's Attack Strength by 1 point if it is a living creature (so not Elementals, magical creatures, Demons or Undead) as they recoil from the noisome stench of your breath.

Skullbuster Spirit — *4 Gold Pieces*

Just a few swigs of this notorious Dwarf drink will leave you with a splitting headache (reducing your Attack Strength by 1 point for the first battle you have to fight down in the mines), but it also fills you with incredible strength. Every blow you lay against an enemy, while you are in the mine, does 1 extra point of STAMINA damage.

Cadwallader's 'Old Battleaxe' Cider — *5 Gold Pieces*

This powerful scrumpy has the effect of making

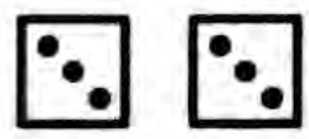

you even braver than normal, filling you with fighting spirit. For the duration of your time in the mine you may add 1 point to your Attack Strength (but still bear in mind that if you drink too much, you could lose this benefit again).

Wyvern's Wing *5 Gold Pieces*

Brokk doesn't know what it is about this particular ale – whether it's the melt-water that comes down off the Witchtooth peaks or the hops he grows himself – but it works not unlike a Luck Potion. Every time you have to *Test your Luck* while you are down in Fathomdeep Mine, you may assume you are Lucky and you do not have to deduct any LUCK points for making the test.

Brokk's Blistering Brew *6 Gold Pieces*

This one tastes like liquid fire and leaves you light-headed at the merest sniff (reducing your Attack Strength by 1 point for the first battle you have to fight down in the mines). However, it will also restore your SKILL score to its *Initial* level and up to half your STAMINA points.

When you are done sampling Brokk's wares, you set off for the mine. Move the Day of the Week on 1 and turn to **190**.

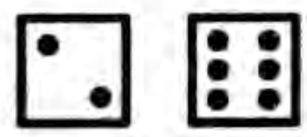

99

Hearing a raucous croaking cry, you look up to see two winged humanoid creatures coming at you out of the sun. You have unwittingly strayed into the territory of a tribe of war-like Birdmen and now you must pay in blood. Fight the Birdmen together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BIRDMAN	7	8
Second BIRDMAN	8	7

If you fend off the Birdmen's attack, you hurry on your way, not wanting to run into any more of their evil kind. Turn to **166**.

100

For a moment you are caught in a total whiteout as a blizzard of stinging ice flakes surrounds you. Then you break through into the eye of the whirling ice storm. There, at the very centre of the disturbance is a creature that appears to be entirely composed of ice. It stands one-and-a-half times as tall as a man, its humanoid body formed from slabs of blue-white ice. One arm ends in a huge fist of frozen water while its other hand bristles with spiky icicles. The Ice Elemental opens a frosted maw packed with frozen fangs and howls at you with a voice like the winter wind. Drawing Wyrmbiter, you prepare to battle the Ice Elemental. If you are wearing a Sun Talisman, turn to **43**.

ICE ELEMENTAL SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

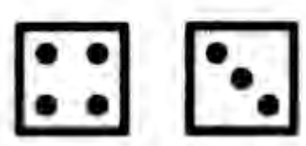

(If today is Fireday, reduce the Ice Elemental's SKILL score by 1 point and its STAMINA by 2 points.) If you lose an Attack Round roll one die and then consult the table below to see what damage you suffer. (You may use LUCK to reduce any damage caused in the usual way.)

Dice Roll	*Attack and Damage*
1–2	Blizzard Breath – the creature hits you with a blast of its freezing breath. Lose 2 STAMINA points.
3–5	Ice Hammer – the Elemental clubs you with its huge right fist. Lose 3 STAMINA points.
6	Icicle Strike – the Elemental fires icy darts from its left fist. Roll 1 dice to see how many hit you and lose that many STAMINA points.

If you manage to defeat the Ice Elemental, turn to **62**.

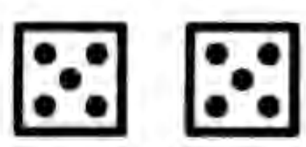

101

You hack at the leather of the huge bellows and have soon cut several great holes in the side. The bellows start to deflate and without the air that they were providing, the windmill spins to a standstill. You have successfully put Sturm's Wind Turbine out of action. (Add 1 to your DAMAGE score.) What are you going to do now? If you want to open the door marked with a lightning bolt, turn to **133**. If you want to return to the bottom-deck landing, turn to **54**.

102

Snapping the copper bands around the statuette, you call out, 'Arkholith! Defend me now!'

The figurine cracks open, and immediately begins to transform. It swells in size until it has become a hulking giant formed from great slabs of rock. With a growl like continental plates colliding, the Earth Elemental encircles the whirling Sturm in its massive arms. Sturm howls as the Elemental squeezes the very life from him.

The bridge is suddenly ablaze with brilliant white light as, in an explosion of lightning, Sturm transforms one last time. The Earth Elemental is obliterated by the lightning burst, searing bolts of energy striking the banks of machinery and exploding the bodies of fallen Fulgurites. You blink the grey afterimages from your eyes and gradually your vision clears. Turn to **397**.

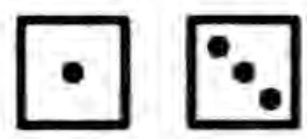

103

In time you come to another junction; a new tunnel branches off from the main passageway at a right angle, and ahead you can see the tunnel you are following now ends at what you take to be the bank of the lava river you had to cross earlier. Do you want to follow the new branch to the left (turn to **73**), or would you prefer to keep heading towards the magma flow (turn to **141**)?

104

Caught in the maelstrom that accompanies the destruction of the *Eye of the Storm*, your plummeting body is buffeted by high winds as you drop towards the ground.

And then you hear the beating of powerful wings fighting the raging air currents and the wind is knocked from you as you land squarely across the back of the Pegasus! Giving a shrill whinny of triumph, the flying horse takes you away from the disintegrating ship and glides down to the ground. Its hooves hit the earth, throwing up a cloud of dust as it lands. You quickly dismount, having never been so happy to have the ground beneath your feet. Turn to **400**.

105

The mine-cart hurtles off the end of the rails. For a moment you are sailing through cold air, wind whipping at your face. And then the next stretch of track

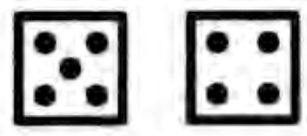

appears ahead of you, but you already know you're not going to make it. The cart smashes into the scaffolding supports, throwing you out in mid-air. You drop through total darkness for a moment before you are met by the freezing embrace of an underground river. Before you even have time to catch your breath, you feel yourself being dragged over the edge of a thundering cascade. Turn to **38**.

106

Grabbing hold of the monster around its middle you manage to heave it off the ground – a phenomenal feat indeed. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) The Earth Demon howls in agony and great chunks of its clay-like body break off and drop to the ground. Decrease the monster's STAMINA score by 6 points. If this wound has finished it, turn to **51**. If not, return to **35** and finish the battle.

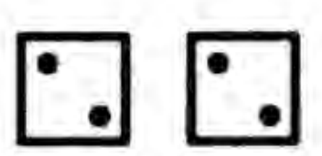

107

Here you stand, at the climax of your quest, and you have no means of reaching Sturm's flying machine (lose 1 LUCK point). Time is up for Femphrey too. You can feel the wind picking up and, looking up, see storm-clouds massing overhead. And there, amidst the oppressive thunderheads, no more than a distant golden speck in the darkening sky, you see the brass fish again. The *Eye of the Storm* approaches!

The wind becomes a gale and you struggle to stand as it continues to rise. All manner of debris is picked up by the whirlwind forming around you – from rocks and branches, to a startled-looking cow! – and then, suddenly, the whirling vortex plucks you from the ground and you find yourself hurtling skyward. The storm has caught you too! You are battered by the debris picked up by the tornado. Roll one die, add 2 and deduct that many STAMINA points. If you survive this battering, limbs flailing uncontrollably, you hurtle upwards, towards the *Eye of the Storm*.

The twister carries you higher and higher until you are actually over the flying machine. It is huge, bigger than a Bullwhale. Its sparkling glass eyes are large observation windows in the front of the vessel; its fins and tail, steering sails and a vast rudder. In the side of the vessel you can make out a round access hatch with a rail-guarded balcony in front of it. The wind suddenly drops and gravity returns, with a vengeance ... Turn to **14**.

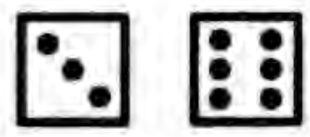

108

'Others have come seeking aid in their time, blown here by the winds of fate, but few have earned the right to receive it,' the Keeper intones. 'Seven sovereigns have sought my aid, and each sovereign sent seven sages, seven times, each sage accompanied by seven scholars. Tell me, how many have sought my aid?'

If you know the answer, add all the digits in the number together and then turn to the paragraph with the same number as the total. If the paragraph you turn to doesn't begin 'You have answered correctly', or you don't know the answer, will you attack the cloaked figure (turn to **90**) or graciously admit defeat (turn to **159**).

109

You climb higher and higher towards the summit of the volcano. The terrain gets rougher until you are scrambling through a landscape of nothing but black rocks and steaming volcanic vents. Sulphurous steam rises from holes in the ground which feels warm beneath your feet. Still far above stands the smoke-belching crater of Mount Pyre, a column of soot and ash continually rising from it high into the sky.

Rounding the side of a monolithic boulder, you find what you have been looking for – an incongruous, carved archway of black rock, set into the side of the volcanic peak – the entrance to the Fire Tunnels. The means with which to defeat Sturm's bound Greater

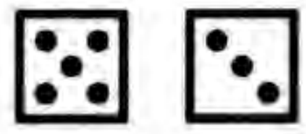

Fire Elemental lies within, you are sure of it. Having made any preparations you think are necessary, after making the strenuous climb to Mount Pyre's peak, you pass beneath the stone arch.

A long tunnel leads away towards the heart of the volcano, looking like it has been gnawed through the rock by some massive burrowing beetle. The walls of the tunnel glow with ambient heat, and in places flames break forth from the rocks strewing the sides of the tunnel, lighting the way ahead. The tunnel twists and turns until eventually you reach a T-junction where it joins another curving passageway. Will you turn left (turn to **169**) or right (turn to **219**)?

110

Opening the door, you find yourself at the threshold to a large chamber which must make up a fair amount of the rear of the *Eye of the Storm*. Taking up at least half the room is a huge sphere of riveted metal. It must be at least four metres in diameter and in the front of it there is a small glass porthole. The sphere shakes perceptibly as if great energies are barely restrained within. Leading from the huge metal sphere to every other part of the chamber and beyond are thick pipes and leather-sheathed bundles of wire. Smoke and steam vent from escape valves and dodgy seals, while the humid atmosphere is filled with a cacophony of clanking metal and resounding bangs, coming from inside the sphere. Tending to the sphere

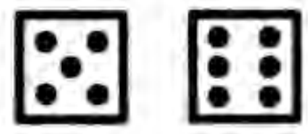

are a number of curious-looking creatures. They are short and squat – roughly the size of Dwarfs – and are completely contained within suits of stitched leather and brass helmets. From behind the tinted goggle-eyes of the helmets you can see blue sparks of electricity. They are Fulgurites – Lightning Sprites bound to Sturm's will. If you do not want to face the Fulgurites you can escape from the room, pulling the door shut behind you and turning its wheel-handle to trap them inside. (If you do this, turn to **126**, but remember that you won't be able to re-enter the Engine Room.) If you do not want to flee, you will have to face Sturm's minions in battle. Fight them two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FULGURITE	6	5
Second FULGURITE	6	4
Third FULGURITE	5	5
Fourth FULGURITE	6	5
Fifth FULGURITE	5	4
Sixth FULGURITE	6	5

If you manage to defeat all the Fulgurites, turn to **97**.

111

You travel south for a day, following the trail of destruction left by the troubling tempest. (Move the Day of the Week on 1.) By midday of the second day you crest a rise and catch sight of the glittering reflection of sunlight on water. There, traversing the wide grassy plain ahead of you is the Siltbed River. The river marks the boundary between the kingdom of

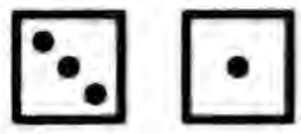

Femphrey and its troublesome neighbour Lendleland. Lendleland has long been the rival of Femphrey, jealous of the latter's fertile plains and the wealth it has dredged from Lake Cauldron to the east. But the trail of felled trees and mired roads left by the storm crosses the border and continues towards a line of distant hills over the border. You will need to be careful if you choose to cross the border and enter Lendleland. Do you want to keep following the trail south (turn to **158**) or would you rather turn round and head instead for Chalannabrad and the College of Mages (turn to **127**)?

112

His body fully ablaze now, Balthazar Sturm, in his guise as the Human Torch, reaches for you with hands alive with tongues of flame.

HUMAN TORCH	SKILL 10	STAMINA 9

If today is Fireday, add 1 point to the Human Torch's SKILL and STAMINA scores. If you reduce the Human Torch's STAMINA score to 3 points or fewer, turn to **267**.

113

You shout the name 'Vulcanus!' and a ball of furious flames explodes into being upon the bridge. The flames quickly coalesce into the shape of a fiery man. The searing heat given off by the Elemental causes beads of sweat to break out on your brow as you shield your eyes against the fury of Vulcanus' incandescent light.

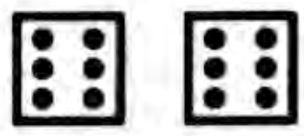

Under the heat of the Fire Elemental's ferocious onslaught, Sturm's watery body begins to boil away to nothing. And then he is gone. (If you have the codeword *Demlaceb* written on your *Adventure Sheet,* turn to **397** immediately.)

For a moment you start to believe that Vulcanus has finished Sturm off, once and for all, but your relief is short-lived when a howling gale assaults both you and the Fire Elemental. Under the force of the raging wind, with a last fiery roar Vulcanus is snuffed from existence.

A cruelly smiling face appears within the tumult of the whirlwind before you now, but you already know who it is – Balthazar Sturm has drawn the power of the hurricane into himself. But what can withstand a howling gale, as mountains resist the relentless attentions of the wind?

If you possess a Clay Statuette, turn the name etched into it into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26. Add the numbers together and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If not, turn to **284**.

114

The Elemental vanishes in an explosion of incandescent flame. The magma immediately begins to boil, throwing out great splashes of molten rock. You watch in horror as the level of the lava lake visibly begins to rise until it is lapping at the sides of the spur. You have to get out of here and fast! You turn back to the two flights of stone steps. With a

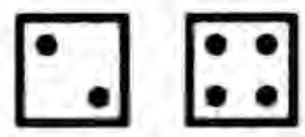

cacophonous groaning crash the left-hand staircase splinters and topples into the rising lava. You take the right-hand stairs two at a time.

While you are making your escape, time really will be of the essence. You must keep track of how long it takes you using a TIME TRACK score, which starts at 0.

At the top of the rock staircase you sprint along the ruddy-walled tunnel beyond until you come to a junction. (Add 1 to your TIME TRACK). Will you go left (turn to **174**) or keep going straight on (turn to **144**)?

115

You have been travelling for two days (move the Day of the Week on 2), and are cutting through a forest, when you hear a loud crash, as of branches being broken, as something huge barges its way through the trees towards you. Before you can take evasive action, a lumbering Giant bursts from the trees ahead of you.

The Giant is as tall as a tree and carries a cow under one arm. At his waist hangs a huge barrel of beer and in his spare hand he holds a stripped tree trunk. The Giant's clothes are stitched together from animal hides and pieces of material – cloth that might have once been a tent or the canvas of a windmill's vanes, by the looks of things. He has a broken cart-wheel on a rope around his neck like a talisman. The Giant catches sight of you and an ugly grimace twists his lumpen features.

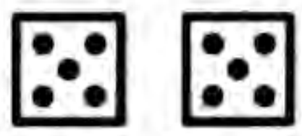

'Oo are yoo?' the Giant rumbles.

Confidently you call out your name. 'I am the Hero of Tannatown, slayer of the Crimson Witch, bearer of the dragon-slaying sword Wyrmbiter!'

'I know yoo!' the Giant booms. 'It was yoo what beat up Chief Gog Magog!'

'That's right,' you confirm cautiously.

'Then I challenge yoo to a wrestlin' match!' the Giant laughs.

A wrestling match? With a Giant? When you defeated the Giant Chieftain Gog Magog you did so with the help of staked pit and a concealed cannon. Will you:

Attack the Giant before he can attack you?	Turn to **176**
Accept the Giant's challenge?	Turn to **210**
Politely decline the challenge?	Turn to **194**

116

Forcing yourself through the water, fighting the great sucking draw of the current, you kick free of the monster's mouth just before its jaws close completely. You are lucky to have escaped with your life. Hoping that the leviathan hasn't actually realised that you've escaped, you swim towards the relative safety of the rift. Add the codeword *Retsnom* to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **146**.

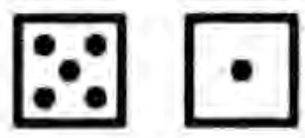

117

Ducking through the smaller archway, you reach the spiralling staircase, but which way will you go – up or down? If you want to ascend the staircase, turn to **220**. If you would rather descend the stairs, turn to **160**.

118

The instant you pull the lever back, there is a metal-shearing grinding of gears and the windmill starts to turn the other way. As it does so, the wind being generated by the contraption is drawn back into the room. The force of the cyclone now circling the chamber flattens you against the wall. And that's not all that the machine has blown back into the ship. Capricious spirits of the air are drawn into the chamber too. Crackling with static electricity and pummelling you with their violent gusts of wind, screaming the Sylphs attack. Fight them all at the same time.

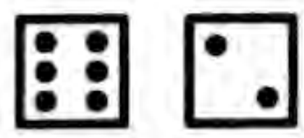

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SYLPH	7	4
Second SYLPH	6	5
Third SYLPH	6	4

If today is Windsday or Stormsday, increase the Sylphs SKILL and STAMINA scores by 1 point. If you defeat these air spirits, fighting against the gale still howling through the room, will you attack the bellows of the machine with your sword (turn to **101**), open the door marked with a lightning bolt (turn to **133**), or return to the bottom deck landing (turn to **54**)?

119

As you continue to make your way through the winding canyon, the cliffs begin to close in above you until it is almost as if you are making your way through a tunnel through the rock. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **166**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **136**.

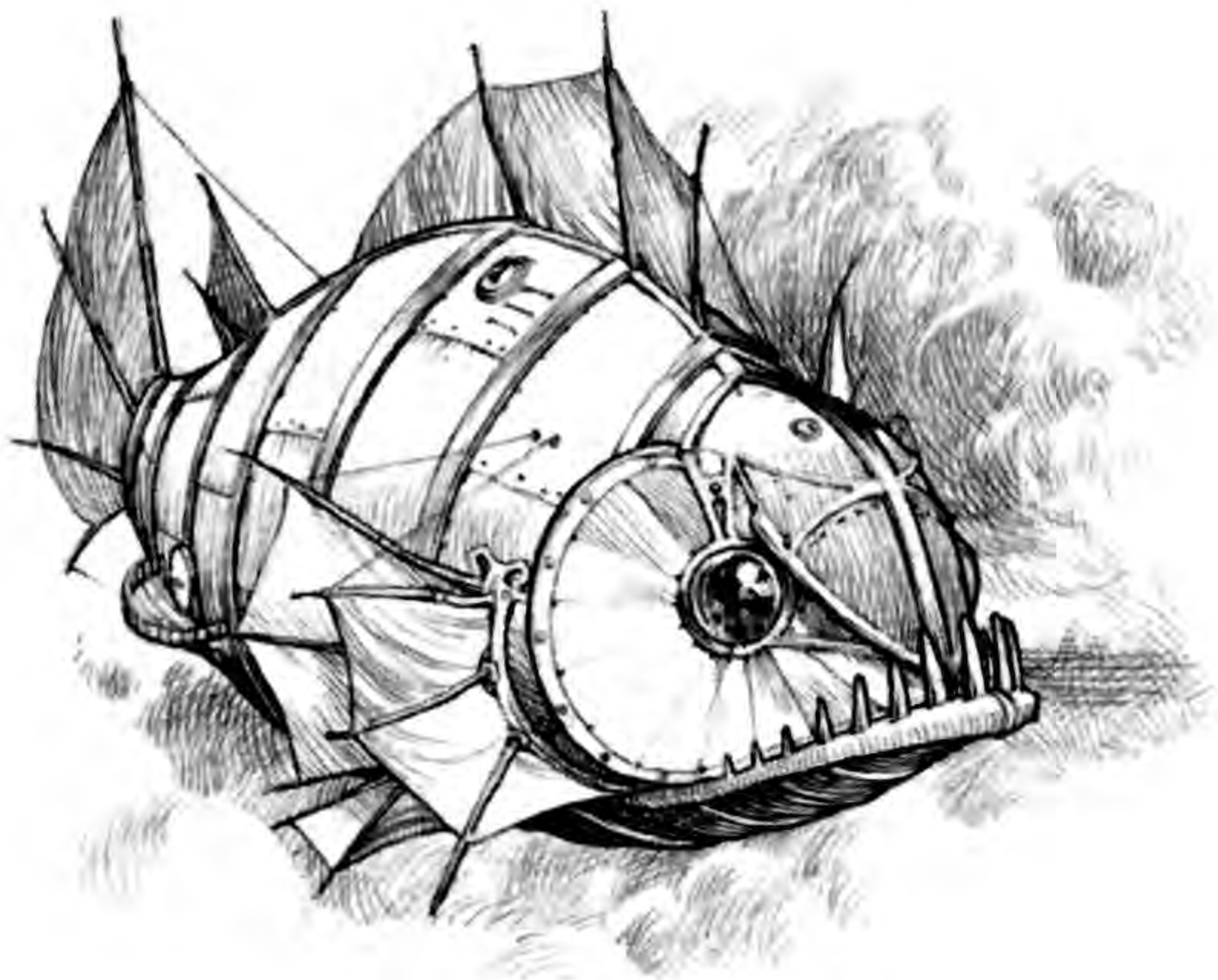

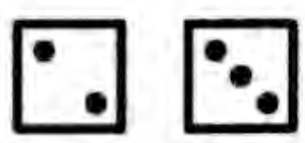

120

You hurl the bottled lightning at the monstrous creature, only for it to be batted away with the swipe of a tentacle. The flask tumbles through the water towards the reef, where it strikes an outcropping of coral and shatters. There is a blinding flash as the captured lightning is unleashed deep beneath the ocean. The monster emits an unearthly shriek and recoils. As your own vision clears, you make the most of the opportunity and attempt to make your escape into the open ocean. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **222**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **282**.

121

It strikes you that there are three groups within the city who might be able to help you with this particularly tricky problem. Will you visit:

The Brotherhood of Alchemists?	Turn to **151**
The Guild of Artificers?	Turn to **181**
The Academy of Naval Sorcerers?	Turn to **221**

122

The cart hits the junction at speed and careens around the corner on two wheels. The tracks straighten out again and the truck crashes back down onto the rails, throwing up a shower of sparks. You grip the sides of the cart, knuckles white, your face set in a terrified grimace. But your rollercoaster ride isn't over yet. You see the track drop away beneath you as the cart rolls over the top of a steep curve. Suddenly the cart

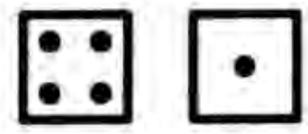

is hurtling down a near-vertical slope, plunging you into the all-enveloping darkness beneath the earth at a terrifying speed. Your bouncing lantern reveals nothing from this stygian abyss other than the precariously supported tracks as the mine-cart reaches the bottom of the dip and begins to rocket upwards again. Then you see it – a break in the line! Part of the track is missing, destroyed no doubt by some earthquake or other. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **84**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **105**.

123

You put the horn to your lips and blow. A deep, sonorous note sounds across the dusty plain, growing in force with every metre it covers. By the time the soundwave hits the sandstorm the note of the horn has already drowned out the howling voice of the gale-force winds. The dust-formed face contorts, as in some hellish scream, and then the sandstorm breaks up, before your very eyes. Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **223**.

124

Brokk gives the machine a few judicious taps with his battle-axe and then climbs up into the tunneller's cockpit. You join him as he pulls at levers and punches buttons on a brass panel in front of him. And then, with a throaty roar, the Mole's engine roars into life. 'Just as I hoped!' Brokk chuckles in delight. 'There's still some juice left in the glowstones after all. Okay,' the Dwarf declares, tugging at another lever

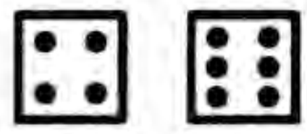

and gripping the steering control in his calloused hands as he pushes a wooden paddle on the floor with his feet, 'here goes nothing!'

And then you are off, the Mole rattling and clanking as Brokk steers it directly towards a wall of solid rock. The drill-head screeches as it runs up to speed and then, with a grinding roar, it connects with the rock-face. The machine chews through rock and mud with ease. There is nothing for you to do but sit back and enjoy the ride as Brokk directs the tunnelling machine through the earth, heading deeper and deeper into the mine.

Eventually, the mass of rock and earth in front of the machine collapses and, with a whirring scream, the drill-bit hits empty air. The Mole has ploughed through into a large natural chamber deep below the mountain. As the machine powers down, you and the Dwarf climb out of the cockpit to see where it has brought you. Add the codeword *Enihcam* to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **80**.

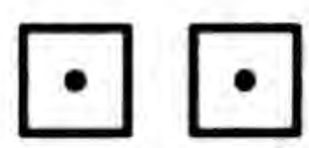

125

You find your path descending again as the tunnel curves around to the right. The passageway pulses with a suffused orange glow. There is a sudden burst of blazing light, accompanied by a fiery roar. As you lower your hand from before your eyes, you see two ethereal figures hovering in the middle of the passageway in front of you. They look like burning human skeletons, their blackened bones clothed in a body of scintillating flame. Shrieking wildly, the Bone-Fires hurtle towards you, the bony fingers of their burning hands outstretched to grab you and tear your flesh. You must fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BONE-FIRE	7	6
Second BONE-FIRE	6	6

(If today is Fireday, increase the Bone-Fires' STAMINA scores by 2 points each.) If you best these hellish spectres – the ghosts of other adventurers who died a fiery death within these tunnels – at your killing blow, their fires are snuffed out and their blackened bones turn to ash. The way ahead clear again, you press on. Turn to **103**.

126

You are standing on the middle deck of the vessel. Two steel doors lead off from the landing you now find yourself on, one to the aft and one to the fore, but neither of them have any distinguishing marks.

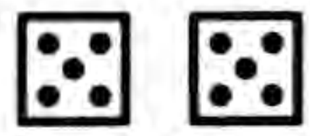

Will you:

Open the aft door (if you haven't done so already)? Turn to **110**
Open the door to the fore (if you haven't done so already)? Turn to **380**
Leave this deck and explore elsewhere? Turn to **391**

127

Not wanting to be responsible for a diplomatic incident between the two kingdoms, you turn back. After another day's travel on foot, you pass the village of Vastarin and keep on north towards the capital. Move the Day of the Week on 1 and turn to **286**.

128

Hearing a shrill whinny, you look up to see the Pegasus you saved – how many days ago now? – galloping through the sky towards you, its huge wings beating the air. The flying horse sensed your need and has flown to your aid, ready to repay its debt to you.

The Pegasus' hooves hit the ground. Grabbing its mane, you vault onto its back. With another whinny, your steed rears and then, with a powerful flap of its feathered wings, leaps into the sky. You cling onto the mane of the winged horse as it climbs higher and higher with every beat of its wings, the wind buffeting your face, the animal's hooves treading clouds beneath it.

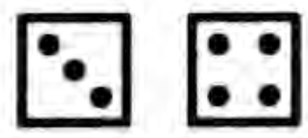

Peering through the wind you see a mass of churning, storm-black thunderheads. And there, amidst the tumult is the brass fish you saw for the first time all those days ago, after the devastation of Vastarin; Balthazar Sturm's Weather Machine! As you close on the vessel, you begin to really appreciate how huge it is! The fish's sparkling crystal eyes are observation domes; its fins, steering sails and its tail, a vast rudder. In the side of the bizarre craft you can make out an access hatch with a railed balcony in front of it.

If you have the codeword *Mortsleam* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **363**. If not, but today is Stormsday, you should also turn to **363**.

If none of these conditions are met, as the Pegasus flies as close as it can to the craft, fighting the hurricane-force winds, with a hasty prayer to the gods you throw yourself from its back ... Turn to **14**.

129

A distant keening cry, from somewhere behind and above you, causes you to spin round and you are confronted by two horribly familiar winged shapes. Swooping down at you out of the sky, are two Aakor, like the winged wolves you fought in the hills to the south-west, on your approach to the Lightning Tower. They have been watching and waiting until the moment when your strength would be at a low ebb, and have decided that the time to strike is now!

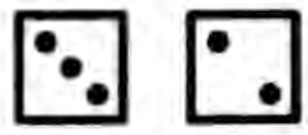

	SKILL	STAMINA
First AAKOR	7	7
Second AAKOR	6	7

If you win, cross the codeword *Detnuh* off your *Adventure Sheet*. Free of your pursuers at last, will you continue south through the Screaming Canyon along the ravine to the left (turn to **99**) or the one to the right (turn to **58**)?

130

The aging engineer snatches the blueprints from you and pours over them eagerly. 'Ah, yes,' he says, 'these are the most up-to-date schematics for the craft. This is what we built!' he announces, stabbing a finger at the draughtsman's drawings of the flying fish vessel. 'You know what,' Inigo goes on, a mad sparkle entering his eyes, 'with these, if you could ever get on board the ship, you could really do some damage.'

'How do you mean?' you ask, intrigued.

'Well, there's the Elemental Engine for a start. That's what powers the whole thing – keeps it up in the air. Damage that and the *Eye*'s going down. And then there's the Burning Glass and the Lightning Generator. Damage either of those and you'll probably start a fire!'

To ask Inigo another question, return to **335**. If you're done with questions, turn to **365**.

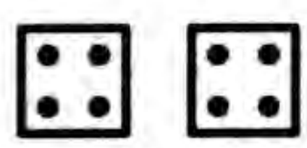

131

You wake, on hearing a blood-curdling bestial howl. The cold silver orb of the moon is high in the sky above you, framed between the branches of the trees. And there, silhouetted against the moon, are three winged wolves. The Aakor pack have found you and this time have brought reinforcements. Snarling as they bare their fangs, the animals swoop towards you on their bird-of-prey wings. Fight the Aakor two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First AAKOR	7	7
Second AAKOR	6	7
Third AAKOR	6	6
Fourth AAKOR	7	6

This time the Aakor will fight to the death. If you manage to slay all of your attackers, strike the code-word *Detnuh* from your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **40**.

132

Your suspicions were correct. The water is rich in minerals which have a miraculous restorative effect on your fatigued body. (Roll one die and regain that many STAMINA points.) Turn to **171**.

133

Opening the lightning bolt door, you enter another room containing a bizarre-looking piece of apparatus. Two brass spheres rotate from the blades of a

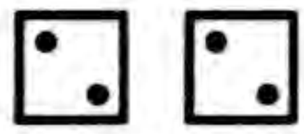

spinning central column between two vertical pillars of crackling metal plates. The energy generated in this way is fed, via heavy bundles of cables, to a metal probe that protrudes from the craft through a hole in the front of its hull. Sparks fly from the spinning machine and you realise that your hair is standing on end. This contraption is obviously generating raw lightning, and on a massive scale. Looking at the machine, trying to work out a way of stopping it, you see a vertical lever, which looks like it can be pushed to the left or the right. Will you:

Move the lever to the right?	Turn to **154**
Move the lever to the left?	Turn to **170**
Leave the Lightning Generator and return to the stairwell?	Turn to **54**

134

Seizing hold of the doorknob, you give it a turn. Immediately a powerful electric shock passes up your arm and into your body. The door swings open, but you have been badly burned and are left with an uncomfortable sensation of pins and needles in your arm (lose 3 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point). Cautiously you enter the tower, every hair on your head standing on end. Turn to **247**.

135

Your second blow lands in exactly the same spot as the first, and the stressed metal skin of the sphere fractures. You are hit by a raging torrent of raw

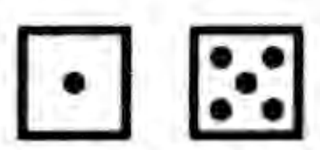

elemental energy and then, a second later, the Engine explodes. Scalding hot shards of twisted metal hurtle across the room as the blast throws you backwards to land against the door. Roll one die and add 2. This is the amount of STAMINA damage you suffer. (If you lose 6 points or more you must also lose 1 SKILL point.)

If you are still alive you pick yourself up from amidst a pile of *plinking* metal debris, relieved to discover that the Elementals appear to have left the chamber too. You stagger back through what is left of the door and onto the landing. Add 3 to your DAMAGE score and turn to **126**.

136

The first warning you get that something is wrong is the light shower of dust and pebbles that precedes the landslide itself. As the collapsing cliff top crashes down into the chasm you are already running for your life, but you still suffer a number of injuries from falling rocks and bouncing boulders. Roll one die and add 1; this is how many STAMINA points of damage you suffer. If you are still alive, you run on through the choking clouds of dust thrown up by the rock fall. Turn to **166**.

137

The door bursts open and two curious-looking contraptions hurtle through it. At first glance they appear to be animated suits of armour – not unlike the

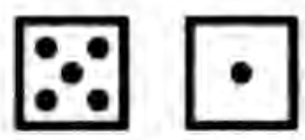

Juggernaut, only considerably smaller – but they move along on wheels rather than legs and have great glass domes where their heads should be. One of these domes is full of sloshing water and the other, a whirling gas cloud. These are further examples of Sturm's melding of the magical with the mechanical, Elemental spirits bound within the devices to do his bidding. In this case they have been sent to put out the fire you started. Seeing you as another 'problem' to be dealt with, the Elemental-automatons trundle towards you, snapping pincer-claws outstretched. Fight them at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
HYDROTOMATON	7	7
PNEUMATOMATON	8	6

(If today is Windsday, add 1 to the Pneumatomaton's SKILL and STAMINA scores, and if today is Seaday, add 1 to both the Hyrdrotomaton's SKILL and STAMINA.) If you destroy the machines, the Elemental spirits trapped inside are banished back to the Elemental Planes. Turn to **368**.

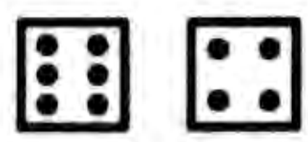

138

The cart hurtles round the bend; it is travelling faster than you realised. The precarious scaffolding beneath the rails gives way to solid rock again and the cart bumps to a stop at a set of bumpers. Dismounting from the ore truck, you set off along this new tunnel. Turn to **310**.

139

The instant you flip the lens over, it collects the sun's rays that are entering the room through the crystal roof and beams this concentrated sunlight into the chamber. In only a few seconds, the wooden floor has caught fire, and from the rising flames leap two tiny Elemental creatures. If you are to escape from this room, you are going to have to get past these two first. Fight the Fire Sprites together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FIRE SPRITE	7	4
Second FIRE SPRITE	7	4

(If today is Fireday, increase the Sprites' SKILL and STAMINA scores by 1 point.) If you reduce the Fire Sprites' STAMINA to 0, they are forced to return to the Elemental Plane of Fire. (Add 1 to your DAMAGE score and make a note of the fact that you have started a fire on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Throwing open the door, you run back onto the landing at the top of the ship. Turn to **258**.

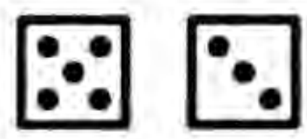

140

'I'll tell you the way we ought to go,' Brokk tells you, 'and that's right. That's it, turn right here, then right again, down the pit shaft and that's where we'll find The Mole. It's an old tunnelling machine which would speed things up a bit and no mistake, if we could get it working, that is. But it would definitely be the quickest way through the mine, and probably the safest too.' Now return to **190** and choose which way to go.

141

You are standing at the crumbling edge of the lava river. Looking up, you can just make out pieces of the rock bridge you crossed earlier through the haze. The heat coming off the oozing river of magma is tremendous; you can feel your eyebrows starting to singe! But there is a way across. Several outcroppings of black rock emerge from the lava flow, effectively forming a series of stepping stones which lead to the other side, and another tunnel. If you want to risk crossing the fiery river using the stepping stones, turn to **312**. If not, you will have to enter the passageway in the rock face behind you and look for another way through the volcano (turn to **73**).

142

As you set out at dawn the following day (move the Day of the Week on 1) you see the tower for the first time. It stands on a distant outcrop, a twisting pinnacle of metal and stone, and the trail of devastation left

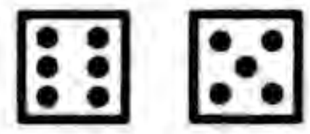

by the storm is leading you right towards it. Keeping the tower in sight, you make straight for it.

By early afternoon, you have reached the bottom of the rocky crag on which the curious tower stands, an accusing finger pointing at the vast blue bowl of the sky. You can see three different routes by which to approach the tower. The first is a fast-flowing river that descends via waterfalls and churning rapids from the top of the peak to eventually meander away through this rugged landscape. The second is a steep, boulder-strewn path, up the side of the crag. The third, and longest route, is up the other side of the exposed escarpment. If you set off now, you should reach the tower before dusk, but which path will you take?

If you want to follow the river, turn to **182**. If you want to tackle the steeper climb up the side of the crag, turn to **35**. If you want to take the longer, but easier, route up the side of the escarpment, turn to **322**.

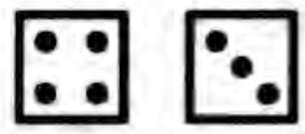

143

Two days from Lake Cauldron and halfway across the kingdom, as you head west towards the capital Chalannabrad, you enter a lonely wood. (Move the Day of the Week on 2.) Thankfully, Balthazar Sturm's influence does not appear to have touched this part of Femphrey, but that doesn't mean that there aren't other dangers to be wary of. If you have a Sabretooth Fang, turn to **329**. If not, *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **329**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **216**.

144

You come to the edge of another lava lake, crossed by a causeway. As you watch, this pathway breaks up and sinks into the rising magma. You are not going to be able to get out this way! You must add 1 to your TIME TRACK and sprint back to the junction, to go the other way. Turn to **174**.

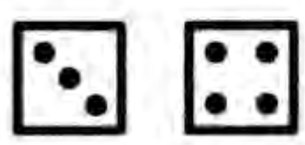

145

Suddenly the ground begins to shake beneath your feet and you stumble, dust and tiny stones falling in a shower from the roof of the tunnel. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **68**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **167**.

146

As you descend into the rift the surrounding light levels lower still further until you see everything through a twilit gloom. It is hard to make out much that isn't quite close already and everything else just appears as formless stygian shapes. You have not gone far when you find yourself approaching one of these dark silhouettes and see that it is in fact the carcass of a huge Bullwhale. Half of it has already been consumed by whatever killed it and the submarine carrion-feeders that have been picking at it since. Curved white ribs, the size of roof-beams, protrude from the rotting grey flesh of the whale's side. You have heard legends told of monsters such as this swallowing ships whole, and so having vast hoards of treasure hidden inside their bellies. It is just possible that there might be something worth having still lying in the guts of this decomposing brute. If you want to brave the innards of the Bullwhale, turn to **31**. If you would rather push on with your quest to find the Sunken Temple of Hydana, turn to **179**.

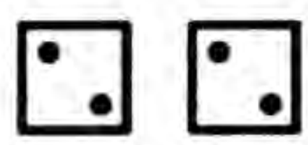

147

A shout from the crow's nest has you and Katarina running for the bulwarks. 'Over there, Captain!' the lookout bellows, pointing out to sea. 'Eel spoor!' The sea beyond the *Tempest* is in turmoil. As you watch, three great grey heads emerge from the churning white water, rising into the air on long, leathery-skinned bodies as thick as tree trunks. The Great Eels – from which the Eelsea gets its name – open fang-filled maws, ready to snatch any tasty morsel they can from the deck of the ship – and that includes you! With Wyrmbiter in your hands once more, you charge forward to meet the sea-serpents in combat, Captain Katarina at your side, scimitar drawn. The Captain takes on one of the fearsome sea monsters, leaving you to tackle the other two.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREAT EEL	9	10
Second GREAT EEL	8	9

If Prospero Seacharmer is with you, you need only fight the first of the monstrous Eels, as the wizard takes on the other with his potent magicks. If you win your battle, the Great Eels' loathsome bodies sink back under the waves, leaving the *Tempest* free to go on its way again. Turn to **359**.

148

You eventually reach a spot where several ravines converge. Still a long way ahead, you are now able to make out a towering stack of wind-sculpted rock,

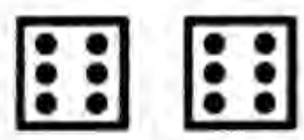

rising many metres into the sky above the canyon floor. You can't shake the feeling that ultimately this is where you need to get to. Two more gorges lead south from here, but neither appears to head directly towards the wind-carved stack. If you have the code-word *Detnuh* written on your *Adventure Sheet,* turn to **129** at once. If not, which way will you head now? Left (turn to **99**) or right (turn to **58**)?

149

Hearing a shout from above you, you look up and can't help but smile as you see Corbo Rundum's hot air balloon sailing overhead. 'Looks like you could do with a lift!' the balloonist calls down from the basket, and a moment later the end of a rope drops down beside you. 'Sorry, no time to land! Grab hold and hang on!' Not needing to be told twice, you grab hold of the rope as Corbo shouts, 'Up, up and away!'

The balloon rises steadily into the air, carrying you higher and higher over fields, towns and rivers that rapidly dwindle into miniature beneath you. Higher and higher you climb, travelling further and further over the storm-wracked landscape as the balloon is carried on the wind towards the middle of the kingdom.

'Thar she blows!' Corbo suddenly shouts over the rising gale. 'The one that got away!'

Ahead of the balloon you see a tempestuous mass of anvil-headed storm-clouds. And there, amidst the

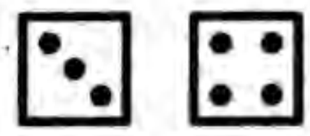

towering thunderheads, is the brass fish you saw all those days ago, after the devastation of Vastarin; Balthazar Sturm's weather-altering ship. It looks huge up close – bigger than an Arantian galleon! The fish's sparkling crystal eyes are observation domes at the front of the vessel; its fins, steering sails and its tail, a vast rudder. In the side of the vessel you can make out a round access hatch with a rail-guarded balcony in front of it.

If you have the codeword *Mortsleam* written on your *Adventure Sheet,* turn to **363**. If not, but today is Stormsday, you should also turn to **363**.

If none of these conditions are met, as Corbo's balloon sails over the top of the *Eye of the Storm,* with a hasty prayer to the gods, you let go of the rope ... Turn to **14**.

150

You open the sluice-valves so that they all feed the water backed up behind the dam through the outlet channel quickly and safely. With a great rushing roar, the outflow river becomes a raging torrent but it does not burst its banks and steadily the water level on the lakeward side of the dam begins to drop. You have relieved the pressure on the dam and saved the village as a result. Regain 2 LUCK points.

Giles and the rest of the villagers are full of gratitude for what you have done for them. They insist on rewarding you by giving you what little produce they

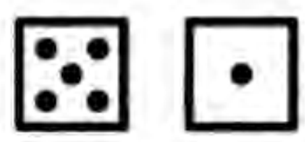

can scrape together. When you eventually leave to continue your quest, you do so with 4 extra Meals in your Provisions, a Jug of Cider (which, when drunk, will restore up to 3 STAMINA points and add 1 to your Attack Strength for the next battle you fight) and 10 Gold Pieces.

Two days later (move the Day of the Week on 2), the incessant rain has stopped, and you reach the borders of the wilderness known as the Howling Plains. Turn to **83**.

151

After some asking around, you find yourself inside the establishment of one Mendelev Quicksilver. The crazed-looking pseudo-scientist – with his scorched robe and soot-smeared face – claims to have just what you need, a Potion of Underwater Breathing, but it will set you back a tidy 7 Gold Pieces. If you are happy (and able) to pay this, add the Potion of Underwater Breathing to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **252**. If not, you will have to visit the Guild of Artificers (turn to **181**) or the Academy of Naval Sorcerers (turn to **221**) instead.

152

The *tap-tap-tap* of your footsteps echoes around the gallery, the acoustics of the chamber having an amplifying effect on the vibrations. Before you know it, the stalactites are singing with strained harmonics, producing their own high-pitched whine. Hearing a

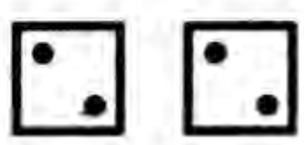

crack, you immediately launch yourself across the chamber, determined to get to the other side as quickly as you can. Roll one die and add 1; this is the number of stone spears that break free of the roof and hit you (lose that many STAMINA points). If you survive, turn to **171**.

153

Making a series of peculiar gestures while muttering incomprehensible syllables under his breath, Matteus casts his spell. You half expect to feel different in some way or for your boots to show signs of having been enchanted, but nothing looks or feels any different. However Matteus assures you that the spell will have worked. 'To activate the enchantment, simply click your heels together three times,' the mage explains, 'and you will find that a journey that would normally take several days will take only a matter of minutes.' You will be told in the text when you can activate the enchantment, but for now add the Seven League Boots to your *Adventure Sheet*. Do you want to use the boots straight away? If so, turn to **2**; if not, turn to **193**.

154

You push the lever over and it locks into position, preventing you from moving it back again. You watch, slightly disconcerted, as the brass balls start to spin faster. The machine is generating even higher levels of static electricity now – you can feel it crackling from your fingertips.

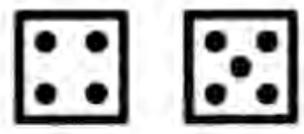

There is a sudden crack, like a lightning strike, and a ball of scintillating energy pops into existence inside the chamber. Great arcs of static fly from its crackling outer corona. Tasting the enchantments bound to your magical sword, the Fetch glides towards you, intent on draining the blade's magical potential. You must fight this curious electrical creature.

FETCH SKILL 11 STAMINA 6

If you are fighting the ball of scintillating electricity using Wyrmbiter and you win an Attack Round, both you and the Fetch suffer 2 points of damage as the creature shorts out! If you have another weapon with which to fight the Fetch (such as a Warhammer or a Mace) you will not suffer this damage, but to change weapons will take one Attack Round, during which the Fetch gets an unopposed strike against you.

If you win your battle, the Fetch disappears in a violent flash. Unable to do anything else to damage the Lightning Generator, you have no choice but to leave the room and return to the stairwell. Turn to **54**.

155

Not much further on, the tunnel runs to an end within a spectacular cavern that is thick with huge crystalline growths. They are a myriad of translucent colours. One crystal stands out more than the rest. It glimmers with an inner flickering light. Looking closer you see the crystal's internal fire seemingly form the letter I. (If you want to take it, add the Fire

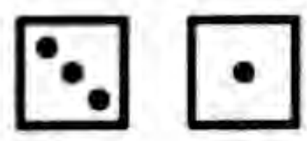

Crystal and its letter to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Retreating from the dead-end, you return to the last T-junction and take the other path. Turn to **125**.

156

Striding over the wreckage of the fallen automaton, you grasp the handle of the door in front of you. If you have started a fire, add 2 to your DAMAGE score. If your DAMAGE score is now 12 or higher, turn to **137**; if it is still less than 12, turn to **368**.

157

For three days you head north-east, under an almost permanently overcast sky. (Move the Day of the Week on 3.) Gradually, green fields give way to scrubby heathland, which in turn becomes the foetid mire that borders the shores of mist-shrouded Lake Eerie and the town that takes its name from the sinister mere.

The town lies under a dark cloud; threatening storm-clouds mass overhead, turning the day so dark that you could have sworn it was dusk. There is an air of anxious expectancy within the town of Eerieside, as if the building pressure of the storm was affecting the townsfolk in some way too. Arriving within the market square you come across a gathering hunting party. Approaching a lean-faced man with a wolf-hound restrained on a chain, you ask him what has brought the hunters to Eerieside.

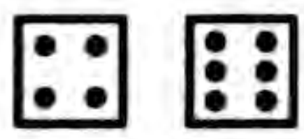

'Haven't you heard?' he asks in a conspiratorial whisper. 'Word is the Stormdrake has awoken and is on the loose.'

The Stormdrake – you have heard tell of this monster yourself. The legend goes that when the Stormdrake flies, apocalyptic storms will assault the land, leaving waste in its wake. Can it really be that such a creature actually exists? You had thought that the terrible weather was down to Balthazar Sturm's Weather Machine.

'So you're all planning on tracking it to its lair and putting an end to it,' you say.

'That's right. And put an end to this terrible weather,' the hunter says. 'Only we're not in this together. The mayor's offering a reward to whoever brings back proof that the monster's dead. Here, you look like you might be a bit handy with that sword of yours. Why don't we go after the Stormdrake together? I'll split the reward with you, fifty-fifty. What do you say?'

Do you want to join the hunter and go after the Stormdrake? If so, turn to **313**. If not, you see no point in hanging around the dour town of Eerieside – you've been here before and it's a grim, unwelcoming place – so set off again. Another two days of walking brings you into the foothills of the Witchtooth Mountains. Move the Day of the Week on 2 and turn to **250**.

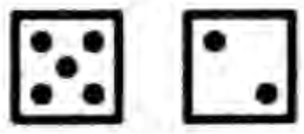

158

Having crossed the Siltbed River, not wanting to draw unwanted attention to yourself from the sallow-skinned Lendlelanders, you are grateful when the trail left by the storm leads you off the main highway and into a low range of hills to the south.

Cresting another rise amidst the scrubby hills you are surprised to see what looks like a fighting force massing in the valley below. Lendleland is known for the quality of its horses but many of them are employed by tribes of barbarian horsemen, and you are looking down on one such barbarian encampment right now. But why is an army of horsemen massing so close to the border of Femphrey at this time? Could it have anything to do with the strange storm that devastated Vastarin?

Do you want to try to infiltrate the barbarian camp by stealth, to find out what's going on (turn to **307**), or would you rather steer well clear and go on your way through the hills (turn to **175**)?

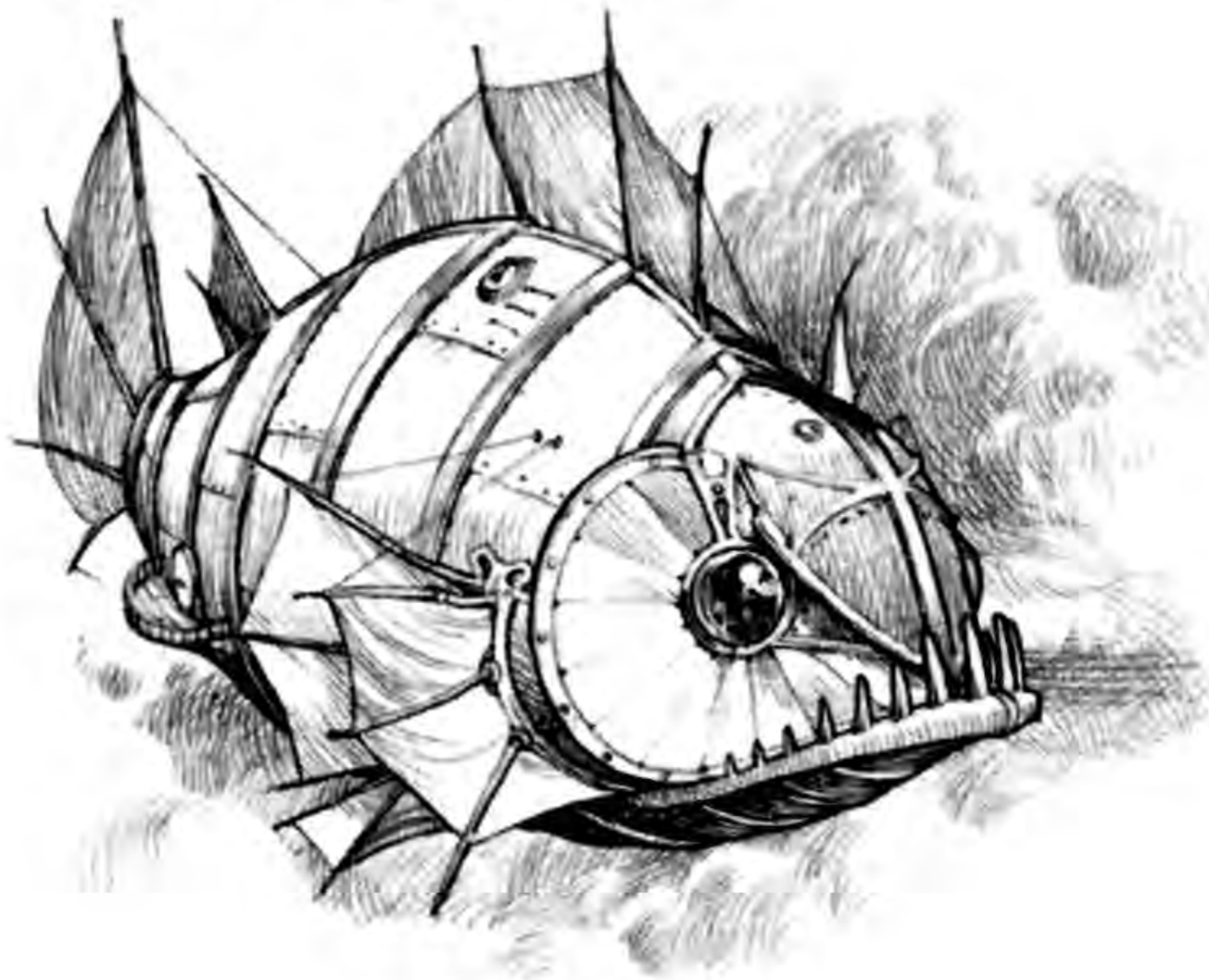

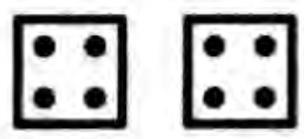

159

The Keeper raises one arm and points it straight at you. A spiralling vortex of air hits you, picking you up and carrying you backwards, through the natural arch. For a moment you think that you are going to be dropped back down the side of the stack but the conjured whirlwind carries you gently to the sandy floor of the canyon. Your audience with the mysterious Keeper of the Four Winds concluded, you set off again, making your way back through the Screaming Canyon, eventually reaching the borderlands of the Howling Plains. Move the Day of the Week on 1 and turn to **394**.

160

The spiralling staircase takes you deep into the rocky strata of the crag beneath the tower. The staircase is unlit, but just as the light from above is failing, a faint light appears at the bottom of the stairs. You come to a small iron door with a heavy-looking padlock securing it shut. It looks like whoever owns the tower doesn't want whatever is inside from getting out. However you notice that there is a large iron key hanging on a hook on the wall beside the door. Will you:

Unlock the door and open it?	Turn to **335**
Listen at the door before deciding whether to open it or not?	Turn to **285**
Keep descending the staircase?	Turn to **188**

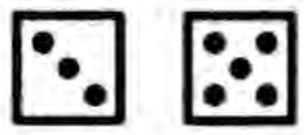

161

For the rest of the day you are treated like a king. Healers tend your wounds, a notable physician plies you with restorative elixirs, the local blacksmith makes repairs to your armour, and that night you are guest of honour at a great feast. The next morning, having spent the night in the most comfortable bed you have ever slept in, in the finest hostelry in the town, you set off for the Howling Plains again. (Restore both your SKILL and STAMINA scores to their *Initial* levels and regain up to 2 LUCK points.) Three days later you find yourself in the baking scrub that becomes the dusty desolation of the Howling Plains. Move the Day of the Week on 4 and turn to **83**.

162

Turning the lens by 90 degrees, you wait to see what will happen. In only a matter of seconds, the huge magnifying glass has focused the sun's rays entering through the crystal dome of the roof, projecting a beam of concentrated sunlight at a point on the ground far beneath the Weather Machine. Curious to see the result for yourself, you peer through the telescope and are horrified to see that the Burning Glass has set fire to the thatched roof of a mill far below. (Lose 1 LUCK point.) What will you do now?

Smash the lens? Turn to **192**

Flip the lens so that the concave side faces into the room? Turn to **139**

Leave the Sun room before you cause any more suffering? Turn to **258**

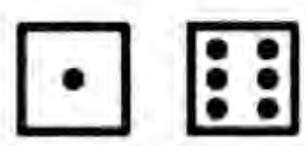

163

You are halfway across the hold when the ship's skeletal crew animate. You have trespassed within their galleon and must pay the price. As the skeletons come to life, you make a break for freedom, skeletal fingers clawing at your clothes and body.

SKELETON CREW SKILL 6 STAMINA 12

Fight the skeletal sailors as if they were one creature, as you run the gauntlet of clawing hands and snapping skulls. If you reduce the Crew's STAMINA to zero, it means that you have made it through the hold, escaping through the hole in the ship's side. Thankfully the undead sailors do not attempt to follow you out of the ship but you decide against exploring the wreck further and so make your way back to the fissure in the sea-bed. Turn to **6**.

164

Giving yourself a bit of a run up, you launch yourself at the door, your shoulder square on to the iron-banded boards. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA, the door bursts open under the force of your charge (turn to **247**). If the number rolled is greater than your STAMINA score, the door resists your best efforts to break it open and you jar your shoulder badly (lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA points). You have no choice other than to try more conventional means to open the door (turn to **134**).

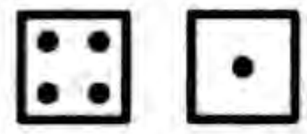

165

You find a barge owner called Koll who, along with his wife and teenage son, is making the journey east, taking spices to sell in the market towns of Bathoria. (Deduct 6 Gold Pieces.) Travelling by boat along the incredible River of Fire is a very pleasant way to spend a day. (Move the Day of the Week on 1 and regain 1 STAMINA point on top of what you would anyway.)

During the journey, Koll tells you that he heard from another bargeman moored at Shard Wharf, that the south-west of the kingdom is suffering terrible floods at the moment, and that there is even talk of the mythical Stormdrake having taken to the skies once again.

Parting company with the barge owner and his family at last, you proceed again on foot and are soon scrambling up the black volcanic slopes of Mount Pyre itself. Turn to **109**.

166

You emerge from the winding chasms of the Screaming Canyon at the base of an imposing stack of sand-scoured and wind-carved rock. It rises vertically from the valley floor, a column of narrow ledges, treacherous overhangs and sheer rock faces, but you know, within your heart of hearts, that the mystical aid you have travelled all this way to find, is to be found at the top of this stack. If you have a Rope and Grapple or a Potion of Levitation (and you would like to use it now), turn to **256**. If not, turn to **196**.

167

The shaking continues, and gets worse. The mine must be suffering another earthquake. You sprint forwards as a pit-prop crashes to the floor behind you, bringing half the roof with it. Another prop, loosened by the seismic shocks, comes down on top of you. (Lose 3 STAMINA points). Pulling yourself free of the fallen beam, nursing a lump the size of a phoenix's egg on your head, you stagger onwards as the rumbling subsides again. Turn to **68**.

168

'Zephyrus!' you call. 'Zephyrus, I need you!' Suddenly the wind begins to rise, blowing from the west.

Hurtling towards you, carried on the wind, is an ethereal figure, with the upper body of a powerfully-muscled giant but who, from the waist down, is a whirling vortex of air. In fact – he *is* the wind!

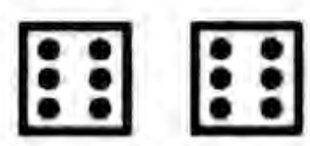

'You called and I have come,' the Air Elemental says with a voice formed from the howling gale. 'Command and I shall obey!'

'Carry me to the Eye of the Storm!' you order Zephyrus, shouting to be heard over the gale. (Cross Zephyrus's name off your *Adventure Sheet* – you may not call on his help again.)

The Elemental manifestation of the West Wind lifts you high into the sky. Fields, towns and rivers fly by beneath you as Zephyrus carries you further and further over the storm-wracked kingdom of Femphrey, now far below you.

And then you see it! Zephyrus is carrying you directly towards a broiling mass of near-black storm-clouds – and there, amidst the towering thunderheads is the brass fish you saw all those days ago, after the devastation of Vastarin; Balthazar Sturm's abominable Weather Machine. It looks huge – bigger than a Bullwhale! Its sparkling crystal eyes are observation domes in the front of the vessel, its fins and tail, steering sails and a vast rudder. In the side of the elementally-powered vessel you see an access hatch with a railed balcony before it.

If you have the codeword *Mortsleam* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **363**. If not, but today is Stormsday, you should also turn to **363**.

If none of these conditions are met, with one final breath of wind, Zephyrus sends you on your way

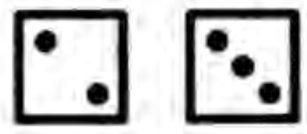

towards the approaching vessel that lies within the eye of the storm (turn to **14**).

169

The tunnel ascends in a tightening spiral until it emerges onto the inner face of the volcano's crater. Smoke and foul-smelling fumes rise from the bubbling lava that you can see far, far below you, making you gag and your eyes water. The path you have been following continues as a ledge that curves around until it reaches a nest – of sorts – apparently made from charcoal-black branches in a cleft in the rock. But what sort of creature would build its nest in the cone of a volcano?

That question is answered when you hear a screeching cry and look up. Blinking through the shimmering heat-haze you see a hideous, bat-winged creature flapping towards you. It has ugly, humanoid features, bat-like wings in place of arms and its stringy legs end in razor-sharp talons. Shrieking, the Blisterwing attacks!

BLISTERWING SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

For the duration of this battle, reduce your Attack Strength by 1, due to the smoke and noxious vapours rising from the volcano's cone. If you kill the nasty creature, do you want to climb the ledge to search its nest (turn to **199**), or will you re-trace your steps instead, returning to the junction to continue along the tunnel the other way (turn to **219**)?

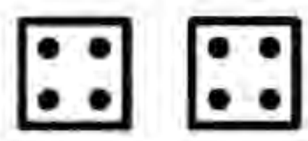

170

Cranking the lever to the left appears to cut-off the feed to the lightning conductor but the spheres are still spinning and electricity is still being generated. Small bolts of lightning leap from the crackling columns, striking at random the chamber walls. One finds your sword and gives you a jolt (lose 2 STAMINA points). Another spark finds a discarded oily rag which bursts into flame. (Add 1 to your DAMAGE score and record that you have started a fire on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Quickly backing out of the chamber as the fire starts to spread, you head back to the landing. Turn to **54**.

171

Leaving the cave behind you, you enter another tunnel that twists and turns until it finally emerges into another large, natural chamber, deep below the mountains. The arch of a natural stone bridge spans

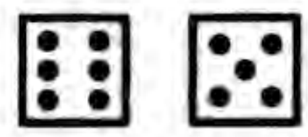

the centre of the cavern, the floor of which drops away below it, lined with the upward pointing spears of ancient stalagmites. The only way onward is over the bridge. You are halfway across when you are assaulted by a high-pitched, high-speed clicking sound, and two Giant Bats swoop down from their roost among the stalactites in the roof of the cave and attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GIANT BAT	5	7
Second GIANT BAT	5	6

If you lose two Attack Rounds in a row, turn to **201**. You may choose to escape from the Bats by running across the bridge, but must forfeit one Attack Round in the process. (You may also drink a Potion of Levitation before this battle, if you wish, which means you can ignore the two lost Attack Rounds rule, but you also then forfeit the chance to escape from the fight.) If you leave this cavern with your life, turn to **273**.

172

The moment you set the last tumbler to the right position the Juggernaut grinds to an immediate halt. Steam hisses from the joints of its steel limbs, accompanied by a descending metal whine, as its sorcery-imbued mechanisms power down. You have stopped the seemingly unstoppable! Regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **156**.

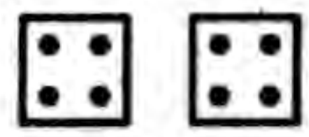

173

Wyrmbiter begins to glow with its own esoteric energies. In response you see other features appear within the whirling cyclone of dust and sand as arms reach out of it, huge hands ready to pick you up and toss you into the air – all composed from abrasive sand and grit. The Sandstorm isn't going to give up the balloonist without a fight.

SANDSTORM SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

(If today is Windsday, add 1 to the Sandstorm's SKILL score and 2 points to its STAMINA.) If you lose an Attack Round to the Elemental, roll one die and consult the table below to see what damage you suffer. (You may use LUCK to reduce any damage caused in the usual way.)

Dice Roll	*Attack and Damage*
1–2	Sand-blasted – the Elemental hurls itself against you, bombarding your body with abrasive sand. Lose 3 STAMINA points.
3–5	Fists of Fury – the Elemental hits you with its sandpaper rough fists. Lose 2 STAMINA points.
6	Swept off your feet – the Elemental lifts you into the air on a spiralling column of air and then lets you fall back down to the ground. Roll 1 dice and lose that many STAMINA points.

If you manage to defeat the Sand Elemental, turn to **223**.

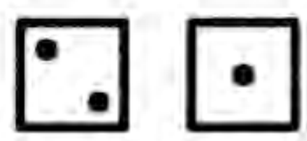

174

You find yourself running through a cloud of venting, sulphurous gas but press on regardless. Moments later, you emerge on the other side and facing another junction. (Add 1 to your TIME TRACK.) Will you head left (turn to **204**) or right (turn to **224**)?

175

Now that you know there is a barbarian army gathering in the next valley, you start to feel uneasy. You may be a renowned hero, but a lone adventurer against the might of an army on horseback wouldn't stand a chance – not even you!

You are roused from your thoughts by the sound of horses' hoofs on the stony track ahead of you, and a moment later catch sight of two sallow-skinned Lendlelander horsemen coming your way. You have accidentally run into a patrol from the camp back in the valley. Will you:

Try to hide from the horsemen?	Turn to **235**
Prepare to face them in battle?	Turn to **264**
Run for it?	Turn to **205**

176

Shouting a battle-cry, you charge the Giant with your weapon raised high above your head. The Giant gives a bellow and prepares to meet your attack with his huge tree-trunk club.

GIANT SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

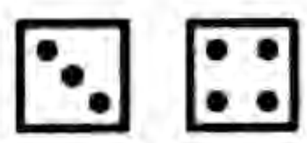

177

If the Giant makes a successful strike against you, roll one die and consult the table below.

Dice roll	*Effect*
1–2	You suffer a glancing blow from the club. Lose 2 STAMINA points.
3–4	The Giant delivers a powerful strike. Lose 3 STAMINA points.
5	You are knocked down. Lose 2 STAMINA points and reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the next Attack Round, as you pick yourself up.
6	You are sent flying. Lose 3 STAMINA points and reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the next Attack Round, as you struggle to get to your feet.

If you slay the Giant, you are able to continue on your way again. You travel for another two days without meeting any other resistance. Move the Day of the Week on 2 and turn to **250**.

177

Kicking off from a sturdy oak joist, you launch yourself at the door. The sea-rotted planks crumble as you collide with them and break into the ship's strong-room, as you suspected you would. Standing there amidst the rotted remains of treasure sacks and crab-pillaged boxes is a treasure chest of much sturdier construction – it's made from solid iron. Although the surface is red with rust you are unable to force the strong box. The only way you are going to open it is if

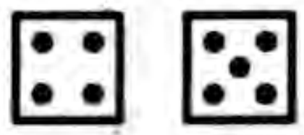

you have a Golden Key that fits its gleaming golden lock. If you do, turn to the paragraph with the same number of 'teeth' as the key. If not, you have no choice but to leave the sunken treasure room (turn to **163**).

178

You wend your way between the towering cliffs, under the merciless stare of the Sun Goddess, sweat dripping from your body. Your attention is suddenly caught by something flashing in the sunlight. Shielding your eyes from the sun, you see the Birdman just in time, the sun reflecting from the blade of the crude spear it is clutching in its taloned hands.

BIRDMAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

With the Birdman dead you will be able to continue your journey again. Turn to **79**.

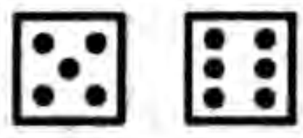

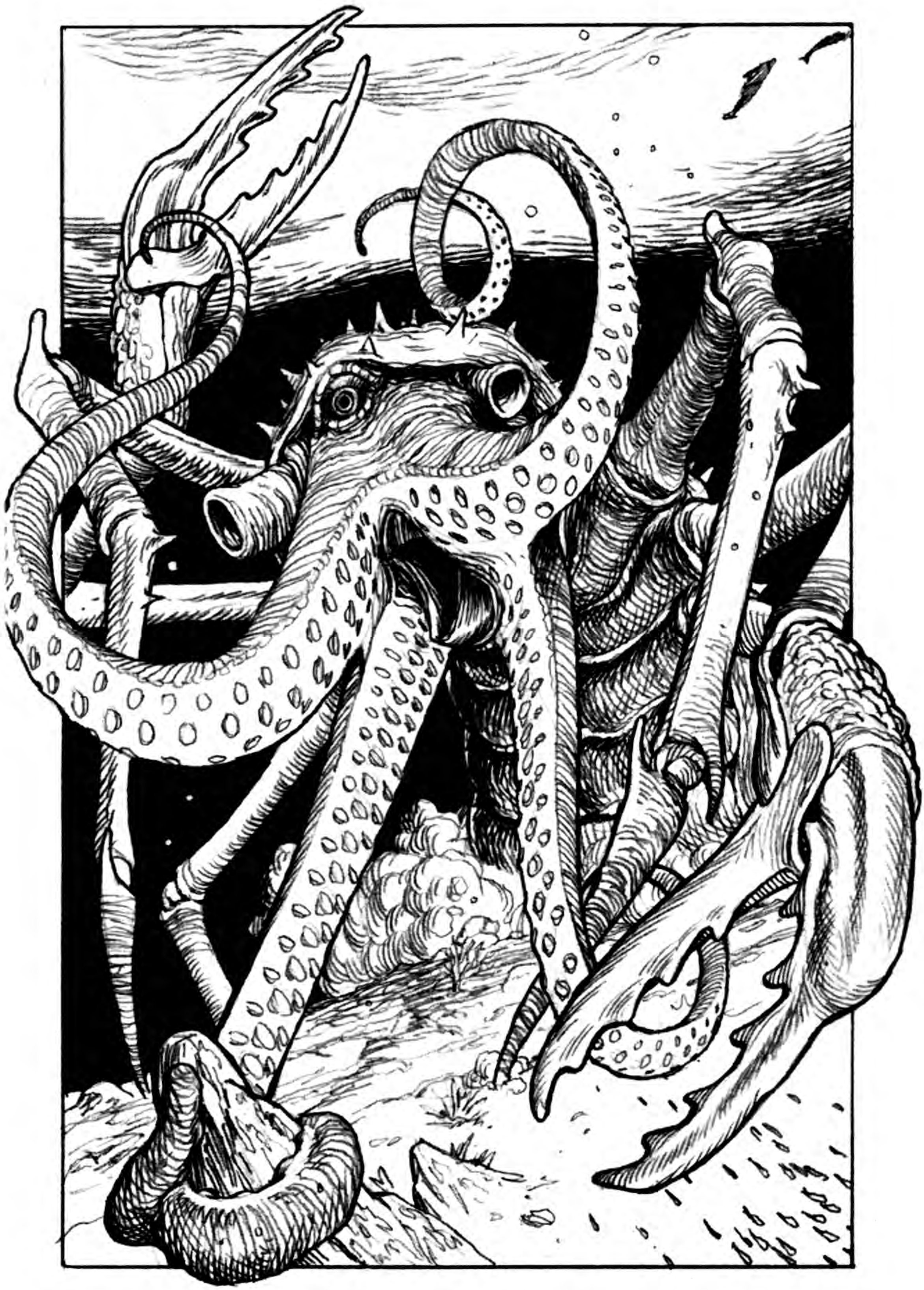

179

As you progress further into the rift, so the encroaching gloom increases. As the open ocean appears ahead of you, you find yourself standing at the edge of another underwater precipice. Cautiously you peer over the edge; the continental shelf drops away into abyssal darkness with no sign of ever ending. You dread to think what lives down there. Looking right you can see nothing, but then you look to the left. Could that be a fallen column? Is it just possible that you have reached the Sunken Temple of the Sea God at last?

Just as you're thinking that nothing's ever that easy, you feel a rumbling beneath your feet, a disturbance in the water around you, and then it appears. Rising from the abyssal depths of the ocean is some nightmarish demon of the deep. It looks like a hideous cross between a monstrous crustacean and a giant octopus – and it is huge! The monster pulls itself up onto the shelf with its coiling tentacles and starts to drag itself towards you, two huge pincer-claws snapping menacingly. From the mass of flesh that is its body, looming above you, you fancy you see a watery eye watching you intently. You sense that the monster is intent on devouring you, but how are you going to defend yourself against such a creature?

If you have the Spark of Life, and want to use it, multiply the number associated with it by 20 and turn to that paragraph. If not, will you draw your sword (turn to **242**), or attempt to flee (turn to **282**).

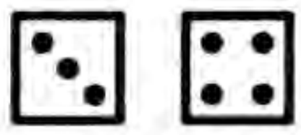

180

Perplexed by the problem of the sluices, much as you would like to help Giles and the people of Tumbleweir, you wouldn't have a clue what you were doing and might actually make things worse for them.

It is only when you are outside the sluice-house that you realise that the consequences of your failure to solve the problem could be catastrophic. Terrible creaking groans are coming from the dam and you can see trickles of water cascading from between the wooden struts and copper pipework that make up the structure. Time is running out for the people of Tumbleweir, but there is nothing you can do ... Is there?

If you have the codeword *Naromroc* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **355** at once. If not, turn to **372**.

181

Having stated your business you are ushered into the guild and taken before a tall, bespectacled man, wearing a heavy leather apron and impressive-looking tool-belt. When you enter his workshop he is busy putting the finishing touches to a large spherical

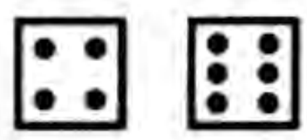

contraption of brass, glass and wood, big enough to carry a man. 'It's a Submarine Conveyancing Carriage,' he explains, taking in the uncomprehending look on your face. 'Let me introduce myself. I'm Brindle Deep but most people call me Briny – as in Briny Deep. Get it? Well anyway, I'm something of a specialist when it comes to submersibles and submarine matters.' Briny gets very excited when you tell him what it is you need. 'Now that I *can* help you with,' he declares proudly. 'I've been working on my patented Breathing Helmet for some time now; I just need somebody to test it out for me.' He hands you a heavy brass helmet, with a glass viewing pane in the front, attached to two brass cylinders. 'The helmet goes over your head and the cylinders, which strap onto your back, feed a controlled stream of air into it, allowing you to breathe underwater. As it's still only a prototype, I won't charge you if you'd like to try it out for me at sea. Just try to bring it back in one piece.' If you want to accept Briny Deep's generous, if rather unnerving, offer add the Breathing Helmet to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **252**. If you would rather not risk your life trying out some untested new-fangled device, will you pay a visit to the Brotherhood of Alchemists (turn to **151**) or the Academy of Naval Sorcerers (turn to **221**) instead?

182

Clambering over mossy rocks and along the muddy paths that skirt the fast-flowing river, you make good time and soon see the tower more clearly above you,

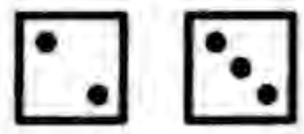

as the twisting watercourse curves around the peak from its summit. Rounding a bend you see that the path you are following comes to an abrupt end before a sheer rock face. The only way onwards is to cross the river where it surges between the slippery water-smoothed boulders of a course of rapids. Cautiously you set out across the precarious steppingstones formed by the boulders.

You are halfway across the river when the surging flow starts to quicken and white-crested waves begin breaking against the stones on which you are balancing. Suddenly a large wave rises up from the river, looking like it is about to crash right over your head, but then stops. You see an indistinct face appear at its crest, while two spumes of water separate from its sides and lash out at you. You are under attack from an Undine – a malicious water spirit – that is intent on knocking you off the rocks in the hope that it can then drown you in the river.

UNDINE SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

(If today is Seaday, increase both the Undine's SKILL and STAMINA scores by 1 point. However, if today is Fireday, reduce the Undine's SKILL and STAMINA scores by 1.) Being made from the waters of the river, the Undine batters you with jets of water which will only cause you 1 STAMINA point of damage if the Elemental creature hits you. However, every time the Undine wins an Attack Round, roll one die; on a roll of 6 turn to **212** immediately. If you defeat the water

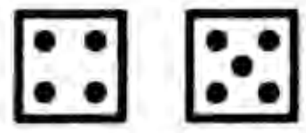

spirit, you are able to continue on your way to the top of the peak (turn to **51**).

183

A savage snarl rips cuts through the tormented air, as cold and as sharp as the freezing talons that suddenly make a grab for you out of the snowstorm. You are caught across the shoulder. (Lose 3 STAMINA points, unless you are wearing a Sun Talisman, in which case you only lose 2.) Turn to **261**.

184

Opening the door you step down into a cramped and cluttered cabin. It is filled with all manner of curious paraphernalia. There are shelves crammed with books, a map-desk, and there may even be a bed in here somewhere. If so, it must be under all the maps and charts that cover nearly every surface. Among the papers littering the desk, you find a large map of the kingdom of Femphrey, a leather-bound journal that would appear to be the ship's log book, and a set of plans for some strange-looking apparatus. On the other side of the cabin is another plain wooden door. Will you:

Examine the map?	Turn to **198**
Take a look at the Log Book?	Turn to **215**
Study the plans?	Turn to **229**
Open the other wooden door?	Turn to **259**
Return to the landing?	Turn to **54**

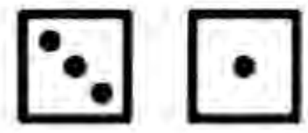

185

You enter the tunnel beyond the archway and follow its twists and turns until you come to yet another T-junction. Do you want to turn left (turn to **155**) or right (turn to **125**)?

186

You pull down the wooden planks and advance warily along the passageway. Your lantern casts eerie, flickering shadows onto the enclosing walls, causing you to jump more than once at imagined phantoms. There is a loud pop as something suddenly gives beneath your foot. You immediately take a step back but hear another pop as you crush something beneath your heel. A cloud of grey-green spores erupts into the air around you from the burst puffballs covering the tunnel floor. So that is why the tunnel had been closed off – the place is infested with poisonous fungi! You start to cough uncontrollably as your body reacts to the toxins in the spores. (Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point as you become dizzy and disorientated.) You stagger back out of the tunnel, gulping down great lungfuls of clean, damp air, between convulsing coughs, as you stumble into the other tunnel. Turn to **310**.

187

Weakening under your relentless assault, Sturm's watery body evaporates and disappears. Can it be that you have beaten him at last? (If you have the

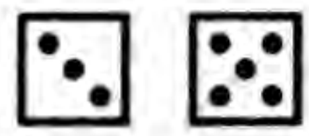

codeword *Demlaceb* written on your *Adventure Sheet,* turn to **397** immediately.)

Your relief is short-lived when a howling gale assaults the bridge. You are pushed back by the force of the raging wind. A cruelly smiling face appears within the whirlwind before you, a face that is now horribly familiar – Balthazar Sturm! But what can withstand the awesome power of a hurricane, as the mountains resist the unrelenting wind?

If you possess a Clay Statuette, turn the name etched into it into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 … Z=26. Add the numbers together and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If not, turn to **284**.

188

The light gets brighter with every descending turn of the stair until you finally reach the bottom. A strong wind whipping at your body, you find yourself standing at the edge of a stone platform which juts out over a precipitous drop down into the river valley below. You have passed right through the overhanging cliff of the crag! You quickly take in the rest of your surroundings. On the wall behind you hang what appear to be a number of backpacks. A heavy-looking chain secured to the platform by means of a large iron ring trails over the edge of the drop. Will you:

Look at the backpacks more closely?	Turn to **202**
Pull on the chain?	Turn to **255**

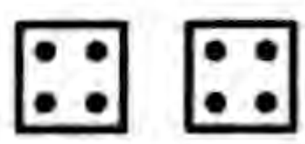

Return to the locked iron door? Turn to **285**
Ascend the staircase again and explore the upper levels of this strange tower (if you haven't done so already)? Turn to **220**
Ascend the staircase and leave the tower? Turn to **398**

189

And so you come in sight of Lake Cauldron. Also known as Crystal Lake, due to the fact that the minerals in the water, carried from the volcanic Mount Pyre by the River of Fire, react with hot springs in the latter to form crystals, it takes you the best part of a day to circumnavigate it but as dusk falls you see the twinkling lights of Shard Wharf ahead of you.

This trading post has grown up where the River of Fire empties into Lake Cauldron. Mount Pyre lies within the mountainous highlands of Mauristatia that stand at the heart of the Old World, and is still some days' travel further east. A number of boats navigate the steaming river trading goods between Femphrey and the principalities of Mauristatia. Passage upriver will cost you 6 Gold Pieces. If you would like to buy passage on one of these boats to speed your journey along (and can afford the money), turn to **165**. If not, you will have to continue on foot through the rugged terrain that borders the gently simmering waterway (turn to **232**).

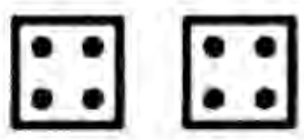

190*

'Fathomdeep Mine' reads the peeling sign over the dark tunnel mouth cut into the foot of the mountain. When the Dwarfs abandoned this place, they left all the headgear behind. Winch systems have been left to rust where they stand, along with the mine carts they pulled, and the tracks the carts ran on. You approach the boarded-up entrance and prise off enough planks to allow you access. Lighting your lantern, you step into the dripping darkness beyond.

Water plops incessantly from the roof of the tunnel into the puddles that have formed between the sleepers of the rails, and you are reminded of the fact that this used to be a Dwarf mine when you are forced to bend almost double to pass along certain stretches. Thankfully, not much further on you reach a junction, where you find you are able to stand upright again. The mine cart tracks continue into darkness along

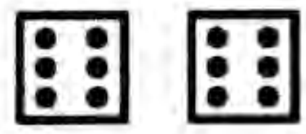

the left-hand tunnel, while to the right is another passageway which looks like it was constructed solely for miners making their way on foot.

Do you want to follow the tunnel to the right (turn to **5**), or would you prefer to keep following the mine cart tracks (turn to **290**)?

191

As you prepare to fight the solidifying Magma Beast, another one rises from the oozing orange lava and slowly strides towards you. Start by fighting the first Magma Beast by itself. After three Attack Rounds the second lava monster will reach you and join the fray.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MAGMA BEAST	8	9
Second MAGMA BEAST	7	8

(If today is Fireday, add 2 points to the monsters' STAMINA scores.) If you lose four Attack Rounds in a row, the Magma Beasts' relentless onslaught pushes you from the rock you are standing on and you plunge into the lava flow – there is no way you can survive that! If you defeat both of the Beasts, without being consigned to a fiery grave, turn to **251**.

192

Only a Mace or a Warhammer will smash the lens. If you do not have either, turn back to **213** and make another choice. If you do, you bring the heavy head of the weapon down on top of the lens which shatters under the impact, sending shards of glass whickering

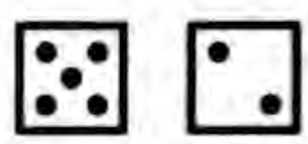

through the air. Roll one die, divide the number by two (rounding fractions up) and deduct that many STAMINA points. If you survive, you may also add 1 to your DAMAGE score, and then turn to **258**.

193

'It's time you were on your way,' Matteus Charmweaver informs you. 'I will petition the Council to work what magicks they can to lessen the impact of Sturm's weather attacks but it will not be enough to stop him and his craft – that will be up to you! May the gods smile upon your endeavours.'

And with that you depart the College of Mages. But where will you travel to first in your quest to find the means to defeat Balthazar Sturm's bound Elementals?

The Eelsea?	Turn to **64**
The Witchtooth Line?	Turn to **157**
Mount Pyre?	Turn to **22**
The Howling Plains?	Turn to **4**

194

'I fort you was a hero,' the Giant mocks you, 'but yoo ain't nothin' but a coward.' With that, he hefts the tree-trunk club in his huge hands and takes a swing at you, sending you flying. Your flight across the clearing is brought to an abrupt halt by a tall oak. (Lose 4 STAMINA points.) The Giant lumbers across the clearing to where you are lying, to see if you're still alive. 'Now, are yoo goin' ta wrestle me or wot?' Will you accept the brute's challenge (turn to **210**), or draw your sword and attack (turn to **176**)?

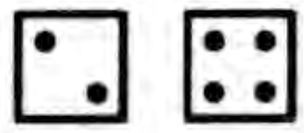

195

Your wanderings bring you to the edge of Lake Eerie itself. A forlorn curlew cry is the only sound that disturbs the unnatural stillness hanging over the lake, and then something breaks the water some metres from the shore. The wolfhound barks excitedly, pulling at its chain. Suddenly, something black and monstrous bursts from the lake in a spray of brackish water that drenches you, Sylas and the dog, cutting short the animal's cries. 'By all the gods!' is all Sylas can manage before a grotesque reptilian head shoots forwards on the end of a long neck and the hunter falls wounded to the ground. As you arm yourself once more, you realise that you are facing another creature from legend – the Eerieside Beast. With a croaking cry, the water monster attacks.

EERIESIDE BEAST SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you kill the monster, its lifeless body slips back beneath the dark waters of the lake (no doubt there to become a meal for something else, just as terrible). Turn to **386**.

196

With only your hands and feet to help you, you begin your ascent. *Test your Skill* and then *Test your Luck*. If you either fail the SKILL test or you are Unlucky, turn to **226**. If you pass the SKILL test and are Lucky as well, turn to **256**.

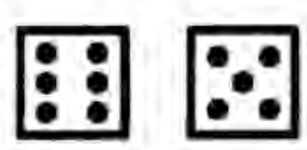

197

The metal spars and joists continue to reshape themselves into a towering figure as you sprint across the detritus-strewn chamber, desperately trying to make it to the smaller archway on the far side. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you make it unscathed (turn to **117**). If you are Unlucky, a rusted pipe-work arm slams into you, sending you flying back across the chamber. Lose 4 STAMINA points and turn to **67**.

198

The map has been covered with scrawled arrows and handwritten notes. The south-eastern extent of Femphrey is annotated with 'Burning Glass successful' while to the north-east are written the words 'Cryo-Engine used here'. To the south-west has been written 'Flooding due to increase in rainfall observed'. Just south of the border with Lendleland is a picture of a tower and above that, back in Femphrey the village of Vastarin with the words 'Trial run' above it. Interesting as all this may be it's not going to help you halt Sturm's plans of conquest. Do you want to:

Look at something else on the desk?	Turn to **243**
Open the other wooden door?	Turn to **259**
Return to the landing?	Turn to **54**

199

Risking life and limb, you clamber up to the Blisterwing's nest, and come face to face with its squawking

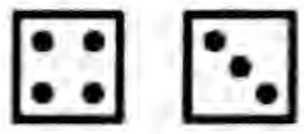

brood. As you search the nest, the young Blisterwings snap at your hands and arms. (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) You do not find anything of value within the tangle of fire-blackened branches and so carefully make your way back down the inside of the cone. Re-entering the tunnel, you return to the junction and carry on past it. Turn to **219**.

200

As the creature closes on you, so does another dweller of the deep – this time the sea monster that almost swallowed you whole! Having missed out on a tasty snack, it's been after you ever since. Only now that it's found you, it's also found the Abyssal Horror – which would make a much more satisfying meal! The Leviathan closes on the monster, angler-fish jaws stretching wide as the horror prepares to defend itself as best it can with its constricting tentacles and snapping pincers. As the two sea monsters engage in their titanic struggle, you make for the Sunken Temple. Regain 1 LUCK point, cross the word *Retsnom* off your *Adventure Sheet*, and turn to **222**.

201

Either due to sheer luck, or by somehow consciously coordinating their attacks, the bats swoop down at you together and buffet you with their wings. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, you teeter on the edge of the bridge but manage to regain your balance just in time (return to **171** and continue your battle with the bats). If you fail, you lose your balance and slip

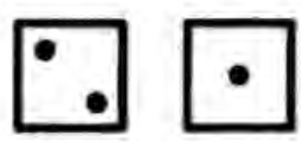

from the bridge for your body to be speared on the stalagmites below. If this happens, your adventure is over.

202

Taking one of the packs from its peg on the wall you open it and discover that it is actually made up of two compartments. The bottom one is empty and could be used in the same way as the backpack you currently carry. However, the upper section is stuffed with a tightly-packed cloth of some kind and even has a cord trailing from it, allowing it to be opened quickly. If you would like to swap the backpack for your own, you hastily empty the contents of yours into it (and add the Unusual Backpack to your *Adventure Sheet,* making a note of the fact that it has two compartments). Now *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **233**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **255**.

203

You duck down on the ground, trying to make yourself as small as possible. A moment later, the sandstorm hits. Abrasive grit and hot sand scour your body, rubbing any exposed skin raw. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If it is Fireday you must increase this damage by 1 point, but if you have a Dragon Tattoo you may reduce the total damage by 1 point.

You hear a terrified scream as the balloon is swallowed up by the sandstorm and, once it has passed, you scan the skies but can see no sign of the balloonist or his balloon. Lose 1 LUCK point and turn to **263**.

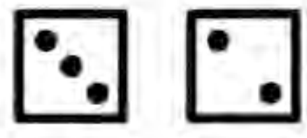

204

The path runs out at the edge of the lava river you crossed earlier. This can't be the right way to go to escape from Mount Pyre. Without hesitation, you turn on your heel and run back to the junction, taking the other path. Add 1 to your TIME TRACK and turn to **224**.

205

What chance did you think you'd have against trained warriors on horseback? The approaching Lendlelanders run you down after only a brief chase, one of them sending you flying with a kick. (Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point.) You are seized and dragged back to the barbarian camp as their prisoner. Turn to **19**.

206

Once again you are fighting for your life, as the Deluge seeks to overwhelm you.

DELUGE SKILL 11 STAMINA 11

If today is Seaday, add 1 point to the Deluge's SKILL score and 2 points to its STAMINA. Because you have been washed off your feet by the surge, you must fight the first Attack Round with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point as you struggle to get to your feet. If you reduce the Deluge's STAMINA score to 3 points or fewer, turn to **187**.

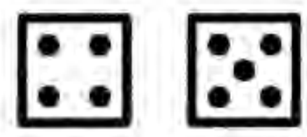

207

You down the potion and it takes effect immediately. However, the Potion of Levitation only allows you to ascend, not to fly, and Sturm's Weather Machine isn't even in sight. But then, as the ground drops away beneath you, you are caught by the wind and whirled away.

Looking up, you see storm clouds massing overhead, and there, amidst the oppressive thunderheads, no more than a glittering speck against the darkening sky, is the brass fish you saw after the devastation of Vastarin. The *Eye of the Storm* approaches!

The wind becomes a gale and you find yourself being drawn towards the flying Weather Machine by a whirling tornado. But the vortex has picked up other things too – fish from a lake, whole branches, ripped from the trees of a forest, and even heavy rocks! You are battered by this debris. Roll one die and deduct that many STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you hurtle upwards, limbs flailing.

The whirlwind carries you higher and higher until you are over the strange craft. It is enormous, bigger than a Bullwhale. Its huge sparkling eyes are large observation windows in the front of the vessel; its fins and tail, steering sails and a vast rudder. And in the side of the elementally-powered vessel is a round access hatch with a railed balcony before it. The wind suddenly drops and you discover that the effects of the potion have worn off ... Turn to **14**.

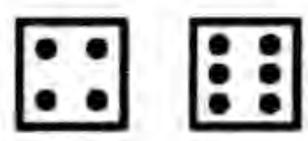

208

In time you come to another fork among the criss-crossing canyons. From the left-hand route you can hear a disconcerting wailing sound. In the distance, at the end of the right-hand path you can see what appear to be birds riding on the thermals rising from the sun-baked ravines. If you want to take the left-hand path, turn to **79**. If you would rather take the right-hand path, turn to **148**.

209

Opening the door to the turret you enter what are obviously the living quarters of whoever owns the tower, although there is no one here now. The small room is cluttered with furniture, including a bed and a large desk, but two things in particular grab your attention immediately. The first is the fact that almost every available surface – from the desk to the walls, and even the bed – is covered with large sheets of parchment covered in plans for what looks like the most incredible machine. The second is a large telescope which has been angled so that it is pointing out of an open window. Do you want to take a closer look at the plans (turn to **289**), or through the telescope (turn to **239**)?

210

Having shed your weapons and armour, you and the Giant face one another across the clearing ready to wrestle. If you have a Potion of Giant Strength, and want to down it before you have to wrestle, turn to

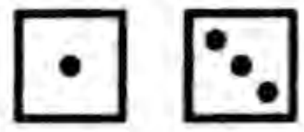

291. If not, roll four dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, turn to 291; if it is greater, turn to 305.

211

'Turn back, stranger. Turn back!' the robed man says as he catches sight of you. He throws back his hood and you see that he is tonsured, his eyes wild and bulging. 'Only doom awaits you this way. Turn back, I say!'

You tell the man that you are determined to press on and when he asks you why, you see no reason not to tell him of your quest and who you are.

'The Hero of Tannatown, eh?' he says when you have finished. 'You were lucky with that Basilisk, weren't you?' You didn't think that luck had anything to do with it! 'Well, I suppose you know what you're doing, but if you ask me, you're doomed.'

You ask the pessimistic priest who he is.

'Muldwych,' he replies, 'but some call me the Mad Monk.' You can see why.

You suddenly become aware of movement within the reedy pools either side of the path and barely have your hand on your weapon when two loathsome creatures rise from the swamp. Dripping mud and slime, they moan horribly. In fact, their vaguely humanoid bodies are nothing but mud and slime! You recognise them at once; they are Marsh Wraiths, primal, elemental creatures of the swamp. Marsh

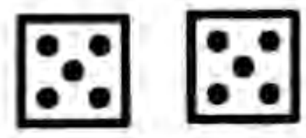

Wraiths are very territorial and both you and the mad monk have trespassed within their domain. As Muldwych makes a feeble attempt to defend himself with his staff, you are effectively forced to fight both of the creatures by yourself.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MARSH WRAITH	7	5
Second MARSH WRAITH	7	5

Due to the insubstantial nature of the Wraiths' slimy bodies, hits against them will only do 1 point of STAMINA damage. If you defeat both of the swamp monsters, they flop back into the marsh and trouble you no more. Turn to **369**.

212

The force of the Undine's attack unbalances you. Making the most of the opportunity, the water spirit crashes its wave-like body over you, sending you splashing into the river. Unable to fight the force of the current you are carried back downstream, over waterfalls and bruising rapids. It is all you can do to keep your head above water as you are hurled against rocks and jutting tree roots. You eventually manage to grab hold of one of these roots and heave yourself free of the river's clutches. (Roll one die, add 1, and lose that many STAMINA points.) Your dip in the river has also ruined some of your Provisions. (Lose half your Meals, rounding fractions down.) If you are still alive, you eventually find the strength to get to your feet and set off up the hillside again, but

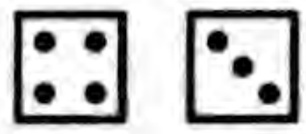

which route will you take this time? The steep rocky path (turn to **35**), or the longer, gentler path up the exposed slope of escarpment (turn to **322**).

213

The first thing you notice when you enter the sun room is the heat. The roof of the chamber is almost entirely made of glass and standing at the far end is what looks like a large magnifying lens – a full three metres in diameter – set within a semi-circular frame. Beside it is a telescope supported on a tripod frame, pointing out of the crystal dome at the front of the ship. You see that one side of the giant lens is concave and the other convex. At the moment the lens is at 90 degrees to its cradle, with the concave side facing upwards. Do you want to:

Smash the lens?	Turn to **192**
Turn the lens so that the concave side faces out of the ship?	Turn to **162**
Flip the lens so that the concave side faces into the room?	Turn to **139**
Leave the Sun room altogether?	Turn to **258**

214

The Fire Elemental roars towards you, its body a ball of incandescent flame. Once again you are forced to rely on your enchanted blade.

FIRE ELEMENTAL SKILL 12 STAMINA 16

If you somehow manage to defeat the Elemental power that dwells at the heart of Mount Pyre, turn to **114**.

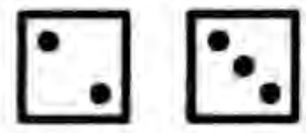

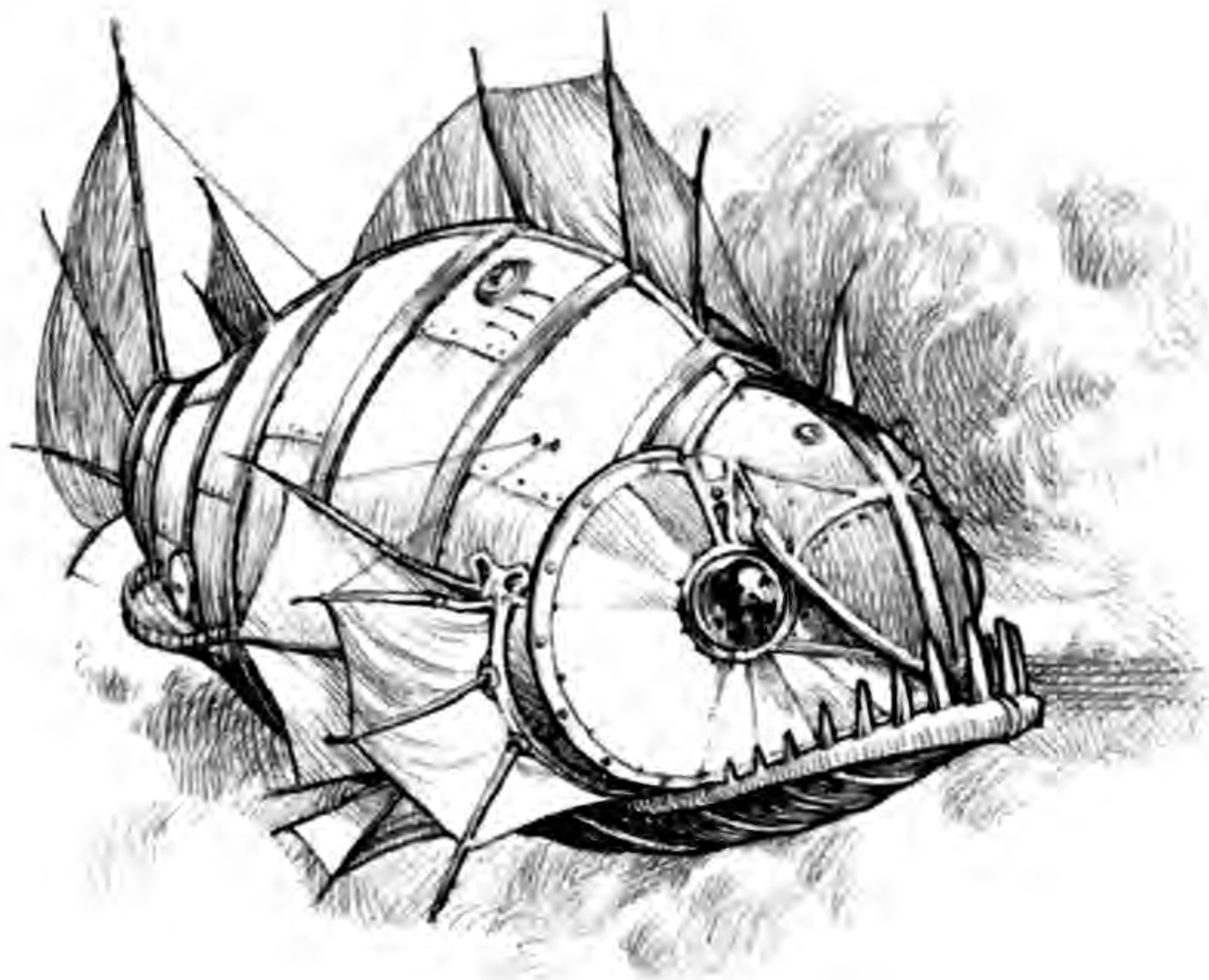

215

The book practically falls open at a page bearing a pen and ink sketch of an artificial man constructed from iron. Written in a column beside it is the following:

Activate ~ 270 Deactivate ~ 072

As you suspected, the rest of the book is merely a record of the various places the *Eye of the Storm* has already visited during Sturm's rampage of revenge across the kingdom. Intrigued by your discovery, you consider what to do next. Will you:

Look at something else on the desk? Turn to **243**
Open the other wooden door? Turn to **259**
Return to the landing? Turn to **54**

216

The first you know of the waiting ambush is when you hear the zing of arrows slicing through the air towards you. Roll one die and add 1; this is the

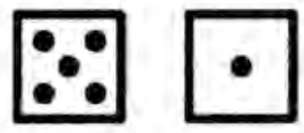

number of arrows that hit you. (You may reduce this number by 1 if you have a Dragon Shield, a Breastplate, Chainmail Armour or a Wyrmskin Cloak. These items have a cumulative effect, so if you are wearing a Wyrmskin Cloak and carrying a shield, you reduce the number of arrows that hit you by 2.) Any arrow that does injure you causes 2 STAMINA points of DAMAGE. If you survive the arrow attack, you hear the sound of bowstrings being pulled taut a second time. Turn to **329**.

217

Below decks, the ship looks like a mass grave. Everywhere you see the skeletons of the dead crew, still frozen in the positions they were in when the galleon was claimed by the sea. Some lie in hammocks, some are trapped by the rusted remains of the ship's cannons, while others lie tumbled in dark corners, rictus grins locked on their fleshless features. Making your way through this ghoulish graveyard you come at last to a heavy-looking door. You try the handle but it is locked. You are in the right part of the ship for this to be the entrance to the ship's strong-room. You try searching for a key within the muck of the hold but to no avail. Will you try breaking the door down (turn to **177**) or would you prefer to exit the hold without further delay (turn to **163**)?

218

The ground heaves again and this time cracks open, directly under you. You fall into the fissure, grazing

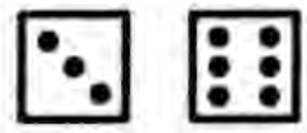

your arms and legs on rocks buried in the ground. Lose 2 STAMINA points, and in the ensuing battle reduce your Attack Strength for the first two Attack Rounds by 1 point as you scramble free again. Turn to **346**.

219

The tunnel slopes downwards at a steep gradient, always curving round to the left. It is not long before you reach another junction; a new passageway leads off to your right. If you want to follow this new tunnel, turn to **319**. If you would rather keep to your current course, turn to **249**.

220

Climbing the stone staircase you arrive at the first floor. You are in another circular chamber, smaller than the last, with large arched windows that are open to the outside. Standing in the middle of the chamber, on top of a carved marble plinth, is a truly astonishing object. It is a large glass bell jar, within which have been trapped a kaleidoscope of striking blue and silver butterflies. What can possibly be the reason for them being kept in this way? If you want to enter the room and release the imprisoned insects, turn to **253**. If not, you continue up the stairs (turn to **281**).

221

Affiliated to the College of Mages, there are plenty of sorcerers at the Academy happy to help you with

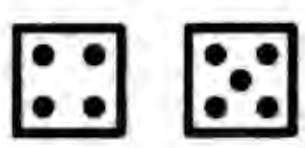

your problem – for a price! You manage to haggle one wizard – called Prospero Seacharmer – down to 10 Gold Pieces. For that fee he will travel with you out into the Eelsea and cast an appropriate spell on you when you wish to descend below the waves. Fully-qualified naval sorcerers don't come cheap! If you can afford his fee and you want to hire the wizard, deduct 10 Gold Pieces and add the name Prospero Seacharmer to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **252**. If you can't afford his fee, or you don't want to spend that sort of money on hiring a wizard, you will have to visit the Brotherhood of Alchemists (turn to **151**) or the Guild of Artificers (turn to **181**) instead.

222

The Sunken Temple is a magnificent building that would not look out of place among the sacred buildings that line the Street of Holies in Chalannabrad. It has a grand pillared entrance that supports a pediment carved with mermen riding seahorses engaging in battle with many-tentacled horrors. A grand cupola dome projects from the roof. Not wanting to remain out in the open ocean any longer, you enter the Grand Temple of Hydana, God of the Sea.

There, at the heart of the temple, beneath the golden cupola, inlaid with bejewelled tesserae, stands an imposing statue of the Sea God himself. It looks like it has been carved from jade and depicts Hydana as a four-metre-tall fishman – with a tail, scaly skin, the torso and arms of a man and a face that is somewhere

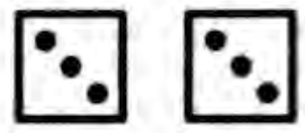

between the two – holding a golden trident. On a plinth in front of the statue, is an innocuous-seeming sea shell. Something tells you that one of these treasures of the temple is the artefact you need to gain power over Sturm's bound Water Elemental, but which one? Will you try taking the golden trident (turn to **301**) or the shell (turn to **321**)?

223

The dust and sand dissipate on the wind until there is nothing left to suggest the dust storm had ever been there. A moment later, the balloon touches down close by. You run over to the basket to see if the pilot is alright. The swarthy-skinned man pushes a pair of goggles up onto his forehead and brushes the sand from his voluminous robes.

'Thank you so much!' he gushes. 'I was in real trouble there. In fact I'd go so far as to say that you saved Corbo Rundum's life! However can I repay you?'

You tell Corbo Rundum that he doesn't owe you anything – saving people's lives is all in a day's work for a hero like you! You do however ask that he tells you how he came to be pursued by a Sand Elemental.

'I'm an inventor from Quartz, a village to the east of here. A terrible drought is affecting the farmlands there and if they don't get some rain soon, the harvest will fail. Some of the farmers reported seeing a curious brass fish in the sky, drawing the rainclouds towards itself. At first everyone thought they'd had a

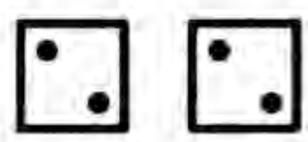

drop too much cider, until the drought came, that is. Reports suggested that the strange craft came from the south, so I set out in my balloon to see what I could discover for myself. I was halfway across the Howling Plains when that evil sandstorm blew up and chased me all the way back to here.'

You ask Corbo what he plans to do now.

'Head back to Quartz I think, or perhaps to Chalannabrad, to petition the College of Mages for help. I swear there's nothing natural about either the drought or that sandstorm. How about you?'

You tell him that you are going to continue south across the Howling Plains.

'Well, if there's nothing I can do to dissuade you, watch out for Birdmen. I spotted some south of here, over the Screaming Canyon.'

You thank Corbo for this information and, leaving him to make repairs to his balloon, set off again south. Add the codeword *Noollab* to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **263**.

224

The tunnel walls rumble and heave around you, and you can feel the temperature rising. You run on up a steep incline, panting for breath in the unbearable heat, imagining that you can feel the flames of the approaching lava licking at your heels. And then you come to another junction. (Add 1 to your TIME

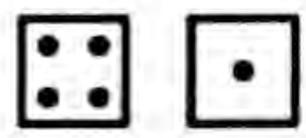

TRACK.) This time will you turn left (turn to **254**) or keep going straight on (turn to **304**)?

225

You just miss the lip of the ledge beyond the broken bridge and find yourself plummeting down the side of the fiery ravine. You scrape your arms, shins and back as you fall and land, battered and bruised, on the scalding rocks at the edge of the magma river. Roll one die, add 2, and then deduct the total from your STAMINA score. If you suffer 6 or more STAMINA points of damage, you must lose 1 SKILL point and 1 LUCK point too. If you are still alive, turn to **141**.

226

You are halfway up when the ledge you are standing on crumbles under your weight and, although you stretch upwards for your next handhold, you miss it by a hair's breadth. And then you are falling, tumbling down the side of the stack, bouncing off the hard rock, grazing your arms, your legs and your back on the unforgiving stone surfaces. You land at the bottom in a heap and in a great deal of pain. Roll one die and consult the table below to see what state you're in.

Dice roll	*Damage sustained*
1	You have twisted your ankle and sprained your wrist as well. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 2 SKILL points.

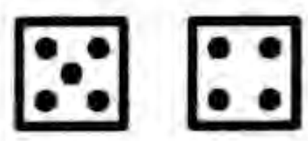

2	You have skinned your knees and injured your back. Lose 4 STAMINA points.
3–4	Roll one die and add 2 to the number rolled. Lose this many STAMINA points.
5	You have jarred your shoulder and suffered a blow to the head. Lose 3 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point.
6	Roll again on this table two more times to see what damage you have sustained. (If you roll a 6 again, ignore the instructions given here and simply roll again.)

If you are still alive, and you want to try scaling the stack again, turn back to **196** and make the same two tests for success. If you decide that such a course of action is too risky and you want to give up on your quest for finding something to help you beat Sturm's Greater Air Elemental, you set off again, trudging wearily back through the Screaming Canyon, eventually returning to the border of the Howling Plains. Move the Day of the Week on 1 and turn to **394**.

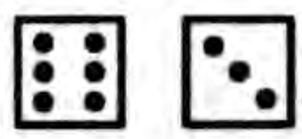

227

The tunnel enters a large square chamber where it comes to an end. The chamber is littered with the rusted remains of mining equipment – everything from pick-axes to gold-panning trays. Squatting at the centre of it all is a massive toad-like creature with skin the colour and texture of rusting metal. The chamber echoes with the sound of metal being ground between diamond-hard teeth. The monster stops mid-chew and waddles around on its claw-like feet to face you. It pauses, sniffing the air. Then it opens its broad mouth, emitting a strange croaking-growl, and you catch sight of row upon row of shark-like teeth. You have iron about your person, and the Ferrovore can smell it on you. Moving with startling speed the rust monster lurches towards you, determined to feast on the metal you're carrying.

FERROVORE SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you slay the Ferrovore, you retreat from the chamber – the monster having already consumed anything that might have been of use to you – and (choosing a way you haven't been already) go right at the crossroads, along the slime-dripping tunnel (turn to **327**), or straight on, along a damp passageway (turn to **399**).

228

Having dealt with the vultures, you retrieve the adventurer's pack and have a look inside. Apart from a few spoiled provisions you find only a few Gold Pieces (roll one die and add 2 to find the total) along

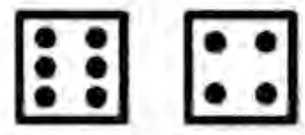

with a Rope and Grapple. Having taken what you want, you pause for a moment to cover the man's remains with rocks as best you can, to save it from the predations of other scavengers. Turn to **148**.

229

The plans are for subsidiary mechanisms operating within the *Eye of the Storm*. You find one labelled 'Lightning Generator' which bears the warning, 'Do not set lever in left position'. Another, which has a picture on it of something that looks not unlike a large magnifying glass, has written underneath it, 'Concave lens must be facing outwards for safe operation'. This might be of use when it comes to looking for ways to shut down the Weather Machine. Putting the plans to one side, will you:

Look at something else on the desk? Turn to **243**
Open the other wooden door? Turn to **259**
Return to the landing? Turn to **54**

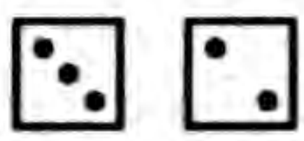

230

'Zephyrus!' you shout. 'Zephyrus, heed my call!'

The bridge is suddenly subjected to a raging gale. It howls around the chamber, sending Sturm's minions flying, and then coalesces between you and the Human Torch. The Air Elemental appears as a furious whirlwind with the upper body of a powerfully-muscled giant formed by fluctuations in the tormented air.

'You called and I have come!' the Elemental of the West Wind declares. Turning to the transformed Weather Mage it says, 'And now let me blow out this fire!'

Zephyrus circles the blazing Sturm, faster and faster, enclosing the Human Torch within a cyclone of unrelenting force. Through the whirling tornado you watch as Sturm's flames start to flicker fitfully until the very last tongue of fire is extinguished, leaving the wizard as a blackened cinder.

But then the mage begins to transform again, his body hardened and swelling in size until he stands before you as a three-metre-tall behemoth of earth and stone. Against the man-mountain, Zephyrus can do nothing and disappears with one last hurricane howl.

With a roar like a crashing landslide, the Colossus stomps towards you. But how can you fight something made of solid earth? If only you could wash it away, as the sea eats away at the land ...

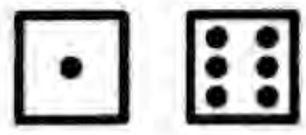

If you have the Shell of the Seas and you know the name of a Water Elemental who could help you, turn it into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26. Add the numbers together and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If not, turn to **8**.

231

You launch yourself onto the next steppingstone as the Magma Beast makes a grab for you. The monster misses you by only a hair's breadth but then another Beast rises from the slow-moving lava flow, between you and the next steppingstone. With the two monsters closing on you from both directions, you are forced to fight them at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First MAGMA BEAST	8	9
Second MAGMA BEAST	7	8

(If today is Fireday, add 2 points to the monsters' STAMINA scores.) If you defeat both of the Beasts, turn to **251**.

232

You have been travelling for a day into the desolate wilds of Goblin Country, as it's known in these parts, when you run into a band of Hobgoblins. You spot the warning signs that tell you an ambush has been put into play from a good quarter of a kilometre away and so come at them from their flank, taking the Hobgoblins by surprise instead, before engaging

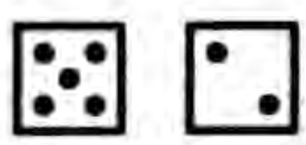

them in battle. Because of this, you can fight the first two Attack Rounds against their chief before the rest of his robber band can join the fray and defend their leader.

	SKILL	STAMINA
HOBGOBLIN CHIEF	7	7
First HOBGOBLIN BANDIT	6	6
Second HOBGOBLIN BANDIT	6	6
Third HOBGOBLIN BANDIT	7	6

If you kill them all, searching their pockets reveals why they were preparing to ambush you – they possess absolutely nothing of value themselves. You continue on your way into the rugged landscape that lies at the foot of the volcano and after another day you are scaling the craggy slopes of Mount Pyre itself. Move the Day of the Week on 2 and turn to **109**.

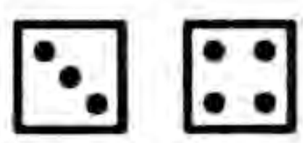

233

What do you want to do now? Will you pull on the chain (turn to **255**), return to the locked iron door (turn to **285**), ascend the staircase to explore the upper levels of the tower, if you haven't done so already (turn to **220**), or leave the tower altogether (turn to **398**)?

234

Holding the shell high above your head, you shout 'Oceanus, aid me now, and call forth the waters from above!'

With the crowd on tenterhooks, you keep your eyes firmly on the cerulean bowl of the sky. And then it begins. At first they are only a few wispy threads of white but these scraps of cloud rapidly coalesce, changing colour to grey, and then almost black. The dusty wind that whistles through Quartz is joined by a distant rumbling, like the grumbling of Sukh the Storm God himself.

With a loud clap of thunder directly overhead, it starts to rain; not a light shower, or even a heavy downpour, but a torrential deluge. The downpour drenches the landscape from horizon to horizon, to the delight of the laughing villagers and the chagrin of the disgruntled rainmaker. Whoops and cheers rise from the assembled onlookers and some of the villagers start to dance, splashing through muddy puddles that weren't there moments ago.

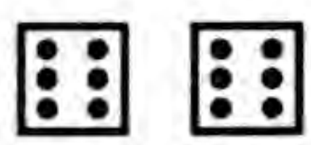

While the villagers drive the fraudulent rainmaker out of Quartz, they heap praises upon you (regain 1 LUCK point) and reward you with gifts of money (a total of 8 Gold Pieces) and food (add 3 Meals to your total Provisions).

As you are leaving the village yourself, you notice that, in his hurry to leave, the rainmaker has left behind a large Spanner. If you want to take this with you, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*. You must also cross the Shell of the Seas off your *Adventure Sheet*; you will not be able to call on the Water Elemental's assistance again.

You continue walking south-west, and after two days, reach the baking borderlands of the Howling Plains. Move the Day of the Week on 2 and turn to **83**.

235

You throw yourself flat on the ground behind a scrubby bush and pray that the barbarians won't spot you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the patrol trots right past without the Lendlelanders ever seeing you (turn to **142**). If you are Unlucky, the sharp-eyed horsemen see through your hiding place and prepare to run you down; you have no choice but to draw your sword and defend yourself (turn to **264**).

236

You enter a large chamber that takes up the whole of the rear section of the top deck, but the first thing you notice is the cold. It's freezing in here! The second

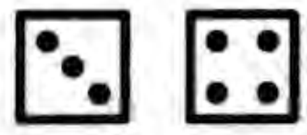

thing is the ice. Everything inside the chamber is rimmed with frost and icicles hang from the ceiling. And the cause of all this cold?

At the centre of the room is a huge glass sphere, mounted within a brass cradle, containing what would appear to be a howling blizzard. The power of the snowstorm is channelled out of the globe through a pipe which connects to the roof of the vessel. You know immediately what you have to do to damage the magical mechanism here, but it really is bitterly cold, cold enough to ... You cannot help chuckling to yourself even as the gorilla-sized automata that have been left to guard this delicate device knuckle towards you over the icy floor.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BRASS MONKEY	7	8
Second BRASS MONKEY	7	8

While you are fighting the snowstorm's guardians, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point, because the floor is as slippery as an ice rink. Also, unless you are wearing a Sun Talisman, you must reduce your Attack Strength by another point due to the sub-zero temperature of the room.

If you defeat the Brass Monkeys, picking up a broken-off metal limb, you hurl it at the globe which shatters on impact. The howling force of the blizzard escapes into the room as you make a sharp exit, slamming the door to the chamber behind you again. Add 1 to your DAMAGE score and turn to **258**.

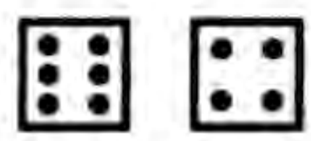

237

You are very well-prepared for your final confrontation with the megalomaniacal Balthazar Sturm but the time you have taken will have also given him more time to prepare for his final conquest. (Add 1 LUCK point, even if this takes your LUCK score beyond its *Initial* level and add the codeword *Mortsleam* to your *Adventure Sheet*.) However, you have yet to reach Sturm's Weather Machine; how do you intend to achieve such a thing?

If you want to use a Potion of Levitation, turn to **207**. If you know the name of an Air Elemental and want to call on it for aid now, turn its name into a number (using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26 and adding the numbers together), add 30, and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you have the codeword *Susagep* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **128**. If not, but you have the codeword *Noollab*, turn to **149**. If you have none of these things, turn to **107**.

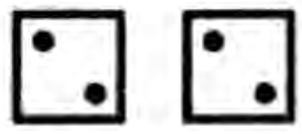

238

'Zephyrus! Zephyrus, heed my call!' you yell into the wind from the prow of the *Tempest*. The breeze coming off the sea immediately begins to pick up and the sails snap in the wind as the waves around the rocking ship crest white.

Approaching the ship is an ethereal figure, with the upper body of a powerfully-muscled giant but who, from the waist down, is a whirling vortex of air. Zephyrus, Elemental manifestation of the West Wind, heard your cry for help and has come to your aid! (Cross Zephyrus' name off your *Adventure Sheet* – you may not call on his help again.)

The sails suddenly blow full and before you really understand what's going on, the *Tempest* is lifted out of the water as the Air Elemental carries the ship, Captain Katarina, her crew and you into the sky. Before you know it, the *Tempest* is sailing into the maelstrom that is raging across the firmament.

'You called and I have come,' the Air Elemental howls with a voice that is the rising gale itself. 'Command and I shall obey!'

'Find Balthazar Sturm's Weather Machine!' you command the Elemental, shouting. 'Take us into the eye of the storm!'

Higher and higher you climb, the landscape dwindling beneath you until it looks like nothing so much as a wonderfully detailed map. Onwards the ship

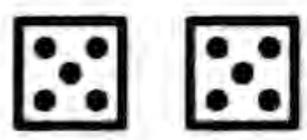

sails through the sky, Captain Katarina hanging from the rigging, relishing the feel of the wind whipping through her hair. It is all her crew can do to stop the sails breaking free of the rigging in the face of the howling crosswinds.

And then you see it! Zephyrus is carrying the *Tempest* and everyone on board straight into the broiling maelstrom of massing storm-clouds directly ahead. There, amidst the black thunderheads is the brass fish you saw all those days ago, after the devastation of Vastarin. Balthazar Sturm's Weather Machine looks huge up close! Its crystal eyes are observation domes, its fins and tail, steering sails and a vast rudder. In the side of the elementally-powered vessel you can see an access hatch with a railed balcony before it. Turn to 363.

239

Putting your eye to the viewing lens of the telescope you gasp in wonder at the way in which distant objects that would be invisible to the naked eye are pulled forwards into perfect clarity. It does not take you long to realise that the telescope is pointing over the border with Lendleland and into the kingdom of Femphrey. With only a few minor adjustments you are able to pick out the devastated village of Vastarin, its inhabitants hard at work repairing the damage done by the storm. And then you catch sight of something else, several leagues north of Vastarin, something that gleams like gold amidst the mass of

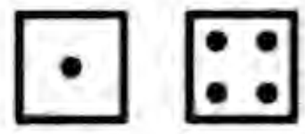

anvil-headed thunderclouds. Carefully turning a knurled brass ring, you pull the object into focus ... and can hardly believe your eyes.

There, at the eye of the storm, is a giant fish, made of wood and brass and sailcloth. Its huge tail is a rudder, its fins immense wings, its glittering crystal eyes viewing bubbles. You weren't seeing things after your battle with the Ice Elemental back in Vastarin; there really was a huge, fish-shaped flying machine! (Regain 1 LUCK point.) But how could a creation of wood and metal like that ever fly? There must be some manner of sorcery involved. And then the bizarre vessel is gone, swallowed by the storm. After experiencing such an incredible revelation, will you:

Take a closer look at the plans? Turn to **289**

Descend to the bottom of the tower and explore the basement levels (if you haven't done so already)? Turn to **160**

Quit the tower altogether having seen enough? Turn to **398**

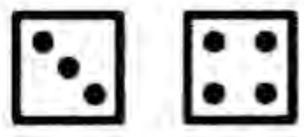

240

'If you're thinking of travelling by mine-cart, then you're a bigger idiot than I thought you were and you'll be on your own from here on in!' Brokk snorts. Now return to **290** and make your choice, but if you choose to travel by mine-cart you must remove Brokk from your *Adventure Sheet* and will not be able to consult the Dwarf again as you continue to explore the mine.

241

Ducking in under the goliath's guard you punch its chest-plate which springs open to reveal a set of three barrel tumblers, each bearing the numbers 0 to 9. You only have one chance to turn the tumblers to the correct setting. If you know of such a code, add 100 to the number and then turn to that paragraph. If you know of no such code, the Juggernaut knocks you clear with one sledgehammer blow of its iron fist. Lose 3 STAMINA points and return to **262** to finish the fight with the steel giant.

242

The hideous behemoth lurches towards you, its towering mass writhing with tentacles and snapping crustacean claws. You now suspect that you know what it is ... They are so rarely seen that they have acquired an almost mythical status. They are frightening, intelligent, ten-legged creatures that are found nowhere else on Titan. To some they are the Decapi, to others they are the Old Ones, but to those unlucky

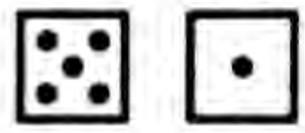

few who actually encounter them, it is enough that they are horrors of the abyss!

Once again you are fighting for your life. If you survive your encounter, this will be one battle that you will remember for the rest of your life.

ABYSSAL HORROR SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you lose an Attack Round roll one die and then consult the table below to see what damage you suffer. (You may use LUCK to reduce any damage caused in the usual way.)

Dice Roll	*Attack and Damage*
1–2	Crushing claws – the creature strikes you with one of its snapping pincers. Lose 2 STAMINA points.
3–5	Tentacle twist – the monster grabs you with a rubbery tentacle. The tentacle only inflicts 1 STAMINA point of damage, but for the next Attack Round you must fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 as you fight to free yourself from its clutches.
6	Snapping beak – if the horror already has a hold of you it drags you into its beaked mouth and bites down hard; roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. However, if the monster doesn't already have you in its grasp roll again on the table for damage; if you roll 6 a second time then the creature bites you as described.

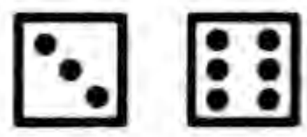

If you manage to defeat this nightmarish monster, you are at last able to make it to the Sunken Temple. Turn to **222**.

243

As you rummage through the books and papers on the map-desk, you hear a strange clanking of gears and hissing of pistons, and a hideous-looking creature emerges from behind the books on a shelf in front of your face. It is a disconcerting amalgam of metal and clay-like flesh. It looks like a tiny horned and winged devil, but half of its head is exposed metal, one wing is a folding construction of leather and brass and one leg and one arm are entirely metallic. Your continued presence within Balthazar's Sturm's own cabin has attracted the attention of one of his curious technomantic creations. You are going to have to fight the Techno-Homunculus.

TECHNO-HOMUNCULUS SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you destroy the part-mechanical, part-magical creature, at your final blow the Homunculus disintegrates in a dramatic explosion of sparks, many of which fall onto the papers filling the cabin, which then catch fire. The way to the other wooden door is now blocked by quickly rising flames. (Add 1 to your DAMAGE score and make a note that you have started a fire on your *Adventure Sheet*.) Hurrying back out of Sturm's private cabin you decide where to go next. Turn to **54**.

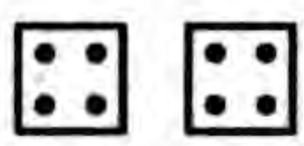

244

Hearing the throaty roar of an engine, you spin round to see the Mole powering towards you, Brokk the Dwarf at the controls. His features are set in a grimace of intense concentration as he steers the tunnelling machine towards the Earth Elemental, the drill-bit screaming as it runs up to speed. And then the two behemoths collide – the giant of rock and stone and the contraption of brass and wood.

As you watch, the Mole's drill tears a massive hole in the Elemental's side. Roaring in fury, the giant grabs hold of the tunnelling machine in one hand and flings it at the wall of the chamber. The machine explodes in a cloud of wooden splinters and metal components, Brokk the Dwarf falling from the wreckage to land in an unconscious heap on the ground. His noble actions may have actually saved your life. If you come to fight the Earth Elemental in the near future, you may reduce its SKILL score by 3 points and its STAMINA score by 8 points. Regain 1 LUCK point and then return to **316** to decide what to do next.

245

The tunnel you are following eventually brings you to steps hewn from the rock that lead down into the very heart of the volcano. The steps bring you into a vast chamber. Beneath you is a vast lake of boiling magma. It is all you can do to not succumb to the exhausting heat of the chamber. The rock-cut staircase comes to an end upon a spur of black rock that juts out over the seething lake. Another set of steps,

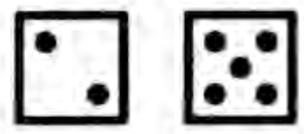

like the ones you have just descended, leads down to the spur from the opposite side of the chamber. The spur feels hot beneath your feet. You approach the altar-like plinth of black rock that stands at the end of the spur, and see six curiously-shaped holes carved into the top of it.

Suddenly, the magma surges violently and a column of flame shoots twenty metres into the cooked air of the chamber. You recoil instinctively, throwing up an arm to shield yourself from the incandescent flames. Squinting against the blistering light you see the jet of flame widen and take on a roughly humanoid shape, like a genie of flame. A voice, like the blazing roar of a conflagration, echoes around the magma chamber. 'Who dares desecrate this sanctuary of the Fire God?' the Fire Elemental bellows, and you feel its unbearably hot breath on your face.

Speaking up confidently, you tell the Elemental your name, shouting to be heard over the roar of the flames and the bubbling of the magma, and go on to explain why you have braved the perils of Mount Pyre to reach the sacred shrine of the Fire God.

'You have the audacity to demand assistance from a true servant of the Burning One?' the Fire Elemental rages. 'Then you will pay for that audacity with your worthless life!'

You are going to have to act fast if you are to avoid being burned alive by the furious Elemental. If you have six Fire Crystals, turn the letters associated with

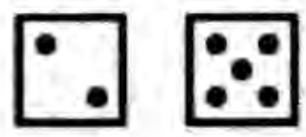

them into numbers using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26. Add the numbers together and then turn to the paragraph which is the same as the total. If the paragraph does not begin with the words, 'Invoking the power of the God of Fire', or you do not have six Fire Crystals, turn to **214**.

246

The cavern opens onto another small cave, but what you see here sends a shiver down your spine. If there was ever any doubt in your mind that this place was the lair of some monstrous beast or other, it is gone now. In the centre of the cave is a nest, constructed from the bleached bones of dead animals – and some of them are human bones. The nest is as big as a hay-cart and slithering from it, blinking uncomfortably in the lantern-light, are four ugly reptilian creatures. Their bodies are black and scaly and they crawl towards you on four clawed limbs. There are also the nubs of wings growing from their shoulder blades, while their saurian heads are already full of razor-sharp teeth. The hatchlings squawk as they catch sight of you, sensing that another meal has just arrived. Moving with startling speed, the young Drakes dart across the cave and attack. As Sylas and the wolfhound take on two of the hatchlings, you are left to deal with the remaining pair.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HATCHLING	7	7
Second HATCHLING	6	7

If you kill the young Drakes, turn to **32**.

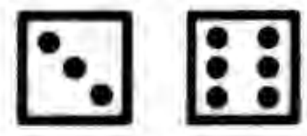

247

Passing along a broad, stone passageway you emerge into a large circular chamber that forms the entire ground floor of the tower. The space is devoid of decoration but is littered with rubble and other rubbish – everything from twisted metal spars and joists to what looks like the remains of a Dwarven steam engine. On the opposite side of the chamber an archway leads to a spiral stone staircase. If the tower is going to provide you with any answers as to the origin of the devastating storm and the bizarre flying machine, you're not going to find them here. Determined to explore elsewhere, you start to cross the rubble-strewn chamber.

With a cacophonous crashing and clanging, the pile of what you had taken to be nothing more than scrap ironmongery starts to pull itself together and take on another, more obvious shape altogether. Gushing

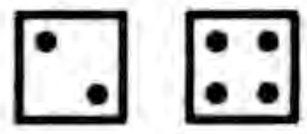

steam, with a loud hissing of pistons and the clanking of iron girder limbs, an incredible amalgamation of metal parts rises from amidst the rubble. Do you want to wait and face whatever it is that is taking shape (turn to **67**), or would you rather try to make it to the archway and the spiral stair beyond before the transformation is complete (turn to **197**)?

248

The stupid birds think you're after their food and aren't prepared to give up their feast without a fight. Flapping their wings furiously while screeching at you raucously, the vultures hop towards you, trying to peck you with their savage beaks or slash your flesh with their cruel talons. You must fight the birds two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First VULTURE	7	6
Second VULTURE	6	6
Third VULTURE	6	5

As soon as you have killed two of the birds, the last one takes flight, favouring survival over sacrifice. Turn to **228**.

249

The tunnel keeps curving to the left on its way down into the volcano until it finally comes to a dead-end within a small cavern. The walls of the cave are suffused with red light. Lying on the far side of the cave is the blackened skeleton of some large reptilian

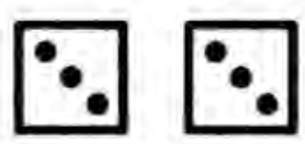

creature, although whether it is that of a Basilisk, a Salamander or something else, you do not know. Lying within the cage formed by the skeleton's ribs is a prism-shaped quartz crystal, which glows with the same lambent light as the cavern walls. If you want to venture into the cave to claim the crystal, turn to **269**. If you would rather retrace your steps to the last junction, turn to **319**.

250

The foothills of the Witchtooth Line rise up gradually before you. The mountain range that separates Femphrey from the Kingdom of Gallantaria to the north is a forbidding wall of black rock. Heavily laden rainclouds are massing over the jagged peaks, some of which are permanently covered with snow. You fancy you see a black, winged shape flapping over a spot a league or more to the west. You are going to have to watch yourself in this wild land. It is that afternoon that you reach the village of Clast.

During your travels, gossip and rumour keep making mention of this place. Rumour has it that the place has been decimated by a series of terrible earthquakes. Gossip has it that they were caused by a foul-tempered Earth Elemental trapped beneath the mountains. But whatever the truth of the matter, there is no doubt that some tragedy or other has befallen Clast.

Everywhere you look you can see structural damage to buildings – collapsed roofs, slumping walls,

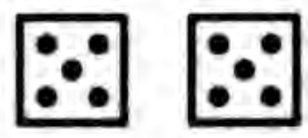

broken timbers. One or two smaller hovels have collapsed altogether, while others look like they are about to go the same way. The villagers return your appalled gaze with wary looks of their own, as they go about repairing the damage as best they can.

As you wander through Clast you start to acquire a small following. Perhaps it is the magnificent sword sheathed at your side that has attracted them, but then again, it is possible that some of them recognise you. After all, the Hero of Tannatown is known throughout the kingdom of Femphrey and beyond.

It is not long before your presence in the village attracts the interest of the headman. He is a barrel-chested individual with a bristly red beard and muscular arms like sledgehammers. His leather apron, with its scorch-marks and soot stains, tells you that he is also the local blacksmith.

'Well, well, well. We are honoured indeed,' he says, regarding you with eyes narrowed. 'To have the Hero of Tannatown in our midst! I am Arturo the Ironsmith and you find yourself in the village of Clast. What can we do for you?' he asks suspiciously.

You see no reason to hide anything from this man, seeing as he might be able to help you, and so you tell him everything.

'Well, it sounds to me like the solution to your problem could be the saving of Clast as well,' he says at last. 'Further up into the hills lies the entrance to a

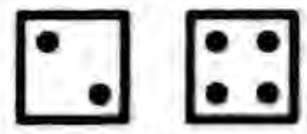

Dwarf mine. It's said that the Dwarfs found something buried down there, in the darkness deep below the earth. Some say it was an Earth Elemental, some say it was a Dragon, and some, a dread portal to the domain of Demons. But whatever the truth of the matter they shut down the mine, quick as you like, and left. No one from Clast has dared enter the mine to find out what's down there, but the tremors and quakes have been getting worse in recent weeks, and soon someone's going to *have* to go down.

'But if you're planning on mounting your own expedition into the dark, I would advise you to take a guide. One of the Dwarfs who used to work the mine still lives in these parts. He's called Brokk and he spends his days making beer now. He could be persuaded to take you down into the mine, if your money's good.'

You thank Arturo for his help. Will you set out for the mine straight away, alone (turn to **190**), or will you go in search of Brokk the brewer (turn to **57**)?

251

As the molten remains of the lava monsters sink back into the scalding ooze, you jump from the last stepping stone onto the far bank of the hellish river. Among a tumble of rocks you spy a crystal that shimmers with an inner fire. Looking closer you see the letter L form within the flames. (If you want to take the Fire Crystal add it to your *Adventure Sheet* along with its letter.)

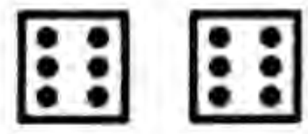

You decide not to dally any longer, in case more of the Magma Beasts emerge from the lava river, and enter the larger tunnel mouth. You have not gone far before you reach yet another junction. A narrower passageway leads off at right angles. If you want to follow this new route through the volcano, turn to **344**. If you want to continue along the larger tunnel, turn to **274**.

252

Making your way down to Chalannabrad's impressive docks you know something is wrong when you see the forest of masts over the rooftops of the buildings that surround the city's grand harbour. The docks are full to overflowing with all manner of ships, everything from merchant galleys slavers to freebooter galleons. There is usually a steady stream of vessels setting sail from here for the distant continents of Allansia and Khul, with just as many boats travelling to Chalannabrad from elsewhere around the globe – but not today. All of the vessels are in harbour and you cannot see so much as a schooner out at sea, beyond the grand harbour wall.

You soon discover why when you run into a salty old sea-dog, sitting on a jetty picking his teeth with a splinter from his wooden leg. 'It's the storms, see? There's more of 'em, and they're getting worse, threatening the seaways. And reports of Great Eel attacks are on the increase too. If you want to go to sea today – forget it!'

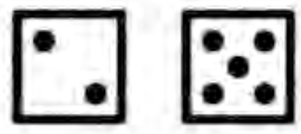

The day drags on, with you pleading with the sea-captains to take you out. You are beginning to despair that you won't be able to find anyone willing to help when you come across the redoubtable Captain Katarina. Her reputation is almost as widespread as yours, but she is particularly known for her recklessness. She looks every part the lady buccaneer, dressed in practical leather trews and a fine embroidered jerkin. A scimitar hangs from her sword-belt, her luxurious, long black hair is tied back in a ponytail with a ribbon of Khulian silk, and a patch covers the orbit of her left eye, taken in a battle with a Giant Crab.

You have nothing to lose in telling her of your quest, hoping against hope that she might agree to help you out of the goodness of her heart. 'I know the place you seek, and I'll take you there too,' she says. 'All I ask in return is half of whatever you bring back from the bottom.' Sounds like the best offer you're going to get so you agree; Captain Katarina's ship, the *Tempest*, sails with the tide.

You have been at sea for less than a day when a thick sea fog blows up as if from nowhere. It moves towards the ship with a sinister purpose until its sickly yellow, cloud-like mass threatens to engulf the *Tempest*.

Captain Katarina looks concerned. 'I've not seen the like before,' she says. 'That is no natural sea-mist. There's sorcery at work here, I'd swear it.' You know she's right; you can feel Wyrmbiter vibrating in its

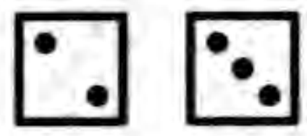

scabbard at your side, but what are you going to do about it? If you have Prospero Seacharmer with you, turn to **272**. If you have a Hunting Horn, and want to blow it, turn to **292**. If neither of these things applies to you, you have no choice but to face the unnatural fog with your sword drawn (turn to **332**).

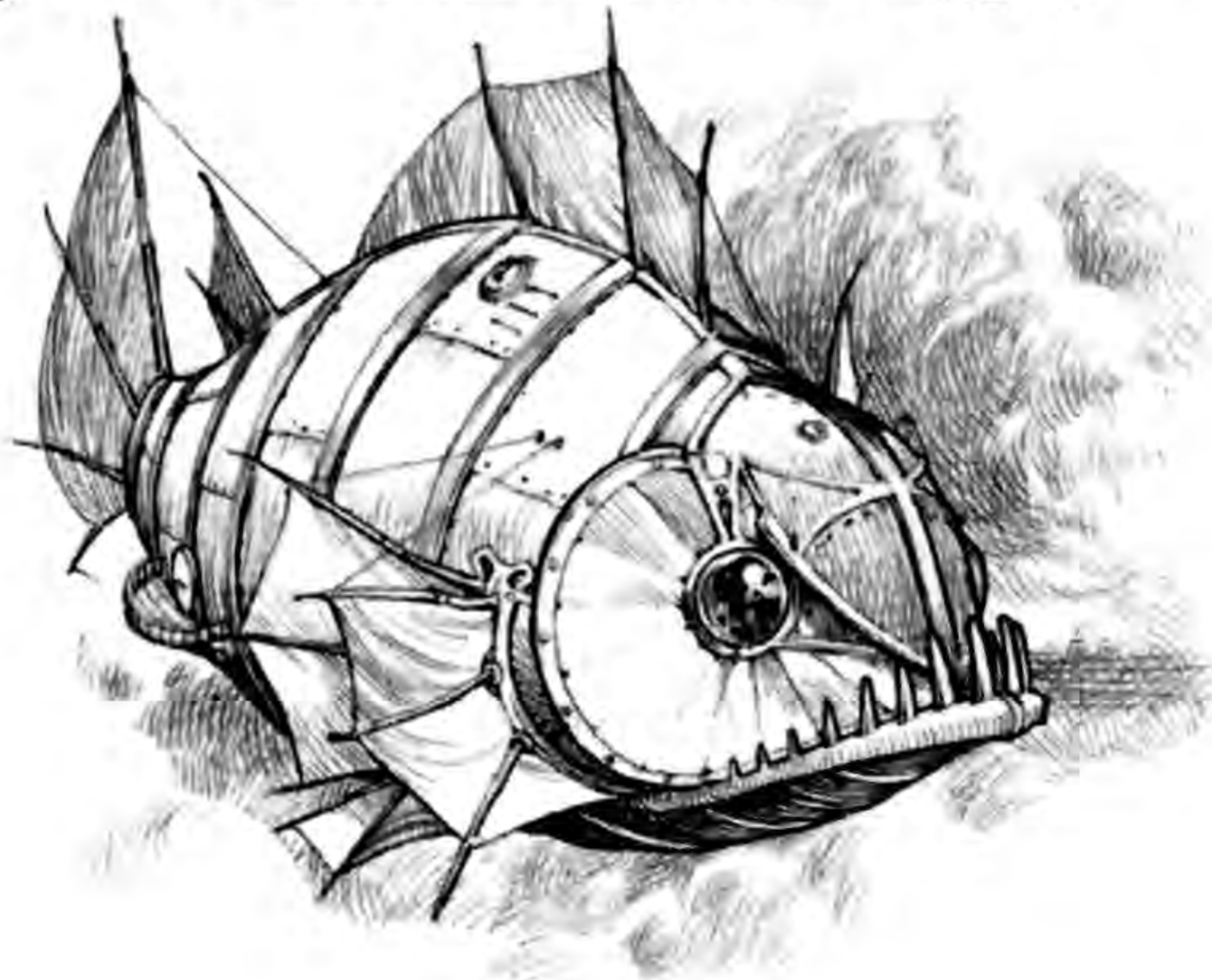

253

As you lift the bell jar, you suddenly notice the lightning-flash patterns that adorn the butterflies' ragged wings, but by then it is already too late. As the innocuous-seeming insects beat their wings, a gale begins to blow in through the arched openings of the tower room. Within seconds a howling wind is circling the room, lifting the discarded jar, the plinth and even you into the air, whirling everything around together at the heart of the cyclone. In your helpless state you are hurled against the walls, floor and ceiling. Roll one die, add 1, and lose that many STAMINA points. (If it is Windsday or Stormsday, you suffer an additional point of STAMINA damage.) The butterflies eventually

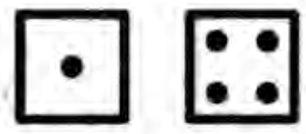

escape the room through the arched openings and only then does the wind die down again, leaving you to pick yourself up from the floor and struggle on up the tower. Turn to **281**.

254

This new tunnel twists and turns until you skid to a halt at the edge of a terrible precipice. The last of the stone bridge breaks away from the sides of the chasm and plunges into the lava river below – the level of which is much higher than it was the last time you were here. Your hopes of escaping this way are dashed in an instant. You have no choice but to turn back and go the other way, praying to the gods that an alternative escape route will present itself. Add 1 to your TIME TRACK and turn to **304**.

255

With a terrible screeching cry, a monstrous winged shape suddenly flies up from the gulf beneath the platform. It is almost ten metres in length, has two

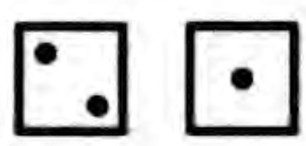

powerfully-clawed legs and an enormous pair of dragon-like wings. The black scales that cover its body shine with dark iridescence. You see now that the other end of the chain is secured to a clasp around one of the creature's hind-legs. The Wyvern is none too pleased to find you awaiting it on the platform and not its master, and screeching again it snaps at you with its fang-filled snout. Once again, you are forced to fight.

BLACK WYVERN SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

As the Wyvern's movements are restricted by the chain, after you have fought three Attack Rounds you can escape back up the stairs. Turn to **285**.

256

You make it to the top of the stack without incident. Only you are not at the top. Instead you find yourself standing before a natural archway in the face of the stack. Cautiously you pass through it and enter a domed space within the rock itself. The wind blows in through other clefts in the rock and a worn set of steps, that appear to have been carved from the rock itself, leads to a dais of red sandstone. Standing on the dais is a robed figure, its hooded cloak billowing and flapping in the wind. The cowl of the robe hides the figure's face completely.

A woman's voice carries to you on the wind, barely more than a breathy whisper. 'What do you want with the Keeper of the Four Winds?' the voice

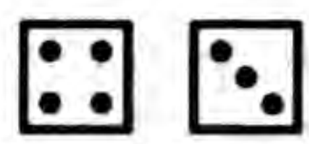

demands. Will you reply that you come seeking aid (turn to **108**), or will you draw your sword and run at the cloaked figure (turn to **90**)?

257

Cautiously you approach the captain's skeleton, as defiant in death as he must have been in life. Your heart pounding its own tattoo of fear against your ribs, you carefully lift the key from around the captain's neck. But there was nothing to worry about, the skeleton does not come to life to exact its revenge and nothing else untoward happens. (Add the Golden Key to your *Adventure Sheet*, noting that it has 17 'teeth') You are now free to leave the captain's cabin, but will you explore inside the hull (turn to **217**) or leave the sunken galleon and make for the fissure (turn to **6**)?

258

Two doors lead off from the small top deck of the vessel, the one to the aft bearing the image of a snowflake, the door to the fore having a simplified picture of the sun cut into it. Choosing somewhere you haven't already been, will you:

Open the snowflake door?	Turn to **236**
Open the sun door?	Turn to **213**
Leave the top deck and explore elsewhere?	Turn to **391**

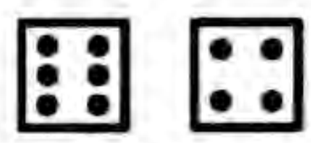

259

You enter an airy chamber at the rear of the vessel. A framework of timbers fills the space, to which have been attached various pulleys and a large windlass. Everything is connected to everything else by a complicated system of ropes. The groaning of wood and the creaking of ropes fills the chamber. As far as you can tell, this must be part of the *Eye of the Storm*'s steering mechanism. But what would be the best way to cause the most damage here? Will you find something to try to jam the windlass somehow (turn to **275**), or cut the inter-connecting ropes with your sword (turn to **288**)?

260

'I remember this place,' Brokk pipes up. 'We ran into an infestation of Iron Eaters down here. There was even talk of something bigger; something worse. I would suggest we get out of here as quickly as possible,' he says, pointing along the left-hand path at the crossroads. Now return to **310** and choose which way you want to go.

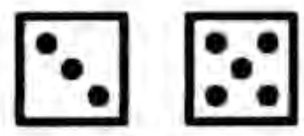

261

In a second, Wyrmbiter is in your hand again. With a bestial scream the Yeti shows itself. Teeth bared, the creature knuckles towards you through the drifting snow. As it closes on you and the Huntress, it rears up on its hind legs, to its full four metres, and beats its chest in a crude attempt to intimidate you – only it works!

Snarling, Fang throws itself at the hulking beast but, before your very eyes, the Yeti catches hold of the Cat in its clawed hands and hurls the Sabretooth over its back. Larni falls from the saddle with a cry, landing awkwardly in the snow, while blood pours from a savage wound in the Cat's side. Then the Yeti turns its attentions to you!

YETI SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

Unless you are wearing a Sun Talisman, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If the Yeti wounds you at all, roll one die. If you're not wearing a Sun Talisman, on a roll of 4–6 its chilling talons impart an additional 1 STAMINA point of damage, and on a roll of 6 will drain 1 SKILL point as well. If you slay the savage beast, turn to **374**.

262

Its lantern-eyes blazing white-hot, the unstoppable machine strides towards you like some terrible, walking siege engine. Once again you are fighting for your

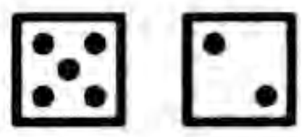

life! Before battle commences, make any alterations necessary to the automaton's stats.

JUGGERNAUT SKILL 11 STAMINA 16

If you think you know a way to deactivate the Juggernaut and you win two Attack Rounds in succession, turn to **241**. If not, or you never manage to win two Attack Rounds in a row, but you still win, turn to **156**.

263

You travel south for another day (move the Day of the Week on 1) without seeing any other signs of life apart from distant circling carrion birds. Having spent a night under the stars, not long after dawn you come upon the kind of feature that can't be missed – a massive fracture stretching for as far as you can see across the parched plain – the Screaming Canyon. Well is it so named, for the scouring winds that sweep across the Howling Plains are channelled through the maze-like chasms of the rift, producing eerie howls and screams, as if demons dwelt there. Something

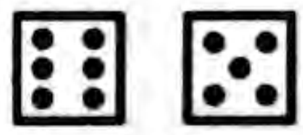

tells you that the aid you seek lies somewhere within this maze of branching gullies and ravines. Boldly you set off into the canyon. You have not gone far when you come to a parting of the ways between the towering cliffs. Will you take the left-hand path (turn to **303**) or the right-hand route (turn to **283**)?

264

Spurring their steeds forwards at a gallop, the two horsemen bear down on you, sabres in hand. You must fight them both at the same time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HORSEMAN	8	7
Second HORSEMAN	7	7

If you win and the battle lasted for 12 Attack Rounds or fewer, turn to **277**. If it lasted for more than 12 Attack Rounds, as you are fighting the horsemen another patrol turns up. Turn to **205**.

265

Warily, you step out onto the narrow bridge. You have taken only a few steps when you hear an ominous crack and feel the rock shift beneath you. Without a second thought you start to run, not daring to take your eyes off the archway ahead of you. You are still several metres from the end of the bridge and safety when it gives way altogether. With a herculean effort, you fling yourself forwards. Roll three dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, you make the jump, landing on the far side of

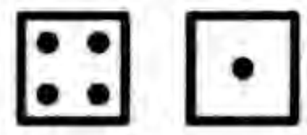

the bridge (turn to **185**). If the total is greater than your STAMINA score, turn to **225**.

266

You find Inigo Crank already outside the tower, waiting for you. He has his own pack stuffed with charts and a number of the models from his workroom.

'There's no time to waste, Sturm has several days' start on you,' the engineer states. 'He has bound four Greater Elementals within the Elemental Engine of his flying machine to provide it with its source of power and keep it up in the air. If you are going to have any hope of stopping Sturm and his Weather Machine, you are going to have to find the means to overcome those Elementals. Search in places where the four elements of earth, air, fire and water are in greatest concentrations.'

'And where's that?' you ask.

'Deep beneath the mountains of the Witchtooth Line, on the wind-swept Howling Plains, at the heart of Mount Pyre, the volcano that stands within the mountainous borders of Mauristatia, and deep beneath the Eelsea. Now hurry! The whole of Femphrey is in danger and you must get moving. I would come with you, only I think I'd slow you down.'

You agree with the old man – there's no time to lose – so where will you begin your search for the means to defeat Sturm's bound Elementals?

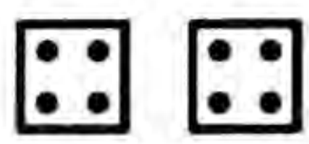

To the north, within the mountains of the Witchtooth Line? Turn to **115**

At Mount Pyre, to the east of the kingdom? Turn to **309**

To the south of Femphrey, on the wind-swept Howling Plains? Turn to **83**

Beneath the Eelsea, beyond the western coast of Femphrey? Turn to **13**

267

Sturm staggers away from you, little more than a blackened cinder now, and transforms again. He starts to grow, his skin hardening as he does so, until he stands before you as a three-metre tall behemoth of earth and stone. With a roar like a crashing landslide, the Colossus stomps towards you. But how can you fight something made of solid earth? If only you could wash it away, as the sea eats away at the land ...

If you have the Shell of the Seas and you know the name of a Water Elemental who could help you, turn it into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26. Add the numbers together and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If not, turn to **8**.

268

You have prepared carefully to defeat the crazed Elementalist and success could well be within your grasp. (Add 1 LUCK point, even if this takes your LUCK score beyond its *Initial* level.) However you still have

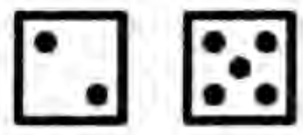

to somehow gain access to Sturm's Weather Machine; how do you intend to manage such a feat?

If you want to use a Potion of Levitation, turn to **207**. If you know the name of an Air Elemental and want to call on it for aid now, turn its name into a number (using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26 and adding the numbers together), add 30, and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you have the codeword *Susagep* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **128**. If not, but you have the codeword *Noollab*, turn to **149**. If you have none of these things, turn to **107**.

269

You creep into the chamber, the rock at your feet cracking with every footstep. Carefully you reach between the ribs of the scorched skeleton and withdraw the crystal. You almost jump out of your skin as the skeleton suddenly collapses around you, the bones clattering noisily against the rocks. You freeze, waiting to see if anything heard you. When nothing enters the cave to see what all the noise was about, you let out your pent-up breath in a great sigh and take a closer look at the crystal. It burns with inner fire, the flames forming a letter F. (Add the Fire Crystal and its letter to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Intrigued by your find, you leave the cavern and return to the last junction. Turn to **319**.

270

You set the last tumbler, close the chest-plate and take another wary step back from the iron man. The

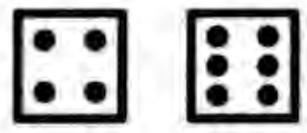

humming coming from within the golem rises in pitch and then, with a great deal of clanking and hissing of pistons, the automaton rises to its feet. It towers above you, the top of its head scraping the roof of the bilge-tank. And then it comes to a standstill again, although the crackle of caged lightning continues to blaze within its crystalline eyes. No matter what you do next – whether it is waving your hands in front of its face, giving it verbal commands, or even tapping it on the chest-plate – the golem remains motionless as if waiting for something. (Add the codeword *Notamotua* to your *Adventure Sheet*.) Keen to know what is needed to get the golem to move, you climb back up the rusty ladder into the main body of the strange ship, having to accept the fact that you'll just have to wait and see. Turn to **54**.

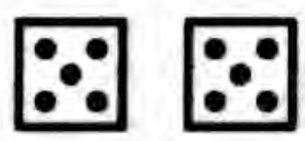

271

Muldwych the Mad Monk looks at your palms, in your eyes and even gets you to stick your tongue out and say 'Ahhh!'

'Well, it doesn't look good,' he says at last, with a despairing sigh. 'I see only doom ahead of you in your quest. Nothing but your doom. Doom, doom, doom!'

The doomsayer's words fill you with a cold dread and you start to doubt that you will ever achieve what you have set out to do. Lose 1 LUCK point. Muldwych has nothing more to offer and so you and the mad monk part company, going your separate ways.

You eventually make it through to the other side of the swamp. Finding the going much easier now, you follow dirt roads as they pass through apple orchards and carefully tended turnip fields on the way to Chalannabrad. Move the Day of the Week on 3 and turn to **50**.

272

Standing at the prow of the ship, the sorcerer raises his hands in the face of the approaching fog and begins to weave his spell. As you watch, a set of malevolent features form within the roiling mist. A pained expression contorts Prospero's face as he battles the sorcery controlling the Fog Elemental. And then the battle is won, and the fog is gone, leaving the

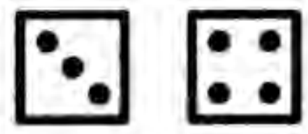

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Tempest free to continue its journey across the sea. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **359**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **147**.

273

Another sloping passageway gives you access to one final cave. It is circular and strewn with massive boulders – slabs of rock that look like they have been brought down by the endless earthquakes. Crystalline seams within the walls sparkle with phosphorescence, strange light-emitting minerals bathing the cavern in an eerie milky light. And something else catches your eye as well; resting on a plinth of rock, in the middle of the chamber, is a crude clay figurine. Approaching the plinth you take a closer look. The figurine is an ugly thing, no more than 30 centimetres tall and curiously bound with bands of green copper. Carved into the bands are the words, 'Break the bonds that bind me'. Something tells you that you have found what you have been seeking, but what are you going to do with the statuette now? If you to break the copper bands, turn to **316**. If you want to take the statuette with its bonds intact, turn to **293**.

274

The passageway continues to broaden out until it becomes the entrance to a vast cavern. Far above you, the rocky roof of the chamber is thick with smoke, and the reason for this becomes clear when you catch sight of a huge snaking coil of crimson-scaled flesh slithering around an outcropping of igneous basalt.

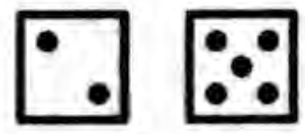

You come to an abrupt stop and arm yourself. The rasping sound of the hard scales against the rock pillar is suddenly drowned out by a terrible roar. From around another outcrop appears the monster's head. It is that of a great Wyrm. As the monster comes at you, belching flame and smoke, you see that the rest of its body is that of a huge serpent at least fifteen metres in length. Leathery black wings unfold from its back, to frame its horned head. If you want to try to run from the Firewyrm, turn to **294**; otherwise you have no choice but to fight it.

FIREWYRM SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If the Firewyrm wins an Attack Round, roll one die; on a roll of 5–6 it blasts you with flame, causing you 4 STAMINA points of damage. If you manage to slay the monster, turn to **314**.

275

Breaking off a convenient length of wood from the inside of the hull, you wedge the plank firmly between the peg-teeth of the windlass. The mechanism protests as it tries to turn and then gives up. You have successfully locked the *Eye of the Storm*

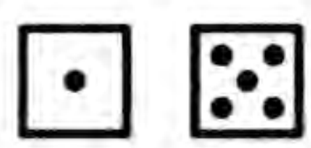

on its current course. (Add 1 to your DAMAGE score.) Your work here done, you return to the stairwell. Turn to **54**.

276

'Zephyrus!' you scream as you plunge through the storm-clouds surrounding the doomed Weather Machine. Over the rush of wind in your ears you hear a hurricane roar, and then your body is being supported on a cushion of air. You are being carried in the gale-strong arms of an Air Elemental.

'You called and I have come,' the manifestation of the West Wind booms. 'Command and I shall obey!'

'Take me back down to the ground!' you scream at the top of your voice, over the howling wind, and in no time at all you are back on terra firma. Turn to **400**.

277

As soon as their masters are dead, the Lendlelanders' mounts flee, probably heading back to the encampment. A quick inspection of the barbarians' bodies turns up 2 Meals' worth of Provisions, 5 Gold Pieces in total and a large predator's Sabretooth Fang, tied to a leather cord; a hunting charm of some kind no doubt. (If you want to take the Sabretooth Fang, add it to your *Adventure Sheet*.) You don't want to hang around here for too long, in case another patrol turns up looking for the last, so, having done your best to hide the bodies of the horsemen behind a knotty bush, you hurry on your way again. Turn to **142**.

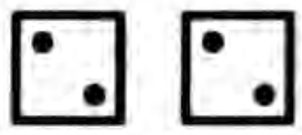

278

A day after leaving the slopes of Mount Pyre you find the air temperature dropping steadily, and the further north-west you travel, the more the landscape starts to look like it is caught in the grip of winter. Freak snowstorms – no doubt caused by Balthazar Sturm's ship – have blanketed the hills, valleys and forests in drifts several metres deep. You pass villages smothered in snow, icy rivers and frozen lakes. If you are not wearing a Sun Talisman, you must lose 2 STAMINA points from the effects of the biting cold.

As you battle on through the bitter weather, the wind begins to pick up, sweeping icy flakes of snow into your face. It is then that you hear a shrill whinnying. Looking up into the blizzard-wracked sky, you see a striking white horse, with large feathered wings, fighting to stay airborne as it comes under attack from a pair of scraggy creatures that are part bird and part reptile. Their scrawny wings and scaly bodies are rimmed with frost. They are trying to claw the Pegasus with their taloned feet as they peck at it with razor-sharp beaks. The white flanks of the Pegasus are stained red with blood where the bird-reptiles have already wounded it. If you want to help the Pegasus, turn to **340**. If not, you battle on through the blizzard, leaving the poor creature to its fate. Lose 1 LUCK point, move the Day of the Week on 1, and turn to **250**.

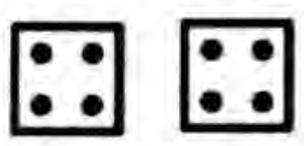

279

Hooking the grapple over a spike of rock, you let the rope drop over the edge of the cliff and warily begin your descent. The lower you go the hotter it becomes; sweat pours off your body. But that is the least of your problems. You suddenly feel the rope give and look up. The rope has caught fire above you and one by one the strands are burning through. You quickly start to ascend again but there is not enough time. The rope burns through completely before you can reach safety, dropping you into the bubbling lava lake below. In seconds there is nothing left of you, not even your skeleton, as Mount Pyre consumes you. Your adventure is over!

280

Hearing a crash behind you, you risk a glance over your shoulder, and see the hulking form of the Dreadnought tear the door to the chamber off its hinges and force its way inside. The steel-cased figure marches past you and with a roar of gears, launches itself at the Juggernaut.

Play out the battle between the Dreadnought and the Juggernaut, as you would any other battle, but first make any necessary alterations to the automaton's stats. This is going to be a truly colossal conflict!

	SKILL	STAMINA
JUGGERNAUT	11	16
DREADNOUGHT	10	12

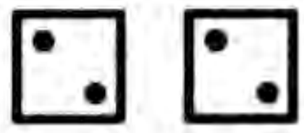

If the Dreadnought bests the Juggernaut, the crackling blue light in its eyes dies, the Spark having burnt itself out. The iron colossus will not fight for you again (regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **156**). If the Juggernaut smashes the Dreadnought to smithereens, turn to **262**.

281

The staircase ends at the entrance to another tower room, again smaller in circumference to the one below. This room has no windows but you can see perfectly well thanks to the pulsing blue-white glow coming from a small brass and glass flask standing on a workbench amidst a nest of copper wires. These cables connect to a large sparking switch bolted to the opposite wall and currently in the on position. There is a crackling background hum of electricity and the room is thick with the burnt tin smell of ozone. To all intents and purposes it looks like someone has managed to capture lightning in a bottle.

By the light of the bound lightning you can make out an archway in the opposite wall that leads to another spiral stone staircase. Then you see something move. Several small, squat shapes are emerging from the shadows beneath the workbench and from behind banks of machinery. As they move within the sphere of the incandescent glow of the strange flask you see that they are no bigger than Dwarfs and appear to be entirely contained within leather overalls and brass helmets. From behind the tinted glass goggle-eyes of

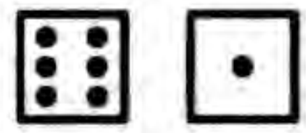

the helmets you can see the flicker of more trapped lightning.

It seems quite likely to you that if you are to enter this room and examine the flask or even if you want to cross to the staircase on the other side, you are going to have to fight these curious creatures. If you are prepared to do just that, turn to **311**. If you think you have seen enough you can either leave the tower (turn to **398**) or descend the staircase into the depths of the basement levels, if you have not already done so (turn to **160**).

282

Pulling yourself through the water with powerful strokes, you make for the temple. If you have the codeword *Retsnom* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **200** at once. If not, then the horror unfurls a tentacle, grabs you tightly around the ankle and in a flash is dragging you towards its gaping beaked maw. You have no choice but to fight. Turn to **242** and for the first Attack Round you must fight with your Attack Strength reduced by 1 point, as you are still in the grip of the beast.

283

The wind moans as it blows towards you along the chasm you are following. The wind gradually picks up until you round a large boulder to be confronted by a startling sight. There in front of you is a concentrated, swirling whirlwind of dust and sand, no

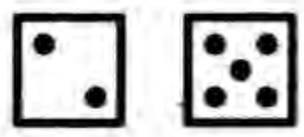

bigger than you are. Without warning the dancing Dust Devil moves towards you and you find yourself having to fight the territorial air spirit.

DUST DEVIL SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If it is Windsday, increase the Dust Devil's SKILL score by 1 point and its STAMINA by 2. Due to its shifting, insubstantial form, it is very hard to actually harm the wind sprite; any successful strikes against it will only cause 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you defeat the creature you are able to continue on your way. It is not long before you reach another parting of the ways. Will you go left this time (turn to **208**) or right (turn to **333**)?

284

'Now you die!' Sturm screams, his voice the howling voice of the gale. You must fight the furious Maelstrom!

MAELSTROM SKILL 12 STAMINA 10

If you reduce the Maelstrom's STAMINA to 3 points or fewer, there is an explosion of blinding white light accompanied by a clap of thunder. You are hurled backwards by the blast into a bank of machinery. Lose 3 STAMINA points and, if you are still alive, turn to **397**.

285

Standing outside the locked iron door you hear sounds of movement and angry muttering. It sounds

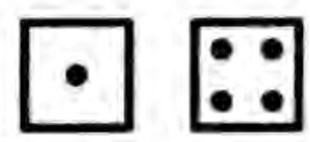

like there's someone trapped in the room beyond. Will you:

Take the key from the peg on the wall and unlock the door?	Turn to **335**
Keep on heading down the stairs (if you haven't done so already)?	Turn to **188**
Head upwards again and explore the rest of the tower (if you haven't already done so)?	Turn to **220**
Ascend the staircase and leave the tower altogether?	Turn to **398**

286

Two days of hard walking brings you within sight of the walls of the capital city of Femphrey – Chalannabrad! (Move the Day of the Week on 2.) You have been here several times before, but the sight of the city's open, tree-lined avenues, stunning parks and monumental public buildings never ceases to amaze. But you're not here to see the sights on this occasion – you have a job to do. You waste no time in making your way to the ancient and impressive College of Mages – a building of soaring spires, sparkling crystal domes and myriad labyrinthine passageways hiding who knows what sorcerous secrets. Being known to the Mages already – having completed a number of missions at their behest in the past – you are soon granted an audience with the High Council of Sorcerers, Spellcasters and Sages ...

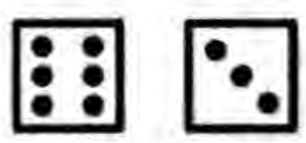

Less than half an hour later, you are leaving the Council Chamber feeling furious and frustrated.

It was as if the Council didn't want to know about the potential threat to Femphrey, making it quite clear that they thought you were at best exaggerating and at worst making the whole thing up. But why were they so opposed to the idea of somebody manipulating the weather to further their own evil ambitions? Well let them think what they like; it's not going to stop you getting to the bottom of this threat to the kingdom.

As you stride away from the Council Chamber the door to the chamber opens and a youthful-looking mage with a neatly-trimmed goatee beard and wearing voluminous red robes embroidered with swirling golden comets steps out into the corridor after you. You recognise him at once. It is Matteus Charmweaver, a mage who you have worked with in the past – the last time, battling the Ogre Shamen of the southern Lendleland.

'I am so sorry, my friend,' he apologises. 'I can't believe the Council would treat you like that, after all that you have done for the College in the past. But it's because they're embarrassed. You see, they know who's behind the attack on Vastarin, but they don't know what to do to stop him.'

'Who is it then?' you ask.

'His name is Balthazar Sturm, and he used to be a

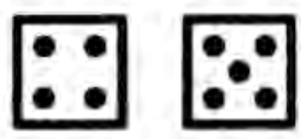

member of the College of Mages,' Matteus explains. 'He practised the path of the Elementalist, focusing particularly on meteorological magic, until he was thrown out for carrying out irresponsible sorcerous experiments, trying to combine magic and machinery. You might say that he left under a dark cloud, swearing revenge not just on the College, but also Chalannabrad and the whole kingdom. The truth is, from what you have told them and their own magical scrying, the Council suspect that Sturm is behind the attack on Vastarin, which means he's back and has begun to exact his revenge.'

'So how *can* he be stopped?' you press.

'Come with me,' Matteus says, mysteriously.

The mage leads you to his private quarters within the College where stands a stone bowl containing a pool of water, its surface as smooth and reflective as a mirror. Matteus intones an incantation and stares, unblinkingly, into the mirror-pool. You fancy you see images swirl and change within the water but you cannot clearly make out what they are. Eventually the pool clears again and Matteus looks up.

'There is no time to waste,' he states with cold finality. 'Sturm has created a weather-altering flying machine, and has bound four Greater Elementals within it to provide it with its means of sorcerous power. It is this craft that you saw within the eye of the storm. If you are to have any hope of standing against Sturm and stopping his Weather Machine, you are going to have

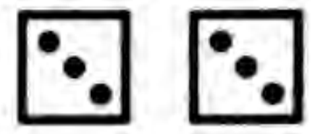

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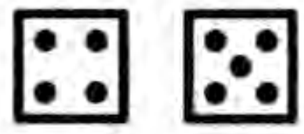

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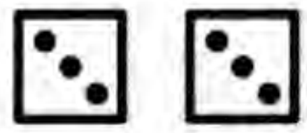

to find the means to overcome these Elementals. You will need to search in places where the four elements of earth, air, fire and water are in their greatest concentrations.'

'And where's that?' you ask.

'Deep beneath the mountains of the Witchtooth Line, on the wind-swept Howling Plains, at the heart of Mount Pyre, the volcano that stands within the mountainous borders of Mauristatia, and deep beneath the Eelsea. I can offer you a little magical aid to help you on your quest, but there is precious little time to waste. The whole of Femphrey is in danger and you must be on your way as soon as possible.'

You can ask Matteus for help with one of the four elements, but which will it be? Will you choose:

Earth?	Turn to **306**
Air?	Turn to **326**
Fire?	Turn to **356**
Water?	Turn to **376**

Or alternatively, will you tell Matteus that, as there's no time to waste, you're ready to set off straightaway (turn to **395**)?

287

You open the door and swim into what must have once been the captain's cabin – and he's still there! A skeleton, wearing a water-spoiled gentleman's jacket of crimson and gold and a bicorn hat, sits behind a

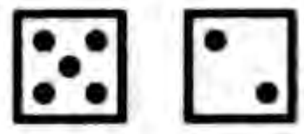

heavy-looking oak desk, cutlass in hand. And there's something else striking about the skeleton – the large gold key hanging over his fleshless ribcage on a rusted chain. Everything else that might once have been of value or interest here has long since been taken by the sea. Do you want to risk lifting the key from around the skeleton's neck (turn to **257**), or would you rather leave the captain's cabin and search the hull (turn to **217**), or leave the wreck altogether (turn to **6**)?

288

The keen edge of your blade makes short work of the ropes. Pulley blocks come crashing down and the windlass spins freely now that there is nothing to restrain it. The whole craft suddenly lurches sideways, throwing you across the chamber. You have deprived the helm of the means to steer the vessel. (Add 2 to your DAMAGE score and regain 1 LUCK point.) Your work here done, you return to the landing. Turn to **54**.

289

It seems incredible, but the plans are for the most amazing flying machine. Its outer appearance is that of a huge fish but inside it is a complex mishmash of machinery and magic, containing devices with names like the Lightning Generator, the Burning Glass and the Elemental Engine. From what you can tell, spread out on the desk is the final set of blueprints for the incredible craft. (If you want to take the Blueprints

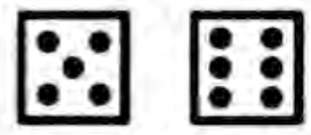

add them to your *Adventure Sheet* along with the fact that they are version 13 of the plans.) Now will you:

Descend to the very bottom of the tower and explore its dungeon levels (if you haven't done so already)?	Turn to **160**
Quit the tower altogether?	Turn to **398**

290*

The tunnel soon peters out at the edge of a towering precipice within a vast natural cavern. The rails continue, however, supported by a network of wooden scaffolding. Standing with its wheels still on the tracks is a mine-cart.

You would not like to try clambering over the rails and the teetering scaffolding to proceed any further, but it might be possible to travel onwards into the mine on board the mine-cart. It would be much quicker, for a start. If you want to do this, turn to **308**. If not, you will have to return to the junction and take the right-hand tunnel, by turning to **5**.

291

You grapple with the Giant, every muscle in your body aching with effort. Then you glimpse a gap in the Giant's defence. Hooking an arm around the back of one tree-trunk leg, you twist and shift your body weight. The Giant comes crashing down on the floor of the clearing with a great wallop that echoes through the forest. You step back, uncertain how the Giant will react to being defeated. Slowly, he sits up, a disgruntled scowl on his face.

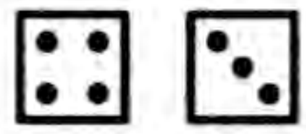

'Now I see 'ow you did for old Gog Magog,' the Giant grumbles. 'Yoo really are a hero!' A broad, toothy grin appears on his face. 'If Cormoran 'ad to lose to anybody, I'm glad it was yoo.' And with that, you and the Giant Cormoran shake hands and go your separate ways. (Add the codeword *Naromroc* to your *Adventure Sheet* and regain 1 LUCK point.)

You keep on walking for another two days (move the Day of the Week on 2), always keeping the great grey wall of the Witchtooth Line ahead of you. Turn to **250**.

292

Making your way to the prow of the ship, you put the horn to your lips and blow. A booming note sounds across the waves. By the time it hits the approaching fog bank, it has become a deafening blast that tears apart the magical bonds providing the Fog Elemental with its sinister sentience. You take the horn from your lips and the note dies, but the Fog Elemental has been dispatched. The *Tempest* is free to continue on its journey across the sea. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **359**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **147**.

293

As you pick up the statuette, with its primitive brutish features, you notice that a single word has been carved into its base: *Arkholith*. It is then that you feel the first of the tremors. You turn from the plinth and run for the exit. But before you even reach the tunnel mouth, with a sharp cracking of stone two of the large

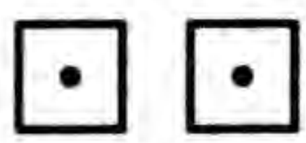

boulders dotting the cavern break apart, the shattered rocks becoming parts of a crudely humanoid body. Cracks in the boulders yawn open and you see hard mineral teeth within the rocky maws, while nuggets of quartz become sparkling eyes. If you are to escape this sacred place of earth power, you are going to have to fight the Boulder Beasts together.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BOULDER BEAST	8	11
Second BOULDER BEAST	8	10

(If today is Earthday, add 1 point to both the monsters' STAMINA scores.) Although their rocky hides will blunt an ordinary sword, Wyrmbiter's enchantments mean that you can injure the Boulder Beasts as normal. However, if you fight them using a crushing weapon, such as a Warhammer or Mace, every blow that connects will smash their bodies for 3 STAMINA points of damage. To swap Wyrmbiter for a crushing weapon, if you have one, you must forfeit one Attack Round, during which time both the Boulder Beasts will get in an unopposed strike.

If you destroy these elemental monsters, the spirits inhabiting the boulders are banished back to the Elemental Plane of Earth, their rock bodies shattering into myriad shards. (Add the Clay Statuette to your *Adventure Sheet,* along with its name, and regain 1 LUCK point.) With the way ahead clear, you carefully make your way back out of the caves. It is then the seismic tremors return with a vengeance! Turn to **10**.

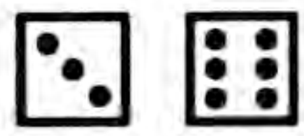

294

The instant you turn your back on the Wyrm it blasts you with its superheated breath. Lose 6 STAMINA points. (If you have a Dragon Tattoo or a Dragon Shield, are wearing a Wyrmskin Cloak or you drank a Potion of Fire Protection before entering the Fire Tunnels, you may reduce this damage by 2 points.) If you survive this roasting, you run for cover within the narrower passageway. Turn to **344**.

295

You find the path you are following now curves around to the right, and rises as it does so. It is not long before you come to a dead-end within a high-roofed cave. The rocks in this chamber are black with soot and sulphurous fumes rise from bubbling mud-pools in the cave floor, and you are not alone. Hissing in anger at your having invaded their territory, a number of large sulphur-yellow lizards haul themselves out of their hot mud baths, determined to drive you away. These creatures are Salamanders – not the small amphibious type but the large, carnivorous lizard kind, creatures with a taste for cooked meat. They cook the flesh of their prey themselves – with their own fiery breath! You must fight the Salamanders two at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SALAMANDER	6	6
Second SALAMANDER	6	5
Third SALAMANDER	5	6
Fourth SALAMANDER	6	7

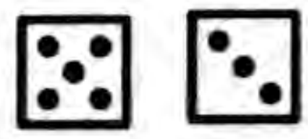

If any of the Salamanders wins an Attack Round, roll one die. On a roll of 6 the creature has spat a great gobbet of flame at you (lose 4 STAMINA points instead of the usual 2). If today is Fireday, the Salamander will use this attack on a roll of 5 or 6. If you defeat the Salamanders, you beat a hasty retreat from their cave before any more can turn up. Turn to **339**.

296

Although you may have discovered various intriguing clues during your exploration of the Lightning Tower, you still don't really have any idea who was behind the attack on Vastarin and so you have no choice but to travel to Chalannabrad for answers. The trek back over the border and into Femphrey is uneventful but time-consuming. Move the Day of the Week on 2 and turn to **286**.

297

Some sixth sense sets your hackles rising and, reacting on some instinctive level, you duck, successfully avoiding the swiping claw that makes a grab for you out of the blizzard. Suddenly the hunters have become the hunted. Turn to **261**.

298

You have rushed to complete your quest and defeat the insane Elementalist, but you could still triumph. However, if you are going to stop Sturm, you are going to have to get on board his Weather Machine first – and how do you plan to do that?

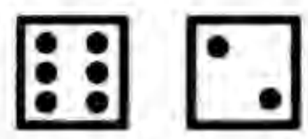

If you want to use a Potion of Levitation, turn to **207**. If you know the name of an Air Elemental and want to call on it for aid now, turn its name into a number (using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26 and adding the numbers together), add 30, and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you have the codeword *Susagep* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **128**. If not, but you have the codeword *Noollab*, turn to **149**. If you have none of these things, turn to **107**.

299

Holding the length of rope in one hand, you spin the grapple in the other and then let go. The barbed iron head clatters against the rock-face on the opposite side of the chasm and becomes snagged on a ledge. Having tested the rope to make sure that the grapple will hold, with a bold leap into the unknown, you swing across the chasm to land safely on the other side. After some judicial tugging, the grapple comes free again and you proceed on your way. Turn to **185**.

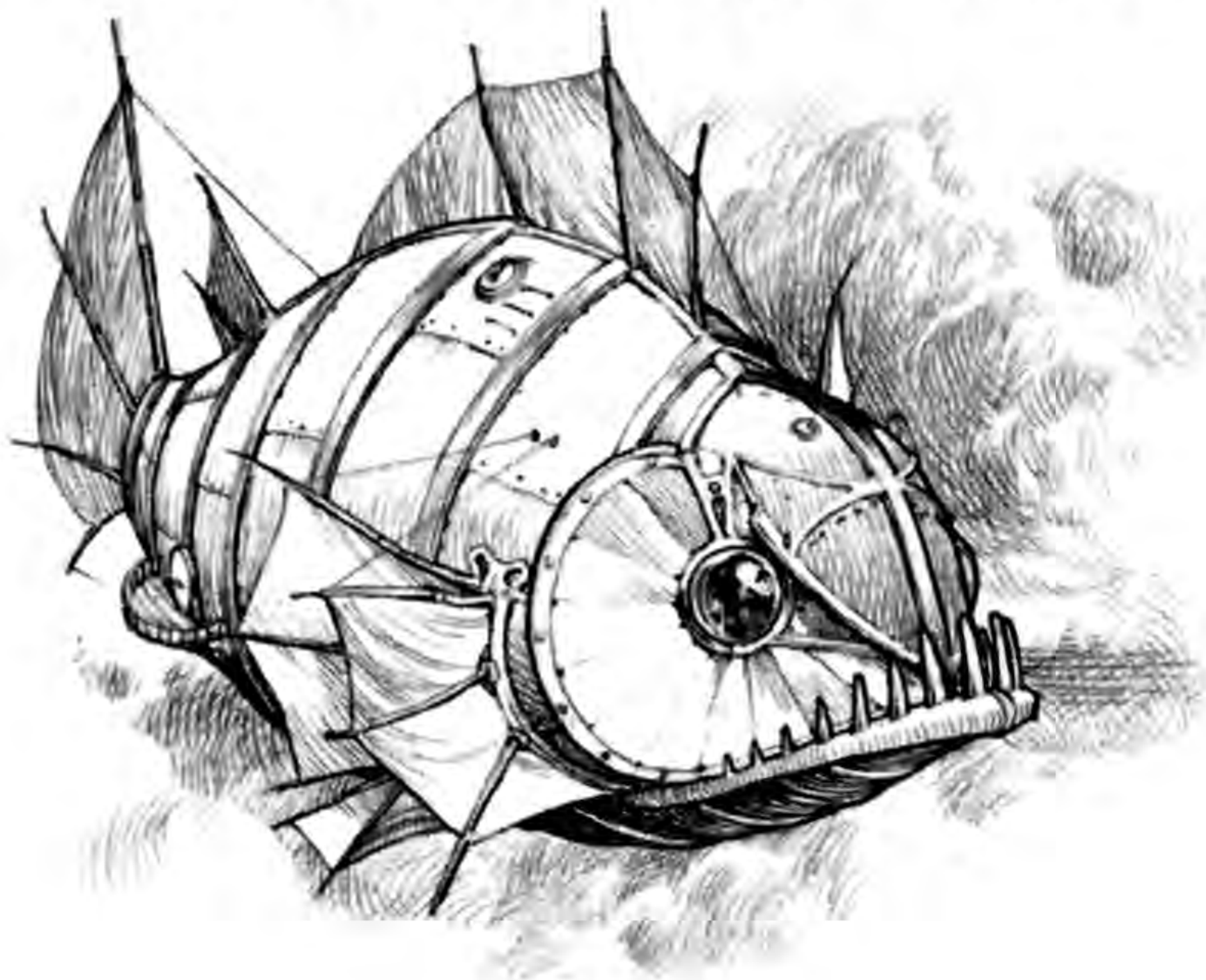

300

As you approach the maw from the other side, you see that one of the 'teeth' of the rock mouth is made from a clear quartz-like crystal. Intrigued you risk snatching the crystal from the rocks. Looking more closely, you see that it burns with inner fire, and that the flames form the letter H. (If you want to take the Fire Crystal with you, add it and its letter to your *Adventure Sheet*.) It is then that you realise that the scalding flames are no longer venting. Seizing the moment, you run back through and head on along the tunnel. Turn to **245**.

301

Swimming up to the statue you tug at the trident, but it is locked within Hydana's stony grasp. You pull harder, bracing your legs against the statue. Suddenly something begins to give – but it's not the trident. The huge statue of the Sea God starts to topple towards you and you only just manage to swim out of the way before it comes crashing down on the sand-strewn floor of the temple sanctum. Before you can do anything else, a deep rumbling reverberates throughout the temple, and pieces of the structure shake loose, tumbling slowly through the water around you. You have desecrated the Sea God's temple and incurred his wrath. (Lose 2 LUCK points!) You have no choice but to try to escape as the building collapses around you. As you swim for the surface, several pieces of falling masonry strike you. Roll one die and add 2; this is the number of STAMINA

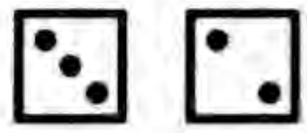

points' damage you suffer. If you are still alive, if you have the codeword *Retsnom* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **358**. If not, turn to **318**.

302

Descending the iron steps into the bilges, you are soon standing knee-deep in stinking, rust-coloured water. The putrid smell of the stagnant water that has dripped down through the ship to collect here is truly nauseating. If today is Stormsday, turn to **320**. If not, turn to **336**.

303

The sun continues to beat down as you make your way along the gorge. You have not travelled very far before you reach another fork in the path. This time will you head right (turn to **208**) or left (turn to **178**)?

304

The tunnel continues to ascend until you enter a spectacular cavern filled with huge crystalline growths, sparkling with a rainbow of colours. The

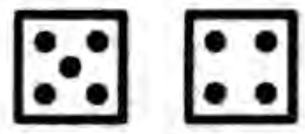

whole cavern is shaking apart as the volcano starts to erupt, crystalline structures the size of standing stones crashing down from the roof in front of you. It is going to be a challenge to make it through this cavern unscathed, and then your heart sinks; you can see no other way out of this cavern. It is a dead-end! (Add 1 to your TIME TRACK.)

At that very moment, just when you are thinking you are doomed, another giant slab of quartz breaks free of the ceiling and smashes into the wall of the cavern. Daylight suddenly floods the crystal cave as a gaping hole appears in the side of the volcano. Without daring to delay a moment longer, you sprint for the opening.

How long has it taken you to get to this point? If your TIME TRACK is 4, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **388**. If your TIME TRACK is 5, turn to **323**. If your TIME TRACK is 6, turn to **353**, and if your TIME TRACK is 7, turn to **373**.

305

Taking on a Giant unarmed was a bold move, but was only ever really going to go one way. The bout has barely begun before you find yourself lifted high into the air and then tossed across the clearing to land in an uncomfortable heap several metres away. Roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points, but no fewer than 2, and lose 1 LUCK point. The Giant, having proved itself, leaves you where you are lying and stomps off through the forest, muttering something

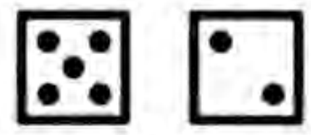

about being ready to challenge the new chief. Having recovered your own equipment you limp off through the forest.

You keep on walking for another two days (move the Day of the Week on 2), always keeping the great grey wall of the Witchtooth Line ahead of you. Turn to **250**.

306

Matteus takes an earthenware bottle from a shelf and hands it to you saying, 'This is a Potion of Giant Strength. Earth Elementals are the most belligerent and strongest of all Elemental-kind. If you ever come up against one, you'll be glad you had this about you, but use it only in the most extreme circumstances.'

If you wish, you may drink the Potion of Giant Strength before any battle. It will raise your SKILL score by 2 for that one battle and the damage you cause by 1 point. Add the Potion of Giant Strength to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **193**.

307

Keeping low, ducking down behind any piece of cover you can find, you slowly advance on the horsemen's encampment. Once or twice you come rather too close for comfort to running into a mounted patrol and at one point you even have to double back a short way to avoid being spotted. But all this stealth pays off in the end, as eventually you find yourself sneaking past the animal-hide tents into the camp itself.

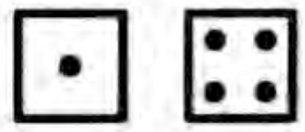

Taking even more care now, you make your way deep into the heart of the camp – past corrals of horses, blacksmiths sharpening weapons and armourers tending to the marauders' equipment. You round the side of a tent and freeze. Twenty metres ahead of you, you see a much larger and more magnificent tent. In front of its open door, flanked by guards, resplendent in his red lacquered leather armour and dragon-helm, seated upon his black-wood throne, is the leader of this massing army – the barbarian horde's Battle-Khan. Across his knees rests a keen-edged sabre and he is staring imperiously ahead at the war preparations taking place within the camp.

You know a little of the marauder tribes of the Lendleland plains and you know that their Battle-Khans are proud men, whose lives are ruled by a strict warrior's code. If you could face this warrior in single combat and shame him, by defeating him, you might be able to stop the planned invasion before it has even begun. It would be a bold move to challenge this Battle-Khan but from what you have seen with your own eyes, it would appear that Femphrey's borders are at risk of a harrowing by these battle-hardened tribesmen.

If you want to reveal yourself and challenge the Battle-Khan, turn to **348**. If you would rather quietly slip away from the marauder's encampment and continue on your way south, turn to **328**.

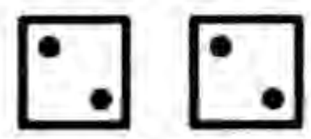

308

Fastening your lantern to the front of the truck, you clamber into it and use your sword to get the cart moving. As soon as the rails run over the edge of the precipice they slope downwards and the cart picks up speed. Suddenly a junction appears in the line ahead, with one route bending round to the left while the other branch turns right. You suddenly realise that there is no obvious way of steering, other than with a shift in bodyweight.

Choose which way you want to direct the cart – either left or right – and then roll three dice to test your STAMINA. If you roll less than or equal to your STAMINA score you succeed in directing the cart the way you want it to go. If you roll greater than your STAMINA score, roll one die again; if the number is odd you go left, if it is even the cart turns right. So, which way did you go in the end?

Left? Turn to **122**
Right? Turn to **138**

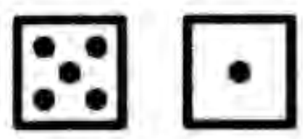

309

A day on from leaving the southern limits of Femphrey (move the Day of the Week on 1), the heat has only intensified. The sun blazes down from a sky devoid of clouds. You pass through a landscape that should be lush meadows and rolling farmland, but which is instead a drought-ridden desert. The ground is parched and cracked. River beds are dry and the wind sweeps eddying dust clouds before it.

One of these dust clouds resolves itself into a caravan of carts and wagons, being pulled by horses and oxen. A rag-tag band of dejected-looking people trudge along the road after it. You appear to be the only person travelling into this blighted area; everyone else is leaving it!

You ask a downcast farmer what has happened to force them to leave their homes and villages. 'Can't you tell?' he replies abruptly. 'It's the drought, isn't it? All our crops have failed. We have nothing to eat. There's nothing for us there anymore. Our only hope is to go elsewh–'

The man suddenly breaks off as the ground starts to shake. A moment later, the shuddering passes. 'What

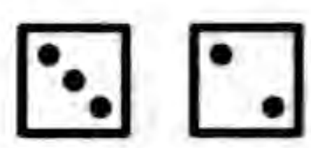

was that?' he asks, shooting you an anxious look. Another tremor ripples through the bone-dry ground beneath your feet and the road surface splits open. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **346**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **218**.

310*

You come at last to a crossroads. From here you can either go left, along a damp tunnel (turn to **399**), right, along a dusty corridor (turn to **227**), or straight on, following a slimy-walled tunnel (turn to **327**).

311

Don't you just hate it when you're right? As soon as you step over the threshold into the room, the curiously clad creatures waddle towards you. As you draw Wyrmbiter from its scabbard, you notice that each of the strange beings has the word 'FULGURITE' etched onto a brass plaque on the front of their overalls along with a number. You are under attack from Fulgurites Seven, Nine and Ten. Within the confines of the cluttered laboratory you can manoeuvre yourself so that you face your attackers one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First FULGURITE	6	4
Second FULGURITE	5	5
Third FULGURITE	6	5

If you defeat all three, make a note of the numbers of the Fulgurites you have fought and then turn to **351**.

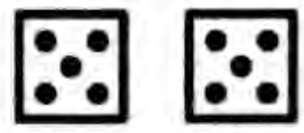

312

Boldly you leap onto the first of the steppingstones. You reach the second just as easily. You are getting the feel for this now; the third doesn't cause you any trouble at all. But it is as you are about to step out onto the fourth steppingstone, that you notice a disturbance in the flow of lava, and something monstrous emerges from within it. You unsheathe Wyrmbiter as the creature continues to rise from the lava river, standing three metres tall, knee-deep in the oozing magma. The creature appears to be formed from molten rock and yet where it is now exposed to the air it is starting to cool, forming a crazed, rocky black hide. Do you want to stand and fight the hardening Magma Beast (turn to **191**), or do you want to attempt to evade it by leaping across the last of the steppingstones (turn to **231**)?

313

The hunter, who introduces himself as Sylas, decides that it is best if you set off on your beast quest without further delay; the first to return with the prize wins the reward after all. All manner of fell creatures are known to make their lairs within the crags to the north of Eerieside, in the marshes to the east, and even within Lake Eerie itself. But where would the Stormdrake have its haunt, if it really does exist?

Once you are out in the wilds, well beyond the town, you put your tracking skills to good use. *Test your Skill,* subtracting 2 from the dice roll if you possess a

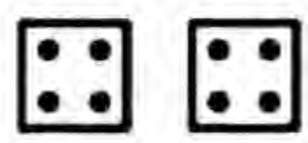

Sabretooth Fang. If you succeed, turn to **357**. If you fail, turn to **195**.

314

You have won a mighty victory indeed. Regain 1 LUCK point. Within the Firewyrm's lair, you find the charred remains of its previous victims – the charred skeletons of mountain goats and Salamanders that it must have picked off from the slopes of the volcano, and even some human bones. Among these burnt relics you find a handful of Gold Pieces (roll two dice and add 6 to discover precisely how many), a Warhammer, still clenched in the heat-fused hand bones of a dead Dwarf, and two curious crystals. Each glows with an eerie inner light, and they feel warm to the touch. As you pick them up, the flickering flames inside each appear to form a different letter – A and S. Having taken what you want from the Firewyrm's lair (making sure that you note it down on your *Adventure Sheet*), as the cavern is effectively a dead-end, you return to the last junction you passed and follow the other, smaller tunnel deeper into the volcano. Turn to **344**.

315

Stepping out onto the gangplank, you leap off the end. You drop like a stone into the sea and the waves close over your head. The weight of your armour and sword drag you down towards the submerged reef. Your lungs begin to ache until, unable to fight the urge any longer, you take a gulping breath. But what's

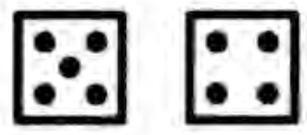

this? Miraculously you are still able to breathe – just as you had hoped. You breathe a sigh of relief and moments later your feet touch the seabed.

You quickly look around you. The sunlight penetrating the water is muted at these depths but, as your eyes become accustomed to the reduced light levels, you find that you can see well enough. Behind you the reef itself rises back up towards the surface and you can see the underside of the ship's hull above you. Not many metres ahead is the edge of the continental shelf, and beyond that nothing but the gloom of the ocean depths. To your right you can make out the holed wreck of a galleon, while to your left you can see that the seabed is riven by a great fissure. Deciding that you are unlikely to find the temple beyond the edge of the continental shelf, will you make for the wreck (turn to **337**) or the rift (turn to **6**)?

316

You prise the copper bands open with the tip of your sword and feel the first of the tremors almost immediately. The rock begins to shake beneath your feet and at the same time, as if in sympathy, the statuette starts to vibrate in your hand. You drop the ugly clay figure on the floor where it cracks open and immediately starts to transform. It swells until it is the size of a man, but it doesn't stop there. It continues to grow, taking on the form of a massive stone giant, its hide formed from grating slabs of rock.

You have unleashed an Earth Elemental on the world!

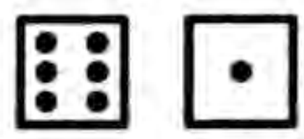

(Lose 2 LUCK points.) The strength of the tremors increases and pieces of rock break from of the roof to come crashing down around you. You back away from the plinth as the Elemental continues to manifest before you, and then turn on your heel and run. There is no way can stand and fight the Earth Elemental here, with the cave shaking apart around you.

You race back through the caves as fast as you are able, until you fly out of the cleft into the huge chamber where the caves meet the mine. The ground continues to shake at the approach of the Elemental. Earth Elementals are notoriously bad-tempered and evil-natured creatures and this one, having been trapped beneath the earth for Throff knows how long, is hungry for revenge. Two huge hands, with fingers like spears of rock, grasp the cave mouth and tear the fissure open, and the Earth Elemental enters the chamber. It looks like a giant composed of rock and earth. The Elemental raises its fists in anger and bellows its fury to the world. The roar, like the crash of a rockslide, echoes from the chamber walls, the subsonic waves causing more rocks to tumble down from the roof and splash into the lake.

If you have the codeword *Enihcam* written on your *Adventure Sheet,* turn to **244**. If not, what are you going to do now? Will you:

Use the Spark of Life, if you have it?	Turn to **92**
Drink a Potion of Giant Strength, if you have one?	Turn to **81**

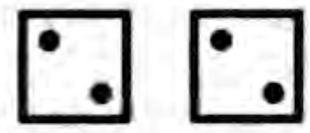

Prepare to fight the Earth Elemental?	Turn to **61**
Keep running?	Turn to **42**

317

The deck of the sunken ship is deserted … or at least that's how it appears at first. Then you notice the dark shapes circling in the water above. The forbidding silhouettes are unmistakeable – Hammerheads! And the sharks have seen you too. With a flick of its sickle-shaped tail, one of them makes its descent. The other quickly follows. Amidst the masts and the kelp, fight the Hammerheads one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HAMMERHEAD	7	8
Second HAMMERHEAD	7	7

If you kill the sharks, the only place that might be worth exploring is whatever lies beyond the door to the forecastle at the prow of the ship (turn to **287**). If you would rather not hang around any longer on deck, in case something else spots you there and considers you a potential meal, you can either swim down into the hull (turn to **217**), or quit the wreck altogether and make for the rift (turn to **6**).

318

Your head breaks the surface and you breathe normally again. You soon find yourself back onboard the *Tempest*. If you have a shell with you, turn to the paragraph which is the same as the number of spines on the shell.

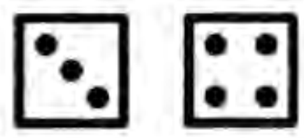

'Did you find what you were looking for then?' Captain Katarina asks, but before you can answer, the hard-bitten buccaneer turns to the matter of her money. 'So, what treasures did you recover from the ocean depths? Did the sea give up its bounty?'

Did you recover any treasure from the reef or the rift? If so, turn to **69**. If not, turn to **88**.

319

After only a short distance, the new tunnel ends at another T-junction. It feels as if the dry air of the Fire Tunnels is getting hotter. For as long as you remain within the volcano you must reduce your SKILL by 1 point, due to the terrible heat. However, if you drank a Potion of Fire Protection before entering, if you are wearing a Wyrmskin Cloak, or if you have a Dragon Tattoo, you may ignore this penalty. Which way will you go now? Left (turn to **339**) or right (turn to **295**)?

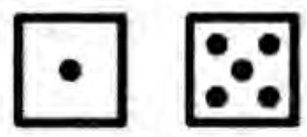

320

The water suddenly convulses before you and a pile of stinking rubbish – bits of wood, discarded rags, strips of torn sailcloth, sheared metal components – rises from of the foul water. The rubbish has assumed a roughly humanoid shape and something like a mouth hisses at you from amidst the mound. The residual magical energy permeating the ship has also collected down here in the bilges and has animated the debris, furnishing it with a crude and malicious sentience.

DETRITUS SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

If you reduce the magical rubbish heap's STAMINA score to 0, the esoteric energies holding it together dissipate and it crumbles back into the sloshing soup filling the bilges. Turn to 336.

321

The instant you lift the shell from the plinth, you feel a commotion in the water around you and three figures appear in front of the statue of the Sea God. They look like women, although it is also quite clear that they are formed from seawater themselves. They watch you intently with eyes that glimmer like mother of pearl, and you hear them speak inside your mind.

'Why do you defile this sacred place?' the first asks.

'Who would dare profane the temple of the divine Sea himself?' asks the second.

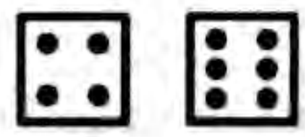

'Speak now or forfeit your life to Hydana!' demands the third.

Do you want to try to explain your reasons for seeking the Sea God's aid (turn to **341**), or will you simply draw your sword against them, so that you might take what it is you need (turn to **361**)?

322

You set off up the slope towards the top of the rocky outcrop and the curious tower. As you look up at the tower, searching for any obvious signs of life, you see the V-shapes of birds circling the pinnacle far above. Only they're not birds. As you peer closer you see that they actually appear to be winged dogs, or perhaps wolves with wings.

A chill thrill of fear crackles down the length of your spine as you realise what these creatures are. Aakor were perhaps once ordinary wolves, before they gained their wings and their penchant for warm blood, and they have caught sight of you with their keen eyes. Steering themselves in your direction with their bushy tails, with a few beats of the broad, feathery wings sprouting from their shoulder blades, the pack swoops down on you, claws outstretched, fangs bared. Once again Wyrmbiter is in your hands. Exposed on the treeless escarpment, you will have to fight the Aakor all together.

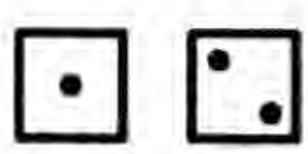

	SKILL	STAMINA
First AAKOR	7	8
Second AAKOR	7	7
Third AAKOR	6	7

As soon as you have killed one of the winged wolves, the other Aakor break off from the fight, howling, and soar away on the thermals to find easier prey. Add the codeword *Detnuh* to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **51**.

323

You had to double back once, on your flight through the Fire Tunnels which cost you dear in time. How quickly you made your run will be what decides whether you make it out alive or not. Roll three dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your STAMINA score, to **388**, but if it is greater, turn to **373**.

324

If you have the codeword *Knarc* on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **266**. If not, turn to **296**.

325

Taking the six-sided flask from your backpack, you ease it into the hollow inside the metal man's head. You then secure the lid again and take a cautious step backwards. Almost immediately blue sparks flash within the automaton's crystal eyes and a resonating hum fills the bilge-space – but that's all that happens. Obviously something else needs to be done for the

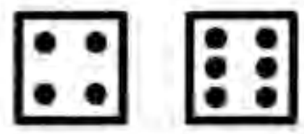

golem to activate fully, something involving the numbered tumblers inside its chest. If you would like to try setting the tumblers to a particular number, turn to the same paragraph as that number. If you don't know which number to try you find that the top of the automaton's head is now locked and you cannot remove the Spark of Life again. Cross it off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **54** as you leave the bilges bitterly disappointed.

326

'Then I give you this,' Matteus says, taking a glass bottle blown into the shape of a man's face with puffed-out cheeks from a shelf. 'It is a Potion of Levitation. If you're going to be dealing with Air Elementals, it might be better if you can deal with them on their own terms.' Add the Potion of Levitation to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **193**.

327

You are proceeding along the passageway when you suddenly hear a wet splat on the ground behind you. Lying there on the floor of the tunnel is a strange, jelly-like creature. While you are distracted, looking at the curious tunnel dweller, another of the creatures drops from the ceiling right on top of you this time. The amoeba-like Iron Eater isn't interested in harming you, rather in consuming any metal you have about your person. But you are going to have to fight the Iron Eater anyway, if you are to save your precious equipment from being consumed.

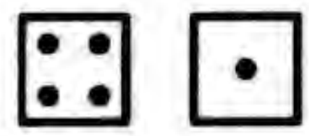

IRON EATER SKILL 4 STAMINA 5

If the monster wins an Attack Round, you do not lose any STAMINA points; instead it eats one item of armour (lose 1 SKILL point). When you have no armour (such as chainmail, a shield or a weapon other than Wyrmbiter, which is immune to the Iron Eater's attack) left to eat the Iron Eater will fall from you, its appetite satisfied for now. If you win an Attack Round, you are able to dislodge the creature and shake it onto the ground, where you can finish it off with ease.

Once you are done battling the Iron Eater, you make your way to where the tunnel ends at a natural chimney in the rock. There are no ladders or rungs hammered into the rock to help you to descend. You are either going to need to use a Rope and Grapple (turn to **383**), climb down using what hand- and foot-holds you can find in the rock (turn to **347**) or return to the crossroads and (choosing a route you haven't taken already) turn either left, along a dusty corridor (turn to **227**), or right, along a damp passageway (turn to **399**).

328

You suddenly feel very exposed as you turn and attempt to retrace your steps through the camp. *Test your Skill*. If you succeed, turn to **175**. If you fail, you are surprised by the appearance of a guard patrol (turn to **348**).

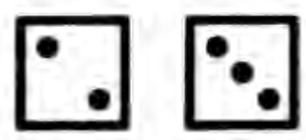

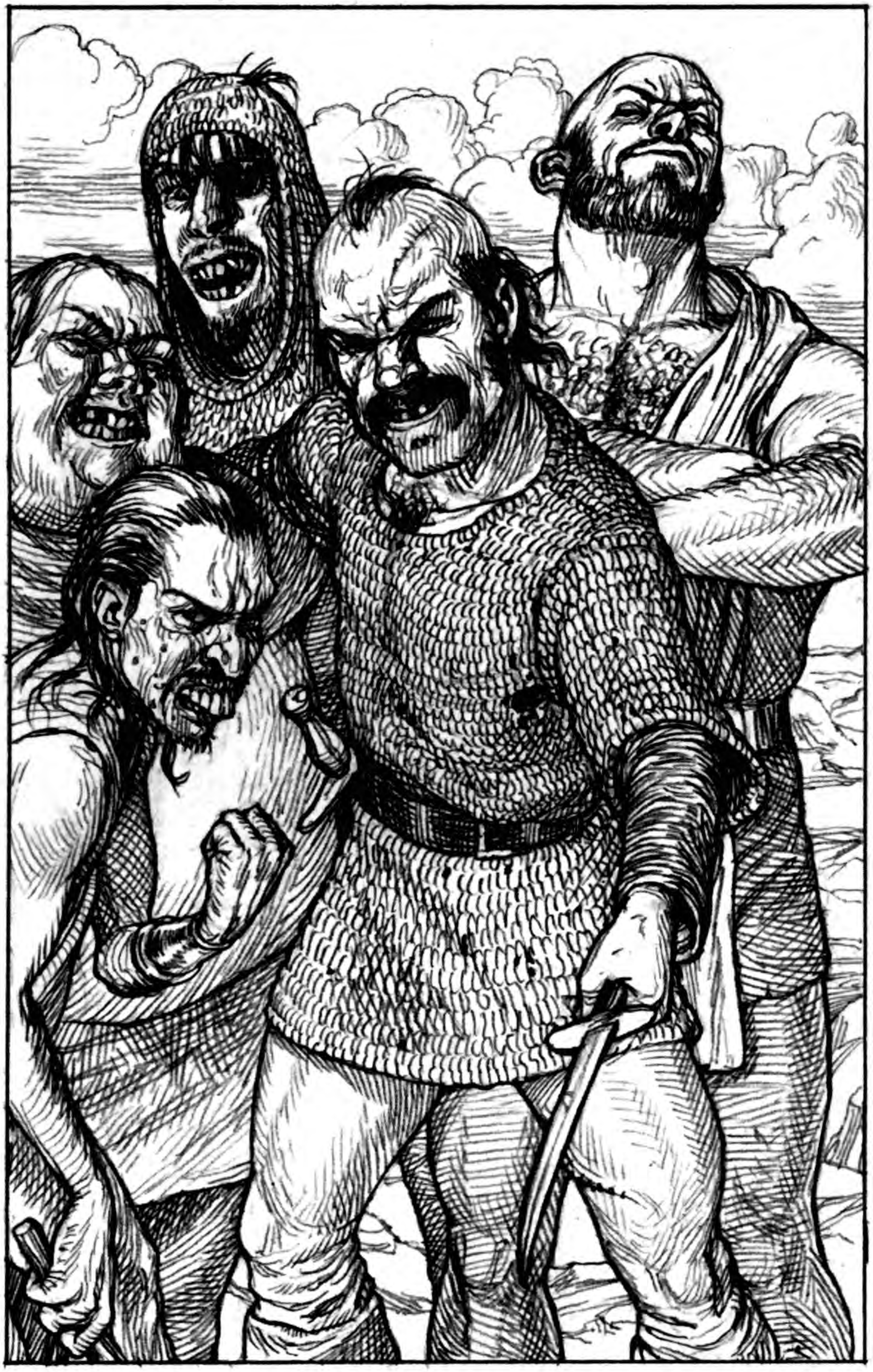

329

Sensing danger, you leap from the road, and behind the natural barrier formed by a tree. A volley of arrows embeds themselves in the bark on the other side. Your heart pounding in your chest, you unsheathe your sword.

'Call yourself a hero, hiding behind a tree like a gutless Goblin?' a harsh voice calls from elsewhere within the wood. You would know that voice anywhere; it is Varick Oathbreaker. His long-held rivalry has finally spilled over into outright aggression.

Boldly, you step from behind the tree, weapon in hand. Varick is advancing on your position with his gang of cut-throats in tow. 'Now who's the coward?' you throw back, turning the insult back on the rogue. 'Five against one's hardly fair, is it?'

'Who cares?' Varick spits. 'Way I see it, you've done me over one too many times. Who cares about fair?'

'I meant, it hardly seems fair on you,' comes your retort. 'I could take on these dogs with one hand tied behind my back.'

With growls of anger, Varick Oathbreaker and his band of brigands attack! You must fight them two at a time. However, Varick himself will only join the battle right at the end.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SCARRED RUFFIAN	7	7
BRUTAL BRIGAND	6	6

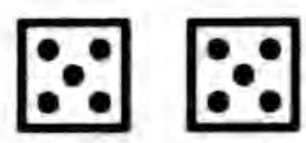

HIRED THUG	7	6
LUMBERING LOUT	6	7
VARICK OATHBREAKER	8	10

If you defeat your rival and his ruffian gang, turn to **371**.

330

You have sacrificed thorough preparation in your haste to put a stop to the crazed weather-mage's plans. It is unlikely that you will complete your quest successfully, as you are poorly-prepared. (Lose 1 LUCK point.) And if you are going to stop Sturm, you are going to have to get on board his Weather Machine first. How do you plan to do that?

If you want to use a Potion of Levitation, turn to **207**.
If you know the name of an Air Elemental and want to call on it for aid now, turn its name into a number (using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26 and adding the numbers together), add 30, and turn to the paragraph with the same number. If you have the

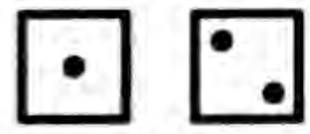

codeword *Susagep* written on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **128**. If not, but you have the codeword *Noollab*, turn to **149**. If you have none of these things, turn to **107**.

331

Do you have the codeword *Notamotua* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*? If so, turn to **280**. If not, turn to **262**.

332

As the relentless mist engulfs the ship you strike out with your enchanted blade. A malevolent face forms within it and coiling tendrils of fog coalesce into pseudo-tentacles that writhe towards you as the Fog Elemental fights back.

FOG ELEMENTAL SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you reduce the Fog Elemental's STAMINA score to zero, the chains of sorcery holding the misty manifestation together are broken and it dissipates, leaving the *Tempest* free to continue its journey across the sea. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **359**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **147**.

333

The first sign you have that something might be amiss up ahead is the large number of carrion birds in the sky above the ravine you are now following. And then you see it; lying face down on the ground is the carcass of a partially-armoured warrior. The dead

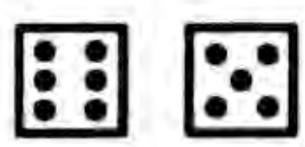

man's pack lies abandoned beside him. Two crude feathered arrows protrude from his back. You don't know how long he's been here, but it's been long enough for the vultures to start on him. Three of the ugly birds are pecking the flesh from his bones. As you approach, all three turn to look at you and issue harsh, squawking cries, warning you not to get too close. Do you want to approach the body with the intention of grabbing the dead man's backpack (turn to **248**), or would you rather leave the vultures to their meal and continue on your way without disturbing them (turn to **148**)?

334

You soon find yourself being booed out of town, simply because you cannot make it rain, even though you never claimed that you could, when, quite obviously, nobody else can either. Irritated and annoyed, you leave Quartz, but the villagers' derision has shaken your confidence. Lose 1 LUCK point. You continue walking south-west for two more days (move the Day of the Week on 2), until you enter the desolate borderlands of the Howling Plains. Turn to **83**.

335

Preparing yourself for whatever might be hidden behind the door, you confidently place the key in the lock and turn it. Your hand on your sword, just in case, you throw the door open. You are slightly surprised to see a gaunt-faced old man wearing a grubby robe and with a shock of wild grey hair peering back

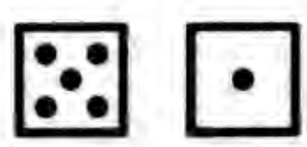

at you from behind a pair of pince-nez spectacles. The old man is obviously being kept here against his will but he appears to have been locked inside his own study. He is sitting at a work-table surrounded by ink-stained charts and plans, as well as a number of miniature wood and wire models of everything from flying machines to siege weapons. In fact, on hearing you unlock the door, he has armed himself with a hand-held loaded ballista. For a moment the two of you regard each other suspiciously until you reassure the man that you mean him no harm and a broad, relieved grin spreads across his face.

'By all the gods, am I pleased to see you?' he declares, excitedly jumping to his feet.

'Who are you?' you ask. 'And what are you doing locked in here?'

'Oh, I do beg your pardon,' the old man gushes. 'I was just so relieved that you weren't *him* that I completely forgot my manners. My name is Inigo Crank,' he says, holding out an oil-stained hand. You shake it uncertainly and introduce yourself. 'Ah yes, I've heard of you,' he goes on. 'Wasn't it you that scuppered the War-Tower of those Brician Battle-Lords?' You confirm that it was. 'Good job with that spanner, by the way. Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, you asked me what I was doing locked in here. Well, it's all down to that traitorous turncoat Balthazar Sturm isn't it?'

'Balthazar Sturm,' you say. 'I've never heard of him.'

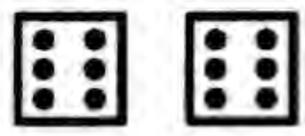

'No, I'm not surprised, cocky young upstart that he is! He once studied at the College of Mages in Chalannabrad, under the great Elementalist Nimbus Cloudchaser, until he was thrown out for his irresponsible sorcerous experiments. Of course I didn't know that when I met him, did I? He conned me good and proper too. Had me convinced that he was a generous benefactor, funding my work, but in the end it was only so that he could steal it and use it to further his own insane plans of conquest and revenge! Only kept me alive in case something went wrong with that precious weather machine of his, didn't he? Calls it the *Eye of the Storm*, he does.'

Confused, you stop the man mid-rant and ask him, 'What plans for conquest and revenge?'

'Sturm wants revenge on the College of Mages and the whole of Femphrey. He has somehow managed to combine his elemental magicks with my machines to create a vessel through which he can alter the weather to a catastrophic degree, everything from causing floods, to creating a blizzard one minute and a crop-withering drought the next. Even an army that tries to stand against him will be powerless, for who can fight the weather?'

You tell Inigo that you have sworn to hunt down the source of the storm that devastated the village of Vastarin and, now that you know who is behind it, you will make it your personal quest to track Sturm's

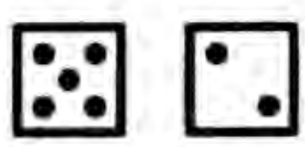

craft and thwart his evil schemes. Hearing this, the old man's grin broadens.

'That's excellent news!' he crows. 'But if you're to succeed where even an army could not, you're going to need some help. But there isn't time to stop and discuss it now. Let's get out of this place first, unless there's something I can help you with quickly.'

During your exploration of the tower you may have collected some unusual items. Each of these has a number associated with it. To ask Inigo about any one of these items, simple multiply its number by 10 and turn to that paragraph. You may have also fought some of the tower's guardians, which also had numbers associated with them. To ask about them, add their three numbers together and turn to the resulting paragraph. When you are done asking questions, turn to **365**.

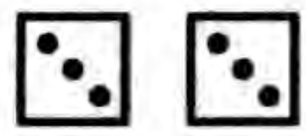

336

You suddenly notice something lying amongst all the rubbish that has also collected here. Dragging sodden pieces of mildewed sailcloth out of the way, you uncover what looks like an artificial man made out of metal. Perhaps it is some kind of golem. You jump back, half-expecting the thing to come to life, but it remains exactly where it is, washed by the lapping bilge-waters. If you want to make a closer inspection of the artificial man, turn to **385**. If not, there is nothing else for you here, so you climb back up into the vessel above (turn to **54**).

337

The wreck looms out of the murk ahead of you, strands of kelp rippling like sails from its broken masts, moved by the undersea currents. The ship is listing slightly on its starboard side, the prow pointing out over the edge of the void. You can see a massive hole in its hull – quite possibly the reason why the ship sank in the first place – and wonder what it is

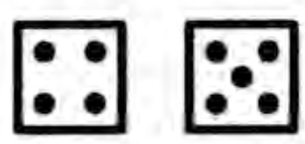

that could make a hole that size. Do you want to enter the wreck through the hole in its hull (turn to **217**), or would you rather swim up to the deck (turn to **317**)? Alternatively you could leave the wreck well alone and head for the fissure in the seabed (turn to **6**).

338

As you advance into the snowy wilderness, the blizzard blows with even more force, as if the snowstorm was trying to stop you from finding the Yeti. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **297**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **183**.

339

The tunnel starts to bend around to the left and with every step you take you feel the air getting hotter. It is not long before you discover the reason why. You find yourself standing on one side of a narrow natural rock bridge that spans a crawling lava flow far below. The heat here is almost unbearable. On the other side of this crevasse another carved, black stone archway opens onto another tunnel. If you are going to get any further, you are going to have to cross this fire chasm, but how are you going to do it? Will you:

Use a Rope and Grapple, if you have one?	Turn to **299**
Drink a Potion of Levitation, if you have one?	Turn to **367**
Proceed with caution over the bridge?	Turn to **265**

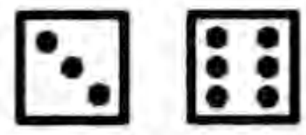

340

The Pegasus is desperately trying to fend off its attackers, but the battle is taking place high in the sky above you. The only way you are going to be able to help is if you have a Bow, a Crossbow, a Blunderbuss, or a Potion of Levitation. If you have one of these and want to use it, turn to **89**. If not, you have no choice but to battle on through the blizzard, leaving the Pegasus to its fate; move the Day of the Week on 1, and turn to **250**.

341

Patiently you tell the watery women about the bound Elementals and your quest to defeat Balthazar Sturm's Weather Machine. The Naiads are elemental creatures themselves, daughters of the ocean, but they have little interest in the problems of 'dry ones'. You try to make them see that Sturm's meddling with the weather will ultimately affect the seas as well, but are your arguments convincing enough? If you are wearing a Coral Crown, turn to **381**. If not, you must *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **381**; if you are Unlucky, turn to **361**.

342

Putting the Hunting Horn to your lips, you blow hard. A single sonorous note blasts from the end of the horn, swelling in power and volume the further the vibrations travel. Discordant harmonics become audible and the monster starts lashing its head from side to side in pain. Encouraged by the Stormdrake's reaction, you take a deep breath and blow again. The

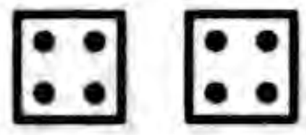

booming soundwaves buffet the monster which shrieks as the power of the Hunting Horn blows it backwards. And then the monster is tumbling away from you through the sky, unable to fight the power of the Horn. With the storm-clouds starting to clear from around the huge flying fish as well, you decide to make the most of the opportunity and, your heart in your mouth, make the ultimate leap of faith ... Turn to **14**.

343

Heading away from the mine, you follow the foothills as the Witchtooth Line curves south-east. A day into the latest leg of your mammoth journey (move the Day of the Week on 1), the air temperature drops rapidly and you find yourself travelling through a landscape that looks like it has been caught in the depths of winter.

The chill, biting wind picks up and you find yourself in the grip of a ferocious blizzard, but you press on through the whiteout regardless. Going is slow and you can see only a few metres ahead of you. With the

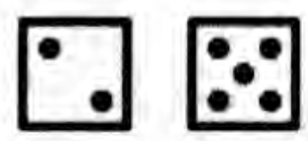

sun hidden from you, as well as any major landmarks, you have no idea whether you are still travelling in the right direction. (If you are not wearing a Sun Talisman, you must lose 2 STAMINA points from the effects of the biting cold.)

You have been travelling like this for an hour or more when you see a large shadowy shape through the whirling snow ahead of you and you hear a woman's voice, as sharp-edged as the wind, call, 'Who goes there?'

Do you want to respond by calling out your name (turn to **352**), or by drawing your weapon, in readiness to defend yourself (turn to **389**)?

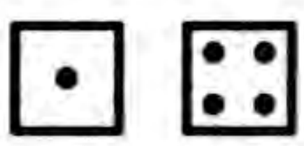

344

You stumble down the steep slope of the tunnel, deeper into the heart of the volcano. The air is so hot now that your throat burns with every breath. For as long as you remain within the Fire Tunnels, reduce your SKILL by 1 more point due to heat exhaustion. However, if you drank a Potion of Fire Protection before entering, or if you have a Dragon Tattoo, you may ignore this penalty. However, a Wyrmskin Cloak cannot provide you with the protection you need here. An opening appears at the end of the tunnel and you emerge into another cross-passageway. At this T-junction, will you go left (turn **245**) or right (turn to **364**)?

345

Skipping across several boggy channels onto another path, your change of route steadily leads you way off course. Before you know it, you are deep within the stinking swamps, but you are not alone. Roll one die and consult the table below, to see what it is that has tracked you through the marsh.

Dice roll	*Encounter*
1	A pack of mangy swamp-dwelling rats have caught your scent. Their voracious appetites impel them to attack. Fight the rats as if they were one opponent.

SWAMP RATS SKILL 5 STAMINA 10

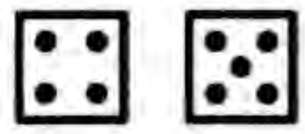

2 A pair of Swamp Goblins has found your trail. They try to ensnare you within their net. *Test your Skill* and if you fail, reduce your Attack Strength by 2 for two Attack Rounds as you fight your way free. The Goblins attack together with their bone-tipped spears.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SWAMP GOBLIN	6	5
Second SWAMP GOBLIN	5	5

3 As you wade on through the stinking fens you become the target of a swarm of stinging marsh Thornflies. It is impossible to fight them off and you are bitten over and over again. Roll one die and lose that many STAMINA points. If you roll a 6 you must also lose 1 SKILL point as you are stricken with Blood-fever.

4 You pass a stagnant pool which is home to a Spit Toad. The man-sized amphibian shoots a jet of acid at you as you come within range. *Test your Skill* and if you fail lose 2 STAMINA points, as the acidic spit hits you. You must then fight the huge toad.

SPIT TOAD	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

5 You are surprised when you come across a rotten log covered in fungi with fat

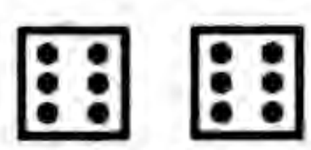

stems and red-veined caps that are each as tall as a Dwarf. You are even more surprised when these gigantic toadstools shuffle from their place on the log towards you, sinister fungal faces appearing within their stem-bodies. The Fungoids attack you by blowing toxic spores into your face, which in turn clog your lungs and irritate open wounds. Fight the strange carnivorous mushrooms as if they were one creature.

FUNGOIDS SKILL 6 STAMINA 9

If you lose more that 6 STAMINA points in your battle with the sentient fungi, you must also lose 1 SKILL point as their toxic spores hamper your breathing.

6 False alarm! There's nothing after you.

If you survive all that the swamp has to throw at you, you eventually make it through to the other side. Finding the going much easier now, you follow dirt roads as they pass through apple orchards and carefully tended turnip fields on the way to Chalannabrad. Three days later the brilliant white buildings of the city are within sight. Move the Day of the Week on 3 and turn to **50**.

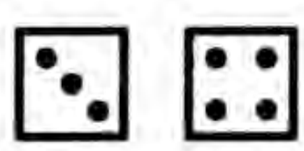

346

The ground shudders again, and this time it feels like an earthquake! Great rents open in the parched ground as a number of monstrous worm-like creatures burst from the waterless soil. Each of them is the size of a hay-cart, and looks like a cross between a white caterpillar and a maggot. As the farmers do their best to fight off the hungry Tremor Worms you defend yourself as one of them lurches towards you, its eyeless head swaying, mandibles strong enough to bite through plate armour snapping hungrily.

TREMOR WORM SKILL 7 STAMINA 9

If you kill the worm, turn to **11**.

347

Trying to spot handholds with only the light of your lantern, swinging from where you have secured it to your backpack, is hard enough but on top of that the rock is wet and slippery. Your heart pounding within your chest, you continue your descent into darkness. *Test your Skill*. If you are successful, turn to **383**. If you fail, turn to **366**.

348

As soon as they clamp eyes on you, the guards spring into action. Quickly surrounding you, they waste no time in taking you prisoner. Turn to **19**.

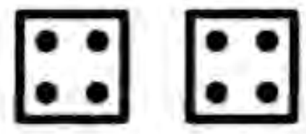

349

You have saved Femphrey – and possibly the rest of the Old World – from Balthazar Sturm's insane dreams of conquest, but have paid the ultimate price in doing so. As the *Eye of the Storm* disintegrates in the sky above you, and the conjured storm blows itself out, you plunge to your death. Your adventure is over!

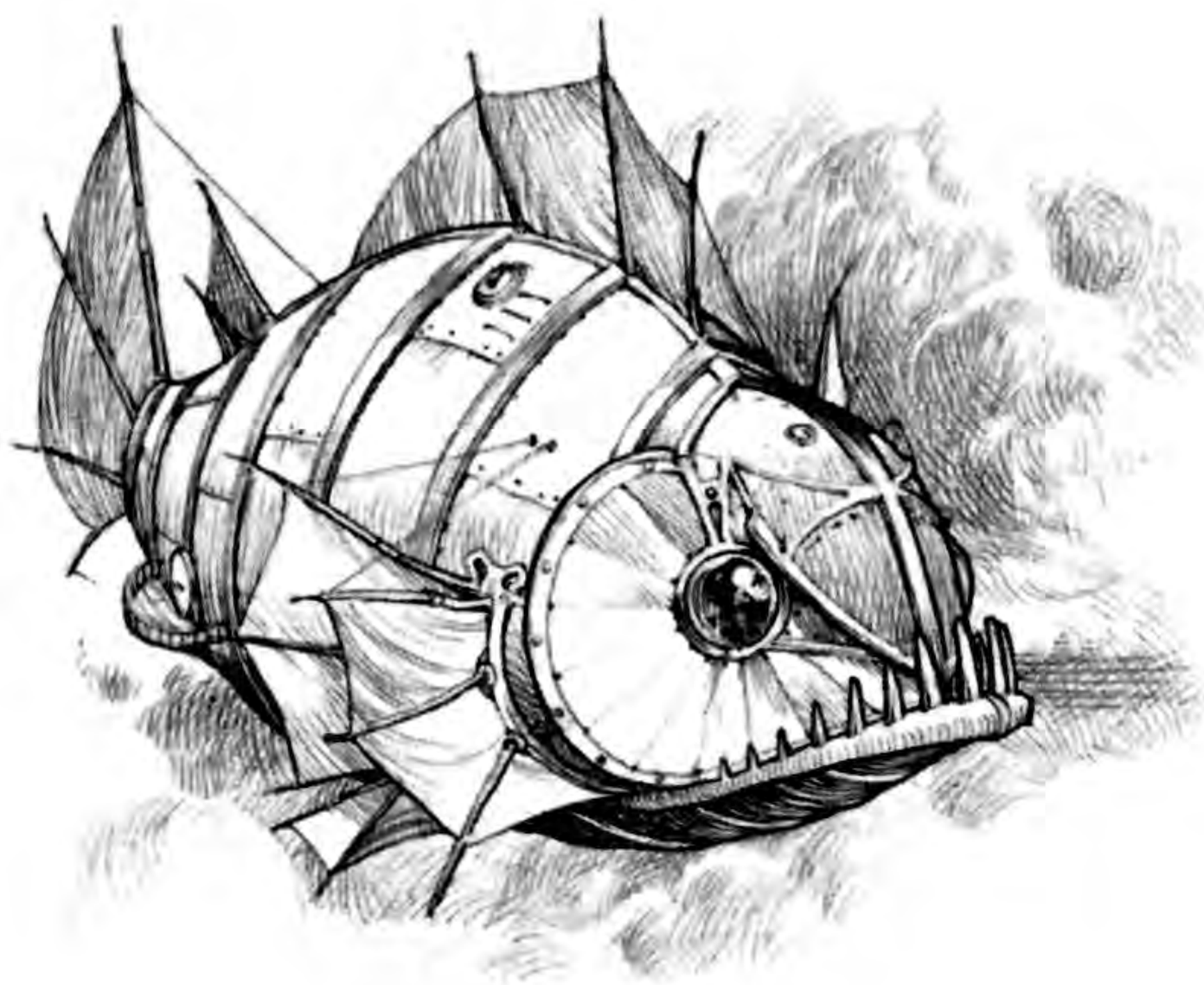

350

You are ready to face Balthazar Sturm at the heart of the storm – but how well have you prepared for this moment? Of the following four locations – the Witchtooth Line, the Howling Plains, Mount Pyre, and the Eelsea – have you visited:

One?	Turn to **330**
Two?	Turn to **298**
Three?	Turn to **268**
Four?	Turn to **237**

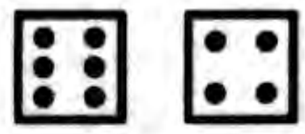

351

As you land your killing blow against the last of the Fulgurites the light in its goggle-eyes dies, its leather suit deflating as if there was never anything inside it at all. Now that you have rid the room of its guardians will you:

Take a closer look at the flask? Turn to **377**
Continue on up the tower? Turn to **392**
Descend the staircase into the depths of the tower (if you haven't done so already)? Turn to **160**
Leave the tower altogether? Turn to **398**

352

Shouting your name into the blizzard you hear the woman come back with, 'The Hero of Tannatown, slayer of the Crimson Witch?'

'The very same,' you reply and then wait with bated breath to see what will happen next.

A moment later, a large Sabretooth-Cat pads out of the snowstorm towards you. Its pelt is almost as white as the snow, except for the addition of grey tiger stripes. But more remarkable than the creature itself is that sitting in a saddle strapped to its back is a woman, wearing the practical leather armour of a huntress. She carries the tools of her trade about her person; a bow and quiver full of arrows are slung across her back, while a saw-toothed blade hangs in a scabbard from her belt.

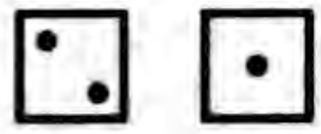

She regards you with an expression approaching awe on her face. 'To think that I should run into a legendary adventurer like you, in the middle of a blizzard,' she says. 'It must be fate. Perhaps it was destined that we should hunt the beast together.'

What beast, you wonder, and who is this woman anyway? So you ask her.

'My name is Larni,' she explains, 'and I have travelled far in pursuit of a monstrous and dangerous predator – a Yeti. This freakish weather has brought it down from its home among the glacial peaks of the Cloudcap Mountains. I have been hired to track the beast down and slay it, before it slaughters another herd of cattle or terrorises another farmstead. I was onto its trail at last when this blizzard blew up and Fang here,' she says, patting the neck of the Sabretooth affectionately, 'lost its scent. But if you were to join us in the hunt, I am sure that the three of us together could run it to ground in no time. You will help us, won't you?'

If you agree to help Larni and Fang hunt the Yeti, turn to **382**. If not, you tell her that you are already set upon a quest to bring an end to the weather that brought the snow-beast down from the higher slopes in the first place, and continue on your way alone. By the time another day has elapsed the snows are but a memory. Move the Day of the Week on 1, and turn to **189**.

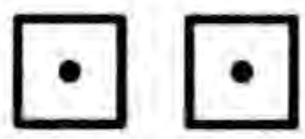

353

You went the wrong way more than once in your flight from the volcano, but will these errors prove fatal? Only luck can save you now! *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **388**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **373**.

354

There is still one more obstacle for you to face before you can leave the tower. Standing in the centre of the rubbish-strewn workshop level is a towering metal figure. Its body is a rattling steam engine and you can see the incandescent glare of chained lightning behind a scorched glass plate in the middle of its chest. The same furious light crackles within the behemoth's glass eyes, while flaring metal chimneys protruding from its shoulders puff smoke and steam into the room. Steel-claw fingers reach for you as the Steam Golem takes its first clanking step forwards. Not for the first time you thank the gods that Wyrmbiter is an enchanted weapon that can cut through metal as easily as it cleaves through flesh.

STEAM GOLEM SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If you manage to destroy the colossal magical automaton, turn to **324**.

355

Perhaps there is something you can do to help. Borrowing the fastest horse in the village, you gallop away from Tumbleweir northwards. It wasn't far

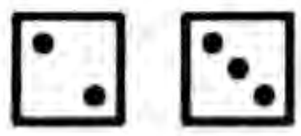

from here that you encountered the Giant, Cormoran. As you ride over the crest of a ridge you catch sight of the Giant as he lumbers over the moors looking for sheep. It's time to call in a favour.

Turning the panting horse around, you gallop back to Tumbleweir as fast as you can, Cormoran keeping pace with long lolloping strides. As soon as you can see the lake and the village, and the dam that separates the two on the verge of collapse, you don't need to explain yourself any further but simply point.

Cormoran stands on the eastern spur, next to the dam. To awed gasps from the bewildered onlookers, the Giant raises his tree-trunk club above his head and brings it down hard on the top of the escarpment. The waterlogged hillside gives way and slides down into the valley, tonnes of rock and mud creating a second supporting wall in front of the dam.

Tumbleweir is saved! The slumped hillside will hold the waters of the lake back until someone can be found who can solve the problem of the sluices-gates satisfactorily. (Regain 1 LUCK point.)

Two days later (move the Day of the Week on 2) the rain has stopped, and you reach the edge of the wilderness known the Howling Plains. Turn to **83**.

356

'Take this,' the mage says, handing you a small flame-shaped bottle of red glass. 'It is a Potion of Fire Protection, made from the secretions of Giant Fire

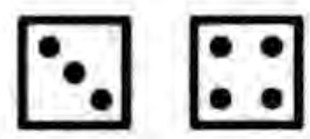

Salamanders and ground dragon's scales. It will prove invaluable if you're to brave the Fire Tunnels of Mount Pyre.' Add the Potion of Fire Protection to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **193**.

357

Your hunt for the Stormdrake takes you into the rough terrain north of Eerieside, until you reach a tall crag that looks down over the now-distant town, with an ominous-looking cave – like a great fanged maw – near its summit. It is too late in the day to attempt an assault on the peak now so you build a fire and settle down for the night, the wolfhound keeping watch over you both.

Come the dawn (move the Day of the Week on 1), you start to climb the peak. Using goat-tracks and knotty bushes to aid your ascent, you all make it safely to the top. And here you stand, facing the forbidding cave mouth. The entrance at the peak is huge, certainly big enough for something the size of a dragon. Cautiously, swords drawn and lanterns lit, you, Sylas and the dog enter the echoing darkness beyond.

The gaping cave-mouth leads to a broad tunnel that descends through the crag. At the bottom you find yourself in a huge echoing chamber. Two more massive tunnels, really just off-shoots of the main cavern, lead away to left and right. The air is redolent with the stench of rotting meat. Do you want to explore to the left (turn to **378**), or the right (turn to **246**)?

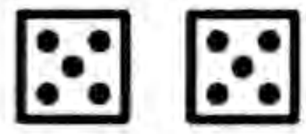

358

As you kick your way towards the surface, a long, sinuous shape rises from the reef below you – something large enough to take down a sailing ship! The Leviathan has a rapacious appetite and it is determined not to let you get away a second time. Anglerfish jaws stretching wide, the sea serpent closes on you with a flick of its enormous tail.

LEVIATHAN SKILL 10 STAMINA 20

If you manage to defeat this monstrous denizen of the deep, regain 1 LUCK point and turn to **318**.

359

After an uneventful night at sea, you rise the following morning to glowering overcast skies. (Move the Day of the Week on 1.) There is no land in sight, but the *Tempest* is at anchor. 'Is this the place?' you ask Katarina, yawning and rubbing the sleep from your eyes. You hadn't realised how much your quest has taken out of you.

'Not quite X marks the spot I'll grant you,' she drawls, 'but this is the place. We're anchored at the edge of Blackcoral Reef and rumour has it that down there, at the edge of the Devilfish Rift, lies the Sunken Temple of Hydana, God of the Sea. Some say that there was an island here once, until it was drowned by a tidal wave, others, that the temple's always been underwater. Many have come here looking for it, and few have found it. But even fewer have returned to

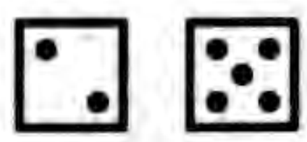

tell the tale. But if there's anything that can help you gain mastery over a Greater Water Elemental, it'll be down there!'

Undaunted, you step up to the gunwale and make your preparations. You will have to leave your backpack behind. Although it's waterproof it wasn't designed to survive a journey to the bottom of the sea. However, you can still take your sword Wyrmbiter with you, along with two other items, which you carry about your person, but no food.

Your last act, before entering the ocean, is to make whatever preparations are necessary for you to be able to breathe underwater. Will you drink a Potion of Underwater Breathing, if you have one (turn to **315**), put on a Breathing Helmet, if you have one (turn to **379**), or call on the aid of Prospero Seacharmer, if he is with you (turn to **393**)?

360

For two days you traverse the wildly varying terrain of Femphrey, passing from the rocky escarpments of the Witchtooth foothills, through ancient woodland, to gently rolling dales and scrubby plains. (Move the Day of the Week on 2.) And then you reach the Eerieside Marshes.

These foetid fens spread out from the eastern shore of Lake Eerie. It was from the depths of the vile lake that you recovered the dragon-slaying sword, Wyrmbiter. The swamps themselves are one of the few truly

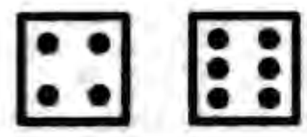

lawless areas of the kingdom. Wanted brigands have their hideouts within it, while in its deeper recesses, evil creatures dwell amidst its hidden bogs and deadly sinkholes. And yet the quickest way from the mountains to the coast and the docks of Chalannabrad is through its boggy bounds. Besides, what does a hero like you have to fear from a bunch of cowardly swamp-dwellers?

You are following a well-trodden path through the mist-shrouded marshes when you see a figure approaching you through the fens. This stranger is wearing a heavy habit of black sackcloth and leans on a long staff for support. The man is muttering to himself as black-winged carrion birds circle lazily overhead. If you want to continue on your current path, turn to **211**. If you would rather take another route through the mire to avoid an encounter, turn to **345**.

361

As far as the Naiads are concerned, you have desecrated the Temple of Hydana and such a crime cannot go unpunished. Shrieking, the three elemental creatures rush towards you, determined to drown you. Although they are only made of water themselves, they form icy talons at the ends of their fingers to use as weapons. You must fight all three Naiads at the same time.

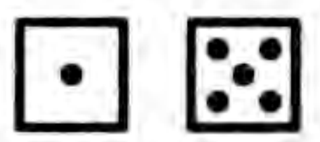

	SKILL	STAMINA
First NAIAD	8	7
Second NAIAD	7	7
Third NAIAD	6	6

(If today is Seaday, add 1 to the Naiads' SKILL scores and STAMINA scores.) If you defeat the Naiads, you are free to take the Shell of the Seas (add it to your *Adventure Sheet*, noting that it has 12 spines) and, this part of your quest complete, you set off for the surface and the *Tempest* again. If you have the codeword *Retsnom* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **358**. If not, turn to **318**.

362

The magical energies that power the automaton-golem are tied directly to the elemental energies powering the *Eye of the Storm*. As a result, the DAMAGE you have done to the vessel has also weakened the Juggernaut. If you have to face the Juggernaut in combat, reduce its stats as described on the chart below.

Damage score	*Effect on the Juggernaut*
6–7	Reduce its STAMINA by 2 points
8–9	Reduce its STAMINA by 4 points and its SKILL by 1 point
10–11	Reduce its STAMINA by 6 points and its SKILL by 2 points

Now turn to **331**.

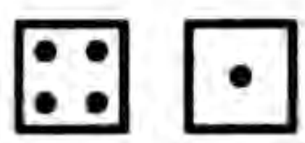

363

A shrieking, reptilian cry suddenly breaks across the heavens like thunder, and lightning explodes across the sky. Flying towards you out of the encroaching maelstrom is a creature from legend – the Stormdrake. It is said that when the Stormdrake flies, apocalyptic storms will assault the land, leaving waste and devastation wherever they go. The creature powers towards you on massive wings of taut black skin, thunder rumbling across the sky with their every beat. It is terrible to behold with its scaly black body, as long as a ship, and its huge saurian head. It stretches wide its jaws and another ear-splitting scream cuts through you. (If you have a Hunting Horn, turn to **342** at once!) The power of the storm blazes within the monster's black eyes and lightning crackles around its darkly gleaming claws. You understand what you are going to have to do if you are to ever board the *Eye of the Storm,* Wyrmbiter singing as you unsheathe your dragon-slaying sword.

STORMDRAKE SKILL 11 STAMINA 14

(If it is Stormsday, increase the Stormdrake's SKILL score by 1 point and its STAMINA by 2 points.) As you are not alone, you get two strikes against the storm-bringer each Attack Round. As well as working out Attack Strengths for yourself and the Stormdrake, you must do the same for your companion, who has a SKILL of 10. This means your companion can injure the beast as well as you. However, if the Stormdrake wins an Attack Round, it focuses all its attentions on

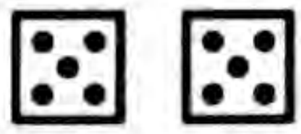

you – as the wielder of Wyrmbiter; roll one die and on a roll of 5–6, the monster blasts you with a crackling bolt of electricity from its lightning-sheathed claws, which will cause 4 STAMINA points of damage rather than the usual 2. If you manage to slay the raging Stormdrake, finding yourself directly over the brass fish, you make the ultimate leap of faith into the unknown ... Turn to **14**.

364

Rock formations in the roof and floor lend the tunnel the appearance of a gaping maw. Suddenly a gout of flame erupts from between the stone jaws as gas and flames vent from elsewhere within the volcano. You observe the bursts of flame for a few minutes, trying to see if there is a pattern, so that you can pass through when it's safe. However, as far as you can tell, there is no pattern. If you are going to proceed any further, you are going to have to pass between the jaws and risk being burned. If you want to pass between the stone jaws, turn to **384**. If you would rather not tempt fate, you will have to go back the other way (turn to **245**).

365

'Come on, it's time we were gone,' the old engineer hisses conspiratorially, 'before those damnable Fulgurites find us. It will only take a few minutes for me to pack my things, then I'm out of here. If I were you, I'd scarper too.' Add the codeword *Knarc* to your *Adventure Sheet* and then decide what you want to do

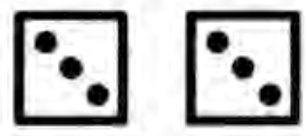

next. If you want to escape from the mad weather-mage's lair yourself, turn to **398**. If you would rather explore the upper levels of the tower (if you haven't done so already), turn to **220**.

366

It was almost inevitable, given the conditions. Your hand slips from the narrow ledge that you were clinging to and you fall the rest of the way down the chimney. You land in an untidy, aching heap on the sandy floor of a natural tunnel that cuts through the bedrock of the mountains. (Roll one die and deduct that many STAMINA points; if you roll a 1 you will still suffer 2 STAMINA points of damage.)

And then suddenly, they're all over you – small, eight-legged, sharp-toothed monsters covered in bony-armour that helps hide them among the rocks of their subterranean home. Roll one die to see how many Grannits attack you. If you roll 1–3, you must fight four of the creatures; if you roll 4–6 you must

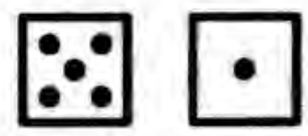

fight six of them! However, due to the narrow confines of the tunnel, you fight them one at a time. Each of the Grannits has the following attributes.

GRANNIT	SKILL 4	STAMINA 3

If you defeat the nasty little critters, you hurry on your way before any more crawl out from under a stone. Turn to **80**.

367

You gulp down the contents of the potion bottle and immediately feel its effects. You rise straight up into the air. You only stop when your head hits the rocky roof above. (Lose 2 STAMINA points.) From there you manage to pull yourself across the roof of the chamber, using jagged stalactites to help you, over the lava river. It is not long before the potion wears off again and you return to the ground only now at the other end of the rock bridge. Cross the Potion of Levitation off your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **185**.

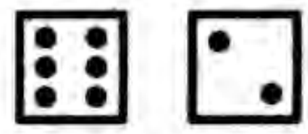

368

You step through the door and onto the bridge of the *Eye of the Storm*. On its far side, the split-level chamber takes on the curved shape of the prow of the ship, two massive crystal observation domes making up most of the fore section, giving those on the bridge unprecedented views of the kingdom below. Banks of machinery line the walls and are being tended to by a team of bizarre-looking creatures. The size of Dwarfs, they are clad in sealed suits of stitched leather with all-enveloping brass helmets. Dazzling blue sparks of lightning flicker behind their goggle-eyes. These Fulgurites ignore you as they busily go about their work.

A network of pipes from the banks of machinery converges at a central control console that protrudes from a raised metal platform jutting out over the floor of the chamber. Standing before it is a tall, bald-headed man wearing a robe of ever-changing hues. The cloak turns a rich ultramarine and storm clouds sweep across the back of it. The next moment it becomes a rich orange and sunbursts bloom across the cloth. There is no doubt in your mind as to who this man can be.

Balthazar Sturm turns and fixes you with a furious glare. 'So there you are!' he bellows. 'The one who's been causing me so much trouble!'

'That's right!' you shout back, triumphantly. 'And now I'm going to put pay to your dreams of conquest once and for all!'

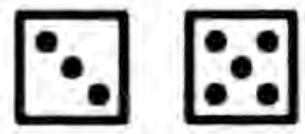

'That's what you think,' Sturm snarls, 'but I am Master of the Elements!'

'And I have dealt with your kind before,' you reply, unsheathing Wyrmbiter in readiness. 'It was I who banished the Bone Shamen of Bathoria and I who defeated the Crimson Witch. I don't think a Weather Mage is going to cause me any real problems.'

'Well, we'll just have to see about that, won't we?' he roars. His robes immediately turn a deep red and flames appear behind his eyes. 'Won't we?'

At that Sturm clicks his fingers – and immediately bursts into flames! As the fire consumes his body, his flesh becomes liquid fire. 'See how my anger burns!' Sturm roars, apparently none the worse for wear following his dramatic transformation, and stalks towards you. If only you could snuff out his flame as you might blow out a candle ...

If you know the name of an Air Elemental who could help you against this raging Human Torch, and want to call on it now, turn its name into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26. Add the numbers together, subtract the total from this paragraph and then turn to this new paragraph. If not, turn to **112**.

369

Muldwych is full of gratitude for what you have done in saving his life. 'I owe you a great debt,' the monk says, 'one I can never fully repay, but let me do what I can – let me tell you your fortune.' If you want to have

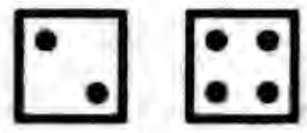

your fortune told, turn to **271**. If not, you and the mad monk part company and go your separate ways.

You eventually make it through to the other side of the swamp. Finding the going much easier now, you follow dirt roads as they pass through apple orchards and carefully tended turnip fields on the way to Chalannabrad. Move the Day of the Week on 3 and turn to **50**.

370

You set the tumblers, slam the Juggernaut's chest-plate shut, and then throw yourself clear, expecting the automaton to shut down at any moment. But something is wrong; the iron giant starts to speed up rather than slow down and then, in a whirl of wrecking-ball punches, the Juggernaut goes berserk. You entered the wrong code and now there will be no stopping the steel monster (lose 1 LUCK point). Return to **262** to finish your fight with the steel giant, adding 2 to its SKILL score!

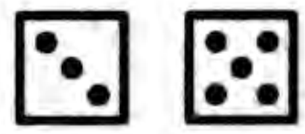

371

In doing away with Varick and his gang, you have helped improve the reputation of adventurers across the kingdom. (Regain 1 LUCK point.) No wonder the brigands tried to ambush you, only Varick has anything of value; a sum total of 8 Gold Pieces, a large Ruby (worth 4 Gold Pieces) and a Healing Elixir (which will restore up to 4 points of STAMINA and 1 SKILL point when drunk).

Another two days takes you from the wilderness at the heart of the kingdom to the coast and the capital. Move the Day of the Week on 2 again and turn to **50**.

372

You tell Giles to get everyone out of the village and as high up into the hills as possible. You are sure that the dam is about to burst. And you are right. You are just helping the last mother, child and elderly relative to the top of the western spur that supports the dam when the ancient structure collapses. First it is only one plank of wood that flies free, a spout of water jetting from the face of the dam after it, then a piece of twisted pipework – and then the whole lot gives way.

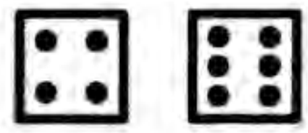

An unimaginable weight of water breaks free from the dam, the force of the flood sweeping the entire village away in an uncontrollable torrent. With the rising water lapping at your heels, you scramble up the muddy bank as it starts to wash away beneath you. It is almost as if the water doesn't want you to get away – and it doesn't.

A serpentine creature, formed from the turmoil of white-water, emerges from the flood and hurls itself at you. Once again you are fighting for your life.

TORRENT SKILL 8 STAMINA 10

If today is Seaday, add 1 to the Torrent's SKILL score and 2 points to its STAMINA, and if the Elemental creature injures you on a roll of 4–6 it causes 3 STAMINA points' DAMAGE (rather than the usual 2). If you defeat the creature, its watery essence rejoins the flood.

Although you managed to save the villagers, Tumbleweir itself has been destroyed. (Lose 2 LUCK points.) You leave under a cloud, quite literally, but within a day at least the rain has stopped. Another day after that, you reach the edge of the wilderness known as the Howling Plains. Move the Day of the Week on 2 and turn to **83**.

373

You spent too long negotiating the treacherous Fire Tunnels of Mount Pyre. Magma pours into the cavern behind you in a torrent before erupting from the side

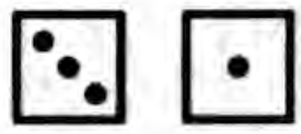

of the mountain with cataclysmic force. Nothing could survive being caught in the blast of an erupting volcano – including you! Your adventure is over.

374

With the Yeti dead, you tend to Larni and the Sabretooth. You offer up a prayer of thanks to the gods – both are still alive. Larni is most concerned at her companion's condition. Rummaging in the Cat's saddle-bags, she takes out a jar of salve and applies it to Fang's injuries. She then offers you the jar saying, 'It's a healing salve, from Ruddlestone. Please, use it on your wounds. It's the least I can do after all you've done for us.' (You may use the Healing Salve to restore STAMINA points up to half your *Initial* STAMINA score.)

Larni then takes a finely-crafted Hunting Horn from the saddle-bags. 'I'm afraid I cannot let you take the Yeti's pelt,' she explains. 'I need it to prove that the monster is dead, but please, take this instead.' (Add the Hunting Horn to your *Adventure Sheet*.)

As the Huntress sets about skinning the Yeti, you set off again through the snow-swathed landscape. With the snow-beast dead, the blizzard has blown itself out. By the time another day has passed the thaw has set in. Move the Day of the Week on 1 and turn to **189**.

375

After a day of foot-slogging under a blazing sun, that sits like a burning ball set within a sky the colour of

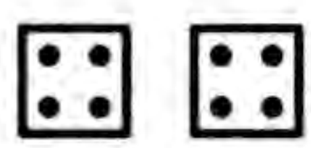

baking sand, you reach a settlement of small houses. (Move the Day of the Week on 1.) At first you wonder if it is a mirage as it shimmers in the heat-haze. For hundreds of acres around, where there should be lush meadows and fields full of ripening corn, there is nothing but a dusty wilderness. It does not look like it has rained here for weeks. Your suspicions are confirmed when you follow the road to Quartz.

Standing at the centre of the village on the back of an open wagon, is a bizarre contraption. It is all brass pipes, spinning windmill vanes and whirling brass spheres. The machine is making quite a racket, pistons clanking and gears grinding. At its heart is what looks like a furnace which ultimately connects to a lightning rod that is pointing up into the cloudless sky. A small but curious crowd surrounds the machine, watching its movements expectantly, as if waiting for it to do something startling. Watching the machine with equal anticipation is a tall man wearing gaudy multi-coloured robes and a red velvet top hat.

'And now,' you hear the showman proclaim, 'the moment you have all been waiting for!' He glances nervously at the azure sky above him. 'The moment my miraculous machine will bring the rains back!'

As far as you can tell the man is a charlatan; there isn't a cloud in the sky. You get the impression that he has taken the villagers' gold with promises of summoning the longed-for rains, but there's more chance of a shower of frogs than actual rain, considering how

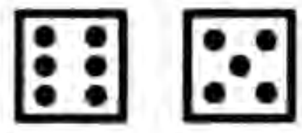

Balthazar Sturm has seized control of the kingdom's weather.

The hero in you cannot stand to see people being taken advantage of in this way, but then again, the quicker you stop Sturm, the sooner the kingdom's weather patterns will return to normal. If you want to intervene on behalf of the villagers and expose the fraudulent rainmaker, turn to **396**. If not, you leave Quartz behind and continue south-west into the baking borderlands of the Howling Plains. Move the Day of the Week on 2 and turn to **83**.

376

'I offer you this Potion of Underwater Breathing,' Matteus says, taking a sea-green glass bottle shaped like a fish from a shelf crammed with flasks. 'If you're going to look for aid against a Water Elemental at the bottom of the sea, you're going to need this.' Add the Potion of Underwater Breathing to your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **193**.

377

You are about to pick up the flask when a thought hits you. You first pull the switch on the wall down, into the off position. The electrical hum dies, but the glow from the bottle remains. Picking it up, feeling its weight in your hands, you marvel at the retina-searing ball of lightning trapped within. A peeling label, written in a spidery hand, reads 'The Spark of Life'. If you want to take the flask, record the Spark of Life on

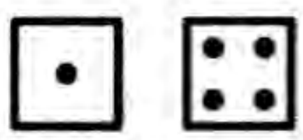

your *Adventure Sheet*, along with the fact that the flask has 6 sides. With the flask stowed away inside your backpack, will you:

Ascend the new staircase to the next floor? Turn to **392**
Descend the other staircase into the depths of the tower (if you haven't done so already)? Turn to **160**
Leave the tower altogether? Turn to **398**

378

The stench of rotten meat intensifies as you proceed through the cave, until you enter a smaller cavern piled high with bones. By the light cast by the lanterns, you see skeletons of all manner of creatures, from cows and human beings, to goblins and even that of a griffin, the meat stripped from all of them. Whatever it is that calls this place home, it is a voracious carnivore.

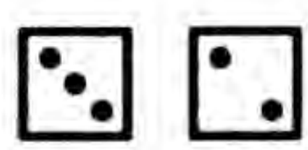

Always on the lookout, in case the hungry beast should return at any moment, you and Sylas carry out a quick search of the cave. As you suspected, whatever it is that devoured all these creatures, it has no interest in treasure. Among the bones you find ...

A Bag of Gems (worth 8 Gold Pieces)
A Warhammer
A Rope and Grapple
A Bow and quiver with 6 arrows
A Golden Bracelet (worth 5 Gold Pieces)
A bottle labelled 'Potion of Levitation'

Sylas suggests that you split the hoard you have recovered fifty-fifty, just as you would the reward for slaying the Stormdrake. Choose three of the things from the list (noting that you can only take one of the treasure items) and add them to your *Adventure Sheet;* the hunter takes the rest.

The Warhammer is not magical but it is a crushing weapon; if you hit an opponent with the Warhammer, roll one die and if you roll 5–6 it does 1 extra STAMINA point of damage. You may use the Bow once in each battle, before having to engage in hand-to-hand combat (as long as you still have arrows left to shoot); *Test your Skill* and if you succeed you cause your opponent 2 STAMINA points of damage.

With your new possessions safely stowed in your backpack, you return to the main chamber to delve deeper into the cavernous lair in search of the Stormdrake. Turn to **246**.

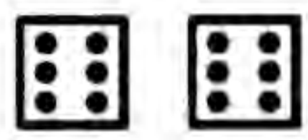

379

Trying to remember all the instructions Briny Deep gave you, you put the helmet on and connect the air supply from the tanks you are carrying on your back. You quickly realise just how much the helmet restricts your vision. The apparatus is also rather cumbersome, and although its weight will be reduced when you're submerged, it will still hamper your movements. For as long as you remain underwater, you must reduce your SKILL score by 1 point. In addition, the tanks attached to the Breathing Helmet have a limited amount of air in them. Keep a careful note of how many paragraphs you turn to while exploring the seabed. As soon as you exceed 16 paragraphs, you are forced to surface (in which case turn to **318** immediately); but for now, turn to **315**.

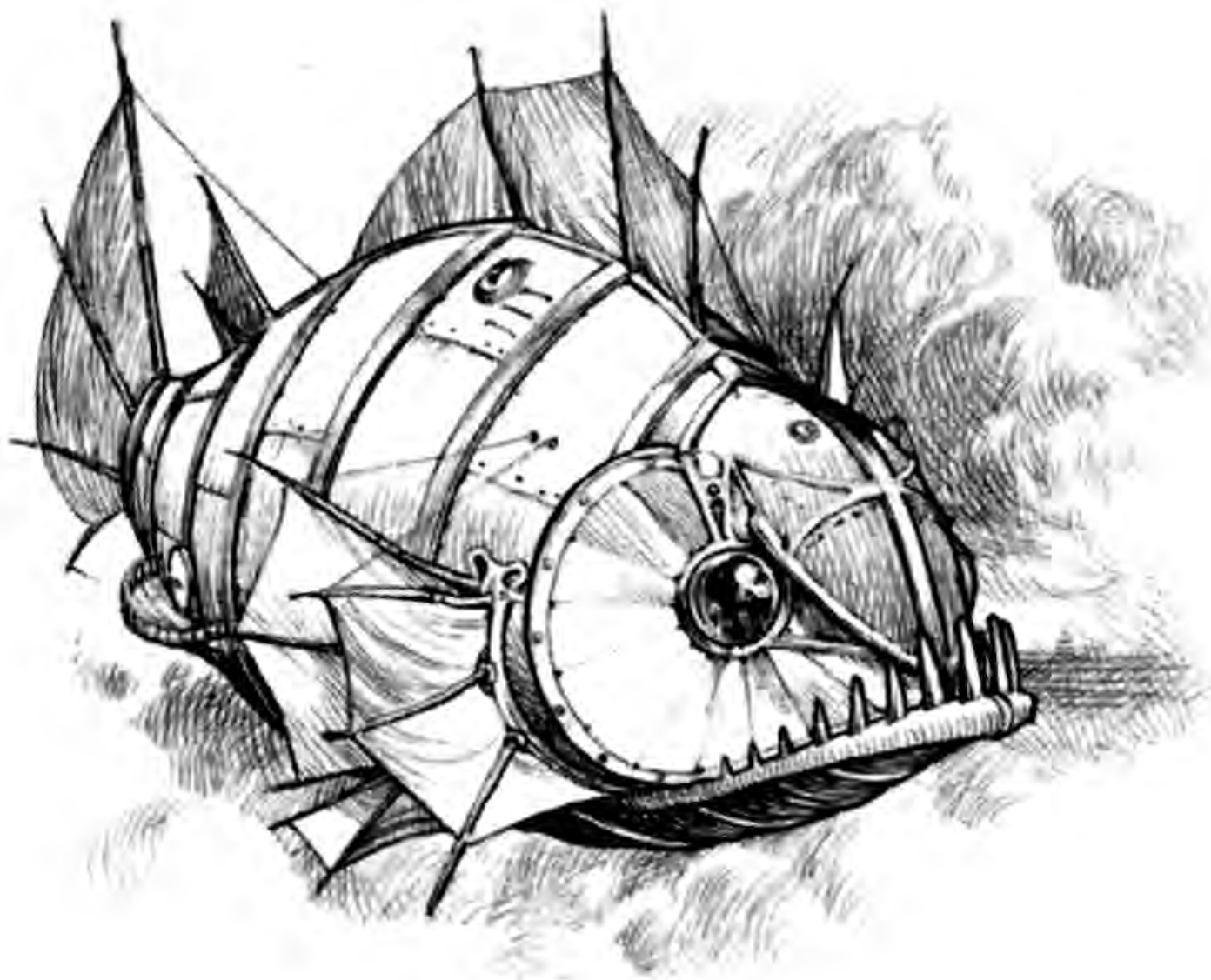

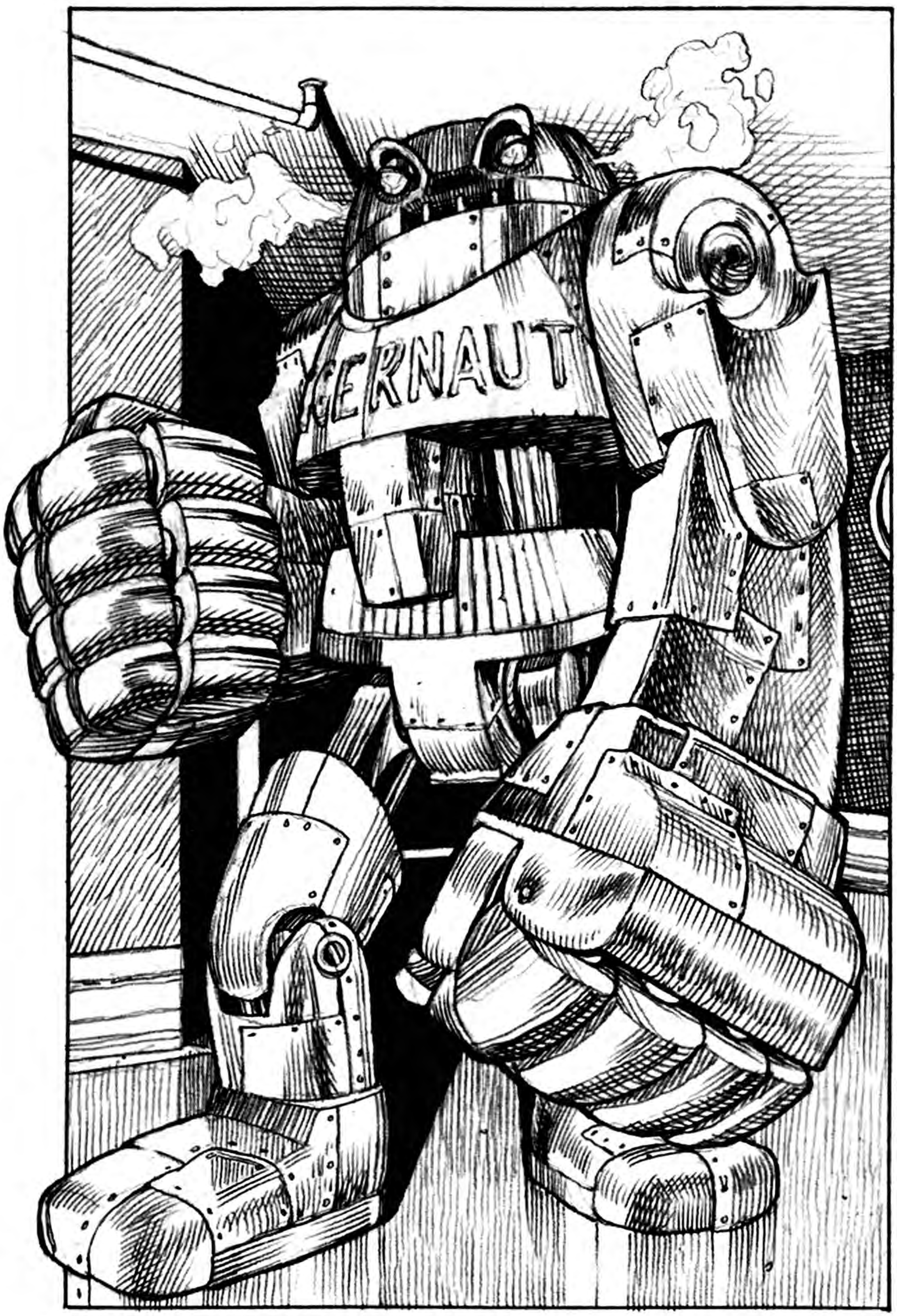
JGERNAUT

380

You open the door, and come face to face with a hulking mechanical giant, crafted from inter-locking steel plates. Its eyes are glowing crystals and on its chest-plate is inscribed a name: *JUGGERNAUT*. The door slams shut behind you and the lumbering metal colossus strides towards you on pistoning legs as steam boils into the air from the sides of its head. You see now that the iron giant is guarding another door on the other side of the chamber. If your DAMAGE score is 6 or more, turn to **362**. If not, turn to **331**.

381

'We appreciate your need,' the first Naiad says.

'And, as you come as a penitent, seeking our father's aid,' the second continues.

'We will give to you the Shell of the Seas,' the third finishes.

And with that, the three elemental women dissolve back into the sea, leaving only a parting farewell behind in your mind. 'May Hydana smile on your enterprise!' (Regain 1 LUCK point and add the Shell of the Seas to your *Adventure Sheet*, noting that is has 12 spines.)

With the shell firmly in your grasp, you set off for the surface again and the *Tempest*. If you have the code-word *Retsnom* recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*, turn to **358**. If not, turn to **318**.

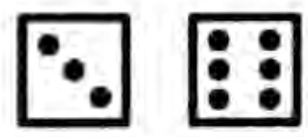

382

Larni is delighted with your response. 'We should set off straightaway,' she tells you. 'This blizzard isn't going to bother the Yeti so we had best make our move and quickly.' You keep pace with the Sabretooth as its mistress searches for any signs of the beast; eyes peeled, you do the same. If you have a Sabretooth Fang, turn to **297**. If not, turn to **338**.

383

You make it to the bottom of the chimney in one piece, stepping down onto the sandy floor of what appears to be a natural tunnel this time, and not one carved out by the Dwarfs. Hearing a skittering sound you hold your lantern out before you and see what at first appear to be several rocks scuttling about the floor of the tunnel. But when one comes closer to the light to investigate, you see that they are not rocks at all, but stony-shelled crustaceans the colour of granite. And then there are more of the creatures scurrying towards you out of the darkness, chittering to themselves, intent on making a meal of you! Roll one die to see how many Grannits attack you. If you roll a 1, add one to the number so that you have to fight a minimum of two Grannits. Each of the nasty little critters has the following attributes.

GRANNIT	SKILL 4	STAMINA 3

If you defeat the vicious little monsters, you quickly hurry on your way. Turn to **80**.

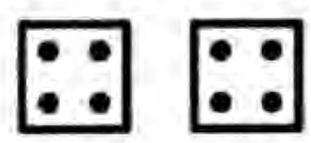

384

Boldly, you leap through the open stone teeth of the fiery maw. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you pass through unscathed. If you are Unlucky you are caught in the middle of a fiery blast. Lose 4 STAMINA points. (If you have a Dragon Tattoo, or you drank a Potion of Fire Protection before entering these tunnels, you may reduce this damage by 1 point. If you have a Dragon Shield you may reduce the damage by 1 more point, and if you are wearing a Wyrmskin Cloak, reduce it by 2 points. All of these reductions are cumulative, so if you have the tattoo, drank the potion and have the shield, you can reduce the damage by up to 3 points.)

Beyond the maw, the tunnel winds onwards until it comes to an effective dead-end at a sheer drop, at the bottom of which lies a bubbling lake of magma. You cautiously peer over the edge and see a spur of black rock jutting out over the lava lake, which seethes with volcanic activity. You can see an altar-like block at the end of the spur. The heat is unbearable. You don't fancy the idea of trying to climb down the cliff face, burning your hands on the scalding rocks, but it might be possible using a Rope and Grapple. If you have such a thing, and would like to try descending the cliff, turn to **279**. If not (or you don't want to make such an attempt) you will have to pass through the maw again and return to the last junction, taking the other route through to the volcano's heart (turn to **300**).

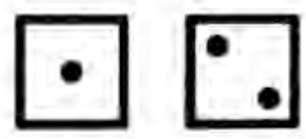

385

The iron man must be at least three metres in height, even though it is currently lying prone within the filthy soup of rusty water. Its eyes are dull crystals and engraved onto its chest-plate is a name: *DREADNOUGHT*. As you run your hand over the engraving, the chest-plate pops open, revealing three tumblers bearing the numbers 0 to 9 on each one. It is then that you notice the top of the iron man's head is hinged. Levering it open you find a six-sided hollow space; its mechanical brain is missing. If you have something which you think might fit inside the iron man's steel skull, multiply the number connected with it by ten, deduct the total from this paragraph and turn to the new reference. If you don't have anything suitable, or don't want to use it here, you have no choice but to climb back up into the main body of the ship (turn to **54**).

386

Having failed to find the mythical Stormdrake, you and Sylas make your way back to Eerieside. Even the wolfhound is quiet now, sloping along behind, its tail between its legs. The mood in the town is the same – none of the other hunting parties have found the any sign of the Stormdrake either.

'What will you do now?' Sylas asks, and you tell him that you need to push on to the Witchtooth Mountains. Bidding the hunter farewell, you go on your way. Two days later (move the Day of the Week on 2), you reach your destination. Turn to **250**.

387

The crawl-way opens out into a broad cavern, the roof of which appears to be supported by nothing but a few menhir-sized boulders. A pool of crystal-clear water has collected within a natural bowl in the rock, which sparkles and glitters with a rainbow of mineral deposits. If you want to pause to drink from the pool, turn to **132**. If not, turn to **171**.

388

You hurtle through the rent in the cavern wall, trip and roll headfirst down the side of the volcano. You bowl down the mountainside as Mount Pyre erupts with all the fury of the enraged Fire Elemental. You skin your knees and elbows on the rocky ground but, ironically, it is probably the fall that saves you from being engulfed by either the super-heated cloud

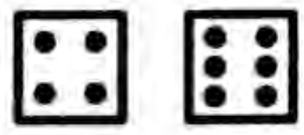

of ash and rock debris or the lava that comes pouring from the wound in the mountain's side after it. (Lose 3 STAMINA points but regain 1 LUCK point.) The petrified stump of a burnt tree eventually breaks your fall. Scrambling to your feet again, you keep running, although exhaustion threatens to overwhelm you, determined not to let Mount Pyre catch you now ...

If you possess a pair of Seven League Boots and would like to use them now, turn to **2**. If not, it takes you two days to return to the edge of Lake Cauldron. (Move the Day of the Week on 2.) The kingdom of Femphrey lies before you again to the west. Remembering that you can only visit each location once, where next will you travel to in your quest? Will it be:

The Eelsea?	Turn to **143**
The Witchtooth Line?	Turn to **278**
The Howling Plains?	Turn to **375**

Or, if you feel that you are ready, do you want to make your assault on Balthazar Sturm's Weather Machine (turn to **350**)?

389

For several long seconds you hear nothing, and then there is a sudden shout of, 'On, Fang!' and the shadowy shape leaps out of the gusting snow at you. It is a huge Sabretooth-Cat, its pelt almost as white as the snow, except for the addition of grey tiger stripes.

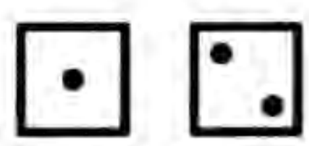

Sitting in a saddle strapped to the Cat's back is a woman, wearing the practical leather armour of a huntress. In her hands is a bow, with an arrow nocked to the string. As the Sabretooth bounds towards you snarling, she lets fly with the arrow. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the arrow misses you, but if you are Unlucky it finds its mark in your arm (lose 2 STAMINA points). The Huntress swings the bow over her shoulder and draws her saw-edged sword as the Cat slashes at you with its claws. You must fight the Huntress and her Sabretooth mount at the same time, and both of them to the death.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SABRETOOTH-CAT	11	9
HUNTRESS	10	8

Unless you are wearing a Sun Talisman, you must reduce you Attack Strength by 1 point for the duration of this battle. If you win, a quick search uncovers a Hunting Horn, a purse containing 7 Gold Pieces, and the Bow, along with its quiver of 6 arrows. You may use the Bow once in each battle, before having to engage in hand-to-hand combat (as long as you still have arrows left to shoot); *Test your Skill* and if you succeed you cause your opponent 2 STAMINA points' damage. Taking what you want, including one of the Sabretooth's fangs as a trophy if you wish, you leave the bodies to be buried by the snow and set off again through the blizzard.

The freak snowstorm blows itself out at last and you continue on your way again. By the time another day

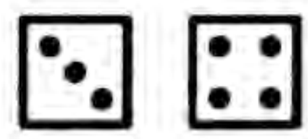

has elapsed the snows are but a memory. Move the Day of the Week on 1, and turn to **189**.

390

Quickly pulling out the Blueprints of the *Eye of the Storm* again, you find the schematics relating to the Elemental Engine. There is something here about the physical mechanism of the device although you understand very little of the principles behind it. However, you are able to work out enough to twiddle a few knobs here, pull the odd lever there, and shut-off several valves to cut power feeds to other parts of the ship. (Add 1 to your DAMAGE score.) However, if you want to do more, you are going to have to try something else. Will you:

Attack the Elemental Engine with your sword?	Turn to **47**
Take a Mace or a Warhammer to the machine, if you have one?	Turn to **82**
Try using a Spanner, if you have one?	Turn to **63**
Quit the Engine Room and explore elsewhere?	Turn to **126**

391

Choosing somewhere you haven't been to before, where will you explore next within the *Eye of the Storm*?

The top deck?	Turn to **258**
The middle deck?	Turn to **126**
The bottom deck?	Turn to **54**
The bilges?	Turn to **302**

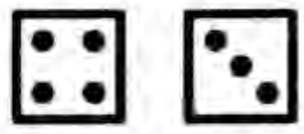

392

The staircase leads to a wooden door that opens onto the roof of the tower. The lightning conductor rises up from the side of the building and past the top of the battlements while steps ascend to a wooden platform which juts out over the edge of the tower and the precipice below. What could that possibly be for? Opposite you, another small turret projects from the side of the main tower, its equally unassuming door facing you. Do you want to:

Enter the turret room?	Turn to **209**
Descend to the very bottom of the tower and explore its dungeon levels (if you haven't done so already)?	Turn to **160**
Leave the tower altogether?	Turn to **398**

393

'Remove your boots,' the sorcerer instructs you. Slightly bemused by this request, but trusting that the wizard knows what he's doing, you do as you are told. Stretching out his arms towards you, Prospero

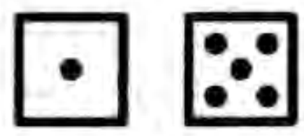

begins to cast his spell. And then suddenly you are gasping for air – you can't breathe! Panicking, you put your hands to your neck and it is then that your fingertips find the gills behind your ears. And there's something wrong with your hands too; your fingers have become webbed – your feet are just the same. So that's why the wizard wanted you to take off your boots!

As long as you remain underwater, exploring Blackcoral Reef and the Devilfish Rift, the gills will remain, allowing you to breathe freely. You will also find that your webbed hands and feet will make it much easier to move around underwater. As a result, while you are beneath the sea, you may add 1 to your SKILL score, even if this raises it beyond its *Initial* level. But for the moment you are like a fish out of water. Gasping for air you run for the side of the ship, suddenly craving the cold, wet embrace of the sea. Turn to **315**.

394

If you possess a pair of Seven League Boots and would like to use them now, turn to **2**. If not, where do you want to travel to next in your search for aid against Sturm and his bound Elementals? Remembering that you can only visit each location once, will you head for:

The Eelsea?	Turn to **13**
The Witchtooth Line?	Turn to **115**
Mount Pyre?	Turn to **309**

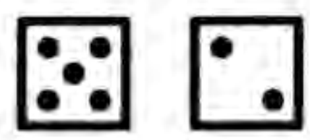

Or, if you feel that you are ready, do you want to attempt to reach Balthazar Sturm's Weather Machine at the eye of the storm (turn to **350**)?

395

'Very well,' the mage replies. 'Then there is one more thing I can do for you. If you wish, I can cast a temporary enchantment upon your boots that will allow you to make one journey on foot in no time at all. Be warned, it will work only once. Would you like me to cast the spell?' If you would, turn to **153**. If not, turn to **193**.

396

'Don't listen to this charlatan!' you shout over the noise of the bizarre machine. 'Whatever he's promised you, he won't be able to deliver, and if you've paid him for his help, then I'm afraid he's robbed you too.' The showman's face has flushed as red as his hat – you've obviously hit a nerve. Various members of the crowd start to mutter amongst themselves and then their mutterings becomes angry jeers.

'Well, I'd like to see you do any better!' the Rainmaker suddenly shouts, challenging you. The crowd turns, almost as one, fixing you with angry scowls. 'Well, can you?'

Somehow you have become the subject of the villagers' frustrations now. But what can you do to make it rain?

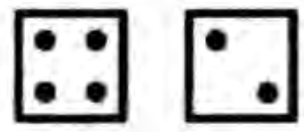

If you have the Shell of the Seas, you will have a name associated with it. Turn this name into a number using the code A=1, B=2, C=3 ... Z=26, add the numbers together, triple it, and then turn to the paragraph which is the same as the total.

If you don't have the shell, but you do have the Spark of Life, you will also have a number connected to this item. Divide this paragraph's number by that one and turn to the new paragraph.

If you have neither of these items, turn to **334**.

397

Looking up, you see the Weather Mage suspended in mid-air above the platform. His robe has become a deep blue, almost black, and flashes of lightning skitter across the fabric. His features are set in an arrogant grimace and the power of the storm burns within his eyes. His arms are stretched out from his sides and bursts of lightning arc between his hands. 'Now feel the full force of the storm!' Sturm roars sending a searing bolt of lightning into the deck plating at your feet. As the crazed Weather Mage swoops down at you, you have time to carry out one action (such as drinking a potion, changing your weapon or shooting a crossbow).

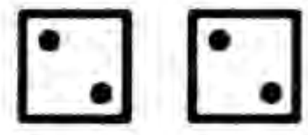

And then he is on you! In the battle to come, because Sturm is airborne you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point. However, if you just drank a Potion of Levitation you can ignore this penalty. If you are fighting him with your sword, every successful strike Sturm makes against you with his lightning blasts will cause 3 points of STAMINA damage as the electricity is drawn to the weapon and, from there, into your body. If you have another weapon with which to fight the mage (such as a Warhammer or a Mace) you will not suffer this additional damage, but to change weapons will take one Attack Round, during which Sturm will make an unopposed strike against you (for 2 STAMINA points of damage). Last of all, if today is Stormsday, increase Sturm's SKILL score by 1 point, and the damage delivered by his lightning bolts by an extra point. And now, at last, you meet your nemesis in battle.

BALTHAZAR STURM SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you reduce the Elementalist's STAMINA score to 2 points or fewer, turn immediately to **56**.

398

You make your way back to the ground floor of the tower without incident. If you have the codeword *Rennaps* on your *Adventure Sheet,* turn to **324**. If not, turn to **354**.

399

The sound of a rushing torrent gets louder and louder the further you progress along the Dwarf-cut

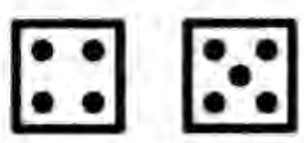

passageway, until you emerge at the edge of a fast-flowing underground river. The only way onward appears to be over the lip of a waterfall a little further on to your right. If you want to clamber over to the edge of the waterfall and let yourself down into the darkness this way, turn to **9**. If you would rather return to the crossroads and turn left, following a slime-dripping tunnel, turn to **327**. If you want to go back and go straight on at the crossroads, along a dusty passageway, turn to **227**.

400

You have done it! The insane Elementalist Balthazar Sturm is dead and his Weather Machine destroyed. Femphrey is safe once again ... Or is it?

A rumbling sound, like distant thunder, causes you to look towards the horizon; what you see sends a shiver of fear down your spine. A great dust cloud is crossing the border from the kingdom of Lendleland to the south – a dust cloud thrown up by a vast horde of barbarian horsemen. The marauders are galloping towards you, the ground shaking at their thunderous charge. A tribe of Lendlelanders, allies of the insane weather mage, is making the most of the disruption caused by the *Eye of the Storm* and acting on their Battle-Khan's invasion plans. Could it be that you have defeated one evil, only for another evil to follow in its wake?

A vast shadow falls across the galloping horsemen. Some of them look up in fearful disbelief; horses

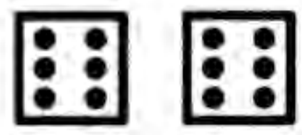

whinny and shy, throwing their riders; others turn tail and flee back towards the border as the wreckage of the huge brass fish comes hurtling out of the sky towards them. The *Eye of the Storm* crashes down on top of the Lendlelanders, crushing men and horses beneath its burning hull. What remains of the Thundering Horde turns tail and flees in panic.

You have saved the day once again and thwarted an invasion of your homeland. Rightly are you known as the Hero of Tannatown, bearer of Wyrmbiter, and now Saviour of Femphrey ... the Stormslayer!

THE END

CHOOSE YOUR ADVENTURER

Here at your disposal are three adventurers to choose from. Over the page are the rules for Fighting Fantasy to help you on your way. However, if you wish to begin your adventure immediately, study the characters carefully, log your chosen attributes on the Adventure Sheet and you can begin!

Gorrin Silverblade

Tomb-robber to some, bold adventurer to others, Gorrin Silverblade combines the skills of a thief with the strength of a warrior. The son of a blacksmith from Tannatown, he has a cunning mind and a strong right arm, both of which have served him well on many occasions, particularly when he's been up to his neck in trouble down some half-forgotten hole in the ground.

Gorrin has a happy-go-lucky temperament, his natural charm coming to his aid now and again on some rather tricky situations. Also skill with a sword is surpassed by only a few.

Skill	11
Stamina	18
Luck	9
Equipment	Wyrmbiter Lantern and tinderbox Hunting Horn Sun Talisman

Gold Pieces	16
Provisions Remaining	10 Meals
Day of the Week	Seaday

Aldar Ravenwolf

Aldar Ravenwolf grew up an orphan on the streets of Pollua, in Lendleland, after his merchant-trader parents were slain by Hobgoblins while crossing the Howling Plains. He eventually fled the city after killing a local gang-lord in a bar-fight and has wandered the Old World ever since finding work as a mercenary, protecting merchant caravans.

Aldar has always been careful with money, a habit instilled in him by both his parents and his destitute childhood, which means that he can always equip himself well in preparation for any adventure. His hardy constitution means that he can keep on fighting when others would have already given up the ghost.

Skill	9
Stamina	22
Luck	7
Equipment	Wyrmbiter Lantern and tinderbox Dragon Tattoo Hunting Horn
Gold Pieces	23
Provisions Remaining	10 Meals
Day of the Week	Stormsday

Erien Stormchild

Originally from a nomadic tribe of fur-trappers from the icy mountain passes of the Witchtooth Line, Erien Stormchild left her tribal lands for the plains of Femphrey in search of gold and adventure long ago. Blessed by Cheelah, goddess of luck, she succeeded in finding plenty of both.

Where others might rely on strength of arms, Erien puts her faith in magical charms and the absolute trust that her guardian deity will always watch out for her.

Skill	10
Stamina	16
Luck	12
Equipment	Wyrmbiter Lantern and tinderbox Sabretooth Fang Sun Talisman
Gold Pieces	19
Provisions Remaining	10 Meals
Day of the Week	Fireday

RULES AND EQUIPMENT

HERO FOR HIRE

Before embarking on your latest adventure, you need to establish your own strengths and weaknesses. You use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 342–343 there is an *Adventure Sheet,* which you should use to record the details of your adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording the scores of your attributes. Record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures. You can also download fresh *Adventure Sheets* from www.fightingfantasy.com.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number rolled and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter the total in the STAMINA box.

Roll one die. Add 6 to the number and enter the total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, all your scores will change during the adventure to come. You must keep an accurate record of these scores, so write small or keep an eraser handy, and never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, their

totals may never exceed their *Initial* scores, except on those occasions when the text specifically tells you so.

Your SKILL reflects your expertise in combat, your dexterity and agility. Your STAMINA score reflects how healthy and physically fit you are. Your LUCK score indicates how lucky you are.

Battles

During your adventure you will often encounter hostile creatures which will attack you, and you may choose to draw your sword against an enemy. In some such situations you may be given special options allowing you to deal with the encounter in an unusual manner, but in most cases you will have to resolve battles as described below.

Enter your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions, which are unique to that particular opponent. Then follow this sequence:

1. Roll both dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score to the total rolled to find its Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice for yourself, then add your current SKILL score to find your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's, you have wounded it: proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you: proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have

avoided or parried each other's blows: start a new Attack Round from step 1 above.

4. You have wounded your opponent, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use LUCK here to do additional damage (see below).
5. Your opponent has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. You may use LUCK to reduce the loss of STAMINA (see below).
6. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero, which means death. If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your adventure. If you die, your adventure ends and you must start all over again with a new character.

Fighting More Than One Opponent

In some situations you may find yourself facing more than one opponent in combat. Sometimes you will treat them as a single adversary; sometimes you will be able to fight each in turn; and at other times you will have to fight them all at the same time! If they are treated as a single opponent, the combat is resolved normally. If you have to fight your opponents one at a time, as soon as you defeat an enemy, the next steps forward to fight you! When you find yourself under attack from more than one opponent at the same time, each adversary will make a separate attack on you in the course of each Attack Round, but you can choose which one to fight. Attack your chosen target as in a

normal battle. Against any additional opponents you throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but if it is greater than your opponent's, in this instance you will not inflict any damage. If your Attack Strength is lower than your adversary's, you will be wounded in the normal way. Of course, you will have to settle the outcome against each additional adversary separately.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across other situations in which you could be either Lucky or Unlucky, you may use LUCK to make the outcome more favourable to you. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and, if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for *Testing your Luck* works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the outcome will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and will be penalised.

Each time you *Test your Luck,* you must subtract 1 point from your current LUCK score, so the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this procedure will become.

Using Luck in Battles

In certain paragraphs you will be told to *Test your Luck,* and you will then find out the consequences of being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK, to inflict more serious damage on an opponent you have wounded, or to minimise the effects of a wound you have received.

If you have just wounded an opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky you have inflicted a severe wound; deduct an *extra* 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, your blow only scratches your opponent; and you deduct 1 point *less* from your opponent's STAMINA.

Whenever you are wounded in combat, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimise the wound. If you are Lucky, your opponent's blow only grazes you; deduct 1 point from the damage you sustain. If you are Unlucky, your wound is a serious one and you must deduct 1 *extra* STAMINA point than you would normally.

Remember: you must subtract 1 point from your LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck.*

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Your SKILL score may change occasionally during the course of your adventure, but it may not exceed its

Initial value unless you are specifically instructed to the contrary.

At various times you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for *Testing your Skill* works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current SKILL score, you will have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Luck*, do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*.

Stamina

Your STAMINA score will change a great deal throughout your adventure. It will drop if you are wounded in combat, if you fall foul of traps, and after you perform any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero, you have been killed and should stop reading the book immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must choose a new character and start all over again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by eating Meals or Provisions. You start the game with enough for 10 Meals, and during your adventure you will be able to obtain more. Keep track of how many Provisions you have left using the Provisions box of your *Adventure Sheet*: you may not carry more than 10 Meals at any one time. Each time you eat a meal you may restore up to 4 points of STAMINA, but you must remember to

deduct 1 Meal from your remaining Provisions. You may stop and eat Provisions at any time except when engaged in battle.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score come when you have been particularly fortunate or created your own luck by some action. Details are given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the book. As with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value, unless the text specifically instructs you to the contrary.

Equipment and Gold

You begin your journey with some simple, basic equipment that you will need for the adventure ahead, along with a few more unusual items. You are dressed in leather armour and have a backpack to hold your Provisions, Gold Pieces and any treasures or other items you may find along the way. You also carry a lantern and tinderbox. To find out how many Gold Pieces with which you begin your adventure, roll two dice and add 12 to the number rolled. Note this total down in the Gold box on your *Adventure Sheet*. Your lantern should be noted in the Equipment box, as must any other useful items you may acquire on your quest.

As an experienced sword-for-hire you also have a number of unique items that have come into your possession during past adventures. The first of these

is Wyrmbiter. Long thought lost, until you rescued it from the bottom of Lake Eerie, Wyrmbiter is a fabulous sword, worthy of a hero such as yourself. The blade is enchanted and so will harm the Undead, Demons, Elementals and other magical creatures. Also if you ever find yourself in battle with one of Dragonkind (which includes Dragons, Drakes, Wyrms and Wyverns) as long as you are using Wyrmbiter, you may add 2 points to your Attack Strength and increase any damage you cause by 1 STAMINA point. Add Wyrmbiter to the Equipment box on your *Adventure Sheet*.

You also have *two* of the four items listed below. You may choose any combination from the four, as long as you only choose *two*. Then add these to your *Adventure Sheet* as well.

DRAGON TATTOO	Covering almost all of your back is a magnificent tattoo of a mighty Red Dragon, with wings outstretched, something you had done on a whim during a stopover at the port of Harabnab.
HUNTING HORN	Made from the curling horn of some fabulous beast or other, you won this valuable artefact from a renegade duke of Gallantaria, after pursuing him for the bounty on his head.

SABRETOOTH FANG As long as a dagger, and just as sharp, you wear this fang on a leather cord around your neck, a memento of a battle you fought with a Carnodon in the mountains of Mauristatia.

SUN TALISMAN You wear this small golden talisman, which you recovered from a ruined tomb you stumbled upon on the borders of Kakhabad, on a chain around your neck.

The Day of the Week

As you would expect, in the Old World the passage of time is measured in days and weeks, with each week having seven days. The days of the week are as follows:

Day of the week	*Name*
1	Stormsday
2	Moonsday
3	Fireday
4	Earthday
5	Windsday
6	Seaday
7	Highday

You will also find these days listed on your *Adventure Sheet*. It is very important that you keep track of which day of the week it is during the course of your adventure, for such is the power of the elements and magic on the world of Titan that you will soon discover that different types of magic work better on the days associated with them than on the days linked to their opposing elements.

Before you start your adventure you need to determine which day of the week it is. Roll one die; your adventure starts on the corresponding day. So, if you roll a 1 it is Stormsday, but if you roll a 2 it is Moonsday (and so on). As soon as Highday has passed simply move back to the start of the week and Stormsday again.

In addition, for every day that passes you may automatically recover 1 STAMINA point without having to eat any of your Provisions, unless the text specifically tells you otherwise. You are such a practised adventurer, and renowned hero to boot, that it is easy for you to find enough to eat and sometimes people will give you a meal free of charge when they find out who you are.

Alternative Dice

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to roll only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

FIGHTING FANTASY ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial Skill =

STAMINA
Initial Stamina =

LUCK
Initial Luck =

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

TIME TRACK

GOLD

DAMAGE

CODEWORDS

POTIONS

Adventurer's Name . . . . . .

DAY OF THE WEEK

- Stormsday
- Moonsday
- Fireday
- Earthday
- Windsday
- Seaday
- Highday

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

SKILL =
STAMINA =

SKILL =
STAMINA =

SKILL =
STAMINA =

SKILL =
STAMINA =

TURN OVER IF YOU DARE

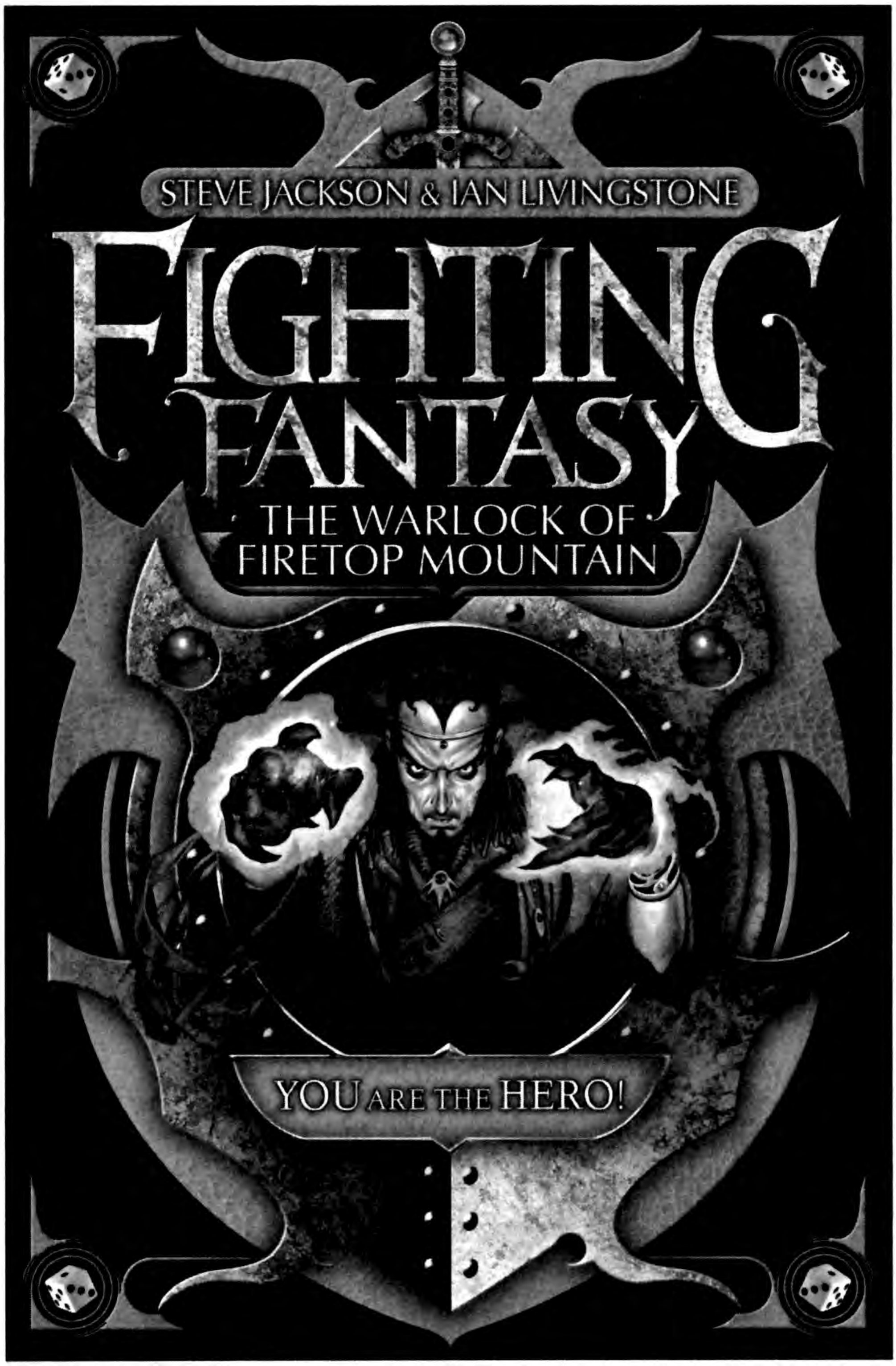

EXCLUSIVE EXTRACT FROM

THE WARLOCK OF FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

Untold riches.
A warlock more powerful than you can imagine.
Are you brave enough?

Deep in the caverns beneath Firetop Mountain lies an untold wealth of treasure, guarded by a powerful Warlock – or so the rumour goes. Several adventurers, expert swordsmen like yourself have set off for Firetop Mountain in search of the Warlock's hoard. None has ever returned. Do you dare follow them?

Firetop Mountain is an imposing place, a dark lair full of wicked foreboding. You will do well to keep track of your progress for it is easy to get lost within the labyrinthine passageways that weave through the very rock of the mountain itself. This is the home of Zagor, a cruel sorcerer and the terror of the land of Allansia. To have any hope of succeeding, you must be both brave and skilful, for otherwise you will end up lost beneath the earth with only certain death to look forward to.

Your quest is to find the Warlock's treasure, hidden deep within a dungeon populated with a multitude of terrifying monsters. You will need courage, determination and a fair amount of luck if you are to survive all the traps and battles, and reach your goal of the innermost chambers of the Warlock's domain.

1

At last your two-day hike is over. You unsheathe your sword, lay it on the ground and sigh with relief as you lower yourself down on to the mossy rocks to sit for a moment's rest. You stretch, rub your eyes and finally look at Firetop Mountain.

The very mountain itself looks menacing. The steep face in front of you looks to have been savaged by the claws of some gargantuan beast. Sharp rocky crags jut out at unnatural angles. At the top of the mountain you can see the eerie red colouring – probably some strange vegetation – which has given the mountain its name. Perhaps no one will ever know exactly what grows up there, as climbing the peak must surely be impossible.

Your quest lies ahead of you. Across the clearing is a dark cave entrance. You pick up your sword, get to your feet and consider what dangers may lie ahead of you. But with determination, you thrust the sword home into its scabbard and approach the cave.

You peer into the gloom to see dark, slimy walls with pools of water on the stone floor in front of you. The air is cold and dank. You light your lantern and step warily into the blackness. Cobwebs brush your face and you hear the scurrying of tiny feet: rats, most likely. You set off into the cave. After a few yards you arrive at a junction. Will you turn west (turn to **2**) or east (turn to **8**)?

2

There is a right-hand turn to the north in the passage. Cautiously you approach a sentry post on the corner and, as you look in, you can see a strange Goblin-like creature in leather armour asleep at his post. You try to tiptoe past him. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, he does not wake up and remains snoring loudly – turn to **9**. If you are Unlucky, you step with a crunch on some loose ground and his eyes flick open – turn to **7**.

3

The door opens to reveal a small, smelly room. In the centre of the room is a rickety wooden table on which stands a lit candle. Underneath the table is a small wooden box. Asleep on a straw mattress in the far corner of the room is a short, stocky creature with an ugly, warty face; the same sort of creature that you found asleep at the sentry post. He must be the guard for the night watch. You may either return to the corridor and press on northwards (turn to **6**) or creep into the room and try to take the box without waking the creature.

If you want to try to steal the box, you will have to discover the full adventure in
The Warlock of Firetop Mountain.
Could it hold a valuable clue to the whereabouts of the Warlock's legendary treasure, or is it something much worse, something dark and evil that is kept in a box under guard for a good reason?
Only YOU can find out.

4

You arrive back at the junction in the passage. You look left to see the cave entrance in the dim distance but walk straight on. Turn to **2**.

5

You charge the door with your shoulder. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you succeed – turn to **10**. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, you rub your bruised shoulder and decide against trying again. Turn to **4** to return to the junction.

6

Further on up the passageway along the west wall you see another door. You listen at it but hear nothing.

You have come as far as you can at this stage, adventurer, and the way beyond lies fraught with danger. Only the bravest dare to set foot inside the caverns beneath Firetop Mountain; only the best will come out alive. Vicious monsters and enemies await your next steps. Do YOU have what it takes to overcome the powerful Warlock and find the untold riches of legend?

7

The creature that has just awakened is an ORC! He scrambles to his feet and turns to grasp at a rope which is probably the alarm bell. You must attack him quickly.

ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you defeat him, you may continue up the passage – turn to **9**.

8

The passageway soon comes to an end at a locked wooden door. You listen at the door but hear nothing. Will you try to charge the door down? If so, turn to **5**. If you would rather turn round and go back to the junction, turn to **4**.

9

To your left, on the west face of the passage, there is a rough-cut wooden door. You listen at the door and can hear a rasping sound which may be some sort of creature snoring. Do you want to open the door? If so, turn to **3**. If you wish to press on northwards, turn to **6**.

10

The door bursts open and you fall headlong into a room. But your heart jumps as you realize you are not landing on the floor, but plunging down a pit of some kind! Luckily the pit is not particularly deep and you land in a heap less than two metres down. Lose 1 STAMINA point for your bruises, climb out of the pit into the room and leave through the door, heading westwards. Turn to **4**.

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ISBN 978-184831078-0
9 781848 310780

FIGHTING FANTASY ADVENTURE SHEET

Adventurer's Name .....

SKILL
Initial Skill =

STAMINA
Initial Stamina =

LUCK
Initial Luck =

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

TIME TRACK

GOLD

DAMAGE

POTIONS

CODEWORDS

DAY OF THE WEEK

- Stormsday
- Moonsday
- Fireday
- Earthday
- Windsday
- Seaday
- Highday

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

SKILL =
STAMINA =

SKILL =
STAMINA =

SKILL =
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SKILL =
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MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

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STEVE JACKSON & IAN LIVINGSTONE

FIGHTING FANTASY

STORMSLAYER

YOU ARE THE HERO!

CHASSEUR DE TEMPETES

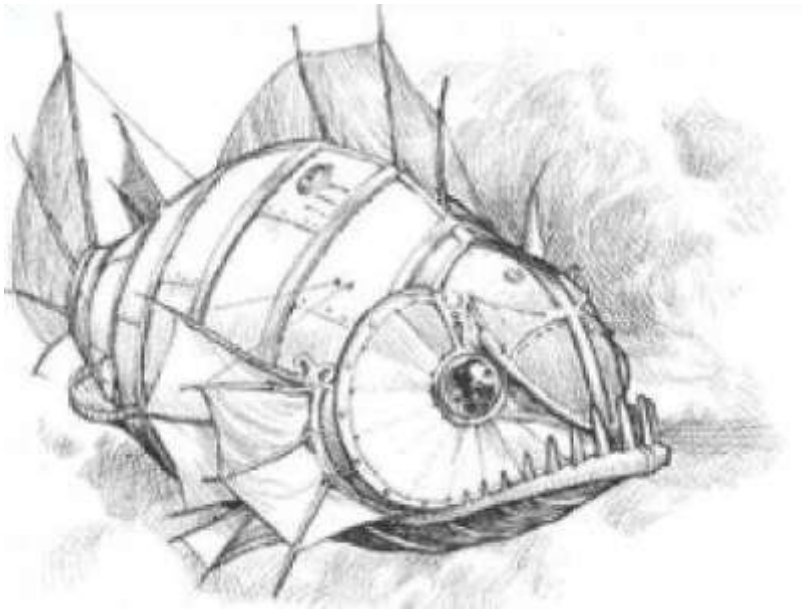

CHOISISSEZ VOTRE AVENTURIER

Vous avez à votre disposition trois aventuriers par mi lesquels choisir votre héros et commencer à jouer immédiatement. Toutefois, si vous souhaitez créer vous-même votre aventurier, vous pourrez le faire en suivant les règles un peu plusloin.

Gorrin Lame d'Argent
Pilleur de tombeaux pour certains, farouche aventurier pour d'autres, Gorrin Lame d'Argent combine les compétences d'un voleur avec la force d'un guerrier. Fils d'un forgeron de Tannatown, il possède un esprit vif et un bras droit solide. Ces deux qualités lui ont servi à plusieurs reprises, particulièrement lorsque il est dans le pétrin jusqu'au cou.

Gorrin possède un tempérament optimiste, son charmenaturel lui a sauvé la mise à plus d'une occasion. Ses compétences à l'épée sont rarement dépassées par ses concurrents.

HABILETE : 11
ENDURANCE : 18
CHANCE : 9
Equipement : Fléau du Dragon, Lanterne et briquet,Corne de Chasse, Talisman Soleil.
Pièces d'Or : 16
Provisions : 10 Repas.
Jour de la Semaine : Jour de la Mer.

Aldar Corbeau-Loup
Aldar Corbeau-Loup était un orphelin qui a granditdans les rues de Pollua, au Lendleland, après que ses parents marchands eurent été tués par des obgobelinsH en traversant les Plaines Hurlantes. Il finit par fuir la cité après avoir occis un chef de gang local dans une bagarre de bar et a erré dans le Vieux Monde, travaillant quelquefois comme mercenaire dans la protection de caravanes marchandes.

Alda r a toujours fait attention à l'argent, une ha bitude ancrée en lui par ses parents et son enfance difficile, ce qui signifie qu'il peut toujours s'équiper correctement avant de partir en aventure. Sa solide constitution lui permet de poursuivre le combat là où les autres auraient déjà abandonné.

HABILETE : 9
ENDURANCE : 22
CHANCE : 7
Equipement : Fléau du Dragon, Lanterne et briquet,Tatouage de Dragon, Corne de Chasse.
Pièces d'Or : 23
Provisions : 10 Repas.
Jour de la Semaine : Jour de la Tempête.

Erien Fille de la Tempête
Originaire d'une tribu nomade de trappeurs des montagnes gelées de la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière, Erien Fille de la Tempête a quitté ses rreste tribales pour les plaines du Femphrey à la recherche d'or et d'aventures. Bénie par Cheelah, la déesse de la chance, elle a trouvé les deux.

Là où les autres font confiance à leurs armes, Erie n se repose sur les charmes magiques et la certitude absolue que sa gardienne céleste veilleratoujours sur elle.

HABILETE : 10
ENDURANCE : 16
CHANCE : 12
Equipement : Fléau du Dragon, Lanterne et briquet,Croc-Dague, Talisman Soleil.
Pièces d'Or : 19
Provisions : 10 Repas.
Jour de la Semaine : Jour du Feu.

Avant de vous lancer dans votre aventure, vous devrez d'abord déterminer vos propres forces et faiblesses. Les dés vous permettront de mesurer leseffets de cette préparation en déterminant les points dont vous disposerez au départ en matière d'HABILETE et d'ENDURANCE. Prenez une feuille pour y noter toutes les informations suivantes et celles données plus tard dans le jeu, ce sera votre *Feuille d'Aventure* .

HABILETE, ENDURANCE ET CHANCE :

Lancez un dé. Ajoutez 6 au chiffre obtenu et inscrivez ce total comme étant votre score de départ d'HABILETE.
Lancez deux dés. Ajoutez 12 au chiffre obtenu et inscrivez ce total comme étant votre score de départ d'ENDURANCE.
Lancez un dé. Ajoutez 6 au chiffre obtenu et inscrivez ce total comme étant votre score de départ de CHANCE.
Ne lancez aucun dé pour la VOLONTE : vous débutezoujourst l'aventure avec 6 points de VOLONTE.
Pour des raisons qui vous seront expliquées plus loin, les points d'HABILETE, d'ENDURANCE et de CHANCE changent constamment au cours de l'aventure. Vous devrez garder un compte exact de ces points. N'effacez jamais votre total de départ. Bien que vous puissiez obtenir des points supplémentaires d'HABILETE, d'ENDURANCE et ed CHANCE, ce total n'excédera jamais votre total de départ, sauf en de très raresoccasions qui seront signalées. Votre HABILETE reflète votre adresse au combat, votre dextérité et votre agilité. Votre niveau d'ENDURANCE traduit votre forme physique et morale. Vos points de CHANCE indiquent si vous êtes naturellement chanceux ou malchanceux. Lachance et la magie sont des réalités de la vie dans l'univers imaginaire que vous allez découvrir.

COMBATS :

Au cours de votre aventure, vous rencontrerez souvent des créatures hostiles. On vous donnera peut-être, dans certains cas, la possibilité de régler la question d'une façon particulière mais, en général, vous devrez livrer bataille comme suit :
Inscrivez les points d'HABILETE et d'ENDURANCE de 'adversairel.
Le combat se déroule ensuite ainsi:

1/ Lancez deux dés pour l'adversaire. Ajoutez ses points d'HABILETE au résultat obtenu. Ce total vous donne la Force d'Attaque de l'adversaire.

2/ Lancez deux dés pour vous-même. Ajoutez vos propres points d'HABILETE au résultat obtenu. Ce total représente votre Force d'Attaque.

3/ Si votre Force d'Attaque est supérieure à cellede l'adversaire, vous l'avez blessé, passez à l'étape 4/. Si la Force d'Attaque de l'adversaireste supérieure à la vôtre, c'est lui qui vous a blessé, passez à l'étape 5/. Si les deux Forces d'Attaque sont égales, chacun a esquivé les coups de l'autre, reprenez le combat à l'étape 1/.

4/ Vous avez blessé l'adversaire, réduisez son ENDURANCE de 2 points. Vous pouvez également vous servir de votre CHANCE pour tenter d'aggraver sa blessure (voir plus loin).

Passez à l'étape 6/.

5/ L'adversaire vous a blessé, réduisez votre ENDURANCE de 2 points. Vous pouvez également faire appel à votre CHANCE (voir plus loin). Passez à l'étape 6/.

6/ Livrez un nouvel Assaut en reprenant les étapesde 1 à 5. Vous poursuivez ainsi l'ordre des opérations jusqu'à ce qu'un total d'ENDURANCE, celui de votre adversaire ou le vôtre, soit réduit à zéro, ce qui signifie la mort de votre adversaire ou la vôtre.

COMBATS CONTRE PLUSIEURS ADVERSAIRES :

Dans certains cas, vous aurez affaire à plusieurs a dversaires. Vous les affronterez parfois comme un ennemi unique, parfois un par un, parfois tous ensemble! Si vous les affrontez comme un seul adversaire, le combat se déroule normalement. Si vous les affrontez à tour de rôle, le combat se déroule encore normalement, si ce n'est que, quandvous avez éliminé un ennemi, le suivant s'avance pour prendre sa place!
Lorsque vous combattez plusieurs ennemis en même temps, chacun d'eux vous attaque à chaque Assaut, mais vous pouvez choisir celui que vous combattez et mener contre lui un combat normal. Contre les autres adversaires, utilisez votre Force d'Attaque de la manière habituelle, mais si elle est supérieure à celle de l'adversaire, vous ne lui infligez aucun dommage, car vous avez juste esquivé le coup. En revanche, si votre Force d'Attaque est inférieure à celle de votre adversaire, vous êtes blessé de la manière habituelle. Bien entendu, vous devez terminer le combat contre chaque adversaire supplémentaire individuellement.

CHANCE :

A plusieurs reprises au cours de votre aventure, lors de combats ou dans des situations qui font intervenir la chance ou la malchance (les détails vous seront donnés par la suite), vous aurez la possibilité de faire appel à votre CHANCE pour tenter de donner une issue favorable à des situations périlleuses. Mais attention! L'usage dela chance comporte de grands risques. Et si vous êtes Malchanceux, les conséquences pourraient se révéler désastreuses. Lancez deux dés. Si le résultat obtenu est inférieur ou égal à vos pointsde CHANCE, vous êtes Chanceux. Si le résultat est supérieur à vos points de CHANCE, vous êtes Malchanceux. Cette règle s'intitule: Tentez votre Chance. Chaque fois que vous devrez Tenter votre Chance, il faudra ôter 1 point à votre
total de CHANCE. A ce rythme, vous vous rendrez vite compte que plus vous ferez appel à votre CHANCE, plus l'entreprise sera risquée. A certainespages du livre, on vous demandera de Tenter votre Chance et vous serez averti de ce qui vous arrivera selon que vous serez Chanceux ou Malchanceux.

UTILISER LA CHANCE PENDANT UN COMBAT :

Dans les combats, cependant, vous serez toujours libre d'utiliser votre CHANCE pour aggraver la blessure que vous venez d'infliger à votre adversaire, ou pour minimiser les effets de celle que vous avez reçue. Si vous venez de blesser un ennemi , vous pouvez Tenter votre Chance de la manière décrite plus haut. Si vous êtes Chanceux,ousv avez infligé une blessure grave et vous pouvez ôter 2 points de plus au total d'ENDURANCE d e l'adversaire. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, la blessure n'était qu'une écorchure et vous devezrajouter 1 point au total d'ENDURANCE de

l'adversaire (c'est-à-dire que, au lieu d'enlever 2points à cause de la blessure, vous lui aurez seulement ôté 1 point). Si l'adversaire vient de vous blesser, vous pouvez Tenter votre Chance pour essayer d'en minimiser les effets. Si vous êtes Chanceux, vous avez réussi à atténuer le coup. Ajoutez 1 point à votre ENDURANCE (c'est-à-di re que, au lieu de perdre 2 points à cause de la blessure, vous aurez perdu 1 point seulement). Si vous êtes Malchanceux, le coup que vous avez reçu est plus grave. Dans ce cas, enlevez enco re 1 point à votre ENDURANCE. Rappelez-vous que vous devez soustraire 1 point de votre total de CHANCE chaque fois que
vous Tentez votre Chance.

TESTER VOTRE HABILETE :

Au cours de votre aventure, vous serez parfois confronté à des situations périlleuses où toutes vos ressources physiques seront sollicitées. Vos réflexes ou votre agilité seront mis à rude épreuve, soit pour éviter de tomber dans un piège, soit pourescalader une falaise abrupte. Lorsque de tels cas se présenteront, on vous demandera de Tester votre Habileté. Le processus est le même que pour Tenter votre Chance, lancez deux dés. Si le total obtenu est inférieur ou égal à vos points d'HABILETE, vous avez réussi, si le résultat est supérieur, vous avez échoué et vous devez en subir les conséquences. Toutefois, contrairement à Tentez votre Chance, vous n'avez pas à déduire 1 point de votre HABILETE chaque fois que vous Testez votre Habileté.

COMMENT RETABLIR VOTRE HABILETE, VOTRE ENDURANCE ET VOTRE CHANCE:

Vos points d'HABILETE ne varieront guère au cours de votre aventure. A l'occasion, on peut vous demander d'augmenter ou de diminuer votre total d'HABILETE, mais il ne peut dépasser le total de départ, sauf si cela est explicitement spécifié dans un paragraphe déterminé. Vos points d'ENDURANCE changeront beaucoup pendant votre aventure. Ils diminueront si vous êtes blessé au cours d'un combat, si vous faites une mauvaise chute, si vous tombez dans un piège ou si vous accomplissez une tâche particulièrement éprouvante. Si vos points d'ENDURANCE sont réduits à zéro, vous avez été tué et vous devez cesser immédiatement de lire ce livre. Les courageux, désireux de poursuivre leur aventure, doivent déterminer un nouveau personnage et tout recommencer depuis le début. Les points d'ENDURANCE perdus se récupèrent en consommant un Repas ou des provisions diverses. Vous commencez votre aventure sans provisions, mais vous pourrez en acquérir au coursde l'aventure. Chaque fois que vous consommez un Repas, vous récupérez 4 points d'ENDURANCE, mais n'oubliez pas de rayer 1 Repas. Vous pouvez faire halte et manger à tout mom ent, sauf pendant un combat. Au cours de votre aventure vos points de CHANCE diminueront chaque fois que vous tenterez votre Chance, mais vous pourrez aussi en gagner si vous êtes particulièrement chanceux et en perdre si vous commettez de graves erreurs. Tous les détails sur ces opérations vous seront donnés lorsque le cas se présentera. N'oubliez pas que, comme pour l'ENDURANCE et l'HABILETE, vos points de CHANCE ne peuvent pas excéder le total de départ, sauf si vous recevez des instructions spécifiques à ce sujet.

EQUIPEMENT ET OR:

Vous débutez l'aventure avec l'équipement basiqueécessairen pour le challenge qui vous attend. Vous êtes vêtu d'une armure de cuir et portez uncsaà dos pour y ranger vos Provisions, vos

Pièces d'Or ainsi que tous les trésors et objets que vous serez amenés à acquérir. Vous avez également une Lanterne avec un briquet. Afin de connaître le nombre de Pièces d'Or que vous possédez au début de votre aventure, tirez deux déset ajoutez 12 au résultat obtenu.

En tant qu'aventurier expérimenté, vous possédez également certains objets de valeur que vous avez acquis lors de vos précédentes quêtes. Le premier de ces objets est Fléau du Dragon. Perdue pendant longtemps, jusqu'à ce que vous la retrouvie z au fond du Lac Eerie, Fléau du Dragon es tune épée fabuleuse, digne d'un héros tel que vousLa. lame est enchantée et pourra blesser les Morts-Vivants, les Démons, les Elémentaires et toutes autres créatures magiques. Si vous vous retrouvez à combattre un adversaire de type Drakéide (ce qui inclut les Dragons et les Vouivres) vous pouvez ajouter 2 points à votre Force d'Attaqu e et augmenter les dégâts que vous infligez de 1 point, aussi longtemps que vous porterez Fléaudu Dragon. Vous possédez aussi deux des quatre objets listés ci-dessous, faites votre choix:

TATOUAGE DE DRAGON :
Couvrant presque tout votre dos, un magnifique tatouage représente un puissant Dragon Rouge aux ailes déployées. Vous avez acquis ce tatouage àla ville portuaire de Harabnab.

CORNE DE CHASSE :
Elle est confectionnée dans la corne d'une fabuleuse bête, vous avez pris cet artefact de valeur sur un duc renégat de Gallantaria, après l'avoir poursuivit alors que sa tête était mise à prix.

CROC-DAGUE :
Aussi longue et tranchante qu'une dague, vous portez cette dent enroulée dans une corde de cuir autour de votre cou, un souvenir d'un combat contre un Carmodon dans les montagnes de Mauristasie.

TALISMAN SOLEIL :
Vous portez ce petit talisman doré, que vous avez rouvét dans une tombe en ruine à la frontière du Kalkhabad, accroché à une chaine autour de votre cou.

JOUR DE LA SEMAINE:
Comme vous vous y attendiez, le passage du temps dans le Vieux Monde est mesuré en jours et en semaines qui comportent chacune sept jours. Les jours de la semaine sont :

Jour 1 : Jour de la Tempête
Jour 2 : Jour de la Lune
Jour 3 : Jour du Feu
Jour 4 : Jour de la Terre
Jour 5 : Jour du Vent
Jour 6 : Jour de la Mer
Jour 7 : Haut Jour

Il est vraiment important de noter le temps qui passe car la puissance des éléments et la magie sur le monde de Titan ont des affinités avec certains jours.

Avant de démarrer votre aventure, vous devez déterminer le jour de la semaine où vous commencerez. Tirez un dé et vous débutez au jour déterminé par le résultat du dé (voir les jours ci-dessus). Donc si vous obtenez 2 au dé, vous commencerez l'aventure au Jour de la Lune. Lorsque le Haut Jour est passé, reprenez le jour suivant en début de semaine au Jour de la Tempête à nouveau.

De plus, vous regagnez 1 point d'ENDURANCE pour chaque jour qui passe sans avoir besoin de manger vos Provisions, à moins que le texte ne spécifie autrement. Vous êtes tellement célèbre et doué que vous pouvez toujours trouver de quoi manger en chemin.

AVIS DE TEMPETE

« Et c'est ainsi que j'ai battu Gog Magog, chef de la tribu des Géants, et sauvé la fille du Duc Ervane », dites-vous, concluant votre récit avant d'avaler le fond de votre chope de bière.

Pendant un instant, le silence s'empare du Refuge du Voyageur, puis une vague d'applaudissements et de holàs s'élève de la clientèle de l'auberge.

« Une autre histoire ! » hurle quelqu'un depuis l'a utre côté du bar.

« Oui, racontez-nous une autre histoire ! » lance une serveuse excitée, apparemment fascinée de se retrouver en présence d'un héros si célèbre, telque vous.

« Très bien », répondez-vous tandis que des respirations haletantes s'élèvent de votre auditoire, avide de récits fantastiques. « Mais laquelle souhaitez-vous entendre ? »

Vous vous êtes aventuré à travers le Vieux Monde pendant de longues années, vous n'en avez plus tenu le compte depuis un bon bout de temps. A cette époque, vous aviez bravé d'innombrables périls et achevé une multitude de quêtes. Vous vous êtes forgé une réputation de fer, vous appropriant le titre de Héros de Tannatown après avoir sauvé la ville de la griffe de la Sorcière Ecarlate et de sa nuée de vampires.

« Dites-nous encore comment vous aviez trouvé l'épée légendaire Fléau du Dragon », demande un jeune garçon, trouvant enfin le courage de parle r. Inconsciemment, vous posez votre main sur le fourreau de l'arme mythique, accroché à votre ceinture.

« Non ! » crie quelqu'un. « Je veux savoir comment vous avez décimé le Basilic de Bonebarrow. »

« Je veux entendre le récit où vous avez récupérée trésorl du Dragon Spectre ! » lance un Nain à la barbe grise, sa puissante voix dominant celles des autres clients.

« Alors ce sera le trésor du Dragon Spectre », acceptez-vous.

Vous vous apprêtez à commencer votre prochaine histoire lorsque la porte de la taverne s'ouvre à la volée et Varick Briseur de Serments – une vieille connaissance – entre dans le Refuge du Voyageur, suivi par sa troupe de coupe jarrets. Il vous aperçoit soudain, une cicatrice violette parcoure son visage de haut en bas – le souvenir d' une blessure que vous lui aviez infligé – ses lèvres se tordent en une grimace déformant son visage mutilé.

Vous levez votre chope – que quelqu'un vous a rempl i sans que vous vous en soyez aperçu – et portez un toast à la dernière défaite de votre rival. « Pas de chance, Varick, tu n'étais pas assez rapide – une fois encore. La prochaine fois peut-être, hein ? »

« Tu ferais mieux de garder un œil sur tes arrières », vous avertit le chasseur de primes avec un sourire cruel. « Ton ciel va s'assombrir. Retiens bien ce que je dis, ton avenir va être nuageux ! » Votre rival se tourne vers le bar, les ruffians qui l'accompagnent vous lancent des regards menaçants, mais il en faut plus pour intimider le H éros de Tannatown.

Dans toute votre carrière d'aventurier, il y a eu Varick Brise Serment sur vos talons, tentant de vous arracher vainement la prochaine prime. Vous êtes tous deux d'âpres concurrents et aucune pitié n'a jamais été accordée par l'un d'entre vous.

Récemment, vous lui aviez subtilisé la récompenseudDuc Ervane pour le retour de sa fille dont la cavalcade s'était terminée dans l'embuscade d'une tribu de Géants des Collines menée par l'infâme Gog Magog. Vous aviez ajouté la rançon d'u ne princesse à votre tableau de chasse et vous retrouviez avec une nouvelle histoire à conter dans ce havre d'aventuriers qu'est le Refuge du Voyageur dans le village de Vastarin à la fronti ère sud du Femphrey. Varick se retrouvait ainsi les mains vides.

C'était arrivé il y a quelques jours et vous aviezdonné une grosse partie des gains touchés pour célébrer votre succès avec vos amis et prendre quelques congés réparateurs pour vous remettre de votre dernière aventure, louant la meilleure chambre de l'auberge pour la durée de votre séjour. Le village est assez agité, des voyageurs sont venus de loin afin de voir la Ménagerie des Monstres, cirque ambulant de wagons ayant fait halte sur la place centrale pour quelques jours.

« Je suis désolé » dites-vous à votre auditoire fasciné, « où en étais-je, avant d'être interrompu ? »

« Vous étiez sur le point de nous raconter le récitdu trésor du Dragon Spectre », lance la serveuse sous le charme de votre charisme. Soudain, un claquement de tonnerre résonne au-dessus de l'auberge.

Un second roulement menaçant fait trembler les murs du Refuge du Voyageur et le flash caractéristique de la foudre illumine la salle. Laserveuse hurle de panique puis se joint aux autres clients sous les tables de l'auberge.

« Par Sukh ! Qu'est-ce que c'était que ça ? » entendez-vous pousser Varick Briseur de Serment sous le choc de la surprise.

C’est étrange effectivement ! Cet orage semble venir de nulle part. Il y a une minute, la journée était calme et ensoleillée et voila que subitement, une terrible tempête comme vous n’en aviez jamais vu lors de toute votre vie d’aventurier, déchire le ciel et change le jour en nuit.

Les tuiles des habitations s’envolent dans le vortex furieux de la tempête où elles sont pulvérisées en une pluie de fragment mortels. Le toit de l’auberge est bientôt secoué par la puissance des vents.

Rendez-vous au 1.

1

Vous ouvrez la porte de l'auberge pour voir le terrible ouragan avaler le village de Vastarin. Le ciel est noir, chargé de nuages menaçants et les bourrasques d'un vent dément arrachent les toits des habitations. Les villageois impuissants sont emportés dans les airs en hurlant. Plusieurs éclairs bombardent le sol, laissant des marques vitrifiées sur les pavés, tandis qu'une pluie de pierres de la taille de raisins mitraille les Vastariners paniqués.

De l'autre côté de la place du village, les wagons et carrioles de la Ménagerie des Monstres sont chahutés. Les rugissements des bêtes fabuleuses composants le cirque ambulant font écho aux roulements de tonnerre.

Qu'est-ce qui peut bien causer un orage aussi étrange ? Les gens sont en danger tout autour de vous, mais comment pouvez-vous combattre les éléments ? Allez-vous :

Rester dans l'auberge afin de vous abriter de la tempête ? Rendez-vous au **16**.
Courir aider les villageois sous le siège des éclairs frappant la place centrale ? Rendez-vous au **37**.
Vous diriger à l'endroit où la tempête semble être la plus forte, en plein milieu de la pluie de pierres ? Rendez-vous au **59**.

2

Vous frappez vos talons trois fois de suite et vous vous mettez en route. Les villes, villages, forêts et champs défilent si vite que vous n'arrivez pas à les distinguer clairement. Vous traversez les rivières d'un simple saut. En un rien de temps, vous atteignez votre destination (effacez les Bottes de Sept Lieues de votre *Feuille d'Aventure*), mais où vous rendez-vous ? (Souvenez-vous, que vous ne pouvez visiter chaque lieu qu'une seule fois.) Alliez-vous vers:

La Mer des Anguilles ? Rendez-vous au **64**.
La Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière ? Rendez-vous au **250**.
Le Mont Pyre ? Rendez-vous au **189**.
Les Plaines Hurlantes ? Rendez-vous au **83**.

3

Vous vous retrouvez soudainement face à l'un des wagons de la Ménagerie. Vous percevez les rugissements d'un animal furieux et une patte griffue tente de vous lacérer. Il s'agit d'une créature possédant le visage d'un vieil homme, le corps d'un lion et la queue d'un scorpion au dard mortel. Mais la terrible Manticore est toujours enfermée dans sa cage.

Une explosion soudaine déchire l'air devant vous, accompagnée d'une forte odeur d'ozone, vous vous retrouvez momentanément aveuglé par le flash de la foudre. Lorsque vous recouvrez vos esprits, vous remarquez que la porte de la cage du wagon de la Manticore se retrouve au sol. Le métal chauffé par l'impact siffle tandis qu'il refroidit. La créature saute de sa prison et avance vers vous.

Le monstre est terrorisé par la tempête et en devient plus que dangereux. Il vous prend pour cible afin de passer sa fureur sur la première proie venue. Vous dégainez rapidement votre épée, Fléau du Dragon, et vous vous préparez au combat.

MANTICORE CAPTIVE **HABILETE: 9** **ENDURANCE: 10**

Heureusement pour vous, les glandes à poison de la Manticore ont été retirée. la créature est également affaiblie suite à ses longues années de captivité mais n'en demeure pas moins un adversaire redoutable. Si vous survivez au combat, il y a toujours des gens en détresse, alors rendez-vous vite au **59**.

4

A un jour de Chalannabrad, il commence à pleuvoir d es cordes. Le jour suivant vous atteignez une plaisante vallée où se côtoient une rivière, des petites forêts et des champs de blé vert

(avancez de deux jours dans la semaine.) Au fond de la vallée, se trouve un petit village paisible, à l'ombre d'un barrage en bois retenant les eaux de la rivière.

La route détrempée serpente entre les champs boueux et vous amène au village de Tumbleweir. Votre arrivée a tôt fait d'attirer l'attention du maire local, vos faits légendaires sont connus même en ce lieu, qui requière un peu de votre temps pour boire un verre à la taverne en sa compagnie. Il vous explique bientôt les raisons de son anxiété tandis que la pluie battante frappe les carreaux de l'établissement.

«C'est la pluie,» dit-il. «Elle tombe comme ça depuis une semaine et ne semble pas vouloir se calmer.» Il est clair que la Machine Météo de Balthazar Sturm a eu un effet sur le temps dans cette partie du royaume également. «Les eaux du lac sont montées au point de pratiquement dépasser le barrage.»

«Mais n'y a-t-il pas des conduits construits dans le barrage pour relâcher la pression ?» demandez-vous.

«Oui, il y en a, mais le barrage a été construit par les Nains il y a des siècles et il n'en reste plus aucun dans cette région qui sache comment ouvrir les conduits. Ils sont connectés à une série de valves, mais nous n'osons pas y toucher car nous craignons de faire une erreur et d'engloutir ainsi le village sous des tonnes d'eau. J'ai entendu dire que vous possédiez un esprit aiguisé qui a résolu plus d'un problème, vous pourriez nous aider ici.»Si vous pensez que vous pouvez faire quelque chose, rendez-vous au 85. Sinon, rendez-vous au **52**.

5

Vous suivez le tunnel de droite et vous vous enfoncez dans les ténèbres humides. Vous n'êtes pas allé bien loin lorsque la lumière de votre lanterne vous révèle un autre tunnel sur votre droite. Désirez-vous emprunter cette nouvelle voie (rendez-vous au **27**) ou allez-vous poursuivre dans le passage dans lequel vous vous trouvez (rendez-vous au **310**) ?

6

Vous vous tenez au bord de la faille, regardant dans les profondeurs sombres de l'Abysse du Poisson Noir. Vous distinguez à peine le fond, mais vous y voyez assez pour entrapercevoir une vallée formant un niveau inférieur du fond marin. De l'autre côté de la fissure, un énorme rocher présente une grande ouverture sur le côté, située dans une sorte de passe naturelle entre les murs du récif, il s'agit de l'entrée d'une caverne sombre. Désirez-vous descendre dans l'Abysse du Poisson Noir (rendez-vous au **146**) ou préférez-vous vous diriger vers la caverne un peu plus loin (rendez-vous au **46**) ?

7

«Vous avez correctement répondu,» vous informe le Gardien. «A présent, comment puis-je vous aider ?» Vous racontez rapidement votre quête au mystérieux Gardien, votre but final étant d'arrêter la folie du mage du temps et de vaincre **les** Elémentaires. «Ah, oui,» répond le Gardien des Quatre Vents, «je connais ce Balthazar Sturm. Il exerce une suprématie magique sur les

éléments et possède Boreas, le Vent du Nord, sousascoupe. Pour contrer cette menace, je vous offre le commandement temporaire de son frère Zephyrus, le Vent de l'Ouest. Afin de l'appeler, il vous suffit de prononcer son nom, mais vous ne pourrez le conjurer qu'une seule et unique fois, choisissez donc le moment avec discernement». (Notez le nom de Zephyrus sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE.) «Maintenant reprenez votre quête.» Rendez-vous au **159**.

8

Vous n'avez d'autre choix que d'affronter le Colosse.

COLOSSE HABILETE: 9 ENDURANCE: 12

Si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Terre, augmentez l'HABILETE du Colosse de 1 point et son ENDURANCE de 2 points. Si vous utilisez une arme contondante, comme un Marteau de Guerre ou une Masse, chaque fois que vous remporterez un Assaut, vous ferez perdre 3 points d'ENDURANCE à votre adversaire. Pour échanger Fléau du Dragon contre une arme contondante, si vous en avez une, vous devez volontairement perdre un Assaut durant lequel le mage transformé vous fera perdre 2 points d'ENDURANCE. Si vous réduisez l'ENDURANCE du Colosse à 3 ou moins, rendez-vous au **29**.

9

Si vous possédez une Corde et un Grappin, vous l'attachez solidement et vous vous laissez glisser dans les ténèbres, ne souffrant qu'une douche glacée. Vous vous retrouvez alors d'une une caverne naturelle, dans les entrailles de la terre (rendez-vous au **80**). Si vous ne possédez pas de Corde et de Grappin, Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, vous traversez sans encombre (rendez-vous au **80**), mais si vous êtes Malchanceux, vous glissez (rendez-vous au **38**).

10

Vous courrez comme un dératé tandis que les tunnels s'écroulent derrière vous. Vous vous retrouvez finalement dans le passage par lequel vous étiez entré dans la mine, épuisé et haletant, mais vivant. Vous émergez sous la lumière du jour, clignant des yeux dans la clarté soudaine. Vous vous effondrez au sol, totalement exténué, tandis qu'un nuage de poussière s'échappe de l'entrée de la mine. Les Mines des Profondeurs Insondables sont à présent condamnées pour toujours.

Il est temps de poursuivre votre quête. Si vous possédez une paire de Bottes de Sept Lieues et désirez les utiliser maintenant, rendez-vous au 2.Sinon, quelle destination allez-vous prendre dans votre recherche de moyens de se débarrasser des Elémentaires de Sturm ? Souvenez-vous que vous ne pouvez visiter chaque lieu qu'une seule fois, allez-vous vous diriger vers:

La Mer des Anguilles ? Rendez-vous au **360**.
Le Mont Pyre ? Rendez-vous au **343**.
Les Plaines Hurlante ? Rendez-vous au **36**.

Ou, si vous vous sentez prêt, vous pouvez tenter de trouver la Machine Météo de Balthazar Sturm - l'Œil du Cyclone (rendez-vous au **350**).

11

Les villageois parviennent à mettre en déroute les vers qui retournent sous terre. Le fermier vous remercie de votre aide et vous demande vers quel endroit vous vous dirigez. «Au nord-est», lui répondez-vous.

«Comme je l'ai dit, vous ne trouverez rien à part un désert sec dans cette direction,» dit-il. «Nous nous rendons à l'ouest vers Chalannabrad, nous voulons informer les autorités de ce qui se passe ici. Pourquoi ne viendriez-vous pas avec nous ?» Si vous souhaitez vous joindre à la caravane (et que vous ne vous êtes pas encore rendu sur la Mer des Anguilles), rendez-vous au **93**.

Sinon, vous poursuivez votre voyage seul. Le fermier avait raison, cette partie du royaume est presque devenue désertique. (Vous ne pourrez pas regagner de points d'ENDURANCE durant les jours que vous passerez sur cette contrée aride.) Après deux autres jours d'errance sous un ciel couleur cuivre (avancez de deux jours dans la semaine), vous apercevez, au loin, les eaux du Lac du Chaudron. Rendez-vous au **189**.

12

Il est dit que si vous approchez un coquillage de votre oreille, vous pouvez entendre le bruit de la mer à l'intérieur. Vous vous demandez si la même chose est vraie avec le Coquillage des Mers. Vous le placez donc sur votre oreille et écoutez. Vous percevez un murmure distant, tel une vague lointaine se brisant sur le rivage. Il vous semble entendre un nom: Oceanus. Retournez au **318** et continuez à lire le paragraphe.

13

Deux jours sont passés depuis que vous avez quitté la frontière sud du Femphrey. Vous dressez le campement pour la nuit au bord d'un petit bois. Si vous possédez le mot code *Essahc*, rendez-vous au **131**. Sinon, si aujourd'hui au Jour de la Lune, rendez-vous au **95**. Autrement, rendez-vous au **40**.

14

Vous chutez dans le vide, fouetté par la puissance des vents. L'immense vaisseau est juste en dessous de vous. Votre main saisit la poignée de l'écoutille de justesse et votre corps rebondit lourdement contre les plaques de cuivre de l'engin. Vous vous hissez péniblement sur un petit rebord, faites pivoter la poignée de l'ouverture et pénétrez dans l'Œil du Cyclone.

L'écoutille se referme avec fracas derrière vous, échol du claquement résonnant sur les parois métalliques du vaisseau. Vous progressez le long d'un couloir grillagé et arrivez bientôt devant un escalier central. La structure métallique en spirale mène aux étages supérieurs et inférieurs de l'Œil du Cyclone, à travers des trous circulaires d ans le plafond et le sol. Vous jetez un œil vers le haut et vers le bas, et constatez que vous vous trouvez dans l'étage inférieur du vaisseau. Sous vos pieds, l'escalier conduit à la cale de l'engin vola nt où vous pouvez entendre les remous caractéristiques d'eau qui tangue au rythme des soubresauts du vaisseau. Vers le haut, l'escalier mène à deux autres ponts.

Une manière de faire payer Balthazar Sturm serait d'infliger le maximum de dommages à l'Œil du Cyclone. Tant que vous serez à bord de l'engin volant, tenez un compte précis des dommages que vous causerez sous la forme d'un score de DEGATS qui pour le moment est de 0.

Si vous possédez les Plans de l'Œil du Cyclone et souhaitez les consulter de suite, multipliez par 3 le nombre associé à ces derniers et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Sinon, qu'allez-vous explorer en premier ?

La cale ?	Rendez-vous au **302**.
Le pont inférieur (où vous êtes à présent) ?	Rendez-vous au **54**.
Le pont central ?	Rendez-vous au **126**.
Le pont supérieur ?	Rendez-vous au **258**.

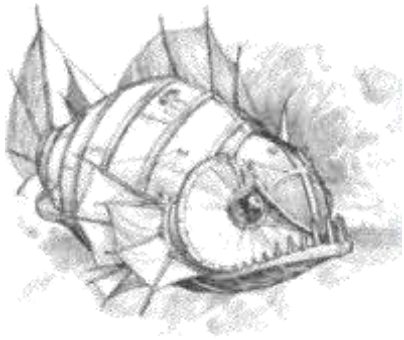

15

Vous entendez des pas lourds et métalliques derrière vous, vous vous retournez et apercevez l'automate-golem que vous aviez laissé dans la cale. Il se force un passage dans la Salle du Moteur. Le géant de métal passe devant vous et va craseré ses immenses poings sur la sphère. Vous n'avez aucune idée de ce qui peut bien contrôler l'homme mécanique mais, quoi que ce soit, Cuirassé semble vouloir détruire le Moteur. Un craquement soudain, suivi par un sifflement aigu précède un torrent d'énergie élémentaire brute qui s'échappe par la fracture qui s'ouvre à présent dans la sphère. Une seconde plus tard, le Moteur explose. Des morceaux de métal brûlant volent dans la pièce et s'encastrent dans les murs, le sol et le plafond. Par chance, vous vous en sortez indemne, le corps de l'automate vous a servi de bouclier, mais ce dernier a aussi été détruit dans l'explosion. (Augmentez le score de DEGATS de 3, regagnez 1 point de CHANCE et rayer le
mot code Etamotua de votre *Feuille d'Aventure* .) Il semble que suite à la destruction du Moteur, les Elémentaires aient également disparus. La grande salle n'est plus qu'un champ de dévastation. Vous retournez à présent sur vos pas. Rendez-vous au **126**.

16

Vous refermez la porte sous les assauts du vent et retournez vous asseoir parmi vos fans. Les clients vous lancent à présent des regards emplit de colère.

«Et vous osez vous appeler un aventurier ?» lâche l 'un d'entre eux.

«Il y a des gens qui ont besoin d'aide dehors» dit le jeune homme de tout à l'heure.

La serveuse auparavant admirative est maintenant écœurée, «je pensais que vous étiez un héros alors que vous n'êtes qu'un lâche !»

Le Nain vous toise de travers. «Je suppose que toutes vos histoires d'extermination de dragons et de combats contre des géants étaient également dulanf.»

La foule commence à vous siffler, lançant des «menteur !» et «couard !». Vous avez perdu leur respect et entaillé votre réputation en agissant de la sorte. (Vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE !) Vous allez devoir faire quelque chose.

Vous retournez à la porte et l'ouvrez à nouveau. Décidez de votre prochaine action. Allez-vous:

Courir aider les villageois sous le siège des éclairs frappant la place centrale ? Rendez-vous au **37**.
Vous diriger à l'endroit où la tempête semble être la plus forte, en plein milieu de la pluie de pierres ? Rendez-vous au **59**.

17

La clé glisse dans la serrure et, avec un déclic le coffre s'ouvre. A l'intérieur, sur une pile de trésors, se trouve un crâne humain portant une magnifique couronne en corail rouge. (Si vous désirez prendre la Couronne de Corail, et la mettre sur votre tête, notez-la sur votre Feuille d' Aventure.) Vous souvenant de la demande du Capitaine Katarina, vous saisissez de pleines poignées d'or et de gemmes. Tirez un dé afin de savoir ce que vous trouvez dans le coffre:

Vous obtenez 1 ou 2: Un Collier en Argent (d'une valeur de 6 Pièces d'Or), un Sac de Gemmes (d'une valeur de 12 Pièces d'Or) et une pleine poignée de Pièces d'Or (tirez un dé et ajoutez 6 pour connaître leur nombre).

Vous obtenez 3 ou 4: Une bourse d'antiques Doublons (tirez deux dés et ajoutez 12 pour en connaître leur valeur en Pièces d'Or).

Vous obtenez 5 ou 6: Un Anneau Rubis (d'une valeur de 5 Pièces d'Or), un Gros Diamant (d'une valeur de 15 Pièces d'Or) et un coffret rempli de Pièces d'Or (tirez deux dés et ajoutez 6 pour connaître leur nombre).

Vous remplissez vos poches des trésors que vous avez trouvés, vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE et rendez-vous au **163**.

18

«Interdiction d'entrer,» dit Brokk en traduisant les runes. «J'ignore pourquoi cet endroit a été condamné mais cela doit être pour une excellente raison. Je suis certain que ce que vous recherchez ne se trouve pas au-delà. Je n'irai pas dans cette direction si j'étais vous.» A présente retournez au 68 et décidez de ce que vous allez faire.

19

Votre arme est confisquée, vos mains ligotées solidement à l'aide d'une corde, puis vous êtes conduit devant le chef de cette tribu de maraudeurs. Le Khan vous regarde avec mépris.

«Qui pensez-vous être pour vous infiltrer dans le camp du puissant Khaddan Khan, Maître de la Horde du Tonnerre, la plus grande de tous les tribus de maraudeurs ?» Il vous fixe d'un regard inquisiteur. Il n'y a qu'une façon de vous en sortir et vous la saisissez.

«Je suis le Héros de Tannatown,» répondez-vous, «exterminateur du Basilic de Bonebarrow, tueur de Géant et conquérant de la Sorcière Ecarlate. Et je vous lance un défi aux armes.»

Le Khan garde le silence pendant quelques instants, puis il éclate de rire. Ca n'était pas la réaction à laquelle vous vous attendiez.

«Etes-vous fou ? Je suis le plus grand de tous les Khans de Lendleland. Les autres tribu me prêtent allégeance !» le Khan arrête de rire et reprend son air sérieux. «Mais un défi est un défi, et j'accepte le votre. Quand j'en aurai fini avec vous, je vous donnerai en pâture à mes chiens afin qu'ils soient aussi impétueux que vous face à une mort imminente.»

Vous vous retrouvez rapidement au centre d'un cercle composé des barbares du Lendleland. Le Khan s'apprête à prouver à nouveau sa supériorité au combat. Vous espérez pouvoir survivre pour vous souvenir de cet affrontement qui s'annonce ardu.

KHADDAN KHAN HABILETE: 10 ENDURANCE: 12

Dès que vous aurez réduit l'ENDURANCE du Khan à 4 ou moins, rendez-vous au **48**.

20

«C'était mon idée vous savez,» vous explique le vieil homme. «Tous ces appareils volants plus lourds que l'air, j'ai pensé qu'une solution de sauvetage serait idéale si les choses tournent mal. Je

l'ai appelé l'Anti-Chute Portable à Commande Manuelle, un nom vraiment ingénieux, vous ne trouvez pas ? Tout ce que vous avez à faire est de tirer la corde lorsque vous chutez et cela ralentira votre descente, tout du moins en théorie. Je n'ai jamais pu sortir pour le tester correctement.» Retournez au **335** pour poser une autre question ou, si vous en avez fini, rendez-vous au **365**.

21

Vous faites de votre mieux pour éviter les éruptions ardentes et la pluie de roche en fusion, mais il est impossible de définir un quelconque cycle dans leurs apparitions. Tirez un dé et ajoutez 1, ceci représente le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez suite aux brûlures que vous causent les geysers de flammes. Toutefois, si vous possédez une Tatouage de Dragon, ou si vous aviez bu une Potion de Protection contre le Feu avant de pénétrer dans ces tunnels, vous réduisez la perte d'ENDURANCE de 1 point, et si vous portez une Cape en Peau de Dragon, vous réduisez cette perte de 2 points supplémentaires (toutes ces réductions de dommages sont cumulatives, si vous possédez le Tatouage de Dragon, que vous avez bu une Potion de Protection contre le Feu et que vous portez ne Cape en Peau de Dragon, vous réduisez votre perte d'ENDURANCE de 4 points). Si vous êtes toujours vivant, vous parvenez à l'autre extrémité du pont et du lac de lave, mais vous êtes horrifié de vous retrouver dans un cul-de-sac, il n'y a aucune autre issue (vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE.) Vous n'avez d'autre choix que de faire demi-tour et de retraverser cet enfer ardent. Tirez à nouveau un dé et ajoutez 1, ci représente le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez une fois encore. Les protections décrites plus haut vous servent toujours. Si vous survivez à cette seconde traversée, rendez-vous au **245**.

22

Votre voyage vous amène à la seconde plus grande ville du Femphrey - la Cité de Cristal. (Avancez de trois jours dans la semaine.) Beaucoup pensent que la ville a été construite à partir des cristaux que sa population a pêchés dans le lac, mais c'est aussi vrai que de dire que les rues de Chalannabrad sont pavées d'or !

Le temps étrange qui afflige le reste du royaume ne semble pas être encore arrivé ici, vous avez donc l'opportunité de vous arrêter un peu et de vous reposer. La meilleure chose à faire serait de visiter les marchés de la ville.

La Cité de Cristal est un des arrêts privilégiés de routes de commerce du Vieux Monde et vous deviez trouver à peu près tout ce dont vous avez besoin ici, ainsi que d'autres objets curieux et exotiques. Désirez-vous chercher de l'équipement pratique (rendez-vous au **41**) ou préférez-vous vous intéresser aux objets inhabituels (rendez-vous au **70**) ?

23

Vous courrez de toutes vos forces mais la crevasse finit par vous rattraper. Le sol se dérobe et vous chutez dans les profondeurs du monde tandis que des tonnes de rochers et de terre s'abattent sur vous. Votre aventure s'achève ici, enterré vivant dans les tréfonds des Mines des Profondeurs Insondables.

24

Vous percevez le sifflement de flèches volant très près de vous tandis que vous foncez vers les collines. Vous aviez réussi à distancer quelque peu les cavaliers et les hommes du Khan ont sorti leur arc pour vous aligner. Tirez un dé et ajoutez1. Ceci représente le nombre de flèches qui trouvent leur cible, vous. (Vous perdez autant de points d'ENDURANCE.) Si vous êtes toujours envie, rendez-vous au **65**.

25

«Je vous présente la Taupe,» dit Brokk fièrement, **gitant** une main en direction de l'incroyable engin. «La plus formidable des machines à forer de ce côté de la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière. Si nous pouvions la démarrer nous pourrions nous rendre dans les profondeurs de la mine en un rien de temps.» Désirez-vous voir si Brokk peut démarrer la Taupe et utiliser l'engin pour vous déplacer dans la Mine des Profondeurs Insondables (rendez-vous au **124**), ou préférez-vous poursuivre à pied (rendez-vous au **145**) ?

26

«Quels petits monstres agaçants ! Ils ont pourri ma vie», Inigo fait la grimace en évoquant les gardiens du laboratoire électrique. «Ce sont les ouvriers de Sturm, ses gardes et ses geôliers. Ce sont eux qui ont construit le vaisseau et ce satané Golem à Vapeur. Vous voulez savoir comment Sturm a créé ces petits diablotins ? Ce sont des Esprits Electriques confinés dans des combinaisons de cuir et de cuivre. Si vous les rencontrez à nouveau, et vous le ferez si vous poursuivez Sturm, sachez qu'il existe un moyen rapide de se débarrasser d'eux. Il existe une valve de sécurité là où le casque de cuivre rencontre la combinaison à la base du cou. Si vous la détruisez, l'Esprit sera immédiatement libéré envoyére vers les Plans Elémentaires.»

Il s'agit là d'une information précieuse ! (Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE.) Si vous vous retrouvez à combattre les Fulgurites de Sturm à nou veau, vous pourrez tenter de casser cette valve. Lorsque vous remporterez un Assaut contre l'un de ces Esprits Electriques, Testez votre Habileté. Si c'est un succès, le Fulgurite meurt immédiatement. Si c'est un échec, vous devez poursuivre le combat, mais vous pourrez tenter de casser la valve à nouveau au prochain Assaut que vous remporterez. Retournez au **335** pour poser une autre question, ou, si vous en avez terminé, rendez-vous au **365**.

27

Ce passage est nettement plus petit que le tunnel principal et vous devez vous accroupir en certains endroits pour progresser. Vous entendez subitement des bruits de grattement comme si quelque chose essayait de creuser son chemin dans la roche. Un pan entier de la paroi du tunnel s'écroule soudainement dans le passage. La tête d'un énorme cafard surgit du trou dans la roche, l'insecte géant ne possède pas d'yeux, mais il a des mandibules capables de mâcher la pierre ainsi que toute sorte d'armure ! L'Arpenteur de Roche vous attaque en claquant des mandibules.

ARPENTEUR DE ROCHE HABILETE: 7 ENDURANCE: 10

Si vous éliminez l'énorme insecte dévoreur de cailloux, vous essuyez le sang jaune écœurant de la créature de votre lame. Vous réfléchissez quand au chemin à prendre à présent. Souhaitez-vous poursuivre dans ce tunnel taillé par les Nains (rendez-vous au **75**) ou préférez-vous ramper dans le conduit creusé par l'Arpenteur de Roche afin de savoir où il conduit (rendez-vous au **49**) ?

28

Vous avez sauvé le Femphrey des plans diaboliques de Balthazar Sturm, mais au prix de votre vie semble-t-il. Puis vous vous souvenez du Sac à Dos. Vos mains trouvent la cordelette attachée au sac et tirent dessus. Le dessus du sac à dos s'ouvre et une grosse masse de tissus se déplie dans les airs, reliée à votre sac par une multitude de cordes. Cette étrange voile ralentie votre chute et vous atterrissez doucement au sol. Vous ne vous êtes jamais senti aussi heureux de toucher la terre ferme ! Rendez-vous au **400**.

29

La forme rocheuse de Sturm commence à se fissurer jusqu'à ce que son corps soit sur le point de s'effondrer. Toutefois, les morceaux de pierre du corps de votre ennemi se liquéfient rapidement pour devenir de l'eau. Sous sa forme liquide il glisse, tel une vague, autour du pont, emportant vos pieds et vous faisant perdre l'équilibre. Votre adversaire a à présent un torse humanoïde aux traits liquides flottant sur une fontaine d'eau qui lui sert de jambes. Si seulement vous pouviez faire bouillir l'Elémentaliste transformé, comme un feu changerait l'eau en vapeur…

Si vous connaissez le nom d'un Elémentaire de Feu qui pourrait vous aider, changez son nom en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26. Additionnez tous les nombres entre eux et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Sinon, rendez-vous au **206**.

30

«Ce que vous recherchez se trouve au-delà de la fis sure» dit Brokk, pointant la brèche de sa hache. «Mais vous irez seul. Je vous attendrai ici, mais je refuse d'entrer là dedans. Cet endroit est maudit.» Notez le fait que Brokk ne voyage plus avec vous (vous perdez tous les avantages de sa présence) et retournez au **80** où vous déciderez ed votre prochaine action.

31

Vous pénétrez dans la carcasse du monstre marin mort à travers un trou dans sa poitrine. Les côtes de la créature s'élèvent haut au-dessus de votre tête. C'était de toute évidence une puissante créature. Quelque chose remue soudain dans la chair liquéfiée par la décomposition. Un horrible ver géant émerge des entrailles en se tortillant. lI a trouvé une proie vivante qui lui convient mieux que la chair morte.

VER CARNIVORE HABILETE: 6 ENDURANCE: 6

Ce genre de créatures est d'habitude minuscule, mais les parasites qui infestent les boyaux des monstres marins géants sont d'une toute autre taille. Si vous parvenez à tuer le Ver Carnivore, vous trouvez ce que vous étiez venu chercher. Reposant parmi les restes du dernier repas de la Baleine Géante, vous apercevez un bouclier portant l'image d'un Dragon Rouge. Il n'est pas difficile d'imaginer le destin de son précédent porteur. Prenez le bouclier si vous le souhaitez (notez le Bouclier Dragon sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure*), puis quittez précipitamment la carcasse pour nager plus avant dans l'Abysse du Poisson Noir. Rendez-vous au **179**.

32

Vous nettoyez votre lame des horribles sécrétions des les rejetons à présent morts. Vous êtes certain d'avoir pénétré dans l'antre du Dragon de tempête, mais le monstre n'est pas là. Toutefois, en éliminant sa progéniture, vous avez soulagé Fleemphrey de tels monstres, s'ils provoquent effectivement un changement climatique brusque. (Notez le mot code *Mortsleam* sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et regagnez 1 point de CHANCE.)

Sylas et vous décidez qu'il n'y a rien à gagner à attendre le Dragon de Tempête, vous n'avez aucune idée du moment de son retour et cela pourrait prendre des jours. Si les bébés que vous avez affrontés sont les siens, vous imaginez sans peine quelle terrible créature doit être ce dragon. Vous vous remettez en route. Rendez-vous au **386**.

33

Le tunnel s'élargit et le plafond se retrouve bientôt à plusieurs mètres au-dessus de votre tête. Vous vous retrouvez bientôt dans une caverne, au bord d'un immense lac de lave formant un réservoir géant de magma. La lave est en ébullition et des geysers de feu émergent aléatoirement de la surface brûlante. Un pont de pierre étroit enjambe ce lac infernal. Désirez-vous vous risquer sur le pont pour traverser le réservoir de magma (rendez-vous au **21**), ou préférez-vous revenir à l'intersection et emprunter l'autre passage (rendez-vous au **245**) ?

34

Vous faites de votre mieux pour mimer les actions des Fulgurites qui s'occupaient de la machine lorsque vous êtes entré dans la Salle du Moteur. Vous tirez un levier par ci et fermez plusieurs valves par là dans l'espoir de déconnecter les accumulateurs de puissance et isoler les autres parties du vaisseau. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, vos actes produisent l'effet souhaité (augmentez le score de DEGATS de 1). Si vous êtes Malchanceux, la vitre d'un afficheur explose et les débris coupants vous crèvent un œil (vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE et 1 point d'HABILETE).
Mais si vous souhaitez en faire davantage, vous allez devoir tenter autre chose. Allez-vous:

Attaquer le Moteur Elémentaire à l'aide de votre épée ? Rendez-vous au **47**.
Frapper la machine avec une Masse ou un Marteau de Guerre, si vous possédez l'un ou l'autre ? Rendez-vous au **82**.
Tenter d'utiliser une Clé à Molette, si vous en possédez une ? Rendez-vous au **63**.
Quitter la Salle du Moteur et explorer un autre endroit ? Rendez-vous au **126**.

35

Vous grimpez le chemin abrupt, tel un mouflon à flanc de montagne. En un rien de temps, vous vous retrouvez proche du sommet du rocher, escaladant une portion de terre où poussent quelques arbres. Soudain, vous glissez et tombez durement sur vos deux genoux (vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE). C'est comme si le sol s'était dérobé sous vos pieds. Tandis que vous vous relevez, la terre devant vous s'élève et une créature monstrueuse émerge des profondeurs de la roche. Elle est massive, deux fois plus grande que vous avec des bras tels des masses gigantesques, sont corps est recouvert de racines tentaculaires. Vous aviez entendu parler de telles créatures auparavant mais sans jamais en rencontrer encore. Le monstre est un Démon de Terre aux attaques fulgurantes. Ses pieds sont ancrés dans la terre, trainant des plantes et des racines d'arbres. La créature avance vers vous, prête à vous arracher la vie. Une fois encore, vous devez lutter pour défendre votre peau !

DEMON DE TERRE
HABILETE: 10 ENDURANCE: 12

(Si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Terre, l'HABILETE du Démon de Terre est augmentée de 1 point et son ENDURANCE de 2.) Vous avez entendu dire que ce genre de créature tire son énergie de la terre elle-même. La résistance du Démon de Terre testelle, que chaque Assaut que vous remporterez ne lui fera perdre que 1 point d'ENDURANCE, mais si vous pouviez le priver de son ancrage terrestre, vous seriez peut être capable de le blesser sérieusement. Si vous désirez tenter cette approche après que vous ayez remporté un Assaut, rendez-vous au **71**. Si vous parvenez à tuer la bête, rendez-vous au **51**.

36

Une journée après avoir quitté les collines de la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière (avancez au prochain jour de la semaine) vous arrivez en vue de Tannatown. La seule vue de l'endroit vous pousse à presser le pas et vous pénétrez à nouveau dans cette ville qui vous a valu votre surnom célèbre. Les habitants acclament votre arrivée et C'est bientôt une foule d'enfants qui se trouve accrochée à vos talons. Le maire est déjà là à vous attendre sur la place centrale entouré de badauds excités réunis pour voir le Héros de Tannatown en personne. Les citoyens n'ont pas

oubliés ce que vous avez fait pour eux en les débarrassant de la Sorcière Ecarlate, et dès que vous exposez votre nouvelle quête au maire, il vous propose immédiatement le gite et le couvert. Si vous souhaitez accepter l'hospitalité du maire, rendez-vous au **161**. Sinon, vous saluez la foule et vous vous remettez en route. Trois jours de voyages sous le vent, la pluie et même la neige vous amènent aux désolations des Plaines Hurlantes. Avancez de trois jours dans la semaine et rendez-vous au **83**.

37

Vous vous jetez dans la fureur de la tempête, votre bras sur le visage pour vous protéger les yeux des explosions incandescentes des éclairs assassins. Vous traversez la place en zigzagant, tentant de ne pas vous faire foudroyer. Testez votre Habileté en ajoutant 2 au résultat si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Tempête. Si c'est un succès, rendez-vous au **3**. Si c'est un échec, rendez-vous au **74**.

38

Battu par l'eau gelée, votre corps se retrouve rapidement engourdi par le froid et vos muscles ne vous répondent plus correctement. Vous basculez dans le vide et percutez des rochers et d'anciens équipements de mine rouillés. Tirez un dé et ajoutez 1, ceci représente le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez. Si vous êtes toujours vivant, le torrent furieux vous projette dans les eaux sombres et froides d'un lac plus bas. Vous remontez à la surface, crachant et toussant pour évacuer l'eau de vos poumons et vous vous hissez sur la berge sablonneuse d'une large caverne souterraine. Toutefois, suite à votre bain forcé, vous perdez la moitié de vos Provisions, gâtée par l'eau. Supprimez donc la moitié de vos Repas, en arrondissant à l'entier inférieur, puis rendez-vous au **80**.

39

Vous dépliez les Plans de la Machine Météo de Sturmet les étudiez attentivement pour la première fois. Si vous en croyez les indications des plans, vous vous trouvez dans une pièce appelée 'Turbine à Vent' et la salle suivante s'appelle 'Générateur d'Eclairs. Plus loin, se trouve une cabine sans nom derrière laquelle une nouvelle pièce est notée 'Contrôles du Gouvernail'. La Cale sous ce pont est bien décrite comme telle. Toutefois, les deux ponts au-dessus de vous sont plus intrigants. Sur le Pont Supérieur de l'Œil du Cyclone se trouve une cabine dénommée 'Producteur de Glace' et une autre marquée comme 'Verre Flamboyant'. Mais c'est le Pont Central qui présente le plus d'intérêt, quasiment tout leivea un forme une immense pièce appelée ‘Salle du

Moteur', l'avant de ce pont est noté 'Pilotage'. A présent que vous possédez des renseignements plus clairs sur l'intérieur du vaisseau, retournez au **14** et décidez de l'endroit où vous débuterez votre exploration de l'Œil du Cyclone.

40

Lorsque l'aube apparait enfin, vous êtes fin prêt pour vous remettre en route. Vous vous dirigez vers le nord-ouest durant deux jours de plus jusqu'à apercevoir les murs de la capitale à l'horizon. Avancez de quatre jours dans la semaine et rendez-vous au **50**.

41

Vous trouvez les objets suivants à la vente:

Provisions: 1 Pièce d'Or par Repas.
Arbalète avec 6 carreaux: 12 Pièces d'Or.
Armure de Plates: 10 Pièces d'Or.
Marteau de Guerre: 10 Pièces d'Or.
Potion de Fortune: 6 Pièces d'Or.
Potion de Force: 4 Pièces d'Or.
Potion d'Habileté: 5 Pièces d'Or.

Les marchés sont ouverts tous les jours dans la Cité de Cristal et les citoyens prient particulièrement les Dieux du commerce et de l'échange, donc si aujourd'hui est Haut Jour, beaucoup de marchands se livrent une compétition féroce et vous pourrez déduire 1 Pièce d'Or de tous les prix pratiqués, sauf pour les Provisions.

Vous pouvez acheter jusqu'à 10 Repas, chaque Repas vous rendra 4 points d'ENDURANCE. Vous pouvez utiliser l'Arbalète une fois avant chaque bataille avant d'engager le combat (et tant que vous avez des carreaux à tirer); Testez votre Habileté et si c'est un succès le carreau touchera votre adversaire lui faisant perdre 2 points d'ENDURANCE. Sur un jet de 1 à 4, l'Armure de Plates réduira les pertes de points d'ENDURANCE de1 point. Lorsque vous la buvez, la Potion de Fortune restaurera votre score de CHANCE à son niveau de départ, la Potion de Force restaurera votre score d'ENDURANCE à son niveau de départ, la Potion d'Habileté restaurera votre score d'HABILETE à son niveau de départ.

Lorsque vous en aurez terminé, voulez-vous vous rendre aux stands proposant des objets plus inhabituels (rendez-vous au **70**) ou préférez-vous quitter la Cité de Cristal et poursuivre votre quête (avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **189**) ?

42

Vous ne pensez pas avoir la moindre chance face à u n Elémentaire de Terre et vous fuyez la caverne pour retourner dans la mine. Derrière vous, l'Elémentaire rugit à nouveau et frappe le sol

de ses deux poings colossaux. Sous l'impact du choc, la roche se lézarde et bientôt c'est une véritable crevasse béante qui s'ouvre derrière vous, vous devez accélérer pour ne pas qu'elle vous rattrape. Tirez trois dés. Si le total est inférieur ou égal à votre score d'ENDURANCE, rendez-vous au **10**; s'il est supérieur, rendez-vous au **23**.

43

Si l'Elémentaire de Glace vous blesse, le pouvoir réchauffant du Talisman Soleil vous protègera partiellement de son toucher glacial. Réduisez alors les dommages causés par l'Elémentaire de 1 point. Toutefois, si l'Elémentaire de Glace utilise son attaque Souffle du Blizzard, vous pourrez alors en ignorer tous les dommages. A présent, retournez au **100** et préparez-vous au combat.

44

Votre coup percute la sphère à un autre endroit que le premier. En fait vous venez d'éclater le hublot de verre du Moteur Elémentaire. Vous entendez le bruit caractéristique de gaz qui s'échappe par une ouverture et soudainement, un vent puissant balaie la salle toute entière. Vous êtes forcé de tirer votre épée face à l'Elémentaire d'Air Supérieur furieux que vous venez de libérer par inadvertance. Boreas, la manifestation Elémentaire du Vent du Nord, n'a pas apprécié d'être enfermé dans l'appareil et ne fait aucune distinction entre la personne qui l'a libéré et son séquestreur. Hurlant sa fureur élémentaire, Boreas attaque !

ELEMENTAIRE D'AIR SUPERIEUR HABILETE: 15 ENDURANCE: 20

Si vous parvenez à vaincre l'essence du Vent du Nord, vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE. Augmentez le score de DEGATS de 2 et notez le mot code *Eimlacca* sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure*. Vous en avez fait assez ici, vous quittez la Salle du Moteur et partez explorer un autre endroit. Rendez-vous au **126**.

45

Vous tombez vers le sol, vos mains trouvent la cordelette du sac à dos et la nervosité vous fait tirer dessus machinalement. Le haut du sac s'ouvre et libère une grande étoffe qui s'ouvre au dessus de votre tête. Le tissu est maintenu attaché au sac par des lanières de cuir tendues. Votre chute est grandement ralentie et vous atterrissez au pied de la tour sans égratignure. Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE. Toutefois, vous devez tranchez les lanières de cuir car la toile géante, gonflée de vent, risque de vous déséquilibrer et de vous trainer sur le sol. De plus vous ne

pouvez décemment pas marcher avec l'étoffe derrière vous. Vous ne serez plus capable de faire appel à cette alternative à l'avenir. (Rayez le Sac à Dos Spécial de votre *Feuille d'Aventure* , bien que vous puissiez toujours l'utiliser comme sac à dos normal.) Vous décidez qu'il ne serait pas sage de tenter de remonter la tour et de croiser à nouveau le Gardien des Quatre Vents, vous vous remettez donc en route, revenant sur vos pas à travers le Canyon Hurlant puis vous quittez les Plaines Hurlantes. Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **394**.

46

Vous pénétrez dans la passe étroite et, sans le savoir, vous entrez également sur le domaine de créatures qui vivent dans le récif, des prédateurs sans cesse en quête de nourriture. Des crustacés aux larges pinces et aux pattes articulées surgissent de trous dans la roche, tandis que des étoiles de mer et des anémones géantes vous prennent à parti. Combattez ces Occupants du Récif comme s'il ne s'agissait que d'une seule créature.

OCCUPANTS DU RECIF HABILETE: 7 ENDURANCE: 10

Vous pouvez décider de fuir après 3 Assauts, si vous le souhaitez, en retournant vers la fissure (rendez-vous au **146**). Si vous préférez poursuivre le combat et que vous en sortez vainqueur, rendez-vous au **76**.

47

Vous plantez votre épée magique entre les plaques de la sphère de métal, espérant l'ouvrir telle une pomme, mais les pouvoirs de votre lame tueuse de Dragons sont annulés par l'énergie élémentaire brute générée par l'engin. Votre épée abimes sur l'armure de la sphère, le tranchant s'en trouve à présent émoussé. (Vous perdez 1 point d'HABILETE et 1 point de CHANCE.) Qu'allez-vous faire à présent ?

Frapper la machine avec une Masse ou un Marteau de Guerre, si vous possédez l'un ou l'autre ? Rendez-vous au **82**.
Tenter d'utiliser une Clé à Molette, si vous en possédez une ? Rendez-vous au **63**.
Quitter la Salle du Moteur et explorer un autre endroit ? Rendez-vous au **126**.

48

Le combat tourne bientôt en votre avantage, mais vo us réalisez vite que vous ne pouvez décemment pas tuer le Khan, pas ici, pas de cette façon. Si vous le faisiez, il y aurait certainement une douzaine de prétendants à sa succession qui pourrait vous relancer un défi pour gagner le droit d'être le prochain leader de la tribu, autant de nouveaux combats que vous ne pourriez remporter sur la durée.

Au lieu de cela, ayant repoussé Khaddan Khan aux limites du cercle, vous saisissez l'opportunité de vous jeter sur lui et, tel un tremplin, vous prenez appui sur son corps pour sauter par dessus les autres barbares. Vous atterrissez sur la selle d'une monture et avec un puissant «Yaah !» la frappez de vos talons. Le cheval henni et prends rapidement la direction des collines. Les cavaliers barbares ne sont pas longs à réagir et se lancent rapidement à votre poursuite. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **65**. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **24**.

49

Espérant que l'Arpenteur de Roche soit solitaire, vous commencez à ramper dans l'étroit boyau visqueux creusé par ses mandibules. Brusquement, le sol commence à trembler tout autour de vous. Vous perdez votre prise et vous glissez sur la bave de l'insecte géant, tout le long du boyau, jusqu'à atterrir dans un autre tunnel. Rendez-vous au **68**.

50

Votre voyage vous amène finalement en vue des murs de la capitale du Femphrey, Chalannabrad ! Ce n'est pas votre première visite dans cette ville, et voir ces larges avenues, ces magnifiques bâtiments et ces parcs enchanteurs ne cessera jamais de vous émouvoir. Mais vous n'êtes pas là pour visiter cette fois-ci, et vous pressez le pas. Les effets néfastes de la machine de Balthazar Sturm ne sont pas encore arrivés jusqu'ici, le temps est encore beau et ensoleillé. Vous vous dirigez vers les docks de la ville tout en vous demandant comment vous allez accomplir une quête que doit vous conduire sous les flots de la Mer des Anguilles.

N'étant pas un poisson, vous devez trouver une solution pour pouvoir respirer sous l'eau, ainsi qu'un navire pour vous emmener au large. Bien entendu, Chalannabrad est également l'endroit rêvé pour vous équiper correctement. Désirez-vous visiter les marchés de la ville avant d'entreprendre quoi que ce soit d'autre (rendez-vous au **91**) ou préférez-vous vous hâter et trouver un moyen de respirer sous l'eau rapidement (rendez-vous au **121**) ?

51

Finalement, vous arrivez au pied de la haute tour solitaire. Elle se dresse au milieu du promontoire rocheux qui domine une vallée en contrebas. Il vous semble que la construction soit extrêmement précaire, chaque étage posé sur celui du dessous en décalé. Vous levez la tête pour admirer la haute structure coiffée de remparts défiant les éléments. Une longue barre métallique, censée canaliser la foudre, parcoure la moitié de la tour depuis son sommet, l'extrémité de ce paratonnerre gigantesque, pointe, telle une terrible lance, vers le ciel. Accroché à une tourelle, se dresse une girouette en cuivre dont la forme évoque un immense aigle à la tête de coq. A quelques vingt mètres devant vous se trouve la porte d'entrée de la tour, d'épaisses planches de bois bardées de fer. Il semble qu'il n'y ait aucune patrouille aux alentours, vous avancez prudemment.

Un hurlement strident vous arrête net, vous levez à nouveau la tête pour apercevoir la girouette de cuivre s'élancer de son perchoir, ses larges ailes de métal, couleur verdegris suite à sa longue expositions aux éléments, la font planer jusqu'à vous. Le monstre ouvre son large bec et pousse un nouveau cri qui vous brise les tympas. Vous tirez à nouveau Fléau du Dragon et vous vous préparez à combattre el gardien de la tour.

OISEAU GIROUETTE **HABILETE: 7** **ENDURANCE: 6**

Si vous parvenez à détruire la Girouette, rendez-vous au **94**.

52

Il est déshonorant pour un héros d'abandonner les gens qui lui demandent de l'aide. Vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE. Le maire vous maudit, vous laissez Tumbleweir à son destin et poursuivez vers le sud-est. La pluie finit par cesser, les nuages se dissipent et le soleil brille à nouveau. Deux jours plus tard (avancez de deux jours dans la semaine) vous arrivez en vue des Plaines Hurlantes. Rendez-vous au **83**.

53

Vous prenez une profonde inspiration et entrez dans le nuage. Vous discernez à peine vos mains, l'épais gaz puant vous pique les yeux. Vous pressez le pas, mais la fumée écœurante semble s'étaler très loin. Bientôt, vous ne pouvez plus retenir votre respiration et inspirez involontairement une bouffé d'air puant. Vous commencez à tousser, il est très difficile de respirer ici. Vous chancelez vers l'avant, ne sachant pas si vous pourriez arriver à sortir de cet enfer. Puis finalement, vous passez l'autre extrémité du gaz et tombez à genoux prenant de grandes bouffées d'air pur. Vos yeux vous brûlent atrocement et, pour toute la durée du prochain combat, vous devrez réduire votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point. A présent, vous êtes devant une intersection, allez-vous tourner à gauche (rendez-vous au **33**) ou à droite (rendez-vous au **245**) ?

54

Vous notez deux portes en bois sur ce pont, elles sont situées de part et d'autre de l'escalier métallique. Celle à gauche ne possède aucun signe particulier, tandis que celle de droite est gravée d'une spirale. Choisissez un lieu où vous n'êtes pas encore allé. Allez-vous:

Ouvrir la porte à la spirale ? Rendez-vous au **86**.
Ouvrir l'autre porte ? Rendez-vous au **184**.
Quitter le Pont Inférieur et explorer un autre endroit ? Rendez-vous au **391**.

55

Invoquant la puissance du Dieu du Feu, vous criez, «je te commande de me venir en aide, au nom de Filash, le Grand Incinérateur !» L'Elémentaire de Feu gronde de rage mais est incapable de vous attaquer. «Dis-moi,» poursuivez-vous, «comment puis-je contrôler un Elémentaire de Feu Supérieur ?»

«Vous devez connaître son nom !» grogne l'Elémentaire. Vous n'avez aucune idée du nom de l'Elémentaire de Feu que contrôle Balthazar Sturm et qu'il a enfermé dans sa Machine Météo. Mais il y a peut-être une autre solution.

«Dis-moi,» répondez-vous, «quel est ton nom ?»

L'Elémentaire hurle sa frustration sur les parois de la chambre de magma, mais est forcé de vous répondre. «Vulcanus !» lance-t-il. «Mais tu n'auras jamais la possibilité de l'utiliser !» Rendez-vous au **114**.

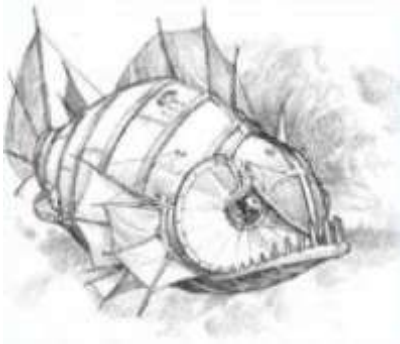

56

Une immense explosion ravage le pont, vous êtes projeté au sol. Les hublots d'observation géants éclatent dans une pluie de d'échardes de cristaux **ranchantes**. Au même moment, Balthazar Sturm tombe sur la plateforme devant vous, perdant subitement tous ses pouvoirs. Vous vous agrippez à la rambarde du pont, luttant pour rester en vie.

Sturm, totalement horrifié, vous regarde tandis que la plateforme se brise et qu'il est aspiré dans le vide par les hublots cassés. Les corps de ses serviteurs ainsi que des pièces cassées de ses machines disparaissent également à l'extérieur. La dernière vision que vous avez de l'Elémentaliste fou est celle de son visage hurlant tandis qu'il chute tel une pierre à travers les nuages noirs entourant l'Œil du Cyclone.

Dans un terrible grincement de métal, l'armature du pont du vaisseau cède et vous vous retrouvez projeté à l'extérieur à votre tour.

Si connaissez le nom d'un Elémentaire d'Air qui pourrait vous aider, changez son nom en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26. Additionnez tous les nombres entre eux, multipliez le total par deux et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Si vous possédez le mot code *Esagep*, rendez-vous au **104**. Si vous possédez un Sac à Dos Spécial, divisez le nombre de ce paragraphe par le nombre associé à cet objet et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Si vous n'avez rien de tout cela, rendez-vous au **349**.

57

Il vous faut une demi-journée pour trouver la brasserie de Brokk. Le bâtiment de pierre et de cuivre se dresse dans un vallon faisant office de passe entre deux montagnes. Une rivière coule depuis les hauteurs gelées des pics dans une suite de chutes d'eau, pour s'écouler plus paisiblement dans la vallée, à côté de la brasserie.

Vous approchez de l'entrée par un petit pont de pierre qui enjambe une cascade rugissante et vous

frappez à la porte. Elle est ouverte par un Nain à barbe blanche vêtu d'un tablier de brasseur. «Que voulez-vous ?» demande-t-il. «Déranger le vieux Brokk alors qu'il prépare de la bière ne doit pas être fait à la légère.»

Vous lui dites que vous avez besoin d'un guide pour vous conduire dans la mine Naine abandonnée. «La Mine des Profondeurs Insondables ?»dit-il entre ses dents. «J'y ai travaillé pendant un bout de temps avant que la malédiction ne s'en empare, depuis je n'y suis jamais retourné. Oui, je serai votre guide, mais cela va vous coûter 10 Pièces d'Or !»

10 Pièces d'Or représente beaucoup d'argent, pensez-vous vraiment devoir vous débarrasser de cette somme alors qu'un aventurier tel que vous pourrait trouver lui même son chemin dans les tunnels de cette mine ? Si vous désirez et que vous pouvez, payer 10 Pièces d'Or pour engager l'ex-mineur, rendez-vous au **77**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **98**.

58

Vous pénétrez plus profondément dans les gorges caverneuses du labyrinthique Canyon Hurlant. Soudain, vous êtes bombardé par une volée de flèches, tirez un dé et divisez le résultat par 2, ceci représente le nombre de flèches qui vous atteignent(vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE pour chacune d'entre elles.) Puis l'Homme-oiseau est survous, jetant son arc pour employer ses griffes au corps à corps.

HOMME-OISEAU HABILETE: 9 ENDURANCE: 8

Si vous tuez l'Homme-oiseau, vous poursuivez votre chemin tout en gardant un œil attentif aux alentours. Rendez-vous au **166**.

59

Vous vous élancez à travers la place, au cœur de la tempête surnaturelle, droit vers la pluie de pierres. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **100**. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **87**.

60

Inigo saisit la flasque lumineuse et l'observe attentivement tandis que les boules d'électricité

continuent de danser en son sein. «Ceci est sa plus grande réussite» dit l'ingénieur à propos de son geôlier. «Il est parvenu à enfermer le pouvoir des orages, l'énergie vitale de l'électricité elle-même. C'est une procédure dangereuse, vous savez. C'est grâce à cela qu'il a créé le Golem à Vapeur qui doit encore ravager quelques étages au-dessus.» Retournez au **335** pour poser une autre question, ou, si vous en avez terminé, rendez-vous au **365**.

61

L'arme à la main et tous les sens aux affûts vous rencontrez le colossal Elémentaire. (Rappelez-vous d'ajuster les caractéristique de l'Elémentaires il a déjà subit des dommages.)

ELEMENTAIRE DE TERRE HABILETE: 14 ENDURANCE: 22

(Si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Terre, augmentez l'HABILETE de l'Elémentaire de 1 et son ENDURANCE de 2.) Si vous combattez l'Elémentaire à l'aide d'une arme contondante, telle une Masse ou un Marteau de Guerre, chaque coup que vous porterez lui fera perdre 3 points d'ENDURANCE. Pour échanger Fléau du Dragon contre une arme contondante, si vous en avez une, vous devez volontairement perdre un Assaut durant lequel l'Elémentaire de Terre vous fera perdre 3 points d'ENDURANCE. Si vous perdez un Assaut, tirez un dé et consultez la table ci-dessous pour connaître les conséquences. (Vous pouvez utiliser votre CHANCE pour réduire les dommages encaissés.)

Vous obtenez de 1 à 3: Poings Marteaux - l'Elémentaire vous balance ses poings massifs. Vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE.

Vous obtenez 4 ou 5: Choc Sismique - l'Elémentaires aute sur le sol, ouvrant un trou béant derrière vous. Testez votre Habileté. Si c'est un**uccès,** vous ne tombez pas dedans et vous poursuivez le combat. Si c'est un échec, vous tombez dans la fissure et perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE, de plus vous devez réduire votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point pour le prochain Assaut, tandis que vous vous extirpez du trou.

Vous obtenez 6: Lancé Puissant - l'Elémentaire vousattrape et vous projette contre la paroi de la caverne. Tirez un dé pour connaître le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez.

Si vous parvenez à vaincre l'Elémentaire de Terre, aussi incroyable que cela puisse paraitre, rendez-vous au **10**.

62

L'Elémentaire de Glace explose en un million d'éclats coupants qui sont emportés par le vent hurlant. Quelques instants plus tard, la tempête se calme et la pluie d'éclairs cesse. L'ouragan se déplace, la pluie de pierre se dirige vers le nord .Tandis que vous observez le ciel, vous notez un reflet doré ou cuivré, vous ne sauriez dire, parmi les nuages. Vous le remarquez à nouveau, ça ressemble à… non ce n'est pas possible. Vous secoue z la tête et regardez encore une fois, mais l'objet a disparu.

Pendant un moment, vous étiez convaincu d'avoir vu un étrange navire au milieu des nuages, taillé comme un énorme poisson de cuivre ! Il semble évident que ce vaisseau bizarre ait un lien direct avec la tempête soudaine.

Les habitants de Vastarin émergent de tous les abris qu'ils ont pu trouver et se rassemblent autour de vous. «Que s'est-il passé ?» demande une femme hagarde. Une grosse partie du village n'est désormais plus qu'un champ de ruine.

«N'ayez crainte», dites-vous en vous adressant aux villageois, «je découvrirai qui se trouve derrière cette attaque et le ferai payer. Je le jure sur mon honneur en tant que Héros de Tannatown.»

Les habitants de Vastarin vous acclament une fois encore. Vous retournez au Refuge du Voyageur afin de rassembler vos affaires et vous vous mettez en route sous des vagues d'encouragements. Mais où irez-vous ? L'étrange tempête est venue par le sud avant de se déplacer au nord, en direction de la capitale Chalannabrad.

Vous y avez vos contacts au Collège des Mages, vous pouvez donc voyager en direction de Chalannabrad afin de voir s'ils peuvent vous donner une quelconque information à propos de ce temps erratique ou de la curieuse machine volante en forme de poisson. Mais vous pouvez également vous diriger vers le sud afin de retourne vers les origines de la tempête afin de découvrir comment elle s'est formée, dans l'espoir de trouver quelques réponses.

Allez-vous voyager vers le nord en direction de Chalannabrad (rendez-vous au **286**), ou vers le sud, en suivant le chemin dévasté laissé par la tempête, jusqu'à son origine (rendez-vous au **111**) ?

63

Vous commencez à dévisser les boulons à l'aide de votre outil, puis vous fermez hermétiquement les valves afin de déconnecter les accumulateurs de puissance et isoler les autres parties du vaisseau. (Augmentez le score de DEGATS de 1.) Mais si vous souhaitez en faire davantage, vous allez devoir tenter autre chose. Allez-vous:

Attaquer le Moteur Elémentaire à l'aide de votre épée ? Rendez-vous au **47**.
Frapper la machine avec une Masse ou un Marteau de Guerre, si vous possédez l'un ou l'autre ? Rendez-vous au **82**.

Quitter la Salle du Moteur et explorer un autre endroit ? Rendez-vous au **126**.

64

Sans plus attendre, vous vous dirigez vers les quais de Chalannabrad. Les effets néfastes de la machine de Balthazar Sturm ne sont pas encore arrivés jusqu'ici, le temps est encore beau et ensoleillé. Vous vous dirigez vers les docks de la ville tout en vous demandant comment vous allez accomplir une quête que doit vous conduire sous les flots de la Mer des Anguilles.

N'étant pas un poisson, vous devez trouver une solution pour pouvoir respirer sous l'eau, ainsi qu'un navire pour vous emmener au large. Bien entendu, Chalannabrad est également l'endroit rêvé pour vous équiper correctement. Désirez-vous visiter les marchés de la ville avant d'entreprendre quoi que ce soit d'autre (rendez-vous au **91**) ou préférez-vous vous hâter et trouver un moyen de respirer sous l'eau rapidement (rendez-vous au **121**), ou bien si vous êtes déjà en possession d'un tel moyen, allez-vous rechercher un navire (rendez-vous au **252**) ?

65

Vous avez finalement pris une bonne avance sur vos poursuivants. Vous vous tournez et ne les voyez pratiquement plus derrière vous, finalement caché par le relief des collines à nouveau. Vous descendez de cheval et le renvoyez vers le camp du Khan à l'aide d'une tape sur la fesse. Puis vous vous cachez derrière quelques rochers. Vous entendez les sabots des chevaux de vos poursuivants se rapprocher, puis les cavaliers dépassent votre cachette sans qu'aucun d'entre eux ne vous repère. Lorsque vous êtes certain que tout danger est écarté, vous sortez de votre abri et poursuivez votre route à travers les collines. Rendez-vous au **142**.

66

Ignorant les protestations du faiseur de pluie, vous approchez de sa machine et tentez d'y installer l'Etincelle de Vie dans les rouages, en espérant que le contenu de la flasque augmente la puissance de l'engin. Ayant connecté l'Etincelle de Vie du mieux que vous pouvez, vous reculez de quelques pas.

Il y a soudain un roulement de tonnerre provenant de la machine et des arcs de lumière blanche sont éjectés depuis son noyau, enveloppant tout l'engin d'éclairs dansants (rayez l'Etincelle de Vie de votre *Feuille d'Aventure*). Tandis que la foule regarde médusée le spectacle, les pièces de la machine se détachent progressivement les unes des autres et se réarrangent pour former quelque chose de différent. Au milieu du village, se trouve à présent une sorte de golem étrange composé des pièces de l'engin, un géant de trois mètres de haut de métal et de bois qui pousse un gémissement semblable au raclement de deux pièces ne fer l'une contre l'autre. La créature avance vers vous dans le but de vous dépecer membre après membre. Vous devez affronter le Golem Etrange.

GOLEM ETRANGE **HABILETE: 8** **ENDURANCE: 10**

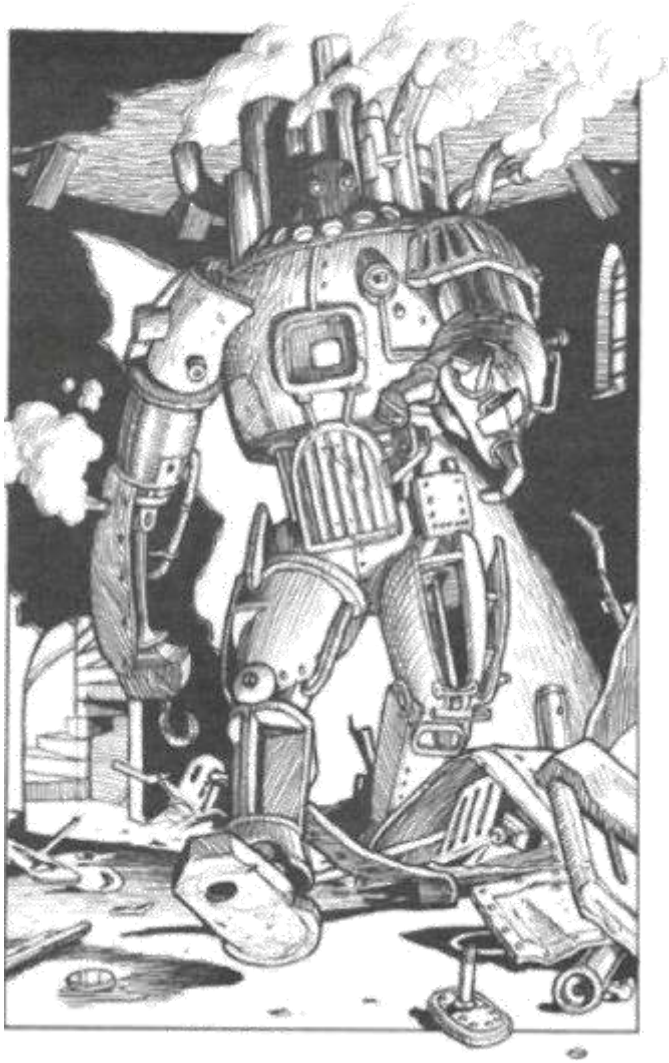

Les villageois et le charlatan fuient, pris de panique, vous laissant face à votre monstrueuse création. Si vous parvenez à détruire la machine, vous ne perdez pas de temps et décampez de Quartz avant que les villageois ne vous retrouvent et vous passent à tabac après ce que vous leur avez fait. (Vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE.) Vous poursuivez votre route vers le sud-ouest pendant 2 jours (Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine), puis vous atteignez finalement les désolations des Plaines Hurlantes. Rendez-vous au **83**.

67

Après une dernière explosion de vapeur la machine achève sa construction. Se tenant devant vous, se trouve une immense chose humanoïde composée de métal, d'une hauteur de quatre mètres. Vous pouvez voir des éclairs danser derrière une vitre située dans la poitrine du monstre. La même électricité anime ses yeux furieux. Des cheminées de métal émergeant de ses épaules crachent un mélange de fumée et de vapeur. Des griffes de métal se tendent vers vous tandis que le Golem à Vapeur avance dans votre direction. Vous ne remercierez pas assez les Dieux pour le don de Fléau du Dragon, une épée magique capable de trancher le métal aussi aisément que la chair.

GOLEM A VAPEUR **HABILETE: 8** **ENDURANCE: 10**

Si vous parvenez à détruire le colossal automate, notez le mot code *Noluob* et rendez-vous au **117**.

68*

Les tremblements se calment et vous poursuivez votre route, vous rappelant avec inquiétude que cet endroit est la proie de séismes fréquents. Un peu plus loin, le tunnel est bloqué par une barricade de bois. Une pancarte est clouée sur les planches barrant la route. L'inscription est en runes Naines et vous ne savez pas les lire. A ce niveau, un autre passage émerge sur votre gauche vous permettant de poursuivre plus avant. Souhaitez vous démonter la barricade et continuer dans le tunnel principal (rendez-vous au **186**), ou préférez-vous emprunter le nouveau passage sur

votre gauche (rendez-vous au **310**) ?

69

Vous honorez votre arrangement et donnez la moitié des trésors que vous avez récupérés au capitaine avare (ajustez votre *Feuille d'Aventure* en conséquence). Vous passez ensuite une nouvelle journée en mer avant de rejoindre le port de Chalannabrad. (Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine.) Au moment où vous vous prépariez à quitter le navire, le Capitaine Katarina vous rattrape.

«J'aurais espéré vous aider davantage dans votre quête,» dit-elle, une expression de honte sur le visage. «S'il y a quelque chose que je puisse faire, dites-le.»

Mais y a-t-il vraiment quelque chose qu'elle puisse faire ? Si vous êtes prêt à vous mettre en chasse de Sturm et de sa Machine Météo et que vous connaissez le nom d'un Elémentaire d'Air, vous pouvez l'appeler si vous le désirez, changez ons nom en nombre (en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26 et en additionnant tous les nombres entre eux) puis ajoutez 100 et rendez-vous au paragraphe portant le même numéro.

Sinon, et que vous désirez toujours trouver Sturm, vous dites adieu à Katarina et vous vous préparez à la prochaine étape de votre voyage (rendez-vous au **350**). Sinon, quelle destination allez-vous prendre dans votre recherche de moyens de se débarrasser des Elémentaires de Sturm ? Souvenez-vous que vous ne pouvez visiter chaque lieu qu'une seule fois, allez-vous vous diriger vers:

La Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière ? Rendez-vous au **157**.
Le Mont Pyre ? Rendez-vous au **22**.
Les Plaines Hurlantes ? Rendez-vous au **4**.

70

Il ne vous faut pas longtemps avant de dénicher plusieurs objets qui sortent de l'ordinaire, mais lesquels vous seront utiles dans votre quête ?

Pierres Lumineuses: 7 Pièces d'Or.
Masse de Cristal: 15 Pièces d'Or.
Esprit de Chance: 10 Pièces d'Or.
Cape en Peau de Dragon: 12 Pièces d'Or.
Tromblon: 12 Pièces d'Or.
Sac de Poudre Noire avec Bille: 2 Pièces d'Or chacun.
Potion de Force de Géant: 7 Pièces d'Or.
Potion de Lévitation: 7 Pièces d'Or.
Elixir de Soins: 7 Pièces d'Or.

Les marchés sont ouverts tous les jours dans la Cité de Cristal et les citoyens prient particulièrement les Dieux du commerce et de l'échange, donc si aujourd'hui est Haut Jour,

beaucoup de clients viennent faire leurs emplettes et vous devez ajouter 1 Pièce d'Or à tous les prix pratiqués, sauf pour les Sacs de Poudre Noire avec Bille.

Les Pierres Lumineuses sont exactement ce que leur nom indique, des pierres qui font de la lumière, elle peuvent être utilisées en lieu et place d'une lanterne. La Masse est taillée dans un seul gros cristal et est également magique, si vous l'utilisez en combat, tirez un dé pour chaque Assaut que vous remporterez, sur un résultat de 4 à 6, vous ferez perdre 1 point d'ENDURANCE supplémentaire à votre adversaire. L'Esprit de Chance est emprisonné dans un petit cristal et les trois prochaines fois où vous devrez Tenter votre Chance, vous serez automatiquement Chanceux et vous ne perdrez pas de point de CHANCE. Sur un jet de 1 ou 2, la Cape en Peau de Dragon réduira les pertes de points d'ENDURANCE de 1 point. Vous pouvez utiliser le Tromblon une fois avant chaque bataille avant d'engager le combat (et tant que vous avez des sacs de poudre noir avec bille à tirer); mais la décharge de cette arme est assez aléatoire, tirez un dé et sur un résultat de 1 à 3, elle fera perde, à une adversaire non magique, 3 points d'ENDURANCE. Vous pouvez acheter jusqu'à 6 Sacs de Poudre Noire avec Bille. Si vous buvez la Potion de Force de Géant avant un combat, votre score d'Habileté sera augmenté de 2 pour le combat en cours et vous ferez perdre également 1 point d'ENDURANCE supplémentaire à vos adversaires du combat. L'Elixir de Soins vous fera regagner jusqu'à 6 points d'ENDURANCE et 2 point d'HABILETE.

Lorsque vous en aurez terminé, voulez-vous vous rendre aux stands proposant de l'équipement pratique (rendez-vous au **41**) ou préférez-vous quitter la Cité de Cristal et poursuivre votre quête (avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **189**) ?

71

Tirez deux dés. Si vous obtenez un double, rendez-vous au **106**. Si vous obtenez tout autre résultat, vous êtes incapable de décoller le Démon de Terre du sol, même avec votre force hors du commun. Retournez au **35** et terminez le combat.

72

Vous positionnez la dernière roulette sur le bon chiffre, referme la plaque de métal sur la poitrine de l'automate et reculez. Le grondement à l'intérieur de la machine augmente puis, dans un bruit de casserole, l'automate s'effondre en pièces détachées qui coulent dans la soupe infecte de la cale. (Vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE et rayez l'Etincelle de Vie de votre *Feuille d'Aventure* .)

Déçu, vous remontez vers le pont inférieur (rendez-vous au **54**).

73

Une forte odeur d'œufs pourris emplit le tunnel, plus vous avancez plus elle devient présente. Un nuage de fumée jaune commence à flotter dans l'air devant vous. Si vous désirez aller de l'avant, vous devrez passer dans le nuage gazeux. Si tel est le cas, rendez-vous au **53**; sinon, vous devez revenir sur vos pas vers la rivière de lave (rendez-vous au **141**).

74

Vous tentez d'éviter les décharges électriques qui pleuvent depuis le ciel, mais la tempête semble animée d'une volonté propre et décide de concentrer ses attaques sur vous. Un éclair vous frappe, vous êtes projeté quelques mètres plus loin suivi par une trainée de fumée et accompagné d'une odeur de cheveux brûlés. Tirez un dé, ajoutez 1 au résultat, et perdez autant de points d'ENDURANCE. A présent, rendez-vous au **3**.

75*

Le tunnel vous amène au bord d'un puits plongeant dans les ténèbres le long duquel a été placé une échelle. Vous descendez les échelons et émergez dans une large caverne creusée par les Nains au centre de laquelle se trouve la plus étrange machine que vous ayez vu. L'engin est composé de bois et de métal, avec de grosses roues cloutées autour desquelles sont enroulées des chenilles métalliques. A l'avant se trouve une foreuse géante. La machine est impressionnante, mais aussi en mauvais état, elle est dévorée par la rouille et vous doutez qu'elle puisse
fonctionner correctement. Vous poursuivez votre route et quittez la caverne pour pénétrer dans un autre passage creusé de main Naine. Rendez-vous au**145**.

76

Vous pénétrez prudemment dans la caverne, jetant des regards aux longues stalactites blanches au-dessus de votre tête. La composition du sol est très étrange, c'est comme si vous marchiez sur un tapis d'éponges. Soudain, le sol remue fortement, comme secoué de spasmes, des tourbillons d'eau vous assaillent et l'entrée de la caverne se ferme, vous n'êtes pas dans une grotte ! Vous vous retournez en nageant frénétiquement, tirant sur vos bras et poussant sur vos pieds, vous ne voulez pas finir en repas d'un quelconque léviathan marin monstrueux. Tirez trois dés. Si le total obtenu est inférieur ou égal à votre score d'ENDURANCE, rendez-vous au **116**. S'il est supérieur,

rendez-vous au **96**.

77

Rayez les 10 Pièces d'Or de votre *Feuille d'Aventure* . Brokk retourne dans sa brasserie et réapparait quelques minutes plus tard. Il a échangé son tablier contre une cotte de mailles et porte maintenant une hache de bataille. Une corde est enroulée autour de son épaule, au bout de laquelle se trouve un grappin en fer. Il a également mis un casque sur la tête devant lequel se trouve une bougie. Vous lui demandez ce qui pourrait vous attendre dans la mine, mais il refuse d'aborder ce sujet: «vous m'avez engagé pour être votre guide, c'est tout,» dit-il.

Lorsque vous vous retrouverez dans les entrailles de la Mine des Profondeurs Insondables, et que vous lirez un paragraphe dont le numéro sera suivi d'une étoile (*), soustrayez 50 du numéro du paragraphe et rendez-vous au nouveau paragraphe afin de savoir ce que Brokk vous dira. Aussi longtemps que Brokk sera avec vous, vous serez également en possession d'une corde et d'un grappin (si vous n'en avez pas déjà). Brokk se joindra également à vous lors des combats sous-terrains. Lorsque vous ferez face à deux adversaires, vous ne combattrez que le premier, le Nain s'occupera de l'autre avec sa hache de bataille. Les caractéristiques de Brokk sont: HABILETE 10, ENDURANCE 8. Si vous ne combattez qu'un seul adversaire vous aurez deux attaques à chaque Assaut (la votre et celle du Nain) et si cet ennemi remporte un Assaut, tirez un dé: vous serez blessé sur un résultat de 1 à 3 et Brokk de 4à 6. Gardez un compte précis des points d'ENDURANCE du Nain, s'il meurt dans la mine, vous devrez poursuivre seul (et perdrez les avantages que vous conférait Brokk en combat et sur les paragraphes à étoile.) A présent, rendez-vous au **98**.

78

Vous levez le coquillage au-dessus de votre tête et criez «Oceanus ! Aide-moi maintenant !»

Dans un grondement furieux, des trombes d'eau sortent de la conque, formant un puissant torrent. L'eau remplit rapidement la salle, endommageant les équipements électriques et emportant les Fulgurites de leurs postes de travail. Les eaux se rassemblent rapidement et un énorme geyser s'élève du sol dans lequel se forment des bras et nu visage.

Dans un bruit semblable aux vagues se brisant sur les rochers, Oceanus, Esprit de la Mer, se jette sur le corps de pierre de Sturm. Devant vos yeux, des gros morceaux de sa forme colossale se détachent et se dissolvent dans l'eau. Le Colosse gronde de rage mais les attaques de l'Elémentaire d'Eau continuent de détruire son corps.

Mais Sturm n'est pas encore vaincu. Ce qui reste de son corps se liquéfie rapidement pour devenir de l'eau. Sous sa forme liquide il glisse, tel une vague, autour du pont, emportant vos pieds et vous faisant perdre l'équilibre. Votre adversaire a à présent un torse humanoïde aux traits liquides flottant sur une fontaine d'eau qui lui sert de jambes. Si seulement vous pouviez faire bouillir l'Elémentaliste transformé, comme un feu changerait l'eau en vapeur…

Si vous connaissez le nom d'un Elémentaire de Feu qui pourrait vous aider, changez son nom en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26. Additionnez tous les nombres entre eux et

rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Sinon, rendez-vous au **206**.

79

En cet endroit, les pierres du canyon ont été sculptées en d'étranges formes toutes différentes qui provoquent des sifflements et mugissements lorsque le vent s'engouffre dans leurs interstices. Au loin, se dresse un immense rocher sculpté par l'érosion, tel une tour il se dresse vers le ciel, le somment de cette structure rocheuse dépasse les limites du canyon de plusieurs mètres. Quelque chose vous dit que c'est là-bas que vous trouverez ce que vous êtes venu chercher. Mais pour le moment, le chemin se divise une nouvelle fois. Irez-vous à gauche (rendez-vous au **119**) ou à droite (rendez-vous au **99**) ?

80*

Vous vous tenez au bord d'une caverne haute comme une cathédrale. Une cascade d'eau froide tombe dans un lac souterrain sur votre gauche. A l'opposé de la grotte, une fissure dans la paroi révèle un passage qui semble selon vous, mener à un réseau de cavernes au-delà. Des pierres luisantes encastrées dans la roche et du lichen phosphorescent, couvrant le plafond, éclairent les morceaux d'une quelconque machine abandonnée et des piles de ferrailles ayant appartenu autrefois à des engins perceurs expérimentaux. Il semble que ces appareils ont été fracassés délibérément.

Les Mines des Profondeurs Insondables s'arrêtent ci apparemment, à l'entrée du réseau de cavernes naturelles se situant au delà de la fissure. Si vous désirez poursuivre votre route, vous n'avez d'autre choix que de passer par la brèche dans la roche. Faisant attention où vous mettez les pieds sur ce sol inégal et glissant, vous vous enfoncez dans le sombres dédale de grottes. Un peu plus loin au-delà de la fissure, vous avez le choix entre prendre à gauche vers une galerie haute de plafond et garnie de stalactites (rendez-vous au **152**), ou à droite vers un passage étroit, bas de plafond (rendez-vous au **387**), les deux chemins s'enfoncent davantage dans les entrailles du monde.

81

Vous engloutissez la potion et ressentez une chaleur s'emparer, depuis votre estomac, de chaque fibre de votre être. Chaque terminaison nerveuse vibre de puissance surhumaine (regagnez jusqu'à 6 points d'ENDURANCE et augmentez votre Force d'Attaque de 2 points pour toute la durée du combat à venir.) Vous vous sentez d'humeur à taillader un géant et vous vous ruez vers l'Elémentaire de Terre, prêt au combat. Rendez-vous au **61**.

82

Vous empoignez fermement l'arme lourde et vous frappez la sphère de toutes vos forces. L'onde de choc se répercute à travers la salle et dans vos bras. Vous levez à nouveau votre arme, rassemblant vos ultimes réserves et cognez à nouveau le Moteur Elémentaire. Tirez trois dés. Si le total est inférieur ou égal à votre score d'ENDURANCE, rendez-vous au **135**; s'il est supérieur, rendez-vous au **44**.

83

Les Plaines Hurlantes s'étendent au sud du Femphrey, au-delà des fermes aux champs fertiles, formant une sorte de territoire ravagé entre les royaumes du Femphrey et du Lendleland. La végétation est rare ici, la plupart du temps, de fortes bourrasques de vent balayent les plaines, véritables tempêtes de poussière qui assaillent les caravanes de marchands ou ceux assez idiots pour s'aventurer sur cette route qui traverse le cœur du continent.

Un soleil brûlant assèche le paysage et devant vous se trouve une lande désolée, foyer d'animaux sauvages et de tribus d'hommes-oiseaux guerriers. Vous ressentez une brise sur le visage qui se mue bientôt en un vent rageur tandis qu'une tempête de sable approche.

Vous êtes totalement exposé ici, tandis que vous calculez le temps qu'il vous reste avant l'arrivée de la tempête, vous notez la présence d'une silhouette dansante au devant de celle-ci. L'objet est soufflé dans votre direction par la puissance du vent. Tandis qu'il se rapproche, vous notez qu'il s'agit d'une montgolfière composée de pièces de tissus cousues e**nsemble**. Vous entendez des cris désespérés venant du pilote du ballon. Il semblerait qu'il tente vainement d'échapper à la fureur de la tempête approchante.

C'est à cet instant que vous sentez les premières vagues de sable vous fouetter le visage. Soudain, un visage cruel se dessine dans le cyclone dévastateur, sa bouche est grande ouverte comme si elle s'apprêtait à avaler la montgolfière et son occupante terrifié. Mais que pouvez-vous faire pour venir en aide à cette personne, ou pour vous protéger vous même de la furie du vent ? Allez-vous:

Souffler dans une Corne de Chasse, si vous en possédez une ? Rendez-vous au **123**.
Tirer votre épée pour vous défendre ? Rendez-vousua**173**.
Vous mettre à couvert du mieux que vous pouvez, dan s l'espoir que la tempête de sable passera rapidement ? Rendez-vous au **203**.

84

Le wagon saute par dessus le trou, vous sentez un vent glacial vous fouetter le visage. Puis les nouveaux rails apparaissent et vous atterrissez parfaitement dessus. Le chariot continue sa course à travers la mine, descendant toujours plus profondément à travers une série de montagnes russes jusqu'à ce qu'il atteigne brutalement le fond contre des ralentisseurs en métal, vous n'êtes pas mécontent d'être arrivé, rendez-vous au **80**.

85

Le maire, un fermier du nom de Giles, vous emmène au pied du barrage géant. Il ouvre une série de doubles portes en bois près d'une arche par laquelle se déverse les eaux du lac dans la rivière plus bas. Il vous conduit jusqu'à une pièce aux murs de pierre, dans celui du fond, de grandes roues de cuivre y ont été encastrées. Il est évident qu'elles doivent être tournées dans un certain sens pour libérer la pression des eaux. Vous tentez de résoudre ce problème sans plus attendre. Testez votre Habileté et Tentez votre Chance. Si vous réussissez le test d'Habileté et que vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **150**. Si vous échouez au test d'Habileté ou que vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **180**.

86

Aussitôt que vous ouvrez la porte, un léger vent vous caresse le visage. Vous refermez la porte derrière vous et inspectez l'endroit. Vous êtes dans une grande pièce à l'intérieur de laquelle se trouvent d'immenses soufflets ainsi que les pales tournantes d'un moulin. Les soufflets se gonflent et s'affaissent en rythme, provoquant la rotation des pales. L'air ainsi produit passe dans un entonnoir géant encastré dans un des murs de la pièce. Sur le mur opposé, se trouve une nouvelle porte en bois sur laquelle est gravé un éclair. Si vous pouviez arrêter ce ventilateur géant, la puissance de la tempête générée par la machine volante en serait peut-être affaiblie. Un gros levier fixé au générateur de vent est en position arrière actuellement. Allez-vous:

Tirer en position avant le levier ? Rendez-vous au **118**.
Attaquer les soufflets à l'aide de votre épée ? Rendez-vous au **101**.
Quitter cette pièce et retourner là d'où vous veniez ? Rendez-vous au **54**.
Ouvrir la porte sur laquelle se trouve l'éclair ? Rendez-vous au **133**.

87

Votre corps est bombardé par une volée de pierres aussi lourdes et dures que des gros cailloux. L'une d'entre elles percute votre tête et vous déséquilibre. Vous tombez au sol et perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE. Pour la durée du prochain combat, vous réduirez votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point. Rendez-vous au **100**.

88

Katarina vous lance un regard de travers puis dit, «vous vous prétendez être en aventurier ? Mais ne vous inquiétez je ne vais pas vous jeter par dessus bord ou quelque chose comme ça. Retournons à terre avant qu'un ouragan ne nous rattrape.» (Vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE.)

Vous passez ensuite une nouvelle journée en mer avant de rejoindre le port de Chalannabrad. (Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine.) Vous vous préparez à poursuivre votre quête.

Si vous possédez une paire de Bottes de Sept Lieues et souhaitez les utiliser maintenant, rendez-vous au 2. Sinon, quelle destination allez-vous prendre dans votre recherche de moyens de se débarrasser des Elémentaires de Sturm ? Souvenez-vous que vous ne pouvez visiter chaque lieu qu'une seule fois, allez-vous vous diriger vers:

La Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière ? Rendez-vous au **157**.
Le Mont Pyre ? Rendez-vous au **22**.
Les Plaines Hurlantes ? Rendez-vous au **4**.

Sinon, et que vous désirez toujours trouver Sturm, vous dites adieu à Katarina et vous vous préparez à la prochaine étape de votre voyage (rendez-vous au **350**).

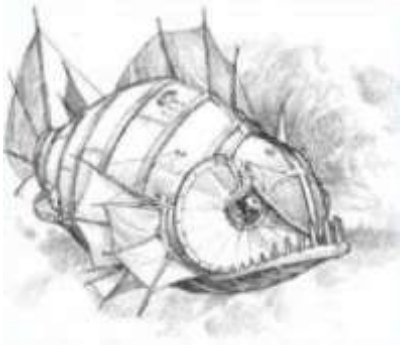

89

Votre plan fonctionne. Criant de fureur, les Blizzards Ailés tournent leur attention vers vous, les griffes sorties.

Premier BLIZZARD AILE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 7**
Premier BLIZZARD AILE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 6**

Si vous ne portez pas de Talisman Soleil, vous devez réduire votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point lorsque vous combattrez les oiseaux-lézards. Si vous les abattez tous les deux, le Pégase atterrit non loin de vous, puis trotte dans la neige dans votre direction pour finalement poser son museau contre votre main en signe de remerciement. (Notez le mot code *Esagep* sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE.) Avec un dernier hennissement de gratitude, le Pégase s'envole à nouveau dans le blizzard. Vous poursuivez également votre route de votre côté. Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **250**.

90

Vous parvenez à peine à atteindre l'estrade lorsque le Gardien des Quatre Vents lève ses mains et des colonnes d'air de la puissance d'ouragans vous balaient littéralement. Vous êtes propulsé dehors en passant par l'arche et vous vous retrouvez dans le vide. Si vous possédez un Sac à Dos Spécial, divisez le numéro de ce paragraphe par le numéro associé au sac et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Sinon, vous tombez et vous vous écrasez sur les rochers au pied de la tour. Vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE. Tirez un dé et ajoutez 2, ceci représente le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez suite à votre chute. Si le résultat du dé était 3 ou 4 vous perdez également 1 point d'HABILETE, s'il était 5uo6, vous perdez 2 points d'HABILETE. Vous décidez qu'il ne serait pas sage de tenter de remonter la tour et de croiser à nouveau le Gardien des Quatre Vents, vous vous remettez donc en route, revenant sur vos pas à travers le Canyon Hurlant puis vous quittez les Plaines Hurlantes. Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **394**.

91

Les marchés de Chalannabrad sont bien garnis et vous trouvez à peu près tout ce qui pourrait vous être utile.

Provisions: 1 Pièce d'Or par Repas.
Corde et Grappin: 3 Pièces d'Or.
Arbalète avec 6 carreaux: 12 Pièces d'Or.
Cotte de Mailles: 8 Pièces d'Or.
Marteau de Guerre: 10 Pièces d'Or.
Talisman Soleil: 6 Pièces d'Or.
Cape en Peau de Dragon: 12 Pièces d'Or.
Bottes de Sept Lieues: 10 Pièces d'Or.
Potion de Fortune: 6 Pièces d'Or.
Potion de Force: 4 Pièces d'Or.
Potion d'Habileté: 5 Pièces d'Or.

Vous pouvez acheter jusqu'à 10 Repas, chaque Repas vous rendra 4 points d'ENDURANCE. Vous pouvez utiliser l'Arbalète une fois avant chaque bataille avant d'engager le combat (et tant que vous avez des carreaux à tirer); Testez votre Habileté et si c'est un succès le carreau touchera votre adversaire lui faisant perdre 2 points d'ENDURANCE. Sur un jet de 1 à 3, la Cotte de Mailles réduira les pertes de points d'ENDURANCE de1 point. Le Marteau de Guerre n'est pas

magique comme votre épée Fléau du Dragon, mais c'est une arme contondante; si vous l'utilisez en combat, tirez un dé pour chaque Assaut que vous remporterez, sur un résultat de 5 ou 6, vous ferez perdre 1 point d'ENDURANCE supplémentaire à votre adversaire. Sur un jet de 1 ou 2, la Cape en Peau de Dragon réduira les pertes de points d'ENDURANCE de 1 point. Lorsque vous la buvez, la Potion de Fortune restaurera votre score de CHANCE à son niveau de départ, la Potion de Force restaurera votre score d'ENDURANCE à son niveau de départ, la Potion d'Habileté restaurera votre score d'HABILETE à son niveau de départ.

Lorsque vous aurez terminé tous vos achats et que vous les aurez notés sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure*, allez-vous chercher un moyen de respirer sous l'eau (rendez-vous au **121**), ou si vous en avez déjà la capacité, allez-vous vous mettre enquête d'un navire qui vous conduira en mer (rendez-vous au **252**) ?

92

L'Elémentaire de Terre se rapproche de vous, vous sortez la flasque contenant l'Etincelle de Vie de votre sac et vous la lancez devant la créature. La bouteille se brise sur des éléments rouillés des vieilles machines Naines (rayez l'Etincelle de Vie de votre *Feuille d'Aventure*). Des dizaines d'éclairs parcourent la ferraille, vous êtes émerveillé de voir que les morceaux de métal sont attirés les uns aux autres par cette électricité sauvage. Ils s'assemblent bientôt en une forme squelettique semi-humanoïde, entièrement composée des restes rouillés parsemant le sol de la caverne. Cette chose se lève, des yeux qui étaient autrefois des lanternes de mineurs grésillent d'éclairs se penchent vers vous. Vous venez de crée un Golem. Vous lui ordonnez d'attaquer l'Elémentaire de Terre et dans un grincement de joints rouillés, le Golem avance vers sa cible.

Conduisez de manière normale cette bataille titanesque entre l'Elémentaire de Terre et le Golem de Rouille. (Si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Terre, augmentez l'HABILETE de l'Elémentaire de 1 et son ENDURANCE de 2.)

ELEMENTAIRE DE TERRE	**HABILETE: 14**	**ENDURANCE: 22**
GOLEM DE ROUILLE:	**HABILETE: 10**	**ENDURANCE: 12**

Si votre Golem parvient à triompher de l'Elémentaire de Terre, regagnez 1 point de CHANCE et rendez-vous au **10**. Si l'Elémentaire de Terre détruit le Golem de Rouille (ce qui est plus probable), allez-vous:
Boire rapidement une Potion de Force de Géant, si vous en possédez une ? Rendez-vous au **81**.
Achever l'Elémentaire de Terre vous-même ? Rendez-vous au **61**.
Fuir tant que vous le pouvez encore ? Rendez-vous au **42**.

93

Le voyage vers Chalannabrad dure quatre jours. (Avancez de quatre jours dans la semaine.) Pendant ce périple, les fermiers partagent avec vous le peu de provisions qu'ils ont et lorsque vous les quittez finalement, vous vous êtes fait de nombreux amis qui vous ont offert 4 Repas. Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE et rendez-vous au **50**.

94

Vous abandonnez l'épave de la Girouette démantibulée et vous vous approchez de la lourde porte d'entrée. Vous alliez empoigner la poignée lorsque vous vous arrêtez net, vous demandant quels autres sortilèges protègent la tour. Si vous souhaitez tourner la poignée afin d'ouvrir la porte, rendez-vous au **134**. Si vous préférez enfoncer directement la porte, rendez-vous au **164**.

95

Vous êtes réveillé, dans les heures les plus sombre de la nuit, par un hurlement à glacer le sang. Vous êtes sur pieds en un instant, l'arme à la main, et juste à temps. Une créature hideuse surgit des bois à travers la végétation épaisse. Son corps est dépourvu de poils à l'exception d'une longue crinière noire qui lui parcoure tout le dos, sa chair blanche telle c'elle d'un poisson est marquée de bubons bleus-noirs. Le monstre se déplace sur deux pattes et traine lourdement ses pieds sur le sol. Une de ses mains est serrée sur el manche d'une hache qu'il brandit dans votre direction. Sa tête est pratiquement celle d'un bœuf et tandis qu'il avance, il ouvre sa gueule malformée pour hurler à la lune. Vous n'avez d'autre choix que de vous défendre contre le Bovin de Lune cannibale.

BOVIN DE LUNE **HABILETE: 8** **ENDURANCE: 9**

Si vous tuez le Bovin de Lune, vous vous recouchez mais le sommeil ne revient pas aussi vite. Rendez-vous au **40**.

96

Vous nagez avec toute la force du désespoir, mais vous êtes incapable de fuir cette «caverne» avant que le monstre marin ne ferme sa gueule et vous avale. Votre aventure s'achève ici, en tant que souper d'une quelconque créature des profondeurs océaniques.

97

Les corps des Fulgurites s'effondrent sur eux-mêmes dans de derniers flashs électriques. Vous approchez de la massive sphère de métal, vous pouvez ressentir l'électricité statique saturer l'air tout autour de votre peau, dressant vos cheveux sur votre crâne. Vous avancez précautionneusement votre visage près du hublot en verre et regardez l'intérieur de la machine.

Quatre immenses silhouettes sont enfermées dans la sphère, chacune étant une pure incarnation de l'un des quatre éléments. Elles possèdent toutes une apparence semi-humanoïde et sont composées de terre solide, d'air tourbillonnant, de feu rageur et d'eau déferlante. Ces créatures doivent être les Elémentaires Supérieurs que Sturma liés à son Moteur Elémentaire afin d'alimenter l'Œil du Cyclone. Les Elémentaires sont piégés dans une lutte sans fin les uns contre les autres, roulant et tournant dans la sphère, leur essence et leur conflit constant produisent les énergies magiques nécessaires à la propulsion de la Machine Météo.

Vous êtes certain que si vous pouviez endommager le Moteur Elémentaire, vous infligeriez à Balthazar Sturm et à sa Machine Météo un coup presque fatal. Mais comment, par Titan, allez-vous vous y prendre ? Si vous possédez le mot code *Etamotua*, rendez-vous immédiatement au 15. Si vous possédez les Plans de l'Œil du Cyclone vous pouvez les consulter, multipliez alors le nombre qui leur est associé par 30 et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Sinon, comment allez-vous endommager la source de pouvoir de l'Œil du Cyclone ? Allez-vous:

Attaquer le Moteur Elémentaire à l'aide de votre épée ? Rendez-vous au **47**.
Frapper la machine avec une Masse ou un Marteau de Guerre, si vous possédez l'un ou l'autre ? Rendez-vous au **82**.
Tenter d'utiliser une Clé à Molette, si vous en possédez une ? Rendez-vous au **63**.
Manipuler les contrôles de la sphère ? Rendez-vous au **34**.

98

«Attendez,» dit le Nain, tandis que vous vous préparez au départ. «Vous aurez peut-être besoin d'un petit remontant avant de vous aventurer dans la mine, je vous propose mes bière spéciales.»

Brokk vous emmène dans sa brasserie, vous passez devant d'immenses chaudrons de cuivre, vous dirigeant vers sont stock de liqueurs. Il vous désigne plusieurs jarres sur des hautes étagères et vous énumère leurs effets. Toutefois, comme tout ce que le Nain a à vous proposer, ce n'est pas gratuit. Consultez la liste des bières ci-dessous. Tant que vous payez, vous pourrez boire,

toutefois vous devrez réduire votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point pour chaque bière bue au delà de 2, tant que vous serez dans la mine.

BIERES SPECIALES DE BROKK

Bière Naine: 3 Pièces d'Or
Boire cette bière aux reflets de miels vous fait regagner jusqu'à 4 points d'ENDURANCE.

Bière Haleine de Troll: 4 Pièces d'Or
Cette bière brune épaisse sens et a la texture de al peau d'un Troll, mais le goût est bon. Elle vous rendra jusqu'à 4 point d'ENDURANCE et vous laisse une haleine terrible. Tant que vous serez dans la mine, chaque adversaire que vous affronterez verra sa Force d'Attaque chuter de 1 point s'il s'agit d'une créature vivante (ne concerne donc pas les Elémentaires, les créatures magiques, les Démons et les Mort-vivants), votre souffle empestant les aisselles de Troll.

Liqueur Mal de Crâne : 4 Pièces d'Or
Quelques gorgées de cette eau de vie Naine vous donnera un mal de tête abominable (réduisez votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point lors de votre premier combat dans les mines), mais ce breuvage vous donne également une force surhumaine. Chaque Assaut que vous remporterez contre tous les adversaires que vous rencontrerez dans les mines le fera perdre 1 point d'ENDURANCE supplémentaire.

Cidre de la Vieille Hache de Bataille: 5 Pièces d'Or
Cette forte boisson vous rendra plus brave et téméraire que vous ne l'êtes, décuplant votre combativité. Lorsque vous serez dans les mines, ajoutez 1 point à votre Force d'Attaque pour tous les combats.

Aile de la Vouivre: 5 Pièces d'Or
Brokk ne sait pas d'où viennent les effets exacts de cette bière, mais que ce soit dû à l'eau qui descend depuis les montagnes de la Dent de Sorcière ou aux plantes qu'il fait lui-même pousser, ce breuvage fonctionne comme une Potion de Chance. Chaque fois que vous devrez Tenter votre Chance quand vous serez dans la Mine des Profondeurs Insondables, vous serez automatiquement Chanceux et vous ne perdrez pas de point de CHANCE.

Breuvage spécial de Brokk: 6 Pièces d'Or
Cette boisson a le goût d'un feu liquide et votre tête tourne immédiatement (réduisez votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point lors de votre premier combat dans les mines). Toutefois, vous restaurez immédiatement votre score d'HABILETE à son niveau de départ et vous regagnez jusqu'à la moitié de votre score de départ d'ENDURANCE.

Lorsque vous en aurez terminé avec les breuvages de Brokk, vous vous mettez en route vers les mines. Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **190**.

99

Vous percevez des cris rauques et levez la tête vers les cieux. Deux créatures humanoïdes ailées plongent vers vous. Vous vous êtes aventuré dans le territoire d'une tribu d'Hommes-oiseaux guerriers et vous devez payer cet affront de votre sang. Combattez les Hommes-oiseaux ensemble.

Premier HOMME-OISEAU
HABILETE: 7 ENDURANCE: 8
Second HOMME-OISEAU
HABILETE: 8 ENDURANCE: 7

Si vous brisez l'attaque de vos adversaires, vous vous remettez en route en pressant le pas, ne désirant pas rencontrer davantage de ces créatures. Rendez-vous au **166**.

100

Pendant un instant, vous êtes assailli par un blizzard dément projetant des dards de glace, puis vous parvenez à pénétrer dans l'œil de la tempête. Au centre de la dépression furieuse, se trouve une créature composée entièrement de glace bleue et blanche. Elle mesure une fois et demi la taille d'un homme, l'un de ses bras se termine par un poing de glace brute tandis que son autre main est un vortex d'échardes tranchantes. L'Elémentaire de Glace ouvre une gueule froide composée de crocs gelés et hurle dans votre direction d'une voix semblable aux mugissements du vent d'hiver. Vous dégainez Fléau du Dragon et vous vous préparez à combattre l'Elémentaire de Glace. Si vous portez un Talisman Soleil, rendez-vous au **43**.

ELEMENTAIRE DE GLACE HABILETE: 8 ENDURANCE: 9

(Si aujourd'hui est le Jour du Feu, réduisez l'HABILETE de l'Elémentaire de Glace de 1 point et son ENDURANCE de 2 points.) Si vous perdez un Assaut, tirez un dé et consultez la table ci-dessous pour connaître les conséquences. (Vous pouvez utiliser votre CHANCE pour réduire les dommages encaissés.)

Vous obtenez 1 ou 2: Souffle du Blizzard - la créature vous lance un cône de souffle gelé. Vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE

Vous obtenez de 3 à 5: Marteau de Glace - l'Elémentaire vous frappe de son poing droit gigantesque. Vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE.

Vous obtenez 6: Vortex d'Echardes - l'Elémentaire projette des échardes tranchantes de sa main gauche. Tirez un dé pour connaître le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez.

Si vous parvenez à battre l'Elémentaire de Glace, rendez-vous au **62**.

101

Vous frappez dans le cuir des immenses soufflets et bientôt de gros trous se forment dans leurs flancs. Les soufflets se ratatinent rapidement et sans l'air qu'ils produisaient, le ventilateur s'arrête. Vous venez de détruire la Turbine à Vent de Sturm. (Augmentez votre score de DEGATS de 1) Qu'allez-vous faire à présent ? Allez-vous ouvrir la porte à l'éclair (rendez-vous au **133**), ou retournez là d'où vous veniez (rendez-vous au **54**) ?

102

Vous arrachez les bandes de cuir entourant la statuette et vous criez: «Arkholith ! Défends-moi maintenant !»

La statuette se transforme immédiatement, sa taille augmente jusqu'à atteindre celle d'un géant formé d'énormes rochers. Avec un grondement semblable à celui de plaques tectoniques se percutant, l'Elémentaire de Terre emprisonne le Mage tourbillonnant dans ses bras monstrueux. Sturm hurle tandis que l'Elémentaire l'écrase, brisant les vents de sa forme éthérée.

Une explosion de lumière vive accompagnée d'un claquement de tonnerre secoue le pont du vaisseau. L'Elémentaire de Terre est balayé littéralement par la déflagration électrique. Des éclairs frappent des établis de machines, détruisant les Fulgurites qui s'y affairaient. Rendez-vous au **397**.

103

Vous parvenez finalement à une autre intersection; un nouveau tunnel émerge sur votre droite. Le tunnel principal que vous suiviez se termine un peu plus loin au bord de la rivière de lave que

vous aviez franchit tout à l'heure. Désirez-vous suivre le nouveau passage sur la gauche (rendez-vous au **73**), ou préférez-vous poursuivre tout droit vers le flot de magma (rendez-vous au **141**) ?

104

Pris dans le mælstrom qui accompagne la destruction de l'Œil du Cyclone, vous chutez vers une mort certaine.

Puis vous entendez les battements de puissantes ailes lutter contre les vents furieux et quelques instants plus tard vous vous retrouvez sur le dos du Pégase ! Lâchant un hennissement de triomphe, le cheval volant vous emporte loin du vaisseau qui se désintègre et pique vers la terre. Ses sabots percutent le sol dans un panache de poussière. Vous descendez rapidement de son dos, heureux de retrouver la terre ferme sous vos pieds. Rendez-vous au **400**.

105

Le wagon saute par dessus le trou, vous sentez un vent glacial vous fouetter le visage. Puis les nouveaux rails apparaissent mais vous savez déjà que vous ne les atteindrez pas, le chariot percute les poutres supportant le pont dément, puis vous chutez pendant plusieurs secondes jusqu'à ce que vous tombiez dans les eaux froides d'une rivière souterraine, avant d'avoir pu reprendre votre souffle vous êtes entrainé dans une cascade se jetant dans d'autres profondeurs sombres. Rendez-vous au **38**.

106

Vous attrapez le monstre autour de sa taille et vous le poussez si fort que ses pieds en sont déracinés et il quitte le sol, vous avez réalisé un exploit phénoménal. (Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE.) Le Démon de Terre hurle d'agonie tandis que des parties de son corps s'assèchent subitement et se détachent. La créature perd 6 points d'ENDURANCE. Si vous l'avez vaincue, rendez-vous au **51**. Sinon, retournez au **35** et terminez le combat.

107

Vous vous trouvez à la dernière étape de votre quête et vous n'avez aucun moyen d'atteindre la machine volante de Sturm (vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE.) Femphrey est en grand danger, vous sentez un puissant vent se former et vous apercevez des nuages noirs se masser dans le ciel qui s'assombrit brusquement. Soudain, perçant cette masse noire menaçante, le poisson de cuivre,

l'Œil du Cyclone, que vous aviez vu après la dévastation de Vastarin surgit près de vous !

Le vent devient de plus en plus fort et vous vous retrouvez propulsé vers la machine volante par une tornade. Le vortex de vent a emmené d'autres choses également, des poissons d'un lac proche, des branches d'arbres et même de gros cailloux ! Vous êtes au centre de cette furie et bombardé par les débris. Tirez un dé, ajoutez 2 au résultat et perdez autant de points d'ENDURANCE.

Le vent vous pousse toujours plus haut, bien au-dessus de la Machine Météo. L'engin est énorme, plus gros qu'une baleine. Ses immenses yeux parcourus d'arcs électriques sont des fenêtres d'observation, ses nageoires et sa queue font office de voiles et de gouvernail dans l'ouragan. Sur le flanc du puissant vaisseau, se trouve une écoutille circulaire. Le vent cesse soudain et la gravité reprend ses droits… rendez-vous au **14**.

108

«D'autres sont venus me demander de l'aide en leur temps, portés ici par les vents du destin, mais peu se sont montrés dignes de la recevoir,» annonce le Gardien. «Sept souverains ont eu besoin de mon assistance, chaque souverain a envoyé sept **ages,** sept fois, chaque sage était accompagné de sept disciples. Dites moi, combien de personnes en tout ont eu besoin de mon aide ?»

Si vous connaissez la réponse, additionnez ensemble les chiffres qui composent la réponse et rendez-vous au paragraphe portant le même numéro que le résultat que vous avez obtenu. Si le paragraphe ne commence pas par «Vous avez correctement répondu», ou si vous ne connaissez pas la réponse, allez-vous attaquer la personne enrobes (rendez-vous au **90**) ou admettre gracieusement votre défaite (rendez-vous au **159**) ?

109

Vous grimpez toujours plus haut vers le sommet du volcan. Le terrain devient difficile tandis que vous gravissez des pentes de rochers noirs aux effluves volcaniques. Des jets de vapeurs soufrées sont propulsés depuis des trous dans le sol brûlant. Loin au dessus de vous, le cratère fumant du Mont Pyre crache une colonne de cendres haut dans le ciel.

Vous contournez un gros rocher monolithique et vous trouvez ce que vous cherchiez, une arche de pierre noire dans le flanc du volcan marquant l'entrée des Tunnels de Feu. Si vous voulez vaincre l'Elémentaire de Feu Supérieur de Sturm, vous trouverez le moyen de le faire dans cette montagne.

Derrière l'arche, un long tunnel s'enfonce dans le cœur du volcan, la forme du passage est étrange comme si un scarabée géant l'avait creusé avec ses mandibules. Les murs irradient une faible lueur chaude et, par endroit, des flammes s'échappent entre les rochers, illuminant le chemin. Le tunnel serpente dans la montagne et vous parvenez bientôt à une intersection en T. Allez-vous tourner à gauche (rendez-vous au **169**) ou à droite (rendez-vous au **219**) ?

110

Vous ouvrez la porte et vous vous retrouvez dans une immense salle qui emplit toute la section arrière de l'Œil du Cyclone. Une gigantesque sphère de métal riveté occupe la moitié de la pièce, elle doit mesurer au moins quatre mètres de diamètre et à l'avant de celle-ci se trouve un petit hublot en verre. La sphère vibre continuellement comme si de fortes énergies étaient piégées à l'intérieur. De gros tuyaux et des câbles de cuir émergent de la sphère et occupent tout le sol de la salle puis s'enfoncent dans les murs par des trous creusés à cet effet. De la fumée et de la vapeur s'échappent par des trappes d'aération tout autour de la sphère, l'atmosphère humide résonne de la cacophonie de rouages métalliques et de violentes détonations provenant des entrailles de la sphère. Près de l'appareil se trouvent plusieurs créatures à l'aspect curieux. Elles sont petites, de la taille d'un Nain, et sont entièrement vêtues de combinaisons de cuir. Leur tête est recouverte d'un casque en cuivre sur lequel est fixé une paire de grosses lunettes où des étincelles dansent derrière les verres. Ce sont des Fulgurites, des Esprits Electriques liés à la volonté de Sturm. Si vous ne souhaitez pas faire face aux Fulgurites, vous pouvez fuir la pièce, vous refermez rapidement la porte derrière vous et tournez la poignée pour les emprisonner. (Si vous faites cela, rendez-vous au **126**, mais souvenez-vous que vous ne pourrez plus retourner dans la Salle du Moteur par la suite.) Si vous ne souhaitez pas fuir, vous allez devoir affronter les serviteurs de Sturm. Combattez-les deux à la fois.

Premier FULGURITE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 5**
Deuxième FULGURITE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 4**
Troisième FULGURITE	**HABILETE: 5**	**ENDURANCE: 5**
Quatrième FULGURITE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 5**
Cinquième FULGURITE	**HABILETE: 5**	**ENDURANCE: 4**
Sixième FULGURITE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 5**

Si vous parvenez à éliminer vos adversaires, rendez-vous au **97**.

111

Vous voyagez en direction du sud pendant une journée, suivant la piste de destruction laissée par la tempête infernale. (Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine.) Au milieu de la seconde journée, vous apercevez les reflets du soleil sur l'eau. Traversant la plaine herbeuse, vous arrivez finalement à la Rivière Siltbed. Cette rivière marque la frontière entre le royaume de Femphrey et son voisin agité Lendleland. Le Lendleland a toujours été le rival de Femphrey, jalousant ses plaines fertiles et la richesse accumulée grâce au Lac du Chaudron à l'est. La piste d'arbres déracinés trace une ligne désolée vers les collines lointaines au delà de la frontière. Vous allez devoir être prudent si vous souhaitez entrer au Lendleland. Désirez-vous poursuivre le chemin dévasté vers le sud (rendez-vous au **158**) ou préférez-vous faire demi-tour et vous diriger vers Chalannabrad et le Collège des Mages (rendez-vous au **127**) ?

112

Les flammes qui parcourent son corps deviennent ardentes à présent. Balthazar Sturm sous sa forme de Torche Humaine se jette sur vous, les mains en avant aux couleurs de braises brûlantes.

TORCHE HUMAINE **HABILETE: 10** **ENDURANCE: 9**

Si aujourd'hui est Jour du Feu, augmentez l'HABILETE et l'ENDURANCE de la Torche Humaine de 1 point. Si vous réduisez l'ENDURANCE de la Torche Humaine à 3 ou moins, rendez-vous au **267**.

113

Vous hurlez le nom de «Vulcanus !» et une furieuse boule de flammes explose sur le pont du vaisseau. Le feu prend rapidement une forme humanoïde. La chaleur extrême délivrée par l'Elémentaire de Feu vous fait transpirer abondamment et vous devez vous protéger la tête à l'aide de votre bras afin que vos cheveux ne cuisent pas instantanément sous la lumière incandescente. Sous les assauts brûlants de l'Elémentaire, le corps liquide de Sturm se met à bouillir avant de disparaitre. (Si vous possédez le mot code *Eimlacca*, rendez-vous au **397** immédiatement.)

Pendant un instant vous pensez que Vulcanus a vaincu Sturm une fois pour toute, mais votre soulagement est de courte durée lorsque un puissant vent balaye soudainement le pont. Vous reculez sous la force des bourrasques et l'Elémentaire est soufflé entièrement, disparaissant littéralement sous vos yeux.

Une face cruelle apparait dans les tourbillons d'air devant vous, celle de Balthazar Sturm ! Mais qu'est-ce qui pourrait rivaliser avec la rage d'un ouragan, telles les montagnes résistant au vent éternel ?

Si vous possédez une Statuette d'Argile, changez le nom gravé sur celle-ci en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26. Additionnez tous les n ombres entre eux et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Sinon, rendez-vous au **284**.

114

L'Elémentaire disparait en une explosion de flammes ardentes. Le magma commence immédiatement à bouillir puissamment, projetant d'immenses langues de roche en fusion. Vous êtes terrifié de voir le niveau de lave augmenter jusqu'à engloutir la moitié du promontoire rocheux. Vous devez fuir et vite ! Vous courrez dans l'escalier que vous aviez emprunté tandis que les marches s'effondrent derrière vous dans le magma rageur.

Vous allez devoir tenir un compte exact du temps que vous mettrez pour sortir des tunnels de feu, créez un SCORE DE TEMPS qui débute à 0.

En haut des marches, vous sprintez le long du passage rocheux jusqu'à parvenir à une intersection. (Ajoutez 1 point à votre SCORE DE TEM PS). Allez-vous tourner à gauche (rendez-vous au **174**) ou poursuivrez-vous tout droit (rendez-vous au **144**) ?

115

Vous voyagez pendant 2 jours (avancez de deux jours dans la semaine), et vous vous retrouvez à traverser une forêt lorsque vous entendez un craquement sourd, le bruit de branches cassées, comme si quelque chose d'immense avançait dans votre direction. Avant que vous ne puissiez réagir, un Géant émerge des arbres devant vous. Il atteint la cime de la forêt par la taille et porte une vache sous un bras. Un tonneau de bière est accroché à sa ceinture et son autre main brandit un tronc d'arbre déraciné. Les vêtements du Géant sont constitués de peaux animales et d'autres matériaux, tels des toiles de tentes et d'ailes de moulins, attachés ensembles. Une roue de chariot est passée dans une corde nouée autour de son cou, tel un talisman. Le Géant vous aperçoit et
affiche une grimace horrible.

«Ki aites vou ?» grogne le Géant

Confiant, vous lui annoncez votre nom. «Je suis le Héros de Tannatown, exterminateur de la Sorcière Ecarlate, porteur Fléau du Dragon l'épée tueuse de Dragons.»

«Jeu vou konné !» lance le Géant. «Cé vou ki avéétu Chef Gog Magog !»

«C'est exact,» confirmez-vous prudemment.

«Alor je vou défi en komba avec moua, avek lé mains!» rigole le Géant.

Un match de lutte ? Avec un Géant ? Lorsque vous aviez tué le Chef Gog Magog, vous étiez aidé d'un puits aux pointes acérées et d'un canon caché Allez.-vous:

Attaquer le Géant avec qu'il ne le fasse lui-même	Rendez-vous? au **176**.
Accepter le défi du Géant ?	Rendez-vous au **210**.
Décliner poliment le défi ?	Rendez-vous au **194**.

116

Vous nagez de toutes vos forces, combattant le courant suceur qui vous entraîne vers le fond de la «caverne». Vous parvenez à sortir de la gueule du monstre jute avant que celle-ci ne se referme

complètement. Vous l'avez échappée belle. Espérant que le léviathan n'a pas réalisé que sa proie s'est enfuie, vous nagez vers la sécurité relative du récif. Notez le mot code *Ertsnom* sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et rendez-vous au **146**.

117

Vous franchissez l'arche et empruntez l'escalier. Mais où souhaitez-vous aller ? Si vous désirez monter vers les hauteurs de la tour, rendez-vous au **220**. Si vous préférez descendre dans les sous-sols, rendez-vous au **160**.

118

Dès l'instant où vous ramenez le levier en position avant, un grincement d'engrenages métalliques se fait entendre et le ventilateur géant se met à tourner en sens inverse. L'air est à présent aspiré, depuis l'entonnoir, dans la pièce. Les puissants vents qui ne tardent pas à se former, vous plaquent contre les murs. Des esprits capricieux ont également été aspirés dans la pièce depuis l'extérieur de la Machine Météo. Les créatures sont entourées d'éclairs crépitants et vous assaillent de rafales de vents violents. Vous allez devoir affronter ces Sylphes hurlantes toutes en même temps.

Première SYLPHE	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 4**
Deuxième SYLPHE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 5**
Troisième SYLPHE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 4**

Si aujourd'hui est Jour du Vent ou Jour de la Tempête, augmentez l'HABILETE et l'ENDURANCE des Sylphes de 1. Si vous parvenez à vaincre ces esprits de l'air, allez-vous attaquer les soufflets du ventilateur (rendez-vous au **101**), ouvrir la porte à l'éclair (rendez-vous au **133**), ou retournez là d'où vous veniez (rendez-vous au **54**) ?

119

Vous continuez d'avancer dans le canyon venteux, les falaises commencent à se rapprocher à chacun de vos pas jusqu'à ce que vous empruntiez un étroit tunnel entre la roche. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **166**; si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **136**.

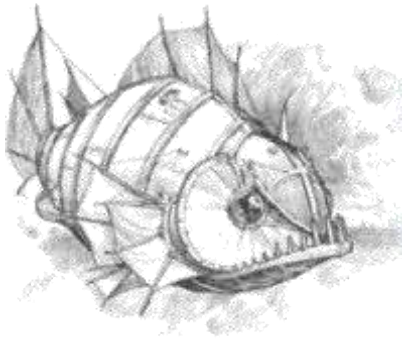

120

Vous lancez la bouteille électrique en direction de la créature monstrueuse, mais celle-ci la repousse d'un tentacule. La flasque va s'écraser sur un rocher couvert de corail et explose (rayez l'Etincelle de Vie de votre *Feuille d'Aventure*). Un éclair aveuglant vous force à plisser les yeux tandis que les éclairs emprisonnés rebondissent dans les fonds marins. Le monstre pousse un cri aigu et recule. Vous saisissez cette opportunité pour vous enfuir. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **222**. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **282**.

121

Il existe trois endroits, dans la ville, qui pourraient vous aider à résoudre votre problème de respiration aquatique: Allez-vous rendre visite:

A la Confrérie des Alchimistes ?	Rendez-vous au **151**.
A la Guilde des Artisans ?	Rendez-vous au **181**.
A l'Académie des Sorciers Navals ?	Rendez-vous au **21**.

122

Le chariot percute l'embranchement et poursuit sa course sur deux roues, puis la route continue tout droit et le wagon retombe sur les rails, crachant une pluie d'étincelles. Vous agrippez fermement les bords du wagon, votre visage paralysé par une terrible grimace. Mais votre course n'est pas encore terminée, vous apercevez les rails plonger dans le vide devant-vous et le wagon accélère tandis qu'il emprunte une voie quasi verticale, plongeant dans les ténèbres à une vitesse terrifiante. Votre lanterne ballotée dans tous les sens ne vous révèle rien de ces abysses sombres. Soudain le wagon atteint le fond puis les rails remontent à nouveau et là, vous apercevez un trou dans ce réseau dément ! Une partie des rails est manquante, détruite par quelque séisme ou quelque chose de la sorte. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **84**. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **105**.

123

Vous portez la corne à vos lèvres et soufflez. Une note grave et puissante résonne à travers la plaine poussiéreuse, gagnant de l'intensité à chaque mètre qu'elle parcoure. L'onde sonore atteint la tempête et couvre le bruit du vent. Le visage formé de poussière grimace, comme s'il poussait

une terriblement hurlement, puis la tempête disparait. Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE et rendez-vous au **223**.

124

Brokk tape sur la coque de l'engin avec sa hache de bataille puis monte dans le cockpit. Vous le rejoignez à l'intérieur et il pousse un levier tout en appuyant sur quelques boutons sur un panneau de cuivre. Dans un rugissement infernal, le moteur de la Taupe revient à la vie. «Je le savais !» hurle Brokk avec un grand sourire. «Il reste encore un peu de jus dans les pierres lumineuses,» déclare le Nain. Il tire un autre levier, attrape les manettes de contrôle dans ses mains calleuses et appuie de son pied sur une petite planche de bois au sol de la cabine. «C'est parti !»

Puis la Taupe avance en grinçant tandis que Brokk l a dirige vers une paroi rocheuse. La foreuse se met en marche et perce un tunnel dans la pierre. Vous assistez avec émerveillement à la progression de la machine à travers la terre, dans les profondeurs de la mine.

Finalement, la roche s'effondre devant l'engin et vous vous retrouvez dans une immense caverne naturelle enfouie profondément sous les montagnes. Le Nain stoppe la machine et éteint le moteur, puis vous sautez tous deux du cockpit. Notez le mot code *Enihcam* sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et rendez-vous au **80**.

125

Le tunnel suit une nouvelle pente descendante tout en tournant sur la droite. Les parois du passage émettent des pulsations orangées, puis soudain, une explosion de lumière vive accompagnée d'un rugissement féroce vous force à reculer de quelques pas. Tandis que vous retirez progressivement votre bras de vos yeux, vous notez deux silhouettes éthérées qui flottent au milieu du tunnel, devant vous. Elles ressemblent à des squelettes humains aux os noirs couverts de flammes. Hurlant, les Squelettes Ardents se jettent sur vous, leurs doigts crochus en avant prêts à lacérer votre chair. Vous devez les combattre en même temps.

Premier SQUELETTE ARDENT	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 6**
Second SQUELETTE ARDENT	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 6**

(Si aujourd'hui est Jour du Feu, augmentez l'ENDURANCE des Squelettes Ardents de 2 points.)

Si vous éliminez ces spectres infernaux, qui se trouvent être les fantômes d'autres aventuriers ayant péri dans les Tunnels de Feu, les flammes qui les entourent s'éteignent et leurs os noirs se changent en cendre. Après avoir repris votre souffle, vous pouvez poursuivre votre route. Rendez-vous au **103**.

126

Vous vous trouvez sur le pont central du vaisseau. Deux portes en acier vous permettent d'explorer ce pont plus avant, et aucune des deux ne porte de marque distinctive. Allez-vous:

Ouvrir la porte de gauche (si vous ne l'avez pas encore fait) ? Rendez-vous au **110**.
Ouvrir la porte de droite (si vous ne l'avez pas encore fait) ? Rendez-vous au **380**.
Quitter ce pont et explorer un autre endroit ? Rendez-vous au **391**.

127

Vous ne souhaitez pas être responsable d'un incident diplomatique entre les deux royaumes et vous décidez donc de faire demi-tour. Après une autre journée de voyage, vous repassez par le village de Vastarin et poursuivez vers le nord vers la capitale. Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **286**.

128

Vous entendez un puissant hennissement et levez la tête. Vous voyez le Pégase que vous aviez sauvé galoper dans le ciel vers vous, ses immenses ailes battant l'air. Le cheval volant a ressenti votre besoin d'aide et s'est porté à votre rencontre, prêt à payer la dette qu'il a envers vous.

Dès que les sabots du Pégase touchent le sol, vous empoignez sa crinière et grimpez sur son dos. L'animal hennit une nouvelle fois, se cabre puis s'élance dans le ciel avec de puissants battements d'ailes. Vous vous cramponnez à la crinière tandis que le cheval monte toujours plus haut, le vent fouette votre visage. Vous apercevez des nuages noirs se masser dans le ciel qui s'assombrit brusquement. Soudain, perçant cette masse noire menaçante, le poisson de cuivre, l'Œil du Cyclone, que vous aviez vu après la dévastation de Vastarin surgit près de vous ! L'engin est énorme, plus gros qu'une baleine. Ses immenses yeux parcourus d'arcs électriques sont des fenêtres d'observation, ses nageoires et sa queue font office de voiles et de gouvernail dans l'ouragan. Sur le flanc du puissant vaisseau, se trouve une écoutille circulaire.

Si vous possédez le mot code *Mortleam*, rendez-vous au **363**. Sinon, mais qu'aujourd'hui est Jour de la Tempête, rendez-vous également au **363**.

Si aucune de ces conditions ne sont valables, le Pégase se rapproche de l'écoutille en luttant contre les vents violents. Vous adressez une rapide prière aux dieux et vous sautez de son dos… Rendez-vous au **14**.

129

Un cri distant retenti derrière-vous dans le ciel. Vous vous retournez et reconnaissez deux formes ailées fondre sur vous. Ce sont deux Aakors, semblables aux loups volants que vous aviez combattu dans les collines au sud-ouest lorsque vous vous approchiez de la tour de votre ennemi. Ils vous ont suivi et attendu le moment propice, où vos forces seraient amoindries par la fatigue, pour vous attaquer !

Premier AAKOR	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 7**
Second AAKOR	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 7**

Si vous remportez la bataille, rayez le mot code *Essach* de votre *Feuille d'Aventure* . Enfin libéré de vos poursuivants, poursuivrez-vous votre exploration du Canyon Hurlant par le chemin de gauche (rendez-vous au **99**) ou par celui de droite (rendez-vous au **58**) ?

130

Le vieil ingénieur s'empare des plans que vous lui tendez et les examine avec attention. «Ah oui», dit-il «ce sont les dernières mises à jour de la machine. C'est ça que nous avons construit !» annonce-t-il, pointant son doigt sur les schémas détaillés des plans. «Vous savez quoi», poursuit Inigo, le regard soudain illuminé, «avec ces plans, si vous arrivez à monter dans le vaisseau, vous pourriez causer beaucoup de dégâts.»

«Que voulez-vous dire ?» demandez-vous, intrigué.

«Hé bien, il y a le Moteur Elémentaire pour commencer, c'est lui qui fournit l'énergie de toute la machine, qui la garde dans les airs. Si vous pouviez l'endommager, l'Œil du Cyclone ne pourrait plus voler et s'écraserait au sol. Puis il y a le Verre Flamboyant et le Générateur d'Electricité. Si vous vous attaquez à l'un ou l'autre, vous causerez un terrible incendie !»

Retournez au **335** pour poser une autre question, ou, si vous en avez terminé, rendez-vous au **365**.

131

Vous vous éveillez suite à un hurlement bestial à glacer le sang. L'orbe froid de la lune est haut dans le ciel, à moitié dissimulé par les branches des arbres proches. Puis, des silhouettes planent devant la lune, ce sont quatre loups ailés. La meute d'Aakors vous a retrouvé et cette fois a ramené des renforts. Grognant, la gueule ouverte, les animaux plongent vers vous, bataillant jusqu'à la mort cette fois-ci. Combattez les Aakors par deux.

Premier AAKOR
HABILETE: 7 ENDURANCE: 7
Deuxième AAKOR
HABILETE: 6 ENDURANCE: 7
Troisième AAKOR
HABILETE: 6 ENDURANCE: 6
Quatrième AAKOR
HABILETE: 7 ENDURANCE: 6

Si vous parvenez à éliminer tous vos adversaires, effacez le mot code *Essahc* de votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et rendez-vous au **40**.

132

Vous aviez raison, l'eau est belle t bien riche en minéraux qui exercent un effet revigorant sur votre corps fatigué. (Tirez un dé et regagnez autan de points d'ENDURANCE.) Puis, rendez-vous au **171**.

133

Vous ouvrez la porte portant l'éclair et pénétrez dans une autre pièce contenant un étrange engin. Deux sphères de cuivre, accrochées à une colonne centrale, tournent sur elles même. Ce curieux montage est placé entre deux grosses plaques de métal d'où s'échappent des arcs électriques.
L'énergie ainsi générée est ensuite canalisée dans des câbles qui alimentent une antenne métallique traversant la coque de la Machine Météovia un gros trou. La pièce entière est remplie d'étincelles dansantes et vos cheveux sont hérissés sur votre crâne. L'appareil produit clairement de l'électricité brute à grande échelle. Vous réfléchissez à un moyen de stopper cet engin lorsque vous apercevez un levier vertical qui peut être poussé à gauche ou à droite. Allez-vous:

Déplacer le levier vers la droite ? Rendez-vous au**154**.
Déplacer le levier vers la gauche ? Rendez-vous au**170**.

Quitter le Générateur d'Eclairs et retourner à l'escalier ? Rendez-vous au **54**.

134

Vous saisissez la poignée et la tournez. Un puissant courant électrique vous foudroie immédiatement. La porte s'ouvre, mais vous avez été sévèrement brûlé, vos mains sont endolories et vos bras vous font souffrir comme si des dizaines d'aiguilles étaient plantées dans leurs muscles (vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE et 1 point d'HABILETE). Vous pénétrez prudemment dans la tour, les cheveux fumants et dressés sur la tête. Rendez-vous au **247**.

135

Votre second coups atterrit exactement à l'endroit où fut donné le premier. Un craquement soudain, suivi par un sifflement aigu précède un torrent d'énergie élémentaire brute qui s'échappe par la fracture qui s'ouvre à présent dans la sphère. Une seconde plus tard, le Moteur explose. Des morceaux de métal brûlant volent dans la pièce et **'encastrent** dans les murs, le sol et le plafond. Vous volez dans les airs et atterrissez lourdement contre la porte. Tirez un dé et ajoutez 2. Ceci représente le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez. (Si vous perdez 6 points ou plus, vous devez également perdre 1 point d'HABILETE.)

Si vous êtes toujours vivant, vous dégagez les débris métalliques de vos vêtements et vous vous relevez péniblement. Les Elémentaires ont eux aussi disparus. Vous quitter la pièce par ce qui reste de la porte. Augmentez le score de DEGATS de 3 et rendez-vous au **126**.

136

Le premier signe de danger est une légère pluie depoussière et de petits cailloux suivie par un glissement de terrain. L'une des falaises s'effondre tandis que vous courrez pour sauver votre vie. Mais certains rochers s'écrasent tout de même sur vous. Tirez un dé et ajoutez 1, ceci représente le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez. Si vous êtes toujours vivant, vous sortez du nuage de poussière créé par la chute d'un pan de la falaise. Rendez-vous au **166**.

137

La porte s'ouvre à la volée et deux curieuses créations émergent devant vous. Au premier regard elles semblent être des armures animées un peu semblables au Jaggernaut mais en beaucoup plus petit. Elles se déplacent sur des roues et possèdent un grand dôme en verre à la place de la tête. L'un de ces dômes est rempli d'eau agitée de remous, tandis que l'autre emprisonne un gaz tourbillonnant. Voici encore des exemples des mélanges opérés par Sturm entre la magie et la mécanique, des esprits Elémentaires liés à des engins afin de le servir. Ces deux automates ont été envoyés pour éteindre l'incendie que vous avez provoqué. Ils vous analysent comme un nouveau problème à traiter et se dirigent vers vous à vive allure en tendant de larges pinces tranchantes. Combattez-les en même temps.

HYDROTOMATE	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 7**
PNEUMATOMATE	**HABILETE: 8**	**ENDURANCE: 6**

(Si aujourd'hui est Jour du Vent, augmentez l'HABILETE et l'ENDURANCE du Pneum atomate de 1 point, et si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Mer, augmentez l'HABILETE et l'ENDURANCE de l'Hydrotomate de 1 point.) Si vous détruisez les deux machines, les esprits Elémentaires piégés à l'intérieur sont bannis vers leurs Plans Elémentaires respectifs. Rendez-vous au **368**.

138

Le chariot emprunte le virage, voyageant plus vite que vous ne le souhaiteriez, il termine bientôt sa course devant des ralentisseurs en métal, vous n'êtes pas mécontent d'être arrivé, rendez-vous au **310**.

139

Vous tournez la lentille de 90 degrés et attendez de voir ce qu'il advient. En quelques secondes, la lentille a focalisé les rayons du soleil, pénétrant par le dôme de verre du toit de la pièce, en un faisceau de lumière concentrée inondant la salle. En quelques secondes, le sol de bois s'enflamme et deux petites créatures élémentaires émergent dufeu devant vous. Si vous voulez sortir de la pièce, vous allez devoir lutter d'abord. Combattez les Esprit de Feu ensemble.

Premier ESPRIT DE FEU	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 4**
Second ESPRIT DE FEU	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 4**

(Si aujourd'hui est Jour du Feu, augmentez l'HABILETE et l'ENDURANCE des Esprits de 1 point.) Si vous remportez le combat, les Esprits de Feu sont forcés à retourner dans le Plan Elémentaire du Feu. (Augmentez votre score de DEGATS de 1 et notez sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* que vous avez allumé un feu.) Vous ouvrez la porte et vous vous jetez dehors avant d'être dévoré par les flammes. Rendez-vous au **258**.

140

«Je vais vous dire quel chemin nous allons prendre,» vous annonce Brokk, «c'est à droite, puis à droite à nouveau, ensuite il faut descendre dans le puits, on y trouvera la Taupe. Il s'agit d'une vieille machine qui servait à transporter les mineurs dans le réseau de tunnels, si on peut la remettre en marche, on ira plus vite. Ce serait la manière la plus rapide et la plus sûre de voyager dans la mine.» A présent retournez au **190** et choisissez votre route.

141

Vous vous tenez sur le bord brûlant de la rivière de lave. Vous notez d'immenses blocs de pierre autour de vous, ils formaient le pont que vous traversiez. La chaleur est telle que vos sourcils commencent à roussir ! Vous remarquez des rochers noirs émerger de la lave et former un genre de chemin à travers la rivière de magma bouillonnant. Sur l'autre bord, un nouveau tunnel s'enfonce dans les ténèbres. Si vous souhaitez prendre le risque de traverser la lave en sautant d'un rocher noir à l'autre, rendez-vous au **312**. Sinon, vous allez devoir emprunter le passage qui s'ouvre dans la paroi rocheuse derrière vous et trouver un autre chemin dans le volcan (rendez-vous au **73**).

142

Le prochain jour de marche, (avancez au prochain jour de la semaine) vous apercevez une tour accrochée au sommet d'une petite colline, la structure est composée de métal et de pierre. La piste de dévastation laissée par la tempête mène tout droit à cette structure. Vous décidez de vous en approcher.

Au début de l'après-midi, vous avez atteint la base du promontoire rocheux sur lequel repose la curieuse tour, tel un doigt accusateur pointé vers le bleu du ciel. Vous apercevez trois manières différentes d'atteindre la structure. La première est une rivière au courant puissant qui descend depuis le promontoire par une succession de chutes d'eau et de rapides, avant de poursuivre son chemin en zigzagant à travers les collines. La deuxième est un chemin caillouteux serpentant le long de l'immense rocher, presque à la verticale en certains endroits. La troisième est une route plus longue, empruntant l'autre face de l'escarpement. Si vous vous remettez en chemin maintenant, vous devriez atteindre la tour avant le crépuscule, mais comment allez-vous vous y prendre ?

Si vous désirez suivre la rivière, rendez-vous au **182**. Si vous préférez escalader le rocher par le petit chemin, rendez-vous au **35**. Si enfin vous souhaitez emprunter la route plus longue mais moins éprouvante, rendez-vous au **322**.

143

Vous avez quitté le Lac du Chaudron depuis deux jours et demi et traversé le royaume en direction de Chalannabrad. Vous pénétrez bientôt dans une petite forêt. (Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine.) Dieux merci, l'influence néfaste de Balthazar Sturm n'a pas atteint cette partie du Femphrey, mais cela ne signifie pas qu'il n'y aura pas d'autres dangers. Si vous possédez un

Croc-Dague, rendez-vous au **329**. Sinon, Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au 329; si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **216**.

144

Vous arrivez au bord d'un autre lac de lave enjambé par un pont de pierre qui s'est effondré dans la roche en fusion. Vous ne pouvez pas passer par là ! Ajoutez 1 point à votre SCORE DE TEMPS et revenez en sprintant à l'intersection pour prendre l'autre passage. Rendez-vous au **174**.

145

Soudain, une violente secousse vous fait perdre l'équilibre, de la poussière et des petits cailloux tombent, telle une douche, depuis le plafond. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **68**. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **167**.

146

La lumière environnante faiblit à mesure que vous descendez dans la faille jusqu'à ce que vous vous retrouviez dans une quasi obscurité. Il vous est difficile d'identifier quoi que ce soit à plus de quelques mètres. Vous avancez prudemment et vous approchez bientôt d'une silhouette sombre, la carcasse d'une gigantesque Baleine. La moitié du cadavre a été dévorée par la chose qui l'a tué ainsi que par les charognards marins. Des côtes blanches, de la taille d'une voute d'église, émergent de la chair en décomposition. Vous aviez entendu des légendes concernant ces monstres avaleurs de navires, dont les trésors reposeraient toujours dans leur estomac. Il est possible que quelques objets de valeurs se trouvent encore à l'intérieur du cadavre. Si vous voulez vous aventurer dans ce qui reste des entrailles de la Baleine Géante, rendez-vous au **31**. Si vous préférez poursuivre votre quête du Temple Engloutide Hydana, rendez-vous au **179**.

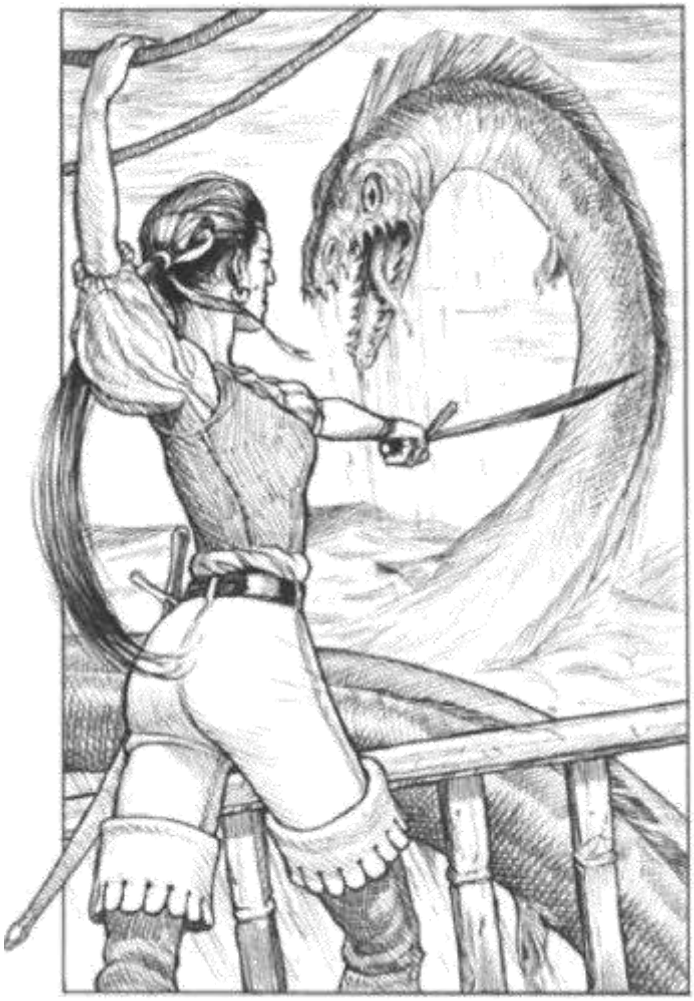

147

Un cri d'alarme provenant de la vigie vous fait courir vers le rebord du Tempête, accompagné par Katarina. «Là bas Capitaine ! lance le marin en haut du grand mat, désignant la mer de son doigt. «Un Serpent de Mer !» Vous remarquez de puissants remous dans les flots derrière le navire. Trois grandes têtes émergent de l'eau et s'élèvent dans les airs, supportées par de longs cous, à la peau de cuir, aussi épais que des troncs d'arbre. Les Serpents de Mer Géants ouvrent des gueules garnies de crocs prêtes à engloutir ceux qui se trouvent sur le pont du bateau. Vous dégainez rapidement Fléau du Dragon et vous chargez vers les Serpents de Mer avec le Capitaine Katarina qui brandit son cimeterre. Elle s'occupe de l'une de ces créatures, vous laissant les deux autres.

Premier SERPENT DE MER GEANT
HABILETE: 9 ENDURANCE: 10
Second SERPENT DE MER GEANT
HABILETE: 8 ENDURANCE: 9

Si Prospero Seacharmer est avec vous, vous ne devez combattre que le premier Serpent de Mer Géant, tandis que le mage s'occupe du second à l'aide de ses puissants sortilèges. Si vous remportez la victoire, les Serpent de Mer Géants coulent au fond de l'océan, laissant le Tempête libre de poursuivre à nouveau. Rendez-vous au **359**.

148

Vous atteignez un endroit où plusieurs ravins convergent. Au loin, se dresse un immense rocher sculpté par l'érosion, tel une tour il se dresse vers le ciel, le somment de cette structure rocheuse dépasse les limites du canyon de plusieurs mètres. Quelque chose vous dit que c'est là-bas que vous trouverez ce que vous êtes venu chercher. Deux gorges vous conduisent vers le sud à partir de là où vous êtes, mais aucune ne semble se dirige vers la tour. Si vous possédez le mot code *Essahc*, rendez-vous immédiatement au **129**. Sinon, quel chemin allez-vous emprunter ? Celui de gauche (rendez-vous au **99**) ou celui de droite (rendez-vous au **58**) ?

149

Vous entendez un cri au-dessus de vous, vous levez la tête et souriez en voyant la montgolfière de Corbo Rundum. «Je vous emmène !» crie l'homme depuis la nacelle, et un instant plus tard une corde tombe à côté de vous. «Désolé je n'ai pas le temps d'atterrir ! Attrapez la corde et cramponnez-vous !» Vous saisissez la corde tandis que Corbo vous lance, «Montez, vite !»

Le ballon s'élève rapidement dans le ciel vous emportant toujours plus haut au-dessus des champs, rivières et villages. La montgolfière est e**mportée** par le vent au cœur du royaume.

Soudain, devant le ballon, vous apercevez des nuages noirs se masser dans le ciel qui s'assombrit brusquement. Soudain, perçant cette masse noire menaçante, le poisson de cuivre, l'Œil du Cyclone, que vous aviez vu après la dévastation de Vastarin surgit près de vous ! L'engin est énorme, plus gros qu'une baleine. Ses immenses yeux parcourus d'arcs électriques sont des fenêtres d'observation, ses nageoires et sa queue font office de voiles et de gouvernail dans l'ouragan. Sur le flanc du puissant vaisseau, se trouve une écoutille circulaire.

Si vous possédez le mot code *Mortsleam*, rendez-vous au **363**. Sinon, mais qu'aujourd'hui est Jour de la Tempête, rendez-vous également au **363**.

Si aucune de ces conditions ne sont valables, la montgolfière de Corbo se rapproche de l'écoutille en luttant contre les vents violents. Vous adressez une rapide prière aux dieux et vous vous laissez glisser le long de la corde… Rendez-vous au **14**.

150

Vous ouvrez les vannes des conduits et l'eau du barrage redescend à un niveau normal en se jetant avec fracas dans la rivière. Vous avez libéré la pression et sauvé le village. Vous regagnez 2 points de CHANCE.

Giles et les autres villageois remercient chaleureusement votre intervention, ils insistent pour vous donner une récompense. Vous reprenez votre quête en ayant reçu 4 Repas, une Jarre de Cidre (lorsque vous la buvez, vous regagnez jusqu'à 3 points d'ENDURANCE et vous ajoutez 1 point à votre Force d'Attaque pour le prochain combat) et 10 Pièces d'Or.

Deux jours plus tard (avancez de deux jours dans la semaine), la pluie battante cesse et vous atteignez les Plaines Hurlantes. Rendez-vous au **83**.

151

Après avoir quelque peu demandé votre chemin, vous vous retrouvez dans l'établissement de Mendelev Quicksilver, la Confrérie des Alchimistes .Le scientifique a l'air à moitié fou, il porte une robe écorchée et arbore un sourire béat dès que vous franchissez l'entrée. Il dit avoir juste ce que vous cherchez, une Potion de Respiration Aquatique, mais il vous demandera en échange 7 Pièces d'Or. Si vous voulez, et que vous pouvez, payer ce prix, notez la Potion de Respiration Aquatique sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et rendez-vous au **252**. Sinon, vous allez devoir rendre visiter à la Guilde des Artisans (rendez-vous au **181**) ou à l'Académie des Sorciers Navals

(rendez-vous au 221).

152

L'écho de vos pas résonne dans la galerie, l'acoustique de l'endroit amplifiant les vibrations. Avant que vous ne vous en rendiez compte, les stalactites entrent en résonnance sous les harmoniques des sons. Un craquement soudain vous décide à courir au triple galop à travers le passage, déterminé à atteindre l'autre extrémité plus le rapidement possible. Tirez un dé et ajoutez 1, ceci représente le nombre de stalactites qui se décrochent du plafond et tombent sur votre tête (vous perdez autant de points d'ENDURANCE). Si vous survivez, rendez-vous au 171.

153

Matteus effectue une série de gestes et marmonne des syllabes incompréhensibles, puis finalement lance son sort. Vous vous attendez à vous sentir différent ou à voir un signe que vos bottes ont été enchantées, mais rien. Toutefois, Matteus vous assure que le sortilège fonctionnera. «Pour activer l'enchantement, frappez simplement vos talons ensembles trois fois de suite,» explique le mage, «et vous découvrirez qu'un voyage nécessitant plusieurs jours ne vous prendra que quelques minutes.» Il vous sera expliqué dans el texte en temps voulu comment utiliser vos nouvelles Bottes de Sept Lieues, pour le moment notez les sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* . Désirez-vous utiliser vos bottes tout de suite ? Si tel est le cas, rendez-vous au 2. Sinon, rendez-vous au 193.

154

Vous poussez le levier vers la droite et il se bloque dans cette position, impossible de le bouger à nouveau. Les sphères de cuivres de la machine commencent à tourner plus vite et celle-ci se met à générer plus d'électricité statique, vous en ressentez des picotements dans vos doigts.
Puis soudain, un puissant craquement se fait entendre, tel la foudre, et une boule d'énergie se forme dans la pièce, de grands arcs d'électricité dansent autour de celle-ci formant une couronne crépitante. Testant les pouvoirs de votre épée magique, l'Attracteur glisse vers vous, dans le but de drainer toute l'essence de votre arme. Vous devez combattre cette curieuse créature électrique.

ATTRACTEUR HABILETE: 11 ENDURANCE: 6

Si vous combattez la boule électrique scintillante à l'aide de Fléau du Dragon et que vous remportez un Assaut, l'Attracteur et vous-même perdrez 2 points d'ENDURANCE suite aux contrecoups électriques ! Si vous possédez une autre arme pour affronter l'Attracteur (comme un Marteau de Guerre ou une Masse) vous ne subirez pas le contrecoup, mais vous devrez sacrifier un Assaut pour changer d'arme durant lequel l'Attracteur vous fera perdre 2 points d'ENDURANCE.

Si vous remportez la bataille, l'Attracteur disparait dans un violent flash. Incapable de faire quoi que ce soit d'autre pour endommager le Générateur Eclairs,d vous n'avez d'autre choix que de quitter la pièce et de retourner à l'escalier. Rendez-vous au 54.

155

Un peu plus loin, le passage se termine en cul-de-sac. À l'intérieur d'une caverne spectaculaire remplie d'une myriade de cristaux géants projetant des couleurs translucides. Un cristal attire plus particulièrement votre attention, des flammes dansantes illuminent son cœur. Vous vous penchez pour l'examiner de plus près et vous notez que le feu intérieur est en forme de lettre I. (Si vous souhaitez emporter le Cristal de Feu notez le sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* ainsi que la lettre qui lui est associée.) Vous revenez sur vos pas jusqu'à l'intersection et empruntez l'autre tunnel. Rendez-vous au **125**.

156

Vous enjambez la carcasse de l'automate vaincu et vous agrippez la poignée de la porte derrière celui-ci. Si vous avez allumé un feu auparavant, augmentez le score de DEGATS de 2. Si le score de DEGATS est à présent de 12 ou plus, rendez-vous au **137**; s'il est inférieur à 12, rendez-vous au **368**.

157

Vous vous dirigez vers le nord-est pendant trois jours sous un ciel menaçant en permanence. (Avancez de trois jours dans la semaine.) Peu à peu , les champs verts font place à une terre boueuse qui devient bientôt le marais fétide qui borde les rives du lac Eerie et la ville qui tire son nom de l'endroit sinistre.

Cette ville est sous de menaçants nuages noirs, transformant la lumière du jour en celle d'un crépuscule sombre. Il plane une atmosphère d'anxiété entre les murs d'Eerie side comme si la pression de la future tempête affectait les habitants également. Arrivé à la place du marché, vous rencontrez un groupe de chasseurs. Vous vous approchez d'un homme au visage émacié retenant un chien-loup au bout d'une chaine et vous lui demandez la raison de cet attroupement.

«Vous n'êtes pas au courant ? demande-t-il dans un murmure de conspirateur. «On raconte que le Dragon de Tempête s'est réveillé et se prépare à dévaster les alentours.»

Le Dragon de Tempête - vous avez entendu parler d'un tel monstre, la légende raconte que lorsque le Dragon de Tempête prend son envol, des orages apocalyptiques assaillent le pays, dévastant tout sur leur passage. Une telle créature peut-elle réellement exister ? Vous pensiez que le mauvais temps actuel était du à la Machine Météo de Balthazar Sturm.

«Alors vous planifiez de retrouver son repaire et de stopper cette créature ?» dites-vous.

«C'est exact. Et mettre un terme à cet épouvantable temps,» dit le chasseur. «Seulement c'est chacun pour soi, le maire offre une récompense à celui qui ramène la preuve que le monstre est bel et bien mort. Vous semblez habile de votre épée, nous pourrions y aller ensemble ? On partagera la récompense, cinquante-cinquante. Qu'en pensez-vous ?»

Désirez-vous vous joindre au chasseur et traquer le Dragon de Tempête ? Si tel est le cas, rendez-

vous au **313**. Sinon, vous ne voyez pas d'autre intérêt à rester à Eerie side, c'est un endroit gris et triste, vous vous remettez donc en route. Deux autres jours de marche vous amènent aux premières collines de la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière (avancez de deux jours dans la semaine). Rendez-vous au **250**.

158

Vous traversez prudemment la Rivière Siltbed, ne désirant pas attirer l'attention des Lendlelanders. Plus loin, la piste laissée par la t**empête** s'écarte de la route principale et vous êtes soulagé de vous retrouver quelque peu à couvert dans les collines.

Vous franchissez une nouvelle colline et êtes soudainement surpris d'apercevoir des hommes en armes se masser dans le vallon en contrebas. Le Lendleland est réputé pour la qualité de ses chevaux mais beaucoup ont été réquisitionnés par des tribus de barbares, et vous contemplez un campement de ces cavaliers farouches en ce moment même. Mais pourquoi un tel rassemblement d'une armée de cavaliers si proche de la frontière? Cela a-t-il un lien avec la tempête qui a dévasté Vastarin ?

Désirez-vous infiltrer le camp barbare en vous cachant, afin de découvrir ce qui se trame (rendez-vous au **307**), ou préférez-vous poursuivre à travers les collines (rendez-vous au **175**) ?

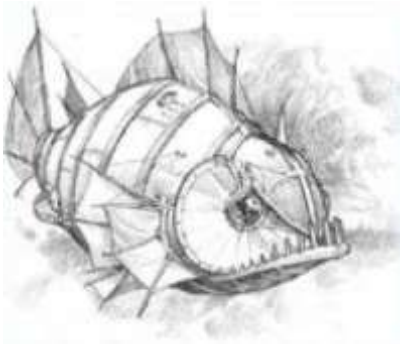

159

Le Gardien lève un bras et le pointe vers vous. Un vortex d'air vous frappe, vous êtes soulevé du sol et emporté au travers de l'arche pour vous retrouver suspendu dans le vide. Le vortex vous fait descendre lentement jusqu'au sol sablonneux du canyon. Votre entrevue avec le mystérieux Gardien des Quatre Vents est terminée, vous vous remettez donc en route, revenant sur vos pas à travers le Canyon Hurlant puis vous quittez les Plaines Hurlantes. Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **394**.

160

L'escalier en spirale vous conduit toujours plus profondément dans les entrailles du rocher soutenant la tour. L'escalier n'est pas éclairé, mais tandis que vous descendez, la lumière mourante au-dessus de vous est bientôt remplacée par une faible lueur au bas des marches. Vous

arrivez devant une petite porte en fer possédant un gros cadenas. Il semble que le propriétaire de la tour ne veuille pas que ce qui se trouve dans la pièce au-delà ne sorte. Toutefois, vous remarquez une grande clé de fer suspendue à un crochet sur le mur à côté de la porte. Allez-vous:

Déverrouiller et ouvrir la porte ? Rendez-vous au **335**.
Ecouter à la porte avant de décider de l'ouvrir ? Rendez-vous au **285**.
Continuer de descendre l'escalier ? Rendez-vous au **188**.

161

Vous êtes traité comme un roi pour le reste de la journée. Des guérisseurs s'occupent de vos blessures, un alchimiste respecté vous offre des élixirs réparateurs, le forgeron local répare votre armure et cette nuit vous êtes l'invité d'honneur d'un grand banquet. Vous avez passé la nuit dans un lit confortable au sein de l'hôtel le plus luxueux de la ville et le lendemain matin vous vous remettez en route pour les Plaines Hurlantes. (Vos scores d'HABILETE et d'ENDURANCE retrouvent leur niveau de départ et vous regagnez 2points de CHANCE.) Trois jours de voyages sous le vent, la pluie et même la neige vous amènent aux désolations des Plaines Hurlantes. Avancez de trois jours dans la semaine et rendez-vous au **83**.

162

Vous tournez la lentille de 90 degrés et attendez de voir ce qu'il advient. En quelques secondes, la lentille a focalisé les rayons du soleil, pénétrant par le dôme de verre du toit de la pièce, en un faisceau de lumière concentrée en un point sur le sol en dessous de la Machine Météo. Curieux de voir le résultat, vous empoignez le télescope et regardez dedans. Vous êtes horrifié de voir que le rayon du Verre Flamboyant a mis le feu au toit d'un moulin loin en dessous. (Vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE.) Qu'allez-vous faire à présent ?

Détruire la lentille ? Rendez-vous au **192**.
Tourner la lentille afin que la face concave soit tournée vers l'intérieur du vaisseau ? Rendez-vous au **139**.
Quitter la pièce Soleil avant de cause de plus graves dommages ? Rendez-vous au **258**.

163

Vous êtes à mi-chemin dans ce pont du navire lorsque l'équipage squeletique s'anime. Vous avez fait irruption dans leur galion et en devez payer le prix, bientôt des mains osseuses agrippent vos vêtements.

EQUIPAGE SQUELETIQUE
HABILETE: 6 ENDURANCE: 12

Combattez les marins squelettes comme s'ils étaient un seul et unique adversaire. Si vous parvenez à descendre l'ENDURANCE de l'équipage mort-vivant à 0, cela signifie que vous arrivez à vous dégagez suffisamment pour quitter cet endroit maudit. Les squelettes ne tentent pas de vous suivre en dehors du navire et vous décidez de ne plus vous aventurer à l'intérieur. Vous vous dirigez vers la fissure, rendez-vous au **6**.

164

Vous prenez de l'élan et vous vous précipitez sur la porte, votre épaule frappe lourdement les planches bardées de fer. Tirez trois dés. Si le total est inférieur ou égal à votre score d'ENDURANCE, la porte s'ouvre à la volée sous la force de votre charge (rendez-vous au **247**). Si le résultat est supérieur à votre score d'ENDURANCE, la porte résiste à votre assaut et vous vous fracturez l'épaule (vous perdez 1 point d'HABILETE et 2 points d'ENDURANCE). Vous n'avez d'autre choix que d'ouvrir la porte de manière conventionnelle (rendez-vous au **134**).

165

Vous trouvez une barge familiale, le propriétaire s'appelle Koll et voyage avec sa femme et son jeune fils vers l'est pour vendre leurs épices aux marchés de Bathorie. (Déduisez 6 Pièces d'or.) Voyager par bateau le long de la Rivière de Feu est très plaisant et vous y passez une journée entière. (Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et regagnez 1 point d'ENDURANCE.)

Durant le trajet, Koll vous raconte qu'il a entendu à Shard Wharf quelqu'un lui dire que le sud-ouest du royaume est en proie à de terribles inondations en ce moment. Il vous parle également

du mythique Dragon de Tempête qui a à nouveau pris son envol après des siècles de sommeil, si l'on en croit les rumeurs.

Vous quittez finalement la petite famille et poursuivez votre route à pied sur les pentes du Mont Pyre. Rendez-vous au **109**.

166

Vous émergez des ravins venteux du Canyon Hurlant au pied d'une grande tour de roche taillée par l'érosion. Elle se dresse haut dans le ciel, une véritable colonne de trous et de bosses aléatoires. Vous avez au fond de vous que l'aide que vous êtes venu quérir ici se trouve au sommet de cette tour. Si vous possédez une Corde et un Grappin ou une Potion de Lévitation (et que vous désirez l'utiliser maintenant), rendez-vous au **256**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **196**.

167

Le séisme se poursuit et augmente en magnitude. Vous courrez en avant et le sol s'ouvre derrière vous, laissant un trou béant dans lequel la moitié du plafond s'effondre. Un autre pan du plafond vous tombe sur la tête (vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE). Vous vous dégagez avec peine des débris tandis que les secousses deviennent moins puissantes. Rendez-vous au **68**.

168

«Zephyrus !» appelez-vous. «Zephyrus, j'ai besoin de toi !» Soudain le vent se lève, soufflant depuis l'ouest.

Portée par une puissante bourrasque, une silhouette éthérée, le torse semblable à celui d'un géant musclé et un vortex d'air à la place des jambes, s'approche de vous. En fait, cette entité est le vent !

«Vous avez appelé et je suis venu,» dit l'Elémentaire d'Air d'une voix portée par les bourrasques tourbillonnantes. «Commandez et j'obéirai !»

«Emporte-moi vers l'Œil du Cyclone !» ordonnez vous à Zephyrus, en criant pour vous faire entendre dans le brouhaha du vent. (Rayez le nom de Zephyrus de votre *Feuille d'Aventure* , vous ne pourrez plus faire appel à ses services.)

La manifestation Elémentaire du Vent d'Ouest vous a**rrache** au sol pour vous transporter très haut dans le ciel. Les champs, villes et rivières défilent en dessous tandis que Zephyrus vous emporte toujours plus loin au dessus du royaume de Femphrey dévasté par le climat changeant.

Puis vous apercevez votre but ! Zephyrus vous transporte vers une masse imposante de nuages noirs. Le poisson de cuivre, l'Œil du Cyclone, que vous aviez vu après la dévastation de Vastarin surgit près de vous ! L'Elémentaire d'Air vous amène au-dessus de la Machine Météo. L'engin est énorme, plus gros qu'une baleine. Ses immenses yeux parcourus d'arcs électriques sont des fenêtres d'observation, ses nageoires et sa queue font office de voiles et de gouvernail dans l'ouragan. Sur le flanc du puissant vaisseau, se trouve une écoutille circulaire.

Si vous possédez le mot code *Mortsleam*, rendez-vous au **363**. Sinon, mais qu'aujourd'hui est Jour de la Tempête, rendez-vous également au **363**.

Si aucune de ces conditions ne sont valables, Zephyrus vous lâche au-dessus de l'écoutille. Rendez-vous au **14**.

169

Le passage emprunte une pente ascendante en spirale jusqu'à ce qu'il émerge sous le cratère du volcan. De la fumée et des émanations acides s'élèvent de la lave en fusion que vous apercevez très loin en dessous de vous. Vous yeux souffrent sous ces assauts âcres et vous ne pouvez retenir les larmes plus longtemps. Le tunnel que vous suiviez continue au bord de la paroi jusqu'à ce que vous arriviez devant une sorte de nid composé de branches noires, dans un interstice entre deux rochers. Mais quel genre de créature ferait son nid dans le puits d'un volcan ?

Vous ne tardez pas à avoir la réponse, un cri aigu transperce la vapeur ambiante et lorsque vous levez les yeux, vous apercevez un monstre aux ailes de chauve-souris voler dans votre direction. La créature possède des traits humains déformés, ses bras sont remplacés par des ailes membraneuses, et ses jambes se terminent par d'horribles griffes. Hurlant de rage, la Boursouflure Ailée vous attaque.

BOURSOUFLURE AILEE HABILETE: 6 ENDURANCE: 6

Pour la durée du combat, vous devez réduire votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point, à cause de la fumée et des vapeurs toxiques que crache le puits du volcan. Si vous éliminez la créature hargneuse, vous avez le choix entre grimper vers son nid pour le fouiller (rendez-vous au **199**) ou revenir sur vos pas et retourner à l'intersection pour emprunter l'autre tunnel (rendez-vous au **219**).

170

Vous poussez le levier vers la gauche et l'alimentation du conducteur électrique se coupe, mais les sphères continuent de tourner et l'électricité est toujours produite entre les plaques de métal.

De petits arcs électriques sautent depuis la colonne centrale, frappant au hasard les murs de la pièce. L'un de ceux-ci trouve votre épée et vous délivre un choc électrique (vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE). Un autre éclair tombe sur un vieux morceau de tissus imbibé d'huile, lequel s'enflamme immédiatement. (Augmentez le score de DEGATS de 1 et notez sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* que vous avez allumé un feu.) L'incendie se répand rapidement dans la pièce et vous sortez tout aussi vite pour retourner à l'escalier. Rendez-vous au **54**.

171

Vous pénétrez finalement dans un nouveau tunnel qui finit par émerger dans une immense caverne, profondément enfouie sous les montagnes. Un pont de pierre naturel enjambe le centre de la grotte où le sol plonge dans un immense trou au fond duquel des stalagmites pointues se dressent tels des pieux acérés. Vous avancez sur le pont et, arrivé au milieu de votre traversée, vous percevez des cris aigus, puis deux Chauve-souris Géantes se détachent du plafond pour fondre sur vous.

Première CHAUVE-SOURIS GEANTE HABILETE: 5 ENDURANCE: 7
Seconde CHAUVE-SOURIS GEANTE HABILETE: 5 ENDURANCE: 6

Si vous perdez deux Assauts consécutifs, rendez-vous au **201**. Vous pouvez choisir de fuir les Chauve-souris en courant sur le pont, mais vous devez perdre volontairement un Assaut pour cela. (Vous pouvez également boire une Potion de Lévitation avant le début du combat, si vous le souhaitez, ce qui signifie que vous ignorez la règle des deux Assauts perdus consécutivement, mais alors vous ne pourrez pas vous enfuir.) Si vous quittez la caverne en vie, rendez-vous au **273**.

172

Dès l'instant où vous avez positionné la dernière roulette sur le bon chiffre, le Jaggernaut se fige immédiatement. Des jets de vapeur émergent des jointures des membres d'acier et les mécaniques animés par les énergies magiques sont réduits au lence si. Vous avez déconnecté le Jaggernaut ! Regagnez 1 point de CHANCE et rendez-vous au **156**.

173

Fléau du Dragon commence à luire de ses énergies ésotériques. En réponse, vous remarquez des bras se former dans la tempête. Des mains gigantesques composées de sable et de poussière

s'apprêtent à vous soulever de terre et vous projeter dans le vent. L'Elémentaire de Sable n'abandonnera pas la montgolfière sans combattre.

ELEMENTAIRE DE SABLE HABILETE: 8 ENDURANCE: 10

(Si aujourd'hui est Jour du Vent, augmentez l'HABILETE de l'Elémentaire de Sable de 1 point et son ENDURANCE de 2 points.) Pour chaque Assaut remporté par l'Elémentaire, tirez un dé et consultez la table ci-dessous pour connaître les effets de l'attaque. (Vous pouvez utiliser votre CHANCE pour réduire les dommages encaissés.)

Vous obtenez 1 ou 2: Charge de Sable - l'Elémentaire se jette contre vous, percutant et bombardant votre corps avec du sable abrasif. Vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE.

Vous obtenez de 3 à 5: Poings de Fureur - l'Elémentaire vous frappe de ses poings sablonneux qui écorchent votre chair. Vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE.

Vous obtenez 6: Projection Aérienne - l'Elémentaire vous soulève à l'aide d'une puissante tornade puis vous laisse retomber lourdement au sol. Tirez un dé pour connaître le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez.

Si vous parvenez à battre l'Elémentaire de Sable, rendez-vous au **223**.

174

Vous pénétrez dans un nuage de gaz sulfurique mais continuez à courir sans vous arrêter. Quelques instants plus tard, vous arrivez devant une autre intersection. (Ajoutez 1 point à votre SCORE DE TEMPS). Allez-vous prendre à gauche (rende z-vous au **204**) ou à droite (rendez-vous au **224**) ?

175

Vous vous sentez mal à l'aise de savoir qu'une armée barbare assemble ses forces dans le vallon. Vous êtes peut être un héros de renom, mais un aventurier seul contre une armée de cavaliers n'aurait pas la moindre chance - même pas vous !

Vous êtes tiré de vos pensées par le bruit de sabot des chevaux sur la piste caillouteuse devant vous et, l'instant d'après, vous apercevez deux cavaliers Lendlelanders galoper dans votre direction. Vous vous êtes accidentellement retrouvé dans la ronde d'une patrouille surveillant les arrières du camp. Allez-vous:

Tenter de vous cacher ? Rendez-vous au **235**.
Vous préparer au combat ? Rendez-vous au **264**.
Charger vers les cavaliers ? Rendez-vous au **205**.

176

Avec un cri de bataille, vous chargez le Géant votre arme levée au-dessus de votre tête. Le monstre se prépare à recevoir votre attaque avec son immense tronc d'arbre.

GEANT HABILETE: 9 ENDURANCE: 11

Pour chaque Assaut remporté par le Géant, tirez un dé et consultez la table ci-dessous.

Vous obtenez 1 ou 2, vous recevez un coup de tronc d'arbre. Vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE.
Vous obtenez 3 ou 4, le Géant vous décoche un cou puissant. Vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE.
Vous obtenez 5, vous êtes renversé à terre. Vous perdez 2 point d'ENDURANCE et réduisez votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point pour le prochain Assaut, pendant que vous vous relevez.
Vous obtenez 6, le Géant vous envoie voler. Vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE et réduisez votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point pour le prochain Assaut, pendant que vous tentez péniblement de retrouver vos esprits.

Si vous tuez le Géant, vous pouvez poursuivre votre quête. Vous voyagez deux jours de plus sans autre incident. Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine et rendez-vous au **250**.

177

Vous prenez un peu de recul et vous vous lancez sur la porte, les planches de bois vermoulues ne résistent pas à votre assaut et la porte vole en éclats. Vous vous trouvez dans la salle du trésor du navire, des sacs bien remplis sont entassés parmi des coffres divers. Mais votre regard est attiré par un autre coffre en fer, beaucoup plus massif, couvert de rouille que vous ne parvenez pas à ouvrir. La seule façon de le déverrouiller est de glisser une Clé en Or dans sa serrure dorée. Si vous le faites, rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant au nombre de crans sur la clé. Sinon, vous n'avez d'autre choix que de quitter la salle du trésor (rendez-vous au **163**).

178

Vous suivez le chemin qui serpente dans la gorge sous le regard impitoyable de la Déesse du Soleil, la sueur dégouline sur votre visage. Votre attention est soudainement attirée par quelque chose de brillant sous la lumière du soleil. Vous placez votre main au-dessus des yeux afin de mieux voir et vous remarquez l'Homme-oiseau juste à temps. Le soleil se reflète sur la lame de la lance qu'il serre dans sa main griffue.

HOMME-OISEAU HABILETE: 8 ENDURANCE: 8

Une fois l'Homme-oiseau vaincu, vous poursuivez votre exploration. Rendez-vous au **79**.

179

Vous progressez dans les entrailles du récif et la lumière ambiante s'intensifie progressivement. Bientôt, l'océan apparaît à nouveau au-dessus de vous, et vous vous retrouvez au bord d'un nouveau précipice. Vous jetez un œil prudent vers le fond, le sol plonge dans des ténèbres abyssales et vous vous demandez ce qui peut bien se trouver dans de telles profondeurs. En regardant autour de vous, vous notez, sur votre gauche, une colonne effondrée près de rochers. Vous avez peut-être finalement atteint le Temple Englouti du Dieu des Mers.

Juste à ce moment, vous ressentez une vibration sous vos pieds ainsi que des remous dans l'eau tout autour de vous. Puis le monstre apparait, s'élevant des profondeurs abyssales de l'océan, un démon cauchemardesque. Il s'agit d'un horrible croisement entre un crustacé titanesque et un poulpe géant ! Le monstre s'agrippe au rebord du précipice à l'aide de ses tentacules gigantesques et avance vers vous deux grandes pinces tranchantes. Un œil gélatineux unique semble émerger de la masse de chair du monstre et vous dévisage avec avidité. Il ne fait aucun doute que cette créature a dans l'idée de vous dévorer, mais de quelle manière allez-vous vous défendre face à ce titan des mers ?

Si vous possédez l'Etincelle de Vie, et désirez l'utiliser, multipliez le nombre qui lui est associé par 20 et rendez-vous à ce paragraphe. Sinon, vous pouvez dégainer votre épée (rendez-vous au **242**) ou tenter de fuir (rendez-vous au **282**).

180

Vous ne comprenez rien au système de valves. Vous voulez aider Giles et les habitants de Tumbleweir, mais vous n'avez pas le moindre indice sur la façon de procéder ici. Vous pourriez rendre les choses pires.

Ce n'est que lorsque vous sortez de la pièce aux valves, que vous vous réalisez que les conséquences de votre échec pourraient se révéler catastrophiques. Le barrage émet de terribles grincements, l'eau déborde par dessus et tombe en **ascades** vers le village en contrebas. Le temps est compté pour les habitants de Tumbleweir, mais que pouvez-vous faire à présent ?

Si vous possédez le mot code *Naromroc*, rendez-vous immédiatement au **355**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **372**.

181

Vous êtes introduit dans la guilde et amené devant un homme portant de grosses lunettes sur le nez, vêtu d'un épais tablier de cuir et d'une impressionnante ceinture à laquelle pendent toutes sortes d'outils. Lorsque vous pénétrez dans son atelier, il est occupé à travailler sur une large sphère composée de cuivre, de verre et de bois, suffisamment grande pour accueillir quelqu'un. «C'est une diligence sous-marine» vous annonce-t-il, amusé de votre expression fascinée. «Permettez-moi de me présenter, je suis Brindle Deep, mais la plupart des gens m'appellent Briny. Je suis une sorte de spécialiste des submersibles et des choses sous-marines.» L'expression de Briny s'éclaire lorsque vous lui annoncez ce dont vous avez besoin. «Je peux vous aider» déclare-t-il fièrement. «Cela fait plusieurs semaines que je travaille sur mon Casque à Air, j'ai besoin que quelqu'un le teste pour moi.» Il vous tend une sorte de heaume en cuivre très lourd, possédant une vitre à l'avant, attachée à deux longs cylindres de cuivre. «Le Casque va sur votre tête et les cylindres dans votre dos. Ils sont remplis d'air et vous permettront de respirer sous l'eau. Comme il s'agit d'un prototype, je ne vous **emanderai** rien en échange. Essayez juste de me le ramener entier.» Si vous désirez accepter l'offre généreuse, mais risquée, de Briny, notez le Casque à Air sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et rendez-vous au **252**. Si vous préférez ne pas prendre de risque avec les expériences d'un homme que vous ne connaissez pas, allez-vous rendre visite à la Confrérie des Alchimistes (rendez-vous au **151**),ou à l'Académie des Sorciers Navals (rendez-vous au **221**) ?

182

Vous escaladez des cailloux couverts de mousse pour suivre le chemin boueux qui se mêle à la puissante rivière. Vous progressez rapidement en direction de la tour serpentant dans les coudes du torrent qui se jette vers la plaine depuis le sommet de l'escarpement rocheux. Vous remarquez subitement que le chemin que vous suivez prend fin au pied d'un gros rocher. La seule façon de progresser davantage et de traverser le courant furieux. Vous posez prudemment vos pieds sur les pierres qui émergent de la rivière.

Vous êtes à mi-chemin de votre traversée lorsque les flots commencent à se faire plus agressifs et que des vagues surgies de nulle part s'écrasent sur les cailloux du lit de la rivière. Soudain, une vague plus grosse que les autres surgit devant vous, elle s'apprête à vous engloutir mais s'arrête subitement. Un visage indistinct se forme dans la vague et deux membres liquides surgissent sur les côtés, tentant rapidement de vous atteindre. Vous êtes attaqué par un Ondin - un esprit des eaux capricieux - qui a l'intention de vous assommer afin de vous entraîner au fond de l'eau.

ONDIN HABILETE: 7 ENDURANCE: 7

(Si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Mer, augmentez l'HABILETE et l'ENDURANCE de l'Ondin de 1 point. Mais, s'il s'agit du Jour du Feu, réduisez lors a l'HABILETE et l'ENDURANCE du monstre de 1 point.) L'Ondin vous combat à l'aide de puissants jets d'eau, pour chaque Assaut remporté par la créature Elémentaire vous ne perdrez que 1 point d'ENDURANCE mais vous devrez également tirer un dé, si vous obtenez 6, rendez-vous immédiatement au **212**. Si vous terrassez l'esprit des eaux, vous pouvez poursuivre votre route en direction de la tour (rendez-vous au **51**).

183

Un puissant coup déchire l'air tourmenté, des griffes aussi froides que la glace surgissent de la tempête de neige et vous lacèrent l'épaule. (Vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE sauf si vous portez un Talisman Soleil, vous ne perdez alors que 2 points d'ENDURANCE.) Rendez-vous au **261**.

184

Vous ouvrez la porte et pénétrez dans une cabine où sont stockées tout un tas de choses. Vous apercevez des étagères remplies de livres, une grande carte dépliée sur un bureau et même un lit quelque part, enfoui sous un monticule de dessins et diagrammes en tous genres qui tapissent tous les coins de la pièce. L'immense carte posée sur le bureau représente le royaume de Femphrey à côté de laquelle repose un journal à la couverture de cuir qui doit sans doute être le carnet de bord du vaisseau et, un peu plus loin, les plans roulés d'un étrange appareil. Une autre porte se trouve sur le mur opposé de la cabine. Allez-vous:

Examiner la carte ?	Rendez-vous au **198**.
Lire le carnet de bord ?	Rendez-vous au **215**.
Etudier les plans ?	Rendez-vous au **229**.
Ouvrir l'autre porte ?	Rendez-vous au **259**.
Retourner à l'escalier ?	Rendez-vous au **54**.

185

Vous pénétrez dans le tunnel se trouvant sur l'autre bord de la rivière de lave. Vous poursuivez votre route en faisant des tours et des détours jusqu'à parvenir à une nouvelle intersection. Irez-vous à gauche (rendez-vous au **155**) ou à droite (rendez-vous au **125**) ?

186

Vous arrachez les planches et poursuivez au-delà, l e long du tunnel principal. Votre lanterne renvoie des ombres dansantes sur les parois rocheuses et à plusieurs reprises vous sursautez, pensant voir des fantômes de ténèbres. Un lourd craquement accompagne le sol qui se dérobe sous vos pieds, vous faites un bond en arrière, à temps pour voir un nuage vert de spores émerger du trou. Un peu plus loin dans le tunnel d'autres énormes boules accrochées aux parois crachent des nuées de spores dans l'air. Voilà la raison de la fermeture du passage, cet endroit est envahi de fungus ! Vous commencez à tousser tandis que votre corps réagit aux toxines des spores. (Vous perdez 4 points d'ENDURANCE et 1 point d'HABILETE, vous êtes désorienté.) Vous revenez sur vos pas, inspirant des bouffées d'air pur entre deux convulsions respiratoires. Vous empruntez l'autre tunnel, rendez-vous au **310**.

187

Affaibli, le corps liquide de Sturm s'évapore et disparait. Etes-vous parvenu à le vaincre enfin ? (Si vous possédez le mot code *Eimlacca*, rendez-vous au **397** immédiatement.)

Votre soulagement n'est que de courte durée lorsqu'un puissant vent balaye soudainement le pont. Vous reculez sous la force des bourrasques et une face cruelle apparait dans les tourbillons d'air devant vous, celle de Balthazar Sturm ! Mais qu'est-ce qui pourrait rivaliser avec la rage d'un ouragan, telles les montagnes résistant au vent éternel ?

Si vous possédez une Statuette d'Argile, changez le nom gravé sur celle-ci en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26. Additionnez tous les n ombres entre eux et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Sinon, rendez-vous au **284**.

188

La lumière s'intensifie à mesure que vous descendez les marches et finalement, vous parvenez en bas de l'escalier. Un puissant vent fouette votre visage, vous vous trouvez au bord d'une plateforme de pierre qui surplombe un précipice en bas duquel s'étendent la vallée et la rivière. Vous avez traversé tout le promontoire rocheux ! Vous regardez rapidement autour de vous. Contre le mur, dans votre dos, sont accrochés plusieurs sacs à dos et vous remarquez également une lourde chaine, accrochée à la plateforme par un gros anneau de fer, qui pend dans le vide et dont vous ne voyez pas l'autre extrémité. Allez-vous:

Vous intéresser aux sacs à dos ? Rendez-vous au **202**.
Tirer la chaine ? Rendez-vous au **255**.

Retourner vers la porte de fer cadenassée ? Rendez-vous au **285**.
Grimper dans les étages supérieurs de la tour (si vous ne l'avez pas encore fait) ? Rendez-vous au **220**.
Quitter la tour ? Rendez-vous au **398**.

189

Vous arrivez finalement en vue du Lac du Chaudron aussi connu sous le nom de Lac de Cristal à cause de son eau saturée en minéraux charriée depuis le volcan du Mont Pyre par la Rivière de Feu. Il vous faut presque toute la journée pour faire le tour du lac et à la tombée du jour, vous apercevez les lumières de Shard Wharf.

Ce relais de commerce s'est construit à l'endroit où la Rivière de Feu se jette dans le Lac du Chaudron. Le Mont Pyre se trouve dans les montagnes de Mauristasie, au cœur du Vieux Monde, il vous faudra voyager encore quelques jours vers l'est pour l'atteindre. Quelques bateaux naviguent sur la rivière chaude, véhiculant des denrées entre le Femphrey et les principautés de Mauristasie. Le passage sur la rivière vous coûtera 6 Pièces d'Or. Si vous souhaitez acheter votre passage sur l'un des bateau, ce qui accélèrera votre voyage (et si vous pouvez le payer), rendez-vous au **165**. Sinon, vous allez devoir poursuivre à pied sur un terrain caillouteux bordant la rivière (rendez-vous au **232**).

190*

«Mine des Profondeurs Insondables» est ce qui se trouve inscrit sur l'écriteau de bois qui est accroché au-dessus de l'entrée bouchée, taillée a là base de la montagne. Lorsque les Nains ont quitté ce lieu, ils y ont laissé tout leur matériel sur place, des machines à levier, des chariots de mine et les rails qu'ils empruntent sont abandonnés à la rouille. Vous approchez des planches qui masquent la bouche de la mine et vous en retirez suffisamment pour pouvoir passer. Allumant votre lanterne, vous vous engagez dans les ténèbres.

Des gouttes d'eau tombent à intervalles réguliers, depuis le plafond du tunnel, dans des flaques d'eau croupie qui se sont formées entre les rails. Le plafond n'est pas très haut et vous devez avancer courbé, l'endroit étant adapté à la morphologie Naine. Un peu plus loin, vous arrivez à une intersection où vous découvrez que vous pourrez à nouveau vous tenir debout. Les rails

s'enfoncent dans le sombre tunnel de gauche, le passage de droite quant à lui semble avoir été creusé uniquement pour le passage des mineurs.

Désirez-vous suivre le passage de droite (rendez-vous au **5**) ou préférez-vous suivre les rails dans le tunnel de gauche (rendez-vous au **290**) ?

191

Vous vous préparez à affronter la Bête de Magma quant un de ses congénère se dresse à son tour hors de la lave. Commencez par combattre la première Bête de Magma. Après trois Assauts, la seconde Bête de Magma se joindra au combat.

Première BETE DE MAGMA	**HABILETE: 8**	**ENDURANCE: 7**
Seconde BETE DE MAGMA	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 8**

(Si aujourd'hui est Jour du Feu, augmentez l'ENDURANCE des monstres de 2 points.) Si vous perdez quatre Assauts de suite, les Bêtes de Magma vous poussent de votre rocher et vous plongez dans la lave, vous ne pouvez pas survivre à un tel traitement, vous êtes entièrement incinéré et votre aventure est terminée ! Si vous parvenez à vaincre les deux Bêtes, sans chuter de votre rocher, rendez-vous au **251**.

192

Seuls une Masse ou un Marteau de Guerre viendront à bout de la lentille. Si vous ne possédez ni l'un ni l'autre, retournez au **213** et faites un autre choix. Si vous possédez l'un ou l'autre, vous abattez la lourde tête de l'arme sur la lentille qui se brise sous l'impact, envoyant des éclats tranchants voler à travers la pièce. Tirez un dé, divisez le résultat par deux (en arrondissant au supérieur) et perdez autant de point d'ENDURANCE. Si vous survivez, augmentez le score de DEGATS de 1, puis rendez-vous au **258**.

193

«Il est temps de vous mettre en route,» vous informe Matteus Charmweaver. «Je vais demander au Conseil de faire son possible afin de réduire l'impact des attaques météorologiques de Sturm, mais cela ne suffira pas à le stopper lui et son vaisseau - ceci sera votre travail ! Que les Dieux vous bénissent.»

Vous quittez le Collèges des Mages, mais par où allez-vous commencer vos recherches sur les moyens de vaincre les Elémentaires de Sturm ?

La Mer des Anguilles ?	Rendez-vous au **64**.
La Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière ?	Rendez-vous au **157**.
Le Mont Pyre ?	Rendez-vous au **22**.
Les Plaines Hurlantes ?	Rendez-vous au **4**.

194

«Je pansé ke vou zétié un éro !» se moque le Géant,«mé vou néte rien kin kouar !» Puis, il brandit son tronc d'arbre et vous décoche un violent coup. Vous êtes projeté à travers les arbres pour atterrir lourdement plusieurs mètres au-delà (vous perdez 4 points d'ENDURANCE.) Le Géant s'approche de vous et se penche afin de voir si vous êtes encore vivant. «Mint'nan vou zallé vous batre avek moua, avek lé mains ?» Allez-vous accepter le défi de cette brute (rendez-vous au **210**), ou tirer votre épée et l'attaquer (rendez-vous au **176**) ?

195

Vos errements vous amènent sur les rives du lac Eerie. Un grognement sourd est le seul bruit qui rompt le silence pesant de l'endroit, puis quelque chose remue dans l'eau à quelques mètres du bord. Le chien-loup du chasseur aboie furieusement, tirant sur sa chaine. Soudain, une créature noire et monstrueuse surgit du lac dans une gerbe d'eau boueuse qui vous éclabousse. Sylas et son chien reculent d'un pas. «Par tous les Dieux !» est tout ce que Sylas parvient à articuler avant qu'une énorme tête de reptile juchée sur un long cou grotesque le percute et le renverse. Le chasseur est blessé. Vous dégainez votre arme, réalisant que vous faites face à une autre créature de légende - La Bête d'Eerie side. Elle pousse un croassement lugubre et vous attaque.

BETE D'EERIESIDE
HABILETE: 9 ENDURANCE: 12

Si vous tuez le monstre, son corps sans vie retombe dans l'eau froide du lac (il sera le repas d'une quelconque autre créature sans doute). Rendez-vous au **386**.

196

Vous commencez à grimper aux seules forces de vos mains et de vos pieds. Testez votre Habileté puis Tentez votre Chance. Si vous échouez au test d'Habileté ou que vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **226**. Si vous réussissez le test d'Habileté et que vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **256**.

197

Les derniers morceaux de métal s'agglutinent tandis que vous courrez en direction des escaliers. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, vous parvenez à atteindre l'arche (rendez-vous au **117**). Si vous êtes Malchanceux, un bras de tuyaux rouillés s'abat sur vous, vous envoyant voler en arrière. Vous perdez 4 points d'ENDURANCE et rendez-vous au **67**.

198

La carte est couvert de flèches et d'annotations diverses. Au sud-est de Femphrey, il est écrit «Verre Flamboyant réussi», au nord-est «Moteur Cryoutilisé ici». Au sud-ouest il est inscrit «Observation d'inondations dues aux fortes précipitations». Au sud, à la frontière avec le Lendleland, se trouve l'image d'une tour, et au-dessus, du côté du Femphrey, il a été noté à côté du village de Vastarin «Premier essai». Aussi intéressant que cela puisse paraître, ces annotations ne vous seront d'aucune utilité pour arrêter les actions de Sturm. Désirez-vous à présent:

Regarder autre chose sur le bureau ?	Rendez-vous au **243**.
Ouvrir l'autre porte ?	Rendez-vous au **259**.
Retourner près de l'escalier ?	Rendez-vous au **54**.

199

Vous escaladez les rochers, risquant votre vie à chaque prise, jusqu'au nid de la Boursouflure Ailée. Vous découvrez sa progéniture à l'intérieur, ces petits monstres vous mordent les mains et les bras. (Vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE.) Vous ne trouvez rien de valeur entre les branches du nid. Vous redescendez donc prudemment et retournez sur vos pas pour emprunter l'autre tunnel de l'intersection. Rendez-vous au **219**.

200

Tandis que la créature se rapproche de vous, un autre prédateur des océans fait son apparition, le monstre qui vous avait presque avalé ! Ayant manqué son repas, il vous prend de suite en chasse. Mais l'Horreur Abyssale est sur sa route et il juge que cette dernière pourrait faire un meilleur diner ! Le Léviathan fonce vers l'Horreur, sa mâchoire aux dents mortelles grande ouverte, l'Horreur tente de se défendre du mieux qu'elle le peut avec ses tentacules et ses pinces. Les deux monstres engagent une lutte titanesque, vous en profitez pour vous éclipser et vous diriger vers le Temple Englouti. Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE et rayez le mot code *Ertsnom* de votre *Feuille d'Aventure* . Rendez-vous au **222**.

201

Les chauves-souris parviennent, en coordonnant leurs attaques, à vous fouetter le visage de leurs ailes. Testez votre Habileté. Si c'est un succès, vous parvenez à conserver votre équilibre juste à temps (retournez au **171** et poursuivez le combat contre les chauves-souris). Si c'est un échec, vous perdez l'équilibre et tombez à la renverse vers une mort certaine. Votre vous empalez sur les stalagmites au fond du fossé. Votre aventure est terminée.

202

Vous décrochez l'un des sacs à dos de son support mural et découvrez qu'il est composé de deux compartiments distincts. Le plus grand est vide et peut être utilisé comme un sac à dos normal, quand à l'autre, il ressemble à une grosse poche su r le dessus fermée par une cordelette qui lui permet d'être ouvert très rapidement, ce compartiment contient un gros morceau de toile plié soigneusement à l'intérieur. Si vous désirez échanger votre sac à dos contre celui-là, vous transvasez votre équipement et abandonnez votre ancien sac (notez le Sac à Dos Spécial sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* ainsi que le fait qu'il possède deux compartiments). A présent Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **233**.Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **255**.

203

Vous vous couchez au sol, tentant de vous faire le plus petit possible. Quelques instants plus tard, la tempête de sable vous atteint. Des débris abrasifs et du sable chaud lacèrent votre chair. Vous perdez 4 points d'ENDURANCE. Si aujourd'hui est Jour du Feu, vous perdez 1 point d'ENDURANCE supplémentaire, mais si vous avez un Tatouage de Dragon vous pouvez réduire ce total de 1 point.

Vous entendez un terriblement hurlement tandis que la montgolfière est avalée par la tempête. Une fois la furie passée, vous scrutez le ciel mais il n'y a plus aucun signe du ballon ni de son occupant. Vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE et rendez-vous au **263**.

204

Le chemin vous amène au bord de la rivière de laveque vous aviez franchie plus tôt. Ce ne peut être le bon passage pour sortir du Mont Pyre. Sanshésiter, vous tournez les talons et sprintez à nouveau vers l'intersection et empruntez l'autre tunnel. Ajoutez 1 point à votre SCORE DE TEMPS et rendez-vous au **224**.

205

Quelle chance pensez-vous avoir contre des guerriers entraînés à dos de cheval ? Les Lendlelanders vous chargent à leur tour et l'un d'entre eux vous envoie voler d'un simple coup de botte. (Vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE et 1 point de CHANCE.) Les cavaliers vous attrapent et vous traînent vers le camp des barbares. Vous êtes leur prisonnier. Rendez-vous au **19**.

206

Une fois de plus, vous devez combattre pour défendre votre peau tandis que le Déluge tente de vous noyer.

DELUGE HABILETE: 11 ENDURANCE: 11

Si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Mer, augmentez l'HABILETE du Déluge de 1 et son ENDURANCE de 2. Vous avez été renversé par le Déluge auparavant, vous devez donc réduire votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point pour le premier Assaut tandis que vous vous remettez sur vos pieds. Si vous réduisez l'ENDURANCE du Déluge à 3 ou moins, rendez-vous au **187**.

207

Vous avalez la potion et ses effets se font immédiatement sentir. Toutefois, la Potion de Lévitation ne vous permet que de vous élever dansesl airs, pas de voler et la Machine de Sturm n'est pas même en vue. Mais soudain, tandis que vous vous élevez au-dessus du sol, vous êtes fouetté par un vent puissant.

Vous levez la tête et apercevez des nuages noirs se masser dans le ciel qui s'assombrit brusquement. Soudain, perçant cette masse noire menaçante, le poisson de cuivre, l'Œil du Cyclone, que vous aviez vu après la dévastation de Vastarin surgit près de vous !

Le vent devient de plus en plus fort et vous vous retrouvez propulsé vers la machine volante par une tornade. Le vortex de vent a emmené d'autres choses également, des poissons d'un lac proche, des branches d'arbres et même de gros cailloux ! Vous êtes au centre de cette furie et bombardé par les débris. Tirez un dé et perdez autant de points d'ENDURANCE.

Le vent vous pousse toujours plus haut, bien au-dessus de la Machine Météo. L'engin est énorme, plus gros qu'une baleine. Ses immenses yeux parcourus d'arcs électriques sont des fenêtres d'observation, ses nageoires et sa queue font office de voiles et de gouvernail dans l'ouragan. Sur le flanc du puissant vaisseau, se trouve une écoutille circulaire. Le vent cesse soudain et vous vous rendez alors compte que les effets de la potion se sont dissipé… rendez-vous au **14**.

208

Vous parvenez bientôt à une nouvelle intersection. Depuis la route de gauche, vous parvient un gémissement perturbant. Au loin, dans le chemin de droite vous pensez apercevoir quelques volatiles dans les effluves thermiques du soleil assassin qui émanent des parois des ravins brûlants. Si vous souhaitez prendre à gauche, rende z-vous au **79**. Si vous préférez prendre à droite, rendez-vous au **148**.

209

Vous ouvrez la porte de la tourelle et pénétrez dans les quartiers privés du propriétaire de toute la tour elle-même, l'endroit est désert. La petite pièce est encombrée de fournitures, d'un lit et d'un large bureau. Immédiatement, deux choses attirent votre attention. La première est que chaque

parcelle de mur, de bureau et de lit est couverte de parchemins sur lesquels sont dessinés les plans de ce qui semble être une incroyable machine. La seconde est un grand télescope pointé au travers d'une fenêtre ouverte. Désirez-vous vous intéresser aux plans (rendez-vous au **289**), ou regarder à travers le télescope (rendez-vous au **239**) ?

210

Vous vous débarrassez de votre arme et de votre armure, puis vous faites face au Géant, prêt pour la lutte. Si vous possédez une Potion de Force de Géant et que vous désirez la boire avant le début de l'affrontement, rendez-vous au **291**. Sinon tirez quatre dés. Si le total obtenu est inférieur à votre score d'ENDURANCE, rendez-vous au **291**; s'il est supérieur, rendez-vous au **305**.

211

«Faites demi-tour, étranger. Faites demi-tour !» dit l'homme au manteau noir quand il vous aperçoit. Il jette sa capuche en arrière et vous voyez un homme au crâne tonsuré, ses yeux sont grands ouverts de terreur. «Seule la damnation vous attends sur ce chemin. Faites demi-tour j'ai dit !»

Vous dites à l'homme que vous êtes déterminé à poursuivre et lorsqu'il vous en demande la raison, vous lui dévoilez votre quête et qui vous êtes.

«Le Héros de Tannatown ?» dit-il lorsque vous avez terminé. «Vous étiez chanceux avec ce Basilic, n'est ce pas ?» Vous n'aviez jamais pensé que la chance avait quelque chose à voir dans cet affrontement passé ! «Hé bien, je suppose que vous avez ce que vous faites, mais si je puis me permettre, vous êtes damné.»

Vous demandez le nom de ce prêtre pessimiste.

«Muldwych,» répond-il, «mais les gens me surnomment le Moine Fou.» Vous comprenez aisément pourquoi.

Vous remarquez soudain du mouvement dans les flaques de boue infecte de part et d'autre du chemin. Vous avez presque la

main sur votre arme quand deux créatures hideuses se dressent depuis la fange en gémissant de manière horrible. Leur corps humanoïdes ne sont composés que de boue et de matière gluante en décomposition ! Vous reconnaissez immédiatement ces monstres, il s'agit de Spectres des Marais, des créatures élémentaires et primaires engendrées par les marécages. Les Spectres des Marais n'aiment pas qu'on envahisse leur territoire et c'est ce que vous avez fait, vous et le Moine Fou. Muldwych tente vainement de se défendre à l'aide de son bâton et vous vous retrouvez à combattre les deux créatures par vous même.

Premier SPECTRE DES MARAIS	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 5**
Second SPECTRE DES MARAIS	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 5**

A cause de la nature insubstantielle des corps gluants de ces Spectres, chacun de vos coups ne leur feront perdre que 1 point d'ENDURANCE (au lieu des 2 points habituels.) Si vous parvenez à vaincre les deux monstres du marécage, ils s'effondrent dans leurs mares. Rendez-vous au **369**.

212

La force de l'attaque de l'Ondin vous déséquilibre Saisissant. cette opportunité, l'Elémentaire se jette sur vous, tel une grosse vague puissante. Vous tombez à la renverse dans la rivière. Incapable de lutter face à la furie du courant, vous êtes entrainé vers les chutes d'eau et les rapides. Vous avez du mal à garder votre tête horsde l'eau et votre corps rebondit sur les cailloux et les racines qui tapissent le fond de la rivière. Vous parvenez finalement à saisir l'une des racines et vous rampez hors de l'eau furieuse. (Tirez un dé et ajoutez 1, vous perdez autant de points d'ENDURANCE.) Votre chute dans la rivière a également gâté quelques unes de vos Provisions (vous perdez la moitié de vos Repas, arrondi à l'inférieur.) Si vous êtes toujours vivant, vous trouvez finalement la force de vous relever et vous reprenez votre ascension. Mais comment allez-vous vous y prendre ?

Si vous désirez escalader le rocher par le petit chemin, rendez-vous au **35**. Si vous souhaitez emprunter la route plus longue mais moins éprouvante, rendez-vous au **322**.

213

La première chose que vous notez lorsque vous pénétrez dans la pièce au soleil est la chaleur. Le plafond est presque entièrement composé de verre et au fond de la salle se trouve une énorme loupe de trois mètres de diamètre enserrée dans un cadre circulaire. A côté se trouve un télescope posé sur un trépied pointant à l'extérieur, devant le vaisseau. Vous remarquez qu'une des faces de la loupe géante est concave et l'autre convexe. En ce moment, la lentille est à 90 degrés par rapport à son cadre, la face concave placée vers le haut. Désirez-vous:

Détruire la lentille ? Rendez-vous au **192**.
Tourner la lentille afin que la face concave soit tournée vers l'extérieur du vaisseau ? Rendez-vous au **162**.
Tourner la lentille afin que la face concave soit tournée vers l'intérieur du vaisseau ? Rendez-vous au **139**.
Quitter la pièce Soleil ? Rendez-vous au **258**.

214

L'Elémentaire de Feu se jette sur vous, son corps est une boule de feu incandescente. Vous dégainez rapidement votre épée.

ELEMENTAIRE DE FEU **HABILETE: 12** **ENDURANCE: 16**

Si vous parvenez à défaire la puissance de l'Elémentaire du Mont Pyre, rendez-vous au **114**.

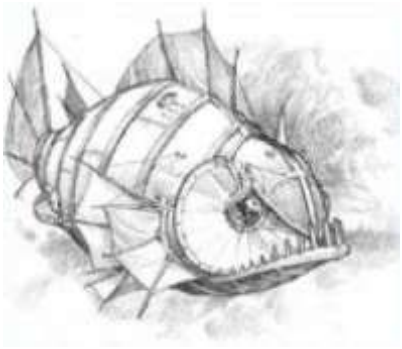

215

Le carnet s'ouvre sur une page sur laquelle est dessinée la silhouette d'un homme artificiel construit en fer. Dans une colonne, à côté du schéma, est inscrit:

Activation: **270** / Désactivation: 072

Comme vous le suspectiez, le reste du carnet contient les enregistrements écrit des différents endroits que l'Œil du Cyclone a visités lors des saccages de Sturm. A présent, allez-vous:

Regarder autre chose sur le bureau ? Rendez-vous au **243**.
Ouvrir l'autre porte ? Rendez-vous au **259**.
Retourner près de l'escalier ? Rendez-vous au **54**.

216

Le sifflement des flèches parcourant l'air vous avertit de l'embuscade qui se referme sur vous. Tirez un dé et ajoutez 1, ceci représente le nombre de flèches qui vous touchent. (Vous pouvez réduire ce nombre de 1 si vous possédez un Bouclier Dragon, une Armure de Plates, une Cotte de Mailles ou une Cape en Peau de Dragon. Tous ces objets sont cumulatifs, ainsi si vous portez une Cape en Peau de Dragon et un bouclier, vous réduisez le nombre de flèches de 2.) Chaque flèche qui vous touche vous fait perdre 2 points d'ENDURANCE. Si vous survivez à cette pluie meurtrière, vous entendez le bruit des arcs qui se tendent à nouveau. Rendez-vous au **329**.

217

Dans les ponts inférieurs, le bateau ressemble à une immense tombe. Tout autour de vous se trouvent les squelettes de l'équipage décimé, figés dans les positions de leur mort lorsque le galion a coulé. Certains reposent sous les restes rouillés de canons renversés, d'autres sont allongés dans des coins sombres affichant un rictus moqueur sur leur crâne dépourvu de chair. Vous avancez à travers ce cimetière et arrivez devant une lourde porte. Vous tentez de l'ouvrir mais elle est solidement fermée, vous vous mettez en quête de la clé autour de vous, mais sans succès. Allez-vous essayer d'enfoncer la porte (rendez-vous au **177**) ou préférez-vous poursuivre votre exploration ailleurs (rendez-vous au **163**) ?

218

Le sol s'effondre sous vos pieds. Vous tombez dans la fissure en vous écorchant les bras et les jambes le long de ses parois. Vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE et pour les deux premiers Assauts du combat qui va suivre, vous devrez réduire votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point tandis que vous tentez de sortir du trou. Rendez-vous au **346**.

219

Le tunnel descend dans les profondeurs de la montagne, tournant toujours sur la gauche. Vous atteignez bientôt une nouvelle intersection où un passage émerge sur votre droite. Si vous désirez suivre ce nouveau tunnel, rendez-vous au **319**. Si vous préférez poursuivre toujours dans la même voie, rendez-vous au **249**.

220

Vous montez l'escalier de pierre pour arriver au premier étage. Vous débouchez dans une nouvelle pièce circulaire, plus petite que celle du rez-de-chaussée, possédant de larges fenêtres voutées ouvertes sur l'extérieur. Au milieu de la salle sur une estrade de marbre, se trouve un objet stupéfiant. Il s'agit d'une grande cloche de verre dans laquelle sont piégés des papillons aux reflets bleus et argents. Pour quelle raison y ont-ils été enfermés ? Si vous souhaitez pénétrer dans la pièce et libérer les insectes, rendez-vous au **253**. Sinon, vous poursuivez votre ascension de la tour (rendez-vous au **281**).

221

Beaucoup de Sorciers de l'Académie, une association affiliée au Collège des Mages, seraient heureux de trouver une solution à votre problème - malheureusement pas gratuitement ! Vous parvenez à convaincre un mage du nom de Prospero Se acharmer de vous aider contre 10 Pièces d'Or. Pour ce prix, il voyagera avec vous sur la Mer des Anguilles et vous lancera le sortilège approprié lorsque vous serez prêt à plonger sous les flots. Les tarifs des Sorciers Navals sont exorbitants ! Si vous pouvez vous permettre ce prix et que vous souhaitez le payer, déduisez 10 Pièces d'Or et notez Prospero Seacharmer sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* , puis rendez-vous au **252**. Sinon, vous allez devoir rendre visiter à la Confrérie des Alchimistes (rendez-vous au **151**) ou à la Guilde des Artisans (rendez-vous au **181**).

222

Le Temple Englouti est un bâtiment grandiose qui au rait parfaitement sa place parmi les temples sacrés qui donnent sur la plus belle avenue de Chalannabrad. Il possède une grande entrée bordée de piliers et de statues d'hommes-poissons chevauchant des hippocampes, engagés dans d'épiques batailles contre des légions d'horreurs tentaculaires. Un immense dôme doré se dresse au-dessus du plafond de la structure centrale. Vous vous engagez en nageant dans le Grand Temple de Hydana, Dieu des Mers.

Au cœur de l'endroit sacré, sous la coupole d'or, se tient une imposante statue du Dieu des Mers en personne. Elle semble avoir été taillée dans le jade et représente Hydana comme un homme-poisson de quatre mètres de haut. La représentation possède une queue écailleuse de poisson, un torse et des bras humains, mais la tête est un croisement des deux. La statue tient également un trident en or. Sur un socle, au pied de la statue, se trouve un gros coquillage. Quelque chose vous dit que l'un de ces trésors est l'artefact dont vous aurez besoin pour affronter l'Elémentaire d'Eau de Sturm, mais lequel ? Allez-vous prendre le trident en or (rendez-vous au **301**) ou le coquillage (rendez-vous au **321**) ?

223

La poussière et le sable se dissipent au vent jusqu'à ce qu'il n'en reste plus rien. Quelques instants plus tard, la montgolfière atterrit non loin de vous. Vous courrez en direction de la nacelle afin de vous assurer que le pilote n'ait rien. L'homme lève une paire de grosses lunettes et secoue le sable de ses robes volumineuses.

«Merci infiniment !» lance t-il. «J'avais vraiment de gros soucis, vous venez de sauver la vie de Corbo Rundum ! Comment puis-je solder ma dette ?»

Vous dites à Corbo Rundum qu'il ne vous doit rien, sauver la vie des gens est un travail quotidien pour un héros tel que vous ! Vous lui demandez toutefois comment il a pu se retrouvé la proie d'un Elémentaire de Sable.

«Je suis un inventeur venant de Quartz, un village situé à l'est d'ici. Une terrible sécheresse noud prive de récoltes et s'il ne pleut pas bientôt, les gens vont commencer à mourir. Des fermiers m'ont rapporté avoir vu un curieux poisson de cuivre dans le ciel, drainant les nuages de pluie derrière lui. Les rumeurs disent que cet étrange vaisseau volant est venu depuis le sud, j'ai donc décidé de prendre ma montgolfière afin de voir ce que je pourrais découvrir. J'étais à mi-chemin au-dessus des Plaines Hurlantes quand cette tempête de sable infernale est apparue et a commencé à me pourchasser jusqu'ici.

Vous demandez à Corbo ce qu'il compte faire à présent.

«Je vais retourner à Quartz je pense, ou peut-être à Chalannabrad pour quérir l'aide du Collège des Mages. Il est certain que la sécheresse ou la t**empête** de sable ne sont pas naturelles. Et où allez-vous ?

Vous lui dites que vous allez poursuivre vers le sud à travers les Plaines Hurlantes.

«Hé bien, si je peux vous mettre en garde, faites attention aux Hommes-oiseaux. J'en ai vu quelques uns plus loin au sud, vers le Canyon Hurlant.»

Vous remerciez Corbo pour cette information, vous le laissez réparer son ballon et vous vous remettez en route vers le sud. Notez le mot code *Nollab* sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et rendez-vous au **263**.

224

Les murs du tunnel tremblent et s'effondrent autour de vous, vous pouvez sentir la température monter. Vous courrez sur une pente ascendante, essoufflé et en sueur, vous imaginez déjà les flammes de la lave lécher vos bottes. Puis vous parvenez à une autre intersection. (Ajoutez 1 point à votre SCORE DE TEMPS.) Cette fois tournerez-vous à gauche (rendez-vous au **254**) ou poursuivrez-vous tout droit (rendez-vous au **304**) ?

225

Vous ne parvenez pas à atteindre l'autre bord du pont et vous tombez dans le précipice bouillonnant. Vous écorchez profondément vos bras et entaillez votre dos lorsque vous atterrissez sur des rochers tranchants en bordure de la rivière de lave. Tirez un dé et ajoutez 2, ceci représente le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez. Vous perdez également 1 point d'HABILETE et 1 point de CHANCE. Si vous êtes toujours vivant, rendez-vous au **141**.

226

Vous êtes à mi-chemin de votre ascension lorsque votre prise dans la roche cède sous votre poids et vous dégringolez jusqu'en bas en rebondissant sur les rochers. Vous atterrissez en poussant un cri de douleur. Tirez un dé et consultez la table ci-dessous pour connaître votre état.

Vous obtenez 1: Vous vous êtes foulé la cheville et contusionné les hanches. Vous perdez 4 points d'ENDURANCE et 2 points d'HABILETE.

Vous obtenez 2: Vous vous êtes écorché les genoux **blessé** le dos. Vous perdez 4 points d'ENDURANCE.

Vous obtenez 3 ou 4: Tirez un dé et ajoutez 2, ceci représente le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez.

Vous obtenez 5: Vous vous êtes déboité l'épaule cogné et la tête. Vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE et 1 point d'HABILETE.

Vous obtenez 6: Tirez deux fois de plus sur cette table. Si vous obtenez 6 à nouveau, ignorez ce texte et relancez simplement le dé.

Si vous êtes toujours vivant, et que vous désirez e**scalader** à nouveau, retournez au **196** et refaites

les deux tests. Si vous décidez que c'est trop risqué et que vous souhaitez abandonner le moyen de battre l'Elémentaire d'Air Supérieur de Sturm, vous vous remettez en route, revenant sur vos pas à travers le Canyon Hurlant puis vous quittez l es Plaines Hurlantes. Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **394**.

227

Le passage débouche sur une grande pièce carrée sans autre issue. Le sol est couvert de reste d'équipements de mine, des pioches, des chariots, des pelles… Au centre de ce foutoir, se trouve une créature ressemblant vaguement à un gros crapaud dont la peau a la teinte de la rouille. La chose mâche des morceaux de métal entre ses grandes mâchoires, le son de cette mastication résonne sur les murs de cette pièce volumineuse. Vous apercevant, le monstre cesse de manger et se dresse sur ses pattes pour vous faire face. Il marque une pause, humant l'air, puis il ouvre sa gueule et pousse un croassement enroué, révélant plusieurs rangées de dents pointues. Vous portez du fer sur vous et le Ferrovore arrive à le sentir. Le monstre rouille se déplace de plus en plus vite dans votre direction, déterminé à festoyer de votre métal.

FERROVORE
HABILETE: 7 ENDURANCE: 9

Si vous terrassez le Ferrovore, vous ne trouvez rien de valeur dans la pièce, la créature a déjà presque tout mangé, vous faites ainsi demi-tour et revenez à l'intersection (en choisissant une voie que vous n'avez pas

encore empruntée) et vous tournez à droite, dans un tunnel visqueux (rendez-vous au **327**), ou prenez tout droit, vers un passage humide (rendez-vous au **399**).

228

Vous étant occupé des vautours, vous ramassez le sac à dos de l'aventurier mort et regardez à l'intérieur. Vous découvrez quelques provisions moisies, un peu de Pièces d'Or (tirez un dé et ajoutez 2 pour savoir combien vous en trouvez) et une Corde accrochée à un Grappin. Prenez ce que vous voulez et couvrez le corps du pauvre homme du mieux que vous pouvez avec des rochers afin de le protéger des charognards. Rendez-vous au **148**.

229

Les plans concernent des mécanismes subsidiaires opérant sur l'Œil du Cyclone. Vous en trouvez un nommé «Générateur d'Eclairs» qui porte la mentionne «Ne pas positionner le levier sur la gauche». Un autre, portant le dessin d'une loupe géante porte l'annotation «La lentille concave doit faire face à l'extérieur pour effecteur des opérations sans risque». Ces informations pourraient se révéler utiles pour désactiver la Machine Météo, vous rangez donc les plans dans votre sac à dos. A présent, allez-vous:

Regarder autre chose sur le bureau ?	Rendez-vous au **243**.
Ouvrir l'autre porte ?	Rendez-vous au **259**.
Retourner près de l'escalier ?	Rendez-vous au **54**.

230

«Zephyrus !» criez-vous. «Zephyrus, entend mon appel !»

Le pont est soudainement envahi par un puissant vent rageur, les serviteurs de Sturm sont emportés dans les airs. Puis les bourrasques se mettent à tourbillonner de plus en plus proches les unes des autres, entre vous et la Torche Humaine, pour bientôt former l'Elémentaire d'Air. Il est composé d'une tornade dévastatrice surmontée du buste d'un géant gazeux.

«Vous avez appelé et je suis venu !» déclare l'Elémentaire du Vent de l'Ouest. Il se tourne vers le Mage et dit: «et maintenant laissez-moi souffler ce feu !»

Zephyrus tourne de plus en plus vite autour du Sturm flamboyant, emprisonnant la Torche Humaine dans un cyclone de plus en plus puissant. A travers la tornade rageuse vous voyez les flammes sur le corps de Sturm s'éteindre les unes après les autres, laissant le mage d'une couleur aussi noir que de la cendre.

Puis il se transforme à nouveau. Son corps grandit, sa peau se durcit, il finit par devenir un immense béhémoth de 3 mètres constitué de pierre et de terre. Zephyrus ne peut plus rien faire contre ce géant de pierre et disparait dans un dernier rugissement d'ouragan.

Avec un rugissement semblable au craquement d'un glissement de terrain, le Colosse avance vers vous. Mais comment pouvez-vous combattre quelque chose constitué de terre solide ? Si seulement vous pouvez le ramollir, comme la mer dévorant la plage…

Si vous possédez le Coquillage des Mers et connaissez le nom de l'Elémentaire d'Eau qui pourrait vous aider, changez son nom en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26.
Additionnez tous les nombres entre eux et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Sinon, rendez-vous au **8**.

231

Vous sautez sur le prochain rocher tandis que la Bête de Magma tente de vous attraper. Le monstre rate son coup de quelques centimètres à peine, mais c'est à ce moment qu'une autre Bête de Magma se dresse depuis la lave entre vous et le prochain rocher. Les deux monstres s'approchent de vous et vous êtes forcé de vous battre.

Première BETE DE MAGMA	**HABILETE: 8**	**ENDURANCE: 9**
Seconde BETE DE MAGMA	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 8**

(Si aujourd'hui est Jour du Feu, augmentez l'ENDURANCE des monstres de 2 points.) Si vous parvenez à vaincre les deux Bêtes, sans chuter de votre rocher, rendez-vous au **251**.

232

Vous avez voyagé un jour durant dans les étendues désolées du Pays Gobelin, lorsque vous tombez sur une bande de Hobgobelins. Vous les aviez remarqué il y a déjà quelques centaines de mètres, alors qu'ils tentaient de vous tendre une embuscade. Vous les prenez par surprise depuis leur flanc. Vous allez pouvoir combattre les deux premiers Assauts contre leur chef avant que le reste de sa bande ne réagisse.

CHEF HOBGOBELIN	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 7**
Premier HOBGOBELIN:	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 6**
Deuxième HOBGOBELIN:	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 6**
Troisième HOBGOBELIN:	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 6**

Si vous les tuez tous, vous fouillez leurs cadavres et découvrez la raison de leur embuscade envers vous, ils ne possèdent absolument rien. Vous décidez donc de poursuivre votre route dans

ce paysage désolé, au pied du volcan. Après deux jours de plus, vous débutez votre escalade sur les rochers accrochés aux flancs du Mont Pyre. Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine et rendez-vous au **109**.

233

Que souhaitez-vous faire à présent ? Allez-vous tirer la chaine (rendez-vous au **255**), retournez vers la porte de fer cadenassée (rendez-vous au **285**), grimper dans les étages supérieurs, si vous n'y êtes pas encore allé (rendez-vous au **220**), ou quitter la tour (rendez-vous au **398**) ?

234

Vous levez le coquillage au dessus de votre tête et vous criez, «Oceanus, aide moi maintenant, appelle l'eau du ciel !»

Votre regard est rivé sur le bleu du ciel, puis cela commence. Au début ce ne sont que de petits cotons blancs, mais bientôt ils fusionnent les uns avec les autres et deviennent de gros nuages virant au gris, puis au noir. Un vent puissant se lève sur Quartz accompagné par des roulements de tonnerre, tels les grondements de Sukh en personne, le Dieu des Tempêtes.

Dans un craquement sourd, les nuages se déchirent et la pluie se met à tomber, tel un déluge torrentiel. Les villageois hurlent de joie et se mettent à danser, le charlatan quant à lui pleure de chagrin. Les gens sautent dans les grandes flaques de boue qui ne tardent pas à se former un peu partout. Le faiseur de pluie est chassé de Quartz et les villageois vous récompensent en vous offrant 8 Pièces d'Or et 3 Repas (Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE.)

Avant de quitter le village, vous remarquez que le charlatan a oublié, dans sa fuite, un gros Engrenage. Si vous souhaitez le prendre notez-le sur votre Feuille d' Aventure. Vous devez également rayer le Coquillage des Mers, vous ne pourrez plus jamais faire appel à l'Elémentaire d'Eau.

Vous poursuivez votre route vers le sud-ouest pendant 2 jours (Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine), puis vous atteignez finalement les désolations des Plaines Hurlantes. Rendez-vous au **83**.

235

Vous vous précipitez au sol derrière un buisson en espérant que les barbares ne vous remarqueront pas. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, la patrouille passe au trot sans que les Lendlelanders ne s'aperçoivent de quoi que ce soit (rendez-vous au **142**). Si vous êtes Malchanceux, vous n'échappez pas à la vue perçante des cavaliers qui se préparent à vous charger; vous n'avez d'autre que de tirer votre épée et vous défendre (rendez-vous au **264**).

236

Vous pénétrez dans une grande pièce qui occupe toute la partie arrière du pont supérieur. La première chose que vous notez en entrant est l'atmosphère froide et la glace ! Tout est couvert de glace ici et des stalactites gelées pendent au plafond. Quelle peut bien être la cause de ce froid ?

Au centre de la pièce se trouve une immense sphère de verre montée dans un carquois de cuivre, contenant ce qui semble être un blizzard tourbillonnant. La tempête de neige est évacuée de la sphère par un tuyau connecté au plafond du vaisseau. Deux automates en forme de gorilles gardent cet endroit. Vous savez instinctivement ce que vous devez faire pour endommager ce mécanisme magique, mais il fait si froid ici… Vous ne pouvez vous retenir de greloter tandis que les deux gardiens s'animent et se dirigent vers vous.

Premier SINGE DE CUIVRE	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 8**
Second SINGE DE CUIVRE	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 8**

Vous devez réduire votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point pour toute la durée du combat car le sol gelé est terriblement glissant. A moins que vous ne portiez un Talisman Soleil, vous devez réduire votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point encore à cause de la température négative qui règne dans la pièce.

Si vous éliminez les Singes de Cuivre, vous ramassez l'un des membres métalliques cassés et le jetez sur le globe qui explose à l'impact. La force rugissante du blizzard emplit toute la pièce et vous vous dépêchez de quitter l'endroit en claquant rapidement la porte derrière vous. Augmentez le score de DEGATS de 1 et rendez-vous au **258**.

237

Vous êtes parfaitement préparé pour votre confrontation finale avec le mégalomaniaque Balthazar Sturm, mais le temps que vous avez passé à rechercher ce dont vous aviez besoin a également été bénéfique pour votre ennemi. (Vous gagnez 1 point de CHANCE, même si cela augmente votre score de CHANCE au-delà de son niveau de départ et notez le mot code *Mortsleam* sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* .) Toutefois, si vous voulez stopper Sturm, vous allez devoir trouver un moyen de monter à bord de sa Machine Météo. Comment allez-vous vous y prendre ?

Si vous utilisez une Potion de Lévitation, rendez-vous au **207**. Si vous connaissez le nom d'un Elémentaire d'Air et souhaitez faire appel à son aide maintenant, changez son nom en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26. Additionnez ces nombres ensemble puis ajoutez 30 au résultat, rendez-vous ensuite au paragraphe portant ce numéro. Si vous possédez le mot code *Esagep*, rendez-vous au **128**. Sinon, mais que vous possédez le mot code *Nollab*, rendez-vous au **149**. Si vous ne possédez rien de tout cela, rendez-vous au **107**.

238

«Zephyrus !» appelez-vous. «Zephyrus, j'ai besoin de toi !» Soudain le vent se lève, soufflant depuis l'ouest et des vagues au sommet d'écume se forment autour du navire.

Portée par une puissante bourrasque, une silhouette éthérée au torse semblable à celui d'un géant musclé et un vortex d'air à la place des jambes, s'approche de vous ; cette entité est le vent !

Le navire Tempête est soudainement arraché aux eaux et soulevé dans le ciel, transporté par l'Elémentaire d'Air, le Capitaine Katarina, son équipage et vous même avec. Le Tempête navigue dans les cieux vers des sombres nuages menaçants.

«Vous avez appelé et je suis venu,» dit l'Elémentaire d'Air d'une voix portée par les bourrasques tourbillonnantes. «Commandez et j'obéirai !»

«Emporte-moi vers l'Œil du Cyclone !» ordonnez vous à Zephyrus, en criant pour vous faire entendre dans le brouhaha du vent. (Rayez le nom de Zephyrus de votre *Feuille d'Aventure* , vous ne pourrez plus faire appel à ses services.)

Les champs, villes et rivières défilent en dessous tandis que Zephyrus vous emporte toujours plus loin au dessus du royaume de Femphrey dévasté par le climat changeant. Katarina se cramponne aux cordages de son navire, cheveux au vent.

Puis vous apercevez votre but ! Zephyrus vous transporte vers une masse imposante de nuages noirs. Le poisson de cuivre, l'Œil du Cyclone, que vous aviez vu après la dévastation de Vastarin surgit près de vous ! L'Elémentaire d'Air vous amène au-dessus de la Machine Météo. L'engin est énorme, plus gros qu'une baleine. Ses immenses yeux parcourus d'arcs électriques sont des fenêtres d'observation, ses nageoires et sa queue font office de voiles et de gouvernail dans l'ouragan. Sur le flanc du puissant vaisseau, se trouve une écoutille circulaire. Rendez-vous au **363**.

239

Vous mettez votre œil contre la lentille du télescope et vous hoquetez de surprise en voyant les objets lointains qui seraient invisibles à l'œil nu vous apparaitre clairement dans la lunette. Vous réalisez que le télescope est pointé au delà de la frontière du Lendleland, vers le royaume de Femphrey. Procédant à quelques réglages, vous observez maintenant le village dévasté de Vastarin, ses habitants travaillant dur pour répare les dégâts occasionnés par la tempête. Puis vous remarquez autre chose, à plusieurs lieues au n ord de Vastarin, quelque chose qui brille tel de l'or parmi les nuages noirs menaçants. Vous tournez précautionneusement un anneau de cuivre et la télescope fait le point sur l'objet… vous croyez difficilement ce que vous révèle vos yeux.

Dans l'œil du cyclone, se trouve un poisson géant composé de bois, de cuivre et de tissus à voiles. Sa queue géante fait office de gouvernail, ses yeux de cristal sont d'immenses hublots. Vous ne vous étiez pas trompé après votre combat contre l'Elémentaire de Glace à Vastarin, il y avait vraiment une gigantesque machine volante en forme de poisson ! (Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE.) Mais comment une construction de bois et de métal peut voler de la sorte ? Il est certain que de la sorcellerie est à l'œuvre ici. L'étrange vaisseau disparait soudainement, avalé par la tempête furieuse. Maintenant, allez-vous:

Vous intéresser aux plans ? Rendez-vous au **289**.
Redescendre l'escalier en direction des sous-sols (si vous n'y êtes pas encore allé) ? Rendez-vous au **160**.
Quitter la tour ? Rendez-vous au **398**.

240

«Si vous voulez voyager dans ce chariot de mine c'est que vous êtes plus téméraire que je ne le croyais, mais je ne montrai pas avec vous !» grogne Brokk. Retournez au **290** et faites votre choix, mais si vous choisissez de monter dan le wagon, vous devrez rayer Brokk définitivement de votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et vous n'aurez plus accès à tous les avantages qu'il vous procure.

241

Vous plongez sous la garde du goliath et vous appuyez sur la plaque de métal au niveau de sa poitrine. Celle-ci s'ouvre et révèle trois roulettes portant chacune les chiffres de 0 à 9. Vous n'avez qu'une seule chance de positionner les chiffres pour former le nombre correct. Si vous

connaissez un tel code, ajoutez 100 au nombre et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Si vous ne connaissez pas le code, le Jaggernaut vous cogne lourdement et vous éloigne de son corps. Vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE et retournez au 262 pour terminer le combat contre ce géant d'acier.

242

Le léviathan hideux se lance à l'attaque, dardant ses tentacules et ses pinces coupantes vers vous. Vous pensez à présent savoir de quel genre de créature il s'agit, ces monstres sont si rares qu'ils ont presque acquis un statut mythique. Ils sont terrifiants et intelligents, on ne peut les trouver nulle part ailleurs sur Titan. Certains les appellent les Decapus (suite aux dix pattes qu'ils possèdent), d'autres les Grands Anciens, mais pour ceux qui ont eu la malchance de les rencontrer, les surnommer horreurs des abysses est largement suffisant !

Une fois de plus, vous devez défendre votre peau. Si vous survivez à cette rencontre, cette bataille titanesque sera gravée à jamais dans votre mémoire.

HORREUR ABYSSALE HABILETE: 10 ENDURANCE: 12

Pour chaque Assaut remporté par la créature, tirez un dé et consultez la table ci-dessous afin de connaître les effets de son attaque (Vous pouvez utiliser votre CHANCE pour réduire les dommages encaissés.)

Vous obtenez 1 ou 2: Pinces Tranchantes - la créature vous emprisonne dans l'une de ses pinces et vous taillade la chair. Vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE.

Vous obtenez de 3 à 5: Tentacule - le monstre vous saisit dans l'un de ses tentacules. Vous ne perdez que 1 point d'ENDURANCE, mais votre Force d'Attaque sera réduite de 1 point lors du prochain Assaut, tandis que vous tentez de vous libérer.

Vous obtenez 6: Morsure - Si l'horreur vous a attrapé dans un tentacule lors de l'Assaut précédent, elle vous entraîne vers sa gueule et vous arrache de lambeaux de chair, tirez un dé et perdez autant de points d'ENDURANCE. Toutefois, si le monstre ne vous avait pas attrapé dans un tentacule lors de l'Assaut précédent, tirez un dé et consultez la table pour connaître les dégâts que vous subissez, si vous obtenez un 6 à nouveau, le monstre parvient à vous mordre et vous souffrez les dégâts de la Morsure décrit ici.

Si vous réussissez à battre ce monstre cauchemardesque, vous pouvez enfin vous dirigez vers le Temple Englouti. Rendez-vous au 222.

243

Vous fouillez dans les livres et les papiers éparpillés sur le bureau quand soudain, vous entendez un étrange cliquètement d'engrenages ainsi que des sifflements de pistons. Une créature hideuse émerge de l'arrière d'une étagère supportant des dizaines de livres. Le monstre est un amalgame grossier de métal et de chair. Il s'agit d'un minuscule démon cornu et ailé, la moitié de sa tête est métallique, l'une de ses ailes est entièrement mécanique, composée de cuir et de cuivre. Le

monstre possède un bras et une jambe artificielle également. Votre présence dans la cabine de Balthazar Sturm a attiré l'attention de l'une de ses curieuses créations technomantiques. Vous allez de voir affronter le Techno-Homoncule.

TECHNO-HOMONCULE
HABILETE: 9 ENDURANCE: 6

Si vous parvenez à détruire la créature mi-mécanique, mi-magique; celle-ci se désintègre dans une explosion d'étincelles qui retombent sur les innombrables papiers de la cabine, allumant un incendie dans la pièce. Vous ne pouvez plus atteindre l'autre porte en face de vous, un mur de flammes vous en interdit à présent l'accès. (Augmentez le score de DEGATS de 1 et notez sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* que vous avez allumé un feu.) Vous sortez précipitamment de la cabine privée de Sturm et décidez de ce que vous allez faire à présent. Rendez-vous au **54**.

244

Vous entendez soudainement le rugissement d'un moteur, vous vous retournez et apercevez la Taupe qui se dirige vers l'Elémentaire de Terre, Brokk le Nain aux manettes .Il affiche une terrible grimace et se concentre tandis qu'il lance la machine vers votre adversaire. La foreuse avant de la Taupe se met à tourner de plus en plus vite. Puis il percute l'Elémentaire, un choc de titans entre la pierre et le cuivre.

La foreuse pénètre profondément dans le corps de l'Elémentaire de Terre. Ce dernier, hurlant de rage, attrape la machine d'une main et la jette contre la paroi de la caverne. L'engin explose dans un nuage d'éclats de bois et de morceaux métalliques. Brokk le Nain tombe inconscient au sol, sa noble et téméraire action vous a peut-être sauvé la vie . Si vous deviez combattre l'Elémentaire de Terre dans les instants qui viennent, vous réduirez son HABILETE de 3 points et son ENDURANCE de 8. Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE et retournez au **316** afin de décider de votre prochaine action.

245

Le tunnel que vous suivez vous amène à une volée de marches qui descendent au cœur du volcan, dans une vaste caverne dont le sol est une immense étendue de magma. La chaleur est

insupportable en cet endroit. L'escalier de pierre vous conduit à un promontoire rocheux noir qui émerge de la lave, un autre escalier identique mène à un autre passage un peu plus loin. Un autel en pierre noire est planté sur ce morceau de roche dans lequel ont été taillé six trous sur sa face supérieure.

Soudain, le magma explose violemment et une colonne de flammes s'élève à une vingtaine de mètres de hauteur. Vous reculez instinctivement, levant un bras pour vous protéger des flammes incandescentes. La colonne ardente s'élargit et prend bientôt une forme humanoïde, tel un génie du feu. Une voix, tel un roulement de tonnerre, résonne sur les parois de la caverne brûlante. «Qui ose profaner ce sanctuaire du Dieu du Feu ?» gronde l'Elémentaire de Feu, son souffle chaud vous cuit le visage.

Vous vous présentez à l'Elémentaire de Feu en criant afin de vous faire entendre dans le vacarme généré par son apparition. Vous lui expliquez la raison pour laquelle vous avez bravé les périls du Mont Pyre pour atteindre le sanctuaire sacré du Dieu du Feu.

«Vous avez l'audace de demander l'assistance d'un puissant serviteur du Grand Incinérateur ?» hurle l'Elémentaire de Feu. «Alors vous allez devoir payer de votre vie cette audace !»

Vous devez réagir rapidement si vous ne voulez pas être brûlé vif par la fureur de l'Elémentaire. Si vous possédez six Cristaux de Feu, changez les lettres qui leurs sont associées en nombres en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26. Additionnez ces nombres ensemble et rendez-vous au paragraphe portant le même numéro que cette somme. Si le paragraphe ne commence pas par «Invoquant la puissance du Dieu du Feu,» ou si vous ne possédez pas six Cristaux de Feu, rendez-vous au **214**.

246

Le tunnel vous mène à une petite grotte, ce que vous y apercevez vous glace le sang. Un nid géant y a été confectionné avec les os d'animaux d'humains et morts, il est aussi grand qu'une carriole et contient quatre créatures reptiliennes .Leurs corps écailleux sont noirs et elles avancent sur de pattes griffues. Des embryons d'ailes poussent sur leurs épaules tandis que leur tête saurienne est déjà garnie de dents tranchantes comme des rasoirs. Les rejetons poussent de petits cris lorsqu'ils vous voient, pensant certainement qu'un nouveau repas vient de leur être servi. Les jeunes Dragons se déplacent déjà avec une rapidité surprenante et vous attaquent. Sylas et son chien s'occupent de deux d'entre eux, vous laissant avec les deux autres.

Premier REJETON	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 7**
Second REJETON	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 7**

Si vous éliminez les jeunes Dragons, rendez-vous au **32**.

247

Vous traversez un large couloir de pierre avant d'émerger dans une salle circulaire qui englobe toute la base de la tour. L'endroit est dépourvu de toute décoration et le sol est jonché de détritus, des morceaux de métal et des restes de ce qui semble être les engrenages d'une quelconque machine à vapeur Naine. De l'autre côté de la salle, une arche mène à un escalier de pierre en spirale. Si la tour doit vous apporter des réponses sur les origines de la mystérieuse et dévastatrice tempête ainsi que sur l'étrange machine volante, vous ne les trouverez certainement pas ici. Déterminé à explorer un autre étage, vous traversez la salle en marchant entre les détritus.

Soudain, avec un bruit cacophonique de raclements et de torsions, la pile de déchets commence à fusionner pour assembler, sous vos yeux, une terrible machine. Crachant de la vapeur, et agitant des membres accompagnés de sifflements de pistons, une chose monstrueuse s'élève devant vous, achevant sa construction en drainant les derniers détritus métalliques. Souhaitez-vous attendre et faire face à la machine qui est sur le point de prendre forme (rendez-vous au **67**), ou préférez-vous tenter d'atteindre l'arche et l'escalier en spirale avant la fin de la fusion totale de la machine (rendez-vous au **197**) ?

248

Les oiseaux stupides pensent que vous voulez voler leur nourriture et se préparent à vous repousser. Ils secouent furieusement leurs ailes et ouvrent leur bec de façon menaçante. Les charognards tentent de vous mordre ou de vos écorcher de leurs griffes. Vous devez combattre les oiseaux deux à la fois.

Premier VAUTOUR	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 6**
Deuxième VAUTOUR	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 6**
Troisième VAUTOUR	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 5**

Dès que vous aurez tué deux oiseaux, le dernier s'enfuit en s'envolant, préférant la survie au repas. Rendez-vous au **228**.

249

Le tunnel suit une courbe vers la gauche sur une pente descendante vers le cœur du volcan. Vous parvenez bientôt dans une petite caverne qui se ter mine en cul-de-sac et dont les parois émettent une lumière rouge. Un squelette reptilien géant aux os noirs est étendu à l'opposé de l'entrée de cette grotte. Cela pourrait être celui d'un Basilic, d'une Salamandre ou quelque chose d'autre, vous n'arrivez pas à la savoir. Dans la cage thoracique de la créature morte se trouve un cristal en forme de prisme qui luit de la même couleur que celle des parois. Si vous désirez pénétrer dans la caverne et prendre le cristal, rendez-vous au **269**. Si vous préférez revenir sur vos pas jusqu'à la dernière intersection, rendez-vous au **319**.

250

Les premières collines de la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière s'élèvent progressivement devant vous. Cette barrière infranchissable de montagnes noires sépare Femphrey du royaume de Gallantaria. De lourds nuages de pluie se massent autour des pics lointains, dont certains sont couverts de neiges éternelles. Vous entrapercevez une forme sombre planer dans les airs un peu plus loin et vous réalisez que ces terres sauvages sont dangereuses, il faudra être prudent. Vous arrive au village de Clast en milieu d'après-midi.

Vous aviez entendu des rumeurs à propos de cet endroit, lors de vos nombreux voyages par le passé. Des commérages qui parlaient de terribles séismes ayants ravagé la région, ces secousses seraient causée par un Elémentaire de Terre au tempéramment colérique, piégé sous les montagnes. Mais que ce soit vrai ou non, il est évident que des événements tragiques ont ravagé Clast.

Partout où se porte votre regard, vous êtes témoin de dégâts aux structures des bâtiments: des toits effondrés, des murs lézardés et des poutres brisées. Beaucoup de maisons se sont écroulées et d'autres sont sur le point de le faire. Les villageois tentent de réparer les dommages du mieux qu'ils le peuvent.

Tandis que vous avancez dans Clast, vous notez qu'un petit attroupement s'est formé derrière vous et vous suit de loin. Peut-être est-ce votre magnifique épée qui les a attirés, mais il n'est pas impossible que quelques uns vous aient reconnu. Après tout, le Héros de Tannatown est célèbre dans tout le royaume de Femphrey et au-delà.

Il ne faut pas longtemps avant que le maire du village s'intéresse également à vous. C'est un individu gras au ventre tel un baril de bière, il porte une barbe rousse et ses bras sont très musclés. Son tablier de cuir et ses lourdes bottes vous révèlent qu'il est également le forgeron local.

«Hé bien, hé bien. Nous sommes honorés,» dit-il, vous dévisageant de ses yeux perçants. «Le Héros de Tannatown en personne chez nous ! Je suis Arturo Ironsmith et vous vous trouvez au village de Clast. Que puis-je faire pour vous ?» demande-t-il, suspicieux.

Vous ne voyez aucune raison de dissimuler quoi que ce soit à cet homme, il pourrait vous apporter d'importants renseignements, vous lui dites donc tout.

«Il semblerait que la solution à votre problème pourrait également sauver Clast,» finit-il par dire. «Un peu plus loin, dans les collines, se trouve l'entrée d'une mine Naine. Il est dit que les Nains ont trouvé quelque chose enfoui sous les montagnes. dans les profondes ténèbres de la terre. Certaines personnes prétendent qu'il s'agit d'un Elémentaire de Terre, d'autres un Dragon ou un portail menant au domaine des Démons. Quoi qu'il en soit, la mine a été rapidement condamnée, et ils sont partit tout aussi vite. Aucun des villageois de Clast n'a osé pénétrer dans la mine pour y découvrir ce qui se passe. Les séismes sont devenus plus puissants ces dernières semaines, il est évident que quelqu'un doit aller voir ce qui se trame dans les entrailles de cette mine.»

«Mais si vous planifiez une expédition dans ces sombres tunnels, je vous encourage à prendre un guide. Un des Nains qui travaillait dans cette mine vit toujours dans les environs. Il s'appelle Brokk et il passe ses journées à brasser de la bière à présent. Vous pourriez le persuader de vous emmener dans la mine contre paiement.»

Vous remerciez Arturo de son aide. Allez-vous partir pour la mine directement (rendez-vous au **190**), ou préférez-vous rechercher Brokk le brasseur(rendez-vous au **57**) ?

251

Les restes des monstres se décomposent rapidement pour retourner à leur état liquide dans la lave. Vous sautez sur les derniers rochers et vous vous retrouvez sur l'autre berge de cette rivière infernale. Parmi une pile de cailloux, vous repérez un cristal qui luit d'un feu intérieur. Vous vous penchez pour l'inspecter et vous notez la lettre L formée de flammes en son cœur. (Si vous souhaitez emporter le Cristal de Feu notez-le sur votre Feuille d' Aventure ainsi que la lettre qui lui est associée.) Vous décidez de ne pas vous attarder davantage au cas où d'autres Bêtes de Magma émergent de la rivière. Vous pénétrez dans nouveau le tunnel sombre. Vous n'êtes pas allé bien loin avant de tomber sur une intersection. Un passage étroit émerge de la paroi rocheuse sur votre droite. Si vous désirez suivre ce nouveau tunnel, rendez-vous au **344**. Si vous préférez continuer le long du passage plus large, rendez-vous au **274**.

252

Vous longez les impressionnants docks de Chalannabrad, quelque chose ne va pas, le port est rempli de navires accostés aux quais, les uns à côtés des autres, des galères marchandes jusqu'aux galions prestigieux. Il y a d'habitude un flux constant de vaisseaux qui mettent les voiles vers les continents éloignés d'Allansie et de Khul, et d'autres qui reviennent de tous les points du globe, mais pas aujourd'hui. Tous les navires sont à quai et ne semblent pas décidés à prendre la mer.

Vous découvrez bientôt la raison de cet étrange stationnement au port, vous rencontrez un vieux marin ivre qui boitille sur une jambe de bois: « c'est les tempêtes, vous voyez, il y en a de plus en plus et elles sont de plus en plus fortes, on peut plus naviguer. Et il y a aussi les attaques de Serpents de Mer Géants. Si vous voulez naviguer aujourd'hui, oubliez tout de suite !»

La journée passe, vous suppliez les différents capitaines de vous embarquer en vain. Vous commencez à désespérer lorsque vous croisez les pas du redoutable Capitaine Katarina, sa réputation est presque aussi grande que la vôtre. Elle ressemble en tout point à une femme pirate,

vêtue d'un pantalon de cuir et d'une jaquette à jabot. Un cimeterre pend à sa ceinture, ses longs cheveux noirs sont attachés en queue de cheval à l'aide d'un ruban de soie Khulienne. Un bandeau couvre l'orbite de son œil gauche, perdu face à un Crabe Géant.

Vous n'avez rien à perdre à lui demander de l'aide, dans l'espoir que là aussi vous trouverez de la bonne volonté. «Je connais l'endroit que vous recherchez et je vous y conduirai,» dit-elle. «Tout ce que je demande en échange est la moitié de ce que vous trouverez dans les profondeurs de la mer.» Il semble que ce soit la meilleure offre que vous puissiez avoir, alors vous lui faites savoir que vous êtes d'accord et vous embarquez sur le bateau du Capitaine Katarina, le Tempête.

Cela fait moins d'une journée que vous êtes en mer lorsqu'il un brouillard épais, venu de nulle part, se lève subitement. Il avance vers le navire de manière sinistre jusqu'à ce que ces volutes couleur bile engloutissent le Tempête.

Katarina semble consternée. «Je n'ai jamais rien vude tel auparavant,» dit-elle. «Ce n'est pas une brume naturelle. Il y a de la sorcellerie là-dessous, j'en mettrai ma main à couper.» Vous savez qu'elle dit vrai, vous ressentez Fléau du Dragon vibrer dans son fourreau. Qu'allez-vous faire à présent ? Si Prospero Seacharmer est avec vous, rendez-vous au **272**. Si vous possédez une Corne de Chasse, et désirez soufflez dedans, rendez-vous au **292**. Sinon, vous devez faire face à la brume surnaturelle votre épée à la main (rendez-vous au **332**).

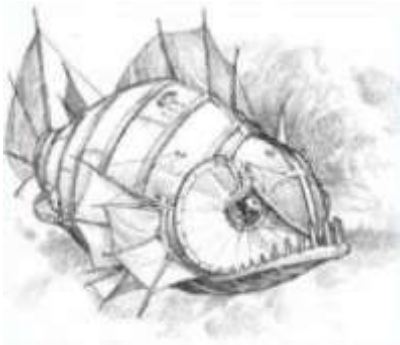

253

Vous soulevez la cloche de verre et vous remarquez trop tard les motifs ornant les ailes des papillons. Les insectes innocents battent des ailes et un vent puissant s'engouffre dans la salle par les fenêtres. En quelque secondes, ce sont des bourrasques hurlantes qui assaillent l'endroit, soulevant la cloche, l'estrade et même vous. C'est bientôt une tornade folle qui rugit dans la salle aspirant tout autour d'elle, vous êtes impuissant face à la force des éléments et vous vous retrouvez propulsé sur les murs, le sol et le plafond. Tirez un dé et ajoutez 1, le résultat représent le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez. (Si aujourd'hui est le Jour du Vent ou le Jour de la Tempête, vous perdez 1 point d'ENDURANCE supplémentaire.) Les papillons finissent par s'enfuir de la tour par les fenêtres voutées, puis le vent se calme. Vous vous relevez péniblement et vous vous dirigez à nouveau vers l'escalier. Rendez-vous au **281**.

254

Ce nouveau passage est sinueux et vous zigzaguez en courant jusqu'à ce que vous arriviez au bord d'un terrible précipice. Le dernier des ponts de pierre s'effondre devant vous dans les profondeurs du volcan, plongeant dans la rivière de lave plus bas dont le niveau a rapidement monté. Vos espoirs de fuite par ce chemin se sont envolés. Vous devez retourner à l'intersection et prendre l'autre tunnel, en priant les dieux qu'une autre route de sortie s'offre à vous. Ajoutez 1 point à votre SCORE DE TEMPS et rendez-vous au **304**.

255

Accompagnée d'un terrible cri, une monstrueuse forme ailée s'élève du gouffre situé sous la plateforme. Elle mesure bien dix mètres de long, possède deux pattes aux griffes acérées et une énorme paire d'ailes semblables à celles des dragons. Son corps est couvert d'écailles noires qui scintillent sous le soleil. Vous savez à présent que l'autre bout de la chaine est composé d'un collier de métal enroulé autour d'une des pattes de la créature. La Vouivre n'est pas satisfaite de vous voir sur la plateforme à la place de son maître. Hurlant à nouveau, elle s'élance vers vous.

VOUIVRE NOIRE HABILETE: 9 ENDURANCE: 10

Les mouvements de la Vouivre sont entravés par la chaine et, après avoir livré trois Assauts, vous pouvez vous enfuir par l'escalier. Rendez-vous au **285**.

256

Vous arrivez au sommet de la colonne sans encombre. Mais vous remarquez que vous ne vous trouvez pas en haut, vous êtes devant une arche naturelle dans la paroi de la tour. Vous la franchissez prudemment et pénétrez dans une pièce au plafond en dôme, à l'intérieur de la roche. Le vent souffle, dans cette salle, par des petits interstices dans la pierre et une volée de marches taillées dans la roche mène à une estrade en sable rouge. Sur cette estrade, se trouve une silhouette vêtue de robes, la tête est cachée par un **capuchon** dont le tissu s'agite sous le vent.

Une voix féminine, portée par le vent, semblable à un murmure s'adresse à vous. «Que désirez-vous du Gardien des Quatre Vents ?» demande la voix. Allez-vous répondre que vous cherchez de l'aide (rendez-vous au **108**), ou allez-vous tirer votre épée et courir vers la personne en robes (rendez-vous au **90**) ?

257

Vous approchez prudemment du squelette du capitaine, aussi défiant dans la mort qu'il l'a pu être vivant. Votre cœur bat la chamade dans votre poitrine tandis que vous soulevez lentement la clé et la retirez du cou osseux. Le squelette ne bouge pas, il n'y a rien à craindre. (Notez la Clé en Or sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* avec le fait qu'elle possède 17 crans). Vous pouvez à présent quitter la cabine et poursuivre vos recherches par la coque éventrée (rendez-vous au **217**), ou bien quitter l'épave et vous diriger vers la fissure (rendez-vous au **6**).

258

Deux portes sont encastrées dans les murs du petit pont supérieur du vaisseau. Celle de gauche porte l'image d'un flocon de neige, tandis que celle de droite affiche le symbole d'un soleil. Choisissez un endroit où vous n'êtes pas encore allé. Allez-vous:

Ouvrir la porte au flocon de neige ? Rendez-vous au **236**.
Ouvrir la porte au soleil ? Rendez-vous au **213**.
Quitter le pont supérieur et explorer un autre endroit ? Rendez-vous au **391**.

259

Vous pénétrez dans une pièce venteuse à l'arrière de la Machine Météo. Un réseau de poutrelle emplit toute la pièce auxquelles des poulies sont reliées à une grande roue dentée. Tout cet ensemble est connecté par un réseau complexe de cordes. Toute la pièce résonne des grincements du bois accompagné des craquements des cordes. Il semblerait que cet endroit soit le mécanisme directionnel de l'Œil du Cyclone. Mais comment causer le maximum de dommages ici ? Allez-vous chercher un moyen de coincer la roue dentée (rendez-vous au **275**), ou allez-vous couper les cordes connectant tout le mécanisme à l'aide de votre épée (rendez-vous au **288**) ?

260

«Je me souviens de cet endroit,» dit Brokk. «Nous avions rencontré une infestation de Mange Fer ici, quelque chose de terrible. Je suggère que nous ne nous attardions pas ici,» dit-il, en pointant le tunnel de gauche. A présent retournez au **310** et choisissez quel chemin vos souhaitez emprunter.

261

En un rien de temps, Fléau du Dragon est dans votre main. Avec un hurlement bestial, le Yéti s'avance vers votre position en écrasant la neige sous ses pas lourds. Il se rapproche de vous et de la Chasseresse, puis il se dresse sur ses pattes arrière pour atteindre une hauteur de quatre mètres tout en tambourinant sur sa poitrine, à la manière d'un gorille, dans le but de vous impressionner.

Grognant, Fang se jette sur la bête et, devant vos yeux, le Yéti saisit le tigre en plein vol pour le jeter par dessus son épaule. Larni tombe de la selle en criant, et tous deux s'écrasent dans la neige, le sang coule d'une profonde blessure dans le flanc du tigre. Le Yéti tourne alors son attention sur vous !

YETI
HABILETE: 10 ENDURANCE: 12

Si vous ne portez pas de Talisman Soleil, vous devez réduire votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point pour toute la durée du combat. Pour chaque Assaut remporté par le Yéti, tirez un dé. Si vous ne portez pas de Talisman Soleil, sur un résultat de 4 à 6 ses griffes gelées vous feront perdre 1 point d'ENDURANCE supplémentaire (en plus des 2 points habituels), et sur un résultat de 6 le monstre vous drainera aussi 1 point d'HABILETE. Si vous éliminez cette bête sauvage, rendez-vous au **374**.

262

Les yeux du monstre irradient une chaleur blanche et la machine titanesque fonce sur vous tel un engin de siège. Vous devez une fois de plus défendre chèrement votre peau ! Avant le début du combat, modifiez les statistiques de l'automate si nécessaire.

JUGGERNAUT HABILETE: 11 ENDURANCE: 16

Si vous pensez connaitre un moyen de désactiver le Jaggernaut et que vous remportez deux Assauts consécutifs, rendez-vous au **241**. Sinon, ou que vous ne gagnez pas deux Assaut de suite, mais que vous parvenez tout de même à vaincre votre adversaire, rendez-vous au **156**.

263

Vous voyagez vers le sud pendant toute une journée(avancez au prochain jour de la semaine) sans rencontrer aucun signe de vie à part des oiseaux charognards décrivant des cercles dans le ciel. Vous avez passé une nuit à la belle étoile et, à l'aube, vous vous remettez en route. Vous arrivez finalement à une fissure massive dans le so l qui balafre toute la plaine, un précipice profond de plusieurs dizaines de mètres: le Canyon Hurlant. Son nom lui vient des vents qui courent sur les Plaines Hurlantes et qui s'engouffrent dans la faille, provoquant des gémissements et des hurlements comme si des démons furieux étaient emprisonnés au fond. Quelque chose vous dit que l'aide que vous recherchez se trouve dans ces entrailles, parmi le réseau de ravins qui serpente dans les profondeurs. La route se sépare à l'entrée du Canyon Hurlant, entre les hautes falaises vous distinguez deux chemins. Allez-vous prendre à gauche (rendez-vous au **303**) ou à droite (rendez-vous au **283**) ?

264

Les chevaux sont lancés au galop, les deux cavaliers s'apprêtent à rencontrer votre lame, leur sabre à la main. Vous devez les combattre en même temps.

Premier CAVALIER	**HABILETE: 8**	**ENDURANCE: 7**
Second CAVALIER	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 7**

Si vous êtes victorieux et que le combat a duré 12Assauts ou moins, rendez-vous au **277**. S'il dure plus de 12 Assauts, une autre patrouille arrive. Rendez-vous au **205**.

265

Vous avancez un pied après l'autre sur le pont de pierre étroit. Après quelques mètres, vous entendez la roche craquer et le pont commencer à va ciller. Sans perdre une seconde vous vous mettez à courir, ne quittant pas l'autre côté du précipice des yeux. Le pont s'effondre alors que vous n'êtes qu'à quelques mètres du bord, dans un forte herculéen vous vous lancez dans les airs, un gigantesque saut en avant. Tirez trois dés. Si el total obtenu est inférieur ou égal à votre score d'ENDURANCE, vous réussissez votre saut et atterrissez de l'autre côté du ravin (rendez-vous au **185**). Si le total est supérieur à votre score d'ENDURANCE, rendez-vous au **225**.

266

Vous retrouvez Inigo Crank à l'extérieur de la tour, le vieil homme vous attendait. Son sac à dos est bourré de plans, de parchemins et quelques unes de ses maquettes.

«Il n'y a pas une minute à perdre, Sturm possède plusieurs jours d'avance sur vous,» vous dit l'ingénieur. «Il a emprisonné quatre puissants Elémentaires dans le Moteur Elémentaire de sa machine volante afin qu'ils lui apportent toute l'énergie dont il a besoin pour garder le vaisseau dans les airs. Si vous voulez avoir une chance de stopper Sturm et sa Machine du Temps, vous devrez trouver comment vaincre ces Elémentaires. Cherchez dans les endroits où les quatre éléments de la Terre, de l'Air, du Feu et de l'Eau se trouvent en grande quantité.»

«Et où est-ce ?» demandez-vous.

«Enfoui profondément sous les montagnes de la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière, sur les Plaines Hurlantes battues par le vent, au cœur du Mont Pyre , le volcan qui crache sa colère à la frontière montagneuse de la Mauristasie, et enfin dans les abysses de la Mer des Anguilles. A présent hâtez-vous ! Le royaume de Femphrey est en danger. Je serais bien venu avec vous, malheureusement j'ai peur de vous retarder, je n'ai plus la fougue de la jeunesse.»

Vous êtes d'accord avec le vieil homme, il n'y a pas de temps à perdre. Par où allez-vous commencer vos recherches sur les moyens de vaincre les Elémentaires de Sturm ?

Au nord, dans les montagnes de la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière ? Rendez-vous au **115**.
Au Mont Pyre, à l'est du royaume ? Rendez-vous au **309**.
Au sud du Femphrey, sur les Plaines Hurlantes assaillies par le vent ? Rendez-vous au **83**. Sous les flots de la Mer des Anguilles, au-delà de la côte ouest du Femphrey ? Rendez-vous au **13**.

267

Sturm recule, son corps est pareil à de la cendre noire à présent. Puis il se transforme à nouveau. Son corps grandit, sa peau se durcit, il finit par devenir un immense béhémoth de 3 mètres constitué de pierre et de terre. Avec un rugissement semblable au craquement d'un glissement de terrain, le Colosse avance vers vous. Mais comment pouvez-vous combattre quelque chose constitué de terre solide ? Si seulement vous pouvez le ramollir, comme la mer dévorant la plage…

Si vous possédez le Coquillage des Mers et connaissez le nom de l'Elémentaire d'Eau qui pourrait vous aider, changez son nom en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26.
Additionnez tous les nombres entre eux et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Sinon, rendez-vous au **8**.

268

Vous vous êtes bien préparé pour affronter l'Elémentaliste et vous avez de grandes chances de réussir. (Vous gagnez 1 point de CHANCE, même si cela augmente votre score de CHANCE au-

De là de son niveau de départ.) Toutefois, si vous voulez stopper Sturm, vous allez devoir trouver un moyen de monter à bord de sa Machine Météo. Comment allez-vous vous y prendre ?

Si vous utilisez une Potion de Lévitation, rendez-vous au **207**. Si vous connaissez le nom d'un Elémentaire d'Air et souhaitez faire appel à son aide maintenant, changez son nom en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26. Additionnez ces nombres ensemble puis ajoutez 30 au résultat, rendez-vous ensuite au paragraphe portant ce numéro. Si vous possédez le mot code *Esagep*, rendez-vous au **128**. Sinon, mais que vous possédez le mot code *Nollab*, rendez-vous au **149**. Si vous ne possédez rien de tout cela, rendez-vous au **107**.

269

Vous avancez prudemment dans la caverne, les cailloux craquant sous chacun de vos pas. Vous passez lentement le bras entre les côtes du squelette et prenez le cristal. Vous sursautez lorsque subitement le squelette s'effondre devant vous, les os claquant avec bruit sur les pierres. Vous vous immobilisez afin de savoir si quelque chose ou quelqu'un vous a entendu. Lorsqu'au bout de quelques minutes vous ne percevez rien, vous poussez un soupir de soulagement et examinez attentivement le cristal. En son sein, des flammes dansent et forment la lettre F. (Si vous souhaitez emporter le Cristal de Feu notez le sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* ainsi que la lettre qui lui est associée.) Vous quittez ensuite la caverne et revenez à l'intersection. Rendez-vous au **319**.

270

Vous positionnez les nombres sur les roulettes, refermez la poitrine de l'homme de fer et reculez d'un pas. Le bourdonnement sourd provenant du golem s'intensifie puis, dans un bruit d'engrenages métalliques et de sifflements de pistons, l'automate se dresse sur ses pieds. Il est plus grand que vous, sa tête racle le plafond de la cale; mais il ne bouge pas bien que l'activité électrique dans ses yeux cristallins vous révèle qu'il est toujours en activité. Quoi que vous fassiez, donner des ordres, agiter vos mains devant son visage ou le frapper à la poitrine, le golem ne bouge pas d'un poil comme s'il attendait quelque chose en particulier. (Notez le mot code *Etamotua* sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* .) Conscient que vous ne trouverez pas ici le moyen de forcer le golem à bouger, vous remontez vers le pont inférieur, acceptant le fait que vous allez devoir attendre de trouver quelque chose pour cela. Rendez-vous au **54**.

271

Muldwych le Moine Fou regarde dans la paume de vos mains, dans vos yeux et même sur votre langue, pour finalement dire «Ahhhh !»

«Hé bien, ça n'est pas très encourageant,» dit-il finalement dans un soupir de déception. «Je ne vois que la damnation dans votre quête. Rien d'autre que la damnation. Damnation, damnation, damnation !»

Les mots du moine de malheur vous glacent l'âme et vous commencez à douter de pouvoir un jour achever votre mission. Vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE. Muldwych n'a rien de plus à vous offrir et vous quittez le moine pour poursuivre votre route.

Vous parvenez finalement à sortir du marécage. La terre devient à nouveau solide, et vous vous retrouvez sur une route sale bordée de pommiers qui vous conduit vers Chalannabrad. Trois jours plus tard, les bâtiments blancs de la cité sont en vue. Avancez de trois jours dans la semaine et rendez-vous au **50**.

272

Debout à la proue du navire, le sorcier lève ses mains vers le brouillard et commence à incanter son sort. Des volutes se mettent à tourbillonner da ns la brume, le visage de Prospero grimace de douleur tandis qu'il lutte contre la magie contrôlant cet Elémentaire de Brume. Finalement, le mage remporte la lutte et le brouillard disparait, permettant au Tempête de poursuivre son voyage sur les flots. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **359**. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **147**.

273

Un nouveau tunnel en pente descendante vous emmène à une ultime grotte circulaire. Elle est encombrée de rochers massifs, comme s'ils avaient **té** déposés par les séismes sans fin qui martyrisent la région. Des cristaux phosphorescents émergent des parois de la caverne, baignant l'endroit d'une lueur blanchâtre. Votre regard est également attiré par une petite figurine en argile reposant sur un socle rocheux au milieu de la grotte. Vous vous approchez pour examiner l'objet. La figurine mesure une trentaine de centimètres et semble emprisonnée dans des bandes de cuir vert portant l'inscription suivante: «Brisez mes liens et libérez moi». Quelque chose vous dit que vous avez trouvé ce que vous étiez venu chercher, mais qu'allez-vous faire avec cette statuette ? Si vous souhaitez retirer les bandes de cuir, rendez-vous au **316**. Si vous préférez prendre la statuette en conservant ses liens, rendez-vous au **293**.

274

Le passage s'élargit progressivement jusqu'à vous amener à une vaste caverne. Loin au-dessus de votre tête, le plafond rocheux est envahit de fumée épaisse. Vous apercevez également un immense reptile aux écailles rouges allongé sur une plaque de basalte. Vous dégainez rapidement votre arme. Le monstre se dresse et pousse un terrible grognement. Sa tête cornue gigantesque est celle d'un puissant Dragon. La créature s'approche de vous, les narines exhalant des flammes et

de la fumée. Ce reptile mesure au moins quinze mètres de long. Des ailes noires et membraneuses se déplient depuis ses flancs. Si vous désirez tenter de fuir le Dragon de Feu, rendez-vous au **294**; sinon vous n'avez d'autre choix que de combattre.

DRAGON DE FEU HABILETE: 9 ENDURANCE: 11

Pour chaque Assaut remporté par le Dragon de Feu, tirez un dé; si vous obtenez 5 ou 6, il crache un cône de flammes qui vous fait perdre 4 points d'ENDURANCE. Si vous parvenez à éradiquer ce monstre, rendez-vous au **314**.

275

Vous cassez un gros morceau de bois de la coque interne du vaisseau et vous coincez cette planche entre les dents de la roue. Le mécanisme proteste, tentant de tourner par la force, puis abandonne. Vous avez verrouillé l'œil du Cyclone dans sa direction actuelle. (Augmentez le score de DEGATS de 1). Vous retournez à présent vers l'escalier. Rendez-vous au **54**.

276

«Zephyrus !» hurlez-vous tandis que vous chutez à t ravers les nuages de tempête entourant la Machine Météo condamnée. Vous entendez un rugissement d'ouragan dans le vent, puis votre corps atterrit sur un coussin d'air. Vous êtes transportés dans les bras puissants d'un Elémentaire d'Air.

«Vous avez appelés et je suis venu,» dit la manifestation du Vent de l'Ouest. «Commandez et j'obéirai !»

«Amène-moi au sol !» criez-vous, tentant de vous faire entendre par dessus la force des vents. Puis vous atterrissez finalement. Rendez-vous au **400**.

277

Leurs maîtres morts, les montures prennent la fuite, probablement vers le camp. Une rapide inspection des corps des barbares vous révèle 2 Repas, 5 Pièces d'Or et une grande Croc-Dague de prédateur, attachée à une corde de cuir; un charme de chasse. (Si vous désirez emporter la Croc-Dague, notez-là sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* .) Vous ne souhaitez pas vous attarder trop longtemps ici, au cas où d'autres patrouilles se mettent à la recherche de celle-ci. Vous faites de

votre mieux pour dissimuler les corps des cavaliers derrière d'épais buissons et vous vous remettez rapidement en route. Rendez-vous au **142**.

278

Une journée après avoir quitté le Mont Pyre, la température de l'air chute considérablement et plus vous voyagez vers le nord-ouest, plus le paysage semble sous l'emprise de l'hiver. Des blizzards, conjurés sans aucun doute par la Machine Météo de Balthazar Sturm, ont recouvert les collines, les vallées et les forêts d'une couche de neige de plusieurs mètres d'épaisseur. Vous passez par des villages étouffés de glace, des rivières figées et des lacs gelés. Si vous ne possédez pas de Talisman Soleil, vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE sous les morsures du froid.

Le vent se lève emportant des paquets de neige qui s'écrasent sur votre visage. Vous entendez subitement un hennissement effrayé, vous levez la tête et apercevez dans le blizzard, vous apercevez un superbe cheval blanc ailé. L'animal est attaqué par deux créatures à moitié oiseaux, à moitié reptiles.
Leurs ailes à plumes et leur corps écailleux sont couverts de gel. Les monstres tentent de refermer leur mâchoire sur le Pégase et de lacérer son corps à l'aide de leurs griffes. Les flancs blancs du Pégase sont couverts de sang rouge, là où les oiseaux-reptiles l'ont déjà blessé. Si vous désirez aider le Pégase, rendez-vous au **340**. Sinon, vous luttez contre le blizzard, abandonnant la pauvre créature à son destin. Vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE, avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **250**.

279

Vous accrochez le grappin sur un rocher et vous laissez tomber la corde par dessus le rebord du précipice avant d'entamer votre descente. Plus vous vous approchez du fond, plus il fait chaud, la sueur coule de chaque centimètre de votre peau. Mais ceci est le dernier de vos problèmes. Vous sentez soudainement la corde se faiblir et lorsque vous levez la tête, vous remarquez que cette dernière a pris feu. Vous tentez de remonter le plus vite possible, mais c'est déjà trop tard. La

corde, dévorée par les flammes, se rompt subitement. Vous chutez dans le lac de lave. En quelque secondes, il ne reste plus rien de vous, même pas votre squelette. Le Mont Pyre vous a consumé. Votre aventure est terminée !

280

Vous entendez des pas lourds et métalliques derrière vous, vous vous retournez et apercevez l'automate-golem que vous aviez laissé dans la cale. Il se force un passage dans la pièce. Le géant de métal passe devant vous et dans un grondement d'engrenages, se jette sur le Jaggernaut.

Conduisez la bataille entre le Cuirassé et le Jaggernaut, comme s'il s'agissait de tout autre affrontement. Avant le début du combat, modifiez les statistiques du Jaggernaut si nécessaire.

JUGGERNAUT	**HABILETE: 11**	**ENDURANCE: 16**
CUIRASSE	**HABILETE: 10**	**ENDURANCE: 12**

Si le Cuirassé parvient à vaincre le Jaggernaut, la lumière électrique de ses yeux s'éteint, le colosse a épuisé toutes se réserves dans la lutte et il ne viendra plus vous aider à l'avenir (regagnez 1 point de CHANCE et rendez-vous au **156**). Si le Jaggernaut parvient à vaincre le Cuirassé, rendez-vous au **262**.

281

L'escalier vous mène à une nouvelle salle circulaire encore plus petite que les précédentes. Cette pièce ne possède aucune fenêtre mais des éclairs emprisonnés dans une flasque de verre et de cuivre, posée sur un plan de travail, produisent un éclairage bleuté suffisant pour que vous puissiez y voir. Un réseau de câbles est connecté à la flasque depuis un interrupteur dans le mur, tourné en position allumé. La pièce est emplit du bruit craquant de l'électricité et l'air saturé d'odeurs d'ozone et de brulé. Il semblerait que quelqu'un ait réussit à capturer la foudre dans une bouteille.

Vous apercevez une arche dans le mur opposé qui mène à un autre escalier de pierre en spirale. Soudain, plusieurs petite formes sombres émergent des ombres de l'arrière du plan de travail, elles avancent dans la lumière électrique et vous constatez qu'elles ne sont pas plus grandes que des Nains et semblent totalement enveloppées de cuir avec des casques en cuivre sur la tête desquels émergent des sortes de lunettes aux verres tels des loupes, reflétant également quelques décharges électriques.

Il semble évident que si vous désirez pénétrer dans la pièce pour vous approcher de la flasque ou atteindre l'autre escalier, vous allez devoir affronter ces curieuses créatures. Si vous êtes prête à l faire, rendez-vous au **311**. Si vous pensez en avoir vu suffisamment, vous pouvez quitter la tour (rendez-vous au **398**) ou descendre vers les niveaux inférieurs, dans les profondeurs des sous-sols, si vous n'y étiez pas encore allé (rendez-vous au **160**).

282

Vous nagez avec force et vous vous dirigez vers le temple. Si vous possédez le mot code

Ertsnom, rendez-vous au **200**. Sinon, l'horreur titanesque propulse un tentacule et vous attrape la cheville et vous attire violemment vers a gueule béante. Rendez-vous au **242** et réduisez votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point pour le premier Assaut, tandis que la bête entrave vos mouvements dans son tentacule.

283

Le vent mugit tandis qu'il s'engouffre dans le canyon et il souffle de plus en plus fort. Soudain, devant vous se forme un tourbillon concentré de poussière et de sable, aussi grand que vous. Sans crier gare, le Diable de Poussière dansant approche de vous et vous vous retrouvez vite à combattre cet esprit de l'air.

DIABLE DE POUSSIERE HABILETE: 7 ENDURANCE: 6

Si aujourd'hui est Jour du Vent, augmentez l'HABILETE du Diable de Poussière de 1 point et son ENDURANCE de 2 points. A cause de sa forme mouvante et non solide, il est très difficile de touche cette créature aérienne. Ainsi, chaque Assaut que vous remporterez ne lui fera perdre que 1 point d'ENDURANCE. Si vous éliminez le Diable de Poussière, vous poursuivez votre route et bientôt vous atteignez une nouvelle intersection. Allez-vous prendre à gauche (rendez-vous au **208**) ou à droite (rendez-vous au **333**) ?

284

«Meurs à présent !» hurle Sturm, sa voix telle les mugissements du vent. Vous devez combattre le furieux Mælstrom.

MÆLSTROM HABILETE: 12 ENDURANCE: 10

Si vous réduisez l'ENDURANCE du Mælstrom à 3 ou moi ns, une explosion de lumière vive accompagnée d'un claquement de tonnerre secoue le pont du vaisseau. Vous tombez à la renverse sous la puissance de la déflagration et heurtez un établi de machine. Vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE et, si vous êtes toujours vivant, rendez-vous au **397**.

285

Vous approchez votre oreille de la porte, des bruits de mouvements et de grognements furieux vous parviennent à travers le fer, il semblerait que quelqu'un soit emprisonné ici. Allez-vous:

Prendre la clé suspendue au crochet sur le mur ? Rendez-vous au **335**.
Poursuivre votre descente dans les escaliers (si vous ne l'avez pas encore fait) ? Rendez-vous au **188**.
Grimper dans les étages supérieurs de la tour (si vous ne l'avez pas encore fait) ? Rendez-vous au **220**.
Quitter la tour ? Rendez-vous au **398**.

286

Deux jours de marche forcée vous amènent en vue des murs de la capitale du Femphrey - Chalannabrad ! (Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine.) Ce n'est pas votre première visite dans cette ville, et voir ces larges avenues, ces magnifiques bâtiments et ces parcs enchanteurs ne cessera jamais de vous émouvoir. Mais vous n'êtes pas là pour visiter cette fois-ci, vous ne perdez pas de temps et vous vous dirigez rapidement vers le Collège des Mages. Il s'agit d'un bâtiment aux dômes de cristal et aux tours défiant les cieux, abritant une myriade de couloirs labyrintesques cachant des merveilles que l'œil pro fane ne verra jamais. Vous êtes connu des Mages, ayant effectué plusieurs missions en leur nom par le passé, et on vous accorde rapidement une audience avec le Haut Conseil des Sorciers, Mages et Sages…

Moins d'une demi-heure plus tard, vous quittez la Chambre du Conseil, furieux et frustré.

C'est comme si le conseil ne voulait rien savoir de la menace potentielle qui pèse sur Femphrey, tout le monde a cru que vous exagériez vos propos. Mais pourquoi étaient-ils si opposés au fait que quelqu'un puisse manipuler le temps afin d'assouvir ses plans démoniaques ? Laissons les croire ce qu'ils veulent, cela ne vous empêchera pas de poursuivre cette menace qui pèse sur le royaume.

Tandis que vous vous éloignez de la Chambre du Conseil, la porte de celui-ci s'ouvre et un mage d'un jeune âge à la barbe taillée, vêtu d'amples robes rouges aux comètes dansantes vous rejoint dans le couloir. Vous le reconnaissez, il s'agit de Matteus Charmweaver, un mage avec qui vous avez travaillé par le passé, en abattant l'Ogre Shaman du sud du Lendleland.

«Je suis vraiment confus, mon ami,» déclare-t-il. «Je n'arrive pas à croire que le Conseil puisse vous traiter de la sorte, après tout ce que vous avez fait pour le Collège par le passé. Mais ils sont embarrassés. Ils savent qui est derrière l'attaque de Vastarin, mais ils ignorent quoi faire pour stopper cet individu.»

«Qui est-ce alors ?» demandez-vous.

«Son nom est Balthazar Sturm, il fut autrefois membre du Collège des Mages,» explique Matteus. «Il a suivi la voie de la magie Elémentaire, se concentrant particulièrement sur les sortilèges météorologiques, mais il a été renvoyé pour pratiques dangereuses et irresponsables de la sorcellerie. Il tentait de combiner, au travers d'expériences hasardeuses, la magie et les machines. On peut dire qu'il est parti en jurant de prendre sa revanche, non seulement sur le Collège mais également sur Chalannabrad et sur tout le royaume. Le Conseil suspecte Sturm d'être à l'origine de la dévastation de Sturm et que sa vengeance a débuté.»

«De quelle manière peut-il être stoppé ?» pressez-vous.

«Venez avec moi,» dit Matteus.

Le mage vous conduit à ses quartiers privés dans la partie du Collège où se tient un bassin de pierre. La surface, telle un miroir, est lisse et réfléchit parfaitement la lumière. Matteus entame une incantation et observe l'eau du bassin. Vous voyez vous-même des images tournoyer et

changer, sans pouvoir définir clairement ce qu'elles représentent. Finalement, elles disparaissent et Matteus se tourne vers vous.

«Il n'y a pas de temps à perdre,» déclare-t-il avec froid. «Sturm a créé une machine volante capable d'altérer la météo, il possède plusieurs jours d'avance sur vous,» vous dit le mage. «Il a emprisonné quatre puissants Elémentaires dans le Moteur Elémentaire de sa machine volante afin qu'ils lui apportent toute l'énergie dont il a besoin pour garder le vaisseau dans les airs. Si vous voulez avoir une chance de stopper Sturm et sa Machine du Temps, vous devrez trouver
comment vaincre ces Elémentaires. Cherchez dans les endroits où les quatre éléments de la Terre, de l'Air, du Feu et de l'Eau se trouvent en grande quantité.»

«Et où est-ce ?» demandez-vous.

«Enfoui profondément sous les montagnes de la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière, sur les Plaines Hurlantes battues par le vent, au cœur du Mont Pyre , le volcan qui crache sa colère à la frontière montagneuse de la Mauristasie, et enfin dans les abysses de la Mer des Anguilles. A présent hâtez-vous ! Le royaume de Femphrey est en danger. Je serais bien venu avec vous, malheureusement j'ai peur de vous retarder, je n'ai plus la fougue de la jeunesse.»

Vous pouvez demander à Matteus de vous aider dans l 'un des quatre éléments. Mais lequel ? Allez-vous choisir:

La Terre ? Rendez-vous au **306**.
L'Air ? Rendez-vous au **326**.
Le Feu ? Rendez-vous au **356**.
L'Eau ? Rendez-vous au **376**.

Vous pouvez également dire à Matteus que vous n'avez pas une minute à perdre et que vous désirez partir immédiatement (rendez-vous au **395**) ?

287

Vous ouvrez la porte et nagez dans ce qui fut la cabine du capitaine, le squelette de cet homme est toujours là, portant une jaquette de gentilhomme rouge et dorée, ainsi qu'un chapeau bicorne. Il est assis derrière un lourd bureau en chêne, un coutelas à la main. Une grande clé dorée est attachée à une chainette rouillée qui pend au cou du squelette. Tout ce qui a pu avoir de la valeur ici a été depuis longtemps emporté par la mer. Allez-vous approcher du capitaine mort et lui subtiliser la clé qui pend à son cou (rendez-vous au **257**), ou préférez-vous quitter la cabine et poursuivre vos recherches par la coque éventrée (rendez-vous au **217**), ou bien quitter l'épave et vous diriger vers la fissure (rendez-vous au **6**) ?

288

Le tranchant de votre lame vient rapidement à bout des cordes. Les poulies s'écrasent au sol et la roue dentée tourne dans le vide à présent. Le vaisseau tangue soudainement de gauche à droite, vous envoyant voler à travers la pièce. Vous avez cassé le mécanisme directionnel, laissant la Machine Météo dériver sur les puissants vents. (Augmentez le score de DEGATS de 2 et

regagnez 1 point de CHANCE.) Vous retournez à présent vers l'escalier. Rendez-vous au **54**.

289

Ces plans représentent la plus incroyable des machines, son apparence extérieure est celle d'un poisson géant, mais ses entrailles sont un mélange de machines et de magie. Vous remarquez des annotations telles que: Générateur d'Electricité, Verre Flamboyant et Moteur Elémentaire. De ce que vous pouvez en déduire, sur le bureau reposent ce qui semble être les plans définitifs de l'impressionnante machine. (Si vous souhaitez prendre les Plans, notez-les sur votre Feuille d' Aventure en précisant qu'il s'agit de la version 13 de ce prototype fascinant.) A présent, allez-vous:

Redescendre l'escalier en direction des sous-sols (si vous n'y êtes pas encore allé) ? Rendez-vous au **160**.
Quitter la tour ? Rendez-vous au **398**.

290*

Le tunnel s'achève bientôt au rebord d'un précipice donnant sur une vaste caverne naturelle. Les rails continuent toutefois droit devant, supportés par un réseau de poutres formant un haut pont de bois au-dessus du vide. Un vieux chariot est encore en place sur les rails, ses roues légèrement rouillées.

Vous ne voulez pas traverser en équilibre sur le pont, chaque pas menaçant de vous faire glisser. Mais si vous prenez place dans le petit wagon, vous pourriez poursuivre le long des rails de manière plus sûre et plus rapide. Si vous souhaitez faire cela, rendez-vous au **308**. Sinon, vous allez devoir retourner à l'intersection et prendre le tunnel de droite en vous rendant au **5**.

291

Vous affrontez le Géant, chaque muscle de votre corps bandé sous l'effort. Puis vous trouvez la faille dans sa défense, enroulant vos bras autour de l'une des jambes gigantesques. Vous effectuez une pirouette tout en conservant votre prise et le Géant, déséquilibré, s'écrase au sol lourdement, l'écho de sa chute résonnant à travers la forêt. Vous reculez, incertain de la réaction du Géant
suite à sa défaite. Il se rassoit lentement, une horrible grimace déformant son visage.

«Mint'nan je sé koman vouz avé fé avec le vieuh GogMagog,» grogne le Géant. «Vou zét vréman un éro !» Un large sourire laisse apparaitreses dents gâtées. «Si Cormoran doua manké à kelqu'in, je seré contant ke cé toua !» Le Géant vous serre la main et vous reprenez chacun votre route. (Notez le mot code *Naromroc* sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et regagnez 1 point de CHANCE.)

Vous voyagez deux jours de plus (Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine), marchant toujours en direction de la barrière grise de la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière. Rendez-vous au **250**.

292

Vous vous rendez à la proue du navire, portez la corne à vos lèvres et soufflez dedans. Un bruit sourd résonne sur les vagues et, lorsqu'il atteint le brouillard, se transforme en une puissante onde sonore qui déchire les liens magiques qui formaient cet Elémentaire de Brume. Vous retirez la corne de vos lèvres et le bruit cesse. Le brouillard n'est plus, permettant au Tempête de poursuivre son voyage sur les flots. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **359**. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **147**.

293

Vous ramassez la statuette et vous notez, en la retournant, qu'un mot est gravé dans l'argile à sa base: Arkholith. Soudain, vous ressentez une secousse, vous vous détournez du socle de pierre et courrez vers la sortie. Mais avant d'avoir pu atteindre le tunnel, les énormes rochers parsemant le sol de la caverne roulent les uns vers les autres devant vous, accompagnés de craquements sourds, et fusionnent en deux choses monstrueuses aux corps vaguement humanoïde. Des fissures apparaissent dans certains rochers et s'écartent, formant des bouches béantes dans lesquelles vous distinguez des dents minérales, tandis que des quartzs deviennent des yeux scintillants. Si vous voulez sortir de cet endroit sacré, siège du puissant pouvoir de la terre, vous allez devoir vous débarrasser les Bêtes Rochers ensemble.

Première BETE ROCHER	**HABILETE: 8**	**ENDURANCE: 11**
Seconde BETE ROCHER	**HABILETE: 8**	**ENDURANCE: 10**

(Si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Terre, augmentez l'ENDURANCE des deux Bêtes de 1.) Grâce à Fléau du Dragon, vous êtes capable d'entailler ces monstres, une épée non magique n'aurait rien fait. Toutefois, si vous possédez une arme contondante, telle une Masse ou un Marteau de Guerre, chaque coup que vous porterez leur feront perdre 3 points d'ENDURANCE. Pour échanger Fléau du Dragon contre une arme contondante, si vous en avez une, vous devez volontairement perdre un Assaut où vos deux adversaires vous blesseront chacun.

Si vous détruisez ces monstres élémentaires, les prit ses qui habitaient les rochers sont renvoyés vers le Plan Elémentaire de la Terre et ceux-ci explosent en une myriade d'échardes. (Notez la Statuette d'Argile sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et regagnez 1 point de CHANCE.) Vous revenez prudemment vers l'entrée de la mine, mais avant que vous ne puissiez sortir, le séisme revient, toujours plus fort ! Rendez-vous au **10**.

294

Au moment où vous vous détournez du Dragon, celui-ci crache un cône de flammes. Vous perdez 6 points d'ENDURANCE. (Si vous possédez un Tatouage de Dragon, un Bouclier Dragon, une Cape en Peau de Dragon ou aviez bu une Potion de Protection contre le Feu avant de pénétrer dans les Tunnels de Feu, vous pouvez réduire ces dégâts de 2 points.) Si vous survivez à ce brasier, vous courrez à nouveau dans le passage. Rendez-vous au **344**.

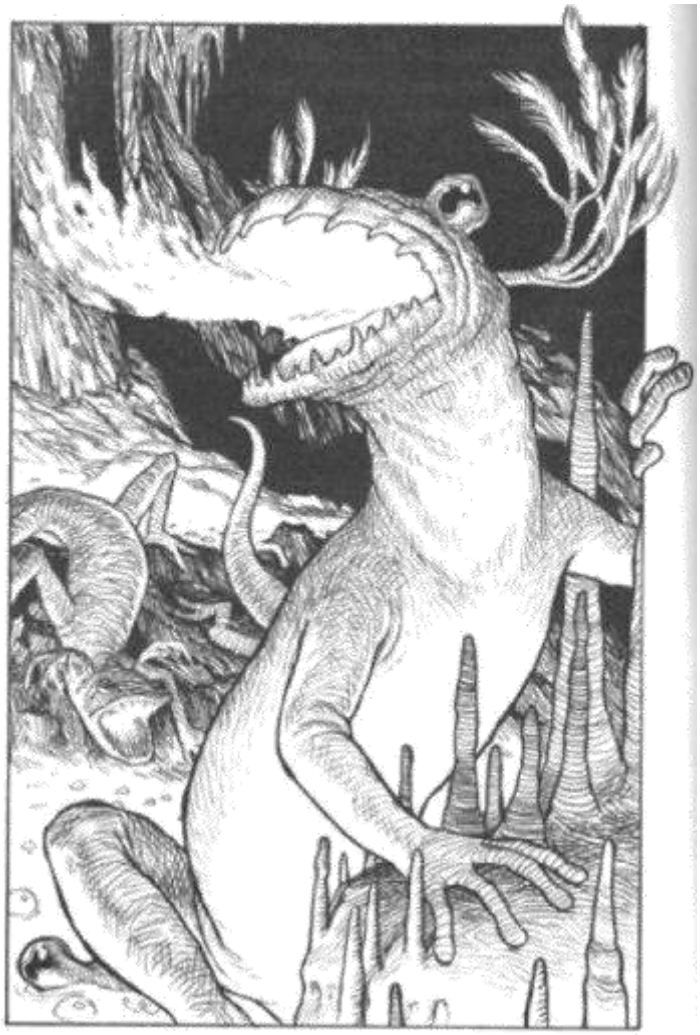

295

Le passage que vous suivez tourne sur la droite et suit une pente ascendante. Vous arrivez bientôt à un cul-de-sac dans une caverne haute de plafond. Les pierres de cette grotte sont noires, comme carbonisées et des émanations de soufre s'élèvent de bassins boueux. Vous n'êtes pas seul non plus, sifflant de rage suite à votre intrusion dans leur territoire, des lézards géants couleur soufre sortent de leurs bains de boue, déterminé à vous chasser de cet endroit. Ces créatures sont des Salamandres, de gros lézards carnivores raffolant de viande bien cuite. Ils cuisent eux même leurs proies grâce à leur souffle enflammé ! Vous devez combattre les Salamandres deux à la fois.

Première SALAMANDRE
HABILETE: 6 ENDURANCE: 6
Deuxième SALAMANDRE
HABILETE: 6 ENDURANCE: 5
Troisième SALAMANDRE
HABILETE: 5 ENDURANCE: 6
Quatrième SALAMANDRE
HABILETE: 6 ENDURANCE: 7

Pour chaque Assaut remporté par une Salamandre, tirez un dé. Si vous obtenez 6, la créature crache un jet de feu sur vous (vous perdez 4 points d'ENDURANCE au lieu des 2 points habituels.) Si aujourd'hui est Jour du Feu, la Salamandre crachera ses flammes si vous obtenez 5 ou 6 sur le dé. Si vous parvenez à vaincre les Salamandres, vous fuyez cette caverne rapidement avant que d'autres de ces créatures ne fassent leur apparition. Rendez-vous au **339**.

296

Vous avez trouvé plusieurs indices intrigants dans votre exploration de la Tour Electrique, mais vous n'avez toujours aucune idée de l'identité de la personne qui est responsable de l'attaque de Vastarin. Vous n'avez d'autre choix que de vous rendre à Chalannabrad afin d'y quérir des réponses. Le voyage de retour vers la frontière puis dans les terres du Femphrey se déroule sans incident, mais se révèle chronophage. Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine et rendez-vous au **286**.

297

Une sorte de sixième sens vous avertit d'un danger imminent. Instinctivement, vous vous baissez et une patte griffue, surgie de la tempête de neige, passe au-dessus de votre tête. Les Chasseurs sont devenus les proies. Rendez-vous au **261**.

298

Vous êtes allé vite en besogne dans votre quête pour défaire l'Elémentaliste fou, mais vous pouvez toujours le vaincre. Toutefois, si vous voulez stopper Sturm, vous allez devoir trouver un moyen de monter à bord de sa Machine Météo. Comment allez-vous vous y prendre ?

Si vous utilisez une Potion de Lévitation, rendez-vous au **207**. Si vous connaissez le nom d'un Elémentaire d'Air et souhaitez faire appel à son aide maintenant, changez son nom en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26. Additionnez ces nombres ensemble puis ajoutez 30 au résultat, rendez-vous ensuite au paragraphe portant ce numéro. Si vous possédez le mot code *Esagep*, rendez-vous au **128**. Sinon, mais que vous possédez le mot code *Nollab*, rendez-vous au **149**. Si vous ne possédez rien de tout cela, rendez-vous au **107**.

299

Vous faites tournoyer votre grappin et le lancez de l'autre côté du ravin. Les griffes de fer raclent le sol avant de s'agripper à un rocher. Vous testez la solidité de la prise en tirant deux fois sur la corde, puis vous traversez le précipice et vous vous retrouvez de l'autre côté. Vous récupérez votre grappin et le rangez dans votre sac à dos, avec votre corde. Vous pouvez poursuivre votre exploration dans le nouveau tunnel devant vous, rendez-vous au **185**.

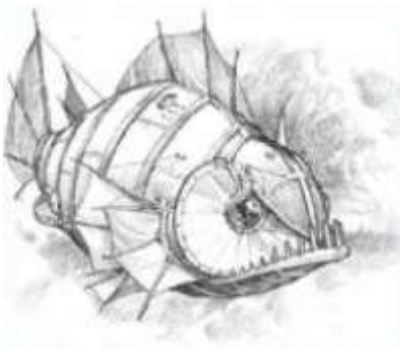

300

Vous approchez de la mâchoire depuis l'autre côté et vous remarquez ce que vous ne pouviez voir avant. L'une des dents de pierre est composée de cristal. Intrigué, vous tentez de dégager le cristal du rocher. En y regardant de plus près vous constatez que des flammes dansent à l'intérieur, tout en formant la lettre H. (Si vous désirez prendre le Cristal de Feu, notez le sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* ainsi que la lettre qui lui est associée). C'est à cet instant, que vous réalisez que les jets de flammes ont disparu. Vous en profitez pour courir rejoindre l'autre tunnel. Rendez-vous au **245**.

301

Vous nagez jusqu'à la main de la statue et vous saisissez le trident mais ce dernier est solidement attaché dans le poing de Hydana. Vous tirez plus fort, poussant de vos jambes contre le torse de la statue. Soudain, le dieu de pierre se brise au niveau des pieds et tombe sur vous, vous parvenez juste à temps à nager plus loin afin d'éviter l'écrasement. La statue tombe sur le sol du temple et se brise en plusieurs morceaux. Un grondement sourd commence à résonner sur les murs de l'édifice sacré et des pans entiers de la structure s'effondrent autour de vous. Vous avez profané le temple du Dieu des Mers et vous encourez à présent sa colère. (Vous perdez 2 points de CHANCE !) Vous n'avez d'autre choix que de tenter de fuir avant de vous retrouver enseveli sous les décombres de l'édifice. Tandis que vous vous efforcez de quitter la structure vacillante, vous êtes percuté par de lourds morceaux de maçonnerie Tirez. un dé et ajoutez 2, ceci représente le nombre de points d'ENDURANCE que vous perdez. Si vous êtes toujours vivant et si vous possédez le mot code *Ertsnom*, rendez-vous au **358**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **318**.

302

Vous descendez l'escalier de métal pour pénétrer dans la cale. Vous vous retrouvez rapidement dans de l'eau puante et d'une teinte rouille jusqu'aux genoux. Les eaux usées du vaisseau qui sont collectées ici libèrent une odeur putride véritablement immonde. Si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Tempête, rendez-vous au **320**. Sinon, rendez-vous au**336**.

303

Vous poursuivez votre exploration de la gorge sous un soleil toujours aussi brûlant. Vous n'êtes pas allé bien loin avant d'atteindre une nouvelle **ntersection**. Cette fois irez-vous à droite (rendez-vous au **208**) ou à gauche (rendez-vous au **178**) ?

304

Le tunnel continue de monter jusqu'à ce que vous pénétriez dans une caverne spectaculaire remplie d'immenses cristaux, brillant de couleurs arc-en-ciel. La grotte toute entière est secouée tandis que le volcan entre en éruption, des structures cristallines de la taille de menhirs chutent depuis le plafond et tout autour de vous. Cela va être difficile de passer sous cette pluie mortelle. Soudain, votre cœur s'emballe, vous n'apercevez aucune autre issue ! (Ajoutez 1 point à votre SCORE DE TEMPS.)

Au moment où vous pensiez être fait, une morceau géant de cristal s'effondre sur une paroi de la caverne et éventre cette dernière. La lumière du jour pénètre dans la grotte par le nouveau trou dans le flanc du volcan. Sans perdre un instant, vous sprintez en direction de l'ouverture.

Combien de temps avez-vous mis pour arriver jusque là ? Si votre SCORE DE TEMPS est de 4, vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE et rendez-vous au **388**. Si votre SCORE DE TEMPS est de 5, rendez-vous au **323**. Si votre SCORE DE TEMPS est de 6, rendez-vous au **353**, et si votre SCORE DE TEMPS est de 7, rendez-vous au **373**.

305

Affronter le Géant sans arme était une décision téméraire et risquée. A peine la lutte commencé, vous vous retrouvez soulevé dans les airs et projeté à travers les arbres pour atterrir lourdement plusieurs mètres au-delà. Tirez un dé et perdez autant de points d'ENDURANCE, mais pas moins que 2 points, et perdez également 1 point de CHANCE. Le Géant, ayant prouvé sa supériorité, retourne à ses affaires vous laissant étalé au sol, le corps meurtri. Tandis qu'il s'éloigne, vous l'entendez marmonner quelque chose à propos de défi envers leur nouveau chef. Vous ramassez votre équipement et vous vous remettez en route de votre côté.

Vous voyagez deux jours de plus (Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine), marchant toujours en direction de la barrière grise de la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière. Rendez-vous au **250**.

306

Matteus attrape un pot en terre scellé, depuis une étagère. Il vous la tend en vous disant: «voici une Potion de Force de Géant. Les Elémentaires de Terre sont les plus batailleurs et les plus puissants de tous. S'il vous arrive d'en rencontrer un, vous serez heureux d'avoir ceci en votre possession, mais ne l'utilisez que dans les circonstances les plus extrêmes.»

Si vous le souhaitez, vous pourrez boire la Potion de Force de Géant avant un combat. Elle augmentera votre Habileté de 2 points pour tout le combat et les dommages que vous causerez de 1 point, mais il n'y a qu'une seule dose. Notez la Potion de Force de Géant sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et rendez-vous au **193**.

307

Vous vous faufilez prudemment, passant de buisson en rocher afin de dissimuler votre présence aux regards des barbares. Vous avez failli, à une o u deux reprises, croiser les rondes de patrouilles montées, et vous avez même du rebrousse chemin sur quelques mètres afin de chercher un moyen plus sûr de passer. Mais toute cette prudence s'avère finalement payante et vous vous retrouvez bientôt au niveau des tentes en peaux d'animaux.

Vous progressez vers le centre du camp, passant devant des enclos de chevaux, des forgerons martelant de nouvelles armes et des armuriers confectionnant les équipements des maraudeurs. Vous contournez une tente et vous vous arrêtez net, vingt mètres devant vous se trouve une autre tente beaucoup plus grande et luxueuse. L'entrée est surveillée par deux gardes, postés devant un

homme assis sur un trône de bois noir, ce dernier e st vêtu d'une armure laquée de couleur rouge et porte un casque en forme de dragon. Il s'agit du Khan, chef de cette horde barbare. Un sabre effilé repose entre ses genoux et il scrute avec attention les préparatifs de guerre du camp.

Vous en savez quelque peu à propos des tribus de maraudeurs des plaines du Lendleland, leurs Khans sont des hommes fiers dont les vies sont dictées par des codes guerriers stricts. Si vous pouviez défier cette personne en combat singulier et l'humilier, par une défaite, vous pourriez stopper les projets d'invasion avant qu'ils ne soient arrivés à terme. Il serait très osé de choisir cette option, mais il est évident que les frontières du Femphrey risquent d'être bientôt harcelées par ces barbares.

Si vous désirez révéler votre position et défier Khan,le rendez-vous au **348**. Si vous préférez plutôt vous éclipser discrètement et poursuivre votre route, rendez-vous au **328**.

308

Vous attachez votre lanterne devant le chariot puis vous montez à l'intérieur et, grâce à votre épée, vous le mettez en mouvement. Aussitôt que les rails dépassent le bord du précipice, elle poursuive vers le bas et le wagon commence à prendre de la vitesse. Soudain, une jonction apparait devant vous, les rails se divisent et partent à gauche et à droite, la seule façon de choisir une route est de se pencher du côté désiré dans le chariot.

Choisissez quel chemin doit emprunter le wagon, gauche ou droite, puis tirez trois dés. Si le total est inférieur ou égal à votre score d'ENDURANCE, vous avez réussi à diriger le chariot vers la route que vous aviez choisi. S'il est supérieur, tirez un dé à nouveau, si le résultat est impair, vous allez à gauche, s'il est pair, vous allez à droite. En définitif, où allez-vous ?

Gauche ? Rendez-vous au **122**.
Droite ? Rendez-vous au **138**.

309

Une journée après avoir quitté la frontière sud duFemphrey (avancez au prochain jour de la semaine), l'air devient chaud. Le soleil brûle la terre depuis un ciel sans nuage, vous passez devant des champs qui devraient être fertiles mais qui ne sont rien de plus que de la terre aride à présent. Le sol est dur et craquelé, les rivières ont asséchées et le vent soulève des vagues de poussière.

Derrière cet écran poussiéreux, arrivant en sens contraire, vous distinguez une file de charrettes et autres carrioles tirées par des chevaux et des bœuf s. Une bande de pauvres hères vêtue de guenilles à l'aspect repoussant se traîne derrière la caravane. Tout le monde quitte cette contrée ravagée, vous êtes le seul voyageur qui entreprend d'y pénétrer !

Vous interpellez un fermier et lui demandez les raisons de ce départ massif. «Vous ne voyez pas ?» répond-il. «C'est la sécheresse, toutes nos récoltes sont perdues, nous n'avons plus rien à manger. Nous n'avons aucune raison de rester dans le coin, notre seul espoir est de trouver un meilleur endr…»

L'homme s'interrompt lorsque le sol se met soudainement à trembler. «C'était quoi ?» demande-t-il, vous lançant un regard anxieux. Une autre secousse soulève le sol sec et la route se lézarde puis la terre s'ouvre. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **346**. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **218**.

310*

Vous arrivez à une nouvelle intersection. Vous pouvez aller à gauche, le long d'un tunnel humide (rendez-vous au **399**); à droite dans un passage poussiéreux (rendez-vous au **227**), ou tout droit dans un couloir aux pierres visqueuses (rendez-vous au **327**).

311

Aussitôt que vous avancez dans la pièce, les petites créatures approchent afin de vous barrer la route. Vous dégainez Fléau du Dragon et constatez que chacun de ces êtres étranges porte le nom «FULGURITE» sur leur combinaison de cuir, suivi d'un numéro. Vous êtes attaqué par les Fulgurites Sept, Neuf et Dix. Vous avancez suffisamment d'espace dans ce laboratoire pour affronter les créatures une à la fois.

Premier FULGURITE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 4**
Deuxième FULGURITE	**HABILETE: 5**	**ENDURANCE: 5**
Troisième FULGURITE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 5**

Si vous éliminez vos trois adversaires, notez les numéros des Fulgurites que vous avez combattus et rendez-vous au **351**.

312

Sans hésiter, vous sautez sur le premier rocher. Vous atteignez le deuxième sans plus de problèmes. Vous vous sentez confiant, car vous atterrissez sur le troisième aussi facilement. Mais, au moment où vous vous prépariez à franchir le quatrième rocher, vous remarquez des remous dans la lave, et quelque chose de monstrueux émerge de la rivière de feu. Vous dégainez Fléau du Dragon instinctivement, tandis que la créature continue de se dresser devant vous. Elle mesure trois mètres de haut, de la tête aux cuisses, ses genoux étant plongés dans la lave. La créature semble être formée de roche en fusion et commence à refroidir maintenant qu'elle est exposée à l'air, une peau rugueuse et noire se forme autour du monstre. Désirez-vous combattre la Bête de Magma (rendez-vous au **191**), ou préférez-vous tenter de fuir en sautant sur les derniers rochers au milieu de la lave (rendez-vous au **231**) ?

313

Le chasseur se présente sous le nom de Sylas et vous dit qu'il serait mieux de se mettre en route sans perdre de temps, le premier à revenir remporte la récompense après tout. Ce genre de créature est réputé pour faire sa tanière dans les pics au nord d'Eerie side, les marais à l'e st et même dans le lac Eerie. Mais où trouverez-vous le repaire du Dragon de Tempête, s'il existe éllementaire ?

Une fois que vous êtes à l'extérieur de la ville, vous commencez à traquer la moindre piste de la bête. Testez votre Habileté en soustrayant 2 du jet de dés si vous possédez un Croc-Dague. Si c'est un succès, rendez-vous au **357**. Si c'est un échec, rendez-vous au **195**.

314

Vous avez remporté une brillante victoire. Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE. Dans l'antre du Dragon de Feu vous découvrez les restes de ses précédentes victimes, les squelettes de chèvres, de Salamandres et même d'humains, qu'il a du chasser sur les pentes du volcan. Parmi ce charnier, vous trouvez une pleine poignée de Pièces d'Or (tirez deux dés et ajoutez 6 afin de connaitre précisément leur nombre), un Marteau de Guerre toujours dans la poigne carbonisée d'un Nain mort et deux cristaux étranges. Chacun émet une faible lueur et sont chauds au toucher. Vous les ramassez et constatez que des flammes dansantes en leur sein tracent une lettre de feu, il s'agit d'un A et d'un S. Ramassez tout ce que vous souhaitez parmi tout ce que vous avez trouvé et notez les objets sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure*. La caverne est un cul-de-sac, vous retournez donc à la dernière intersection pour emprunter le tunnel plus étroit, vers les entrailles du volcan. Rendez-vous au **344**.

315

Vous passez par dessus bord et plongez dans la mer. Vous chutez telle une pierre au fond de l'océan, le poids de votre armure et de votre épée vous entraîne vers le récif submergé. Vos poumons commencent à vous faire souffrir et vous n'en pouvez-plus, vous prenez une profonde inspiration. Miraculeusement, vous pouvez respirer comme vous l'espériez. Quelques instants plus tard, vos pieds touchent le sol sablonneux.

Vous regardez rapidement autour de vous, la lumière du jour est assez faible sous ces profondeurs mais vous y voyez suffisamment et vous distinguez la coque du Tempête au-dessus de votre tête. Derrière vous, le récif s'élève au dessus du plancher marin, au-delà il n'y a rien à part les froides ténèbres de la mer. Sur votre droite, vous apercevez l'épave trouée d'un galion, et sur votre gauche une épaisse fissure qui traverse el sol. Il est certain que le Temple ne se trouve pas au-delà du récif. Allez-vous donc vous intéresser à l'épave (rendez-vous au **337**) ou à la fissure (rendez-vous au **6**) ?

316

Vous tranchez les bandes de cuir avec la pointe de votre épée et ressentez immédiatement une secousse, le sol commence à trembler sous vos pieds et au même instant la statuette se met à vibrer dans votre main. Vous lâchez la figurine d'argile puis elle commence progressivement à se transformer. Elle grandit jusqu'à atteindre une taille humaine, mais ne s'arrête pas là. La statuette prend bientôt la forme massive d'un géant de pierre.

Vous avez lâché un Elémentaire de Terre sur le monde ! (Vous perdez 2 points de CHANCE.) La puissance des secousses augmente toujours, des pans entiers de roche se détachent du plafond et s'écrasent autour de vous. Vous reculez tandis quel' Elémentaire amplifie le séisme, puis vous tournez les talons et vous fuyez. Vous ne pouvez pas affronter l'Elémentaire de Terre ici, sous une pluie de rochers.

Vous courrez à travers les cavernes, aussi vite que vous le pouvez jusqu'à repasser la fissure pour vous retrouver dans la mine. Le sol continue de trembler à l'approche de l'Elémentaire. Les Elémentaires de Terre sont des créatures au tempérament colérique et de nature maléfique. Celui-

ci, ayant été emprisonné sous terre pendant de longues années, est avide de revanche. Deux immenses mains aux doigts tels des lances de pierre attrapent la fissure et arrachent tout une partie de la paroi rocheuse, puis l'Elémentaire de Terre pénètre dans la caverne, il ressemble à un géant composé de pierre et de terre. De rage, il lève ses poings et décharge sa fureur sur le monde. Un rugissement tel le craquement d'une falaise entière résonne sur les murs de la grotte, les puissantes vagues soniques arrachant de nouveaux rochers du plafond, qui s'écrasent dans le lac.

Si vous possédez le mot code *Enihcam*, rendez-vous au **244**. Sinon, qu'allez-vous faire à présent ? Allez-vous:

Utiliser l'Etincelle de Vie, si vous la possédez ? Rendez-vous au **92**.
Boire une Potion de Force de Géant, si vous en avez une ? Rendez-vous au **81**.
Vous préparer à combattre l'Elémentaire de Terre ? Rendez-vous au **61**.
Vous enfuir ? Rendez-vous au **42**.

317

Le pont du navire est désert… ou du moins c'est ce qu'il vous semble au premier abord. Puis vous remarquez les formes sombres nager en cercle au dessus de vous. Vous reconnaissez immédiatement un banc de Requins Marteaux ! Et les prédateurs vous ont remarqué également. Plusieurs de ces chasseurs impitoyables descendent vers vous en remuant leur queue en forme de faucille. Livrez bataille entre les mats contre un requin à la fois.

Premier REQUIN MARTEAU	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 8**
Second REQUIN MARTEAU	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 7**

Si vous éliminez les requins, le seul endroit digne d'intérêt, pour la suite de votre visite, se trouve être les appartements privés situés à la poupe du navire (rendez-vous au **287**). Si vous préférez ne pas traîner sur le pont de ce bateau, au cas où d'autres créatures vous prennent en chasse, vous pouvez nager vers le trou béant dans la coque (rendez-vous au **217**), ou quitter l'épave pour vous diriger vers la fissure (rendez-vous au **6**).

318

Votre tête émerge des eaux et vous respirez à nouveau l'air frais du large. Vous vous retrouvez rapidement à bord du Tempête. Si vous avez un coquillage avec vous, rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant au nombre de ses épines.

«Avez-vous trouvé ce que vous recherchiez ?» demande le Capitaine Katarina, mais avant que vous ne puissiez répondre, la pirate change de sujet pour s'intéresser à l'argent. «Quels objets de valeur avez-vous pu trouver dans les profondeurs de l'océan ? La mer a-t-elle livrée ses trésors ?»

Avez-vous trouvé des trésors lorsque vous étiez au fond de l'océan ? Si tel est le cas, rendez-vous au **69**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **88**.

319

Après quelques dizaines de mètres, le nouveau tunnel arrive à une nouvelle intersection en T. L'air sec des Tunnels de Feu devient de plus en plus chaud et vous avez du mal à respirer. Aussi longtemps que vous serez dans le volcan, vous devez réduire votre HABILETE de 1 point. Toutefois, si vous buvez une Potion de Protection contre le Feu, si vous portez une Cape en Peau de Dragon ou si vous possédez un Tatouage de Dragon, vous pouvez ignorer cette pénalité. Quelle direction allez-vous prendre ? A gauche (rendez-vous au **339**) ou à droite (rendez-vous au **295**) ?

320

De soudains remous agitent la surface de l'eau avant qu'une pile de détritus puants n'émerge de cette fange. L'amas est composé de morceaux de bois vermoulus, de tissus pourris, de bouts de voiles déchirés et de composants métalliques rouillés; le tout présentant une forme vaguement humanoïde et un trou semblable à une bouche déformée siffle vers votre visage. Les résidus d'énergie magique qui suintent depuis les appareils du vaisseau se sont écoulés dans la cale et ont animé les débris.

DETRITUS HABILETE: 8 ENDURANCE: 8

Si vous réduisez l'ENDURANCE des déchets magiques 0,à les énergies ésotériques qui les liaient les uns aux autres se dissipent et la pile de détritus s'effondre dans la soupe infecte de la cale. Rendez-vous au **336**.

321

Au moment où vous retirez le coquillage de son support, trois silhouettes apparaissent devant la statue du Dieu des Mers. Elles ressemblent à des femmes composées entièrement d'eau, leur regard intense à l'éclat de perle tourné vers vous Vous. les entendez parler dans votre esprit.

«Pourquoi défiez-vous cet endroit sacré ?» demande la première.

«Qui ose profaner le temple de la Mer divine ?» demande la deuxième.

«Parlez maintenant ou faites don de votre vie à Hydana !» demande la troisième.

Désirez-vous tenter d'expliquer les raisons qui vous ont poussé à chercher l'aide de Dieu des Mers (rendez-vous au **341**), ou allez-vous simplement tirer votre épée et leur montrer que leurs menaces ne vous impressionnent pas (rendez-vous au **361**) ?

322

Vous empruntez la route qui contourne l'escarpement rocheux, vers la curieuse tour. Vous levez la tête vers les hauteurs du rocher, à la recherche d'un signe de vie et vous apercevez bientôt des oiseaux décrire des cercles un peu plus haut. Mais, tandis que vous approchez, vous remarquez bientôt qu'il ne s'agit pas de volatiles, ce sont des loups ailés.

Un frisson vous parcoure l'échine lorsque vous réalisez la nature étrange de ces créatures. Ce sont des Aakors, des monstres étant de simples loups à l'origine ayant muté, sou l'effet d'un quelconque sortilège sombre, en ces créatures ailées assoiffées de sang. Vous n'échappez pas à leurs yeux perçants et ils plongent bientôt dans votre direction, à grand coups d'ailes. La meute fond sur vous, toutes griffes et crocs dehors, vous êtes forcé de dégainer Fléau du Dragon pour les recevoir. Exposés sur cet escarpement nu, vous devez combattre les Aakors ensembles.

Premier AAKOR	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 8**
Deuxième AAKOR	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 7**
Troisième AAKOR	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 7**

Dès que vous aurez tué l'un des loups ailés, les autres Aakors rompront le combat, en hurlant, à la recherche d'une proie plus facile. Notez le mot code *Essahc* sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et rendez-vous au **51**.

323

Vous aviez du revenir sur vos pas une fois auparavant, lors de votre fuite des Tunnels de Feu, ce qui vous a coûté un temps précieux. La vitesse de votre course décidera de votre destin. Tirez trois dés. Si le résultat obtenu est inférieur ou égalé à votre score d'ENDURANCE, rendez-vous au **388**, mais s'il est supérieur, rendez-vous au **373**.

324

Si vous possédez le mot code *Knarc*, rendez-vous au **266**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **296**.

325

Vous sortez l'Etincelle de Vie, la fiole à six côtés, de votre sac à dos et l'insérez dans le crâne de l'automate. Vous refermez la trappe et reculez de quelques pas. Des étincelles bleues se mettent à danser dans les yeux de la créature artificielle et un bourdonnement sourd emplit l'espace de la cale. Mais il ne se passe rien de plus. Il est évident que quelque chose d'autre doit être activé afin que le golem soit totalement opérationnel, vous devez agir sur les chiffres dans sa poitrine. Si

vous désirez tourner les roulettes sur un nombre en particulier, rendez-vous au paragraphe dont le numéro correspond à ce nombre. Si vous ignorez le nombre qu'il faut entrer, vous découvrez que la trappe du crâne de l'automate est à présent verrouillée et vous ne pouvez plus récupérer l'Etincelle de Vie. Effacez-la de votre Feuille d' Aventure et rendez-vous au **54** tandis que vous quittez la cale pour remonter au pont inférieur.

326

«Alors je vous donne ceci,» dit Matteus, attrapant une bouteille de verre, depuis une étagère, en forme d'un visage aux joues gonflées. «C'est une Potion de Lévitation. Si vous rencontrez des Elémentaires d'Air, il serait mieux de les affronte sur leur propre terrain.» Notez la Potion de Lévitation sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et rendez-vous au **193**.

327

Vous progressez le long du passage lorsque vous entendez soudainement un bruit étrange derrière vous, le bruit d'une serpière mouillée tombant au sol. Vous vous retournez pour voir une étrange créature composée de gelée. Tandis que vous l'examinez, une autre de ces créatures tombe du plafond, cette fois sur vous. Le Mange Fer au corps d'amibe n'est pas intéressé par votre chair mais plutôt par le métal que vous portez. Vous allez de voir combattre le Mange Fer tout de même si vous voulez sauver votre précieux équipement.

MANGE FER **HABILETE: 4** **ENDURANCE: 5**

Pour chaque Assaut remporté par le monstre, vous ne perdez pas de point d'ENDURANCE, à la place il dévore un objet métallique, arme ou armure(vous perdez alors 1 point d'HABILETE). Lorsque vous ne possédez plus rien qui l'intéresse (vous n'avez plus de cotte de mailles, de bouclier ou d'arme autre que Fléau du Dragon qui est immunisée aux attaques des Mange Fer), il se laissera tomber, repus. Pour chaque Assaut que vous remportez, vous éjectez la créature, qui tombe au sol où vous pouvez l'achever sans mal.

Dès que vous en avez terminé avec le Mange Fer, vous vous remettez en route et parvenez au bout du tunnel qui s'achève au sommet d'une chemin écreusée dans la roche. Si vous souhaitez descendre dans ce puits, vous pouvez le faire avec l'aide d'une Corde et d'un Grappin (rendez-vous au **383**), ou vous pouvez compter sur vos mains et vos pieds (rendez-vous au **347**) ou retourner à l'intersection (en choisissant une voie que vous n'avez pas encore empruntée) et vous tournez à gauche, le long d'un corridor poussiéreux (rendez-vous au **227**), ou à droite, dans un tunnel humide (rendez-vous au **399**).

328

Vous vous retrouvez soudainement à découvert lorsque vous faites demi-tour pour quitter le camp. Testez votre Habileté. Si c'est un succès, rendez-vous au **175**. Si c'est un échec, vous êtes surpris par une patrouille (rendez-vous au **348**).

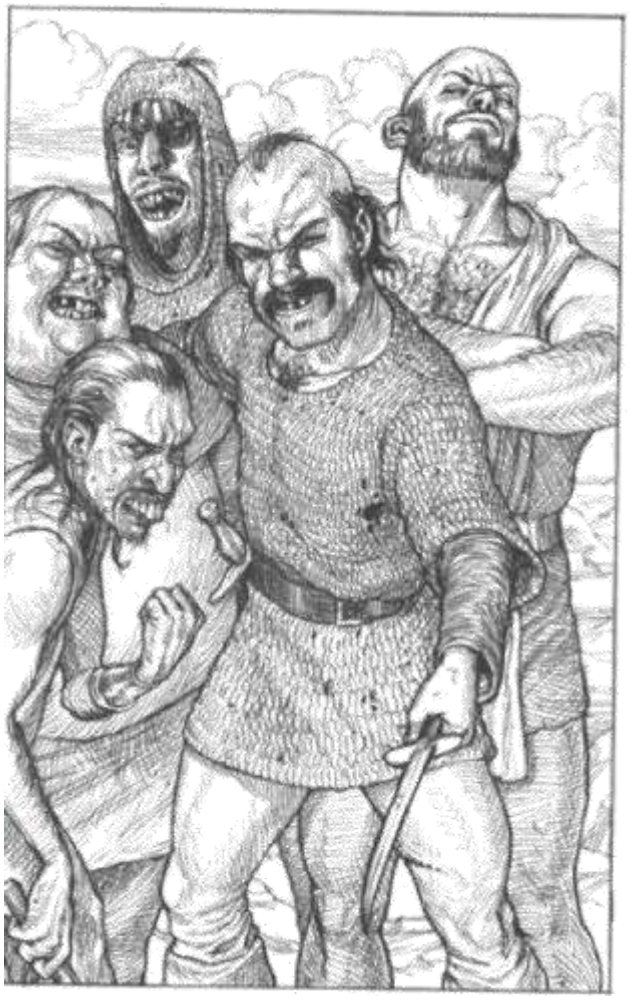

329

Sentant le danger, vous plongez à couvert derrière un arbre. Une volée de flèches fond sur vous depuis l'autre côté de la route. Votre cœur bat la chamade et vous tirez votre épée.

«C'est ça un héros, caché derrière un arbre comme un Gobelin peureux ?» lance une voix dure depuis la forêt. Vous connaissez cette voix, c'est celle de Varick Briseur de Serment. Sa longue rancune envers vous s'est finalement muée en agression sauvage.

Vous sortez rapidement de votre couvert, l'arme à la main. Varick avance vers votre position suivi de son gang de coupe-gorge. «A présent, qui est le couard ?» répondez-vous. «Cinq contre un est vraiment très courageux de ta part !»

«Et alors ?» crache Varick. «Tu m'as humilié depuis trop longtemps. On va te faire payer !»

«C'est bien digne de toi,» rétorquez-vous. «Je peux m'occuper de tes sbires d'une seule main.»

Avec des grognements de rage, Varick Briseur de Serments et sa bande de brigands se lancent à l'attaque ! Vous devez les combattre deux à la fois. Toutefois, Varick se joindra à la bataille qu'à la toute fin de celle-ci.

RUFFIAN BALAFRE	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 7**
BRIGAND SAUVAGE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 6**
BRUTE MERCENAIRE	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 6**
VOLEUR SANS SCRUPULE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 7**
VARICK BRISEUR DE SERMENTS	**HABILETE: 8**	**ENDURANCE: 10**

Si vous parvenez à battre votre rival et sa bande, rendez-vous au **371**.

330

Vous avez sacrifié votre préparation dans la hâte de mettre un terme aux plans du mage fou. Vous n'êtes pas suffisamment prêt et cela se fait sentir.(Vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE.) Si vous voulez stopper Sturm, vous allez devoir trouver un moyen de monter à bord de sa Machine Météo. Comment allez-vous vous y prendre ?

Si vous utilisez une Potion de Lévitation, rendez-vous au **207**. Si vous connaissez le nom d'un Elémentaire d'Air et souhaitez faire appel à son aide maintenant, changez son nom en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26. Additionnez ces nombres ensemble puis ajoutez 30 au résultat, rendez-vous ensuite au paragraphe portant ce numéro. Si vous possédez le mot code *Esagep*, rendez-vous au **128**. Sinon, mais que vous possédez le mot code *Nollab*, rendez-vous au **149**. Si vous ne possédez rien de tout cela, rendez-vous au **107**.

331

Possédez-vous le mot code *Etamotua* ? Si tel est le cas, rendez-vous au **280**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **262**.

332

Un visage maléfique se forme rapidement dans le brouillard, qui à présent enveloppe tout le navire. Puis, des tentacules de brume se forment et se dirigent vers vous, tandis que l'Elémentaire de Brume attaque.

ELEMENTAIRE DE BRUME HABILETE: 7 ENDURANCE: 10

Si vous remportez la victoire, la magie qui maintenait l'Elémentaire de Brume se dissipe, permettant au Tempête de poursuivre son voyage sur les flots. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **359**. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **147**.

333

Vous notez un grand rassemblement d'oiseaux charognard dans le ciel. Puis, un peu plus loin vous apercevez la cause de la présence de tels oiseaux. La carcasse d'un guerrier en armure est retournée face contre terre. Le sac à dos du cadavre repose à côté de lui. Deux longues flèches sont plantées dans le dos du pauvre homme. Vous ignorez combien de temps cet homme est ici,

mais c'est assez long pour que les vautours viennent se repaître de sa chair. Tandis que vous avancez, trois de ces vautours occupés à manger poussent soudain des cris rauques, vous avertissant de ne pas approcher de leur repas. Désirez-vous tout de même prendre le sac à dos du mort (rendez-vous au **248**), ou préférez-vous partir et laisser les vautours à leur festin pour poursuivre votre route (rendez-vous au **148**) ?

334

Vous êtes chassé du village par les villageois remontés parce que vous ne pouvez pas faire pleuvoir même si vous n'aviez jamais dit que vous le pouviez. Vous quittez Quartz énervé par de telles réactions. Vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE. Vous poursuivez votre route vers le sud-ouest pendant 2 jours (Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine), puis vous atteignez finalement les désolations des Plaines Hurlantes. Rendez-vous au **83**.

335

Vous enfoncez la clé dans le cadenas et la tournez. La main sur votre épée, vous poussez la porte et apercevez un vieil homme aux cheveux gris vêtu d'une robe usée. Il vous dévisage derrière une paire de lunettes en pince-nez. Il est évident que ce vieillard est retenu ici contre sa volonté et il vous semble qu'il soit enfermé dans son propre bureau. L'homme est assis face à un établi, entouré par des plans et des graphiques tracés à l'encre ainsi que de nombreuses maquettes des machines volantes et d'engins de siège. En vous entendant entrer, il s'est d'ailleurs armé rapidement d'une baliste chargée. Vous vous dévisagez tous deux pendant quelques instants, puis vous rassurez le vieil homme en lui assurant que vous ne lui voulez aucun mal, ce dernier affiche alors un large sourire.

«Par tous les Dieux, je suis plus qu'heureux de vous voir !» déclare-t-il en sautant sur ses pieds.

«Qui êtes-vous ?» demandez-vous. «Et pourquoi êtes vous- enfermé ici ?»

«Oh, je vous prie de m'excuser», dit le vieillard. «J'étais tellement soulagé que vous ne soyez pas lui que j'en ai oublié les bonnes manières. Mon nom est Inigo Cranck,» dit-il, vous tendant une main tremblante. Vous la lui serrez et vous vous présentez vous même. «Ha oui, j'ai entendu parler de vous,» répond-il. «Est-il vrai que vous aviez abattu la Tour de Guerre des Seigneurs Briciens ?» Vous confirmez ses propos. «Du bon travail. Mais peu importe, où en étais-je ? Oh oui, vous me demandiez ce que je faisais enfermé ic. Hé bien, c'est la décision de ce traître de Balthazar Sturm.»

«Balthazar Sturm,» dites-vous. «Je n'en ai jamais entendu parler.»

«Il étudiait autrefois au Collège des Mages de Chalannabrad, jusqu'à ce qu'il soit renvoyé pour avoir tenté des expériences de sorcellerie hasardeuses et dangereuses. Mais je l'ignorais lorsque je l'ai rencontré. Il fut bon avec moi, prétendant être un bienfaiteur et souhaitant apporter un soutien financier à mes études. Mais au final, il a volé mon savoir, l'a détourné pour ses plans machiavéliques de conquête et de revanche ! Il m'a gardé en vie seulement pour s'assurer qu'en cas de problème avec sa précieuse machine du temps, je sois là pour lui apporter mon aide sous la contrainte. Il a appelé son engin l'Œil du Cyclone. »

Confus, vous interrompez l'homme et lui demandez, «quels plans de conquête et de revanche ?»

«Sturm veut prendre sa revanche sur le Collège des Mages ainsi que sur tout le royaume de Femphrey. Il a réussi à combiner sa magie élémentaire avec mes machines afin de créer un vaisseau avec lequel il peut modifier dangereusement le temps. Il lui est possible de provoquer des inondations, de modeler de puissants blizzards et la minutes d'après les changer en une sécheresse catastrophique. Même une armée ne pourrait le vaincre, qui pourrait atteindre celui qui manipule le temps ?»

Vous dites à Inigo que vous vous êtes donné comme objectif de poursuivre la tempête qui a dévasté le village de Vastarin et, à présent que vous savez qui est responsable de cela, vous ferez de Sturm une quête personnelle et mettrez fin à ses agissements. En entendant cela, le visage du vieil homme devient rayonnant.

«C'est une excellente nouvelle !» hurle-t-il. «Mais si vous voulez réussir là où une armée ne le pourrait, vous aurez besoin d'aide. Mais nous n'avons pas de temps à perdre, sortons d'ici rapidement, à moins que vous n'ayez davantage de questions.»

Lors de votre exploration de la tour, vous avez peut-être découvert quelques objets inhabituels. Chacun d'entre eux possède un numéro qui lui est associé. Afin de poser des questions à Inigo à propos de l'un de ces objets, multipliez son numéro par 10 et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Vous avez peut-être combattu des gardes dans cette tour, si tel est le cas, vous avez également noté des numéros qui leur étaients associés. Afin d'en savoir davantage sur eux, additionnez leur trois numéros ensemble et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Lorsque vous en aurez terminé et n'aurez plus de questions, rendez-vous au **365**.

336

Parmi tous les détritus parsèment le fond de la cale, vous repérez quelque chose d'intrigant. Vous retirez un morceau de voile déchiré et découvrez ce qui ressemble à un humanoïde artificiel composé de métal. Peut-être s'agit-il d'une sorte golem. Vous reculez instinctivement, comme si vous vous attendiez à ce que la chose prenne vie , mais elle reste inerte, à moitié baignée par les eaux fétides. Si vous souhaitez inspecter davantage l'homme artificiel, rendez-vous au **385**. Sinon, il n'y a rien d'autre qui pourrait vous intéresser ici, vous décidez donc de remonter au pont inférieur (rendez-vous au **54**).

337

L'épave repose sur le sable à quelques dizaines de mètres devant vous, allongée sur le flanc. Des bancs de poissons tournent autour de ses mats brisé. La coque est éventrée par un trou massif, probablement la raison du naufrage du navire, vous vous demandez ce qui a bien pu causer un pareil dégât. Désirez-vous entrer dans l'épave à travers le trou (rendez-vous au **217**) ou préférez-vous nager jusqu'au pont du navire (rendez-vous au **317**) ? Sinon, vous pouvez quitter l'épave et vous diriger vers la fissure (rendez-vous au **6**).

338

Vous avancez dans les étendues neigeuses, le blizzard soufflant avec davantage de force comme si la neige tentait de vous empêcher d'atteindre votre but. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **297**. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **183**.

339

L'air devient toujours plus brûlant à chaque pas, vous en découvrez bientôt la raison. Vous vous retrouvez au bord d'un pont de pierre étroit qui enjambe une rivière de lave plus bas. La chaleur ici est presque intolérable. De l'autre côté de cette crevasse, un autre tunnel s'enfonce dans la paroi rocheuse. Si vous désirez progresser dans cette direction, vous allez devoir travers le précipice de feu. Mais comment vous y prendrez-vous? Allez-vous:

Utiliser une Corde et un Grappin, si vous les posséder ? Rendez-vous au **299**.
Boire une Potion de Lévitation, si vous en avez une? Rendez-vous au **367**.
Avancer prudemment sur le pont ? Rendez-vous au **265**.

340

Le Pégase tente désespérément de se débarrasser de ses agresseurs, la bataille se déroule haut dans le ciel au dessus de vous. Vous pourrez aider l'animal si vous possédez un Arc, une Arbalète, un Tromblon ou une Potion de Lévitation. Si vous avez l'un de ces objets et souhaitez l'utiliser, rendez-vous au **89**. Sinon, vous n'avez d'autre choix que de repartir en laissant le Pégase à son terrible destin, avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **250**.

341

Vous relatez patiemment l'histoire des Elémentaires emprisonnés aux femmes liquides, ainsi que votre quête pour vaincre la Machine Météo de Balthazar Sturm. Les Naïades sont des créatures élémentaires aussi, filles de l'océan, mais elles smoquent des problèmes des êtres «secs». Vous tentez de leur expliquer que les agissements de Sturm affecteront les mers également, mais vos arguments sont-ils suffisamment convaincants ? Si vous portez une Couronne de Corail, rendez-vous au **381**. Sinon, vous devez Tenter votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au **381**. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **361**.

342

Vous portez la Corne de Chasse à vos lèvres et soufflez de toutes vos forces. Une puissante vague sonore émerge de la Corne, c'est une véritable onde de vibrations et de sons. L'attaque sonore atteint le monstre qui secoue la tête sous la force de l'impact. Encouragé par la réaction du Dragon de Tempête, vous prenez une profonde inspiration et soufflez à nouveau. La créature hurle tandis qu'elle est repoussée par les assauts de la Corne de Chasse. Incapable de combattre, le Dragon de Tempête fuit en direction des nuages. Soudain, vous vous retrouvez au dessus du poisson de cuivre volant. De là, vous sautez dans l e vide vers l'inconnu… Rendez-vous au **14**.

343

Vous vous éloignez de la mine en longeant les collines tandis que la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière vire vers le sud-est. Un jour plus tard (avancez au prochain jour de la semaine), la température chute rapidement et vous vous retrouvez bientôt dans un paysage hivernal.

Un blizzard glacé se lève et vous fouette le visage. Vous avancez péniblement et vous n'y voyez guère à plus de quelques mètres. Le soleil est caché derrière e gros nuages blancs et la neige recouvre toute cette région. Tous les points de repère ont disparus et vous ignorez si vous progressez toujours dans la bonne direction. (Si vous ne possédez pas de Talisman Soleil, vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE sous les morsures du froid.)

Vous voyagez encore pendant une heure lorsque vous apercevez une forme sombre devant vous à travers la tempête de neige. Vous entendez une voix féminine, aussi aiguisée que le vent glacial, appeler «qui va là ?»

Allez-vous répondre en criant votre nom (rendez-vous au **352**) ou en tirant votre arme pour faire face à toute éventualité (rendez-vous au **389**) ?

344

Vous suivez la pente descendante du tunnel pour vous enfoncer plus profondément dans le volcan. L'air est si chaud que chaque inspiration est une vague de feu pour votre gorge. Aussi longtemps que vous serez dans le volcan, vous devez réduire votre HABILETE de 1 point supplémentaire. Toutefois, si vous buvez une Potion de Protection contre le Feu ou si vous possédez un Tatouage de Dragon, vous pouvez ignorer cette pénalité. Mais une Cape en Peau de Dragon n'aura plus d'effet ici. Au bout du tunnel, vous arrivez devant une nouvelle intersection en T. Irez-vous à gauche (rendez-vous au **245**) ou à droite (rendez-vous au **364**) ?

345

Vous empruntez un autre chemin boueux qui serpente entre les mares de fange répugnantes. Avant de vous en rendre compte, vous vous retrouvez rapidement au cœur du marécage puant, et vous n'êtes pas seul. Tirez un dé et consultez la table ci-dessous afin de savoir qui vous a traqué dans cet endroit cauchemardesque.

Vous obtenez 1: Une meute de gros rats est sur vos talons. Leur appétit vorace les pousse à vous attaquer. Combattez les rats comme s'il s'agissait d'un seul adversaire.

RATS DU MARAIS	**HABILETE: 5**	**ENDURANCE: 10**

Vous obtenez 2: Deux Gobelins ont flairé votre piste. Ils tentent de vous piéger avec un filet. Testez votre Habileté et si c'est un échec, réduisez votre Force d'Attaque de 2 points pour les deux prochains Assauts, tandis que vous luttez pour vous libérer. Les Gobelins attaquent ensemble à l'aide de leurs lances en os.

Premier GOBELIN DES MARAIS	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 5**
Second GOBELIN DES MARAIS	**HABILETE: 5**	**ENDURANCE: 5**

Vous obtenez 3: Vous devenez la cible d'une nuée de mouches des marais. Il est impossible de les

chasser toutes et vous êtes cruellement piqué à d'innombrables reprises. Tirez un dé et perdez autant de points d'ENDURANCE. Si vous obtenez 6 vous devez également perdre 1 point d'HABILETE car vous avez contracté une forte fièvre.

Vous obtenez 4: Vous passez devant un bassin d'eau stagnante qui est le repaire d'un Crapaud Cracheur Géant. L'amphibien de taille humaine vous envoie un jet de bave acide lorsque vous arrivez à sa portée. Testez votre Habileté et si c'est un échec, vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE. Vous devez ensuite combattre la créature.

CRAPAUD CRACHEUR HABILETE: 5 ENDURANCE: 6

Vous obtenez 5: Vous arrivez près d'un tronc d'arbre pourri couvert de fungus aux bulbes rouges et aux racines gluantes. Chacun de ces champignons est de la taille d'un Nain. Vous reculez de surprise lorsque ces fungus se détachent du tronc et rampent vers vous. Les Fungoïdes attaquent en soufflant des nuages de spores dans votre visage qui bouchent vos bronches et irritent vos blessures. Combattez ces étranges champignons carnivores comme s'il s'agissait d'un seul adversaire.

FUNGOIDES HABILETE: 6 ENDURANCE: 9

Si vous perdez 6 points d'ENDURANCE ou plus dans votre combat contre les fungus, vous perdez également 1 point d'HABILETE tandis que leurs rejets toxiques vous étouffent.

Vous obtenez6: Fausse alerte ! Il ne vous arrive rien.

Si vous survivez aux dangers du marécage, vous parvenez finalement à en sortir. La terre devient à nouveau solide, et vous vous retrouvez sur une route sale bordée de pommiers qui vous conduit vers Chalannabrad. Trois jours plus tard, les bâtiments blancs de la cité sont en vue. Avancez de trois jours dans la semaine et rendez-vous au **50**.

346

Le sol tremble une nouvelle fois en une secousse semblable à un puissant séisme ! La route se décolle et explose tandis que de monstrueux vers émergent du sol. Chacun de ces vers est de la taille d'un gros chariot et semble être un croisement entre une énorme chenille et une gigantesque larve hideuse. Les fermiers font de leur mieux pour repousser les Vers Fouisseurs affamés, et vous vous défendez également lorsque l'un d'entre eux s'en prend à vous. Sa tête dépourvue d'yeux est garnie de puissantes mandibules, suffisamment solides pour éventrer une armure de plates.

VERS FOUISSEUR
HABILETE: 7 ENDURANCE: 9

Si vous tuez le vers, rendez-vous au **11**.

347

Vous tentez de repérer les prises dans la roche afin d'y glisser vos mains et vos pieds, vous avez accroché votre lanterne à votre sac à dos. Tandis que vous descendez, la roche devient quelque peu humide et glissante. Le cœur battant, vous poursuivez lentement, entouré de ténèbres. Testez votre habileté. Si c'est un succès, rendez-vous au **383**. Si c'est un échec, rendez-vous au **366** .

348

Aussitôt qu'ils vous repèrent, les gardes entrent en action. Ils vous encerclent rapidement et vous font prisonnier. Rendez-vous au **19**.

349

Vous avez sauvé le Femphrey, et probablement le reste du Vieux Monde, de la folie de Balthazar Sturm et de ses rêves de conquête. Mais vous en avez payé le prix fort. Tandis que l'Œil du Cyclone se désintègre dans le ciel au-dessus de vous, vous chutez vers une mort certaine. Votre aventure est terminée !

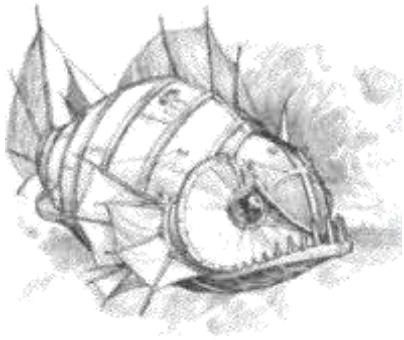

350

Vous êtes prêt à rencontrer Balthazar Sturm au cœur de la tempête, mais êtes vous correctement préparé pour cette rencontre ? Des quatre localisations suivantes: la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière, les Plaines Hurlantes, le Mont Pyre et la Mer des Anguilles, combien en avez-vous visité ?

Une ? Rendez-vous au **330**.
Deux ? Rendez-vous au **298**.
Trois ? Rendez-vous au **268**.
Quatre ? Rendez-vous au **237**.

351

Vous achevez le dernier Fulgurite et la lumière électrique de ses lunettes meurt au même instant. Sa combinaison de cuir s'aplatit tel un ballon se vidant de son air, comme s'il n'y avait rien eu dedans. A présent que vous avez débarrassé la pièce de ses gardiens, allez-vous:

Vous approcher de la flasque ? Rendez-vous au **377**.
Poursuivre votre ascension de la tour ? Rendez-vous au **392**.
Descendre l'escalier en direction des sous-sols (si vous n'y êtes pas encore allé) ? Rendez-vous au **160**.
Quitter la tour ? Rendez-vous au **398**.

352

Vous hurlez votre nom dans le blizzard et vous entendez la femme vous répondre, «le Héros de Tannatown, exterminateur de la Sorcière Ecarlate ?»

«En personne,» dites-vous en attendant la suite des événements.

Quelques instants plus tard, un gros Tigre à Dents de Sabre émerge de la tempête de neige et avance vers vous. Sa fourrure est presque aussi blanche que la neige, à l'exception de zébrures noires propres aux tigres. Sur le dos de l'animal est attachée une selle sur laquelle se tient une femme portant l'armure de cuir d'une chasseresse. Sur son dos se trouve un arc accompagné d'un carquois rempli de flèches. Une lame aux dents de scie est glissée dans un fourreau à sa ceinture.

Elle vous examine avec une expression d'incrédulité.«Rencontrer un aventurier légendaire tel que vous au milieu d'un blizzard» dit-elle. «Ce doit être le destin, nous devions sans doute noud rencontrer pour chasser la bête ensemble.»

Quelle bête, vous demandez-vous, et qui est cette femme après tout ? Vous la pressez de ces questions.

«Mon nom est Larni,» vous explique-t-elle, «et je traque depuis de lointaines contrées un prédateur monstrueux et dangereux, un Yéti. Ce temps glacial l'a fait sortir de sa tanière dans les pics gelés des Montagnes Brumeuses. J'ai été engagé pour traquer la bête et l'exterminer, avant qu'elle ne massacre un autre troupeau de bétail ou terrorise d'autres fermiers. Je suivais sa piste quand ce blizzard s'est levé», dit-elle, en tapotant le cou de son tigre, «et Fang et moi l'avons perdue maintenant. Mais si vous vous joignez à nous , je suis certaine qu'à nous trois nous pourrions l'abattre en un rien de temps. Qu'en dites-vous ?»

Si vous acceptez d'aider Larni et Fang dans leur traque du Yéti, rendez-vous au **382**. Sinon, vous dites que vous suivez déjà votre propre quête qui mettra un terme au temps exécrable qui a attiré la bête des neiges. Vous poursuivez seul votre route et, un jour plus tard, la neige et le froid ne sont plus que des souvenirs. Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **189**.

353

Vous n'aviez pas emprunté le bon chemin plus d'une fois lors de votre fuite des Tunnels de Feu, mais ces erreurs vous seront-elles fatales ? Seule la chance peut vous sauver à présent ! Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, rendez-vous au**388**. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, rendez-vous au **373**.

354

Il reste encore un obstacle à franchir avant de sortir de la tour. Debout dans la grande salle d'entrée, se trouve une silhouette de métal. Vous pouvez voir des éclairs danser derrière une vitre située dans la poitrine du monstre. La même électricité anime ses yeux furieux. Des cheminées de métal émergeant de ses épaules crachent un mélange de fumée et de vapeur. Des griffes de métal se tendent vers vous tandis que le Golem à Vapeur avance dans votre direction. Vous ne remercierez pas assez les Dieux pour le don de Fléau du Dragon, une épée magique capable de trancher le métal aussi aisément que la chair.

GOLEM A VAPEUR **HABILETE: 8** **ENDURANCE: 10**

Si vous parvenez à détruire le colossal automate, rendez-vous au **324**.

355

Il y a peut-être quelque chose qui pourrait vous venir en aide. Vous empruntez le cheval le plus rapide du village et galopez vers le nord. Vous aviez rencontré le Géant Cormoran dans les parages la dernière fois. Vous atteignez le sommet d'une crête et l'apercevez bientôt errer sur la lande à la recherche de moutons. Il est temps de lu i rappeler sa faveur.

Vous galopez à nouveau vers Tumbleweir, le Géant vous suivant à grandes enjambées. Vous n'avez besoin de rien expliquer au Géant, la situation est claire, il vous suffit de pointer du doigt le barrage et le village pour qu'il comprenne immédiatement quel est son rôle.

Cormoran approche du barrage sous les yeux médusés des villageois. Il lève son tronc d'arbre et l'abat avec force sur une grosse butte à côté du barrage. Dans un immense glissement de terrain, la colline cède et s'effondre dans la vallée. Des tonnes de roches et de boue créent un second mur devant le barrage.

Tumbleweir est sauvé ! Les restes de la butte retiendront le barrage et les eaux du lac jusqu'à ce que quelqu'un puisse actionner les valves de sécurité. (Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE.)

Deux jours plus tard (avancez de deux jours dans la semaine), la pluie battante cesse et vous atteignez les Plaines Hurlantes. Rendez-vous au **83**.

356

«Je vous donne ceci,» dit le mage, se saisissant d'une flasque de verre rouge en forme de flamme. «Il s'agit d'une Potion de Protection contre le Feu, élaborée à partir de sécrétions de Salamandres de Feu Géantes et d'écailles de Dragons. Elle se révélera utile pour braver les Tunnels de Feu du Mont Pyre.» Notez la Potion de Protection contre le Feu sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et rendez-vous au **193**.

357

Votre traque du Dragon de Tempête vous entraine au nord d'Eerie side, jusqu'à ce que vous atteignez un haut pic montagneux dans lequel est taillée une immense caverne, telle une gueule béante, près du sommet. La journée est trop avancée pour tenter une escalade aussi haute, vous décidez donc de dresser le camp pour la nuit et allumez un feu. Le chien-loup monte la garde pour vous deux.

Vous entamez l'ascension du pic à l'aube (avancez au prochain jour de la semaine.) Vous empruntez des sentiers de chèvres jusqu'à arriver a u sommet de la montagne. Vous vous tenez à présent face à la gigantesque entrée de la caverne. Elle est suffisamment large pour laisser passer un Dragon. Vous pénétrez prudemment les ténèbres de la grotte, votre épée dégainée et votre lanterne à bout de bras.

Vous vous retrouvez dans un large tunnel qui descend dans les profondeurs du pic montagneux. Au fond, vous débouchez dans une immense grotte naturelle. Deux autres immenses tunnels sont creusés dans les parois de cette grotte, à votre gauche et votre droite. L'air est saturé d'une odeur de viande faisandée. Allez-vous explorer le passage de gauche (rendez-vous au **378**), ou celui de droite (rendez-vous au **246**) ?

358

Tandis que vous remontez vers la surface, une forme sinueuse s'élève du récif derrière vous. Une créature suffisamment grosse pour avaler un navire d'une seule bouchée ! La Léviathan possède un appétit vorace et est déterminé à ne pas vous laisser fuir une seconde fois. Ouvrant une gueule garnie de redoutables dents, le monstre marin se rapproche avec de puissants coups de queue.

LEVIATHAN **HABILETE: 10** **ENDURANCE: 20**

Si vous tuez le monstrueux prédateur des profondeurs, regagnez 1 point de CHANCE et rendez-vous au **318**.

359

Après une nuit calme passée en mer, vous vous réveillez le matin suivant sous un ciel dégagé (avancez au prochain jour de la semaine.) Il n'y a aucune terre en vue, mais le Tempête a jeté l'ancre. «Est-ce l'endroit ?» demandez-vous à Katarina, en baillant et vous frottant les yeux. Vous n'aviez pas réalisé que vous aviez accumulé tant de fatigue.

«L'endroit n'est pas toujours marqué d'un X je vous assure,» se moque-t-elle, «mais nous y sommes oui. Nous avons jeté l'ancre au bord du Récif de Blackcoral et la rumeur colporte qu'au fond de l'Abysse du Poisson Noir, repose le Temple Englouti de Hydana, Dieu des Mers. Quelques uns disent qu'il y avait eu une île à cet endroit auparavant, avant qu'elle ne soit submergée par une vague gigantesque, d'autres que el temple a toujours été sous les eaux. Beaucoup de personnes sont venues ici pour le trouver, mais peu ont réussi, et encore moins sont revenues en raconter l'histoire. Mais s'il existe quelque chose qui vous permettrait de dominer un Elémentaire d'Eau Supérieur, elle se trouve en bas!»

Vous vous préparez à plonger dans la mer, vous devrez laisser votre sac à dos sur le navire, il n'a pas été conçu pour être immergé dans l'eau plus cinq de minutes. Vous emportez votre épée Fléau du Dragon et deux autres objets de votre choix, mais pas de Repas.

Comment allez-vous respirer sous l'eau ? Boirez-vous une Potion de Respiration Aquatique, si vous en possédez une (rendez-vous au **315**), mettrez-vous un Casque à Air, si vous en avez un (rendez-vous au **379**), ou demanderez-vous l'aide de Prospero Seacharmer, s'il est avec vous (rendez-vous au **393**) ?

360

Vous traversez les terres sauvages du Femphrey pendant deux jours, passant des escarpements rocheux des collines de la Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière aux forêts anciennes, pour arriver dans des plaines herbeuses. (Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine.) Puis vous atteignez les Marais qui bordent le lac Eerie.

Les mares fétides s'étendent sur toute sa berge est. C'était dans les profondeurs des eaux sombres du lac que vous aviez trouvé votre épée Fléau du Dragon. C'est endroit est l'une des régions non

soumises aux lois du Femphrey. Des brigands recherchés ont établi leur repaire dans les environs, tandis que de viles créatures errent dans le marécage. Le chemin le plus direct pour vous rendre à la côte depuis les montagnes, et vers la cité de Chalannabrad, passe par ce lieu sauvage. Mais qu'est-ce qu'un héros tel que vous a à craindre de vulgaires voleurs ?

Vous suivez un chemin boueux à travers le marais, lorsque vous distinguez une silhouette approcher à travers la brume fétide. L'homme porte un grand manteau de cuir noir et s'aide d'un long bâton pour marcher, il murmure dans le vide, tandis que des oiseaux charognards décrivent des cercles au-dessus de sa tête. Si vous souhaitez poursuivre votre chemin vers l'homme, rendez-vous au **211**. Si vous préférez prendre une autre route afin d'éviter de rencontrer cette personne, rendez-vous au **345**.

361

Pour les Naïades, vous avez profané le Temple de Hydana et un tel crime ne saurait rester impuni. Les trois créatures élémentaires se jettent sur vous en hurlant, déterminées à vous couler. Elles ne sont formées que d'eau mais ont la capacité de solidifier de redoutables griffes de glace. Vous devez affronter les trois Naïades en même temps.

Première NAÏADE	**HABILETE: 8**	**ENDURANCE: 7**
Deuxième NAÏADE	**HABILETE: 7**	**ENDURANCE: 7**
Troisième NAÏADE	**HABILETE: 6**	**ENDURANCE: 6**

(Si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Mer, augmentez les scores d'HABILETE et d'ENDURANCE des Naïades de 1 point). Si vous terrassez les Naïade, vous êtes libre d'emporter le Coquillage des Mers (notez le sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* , ainsi que le fait qu'il possède 12 épines). Cette partie de votre quête étant achevée, vous remontez vers Tempête le à nouveau. Si vous possédez le mot code *Ertsnom*, rendez-vous au **358**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **318**.

362

Les énergies magiques qui animent cet automate monstrueux sont directement liées aux flux élémentaires qui alimentent l'Œil du Cyclone. Les dommages que vous avez infligés au vaisseau ont affaibli le Jaggernaut également. Si vous devez combattre ce monstre de métal, réduisez ses statistiques selon la table ci-dessous.

Le score de DEGATS est de 6 ou 7: Réduisez l'ENDURANCE de 2 points.
Le score de DEGATS est de 8 ou 9: Réduisez l'ENDURANCE de 4 points et l'HABILETE de 1 point.
Le score de DEGATS est de 10 ou 11: Réduisez l'ENDURANCE de 6 points et l'HABILETE de 2 points.

A présent, rendez-vous au **331**.

363

Un hurlement perçant et reptilien résonne, tel le tonnerre, parmi les nuages. Une créature de légende vole vers vous depuis le mælstrom furieux, le Dragon de Tempête. Il est dit que lorsque ce monstre prend son envol, des orages apocalyptiques s'abattront sur la contrée, ne laissant que ruines et dévastation. Le Dragon se dirige vers vous à grands coups d'ailes massives noires, accompagné de claquement de tonnerre à chaque battement de ces dernières. Cette créature est une vision terrible, un béhémoth à la peau noire et écailleuse, le corps aussi long qu'un navire et une tête reptilienne gigantesque. Elle ouvre ses mâchoires et un autre hurlement strident vient meurtrir vos tympans. (Si vous posséder une Corne de Chasse, rendez-vous immédiatement au **342** !) La puissance d'une furieuse tempête tourbillonne dans les yeux noirs du Dragon et des éclairs dansent au bout de ses griffes. Vous comprenez immédiatement ce que vous allez devoir faire si vous souhaitez atteindre l'Œil du Cyclone, Fléau du

Dragon scintille tandis que vous la dégainez.

DRAGON DE TEMPETE
HABILETE: 11
ENDURANCE: 14

(Si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Tempête, augmentez l'HABILETE du Dragon de Tempête de 1 point et son ENDURANCE de 2 points). Comme vous n'êtes pas seul, vous disposez de deux attaques à chaque Assaut, votre compagnon dispose d 'une Habileté de 10. Toutefois, si le Dragon de Tempête remporte un Assaut, il focalisera son attention sur vous, porteur de l'épée Fléau du Dragon; à ce moment, tirez un dé et si vous obtenez 5 ou 6, le monstre vous envoie une puissante décharge d'énergie à l'aide de ses griffes, qui vous fera perdre 4 points d'ENDURANCE au lieu des 2 points habituels. Si vous parvenez à éliminer le Dragon de Tempête enragé, vous vous retrouvez au dessus du poisson de cuivre. De là, vo us sautez dans le vide vers l'inconnu… Rendez-vous au **14**.

364

Des formations rocheuses au sol et au plafond du tunnel lui donnent une apparence de mâchoire béante. Soudain, un jet de flammes surgit derrière les crocs de pierre, suivi par d'autres un peu

plus loin. Le feu sort aléatoirement, il est impossible de calculer une trajectoire sure entre deux éruptions. Si vous désirez poursuivre plus avant, vous allez devoir passer entre ces rochers pointus et risquer d'être brûlé. Si vous souhaitez tenter le coup, rendez-vous au **384**. Si vous préférez ne pas tenter le destin, vous allez devoir retourner en arrière et emprunter l'autre passage (rendez-vous au **245**).

365

«Venez, il est temps de partir,» vous presse le vieil ingénieur, «vite avant que ces foutus Fulgurites nous trouvent. Il ne me faut que quelques minutes pour rassembler mes affaires. Si j'étais vous, je déguerpirais aussi.» Notez le mot Code *Knarc* sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et décidez de votre prochaine action. Si vous souhaitez fuir la terrible tanière du mage du temps, rendez-vous au **398**. Si vous préférez explorer les niveaux supérieurs (si vous ne l'avez pas encore fait), rendez-vous au **220**.

366

C'était inévitable, votre main glisse et vous tombez dans le puits de roche jusqu'à en atteindre le fond, sur le sol sablonneux d'un tunnel naturel qui serpente dans la roche des montagnes. (Tirez un dé et perdez autant de points d'ENDURANCE, si vous obtenez 1, vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE.)

Puis ils sont sur vous, des dizaines de crabes de pierre gros comme votre tête, aux dents acérées, vous êtes tombé dans leur tanière souterraine. Tirez un dé pour savoir combien de Grannits vous attaquent. Si vous obtenez de 1 à 3, quatre de ces créatures vous assaillent. Si vous obtenez de 4 à 6, six de ces monstres vous sautent dessus ! Toutefois, le tunnel étant étroit, vous les combattez l'un après l'autre. Chacun de ses petits monstres ales capacités suivantes:

GRANNIT HABILETE: 4 ENDURANCE: 3

Si vous tuez ces créatures vicieuses, vous vous remettez rapidement en chemin pour déboucher dans une grotte. Rendez-vous au **80**.

367

Vous avalez le contenu de la potion et ressentez immédiatement ses effets. Vous vous élevez au-dessus du sol et parvenez à arrêter votre ascension lorsque votre tête heurte le plafond rocheux

(vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE.) Vous vous déplacez en longeant le plafond, tirant sur les stalactites pour avancer. Une fois traversé vous attendez que les effets de la potion disparaissent, et vous retournez au sol, de l'autre côté du ravin. Rayez la Potion de Lévitation de votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et rendez-vous au **185**.

368

Vous passez la porte et vous vous retrouvez sur la passerelle de l'Œil du Cyclone, la pièce adopte la forme incurvée de la proue du vaisseau volant. Deux immenses dômes d'observation en cristal offrent une vue imprenable sur le royaume de Femphrey. Des établis de machines sont alignés le long des murs et sont manœuvrées par d'étranges créatures, elles sont petites, de la taille d'un Nain, et sont entièrement vêtues de combinaisons de cuir. Leur tête est recouverte d'un casque en cuivre sur lequel est fixé une paire de grosses lunettes où des étincelles dansent derrière les verres. Ce sont des Fulgurites, des Esprits Electriques liés à la volonté de Sturm, ils vous ignorent car trop occupés à leur tâche respective.

Un réseau de tuyaux converge depuis les machines vers une console de contrôle centrale qui se dresse sur une plateforme de métal au dessus du solde la pièce. Debout sur cette plateforme se trouve un homme de grande taille, chauve, portant une cape aux couleurs changeantes. Pendant un instant elle devient bleu nuit parcourue de nuages de tempête, puis le moment d'après elle se pare d'une riche couleur orange accompagnée d'un soleil étincelant. Vous n'avez aucun doute quand à l'identité de cet homme.

Balthazar Sturm se retourne et vous fixe d'un regard furieux. «Ainsi vous voilà !» lance-t-il. «La personne qui me cause autant de problèmes !»

«C'est exact !» répondez-vous, triomphalement. «Et maintenant je vais mettre un terme à vos rêves de conquête une fois pour toute !»

«C'est ce que vous pensez,» grogne Sturm, «mais je suis le Maître des Eléments !»

«Et j'ai déjà eu affaire au énergumène de votre genre par le passé,» répondez-vous, en dégainant Fléau du Dragon. «J'ai banni les Shamans des Os de Bathorie et j'ai vaincu la Sorcière Ecarlate. Je ne pense pas qu'un Mage Météo ne le causera de réel problème.»

«Hé bien, c'est ce que nous allons voir,» crache-t-il. Sa cape prend soudainement une teinte rouge vif et de flammes apparaissent dans ses yeux.

Puis Sturm claque des doigts et se couvre immédiatement de flammes ! Le feu consume son corps, sa chaire se change en feu liquide. «Regarde comme ma fureur brûle !» grogne Sturm. Puis le mage se déplace vers vous, si seulement vous pouviez éteindre les flammes qui le recouvrent, comme vous souffleriez une chandelle…

Si vous connaissez le nom d'un Elémentaire d'Air qui pourrait vous aider contre cette Torche Humaine rageuse, et que vous souhaitez faire appel à lui maintenant, changez son nom en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26. Additionnez tous les nombres entre eux puis soustrayez le total au numéro de ce paragraphe et rendez-vous au nouveau paragraphe obtenu. Sinon, rendez-vous au **112**.

369

Muldwych se confond en remerciements pour avoir sauvé sa vie. «J'ai une immense dette envers vous,» dit le moine, «une de celle que je ne pourrai jamais vraiment payer, mais laissez moi faire de mon mieux, laissez moi vous conter votre avenir.» Si vous voulez que le moine fou vous révèle votre avenir, rendez-vous au **271**. Sinon, vous quittez le moine et poursuivez votre route.

Vous parvenez finalement à sortir du marécage. La terre devient à nouveau solide, et vous vous retrouvez sur une route sale bordée de pommiers qui vous conduit vers Chalannabrad. Trois jours plus tard, les bâtiments blancs de la cité sont en vue. Avancez de trois jours dans la semaine et rendez-vous au **50**.

370

Vous positionnez les roulettes, fermez la poitrine du Jaggernaut et reculez d'un bon mètre, avec l'espoir que l'automate s'arrête. Mais quelque chose ne va pas, les géant de fer commence à réagir plus vite et se jette sur vous dans un tourbillon de poings marteaux frénétiques. Vous avez entré le mauvais code et à présent le monstre d'acier ne s'arrêtera plus (vous perdez 1 point de CHANCE). Retournez au **262** et terminez votre combat contre le géant d'acier, augmentez également son score d'HABILETE de 2 points !

371

En vous débarrassant de Varick et de son gang, vous avez amélioré la réputation des aventuriers

dans tout le royaume. (Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE.) Seul Varick possède des choses de valeur sur lui; un total de 8 Pièces d'Or, un gros Rubis (valant 4 Pièces d'Or) et un Elixir de Soins (qui vous rendra jusqu'à 4 points d'ENDURANCE et 1 point d'HABILETE lorsque vous le boirez).

Deux jours de plus vous amènent depuis le cœur du royaume jusqu'à la côte et la capitale.
Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine et rendez-vous au **50**.

372

Vous dites à Giles d'évacuer tous les villageois et d'aller aussi haut qu'ils le peuvent dans les buttes entourant le barrage. Vous êtes certain que la structure de bois est sur le point de céder, et vous avez raison. Vous terminez juste d'aider la dernière mère et son enfant à atteindre le haut de la butte que l'ancienne construction s'effondre. Tout d'abord ce n'est qu'une planche qui cède libérant un mince jet d'eau, puis un morceau de tuyaux suivi par tout le barrage. Une masse incommensurable d'eau se déverse sur le village deTumbleweir, engloutissant toutes les habitations. Vous vous dépêchez d'escalader la butte à votre tour, le torrent furieux sur vos talons. C'est comme si l'eau refusait de vous laisser vous échapper, et c'est le cas.

Une créature serpentine, formée par les vagues deal cascade furieuse, émerge des flots et se jette sur vous. Une fois de plus vous devez défendre votre vie.

TORRENT HABILETE: 8 ENDURANCE: 10

Si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Mer, augmentez l'HABILETE du Torrent de 1 point et son ENDURANCE de 2 points, pour chaque Assaut remporté par l'Elémentaire, tirez un dé. Sur un résultat de 4 à 6, vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE au lieu des 2 points habituels. Si vous éliminez la créature, son essence liquide rejoint l'inondation générale.

Bien que vous ayez sauvé les villageois, Tumbleweira été détruit (vous perdez 2 points de CHANCE) et vous quittez l'endroit la tête basse. Deux jours plus tard (avancez de deux jours dans la semaine), la pluie battante cesse et vous atteignez les Plaines Hurlantes. Rendez-vous au **83**.

373

Vous avez mis trop de temps à errer dans les Tunnel s de Feu du Mont Pyre. Le magma emplit la caverne, derrière vous, en un torrent furieux, avant d'émerger du flanc du volcan avec une puissance cataclysmique. Rien ne pourrait survivre au cœur du brasier d'un volcan, même pas vous ! Votre aventure est terminée.

374

A la mort du Yéti, vous courrez vers Larni et le tigre. Tous deux sont vivants, vous en remerciez les dieux. Larni est inquiète quant à la santé de son compagnon. Elle fouille dans les poches de la selle, en tire une jarre et applique un baume sur la blessure de Fang. Elle vous offre ensuite la jarre en disant, «c'est un baume de soin d'Ocre pierre, soignez-vous également avec. C'est le

moins que je puisse faire après tout ce que vous avez fait pour nous. (Vous pouvez utiliser le Baume de Soins pour regagner autant de points d'ENDURANCE que la moitié de votre score de départ d'ENDURANCE.)

Larni prend retire ensuite une magnifique Corne de Chasse d'une autre poche de la selle. «J'ai bien peur de devoir vous refuser la fourrure du Yéti,» vous explique-t-elle, «je dois l'emmener pour prouver la mort du monstre, mais prenez ceci à la place.» (Notez la Corne de Chasse sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* .)

Vous partez tandis que la Chasseresse retire la peau du Yéti. Vous poursuivez votre route et, un jour plus tard, la neige et le froid ne sont plus que des souvenirs. Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **189**.

375

Après une journée de voyage à pied sous un soleil de plomb tel une boule incandescente dans un ciel couleur sable, vous atteignez un petit hameau. (Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine.) Tout d'abord vous vous demandez s'il s'agit d'un mirage, une vision imprimée dans l'air brûlant. Tout autour de vous, à des lieues à la ronde, il ne se trouve que des champs de maïs rabougris sous la chaleur et des plaines d'herbes sèches. Il semble qu'il n'ait pas plu ici pendant des semaines. Vos doutes sont levés lorsque vous arrivez sur la route de Quartz.

Au centre du village se trouve un engin étrange posé dans une charrette. Il est composé de tuyaux de cuivre, de vannes semblables à des moulions miniatures et de sphères de cuivre tournoyantes. La machine est très bruyante, des sifflements de pistons et des claquements d'engrenages. Au centre de celle-ci se trouve ce qui ressemble à une fournaise connectée à un long bâton de métal pointé vers le ciel sans nuage. Un petit rassemblement de gens entoure la machine, regardant ses mouvements avec curiosité. A côté de l'engin se trouve également un homme de grande taille portant des robes multicolores et un chapeau en velours rouge.

«Et maintenant,» proclame l'homme faisant le spectacle, «le moment que vous attendiez tous !» Il regarde nerveusement le ciel azur au dessus de sa tête. «Le moment où ma machine miraculeuse va vous apporter à nouveau la pluie !»

Autant que vous pouvez en juger, l'homme est un charlatan, il n'y a pas un seul nuage dans le ciel. Vous avez l'impression qu'il a arnaqué ces pauvres villageois par des fausses promesses, il y a plus de chance qu'il pleuve des crapauds que de l'eau. Balthazar Sturm fait vraiment des ravages avec son influence sur le temps.

Le héros que vous êtes ne peut supporter de voir des pauvres hères se faire voler leur or de la sorte, mais vous avez également une mission importante et urgente, vous devez arrêter Sturm rapidement. Si vous souhaitez intervenir en faveur des villageois et leur révéler la supercherie, rendez-vous au **396**. Sinon, vous quittez Quartz et poursuivez votre route vers le sud-ouest vers les Plaines Hurlantes. Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine et rendez-vous au **83**.

376

«Je vous offre cette Potion de Respiration Aquatique,» dit Matteus, en prenant une bouteille de verre bleue-verte en forme de poisson, depuis une étagère. «Si vous avez besoin de vous rendre sous la mer, à la recherche d'Elémentaire d'Eau, vous aurez besoin de ça.» Notez la Potion de Respiration Aquatique sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et rendez-vous au **193**.

377

Vous êtes sur le point de prendre la flasque lorsqu'une pensée vous traverse l'esprit, vous décidez de mettre l'interrupteur en position éteinte avant de vous saisir de la bouteille. Le ronronnement électrique cesse mais la flasque continue de luire. Vous l'empoignez et admirez le balai des éclairs à travers le verre, une étiquette collée à la flasque vous informe que vous tenez entre vos mains «L'Etincelle de Vie». Si vous souhaitez emporter cette bouteille, notez l'Etincelle de Vie sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* et que la flasque possède 6 faces. A présent, allez-vous:

Poursuivre votre ascension de la tour ? Rendez-vous au **392**.
Descendre l'escalier en direction des sous-sols (si vous n'y êtes pas encore allé) ? Rendez-vous au **160**.
Quitter la tour ? Rendez-vous au **398**.

378

L'odeur de viande moisie s'intensifie tandis que vous progressez dans le tunnel. Vous pénétrez bientôt dan une petite caverne encombrée de piles d'os divers. Sous la lumière de votre lanterne, vous apercevez les squelettes de diverses créatures, des vaches, des humains, des gobelins, des griffons… La chose qui vit ici doit être un carnivore particulièrement affamé.

Vous êtes sur vos gardes au cas où le monstre fasse son apparition, et vous entreprenez avec Sylas de fouiller la caverne. Parmi les os vous trouvez:

Un Sac de Gemmes (d'une valeur de 8 Pièces d'Or).
Un Marteau de Guerre.
Une Corde et un Grappin.
Un Arc et un carquois contenant 6 flèches.

Un Bracelet en Or (d'une valeur de 5 Pièces d'Or).
Une bouteille étiquetée «Potion de Lévitation».

Sylas suggère de partager les objets que vous avez tous deux trouvé. Choisissez trois objets de la liste ci-dessus et notez les sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure* (mais vous ne pouvez pas prendre à la fois le Sac de Gemmes et le Bracelet en Or), le chasseur prendra les trois autres.

Le Marteau de Guerre n'est pas magique comme votre épée Fléau du Dragon, mais c'est une arme contondante; si vous l'utilisez en combat, tirez un dé pour chaque Assaut que vous remporterez, sur un résultat de 5 ou 6, vous ferez perdre 1 point d'ENDURANCE supplémentaire à votre adversaire. Vous pouvez utiliser l'Arc une fois avant chaque bataille avant d'engager le combat (et tant que vous avez des flèches à tirer); Testez votre Habileté et si c'est un succès la flèche touchera votre adversaire lui faisant perdre 2 points d'ENDURANCE.

Vous rangez vos nouvelles possessions dans votre sac à dos et vous retournez dans la caverne précédente afin de poursuivre votre recherche du Dragon de Tempête. Rendez-vous au **246**.

379

Vous tentez de vous remémorer les instructions que vous a données Brin y et vous enfilez le casque puis connectez les deux cylindres d'air dans votre dos. Vous réalisez rapidement que ce heaume encombrant restreint énormément votre champ de vision, l'appareillage en entier est également assez lourd et gênera quelque peu vos mouvements sous l'eau. Tant que vous serez immergé, vous devez réduire votre score d'HABILETE de 1 point. De plus, les cylindres ont une quantité d'air limitée. Notez bien le nombre de paragraphes où vous vous rendrez une fois sous l'eau, dès que vous dépasserez 16 paragraphes, vous serez forcé de remonter à la surface (auquel cas vous vous rendrez immédiatement au **318**). Pour l'instant, rendez-vous au **315**.

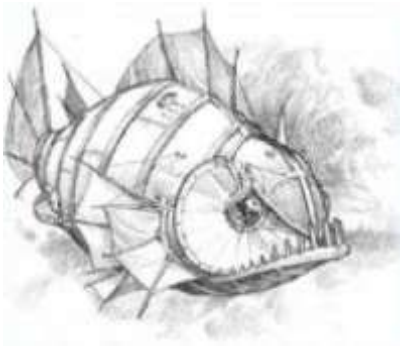

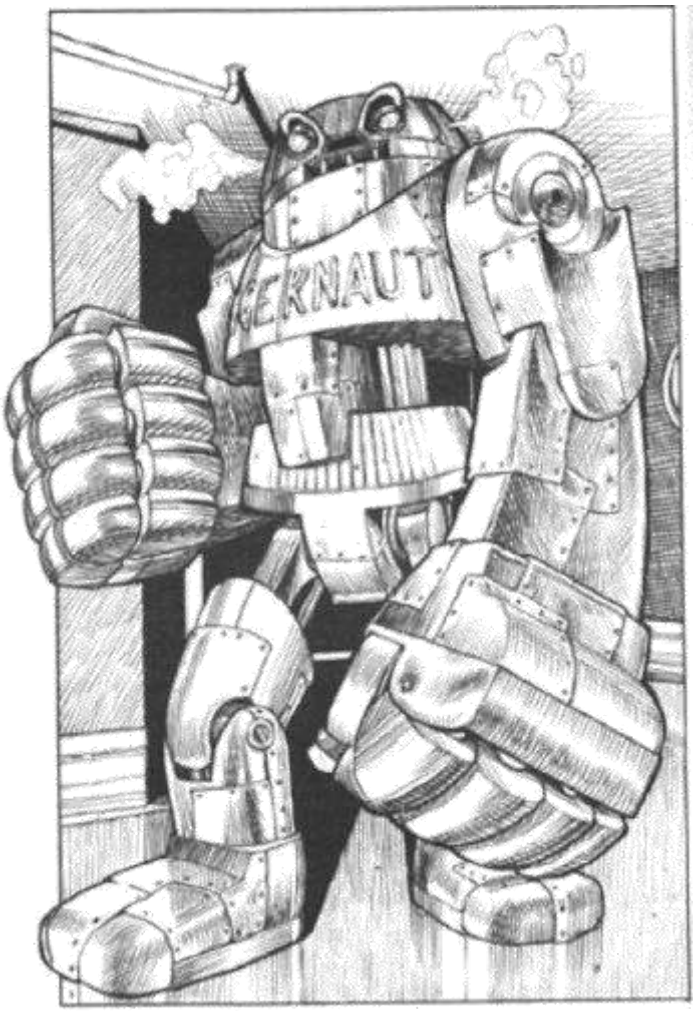

380

Vous ouvrez la porte et faites face à un géant mécanique composé de plaques de métal. Ses yeux sont des cristaux luisants et un nom est inscrit sur sa poitrine: JUGGERNAUT. La porte claque derrière vous et le colosse de métal avance vers vous sur des jambes aux pistons sifflants. Des jets de vapeur brûlants sont éjectés de part et d'autre de la tête de ce monstre mécanique. Vous remarquez que ce géant garde une autre porte derrière lui. Si le score de DEGATS est de 6 ou plus, rendez-vous au **362**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **331**.

381

«Nous comprenons votre besoin,» dit la première Naïade.

«Et, que vous êtes venu en tant que pénitent, demander l'aide de notre père,» poursuit la deuxième.

«Nous vous donnons le Coquillage des Mers,» ajoute la troisième.

Puis les trois femmes élémentaires disparaissent ense fondant dans les eaux de la mer, laissant un écho partiel derrière elles: «Que Hydana vous aide!» (Vous regagnez 1 point de CHANCE et notez le Coquillage des Mers sur votre *Feuille d'Aventure*, ainsi que le fait qu'il possède 12 épines).

Cette partie de votre quête étant achevée, vous remontez vers le Tempête à nouveau. Si vous possédez le mot code *Ertsnom*, rendez-vous au **358**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **318**.

382

Larni est enchantée de votre réponse. «Nous devrions partir immédiatement,» dit-elle. «Ce blizzard ne freinera pas le Yéti, alors nous devrions le poursuivre rapidement.» Vous emboitez le pas au tigre et à sa maitresse, tous trois à la recherche du moindre signe de la bête. Si vous possédez un Croc-Dague, rendez-vous au **297**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **338**.

383

Vous arrivez sans encombre jusqu'à la base de la cheminée pour atterrir sur le sol sablonneux d'un tunnel naturel, c'est le premier passage que vous rencontrez qui ne semble pas avoir été creusé par les Nains. Vous percevez des crissements et de légers piaillements. Levant votre lanterne devant vous, vous apercevez ce qui semble être des dizaines de rochers gros comme votre tête sur le sol. Mais, tandis que vous approchez votre lumière, vous remarquez qu'il ne s'agit nullement de petits rochers mais de crustacés de pierre aux couleurs du granit. Davantage de ces créatures approchent depuis les ténèbres dans l'intention évidente de faire de vous leur repas ! Tirez un dé afin de connaître le nombre de Grannits qui vous attaquent. Si vous obtenez 1 transformez le en 2, car il y a au moins deux Grannits qui se lancent au combat. Chacun de ses petits monstres a les capacités suivantes:

GRANNIT HABILETE: 4 ENDURANCE: 3

Si vous tuez ces créatures vicieuses, vous vous remettez rapidement en chemin pour déboucher dans une grotte. Rendez-vous au **80**.

384

Vous vous lancez courageusement vers la mâchoire de pierre. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, vous passez sans encombre. Si vous êtes Malchanceux, vous êtes pris dans les geysers de flammes. Vous perdez 4 points d'ENDURANCE. (Si vous possédez un Tatouage de Dragon, un Bouclier Dragon ou aviez bu une Potion de Protection contre le Feu avant de pénétrer dans les Tunnels de Feu, vous pouvez réduire ces dégâts de 1point. Si vous possédez un Bouclier Dragon vous pouvez réduire les dégâts de 1 point supplémentaire, et si vous portez une Cape en Peau de Dragon vous pouvez réduire les dégâts de 2 points de plus. Toutes ces réductions de dommages sont cumulatives, si vous possédez le Tatouage de Dragon, que vous avez bu une Potion de Protection contre le Feu et que vous portez un Bouclier Dragon, vous réduisez votre perte d'ENDURANCE de 3 points.)

Derrière la mâchoire, le tunnel se termine, un peu plus loin, au bord d'un précipice au fond duquel se trouve un lac de magma bouillonnant. Vous vous penchez avec précaution au dessus du vide et vous remarquez un promontoire rocheux noir émerger de la lave sur lequel se trouve un autel en pierre noire. Vous reculez rapidement car la chaleur est insupportable. Vous n'imaginez pas descendre la paroi rocheuse brûlante avec vos mains, mais ce serait possible si vous possédez une Corde et un Grappin. Si vous avez ces objets et que vous souhaitez entreprendre la descente du précipice, rendez-vous au **279**. Sinon (ou que vous ne souhaitez pas prendre ce risque) vous allez devoir repasser la mâchoire rocheuse, retourner à l a dernière intersection et emprunter l'autre tunnel vers le cœur du volcan (rendez-vous au **300**).

385

L'homme de fer doit mesurer dans les trois mètres à vue d'œil. Ses yeux sont de gros cristaux et sur sa poitrine est gravée l'inscription suivante: CUIRASSE. Vous passez la main sur l'inscription et le thorax s'ouvre soudainement, révélant trois roulettes portant chacune les chiffres de 0 à 9. Vous remarquez également que se trouve une trappe au sommet du crâne de l'humanoïde

artificiel, vous l'ouvrez et découvrez un emplacement vide là où devrait se trouver son cerveau mécanique. Si vous possédez quelque chose qui pourrait s'insérer dans le crâne de l'automate, multipliez par 10 le nombre qui lui est associé puis déduisez ce total du numéro de ce paragraphe et rendez-vous au paragraphe correspondant. Si vous n'avez pas une telle chose, ou que vous ne souhaitez pas l'utiliser maintenant, vous n'avez d'autre choix que de remonter au pont inférieur (rendez-vous au **54**).

386

Vous n'avez pas réussi à trouver le mythique Dragon de Tempête et vous retournez, en compagnie de Sylas, à Eerieside. Même le chien-loup est calme à présent, trottant à côté de son maître, la queue entre les pattes. L'atmosphère est pesante en ville, aucun des chasseurs n'est parvenu à débusquer la créature.

«Qu'allez-vous faire à présent ?» demande Sylas, et vous lui expliquez que vous devez vous rendre dans les montagnes de la Dent de Sorcière. Vous lui dites adieu et vous vous remettez en route. Deux jours plus tard, vous atteignez votre destination (avancez de deux jours dans la semaine.) Rendez-vous au **250**.

387

Le tunnel étroit débouche sur une grande grotte dont le plafond semble être supporté par d'immenses rochers aux formes de menhirs. Un bassin d'eau clair s'est formé au centre de la caverne, la surface étincelle et grésille formant ce qui semble être un arc-en-ciel de dépôts minéraux. Si vous souhaitez faire une pause et vous désaltérer au bassin, rendez-vous au **132**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **171**.

388

Vous plongez par le trou dans la paroi de la caverne et dégringolez le long de la paroi du volcan en roulant sur vous même. Vous arrivez en bas du Mont Pyre lorsque ce dernier entre en éruption avec toute la fureur de l'Elémentaire de Feu. Vous êtes écorché de partout, mais cette chute vous sauve du nuage pyroclastique de cendres, des débris rocheux et de la lave que crache le volcan par le trou où vous êtes sorti. (Vous perdez 3 points d'ENDURANCE mais vous regagnez 1 point

de CHANCE.) Un arbre rabougri freine finalement votre dégringolade. Vous vous relevez et continuez à courir, la fatigue menaçant de vous faire chanceler à tout moment. Le Mont Pyre ne sera pas votre tombe…

Si vous possédez une paire de Bottes de Sept Lieues et que vous souhaitez les utiliser à présent, rendez-vous au 2. Sinon, il vous faut deux jours pour retourner au Lac du Chaudron. (Avancez de deux jours dans la semaine.) Le Royaume de Femphrey s'étend à nouveau devant vous à l'ouest. Souvenez-vous que vous ne pouvez visiter chaque lieu qu'une seule fois, allez-vous vous diriger vers:

La Mer des Anguilles ? Rendez-vous au **143**.
La Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière ? Rendez-vous au **278**.
Les Plaines Hurlantes ? Rendez-vous au **375**.

Ou, si vous vous sentez prêt, vous pouvez tenter de trouver la Machine Météo de Balthazar Sturm - l'Œil du Cyclone (rendez-vous au **350**).

389

Pendant plusieurs secondes vous n'entendez rien, puis un cri retentit «Attaque, Fang !». La forme sombre saute depuis le blizzard pour atterrir devant vous. Il s'agit d'un énorme Tigre à Dents de Sabre, sa fourrure est presque aussi blanche que la neige, à l'exception de zébrures noires propres aux tigres. Sur le dos de l'animal est attachée une selle sur laquelle se tient une femme portant l'armure de cuir d'une chasseresse. Elle tient un arc bandé dans ses mains avec une flèche prête à voler vers vous. Le tigre bondit sur vous et la femme lâche sa flèche. Tentez votre Chance. Si vous êtes Chanceux, vous esquivez la flèche, mais si vous êtes Malchanceux, elle se plante dans votre bras (vous perdez 2 points d'ENDURANCE.) La Chasseresse range l'arc autour de son épaule et tire une épée aux dents de scie tandis que le tigre tente de vous lacérer de ses griffes. Vous devez combattre ces deux adversaires en même temps et jusqu'à la mort.

TIGRE AUX DENTS DE SABRE	**HABILETE: 11**	**ENDURANCE: 9**
CHASSERESSE	**HABILETE: 10**	**ENDURANCE: 8**

Si vous ne portez pas de Talisman Soleil, vous devez réduire votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point pour toute la durée du combat. Si vous remportez la bataille, une fouille rapide du cadavre de la Chasseresse vous permet de trouver une Corne de Chasse, une bourse contenant 7 Pièces d'Or et l'Arc avec 6 flèches. Vous pouvez utiliser l'Arc une fois avant chaque bataille avant d'engager le combat (et tant que vous avez des flèches à tirer); Testez votre Habileté et si c'est un succès la flèche touchera votre adversaire lui faisant perdre 2 points d'ENDURANCE. Prenez ce que vous désirez, avec un croc du tigre comme souvenir (vous pourrez vous en servir comme un Croc-Dague), puis vous abandonnez les corps à la neige.

Vous poursuivez votre route et, un jour plus tard, la neige et le froid ne sont plus que des souvenirs. Avancez au prochain jour de la semaine et rendez-vous au **189**.

390

Vous sortez à nouveau rapidement les Plans de l'Œil du Cyclone, vous retrouvez les schémas correspondants au Moteur Elémentaire. Vous n'y comprenez pas grand chose, toutefois, vous en déchiffrez suffisamment pour découvrir une séquence d'actions à entreprendre. Tirer un levier par ci et fermer plusieurs valves par là afin de déconnecter les accumulateurs de puissance et isoler les autres parties du vaisseau. (Augmentez le score de DEGATS de 1.) Mais si vous souhaitez en faire davantage, vous allez devoir tenter autre chose. Allez-vous:

Attaquer le Moteur Elémentaire à l'aide de votre épée ? Rendez-vous au **47**.
Frapper la machine avec une Masse ou un Marteau de Guerre, si vous possédez l'un ou l'autre ? Rendez-vous au **82**.
Tenter d'utiliser une Clé à Molette, si vous en possédez une ? Rendez-vous au **63**.
Quitter la Salle du Moteur et explorer un autre endroit ? Rendez-vous au **126**.

391

Choisissez un endroit que vous n'avez pas encore visité. Qu'allez-vous explorer à présent dans l'Œil du Cyclone ?

Le pont supérieur ? Rendez-vous au **258**.
Le pont central ? Rendez-vous au **126**.
Le pont inférieur ? Rendez-vous au **54**.
La cale ? Rendez-vous au **302**.

392

L'escalier vous conduit jusqu'à une porte en bois qui donne sur le toit de la tour. L'immense paratonnerre se dresse depuis le côté de la structure et dépasse les remparts pour se dresser haut dans le ciel. Des marches mènent à une plateforme en bois nichée sur le bord du toit, supportée au dessus du vide par quelques poutres. Quelle peut bien en être la raison ? A l'opposé, une petite tourelle s'accroche au flanc de la tour, et possède également une porte. Désirez-vous:

Pénétrer dans la tourelle ? Rendez-vous au **209**.
Redescendre l'escalier en direction des sous-sols (si vous n'y êtes pas encore allé) ? Rendez-vous au **160**.
Quitter la tour ? Rendez-vous au **398**.

393

«Retirez vos bottes,» vous demande le sorcier. Vous vous exécutez en espérant que le mage sait ce qu'il fait. Prospero lève les bras dans votre direction et prépare son sortilège. Soudain, vous n'arrivez plus à respirer ! Vous paniquez et placez vos mains autour de votre cou et là vous sentez deux rangez de branchies. Vos mains et vos pieds sont également différents, ils sont à présent palmés. C'est pour cela que le mage voulait que vous enleviez vos bottes !

Aussi longtemps que vous serez sous l'eau, les branchies ne disparaitront pas et vous permettront de respirer librement. Vos membres palmés vous autoriseront également des mouvements rapides et fluides dans la mer, votre score d'HABILETE est augmenté de 1 point (il peut dans ce cas dépasser votre score de départ) tant que vous êtes sous l'océan. Mais pour le moment vous êtes comme un poisson hors de l'eau. Avant d'étouffer, vous vous ruez en direction de la mer. Rendez-vous au **315**.

394

Si vous possédez une paire de Bottes de Sept Lieues et désirez les utiliser maintenant, rendez-vous au 2. Sinon, quelle destination allez-vous prendre dans votre recherche de moyens de se débarrasser des Elémentaires de Sturm ? Souvenez-vous que vous ne pouvez visiter chaque lieu qu'une seule fois, allez-vous vous diriger vers:

La Mer des Anguilles ? Rendez-vous au **13**.
La Chaîne de la Dent de Sorcière ? Rendez-vous au **115**.
Le Mont Pyre ? Rendez-vous au **309**.

Ou, si vous vous sentez prêt, vous pouvez tenter de trouver la Machine Météo de Balthazar Sturm - l'Œil du Cyclone (rendez-vous au **350**).

395

«Fort bien,» répond le mage. «Alors il y a une chose que je peux faire pour vous, si vous le désirez. Je peux placer un enchantement temporaire sur vos bottes qui vous permettra de voyager où vous le souhaitez en un rien de temps. Mais attention, cela ne fonctionnera qu'une seule fois. Voulez-vous que je vous lance ce sort ?» Si tel est le cas, rendez-vous au **153**. Sinon, rendez-vous au 193.

396

«N'écoutez pas ce charlatan !» criez-vous par dessus le vacarme de l'étrange machine. «Quoi qu'il vous ait promit, il sera incapable de vous le donner, et si vous avez payé pour son aide, alors je crains que vous vous soyez fait volé.» Le visage du charlatan a viré au rouge, comme son chapeau. Plusieurs personnes dans l'assemblée commencent à murmurer entre elles puis ce sont bientôt des grognements qui montent de la foule.

«Hé bien, j'aimerais vous voir faire mieux !» crit soudainement le charlatan, vous lançant un défi.

La foule se retourne vers vous, affichant des expressions de fureur. «Hé bien, pouvez-vous ?»

D'une certaine manière les villageois sont mécontents que vous ayez brisé le peu d'espoir qu'ils ont. Mais qu'allez-vous faire pour attirer la pluie ?

Si vous possédez le Coquillage des Mers, vous avez également un nom associé à celui-ci. Changez ce nom en nombre en utilisant le code A=1, B=2, C=3… Z=26. Additionnez ces nombres ensemble puis multipliez le résultat par trois. Rendez-vous ensuite au paragraphe portant ce numéro.

Si vous ne possédez pas ce coquillage, mais que vous avez l'Etincelle de Vie, vous avez un nombre qui lui est associé. Divisez le numéro de ce paragraphe par le nombre de l'Etincelle de Vie et rendez-vous au paragraphe portant ce numéro.

Si vous ne possédez aucun de ces objets, rendez-vous au **334**.

397

Vous levez les yeux et apercevez le Mage suspendu dans l'air au-dessus de la plateforme. Sa cape est d'un bleu profond, presque noire, et des flashs lumineux zèbrent les plis du tissu magique. Ses traits affichent une grimace arrogante tandis que la puissance de la tempête brûle dans ses yeux. Ses bras levés produisent des éclairs dansants. «A présent ressent la force de la tempête !» grogne Sturm en lançant une boule électrique à vos pieds. Le Mage fou descend lentement dans votre direction, vous laissant le temps d'effectuer une action (comme boire une potion, changer d'arme ou tirer à l'aide d'un arc ou d'une arbalète.)

Puis il est sur vous ! Dans la bataille qui s'annonce, vous devrez réduire votre Force d'Attaque de 1 point à chaque Assaut car Sturm a la capacité de voler. Toutefois, si vous avez bu une Potion de Lévitation, vous pouvez ignorer cette pénalité. Si vous le combattez avec votre épée, chaque Assaut remporté par Sturm vous fera perdre 3 point d'ENDURANCE au lieu des 2 points

habituels, car l'électricité de Sturm est conduite dans votre corps par le métal de votre lame. Si vous combattez avec une autre arme (comme un Marteau de Guerre ou une Masse) vous perdrez les 2 points d'ENDURANCE habituels, mais changer d'arme vous prendra un Assaut durant lequel Sturm vous fera perdre 2 points d'ENDURANCE. De plus, si aujourd'hui est Jour de la Tempête, augmentez l'HABILETE de Sturm de 1 point teles dégâts de ses attaques de 1 point supplémentaire. Finalement, vous rencontrez votre Némésis.

BALTHAZAR STURM HABILETE: 10 ENDURANCE: 10

Si vous réduisez l'ENDURANCE de l'Elémentaliste à 2ou moins, rendez-vous immédiatement au **56**.

398

Vous retournez au rez-de-chaussée de la tour. Si vous possédez le mot code *Noluob*, rendez-vous au **324**. Sinon, rendez-vous au **354**.

399

Vous percevez le bruit d'un torrent devenir plus fort à mesure que vous progressez dans le tunnel et vous finissez par arriver au bord d'une rivière souterraine au courant puissant. La seule manière de poursuivre semble être par une petite falaise, un peu plus loin sur votre droite, où la rivière chute en une cascade en contrebas, dans l'obscurité. Si vous désirez vous aventurer sous la chute d'eau pour continuer votre route, rendez-vous au **9**. Si vous préférez retourner à l'intersection et emprunter le passage visqueux, rendez-vous au **327**, ou le tunnel poussiéreux, rendez-vous au **227**.

400

Vous l'avez fait ! L'Elémentaliste fou Balthazar Sturm est mort et sa Machine Météo détruite. Femphrey est à nouveau sauf…ou pas ?

Un grondement sourd, tel le tonnerre distant, vous pousse à regarder vers l'horizon et ce que vous voyez vous glace le sang. Un gros nuage de poussière traverse la frontière du Lendleland au sud, soulevé par une horde de barbares à cheval. Les maraudeurs galopent vers vous, faisant trembler le sol sous les sabots de leurs montures. Une tribu de Lendlelanders, dirigée par son Khan et alliée du mage fou, lance une invasion de masse. A peine avez-vous vaincu un redoutable adversaire, qu'un autre prend sa place.

Une immense ombre apparait soudain au-dessus des cavaliers. Quelques uns lèvent la tête dans une expression d'horreur, les chevaux hennissent et se cabrent, jetant leurs cavaliers à terre. D'autres font demi-tour et retournent à la frontière tandis que l'épave de l'immense vaisseau volant de cuivre plonge vers eux depuis le ciel. L'Œil du Cyclone s'écrase sur les Lendlelanders, broyant hommes et chevaux sous sa coque monstrueuse, dévorée par les flammes. Ce qui reste de la horde s'enfuit, totalement paniqué.

Vous avez sauvé Femphrey une nouvelle fois, la destruction du vaisseau volant a permis d'enrayer une terrible invasion. A présent vous serez connu sous le nom de Héros de Tannatown, porteur de Fléau du Dragon et Sauveur du Femphrey… le Chasseur de Tempête !

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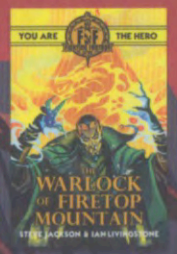

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Cover illustration by Robert Ball

ISBN 978-1-407181-29-5

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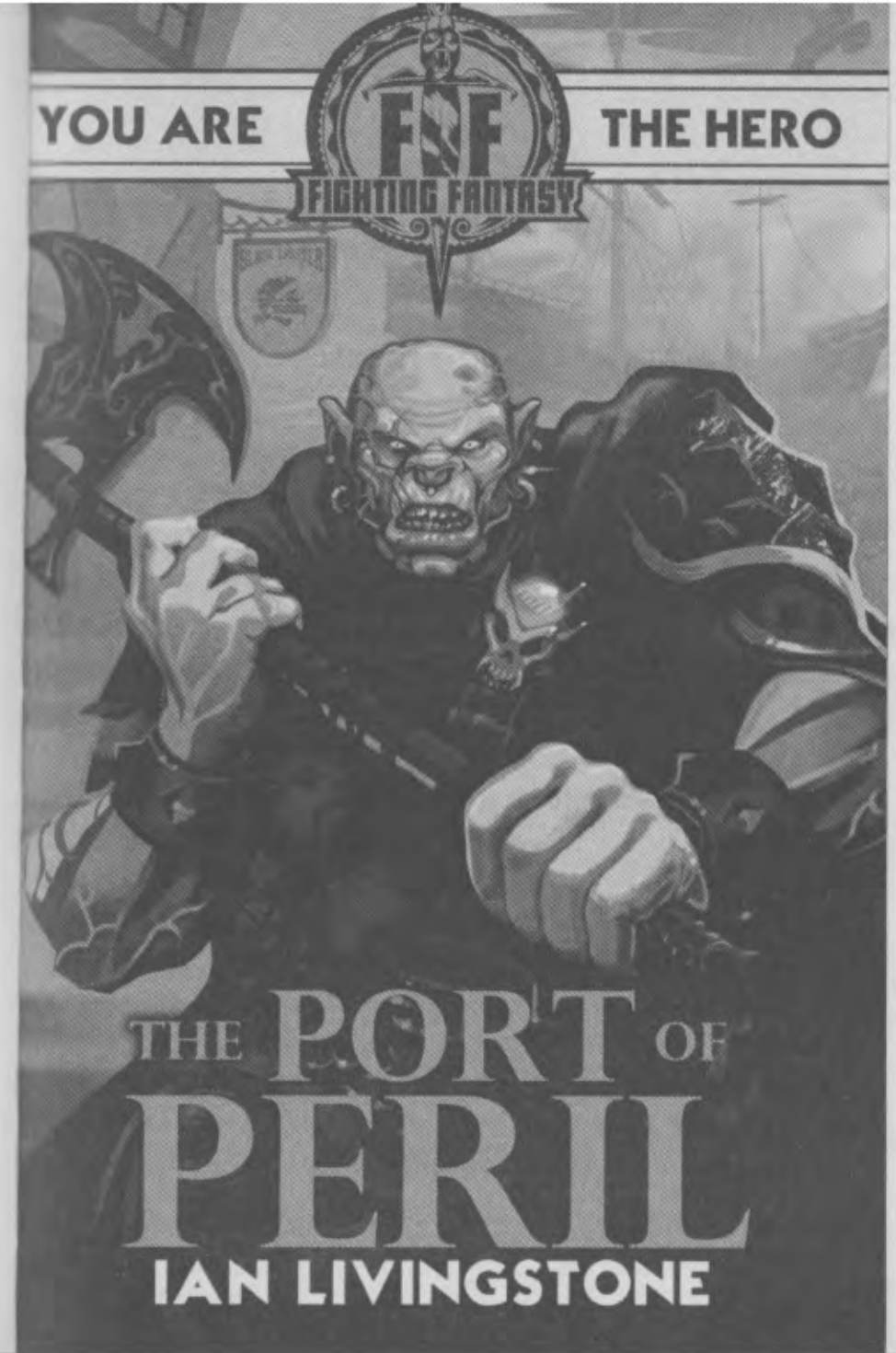

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Scholastic Children's Books
An imprint of Scholastic Ltd
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First published in the UK by Scholastic Ltd, 2017

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ISBN 978 1407 18129 5

A CIP catalogue record for this book
is available from the British Library.

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Printed by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY
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HOW WILL YOU START YOUR ADVENTURE?

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How would you like to begin your adventure?

IF YOU ARE NEW TO FIGHTING FANTASY . . .

It's a good idea to read through the rules which appear on pages 277-283 before you start.

IF YOU HAVE PLAYED FIGHTING FANTASY BEFORE . . .

You'll realize that to have any chance of success, you will need to discover your hero's attributes. You can create your own character by following the instructions on pages 277–283. Don't forget to enter your character's details on the Adventure Sheet which appears on page 284.

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

BACKGROUND

Chalice is an affluent town on the north bank of Silver River, a wide, twisting river which flows gently down from the Moonstone Hills to merge with Catfish River on its way to the Western Ocean. It began as nothing more than a merchant's store built at the end of a wooden jetty used by river traders to land their goods. At first, trade was very slow, and the merchant complained he'd been handed a poisoned chalice. Trade slowly improved, but the name stuck, and over time Chalice grew to become a busy river port.

Chalice's inhabitants are mostly human, and it is also home to a number of other races. There are Elves, who always seem to know more about what's going on than anybody else; Striders, who run around town on their spindly long legs doing errands; Man-Orcs, who are usually hired as guards; Gnomes, who spend most of their

time slurping down bowls of pea soup; two beefy Ogres, who hire themselves out to do most of the heavy lifting jobs; and an unusually friendly Cyclops, who arrived one day long ago with goods to trade and never left. He acquired the nickname of Cy, became a blacksmith, and quickly built a reputation as the best smithy in Chalice. He later turned his skills to crafting the finest swords in Northern Allansia, but never made more than one a month, as he refused to compromise on quality. Cy proudly sells his famous 'One Eye' swords for 50 Gold Pieces each. A 'quality price for a quality product,' as he says with gusto to his customers, and he is never short of those.

Commerce is the main reason for Chalice's prosperity. Merchants arrive from all over Allansia to sell their wares in the town, where prices are always at a premium. Vendors pack the market square six days a week selling weapons, armour, potions, lotions, herbs, spices, grain, livestock, semi-precious stones, jewellery, silk, furs, fine textiles and exotic foodstuffs. Money changes hands from dawn till dusk in brisk trading. Although Chalice has its fair share of impoverished folk, it affords nobles, merchants, landlords and innkeepers a fine living. And like any large town with wealthy inhabitants, Chalice also attracts pickpockets and thieves who see the opportunity to relieve some of the more naive townsfolk of their hard-earned silver and gold. Young con artists learn their

devious skills in Chalice, spinning yarns and practising their scams on the locals. If they don't get caught, the best of them journey downriver to try their luck on the citizens of Port Blacksand, where they must compete with hardened professional thieves and vagabonds.

YOU are a seasoned adventurer, an experienced sword-for-hire who enjoys slaying monsters and finding treasure above anything else. Despite some memorable adventures, you have learned the hard way that treasure hunting does not always guarantee the reward of glittering gold. More often than not, treasure hunters come back from their expeditions empty-handed. And when things don't go well, adventurers reluctantly have to resort to working for others, usually earning a low wage guarding rich nobles' estates or protecting merchants' caravans on their journeys to market. You recently arrived in Chalice tired and hungry after spending a month scouring the Pagan Plains trying, but failing, to find the buried treasure hoard of Throm, the notorious axe-wielding barbarian who, rumour has it, died in Baron Sukhumvit's infamous Deathtrap Dungeon in Fang trying to win the grand prize of 10,000 Gold Pieces.

Your days spent in Chalice have been anything but enjoyable. Unable to find work, you are forced to sleep rough in alleyways, scavenging for scraps of food left

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Two men stagger outside arm in arm

abandoned by traders in the market square at the end of the day. It is a warm evening on day four of your stay. The sun is slowly sinking in the western sky and the light is beginning to fade. You are standing outside the Fat Frog Inn drooling over the menu nailed to the oak door when two men stagger outside arm in arm. One is middle-aged, bearded, and wearing a brown leather tunic over dark green leggings, whilst the younger one is wearing a checked woollen shirt tucked into his baggy brown pants. Both men are giggling like children, very much the worse for the amount of ale they have drunk. They brush past you, oblivious to everything. The younger man is hiccuping and swaying erratically from side to side. He tries to grab hold of the back of a wooden bench to steady himself, but misses it, and falls over, cursing. This causes his friend to laugh even louder. The younger man sits up, squinting in the bright light, his mouth hanging open like a gormless fool.

'Eryk!' the younger man splutters, hiccuping.

'What?'

'Stop laughing at me.'

'Why?'

'Because I'm going to be rich!'

'Shut up,' the older man replies dismissively.

'I am! I'm going to be rich! I bought a treasure map!' he retorts, reaching into his pocket to produce an old piece of parchment as evidence. Too drunk to notice that he's holding it upside down, he stares at it with a befuddled expression on his face. Although you're well within earshot, you pretend not to be listening.

'How much did you pay for it?'

'Four Copper Pieces.'

'Four Copper Pieces? What a fool you are. There's not a hope that it's genuine. You've been done, Gregor,' the older man says, laughing even louder. 'Stitched up like a kipper. A fool chasing fool's gold, that's what you are. You just don't learn, do you? You can't believe anything anyone says in the Fat Frog Inn.'

'But... But that old man seemed so genuine. He had an honest face, unlike all those other sharks and villains in there giving it large. I wanted to believe him. I did believe him!'

'Are you going to go back in to get your money back?'

'Nah, the poor man needed the money. He sounded desperate. I felt sorry for him. That's why I bought the map really. No hard feelings. I enjoyed listening to his tale about the iron chest filled with golden amulets. He said it was hidden deep inside a cave in Moonstone Hills. And he kept going on about a gold ring in the chest. Said it was more valuable than all the amulets put together. What did he call it again? The Ring of... Oh, fiddle! I can't remember now. But it doesn't matter if it isn't true! Or you say it isn't true. Or whatever.'

'Forget about it, Gregor. He made it all up.'

'The Ring of Burning Snakes! That's what he called it. He said it used to belong to an old wizard called Nico or Nico something or other. He said the wizard would pay a pretty penny to get it back.'

'I said forget about it, Gregor. Come on, get up, let's try the Sun Inn next. I'm thirsty!' Eryk says sternly, pulling his friend up off the ground.

'All right, all right. I won't be needing this, then!' Gregor says, crumpling up the parchment into a ball and tossing it over his shoulder before staggering off.

The parchment ball lands just by your feet. Intrigued, you bend down to pick it up. You unfold it to reveal a very detailed hand-drawn map of the land surrounding Chalice.

The map shows a dotted line heading north from Chalice, then east, some way south of Darkwood Forest, crossing the Eastern Plain to Moonstone Hills, where a large *X* marks the entrance to a cave in Skull Crag, one of the highest peaks in the range. There is a message in tiny

handwriting written in black ink on the back of the map which says, *Do NOT enter by the cave entrance. Climb the crag to a ledge twenty metres above. Move the standing branches aside to reveal the secret entrance. Enter here and turn left, right, right at the junctions. An iron chest will be found in the Crystal Cave. Good luck! Murgat Shurr.*

Could a treasure chest really lie hidden in a cave inside Skull Crag? Why would an old man sell his secrets for a few Copper Pieces? And who is Murgat Shurr? Nothing makes sense. You are about to toss the map away when you hear the shrill squawk of a bird overhead. You look up to see a crow flying north. Could it be an omen? Could this be your lucky day after all? You decide you have nothing to lose and everything to gain. You fold up the parchment and put it safely away in your pocket. Tomorrow you will set off for Skull Crag. But right now you need to find some food and somewhere to sleep before nightfall.

NOW TURN OVER . . .

YOUR ADVENTURE AWAITS!

MAY YOUR STAMINA NEVER FAIL!

You fail to find any food, and resign yourself to sleeping on some old flour sacks left outside a baker's shop at the end of an alley. You place your blanket on top of the sacks and lie down as darkness falls, ending the day exhausted and very hungry. You hear a dog sniffing nearby, but eventually fall asleep, dreaming of treasure chests overflowing with Gold Pieces and diamonds.

Reality returns early the following morning when you are rudely woken not long after sunrise by the sound of cockerels crowing loudly. The air is chill, but the skies are clear – at least another fine day is in store. You grab your trusty sword, roll up your blanket and check the few belongings you have in your backpack. They don't amount to much: a **ball of twine**, a **candle**, a **small brass bell**, an **oil lantern**, a **knife**, a **piece of chalk**, a **brass owl**, a **length of rope**, a **bag of copper nails**, an **animal-skin water flask** and a **goblet bearing a unicorn-head motif**. You make your way to the town square and fill your flask with water which flows from the spout of a fountain carved in the shape of a dragon's head. After quenching your thirst, you search through a pile of rubbish and find some squashed tomatoes and a chunk of bread left to rot in a wooden crate. The bread is stale but right now a tomato sandwich seems like the breakfast of champions. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. The

sandwich takes the edge off your hunger but you know you could eat more. There is nobody about except for a tall, middle-aged man with curly brown hair who is whistling happily to himself as he sweeps the square with a long broom. A leather shoulder bag is slung over his back. If you want to talk to him, turn to **19**. If you would rather leave the market square, turn to **58**.

2

You are soon back at the fork in the path. 'Going left will takes us south and out of the forest. We need to go straight on here to reach Yaztromo's Tower,' Hakasan says without stopping. Turn to **252**.

3

The arrows fly past you, lodging harmlessly into trees. You jump up and charge the Bandits before they have time to reload, swinging your sword in the air. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First BANDIT	*6*	*7*
Second BANDIT	*7*	*7*
Third BANDIT	*7*	*6*

If you win, turn to **22**.

4

As if things couldn't get any worse, you are now without your trusty sword. The sword you get in exchange is old and fairly blunt. Lose 1 *LUCK* point and 2 *SKILL* points. You are angry with yourself for thinking you could beat the card sharp and decide to leave the market square. Turn to **58**.

5

You offer the Trolls 1 Gold Piece each to let you enter the palace gardens. Twoteeth laughs out loud. 'Two Gold Pieces?' he says, scoffing at your offer. 'Do you think that we would risk Lord Azzur's wrath for 2 Gold Pieces? We want 10 Gold Pieces each, nothing less.' If you have 20 Gold Pieces and want to pay the Trolls, turn to **145**. If you can't pay or won't pay, your only choice is to let them take your weapons and look inside your backpack. Turn to **192**.

6

You reach into your pocket and unfold the yellow handkerchief. Nicodemus's jaw drops in disbelief as he picks up the large gold ring on display in the palm of your hand. 'The Ring of Burning Snakes!' he says ecstatically. 'Where did you find it?' You tell him that it's a long story, but he insists on hearing every bit of it, from the moment you picked up Murgat Shurr's map in Chalice to rescuing him from the cells. You finish the tale just as you reach the jetty in Flax. You wave to Dod, who is standing nearby, tying up piles of reeds into bundles, ready to carry them home. He walks over to help you tie up the boat, saying, 'Welcome back. I hope you found what you looking for in that cesspit of a town. Thank you for bringing my boat back. It looks quite a bit bigger than I remember! It's changed colour too.' You apologize and explain what happened, and introduce him to Nicodemus and Luannah. Dod is very happy with his new boat and invites you into his house, where Cris is frying fish. She invites you to stay for supper, and suggests you stay the night too since it's getting late. You accept her offer and wake early in the morning to find Cris and Luannah deep in conversation. Luannah announces that she has decided to stay in Flax to start a new life, and you wish her all the best. Dod brings Stormheart round to the front of the house, and you help Nicodemus mount the horse before climbing

on yourself. A light flick of the reins, and Stormheart gallops off at high speed. You look round briefly to see the three of them waving, but you kick on knowing there is no time to lose. Galloping towards Largo, you see a man in a scruffy brown jacket and ragged britches trudging slowly along with the aid of a long walking stick, weighed down by an enormous bulging sack. On hearing the sound of the galloping hooves behind him, he turns around and waves at you with his woollen hat, signalling for you to stop. If you want to stop to talk to him, turn to **93**. If you would rather not waste any time, and ride on to Darkwood Forest, turn to **286**.

7

Onx looks you in the eye, and says, 'Before you go, tell me, why did you run after me and then decide not to buy my Healing Potion after all?' You reply, saying that 4 Gold Pieces is too much to pay, especially since he cursed you. 'So I'll meet you halfway, then. How about 3 Gold Pieces for the potion?' If you want to buy the Healing Potion for 3 Gold Pieces, turn to **277**. If you think it is still too much to pay for a potion and would rather set off for Darkwood Forest, turn to **47**.

8

Armoury Lane is only a hundred metres long, but every building in it has been turned into an armourer's shop. All the shop windows are protected by thick iron grills to stop anybody breaking in and helping themselves to all the weapons and armour on display. There are swords, cleavers, spears, picks, pikes, axes and poleaxes, clubs, maces, war hammers, helmets, body armour and shields of every shape and size on display. All the shops are closed bar one which has a door almost twice the height of the other doors in the street. There is an open sign on the iron-battened oak door. A small sign in the window reads *We have your size at Cy's*. You peer through the window but do not see anybody inside. If you want to go in the shop, turn to **384**. If you would rather walk to the end of Armoury Lane, turn to **33**.

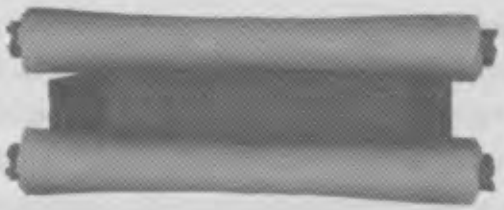

9

Onx looks at you with an annoyed expression on his face, saying, 'Suit yourself,' before walking off, shaking his head. You leave Largo and set off east towards

Darkwood Forest, wondering whether or not you will get back to Hakasan before nightfall. As you walk along through the tall grasses, you do not realize that you have walked into a patch of Weedleweed, a tall grass that is home to TICK-TICKS, tiny parasitic mites which not only suck their host's blood, but infect them with a virus which makes them very sleepy. You start to yawn uncontrollably, and have no choice but to lie down and go to sleep. *Test Your Luck*. If you are lucky, turn to **160**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **96**.

10

If you have more than one bottle in your possession, you will have to choose which one to use. If you want to use the potion from the green bottle, turn to **172**. If you want to use the potion from the brown bottle, turn to **158**.

Its mouth opens to reveal two rows of flesh-ripping teeth

11

The unholy beast strides forward with heavy steps which makes the ground tremble. It is grey-green in colour with ugly red veins protruding from its skin. It has giant-sized clawed hands with suckered palms, but the most terrifying thing is its enormous mouth, which is almost as wide as its torso. Its mouth opens to reveal two rows of flesh-ripping teeth, and six long, suckered tentacles which shoot out from its throat, flailing around in the air. The vile beast is QUAG-SHUGGUTH, a Lesser Demon summoned from the Plain of Pain by Zanbar Bone. It has tiny eyes and is virtually blind, but it senses your presence and knows exactly where you are. You have no choice but to fight it! If you own a Venom Sword, turn to **337**. If you do not own this sword, turn to **202**.

12

There are five houses in a row, all of them grand and in very good order, no doubt owned by some of the rich merchants of Chalice. You hear the noise of a window sliding open above you, and look up to see a woman with long curly red hair lean out and yell at you not to look in her windows. 'Go away!' she screams in a rage, and throws a chamber pot down at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **271**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **153**.

13

The youngest beggar snatches the map from you and examines it carefully. 'I'll tell you what I know about this map for another Copper Piece!' he says, looking closely at the tiny writing. You agree to pay him, although you're a little annoyed at his cheek. He pockets the coin and declares, 'The writing is in black ink and the treasure is located with a large *X*. It must be genuine!' You thank the man for his opinion, but have a feeling he was just making it up. You decide against starting an argument and bid the beggars farewell. Turn to **311**.

14

You follow Yaztromo down two flights of stairs to his cluttered kitchen area, where pots and pans are bubbling away on top of a large iron stove. 'I hope you like mushroom soup and vegetable stew,' he says brightly, lifting the lids off the saucepans to sniff the rich aromas wafting up. 'Delicious. Simply delicious,' he continues. 'I might have some cheese and biscuits to follow if you are still hungry. Please, sit down, and I will serve the soup.' You sit down at his oval dining table with Hakasan to enjoy Yaztromo's food, and both agree it is the most delicious meal either of you have had in as long as you can remember. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. You talk about Zanbar Bone long into the night with Yaztromo, who later has a nightcap of his favourite sherry to accompany the last of his cream cakes, which he enthuses about down to the last crumb. He shows you to your bedrooms and, being slightly tipsy, wishes you goodnight, laughing out loud in an uncharacteristically jovial fashion. You have vivid dreams of skeletons and demons, and wake up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night. You look out of your bedroom window at the starlit night sky and the endless treetops of Darkwood Forest. All is quiet and peaceful. You eventually fall asleep again and wake up late. You are the last one down for breakfast, and find Hakasan and Yaztromo deep in conversation at the table. 'Morning!' Yaztromo says, smiling. 'I trust you slept well? After breakfast I think it best that you go to Port Blacksand by yourself. Firstly, Hakasan needs more rest. Her ankle is swollen again. Secondly, I only have one horse! The sooner you get to Port Blacksand and find Nicodemus, the sooner you will be back. But before you go, I think a little magic is in order to help you out! I can offer you improved fighting ability, increased strength or good fortune. Eat your breakfast whilst you decide what you need.' Will you:

Improve your *SKILL*?	Turn to **215**
Improve your *STAMINA*?	Turn to **78**
Improve your *LUCK*?	Turn to **288**

15

You look around the small room, hoping to find something you could use to help you escape, but there is nothing. You resign yourself to being locked away for six months. The first days drag by slowly, your only contact with the outside world coming when the jailer arrives once a day with his basket of maggot-infested bread and a jug of water. As the weeks pass, you lose weight and become too tired to even fend off the rats which creep through the window at night to eat the crumbs on the floor. You suffer several bites from the rats and catch a deadly plague. Your adventure is over.

16

The dice players see you looking at them, and beckon you over to sit down at their table. You ask them what game they are playing. 'We're enjoying a little game of Dungles and Draggles,' the bearded player replies jovially. 'It was invented by a Bard called Yog. It's very simple. I roll two dice and add the numbers together. That's my Dungle score. Then you roll two dice for your Draggle score. But before you roll, you have to say if your Draggle score will be higher or lower than my Dungle score. If you guess right, you win. If you guess wrong, you lose. You also lose if you roll the same number. I'm willing to wager my pirate's flintlock pistol for a ruby. Do you want to play?' If you possess a ruby and want to play, turn to **269**. If you would rather go back to the bar, turn to **89**.

17

The Norgul is a powerful creature which fights with brute strength and savage aggression. Dropping the jar of eyeballs on to the ground sends it into a rage, and it launches a frenzied attack on you with flailing fists. It is now eager to feast on your eyes. Its thick hide is not easy to pierce, even with your sharp-edged sword.

NORGUL	*SKILL 10*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **231**.

18

Onx thanks you for helping him out. When you are back in Largo, he gives you a bottle of healing potion in exchange for 2 Gold Pieces. As a thank-you, he also gives you some fresh fish to eat and a cup of goat's milk to drink. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. Since there are no more boats for hire to take you to Port Blacksand until tomorrow, you decide to go back to Darkwood Forest without further delay. You are about to leave when Onx asks if you would like to buy a pair of bone dice that are handmade by the elders of the village. He tells you that they will bring you luck in any game of dice, and are a bargain at 2 Gold Pieces for the two. If you want to buy the dice, turn to **73**. If you would rather politely refuse, turn to **110**.

19

You call out to the street sweeper, but he ignores you, and carries on whistling to himself while he works. If you want to ask him if he has any food to trade for an item in your backpack, turn to **126**. If you would rather leave the market square, turn to **58**.

20

Mungo slides off his stool, throws 3 Copper Pieces on to the bar to pay for his ale and walks out of the tavern. You follow him outside, and walk along Harbour Wharf past a pirate ship called the *Flying Toucan* to where the *Blue Marlin* is moored. A rough-looking man in black trousers and a hooped top is sitting on the boat whittling a stick. 'I'm pleased to see that you are still here,' Mungo says to him, jumping aboard. He gives the man 5 Copper Pieces and ushers him off the boat before welcoming you on board. He checks the sails and supplies, and tells you to untie the boat from the quay. You cast off, and are quickly under way. There is a good breeze, and the wooden sailing boat cuts through the water with ease, its rigging creaking under the strain. Standing on the bow of the *Blue Marlin*, you look back towards Port Blacksand, which is soon no more than a speck on the coastline. Your mind begins to drift, and you think about Yaztromo and Hakasan, hoping they are safe and wondering when you will see them again. An hour

later the sea starts to get choppy as dark clouds gather overhead. A few drops of rain begin to fall, and the waves build as the wind increases. It is not long before the *Blue Marlin* is being battered by a howling gale with waves crashing over the deck. Rain lashes down, and you have to hang on to the rigging for your life as the boat is tossed about on the churning sea. 'We're going to turn around and sail back to Port Blacksand,' Mungo screams in your ear, although you can barely hear him. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **327**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **386**.

21

You rummage around inside your backpack to find the pouch, and hurriedly pour the salt out into the palm of your hand. You hurl it at the Giant Lavaworm bearing down on you and watch it thrash about trying to shake off the granules. But the salt sticks to its slimy skin, and the worm's gelatinous flesh begins to melt like butter in a heated pan. Soon there is nothing left on the floor apart from its innards and entrails lying in a pool of green slime. Turn to **382**.

22

You look round and are relieved to see that Hakasan has defeated the other three Bandits. Turn to **372**.

23

The bakers look at each other and shrug before lifting you up. Standing on the shoulders of the taller man, you are just able to grab hold of the top of the wall and pull yourself up. Sitting on top of the wall, you look back down and thank the bakers for helping you. They stare at you with bemused expressions on their faces and walk off, shaking their heads. Looking at Hog House fills you with a sense of foreboding. Its dark stone walls and narrow windows are anything but welcoming. The bakers obviously had good reason to question your motive for climbing over the wall. Suddenly two large, slavering ATTACK DOGS come bounding up to the foot of the wall, barking loudly. If you want to jump down to fight them, turn to **373**. If you would rather jump back down on to the street, turn to **234**.

24

You are not far from the wicker basket when you hear a familiar loud squawk overhead. You look up to see the Warhawk swooping down to attack. You must fight the giant predatory bird, which has returned to pick up the basket. With Hakasan fighting by your side, you are able to attack twice during each Attack Round.

WARHAWK	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **367**.

25

Singing Bridge leads into Bridge Street. You run past its ramshackle houses as fast as you can, and on into the market square. The market is a place of hustle and bustle, with vendors shouting out their special offers in the hope of attracting the last customers of the day. You dash through the crowd, looking from person to person, but see no sign of the guards or Nicodemus. A young urchin runs up to you and says, 'Hey! Who are you looking for?' You ask if he saw an old man being marched through the market square by two guards a few minutes ago. The boy smiles and nods his head, saying, 'I'll tell you which way they went if you pay me 1 Gold Piece!' There are five streets leading out of the square, any one of which the guards could have gone down. If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece for the urchin's information, turn to **211**. If you want to decide for yourself which street to go down, turn to **178**.

26

The old man drops 4 Copper Pieces into your hand as a token of his gratitude. You thank him and walk off. If you want to look around the market, turn to **247**. If you would rather leave the market square, turn to **58**.

27

You rub your chin whilst thinking about what items you might need. Bignose looks at your hand and says, 'The gold ring on your middle finger – can I ask you where you got it from? It looks like the Rune Ring that belonged to my old friend Morri Silverheart, who lost it whilst hunting in Darkwood Forest. Sadly he was later killed by Hill Trolls on the Pagan Plains. Is there anything I could offer you in exchange for it? It would give me great pleasure to return it to his widow.' Hakasan points at a silver pendant in the shape of a dragonfly hanging on a silver chain around Bignose's neck. 'What's that?' she asks. 'It's just a pendant. It's nothing special as far as I know,' Bignose replies. If you want to offer the Rune Ring in exchange for the pendant, turn to **256**. If you want to tell Bignose that you don't want to trade the Rune Ring, turn to **173**.

28

Passing the lifeless Gronks and the Skeleton, you arrive at another junction. If you want to go right, turn to **347**. If you want to go straight on, turn to **316**.

29

Gurnard Jaggle shakes his head and says, 'Do you think you can just enter my house uninvited and leave again as though nothing has happened? Have you forgotten that you are trespassers? Either pay me 1 Gold Piece to leave or suffer the consequences.' If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to leave Gurnard Jaggle's tree house, turn to **335**. If you would rather attack him, turn to **306**.

30

You see two guards walking along the perimeter wall, and wait until they have gone before making your way to the main entrance gates at the end of the gravel path. There are two guards on duty and you have no choice but to walk past them. Trying to act normal, you get within five metres of them before they challenge you. You decide to run for it, and charge past them as fast as you can. One of the guards gives chase but you are able to lose him running through the back streets. When you think the coast is clear, you make your way to the main town gates and saunter through, whistling happily to yourself. Turn to **64**.

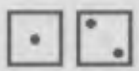

31

The Troll grunts and says, 'Nobody told me you were coming. But I'm always the last one to find out about things down here. You better follow me.' You walk down the steps to a cold and gloomy corridor which is lit by oil lamps suspended from the ceiling. The Troll lumbers along ahead of you, its huge head almost touching the ceiling, forcing it to duck under the oil lamps. It turns left at a junction in the corridor, soon passing a wooden door on the right which it points at, saying, 'The torture chamber is in there. Wait here and I'll get the old wizard for you from his cell. He's still semi-unconscious from the sleeping potion that was put in his drinking water, so don't expect him to say too much!' The Troll starts laughing, and you seize the opportunity to attack it whilst he is off guard, automatically winning the first Attack Round.

IMPERIAL GUARD TROLL *SKILL 11* *STAMINA 11*

If you win, turn to **322**.

32

Dropping the coin in the box triggers cogs and winches to pull ropes through creaking pulleys to tighten a section of the flooring in the middle of the bridge. Wary of hidden traps, you dismount and lead Stormheart slowly on foot across the narrow bridge to the north side of the river, happily without incident. After feeding and watering your steed, you set off west again at a gallop, with the high city wall surrounding Port Blacksand just visible in the distance. The closer you get, the more you see of the dark rooftops and stark buildings jutting above the wall. You arrive an hour later at a small village of no more than a dozen thatch-roofed cottages just east of Port Blacksand. You are greeted by a smiling lady standing on her porch in front of a stack of wicker baskets. She is wearing a brightly coloured headscarf and a white apron over her long dress. 'Welcome to Flax,' she says in a jolly voice. 'My name's Cris. How can I help you?' You reply by saying you are on your way to Port Blacksand, whereupon her eyebrows rise in mild surprise. 'The thieves there will be pleased to see you. They love taking money from people of your ilk, all la-di-da on your big horse! If I were you, I'd hire a boat from my husband and row downriver and slip into Port Blacksand unnoticed. We can look after your horse while you're gone.' If you want to hire a boat to row to Port Blacksand, turn to **41**. If you want to turn down her offer and ride to the main city gates on Stormheart, turn to **264**.

33

There is a timber yard at the end of Armoury Lane where you see a stocky OGRE in a grubby shirt and brown cropped pants loading oak beams on to shelves, while a man in a black jacket counts the number of beams on each shelf. The yard is formed by tall buildings backing on to each other on three sides, and the only way in and out is via Armoury Lane. The man turns to you and says, 'What can I do for you?' If you want to talk to him, turn to **334**. If you would rather go back to the market square to walk down Beggar's Alley, turn to **283**.

34

You raise your arm and are about to bring your sword crashing down on the fungus-like creature when you hear Hakasan scream, 'Don't do it!' She runs through the clearing holding her hand over her mouth. If you want to ignore her advice and slice open the Sporeball, turn to **397**. If you want to follow her and run through the clearing holding your breath, turn to **232**.

35

The paste tastes so disgusting that you spit it out through the trapdoor on to the ground below. It is not long before your mouth goes completely numb, making it almost impossible to swallow, and you feel a burning sensation in your stomach. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You drink lots

of water and the burning eventually subsides. If you want to rub a small amount of paste on to a wound, turn to **103**. If you would rather take the jar and bandage back to Hakasan, turn to **325**.

36

With Stormheart back under control, you spur him on towards the wall of Skeletons. You ride into them, sending many of them flying in a flurry of broken bones. Alas, there are just too many of them, and you are unable break through to the front. The Skeletons close in on you, dragging you from your saddle, and not even the magic powers of Nicodemus can hold back the tide of undead. You feel the cold steel of the swords and spears pierce your flesh, and you soon fall unconscious. Your adventure is over.

37

You climb up the steps slowly, sword in hand, and enter the giant mouth, which is damp and has a musty smell. When your eyes adjust to the semi-darkness, you notice a skeleton on the floor. It is holding a sword and is clothed in leather armour. Long black worms are writhing in and out of its eye sockets and mouth. A small wooden box lies in pieces on the floor nearby the skeleton. You pick up the box lid and see it has a beetle motif in its centre. You also find a broken glass vial and a small lead ball, which you put in your pocket.

'Another one of Gurnard's specials!' Hakasan says with a sigh. There is a bronze-studded winged helmet lying on the floor which looks to be your size. If you want to try on the helmet, turn to **392**. If you would rather leave the idol to continue your quest to find Yaztromo, turn to **284**.

38

You pick up a long knife that was lying on the ground and tuck it into your belt. With your sword in hand, you enter the cabin ready for any unexpected surprises. The cabin is very basic. There are three rickety wooden beds lined up against one wall, and a table with three chairs set against the opposite wall. At the far end of the cabin there is an iron cauldron bubbling away on top of a log fire burning in the hearth. The blue liquid is obviously the dye the old man was talking about. There are some cooking utensils and small jars of dried herbs, spices and liquids on a shelf, but little else of interest. If you want to look at the labels on the jars, turn to **330**. If you would rather leave the cabin and carry on to Moonstone Hills, turn to **134**.

39

Finbar asks to look at your pistol. You hand it to him, telling him how you came to be its owner. He looks down the barrel and inspects the flintlock mechanism, saying, 'It's old and needs a good clean, but I've seen worse. The flint needs replacing or it won't fire. I usually charge 2 Gold

Pieces to service a pistol. But I'll give you a good deal. Buy a pouch of black powder for 2 Gold Pieces and I'll service your pistol for 1 Gold Piece.' If you want to pay 3 Gold Pieces, turn to **282**. If you would rather leave the shop and walk to Singing Bridge, turn to **118**.

40

The man smiles, turning over the card to reveal a jack of clubs. 'Hard luck, stranger,' he says hollowly. 'I'm afraid you failed to find the lady. Your sword, please.' If you want to hand over your sword, turn to **4**. If you want to ask him to turn over the queen of spades card before handing over your sword, turn to **155**.

41

You jump down from Stormheart and ask Cris to take you to meet her husband. You find him gathering reeds on the riverbank. He smiles and introduces himself as Dod. You tell him you want to hire a boat, and he looks at you, rubbing his chin, relishing the opportunity to earn some money. 'You'll need a cover story as well as a boat, and I'd suggest you buy a merchant's pass and six of my wife's baskets. You can hire my rowing boat for 5 Gold Pieces, and I'll include the pass and the baskets for 10 Gold Pieces if you're interested?' If you want to hire Dod's rowing boat for 5 Gold Pieces, turn to **54**. If you want to hire his rowing boat, merchant's pass and six wicker baskets for 10 Gold

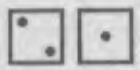

Pieces, turn to **180**. If you want to turn down his offer and ride to the main city gates on Stormheart, turn to **264**.

42

The Norgul comes to a halt, caught in two minds as to whether to attack you or not. You seize the opportunity to bargain with it. If you want to tell the creature that you will give it the jar of eyeballs if it lets you pass through its lair, turn to **253**. If you want to tell the Norgul that you will give it the jar of eyeballs if it gives you something in exchange and also lets you pass through its lair, turn to **90**.

43

Gurnard gives you some bread, dried meats and hard-boiled eggs for your journey. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. You tell him he should go and retrieve all the deadly wooden boxes he hid in the caves. He nods solemnly, promising to set off right away, adding, 'I'll start with Firetop Mountain. I put three or four in there.' Once outside, you shake hands with the old man and wish him well, telling him that once he has collected the boxes, he should go back to Chalice to see his brother, Jethro. He thanks you for helping him come to his senses, saying, 'I can't thank you enough, my friend. Here, please take my brass compass. It might come in useful should you get lost in the forest. And whilst I cannot give you the Ring of Burning Snakes, please accept this Rune Ring.' He gives you a gold ring encircled with black enamel runes which you put on your middle finger. He sets off north, soon disappearing from view into the trees. Hakasan surveys the undergrowth, looking for telltale signs of the Chaos Warrior. 'He went south,' she says confidently, pointing at a large footprint in the ground. 'Maybe he's on his way to Chalice to take a riverboat to Port Blacksand to assassinate Nicodemus? That would make Zanbar Bone invincible. There is no time to lose. Chaos Warriors wear heavy armour, so he won't be moving too quickly. We have to catch him before he gets to Chalice. Come on, let's go.' Hakasan sets off running through the trees, following the trail of the Chaos Warrior, occasionally stopping to hack through the dense foliage with her sword. She is in such a hurry to catch up with Klash that she does not see a bear trap in front of her, a deep pit that is covered with sticks and leaves to hide it from view. She falls headlong into the trap, landing heavily at the bottom. You throw your rope down to pull her up, but you can see from the expression on her face that she is quite badly hurt. 'It's my ankle,' she says, grimacing. 'I think it might be broken. You'll have to go on without me. Come back and get me after you have dealt with Klash. I'll be fine.' If you want to keep going after Klash, turn to **156**. If you want to go back to Gurnard Jaggle's tree house to find something to fix up Hakasan's ankle, turn to **258**.

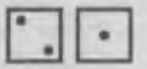

The bald man looks you up and down

44

The bald man looks you up and down and says, 'You have some nerve walking into the grounds of Hog House without an invite. Lady Francesca de la Vette does not take kindly to intruders. For your information, we are not hiring guards at the moment. If you would care to wait, there might be a vacancy in six months.' Without warning, he shouts, 'Guards!' Suddenly you hear shouting voices and the crunching sound of heavy boots on gravel coming your way. You are soon surrounded by six heavily armed guards, their long spears pointed at you. You are forced to surrender your sword and all your coins to them, and are taken away to be locked inside a dingy, cold cell with bare stone walls in the basement of Hog House. The only light comes through a small barred window high up and out of reach on the north-facing wall. You are told by the Man-Orc jailer that you must survive on a diet of bread and water for the next six months. You slump down on your straw mattress, wondering what to do. If you have an iron key, turn to **294**. If you do not have a key, turn to **15**.

45

As you unsheathe your dagger, a Skeleton breaks through and stabs you in the arm. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Hakasan cuts the arm off the Skeleton, giving you just enough time to act. Holding the dagger in front of you by the tip of its blade, you take careful aim at Zanbar Bone, with Hakasan screaming at you to hurry. You throw your dagger at the Demon, and watch it fly towards its skull. Roll 1 die and add 1 to the number rolled if your current *SKILL* is 10 or higher. If the total is 1–5, turn to **222**. If the number is 6 or 7, turn to **267**.

46

You walk no more than fifty metres along the narrow tunnel when suddenly you hear a dull rumbling sound coming from behind you. Turn to **157**.

47

Onx walks away, shaking his head in disbelief and muttering to himself. He turns to face you one last time, shakes his fist and shouts, 'You'll be sorry!' You set off east towards Darkwood Forest, wondering whether or not you will get back to Hakasan before nightfall. As you walk along through the tall grasses, you do not realize that you have walked into a patch of Weedleweed, a tall grass that is home to TICK-TICKS, tiny parasitic mites which not only suck their host's blood but infect them with a virus which

makes them very sleepy. You start to yawn uncontrollably, and have no choice but to lie down and go to sleep. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **160**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **96**.

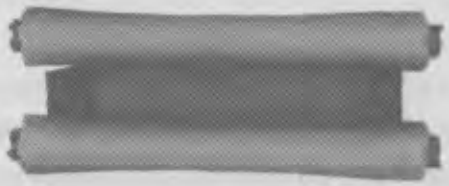

48

You react quickly, grabbing hold of the rat before it can bite you, and smash its head against the barrel, killing it instantly. The other rat scurries off into the shadows. You peer into the barrel but there is nothing inside except for rain-soaked old rags and the rotting carcass of a dead dog. The smell is unbearable. If you want to knock on the front door of the house, turn to **349**. If you would rather walk on to the T-junction, turn to **206**.

49

Somehow you avoid getting any of the deadly acidic sap on you. You watch it pumping out of the vine, causing a foul-smelling cloud of vapour to rise from the ground, hissing like gas. It makes you cough, and you decide to follow Nicodemus into the tower, where Hakasan slams the door shut behind you. Turn to **279**.

50

You look round to see that Hakasan has defeated a second bandit. If there are any bandits left alive, they take flight and disappear into the forest. Turn to **372**.

51

You find 5 Gold Pieces and a locket of grey hair in the clay pot, no doubt from the head of the blind hag. You must decide if you want to take the locket of hair as well as the Gold Pieces before leaving the cave to make your way to Skull Crag. Turn to **236**.

52

Unluckily for you, one of the pirates sees you surface and yells at his fellow crew to row over to you. The pirate boat is alongside you in seconds, and the oarsmen start plunging their oars into the water to strike you. You are caught on the side of the head by one of the oars, which knocks you out. The pirates grab hold of you and haul you into their boat. You wake up to find that they have taken all of your possessions, including your sword. They chain your ankle to the bench seat in the boat and give you an oar. 'Welcome aboard,' says the sneering captain in his black waistcoat with shiny brass buttons. 'You are now officially under the command of Captain Crow. Row hard for the next six months and you might get some of your possessions back.' You try to convince

the captain about the imminent return of Zanbar Bone, but he tells you to stop making up fanciful stories and concentrate on rowing. Wondering about the fate of poor Hakasan, you begin your new life as a river pirate. Your adventure is over.

53

The bald man sneers and says, 'So, you are here to collect a letter, are you? That's very interesting. You don't look like a Strider to me. And Lady Francesca de la Vette instructed me only to use Striders for deliveries to and from Hog House. Be off with you or I'll call the guards.' If you want to change your story and say that you are an adventurer down on your luck who is looking for work as a guard, turn to **44**. If you would rather leave Hog House while you have the chance to do so, turn to **30**.

54

You hand 5 Gold Pieces to Cris and step into the small rowing boat. Dod pushes the boat out into the river, saying, 'Moor up at Lobster Wharf. It's very crowded there and nobody will be bothered about you. But don't come back here without my boat. Remember I've got your horse! No boat, no horse. Do we have an understanding?' You nod your head in agreement, smiling, and wave goodbye, reminding Cris to feed and water Stormheart whilst you're away. Turn to **395**.

A gigantic predatory bird flying west

55

The arrows hit the boulder you are hiding behind, bouncing off harmlessly to land on the ground. The Wild Hill Men fire their remaining arrows at you, but they all miss. They shout down, shaking their fists angrily at you. One of them begins throwing rocks and anything to hand out of frustration, including his shoulder bag and bow, before walking off, cursing loudly. When you feel the coast is clear, you come out from behind cover and open the leather shoulder bag to find 1 Gold Piece, a small box of fish hooks, and a small bag of salt. You take the items you want, and also the bow and six arrows fired at you, which are lying nearby. You fill your flask from the stream and take a long drink of cool water. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Turn to **345**.

56

You reach an area of tall grass which is waist-height in parts, and draw your sword in case some unseen enemy might pounce on you. Something momentarily blocks out the sun overhead, and you look up to see a gigantic predatory bird flying west. With its huge wingspan, curved black beak and fire-red feathers, there's no mistaking the WARHAWK. A large wicker basket is gripped in its talons, and appears to contain a huge block of stone. Suddenly the Warhawk lets go of the basket with one foot, and it swings down, forcing the giant bird to bank sharply to the right, losing height. It is unable to recover and lets go of

the basket completely. It soars back up into the sky and flies off, squawking loudly. The basket plummets to the ground, and you hear loud screams coming from inside the basket, which lands in the tall grass with a dull thud, disappearing from view. The screams are replaced by groans coming from where the basket landed. If you want to investigate, turn to **72**. If you would rather keep walking towards Darkwood Forest, turn to **114**.

57

The necklace is cursed and will bring you bad luck and make you weak. Reduce your *LUCK* and *SKILL* scores by 2 points. Not yet aware of the effects of the cursed necklace, you walk over to the iron chest. Turn to **212**.

58

There are three streets by which you could leave the market square. Will you:

Head west down Silver Street?	Turn to **104**
Head north down Armoury Lane?	Turn to **8**
Head east down Beggar's Alley?	Turn to **283**

59

You amble across Palace Square and pick up a loose cobblestone without anybody noticing. You creep up behind the guard, hitting him on the back of his head with the large stone. He falls backwards and you catch him in your arms, dragging him down Palace Street into Snake Alley. You put on the guard's black chain-mail vest, studded shoulder pads, black cloak and iron helmet, which virtually covers your face. As you pick up his sword and shield, you realize you are being watched by a gang of thieves who followed you into the alleyway. 'You better leave something for us or else!' their burly, scar-faced leader says threateningly. You tell him they can keep anything they want, pushing past him to walk into the street to go back to Palace Square to wait for the changing of the guard. You don't have to wait long before ten guards march out of the palace grounds to relieve the ones on duty outside. You join the guards returning to the palace, marching along at the back of the line into the palace grounds, passing Stinkfoot and Twoteeth at the gates. Turn to **86**.

60

The three arrows aimed at you clatter into your shield, and ricochet off it to land harmlessly on the ground. You reach the bandits before they have time to reload, swinging your sword through the air. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First BANDIT	*6*	*7*
Second BANDIT	*7*	*7*
Third BANDIT	*7*	*6*

If you win, turn to **22**.

61

You are breathing heavily after the fight with the Hippohog, and go back to sleep immediately. You do not receive any other unwelcome visitors and wake up not long after dawn. You gather up your belongings and begin your climb of Moonstone Hills, determined to reach Skull Crag by noon. Turn to **368**.

62

There is so much red dust in the air that you cannot help but breathe some of it in. The spores floating inside the dust cloud are toxic and you begin to cough violently. You drop to your knees, clutching your throat, with your lungs feeling like they are on fire. There is nothing you

can do to stop yourself from suffocating. The Sporeball has found a new host for its spores to grow into fungal parasites. Your adventure is over.

63

You hurry down Harbour Street past a row of fishermen's cottages on the right-hand side. The left-hand side of the street is lined with small supply shops catering mainly to seafarers. There is a sign above one of the small shop windows which says Finbar's Fireworks. The wooden entrance door is slightly ajar. If you want to go in the shop, turn to **300**. If you want to keep walking towards Singing Bridge, turn to **118**.

64

You walk out of the main gates of Chalice heading north, looking back briefly at the town's rooftops and towers sticking out above the outer wall. You follow a well-worn path past a church ruin and ancient graveyard, and on, past scattered dwellings until you reach a farm where the path ends at the edge of a vast field of golden corn, the tall stems swaying slowly from side to side in the gentle breeze. It's going to be a bumper crop, and good news for the farmers whose oxen will soon be hauling wooden carts through the field for their farmhands to load with cobs of corn. Looking north as far as you can see, way beyond the cornfield, you can just make out

the top of a high wall of trees that marks the edge of Darkwood Forest, the vast forest that is home to the grand, and sometimes grumpy, old wizard Yaztromo, who lives alone in his fabled tower. Many a tale and myth have come from Darkwood Forest, but you remind yourself that Skull Crag is your destination today. You look at your map and head east in the warm sunlight, eager to reach Moonstone Hills before nightfall. As you walk along the edge of the cornfield lost in thought, you suddenly hear the sound of galloping hooves and the shrill call of a hunting horn. If you want to face the rider coming towards you, turn to **263**. If you would rather hide in the cornfield, turn to **148**.

65

You wait until the bandits are in full view before firing arrows rapidly at them. Roll one die. The number rolled is the number of bandits who receive fatal wounds from your arrows. If you killed all six bandits, turn to **372**. If you killed five bandits, turn to **350**. If you killed less than five bandits, **302**.

66

Stormheart gallops on, his dark mane swishing across his neck and his tail streaming behind in the wind. Onwards you ride with the noise of his thundering hooves loud in your ear. Silver River comes into view on your left, and ahead you see where it joins Catfish River. To your right you see a narrow wooden bridge which spans the river. You slow down to a trot and steer Stormheart over to the bridge. There is nobody about. There is a wooden coin box fixed to the handrail which is carved with runes. There is a rhyme written on a wooden sign above the box which reads, *Pay 1 Gold Piece, and cross in peace. Pay nothing at all, and be sure to fall.* It is signed *Bartholomew Black*. If you want to put 1 Gold Piece into the box to cross Black's Bridge, turn to **32**. If you want to cross the river without paying, turn to **374**.

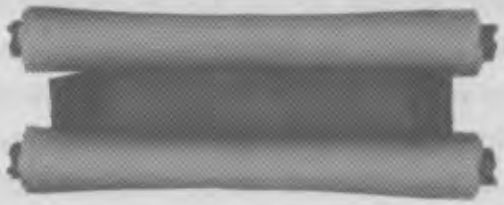

67

The zombie corpse twitches on the cellar floor before finally coming to rest. Your eyes adjust to the gloom and you see that the cellar has bare stone walls and is no more than six square metres in size. The words *help me* are written in dried blood on one of the walls. There is also an arrow drawn in blood on the opposite wall which points to a small crack in the wall. Suddenly you hear footsteps from above. Somebody has entered the cottage and is walking across the floorboards towards the trapdoor. If you want to run up the steps to confront the unknown visitor, turn to **352**. If you would rather stay where you are, turn to **109**.

68

You climb on board the cart and talk to the ruddy-faced driver, who tells you that he is a farmer taking a delivery of corn and carrots to Largo, a small village on the banks of Catfish River west of Darkwood Forest. You scan the horizon, looking for the elusive Chaos Warrior, but don't see anybody who looks remotely like him. You keep thinking about Hakasan, who you have left injured and alone in Darkwood Forest, and hope she is safe. You arrive in Largo in the afternoon, and thank the farmer for the ride. The villagers are friendly river folk, who spend their days ferrying people and goods up and down Catfish River on their flat-bottomed boats. You walk round Largo asking everybody you meet if they have seen a Chaos Warrior in the vicinity. The replies are all negative until you talk to one very tall and stocky man by the name of Onx, who tells you that his cousin was paid 5 Gold Pieces to take a Chaos Warrior to Port Blacksand earlier in the day. 'My cousin was too frightened to say no. I can ferry you to Port Blacksand for 2 Gold Pieces if you wish?' the boatman says in a friendly voice. If you want to accept his offer, turn to **303**. If you would rather refuse his offer and head back to help Hakasan, turn to **9**.

You watch the creature uncurl and flip over on to four spindly crab-like le

69

You reach a section of the tunnel where the floor is littered with rocks and rubble. One of the rocks appears to move, and you realize that it is not a rock but a grey-coloured creature. It is no bigger than a cannonball, and its plated exoskeleton looks to be almost as hard. You watch the creature uncurl and flip over on to four spindly, crab-like legs. Its small head has large compound black eyes, long antennae, and mouthparts with three rows of sharp mandibles which it uses to inject venom into its victims to paralyse them and feed off their blood. Two more GRONKS flip over and scuttle towards you. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First GRONK	*5*	*5*
Second GRONK	*5*	*4*
Third GRONK	*5*	*4*

If you win the battle without losing any Attack Rounds, turn to **208**. If you win but lose one or more Attack Rounds, turn to **354**.

70

You place an arrow in the bowstring, drawing it back until it is fully loaded. You know you only have time for one shot, which needs to pierce the Demon's eye socket to have any effect. With Hakasan screaming at you to fire, you take careful aim and release the arrow. You watch it fly towards its mark, but it misses Zanbar Bone's skull by inches. If you own a Demon Dagger, turn to **45**. If you do not have the dagger, you will have to fight on with your sword. Turn to **138**.

71

The building is a small wood cabin in front of which there are many rows of blueberry bushes blooming with plump, ripe fruit. There is a scarecrow wearing a straw hat tied to a wooden post in the middle of the rows of bushes which seems to be keeping the birds at bay. If you want to take a closer look, turn to **358**. If you would rather continue your journey east to Moonstone Hills, turn to **134**.

72

You stride through the tall grass as fast as you can in the direction of the groaning man. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **24**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **217**.

73

You give Onx 2 Gold Pieces in payment for the dice, which he says are made of animal bone. You notice that the number 1 on the dice has been replaced by a clover leaf. He tells you that you have bought a pair of 'Lucky Bones'. Add 2 *LUCK* points. You bid farewell to Onx and leave Largo to head back to Darkwood Forest, walking as quickly as possible. A few hours later, you are back at the spot where you left Hakasan in the forest, but are alarmed to discover that she is not there. You wonder if maybe you are in the wrong place, but are certain the tree you are standing next to is the same one Hakasan was leaning against when you left her. 'You took your time, didn't you?' a familiar voice calls out from above. You look up to see Hakasan staring down at you from a branch of the tree. You ask her how she managed to climb the tree with a broken ankle, to which she replies, 'I used a rope to help pull myself up. It's safer up here! Well, did you deal with Klash?' You reply that you failed to find him, unfortunately, and explain what happened. She lowers herself down to the ground, sits down, and says, 'That's not good, but we can't give up now.' You see that her ankle is very swollen and tell her that you hope you will be able to fix it up, handing her the bottle given to you by Onx. She asks what it is, and you reply that it was sold to you as healing potion. 'After you, then!' Hakasan says, smiling. If you want to drink some of the liquid first, turn to **351**. If you want to insist that Hakasan drinks it, turn to **122**.

74

You decide to give 1 Copper Piece to each of the three beggars closest to you. They all nod in recognition of your generosity. The oldest of the three begins to speak in a low but calm voice. 'Thank you, stranger. You are most kind, especially since I see from your appearance that your luck is not much better than ours. How times change. My friend here was once a fine jewellery maker until he lost his right arm fighting off robbers in Port Blacksand. If there is anything we could do for you in return for your kindness, please say.' If you want to ask the one-armed man if he's heard of Gurnard Jaggle, turn to **378**. If you would rather bid them farewell and walk on to the T-junction at the end of the alley, turn to **311**.

75

The bearded man shouts 'Yes!', punching the air in triumph. He holds his hand out to await his prize, which you take from your backpack to give him. He holds the ruby up to the light, inspecting it closely to make sure it is genuine. Satisfied it is a *genuine* gemstone, he shakes your hand, and you head back to the bar, feeling annoyed that you lost your valuable ruby. Turn to **89**.

76

After picking up her sword, Hakasan puts your arm around her neck and half carries and half drags you towards the cover of a fallen tree. Before you get there, another flight of arrows whistles through the air. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **312**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **220**.

77

You just have enough time to reload the flintlock and fire again, but without taking careful aim. Roll two dice and add 2 to the total. If the number is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **267**. If the number is greater than your *SKILL* score, the lead ball misses Zanbar Bone. There is no time to reload, and you draw your sword in one last desperate attempt to defeat the Demon. Turn to **138**.

78

As soon as you have finished your breakfast, Yaztromo hands you 15 Gold Pieces and tells you to get ready to depart. You meet him on the ground floor, where he asks you to touch the tips of the fingers of your non-fighting arm with the fingertips of his opposite hand. A bolt of energy suddenly shoots up your arm and you immediately feel incredibly fit and healthy. Increase your *STAMINA* score by 10 points. Turn to **272**.

79

You light your lantern and walk in slowly to find yourself in a large cave which has charcoal drawings of gruesome beasts covering the walls. The cave is empty but you notice the tunnel entrance at the back, which is quite narrow and less than two metres high. The air inside the tunnel is cool and still, and has a slight musty smell. You walk down it to where it ends at a junction. If you want to go left, turn to **370**. If you want to go right, turn to **203**.

80

You cross the market square and walk down Thread Street. In your hurry to find Nicodemus, you are less mindful of danger than usual, and do not notice a gang of masked men armed with clubs slip out of Snake Alley and creep up on you from behind. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **261**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **290**.

81

'Excellent. Let's go!' Hakasan says enthusiastically. You exit the cave together, stepping outside on to the ledge where the bright sunlight hurts your eyes, making you squint. You scramble down the crag to the main entrance to the cave. Peering inside, you see nothing but dark shadows beyond the sunlit entrance. 'I wouldn't go in there if I were you,' the ninja tracker warns. 'Let's head west to the Eastern Plain.' You walk back down the valley, exchanging stories about your adventures, when suddenly two tall, ugly creatures with tusked mouths and long hair braided with bones jump out from behind a large rock. They are wearing animal furs, and advance towards you swinging their spiked clubs above their heads. They are HILL TROLLS and you must fight them. You opt to take on the taller of the two.

HILL TROLL	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **102**.

82

Silver Street ends at a T-junction where it joins a narrow cobbled street running north and south. It is lined with drab, narrow houses built of grey stone with small windows and high-pitched roofs. A horse-driven cart laden with rusty old iron, worn-out shoes and clothes, rotten wood and bits of old furniture rumbles down the street towards you. The pasty-faced driver is slouched in his seat in a threadbare coat and top hat looking bored, occasionally flicking his horse with a long whip to urge it on. 'Rag and bone!' he shouts out half-heartedly as he passes each house, hoping that somebody might toss something out for him to take away. But nobody opens their door. There doesn't appear to be much happening in Barrel Street. Will you:

Stop the rag-and-bone man to talk to him? Turn to **326**
Walk back to the market square
to go to Armoury Lane? Turn to **8**
Walk back to the market square
to go to Beggar's Alley? Turn to **283**

83

The arrow whistles past your head and thuds harmlessly into a tree behind you. Turn to **372**.

84

The vegetable soup tastes good. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. If you have not done so already, you can either take a look at the books (turn to **331**) or open the wooden chest (turn to **376**). If you would rather leave the tree house and carry on towards Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **251**.

85

As soon as you slip the bracelet on to your wrist, a strange tingling feeling runs through your body which makes your limbs feel numb and heavy. It's a huge effort even to lift your arm or walk one step. The tingling sensation quickly subsides, leaving you feeling stronger than ever and full of energy. Gain 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Pleased to be wearing the Bracelet of Power, you leave the cottage and set off again for Moonstone Hills. Turn to **164**.

86

The palace grounds are a vast area of gardens, trees and courtyards divided by a sweeping carriageway leading to the coach house, stables, servants' quarters and barracks for the household guards. A paved path leads from the carriageway up to a wide stone staircase to the imposing main doors of the house. Windowless at ground level, the house looks fortress-like and impossible to enter. You follow the guards to the barracks, where they take off their helmets and armour and sit down to relax. You do likewise, and start talking to the guard sitting next to you. You tell him that you are a new conscript, and are interested to know where prisoners should be taken after they have been arrested. 'Nobody is allowed to enter the house, so don't use the main door or you'll end up in the cells yourself,' the guard warns. 'There is a maze of dungeon corridors under the main building where the cells and a torture chamber are located. You'll find the entrance door to the cells on the north side of the palace.' You thank him for the information and stand up to help yourself to a mug of water left out for the guards. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. You put your helmet back on and, when nobody is watching, walk behind the barracks and on past the servants' quarters down a gravel path which leads to the north side of the house where there are stone steps leading down to a narrow entranceway. There is nobody about and you hurry down the steps to an iron door which

is locked. If you own a bunch of brass keys, turn to **230**. If you don't have any brass keys, you have no choice but to knock on the door. Turn to **125**.

87

Immersed in thought, you are not as alert as you should be in the forest, and step unwittingly into the hidden jaws of a cast-iron animal trap which snaps shut on your ankle. Try as you might, you are unable to open it. The hours pass, and twice during the morning wolves come sniffing, and you have to fend them off with your sword. Animal trappers finally arrive, but unfortunately they are Man-Orcs. Instead of rescuing you, they tie you to a tree, and take all the items from your backpack. Deduct these items from your Adventure Sheet. You struggle to free yourself, worried that the wolves might return at any moment, but the knots are tied too tightly. Suddenly you hear the noise of a twig breaking underfoot. Fearing the worst, you get ready to kick out at the oncoming predator. 'Need some help?' you hear a familiar voice ask. Standing in front of you is Hakasan with a big grin on her face. Suddenly her expression changes, and she says in a serious voice, 'We can't just ignore what happened back there. I couldn't walk away without knowing the truth. But I'm only going to free you if agree to come with me to find Yaztromo. We have to warn him. He might be under attack even as we speak.' You agree that her reasoning makes perfect sense,

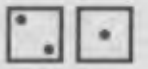

and apologize for thinking otherwise earlier. She cuts the rope binding you to the tree, and you pick up your empty backpack, left behind by the Man-Orcs. They also left your water bottle on the ground, and your sword, which they threw into the undergrowth, preferring spiked clubs as their weapon of choice. 'Deep down I knew you would come with me. Come on, let's go,' Hakasan says with a wry smile. Turn to **252**.

88

The old man who was robbed by the girl pushes his way to the front of the circle of angry people. 'Nobody robbed this girl,' he says angrily, pointing at her. 'I was the person who was robbed – most likely by her! Search her!' The girl kicks out, trying to keep the crowd at bay, but fails to do so. She is forced to hand the leather pouch back to the old man. A large, bearded man with braces holding up his baggy britches silences the crowd and says in a commanding voice, 'Put her in the stocks for the rest of the morning. Let it be a lesson to her and a warning to others. Have your rotten tomatoes at the ready!' The old man turns to you, smiles, and shakes your hand in gratitude. 'Thank you, stranger,' he says warmly. 'The money in the pouch is payment for a month's work! I just collected it from a customer. That thieving girl must have followed me here from Lion Street.' If you want to ask the old man what he does for a living, turn to **298**. If you want to bid farewell to him, turn to **26**.

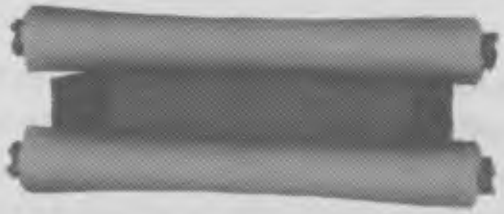

89

Whilst walking back to the bar, a brightly dressed woman with rosy cheeks and fluttering eyelashes squeezes through the crowd and bumps into you, apologizing profusely. You are momentarily distracted, and do not notice her accomplice slip his hand inside your backpack to help himself to your belongings. Roll one die twice to determine which items are stolen from your backpack:

Die Roll	Item Stolen
1	2 Gold Pieces
2	3 Gold Pieces
3	All keys
4	Brass bell and 1 Gold Piece
5	Knife and 1 Gold Piece
6	A bottle of potion

You reach the bar without knowing that you have been pickpocketed. If you have not done so already, you may talk to the innkeeper (turn to **317**). If you would rather leave the tavern and head down Harbour Street towards Singing Bridge, turn to **63**.

90

'Nobody enters my lair and makes demands of me,' the Norgul says angrily. It is a powerful creature which fights with brute strength and savage aggression. Enraged, it roars loudly and launches a frenzied attack on you with flailing fists, eager to feast on your eyes. Its thick hide is not easy to pierce, even with your sharp-edged sword.

NORGUL	*SKILL 10*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **231**.

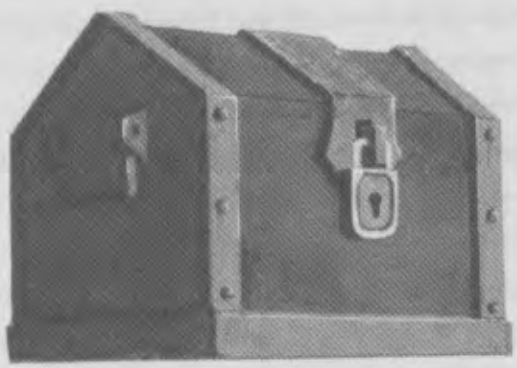

91

You stand in front of the advancing horse and cart with your hands raised in the air. The driver pulls hard on his reins, shouting 'Whoa!' at the top of his voice to bring his horse to a halt. You ask him if he has seen any sign of a Chaos Warrior in the last few hours. He shakes his head and says, 'I personally haven't seen one of those ruthless mercenaries, but a trapper who was out catching rabbits in the fields earlier today told me that he'd seen a Chaos Warrior come out of the forest and head west towards Catfish River. The trapper didn't go near him, and ran most of the way back to Chalice fearing for his life. I'm headed towards Catfish River myself. I'll give you a lift for 1 Gold Piece if you are agreeable?' If you want to pay for a ride, turn to **68**. If you would rather decline his offer, turn to **260**.

92

You lift the lid off the barrel, releasing two very large RATS which were trapped inside. They leap out, one of them jumping on to your shoulder. Gripping your tunic with its sharp claws, it leaps forward to bite your neck. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **48**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **147**.

'I'm Travis Traynor the travelling trader!'

93

The man puts his sack down on the ground and sits down with a sigh on his tripod stool, introducing himself by saying, 'Good morning. I'm Travis Traynor, the travelling trader! Would you be so kind as to look at my wares?' Without waiting for an answer, he empties the contents of the sack on to the ground. There is a lot of junk on the ground, but three things catch your eye – an onyx orb, a sword made of dazzling steel and a copper hunting horn. 'You've got an eye for fine things, my friend,' says Travis. 'Allow me to tell you the price of these priceless items! The Orb of Obedience is on sale for 10 Gold Pieces. I'm asking 10 Gold Pieces for the Horn of Calling, and the Venom Sword will cost you 20 Gold Pieces, which, might I say, is a bargain. You won't find a sharper sword in Allansia. It's sharper than a One-Eye, and it is charged with magic energy that's so powerful it can even defeat the Demon Spawn of the Netherworld.' You buy the items you can afford, paying Travis before getting back into the saddle to ride to Darkwood Forest. Turn to **286**.

94

The vial shatters on impact with the rocky ground, and a cloud of green gas escapes from the broken glass. The gas spirals towards you, enveloping you and making you choke. You run away, gasping for air, but cannot

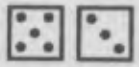

escape the poisonous gas cloud. You drop to your knees, clutching your throat, and fall unconscious. Your adventure is over.

95

As you bend down to fill your flask, you suddenly hear the sound of rocks tumbling down from above. You spin round to see a huge boulder rolling down the side of the steep hill towards you, and dive sideways to try to avoid being crushed by it. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **394**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **182**.

96

You are in such a deep sleep that you are unaware of the huge SCORPION BUG which emerges from its nearby borehole. Virtually blind, Scorpion Bugs detect even the slightest vibrations on the surface aboveground. It is attracted by your breathing, and crawls out of its hole to inject you with the paralysis-inducing sting at the end of its plated exoskeleton body. It ensnares you with its sharp pincer-like claws and drags you down into its borehole, where it will feed on you in the coming weeks. Your adventure is over.

97

You hear the sound of footsteps approaching from the other side of the door, followed by a bolt sliding in its metal bracket. The door is opened by an enormous bald-headed man, who is wearing a tight-fitting black jacket with tails over a white shirt tucked into black, knee-length britches, with long red socks and shiny black shoes completing the butler's attire. His eyes are narrow and slightly slanted, and he looks at you with suspicion. 'Yes?' he asks tersely. If you want to say that you have come to collect a letter, turn to **53**. If you want to say that you are an adventurer down on your luck who is looking for work as a guard, turn to **44**.

98

The light quickly fades as the sun sinks below the horizon, but the moon shines brightly in the clear night sky, casting an eerie twilight across the landscape. Suddenly you hear a familiar voice calling out to you. 'Good to see you have got a fire burning.' *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **324**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **185**.

99

'Well, I've been wandering around this forest for quite some time now, and I've yet to find any gold. It certainly doesn't grow on trees!' Bignose says, chortling loudly. 'If I were you, I'd try your luck in Firetop Mountain. They say the place is filled with gold. Or there's always Baron Sukhumvit's Deathtrap Dungeon in Fang. Lots of gold to be won there if you manage to come out alive. Nobody ever has mind you. Right, I must be on my way. I've got my second cousin to find. Cheerio!' The Dwarf walks past you, whistling happily to himself, and is soon out of sight. Turn to **246**.

100

You pick yourself up out of the dirt, none the worse for wear, and watch the horseman disappear west in a cloud of dust. Whoever it was on horseback is certainly in a hurry. You decide you might as well help yourself to some corn. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Looking east, you estimate it will be dark by the time you reach Skull Crag and hope you will be able to find somewhere safe to camp down for the night. Looking south, you see a semi-ruined stone cottage with its thatched roof mostly missing because of a fire. If you want to take a look inside the cottage, turn to **319**. If you would rather press on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

101

Roll two dice, and add 4 to the total if you are using Lucky Bones. If the number is 8 or higher, turn to **366**. If the total is 7 or less, turn to **75**.

102

You look round to see Hakasan wiping Trolls' blood off the razor-sharp blade of her magnificent sword. 'They never learn, stupid creatures,' she says dismissively. A search of the Trolls' pouches yields 3 Gold Pieces and two silver buttons. 'Well, it's a start!' she says cheerfully. You set off again, talking about past adventures, with Hakasan asking lots of questions. 'You never did tell me what you found in Skull Crag, only that the treasure was missing from the iron chest.' You reply saying you found a wooden box in the iron chest which you take out of your backpack to show her. She takes it from you, and on seeing the carved beetle motif on the lid, says, 'This looks like one of Gurnard Jaggle's deadly puzzle boxes. You have to be very careful when opening these.' She turns it over and over, examining it carefully. She presses down on the lid and, at the same time, pushes her thumb against one side of the box. A small section of wood slides out. She repeats the action on the other sides of the box until there are four sections of wood sticking out. With a look of intense concentration on her face, she carefully lifts the lid, breathing a sigh of relief when it's open, and says, 'Phew! Now what have we got here?'

A white-haired old man ... is placing jewellery and ornaments in the windo

There are three items in the puzzle box: a small glass vial with green gas swirling around inside, a small lead ball and a folded piece of paper. 'Gurnard didn't disappoint us. The green gas is most likely poisonous. What are you going to do with the vial?' she asks, inspecting it closely before handing it to you. If you want to put the vial in your backpack, turn to **321**. If you want to throw it as far away as possible, turn to **150**.

103

You dab a small amount of paste on to your wound. It immediately stops hurting and visibly starts to heal. In less than five minutes there is no sign of the wound, not even the slightest scar. Add 1 *STAMINA* point and 1 *LUCK* point. You put the cork back in the jar and pack it away with the bandage before leaving the tree house to go back to Hakasan. Turn to **325**.

104

Silver Street is a narrow cobbled street lined with small houses and shops, most of which are jeweller's and silversmith's. There are beautifully crafted silver teapots, urns, platters and condiment sets on display in the window of the silversmith's. The second shop has a sign above the shop window which says *Jethro's Jewels*. A white-haired old man wearing a white shirt and a black apron is placing gold jewellery and ornaments in the window. He looks up,

smiles, and beckons you to enter his shop, hoping that you might be his first customer of the day. You pop your head through the door and see a tall Man-Orc standing near the jeweller, who is his hired guard. If you want to enter the jeweller's shop, turn to **275**. If you would rather keep on walking to the end of the street, turn to **82**.

105

The burning-hot fireroot juice does the job, triggering the holes covering the Sporeball to close up, and preventing any further spores from being released into the air. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **131**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **62**.

106

Your rowing boat is met by hail of crossbow bolts, one of them sinking into your thigh. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You ignore the pain, and pull on the oars with gritted teeth. Nicodemus mutters more arcane words, creating an invisible shield which is only evident when you see crossbow bolts deflecting off it to land harmlessly in the river. You pass under the arch of the city wall, rowing away from Port Blacksand as fast as you can. There is no time to stop, and Luannah has to pull the bolt from your leg whilst you continue to row, binding the bleeding wound as best she can. Finally assured that nobody is in pursuit, you settle down to row at a gentler pace upriver, and discuss the threat of Zanbar Bone with Nicodemus. Turn to **379**.

107

You crawl inside your bivouac, roll out your blanket and lie down exhausted after a hard day's walk. A full moon rises in the night sky and you stare at the bright stars, thinking about the events of the day before drifting off to sleep. You have not been asleep for long when you are woken by some snuffling sounds. You sit up, grab your sword and peer outside. Suddenly you see something moving in the pale moonlight. It's a large, round black shape, and it is headed towards you on four stumpy legs, its snuffling sounds getting louder and louder. A cloud that was partially blocking out the moon drifts away and you see the creature standing in front of you. It has a huge head with an enormous tusked mouth, wide snout, tiny eyes and ears, and a thick-set neck that joins its head to its bulbous body covered with a thick grey hide. Its keen sense of smell has led the HIPPOHOG to you, looking for its evening meal. On seeing you, the Hippohog breaks wind, releasing a stench that is so rancid that it makes you retch and feel light-headed. Hippohogs overcome their prey by first disabling them with their acrid intestinal gas before trampling them underfoot. You feel quite sick, but know you have to drag yourself outside to fight the Hippohog. You barely feel able to lift your sword. Reduce your *SKILL* by 3 points for this battle.

HIPPOHOG	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **61**.

108

Gurnard Jaggle walks across the room and sits down on the edge of his bed. 'As you may have heard, I like gold, but gold doesn't like me. It seems to avoid me at all costs. So I thank you for these 3 Gold Pieces. You may know that I am a failed treasure hunter. For years I tried to find gold, but only did once. But I was robbed of it, and became very angry, and decided to take my anger out on other treasure hunters. I began making booby-trapped wooden puzzle boxes, making them very hard to open. I put a vial of poisonous gas inside the boxes, like the one I am holding now, and left them in caves and dungeons, hoping a treasure hunter would find them and smash them open to release the gas. I have regretted it ever since. I hope nobody actually died from trying to open one of my boxes.' Hakasan tells Gurnard that unfortunately he may have caused one or two fatalities. With tears in his eyes, Gurnard apologizes over and over again, and asks how he might atone for his crimes. You tell him that you believe Allansia will be in grave danger when Zanbar Bone returns from his twilight existence, and that is why you are on your way to warn Yaztromo about an imminent attack on his tower. You tell Gurnard that anything he could do to help would go a long way to absolve him. Gurnard looks at you, trembling. 'The only person who knows how to defeat Zanbar Bone is the wizard Nicodemus. I found the iron chest in the Crystal Cave but there wasn't any gold inside. Somebody else got there before me. But they

missed the greatest treasure of all – the Ring of Burning Snakes, the fabled ring that once belonged to Nicodemus. I found it on the floor near the empty chest. It must have fallen out when the treasure hunters opened the chest in their hurry to take the golden amulets. But alas, I no longer have the ring. It was taken from me by a Chaos Warrior by the name of Klash. He ambushed me when I came home last night. There was nothing I could do to stop him taking the ring. I'm lucky to still be alive. I fear Klash has been hired by Bone's most faithful servant, Lord Azzur. Somehow he must have known that I had the ring. I'm certain the ring has special powers which Nicodemus could use to defeat Zanbar Bone.' Hakasan looks at you anxiously and says, 'What do we do now? Should we track down the Chaos Warrior or warn Yaztromo first?' If you want to chase after Klash, turn to **43**. If you would rather leave immediately and press on to Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **251**.

109

An ugly green face appears at the top of the stairs and glares down at you. It's another MAN-ORC and it is very angry to find its friends lying dead on the floor. It points at you and starts screaming and shouting in a language you don't understand. Before you have time to do anything, the Man-Orc slams the trapdoor down and bolts it shut. You hear something being dragged across the floorboards and realize the Man-Orc is sliding the iron stove on top

of the trapdoor to make sure you don't escape. You hear footsteps walking away and the front door being closed. You are left alone in pitch-black darkness, and there is no way out. Your adventure is over.

110

You tell Onx that you have to go, and bid him farewell. You leave Largo to head in the direction of Darkwood Forest, walking as quickly as possible. A few hours later, you are back at the spot where you left Hakasan in the forest, but are alarmed to discover that she is not there. You wonder if maybe you are in the wrong place, but are certain the tree you are standing next to is the same one Hakasan was leaning against when you left her. 'You took your time, didn't you?' a familiar voice calls out from above. You look up to see Hakasan staring down at you from a branch of the tree. You ask her how she managed to climb the tree with a broken ankle, to which she replies, 'I used a rope to help pull myself up. It's safer up here! Well, did you deal with Klash?' You reply that you failed to find him and explain what happened. She lowers herself down to the ground, sits down, and says, 'That's not good, but we can't give up now.' You see that her ankle is very swollen and tell her that you hope you will be able to fix it up, handing her the bottle given to you by Onx. She asks what it is, and you reply that it was sold to you as a healing potion. 'After you, then!' Hakasan says, smiling. If you want to drink some

of the liquid first, turn to **351**. If you want to insist that Hakasan drinks it, turn to **122**.

111

Ahead you see the tunnel opens up again and find yourself in an enormous underground limestone cave. Huge crystal stalactites hang down from the high ceiling which sparkles in the light from your lantern. Water drips down from the tips of long and short stalactites into pools on the cave floor, echoing loudly. You are excited to think you might be standing in the Crystal Cave shown on Murgat Shurr's map. You notice that the ceiling to your right has a large round hole in it, as though something had bored its way through, and there is a patch of transparent goo on the floor directly underneath the hole. At the back of the cave there is a large shard of crystal lying on the cave floor with an iron chest placed on it. If you want to walk over to look inside the chest, turn to **289**. If you would rather take a closer look at the hole in the ceiling, turn to **399**.

112

You put a Gold Piece in the mug and tentatively lower yourself on to the wooden throne. You think carefully about the wish you want to make when suddenly the mug is pulled up on the string and disappears into the leaves. You hear high-pitched giggling high up in the tree and realize that you have been cheated out of your money. Lose 1 *LUCK*

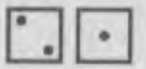

point. You look up but don't see anybody. 'That giggling sounds like CHUMPIES to me,' Hakasan says, shaking her head. 'They are always coming up with new ways to steal gold from people. They love gold. If we could only get our hands on those mischievous little thieves, we'd be rich! We might as well keep going as we'll never catch them.' Annoyed at yourself for falling for the Chumpies' trick, you walk on, cursing. Turn to **348**.

113

The ugly Ogre is a powerful and very vicious opponent. It is skilled at using a wooden club as a weapon, and swings it forcefully through the air.

OGRE	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 10*

If you win, turn to **179**.

114

You walk on, and suddenly feel something warm and wet land on your head with a splat. You look up to see the Warhawk circling overhead and understand the grim reality of what has landed on you. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. The soggy poop starts to trickle down the side of your head and has a very unpleasant smell. You wash it off with water from your flask, but the smell lingers. 'That will teach you not to ignore a cry for help!' Hakasan says, trying not to

laugh. You curse your luck and decide to head back in the direction of where the basket landed. Turn to **72**.

115

You swing your sword down as hard as you can on the bloated creeper which erupts under the blow. Purple sap squirts out everywhere, fizzing on contact with everything it touches. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **49**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **243**.

116

As soon as you run off, the little old man screams, 'Don't leave me, friend! Don't leave me!' With his words ringing in your ears, you run through the tall grasses as fast as you can, and soon leave the short-legged Blue Imps behind. When they are out of sight, you slow down to a walk, heading in the direction of Moonstone Hills. Turn to **134**.

117

You see an old tree trunk with crumbling, rotten bark which is host to a cluster of fiery-red capped mushrooms. Your stomach rumbles noisily and you realize just how hungry you are after your exploits in Skull Crag. Hakasan sees you looking at the mushrooms and shouts at you not to eat them, as they might be poisonous. If you want to eat the mushrooms, turn to **285**. If you would rather heed her advice and go back to help her look for tracks, turn to **304**.

A fearsome-looking giant of a man

118

After passing Parrot Lane and Garden Street on your left, you turn right between two small gatehouses on to Singing Bridge. It is a narrow, rickety wooden bridge with a gruesome collection of skulls skewered on wooden spikes fixed to the handrail. The wind sounds like tortured souls wailing as it blows through the skulls. Whilst crossing the bridge, you witness a kidnapping. A white-haired old man with a long beard and wearing white robes is being dragged in chains up a small flight of wooden steps from underneath the bridge by two tall guards wearing black chain-mail vests and iron helmets. The old man is not struggling, and appears to be semi-conscious. You realize it is Nicodemus, the legendary Grand Wizard of Allansia. Directing the guards is a fearsome-looking giant of a man wearing plate metal armour under a crimson tunic through which iron spikes protrude from his shoulder plates. He is wearing a horned helmet which is etched with demonic symbols, and carrying a heavy two-handed sword. There is no mistaking the CHAOS WARRIOR, and you know it must be Klash who is in charge of the kidnapping. Without thinking about the consequences, you run forward to attack Klash with your sword.

CHAOS WARRIOR	*SKILL 10*	*STAMINA 11*

If you win, turn to **313**.

119

As the smoke clears away, you are distraught to see that Zanbar Bone is still standing. You missed! The Demon Prince vents his fury, foaming at the mouth with anger, and calls on his troops to press forward. If you possess another lead ball and want to shoot at him again, turn to **77**. If you do not have another lead ball, you can either attack Zanbar Bone with your sword (turn to **138**) or, if you own a Demon Dagger, you could throw it at his head (turn to **356**).

120

Bignose pauses to look at his treasured weapon for a second before saying, 'Done! I'm not going to argue with anybody who is going to help Yaztromo. The battleaxe is yours!' You thank Bignose for his generosity, and give him the goblet and bell in exchange. He smiles, saying, 'Right, I must be on my way. I've got my second cousin to find. Cheerio!' The Dwarf walks past you, whistling happily to himself, and is soon out of sight. Turn to **246**.

121

The stricken vampire bug twitches spasmodically on the ground before coming to rest. Though their larvae start life in dormant pools of water, vampire bugs are not usually found in towns, preferring to suck the blood of injured animals in the wild. A young urchin runs up to you and suggests that

you rub the vampire bug's blood on your skin as it will give you strength. He asks for a Copper Piece for the advice. If you want to do this, turn to **166**. If you would rather walk on to the T-junction, turn to **206**.

122

You hand the bottle to Hakasan, telling her not to worry. She snatches it from you, scowls and gulps down the potion. Her scowl soon turns to a smile, and she says with glee that her ankle feels suddenly strong and free from pain. Minutes later the swelling is gone, and she is able to stand and put her full weight on the ankle. 'That's incredible! Thank you, thank you, thank you,' she says happily. She hands the bottle back to you, and you drink the last drops left in it. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. You suggest that you should stick with the original plan and go to Yaztromo's Tower to warn him about Zanbar Bone. You take the lead, hacking your way through bushes and thick undergrowth of dense part of the forest. You stumble upon a tree stump which has been carved into the shape of an ancient throne. There is a dented pewter mug hanging in mid-air on a piece of a string tied to a high branch of a nearby tree. A note written on a piece of paper inside the mug says, *Welcome to the Throne of Wishes. You may make one wish at a cost of 1 Gold Piece. Drop a coin into the mug, sit down on the throne and make your wish.* If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to make a wish, turn to **112**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **348**.

123

A few branches are still burning on the campfire. You are too dizzy to brandish your sword but you are able to take hold of the end of a burning branch and wave it in front of you to keep the Hippohog at bay. The Hippohog eventually gives up its attempt at eating you, and wanders off into the night. You put new wood on the fire and make sure it is burning brightly before you settle down to sleep again. You wake up very early in the morning, gather up your belongings and begin your climb of Moonstone Hills, determined to reach Skull Crag by noon. Turn to **368**.

124

Six hooded men appear from behind the trees, each of them armed with a bow and arrow pointed at you. The colour of their clothes is light and dark brown, blending in with the forest. They have long black hair and eye sockets blackened with charcoal dust. You are trapped and have to act quickly. You whisper to Hakasan to attack the three BANDITS closest to her, and you will fight the others. On the count of three you charge at the bandits. But they anticipate your move, and fire their arrows at you. If you possess a bronze shield, turn to **60**. If you do not own a shield, turn to **204**.

125

You knock gently on the iron door, trying not to attract the attention of anybody outside. Nobody comes to the door and so you tap on it sharply with a coin. Finally, after what seems like ages, you hear the lock turn and the door creak open. You are confronted by an ugly green-skinned brute of a creature with tiny eyes and tusks protruding from its thick-lipped mouth. Blocking the doorway is a Troll in black chain-mail armour, another of Lord Azzur's Imperial Guards. The Troll glares at you and says, gruffly, 'What do you want?' If you want to reply that you have been sent to torture Nicodemus, turn to **31**. If you would rather try to kick the Troll down the stairs, turn to **338**.

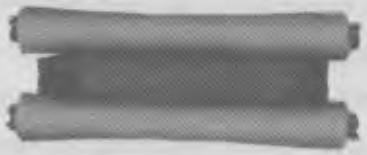

126

The man stops whistling and stares at you intently with one eyebrow raised higher than the other. After what seems like an age, he suddenly blurts out in a gruff voice, 'I've got bread and honey. I want copper nails to finish off building my new beehive. You got any?' If you want to trade your bag of nails for some bread and honey, turn to **268**. If you would rather politely refuse his offer and leave the square, turn to **58**.

127

You pull the cork out of the bottle with your teeth and spit it out on to the ground. You sniff the liquid inside the bottle, but it is odourless. 'Are you sure you want to drink that? I wouldn't if I were you,' Hakasan says, looking concerned. If you want to ignore her warning and drink the liquid, turn to **181**. If you want to forget the idea, you can, if you have not done so already, either eat the apples and cheese (turn to **266**) or try on the signet ring (turn to **141**). If you would rather leave now and continue on your journey to Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **383**.

128

You feel a strange tingling sensation in your legs as they start to go numb. You uncork the bottle and rub the oil into the open wound on your ankle, but snake oil does not contain any properties to counter the deadly venom. Paralysis spreads throughout your body and there is nothing you can do to stop it. Your adventure is over.

129

Mungo slaps you on the back and says, 'Good on you! I'm glad to have you on board. If you've got no other business here, it's time to go back to the *Blue Marlin*. I left a shifty-looking character guarding my boat, and you can't trust anybody in Port Blacksand. He's probably

run off with my supplies by now! Are you ready to go?' If you want to sail to Oyster Bay with Mungo, turn to **20**. If you want to change your mind, you can either join the men playing their dice game (turn to **16**) or leave the tavern to walk down Harbour Street towards Singing Bridge (turn to **63**).

130

The trapdoor lifts up to reveal a narrow wooden staircase leading down to a dark cellar. There is a very unpleasant smell wafting up, like rotten meat. You hear the sound of feet dragging along the floor below, and a rasping, guttural sound like a sickly death rattle. If you want to go down the steps to investigate, turn to **323**. If you would rather shut the trapdoor and leave the cottage to carry on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

131

You manage to avoid breathing in any of the spores, and run through the clearing holding your breath to join Hakasan. Turn to **232**.

'My name is Hakasan Za. I am a ninja tracker from Zengis. And you?'

132

Reassured by the warm voice of the mystery woman, you reply that you would be willing to tell her your tale in exchange for something to eat. She agrees to your offer and tosses over a small chunk of bread, which you devour in seconds. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. You walk towards her with your hand outstretched to shake her hand. 'Stop!' she says sharply. 'There's a tripwire in front of you. I set a trap earlier. You just can't be too careful these days.' You step over the tripwire and are greeted by a friendly-looking young woman who is dressed in black robes, black cotton trousers and black leather sandals laced up over her calves. She has piercing brown eyes and long dark hair tied back in a ponytail. A two-handed curved sword is slung across her back. 'My name is Hakasan Za. I am a ninja tracker from Zengis. And you?' You tell her your name and why you came to Skull Crag, and show her the treasure map drawn by Murgat Shurr. You scoff, saying that whilst the map was accurate, the treasure, if there had been any in the first place, is long gone from the iron chest. The tracker smiles, saying, 'Oh, so it's one of Shurr's maps, is it? That charlatan makes copies of old treasure maps which are usually years out of date, and gets his minions to sell them to fools in Chalice and Port Blacksand. As you found out, they are not worth the paper they are written on. What are you going to do now?' You reply that you have no plans other than to leave Skull Crag. 'I've got no plans either. Do

you want to team up to go treasure hunting?' If you want to say yes to Hakasan's proposal, turn to **81**. If you would rather politely refuse, turn to **340**.

133

'You can't fool me, I know you are in there,' the man continues. 'If you don't show yourselves before I count to five, I'm going to release poisonous gas into the room. One, two, three, four. . .' If you want to continue to keep quiet, turn to **175**. If you want to shout down to the man to say that you know he is Gurnard Jaggle and want to ask him about the puzzle box you found in Skull Crag, turn to **213**.

134

The rest of the afternoon passes without incident, and you reach the base of Moonstone Hills as the light begins to fade. You look around, very much aware that you need to find somewhere safe to spend the night. There is not a lot of choice. You can either sleep where you are in the long grass (turn to **216**) or build a bivouac out of fallen branches (turn to **250**).

135

Wondering if the pendant has magical properties, you place the chain tentatively around your neck. You are slightly disappointed that you do not feel any sudden sensation or magical powers, but are also very relieved that nothing terrible happens to you. Turn to **333**.

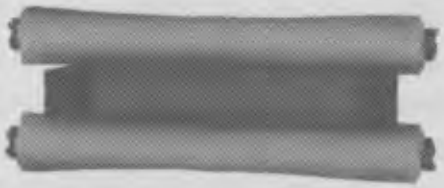

136

You walk as fast as you can, but darkness descends before you reach the shelter of Darkwood Forest. Walking by moonlight becomes frustrating as you trip over tufts of grass and rocks, and you realize you have no choice but to camp out on the open plain for the night. You find a few bits of wood and build a small fire. Hakasan shares her meagre rations of nuts and dried berries with you, which at least stops your stomach from rumbling. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. It is too dangerous for both of you to go to sleep, and you take it in turns to sleep whilst the other keeps watch. You hear sporadic grunts and growls, but the night passes without incident. You set off early next morning towards Darkwood Forest, convinced that your treasure-hunting fortunes will soon change. Turn to **56**.

137

The taller of the two bakers begins laughing nervously on hearing your question. 'Did I hear you correctly, stranger? You want us to help you climb over the wall of Hog House? Are you mad? Are you tired of life or something? Trespassers are not prosecuted – they are executed!' Will you:

Ask them again to help you climb over the wall?	Turn to **23**
Forget the idea and look at the houses?	Turn to **12**
Walk over to the shops?	Turn to **305**

138

You press forward with Hakasan at your side, bringing your swords down on the scores of Skeletons that stand in your way. As you close in on Zanbar Bone, another wave of Skeletons bears down upon you, too many for you to overcome. Exhausted and overwhelmed, you stand back-to-back with Hakasan as the Skeletons close in, their spears and swords finding their mark. You watch on in horror as Hakasan drops to the ground and is trampled underfoot; then you, too, sink to your knees under a rain of blows. The battle is lost. Your adventure is over.

139

You are not far from the outer edge of Darkwood Forest when Hakasan makes a sudden announcement. 'I think I've lost my appetite for treasure hunting. I can't get Horace's worrying tale out of my head. That black keystone looked very ominous to me, and so I'm going to go back to Zengis to warn our townsfolk. I'm sorry, but I'm going to say goodbye.' You try to convince her not to go, but she is having none of it. A quick hug, a smile and a wave goodbye, and she's gone, striding north-east across the plain. You walk alone towards the mighty oak trees standing tall in front of you with your mind spinning, thinking about the events of the past twenty-four hours. You see a gap in the trees where an animal path cuts through the thick undergrowth and tangled roots. You enter the forest, which is a stark mixture of light and shadow. Shafts of bright light shine down through holes in the blanket of leaves above, from where a cacophony of sound comes from the twittering birds warning the forest's inhabitants of your presence. It is not long before you reach a fork in the path. If you want to follow the right-hand path, turn to **385**. If you would prefer to take the left-hand path, turn to **87**.

140

You are hit in the arm by an arrow. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. If you survive, you look up to see the Wild Hill Men jumping for joy. You grit your teeth and wrench the arrow painfully out of your arm, and quickly bind the wound as best you can with a strip of cloth torn from your shirt. You watch the Wild Hill Men scrambling down the hill to attack you with their axes. You stand up to fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First WILD HILL MAN	*6*	*5*
Second WILD HILL MAN	*6*	*6*

If you win, turn to **193**.

141

You slide the signet ring on to the little finger of your left hand, half expecting something terrible to happen. All your fingers tingle for a few seconds before returning to normal. You are wearing a Tyche Ring, one of the fabled rings of fortune which are made in Vatos in the Desert of Skulls. Add 2 *LUCK* points. If you have not done so already, you can either eat the apples and cheese (turn to **266**) or drink the purple liquid (turn to **127**). If you would rather leave the other items and continue your journey, turn to **383**.

142

You chase Onx, calling out his name and telling him to stop. He looks round and stops, staring at you coldly with his arms folded. You tell him that you would like to buy a bottle of healing potion after all. He is still angry, and demands 4 Gold Pieces for the potion. If you want to buy the healing potion, turn to **277**. If you think it is too much to pay for a potion and would rather set off for Darkwood Forest, turn to **7**.

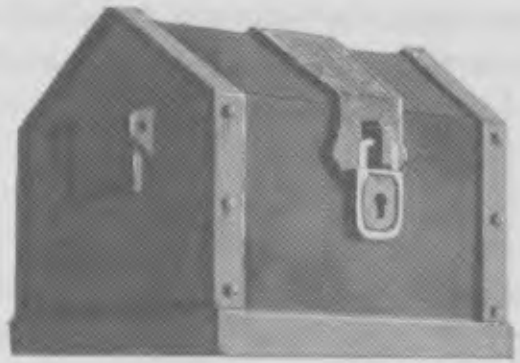

143

Bignose strokes his bushy beard and eyes you a little suspiciously, saying, 'What treasure are you hoping to find in Darkwood Forest, might I ask?' If you want to reply that you are searching for gold, turn to **99**. If you want to reply that you are searching for a legendary emerald known as the Eye of the Dragon, turn to **254**.

144

You use the spare branches to make a fine crackling fire before crawling inside your bivouac. You roll out your blanket and lie down at last to rest, enjoying the warmth of the flickering flames. A full moon rises into the night sky and you stare at the bright stars, thinking about the events of the day before drifting off to sleep. You have vivid dreams and are woken up a couple of times by creature noises, but the night passes without incident. You wake up early in the morning, gather up your belongings and begin your climb of Moonstone Hills, determined to reach Skull Crag by noon. Turn to **368**.

145

You reach into your pocket and slowly count out 20 Gold Pieces, which you hand to the Trolls. 'Blimey, you must have more money than sense,' Twoteeth says, sniffing the gold coins. 'Which means you've probably got something in your backpack that we might want. So, like I said, give me your sword and let Stinkfoot look inside your backpack.' You protest, saying that you have just paid them 20 Gold Pieces to enter the palace grounds. 'I don't know what you are talking about,' Twoteeth says slyly. You have no option but to do as they say. Turn to **192**.

146

As you wend your way through the forest along the path, your leg catches on a razor plant, one of its sharp, blade-like fronds slicing into your flesh. You sit down on a log to bandage the wound with a piece of cloth torn from your shirt to stop the bleeding. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You are about to set off again when you hear the sound of rapid footsteps coming from behind. Somebody – or something – is in a hurry. Making so much noise running through the undergrowth, whoever it is certainly isn't trying to creep up on you. You stand up and see Hakasan come bounding into view, waving. 'Having a rest?' she asks jovially. You tell her about the razor plant but she isn't very sympathetic. Her expression changes, and she says in a serious voice, 'We just can't ignore what happened back there. I couldn't walk away without knowing the truth. You have to come with me to find Yaztromo. We have to warn him. He might be under attack even as we speak.' You agree that her reasoning makes perfect sense, and apologize for thinking otherwise earlier. 'Good. Deep down I knew you would come with me,' Hakasan says with a wry smile. 'Come on, we've got to go back the other way. Yaztromo lives west of here.' Turn to **2**.

147

You react too slowly. The rat's sharp teeth sink painfully into your neck. It scurries across your shoulders and tries to bite the other side of your neck, but you manage to grab hold of it and smash its head against the barrel, killing it instantly. You touch your neck and feel warm blood trickling down. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You suddenly hear a faint buzzing sound, and look up to see the fast-beating translucent wings and long, shiny black body of a VAMPIRE BUG diving down to attack you, its blood-sucking proboscis aiming for the wound on your neck. It is about a metre long and you must fight it.

VAMPIRE BUG	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **121**.

148

You dive into the cornfield and wait to see who is approaching. The thundering sound of galloping hooves grows louder, and moments later you catch a glimpse of a horse's legs flashing by, heading west at full speed. Whoever it is on horseback is certainly in a hurry. You decide you might as well help yourself to some corn. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. When you have finished eating, you set off again. You estimate it will be dark by the time you reach Skull Crag, and hope you will be able to find

somewhere safe to camp down for the night. Looking south, you see an old stone cottage with just the burnt edges of its thatched roof remaining, due to a fire. If you want to take a look inside the cottage, turn to **319**. If you would rather press on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

149

You wave your merchant's pass at the thugs waiting at the top of the ramp, yelling at them to move out of the way. 'Let the merchant through!' shouts a bearded man in a black hat. You barge past the press gang to join the thronging crowd of sailors, fishermen, beggars, entertainers, and fruit and flower sellers milling about on the wharf. There are some drunken sailors standing outside the Black Lobster Tavern with their tankards in hand and arms around each other, singing loudly. If you want to go in the tavern, turn to **187**. If you want to head down Harbour Street towards Singing Bridge, turn to **63**.

150

'No!' shrieks Hakasan as the glass vial flies through the air. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **248**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **94**.

151

You both dive into the water as the pirate boat rams the flat-bottomed boat, splitting it in two. You stay underwater for as long as possible to avoid being seen, swimming as hard as you can towards the southern bank. With your lungs feeling like they are about to burst, you are forced to come to the surface to breathe in some fresh air. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **205**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **52**.

152

A weighted net flies through the air and lands on top of you both. You struggle to stand up, but cannot untangle yourself from the heavy net. You look up to see the bandits have surrounded you, and are congratulating themselves for having captured you so easily. Their leader looks down and sneers at you before turning to his fellow bandits, saying, 'These two should fetch a good price in Shazaar. Chain them up and take them away.' Alas, you will soon be sold into slavery. Your adventure is over.

153

The woman's aim is true. The heavy pot lands right on top of your head, smashing into many pieces. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. The woman laughs and slams her bedroom window shut. Rubbing the painful lump on your head, you decide to walk over to the shops. Turn to **305**.

154

You calm Stormheart down and spur him on again, taking a detour around the back of the Skeletons. 'Zanbar Bone is here. I feel his presence,' Nicodemus shouts in your ear as you urge Stormheart on through the forest. 'There is not a moment to lose!' You ride east through the forest beyond the Skeletons, and circle back towards Yaztromo's Tower, arriving at last at a scene of despair. The tower is totally black from its base to the parapet on top. Purple vines as thick as rope burst out of the ground around the tower, climbing rapidly up the walls like fat worms. Huge numbers of Skeletons stream out of the forest and march into the clearing to line up in front of the tower. They come to a halt, standing to attention in perfect formation, fifty across and twenty deep, one thousand armed Skeletons awaiting orders. Suddenly the great oak door flies open and a figure emerges from the Tower. It is Hakasan, screaming at you to come inside. She has a look of despair in her eyes. If you want to go inside Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **279**. If you want to hack at the vines climbing the tower with your sword, turn to **115**.

155

The card sharp shakes his head and says angrily, 'No, no, no, no. I can't do that! That would be giving my secrets away. Don't be a bad loser, my friend. The hand is quicker than the eye! Trust me, you lost fairly and squarely.'

Ignoring his excuses, you reach forward and turn over the cards to see that they are all jacks! The queen of spades has vanished, no doubt deftly substituted with another jack by the sneaky card sharp. 'Well, I never! How did that happen?' he asks, laughing nervously. 'Please don't think for one moment I was trying to trick you. The queen must be here somewhere. I must have dropped it.' He fumbles anxiously in his pockets and suddenly produces a gold coin. 'Here, let me pay you for your trouble. It's a Gold Piece. Here, take it. Please. It's yours.' You think about giving him a punch in the face for trying to cheat you out of your sword, but think better of it since you have no friends in Chalice and might get set upon by the crowd. You snatch the coin from him and leave the market square. Turn to **58**.

156

After helping her out of the bear trap, you make sure Hakasan is comfortable before setting off, running as quickly as you can through the dense forest. It is not long before you come to the southern edge of Darkwood Forest and stop briefly to scan the horizon. In the far distance you can just make out the grey stone city wall surrounding Chalice. All you can see between you and Chalice is a swathe of tall grasses blowing in the wind, but there is no sign of the Chaos Warrior. If you want to carry on running south towards Chalice, turn to **200**. If you want to head west towards Catfish River, turn to **398**.

157

You spin round, realizing the rumbling noise is the sound of rock grinding against rock. You run back the way you came, peering into the gloom, arriving just in time to see a huge slab of rock sliding down from the ceiling to land on the tunnel floor with a dull thud. You try pushing against the heavy stone slab but it is a metre thick and impossible to lift or move. You give up trying, and walk back to where you were a few minutes ago. You walk on another thirty-five metres and come to a dead end. You are trapped! There is no way out of the tunnel. You are caught in a trap made by Cave Trolls, who will return in a week's time to take the possessions from your lifeless body. Your adventure is over.

158

The venom of a Yellowback is deadly, and you don't have much time to spare before your central nervous system becomes paralysed. You uncork the bottle and frantically rub the snake oil on the two red punctures on your leg where the snake bit you. Thankfully the antidote works. The pain slowly subsides, but you have a high temperature and feel very light-headed. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Hakasan helps you stand up and you are soon able to walk normally again. Turn to **24**.

'Friend or foe?' he asks in a booming voice

159

You walk towards where the sound of the voice is coming from and enter a small clearing where you see a short, stocky man with balding hair and a long bushy beard sitting on a log, sharpening his battleaxe. He is wearing a chain-mail shirt over his tunic, a cloak and big brown boots. By his side are a crossbow and an iron-rimmed wooden shield. He doesn't seem concerned by your sudden appearance. 'Friend or foe?' he asks in a booming voice. If you want to reply 'friend', turn to **360**. If you want to reply 'foe', turn to **209**.

160

You are in a deep sleep when a huge SCORPION BUG emerges from its nearby borehole. Virtually blind, Scorpion Bugs detect even the slightest vibrations on the surface above ground. Attracted by your breathing, it crawls out of its hole to inject you with the paralysis-inducing sting at the end of its plated exoskeleton body. You wake up just as it tries to snare you with its sharp pincer-like claws to drag you down into its borehole to feed on you. Although you still feel exhausted from the effects of the Tick-Tick virus, you must fight the Scorpion Bug. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points before combat begins.

SCORPION BUG	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 10*

If you win, turn to **388**.

161

The lid of the box lifts up easily to reveal two large fangs, certainly large enough to be dragon's teeth. You put them in your pocket and open the drawer fully to see if it contains anything else. Turn to **189**.

162

You rub the orange wax over the open wound on your ankle. You feel a tingling sensation in your legs, but the uncomfortable feeling quickly subsides as the stikkle wax neutralizes the toxic venom. Breathing a sigh of relief, you carry on down the tunnel and soon arrive at another junction. If you want to go left, turn to **197**. If you want to go right, turn to **292**.

163

A quick search of the robbers yields 3 Copper Pieces and a black pearl. You carry on down Thread Street, where you see four armed guards marching towards you. You see a narrow alleyway almost hidden from view in shadows on your left, which you slip down unnoticed. It ends at a T-junction where you turn right into Palace Street. Turn to **371**.

164

Walking through the tall grasses of the Eastern Plain, you see the great expanse of the Moonstone Hills looming before you, with the foothills no more than half a day's walk away. To your left, the plain stretches north as far as you can see all the way to Darkwood Forest, and to the south all the way to Silver River and beyond. You walk on determinedly, but looking at your map, you have a lingering doubt about its authenticity. Half an hour later, you see a flock of birds high in the sky circling above a building about half a kilometre north-eastwards. If you want to investigate, turn to **71**. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to **134**.

165

Bignose's mouth drops open in disbelief as you recount Horace Wolff's tragic story. 'Oh my goodness, that is the most terrible news I've heard since the disappearance of Bigleg! I would like to come with you to Yaztromo's, but I have to find my cousin. The good news is that you are not far from the wizard's tower. Half an hour's walk this way,' he says, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb. 'If there is anything of mine that might be of use to you, please say. I would happily trade.' If you possess a Rune Ring, turn to **27**. If you do not own this ring, turn to **235**.

166

The urchin pockets the Copper Piece and runs off. You soon find out that he was not telling the truth. As you smear the blood on your arm it starts to burn like acid. The pain is severe as the toxic blood begins to eat through your skin. Ignoring the rank smell coming from the barrel, you reach in and grab a sodden rag, wiping your arm frantically with it. The water quickly neutralizes the acidic blood, but not without loss to your health. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 3 *STAMINA* points. You toss the rag aside and walk on to the T-junction. Turn to **206**.

167

Without weapons, there is not much that you can do to defeat the bandits, so you decide to run for it. Turn to **152**.

168

You are not even halfway across the square when the guards snap out of their frozen state and pour out through the palace gates to give chase. You hear the twanging sound of crossbows being fired, and one of the bolts finds its mark in the middle of your back. Your adventure is over.

169

You head down the narrow right-hand tunnel for thirty

metres, the light from your lantern casting eerie shadows on the rough-hewn tunnel wall. Suddenly you hear a dull rumbling sound coming from behind you. Turn to **157**.

170

Onx looks at you with a face like thunder. He's very annoyed that you won't help him, especially since he helped save you from getting captured by the pirates. He becomes more and more agitated, and starts shouting and blaming you for his boat being sunk by the pirates. He starts talking in a strange language, his voice getting increasingly loud. He picks up a handful of dirt and throws it at you, and makes a rapid, sweeping gesture in the air with his other hand. You have been cursed! Lose 2 *SKILL* points and 1 *LUCK* point. He turns and runs off at a fast pace towards Largo. If you want to change your mind and run after Onx to buy the healing potion, turn to **142**. If you would rather let him go and set off for Darkwood Forest, turn to **47**.

171

As you reach for your sword, the Cyclops lets out a deafening roar and reaches over the counter to grab you by the throat with its huge hand. You try to pull its hand away, but the enraged creature's overpowering strength is far greater than yours. You pass out and never wake up. Your adventure is over.

The bloated jelly-like worm flops down on to the cave floor with a dull splat

172

The venom of a Yellowback is quick-acting, and you don't have much time to spare. You uncork the bottle and rub the oil on the two red punctures on your leg where the snake bit you. Unfortunately skunk oil is not an antidote for snake bites. Your temperature rises and your heart starts pounding in your chest as paralysis of your central nervous system sets in. Hakasan tries to help, frantically trying to bleed the poison from the snake-bite wound, but there is nothing she can do to save you. It's not long before you lose consciousness, never to recover. Your adventure is over.

173

Bignose looks at you disdainfully, and says, 'Never mind. I'll tell Mariola that her husband's ring has been found but is now in the possession of a selfish oaf. Now, I've got better things to do than stand here talking to the likes of you. I need to find my second cousin, so I'll be on my way. Cheerio!' The Dwarf barges past you, humming loudly to himself, and is soon out of sight. Turn to **246**.

174

A huge semi-transparent, gelatinous worm with pulsating innards which produce a luminescent green glow starts to slide down through the hole. It's a flesh-eating GIANT LAVAWORM, a deadly creature and scourge of the Cave Trolls. The bloated jelly-like worm flops down on to the

cave floor with a dull splat. It has powerful sonar senses for echolocation, and slithers towards you, intent on dissolving you with its acidic mucous secretion and feeding on your liquid remains. You must fight it. Normal edged weapons have little effect on Lavaworms. If you possess a pouch of salt, turn to **21**. If you do not have any salt, you must fight the Lavaworm with your sword. Turn to **336**.

175

A small glass vial flies up through the trapdoor and shatters on impact with the floor to release a cloud of green gas from the broken glass. The gas spirals towards you, enveloping you and making you choke. Gasping for air, you climb down the rope ladder as fast as you can, but cannot escape the encircling cloud of poisonous gas. You drop to your knees, clutching your throat, and fall unconscious. Your adventure is over.

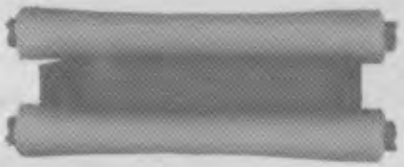

176

You put your index finger to your lips, motioning to Hakasan to keep quiet. Walking as quietly as possible, you take a short detour on your trek to Yaztromo's Tower. Turn to **246**.

177

You soon arrive at the lair of the slain Norgul, where its cauldron is still bubbling away, suspended above the dying embers of the fire. You walk through the lair and soon arrive at another junction. If you want to go left, turn to **28**. If you want to go straight on, turn to **316**.

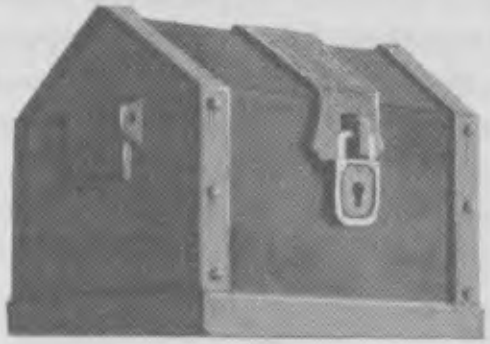

178

There are five streets to choose from – River Street, Palace Street, Temple Street, Market Street and Thread Street. You discount River Street since it is unlikely the guards would take Nicodemus back over the river, and also Market Street, as it only leads to the main gates. Temple Street is blocked by a stack of handcarts belonging to market porters who are waving placards in protest against low wages, which leaves a choice of two streets. If you want to go down Palace Street, turn to **371**. If you want to go down Thread Street, turn to **80**.

179

A search of the Ogre yields 5 Copper Pieces and an iron key which it was wearing around its neck on a piece of string. You pocket the coins and the key, and turn to the timber yard owner, who steps backwards, afraid that you might attack him. He apologizes profusely and begs you not to harm him, offering you 10 Copper Pieces and 3 Gold Pieces in payment for having treated you so badly. You snatch the coins from him and walk back down Armoury Lane to the market square and on to Beggar's Alley. Turn to **283**. Or, if you have not done so already, you may go back to the market square to go to Silver Street. Turn to **104**.

180

You pocket the merchant's pass and hand 10 Gold Pieces to Cris before stepping into the small rowing boat laden with wicker baskets. Dod pushes the boat out into the river, saying, 'Moor up at Lobster Wharf. It's very crowded there and nobody will be bothered about you. But don't come back here without my boat. Remember I've got your horse! No boat, no horse. Do we have an understanding?' You nod your head in agreement, smiling, and wave goodbye, reminding Cris to feed and water Stormheart whilst you're away. Turn to **395**.

181

You place the bottle to your lips, hesitating for a second before gulping down the liquid. You feel a warm glow in your throat which spreads down into your stomach. You have drunk a Potion of Strength. Add 2 *SKILL* points, 3 *STAMINA* points and 1 *LUCK* point. With a smug grin on your face, you apologize insincerely to Hakasan for drinking it all. If you have not done so already, you may either eat the apples and cheese (turn to **266**) or try on the signet ring (turn to **141**). If you would rather leave these items behind and continue on your journey, turn to **383**.

182

You are unable to dive out of the way in time. The massive boulder hurtles down and crashes into you with fatal impact. Your adventure is over.

183

You are engulfed by a swarm of flying insects which bite and sting you all over. You can hardly see a thing, and swiping at them with your sword is pointless. Lose 4 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point. If you are still alive, you are relieved to see Yaztromo come to your aid, blasting the insects with a Volcano Spell which makes them all explode, showering the Skeleton horde with insect fragments. Zanbar Bone rages from his throne, and commands his tentacled beast to attack. Turn to **11**.

184

The man smiles, turning over the card to reveal a jack of hearts. 'Hard luck, stranger,' he says hollowly. 'I'm afraid you failed to find the lady. Your sword, please.' If you want to hand over your sword, turn to **4**. If you want to ask him to turn over the queen of spades card before handing over your sword, turn to **155**.

185

Hakasan comes bounding into view with a frown across her face. 'No rabbits, I'm afraid,' she says disconsolately. 'Looks like it's going to be nuts and dry berries again tonight.' Hakasan shares her meagre rations with you, which at least stops your stomach from rumbling. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. You stoke the fire before retiring to the pigpen, taking it in turns to sleep whilst the other keeps watch. You hear sporadic grunts and growls from outside, but the night passes without incident. You set off early next morning towards Darkwood Forest, convinced that your treasure-hunting fortunes will soon change. Turn to **56**.

186

You put the wooden box on the ground and swing your sword down hard on it, cleaving it in two. You notice a small lead ball roll out of the box at the same time as a cloud of green gas escapes from a glass vial that is shattered by your sword. The gas envelops you, making you choke. You run out of the cave and down the tunnel, gasping for air, but cannot escape the poisonous gas cloud. You drop to your knees clutching your mouth, and fall unconscious. Your adventure is over.

Behind the wooden bar stands a stern-looking man

187

The Black Lobster Tavern is like any other tavern in Port Blacksand where the ale flows freely. Everybody is on the make. Slippery-tongued rogues with multiple tattoos, slicked-back hair and darting eyes sell worthless treasure maps to gullible customers. Smiling charlatans with flowing locks sell dyed water as potions of strength. Sly-looking crooks take good money from would-be fortune hunters in payment for blunt swords sold as magic dragon-slaying weapons. And sly thieves simply steal money and purses from their victims when the chance comes. You open the large oak door and are met by a waft of stale air and a cacophony of noise from the drunken sailors, boat builders, fishermen and fish-market workers packed into the dimly lit tavern, sloshing down mugs of ale and bragging loudly about their seafaring adventures. Behind the wooden bar stands a stern-looking man wearing a dirty apron over his white vest. He has gold earrings in both ears, and his chest and arms are covered in tattoos. There is a sign above the bar which says *Sail in a gale with Armpit Ale*. The innkeeper eyes you suspiciously as you approach the bar. In the far corner of the tavern you catch sight of two men sitting at a table rolling dice with a lot of noisy enthusiasm. If you want to talk to the innkeeper, turn to **317**. If you want to join the men playing their dice game, turn to **16**.

188

The wall is some four metres high and made of smooth stone; there is nothing to take hold of to climb up. You look down the street and see two men walking towards you in white hats and aprons, their faces dusted with flour. They are bakers, and look very tired from kneading heavy dough and baking bread since dawn. Will you:

Ask the bakers to help lift you over the wall? Turn to **137**
Forget the idea and look at the houses? Turn to **12**
Have a look at the shops? Turn to **305**

189

You find a jar and a bandage at the back of the drawer. The words *Cure-all – do not eat* are scribbled on the label of the jar. You uncork the jar to find it contains a small amount of yellow paste at the bottom which smells like rotten eggs. Will you:

Eat some of the paste? Turn to **35**
Rub a small amount of paste on a wound? Turn to **103**
Take the jar and bandage back to Hakasan? Turn to **325**

190

Hakasan stares at you coldly and says, 'I'm not so sure. How did he know so much about Zanbar Bone? And how do you explain the keystone? But as you wish. Let's get him buried and be on our way. Poor man, what a terrible way to end his life.' You find a long branch to use as a lever to lift up the block of granite, enough to pull poor Horace out from underneath. You bury him and mark his grave with a small pile of stones with Hakasan notably silent throughout, lost in solemn thought. 'So where should we go to now?' she asks without much enthusiasm in her voice. If you want to say you should keep on walking towards Darkwood Forest, turn to **139**. If you want to suggest that you head west, turn to **342**.

191

The little old man lets out a huge cheer as you dispatch the last of the Blue Imps. 'Wonderful! Wonderful!' he shouts out happily at the top of his voice. 'I'm saved! I'm saved!' You untie the ropes binding him to the post and he starts jumping in the air with excitement. You ask him how he ended up becoming a human scarecrow. 'Those damned Imps,' he says angrily. 'I was on my way to Deedle Water a week ago, and had camped down for the night. I was asleep when they crept into my camp and kidnapped me. They bound my wrists and ankles and brought me here hanging from a pole carried by

two of the little rascals. That was not an enjoyable experience, I can tell you. They are so short, I kept bumping my head on the ground! Well, it only got worse, didn't it? They plonked me here in the middle of their blueberry bushes and said that unless I scared the birds away, they would eat me! Carnivores, that's what they are! Can you imagine those horrible little creatures with their knives and forks slicing me up? There's hardly any meat on me! Why would they bother? They'd be better off eating the blooming blueberries, but they don't. They grow blueberries just to make a special dye which they rub on their skin to make it turn blue. I love eating blueberries myself. Which reminds me – I'm starving!'

The old man begins cramming handful after handful of blueberries into his mouth. You follow his lead and gorge on the tasty berries until you can't eat any more. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. Finally he lets out a satisfied, loud burp and asks you where you are headed, and you reply that you are on your way to Moonstone Hills on a quest. He lets out a low whistle, and says, 'Well, a bit of advice for you, then, before I go. If you are thinking of sleeping out here on the plain, make sure you build a fire to keep away the hungry critters roaming around at night. And since you are going to be exploring caves, here's a lump of stikkle wax in case you get bitten by a Gronk. Just rub it on the bite and you'll be fine. Now I must be on my way to Deedle Water. My wife

will be wondering what happened to me.' He shakes your hand and wishes you luck. You watch him gather up some blueberries before heading off. If you want to look inside the Blue Imps' cabin, turn to **38**. If you would rather carry on to Moonstone Hills, turn to **134**.

192

You hand your weapons over to Twoteeth, and take off your backpack to let Stinkfoot look inside. 'Thank you,' Twoteeth says insincerely. 'You can go now. We'll look after your things, won't we, Stinkfoot? That will teach you to try and trick your way into Lord Azzur's palace. Go on, beat it.' You complain vociferously, but the Trolls insist that you leave, and threaten you with jail if you don't. Complaining is futile, and there is nothing you can do to stop them sharing out your weapons and belongings between them. You have lost everything except for your jewellery and the items in your pockets. Lose 2 *LUCK* points and 2 *SKILL* points. The only hope you have in gaining entry to the palace is to walk over to the lone guard standing on the corner of Palace Street, knock him out to take his armour and weapons, and try to enter the palace disguised as a guard. Turn to **59**.

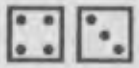

193

You empty the Wild Hill Men's leather shoulder bags on to the ground and find a small pig carved out of stone, 2 Gold Pieces, a small box of fish hooks, a piece of flint and a small bag of salt. You take the items you want, and also a small hand axe, a bow and six arrows. Pleased with your haul, you set off again. Turn to **345**.

194

Whilst she is resting, you take the opportunity to pick some ripe berries from nearby bushes, which you share with Hakasan. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Feeling better, Hakasan stands up, and you set off again. A few minutes later, you hear somebody in the distance call out, 'Bigleg! Bigleg! Where are you?' If you want to see who is calling out, turn to **159**. If you want to keep quiet and avoid whoever it is, turn to **176**.

195

Ten Gold Pieces seems like a lot of money to pay for a dagger, but Cy assures you that not only will the dagger fly true when thrown, its blade, which is made of the finest Salamonian steel, is guaranteed to pierce almost anything. You hand 10 Gold Pieces to the Cyclops and place the dagger in your belt. Add 1 *SKILL* point. There is nothing else that you can afford to buy, so you leave the shop and walk to the end of Armoury Lane. Turn to **33**.

196

The pendant lies unseen in the undergrowth as you set off in the direction Bignose suggested. Turn to **333**.

197

You head down the narrow left-hand tunnel for thirty metres wondering where the passage might lead to. Suddenly you hear a dull rumbling sound coming from behind you. Turn to **157**.

198

Nicodemus calls to you, saying he is running out of energy and will only be able to keep Zanbar Bone in place for a few seconds more. Yaztromo is breathing hard, exhausted from casting spells, and it is all Hakasan can do to stop the front row of Skeletons from breaking through. You grab the flintlock pistol from your belt, take aim at the Demon Prince's skull, and pull the trigger. There is a puff of smoke as the black powder ignites in the gun barrel with a bang, shooting out the lead ball. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **267**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **119**.

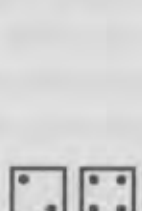

199

Your sword finds its mark, sinking into your attacker's shoulder with a dull thud. It makes a gurgling sound in its throat but increases its grip on your ankle. The creature shuffles into the shaft of light shining down from the room above, and you see it has pallid grey skin covered with festering sores. Its gaping mouth is torn away on one side to reveal broken black teeth and a lolling tongue, and its sunken eyes are red-rimmed and lifeless. Oblivious to the gaping wound in its shoulder, the ZOMBIE lurches forward trying to bite you. You must fight the undead creature.

ZOMBIE	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **67**.

200

You run through the tall grasses without stopping until you can run no further. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You are exhausted and have to pause to get your breath back. Chalice is less than a kilometre away and there is still no sign of the Chaos Warrior. To your left is the vast field of ripe corn and before you stands a farmhouse. You see a man come out of the farmhouse and climb into the driver's seat of a loaded cart tethered to a grey horse. The man cracks his whip and the horse sets off at

a fast trot, heading in your direction. If you want to call out to the man to ask if he has seen Klash, turn to **91**. If you would rather watch him drive by without saying anything, turn to **260**.

201

You try to turn the brass handle, but the door is firmly locked. If you want to pull the cord to ring the doorbell, turn to **97**. If you would rather leave Hog House, turn to **30**.

202

The monstrous creature lumbers forward, its tentacles curling in and out of its cavernous mouth, trying to snare you. Its iron-like hide is difficult to pierce with normal weapons, and its swirling tentacles make it difficult to fight. You must reduce your Attack Strength by 4 points during each Attack Round.

QUAG-SHUGGUTH	*SKILL 12*	*STAMINA 13*

If you win, turn to **362**.

203

You walk down the narrow tunnel some forty metres, the light from your lantern casting eerie shadows against the rock wall. Suddenly you hear a dull rumbling sound coming from behind you. Turn to **157**.

204

You dive sideways, trying to avoid being hit by the arrows. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **3**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **364**.

205

Luckily for you, the pirates are looking in the other direction when you surface. You breathe in a lungful of fresh air and dive down again to continue swimming underwater. You see reeds in front of you in the murky water, and swim towards them so that you can surface hidden from view. When you reach the reeds you find Onx is already there. He hands you a reed and whispers to you to keep your head under the water and breathe

through the reed. You wait ten minutes before surfacing again to find that the pirates have gone. You climb out of the river and begin the walk back to Largo. Onx is very upset that his boat was sunk by the pirates. He says a new boat will cost him 10 Gold Pieces to have made, and offers to sell you a bottle of healing potion for 2 Gold Pieces to help pay for it. If you want to buy the healing potion, turn to **18**. If would rather decline his offer, turn to **170**.

206

Lion Street is cobbled, and much wider and brighter than Beggar's Alley. It certainly looks to be in a more affluent part of the town. On the opposite side, a high wall runs the length of the street. There are stone gargoyles fixed to the top of the wall every ten metres or so, staring down threateningly at all who might pass by. Above the wall you can just see the top floor and roof of a large mansion house. Whoever lives there obviously wants privacy and does not welcome visitors. On the near side of the street there are a few shops to your right and houses to your left. Will you:

Try to climb over the wall of the mansion house?	Turn to **188**
Take a look at the houses?	Turn to **12**
Look in the shop windows?	Turn to **305**

207

After paying your entry fee, the guard calls for the main gates to open. As you pass through the gates, you are suddenly grabbed by four other guards and pulled off your horse. Before you have time to react, iron shackles are clamped on your wrists and you are led off to the guardhouse nearby and thrown in the cells downstairs. You rattle the cell bars in anger, demanding to know why you have been put in jail. One of the guards looks coldly at you, and says, 'You shouldn't steal people's horses. You probably thought you were going to get a good price for it here, didn't you? Tell that to Lord Azzur. If you escape with your head, you'll be lucky. You'll more likely end up on Gallows Hill.' With that he turns and walks upstairs. You call out to him, protesting your innocence, but your words fall on deaf ears. Your adventure is over.

208

Flashing your sword swiftly through the air, you survive the battle unscathed. Add 1 *LUCK* point. Breathing a sigh of relief, you carry on down the tunnel and soon arrive at another junction. If you want to go left, turn to **197**. If you want to go right, turn to **292**.

209

The DWARF jumps up and grabs his shield, and runs at you swinging his battleaxe, yelling a war cry at the top of his voice.

DWARF	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **381**.

210

You empty the Man-Orc's pouch to find a piece of chalk, some dried nettles and a tiny cast-iron pig trinket. If you want to go back down into the cellar to examine the crack in the wall, turn to **244**. If you would rather leave the cottage to carry on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

211

You warn the urchin that you will come back and find him if the information you are paying for is false. 'I saw them! Honestly I did. It was the funny old wizard who lives under the bridge who was being dragged through the square by two of Lord Azzur's Imperial Guards. They were Trolls! Nobody dared challenge them. They barged through the crowd and disappeared down Palace Street,' the boy says convincingly. You give the boy 1 Gold Piece and decide which way to go. If you believe the urchin and want to go down Palace Street, turn to **371**. If you want to go down one of the other streets, turn to **178**.

An old man pops his head through the trap door and looks at you suspicious

212

Although you're excited by the thought of having finally reached your goal, you approach the iron chest with caution. Much to your surprise, there is no lock on the chest. Sensing a trap, you lift the lid with the tip of your sword, and cannot believe your eyes when you do. Apart from a small wooden box inside, the chest is empty! Somebody has beaten you to it. You curse loudly and kick the chest in anger, which sends it spinning across the cave floor. The wooden box falls out, and you pick it up to see that it is made of polished mahogany and has an ornately carved lid with a beetle motif in its centre. You shake the box and hear something rattle inside. Inspecting it closely, you see that the lid is tight-fitting. If you want to open it, turn to **307**. If you would rather put the box in your backpack without opening it, turn to **389**.

213

An old man pops his head through the trapdoor and looks at you suspiciously. He has thinning white hair and is wearing a sleeveless jacket over his dark green shirt. He climbs up the ladder and steps into the room, keeping his eyes on you, a glass vial held threateningly in one hand. 'Don't even think about it,' the man says coldly, gesturing towards your drawn sword. 'Put your weapons away so we can talk. You are right, I am Gurnard Jaggle. I would be willing to tell you about my puzzle boxes, but

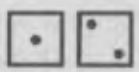

the information will cost you 3 Gold Pieces.' If you want to pay his price for information about the wooden box, turn to **108**. If you would rather tell him you are going to leave his tree house and continue on your journey, turn to **29**.

214

The old man quickly shakes your hand, eager to close the deal. He's clearly very pleased with his purchase. You put the 10 Gold Pieces in your pocket and casually ask who Gurnard Jaggle might be. 'He is my brother! He is a very talented man, but he was robbed of the only treasure he ever found and that made him bitter and twisted. He started doing some bad things and disappeared a few months ago. It's all very sad. Anyway, I'm closing my shop for thirty minutes, so I'm going to have to ask you to leave.' A sideways glance at Crusha shows that he means business. You bid Jethro Jaggle farewell and leave his shop to walk to the end of the street. Turn to **82**.

215

As soon as you have finished your breakfast, Yaztromo hands you 15 Gold Pieces and tells you to get ready to depart. You meet him on the ground floor, where he asks you to touch the tips of the fingers of your fighting arm with the fingertips of his opposite hand. A bolt of energy suddenly shoots up your arm and you immediately feel incredibly dexterous and powerful. Increase your *SKILL* score to 12. Turn to **272**.

216

You rummage through your backpack and find a few scraps of food to eat. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. It is a cool evening and so you decide to make a campfire. You roll out your blanket and lie down with your sword nearby for comfort, to enjoy the warmth of the flickering flames. A full moon rises in the night sky and you stare at the bright stars, thinking about the events of the day before eventually drifting off to sleep. You have not been asleep for long when you are woken by some snuffling sounds. You jump up, grab your sword and peer into the half-light looking for movement. Suddenly you see something. It's a large, round black shape and it is coming slowly towards you on four stumpy legs, its snuffling sounds getting louder and louder. A cloud that was partially blocking out the moon drifts away and you see the creature in front of you in the moonlight. It has a huge head with an enormous tusked mouth, wide snout, tiny eyes and ears, and a thick-set neck that joins its head to its bulbous body covered with thick grey hide. Its keen sense of smell has led the HIPPOHOG to you, looking for its evening meal. On seeing you, the Hippohog breaks wind, releasing a stench that is so rancid that it makes you retch and feel light-headed. Hippohogs overcome their prey by first disabling them with their acrid intestinal gas before trampling them underfoot. But they are also afraid of fire. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **123**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **278**.

217

You unwittingly step on a snake which was bathing in the warm early morning sunshine. It rears up on its tail, coiled like a spring, and strikes at lightning speed, sinking its fangs into your leg to inject toxic venom into your veins. It slithers off quickly into the undergrowth. It has distinctive black zigzag markings running the length of its yellow back, leaving you in no doubt that you have been bitten by a deadly YELLOWBACK SNAKE. Your leg immediately goes numb and starts to swell up, and you drop to the ground, rolling around in agony. If you took a bottle of oil from a street-sweeper in Chalice, turn to **10**. If you do not have a bottle, turn to **332**.

218

You put the pendant in your back pocket, not realizing that there is a hole in it. It falls out through the hole and disappears into the undergrowth. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **320**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **196**.

219

You walk across the beautifully manicured lawn and up the marble steps to the formidable shiny black front door. A cord with a brass knob at the end hang downs to your left. If you want to pull the cord to ring the doorbell, turn to **97**. If you would rather try opening the door, turn to **201**.

220

The bandits are excellent bowmen, and before you are able to reach cover, more arrows thud into your body. Roll one die. This is the number of arrows that strike you, with the minimum number being two. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points for each arrow that finds its mark. If you are still alive, turn to **312**.

221

Your rowing boat is met by hail of crossbow bolts, some bolts lodging into the hull and others flying overhead, but none hit you. Nicodemus mutters more arcane words, creating an invisible shield which is only noticeable when you see crossbow bolts deflecting off it to land harmlessly in the river. You pass under the arch of the city wall, rowing away from Port Blacksand as fast as you can. With nobody in pursuit, you settle down to row steadily upriver, discussing the threat of Zanbar Bone. Turn to **379**.

222

The dagger misses its target, flying harmlessly past the Demon's skull. Unable to hold back the Skeleton horde any longer, Hakasan is pushed to the ground and trampled underfoot. Before you can draw your sword, the Skeletons are on top of you, their spears and swords piercing your flesh. You sink to your knees, defeated. Your adventure is over.

223

Onx dives into the water and swims to the bank as the pirate boat rams your boat, splitting it in two. You are thrown into the fast-flowing river with the oarsmen plunging their oars into the water to strike you. You are caught on the side of the head by one of the oars, which knocks you out. The pirates grab hold of you and haul you into their boat. You wake up to find that they have taken all of your possessions, including your sword. They chain your ankle to the bench seat in the boat and give you an oar. 'Welcome aboard,' says the sneering captain. 'You are now officially under the command of Captain Crow. Row hard and you might get fed.' You try to convince the captain about the imminent return of Zanbar Bone, but he tells you to stop making up fanciful stories and concentrate on rowing. Wondering about the fate of poor Hakasan, you begin your new life as a river pirate. Your adventure is over.

224

You hear a loud screech overhead, and look up to see a giant winged reptile with a long tail diving straight down towards you. Its scaly skin is bronze in colour, and it has a long head with an elongated jaw housing rows of needle-sharp teeth. Before you have time to draw your sword, the TERROSAUR strikes, sinking its sharp claws into your arm and swooping back up into the sky with you in tow. The pain is unbearable. You try to wriggle free but give up when you see you are too high in the sky to risk falling to the ground. The screeching reptile heads west at speed, flying over the Moonstone Hills towards the foreboding line of giant trees which marks the edge of Darkwood Forest. Banking to the right, it glides north over the high treetops and beyond, crossing Red River and the Pagan Plains towards the solitary peak of Firetop Mountain. As you close in on the red-topped mountain, you see a large nest built on a rocky ledge halfway up. The Terrosaur circles the nest, calling out with high-pitched screeches to two hatchlings which are excitedly flapping their leathery wings. You realize that you are going to be their next meal. There is nothing you can do to stop the giant reptile gliding down to its nest to feed you to its offspring. Your adventure is over.

225

The undergrowth thins out a little, allowing you to make better progress. You keep going until you reach a clearing where you see an enormous Troll's head some five metres high carved out of the face of a rocky outcrop. The idol is partly concealed by moss and vegetation, and has stone steps leading up to its open mouth, which is nearly two metres in diameter. If you want to walk into the open mouth of the idol, turn to **37**. If you want to keep on walking, turn to **284**.

An enormous troll's head some five metres high carved out of the face of a rocky outcrop

226

The Blue Imps may be small in height, but they are very quick and dexterous. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First BLUE IMP	*6*	*5*
Second BLUE IMP	*6*	*4*
Third BLUE IMP	*6*	*5*

If you win, turn to **191**.

227

A quick search of the Dark Elves' pockets yields 1 Gold Piece, 2 Copper Pieces, and a small silver box containing a silver key. You put the items in your backpack and take one of the serrated knives for good luck. You climb back on to Stormheart and ride off again, determined not to stop again for any reason. Turn to **66**.

228

There is no sign of life. The main farmhouse building is in total ruin, but there is a wooden pigpen at the back which remains standing. You open the hatch and your nostrils are met by a ripe, fruity aroma which makes you cough. But at least the pigpen is dry inside, has a roof and four walls, and should keep out unwanted creatures of the night. Hakasan says she is going to try to catch a rabbit for supper in the dying light of the day. You wish her luck and build a fire using the wood from a broken table you find in the ruins. With the fire lit, you rummage around the ruins and find a pair of dirty old leather boots inside a wooden box hidden under some rubble. They appear to be your size. If you want to try on the boots, turn to **393**. If you would rather leave them in the box, turn to **98**.

229

The Man-Orcs have leather pouches on their belts which you empty out on to the floor. You find a Copper Piece, seven teeth, a silver button, a glass eye, an arrowhead and three polished stones. After taking what you want, you look round the room to see if there is anything else which might be of use to you. There are five jars on a shelf containing rats' tails, small bones, worms, dead flies and sheep's eyeballs. You have room in your backpack for one jar, but if you want to take more, you will have to leave something behind for each additional jar you take. In the far corner of the room, you discover a wooden trapdoor partly hidden by an old iron stove. If you want to move the stove to unbolt the trapdoor, turn to **130**. If you would rather leave the cottage and carry on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

230

You put the first of the twenty brass keys into the lock, but it fails to unlock the door. Your luck changes with the eighth key you try, and you hear a satisfying click as the lock turns in the door. You pull on the door, which creaks open on its rusty hinges. The stone steps lead down to a cold and gloomy corridor below, which is lit by oil lamps suspended from the ceiling. You walk slowly down the steps, trying not to make any noise, and soon arrive at a junction. You hear the sound of footsteps coming down the left side of the corridor, and decide to investigate. Turn to **295**.

231

A search of the Norgul's lair reveals a string purse hidden in a small recess in the wall. You untie the purse and find that it contains 5 Gold Pieces. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You place the purse in your backpack and walk over to the tunnel at the back of the Norgul's lair and soon arrive at another junction. If you want to go left, turn to **46**. If you want to go right, turn to **111**.

232

You run through the clearing, holding your breath, to where Hakasan is waiting for you. 'That was the most hideous thing I have ever seen in Darkwood Forest,' she says with disgust. You carry on heading west, and progress becomes easier as the undergrowth thins out. Walking along, it dawns on you that all the birds and creatures have gone quiet, and you comment on the fact to Hakasan. 'Something must have spooked them,' Hakasan says, drawing her sword. You stand still, listening out for any noises. 'What's that?' asks Hakasan. You concentrate hard, and hear faint rustling sounds coming from the left, and then from the right. You tell Hakasan to stand back-to-back with you and be ready to challenge whoever is approaching. You do not have to wait long to find out who it is. 'Put down your swords. Put down your backpacks. And walk back the way you came. There are six arrows pointed at you. You have ten seconds to make up your

mind,' a man's deep voice commands coldly. If you want to obey the unseen man, turn to **377**. If you want to stand your ground, turn to **124**.

233

Hakasan agrees with your decision, saying, 'We need to get to Yaztromo's Tower before dark or we could be in for a very challenging night in Darkwood Forest!' Turn to **225**.

234

Hanging on to the top of the wall, you ease yourself down as far as you can. With your legs dangling down, you drop to the ground below, twisting your ankle badly as you land. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You are annoyed at yourself for getting injured unnecessarily. You look both ways down the street and decide what to do. If you want to look at the houses, turn to **12**. If you want to walk over to the shops, turn to **305**.

235

You tell Bignose that you do not have many items to barter with, but say you would like his battleaxe if a deal could be done for it. If you want to offer him your goblet with the unicorn-head motif and brass bell in exchange for his battleaxe, turn to **120**. If you would rather offer him your brass bell and candle for it, turn to **344**.

236

Clambering up and down hills, over boulders, rocks, stones and shale all morning is very tiring and thirsty work. You slip over several times, hurting your arm in one particularly bad fall. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You push on, reaching a narrow gully between two steep hills through which a stream is gently running. If you want to stop to fill up your water flask, turn to **95**. If you would rather keep on walking east, turn to **345**.

237

Roll two dice, and add 4 to the total if you are using Lucky Bones. If the number is 8 or higher, turn to **75**. If the total is 7 or less, turn to **366**.

238

Hakasan nods her head in agreement and says, 'If it is true, this news about Zanbar Bone is very grim. It is fortunate that we are close to Darkwood Forest. We should go to Yaztromo's Tower without further delay. We have to warn him. He might be under attack even as we speak. Let's bury the stonemason and be on our way.' You find a long branch to use as a lever to lift up the block of granite, enough to pull Horace's body out from underneath. You bury him and mark his grave with a small pile of stones. You set off towards the wall of oak trees standing tall ahead. Your mind is spinning,

thinking about the events of the past twenty-four hours. You see a gap in the trees where an animal path cuts through the thick undergrowth and tangled roots. You enter the forest, which is a stark mixture of light and shadow. Shafts of bright light shine down through holes in the heavy blanket of leaves above, and there's a cacophony of sound coming from the twittering birds warning the forest's inhabitants of your arrival. It is not long before you come to a fork in the path. 'We need to go left,' Hakasan says firmly. 'Yaztromo lives west of here.' Turn to **252**.

239

The market square is soon a place of frantic hustle and bustle as traders haul their goods into the square, with everybody trying to be first to set up their stalls. Early customers arrive dressed in fancy headgear and long, colourful robes, darting between the stalls, scouring the tables looking for bargains. The place is awash with noise, with traders and entertainers shouting loudly to attract custom. There are arm wrestlers, fortune tellers, magicians, snake charmers, and even an organ grinder with his pet monkey collecting coins in a tin mug from onlookers. A shifty-looking girl, perhaps eighteen or nineteen years old, with long black hair and wearing a dark grey belted smock and black leggings, momentarily catches your eye as she walks past. She is following

an old man who is carrying a small canvas backpack. Suddenly a blade appears in her hand from nowhere, and you watch her deftly slice open the bottom of the man's backpack. She slips her hand inside and takes out a leather pouch, turning quickly to disappear into the crowd. If you want to challenge the thief, turn to **387**. If you want to ignore the robbery and look around the market, turn to **247**.

240

The owner of the timber yard leaves after a few minutes, and you are left alone with Olaff the Ogre. You ask him some questions but he doesn't reply. You give up trying to talk to him, and carry on piling beams on to the shelves. The owner comes back an hour and a half later, by which time you have finished loading the shelves and are quite exhausted. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. He walks up to you and says with a smirk on his face, 'Well done, you can go now.' You ask him for payment and he looks at you quizzically and says, 'Payment? What payment?' The Ogre sidles up alongside him, grinning, brandishing an oak club. If you want to fight the Ogre, turn to **113**. If you would rather go back to the market square to walk down Beggar's Alley, turn to **283**.

241

You scan the many rows of bookshelves and pull out a large leather tome entitled *Demon Princes*. You flick through the pages and open the book at the chapter headed 'Skeleton Demons', where you find a page dedicated to Zanbar Bone. You read that he was born in Fang, the son of two merchants who were secret cultists devoted to the Demon Princes of Titan. Bone went on to study magic in the Forest of Yore and later developed a bitter rivalry with Yaztromo and Nicodemus. He hated them both, and turned evil to learn dark magic to defeat them. However, Bone lost a firestorm battle of magic with his former mentor and teacher, the archmage Vermithrax, and was severely wounded and reduced to nothing more than a barely living skeleton. He disappeared into the night and was not seen again for decades. He reappeared as a Skeleton Demon, known as the Night Prince, and ruled parts of northern Allansia from his Black Tower with the help of his undead and demonic followers. His powers are many, including his ability to paralyse and hypnotize victims, or to destroy them with demon fire and magical energy. The most alarming fact about Zanbar Bone is that defeating him is never permanent. He always returns from the Demon Plain more powerful than ever before, and new ways must be found to defeat him. 'So now you know who we are dealing with,' Yaztromo says solemnly, looking

over your shoulder. 'We need Nicodemus's help. You must go to Port Blacksand tomorrow. You'll find him in his wooden hut beneath Singing Bridge. He won't want to come, but you have to bring him here. We need all the help we can get to defeat Zanbar Bone when he reappears. Anyway, that's tomorrow's task. For now, let's eat and enjoy each other's company.' Turn to **14**.

242

You see an old tree trunk with crumbling bark which is host to a cluster of fiery-red capped mushrooms. Your stomach rumbles noisily and you realize just how hungry you are after your exploits in Skull Crag. If you want to eat some of the mushrooms, turn to **285**. If you would rather look for something else to eat, turn to **224**.

243

You are sprayed with acidic sap, which eats into your flesh. Lose 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, you watch it continue to pump out of the creeper, causing a foul-smelling cloud of vapour to rise from the ground, hissing like gas. It makes you cough, and you have no choice but to follow Nicodemus into the tower, where Hakasan slams the door shut behind you. Turn to **279**.

244

You find a folded piece of paper jammed into the crack in the wall. You pull it out and go back up the steps to read what is written on it. It's a grim message which must have been written by the person who turned into the zombie you encountered in the cellar. It tells of his terrifying experience of being bitten by a zombie whilst mining for gold in Moonstone Hills. The other miners, fearing he might bite them, brought him to the ruined cottage and locked him in the cellar, leaving him to rot. It ends with an apology, saying, 'If I attacked you, I am sorry. It was not of my own doing but of the zombie I will have become. All that is mine is now yours. Look under the steps.' If you want to go back down into the cellar to look under the steps, turn to **391**. If you would rather leave the cottage to carry on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

245

Another arrow finds its mark, and you reel back from the impact of it hitting you in the shoulder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point. Hakasan helps you pull the arrow out of your shoulder and stop the bleeding. Turn to **372**.

246

The sunlight is fading fast, and long shadows creep across the forest floor, making everything look eerie, but you take comfort knowing you can't be too far away from Yaztromo's Tower. Turn to **333**.

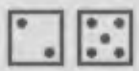

247

There are plenty of things in the market that you would like to buy, especially the food, but you are penniless. You see a slim, bald-headed man with a long face and unusually long ears who is wearing a black waistcoat over a white shirt tucked into tight-fitting black trousers. He is sitting on a spindle-back chair at a small, green baize-covered table on which three playing cards are lying face down. He stares at you with a piercing look and asks, 'How much is that sword of yours worth to you? Would you dare to play a little game of Find the Lady? If you win, I'll give you 5 Gold Pieces. If you lose, you will give me your sword in exchange for mine. What could be fairer than that?' If you want to play his game, turn to **291**. If you would rather leave the market square, turn to **58**.

248

The vial lands intact on a patch of grass some twenty metres away. Hakasan looks at you in a state of shock and says, 'We are very lucky the vial didn't break. It could have been the end of us. But let's not worry about that now.' Turn to **321**.

249

You shake your head and tell the man that you are not from Port Blacksand. 'Neither am I,' he continues. 'My name is Mungo. I sailed here yesterday from Oyster

Bay with a cargo of fish which I sold this morning in the market for a tidy profit. I spent it all on anchors, rope and fishing nets to sell in Oyster Bay. I've had a good day's business, I can tell you. I'm sailing back this afternoon, leaving on the next high tide. I'm not sure what brought you here, but if you have got nothing planned, I'm looking to hire a crew if you are interested? My deckhand has gone missing.' If you want to agree to sign on as a deckhand, turn to **129**. If you want to decline Mungo's job offer, you can either join the men playing their dice game (turn to **16**) or leave the tavern to walk down Harbour Street towards Singing Bridge (turn to **63**).

250

It doesn't take long to gather enough branches to build a bivouac. You start by making a tripod using the three longest branches, which you tie together at one end with a long strip of thin bark. You lean the remaining branches against the tripod until the bivouac is complete, leaving a small opening at the bottom to climb through. Happy with your shelter, you rummage through your backpack and find a few scraps of food to eat. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. It's a cool evening but you should be warm enough under your blanket inside the bivouac. If you want to build a campfire nevertheless, turn to **144**. If you would rather go straight to sleep, turn to **107**.

Lurching towards you is a Sporeball

251

You continue hacking your way through the thick bushes and undergrowth of the dense forest. You come to a tree stump which has been carved into the shape of an ancient throne, above which there is a dented pewter mug hanging in mid-air on a piece of string tied to a high branch of a nearby tree. A note written on a piece of paper inside the mug says, *Welcome to the Throne of Wishes. You may make one wish at a cost of 1 Gold Piece. Drop a coin into the mug, sit down on the throne and make your wish.* If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to make a wish, turn to **112**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **348**.

252

The narrow path twists and turns through the dense forest before petering out into thick undergrowth, and you have to use your sword to cut a way through. Progress is slow, but you press on. You come to a small clearing where thousands of flying insects are hovering in the sunlight. There is a very bad smell in the air which is coming from the rotting carcass of a deer in the centre of the clearing. There is a cluster of round sponge-like fungi growing out of the carcass, deep red in colour, each the size of a large pumpkin. When you walk into the clearing, a fungus slides off the carcass and short-hops over to you on its squat, concertina-like legs. It is covered with holes which open each time it

lands on the ground, puffing out clouds of red dust into the air. Lurching towards you is a SPOREBALL, a giant parasitic fungus which is contaminating the air with a cloud of toxic dust containing millions of poisonous micro-spores. Will you:

Attack the Sporeball with your sword?	Turn to **34**
Pour fireroot juice on the Sporeball?	Turn to **105**
Hold your breath and run through the clearing?	Turn to **232**

253

The Norgul accepts your offer, and you hand over the jar of eyeballs. It smiles with fake gratitude before smashing you in the face with the jar. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You reel back from the blow and draw your sword. Turn to **90**.

254

Bignose breathes in deeply through his huge nostrils and says, 'Rumour has it there is a dungeon somewhere deep beneath the forest where the Eye of the Dragon can be found. To find the entrance, all you need to do is find the woodcutter's hut, and that's like finding a needle in a haystack! If I were you, I'd try your luck in Firetop Mountain. They say the place is filled with gold. Or there's always Baron Sukhumvit's Deathtrap Dungeon in Fang. Lots of gold to be won there if you manage to come

out alive. Nobody ever has, mind you. Right, I must be on my way. I've got my second cousin to find. Cheerio!' The Dwarf walks past you, whistling happily to himself, and is soon out of sight. Turn to **246**.

255

You climb aboard the cart and sit next to the driver, who introduces himself as Egbert. It's a slow and bumpy ride over cobblestones as the cart wends through the narrow streets of Chalice to the main gates. You give Egbert 1 Copper Piece, which he thanks you for, saying, 'A few words of advice for you. There's somebody from Chalice who makes funny wooden boxes which he hides in caves and the like. If you find one, be careful when you open it. That's all I'm saying. Good luck on your adventure, stranger. You'll need it!' You thank Egbert for the ride, jump down from the cart, and walk out through the gates, waving goodbye to him. Turn to **64**.

256

Bignose is delighted with the trade, and thanks you over and over again. He slaps you on the back, and tells you that he must be on his way. 'I need to find my second cousin before I go back to Stonebridge with the Rune Ring, so I'll say goodbye now. Cheerio!' The Dwarf walks past you, whistling a happy tune, and is soon out of sight. On closer inspection, you see the pendant has a maker's mark on the back, the initials *JF*. 'It must have been crafted by Jadan Fam,' Hakasan says excitedly. 'His dragonfly pendants are worth a fortune!' If you want to wear the pendant around your neck, turn to **135**. If you would rather put it in your pocket, turn to **218**.

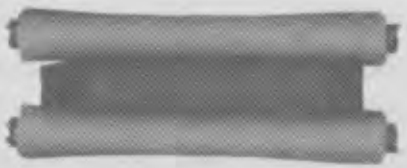

257

You place your arm through the leather straps on the back of the shield and rattle your sword against the bronze face. It makes a loud clatter which echoes down the valley. Hakasan salutes you, calling out to congratulate you on finding a Dwarf warrior shield. Add 1 *SKILL* point. Delighted with your new piece of armour, you walk on. Turn to **359**.

258

You make sure Hakasan is comfortable before setting off. It doesn't take you too long to return to the tree house. You climb up the ladder and look around the room. You see that there is a drawer in the table which you hadn't noticed earlier, and pull it open to find a small wooden box with a plain lid. You shake the box and hear something rattling inside. If you want to open the box, turn to **161**. If you would rather leave it in the drawer and look for something else, turn to **189**.

259

You pull hard on your reins, bringing Stormheart to a halt, whinnying loudly in protest. You dismount quickly and climb on to the plinth, knife in hand, to free the captive woman. But it's a trap! The woman throws back her hood, and you see her midnight-black face, pointed ears and an evil glint in her bright green eyes. You have been ambushed by a DARK ELF who is armed with two long serrated knives! Two female Dark Elf accomplices jump out from behind the plinth to join her in the attack. You must fight the Dark Elves one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First DARK ELF	*8*	*6*
Second DARK ELF	*8*	*7*
Third DARK ELF	*7*	*7*

If you win, turn to **227**. You may *Escape* at any time during the fight by whistling for Stormheart to come alongside and jumping into the saddle. You throw your knife at the Elf closest to you, and urge Stormheart on towards Port Blacksand. Turn to **66**.

260

The horse and cart is soon far away, and you decide to follow its tracks to Catfish River. Ahead you see a brown sack on the ground which must have fallen off the cart. You untie it to find it is filled with carrots, and eat them until you are full. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. You carry on following the cart tracks, scanning the horizon for the elusive Chaos Warrior, but don't see anybody who looks remotely like him. You keep thinking about Hakasan, who you left injured and alone in Darkwood Forest, and hope she is safe. The cart tracks finally lead you to Largo, a small village on the banks of Catfish River west of Darkwood Forest. The villagers are friendly river folk, who spend their days ferrying people and goods up and down Catfish River on their flat-bottomed boats. You walk round the village asking everybody you meet if they have seen a Chaos Warrior in the

vicinity. The replies are all negative until one very tall and stocky man by the name of Onx tells you that his cousin was paid 5 Gold Pieces to take a Chaos Warrior to Port Blacksand earlier in the day. 'My cousin was too frightened to say no. I can ferry you to Port Blacksand for 2 Gold Pieces if you wish?' the boatman says in a friendly voice. If you want to accept his offer, turn to **303**. If you would rather decline his offer and head back to help Hakasan, turn to **9**.

261

One of the men drops his club, and it falls on to the cobblestones with a loud clatter. You spin round just in time to see three ROBBERS who are about to jump on you. You must fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First ROBBER	*6*	*6*
Second ROBBER	*6*	*5*
Third ROBBER	*7*	*6*

If you win, turn to **163**. You may *Escape* at any time during the fight by throwing 3 Gold Pieces up in the air for the robbers to fight over and running off down Thread Street. You turn sharp left down a narrow alleyway, and then turn right at the end into Palace Street. Turn to **371**.

262

The man smiles, turning over the card to reveal a jack of spades. 'Hard luck, stranger,' he says hollowly. 'I'm afraid you failed to find the lady. Your sword, please.' If you want to hand over your sword, turn to **4**. If you want to ask him to turn over the queen of spades card before handing over your sword, turn to **155**.

263

The thundering noise of galloping hooves gets louder as the horseman approaches. You see that the rider is wearing flowing black robes which trail behind him in the wind. You raise your arm to stop the horseman, but he carries on at full speed, blowing his hunting horn and gesturing at you to get out of the way. The horse bears down on you, and you have to dive out of the way to avoid being hit. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **100**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **361**.

264

You ride along a dusty track towards the main city gates, where there are gruesome reminders on display to serve as a warning to all who enter Port Blacksand – skulls on wooden spikes and starving criminals locked inside iron cages suspended from the city wall. As you approach the main gate, you need no reminding of the danger that awaits you inside the city, which is run with an iron fist by Lord Azzur and his Imperial Guards, who bleed payment from all who live there. It is known as the City of Thieves for good reason, being the preferred port of call for every pirate and freebooter of the Western Ocean, and home to Allansia's most notorious thugs and robbers. You draw your steed to a halt at the main gate, where you are met by a guard wearing a black chain-mail vest under his black cloak, and an iron helmet which virtually covers his face. 'What brings you to Port Blacksand?' he asks aggressively. Before you have time to answer, he says, 'Your horse is a fine steed. You must be very wealthy. Lord Azzur commands an entry fee of 10 Gold Pieces from people of your stature.' If you want to pay 10 Gold Pieces to enter Port Blacksand, turn to **207**. If you don't have 10 Gold Pieces or do not want to pay that amount, you will have to ride back to Flax to find Cris and hire a rowing boat. Turn to **41**.

A shrivelled, hunched-over old hag

265

You step warily into the gloomy cave and notice small footprints on the sandy floor. Without warning, a soul-chilling howl breaks the silence. From out of the shadows at the back of the cave steps a shrivelled, hunched-over old hag with long, thick grey hair and ragged clothes. The skin on her face is dry and wrinkled, and her eyes are sunken in their sockets and jet black in colour. Her thin, loose-skinned arms and scrawny hands with blackened nails are stretched out in front of her. When she opens her mouth to scream again, you see she has no teeth at all. The wretched creature is a PLAGUE WITCH and you must fight her.

PLAGUE WITCH	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 5*

If you lose any Attack Rounds during combat, the Plague Witch will have touched your skin and infected you with worm plague, which will quickly turn your eyes black and make you go blind, just like her. It will be impossible for you to continue your quest. Your adventure is over. If you win without losing any Attack Rounds, turn to **375**.

266

The apples are crisp and juicy, and the cheese is crumbly and very tasty. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. If you have not done so already, you can either try on the signet ring (turn to **141**) or drink the purple liquid (turn to **127**). If you would rather leave the other items and continue your journey to Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **383**.

267

With your heart pounding in your chest, you watch in amazement as Zanbar Bone's skull shatters on impact into tiny pieces. The Demon's skeletal body teeters for a second, and topples over sideways. Every Skeleton left standing immediately drops to the ground in a crumpled heap of bones. You step through the pile of bones to where Zanbar Bone's headless body is lying. One of his skeletal arms rises up slowly, with his index finger pointed at you. Hakasan walks over and chops off the hand, and everybody looks on in horror as his bones turn to dust that is blown away by a sudden gust of wind. 'I don't think we have seen the last of Zanbar Bone,' Nicodemus says quietly. 'Let's not worry about that now,' Yaztromo says reassuringly, putting his arm around the shoulders of his old friend. 'For now Allansia is safe. Let's go inside and celebrate.' Turn to **400**.

268

After you hand over the bag of nails, the man opens his shoulder bag to produce a large cob of brown bread and a small stoppered pot. He tears off a big chunk of bread, uncorks the pot, and pours a generous slug of thick honey all over the bread, some of it trickling on to his fingers as he hands the bread to you. You take it from him and wolf it down. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Leaning on his broom, the man licks his sticky fingers noisily and says, 'I've got snake oil if you want it. It's the real stuff, you understand? No snake bite will harm you if you rub this druid's lotion on it. I need twine. You got any?' If you want to trade your twine for a small bottle of snake oil, turn to **365**. If you would rather politely refuse his offer and leave the market square, turn to **58**.

269

The bearded man appears very pleased that you want to play a game of Dungles and Draggles with him. He picks up his dice, shakes them manically, kisses his hands for luck, and rolls the dice across the table. 'A 5 and a 2. Perfect! Seven will give you something to think about,' he announces happily. 'Are you going to roll higher or lower?' he asks, handing you his dice to roll. If you possess Lucky Bones and want to use them instead of his dice, they will increase your roll by 4. If you think the total will be higher than 7, turn to **101**. If you think the total will be 7 or lower, turn to **237**.

270

A sharp pain shoots up your arm the moment you put your hand inside the gauntlet. You try to take it off, but are unable to do so. You are wearing a cursed Gauntlet of Ruin. Lose 2 *SKILL* points and 2 *LUCK* points. You feel incredibly dizzy, and barely able to walk. You stagger off the path, slump down in the undergrowth and fall fast asleep. You wake up hours later with somebody tapping you on your shoulder. You sit up with a start, and recognize the familiar face of Hakasan kneeling over you, grinning. 'Having a nice nap?' Hakasan asks mischievously. Suddenly her expression changes, and she says in a serious voice, 'We can't just ignore what happened back there. I couldn't walk away without knowing the truth. You have to come with me to find Yaztromo. We have to warn him. He might be under attack even as we speak.' You agree that her reasoning makes perfect sense, and apologize for thinking otherwise earlier. She asks about the gauntlet and you explain what happened. You take a swig of water from your water bottle whilst Hakasan cuts the gauntlet away from your hand with a small blade. 'That should stop you from losing any more strength. Now we can get on with our quest. Deep down I knew you would come with me,' Hakasan says with a wry smile. 'Come on, we've got to go back the other way. Yaztromo lives west of here.' Turn to **2**.

271

The chamber pot crashes to the ground in front of you, breaking into tiny pieces. The woman curses and slams her bedroom window shut. You peer through the windows of the remaining houses, but there doesn't seem to be anybody at home. You decide to walk over to the shops. Turn to **305**.

272

You walk outside with Hakasan and Yaztromo, and are astonished to see that the limestone blocks are now stained black up to a height of five metres. Yaztromo sighs, and says, 'It's speeding up. You've probably got two days at the most to get back here with Nicodemus before Bone rematerializes.' He walks round to the back of his tower and reappears a few minutes later holding the reins of a magnificent bright-eyed chestnut-brown stallion. 'This is Stormheart. He is my pride and joy. He will carry you to Port Blacksand. Ride like the wind and do not stop for anything or anyone. After leaving Darkwood Forest, head west towards Catfish River, and keep riding all the way to Black's Bridge. It will be the first bridge you come to. Make sure you pay 1 Gold Piece to cross the bridge or Bartholomew Black will be none too happy. Keep heading west along the north bank of the river until you reach Port Blacksand. The guards might give you some trouble, but that's normal.' You thank Yaztromo for his advice and

climb into the saddle. Hakasan and Yaztromo wish you luck and wave goodbye, and with a kick of the heel you are off, galloping at full speed through the forest, ducking under branches and jumping over fallen trees. You soon reach the southern edge of the forest, and head west towards Catfish River. You ride past a small village on the south bank, but with Yaztromo's words ringing in your ears, you do not stop. An hour later you see a large wooden plinth ahead on which there is a woman bound with ropes to a wooden post. She is dressed in black leggings and boots with a black hooded cloak concealing her face. All you can see is her long black hair. She has the appearance of Hakasan, but you wonder how she could possibly have got here before you. You hear her anguished cry for help as you get closer, begging you to stop and release her. If you want to stop to rescue the woman, turn to **259**. If you want to ride on past her, turn to **66**.

273

You take the jar of eyeballs out of your backpack, and hold it in front of you as you step into the Norgul's lair. The creature's lower jaw drops down in amazement, and it lets out a ferocious roar which causes drool to trickle out of its open mouth and down its chin. 'A jar of eyeballs!' it says slowly in a deep, rasping voice. 'This must be Uzzuk's lucky day.' The Norgul lumbers towards you, arms outstretched with evil intent. If you want to shout out that you will

smash the jar on the ground unless it stops in its tracks, turn to **42**. If you would rather drop the jar and draw your sword to fight the Norgul, turn to **17**.

274

You creep up behind the guard and hit him on the back his head with the hilt of your sword. He falls backwards and you catch him in your arms, dragging him down Palace Street into Snake Alley. You put on the man's black chain-mail vest, studded shoulder pads, black cloak and his iron helmet which virtually covers your face. As you pick up his shield, you realize you are being watched by a gang of thieves who followed you into the alleyway. 'You better leave something for us or else!' their burly, scar-faced leader says threateningly. You tell him they can keep anything they want, pushing past him to walk into the street to go back to Palace Square to wait for the changing of the guard. You don't have to wait long before ten guards march out of the palace grounds to relieve the guards outside. You join the guards returning to the palace, marching along at the back of the line into the palace grounds past two heavily armed Trolls in the Imperial Guard on gate duty. Turn to **86**.

275

A brass bell rings loudly as you push open the heavy door of the jeweller's shop. The Man-Orc glares at you

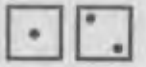

suspiciously, his hand resting on the hilt of the sword on his belt. 'Don't be concerned by Crusha. He won't hurt you unless you do something stupid like try to rob me!' the old man says calmly. 'I see from your attire that you are not from these parts. Would you like to purchase something? Or perhaps you may have some treasure to sell to me?' You look at the glass cabinets as though interested in buying something, but there is nothing on display that you can afford. If you have a gold rabbit charm that you wish to sell, turn to **396**. If you would rather leave the jeweller's and walk to the end of the street, turn to **82**.

276

Although injured, you have faith in your ability to shoot a bow and arrow. The unseen man calls out again, saying, 'Sorry, I lied. But what did you expect? We're the Black-Eyed Bandits. We rob people. Lots of people. We're not going to kill you. We are just going to take everything you have and be on our way. Keep your heads down and don't do anything you might regret.' Six hooded men appear from behind the trees, each of them armed with a bow and arrow. The colour of their clothes is light and dark brown, blending in with the forest. The bandits have long black hair and eye sockets blackened with charcoal dust. If you want to stay hidden behind the tree trunk, turn to **152**. If you want to fire an arrow at each of the Bandits in quick succession, turn to **65**.

277

Getting a contribution towards a new boat calms Onx down. As soon as you are back in Largo, you hand over the Gold Pieces in payment for the bottle of healing potion. Onx apologizes for shouting at you, and gives you some fresh fish to eat and a cup of goat's milk. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. He asks his friends in the village, but there are no more boats to hire to take you to Port Blacksand until tomorrow, so you decide to go back to Darkwood Forest. You are about to leave when Onx asks if you would like to buy a pair of bone dice that are handmade by the elders of the village. He tells you that they will bring you luck in any dice game, and are a bargain at 2 Gold Pieces for the two. If you want to buy the dice, turn to **73**. If you would rather politely refuse, turn to **110**.

278

The campfire is nothing more than a few glowing embers, and no deterrent to the Hippohog. Despite feeling dizzy and barely able to lift your sword, the fight begins. Reduce your *SKILL* by 3 for this battle.

HIPPOHOG	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **61**.

Returning as a demon prince, he is evil personified

279

You follow Hakasan up the winding staircase to the library, where Yaztromo is pacing anxiously up and down. He smiles on seeing his good friend Nicodemus, and gives him a big bear hug. Hakasan looks out of the window and makes a solemn announcement: 'He's arrived.' You walk over to the window and look out to see Zanbar Bone, scythe in hand, leaning on silk cushions of an ornate gilt throne carried on the shoulders of four black-robed Skeletons wearing crowns. Returning as a Demon Prince, he is evil personified. His unmistakable spiked skull is now twice the size it was before, and he has grown bat-like wings and cloven hooves. The Skeletons' army parts down the middle to allow their leader a passageway to the front. There is a gigantic five-metre-tall tentacled beast following behind the throne, hideous in appearance, the like of which you have never seen before. You hurriedly decide your battle plan with Yaztromo, Nicodemus and Hakasan. You volunteer to lead the attack on Zanbar Bone. Hakasan says she will defend you from the onrushing Skeleton horde. Nicodemus says he will be at your side casting spells. Yaztromo claps his hands, and says, 'And I will stand on your other side casting spells. Good! We have a plan. The Demon Prince will taste our most powerful magic today.' He pours green juice from a stoppered flask into a cup, and tells you to drink it. You immediately feel invigorated. Add 2 *SKILL*

points and 2 *STAMINA* points. You run downstairs to the ground floor and open the door on to a scene of total chaos. Zanbar Bone is standing on his throne, laughing manically. His army of Skeletons are rattling their swords against their shields, a deafening sound of clashing steel which is painful to your ears. Suddenly he raises his arms skywards, and his troops stand to attention, rigid and upright. All is quiet for a few seconds before the silence is broken by the distant sound of buzzing. A dark cloud appears in the sky and the buzzing sound grows louder. The cloud flies down towards you like a large flock of birds. But this is not a flock of birds – it is a plague of insects controlled by Zanbar Bone. If you are wearing a dragonfly pendant, turn to **308**. If you are not wearing this pendant, turn to **183**.

280

You sit down at the table to wait for the tree house dweller to return home. You don't have to wait long before you hear the sound of rustling leaves below. The rope ladder suddenly creaks under the weight of somebody climbing up it. You motion to Hakasan to be ready to grab whoever appears through the trapdoor, but nobody appears. 'I don't know who you are, but you have no right to be in my house! You are trespassing!' a voice calls out from below. 'Leave now or I will fill the room with poisonous gas and feed you to the wolves.' If you want to shout down to the

man to say that you know he is Gurnard Jaggle and want to ask him about the puzzle box you found in Skull Crag, turn to **213**. If you want to keep quiet and wait for him to come up, turn to **133**.

281

You begin your climb of Skull Crag, scrambling up the bare rock face with ease. You reach a ledge twenty metres up, and notice a stack of sun-bleached branches propped up against the rock face. You move the branches to one side to reveal a crack in the rock which is less than a metre wide. The opening is just as described on Murgat Shurr's map. You light your lantern and squeeze through the crack to find yourself in a narrow man-made tunnel which has a low ceiling. The air is cool and still, and has a slight musty smell. You walk along the tunnel for some fifty metres before coming to a junction. If you want to go left, turn to **301**. If you want to go right, turn to **169**.

282

Finbar pockets the Gold Pieces, and spends the next fifteen minutes working busily at his bench fixing, cleaning and polishing your pistol. He hands it back to you with a smile, clearly proud of his work. 'I've put a new flint in the hammer, which should give off a good spark when you fire it, and I've loaded the barrel with flash powder and a lead ball. The rest of the black powder is in this leather pouch, and a spare lead ball in case you need it,' he says, placing the pouch on the counter. 'If I may give you a few words of advice – keep the black powder away from naked flame or you might blow yourself up!' You bid Finbar farewell, and leave his shop to walk to Singing Bridge, with the pistol tucked into your belt. Turn to **118**.

283

Beggar's Alley is a narrow, potholed dirt track, hardly wide enough to drive a horse and cart down. Dark and decrepit stone and wood houses line the alley, all of them long in need of repair. There is rubbish everywhere, and the putrid stench of open sewers fills the air. Beggars in ragged clothing stand hunched in doorways, their arms outstretched like lost souls pleading, hoping that you might gift them a coin or two. If you have any Copper Pieces that you wish to give to the beggars, turn to **74**. If you would rather walk on to the T-junction at the end of the alley, turn to **311**.

284

With the daylight fading, you walk as fast as possible through the forest. Hakasan says that there is a good chance that you will reach Yaztromo's Tower before nightfall. She suddenly stops in her tracks and tells you to stop. 'What's that noise?' she whispers. 'Can you hear that clicking sound?' You nod, and soon find out what is making the chilling noise. The bushes in front of you part, and the head of a GIANT CENTIPEDE appears through them. It is three metres long and is protected by hard, chitinous plates which rub together to make the clicking sound. It has large protruding mandibles and scuttles forward on its many tiny legs to bite you.

GIANT CENTIPEDE	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **310**.

285

The mushrooms taste a little bitter but do at least fill you up. You set off again, but it is not long before you start to feel unwell. Your stomach is gripped by a sharp pain and you break out in a cold sweat. Moments later you are violently ill. You drop to your knees clutching your stomach, writhing about on the ground in agony. The redhead mushrooms you have eaten are deadly, and you have no suitable antidote. Your adventure is over.

286

You ride like the wind, leaving the plain to enter Darkwood Forest. Stormheart knows his way home, galloping between the trees, twisting and turning through the undergrowth, jumping over tree trunks and streams, and you have to keep your head down to avoid being hit by low branches. Without warning Stormheart comes to a sudden halt, rearing up on to his hind legs, with Nicodemus clinging on to you to save himself from falling off. Ahead you see what has spooked your steed. A vast horde of SKELETONS armed with spears and swords is moving slowly through the forest, their old bones rattling as they march along. They are bumping into each other in the scramble to get to the front of the line of troops. If you want to ride through the Skeletons to reach Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **36**. If you want to ride around the Skeletons, turn to **154**.

287

Your sword misses its target, hitting the stairway instead with a loud splintering sound. As it lunges forward to bite you, you catch sight of the creature in the shaft of daylight shining down from the room above. Its pallid grey skull is covered with festering sores, and its sunken eyes are red-rimmed and lifeless. It has a gaping mouth, the skin torn away on one side to reveal broken black teeth which bite down on your leg. Although the wound is not fatal, the zombie transmits a virus in its saliva which will turn you into a zombie before the end of the day. Your adventure is over.

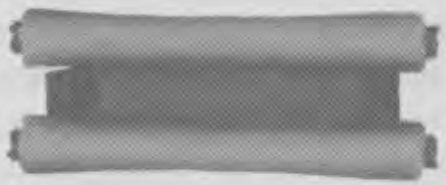

288

As soon as you have finished your breakfast, Yaztromo hands you 15 Gold Pieces and tells you to get ready to depart. You meet him on the ground floor, where he asks you to touch the tips of the fingers of both of your hands with his. A bolt of energy suddenly shoots up your arms and you immediately feel as though the world is on your side and this is going to be your lucky day. Increase your *LUCK* score to 12 points. Turn to **272**.

289

As you walk over to the chest, you see a large globule of green slime drip down from the hole in the ceiling on to the floor with a dull plop, fizzing on contact with the water. A loud squelching sound comes from above, and you look up to see a large gelatinous blob appear in the hole in the ceiling. Turn to **174**.

290

One of the three robbers runs up to you on tiptoes and smashes you over the head with his club, knocking you to the floor. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You stagger to your feet, head spinning, trying to focus on your attacker as the robber's two accomplices join in. You must fight them one at a time. Reduce your *SKILL* by 2 points during this fight.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First ROBBER	*6*	*6*
Second ROBBER	*6*	*5*
Third ROBBER	*7*	*6*

If you win, turn to **163**. You may *Escape* at any time during the fight by throwing 3 Gold Pieces up into the air for the robbers to fight over and running off down Thread Street. You turn sharp left down a narrow alleyway, and then turn right at the end into Palace Street. Turn to **371**.

291

The card player rolls his sleeves up and rubs his hands together, eager to play. He turns over the three cards and shows you the queen of spades nestled between two jacks. Slowly turning them face down again, he explains that you have to watch carefully as he switches the order of the cards around. 'Don't take your eye off the lady,' he says in a sly voice. His fingers slide the cards swiftly around the green baize, switching them back and forth, faster and faster. You concentrate as hard as you can, keeping your eye on the card you think is the queen. Finally he lifts his fingers and claps his hands together. You are virtually certain that the queen is still in the middle. 'Right, stranger, find the lady!' Will you:

Choose the card on your left?	Turn to **40**
Choose the card in the middle?	Turn to **262**
Choose the card on your right?	Turn to **184**

The Norgul stops, sniffs the air and looks around

292

Ahead you see the tunnel leads into a chamber which is lit by oil lamps. As you get nearer you see there is a large iron cauldron suspended above a burning log fire by a chain attached to the ceiling, its simmering contents making dull bubbling and plopping sounds. A huge creature with a large round head lumbers into view with a long wooden spoon in its hand. Dark green in colour, the creature has a bloated torso and stocky arms and legs. Its eyes and ears are small, but it has a wide mouth with bulbous purple lips and long teeth protruding from its lower jaw, many of which are broken. It is wearing a filthy apron which is stained with blood and grime. The NORGUL stops, sniffs the air and looks around, before shuffling over to the cauldron. It dips the wooden spoon into the cauldron and scoops out a spoonful of thick green sludge with an eyeball sticking out. It puts the wooden spoon to its fat lips and noisily slurps down the sludge before sucking the eyeball into its mouth with a loud plop. 'Delicious,' it says in a deep, rasping voice. 'Eyeballs are so succulent. Mmmmmm.' You watch the creature bite down on the eyeball, its jaw slamming shut when the eyeball pops open inside its mouth, whereupon a wide smile of satisfaction spreads across its pockmarked face. To reach the tunnel beyond, you have no choice but to face the Norgul. If you have a jar of sheep's eyeballs that you want to offer to the Norgul to let you pass, turn to **273**. If you would rather run in to attack the creature, turn to **17**.

293

You continue to hack your way through the thick undergrowth, but it is slow and tiring work. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to go left, turn to **233**. If you want to go even further right, turn to **355**.

294

You put your ear to the iron door but do not hear any sound coming from the other side. More in hope than expectation, you slide the iron key into the lock. Much to your surprise, the key turns in the lock. It makes a satisfying click, and you pull the door open a fraction to view the corridor beyond. There is nobody around. Wasting no time, you walk as quietly as possible along the corridor to the stairway at the end. There is an old ornamental sword hanging on the wall at the top of the

stairwell which you take as your weapon. You make your way quickly to the front door and slip outside unnoticed. You see two guards walking along the perimeter wall and wait until they have gone before heading for the main entrance gates at the end of the gravel path. There are two guards on duty and you have no choice but to walk past them. Trying to act normal, you get within five metres of them before they challenge you. You decide to run for it, and charge past them as fast as you can. One of the guards gives chase but you are able to lose him running through the back streets of Chalice. When you think the coast is clear, you make your way to the main town gates and saunter through, whistling happily to yourself. Turn to **64**.

295

You are confronted by an ugly green-skinned brute of a creature with tiny eyes and tusks protruding from its thick-lipped mouth. Blocking the corridor is a TROLL in black chain-mail armour, another of Lord Azzur's Imperial Guards. The Troll glares at you and says, gruffly, 'What are you doing here?' You can't think of a good answer, and draw your sword to attack the Troll.

IMPERIAL GUARD TROLL	*SKILL 11*	*STAMINA 11*

If you win, turn to **322**.

296

With his clenched fist pointed at the Demon, Nicodemus steps forward and calls on the Ring of Burning Snakes to spit fire. Louder and louder he speaks, using arcane words until a cone of fire shoots out from the mouths of the snakes, enveloping Zanbar Bone in a circle of flame. The Demon throws his head back, laughing manically, the yellow flames merely dancing around his body and causing him no harm. 'White fire! White fire!' Yaztromo screams at Nicodemus, whose pale face is contorted with pain from the effort. Using his supreme mental powers to the full, he shouts even louder, screaming at the top of his voice, which makes the veins on the side of his head pulsate and sweat run down his face. The intensity of heat increases, and the colour of the cone of flame changes from yellow to white, causing the expression in Zanbar Bone's eyes to change from immortal power to extreme fear. 'Now!' screams Yaztromo. 'Now! Bone is trapped in the ring of white flame!' The moment has arrived for you to strike. Will you:

Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **138**
Fire an arrow at him?	Turn to **70**
Fire a flintlock pistol at him?	Turn to **198**

297

The Dwarf's eyes light up at the mention of the name Yaztromo. 'The Grand Wizard is a very good friend of the Dwarfs of Stonebridge. Are you friends of the great man too?' Bignose asks enthusiastically. You reply that whilst you are not a friend of Yaztromo, you need to find him to warn him that he is in grave danger. 'Danger? What kind of danger?' Bignose asks anxiously. You look at Hakasan with your eyebrows raised, and she returns the look and shrugs. If you want to tell Bignose about the imminent return of Zanbar Bone, turn to **165**. If you want to say that you are unable to share your news with him, turn to **329**.

298

The old man's eyes light up. He's clearly very pleased to hear that you are interested in his work. 'That's nice of you to ask,' he says warmly. 'I'm an old man, and most people in Chalice couldn't care less what I do. I make charms. Lucky charms. I've been doing it for thirty-five years. You were kind enough to help so I'm going to give you a gift.' The old man places 4 Copper Pieces in your hand, along with a gold rabbit charm with two tiny rubies for eyes. 'This will bring you good fortune when you need it most.' You thank him, shake his hand, and walk off. If you want to look round the market, turn to **247**. If you would rather leave the market square, turn to **58**.

299

You spin round to see that Hakasan has dispatched her two assailants. A search of the Goblins' belongings yields nothing more than a bag of dried maggots. 'They might be a Goblin delicacy, but I'm not eating them,' Hakasan says with disgust. You suggest that it might be better to go to Darkwood Forest after all. Hakasan agrees. Turn to **139**.

300

You are greeted on entry by a portly man with a round face and a balding head. He is standing behind a small counter in a grey apron and rolled-up shirtsleeves. His slightly downturned mouth makes him look a bit grumpy. His shop floor is crammed with barrels of fireworks, each one labelled with colourful names like wiz-bang and rip-rap and zoom boom. There are some smaller wooden kegs standing on the counter that are marked black powder. 'How can I help you?' the man asks courteously. Will you:

Ask about buying some fireworks?	Turn to **341**
Ask about buying some black powder?	Turn to **39**
Leave the shop and walk to Singing Bridge?	Turn to **118**

301

You head down the narrow left-hand tunnel for twenty metres, the light from your lantern casting eerie shadows on the rough-hewn tunnel wall. You pass by a skeleton lying on the floor. One of its arms is pointed in the direction you are walking, the other is twisted up behind its back. Its upper torso is clad in chain-mail armour. If you want to try on the chain-mail armour, turn to **380**. If you would rather keep walking, turn to **69**.

302

The remaining bandits run forward to attack you, screaming at the top of their voices, their swords raised in the air ready to strike. You must fight the first BANDIT to reach you.

BANDIT	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **50**.

303

You jump on board the flat-bottomed boat and you set off without further delay, with Onx punting effortlessly down river with a long pole. The scenery glides by and you become lost in thought. You are halfway round a bend in the river when Onx suddenly sounds the alarm: 'River Pirates!' A large rowing boat with eight oarsmen on board is headed straight towards you. The captain stands up in the bow, cutlass in hand, shouting orders to his motley crew. Onx tries to steer his boat towards the bank of the river as the pirate boat closes in on you. 'Surrender or die,' the captain shouts. Will you:

Surrender to the River Pirates?	Turn to **339**
Stand and fight the River Pirates?	Turn to **223**
Dive into the river to swim away?	Turn to **151**

304

You zigzag across the valley, heading west, but do not pick up any tracks that were not your own or Hakasan's. 'Gurnard was either here a long time ago, or he covered up his tracks pretty well. I can't find any sign of him being here,' Hakasan shouts over to you. You continue scouring the valley floor for footprints and spot something under a bush which turns out to be a bronze shield left by somebody who must have hidden it there for some reason. If you want to take the shield, turn to **257**. If you would rather leave it where it is and walk on, turn to **359**.

305

There are five shops in the street: a florist, a locksmith's, a bookshop, a candle shop and a wool shop. There is a closed sign on the door of the bookshop, and the only other shop of interest to you is the locksmith's. You walk inside and are greeted by a tall, fair-haired man wearing a dark green apron over his striped shirt. He smiles warmly and asks how he can help. You reply that you are about to go on a mission to find a treasure chest hidden in a cave, explaining you might need a special key to open it. 'Well, I can't sell you a key to open a chest I have never seen, so I suggest you make a bulk purchase in the hope that one might do the job. I sell bunches of twenty assorted brass keys for 1 Gold Piece. You might need more than one key, you never know. I've got one bunch of keys left. Do you want to buy it?' Pay the locksmith 1 Gold Piece if you decide to buy twenty brass keys. You chat for a few more minutes before leaving the locksmith's. If you have not done so already, you can try to climb over the wall of the mansion house (turn to **188**). If you would rather make your way through the streets to the main gates to leave Chalice, turn to **64**.

306

On seeing you stand up, the old man throws his glass vial on the floor and disappears quickly down the rope ladder. The vial shatters on impact, releasing a cloud of green gas from out of the broken glass. The gas spirals towards you, enveloping you and making you choke. Gasping for air, you climb down the rope ladder, but cannot escape the encircling cloud of poisonous gas. You drop to your knees, clutching your throat, and fall unconscious. Your adventure is over.

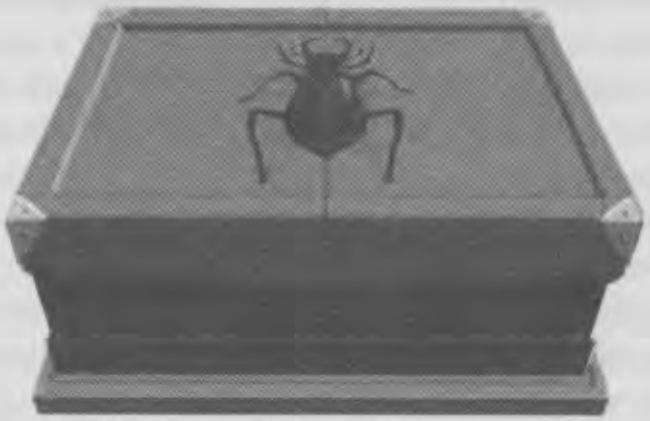

307

It is impossible to open the box by hand. If you want to hack it open with your sword, turn to **186**. If you would rather put the box in your backpack without opening it, turn to **389**.

308

Silver dragonfly pendants made by Jadan Fam were all dipped in the juice of the ground-up Manglewort root, a very rare plant found only in springtime on Icefinger Mountains. The tiniest amount acts as a potent insect repellent. Only Jadan knew where to find the Manglewort, and he never told a soul where they grew to his dying day. Your pendant acts as an invisible shield, keeping the millions of insects at bay until Yaztromo steps in to blast them with a Volcano Spell, which make them all explode, showering the Skeleton horde with insect fragments. Zanbar Bone rages from his throne, and commands his tentacled beast to attack you. Turn to **11**.

309

You tell Nicodemus that you believe Lord Azzur has his gold ring and perhaps you might yet get the chance to take it from him before it's too late. Nicodemus says nothing, and stares ahead at the river. You row on in silence, all the way to the jetty in Flax. You wave to Dod, who is standing nearby, tying up piles of reeds into bundles to carry them home. He walks over to help you tie up the boat, saying, 'Welcome back. I hope you found what you were looking for in that cesspit of a town. Thank you for bringing my boat back. It looks quite a bit bigger than I remember! It's changed colour too.' You apologize and explain what happened, and

introduce him to Nicodemus and Luannah. Dod is very happy with his new boat and invites you into his house, where Cris is frying fish. She invites you to stay for supper, and suggests you stay the night too since it's getting late. You accept her offer and wake early in the morning to find Cris and Luannah deep in conversation. Luannah announces that she has decided to stay in Flax to start a new life, and you wish her all the best. Dod brings Stormheart round to the front of the house, and you help Nicodemus mount the horse before climbing on yourself. A light flick of the reins, and Stormheart gallops off at high speed. You look round briefly to see the three of them waving, but you kick on knowing there is no time to lose. Galloping towards Largo, you see a man in a scruffy brown jacket and ragged britches trudging slowly along with the aid of a long walking stick, weighed down by an enormous bulging sack. On hearing the sound of the galloping hooves behind him, he turns around and waves at you with his woollen hat, signalling for you to stop. If you want to stop to talk to him, turn to **93**. If you would rather not waste any time, and ride on to Darkwood Forest, turn to **286**.

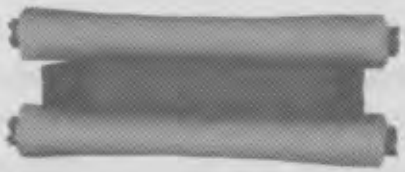

310

You wipe your sword on some leaves to clean off the yellow gunk from the centipede's innards, and tell Hakasan that you have to keep moving or else risk having to sleep out in the forest. But Hakasan complains that her ankle is aching, and asks if she can sit down for a short rest. If you want to agree to stop, turn to **194**. If you want to insist you press on without stopping, turn to **246**.

311

Towards the end of the dark alley, there is a wooden barrel standing in front of the heavy oak front door of a gloomy-looking house built of dark stone with black, shuttered windows bolted shut. Will you:

Look inside the barrel?	Turn to **92**
Knock on the oak door?	Turn to **349**
Walk on to the T-junction ahead?	Turn to **206**

312

Hakasan pushes you down to the ground behind the tree trunk as more arrows fly over your head, fortunately just missing you. You groan loudly as you land on the ground, grimacing from the pain of the arrows which are sticking out of your body. The pain is even more excruciating when Hakasan pulls them out, quickly binding the wounds as best she can. 'Whose idea was it to go to Yaztromo's Tower first?' she teases, trying to cheer you up. But you are in no mood for humour. If you possess a bow and some arrows, turn to **276**. If you do not have a bow and some arrows, turn to **167**.

313

By the time your fight is over, the two guards have disappeared across the bridge, taking Nicodemus with them. Although he's lying in a crumpled heap bleeding profusely, Klash is still breathing. You pull his helmet off his head to take a look at his face. His long black hair is swept back and his eyes are small and completely bloodshot, set back in dark, sunken eye sockets. He has an angry blood-red scar running the length of his face. You remove his gauntlets but are annoyed to see that he is not wearing the Ring of Burning Snakes. You demand to know where the ring is, and where the guards have taken Nicodemus. Klash spits in defiance, and when he speaks, blood trickles from his mouth, making his

spiked teeth look even more gruesome. 'I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have given the Ring of Burning Snakes to Lord Azzur for safekeeping,' Klash sneers with contempt. 'As for your wizard friend – you won't find him alive. Lord Azzur will see to that. Nobody will stop the second coming of my master, Zanbar Bone. Allansia is doomed.' Klash laughs in your face before falling silent, defiant to the end. If you want to chase after the guards who kidnapped Nicodemus, turn to **25**. If you want to search the Chaos Warrior's body first, turn to **328**.

314

The dried nettles do nothing to stop the beginnings of paralysis setting in. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. If you want to try snake oil, turn to **128**. If you want to try stikkle wax, turn to **162**. If you do not have either of these items, the paralysis will spread throughout your body and there is nothing you can do to stop it. Your adventure is over.

315

You take your compass out of your pocket and see that you have been heading north-west rather than due west. You turn slightly left and set off again. Turn to **225**.

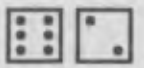

316

You walk a short distance along the narrow tunnel when you suddenly hear a dull rumbling sound coming from behind you. Turn to **157**.

317

You sit down on a wooden stool at the bar, but the innkeeper grunts and turns his back on you to serve his regular customers. A scrawny, toothless old salt with a straggly beard and ragged clothing sitting on your left chuckles and says, 'Welcome to the Black Lobster!' before he too turns his back on you. Sitting on the stool on your right, a tanned man with a weather-beaten face and a thin, drooping moustache leans towards you and says, 'You're not from around here, are you?' He looks like a pirate with his thin moustache and the gap between his teeth. He is wearing a striped bandana on his head, large earrings and a sleeveless leather waistcoat, and has a long knife tucked into his belt. But his demeanour is friendly enough. If you want to reply to him, turn to **249**. If you would rather ignore him and leave the tavern to head down Harbour Street towards Singing Bridge, turn to **63**.

318

The street sweeper's face lights up with glee when you show him the owl. He bites on it to satisfy himself that it's made of brass. He can hardly contain his excitement and thanks you over and over again. You place the green bottle of oil in your backpack and bid him farewell. He returns to sweeping the square with renewed vigour, whistling even louder than ever. By now, traders and merchants are beginning to arrive in the market square to set up their stalls for the day. If you want to leave the square, turn to **58**. If you would rather stay in the market square for a while longer, turn to **239**.

319

You open the rickety wooden door and walk inside cautiously, sword in hand. Looking at you with surprised expressions on their faces are two MAN-ORCS sitting on stools eating rats with their hands. They have dark green warty skin and are wearing light leather armour. They jump up and grab their short swords, snarling and flashing their spiked teeth and sharp tusks as they leap forward to attack you. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First MAN-ORC	*5*	*6*
Second MAN-ORC	*5*	*4*

If you win, turn to **229**.

320

Hakasan sees the pendant fall out of your pocket. She picks up it up and hands it back to you, wagging her finger in mock rebuke. You decide it would be better to wear the pendant for safekeeping. Turn to **135**.

321

Hakasan takes the other two items out the box and says, 'I've no idea what the lead ball is for, but you might as well keep it. I'm more interested in what's written on the paper.' You take the paper from her and read out the message on it, which says, *Congratulations, you survived my puzzle box trap. You must be disappointed that the golden amulets were missing from the iron chest. So was I – but I did find a very special treasure! GJ.* Hakasan looks at you in disbelief, and says, 'It looks like Murgat Shurr's map was genuine after all. Gurnard Jaggle must have had a copy of it too. People said he was dead. Is he really still alive? I wonder what he found that made him so happy.' You tell Hakasan that when you were in Chalice, you heard the original owner of the map say that he'd been told there was a gold ring in the chest that was worth more than all the golden amulets put together. It was called the Ring of Burning Snakes and used to belong to a wizard called Nico who would pay a lot to get it back. 'Nico? I've never heard of a wizard called Nico. He must have meant Nicodemus, the grand wizard who lives as a recluse under the Singing Bridge in

Port Blacksand. If this ring was his, why would he be so desperate to get it back? I heard he had given away all his worldly possessions,' Hakasan says, frowning. 'Anyway, I'm going to look for tracks, just in case Gurnard Jaggle was here recently.' If you want to help Hakasan look for tracks, turn to **304**. If you want to look for something to eat first, turn to **117**.

322

A search of the Troll's clothing yields 22 Gold Pieces stolen from prisoners, a silver earring, and a bunch of iron keys hanging on his belt. You grab the items and hurry down the corridor, entering a large chamber which has been converted into a jail. The jail has four cells in it, each with floor-to-ceiling iron bars. The first cell on your left holds four rough-looking ship's crew, all of them with cuts, bruises and black eyes from fighting. The second cell holds two older, unshaven sea dogs in ragged uniforms who look like they have been in jail for years. In the first cell opposite, there is a sad-looking woman in a long dress holding the iron bars and watching your every move, and in the cell next to her is the man you have been looking for, who is sound asleep on his bed, snoring loudly. You take off your helmet and tell the prisoners that you are not a guard, but an adventurer who has come to rescue Nicodemus, pointing to the old man asleep in his cell. 'Why?' the woman asks in a whisper. She has a kind

face, and you decide to tell her that you are going to take him to see his old friend Yaztromo. At the mention of the wizard's name, her face lights up. 'Yaztromo?' she says excitedly. 'Is he alive? I feared he might be dead. Has anything happened to his tower? Perhaps I should explain. My name is Luannah Wolff. Months ago the evil tyrant Lord Azzur sent Spirit Stalkers to kidnap me and force my husband, Horace, to help him bring back Zanbar Bone from the Plain of the Undead. Did you know he is going to rule Allansia from Yaztromo's Tower?' Before replying, you unlock her cell door with one of the iron keys and tell her to sit down on the bed. You explain that Yaztromo is alive and well, but that you have some terrible news for her concerning her husband. A look of dread covers her pale face, and she bursts into tears as you relate the tragic tale that led to her husband's untimely death on the day you met him. You leave her to grieve alone whilst you unlock Nicodemus's cell door. The old wizard is still in a deep sleep as a result of being drugged by his kidnappers. 'Set us free and I'll give you some special smelling salts that will wake him up,' the seaman opposite says. You reply, saying you will only unlock his door if he gives you the smelling salts first. He agrees, and passes a small vial to you through the bars. You uncork the vial and place the sharp-smelling salts under Nicodemus's nose. He immediately starts to cough and splutter, and sits bolt upright. He looks at you with a face like thunder. 'Who are you?' he demands. You tell him your story and why you are here to rescue him. Luannah enters his cell and tells you that she wants to come with you to help avenge her husband's death. 'Let us out and we'll come too!' shouts the seaman. 'These are dark days indeed,' Nicodemus says soberly. 'We need to leave immediately. Unlock the cell doors. We'll need all the help we can get to escape from the palace.' You release the six men and make your way back along the corridor and up the stone steps. You push the door open and walk outside. The seamen arm themselves with picks and shovels left behind by the palace gardeners. 'As soon as we see anybody, I'll cast a Time Freeze spell. That will give us one minute to escape through the entrance gates, but not a second longer,' says Nicodemus, who is still a bit unsteady on his feet walking along. Ahead you see some guards milling around the barracks. Two of them spot you and shout the alarm. More guards spill out of the barracks, some armed with crossbows. Nicodemus stops to raise his arms in the air with the palms of his hands pointing towards the oncoming guards. He murmurs arcane words which you do not understand, and suddenly the guards stop moving, standing mid-step as though frozen in time. 'Hurry!' shouts Nicodemus, half shuffling, half walking as fast as he is able. You pass through the entrance gates with seconds to spare, deciding which way to go. 'Let's head for Herring Wharf and board a ship,' shouts one of the seamen.

They all shout 'Aye!' and run across Palace Square. If you want to follow them, turn to **168**. If you want to turn right towards Palace Bridge, turn to **346**.

323

With your sword drawn, you slowly descend the wooden stairway into the semi-darkness. You are about halfway down the steps when a sickly grey hand reaches out from the shadows and grabs your ankle. An unseen creature goes berserk, wailing loudly as it tries to bite your leg. You swing your sword blindly at your attacker. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **199**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **287**.

324

Hakasan comes bounding into view with a beaming smile on her face. 'Not one rabbit but two!' she announces with smug satisfaction, dropping the dead rabbits on the ground in front of you. It's not long before you are feasting on spit-roast rabbit to the point where you feel you are going to burst. Add 3 *STAMINA* points. You stoke the fire before retiring to the pigpen, taking it in turns to sleep whilst the other keeps watch. You hear sporadic grunts and growls outside, but the night passes without incident. You set off early next morning towards Darkwood Forest, convinced that your treasure-hunting fortunes will soon change. Turn to **56**.

325

You retrace your steps, and it isn't long before you are back at the spot where you left Hakasan in the forest, but you are alarmed to discover that Hakasan is not there. You wonder if maybe you are in the wrong place, but are certain the tree you are standing next to is the same one Hakasan was leaning against when you left her. 'You took your time, didn't you?' a familiar voice calls out from above. You look up to see Hakasan staring down at you from a high branch of the tree. You ask her how she managed to climb the tree with a broken ankle, to which she replies, 'I used a rope to climb up. I'm stronger than you think! Did you find anything for my ankle?' She lowers herself down to the ground and sits down. You see that her ankle is very swollen and take the jar and bandage out of your backpack. She asks what it is and you reply that the jar contains a yellow paste that smells of rotten eggs and is supposed to be a 'cure-all'. Hakasan uncorks the jar, sniffs the paste and says, 'That smells disgusting, but what have I got to lose? I might as well rub some of it on my ankle.' As soon as she applies the paste on the damaged ankle, the deep cut starts to heal. 'Look!' exclaims Hakasan. 'This is incredible! My ankle is healing. It's still sore but I think I should be able to walk on it.' You tell her it would be wise to stick to the original plan and go to Yaztromo's to warn him about Zanbar Bone and, with luck, you might still be able to

track down Klash tomorrow. You bandage Hakasan's ankle and help her to her feet. You make a crude crutch out of a branch for her to support herself on, and set off west at a slow pace. You take the lead, hacking your way through bushes and the thick undergrowth of a dense part of the forest. You stumble upon a tree stump which has been carved in the shape of an ancient throne. There is a dented pewter mug hanging in mid-air on a piece of string tied to a high branch of a nearby tree. A note written on a piece of paper inside the mug says, *Welcome to the Throne of Wishes. You may make one wish at a cost of 1 Gold Piece. Drop a coin into the mug, sit down on the throne, and make your wish.* If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to make a wish, turn to **112**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **348**.

326

The man eyes you suspiciously, wondering why you stopped him. 'I've got nothing worth robbing me for if that's what you're thinking,' he says in a tired voice. You reply that you are about to set off on a treasure hunt in Moonstone Hills and are just trying to collect some provisions before leaving Chalice. 'I wouldn't bother with Barrel Street, trust me,' he says with a knowing look. 'For a Copper Piece, I'll take you to the main gates if you are ready to go now?' Will you:

Pay for a ride to the main gates?	Turn to **255**
Walk back to the market square to go to Armoury Lane?	Turn to **8**
Walk back to the market square to go to Beggar's Alley?	Turn to **283**

327

The howling gale builds into a violent storm. The *Blue Marlin* struggles to climb each mountainous wave before surfing down the other side and crashing into the waiting trough. It is difficult to make good headway under sail, even with Mungo fighting with the tiller to keep his boat on course. You frantically bail water out of the boat with a bucket, but it is exhausting work and drains your strength. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. At one point a huge rogue wave crashes down on to the decks, almost knocking you off your feet, but you manage to grab the rigging to save yourself. The storm dies down as you come into port, and you both agree you have done enough sailing for one day. Mungo is distraught that his cargo has been washed overboard, and tells you that your services are no longer required. He pays you 1 Gold Piece despite his loss, and you thank him for his generosity. You shake his hand and leave him to repair his boat, and head down Harbour Street towards Singing Bridge. Turn to **63**.

328

You take the Chaos Warrior's gauntlets, which fit you perfectly. Add 1 *SKILL* point. You find nothing in his pockets, but the leather pouch on his belt contains a yellow handkerchief. You unfold it and cannot believe your eyes. Klash lied to you. Lying in the palm of your hand is a large gold ring, an elaborate design of intertwining snakes with their heads locked together, mouths open. It is the Ring of Burning Snakes, the one thing that Nicodemus needs to defeat the Demon Prince, Zanbar Bone. Time is short. You must rescue Nicodemus before Lord Azzur silences him for ever, and return his fabled ring to him. You put the ring in your pocket and run across Singing Bridge in pursuit of the guards. Turn to **25**.

329

Bignose looks at you with a hurt expression on his face, and says, 'Well, if you can't tell me, you can't tell anybody. But never mind because I think you are making all of this up. I'm sorry, but I've got better things to do than stand here listening to your tall tales. I need to find my second cousin, so I'll be on my way. Cheerio!' The Dwarf barges past you, whistling loudly, and is soon out of sight. Turn to **246**.

330

The glass jars are labelled *Dried Deelia Petals*, *Zanhoke Seeds*, *Noop Powder*, *Redthorn Leaf*, *Siff-Saff Paste*, *Lotus Flower* and *Fireroot Juice*. You can fit three jars in your backpack. If you wish to take any, make a note of which three you take. Finding nothing else of interest, you leave the cabin to carry on to Moonstone Hills. Turn to **134**.

331

Many of the books have tattered covers and missing pages. They are written on a variety of topics such as cabin building, animal traps and growing vegetables, but the one that really catches your eye is an old tome entitled *Crafting Puzzle Boxes* which has an illustration of a stag beetle on the cover. The book is handwritten, each written page filled with detailed ink drawings on how to make intricate boxes with secret compartments, sliding parts and hidden catches. 'Could this be Gurnard Jaggle's home?' Hakasan asks excitedly. You decide to look inside his wooden chest to find out. Turn to **376**.

332

The venom from a Yellowback is quick-acting, and paralysis of your central nervous system soon sets in. Your temperature rises and your heart starts pounding in your chest. Hakasan runs over to help, frantically trying to bleed the poison from the wound, but there is nothing she can do to save you. It's not long before you lose consciousness, never to recover. Your adventure is over.

He is wise-looking and you don't feel threatened despite his cold stare

333

You push on through the forest, spurred on by the fact that you are nearing your destination. The trees thin out a little as you approach the southern edge of the forest, and suddenly you see the top of a huge stone tower poking out just above the treetops ahead. Hakasan whoops for joy, saying, 'Yaztromo's Tower! We've found it!' You walk on as quickly as possible in the fading light, soon arriving at a clearing where the tall tower stands proudly, causing a formidable shadow to be cast across the forest floor. Built with the help of the Dwarfs of Stonebridge, it has been home to the grand wizard Yaztromo for as long as anyone can remember. As you walk towards the great oak door, you are alarmed to see that the limestone blocks at ground level have turned jet black to a height of three metres. Just as you are about to ring the brass bell hanging in the doorway, the door flies open. A ruddy-faced old man with long white hair and a long white beard stands blocking the doorway, staring at you with a deep frown on his face. He is holding a wooden staff and is dressed in long, flowing scarlet robes. His is wise-looking, and you don't feel threatened despite his cold stare. 'Hello. Do I know you? Have we met before? Have you come here to deliver my cakes? If not, you can turn around and be on your way!' he says abruptly. You reply, saying that you have bad news regarding his tower. 'My tower? As if I don't

know about my tower! Look at it! It's turning black! It's as though black ink is coming out of the ground and creeping up the walls to stain the beautiful limestone. At this rate it will be totally black before the end of the week! Even my powerful magic can't seem to stop it. It's terrible! Have you any idea what is going on?' You tell Yaztromo that the reason why you have come to see him is to tell him about Zanbar Bone's plans to take over his tower. 'Zanbar Bone! He's coming back, is he? I should have known. If that piece of skeletal detritus thinks he is going to take over my tower and rule Allansia, he's got another think coming! You better come in and tell me all about it.' You enter his tower and follow the grand wizard slowly up his winding wooden staircase. He huffs and puffs his way all the way up to his library on the fourth floor where he slumps down into his favourite armchair, mopping his brow with a bright orange handkerchief. You sit down next him and recount the alarming tale told to you by poor Horace Wolff. 'I see. This is very bad news indeed,' he says, looking glum. 'It's getting late, so I suggest you spend the night here. We'll have some supper and come up with a plan! How hungry are you? Do you want to eat right away? Or would you like to look at my fine collection of books?' If you want to eat immediately, turn to **14**. If you would rather look at Yaztromo's books first, turn to **241**.

334

You walk up to the man and introduce yourself. He looks you up and down, and says dismissively, 'You look like you need a job. I'll pay you 2 Gold Pieces to help Olaff load these shelves. It shouldn't take you more than two hours.' If you want to accept the job offer, turn to **240**. If you would rather go back to the market square to walk down Beggar's Alley, turn to **283**.

335

You begrudgingly hand over a Gold Piece to the old man, who bites on it to make sure it is genuine. Satisfied it is real, he steps aside to let you climb down the rope ladder, and you are soon on your way again to Yaztromo's Tower. Turn to **251**.

336

Your sword will only do minimal damage to the gelatinous flesh of the Lavaworm, which heals almost instantly. Each time you win an Attack Round, the Giant Lavaworm only loses 1 *STAMINA* point instead of 2.

GIANT LAVAWORM	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **382**.

337

The monstrous creature lumbers forward, its long tentacles curling in and out of its cavernous mouth, trying to snare you. Its iron-like hide is difficult to pierce with normal weapons, but your Venom Sword was crafted with Demon-slayer magic. Add 3 *SKILL* points.

QUAG-SHUGGUTH	*SKILL 12*	*STAMINA 13*

If you win, turn to **362**.

338

Despite its size, the Troll is quick to react. It grabs your leg as you try to kick it, and pulls you through the doorway. With one swipe of its giant hand, it sends you flying down the stone steps to land heavily on the corridor floor below. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 3 *STAMINA* points. The Troll goes berserk and rushes down the steps to attack you. You stand up and run down the gloomy corridor, turning left at the first junction, trying to escape the angry creature. But a twisted ankle slows you down and you have no choice but to turn and fight the IMPERIAL GUARD TROLL who is closing in on you. You will automatically lose the first Attack Round due to your injury.

IMPERIAL GUARD TROLL	*SKILL 11*	*STAMINA 11*

If you win, turn to **322**.

339

The pirate boat comes alongside your boat with the crew reaching out to take hold of it. The pirate captain orders you both to climb on board his boat, and tells his men to take all of your possessions, including your sword. They chain you by your ankle to a seat in the boat and give you an oar. 'Welcome aboard,' says the sneering captain. 'You are now officially under the command of Captain Crow. Row hard and you might get fed.' You try to convince the captain about the return of Zanbar Bone, but he tells you to stop making up fanciful stories and concentrate on rowing. Wondering about the fate of poor Hakasan, you begin your new life as a river pirate. Your adventure is over.

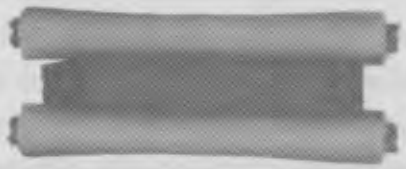

340

You bid farewell to the tracker, walking past her to exit the cave. You step outside on to the ledge where the bright sunlight hurts your eyes, making you squint. You scramble down the crag to the main entrance to the cave. Peering inside, you see nothing but darkness beyond the sunlit entrance. If you want to enter the cave, turn to **79**. If you would rather head west towards Darkwood Forest, turn to **242**.

341

'Certainly! You've come to the right place. I've got the best fireworks in town,' he says with a smile, his tone even more jovial now that you have expressed interest in buying some of his goods. 'My fireworks are made with the finest black powder in Allansia. I buy it from the Lizard Men of Fire Island. So, how many do you want to buy? They cost 1 Gold Piece each. You won't be disappointed when they light up the sky.' You may buy as many fireworks as you wish up to a maximum of ten, which is the most you can fit into your backpack. With the transaction completed, Finbar asks you if you own a flintlock pistol, saying, 'If you do, you should buy some of my black powder to fire it with. I sell a lot of it to pirates and freebooters, and they know good black powder when they see it! It's only 2 Gold Pieces for a pouch of the best.' If you own a flintlock pistol and want to buy some black powder, turn to **39**. If you would rather leave the shop and walk to Singing Bridge, turn to **118**.

342

Hakasan looks deep in thought as you head west, ambling through the tall grasses of the plain without the usual spring in her step. Without warning, four small, sinewy creatures with brown, scaly skin jump up from where they were hiding in the long grass. They are GOBLINS and you must fight them. You take on two of them, which you fight at the same time. During each Attack Round, the Goblins have two attacks.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First GOBLIN	*5*	*5*
Second GOBLIN	*5*	*4*

If you win, turn to **299**.

343

The baying crowd closes in on you, grabbing your arms. There are too many of them for you to fight. 'Put the thief in the stocks for the rest of the morning. Let it be a lesson and a warning to one and all that crime doesn't pay,' a large, bearded man with braces holding up his baggy britches says in a commanding voice. 'Have your rotten eggs and tomatoes at the ready!' Still protesting your innocence, you are dragged kicking and cursing to the wooden stocks set on top of a stone plinth in the middle of the square. With your wrists and neck firmly

locked in the jaws of the stocks, a loud cheer erupts as the first egg splatters into your face, quickly followed by two more. The barrage continues all morning, some of the more unkind folk hurling potatoes which thump painfully into your face, giving you two black eyes. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You are finally released from the stocks at noon in considerable discomfort and decide you should waste no more time in the market square. Turn to **58**.

344

Bignose pauses to look at his treasured weapon for a second before saying, 'Done! I'm not going to argue with anybody who is going to help Yaztromo. The battleaxe is yours!' You thank Bignose for his generosity, and give him the bell and the candle in exchange. He smiles, saying, 'Right, I must be on my way. I've got my second cousin to find. Cheerio!' The Dwarf walks past you, whistling happily to himself, and is soon out of sight. Turn to **246**.

345

The gully opens out on to a rock-strewn valley, at the end of which one hill stands out against all others. Its shape roughly resembles that of a giant human skull, almost as though somebody long ago had carved it that way. It is almost devoid of vegetation and has a rounded top.

Two recesses high up resemble eye sockets, and a large rock sticking out below could pass for a nose. There is an entrance to a cave at ground level which could easily be mistaken for an open mouth. You hurry along the valley as quickly as possible, looking at your map, eager to explore inside Skull Crag. You arrive at the cave and peer inside to see nothing but darkness beyond the sunlit entrance. If you want to enter the cave, turn to **79**. If you would rather climb Skull Crag to find another way in, turn to **281**.

346

You are metres away from Palace Bridge when the guards snap out of their paralysed state and pour out through the palace gates to give chase. They first catch sight of the seamen running across the square and take aim at them with their crossbows. You hear cries for help from two of the seamen who are shot in the leg and stumble to the ground. You do not stop to find out what happens to them, and run over the bridge, turning right into Axeman's Street. You see a rowing boat tied to the steps below, and tell Nicodemus and Luannah to jump on board. You untie the boat, grab the oars and push off, rowing as hard as you can upriver to escape under the arch of the city wall. Guards appear on the bridge, with a Troll Imperial Guard shouting the order for the crossbowmen to fire at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **221**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **106**.

347

It's not long before you see a speck of daylight at the end of the tunnel. You arrive back at the narrow entrance to Skull Crag and see the shape of a human figure silhouetted against the daylight. With your sword in hand, you call out to challenge the person standing in your way. You hear a young woman's voice calmly say, 'Put your sword away, I'm not looking for a fight. I picked up your footprints in the valley and followed you here. I thought that whoever made the effort to explore Skull Crag must have a good reason to do so. I'm pleased you made it out alive. What brought you here?' If you want to reply that you are an adventurer looking for treasure, turn to **132**. If you would rather let your sword do the talking and step forward to attack the woman, turn to **363**.

348

The further you go, the more the forest's thick vegetation closes in on you. Long vines hang down from ancient trees, and the blanket of leaves above blots out most of what little light remains of the day. Scrambling over gnarled roots and moss-covered rocks, hacking your way through the dense undergrowth, is tiring and makes for slow progress. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. 'Are you sure we are still heading west? I swear we passed by here before,' Hakasan says, breathing hard, pointing at a large bush with broad, purple-edged leaves. If you possess a brass compass, turn to **315**. If you do not own a compass, turn to **369**.

349

The large door is yanked open by a huge, bald-headed man wearing a dirty vest and grubby trousers. He looks very angry. 'I hate door-to-door vendors,' he screams in your face. Before you can protest your innocence, he smashes you over the head with a chair leg and slams the door. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You decide against knocking on the door again and walk to the T-junction at the end of the alley. Turn to **206**.

350

The only bandit left alive takes aim at you with his bow and fires off another arrow before turning around and disappearing into the forest. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **83**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **245**.

351

The liquid is thick and creamy, and tastes of mint. A warm glow spreads through your body and you immediately feel invigorated. Onx's potion is genuine. Add 1 *SKILL* point and 3 *STAMINA* points. You hand the bottle to Hakasan, smiling smugly, and tease her for doubting you. She snatches it from you, scowls and gulps down what's left of the potion. Her scowl soon turns to a smile, and she says with glee that her ankle feels suddenly strong and free from pain. Minutes later the swelling is gone, and she is able to stand and put her full weight on the ankle. 'That's incredible! Thank you, thank you, thank you,' she says happily. You suggest that you should stick with the original plan and go to Yaztromo's Tower to warn him about Zanbar Bone. You take the lead, hacking your way through bushes and thick undergrowth of a dense part of the forest. You stumble upon a tree stump which has been carved into the shape of an ancient throne. There is a dented pewter mug hanging in mid-air on a piece of string tied to a high branch of a nearby tree. A note written on a piece

of paper inside the mug says, *Welcome to the Throne of Wishes. You may make one wish at a cost of 1 Gold Piece. Drop a coin into the mug, sit down on the throne and make your wish*. If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to make a wish, turn to **112**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **348**.

352

You bound up the steps, sword in hand, to find yourself standing face-to-face with another MAN-ORC. It points at you and starts screaming and shouting in a language you don't understand. It picks up both swords lying on the floor and runs at you, intent on revenge. You must fight the Man-Orc.

MAN-ORC	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **210**.

353

You cross the square and walk boldly towards the palace entrance. There are two huge guards standing in front of the open gates wearing black armour. They have green skin, tusked mouths, and a rather unpleasant bodily odour wafting around them. They are ugly trolls, civilized enough to speak, but in reality merciless brutes hired by Lord Azzur as Imperial Guards to keep unwanted guests out of his palace. 'Halt!' one of them grunts, pointing his spear at you. If you want to ignore him and walk through the entrance gates waving your hand dismissively at the Trolls, turn to **390**. If you would prefer to try bribing the Trolls to let you in, turn to **5**.

354

You see blood seeping from the needle-like punctures in your skin, and you know you will have to act quickly to prevent the onset of paralysis. You search through your backpack to look for an antidote. If you want to try snake oil, turn to **128**. If you want to try stikkle wax, turn to **162**. If you want to try dried nettles, turn to **314**. If you have none of these items, paralysis will soon set in and there is nothing you can do to stop it. Your adventure is over.

355

You continue your slow journey, carving your way through the thick undergrowth. You arrive back at the large plant with the purple-edged leaves, and realize you have gone in a complete circle. Lose 1 *LUCK* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to head left, turn to **233**. If you want to keep going right, turn to **293**.

356

Holding the dagger in front of you by the tip of its blade, you take careful aim at your ultimate enemy, with Hakasan screaming at you to hurry. You throw your dagger at the Demon, and watch it fly towards its skull. Roll 1 die and add 1 to the number rolled if your current *SKILL* is 10 or higher. If the total is 1–5, turn to **222**. If the number is 6 or 7, turn to **267**.

357

Four member of the press gang jump on you, taking your sword and tying your arms behind your back. You are pushed next to a forlorn-looking young man wearing a baggy white shirt and black britches who is also tied up. 'Right, lads, put these rats below decks on board the *Toucan* and show them the floors they'll be scrubbing and bilges they'll be cleaning for the next month at sea. Nobody is going to miss these nobodies!' You protest loudly, but there is nothing you can do to stop the press gang dragging you on to their pirate ship. Your adventure is over.

Three blue-skinned goblin-like creatures run out, screaming at the top of their lungs

358

As you approach the scarecrow, its head suddenly lifts, and you see it's not a man made of straw, but a live human being – a sinewy old man with a long beard and straggly hair wearing ragged clothing. 'Help! Help!' he shouts desperately on seeing you. At that moment the cabin door flies open and three blue-skinned goblin-like creatures run out, screaming at the top of their lungs. They are no more than a metre tall, and are wearing red cotton jackets, red pointed hats and red canvas shoes. They have large heads with long pointed noses, and their wide mouths house sharp, jagged teeth and bright red tongues. Their sunken, lizard-like green eyes glaring out from under their pointed hats give them a deranged look, made all the worse by the sight of the big forks and long knives they are holding. They cackle manically as they run forward to stab you in the leg. If you want to fight the BLUE IMPS, turn to **226**. If you want to make a run for it, turn to **116**.

359

You reach the end of the valley where you decide to give up on the search for Gurnard Jaggle's tracks to focus on treasure hunting. You head down the gully, mindful of an ambush, but pass through it without incident. By the time you finally reach the western edge of Moonstone Hills, the sun is low on the horizon. As the shadows

lengthen, you hurry north-west across the Eastern Plain towards the tumbledown ruin of an old farmhouse, which looks like a good place to camp for the night. In the far distance you see the great wall of trees which marks the edge of Darkwood Forest. If you want to stay in the ruined farmhouse for the night, turn to **228**. If you want to press on to Darkwood Forest, turn to **136**.

360

He slaps his thigh and says, 'Jolly good,' in a booming voice. He stands up and walks over to you with a big beaming smile spread across his face, his hand outstretched to greet you. Whilst shaking your hand vigorously, he says, 'Good day, dear people. My name is Bignose, for obvious reasons, as you can see! I am the second cousin of Bigleg of Stonebridge. Sadly he went missing some months ago, and I have been searching for him ever since. He looks very much like myself only he doesn't have a big nose! You haven't seen him, have you?' You both shake your heads and tell him that you haven't seen his cousin. 'Ah, that's a shame. I know he's somewhere in the forest. He's searching for the war hammer stolen from Gillibran, our king. What brings you to Darkwood Forest?' If you want to reply that you are on your way to Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **297**. If you want to reply that you are treasure hunters, turn to **143**.

361

You hit the ground hard, landing with a thump. You pick yourself up without realizing that four coins fell out of your pocket. Roll four dice. For each even number, lose 1 Gold Piece. For each odd number, lose 1 Copper Piece. You watch the horseman disappear west in a cloud of dust; whoever it is, he's clearly in a hurry. You decide you might as well help yourself to some corn, eating one cob and saving three for later. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Still wondering who the horseman was, you set off again, leaving the cornfield behind. Looking east, you estimate it will be dark before you reach Skull Crag, and hope you will be able to find somewhere safe to camp down for the night. Looking south, you see a semi-ruined stone cottage with its thatched roof mostly missing. If you want to take a look inside the cottage, turn to **319**. If you would rather press on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

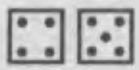

362

The death of Quag-Shugguth makes Zanbar Bone go into a frenzy. With maggots pouring from his mouth, he curses your name. Lightning strikes the ground from the darkened sky, and he steps down from his throne to order his Skeletons forward to attack. Yaztromo casts a Warp Spell on the Skeletons to slow them briefly and give you time to advance, whilst Hakasan launches herself at the Skeletons in front of you, swinging her sword back and forth trying to hack a way through to the Demon Prince. The air is putrid with the smell of Skeletons, their bones grinding against each other in the crush to reach you. But you stay calm and ready yourself for the final battle. If Nicodemus is wearing the Ring of Burning Snakes, turn to **296**. If he is not wearing his special ring, turn to **138**.

363

As you stride towards her, you do not see the tripwire that was put in place by the ninja tracker standing at the entrance to the cave. Your left foot catches on the near-invisible wire and you trip over, knocking yourself out as you land heavily on the rock floor. When you wake up you find yourself tightly bound and gagged, and all your possessions gone. There is little hope that you will ever be found alive unless by Cave Trolls, which is not much consolation. Your adventure is over.

364

You are hit in the leg by an arrow. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Ignoring the pain, you charge towards the bandits before they have time to reload, swinging your sword in the air. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First BANDIT	*6*	*7*
Second BANDIT	*7*	*7*
Third BANDIT	*7*	*6*

If you win, turn to **22**.

365

The street sweeper seems very happy with the trade. You place the brown bottle of oil in your backpack and bid him farewell. He smiles, nods in gratitude, and goes back to sweeping the square, whistling happily to himself. Just as you are about to walk away, he turns to you, raises one eyebrow, and says, 'I've got skunk oil if you want it? It's the real stuff, you understand? It stinks so bad it would make a charging Minotaur turn and flee! It's my wife's birthday tomorrow. I need an ornament. She likes birds. You got any?' If you want to trade your brass owl for a small bottle of skunk oil, turn to **318**. If you would rather politely refuse his offer and leave the square, turn to **58**.

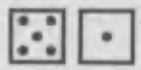

366

The bearded man thumps the table and shakes his head in disbelief, not very amused that he lost the game of Dungles and Draggles. He pulls the old pistol from his belt and slaps it on the table, saying, 'Here, take it. The flintlock is now yours. I'm not sure if it works, mind.' Pleased with your prize, you head back to the bar. Turn to **89**.

367

It is only when you reach the wicker basket that you realize just how big it is. It contains a huge rectangular block of black stone which has been carved on one side with a scene of an advancing army of Skeleton Warriors being urged on by a robed skeleton figure holding a scythe who has spikes jutting out of its skull, and lizard-like eyes. Beneath the stone block lies a man with dark hair; the lower half of his body has been crushed. You cut the vines keeping the lid of the basket shut to try to pull the man out, but you are unable to free him, even with both of you trying to lift the stone. He stares at you without blinking, his eyes wide open in fear, knowing there is nothing you can do to save him. He reaches out, clutches your arm, and in a stuttering voice says, 'He's coming back. He's coming back! You've got to stop him. You've got to stop him!' The poor man screams out in pain as he tries to sit up to take a drink of water from your flask. Hakasan tries to comfort him whilst he breathes in and out sharply, noisily spraying out water through his gritted teeth. He calms down and starts talking rapidly, desperate to tell his tale. 'Listen carefully, stranger. I don't have long. My name is Horace Wolff. I am a stonemason. I live in a small hamlet north of Anvil. One day months ago, I returned home after delivering a gargoyle to a customer in Stonebridge to find two Spirit Stalkers waiting. The undead messengers of evil wore black hooded cloaks, and were sitting motionless on huge steeds – black stallions with fiery red eyes, with my wife standing beside them in chains! In hissing voices they warned that unless I did their bidding, I would never see Luannah again. They took her away that day, and ever since I have been carving this block of granite. This morning the Spirit Stalkers returned and summoned a Warhawk to fly me to Yaztromo's Tower! My task was to put this keystone in place there, but as we flew southwest, I realized that Allansia would be doomed if I did. I stabbed the Warhawk's foot with my chisel, hoping to make it land. But it let go of the basket and I crashed to the ground. I know my injuries are fatal and I'll never see my wife again. But I had to do it to keep Allansia safe, at least until the Spirit Stalkers come calling for their keystone. Or should I say my tombstone.' The man chuckles briefly at his own dark humour, coughs and

falls silent. You mop his fevered brow and ask him why Allansia is in danger. 'Bone. Zanbar Bone. His tower was once destroyed, and he with it, forever it was thought, but I know differently. The second coming of Bone is nigh. His loyal servant, Lord Azzur of Port Blacksand, has been plotting his return. Using arcane magic to turn Yaztromo's Tower black, and when this keystone is in place, the tower will itself summon Zanbar Bone to return from his twilight existence on the Demon Plain to rule Allansia.' Hakasan asks for more information about the man called Zanbar Bone. In an angry voice he replies, 'Man? Did I say Zanbar Bone is a man? Zanbar Bone is not a man, nor anything resembling a man. He is undead. He is the Night Prince. You must stop Bone. You must warn Yaztromo. You must get help from Nicodemus. You must rescue my wife, Luannah. You must...' But before he can finish his sentence, the stonemason's mouth falls open and his eyes widen into a fixed stare. His body stiffens as he sucks in his last gasp of air, exhaling slowly before slumping back down on the ground. 'The poor man. What a terrible curse put upon him. And what of Lord Azzur and Zanbar Bone? What does this all mean? Are we doomed? Or was he just delirious after the fall?' Hakasan asks. If you want to reply that you believe Horace's story, turn to **238**. If you want to reply that you believe he was delirious and speaking nonsense, turn to **190**.

368

The grass-covered foothills are easy enough to climb, but the going gets harder when the incline becomes steeper, and you have to avoid loose rocks and stones. Each hilltop you reach, you look eastwards hoping to catch sight of Skull Crag. Finally you see what you are looking for in the distance. It's a hill which stands above all others and, more importantly, it has a rounded top which resembles a human skull. Spurred on by the sighting, you scramble down the hill and press on. It's not long before you arrive at the entrance to a small cave at the foot of the next hill, which is still quite some distance away from Skull Crag. If you want to look inside the cave, turn to **265**. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to **236**.

369

You are not certain which way you are headed since you can't see the sun to get your bearings. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. If you want to keep going in the same direction, turn to **233**. If you want to go further right, turn to **293**.

370

You walk down the narrow tunnel for thirty metres, the light from your lantern casting eerie shadows against the rock wall. Suddenly you hear a dull rumbling sound coming from behind you. Turn to **157**.

371

Palace Street is lined with the grand houses of rich merchants and city officials, and leads into Palace Square, a picturesque tree-lined open space with flower beds and iron benches which seems strangely out of place with the rest of Port Blacksand's grim and dangerous districts. But the square was built for the enjoyment of one man for whenever he looked out from his residence you see opposite – the Palace of Lord Azzur. The imposing main building has two wings with a tall tower on both, from which the flag of Azzur flies. There are guards everywhere, but there is no sign of the two guards who absconded with Nicodemus. Suddenly a trumpet sounds loudly, a shrill call to the guards for them to stand to attention. The entrance gates open, and an opulent black-and-gold coach drawn by two black stallions drives out through the gates at speed, sliding sideways as it turns left in a cloud of dust, the coachman yelling at his steeds to go faster. You catch a glimpse of the passenger through the small window of the coach. It is somebody swathed in lavish navy blue robes with gold fastenings, his head completely wrapped in blue cloth held in place by jewelled brooches and his face totally hidden from view. It is the curse of Port Blacksand himself, Lord Azzur. The guards all stand frozen to the spot, not even daring to breathe as Lord Azzur drives by. With the entrance gates open, you realize you have the

chance to enter the palace to find Nicodemus. The guard standing nearest to you on the corner of Palace Street is still standing to attention. If you want to knock him out and take his helmet and armour to enter the palace disguised as a guard, turn to **274**. If you want to walk into the palace as you are, turn to **353**.

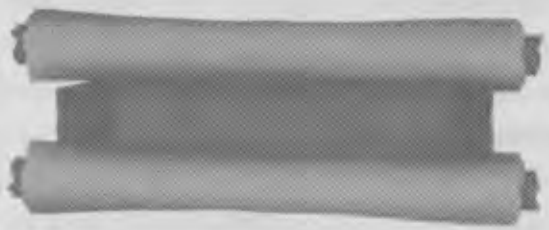

372

You search through the bandits' belongings and find two apples, a chunk of cheese wrapped in a damp cloth, a leather purse containing 2 Gold Pieces, a silver signet ring with a horseshoe engraving and a small stoppered glass bottle containing a purple-coloured liquid. You take the Gold Pieces and think about what else might be of use to you. Will you:

Eat the apple and cheese?	Turn to **266**
Try on the silver signet ring?	Turn to **141**
Drink the purple liquid?	Turn to **127**

373

You draw your sword and jump down. You land heavily on the ground, twisting your ankle. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You do not have time to think before the slavering attack dogs pounce. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First ATTACK DOG	*6*	*6*
Second ATTACK DOG	*6*	*7*

If you win, turn to **219**.

374

The bridge is narrow, forcing you to dismount and lead Stormheart on foot across it. You are almost halfway across when you hear the creaking sound of ropes straining on pulleys, as if pulled by invisible hands. The section of the flooring beneath your feet suddenly gives way, and you fall through the open trapdoor and land awkwardly with a splash in the cold water of Catfish River. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point and two items from your backpack. Stormheart gazes down through the open trapdoor, watching you drift downriver. You swim over to the north bank and climb out. You whistle to Stormheart to jump over the trapdoor on the bridge and trot over to you. Whilst you are drying yourself out, Stormheart drinks from the river and grazes on the lush grasses nearby. Annoyed by the unnecessary delay, you set off west again at a fast gallop, with the high city wall surrounding Port Blacksand just visible in the distance. The closer you get, the more you see of the dark rooftops and stark buildings jutting above the wall. You arrive an hour later at a small village of no more than a dozen thatch-roofed cottages just east of Port Blacksand. The villagers are weaving wicker baskets out of the long reeds that grow on the riverbank to sell them in the market in Port Blacksand. They stare at you as you pass by, in awe of your noble stallion. You are greeted by a smiling lady standing on her porch in front of a stack of wicker baskets. She is wearing a brightly coloured headscarf and a white apron over her long dress. 'Welcome to Flax,' she says in a jolly voice. 'My name's Cris. How can I help you?' You reply, saying you are on your way to Port Blacksand, whereupon her eyebrows rise in mild surprise. 'The thieves there will be pleased to see you. They love taking money from people of your ilk, all la-di-da on your big horse! If I were you, I'd hire a boat from my husband and row downriver and slip into Port Blacksand unnoticed. We can look after your horse while you're gone.' If you want to hire a boat to row to Port Blacksand, turn to **41**. If you want to turn down her offer and ride to the main city gates on Stormheart, turn to **264**.

375

A search of the cave yields nothing more than an old clay pot with a cracked lid. If you want to look inside the pot, turn to **51**. If you would rather leave the cave and press on towards Skull Crag, turn to **236**.

376

You lift the lid of the wooden chest and see that it is filled with lots of wooden boxes, all with the same ornately carved lid featuring a beetle motif identical to the one you found. You are convinced you have found Gurnard Jaggle's home, and the hot soup on the stove suggests to you that he is still very much alive. Hakasan agrees, saying, 'Maybe we should wait here until he returns?' If you want to wait for Gurnard Jaggle to appear, turn to **280**. If you would rather leave the tree house and carry on towards Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **251**.

377

You place your swords and backpacks on the ground, and as you turn to walk away, you hear the twang of bowstrings being released, and the whistle of arrows flying through the air. Roll one die. This is the number of arrows that strike you, with the minimum number being two. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points for each arrow that finds its mark. If you are still alive, turn to **76**.

378

The one-armed beggar looks at you quizzically and says, 'Did you say Gurnard Jaggle? I do know him. He was quite a character, was old Gurnard. He loved gold. For years he panned for gold in rivers and streams but didn't find a single nugget. He had a brief stint as a gold miner with the same result. Then he tried treasure hunting and mostly failed at that. He once found a small treasure chest in a cave but was robbed of the gold on his way back home. This made him angry, and he became very jealous of people who did find gold. One day he went a bit mad and started making booby-trapped boxes, placing them in caves and dungeons where treasure hunters might go searching. They say one unlucky adventurer died an untimely death after opening one of Gurnard's boxes. A friend of mine told me that Gurnard left Chalice a few months ago with a sackful of his deadly boxes and was never seen again, and is presumed dead. Beware of any wooden box you find with ornately carved lids and a beetle motif in the middle. It's likely to be one of Gurnard's specials!' You thank him for the information. If you want to show your map to the beggars, turn to **13**. If you would rather wish them well and walk on, turn to **311**.

379

The mention of Zanbar Bone turns Luannah's sadness into anger, and she starts cursing his name, blaming him for her husband's death before falling silent again. You row on in silence, with everybody lost in their own thoughts. Suddenly a large crow swoops down and lands on the bow of the boat, cawing loudly. 'Hello, Vermithrax. How are you?' Nicodemus says calmly. 'Fine, thanks,' the crow squawks in reply. You are surprised to hear the crow speaking perfect Allansian. Nicodemus explains that Vermithrax is Yaztromo's companion, named after his mentor, the archmage Vermithrax Moonchaser. 'And how is Yaztromo?' continues Nicodemus. 'Not so good,' the crow replies with its head tilted to one side. 'Yaztromo sent me here to tell you that the outside walls of his tower are now black from the ground all the way up to the fourth floor, and he predicts his tower will be completely black by tomorrow. A Warhawk landed on top of the tower this morning carrying the black keystone which it put in place on the edge of the parapet. Yaztromo is distraught that he was unable to move it. The final piece of bad news is that Skeletons have been gathering in Darkwood Forest, and are now moving slowly towards the Tower.' Nicodemus tells Vermithrax to tell Yaztromo that help is on its way. The crow squawks and flies off east. 'In the morning when the tower turns black, Zanbar Bone

will return. The sorcery that destroyed him when he was a Night Prince would fail if he returns as a Demon Prince. How are we going to defeat him?' Nicodemus says, as though talking to himself, ruefully tapping his fingers on the side of the boat. 'If only I still had my special ring.' If you have the Ring of Burning Snakes in your possession, turn to **6**. If you do not have the ring, turn to **309**.

380

It is a finely crafted chain-mail coat and it fits you perfectly. Add 1 *SKILL* point. Pleased with your find, you walk on. Turn to **69**.

381

Hakasan looks sad, and says, 'Why did you say you were his enemy? His voice sounded quite friendly to me. Don't you think we should have spoken to him first? He might have been able to help us. Why was he calling out the name Bigleg? I wonder who he is. I guess we'll never know. We must bury him quickly and hurry on to Yaztromo's.' Turn to **246**.

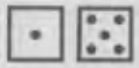

382

Poking through the innards of the Lavaworm with the tip of your sword, you find a copper necklace with a circular copper name tag with the initials *MG* etched on it lying in the pool of green slime – no doubt the initials of some poor soul who came to the caves in search of gold but ended up as food for the Lavaworm. If you want to wear the necklace, turn to **57**. If you would rather leave it where it is and inspect the iron chest, turn to **212**.

383

You reach a section of the forest where the trees are closely packed together, making it difficult to see very far ahead. You walk on and almost stumble into a rope ladder which is suspended from an old oak tree. You look up to see that the rope ladder is hanging down from an open hatch of a large wooden tree house. You call out but there is no reply. You step warily on to the rope ladder and climb slowly up through the open trapdoor. You find yourself in a square room which serves as an all-in-one living room, bedroom and kitchen. There is nobody at home and you give the all-clear sign for Hakasan to climb up the rope ladder to join you. There is a wooden bed covered with animal furs in the corner of the far right-hand wall in front of which stands a large wooden chest with a beetle carving on the lid. A pan of vegetable soup is simmering on top of a small wood-burning stove. In the centre of the room there are two chairs tucked under a table, which has a candle glued to a skull welded to the table by thick lines of melted wax. Shelves fixed to the right-hand wall are lined with old leather-bound books kept upright by more animal skulls used as bookends. You cannot help but notice an unpleasant smell like rotten cabbage filling the room. Will you:

Drink the soup?	Turn to **84**
Look at the books?	Turn to **331**
Open the wooden chest?	Turn to **376**

If you don't want to stay in the tree house and would rather leave to continue your journey to Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **251**.

384

Shelves behind the shop counter are filled with gauntlets, helmets, axes, daggers and arrows, and the walls are covered with shields. Plate and chain-mail suits of armour stand against the right-hand wall. There is a glass case standing on the left side of the counter in which a magnificent sword is displayed, probably the finest you have ever seen in your life. The wide doorway behind the counter has a chain-mail curtain which is suddenly pushed aside by a hairy hand the size of a large ham. An enormous one-eyed creature steps through the curtains to stand behind the counter, leaning on it with its massive hands. 'Can I help you?' the CYCLOPS says with a smile, revealing a row of sharp spiked teeth. You point at the display case and ask if the sword is for sale. 'I'm sorry, this One-Eye is sold and awaiting collection. I could put you down for a new one if you would like to leave a deposit of 25 Gold Pieces? It should be ready in about three years. If that is too long for you to wait, might I suggest you buy one of my Demon Daggers for 10 Gold Pieces?' Will you:

Buy a Demon Dagger?	Turn to **195**
Attack the Cyclops to get the sword?	Turn to **171**
Leave the shop and walk to the end of Armoury Lane?	Turn to **33**

385

You see a well-worn studded leather gauntlet nestling in the undergrowth to the left of the path. It is damp and covered with mildew. If you want to try it on, turn to **270**. If you would rather leave it where it is and carry on, turn to **146**.

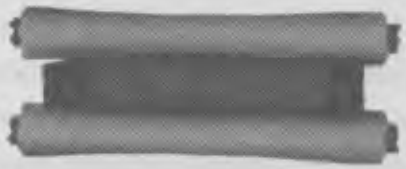

386

The howling gale is relentless and builds into a violent storm. The *Blue Marlin* struggles to climb each mountainous wave before surfing down the other side and crashing into the waiting trough. It is impossible to make good headway under sail, even with Mungo pulling hard on the tiller to keep his boat on course. You frantically bail water out of the boat with a bucket, but realize you are fighting a losing battle. Suddenly an enormous rogue wave crashes down on to the decks, sweeping you off your feet and washing you overboard into the sea. You can only watch helplessly as the *Blue Marlin* sails on, riding the giant waves of the storm. There is nothing Mungo can do to steer back to you, and once out of view, there is little hope of survival. Your adventure is over.

387

Making her escape, the girl snakes her way quickly through the crowded market. You run after her and grab her arm. She spins around, glaring at you fiercely, and manages to wriggle free. You calmly tell the girl to give you the pouch and that will be the end of the matter. She spits at you and slides her hand inside her smock to pull a knife from a hidden sheath. Seeing her move, you grab her wrist and take her knife from her, telling her to give you the pouch. 'Help!' she screams at the top of her voice. 'Help! I'm being robbed!' A crowd of people quickly gathers around you, several of them with daggers drawn. You try to protest your innocence, but with a knife in your hand, the crowd is having none of it. Nobody knows who you are. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **88**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **343**.

388

You feel very weak after your combat with the Scorpion Bug, and stand hunched over with your hands resting on your knees, panting heavily, deciding what to do next. Not wishing to go back to Hakasan empty-handed, you decide to go back to the tree house in the hope of finding something useful. It is late afternoon by the time you finally find it, but at least you get there without any further incidents. You climb up the rope ladder and look around the room.

You see that there is a drawer in the table which you hadn't noticed earlier, and pull it open to find a small wooden box with a plain lid. You shake the box and hear something rattling inside. If you want to open the box, turn to **161**. If you would rather leave it in the drawer and look for something else, turn to **189**.

389

You place the box in your backpack and walk over to the back of the cave, which you see is a dead end. You realize you have no option but to retrace your steps back to the outside world. You cross the cave floor and head back along the tunnel you came down. You soon arrive at a junction. If you want to go left, turn to **177**. If you want to go straight on, turn to **316**.

390

'Not so fast,' one of the Trolls says in a threatening tone, barring your way. 'Nobody enters the palace carrying weapons. Give them to me, and let Stinkfoot look inside your backpack.' The Troll called Stinkfoot grips your sword arm with an enormous green hand and says gruffly, 'Don't get any funny ideas. Just hand Twoteeth your sword nice and easy like.' If you want to comply with their demands, turn to **192**. If you want to try bribing the Trolls, turn to **5**.

391

You find a small cloth bag nailed to the underside of one of the wooden steps. It contains a copper bracelet which has mysterious runes etched on it. If you want to put the bracelet on, turn to **85**. If you would rather leave it behind and set off again for Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

392

The helmet once belonged to a Wood Elf noble and was forged with the finest steel. It fits on your head perfectly. Add 1 *SKILL* point. A search of the leather armour yields 10 Gold Pieces and a large sparkling ruby tucked away inside a secret pocket. Add 1 *LUCK* point. Pleased with your haul, you leave the idol to continue your quest to find Yaztromo. Turn to **284**.

393

The boots were taken by a Dwarf many years ago from the body of a High Elf who died at the hands of a Shapechanger in Darkwood Forest. The Dwarf used them as payment for food and lodgings at the farmhouse, where they were put in a box and forgotten about. Despite their worn-out appearance, the boots are incredibly comfortable and have magic properties. You have found a pair of elven boots. Add 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *LUCK* point. Turn to **98**.

394

The massive boulder thunders past you and crashes into the stream, causing a huge splash of water. You scramble behind cover and look up to see two sinewy men with long straggly hair and beards standing at the top of the hill shaking their fists. They are wearing animal skins, and they are both carrying a leather bag and a quiver of arrows across their shoulders. The WILD HILL MEN reach for their bows and fire two arrows down at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **55**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **140**.

395

You pull on the oars to send the small wooden boat on its way, gliding silently downstream towards the infamous city. Catfish River runs through the middle of Port Blacksand, and you see that the city wall arches over the river to allow small river craft to pass beneath it. As you go under the arch, the river turns noticeably darker and has an unpleasant smell, polluted by rubbish and sewage dumped in it. You need no reminding of the dangers that lurk inside the city, which is run with an iron fist by Lord Azzur and his Imperial Guards, who bleed payment from all who live here. It is known as the City of Thieves for good reason, being the main port of call for every pirate and freebooter in the Western Ocean, and home to Allansia's most notorious thieves and robbers. The first landmark

you see from your boat is the high wall surrounding Lord Azzur's palace. On the opposite bank, two rowing boats are tied to an iron ring on a mooring on Axeman's Street, which leads up to Executioner's Square. Passing under Palace Bridge and Middle Bridge, you see plenty of seedy-looking characters busily going about their daily life. People are shouting at each other, and others are fighting. You hear dogs barking loudly, and the occasional shout for help, giving the port an air of dark foreboding. You pass under a third bridge, which is in a bad state of repair. It is lined with skulls on spiked poles, both human and non-human, which make eerie whistling sounds when the wind blows through them. You see a small hut underneath the bridge with steps leading down to it from above, and deduce it must be the fabled Singing Bridge where Nicodemus lives. Seeing nowhere to land your boat here, you carry on rowing, passing a row of dilapidated fishermen's cottages where women sit outside chatting, mending nets and gutting fish. At last you see the Black Lobster Tavern on the corner of Harbour Street and Lobster Wharf where the river meets the sea. The river is choppy here, and you have to row hard to reach the quay and moor up. There are three sailing ships docked in the harbour, one of them a pirate ship flying a black flag with the skull and crossbones. You jump out of the boat and walk up the ramp to where an ugly bunch of seamen and henchmen are standing. You try to push past them, but a bearded man in

a black hat shouts, 'Grab that scurvy rat. We need another galley slave for the *Flying Toucan*.' If you hold a merchant's pass, turn to **149**. If you do not have this pass, turn to **357**.

396

You take the gold charm out of your pocket and hand it to the jeweller. He inspects it very carefully under a large magnifying glass, and says, 'This is a lovely little charm, the type which may have magical properties. I'm surprised you want to sell it. It's the sort of thing old Gurnard Jaggle was always searching for but never found! I'll give you 10 Gold Pieces for it.' If you want to accept his offer, turn to **214**. If you would rather say no to his offer and leave the jeweller's to walk to the end of the street, turn to **82**.

397

You cleave your sword through the thin membrane of the Sporeball like a knife through butter, splitting it in two. You are immediately consumed by a cloud of spore-filled dust, and breathe some of it in, which makes you cough violently. You drop to your knees, clutching your throat, with your lungs feeling like they are on fire. Inhaling these spores is lethal and there is nothing you can do to stop yourself from suffocating. The Sporeball has found a new host for its spores to grow into fungal parasites. Your adventure is over.

398

You run through the tall grasses without stopping until you can run no further. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You are exhausted and have to stop to get your breath back. You take a slug of water and set off again, scanning the horizon for the elusive Chaos Warrior, but don't see anybody who looks remotely like him. You keep thinking about Hakasan, who you left injured and alone in Darkwood Forest, wondering if she is safe. It's mid-afternoon by the time you arrive at Largo, a small village on the banks of Catfish River west of Darkwood Forest. The villagers are friendly river folk, who spend their days ferrying people and goods up and down Catfish River on their flat-bottomed boats. You walk round the village asking everybody you meet if they have seen a Chaos Warrior in the vicinity. The replies are negative until one very tall and stocky man by the name of Onx tells you that his cousin was paid 5 Gold Pieces to take a Chaos Warrior to Port Blacksand earlier in the day. 'My cousin was too frightened to say no to him. I can ferry you to Port Blacksand for 2 Gold Pieces if you wish?' the boatman says in a friendly voice. If you want to accept his offer, turn to **303**. If you would rather decline his offer and head back to find Hakasan, turn to **9**.

399

You look up at the hole and suddenly feel something cold and wet land on your face. It's not water but a jelly-like substance which begins to burn your skin. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You step away from under the hole as another globule drips down on to the floor with a dull plop. You hurriedly pour water from your flask over your face to wash off the flesh-eating green slime as a gelatinous blob appears in the hole in the ceiling. Turn to **174**.

400

Before settling down to enjoy Yaztromo's hospitality, the old wizard asks you to help him to remove the Demon's keystone that blights the roof of his tower. You climb the staircase on to the roof, where all four of you use your combined strength to push the black stone to the edge of the parapet. With one mighty heave, you push it over the edge, watching it fall to the ground and break up on the rocks below. Almost immediately the creepers engulfing Yaztromo's Tower start to wither and the walls of the tower start to lighten in colour. 'This is indeed a day for celebration,' Yaztromo says cheerfully. 'Can I have your attention, please? I have an important announcement to make. I have cakes!' With that, everybody rushes downstairs to sit at the dining table to enjoy the wide selection of delicious cakes. The two wizards have not seen each other in years, and spend as much time talking as eating. By his third cake, Nicodemus is yawning a lot, and says that he feels completely drained. Yaztromo tells him he can stay at his tower for as long as likes until he recovers his strength. Yaztromo asks you where you intend to go next in search of gold and glory. Without waiting for your reply, Hakasan says, 'Maybe we should try our luck in Fang? There is a purse of 10,000 Gold Pieces to be won in Baron Sukhumvit's Trial of Champions. It should be easy after this!' You remind her that only one person is allowed to come out of Sukhumvit's dungeon alive. 'That will be me, then!' she says cheekily. Everybody laughs and raises their glass in a toast to your next adventure, wherever it may take you. Yaztromo smiles warmly, and with his glass raised, looks you in the eye and says, 'Thank you for saving my tower. And thank you from all of us for saving Allansia. Maybe you should go back to Port Blacksand to tell Lord Azzur the good news. I'm sure he'd be delighted to see you! Whatever you choose to do, good *LUCK* on your adventure, and may your *STAMINA* never fail!'

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF THE PORT OF PERIL

SKILL, STAMINA AND LUCK

To determine your *initial SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores:

- Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *SKILL* box on the Adventure Sheet.
- Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the *STAMINA* box.
- Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *LUCK* box.

SKILL reflects your swordsmanship and fighting expertise; the higher the better. *STAMINA* represents your strength; the higher your *STAMINA*, the longer you will survive. *LUCK* represents how lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

SKILL, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores change constantly during an adventure, so keep an eraser handy. You must keep an accurate record of these scores. But never rub out your *initial scores*. Although you may receive additional

SKILL, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* points, these totals may never exceed your *initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when instructed on a particular page.

BATTLES

When you are told to fight a creature, you must resolve the battle as described below. First record the creature's *SKILL* and *STAMINA* scores (as given on the page) in an empty *Monster Encounter Box* on your Adventure Sheet. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice for the creature. Add its *SKILL* score. This total is its Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice for yourself. Add your current *SKILL*. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. Whose Attack Strength is higher? If your Attack Strength is higher, you have wounded the creature. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher, it has wounded you. (If both are the same, you have both missed – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.)
4. If you wounded the creature, subtract 2 points from its *STAMINA* score. You may use *LUCK* here to do additional damage (see "Using Luck in Battles" below).
5. If the creature wounded you, subtract 2 points from your *STAMINA* score. You may use *LUCK* to minimize the damage (see below).

6. Make the appropriate changes to either the creature's or your own *STAMINA* scores (and your *LUCK* score if you used *LUCK*) and begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6).
7. This continues until the *STAMINA* score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

LUCK

Sometimes you will be told to *Test Your Luck*. As you will discover, using *LUCK* is a risky business. The way you *Test Your Luck* is as follows:

Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current *LUCK* score, you have been *Lucky*. If the number rolled is higher than your current *LUCK* score, you have been *Unlucky*. The consequences of being *Lucky* or *Unlucky* will be found on the page. Each time you *Test Your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current *LUCK* score. So the more you rely on luck, the more risky this becomes.

USING LUCK IN BATTLES

In battles, you always have the option of using your *LUCK* either to score a more serious wound on a creature, or

to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just scored on you.

IF YOU HAVE JUST WOUNDED THE CREATURE: you may *Test Your Luck* as described below. If you are *Lucky,* subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's *STAMINA* score (i.e., 4 instead of 2 normally). But if you are *Unlucky,* you must restore 1 point to the creature's *STAMINA* (so instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now only scored 1).

IF THE CREATURE HAS JUST WOUNDED YOU: you can *Test Your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, restore 1 point of your *STAMINA* (i.e., instead of doing 2 points of damage, it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, subtract 1 extra *STAMINA* point.

Don't forget to subtract 1 point from your *LUCK* score each time you *Test Your Luck.*

RESTORING SKILL. STAMINA AND LUCK

SKILL

Occasionally, a page may give instructions to alter your skill score. A Magic Weapon may increase your *SKILL*, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time!

You cannot claim 2 *SKILL* bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your *SKILL* score can never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your *SKILL* to its initial level at any time.

STAMINA AND PROVISIONS

Your *STAMINA* score will change a lot during the adventure. As you near your goal, your *STAMINA* level may become dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

You start the game with enough Provisions for ten meals. A separate *Provisions Remaining* box is provided on the Adventure Sheet for recording details of Provisions. You may eat only *one* meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your *STAMINA* score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Don't forget that your *STAMINA* score many never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your *STAMINA* to its *initial* level at any time.

LUCK

You will find additions to your *LUCK* score awarded when you have been particularly *Lucky*. Remember that, as with *SKILL* and *STAMINA*, your *LUCK* score may never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your *LUCK* to its *initial* level at any time, and increase your *initial* luck by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You start your adventure with a sword, leather armour, a shield and a backpack containing Provisions for the trip. But you will find lots more items as the adventure unfolds.

You may also take a magic potion which will aid you on your quest. Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure; i.e., it can only be used *once* during an adventure. Choose ONE of the following:

- A Potion of Skill – restores *SKILL* points
- A Potion of Strength – restores *STAMINA* points
- A Potion of Fortune – restores *LUCK* points and adds 1 to *initial LUCK*

These potions may be taken at any time during the adventure. Taking a measure of potion will restore *SKILL*, *STAMINA* or *LUCK* scores to their *initial* level. The Potion of Fortune will increase your *initial LUCK* score by 1 point and restore *LUCK* to this new *initial* level.

HINTS ON PLAY

It will probably take you several attempts to make your way through *The Port of Peril*. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be useful in future adventures and help you identify unexplored areas.

Not all locations contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures. There are many "wild-goose chase" passages, and while you may progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will win.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL

STAMINA

LUCK

EQUIPMENT

GOLD

TREASURE

PROVISIONS

MONSTER ENCOUNTERS

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ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL

STAMINA

LUCK

EQUIPMENT

GOLD

TREASURE

PROVISIONS

MONSTER ENCOUNTERS

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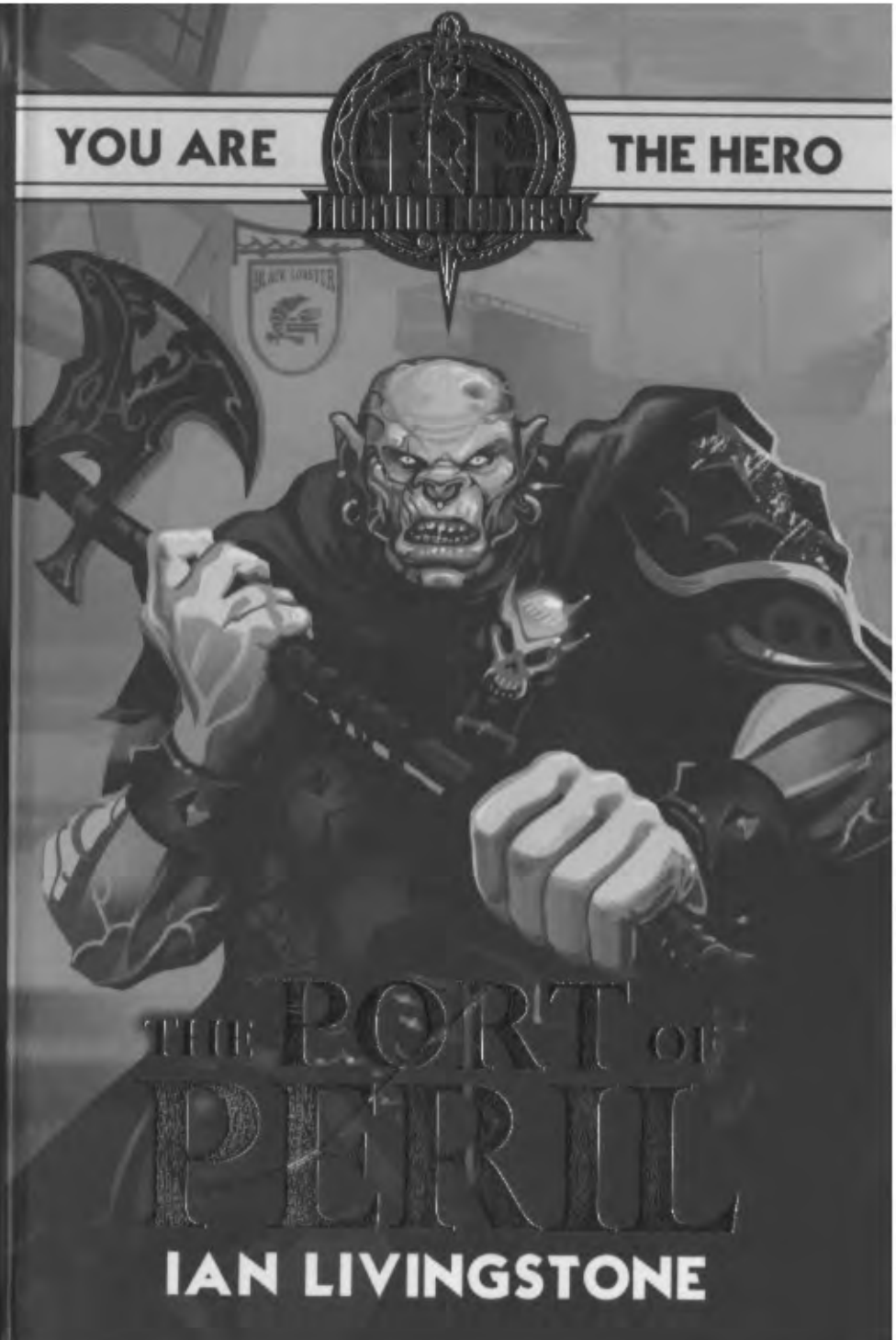

THE PORT OF PERIL

IAN LIVINGSTONE

THE TRIGGER

THE LIE THAT CHANGED THE WORLD – WHO REALLY DID IT AND WHY

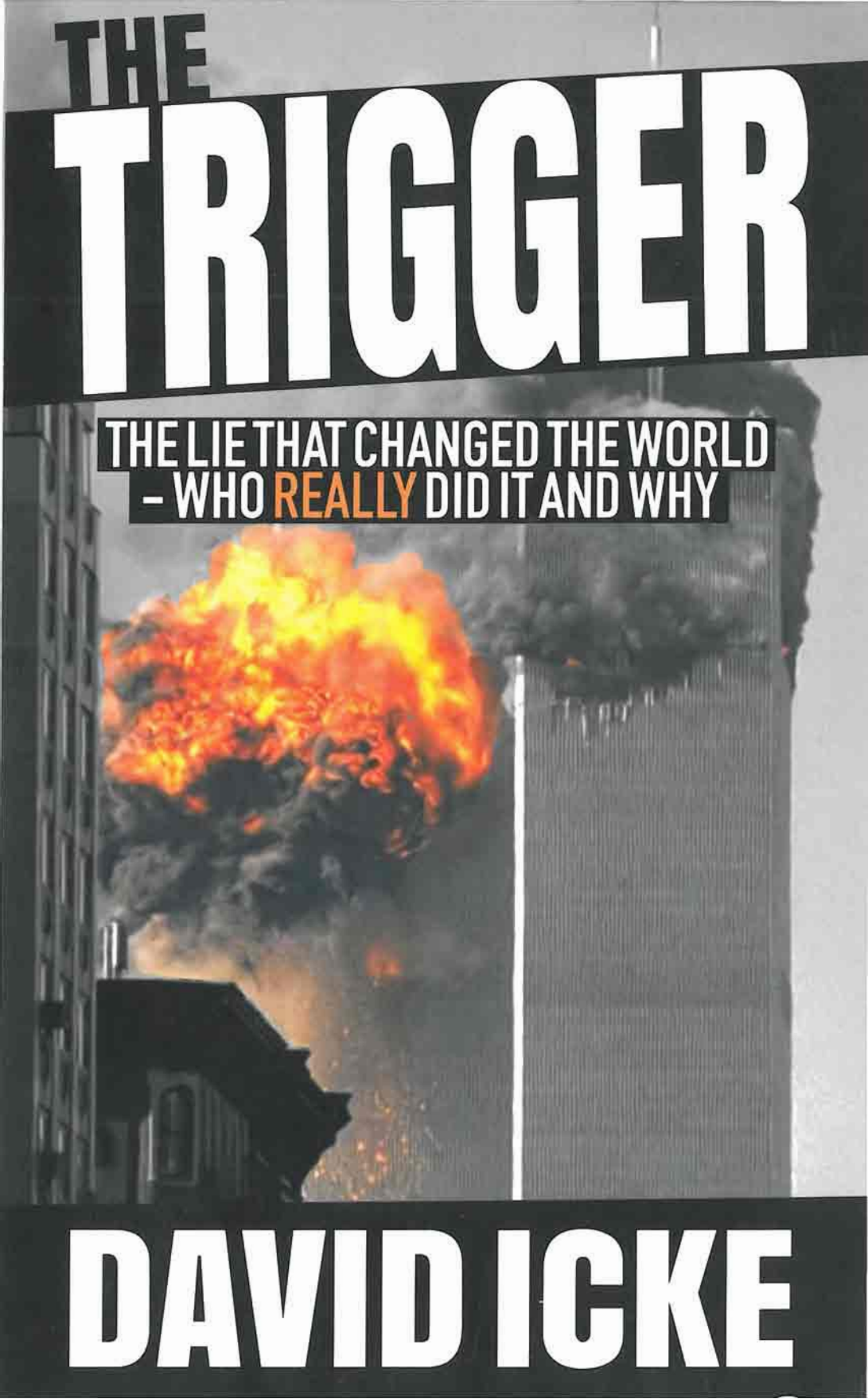

DAVID ICKE

THE TRIGGER

EXPOSING THE LIE THAT CHANGED THE WORLD – WHO *REALLY* DID IT AND WHY

ickonic
publishing

First published in September 2019.

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publishing

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Cover Design: Gareth Icke

British Library Cataloguing-in
Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is
available from the British Library

ISBN 978-1-9160258-0-6

Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY

THE TRIGGER

EXPOSING THE LIE THAT CHANGED THE WORLD – WHO *REALLY* DID IT AND WHY

DAVID ICKE

Dedication:

To all those who lost their lives on September 11th and to their loved ones left behind.

To all those who have lost their lives in the 'war on terror' and to their loved ones left behind.

To all those truly behind 9/11 – may you one day have mercy on your *own* soul.

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THE LIFE STORY OF DAVID ICKE

RENEGADE

THE FEATURE LENGTH FILM

/ˈren·ɪˌgeɪd/

noun

a person who abandons the religious, political, or philosophical beliefs that he or she used to have, and accepts opposing or different beliefs.

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'Twas always so ...

Why of course the people don't want war. Why should some poor slob on a farm want to risk his life in a war when the best he can get out of it is to come back to his farm in one piece? Naturally the common people don't want war: neither in Russia, nor in England, nor for that matter in Germany. That is understood.

But, after all, it is the leaders of the country who determine the policy and it is always a simple matter to drag the people along, whether it is a democracy, or a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship ... Voice or no voice, the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked, and denounce the peacemakers for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in any country.

Nazi Hermann Goering

The Answer

When humanity remembers we are all one consciousness having different experiences the illusional fault-lines that divide us will fall and peace will come.

David Icke

The Answer

What is needed is the right to print what one believes to be true, without having to fear bullying or blackmail from any side.

George Orwell

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What happened on September 11th?

Ask Alice ...

Nothing would be what it is,
Because everything would be what it isn't.
And contrary-wise – what it is, it wouldn't be.
And what it wouldn't be, it would.
You see?

Lewis Carroll

Eyes Wide Shut

We ought to be thankful not for our eyes but for our ability to see
– Mokokoma Mokhonoana

The highly-symbolic title of director Stanley Kubrick's final film is a good place to start with an exposure of the extraordinary Mega-Lie that is the official story of what happened on September 11th, 2001.

Two years before the 9/11 attacks Kubrick's last movie was released with its strange inverted title which said everything about human society in three short words: *Eyes Wide Shut*. Okay, eyes can't be literally wide shut, but they can be open and see nothing which is the same in outcome and consequence. I have written at length in other books about the life-long perceptual download imposed through 'education', media and peer-pressure which programs people to sleep-walk through life seeing only what they are told to see and thinking only what they are told to think. This doesn't apply to everyone, of course, but enough to allow a very few to dictate the lives of the very many by hijacking individual and collective perception and manipulating the subsequent myopia that can enslave a mind for life. Downloading a perception of what happened on 9/11to great swathes of the human population has been essential to the transmutation of global society that we have seen in its wake. If more human eyes had been wide-open instead of wide-shut this would not have been possible. The attacks of September 11th were the perceptual trigger that launched a sequence of events still unfolding that are transforming the world into an Orwellian state. Therefore, this book will be both exposing the Big Lie of 9/11 and putting those catastrophic events within the context of a vastly bigger picture of human control – a context in which perception is all.

Never has incessant perceptual programming been more obvious than today with fascistic/communistic screaming mobs driving the mass censorship of political correctness and insisting that you either agree with them or be intimidated and abused into silence by those who believe they are the 'progressive' chosen who have the right to edit, censor and dictate the lives of everyone else. I say fascistic/communistic

because I see fascism and communism as basically masks on the same face, terms for the same thing. Both are centralised tyrannies and the detail is simply window-dressing. I'm sure Russians would have felt so much better if they had been under Hitler's mass-killing fascist control and Germans the same under Russia's mass-killing Karl Marx-inspired communism. The extreme 'progressive' mind-set seeking to impose its will on society today through the deletion of free speech and opinion is only Marxism wearing a very thinly-veiled disguise. Marxism ('left') and fascism ('right') share techniques of control and manipulation because they are both tyrannies and so use the same *tools* of tyranny. Here you have the reason why extreme 'progressives' (Marxists) employ classic techniques of fascism while claiming to be 'anti-fascist'. Marxism was the creation of the banking and business elite to fool the masses into handing over power to a 'government of the people' controlled by ... the banking and business elite. Karl Marx was the elite's man as will become very clear. This is why 'radical', 'anti-establishment progressives' are cheered on today by mega-rich owners of giant corporations who censor opposing views on their behalf. This is why 'arch-capitalist' billionaires such as George Soros hand over tens of billions to parties and organisations promoting a Marxist society under the smokescreen of 'progressive' and 'social justice'. Marxism is not and never was an ideology to throw off human oppression but an ideology to impose oppression for the benefit of the elite it is supposed to be designed to overthrow. Transformation of society via the conflict of the Marxist 'class struggle' has been replaced by the conflict of the Marxist 'self-identity struggle'. Self-identity is the new 'class' and as ever more self-identities are systematically invented so the potential for 'struggle' between them is constantly expanded. Playing one group off against another is still the technique of the New Marxism and only the names and forms of division have changed. Self-identity struggle replacing class struggle has removed the divisions between masses and elite because now if the elite support your self-identity struggle they are 'on your side' and no longer oppressors. Of course they *are* still oppressors, but they are not perceived as such while they appear to share the same goals or what are today called 'values'. Thus a multi-billionaire financial manipulator like George Soros becomes a hero of the 'progressive' (fake) left in ways that would never have happened before when class was the source of division and not, as now, self-identity. Ongoing transformation through conflict and the destruction of cohesive community including the family unit are classic Marxism (Elite-ism) on the road to a global state of total and merciless centralised control. September 11th was an historic day on that nightmare journey because of where it has led us so quickly and exposing the lies on which the 9/11 narrative is founded is a historic day in changing direction.

Control is not about what is true or not true; it's about what the target population can be manipulated to *believe* is true. Purveyors and promotors of a Marxist/fascistic society can be manipulated to believe they are anti-fascist, anti-establishment 'radicals' while building a world that gifts power over the many to the very, very few. They will think they are seeking equality while preparing the way for extreme and systematic inequality – precisely what is happening day after crazy day. The imposition of belief I am describing here can most certainly be seen in the case of 9/11 and the scale of perceptual programming involved is made even more extraordinary by the evidence that I will present to expose the official story as a work of utter fiction. A more obvious lie – or indeed mountains of them – would be hard to imagine and the same with blatant contradictions and impossibilities that include the suspension of the laws of physics. Yet somehow this global fairy tale has survived largely intact all these years in the perceptions of the populous – or many of them, anyway, *far* from all. There are a number of reasons for this. One is that people overwhelmingly get their information (thus perceptions) from mainstream sources where government narratives dominate and by their very nature mainstream organisations employ mainstream minds. Most of these are so completely enslaved they actually think they are free. As Johann Wolfgang von Goethe said: 'None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free.' Mainstream minds are mantra-minds battered into submission by the constant repetition of official reality, but still convinced they are free because of either self-delusion or in a desperate bid to retain some self-respect and avoid facing the truth that the state is in their head.

'Progressive journalist' George Monbiot at the London *Guardian* rails against 9/11 'conspiracy theorists' with comments that include: 'Why do I bother with these morons?' He accepts the official story of 9/11 while bizarrely believing he's somehow anti-establishment and a 'radical thinker'. Does he know that those who told us the official version of 9/11 were the *same people* who lied about weapons of mass destruction in Iraq to justify a catastrophic war? Does he know that experts from a stream of relevant professions have created organisations to highlight the lies, miracles and inconsistencies of the official garbage? They include Pilots for 9/11 Truth; Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth; Firefighters for 9/11 Truth; Scientists for 9/11 Truth; Intelligence Officers for 9/11 Truth; Military Officers for 9/11 Truth; Veterans for 9/11 Truth; Medical Professionals for 9/11 Truth; Scholars for 9/11 Truth; Political Leaders for 9/11 Truth; Lawyers' Committee for 9/11 Inquiry and more. Does he know that the terms 'conspiracy theory' and 'conspiracy theorists' came into widespread use as a form of abuse and dismissal after the CIA contacted major media organisations in 1967 to urge them to use those labels to discredit anyone exposing the official story of the

Kennedy assassination? Too right – we must discredit those strange, misguided nutters who didn't buy the claim that a single bullet went through several people while changing direction at crazy angles or that a bullet which so clearly came from the front and hit Kennedy in the forehead miraculously came from behind. Do we have U-turn bullets now, then? Does Monbiot and his media mind-set think the CIA took that action to protect the truth about what happened to Kennedy or to protect the lie they were seeking to sell? Yet here we are all these decades later with the mantra-minds of the mainstream media simply repeating as a form of abuse the very terms circulated for its own ends by the CIA. How pathetic is that?

It really is a head-shaker to see how the so-called 'progressive left' is the most resistant of all to questioning 9/11 and statements by the very authorities they claim to be challenging. My God, what's going on in there? You can't trust authority except when they tell you what to believe about a world-changing event which triggered a sequence of other events that have left millions dead and injured, countries turned asunder and shredded civil liberties and basic freedoms across the globe. It must be sheer coincidence that this very sequence of human catastrophe and censorship had been provably planned for decades and by September, 2001, only the excuse to launch the sequence remained to be found. The stance of these 'progressive' system-servers goes like this: 'You crazies who question, think for yourself and don't have a naivety addiction, should shut up and leave the revolution to those of us who live in the real world.' Or, as Alexander Cockburn at the 'progressive' *Counterpunch.org* put it: 'The Conspiracy Nuts have combined to produce a huge distraction.' But from what, pray – that the state tells us the truth? David Corn at the 'progressive' AlterNet website urged readers to stop sending him emails 'suggesting, or flat-out stating, the CIA and the US government were somehow involved in the horrific September 11 attack.' Corn was adamant: ' ... the notion that the US government either detected the attacks but allowed them to occur, or, worse, conspired to kill thousands of Americans to launch a war-for-oil in Afghanistan is absurd.' This is what I mean by terminal naivety – terminal in the sense of being the death knell of real change, real justice and real comprehension. I would say to this mind-set before we start: You will never change the world until you understand how it works and unless you open your eyes-wide-shut you never will.

The rhetoric of the Monbiots, Cockburns and Corns is not based on whether something is right or wrong, happened or didn't happen, but is simply a reflection of their capacity or incapacity to *perceive* that it could happen. This or that could not have happened because my imagination cannot *perceive* the possibility. Er, that's it. Facts should lead perception. Instead people allow the limits of their own imagination to dictate their

sense of the possible and what they believe to be 'real'. I cannot imagine what you say is happening and so it can't be happening. This arrogance of ignorance holds humanity in ongoing perceptual, thus 'physical', servitude. Are we really to be imprisoned in our sense of the possible by the limits of a *Guardian* or *Counterpunch* mind? Or by some professionally-biased joker at CNN or the BBC? Now *that* would be absurd. Day after day, hour by hour, you see mainstream 'journalists' of every background making definitive statements about subjects and situations they know absolutely nothing about because they have never crossed the perceptual Rubicon to breach the illusions of the box or bubble they have allowed to define them. This myopic perspective then blocks all motivation to research possibility beyond the mantra-norms because why would you research something that your software mind tells you cannot be? Why in this perceptual Alcatraz would you take seriously or show respect to those who *do* seek out truth in realms of possibility that you cannot imagine? Therefore: 'I cannot conceive that what they are saying is true, so it can't be true, and they must be weirdos and crazies' – Monbiot's 'morons' and Cockburn's 'Conspiracy Nuts'. The mentality of *I am right* and so anyone saying something different must by definition be wrong is a human disease now reaching epidemic proportions across global society. Such self-inflicted perceptual ignorance among the media masses of *all* shades in this unquestioning *'I am right'* society creates a dependency on official pronouncements which they can only repeat and call it 'news' and 'journalism'. They have no idea what is really going on and so have no questions that would reveal and uncover the lies and deceit. How can the clueless question the ruthless and come out with the truth? This is even more so when their continuing income depends on conformity to 'norms' and not free thought and investigation.

The dictionary definition of 'conspiracy' is 'a secret agreement made between two or more people or groups to do something bad or illegal that will harm someone else.' On that basis there are conspiracies everywhere in government, banking, business, intelligence agencies, the military, and every-day experience. Lies about weapons of mass destruction in Iraq to justify mass murder that wouldn't otherwise have happened is *not a conspiracy*? The same people who told us those lies that have killed and maimed millions would not kill 3,000 on 9/11 and then lie about it? The very idea that anyone would do this is 'absurd'? *Why* – because the dead were mostly Americans and Americans wouldn't do that to Americans? You think that psychopaths that kill millions without a second thought care about little details like the birthplace of their victims? Blimey, the childlike naivety is breathtaking and, anyway, who said that the 9/11 conspiracy was only perpetrated by Americans? I certainly don't – as we will see – and I am not talking

about Muslims either. Irony of ironies ... what is the *official* story of 9/11 except a *conspiracy theory* and a crazy one at that? A theory that includes incompetent pilots of one-engine planes miraculously flying wide-bodied jets in ways that pilots who have flown them for decades say they could not have done; a theory that depends on the suspension of the laws of physics for the buildings to collapse as they did without the use of explosives. You will see as we proceed that there is no provable evidence that the alleged Muslim hijackers boarded those planes and some of the 'hijackers' named certainly didn't because they were still alive after the attacks. What did they do – parachute? You will further see that no provable evidence has been produced to confirm that the planes which left the airports that morning were the ones that struck the buildings and this evidence would be easy to produce from serial numbers of surviving parts if in fact they were the same aircraft. Did you know that the FBI has said there was not enough evidence against Osama bin Laden to make a case that would stand up in court? The list of such anomalies is almost endless and so are the outrageous lies of key government players on 9/11 such as Vice President Dick Cheney and Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld. But, no, the idea that a bunch of psychopaths in government would lie to you about what happened to justify a series of *very* long-planned wars and societal redirections is simply 'absurd'. What *is* absurd is the belief that even the possibility is absurd and this is the mentality that allows the few to control and direct the lives of the global population. Programmed myopia you might call it, or myopian naivety – *eyes wide shut.*

The moment I heard about the 9/11 attacks shortly after the first plane struck I was sceptical of the fast-emerging official story and the very speed with which that narrative was circulated amid the chaos and confusion was a big red flag in itself. How could they explain what happened so quickly while at the same time claiming they had absolutely no clue beforehand what was being planned? As days turned to weeks the bare-faced lies and daily contradictions confirmed that we were looking at an horrific event orchestrated by horrific people for horrific ends – which have played out ever since – and those responsible were not 19 Muslim hijackers answering to Osama bin Laden. I gave the subject most of my waking moments through what was left of 2001 and the first half of 2002 to expose the official story for the mendacious nonsense that it is. The result was the book *Alice in Wonderland and the World Trade Center Disaster – why the official story of 9/11 is a monumental lie.* It was, at least to my knowledge, the first major book challenging the full-of-holes narrative being sold to the world by every mainstream source. *'Alice'* was published a year to the month after the attacks. I began this book as an update of that one, but soon the scale of evidence researched and compiled in the two decades since the attacks by so

many dedicated people made it clear that a whole new book starting basically from scratch was necessary. *The Trigger* is, however, infinitely more than a book about 9/11. I will dot-connect information that exposes the lies and identifies the networks and people really behind what happened, but also put 9/11 in the context of what has happened since and what is happening *now*. None of the society-transforming events we have seen since 2001would have been possible in the way they have happened without the essential trigger of 9/11 which supplied the initial excuse and momentum to impose a long-planned sequence of overseas wars and domestic oppression that have literally changed the world. Indeed the world today cannot be understood without awareness of the force that was really behind the attacks of that sunny September morning. Identifying this force will take me in to seriously controversial areas, but sod it – the truth is the truth and it needs to come out.

I want to make it clear before we start that I am not seeking to prove exactly *what* happened on 9/11. There are far too many smoke and mirror diversions and cover stories to be definitive about that although we will see the themes very clearly and I will let different opinions have their say on how they believe the various elements were orchestrated and made possible. *What* happened is less important in the greater context than what *didn't* happen. I am going to show that (a) the official story *definitely* didn't happen, and (b) who and what was really behind what *did* happen. We only have to show that the official story *cannot be true* to prove the conspiracy and from that everything else will follow.

PART 1

Demolishing the official story

CHAPTER 1

Lord of the Flies

Laws, like the spider's web, catch the fly and let the hawk go free
– Spanish proverb

Human life – let alone 9/11 – cannot be understood without awareness of The Spider and The Web. I may seem to be talking metaphorically, but not really. The symbolism describes precisely the dynamic and organisational structure that allows the very few to dictate the lives of the very many and pull off attacks like those of September 11th while others get the blame.

I have written at enormous length over the last 30 years about the nature of 'The Spider' – a force that hijacked human society thousands of years ago with the goal of complete control of human perception (thus behaviour) and ultimately the assimilation of the human mind into its own. The current race to connect the human brain to Artificial Intelligence is its endgame. I have exposed all this in detail in a stream of books including *All You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* and for a deeper understanding of The Spider and its ultimate nature the information is there to be read. In most of this book I am going to stay focussed on the attacks of 9/11 and the background to who was really behind them and why. An appreciation of the basic dynamic of The Spider and The Web is, however, essential to putting those events in their wider context and to answer often-asked questions like how could anyone carry out such a massive attack on the American mainland and then make the world believe that someone else was to blame? It sounds fantastic at first hearing, but it's not – because of The Web. Standing at the centre is The Spider from where the direction of human society is dictated with its demand for the constant centralisation of power in all areas of life. The more you centralise power the more power the few at the centre have over the many, and the more power is centralised and concentrated the more power you have to centralise even quicker. The whole process therefore accelerates and that's exactly what we have seen. Humans once lived in tribes that made decisions about the tribe; then lots of tribes were brought together to form nations and countries through which a few people could then dictate to *all* the former tribes;

these nations are now being absorbed into superstates like the European Union and 'trading groups' which allow a few to dictate the lives of all the nations and all the former tribes. The overall effect of this power-grab was given a name a long time ago – globalisation – which is simply the incessant centralisation of power I am describing playing out in plain sight. I see protests about the consequences of globalisation which allows a tiny elite (currently dubbed 'the one percent') to exploit the poorest and most desperate in the human family. Yet many of the *same people* have been protesting against the 'Brexit' disconnection of Britain from the European Union. It is testament to the scale of systematic perceptual programming that they don't realise the obvious fact that globalisation and the constant and unelected centralisation of power in the EU are different expressions of the *same* agenda. This is why the all-party political class in the UK and EU bureaucrats worked so hard to block the Brexit that a public referendum voted for. More than 7.7 billion people can only be directed and dictated by a relative handful through the concentration of power because devolved diversity of decision-making would make it impossible for a few to call the shots and control the game. I have been exposing this for three decades and alerting people to where it is all meant to end. The attacks of 9/11 have allowed an enormous leap forward in this agenda – which is why they happened. This is the planned structure of global dictatorship that I first warned about here decades ago:

> A world government imposing tyrannical control over everyone everywhere on Planet Earth; a world army imposing the will of the world government on those who resist; a world central bank controlling all finance; a single global electronic currency with all cash deleted; and a microchipped population connected to a global computer system.

Look at the money situation alone and what has happened since I first wrote those words in the early 1990s. Digital money via cards and technology is taking over and cash fast disappearing from circulation. Oh, but it's so *convenient?* Really? How convenient will it be when the computers say 'no' to your digital 'money' and there is no longer cash to pay any other way? The cashless society, as I have warned from the start, is primarily about control, not finance. Digital money is only 'convenient' while cash still exists. When cash has gone what is left is only control by dictating who is allowed to use cashless money and who isn't. You want to challenge our authority? Oops, your card suddenly won't work – or your microchip as it is meant to be. We have seen the constant centralisation of power in politics, finance and military since I warned about this all those years ago and we are fast heading for a microchipped, nano-chipped population connected to Artificial

Intelligence which is planned to replace the human mind. The technological 'revolution' is another example of the famous poem *The Spider and the Fly* and the line: '"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly.' The idea from the start has been to manipulate or force the population to accept under-the-skin microchips they can see and nano-chips they cannot. People were first made addicted to technology they can hold – smartphones and tablets etc.; then came technology they could wear – Bluetooth, Apple watches and endless other gadgets; now technology is being inserted into the body as microchips which was the aim step-by-step all along. This process of addicting people to screens and introducing more and more sophisticated technology until human brains are connected to Artificial Intelligence has been coldly calculated and is moving fast towards its goal. Insiders like Google's Ray Kurzweil predict that this will be happening by 2030 and while this may not appear at first to be connected to 9/11 those attacks and their aftermath triggered a series of multiple events that have driven the speed of change across all areas of human society and led us to where we are now on the brink of total human control.

Children and the young have been prime targets because they will be the adults when AI-controlled humans will be full-blown reality unless we wake up like *now*. Human microchips are being introduced with ever-greater speed. At the time of writing more than 3,000 people in Sweden have been microchipped to interact with technology and both the British employers' organisation, the Confederation of British Industry (CBI) and Trade Unions have publicly expressed their concern at companies planning to microchip their staff. You mean that guy Icke they dubbed a 'crazy nutter' has turned out to be right? My God – some mistake, surely. How is it possible to impose and coordinate this global agenda in every country? How is it possible for political correctness – getting the population to silence itself – to be hatched in California and then go worldwide? How can the same be done with the transgender explosion which began with the premise of protecting transgender people from discrimination but has become a global phenomenon dedicated to creating widespread confusion about gender which has led to a thousands of percent increase in the number of those wishing to change from birth gender to perceived gender? The young are again the prime targets. There are big picture reasons why all this is happening that I reveal in other books, but how they can happen and be so coordinated worldwide is simple to explain: The Web. The same is true for how a relatively small number of people could plot, prepare, carry out and cover up the biggest terrorist event in history on American soil.

The Web

Human society is controlled by a hierarchy that we don't see which inflicts its will on the population through the hierarchy that we do see. They are, in fact, the same seamless hierarchy but divided into two forms – the seen and the unseen. The former is given labels such as the 'one percent', global elite, the establishment, and so on, while the latter works from the shadows through a global network of secret societies and connected groupings (Fig 1). Each 'strand' in The Web represents a secret society, semi-secret group or organisation in the world of the seen including governments and their agencies, corporations, the banking system, media etc. The strands closest to The Spider are the most exclusive secret societies which almost no one will have heard of. Many don't even have names to make them harder to uncover and track and they have among their membership those initiates deep in the shadows who know exactly what is really going on, why, and to what end. Many

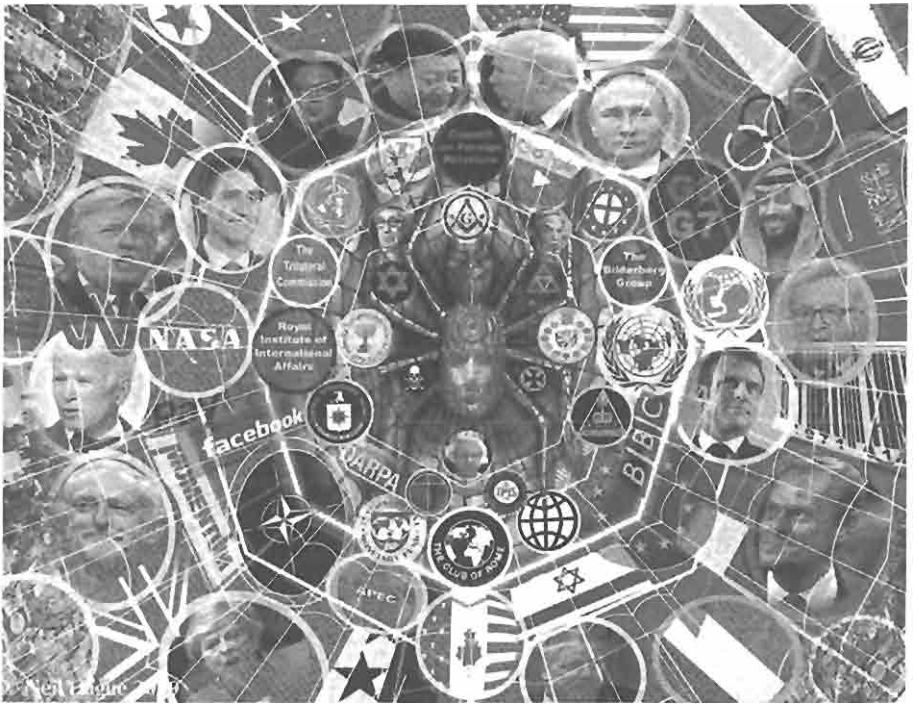

Figure 1: The Spider's Web structure that allows the Hidden Hand few to control the many. Strands around the Spider are the most exclusive secret societies and further out – still in the hidden – are the secret societies that people will have heard of, but have no idea of their agenda – the inner circles of the Freemasons, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Jesuit Order, and so on. Next are the 'cusp' organisations where the hidden meets the seen and from here the Spider's agenda plays out into mainstream society as 'random' events and decisions. The vast majority of those who actually implement the decisions have no idea there even is a Spider let alone that they are imposing its will. © Neil Hague 2019

of these names will be unknown to the public despite their power to influence events. They will certainly never have been troubled by a ballot box. Further out from The Spider, still in the unseen, we have the secret societies that most or many people will have heard of – the Freemasons, Knights of Malta, Knights Templar, Opus Dei, the inner-circle of the Jesuit Order and so many more. The last four are connected to the Roman Church which itself is a hierarchical secret society and the successor to the religion and secret society network of ancient Babylon (a key historical foundation of The Web). The inner core of Zionism (a political philosophy, not a race) is also a secret society which connects via The Web with the inner sanctums of the Roman Church and the other secret societies. No one will be more surprised to hear this than most Jewish people who are systematically kept in the dark about what Zionism really is. They think it's a political movement supporting a homeland for Jews in today's Israel, but that is only to mislead them into supporting an agenda they are not supposed to understand. Some far-seeing Jewish people – brave ones, too – have looked beyond the propaganda and worked to expose the truth while the great majority are subjected to life-long perceptual programming which is fierce and constant from the earliest age and leaves them at the mercy of the manipulators in their midst. Talk to Jewish people about how the indoctrination instils from birth a cultural self-identity 'norm' which includes the claim that the rest of world 'hates the Jews'. In fact we *don't*, but when the inner-core few want to secure the support of a majority in any situation then fear of a perceived enemy is always on page one of the training manual. I will call this inner-core elite of Zionism '*ultra*-Zionism' and later 'Revisionist Zionism'. This is the extreme and much manipulated version that is driven though secret society Zionism. The difference can be likened to mainstream Islam and the Saudi Arabia-based version called Wahhabism which manifests as crazies like ISIS or Islamic State. Mainstream Zionism and *ultra*-Zionism are absolutely not the same and no one needs to understand the difference more than the mass of Jewish people from whom this knowledge is hidden. I will be going much deeper into this background towards the end of the book and its fundamental connection to what happened on 9/11. Ultra-Zionism, a relatively modern phenomenon, wants to replace the Al-Aqsa Mosque on what Jews call Temple Mount in Jerusalem with a rebuilt 'Solomon's Temple'. You might look at the Jewish connection and say, well, I can see why they would want that. But, hold on. Rebuilding 'Solomon's Temple' on that spot has also been the goal of the Knights Templar secret society since it was established in the *12th century.* One of the major symbols of Freemasonry which emerged in its present form centuries ago are the twin pillars said to have been at the entrance to 'Solomon's Temple' (Figs 2 and 3 overleaf). Ultra-Zionism is part of a far

Figure 2: The twin pillars said to stand at the entrance to 'Solomon's Temple'.

Figure 3: The twin pillars of Solomon's Temple became the twin pillars of Freemasonry. The six-pointed 'Star of David', or hexagram, is a symbol of Saturn which will be significant much later in the book. This image is from the 'Mother Lodge' of Freemasonry in London.

bigger and more ancient picture and agenda than it appears to be and the body of Jewish people are to this day its unknowing pawns. Today's Israel with its total population of around just eight million has so much power and influence in the world because of the part played by ultra-Zionism in the global web and the connections that come not least through the House of Rothschild which largely created modern Israel in the land of Palestine in 1948. There is a point on The Web where the hidden meets the seen and I refer to this as 'The Cusp'. Here you find semi-secret groups and organisations that gather together people from American, European and global politics, intelligence, military, business, banking and media to form common policies and approaches to current events and longer term agendas for the world. These 'cusp organisations' include a group spawned by a London-based secret society called the Round Table established by the Rothschild dynasty at the end of the 19th century and headed by Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered southern Africa for gold and diamonds to add still more to his masters' phenomenal wealth (Fig 4). The Round Table was behind the 'Balfour Declaration' in 1917 when the British government formerly announced its support for a homeland for Jewish people in Palestine. The 'declaration' was actually a letter sent by Lord Arthur Balfour, British Foreign Secretary and inner circle member of the Round Table, to Lord Lionel Walter Rothschild, funder and founder of the Round Table and described as 'a leader of the British Jewish community'. You can see with this example alone how events in the seen can be so easily orchestrated from the unseen while the public are told a

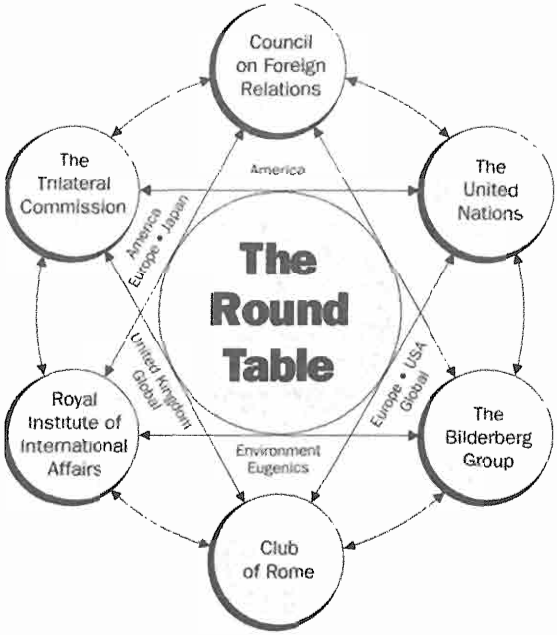

Figure 4: The London-based Rothschild Round Table secret society and the network of organisations it created both sides of the Atlantic.

very different story. Keep that in mind when we get to the details about 9/11. The Round Table created a series of cusp organisation satellites which include the following: Royal Institute of International Affairs (also known as Chatham House) in London (1920); Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) in New York (1921); Bilderberg Group (1954); Club of Rome (1968); and the Trilateral Commission (1972). The Rothschild and Rockefeller families were the major force behind their creation together with other connected elite families and they are known by various descriptions including 'non-governmental discussion groups', 'non-governmental organisations' (NGOs) and the all-encompassing title of 'think tanks'. You will see later the essential part played in 9/11 of 'think tanks' which are a means to group together like-minded people in pursuit of a common outcome while also persuading necessary outsiders to come to your view of what should be done. In this way think tanks are incredibly influential in manipulating policies decided in the hidden to become public reality. This Round Table cusp network was also responsible for the establishment of the United Nations which is a stalking horse for fully-fledged world government. The Rothschild-Rockefeller-dominated Council on Foreign Relations has been a major manipulating force behind United States foreign policy from 1921 to present day. America's delegation at the founding of the UN included 74 of its members making it what one insider called 'a roll call of the CFR'. The land on which the UN building stands in New York was donated by the Rockefellers such was the determination of The Web to establish a global body which they could eventually transform into world government. The Bilderberg Group has been behind so much manipulation of European, American and world affairs. It was intimately involved in the creation of the European Union as it replaced the former Common Market and in the

introduction of the single-currency euro as so many European countries replaced their own unique version of money (a major step on the road to a single global currency). A secret society that works closely with the Bilderberg Group is Le Cercle which will later become relevant to 9/11. Another cusp entity to mention is the Club of Rome established in 1968 with the specific task of exploiting environmental issues to justify global transformation in line with The Spider agenda and from this has come the human-caused 'global warming' hoax which is being used to do just that. Greenpeace co-founder Patrick Moore described it as 'the greatest scam in history', but he's a rare sane voice in the mob-rule that the environmental movement has become. American meteorologist Joe Bastardi said that billions of years of climate fluctuations are being judged by the time equivalent of six seconds in the life of an 80-year-old. 'It's like one scene in a movie of five seconds determining the whole movie.' The overwhelming contribution to 'greenhouse gases' comes from water vapour and clouds and the majority of carbon dioxide (without which we'd all be dead) is naturally-occurring (Fig 5). I have been warning again for decades that 'climate change' blamed on human activity is the manufactured excuse to justify fascistic/communistic centralisation of control through United Nations deceptions known as Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. Elite stooge Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, the extraordinarily narcissistic New York congresswoman, launched her 'Green New Deal' in 2019 which demands what I said years ago would be the societal transformation that 'climate change' would be used to justify. What was the justification that Ocasio-Cortez gave for her plan? Human-caused climate change is going to kill us all. It's just a coincidence, nothing to worry about.

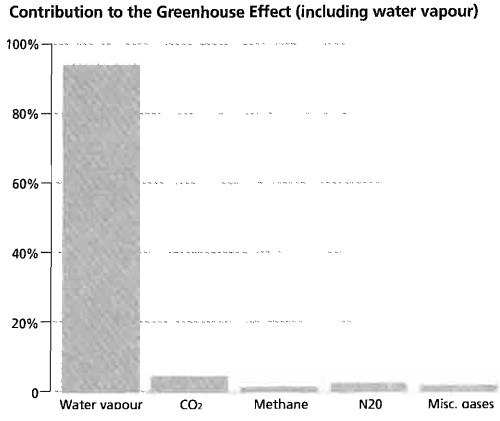

Figure 5: This graph of greenhouse gases puts the hysteria about carbon dioxide into perspective. If you want to stop the greenhouse effect then ban clouds and condensation and, by the way, without a greenhouse effect and carbon dioxide (C02) there would be no human life.

The mushroom technique

So the Spider dictates the policies and direction of the world and these play out through the upper levels of secret societies into the cusp organisations and on into mainstream society where we see apparently random decisions and legislative changes that appear to be made by

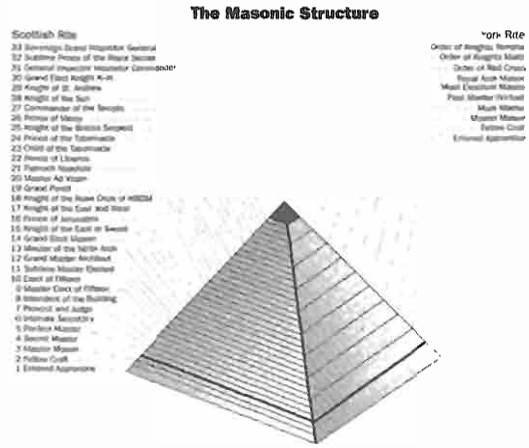

Figure 6: The structure of secret societies is the blueprint for human societies. Each lower level is compartmentalised from higher levels and so only the few at the top know what is really happening and why.

governments and their agencies, the military, corporations, banks, medicine, Silicon Valley and all the rest. In fact, the society-changing decisions are not random. They are originally made by The Spider and transform human society through its agents/gofers/serfs while the overwhelming majority of them have no idea there even is a Spider let alone they are doing its bidding. This is possible because of the technique of 'compartmentalisation' or 'the need to know' which is the same system employed by secret societies to keep most of their members blind to what the few at the top know and are doing (Fig 6). Look at any sizable organisation, no matter what it may be, government, corporation, university, anything, and you will see a compartmentalised pyramid in which a few at the top know what's going on while everyone else is only aware of their particular contribution in compartmentalised isolation from what others are doing. If you make an isolated piece of technology you don't necessarily know what it will be part of once all the other components made elsewhere are fitted together. This is the principle I am talking about and it means that people daily contribute to their own and their family's enslavement while having no idea that this is what they are doing. The structure of isolated contributions means that very few are needed to control the actions and direction of giant organisations, multiple actions and global events. In that one sentence I have described the structural basis of 9/11 and how its cover up was possible. Each compartmentalised strand in The Web, governments and their agencies, corporations, banks, military, intelligence, media are overwhelmingly staffed by those who don't know there *is* a Web or what their organisation is ultimately being used to achieve. Go deep enough into these hierarchies and you'll reach the point where they attach to The Web or to use another analogy all the pyramids fuse into one global pyramid (Fig 7 overleaf). At this level of the global network governments and their agencies, corporations, banks, military, intelligence, media are operating as *one unit* in pursuit of the *same end* – the complete control of human society. It is important to remember that The Web has no borders and operates as one global

The Pyramid of Manipulation

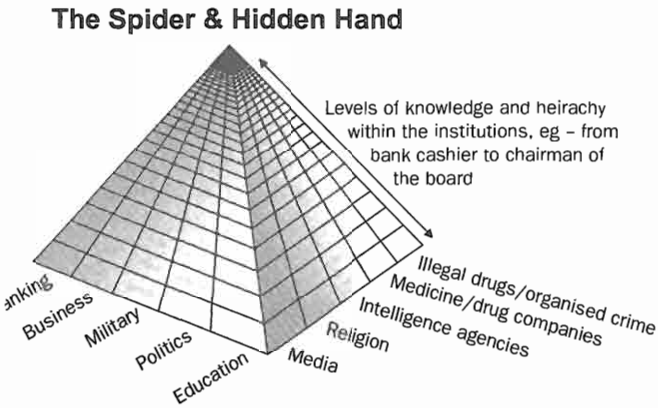

All the major institutions and groups that affect our daily lives connect with the Global Elite, which decides the coordinated policy throughout the pyramid.

People in the lower compartments will have no idea what they are part of.

Figure 7: The Hidden Hand – where all compartmentalised pyramids meet.

entity.

The Web dramatically increases the potential for covert coordination between apparently unconnected people and organisations and their hidden connections allow so much to be secretly orchestrated while a totally different cover-story is presented to the public by the elite-owned (and largely clueless) media. For example, people see governments, major corporations, cartels like Big Pharma, Big Biotech, Big Oil, Big Tech and Big Media, world events and political happenings, and they are perceived a certain way. In and of themselves they all appear as individual entities making apparently random decisions made by random individuals; but if you go deep enough or high enough in these organisations they all attach to the same Web and a very different perspective emerges. Internet media near-monopolies like Facebook, Google, YouTube, Twitter, Apple, Amazon, PayPal, Reddit, GoDaddy, Shopify and others become one unit at that level and respond in unison to attack and destroy the Internet presence of alternative information and social media platforms dedicated to free speech – cheered on by the Marxist elite-controlled 'progressives' who are an insult to the civil rights movement of the 1960s they so wrongly claim to succeed. Inner-circle initiates and funders driving this 'progressive' response are also attached to The Web and serve its interests while the mass of mindless repeaters and followers think they are challenging the established order. How easy it is to have Web-controlled governments, newspapers and Web-funded and manipulated 'progressives' to demand in unison that free speech be deleted from those they want to silence and then Web-controlled Internet companies to say they are censoring people in response to public opinion and government pressure. The Web is used to

promote giant corporations and limit their tax bills while government agencies that supposed to protect the public from the activities of those corporations are attached to the same Web and so let them get away with it. They target the opposition in the form of small independent businesses that face incessant regulation and far higher levels of taxation. The potential for manipulation through The Web is endless and coordinating actions between elements of government, military, intelligence agencies and law enforcement on 9/11 would have been quite straightforward with such a structure in place.

Spider bloodlines

The concept of 'royalty' and 'aristocracy' did not appear out of nowhere. I reveal in other books how bloodlines were seeded in the ancient world that believed themselves to be the bloodlines of the 'gods' – hybrids or 'demigods' of entities in bands of frequency unseen to human sight or what is called 'visible light'. Most people don't realise that the band of frequency that we can see is so tiny it is laughable. According to mainstream science the electromagnetic spectrum is 0.005 percent of what exists in the Universe (some say more but not much) and 'visible light', the only frequency band we can see, is a *fraction* of the 0.005 percent. Everything else we *cannot see* – the almost entirety of the Universe and all of infinite reality beyond. These 'gods' as they were perceived operate in these unseen realms and some of them comprise The Spider ultimately behind world events and the hierarchical control system in the realm of the seen. We see this theme of humans interbreeding with 'gods' most famously with the biblical sons of God who are described as interbreeding with the daughters of men and producing the hybrid Nephilim; but this is not unique to the Bible. The theme can be found in ancient cultures all over the world with the 'gods' referred to as 'Archons' (Gnostic), 'Jinn' (Islam and pre-Islam); 'Anunnaki' (Sumer/Babylon); 'Chitauri' (Zulu); and so many more around the world. I have had the same story confirmed to me many times by whistleblower insiders of the government-military-intelligence complex. When native shamans and dark suit insiders speak the same language and tell the same story it is worth listening if you have a mind of your own. I have been researching and tracking this bloodline 'Nephilim' network since the early 1990s and it makes so much sense of the world. 'Royal' families have claimed the 'Divine Right to Rule' and this is taken to mean 'Divine' in the meaning of the Christian God. In fact the word 'divine' originates from early Vedic literature in India and their word 'Deva' which meant 'supernatural beings'. 'Divine' Right to Rule becomes the right to rule at the behest of supernatural beings, not the Christian God. This certainly fits with the Old Testament concept given that 'sons of God who interbred with the daughters of men'

translated originally as 'sons of the *gods*' plural. These hybrid 'royal' bloodlines and families saw themselves as special and chosen above the rest of humanity and for thousands of years they were seen in the same way by their 'subjects'. Some shockingly still do. Rule by bloodline became a common method of leadership and dictatorship until humanity began to grow up and demand far more representative government. Some overtly royal families survived – as in Britain where the head of state is bizarrely still decided by who had sex with who and in what order to dictate the line of succession. Why is the present monarch on the British throne and not someone else? The answer is *bloodline* and only bloodline. Most of the formerly open royal families and their offshoots around the world rebranded themselves and headed into politics, business, banking and other influential areas of society. Their attire may have changed with the transformation but they still consider themselves special and 'of the gods' which they have worshipped in their rituals since ancient times.

One group of bloodlines very relevant to the world today can be picked up thousands of years ago in Sumer and Babylon, in what today is Iraq, and in the Egypt of the Pharaohs. I have charted their movements and background in other books but basically they eventually headed north into Europe under various names and some established Rome and the Roman Empire which allowed for further infiltration into Britain and northern Europe. This was only one flow of people and their 'royal' leadership, however, and others went north

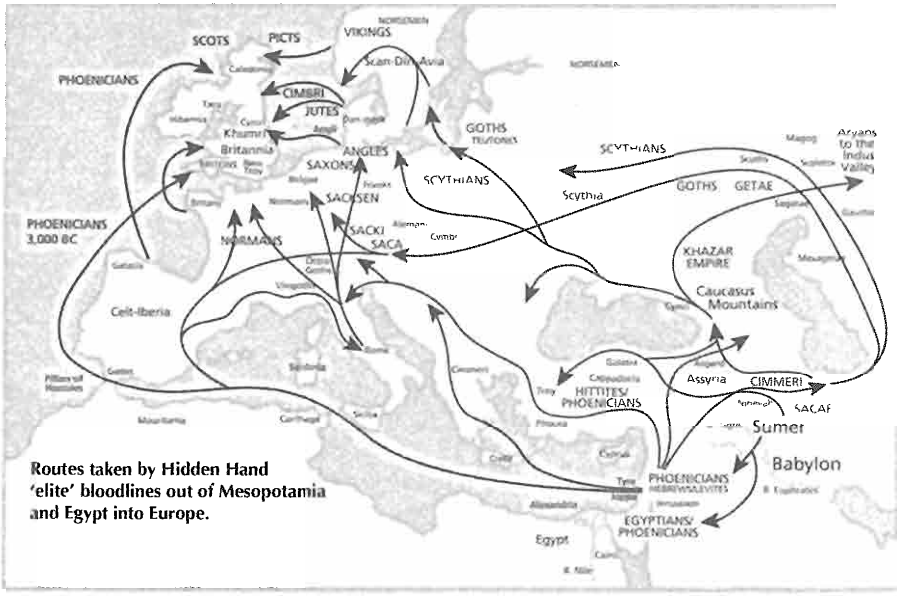

Figure 8: The march of Hidden Hand control out of the Middle East that seized the reins of power in Europe before expanding across the world through 'colonisation'.

Figure 9: Virgin mothers and their holy child abound throughout the ancient world from reptilian figurines found in of the Ubaid culture in the land that became Sumer and Babylon to Egypt's Isis and Horus and on to Christianity's Mother Mary and Jesus.

through the Caucasus and into Eastern and Western Europe by various routes (Fig 8). The bloodlines that established Rome would go on to found Christianity as we know it today which was a milder version of the religion their ancestors brought out of Babylon which today's bloodline family elite still follow under what is now called 'Satanism'. In Babylon they worshipped a trinity of Nimrod, the father god; Tammuz, the virgin-born son; and Queen Semiramis, the virgin mother. It was said that when Nimrod died he became the sun-god Baal and impregnated Semiramis with the rays of the sun through which came the virgin-birth of Tammuz. Roman Emperor Constantine the Great decreed what Christians must believe at the Council of Nicaea in what is now Turkey in 325AD. Constantine worshipped Sol Invictus, the 'Unconquered Sun', and so had no problem encompassing a new religion in which Nimrod became 'The Father', Tammuz became 'Jesus' and Semiramis became the 'Holy Spirit'. Christianity symbolises the Holy Spirit as a dove which was the symbol for Semiramis in Babylon. Other Babylonian attributes of Semiramis like virgin mother and mother of God were given to the Christian figure of Mother Mary. The virgin mother and child story is ancient and can be found all over the world long before Christianity inherited the story and presented it in a new historical context (Fig 9). Symbols of the bloodline religion with its origins in Babylon and beyond are all around us. Symbolism is their secret language and they believe that very few will ever work it all out. The symbol of the Babylonian goddess Semiramis was the dove and the name Colombia comes from a Latin root-word meaning 'dove'. Washington DC is located in the District of Columbia or the District of the Dove – the Babylonian goddess. This was supposed to be named after Christopher Columbus, but that's a diversion. Another Babylon goddess symbol is the owl and so you have the street plan around Capitol Hill in the District of the Dove clearly made to depict an owl

Figure 10: The owl and pyramid street plan in Washington DC symbolising the Babylonian goddess with Capitol Hill so appropriately in her belly.

Figure 11: The 'Statue of Liberty' is really a depiction of the Babylonian goddess given to New York by French Freemasons in Paris. Under the satanic law of inversion Statue of 'Liberty' means Statue of Control.

with the Congress Building in its belly (Fig 10). How utterly appropriate and indicative of how things are. The Statue of Liberty is also the Babylonian goddess holding the torch of the 'Illuminated Ones', 'Illuminati' or bloodline elite (Fig 11). The Liberty statue was given to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew what it really represents and there is a mirror-image 'Liberty' on an island in the River Seine in the French capital (Fig 12). The woman holding the torch in the logo of Columbia Pictures is the same symbolism and in London the 'Mother Lodge' of Freemasonry (established in 1717) is located in Great Queen Street because 'Great Queen' was a title of Semiramis in Babylon (Figs 13 and 14). Freemasonry was introduced into America by the Mother Lodge where it has been

Figure 12: The other Statue of Liberty on an island in the River Seine in Paris.

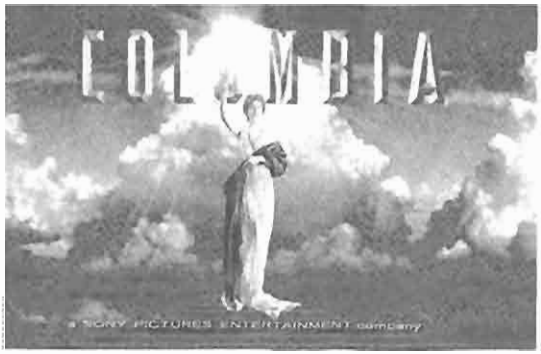

Figure 13: The Babylonian goddess again as the famous logo of 'Columbia' (the dove, goddess) Pictures. See also Washington DC in the 'District of Columbia'.

Figure 14: The Mother Lodge of Freemasonry in London with the twin pillars of 'Solomon's Temple'. The building is located in Great Queen Street – a title given to the Babylonian goddess. It was from here that Freemasonry was established in the United States.

central to the creation and direction of the United States.

Bloodline Satanism

While Christianity became the publicly acceptable version of the religion of Babylon the real deal involving human sacrifice and other unspeakable horrors has continued to be worshipped in secret by the bloodlines and their offshoots and lackeys which is why my research into such people invariably leads to Satanism and its fundamentally-connected paedophilia. I explain in other books why the two are so connected and what Satanism really is. Very briefly we don't live in a 'world' so much as a band of frequency that our senses can decode. You can symbolise this as a television channel. Tune the TV to one channel and that is what you get – it is all you are aware of on the screen. However, all the other channels exist at the same time although they can't be seen and you can access them if you tune the set to their code or frequency (switch the channel). Our reality is like that. The five senses tune us to a particular and tiny band of frequency and beyond five-sense reality is infinite reality teeming with life of every conceivable kind and then some. Skilled psychics and mediums can tune to some of these unseen realms – unseen to the human senses – and Satanists perform their rituals specifically to interact with those realms and entities that we know as demonic. This is where they get their power and source of unimaginable evil. American Freemasonic and occult historian Manly P. Hall wrote in *The Secret Teachings of All Ages:*

> By means of the secret processes of ceremonial magic it is possible to contact these invisible creatures and gain their help in some human undertaking. Good spirits willingly lend their assistance to any worthy enterprise, but evil spirits serve only those who live to pervert and destroy ... The most dangerous form of black magic is the scientific perversion of occult power for the gratification of personal desire.

Interacting with these 'evil spirits' and being 'possessed' by their demonic power is what elite Satanism is all about. I had correspondence some years ago, which I published in books at the time, with a man who said he was the unofficial son of the late Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine estates in France (Fig 15). He told me that his half-sister is the Baron's daughter, Baroness Philippine de Rothschild, who inherited the wine empire (see *Children of the Matrix*). He said his Rothschild name was Phillip Eugene de Rothschild and he was living in the United States under another name after fleeing the horrors of what he called the 'grand conspiracy' of his family which had given him a role of infiltrating the Christian Church for the satanic Rothschild Death Cult. This will be extremely significant later on. Phillip Eugene told me how the Rothschilds have hundreds of thousands of children produced through sperm bank breeding programmes to ensure survival and expansion of the hybrid bloodline. These children then come to power in many and various fields under different names and appear to have no genetic or other connection to the Rothschilds and bloodline families. He said that incest within the elite families was considered normal and something to be admired – something my own research has confirmed again and again. Phillip Eugene de Rothschild described the elite obsession with Satanism and its sacrifice rituals:

Figure 15: Baron Philippe de Rothschild.

> I was present at my father's death in 1988, receiving his power and the commission to carry out my destiny in the grand conspiracy of my family. Like their other children, I played a key role in my family's revolt from God. When I watch CNN, it startles me to see so many familiar faces now on the world stage in politics, art, finance, fashion and business. I grew up with these people, meeting them at ritual worship sites and in the centres of power. Financiers, artists, royalty, and even Presidents ...
>
> ... I can recall the Rockefellers and the Bushes attending rituals, but never having the supremacy to lead them. I still regard them as lackeys and not real brokers of occult power. Except for Alan Greenspan [long-time head of the US Federal Reserve], most of these fellows were camp followers in the occult, primarily for the economic power and prestige. Greenspan, I recall, was a person of tremendous spiritual, occult power and could make the

> Bushes and the younger Rockefellers cower with just a glance.
>
> Ex-CIA Director Casey (as were most of the CIA leadership for the past forty years), Kissinger, and [former US Secretary of State] Warren Christopher were in attendance at non-ritual gatherings and some occult rituals as well, but well back in the gallery.

Ultra-Zionist Alan Greenspan held an incredibly powerful position as chairman between 1987 and 2006 of the Federal Reserve, a *privately*-run operation that serves as America's central bank directing the US economy with its global implications and consequences. Phillip Eugene said that others he met at rituals included Bill Clinton, who would become President of the United States, and Al Gore, Clinton's vice president who would be chosen as the elite's frontman for the global warming hoax aimed at manufacturing an excuse to transform global society with great support from the Round Table's Club of Rome. A Swiss banker described the same theme in an anonymous interview in 2011 for the Russian magazine, *NoviDen.* He said of elite bankers:

> ... These people are corrupt, sick in their minds, so sick they are full of vices and those vices are kept under wraps on their orders. Some of them ... rape women, others are sado maso, or paedophile, and many are into Satanism. When you go in some banks you see these satanistic symbols, like in the Rothschild Bank in Zurich. These people are controlled by blackmail because of the weaknesses they have. They have to follow orders or they will be exposed, they will be destroyed or even killed.

Paedophilia and Satanism are fundamentally connected and this is why so many people in positions of royal, political, corporate and religious influence are both paedophiles and Satanists. I highlight this because it provides an insight into the mentality of those in power with regard to 9/11. To these sick and perverted psychopaths 9/11 would have been a mass sacrifice ritual – just as wars are to them. I hear it said that political, military and intelligence leaders would not be evil enough to kill thousands of people that day and use the attacks to justify their agenda of wars and deletion of freedom. The truth is that those who would sacrifice children or watch them be sacrificed are hardly going to suddenly become empathetic and emotional over dead men, women and children on 9/11. Not only *would* they do it – they would be sexually aroused by it. They feed off human death and suffering and to them the death and destruction of war is something to celebrate. I have exposed many rich and famous names involved in human sacrifice, paedophilia and violent abuse of children – it is rampant at 'elite' levels of society. When you see what they will do to children and in manipulated wars of

mass murder you may appreciate that the calculated killing of nearly 3,000 people on September 11th would be of no consequence to these psychopaths – for that is what they are. Robert D. Hare, a Canadian criminal psychology researcher, developed the 'Hare Test' listing the traits of psychopaths and if you have enough of them you are considered psychopathic. They include no empathy; no remorse; no shame; parasitical behaviour; pathological lying and doing whatever it takes to get what they want. I have read that psychopaths are considered to be born that way whereas sociopaths are the result of life experience. These bloodlines are largely *born* psychopaths with an incapacity to process empathy – the ability to connect with the feelings of those they adversely affect. Without empathy there is no fail-safe mechanism of human behaviour because there are no emotional consequences, no shame or remorse, no matter what you do. This is the mentality running our world and the one behind 9/11. To understand those who orchestrated the attacks you have to get into their minds and then their capability to do what they did becomes clear.

The former overtly royal and aristocratic bloodlines now employing their new dark-suit disguise set about the work of building a global structure of control that would allow for their domination of human society. They were behind the European empires of conquest and colonisation led by Britain where the centre of this assault on the world was located. The British Empire was vast because that was the centre of bloodline activities along with Rome. They remain so today in the shadows if not publicly while the spotlight has turned to America and its modern-day global empire. Bloodlines out of Britain and to an extent France invaded Native American lands and seized them as their own fiefdom. This was a pattern that happened across the world as Planet Earth became Global Babylon through colonisation and centralisation of power or what is today called globalisation. They created a money system to control and suppress choice that involves lending people 'money' that doesn't exist called 'credit' and charging interested on it. If you don't pay back the loan of fresh-air 'credit', often through no fault of your own and actions taken by bankers and financiers, those same people can take your wealth that does exist like your home, land, business and resources. By this means the bloodlines and their networks have absorbed the wealth of the world by simply exchanging non-existent 'credit' for the real wealth of the world. We haven't reached the point by accident where six people own collectively the same wealth as the poorest *half* of the human population. It's been done by design and they are far from finished yet. They want *everything*. One of their most productive scams is to issue non-existent 'credit' for the amount that you borrow, but never create even with fresh-air 'money' the amount of *interest* you will have to pay. This means that there is never ever enough

money, credit or otherwise, in circulation to pay back all the principle and *interest* on the outstanding debt. Losing your home, land, business and resources is built into the system on purpose to achieve just the outcome I have described. Talk about psychopaths and parasites. Control of money means control of choice and choice means freedom. Control money in the way that society is currently structured and you go a long way to controlling freedom and dictating who has it and who doesn't. People fall for the idea that the hysterical pursuit of money by this 'elite' is all about greed, and that is true to an extent, but its bottom line is really *control*.

Permanent Government

The financial system is an essential part of the Permanent Government which by definition is a government that is always there no matter what political personality or persuasion comes and goes every few years. I have been writing about the Permanent Government for decades and now we have the widely-used term of the 'Deep State' to describe agencies of government pursuing their own agenda often at odds with that of elected officials. The Deep State consists of intelligence agencies, military personnel, law enforcement and government administration that transcend the comings and goings of politicians and work to undermine and obstruct political agendas that threaten the interests of its own. The Permanent Government, of which the Deep State is a part, also consists of the banking and financial networks, major corporations, mainstream media (and parts of the 'alternative'), legal system and courts as well as the Deep State intelligence agencies, military personnel, law enforcement and government administration (Fig 16). Weaving through all of these agencies and subject areas are the secret societies into which key players are initiated. They pledge allegiance in their initiation rituals to The Spider and The Web under various guises and this allegiance overrides any publicly-spoken pledge to the people they are supposed to represent or, in the United States, to the Constitution. Compared with this edifice of permanent power the here-today-gone-tomorrow politicians and parties are small fry controlled either

Figure 16: Structure of the Permanent Government which really dictates global events. Politicians and 'elected' governments that come and go are a hoax and diversion to protect the real rulers from exposure. The 'All-Seeing Eye' is a prime symbol used by the Hidden Hand to portray its perceived 'omnipotence'.

directly or by manipulating circumstance through the Permanent Government and Deep State. This is why that no matter what party or politician comes and goes the same agenda continues with them all.

The American political system is a clear and perfect example of how the scam works in every country. There are usually two or three political parties that have any chance of forming a government and if the Permanent Government controls all of them it controls events whichever one a 'democratic vote' puts temporarily in office. In America the Republican and Democratic parties take it in turns to form the government although it is planned for the Democrats to be permanently in office eventually through the transformation of American demographics. For now we have a one-party state with two masks that claim to be independent and in opposition. The Republican Party is controlled by a group known as the Neocons or neoconservatives (big-time involved in the 9/11 story) that ran the Boy Bush presidency and now dictate to Trump. The Democrats have a similar group behind the scenes which I call the Democons. They include people like billionaire manipulator extraordinaire George Soros. Neocons and Democons are the Permanent Government's representatives ensuring control of the political parties and dictating who runs for office and who doesn't. Whether it be 'Democrat' Bill Clinton, 'Republican' Boy Bush, 'Democrat' Barack Obama or 'Republican' Donald Trump the same force is in charge because the Neocons and Democons control the parties and both groups answer one step deeper into the shadows to the same Permanent Government (Fig 17). This is why no matter who you vote into office, and no matter what they promise to do, human society continues in the same direction – the direction dictated by the Permanent Government. Presidents, prime ministers, parties in political office, just come and go while the Permanent Government is always in control. An essential diversion is to focus attention of the population on the political level of the structure and program perception that this is

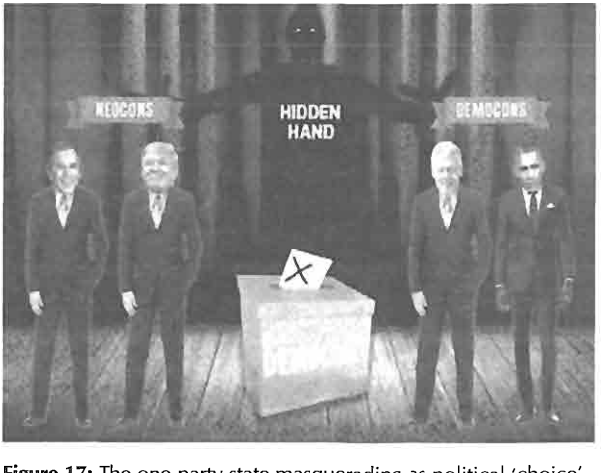

Figure 17: The one-party state masquerading as political 'choice'. They appear to be 'different' politicians from 'different' parties – but they answer to the same masters. This is why the direction of the world doesn't change no matter who is in illusory political 'power'.

where the power lies to change events and direction. It isn't. The political level is largely there only for show and to officially implement in the form of legislation what the Permanent Government has decided. I read one dismissal of 9/11 conspiracy 'poison' by 'progressive' journalist David Corn at AlterNet which said that 9/11 president Boy Bush was 'not that evil', 'not that ballsy' and 'not that competent'. The level of ignorance it takes to write that sentence is breathtaking. Bush was a gofer, mate. He did not have to be that 'ballsy' and 'competent', only do what he was told and as far as possible stay out of the way – hence he was nowhere near Washington DC on 9/11 leaving Dick Cheney to control the White House.

Permanent Governments in each country are connected by The Web to form essentially a Permanent Global Government. Of course it doesn't always work as they would like with a few mavericks here and there pushing back and not everything always goes to plan. The idea is to so increase the level of control that eventually even the mavericks are squeezed and forced out. You can imagine The Web as like a transnational corporation with a corporate headquarters and subsidiaries in each country which operate in line with the centrally-dictated corporate brand, mode of working and business plan. The Web has centres of power in places like London, Rome, Paris, Berlin, Tel Aviv/Jerusalem, New York and Washington and in each country there is a subsidiary secret society network and bloodline family hierarchy whose job it is to implement in their sphere of operation the plan dictated from the centre. This is how the same things can suddenly happen all over the world pretty much at once or certainly in a close time period. The Web and the US Permanent Government were crucial in coordinating 9/11 with other Web assets, most notably the ultra-Zionist network and its military intelligence arm, Mossad, which I will come to much later in the book.

Global mind game

The numbers dynamic between manipulators and manipulated is absolutely shocking. A comparative few are controlling and directing a population of beyond 7.7 billion. This can only happen if the few control key positions of power either directly or through proxies and place people. It is remarkable how few positions you need to control to dictate events through an entire structure or system. You only have to dominate the big decision-making and hire-and-fire roles and then you can select personnel who will do what you want either through those in awareness of the game (the very few) or through compartmentalised ignorance (everyone else). Another essential is to control to the greatest extent possible the perceptions of the target population by control of information. Perceptions dictate behaviour and what people will do or

not do, support or not support, challenge or leave alone, and perceptions are formed from information received. This can be through personal experience (some) or mass media (most of the rest). By controlling information you are controlling perception and through that you dictate behaviour. It is a simple cause and effect and so many people ('journalists' especially) simply believe what the authorities tell them. We have already seen classic examples of this with the response to questioning 9/11 from those 'progressive' journalists who think they are 'anti-establishment'. Perceptions are formed not only through the media but also the 'education' system in which children only four years out of the womb begin a process of perception programming throughout their entire formative years as day after day they download the state's official version of everything. The idea is to give them an initial foundation download of 'normal' which they have topped-up for the rest of their lives by the mainstream media and peer-pressure friends and associates who have been through the very same process. 'Normal' becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy in the absence of query and questions – an 'everybody knows that' when a few questions and a bit of independent research would reveal so many norms to be nonsense. September 11th is an example almost like no other. There has been a short window in the developing years of the Internet when people had access to other sources of information and this has had such an affect in changing perceptions of the world that a frenzy of censorship has been launched by Web organisations such as elite-owned Facebook, Google and Google-owned YouTube, Twitter and so on to protect official narratives from demolition by factual investigation. Justifications for this include 'fake news' (see mainstream media that isn't censored), and 'hate speech' (an Orwellian term meaning a different opinion). They had to allow the Internet to be free from censorship to start with to get people hooked and make the Internet the foundation of modern society. Now that point has been reached and Internet Web corporations have achieved near-monopolistic power they can transform the Internet into the information controller and suppressor it was always intended to be (see *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* for the detailed background). I have noticed how Google and others make it far more difficult to locate specialist information questioning 9/11 than it did when I researched *Alice in Wonderland* in 2001 and 2002. A perfect example is the information gathering website, Reddit. Those seeking out content on Reddit exposing the official story of September 11th are met with this notice:

> Are you sure you want to view this community? This community is quarantined. It may contain a high degree of misinformation. If you are seeking historic information about the September 11th attacks, please visit the

National Commission on Terrorist Attacks on the United States (https://www.9-11commission.gov).

What a message to encapsulate the times we are living in and if anyone wants to make a statement about that they can always boycott Reddit in protest and tell them they are doing so. You will see in this book that the official 9/11 Commission 'report' on the attacks recommended by Web servants Reddit is the biggest fairy story since Cinderella. No, make that Sleeping Beauty because you have to be asleep to believe it, as American comedian George Carlin famously said of the 'American Dream'. I coined the terms 'Problem-Reaction-Solution' and the 'Totalitarian Tiptoe' for the two most used and most powerful techniques of perception manipulation. I will be brief here because I will expand on both with regard to 9/11. Problem-Reaction-Solution (P-R-S) is a term I began using in the 1990s to describe the technique that specifically creates a problem to justify a solution that would otherwise be difficult to sell. It goes like this:

(1) The Problem: Covertly create a problem that would provide the excuse for your desired 'solution' or change. This could be a terrorist attack, war, government or financial collapse or a long list of other 'problems'. Crucially you produce a fake story about who or what is behind the problem to hide the fact that it was you all along. Your fake 'villain' is designed specifically to lead to your pre-planned 'solution'. If you want to invade Afghanistan, for example, then blame Osama bin Laden based in Afghanistan for what happened on 9/11.

(2) The Reaction: Tell the public through an unquestioning mainstream media the version of the 'problem' you want them to believe and you are looking for the 'reaction' of fear, outrage and a demand that you 'do something' about what has happened. Even if people don't demand what you want to do they will be more open to it – 'We don't want our freedoms taken away but we've got to fight terrorism'.

(3) The Solution: Once you have the problem and reaction you then offer the solution through which you introduce new laws, policies and changes that advance your agenda for human control, deletion of freedoms and centralisation of power.

There is another version that I call NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution in which you don't need a real problem only the *perception* of one. Lying about weapons of mass destruction in Iraq to justify an invasion that would not otherwise have happened is a perfect example of this technique. The modus operandi of P-R-S is also known as a 'false flag'

operation as with covertly carrying out a terrorist attack and then blaming the people you want to target. The partner-in-crime of P-R-S is a technique I refer to as the 'Totalitarian Tiptoe' which often connects different P-R-S events together to drive society in a particular direction. You start at 'A' and you want to go to 'Z', but you know that if you move too quickly the change will be such that many people might see the pattern of where they are being taken. So you go in steps that move you towards 'Z' at the fastest speed you can while not moving so fast that the pattern is too clear. In this way a European 'free-trade area' became step-by-step a centralised bureaucratic dictatorship called the EU. Globalisation and the deletion of freedoms, not least freedom of speech, has been achieved through the Tiptoe. You will be seeing both techniques in action with regard to 9/11.

One more thing before we proceed. I will refer to The Spider and The Web from hereon as the 'Hidden Hand' to keep it simple. I will use the term to describe any person or organisation doing The Spider's work, knowingly or otherwise.

CHAPTER 2

Rule by psychopaths

Liberty cannot be preserved without a general knowledge among the people, who have a right and a desire to know; but besides this, they have a right, an indisputable, unalienable, indefeasible, divine right to know that most dreaded and envied kind of knowledge, I mean of the characters and conduct of their rulers – John Adams

Public incredulity is a key defence mechanism protecting the Hidden Hand and its agents and gofers from exposure. This is captured in the reaction: 'They would never do that'. Oh, but they *would* and the more horrific and unspeakable the better. The Bush family is a classic case.

Point number one to stress again: Those truly behind 9/11(not 'Arab hijackers') and all the war, poverty, deprivation, hunger and human suffering of every conceivable kind are full-blown in-extremis psychopaths on a scale that is almost unfathomable for those who are not psychopathic. They have no empathy and so no limits to the depths of depravity to which they will descend. If you view those that direct and manipulate world events – in this case 9/11 – through your own sense of morality, conscience and behaviour then read no more. If you judge them through your own lens of possibility there is no way you will grasp the sheer undiluted evil that is at work among us. These people do not see the world and human beings as you do. They are what have been described through history as the 'soulless ones' and their depravity has no limits because they have no emotional or empathic consequences no matter what they do. Suffering to most of the human population is something to be avoided, but to the Hidden Hand and its operatives *maximising* suffering is the whole point of their existence. It is their very 'life-force', their energetic sustenance, and the bloodline families born into psychopathy select their foot soldiers from non-bloodline psychopaths. They constantly scan the universities and the world of business and Satanism looking for potential recruits. A re-evaluation of what evil means is urgently required to understand the forces driving human society into a global Orwellian nightmare that even Orwell himself understated.

To put this into perspective I am going to outline the background to some of the public players in the mass murder of 9/11 to give you a feel for the mentality that I'm describing. Then there will be no doubt that they *would do that* in terms of the mass murder of thousands of innocent people. I emphasise the term 'public players'. Most of those that you see with political and military titles and the calculated liars in the media were not the real architects of what happened on September 11th – as they are not the real power running America and other countries. They are merely the front men and women who play their compartmentalised parts like actors on a stage to deliver their script and then cover up what really happened. Writer David Corn, who has trashed any idea of a 9/11 conspiracy or 'inside job', personified this misunderstanding when he wrote in *Mother Jones* magazine that the Bush administration was 'not that evil', 'not that ballsy' and 'not that competent'. The idea Boy George Bush with all his intellectual limitations orchestrated 9/11 is a joke. He was just an empathy-deleted pawn, a peripheral player, to those in the shadows who *are* that evil, ballsy and competent. Clearly Corn like all the others of his ilk doesn't appreciate the difference. Political and military leaders had to *officially* make decisions that allowed 9/11 to happen because that was the law while the engineers in the shadows decided *what* decisions their puppets appeared to make. Most of the high-profile public names involved in the attacks are the oil-rags and not the engineers of 9/11. Two exceptions I would make to that are Father George Bush, the three-times President of the United States (two of them officially given to Ronald Reagan while Bush was his deputy) and Dick Cheney who was 9/11 vice president to Boy George Bush while being de-facto president the whole time alongside his bewildered and clueless official 'superior' (Fig 18 and 19). Both were the puppet-masters of Boy Bush, the little boy in short trousers way out of his depth (Fig 20). Father Bush and Cheney have appeared in my books since the 1990s for their unspeakably disgusting actions and behaviour and both give

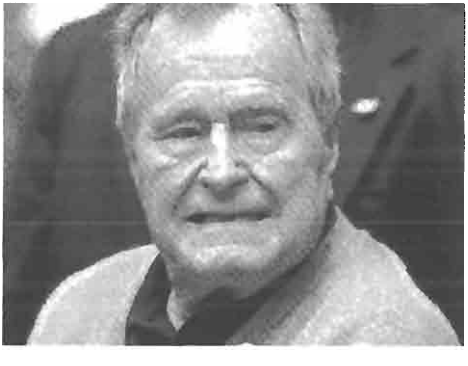

Figure 18: Brutal Bush.

Figure 19: Brutal Cheney.

personification to the term 'psychopath' (see *And The Truth Shall Set You Free, The Biggest Secret* and others). Neither are anywhere near the top of the hierarchy behind 9/11, but they were higher than other American politicians. Father Bush died in 2018 aged 94 and it's a pity he didn't get to read this book. Mind you, there were plenty of others I wrote exposing him before he left us for that darkest of dark places which evil calls home.

The Bush crime family (see also the Clintons)

The Bushes have been one of the most active Hidden Hand families (but still servants of the real power) since at least Father Bush's own father, the Nazi-supporting-and-funding politician and banker Prescott Bush (1895-1972). The family has produced two US presidents, both called George Bush, and I will overcome the potential confusion in the text by referring to George H.W. Bush as 'Father George' (de-facto president and official president from 1981 to 1993) and his son George W. Bush (president from 2001 to 2009) as 'Boy George'. The latter is more than appropriate because a little boy is all he was while the adults ran 'his' presidency – including the White House/Pentagon contribution to the events of September 11th, 2001. Father George and his wife Barbara were both descendants of Godfroi de Bouillon (also known as Godfrey of Bouillon) who led European noblemen in the successful Crusade in 1099 to recapture Jerusalem from Islam and then occupied the King's palace at what Christians and Jews call Temple Mount where the Al-Aqsa Mosque stands today. This is the alleged site of 'Solomon's Temple' and rebuilding this temple with its perceived twin pillars at the entrance has been a long Hidden Hand obsession going back at least to the Knights Templar in the 12th century. Plans by ultra-Zionist extremists to replace Al-Aqsa in East Jerusalem with a new Solomon's Temple are not unique to the relatively recent Rothschild-engineered Zionism movement. A new Solomon's Temple is a 'Web' ambition and moving the American Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem (Al-Quds to Muslims) in 2018 while continuing the systematic ethnic cleansing of Palestinian Arabs in East Jerusalem are stepping-stones to this end. The long obsession of the Hidden Hand with Jerusalem, Temple Mount and Solomon's Temple explains so much about the terrible events over centuries in that

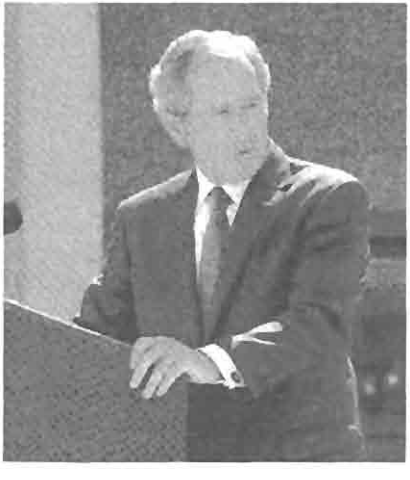

Figure 20: Boy George Bush: 'What did you tell me say again?'

city and the focus on Jerusalem by Christianity, Judaism and Islam. Godfroi de Bouillon was the first ruler of Jerusalem after the First Crusade and Duke of Lower Lorraine in France which remains a major region to this day for the Hidden Hand bloodline (see *The Biggest Secret*). Boy Bush, a descendant of de Bouillon through both his mother and father, talked of a 'Crusade' against Islamic terrorism after September 11th and this was no slip of the tongue or unfortunate gaffe as reported. He knew exactly what he was saying and why (or those who told him to say it did). Godfroi de Bouillon became the first ruler of the Kingdom of Jerusalem and 20 years later the Knights Templar secret society was formed to protect Christian pilgrims visiting Jerusalem – or so it officially claimed. The Knights Templar grew into a vast network that became fantastically wealthy and established the basis for today's banking and financial system. Monarchs were in debt to them and in 1307 they were purged in France by King Philip IV ('Philip the Fair') who owed them lots of money. The Templars seemed to disappear after that, but that was only in public. They went underground in locations like Portugal and Scotland where they re-emerged on one front as the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry. Today they remain a major arm of the Hidden Hand with their initiates involved in global politics, banking, business and media. Modern-day Templars control the City of London financial district, one of the world's premier centres for manipulating the world financial system. Part of the 'City' or 'Square Mile' within the greater expanse of London is known as The Temple after the Templar's still-surviving original temple established there in the 12th century and featured in the 2006 movie, *The Da Vinci Code*. The centre of the English legal system (and in many ways the world's) is located in The Temple district on land once owned (and still controlled by) the Knights Templar. Freemasonry, the world's biggest secret society in terms of membership, largely emerged from the Knights Templar and forms a highly-significant strand in The Web. You can see that in bloodline terms the Bush family meet the criteria for positions of power which serve the agenda of the Hidden Hand although they are far from the top and today in decline.

George and Barbara Bush were from the Pierce bloodline that changed its name from Percy after fleeing England in the wake of the Gunpowder Plot of Guy Fawkes to blow up the English Parliament and kill King James I in 1605. This event is still celebrated in the UK every November 5th when effigies of Guy Fawkes are burned on bonfires. Bush ancestor Thomas Percy was one of the main plotters. George and Barbara Pierce Bush (of Merrill, Lynch, Fenner and Smith) are from the same bloodline as US President Franklin Pierce who was in the White House from 1853 to 1857. Other Bush relatives include the Grosvenor families of England and America, the Tafts of Ohio, who produced

William Howard Taft, president from 1909 to 1913, and the Delano-Roosevelts who gave us President Franklin Delano Roosevelt (in office from 1933-45) and Theodore Roosevelt (1901-1909). It's true then – *anyone* can be President of the United States! The English Grosvenors are the Dukes of Westminster who own prime properties in London and the City of London financial district. The Grosvenors of America founded National Geographic which is notorious for removing the archaeological treasures of the world, especially those with religious significance, and relocating them at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington DC. The Institute is controlled by Grosvenor cousins, the Smithsons, who in turn are descended from the Percys – the Pierce bloodline that produced the Bushes. Ancestry of both George Bushes can be traced to England's Alfred the Great and to Charlemagne, a very notable figure in the Hidden Hand bloodline story from whom the great majority of US presidents are descended. Charlemagne, also Charles the Great, was King of the Franks and then Holy Roman Emperor from 800AD. Rome was a major centre for the bloodline and remains so today. Charlemagne was a hero of Adolf Hitler. With both his father and mother having such serious royal and aristocratic ancestry Boy George has a mass of bloodline connections as documented by the bible of 'elite' genetics, *Burke's Peerage*. The Bushes are related to the British royal family who are big-time Hidden Hand.

Dark secrets galore

The bloodlines manipulate and recruit through their secret society networks and so you would expect the bloodline Bushes to be heavily involved in secret societies. They have long been pillars of the infamous Skull and Bones Society based in a windowless mausoleum known as 'the Tomb' alongside the campus at Yale University at New Haven in Connecticut (Fig 21). The skull and bones is an ancient Hidden Hand symbol and the Knights Templar were accused of using skulls in their rituals. They certainly flew the skull and bones flag on their ships which became associated with the flag of pirates. 'The Order of the Skull and Bones' was co-founded by bloodline operatives Huntington Russell and Alphonso Taft in 1832 and appears to have its origins in Germany. Elite universities have secret societies that recruit initiates to be future Hidden Hand agents to serve the agenda for human control in politics,

Figure 21: Skull and Bones Society headquarters across the street from Yale University where the elite of tomorrow, called 'Bonesmen', are initiated into the Hidden Hand network.

banking, business, military, intelligence, media, and so on. Another secret society at Yale is the Scroll and Key. Every year 15 bloodline or other elite students are initiated into the Skull and Bones Society and the ratio of 'Bonesmen' who end up in positions of power is enormous compared with the general student population. They span the arenas of politics, banking, business, media, military and intelligence agencies, both in front of the camera and behind the scenes. Father and Boy Bush were initiated into Skull and Bones and so was their father and grandfather Prescott Bush who has a particular claim to fame in The Order. He and five other Skull and Bones initiates raided and ransacked the grave of Native American Apache leader Geronimo at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in May, 1918. They took turns to stand guard while others robbed the grave and took away artefacts and Geronimo's skull. This was taken to the Skull and Bones headquarters at Yale where it was used in their sick rituals and ceremonies. This horrible story is told in an internal history of the Skull and Bones Society and was quoted to Ned Anderson, Tribal Chairman of the San Carlos Apache tribe, when he was negotiating to have Geronimo's remains returned to tribal custody. A 1989 article in *The New Yorker* said: 'One Bonesman ... recalled during the early 70s seeing perhaps 30 skulls, not all of them human, scattered about the Tomb.' Initiates of university and other secret societies pledge allegiance to the goals of the secret society above all else – and this includes those that become President of the United States or head of the CIA. The public they supposed to be serving are irrelevant compared with their allegiance to their 'Order' which, in turn, locks into The Web. Initiation rituals for new members of Skull and Bones involve lying naked in a coffin within 'The Tomb' headquarters and spilling your sexual secrets to all assembled. Chanting is also part of the ritual as the initiate is taken out of the coffin, clothed in a symbol-festooned robe and said to be 're-born' into the Society. This is what Father and Boy Bush would have been through before going on to be US president. Such is the mentality of the people running our world and in power at the time of 9/11. The presidential 'election' in 2004 was between Skull and Bones Boy Bush and Skull and Bones John Kerry – the statistical chances of that with so few Bonesmen in the American population are absolutely fantastic (Fig 22).

Redwood rituals

Bush family men have a long association with the diabolical rituals performed by Hidden Hand bloodlines and lackeys every summer at Bohemian Grove, a ritual and sexual playground for leading American and foreign politicians, mobsters, bankers, businessmen, media owners and editors, top entertainers, etc., who are Hidden Hand initiates or serve the agenda in some form. Bohemian Grove is located in 2,700 acres

Figure 22: The 2004 Skull and Bones election for US President between Boy Bush and John Kerry. The one-party state personified.

Figure 23: Ronald Reagan and Richard Nixon either side of the speaker at the 'elite playground' of Bohemian Grove in a picture dated 1947. This was taken long before either became President of the United States. Presidents are not elected by the public – they are chosen by the Hidden Hand. Yes, including Trump.

of very secluded redwood forest near the hamlet of Monte Rio in Sonoma County, 75 miles north of San Francisco. Attendees have included presidents Father Bush, Boy Bush, Jimmy Carter, Bill Clinton, Ronald Reagan, Richard Nixon, (Fig 23); 9/11 vice president Dick Cheney; Secretaries of State Henry Kissinger, George Shultz, Casper Weinberger and Bush family crony, James Baker; Alexander Haig, former US Defense Secretary; Alan Greenspan, long-time head of the Hidden Hand's Federal Reserve and 'a person of tremendous spiritual, occult power'; David Rockefeller, grandson of Standard Oil tycoon J. D. Rockefeller and Hidden Hand manipulator for most of his life who was responsible for the building of the World Trade Center; Walter Cronkite, television news anchor; David Gergen, author and adviser to presidents for 30 years and editor-at-large at *US News and World Report*; newspaper tycoon William Randolph Hearst and presidents of major media operations like CNN and Associated Press. Dirk Mathison, San Francisco bureau chief of *People* magazine sneaked into the Grove three times in July, 1991. On the third occasion he was recognised by an executive of Time Warner which owned the magazine and he was thrown out and the story suppressed. Mathison said that John Lehman, a former Secretary of the Navy, delivered a lecture at the Grove which revealed how the Pentagon estimated 200,000 Iraqis had been killed a few months earlier in the US-Iraq Gulf War – a figure not made public. Another speaker was Al Neuharth, founder of American daily, *USA Today*, who was identified in the official programme as chairman of the

Freedom Forum – a $700-million foundation dedicated to a 'free press'.

Whistleblower Cathy O'Brien was held captive in US government mind control programmes for 30 years (see *The Biggest Secret*) and she describes in her book, *Trance-Formation of America*, how she and her fellow mind-slaves were forced to serve the perversions of their famous abusers at Bohemian Grove (Fig 24). These included satanic rituals, child sacrifices, torture and blood drinking. I have known Cathy since 1996 and spoken to her and her late partner Mark Phillips at great length about her experiences in an 'elite' mind control programme called Project Monarch (after the butterfly which symbolises part of the brain). Monarch was an offshoot of the publicly-exposed MKUltra which was (and still is under other names) a huge CIA-military operation to develop techniques of mind control and 'Manchurian candidates' that would carry out assassinations and other horrors when programmed to do so. MKUltra involved some 80 institutions, including universities, and was overseen by the CIA's Office of Scientific Intelligence working with military organisations like the US Army Biological Warfare Laboratories. Drugs, sensory deprivation, hypnosis, torture, sexual abuse and other violence were inflicted upon adults and children to make them literally lose their minds. Prison inmates were used in drug experimentation and even dogs. The unspeakable abuse of children in MKUltra and Project Monarch is testament to the level of psychopathy that drives the Hidden Hand and was at work on 9/11. President Gerald Ford, who was involved in MKUltra, appointed his vice president Nelson Rockefeller (also involved) to head an 'inquiry' into the project in the 1970s when it was exposed to public attention. The idea was to have the 'Rockefeller Commission' appear to reveal what happened while covering up the most extreme aspects of it. Father George Bush, Dick Cheney and the Clintons were seriously involved in the abuse of MKUltra and Monarch mind-slaves long after the projects officially ended with the emphasis in Father Bush's case on *children*. Still more details of this horrendous programme came to light in 2018 through documents released under the Freedom of Information Act.

Figure 24: Cathy O'Brien.

Cathy O'Brien says of Bohemian Grove in her book: 'Slaves of advancing age or with failed programming were ritually murdered at random in the wooded grounds of the Grove and I felt it was only a matter of time before it would be me.' She says the Grove has a number of rooms for different perversions, including a Dark Room, Leather Room, Necrophilia Room (sex with dead bodies) and one known as the

Figure 25: The 40-foot stone owl at Bohemian Grove is symbolic of both the Babylonian goddess and the ancient god Moloch or Molech to whom children were sacrificed in fire. Moloch/ Molech is also a symbol of Saturn which is a focus of Hidden Hand satanic rituals.

Underground Lounge, spelt as U.N.derground on the sign. I know this sounds seriously far out to peoples' 'normal' sense of reality, but you will see the enormous evidence to support all this if you read *The Biggest Secret, Children of the Matrix* and many books by other researchers and victims. The bloodlines have been involved in sickening human sacrifice rituals since Babylon and before and this still continues in secret and on a scale that beggars belief. Robed and hooded men conduct the opening ritual at Bohemian Grove standing alongside a large fire and a 40-foot stone owl – symbolic of the Babylonian goddess and also with male 'god' symbolism relating to Moloch or Molech to whom children were sacrificed by fire in ancient times (Fig 25). Molech is mentioned several times in the Old Testament as in Jeremiah 32:35: 'They built the high places of Baal in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, to offer up their sons and daughters to Molech, though I did not command them, nor did it enter into my mind, that they should do this abomination, to cause Judah to sin.' These world famous initiates at Bohemian Grove burn and sacrifice a human 'effigy' under the owl at the start of their 'summer camp' every year during a Babylonian-type ritual called Cremation of Care. Put 'Bohemian Grove' into YouTube and you will see footage of the owl ritual filmed secretly by talk show host Alex Jones. The film clearly shows the bizarre opening ritual and the sound quality is particularly good. At one point an 'effigy' is floated on a boat across the lake at Bohemian Grove where it is placed under the giant owl and set on fire. At this point you hear very clearly a bloodcurdling scream and one of two things are happening here. They are either sacrificing a human being in the guise of an 'effigy' or they broadcast the sound of the scream of agony as part of the ceremony. Either way, these are the people running our world. Jones was too far away to see if the sacrifice was an 'effigy' or real, but human sacrifice rituals go on among the elite of the elite in much more secret and secluded locations during the 'camp'. Boy Bush is a Bohemian Grove member like his father and grandfather were and he arrived at the Grove in 2000 shortly after the Jones video was shot.

Skull and Bones drug network

Among the most important functions of the Bush family and Skull and Bones Society has been circulating drugs like cocaine and heroin on the streets of America and around the world. Global trade in drugs, weapons and children are orchestrated from the shadows by Hidden Hand families along with Satanism and paedophilia. The vehicle for all these crimes against humanity are the global secret society networks which lock into government, military, intelligence agencies, law enforcement and the rest of the Permanent Government. Drug-trafficking generates incredible amounts of money to spend on secret so-called 'black budget' projects (including 9/11) and this doesn't appear in official government and military bookkeeping. Another source of funding is simply to make trillions in the US military budget disappear and then have a 'terrorist attack' strike the very offices at the Pentagon where civilian accountants were seeking to track the trillions. In doing so all evidence of what you have done is destroyed. This is what happened on 9/11 as we shall see and news of the missing trillions was announced by the Pentagon on September 10th, 2001, because of what they knew was coming the following day to divert attention. Very wealthy aristocratic and other Hidden Hand bloodline families in Britain and the United States launched the global drug trade and they still control it with the Bushes and Clintons – drug and business associates not political 'opponents' – very much involved in the United States before and across 9/11. Hidden Hand drug networks use their government agencies to 'bust' the opposition and leave the field clear for themselves. This is worth remembering when you hear reports of a 'big drug find' or some villain or network exposed for trafficking. The real players never get caught because they control law 'enforcement' and intelligence agencies. The Hidden Hand drug-running network destroys lives on a monumental scale and creates fear and divide and rule through the division and crime generated by those who rob and steal in a desperate attempt to feed their addiction. This in turn justifies greater police powers and deletions of freedom and privacy to 'fight' the problem that has been systematically created.

The Skull and Bones Society is owned by the Russell Trust which is controlled by the drug-running Russell bloodline family. They flew the skull and bones flag on their ships as they transported drugs for the British Empire from Turkey to China and elsewhere during the Opium Wars of the 19th century. Samuel Russell (1789-1862), an American 'entrepreneur', launched Russell and Company in 1824 and within seven years it had absorbed the Perkins opium syndicate based in Boston. Russell's head of operations in Canton, China, was Warren Delano Jr, grandfather of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a Bush family relative and US President during the Second World War. Roosevelt was

also a cousin of fellow wartime leader, British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill. Other famous families (Hidden Hand bloodline) were partners in the Russell drug network – names like Coolidge, Forbes, Perkins, Low and Sturgis. In the background behind all of them was the ever-dominant force and overseers of The Web at one level, the House of Rothschild. Railroad magnate John Murray Forbes (1813-1898) was involved with the drug-running Russell and Company and he was the great-grand uncle of American politician, John Forbes Kerry, who was Secretary of State to the fraud, Barack Obama, during the ongoing 'war on terror' that followed 9/11. Kerry is descended from a line of Austro-Hungarian Jewish immigrants and ran against Boy Bush in the 'Skull and Bones' presidential election of 2004. Both were asked during their election campaigns about the Skull and Bones connection, but they refused to go there. It was a 'secret', they said. *What* – a secret from the American people you are asking to vote for you?? Yes, *especially* them. A member of the public who stood up at an event to ask Kerry about his Skull and Bones membership was Tasered by police and thrown out. If you are new to all this perhaps you are now getting a feel for how the world really works and how something like 9/11 could be both pulled off and the truth hidden.

Bush and Kerry are not rare examples of the connection between Skull and Bones and positions of power. Skull and Bonesmen and initiates of other secret societies are strategically placed across the range of influential positions including the law and judiciary. Henry Stimson, US Secretary of War for the whole of World War II, was a Bonesman and so were Henry Luce, founder and publisher of *Time, Life, Fortune, and Sports Illustrated;* Frederick W. Smith, founder of FedEx; Harold Stanley, co-founder of Morgan Stanley and families that have dominated American politics, business, banking, and covert intelligence operations – the Rockefellers, Harrimans, Tafts, Lords, Kelloggs, Goodyears, Whitneys, Vanderbilts, Bundys, Sloanes, Perkins and others. Skull and Bones initiates have always had a very close association with the US intelligence community and they include the infamous James Jesus Angleton and Father George Bush. Angleton was a major figure in the creation of the CIA structure after the agency was formed in 1947 under Nazi supporter Allen Dulles and he specialised in liaising with Israel's Mossad and Shin Bet intelligence agencies. Both will become prominent in the 9/11 story much later on. Bonesman Father George Bush was Director of the Central Intelligence Agency between 1976 and 1977 before becoming the 41st President of the United States. He was replaced by his drug-running associate, oops, sorry, political opponent, Bill Clinton, president between 1993 and 2001 when Boy Bush took over for the next eight years during which came 9/11 and the 'war on terror' justified by 9/11. This is clearly all just another coincidence and nothing

to worry about. I'll come to the Bush-Clinton drug operation in more detail shortly. Clinton was a member of DeMolay International, an organisation for men 'of *good character*' between 12 and 21 which is named after Knights Templar Grand Master Jacques de Molay who was burned to death during the Templar purge in France in the early 14th century. Walt Disney was another DeMolay member.

Prescott Bush, funder of Hitler, and Rockefeller 'race-purity'

Prescott Bush, father and grandfather to the Bush presidents, was a Senator for Connecticut, home of the Skull and Bones Society. He was a golf partner of President Dwight D. Eisenhower, a military man who, like 9/11 Secretary of State Colin Powell, enjoyed a fantastic rise to prominence because of his Hidden Hand sponsors; but Eisenhower disappeared from view after he warned about the dangers to freedom posed by the 'Military-Industrial Complex' (the Hidden Hand) in the closing days of his presidency. Prescott Bush was a keen and active supporter of the eugenics (master race) movement along with his bloodline associates, the Rockefellers and Harrimans. This clique led by the Rockefellers and ultimately by the Rothschilds funded the work of Adolf Hitler's race 'purity' expert, Ernst Rudin. Their money allowed Rudin to occupy an entire floor at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Genealogy and Demography in Berlin. Soon after Hitler had abolished elections and become dictator of Germany in 1933, the Rockefeller-funded, Bush and Harriman-supported, Dr Rudin was commissioned to write the Law for the Prevention of Hereditary Diseases in Posterity which involved the forced sterilisation of anyone considered genetically inferior. President Father George's enthusiastic funding of 'population control' programmes was another modern example of this family obsession. The detailed and sickening story of the master race movement supported by the Bushes, Harrimans and Rockefellers (with the Rothschilds) is told in *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. Both sides in the World Wars were funded by the same people via Hidden Hand-controlled Wall Street and the City of London financial district. Prescott Bush supported eugenics and Hitler's crazed master race 'philosophy' and helped to fund the Nazi war machine. He brought up his son with the same psychopathic mentality as his own and ditto with Father Bush and his sons including the 9/11 president. Wars are instigated to transform society and create the excuse and opportunity to centralise global power through the Problem-Reaction-Solution perception manipulation technique. Nations are manipulated into conflict and all sides funded until the status quo is destroyed and another status quo – the Hidden Hand's version – can replace it. This is what the two world wars of the 20th century and endless other conflicts have really been about – transforming societies and the world map in ways that are

irreversible. See also Afghanistan, Iraq, Libya, Syria and the post-9/11 'war on terror'. Prescott Bush helped to finance Hitler to this end through a company run by German Nazi-funder Fritz Thyssen called the Union Banking Corporation (UBC). Thyssen, a German steel entrepreneur and banker, was funding the Nazis from the early 1920s. His banking operation in Germany was affiliated through a subsidiary with the W.A. Harriman Company in New York (Brown Brothers Harriman after 1933), which in turn was funded by the House of Rothschild. The Harriman family was also prominent in supporting the Russian Revolution, Adolf Hitler and the master race insanity of the eugenics movement. E. Roland Harriman (Skull and Bones Society) was on the board of Fritz Thyssen's Union Banking Corporation in the US along with known Nazis and Nazi financial backers. Prescott Bush was also on the UBC board and owed his wealth to the Harrimans. The trio of Brown Brothers Harriman, the Sullivan and Cromwell law firm, headed by Rockefeller cousin John Foster Dulles, and the Union Banking Corporation of Prescott Bush and George Herbert Walker (Father George's grandfather) represented the interests of Nazi business cartels in the United States at the time of the Second World War. The golf trophy, the Walker Cup, is named after Father Bush's Nazi-supporting grandfather. John Foster Dulles would become US Secretary of State while his brother, Allen, was the first head of the CIA. In 1942 the US government seized UBC assets under the Trading with the Enemy Act and stopped George Walker and Prescott Bush pouring money into Hitler's regime – at least in theory. Eight days later two other Bush-managed companies, the Holland-American Trading Corporation and the Seamless Steel Equipment Corporation, were seized for the same reason. These were followed by another Bush-Harriman operation, the Silesian-American Corporation. Thanks to their Hidden Hand connections they were able to not only avoid prosecution, but secured a massive pay-out when the bank was liquidated.

The Bush-Nazi connection was highlighted by John Loftus, president of the Florida Holocaust Museum, who pointed out that Prescott Bush derived a portion of his personal fortune from his affiliation with a Nazi-controlled bank. Loftus, a former prosecutor in the [In]Justice Department's Nazi War Crimes Unit, confirmed that Prescott Bush was a principal in the Union Banking Corporation in Manhattan in the 1930s and 40s, and that leading Nazi industrialists secretly owned the bank at the time. Loftus said they were moving money into the UBC through a second bank in Holland even after the United States declared war on Germany. He said the bank was liquidated in 1951 and Boy Bush's grandfather and great-grandfather received $1.5 million as part of that dissolution. Loftus said he possessed a file of paperwork linking the bank and Prescott Bush to Nazi money. 'That's where the Bush family

fortune came from: it came from the Third Reich,' Loftus said in a speech during the Sarasota Reading Festival. He documented in his book, *Unholy Trinity: The Vatican, The Nazis and the Swiss Banks*, how Swiss bank accounts harboured funds confiscated from concentration camp victims and the involvement of Italian priests in smuggling Nazi war criminals to safe havens in Canada, Central and South America and the United States after the war. This is also detailed in the earlier *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*, which, like Loftus, exposes the Nazi connections of other prominent American Hidden Hand families, including the Rockefellers and Kennedys in the form of Nazi-supporting Joseph Kennedy, the father of President JFK. Nancy Krauss, a member of the audience who heard Loftus in Florida, said:

> I am absolutely shocked. I wish this would have come out before the election. My husband voted for Bush. I don't think he would have voted for him if he would have known.

If people knew what the Bush family had really done – and did with regard to 9/11 and other human catastrophes – they would all have long been in jail with the key hurled into a very deep ocean. Hidden Hand control of the mainstream media and the clueless and gutless nature of the great majority of alleged 'journalists' has protected them and their Web associates from widespread exposure. Another important question here is why the Zionist and Nazi-hunter organisations and networks have never sought to expose the Bush family for their Nazi funding and support for Hitler's race-purity programme when all you have to do – especially these days – is to factually expose the government of Israel to be instantly labelled a 'Nazi', 'anti-Semite' and 'Holocaust denier'. There is a simple answer to that, however. Those calculated slurs are used by the inner core of ultra-extremist Zionism and its gofers and agents to silence exposure and opposition while the Bush family and so many other bloodline families have served the interests of the ultra-Zionist (Hidden Hand, Web) agenda and so they get away with supporting Hitler and his race purity insanity. It is essential to understand the ultra-Zionist modus operandi that the inner core has as much contempt for Jewish people as they do for everyone else. They are there to serve the Web, not Jewish people. I will be explaining much more about this in due course. The two totally manipulated World Wars cost the lives of an estimated more than 120 million people if you include deaths from war-related disease and famine. More than 60 million were civilians. Hey, but 'they would never do that' to 3,000 more on 9/11, right? The Second World War came to a close with the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945 after which Japan surrendered on the same terms they had offered before the nuclear strikes which killed

105,000 after impact and who knows how many since through the effects of radiation? The order to drop the bombs came from President Harry S. Truman, a Freemason and Rockefeller cousin. Truman was also the first world leader to recognise the State of Israel under Jewish rule amid extreme levels of terrorism that caused 750,000 Palestinians to flee their homeland never to return. Truman did this despite opposition from his own administration and while the United Nations was discussing other options. The need to drop those bombs on Japan related to the next stage of the long-planned Hidden Hand sequence of events to transform human society into a global fascist/communist tyranny – the Cold War. This would be founded on the fear of nuclear destruction and that would be far easier if the public had experience of what atomic bombs can do rather than trying to sell a concept that had never been seen. These are real nice people and the very psychopathic mentality that orchestrated 9/11.

Funding the Russian Revolution

The sequence of events to change the face of global society is planned long in advance of each stage and ahead of the Cold War had to come the creation of 'the Baddy' in the form of the Soviet Union. Once again the same bloodline crowd was involved. The Harriman family and their close associate, Prescott Bush, helped to fund the Russian Revolution. E. Roland Harriman was the brother of W. Averill Harriman (Skull and Bones Society), a director of a company called the Guaranty Trust when it was financing Lenin and Trotsky to trigger the Russian Revolution (another Hidden Hand Problem-Reaction-Solution). Half the board members of Brown Brothers Harriman and their fellow Russian Revolution financers, J.P. Morgan, were Skull and Bones initiates. Roland Harriman, Prescott Bush and Percy Rockefeller were in the same Bonesmen group. Global manipulator Averill Harriman, the Henry Kissinger of his day, would later make big profits from Russian ventures and be appointed US ambassador to the Soviet Union to advance Hidden Hand interests there. American and Soviet governments were on different 'sides' in the 'Cold War'? Not at the Hidden Hand level they weren't. It was all yet another game to dupe the people. Averill Harriman was a controlling voice in the Democratic Party and dictator to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt of the drug-running Hidden Hand bloodline related to the Bushes. Harriman's wife, Pamela, who died while US ambassador to Paris in 1997, was extremely influential in Bill Clinton's rise to the presidency and he made her ambassador to France as a pay-back. In turn, her husband, Averill, a 'Democrat', was very much a mentor to Prescott Bush and the Bush family in general who were 'Republicans'. As one headline at the time of Bill Clinton's run for president put it: 'Bush Camp Finances Clinton Campaign.' The

United States, as with the UK and other countries, is a one-party state masquerading as a free society. Whoever you vote for the same government gets in – the Hidden Hand Permanent Government. Pamela Harriman was also married to Randolph Churchill, son of Britain's wartime Prime Minister, Winston Churchill (bloodline and cousin to Franklin Roosevelt) and she had affairs with the Italian Fiat boss Giovanni Agnelli (bloodline and Hidden Hand operative) and Baron Elie de Rothschild (bloodline and Hidden Hand operative) among a string of others. When you move in Hidden Hand circles, it is a very small world. The network of support for the Russian Revolution in the United States that I have described was a subordinate group controlled by the House of Rothschild and I will come to their central involvement in the revolution and the connection to 9/11 later in the book.

Father George – the psychopath's psychopath (one of so many)

This was the background into which George Herbert Walker Bush – Father George – arrived in this world on June 12th, 1924. He was groomed from birth to serve the Hidden Hand in a long list of roles, including US Ambassador to the United Nations, Chairman of the Republican Party at the time of the Watergate hearings, Director of the CIA, and Vice President and President of the United States. The Herbert Walker in his name comes from his grandfather, George Herbert Walker (Skull and Bones Society), who was heavily involved with Prescott Bush in the funding of the Russian Revolution, expansion of the eugenics movement and Adolf Hitler. Wherever you look in Father Bush's life you find bloodline operatives, human sacrificing Satanists, child abusers and orchestrators of genocide. Father Bush was all of these, as my books and others have long detailed. He was very much a power behind the throne during the 9/11 presidency of his son along with Daddy Bush's long-time friend and associate Dick Cheney who was his Defense Secretary during the 1991 Gulf War and would be vice president (de-facto president) during the reign of Boy George. Cathy O'Brien was designated to 'serve' Bush and Cheney during the Reagan and Bush presidencies and told me how Boy George was treated as little more than a 'make-the-tea' servant to his father and Cheney while he was growing up. Well, trying to. One of Boy Bush's roles was to get his father home in often paralytic drunken states. The same dynamic continued when Boy Bush was president – he was the tea-maker and gofer for Cheney and his dad – and that included what happened before, during and after the attacks of September 11th.

I will summarise here just a few of the crimes against humanity inflicted by Father George Bush and his dominant partner and fellow genocidal maniac, the ultra-Zionist Rothschild/Rockefeller asset, Henry Kissinger. It will give you further confirmation of the true mentality

behind September 11th and the subsequent 'war on terror'. Bush served the Hidden Hand in China while Kissinger and the Chinese were supporting Pol Pot in the genocidal war on Cambodia that led to the extermination of millions of Cambodians. Bush returned home in 1975 when he received a telegram from Kissinger saying that he was being nominated by President Ford (Kissinger in other words) to be Director of the CIA. Bush held the post in 1976 and 1977 and he has been so fundamentally involved in CIA activities officially and unofficially that in 1999 its headquarters compound at Langley, Virginia, was named the George Bush Center for Intelligence. The CIA is part of the so-called 'Inner Fed' of the secret government or 'Deep State' that consists of the CIA, National Security Agency, FBI, NASA and the Federal Reserve 'Central Bank of America'. Through 'umbrella' network structures like the 'Inner Fed' a coordinated policy and response can be conducted between apparently unconnected agencies and organisations. Much of the funding of this cartel of manipulation in secret projects comes from its involvement in the drugs trade. Father Bush was not new to the intelligence game and his connections with the CIA would appear to go back to the 1950s or even much earlier given the Skull and Bones Society connection to the US intelligence community. Among Bush's CIA operatives in South America was the infamous Nazi 'Butcher of Lyon', Klaus Barbie, who had escaped from Europe thanks to US (Hidden Hand) intelligence. It was he who masterminded the so-called 'cocaine-coup' in Bolivia in June, 1980, and used the profits from CIA-supported drug networks to finance the neo-Nazi overthrow of the government in Argentina. Mike Levine, a former US Drug Enforcement agent, said the coup was achieved by troops wearing Nazi armbands. The contacts George Bush made at the CIA would be invaluable when he became vice president to Ronald Reagan in January, 1981. Reagan's personal fortune dated from a time shortly after becoming Governor of California when he bought some land cheaply and sold it at a massive profit to a group of benefactors who have never been publicly identified. Reagan, a former B-movie actor, was a long-time member of Bohemian Grove and an initiate of the Knights of Malta, another very significant strand in The Web. Reagan was 70, the oldest man to be inaugurated as President. His mind was failing and he needed long afternoon naps each day. Almost everything Reagan said, even in relatively off-the-cuff situations when greeting foreign leaders, was written for him by his aides on cue cards. Father Bush was president in all, but name.

Iran-Contra

It was strictly illegal under US law for the government to supply arms to Iran or to fund and arm the Nicaraguan 'freedom fighters' (terrorists) called the Contras in their war with the Sandinista government. It was

certainly illegal to accept payment with drugs in return. The Reagan-Bush administration would do all of these things. They would fund the Contras through Honduras in an operation involving Oliver North, an official of the National Security Council. On January 18th, 1985, the Bush-appointed Felix Rodriguez is known to have met his namesake (but not thought to be a relative), Ramon Milian Rodriguez, an accountant and money launderer who worked for the Medellin drug cartel. This meeting was confirmed by Felix Rodriguez and reported in the *Miami Herald* on June 30th, 1987. From his cell in Butner, North Carolina, Ramon told investigative journalist, Martha Honey:

> ...[Felix offered] ... in exchange for money for the Contra cause he would use his influence in high places to get the [cocaine] cartel US goodwill ... Frankly, one of the selling points was that he could talk directly to Bush. The issue of goodwill wasn't something that was going to go through 27 bureaucratic hands. It was something that was directly between him and Bush.

This could easily be done given that Felix Rodriguez was working from Bush's office. A memo in early September, 1986, sent to Oliver North by retired Army Major General John K. Singlaub, said that Felix Rodriguez was talking of having 'daily contact' with Bush's office and this could damage President Reagan and the Republican Party. Oliver North would write in his notebook: 'Felix has been talking too much about the VP [Vice President].' Former *CBS News* producer Leslie Cockburn presents devastating evidence in her 1987 book, *Out Of Control*, of Bush's involvement in Iran-Contra and drug running. She says that planes chartered by the CIA and packed with cocaine flew directly into the Homestead Air Force Base in Florida using a CIA code signal. Drug-running through Florida will enter the 9/11 story later with alleged leader 'hijacker', Mohamed Atta. Colonel Albert Carone, who was later murdered, said in a sworn statement that he remembered seeing Oliver North make more than 20 entries in his diary detailing how drug profits were being used to buy weapons for the Contras. Carone said that an entry for July 5th, 1985, noted that '$14 million to buy arms came from drugs'. North was made president of the influential US National Rifle Association in 2018 and was acclaimed as a 'national hero'. Cathy O'Brien writes in *Trance-Formation of America* that she witnessed drug parties in which the drug-running North was among the guests. The Reagan-Bush administration admitted in 1986 that Adolfo 'Popo' Chamorro's Nicaraguan Contras, terrorists supported by the CIA, were helping a Colombian drug-trafficker to transport drugs into the United States. Testimony by John Stockwell, a former high-ranking CIA official, revealed that drug smuggling was an essential component of the

CIA operation with the Contras. North was up to his neck in this. George Morales, one of South America's biggest traffickers, testified that he was approached in 1984 to fly weapons to the Contras. In return, he says, the CIA helped him to smuggle thousands of kilos of cocaine into the United States via an airstrip on the ranch of John Hull, a self-confessed CIA agent and associate of Oliver North. As Michael Ruppert, a former drugs specialist with the Los Angeles Police Department, said:

> The CIA and Ronald Reagan and [CIA Director] Bill Casey and vice president George Bush were running the whole operation, we know that now. They circumvented the will of Congress and there was an explosion of drug trafficking all throughout Central America, coordinated by the CIA.

Meanwhile, the other aspect of Iran-Contra was continuing to illegally trade arms for American hostages held by Iran and Oliver North was heavily involved again. Weapons were being shipped via close associates in Israel. Release of hostages was explained in part by the efforts of Terry Waite, the representative of Britain's Archbishop of Canterbury. 'Negotiator' Waite was being used without his knowledge by North who was quite happy for him to take the credit for the release of hostages when, in fact, they were the result of illegal arms sales. Waite would eventually as a consequence be taken hostage himself. Father Bush was telling the American people throughout all of this: 'We will make no concessions to terrorists' – just as his son said after 9/11. Father Bush negotiated with the Iranians even before Reagan was elected to delay release of hostages until after the presidential election of 1980 to ensure that Jimmy Carter, the sitting tenant, would not get the kudos before polling day. This worked so perfectly that 52 hostages flew out of Iran after 444 days in captivity minutes after Reagan was inaugurated. No doubt the promise of arms sales to Iran by a future Reagan-Bush administration was fundamental to the deal. I know it's hard for us to imagine how anyone could coldly ensure that American hostages would spend months longer in captivity just to serve a political agenda, but that's the mentality we are dealing with here – the same mentality that was behind September 11th and what followed. The Iran-Contra scandal blew in late 1986 and Ronald Reagan had to admit some, though only some, of what was happening. He said:

> A few months ago I told the American people I did not trade arms for hostages. My heart and my best intentions still tell me that is true but the facts and evidence tell me it is not.

Put another way – I lied. Father Bush should have been bang-to-rights for his involvement in Iran-Contra with the evidence so

overwhelming, but I want to highlight how he got away with it because this will be useful later in appreciating how the true perpetrators of 9/11 could have been protected from exposure and a prison cell for life. On October 5th, 1986, a plane left the Ilopango Air Base in El Salvador with arms and ammunition for the Contra terrorists in Nicaragua. The flight had been coordinated by officials within George Bush's office. As the plane came low to make the drop, it was grounded by a Sandinista missile. Three people died in the crash while cargo handler Eugene Hasenfus parachuted into the hands of the Sandinistas. Bush was alerted in a call to his office by his long-time friend, drug-runner and assassin Felix Rodriguez. The truth was out. Or some of it was. The power of the Hidden Hand network can be the only explanation for how, despite the overwhelming evidence against him, Father Bush evaded prosecution even though Buz Sawyer, the pilot of the crashed plane, was found to have Bush's private office phone number in his pocket. Hasenfus also stated that Father Bush knew about the whole thing. Bush denied involvement or knowledge of what happened. Subordinates like Donald Regan, Admiral John Poindexter, Oliver North, Robert McFarlane, and Major General Richard Secord, were sacrificed and scapegoated instead. They were very much involved, but Bush got away with it, as did Reagan and his Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger. North, who was up to his eyes in the intrigue, faced hearings with other small-fry and staggeringly emerged in the eyes of many as an American hero. Bush still had a problem, however, with former Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger, who was indicted with others in 1992 for lying to Congress over what happened. This could have been disastrous for Bush with his presidency coming to an end and so he pardoned Weinberger and the others to ensure there would be no trial. The pardon came on Christmas Eve, 1992, in the dying days of his presidency after he had lost the November election to Bill Clinton and a matter of weeks before Weinberger and company were due to face a trial that would have implicated Bush. The presidency passed from Father Bush to Clinton in January, 1993, who continued the cover-up because – as I expose at length in *And The Truth Shall Set You Free* – he was also involved with the Contra drug operations in Arkansas when he was Governor. It is actually possible to coordinate a drug-running and arms-running operation from the White House and get away with it. Where were the media while all this was going on? Nowhere as usual – with rare exceptions. One proper reporter, Gary Webb at the San Jose Mercury News, did have the guts to expose how the CIA and the Father Bush-controlled White House had poured crack cocaine into African-American communities to raise money for the Contras and create more addiction and the consequences that follow. Webb and his newspaper were not only attacked by the authorities when the stories appeared. At

the frontline of condemnation were their fellow 'journalists' and major papers like the Hidden Hand-owned *Washington Post*, *New York Times*, and *Los Angeles Times*. The United States was convicted by the World Court in 1986 for its war crimes against Nicaragua and later faced censure for its actions against the people of Panama; but nothing happened. Governments claim immunity for colossal crimes while holding the 'little people' to account for minor ones.

The Gulf War

At the time of 9/11 in 2001 we had the Bush family in the White House, Dick Cheney as Vice President, Colin Powell as Secretary of State, and a United States international 'coalition' went to war in the Middle/Near East. In 1991 the Bush family was in the White House, Cheney was Defense Secretary, Powell was head of the US forces as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a United States international 'coalition' went to war in the Middle East. The 1991 Gulf War was over a border dispute between Iraq and Kuwait. Father Bush sent US forces – or a 'UN coalition', including the UK – to intervene in what was called Operation Desert Storm. Add together the casualties from the initial conflict in 1991, the brutal sanctions that followed and the 2003 US invasion and Iraqi casualties were numbered in millions. What happened during the Gulf War and after offers clear insight into the mentality later involved in 9/11 and the 'war of terror' and how 'they *would* do that'. First of all, the Gulf War wasn't exactly a war. My understanding of a 'war' is that you need two sides and under that definition the Gulf War was not a 'war'. It was the military equivalent of putting Mike Tyson in the ring with your granny. American soldiers have described this 'war' as a 'turkey shoot' which is precisely what it was. The Iraqi army, mainly conscripts who had no choice, may have been armed over the years by the US and Britain, but it was still like trying to stop an elephant with a pop gun. While the media was showed us pictures provided by the US military of 'smart bombs' that could target a building and go through a toilet window a very different reality was happening beyond the military censors. At least 93 percent of the bombs that rained down were not 'smart' – that's according to the Pentagon's own numbers – and 70 percent missed their military target. Writer Wade Frazier's excellent study of the Gulf 'War' revealed the background to just one of the devices used against the Iraqi people:

> The [fuel-air] bomb works thus: there are two detonations; the first spreads a fine mist of fuel into the air, turning the area [about the size of a football field] into an explosive mix of vast proportion; then a second detonation ignites the mixture, causing an awesome explosion. The explosion is about the most powerful 'conventional' explosion we know of.

> At a pressure shock of up to 200 pounds per square inch (PSI), people in its detonation zone are often killed by the sheer compression of the air around them. Human beings can typically withstand up to about a 40-PSI shock. The bomb sucks oxygen out of the air, and can apparently even suck the lungs out through the mouths of people unfortunate enough to be in the detonation zone. Our military used it on helpless people [in the 1991 Gulf Slaughter].

People who would order the use of such weapons without a care for the consequences would not kill 3,000 people on 9/11 with the same empathy-deleted nonchalance? The Iraqi people, living, breathing, human beings like you and me, were subjected to a lovely piece of hardware called a 'Big Blue' which produces a shock wave only eclipsed by nuclear weapons. As Wade Frazier points out, the power of the shock wave can turn a body into a hamburger. So-called 'bouncing bombs' were also deployed. These are designed to 'bounce' to waist height before exploding and ensure a better chance of splattering people into a thousand pieces. These are called 'antipersonnel' weapons in the sanitised Orwellian 'Newspeak' of Hidden Hand front men. Then there was the 'Beehive' which explodes 8,800 pieces of razor-edged shrapnel in all directions, cutting through a human body like the proverbial knife through butter. All these weapons were used against civilian men, women and children in the Gulf 'War' and others since – including the 'war on terrorism'. In an oh, so rare excursion into reality by the media, John Balzar of the *Los Angeles Times* reported in 1991 on the fate of Iraqi conscripts. Balzar saw night-vision 'gun sight' footage from the US military briefing room:

> They looked like ghostly sheep flushed from a pen – Iraqi infantrymen bewildered and terrified, jarred from sleep and fleeing their bunkers under a hellish fire. One by one, they were cut down by attackers they could not see or understand. Some were blown to bits by bursts of 30-millimeter exploding cannon shells. One man dropped, writhed on the ground, then struggled to his feet; another burst of fire tore him apart ... Even hardened soldiers hold their breath as the Iraqi soldiers, as big as football players on the television screen, run with nowhere to hide. These are not bridges exploding or airplane hangers. These are men.

The same reporter wrote:

> The mechanics of death and destruction are a grim affair. The military's scientific approach and its philosophies – for example, its preference for wounding vital organs over blowing off limbs – can be deeply disquieting to anybody who imagines such matters are left to chance. Many people would

rather not know about the gruesome details.

The psychopaths of the Hidden Hand behind the Gulf War and 9/11 enjoy the gruesome details because for them it's a sexual high.

'Nuke 'em, kill 'em all'

This was not a war, it was a mass slaughter by the very forces and their controllers that would wage a 'war on terror' justified by 9/11 that would include a full-blown invasion of Iraq. These protectors of 'freedom' and 'liberty' used the same rhetoric then as they do now to justify the mass bombing of civilians. They hide the truth behind the lies so eagerly repeated by excuses-for-journalists and large swathes of the public that has long forgotten not only what to think, but even how to think. Then, as now, no dissent was allowed against the genocide of the innocent by the criminally insane. Talk show hosts, without two brain cells acting in unison, called for nuclear attacks on Iraq and anyone who challenged the 'war' was either stupid or a supporter of evil. While the sheep and chickens followed the fox, or Fox, the US government and their British allies were targeting civilian bomb shelters, killing hundreds of fathers, mothers and children because 'intelligence told us that the bomb shelter was actually a military headquarters'. *Bullshit.* On the ground thousands of Iraqi soldiers were buried alive as 'UN' forces used bulldozers to fill in their trenches in shocking contravention of international law. Nothing better sums up the mentality of the deeply sick people behind 9/11 and still waging the 'war on terror' than the almost unimaginable attacks on the 'Highway of Death'. The Iraqi army was in retreat in the wake of the air bombardment and headed out of Kuwait across the border to Basra in Iraq. With them were civilians and prisoners. US pilots attacked the vehicles at the front and back of the seven-mile *retreating* human convoy, so forcing it to a standstill on the open road. They then bombed the convoy while constantly racing back to their aircraft carrier to re-arm and return to continue the mass murder. One pilot said that it was like 'shooting fish in a barrel' and thousands died at the hands of the very people who promote themselves as morally superior to those they target. Barry McCaffrey, one of the generals involved in this mass murder, was later appointed by President Clinton to head his 'war on drugs'. Father George Bush's approval ratings soared as he conducted these crimes against humanity – just as they did for his son when he continued the long, long, family association with genocide. The blatant defiance of the Geneva Convention on the Highway of Death produced no action against the Father Bush administration because there is one law for America, Britain, France and Germany, etc., and a very different one for those they choose to bomb, kill, and mutilate. An International War Crimes Tribunal found

President Father Bush, Vice President Dan Quayle, Defense Secretary Dick Cheney, Secretary of State James Baker, and military leaders, Colin Powell and Norman Schwarzkopf, guilty of war crimes. What was done as a result? Nothing – *as always*. When Bill Clinton replaced Bush he imposed sanctions on Iraq so severe that by 1995 his evil Secretary of State Madeleine Albright was forced to admit on the US *60 Minutes* television programme that sanctions had already cost the lives of *half a million* Iraqi children and that was only up to then. This was the exchange:

> Lesley Stahl: 'We have heard that half a million children have died. I mean, that's more children than died in Hiroshima. And, you know, is the price worth it?'
>
> Albright: 'I think this is a very hard choice, but the price – we think the price is worth it.'

The figure continued at some 5,000 dead children a month and passed a million in total. Albright's answer was one which only a psychopath could deliver. This mentality would not orchestrate 9/11?

Burying the truth

Crimes for which the Bush family and their masters and associates are responsible rarely come to light because the corporate media is controlled by the Hidden Hand and most journalists either don't realise they are pawns in a game or silently accept that they are to protect their careers. Accounts are legion of how evidence and footage that would expose the lies, especially in wartime, are banned or confiscated as they are with regard to 9/11. One example during the 1991 Gulf War was when American TV networks NBC and CBS refused to air pictures shot in Iraq of the destruction of civilian areas which revealed Bush government and military accounts to be a grotesque fiction. The story was blocked by the President of NBC Michael Gartner and producers offered it to CBS where Tom Bettag, Executive Editor of the CBS *Evening News*, said he would run the story the following day. That evening Bettag was sacked and the story buried. This is the real background to TV news and today the Internet information giants, too, all of which ultimately answer to the Hidden Hand. Footage of the Highway of Death was suppressed and US casualties caused by the enemy were claimed to be 'training accidents'. Father Bush's lies about Iraqi troop deployments in Kuwait, provable by satellite images, were never shown. This satellite 'loophole in the lies' was the reason why the US government purchased all rights to satellite pictures of Afghanistan while that country was subjected to another insane American and British

bombing onslaught after 9/11. We should remember that having said in 1991 that CIA-installed dictator Saddam Hussein was a threat to the world, and with the Iraqi 'army' destroyed, Father Bush suddenly called an end to the 'war' and pulled the troops out leaving Saddam still intact. Norman Schwarzkopf said with an air of disappointment: 'We could have completely closed the door and made it a battle of annihilation ... [it was] literally about to become the battle of Canaan, a battle of annihilation.' This is what I wrote at this point in *Alice in Wonderland and the World Trade Center Disaster* published in 2002:

> Ah, never mind, Norman, but you see your President and those who controlled him wanted Hussein to stay put, or at least appear to, so they could play that card over and over. I suspect, however, that the Saddam story is going to lead to some kind of climax eventually.

A few months later it did with the invasion of Iraq in 2003.

Evil begets evil

Hidden Hand operatives like Father Bush and his associate Henry Kissinger are mass murderers on a scale that is almost incomprehensible. They and their associates and successors have a record of genocidal horror that spans the world in Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Korea, Nicaragua, Panama, Grenada, Indonesia, Bosnia, Kosovo, Iraq, Afghanistan, Libya, Syria and that's only a partial list. The dead, maimed, starving, destitute and dispossessed that have ensued can be numbered in billions of our fellow men, women and children. Nothing captures the 9/11 mentality of empathy-deleted psychopathy behind all this more powerfully than Father Bush's sexual abuse, torture and murder of children held in captivity in the mind-control and sexual abuse programmes of this depraved beyond belief Hidden Hand network. I explain in other books why these bloodlines are obsessed with paedophilia, but the why is less important here than the fact that it happens at all as we explore the depths of evil to which these extreme psychopaths daily plunge. If you read *The Biggest Secret*, *Children of the Matrix*, and other books by researchers and victims of this network, you'll see that what I am saying is no fantasy. Father Bush was a notorious paedophile, torturer and child killer among those who have researched this subject. I first outed Bush in 1998 as a rampant paedophile who tortured children and while I was writing this book more than two decades later Washington and Republican insider Dr Steve Pieczenik also exposed Bush in an Internet video. Pieczenik is a former US Department of State official and a Harvard-trained psychiatrist who served as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State under Henry Kissinger, Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan and Father

Bush. He confirmed from his own knowledge the paedophilia of Father Bush and how prevalent it is among the power elite – what I have been exposing for so long. Pieczenik said:

> It has been rampant in our government, if you remember Bush Sr. had a whole group of young Hispanic men who he groomed and played with. At the same time, Hillary and Bill Clinton along with their friend Mr. Epstein went down to the Bahamas and they were molesting and utilizing young girls and boys to have sexual pleasures, but nothing was done about the fact that Jeffrey Epstein had been guilty and convicted of that crime.

Paedophile billionaire Jeffrey Epstein was not only a buddy of the Clintons. Among the names and phone numbers in Epstein's 'little black book' were Donald Trump, Tony Blair and his close friend Prince Andrew of the British royal family. Epstein's friends arranged an outrageous plea deal that allowed him to avoid the long jail sentence which the paedophilia charges against him should have involved. Alex Acosta, the US attorney in Miami who agreed the deal on behalf of the government, was appointed US Labor Secretary by Trump. A judge ruled in 2019 that Acosta broke the law by not informing Epstein's victims of the plea agreement which allowed the paedophile to get off basically scot-free for running a child-trafficking ring. What a cesspit. Even by these 'standards' Father Bush was at the far end of extreme. Cathy O'Brien, a mind-controlled slave of people like Bush and Dick Cheney for the first 30 years of her life, reveals in *Trance Formation of America* the staggering levels of abuse inflicted on her and her daughter Kelly by Father Bush and his like. Kelly was only a small child literally born into captivity when Bush began his sexual and violent abuse of her – abuse and torture that her mother had long suffered. This is just one of her experiences with President George H. W. Bush, father and controller of 9/11 President Boy Bush. The Alex Houston she mentions here was her and Kelly's CIA handler in the US government mind-control programme known as MKUltra:

> Kelly became violently, physically ill after her induction into George Bush's 'neighborhood' and from every sexual encounter she had with him thereafter, she ran 104-6 degree temperatures, vomited and endured immobilizing headaches for an average of three days. These were the only tell-tale evidences aside from the scarring burns left on her skin. Houston forbade me to call a doctor, and Kelly forbade me to comfort her, pitifully complaining that her head 'hurt too bad even to move'. And she did not move for hours on end. Kelly often complained of severe kidney pain and her rectum usually bled for a day or two after Bush sexually abused her. My own mind-control victimization rendered me unable to help or protect her ...

> ... Kelly's bleeding rectum was ... one of [the] ... physical indicators of George Bush's pedophile perversions. I have overheard of him speak blatantly of his sexual abuse of her on many occasions. He used this and threats to her life to 'pull my strings' and control me. The psychological ramifications of being raped by a paedophile president are mind shattering enough, but reportedly Bush further reinforced his traumas to Kelly's mind with sophisticated NASA electronic and drug mind controlled devices. Bush also instilled the 'Who ya gonna call?' and 'I'll be watching you' binds on Kelly, further reinforcing her sense of helplessness. The systematic tortures and traumas I endured as a child now seem trite in comparison to the brutal, physical and psychological devastation that Bush inflicted on my daughter.

Father Bush pledged during his 1987 presidential election campaign to build a 'kinder, gentler, America'. This man was in the White House for twelve years followed by his friend and associate Bill Clinton, whom Cathy also exposes, and then his son and tea-maker, Boy Bush. Such a mentality would not plan and execute what happened on September 11th, an event that has so massively advanced the Hidden Hand agenda for a global fascist/communist state? 'They would never do that'? You must be joking. It is their modus operandi in every way.

CHAPTER 3

The Gofer Gang

It is better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to open one's mouth and remove all doubt – Voltaire

Boy George Bush would have been well aware that the attacks of September 11th were not the work of 'Arab hijackers' answering to Osama bin Laden, but to claim that he had any direct involvement in planning them is to miss the entire point. Politicians – even US presidents – are agents and stooges of the Hidden Hand and not its centre of power and organisation.

The very idea that Boy Bush with such a glaring lack of intelligence would be an organiser of 9/11 is patently ridiculous and for those who bravely call themselves mainstream 'journalists' to dismiss evidence of a conspiracy on the grounds of Bush's limited grey matter shows just how clueless they are about how the world works. Why do they think he was down in Florida at a long-arranged school visit when all hell was breaking loose in New York and Washington? Why do they think he was then whisked away to two Air Force Bases and kept well clear of the White House until 7pm that evening? The real orchestrators wanted him out of the way where his gaff-prone lack of intelligence could do no harm as initial events and responses were underway. There are basically three types of political 'leader': (1) those who knowingly work for the Hidden Hand; (2) those who want power for power's sake and will do and say whatever it takes to secure funding and other support; (3) those who are not very bright and puppets of their Hidden Hand-appointed advisors and aides. Boy Bush was a combination of (1) and (3) when he took office in January, 2001. He could not possibly be a member of the Bush family or a Skull and Bones initiate and not know about the Hidden Hand and its plans for humanity. Nor did he have the mind that could be any more than a hapless frontman while his father and vice president Dick Cheney ran the White House and he took only official responsibility. 'Sign this, George' – 'Okay, dad'. 'Do this, George' – 'Okay, Uncle Dick'. These are just a tiny selection of his stupendous intellect:

'I know the human being and fish can coexist peacefully.'

'More and more of our imports come from overseas.'

'Well, I think if you say you're going to do something and don't do it, that's trustworthiness.'

'We cannot let terrorists and rogue nations hold this nation hostile or hold our allies hostile.'

'I'm telling you there's an enemy that would like to attack America, Americans, again. There just is. That's the reality of the world. And I wish him all the very best.'

'I remember meeting a mother of a child who was abducted by the North Koreans right here in the Oval Office.'

So, no, Boy George Bush was not an organiser of 9/11. This is not to excuse him from responsibility in any way because he played his part and should be in jail with the rest of them. I am saying we have to look elsewhere for the real orchestrators both close to him and much further away – start with Dick Cheney who utterly controlled every aspect of the Boy Bush government and then pan out until you are no longer within the borders of the United States. Boy Bush was born in 1946 in New Haven, Connecticut, home of Yale University and the Skull and Bones Society, and was raised in Texas. He was groomed and moulded from birth, like his father, to serve the Hidden Hand cause with all the open doors, protection, financial support and privilege that come with that. He attended Yale University and avoided the draft to Vietnam, as did Dick Cheney. Send others to kill and be killed while you stay home safe and sound. People like Bush, Obama and Trump say '*We* will do this or that' when they threaten countries with the US military and yet the '*We*' they talk about are the men and women in uniform they send into battle. The political '*We*' sits back in Washington sipping coffee while carnage is delivered on the other side of the world. The same applies to all the other 'We' psychopaths like Tony Blair in Britain. None of them has ever seen a bullet fired in anger or war. *Washington Post* staff writers George Lardner Jr and Lois Romano revealed in an article in 1999 how two weeks before he was due to graduate from Yale, Boy Bush arrived at the offices of the Texas Air National Guard at Ellington Field outside Houston and said he wanted to sign up for pilot training. This was on May 27th, 1968, when the Vietnam War was at its peak with some 350 Americans dying every week and goodness knows how many

Vietnamese. Another twelve days and he would have lost his student immunity from the draft and so he grasped, with his father's help, an escape route from combat by joining the National Guard. Father George was at this time a Congressman for Houston and a supporter of the Vietnam conflict and the policy of sending American soldiers to suffer and die. Many of the American elite were trying to pull the same trick for their sons and the National Guard had a long waiting list. Not only that, Boy George had scored only 25 percent in a pilot aptitude test and that was the lowest acceptable grade. This will surprise no one who witnessed his presidency and all these factors should have prevented his admission and, therefore, made him available for Vietnam. Instead Boy George was sworn in as an airman with the Texas Air National Guard on the *same day* that he applied. Colonel Walter B. 'Buck' Staudt, commander of the 147th Fighter Group, even staged a special ceremony later so he could be photographed administering the oath for Bush instead of the captain who had officially sworn in Bush earlier. Staudt did the same when Boy Bush was commissioned as a second lieutenant. Lloyd Bentsen Jr, a major Texas Democrat, ensured that his son, Lloyd Bentsen III, was enlisted into the National Guard by Staudt around the same time as Bush. When obvious questions were asked during Boy Bush's run for the presidency, Staudt said that no favouritism had been shown to him. Boy Bush claimed he did not join the National Guard to avoid the Vietnam War which he and his father supported, but rather because he wanted to be a fighter pilot. Okay, insult my intelligence some more. Even on his National Guard application forms he ticked the box saying, 'do not volunteer' when asked if he wanted to go overseas. Not only did he avoid going to Vietnam, he was even able to live in his then home town of Houston while learning to be a pilot who was never to face a conflict. He served as an F-102 pilot with the Texas Air National Guard to avoid the draft to Vietnam and became a hard-drinking, cocaine-snorting, womaniser before 'discovering Jesus' (I know, I know, but this is the official story). Bush's drug habit was brought to public attention – and then buried by the media – with the publication of the 1999 book, *Fortunate Son: George Bush and the Making of a President.* Author J.H. Hatfield was subjected to a national campaign of character assassination after he claimed Bush was arrested on drug charges in 1972 while serving with the National Guard and that this had been wiped from the record by a Republican judge and friend of his father in exchange for Bush's participation in a community service programme called Project PULL in Houston's inner city. What is for sure is that suddenly, and for no credible reason, this hard-drinking playboy felt an overwhelming desire to volunteer to work with black inner-city kids in Project PULL.

Bush drug family

Michael C. Ruppert, a former Los Angeles Police Department narcotics investigator, went further in his newsletter, *From The Wilderness.* He said that Boy Bush and his brother, Jeb, Governor for Florida across 9/11, were filmed in a 1985 'sting' by the US Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) at Tamiami airport outside Miami. Ruppert quotes statements made by Terry Reed who took part in drug operations for the CIA and the Bush family involving the notorious self-confessed drug smuggler Barry Seal who was murdered when he began to talk too much (see *And The Truth Shall Set You Free* and Reed's book, *Compromised: Clinton, Bush and the CIA.*). Ruppert said the Bush brothers arrived from the Intermountain regional airport at Mena, Arkansas (Governor Bill Clinton), to pick up two kilos of cocaine from Seal. This was the location of the infamous and well-documented Mena airstrip drug operations involving the Clintons and Bushes which would see a number of people murdered including two young boys who saw too much (again see *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*). There is no way that the Bush sons could not have been involved in drug trafficking when their then vice president father was one of the most active drug barons in America working for Hidden Hand networks. CIA drug operative Terry Reed quotes a conversation with drug pilot Barry Seal about the Bush family drug operations. Seal was the son of a Ku Klux Klan member and involved in covert off-the-books operations from the 1950s. His wife, Deborah, said he 'flew a getaway plane out of Dallas after JFK was killed'. Seal once met alleged JFK assassin Lee Harvey Oswald and certainly had connections to characters like Clay Shaw and David Ferrie who New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison believed were involved in the assassination plot. Seal's association with Father Bush and family fit this scenario with Bush also reported to have had a role in Dallas that day in 1963. Barry Seal was played by Tom Cruise in the 2017 film *American Made* in which a lot of poetic licence was used. Terry Reed wrote that Seal told him:

> Ever hear the old expression, it's not what ya know, it's who ya know? Well, whoever said that just hadn't caught the Vice President's kids in the dope business, 'cause I can tell ya for sure what ya know can definitely be more useful than who you know ...

Reed asked Seal if he was saying that Father Bush's sons were in the drug business:

> Yup, that's what I'm tellin' ya. A guy in Florida who flipped for the DEA [Drug Enforcement Administration] has got the goods on the Bush boys. Now I heard this earlier from a reliable source in Colombia, but I just sat on it then,

> waitin' to use it as a trump card, if I ever needed it. Well, I need ta use it now. I got names, dates, places ... even got some tape recordin's. Fuck, I even got surveillance videos catchin' the Bush boys red handed. I consider this stuff my insurance policy ... Now this is real sensitive shit inside of US Customs and DEA and those guys are pretty much under control.

Barry Seal's 'insurance' did not prove too effective, however, because he was silenced before he could tell his story to a bigger audience. Soon after he began to speak out in February, 1986, he was murdered at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. The murder was blamed officially on two Colombian hitmen with Mac-10 machine guns and while they may or may not have been the actual killers the assassination was ordered by the highest levels of the United States government to stop his revelations about Bush and Clinton family involvement in the drug racket through Mena, Arkansas (Fig 26). Bill Clinton said at a press conference at the time that he knew very little about Seal when a number of people reported seeing them dining together at Fu Lin's, one of Clinton's favourite restaurants in the Arkansas capital of Little Rock. Noelle Bush, the then 24-year-old daughter of Jeb Bush, was arrested in January, 2001, for prescription drug fraud involving an anti-anxiety drug similar to Valium. I understand her need for that after being brought up by the Bush family and living with Jeb at the governor's mansion in Florida. Jeb Bush said at the time with stunning hypocrisy: 'Unfortunately, substance abuse is an issue confronting many families across our nation ...' Yes, but not every family has made billions from making those substances available on the streets of America. Private investigator Stewart Webb uncovered Bush family connections to the drug trade and major American financial firms who laundered the money for them. He said:

Figure 26: Political 'opponents' Bill Clinton and Father Bush who were in fact close associates involved in the same drug-running operation – Hillary, too.

> George Jr., Jeb and Neil Bush were all party to the crimes involving drugs and gun money laundering through Silverado Savings in Denver. They were all aware of 'poppy' George's schemes using CIA, Israeli Mossad, Homestead Air Force Base and Mena, Arkansas to import drugs and ship weapons.

Yep, weapons to terrorists. The significance of 'Israeli Mossad' to drug-running and 9/11 will become clear later because Mossad was both centrally involved in 9/11 and is a major player in the global drug trade. The closeness of the Bush family to Mossad will make a lot of sense of 9/11 as the story unravels. Investigator Stewart Webb highlighted Bush family involvement in financial fraud and murder while his calls for a grand jury investigation into his findings were ignored – of course they were when the Hidden Hand controls the decision-making levels of law enforcement and the courts. Mind control whistleblower Cathy O'Brien reveals from personal experience how the drug operation involving the Clintons extended into human-trafficking in Haiti. Cathy, who was often sexually abused in her mind-controlled state by Hillary Clinton, writes:

> Bill Clinton's infamous Mena cocaine operations that I'd been exposed to since the late 1970's extended internationally to include Haiti and expanded into related criminal activity such as human trafficking. Bill and Hillary's complicity in crimes against humanity are rooted deeply with absolute power corrupting absolutely.
>
> The Clintons are no strangers to charities being used as cover for their criminal operations. Charities like World Vision and various Christian 'missions' collecting money under the guise of helping Haitians instead notoriously lined pockets while funding black ops. Churches including the Lord's Chapel in Brentwood, Tennessee and Hendersonville, Tennessee's Mormon church are among those 'missions' I had experience to know merged with CIA cocaine ops. Like many others, these cult churches sent their mind controlled followers out on 'missions' to Haiti as cover for muling cocaine for the CIA.

You can read the full article and much more at Cathy's website *Trance-formation.com.*

Buffoon in the White House (not the first or last)

Boy Bush was somehow elected Governor of Texas in November, 1994, after which he became the most enthusiastic enforcer of capital punishment in America. I wonder if he wanted the electric chair for drug-traffickers? The plan soon became clear that another Bush was being groomed for the presidency. He was re-elected governor in 1998 with 68.6 percent of the vote and two years later he was the 43rd President of the United States as I had predicted he would be some three years earlier. You only had to know his family background and the way his political profile was being raised to realise that he was the chosen one. Presidents are not elected by the public except in theory – they are selected by the Hidden Hand with the candidate they want the most pitched against a candidate that is still acceptable if things don't go

according to plan. In this case the other one was Hidden Hand asset to his fingertips, the 'Democrat' Al Gore, who would later front-up the hoax about human-caused 'global warming' as an excuse to transform global society through de-industrialisation and other restructuring of human life (see *The Perception Deception* and other books for the detailed background). Boy Bush's election campaign broke all records at the time for fundraising as Hidden Hand companies and assets pitched in with the cash to win the presidency for their first choice. Gore's insider knowledge of the Bush family could have destroyed Boy Bush, but then Bush could have done the same with Gore so they both stayed quiet. The result all came down, infamously, to the outcome in Florida, the state governed by Bush's brother, Jeb, another mega-crook. The Florida vote was so obviously rigged (to anyone with a brain cell) and yet Al Gore meekly accepted it in the end and slipped quietly away as a Bush family-controlled Supreme Court awarded the election to Bush. Gore knew what had happened and he knew why. He also knew better than to cause trouble serious enough to stop Bush taking the throne. What I have revealed is only a fraction of the grotesque background to the Bush family that produced the 9/11 president and it is worth concluding before I move on to other 9/11 'personalities' with a quote from Al Martin, a retired Lieutenant Commander with the US Naval Reserves and Naval Intelligence, and author of *The Conspirators: Secrets of an Iran-Contra Insider.* Martin claimed to have seen at first hand government drug trafficking, illegal weapons deals and an 'epidemic of fraud' – corporate securities fraud, real estate fraud, insurance fraud and bank fraud. He said of the Bush family:

> You have to look at the entire Bush Family in this context – as if the entire family ran a corporation called Frauds-R-Us. Each member of the family, George Sr., George Jr., Neil, Jeb, Prescott, Wally, etc., have their own specialty of fraud. George Jr.'s speciality was insurance and security fraud. Jeb's speciality was oil and gas fraud. Neil's specialty was real estate fraud. Prescott's speciality was banking fraud. Wally's speciality was securities fraud. And George Sr.'s specialty? All of the above.

This is the family of President Boy Bush who said there must be 'a new era of integrity' in American corporate life. Anyone still think these guys have told you the truth about September 11th?

'Big Dick'

The Bushes have always surrounded themselves with crooks, killers and deeply disturbed friends and associates. They like to feel at home. There are few better examples of this theme than their fellow Bohemian Grover, Dick Cheney, the White House Chief of Staff to President Ford;

Father George's Defense Secretary at the time of the 1991 Gulf War; and vice president to Boy Bush across 9/11 and the launch of the 'war on terror'. Cathy O'Brien describes in *Trance Formation of America* her almost unimaginable experiences of Cheney when she was a victim of the Hidden Hand/CIA mind-control programmes and Cheney was Defense Secretary to Father George – the violent sexual abuser of her daughter, Kelly. Cathy details how she was involved in drug running operations under instructions from Cheney, some of which involved Bandar bin Sultan (Cheney called him 'the Sultan'). Bin Sultan was the deeply corrupt US ambassador to King Fahd of Saudi Arabia, the George Bush puppet and close associate of the Bin Laden family and terrorist financiers such as Bush family friend and Saudi billionaire Khalid bin Mahfouz. We will see later that Father Bush – indeed the Bush clan in general – also had close connections with the Bin Laden family. Cathy describes the constant and sickening brutality that she and her daughter suffered from Cheney and Father Bush. This was just one occasion:

> Bush attempted to sell Cheney on the idea of pedophillia through graphic descriptions of having sex with Kelly. Both were already sexually aroused from drugs and anticipation. Cheney demonstrated to Bush why he did not have sex with kids by exposing himself to Kelly and saying: 'Come here'. Upon seeing Cheney's unusually large penis, Kelly reeled back in horror and cried 'No!' which made them both laugh. Bush asked Cheney for his liquid cocaine atomizer as he got up to take Kelly to the bedroom. When Cheney remarked how benevolent it was of Bush to numb her with it before sex, Bush replied: 'The hell it is. It's for me.' He described his excited state in typical vulgar terms and explained that he wanted to spray cocaine on his penis to last longer.
>
> Cheney said: 'I thought it was for the kid.'
>
> Bush explained: 'Half the fun is having them squirm.' He took Kelly's hand and led her off to the bedroom. Cheney told me that since I was responsible for Bush's assault on my daughter ... I would 'burn' (in hell). He burned my inner thigh with the fireplace poker and threatened to throw Kelly in the fire. He hypnotically enhanced his description of her burning to traumatize me deeply. As he sexually brutalized me, I heard Kelly's whimpers coming from the bedroom. As her cries grew louder, Cheney turned on classical music to drown out her cries for help.

Cathy tells of what happened another time when she asked Cheney, amid yet another brutal beating session, if she could go to the toilet:

> Cheney's face turned red with rage. He was on me in an instant, slamming my back into the wall with one arm across my chest and his hand on my

> throat, choking me while applying pressure to the carotid artery in my neck with his thumb. His eyes bulged and he spit as he growled: 'If you don't mind, I will kill you. I could kill you – kill you – with my bare hands. You are not the first and you won't be the last. I'll kill you any time I goddam well please.' He flung me on the cot-type bed that was behind me. There he finished taking his rage out on me sexually.

This was the same Dick Cheney who became de-facto US President during the official tenure of Boy Bush. Cheney controlled every aspect of the Bush administration and lied, lied and lied again about what happened on 9/11 as we shall be seeing. This brutal man, an extreme psychopath, would give a damn about the consequences for 3,000 people and their loved ones in attacks in which he played a very significant part? These people have no empathy, remorse or shame – the latter confirmed by Boy George, son of a serial paedophile and associate of Cheney, announcing an initiative in 2002 to 'protect America's children'. Richard Bruce Cheney was born in Nebraska in 1941 and brought up in Casper, Wyoming. He is yet another of the clique to hail from Yale, home of the Skull and Bones Society, but he dropped out before eventually securing a degree in political science at Wyoming University. Cheney then headed for Washington where he joined the Nixon administration as a special assistant to Donald Rumsfeld, the 9/11 Defense Secretary and yet another professional liar. Rumsfeld at that time was the first director of the Office of [Hidden Hand] Economic Opportunity. President Richard Nixon resigned over the Kissinger-engineered Watergate scandal in 1974 (see *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*) and Rumsfeld joined the White House staff as assistant to the new president, Gerald Ford, another abuser of Cathy O'Brien, and a man who, thanks to Watergate, never had to be elected and never would have been if the voters had been given a say. This was another coup on America. Ford's intellectual capacity was akin to that of Boy Bush. The famous saying that Ford couldn't walk and chew gum at the same time was right on and here was another combination of someone well aware of the Hidden Hand he served while fulfilling the role of I-do-what-they-tell-me. Cheney moved to the White House with Rumsfeld and eventually became Ford's Chief of Staff between 1975 and 1977 when he was still in his early thirties and gained experience of controlling and nursing an idiot president. Cheney had the first of several heart attacks (how did they find it?) and recovered to be elected as Congressman for Wyoming where he remained until Father George made him Defense Secretary after the presidential election of 1988. Cheney is yet another of the bloodline clique who are keen to send others into battle so long as they never have to go. He avoided the draft to Vietnam when he was given deferments because he was a student and a 'registrant with a

child'. He told his Senate confirmation hearing that (just like Boy Bush) he 'would have been obviously happy to serve had I been called'. What a coincidence that they never are. Cheney's wife, Lynne, who he married in 1964, was another Hidden Hand Washington insider who would be at his side in the White House during the 9/11 attacks while Boy Bush was kept out of the way. She was head of the National Endowment of the Humanities from 1986 to 1993 under Reagan and then Father Bush (or under Bush and then Bush in other words) and later became a senior fellow at the seriously Hidden Hand American Enterprise Institute (where Dick Cheney was also involved between 1993 and 1995). Mrs Cheney was on the Hidden Hand Lockheed Martin board from 1994 until January, 2001 – a company that has benefited in billions from the war on terror that followed 9/11. Dick Cheney became widely known during the Gulf Slaughter in 1991 when he worked to ensure the mass murder of Iraqis which reached more than a million when you include the sanctions that followed under Bill Clinton and Madeleine 'We think the price is worth it' Albright. Alongside Cheney in the Father George government was Bush family associate, Secretary of State James Baker, who would later serve as chief legal adviser to Boy Bush during the Florida election controversy.

Big Dick and big business

Cheney moved into 'private business' to serve the Hidden Hand in another way after Father Bush's pre-arranged defeat to his subordinate associate Bill Clinton in 1992 and became fantastically wealthy as a director of elite companies like Morgan Stanley, Union Pacific and Procter and Gamble. His most important business appointment came in 1995 when he was named Chairman and Chief Executive of the Texas-based Halliburton Oil in the Bushes' home state. This was founded in 1919 and owned a highly relevant subsidiary called Brown & Root. Cheney had no experience in the oil industry, but that's not why Halliburton offered him the job. He had other 'qualities' that would expand their business. While Cheney was Defense Secretary (and before and afterwards) Brown & Root was awarded hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of construction contracts in war zones in countries devastated by US bombing and/or manipulation. The technique is this: you control the political decisions to start wars that suit your agenda; you hand over taxpayers money for your military to buy armaments from your companies; then, when all this has devastated the target country and its population you get yourself awarded the contracts to rebuild what you have destroyed. Cheney was the biggest shareholder in Halliburton with a stake of some $45.5 million and the company's board included Lawrence Eagleburger who held State Department posts under President Father George and was an executive of the notorious

Kissinger Associates. Halliburton and Brown & Root had long used political patronage and funding to expand business and profits. Brown & Root's ticket to the top came through its political contributions to President Lyndon Johnson from the time he ran for the Senate in 1948. The *Austin Chronicle* once called him 'the candidate from Brown & Root'. Thanks to Hidden Hand puppet Johnson they made billions on government contracts including those relating to the Vietnam War after Johnson reversed the policies of the assassinated JFK and plunged America deeper into the conflict. Johnson further gave his personal funders contracts for airports, pipelines and military bases. Biographer Ronnie Dugger, author of *The Politician: The Life and Times of Lyndon Johnson*, said much of the money he was paid by Brown & Root arrived in cash. 'It was a totally corrupt relationship and it benefited both of them enormously,' Dugger said. 'Brown & Root got rich, and Johnson got power and riches.' Using the same tactics, contracts continued to flow from government not least thanks to Dick Cheney. Michael C. Ruppert, a former Los Angeles police officer, wrote in a study of Brown & Root:

> From Bosnia and Kosovo, to Chechnya, to Rwanda, to Burma, to Pakistan, to Laos, to Vietnam, to Indonesia, to Iran to Libya to Mexico to Colombia, Brown & Root's traditional operations have expanded from heavy construction to include the provision of logistical support for the US military. Now, instead of US Army quartermasters, the world is likely to see Brown & Root warehouses storing and managing everything from uniforms to rations to vehicles.

Both Halliburton and Brown & Root were funders of a now infamous company called Permindex, a British Intelligence front organisation headed by the Canadian Louis M. Bloomfield, which, it is now well documented, was a central coordinating network behind the assassination of President Kennedy in Dallas in 1963. Permindex also ran death squads in Europe, Mexico, Central America, the Caribbean and the United States. Clay Shaw, who ran a division of Permindex in New Orleans, is the only man to be tried for involvement in the assassination. New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison failed to secure a conviction because key prosecution witnesses had this strange habit of dying from less than natural causes. Shaw was a British intelligence operative who worked for Winston Churchill during the Second World War. We should not let any of this deflect attention, however, from the involvement of Mossad, Israeli intelligence, in the Kennedy assassination which I detail in *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. Connections into Permindex involved a stream of famous companies, banks and personalities. Among them were the Bush family and ultra-Zionist Bronfman gangster family in Canada through its Seagram liquor

operation. Halliburton, at Cheney's say-so, bought and merged with Dresser Industries in an $8 billion deal in 1998 to create the biggest oil-drilling services company in the world. Boy Bush's grandfather Prescott Bush was on the board of Dresser Industries for 22 years in his capacity as a partner in Brown Brothers Harriman, funders of Hitler and the eugenics movement, which owned Dresser. President and Chairman of the Dresser board was Henry Neil Mallon who was among those involved in the raid on the grave of Apache leader Geronimo at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in 1918 to steal his skull and take it back to Skull and Bones headquarters at Yale. It was Mallon, apparently, who burned the flesh and hair off the skull after Prescott Bush and friends had stolen it. Father George's crooked son, Neil Mallon Bush of Silverado Savings and Loans corruption fame, was named after the Skull and Bones Dresser president.

Snouts in the trough

Dick Cheney said he stood for small government and against government handouts. What he meant, naturally, is he believed in that for everyone else and absolutely not for himself. Thanks to Cheney Halliburton received in five years some $4 billion (at least) in government contracts and loans insured by the taxpayer. The Clinton government guaranteed credits worth $489 million through the US Export-Import Bank to a Russian oil company to the benefit through Brown & Root of Halliburton. This company, according to Russian and American sources and documents, was connected to drug trafficking and organised crime. Halliburton's business with the US Defense Department before Cheney arrived was worth around $300 million a year. Under Cheney, the former Defense Secretary, government contracts soared to more than $650 million, according to the *Baltimore Sun*. It's the same story with loans and guarantees from the Clinton government's Export-Import Bank and the Overseas Private Investment Corporation: $100 million in the five years before Cheney, but at least $1.5 billion under his leadership. In return for political support and loan guarantees, Halliburton donated big sums to political candidates and parties after Cheney's arrival and the lobbying budget doubled: $300,000 a year on lobbying politicians before Cheney and $600,000 with him at the helm. Halliburton has also benefited from US 'aid' to various countries, which was then spent by the recipients on hiring Halliburton. The *Los Angeles Times* obtained State Department documents that showed how government officials helped Halliburton to win major contracts in Asia and Africa. This is the way the Hidden Hand families and their agents operate. They control government decisions through the Hidden Hand one-party state and operate companies like Halliburton which benefit from those government decisions and policies. This is how, once Cheney

took over, Halliburton was able to expand so rapidly and become the fifth largest defence contractor in the US and benefited enormously from the 'war on terror' which followed Cheney's clear involvement in 9/11. Halliburton developed a worldwide operation involving 130 countries and became America's biggest non-union company. No wonder Cheney was given a $34 million 'retirement package' when he left in the summer of 2000 to be the running mate of Boy George. This was after five years on a salary of $1.3 million a year, plus bonuses of millions more, stock options worth some $45 million, and his sale of 100,000 Halliburton shares that netted him $5.1 million. Remember these are year 2000 figures and values. Cheney's Halliburton has worked closely with some of the most appalling terrorist dictatorships on the planet because this psychopath would work with anyone at any price to ensure more money, power, and the advancement of the Hidden Hand agenda. Cheney was Defense Secretary in the Gulf Slaughter supposedly aimed at Saddam Hussein in 1991 and yet made big profits for himself and Halliburton after 1998 through deals with ... Saddam Hussein's Iraq. The London *Financial Times* reported that Cheney oversaw $23.8 million worth of contracts for the sale of 'oil industry' technology and services to Iraq and he used Halliburton subsidiaries in France, Italy, Germany and Austria to hide the Cheney-Halliburton connection. Among these companies were Dresser Rand and Ingersoll-Dresser Pump. These contracts together were worth more than any other US company doing business with Iraq. A Halliburton spokesman admitted that its Dresser subsidiaries had sold oil-pumping equipment to Iraq via their European agents. So get this: Cheney's Halliburton contracts were helping to rebuild the oil infrastructure of Iraq destroyed by the bombs dropped by United States aircraft in 1991 commanded from the Pentagon by Defense Secretary Dick Cheney. Then, after 9/11 and the invasion of Iraq in 2003, he blew them up again while controlling the White House of Boy Bush.

Donald Rumsfeld – integrity not a speciality

Boy Bush's 9/11 Defense Secretary was Donald Rumsfeld, a long-time insider with an impeccable record of service to the global agenda (Fig 27). He began his career in Washington DC as an administrative assistant after attending Princeton University and serving in the Navy and was elected to Congress from his home state of Illinois in 1962.

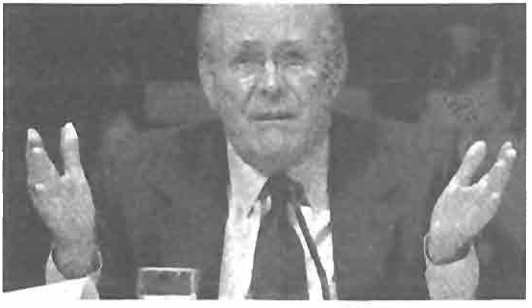

Figure 27: Donald Rumsfeld: 'So I lied – it's what I do.'

Rumsfeld joined the Richard Nixon administration (controlled by Hidden Hand Secretary of State Henry Kissinger) in 1969. He was a member of the Nixon cabinet from 1971 to 1972 – the year of the Watergate break-in, the sting on Nixon orchestrated by Kissinger which caused Nixon to resign. Rumsfeld went to Europe in 1973 as US Ambassador to NATO while the Watergate storm blew out before returning the following year when Nixon had been ousted. He became chairman of the transition to the presidency of the unelected, Watergate-imposed Gerald Ford. Rumsfeld joined the Ford cabinet as Chief of Staff at the White House (which means he must have been very acceptable to the despot Kissinger) and he became US Secretary of Defense for the first time between 1975 and 1977. He then went into private business while maintaining a close involvement in politics. He was Chairman and Chief Executive of G.D. Searle, the pharmaceutical company later owned by the despicable Monsanto, and was given a long stream of appointments in and by government. These included a role as the Reagan-Bush 'envoy' sent to meet Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein to arrange for the shipment of chemical and biological weapons for Saddam to use in the US-Iraq instigated war against Iran throughout most of the 1980s. The war began the year that Reagan and Bush took office. A declassified CIA report in 1991 estimated that Iran had suffered more than 50,000 casualties from these chemical weapons, but the Organization for Veterans of Iran said the figure didn't include all the civilians affected or the children of Iranian troops that developed 'blood, lung and skin complications'. A figure closer to 100,000 is believed to be more accurate with some 20,000 Iranian soldiers killed instantly by the chemical weapons shipped from America to Iraq with Donald Rumsfeld operating as the facilitator and middle man (Fig 28). These facts were confirmed by thousands of State Department documents declassified and released under the Freedom of Information Act. Among the biological weapons that Rumsfeld arranged to be shipped were viruses including anthrax and bubonic plague. This is the empathy-deleted psychopath who became Boy Bush's Defense Secretary across 9/11 and the subsequent war on terror in which American

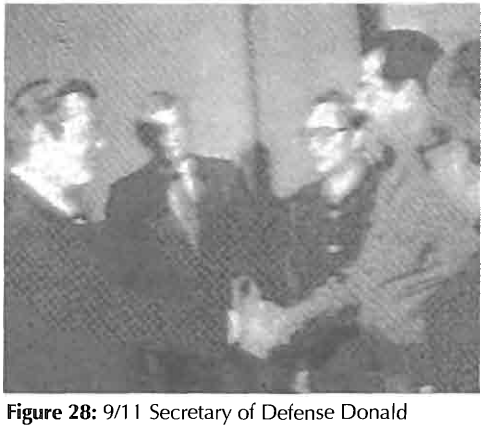

Figure 28: 9/11 Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld greets Iraqi President Saddam Hussein in Baghdad on December 20th, 1983, as he arranged for the shipment of chemical and biological weapons to Saddam for use against Iran. Rumsfeld was acting as an envoy for President Ronald Reagan (Father Bush).

troops invaded Iraq on the lie about 'weapons of mass destruction'. Rumsfeld even had the nerve (psychopaths have no capacity for shame) to say that 'ruthless and brutal monster' Saddam had to be removed because he used chemical weapons on his own people – yes, the ones that Rumsfeld arranged for him to be shipped. When he said 'ruthless and brutal monster' he must surely have been looking in a mirror. Rumsfeld is another who would 'never do that' with regard to 9/11? He was appropriately head of a pharmaceutical company when he did the business with Saddam and how helpful all his government connections proved at Searle in other ways. Rumsfeld used his Washington insider contacts to ensure that the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) gave the go-ahead to market the infamous brain- suppressing artificial sweetener aspartame (now known by other names). He was to Searle what Cheney was to Halliburton. FDA documents released under the Freedom of Information Act in 1995 revealed that according to scientists the consequences of this horrendous aspartame substance included blindness and death; brain tumours, brain lesions, headaches, mood swings, skin polyps, insomnia, depression, suppression of intelligence and effects on short-term memory. Investigative author and food specialist Carol Guilford described aspartame a 'molecular holocaust'. This is the mind suppressant (sorry 'sweetener') for which Donald Rumsfeld was hired by Searle in 1977 to win government approval. In January, 1981, with the Rumsfeld's friends in power under Bush and Reagan, he could get the job done. According to one attendee, he told a sales meeting that he would 'call in his markers' and get aspartame approved by the end of the year. The Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration was then fired and the job was given to Dr Arthur Hull Hayes, a professor and contract researcher for the Defense Department. His first major decision was to approve the use of aspartame in dry foods and his last, in 1983, was to approve it for soft drinks. This was despite all the evidence of its consequences and the opposition of his own board of inquiry. Hayes then left the FDA to become a senior adviser to the public relations firm of ... Rumsfeld's Searle. Rumsfeld earned millions for manipulating aspartame into widespread use and he picked up a $12 million bonus when Searle was bought by Monsanto, promoter of genetically modified (GM) food. Monsanto has since merged with Bayer which was once part of I.G. Farben that ran the concentration camp at Auschwitz. What a shower – what a Web. Donald Rumsfeld, a life-long manipulator with a missing integrity gene, was the Defense Secretary on 9/11 and during the subsequent war on terror and he would lie his way through the official explanation of what happened before, during and after the attacks. He was the official top man in the Pentagon although he was really a version of Boy Bush in that his deputy, the Israel operative, Paul

Wolfowitz, was the real point of power.

Other psychopaths

There are three other characters to mention to set up the background to the 9/11 Bush administration key personnel – John Ashcroft, Michael Chertoff and John Negroponte. Ashcroft was Bush's 9/11 Attorney General and another with his snout in the corporate trough with Monsanto, Microsoft, corrupt energy company Enron and the alcohol industry among his benefactors. When Boy Bush's biggest funder – again Enron – collapsed amid corruption and scandal we had the farcical situation in which Attorney General Ashcroft could not take part in the subsequent investigation because he had taken money from them. Ashcroft was so disliked that when he ran for the Senate in the 2000 election he even failed to beat a dead man. His opponent, the Missouri Governor Mel Carnahan, died in a plane crash with his son and campaign adviser while flying in a Cessna to a campaign rally. Carnahan's name stayed on the ballot paper and more people voted for him than Ashcroft. It was the first time anyone had posthumously won election to the Senate. While he couldn't beat a dead man Ashcroft was soon back in Washington when Bush named him US Attorney General. This is the man who began dismantling basic human freedoms in the United States in the wake of September 11th with an enthusiasm and glee that can only be described as orgasmic. Attorney General is another big Hidden Hand-nominated post. Ashcroft described himself as a Christian conservative who didn't smoke, drink or dance. He was against abortion because it takes a human life created by God and yet supported the death penalty and the murder of men, women and children in their thousands every month in the war on terror. Ashcroft's claim to fame before he joined the Bush administration was his 'war on drugs' and addictive substances and he demanded the death penalty for drug offences. Shit, bad news for the Bushes and Clintons then, but somehow they survived. Much more powerful and significant than Ashcroft in the 9/11 [In]Justice Department was ultra-Zionist fanatic Michael Chertoff, son of a rabbi father and reportedly a Mossad agent mother, who was named by Bush (those that controlled him) as head of the Criminal Division of the Department of [In]Justice overseeing the entire criminal investigation into 9/11. Chertoff is a central player in the 9/11 story and there is *much* more about him to come. One other psychopath I want to mention is John Negroponte who became Bush's 9/11 Ambassador to the United Nations which was a vital role in selling the post-attack 'war on terror'. Negroponte knew all about terror from his days as US ambassador to Honduras between 1981 and 1985 under Reagan-Father Bush where he helped to coordinate America's covert war against the Sandinista government in Nicaragua. US aid to

Honduras soared from $3.9 million in 1980 to $77.4 million in 1984 during his time there. This funded so many US bases and so much weaponry that the country became known as *USS Honduras*. I can see why Boy Bush (Cheney) chose him, then. Among the characters aiding and abetting Negroponte in his Central American genocide was Elliot Abrams who was named as 'special envoy' by Donald Trump in 2019 to take charge of the so transparent attempted US coup in Venezuela. The same soul-sellers turn up everywhere.

I wanted to lay out right at the start some essential background to key players involved in 9/11 to dispel the myth that they would not be evil enough to coldly play their part in the deaths of 3,000 people that September morning. The 'not that evil', 'not that ballsy' and 'not that competent' nonsense had to be addressed first for those new to this information because it is such a block on the opening of minds to the reality of what really happened and who was responsible. Yet even most of these US government operatives were relatively bit-part players compared with the prime orchestrators that I will come to much later in the book. The rabbit hole goes so very, very deep and before I finish we will be exploring – and exposing – those depths of almost unspeakable malevolence.

CHAPTER 4

Play it again, scam

The best kept secrets are those in plain sight – George Banister

Problem-Reaction-Solution (P-R-S) events abound throughout history that mirror in their themes and often detail what happened in New York, Washington DC and Pennsylvania on September 11th. They have been orchestrated by the same networks – even the same people in recent times – that played their central or peripheral parts in 9/11.

The P-R-S technique is so simple yet so devastating in the way it seizes and hijacks public perception and opens the collective mind to accept 'solutions' to 'problems' that have been covertly created by the very same people and networks promoting the said 'solutions'. Such connections, however, are hidden by the essential cover-story concocted beforehand to pin the blame on others for the 'problem' – a cover-story sold to the public by a compliant and pitiful mainstream media that simply parrots without question what the authorities tell them about what happened and who was responsible. If we had a mature, grown-up media these P-R-S mega-scams would not be possible because the cover-story would be taken apart very quickly; but we don't. We have overwhelmingly clueless people called 'journalists' who know nothing about how the world really works being string-pulled by the few that own and control media corporations and set the limits on what can be investigated or reported. Employment is swiftly concluded for those who cross the line. The Hidden Hand secret society network crucially extends into the media to install the owners, executives and keyboard fodder that dictate what you see – and don't. This is absolutely vital because you can't control perception if you don't control information. Ironically, the same clueless, gutless media then ridicule and dismiss as 'conspiracy theorists' those who do have the intelligence and backbone to question the cover-stories and show them to be riddled with blatant lies and contradictions. This essential cluelessness – essential for the cover-ups and the survival of their careers – extends even to the terms 'conspiracy theorists' and conspiracy theories' which are used as labels of derision to discredit those that question unsupportable and

unsustainable official narratives. As I said earlier, these terms came into widespread use in the 1960s when the CIA contacted major media organisations in the United States as part of a campaign to discredit those questioning the assassination of President Kennedy in 1963 and later those of his brother, Bobby, Martin Luther King and Muslim leader Malcolm X. The document can still be found on the Internet in which the CIA suggested that the labels 'conspiracy theorists' and 'conspiracy theories' could be effective in making the public ignore what was being uncovered. All these decades later today's 'journalists' continue to repeat these CIA-circulated terms of derision while having no idea how they came into such widespread use. Cover stories go on being repeated without question in accordance with the ancient technique of perception control – repeat something often enough and people will believe it. Fortunately, and more than ever before, the 'suckers' as the Hidden Hand perceives them are not buying the lies on the scale we have seen before and this is driving both the censorship of the alternative, questioning media, and public contempt for the systematically mendacious mainstream.

A perfect example of Problem-Reaction-Solution is NATO's Operation Gladio which operated throughout Europe after the Second World War. Gladio was primarily the work of British and American intelligence and involved operatives from many countries – especially in Italy where they were responsible for terrorist attacks and kidnappings that were blamed on target groups they wished to demonise to justify increased government powers. Operation Gladio was behind the Bologna railway station bombing in 1980 which killed 85 people and was blamed on a terrorist group called the Red Brigades to discredit communists. An Italian parliamentary investigation in 2000 heard that the bombing was actually carried out by 'men inside Italian state institutions and ... men linked to the structures of United States intelligence'. Former Gladio agent Vincenzo Vinciguerra, a neo-fascist serving a life-sentence for a deadly car bombing in 1972, said in testimony:

> You had to attack civilians, the people, women, children, innocent people, unknown people far removed from any political game. The reason was quite simple. They were supposed to force these people, the Italian public, to turn to the state to ask for greater security. This is the political logic that lies behind all the massacres and the bombings which remain unpunished, because the state cannot convict itself or declare itself responsible for what happened.

This is the foundation methodology behind 9/11 and there are so many Problem-Reaction-Solution 'false flags' which have remained unquestioned to this day by the very same media – sometimes even the

same 'journalists' – that have told you what to believe about the attacks of September 11th. Here are just a few:

Oklahoma bombing

There was a 'rehearsal' for what happened on September 11th six years earlier on April 19th, 1995, when a massive bomb, or bombs *plural* in truth, destroyed the Alfred P. Murrah Building in Oklahoma City and killed 168 people, many of them children at a day care centre (Fig 29). All the classic features were there: the *Problem* of a 'terrorist attack' on a US federal building and the villain or 'patsy' named immediately as Timothy McVeigh; the *Reaction* of understandable outrage from the public when they saw the devastation and believed the government's version of events; and the *Solution* that followed with a series of measures that deleted civil liberties and targeted the so-called Christian Patriot or militia movement that had been having considerable success exposing the global conspiracy at least on one level. The Oklahoma cover-story from the government of Bush family associate Bill Clinton and law enforcement agencies like the FBI claimed that McVeigh was connected to the militia underground. He was executed by lethal injection on June 11th, 2001, and became the first federal execution for 38 years (Fig 30). Terry Nichols, his alleged accomplice, was portrayed as a white supremacist and racist even though his two marriages had been to a Mexican and Filipino. Go figure. McVeigh was executed and Nichols was sentenced to 161 consecutive life terms without parole – a Guinness world record. 'Anti-terrorism' bills were rushed through Congress in days and at least some had clearly been written and printed before the bombing. They included all the elements of destroying civil liberties that have been still

Figure 29: The devastated Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City. No way that this scale of damage was caused by a truck bomb as claimed by the official story.

Figure 30: Timothy McVeigh, executed patsy of the Oklahoma bombing.

further extended as a result of 9/11 with the 'white supremacy' card being played today with ever-growing hysteria. President Clinton was calling within 24 hours of the carnage for '... an easing of restrictions on the military's involvement in domestic law enforcement'. He also used the bombing to urge the media to ban 'anti-government extremists' from their newspapers, screens and microphones, and he attacked alternative talk radio shows which were giving the public a rare opportunity to hear and communicate information that differed from the official line.

The bombing was said to have been a response by McVeigh to the murder of men, women and children by the Clinton government at Waco, Texas, two years earlier to the day on April 19th, 1993. One of the government agencies blamed for Waco (along with the FBI) was the Bureau of Alcohol Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) which had offices in the Murrah Building. The official story said they were the target. A bill proposed in response to the bombing by Democrat and ultra-Zionist Charles Schumer, who became a senator for New York, included five-year prison sentences for publicly engaging in 'unseemly speculation' and publishing or transmitting by wire or electronic means 'baseless conspiracy theories regarding the Federal government of the United States'. Naturally, the government would decide if it was 'baseless'. Schumer, one of a stream of ultra-Zionist agents batting for Israel within the US political system, had also vehemently dismissed evidence of the mass murder by the FBI in Waco in a way that had sane people gasping for breath. His fascistic bill never became law, but it was part of a long-planned trend to target alternative information and opinion that is in overdrive today. The FBI 'Joint Anti-Terrorism Task Force' issued flyers urging the public to call the authorities with information about possible 'terrorists' in the United States. They warned people to particularly watch for those who were 'defenders' of the US Constitution against the federal government and United Nations; people who make 'numerous references to the Constitution'; those who 'attempt to police the police'; and 'lone individuals'. The FBI, the main [non]investigation agency for the September 11th attacks, is deeply corrupt at its controlling core and its primary goal is not to find the truth but to support official cover-stories by hiding the truth. My goodness you will see this recurring theme so clearly before the end of the book. You can appreciate from the 'solutions' to the Oklahoma City bombing how a Big Brother state was being prepared that would be expanded so much further and quicker after 9/11 and through Facebook/Google etc. and other censorship in current times.

There is a clear tell-tale theme with these set-ups and stings, be it Oklahoma, the Kennedy assassination or September 11th: The official story is so full of untruths and glaring contradictions that anyone with a smear of intelligence could take them apart. The cover narratives are just

that – a cover. They don't describe what happened, only what they want you to believe happened, and so by definition they have to weave a web of lies. With such a deluge of mendacity required to hide the truth there are inevitably lies that contradict other lies, and the bigger the event and the more elements and people involved the more lies have to be employed which lead to even more contradictions. If 'A' is true, then 'B' can't be true, and so on. This is certainly the case with 9/11. The Clinton government and FBI claimed that a fertiliser and fuel oil bomb in a Ryder truck parked outside by McVeigh destroyed the Murrah Building. McVeigh had said he was microchipped while serving with US forces and to understand why he would not vigorously defend himself we would need to know what was going on in his head. Why would someone not mount such a defence when he could not possibly have been responsible for that scale of death and devastation by himself and possibly even at all? Once a person is in government captivity the potential for mind and perception control is limitless with the techniques available then and even more so today. They can be made to say and think almost anything. A 'confession' from his jail cell by Terry Nichols in 2004 – eleven years after the bombing – should be viewed with that in mind although his claim that he didn't know what was really going on rings true of the way these attacks are set-up using 'patsies' – people who are manipulated to take the blame for something others have really done. They are tricked and misled to be in the wrong place at the wrong time by thinking they are there for a completely different reason. It was highly significant with regard to mind control that when McVeigh was first arrested he was given a 'mental assessment' by Louis Jolyon West from the University of California. What newspaper reports about this did not say is that West was one of the most notorious CIA mind controllers in America and heavily involved in MKUltra. West performed the psychiatric evaluation of Jack Ruby who killed Lee Harvey Oswald so the Kennedy assassination would not see an open court where the truth could be told. This mentally ill psychiatrist once killed an elephant with a massive dose of LSD. Another interesting coincidence is that two years before the Oklahoma bombing, Martin Keating, brother of Oklahoma Governor Frank Keating, wrote a novel called *The Final Jihad* which described a terrorist attack on the 'Oklahoma City Building' by a man called Thomas McVeigh. Keating dedicated the book to the 'Knights of the Secret Circle'. Days before the attack a Ryder truck was photographed from the air within a secure a military compound near Camp Gruber-Braggs, Oklahoma.

Provable lie

The FBI said the Murrah Building was destroyed by a single ammonium

nitrate truck bomb in a 20-foot Ryder rental truck parked outside by McVeigh. The problem is that this was impossible. Lies can do the impossible, but truth can't. You have only got to see the small crater left where the truck was standing to see that the explosive power could never have brought down the Murrah Building. There are other little details like the fact that while some pillars closer to the truck bomb did not fall, others further away did. This was a prelude to the stunning contradictions and impossibilities with regard to the collapse of the World Trade Center buildings. Retired Brigadier General Benton K. Partin said from the start that a fuel-fertiliser device in the Ryder truck could not possibly have brought down the Murrah Building. He said that too many facts simply didn't add up. Partin was no anti-government 'extremist', although that was the way he was portrayed to discredit his devastating testimony. He was chairman for four years of the Republican Party in Fairfax County, Virginia, and among a long list of US Air Force appointments he was Commander of the Armament Laboratory, a top research and development facility at Eglin Air Force Base in Florida. During his 31 years of active duty he became a highly acclaimed expert in weapons systems and explosives and his Air Force and civilian career record was extremely long and impressive. Partin's detailed assessment of the bombing was widely quoted in the alternative media while virtually ignored in the mainstream even though it destroyed the official story. Actually, make that *because* it destroyed the official story. Partin's report, dated July 30th, 1995, said that serious damage and demolition to supporting columns inside the building could *only* have been caused by devices attached to, or placed within, the columns. He said it was impossible for that to be achieved by an explosion from outside the building. The truck bomb could have shattered windows and scattered considerable debris, but the laws of physics did not make it possible to bring down concrete pillars that distance away. The laws of physics were also suspended by the official story of 9/11. Partin pointed out that '... most people fail to appreciate how inefficient a blast is in air and how dramatically its destructive potential drops off just a few feet from the explosion'. The main columns in the Murrah Building were constructed to survive pressure of more than 3,000 pounds per square inch. There is no way, as Partin's report pointed out, for a fuel-fertiliser bomb that far from the building to generate more than a fraction of that pressure. By contrast, Partin said the fantastic damage to the Murrah Building could have been caused by a total of just 150 pounds of explosive if it was located in the right places on the right support columns. Dr Rodger Raubach, a PhD in physical chemistry and member of the research faculty at Stanford University, said:

> General Partin's assessment is absolutely correct. I don't care if they pulled up a semi-trailer truck with 20 tons of ammonium nitrate; it wouldn't do the damage we saw there.

The 'McVeigh bomb' began to miraculously increase in size once the government and FBI were faced with these facts about the impossibility of a truck bomb causing the damage – the same way the 9/11 story changed once elements of the earlier version were revealed to be impossible. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms and other government agencies originally said the bomb contained 1,200 pounds of ammonium nitrate and fuel oil; but, as if by magic, it was to become 4,000 pounds and eventually 4,800. I even heard 7,000 pounds quoted in the media around the time of McVeigh's execution in 2001. It really didn't matter to the laws of physics even if it was 20 tons although it did provide confirmation that we were dealing with a cover-story lie. A study by the US Air Force confirmed that even at 4,800 pounds the story does not make sense:

> It is impossible to ascribe the damage that occurred on April 19th, 1995, to a single truck bomb containing 4,800 pounds ... In fact, the maximum predicted damage of the floor panels of the Murrah federal building is equal to approximately 1% of the total floor area of the building. It must be concluded that the damage at the Murrah federal building is not the result of the truck bomb itself, but rather due to other factors such as locally placed charges within the building itself.

This report was not presented at McVeigh's trial and neither were 4,000 pages of other evidence that the corrupt-to-its-core FBI claimed to have 'lost'. FBI agents interviewed General Partin but did nothing when he showed them that the official story was impossible (this is the same FBI that was the lead investigating agency of 9/11). Partin sent copies of his detailed engineering analysis, including colour photographs, to every member of Congress and more than a thousand media organisations. Only a handful of replies came back. They would rather the orchestrators of mass murder remain at large than reveal that the government and its agencies were lying at every turn. People still say that if the conspiracy I am exposing were true *the media would tell us* about it. Talk about fully-paid-up members of Naivety Anonymous. Researcher J. Orlin Grabbe and others have revealed that a secret Pentagon report on the bombing came to basically the same conclusions as Partin. Grabbe said the Pentagon commissioned nine explosives experts to write reports and accepted two of them as the 'official' report. He said he spoke to both experts, but they declined to be interviewed because of 'confidentiality agreements with the Pentagon'. Grabbe

revealed that sources familiar with the Pentagon report told him that the conclusions were the same as those of General Partin, except that the Pentagon report concluded there were demolition charges placed on five columns and not the four suggested by Partin. These findings were supported by the science and witness accounts. Many said they heard more than one explosion. A 500-page report by the Oklahoma City Bombing Investigation Commission said that many witnesses 'have testified to hearing a second bomb' and that 'explosives experts contend that the extent of the damage to the building could not have resulted from a single truck bomb ...' The seismographic record at the Oklahoma Geological Survey (OGS) at the University of Oklahoma recorded two 'seismic events' at the time the Murrah Building was hit and a geophysicist at the OGS, Dr Raymon L. Brown, told *New American* that the simplest explanation for this was 'two separate explosions'. Witnesses support this. After rescuers arrived on the scene there were many reports of other bombs being found and defused and the area was evacuated several times. Volunteers at the site and television viewers remember how police and fire authorities warned that another device, or devices, had been found in the rubble. Television reporters and witnesses that morning said there were other bombs on the site that had not exploded. Oklahoma Governor Frank Keating told one interviewer: 'Reports that I have is that one device was deactivated, apparently there's another device ...' A television report quotes the FBI as saying the explosion was caused by a 'very sophisticated device and had to have been done by an explosives expert'. A spokesman for the rescue teams said that they were not able to get into the wreckage to retrieve the injured because of unexploded bombs still in the building. A reporter with KWTV said that he had just seen a bomb squad truck going towards the Murrah Building to defuse another device. Senator Charles Key's Oklahoma Bombing Investigation Committee confirmed these reports and said there were at least four sightings of other bombs in the building. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) removed these unexploded bombs from the scene according to police logs and firefighter witnesses. This is the ATF that was supposed to have been McVeigh's target in the official cover story. We were told at different times that other bombs were found, that no other bombs were found, and that bombs were found, but they were 'dummies' used for training by the ATF. Soon all of this was forgotten and the official version of what happened dominated the media. The Oklahoma Bombing Investigation Committee also concluded:

> There is sufficient evidence to confirm that law enforcement agencies in Oklahoma City, as well as Washington DC, had sufficient prior knowledge of the impending disaster, yet took minimum measures to avert the bombing.

> Documents and witnesses support this conclusion.

What a precursor that statement was to what happened on 9/11. On the subject of which ... rubble from both the Murrah Building and the World Trade Center was swiftly removed to prevent a proper analysis that would reveal the truth of what happened.

Rubble trouble

Rubble from the Murrah Building contained the proof of where the bombs were really located, what they were, and how many there were. All that was required to establish what had happened beyond doubt was for explosives experts to go in and do their analysis. General Partin made this very point and requested that the site be protected until this investigation could take place. He wrote to Oklahoma Senator Don Nickles and delivered the letter personally to his Washington office and to those of some 23 other senators and 30 congressmen on May 18th, 1995. He wrote:

> I am concerned that vital evidence will soon be destroyed with the pending demolition of the Federal Building in Oklahoma City. From all the evidence I have seen in the published material, I can say with a high level of confidence that the damage pattern on the reinforced concrete superstructure could not possibly have been attained from the single truck bomb without supplementing demolition charges at some of the reinforced column bases.
>
> The total incompatibility with a single truck bomb lies in the fact that either some of the columns collapsed that should not have collapsed or some of the columns are still standing that should have collapsed and did not.

Instead of listening to Partin the government hired a company called Controlled Demolition to bring down the rest of the building and take the rubble to a private landfill site operated by BFI Waste Systems. Here the remains of the Murrah Building were kept under guard by the Wackenhut Corporation, one of the Hidden Hand's many private armies which helped to ship chemical weapons equipment to Saddam Hussein before the Gulf War thanks to middleman Donald Rumsfeld. George Wackenhut, a former FBI operative, started the company with other FBI associates in 1954. Recruits from the FBI, CIA, and military dominated its board. Wackenhut was a long-time friend of Father Bush and funded his political campaigns along with those of Boy George and Florida governor Jeb Bush. McVeigh's defence team and independent explosives experts were refused access to the rubble that would have revealed all and represented a glaring admission that there was something to hide. Controlled Demolition said this about the Murrah contract on its

website: 'When a crime scene involves the detonation of explosives, and the possibility of undetonated materials exist, an experienced contractor is needed to preserve evidence critical to ongoing investigations while dealing with any explosives discovered.' So why was McVeigh's defence team not allowed access to any virgin remains to conduct such investigations? The removal of the Murrah Building rubble before it could be analysed was repeated with the remains of the World Trade Center after 9/11 as I will detail.

Clear prior knowledge

The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms was supposed to be McVeigh's target so how strange then that no ATF agents were killed or injured because they were miraculously not in the office that morning. We'll see that key players on 9/11 were also miraculously not where they would normally have been on that morning and survived as a result. There were no badge-carrying federal agents in the Murrah Building, only civilian workers. The ATF wheeled out agent Alex McCauley when this fact became known and he told of heroic efforts to rescue victims by himself and a fellow agent who was said to have fallen three floors in an elevator and lived; but Duane James, the building maintenance supervisor, proved that technically and logistically the story was a lie. He said that it was 'pure fantasy' and the ATF had to retract the story and admit that McCauley was nowhere near the building – let alone in it. Remember that when reading the official story of 9/11. The ATF would not say where McCauley or any of their other personnel actually were. Federal Judge Wayne Alley was not in his chambers across the street from the Murrah Building either. He told the *Oregonian* newspaper that he had decided not to go to work that day because 'there had been talk'. He said:

> Let me just say that within the past two or three weeks, information has been disseminated ... that indicated concerns on the part of people who ought to know, that we ought to be a little more careful ... My subjective impression was there was a reason for a dissemination of these concerns.

Alley was warned off in other words and took the advice because the authorities had prior knowledge of what was going to happen – the same would be the case on 9/11. Witnesses who spoke with ATF agents at the scene were told its personnel were not in the building because they had been tipped off through their pagers not to go to work that day. These witnesses included Tiffany Bible, a paramedic who was at the Murrah Building within minutes of the blasts. She swore in an affidavit that she found the ATF in full combat gear (which apparently takes half an hour to put on) and they said they had been pre-warned. Another

major question: Why was the bomb squad on site *before* the bombing? Glenn and Kathy Wilburn who lost two small children in the bombing worked constantly and passionately for years to uncover the truth. They conducted and documented more than 300 hours of interviews and persuaded people to talk who had remained silent for fear of the consequences. They established beyond question that a heavily armed bomb squad had been in downtown Oklahoma near the Murrah Building that morning *before* the bombs exploded. Many people saw them, including Oklahoma lawyer Daniel J. Adomitis, who was heading for a charity board meeting at 7.30am, an hour and a half before the explosion:

> There was this fairly large truck with a trailer behind it. It had a shield on the side of the door that said 'bomb disposal' or 'bomb squad' below it. And I really found that interesting. You know, I'd never seen anything like that in person.

Parents saw these people in their bomb squad uniforms when they dropped their children off at the day care centre at the Murrah Building – children they would never see alive again. The Sheriff's Department had to admit after months of denial by the FBI and other government agencies that the bomb squad *had* been there. Glenn and Kathy Wilburn were bitterly attacked by other bereaved families as they challenged the government story and they were denounced as 'conspiracy theorists'. Such is the scale of 'they would never do that' programming. We are dealing with extreme psychopaths and 'they' will do whatever it takes to get what they want. In the end other families also became convinced that the authorities had prior knowledge of the bombing, just as they did about 9/11. The Wilburns and many other families filed legal claims against the US government alleging they had 'detailed prior knowledge of the planned bombing of the Murrah Building yet failed to prevent the bombing from taking place' and claimed that ATF agents were 'alerted not to go to work on April 19th, 1995'.

FB-LIE

Danny Colson, the FBI's director of the terrorist task force, told *Time* magazine in 1999 that when he heard about the blast he had driven to Oklahoma from his home in Dallas at speeds of 100 miles an hour to support the rescue operation and 'investigation'. In fact, Colson checked into the Embassy Suites Hotel in Oklahoma at 12.20am on April 19th which was nine hours *before* the bomb went off. *Why*? The FBI said McVeigh's truck rental agency was tracked from a vehicle identification number (VIN) on the Ryder truck's rear axle. This axle was somehow found both in the bomb crater (mayor of Oklahoma press statement) and

three blocks away (FBI). It must have been one heck of an axle. The FBI story is another provable lie because rear axles of vehicles manufactured in America were not imprinted with a VIN and the Ryder rental company did not add them to the axles either. McVeigh was claimed to have rented the truck with both his real ID and a false ID and the same FBI had to admit shortly before McVeigh's first scheduled execution that they had withheld 4,304 documents from his defence team. He was given a month-long stay of execution because of this. I can hardly say often enough that this is the agency that told you the official story of 9/11 and is completely controlled from its highest levels by the Hidden Hand. The foundation, motivation and nature of the FBI's upper hierarchy were dictated from the start by that epitome of psychopathic evil, J. Edgar Hoover. He became director of the FBI's forerunner, the Bureau of Investigation, in 1924 and was key man in the founding of the FBI in 1935. Hoover was appointed its first director and remained in the post until his death more 37 years later. FBI headquarters in Washington DC is named after him. Hoover created the FBI blueprint of corruption and deceit and was most definitely involved in the assassinations of the two Kennedys, Martin Luther King and Malcolm X in the 1960s. That is not to say that all FBI agents are corrupt – far from it and often quite the opposite. I am talking about those that control the organisation and the lower-level assets who choose to do their bidding.

McVeigh stitch-up

The FBI's 'star witness' against McVeigh was Michael Fortier who admits doing a deal to testify for the prosecution in return for lighter sentences for gun offences. He told the court that he and McVeigh had made themselves familiar with the Murrah Building weeks before the bombing to establish the location of the ATF offices. Well, in that case why did McVeigh stop at a gas station in the Ryder truck that morning and ask the way to the building? Why would he do that anyway when he knew he would be recognised and reported after the bombing? In that one moment he connected himself to the Ryder truck and the Murrah Building. Why? If he had spent so much time locating the ATF offices, why did he park the truck on the side of the Murrah Building *furthest away* from the ATF section when he could have left it directly underneath? We are also asked to believe – and depressingly many do – that having connected himself with the Ryder truck and the Murrah Building before the bombing by stopping at the gas station he then proceeded to 'get away' undetected in a highly visible yellow car travelling at nearly 100 miles an hour with expired licence plates. We are further asked to accept that when he was stopped by police for a traffic violation a man who had just murdered 168 people and maimed hundreds made no attempt to avoid arrest even though he was armed

and a highly trained soldier. McVeigh was arrested so conveniently for a traffic offence immediately after the bombing for the same reason that Lee Harvey Oswald was arrested in a cinema immediately after the Kennedy assassination and Osama Bin Laden was named as the culprit immediately after 9/11. They are the patsies required by Problem-Reaction-Solution to hide the real orchestrators so name your fake villain as fast as you can. Lee Harvey Oswald was a US agent who was placed in the right place at the right time (wrong for him) without being told exactly why he was there. He realised this after Kennedy was shot and he ran. When he was arrested he said he was a patsy, a stooge, and would have said so in court. This is why he was paraded in public through a parking lot to allow another government agent, Jack Ruby, to shoot him and kill the evidence (see *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*). Ruby was mentally 'assessed' by the same MKUltra psychiatrist Louis Jolyon West who 'assessed' McVeigh – when he wasn't killing elephants with LSD. In the same way, very possibly, McVeigh was a government stooge who parked the Ryder truck without knowing the full story. This would explain why he saw no problem in stopping at the gas station to ask the way to the Murrah building and why he made such a 'getaway' and offered no resistance to the police officer. It would further explain why witnesses saw another man with McVeigh and the Ryder truck who became known as 'John Doe 2'. This mystery man appeared briefly in news reports and was then forgotten. I present evidence shortly that the FBI have security video of 'John Doe 2' which they have kept from public view. McVeigh apparently said that he was not told what the project was really all about and had been trapped, 'framed', and made a patsy to cover up high-level US government complicity. Years later Terry Nichols would say that McVeigh misled him about the nature of what they were doing – which would make sense if McVeigh didn't know either. It would be the blind leading the blind. Your patsies don't have to know the real story – it is essential they *don't* – and you only have to make sure they are where they need to be to manufacture your story of fake villains and give cover to the real ones.

Father Bush and the Iraqi connection

I almost completed a section without mentioning the Bush family, but naturally that couldn't last. It will stagger Americans to learn that at the end of the Gulf War in 1991 President Father Bush arranged for around 4,000 officers from the military and intelligence agencies of Iraq, mostly from Saddam's Republican Guard, to relocate in the United States and 2,000 of these officers became resident in ... *Oklahoma.* Another 500 went to Lincoln, Nebraska. Father Bush arranged for their funding, housing and employment, and this was continued by Bill Clinton and Boy Bush. Jayna Davis, a former reporter with NBC affiliate KFOR-TV in

Oklahoma, worked tirelessly after the bombing to uncover the true story. In 1996 the ultra-Zionist *New York Times* bought her television station and stopped her reports, but she continued to uncover devastating information. She established that more than 70 witnesses saw McVeigh with other men and that more than 20 of these sightings involved people with Middle Eastern features. A sketch of a man with 'olive skin' seen with McVeigh was released by the FBI immediately after the bombing and this was 'John Doe 2'. Jayna Davis was represented by lawyer David Schippers, one of the lead investigators in the impeachment proceedings against Bill Clinton over allegations of perjury and obstruction of justice in 1998/99. Schippers would later represent FBI agents who said their investigations into terrorist suspects were blocked by their superiors before 9/11. He described how the FBI manipulated witness evidence relating to Oklahoma:

> Some of these people who gave affidavits were interviewed by the FBI during the course of the investigation. They were interviewed about the second person they saw and the agents tried to make them say that the second person was Nichols. Every single one of these people said absolutely not, it was a Middle Eastern type individual. Now, listen to this, none of those 302s [interview documents], none of those investigative reports, have ever surfaced.

Reporter Jayna Davis produced a detailed dossier and interviewed witnesses who said they would testify that they saw McVeigh with a former Iraqi soldier who lived in Oklahoma City at the time of the bombing. This man surrendered during the Gulf War and was resettled in the United States from a detention camp in Saudi Arabia. The FBI issued an All-Points Bulletin immediately after the blast for Middle Eastern-looking suspects seen fleeing the scene in a brown Chevrolet pickup with tinted windows and a bug shield. James Patterson, an editorial writer on the *Indianapolis Star*, remarked: 'Something here doesn't pass the smell test.' FBI agents seized all security camera footage in the area that would have shown what happened and who was involved – exactly what they did on 9/11. Their excuse was that the videos were 'part of the investigation' (the traditional excuse also used with 9/11), but TV reporter Brad Edwards located a source who had seen parts of them. Edwards presented a reconstruction for the UK's *Channel 4 News* of what his source claimed to have seen:

> The source said that the tapes show two men inside [the Ryder truck]. One strongly resembling Timothy McVeigh gets out of the driver's side, steps down, he then appears to have dropped something on the step up into the truck. He bends down and appears to pick something up off the step. Then he turns and

> walks directly across this street towards the General Electric building. All this time John Doe number 2 is still inside the Ryder truck's cab sitting on the passenger side.
>
> Time passes. The surveillance tape is time-lapse photography. Without knowing exactly the time interval between shots our source can't be sure how long John Doe number 2 sat in that cab. What was he doing all that time? Then the tape shows John Doe number 2 getting out of the passenger side of the Ryder truck. Again the tape shows that a bombing witness accurately described what happened next ... the tape shows John Doe 2 getting out, shutting the passenger side door. He steps towards the front of the truck and is momentarily out of the frame of the surveillance camera. But shortly he appears back in frame walking towards the rear of the truck, still on the sidewalk in the front of the Murrah Building.

The source said that 'John Doe' wore a baseball cap, was taller than the man resembling McVeigh, and had an olive complexion. This was supported by many witnesses, including a man interviewed with a blacked-out face and featured in the report by Brad Edwards:

> I was standing in the building and I looked out the window and I seen the Ryder truck and I seen a man get out of the Ryder truck. He was olive complexion and he was ... he had black curly hair. He was wearing a baseball cap, but his curls were sticking out of his hat. It was very short in the back, but you could still see the curls in his hair. He was not American, he was foreign, you could tell by his skin, his face, and the way his face was ...

Senator Charles Key, who helped to produce a report on Oklahoma, said his understanding was that there is a video showing McVeigh and John Doe 2 getting out of the Ryder Truck and into another pick up. 'Where is that video ... are we going to get to see it?' he asks. Er, you must be joking, the FBI replies. Incidentally, I was on a radio show in McVeigh's home town in America in 2002 talking about the way the FBI had refused to release these surveillance camera tapes. A bloke claiming to be a former FBI agent came on the line saying loudly and vehemently that he worked on the case and there were no surveillance tapes. It took a member of the public to come on to tell him that not only did the tapes exist the FBI had admitted this on the national news. The FBI said in 2001 the tapes were not going to be released at all because of 'national security' (the security of the official lie). When McVeigh went on trial the FBI did not use the tapes in prosecution because they would have destroyed its story. If only McVeigh and no one else had been on the tapes the world would have seen them within hours of the blast. Rule number one of cover stories: if letting the public see something that

would support your cover story you let them see it. If the public seeing something would destroy your cover story you don't let them see it. Surveillance cameras are part of the Hidden Hand system of control, but they are also a problem for them when they carry out their public operations. Therefore we have a clear red flag test on these occasions – are we allowed to see the surveillance camera tapes of the scene in question? There were 17 surveillance cameras working 24 hours a day along the route of the last journey taken by Princess Diana between the Ritz Hotel and the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris in 1997, but at that time, of all times, every single one of the *17 cameras* was 'not working' – or so we are told. This scenario has been repeated again and again including with the London bombings of 2005, the police killing of an innocent Brazilian electrician shortly afterwards and most certainly with 9/11. James Patterson of the *Indianapolis Star* described how critical evidence that several Middle Eastern men may have been connected to the Oklahoma bombing appeared to have been kept from the public by the FBI. He said:

> Officially, the FBI has dismissed the possibility of a John Doe No. 2, an olive-skinned man whose sketch they released immediately after the bombing, or other suspects. But current and former FBI agents in Oklahoma City say they received documents pointing to another person or even a cell of Middle Eastern operatives. At a minimum, Congress should question one former FBI agent who says he obtained 22 affidavits and more than 30 witness statements describing sightings of Middle Easterners with McVeigh.

Hoppy Heidelberg, a prominent Oklahoma horse breeder, was dismissed from the grand jury 'investigating' the case when he went public with his complaints that the 'investigation' was a sham. He said he was not allowed to ask for witnesses, even though it was his lawful right, and one of the areas he wanted to explore was the reports about 'John Doe 2'. He said he was visited by FBI agents brandishing guns who said that if he knew what was good for him he would shut up. Apparently local, state and federal police detained dozens of Middle Eastern men after the bombing as they tried to leave the United States and these included members of the Iraqi Republican Guard brought to the US by Father Bush. Some reports claim that Bush-buddy President Clinton insisted they were released despite being found in possession of bomb-making materials. You are going to see that this behaviour was repeated in the aftermath of 9/11. Do these 'Middle Eastern men' brought to the United States from Saddam's Iraq by Father Bush connect with the 'Middle Eastern men' that form the basis of the 9/11 story? They had enough to choose from – *4,000* – and it would make far more sense than the official make-believe. David Schippers, lawyer for

Oklahoma reporter Jayna Davis, said the same team that carried out the Oklahoma bombing was also responsible for the September 11th attacks. He said that he understood a former Iraqi Republican Guard officer called Al-Hussaini Hussain, who had been mentioned by Jayna Davis as a possible John Doe 2, later worked at *Boston Logan Airport where two of the 9/11 flights took off.* Larry Johnson, a former Deputy Director of the State Department's Office on Counterterrorism, told Fox News the same. He said he believed that Al-Hussaini Hussain was John Doe 2 in Oklahoma and he added: 'The thing that really concerns me relative to 9/11 [is that] when he left Oklahoma, around 1996 and 1997, he went to work at Logan Airport in Boston. We don't know where he is now.' The involvement of Father Bush's Iraqi soldiers is highly possible – if not probable – in the 9/11 story, but only at a bit-part level. The force really orchestrating everything will become obvious much later in the book. Jayna Davis has testified under oath before a grand jury about the Oklahoma bombing and in 1997 she attempted to hand over a large part of her evidence to the FBI which didn't want to know. The Deep State agency showed a similar lack of interest when offered information about Osama Bin Laden which would have dismantled the official 9/11 story. Former FBI agent Dan Vogel offered to testify at a hearing of Terry Nichols, the man convicted with McVeigh, to say that he had received from Jayna Davis affidavits from witnesses who had seen McVeigh with Middle Eastern men in the months, weeks and days before the attack and on the morning of the bombing. Vogel wanted to testify that he had sent the package to FBI agent Henry C. Gibbons and yet the witness statements were not made public. However, a judge ruled that Vogel could not make this devastating testimony because the [In]Justice Department did not want the evidence to be heard and would not authorise the testimony. The Oklahoma bombing was a blueprint for how 9/11 was covered up by the same people.

Waco revisited

The FBI and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) were lead players in the mass murder of men, women and children at the ranch or 'compound' of the Branch Davidians community, a Bible-based apocalypse cult located 13 miles from Waco, Texas, on April 19th, 1993. The Oklahoma bombings were claimed to be retaliation two years later to the day for what happened to the Davidians. The ranch was known as Mount Carmel from the reference in the Old Testament to a mountain of that name in Israel. Authorities claimed the group were stockpiling illegal weapons and the ATF secured a warrant to search the compound and arrest the group's leader David Koresh and some other members. If they had something on Koresh they could have arrested him months earlier when he often left the ranch, but these deeply mentally disturbed

psychopaths wanted a ritual sacrifice by bullets and fire. Perhaps not coincidentally Adolf Hitler and the Nazis, serious malevolent occultists, chose the same day, April 19th, to burn the Jewish ghetto in Warsaw in 1943. They torched the ghetto block by block and then flooded and smoke-bombed sewers when Jews tried to use them to escape. What the ATF and FBI did at Waco was pretty much the same. April 19th and 20th are days of blood sacrifice through fire according to satanic occult law followed so slavishly by the Hidden Hand and its agents. April 19th is the first day of a 13-day satanic ritual period dedicated to the fire god, Baal, Molech/Nimrod, also known in Rome as Saturn, and sacrifice by fire on April 19th/20th has an emphasis on children – as with the Oklahoma bombing on April 19th when 19 children died mostly in a day care centre and the 26 dead children at the Branch Davidian compound on April 19th. The Columbine High School shooting at Littleton, Colorado, was on April 20th, 1999, and also involved the ATF and FBI. I cannot stress enough the obsession these people have with occult ritual and its calendar and I explore this in detail in *The Biggest Secret* and other books. Wars to these satanic psychopaths are mass blood sacrifice rituals. The ATF eventually tried to raid the Davidian compound in a seriously over-the-top manner that included three Army National Guard helicopters and an 80-vehicle convoy stretching back a mile. The raid was resisted and a siege began with the authorities having little interest in negotiation, a fact later criticised by an [In]Justice Department report. Janet Reno, Clinton's recently-appointed Attorney General, gave the go-ahead for a final assault on the Mount Carmel compound using *tanks and gas* to force them out on April 19th. Her main excuse was that children were being abused and Reno's solution was to *kill 26 of them.* The FBI Hostage Rescue Team would later deny they had such evidence of child abuse. Two documentaries, *Waco: The Rules of Engagement* (1997) and *Waco: A New Revelation* (1999) devastatingly exposed calculated mass murder by the FBI and ATF and the involvement of the highest levels of the US government. *The Rules of Engagement* won an Emmy award for best investigative journalism. *Waco: A New Revelation* was narrated by former FBI Special Agent Dr Frederic Whitehurst who detailed the criminal manipulation of evidence and stunning 'incompetence' at the FBI crime laboratory. The documentaries reveal how the authorities used 'flash-bang' devices to start the fire that engulfed the Branch Davidians after filling their compound with high explosives and poisonous gas. The devices were found at all locations where the fires started, but were claimed to have been silencers and gun parts. The documentaries show how 'shape' charges were placed by military operatives at the top of a concrete structure that became a 'bunker' where women and children sought to escape from lethal concentrations of CS gas. The 'shape' charges blew a hole in the concrete

roof killing everyone inside and caused the partial disintegration and fusing together of some of the bodies of the women and children because of the pressure and heat from the blast. Military explosives expert General Benton Partin supported this version of events and shape charges were also identified by some researchers in relation to the Murrah Building in Oklahoma. Gene Cullen, a CIA service officer, was among the sources that confirmed how Delta Force, an elite (and brain dead) unit of the US military, was at the compound during the 'siege'. Delta Force fired on anyone who tried to flee the compound through the only escape route and the Davidians either died this way or in the inferno. The FBI claims to have tapes of the Davidians planning to set the compound alight which they have never produced because they are lying. That's what FBI chiefs do – lie. It's their job (see 9/11). Cult leader David Koresh was among 76 Davidians who died that day including all those children. What were the consequences for the FBI and ATF after Waco? *Their funding was increased.* After Oklahoma? *Same.* After September 11th? *What do you think?*

Pearl Harbor – the first 9/11

President Boy Bush called the attacks of September 11th 'our Pearl Harbor' and 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century' and for once he was right although not in the way he wanted us to believe. Months earlier a Hollywood blockbuster movie had been released amid widespread promotion that marked the 60th anniversary of the attack by the Japanese Air Force on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, in 1941. This was the attack that took the United States into the Second World War. To this day popular accounts of history portray President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a Bush family relative, as a man who 'strove in vain to ward off war' and this is yet another gross misrepresentation. The Roosevelts and the Delanos are Hidden Hand bloodline and I mentioned earlier that President Roosevelt's grandfather, Warren Delano, was a major operator in the drug-running operation of the Russell family, founders of the Skull and Bones Society. Delano also worked in the drugs networks of the British government in Asia, China and the Far East in general. When Franklin Roosevelt was seeking re-election as president in 1940 he repeated the same mantra:

> ... while I am talking to you, mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance. I have said this before but I shall say it again and again and again; your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars!

Roosevelt even had the nerve to add: 'You can therefore nail any talk about sending armies to Europe as deliberate untruth.' He was re-elected because that is what people wanted to hear and this is another

example of how psychopaths are pathological liars. Roosevelt, a Hidden Hand stooge to his fingertips, knew that the sons and many daughters of America were going to war again across the ocean very soon. What he needed was an event of such magnitude that America would go to war while, at the same time, Roosevelt would be cleared of any responsibility for going back on his constantly-repeated pledge in the election campaign. The Hidden Hand plan, known all along by Roosevelt, was to engineer an attack on the United States that would so anger public opinion that people would agree to go to war against the aggressor and also join the European conflict. Roosevelt would have been well schooled in manipulating public opinion with engineered events as a member of President Woodrow Wilson's administration in the First World War. I have described in detail in *And The Truth Shall Set You* Free how America was manipulated into that so-called 'Great War' by ultra-Zionist agents of the Rockefellers and Rothschilds. Senator Gerald Nye of North Dakota said in 1939 that he had seen a series of volumes called *The Next War*. These included one entitled *Propaganda in the Next War* and they were written before there was any talk of a Second World War. The material, Nye revealed, included the plan for manipulating public opinion into accepting American involvement in a second global conflict which the documents revealed was coming. Wars don't happen spontaneously – they are long planned. This *Propaganda in the Next War* document originated in Britain (a global Hidden Hand centre). It said:

> To persuade her [the United States] to take our part will be much more difficult, so difficult as to be unlikely to succeed. It will need a definite threat to America, a threat moreover, which will have to be brought home to every citizen, before the Republic again take arms in an external quarrel ... 'The position will naturally be considerably eased *if Japan were involved*, and this might and probably would bring America in without much further ado. [My emphasis.]
>
> At any rate, it would be a natural and obvious effect of our propagandists to achieve this, just as in the Great War, they succeeded in embroiling the United States with Germany ... Fortunately with America, our propaganda is on firm ground. We can be entirely sincere, as our main plank will be the old democratic one. We must clearly enunciate our belief in the Democratic form of government, and our firm resolve to adhere to ... the old Goddess of Democracy routine.

Sound familiar in the months after September 11th and so many times since? The Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) is a Hidden Hand front organisation in the United States established by the Rockefeller/Rothschild-connected elite in 1921 which has driven so

much of American foreign policy to this day. The CFR is part of a web of satellite organisations that I highlighted earlier spawned by a London-based secret society called the Round Table which includes the Bilderberg Group, Trilateral Commission, London-based Royal Institute of International Affairs (also known as Chatham House), and the Club of Rome which was specifically created in the 1960s to exploit fears about the environment to justify the transformation of human society. The Council on Foreign Relations devised the plan to antagonise Japan to such an extent that it would attack the United States so providing the excuse for the US to enter the Second World War with Roosevelt in the clear despite his election promises. CFR founder Henry Stimson, Roosevelt's Secretary of War, wrote is his diary: 'We face the delicate question of diplomatic fencing to be done so as to be sure that Japan is put into the wrong and makes the first bad overt move.' The CFR's War and Peace Studies Project sent a memo to Roosevelt suggesting that aid be given to China during its conflict with Japan and that Japanese assets be frozen in the US, a trade embargo imposed and Japan refused access to the Panama Canal. George Morgenstern's excellent book, *Pearl Harbor, The Story of the Secret War*, reveals how Japan was goaded to attack Pearl Harbor on December 7th, 1941. Roosevelt, who was wholly-owned by the Council on Foreign Relations, set about provoking Japan into an attack with a number of measures and sanctions that included targeting Japanese oil supplies. The Hidden Hand circle controlling Donald Trump have employed the same techniques against Russia, China and other targets. Roosevelt's administration had been intercepting and decoding secret Japanese messages for four years before the Pearl Harbor attack. They knew the Japanese intended to alert diplomatic centres around the world of a decision to go to war through a false weather report during the daily Japanese-language short-wave news broadcast. The forecast of 'east wind rain' indicated war with the United States; 'west wind clear' would mean a decision to go to war with Britain, and British and Dutch colonies in the east; 'north wind cloudy' meant war with Russia.

A Congressional investigation heard in 1945 that messages indicating a decision to go to war with the United States and Britain, though not with Russia, were intercepted and decoded on December 3rd, 1941 – four days before Pearl Harbor. These messages subsequently went 'missing' from Navy files. Other decoded messages gave Roosevelt prior warning of the attack, but the public were not told and nor were the sitting targets in Hawaii. Joseph Grew, US Ambassador to Tokyo, had written to Roosevelt on January 27th, 1941, to say that Pearl Harbor would be the first target in the event of war and Roosevelt had information in total from eight different sources indicating a probable attack. Historian Robert Stinnett revealed the results of 17 years of

research into the Pearl Harbor conspiracy in his book, *Day of Deceit: The Truth About FDR and Pearl Harbor.* His research included more than a million documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act which show that prior knowledge of Japanese plans was kept from US commanders in Hawaii – the very same men who were later made scapegoats for what happened. Stinnett uncovered a memo written on October 7th, 1940, by Lieutenant Commander Arthur McCollum who headed the Far East section of US Naval Intelligence. McCollum confirmed the policy of systematically provoking the Japanese to attack the United States in order to provide the political and public motivation for the declaration of war. The attack was purely to manipulate American public opinion into agreeing to take part in another Hidden Hand war that had long been planned and no one was more duped than the Japanese. They had been tricked into attacking the US both by the Americans and the Germans. Nazi Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop had been pressing the Japanese to attack the United States. Hitler had added to the Japanese resolve on December 6th, 1941, by indicating that German forces were about to enter Moscow. On December 8th, the day after Pearl Harbor, the Germans were found to be in retreat from the Russian front. More than 3,000 people were killed at Pearl Harbor, about the same as the official death toll on September 11th, and they were still more victims of the Hidden Hand agenda.

The network that coldly allowed 3,000 Americans to be killed at Pearl Harbor to secure a political end would not kill 3,000 others on 9/11 to do the same?? Allen Dulles, the Hidden Hand agent, Hitler supporter and Rockefeller cousin, was appointed to the staff of the Office of the Coordinator of Information the day after Pearl Harbor. This later became the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) and then the CIA which Dulles would lead. The Pearl Harbor plan worked brilliantly as public opinion reacted exactly as required to an attack on American soil – or soil the US had stolen from native Hawaiians. Now the United States was involved in another war in Europe and 'our boys' were on their way across the ocean again, many of them to die, despite Roosevelt's election promises to their mothers and fathers. Roosevelt was in the clear, though, because, well, circumstances had changed. This is how Problem-Reaction-Solution works. You get what you want with none of the responsibility. Winston Churchill, the Hidden Hand bloodline Prime Minister in Britain and a relative of Roosevelt and the Bushes, said of the news: 'That is what I have dreamed of, aimed at, and worked for, and now it has come to pass.' He might have added: 'And I always knew it was going to.' The influence on Roosevelt of the Hidden Hand Council on Foreign Relations, with its membership throughout government, banking, commerce, media and military, cannot be overestimated. Roosevelt's son-in-law, Curtis Dall, said:

> For a long time I felt that [Roosevelt] ... had developed many thoughts and ideas that were his own to benefit this country, the USA. But he didn't. Most of his thoughts, his political 'ammunition', as it were, were carefully manufactured for him in advance by the Council on Foreign Relations-One World Money Group. Brilliantly, with great gusto, like a fine piece of artillery, he exploded that 'ammunition' in the middle of an unsuspecting target, the American people – and thus paid off and retained his internationalist support.

A committee known as the Informal Agenda Group packed with members of the CFR wrote the proposal for the United Nations and handed it to Roosevelt who made it public on June 16th, 1944, as if he was the architect. Henry Louis Mencken wrote in *The American Language* that the term 'United Nations' was first mentioned by Roosevelt in a meeting with Churchill at the White House in December 1941 – the month of Pearl Harbor. Some 74 members of the Council on Foreign Relations were in the US delegation at the founding meeting of the United Nations which was created from the start to be a stalking horse for the Hidden Hand's planned world government. The UN building in New York today stands on land donated by the Rockefeller family at a location formerly occupied by a slaughterhouse (how apt). The Rockefellers were also responsible for two other famous buildings in Manhattan ... the twin towers of the World Trade Center.

Gulf of Tonkin

The 'incident' that triggered the full-blown Vietnam War (plus the related conflicts in Laos and Cambodia) was another example of P-R-S. It was also confirmation that often you don't even need a real problem only a public perception of one – as with 'weapons of mass destruction' in Iraq. This is the technique that I call NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution. President Lyndon 'Brown & Root' Johnson, the man who replaced (without an election) the assassinated John F. Kennedy, announced on August 4th, 1964, that Communist North Vietnam had attacked American destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin off the Vietnamese coast. The official story claimed a US destroyer on 'routine patrol' was targeted by North Vietnamese torpedo boats in an 'unprovoked attack' on August 2nd and that this action was repeated against US ships on August 4th. The media, as usual, reported this as fact simply because Johnson and the Pentagon said it was. The truth is there was no second attack on August 4th and the first was not 'unprovoked' against a US ship on 'routine patrol' as many studies and investigative books have revealed. The destroyer *Maddox* was actively involved in intelligence gathering to support attacks on North Vietnam by the US-backed South Vietnamese Navy and Laos Air Force. Captain John J. Herrick, head of the task force

in the Gulf of Tonkin, sent cables to Washington that talked of 'freak weather effects' and an 'overeager sonarman' who was 'hearing [his] ship's own propeller beat'. Squadron Commander James Stockdale, a famous prisoner of war and later a vice-presidential candidate, was flying over the scene that night. Years later he said that he had 'the best seat in the house to watch that event'. He said there was no attack by North Vietnamese gunboats: '... Our destroyers were just shooting at phantom targets – there were no PT [North Vietnamese] boats there ...There was nothing there but black water and American fire power.' President Johnson said the year after he had used this non-existent attack to escalate the conflict into the Vietnam War: 'For all I know, our Navy was shooting at whales out there.' Tom Wells, author of *The War Within: America's Battle Over Vietnam*, said the government was able to deceive the American people because of the media's 'almost exclusive reliance on US government officials as sources of information' and their 'reluctance to question official pronouncements on national security issues'. This happens every time and never more so than after 9/11. Daniel C. Hallin wrote in *The Uncensored War: The Media And Vietnam* that journalists had a great deal of information available that contradicted the official version of events in the Gulf of Tonkin, but it was ignored. He said that it was '... generally known ... that "covert" operations against North Vietnam, carried out by South Vietnamese forces with US support and direction, had been going on for some time.' Journalists and media watchers Jeff Cohen and Norman Solomon described the responsibility of the media in what followed the non-incident in the Gulf of Tonkin:

> By reporting official claims as absolute truths, American journalism opened the floodgates for the bloody Vietnam War. A pattern took hold: continuous government lies passed on by pliant mass media ... leading to over 50,000 American deaths and millions of Vietnamese casualties.

Journalists, or those who pass for them, love to deny responsibility for their actions. They say 'we are just the messenger; don't kill the messenger because you don't like the message'. This is bullshit. If the messenger accepts the message without question they cease to be some neutral, 'independent' courier for information and allow themselves to become an essential tool in the propaganda war against the population. At this point, which was reached a long time ago, they are not 'journalists' at all. They are PR people for the official version of everything – propaganda tools of the Hidden Hand which ultimately owns them. President Johnson went on national television to lie about the Gulf of Tonkin and announce 'retaliatory air strikes' that became the insane Vietnam War. The media praised his speech and said the North

Vietnamese had only themselves to blame. Politicians are overwhelmingly influenced by the media, their perceived public image and financial backers and only two votes were cast against the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution that went through Congress three days after a US ship was *not* attacked by the North Vietnamese. Another lie = another war.

One interesting aspect of the Gulf of Tonkin was the part played by Rear Admiral George Stephen Morrison who was in command of the Carrier Division during the controversial 'incident'. He was the father of Jim Morrison, lead singer of The Doors, one of the most iconic 'anti-establishment' bands in the Flower Power 'counter-culture' era of the 1960s. It is simply fantastic to realise how many key bands and artists central to the 60's 'revolution' came from military-intelligence families in the Washington DC/Pentagon area and how they suddenly headed in the same period to California and especially a location outside Los Angeles called Laurel Canyon. From there the 'counter-culture' was basically launched on the world and one of the effects with its free-love, 'drop out' drug culture was to hijack the anti-Vietnam War movement and allow the carnage on both sides to continue for much longer than a feet-on-the-ground response may have done. Copious amounts of the mind-altering drug LSD that formed such a foundation of Flower Power came courtesy of the CIA. I can most strongly recommend the book by the late David McGowan, *Weird Scenes Inside the Canyon: Laurel Canyon, Covert Ops & the Dark Heart of the Hippie Dream.* I loved 60's music, but nothing, but *nothing*, is what it seems.

History is awash with Problem-Reaction-Solution events set up to justify a course of action that could not otherwise be justified. Another was when the Nazis burned down the Reichstag parliament building in Germany and blamed others for this mega-arson. Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany on January 30th, 1933, and on February 27th the parliament building was torched. The attack was blamed on Marinus van der Lubbe, a mentally-challenged Dutch communist who was later executed for a crime he did not commit. Hitler invoked Article 48 of the Weimar Constitution the day after the fire which allowed civil liberties to be suspended during a 'national emergency'. This Decree of the Reich President for the Protection of the People and State brought an end to freedom of speech and the press, the right of assembly and association, privacy in postal and electronic communications, protection against unlawful searches and seizures, individual rights to property and the rights for states to be self-governing. A further decree created federal 'police' agencies, the SS or 'Special Security' and the SA or 'Storm Troops'. The rest, as they say, is history and look at what has happened as a result of 9/11. What Hitler introduced to fight 'communist terrorism' has been repeated by American presidents and what has been

signed into law since the September 11th attacks. Problem-Reaction-Solution is a technique that spans the entirety of known human history and it is time to get wise to it.

Okay, now with all this essential background laid out we shall turn our attention to what happened and didn't happen when America awoke to the clear blue skies of September 11th, 2001. Strap in – it's an extraordinary story that will get progressively more extraordinary the deeper we go.

CHAPTER 5

What didn't happen

If the freedom of speech is taken away, then dumb and silent we may be led, like sheep to the slaughter – George Washington

The attacks of September 11th and their consequences of war and deletion of freedom are a textbook example of Problem-Reaction-Solution. This becomes obvious when you observe the blatantly mendacious official story and what it has been used to justify. I will briefly outline in this chapter the foundations of the utter claptrap we have been asked to believe and then begin to take it apart lie by lie. I should stress that many of the 'facts' in this official version depend on which spokespeople or agency you speak to because they have contradicted each other over and over.

The US government and its 'security' agencies like the CIA and FBI say they had no idea that a terrorist attack was being planned as tens of thousands of people began their working day in the office complexes of Manhattan and at the headquarters of the American military at the Pentagon across the Potomac River from Washington DC. These 'security' agencies employed together some 100,000 people in the United States and worldwide and devoured tens of billions from US taxpayers every year (and that's only the official funding). Yet they claim not to have uncovered one single piece of information to suggest that '19 Arab terrorists' were planning to simultaneously hijack four US commercial aircraft in American airspace and crash them into the very symbols of US military and financial power. The first they knew, so the story goes, was when it was far too late to respond. This is an outrageous lie to be filed with all the rest under 'n' for nonsensical. Anyway, this is the official fairy tale that they want us to believe:

Arab terrorists answering to al-Qaeda 'terror-chief' Osama bin Laden conspired to hijack four commercial aircraft in United States airspace to fly them into iconic American landmarks over a period of some two hours. The 19 hijackers included pilots who took over the controls and gave their lives – and everyone else's – for the glory of Allah. At 7.59am that Tuesday morning, American Airlines Flight 11, a Boeing 767, took off from Logan International Airport in Boston heading for Los Angeles. On board were 81 passengers, two pilots and nine flight attendants.

Following along the runway soon afterwards was United Airlines Flight 175, another Boeing 767, which departed at 8.14am, also for LA. This flight was carrying 56 passengers, two pilots and seven flight attendants. At 8.01am, and more than 200 miles to the south, United Airlines Flight 93 pulled back from the gate at Newark, New Jersey, and the Boeing 757 began its routine journey across America to San Francisco with 38 passengers, two pilots and five attendants. The take-off was delayed apparently by runway congestion and Flight 93 did not leave the ground until 8.42. Meanwhile, at 8.20, American Airlines Flight 77 was leaving Washington's Dulles International Airport for Los Angeles with 58 passengers, two pilots and four attendants aboard a Boeing 757.

American Airlines Flight 11

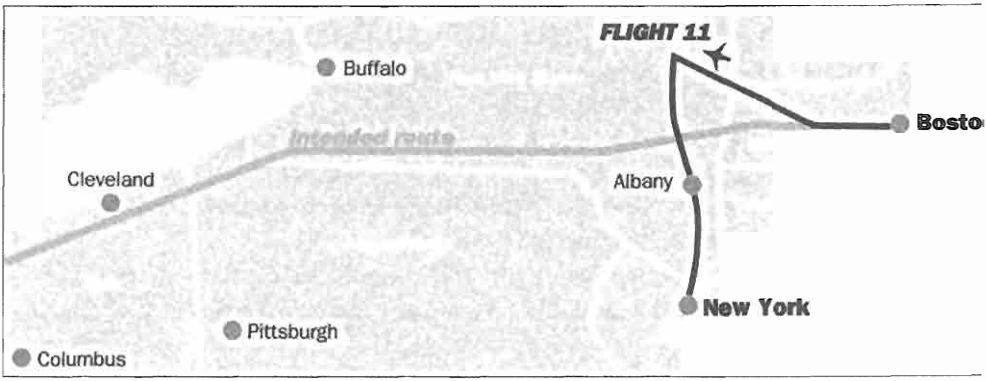

The official story claims that shortly after Flight 11 took off from Boston the plane was hijacked by Arab terrorists using small knives and box cutters. The pilot and co-pilot were John Ogonowski and Tom McGuinness, a former F-14 Navy Tomcat pilot described as 'big and burly'. About 14 minutes into the flight they were instructed by air traffic control to make a 20-degree turn to the right. The pilot replied in the normal way of ground to air communications by repeating the instruction and giving the flight code: '20 right, AAL11'. Very soon after this, the pilot was asked to climb to 35,000 feet, but there was no response. The following is claimed to be a transcript of the exchange published in *The New York Times* that took place from approximately 8.13am:

Boston Control Center: AAL11 turn 20 degrees right.

AAL11: 20 right AAL11.

Controller A: AAL11 now climb maintain FL350 [35,000 feet].

Controller A: AAL11 climb maintain FL350.

Controller A: AAL11 Boston.

Controller A: AAL11, ah, the American on the frequency how do you hear me?

Controller B: This is Athens.

Controller A: This is Boston. I turned American 20 left and I was going to climb him; he will not respond to me now at all.

Controller B: Looks like he's turning right.

Controller A: Yeah, I turned him right.

Controller B: Oh, O.K.

Controller A: And he's only going to, um, I think 29.

Controller B: Sure that's fine.

Controller A: Eh, but I'm not talking to him.

Controller B: He won't answer you. He's nordo [no radar] roger. Thanks.

So the first sign of a problem on 9/11 was shortly after 8.13am and at 8.24am a controller is officially reported to have heard a voice from the cockpit which said:

> We have some planes. Just stay quiet and you will be okay. We are returning to the airport. Nobody move.

The controller is said to have replied: 'Who's trying to call me?' There was no response. This was another 'radio transmission' reported to have been heard by controllers at 8.33am:

> Nobody move please. We are going back to the airport. Don't try to make any stupid moves.

Two minutes later another instruction was heard:

> Everything will be okay. If you try to make any moves, you'll endanger

yourself and the airplane. Just stay quiet.

If all this is true the pilots or 'hijackers' had switched on the microphone in the cockpit, which, the official version says, allowed air traffic controllers to hear the hijackers. Strangely, the four-digit alert code that warns the ground that a plane has been hijacked was never sent and that's the first thing a pilot is meant to do in such circumstances. Even more inexplicably no hijack code was sent by any of the four 9/11 aircraft. The official story says there was only one further contact between Flight 11 and air traffic control. This was when controllers were asked for a route, or air corridor, to John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York, although by whom is not clear. The transponder, or IFF beacon, which allows an aircraft to be more easily tracked on radar and supplies detailed information, was switched off at 8.20am and Flight 11 turned sharply and headed for New York. Losing the transponder makes it harder to track a plane with the more basic conventional radar that bounces a signal off the body of the aircraft, but it is still trackable so long as it is not blocked by mountains or low altitude. Without a transponder signal the plane's location can be tracked although not its height or identity.

We are told that flight attendant Madeline Amy Sweeney (known as 'Amy'), a 35-year-old mother of two, made calls from the plane and spoke to American Airlines Flight Services Manager Michael Woodward at Boston Logan Airport who had known her for ten years. She said hijackers had stabbed two flight attendants, we are told, and that 'a hijacker cut the throat of a business class passenger and he appears to be dead'. She added that terrorists 'had just gained access to the cockpit'. This begs the question of why the pilots had not punched in the hijack code of 7500 (known as 'squawking') if things were happening on the plane before the hijackers gained entry to the cockpit. The action takes two seconds and this would have alerted air traffic controllers to what was going on, but none of the pilots initiated this absolutely basic hijack procedure. Sweeney first spoke with Evelyn Nunez, a passenger service agent for American Airlines, then to staff assistant James Sayer before the most publicised of her conversations with Michael Woodward. An FBI media report said the men were storming the front of the plane even as Sweeney was relating to Woodward details about the hijackers. If all this was happening on the plane why no hijack code from the cockpit and why wasn't the cockpit door immediately secured from the inside? According to Woodward when the plane changed direction and began to descend Sweeney called the cockpit and got no reply. Sweeney told James Sayer the plane was over New York when at that time it was still around 150 miles from the city. She is reported to have told Woodward the seat numbers of the hijackers and that the plane was going down.

Her final words were given as: 'I see water and buildings. Oh my God. Oh my God.' I met with Michael Woodward at Boston Logan Airport when I was researching *Alice in Wonderland and the World Trade Center Disaster* but he said he could add nothing to what had been reported.

American Airlines later released an account of a conversation it says took place during the flight between attendant Betty Ong and airline staff on the ground. They say that Ong pressed number 8 on a seatback Airfone and got through to an American Airlines reservations agent who called the system operations control centre in Fort Worth, Texas. Airfone was an air-ground radiotelephone service embedded in seatbacks and marketed under the names Airfone, GTE Airfone and Verizon which allowed passengers to make in-flight calls. Ong is said to have made her call at 8.27am which was about twelve minutes after the cockpit first failed to respond to air traffic instructions. She said she was on 'Flight 12' before correcting to Flight 11. Amy Sweeney also said 'Flight 12' in her call from the plane to American Airlines passenger service agent Evelyn Nunez. Sweeney then called Flight Services Manager Michael Woodward and in his notes taken at the time the flight number 12 is overwritten with 11 suggesting a third mention of 'Flight 12'. Craig Marquis, the American Airlines manager on duty, said that Betty Ong told him that two flight attendants had been stabbed and one was being given oxygen. A passenger had been slashed in the throat and looked dead and the hijackers were in the cockpit. She said passengers had been sprayed with something that made her eyes burn and she was having difficulty breathing. Ong reported there were four hijackers (not the five the FBI claims) and she said they were in the first-class seats, 2A, 2B, 9A, and 9B. These numbers were slightly different to those given by attendant Sweeney and both were different to those given by the FBI. I asked the FBI in 2002 why there was a discrepancy and they said they could not answer questions because of the 'ongoing investigation'. I would have to apply through the Freedom of Information Act in years to come to find the information I wanted, a spokesman said. Craig Marquis asked Betty Ong if the plane was descending. 'We're starting to descend. We're starting to descend,' she is said to have replied.

At 8.46am, 48 minutes after leaving Boston, the official story says that Flight 11 crashed into the North Tower of the World Trade Center at the 96th of the 110 floors. Some may question why I am saying 'the official story says' Flight 11 struck the building when everyone saw that this was the case. But was it? The building was hit, yes, of course, but was the impact from Flight 11? There is much to question about that. The FBI later listed five hijackers on Flight 11 although two separate attendants on the plane both said four. I will use 'hijacker' names and spellings from the official 9/11 Commission report into the attacks published in 2004 because names have come and gone and varied in spelling. Among

those listed by the FBI as a hijacker of Flight 11 was Egyptian Mohamed Atta who is claimed to have been at the controls and the overall leader of the 9/11 terrorists. Other alleged hijackers on Flight 11 were named as Saudi Arabians Abdulaziz al-Omari, Wail al-Shehri, Waleed al-Shehri and Satam al-Suqami.

United Airlines Flight 175

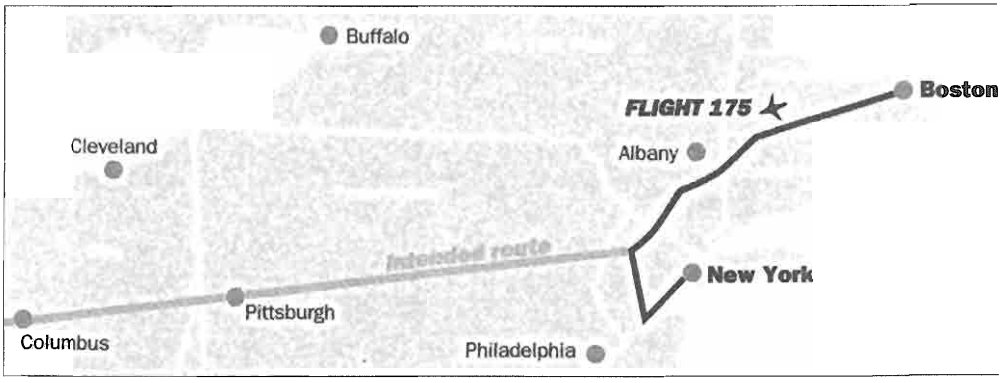

Captain Victor J. Saracini, aged 51, and 38-year-old first officer Michael R. Horrocks were at the controls of Flight 175 when it pushed back from Gate 19 at Boston's Logan Airport. This was seven gates along from Flight 11 which had left from Gate 26 about 15 minutes earlier. Official stories of what happened to the two planes are very similar. Flight 175 took off about 8.14am and nothing seemed amiss in the initial climb. At 8.37, with Flight 11 now known to be in trouble, a controller is said to have asked Saracini and Horrocks if they could see American Flight 11 ahead of them.

> **Controller:** Do you have traffic? Look at, uh, your twelve to one o'clock at about, uh, ten miles south bound to see if you can see an American seventy six seven out there please.

> **UAL175:** Affirmative we have him, uh, he looks, uh, about twenty, yeah about twenty nine, twenty eight thousand.

> **Controller:** United 175 turn five turn thirty degrees to the right. I [want to] keep you away from this traffic.

We are told there were no further communications between the ground and Flight 175 until 8.41, that's just five minutes before Flight 11 crashed into the World Trade Center. At this time one of the pilots on Flight 175 is reported to have called the controller and said, using the pilot code for Boston: 'We heard a suspicious transmission on our

departure from B-O-S. Sounds like someone keyed the mike and said: "Everyone stay in your seats".' Just 90 seconds after that communication with air traffic control Flight 175 veered off-course over northern New Jersey and headed south before turning back in a U-turn towards New York at some 400 miles an hour. Think about that – *90 seconds* between no problem and the plane being taken over by hijackers and flown off-course? Once again the transponder was switched off and there was no hijack code from the pilots. Howard Dulmage, an aviation attorney and pilot, said: 'You think four times in one morning one of those crews would have done that – that means they had to be upon them before they could react.' Well, that's one way of trying to explain it, but there are others as we'll see. I mean, *four* pilots on *four* planes did not do the first thing they are supposed to do when a hijack is happening? A female flight attendant is said to have spoken to a mechanic at an airline maintenance centre in San Francisco that takes in-flight calls from attendants reporting items that need replacing or repairing. We are told the mechanic reported the conversation at about 8.50am to Rich 'Doc' Miles, manager of the United Airlines System Operations Center in Chicago. Miles said the mechanic told him the attendant had said: 'Oh my God. The crew has been killed; a flight attendant has been stabbed. We've been hijacked.' The line then went dead. If this is all accurate then, according to the official timeline, the hijackers stormed the cockpit, killed the crew, took over the controls, a flight attendant rang the airline mechanic, and he called Rich Miles to report what she said – all in the space of around seven minutes. Messages were sent to the cockpit computer without reply. Passenger Peter Hanson, a software salesman, is said to have used his cell phone to ring his parents in Easton, Connecticut, at about 9am, some 45 minutes after take-off, and told her that hijackers with knives had taken over the plane and stabbed a stewardess. He is reported to have called again and before the line was lost he is said to have told his father Lee that the plane was 'going down'. Hanson's wife Sue, son Peter, and their two-year-old daughter Christine were also on the plane. At 9.03am what is a claimed to have been 'Flight 175' smashed into the South Tower of the World Trade Center on live television amid a fireball that no one who saw it will ever forget. The FBI said hijackers on Flight 175 were led by Marwan al-Shehhi of the United Arab Emirates who is claimed to have been a close friend and associate of Mohamed Atta. Others named are Fayez Banihammad (United Arab Emirates), Mohand al-Shehri (Saudi Arabian), Hamza al-Ghamdi (Saudi Arabian) and Ahmed al-Ghamdi (Saudi Arabian).

American Airlines Flight 77

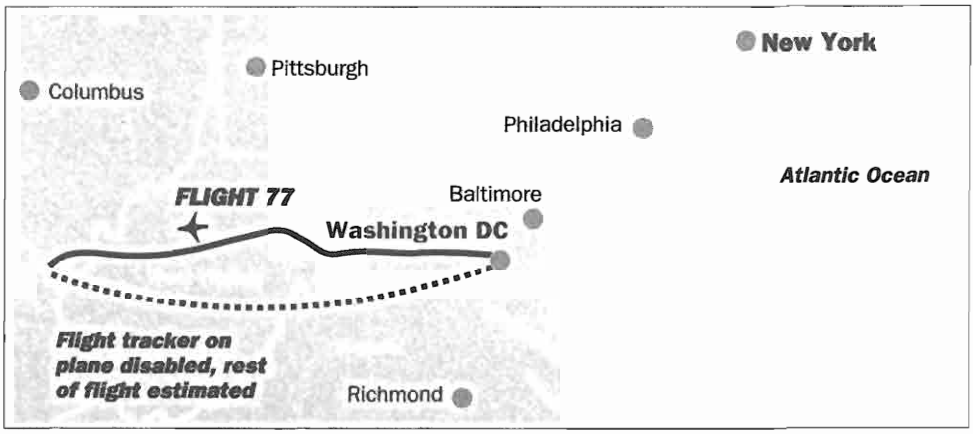

In the cockpit that morning as Flight 77 took off from Washington Dulles at 8.20am for Los Angeles were 51-year-old Captain Charles F. 'Chic' Burlingame III and first officer David Charlebois, who was 39. Burlingame was a graduate of the 'Top Gun' fighter pilot school and was such a perfectionist that one colleague said that he would carry a set of small paint brushes to dust the instruments. He had once worked at the Pentagon while a Navy reservist not far from where his flight would be said to have crashed that morning. Once again – *said* to have crashed? I'll explain as we proceed why there is good reason to question that claim. Burlingame's father was in the Navy and Air Force for 23 years and he and his wife are buried in the Arlington National Cemetery close to the Pentagon. Among the passengers on Flight 77 was a former American Airlines pilot called Wilson 'Bud' Flagg, a retired Navy Admiral once posted to the Pentagon; Brian Jack, a head of fiscal economics in the office of Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld at the Pentagon, where he had worked for 25 years; three engineers from plane makers, Boeing; and Barbara Olson, an on-air contributor to CNN and wife of the US Solicitor General, Theodore 'Ted' Olson. About 8.50am we are told that the cockpit stopped responding to controllers and six minutes later the transponder was turned off. A controller is said to have called the aircraft repeatedly asking: 'American 77 Indy radio check, how do you read?' At 9.02am, still nearly 40 minutes before impact, a controller is reported to have told American Airlines:

> We lost track control of the guy, he's in coast track [no transponder] but we haven't – we don't really know where his target is and we can't get a hold of him.

An 'unidentified' aircraft was then picked up on radar headed for

Washington at some 500 miles an hour. A military C130 took off from Andrews Air Force Base near Washington to identify the plane and reported it was a Boeing 767 (Flight 77 was a 757) moving low and very fast. This was Flight 77, or so we are told, with the Pentagon as its target. One of the alleged terrorists is said to have told passengers that they were going to die and they should phone their families. The official story claims that former federal prosecutor and CNN contributor Barbara Olson rang her husband, US Solicitor General Ted Olson, at his office in the [In]Justice Department at about 9.25am. He said he was watching television coverage of the World Trade Center when his secretary told him: 'Your wife is on the phone.' Olson said that Barbara, his third wife, told him that her plane had been hijacked using box cutters and knives. She said nothing about the number of hijackers or their nationality. There appear to be several published versions of their conversation and in one she said the pilots were with her at the back of the plane. Ted Olson told her about the World Trade Center and she said: 'What should I tell the pilot?' before the line went down. Olson said he called the [In]Justice Department command center staff who told him they had no idea the plane had been hijacked. His wife rang back and said the plane was circling, but the line was lost again, Olson said. We will see that the validity of Ted Olson's story is *seriously* open to question. He was the lawyer who argued the case before the Supreme Court for George W. Bush to be elected president after the Florida voting fiasco and he was a vehement advocate of Bush's anti-terrorism laws after September 11th. Ted Olson defended the United States before the Supreme Court in March, 2002, against charges that the CIA committed murder (which it does). He said that day:

> It's easy to imagine an infinite number of situations where the government might legitimately give out false information. It's an unfortunate reality that the issuance of incomplete information and even misinformation by government may sometimes be perceived as necessary to protect vital interests.

The official story claims that some *80 minutes* after take-off Flight 77 was seen approaching Washington DC. The plane is said to have made a sharp turn and descended very steeply from 7,000 feet to near surface level, crossed a highway and clipped street lamps, before striking a helicopter pad and exploding into a five-storey section of the Pentagon (one of the world's biggest buildings) at 9.43am. Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld was in an office at the opposite end of the Pentagon to the impact and such is the size of the Pentagon he said that he felt only a 'jarring thing'. We are told that a total of 190 people died in the plane and the Pentagon. The FBI said five hijackers were on board Flight 77 led by Hani Hanjour, a notoriously poor pilot of tiny one-engine aircraft,

who is said to have been at the controls when the wide-bodied jet struck the Pentagon. He was a Saudi and so were the other 'hijackers' claimed to have been on the plane: Khalid al-Mihdar, Majed Moqed, Nawaf al-Hazmi and Salem al-Hazmi.

United Airlines Flight 93

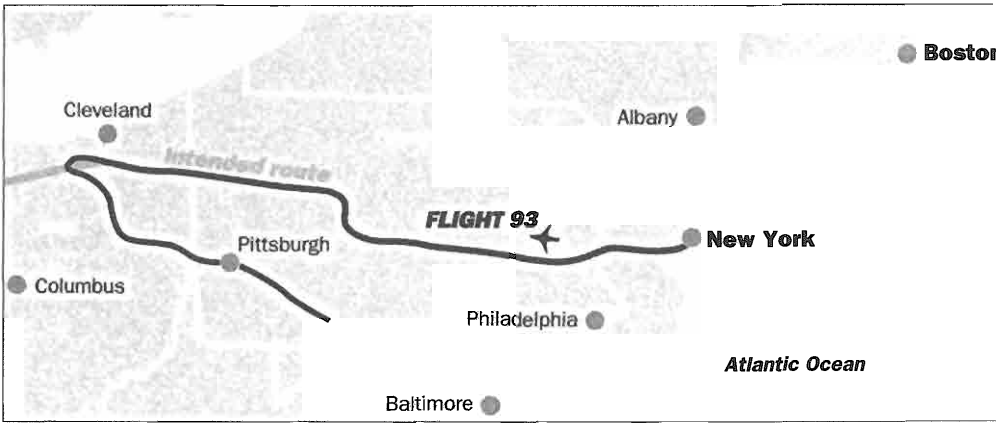

Flight 93 left Gate 17 at Newark International Airport at 8.01am bound for San Francisco and took off at 8.42am after its long delay. At the controls were 43-year-old captain Jason Dahl, from Littleton, Colorado, and the 36-year-old first officer LeRoy Homer of Marlton, New Jersey. They flew west over Pennsylvania and into northern Ohio where they received a message from United Airlines warning all pilots of a potential 'cockpit intrusion'. Flight 93 pilots confirmed receipt of the message and because of its late departure this was the only one of the four planes that had prior warning of possible trouble. It is said that Flight 93 was hijacked some 30 minutes after take-off, that's around 9.10am, and after two planes had crashed into the World Trade Center. The official story says that it was not until 9.40 that the transponder signal was lost. Hijackers are said to have forced their way into the cockpit and one of them warned he had a bomb attached to his waist. Hijackers told passengers they were taking the plane to another airport according to the official story. Air traffic controllers apparently said they heard two short radio transmissions around the time the 'cockpit was stormed' and in one they heard a pilot say: 'Get out of here'. An unnamed government official quoted in the media said there were at least four radio transmissions in which the phrases 'bomb on board', 'our demands' and 'keep quiet' were heard. *ABC News* claimed to have secured a tape of these transmissions in which a hijacker says:

> We'd like you all to remain seated. There is a bomb on board. And we are

> going to turn back to the airport. And they had our demands, so please remain quiet.

We are told that passengers used their cell phones and seatback Airfones to call friends and family and they heard about the planes crashing in New York and Washington. This, it is claimed, led to passengers getting together to challenge the four hijackers who were armed once again with small knives and box cutters. At 9.45am Todd Beamer, a 32-year-old employee of the computer software company Oracle, is said to have spoken to Airfone supervisor Lisa Jefferson after his credit card was refused when he tried to call his family. A summary of the 15-minute conversation was faxed by the Verizon phone company to his wife in which he said that the pilot and co-pilot appeared to be dead and the hijackers were flying the plane. Another passenger, Lauren Grandcolas, is reported to have phoned her husband Jack in San Francisco to say: 'We have been hijacked.They are being kind. I love you.' Beamer is said to have stated that one hijacker was guarding 27 passengers at the back of the aircraft while having what was claimed to be a bomb around his waist. He is reported to have said that two other hijackers were in the cockpit and another was guarding first class. Beamer sent love to his wife, who was five months pregnant, and his two small sons. The last words the phone supervisor is said to have heard him say were: 'Are you guys ready? Let's roll.' His wife Lisa, never spoke to him directly. The official story says that at 9.42am Mark Bingham, a 31-year-old rugby player and an enormous man at six-feet-five, called his mother, Alice Hoglan, from the plane:

> Mom, this is Mark Bingham. I want to let you know that I love you. I'm calling from the plane. We've been taken over. There are three men that say they have a bomb.

Jeremy Glick, a former national judo champion, is reported to have talked with his wife, Liz, on an Airfone and asked if it was true about planes crashing into the World Trade Center. He said the passengers were taking a vote over whether they should try to take back the plane. 'Honey, you need to do it,' she told him. Glick's mother-in-law told CNN that he also called her to report that 'one of the hijackers had a red box he said was a bomb and one had a knife of some nature'. She said Glick left the phone for a while and then returned to say; 'The men voted to attack the terrorists.' Thomas Burnett Jr, a 38-year-old father of three girls, is said to have called from the plane four times and in his last call told his wife that they planned to challenge the hijackers. 'I know we're all going to die,' he is said to have told her. 'There's three of us who are going to do something about it. I love you, honey.' Flight

attendant Sandy Bradshaw called her husband Phil, a US Airways pilot. 'Have you heard what's going on?' she said. 'My flight has been hijacked. My flight has been hijacked with three guys with knives.' Note again that the FBI says four, just as it names five for Flight 11 and 175 when attendants were reported to have said four. Bradshaw reported she was in the galley filling jugs with boiling water and she ended: 'Everyone's running to first class. I've got to go. Bye.' The official story is that passengers attacked the hijackers and the plane crashed into a field at Shanksville, Pennsylvania, at 575 miles an hour. The aircraft is said to have hit the ground at 10.03 or 10.06 depending on the information you believe. This is more than two hours after the first hijacked plane left Boston. By now thousands of people were dead and the world was in trauma at the unspeakable horror of what had happened. Four alleged hijackers on Flight 93 were named as: Ziad Jarrah (Lebanese), Ahmed al-Haznawi (Saudi Arabian), Ahmed al-Nami (Saudi Arabian), Saeed al-Ghamdi (Saudi Arabian).

Television brought the shocking scenes to hundreds of millions of people as the North Tower burned from the collision with 'Flight 11'. Then, 18 minutes later, as people were watching those live pictures, 'Flight 175' careered into the South Tower amid an enormous explosion of flame. An estimated 20,000 people could have been working in each of the towers at that time in the morning and the official death toll was a little under three thousand. At 9.59am, 56 minutes after impact from 'Flight 175', the South Tower collapsed as a horrified world looked on. Half an hour later the North Tower went the same way an hour and 42 minutes after impact from 'Flight 11'. The official explanation for the imploding collapse was that the fuel fire had weakened steel supports and the floors above the impact began to fall, creating an ever more powerful chain reaction as floors crashed upon floors until the whole building collapsed. Among the dead were 341 fire fighters together with other rescuers who had rushed into the buildings to help and been killed in the sudden collapse. We will see that the official story of why the towers collapsed in a provable lie that would have required the suspension of the law of physics.

This is a basic outline of the official story of 9/11 which has been used to justify mass death, destruction and slaughter in the Middle and Near East, a frenzy of mass surveillance 'to stop the terrorists' and the deletion of fundamental freedoms. From hereon we shall dismantle this impossible version of events and show that all the world-changing happenings that have followed have been founded on a Big Lie.

CHAPTER 6

House of cards

Let us never tolerate outrageous conspiracy theories concerning the attacks of September the 11th – George W. Bush

The official story of 9/11 is an obvious and transparent fantasy and the unspeakable atrocities were yet another version of Oklahoma and Pearl Harbor.

Problem-Reaction-Solution attacks are not only *made* to happen but *allowed* to happen and this is the combination you see in all these Hidden Hand false flags. First they arrange for their agents in government, military and intelligence networks, and sometimes terrorist groups they control, to execute the plan and then ensure the plan is allowed to happen by blocking the usual response by law enforcement and other security agencies. A proper investigation is suppressed in the aftermath and this, together with a pathetically compliant mainstream media, means the real perpetrators are never exposed. The perpetrators and those protecting the perpetrators are both assets of the same Hidden Hand Web. In fact, they are often the very same people and certainly were with 9/11. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty was a man with long experience in covert operations working with the US security apparatus. He worked with the Office of Strategic Services, the forerunner for the CIA, and established Air Defense Command in 1950. Prouty went on to work with the CIA then led by its notorious first director, Allen Dulles, and for nine years he served at the Pentagon as Briefing Officer for the Secretary of Defense, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Chief of Special Operations. He revealed in his 1973 book, *The Secret Team*, that the CIA was a tool of a 'high cabal' of industrialists and bankers (the Hidden Hand). Prouty revealed the existence of the CIA Executive Action programme which specialised in removing foreign leaders 'unfriendly' to American (Hidden Hand) interests. Prouty said this group was behind the assassination of President Kennedy in 1963 under the direction of its head, Edward Lansdale, who was in Dallas acting '... like the orchestra leader, coordinating these things'. Prouty later wrote and lectured about many clandestine operations and authored the book, *JFK, The CIA, Vietnam And The Plot To Assassinate John F. Kennedy*. The

Donald Sutherland character called 'X' in the Oliver Stone movie *JFK* was apparently based to an extent on Prouty who died just three months before September 11th. This guy operated for decades in the shadowy world from which came the real orchestrators of 9/11. This is what he said about assassinations and it applies just as much to what happened that September day:

> No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

If you look at the evidence detailed in books by myself and others, Fletcher Prouty's words are true in the assassinations of John F. Kennedy, his brother Bobby, Martin Luther King, Princess Diana, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, Swedish Prime Minister Olaf Palme ... the list could go on for pages. The same is also true of September 11th in that the usual security and response systems were nowhere to be seen. I am going to present the information layer-by-layer going deeper and deeper as we progress and what appears to be the case at one point will look different as more and more layers are revealed. Only at the end of the book will my presentation of the evidence (so far) be complete and even then there will be more to know. There always is. I will start with the most obvious question of how four commercial airliners could be hijacked in highly-protected American airspace and crashed into iconic buildings and a field without a military response over nearly two hours that in any way affected events.

NORAD and Cheyenne Mountain

The organisation charged with the task of protecting North American airspace in both the United States and Canada is NORAD, the North American Aerospace Defense Command, headquartered at the Peterson Air Force Base in Colorado with its operational centre in the nearby Rockies known as Cheyenne Mountain. This was the organisation that did nothing to effectively respond to the attacks in the very American skies it is their job to protect. Consider the scale of their operation and capability even in 2001. NORAD was created by an agreement signed by the US and Canadian governments on May 12th, 1958. NORAD's brief, to quote its own website at the time of 9/11, involves:

> ... the monitoring of man-made objects in space, and the detection, validation, and warning of attack against North America whether by aircraft, missiles, or space vehicles, utilizing mutual support arrangements with other commands. Aerospace control includes ensuring air sovereignty and air defense of the airspace of Canada and the United States.

NORAD has an agreement with the civilian Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) to respond to civil aviation emergencies when commercial aircraft are hijacked, lose contact with air traffic controllers or stray off-course. What happened on 9/11, therefore, was exactly what NORAD is there to deal with. The President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Canada officially appoint NORAD's commander. This means, of course, that the US President appoints him – on the recommendation of others. Another quote from the NORAD website in 2001: 'Cheyenne Mountain serves as a central collection and coordination facility for a worldwide system of sensors designed to provide ... the leadership of Canada and the US with an accurate picture of any aerospace threat.' Ah yes, Cheyenne Mountain. It was not long into my research of the global conspiracy in 1992 that I first came across Cheyenne Mountain. There have been many mysterious animal mutilations in that area, including some at the nearby Cheyenne Mountain Zoo, and researchers into 'UFO' activity have long had their eyes on the Cheyenne Mountain complex (Fig 31). What we know for sure is that this is the vast super-secret headquarters for the 'defence' of North America which acted as the early warning and response centre during the (manufactured) 'Cold War' with the Soviet Union. Cheyenne Mountain is also the location of so much more that we are not told about. The complex is mounted on more than 1,300 half-ton springs that allow it to sway up to a foot horizontally in any direction should it be struck by an earthquake or nuclear attack. The two main doors consist of 25 tons of baffled steel, three feet thick, and the complex is located 2,000 feet inside the granite mountain. In the same region are other major military and technology centres like Ent Air Force Base, Fort Carson Army Base, Peterson Airfield, Lowry Air Force bombing range, US Air Force Academy, Buckley Air National Guard and Naval Air Station, and Rocky Mountain Arsenal. A Scripps Howard News Service survey reported in 1998 that about 7,000 people were employed within Cheyenne Mountain and that spending on the facility was substantially increased by the best part of $2 billion after the 'Cold War' was over. This would seem to be a

Figure 31: The fantastic global tracking facility at Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado.

strange contradiction if you didn't know that the enormous network of underground bases and tunnel systems that connect them across the United States are not there primarily to protect the population at all. Their role is to *control* the population and operate as part of the secret Permanent Government with an agenda that US Presidents know nothing about. Inside Cheyenne Mountain are some of the most brilliant technological minds in the world using and developing technology that is light years ahead of anything you will see in the public arena. It is a big mistake to judge what is possible only on the basis of technology you know about. These guys aren't working with that.

The following information came from the official Cheyenne Mountain website in the period across 9/11 and represents only a fraction of what really goes on there. The excavation of Cheyenne Mountain near Colorado Springs began in May, 1961, and was completed in around a year, according to the official story. The NORAD command centre was located here and became fully operational on April 20th, 1966, when its duties were transferred from Ent Air Force Base. NORAD has since been joined inside Cheyenne Mountain by other 'early warning and response' organisations tasked with defending North America from air attack. One is the Air Force Space Command that is supposed to provide protection from space and missile attack and this operates the Space Defense Operations Center. From here personnel and 'their worldwide sensors, under the direction of Air Defense Command', supported the first flight of the space shuttle in April, 1981. Cheyenne Mountain continued to support every subsequent shuttle mission. General Ralph E. Eberhart, commander of NORAD during 9/11, was also commander of Space Command and took over in February, 2000, from General Richard B. Myers who was Deputy Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff at the Pentagon and acting chairman when the attacks were happening. Myers was appointed chairman soon afterwards and became head of the uniform level of the Pentagon hierarchy. Eberhart and Myers both served at the 'CIA' Air Force Base at Langley near Hampton, Virginia, from where, it is claimed, jets were scrambled (far too late) to intercept Flight 77 as it headed for Washington. Eberhart was Commander, Air Combat Command, from June 1999 to February 2000 when he replaced Myers at NORAD. I'll have much more about Myers' behaviour on September 11th and his bizarre lies in due course. I'm not finished with Eberhart either.

This defence network could not respond on 9/11?

The website for Cheyenne Mountain operations in 2001 described the role of NORAD and its capabilities – none of which were on view on 9/11 when events happened over a period of some two hours without a NORAD intervention that was routine every other day. The website said

that the Air Defense Operations Center employed its air defense network 'to provide surveillance and control of air operations to North America and unknown traffic'. NORAD's Combat Operations Center evolved into the Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center which collected data 'from a worldwide system of satellites, radars, and other sensors and processes that information on sophisticated computer systems to support critical NORAD and US Space Command missions'. Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center provided warning of ballistic missile or air attacks against North America, assisted the air sovereignty mission for the United States and Canada, and, if necessary, was the focal point for air defense operations to counter enemy bombers or cruise missiles. The website said that Cheyenne Mountain provided a day-to-day picture of precisely what was in space and where it was located and 'supported space operations, providing critical information such as collision avoidance data for space shuttle flights and troubleshooting satellite interference problems'. Cheyenne Mountain operations were conducted by six centres manned 24 hours a day, 365 days a year – the Command Center; Air Defense Operations Center; Missile Warning Center; Space Control Center; Combined Intelligence Watch Center; and the Systems Center. The Command Center was 'the heart' of operations 'monitoring, processing, and interpreting missile, space or air events which could have operational impacts on our forces or capabilities, or could be potential threats to North America or US and allied forces overseas'. The Command Center was linked directly to National Command Authorities of both the US and Canada as well as regional command centres overseas. NORAD and US Space Command assessed missile, air, and space events and a response and direction were then 'properly conveyed and executed ...' *Except on 9/11*. The website said:

> ... The Air Defense Operations Center provides command and control for the air surveillance and air defense network for North America. In 1994, they monitored over 700 'unknown' radar tracks entering North American airspace. Many of these were subsequently identified as friendly aircraft that had erred from flight plans or used improper procedures. Yet nearly 100 were identified as illegal drug-carrying aircraft that were subsequently prosecuted by the US and Canadian Drug Enforcement Agencies.

The technology located within Cheyenne Mountain was state of the state of the art for 2001 and the Missile Warning Center employed a 'worldwide sensor and communications network to provide warning of missile attacks, either long or short range, launched against North America or our forces overseas'. The technology provided information 'regarding missile launches anywhere on earth which are detected by the strategic missile warning system and which could be a potential

threat to Canada or the US'. The Space Control Center at Cheyenne Mountain, opened in March, 1994, had highly sophisticated technology that 'supports the space control missions of space surveillance and protection of our assets in space' and its primary objective was to perform 'the surveillance mission ... to detect, track, identify, and catalog all manmade objects in space'. The Center has a computerised catalogue of 'all orbiting space objects, charts objects, charts present position, plots future orbital paths, and forecasts times and general locations for significant objects re-entering the Earth's atmosphere'. The Space Control Center was tracking some 8,000 'in-orbit objects', and this information was used to provide NASA with collision avoidance information during space flights. Cheyenne Mountain was also home to the Combined Intelligence Watch which served as North America's 'indications and warning center for worldwide threats from space, missile, and strategic air activity, as well as geopolitical unrest that could affect North America and US forces/interests abroad'. Put another way, they have a satellite surveillance network that could read your licence plate from space wherever you may be. Combined Intelligence Watch gathered 'intelligence information to assist all the Cheyenne Mountain work centers in correlating and analyzing events to support NORAD and US Space Command decision makers'. There was a Systems Center that ensured 'continuity of operations throughout the Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center by providing communications and computer systems management for over 100 computer systems and 600 communications circuits in support of NORAD and US Space Command missile warning, space control, and air defense missions'. This is the organisation that failed to intervene in the 9/11 attacks.

'Most unique installation'

Cheyenne Mountain called itself one of the most unique installations in the world in 2001 and no doubt still does. The complex allowed for cooperation and coordination between apparently unconnected organisations because it employed staff from the Army, Navy, Marine, Air Force and Canadian Forces. Cheyenne Mountain operated military communication and navigation satellites that directed and guided 'western' armies during their bombardments of Iraq, Afghanistan and elsewhere. Major Mike Birmingham, an Army spokesman for the Colorado base, said: 'Space support basically allowed US forces to perform that famous 'left hook' operation [employed during the Gulf War] – the Iraqis assumed no one could navigate that well in the desert.' Despite all of this amazing technology and response capability four commercial airliners hijacked in American airspace proved too much for them on September 11th and absolutely nothing was done that made any difference to events. *Why?* If anyone is still in any doubt about the

technological and coordination capability we are talking about here and its instant communications network throughout the United States government, military and air traffic surveillance, the official Cheyenne Mountain website said at the time:

> The Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center comprises the largest and most complex command and control network in the world. The system uses satellites, microwave radio routes, and fiber optic links to transmit and receive vital communications. Two blast-hardened microwave antennas and two underground coaxial cables transmit the bulk of electronic information. Most of this information is data sent from the worldwide space surveillance and warning network directly to computers inside the Mountain. Redundant and survivable communications hotlines connect the Command Center to the Pentagon, White House, US Strategic Command, Canadian Forces Headquarters in Ottawa, other aerospace defense system command posts, and major military centers around the world.

I am outlining all these capabilities because this is the same organisational network of surveillance and security that we are told could not respond even *once* to the 9/11 hijackings and attacks over a period of nearly two hours that in any way impacted on the outcome. Flight 77 alone was in the air for more than *80 minutes* and is officially reported to have performed a U-turn from its authorised course more than *40 minutes* before it is claimed to have struck the Pentagon.

Colonel Prouty again:

> No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

Exactly.

Federal Aviation Administration (FAA)

The civilian (US government) Federal Aviation Administration has a joint response procedure with NORAD to react to hijackings. The FAA has been accused of large-scale corruption over the years and being steeped in the culture of cover-up. I am not referring to most of the employees, but the controlling core of the FAA. The late Rodney Stich, a former navy and airline pilot and FAA crash investigator, documented some of the corruption that he experienced directly and through his own investigations. He was author of the book *Unfriendly Skies* which charged the FAA with a catalogue of corruption, cover-ups and lies putting the safety of passengers at risk. Stich accused one FAA

administrator of covering up testimony and dozens of government documents supporting charges of corruption within the FAA relating to fatal airline crashes. It might be worth keeping that in mind when assessing the trustworthiness of the FAA leadership over 9/11. Stich said that information about FAA corruption had been repeatedly given to the 'politically-appointed' National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) which investigates air disasters. He said the information had been covered up and 'fraud-related' air disasters were allowed to continue to happen. Stich accused the NTSB of 'falsifying accident reports that covered up for their own duplicity in the crashes and deaths'. He cited the FBI, US attorneys and 'the main Justice Department personnel' as other people and government agencies which had been given the facts about FAA corruption involving major aircraft disasters, but ignored it and even retaliated against him and other former federal agents who tried to expose what was happening. He said federal judges blocked his efforts to expose FAA corruption through the courts. It is sobering to think that the FAA, NTSB, FBI and [In]Justice Department were all involved in the [non]-investigation of 9/11. Government agencies are pliable to what is expedient to government and financial interests and we will see obvious lies and diversions from all these agencies and the military with regard to September 11th. I saw a documentary about an air accident that happened in 1989 when parents of a passenger tenaciously pursued the truth and secured documents that the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) themselves possessed. These clearly showed that the problem was a faulty mechanism on a United Airlines cargo door which had long been known about. The NTSB gave a different reason for the door's failure which cleared airlines, aircraft-maker Boeing and the FAA from responsibility. In fact, *all* of them knew about the problem, but the FAA had allowed airlines 18 months for economic reasons to fix the problem when it needed to be sorted immediately and disaster followed. The parents were later proved to be right as the NTSB was forced to admit. We need to keep in mind that while these agencies have many genuine people in their ranks those in charge cannot be trusted without question to tell us the truth as history has confirmed so many times. Crash investigator Rodney Stich told his story about lax air safety to members of Congress who he said ignored documented evidence of 'hard-core corruption' within the FAA:

> These are the same members of Congress, and the secretary of the Department of Transportation, whose crocodile tears cover up for the fact that they were repeatedly offered evidence of the corruption that resulted in a series of fatal airline crashes, fatal hijackings, and who helped insure the success of the September 11, 2001, terrorist hijackers. The cover-up of these matters by members of Congress following the September 11 tragedies will

insure the protection of the guilty and continuation of the tragic consequences, as documented for the past 40 years ...

What the hell happened to normal procedure?

This is the corrupt-at-its-core network that told you what happened when the planes were hijacked on September 11th. The FAA was the other organisation, with NORAD and the Pentagon, that was responsible for responding to what happened that day. An example of the FAA-NORAD response procedure can be seen in the case of the private Learjet carrying professional golfer Payne Stewart and his friends on October 25th, 1999. Air traffic controllers lost contact with Stewart's plane after it took off from Orlando in Florida heading for Dallas. When they realised all was not well the FAA contacted NORAD and fighter jets were *immediately* scrambled to check out what was happening. The Learjet had suffered a pressurisation failure and was flying on autopilot while the real pilot and passengers were unconscious. An *ABC News* report quoting the Air Force said that after contact was initially lost two F-15s from Tyndall Air Force Base in Florida were sent to track the Learjet. The F-15s pulled back and two F-16s from Florida's Eglin Air Force Base took over. When the Learjet reached the Midwest, the Eglin F-16s withdrew and four others along with a mid-air refuelling tanker from the Tulsa Air National Guard replaced them. Finally, two F-16s from Fargo, North Dakota, moved in close to look into the windows to see if the pilot was slumped over and to help clear airspace. 'Officials hoped that the F-16s could provide assistance to anyone on board who might have helped land the plane safely', *ABC News* said. The Learjet ran out of fuel and the F-16 pilots watched the plane fall to the ground on unoccupied land. White House spokesman Joe Lockhart said the National Security Council monitored the doomed flight, fearing the jet might crash in a populated area. President Bill Clinton could have ordered fighters to shoot down the plane to avoid that potential tragedy, but Lockhart said no such recommendation had been made. Clinton told reporters at the time: 'I am very grateful for the work the FAA did, and for the two Air Force pilots, and the others in the Air Force that monitored this plane and made every effort to try to make contact with it.' The Pentagon's National Military Command Center (NMCC) and military big-wigs of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were also monitoring the Payne Stewart plane and that will become very significant when we get into the detail of the (systematic) non-reaction to the 9/11 attacks.

There's another important point to stress here. If you were 'highly trained' Arab terrorists from this 'brilliantly organised' network of Osama bin Laden, a network we are told was capable of hijacking four commercial aircraft simultaneously in American airspace, one of your

obvious calculations would be the possible NORAD reaction time once it was known that the planes had been seized. So why did they choose to hijack planes in Boston to strike the World Trade Center in New York with a distance well in excess of normal every-other-day NORAD reaction time and why would they have allowed Flight 77 to fly way out from Washington towards the Midwest before turning around and going all the way back to Washington? This meant they had to fly for *45 minutes* from the time the plane was known to be hijacked to the moment it was alleged to have struck the Pentagon. By any criteria, and the most minimal study of NORAD and FAA procedures on the Internet, they would have known that Air Force jets would be scrambled long before they reached their target. They would have further known that these procedures involved the shooting down of aircraft that threaten US cities. Had Payne Stewart's plane threatened people on the ground that would have been taken out. Any idiot putting this plan together, with the aim of crashing planes into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, would have been aware that under NORAD's every-other-day reaction times they would have to complete the mission as fast as possible. Taking off from New York and Washington and crashing them immediately into those buildings would have been the ideal plan for them, surely? Instead, Flight 77, which actually took off from Washington, was allowed to fly away from the city for around three quarters of an hour before the hijack happened and then had to be flown all the way back. This is clearly ridiculous. It would make sense only if those truly behind the attacks – not 19 Muslim hijackers – knew that NORAD would not be reacting that day. I suggest this is exactly what happened with the evidence to follow.

Reacting to the hijackings should not have been a problem with the fantastic technology available to NORAD and the Cheyenne Mountain operation in general. Technology allows aircraft to be located and safely navigated and communicated with from almost anywhere on or above the earth thanks to the satellite network known as the Global Positioning System (GPS). This was created for use by the US military and provides 'incredibly accurate position information to end users'. I'll just give you that again: it provides 'incredibly accurate position information to end users' and I am quoting from descriptions of what was possible in 2001. What's more this system was controlled by NORAD and the rest of the gang at Cheyenne Mountain. Yet they could not track those hijacked planes and follow what was going on? Besides all the ground-based and satellite-based sensors and surveillance NORAD also directed AWACS aircraft which are in the air 24 hours a day while refuelling from flying tankers. AWACS (airborne warning and control system) were a modified Boeing airframe from a 707-320 with the 30-foot rotating radar dome on the top. They were the premier 'air battle command and control' aircraft

in the world and provided surveillance to NORAD from the earth's surface to the stratosphere over land and water. One was involved in the Payne Stewart case. AWACS radar has a range of more than 250 miles (375.5 kilometres) for low-flying targets and further for those at higher altitudes and has a 'friend or foe' identification system that can detect, identify and track friendly or 'enemy' low-flying aircraft by eliminating 'ground clutter' that can confuse other radar systems. There is, to put it mildly, no credible excuse imaginable for what happened – or rather didn't – on 9/11 if normal procedures had been followed. Why and how they weren't will become clear much later in the book.

What should have happened

The hijack response protocol is made very clear in official regulations and procedures of the FAA. Chapter 7 of the procedures in 2001 deals with the 'escort of hijacked aircraft'. It says that an FAA 'hijack coordinator' on duty at the Washington DC headquarters will request the military to provide an escort aircraft for a confirmed hijacked plane to: (a) assure positive flight following (that's staying on the authorised course to you and me); (b) report unusual observances; and (c) aid search and rescue in the event of an emergency. The escort service, the regulations said, will be requested by the FAA hijack coordinator by direct contact with the National Military Command Center (NMCC) at the Pentagon (which monitored the Payne Stewart Learjet in real-time when alerted by the FAA). NORAD escort aircraft will normally take the required action, the document said:

> The center/control tower shall coordinate with the designated NORAD ... military unit advising of the hijack aircraft's location, direction of flight, altitude, type of aircraft and recommended flight plan to intercept the hijack aircraft.

Escort aircraft were told to position themselves five miles directly behind the hijacked plane and to approach from the rear to avoid the possibility of being observed. The escort plane should take the same altitude, speed and heading as the hijacked aircraft. When a hijacking happens within the continental United States, the procedures said, the 'appropriate NORAD ... Senior Director' is forwarded reports of the aircraft's call sign of position, latitude, longitude, heading, speed and altitude. An escort mission could be terminated by FAA headquarters, the National Military Command Center at the Pentagon or major military command authority – in other words NORAD. Air traffic controllers could, through the FAA, call for military planes to escort or 'intercept' a commercial aircraft if contact is lost with the pilot, the plane strayed from its designated course or anything inexplicable was

happening. NORAD scrambled jets 125 times in such circumstances the year before 9/11. An intercept does not require the approval of the US President or some high-up government official. It is a routine response to check what is going on and who is flying the plane. The intention was not to blow the plane from the sky which needed presidential approval or, since 9/11, the approval of the head of NORAD and other designated military chiefs. There was an agreed procedure and code in place for communicating between intercepting NORAD jets and commercial aircraft. For example:

> Rocking wings from a position slightly above and ahead of, and normally to the left of, the intercepted aircraft and, after acknowledgement, a slow level turn, normally to the left, on to the desired heading = You have been intercepted, follow me; circling aerodrome, lowering landing gear and over flying runway in direction of landing ... = Land at this aerodrome.

There was, likewise, a series of coded replies for the other aircraft. If the hijacked plane did not follow these orders the interceptor could 'make a pass in front of the aircraft' and eventually 'fire tracer rounds in the airplane's path' or 'down it with a missile', according to Marine Corps Major Mike Snyder, a NORAD spokesman quoted in the *Boston Globe*. Snyder confirmed that fighters intercepting aircraft was 'routine'. For example, after 9/11 when a small private Cessna flew near to President Bush's ranch at Crawford, Texas, the FAA activated a response through NORAD and two jets were dispatched immediately. They tuned to the pilot's frequency and ordered him to land. Another similar incident was reported in Wood County, Texas, where Rodney Mize, the Sheriff's Senior Dispatcher, confirmed that a private plane carrying four reporters from the *Houston Chronicle* was forced down by two military pilots in A-10 Warthog jets. They flew above and below the plane and it landed at Wisener Field near Mineola. Bush's ranch, it seems, was far more important than the Pentagon and the World Trade Center. Such incidents are happening week after week as the FAA and NORAD activate the normal response system.

Hijack procedure

If a problem with an aircraft is considered a possible hijack by an air traffic controller a much higher level of command is activated. FAA spokeswoman Alison Duquette explained: 'The air traffic controller would notify the supervisor on the floor who would then immediately notify the FAA's regional operation center who would notify NORAD, as well as others.' In these cases, according to the regulations: 'The escort service will be requested by the FAA hijack coordinator by direct contact with the [Pentagon] National Military Command Center (NMCC).' The

Defense Department (DOD) manual covering plane hijackings said:

> In the event of a hijacking, the NMCC will be notified by the most expeditious means by the FAA. The NMCC will, with the exception of immediate responses ... forward requests for DOD assistance to the Secretary of Defense for approval.

CNN described how '... officers on the Joint Chiefs were monitoring the [Payne Stewart] Learjet on radar screens inside the Pentagon's National Military Command Center'. This was the normal response system in action as the FAA alerts the Pentagon and the military respond immediately. None of this happened on 9/11. FAA regulations left air traffic controllers in no doubt that they must never take chances. They were told that if there was an unexpected loss of radar or radio communication they must consider that 'an aircraft emergency exists'... and ... 'If ... you are in doubt that a situation constitutes an emergency or potential emergency, handle it as though it were an emergency.' An Air Defense Liaison Officer, a top FAA official, was located within Cheyenne Mountain to coordinate between the FAA and NORAD in these situations. All these personnel and procedures were in place on September 11th. Yet look at what happened, or rather didn't. Robin Hordon, an air traffic controller who had worked at the Boston Air Traffic Control Center involved in 9/11, said:

> I knew it was an inside job by 4 or 5 o'clock that afternoon [because] we got the information to kind of say roughly where the aircraft went [and] if they knew where the aircraft went and they were talking to them at a certain time ... normal protocol is to get fighter jet aircraft up to assist ...

Hordon said he had information provided by those he knew at Boston Center that hijack response protocols were fulfilled from their end – 'the controllers were not asleep, they did their job' – and the only way the planes could not have been intercepted was through a major systems failure such as a power crash which stopped all communication – 'but that did not happen'. Much later in the book we will see how this communication system could have been scrambled by those *truly* behind the attacks. Hordon said that information provided to the public by the FAA was enough for him to know that all the systems at the centres were working well and that if the usual protocols had been acted upon there was no way the planes could have reached their alleged targets. He added that once a hijack is confirmed or suspected this information is communicated throughout the FAA and military system. To put it simply this was the procedure that should have been followed – but wasn't – on 9/11: The civilian FAA should have contacted the National

Military Command Center (NMCC) at the Pentagon as soon as a plane was suspected – *suspected,* not confirmed – to have been hijacked. The NMCC should have then contacted NORAD to immediately scramble fighters to locate and pursue the aircraft involved. The NORAD centre for the region where the 9/11 planes were flying was the Northeast Air Defense Sector or 'NEADS' which was based in a rural location called Rome in northern New York State about 45 miles from Syracuse. NORAD chief General Ralph Eberhart said in 2002 that from the moment the FAA suspects a problem it takes 'only about one minute' to contact NORAD which can have fighters in the air 'within a matter of minutes to anywhere in the United States'. There is no evidence to suggest that the same situation was not the case a few months earlier on 9/11 – so why the NORAD no-show?

NORAD timeline

I asked both NORAD and the FAA in 2002 for the sequence of events and the timeline for what occurred that morning. Both said that only at 8.40 did the FAA notify NORAD that American Airlines Flight 11 had been hijacked (this was changed to 8.38 in the official 9/11 Commission report of 2004). Yet contact was lost with the aircraft at 8.13 and at the very latest it was clear by 8.20 that something was seriously wrong. We should know why it took up to 27 minutes (25 in the Commission version) for Air Traffic Control through the FAA to alert NORAD. *The New York Times* reported that Flight 11 maintained its authorised course for only 16 minutes after take-off and 'just past Worcester, Mass., instead of taking a southerly turn, the Boeing 767 swung to the north at 8.15. It had been taken over ...' Let's give the controllers another five minutes before they were sure the aircraft was in trouble. This still means that the FAA waited 20 minutes from the point of confirmed lost contact to report that a commercial airliner was not responding to instructions and had changed course with a deactivated transponder over an area of high population and in skies criss-crossed by intensive air traffic. Either that or the military ignored the FAA alert. I asked the FAA in 2002 to confirm when exactly it was known that Flight 11 was in trouble and why it took so long to contact NORAD, but the spokesman would not answer. Let us make it clear again: FAA regulations instructed air traffic controllers that if there was an unexpected loss of radar or radio communication they must consider that 'an aircraft emergency exists'... and ... 'If ... you are in doubt that a situation constitutes an emergency or potential emergency, handle it as though it were an emergency.' This could not be clearer. For goodness sake, the official story says that at 8.24 the controller heard from the cockpit of Flight 11:

> We have some planes. Just stay quiet and you will be okay. We are returning

> to the airport. Nobody move.

This is said to have happened *16 minutes* before we are told the FAA alerted NORAD that the plane had been hijacked. None of this makes sense. The FAA would seem to be in the dock here right from the start, but the finger of responsibility is going to point in other directions, too, as we unpick the cover stories protecting cover stories protecting cover stories. Nothing with 9/11 is what it first appears to be. Flight 11's transponder was switched off at 8.20 – around *20 minutes* before NORAD was informed. We should not forget that through all of this the Air Force was constantly monitoring the commercial air traffic system as it does 24 hours a day. This has to be done to prevent collisions between commercial and Air Force planes. Flight 11 attendant Betty Ong is said to have used a seatback phone to call an American Airlines reservations agent who contacted the system operations control centre in Fort Worth. Ong is reported to have made that call at 8.27 – more than *ten minutes* before NORAD says it was told of the hijack. Even five minutes before the first alleged contact with NORAD the controllers are claimed to have heard another cockpit transmission that said:

> Nobody move please. We are going back to the airport. Don't try to make any stupid moves.

The FAA-NORAD timeline therefore is simply ridiculous. NORAD said it scrambled fighter jets at 8.46 from Otis Air National Guard Base on Cape Cod in Massachusetts 153 miles from New York. This is eight minutes after it says it was told of the Flight 11 hijack (9/11 Commission timings). At the very moment the jets were officially scrambled, and seven minutes before they were airborne, 'Flight 11' (or something) was crashing into the North Tower. An F-15 departing from Otis can reach New York City in 10 to 12 minutes, according to an Otis spokeswoman, and can fly three times the speed of a 767. If you take the journey to be ten minutes that means the jets would be flying at around 918 miles per hour and well within their top speed of in excess of Mach 2.5 (more than 1,600 mph). Some sources even quote a top speed of 1,800 mph and yet a NORAD spokesman estimated the speed of the scrambled F-15s to me at only between 603 and 675 miles per hour. Why not faster? I did read one report that the Otis standby jets had been ordered by Colonel Robert Marr, battle commander at NORAD's Northeast Air Defense Sector (NEADS), to carry missiles and extra fuel for monitoring a Russian Air Force exercise taking place over the North Atlantic, Pacific, and Arctic Oceans and this was why their speed was reduced. One of the pilots told a BBC 'documentary' *Clear The Skies* on September 1st, 2002, that they did fly supersonic and this statement added to the contradictions

emerging from different spokespeople for the US military. But wait. It gets sillier. The Pentagon told CNN that NORAD was 'informed of the plane striking the World Trade Center at 8.47'. *Informed?* We are talking about the most sophisticated military surveillance operation on the planet which, in its own words, is 'the largest and most complex command and control network in the world', utilising a vast network of satellites and cutting-edge air tracking and surveillance technology. Cheyenne Mountain can tell you if a missile has been launched on the other side of the world and it has to be 'informed' that a commercial airliner one of its agencies had already belatedly scrambled jets to intercept had hit the World Trade Center? Ah, but the military response to 9/11 aircraft was basically isolated within NORAD's Northeast Air Defense Sector (NEADS) in New York State while Cheyenne Mountain was nowhere to be seen. Isolating NEADS with far less sophisticated technology was very important in negating effective response. We are told that at 8.53am the two F-15 Eagles took off from the Otis base 153 miles from New York to intercept the second hijacked plane from Boston – Flight 175 – although the pilots say they didn't know that as we'll see. About ten minutes later, at 9.03, Flight 175 crashed into the South Tower (so says the official story) with the F-15s still 70 miles away, so they tell us. Why did it take the planes seven minutes to get airborne from a scramble at 8.46 to take-off at 8.53 when the Air Force apparently claims response times of scramble to 29,000 feet in two and a half minutes? The collective suspension of normal procedures in so many ways meant that nothing intervened throughout the entire period of the attacks to make any difference to the outcome.

What about no-fly zones?

Another major point is that of no-fly zones (also 'prohibited airspace') where access is barred to unauthorised aircraft which can be shot down if they fail to broadcast the code that allows them to enter. The World Trade Center is said by one of its first tenants to be a 'no-fly zone'. If that is so (and you would have expected it to be) there has to be a system of air response very close to New York or the no-fly zone would be unenforceable. What would be the point of it? Ken Smith, a tenant of the World Trade Center back in 1979, said on Radio Free America that when he was there it was well known by tenants that the WTC was a no-fly zone. Smith said that any plane off-course within 12 miles of the buildings was given a warning to change direction and he added: 'If you came within five miles they would threaten to shoot you down ... If you came within three miles, they could shoot you down.' Former US Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger told US television about the Washington DC no-fly zone and how it was policed:

> The city is ringed with Air Force Bases and Navy bases and the ability to get defensive planes in the air is very, very high [and you would close] off the entire airspace so in effect the whole Washington area is a no-fly zone so that any planes that can't identify themselves and get into that are shot down. Those were the orders and that was the response that was always contemplated.

Well, *except* on September 11th. Robin Horton, a former air traffic controller at the Boston Center responsible for Boston Logan, said: 'No untracked aircraft get near the Pentagon and near the White House, it just doesn't happen.' Again – except on September 11th. Restricted airspace around Washington DC – known as P-56 – is the best-defended airspace in the world (on every other day). Horton said that no unknown aircraft are supposed to go through there: 'It's like an aviation no-man's land, nobody.' P-56 is an air-identification zone within a 50-mile radius of Washington with a 17-mile protected zone around the Washington Monument with an inner-protection zone of three miles around the capital. Yet somehow all this was breached simply through the non-action by the air defences that would normally respond. Then there are the ground-to-air missiles that defend Washington. Barbara Honegger served in high-level federal government posts including White House Policy Analyst and Special Assistant to the Assistant to the President for Domestic Policy during the Reagan administration. She was also a Senior Military Affairs Journalist at the Naval Postgraduate School, the leading science, technology and national security affairs graduate research university of the Department of Defense. Honegger became a member of Political Leaders for 9/11 Truth after seeing the nonsense of the 9/11 narrative and she has been one of many government, military and intelligence officials calling for a new 9/11 investigation. She said of Pentagon defences:

> If a plane, any kind of plane, was coming into the Pentagon why didn't its anti-aircraft missile batteries that are there, why didn't they fire to protect the building? This is, after all, the most protected building on the planet.

The Pentagon and the White House are defended by ground-to-air missile systems – *of course they are*. So why weren't they used on 9/11? Even at the G-8 Summit in Genoa, Italy, only weeks earlier in July, 2001, airspace was closed over the city and defended with ground-to-air missiles. I was shown around the parliament building in Canberra, Australia, by a man who worked with the nation's air-defence computer system. He showed me the hidden positions around the building where the ground-to-air missiles are located and said that when a plane enters the restricted airspace over the Australian capital the computer system

demands that pilots tap in a four-digit code that gives them permission to be there. If this is not done quickly enough missiles automatically launch, I was told. This is what happens in Canberra while the same or better technology is not in place at the Pentagon and White House? My Australian contact said he knew for a fact that the Pentagon, and Washington in general, are defended by an even more sophisticated missile system than Canberra which works in basically the same way. It is obvious that this would be the case and it has been openly accepted that a ground-to-air system is in place to defend the White House. The *Globe and Mail* newspaper in Canada provided one of the rare mentions of the Pentagon system:

> Meanwhile, there was no explanation of how four airliners could be hijacked and flown – in at least two cases hundreds of kilometres and for nearly an hour – without being successfully intercepted. That one ploughed into the Pentagon, supposedly protected by surface-to-air missiles, dramatically demonstrated US vulnerability. Why weren't those missiles launched to stop the Pentagon crash?

They weren't meant to be launched because the 9/11 attacks were both *made* to happen and *allowed* to happen.

The whole system went AWOL

After I had originally completed this chapter I came across an investigative website that claims to have conducted a phone interview on December 9th, 2001, with a member of the US Air Force based in New York. The source said he was ordered to the crash sites in New York, Pennsylvania and the Pentagon within days of 9/11 as part of an Air Force investigation. What he and others discovered, the website claims he told them, was that the standard response procedures were fully in effect that morning and were followed to the letter as usual by FAA air traffic control and that Air National Guard and Air Force units were alerted immediately that it was clear that something was amiss with the four aircraft. He said that after these alerts and requests for action were received from the FAA, orders from the 'highest level of the executive branch of the federal government were received, demanding that the Air Force stand-down and not follow through with established scramble-intercept procedures that morning until further notice'. This Air Force contact was unnamed, but then, to be fair, how could he have been? People will just have to decide for themselves if what he is claimed to have said rings true. It is a scenario that does fit what happened and makes sense of the apparently nonsensical lack of response. No fighters were scrambled to intercept the hijacked planes and no ground-to-air defences were activated to save the lives of those

who died inside the Pentagon and the World Trade Center. Some would call this incompetence and, staggering as that alone would be, what happened on September 11th is far more than that. It was calculated mass murder by psychopaths so extreme they stretch comprehension to its outer-limits. Any unidentified aircraft heading into the protected airspace over Washington and the Pentagon should have been *automatically* shot down before it would cause harm on the ground. The only way that this could not happen is for the system to have been purposely disarmed or stood down. This just gets crazier and crazier when you look at Flight 77.

The official timeline says the FAA notified NORAD at 9.24am (often reported as 9.25) that American Airlines Flight 77 from Dulles Airport near Washington DC to Los Angeles may have been hijacked when it was known at least *20 minutes* earlier that Flight 77 was hijacked. *The New York Times* published what it claimed was a partial transcript of the communication tapes with Flight 77. When contact was lost with the cockpit at 8.50am the plane would have been under the control of the Indianapolis Air Route Traffic Control Center. This is one of 20 regional centres that track flights between airports. At 9.02, still 40 minutes before 'impact with the Pentagon', a controller is reported to have told American Airlines the latest news on Flight 77: 'We lost track control of the guy, he's in coast track but we haven't – we don't really know where his target is and we can't get a hold of him.' Yet it was only at 9.34 – *44 minutes* after contact was lost – that the FAA told NORAD that Flight 77 was *'missing'* and not that it was hijacked (according to the official story). Four minutes after that FAA communication 'Flight 77' was said to have hit the Pentagon. Oh do come on, this is the land of clouds and cuckoos. On air safety grounds alone there should have been an immediate response to Flight 77 because of the lethal dangers to other aircraft of flying off-course. 'Flight 77' did a 180-degree turn near the Ohio border and headed back towards Washington, but *still* no alert even with two hijacked planes buried in the World Trade Center and with controllers apparently unable to locate Flight 77 on their radar screens for ten minutes. FAA regulations for air traffic controllers said:

> Consider that an aircraft emergency exists ... when: ... There is unexpected loss of radar contact and radio communications with any ... aircraft [and] If ... you are in doubt that a situation constitutes an emergency or potential emergency, handle it as though it were an emergency.

An MSNBC television report the day after 9/11 detailed how seriously air traffic controllers and their bosses at the FAA are supposed to take aircraft that deviate from their agreed route:

> If a plane deviates by 15 degrees, or two miles from that course, the flight controllers will hit the panic button. They'll call the plane, saying 'American 11, you're deviating from course.' It's considered a real emergency, like a police car screeching down a highway at 100 miles an hour. When golfer Payne Stewart's incapacitated Learjet missed a turn at a fix, heading north instead of west to Texas, F-16 interceptors were quickly dispatched.

So why not on *four separate occasions* on 9/11? A *Newsday* report said: 'The record suggests that teenagers on instant-message networks communicate faster than some federal officials did during the crisis.' Or, as *The New York Times* put it:

> ... despite elaborate plans that link civilian and military efforts to control the nation's airspace in defense of the country, and despite two other jetliners' having already hit the World Trade Center in New York, the fighter planes that scrambled into protective orbits around Washington did not arrive until 15 minutes after Flight 77 hit the Pentagon.

Even beyond all this, there is a more fundamental question that needs to be answered. Why, when two hijacked airliners had been crashed into the World Trade Center, weren't fighter jets deployed immediately to guard the skies over Washington? Surely the first thing you would do after what happened in New York is to instigate air defence for your other most likely targets – Washington DC being the most obvious. The *Miami Herald* talked to air traffic controllers who said they could not understand why there was no reaction to what was happening in the skies that morning. Why no response from the FAA and the military? A controller in Miami told the *Herald*:

> That's a question that more and more people are going to ask. What the hell went on here? Was anyone doing anything about it? Just as a national defense thing, how are they able to fly around and no one go after them?

The *Herald* quoted controllers who said that even with the transponder silent the plane would have been visible on radar to controllers who handle cross-continent air traffic and to an FAA command centre outside of Washington. The FAA would not discuss with the *Miami Herald* the track of Flight 77 or what happened in air-control centres while it was in flight and nor would American Airlines. Air traffic controllers said the trouble should have been instantly noticeable. Flight 77, as with all such planes, would have first showed up on radar screens as a short solid line, the *Herald* reported, with a readout that identifies the plane and gives its altitude and speed. When the transponder shuts down, the short line vanishes. The speed number goes away too. 'It's just

something that catches your eye', one controller said. The first move when a transponder goes down would be to contact the pilot and tell him the transponder wasn't working and even if the plane remained silent controllers could still find it – by switching their screen display to the old fashioned radar that bounces a signal off the plane's metal skin, the *Herald* said. The report went on:

> Military jets are routinely scrambled in the case of hijackings and 'runners,' planes that do not answer or do not heed air traffic controllers. But FAA officials would not say when controllers detected the errant Flight 77 or whether any fighter jets were able to get into the air to confront it. Fighter jets are based nearby, in Virginia, and could have reached the White House within minutes, aviation sources say ...
>
> ... The FAA has a detailed hijacking manual: Supervisors are notified. The FAA command center near Washington and the FBI are put on alert. Military jets are scrambled to follow the plane. Air-traffic controllers try to figure out where the hijacker wants to go and, if necessary, clear an air space of other traffic.

The 'why' will become increasingly obvious as we traverse the rabbit hole. Vice President Dick Cheney told NBC's *Meet the Press* that from the time that Flight 11 struck the World Trade Center the Secret Service travelling with President Bush on a public engagement in Florida had 'open lines' with the FAA. He said: 'The Secret Service has an arrangement with the FAA. They had open lines after the World Trade Center was ...' He didn't finish the sentence, no doubt because he realised he had said too much, and it is worth pondering the wider implications of that statement. The FAA had open lines with the Secret Service after the World Trade Center was hit? That happened at 8.46, about the time that Flight 77 was known to be in trouble, and yet the FAA said they did not tell NORAD and the Pentagon Command Center about Flight 77 until 9.24 when they had already established open lines to the Secret Service. Are we being told that the Pentagon and NORAD did not have open lines also with the FAA and were able to follow in real time the communications and non-communications from the cockpits long before any fighter jet was deployed? Indeed the FAA and NORAD both confirmed to me in 2002 that they had open lines to discuss Flights 77 and 93. I asked the FAA when exactly these open lines were established, but its spokesman would not say. Surely in any sane system these would have been established, as Cheney indicated, at least from the moment the first plane struck the World Trade Center. So, again, why the delay in responding?

The NORAD tapes

The official 9/11 Commission 'investigation', which produced a laughable 'report' in 2004, was established to hide the truth of what happened, as I will detail later. It did, however, at least subpoena audiotapes of exchanges claimed to be between the control room of NORAD's Northeast Air Defense Sector, or 'NEADS', and the FAA air traffic control system. Recordings were made at both NEADS and FAA ends of the conversation. They exposed the lies told to the Commission earlier by senior military figures about what happened that morning with response to the hijackings. Military chiefs who misled the Commission were brought back to testify under oath (shockingly they were not under oath for their original statements) and I will cover that in due course. What the tapes claim to record destroys the official NORAD version that was first issued on September 18th, 2001, and repeated to the 9/11 Commission before the tapes came to light in 2004. They reveal the confusion and diversion faced by NEADS operatives in reacting to the attacks. I would say this was instigated confusion and diversion from deep in the shadows and much further on in the book I will highlight how 9/11 computer systems could have been manipulated in real time. Remember compartmentalisation. A series of 'exercises' were happening on that day of all days in the skies over the Eastern Seaboard that mirrored the themes of what actually happened and this created (I say calculated) confusion from the start. I will address these exercises in more detail shortly. Information communicated to NEADS about real-time events by the FAA led to more confusion and diversion in the form of false reports of possible hijackings including one that said *Flight 11 had not struck the World Trade Center* and was instead still in the air heading for Washington DC. Delays in the FAA informing NEADS of problems with 9/11 flights was a consistent and massively significant factor in the lack of response if you believe the official timeline. Just one example on the tapes was after 8.57am when Flight 175 veered off course near Allentown, Pennsylvania, and set a course for New York. Air traffic controllers at New York Center are heard speculating on its target – maybe the Statue of Liberty – and one calls out the plane's rate of descent every twelve seconds as the radar refreshes. Even so the FAA didn't alert the military at NEADS about Flight 175 until *seconds from impact* (according to the official story). Flight 175, or at least a large plane, struck the South Tower at 9.03. The first military version of events that stood between September 18th, 2001, and 2004 when the tapes came to light claimed that the FAA notified NORAD about Flight 77 at 9.24am and jets from the CIA-connected Langley Air Force Base in Virginia, 130 miles from Washington, were immediately scrambled to protect the US capital from 'Flight 77'. By contrast the NORAD tapes reveal that NEADS was not told of the hijacking of 'Flight 77' until just before

impact 'with the Pentagon' and 'Flight 93' (Pennsylvania) until *after* it is said to have crashed. They reveal that fighters had been scrambled from Langley, Virginia, not in response to Flight 77, but to the *false report that Flight 11 had passed over New York and was flying towards Washington.* The official story had also claimed that Air Force jets were tracking Flight 93 and could have shot it down if the order had come while the tapes record a very different scenario. The information about the 'still-flying' phantom Flight 11 came from Colin Scoggins, civilian military liaison at the FAA's Boston Center, from a still-unknown source apparently resulting from an FAA teleconference call. None of this appeared in official reports until the tapes were released in 2004. Scoggins said American Airlines refused to confirm for several hours that Flight 11 had hit the World Trade Center and this caused confusion as the attacks continued. Well, it certainly appears to have done so for him. Scoggins told *Vanity Fair* magazine:

> When we phoned United [after the second tower was hit], they confirmed that United 175 was down, and I think they confirmed that within two or three minutes. With American Airlines, we could never confirm if [Flight 11] was down or not, so that left doubt in our minds.

The report of the 'phantom Flight 11' flying past New York towards Washington turned out to be nonsense and they weren't even tracking a plane heading for Washington at the time; it was all supposition. The tapes reveal that NEADS wanted to direct more jets to protect New York airspace to join the two from Otis that had arrived too late, but the FAA, which has the final say when civilian airspace is involved, refused. The excuse was that it would put civilian aircraft in danger in crowded airspace, but they clearly already were. Given that NEADS was the central hijack reaction centre to launch fighter jets in response to events the more confusion and misinformation that could be generated there the better. Keeping NEADS personnel out of the loop of information they required would have been essential and it is clear that the public watching live television knew more about some of what was going on than those in the NORAD hijack operations center. NEADS personnel said they were working with limited and outdated technology and couldn't track the planes efficiently when transponders were turned off. This is extraordinary given the state-of-the-art tracking technology their colleagues within Cheyenne Mountain were claiming to have. Where was the Cheyenne Mountain operation in all this? Are we saying that all Soviet planes had to do to access the United States airspace during the Cold War was to turn their transponders off? Jets from the Otis base had been scrambled, but too late to reach New York before 'Flights 11' and '175' and now the second scramble from Langley had been launched in

pursuit of a 'Flight 11' that didn't exist. In fact, it gets even crazier. The fighters were scrambled to Washington from Langley at 9.24am, but they didn't head for the capital at all. *They flew east into the Atlantic because as one pilot said: 'No one told us why we were being scrambled'!* The 9/11 Commission heard that the Langley pilots were not told what was happening and assumed they were scrambled to protect the American mainland from attack from the Atlantic to the east in line with the procedure during the Cold War. 'I reverted to the Russian threat – I'm thinking cruise-missile threat from the sea', a pilot told the 9/11 Commission. By 9.24am two commercial airliners had crashed into the World Trade Center, much of humanity was watching on live television, and the Langley pilots didn't know what they were being scrambled for? The Otis pilots said that they were similarly kept in the dark about much of what was happening, including the crash of Flight 175. Major Dan Nash, one of the Otis pilots, said they were shocked to see billowing smoke appear on the horizon as they approached New York because no one had told them what was occurring. They had only been told they were scrambled to intercept and escort Flight 11. Nash said:

> From 100 miles away at least, we could see the fire and the smoke blowing. Obviously, anybody watching CNN had a better idea of what was going on. We were not told anything. It was to the point where we were flying supersonic towards New York and the controller came on and said, 'A second airplane has hit the World Trade Center' ... My first thought was 'What happened to American 11?'

Chaos and confusion was being instigated everywhere. Back at NEADS, a NORAD Staff Sergeant William Huckabone saw the Langley jets were going the wrong way and out to sea. At 9.34am this exchange took place involving him, Master Sergeant Steve Citino, and Naval Air Traffic Control, or 'ATC':

> **9:34:12**
>
> **Navy ATC:** You've got [the fighters] moving east in airspace. Now you want 'em to go to Baltimore [Washington]?
>
> **Huckabone:** Yes, sir. We're not gonna take 'em in Whiskey 386 [military training airspace over the ocean].
>
> **Navy ATC:** Okay, once he goes to Baltimore, what are we supposed to do?
>
> **Huckabone**: Have him contact us on auxiliary frequency 2-3-4 decimal 6. Instead of taking handoffs to us and us handing 'em back, just tell Center

they've got to go to Baltimore.

Navy ATC: All right, man. Stand by. We'll get back to you.

Citino: What do you mean, 'We'll get back to you'? Just do it!

Huckabone: I'm gonna choke that guy!

The misdirection and delayed scrambles meant the Langley fighters would not make it to Washington before 'Flight 77' which NEADS found out about *by accident.* Tech Sergeant Shelley Watson was frantically ringing all possible sources to establish the position of the long-crashed 'Flight 11' that was supposedly still flying and when she contacted Washington Center air traffic at 9.34 the operations manager told her that Flight 11 was lost. Why had no one told NEADS? Why didn't NEADS know with all the tracking and surveillance technology available to their colleagues at Cheyenne Mountain? On one section of the NORAD tapes this exchange can be heard with Washington Air Traffic Control when NEADS heard about Flight 77 for the first time:

9:34:01

Washington Center: Now, let me tell you this. I – I'll – we've been looking. We've also lost American 77.

Watson: American 77? ... Where was it proposed to head, sir?

Washington Center: Okay, he was going to LA also.

Watson: From where, sir?

Washington Center: I think he was from Boston also [it was actually Washington Dulles]. Now let me tell you this story here. Indianapolis Center was working this guy.

Watson: What guy?

Washington Center: American 77, at flight level 3-5-0 [35,000 feet]. However, they lost radar with him. They lost contact with him. They lost everything. And they don't have any idea where he is or what happened.

It was *40 minutes* before this conversation, at 8.54 am, that Indianapolis controllers lost radar contact with American 77 and, in line with regulations, told their superiors at the FAA that the plane was probably

hijacked. According to the tapes no one at the FAA told NORAD, or the military didn't tell their NEADS centre, and only *by chance* did Tech Sergeant Shelley Watson find out from Washington Air Traffic Control. At 9.35, Colin Scoggins at the FAA's Boston Center told NEADS that they had a report of a low-flying aircraft six miles southeast of the White House, but 'moving away'. This was the alleged Flight 77. The following exchange involves Major Kevin Nasypany, NEADS mission crew commander:

9:36:23

Nasypany: Okay, Foxy [Major Fox, the Weapons Team head]. I got an aircraft six miles east of the White House! Get your fighters there as soon as possible!

Male voice: That came from Boston?

Huckabone: We're gonna turn and burn it – crank it up.

Male tech: Six miles!

Huckabone: All right, here we go. This is what we're gonna do ...

Nasypany: We've got an aircraft deviating eight miles east of the White House right now.

Fox: Do you want us to declare A.F.I.O. [emergency military control of the fighters] and run 'em straight in there?

Nasypany: Take 'em and run 'em to the White House.

Fox: Go directly to Washington.

Citino: We're going direct DC with my guys [Langley fighters]? Okay. Okay.

Huckabone: Ma'am, we are going A.F.I.O. right now with Quit 2-5 [the Langley fighters]. They are going direct Washington.

Navy ATC: Quit 2-5, we're handing 'em off to Center right now.

Huckabone: Ma'am, we need to expedite that right now. We've gotta contact them on 2-3-4-6.

They thought the White House was under threat, but it turned out to be the Pentagon. One of the NEADS staff spotted the plane, or whatever it

was, on radar.

9:37:56

Male tech: Right here, right here, right here. I got him. I got him.

Nasypany: We just lost track. Get a Z-point [coordinate] on that ... Okay, we got guys lookin' at 'em. Hold on ... Where's Langley at? Where are the fighters?

The answer was that they were more than a hundred miles away after being allowed, through lack of information, to fly in the opposite direction out into the ocean. This would explain why they took so long and why their average speed from take-off to arrival in Washington appeared to be so pedestrian. At 9.38 the Pentagon was struck. This was 15 to 20 minutes depending on the report before the Langley planes arrived. Immediately after the Pentagon strike, Colin Scoggins at Boston air traffic called with yet *another* false alarm, a Boston plane heading for Las Vegas. Then, at 10.07am, came a call to NORAD's NEADS centre from Cleveland air traffic control in Ohio:

10:07:16

Cleveland Center: We got a United 93 out here. Are you aware of that?

Watson: United 93?

Cleveland Center: That has a bomb on board.

Watson: A bomb on board? And this is confirmed? You have a [beacon code], sir?

Cleveland Center: No, we lost his transponder.

Nasypany: Gimme the call sign. Gimme the whole nine yards ... Let's get some info, real quick. They got *a bomb?*

Four minutes before this conversation took place the plane, or *a* plane, had *already crashed* in Pennsylvania at 10.03 – some reports say it was 10.06. It was *35 minutes* earlier that John Werth, a Cleveland air traffic controller of long experience, had heard suspicious noises from the cockpit of Flight 93 and believed it had been hijacked. It was, by now, a familiar tale. Werth had reported his suspicions through the FAA chain of command, as per regulations, but according to the tapes they did not

pass this information to the NEADS centre until the plane and its passengers and crew were already no more. Or the FAA *did* tell the Pentagon, but they didn't tell NEADS. This happened despite the fact that two planes had hit the World Trade Center before John Werth's report, and the Pentagon was also hit some 25 minutes before Cleveland air traffic informed NEADS about Flight 93. By 10.03 when that plane is officially reported to have crashed it was an hour and 11 minutes since fighters are said to have been scrambled from Otis AFB to New York. We should remember, too, after outlining the 'scrambled planes' response here, that for *a week* after 9/11 the official story from the Pentagon, NORAD and the White House was that *no planes* were scrambled at *all from anywhere* until the Pentagon was hit. I will come to that in the next chapter.

Military special operations commander was head of FAA 'security'

Everyone involved in the chain of command at the FAA that day who is still alive should be subject to an independent public inquiry into what on earth happened and the same with other civilian and military agencies. This is not to condemn the operational level of air traffic controllers and nor does this pin all the responsibility on the FAA. It is clear when you study statements and evidence that a big effort has been made to pile the blame onto FAA personnel and away from the military. There is much evidence to suggest that higher levels of the military were kept informed of events by FAA operatives including an FAA memo presented to the 9/11 Commission which said that an FAA-military teleconference had begun within minutes of the first tower being struck at which real-time information was shared on 'all flights of interest'. Highly significantly this very important memo was not included in the final report of the cover-up Commission. The head of FAA security on 9/11 was Major General Michael Canavan. His title was Director of Civil Aviation Security for the FAA and, according to the 9/11 Commission report, the hijack coordinator on September 11th was the 'Director of the FAA Office of Civil Aviation Security, or his or her designate' – Major General Canavan or whoever he designated. I asked the FAA in 2002 who the hijack coordinator was that day, but they didn't reply. Canavan is reported to have been in San Juan, Puerto Rico, on 9/11 and headed for Washington by military jet. So who was his designate as FAA hijack coordinator and why are we not being told given the importance of this position that day? Look again at the official hijack regulations with regard to the FAA alerting the military:

> The escort service will be requested by the FAA hijack coordinator by direct contact with the National Military Command Center (NMCC) [based at the Pentagon].

The Defense Department (DOD) manual covering plane hijackings says:

> In the event of a hijacking, the NMCC will be notified by the most expeditious means by the FAA. The NMCC will, with the exception of immediate responses ... forward requests for DOD assistance to the Secretary of Defense for approval.

Why didn't this happen? Where was the 'hijack coordinator', *who* was the 'hijack coordinator', when air traffic controllers were reporting suspicious planes and passing this information up the FAA chain of command while NORAD operatives at the NEADS response centre were apparently not being told until it was too late? Why wasn't Director of the FAA Office of Civil Aviation Security Major General Michael Canavan publicly questioned on this obvious issue by the 9/11 Commission? Personnel at the National Military Command Center (NMCC) in the Pentagon also have major questions to answer about the non-reaction as will become clear. General Canavan has a considerable background in US Special Operations, which, according to the Department of Defense's *Dictionary of Military and Associated Terms*, are defined as: 'Operations conducted by specially organized, trained, and equipped military and paramilitary forces to achieve military, political, economic or psychological objectives by unconventional means in hostile, denied or politically sensitive areas'. In short: Operations that are above the law and off the record and involved the manipulation of *perception*. Canavan had been stationed at Fort Bragg, home to the US Army 4th Psychological Operations (PSYOPS) Group which had operatives working in the news division at CNN's headquarters in Atlanta in the final days of the Kosovo War, according to media reports, and also staffed the National Security Council's Office of Public Diplomacy (OPD), a shadowy government propaganda agency that planted stories in the US media supporting the Reagan-Bush administration's policies in Central America. The *Miami Herald* of July 19th, 1987, quoted a 'senior US official' as describing the OPD as a 'vast psychological warfare operation of the kind the military conducts to influence a population in enemy territory'. These are the sorts of operations that Michael Canavan, head of FAA security on September 11th, would have been involved with in his high positions in Special Operations Command. Canavan was Commanding General, Special Operations Command, Europe, and Commanding General, Joint Special Operations Command, at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, with its centre for psychological warfare which is defined thus:

> The use of propaganda ... intended to demoralise the enemy, to break his will

> to fight or resist, and sometimes to render him favourably disposed to one's position ... The twisting of personality and the manipulation of beliefs ... by brainwashing and related techniques can also be regarded as a form of psychological warfare.

Problem-Reaction-Solution is psychological warfare. Major General Canavan had further been involved with a plan by the elite Delta Forces to capture Osama Bin Laden. Canavan, a one-time Chief of Staff of the US European Command in Stuttgart, Germany, became FAA Director of Security in late 2000, just before Bush was sworn in as president, and he announced his departure less than a month after September 11th.

Calculated confusion

The NORAD NEADS tapes subpoenaed by the 9/11 Commission provide far more questions than answers. Why would NORAD issue a false timeline in September, 2001, that posed so many questions about its lack of response and competence when the timeline on the tapes directs the blame on the FAA? Why would NORAD officers repeat the same story to the 9/11 Commission right up to the tapes being revealed and open themselves to accusations of deliberately misleading the inquiry? General Larry Arnold, commander of NORAD's Continental US Region from 1997 to 2002, confused matters even more when he told the Commission: 'We launched the aircraft out of Langley to put them over top of Washington DC, not in response to American Airlines 77, but really to put them in position in case United 93 were to head that way.' Where the heck did that come from? The official story is a mass of contradiction and confusion, added to by the NORAD tapes and of course confusion and chaos were absolutely essential to the attacks playing out without challenge. Who had the power to call off the normal response to hijackings that day – *Osama bin Laden* or the American Deep State? The first position taken by the authorities is that there was nothing they could have done. That is what they really want you to believe. The second, when that doesn't work, is to let you think they were incompetent. Both positions are designed to hide the truth – the truth that what we are looking at here amid the explosion of lies and diversions is not incompetence at all. This was *orchestrated* incompetence in which forces at, and behind, the highest levels of the United States government and military were intervening to stop the system working as it normally would. To stop thousands of people going home to their families that September day because it suited the sick agenda for those people to die and for the world to watch it all live on television. Genuine people at the FAA and within the military did their job as best they could, but another force was intervening and before this book is complete you will see what that force was and how it could have been

done. The claim that the military didn't know what was happening because the FAA didn't tell them does not stand up to scrutiny. Not only were there open lines between the FAA and the Pentagon we are told by Ben Sliney, operations manager at the FAA Air Traffic Control System Command Center, they had a 'military cell' on site for FAA-military liaison and they were present throughout the 9/11 attacks. The military clearly *did* know what was happening, but the response was sabotaged.

Why not Andrews?

Fighter jets were scrambled and arrived too late from Langley (130 miles from Washington) and Otis (153 miles from New York City), but why did NORAD choose those bases when Andrews Air Force Base, the one designated to defend Washington DC, is little more than *ten miles* from the capital and Andrews pilots could have had breakfast and still intercepted Flight 77 with time to spare? Andrews Air Force Base is a minute or so by fighter jet from Washington DC and that's why it is the capital's first line of air defence (Fig 32). In the name of sanity, the airspace above the Pentagon and the White House is a *no-fly zone* and of course, short of complete and utter insanity, there are going to be fighter jets on standby at the nearest Air Force base to defend the area. Mike Kelly of the North Jersey Media Group reported in December, 2003, that two F-16s from 177th Fighter Wing at Atlantic City International Airport were taking part in bombing run practice 'just eight minutes away' from Manhattan. Boston Air Traffic Control Center contacted the Atlantic City base to ask for air response to the hijacking of Flight 11, but were unaware that its NORAD reaction role had ended after 1998. Even so – they had planes *in the air* eight minutes from the World Trade Center. The disgusting 9/11 Commission didn't mention the Atlantic City planes in its pack of lies, distortions and omissions (sorry, 'report') compiled in 2004 specifically to defend the official story from the truth. Colin Scroggins, military liaison at the FAA's Boston Center, said fighters at

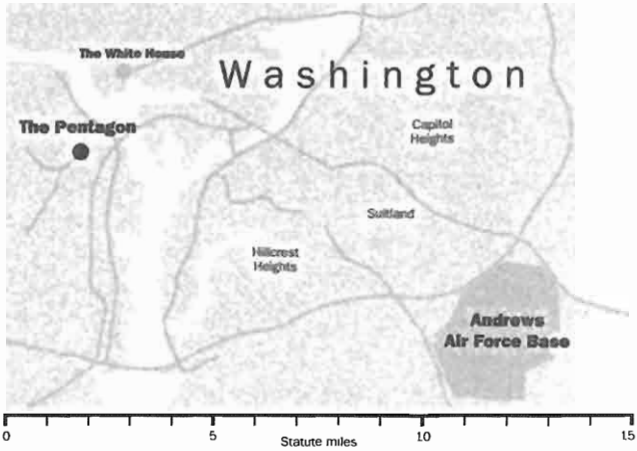

Figure 32: Andrews Air Force Base, home to the US President's plane, is down the road from the Pentagon, but instead fighters were scrambled from the Langley base 130 miles away.

Burlington, Selfridge, Syracuse and Toledo would have been ready to respond while the District of Colombia Air National Guard may not have been on stand-by they did fly every morning and NORAD 'could have grabbed' those aircraft to react to events. The Commission claimed that the entire United States had only seven bases on scramble alert and each had only two fighters in that mode at any time. They blamed 'the end of the Cold War'. The Commission asked us to believe that NORAD'S Northeast Air Defense Sector (NEADS), the one responsible for the 9/11 skies, had only two bases on alert to cover more than half a million square miles of airspace – Otis and Langley. There was no other choice and that explains everything. Doubles all round. This is either mendacity or incompetence on a scale that beggars belief. New York airspace with all those commercial planes coming and going all day is 'defended' from a base in Massachusetts *153 miles away*? The Washington-Pentagon no-fly zone is policed from the Langley base *130 miles away* when the major base at Andrews is only *ten miles* away? The very idea is as crazy as the mainstream media is pathetic for not challenging this nonsense.

Former ABC investigative producer James Bamford reported that in truth NEADS had a choice of on-alert planes at least four other locations. Among them was Andrews, one of the most famous bases in America and home of the US President's plane Air Force One with foreign heads of state often passing through. Are you going to locate the presidential plane at a base that does not have fighters ready to move at a moment's notice? Andrews, in fact, has two major squadrons on what are officially termed 'the highest possible state of readiness'. These are the 121st Fighter Squadron of the 113th Fighter Wing and the 321st Marine Fighter Attack Squadron of the 49th Marine Air Group. Thousands of people are employed at the base and they have at their disposal the very F-16s that NORAD says it deployed from 130 miles away at Langley, plus F/A-18 fighters. Sidewinder missiles carried by F-16s have a range of 18 miles and they would only have to get off the ground, lock in and fire to stop a plane crashing into the Pentagon even if there was no ground-to-air missile response. The fact that these planes were not scrambled from Andrews at any time before the Pentagon was hit is stunning and fundamentally significant. The Andrews AFB website went down immediately after September 11th and did not reappear until around mid-November. When it came back online it no longer had a link to the Air Force web pages describing the capabilities and mission of 113th Fighter Wing of the Air National Guard at Andrews – the capability of reacting immediately to any threat by air to Washington. A website called dcmiltary.com was authorised to supply information to those employed by US forces. It reported *before* 9/11 that Andrews is the base for the 121st Fighter Squadron, 113th Fighter Wing, and it confirmed the

role:

> ... as part of its dual mission, the 113th provides capable and ready response forces for the District of Columbia in the event of a natural disaster or civil emergency. Members also assist local and federal law enforcement agencies in combating drug trafficking in the District of Colombia. [They] are full partners with the active Air Force.

The website said of the 321st Marine Fighter Attack Squadron of the 49th Marine Air Group at Andrews:

> In the best tradition of the Marine Corps, a 'few good men and women' support two combat-ready reserve units at Andrews AFB. Marine Fighter Attack Squadron (VMFA) 321, a Marine Corps Reserve squadron, flies the sophisticated F/A-18 Hornet. Marine Aviation Logistics Squadron 49, Detachment A, provides maintenance and supply functions necessary to maintain a force in readiness.

These units are operated by the District of Colombia National Guard, headquartered at Andrews, which provide combat units in 'the highest possible state of readiness' and describe themselves as the 'Capital Guardians'. Well, as long as jets are on standby 153 and 130 miles away. NORAD spokesman Barry Venable told me in 2002 that NORAD fighters were 'not standing alert, nor even stationed, at Andrews AFB on 11 September':

> The USAF did indeed have fighters stationed at Andrews AFB on 11 September, but not for the purpose of standing air sovereignty alert – a role NORAD performs.

Then how come fighters from Andrews were in the sky over Washington immediately *after* the Pentagon was hit? *USA Today* sought to explain away the 'Andrews mystery' by reporting that 'Andrews Air Force Base, home to Air Force One, is only 15 miles [by road not military jet] away from the Pentagon, but it had no fighters assigned to it. Defense officials won't say whether that has changed.' Not even NORAD claims there were no fighters at Andrews and what kind of journalism is it that prints this story when the truth is only a search-engine away? The same *USA Today* edition said in direct contradiction: 'The District of Columbia National Guard maintained fighter planes at Andrews Air Force Base, only about 15 miles from the Pentagon, but those planes were not on alert and not deployed.' The *San Diego Union-Tribune*, however, told the truth about Andrews when it reported:

> Air defense around Washington is provided mainly by fighter planes from Andrews Air Force Base in Maryland near the District of Columbia border. The DC Air National Guard is also based there and equipped with F-16 fighter planes, a National Guard spokesman said. But the fighters took to the skies over Washington only after the devastating attack on the Pentagon ...

Other media sources reported that fighters from Andrews AFB were deployed over Washington. NBC *Nightly News* said: 'It was after the attack on the Pentagon that the Air Force then decided to scramble F-16s out of the DC National Guard Andrews Air Force Base to fly a protective cover over Washington, DC.' The UK *Daily Telegraph* said:

> Within minutes of the attack [on the Pentagon] American forces around the world were put on one of their highest states of alert – Defcon 3, just two notches short of all-out war – and F-16s from Andrews Air Force Base were in the air over Washington DC.

Surely it is common sense that Washington DC and its no-fly zone would be defended from air bases in and around Washington DC and not from 130 miles away. A 'former Pentagon Air Traffic Controller' quoted, but not named, is reported to have said:

> All those years ago when I was in the Pentagon, this wouldn't have happened. Air Traffic Control Radar images were (and are) available in the understructures of the Pentagon, and any commercial flight within 300 miles of DC that made an abrupt course change toward Washington, turned off their transponder, and refused to communicate with ATC, would have been intercepted at supersonic speeds within a max of 9 minutes by a fighter out of Andrews. Period. Why these planes weren't, baffles me. If we could get fighters off the ground in two minutes then, we could now.

Yet Pentagon spokesman Rear Admiral Craig Quigley made this astonishing statement: 'Planes come up and down the Potomac all the time. You can hear them in the building. There was no warning.' John A. Koskinen, the Washington DC City Administrator, said the District was 'largely helpless' to stop such attacks'. Utter garbage. There were apparently bases contacting NORAD *offering help* after the attacks began. William Scott wrote about this in a 2002 edition of *Aviation Week and Space Technology*. He described offers of air support made to NORAD NEADS Commander, Colonel Robert Marr:

> Calls from fighter units ... started pouring into NORAD and sector operation centers, asking 'What can we do to help?' At Syracuse, N.Y., an ANG commander told Marr, 'Give me 10 minutes and I can give you hot guns, Give

> me 30 minutes and I'll have heat-seeker (missiles). Give me an hour and I can give you slammers.' Marr replied, 'I want it all'.

But *nothing happened.*

I asked FAA media spokesman Fraser Jones in 2002 who was responsible for policing no-fly zones like the ones over Washington and New York and what was the procedure when they were threatened. What aircraft were used and where were they based? What happened on September 11th when there was no effective response? What is the point of a no-fly zone if there is nothing to defend it? Mr Jones replied:

> The FAA monitors prohibited airspace and would be aware if a pilot blundered into such an area. Our mission is not civil defense. We would help coordinate the appropriate response given the circumstances.

What on earth does that mean? NORAD told me that it is not responsible for policing the no-fly zone over Washington and it was a matter for the civilian FAA. The FAA tells me it 'monitors prohibited airspace' and would be aware if a pilot blundered into such an area and would then help to coordinate the appropriate response in the circumstances. Oh, really, well take your time, no rush. How long does it take for a plane to enter restricted airspace over Washington before it parks itself in the White House, Capitol Hill or the Pentagon? So where would the immediate air response come from? Langley, Virginia, 130 miles away? What use would that be? The FAA and NORAD were either not telling me the truth or there was no system for protecting no-fly zones. However, we know there *was* – in the name of sanity there *had* to be or a no-fly zone would be pointless. Why wasn't it activated on 9/11?

Another astonishing ''coincidence' – the wargame ''exercise drills'

What are the chances on this of all days that a series of 'training exercises' were happening in the same airspace at the same time as the 9/11 hijackings? Or that among these 'exercises' was a training scenario involving *a plane flying into a building in Washington?* This meant that radar screens were potentially infected with simulated 'hijacked planes', as well as genuine ones, which confused the system that morning – as planned. The wargame exercises also gave cover to the force in the shadows manipulating events. Jeremy Powell, a technical sergeant at the NORAD Northeast Air Defense Sector (NEADS) dealing with the hijackings, assumed at first like his colleagues that reports about a problem with Flight 11 were part of the exercise scenarios. He asks on the NORAD tapes: 'Is this real world or exercise?' This was a question asked many times that morning. Lieutenant Colonel Kevin Nasypany,

mission-crew commander on the operations floor at NEADS, said that when he was told about a hijack his first reaction was 'somebody started the exercise early'. He had said out loud: 'The hijack is not supposed to be for another hour.' Now we can see one reason why lower-level NORAD operatives dealing directly with the attacks were so confused. They didn't know initially when the actual 9/11 planes were hijacked if this was for 'real' or part of an exercise. This was not by accident, but design. There were many exercises happening that day and among them were those code-named Vigilant Guardian; Global Guardian; Northern Vigilance; Northern Guardian; Vigilant Warrior; Amalgam Warrior; Amalgam Virgo; Crown Vigilance; Apollo Guardian; and Whisky 105. They were supported by AWAC reconnaissance aircraft in the skies over Washington and elsewhere. The exercises had the added effect of relocating fighter planes to Alaska, Canada and a list of other locations that would normally be defending the East Coast. General Eberhart, commander of NORAD, said: 'It took about thirty seconds to make the adjustment to the real-world situation.' But this was an obviously ridiculous statement when the 'exercises' were clearly confusing the hijack response system. His mate, General Myers, acting uniform head of the military, said something similar and so they had one song-sheet in sync at least.

Eberhart was the man who ordered that an series of 'exercises' which normally take place in October and November each year were instead to be held across September 11th with enormous implications for confusing the response when real hijacks were happening that morning. Eberhart's decisions meant that at least *twelve* aerial exercises were happening at the same time that 9/11 planes were being hijacked – a move described as unprecedented. If that is a coincidence then I'm a pair of curtains and I should pull myself together. Scenarios included hijackings of two 747 passenger aircraft. Operation Vigilant Guardian involved the simulation of hijacked planes in 9/11 airspace and the same NEADS centre dealing with 9/11 hijacks. One Vigilant Guardian scenario was a plane hijacked to target New York City. The exercises focused attention of many agencies within Cheyenne Mountain including Eberhart's Space Command. The Whisky 105 exercise was centred on Otis Air Force Base and six of their F-15s took off for exercise duties in the Atlantic at 9am on 9/11 – eight minutes after the two F-15s were said to have been scrambled for New York. Vigilant Guardian was supervised by NORAD's airborne and warning officer, Lieutenant Colonel Dawne Deskins at NEADS. Newhouse News Service reported Deskins as saying that when she was called by Boston Air Traffic Control about the hijacking of Flight 11 the belief was that 'it must be part of the exercise'. FAA and military officials had difficulty discerning the war game operations from the actual attacks – as they were meant to – and this

was most importantly the case with NORAD's NEADS centre which was directly responsible for responding to the 9/11 aircraft under its commander, Colonel Robert K. Marr. 'Everybody' at NEADS thought at first that the attacks were part of Vigilant Guardian, according to NORAD's Lieutenant Colonel Deskins.

Other US air defence fighters were occupied in Canada and Alaska on another exercise and staff at Cheyenne Mountain were heavily focussed on this and other drill scenarios when reports of genuinely hijacked aircraft began to come in. Canadian Lieutenant General Rick Findley, Battle Staff Director in the Cheyenne Mountain Operations Center, told the 9/11 Commission that there was 'confusion as to how many, and which aircraft, were hijacked'. General Larry Arnold, NORAD commander of the Continental US region, said: 'By the end of the day we had 21 aircraft identified as possible hijackings.' Despite all of this we are expected to believe that simulated hijackings in the same airspace did not affect the response to the real hijackings? The claim by General Eberhart and General Myers that the exercises didn't adversely affect the reaction time to the 9/11 attacks is beyond belief. Myers even said they 'enhanced the response' and Eberhart said the exercises 'cost us no more than 30 seconds'. How can that be when the normal raft of fighter aircraft at Andrews Air Force Base was seriously reduced by taking part in an exercise in the Las Vegas area? They left before the first plane struck the World Trade Center and didn't return until 2.35 in the afternoon when the attacks were well over. James Ampey, an FAA air traffic controller at Andrews, told the 9/11 Commission that an unusually high number of aircraft were taking off and landing on 9/11 morning because of the exercises and radar screens were depicting 'emergencies all over the place'. This is explained by an *absolutely vital* aspect of 9/11 that must be understood. At least some of the exercises like Vigilant Guardian involved 'sim over live' procedures in which the *simulated hijacks appeared on the live screens of air traffic controllers* both civilian and military. Imagine the potential for confusion, chaos and havoc that this would have wreaked once the real hijackings began – just as the orchestrators planned. Radar operators at Cheyenne Mountain demanded during the attacks that NEADS 'get rid of the goddam sim'. This is a major reason why NEADS, genuine operatives at Cheyenne Mountain and FAA air traffic controllers and others became so confused about what was real and what was exercise. What a coincidence that *twelve hours* before the attacks NORAD chief General Eberhart had reduced the protection for Pentagon communication networks to its *lowest level.* The Information Operations Condition (Infocon) system consists of a series of levels dictated by the perceived threat to military information and computer networks and is employed to defend against computer attacks. In a period where multiple wargame exercises were

happening and simulated hijackings were to be visible on real-time air traffic screens Eberhart directs that Infocon be put on its *lowest level* of alert and protection? *What*? Much later in the book when I get down to the fine detail of who was behind 9/11 you will see how fake 'hijackings', simulated events and even phantom planes could have been inserted in real-time onto air traffic screens by those who were not even directly working with NORAD, the Pentagon, Cheyenne Mountain or the FAA. It's quite a story and the lower the Infocon level the better.

A closer look at Eberhart

General Ralph E. Eberhart has not been a high-profile figure in the 9/11 story compared with people like Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld and Myers, despite being the commander-in-chief at NORAD and as such the man with overall responsibility for protecting America from the 9/11 attacks. His behaviour that day and before deserves far more public scrutiny than has been the case so far. Red flags fly for me when someone is lauded as a 'hero' when the opposite should be the case and people like Eberhart enjoy post-event promotion for what should have seen them fired. Flashing lights should also be activated when people and events crucial to uncovering the truth about 9/11 are either ignored or made peripheral in the final report of the official 9/11 Commission. All these things happened with Eberhart. You may think that calling him a '9/11 hero' might just require some re-evaluation in the light of the following. Eberhart both rearranged exercises so they would all be happening on September 11th and reduced the level of Pentagon computer protection to its lowest level at the time of the attacks and so why has he not come under serious scrutiny? Eberhart began his day on September 11th at his office at Peterson Air Force Base in Colorado about 20 miles from Cheyenne Mountain. Peterson was the headquarters of another Eberhart operation, the US Air Force Space Command and according to Lieutenant Colonel Dawne Deskins at NEADS in evidence to the 9/11 Commission: 'NORAD planning exercises are mostly held at Peterson.' Colorado was in a different time-zone to New York, but I will use East Coast time to avoid confusion. The official version tells us that Eberhart was contacted from Cheyenne Mountain at 8.45am to be told of a suspected hijacking (Flight 11) that was 'not exercise' and he then saw on television the stricken North Tower. Eberhart said there was confusion in the system and that's not surprising after he had sanctioned – and re-scheduled – so many exercises across America and Canada and in the skies above the eastern United States that simulated aircraft were all over air traffic screens. He said that he recognised after the second plane struck that they were dealing with 'an ongoing and coordinated terrorist attack' (such brilliant insight). His words and response, however, might appear very strange to many. We are told that he spoke

with General Myers and said there were 'several hijack codes in the system' – meaning that pilots were punching in the hijack code; but 9/11 planes *weren't* and this is one of the great mysteries of the hijackings. Where was he getting that from? Eberhart informed Myers that he was going to stay at Peterson because he didn't want to be out of communication and then soon afterwards headed for Cheyenne Mountain, a usually 30 minute car journey that took him 45 minutes, and throughout that time he was not able to take calls because apparently his cell phone didn't work. He is reported to have missed a call from Dick Cheney while on the road. At the same time as claiming he was out of communication he says he ordered fighters to 'battle stations' at 9.49am. Ugh? Battle stations is an on-alert status when pilots sit in their planes with the engines off waiting for orders and he didn't order planes in the air as per standard practice in hijacking situations as we have seen in official regulations. Eberhart said he drove to Cheyenne Mountain because 'things had quieted down' when obviously they hadn't. Two planes were still hijacked and while he was on the road the Pentagon was hit. What's more he was a commander on a military base – why wasn't he rushed to Cheyenne Mountain by helicopter? Eberhart could have triggered a response plan known as Security Control of Air Traffic and Air Navigation (SCATANA) to clear the sky of commercial aircraft and give the military control of airspace. NORAD staff had urged him to do so, but he refused. He said NORAD radar were not sophisticated enough to do this while his staff clearly didn't see this as a problem. Two hours after Flight 175 hit the South Tower at 9.03 a 'modified' SCATANA was implemented when the attacks were well over. Eberhart also allowed his wargame exercises to continue despite what was happening until 10am when the attacks ended and the 'sim' or simulated attacks were allowed to stay on air traffic screens until the Pentagon was hit. We will see a clear pattern with major players on 9/11 like Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld, Myers and Eberhart all with concocted out-of-the-loop cover stories for what they were doing before the Pentagon was hit and to within minutes of Flight 93 going down. In other words – *until it was all over.* Fighter response failed to effectively react *until it was all over* and the confusion and diversion of wargame exercises were continued *until it was all over*. Colonel Prouty:

> No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

Groundhog Day

Exercises began the day before 9/11 and were due to last a week and

who was in political charge of these wargames that confused the response system on 9/11? Well, well, well: *Dick Cheney*. Others involved were Donald Rumsfeld and acting Chairman of the Joints Chiefs of Staff that morning, General Richard Myers. It is important to remember this when you read the accounts of Rumsfeld and Myers in the next chapter and Cheney later in this one. 'Exercises' and drills have been used again and again as a cover for the scenario they are 'practising' to happen for real. We saw this with the London '7/7' bombings in 2005 when three tube trains and a bus were bombed while an exercise was going on at the same time that mimicked what actually happened. Peter Power, a former police officer in the anti-terrorism branch of London's Scotland Yard, was running the exercise staged by his crisis management company, Visor Consultants, in conjunction with an unnamed company 'of over a thousand people'. He told BBC radio that his London training drill was 'based on simultaneous bombs going off precisely at the railway stations where it [actually] happened this morning, so I still have the hairs on the back of my neck standing up right now'. Power said that they 'had to suddenly switch an exercise from fictional to real which is what we have heard many times before – not least from NORAD commander General Eberhart after 9/11. It is highly doubtful that Power would have been initially so open about the stunning 'coincidence' if he had been knowingly involved in using the exercise as cover for the real thing. Who did have prior knowledge and make the exercise fit so perfectly? Somebody did because when you see how many exercises happen at the same time as the real thing don't give me that 'it's just a coincidence' crap. Power would tell ITV News: '... we chose a scenario – with [the company's] assistance – which is based on a terrorist attack because they're very close to, er, a property owned by Jewish businessmen, they're in the city and there are more American banks in the city than there are in the whole of New York.' The *Jerusalem Post* ran an article that same day by Efraim Halevy, former head of Israel's military intelligence agency, Mossad, which described the 'multiple, simultaneous explosions that took place today on the London transportation system'. A little problem there is that London police did not know they were 'simultaneous' at the time of the article and believed they happened one after the other at 7.51, 7.56, and 8.17am. Halevy called in his article for a world war against Muslim terrorism in the wake of the attacks. Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu – then Finance Minister – was in London at the time and so was New York 9/11 Mayor Rudolph Giuliani. An Associated Press correspondent in Jerusalem reported that the Israeli embassy in London had been warned by Scotland Yard of an imminent terror attack (how did they know?) and Netanyahu was warned by the embassy not to attend an economic conference at the Great Eastern Hotel near to the Liverpool Street

underground station where one of the bombs went off. Giuliani was staying at the Great Eastern Hotel where the conference had been arranged by the Tel Aviv Stock Exchange, the Israeli embassy and Deutsche Bank. See *Terror on the Tube, Behind the Veil of 7/7* by Nick Kollerstrom for more on the London attacks.

Rudolph Giuliani, who knew Netanyahu, also had a Peter Power-type security company – Giuliani Security and Safety – that ran 'mock terror drills' and so on, and it would appear that Power knew Giuliani personnel such as Richard Sheirer, Senior Vice President of Giuliani and Partners. Sheirer was formerly Commissioner at the New York Office of Emergency Management (created by then Mayor Giuliani) from February 2000 to March 2002 which included 9/11. Sheirer was also Director of New York City Homeland Security. He was called 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight' after 9/11, but was later widely criticised for 'crucial failures of communication, especially between the Fire Department and the Police Department, which may have led to unnecessary deaths of scores of firefighters'. Pasquale J. D'Amuro, the FBI inspector in charge of the 9/11 [non]-investigation under Director Robert Mueller, left the Bureau after 26 years to become chairman of Giuliani Security and Safety. You will see that the world of 9/11 is a very small one indeed. 'Terror drills' that are near carbon copies of what happens for real in the same place at the same time, or very soon afterwards, have been identified many times. Among them have been the sinking of the ferry *Estonia* in the Baltic Sea en route from Estonia to Sweden (1994); the Madrid train bombings (2004); Oslo bombing (2011); Boston bombings (2013) and a long list of other terror attacks and mass shootings. Many police officers who took part in the *Estonia* terror drill died on their way home on the ship. When the part of the vessel officially responsible for the sinking was raised from the seabed the lead investigator was reported to have ordered it to be thrown back. 9/11 anyone?

Cheney tracks 'missing plane' from White House 'bunker'

Vice President Dick Cheney was given control of all 9/11 exercise operations just four months before the attacks in a presidential executive order in May, 2001. Executive orders are an outrageous system by which the President decrees law without the complication of a vote or debate. Cheney is a brutal and deeply imbalanced man. His computer program must have been written by a sadist and he was the real power in the White House in the Boy Bush years. Cheney told the media on September 12th, 2001, that he only heard of the 9/11 attacks from a clerical secretary who was watching television in his Washington office. Yes, and pigs are flying in formation. He said the Secret Service took him to the Presidential Emergency Operations Center, an underground

bunker at the White House, and he began to direct the response – or lack of it – to what was happening. It was no accident that Boy Bush was arranged to be out of the way at a school in Florida and then to be flown between military bases until the evening. Bush was only a figurehead president and he would have got in their way. Go fetch the tea, George – Dick is thirsty. What happened in that White House operations 'bunker' was described by Secretary of Transportation Norman Mineta who witnessed a highly significant exchange. Mineta described what happened before the Pentagon was hit in evidence to the 9/11 Commission:

> During the time that the airplane was coming in to the Pentagon, there was a young man who would come in and say to the Vice President, 'The plane is 50 miles out, the plane is 30 miles out'. And when it got down to 'the plane is 10 miles out', the young man also said to the Vice President, 'Do the orders still stand?' And the Vice President turned and whipped his neck around and said, 'Of course the orders still stand. Have you heard anything to the contrary?

Here is devastating evidence from a member of the Bush-Cheney administration which the official 9/11 Commission shockingly censored and *did not include in its final report*. Mineta was confirming that Cheney and the Hidden Hand he represented were tracking Flight 77, or whatever hit the Pentagon, all the way into Washington, while the official story claims that air traffic controllers had 'lost' the aircraft and NEADS wasn't told of a problem until just before impact. There were two levels of tracking going on all the time. One was the day-to-day operational staff at the NEADS operation in New York State and the FAA (or at least the operational levels). The other was the tracking system that Cheney, the hierarchy at Cheyenne Mountain and Pentagon top brass were operating. *They* were tracking all the planes all the time and directing events while the rank-and-file FAA/NORAD system was having spanners hurled in the works and again towards the end of the book I will explain how this could be done and who by. Cheney was still relatively 'yes sir' and bit-part compared with the real orchestrators. The evidence presented by Norman Mineta has the 'young man' asking Cheney if 'the orders still stand', as the plane hurtles towards Washington with Cheney replying: 'Of course the orders still stand. Have you heard anything to the contrary?' What orders were these then? Mineta indicated that he didn't know what they referred to, but appeared to take them to mean they were to shoot down the plane. This makes no sense at all because, despite the obviously detailed tracking that was going on, the plane or projectile was *not* shot down before the Pentagon was struck. The only explanation that makes sense of what

Mineta said he witnessed is that the orders were *not* to shoot down the plane or whatever it was and allow it to reach its target. No wonder Mineta said the 'young man' sounded so anxious and wanted more confirmation. In other words there was a 'stand-down' order in place that would explain the absence of an effective military response in every aspect of 9/11. Charles E. Lewis, who worked on a project involving the Airport Operations Area at Los Angeles airport, or LAX, until two months before 9/11, described what happened when he returned to the airport after the happenings in New York to see if he could help in some way given his experience of new security systems. He said:

> As on other days, there was 'chatter' on LAX Security walkie-talkies and I could easily hear what Security was saying when they were outside the guard shack (they would go in and out, but they were mainly outside). On some of the walkie-talkies, I could hear both sides of the conversations; on others only one.
>
> I do not know who was at the other end of the walkie-talkies, but I assumed that it was LAX Security dispatch or command. At first, LAX Security was very upset because it seemed to Security that none of the FAA's Air Traffic Controllers (ATCs) tracking the hijacked airliners had notified NORAD as required. More chatter revealed that ATCs had notified NORAD, but that NORAD had not responded, because it had been 'ordered to stand-down'.
>
> This report made Security even more upset, so they tried to find out who had issued that order. A short time later the word came down that the order had come 'from the highest level of the White House'. Security was puzzled and very upset by this and made attempts to get more details and clarification, but these were not forthcoming while I was still there.
>
> Another piece of information that I heard, shortly after my arrival, was that the Pentagon had been 'hit by a rocket'. It's possible that the word was 'missile', although I'm quite certain it was 'rocket'. I was, in any case, quite surprised when I later got home and learned that the media were reporting that an airliner had hit the Pentagon.

Apparent chaos is wonderful camouflage for calculation. As I've said, there were two communication networks operating on 9/11. One involved the 'people on the ground', the operatives at air traffic control centers and those at NEADS. These communications were systematically disrupted and sabotaged by those working for the other communication networks that day. This was the one involving the Joint Chiefs of Staff Command Center in the Pentagon (which I am about to discuss), the highest level of NORAD and associated agencies at Cheyenne Mountain,

Dick Cheney and other Hidden Hand and Web operatives. Something similar was planned in the 1960s by the Pentagon Joint Chiefs of Staff, as I will be explaining. Some researchers have confused the more basic NEADS operation in New York State with NORAD's operational headquarters in Cheyenne Mountain where incredible tracking technology exists, much of it unknown to the public arena. This second network, operating to its pre-arranged plan, had access to state-of-the-art technology while NEADS was kept confused and bewildered about what was going on as they tried to make sense of what was happening amid, among other things, Pentagon 'wargame exercises' that also involved simulated hijackings. These wargames were under the ultimate authority of Dick Cheney.

It was this Cheney-Pentagon-NORAD network that was orchestrating the attacks on one level and sabotaging the normal speed and efficiency of response but even they were only artisans in a network of even deeper control that I will expose in detail towards the end of the book.

CHAPTER 7

Where were you on 9/11?

Without censorship, things can get terribly confused in the public mind
– General William Westmoreland, Commander US forces in Vietnam

Our attention turns next to the National Military Command Center (NMCC). This is the Pentagon command and communications operation that is supposed to oversee and respond to emergencies and threats like 9/11 under the authority of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff who officially answers to the Secretary of Defense and US President.

General Richard B. Myers officially took over as Joint Chiefs chairman, the highest uniform post in the US military, two weeks after the attacks and was acting chairman while they were happening (Fig 33). He was appointed deputy chairman in 2000 and before that he was commander of NORAD. Myers, therefore, knew precisely what the procedures were for reacting to unexplained happenings with planes in North American airspace. FAA regulations say: 'The escort service will be requested by the FAA hijack coordinator by direct contact with the National Military Command Center (NMCC).' The Department of Defense manual says:

> In the event of a hijacking, the National Military Command Center will be notified by the most expeditious means by the Federal Aviation Administration. The NMCC will, with the exception of immediate responses ... forward requests for DOD [Department of Defense] assistance to the Secretary of Defense for approval.

Figure 33: General Richard Myers was somehow in two places at the same time on 9/11.

This is the same National Military Command Center that claims it had no warning that an airliner was about to

crash into its own building some 45 minutes after it deviated off course! Where was General Myers while all this was going on and what were the top brass in the Pentagon doing all this time? What was Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld doing? Where was President Bush? Myers knew the response procedures. He knew that Andrews Air Force Base little more than ten miles down the road had all that was necessary to respond to Flight 77 as it headed for Washington. Yet nothing was done. *The New York Times* tried to explain what was happening at the Pentagon that morning:

> During the hour or so that American Airlines Flight 77 was under the control of hijackers, up to the moment it struck the west side of the Pentagon, military officials in a command center on the east side of the building were urgently talking to law enforcement and air traffic control officials about what to do.
>
> [No, you didn't misread that.]
>
> But despite elaborate plans that link civilian and military efforts to control the nation's airspace in defense of the country, and despite two other jetliners' having already hit the World Trade Center in New York, the fighter planes that scrambled into protective orbits around Washington did not arrive until 15 minutes after Flight 77 hit the Pentagon [reported elsewhere as 20 minutes].

What? Military chiefs in the Pentagon Command Center were 'urgently talking about what to do?' These are the guys who are supposed to protect the United States from nuclear attack! Officials in the Command Center were talking to air traffic officials (FAA) during the hour in question and so why no response from NORAD? Why are we told that NORAD's NEADS center, which is under Pentagon command, was not alerted about Flight 77 when Pentagon officials were 'urgently talking to law enforcement and air traffic control officials about what to do' during 'the hour or so that American Airlines Flight 77 was under the control of the hijackers'? Given what had happened in New York why weren't planes scrambled to patrol the skies over Washington as a matter of course anyway? Here we have the nexus from which the two tracking operations were coordinated – one that was feeding countdown information to Cheney in his White House bunker and the other (run by NEADS and lower-level FAA) was being systematically isolated and sabotaged. General Myers told his Senate confirmation hearing when he became Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff that he pledged '… to keep our armed forces at that razor's edge'! Pentagon spokesman Air Force Lieutenant Colonel Vic Warzinski even had the audacity to tell *Newsday*: 'The Pentagon was simply not aware that this aircraft was coming our way …' The Cheyenne Mountain

official website said of the NORAD Command Center supplying real-time information to the Pentagon:

> Redundant and survivable communications hot lines connect the Command Center to the Pentagon, White House, US Strategic Command, Canadian Forces Headquarters in Ottawa, other aerospace defense system command posts, and major military centers around the world.

Where were these 'hot lines' on 9/11 when Pentagon chiefs claim they *didn't know that a hijacked plane heading for their own city for more than 45 minutes was coming their way??* CNN reported that while golfer Payne Stewart's plane was flying on auto pilot '... officers on the Joint Chiefs were monitoring the Learjet on radar screens inside the Pentagon's National Military Command Center'. Of course they were, that is what they are supposed to do. Why are we told they did not do this on September 11th when four planes were hijacked and how come they didn't know one was heading in their direction? The lies would be laughable if the consequences had not been so tragic. CNN also quoted officials at the Pentagon as saying they were never made aware of the threat from hijacked United Airlines Flight 93 until after it crashed in Pennsylvania at 10.03am. The FAA is reported to have informed NORAD at 9.16 that Flight 93 may have been hijacked and the transponder was turned off at 9.40. NORAD and the FAA both told me that open lines between them were established to discuss Flight 93. There is no way that the Pentagon's National Military Command Center with open lines to the FAA and NORAD (in Cheyenne Mountain) was not aware of the hijack of Flight 93 until we are told that it crashed after 10am. The Pentagon's entire story is nonsense and it is designed to hide the simple truth – at the highest levels within the US government and military these attacks were being both orchestrated and allowed to happen. 'Flight 77' crashed into the Pentagon on the west side of what is the biggest office complex in the world. This is the opposite side of the building to where Rumsfeld, military top brass and the National Military Command Center were located. The targeted section had been the first of five to undergo renovations and strengthening to protect the Pentagon from terrorist attacks and yet this is the very section these 'highly trained, highly professional' terrorists aimed for?? Such is the size and strength of the Pentagon that Rumsfeld said that he only felt a 'jarring thing' when the plane hit. If you were really a crazed Islamic fanatic dedicated to attacking the 'Great Satan America' why would you aim the plane at the very opposite side of a 29-acre, six million-square-foot building to where your real targets are? The answer I guess is the same as why Timothy McVeigh parked the Ryder truck as far away as he did from his alleged target, the offices of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco,

Firearms and Explosives (ATF).

Where was Myers?

General Myers was acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on September 11th in the absence abroad of the outgoing General Hugh Shelton. Myers would be confirmed as Shelton's successor at a Senate hearing only two days later. Chairman of the Joint Chiefs is the highest-ranking uniformed military post and third in command of US forces. Surely this is a man who would have been at the centre of events with America 'under attack' from terrorists. Where was Myers while the nightmare was being unleashed? It turns out, and I'm not kidding, that he was having a meeting with Senator Max Cleland of Georgia on Capitol Hill. Or, at least that's what he claims. I think it's best if you sit down while you read the following and breathing deeply might help, too. This is Myers' account of his movements that morning described in an interview with the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service:

> I remember it was like watching a bad movie. I was on Capitol Hill. I was about ready to meet with Senator Cleland. I was meeting with him in preparation for my hearing, my confirmation hearing to be the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. And I remember before we walked in there was a TV that was playing and somebody has said, 'An airplane has hit one of the World Trade Center towers'.
>
> They thought it was an airplane, and they thought it was a small airplane or something like that. So we walked in and we did the office call with Senator Cleland.

The highest-ranking uniformed officer in the US military on American soil that day hears that a plane has hit the World Trade Center and instead of checking it out he goes into a routine meeting with a senator about confirmation hearings? *Come again?* And it gets worse:

> Sometime during that office call the second tower was hit. Nobody informed us of that. But when we came out, that was obvious. Then right at that time somebody said the Pentagon has been hit.

Hold on, let me sit down here and fasten the seat belt. No one informs the acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the top military man in America at the time, that a second airliner has hit the World Trade Center (or even the first) when down in Florida White House Chief of Staff Andrew Card was telling President Bush that 'America is under attack' according to the official story? General Myers' account makes no rational sense whatsoever. Do they really think we are all so

stupid that we would believe that the acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff is not contactable at all times and that he would not have been told by the Pentagon about the second plane – indeed the first also – as a matter of course? Myers then says that 'right at the time' when he and Cleland came out of their meeting 'somebody said the Pentagon has been hit'. We can therefore add a timeline to his story. Myers' account puts him in the meeting with Cleland at no later than around 9am before the second plane crashed and he did not come out until about the time the Pentagon was struck. This means no earlier than 9.38-9.40 and even later given reaction time. How amazing that this meeting took place across precisely the period that the attacks were happening – if indeed there was such a meeting given evidence that follows. *The New York Times* tells us that 'during the hour or so that American Airlines Flight 77 was under the control of hijackers, up to the moment it struck the west side of the Pentagon, military officials in a command center on the east side of the building were urgently talking to law enforcement and air traffic control officials about what to do'. All this was happening and they didn't inform their ultimate boss that day who claims to have been in a meeting down the street on Capitol Hill? Smell a rat? I smell a whole species. General Myers says that when he emerged from the meeting to be told what most of the world already knew he launched into action:

> Immediately, somebody handed me a cell phone, and it was General Eberhart out at NORAD in Colorado Springs talking about what was happening and the actions he was going to take. We immediately, after talking to him, jumped in the car, ran back to the Pentagon.

I have detailed the fantastic technology and communications network at the disposal of NORAD and the Pentagon yet NORAD's commander contacts the acting military head of US forces only *after* three hijacked planes had crashed over nearly an hour and when somebody handed him a cell phone? NORAD commander General Eberhart – the man who replaced Myers at Cheyenne Mountain – is telling him 'the actions he is *going* to take' after three airliners are embedded in three of America's biggest buildings? What in God's name had Eberhart and his NORAD operation been doing all this time? And why did Eberhart wait until three aircraft had crashed into buildings before calling the acting Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff? If you feel you can stand any more General Myers also told Armed Forces Radio and Television:

> The Chairman [General Shelton] had left that morning to go to Europe, so he was somewhere over the Atlantic. As I got to the Pentagon I noticed a lot of people were coming out of the Pentagon. Of course they'd been told to evacuate. My concern was where can you best discharge your duties? ... [My]

> battle station was in the National Military Command Center. I asked if it was still running, they said it sure is, so I went back in the building to the Command Center and was joined shortly thereafter by the Secretary of Defense [Rumsfeld]. The Deputy Secretary [Wolfowitz] actually went to another location at that point. We did what had to be done in terms of the command and control of the day ...

The interviewer asked Myers if he could believe that it was actually a terrorist attack:

> I didn't know what to believe at the time. That was the problem. We had these events, and then subsequently the airplane went down in Pennsylvania. We were trying to tie this together, what does this mean? General Eberhart was working with the Federal Aviation Agency trying to figure out the logical steps at this point. We had some fighters airborne at that time in case we had some hijacked airplanes that were possibly a threat to other institutions or structures, but it was initially pretty confusing. You hate to admit it, but we hadn't thought about this.

They hadn't thought about this when they had been performing practice drills over years based on just this scenario? Given what is claimed to have happened, the voices said to have been heard from cockpit radios and reports by passengers and attendants on 'cell phones' and 'Airfones' that morning it is an unbelievable misrepresentation to say they didn't know this was a 'terrorist attack'. Only with three planes down and a fourth soon to crash in Pennsylvania did the top military officer on duty that day walk into the Command Centre at the Pentagon which, as we have seen, has clear and set procedures for reacting to hijackings or aircraft anomalies and would have had open lines throughout to the FAA and NORAD in Cheyenne Mountain. Only then did the Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld appear and he was in the building from at least before the time that Flight 11, the first hijacked plane, was leaving its gate at Boston Logan. More about Rumsfeld shortly, but let us stay with General Myers because this guy really is something else. You may have seen him at the time, a grey-haired chap in uniform giving news conferences at the Pentagon while his forces bombed innocent civilians in Afghanistan and elsewhere justified by what is alleged to have happened on September 11th. Two days after 9/11 Myers appeared before the Senate Armed Services Committee hearing that confirmed his appointment as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Committee Chairman Senator Carl Levin questioned him about what had happened while the attacks were taking place:

> **Levin:** Was the Defense Department contacted by the FAA or the FBI or any

other agency after the first two hijacked aircraft crashed into the World Trade Center, prior to the time that the Pentagon was hit?

Myers: Sir, I don't know the answer to that question. I can get that for you, for the record.

[He didn't know?]

Levin: Thank you. Did the Defense Department take – or was the Defense Department asked to take action against any specific aircraft?

Myers: Sir, we were ...

Levin: ... And did you take action against – for instance, there have been statements that the aircraft that crashed in Pennsylvania was shot down. Those stories continue to exist.

Myers: Mr Chairman, the armed forces did not shoot down any aircraft. When it became clear what the threat was, we did scramble fighter aircraft, AWACS, radar aircraft and tanker aircraft to begin to establish orbits in case other aircraft showed up in the FAA system that were hijacked. But we never actually had to use force.

Levin: Was that order that you just described given before or after the Pentagon was struck? Do you know?

Myers: That order, to the best of my knowledge, was after the Pentagon was struck.

[He doesn't know?]

The highest-ranking military man in America, third only in military authority to the President and the Defense Secretary, and himself a former Commander of NORAD, does not know two days after 9/11 if his own Defense Department was contacted by the FAA or FBI or any other agency after the first two hijacked aircraft crashed into the World Trade Center and before the Pentagon was hit? He didn't ask at any time after he claims to have rushed to his 'battle station', the National Military Command Center in the Pentagon, where they would have known everything that had happened? What utter tripe. He knew exactly the procedure and lines of communications as both the acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a former head of NORAD. He knew that the Defense Department, NORAD, and the FAA work closely in hijack situations and that the Pentagon would have normally been

notified before the first plane crashed never mind after two had done so. He knew that fighters are deployed as a matter of course to seek out rogue aircraft. Myers said that 'to his knowledge' no order was given to scramble jets in response to the attacks until after the Pentagon was hit. 'To his knowledge'? He didn't ask that question either when he arrived at the Pentagon or *for two days afterwards?* In that time no one told him? This question of whether jets were indeed scrambled before the Pentagon was struck is interesting because not only did Myers say to his knowledge that military jets were *not* scrambled until after the Pentagon strike this was NORAD's position for several days also. New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani said that he called the White House just before 10am and asked Chris Henick, Bush's deputy political director, about air cover over New York. Giuliani said he was told that jets had been scrambled twelve minutes earlier which would have made that after the Pentagon was hit. This is a common theme. NORAD spokesman Barry Venable told me in 2002 that this was not the case and sent me an Associated Press report of September 11th in which NORAD spokesman Colonel Mike Perini is quoted as saying: 'NORAD controllers did track one of the hijacked planes, but it crashed into the World Trade Center even as fighters were scrambling.' Other NORAD spokesmen said the very opposite, as did General Myers. Major Mike Snyder, a spokesman at NORAD headquarters, said that no fighters were scrambled before the Pentagon was hit. This was exposing outrageous incompetence (at best) and the story was about to change.

No fighters were scrambled? *What??* Cue Dan

The 'we did scramble planes' story only began to circulate after a report by Dan Rather, a Council on Foreign Relations member and CBS News 'anchor'. Rather is the man who told talk show host David Letterman:

> George Bush is the President. He makes the decisions. Wherever he wants me to line up, just tell me where.

You are a *journalist*, man – or supposed to be. It was Rather who announced to the nation on September 14th that jets had been scrambled while quoting no sources. From this 'Rather exclusive' the 'we scrambled jets, but they were just too late' story became official history. In fact Rather himself had asked CBS military consultant Colonel Mitch Mitchell on September 12th why the Pentagon didn't have a system in which fighters were used to defend against attacks like 9/11. Rather's revelations that jets *were* deployed on September 11th before the Pentagon was hit came the day after the disastrous testimony of General Myers to the Senate Armed Forces Committee in which he had made the shocking statement that no fighters had been ordered to intercept the

first three hijacked airliners that morning. Myers made no mention of planes scrambling from Otis or Langley, the CIA Air Force base where he was stationed for three years in the late 1980s. Then, hey presto, the following day the scrambled fighter jets story suddenly appeared on CBS. Dan Rather said that night:

> CBS News has learned the FAA alerted US Air Defense units of a possible hijacking at 8.38 Tuesday morning, and six minutes later, at 8.44, two F-15s received a scramble order at Otis Air Force Base on Cape Cod. But two minutes later, at 8.46, American Airlines Flight 11, the first hijacked jet, slammed into the World Trade Center. Six minutes later, at 8.52, the F-15s were airborne and began racing towards New York City, but the fighters were still 70 miles away when the second hijacked jet, United Airlines Flight 175, hit the second Trade Center tower. Shortly after that blast, the F-15s reached Manhattan and began flying air cover missions over the city.
>
> But to the south, a new danger and a new response. At 9.30, three F-16s were launched out of Langley Air Force Base in Virginia, 150 miles [130] south of Washington. But just seven minutes later, at 9.37, American Airlines Flight 77 hit the Pentagon. The F-16s arrived in Washington just before 10am and began flying cover over the nation's capital.

The contradictions can be clearly observed in two reports in the *Boston Globe* just four days apart. On Saturday, September 15th, reporter Glen Johnson highlighted the opposing accounts of CBS and NORAD. After repeating Rather's CBS 'exclusive' the night before, he wrote that NORAD at that stage still denied scrambling any jets before the Pentagon was attacked even though a NORAD spokesman, Marine Corps Major Mike Snyder, said they 'routinely' intercept aircraft (it was happening about 100 times a year). Go figure. The *Globe* quoted Snyder as saying:

> We scramble aircraft to respond to any aircraft that we consider a potential threat. The hijacked aircraft were normal, scheduled commercial aircraft on approved flight plans and we only had 10 minutes prior notice to the first attack, which unfortunately was not enough notice.

But he also confirmed that none were scrambled for the next hour either! The *Globe* story said:

> ... Snyder, the NORAD spokesman ... said the command did not immediately scramble any fighters even though it was alerted to a hijacking 10 minutes before the first plane, American Airlines Flight 11 from Boston to Los Angeles, slammed into the first World Trade Center tower at 8.45am Tuesday.

> Never before had a hijacked airliner been steered into a skyscraper, Snyder noted, in trying to explain the lack of immediate response [exercise scenarios had been happening for years to practice for just such a situation].
>
> The spokesman said the fighters remained on the ground until after the Pentagon was hit by American Airlines Flight 77 at 9.40am, during which time the second Trade Center tower was struck by United Airlines Flight 175, which also originated in Boston and was destined for Los Angeles. By that time, military authorities realized the scope of the attack, Snyder said, and finally ordered the jets aloft.

Vice President Cheney was still telling this same story five days after the attacks on September 16th when he told the NBC show *Meet the Press* that it was Bush who personally made the decision to send up interceptors and Cheney suggested this was only done after the Pentagon was hit. How does all this square with the later (and since official) story about having fighters in the air heading for hijacked airliners before that time? Suddenly the story changed, new song sheets all round at Cheyenne Mountain and the Pentagon. By September 19th – *eight* days after 9/11 – Glen Johnson and the *Boston Globe* were reporting a very different version of events from NORAD. Johnson wrote:

> Two fighter jets dispatched from Otis Air National Guard Base on Cape Cod had closed to within 71 miles of New York last week when the second of two hijacked airliners slammed into the World Trade Center towers, the military confirmed Tuesday.
>
> Similarly, two F-16 fighters that had scrambled from Langley Air Force Base in Virginia streaked toward Washington as a third airliner bore in on the Pentagon, but both were still about 12 minutes away when the commandeered plane struck the nation's military headquarters.

The timeline, provided by NORAD, had miraculously changed. Johnson rightly pointed out:

> The account contradicted earlier statements from a defense command spokesman and the incoming chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff [Myers]. Both said the military did not launch its planes until after the Pentagon had been hit.

NORAD spokesman Army Major Barry Venable said the previous statements were based on 'inaccurate information'. What – *for more than a week?* I met with the *Boston Globe's* Glen Johnson and he told me he had

called the public affairs office at Otis Air Force Base to ask them to confirm that they did scramble planes that morning, but they refused to comment for reasons of 'operational security' even though their bosses at NORAD had now issued a press release saying that they had. Johnson told me that eventually they would not return his calls. What goes on? I asked NORAD if I could speak with the pilots of the planes that were said to have been scrambled from Otis. I was told they had 'elected not to speak with the media'. They had no problem, however, speaking with the BBC programme *Clear The Skies* that unquestioningly repeated the official line and enjoyed great cooperation and access to Cheyenne Mountain and other military establishments as a result. The blatant contradictions in the official story are constant and obvious everywhere you look. Anyway, even according to this new timeline of NORAD and the Pentagon, no fighter jet got within 100 miles of even the fourth aircraft, Flight 93, before it 'crashed in Pennsylvania'. The *Globe's* Johnson highlighted the obvious point that these 'scrambled' jets flew to their targets at well below their potential speed. Why? We had the same contradictions with Flight 93 almost two hours after the problem was first identified with Flight 11. Major General Paul Weaver, director of the Air National Guard, said that 'no Air National Guard or other military planes were scrambled to chase the fourth hijacked airliner, United Airlines Flight 93'. This is a staggering statement in itself, but Defense Secretary Rumsfeld's deputy Paul Wolfowitz was quoted in the *Boston Herald* telling a very different story. He said: '... the Air Force was tracking the hijacked plane that crashed in Pennsylvania on Tuesday after other airliners slammed into the Pentagon and World Trade Center and had been in a position to bring it down if necessary.' General Myers was questioned by Senator Bill Nelson during his Senate confirmation hearing on September 13th and his shocking mendacity was there for all to see:

> **Nelson:** The second World Trade tower was hit shortly after 9am. And the Pentagon was hit approximately 40 minutes later. That's approximately. You would know specifically what the timeline was. The crash that occurred in Pennsylvania after the Newark westbound flight was turned around 180 degrees and started heading back to Washington was approximately an hour after the World Trade Center second explosion.
>
> You said earlier in your testimony that we had not scrambled any military aircraft until after the Pentagon was hit. And so, my question would be: Why?
>
> **Myers:** I think I had that right that it was not until then. I'd have to go back and review the exact timelines. [He *thinks* that's right?]

Nelson: Perhaps we want to do this in our session, in executive [secret] session. But my question is an obvious one for not only this committee, but for the executive branch and the military establishment. If we knew that there was a general threat on terrorist activity, which we did, and we suddenly have two trade towers in New York being obviously hit by terrorist activity, of commercial airliners taken off course from Boston to Los Angeles, then what happened to the response of the defense establishment once we saw the diversion of the aircraft headed west from Dulles turning around 180 degrees and, likewise, in the aircraft taking off from Newark and, in flight, turning 180 degrees? That's the question. I leave it to you as to how you would like to answer it. But we would like an answer.

Myers: You bet. I spoke, after the second tower was hit, I spoke to the commander of NORAD, General Eberhart. And at that point, I think [*think?*] the decision was at that point to start launching aircraft.

In his interview with Armed Forces Radio and Television Myers said that when he came out of his meeting on Capitol Hill with Senator Max Cleland he was told of the second plane crashing into the WTC *and* that the Pentagon had just been hit. Only then, he said, did he talk to Eberhart. Myers is changing his accounts in response to Nelson's questions as they expose the inexplicable non-reaction of Cheyenne Mountain and the Pentagon. What Myers is therefore saying here again is that no planes were scrambled until after the Pentagon was hit.

Myers: One of the things you have to understand, senator, is that in our posture right now, that we have many fewer aircraft on alert than we did during the height of the Cold War. And so, we've got just a few bases around the perimeter of the United States.

What about the fighters a minute's flying time from Washington at Andrews AFB, which were deployed after the Pentagon was hit?

Myers: So it's not just a question of launching aircraft, it's launching to do what? You have to have a specific threat. We're pretty good if the threat's coming from outside. We're not so good if the threat's coming from inside.

Two planes have hit the World Trade Center and another hijacked aircraft is heading for Washington and he says you have to have a 'specific threat' before scrambling fighters? And 'launching to do what?' Launching to do what they do every week of the year and as a former commander of NORAD he well knew that. Why were planes not deployed over Washington as soon as the World Trade Center was attacked? If it was felt right to do that after the Pentagon was hit why

not before?

> **Myers:** In this case, if my memory serves me – and I'll have to get back to you for the record – my memory says that we had launched on the one that eventually crashed in Pennsylvania. I mean, we had gotten somebody close to it, as I recall. I'll have to check that out. [Remember this is the top-ranking uniformed military officer in America speaking two days after the attacks.] I do not recall if that was the case for the one that had taken off from Dulles. But part of it is just where we are positioned around this country to do that kind of work because that was never – it goes back to Senator Collins' issue. Is this one of the things that we'll worry about. You know, what's next? But our posture today is not one of the many sites and the many tens of aircraft on alert. We just have a handful today.

Let us not forget that General Myers said that he headed straight for the Command Center in the Pentagon after he came out of his meeting on Capitol Hill. The idea that he did not know that morning, never mind two days later, what fighter jets had been, or not been, scrambled is simply insulting to the American public. Of course he knew and what he said until he was faced with uncomfortable questions is that they did not scramble jets until the Pentagon was hit. When you have someone presenting such a travesty of the truth and dithering around unable to answer the most basic of questions – answers he would clearly have known – the alarm bells begin to explode. Senator Nelson later emphasised his point again to the committee:

> Mr Chairman, may I, just for the record? Commenting from CNN on the timeline, 9.03 is the correct time that the United Airlines flight crashed into the South Tower of the World Trade Center; 9.43 is the time that American Airlines Flight 77 crashed into the Pentagon. And 10.10am is the time that United Airlines Flight 93 crashed in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. So that was 40 minutes between the second tower being hit and the Pentagon crash. And it is an hour and seven minutes until the crash occurred in Pennsylvania.

What a [coordinated] shambles

The whole official story is a mess and the 9/11 Commission, the official cover up of what really happened, would produce *a third* FAA/NORAD response timeline when it reported in 2004 in another desperate attempt to hide the truth that normal procedures were sabotaged to allow the attacks to happen unchallenged. *Three* separate report and reaction timelines were issued all contradicting each other over a period of three years? Yep, sounds credible. The Commission described a 'they-called-them-who-called-them' chain of command to explain delays in response that totally contracted hijack reaction procedures in the official manuals

which are based on problem-report-scramble. Military chiefs were exposed in Commission hearings for lying in their previous statements, but don't worry there's not a scam going on or anything. In the Commission's timeline for Flight 11 the FAA was aware of a hijacking at 8.25am and yet waited seven minutes to alert the NORAD'S NEADS response system in New York State where NEADS Battle Commander Colonel Robert Marr only put Otis planes on alert and called Major Larry Arnold, commanding general of NORAD's US Continental Region, to consume another eight minutes before Arnold gave the go-ahead to get them airborne. Forty seconds later, according to the Commission timeline, Flight 11 hit the North Tower. From the FAA realising the plane was hijacked to the fighters being scrambled to respond took *21 minutes* in this timeline. It should have taken less than five and if that had happened the fighters would have travelled the 153 miles to New York before the building was struck. Yet another misdirection is that NEADS required higher authorisation before jets could be scrambled. Regulations say that in an emergency action can be taken before higher authority is secured. While FAA top brass have fundamental questions to answer the 9/11 Commission version of events hung out to dry the rank and file FAA and cleared the top brass military to hide the existence of stand-down/don't respond orders until after the Pentagon strike.

NORAD or SNORAD?

General Ralph Eberhart, Commander in Chief of NORAD and Space Command at Cheyenne Mountain, appeared on October 25th, 2001, before the Senate Armed Services Committee Hearing on the 'Role of Defense Department in Homeland Security'. By now the new song sheets had been circulated. Eberhart said that the FAA did not notify NORAD or the Department of Defense that Flight 77 was 'probably hijacked' until 9.24am even though it had changed course and turned back at about 8.55 – after the first plane had already crashed into the World Trade Center. The plane was 'probably hijacked'? Can it get any sillier? Eberhart said:

> I show it as 9.24 that we were notified, and that's the first notification that we received. I do not know, sir, why it took that amount of time for FAA. I hate to say it, but you'll have to ask FAA.

Did anyone ever bother? It should also be pointed out the claim that NORAD was told about Flight 77 at 9.24 was exposed as untrue three years later by the NORAD tapes. Eberhart was asked if they had now improved the communication system:

> Sir, I assure you that we have, and we practice this daily now, and now it takes about one minute from the time that FAA sees some sort of discrepancy on their radar scope or detects a discrepancy in terms of their communication before they notify NORAD. So that certainly has been fixed.
>
> I think at that time, the FAA was still thinking that if they saw a problem it was a problem that was a result of a mechanical failure or some sort of crew deviation. They weren't thinking hijacking. Today, the first thing they think is hijacking, and we respond accordingly.

You can see from the evidence presented in the last chapter about the normal reaction procedures of the FAA and NORAD before September 11th that we are being seriously misled here. If you look at what happened to those planes it was clear to air traffic controllers that the aircraft were not suffering a 'mechanical failure or some sort of crew deviation' and so why is Eberhart talking such nonsense? Senator John Warner said he was 'a little bit stunned' that Eberhart didn't know six weeks after the attacks why there was such a delay in the FAA informing NORAD/NEADS about what was happening. Warner asked him if the FAA and NORAD had not rehearsed the possibilities of an aircraft being seized by terrorists. Eberhart replied: '... although we practice this, day in and day out, the FAA sees on their scopes scores of problems that are a result of mechanical problems, switch errors, pilot errors, et cetera, and that's what they think when they see this'. Oh do come on. Contact was lost with the cockpits, transponders were turned off, there were serious changes in course and planes were crashing into buildings. Then we are told there were calls from passengers on the planes and 'terrorists' heard in the cockpits. Nothing to worry about, Ralph, must be a mechanical fault. Note that he says they 'practice this, day in and day out ...' and uses the pre-September 11th tense if you read the sentence. He was, after all, speaking only weeks after the attacks. Eberhart continued:

> Although we have exercised this, we have practiced it, in most cases it's a hijacking like most of the hijackings, all of the hijackings I'm aware of, where we have plenty of time to react, we get on the wing, and we follow this airplane to where it lands and then the negotiations start. We were not thinking a missile – an airborne missile that was going to be used as a target – a manned missile if you will – the origin of this flight was from overseas and we did not have the time-distance problems that we had on that morning. We had plenty of time to react.

[Nonsense – exercise drill scenarios for just this plane-as-a-missile situation had been practiced for years.]

> We were notified that for sure there was a hijacking and we were notified that they were holding a gun to the pilot's head and telling him to fly toward New York City or Washington, DC. So that's how we had practiced this, sir. I certainly wish we had practiced it differently, but I really think that, for sure in the first two instances, and probably in the third, the time and distance would not have allowed us to get an airplane to the right place at the right time.

A few months later he said that from the moment the FAA suspects a problem it took 'only about one minute' to contact NORAD and fighters are in the air 'within a matter of minutes to anywhere in the United States'. He claimed this was a new procedure when it was nothing more than the previous policy – suspended on 9/11 – that said if there was an unexpected loss of radar or radio communication it must be considered that 'an aircraft emergency exists'... and ... 'If ... you are in doubt that a situation constitutes an emergency or potential emergency, handle it as though it were an emergency'. Eberhart's operation within Cheyenne Mountain had access to the most sophisticated tracking and surveillance technology on earth – and in space – known to man and this is a point missed (of course it was) by the 9/11 fake Commission which said that NORAD was struggling to locate Flight 11 because its transponder was turned off. Author and researcher David Ray Griffin points out in *The 9/11 Commission Report, Omissions and Distortions* that NORAD's tracking systems are far more advanced than civilian technology and did not need a transponder to track a plane and its altitude. Griffin rightly adds that if all Soviet planes had to do to avoid detection during the Cold War was to turn off their transponders what kind of state-of-the-art defence system was that? It's all nonsense and another diversion to cover the military response stand-down/sabotage on 9/11. Two planes had hit the World Trade Center and Eberhart claims they didn't have the time to intercept a plane that turned back towards Washington 40 minutes before it struck the Pentagon? He says that they 'were not thinking a missile – an airborne missile that was going to be used as a target – a manned missile if you will', but two such 'missiles' had already crashed into the World Trade Center before the non-reaction to Flight 77 in Washington by the FAA-NORAD system. Senator Wayne Allard asked Eberhart if they had aircraft 'at least up in the air with the second plane to hit the twin towers'. He replied, 'Yes sir.' The following exchange then took place:

> **Allard:** And so what I'm interested in knowing is, what was the process there and then, how was that followed-up with the other aircraft that you identified that were coming or heading toward Washington, and how you responded? And how was the FAA interacting with NORAD in that whole situation,

starting with that first plane that you deployed heading toward New York City?

Eberhart: Yes, sir. The first flight I think was American Flight 11. [He thinks?] The FAA, once they notified us and we issued a scramble order almost simultaneously to the first crash, tragically. That flight of two out of Otis Air Force Base, out of Cape Cod ...

Allard: Let me understand – so right at the time the first aircraft was hitting the Twin Towers, you were being notified by FAA that you had another plane headed toward the Towers, you just routinely brought another aircraft ...

Eberhart: No, they notified us of the first hijacking just about the time that that airplane was hitting the tower.

Allard: Okay.

Eberhart: And at that time, we issued a scramble order for the two F-15s out of Otis Air Force Base [even though NORAD was denying this for a week]. We continued to send those airplanes toward New York City because initially, as we worked with the FAA, we weren't sure if that was the hijacked airplane [a ludicrous statement]. I mean, I hate to admit this, but I'm sitting there hoping that someone has made a mistake; there has been an accident; that this isn't the hijacked airplane, because there is confusion. We were told it was a light commuter airplane. It didn't look like that was caused by a light commuter airplane.

[With NORAD's technology at Cheyenne Mountain they would have known exactly what it was.]

So we were still trying to sort this out, so we're moving the two F-15s and we continue to move them. They're flying toward New York City. In fact, they are eight minutes away from New York City when the second crash occurs. We didn't turn around. We didn't send them back.

Allard: They hadn't made a sighting of that ...

Eberhart: Again, it's time and distance. It took them only six minutes to get airborne. [The Air Force claimed a potential response time of 2.5 minutes from scramble to 29,000 feet.] Once we told them to get airborne, it took them six minutes to get airborne. I think this talks about the professionalism and training of these individuals. Tragically, there was just too much distance between Otis and New York City to get there in time to ...

Allard: Did FAA then notify you that you had a second hijacked plane

somewhere in there, and the planes up there were ...

Eberhart: During that time, yes, we were notified, and again we'll provide the exact time line for the record.

Allard: I'm not interested in exact time lines as much as I am just how the FAA reacted with NORAD during this time period. And then you had the other two planes heading out. Then FAA continued to notify NORAD that you had two other potential hijackings, these headed for Washington; is that correct?

Eberhart: Yes, sir. The initial hijacking of the one, I think [think?] it's 77 that crashed into the Pentagon, we were working that with the FAA and we launched the airplanes out of Langley Air Force Base as soon as they notified us about hijacking.

At that time it took those airplanes, two F-16s, again, six minutes to get airborne. They were approximately 13 minutes away from Washington, DC, when that tragic crash occurred. Six minutes to get airborne, but still 13 minutes to it.

I don't want to worry you, but this guy was the head of the operation that is supposed to protect the United States from attacks from air and space. Better get that shelter dug pronto. Eberhart's claim about scrambling planes in pursuit of Flight 77 would later be shown to be untrue – the Langley planes were scrambled according to the NORAD tapes in response to a false report that Flight 11 didn't crash and was heading for Washington. He also doesn't mention that the Langley fighters first headed the wrong way into the Atlantic because no one told them where to go. Eberhart revealed that NORAD helped to provide the radars used by the FAA to track aircraft in US airspace and that NORAD had 'moved manpower of the order of about 200 people over the years to the FAA to operate these radars'. I wonder if any NORAD staff were on FAA duty that day? We can't know because no one is saying and if they did would you believe them? Eberhart said that he could not discuss in an open session who had the authority to order a commercial plane to be shot down even though the White House had confirmed it was the President before 9/11 and that the head of NORAD and a list of other named military men could now issue such an order. Oh, by the way, after questioning Eberhart and being given pathetic answers Senator Allard said:

Well, I just want to thank you and your people for, I know, I think a tremendous effort in light of some totally unexpected circumstances. And at least, I, for one, appreciate, you know, the readiness that was displayed.

I know, incredible isn't it? These are the people running our world.

Where was Rumsfeld?

We have established where General Myers was that morning – nowhere to be seen according to his own account (but more about that shortly). What about the Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, the number two in the United States military command structure behind the president? He said that he was working on the east side of the Pentagon from before the time that Flight 11 took off from Boston. He told CNN talk show *Larry King Live* on December 5th, 2001, that he was in his office and was given no warning whatsoever that Flight 77 was heading for Washington before it crashed into the Pentagon. Can the official story get any more insane? Unfortunately it can. This is the headquarters of the US military with open lines to NORAD at Cheyenne Mountain with all its satellites, AWACS and ground-based surveillance and with open lines by now with the FAA. Two planes had already crashed into the World Trade Center and the US Defence Secretary was given no warning that an aircraft was about to crash into the building he was in, albeit a long, long, way from impact? This is an extraordinary statement and more transparent tosh. Larry King failed to ask a single question about the Defense Secretary's ridiculous story which will surprise no one. If he'd have asked the questions a proper journalist would have asked that would have been career over. The money's too good, right, Larry? He has since been employed by Russian station RT – what are they thinking of? Rumsfeld related to King that earlier on 9/11 morning he had told a congressional delegation in his office at the Pentagon:

> Sometime in the next two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve months, there would be an event that would occur in the world that would be sufficiently shocking that it would remind people, again, how important it is to have a strong, healthy Defense Department that contributes – that underpins peace and stability in our world. And that is what underpins peace and stability.

How amazingly prophetic. Then came another outrageous statement that Rumsfeld made to King. He said that during this meeting in his office ...

> ... someone walked in and handed me a note that said that a plane had just hit the World Trade Center. And we adjourned the meeting. And I went in to get my CIA briefing right next door here, and the whole building shook within 15 minutes. And it was a jarring thing.

Now hold on here. The first plane hit the World Trade Center at about

8.46. The Pentagon wasn't hit until around 9.38. Yet Rumsfeld tells King he was handed a note saying a plane had 'just' hit the WTC and within 15 minutes Flight 77 crashed into the Pentagon? Are we being asked to believe that the Defense Secretary wasn't told about the first plane crashing until some *40 minutes* after it happened when he had been sitting in his own office at the Pentagon all this time? This is the only way that the Pentagon strike 'within 15 minutes' can be explained. Most of America and hundreds of millions across the world were watching events unfold live on television well before 9am and yet the Defense Secretary, number two only to the President in the US military command, *didn't know until about 9.20?* Where does that leave the 'just' hit the World Trade Center in the Rumsfeld story and why was he not told about the second hit on the WTC at the same time which happened at 9.03? Rumsfeld's own Department of Defense manual said:

> In the event of a hijacking, the [National Military Command Center at the Pentagon] will be notified by the most expeditious means by the FAA. The NMCC will, with the exception of immediate responses ... forward requests for DOD assistance to the Secretary of Defense for approval.

Given this procedure alone the Secretary of Defense would surely have been told immediately the first plane hit the North Tower – more than 50 minutes before the Pentagon was hit and not 15. In fact, he would have *had* to be told under the Pentagon's own procedures immediately it was known that the first plane had been hijacked. That would have been around 8.20 – an hour and 20 minutes before the Pentagon was hit. The lies are just so breathtaking and we will see shortly that what Rumsfeld said he did that morning is pure fantasy. *The Washington Post* reported that after Rumsfeld was informed of the World Trade Center attack by his Chief of Staff he 'stayed in his office on the east side of the Pentagon for a scheduled CIA briefing' – note 'scheduled' – while 'several of his senior aides rushed to the Pentagon's Command Center deep within the five-sided complex, where a crisis action center [no-action center] was being set up'. If you only believe the *ludicrous* official version that Pentagon officials were given twelve minutes' warning of the plane heading their way, why would no one tell the Defense Secretary before he felt his 'jarring thing'? Why wasn't evacuation of the Pentagon begun and how come Rumsfeld claims he didn't know a potentially hostile plane was heading towards Washington when Dr Thomas Mayer, the top Department of Emergency Management official and medical director for Fairfax County Fire and Rescue, said that he was told by air traffic controllers that 'something was headed towards the national capital area' and 'we knew we needed to get ready'? John Darrell Sherwood, a Navy historian, said that a Park Police helicopter working that day from

the helipad close to where the building was hit was dispatched to 'try to distract the plane' and try to stop it going into the Pentagon. This was confirmed by the pilot's girlfriend, Stephanie Hughes, who went to meet pilot Keith Bohn at his workplace that morning but she said he had left a note saying: 'Got called into the air, there is another plane headed this way, go home and wait for me to call.' *But Rumsfeld and the military chiefs didn't know??* Nowhere, but nowhere, do the official pieces fit and there is a very good reason for that. It's a pack of lies. I contacted the Pentagon with the following list of questions, but officials chose not to answer them.

1. With the capability of United States air defence, how can a hijacked airliner, Flight 77, be allowed to fly for 40 minutes towards Washington, with communication lost with air traffic control and the transponder turned off, approach a no-fly zone and hit your headquarters without any challenge whatsoever?

2. Why was the Defense Secretary Mr Rumsfeld unaware that the plane was approaching until the Pentagon was actually struck?

3. Why was Secretary Rumsfeld not told of the first plane striking the WTC until around 15 minutes before Flight 77 struck the Pentagon (thus about 9.20am to 9.25am)? Why was he not told at this time that a second plane had struck the World Trade Center?

4. Why was Richard Myers, the acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, not informed that two planes had struck the WTC and that another was heading for Washington while he was in a scheduled meeting on Capitol Hill and available throughout? Why did he only learn of what was happening when he emerged from the meeting to be told that the Pentagon had been hit? Is there not a constant communication link between the Chairman and the Pentagon?

5. Why were the ground to air defences at the Pentagon and the White House not activated when Flight 77 approached?

6. Why is there no surveillance camera footage of Flight 77 from much closer to the point of impact? The pictures released by the Pentagon seem to be a long way away for a building that must be guarded by a very large number of cameras, many of them looking outwards.

The questions were not answered because those questions are unanswerable without lifting the lid on the endless flow of lies that are the official story of 9/11. The government released just five frames of

distant footage that claim to show the plane striking the building but we will see later that what it appears to portray is actually impossible. Five distant frames are all they have when the Pentagon must be drowning in security cameras?? A Freedom of Information request led to the Department of [In]Justice revealing that 85 security camera videos were in its possession retrieved at or close to the Pentagon where officials refused to make them public because they were exempt from Freedom of Information laws. Why didn't the 9/11 Commission (a) subpoena them and (b) even mention them? Dan Philbin from the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense (Public Affairs) Directorate for Public Inquiry and Analysis merely referred me to transcripts of Pentagon press briefings on the Internet which did not address my listed questions. I told him so and asked for direct answers. He did not respond. Rumsfeld's response to the 'jarring thing' and his fake realisation that two airliners had struck the World Trade Center and another smacked into the Pentagon was to head outside to help with rescue efforts. Yes, that's just what you want an elderly man to do who happens to be US Secretary of Defense in the middle of a national catastrophe when there were thousands of service people to deal with rescue. It keeps you out of the official loop, though. Rumsfield's story is a lie as we shall see.

Where was Bush?

So to George W. 'Boy' Bush: Where was he when his country needed a decisive President? Boy Bush was not in Washington on September 11th which doesn't surprise me at all. They would have wanted him to be where his legendarily-limited intelligence couldn't get in the way. Bush was in Florida, then governed by his brother, Jeb, for a pre-publicised photo opportunity at the Emma E. Booker Elementary School in Sarasota. What he did that morning and when and how he heard about 'Flight 11' striking the World Trade Center depends very much on which official account you want to believe. There are several different versions claimed by Bush, Cheney and Ari Fleischer, the presidential press secretary. Sonya Ross, an Associated Press reporter, said she knew of the first crash even before Bush had reached the school:

> My cell phone rang as President Bush's motorcade coursed toward Emma E. Booker Elementary School in Sarasota, Florida. A colleague reported that a plane had crashed into the World Trade Center in New York. No further information. I called the AP desk in Washington, seeking details. Same scant information. But I knew it had to be grim. I searched for a White House official to question, but none was on hand until 9.05am.

If her office knew and enough time had passed for her to call them then

Bush must have known well before he arrived at the school that an aircraft had crashed into the World Trade Center and he must have known even earlier there was a hijack in progress on Flight 11. Contact was lost with the aircraft at 8.13am and the president travels with a staff in instant contact with the National Military Command Center (NMCC) at the Pentagon, which coordinates with NORAD, the FAA and the government Secret Service intelligence and security network. Dick Cheney let this slip – well almost – in a post-9/11 interview when he said:

> The Secret Service has an arrangement with the FAA. They had open lines after the World Trade Center was ...

He stopped the sentence abruptly at that point because he was about to demolish the 'Bush didn't know' story and it was left to Richard Clarke, the Bush administration counterterrorism advisor on 9/11, to basically complete the sentence in his 2004 book, *Against All Enemies.* Clarke wrote: 'Secret Service had a system that allowed them to see what the FAA's radar was seeing.' The Secret Service had open lines with the FAA when the World Trade Center was hit – of course they did, it was normal protocol – and who was looking after Bush in Florida? The *Secret Service.* Clarke also said that he had an open line with Deborah Lower, director of the White House Situation Room, who was ... *in Florida travelling with Bush and his entourage.* The claim that Bush didn't know what was going on is another lie and another insult to those who died and lost loved ones that day. John Cochran, an ABC journalist, was reporting Bush's visit to Florida. He told anchor Peter Jennings:

> Peter, as you know, the President's down in Florida talking about education. He got out of his hotel suite this morning, was about to leave, reporters saw the White House Chief of Staff, Andy Card, whisper into his ear. [A] reporter said to the President, 'Do you know what's going on in New York?' He said he did, and he said he will have something about it later. His first event is in about half an hour at an elementary school in Sarasota, Florida.

We have it confirmed that Bush was asked by reporters as he left his hotel about what was happening in New York because those reporters already knew that a plane had struck the World Trade Center. From that knowledge alone the Bush cover story that would later be sold to the public can be seen to be a whopping lie. At the very least from about 8.46am when 'Flight 11' crashed the Secret Service which looks after the safety of the President had 'open lines' with the FAA. Open lines would surely have been activated earlier than that when 'Flight 11' began to act very strangely and dramatically change course. The Bush team in

Florida knew precisely what the FAA knew by that time – indeed suspected from about 8.20 – that 'Flight 11' had been hijacked. It would have been the most basic security response to keep the President away from a pre-publicised event at a school only five miles from the Sarasota-Bradenton International Airport. Especially after 'Flight 11' struck the World Trade Center the thought that the President could be a target for a similar attack must have occurred to them and at the very least you would delay the school visit until you knew what was happening. Dick Cheney said he was whisked away to an underground bunker at the White House by Secret Service agents who wouldn't take no for an answer but here was Bush, President of the United States, allowed to continue his trip to the school. Did they know something we didn't? Oh, just a little bit. What about the potential danger to the children in these circumstances if you take them on face value?

'There's one terrible pilot'

Despite the journalist eye-witness reports of when Bush must have known about 'Flight 11', he completely contradicted this – and earlier accounts of his own officials – in an extraordinary performance on December 4th at a 'town meeting' at the Orange County Convention Center in Orlando, Florida, where he was answering non-challenging questions from a sycophantic audience. I actually watched this happen live on CNN in a hotel bar in America. I sipped my beer and despaired at the hero worship being enjoyed by a village idiot when Bush made a startling statement about September 11th. For the next two days I scanned the newspapers, Internet mainstream 'news' sites, including CNN, but there was no mention of the amazing statement Bush had made. Weeks later a Belgian visitor to my website sent me the text of what Bush said which was posted on the White House website and hidden away in the full and long transcript of the meeting. Bush was talking about what happened on 9/11 and how he heard of the atrocities in New York in response to a question from a young boy called Jordan:

> Well, Jordan, you're not going to believe what state I was in when I heard about the terrorist attack [well, it didn't show]. I was in Florida. And my Chief of Staff, Andy Card – actually, I was in a classroom talking about a reading program that works. I was sitting outside the classroom waiting to go in, and I saw an airplane hit the tower – the TV was obviously on. And I used to fly, myself, and I said, well, there's one terrible pilot. I said it must have been a horrible accident. But I was whisked off there; I didn't have much time to think about it. And I was sitting in the classroom, and Andy Card, my Chief of Staff, who is sitting over here, walked in and said, 'A second plane has hit the tower, America is under attack.

A few facts are urgently required. There was no live television coverage of the first plane hitting the North Tower – how could there be? Recorded footage of the first crash did not air until long after Bush went into the classroom where he was told of the second crash by Card. Live pictures were of the *second* plane when the television networks were already broadcasting shots of the burning North Tower. How could Bush, therefore, claim to have seen the first plane strike? This is simply not possible, so what on earth was he talking about? What about his reaction of 'there's one terrible pilot'? A passenger jet crashes into a 110-storey building full of people and all the President of the United States can say is 'there's one terrible pilot'! We have already seen that Bush must have known about the first crash before he even arrived at the school and he wants us to believe that the President of the United States, Commander-in-Chief of US forces and 'homeland' defence, had no idea what was going on? Bush, remember, said before leaving his hotel for the school that he would 'have something' later about what was happening in New York and the Associated Press reporter said she knew of the first crash before Bush had even arrived at the school. Yet he says that he saw the plane crash on a television at the school (not possible) and his reaction was: 'I used to fly myself, and I said, well, there's one terrible pilot.' Lies, lies and still more lies. Bush's story is also in direct contradiction to the earlier official version that he was told about Flight 11 in a call at the school from his National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice before he went into the classroom. This, in turn, contradicts the accounts of reporters who made it clear that Bush must have known what was happening before he arrived at the school. Then, knowing what had happened and knowing the plane had been hijacked the President of the United States walks into a classroom to hear children from the second grade read him a story about a pet goat! As the children read to him he said: 'Really good readers – whew!' Bush interrupted at one point, saying: 'This must be sixth grade.' God help us. There had just been a catastrophe in New York, Mr President, involving and eventually killing thousands of people and you know the cause is a hijacked airliner. *Hello?* Andrew Card came into the classroom and is said to have whispered in Bush's ear that a second plane had hit the World Trade Center and 'America is under attack'. This was the picture seen all over the world along with headlines like: 'The Moment Bush Knew' (Fig 34 overleaf). What does the President do then? He continues to sit there listening to a story about a pet goat. If you were writing this as fiction they'd say it was a ridiculous story. It is certainly ridiculous, but unfortunately it's *fact* not fiction. Associated Press reported on September 12th:

In Sarasota, Florida, Bush was reading to children in a classroom at 9.05am

Figure 34: Andrew Card tells Bush about the second plane.

Figure 35: Satanic symbol Baphomet – the Hidden Hand's 'pet goat'.

when his chief of staff Andrew Card whispered into his ear. The president briefly turned somber before he resumed reading. He addressed the tragedy about a half-hour later.

He 'briefly' remained somber, or sombre, as we spell it in Britain? He was supposedly just told that a second commercial airliner had struck the World Trade Center. Death and destruction on a massive scale was already obvious, but he turned 'briefly somber' before continuing to focus on the adventures of a pet goat. Goat symbolism is very much part of the Hidden Hand's satanic language – see the satanic symbol known as Baphomet – and anyone who has studied their staggering obsession with symbolism will note the 'coincidence' (Fig 35). They leave their symbolism signature everywhere if you know what to look for because it's their hidden language which insiders understand. What is ancient hieroglyphics except the language of symbolism? Jenna Heath of Cox Newspapers' Washington Bureau reported that Bush 'did not appear preoccupied' as he introduced Education Secretary Rod Paige inside the classroom and shook hands with teacher Sandra Kay Daniels. 'There was no sign that [Condoleezza] Rice had just told Bush about the first attack on New York's World Trade Center during a telephone call,' Heath wrote (repeating the official story). Look at his reaction when Card 'whispered in his ear' before he left his hotel? 'He did not respond,' said witnesses. Is this really a natural reaction from a man who had been told of such extraordinary events in the country he is supposed to be leading? Or is it the response of someone who knew full well what was going on even if he was only a figurehead while those really in power were doing their dastardly deeds? Bush told the Florida town meeting on December 4th:

> But I knew I needed to act. I knew that if the nation's under attack, the role of

> the Commander-in-Chief is to respond forcefully to prevent other attacks from happening. And so, I've talked to the Secretary of Defense; one of the first acts I did was to put our military on alert.

Bush says he knew he needed to act when the indisputable truth is that he didn't. What's all this about calling Defense Secretary Rumsfeld? When did he do that? Rumsfeld told Larry King that even though he was in his office in the Pentagon he didn't know anything was happening until he was handed a note while meeting a congressional delegation in his office little more than 15 minutes before the Pentagon was struck at about 9.38am. We are being told here that although the President knew well before 9am, the Defense Secretary was not told until at least half an hour later even though he was in the Pentagon. Wherever you look there is a deluge of lies and contradictions. Either Bush didn't talk to Rumsfeld, which means Bush was lying, or he did and Rumsfeld was lying. Actually, both of them are – and big time. Bush said that he put the military on alert when he could not have done this until he was finished with the goat story and left the classroom shortly before 9.30 – more than 40 minutes after the first plane hit. The official tale (official version 99933/S11/666/update/updated/updated) is that Bush was taken to a private room before he went into the classroom and spoke on the phone with National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice who told him about Flight 11. We are asked to believe that at this point the crash of 'Flight 11' could have been considered just a 'terrible accident' – an obvious lie. If Bush talked to Rice before 9am how come Defense Secretary Rumsfeld says he didn't know anything for another 25 minutes? Why was Rice not in immediate contact with Rumsfeld? Why wasn't the President? Why wasn't anyone? It was 9.30 – *26 minutes* after hearing of the *second* crash – before Bush went into the school library to announce:

> Ladies and gentlemen, this is a difficult moment for America. Two airplanes have crashed into the World Trade Center, in an apparent terrorist attack on our country. I am going to conduct a full-scale investigation and hunt down and find those folks who committed this act. Terrorism against our nation will not stand.

Those folks? *Those folks?* Bush's behaviour that morning was at the very least criminally inept and incompetent, but it was more than that as I shall highlight later. 'Those folks' were not 'Muslim hijackers', but very much closer to home as Bush well knew. The disgraceful cover-up known as the 9/11 Commission official [non]investigation of the attacks claimed despite the all the evidence laid out here: 'No one in the [president's] travelling party had any information during this time that

other aircraft were hijacked or missing.' Filmmaker Michael Moore highlighted Bush's inaction in his movie, *Fahrenheit 9/11* (executive producer ultra-Zionist women-abuser Harvey Weinstein), but as usual with Moore he missed the real point completely and failed to ask all the key questions while not challenging the official story about Muslim hijackers taking down the planes. This is typical of the work of fake-radical Moore and his productions which appear to be challenging the establishment while again and again promoting what that very establishment wants people to believe. I don't say for a moment that he is doing this knowingly – he's just incredibly uninformed about how the world works and enslaved by his 'progressive' addiction to virtue-signalling.

The lie about Scare Force One

Bush was taken to the presidential plane, Air Force One, and even the official story says that he did not call Vice President Cheney and put the US military on high alert status until at least 10am – by which time the Pentagon had been hit (a constantly recurring theme of no effective action until the Pentagon strike). Bush took off about 9.55 and headed for Barksdale Air Force Base, Louisiana, and the US Strategic Command at Offutt Air Force Base in Nebraska. He did not arrive at the White House, via Andrews Air Force Base, until shortly before 7pm. This was more than ten hours after the first strike on the World Trade Center. When understandable questions were being asked about why Bush did not head straight for Washington to lead his country at such a terrible time the White House propaganda machine said a phone call had been received giving a secret code to warn that Air Force One was the next target. *No it wasn't* – that was yet another lie. Attorney General John Ashcroft, a man who delivered 'justice' to others, also said the 'government had credible evidence that the White House and Air Force One were targets'. Lie again. Reports were circulated through the news agencies on September 12th that quoted a White House spokesman as saying: 'There was real and credible information that the White House and Air Force One were targets of terrorist attacks and that the plane that hit the Pentagon was headed for the White House.' Bush press secretary Ari Fleischer confirmed this the same afternoon. The Secret Service had 'specific and credible information' that the White House and Air Force One were potential targets, he said. Bush's chief political strategist, lie-for-a-living Karl Rove, was quoted the following day as confirming that the threat came in language that proved the terrorists had knowledge of the president's 'procedures and whereabouts'. So why did they allow him to attend a publicised appearance at a school in the circumstances of that morning and why, if there was a specific threat to Air Force One, was Bush taken straight to the airport to take off in that

very plane after he had finished with the pet goat story? And why did it take off *with no military air cover*?? There were Air Force bases only 185 miles away (Homestead) and 235 miles (Tyndall) with fighters that could have responded to a call in minutes; but the call never came. Once again – what did they know that we didn't? Maureen Dowd wrote in *The New York Times* that Karl Rove had 'called around town, trying to sell reporters the story'. Then two weeks later the White House was forced to back down on the whole fantasy and on September 25th *CBS Evening News* reported that the threat 'simply never happened'. Most newspapers did not even report this exposure of the lies spewed out daily by the Bush administration and *The Washington Post* only ran the story on an inside page. Ari Fleischer, the same White House press spokesman who repeated the lies about Air Force One, also told us how Flight 77 was heading for the White House before it 'veered off' and aimed at the Pentagon. Dick Cheney said the same on NBC's *Meet the Press.* Cheney confirmed that the plane was being tracked (so why no response?) and then produced this lie: 'When it entered the danger zone and looked like it was headed for the White House was when they grabbed me and evacuated me to the basement ...' They waited, he claims, until the aircraft was 'in the danger zone' before evacuating the vice president when in truth they had been tracking a plane's progress towards Washington for some 40 minutes after two planes had already crashed into the World Trade Center. *CBS News* Transportation Correspondent Bob Orr reported that the recorded flight path of Flight 77 does not support what Cheney and Fleischer claim:

> Eight minutes before the crash, at 9.30am EDT, radar tracked the plane as it closed to within 30 miles of Washington. Sources say the hijacked jet continued east at a high speed toward the city, but flew several miles south of the restricted airspace around the White House.

Once again I sent a list of questions to the White House media office relating to these events. They were faxed in May, 2002, but they chose not to answer any of them:

1. When did the President know that Flight 11 was in trouble or there could be a problem? When did the FAA, NORAD, and the Pentagon communicate this information to the President's support team in Florida that morning?

Would not respond.

2. Why, when he was told of the first plane striking the WTC, did the President continue with his engagement and go into a reading class at

the Emma Booker School?

Would not respond.

3. Why when told by Andrew Card in the classroom that a second plane had struck the WTC and that 'America is under attack', did he continue to stay in the classroom for some time?

Would not respond.

4. When did the President put the United States military on high alert?

Would not respond.

5. Why did the President not go back to Washington immediately when we now know that the story of the telephone warning that Air Force One was the next target never happened?

Would not respond.

6. Why did the President tell a public meeting that he saw the first plane strike the WTC and said 'There's one a terrible pilot', when he could not possibly have seen that happen before he entered the classroom? That footage was not aired until much later.

Would not respond.

7. Why was the President not considered to be in danger when the attacks began, and thus removed from the school and a pre-announced visit when the school was only a short distance from an airport?

Would not respond.

Why no evacuation?

Another piece of criminal negligence – in truth more than that – was the failure to evacuate the Pentagon, White House and other major Washington symbols until the Pentagon was struck. This was despite a warning apparently issued to the Pentagon by the FAA. 'Defense Department officials', quoted by CNN, said that no action was taken for at least 12 minutes despite warnings that an airliner 'appeared' to be heading towards Washington. In fact the aircraft must have been tracked heading in that direction for more than 40 minutes. American Forces Press Service reported that personnel at the Pentagon realised they could be a target long before they were hit: 'We were watching the World

Trade Center on the television,' said a Navy officer. 'When the second plane deliberately dove into the tower, someone said, "The World Trade Center is one of the most recognizable symbols of America. We're sitting in a close second".' Top people in the Pentagon, apparently, could not see what everyone else could. Or maybe, I would suggest, some of them could see very clearly, but did nothing because a pre-planned series of events had to be played to their conclusion. Officials at the Pentagon, quoted by CNN, said that 'no mechanism existed within the US government to notify various departments and agencies under such circumstances'. *No mechanism to evacuate the Pentagon with a flying bomb heading in its direction??* Pentagon spokesman Glenn Flood contradicted this when he said that 'to call for a general evacuation, at that point, it would have been just guessing ... We evacuate when we know something is a real threat to us.' Clearly something is only considered a 'real threat' when it smashes into the building. Oh, it was a real threat then; better evacuate, I guess. So there *was* an evacuation procedure (of course there was) – it just wasn't activated. *Newsday* reported that many of the building's 20,000 workers were still sitting at their desks when the plane struck and some said they heard the crash but didn't know the plane had hit the Pentagon until they saw it on TV! 'The first thought everyone had was that it had been a bomb,' said Victoria Clarke, a spokeswoman for Defense Secretary Rumsfeld (maybe it was, at least in part, but that's for later). Only with a hole in the side of the building and 125 employees and workers dead was the Pentagon evacuated followed by the White House, Capitol Hill and elsewhere. None of the Pentagon leadership were killed or injured because they did not work in the part of the building that was struck. They were on the opposite side as far from impact as you can get. The segment of the colossal building that was hit was where civilian accountants were working to track down the missing trillions from the Pentagon budget publicly announced the day before. Many of the money-trackers were killed. General Richard Myers, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, had the unbelievable nerve to say at a memorial ceremony for the victims that they were 'serving their country' in the course of doing their jobs at the Pentagon 'and on September 11 were called to make the ultimate sacrifice'. Sacrifice, I think, was the only appropriate word. They were allowed to die as the recorded facts make so plain. All this was coldly calculated by those running the 9/11 operation because the more death and destruction they could cause the bigger would be the problem, the bigger the reaction and therefore the bigger the solution that could be offered – a war without end and the dismantling of basic freedoms. The families of those who died in the Pentagon have an open and shut case for a lawsuit against the US government for the gross negligence that cost the lives of their loved ones. It is, however, as I continue to stress, far more than

'negligence' that is behind all this.

Where was 'Big Dick'?

Representatives of government, 'security' agencies and the military at the highest levels constantly lied over and over about what did and did not happen on 9/11 which brings me to mega-liar Dick Cheney. Where was the vice president all this time? He told the media on September 12th that a clerical secretary watching television in his White House office alerted him to the attacks. Oh really, Dick? The Cheyenne Mountain official website said of the NORAD Command Center: 'Redundant and survivable communications hotlines connect the Command Center to the Pentagon, White House, US Strategic Command, Canadian Forces Headquarters in Ottawa, other aerospace defense system command posts, and major military centers around the world.' Yet Cheney, sitting in the White House, says he learned of the attacks when a clerical secretary comes in and says: 'Hey, you'll never guess what I've just seen on the telly.' The whole story is a joke, but look at the common denominator here between Bush, Rumsfeld and Myers, the 1, 2, 3, in the military command structure, and Cheney. You can throw in NORAD's Eberhart as well. Their (cover) stories and actions all ensured that they were not in a position to react immediately to events until after the Pentagon was hit. Or rather they had an excuse why they didn't do so. Bush was occupied with the goat story until shortly before the Pentagon was hit and then went straight into another room to make a statement to the media. Rumsfeld gave Larry King a tale that he knew nothing about the World Trade Center until 15 minutes before the Pentagon was hit and claims no one told him that a plane was coming his way before his 'jarring thing'. 'So how could I order a response?' is the obvious implication. Myers says that he was in a pre-arranged meeting with a senator on Capitol Hill throughout the period between the first strike on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon strike almost an hour later while the actual Joint Chiefs chairman at the time was on a plane mid-Atlantic. The cover-story narratives about the movements of Cheney, Rumsfeld and Myers all have them otherwise engaged until about the same time – around 10am and crucially after the Pentagon was hit (by something). Isn't that all so terribly convenient? These transparently false cover-stories were accepted by the 9/11 Commission cover up. Another key question is where was *Father* George Bush, the orchestrator, with Cheney, of the Boy George 'presidency'? Daddy Bush, like Cheney, was a disgusting man, the depths of which are almost indescribable. He admitted himself that he was at the White House the night before 9/11, but said he flew the next morning to St Paul, Minneapolis. What time the next morning? The first plane to be hijacked was Flight 11 at about 8.15. Two planes had crashed into the World

Trade Center by 9.03 and, if Flight 93 had not been delayed well over half an hour before take-off, it is highly probable that all four aircraft would have hit their targets by around 9.40. What were Father Bush and Cheney doing while all this was going on? How did he take a plane out of Washington amid what was happening? One place Bush was reported to have been by the mainstream media on September 10th and 11th was at Washington's Ritz-Carlton Hotel in a business meeting for the Carlyle Group with Osama bin Laden's brother, Shafiq bin Laden, and other members of the family. I'll have more later about the Bush-Carlyle Group-Bin Laden family connection. Also at the meeting were Carlyle executives, former Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci and former Father Bush Secretary of State James Baker, who played a crucial role in getting Boy Bush the presidency in 2004 amid the controversy over the vote in Florida.

Clarke's bombshell

Richard Clarke, Boy Bush's counterterrorism advisor at the time of September 11th, published a book, *Against All Enemies*, in 2004 that demolished the accounts of Myers, Rumsfeld and Cheney about what they were doing that morning and where they were. Clarke said he was at a conference when he heard about Flight 11 and in the five minutes or so it took him to get to the White House he ordered a secure teleconference to be organised with the Counterterrorism Security Group. This included key personnel in government counterterrorism and security agencies. When he heard that the second tower had been hit, he said: 'I want the highest level person in Washington from each agency on-screen now, especially the FAA.' Clarke immediately made contact with Dick Cheney and National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice who were in Cheney's White House office. Cheney told him: 'It's an al-Qaeda attack and they like simultaneous attacks. This may not be over.' What prophets were on duty that day. These events happened according to Clarke just a few minutes after the second tower was hit at 9.03. How on earth could Cheney make such a statement to Clarke when, according to the official story, everyone else was running around in confusion about what was happening? As with all Problem-Reaction-Solution events, the false villain story is prepared and waiting when the 'problem' occurs. Hence, minutes after the first attacks, Cheney was already selling his manufactured culprits – Osama Bin Laden and 'al-Qaeda'. Remember, too, that Cheney was the man with ultimate responsibility for the wargame exercises going on in the skies at this same time and he claims he didn't know about 'Flight 11' hitting the World Trade Center? *Utter bollocks.* Richard Clarke's revelations expose Cheney's monumental lies about what he did that morning and what he knew. Clarke said he told Cheney and Rice that he was instigating 'a

secure teleconference to manage the crisis'. He said that as he left he saw both of them gathering papers and preparing to leave for the Presidential Emergency Operations Center (PEOC) in the East Wing of the White House. This was about 9.10 and David Bohrer, a White House photographer, says that he saw Cheney head for the bunker just after 9am. This supports Clarke's version while Cheney and the official account accepted by the 9/11 Commission [non]investigation says he didn't leave until 9.30. Cheney told NBC's *Meet the Press* that Flight 77 was being tracked and 'when it entered the danger zone and looked like it was headed for the White House [Secret Service agents] grabbed me and evacuated me to the basement [the White House 'bunker'] ...' Yeah, sure Dick, and there were fairies there to help them?

By the time this made-up story was supposed to have happened Cheney was already in the Presidential Emergency Operations Center (PEOC) and not his office, as confirmed by both Richard Clarke and Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta who said that when he arrived at the PEOC at 9.20 Cheney was already there. Secret Service documents and accounts confirm the same. Cheney's false account was concocted to help him claim ignorance about events in the sky and especially Flight 77. His wife, Lynne Cheney, a member of the Hidden Hand's American Enterprise Institute, was to join him along with Rice in the White House operations room. What was Cheney's *wife* doing there? What authority did she have to be there? Also assembled were Cheney's Chief of Staff Lewis 'Scooter' Libby and Deputy White House Chief of Staff Josh Bolton. Richard Clarke described Cheney's East Wing command operation as 'decidedly more political' than the one he was running and Cheney was constantly hanging up the line to Clarke's teleconference. Clarke says it was about 9.10-ish when he arrived at the Secure Video Conferencing Center next to the Situation Room in the West Wing and began to direct and discuss a response to the attacks with leading military and FAA officials. I emphasise the time – about *9.10*, or just after. Clarke says that others taking part in this teleconference were CIA Director George Tenet, FBI Director Robert Mueller, FAA Administrator Jane Garvey, Deputy Attorney General Larry Thompson, Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage and ... here we go ... *Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld and acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Richard Myers*. Well, well, bloody well. Both men, Clarke said, were 'surrounded by generals and colonels' the whole time. Rumsfeld had said 'I am too goddam old to go to an alternate site' when a relocation had been suggested. Robert Andres, Principal Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Special Operations and Low Intensity Conflict, said in 2007 that he knew Rumsfeld had gone to Clarke's video conference and went to find materials that Rumsfeld would need. Andres said: 'I was there in the Support Center with the secretary when

he was talking to Clarke on the White House video-conference, and to the President.' So what happened to Rumsfeld's account on *Larry King Live* that he was handed a note in his office about 9.25 telling him that the first plane had hit the World Trade Center, but not the second, and that he felt a 'jarring thing' when the Pentagon was hit in an attack for which he was given no warning? What happened to the General Myers story of being in a meeting on Capitol Hill until the Pentagon was hit? Of course Myers would have been at the Pentagon. For a start he would have been involved in the long list of simultaneous wargame exercises going on that morning. Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta told the 9/11 Commission that he was in Cheney's East Wing bunker as the 'young man' was giving Cheney regular reports of the progress of 'Flight 77' heading for Washington, but Defense Secretary Rumsfeld in a teleconference with open voice lines to Cheney's and Clarke's operations didn't know? If Cheney knew, the military knew, so why didn't Rumsfeld? Richard Clarke said that Rumsfeld joined the teleconference minutes after the second plane crashed in New York and remained throughout. Clarke had said about the moment when the Pentagon was struck: 'I can still see Rumsfeld on the screen, so the whole building didn't get hit.' What happened to Myers' story that he was on Capitol Hill having a meeting with Senator Max Cleland while all this was going on? He said he had seen that a plane had hit the first tower (8.46am), but had still gone into the meeting with Cleland and did not come out until about the time the Pentagon was hit (9.38am). He said that in the interim no one had told the top uniformed commander in the US military on duty that day that a second plane had crashed at 9.03. Yet here he was all along, according to Richard Clarke, taking part in a teleconference with Rumsfeld and company at the Pentagon. Joint Chiefs Chairman General Hugh Shelton, on his plane heading for Europe, also indicated that Myers was where Clarke said he was during the attacks (even Shelton's own account of his return to Washington later that day is fraught with inconsistencies – did anyone tell the truth that day?). I tried to contact Max Cleland while researching *Alice in Wonderland* to ask about his alleged meeting with Myers which provided the cover story of where Myers was before the Pentagon was hit, but I received no reply. Cleland later indicated that he was indeed with Myers, but *he could not have been.* Richard Clarke even recounts one exchange he had with Myers at 9.28 – before the Pentagon was struck. He told Myers that he assumed that NORAD had already scrambled fighters and AWAC recognisance aircraft. Clarke asked how many and where? Myers had replied:

> Not a pretty picture, Dick. We are in the middle of Vigilant Warrior, a NORAD exercise, but ... Otis has launched two birds toward New York. Langley is trying to get two up now. The AWACS are at Tinker and not on

alert.

AWACS were actually in the air taking part in the exercises and could have been immediately diverted to real events – but weren't. Clarke asked 'how long to CAP [Combat Air Patrol] over Washington?' Myers replied: 'Fast as we can.' Looking around at other generals he asked: 'Fifteen minutes?' This is Myers who claimed that (a) he was on Capitol Hill at this time and (b) said he didn't know if fighters were airborne in response before the Pentagon strike. He told a hearing on Capitol Hill two days later that 'to the best of my knowledge' no fighters were scrambled before the Pentagon attack when he must have known the details on the day given that he was involved in making those decisions. Rumsfeld and Myers outrageously lied about where they were and what they were doing and their lies were meant to hide what really happened that morning. The idea was to sell the public a story of apparent confusion to hide coldly-calculated design. Look at the other implications in what Clarke describes. He was on the line with NORAD and he confirmed that FAA Administrator Jane Garvey was also there. This teleconference alone, starting around 9.10, connected NORAD, the FAA and the Pentagon via Rumsfeld and Myers and their 'generals and colonels'. What is all this stuff from NORAD and the military about the FAA not telling them in time to react? We are told in one mendacious diversion that air traffic was not sure if Flight 11 had crashed into the North Tower because American Airlines would not confirm it. How can this claim stand up when Clarke opened his teleconference, not long after 9am, by asking FAA Administrator Jane Garvey what she knew? Clarke said she replied: 'The two aircraft that went [into the WTC] were American Flight 11, a 767, and United 175, also a 767 – hijacked.' Where is the confusion in that? NORAD NEADS operatives were not told about Flight 93 until after it crashed, according to the tapes subpoenaed by the 9/11 Commission, but Flight 93 was being mentioned in the Richard Clarke teleconference at 9.35 when the FAA's Jane Garvey reported it among possible hijacked flights. This was *28 minutes* before it officially crashed.

The criminal '9/11 Commission', which was set up *not* to find the truth, said of this teleconference: 'It is not clear to us that the teleconference was fully under way before 9:37, when the Pentagon was struck'. This false time is in the Commission report purely to obscure fundamental contradictions in the official story. The Commission report goes on: 'We do not know who from Defense participated, but we know that in the first hour none of the personnel involved in managing the crisis did.' Excuse me. A Commission that held months of hearings could not establish 'who from Defense' participated in this crucial teleconference? *Didn't they ask?* Or are the Pentagon top brass and

everyone else who took part with Clarke suffering from mass amnesia? No – the Commission is laying a diversion. To tell the truth and list the people from the Pentagon who participated and the time they were there, including Rumsfeld and Myers, would destroy the official story – and that of Cheney. When you see who was involved in the compilation of the Commission's 'report' you'll appreciate why it cannot be taken seriously. The report says that none of the information conveyed in the White House teleconference, at least in the first hour, was being passed to the NMCC [National Military Command Center]'. The Command Center is located in the Joint Chiefs of Staff department of the Pentagon and, in its own words, is responsible for 'generating Emergency Action Messages to launch control centers, nuclear submarines, recognisance aircraft and battlefield commanders worldwide'. The NMCC is essentially the control centre for the entire military and described as a central clearinghouse. It provides continuous monitoring and coordination of worldwide military operations and supports commanders, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Secretary of Defense and the President, in the command and control of US armed forces in peacetime, contingencies and war. Well, if you believe the 9/11 Commission, and no one with half a brain will do so, all this is happening 24 hours of every day – *except* on September 11th. The Commission report says that Richard Clarke's teleconference was not connected into the area of the NMCC from where the crisis was being managed, and 'the director of the operations team who was on the phone with NORAD did not have the benefit of information being shared on the teleconference'. *Nonsense.* Clarke confirms that the Secretary of State for Defense and the acting chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the second and third in command of the entire US military, were surrounded by generals and colonels during the conference. But still the Pentagon Command Center didn't know what was going on?? *Lies, lies, lies.*

Dick Cheney left the White House after the attacks and relocated to Site R, or the 'Underground Pentagon', a top-secret complex of buildings inside Raven Rock Mountain, near Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania. This is about seven miles north of the presidential 'retreat' at Camp David. Site R is also known as the Alternate Joint Communications Center. Journalist James Bamford, a former ABC investigative producer and an intelligence specialist, said that hours after the attacks five helicopters arrived at Site R together with a convoy of vehicles with black-tinted windows. One of the first people to arrive was Paul Wolfowitz, Deputy Secretary of Defense and the real power at the Pentagon where Rumsfeld was window dressing. Wolfowitz went on to head the World Bank before corruption finished him. He was the Bush administration's liaison to the American Israel Public Affairs Committee

(AIPAC), one of Washington's biggest lobby groups which campaigns for policies favourable to Israel. AIPAC is an extension and agent of the Israeli government at the heart of American political affairs and the Israel connection to 9/11 will become very clear later on. Cheney would disappear for long periods in the wake of the attacks to top secret locations preparing for the next stage of the attack on human freedom – the 'war on terror' justified by 9/11.

CHAPTER 8

Contradictions, anomalies and mystery men

Many are destined to reason wrongly, others, not to reason at all; and others, to persecute those who do reason – Voltaire

Accepted versions of 'truth' and 'history' are rarely the result of factual information. They are formed by simple repetition. Tell people something often enough and they will believe it.

In this way it has become accepted truth and official history that 19 hijackers working for Osama Bin Laden hijacked four commercial aircraft, took over the controls, and flew them into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon while the fourth crashed when passengers attacked the Arab pilots. These hijackers, we are told, learned to fly on simulators and at schools in the United States where they trained on small one-engine light planes like the Cessna. Keep that in mind as you read the next two statements. First a report on what happened when Flight 77 is said to have crashed into the Pentagon:

> The hijacker-pilots were then forced to execute a difficult high-speed descending turn. Radar shows Flight 77 did a downward spiral, turning almost a complete circle and dropping the last 7,000 feet in two-and-a-half minutes. The steep turn was so smooth, the sources say, it's clear there was no fight for control going on. And the complex maneuver suggests the hijackers had better flying skills than many investigators first believed. The jetliner disappeared from radar at 9.37 and less than a minute later it clipped the tops of street lights and plowed into the Pentagon at 460 mph.

Now the remarks of Rick Garza, a flying instructor at Sorbi's Flying Club in San Diego, who remembers trying to teach Khalid al-Mihdhar and Nawaq al-Hamzi, two of the Arab 'pilots' alleged to have been on Flight 77:

> It was like Dumb and Dumber. I mean, they were clueless. It was clear to me they weren't going to make it as pilots.

A 'hijacker' named by the FBI as Hani Hanjour is said to have been at the controls of the wide-boded 757 of 'Flight 77' performing that incredibly skilled manoeuvre to approach the Pentagon and yet instructors at Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, banned him from renting a one-engine plane because he was such an incompetent pilot only *weeks* before 9/11. He took three flights with instructors in the second week of August, 2001, and flew so badly his application for plane rental was refused. A *New York Times* story headed 'Trainee Noted For Incompetence' described how Hanjour was reported in February, 2001, by instructors at his flying school in Phoenix because his piloting and English were so poor. The instructors questioned if his pilot's licence was genuine. *The Washington Post* ran a story the month after 9/11 headed 'Hanjour: A Study in Paradox' which said that how and where Hanjour obtained a pilot's licence remained 'a lingering question that FAA officials refuse to discuss'. Descriptions of Hanjour's ineptitude as a pilot of one-engine planes include 'a trainee noted for incompetence' and this from a former employee of his flying school: 'He could not fly at all.' One thing can be stated without question: Hani Hanjour was not at the controls of Flight 77 as the authorities claim. Clearly there's something seriously wrong here with these official stories – there is at every turn. I am going to explore the official story of the 9/11 'hijackers' in this chapter and we know the identity of at least one without a modicum of doubt because we have his passport. Yes, in one of those amazing little miracles that so often turn up in government narratives the always-truthful FBI and New York police revealed that the paper passport of one of the hijackers was found in a New York street even though it was supposed to be in a plane that crashed in a fireball into the World Trade Center. Who said God is not on our side? The 'passport' was spotted by an 'unnamed passer-by' a few blocks from the WTC 'in the vicinity of Vesey Street' (Fig 36).

Figure 36: A paper passport survived the impact with the World Trade Center and a subsequent fireball and was not even damaged? Yes, and I'm Dolly Parton.

Was it singed? FBI Assistant Director Barry Mawn told a news conference that the passport was found 'several blocks' from the World Trade Center and a 'grid search' of the whole area had been launched in the hope of finding other important evidence about the hijackers. At the same conference it was said to be unlikely that remains of the hijackers would be conclusively identified since nothing was likely to be available for use as a DNA match. *Phew* – thank goodness they found the passport then. We are told that no aircraft black boxes survived the World Trade Center crashes to tell us what happened, but a paper passport that one of the 'hijackers' was carrying somehow survived a fireball and wafted back to earth. The passport story surviving a fireball and a skyscraper collapse turned out to be too ridiculous even for the 9/11 fairy tale and by 2004 the story had changed to it being found before the towers fell. Oh, that makes sense now, thank you, except there is still the problem of the fireball, if I may be so bold. The passport was claimed to belong to Satam Muhammed Abdel Rahman al-Suqami, an alleged hijacker on Flight 11. Lead Counsel Susan Ginsburg, in testimony to the waste-of-space 9/11 Commission which 'investigated' the attacks, said the passport had been 'manipulated in a fraudulent manner in ways that have been associated with al-Qaeda'. Yawn. A year after 9/11 when a British television news team were filming for a first anniversary programme they asked New York police about the passport. They replied that it was 'a rumour that might be true'. This was a 'rumour' reported as fact immediately after 9/11 at a news conference for no other reason than to sell the validity of the official story in the immediate aftermath. Passports belonging to 'hijackers' Ziad Jarrah and Saeed al-Ghamdi were said to have been found at the alleged crash site of Flight 93 which would be a little more credible were not the story of that crash awash with contradictions. Mark Twain said: 'When you tell the truth you don't have to remember anything.' The official story is founded on so many lies told so often that it has to remember everything it has previously lied about and you therefore have an endless stream of contradictory stories and claims. Given a mainstream media with a modicum of willpower and courage to establish the truth there would be famous people in jail by now and they would not be Arabs. There are so many lies that every aspect has to be questioned to see if its stands up to scrutiny.

Hijacking the 'hijackers'?

The CIA and FBI claimed they had no prior warning of the September 11th attacks which is clearly baloney and has been shown to be so; but let's run with that for a moment. Let's say it was really true that they didn't know. This incompetence in failing to trace any orchestration of such a multi-faceted and long-planned attack on US soil would, in any

sane society, lead to wholesale sackings and inquiries. Instead President Bush rewarded the CIA and FBI for their 'incompetence' by greatly increasing their budgets. Again the contradiction can be explained by the realisation that these agencies were not meant to stop the attacks before they happened, just as the elite inner core of the FAA, NORAD and the Pentagon were not meant to stop them while they were underway. Having failed, or so they say, to track any sign whatsoever of the 'terrorists' and their plans before September 11th the FBI was able to name the 19 men it claims were responsible almost immediately afterwards. What brilliance. There has been much controversy over the identity of the 'hijackers' officially named with claims at various times that seven and up to ten were still alive amid stories of identity theft and mistaken identity. We cannot be sure that all the people named are accurate even before we examine if they were actually to blame for what happened. The list of the 'guilty 19' was released by a highly-politicised FBI 'investigation' led by Boy Bush appointee Robert Mueller who took over the Bureau only two weeks before September 11th. The same Mueller was wheeled out in 2018 to lead the highly-politicised 'investigation' into alleged Russia collusion with the Trump election campaign and predictably found no evidence but still disingenuously gave Democrats encouragement to impeach the President. Even Mueller told CNN in 2002 there was 'no legal proof to prove the identities of the suicidal hijackers' and yet the same names went on being used. In the light of the staggering untruths told by the FBI and other government agencies decade after decade, and never more so than since 9/11, you'll understand if I don't take the official information released on the 'hijackers' at face value. Such 'information' is so often of two-face value (Fig 37). The most famous of them and the 'poster man' of the 9/11 attacks is Mohamed Atta, an Egyptian

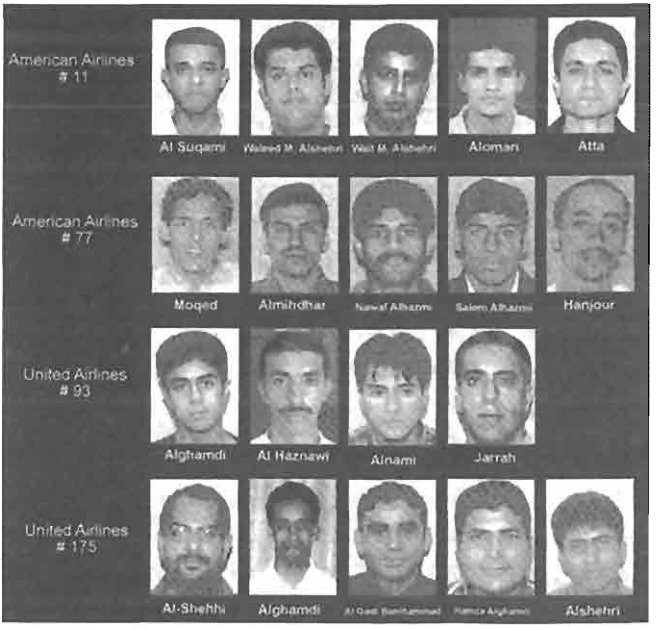

Figure 37: The alleged 9/11 'hijackers'.

Figure 38: Mohamed Atta, 'lead hijacker' on 9/11 – or maybe not.

national who is said to have been the leader of the hijackers and the 'pilot' who directed Flight 11 into the World Trade Center (Fig 38). Atta – or the person claimed to have been him – grew up in Cairo and used the name Mohamed El-Amir. His full name was Mohamed El-Amir Awad el-Sayed Atta. He became an electrical engineering student at the Technical University of Hamburg-Harburg in Germany where his tutor Dittmar Machule said he didn't know the name Mohamed Atta until after 9/11 because his pupil didn't call himself that. 'Atta' was described in very different terms by those who met him to the Islamic extremist profile promoted by the official story. Machule said the Germany 'Atta' – Mohamed El-Amir – was very religious, prayed often and never touched alcohol. He said his student would not even shake hands with a woman when introduced. Ralph Bodenstein, a fellow student who spent three months with El-Amir on a field study in 1995, said:

> The Mohamed I know was not a terrorist. But the photo they show in the press, that is the person, that is the same person I knew. He was a very complex person. On the one hand, he was a very religious person. He was growing a beard, he had just come back from a small hajj. He did pray five times a day.
>
> On the other hand, he was very full of idealism and he was a humanist. He was very much interested in social work. The person I knew then is not a person who could do what he is said to do now ... I knew him as an idealist who had great dreams about people living together.

Descriptions of Mohamed El-Amir's personality by his father, retired Cairo lawyer Mohamed al-Amir Atta, matched those who knew him in Germany. He said: 'Oh God! He is so decent, so shy and tender. I used to tell him "Toughen up, boy!"' El-Amir's father said in a statement to the London-based *al-Sharq al-Awsat* newspaper on September 22nd, 2001, that his son was in Germany and had phoned him after the attacks. The father claimed that on September 12th he was at his holiday home on the Mediterranean coast without radio or television and was unaware of the attacks in America the previous day. He said his son called him there and they talked about 'normal things'. Only later did the father hear

what had happened in the United States. He also dismissed the suggestion that El-Amir was a supporter of al-Qaeda:

> Mohamed, my son, hates Osama Bin Laden like he hates the sinner. Do not forget that Osama Bin Laden is behind the attack on our embassy in Pakistan. Mohamed is a real Egyptian. All this talk is nonsense.

He said he believed that his son's identity had been stolen and that El-Amir 'Atta' didn't know how to fly a plane. In fact, he was frightened of flying and always vomiting when he travelled by air. 'He was a donkey when it came to politics. I advised him, like my father advised me, that politics equals hypocrisy,' he said. Mohamed El-Amir's tutor Dittmar Machule supported this theme. He told the *Wall Street Journal*: 'I never heard any anti-Zionist, anti-American or anti-Christian statements from him.' For sure the 'Atta' in America was not frightened of flying and although he had no experience whatsoever on wide-bodied jets he could pilot one-engine planes. Mohamed El-Amir was remembered in Germany as tolerant of other religions and 'not a radical thinker'. Friends said he condemned terrorist attacks on tourists in Egypt and in 1999 he presented his thesis on the restoration of the old quarter of the city of Aleppo in Syria with his 152-page study arguing that urban planning should reflect the traditional coexistence of Muslims and Christians. He appears to have registered with *Bab Souria*, formerly known as *Syria Online*, in 1997 under the name Mohamed El-Amir asking for information about Aleppo. His alleged transformation into 'American Atta' is claimed to have happened when according to *The New York Times* he disappeared from the university from mid-1997 to October, 1998, and when he returned he had changed. He now wore a beard and persuaded the university to provide a prayer room for himself and other Arab students including his 'hijacker' friend Marwan al-Shehhi and one other 'suspected hijacker', a Lebanese student named Ziad Jarrah or Jarrahi, who studied aircraft design. There has been confusion about the spelling of the name with the FBI first saying Jarrahi and then Jarrah. The man they claim to be Jarrahi/Jarrah liked nightclubs and was due to marry his Turkish girlfriend two weeks after September 11th which sounds like we have a real Muslim extremist on our hands. I don't buy the convenient 'Atta' personality transformation and there is the rather relevant matter of Germany-based 'Atta' being a very small man, no more than five-feet-four, while American 'Atta' was said to be between five-feet eight and ten. Mohamed El-Amir's father said that the 'Mohamed Atta' seen on security video at an airport in Portland, Maine, did not look like his son. The UK *Guardian* recognised the personality contradictions days after the attacks. It said of Atta:

> He repeatedly switched names, nationalities and personalities. If in Egypt, and later in the US, he was Mohamed Atta, then at the Technical University of Harburg, he was Mohamed el-Amir. For the university authorities, he was an Egyptian, yet for his landlord, as for the US authorities, he was from the United Arab Emirates.
>
> And while it is not hard to see Atta, whose face gazes out from the passport photograph released by the FBI, as that of the mass murderer of Manhattan, el-Amir was a shy, considerate man who endeared himself to Western acquaintances. Such indeed was the gulf between the two that some people, notably his father, insisted last week that Mohamed Atta's identity must have been stolen by the hijackers' leader.

Does that description of 'America Atta' sound more like an intelligence operative than a urban planning student?

Booze-drinking, cocaine-snorting 'Muslim hijackers'

Germany 'Atta' was described by friends and acquaintances as polite, reserved, introverted, never aggressive, always smiling, 'very nice', and a Muslim so devout that he would not shake hands with a woman. Contrast this with the description and life-style of America-based Mohammed Atta who was often dubbed rude, aggressive and arrogant and was anything but devoutly religious. Amanda Keller, a lingerie model escort and pizza restaurant manager, said she lived with Atta for a short time in early 2001 in the Sandpiper Apartments in Venice, Florida, close to the airport where he is said to have trained at a flying school. Stephanie Frederickson, a neighbour of Keller, remembered Atta living there with Keller and so did apartment manager Charles Grapentine. Frederickson said:

> Amanda moved in next door first, saying she had come from Orange Park. Then one day in the middle of March she brought home Atta ... Amanda said to me, 'I'd like you to meet my friend Mohamed Atta. He's from France.' I looked at her to see if she was joking, but I guess she wasn't.

We are told the 9/11 attacks were carried out by Islamic fanatics as part of a Jihad, or Holy War, against the United States and two most basic tenets of the Muslim religion are that you never drink alcohol and never eat the meat of a pig. Atta, according to Amanda Keller, was a heavy drinker, regularly snorted cocaine and his favourite food was pork chops. He and other alleged hijackers are reported to have made at least six trips to Las Vegas with all its non-Islamic recreational activities including handing hundreds of dollars to lap dancers at the Pink Pony strip club. Islamic fanatics *they were not*. Why would he be the 'lead

hijacker' in a suicide attack on behalf of an Islamic 'holy war'? Was the Germany 'Atta' the same man as the American 'Atta'? It's highly unlikely unless he went through a remarkable transformation in which he ditched his Muslim beliefs, carried out a suicide attack in the name of his Muslim beliefs and grew several inches. The 9/11 cover up doesn't want us to know this background because their fairy tale starts to unravel. Amanda Keller was tracked down by investigative journalist Daniel Hopsicker for his book, *Welcome to Terrorland: Mohamed Atta and the 9-11 Cover-Up in Florida*, and she described anything but the 'Islamic extremist' the authorities want us to believe he was. Keller eventually retracted her story after being subjected to what she called FBI intimidation. Neighbour Stephanie Frederickson and manager Charles Grapentine said they experienced the same from the FBI after speaking publicly. Frederickson said:

> The question they asked was always the same. You aren't saying anything to anybody, are you? At first, right after the attack, they told me I must have been mistaken in my identification. Or they would insinuate that I was lying. Finally they stopped trying to get me to change my story, and just stopped by once a week to make sure I hadn't been talking to anyone.

Charles Grapentine described the same experience:

> They called me a liar, and told me to keep my mouth shut. Nobody likes to hear that; that they didn't see something they know they saw.

This is how the truth stays hidden and FBI operatives are long-time experts at this in the mould of their psychopathic former leader, J. Edgar Hoover (assassinations of 'threats to the state' like Martin Luther King a speciality). Amanda Keller is quoted by Hopsicker as saying: 'They told me not to talk to anybody, to keep my mouth shut.' The 'Muslim extremist' 'Mohamed Atta' named in the official story was, in fact, a hard-drinking, cocaine-snorting pork-eater with a white, seriously non-Muslim American girlfriend and frequented strip clubs and lap-dancing joints. No wonder the FBI sought to intimate witnesses telling this story. The enormous difference in personality and lifestyle, plus the distinct difference in height, between Mohamed El-Amir in Germany and Mohamed Atta in America make it clear that they were not the same people. Amanda Keller said that Atta had pilot licences from many countries – flying experience confirmed by his flying school owner in Florida. There is no evidence it seems that Mohamed El-Amir knew how to fly and his father said he had been frightened of flying. If the American 'Atta' was not the German 'Atta' then who was he?

Where are the 'hijackers'?

American and United Airlines released 'partial' passenger lists ('manifests') for the four hijacked planes and not one contained any of the 'terrorists' named by the FBI, nor even anyone with an Arabic name. The airlines said that some passengers were not listed because their next of kin had yet to be informed. This would not have applied to the hijackers, though, surely, so why were they not there? To this day we have not seen the original passenger manifests which were immediately confiscated – like all video surveillance footage – by Robert Mueller's FBI which then produced a list of 19 alleged 'hijackers' three days after the attacks. The first list (later changed) was revealed by CNN a day after the attacks but four names alleged to have been on Flight 11 would be replaced by the FBI in a subsequent version. Adnan Bukhari, Ameer Bukhari, Abdulrahman al-Omari and Amer Kamfar would be replaced by Abdulaziz al-Omari, Wali al-Shehri, Waleed al-Shehri and Satam al-Suqami. How can this be? Either the first four were on the passenger manifest lists or they weren't. They could not have been because Ameer Bukhari was killed a year to the day before 9/11 in a mid-air crash while Adnan Bukhari was still alive and living in Florida. Abdulrahman al-Omari and Amer Kamfar were alive in Saudi Arabia. This is extraordinary. The FBI identified 'hijackers' from the flight manifests (legal documents) and the names were either there or they weren't. You can't name people from passenger lists and then change your mind when evidence emerges that they could not have been on board. Hani Hanjour, the supposed 'hijacker pilot' of Flight 77, was not named in a list of 18 hijackers and then appeared hours later replacing another name reported by CNN that was never mentioned again or appeared in print which sounded something like 'Mosear Caned'. *The Washington Post* reported that Hanjour was not on the original passenger list 'because he may not have had a ticket'. How did he get on the plane, then – teleportation? A letter from American Airlines to the 9/11 Commission in March, 2004, said: 'We have not been able to determine if Hani Hanjour checked in at the main ticket counter.' What they mean is there is absolutely no proof that he was on the plane. This is the bloke who was supposed to have flown Flight 77 into the Pentagon. Despite all of the above Hani Hanjour was named on an official passenger list produced for the trial of alleged '20th hijacker' Zacarias Moussaoui in 2006, of whom more later.

The FBI released photographs on September 27th of men they believed, note believed, were the hijackers and emphasised that 'attempts to confirm the true identities of these individuals are still underway'. We appear to have heard no more so how are they getting on? The family of alleged 'hijacker' Hamza al-Ghamdi said his

photograph looked nothing like him. I met with Michael Woodward, the American Airlines Flight Services Manager at Boston Airport, who says he took the call from attendant Amy Sweeney shortly before Flight 11 crashed. He told me that when he took the call from the plane he punched up the passenger list for Flight 11 on his computer screen and Atta's name was there in the seat that Sweeney had mentioned. A BBC report, *The Last Moments of Flight 11*, pointed out that Sweeney said there were only four hijackers while the FBI says there were five and that 'the seat numbers she gave were different from those registered in the hijackers' names'. Flight 11 attendant Betty Ong gave other different seat numbers for the hijackers in her alleged call from the plane. I asked the FBI to explain these inconsistencies, but it would not give me an answer. In fact five passengers were missing from the list released for American Airlines Flight 11 and eight for Flight 77. It was the same story with the lists issued by United Airlines. Nine names were absent from Flight 175 and twelve from Flight 93. There is much confusion and contradiction about the authenticated passenger lists or manifests – again *legal documents* – which have never been released by either the airlines or the FBI. They have all steadfastly resisted doing so despite endless requests directly or through the Freedom of Information Act. What they have made public are alleged lists of passengers with no authentication. The question of who was on the planes reached new levels of farce in 2004 with a report by American Airlines to the 9/11 Commission claiming that some passengers had boarded Flight 11 'after the plane had pushed back from the gate'. Now that is a feat I would love to hear explained. Take your time. Robert Bonner, former Administrator of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and Commissioner of US Customs and Border Protection, told the 9/11 Commission that within an hour of the attacks 'US Customs Office of Intelligence had identified the 19 probable hijackers as well as the complete lists of passengers on the aircraft'. Many questions come from this. For example – why then have we never to this day seen the original authenticated legally-binding passenger lists and how did they access them so quickly and identify the 'hijackers' within an hour amid multiple confusions about which flights had been hijacked and crashed.

Atta is said to have flown to Boston that morning from Portland, Maine, and according to a US Air ticket agent in Portland, Michael Tuohey, he would have had to go through check-in and security again at Boston to board the American Airlines Flight 11. Tuohey said Atta gave him an icy stare when he refused to give boarding passes to him and his associate for their connecting flight in Boston. He warned the pair they had to hurry to avoid missing their flight and they left for security. If the 'hijackers' were on those planes out of Boston then surely check-in staff would remember them. When you travelled by air inside America in

2001 you didn't tend to see that many Arabic people and as these guys were supposed to have flown in business class and first class they would have had their own check-in desks and attendants with far fewer passengers to deal with than those checking in economy passengers. There were very light passenger loads on all four planes anyway – remarkably so. We are told that Atta was in first class and if he was on board there is no way the first class check-in attendant or boarding gate attendant would not have remembered him especially as he would have had to present a photo ID that matched his face and name with his ticket. Why have we never seen the boarding card clips of the 'hijackers' that are removed by staff at the boarding gate? When Michael Woodward was asked if he could put me in contact with the check-in staff that dealt with Atta and company that morning he paused and said: 'I don't know who that would be.' Maybe it's just me, but I found that a strange statement five months after the attacks. If you had taken a call from someone on a hijacked airliner that then crashed into the World Trade Center wouldn't you want to know from your colleagues what exactly happened that morning and who did what? Was there never any conversation between staff in five months about who checked in these guys, what happened and what they were like? I find that bewildering. Woodward said he would find out the name of the check-in person for me and when he did not reply over the next three days I returned to Boston Airport in search of the person who checked in Atta and his fellow hijackers. I talked to a check-in staff supervisor on duty at American and asked him about speaking to the check-in staff in business and first class on September 11th. The man became very agitated and would not even tell me his name. He went over to a check-in computer while refusing to enter into any conversation to find the number of the American Airlines media centre in Texas. Asked why he couldn't, or wouldn't, speak to me he said it was 'for personal reasons' and would say no more.

'Ask the FBI'

I asked staff at American Airlines corporate headquarters in Fort Worth, Texas, if they could confirm that the alleged hijackers passed through their check-in systems at Boston Logan and Washington Dulles. Tim Kincaid, Manager of Communications Planning, American Airlines Corporate Communications, replied that I would have to ask the FBI. I asked if I could speak with the check-in staff that dealt with the 'hijackers' to confirm that they went through. Kincaid replied: 'Sorry, no.' Rich Nelson, media spokesman for United Airlines based in Chicago, told me the same. When I asked if he could confirm that the men named as hijackers passed through United's normal check-in procedures at Boston Logan and Newark, New Jersey, Nelson also

referred me to the FBI. He said that I couldn't speak with the check-in staff involved out of respect for their privacy. However, I heard a very different story from Stanley Hilton, the San Francisco lawyer who filed a $7 billion lawsuit against Bush and other members of his administration on behalf of 9/11 families and others claiming Bush administration complicity in allowing the attacks to happen. The case was dismissed in 2004 when the judge ruled that US citizens do not have the right to sue a sitting President because of the Doctrine of Sovereign Immunity which degrees that a 'sovereign or state cannot commit a legal wrong and is immune from civil suit or criminal prosecution'. Hilton told me that clients who worked as flight attendants and pilots for American Airlines had been subjected to 'very tough gag orders' and were threatened with 'immediate termination if they talk about any of this publicly'. That would certainly explain my own experience with AA staff at Boston Logan and why should we think it would be any different at United? I said to Tim Kincaid at American Airlines that when they released passenger lists for Flights 11 and 77 there were five names missing on Flight 11 and eight for 77. I said I understood the original reason given for some of the passenger names not being there – next of kin not yet notified – but why were there no names for the hijackers on those lists? Kincaid's reply: 'Sorry, you'll need to contact the FBI.' I said that given next of kin for all the passengers will now long have been informed could I have complete passenger lists for Flights 11 and 77? Kincaid referred me to the American Airlines website for news releases for September, 2001, which merely had the original lists with the names missing. I went back to ask if the incomplete passenger lists released on September 12th were the only ones they had published. He said that the news release 'is the only one we put out and is as complete as we could make it'. He explained that 'some families asked that their loved one's name not be listed, and [they had] honored their wishes'. This is not the reason originally given for the missing passengers which was that next of kin had not been informed. Are we to believe that by some fantastic coincidence the very same next of kin who had not been informed soon enough for their loved ones to be included in the first list are the very same next of kin who decided they did not want the names of their loved ones to be published? Where are the hijackers? I contacted Kincaid again: 'What do you mean by 'as complete as we could make it? Why no hijackers anywhere?' His reply: 'That's as much as we can share. Call the FBI.' A year later at the time that *Alice in Wonderland and the World Trade Center* was published we had still not had a full passenger list for the 9/11 flights nor seen authenticated airline ticket and boarding pass documentation of the 'hijackers' who are claimed to have been on those planes. Nearly two decades later we *still haven't*. I asked Kincaid, a pleasant guy merely doing his job, if I could I see copies of the

paperwork detailing the calls made by Betty Ong and Amy Sweeney to AA ground staff from Flight 11, but it was the usual reply: 'Contact the FBI.' Rich Nelson, media spokesman for United Airlines, told me that they only released the names of those whose families authorised them to do so.

Why so few passengers?

Then there is the matter of the passenger numbers on the four flights involved. Okay, it was a Tuesday, the slowest day of the week the airlines claimed, but these were pan-America flights leaving at a time to coincide with the business day on the West Coast in the major cities of Los Angeles and San Francisco. According to airline figures Flight 11 had only 81 passengers on a plane that could carry 158; Flight 175 had 56 passengers on a plane with a capacity of 168; Flight 77 was carrying 58 passengers when the capacity was 176; and Flight 93 had just 38 on a plane capable of holding 182. We have four aircraft leaving from three airports, all hijacked in well under two hours, all left to their fate with no effective reaction from the FAA-NORAD response system, the Pentagon or government, Bush administration complicity in allowing the attacks to happen and all remarkably low on passengers. I asked American Airlines for the average number of passengers on Flights 11 and 77 throughout the year 2000. They told me: 'This information is proprietary and not available, sorry.' At least I wasn't told to contact the FBI. Rich Nelson at United Airlines said that, beyond saying that Tuesdays are typically light days, he couldn't tell me the average passenger numbers for those flights because it was considered to be 'proprietary information'. So 'proprietary information' was more important to these people than being open about what happened on 9/11? Even with the small number of passengers we are still told that between four and five hijackers without guns could overpower and control two pilots in each plane and between 43 and 90 passengers and flight attendants, using box-cutters and small knives. *The Washington Post* reported that attendant Michelle Heidenberger on Flight 77 had been 'trained to handle a hijacking':

> She knew not to let anyone in the cockpit. She knew to tell the hijacker that she didn't have a key and would have to call the pilots. None of her training mattered.

The question is – why? What could have happened? There were some big guys on these planes both in the cockpit and among the passengers. Mark Bingham, a 31-year-old, six-feet five rugby player, and Jeremy Glick, a former national judo champion, were both on Flight 93. Judo is an art of self-defence that includes dealing with people who have

knives. I contacted the FBI where everyone kept referring me and was asked to fax a list of my 47 questions to Rex Tomb, a representative for the FBI's Fugitive Publicity and Internet Media Services Unit. Many of the questions were the ones I had asked the two airlines and other organisations which they told me could only be answered by the FBI. A few days later I received a faxed reply from Ernest J. Porter at the Office of Public and Congressional Affairs saying that Tomb had given my questions to him. Porter said he regretted being the bearer of disappointing news, but it was not possible for the FBI to answer any of my questions. The news was not, in fact, 'disappointing', just depressingly predictable. Porter told me: 'It will be some time, perhaps years, before the FBI's investigative files on this case may be available through vehicles such as the Freedom of Information Act. The answers to your questions may be found in the files at that time.' One of my questions was: 'When did Robert Mueller officially become head of the FBI?' The propaganda and cover-up technique comes clearly into focus. It is the same technique used with all such set-ups: (1) you give the media the 'information' about the event that tells the public the story you want them to believe; (2) you tell everyone with any knowledge or relevant information about the event that they must pass all inquiries to the FBI; (3) the FBI then says it cannot answer questions about its official story because of the 'ongoing investigation'. It's funny how the 'ongoing investigation' didn't prevent the FBI from promoting its version of events. It only becomes a problem when the Bureau is questioned about that version. There are many decent, dedicated people working for the FBI, but when it comes to key positions of power they are not there to uncover the truth only to stop it ever being known.

'Ringleader' Atta

The FBI claims that Mohamed Atta first arrived in the United States with fellow 'hijacker' Marwan al-Shehhi on June 3rd, 2000, but the FBI in Miami reported that in *April*, 2000, a 'Mohamed Atta' approached a Farm Loan Manager at the Florida Department of Agriculture seeking a loan 'to buy a six-passenger, twin-engine airplane that he wanted to convert into a crop-dusting plane'. The loan officer was Johnelle Bryant who told the FBI what happened after 9/11 and she went public in June, 2002. Bryant confirmed in a television interview that this 'Mohamed Atta' was in the United States before the official entry time and that 'Atta' told her he came from Egypt, studied in Germany, had moved to Afghanistan, admired Osama bin Laden and wanted to find recruits in America for al-Qaeda. Why would you reveal that unless it was part of the cover story being constructed? Who was this guy? 'Atta' was also sighted in Portland, Maine, in the same April, 2000, ahead of 'his' official arrival. The *Portland Press Herald* reported that Spruce Whited, head of

security at the Portland public library, claimed to have seen Atta several times at the library using computers with al-Shehhi. Reference librarian Kathy Barry said the same: 'It was either him or his twin brother.' Yep, but which one was it?? Then there was the strange report of the two 'Atta's' arriving in Florida at the same time. The *Miami Herald* reported on September 22nd, 2001:

> INS [immigration] documents, matched against an FBI alert given to German police, show two men named Mohamed Atta [arrived] in Miami on January 10 [2001], each offering different destination addresses to INS agents, one in Nokomis, near Venice, the other at a Coral Springs condo. He [or they] is admitted, despite having overstayed his previous visa by a month.
>
> The double entry could be a paperwork error, or confusion over a visa extension. It could be Atta arrived in Miami, flew to another country like the Bahamas, and returned the same day. Or it could be that two men somehow cleared immigration with the same name using the same passport number.

There was certainly more than one 'Atta'. The FBI said that in November and December of 2000 Atta purchased flight deck videos for the Boeing 747 Model 200, Boeing 757 Model 200, Boeing 767 Model 300ER, Airbus A320 Model 200 and other items from a pilot store in Ohio. This is thought to be Sporty's Pilot Shop at the Clermont County Airport, about 20 miles from Cincinnati, although the owners wouldn't confirm that except to say they had spoken with the FBI. Nawaf al-Hamzi, who is alleged to have been on Flight 77, is said to have bought similar videos from an 'Ohio pilot store' along with Zacarias Moussaoui, a 33-year-old (at the time of arrest) French national and so-called '20th hijacker' who would be jailed for life for playing a part in 'the plot'. Officials said that Atta was given his visa at the US Consulate in Berlin on May 18th, 2000, and landed at Newark, New Jersey, on June 3rd on a flight from Prague in the Czech Republic. He overstayed his visa by more than 30 days, but was allowed back for another six months when he returned to the US with no questions asked by immigration. This is not normally the case when previous visas have been overstayed. Some who claim to have met Atta and rented him rooms in America were quoted in the media as saying he was cold, distant and secretive. They talk of his stare like the one portrayed in the driving licence picture distributed by the FBI. Atta is a real mystery man in that we don't know where he came from or what his background was and so many diversions have been thrown in the path of anyone trying to find out. I know what the authorities say about him, but that's not where you find the truth. We actually know very little about the 'Atta' who lived in the United States.

There have been many false or unsubstantiated claims about Atta and much 'information' has been presented as 'proof' when it was nothing of the kind. He was said to be wanted for the bombing of an Israeli bus in Jerusalem in 1986 and one newspaper report said: 'He was so brazen that he crisscrossed US and European borders under his own name while listed as a suspect in a 1986 Israeli bus bombing.' Brigadier General David Tsur, Chief of Staff of the Israeli Ministry of Public Security, said that Atta was not the man suspected of the bombing. The wanted man was Mahmoud Atta (also known as Mahmoud Abad Ahmad), a 33-year-old (in 1986) Jordanian who ambushed a bus in the West Bank. Mohamed Atta was said to have met with an official of Iraqi intelligence in Prague in April, 2000, and this was used to implicate Iraq with the 9/11 attacks. Iraq denied this and, once again, no evidence was produced except for Secretary of State Colin Powell saying the information came from Czech Prime Minister Milos Zeman. *The International Herald Tribune* reported a senior Bush official in May, 2002, as saying there was no evidence that Atta met the Iraqis in Prague. The whole story is claimed to have come from Czech 'intelligence' which thought that a man seen on surveillance camera footage was Atta when he wasn't. See how 'history' and 'truth' are created from utter crap? What people retain, however, is not the detail that destroys the story, but a perceptual 'image' compiled from the sum total of lies and false statements presented to them.

Atta was reported by 'witnesses' to have been at the Professional Aviation Flight Training University in Punta Gorda, California. When the FBI checked the story he had never attended that flying school. Atta was claimed to have been seen in Norfolk, Virginia, in the winter of 2000 where he 'might' have been surveying the US naval base as a possible target. Who says so? The FBI through *Newsweek*. He 'might' have been 'casing' Boston's Logan Airport more than six months before. Who says so? *Newsweek*. Sources? The usual. The *Chicago Tribune* said that he was a member of the Egyptian Jihad group with ties to Osama bin Laden. Who said so? 'Sources'. The FBI claimed that Atta flew from Miami, Florida, to Madrid, Spain, on July 9th, 2001, and picked up a rental car ordered through the Internet. The *Observer* newspaper in London claimed to have seen hotel records confirming that Atta spent at least one night at the Montsant hotel in the resort town of Salou on Spain's eastern coast during this trip and he returned his Hyundai Accent rental car to Madrid airport on July 18th, less than two months before the 9/11 attacks. The paper claimed that he went to Salou to meet with four unidentified Muslim extremists. Who says so? A Spanish newspaper. Sources? 'Investigators'. Oh, them again. Now I am not saying that any of this is true or not true, just that all the 'evidence' we have with regard to 'Muslim extremism' is from agencies with a genetic condition widely

known as 'lying through your teeth'. The FBI claims that Atta met an 'al-Qaeda' operative called Ramzi bin Shibh in Salou. Shibh is said to have once shared an apartment with Atta and 'the authorities believe' he may have been involved in the planning of 9/11 from Germany. *The International Herald Tribune*, reporting *The New York Times*, said that investigations in Salou by the FBI and Spanish intelligence had found no one who saw the two together at the resort. Another point to highlight here: Atta and Marwan al-Shehhi were alleged by the FBI in a court indictment in December, 2001, to have bought a knife in Zurich, Switzerland, on July 8th, 2001. How could Atta do that if, as the FBI also claims, he didn't fly from Florida to Spain until July 9th?

'Mr Nice Guy' or not?

The official story says that Atta drove some 3,200 miles in rental cars in America between August 6th and September 9th, 2001. He and al-Shehhi apparently walked into Warrick Rent-A-Car in Pompano Beach, Florida, on August 6th and owner Brad Warrick said that Atta carried a briefcase, was polite and looked like a businessman. Many witnesses remember him as a slick dresser who wore jewellery – another no-can-do for Muslim men. Warrick said: 'He didn't spend money like there was an unlimited source. He squabbled a little bit over mileage.' Atta had switched to a Ford Escort after renting a Chevy Corsica for a week because it cost ten dollars less. He was by contrast said by various witnesses and people who knew him to have unlimited funds and wads of notes in his pocket. Warrick described the two Arabs as 'uncommonly polite' and always '... had a briefcase and books in the trunk'. This description of Atta's demeanour is at odds with reports from flying schools where he is described as anything but polite. Warrick said that on one occasion Atta phoned from Venice, Florida, to say that the oil light had flickered on and reminded him about the problem when the car was returned on September 9th. 'The only thing out of the ordinary was that he was nice enough to let me know that the car needed an oil change,' Warrick said. 'That was odd since he was planning to die in a matter of days.' Or was he? Warrick said he found it strange that Atta had been concerned about the condition of the car when he returned it just two days before the 9/11 attacks. 'I mean, if you're going on a suicide mission, why not leave the car at the airport?' You'll never get a job with the FBI, Mr Warrick. The car rental owner also revealed that when the car was returned – again two days before 9/11 – al-Shehhi asked for the charge to be transferred from Atta's credit card to his own. Warrick said: 'If you're going on a suicide mission who cares who pays for what?' How about if you're not?

Atta was lucky not to be stopped by a traffic cop (very easy, as I know, when travelling those distances in cop-happy America) because

in the April, 2001, he had been given a ticket for driving without a licence and didn't show for a court hearing. The bench issued a warrant for his arrest which the police failed to act upon. He overstayed his visa and no action was taken. Lucky man, or was he? Patsies and intelligence assets are always protected to allow them to serve their purpose. Atta is said to have rented a Piper Archer single-engine plane at Palm Beach County Park Airport in Lantana, Florida, on August 16th, 17th and 20th, 2001, or on three consecutive days from August 19th, depending on which report you read. The manageress told the media that Atta said he wanted to complete 100 flying hours. On August 28th he is reported to have used a Visa card on the Internet to buy two one-way tickets for Flight 11 ... quoting a frequent flyer membership number obtained only three days before! Anyone who has frequent flyer membership knows how long it takes to build up enough free miles to make it worthwhile – in Atta's case that would have been long after September 11th had passed. Why is he collecting air miles if he plans to kill himself days later? The other ticket, we are told, was in the name of Abdulaziz Al-Omari, or whoever that was because the real Al-Omari was still alive after 9/11. A man by that name turned up alive in Saudi Arabia and said his passport was stolen in 1995 when he studied at the University of Denver. The FBI released the man's details claiming he was a hijacker, but the accompanying picture was not him. 'I couldn't believe it when the FBI put me on their list,' the real Abdulaziz Al-Omari said. 'They gave my name and my date of birth, but I am not a suicide bomber. I am here. I am alive. I have no idea how to fly a plane. I had nothing to do with this.' The Wikipedia page of the fake 'Al-Omari' named as a hijacker with Atta on Flight 11 sums it up really: 'Little is known about al-Omari's life, and it is unclear whether some information refers to Omari or another person by that name.' But we *know* he did it – *we know*. Now go back to sleep and stop asking questions.

Atta was said to have been at Shuckums Oyster Pub and Seafood Grill in Hollywood, Florida, 30 miles from Miami, with Marwan al-Shehhi and another man on September 8th with three days to go before the 9/11 attacks. Night manager Tony Amos said they stayed from around 4.30pm until about 7pm. Waitress Patricia Idrissi told the media that one of them went to play a video machine at one end of the restaurant while Atta and al-Shehhi sat drinking and arguing. Al-Shehhi drank rum and coke, she said, while Atta downed five Stolichnaya vodkas with orange juice. The bill was $48 and Atta argued with the manager about it. This is a guy with a pocketful of notes who, we are told, was only three days from flying a plane into the World Trade Center? 'You think I can't pay my bill?' Atta is said to have shouted. 'I am a pilot for American Airlines. I can pay my fucking bill.' *Mmmm*. Did he really mention American Airlines? It seems very convenient to the

official narrative. Atta paid the bill from a 'thick wad' of $50 and $100 bills, staff said, and so why the argument about the cost only days before September 11th? This is just silly. The *St. Petersburg Times* and other media reported that FBI agents arrived at Shuckum's 'soon after the attack' (what fantastic detective work so quickly) to interview staff and show them pictures of 'several Middle Eastern men' to see if they were the drinkers they were talking about. Amazingly they *were*. FBI documents submitted to the 9/11 Commission and released in 2009 contain three agent reports of these interviews in which some witnesses recognise Atta but not al-Shehhi and others do the opposite. The reports also play down the alcohol consumption which was bad for the official story. Islamic law strictly forbids drinking alcohol. 'Atta's' father, or the father of Mohamed El-Amir, said:

> If my son sees you with a beer, he'll cross the road' and he was 'very shy, very polite, would never swear'. He said it was '... like accusing a decent, veiled religious girl of smuggling prostitutes into Egypt. It is nonsense, imagination!

Other reports have said that al-Shehhi did all the boozing, which, if true, casts still more doubt on the 'American Airlines pilot' statement that Atta is said to have made according to the same witness who claims he drank five vodkas. Whether it was al-Shehhi or both of them hitting the bottle these people are supposed to be Islamic fanatics willing to kill themselves and thousands of others for their faith while drinking in public such a banned substance? It doesn't add up – none of does. Azzan Ali, a friend of Atta and al-Shehhi when they were students at a Florida flying school, said: 'They were very religious.' Clearly they weren't – *if they were the same people.* The *Longboat Observer* at Longboat Key, Florida, reported in November, 2001, that bartender Darlene Sievers had seen Atta four days before 9/11 at the Holiday Inn Hotel & Suites drinking rum and coke at the bar. She said she remembered him because of the big tip he left and other staff recalled al-Shehhi drinking there. A similar story emerged from the other side of the world when *The New York Times* reported the month after 9/11 that Atta and al-Shehhi had been seen drinking whisky during visits to the Philippines between 1998 and 2000 when they stayed at the Woodland Park Resort Hotel, dined at a Middle Eastern-style restaurant and al-Shehhi hosted a party for 'six or seven Arab friends'. The FBI story is that Amir ('Atta') disappeared from his German university from mid-1997 to October, 1998, and returned as a religious extremist. Now witnesses were telling us where he was for some of that period – getting pissed with women in the Philippines. Woodland Park waitress Gina Marcelo recalled:

> They drank Johnnie Walker Black Label whisky and mineral water. They

> barbecued shrimp and onions. They came in big vehicles, and they had a lot of money. They all had girlfriends ... [but] they never tipped. If they did, I would not remember them so well.

Money no problem and lots of booze appears to be the common theme of these 'Islamic fanatics'. Then there were the reports of other 'Islamic fundamentalists' drinking in a strip bar the night before September 11th. Associated Press reported on September 13th: 'Three men spewed anti-American sentiments in a bar and talked of impending bloodshed the night before the terrorist attacks.' John Kap, a strip club manager in Daytona Beach, told FBI investigators that the men in his bar used credit cards to spend $200 to $300 each on lap dancers and drinks, the report said. 'They were talking about what a bad place America is.' Kap is quoted as telling the FBI: 'They said "Wait 'til tomorrow. America is going to see bloodshed".' It's all so convenient. Kap said that he gave the FBI the men's credit card receipts, photocopied driver's licences, a business card left by one of the suspects and 'a copy of a Koran that one of the men had left at the bar', the Associated Press report claimed. Pardon me? A Muslim 'fanatic' would take a Koran into a strip bar, knock-back the booze and leave it there? Oh, do let's be sensible here. These alleged 'hijackers' and 'accomplices' (diversion agents) seem to have left copies of the Koran everywhere they went in cars, hotel rooms and bars – how perfect for the cover story. What were these guys, the Islamic version of the Gideons? The Associated Press article said the FBI told Kap not to reveal the names of these men. The *Arab News* of Saudi Arabia asked:

> How could the hijackers themselves have been 'Islamists' if they frequented bars, drank in some cases beer and wine, and one even attended an evangelical Christian school and stated that he would not have minded marrying a non-Muslim? How can we have faith in the investigations when almost half of the original list of hijackers have turned out either to be dead [before the event] or alive and well in other parts of the world?

A writer on the Liberty of Freedom website said:

> Ziad Jarrahi, the alleged Lebanese hijacker of the plane which crashed in Pennsylvania, had a Turkish girlfriend in Hamburg and enjoyed nightclubs and drinking. Yet at the same time, we are being told that these same hijackers spent the night before the attack getting drunk in bars, making noise, screaming insults at the 'infidels', and doing everything they could to attract attention to themselves.
>
> They used the credit cards issued in their stolen names, allowed their driver's

> licenses with the stolen names to be photocopied, and used public library computers to send emails back and forth using their stolen names signed to unencrypted messages about their plans to steal aircraft and crash them into buildings, then decorated their apartments with absurdly obvious props such as a crop dusting manual to the point where the whole affair reads like a low budget 'B' detective movie from the 1930s. In short, these men did everything they could to make sure everyone knew who they were, or more to the point, who they were pretending to be.

Pretending to be is a highly relevant point and so is attracting attention to themselves. You will see by the end of the book that many people with clear connections to events acted in ways that made people remember them. A cover story was being concocted before the attacks that could be 'uncovered' the moment they happened. This is very easy because the mainstream media simply accepted the official story without question. I remember seeing a television 'documentary' about Mohamed Atta on the UK ITV channel in which Jonathan Dimbleby, one of Britain's best-known current affairs presenters, repeated the FBI story without question from start to finish. Unbelievable.

Doubles all round

A staple technique of intelligence agencies such as the CIA, Mossad and British Intelligence is the use of doubles and we should add this into the mix. Even plastic surgery can be used when necessary. Some of the alleged hijackers using their alleged names were credibly sighted and/or recorded on official documents in different locations at the same time – some in very different locations on different sides of America and even in different countries. This can only be achieved by the use of doubles and false identity documentation for which intelligence agencies are legendary. We will see later the extent to which Mossad for example goes to produce credible fraudulent passports and other documents. The Florida *Sun-Sentinel* reported 17 days after the 9/11 attacks:

> At least six of the suspected terrorists had two sets of driver's licenses issued by Florida, which would have allowed two or more people to use the same identity ... Many of the suspected terrorists, it is becoming increasingly clear, swapped identities as part of their preparations for the Sept 11 attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, according to a *Sun-Sentinel* review of documents, interviews and published reports.

They swapped identities or their handlers and manipulators did? Lee Harvey Oswald, the patsy wrongly accused of the assassination of President Kennedy, is an example of someone who appeared to be in

more than one place at the same time and if doubles were used for that we have another reason why Oswald was killed to head off a public court hearing. We should also keep in mind the around 4,000 Saddam Hussein Republican Guard operatives brought from Iraq to the United States to settle after the Gulf War of 1991. Anyone think Father Bush did that out of the kindness of his heart? He didn't have one. They were brought to the United States to be used and exploited, but why? Well, for a start here were thousands of 'Middle Eastern looking men' with the potential to pose as would-be terrorists and their doubles. At least one has been connected to the Oklahoma bombing as 'John Doe 2' and it would not have ended there. Look-a-likes can pose as the target person while doing different things in different guises and claiming different background histories. When someone of the same name and appearance is reported to be a guilty party all these different appearances and personas of the real person and the double or doubles are fused together into a composite 'history' which then becomes the official one. In this way people can be described as having different personalities when they are not the same people. I am sure this is what happened with 'Atta'. Doubles can be put on terrorist watch lists when the target they are standing in for has (a) no idea he has a double and (b) has never done anything to deserve being on a terrorist watch list. Then when an attack happens the authorities say the patsy 'was on a terrorist watch list' and so give public credibility to their false narrative. Using doubles with the target party's identity is a common way to set someone up to take the rap for something they didn't do. Real people set up by doubles are often liquidated to stop them proving they could not have been responsible. What's the point of having a fake Mohamed Atta and then allow the real Mohamed El-Amir to turn up and prove it wasn't him? The authorities can try to explain away dead hijackers turning up alive as 'identity theft', but Atta was such a central character on which so much of the official narrative depends that Mohamed El-Amir would have had to be taken out. His father said in 2005: 'My son is gone. He is now with God. The Mossad killed him.' He probably got the assassins right as we will explore much later. Ziad Jarrah, a friend of El-Amir in Germany and the alleged hijacker pilot of Flight 93, is another victim of the doubles hoax. Lebanon-born Ziad Jarrah was no Muslim extremist. He was educated in Christian schools, liked to dance, party and drink beer and had a reputation for knowing the best night clubs and beaches in Beirut. Jarrah had a Turkish girlfriend in Germany and they were planning to marry in the summer of 2002. His father said:

> He never expressed any religious thoughts or ideas. He never changed in his appearance, or behaviour. He was still the same person we know since he was born, and throughout all his life.

FBI claims about Jarrah's background turned out to be false and there have been inconsistencies about where he was supposed to have been. 'Jarrah' was said to have been questioned in Dubai on January 30th, 2001, when he admitted to his inquisitors spending the previous two months and five days in Pakistan and Afghanistan where Osama bin Laden operated a terrorist training camp; but what this fake 'Jarrah' said in Dubai is impossible. The real Jarrah was registered with a flying school in Venice, Florida, near the one attended by 'Atta'. The school confirmed that he continuously attended until January 15th and his family confirmed that he then flew to Lebanon where he arrived on January 26th to visit a hospital every day until the 30th where his father had undergone open heart surgery. He could not have been in Dubai. Fake 'Jarrah' in Dubai (a major intelligence centre for the CIA) was playing his role in preparing the post-9/11 cover story. He told his questioners that he was going back to Florida to connect him to the real Jarrah, but then flew to Europe and how could someone who had just indicated possible terrorist connections then be allowed to head for the airport? CNN reported that the Dubai interrogation of 'Jarrah' was conducted at the request of the CIA and provided the only confirmed link (a lie) between any of the alleged 'hijackers' and Afghanistan. Another fake Ziad Jarrah made an appearance years earlier when he leased a home in Brooklyn, New York, between March 1995 and February 1996. His landlords recognised the picture of the real Jarrah/Jarrahi circulated after the 9/11 attacks, but while what would appear to be his double was in New York the real Jarrah was completing his education at a Catholic high school in Beirut. He didn't leave Lebanon until April, 1996, when went to study in Germany. Fake Jarrah had his rent paid by a house-mate called Ihassan Jarrah and claimed to be a photographer. His New York landlord said he would sometimes come home with a prostitute. Charles Lisa, a landlord of Jarrah in Florida in 2001, said he had a German passport. Why would that be when he was supposed to be a Lebanese citizen? Lisa was reported as saying that Jarrah 'was too happy a man for a guy who knew he was going to die in the next ten days or so.' Most of those who met the alleged hijackers appeared to be astonished that they could have carried out such attacks. Many were described as 'ordinary' people or, as one article put it: 'Friendly neighbors, serious students and model dads: the men suspected of hijacking the jets that carried out history's deadliest terror strikes looked a lot more like the guy next door than the incarnation of the devil.' Another aspect of the patsy operation on the real Ziad Jarrah was his alleged 'suicide letter' to his girlfriend in Germany 'hours before the attacks' in which he is alleged to have said:

> I did what I had to do. You should be very proud of it, it is an honor, and you will see the result, and everybody will be happy.

Somehow – just a coincidence – 'Jarrah' wrongly-addressed the package to a location he knew very well and just by chance it was returned to the United States where it ended up in the hands of the FBI. Oh do fuck off. This alleged 'suicide note' mentioned future meetings and contained references to scuba diving instructions. The real Jarrah of course disappeared at just the right time to go the same way as the real Mohamed El-Amir ('Atta'). Jarrah's family offered to provide DNA for a test with fragmentary alleged remains of 'hijackers' on Flight 93, but the FBI turned it down. I can't for the life of me think why. Doubles would explain how devout Muslims became booze-swilling, cocaine-snorting pork eaters and womanisers and how in reverse people who had no interest in Islamic extremism suddenly began behaving like Islamic extremists. Atta's English and accent were described by Florida rental car owner Brad Warrick as that of someone resident in the United States for a long time. By contrast 'Atta' (which one?) would be denied flying tuition at Jones Aviation in Sarasota, Florida, because he and al-Shehhi were aggressive, rude, and ... *couldn't speak English*. The question might be asked about why doubles would allow themselves to pose as people and then be killed on crashed airliners. The answer is two-fold. Often the doubles themselves don't know the big picture and can be manipulated into the wrong place at the wrong time and secondly, in the case of 9/11, there is *no confirmation they were on the planes*. I say that because if the 'hijackers' that are claimed to have crashed the planes actually boarded them, even as patsies who didn't know what was going to happen, *multiple* surveillance pictures around the airports and their boarding pass stubs would have been made public immediately after the attacks. All these years later we are still waiting. There would appear to be two different 'Attas' in Germany and America, but how many 'Attas' were there in America? How many doubles of other alleged 'hijackers' were there when they could not possibly have been in different locations, even countries, at the same time? Confusion is the key to diversion from the truth and with 9/11 we are drowning in it. We have had apparently credible sightings of 'Atta' all over America from coast to coast – and in Canada and Germany – and he and other alleged 'hijackers' were seen or located in different places at the same time.

Evidence presented by investigative journalist Daniel Hopsicker and in highly detailed books like the excellent multi-authored *The Hidden History of 9-11* clearly show that Atta and others in the alleged 'Islamic plot' were being both closely watched by military intelligence assets and protected from investigation or arrest. Mossad and the Israeli military will seriously enter the story with regard to this. The same Hidden Hand

operatives were guiding the cover story and preventing those involved in the cover story (knowingly or otherwise) from being stopped or exposed – operatives of the same agencies that claimed after 9/11 that they were taken completely by surprise and had no idea what was coming. A double could explain reports that Atta was seen with his father in the United States. Either that or the father of Mohamed El-Amir has been lying to us. Numerous witnesses in Venice contacted the FBI office in Sarasota after El-Amir's father appeared on television after 9/11 to say they had seen him in Venice with Atta two weeks before the attacks. The usual FBI intimidation of witnesses telling the wrong story then followed to pressure them to shut up. Both the FBI and the 9/11 Commission have sought to air-brush and delete Atta's months of residence in Venice, Florida, and you can see why with what happened there demolishing their 'radical Islamist' script. I will focus further on Venice, this key centre of 9/11 activity, later in the chapter. Another Atta location in Florida was the town of Hollywood about 30 miles from Miami and a three-hour drive from Venice. Hollywood is going to be centrally-important to the 9/11 story much later in the book. One other point about identity is that technology can fabricate photographs or fuse two people into a face that resembles both. That is obviously true today and even in 2001 intelligence networks had technology way ahead of what was available to the public. On the subject of pictures – why have we not seen many more of Atta and his alleged accomplices who would have been caught on camera all over the place? Why did the FBI turn up at the LA Fitness gym in Coral Springs, Florida, where Atta was a member for some weeks, and remove his picture from the computer – as confirmed by employee José Serraz? Why haven't we ever seen it? All we see is basically the same single image of his period in the United States from his driving licence.

'Atta' everywhere

On September 8th a man of Middle Eastern appearance (they had so many to choose from thanks to Father Bush) is reported to have walked into the control tower at Boston Logan Airport. Some speculated that this was Atta, but the FBI claim that he flew from Florida to Boston via Baltimore the following day, September 9th. Well, that's one FBI timeline, anyway. Other FBI reports have him flying out of Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood airport on September 7th on a flight to Baltimore at a time he was seen drinking at Shuckum's bar while also booking a one-way ticket on September 5th from Florida to Boston, not Baltimore. Still another timeline has Atta and al-Shehhi checking out of the Panther Inn in Deerfield, Florida, on September 9th which would fit returning the hire car to Brad Warrick on the same day. An FBI document compiled on September 12th, 2001, has a man identified as Atta selling

his 1989 red Pontiac Grand Prix to Wynn Errico at the Wynn Motor Company in North Lauderdale for $800 on September 7th. Another version of that car-selling story, with differences, appeared in an FBI document dated September 17th and still another has the car sold for $800 but to Sun Auto Leasing and Sales on September 8th. Whatever the discrepancies why would you go to so much trouble selling your car when you already had lots of money and were planning to die in four days? To add still further to this Twilight World an FBI document has Atta, Hani Hanjour (the alleged pilot of Pentagon Flight 77) and possibly other 'Middle Eastern men' photographing passports on September 7th at a Kinko shop in Laurel, Maryland, 20 miles from Baltimore which is more than a thousand miles from where he is supposed to have sold his car in the early afternoon on the same day. Amid all these conflicting timelines came another in May, 2002, when CNN and the *New York Daily News* sourced reports to the FBI which said credit card receipts appeared to locate Mohamed Atta in Manhattan, New York, on September 10th, 2001.What he is supposed to have bought was not mentioned. It's crazy stuff and fuels the confusion and contradiction that hides the truth.

Several hours before the 'Atta' figure showed up at the Boston Airport control tower on September 8th we are told that four 'Middle Eastern men' had asked a controller how to get into the tower. This begs the question of what 'Atta' and these other men expected to gain by getting into the tower. What would it have told them? It wouldn't have helped them hijack the planes three days later in any way. What it would have done is attract attention to them and suspicion. This is the last thing they would have wanted so close to their 'big day' at the very airport where they were acting suspiciously. On the other hand if you were setting up a cover story for September 11th you would want 'Middle Eastern men' acting suspiciously at the airport where the first two planes were to be hijacked. I asked the FBI about the 'Atta' man and the other four at the control tower when I was researching *Alice in Wonderland*, but they refused to answer my questions. Forbes.com quoted frequent flier Janice Shineman in a 2016 article as saying she saw Mohamed Atta at the American Airlines terminal at Boston Logan on September 9th – the day his rental car was returned in Florida. She said he 'stared menacingly' into her car when she arrived and then cut in front of her inside the airport to ask a question of an American Airlines agent. Shineman said he held a red file folder and wore pink and blue flowered gym pants. The word 'Nantucket' was on the back of his purple T-shirt. She said 'Atta' took notes while standing in front of gate agents and she planned to say something to the pilot about him, but he did not board the flight. The *Forbes* article went on:

> An FBI chronology of the hijackers' movements states that Atta rented a car at

Logan on Sept. 8, 2001 – which coincides with Shineman's observations the next morning – but it also states that Atta flew to Logan from Baltimore on Sept. 9. The FBI could not explain the discrepancy or why the time-line lists two different flight numbers for Atta's Baltimore-Boston flight.

There are so many discrepancies in the 9/11 story I don't wonder people have trouble keeping up with them and while Atta was hiring a car in Boston he was being seen drinking heavily in a Florida bar. The main focus of the 2016 *Forbes* article was an even more bizarre story in which Delta Airlines captain Pat Gilmore claimed that he had flown from Baltimore to Atlanta on a Boeing 757 on July 26th, 2001, with Mohamed Atta in the jump-seat behind him posing as an American Airlines pilot. *You are kidding me?* No – Gilmore told the American Media Institute that Atta showed him a standard pilot's FAA Class 1 medical certificate and a jump-seat request form that pilots typically present when riding as cockpit passengers on their own or competing airlines. The documents bore the name 'Atta' and his picture was on the company ID. Atta had worn an American Airlines pilot uniform and 'cast a pall over the flight deck'. Gilmore claimed: 'He gave me a stare in the cockpit at cruise altitude that was bone-chilling.' Forbes noted that the story conflicts with the FBI Atta timeline (but then what doesn't?) and reports how Gilmore was 'just one of several witnesses who say they saw the mastermind of the attacks on New York and Washington while the clock ticked toward the largest terrorist attack in US history'. How many 'Attas' were there and how many sightings were accurate? Gilmore said he called the FBI who told him there was no way to confirm the story and it probably had nothing to do with the attacks. Surely unless this 'Atta' was protected he was taking a massive chance scamming himself into the cockpit when if he had been caught his alleged contribution to 9/11 would have been over. WTF?

'Quick – we'll miss it!'

The FBI timeline says that on September 10th Atta and Abdulaziz Al-Omari rented a Nissan Altima from Alamo at Boston Logan Airport and drove just over 100 miles to Portland, Maine. They are said to have stayed overnight at a Comfort Inn before heading the next morning for Portland Airport and a plane back to Boston to pick up Flight 11. Why on earth would they take such a chance of missing the flight they were supposed to be targeting when even a short delay could have been crucial? Why would the leader of the biggest plane hijack in history, an attack years in the planning, risk flying to Boston that morning and giving himself so little time between landing in Boston from Portland and the departure of Flight 11? The Portland plane arrived in Boston at 6.45am and Flight 11 was scheduled to leave at 7.45am. Atta and Al-

Omari are said to have been caught on video at Portland as they boarded a Colgan Air commuter flight to Boston. Well, for a start, that wasn't the real Al-Omari on the videotape because he was still alive after the attacks and which 'Atta' was it? On the videotape released by the FBI of 'Atta' and 'Al-Omari' going through security at Portland is the time-code 05-53-41 (Fig 39). That's just 19 seconds short of six minutes to six. I know you can work that out, but it is worth emphasising because the flight they took from Portland to Boston that morning, USAir Flight 5930, was scheduled to depart at ... 6am. That's only *six minutes* after 'Atta' and 'Al-Omari' were 'captured' on videotape passing through security! No wonder they were described as 'rushing' for the plane. Airline worker Michael Tuohey who described how he checked-in Atta and Al-Omari said they wore 'ties and jackets'. By the time they appeared on security cameras immediately afterwards rushing to the gate they had open neck shirts and no jackets. The FBI timeline said that Atta and Al-Omari checked out of their hotel in Portland at 5.33am, just 27 minutes before their plane was due to depart and they then had to park their rental car, check-in and get to the gate. Atta was described as 'sweating bullets' and said he was running late. 'His forehead was drenched,' an airline witness said. Anyone who travels by air knows that if you leave it that late you are highly likely to miss the flight. Not only did the leader of the biggest plane hijacking in history take the chance of flying into Boston from a connecting flight that morning he arrived so late that the Portland plane departed only minutes after he got to the gate. All that planning and he took those risks of not even getting to Boston? What was that *The Washington Post* said about the '... astonishing degree of organization and planning undertaken by the terrorists'? Hilarious. It was more like the Keystone Cops. No, sorry, that's the FBI (or what decent and intelligent agents in the FBI are forced to be by their superiors). I asked the FBI about all these anomalies and contradictions, but, of course, officials refused to answer my questions. On the Portland airport security video a second

Figure 39: 'Atta' and 'Al-Omari' rush through security at Portland airport. The time-code at the bottom (where you would expect it to be) shows six minutes to flight departure (hence the rush) while the one in the middle (the last place you would normally put a time-code on a security video) shows 15 minutes to departure. Most of the media cropped this image to show only the middle time-code.

time-code appears in the *centre* of the screen – the last place you would put a time-code on a surveillance video. This code reads 5.45 and appears to be only there to hide the ridiculous contradiction of a 'highly professional' leader of the hijackers running to his plane at six minutes to departure when if he missed the flight he missed his hijack connection. The way the shot was framed by most of the media only the second time-code in the middle of the screen was visible. The true one at the bottom of the frame was cropped off. If this second, centre-of-the-screen, time-code was correct, it means that Atta and friend must have checked out of their hotel, taken their car to the airport car park, checked in and passed through security to the gate all in 12 minutes. I rang Ruth Dudley, a very nice lady, who was Head of Security at Portland Airport. I asked her why there were two time-codes – one of them slap bang in the middle of the screen. She said she didn't know and would have to see it to give me an opinion. Unfortunately, she said, they didn't have those tapes anymore because they were immediately confiscated by the FBI – as were all the tapes relating to 9/11 and all such attacks, including Oklahoma. I asked the FBI why there were two time-codes on the video and why one was in the middle of the screen, but officials refused to answer.

Other 'hijackers' are said to have arrived at Boston Airport in a white Mitsubishi Mirage with Virginia licence plates. The car contained 'five' Arab men (three in other reports) and the FBI said that in one window was a pass allowing access to restricted areas at the airport. Media reports and official statements claimed that (unidentified) witnesses remembered the men because there was an argument with an unnamed driver over a parking dispute. I have seen the 'hijackers' arrival time as anything between 06.45am and 07.15am, but if we take the now official time of between 06.45 and 06.52 they are still leaving it very late for a departure at 07.45 that they apparently meant to hijack. David Boeri on *NewsCenter 5* in Boston reported: 'Sources say at least four suspects, described as Middle Eastern men, arrived late to the airport, purchased one-way tickets and paid in cash for them, all of those factors being known security risk flags.' He said security personnel were trained to question late-arriving passengers who pay in cash for tickets. Surely 'highly trained' hijackers would know this? There are so many conflicting reports of what happened in this period – the hijackers paid cash at the time or booked their tickets earlier, airline and staff remember them and they don't. The 9/11 Commission said none of the checkpoint supervisors recall seeing any of the 'hijackers' or report anything untoward. If there were no hijackers and nothing happened untoward that would explain it.

Camera shy

I have noticed that many people seem to believe they have seen video footage of Atta and friend going through security at Boston Logan. This is because people tend to get an impression from a news item and not the detail. We have been shown no pictures of any of the alleged hijackers getting on any of the 9/11 planes. We have seen 'Atta' and 'Al-Omari' alleged to be passing through security on the time-code-doctored images from Portland airport but nothing in Boston. *Three years* after the attacks footage was released of the alleged hijackers of Flight 77 passing through security at Washington Dulles (more about this later). Even this was not released voluntarily, but through a Freedom of Information Act request from a law firm representing some 9/11 families. If the footage is real and authentic why wasn't it revealed much earlier and not on the day before the 9/11 Commission presented its report? That's it – the extent of footage confirming the 'hijackers' boarded the planes and you can bet that if proof existed it would have been all over the media on September 11th-12th. Staggeringly, Boston Logan, of all the airports in all the world, did not have surveillance cameras and so we have no proof that Atta and company boarded Flights 11 and 175. A *Boston Herald* article said: 'In perhaps the most stunning example of Massport's lax security safeguards, Logan International Airport is missing a basic tool found not only in virtually every other airport, but in most 7-Elevens'. Massport ran Boston Logan Airport and almost every other transport operation in the city it would seem. I went to see its media spokesman when I was speaking in Boston in February, 2002, and he said that Massport was not responsible for security. I'll come to who was at the most relevant time in the latter stages of the book. He confirmed there were no video cameras in the departure lounge, but by the time I spoke with him they did have face-recognition cameras taking still pictures to ensure that the person who checked in was the person getting on the plane. The *Boston Herald* article pointed out that the lack of cameras in the departure lounge has prevented the FBI from definitively identifying the men who boarded the planes. How strange that when airport cameras were already ubiquitous they did not have them at an international airport when they did at a small regional jetport at Portland. Therefore Boston was the perfect airport if you wanted to hide the truth. Cameras had been in widespread use in airports for some 15 years before 9/11 and Michael Taylor, President of American International Security Corp in Boston, said: 'It's not rocket science, convenience stores employ them, why wouldn't Massport?' The absence of cameras when you would find them at almost every other similar airport is another one of those endless coincidences that you find everywhere in the 9/11 story. This means that the evidence is simply not there to prove that the 'hijackers' named by the authorities were on the

Boston planes – even those that were not still alive. Charles Slepian, a New York security consultant, said:

> You have names, but the FBI has said it hasn't been able to match the faces of those who were on the flights. Who boarded at Logan? You don't have pictures, and that's a problem. And are those suspects the ones who actually got on at Logan or are they still alive? Who knows? That's one of the big questions the cameras would have been able to answer.

How convenient that at Boston Airport of all places they couldn't do that. Funny, too, how there were 17 surveillance cameras constantly filming the roads between the Ritz Hotel and the Pont de L'Alma tunnel in Paris which would have proved beyond question what happened to the car in which Princess Diana died in 1997. For reasons never explained none of them was working the night she died (see *The Biggest Secret*). Cameras are very important to the Hidden Hand when they want to keep surveillance on the public, but they can be a real problem when they need to hide their own activities. Still, hold on: Boston did have cameras in parking garages, ramp areas and on Logan's roadways to monitor traffic. Why haven't we been shown video pictures of these 'Middle Eastern men' who arrived in the car park that morning and had the argument with an unnamed driver? What about the men we are told arrived at the car park in their vehicle several times in the days before September 11th? Where is the footage of the other hijackers arriving that morning? Surely the 'Middle Eastern men' who asked how to get into the control tower must be on tape somewhere as well as the one who seems to have got in 'unaccompanied'. The *Boston Globe* reported on September 13th:

> When they reviewed videotape of the parking lot's surveillance camera, investigators found that the car had entered the lot up to five times between last Wednesday and Tuesday, according to sources. Those sources said the constant presence of the car over the last week suggested that the terrorists had scouted the airport, or performed dry runs for the daring attack.

Who was on the tape and where is it? Where is the recording of the 'Middle Eastern men' arriving in the white Mitsubishi on the morning of September 11th and having the argument over a parking space with an unidentified driver? I asked the FBI all these questions, but officials refused to answer. Michael Taylor, president of American International Security Corp, said he had worked for the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey and confirmed that Newark, New Jersey, from where Flight 93 departed, has video cameras in the departure lounge. Why haven't we been shown footage of the 'hijackers' boarding that flight? I

put this same point to Tara Hamilton, a very pleasant woman in the media office at Washington Dulles Airport. She replied:

> I've checked with our airport police department and they inform me that the FBI is in charge of all information regarding September 11th and the specifics about the men who came to Dulles Airport. In regard to questions about our airport cameras, those are part of our security system and we're not able to discuss that. I'm sorry we're not able to provide the information you are seeking but am sure you understand our situation.

Well actually, no I don't. If releasing video footage of 'Atta' and friend at Portland airport was okay, what was the problem with letting us see other 'hijackers' boarding planes at other airports? Very questionable footage was released in security at Dulles in 2004, but nothing from the departure lounge. Tara Hamilton, like all of these media spokespeople, was just saying what she was told to say, and the idea that asking for confirmation that 'hijackers' were caught on camera would in any way affect the airport security system is ridiculous. They don't want to discuss it, that's the truth. I asked the FBI why these pictures had not been released, but officials refused to answer. Police said that after the attacks they found Atta's red 1989 Pontiac Grand Prix in the parking lot of Logan Airport and the rented Altima in Portland. Why would Atta rent the Altima at Boston Airport to drive to Portland if he had another car already at Boston? Where did this car come from when he had been at the other end of America, in Florida, with another rental car until September 9th? Florida police understandably appealed for anyone who might find the Grand Prix in the area where Atta was said to be living. Instead it turned up in a Boston car park 1,673 miles away and yet Atta went to car rental companies in Florida on the 9th and Boston on the 10th, according to the official story. Do the sums and you find that even if Atta maintained a speed of 100 miles an hour for the entire journey (no chance, he would have had so many speeding tickets) it would take nearly 17 hours to complete the journey with no hold ups or stops whatsoever. Not worth even going there, it's so stupid. Yet the *Chicago Tribune* said:

> Sometime before the attack, Atta, perhaps accompanied by al-Shehhi, made his way up the Eastern Seaboard. After Tuesday's attack, police found Atta's Grand Prix in the parking lot of Boston's Logan International Airport.

The reporters would have seen how ridiculous that was if they had only stopped to think instead of taking the official story without question. How can they find a car so far away from Florida where FBI reports said Atta sold it for $800 on September 7th or 8th? What about the FBI

reports that said Atta flew to Boston via Baltimore? Oh, and would you believe it? The Mitsubishi left by other 'hijackers' in the car park at Boston Airport was found to contain a ramp pass allowing access to restricted areas, a copy of the Koran, a fuel consumption calculator and a flight training manual written in Arabic on how to fly a 767. *Wow!* What synchronicity. All this was 'discovered' at the very time the Bush government was preparing to pin the blame on Arab terrorists working for Osama bin Laden. Shit, thank you God. Just a thought, though: Maybe a note signed by Osama bin Laden saying 'all the best with your mass murder on my behalf today by flying those planes into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon' might have been a nice touch, just to cover all bases. Perhaps they could have placed the note inside the hijacker's passport that was 'found' a few blocks from the World Trade Center. Nicely charred at the edges, you know the sort of thing. Add all this to the 757 flying manuals and 'eight inch stack of East Coast flight maps' that were claimed to have been found in hotel rooms rented by 'hijackers' and the story is complete. Oh yes, not to forget the reports that al-Shehhi and Atta were spotted in Switzerland that summer buying pocket knives and box cutters the day before the FBI says Atta flew from Florida to Spain. 'Hey Mohamed, we need box cutters and pocket knives, better fly to Switzerland to buy them, eh?'

Yet another miracle (they keep on coming)

Even without cameras at Boston the gods clearly wanted to help the FBI and other government 'investigators' to find those responsible. Of all the luggage of all the passengers on all the airlines on that day of all days, it was *Atta's* bags that didn't make it on to Flight 11. The FBI found inside a note dated five years earlier in which Atta said he was willing to martyr himself in a holy war against infidels. Yeah, of course he did. The contents were first reported to have been found in a rental car left by Atta at Boston airport and when the narrative changed to him driving a rental car from Boston to Portland we were told his bags were found at Boston airport because they didn't get on to Flight 11. The contents were the same, though, and oh my God! They only found in Atta's bags a copy of the Koran, a Saudi passport, correspondence from the university he attended in Egypt, Abdulaziz al-Omari's international driver's license and passport, a folding knife and pepper spray and ... *yes, yes* ... a video of how to fly a wide-bodied airliner. *Bingo!* Game, set, and match, all sorted, case closed. What use a knife and pepper spray were in a bag planned for the hold was not explained. The find was described by former FBI agent Warren Flagg as 'the Rosetta stone enabling FBI agents to swiftly unravel the mystery of who carried out the suicide attacks and what motivated them'. Red Flagg said:

> How do you think the government was able to identify all 19 hijackers almost immediately after the attacks? They were identified through those papers in the luggage. And that's how it was known so soon that al-Qaeda was behind the hijackings.

Well blow me down, you don't say. Extraordinary – what a piece of luck! Another document was claimed to give instructions for Atta's burial and what should be done with his possessions 'when I die'. The *Los Angeles Times* reported: 'Authorities said Atta instructed that he be buried 'next to good Muslims,' with his body pointed east toward Mecca, that strict Muslim traditions were to be followed for his burial and that no women be allowed at his funeral. The document, dated April 11th, 1996, suggested that 'Atta may have been considering a suicide attack for several years before he carried it out'. This included the request that he wanted to 'go to heaven as a martyr'. How they can produce this stuff without laughing is beyond me. It's not even a B-movie script. The letter and 'will' 'found' in the baggage of Mohamed Atta was claimed to include a five-page message to his fellow hijackers. The FBI said that essentially the same letter was found in the wreckage of 'Flight 93' in Pennsylvania. *'Essentially'* the same document? Did Atta, or whoever, hand-write basically the same five-page instruction to all of them then? Had he not heard of photocopiers? I mean, he was at a Kinko's copying store near Baltimore while selling his car in Florida. Attorney General John Ashcroft also told an [In]Justice Department news conference on September 28th that another copy of the 'letter' had been found at Washington Dulles Airport 'in a vehicle used by Nawaf al-Hamzi, one of the hijackers on American Airlines Flight 77'. Ashcroft said the letter was a disturbing and shocking view into the mind-set of these terrorists: 'The letter provides instructions to the terrorists to be carried out both prior to and during their terrorist attacks.' The FBI released 'extracts' of the letter 'found' in 'Atta's luggage' via *The Washington Post* on September 28th and it was claimed to be originally written in Arabic by someone alleged to be an Islamic fanatic. The original Arabic text was not released until later by the FBI. A number of various translations have been circulated over the years and the document has been questioned in terms of its Islamic authenticity. These are some instructions for the hijackers in the Atta 'letter' according to a translation for *The New York Times*:

> Pray during the night and be persistent in asking God to give you victory, control and conquest, and that He may make your task easier and not expose us.
>
> Shouldn't we take advantage of these last hours to offer good deeds and

obedience?

Nah, let's just get pissed like we did in Florida.

Bless your body with some verses of the Qur'an (done by reading verses into one's hands and then rubbing the hands over whatever is to be blessed), the luggage, clothes, the knife, your personal effects, your ID, passport, and all your papers.

Why would fanatical Muslims have to be told how to bless something?

Check your weapon before you leave and long before you leave. (You must make your knife sharp and must not discomfort your animal during the slaughter).

Oh yes, and don't sleep in so you have to run your arse off to get on the Portland plane.

Tighten your clothes [a reference to making sure his clothes will cover his private parts at all times], since this is the way of the pious generations after the Prophet. They would tighten their clothes before battle. Tighten your shoes well, wear socks so that your feet will be solidly in your shoes.

Didn't your mum ever tell you that? Mine neither. Remember – don't let your dingle dangle.

When the taxi takes you to (M) [this initial could stand for matar, airport in Arabic] remember God constantly while in the car. (Remember the supplication for entering a car, for entering a town, the supplication of place and other supplications).

I think it is more important to remember that the FBI says these guys travelled to the airports in hire cars, not taxis.

When you have reached (M) and have left the taxi, say a supplication of place ('Oh Lord, I ask you for the best of this place, and ask you to protect me from its evils'), and everywhere you go say that prayer and smile and be calm, for God is with the believers.

Say a prayer, smile and be calm? I thought they were supposed to have had an argument with a guy over a car space immediately they arrived? They ought to listen more.

In his 'will' Atta also asks that his body be washed and buried. What, after flying a plane with a 20,000 gallon fuel capacity into the World

Trade Center? That's one heck of an embalming job. It should also be noted that while they produced this 'letter' to the hijackers, which talks of everyone fearing death, the FBI also said that 11 of the 19 hijackers named did not know they were on a suicide mission, but believed themselves to be preparing for a conventional hijack. Not if they read Atta's letter they weren't. 9/11 was like the worst type of Hollywood movie in terms of the official storyline and the miraculous and implausible happenings required for it to be true.

Venice – City of Mirages

This title may be awarded to the most famous Venice in Italy, but it could equally apply with regard to 9/11 to the small city of the same name on the Florida coast. A key strand of the official story is that all the pilots named by the FBI attended American flying schools in preparation for hijacking four commercial airliners and taking over the controls. They did this by practising on single-engine planes and some extremely incompetently at that. The main centre for this flying tuition was the little airport in Venice which is not far from Sarasota where Bush visited the school on the morning of 9/11. Three of the four alleged pilots trained at flying schools at Venice airport – Mohamed Atta (Flight 11), Marwan al-Shehhi (Flight 175) and Ziad Jarrah (Flight 93). Hani Hanjour, alleged hijacker pilot of Flight 77, attended schools in Arizona and briefly experienced a flight simulator. Venice is a seaside resort and retirement centre on the Gulf of Mexico on Florida's south-western coast with a population of some 23,000. Venice airport was mentioned during the Iran-Contra hearings when Oliver North was being questioned and the subject involved gun running from the airport to the Contras in Nicaragua. The airport was also a conduit for the CIA drug-running operation into the United States out of South America aided and abetted by the Bushes and Clintons. Funnily enough, small as Venice may be, close Bush family associate Jackson Stephens had a long association with the place. Stephens was an investor in George W. Bush's Harken Energy together with Khalid bin Mahfouz, the man named by the US State Department as a financial backer of Osama bin Laden. Bin Mahfouz and Stephens had something else in common, too – their involvement in the corrupt and criminal Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI) in which the Bush family and the Saudis were also seriously implicated. Stephens was a close friend and financial backer of Father George and funded Bill Clinton's campaigns to be governor of Arkansas and US President. He has further been linked by researchers to the National Security Agency (NSA), the major overseer of the US intelligence network and boss to the CIA. Some government officials have accused the NSA of destroying data relevant to the 9/11 investigation, but why wouldn't they when destroying evidence of government-military-

intelligence criminality is their job? Stephens was also a roommate of President Jimmy Carter at the US Naval Academy. To put it mildly, this guy had massive 'connections' and has been named in relation to a number of scandals including the corrupt Whitewater land deals which involved the Clintons and the Iran-Contra gun-running and cocaine smuggling operation through the Mena airstrip in Arkansas while Clinton was governor and Bush/Reagan were in the White House. A block away from Venice Airport and the 'hijacker' flying schools was the former national headquarters of the Stephens company, Beverly Enterprises. At the time of 9/11 it was home to his former law firm, Boone, Boone and Boone, and a Stephens executive still had an office there. Boone, Boone and Boone, it seemed, pretty much ran the place. Venice was a 'Boone town', you might say.

Florida is a major centre of drug trafficking and CIA, Mafia and military activity, all of which go together. I have seen the Saudi royal family mentioned for its connection to the Florida elite and criminal networks and 15 of the 19 alleged hijackers were from Saudi Arabia. Drug-trafficking and 9/11 are intertwined. Florida-based journalist Daniel Hopsicker said the son of Jewish gangster Alvin Malnik from the Miami Mafia was married into the Saudi royal family through a daughter of a Saudi prince. The king of Saudi Arabia would regularly send his private 747 to Florida to allow Malnik and gang to do business with the Saudis away from public view, Hopsicker reports. Three 9/11 'pilots' ended up at Venice flying schools even though Florida had hundreds of schools to choose from. The fact that Venice airport was a conduit for transporting drugs in the CIA operation was not a coincidence it is safe to say. American 'Atta' was involved it seems in the drug racket as a pilot and attending the flying school was a front. He already knew how to fly small planes and had licences from many countries. Being an operative in the CIA drug trade would also explain his many movements and long distances in hire cars and his wads of cash. There is a very good chance that he was set up by the 9/11 cover-story creators while he thought he was working for 'them' on other business. 'Mohamed – we need you to go to Boston and then on to Portland to stay overnight and return to Boston the next day.' Or he could have known what he was doing. Either is possible. The Venice flying schools had both changed hands shortly before Atta and company arrived there and both were purchased 'independently' by Dutch nationals within a month of each other. Rudi Dekkers bought Huffman Aviation and Arne Kruithof bought the Florida Flight Center. Atta and al-Shehhi went to Huffman and Jarrah to the Flight Center. Atta and al-Shehhi also attended Jones Aviation flying school at Sarasota Bradenton International Airport half an hour from Venice and five miles or so from the Emma E. Booker Elementary School where President Bush was on

the morning of September 11th. Dekkers launched an aggressive European 'marketing' campaign not long before the 'hijackers' turned up at Huffman. He told the local *Venice Gondolier* at the time:

> The world is my working place. I won't forget Venice, but I'm going to market throughout the world, Germany, France, Belgium. That's our goal, to get people to come in here from all over the world.

So it proved. Foreign nationals soon made up 80 percent of student pilots at the school. Hundreds a year were paying thousands of dollars while it was reported that Dekkers was falling behind with the rent. Daniel Hopsicker, author of *Barry and the Boys: The CIA, the Mob, and America's Secret History*, said that Huffman Aviation was one of the schools authorised by the Immigration and Naturalization Service to issue I-20M immigration forms. These helped foreign students to secure US visas as vocational students. Arab would-be pilots began to arrive at both Venice schools in unprecedented numbers. The schools were connected to an elite international 'exchange' programme. This was a 'joint venture' between the American and German governments and run by a little-known private organisation, Carl Duisberg International (CDS). Hopsicker said this had close ties to Hidden Hand figures like David Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger and was supported by the Clintons. The usual suspects in other words and what a coincidence that is – or rather isn't. Hopsicker quotes an 'observer' at Venice Airport as saying of Rudi Dekkers:

> I've always had some suspicions about the way he breezed into town out of nowhere. Just too many odd little things. For example, he has absolutely no aviation background as far as anyone can tell. And he evidently had no use for, nor knowledge of, FAA rules and regs.

Dekkers claimed to have extensive aviation experience, but Richard Boehlke, a former business associate who fell out with him, said: 'He was an oxymoron the day I met him. I can't believe anyone handed him millions of dollars to run a business he had no experience in.' That could be explained if we were talking about a business for which the flying schools were only a public cover for very different activities. The joint owner of Huffman Aviation, along with Dekkers, was a guy called Wally Hilliard and on July 25th, 2000, while Atta was attending the school, Hilliard's Learjet was found to have 43 pounds of heroin on board when searched by the Drug Enforcement Administration in Orlando. *The Orlando Sentinel* called it 'the biggest drug seizure in central Florida history'. Hopsicker said it is no coincidence that Atta was, allegedly with Hilliard's help, selling Afghanistan opium and heroin that was financing

the Taliban in league with the CIA and Pakistan's Inter-Services Intelligence (ISI). The CIA and ISI were running the opium/heroin operation in Afghanistan and creaming off profits for Bin Laden and the training and arming of Islamic terrorism – as I have exposed in other books. The *Times of India* revealed that Atta was wired $100,000 just before 9/11 on the orders of then ISI chief General Mahmoud Ahmed who was in Washington DC on September 11th meeting with CIA Director George Tenet and other intelligence figures. This money was believed to be connected to 9/11, but with Atta involved in the ISI-CIA drug operation this is far more likely to have been the reason. Amanda Keller, Atta's one-time girlfriend, said he had a constant supply of cash and drugs:

> These guys had money flowing out their ass. They never seemed to run out of money. They had massive supplies of cocaine. Whenever they'd run out, they'd go over to the flight school. I followed them one day with Sabrina [a German friend of Atta's] to see where they were going, and saw them go into Florida Flight Training.

Dekkers and Hilliard were also flush with money despite apparently losing a fortune on the flying school. One observer said of Dekkers: 'He didn't even have the money to buy gas for an airplane ... and yet a year later he shows up and plops a million seven, a million eight or two million dollars on the table as if it were paper money.' Hopsicker said this can be explained because Dekkers was a CIA asset and the CIA was running the whole operation. He said in a radio interview:

> I discovered that we were dealing with flight school owners who are CIA assets ... Mohamed Atta was in this country as a result of a program being run through the Central Intelligence Agency.

Hopsicker says the FBI lied to protect Dekkers and, in turn, Dekkers lied to Congress about his relationship with Atta. The 9/11 Commission, set up to whitewash the whole story, basically ignores the flight schools in Venice along with anything else that is relevant to the truth. Whenever you are dealing with a CIA connection you'll almost always find drug trafficking and the same with Israel's Mossad. This is one of the main ways CIA 'black ops' (Hidden Hand ops) are financed without using official funds that can be traced and the Bushes and Clintons have been heavily involved in this. The FBI systematically covered up the Florida connection and claimed it had no idea where Atta was located between leaving the flying school (according to Dekkers about Christmas 2000) and when they officially pick him up again in May, 2001. This is nonsense, as Hopsicker reveals. Numerous witnesses told them where

Atta was in that time – in Venice, Florida. He lived in nearby North Port from January, 2001, until early March and then moved in with Amanda Keller in the Sandpiper Apartments. All this was happening four months after the FBI tells us that Atta left Venice and they lost track of him. Rudi Dekkers claims he never saw Atta again after he left in late 2000 and yet several witnesses saw them together in Venice two weeks before 9/11. These included Venice licenced cab drivers who reported taking Atta to and from Huffman Aviation and other Venice locations in August, 2001, and on two occasions with Rudi Dekkers. Another witness said Atta bought a sandwich from her in Venice one week before the attacks. Why is the FBI covering up what happened in Venice and why has Rudi Dekkers not been held to account for his false testimony?

Trained by the United States?

Florida is home to the Naval Air Station in Pensacola where the US military operates exchange programmes for overseas officers. Within days of September 11th reports appeared in *Newsweek, The Washington Post,* and Knight Ridder newspapers that five of the hijackers named by the FBI were trained at secure US bases in the 1990s including three at Pensacola. *Newsweek* quoted a 'high-ranking US Navy source' as saying that three of the alleged hijackers listed Pensacola Naval Air Station for their driver's licence and car registration addresses. The report said these men were believed to be Saeed al-Ghamdi and Ahmad al-Nami, both allegedly on Flight 93, and Ahmed al-Ghamdi from Flight 175. It was claimed that their training at Pensacola was paid for by Saudi Arabia with its close connections to the Father Bush Carlyle Group which also had direct connections to the Bin Laden family. *Newsweek* claimed that military records showed that three men used the address of 10 Radford Boulevard, a base roadway where the residences of foreign-military flight trainees are located. Saeed al-Ghamdi listed this address in March, 1997, to register a 1998 Oldsmobile, *Newsweek* said. Five months later he used it again to register a late-model Buick. *Newsweek* said that driving licences were believed to have been issued to the other two suspects in 1996 and 1998 and also listed the barracks as their residences. An FBI spokesman was quoted as saying the hijackers could have stolen identities of people who trained at the bases. Mohamed Atta was reported by *Newsweek* to have attended the International Officer School at Maxwell Air Force Base in Montgomery, Alabama. In response to these reports Florida Democrat Senator Bill Nelson faxed a request to Attorney General John Ashcroft demanding confirmation or otherwise of this story. A spokesman for the senator said:

> In the wake of those reports we asked about the Pensacola Naval Air Station but we never got a definitive answer from the Justice Department. So we

> asked the FBI for an answer if and when they could provide us one. Their response to date [five months later] has been that they are trying to sort through something complicated and difficult.

A Pentagon spokesman responded on September 16th, 2001, by saying that 'name matches may not necessarily mean the students were the hijackers and that discrepancies in biographical data indicate that 'we are probably not talking about the same people'. *'May not necessarily?' 'Probably'*? You mean they don't know? Of course they do so why don't they simply reveal the background to those foreign trainees with the same names as those claimed to be hijackers? A Pentagon spokesman denied that the Mohamed Atta who attended the International Officer School at Maxwell was the same man named as leader of the hijackers while refusing all requests for the biographical background of the Mohamed Atta at the school. The spokesman told reporters: 'I do not have the authority to tell you who attended which schools.' Did some of the alleged hijackers, including Atta, attend military training schools in the United States? I asked the FBI this question, but officials refused to answer. Investigative journalist Daniel Hopsicker said the wife of a former CIA pilot at the base told him:

> I have a girlfriend who recognized Mohamed Atta. She met him at a party at the Officer's Club. The reason she swears it was him here is because she didn't just meet him and say hello. After she met him she went around and introduced him to the people that were with her. So she knows it was him. There were a lot of them [Saudi/Arab pilots] living in an upscale complex in Montgomery. They had to get all of them out of there. They were all gone the day after the attack.

The *Los Angeles Times* quoted a 'defense official' as saying that two of the hijackers were former Saudi fighter pilots who had attended two prominent US military programmes, the Defense Language School at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, and the Air Force's Air War College at Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama. There were and are extremely close connections between the US and Saudi military. The United States Military Training Mission operated – and still does – a joint training mission under the command of United States Central Command at MacDill Air Force Base in Florida. Could some of these alleged 'hijackers' have been trained by the United States? There is certainly a massive Saudi connection to the 9/11 official story and Michael Springman, former head of the American visa bureau in Jeddah from 1987 to 1989, told the BBC *Newsnight* programme:

> In Saudi Arabia I was repeatedly ordered by high level State Department

> officials to issue visas to unqualified applicants. These were, essentially, people who had no ties either to Saudi Arabia or to their own country. I complained bitterly at the time there. I returned to the US, I complained to the State Department here, to the General Accounting Office, to the Bureau of Diplomatic Security and to the Inspector General's office. I was met with silence.

The BBC also quoted 'a highly placed source in a US intelligence agency' as saying there had always been 'constraints' on investigating Saudis and that under President George W. Bush it had become much worse. Patsies from military and intelligence backgrounds taking the blame for a much wider plot are numerous and this could well have been the case with the American 'Atta' or 'Attas'. The Kennedy assassination was blamed on US-trained CIA operative Lee Harvey Oswald and the Oklahoma bombing patsy was highly-trained US soldier Timothy McVeigh. 'Middle Eastern men' could easily have been recruited from the thousands of Iraqi Republican Guard officers who were relocated to the United States – Oklahoma in particular – by Father George Bush after the 1991 Gulf War. Operatives from nations with 'Middle Eastern' features can be trained and directed to work on Problem-Reaction-Solution scenarios and unknowing witnesses report seeing 'Middle Eastern men' at relevant places at relevant times. 'See – it was Islamic terrorists!' Al Martin, a retired US Navy Lieutenant Commander, said that one of the Iranians involved in the bombing of the World Trade Center in 1993 was trained at the Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama, and completed an explosives course in the guise of a Pakistani officer. Not just anyone can qualify to attend these US military training schools. You need connections with foreign governments 'friendly' with the United States – governments like Saudi Araba, Egypt etc., – in league with Hidden Hand elements that control the United States. Foreign nationals who are accepted for military training in the United States are not squaddies, foot soldiers or guys off the street and nor could Atta have been if he did attend such a school at Maxwell. A former Navy pilot at the Pensacola base in Florida said in the *Newsweek* article:

> We always, always, always trained other countries' pilots. When I was there two decades ago, it was Iranians. The Shah was in power. Whoever the country du jour is, that's whose pilots we train.

The American military's country of choice for such trainees in the 1990s turns out to be ... *Saudi Arabia* – a country that weaves through the 9/11 narrative while never having consequences for that. We will see in due course that the inner core elites of the United States, Saudi Arabia and Israel are all on the same side and form *one* elite. The way the world

is truly controlled, directed and manipulated cannot be understood while perceiving divisions of country borders, race, culture or apparent religion. Those are there to keep the little people in line and fighting each other while the Hidden Hand and The Web operate beyond them in common cause to the same common outcome of global dictatorship. Many connections between Saudis and 9/11 players and families have already been highlighted. Father Bush's Carlyle Group were 'advisers' to the Saudi royal family and controlled them, according to insiders. The Saudi Arabian Bin Laden family were investors in the Carlyle Group and Boy George's Arbusto Energy. At least eleven members of the family (some report more) were allowed to fly home in a 747 from Boston Logan Airport after the 9/11 attacks while all non-military aircraft were grounded. Who would soon be named as the overseer (patsy) of the attacks? Osama bin Laden. Bush family Saudi associate Khalid bin Mahfouz was a major player in the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI) through which drug money was laundered, weapons trafficked, terrorism supported, including 'al-Qaeda', and off-the-books intelligence operations funded. Jackson Stephens, another BCCI player and close friend and funder of the Bush family, had a liking for the little city of Venice in Florida where the flight schools were located. The overwhelming majority of those named as 'hijackers' were Saudi nationals and even Atta, an Egyptian, was reported to have a Saudi passport. Men with the same name as some alleged hijackers, including Atta, attended US military training schools at secure bases in the 1990s at the time when Saudi Arabia was the country of choice for such training.

Able Danger

Army reserve Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Shaffer who worked for the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) revealed how a classified military operation called Able Danger had identified Mohamed Atta and 'al-Qaeda cells' in the United States more than a year before the attacks. Able Danger was a joint project between the DIA and the Pentagon's Special Operations Command (SOCOM) and was established in 1999 on the orders of the Pentagon Joint Chiefs of Staff then headed by Chairman Hugh Shelton who was on a plane mid-Atlantic during the 9/11 attacks and replaced by General Richard Myers. The goal of Able Danger was said to be 'developing targeting information for al-Qaeda on a global scale'. They should have just called the *creators* of al-Qaeda at the CIA and other levels of the Pentagon and saved themselves a lot of work. Anyway, Shaffer said that the Pentagon's Special Operations Command intervened to stop Able Danger operatives from telling the FBI what they knew and no action was taken against 'Atta and the cells'. Shaffer said that when he leaked the information to the FBI and

demanded the arrest of Atta the alleged 9/11 'terrorist ringleader' was protected by Pentagon lawyers who stepped in and blocked any response by the FBI. Why on earth would a Pentagon operation that was told about Atta and 'al-Qaeda cells' a year before the attacks want to stop action being taken against them? Why did the official 9/11 Commission report omit to mention Able Danger and this blocking of FBI intervention when Lieutenant Colonel Shaffer said that he told Commission Executive Director Philip Zelikow all about what happened? Who was 'Mohamed Atta' *really?* Insider attacks like 9/11 are orchestrated by a fiercely compartmentalised Hidden Hand structure with on one side those organising the event and developing the cover story to blame the wrong people and on the other genuine people in law enforcement and intelligence that want to stop such attacks happening. Positions of power are secured by the Hidden Hand group to plan, prepare and carry out attacks or whatever Problem-Reaction-Solution scenario it might be. When genuine law enforcement/intelligence operatives begin to uncover the plot believing it to be an external plot, in this case from 'al-Qaeda', the same positions of power step in and stop the investigation or actions that would expose the conspiracy and stop it happening. Genuine officers are then bewildered at why their power hierarchy stops them doing their job – why would they do that? They do it because it protects the assets and patsies playing out the cover story that will later be sold to the public and media (easy) and divert attention from the real perpetrators. There is considerable evidence that not only Atta but others named in the cover story were protected so what happened *could* happen. Very few people need to be in on these plots and manipulations so long as they control decision-making positions that can take action to advance the plan and stop action that would expose it. I am not only talking about Hidden Hand networks in America here, but also the global reach – especially in the United States – of Israeli intelligence arm Mossad. I'll have *much* more about its involvement later on.

Expert scepticism

Former German Defence Minister Andreas von Bulow told me that the CIA, German intelligence and Mossad are extremely closely connected and the same certainly goes for British intelligence. Were Atta and company knowingly or unknowingly constructing the cover story, but never boarded the planes? Were they set up to be in the wrong place at the wrong time? Are these stories of the 'hijackers' trained at US military establishments simply a diversion? Any of these situations is possible. In fact, the one story that is truly *im*possible is the one told by the FBI and the American government. Von Bulow was German Minister of Defence and Minister for Research and Technology in the government of German

Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and he wrote a book, *Im Namen des Staates (In the Name of the State)*, which used his knowledge and experience of government investigations to expose the methods employed by intelligence agencies. He said that the official version of what happened on 9/11 is ridiculous and that 95 percent of the work of intelligence agencies is deception and disinformation communicated through the mass media to create an acceptable 'virtual' version of events. Von Bulow should know. He was a member of a parliamentary commission responsible for oversight of the Germany Secret Service. He told *Der Tagesspiegel* that the planning of the 9/11 attacks was technically and organisationally a master achievement. To hijack four huge airplanes within a few minutes and within one hour to drive them into their targets with complicated flight manoeuvres was unthinkable without years of support from 'secret apparatuses of the state and industry'. He said there were 26 intelligence services in the United States with a budget then of $30 billion – more than the German defence budget – and yet they were not able to prevent the attacks and 'for 60 decisive minutes the military and intelligence services let fighter planes stay on the ground'. Then within 48 hours 'the FBI had presented a list of suicide attackers, seven of which turned out to be alive'. Von Bulow went on:

> If this Atta was the decisive man in the operation, it's really strange that he took such a risk of taking a plane that would reach Boston such a short time before the connecting flight. Had his flight been a few minutes late, he would not have been in the plane that was hijacked. Why should a sophisticated terrorist do this? One can, by the way, read on CNN (Internet) that none of these names were on the official passenger lists. None of them had gone through the check-in procedures. And why did none of the threatened pilots give the agreed-upon hijack code over the transponder to the ground station?
>
> In addition: The black boxes which are fire and shock proof, as well as the voice recordings, contain no valuable data ... [and] ... assailants ... in their preparations, leave tracks behind them like a herd of stampeding elephants. They made payments with credit cards with their own names; they reported to their flight instructors with their own names. They left behind rented cars with flight manuals in Arabic ... They took with them, on their suicide trip, wills and farewell letters, which fall into the hands of the FBI, because they were stored in the wrong place and wrongly addressed. Clues were left behind like in a child's game of hide-and-seek, which were to be followed!

Researcher Christopher Bollyn, who has been on the case of 9/11 from day one, writes that Von Bulow told him he believed that Israel intelligence was involved in the form of Mossad to demonise Arabs in the public mind. I agree and I'll be coming to that. Eckehardt

Werthebach, former chief of German domestic intelligence, said that a major intelligence agency had to be involved and the attacks could have required years of planning. Werthebach told *American Free Press* that the magnitude of the planning and the 'deathly precision' could not have been achieved without support from a state intelligence organisation and could not have been the work of a 'loose group' of terrorists by themselves. He said the lack of prior warning would also indicate intelligence agency involvement. Horst Ehmke, who supervised German intelligence in the 1970s, said the same – an intelligence organisation had to be involved. He said the events of September 11th looked like a 'Hollywood production'.

This is precisely what it was – a deadly production for nearly 3,000 people – and there certainly was an intelligence agency involved ... in fact *more* than one.

CHAPTER 9

Searching the maze (with smoke and mirrors)

The elementary principle of all deception is to attract the enemy's attention to what you wish him to see, and to distract his attention from what you do not wish him to see – General Sir Archibald Wavell, Memorandum to the British Chiefs of Staff, 1940

If you know about Operation Northwoods you know basically what happened on 9/11. This Pentagon document from 1962 includes all the major elements of the colossal scam and hoax that played out on live television 40 years later.

People need to know before I come to Northwoods that there are two levels of technology as there are two levels of knowledge: One for the Hidden Hand and the other for the public. Whatever appears to be the technological cutting edge to the public gaze is light years behind what is possible in the shadows. This is how it was in 2001 and remains so today. As technological possibility advances in the world of the seen so it advances still faster in the world of the unseen. The often chasm of difference is widely exploited to make something happen with secret technology and when researchers seek to expose what happened and how it was done they are met with – 'That's ridiculous, it's not possible.' Not with technology we know about, maybe, but that is not the limit of the Hidden Hand which, by definition, keeps its activities and potential *hidden*. Much of what is now called technologically-advanced was being used in the shadows decades and more ago and when you look at publicly-known technology today what on earth is possible away from public sight? If you read *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* you will get an idea. At least some of the 'flying saucers' or UFOs that people report are flown by humans from secret projects and underground bases that even US presidents are not allowed to know about. They are flown with anti-gravity technology that the elite have been working with for decades. You want a fake 'alien invasion' to secure an outcome? 'Okay, sergeant – scramble the fleet!' Presidents and prime ministers don't run countries – the inner core of the military-

intelligence-industrial complex does. The rest is window-dressing to make the population believe they have choice and freedom.

A front-line Pentagon vehicle for developing this secret beyond-the-cutting-edge technology is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) which was established under another name by President Eisenhower in 1958. This truly despicable organisation makes lovely contributions to human society such as death rays, soldiers controlled by artificial intelligence (AI) and ever more sophisticated ways to kill as many people as possible without damaging the architecture. DARPA was behind the technology that became the Internet and is the real power behind major search engines, social media platforms and AI developments in Silicon Valley or what I call the Devil's Playground (see again *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*). Well, on one level it is. Silicon Valley is actually controlled by something much deeper in the rabbit hole beyond DARPA as I will be revealing. DARPA's work in seed-funding and overseeing technologies to advance the Hidden Hand agenda is supported by the CIA and its technology development operation In-Q-Tel. The 'Q' is a reference to the 'Q' character in the James Bond films who provides Bond with his amazing gadgetry. These organisations – and others – develop technological capability that the public dismiss as a sci-fi fantasy when it actually exists. Technology frontrunner Amazon was created to control the American and then global retail market and monopolise book circulation to ensure its pivot role as the censor of books the Hidden Hand doesn't want people to see – just like the Nazis did. Amazon, however, goes much deeper in its relevance to the Hidden Hand than that. The grandfather of Amazon multi-billionaire Jeff Bezos, from whom he says he learned 'business skills', worked for the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency, or ARPA, which was renamed DARPA – creator of what became the Internet. Today Bezos and Amazon have phenomenal contracts and connections with the Pentagon and the CIA to provide 'cloud services'. It's all smoke and mirrors, wheels within wheels. I wonder where all the personal information accumulated by the Amazon Echo ends up? I can't think.

Operation Northwoods

We can see an example of this development of secret military-Hidden Hand technology with Operation Northwoods in which the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon (supported by the US intelligence networks) planned to use a pilotless aircraft flown from the ground to create the illusion of an attack by Cuba to justify an invasion of that country to remove its leader Fidel Castro. In the wake of 9/11 Boy Bush called for a system to be developed that would allow controllers on the ground to assume remote control of a hijacked aircraft and direct it to a safe

landing at the nearest airport. *The New York Times* quoted him as saying that the new technology 'probably far in the future' would allow air traffic controllers to land distressed planes by remote control. This was a gross misrepresentation of the truth. I have pointed out many times in my books and talks how Hidden Hand operatives speak to each other during public speeches and announcements in code that only they understand. Language and statement reversal is one technique where you say the opposite of what is true and those who know the system will simply reverse what you say. Streetwise members of the public always do this with politicians. In this instance the 'we must develop remote control technology' could easily mean in the hidden code of language reversal that 'we already have remote control technology' with all the implications to a Web insider of how 9/11 was pulled off. The statement was also a diversion from any questions about the planes being remotely controlled by emphasising that this was not technologically possible at the time – when it *was*. How could Bush credibly say that such technology was 'probably far in the future' when the existence of remotely-controlled aircraft had been in existence for at least 40 years? A few weeks after 9/11 remotely-controlled aircraft were being flown over Afghanistan under the term 'surveillance drones'.

The Operation Northwood documents were appropriately first made public in 1997 by the John F. Kennedy Assassination Records Review Board. Kennedy's assassination was another military-intelligence 'Deep State' hit. A more complete version of Northwoods was posted online by the National Security Archive on April 30th, 2001, only five months before the same script was delivered on 9/11. The contents came to wider public attention with the publication in late April, 2001, of a book by James Bamford, a former Washington Investigative Producer for *World News Tonight* on ABC Television. The book was called *Body of Secrets* and revealed from official government archives the Northwoods plot hatched by America's top military leaders to commit acts of terrorism in US cities, kill civilians and blame it all on Cuban president, Fidel Castro. This plan was devised by the Pentagon Joint Chiefs of Staff under their chairman, Army General Lyman L. Lemnitzer, after President Dwight Eisenhower, who preceded Kennedy, had earlier asked the CIA to produce a plan that would create an excuse for the invasion of Cuba. Latter-day Joint Chiefs were in the Pentagon Command Center orchestrating events on 9/11 (or at least allowing them to happen). Operation Northwoods was designed to win public and international support for an invasion of Cuba that would remove Castro while the September 11th attacks were engineered to justify an Orwellian state and the 'war on terror' which has devastated the Middle East and elsewhere. James Bamford was researching the National Security Agency (NSA) when he came across official documents

detailing the Northwoods operation. They revealed plans to blow up an American ship and blame Cuba and they say: '... Casualty lists in US newspapers would cause a helpful wave of national indignation.' I emphasis again that to understand those behind these plans and what happened on 9/11 it is vital to appreciate that we are dealing with mentally-deranged psychopaths that should be in a very secure psychiatric hospital and not in the Pentagon or White House. The Joint Chiefs also proposed to kill astronaut John Glenn during the first attempt to put an American into orbit and blame that on Cuba, the documents reveal. If Glenn's rocket exploded 'the objective is to provide irrevocable proof ... that the fault lies with ... Communist ... Cuba', say the Northwood documents. James Bamford wrote:

> ... the plan, which had the written approval of the Chairman and every member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, called for innocent people to be shot on American streets; for boats carrying refugees fleeing Cuba to be sunk on the high seas; for a wave of violent terrorism to be launched in Washington DC, Miami, and elsewhere.
>
> People would be framed for bombings they did not commit; planes would be hijacked. Using phoney evidence, all of it would be blamed on Castro, thus giving Lemnitzer and his cabal the excuse, as well as the public and international backing, they needed to launch their war.

The plan was to stir up so much hatred for Cuba in the United States (see Muslims post-9/11) that the people would support an invasion and even demand that it was done. They intended to explode plastic bombs, arrest Cuban agents and release previously prepared documents falsely substantiating Cuban involvement. The plan included attacks on the now infamous US base at Guantanamo Bay in Cuba where, since the invasion of Afghanistan, the 'Land of Freedom' has detained untried and uncharged 'terrorists' in disgraceful, inhuman, conditions and despite the promises of the mega-fraud Barack Obama the evil of Guantanamo continues to this day. Planned Northwoods attacks on the base would be blamed, once again, on Castro and the documents speak of 'a series of well-coordinated incidents ... in and around Guantanamo to give the genuine appearance of being done by hostile Cuban forces'. A Memorandum of July 27th, 1962, says that the operation would mean an enormous increase in Cuban and American casualties. The techniques to be used included:

Starting rumours; using clandestine radio; landing friendly Cubans in uniform 'over the fence' to stage 'attacks' on the base; capturing (friendly) Cuban 'saboteurs' inside the base; starting riots near the base

main gate using friendly Cubans; blowing up ammunition inside the base and starting fires; burning aircraft on the base and blaming Cuba; throwing mortar shells into the base; capturing assault teams approaching from the sea or Guantanamo City; capturing a militia group which storms the base to sabotage a ship in harbour; sinking a ship near the harbour entrance; blowing up an unmanned vessel in Cuban water and blaming it on Cuban aircraft that would naturally come and investigate what had happened; issue false casualty lists to the US media to whip up public opinion against Cuba; and, look at this ...'conduct funerals for mock victims'.

You can see now the origins of fake terrorist attacks (fake in the sense that those blamed didn't do them) and 'chemical attacks by President Assad' in Syria which have been really carried out by US/UK/NATO proxy terrorists or are 100 percent staged for the cameras with no chemicals involved at all. Even mainstream media 'journalists' have had to admit long after the event that chemical attacks in the Damascus suburb of Douma blamed on Assad were staged by Western-backed anti-Assad 'activist groups' and the terrorist front known as the White Helmets: Problem-Reaction-Solution. Wars can be started in this way – see the Gulf of Tonkin [non]-'incident' and what followed in Vietnam. Northwoods documents call for the use of Soviet Union MIG-type look-alike aircraft flown by US pilots to harass civil aircraft, attack surface shipping and destroy US military remotely-controlled drone aircraft to give the impression it was all done by Cuba. 'An F-86 properly painted would convince air passengers that they saw a Cuban MIG ...' one document says. It was further planned to stage the mock shooting-down of a US Air Force plane in international waters by simply getting the pilot, using a made-up name, to report that he was under attack and stop transmitting. He would then fly back to his base where the plane would be repainted with a new tail number and the pilot would resume his real name. A US submarine would send aircraft to search for planted wreckage in the sea and this would be found to confirm the 'Cuban' attack. Bamford said the plans for these terrorist acts against American targets had the written approval of all the Joint Chiefs of Staff and were presented to President Kennedy in March, 1962, by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Eventually, the 'civilian leadership' rejected them and three days later Kennedy told Lemnitzer there was virtually no chance of ever using overt force to take Cuba. Operation Northwoods remained secret for four decades until these documents came to light and they mirror what really happened on 9/11 – and since. Bamford told his former employers at *ABC News*:

> These were Joint Chiefs of Staff documents. The reason these were held secret

> for so long is the Joint Chiefs never wanted to give these up because they were so embarrassing. The whole point of a democracy is to have leaders responding to the public will, and here this is the complete reverse, the military trying to trick the American people into a war that they want, but that nobody else wants.

Bamford revealed the Northwoods plan to the mainstream media, but when Northwoods Mark 2 came along weeks later with 9/11 that same media believed and promoted every word of the government narrative and have done so ever since. Even more than that they condemn and dismiss all those who asked questions about the government's fairy story as 'conspiracy theorists'. Had the same excuses-for-'journalists' been around in 1962 and had the Northwoods plan gone ahead they would have done precisely the same. Bamford writes that even after the original plans were rejected others continued to be developed, such as creating a war between Cuba and another Latin American country to allow the US to intervene. The highest levels of the military and intelligence plan these Problem-Reaction-Solution operations and they connect into organisations like the National Security Agency (NSA) and CIA along with overseas assets of the Hidden Hand such as British intelligence and Israel's Mossad. It is no good people claiming their leaders could not have been behind the horrors of 9/11 when the documents exist to show that the Pentagon had planned in detail something so very similar in the 1960s. The good news is that Kennedy blocked the execution of Operation Northwoods and sacked Chiefs of Staff chairman Lemnitzer. The bad news is that he was then appointed *Supreme Allied Commander of NATO*.

2001 in 1962

The most profound point about Northwoods in relation to 9/11 was the plan to *hijack civilian aircraft*, land them at an Air Force base and *replace them with pilotless drones* that would then be shot down and the attack blamed on Cuba. Northwoods documents say it was possible to create an incident that would convince the public that a Cuban aircraft had shot down a chartered civil airliner on a flight from the United States to Jamaica, Guatemala, Venezuela or Panama. The destination would be chosen so the route would cross Cuba. The 'real' plane (actually a CIA aircraft) would carry 'selected' passengers boarded under 'carefully prepared aliases' and take off from a civilian airport. It would be replaced in the sky south of Florida with a *remotely-controlled* aircraft and this would then be flown over Cuba, send out a distress signal, and be destroyed by radio signal. The original plane would be landed at an Air Force base where the make-believe 'passengers' would get off. All this was planned *40 years* before 9/11. Imagine what the remote-control

technology was like by comparison in 2001? Bamford quotes from the Northwoods documents in *Body of Secrets*:

> An aircraft at Eglin AFB would be painted and numbered as an exact duplicate for a civil registered aircraft belonging to a CIA proprietary organization in the Miami area. At a designated time the duplicate would be substituted for the actual civil aircraft and would be loaded with the selected passengers, all boarded under carefully prepared aliases. The actual registered aircraft would be converted into a [remote-controlled] drone. Take off times of the drone aircraft and the actual aircraft will be scheduled to allow a rendezvous south of Florida.
>
> From the rendezvous point the passenger-carrying aircraft will descend to minimum altitude and go directly into an auxiliary field at Eglin AFB where arrangements will have been made to evacuate the passengers and return the aircraft to its original status. The drone aircraft meanwhile will continue to fly the filed flight plan. When over Cuba the drone will be transmitting on the international distress frequency a 'May Day' message stating he is under attack by Cuban MiG aircraft. The transmission will be interrupted by destruction of the aircraft, which will be triggered by radio signal. This will allow ICAO [International Civil Aviation Organisation] radio stations in the Western Hemisphere to tell the US what has happened to the aircraft instead of the US trying to 'sell' the incident.

I have said for many years that the staged 'hijacking' of planes and their remotely-controlled replacements planned by Operation Northwoods were eventually carried out on the day known forever as 9/11. I say the planes that left the airports were taken over in-flight from the ground and were not the planes that hit the buildings. I will outline detailed evidence to support that view as we go along. I emphasise that not only was remote-control possible in 2001 the technology had been around since at least 1962 when Northwoods planned to use it. In fact remote-control had been available to the military since the 1950s.

No pilot necessary

I wrote in *Alice in Wonderland*, published in 2002, that a US Air Force fact sheet available to anyone on the Internet at the time of 9/11 detailed the capabilities and background of a remotely-controlled aircraft technology called Global Hawk. This was an Unmanned Aerial Vehicle (UAV) providing Air Force battlefield commanders with near real-time, high-resolution, intelligence, surveillance and reconnaissance imagery flying at extremely high altitudes to survey large areas with pinpoint accuracy (Fig 40 overleaf). The fact sheet said that once the 'mission parameters' were programmed into Global Hawk the aircraft could 'autonomously

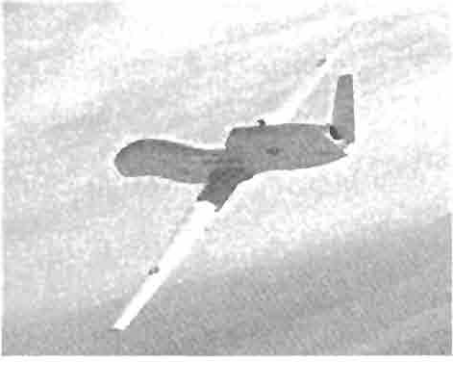

Figure 40: Global Hawk remotely-controlled aircraft technology was being used by the military in 2001.

taxi, take off, fly, remain on station capturing imagery, return and land'. Operators on the ground could alter flying instructions during flight as necessary. *Airman* magazine summarised the control systems of the Global Hawk:

> The bird's 'pilots' stay on the ground. Its flight control, navigation and vehicle management are independent and based on a mission plan. That means the airplane flies itself – there's no pilot on the ground with a joystick manoeuvring it around. However, it does get instructions from airmen at ground stations. The launch and recovery element provides precision guidance for take-off and landing, using a differential global positioning system. That team works from the plane's operating base.

Such technology is commonplace today, but the point is that it was operating in the public arena in 2001 and therefore far more advanced technology was available to the Hidden Hand. The Global Hawk in service at the time of 9/11 was 44 feet long with a wingspan of 116 feet (equivalent to a Boeing 737) and a range of 12,000 nautical miles. Global Hawk could fly at up to 65,000 feet at speeds approaching about 400mph for as long as 35 hours. The plane was developed through the 1990s and the principal contractor was Hidden Hand-controlled Northrop Grumman at its Ryan Aeronautical Center, San Diego, California. Communications systems were provided by L3 Com, Salt Lake City, Utah. Global Hawk began tests and exercises in 1999 sponsored by US Joint Forces Command. Boy Bush-appointed James Roche, who was US Secretary of the Air Force in 2001, held many executive posts with Northrop Grumman. These included corporate vice president and president, Electronic Sensors and Systems Sector, before leaving to join the Bush administration. Roche was a member of the Hidden Hand's Council on Foreign Relations and Center for Strategic Studies and responsible for Air Force 'functioning and efficiency ... formulation of ... policies and programs' and those responsibilities encompassed NORAD. Colonel Wayne M. Johnson became manager of the Global Hawk Programme at the Reconnaissance Systems Program Office, Aeronautical Systems Center at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base at Dayton, Ohio, which assumed total programme control on October 1st, 1998. This is about 200 miles by road from where Flight 93 was 'hijacked'

and turned around. A Global Hawk deployed to Eglin Air Force Base in Florida (where the Operation Northwoods drone was planned to take-off) was flown across the Atlantic to Europe by remote control to take part in NATO exercises. In April, 2001, the pilotless aircraft was flown non-stop the 7,500 miles across the Pacific from the Edwards Air Force Base in California to the Royal Australian Air Force Base at Edinburgh, South Australia. This set (officially) new world records for remote-controlled aircraft. Global Hawk was also deployed in the grotesquely-named Operation Enduring Freedom which after a translation from the Orwellian meant the mass murder of civilians in Afghanistan justified by 9/11. The Predator, another remotely controlled aircraft capable of reaching 25,000 feet, was deployed to Afghanistan and had seen action in the former Yugoslavia. Technology to remotely-control planes from the ground as per Operation Northwoods was far more advanced by 2001 and NORAD, so central to what happened on 9/11, had been using remote-control capability in many different aircraft over more than 40 years. An article by Alan Staats published in *Quill* magazine in 1998 detailed the history and development of remote control technology. Staats writes:

> Controlling the aircraft from the ground is nothing new. The military has been flying obsolete high performance fighter aircraft as target drones since the 1950s. In fact, NORAD (the North American Air Defense Command) had at its disposal a number of US Air Force General Dynamics F-106 Delta Dart fighter aircraft configured to be remotely flown into combat as early as 1959 under the auspices of a program known as SAGE. These aircraft could be started, taxied, taken off, flown into combat, fight, and return to a landing entirely by remote control, with the only human intervention needed being to fuel and re-arm them. To this day, drone aircraft are remotely flown from Air Force and Naval bases all over the country to provide targets for both airborne and ground based weapons platforms.

Staats goes on to say that the technology existed (writing in 1998) that would allow a ground crew to override and direct the flight path of a hijacked plane and that *the military has employed this capability since the 1950s*. So much for Bush and his claim that remote-control from the ground was 'probably far in the future' and as someone who flew with the Texas National Guard to avoid the draft to Vietnam he did not have the excuse of ignorance (for once) for this pathetic misdirection. Staats wrote three years before 9/11 that from an engineering point of view modifying and implementing the technology for use on passenger-carrying aircraft in the United States to fly them and land them by remote control '*is a relatively simple matter*'. He said 'autoland' systems had been in wide commercial use in different parts of the world since

the 1980s. Auto landings were routinely performed thousands of times a day throughout the world and Staats continued:

> It is technically possible to create a system to perform remotely commanded return flights of a hijacked airliner. On-board digital command, control and display equipment can easily share data with, and accept commands from, ground control stations. Little input beyond the initial command to enter safe return flight and the ultimate destination are needed.

Commercial aircraft are largely flown by computers today and the pilot can have comparitively little to do with the actual flying once it's off the ground and programmed with a route to follow. In 2001 a flight plan agreed with the FAA, or its equivalent around the world, was entered into the aircraft computer system or Flight Management System (FMS). This could be done through direct programming or a disc. The flight programme included the planned height and speed throughout the flight as it travelled between points in the sky known as waypoints. When the plane had taken off it aimed for the first waypoint and the computer would execute changes to head for the next point and so on to its destination. The system is highly-advanced today and the point I am making is that it was happening in 2001. Alan Staats wrote three years earlier:

> Because all the components of controlling the aircraft communicate with each other digitally through a central unit, the FMS, activating such a 'safe return' system would be a matter of uploading commands to the FMS to fly the aircraft to the nearest airport. Controlling the aircraft's speed, altitude and course, the FMS would guide it back to land.

In other words to remotely-control any commercial airliner at the time of 9/11 all you needed to do was get control of the Flight Management System (FMS) computers and override the ability of pilots to have an input. Do that and you could fly a plane wherever you like with the pilots in the cockpit unable to do anything about it. You could also turn the transponder off and control the entire system, including blocking the pilot's ability to send the normal hijacking alarm code which, remarkably, none of the pilots on September 11th managed to do. But there's more – the very act of hacking the flight computers could *automatically turn off the transponder.* I'll have more about this shortly.

Remote-control and DARPA

Staats said that the data links to remotely-control digital airborne flight control systems in commercial aircraft was already widely used in 1998. They were called ACARS (Aircraft Communications Addressing and

Reporting System) and these communicated a long list of data including position, fuel consumption, weather and flight plan information to ground stations. ACARS also has the ability to send data to the aircraft from the ground. Staats said that this link allowed 'both uploading digital control inputs to control the aircraft as well as the potential to download and remotely monitor the digital aircraft displays'. These are only technological possibilities before 9/11 that were known in the public arena – the military's capability would have been far in advance of this. If you look at what is publicly possible *today* you can get a feel for what the military could do then. Stanley Hilton, the lawyer who filed a lawsuit against Bush and associates over 9/11, told me he had spoken with a mechanic with United Airlines who personally worked on this remote-control system of taking over aircraft from the ground. If you can fly a plane from America to Australia and back without a pilot you will have no trouble directing one into the World Trade Center. Australia-based investigator Joe Vialls wrote in the wake of 9/11 about the connection to the Pentagon's technology-development arm, DARPA:

> In the mid-seventies ... two American multinationals collaborated with the Defense Advanced Projects Agency (DARPA) on a project designed to facilitate the remote recovery of hijacked American aircraft. [This] ... allowed specialist ground controllers to ... take absolute control of [a hijacked aircraft's] computerized flight control system by remote means. From that point onwards, regardless of the wishes of the hijackers or flight deck crew, the hijacked aircraft could be recovered and landed automatically at an airport of choice, with no more difficulty than flying a radio-controlled model plane ... [This was] the system used to facilitate direct ground control of the four aircraft used in the high-profile attacks on New York and Washington on 11th September 2001.

Vialls referred to the technology as 'Home Run' and said that top-secret computer codes were hacked on 9/11 to allow control of the planes from the ground:

> In order to make Home Run truly effective, it had to be completely integrated with all on-board systems, and this could only be accomplished with a new aircraft design, several of which were on the drawing boards at that time. Under cover of extreme secrecy, the multinationals and DARPA went ahead on this basis and built 'back doors' into the new computer designs. There were two very obvious hard requirements at this stage, the first a primary control channel for use in taking over the flight control system and flying the aircraft back to an airfield of choice, and secondly a covert audio channel for monitoring flight deck conversations. Once the primary channel was activated, all aircraft functions came under direct ground control, permanently

removing the hijackers and pilots from the control loop.

The term 'back-doors' into computer systems is going to be crucial to understanding 9/11 and current world events before the end of the book. Vialls said the system began with the best of intentions – to save lives – but 'finally fell prey to security leaks, and eventually to compromised computer codes'. My own view is that it was originally sold under the guise of saving lives with a very different agenda going on higher up. Vialls said the technology 'piggy-backs' on the plane's transponder and this is why the pilots were unable to send the hijack code from any of the many activation points on the aircraft. The 'takeover' technology locked into the frequency of the transponder's communication channel overriding its use by the pilot and no hijack code was sent because before the pilot realises there is a problem the channels are down through which communication with air traffic control can be made. This has been confirmed by many aeronautical sources and this would be one explanation for why transponder transmissions went down. Hidden Hand hackers on the ground were using transponder channels to make a connection with the plane's computers. It should be mentioned, however, that the official story has some transponders turned off some time after the planes began to act strangely, but we shall be exploring how accurate that flight path information really is. Joe Vialls said that the cockpit listening capability of 'Home Run' technology intercepted microphones in the cockpit which normally feed the pilots' conversations to the Cockpit Voice Recorder (CVR) in the black box. The CVR would therefore be blank because microphones would have been de-activated once remote control took over. He claimed that German national airline Lufthansa removed 'Home Run' technology:

> As long ago as the early nineties, a major European flag carrier [Lufthansa] acquired the information and was seriously alarmed that one of its own aircraft might be 'rescued' by the Americans without its authority. Accordingly, this flag carrier completely stripped the American flight control computers out of its entire fleet, and replaced them with a home grown version. These aircraft are now effectively impregnable to penetration by Home Run, but that is more than can be said for the American aircraft fleet.

Brian Desborough, an American scientist/engineer who worked for Boeing and a conspiracy researcher since the 1960s, told me after 9/11:

> Unlike earlier airliners such as the Boeing 747, which are equipped with conventional hydraulically-operated flight controls, the Boeing 757 and 767 aircraft that were involved in the 9/11 incidents, and the Airbus 300 which

> crashed at Queens [New York], have fly-by-wire flight control systems as a weight-saving measure. These aircraft types are equipped with a special black box that was developed by the US Department of Defense Research Agency, DARPA. If terrorists attempt to hijack a fly-by-wire aircraft and deviate off course, the black box prevents whoever is piloting the aircraft from sending flight commands to the flight control surfaces and engines. Instead, the aircraft is remotely flown from a land-based covert Federal facility.
>
> In all probability, a Global Hawk remote surveillance aircraft was circling at 60,000 feet over New York on 9/11 in order to provide the ground command center a real time image of the aircraft. At 60,000 feet, the surveillance aircraft would be invisible to people on the ground. I'm aware of a very covert research company in California engaged in the development of advanced engines for tanks. A remote surveillance plane circles overhead every day as a security measure, yet is invisible from the ground.

So it was possible to take control of those planes from the ground on September 11th and fly them wherever the controllers wanted them to go. Does this not make more sense than incompetent Dumb and Dumber pilots who had struggled to fly a Cessna at American flying schools? Also, looking at this in another way, if these planes did have 'anti-hijack' remote control technology why were they allowed to crash as claimed? Why were they not landed safely?

Missing evidence (a common theme)

Clearly there's something seriously wrong with the official narrative wherever you look. Still, no problem, no worries. What happened on those four flights and who was in the cockpits can be revealed by the information secured by their black boxes (orange, not actually black). Aircraft have two black boxes: The Flight Data Recorder (FDR) which records the plane's speed, height, course and mechanical operation; and the Cockpit Voice Recorder (CVR) which retains at least the last 30 minutes of cockpit conversations and activity. Black boxes are designed to survive fantastic impact and heat, but even with two in each plane we are told that those in the World Trade Center aircraft did not survive and were lost while the Cockpit Voice Recorder was destroyed in 'Flight 77'. Information allegedly gleaned from flight data black boxes for 'Pentagon' Flight 77 and 'Pennsylvania' Flight 93 do not support the official story of what happened peddled by the US government as I will detail. The cockpit voice recording claimed to be from Flight 93 is also inconclusive. We will see there is no published data to show the black boxes were even from the aircraft that left the airports when it would be simple to prove if they were. The *Counterpunch* website ran a story in December, 2005, that in fact black boxes for the World Trade Center

planes *were* found by firefighters and analysed by National Transport Safety Board (NTSB) air-crash investigators before being confiscated by the FBI. New York firefighter Nicholas De Masi and rescue worker Mike Bellone claimed in a 2003 book, *Behind the Scenes: Ground Zero*, to have found three of the four black boxes before January, 2002. They said federal agents took them away and told the men not to say they had found them. Nicholas De Masi has since died of 9/11-related cancer connected to toxins breathed in from the dust. Thousands of others living and working around Ground Zero that day have perished the same way and some 10,000 are estimated to have been affected by a 'cesspool of cancer' among responders and residents. A painstaking clean-up of the World Trade Center site would surely have located the black boxes at some point and they emit a location signal for some time after a crash. How is it credible to find fragments of bone and human tissue but not bright orange boxes emitting a location signal in a relatively small area when finding them would (should) have been a major priority? *Counterpunch* ran the article after they said a source at the National Transportation Safety Board told them the black boxes were recovered and analysed by staff at the NTSB. 'Off the record, we had the boxes', the source said. 'You'd have to get the official word from the FBI as to where they are, but we worked on them here.' This makes far more sense than 'they were never found'. Ted Lopatkiewicz, NTSB director of public affairs, said: 'No recorders were recovered from the World Trade Center.' But he added the rider: 'At least none were delivered to us by the FBI.' He also said it was extremely rare that boxes were not found and he could not recall another domestic case in which the recorders were not recovered. Meanwhile the FBI has officially contended the boxes were never found, but, again, spokesman Stephen Kodak added a caveat: 'To the best of my knowledge, the flight recording devices from the World Trade Center crashes were never recovered – at least we never had them.' What a strange attitude to knowing what happened to them when they should have been crucial to any investigation. *ABC News* reported on the survivability of black boxes:

> Although investigators look for an entire black box, sometimes the only parts of the device that survive are the recorder's crash-survivable memory units (CSMU). The CSMU is almost indestructible. It is housed within a stainless-steel shell that contains titanium or aluminium and a high-temperature insulation of dry silica material. 'It is designed to withstand heat of up to 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit for one hour [greater on both counts than they would have experienced in the World Trade Center crashes], salt water for at least 30 days, immersion in a variety of liquids such as jet fuel and lubricants, and an impact of 3,400 Gs. By comparison, astronauts are typically exposed to up to six Gs during a shuttle take-off.

With a beacon transmitter the black boxes can be, and have been, located deep under the ocean and under piles of rubble when buildings have been struck. The *ABC News* information was confirmed by the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) on its official website which also said:

> Both the Flight Data Recorder and the Cockpit Voice Recorder have proven to be valuable tools in the accident investigation process. They can provide information that may be difficult to obtain by other means.

What a pity, then, that so many black boxes were 'destroyed' or 'inconclusive' from four aircraft in four separate crashes. FBI spokesman Bill Crowley said the Cockpit Voice Recorder (CVR) of Flight 93 'found at the Pennsylvania crash site' was in 'fairly good condition' and yet was sent to CVR manufacturer Honeywell for help in extracting information after officials with the National Transportation Safety Board could not get sound from the device. The 'Flight 93' CVR was alleged to have been found on September 14th some 25 feet below the 'impact crater' when the entire area had been cleared of public and media for miles around. Reports say there are no known witnesses to this 'find' and no serial number for the CVR has been published to confirm the plane to which it belonged. The FBI later claimed to have played this cockpit recording to relatives of those who died on Flight 93, but was it the real one? These questions need to be asked after the scale of lies revealed only this far. What was heard certainly appeared to be inconclusive and unclear and Deena Burnett, wife of passenger Tom Burnett, said she heard one hijacker telling another how to fly the plane and shouting that he was touching the wrong buttons. He demanded the pilot be brought back to the cockpit to turn off the alarms. Oh, a well-drilled operation, then. Hey, Abdul, what does this knob do? The tragedy is unspeakable and matched in that enormity only by the farce of the official story. I guess the 'hijackers' were supposed to be speaking in English given that Deena Burnett knew what they said and there was no transcript provided to families. Why weren't they speaking in Arabic? Two other later publicly-reported versions of the tapes contradicted each other and the version the families said they heard. Elias Davidsson notes in *Hijacking America's Mind On 9/11* that an alleged transcript of the 'Flight 93' cockpit tapes produced for the Moussaoui '20th hijacker' trial lacked the following: Date, time and location of crash; aircraft tail number; CVR serial number; name of transcript agency; names of transcribers; date of transcription; signature of the person responsible for production. All this information and more is included in normal transcriptions of CVR recordings. Every procedure considered normal and routine seems to

have been ditched for anything to do with 9/11. The FBI said the voice recorder on Flight 77 'recovered' at the Pentagon could yield no information because it was too severely burned. A black box can survive heat of 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit for an hour and is located in the tail furthest away from impact. I asked the FBI at the time for details of the black boxes and their condition and I was told this information could not be given because of the 'ongoing investigation'. Every other question about the official story was met with the same response. The *Counterpunch* article rightly observed of the New York black boxes:

> Why would the main intelligence and law enforcement arm of the U.S. government want to hide from the public not just the available information about the two hijacked flights that provided the motivation and justification for the nation's 'war on terror' and for its two wars against Afghanistan and Iraq, but even the fact that it has the devices which could contain that information? Conspiracy theories abound, with some claiming the planes were actually pilotless military aircraft, or that they had little or nothing to do with the building collapses.
>
> The easiest way to quash such rumors and such fevered thinking would be openness. Instead we have the opposite: a dark secrecy that invites many questions regarding the potentially embarrassing or perhaps even sinister information that might be on those tapes.

Selling the impossible

I am grateful for much of the information about the aircraft background in this chapter to Pilots for 9/11 Truth. This is an organisation which has brought together a long list of professional commercial and military pilots with extensive collective experience to forensically examine the alleged aeronautical happenings on September 11th. Pilots for 9/11 Truth is one of many groups of experts in specific fields including architects and engineers, firefighters, flight controllers, doctors, academics, intelligence operatives and FBI employees who are questioning the official story of 9/11 because from their area of expertise it makes no sense to them. I am not an aviation expert or a pilot and so I will ask the questions here and highlight the anomalies that pilots – some of whom flew in the same aircraft involved in 9/11 – have asked and noted. Firstly this is the organisation's mission statement:

> Pilots for 9/11 Truth is an organization of aviation professionals and pilots throughout the globe that have gathered together for one purpose. We are committed to seeking the truth surrounding the events of the 11th of September 2001. Our main focus concentrates on the four flights, maneuvers performed and the reported pilots. We do not offer theory or point blame.

However, we are focused on determining the truth of that fateful day since the United States Government doesn't seem to be very forthcoming with answers.

Rob Balsamo, a commercial airline pilot, co-founded Pilots for 9/11 Truth with Glen Stanish, a commercial pilot with American Airlines, ATA, TWA and Continental. Balsamo became interested in 9/11 research in 2006 after watching then CNN host Glenn Beck accept without question that five frames of very dodgy footage claiming to be a plane striking the Pentagon was genuine and beyond question. 'You can see a 757 in 10 seconds flat!', the great mind that is Glenn Beck observed. 'Either that or a naked Michael Moore heading for the buffet!' Beck added that this should put all the 'conspiracy theories' to rest. Pilot Balsamo didn't see a 757 and set out to investigate unresolved questions surrounding the 9/11 attacks from an aviation perspective to see if the government narrative could be confirmed. 'I didn't want to believe our government might have had something to do with 9/11', he said. Balsamo soon had his mind blown when he came across Operation Northwoods and contrasted this with a statement by Thomas Kean, chairman of the set-up-to-fail 9/11 Commission. Kean said that 'the greatest failure of 9/11 was lack of imagination' about the possible nature of a terrorist attack which echoed claims by the military. Here was Balsamo reading about the Northwoods plan from 40 years earlier which included the themes and elements of September 11th and was compiled by the same US military that pleaded 'lack of imagination' for its failure to stop the attacks. Soon after Pilots for 9/11 Truth was established in 2006 they secured Flight Data Recorder information about 'Flight 77' which is claimed to have hit the Pentagon. Analysis revealed that the contents did not support the official story and Pilots for 9/11 Truth has grown consistently ever since with more pilots joining the group bringing with them thousands of hours of experience. All these years later Balsamo says: 'I'm frustrated because we haven't been able to find *anything* to confirm the government's story and what's worse is that the FBI and NTSB refuse to even discuss with us the many obvious problems we found in the Flight 77 Flight Data Recorder.' The FBI refuses to comment or explain? See my own experience with them and that of all other 9/11 researchers when asking the most basic questions. Pilots for 9/11 Truth say they don't publicly express their own conclusions about what happened on 9/11. They focus purely on exposing the fact that the official story surrounding the aircraft and their alleged pilots is simply not possible, or, as I would put it, a crock of shit. The organisation has produced a series of videos explaining their case which you can see at Pilotsfor911truth.org and the site includes many articles updated with new information.

Pilots against 9/11 nonsense

These are some of their findings and conclusions with regard to the planes claimed to have hit the North Tower (Flight 11) and South Tower (Flight 175) of the World Trade Center. Claims that the black boxes were never found obviously make analysis far more difficult although far from impossible. The pilots have considered, for example, radar data, information provided by the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) and the speeds that it claims the planes were travelling at low altitude approaching the towers. They say this makes no sense either with the structural integrity of the airframe (why it didn't fall apart?) or the ability of novice and next-to-useless small plane pilots to control a wide-bodied jet. Novice pilots on small aircraft would have had to somehow strike buildings with only a tiny margin for error – a feat that has been described by pilots as like parking your car in a one-car garage at 150 miles an hour without hitting the sides. The NTSB data claims that Flight 11 was travelling at 430 knots (about 494 mph) and Flight 175 at 510 knots (about 586 mph) which is way higher than the Boeing safety limit at those near-ground altitudes before the plane enters the zone in which structural failure becomes possible and increasingly likely the faster you go. The pilots cite the example of Egypt Air Flight 990 in 1999, a Boeing 767 which went down in the Atlantic on route from Los Angeles to Cairo via New York. The NTSB report claimed a deliberate ditching of the plane by the pilot although Egypt Air disputed this. The plane broke up on decent after breaching the Boeing safety speed limit and reached its fastest speed at about 22,000 feet when air pressure on the plane's structure is far less than it would have been for the near-ground 9/11 aircraft. There were two major fields of debris from Flight 990 indicating a break-up in the air. Black boxes and the transponder stopped transmitting seconds after the plane reached its maximum speed indicating a loss of power and communication connection. You would obviously expect this if the plane was disintegrating.

The impact on the structure is far more destructive at low altitudes where air density is much greater. Boeing therefore lists two maximum safety speeds before the structure may be compromised – VMO (Velocity Max Operating) at lower altitudes and MMO (Mach Max Operating) at higher altitudes measured in Mach. This is based on the relationship to the speed of sound in air which is termed 'Mach 1'. The VMO for a Boeing 767 is 360 knots and the MMO is Mach 0.86. There is also a third measurement known as EAS (Equivalent Air Speed) which projects the speed in MMO to what it would be in VMO, or translates Mach to knots while taking into account the very different air densities at the two altitudes. EAS is measuring the speed at near sea level that would produce the same potential structural effects experienced at higher levels. Air pressure means that the near sea level speed must necessarily

be considerably less than high altitude flying. An example: 522 knots at 22,000 feet for a 767 is equivalent to just 360 knots at near sea level in terms of the structural effect on the aircraft. This is highly significant because according to data from the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) the 767 on Flight 175 struck the South Tower at near sea level at a speed of 510 knots. Boeing have refused to share wind-tunnel footage and information to show at what speed a 767/757 would break up and Pilots for 9/11 Truth calculated the likely speed window from the data available for Egypt Air Flight 990. NTSB official data says the Egyptian plane fell apart at .99 Mach at 22,000 feet and that speed translated to the equivalent at near sea level would be about 425 knots – 65 knots above Boeing's safe operating limit and Flight 175 was said to be doing close to 150 knots above the limit. Pilots for 9/11 Truth point out the following in the video *9/11 World Trade Center Attack*:

> According to the NTSB, Flight 175, the aircraft which allegedly struck the World Trade Center, reached a speed of 510 knots – 150 knots over its max operating and the equivalent of 85 knots [faster than] Egypt Air 990. Using Egypt Air 990 as precedent, it is impossible for the alleged Flight 175 to have reached 510 knots. Period.
>
> We now know an unmodified 767 cannot reach speeds reported for the South Tower strike but it's also impossible for Flight 175, an unmodified 767, to have continued controlled flight at 150-plus knots over its max operating limit according to precedent set by Egypt Air 990 ...

The reported speed of 'Flight 175' of 510 knots before impact is the equivalent, in terms of effect on the plane structure, of 722 knots at 22,000 feet or Mach 1.19 – *above the speed of sound or supersonic speed for a Boeing 767*. Flight 11, another 767, would also have faced 'dynamic pressure' above Mach 1 if the NTSB data is correct, the pilots' analysis concluded, although its reported speed was lower at 430 knots. Flight 77 which allegedly stuck the Pentagon would also have breached the equivalent of Mach 1. So, the pilot video asks, if these weren't stock 767/757s what were they? Were they beefed up or 'modified' to attain such incredible speed? If so, did '19 Islamic extremists' do the modifications?? The very strong possibility that someone much closer to home 'beefed up' other aircraft to replace the ones that left the airports will be considered later on. Pilots for 9/11 Truth members with vast experience, many flying 767s and 757s, are incredulous at what is claimed to have happened that day in terms of speed and other factors. United Airlines captain Ross 'Rusty' Aimer piloted the actual planes that were Flight 175 (N612UA) and Flight 93 (N591UA). He said: 'I think it's impossible to get to that kind of speed [at near sea level] on a

commercial airplane – any pilot that has been in a commercial jet would probably laugh if you said 510 knots' (Fig 41). International captain Ralph Kolstad said that such speeds were 'physically impossible' – 'To come up with 510 knots is pretty insane, [it] defies all laws of physics.' Boeing spokeswoman Leslie Hazzard was asked if it was possible for a 767-200 to reach speeds of 500 miles per hour at 700 feet and she laughed as she replied: 'Not a chance – not that fast.' Dwain Deets, a retired NASA Senior Executive, published his concerns about these questions and anomalies with regard to 'Flight 175' at the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics (AIAA):

Figure 41: An animation of a plane heading for the Twin Towers. Pilots say it is not possible for controlled and stable flight at the speed and altitude claimed by the official story.

> The airplane was UA175, a Boeing 767-200, shortly before crashing into World Trade Center Tower 2. Based on analysis of radar data, the National Transportation and Safety Board reported the groundspeed just before impact as 510 knots. This is well beyond the maximum operating velocity of 360 knots, and maximum dive velocity of 410 knots. The possibilities as I see them are: (1) this wasn't a standard 767-200; (2) the radar data was compromised in some manner; (3) the NTSB analysis was erroneous; or (4) the 767 flew well beyond its flight envelope, was controllable, and managed to hit a relatively small target. Which organization has the greater responsibility for acknowledging the elephant in the room? The NTSB, NASA, Boeing, or the AIAA?
>
> Have engineers authored papers, but the AIAA or NASA won't publish them? Or, does the ethical responsibility lie not with organizations, but with individual aeronautical engineers? Have engineers just looked the other way?

Even if the planes had remained intact they would have been virtually impossible to control for an experienced pilot let alone those who were supposed to be at the controls. What if the planes that struck the buildings had been modified to fly at those speeds and they didn't need the skill of an on-board pilot because they were remotely-controlled from the ground? If they were specially-designed for the job would they not also have specially-designed 'black boxes' or none at all? A

simulator test based on the more manoeuvrable 737 was set up for a group of experienced pilots to see if they could have hit the World Trade Center towers at the reported speeds and none of them could do it despite multiple attempts. However, for 'hijackers' trained to fly one-engine Cessnas (some were poor pilots even at that level) could somehow pull it off. Pilots for 9/11 Truth put all these points to various agencies of government, including the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB), but they all refused to comment – the usual story. I had a long conversation in 2002 with a German pilot who had flown commercial airliners for Lufthansa for 28 years and trained as a military pilot before that. He dismissed immediately the idea that 'hijacker-pilots' could have taken over controls of the four planes from their computer systems and flown them manually. His view would have been that they would have crashed the planes for sure long before they reached their targets such is the complex nature of modern airliners. It is this very complexity which requires that computers make the calculations, he told me. He did say, however, that hijackers would not need to know how to fly the plane to hit a target. They would only need to know how to reprogram the Flight Management System to make the computer do it for them. I take the point, but this begs more questions. If that is the way it was done why would the 'hijackers' have trained at flying schools on Cessnas and similar small planes when the Lufthansa pilot told me this would be utterly useless and irrelevant to flying a 757 or 767 and equally so for knowing how to reprogram a Flight Management System? This doesn't make sense at all. Although he said the reprogramming could be done pretty quickly by someone who knows what he's doing, Flight 175 dramatically changed course only 90 seconds to two minutes after the last communication from the real pilots with air traffic control. The 'hijackers' would have had to seize control of the cockpit, disable the pilots and reprogram the computer system in less than two minutes. This is so ridiculous it can be ruled out. By contrast if the plane's controls were suddenly taken over externally from the ground or another aircraft and all communications from the cockpit were blocked by remote-control technology these circumstances could be explained. One second you are flying a plane and talking with air traffic controllers, the next the aircraft is flying off course and when you tell air traffic control they do not respond because they can't hear you and you can't hear them.

9/11 planes have never been officially identified

This sub-heading may appear to be a fantastic statement although the whole official story depends on the fantastic and miraculous. No, it's true. The planes have not been officially and publicly identified when this could have been done quite easily. For a start the amount of

wreckage against the size and content of the planes is another big question that needs addressing because 767s and 757s are big aircraft with a maximum take-off weight of 300,000 lbs and 255,000 lbs and think of all the parts that would be potential wreckage. What we have been shown is a fraction of each plane. Even with the small amount publicly recovered the confirmation that parts and debris came from the planes allegedly involved is very straight forward. All aircraft have maintenance logs and all parts have serial or part numbers (including black boxes) which can be compared with the serial numbers on the maintenance logs. Shockingly this has *never been done*. Aircraft have certain parts replaced on a time basis and if they are not replaced within that period the plane is grounded. These 'time-change' parts have serial numbers that are logged with the identification number of the aircraft and checking one against the other in the event of a crash proves the identity of the plane. Aircraft also have their own serial numbers and tail numbers to make the process of identification very simple. NTSB air crash investigators always seek to match the black box serial number with that of the doomed aircraft so why has this not happened with any of the planes alleged to have been involved on 9/11 with its national and global importance? *Why?* I suggest that this basic procedure of identification has not been done because it would reveal the truth – they were not the planes that left the airports that morning. Glen Stanish, then a 16-year member of the Air Line Pilots Association (ALPA), had flown with USAir Express, Jetstream International (later PSA Airlines), TWA, ATA and he was a First Officer with Continental Airlines. He sent a letter to ALPA with his observations about plane identity in the case of Flight 77. Stanish wrote in October, 2006:

> [Flight 77] ... was reported to be a Boeing 757, registration number N644AA, carrying 64 people, including the flight crew and five hijackers. This aircraft, with a 125-foot wingspan, was reported to have crashed into the Pentagon, leaving an entry hole no more than 16 feet wide.
>
> Following a cool-down of the resulting fire, this crash site would have been very easy to collect enough time-change equipment within 15 minutes to positively identify the aircraft registry. There was apparently some aerospace type of equipment found at the site but no attempt was made to produce serial numbers or to identify the specific parts found. Some of the equipment removed from the building was actually hidden from public view.
>
> If an aluminum Boeing 757 had struck that fortified building, there would have been more aluminum on the ground outside than what went inside, yet there was little visible evidence of an airplane crash on the outside. What physical evidence that could have been of some value, was immediately

> carted away under cover ... With all the evidence readily available at the Pentagon crash site, any unbiased rational investigator could only conclude that a Boeing 757 DID NOT fly into the Pentagon as alleged.

The plane registration/tail numbers are the identity of the actual aircraft while the 9/11 Commission and media talk only of 9/11 flight numbers. These do not identify the plane – they identify the flight number of the route and time designated to the plane on that one day. Aircraft can change flight numbers on the same day and if you want to identify a specific aircraft this has to be done by the registration/tail number. If you want to identify a particular bus would you do it by the number of the route on the destination board or by the registration plate? Former FAA accident investigator Colonel George Nelson explained that 'time-change' parts such as hydraulic flight surface actuators, pumps, landing gears, engines or engine components are virtually indestructible. 'It would be impossible for an ordinary fire resulting from an airline crash to destroy or obliterate all of these critical time-change parts or their serial numbers', he said. Nelson stated that in his entire career as an accident investigator he 'never witnessed nor even heard of an aircraft loss, where wreckage was accessible, that prevented investigators from finding enough hard evidence to positively identify the make, model, and specific registration number of the aircraft'. If the FBI and company were telling the truth they certainly had enough wreckage to positively identify the aircraft, but if they were *lying* they could never make a match between wreckage and planes which do not match. So why have they never tried?? The fact that they haven't is on the public record. Assistant US Attorney Patrick A. Rose, responding to a Freedom of Information request about proving the identity of 9/11 aircraft, said:

> Federal Defendant [FBI] has determined that there are no responsive records. The identities of the airplanes hijacked in the September 11 attacks was never in question, and, therefore, there were no records generated 'revealing the process by which wreckage recovered by defendant, from the aircraft used during the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, was positively identified by defendant ... as belonging to said aircraft ...'

This is such mendacity. The identity of the aircraft was absolutely in question and even more so now that we know they were never positively identified using simple procedures employed in every other air crash. Not only that – there was never an investigation into any of the 9/11 air disasters by the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) which is the very body designated to identify why planes crash and confirm their identity. Corrupt-to-their-DNA FBI 'investigators' ran the

whole show to ensure one-stop-shop control of what was investigated and what conclusions were agreed.

Wrong engines? Military planes?

We have seen relatively few pictures of plane wreckage in the rubble of the World Trade Center complex. Among them was an alleged piece of landing gear from Flight 11 and part of the fuselage from Flight 175 (Fig 42). Who says this is so? The authorities do. Proof? None. An aircraft engine was found in Murray Street near Ground Zero and claimed to be from a 767 – 'Flight 175' that struck the South Tower judging by where it came to rest. A Pilots for 911 Truth video suggests that this does not belong to a standard 767. They say the South Tower 767 carried the tail number N612UA and according to its logs the plane was powered by two Pratt and Witney JT9D-7R4D engines. The pilots' video points out that the Murray Street engine includes a curved tube structure known as Tobi-Ducts which cool the turbine within the engine and it claims that this comes from a different engine to that carried by Flight 175 – one called the JT9D-7A/JF/7J. The pilots say the cooling duct for the 175 aircraft looked very different and that the engine found in Murray Street is fitted on 747 Jumbo Jets which can travel at much higher speeds (Fig 43). We have the same theme at the Pentagon with an alleged engine part that the Pilots for 9/11 Truth video says could not have come from Flight 77 – plane identification number N644AA. This aircraft carried two Rolls Royce RB211 engines and the pilots' video says the slotted disc on the engine part at the Pentagon doesn't come from a Rolls Royce RB211 (Fig 44). They say the disc is a feature of the Pratt and Whitney JT8D, versions of which have been used in large military aircraft. Others have said the engine parts do match those of a 767 and 757 and Rob Balsamo, co-founder of Pilots for 911 Truth, agrees that the engines can't be definitely identified without physically examining the parts which would require a congressional inquiry. In fact, all it would take to solve this question and many others is for the authorities to match the serial numbers of the parts found at the crash scenes with the maintenance logs of the aircraft just as it would end all questions about what hit the Pentagon if the FBI released the footage from surveillance videos they immediately confiscated on 9/11

Figure 42: A Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) image of what is alleged to be wreckage from 'Flight 175'.

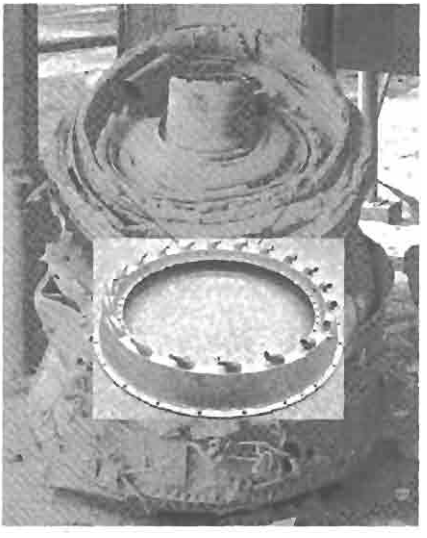

Figure 43: The engine found in Murray Street near the World Trade Center. Does the 'Tobi duct' prove that the 'Flight 175' engine did not come from a standard 767? Some say yes, but others challenge that.

Figure 44: The Pentagon engine part questioned by Pilots for 9/11 Truth.

and have never made public. Some had to have captured what caused the damage at the Pentagon, Flight 77, another large jet, a small plane, missile or bomb. It's that simple and yet we are now closing in on 20 years since 9/11 and neither has been done. For goodness sake – *why?*

It is no good attacking those who question the official story of 9/11 when the authorities refuse to take such simple steps to confirm their story with evidence in their possession all this time – if their story is true. The FBI and other agencies have been questioned about why they have never matched plane part serial numbers with the maintenance logs, but as always they refused to comment. Both the FBI and National Transport Safety Board rejected requests to identify the planes that crashed on 9/11 through their component serial and part numbers. What if the planes which struck the buildings after replacing the ones that left the airports – as described in Operation Northwoods – were modified versions with reinforced airframe and fitted with more powerful engines for greater performance and structural strength than the standard 767/757 could have achieved? Another point is that commercial airliners are upgraded in this way as a matter of course ... by the US military. This would certainly make sense of the experience of Mark Burnback, an employee of Fox Television, who was close to the World Trade Center when 'Flight 175' crashed into the South Tower. He told WCBS in a live interview from the scene that the aircraft definitely did not look like a commercial plane. 'There was a blue logo on the front of the plane,' he said. 'I did not see any windows on the side – it was not a normal plane that I've seen at the airport.' The interview was never

repeated. Voices from onlookers who had seen 'Flight 175' strike the tower can be heard on video footage saying:

> No, wasn't no commercial airliner ... The second wasn't, no, the second definitely wasn't ... It didn't have any markings on it that I saw, no emblems, no markings ... It was a military plane, a military plane.

Interviews with witnesses at the scene had the same theme. One man said of 'Flight 175': 'The plane wasn't no airliner or anything. It was a two-engine big grey plane.' Another said: 'The plane ... smashed into the World Trade Center, it was grey to be honest with you.' A big military aircraft with airframe reinforcement and advanced capability would explain how it performed manoeuvres that a bog-standard 767 would not be able to do.

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No – it's Superscam

Pilots for 9/11 Truth secured through a Freedom of Information Act request to the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) what is claimed to be the Flight Data Recorder (FDR) for Flight 77 which left Washington Dulles and is said to have crashed into the Pentagon. The Cockpit Voice Recorder (CVR) was destroyed in the crash according to the authorities. FDR information secured by the pilots included radar data, air traffic control recordings and an animation of the plane's alleged path. Pilot and aviation engineer analysis conducted by Pilots for 9/11 Truth found that the supplied data did not match the official story of what happened. Pilots and engineers concluded that the data for 'Flight 77' was not actually from Flight 77. The plane recorded in the data didn't even depart from the gate at Washington Dulles that is claimed. I don't mean Flight 77 didn't leave that gate, but whatever plane the data really belongs to didn't. Latitude and longitude coordinates had to be entered into a plane's computer at the gate or the entire flight navigational information was thrown out of sync. American Airlines operating manuals for this aircraft type, confirmed by pilots familiar with the procedure, said that all flights had to be aligned in terms of latitude and longitude at the gate through the IRS, or Inertial Reference System, and the plane had to be stationary for ten minutes or more for this to be completed. American Airlines grounded aircraft if this couldn't be done and even if an error was noted on route to the runway the pilot would have to return to the gate to realign the system. American Airlines captain Ralph Kolstad, who had piloted the Flight 77 aircraft (N644AA), said that if the IRS failed in flight or seriously malfunctioned then an emergency was declared. Flight 77 may have departed from Dulles gate D26, but the pilots say that for sure the plane featured in the fake '77' Flight Data Recorder did not. Commercial jets

like the 757 were not able to realign in-flight if the gate data was incorrect, but *military* aircraft could do so through the Global Positioning System (GPS) which was not available to commercial aircraft at the time (remember what I said about the Hidden Hand and its military having technology ahead of anyone else). Now – *here we go* ... Pilots for 9/11 Truth point out that flight data information which the government says is from Flight 77 shows that its GPS system was operational. Problem is ... the 757 that was Flight 77 *didn't have a GPS system*. The data further shows that the plane was navigationally auto-aligned in-flight which cannot be done without a GPS system which Flight 77 did not have. All this could have been done, however, by a *military aircraft or military modified commercial aircraft*. Another point: The flight data decoding system which was specifically designed for American Airlines aircraft could not fully decode the data in the (fake) Flight Data Recorder claimed to be from American Airlines Flight 77 and nor could the Boeing system from the company that built the plane. They should have asked for help from the military – I'm sure they would have had the technology that synced with it. A military aircraft would also explain why ground-to-air missiles defending Washington and the Pentagon did not launch. Barbara Honegger, Senior Military Affairs Journalist who worked for the Department of Defense, said: 'That craft had to have been a military craft because only military craft put out a signal – it's called an identify friend or foe (IFF) device – and only a military craft would be allowed to approach the building.' Former Boston air traffic controller Robin Horton said the two radar systems which military radar defensive systems read are a civilian aircraft transponder and a military transponder:

> The military transponder is called IFF, civilian aircraft do not have an IFF transponder – they are not given that capability, okay? So if there was an American 757 that went into the Pentagon, for example, and it turned off its transponder, it didn't have an IFF military transponder on it, so it was a primary target going into that airspace – pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh, pooh. Should have been shot down.

John Judge, a 9/11 researcher for former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney, a rare questioning voice on Capitol Hill, captured the situation:

> What I am describing to you is a breakdown in proper operating procedure by FAA, NORAD, P-56 [Washington no-fly zone] and the Pentagon all on the same day in the middle, after 9.05, what was known nationally to be a terrorist attack and it makes no sense.

No, mate, because it's all bollocks.

Hani Hanjour: Puddle-jump incompetent

According to the government's Cuckoo Land version of events, hijackers broke through the cockpit door of Flight 77, threatened the pilots with box-cutters and small knives and ordered them to the back of plane while taking over the controls – and all executed in three minutes. The 'hijacker pilot' was claimed to be Hani Hanjour who had been banned by instructors at the Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, from renting a small plane six weeks before 9/11 because he was such an incompetent pilot. He must have been a quick learner because the government said that he now turned around the 757 and headed back for Washington. Hanjour was a small man of around five-feet tall with a slight build (just the man to overpower flight crew with cardboard box-cutters) and had a poor grasp of English. How strange when fluently speaking, writing and understanding English is essential to securing a pilot's licence. Somehow he got one anyway while being next-to-useless. Hanjour was dropped by his first two schools in Oakland, California, and Scottsdale, Arizona. Duncan Hastie, owner of the Scottsdale school, said Hanjour was 'a weak student' who was 'wasting our resources'. Hanjour then enrolled with the nearby Sawyer Aviation which Wes Fults, a Sawyer instructor at the time, described as a 'school of last resort' – '... it was a commonly held truth that, if you failed anywhere else, go to Sawyer.' Fults said that Hanjour got overwhelmed with the instruments on the flight simulator. 'He had only the barest understanding of what the instruments were there to do', Fults recalled. Hanjour had used the simulator three or four times, then 'disappeared like a fog'. This is the man the official story claims took over the controls of Flight 77. Captain Russ Wittemberg, a commercial and military pilot for 30 years, said: 'There is no way you could possibly come out of a [one-engine] 172 and fly a jet that you've never flown before – that's like showing me how to carve up a Christmas cookie and then say go make a heart transplant.' The plane's autopilot was turned on throughout the flight, the National Transportation Safety Board data says, until 9.08. It was then turned off for three minutes before being restored. There's another teeny-weeny problem with the story of the cockpit being stormed and the pilots overwhelmed and forced to retreat to the back of the plane ... according to Pilots for 9/11 Truth the alleged Flight Data Recorder of 'Flight 77' shows that *the cockpit door remained closed throughout the flight*. This is just incredible in every sense unless the 'hijackers' went through demanifestation training to walk through doors, but then you still have the problem of how the pilots were able to go the other way to the back of the plane. Maybe they were given a swift instruction on how to demanifest in the three minutes that little Hanjour was taking over the

plane. That's crazy? Oh, really – any more so than a hijacker's passport floating down undamaged from a fireball or a next-to-useless puddle-jumper 'pilot' taking over a 757? Important note here – soon after this 'hijacking' total radar contact is said to have been lost and the plane disappeared from the screens until *36 minutes* later when a plane was picked up again. It is claimed that Flight 77 was lost to radar at 8.56am and suddenly reappeared at 9.32am when seen by Danielle O'Brien, an air traffic controller at Dulles International Airport, moving at a speed she didn't understand. There is more about her recollections coming up. This missing time is when the switch would have occurred – as per Operation Northwoods – because there is no evidence from 8.56 onwards that what was spotted heading for Washington was Flight 77 and indeed all the evidence says that it wasn't. Captain Russ Wittemberg, a 30-year commercial and military pilot, said:

> If Flight 77 really did go off the radar screens for 36 minutes ... then the plane is no longer flying, or it was low enough it was out of radar coverage – one or the two. So was the airline landed at some place, some remote field? Then it makes sense that they lost the airplane for 36 minutes. Other than that there is very little explanation for that.

If it was landed – and I say at least three and possibly all were – then it was right in line with the scenario of Operation Northwoods. Whatever happened Cheyenne Mountain would not have lost the plane for 36 minutes.

Little 'hijackers, big pilots

The pilot of Flight 77 was Charles 'Chic' Burlingame, an aeronautical engineer and honours graduate from the Navy's Top Gun fighter pilot school in Miramar, California. Kent Hill, an American Airlines captain on European routes and a life-long friend of Burlingame, seriously questioned the official story. The two were graduates of the Naval Academy, flew in Vietnam and had flown with American Airlines for 28 years. Hill could not understand why there was no hijack code sent from any of the planes. He said they were all trained 'on the old type of hijack' where the hijacker is treated cordially, the pilot punches a four-digit code into the transponder to alert ground control that the plane has been hijacked and then takes hijackers where they wish to go and puts the plane on the tarmac. 'However, this is a totally new situation,' Hill said. 'Not one of the planes alerted ground control that they were being hijacked. How come?' Well, this can be explained if the planes were hijacked remotely in a way that would override the transponder channel and block all communication with air traffic controllers including the four-digit hijack code. With no hijack taking place *on* the plane, but *from*

the ground, the pilots might even have believed, at least for a time, that there was a mechanical fault when the plane did not respond to cockpit commands. Kent Hill said he was sure that none of the pilots had control of the aircraft when they crashed because no pilot would do that. 'Even if I had a gun at my head, I'd never fly a plane into a building. I'd try to put it in anywhere – a field or a river – and I'd be searing the hell out of them by flying upside down first. 'Chic' Burlingame's sister, Deborah, said that he would 'never, never have entrusted a stranger with that airplane when he had lives at stake' – and would never have easily conceded control of the cockpit. How does this all square with claims that CNN contributor Barbara Olson rang her husband, Boy Bush Solicitor General Ted Olson, to say that the pilot of Flight 77 was at the back of the plane with her and to ask her husband what she should she tell him? Pilots and an entire crew just went to the back of a 757 leaving hijackers in the cockpit after being threatened only by what Olson described as knives and box-cutters and they managed to do this without the cockpit door ever opening?? Burlingame was a weightlifter and boxer, described as a tough man. How would he have been overpowered by little men with box-cutters when they were described in a statement to the 9/11 Commission as 'not physically imposing, as the majority of them were between 5-5 and 5-7 in height and slender in build'? If they had messed with Burlingame they would have been eating their next meal through a straw. His brother Mark said they would have had to incapacitate or kill him for Burlingame to have allowed the plane to be taken over. If either had happened he would not be at the back of the plane while Olson is said to have asked her husband: 'What do I tell the pilot?' Crazy, crazy stuff. Retired Colonel Donn de Grand Pré, a friend of Burlingame's life-long friend, Kent Hill, said he gathered together a group of experienced civilian and military pilots, including combat fighter pilots and commercial airline captains, to discuss what could have happened during what he described as a 'so-called terrorist attack [that] was in fact a superbly executed military operation against the United States, requiring the utmost professional military skill in command, communications and control'. He said the pilot group concluded:

> ... the enemy is within the gates, that he has infiltrated into the highest policymaking positions at the Federal level, and has absolute control, not only of the purse strings, but of the troop build-up and deployment of our military forces, including active, reserve and National Guard units.

Colonel Donn de Grand Pré reported that the group of highly experienced pilots was not impressed by claims that the four aircraft were flown by hijackers who had trained in planes like the Cessna. He

said one officer remarked: 'I seriously question whether these novices could have located a target dead-on 200 miles removed from take-off point – much less controlled the flight and mastered the intricacies of 11FR [instrument flight rules] – and all accomplished in 45 minutes.' The pilots said that the way the planes were flown ruled out the level of experience and competence reported for the 'hijackers'. An Air Force officer, who flew more than 100 sorties over North Vietnam, is quoted as saying: 'Those birds either had a crack fighter pilot in the left seat, or they were being manoeuvred by remote control.' Stan Goff, a former Special Forces sergeant turned conspiracy investigator, said this about Flight 77:

> Now, the real kicker. A pilot they want us to believe was trained at a ... puddle-jumper school for Piper Cubs and Cessnas, conducts a well-controlled downward spiral, descending the last 7,000 feet in two-and-a-half minutes, brings the plane in so low and flat that it clips the electrical wires across the street from the Pentagon, and flies it with pinpoint accuracy into the side of this building at 460 knots.
>
> When the theory about learning to fly this well at the puddle-jumper school began to lose ground, it was added that they received further training on a flight simulator. This is like saying you prepared your teenager for her first drive on I-40 at rush hour by buying her a video driving game. It's horse shit! There is a story being constructed about these events.

Captain Russ Wittemberg, a military and airline pilot, said 'the story of how the plane hit the Pentagon just doesn't make any sense at all'. American Airlines captain Ralph Kolstad said that even with 6,000 hours of flying time in 757s and 767s he could not have done what incompetent Cessna pilot Hani Hanjour is claimed to have done. Nila Sagadevan, a pilot and aeronautical engineer, said:

> I challenge any pilot, any pilot anywhere: give him a Boeing 757 and tell him to do 400 knots 20 feet above the ground for half a mile. CAN'T DO. It's aerodynamically impossible.

But, of course, it *is* possible if you are a government script-writer.

CHAPTER 10

'Plane strikes the Pentagon' – or did it?

An illusion is an illusion. Reality always exists despite the façade
– Kasie West

If Flight 77 was really hijacked by 'highly-trained Islamic terrorists' they would have known the defence procedures to protect Washington airspace and so why would they (a) allow the plane to fly so far out of the city before turning back, and (b) not hit the Pentagon directly in their approach instead of flying the plane in a fantastic spiral to strike the building at the precise spot which had recently been re-enforced in a Pentagon upgrade to protect the building from just such an attack?

Why would they not have targeted the plane directly at the offices of Secretary of State Rumsfeld and military leaders of the Joint Chiefs of Staff located on the very opposite side of the building to where the Pentagon was hit? Instead the building was struck in the offices where the computer systems were located that held the key to uncovering how $2.3 trillion had disappeared from the Pentagon budget ($8,000 for every man, woman and child in America) which Secretary Rumsfeld had announced the day before the attack was unaccounted for. What a coincidence that he revealed this to the media on September 10th and by lunchtime the following day a 'plane' strikes the building precisely where now-dead civilian accountants, bookkeepers and budget analysts were investigating where that money went. Bryan C. Jack, who headed the Pentagon's programming and fiscal economics division and was responsible for crunching America's defence budget, was also on Flight 77 which is said to have hit the Pentagon where his budget accountants and analysts were working. How predictable, if appalling, that an aide of then British Prime Minister Tony Blair would tell government colleagues on 9/11 that this was 'a good day to bury bad news'. If you wanted to bury the announcement of the missing $2.3 trillion it could not have been better timed than Monday, September 10th, 2001. Monday is normally the last day you announce news you want to hide with another five working days for the media to discuss and expand on the

story and the weekend for more in-depth analysis. Late Friday is when you bury bad news unless you know that something is coming along to make it disappear – which they did. What happened to that money and trillions more since bringing the total officially missing at the time of writing to *$21 trillion?* One answer is that attacks like 9/11 and other so-called 'black budget', off-the-books Hidden Hand projects can be extremely expensive. Investigative journalist David Lindorff described how the scam works:

> ... they submit the financial statements from prior years showing falsely that it's spent all its money and then asking for more. And so Congress obligingly gives them more. But the money that they don't spend each year gets stashed away in secret places within the Pentagon and gets used without any accountability at all.
>
> This means that they are able to do black operations that get no oversight. It means that they could use it for corrupt purposes. There are all kinds of things they could do with it. And that fund could be now as large as $100 billion which I would note is larger than Russia's entire military spending, close to Chinese entire annual military spending. And that is a slush fund.

'Islamic fanatics on Flight 77' could have targeted the gigantic Pentagon roof or even more spectacularly that part of the building where Rumsfeld and the military big-wigs were located (which was publicly known). Instead they aim for a point at the very opposite side to where they had their offices and bang on the spot – known as Wedge 1 – which had recently been seriously upgraded and strengthened to protect from just such a terrorist attack but where the accountants were searching for the missing trillions. A CBS report on November 28th, 2001, said: 'In an astonishing stroke of luck, the terrorists had hit the only section of the Pentagon designed to resist a terrorist attack.' Hey Abdul, you sure this map is the right way up? Another relevant question is why 'Islamic fanatics' bent on maximum death and destruction did not target a nuclear power station instead of the most reinforced part of the Pentagon? 'Flight 11' and 'Flight 175' passed close to the major nuclear power installations at Indian Point about 24 miles from New York City with the potential to turn that whole region of the United States, including New York, into an uninhabitable wasteland and kill millions of 'infidels' through radiation poisoning in the months and years to come. Was it really more effective to target a newly-reinforced section of the Pentagon on the opposite side from Rumsfeld and the military chiefs where the smallest number of people were working because of the on-going work on reinforcement? This building work, of course, would be a great cover for planting explosives.

Questions without answers – official ones, anyway

'Flight 77' is supposed to have struck five lamp posts as it approached the Pentagon and you can see pictures of these poles on the ground, but the route and approach of the 'plane' in the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) Flight Data Recorder information analysed by Pilots for 9/11 Truth has the aircraft on a route and height that makes striking those lamp posts impossible. A Navy Annex building and a gas station were under the path of the aircraft and according to the Flight Data Recorder it passed to the north of these buildings, or the left from a pilot's view, while the flight animation supplied by the NTSB had the plane flying to the south or right of them (Fig 45). The latter would have taken the plane towards the lamp posts, but it is very clear from multiple witness testimonies, with the buildings as an obvious guide, that the plane did indeed pass the Navy Annex and gas station to the left and could not have struck the lamp posts. Pilots for 9/11 Truth highlight serious discrepancies between the alleged hard data from the Flight Data Recorder of the plane as it approached the Pentagon and the animation based on that data provided by the NTSB. Jim Ritter, head of the Vehicle Performance Division at the NTSB, who signed off on the flight data, refused to even discuss these discrepancies. The arrogance of the NTSB and other government agencies like the FBI in not answering legitimate questions and the contempt they therefore have for the truth and victims is sickening.

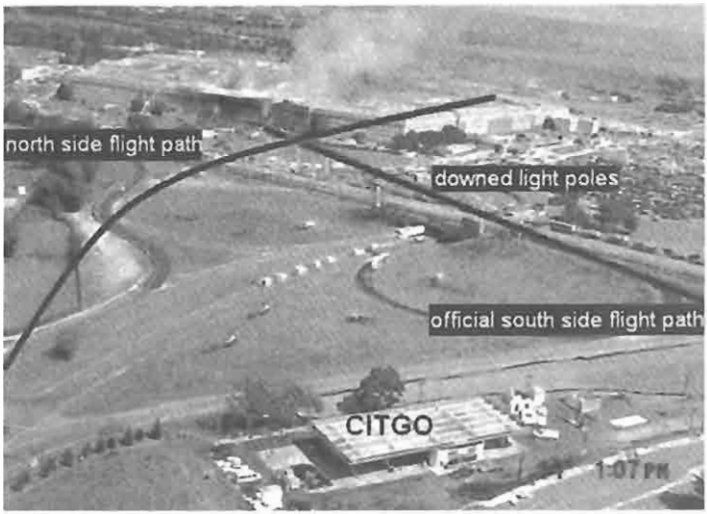

Figure 45: The official flight path of 'Flight 77' came in low from the right of the Citgo gas station and struck lamp poles before smashing into the Pentagon. The Flight Data Recorder information from the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) – along with eyewitness reports – has the plane arriving from the left of the gas station with a direction and height that could not have struck the lamp poles or even the Pentagon in the way the official story claims.

Pilots for 9/11 Truth point out that the altitude indicator in the

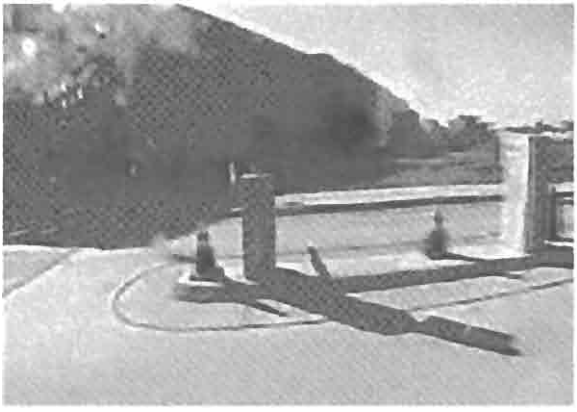

Figure 46: A few frames of a 'security' video at the Pentagon which pathetically claims to show a plane striking the building - but doesn't. There were more than 80 surveillance cameras located at the Pentagon and surrounding business premises. Why were they confiscated on 9/11 and kept from the public ever since?

Figure 47: If a plane came in at ground level and struck the Pentagon why no damage to the lawn?

animation shows the plane 300 feet lower than the hard data and when the aircraft's true height is factored in the lamp posts would have had to be 440 feet high for the plane to hit them. The 'Flight 77' Flight Data Recorder does not have the plane careering across the Pentagon lawn to strike the building level to the ground yet the five-frame Pentagon distant 'security video' images claiming to show the impact depicts a 'plane' hitting the wall while level to the ground across the – *undamaged* – Pentagon lawn (Figs 46 and 47).

Slightly longer footage including the five-frames released under a Freedom of Information Act request in 2006 was also inconclusive and claimed to depict a distant blurry 'plane' doing something considered near impossible by professional pilots let alone by Cessna incompetent, Hani Hanjour, and it's a manoeuvre not to be found on the 'Flight 77' data recorder. Pilots for 9/11 Truth flight simulator tests using the same data provided by the NTSB showed that the plane would have flown over the building or, with the same vertical speed but positioned low enough to hit the lamp posts, it would have crashed into the ground long before it reached the alleged impact point. One postured scenario that would bring the flight data and the explosion together was that the plane – not, of course, Flight 77 – came in low and unleashed a missile that caused the explosion. Could the release of a missile have been what Air Force Master Sergeant Noel Sepulveda witnessed when he saw the plane come in low over a nearby hotel and 'drop its landing gear'? This

would also explain the dearth of aircraft wreckage at the scene and the size of the main hole in the building. People remember the collapsed wall of the Pentagon, but the collapse only happened some 30 minutes *after* the alleged impact (Fig 48). I have seen estimates of between 20 minutes and 45 minutes and I will use a mean figure of 30 which is the approximate period widely quoted. The point is that the wall fell long after impact. The main damage point was described as between 16 and 20 feet across and is supposed to have swallowed a passenger jet with a wing-span of 125 feet (Figs 49 and 50). Witnesses near the Pentagon described seeing 'like a white commuter plane'. One described 'maybe a 20-passenger corporate jet, no markings on the side, coming in at a shallow angle like it was landing right into the side of the Pentagon'. Witness Kelly Knowles described a 'second plane':

Figure 48: This is the image that people remember of the collapsed wall of the Pentagon, but this didn't happen until half an hour or more after 'impact'. Before that time the hole was tiny compared with the size of a 757.

Figure 49: This is what the impact point looked like with the wall still standing when a 757 is supposed to have struck the Pentagon.

> Thank god somebody else saw that. There was most definitely a second plane. It's so frustrating because nobody knows about the second plane, or if they do, they are hiding it for some reason.

A second plane, or a plane and a missile? Or, some researchers ask, could the whole 'second plane' story actually be the same plane seen twice or multiple times? A few witnesses talk of a second plane close to 'Flight 77' as it came into the Pentagon while many others say there was

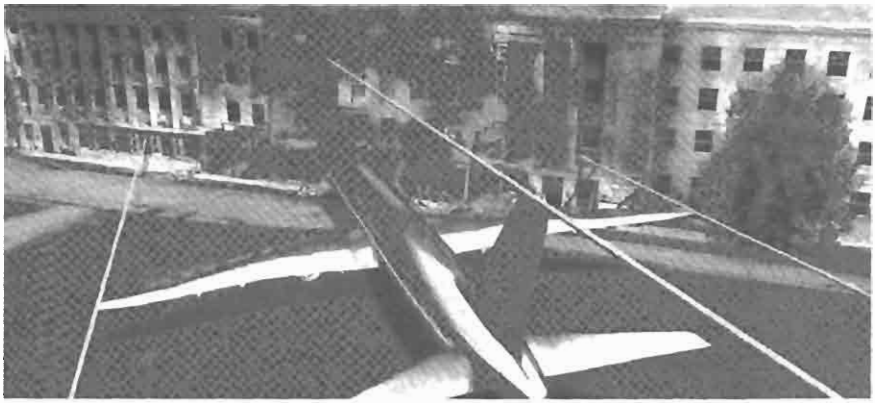

Figure 50: A 757 with this ratio size to the Pentagon is supposed to have disappeared through the entry point that you see.

definitely only one, including a few right under the flightpath. Some 'second-planers' could be systematically disinforming for reasons I will come to while others could have been deceived by seeing the plane coming low towards the Pentagon followed by a massive explosion from a bomb inside the building and the 'second plane' (the only plane) climbing steeply away. Some witnesses describe a single plane lifting sharply to climb over the Pentagon and others say they saw the 'second plane' climbing away from the Pentagon after the explosion. Pentagon police officer Roosevelt Roberts said that he was a few steps inside the Pentagon loading dock during the explosion and immediately ran outside to see a 'large aircraft liner', a commercial jet, very low and flying away. 'You could see that plane as clear as day', he said. 'You couldn't miss it.' He described the plane as silver in colour and flying 'at no more than 100 feet'. Roberts gave a recorded interview for the Library of Congress after the attacks. He didn't see a plane hit the Pentagon and only assumed that one had. He therefore believed the aircraft he saw was a 'second plane' when it could easily have been the only one. People *assuming* the two-plane theory is understandable by associating a plane coming in low towards the Pentagon with the explosion about the same time. What better cover for a plane climbing quickly away than an enormous explosion to focus attention? Imagine if you saw the house across the road explode. What else would you see in your peripheral vision when it was happening? Nothing. If this was the case with the explosion caused by a bomb inside the building or missile it was beneficial to the interests of the cover-up that the second plane story began to circulate.

To confuse matters still further two other aircraft were in the sky over Washington and the Pentagon area at the time. Five minutes before the Pentagon explosion Air National Guard Lieutenant Colonel Steve

O'Brien and his crew were told to take off from Andrews Air Force Base down the road (while the fighter aircraft stayed on the ground) in a C-130 cargo plane headed for Minnesota. This was six minutes after all planes in the United States had been grounded following the attacks in New York. O'Brien said that when he took off he was unware of what had happened at the World Trade Center even though this was 46 minutes after 'Flight 11' and 29 minutes after 'Flight 175' met their fate. That is quite a statement given that he was on an airbase at the time which should have been on stand-by to defend Washington DC. O'Brien said that when they were airborne they saw 'Flight 77' make a close pass of his aircraft and he identified what he said was an American Airlines plane. He said he was told to follow the plane and report on its movements but he couldn't keep up with it in a slow cargo aircraft. Then he saw an explosion on the ground. It was reported in the media that he saw the plane hit the Pentagon. This is not the case – he said he didn't know what the explosion was at first. O'Brien continued his journey to Minnesota and in what is claimed to have been an extraordinary coincidence he was contacted by air traffic controllers over Pennsylvania to ask if he could see another aircraft in trouble – *'Flight 93'* – and he said he saw smoke from the 'crash' two minutes after alleged impact. O'Brien may have been an innocent dupe in all this, but I cannot see myself that these events were actually a fantastic coincidence. There are far too many of those in the 9/11 story. The C-130 over Washington added to the confusion of witnesses and the 'second plane' stories as did reports of a 'mystery white jet' seen circling the White House and central Washington which appears to have been an E-4B National Airborne Operations Center (NAOC) plane – a highly modified Boeing 747 which operate as military command posts in the sky. This was airborne at least immediately in the wake of the explosion at the Pentagon and may have been involved in one of the 'exercises' or, some suggest, the orchestration of the Pentagon attack.

There are witnesses that claim to have seen an American Airlines 757 strike the Pentagon although most are military or other 'establishment' figures and their evidence is contradictory or even impossible as with one account by retired Army officer Frank Probst. He claimed that one of the plane's engines passed within six feet of him. Given the turbulence created by an aircraft that big passing him so close at the reported speed let's just say it's yet another miracle that he survived to tell his tale. I am not saying that 'I saw the plane hit' witnesses shouldn't be believed if that's what people feel to do – only that seeing and saying are not necessarily the same thing. A warning to take great care with the 'evidence' of 'witnesses' supporting the official story is provided by the case of cab driver Lloyde England who claimed on television that one of the lamp poles 'struck by Flight 77' crashed through his car windscreen.

There are no photographs of the car in this state and there was no damage to the car's hood or bonnet which he said had been struck by a 20-foot light pole with the heavier end landing on the hood (Fig 51). England said the pole came through the windscreen to the backseat and 'the large piece was sticking out across the hood'.

Figure 51: Taxi driver Lloyde England said a lamp pole struck by 'Flight 77' smashed into his windshield and came to rest on his car bonnet or hood. The hood being undamaged - indeed pristine - should in no way discount the story.

Clearly it is impossible for a heavy and sturdy metal street light pole to be hurled through a windscreen and smack onto the hood without causing even a scratch. Bizarrely there was a copy of my book *Children of the Matrix* on the back seat at the time which he said he was reading. England said that his wife Shirley Hughes-England worked for the FBI 'for a long time': 'She don't talk about it – I don't talk about it.' Neither England nor his wife would discuss her role even off camera when questioned in 2008. Two years later he said she was 'a cleaner'. There are many discrepancies in his story about what he claims to have happened and he would be captured on camera saying that 9/11 was an event for the 'rich people' and it was bigger than him – 'I'm a small man':

> You know what history is?... It's not the truth, it's his story ... It has nothing to do with the truth, it's his story ... This is too big for me man, this is a big thing ... you know this is a world thing happening, I'm a small man ... I'm not supposed to be involved in this. This is for other people. People who have money and all this kind of stuff. I'm not supposed to be involved with this ... This is their thing. I'm not supposed to be in it ... we came across the highway together. It was planned.

We should also watch out for people coming into what is called the '9/11 Truth Movement' and claiming out of nowhere to be, for example, the 'foremost authority on 9/11'. There are many possible scenarios to mislead and discredit real researchers including disinformation. Circulating total disinformation doesn't work very well because seasoned researchers will see through it very quickly. The most effective method is to promote information that is partly inaccurate and partly true because then the truth can be discredited with the lies. There is also a method whereby the person comes forward with a narrative that is

basically true, but then the person themselves is discredited (as planned) and with that so is the truth they were disseminating. Weaving a path through the smoke and mirrors requires eyes to be constantly wide open.

It was Flight 77? Okay, prove it

The fundamental diversion and cover up technique in these scenarios is confusion. The more conflicting stories there are flying around after 'false flag' or Problem-Reaction-Solution events the better from the Hidden Hand's point of view. The way to avoid this is to focus on the impossibility of the official story which is the point of this book. A lot of very good research is offering possible explanations for *what* happened, but that does not have to be established to prove that 9/11 was a government-military-intelligence conspiracy or 'inside job'. All that is necessary to expose the Big Lie is to show that the official story of what happened could not have happened and that is already clear. The lies are constant wherever you look. While I am including informed speculation and solid evidence about what *did* happen it is what *didn't* happen – the government's version of events – that holds the key to exposing the 9/11 hoax. One thing is absolutely clear – the NTSB 'Flight Data Recorder' information released in 2006 purporting to come from Flight 77 is fraudulent and there are witnesses that also put into question the 'Flight 77' radar data released by the Air Force 84th Radar Evaluation Squadron (84 RADES) after a Freedom of Information Act request in 2007. Multiple witnesses report seeing the plane purported to be Flight 77 heading for the Pentagon from a different direction to the NTSB and RADES data. They describe the plane coming from the East crossing the Potomac River between Washington DC and Virginia while the NTSB/RADES data does not have the plane crossing the Potomac and tracks it coming from the west. The RADES data further shows a plane pulling away from the Pentagon after the explosion and this is said to be the C-130 transport plane. This is at odds with the route that pilot Steve O'Brien said he flew. Once again with Flight 77 we have the recurring theme with 9/11 of serial numbers and part numbers of black boxes and alleged debris from the plane (albeit very little) that were not publicly matched with the serial numbers of the aircraft and part logs. This is done in every case of air crashes where black boxes and debris are found although not with the planes alleged to have crashed on September 11th. Boston air traffic controller Robin Horton said:

> There is nobody, anywhere, in this entire investigation that has said that is positively American 77. They suppose it, they presume it, they assume it, they say this is what we think it is.

The amount of wreckage we have been shown at the Pentagon site has been described as little more than could be carried in the back of a truck. CNN's then senior Pentagon correspondent Jamie McIntyre said this in a dispatch from the scene:

> From my close-up inspection, there is no evidence of a plane having crashed anywhere near the Pentagon ... The only pieces left that you can see are small enough that you could pick up in your hand. There are no large tail sections, wing sections, a fuselage, nothing like that anywhere around which would indicate that the entire plane crashed into the side of the Pentagon and then caused the side to collapse. Even though if you look at the pictures of the Pentagon you see that the floors have all collapsed, that didn't happen immediately, it wasn't until almost about forty-five minutes later [other reports have differing times] that the structure was weakened enough that all of the floors collapsed.

Even Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld said there were no big pieces of wreckage only small pieces and 30-year pilot Captain Russ Wittemberg said:

> I have been at some accident investigation sites in the Air Force. And I have never come across any accident scene where there is no tell-tale evidence of the plane that crashed.

Seismic evidence, or lack of it, also supports this theme with five seismic recording stations between 63 and 350 kilometres from the Pentagon failing to measure a clear seismic signal for the impact – the only one of the four 9/11 planes not to do so.

An expert view

Albert N. Stubblebine III, a retired Major General in the United States Army, was commanding general of the United States Army Intelligence and Security Command from 1981 to 1984. Stubblebine, who died in 2017, was outspoken in his contention that no plane hit the Pentagon. He believed the official story at the time until he saw the hole in the Pentagon and his response was: 'Something's wrong. There is something wrong with this picture ...' Stubblebine should know. He was in charge of Army Imagery Interpretation for Scientific and Technical Intelligence during the Cold War measuring pieces of Soviet technology from photographs. He said that he took measurements of the Pentagon and the depth of the damage and did the same with a 757 in terms of the length of the nose and wings and concluded from 30 years military experience and his time in military intelligence that an aircraft did not make the hole: 'The plane does not fit in that hole. So what did hit the

Pentagon? What hit it? Where is it? What's going on?' This is an understandable assessment given that we are told a 125 foot wide 757 with a 40-foot high tail passed through an entry hole 16-20 feet wide. Stubblebine noted that a turbine that he saw at the scene looked like one from a missile. 'I can't prove that, I don't know ... there was something there that did not look like the engine from an airplane, but did look like a turbine from a missile.' He said of the five-frames claimed by the Pentagon to be the plane hitting the building:

> Later I saw another photograph taken by one of the sensors [cameras] on the outside of the Pentagon. Now, all of the sensors **had been turned off**, which is kind of interesting – isn't it? That day, why would all of the sensors around the Pentagon be turned off? That's strange. I don't care what the excuse is. That's strange.
>
> There happened to be one that did not get turned off, and in that picture, coming in, flying into the Pentagon, you see this object, and it obviously hits the Pentagon. When you look at it, it does NOT look like an airplane. Sometime later, after I'd gone public, that imagery was changed. It got a new suit around it that now looked like an airplane. But, when you take the suit off, it looks more like a missile – not like an airplane.

Surveillance footage and images have not been published from a building that was awash with security cameras except for those highly-dubious out of focus frames of a distant explosion claiming to be the plane's impact. Researchers who slowed down the footage revealed that 'something' appears on the right hand side of the frame and then basically stops until the explosion happens and then miraculously shoots forward at incredible speed into the explosion which came *first*. The footage had clearly been seriously doctored and frames taken out. Let us see the real pictures from all the relevant cameras – they must exist unless they were turned off – and put an end to all this. If they *were* turned off – WTF? The FBI confiscated surveillance camera footage immediately after the crash, just as it did at Portland airport and all the others. We saw the same with the Oklahoma bombing. Major General Stubblebine also said that all defence systems in the region of the 9/11 attacks were deactivated that day:

> All of the air defence systems had been turned off ... Why would you turn off all of the air defence systems on that particular day unless you knew that something was going to happen? It's a dot. It's information. But, it's strange that everything got turned off that day.
>
> There was an exercise that was designed for the air defence systems that was

> an attack on the towers by airplanes. Isn't that strange that we had an exercise that mimicked what really happened? Strange that we had planned an exercise that was exactly what happened. And, at the same time, the air defence systems were turned off. Don't you find that strange? I find that really strange.

Stubblebine believed himself to be the highest-ranked military officer to go public with the view that the official story is not true.

Pentagon witnesses

Pentagon employee April Gallop was at her computer inside the building when it was rocked by the explosion which sounded like a bomb. She said the only fire was from computers bursting into flames, as another witness reported. Witnesses said people shouted that a bomb had exploded and these included Don Perkal, deputy general counsel for the Secretary of Defense, who said that he immediately began to smell cordite, a bomb-making constituent. 'Then I knew explosives had been set off somewhere', he said. The Pentagon is constructed with five concentric rings of buildings dubbed A, B, C, D and E from inside to outside. Claims of a bomb were supported by the deaths of people in the inner A and B rings which were not affected by the 'plane' that caused damage only between the E, D and C rings going from the outside in (Fig 52). Severe damage was reported in the B ring and Robert Andrews, Acting Assistant Secretary of Defense, said he felt an explosion and then had to 'walk over dead bodies' as he left the innermost A Ring furthest from the impact point and way beyond where the 'plane' reached. Pentagon worker April Gallop escaped through a hole in the Pentagon wall with her baby son who was about to go to the day-care centre. They went to a grassed area before being taken to hospital. At no time did she see any wreckage from a plane or smell any jet fuel from what would have been still well-filled fuel tanks after a relatively short journey. Gallop saw no

Figure 52: The ring system at the Pentagon. 'Flight 77' is said to have penetrated the first three.

steel, luggage, human remains or anything to indicate that a plane had crashed there. Then came the usual intimidation from the 'Feds' – a common theme – who came to see Gallop in her hospital bed:

> They never identified themselves or even said which agency they worked for. But I know they were not newsmen because I learned that the Pentagon told news reporters not to cover survivors' stories or they would not get any more stories out of there. The men who visited all said they couldn't tell me what to say, they only wanted to make suggestions. But then they told me what to do, which was to take the money [from the Victim Compensation Fund] and shut up. They also kept insisting that a plane hit the building. They repeated this over and over. But I was there and I never saw a plane or even debris from a plane. I figure the plane story is there to brainwash people.

Gallop's point about lack of evidence that a plane had crashed was a common story from a list of witnesses including firefighters who saw the impact site immediately after the 'hit'. Major Dean Eckmann, a military pilot flying over the Pentagon to assess the damage, believed that a truck bomb had been responsible because of the lack of aircraft wreckage and he only found out later about an 'airliner' after the military told the media that this is what happened. Park Police helicopter pilot Ronald Galey said in an interview with the Naval Historical Center that he couldn't believe that a 757 could have struck the building and he arrived within no more than four minutes of the explosion. He also pointed to a truck from where most of the fire seemed to be coming and there was no large fire. 'There's absolutely nothing you could identify as an aircraft part anywhere around there. Nothing. Just couldn't have been', he said. Galey emphasised what a relatively small hole was in the building before the larger collapse some time later. Fellow Park Police pilot Keith Bohn made the same point about a 'small slit' that he could not believe a 757 could pass through. 'I could not see any aviation parts. I could not see an engine or a wing. There was just rubble, pieces, small pieces.' Where did the little amount of debris come from that later appeared in photographs? Colonel George Nelson, a former US Air Force aircraft accident investigator and expert in airplane parts, a former airframe and power plant mechanic, gave his verdict:

> The government alleges that four wide-body airliners crashed on the morning of September 11 2001, resulting in the deaths of more than 3,000 human beings, yet not one piece of hard aircraft evidence has been produced in an attempt to positively identify any of the four aircraft. On the contrary, it seems only that all potential evidence was deliberately kept hidden from public view.

The hard evidence would have included hundreds of critical time-change aircraft items, plus security videotapes that were confiscated by the FBI immediately following each tragic episode. With all the evidence readily available at the Pentagon crash site, any unbiased rational investigator could only conclude that a Boeing 757 did not fly into the Pentagon as alleged.

Two large planes, Bashkirian Airlines Flight 2937 and DHL Flight 611, a Boeing 757 cargo jet, collided at around 36,000 feet the year after 9/11 and crashed to the ground in Germany with many major pieces of wreckage still visible and intact (Fig 53). No-plane advocates point to pictures of a twelve foot wide hole punched when an object, whatever it was, exited on the other side of three rings of buildings within the five-ring Pentagon (Fig 54). The official story claimed this hole was made by the nose of the 757, but the nose of an aircraft is extremely fragile and made only of carbon fibre to allow electromagnetic waves to freely emit from navigation systems located there. The idea is ridiculous that the nose could have ploughed intact between the point of impact (where it would have been crushed) and through three rings of buildings in an area of the Pentagon that had just undergone serious steel-concrete reinforcement to protect against terrorist attack. Defense Secretary Rumsfeld said the plane 'penetrated three of the five concentric rings of the building' which means the plane had to smash through six outer walls. Could an aircraft score through three reinforced rings of buildings and the nose still be so intact that it could have caused the hole on the other side? Even if an engine caused the hole as some claimed – where are pictures of that engine? The official story is an

Figure 53: Two planes collided in mid-air and careered to the ground from 36,000 feet, but very large and recognisable wreckage can be seen.

Figure 54: The round C-Ring exit hole some twelve feet across made by whatever struck the Pentagon.

absolute blaze of apparent contradictions and it claims that the following happened simultaneously: The plane struck the building and 'pulverised'; engines and other solid components disappeared because they 'melted'; 100 tons of melted metal were not found because the inferno was so hot at more than 2,500 degrees centigrade that everything 'evaporated'; the small exit hole, around twelve feet across, was caused by the nose or engine of the aircraft which had penetrated three reinforced buildings despite all of the former. For sure all of those statements can't be true. The ludicrous official story was summed up by a French website that highlighted the contradictions in the wake of the Pentagon crash:

> The aircraft thus disintegrated on contact with the Pentagon, melted inside the building, evaporated at 2500°C, and still penetrated two other buildings via a hole two and half yards in diameter.

Black box re-run

Dick Bridges deputy manager for Arlington County, was quoted by Associated Press as saying that both black boxes for Flight 77 were found '... right where the plane came into the building'. If that is the case where was the rest of the wreckage if much of the plane and the black boxes in the tail section only made it that far? How could it also have ploughed through those three rings of buildings? 'Flight 77' black boxes were reported to have been found at 4am in the morning on September 14th so why was the Pentagon file detailing the content of the Flight Data Recorder created more than four hours *before* it was found – at 11.45pm on September 13th? Navy Captain Glenn N. Wagner, director of the Armed Forces DNA Identification Laboratory in Rockville, Maryland, said a team of forensic pathologists, odonatologists, a forensic anthropologist, DNA experts, investigators and support personnel worked for more than two weeks to identify victims of the attack on the Pentagon. He said they had identified 184 of the 189 who died in the plane and the building. You either believe this or you don't, I guess, while taking into account government claims that the plane 'vapourised' and 'melted' and that evidence points most strongly to the fact that whatever caused the explosion could not have been Flight 77. Captain Daniel Davis is a former US Army Air Defense Officer and NORAD Tactical Director, former Senior Manager at General Electric Turbine Engine Division and founder of Turbine Technology Services Corp, a turbine services and maintenance company. In short, he knows a lot about jet engines and aircraft. Davis said:

> As a former General Electric Turbine engineering specialist and manager and then CEO of a turbine engineering company, I can guarantee that none of the

high tech, high temperature alloy engines on any of the four planes that crashed on 9/11 would be completely destroyed, burned, shattered or melted in any crash or fire. Wrecked, yes, but not destroyed. Where are all of those engines, particularly at the Pentagon? If jet powered aircraft crashed on 9/11, those engines, plus wings and tail assembly, would be there.

Additionally, in my experience as an officer in NORAD as a Tactical Director for the Chicago-Milwaukee Air Defense and as a current private pilot, there is no way that an aircraft on instrument flight plans (all commercial flights are IFR) would not be intercepted when they deviate from their flight plan, turn off their transponders, or stop communication with Air Traffic Control. No way! With very bad luck, perhaps one could slip by, but no there's no way all four of them could!

Finally, going over the hill and highway and crashing into the Pentagon right at the wall/ground interface is nearly impossible for even a small slow single engine airplane and no way for a 757. Maybe the best pilot in the world could accomplish that but not these unskilled 'terrorists'. Attempts to obscure facts by calling them a 'Conspiracy Theory' does not change the truth. It seems, 'Something is rotten in the State'.

Engines de-manifested when they could not have done so while somehow two pieces of a driver's licence survived allegedly belonging to 'hijacker' Majed Moqed. As the song goes ... 'I believe in miracles – since you came along, you sexy thing.' The song should be renamed 'Ode to the FBI'.

Evidence for a missile strike

We would do well not to dismiss anything out of hand before looking at the facts very carefully after what has been done and planned in the past. Many researchers – myself included – continue to believe that no 757 crashed into the Pentagon and the explosion was caused by a bomb, missile or possibly a remote-controlled military aircraft. I think a missile/bomb is favourite. A commercial airliner flying low towards the Pentagon and then climbing sharply over the building would have been the perfect cover and created what we have – witnesses galore describing an airliner, two planes, small plane, missile and bomb. All of which = confusion – the currency of cover up. Winged missiles were used at the time by the US military and guided to their target by computer with often pinpoint accuracy (Fig 55 overleaf). This is an Internet profile in 2001of a Cruise missile used by the US military:

Cruise missiles are jet-propelled pilotless aircraft designed to strike distant targets with great accuracy. Travelling at hundreds of miles an hour, cruise

Figure 55: A winged cruise missile had the capability in 2001 of travelling at jet plane speed and striking the Pentagon in the way officially described for 'Flight 77'.

missiles use the global positioning system, inertial guidance, optical scenery correlation, and terrain comparing radar to find their targets. Their accuracy makes them especially useful in attacking military targets in urban areas with limited damage to nearby civilian facilities.

Once airborne, its turbojet engine starts, its wings spread, and it noses over to hug the surface at about 500 miles (800 km) per hour toward its target. Over water, the missile relies on inertial guidance, perhaps also the global positioning system, for navigation. Upon reaching land, the Tomahawk updates its position and corrects its course using TERCOM (terrain contour matching) or DSMAC (digital scene-matching area correlator) – the first system compares radar signals, the second optical images, with a computer-stored map – before closing on the target at an altitude of 100 feet (30 m) or less.

See how low a winged-missile could fly at high speed while remaining accurate, very low and stable – everything a 757 could not. Remember, too, the fantastic technology developed in the secret projects that we never see which is always far ahead of what we are allowed to know exists. Witness Steve Patterson said he was watching the World Trade Center coverage on television when he saw a 'silver commuter jet' fly past the window of his 14th-floor apartment in Pentagon City. He described seeing the plane about 150 yards away coming in from the west and about 20 feet off the ground. Patterson said it sounded like the high-pitched squeal of a fighter jet (or missile) and came over Arlington cemetery so low that he thought it was going to land on the road. He recalled that it was moving extremely fast and he couldn't read anything on the side of the 'plane' which appeared only big enough to hold 8 to 12 people. Another witness account by Lon Rains, an editor of *Space News*, said:

> At that moment I heard a very loud, quick whooshing sound that began behind me and stopped suddenly in front of me and to my left. In fractions of a second I heard the impact and an explosion. The next thing I saw was the fireball. I was convinced it was a missile. It came in so fast it sounded nothing like an airplane ...

Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld said in an unintended moment that a missile was involved during an interview at the Pentagon with

Parade Magazine in October, 2001, when he was asked why there was no warning of the attacks:

> There were lots of warnings... It is a truth that a terrorist can attack any time, any place, using any technique and it's physically impossible to defend at every time and every place against every conceivable technique.
>
> Here we're talking about plastic knives and using an American Airlines flight filled with our citizens, **and the missile to damage this building** and similar [inaudible] that damaged the World Trade Center. The only way to deal with this problem is by taking the battle to the terrorists, wherever they are, and dealing with them.'

And ***'plastic knives'***??

Major Doug Rokke, a PhD in educational physics and former top military expert, also pointed to a missile:

> When you look at the whole thing, especially the crash site void of airplane parts, the size of the hole left in the building and the fact the projectile's impact penetrated numerous concrete walls, it looks like the work of a missile. And when you look at the damage, it was obviously a missile.

Then there was the extraordinary high-speed 270 degree turn that the puddle-jumper pilot would have had to perform according to the government story. Robin Horton, former Boston Center air traffic controller and a flight instructor, said:

> An experienced pilot with thousands of hours probably would have to take between 10 and 20 attempts ... before they would be able to pull off that manoeuvre. You just can't do that with one of those big airplanes.

But he said that a military plane could do that and a programmed guided-missile certainly could.

CHAPTER 11

What happened to Flight 93?

History is a set of lies agreed upon – Napoleon Bonaparte

The Pentagon attack has received far less public attention than those involving the World Trade Center and that's even more the case with United Airlines Flight 93 which is claimed to have crashed about 80 miles east of Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania.

Flight 93 pulled back from the gate at Newark International Airport, a half hour drive from New York, at 8.01am bound for San Francisco, but did not take off until 8.42. This was officially explained by early morning take-off congestion and the timing of what was planned for the flight was delayed by approximately 30 minutes on the scheduled lift-off. Flight 93 headed west over Pennsylvania and into northern Ohio. The crew received a text warning from Ed Ballinger, a United Airlines flight dispatcher, via the Aircraft Communication Addressing and Reporting System (ACARS). The message warned about possible cockpit intrusion and reported the two World Trade Center crashes. Jason M. Dahl, the 43-year-old captain on Flight 93, confirmed receipt of the message and this was the only one of the four planes that had prior warning of possible trouble because of its late departure. Surely after such an alert the cockpit door would have been secured immediately if it wasn't already? Flight 93 was hijacked around 9.28am according to the official story when the last contact was made between the cockpit and air traffic controllers. This was about 45 minutes into the flight and after two planes had crashed into the World Trade Center. At 9.29 a controller at Cleveland Center is said to have heard 'a radio transmission of unintelligible sounds of possible screaming or a struggle from an unknown origin ...' The controller asked: 'Somebody call Cleveland?' A second transmission is reported to have been heard with sounds of screaming and a voice shouting 'Mayday – get out of here, get out of here.' The controller asked other pilots on his frequency if they had heard the screaming and some said they had. Then came a third transmission at 9.32: 'Ladies and Gentlemen: Here the captain, please sit

down keep remaining seating. We have a bomb on board. So sit.' The controller at this point is said to have passed this information up the FAA command structure. Flight 93 would change course and head in the direction of Washington DC. At 9.36 Cleveland Center made an offer to the FAA Command Center to contact a nearby military base. The response was that FAA higher ups would have to make that decision and they were working on it. By this time two planes had struck the World Trade Center and fighter jets are said to have been despatched from Cape Cod to New York and from Langley, Virginia, but when Flight 93 showed obvious signs of being hijacked the FAA upper levels were only 'working on it' with regard to scrambling military jets? At 9.39 another transmission is said to have been heard from 'hijacker' pilot 'Ziad Jarrah', the 'Islamic extremist' who attended an evangelical Christian school and said he wouldn't mind marrying a non-Muslim. This is the same 'Jarrah' who was reported to have been questioned in Dubai and admitted spending the previous two months in Afghanistan while the real Jarrah was in that same period daily attending the flying school in Venice, Florida. At the time of his alleged Dubai interview he was at the bedside of his father at a hospital in Lebanon. 'Jarrah' is alleged to say on the cockpit tape:

> Ah, here's the captain; I would like to tell you all to remain seated. We have a bomb aboard and we are going back to the airport, and we have our demands. So, please remain quiet.

The plane's transponder signal disappeared at 9.41 and immediately afterwards Cleveland Center found out from TV coverage that 'Flight 77' had hit the Pentagon. The controller located the plane (whatever plane it was by then) on primary radar and the FAA Command Center reported that the aircraft was '29 minutes out of Washington, DC'. In the light of all this the following reported exchange is mind-blowing when the FAA Command Center at last suggested that FAA headquarters should make a decision about calling for a military response. The exchange took place at 9.46 – *eighteen minutes* after contact was lost with Flight 93 and after *three planes* by then were reported to have crashed into buildings in New York and Washington:

> **FAA Headquarters**: They're pulling Jeff away to go talk about United 93.
>
> **Command Center:** Uh, do we want to think about, uh, scrambling aircraft?
>
> **FAA Headquarters:** Uh, God, I don't know.
>
> **Command Center:** Uh, that's a decision somebody's gonna have to make

probably in the next 10 minutes.

FAA Headquarters: Uh, ya know everybody just left the room.

At 9.53, *25 minutes after contact was lost* and with all that had already happened, FAA headquarters told its Command Center that the deputy director for air traffic services was talking to deputy administrator Monte Belger about scrambling aircraft. *Talking about it??* The Command Center reported that contact with 'Flight 93' had been lost and was then told of a sighting by another aircraft which reported the plane to be 'waving his wings'. This is claimed to be the 'hijackers' trying to fend off an attempt by passengers to regain control of the cockpit. The government story says that the plane crashed in a field near Shanksville, Pennsylvania, 125 miles from Washington at 10.03. 'Black smoke' on the ground was reported by Air National Guard Lieutenant Colonel Steve O'Brien in his C-130 cargo plane that had been over Washington when the Pentagon was hit. The military liaison at Cleveland called the NORAD NEADS military response centre in Rome, New York State, at 10.07 to report the situation with Flight 93 which apparently neither were aware was already said to have crashed. In the entire period of 35 minutes between contact being lost and the alleged crash of Flight 93 did anyone at the FAA request military support after three iconic buildings had already been hit? Red flags are everywhere with lots of flashing red lights.

Little 'hijackers' and big passengers. WTF?

The official story is that passengers on Flight 93 attacked the hijackers and the plane crashed into a field at an estimated 575 miles an hour. What is hard to comprehend once again is that some seriously big guys could be herded to the back of the plane and guarded by one hijacker, as claimed in alleged phone calls from the aircraft. Mark Bingham was a rugby player who stood six-feet five; Jeremy Glick was a rugby player and judo champion; Todd Beamer was over six-foot and 200 pounds; and Lou Nacke was a 200-pound weightlifter with a 'Superman' tattoo on his shoulder. Then there was Daniel Lewin on Flight 11. He was a captain in the Israeli Defense Forces who served in an elite specialist counter-terrorism, hostage rescue and assassination unit who could bench-press 315 pounds and said he was 'trained to kill terrorists with a pen or a credit card' or just his bare hands. I'll have more about him later. Hijackers with 'small knives' would have had no chance if they had been challenged by these guys. A transmission heard from the Flight 93 cockpit is reported to have said 'Mayday' and 'Get out of here'. Shortly afterwards follow more demands to 'get out of here' and then grunting, screaming, scuffling and finally silence. How did they pull off

a hijack with such a weight disadvantage without guns? Alongside captain Jason Dahl was 26-year-old First Officer LeRoy W. Homer who was a former Air Force major and veteran of the 1991 Gulf War. Homer is credited with the 'get out of here' messages. How did hijackers get into the cockpit when the door had to be secured after the cockpit intrusion warning? One researcher spoke with Deena Burnett, wife of passenger Tom Burnett Jr, who said that her husband called her on a cell phone to tell her of the hijack. She said he told her the hijackers had said in English they were going to fly the plane into the ground. The media was twisting the story, she is claimed to have said, to make it look like they were trying to save people on the ground when they were trying to save themselves. My question is why hijackers would tell the passengers they were going to crash the plane when this would clearly trigger a response on the basis of 'what do we have to lose'? How does this fit with the official story that the passengers were told by the hijackers that they had a bomb on board and were flying the plane back to the airport? It makes no sense.

In April, 2002, after months of stalling by the FBI, the families of passengers on Flight 93 were allowed to hear the cockpit voice recording (or what was claimed to be the recording, you can seriously take nothing for granted with these agencies). Tom Burnett, father of Tom Burnett Jr, said the tape was difficult to follow: 'A lot was unintelligible, and a lot of it we couldn't follow very easily, so I don't think it gives us resolution.' He felt however that he had 'learned something, another piece of the puzzle'. What is alleged to be on the Cockpit Voice Recorder was played to the jury in the trial of '20th hijacker' Zacarias Moussaoui in 2006. A lot is indeed unintelligible, but it includes the following: Voices claimed to be the pilots saying they don't want to die; what is claimed to be passengers trying to get in through the cockpit door (how did the hijackers manage it?); and many 'Allah is the greatest' shouts as the plane is said to have been purposely crashed into the field. The tape ends a minute before the alleged impact time of 10.03 although seismic data indicates that impact was at 10.06. This is important because that would mean up to four minutes of the tape were missing at the end. The official crash time puzzled Terry Wallace, a leading expert on the seismology of non-natural events at the Southern Arizona Seismic Observatory. He said: 'The seismic signals are consistent with impact at 10.06am and five seconds plus or minus two seconds. I don't know where the 10.03 time comes from.' The *New York Observer* reported how some relatives questioned why when an apparent struggle was in full swing voices stop and only engine noise is heard after that. Something is being hidden and could it be that the plane was shot down by the Air Force? Could it be that the whole tape is fraudulent?

So what really happened?

Pilots for 9/11 Truth examined the alleged Flight Data Recorder information released by the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) which included a route animation based on the data. The pilots found many discrepancies including the plane lurching around at one point while the *autopilot was on* at a time when the 'struggle' was allegedly taking place. The pilot of another plane had reported that Flight 93 was 'waving his wings' minutes before the reported crash. At one point the autopilot is switched off and the plane descends and when it is restored a few minutes later the plane's descent continues instead of returning to normal altitude. Pilots for 9/11 Truth say that a banking turn at low speed and high altitude should have threatened something called 'stall spin'. This is when the angle of a plane in relation to speed causes one wing to lose lift and pulls the aircraft into a spin which is fatal if not immediately corrected. The Pilots for 9/11 Truth voiceover for its Flight 93 video says:

> Above 40,000 feet at 200 knots in a bank and the aircraft is still flying. No stall spin, the autopilot remains on – wow!

The 'Flight 93' animation eventually has the autopilot switched off and the plane spinning and inverting to the ground. Witnesses describe the altitude of the aircraft very differently to that shown in the alleged flight data record. Two spoke of seeing the plane at an estimated 100 to 200 feet and 500 feet at a time when the height on the cockpit display in the NTSB animation shows the plane to be at nearly 10,000 feet. This enormous difference eliminates simply witness error. There are also differences in the plane's direction. We then have the extraordinary lack of plane debris in and around the small hole where the plane is supposed to have hit the ground while wreckage was found miles away (Fig 56). A 757 is some 155ft long with two engines each weighing more than six tons and even crash experts were bewildered at the lack of wreckage. *Time* magazine for the week of 9/11 reported that the 'largest pieces of the plane still extant are barely bigger than a telephone book'. No witnesses reported seeing any bodies or blood at the 'crash site'. Similar crashes have produced far more wreckage and much bigger pieces. Pennsylvania State

Figure 56: The alleged impact crater of 'Flight 93'.

Police officer Lyle Szupinka said in a repeat of what witnesses said at the Pentagon:

> If you were to go down there, you wouldn't know that was a plane crash. You would look around and say, 'I wonder what happened here?' The first impression looking around you wouldn't say, 'Oh, looks like a plane crash'. The debris is very, very small. The best I can describe it is if you've ever been to a commercial landfill. When it's covered and you have papers flying around. You have papers blowing around and bits and pieces of shredded metal. That's probably about the best way to describe that scene itself.

Wallace Miller, coroner of Somerset County in Pennsylvania, is quoted by author David McCall in his book, *From Tragedy to Triumph*, as saying:

> I got to the actual crash site and could not believe what I saw. ... Usually you see much debris, wreckage, and much noise and commotion. This crash was different. There was no wreckage, no bodies, and no noise. ... It appeared as though there were no passengers or crew on this plane.

Miller told the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* that it was 'as if the plane had stopped and let the passengers off before it crashed' and he remarked to CNN:

> It was a really very unusual site. You almost would've thought the passengers had been dropped off somewhere ... Even by the standard model of an airplane crash, there was very little, even by those standards.

Miller said the crater looked like someone had taken a scrap truck, dug a ten-foot ditch and dropped all the trash in it. He is quoted in Jere Longman's book, *Among the Heroes*, describing how he walked around the scene with assistant volunteer fire chief Rick King for an hour and found almost no human remains: 'If you didn't know, you would have thought no one was on the plane.' Miller told the *Pittsburgh Tribune-Review*: 'This is the most eerie thing. I have not, to this day, seen a single drop of blood. Not a drop.' The authorities claimed that somehow they found hundreds of pounds of human remains at this site. *Where?* Wallace Miller would later seek to retract – I understand why – claiming he was misquoted. What all those times? Come off it, mate. Anyway, many other witnesses said the same including these:

- The only thing you could see was a big gouge in the earth, and some broken trees ... There was nothing that you could distinguish that a plane crashed there ... nothing going on down there, no smoke, no fire ... you couldn't see anything, you could see dirt, ash, and people walking

around – [the hole] from my estimate it was 20 to 15 feet long ... 10 feet wide – Fox News photographer.

- I left work to locate the crash site [along with a colleague] but when we arrived almost nothing was recognizable. The only thing we saw that was even remotely human was half a shoe that was probably ten feet from the impact area – Jeff Phillips, who worked at Stoystown Auto Wreckers.

- We were so early that they hadn't had a chance to set up a barrier for the press ... I was able to get right up to the edge of the crater ... All I saw was a crater filled with small, charred plane parts. ... There were no suitcases, no recognizable plane parts, no body parts – Jon Meyer, reporter with WJAC-TV.

- Several trees were burned badly and there were papers everywhere. We searched ... I was told that there were 224 passengers, but later found out that there were actually 40. I was stunned. There was nothing there – Faye Hahn, an Emergency Medical Technician who responded to the first reports of the crash.

Yet within two weeks of the crash the FBI reported that around 95 percent of the plane had somehow been recovered and a pristine, crash-proof, fire-proof hijacker passport and red bandana or headband that 'hijackers' were claimed to be wearing by a 'caller from the plane'. Milt Bearden, a former CIA agent who trained the US-backed Mujahideen in Afghanistan, pointed out that 'al-Qaeda' were a Sunni Muslim operation and that red headbands were 'a uniquely Shia Muslim adornment which dated back to the formation of the Shia sect'. Real Sunni followers, especially alleged fanatics, would never make that error, he said. Other incriminating evidence supporting the official story was 'found' at the site and personal belongings from passengers were returned to loved ones in undamaged condition. One family member said of a returned wallet: 'It was practically intact. It just looked like it wasn't damaged or hadn't been through much at all, which is so bizarre and ironic.' There are many questions about how a remarkable range of personal items from passengers, crew and hijackers appeared at the 'crash site' where no wreckage or personal items were seen before the area was cordoned off from public and media view. These included 'hijacker' ID cards, a five-page document about conducting the hijacking, red bandanas and many knives or parts of knives. Some of them were labelled 'Hollywood Props Department' I would wager. Numerous paper documents were recovered that would have been in the possession of passengers, but no bodies were independently seen. Planting wreckage and evidence was

part of the planned fake plane crash scenario with Operation Northwoods:

> At precisely the same time that the aircraft was presumably shot down a submarine or small surface craft would disburse F-101 parts, parachute, etc., at approximately 15 to 20 miles off the Cuban coast and depart. The pilots returning to Homestead would have a true story as far as they knew. Search ships and aircraft could be dispatched and parts of aircraft found.

Protecting the lie

The removal of all this alleged wreckage and human remains at the 'Flight 93' crater was done in the strictest secrecy. A double ring of security sealed off several miles around the crash site while the 'removal' was taking place with police on horseback and in helicopters ensuring that no one got anywhere close. Police said 600 troopers were deployed with check-points on all roads leading to the crater. No photographs have been released of wreckage recovery. Paul Falavolito, a Pittsburgh paramedic, described the level of security:

> Upon arrival at the site, we are greeted by a barrier of state police cars on a rural road in this town ... At the checkpoint, we show our IDs and are allowed through. For the next two miles, I cannot believe my eyes. Down this country road, police cars and troopers are everywhere. Horseback troopers are patrolling the area. Hundreds of American flags line the road on both sides, checkpoints are everywhere. I can hear someone talking on a loudspeaker, his voice echoing in the hills. This is a scary feeling; I feel like I am in another country.

The recovered parts from Flight 93 were said to have been returned to the airline when this appears not to be the case. A film report by *Komo News* was given access to the beyond top-secret underground storage facility called Iron Mountain which is 220 feet below the surface at Boyers, Pennsylvania, an hour's drive from Pittsburgh. During the report it was stated that the 'charred evidence' from Flight 93 was 'heavily guarded in one of the underground vaults' at Iron Mountain which was described as 'one of the most protected places on earth'. So – just the place to protect evidence that would scupper the story of Flight 93. There are many other questions besides the lack of plane wreckage at the reported impact site. Footage of vertical crashes like the one claimed to have happened with Flight 93 produce plumes of thick black smoke caused by jet fuel. Smoke in a picture taken immediately after 'impact' shows only light grey smoke. Why wasn't the grass next to the small crater even burnt and the same with most surrounding trees? An aircraft 155 feet long, 125 feet wide with a maximum take-off weight of 220,000

pounds simply disappeared into a hole 20 to 15 feet long and ten feet wide. A Boeing 737-300 hit the ground nose-first into soft ground in 2005 after plunging 34,000 feet and still a large part of the tail-section was clearly visible (Fig 57). Deceased passengers and luggage could also be seen. This leads us to another question: Where was the thousands of gallons of jet fuel in and around the crater? Witnesses said there was no smell of jet fuel (as with the Pentagon) only 'burned earth'. Three ground wells and between 5,000 and 6,000 cubic yards of soil at the site were tested by the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) and no contamination was found. The impact crater itself is at odds with the NTSB alleged Flight Data Recorder which does not depict vertical contact with the ground (as the crater would indicate) but an angled one that would produce a very different length and shape of crater.

Figure 57: The tail is clearly visible after Helios Airways Flight 522 dived nose-first into a Greek mountain gorge in 2005 and there was other obvious evidence of a plane crash – unlike the 'impact point' of Flight 93. Greek fighter jets were scrambled to check out and track the plane when contact was lost with air traffic control – unlike 9/11.

Flight 93 shot down?

President Bush did not give the order to intercept and shoot down any commercial airliner on 9/11 until after the Pentagon had been hit – the constantly recurring point before which any action was taken to influence events. Bush had the best part of an hour to give this order to protect Washington and the Pentagon after 'Flight 11' crashed and almost 35 minutes after the crash of Flight 175. By the time he did officially give the order Flight 93 was only the one of the four in the air when the military were given permission to shoot-to-kill. The order was confirmed by Vice President Dick Cheney who told the *Meet the Press* programme:

> I wholeheartedly concurred in the decision he made, that if the plane would not divert, if they wouldn't pay any attention to instructions to move away from the city, as a last resort our pilots were authorized to take them out.

Had the Air Force shot down Flight 93 a majority of people would have accepted there was no other choice given what had happened. Instead the authorities are insistent this did not happen. NORAD told me in

2002 that F-16s that were said to have been scrambled from Langley to Washington were redirected to check out Flight 93. When the plane crashed near Shanksville they were still eleven minutes or 100 miles from making contact. Shucks, missed again – the story of the day. But is that true? Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz said the Pentagon had been tracking Flight 93 and could have shot it down if necessary and Secretary Rumsfeld seemed to let slip that it was. He said in a speech to troops in Iraq in 2004:

> And I think all of us have a sense if we imagine the kind of world we would face if the people who bombed the mess hall in Mosul, or the people who did the bombing in Spain, or the people who attacked the United States in New York, shot down the plane over Pennsylvania and attacked the Pentagon.

Rumsfeld later claimed he 'misspoke'. But did he? Eyewitness reports near the alleged scene of the crash confirm that Flight 93 was being tracked and they seriously contradict the NORAD claim that the nearest military jet was 100 miles away at the time. The location of wreckage and eyewitness reports put in question the claim that the plane came down in one piece. How could a section of fuselage the size of a dining room table be recovered miles from the crash site? How could a half-ton piece of engine (one ton in some reports) be recovered from more than a mile away? The FBI apparently said it 'bounced'. The *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* reported:

> Residents and workers at businesses outside Shanksville, Somerset County, reported discovering clothing, books, papers, and what appear to be human remains. Some residents said they collected bags-full of items to be turned over to investigators. Others reported what appeared to be crash debris floating in Indian Lake, nearly six miles from the crash site.

Indian Lake is nearer than that as the crow flies but still some miles away and debris was reported even further away. CNN reported on September 13th:

> A second debris field was around Indian Lake about 3 miles from the crash scene. Some debris was in the lake and some was adjacent to the lake. More debris from the plane was found in New Baltimore, some 8 miles away from the crash. State police and the FBI initially said they didn't want to speculate whether the debris was from the crash, or if the plane could have broken up in mid-air.

I have seen a plane crash documentary in which an aircraft dived into a field and left a small crater with no discernible parts and paper and

other debris travelled a considerable distance on the wind. However, the plane was far smaller and hit the ground vertically at 5,000 times the force of gravity and beyond the speed of sound when an airline employee shot the pilots and purposely made the plane dive vertically at full speed. Flight 93 was a much bigger aircraft and according to the official flight data animation and witness accounts the plane did not hit the ground vertically or anywhere close to the speed of sound. There was virtually no wind at the time of the crash yet the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* reported that the plane left a trail of debris five miles long and some witnesses described seeing a 'cloud of confetti' falling from the sky after hearing an explosion. Reuters reported Pennsylvania state police as saying that debris from the plane had been found up to eight miles away in a residential community 'where local media have quoted residents as speaking of a second plane in the area and burning debris falling from the sky'. These reports were ignored by the 9/11 Commission and no witnesses were invited to testify because they do not fit the official narrative. Numerous eye-witnesses reported hearing loud bangs or thuds followed by Flight 93 in the words of one dropping 'like a stone'. Even CNN noted the discrepancies when correspondent Brian Cabell reported from the scene in Pennsylvania on September 13th:

> ... in the last hour or so, the FBI and the state police here have confirmed that they have cordoned off a second area about six to eight miles away from the crater here where [the] plane went down. This is apparently another debris site, which raises a number of questions.
>
> Why would debris from the plane – and they identified it specifically as being from this plane – why would debris be located six miles away? Could it have blown that far away? It seems highly unlikely. Almost all the debris found at this site is within 100 yards, 200 yards, so it raises some questions.

Yes – questions which were subsequently never asked and never investigated. *ABC News* reported that an eyewitness called Linda Shepley had told television station KDKA in Pittsburgh that she 'heard a loud bang and saw the plane bank to the side before crashing'. Other witnesses said they heard up to three loud booms before the jetliner went down. Danny Butler wrote in the *Herald Sun*: 'Witnesses reported eerie sounds from the aircraft as it fell. Some people heard an explosion, and others heard sputtering.' A local Pennsylvania newspaper, the *Daily American*, reported the experience of another witness:

> Laura Temyer of Hooversville RD1 was hanging her clothes outside to dry before she went to work Tuesday morning when she heard what she thought was an airplane. 'Normally I wouldn't look up, but I just heard on the news

> that all the planes were grounded and thought this was probably the last one I would see for a while, so I looked up,' she said. 'I didn't see the plane but I heard the plane's engine. Then I heard a loud thump that echoed off the hills and then I heard the plane's engine. I heard two more loud thumps and didn't hear the plane's engine anymore after that.

The Pentagon told *The New York Times* that Flight 93 was being followed by a fighter jet with an order from President Bush to shoot down the plane if necessary. The *Telegraph* newspaper in Nashua and Southern New Hampshire quoted a 'Federal Aviation Administration employee who works in the Nashua control facility'. He is reported to have said that air traffic controllers there had learned through discussions with other controllers that an F-16 fighter stayed in hot pursuit of Flight 93 until it crashed. They had learned that the F-16 made 360-degree turns to remain close to the plane, the employee said. 'He must've seen the whole thing.' First media reports (often the most accurate before the lid goes on) said the plane had been shot down and *USA Today* reported how local residents said they had seen a second plane in the area. '[FBI Agent] Crowley said investigators had determined that two other planes were nearby but didn't know if either was military,' said the paper.

The mystery 'white jet'

Another aspect of the Flight 93 story that has conveniently been forgotten and ignored is the small white jet seen by many residents at the time of the crash. *The Record* newspaper in Bergen County, New Jersey, quoted five people in its edition of September 14th who live and work less than four miles from the crash site and in the end at least twelve people reported seeing the jet. Susan Custer said she saw a small white jet streaking overhead and then 'heard the boom and saw the mushroom cloud'. Robin Doppstadt was working inside her family food-and-supply store when she heard the crash and when she went outside she saw a small white jet that 'looked like it was making a single circle over the crash site'. She said it climbed very quickly and took off. 'It's the damndest darn thing,' said farmer Dale Browning. 'Everybody's seen this thing in the sky, but no one can tell us what it is.' Susan Mcelwain, a local teacher, said a small white jet with rear engines and no discernible markings swooped low over her minivan, almost clipped the tops of trees, and disappeared over a hilltop. Within a minute, she said, the ground shook and a white plume of smoke appeared over the ridge. 'It was so close to me I ducked,' Mcelwain recalled, 'I heard it ['Flight 93'] hit and saw the smoke. All I could think of was how close I came to dying.' Dennis Decker and Rick Chaney said they heard an explosion and ran outside to see a large mushroom cloud spreading over the ridge.

'As soon as we looked up, we saw a mid-sized jet flying low and fast,' Decker said. 'It appeared to make a loop or part of a circle, and then it turned fast and headed out.' They said the plane was something like a Learjet and was white with no markings that they could see. 'If you were here to see it, you'd have no doubt,' Decker said. 'It was a jet plane, and it had to be flying real close when that 757 went down – if I was the FBI, I'd find out who was driving that plane.' The FBI did not appear interested in doing that which will surprise no one. The FBI said it did not rule out a second plane and then did exactly that. An official at the Cleveland Air Traffic Control Center in Oberlin, Ohio, which tracked Flight 93, said 'no comment' when asked if there was any record of a second plane over the crash site. 'That's something that the FBI is working on and I cannot talk about,' said Richard Kettel, head of tower operations at the Cleveland Center. Small white jets like the one described are used by the US military. 9/11 investigator Christopher Bollyn travelled to the Shanksville area and found 'scores of eyewitnesses' whose story has not been told. What they said was seriously at odds with the official explanation. They describe seeing military aircraft in the area at the time. Resident Viola Saylor said she saw a low-flying 'very quiet' white 'military' plane flying over the crash site after the explosion and two other planes following behind. She was shown a picture of a low-flying combat aircraft called a Fairchild A-10 Thunderbolt II – known as a 'Warthog' – and she agreed that this was like the plane she saw (Fig 58). Witness Susan Mcelwain had described the Warthog perfectly:

Figure 58: The US Air Force 'Warthog' which witnesses said was like the 'white jet' they saw with 'Flight 93'.

> It was white with no markings but it was definitely military, it just had that look. It had two rear engines, a big fin on the back like a spoiler on the back of a car and with two upright fins at the side. I haven't found one like it on the Internet. It definitely wasn't one of those executive jets.

Other witnesses identified the same picture which fitted the descriptions they gave before they saw the picture. They described its two rear engines and distinctive cockpit and nose. A website specialising in the investigation of Flight 93 in the months after 9/11 summarised the situation very well:

> At this point, if a new story comes out – even if it comes with a recording – that shows heroes in the cockpit, I think we all have a right to be skeptical of its accuracy. I have a digital audio studio at home. I, and anyone else familiar with audio these days, can tell you anything can be created. No matter what information is released in the future, skeptics of the hero story have been given all the ammo they need by the FBI to remain skeptical forever. That ammo is silence, time and the failure to discuss witnessed events like the mystery white jet at tree top level before the crash, the wide debris field, the detached engine, the explosions heard by so many and the data recorders.

FBI witness tyranny

Witnesses to what happened in Pennsylvania were soon going quiet after visits from the FBI which controlled all evidence and witnesses and eventually hid the debris away at Iron Mountain while taking over the investigation from designated crash investigators at the National Transportation Safety Board. Those who had recounted stories which did not match the official narrative were told by FBI agents there were no other planes when there clearly were. If they still stuck with their stories they were warned to shut up and not talk about what they saw. This is a common theme running through all aspects of 9/11 as we have seen in Venice, at the Pentagon, the World Trade Center, here with Flight 93 and every facet of what happened. If the FBI and other government agencies really wanted the truth they would have encouraged everyone to share their experiences, but the aim was always to suppress the truth and not seek it out. Researcher and investigator Christopher Bollyn visited the Shanksville area many times in search of what really happened and produced some alarming – if predictable – evidence of outrageous FBI skulduggery. He said the 'crash crater' was on an already-scarred reclaimed mine and suggests the 'crater' could have been caused by a missile to divert attention from where he says the bulk of the plane – or *a* plane – did come down. Bollyn said he discovered that the real impact point was some 100 metres away deep in the woods near the cottage of local resident Barry Hoover with debris scattered over a wide area among the trees. Hoover's cottage was seriously damaged by shockwaves from the crash as described in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*:

> Obviously, I was upset when I saw my house. Who wouldn't be?' said Hoover, 34, whose home off Lambertsville Road is believed to be the local structure most seriously damaged by the crash. 'But you know, it's a house and there's nothing there that can't be replaced. The people who died can't be replaced.'

> ... Wreckage was still burning and emergency workers were still speeding to the scene when Hoover neared his house. While it was still standing, every window and door had been blown off and obliterated, its ceilings and floor tiles had been blasted loose and much of the interior was wrecked. 'It looked like what you see after a tornado or hurricane goes through -- a total ruin,' he said.

Bollyn said he spoke with Barry Hoover's father, Lutheran minister, Reverend Larry Hoover, who lived nearby, and the minister described how luggage had been found around his house (300 metres from the crater) and body parts around his son's cottage. Bollyn asked why he had stayed so quiet about what he knew and he replied: 'We tried to cooperate.' He and his son had been asked by the FBI not to say anything while the clean-up was launched in the woods and the world focussed on the crater devoid of credible plane wreckage, Bollyn writes. Jim Svonavec owned the reclaimed mine, worked at the crash site and provided excavation equipment. Bollyn said Svonavec told him in 2004 that an engine from the plane was recovered 'at least 1,800 feet into the woods' and this was done solely by the FBI using his equipment. This background would provide answers to the questions Bollyn poses about the actions of the local coroner:

> Why was Wally Miller, the Somerset County Coroner, forced to turn over the 'crash' site to the FBI? Why did he abdicate his responsibility for the site and the recovery of the bodies, his obligation under state law? Why was he not even allowed to be involved in the identification of the remains of the passengers of Flight 93, whose death certificates he duly signed?

Bollyn said that he met with Wallace 'Wally' Miller to find out what happened. Miller was prompted by workers painting his porch who said: 'Tell him what the FBI told you.' Bollyn writes that the FBI asked Miller if he was going to be a 'team player' or words to that effect and allow them to have control of the crash scene. Miller agreed and the FBI closed off the whole area of hundreds of metres into the woods around the properties of the Hoovers. Even Jim Svonavec who provided excavation and other equipment was not allowed into the FBI area and neither were those who owned properties there like the Hoovers. Coroner Wallace Miller who should have been overseeing recovery of bodies under Pennsylvania law was located six miles away. Then came the announcement by the Pentagon in 2012 that remains of some of the victims – *some?* – from Flight 93 and the Pentagon had been incinerated, mixed with medical waste and dumped in a landfill site. The report was published after a commission, chaired by retired General John Abizaid, investigated allegations of 'improper' (disgusting) actions at Dover Air

Force Base mortuary in Delaware with regard to the remains of American soldiers killed in Iraq and Afghanistan. The 86-page report said:

> Prior to 2008, portions of remains that could neither be tested nor identified ...were cremated under contract at a civilian crematory and returned to DPM [Dover Port Mortuary]. This policy began shortly after September 11, 2001, when several portions of remains from the Pentagon attack and the Shanksville, Pennsylvania, crash site could not be tested or identified.
>
> These cremated portions were then placed in sealed containers that were provided to a biomedical waste disposal contractor. Per the biomedical waste contract at that time, the contractor then transported these containers and incinerated them. The assumption on the part of DPM was that after final incineration nothing remained. A DPM management query found that there was some residual material following incineration and that the contractor was disposing of it in a landfill. The landfill disposition was not disclosed in the contractual disposal agreement.

The policy began immediately after September 11th, 2001. Well, you do surprise me. Bollyn said he read that FBI agents were working at the Dover AFB mortuary 'identifying' human remains. He said he called Coroner Miller in early 2006 and 'asked him about the ethics of his having signed death certificates for bodies that had been identified by others at Dover AFB'. Bollyn said Miller 'got angry at me for having asked this direct question, but he cannot say that he has not heard that such things could have occurred'. He describes Miller as a 'nice fellow' who thinks everybody plays by the rules. But they don't – especially the FBI. All this happened on the watch of FBI chief Robert Mueller and his bosses John Ashcroft and Michael Chertoff at the [In]Justice Department. Chertoff's ears will be seriously burning later in the book.

CHAPTER 12

'Hijackers' and 'phone calls'

Don't believe everything you hear: Real eyes, Realize, Real lies
– Tupac Shakur

There is something very strange about the whole 'hijackers took over the aircraft' story. It might sound feasible to most people at first hearing and those who research or question no further. When you dig deeper there are many questions about whether there were any 'hijackers' on any of the 9/11 flights.

Some of the names listed were those of people who turned up still alive and the FBI has changed names that it originally said were involved. There were no security cameras in the departure lounge at Boston Logan Airport so we can't see the 'hijackers' boarding Flights 11 and 175 and there were reported to be no cameras at departure gates at Newark and Washington Dulles although officials would not confirm this to me when I asked soon after the attacks. There were cameras elsewhere in and around the airports that *must* have recorded the 'hijackers' on video as they passed through. We have not been allowed to see any of that except for what is *claimed* to be the hijackers of Flight 77 passing through security at Washington Dulles. This was not released through a Freedom of Information request until 2004 at the time the official 9/11 Commission 'report' was made public. If they could release this recording then why not the footage from other cameras and why wasn't this footage made public much earlier as a matter of course? The 9/11 Commission Final Report says that in the case of Flight 93 there is 'no documentary evidence' to indicate when the hijackers passed though security checkpoints or what alarms were triggered or security procedures involved. While Boston may not have had cameras in the departure lounge are they saying they had none anywhere on the 'hijackers" journey to and through the airport? Exactly the same theme can be found with the video footage of Timothy McVeigh and 'friend' in Oklahoma. One thing is certain: if the video footage in and around those airports showed the hijackers arriving in their cars, checking in, going through security and boarding the planes it would have been blasted on

every television station in the world ASAP after the attacks. They didn't have any problem releasing the footage of 'Atta' and 'Al-Omari' rushing to catch the flight from Portland, Maine, that morning or the shots of 'Al-Omari' getting cash the previous night from an ATM Machine or the footage from Dulles *eventually*. Why are they so shy about video recordings that would confirm their story if they were telling the truth?

Video 'proof'?

Let us examine the 'Dulles security footage'. There were 300 security cameras at Dulles at that time, according to David Brent, a technical information engineer for IT systems in a 2011 article at Securityinfowatch.com headed 'The CSI Effect: How TV is changing video surveillance'. He said:

> In 2001, I worked for a manufacturer that at the time had its CCTV system in the Washington Dulles International Airport and the Pentagon. After the 9/11 attacks, I was part of a team that had the laborious task of reviewing all the video from the airport with several federal agents looking over our shoulders. Did you notice I said all the video? That's every frame from over 300 cameras with 30 days of retention time. The task took three weeks of 15-hour days.

There were some 300 cameras around Washington Dulles and we saw alleged footage from *one* and that came *three years* after the attacks with nothing from other 9/11 airports. It took a law firm Freedom of Information request to secure the tapes which were released the day before the report by the 9/11 Commission. If the authorities want to clear up doubts and speculation why wasn't this made public years earlier? The Dulles footage did not carry a time-code or identification number which is simply not credible for a security video (Fig 59). The camera features a wide shot – not a close-up – of people walking through security. Remember how the security footage at Portland, Maine, of 'Atta' and 'Al-Omari' had two time-codes – one at the bottom showing how late they were as they rushed for the commuter flight to Boston and one ridiculously smack in the middle that gave an earlier time? The media overwhelmingly cropped the picture so only the middle code was visible. In the case of the Dulles footage the date, time and

Figure 59: Dulles airport security footage.

camera number is missing altogether which is not normal procedure for a security camera. The cameras did not employ the airport security time-lapse technique to save space with data storage. The don't-question-the-official-story 9/11 Commission Report claims that two of the men, including next-to-useless small plane pilot Hanjour, travelled in first class on a flight of very few people. So why did Brenda Brown who handled first class check-in that day say in her interview with the FBI that she didn't remember any Arab males. This was on what she called 'a light travel day' when she remembered other passengers. No authenticated passenger lists (legal documents) including 'hijacker' names have ever been released and nor have authenticated boarding pass stubs. Some have claimed that shadows on the Dulles footage could not have been generated in the early morning when the video had to have been shot, but much closer to noon. Then there is the experience of Dulles security manager Ed Nelson when the FBI, FAA and other agencies descended on the airport after 'Flight 77'was said to have struck the Pentagon. He said he thought their behaviour was not 'adding up' when they appeared to be more interested in pressuring security screeners to admit violating procedures than the 'hijackers' themselves. 'It was as if they were working off a script', Nelson said. FBI agents later confirmed that the orders were coming from FBI headquarters via local Washington-area FBI field offices and the Joint Task Force on Terrorism. Nelson was also bemused at how FBI operatives could immediately pick out the relevant security tape:

> They pulled the tape right away ... They brought me to look at it. They went right to the first hijacker on the tape and identified him. They knew who the hijackers were out of hundreds of people going through the checkpoints. They would go 'roll and stop it' and showed me each of the hijackers ... It boggles my mind that they had already had the hijackers identified ... Both metal detectors were open at that time, and lots of traffic was moving through. So picking people out is hard ... I wanted to know how they had that kind of information. So fast. It didn't make sense to me.

How come the 9/11 Commission claimed that ten of the 19 'hijackers' were picked out for additional security checks by the automated passenger screening system known as CAPPS when no security staff had testified to seeing them? The Commission reported that in relation to Boston Logan Flights 11 and 175 none of the security checkpoint supervisors 'recalled the hijackers or reported anything suspicious regarding their screening'. Security at Washington Dulles (Flight 77) did not recall that any of those they screened were selected by CAPPS and security staff screening passengers for Flight 93 at Newark, New Jersey, remembered nothing suspicious. Then how come the FBI reported

collecting '14 knives or portions of knives at the Flight 93 crash site'? Oops, the alarm's gone off – wow 14 knives. Never mind, have a good flight gentlemen, nothing suspicious here. Why were airline staff who would have seen the 'hijackers' board and checked their boarding passes not allowed to speak publicly to confirm what happened? I was knocked back by American Airlines after 9/11when I asked to speak with check-in and boarding staff on duty that morning and this has been the experience of other researchers ever since from what I can see. Why did the official 9/11 Commission not include testimony from these people? Why did a letter from American Airlines lawyers to the 9/11 Commission in 2004 list most of those who worked at the check-in desks in Boston and Washington Dulles while redacting the names of staff at the departure gates? Researchers did discover two FBI interview forms – known as 302s – released in 2009 and involving American Airlines employees Liset Frometa (conducted on September 11th, 2001) and Maria Jackson (conducted on September 22nd) who testified to working at Boston Logan Gate 32 on Flight 11. Also included was an interview with another unnamed female member of staff who said she was involved with boarding Flight 11. None of them remembered the alleged 'hijackers' and when Jackson was shown a 'photo spread of subjects' she did not recognise any of them. Jackson is quoted in the FBI form as describing how she 'took the tickets ... from AA flight attendant Karen Martin and brought them to the ticket lift and deposited them in the safe.' *So why have we never seen them?*

Death certificates were issued for everyone claimed to have been on the four flights, but not the alleged hijackers. An offer from the family of one of the men named to help with DNA identification was refused and it's clear from numerous witnesses that the FBI had DNA samples of the people they named from a series of locations including homes, hotel rooms and cars where hair and other DNA sources were gathered and taken away. The FBI has confirmed this and none of the material appears to have been used to identify the 'hijackers'. Chris Kelly, a spokesman for the Armed Services Institute of Pathology which claimed to have identified those killed at the Pentagon and in Pennsylvania, said: 'The remains that didn't match any of the [innocent passenger] samples were ruled ... to be terrorists.' Oh, scientific and thorough then. Somerset County judge Kim R. Gibson approved the issuing of death certificates in October, 2001, for passengers on Flight 93 but not for alleged 'hijackers' because the FBI was *not sure of their identities.* The Armed Services Institute of Pathology claimed in 2003 to have identified 58 passengers on Flight 77. The list was released under a Freedom of Information Act request and ... contained no Arabic names. Amazing how you can identify people from DNA after a crash apparently so fantastic that a Cockpit Voice Recorder specifically designed to survive

such impact and heat was reported to have been destroyed. If they are so certain who was responsible then why did FBI Director Robert Mueller say that a case against the 19 would not stand up in court? Mueller said that not a single piece of paper had been uncovered in America or Afghanistan which mentioned any aspect of the September 11th plot. The FBI confiscated all the video footage relating to 9/11 within hours and what they have allowed us to see is clearly manipulated crap. Where is *any* credible video evidence to confirm the official story of 9/11 in locations like the Pentagon and airports awash with cameras? The fact is that all this time later we still have no proof or independent confirmation that the men named by the FBI actually *boarded* the crashed planes and nor that the planes were the ones that left the airports.

The phone calls

Many phone calls were said to have been made by passengers (most from Flight 93) describing their plight as it was happening. Faced with the constant stream of lies we have been fed about 9/11 and clear and obvious attempts by the FBI to cover up the truth we need to question everything to see if it stands up to scrutiny. This is especially important with reported telephone calls from the aircraft because what is claimed to have been communicated provided the *whole foundation* for the official story of 9/11. Pretty much the only information about what is claimed to have happened on the aircraft came from calls said to have been made by cabin attendants and passengers. From these we get the story of men with 'Middle Eastern appearance' hijacking the planes with small knives and box-cutters and taking over the controls with the pilots forced out of the cockpit to the back of the plane etc. From the same source came the whole 'Let's roll' narrative about an attempt by passengers to retake control of Flight 93. Given their importance to 9/11 official history it is equally important that we ask legitimate questions about them. Long-time 9/11 researcher David Ray Griffin points out in his excellent *9/11 Ten Years Later* that there are many anomalies, contradictions and impossibilities with the phone calls and obvious untruths. Griffin rightly says that if only one of those calls can be shown to be faked then they were all faked because it proves a pre-planned effort to mislead. They are hardly going to fake only one with obvious foreknowledge and planning while all the other calls are genuine. Before I look at the calls themselves I come back to a recurring theme I want to emphasise – technology that we see in the public arena has been available to the military and intelligence agencies for a long time before. So much so, that if we can see it today 'They' almost certainly had it at the time of 9/11. One example is the GPS navigation positioning technology that military planes had in 2001 which commercial 9/11 aircraft did not and that was even publicly available knowledge. The technology to replicate

voices to make someone appear to say what they never did say is now phenomenal. I am not saying this was used on 9/11 – there are other ways to explain the calls – but it should be legitimately added to the mix of possibility. Voice replication or morphing technology takes the unique frequency of a person's voice and puts it through a process that allows someone else to speak while sounding exactly like the voice the technology is mimicking. This has reached the point where it is possible even to *write* the words and the technology will speak them in the voice of whoever you choose, as public demonstrations have shown. The same can be done with videos of people with their lips synched by artificial intelligence to appear to speak words in their own voice they never said. There are many YouTube presentations of this technology and if you have never come across it before you'll be amazed at how authentic it looks and sounds. We also know that the US military had voice-replication technology at the time of 9/11 because this has been revealed in government documents. I have written in other books about how advanced this was before 2001 thanks to technology developed at the deeply sinister Hidden Hand-controlled Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico. William Arkin, author of *The U.S. Military Online* and a specialist on national security, the Internet and information warfare, wrote an article for *The Washington Post* in 1999 about voice-morphing technology developed by scientist George Papcun. Arkin, a former army intelligence analyst, said:

> By taking just a 10-minute digital recording of [General Carl] Steiner's voice, scientist George Papcun is able, in near real time, to clone speech patterns and develop an accurate facsimile. Steiner was so impressed, he asked for a copy of the tape.

Steiner was hardly the first or last victim to be spoofed by Papcun's team members. To refine their method they took various high quality recordings of generals and experimented with creating fake statements including 9/11 Secretary of State Colin Powell. Arkin wrote that digital morphing – voice, video, and photo – had come of age and was available for use in psychological operations, or PSYOPS, to 'exploit human vulnerabilities in enemy governments, militaries and populations to pursue national and battlefield objectives'. What happened on 9/11 was a PSYOP on the world. It was also a coup on the United States by Hidden Hand personnel and how prophetic that Arkin should write this in *1999*:

> To some, PSYOPS is a backwater military discipline of leaflet dropping and radio propaganda. To a growing group of information war technologists, it is the nexus of fantasy and reality. Being able to manufacture convincing audio

or video, they say, might be the difference in a successful military operation or coup.

Daniel T. Kuehl, chairman of the Information Operations Department of the National Defense University in Washington, the military's school for information warfare, said: 'We already know that seeing isn't necessarily believing – now I guess hearing isn't either.' He added that 'once you can take any kind of information and reduce it into ones and zeros, you can do some pretty interesting things'. This is the kind of research and development funded and overseen by the truly evil Defence Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) located in a nondescript building in Arlington, Virginia. DARPA develops death-rays, created the Internet and seed-funded technology now known as 'personal assistants' which give the military-intelligence complex surveillance access to everyone who is asleep enough to have one. DARPA developed technology necessary to carry out the 9/11 military PSYOP including the ability to hijack aircraft computer systems from the ground. Another possibility I have seen suggested is that calls were made by the real people but after they had been landed at a military base in line with Operation Northwoods and they were basically reading a script believing they were playing a part in the wargame exercises. This would explain the strange calmness, lack of emotion and matter-of-factness that people described and the lack of aircraft noise that many mentioned. The point is we don't have to prove what happened in detail to expose the 9/11 conspiracy – only that what we are told happened could not have done.

Impossible phone calls

Many of the calls from the planes were said by media reports without any FBI contradiction to have been made by cell phones at high altitudes which simply wasn't possible in 2001. There is the obvious problem of being too high and cell phones have to connect with ground stations (it's called a 'handshake') and at the speeds the aircraft were travelling they would be rushing between ground station connections so fast the calls would be constantly cut as they were reassigned even if they could get through. Highly significantly after this was pointed out the FBI had changed its story by 2006 at the time of the trial of '20th hijacker' Zacarias Moussaoui and the Bureau said all the calls except two came from Airfones on the back of the aircraft seats. The two they still said were from cell phones were those made at much lower altitudes – around 5,000 feet – which were still dubious in terms of being possible at that time. If you are caught out – change the story. These remaining 'cell phone calls' by Flight 93 passenger Edward Felt and attendant CeeCee Lyles do not appear in phone records with either numbers or duration

despite what the 9/11 Commission report described as 'an exhaustive study ... of the cell phone records of each of the passengers who owned cell phones'. Experimental evidence from Canadian mathematician and scientist A. K. Dewdney in 2003 suggested that cell phones had a one-in-a-hundred chance of working at up to 20,000 feet in a poorly insulated one-engine plane. In better insulated two-engine aircraft none worked at 7,000 feet and in a far more insulated airliner the altitude would be significantly lower for cell phones to operate. Dewdney said that 'in large passenger jets, one loses contact during take-off, frequently before the plane reaches 1000 feet altitude'. Reported cell phone calls from 9/11 aircraft were impossible and American Airlines said they did not have on-board Airfones fitted on their 757s for use by either crew or passengers. AA spokesman Chad Kinder said:

> ... We do not have phones on our Boeing 757. The passengers on Flight 77 used their own personal cellular phones to make out calls during the terrorist attack.

Not according to the updated FBI report they didn't and not according to the laws of physics. American Airlines pilot Captain Ralph Kolstad who flew their 757s and 767s said he was 'absolutely certain' that Airfones had been disconnected on the 757 long before 9/11 and this is supported by the Boeing 757 Aircraft Maintenance Manual (757 AMM), dated January 28th, 2001, which says: 'The passenger telephone system was deactivated by [code-numbered order] ECO FO878.' There were other code-numbered orders to do this, ECO F1463 and F1532. By January, 2001, Airphones on American Airlines 757s were deactivated and that was the plane which flew as Flight 77. Cabin attendant Ginger Gainer said that Boeing 757s on international flights had stickers on the seatback phones to say they were not working. Several current and former flight attendants for American who flew domestic routes were asked about them and they all said the phones were either disabled or removed at the time of 9/11.

Olson calls did not happen

The official story about the calls of CNN contributor Barbara Olson on Flight 77 falls between both cell phone and Airfone narratives. She was the wife of Bush administration US Solicitor General Theodore Olson, better known as 'Ted'. He said that his wife had twice called him at his office from the plane and they had conversations lasting 'about one minute' and 'two or three minutes'. 'Olson' is the only source for hijackers having 'box-cutters' and she is said to have described how passengers and crew had been herded to the back of the plane which meant that a big burly weightlifter and boxer pilot had to have been

overpowered by small, slim and slight hijackers. *CBS News* reported that the manual for security screeners issued by airlines trade groups to comply with FAA regulations listed box-cutters as items not allowed to pass security checkpoints. Screeners were told to call supervisors if they found them. Without Barbara Olson's alleged calls there is no evidence that Flight 77 headed back to Washington and what she is claimed to have said set the theme for who was responsible for the attacks when the story was released within hours. Ted Olson said at first that his wife used her cell phone, but later he changed this to 'airplane phone' before changing again and later again. Well, cell phones were a no, no, and if what American Airlines said is true about 757s then so are Airfones on AA Flight 77. A 2006 FBI report for the Moussaoui trial said that Barbara Olson *didn't make any certifiable calls to her husband*. Or none that connected. The report said that one was attempted but was unconnected and lasted nil seconds. The get-out of jail card (but not really) for the official story is that there were five calls from the flight made by 'unknown callers' to 'unknown numbers' and four of them connected. It was claimed that these four calls were made by Olson. Well, Ted Olson said she made only two and if you can ascertain that 'Barbara Olson' made a call that was unconnected and lasted nil seconds then how come you can't track who the other four went from and to? It's just still more change-the-story-when-you-are-caught-out. Ted Olson said that his wife called him on call-collect because he said 'I guess she didn't have her purse'. Researchers have pointed out that even if the Airfones were working you needed a credit card to activate them and open a line. Once you had done this there would be no need to ask for call-collect because you were free to call who you liked. The bottom line is that according to American Airlines there were no activated Airfones on AA 757s and if she couldn't have called on an Airfone or a cell phone the calls could not have been made. This is why no telephone records from Ted Olson's Department of [In]Justice, Barbara Olson's cell phone or phone company logs have ever been made public.

The change of narrative by the FBI from cell phones to Airfones faces fundamental problems in the case of calls alleged to have been made by Tom Burnett, a passenger on United Airlines Flight 93, to his wife, Deena. She was very clear that when her phone rang her husband's cell phone number appeared. He could not have been calling from an Airfone, therefore, but the FBI had to claim that he did because his alleged cell phone calls came at a time when Flight 93's Flight Data Recorder shows it to be flying at between *34,300 and 40,700 feet*. Deena Burnett, a former Delta Airlines flight attendant, even said that when she saw her husband's caller ID on her phone she didn't understand how he could be calling from the air. Lorne Lyles, husband of Flight 93 attendant, CeeCee Lyles, said the same when he found a recorded

message left by her 'from the plane' on his phone. He said he saw the caller ID was her cell phone and thought 'Okay, wait a minute – how can she call me from the plane from a cell phone because cell phones don't work on a plane?' What Deena Burnett told the FBI in the immediate wake of the attacks was confirmed in the Bureau's own documents:

> Burnett was able to determine that her husband was using his own cellular telephone because the caller identification showed his number, 925 980-3360. Only one of the calls did not show on the caller identification as she was on the line with another call.

The FBI contradicted Deena Burnett's own experience and statement when in 2006 they said the calls came from a passenger seat Airfone on United Airlines Flight 93 because clearly by then the claim that a cell phone was involved at between 34,000 and 40,000 feet was known to be ridiculously untenable. This is not to suggest that Deena Burnett is not telling the truth, but that the FBI isn't. Deena saw her husband's caller ID on calls he could not have made on a cell phone from where he was supposed to have been. So who did make those calls? And where were they made from? Brian Sweeney, a passenger on Flight 175, is said to have left a cell phone message to his wife, Julie, on their home answerphone which said: 'Hi Jules, it's Brian. We've been hijacked and it doesn't look too good.' Flight 175 at that time was flying at some 25,000 feet – way above the altitude that a cell phone could work. There are other questions regarding what 'Tom Burnett' said to his wife, Deena. She said in the last call that their children were asking to speak with him, but he declined and said: 'Tell them I'll talk to them later.' Does this sound a likely response from a father who by then had said the 'hijackers' planned to crash the plane? Would you not want to have what could be the final words with your children?

'Let's roll'?

We saw the same theme with 'Let's roll' United 93 passenger Todd Beamer who is said to have talked with CTE (Verizon) Airfone operators for 20 minutes and told them 'the plane had been hijacked and that he saw two hijackers with knives and someone else enter the cockpit'. The FBI report said Beamer had tried to call his wife on an Airfone and the call was routed to a customer-service operator named Phyllis Johnson who forwarded the call to colleague Lisa Jefferson who spoke with 'Beamer' for another 13 minutes at her station outside Chicago. 'Beamer' was offered the chance to have his call connected through to his wife, Lisa, but he declined. Why would you decline the chance to speak with your wife in such a situation when the FBI claims this is who he had been trying to call? 'Beamer' is said to have told Jefferson that his wife

was pregnant and he didn't want to upset her. Then why try to call her in the first place and how upset did 'Beamer' think his wife was likely to be (a) with what was clearly likely to happen if the 'hijacker' story had been true and (b) that he declined the chance to speak with her one last time? FBI telephone records confirm that 'Beamer' tried to make four calls, but only the last was connected. The rest lasted '0 seconds' or, in other words, didn't get though. The third and fourth calls were somehow dialled at exactly the same time (9:48:48), a fact that has produced no explanation. 'Beamer' is supposed to have tried to call his wife, but when he was connected to an operator he declined to be put through to his wife and instead stayed on the line with an operator who would have been easily fooled by a voice-morpher because she didn't know him.

The bottom line of all this is that there is no proof that this was the real Todd Beamer who made those calls. Jefferson said that 'Beamer' told her he didn't think he would survive. He gave her his home phone number and asked: 'If I don't make it out of this, would you please call my family and let them know how much I love them?' Why not tell them yourself? Why not ask to be connected with his parents or other relatives and people he knew? His wife Lisa Beamer recalled in a 2002 book, *Let's Roll!: Ordinary People, Extraordinary Courage*, that Lisa Jefferson had told her it was 'a miracle that Todd's call hadn't been disconnected' because lines were being disconnected all around her because of the number trying to get through. Jefferson had thought: 'This call is going to get dropped!' But it never was. Airline staff have described how inefficient and hit and miss Airfones were. Without this call from Beamer there would have been no 'Let's roll' in the official narrative. He is said to have told Jefferson that some of the passengers were getting together to retake the cockpit from the hijackers. Jefferson said that the last words she heard were Beamer saying 'Are you guys ready? Okay, let's roll'. Or did she? This alleged phrase was milked by the authorities after 9/11 and used to promote support for the subsequent 'war on terror' in response to the attacks. The London *Evening Standard* said 'Beamer's' words were 'a symbol of America's determination to fight back' and a *Washington Post* article described how the words were 'embraced and promoted by President Bush as a patriotic battle cry'. Let's roll was 'emblazoned on Air Force fighter planes, city fire trucks, school athletic jerseys, and countless T-shirts, baseball caps and souvenir buttons'. Did Beamer or whoever it was really say 'Let's roll'? Lisa Jefferson reported in earlier interviews that he said: 'Are you guys ready? Okay.' Nor were the words included in the FBI report of their interview with Jefferson on the day of the attacks. The report recorded only that at approximately 9am Central Time, Beamer said the passengers were about to attack the hijackers:

> ... [H]e asked Jefferson to call [redacted] to tell them that he loved them ... Next, Jefferson heard another passenger give the go-ahead to make their move. After that point, she heard nothing.

The 'Let's roll' phrase apparently first appeared in an interview with Jefferson by Jim McKinnon in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* five days after 9/11. McKinnon had earlier interviewed Beamer's wife, Lisa, who told him about her husband's use of the term 'Let's roll'. Wasn't such an important conversation between Lisa Jefferson and the alleged Beamer taped? The claim is that it wasn't and so how do we know that the real Todd Beamer was the man she talked to or that he used the term 'Let's roll' which came out of nowhere after not at first being mentioned? Lisa Jefferson also said that her line to Beamer stayed open and connected *long after Flight 93 is supposed to have crashed* and the same happened with Flight 93 passenger Jeremy Glick. Jefferson recalled that after Beamer said he was going to re-take the cockpit with other passengers she remained on the connected line until 10.49am – 46 minutes after the plane is said to have crashed. She said she never heard a crash and during the call there was 'an unusually low amount of background noise'. Jefferson was bewildered about how she stayed connected after the apparent crash:

> I can't explain it. We didn't lose a connection because there's a different sound that you use. It's a squealing sound when you lose a connection. I never lost connection, but it just went silent.

Given what Jefferson said about calls at that time constantly cutting out it is indeed remarkable that she and her colleague earlier could have maintained an open and connected line talking to 'Beamer' for an unbroken 65 minutes while 'Jeremy Glick's' line remained open to his wife and then her father for a total of two hours and six minutes. Glick's father-in-law told the FBI that he heard high-pitch screaming noises and 'wind sounds' between silences and after a Horizon telephone operator cut into the call they stayed on the open line for approximately one and a half hours until around 10.45am but heard nothing further. Neither were disconnected by the plane supposedly crashing when Airfones depend on the plane's power supply?? Weird gets weirder when you consider that phone company records secured by the FBI show that Todd Beamer's cell phone was used to make 19 outgoing calls after – *after* – the plane is said to have smashed into the ground. There is yet another glaring anomaly about the 'Beamer'-Jefferson call. All government agencies say that Flight 93 was hijacked at 9.28, but Jefferson told the FBI that Beamer called at about *9.45* East Coast time

and described for the next seven minutes how the hijackers were *preparing* to seize the cockpit. Only after those seven minutes – that is approximately 9.52 – did Beamer tell her that 'two hijackers armed with knives' had entered the cockpit and secured the door behind them. How can that be when *all* government agencies say the plane was taken over more than 20 minutes earlier at 9.28? He said the plane had just begun to fly erratically while government agencies describe this happening shortly after 9.28.

'Strange calmness' and no hijack drill

Constant themes reported with the calls include no or low aircraft noise, unexpected calm and lack of emotion. Among the descriptions are 'shockingly calm' ... 'very, very calm' ... 'couldn't believe the calm in [her] voice' ... 'calm, matter of fact' ... 'remarkably calm throughout the conversation' and 'it sounded to Jack as if [his wife] were driving home from the grocery store or ordering a pizza'. Phone operator Lisa Jefferson said 'Todd Beamer' was 'so tranquil it made me begin to doubt the authenticity of his call'. Lyzbeth Glick, wife of Flight 93 passenger Jeremy, said he told her the cockpit had been taken over by hijackers wearing red headbands and that pilots, flight attendants and passengers were ordered to the rear of the plane. Lyzbeth recalled:

> I was surprised by how calm it seemed in the background. I didn't hear any screaming. I didn't hear any noises. I didn't hear any commotion.

Todd Bennett's wife, Deena, said:

> It was as if he was at Thoratec [his workplace], sitting at his desk, and we were having a regular conversation. It was the strangest thing because he was using the same tone of voice I had heard a thousand times.

A further big question is why flight attendants did not follow normal hijack procedure – just as none of the pilots punched in the highjack alert code. Flight 11 attendant Betty Ong, or who we are told was Betty Ong, didn't alert people who could have launched a response to the 'hijacking' and instead called the small American Airlines reservations office in Cary, North Carolina, in a call lasting *27 minutes*. Once again she was described as 'calm' despite apparently reporting the following:

> The cockpit is not answering their phone, and there's somebody stabbed in business class ... we can't breathe in business class. Somebody's got mace or something ... I'm sitting in the back ... Our number 1 got stabbed. Our purser is stabbed. Nobody knows who stabbed who, and we can't even get up to business class right now 'cause nobody can breathe. Our number 1 is stabbed

right now ... and our number 5 ... and we can't get into the cockpit, the door won't open.

Amy Sweeney, another attendant on Flight 11, did not make any mention of mace or pepper spray being used when she is supposed to have called American Airlines colleague Michael Woodward. This would surely have been high on the list if it was on the scale that 'Betty Ong' described. When Flight 93 attendant CeeCee Lyles ended her answerphone message to her husband a sound can be heard like headphones being removed then a quiet voice that has been reported by some to say 'You did great'. Others hear this as 'It's a frame'. When Betty Ong reports a hijacking in her call and is asked what flight she is on there appear to be two voices speaking at the same time when she mistakenly says 'Flight 12' – as did attendant Amy Sweeney. Fight 93 passenger Mark Bingham called his mother and began: 'Hi Mom, this is Mark Bingham.' Would you really call your mother and use your last name? It has also been pointed out how few calls were made from the flights if calling had been possible. Surely others would have called given the situation passengers were facing and with passengers making long calls around them. I will be presenting evidence much later in the book when it is most relevant about how computer systems were taken over on 9/11 and this would have allowed air traffic screens to be manipulated and calls and 'cockpit transmissions' inserted in real time. There is a highly-detailed analysis of alleged phone calls from the aircraft in Elias Davidsson's first-class book, *Hijacking America's Mind On 9/11*, which puts the whole official phone call story into serious question. Among his findings on this and associated behaviour are the following:

- No passenger or crew member witnessed or described the 'hijackers' actually entering the cockpit or how they did so. The 9/11 Commission had to admit: 'We do not know exactly how the hijackers gained access to the cockpit.' This was despite passenger 'phone callers' in the first class sections right next to the cockpit door. No one saw the pilots overpowered either.

- Most callers did not describe the hijackers – including flight attendants whose job it was to give as much detail as possible to the ground in these circumstances. Callers in the second row of first class right next to 'hijackers' did not describe them.

- Most flight attendants did not contact the pilots and instead some stayed on the line talking to the ground for long periods while a hijack was supposed to be taking place. Alerting the pilots should have been number one priority. This is not to criticise the attendants but to

question the official version of events.

- No one seems to have observed the reported stabbing of passenger Mark Rothenberg (Flight 93), Daniel Lewin, a former elite officer in the Israeli army (Flight 11) or a flight attendant (also Flight 11).

- Some reports mentioned guns on board and people being shot, but no one else did.

- No one reported the sound of impact at the end of the calls – only silence or something like wind sound.

- Flight 11 attendant Betty Ong complained of breathing difficulties from a mace/pepper spray but no one else did. Fellow attendant Amy Sweeney didn't mention this and if it was used to the extent that Ong described many would be affected including the 'hijackers'.

- Highly-experienced Renee May, an attendant on Flight 77, didn't call her airline to report the hijacking but called her *parents* to ask them to do it. This veteran flyer even had to ask for the emergency numbers – *no way.*

What if those involved were taking part in simulated hijackings as part of the wargames manoeuvres and thought they were playing a role in scripted or semi-scripted simulated attacks and response scenarios while what they were doing would be presented as their responses to 'real attacks' that we know as 9/11. What can be said for sure is that wargames do recruit public participants to play the part of passengers and crew in simulated hijack exercises and what if a secrecy agreement was involved in the name of 'national security'. As Elias Davidsson writes:

> ... the fact that the phone callers reported bogus and implausible events, the question that immediately springs to mind is: Were the callers participating in the hijacking drills? It should come as no surprise that, had this been the case, it would be treated as a mortal secret never to be revealed. The conduct of the callers strongly suggests, indeed, that they were acting rather than relaying real events.

Davidsson reports that this very scenario was happening on 9/11 at the National Reconnaissance Office near Washington Dulles Airport during an exercise scenario involving a fictitious corporate jet crashing into the building to test evacuation procedures. Employees were given cards for pre-scripted actions including making phone calls telling people about

the make-believe 'crash' and fire as if they were real. The fire was simulated by using a smoke generator. Art Haubold, a spokesman for the NRO, said it was 'just an incredible coincidence that this happened to involve an aircraft crashing into our facility'. Add it to the list, mate. If 9/11 phone calls were part of an exercise it would explain the omissions, contradictions and universal calmness that those they spoke with described and the lack of normal procedures. In fact, pretty much all the questions about the phone calls would be answered if this was the case and particularly if the planes were flying at much lower altitudes than reported or were even on the ground.

Double cross

I concluded pretty soon after 9/11 that the four planes had 'doubles' in the way described by Operation Northwoods. Planes that officially took off from the airports were taken over by remote control from the ground and their military-controlled 'doubles' completed the journeys that ended in disaster. Gathering evidence to support this has emerged over the years. Planes with the same air traffic 'signature' could easily have been switched especially with transponders turned off and amid systematic confusion. Non-transponder radar can track location but not be certain of identity. Transponders can also be switched to a different code and assume a new identity on air traffic control screens to bemuse trackers even more. Whoever was controlling Flight 175 twice did this. There has certainly been confusion over which gates some of the planes left from with different ones reported. Flight 11 was reported to have left from Gate 26 at Boston Logan and later Gate 32. Journalists from the German weekly *Der Spiegel* say they established that Flight 11 left from Gate 26 and that boarding started at 7.35am. The 9/11 Commission said boarding began at 7.15am and left from Gate 32. There are also discrepancies in statements made to the FBI and 9/11 Commission about when the plane left. Some say it was five minutes ahead of time and others that it was delayed. American Airlines employee Michael Woodward told the Commission that Flight 11 was delayed although he didn't know why. Another, Elizabeth Williams, told the FBI that Woodward 'advised her that they needed to go to Gate 32 because two flight attendants had been stabbed'. This came from information communicated in a call to passenger service agent Evelyn Nunez by Flight 11 attendant Amy Sweeney which had been misunderstood – the flight had already taken off. Sweeney had also said, like attendant Betty Ong, that she was calling from 'Flight 12'. Elizabeth Williams said that when they arrived at Gate 32 there was only an empty plane. Sweeney's husband told the FBI that she called him from the plane – which he said was very unusual – to say departure had been delayed. Passenger Richard Ross said the same in a call to his wife while the plane was at

the gate. Did it leave from Gate 26 or 32 and was it early or late? Tom Kinton, Aviation Director for Massport at Boston Logan, told 9/11 Commission staff that Flight 11 left from Gate 31. We also have the discrepancy highlighted by Pilots for 9/11 Truth about the departure gate for Flight 77. The pilots point out as I described earlier that Flight Data Recorder information supplied by the authorities reveals that the plane the data refers to did not depart from Dulles Gate D26 which was assigned to Flight 77. The RITA database of the Research and Innovative Technology Administration (which includes the Bureau of Transportation Statistics within the US Department of Transportation) has Flight 175 taking off at 8.23 while the 9/11 Commission says 8.14. RITA records Flight 93 as taking off from Newark at 8.23 while the Commission says 8.42. The RITA database does not include tail numbers for Flights 11 and 77 and records only the scheduled departure times and not the actual ones. The Department of Transportation said this was because the information had not been provided by the airlines. 'Double' planes did not have to take off from the same airports to replace the original flights en route, however, as we saw with Operation Northwoods when the double aircraft would take off from the Air Force base where the original plane was also due to land.

Planes still flying after they 'crashed'??

Then there is the ACARS data secured through the Freedom of Information Act which is claimed by some to be evidence that at least the two aircraft officially assigned to Flights 175 and 93 were still in the air after they were supposed to have struck the World Trade Center and crashed in Pennsylvania. ACARS, the Aircraft Communications Addressing and Reporting System, allows short messages to be communicated between aircraft and air traffic controllers and airlines via radio or satellite through a series of ground stations across the United States. I have already mentioned that ACARS messages were communicated to aircraft on 9/11 warning about possible cockpit intrusions. The point here is that the system routes messages through the nearest ground station with the strongest connection to the aircraft and this is achieved by a central router that picks the best radio ground station just like a mobile phone picks up the nearest communication tower. The ACARS system allows the sender to know that a message has been received by the aircraft. ACARS records show that Flight 93 received a series of messages between 9.21am and 10.10am from a series of ground stations that began with one in Pittsburgh and ended with a communication routed through a ground station at Willard Airport near Champaign, Illinois. The problems this poses for the official story are two-fold: (1) the last message was communicated at 10.10 – *after* the plane was supposed to have crashed; and (2) the ground station it was

routed through is *500 miles* from where Flight 93 is said to have gone down near Shanksville, Pennsylvania. Pilots for 9/11 Truth say that with the way the system works there is no chance even without the technical distance limitations that a message would be routed by the system through a ground station that far from an aircraft. The implication is that the Flight 93 aircraft which connected with the ACARS ground station near Champaign, Illinois, could not have been the one that crashed seven or four minutes earlier near Shanksville 500 miles away. This would fit with the testimony of Colonel Robert Marr, battle commander at NORAD's NEADS response center, who told the 9/11 Commission in 2003 that he tracked Flight 93 as it was 'circling over Chicago'. Willard Airport ground station near Champaign is less than 140 miles by road from Chicago. Marr later said they believed that Flight 93 was heading for Chicago and that NEADS contacted an Air National Guard base in the area 'so they [can] head off 93 at the pass'. Hold on, I'm confused here. What happened to the military not being aware of Flight 93 before it crashed? Lieutenant Colonel Mark Stuart, an intelligence officer at NEADS, confirmed that as the Flight 93 'incident began to unfold' his professional judgment was that the plane was going to strike the Sears Tower in Chicago and he had told Colonel Marr this. The 9/11 Commission sought to explain away this challenge to the official story by suggesting that Colonel Marr mistook Flight 93 for Delta Air Lines Flight 1989 which had been incorrectly reported as hijacked. The ACARS information might suggest otherwise. Detailed passenger phone call analysis by Elias Davidsson in *Hijacking America's Mind On 9/11* also supports ACARS evidence that the plane was not where we are told it was. ACARS data analysis has Flight 175 receiving messages from a ground station at Harrisburg International Airport (also known as Middleton) in Pennsylvania at the very time it was supposed to have struck the World Trade Center 162 miles to the north. Another ACARS message to the plane *20 minutes* after it was said to have crashed was routed through the ground station at Pittsburgh International Airport 230 miles west of Harrisburg. The system must have picked up a stronger connection signal from there by then than Harrisburg and this would have located the aircraft around Pittsburgh 316 miles by air from New York. There was certainly great confusion about the whereabouts of Flight 175 with United Airlines issuing a press release more than two hours after its alleged crash at the World Trade Center saying the airline was 'deeply concerned' about the fate of Flight 175 and that 'United is working with all the relevant authorities, including the FBI, to obtain further information ...' It would be nearly three hours after the alleged crash time that United Airlines confirmed Flight 175 was down and where.

What happened to the real planes that morning if they didn't crash as

reported? I repeat that establishing exactly what happened is not necessary to prove a conspiracy. All that's required is for the official story to be thoroughly discredited and we are certainly past that benchmark already with a lot more to come. It is understandable that people still seek answers to what happened, as I do, but some personalities within the 9/11 Truth Movement have done the cause no favours whatsoever by arguing with each other and abusing each other in irrelevant conflicts over who is 'right' about detail. Egos at ten paces are going to get us nowhere. What happened is far less important than what didn't happen and who really did it and why. My personal view from what I have observed since starting my own research the day after the attacks is that 9/11 aircraft were taken over by remote control via their computer systems and landed at a military base or other location as per Operation Northwoods while remotely-controlled military aircraft replaced them to do the deeds (Flights 11 and 175); a missile/bomb (Flight 77); and possibly the original Flight 93 was shot down or again replaced by another aircraft. The latter left the gate at 8.01, but didn't take off because of traffic congestion until 8.42 if you believe the official story and that may have scuppered the original plan and had to be dealt with. A fourth plane striking a building without a military response would have stretched credulity way, way past breaking point by then. The Flight 93 cover-story also provided the massively-exploited 'Let's roll' narrative to launch the propaganda for the long-planned 'war on terror'. What happened to the passengers? Well, put it this way, the super psychopaths behind all this would not want them telling their stories.

Psychopathic liars

We cannot hope for the authorities to tell us the truth. That is not what they are there to do. 'Investigations' into Hidden Hand plane crashes, including the Lockerbie bombing wrongly blamed on Libya, are fixed to suit the official line and hide what really happened. When TWA Flight 800 crashed shortly after take-off from New York on July 17th, 1996, the official report by the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB) claimed it was caused by an explosion in a fuel tank that was traced to a fuel pump. Yes, that's probably partly correct in one sense because fuel tanks do tend to explode when missiles hit them. Jim Sanders, an investigative journalist and husband of a TWA flight attendant, worked tenaciously to expose the lies of the FBI. In retaliation, Sanders, his wife and a TWA captain were arrested by the FBI for impeding its 'investigation'. Sanders went to jail for his trouble, but produced a book and documentary after his release. He acquired samples of seat covers from the plane which were stained by a reddish residue. He sent them for analysis to Morton Thiokol and Hughes Aerospace where the

laboratories discovered that the residue contained 15 chemicals found in anti-aircraft missiles and only one of them – glue – is found in aircraft seat covers. Pilots from the Air National Guard reported seeing a missile strike Flight 800 – as did 250 other people – and pictures existed of the missile and remote-controlled target drone it was launched to hit. The FBI, the organisation telling you what happened on September 11th, covered up the whole story with the help of the Navy who took control of the crash scene instead of the usual civilian crash investigators. This is what the FBI did on 9/11. Richard Russell, a retired airline pilot, acquired FAA radar tapes of the incident which revealed an object travelling at up to 2,000 miles an hour heading directly at the plane. When Russell said he would circulate the tape it was seized by the FBI. The *Southampton Press* told the story in 1997 of Dede Muma, a resident of Riverhead, Long Island, who was mistakenly sent faxes of official documents related to the Flight 800 investigation. Her fax number was very close to the one used by the FBI and other personnel on Long Island overseeing the 'investigation'. The cover sheet Dede Muma received indicated the fax was from a worker at Teledyne Ryan Aeronautical in San Diego to a co-worker helping the FBI on Long Island. Teledyne Ryan Aeronautical is operated by Hidden Hand-controlled Northrop Grumman. This is the company behind the Global Hawk remote control aircraft technology. Multiple fax pages detailed the rear structures of the 'Firebee' drone aircraft that Teledyne Ryan manufactured for the US military. The FBI claims that it was told by the US Coast Guard that the bright orange debris that was found with the debris of Flight 800 was from fishing and boating floats but here was a fax in May, 1997, that revealed how the FBI was asking experts from Teledyne Ryan – makers of a bright orange-red remotely-controlled plane for the US military – to identify this mystery debris. Official 'investigations' are designed to hide the truth, not reveal it.

A moment to ponder: The FAA, other government agencies and private companies knew Flight 800 was destroyed by some sort of missile and yet allowed the FBI/Navy cover story to become official 'history'. This is precisely what has happened with 9/11. FAA and other government agency insiders know the official version is nonsense while helping the FBI and the rest of the Deep State to concoct and defend the Big Lie.

CHAPTER 13

How *did* the mighty fall?

We live in a fantasy world, a world of illusion. The great task in life is to find reality – Iris Murdoch

The Rockefeller family, Hidden Hand to their DNA, were behind the building of the World Trade Center in the form of banker David Rockefeller and his brother Nelson, four times governor of New York. Their vehicle was the government/public-owned (but only in theory) Port Authority of New York and New Jersey.

David Rockefeller drove the project through a development organisation that he chaired in the 1960s and 70s and the involvement of the Rockefeller brothers was so pivotal the Twin Towers were known by some as 'David and 'Nelson'. The World Trade Center was a huge project with the 110 storeys of the North and South Towers soaring 1,368 feet (417 metres) above Manhattan and at the time they were the world's tallest buildings. Each floor was approximately 210 feet by 210 feet. Work began in 1965 and the buildings were opened on April 4th, 1973. The World Trade Center was sold into private hands for the first time only seven weeks before the 9/11 attacks when the Port Authority sold the lease to ultra-Zionist billionaire businessman Larry Silverstein who already owned the much smaller Building 7 in the WTC complex (Fig 60). Silverstein led a consortium that finalised the deal worth $3.2 billion for a 99-year lease while personally committing only $14 million. The deal included new insurance policies which seriously increased the pay-out in the event of a terrorist attack and Silverstein therefore had the money to replace the by-then

Figure 60: 'Lucky' Larry Silverstein.

deteriorating World Trade Center with a brand new state-of-art building on the same site after the soon-to-happen 9/11 attacks.

Hiding the truth from day one

The most traumatic images of all the horrors on September 11th were the collapse of the Twin Towers (Fig 61). These catastrophic events caused the biggest loss of life on American soil from a non-natural disaster; the biggest loss of firefighters in a single incident; and were the biggest structural failures in recorded history. *Fire Engineering* magazine rightly observed that you would think such a disaster would also prompt the biggest investigation in recorded history. But no. What followed continued the same pattern and theme that we have seen with every other aspect of 9/11.

Figure 61: What caused these enormous buildings to fall? The official story makes no sense.

There was no credible investigation and the token effort for public consumption set out to *cover up* what happened, not expose it. Vincent Dunn, a retired deputy chief of the New York Fire Department and nationally-recognized expert on high-rise firefighting, published an article with others in *Fire Engineering* calling for a proper investigation into why the towers fell. Dunn, author of the 1988 book, *Collapse of Burning Buildings*, said that all the public had been given was a 'series of unconnected and uncoordinated superficial inquiries'. There was no comprehensive 'Presidential Blue Ribbon Commission ... no top-notch National Transportation Safety Board-like response'. He said: 'We are literally treating the steel removed from the site like garbage, not like crucial fire scene evidence.' This is precisely what happened with the wreckage of the Murrah building after the Oklahoma bombing in 1995. *The New York Daily News* reported in April, 2002:

> Some 185,101 tons of structural steel have been hauled away from Ground Zero. Most of the steel has been recycled as per the city's decision to swiftly send the wreckage to salvage yards in New Jersey. The city's hasty move has outraged many victims' families who believe the steel should have been examined more thoroughly. Last month, fire experts told Congress that about 80% of the steel was scrapped without being examined because investigators did not have the authority to preserve the wreckage.

Chinese media reported that the Shanghai Baosteel Group Corporation had bought 50,000 tons of World Trade Center scrap steel paying no more than $120 per ton. The *Shanghai Morning Post* said another 10,000 tons was shipped to India from New Jersey scrap processor Metal Management. I'll have much more to say about this later. What happened revealed the recurring contempt shown for the 9/11 victims and their families. New York City Medical Examiner Charles Hirsch said in 2003 that in the haste to clear the site human remains were taken to a landfill facility where the steel was sorted and sold. Eric Beck, a senior supervisor of the landfill recycling, admitted in 2007 that some of these human remains were part of a mixture used to pave roads and fill potholes in New York. The official excuse for removing debris from the site so fast was the need to search for survivors, but they did the same with the remains of World Trade Center Building 7 which the authorities said had been evacuated and so there were no survivors to find. Building 7 was the third building to collapse that day which most people don't even know about, but which provided glaring evidence for what really happened. I'll explore that in detail in this chapter. Erik Lawyer, founder of Firefighters for 9/11 Truth, another organisation of experts in their field questioning the 9/11 cover-story, described the removal of the 1.5 million tons of potential evidence as a crime – which it was. He said:

> 9/11 was the greatest loss of life and property damage in U.S. fire history. This should of been the most protected, preserved, over-tested and thorough investigation of a crime scene in world history. Sadly it was not. What was it? Well, we know from their [government] admission the majority of the evidence was destroyed ... in 22 years of experience I've seen a lot of crime scenes, I've never seen anything like this in my life.
>
> I was out at the site, I saw trucks leaving faster than anywhere I've ever seen but I accepted it at the time and for years I accepted it because it was a recovery and rescue operation and that's normal to have something like that going. Again, we'd never seen anything like it but that was expected.
>
> What I didn't know for years was what was going on behind the scenes was that evidence was being destroyed when it was shipped off. By their own admission, the [official] investigation of Tower 7 had no physical evidence. How do you investigate a crime when you've destroyed all the evidence? It doesn't make sense. They also admit that they refused to test for explosives ...

The reason for all this is simple: When you want to hide the truth you don't preserve and examine evidence that would expose your lies. *Fire*

Engineering called on the Hidden Hand-created Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) to immediately appoint a 'World Trade Center Disaster Review Panel' to coordinate a complete review of all aspects of the World Trade Center tragedy and to produce a comprehensive report which ...

> ... examines a variety of topics including determining exactly how and why the towers collapsed, critiquing the building evacuation procedures and the means of egress, assessing the buildings' fire protection features (steel 'fireproofing', fire protection systems) and reviewing the valiant fire-fighting procedures employed.

There was never any chance of that. The real role of FEMA is the one financed covertly by profits from the multi-billion-dollar Hidden Hand-intelligence agency drug racket. Former Green Beret William Tyree launched a lawsuit against the CIA and Father Bush in September, 1998, claiming they had allowed drug profits to fund FEMA's covert activities without the knowledge of Congress. FEMA was created by Jimmy Carter through a presidential executive order, an undemocratic and dictatorial outrage, in which the President introduces laws without debate in Congress. An executive order only has to appear in a legal newspaper called the *Federal Register* to become law and great swathes of the Hidden Hand's fascist-state-in-waiting has been put together in this way as I describe in detail in other books. Among the founders of FEMA was Zbigniew Brzezinski, President Carter's National Security Advisor and co-founder of the Hidden Hand Trilateral Commission with his fellow psychopath, David Rockefeller. Another famous FEMA name was *Oliver North*, the drug-running gofer from Iran-Contra. Ben Bradlee Jr wrote in *Guts and Glory: The Rise and Fall of Oliver North* that the Iran-Contra 'star' helped FEMA to stage a national emergency rehearsal in April, 1984, known as Rex-84 Bravo. This was a practice exercise in readiness for martial law and a FEMA takeover in the event of a 'national emergency'. The *Miami Herald* reported in 1987 that North was involved with FEMA in exercises that included the rounding-up of refugees and 'troublemakers'. Former Green Beret Colonel Albert Carone, who was murdered in 1990, said in a sworn statement for the William Tyree lawsuit that he worked with North in CIA-Mafia drug operations and he also confirmed North's use of drug profits to create and fund FEMA's unofficial activities. So, no, FEMA was never going to properly investigate 9/11. *Firefighters Magazine*, which published technical studies of major fires, described the destruction and removal of evidence from the World Trade Center site as 'a half-baked farce' of investigation (exactly as planned). The editorial was written by Bill Manning who said that steel from the site should be preserved to allow

proper investigations into the cause of the collapse. He asked:

> Did they throw away the locked doors from the Triangle Shirtwaist fire? Did they throw away the gas can used at the Happy Land social club fire? ... That's what they're doing at the World Trade Center. The destruction and removal of evidence must stop immediately.

It didn't, of course, because a close examination by experts would have identified why the towers collapsed when no other building of this kind had ever done so in architectural history as a result of what was claimed to be heat from fires. Despite this never-happened history the official story of the towers falling due to structural damage from the plane and fire softening steel columns was being promoted within hours without a single second of investigation. *Firefighters Magazine* pointed out that a growing number of fire protection engineers had suggested that 'the structural damage from the planes and the explosive ignition of jet fuel in themselves were not enough to bring down the towers' (Fig 62). *The New York Times* reported the frustration of experts from the American Society of Civil Engineers appointed by FEMA to 'investigate' the cause of the collapse. They said the decision to immediately recycle the steel columns, beams, and trusses may have cost them some of their most direct evidence to explain what happened. Dr Frederick W. Mowrer, an associate professor in the fire protection engineering department at the University of Maryland, said: 'I find the speed with which potentially important evidence has been removed and recycled to be appalling.' New York Mayor and '9/11 hero' (it says here) Rudolph Giuliani was overseeing this extraordinary destruction of evidence along with Richard 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight' Sheirer, Commissioner at the New York Office of Giuliani's Emergency Management, and Pasquale J. D. Amuro, FBI inspector in charge of the 9/11 [non]-investigation. Both would become executives of Giuliani 'security' companies. Overseeing the overseers was Michael Chertoff, head of the Criminal Division of the [In]Justice Department, of whom

Figure 62: 'Tell them anything and they'll believe it.' Or, maybe not.

much more in the final stages of the book. Giuliani would apparently not respond to requests to explain why crucial evidence was being destroyed. Instead he put forward Matthew G. Monahan, a spokesman for the city's Department of Design and Construction which was in charge of debris removal at Ground Zero. He said: 'The city considered it reasonable to have recovered structural steel recycled.' What – *before investigators had examined it?? The New York Times* interviewed members of the investigation team, among them some of America's most respected engineers. They said they had at various times been 'shackled with bureaucratic restrictions' that blocked them from interviewing witnesses, examining the site and requesting crucial information like recorded distress calls to the police and fire departments. 'This is almost the dream team of engineers in the country working on this, and our hands are tied,' one team member told the *Times*. They had been threatened with dismissal for speaking to the media. The team member said: 'FEMA is controlling everything.' In other words the Hidden Hand was. Here we go again as with the plane crashes – questions galore, but no open public investigation. Wherever you look in every aspect of 9/11 there is suppression of information, questioning and genuine inquiry. Everywhere there is something to hide.

'Caused by fire'? What a joke

The response of most people as they watched those terrible images of the Twin Towers collapsing was how they looked like controlled demolitions they had seen on television from time to time. Explosive charges are placed so expertly that colossal buildings, such as skyscrapers and football stadiums, are imploded to fall on their own footprint to protect the surrounding area from damage. None of this is surprising given that controlled demolitions quite obviously brought down the towers and not the fires. People can argue and debate *how* this was done, anything from explosives to super-top-secret energy weapons, but even a glance at the evidence makes it clear that (a) the government story is complete tosh and (b) the buildings came down because they were *made to*. Van Romero, President for Research at the New Mexico Institute of Mining and Technology (known as Tech), said after seeing the towers collapse on television that what happened appeared to be 'too methodical' to be a chance result of airplanes colliding with the structures: 'My opinion is, based on the videotapes, that after the airplanes hit the World Trade Center there were some explosive devices inside the buildings that caused the towers to collapse.' Romero said the collapse resembled controlled implosions and 'it would be difficult for something from the plane to trigger an event like that'. If explosions did cause the towers to collapse, he said, the detonations could have been caused by a small amount of explosive

placed at strategic points. Romero should know what he is talking about as a former director of the Energetic Materials Research and Testing Center in New Mexico which studied the effects of explosions on buildings. The government must certainly have rated him highly because on September 11th he and another Tech official were on their way to a building near the Pentagon to discuss defence-funded research. Ten days later when the official story claimed the towers fell because heat softened the steel girders Romero dramatically changed his tune. He must have been on his way to Damascus at the time on another job. Now Romero agreed that fire was indeed the cause and not explosives: 'Certainly the fire is what caused the building to fail,' he told the *Albuquerque Journal*. The intense heat from the jet fuel fires had weakened the steel structural beams which gave way under the weight of the floors above. This set off a chain reaction as upper floors pancaked on to lower ones, Romero said with his fingers firmly crossed. He still believed it was possible that the final collapse of each building was triggered by 'a sudden pressure pulse caused when the fire reached an electrical transformer or other source of combustion within the building'. I wonder what happened to Romero in those ten days? A word in the ear from the FBI, perhaps, which seems to be a common prelude to silence or story-changing.

Fortunately other architects and structural engineers are made of far sterner stuff and in 2006 Richard Gage, an architect for 23 years, founded Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth. This is the building experts version of Pilots for 9/11 Truth. You can find their excellent information and videos at ae911truth.org. Gage is a member of the American Institute of Architects and has worked on the construction of many fireproof steel-frame buildings. More than 1,500 building and demolition experts are supporters of his organisation and they are demanding an independent investigation into the three building collapses on September 11th. Gage said: 'Fires have never before caused the collapse of any skyscraper even though there are numerous examples of much hotter, larger and longer-lasting fires in these buildings.' The architect of the new Larry Silverstein Freedom Tower on the World Trade Center site and new 7WTC, which replaced Building 7 felled on 9/11, agreed with Gage. David Childs said that a young man came to him in tears and asked if the new buildings would fall: 'I said no. Never has a steel structured building in the history of steel-structured buildings ever fallen down for reasons of fire.' And that includes the World Trade Center. I know the authorities say the Twin Tower structural failures were not entirely due to fire because the planes hit the buildings, but no way in all eternity would a plane have any direct impact-affect to make the towers fall as they did.

There are claims that the 17-storey Plasco Building in the Iranian

capital Tehran collapsed in 2017 because of fire, but watch it fall at ae911truth.org and it is the most blatant controlled demolition. The Iranian government was subsequently as determined to investigate what happened as the American government has been with the World Trade Center. Nowhere can governments be trusted to pursue the truth. There are many examples of fires in steel-framed high-rise buildings that burned for longer with far more heat and did more damage without the structure collapsing. The Windsor Building in Madrid was a raging inferno in 2005, took 24 hours to extinguish and *did not collapse* (Fig 63). A 50-storey skyscraper in Caracas, the tallest building in Venezuela, was ablaze for 17 hours with the top 20 floors gutted and did not fall. The North Tower of the World Trade Center was struck at 8.45am and collapsed at 10.29am – an impact-to-fall time of one hour and 44 minutes. The South Tower was struck at 9.03am and collapsed at 9.50am – an impact-to-fall time of 47 minutes. Therefore the tower struck second collapsed first and took almost an hour less to fall than the other one. Yet the South Tower was struck a more glancing blow and much of the fuel exploded in a fireball *away* from the building and not inside. This can be explained according to the official story by the fact that the South Tower was struck lower between the 75th to the 85th floors compared to the North (93rd to 99th floors) and the damaged section was subjected to greater pressure from the floors above. It is claimed that steel 'trusses' holding up the floors failed as they were undermined by the heat, but none of this makes sense of the buildings imploding like a controlled demolition. For this to happen the trusses would have had to have failed almost simultaneously or one side would have fallen first and caused a topple-over effect. A big topple over would have relieved the pressure on the floors below and they could not have collapsed as they did because of 'pancaking'. Either way the official story is untenable. With the South Tower struck on one side and thus the most intense fire in that area would you not expect this combination to have caused that side of the structure to fail first and for the building to

Figure 63: The steel-framed high-rise Windsor Building in Madrid burned with far greater intensity than the Twin Towers in 2005 and for far longer - the fire took 24 hours to extinguish. It did not collapse.

topple over much more than it did?

Destroying the cover-story

The official explanation claims that the fire was so hot the steel became too weak to hold the weight of the concrete and steel above it. Steel beams then buckled and/or the joints broke. Concrete and steel crashed down on to the floor below and turned the concrete into powder. A chain reaction had started and each floor pulverised the one below. The evidence, as we shall see, does not in the least support this official hypothesis (lie). We are told that the 47-storey Building 7 on the World Trade Center site also collapsed at 5.20pm that afternoon because of fire and this was not struck by a plane or subjected to an aviation fuel explosion. This makes Building 7, long-owned by Larry Silverstein, the first steel-framed building in history to be brought down by fire alone because there was no aircraft strike on the structure. The only way such buildings had fallen before was through specially-placed explosives in a controlled demolition. A government report on the collapse confirmed this fact about Building 7 being a 'first-ever'. Lee Robertson, a structural engineer who co-designed the towers, told an international coalition on terrorism in Frankfurt, Germany, a week before the attacks that they were designed to withstand a hit by a Boeing 707 and this carried about as much fuel as a 767. He said later that buildings could have survived a hit by a 767 (and then went on to repeat the government line) while other high-rise architects and engineers were shocked that the buildings could have fallen from the result of a jet fuel fire. Hyman Brown, construction manager of the towers, said: 'They were over-designed to withstand almost anything, including hurricanes ... bombings and an airplane ...' Other construction engineers have made the same point. William Brinner, an architect for 25 years who witnessed 'Flight 175' striking the South Tower, said it didn't seem possible that buildings designed to withstand the impact of a 707 could possibly collapse in such a short time. 'They were designed to withstand hurricane force winds of up to 140 miles an hour', he said. World Trade Center architect Aaron Swirski lived in Israel and spoke to *Jerusalem Post* radio after the attack. He said the buildings were 'designed around that eventuality to survive this kind of attack'. Thomas Eagar, a professor of materials engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said: '... the number of columns lost on the initial impact was not large and the loads were shifted to remaining columns in this highly redundant structure'. The melting point of steel is 1,538 degrees Celsius or 2,800 Fahrenheit and although it would not have had to reach this level of heat to be compromised we are talking a serious temperature before the structure was affected in a building of some 200,000 tons of steel. This is significant because when heat is applied it is dispersed through the steel

and this helps to cool down the point of hottest temperature. Structural engineer G. Charles Clifton said: 'In my opinion, based on available evidence, there appears no indication that the fires were as severe as a fully developed multi-storey fire in an initially undamaged building would typically be.' Robert Podolsky, a physicist, engineer and systems analyst for ten years working with major companies, said:

> I looked up in the manual the burning temperature of jet fuel and found that under the conditions that existed at the World Trade Center on 9/11 that jet fuel had to have been burning at about 750 degrees Fahrenheit. I also noticed that the official explanation of what happened ... was the heat from the fire supposedly softened the steel and thereby brought the buildings down.
>
> If you have a flame of 750 degrees you can hold that flame under a steel beam forever and you'll never reach a high-enough temperature to bend steel, let alone melt it. So immediately I knew at that point that the official explanation was dead wrong.

This view is widely supported among experts in the field and if the building was being weakened by bending and softening steel we would have seen evidence that parts of the buildings were first beginning to sag. We didn't – they went from stable to collapse in an instant (Fig 64). Leslie Young, a high-rise architect and former firefighter, said the majority of the jet fuel burnt up instantly in the big fireball and it was gone. The fires that were left were office furnishings and carpets and such like. Young said: 'A lot of these things have to be fire resistant by nature, required by code, so there isn't a whole lot of fuel in there to begin with.' Edward Munyak, a fire safety expert who works for cities, federal agencies, insurers and other organisations, said that while the media portrayed the fires as being extremely hot they were, in fact, not that hot in the World Trade Center towers. If you looked at the official government data this was clear, he said, and temperature could be judged by the black smoke coming out of the windows. This meant the fires were oxygen-starved and so

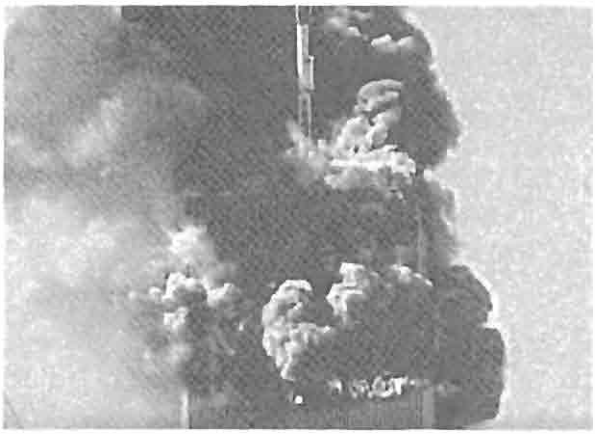

Figure 64: The North Tower begins to fall – straight down on its own footprint.

'it was a low-temperature fire'. Munyak's view is supported by a lot of other evidence. On August 4th, 2002, almost a year after the towers collapsed, *The New York Times* revealed the existence of a tape recording of communications by firefighters who had reached the 78th floor of the South Tower. This was just two floors below the main impact point and the 78th floor was actually struck by a wing of Flight 175. New York fire officials said they had 'delayed listening' to the tape *(what for nearly a year?)* and had continued during that period to say that no firefighter went higher than the 50th floor. The tape is devastating to the official story because *The New York Times* described how Battalion Chief Orio J. Palmer is heard calmly organising the evacuation of survivors with Fire Marshall Ronald P. Bucca and the extinguishing of only 'two pockets of fire' that they could see. We are asked to believe that just above them, at the very same time, the building was reaching fantastic temperatures which caused the building to collapse shortly after these communications by Chief Palmer. It's fairyland. Brian Clark, a survivor from the South Tower, passed the 80th floor right in the impact zone, but he said: 'You could see through the wall and the cracks and see flames ... just licking up, not a roaring inferno, just quiet flames licking up and smoke sort of eking through the wall'. The official story says it was the heat from *this* fire that caused the South Tower to collapse in just 56 minutes when steel doesn't melt until it reaches a staggering 2,800 degrees Fahrenheit. This is why no other major steel-framed building had ever collapsed because of fire – *not ever.* International architect David Johnson said:

> As a professional city planner in New York, I knew those buildings and their design. I attended and participated in the hearings at the New York City Hall when the buildings were first proposed ... So I was well aware of the strength of the core with its steel columns, surrounding the elevators, and stairwells ...
>
> ...When I saw the rapid collapse of the towers, I knew that they could not come down the way they did without explosives and the severing of core columns at the base ... Moreover, the symmetrical collapse is strong evidence of a controlled demolition. A building falling from asymmetrical structural failure would not collapse so neatly, nor so rapidly.

We should not forget that the Twin Towers had 287 steel support columns, 240 perimeter columns and 47 colossal core columns. To say the least they were not coming down without a hell of a fight and they certainly wouldn't disappear in seconds because of fire. We have already seen how expert Van Romero said (before his journey to the Syrian capital) that little explosive would be needed to bring down the towers so long as it was placed in the right locations. Many witnesses from

multiple backgrounds and professions – office workers, police officers, firefighters, government officials, journalists etc. – reported hearing explosions before the buildings collapsed. Firefighter Louie Cacchioli, who was assigned to Engine 47 in Harlem, said his crew were the first to enter the South Tower after it was hit. He said he was taking firefighters in the elevator to the 24th floor to support the evacuation. On his last trip he described how a bomb went off. 'We think there were bombs set in the building,' he said. 'I had just asked another firefighter to stay with me, which was a good thing because we were trapped inside the elevator and he had the tools to get out.' CBS broadcast a documentary six months after the attacks about what happened that day using the footage of firefighters taken by two French brothers, Jules and Gedeon Naudet. They had been shooting their own documentary on September 11th near the World Trade Center featuring the firefighters of Engine 7, Ladder 1, of the New York Fire Department based a few blocks away from the WTC. Suddenly the film-makers found themselves involved in a very different documentary as they captured the first plane hitting the North Tower which Boy Bush claimed to have seen live when he could not have done. When the fire crew and cameraman Jules Naudet arrived at the North Tower they were astonished to find that the lobby, 90-plus floors below impact, had suffered widespread damage. This was later explained away by officials who said burning jet fuel had poured down the elevator shafts and exploded in the lobby. There was no evidence of burning or incendiary explosion in the lobby area. 'The lobby looked like the plane hit the lobby!' one firefighter said. 'Experts' were wheeled out after the event to explain why it was obvious the buildings would collapse because of the fire. This was clearly not considered a potential problem by New York fire chiefs, however, despite their vast experience of the potential dangers in high-rise buildings, none of which had ever failed in this way. Far from clearing the towers in case of collapse they set up their operations command post in the lobby of the North Tower. Had that collapsed first they would all have been killed because it was only when the South Tower came down that the possibility was even considered. Hundreds of firefighters were sent up the stairways to their deaths because the collapse of the towers was not even taken into consideration. Why was this if, according to the 'experts' afterwards, it was so obvious why they collapsed? Then there is the account by the security officer at the World Trade Center told to Peter Jennings on ABC television. The officer said that after the South Tower collapsed he received a call from the New York Port Authority Command Center on the 22nd floor asking for a rescue in the North Tower. He went there himself with firefighters and they found that the offices were so devastated they had to 'tunnel through debris' to 'dig out' trapped Port Authority employees. Remember these offices were some 70 floors

below the impact point of the aircraft. The 22nd, 23rd and 24th floors were also said to contain offices leased to the FBI. This was the reported location of files for investigations against Mobil Oil and businessman-fixer James Giffen involving alleged illegal oil swaps between Iran and Kazakhstan and against then Federal Reserve chief Alan Greenspan, Morgan and Company and Goldman Sachs involving gold price fixing. I asked the FBI in 2002 if it had offices on those floors of the World Trade Center, but my question was not answered.

Free-fall speed

The government claims that heat caused horizontal columns which held up the actual floors to break away from the 47 massive vertical columns that ran through the core of the building from top to bottom. If the horizontal columns had broken away from the vertical central core then that core would have been left standing. It wasn't – that came down too. When a floor hits another floor and another floor in the way they described there is resistance before each new floor gives way, especially near the start. On 9/11, however, the speed at which the two buildings collapsed was *free-fall speed* – the speed of dropping something from mid-air with nothing in the way until it hit the ground. This only happens with ... *controlled demolitions* when explosive charges remove all resistance below. Government agencies agreed that the towers fell in 9 and 11 seconds respectively. To claim this could happen while falling debris was 'pancaking on the floors blow' is utterly insane. A building cannot drop at free-fall speed while meeting with any resistance or it wouldn't be, and couldn't be, free-fall speed! This not only breaks the law of common sense it also violates Newton's Law of Conservation of Momentum which sounds very grand, but actually means that you can't drop at free-fall speed if anything is slowing you down. Who couldn't work that out over the age of four? Well, government agencies like the National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST) who clearly need to hire some pre-schoolers to help them out. What's more – the top of the South Tower did topple (before turning to dust in mid-air) and so could not have provided the impact described in the government's ridiculous story because it did not slam onto the storeys below (Fig 65). David Chandler, a maths and physics academic for 30 years, said that the structures were capable of holding three to five times the weight and they fell with only a fraction of that resistance:

> Roughly 90 percent of its resistance has been removed and what's happening is the top section is not crushing down the bottom section like a pile-driver which is a picture [the authorities] have painted – it's actually falling into material that's already been pulverised.

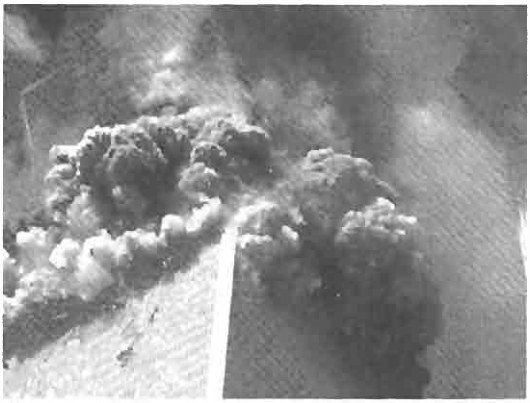

Figure 65: The South Tower falls and the topple of the top section relieves the pressure on the building below.

We all remember those fantastic clouds of dust when the towers fell and this is yet another classic feature of controlled demolition. Buildings that collapse 'naturally' do not produce the power from gravity alone to pulverise everything into small pieces and extraordinary clouds of dust before they even hit the ground. Controlled demolitions do exactly that as you'll see with many examples on the Internet. Buildings implode without falling to one side when they are expertly charged and there is also a momentary delay after the charges go off before the buildings start to fall – another tell-tale confirmation of a controlled demolition. Jerry Russell PhD, who has a Master's Degree in Engineering at Stanford University, points out that steel frame towers are built very strongly and are almost impossible to destroy. He said that aircraft strikes don't destroy skyscrapers and neither does fire. No skyscraper had ever been brought down by a fire and if a big enough impact by a plane ever destabilised a building the structural failure would happen ... 'at the point of highest levered stress, near the base of the tower, and the tower would have fallen over like a giant tree in a forest windstorm'. Like many with his background who have gone public since 9/11, Russell says that the most effective way to make a skyscraper collapse is by controlled demolition:

> As your eyes will tell you, the World Trade Center collapses looked like controlled demolitions. Here's the proof. According to the law of gravity, it is possible to calculate the time it takes for an object to fall a given distance. The equation is H=(1/2)at2, where H is the height, a is the acceleration of gravity (10 meters per second squared) and t is time in seconds. Plug in the height of the building at 1350 feet (411 meters) and we get 9 seconds. That is just about the length of time it took for the very top of the World Trade Center to fall to the street below.' According to all reports, the whole thing was over in just about ten seconds.
>
> It is as if the entire building were falling straight down through thin air. As if the entire solid structure below, the strong part which had not been burned or sliced or harmed in any significant way, just disappeared into nothingness. Yet this (within a small tolerance) is what we would expect to find if there had

> been a controlled demolition, because the explosions below really do leave the upper stories completely unsupported. Like the Road Runner after he runs off the edge of the cliff, the entire building pauses a moment, then goes straight down.

Jerry Russell said any kind of friction process should have slowed the whole thing down. Gravitational acceleration could not achieve its full effect if it was fighting any opposing force. He pointed out that on 9/11 the intact building below 'should have at least braked the fall of the upper stories'. This did not happen and there was no measurable friction at all. 'This proves controlled demolition', he said.

'Boom, boom, boom'

The 'pancake collapse' theory is just another smokescreen to hide what really happened – pre-planned demolition by those who would use this horror to unleash their agenda of human control and wars of conquest. Firefighters talked of hearing explosions in the building and so did William Rodriguez, a janitor for 20 years at the World Trade Center who was in the basement of the North Tower when the first plane struck. He helped many people to safety and was honoured five times at the White House until he began to speak publicly about hearing bombs go off in the building. Rodriguez gave evidence to the 9/11 Commission which was ignored in its final report and he became a well-known advocate for a truly independent inquiry into what happened. There were so many eyewitness reports of explosions before the towers came down and if there was not an outward explosive force of some kind how come enormous columns were ejected horizontally from the buildings to fall at such a speed that they were hurled hundreds of feet into nearby buildings? This was acknowledged by government agency reports which blamed debris from the North Tower for starting fires in World Trade Center Building 7 more than a hundred yards away. What caused those phenomenal ejections right at the start? Jet fuel which the government agrees would have been burned out in a matter of minutes? Paul Lemos arrived at the World Trade Center subway station as events were unfolding. He described how he saw people jumping from the towers and later witnessed one of them collapse:

> I looked up and about 20 storeys below [the fire] I saw, from the corner, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom ... just like 20 straight hits, just went downward, then I just saw the whole building just went 'pshew'... and as the bombs were going people just started running and I sat there and watched a few of them explode and then I just turned around and just started running for my life because at that point the World Trade Center was coming right down.

These are only some experiences of firefighters and paramedics:

Battalion Chief John Sudnik: 'We heard ... what sounded like a loud explosion and looked up and I saw tower two start coming down.'

Paramedic Kevin Darnowski: 'I heard three explosions, and then ... tower two started to come down.'

Firefighter Thomas Turilli: '... it almost sounded like bombs going off, like boom, boom, boom, like seven or eight.'

Firefighter Craig Carlsen: '[We] heard explosions coming from . . . the South Tower. . . . There were about ten explosions. . . . We then realised the building started to come down.'

Firefighter Joseph Meola: '... it looked like the building was blowing out on all four sides. We actually heard the pops.'

Paramedic Daniel Rivera: 'It was a frigging noise. At first I thought it was – do you ever see professional demolition where they set the charges on certain floors and then you hear "Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop?" ... I thought it was that.'

The pops were followed by a brief moment before the entire buildings fell with all resistance removed. Hence, they came down at free-fall speed. The preparation and the planting of the charges would have meant significant access to the building in the weeks before, and that was no problem with the World Trade Center as I will detail before the book's conclusion. New York Deputy Fire Chief Ray Downey, who died on 9/11, was reportedly concerned there were bombs in the buildings which could potentially bring them down. Downey was a 'very respected expert' on building collapse. Fire Department chaplain John Delendick told the 9/11 Commission that after an apparent explosion at the top of the South Tower he asked Downey if he thought that was caused by jet fuel. He said Downey replied that he thought there were bombs up there because the explosion was 'too even'. Downey's nephew, Tom Downey, said his uncle was 'worried about secondary devices in the towers, explosive devices that could hurt the firemen.'

Building 7: 'Pull it'.

The other World Trade Center building to collapse that day was the 47-storey Building 7, also known as the Salomon Brothers Building (Fig 66 overleaf) This fell in exactly the nature of a controlled demolition at

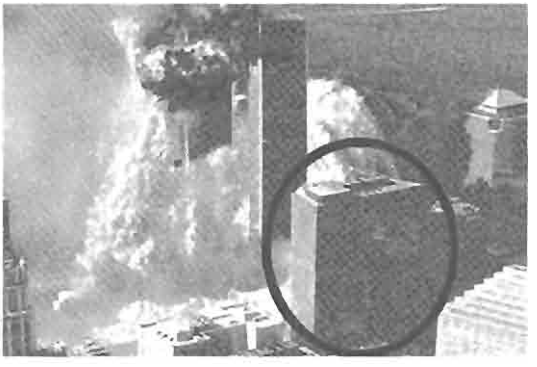

Figure 66: Building 7 or the Salomon Brothers Building.

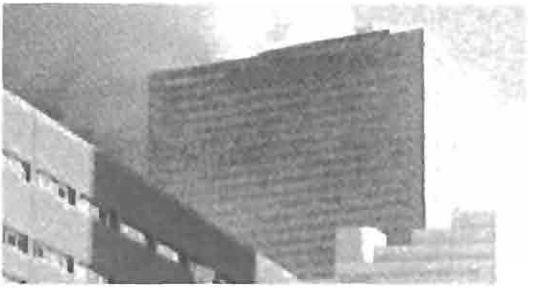

Figure 67: Building 7 standing one minute ...

Figure 68: ... seconds later the 47-floor skyscraper has fallen straight down as one unit in the most classic controlled demolition – the first and only building of its type to collapse because of 'fire'.

5.20pm without being hit by an aircraft and became the first steel-framed skyscraper in history to be brought down purely by fire (according to the government). Still today large numbers of people have no idea that a third building fell on September 11th and this certainly suits officialdom given how easy it is for the example of Building 7 to destroy the government version of why it came down (Figs 67 and 68). Puffs of smoke can be seen in lower floors as the building begins to fall straight down in the way of a controlled demolition (Fig 69). When the subject of Building 7 came up in a New York court in 2009 the judge, Edward Lehner, asked 'Building what?' Such is the ignorance of this key element of the 9/11 Big Lie. The final official report on Building 7 (not published until *seven years* later) said the fires began after being hit by debris from the collapse of the North Tower. We will see that there's another far more credible explanation which dismantles the government narrative. Once again we were led to believe that a miracle of physics occurred when heat from ... wait for it ... 'burning office furnishings' caused Building 7 to collapse after no aircraft came near it. The government report, by the National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST) did not include numerous witnesses describing how they heard explosions before and while the building fell. Neither did NIST mention that steel from the building was holed to the point of being described as like

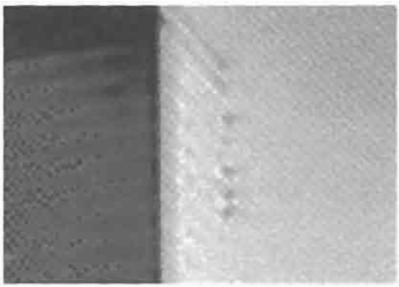

Figure 69: Simultaneous explosions in the lower floors as the building begins to fall straight down.

Figure 70: Larry Silverstein in his 'pull it' interview.

'Swiss cheese'. A controlled demolition was inadvertently confirmed by Larry Silverstein who owned Building 7 and then bought the World Trade Center lease and increased terrorist attack insurance just six weeks before 9/11. The collapse of Building 7 alone led to a pay-out of $861 million from Industrial Risk Insurers based on the official story of what happened – office furnishings on fire (another version of pants on fire). Hold on a cotton-picking second. Silverstein told a PBS television documentary in September, 2002, that he had been informed by fire chiefs that the building was so badly damaged they wanted to 'pull it' (Fig 70). This term is used by the demolition industry and emergency services as short-hand for 'pull it down' – demolish it. Silverstein made a major mistake here and he's been caught with his pants down as well as on fire. A bewildered Senator John Kerry, fending off questions about 9/11 at a public event in Texas in 2007, said that his information was that Building 7 was demolished by a controlled demolition. Even *CBS News* anchor Dan Rather, said the collapse was ...'reminiscent of ... when a building was deliberately destroyed by well-placed dynamite to knock it down'.

Indira Singh, a volunteer civilian Emergency Medical Technician working near Building 7, said she heard the Fire Department say they were going to bring down the building. 'There was another panic around four o'clock because they were bringing the building down and people seemed to know this ahead of time, so people were panicking again and running ...' Singh will return to the story from another crucial angle later in the book. Witnesses, including firefighters, agreed and described how they heard 'boom, boom, boom, boom' before Building 7 came down. Video footage includes the sounds of explosions as the building falls. A radio reporter on 1010 Winsam Radio, New York, said: 'And I turned in time to see what looked like a skyscraper implosion, looked like it had been done by a demolition crew, the whole thing collapsing down.' A television reporter at the scene said: 'It was almost as if it was a planned implosion. The whole building just pancaked

down.' If you've not seen the collapse of Building 7 go to ae911truth.org and the video presented by actor Ed Asner called 'Solving the Mystery of Building 7'. You will see the most obvious controlled demolition imaginable including comparisons with other buildings brought down by professional demolition (Fig 71). There is no difference – they are exactly the same. For the building to fall as it did without a controlled demolition all 82 vertical steel columns would have had to have failed at *precisely* the same moment because of an office furnishings fire which is clearly insanity on a stick. Building 7 is a front-line smoking gun in the 9/11 hoax because it takes weeks to prepare large buildings for demolition and lay the explosives in the right places to implode them on their own footprint. There is no way in all eternity that Larry Silverstein could have decided with fire chiefs to 'pull it' and for the building to come down soon afterwards – not unless it had been pre-charged in the weeks before. This is what he said word for word in the PBS interview:

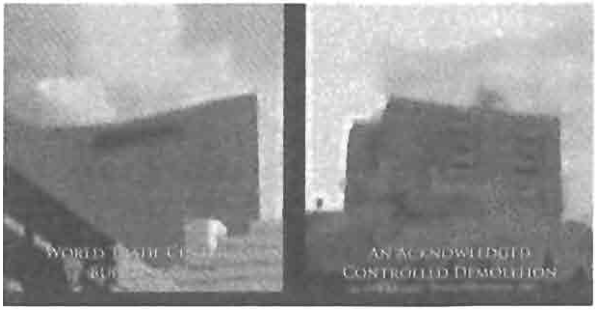

Figure 71: A screenshot from the Architects & Engineers video comparing the collapse of Building 7 with one brought down by controlled demolition. They are exactly the same.

> I remember getting a call from the fire department commander and they said they weren't sure they were going to be able to contain the fire. I said, you know, we've had such a terrible loss of life the smartest thing to do is pull it. And they made that decision – to pull – and we watched the building collapse.

Bullshit. The 'fire department commander' on 9/11 was Chief Daniel Nigro who said he does not recall speaking to Silverstein that day (in an exchange you would never forget):

> I am well aware of Mr. Silverstein's statement, but to the best of my recollection, I did not speak to him on that day, and I do not recall anyone telling me that they did either. That doesn't mean he could not have spoken to someone from FDNY; it just means that I am not aware of it.

The mystery man is still to come forward. There's a few things to mention here: (1) firefighters don't demolish buildings, demolition experts do after weeks of preparation and so Silverstein's story is a crock

of crap; (2) the fire that they were 'struggling to contain' was actually extinguished an hour before the demolition; (3) Silverstein went on to enjoy a fantastic insurance pay-out on the World Trade Center Buildings – insurance secured weeks before the attacks – and now has brand new buildings on the site to replace the aging 1973 World Trade Center towers and his Building 7 completed in 1987. Who said there were no winners on 9/11? Why would a billionaire businessman like Silverstein want to take on a poisoned chalice like the World Trade Center in the deteriorating state the Twin Towers were in? He can't be that bad a businessman when you think that in a deal worth $3.2 billion Silverstein agreed to lay-out $14 million of his own money and was handed $4.56 billion in insurance money. Another question – why did Silverstein say publicly that plans for a new Building 7 were first hatched in 2000 – *the year before* it came down on 9/11? The building was only 14 years old. Why would Mayor Giuliani's New York spend $13 million on a new emergency command centre in the building if there were plans to replace it? The command center was opened in 1999 – just a year before Silverstein said plans for a replacement Building 7 were underway. A number of emergency personnel and volunteers have said they were told long before Building 7 fell at 5.20pm that it was going to be 'pulled' or that it was 'coming down'. One was Kevin McPadden, a search and rescue volunteer formerly with Air Force Special Operations. He was working at a Red Cross centre and said he was told that Building 7 was going to be brought down:

> They said you know you've got to stay behind this line because they're thinking about taking this building down, they're not sure if it's stable or not, so they were holding a line off because they had knowledge that something was gonna happen. Well, they pushed us back a little bit ... a couple of minutes later they started coming down ... people started coming back out to the street, I watched five New York City buses jam packed with people wanting to do search and rescue, head down there towards Building 7 – people walked out into the middle of the street to see these people off, like bon voyage and right then Building 7 came down.

Building 7 was a planned demolition – end of story

Despite all of the evidence from building experts, firefighters, witnesses and the eyes of anyone watching the footage the government refused to admit what had really happened. The National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST) published its final report on the Building 7 collapse in 2008 and proved beyond doubt or question that they have absolutely no shame. Shyam Sunder, the lead [non]investigator, told the media: 'World Trade Center 7 collapsed because of fires fuelled by office furnishings. It did not collapse from explosions or from oil fires.' The

video clip that I saw must have cut out early before he fell about laughing or immediately apologised and begged for forgiveness. A 47-storey skyscraper was brought down by 'an ordinary building contents fire'? Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth founder Richard Gage said:

> In the case of Building 7 the fire that NIST said started the collapse had actually burned out over an hour before. It could not have caused the collapse as NIST claims. Yet this modern, steel-frame skyscraper which was not hit by an airplane, collapsed mostly into its own footprint like a house of cards as fast as a bowling ball falling off the side of the building in just under seven seconds.

For anyone still not sure if Building 7 was brought down in a controlled demolition – hence the preparation to do so must have been instigated weeks before – these are building and demolition experts speaking on the Building 7 video which you can see on the Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth website:

Kathy McGrade, metallurgical engineer: 'The symmetry is the smoking gun.'

Steven Dusterwald, structural engineer: 'Building number 7 descended in free-fall for the first 100 feet which means there was absolutely no resistance to descent whatsoever.'

Ronald Brookman, structural engineer: 'NIST has admitted it went in free-fall for eight storeys and going from motionless to free-fall, instantly, that's a bothersome part of the puzzle because NIST never explained it.'

Michael Donly, structural engineer: 'We've got a building that came down in its own footprint so all the columns needed to be severed at the same time for that structure to fall the way we saw.'

Jack Keller, professor of engineering at Utah State University: 'Obviously it was the result of controlled demolition.'

Frank Cullinan, specialist in bridge construction and demolition: 'Structural connections not only had to fail nearly simultaneously but in sequential order.'

Chester Gearhart, civil engineer: 'When I saw Building 7 fall I knew it was a controlled demolition.'

Anthony Szamboti, mechanical engineer: 'The whole building completely comes down in one continuous motion. There couldn't have been any structural resistance.'

Scott Grainger, forensic fire protection engineer: 'According to NIST, the failure occurred at column 79 on level 12. They're talking about a single columnar collapse or failure that resulted in the total collapse of the building.'

Kamal Obeid, structural engineer: 'It is possible that you could still have a local failure as a result of a connection failing, but the likelihood of that failure dragging the entire building in such fashion that all the columns would fail at the same time – it's an impossibility.'

Tom Sullivan, explosives technician formerly employed by the company, Controlled Demolition: 'What I saw, it was a classic implosion. The centre of the core, the penthouse area, starts to move first and the building starts to follow along with it.'

Danny Jowenko, owner of a Dutch controlled demolition company, was shown footage of the Building 7 collapse by a Netherlands film crew without telling him what or where it was. Like most people he had no idea that a third building had come down on 9/11. He was asked by the film crew for his thoughts on how the building came down. Jowenko said: 'They blew up columns and the rest caved in afterwards ... This is a controlled demolition ... This was a hired job – a team of experts did this.' It is worth pondering on that NIST Building 7 report from this perspective and in the knowledge that the same jokers told us that the World Trade Center towers fell because of heat from jet fuel. I have heard people say that the government would never get enough people to lie and go along with a fake story to make it stick and too many people would have known that it couldn't be true. Here is a government organisation that could not have failed to realise that its report about an 'office furnishings fire' bringing down a 47-story skyscraper is the most monumental, child-like bollocks you could ever imagine, but still went along with it to support the official narrative. At the same time NIST admitted that the building fell in *free-fall* at the start for more than two seconds and this can only happen if all resistance below is deleted. There was no structural prelude; the building went from stable to free-fall in an instant – just like the Twin Towers. We should not forget that the forces driving and directing 9/11 and other catastrophes are at the very outer extreme of psychopaths and your career would be over – or worse – if you failed to act as directed. The same can be said of the FAA, National Transportation Safety Board, FBI and so on. 'I was just

following orders', right? Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth asked a team at the University of Alaska Fairbanks (UAF) to investigate what happened to Building 7 and the impact of the fires. Dr Leroy Hulsey led the team from the Department of Civil and Environmental Engineering. He said: 'It is our preliminary conclusions based upon our work to date that fire did not produce the failure at this particular building.' The study was ongoing at the time of writing. It is a real head-shaker that despite the expert opinion and eye-witness statements presented here I saw an article in the UK *Sun* which said there were 'conspiracy theories' that Building 7 was brought down by controlled demolition but '... there is no evidence to support such a theory'. *Extraordinary.*

Giuliani's bunker

Two years before the attacks Mayor Rudolph Giuliani opened a $13 million command center on the 23rd floor of World Trade Center Building 7– called by the media 'Giuliani's bunker'– and it was constructed with reinforced, bulletproof, and bomb-resistant walls, its own air and water supply and three backup generators. This was to be the focal point for Giuliani's Office of Emergency Management that he established in 1996 to take over the New York Police Department's responsibility for the preparation and directing of emergency response. Giuliani appointed Jerome M. Hauer to be the first director and he was replaced by 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight' Richard Sheirer in early 2000 who was at Giuliani's side on 9/11. 'Giuliani's bunker' was really 'Hauer's bunker' because he made the decision to build a command center and to locate it in Building 7 owned by Larry Silverstein. Hauer and Silverstein must have known each other given they both had deep family connections with the New York Jewish community and with Israel. Giuliani was very clear: 'Jerry Hauer recommended that as the prime site and the site that would make the most sense ... It was largely on his recommendation that that site was selected.' From this command center all New York emergency communications frequencies could be monitored and it was supposed to be staffed around the clock. The facility was designed to respond to emergencies like terrorism and from here the mayor would oversee the response with first Hauer and then his successor Sheirer. Strange, then, that neither Giuliani nor Sheirer were anywhere to be seen there on September 11th. Giuliani cultivates a false image of the 'hero' mayor of 9/11. New York firefighters tell a very different story about this vicious man. He sent in firefighters and other rescue and clean-up workers after the attacks when the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) knew that it was potentially lethal to breathe the toxic air at Ground Zero. Giuliani insisted because he said: 'The stock market must re-open.' Yeah, let's get our priorities right. Firefighters and their colleagues are suffering appallingly and a 2018

media report said: 'Seventeen years out from the Sept. 11, 2001, terrorist attacks, nearly 10,000 first responders and others who were in the World Trade Center area have been diagnosed with cancer ... More than 2,000 deaths have been attributed to 9/11 illnesses.' Many rescue dogs died of rare cancers. Meanwhile Giuliani continues his lucrative career in and around politics and in 'security'. What happened with regard to the Building 7 command center that day was very weird. Barry Jennings, Deputy Director of Emergency Services for the New York Housing Authority, said he took a phone call informing him that a small Cessna had hit the World Trade Center and he was told to go to the Office of Emergency Management – the 'command center' – in Building 7. When he arrived with New York City corporation counsel Michael Hess they were shocked to find the command center deserted:

> We noticed that everybody was gone. I saw coffee that was on a desk, the smoke was still coming off the coffee. I saw half-eaten sandwiches ... After I called several individuals, one told me to leave and leave right away. Mr. Hess came running back in and said, "We're the only ones up here, we gotta get out of here.

Giuliani's $13 million command center built for just this situation was *empty?* Someone told Barry Jennings on the phone to 'get out right away'? The Twin Towers had not fallen by then. Surely emergency management staff would have been in the command center with others heading there fast – most especially 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight' Richard Sheirer, New York's Director of Emergency Management. *Unless* ... and it does appear very clearly that there was an ... *unless*. Barry Jennings and Michael Hess began to walk down the stairwell and when they reached the sixth floor the landing gave way underfoot from an explosion further below. Jennings recalled:

> The explosion was beneath me ... so when the explosion happened it blew us back ... both [Twin Towers] were still standing ... I was left there hanging. I had to climb back up and walk back up to the eighth floor.

Jennings said they were trapped there for several hours when the official report claims that the fire which brought down Building 7 was located between the seventh and ninth floors – precisely where Jennings and Hess were the whole time. Jennings said that as they waited 'I'm hearing all kinds of explosions'. When eventually they were rescued and returned to the lobby it was in ruins:

> Keep in mind, when I came in there, the lobby had nice escalators – it was a huge lobby. And for me to see what I saw was unbelievable.

He said they were told by fire officers not to look down because they were stepping over dead bodies in the lobby and they were warned to get out quickly because of reports of more explosions. Jennings, who died in 2008, officially of cancer, told his story on camera for the 9/11 documentary *Loose Change*. He later sought to retract what he said about seeing dead bodies after what the makers of *Loose Change* understood to be threats made to Jennings about his job. Maybe the FBI dropped in when they weren't sending human remains to landfills. Giuliani had certainly been talking with Larry Silverstein judging by the incredible bullshit he proceeded to deliver. He said in a television interview that they set up an emergency response operation in a building in Barclay Street and not in the purpose-built Building 7 command center which he was told had been evacuated. Why hadn't the Barclay Street building done the same when it was two minutes' walk from Building 7? Then he said he was warned that the World Trade Center was going to collapse. *Whaaaaaaat??* Giuliani told Peter Jennings on ABC:

> I went down to the scene and we set-up headquarters at 75 Barclay Street, which was right there with the Police Commissioner, the Fire Commissioner, the head of Emergency Management [Richard Sheirer] and we were operating out of there when we we're told that the World Trade Center was going to collapse. And it did collapse before we could actually get out of the building. So we were trapped in the building for 10 to 15 minutes and finally found an exit, got out, walked north and took a lot of people with us.

Okay, so why didn't anyone else know about the warning? How did they know the World Trade Center was going to collapse? Who told them? Maybe it was Silverstein's mystery fire commander. Why wasn't anyone else warned – like the firefighters that died? Why would anyone think the buildings could collapse given that not one of their type ever had through fire in the entirety of architectural history? There are some reports from firefighters that the warning about a possible collapse came from Giuliani's own Office of Emergency Management headed by 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight' Richard Sheirer. When later challenged by 9/11 researchers about the impossibility and great significance of what he said Giuliani denied that he was warned even though he said that on national television. You are a another bloody liar Giuliani and why do people lie? To hide the truth – that's why the 9/11 fairy tale is drowning in them. Building 7 was in the news (on the Internet at least) when it emerged that the BBC and CNN reported that Building 7 had collapsed *before* it actually did. BBC correspondent Jane Standley announced that Building 7 had fallen some *26 minutes* before it came down and the building can even be seen still standing behind her while

Figure 72: BBC reporter announces the demise of Building 7 while it remains standing behind her.

she reported its demise (Fig 72). The BBC made the bizarre and ridiculous statement when questioned about this that all recordings of its live coverage on 9/11 had been 'lost'. The corporation typically said that to accuse it of being part of a conspiracy over Building 7 was ridiculous. This, of course, was not what was being suggested. Not by me, anyway. The question was not about a BBC 'conspiracy', but *who told them* and CNN nearly half an hour before Building 7 came down that it had already done so? On this, the BBC was silent. When you look at the sequence of events it is clear that the 9/11 script was always to bring down Building 7 and maybe mistakenly released the news before the deed was actually done. Giuliani later headed to a command centre set up at New York's Pier 92 where hundreds of people were assembled from FEMA, the State Emergency Management Office and the Federal Government preparing for a bio-chemical attack exercise drill long-planned for the next day. What synchronicity, eh?

How was it done?

The fact that the towers were brought down deliberately is a gimme for anyone prepared to look at the evidence and clear their minds of the 9/11 download program. I am not attached, however, to exactly how this was done and I remain wide open to all possibilities. My aim here is to show that the official story didn't happen because everything else comes from that. The obvious conclusion is the use of explosive charges as per familiar controlled demolition technique which are employed all the time around the world to bring down big structures. Professor Steven Jones and others have suggested the involvement of substances known variously as thermite, super-thermite and thermate. These are incendiary mixtures which can burn very fast and very hot. Jones was a professor of physics at Brigham Young University (BYU) in Utah before he was suspended after entering the 9/11 debate and later chose to retire. He said that he became interested in the subject in 2005 because of the questions about Building 7 and many reports from Ground Zero of steel in a molten state still there weeks after the buildings fell. Researcher Christopher Bollyn quotes Peter Tully, president of Tully Construction of Flushing, New York, describing pools of 'literally molten steel' at the World Trade Center weeks into the clean-up

operation. Particularly interesting were witnesses reporting molten steel in the basements of the three towers. Mark Loizeaux, president of Controlled Demolition, Inc. (CDI) in Maryland, told Bollyn there were 'hot spots of molten steel in the basements' – 'at the bottoms of the elevator shafts of the main towers, down seven [basement] levels.' Molten metal was discovered in the rubble of Building 7 which was not struck by an aircraft. This could not have been caused by the original relatively low-temperature fires and certainly not weeks later.

Professor Jones secured formerly molten metal fragments from the World Trade Center site and he and other physicists at BYU put them through a series of experiments and tests. Jones's conclusion was they contained the elements that would be expected with the presence of thermite/super-thermite/thermate. He said: 'The results, coupled with visual evidence at the scene such as flowing yellow-hot liquid metal still red after falling about 500 feet, provide compelling evidence that thermite reaction compounds were used, meaning thermite was deliberately placed in both WTC Towers and WTC 7.' Jones further contended that a souped-up version of thermite, known as thermate, could cut through steel beams and substantially reduce the melting point of steel. He said that thermate could 'cut through steel like a hot knife through butter'. The military use thermate, which burns at higher temperatures than regular thermite, to cut through tank armour and bunkers. Thermate can even burn under water and in other oxygen-starved locations. Professor Jones said thermate would explain molten metal seen falling from the still-standing South Tower and white smoke/ash emitting from the same area (Fig 73). He said they found elements in Ground Zero dust that strongly suggested the presence of thermite/thermate and that 'strange corrosion' on the dust-covered roofs of vehicles in the area would be expected with thermite residue. He claims that other 'finds' in the rubble and dust point in the same direction. This is only the briefest summary of the thermite/thermate hypothesis which has proved highly controversial even within the 9/11 Truth movement. There are a number of interviews and presentations by Steven Jones on the Internet for those who wish look deeper at the claims.

Figure 73: The molten metal pouring from the South Tower highlighted by Professor Steven Jones.

A very different explanation circulating over the years is the use of directed energy weapons to bring down the towers. I am not

saying this did happen or didn't, but I come back to a point I have emphasised over and over: The technology we see is not the cutting edge of technology that actually exists. Selling a perception of what is possible is a major element of the human perception program. If you limit perception of the possible in the target population they will dismiss explanations that are true because the truth appears to be impossible to programmed perception. It may be impossible to their *perception* of reality – but not to *actual* reality. World-changing technology developed in secret projects and underground bases is sitting there waiting for the right moment in the continuing sequence of human control to be played out in the public domain. This includes directed energy technology that could turn an enormous building to dust. These weapons exist today in the world of the known and so they would have existed – and then some – in the world of the hidden at the time of 9/11. I highlighted 'beams weapons' in *Alice in Wonderland* in 2002 and pointed out that some 425,000 cubic yards of World Trade Center concrete disintegrated mostly as immense clouds of dust. One witness said there was 'not a single block of concrete in that rubble'. Dr Charles Hirsch, the government's Chief Medical Examiner, reportedly told grieving relatives in December, 2001, that many bodies had been 'vaporized' and at that time only 500 of the nearly 3,000 who died had been identified. I described in *Alice* how the *American Free Press* (AFP) had interviewed a German physicist who believed a laser beam weapon could have caused the collapse of the Twin Towers using infrared technology that was first developed in the Soviet Union. The physicist, whom AFP does not name, was described as a former East German physicist who studied Soviet infrared technology and 'plasmoids' during the 1960s and 70s. He was claimed to be directly involved in the demonstration of a Soviet laser beam weapon for the US Air Force in Weimar in 1991. According to the physicist the Soviet weapon was used during a Soviet dispute with China in 1969 to destroy 'a wall' at the Ussuri River which separates Manchuria from Russia. Infrared radiation employs invisible wavelengths between visible light and microwave on the electromagnetic spectrum and produces fantastic heat. It creates a potentially devastating phenomenon called a plasmoid cloud of heated and ionised gas, AFP reported. The United States had been developing and deploying such weapons for many years and one of its centres of development was the Brookhaven Laboratories on Long Island, New York. Author Jeff Hecht wrote in his appropriately 1984 book *Beam Weapons: The Next Arms Race:* 'The military 'destructor beam' definitely is in our future tactical arsenal.' Advanced technology and plasma physics involved in directed-energy weapons gave them unprecedented lethal power. They could unleash devastating beams of energy in seconds and less. The 'German physicist' told *American Free Press*:

> From my experience as a physicist and research scientist with the GRU [Russian military intelligence] I have enough experience to judge that the World Trade towers have been burning too quickly, too hot, and too completely to have been caused by the kerosene fires that resulted from the crashes. Furthermore, the demolished buildings nearby are an indication that there was a plasmoid cloud involved, which probably affected the buildings nearby.

He said that in 1991 the GRU demonstrated for the US Air Force Electronic Security Command (AFESC) the capabilities of its infrared beam weapon by reducing a ceramic plate to dust from a distance of one mile. He said the demonstration was designed to show the US 'how a stealth bomber could be turned into dust in the same way'. The plate had been disintegrated into such fine dust, he said, that it was difficult to pick up with a vacuum cleaner. 'The plate was not destroyed suddenly as if hit by a bullet, rather it disintegrated in a process taking about 15 minutes.' The physicist said that one of the transmitters involved in striking the World Trade Center with a beam weapon could have been located in a high building nearby or on a satellite, plane or ship. Russian state-funded TV station RT reported in 2018 that microwave directed-energy weapons were being tested at firing ranges in Russia. The prototypes were designed to burn missile-homing systems and could be incorporated in the arsenal of sixth-generation fighter jets. Vladimir Mikheev, deputy head of KRET, a leading electronic warfare contractor, said that these cutting-edge weapons systems 'exist and progress quite effectively', according to the TASS news agency. Mention of Russia here is not an indication that they were involved in 9/11, only that such weapons existed at the time of the attacks and the American military also had them. Mind you, judging by the hysterical demonisation of Russia maybe the best way to get a new investigation into 9/11 is to claim 'the Russians did it'.

Tesla knew

Targeted electromagnetic energy goes back at least to the late 19th century and was developed most famously in the first half of the 20th century by the Serbian-American technological genius, Nikola Tesla (1856-1943) who was way ahead of his time (Fig 74). He said: 'The day science begins to study non-physical phenomena it will make more progress in one decade than in all the previous centuries of its existence.' Tesla told

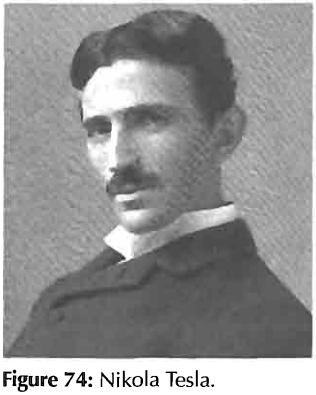

Figure 74: Nikola Tesla.

The New York Times in 1940 that he had developed 'an entirely new principle of physics' which 'no one ever dreamed about'. He called this the 'teleforce' and described it as an invisible beam that could generate an invisible 'Chinese Wall of Defence' and 'melt' aircraft motors at a distance of 250 miles. The teleforce beam was only one-hundred-millionth of a square centimetre in diameter, he said. Tesla was tapping into natural electrical/electromagnetic and other forces and focussing their power through technology. He said that he could produce 100 million volts of pressure with currents up to 100 billion watts and if the radio frequency was resonating at two megahertz the energy released would be the equivalent of ten megatons of TNT. Tesla said that he had the technology to 'split the Earth like an apple'. *New York American* published an article in 1935 with the headline 'Tesla's Controlled Earthquakes' in which he said that his technology's 'rhythmical vibrations pass through the Earth with almost no loss of energy ... [and it] becomes possible to convey mechanical effects to the greatest terrestrial distances and produce all kinds of unique effects'. Tesla manipulated the weather in experiments that included lightning strikes above his laboratory and he could make the ground shake violently (Fig 75). On one occasion thousands of windows in the area were broken before he could turn off his machine. His artificially-generated lightning storms unintentionally started hundreds of forest fires and blew out electrical grids in two states. He could see the military potential of his inventions and acknowledged that his teleforce could be used with devastating effect in war. He said this was not his intention and he preferred to use his knowledge to provide free energy by harnessing naturally-occurring electrical and electromagnetic fields. This immediately had the Hidden Hand networks turn against him with a vengeance. Free energy, along with interest-free money, is their worst nightmare because of its devastating effect on both their income and control. Have any of the Green fanatics pressing to 'save the planet from global warming' ever stopped to ask why the super-rich families behind 'we must transform society to save humanity' are the very same families and networks that have suppressed Tesla-type free energy for everyone

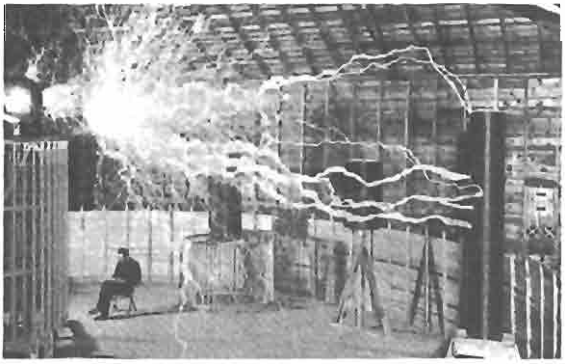

Figure 75: Tesla understood electromagnetic reality and how it could be harnessed for good and evil.

without generating any CO2? Tesla technology and its further developments can, in relation to 9/11, do the following:

- Deliver unprecedented amounts of energy at specific locations that are far more precise than a nuclear weapon.
- Interfere with global communications systems while itself remaining unaffected.
- Manipulate weather (they wanted a clear blue, cloud-free sky, for example, for maximum impact).
- Create nuclear-sized explosions using electromagnetic pulses.

Tesla died in a New York hotel room in 1943 and his cutting-edge research papers were confiscated by the American government, military and intelligence networks. The papers were reviewed for the military by John G. Trump (1907-1985), uncle of 'outsider' president Donald John Trump. This is where his middle name 'John' comes from. Uncle Trump would later become head of the British Branch of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) Radiation Laboratory. This was funded by the Rockefeller family and would appear to have become the centre of a weather-manipulation programme. Did the American government, military and intelligence networks have the technology to bring down the World Trade Center buildings by using directed energy? Too bloody right they did and people will have to decide for themselves if they think that happened.

Dust to dust and more dust

The best-known proponent of the directed energy weapon scenario on 9/11 is Dr Judy Wood, a materials scientist and former professor of mechanical engineering who secured a doctorate in these subjects at the Department of Engineering Science and Mechanics at Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University in Blacksburg, Virginia. Dr Wood set out the case for directed energy in her book *Where Did The Towers Go?* which was published in 2005. The book is highly detailed, illustrated and sourced and you can also see her video presentations on YouTube – '9/11 Dr Judy Wood where did the towers go?' will get you there. She makes a series of observations in support of her contention that the buildings were not brought down by conventional methods of controlled demolition. These include:

- The buildings turned to dust in mid-air – including steel beams and core vertical columns which can be seen turning to dust and

disappearing as they fell – leaving only a tiny fraction of the one and a quarter million tons of steel, concrete, aluminium and other material to actually strike the ground.

- The Twin Towers were built on land reclaimed from the close-by Hudson River within a water-resisting dam or dyke known as the 'bathtub'. Had the buildings slammed into the ground before they turned to dust this dam would have been breached and the area flooded.

- Seismic records do not record the Richter scale reaction that would have been caused by such a massive impact of 110 storey buildings hitting the ground. When the Seattle Kingdome sports stadium was brought down in a conventional controlled demolition in 2000 it had a seismic impact of 2.3. The 110 storey World Trade Center 2 (the South Tower) registered just 2.1 despite having, Wood says, 30 times the potential energy. The mall and parking garage right under the World Trade Center site were still intact.

- Wood compares the 9/11 seismic readings with that of an earthquake in Midtown Manhattan in January of the same year and finds them to be very different. The 9/11 readings show that 'no signal went through the earth' which would have happened if the building had not turned to dust before impact. As for Building 7 there was no seismic reading of note and Wood describes the fall of the building as a 'non-seismic event'.

These are what Wood calls 'the biggest smoking guns' which show that (a) the government story about the World Trade Center is not true and (b) a conventional controlled demolition could not have been responsible. When the World Trade Center towers come down it's almost like watching a fountain of dust emanating from the top as the building basically disappears (Fig 76). Jay Jones, a

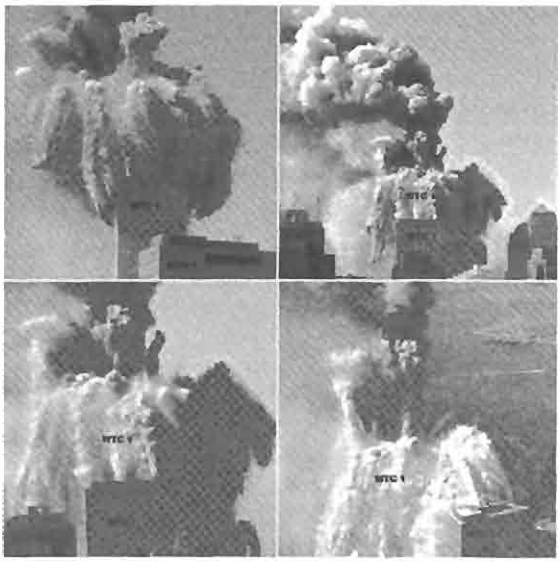

Figure 76: The dust 'fountain' emanating from the top as the Towers came down.

firefighter at the scene, said: 'These were the biggest office buildings in the world and I didn't see one desk or chair or one phone, nothing.' Wood points out other evidence that exposes the nonsense about fire compromising the steel and why there are descriptions of steel 'vaporising'. Buildings around the World Trade Center complex – even across the road – suffered nothing like the damage that would be expected had the falling debris not turned to dust, she says. Wood contends that with all the material 'squeezed' and projected out from the towers had the 'pancaking' story been true buildings all around them would have peppered like machine gun fire. Some were hit as described earlier, but not 'peppered'. She recalls being contacted by a man who worked at the World Trade Center and decided to go home when the planes initially hit. He said he walked past the South Tower 'with the fires about out' and headed for the ferry terminal on the Hudson. While he was there, with his view of the WTC obscured by other buildings, he said someone claimed the South Tower had collapsed. The reaction was that this was ridiculous and the person must be an idiot. When he was crossing the river and looked back there was only one tower standing. He hadn't heard anything or felt the ground shake. Michael Ober, an emergency medical technician, said: 'I don't remember the sound of the building hitting the ground ... if the building is hitting the ground that hard, how do I not remember the sound of it? Six different magnetometer readings of the Earth's magnetic field at ground level by six different stations in Alaska reveal that about 20 minutes before the first tower was struck the field around the World Trade Center began to act strangely and distort. The reading had been quite stable until then, but distorted significantly in the run up to the plane strikes and then began to distort dramatically and go 'haywire' over the period when the towers came down. This continued until Building 7 fell when the readings began to calm down and return to their former comparative stability.

What caused this?

There are other strange phenomena to consider. Vehicles some distance from the impact were turned upside down or burned out in a way that did not suggest a normal fire (Fig 77). Some vehicles were partly burned in a specific area but untouched in other parts and alongside them were trees, street lamps and shops that were not similarly damaged. This cannot be explained by burning debris flying from the building and only striking road vehicles and nothing else. The streets and area around the vehicles were strewn with unburnt paper and there are images of burning cars surrounded by paper that isn't burning. Vehicle engines were melted together with other parts which fire could not possibly have done. Cars and buses were twisted and melted with paintwork

Figure 77: Vehicles a long way from the World Trade Center were burnt out while trees and paper near them, even next to them, were not burned.

Figure 78: Cars were found burned out or 'toasted' on top of each other and others were upside down.

Figure 79: A bus stripped to the metal but with no burn or scorch marks.

stripped as if they had been dipped in paint-stripper (Figs 78). There were melted, paint-stripped buses and cars with no scorch-marks (Fig 79). One witness said: 'It was unbelievable, they were twisted and melted into nothing.' A television reporter described 'car after car, and buses, burned down to the steel'. Door handles and latches were gone and there was no window glass at all. The drjudywood.com website comments:

A reported 1400 vehicles were damaged on 9/11. These vehicles had peculiar

> patterns of damage and some were as far away as ... (about 7 blocks from the WTC, along the East River). Vehicles had missing door handles for example, windows blown out, window frames deformed, melted engine blocks, steel-belted tires with only the steel belts left, and vehicle front ends destroyed with little or no effect on the back end of the vehicles. What could have caused such extraordinary damage? Portions of cars burned while paper nearby did not.

Wood says that comparisons with images of burnt-out vehicles indicate this is not the same phenomena. Similar scenes were reported and photographed during devastating wildfires in California in 2018 which some blamed on energy beams directed from the sky. Houses were burnt to nothing alongside others that were untouched, homes turned to ash while surrounded by unburnt trees and vehicles were burnt and overturned in ways that looked very much like those that Wood highlights with 9/11. World Trade Center steel beams that survived were found twisted tightly back on themselves in a U-bend and materials with very different melting and boiling points became fused together including organic matter that should have been burned away if this had been caused by fire. Some witnesses described being picked up by a wave of energy and being tossed down the street or against walls. *New York Daily News* photographer David Handschuh recalled how he was thrown nearly a block: 'One second I was running, the next I was airborne.' He also remembered feeling a warm, not hot, blast of air which others also described. In the debris of the towers people saw acts of spontaneous combustion long after the towers came down that could not be explained by heat. Some may point to the thermite/thermate hypothesis, but Wood says all these phenomena would be expected if Tesla-like technology had been used on 9/11. She writes that when focussed-energy struck the buildings people would hear 'boom, boom, boom' by the effect of the structure disintegrating. As she puts it: 'Bombs go boom, but not everything that goes boom is a bomb.' Matter is only energy vibrating to a slow frequency and if that energetic construct of 'matter' is hit by high-powered focussed energy it will spatter apart and what it strikes would turn to dust. Wood wonders if many who jumped from the building were not forced to do so by the effect of microwave energy which can give you the feeling that your skin is on fire. The American military/law enforcement employs this skin-fire system to disperse crowds and, by the way, it operates in the same frequency band as the cumulatively lethal 5G communication systems being rolled out across the world by the Hidden Hand without any independent testing of its effect on human health. But then they are psychopaths – the same mentality and networks behind 9/11.

Another aspect of Wood's research is that on that clearest of blue-sky

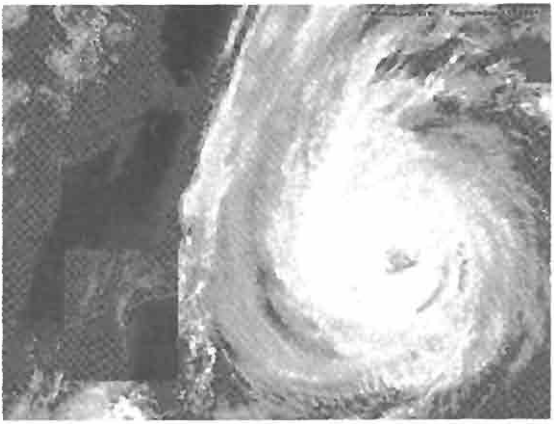

Figure 80: Hurricane Erin off the US East Coast on 9/11.

days in New York and Washington a category 3 hurricane was spinning off the New York coast. Anyone remember hearing about that or any pre-warnings as it worked its way from the south? Me, neither. It was dubbed Hurricane Erin and coverage was sparse compared with what you would expect and restricted to weather reports rather than the main headlines (Fig 80). CNN Weather reported on September 8th that 'the first Atlantic hurricane of the season churned toward Bermuda Saturday night, with experts forecasting even stronger winds over the next 24 hours'. The report located Erin 325 miles southeast of Bermuda 'but creeping closer at a rate of 15 mph'. Wind speeds were recorded at a sustained 85 miles per hour. Erin made its way north to reach its greatest extent off the coast of New York on September 11th and following the attacks moved sharply right out into the ocean. Personnel on the International Space Station orbiting 240 miles above the Earth said they could see plumes of smoke from the World Trade Center but didn't mention a big hurricane system just off the coast. The position of Erin apparently ensured the cloudless blue skies for which 9/11 is remembered and against which events could occur in clear sight with maximum impact. American meteorologist Joe Bastardi mentions Erin in his book, *The Climate Chronicles*, in the sense of weather conditions affecting an outcome. He writes:

> On 9/11 the sun was shining brightly as high pressure along the East Coast and strong sinking air outside of major Hurricane Erin well offshore allowed for a spectacular day on the East Coast. If Erin were closer, chances are the weather would have been less hospitable or perhaps there would have been flight delays. As it was, the storm was in the perfect spot to allow the usual sinking air create ideal conditions for the hijackers to do what they did.

Tesla-type technology can certainly whip-up hurricanes and use them to gather and focus energy for many purposes or produce desired weather conditions as described. Weather systems are simply energy systems and if you can change the nature of that energy you change the weather. Technological modification of the weather has been possible

since at least the first half of the 20th century and is now very powerful and sophisticated. You don't have international agreements not to mess with the weather and use it as a weapon if modifying the weather is not possible. Of course it is and since when did the United States and other countries with this technology give a damn about international laws and treaties? A major cover for this manipulation is the hoax about human-caused climate change upon which they can blame their weather-changing actions. Hurricane Erin off the coast of New York at the time of 9/11 is an amazing 'coincidence', that's for sure.

The deluge of unanswered questions and blatant lies and anomalies regarding the attacks of September 11th was the motivation for citizen journalists to come together organically and independently to form the movement that became known as 9/11 Truth. They are referred to as 'Truthers' and they have been abused and ridiculed by the mainstream media for doing the job *it* should have being doing. You have seen the evidence so far that puts the official story into question at every turn while excuses-for-journalists the world over dismiss with an arrogant wave of the hand the obvious flaws in the story they have accepted without a second thought. Many of these system-defenders call themselves 'progressives', as with Matthew Rothschild, editor of *The Progressive*, who described the official story of the towers falling as 'perfectly logical, scientific explanations'. Typical are comments like those of George Monbiot at the system-serving London *Guardian* which bizarrely claims to be 'radical'. Excuse me a moment, my belly hurts. Monbiot described 'Truthers' as 'fantasists', 'conspiracy idiots' and 'morons'.

Why has the mainstream media never uncovered the truth about 9/11? George Monbiot. Matthew Rothschild, ad infinitum. I rest my case.

CHAPTER 14

Prior knowledge and cover-up

Whenever you find that you are on the side of the majority, it is time to pause and reflect – Mark Twain

Still further confirmation that 9/11 was an inside job would be evidence that those with responsibility to defend the United States from terrorist attacks – and other insiders – were aware of what was going to happen. This evidence can be found a plenty.

Later in the book I will describe the remarkable absence of leaseholder Larry Silverstein and his family at the World Trade Center that morning even though they were there almost every other day at the time the attacks happened. There are many stories that indicate prior knowledge in either detail or theme. San Francisco Mayor Willie Brown said he was warned at 10pm the previous night by what he called 'my security people at the airport' to be especially cautious about travelling by air on September 11th – he planned to fly to New York. A report in *Newsweek* claimed that on the day before the attacks 'a group of top Pentagon officials suddenly cancelled travel plans for the next morning, apparently because of security concerns'. The *San Francisco Chronicle* reported that the FBI had advised Attorney General John Ashcroft not to fly on commercial aircraft in this same period and as the *Chronicle* put it: 'The FBI obviously knew something was in the wind.' Still the FBI and CIA claim they were not aware of a possible attack on commercial aircraft in the United States. Even Dan Rather at CBS asked why the warning was not shared with the public while Ashcroft avoided questions about what he was told. The FAA was reported to have issued a warning to airlines and airports on August 28th that people connected to terrorist networks were planning to fly on US airlines. Author Salman Rushdie, who has been threatened by Arab extremists for his book, *The Satanic Verses*, told the London *Times* that he believed the US authorities knew of an imminent terrorist strike when they banned him from taking internal flights in America and Canada just a week before the attacks.

The *Times* reported: 'On September 3rd the Federal Aviation Administration made an emergency ruling to stop Rushdie from flying unless airlines complied with strict and costly security measures.' Rushdie said the airlines would not upgrade their security. The *Times* said 'the FAA told Rushdie's publisher that US intelligence had been given warning of 'something out there' but failed to give any further details and 'the FAA confirmed that it stepped up security measures concerning Mr Rushdie but refused to give a reason'. Goldman Sachs also circulated a memo on September 10th warning of a possible terrorist attack and advising employees to stay away from American government buildings. A FEMA Urban Search and Rescue Team was deployed to New York City the night before the attacks. FEMA official Tom Kennedy told *CBS News* on September 11th:

> We're currently one of the first teams that was deployed to support the City of New York in this disaster. We arrived on late Monday night and went right into action on Tuesday morning.

They must have been in New York for the FEMA exercise drill planned there for September 11th. What are the chances that a disaster drill in New York on 9/11 by the country's emergency response organisation was planned to take place at the very time that plane hijacking drills were taking place in the skies and just as the 9/11 attacks were happening that mirrored those drills and required an immediate FEMA response? Vice President Dick Cheney said after 9/11 that political criticism of the Bush government's failure to react to warnings was 'thoroughly irresponsible and totally unworthy of national leaders in time of war'. He also tried to deflect such headlines by saying that 'without a doubt, a very real threat of another perhaps more devastating attack still exists'. You should know, Dick. Two Israel-based employees at an Israeli telecommunications company and instant messaging service called Odigo, with offices two blocks from the World Trade Center, were sent a warning two hours before the first tower was hit that some sort of attack was imminent. Odigo vice president Alex Diamandis said: 'The messages said something big was going to happen in a certain amount of time and it did – almost to the minute.' CEO Micha Macover said that immediately after the attack the two told the company about the warning and Israeli security services were then informed who told the FBI. Macover said:

> I have no idea why the message was sent to these two workers, who don't know the sender. It may just have been someone who was joking and turned out they accidentally got it right.

So why hasn't the sender been found then? Did they try? The idea that someone warned about attacks that had never happened before and almost to the minute may have been joking around and got it right by accident simply is not worth troubling neurons to activate in reply. How many know that Israel Mossad agents were arrested after being spotted on 9/11 cheering and high-fiving as they filmed the burning North Tower and were clearly in position knowing what would happen? They became known as the 'Dancing Israelis'. How many know that hundreds of Israelis were questioned by the authorities during 2001 suspected of being in a spy ring operating around the country and especially in Florida in the same period and even in the same city that alleged '9/11 hijackers' were located? All this is coming up in detail when I reach the climax of the book. Many remarkable 'coincidences' have been highlighted in television programmes and other media that have either portrayed or appeared to foretell events of 9/11. Some may be coincidence, but not all of them. The most remarkable was the first episode of a Fox series called *The Lone Gunmen*, an X-Files spin-off show broadcast in America in March, 2001, which featured a passenger aircraft having its controls taken over from the ground via the computer system and flown into the World Trade Center. At the last moment the pilot seized back control with help from 'good guys' on the ground and pulled up to avoid disaster. The point of the attack in the plot-line was to blame the crash on Middle Eastern terrorists to justify a war on terror to make fortunes for arms companies. If you think that's a 'wow' – the plane had its computer systems hijacked during a wargames exercise involved the hijacking of a passenger aircraft. The scenes were shot in the spring of 2000. Where did the inspiration for the storyline originate which was so incredibly accurate in terms of 9/11? Programme makers say it was a coincidence while others believe it was far too close to the soon-to-be truth for such an explanation.

Casino prophets

Then there was stock trading immediately before September 11th involving airlines and companies affected by the attacks. This provides spectacular evidence of prior knowledge. Again the 'government story is true' mind-set led to media speculation that this trading must have been the work of Osama bin Laden. Who is more likely to have been behind this – a guy in a cave in Afghanistan or those who run both the government and the banking/stock market system? These include the CIA which has long and extremely close connections to the financial elite. Many of the CIA's leading personnel over the years have come from this very background, starting with its first director, Allen Dulles, the Nazi supporter and business associate. The CIA claims to constantly

monitor unusual financial transactions on the markets to track evidence of possible terrorist and criminal activity. What does it call 'unusual' when you consider what happened in the days before 9/11? Stock markets are not there to benefit the general population. They are casinos. A news report from Wall Street or the London Stock Exchange is little more than a report from Las Vegas on how the blackjack or roulette tables are going. They bet with people's lives and livelihoods. Two ways of doing this are 'put' and 'call' options. A 'put option' is when you bet that the stock in a company will go down in value within a certain period. If it does you can make big money. A 'call option' is when you bet that the stock price will go up. Clearly the stock price of airlines involved in the hijackings, American and United, would fall immediately after the attacks and the same with companies with a major operation in the World Trade Center or those with a potential insurance liability. How fascinating, therefore, that 4,744 put options were placed on United Airlines against only 396 call options at the Chicago Board Options Exchange between September 6th and 7th. Three days later 4,516 put options were purchased on American Airlines and only 748 call options. This represented six times the usual number of put options and trading in other airlines did not follow this pattern. The theme can be seen with major companies at the World Trade Center like Morgan Stanley and Merrill Lynch and insurance firms that would face crippling claims as a result of the attacks. When these highly unusual trades were reported, revealing as they do blatant prior knowledge of the attacks, more than $2.5 million in put option profits on United Airlines went unclaimed. Michael Ruppert, a researcher and former Los Angeles Police Department drug investigator, made a CIA connection after the attacks to this insider trading:

> That evidence also demonstrates that, in the case of at least one of these trades – which has left a $2.5 million prize unclaimed – the firm used to place the 'put options' on United Airlines stock was, until 1998, managed by the man who is now in the number three Executive Director position at the Central Intelligence Agency. Until 1997, A.B. 'Buzzy' Krongard had been Chairman of the investment bank A.B. Brown. A.B. Brown was acquired by Banker's Trust in 1997.
>
> Krongard then became, as part of the merger, Vice Chairman of Banker's Trust-A.B. Brown, one of 20 major US banks named by Senator Carl Levin this year as being connected to money laundering. Krongard's last position at Banker's Trust (BT) was to oversee 'private client relations'. In this capacity he had direct hands-on relations with some of the wealthiest people in the world in a kind of specialized banking operation that has been identified by the US Senate and other investigators as being closely connected to the laundering of

drug money.

In 1998 Krongard was appointed as counsel to CIA Director George Tenet and promoted to CIA Executive Director by Boy Bush in March, 2001. Bankers Trust-A.B.-Brown was taken over in 1999 by Deutsche Bank when Krongard left for the CIA and it became the biggest bank in Europe. Deutsche Bank was also used for the highly unusual pre-9/11 trading and its London branch was apparently frequented by the Bin Laden family. The question may be asked again: Who is more likely to have been behind these 'prior knowledge' stock trades, Osama bin Laden in Afghanistan or the global financial nexus connected to the CIA and the Hidden Hand elite? This is the same CIA that failed to respond to these highly unusual stock movements just as US air defences failed to respond to four hijacked airliners. The same CIA and 'intelligence community' which despite a then more than $30 billion annual budget (and that was just the official one) claimed with the FBI and military they had no idea the attacks were going to happen until they switched on the TV with the rest of the nation. We'll see what crap that is. The CIA announced an investigation when news of the stock trades broke and media reports said market regulators in the US, UK, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Japan were to be involved. Have you ever heard another word about this 'investigation' even though the transactions must be traceable? The trail did not lead to Bin Laden or the Islamic world or we would have seen it blazed across the front pages a long time ago. The 9/11 Commission dismissed foreknowledge of the attacks by saying they had traced the bulk of the trades in United Airlines to someone 'with no conceivable ties to al-Qaeda'. You've got to laugh or weeping is all that remains.

Designer cover stories

The highest levels of the intelligence and law enforcement networks knew something was coming, but I repeat my warning about cover stories being used to misdirect from the real story. This can even be done by circulating evidence of a lesser conspiracy or cover-up to divert attention from the true depth and nature of the conspiracy/cover-up. We are dealing with state-of-art smoke and mirrors and we need to be careful about the double-spin technique or what I call 'fall-back position'. When these Hidden Hand operations are played out there is always a number one cover story that they want the people to believe and most do. In this case Cover Story A was that Osama bin Laden organised the entire operation with 'his' al-Qaeda network and it was so brilliantly done that US military and civilian agencies had no idea what was going on until the planes crashed. They know that not everyone will believe that and will look for some kind of conspiracy behind the official

version of events. So they give them 'evidence' of a conspiracy to keep them happy and occupied – Cover Story B. When Princess Diana was assassinated in Paris in 1997 the prime cover story was that it was all a terrible accident caused by a drunk driver. The fall-back position for those who questioned that explanation was she was murdered because the British royal family did not want her to marry a Muslim, Dodi Fayed. Diana's murder goes much deeper than that (see *The Biggest Secret*), but together these two narratives provide alternative explanations accepted by the great majority including many of those that don't believe the prime cover story. The 9/11 fall-back position aimed at conspiracy researchers and others who question the official line is that (1) the Bush administration knew the attacks were coming, but were so incompetent that they did nothing; or (2) they knew the attacks were coming, but did nothing because allowing them to happen would provide the excuse to launch a war on terror for reasons of oil and advancing their agenda of conquest in the Middle and Near East. What these versions have in common is very significant: No matter what the background detail might be they are all based on Osama bin Laden and al-Qaeda being responsible for organising the whole thing and the plan involved 'terrorists' trained at American flying schools. This suits the Hidden Hand because it hides the central truth that the core organisation behind the attacks was not based in a cave in Afghanistan, but within the US government, military and intelligence 'community', the Israeli military and intelligence network (much more later) and at the highest level of the Hidden Hand hierarchy. We should keep that in mind when we hear stories that 'Bush was warned'. Incompetence is often used as a smoke screen to hide cold calculation. 'Incompetence' can be used, as in this case, to justify the 'reorganisation' (centralisation) of intelligence and security agencies to focus the power over intelligence, surveillance and law enforcement into even fewer hands. Yes Bush was warned, but it was far more than that – far, far more.

The story broke widely in the mainstream media (big red flag) in May, 2002, about the number of warnings given to, and circulating within, the Bush administration and its agencies. The theme was that President Boy Bush was told of possible hijackings in the United States before September 11th and did nothing to warn people. The White House admitted eight months after the attacks that Bush was told by US intelligence before 9/11 that Osama bin Laden's terrorist network might hijack American aircraft. White House press secretary Ari Fleischer said the administration notified the 'appropriate agencies' in the summer of 2001 that hijackings were possible, but the Massport organisation that ran Boston Logan Airport told the *Boston Globe* that no such warning was communicated to them. Bush was said to have been told of a possible attack during an intelligence briefing on August 6th, 2001,

headed 'Bin Laden Determined to Attack Inside the United States' by the same US intelligence agencies that claimed they had no idea that the September 11th attacks were being planned. The CIA would only say in response to these reports that the subject of airline hijackings was among a number of terrorist methods raised to US government officials at the time. In fact, congressional correspondent David Welna said on National Public Radio on the morning of September 11th: 'I spoke with Congressman Ike Skelton – a Democrat from Missouri and a member of the Armed Services Committee – who said that just recently the Director of the CIA warned that there could be an attack, an imminent attack, on the United States of this nature. So this is not entirely unexpected.' The idea that the military-intelligence complex had no warning does not stand up for a second, but again watch the fall-back positions holding the dam at 'Bin Laden did it' whatever version you go for. I have also made the important point that there is the State and the 'Deep State'. These can be described on one side as government, intelligence and military personnel genuinely seeking to protect America (State) and on the other agents of the psychopathic cabal working for a very different agenda (Deep State). The latter seeks to thwart the efforts of the former and the same happens in every country. Bush even tried to call off Robert Mueller's [non]-investigation of the attacks by the FBI when a week later on September 18th letters containing anthrax were sent to Democratic Senators Tom Daschle and Patrick Leahy and some media organisations. Seventeen people were infected and five died. The FBI described its anthrax investigation as 'one of the largest and most complex in the history of law enforcement'. Oh, really? And 9/11? This was a highly convenient diversion and came to a sudden halt when it was revealed that this Ames strain of anthrax was commonly used in US military research and at the US Army's Dugway Proving Ground in Utah.

Federal Ban on Investigation (FBI)

Understanding 9/11 and its lies, diversions, contradictions and ever-changing stories requires people to grasp the true nature of the FBI. As with all these 'alphabet' organisations like the CIA, NSA and so on the FBI has many genuine, decent and professional people in its ranks, but they are allowed to know only so much. Compartmentalisation of information – the need-to-know technique – means that they are not aware of the agenda those in charge and control are really pursuing. They only know what they need to know to do their particular job. There is a chasm of difference between many of those who work for the FBI and those who control it. At that upper level the Federal Bureau of Investigation is a cesspit of deceit and manipulation and takes its 'moral' compass from that of its notorious long-time chief, J. Edgar Hoover.

Reports became public in the aftermath of 9/11 that a classified memo written by an FBI agent in Phoenix had urged FBI headquarters to investigate Middle Eastern men enrolled in American flight schools and that terrorist groups like those linked to Osama bin Laden could be sending students to the schools as part of terrorist plans. Be careful here with a fall-back position narrative, but law enforcement officials said the memo was received at FBI headquarters in late July, 2001, and reviewed by counterterrorism staff. No action was taken in response to the memo's plea to compile information on the visa applications of foreign students seeking admission to aviation schools. We are told that a flight instructor at the Pan Am Flying Academy in Eagan, Minnesota, called the local FBI office on August 17th to report his suspicions about a 33-year-old French-Moroccan called Zacarias Moussaoui who was later jailed for life for involvement in the 9/11 attacks. *The New York Times* reported that senior FBI officials repeatedly denied requests by agents at the Minnesota office for a detailed investigation into his background. One of the facts that interested the agents was that Moussaoui was attending flying schools while FBI Director Robert Mueller, who was appointed two weeks before 9/11, has constantly claimed the FBI had no idea that potential terrorists were training to be pilots in the US. He said it was 'news, quite obviously,' and added: 'If we had understood that to be the case, we would have – perhaps one could have averted this.' This is clearly not true as genuine FBI agents have pointed out. Agents were blocked in their investigations because they were in danger of thwarting the cover story for 9/11 rather than exposing the real plot. Information from FBI agents in Minnesota was included in an internal FBI document warning that Moussaoui 'might be planning on flying something into the World Trade Center'. Agents asked for a warrant to search Moussaoui's personal computer only for their requests to be refused by the [In]Justice Department of Bush Attorney General John Ashcroft and the head of the Department's Criminal Division, Michael Chertoff. Why? Coleen Rowley, an FBI agent for more than 21 years and Minneapolis Chief Division Counsel, sent a memo to FBI Director Mueller in May, 2002, condemning the way the headquarters had blocked terrorist investigations before 9/11. She said that certain facts about this had been 'omitted, downplayed, glossed over and/or mischaracterised in an effort to avoid or minimise personal and/or institutional embarrassment on the part of the FBI and/or perhaps even for improper political reasons'. She went on:

> In the day or two following September 11th, you, Director Mueller, made the statement to the effect that if the FBI had only had any advance warning of the attacks, we (meaning the FBI), may have been able to take some action to prevent the tragedy. Fearing that this statement could easily come back to

> haunt the FBI upon revelation of the information that had been developed pre-September 11th about Moussaoui, I and others in the Minneapolis Office, immediately sought to reach your office through an assortment of higher level FBIHQ contacts, in order to quickly make you aware of the background of the Moussaoui investigation and forewarn you so that your public statements could be accordingly modified.
>
> When such statements from you and other FBI officials continued, we thought that somehow you had not received the message and we made further efforts. Finally when similar comments were made weeks later, in Assistant Director Caruso's congressional testimony in response to the first public leaks about Moussaoui we faced the sad realization that the remarks indicated someone, possibly with your approval, had decided to circle the wagons at FBIHQ in an apparent effort to protect the FBI from embarrassment and the relevant FBI officials from scrutiny. Everything I have seen and heard about the FBI's official stance and the FBI's internal preparations in anticipation of further congressional inquiry, had, unfortunately, confirmed my worst suspicions in this regard.

Coleen Rowley revealed how in a desperate 11th hour measure to bypass the 'FBIHQ roadblock' the Minneapolis Division directly notified the CIA's Counter Terrorist Center and were 'chastised' by FBI headquarters for making a direct notification without their approval. Rowley told Mueller that in the early aftermath of September 11th when she was recounting the pre-September 11th events concerning the Moussaoui investigation to other FBI personnel in other divisions or FBI headquarters 'almost everyone's first question was 'Why? – why would an FBI agent(s) deliberately sabotage a case?' If they would care to read this book they will have the answer to that question and the fact that it was asked so widely reveals how effective and watertight compartmentalisation can be. FBI special agent Robert Wright Jr who investigated terrorist money-laundering in the United States for four years was equally livid at how his efforts were blocked by superiors. He told the media in May, 2002:

> I truly believe I would be derelict in my duty as an American if I did not do my best to bring the FBI's dereliction of duty to the attention of others. I have made it my mission ... to legally expose the problems of the FBI to the President of the United States, the US Congress, and the American people.

FBI agents were so angry at the way they were blocked by their own hierarchy they gave their information to Chicago lawyer David Schippers, the man involved in legal efforts to impeach President Clinton. He said he contacted the office of Attorney General John

Ashcroft to urge an investigation and again his pleas were ignored. Schippers said he was given information by FBI agents and intelligence sources that a massive terrorist attack was being planned for lower Manhattan and he had tried in vain for six weeks to communicate this information to Ashcroft. He said he had also tried in the past to tell Ashcroft about the connection between the Oklahoma bombing and the Iraqi officers and soldiers that were brought to Oklahoma after the Gulf War by Father George Bush and he got the same response. Schippers said of the Iraqi officers in 2002: 'The word is out even today that the Oklahoma City police are not allowed to touch them.' He described his efforts to warn Ashcroft ahead of 9/11:

> I was trying to get people to understand that [the Palestinian group] Hamas had infiltrated the United States. I tried the House, I tried the Senate, I tried the Department of Justice, these were the very people who put up roadblocks on the attack against the terrorists under Clinton and are still there. They still constitute almost like a moat between the people with information and the people who should hear the information.
>
> I used people who were personal friends of John Ashcroft to try and get him. One of them called me back and said right I've talked to him, he'll call you tomorrow morning. This was like a month before the [9/11 attacks]. The next day I got a call from a lower ranked official of the Justice Department who said they don't start their investigations at the top. He would look into my information and get back to me. He never did.

What stands out like a red flag there is the claim about Hamas which Israel has a prime interest in demonising while Israeli operatives were centrally involved with 9/11 as we shall see.

FBI made the bomb for 1993 attack

Multiple evidence makes it clear that many knew to a larger or lesser extent that attacks were coming and why would we trust the FBI to tell us otherwise with its track record of creating terrorism as well as covering up those really responsible? Even the mainstream media has acknowledged this extraordinary phenomenon with headlines such as 'The FBI again thwarts its own terror plot'. The agency is notorious for covertly setting up targets through its agents and informants to plan terrorist attacks and then either claiming to have foiled them just in time or allowing them to go ahead when they could have been stopped. The FBI has admitted to 'thwarting' a stream of 'terrorist' plots that it originally instigated and this was happening during the tenure of 9/11 FBI chief, Robert Mueller. Intelligence insiders have picked up on the same theme including David Steele, a former Marine with 20 years'

experience as an intelligence officer, who was the second-highest-ranking civilian in US Marine Corps Intelligence. He said that again and again 'terrorist attacks' are false flag (Problem-Reaction-Solution) attacks staged by security services:

> In the United States, every single terrorist incident we have had has been a false flag, or has been an informant pushed on by the FBI. In fact, we now have citizens taking out restraining orders against FBI informants that are trying to incite terrorism. We've become a lunatic asylum.

Tamerlan Tsarnaev, blamed with his brother for the Boston bombings in 2013 and shot dead by police, had connections to the FBI and CIA. His mother Zubeidat Tsarnaeva said Tamerlan was under the control of the FBI:

> My son, he was set up. He was counselled by the FBI for 3 to 5 years. They knew what my son was doing and what actions and what sites on the Internet he was going. They used to come home; they used to come and talk to me; they used to tell me that they are counselling ...

Tsarnaev's father, Anzor, confirmed the FBI had watched his son closely and visited him at home:

> Yes, I was there. It was in Cambridge [Massachusetts]. They said: 'We know what sites you are on, we know where you are calling, we know everything about you. Everything.' They said we are checking and watching – that's what they said.

They were in fact setting him up with his brother to take the rap for the Boston bombing that the 'Deep State' was planning to instigate (see *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*). This brings me to the World Trade Center bombing of 1993 which will become more significant later to 9/11 and what happened will give you a big insight into the FBI lead 'investigation' agency for the September 11th attacks. The story might also make those who dismiss the idea that governments and their agencies plan terrorist attacks take a moment to reassess. *The New York Times* revealed how the FBI had the chance to stop the bombing, but failed to do so. The paper also published conversations secretly recorded by an FBI informant, one-time Egyptian army officer, Emad Ali Salem. The FBI knew the 1993 attack was coming and 'planned to substitute the explosives in the truck bomb [*made by their informant Salem*] for harmless powder'. Or rather not as things turned out. Salem said an FBI supervisor called John Anticev stopped the plan to make the substitution. Six people died and a thousand were injured

when the bomb made by an FBI informer exploded at the World Trade Center. Salem said on the tape: 'Guys, now you saw this bomb went off and you both know we could avoid that.' He said FBI agents were paid to 'prevent problems like this from happening' and asked an Agent Floyd: 'Do you deny your supervisor is the main reason of bombing the World Trade Center?' Salem continues: 'We was handling the case perfectly well until the supervisor messed it up, upside down.' Salem, an FBI informant, built the bomb that exploded at the World Trade Center and was paid a million dollars for his trouble. He was under the witness protection programme when he was the chief prosecution witness in the trial of those blamed for the bombing by the FBI! Ron Kuby, an attorney for one of the defendants, said of the article revealing the tapes:

> The article on the FBI being involved in the World Trade Center bombing actually understated the evidence, believe it or not. The informer, Emad Salem, is actually on tape saying that he built the bomb that ultimately blew up the World Trade Center ... In addition, we have received information that he was visually observed at the scene of the bombing shortly after the bombing took place
>
> .
>
> Shortly after that, he was admitted to the hospital, suffering from an ear problem that was consistent with exposure to blast ... The mastermind is the government of the United States. It was a phoney, government-engineered conspiracy to begin with. It would never have amounted to anything had the government not planned it.

The same theme can be found on a far bigger scale with 9/11 – another FBI non-investigation. There's more: The bomb that exploded at the World Trade Center in 1993 was built by an informant on the FBI payroll and planted in a truck with a rental agreement that included the phone number and address of a notorious Israeli Mossad agent, Josie Hadas. Mossad and US intelligence work very closely together as do the US and Israeli military and this will become incredibly relevant to 9/11 in due course. The late Sheikh Omar Abdel-Rahman, the 'blind Sheikh', alleged 'spiritual leader' of the Egyptian extremist group Al-Gama'a al-Islamiya, was convicted in January, 1996, of 'seditious conspiracy' and sentenced to life imprisonment for his part in planning the 1993 bombing. He was put on the State Department's 'watch list' in 1987 and then reported to have been recruited by the CIA when the American government was supporting Osama bin Laden in Afghanistan during the Soviet occupation in the 1980s. American foreign correspondent Mary Anne Weaver said that in Peshawar, Pakistan, in the late 1980s Sheikh Omar became involved with US and Pakistani intelligence

officials who were orchestrating the war against the Soviets. She said that the '60 or so CIA and Special Forces officers based there considered him a valuable asset'. They overlooked his anti-western message and his incitement to holy war, she wrote, because they wanted him to help unify the Mujahideen groups 'led' by Osama bin Laden. Sheikh Omar was given a one-year visa to enter the United States on May 10th, 1990, by a CIA agent posing as an official at the US Consulate in Khartoum, Sudan, and he arrived in New York in July, 1990. The visa was revoked in November that year and the State Department warned the Immigration and Naturalization Service to watch for him. Instead, within months, they granted him a green card (work permit) and in 1993 came the World Trade Center bombing for which he and others were convicted. *An alleged CIA asset was convicted of conspiracy to plant a bomb that was made by an informant of the FBI and left in a rental truck connected to a Mossad agent.* We are supposed to believe these people when they tell us what happened on September 11th and who was responsible? Or that the CIA and FBI had no connection to what happened and who did it? Later it was revealed, in keeping with the FBI's appalling history of lies and cover-ups, that 'evidence' was changed to support the prosecution of people the FBI claimed to be responsible for the bombing. FBI special agent Dr Frederic Whitehurst testified at the trial in 1995 that the FBI concocted misleading scientific reports and pressured two of their scientists to lie to support its prosecution of the defendants. He was asked if during his examination of bomb residue materials and chemicals connected with the defendants that he became aware the FBI agents investigating the case had developed a preliminary theory that the bomb which blew up the World Trade Center was a fertilizer based urea nitrate bomb? 'That is correct,' he replied. The questioning continued as follows:

> 'Did there come a time when you began to experience pressure from within the FBI to reach certain conclusions that supported that theory of the investigation?'
>
> 'Yes, that is correct.'
>
> 'In other words, you began to experience pressure on you to say that the explosion was caused by a urea nitrate bomb?'
>
> 'Yes, that is correct.'
>
> 'And you were aware that such a finding would strengthen the prosecution of the defendants who were on trial, who were going on trial in that case, correct?'

'Absolutely.'

Special agent Frederic Whitehurst, the senior FBI explosives expert, found himself demoted to paint analysis for the crime of telling the truth – the most heinous of crimes to the FBI when it exposes its ubiquitous corruption. A Boston court released two men in January, 2001, who had spent 30 years in jail for a murder they did not commit, because the FBI rigged the 'evidence'. Two other innocent men jailed for the killing had already died in prison. The FBI was protecting an informant known as Joseph 'the Animal' Barboza who had been named to agents as one of those responsible for the murder. Barboza even gave testimony against the convicted men and was protected from prosecution by his FBI handlers, agents H. Paul Rico and Dennis Condon. Agent Condon testified at the time in support of killer Barboza's credibility. After the trial when Barboza said he had falsely named the four convicted men the FBI stood its ground and the courts denied a new trial. The FBI had the Algerian pilot Lotfi Raissi jailed for five months amid claims that he trained some of the 9/11 'pilots' and then produced no evidence whatsoever to support that allegation. This is the same organisation that is telling you what happened on September 11th and who did it and refuse to answer questions on the stream of lies and contradictions in its bullshit 'investigation'.

The shocking irony of John O'Neill

John O'Neill was an FBI deputy director and head of the Joint Terrorism Task Force in New York. He had refused to capitulate to manipulation from above in his investigations into the funding of 'al-Qaeda', the terrorist attack on the *USS Cole* in Aden harbour, Yemen, in 2000 and a case of Israeli 'art students' considered to be acting suspiciously in the months before 9/11 in locations later connected to the 'hijackers'. O'Neil clashed with Barbara Bodine, US Ambassador to Yemen at the time of the attack on the *Cole*, and among what O'Neil saw as Bodine's blocks on his investigation was her refusal to allow him back into Yemen after he made a brief trip home to the United States for Thanksgiving. O'Neill ignored official interference in all these investigations and his pursuit of Osama bin Laden although he was extremely upset by it. He resigned from the FBI shortly before September 11th amid a smear campaign against him from within the FBI. O'Neil told the authors of the book, *Hidden Truth* (or *Forbidden Truth* in the US version): 'The main obstacles to investigate Islamic terrorism were US oil corporate interests and the role played by Saudi Arabia in it.' One of the authors, Charles Brisard, said O'Neill had complained bitterly that the US State Department and the Bush oil lobby had undermined attempts to prove Bin Laden's

involvement in terrorist activity. John O'Neil left the FBI in late August, 2001, when he was offered a job as head of security at ... *the World Trade Center.* He was reportedly last seen on 9/11 coordinating evacuation efforts on the 49th floor shortly before the South Tower collapsed. Amazing how those with knowledge that could expose the lies so often end up dead at the most convenient times. People like John O'Neill who could have revealed how investigations into Bin Laden and terrorism had been systematically blocked before 9/11; David Kelly, the British weapons inspector who knew that the Blair government was lying and 'sexing up' claims about 'weapons of mass destruction' in Iraq to justify an invasion; and Robin Cook, the former British Foreign Secretary who resigned over the Iraq war and was starting to speak out over the lies and deceptions of the official 'al-Qaeda' story. John O'Neil was not alone at the FBI or CIA in facing official opposition to terrorist investigations. American journalist Greg Palast produced a report on the subject for the BBC current affairs programme *Newsnight* in which he said he had received a phone call from a high-placed member of a US intelligence agency:

> He tells me that while there's always been constraints on investigating Saudis, under George Bush it's gotten much worse. After the [2000] elections, the agencies were told to 'back off' investigating the Bin Ladens and Saudi royals, and that angered agents.

The close connection between those blamed for terrorism and those claiming to 'fight terrorism' is a constant theme. We need to lose this perception of different 'sides' and realise that we are dealing with *one* side with multiple faces working to one end.

The 9/11 Commission – all hide and no seek

All the lies and contradictions I have described so far were there to be exposed from the start by those bravely claiming to be 'journalists' and later by the 9/11 Commission or the 'National Commission on Terrorist Attacks Upon the United States'. The media ignored the mountain of contradicting evidence and has chosen ever since to slavishly repeat the official story in all its insanity because they haven't got the desire, intelligence or balls to seek out the truth. Instead they ridicule and condemn those who have eyes open enough to see the elephant on the sofa. The 9/11 Commission final report came from the same systematic combination of myopia and corruption and never had any intention whatsoever to seek out the truth. The report was an utter disgrace in the same mould as the media who lapped it up as the definitive story and arbiter of what happened. It wasn't. It was a cover-up so transparently obvious that everyone involved had to be well aware that it was a pack

of lies and omissions from cover to cover. The 'report' treated those who died and their loved ones with the most stunning contempt and disrespect. They deserved the truth and what they got was still more lies to cover up all the ones that went before. Evidence to the Commission by Transport Secretary Norman Mineta which totally contradicted Dick Cheney's version of what he did that morning was *left out of the report* including the story of Cheney saying 'the orders still stand' in the run up to the Pentagon being hit. Those orders could only have been not to shoot down whatever was being tracked on radar, but the 9/11 Commission decided this was not worth the necessary paper and ink. All the other contradictions and provable lies by Bush, Rumsfeld and Myers were similarly missing and there was *no mention of Building 7* let alone the fact that it was a crystal-clear controlled demolition. Anything, in fact, that shone a light on the official catalogue of serial mendacity was ignored, omitted or spun.

Bush, Cheney and Rumsfeld did all they could to block any investigation at all and that by itself should have the warning lights flashing. Why would leaders of a country apparently attacked so devastatingly by terrorists on home soil with some 3,000 dead and the country in extreme states of shock and trauma not want to launch the biggest and most detailed investigation in American history to find out exactly what happened and ensure it could never happen again? The answer to that question is as simple as it is disgusting: They knew that a proper investigation would have seen them confined to jail for the rest of their lives. Alongside would have been the network – including those even more deeply responsible – which orchestrated the outrage and many of those were from a land far away. I don't mean Muslims, either, as we shall see. When Bush and Cheney could not resist demands for an official 9/11 inquiry any longer, Bush announced in late 2002 that this would be led by ... *Henry Kissinger*. The implications of that could not have been clearer. Kissinger has been an almost life-long servant of the Hidden Hand (Fig 81). He has 'advised' both Republican and Democrat presidents on what they had better do if they don't want big trouble heading their way from those he represents. Anyone who names lies-for-a-living Kissinger to 'investigate' anything is desperate for a cover up. Even

Figure 81: Henry Kissinger breaks for lunch.

The New York Times said the White House chose him 'to contain an investigation it has long opposed' and the appointment was so breathtaking that Kissinger had to quickly resign in the face of flagrant conflicts of interest involving his infamous Hidden Hand front company, Kissinger Associates, which is exposed in my other books like *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. Kissinger would have had to disclose the clients of Kissinger Associates and there was no way he was going to do that. If he had it would not so much have opened a can of worms as launched the lid into orbit. Kissinger was asked by a 9/11 widow if he had any Saudi Arabian clients that he wanted to tell them about. Kissinger was said to have 'twisted and turned' in his seat. When he was further asked if he had any by the name of Bin Laden 'he just about fell off his couch', according to a witness at the meeting.

Kissinger was replaced by the Republican Thomas Kean, former governor for New Jersey, as Commission chairman. Kean was another insider. He had been a director of the National Endowment for Democracy, a long-time front for CIA covert operations overseas, and had investment connections to the same Saudi sources that funded President Bush and Osama Bin Laden. Among them was Khalid bin Mahfouz who was named by the Bill Clinton State Department as a financer of terrorism. Commission vice-chairman Lee Hamilton sat on advisory boards to the CIA, the President's Homeland Security Advisory Council and US Army. Another Commission member was Richard Ben-Veniste, the Senate-appointed lawyer for the Clintons during the Whitewater corruption 'investigation' and also attorney for Barry Seal who flew cocaine out of South America to the Mena airstrip in Arkansas for the Clinton and Bush families. The 9/11 Commission was established in November, 2002, more than a year after the attacks, and published its final report in the summer of 2004. The official brief was 'to prepare a full and complete account of the circumstances surrounding the September 11 attacks'. This, of course, was the last thing the government wanted or intended to do. Kean and Hamilton would say in their 2006 book, *Without Precedent: The Inside Story of the 9/11 Commission*, that the whole 'inquiry' was 'set up to fail' and woefully underfinanced. Yes, it was, but it could still have been far more robust, candid and honest than it was. I say 'far more' – actually it was none of those things. Commissioners said they were so frustrated with the 'misstatements' (lies where I come from) by Pentagon and FAA officials that an investigation into their obstruction was considered. Why would you underfund and want to obstruct an investigation into the biggest terrorist attacks on US soil that killed so many people unless the truth would have exposed what you didn't want the public to know? Kean said that President Bush had not been 'well served' by the CIA and FBI when in fact from the bigger picture point of view both had served him

and his owners with great distinction by keeping the truth under wraps.

Gatekeeper Zelikow

Kean, Hamilton and their fellow 'investigators' didn't even write the final report. This was overseen (as was the entire process) by Commission executive staff director, Philip Zelikow, a former Texas lawyer and an associate of Boy Bush and National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice whose actions were supposed to be part of the 'investigation'. Bush appointed Zelikow to the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board and he was for three years on the National Security Council of Father Bush. What a safe pair of hands then when you wanted the official story to survive intact. Zelikow had worked closely with Rice and even co-wrote a book with her, *Germany Unified and Europe Transformed: A Study in Statecraft*. She appointed him to be the main writer of the Bush National Security Strategy in 2002 which used 9/11 to justify the policy of attacking countries that posed no imminent threat or even a threat at all. Bush-circle insider and ultra-Zionist Zelikow was the same guy appointed executive director of the Commission 'investigating' the actions of Bush and Rice with regard to September 11th. Zelikow also directed the Aspen Strategy Group, a foreign-policy strategy body co-chaired by Rice's mentor, Brent Scowcroft of ... Kissinger Associates. In short – Zelikow was establishment to his DNA and compared with him Kean and Hamilton were bit-part players. Rice, Cheney and Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz were members of Zelikow's Aspen Strategy Group. The 9/11 Commission was a complete stitch-up from first to last. There are other highly-significant connections to Zelikow which I will come to later when we get to the core of how 9/11 was pulled off and by whom. Paul Sperry wrote in an article for Antiwar.com:

> Zelikow picks the areas of investigation, the briefing materials, the topics for hearings, the witnesses, and the lines of questioning for witnesses ... and the commissioners for the most part follow his recommendations. In effect, he sets the agenda and runs the investigation. He also carries with him a downright obnoxious conflict-of-interest odor, one that somehow went undetected by the lawyers who vetted him for one of the most important investigative positions in U.S. history.

The 9/11 Family Steering Committee and 9/11 Citizens Watch called for Zelikow's resignation which was never going to happen. He was there to cover up the truth no matter what the families of the dead may have wanted. Zelikow ran the 9/11 Commission like his personal fiefdom. He decided what would be pursued or ignored and what would appear in the final 'report'. Zelikow led a staff of some 75 people

and more than half were formerly with the CIA, FBI, Department of [In]Justice and other agencies of government. One staff member quoted in the media said: 'Zelikow is calling the shots. He's skewing the investigation and running it his own way.' This is why crucial information and contradictions in evidence were ignored. One commissioner, by-then former senator Max Cleland, resigned from the inquiry. He said 'Bush is scamming America.' This is the same Max Cleland who agreed he was on Capitol Hill with General Myers during the attacks when he could not have been. Cleland said Commission members had agreed a deal that allowed them only very limited access to CIA reports presented to Bush and the White House which could have indicated prior knowledge of the attacks. He said:

> This is a scam. It's disgusting. America is being cheated. As each day goes by we learn that this government knew a whole lot more about these terrorists before September 11 than it has ever admitted ... Let's chase this rabbit into the ground. They had a plan to go to war and when 9/11 happened that's what they did; they went to war.

Re-writing history

The Commission simply set out from day one to support the official narrative no matter what the evidence and their most important task was to hide the blatantly obvious fact that the military was stood down or blocked that day until after the Pentagon was hit to make sure the attacks would not be stopped by the usual fighter response to hijacked aircraft. This is the cover-up on which all the other cover-ups depend because if a stand-down or systematic delay was proved the whole house of cards collapses. Crucial to this has been to explain away why the military responded far too late to every hijack. We were first given a timeline for the military's non-response to the hijackings that said no fighter jets were scrambled until after the Pentagon was hit. Then, on September 18th a week after the attacks, the military issued a new timeline given the incredulity that three commercial airliners could crash into iconic American buildings before a single military plane intervened. This new version said that two F-15 fighters were scrambled from the Otis base in Massachusetts before the first tower was struck, but didn't get there in time; and two took off from the Langley base in Virginia to intercept the Pentagon 'plane' but, er, yet again, didn't get there to prevent what happened. This second military timeline stood for the next three years and still didn't absolve the military of blame for their shockingly 'inept' non-reaction ('inept' if you believe what they say and I don't). When the 9/11 Commission reported in 2004 it produced yet *another* timeline that was clearly compiled to push the responsibility onto the civilian FAA and hide the staggering truth that the military was

stood down or purposely delayed until the Pentagon was struck because had they responded as they did every other day no buildings would have been hit and thousands of people on the ground at least would still be alive. Wherever the military reaction or non-reaction makes no sense the Commission report invents excuses that are excruciating to behold. If the two Otis jets were heading for New York when 'Flight 11' struck the first tower why weren't they on the scene well before 'Flight 175' arrived to hit the second one when at F-15 speed they would have got there comfortably? Er, um, er ...no, I got it ... they were not told about 175 and so were sent off into 'military-controlled airspace off Long Island' to await instructions. They were *what?* While the pilots were sitting there Flight 175 struck the Pentagon, the Commission claimed, and both planes stayed where they were for another *ten minutes* afterwards. Why didn't the military know about Flight 175? Er, um, er ... the FAA didn't tell them, so the Commission report claims. Phew, the military is in the clear (which was the whole point of all this nonsense). All the evidence up to this mendacious Commission re-write of history was that the military was told by the FAA about Flight 175 well before the South Tower was struck. In NORAD's own revised timeline issued a week after the attacks which remained the official story for the next three years the FAA notified them about the hijacking of Flight 175 at 8.43am – 18 minutes before impact. There are sources and statements galore from military and civilian air personnel and government insiders, including government counterterrorism advisor Richard Clarke, that say open lines and multi-agency conferences were underway in a time period that confirm the military *did* know about Flight 175 and did nothing that made a difference. The Commission in its desperation to serve its political and military masters now invented the 'we didn't know' story to explain the no-show for 'Flight 175' and asked us to believe that fighter jets heading for New York after the first tower strike were ordered to wait over Long Island and see what happened. Nearly 3,000 people died and thousands more lives were devastated you bloody liars. Do you have no soul *at all?* Wherever we look in the 9/11 Commission report we see the story altered and contradictory evidence and witness statements ignored to protect the military – or rather those that control the military – from exposure of what really happened (the stand-down/systematic delay) and why the normal response to these situations was prevented from happening.

Protecting the military - again

The same applies to the Commission's revisions with Flights 77 and 93. The second NORAD timeline issued a week after 9/11 detailing its response to reports about 'Flight 77' heading towards Washington gave the Commission another challenge in hiding the stand-down/delay.

NORAD said the FAA told them at 9.24am that Flight 77 had been hijacked. I guess this is as late as they could claim given all the evidence that the authorities would have known well before that about the strange behaviour of 'Flight 77' and the outlandish claim with state-of-art tracking technology available to NORAD at Cheyenne Mountain that the alleged 'Flight 77' could have been 'missing' for *36 minutes* after 'turning around' and heading for the nation's political and military capital. This still left the question of why F-16s scrambled from Langley, Virginia, at 9.24 did not get to the Pentagon in time. The distance involved and the incredible top speed of an F-16 should have got them to the Pentagon comfortably before 'Flight 77'. We saw earlier how the military attempted to explain this away by saying the pilots did not know why they were being scrambled and headed out to sea in the belief that the threat was coming from outside. Pilots and their superiors at a stand-by, on-alert airbase hadn't heard that the World Trade Center had been hit by two planes 37 and 21 minutes earlier then? This excuse for the military's non-arrival at the Pentagon before 'Flight 77' was not enough for the 9/11 Commission and its report introduced a whole new scenario (which it called 'a brand new idea') that *no one* had mentioned – not the FAA or the military – in the entire three years between the attacks and publication of the 9/11 report. This was the claim that as well as heading out to sea a tape had been found in which an FAA official told a NORAD NEADS operative that Flight 11 had not struck the World Trade Center and instead was heading south towards Washington. The Commission update said the NORAD chap immediately scrambled the F-16s from Langley at 9.24 in pursuit of the phantom 'Flight 11' which the official story says crashed into the North Tower *38 minutes* before. There was no doubt within the FAA networks after impact at 8.46 that 'Flight 11' had struck the North Tower and it is claimed that this FAA employee mentioned earlier caused fighters to be scrambled from Langley in pursuit of a 'still flying' Flight 11 which he – just one man – said he heard was heading for Washington. The cover-story was therefore that the fighters could not get to the Pentagon in time because of taking six minutes to get airborne – pedestrian by scramble standards – initially flying out to sea in the wrong direction and then taking a route to intercept a plane that didn't exist. If lies literally stank you would have to leave the room and get some air. NORAD chiefs like General Larry Arnold, Continental United States Commander, had said after the attacks and for years later that they were notified about the hijacking of 'Flight 77' at 9.24. The Commission said that he was 'incorrect' which, when passed through our Orwellian Translation Unit, means 'it doesn't fit the cover-up narrative'. Reading the transcript of a bewildered Arnold being guided to agree with the 'phantom Flight 11' story by Commission member Richard Ben-Veniste

is like dragging a nail across a steel plate. Laura Brown, Deputy in Public Affairs at FAA headquarters, could not have been clearer that immediately after the first plane hit the World Trade Center (at 8.46) the FAA established 'phone bridges' or open lines with the relevant agencies including the Department of Defense (see NORAD) and the Secret Service (see Bush and Cheney) and she said that during these teleconferences the FAA shared real-time information about 'all the flights of interest, including Flight 77':

> NORAD logs indicate that the FAA made formal notification about American Flight 77 at 9.24am, but information about the flight was conveyed continuously during the phone bridges before the formal notification ...
>
> ... The FAA shared real-time information on the phone bridges about the unfolding events, including information about loss of communication with aircraft, loss of transponder signals, unauthorized changes in course, and other actions being taken by all the flights of interest.

In other words the military knew all along what was happening and did nothing. The 9/11 Commission once again lied to the American people and knowingly made up stories, skewed and omitted evidence to keep the truth from the world and protect the political and military players responsible from a lifetime in jail. This is the same Commission report that visitors to Internet site Reddit are directed to when they seek to access the 'quarantined' section where researchers are challenging the official 9/11 story. Perhaps boycotting Reddit until it stops being a censorship tool of the Hidden Hand might represent a statement of disgust. Another Commission excuse for the alleged delay in reporting a Flight 77 hijack to NORAD is that the air traffic controller at Indianapolis Center thought the aircraft was having electrical or mechanical problems and later that it had crashed. Once again blame the FAA for not telling the military early enough. Are we really to believe that an air traffic controller who knew that two planes had already struck the World Trade Center would assume electrical and mechanical failure for the strange behaviour of Flight 77 involving the transponder, loss of communication with the cockpit and route deviation? Boston Center had told other regional air traffic centers as early as 8.25 that Flight 11 had been hijacked and this included Indianapolis. No, forget all that – it must be mechanical problems. The Commission report contends that the Indianapolis controller didn't know at that stage about what had happened in New York. The rest of the world knew, but not someone on active flight control duty at a time when his bosses at the FAA were reporting that eleven or more other planes could have been hijacked. The new 9/11 Commission make-it-fit timeline for Flight 77 was as

follows: The FAA became aware of a hijack at 9.05; fighters were scrambled from Langley at 9.24 in search of phantom Flight 11; the FAA told NORAD officially that Flight 77 was missing only at 9.34 and the Pentagon was hit at 9.38 with the phantom-chasing Langley F-16s nowhere close. The method in the madness in all this directs us to the same common theme that pervades everything. No matter how insane the story stick to it rather than let the truth be exposed. The Commission claimed that 'no one at FAA headquarters ever asked for military assistance with American 77' and this was to pass all the blame onto the civilian air traffic system and away from the military the Commission had to protect or the whole despicable story would be revealed. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty yet again:

> No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

The answer in this case is the Pentagon and its agents in government with a combination of corrupt and spineless members of the 9/11 Commission providing essential cover. The story was the same with Flight 93 according to the Commission – the FAA never alerted the military even though by now no one disputes that open lines between agencies were operating (as they had been in truth since shortly after the attacks on the World Trade Center at 8.46 and 9.03). Flight 93 was recognised as a hijack by at least 9.34 (after the last routine call at 9.27). Once again the Commission report claims the FAA sat on its hands and the military was in the clear. The Commission said an FAA air traffic controller at Cleveland Center reported a likely hijack and news reached the FAA headquarters by 9.34. Cleveland is said to have asked the FAA Command Center at 9.36 if a military response had been requested and offered to call them directly. The reply was that the request had to go through the chain of command and they were 'working on the issue'. Take your time then, only three planes had already apparently crashed into iconic American buildings, so no hurry. Tea, anyone? The Commission said that another 13 minutes passed without further action and only at 9.49 did the FAA Command Center discuss a request to the military with FAA headquarters. Even then nothing was done and 'Flight 93' crashed without the military being contacted. All this would be criminal negligence and incompetence by the FAA *if it was true*. The claim is that NORAD didn't even know the plane had been hijacked before it crashed when there were three teleconferences going on – one initiated by the FAA, another by the National Military Command Center in the Pentagon and a third by anti-terrorism advisor Richard Clarke from the White House. These were established well before the demise of

'Flight 93' and we are told that the military didn't know anything about that plane being missing or hijacked. It makes no sense because it is nonsense. The Commission mendaciously claimed that at no time in the period from 'Flight 11' striking the North Tower and 'Flight 93 crashing' did any of three teleconferences include the necessary officials from the FAA and Defense Department for information about the hijacked planes to be communicated and acted upon. Richard Clarke states that his conference included Donald Rumsfeld, the Defense Secretary, Richard Myers, the highest-ranked military officer in the US that morning, and FAA chief Jane Garvey. Clarke reports that shortly after 9.30 – some *30 minutes* before 'Flight 93' went down and before the Pentagon was hit – Garvey reported to the conference:

> All aircraft have been ordered to land at the nearest field. Here's what we have as potential hijacks: Delta 1989 over West Virginia, United 93 over Pennsylvania.

The claim that the military did not know about 'Flight 93' before it crashed is another lie to cover the stand-down/delay and quite possibly the shooting down of the plane. There has been much speculation about whether Flight 93 was shot down by a pursuing F-16 – a pursuit confirmed by Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz and other sources. Major Daniel Nash, one of the pilots scrambled from the Otis base to New York said that he heard an F-16 had shot down Flight 93. Wolfowitz said 'the Air Force was tracking the hijacked plane in Pennsylvania ... and had been in a position to bring it down if necessary.' But why would a fighter be chasing or tracking Flight 93 if, as the Commission claims, the military didn't know this aircraft was hijacked or missing until after it had already crashed? The contradictions are legion, constant and endless. If this was Flight 93 (and perhaps the delayed take-off time had skewed the original plan for its destination) those behind 9/11 would not have allowed it to land and the real story told. By now at past 10am there would have been absolutely no possible explanation no matter how contrived for why the military would not have intercepted before another building was struck. The deeply mendacious 9/11 Commission was determined to ensure with its text and timeline that a take-down of Flight 93 did not happen. The report said that permission to shoot down aircraft was given by President Bush via Vice President Cheney at 10.31 when a number of other sources say it was much earlier and well before the end of 'Flight 93'.

Where was Winfield?

Three separate teleconferences also seems strange – why not just the one where all information was processed? Could this have been another ruse

to create confusion? Normal procedure was for the FAA to initiate the conference in these circumstances and include all the relevant agencies – the Pentagon Command Center (NMCC), NORAD, Secret Service and other relevant agencies. The Pentagon NMCC having its own conference was not normal procedure and it claimed that lines could not connect the FAA with its conference because of equipment malfunction and not being able to find secure phone numbers. How very convenient if you wanted to develop a 'we didn't know', 'they didn't tell us' story. Another strange decision was for Brigadier General Montague Winfield, Director of Pentagon NMCC operations, to ask his far less experienced deputy, Captain Charles Liedig, to stand in for him on 9/11. Liedig took over at 8.30 when Winfield left just as the catastrophic series of events began. As 'coincidences' go the timing was uncanny. Liedig was newly qualified for his role and this was the first conference he had overseen – hence the subsequent headline 'Rookie in the 9-11 Hot Seat?' If you were Brigadier General Winfield wouldn't you have headed back to retake control from your rookie deputy when you heard what had happened 16 *minutes* after you left? Winfield didn't do that even though Flight 11 was reported hijacked before he went off duty and there are reports of FAA-NMCC 'phone bridges' being instigated. Is that really the time you would say to your inexperienced deputy – see you later, leave you to it? There seemed to be no problem with this from the authorities with both Winfield and Liedig later nominated for promotion. There were many timing 'coincidences' related to 9/11 including General Myers being in military charge that day because his superior was mid-Atlantic flying to Europe and Robert Mueller taking over at the FBI two weeks before the attacks and then running the subsequent (lack of) investigation. Captain Charles Liebig told the 9/11 Commission that Winfield did eventually return just before the reported crash of 'Flight 93'. Here is still another frontline player who was officially AWOL until the attacks were over or the Pentagon had been hit.

'It never occurred to us'

The Commission further protected the military from serious criticism and exposure by accepting there was a 'lack of imagination' that did not foresee aircraft being used as missiles to crash into buildings when this is provably not true. Researcher and author David Ray Griffin astutely points out in his demolition of the Commission report that this claim about not foreseeing planes used as missiles was deftly connected to the claim that the Pentagon and its agencies were only prepared for attacks from the sea and not from within the United States. The cover-up could then dismiss the considerable evidence that the military *had* foreseen the planes-as-missiles scenario ... *but only coming from the sea!* The Pentagon's General Myers and NORAD chief General Eberhart were naturally

promoting this lunacy. *USA Today* reported that two years before the attacks NORAD conducted exercises simulating aircraft used as weapons to crash into targets and cause mass casualties. General Myers told a hearing of the Senate Armed Services Committee in 2004 about a series of exercises which included 9/11-type scenarios. Myers spoke of 'five exercise hijack events' involving NORAD between November, 1999, and October, 2000, that all 'included a suicide crash into a high-value target'. NORAD practiced in 2000 a response to an aircraft being stolen and flown into the United Nations building in New York. Others involved similar attacks on the White House and the Statue of Liberty close to the World Trade Center. Another exercise in 2000 coordinated by the Defense Protective Service and the Pentagon's Command Emergency Response Team simulated a passenger aircraft hitting the Pentagon and according to *US Medicine* doctors and medics were training for just this situation at the Pentagon in May, 2001. Only twelve days before 9/11 the Department of Transportation in Washington DC ran an exercise preparation for what administrator Ellen Engleman called 'a potentially hijacked plane and someone calling on a cell phone, among other aspects of the scenario that were very strange when twelve days later, as you know, we had the actual event'. Government terrorism advisor Richard Clarke chaired an exercise in 1998 based on a Learjet being hijacked on the ground in Atlanta, filled with explosives and flown to Washington. Correct me if I'm wrong but the route from Atlanta to Washington does not involve arriving from the sea. An expert panel assembled by the Pentagon in 1993 highlighted the threat from planes used as missiles to strike landmark locations and a member of that panel wrote the following in *Futurist* magazine in *1994* which actually mentions the World Trade Center:

> Targets such as the World Trade Center not only provide the requisite casualties but, because of their symbolic nature, provide more bang for the buck. In order to maximize their odds for success, terrorist groups will likely consider mounting multiple, simultaneous operations.

It could not be more obvious that it *did* occur to the military that 9/11-type attacks could happen and they practiced scenarios based on that theme. Nor could it be more evident that the 9/11 Commission was established to cover up the truth. Here are some more disgraceful examples:

- The Commission ignored the 'hijackers' named who were found to be still alive after the attacks. These names were repeated without any discussion or inquiry into how people still alive could have hijacked 9/11 aircraft and therefore who did. They described the backgrounds

and include pictures of 'hijackers' that could not have taken part because they were still with us – an extraordinary confirmation that the Commission was only interested in supporting the official Big Lie.

- The Commission produced no proof that any of the named 'hijackers' were on board the planes and simply repeated the official narrative without question. They refused to even subpoena original passenger lists.

- There was no mention of Mohamed Atta's non-Muslim white American girlfriend Amanda Keller or his heavy drinking, coke habit and liking for pork chops. The report mentions that he and other 'hijackers' met in Las Vegas, but not that they paid hundreds of dollars to lap dancers at the Pink Pony strip club. The Commission referred to him as an Islamic fanatic and 'fantastically so'.

- The Commission maintained the blatant lie about Hani Hanjour, the utterly incompetent Cessna pilot, sitting at the controls of Flight 77 and completing a 270-degree turn at high speed and low altitude which commercial airline pilots with thousands of hours on wide-bodied jets say they could not have done. The report instead described Hanjour as 'the operation's most experienced pilot'. Well, how shit must the others have been then? The report claims all this while *at the same time* acknowledging that Hanjour was denied a pilot's licence on multiple occasions because he was such a 'terrible pilot' and that only weeks before 9/11 an instructor refused to fly with him a second time after his first experience of Hanjour at the controls of a one-engine puddle-jumper. How did the Commission reconcile these outrageous flagrant contradictions in its own report? It didn't even bother.

- The ridiculous official 'explanations' of how the three buildings fell were repeated without question despite the suspension of the laws of physics and endless anomalies and impossibilities. The fundamental questions and evidence by experts surrounding the fall of Building 7 were avoided in one fell swoop: The 9/11 Commission report did not even mention Building 7. By doing so Larry Silverstein's 'pull it' comment was also avoided.

- The question of how buildings could 'pancake' while collapsing at or near free-fall speed was not addressed and nor how steel columns could fail because of a quickly burned-off jet fuel fire with a maximum temperature of 1,700 degrees Fahrenheit when the melting point of steel is 2,770 degrees.

- There was no mention of the fact that before part of the façade of the Pentagon fell 30 minutes after impact (or at least an explosion) the hole in the wall was only 16 to 20 feet across. Through this hole a plane with a 125-foot wingspan and 40-foot high tail would have somehow had to pass with no resistance from a recently reinforced wall that would have surely sheared off the wings and tail and left them outside for all to see. This was not even worth questioning? Er, nope.

- The Commission did not address the ridiculous contradiction that the 'Flight 77' aircraft vapourised inside the Pentagon (impossible at the temperatures involved with jet fuel) while passengers were claimed to have been identified from their fingerprints.

- The fake and rigged 'investigation' did not subpoena security videos from the Pentagon and buildings looking out at the Pentagon and clearly if those videos did show Flight 77 striking the building they would have been circulated en masse to the global media within hours or days. They don't show that and so there was no subpoena by these shameful cover-up artists.

- There was no serious questioning and certainly no credible explanation for why ground-to-air missile systems protecting Washington and the Pentagon were not activated.

- The easily exposed lies about what Defense Secretary Rumsfeld and Joint Chiefs of Staff acting chairman Myers claimed they were doing before the Pentagon was hit were left unquestioned even with the evidence from Bush counterterrorism advisor Richard Clarke that they were taking part in his teleconference well before the Pentagon strike. Surely there are videotapes of that conference with time-codes? So where are they? In the same locked and sealed vault as the surveillance camera videos from the Pentagon no doubt.

- Nor did the Commission seriously question and investigate the confusing effect of all those wargame exercises going on involving the same response agencies as those reacting (or not) to the 9/11 hijackings.

- As for Operation Northwoods – not a mention. I bet you are shocked to the core.

On and on the report goes, page after page of lies, omissions, cover-up and slavish devotion to the official story which a child could have seen through. On that basis alone I say there is no way Thomas Kean, Lee Hamilton and especially Philip Zelikow did not know they were taking

part in a cover up to hide the truth from the world. What level of contempt must they have for those who died and their loved ones left behind? How could Kean and Hamilton put their name to such a piece of garbage? This same question applies to all members of the Commission who didn't speak out and expose the scam. The report was so bad and so mendacious that weeks after publication 25 people who worked for government agencies such as the CIA, FBI, FAA and others involved in 'national security and public safety' wrote an open letter to Congress condemning the Commission's 'findings':

> We are aware of significant issues and cases that were duly reported to the Commission by those of us with direct knowledge, but somehow escaped attention ... The omission of such serious and applicable issues and information by itself renders the report flawed, and casts doubt on the validity of many of its recommendations.

The FBI was mandated by Congress in 2014 to conduct 'an assessment of any evidence now known to the FBI that was not considered by the 9/11 Commission related to any factors that contributed in any manner to the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001'. A year later the FBI reported with painful predictability that no new evidence had come to light that would have changed the verdict of the 9/11 Commission. Architects & Engineers for 9/11 Truth launched a lawsuit against the Bureau over not including 'an assessment of evidence related to the WTC demolition nor an assessment of several other areas of evidence known to the FBI'. The lawsuit highlighted the following:

- The use of pre-placed explosives to destroy World Trade Center Buildings, 1, 2, and 7.
- The arrest and investigation of the [Israeli] 'High Fivers' observed photographing and celebrating the attacks on the World Trade Center on 9/11.
- Terrorist financing related the reported Saudi support for the 9/11 hijackers.
- Recovered plane parts, including serial numbers from all three crash locations.
- Video from cameras mounted inside and outside the Pentagon.
- Cell phone communications from passengers aboard airplanes.

Architects & Engineers also partnered with the Lawyers' Committee for 9/11 Inquiry to launch a Grand Jury Investigation Project that has named '15 different categories of persons who may have information material to the investigation, including contractors and security companies that had access to the WTC Towers before 9/11, persons and entities who benefited financially from the WTC demolitions, and persons arrested after being observed celebrating the WTC attacks'. We wish them well and you can donate to their efforts at ae911truth.org. The organisation sent to its mailing list an article about the lawsuit published by legal news service Courthouse News which it described as 'a rare deviation from the media's dogmatic denigration of any person who questions the government account of 9/11 (and who refuses to believe that miracles took place that day).' The mail circulation coincided with Courthouse News deleting the article. Just another day in the suppression of 9/11 truth.

I think it is fair to say, at the risk of stating the obvious, that the official story of what happened on 9/11 is among the greatest works of fiction in known human history and I am not anywhere near finished yet exposing the network behind the events of that day and their aftermath.

CHAPTER 15

'Bin Laden did it!'

The masses indulge in petty falsehoods every day, but it would never come into their heads to fabricate colossal untruths and they are not able to believe in the possibility of such monstrous effrontery ... The bigger the lie, therefore, the more likely it is to be believed – Adolf Hitler

Tell-tale signs in all Problem-Reaction-Solution or false-flag scenarios are: (1) who is blamed for the problem and (2) how soon after the event is an alleged villain promoted by establishment mouthpieces who rush to the microphones to sell the cover-story before any investigation has even started.

In the case of 9/11 we had: (1) Osama bin Laden and Islamic terror group 'al-Qaeda' condemned as the perpetrators and they were (2) first named a matter of minutes after the attacks. Villains blamed for the problem tell you what the solution is planned to be. If you want to target 'white supremacists' who oppose government tyranny you blame them and them alone for Oklahoma. If you want to justify wars of death, destruction and regime change in the Middle East you claim that Islamic terrorists were responsible for 9/11. We have had the long-planned invasion of Afghanistan to 'get Bin Laden' and this exploded into the global 'war on terror' launched by the Boy Bush administration and continued by succeeding presidents from 'both' political parties (the Hidden Hand one-party state). The Web of secret societies and other interconnected groups means that support is rarely a problem from Western countries. Afghanistan was invaded to 'get Bin Laden' for 9/11 while the FBI admitted there was not enough evidence against him to stand up in court. The FBI website did not list 9/11 as one of the attacks for which Bin Laden was a 'Most Wanted Man'. When asked why this was so FBI spokesman Rex Tomb said in 2006: 'The reason why 9/11 is not mentioned on Osama bin Laden's Most Wanted page is because the FBI has no hard evidence connecting Bin Laden to 9/11.' American government, intelligence and military officials have never produced *any* evidence of Afghanistan involvement in 9/11 and nor have any credible connections been made between that country and the patsy 'hijackers'. Never mind – we'll set the Middle East on fire anyway (Fig 82 overleaf).

Figure 82: American foreign policy.

While I was writing this chapter I re-watched the television address on October 7th, 2001, when Boy Bush announced that the invasion of Afghanistan had begun less than a month after 9//11. At no point and in no way did he justify the action by connecting Afghanistan to the attacks. Defense Secretary Rumsfeld and his deputy Wolfowitz were asked what evidence they had to link 9/11 to Bin Laden in Afghanistan and they both basically said that everyone saw the evidence on their television screens. Oh, that would be planes painted in the colours of Afghan Air would it? In the wake of 9/11 Hidden Hand gofer Tony Blair, the British Prime Minister, had his tongue out and tail wagging while the Twin Towers were still standing. Overseeing it all as the merciless head of the 'Bush' government was Dick Cheney who arranged for 'legal opinion' to dismantle all checks and balances to give him the power to do whatever he wanted in terms of deleting civil liberties and going to war. What happened on September 11th was indeed *The Trigger* excuse that ignited a wave of calculated violence and terrorism by the psychopaths of the United States, Britain, France, NATO etc., which has killed and maimed millions in Afghanistan, Iraq, Libya, Syria and elsewhere in the name of 'fighting terrorism'. This is quite an act of vengeance in response to the 3,000 who died on 9/11 and even more so given that those who have been killed and wounded for life in the 'war on terror' had nothing to do with what happened in New York and Pennsylvania or at the Pentagon. Former British troops told an investigation by the Middle East Eye website that rules had been relaxed to allow them to shoot unarmed civilians in Afghanistan and Iraq if they were 'holding a mobile telephone, carrying a shovel, or acting in any way suspiciously'. The dead included a number of children and teenage boys and the soldiers described how weapons were placed near bodies to claim they had been armed. One father had turned up at a British base carrying his dead eight-year-old son and demanding an explanation. What responsibility did that kid and all the others have for 9/11?

One ex-soldier said he witnessed the fatal shootings of significant numbers of civilians in Basra and did not believe that all the victims were keeping British troops under surveillance. He claims that relaxing the rules of engagement resulted in 'a killing spree'. He and his fellow soldiers were promised that they would be protected in the event of any investigation by military police. 'Our commanders, they would tell us:

"We will protect you if any investigation comes. Just say you genuinely thought your life was at risk – those words will protect you".' This is the dictionary definition of terrorism: 'The unlawful use of violence and intimidation, especially against civilians, in the pursuit of political aims.' By that definition the 'war on terror' has always been and continues to be nothing more than a 'war *of* terror'. Without 9/11 none of this could have been sold or justified on anything like the scale that we have seen. In that sentence we have the real reason for the 9/11 attacks. Those who have given the orders to make the 'war *of* terror' possible – Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld, Wolfowitz, Powell, Blair, his successors Gordon Brown, David Cameron and Theresa May, and a long, long list of others – are terrorists and mass killers who should be standing in the dock at a war crimes tribunal. Even these psychopaths are only the public face and essential cover for the real orchestrators of 9/11 and the war *of* terror and I will begin the exposure of the prime orchestrators of 9/11 in the next chapter.

Get your villain in early

Problem-Reaction-Solution demands that you get your villain in ASAP before any other explanation can be suggested, debated or take root. Once the villain is named no other version of events is allowed or, in this case, you are giving 'comfort to terrorists'. This is how it is – you are either *with us* (believe what we tell you) or *against us* (ask for evidence). I'll choose 'against' if it's all the same with you. *CBS News* took only 13 minutes after the second World Trade Center strike to throw Osama bin Laden's name in the ring. Ehud Barak, Israeli prime minister from 1999 until early 2001, was on the airwaves soon after the attacks calling for a 'war on terror' and an American invasion of Afghanistan. Barak knew all about terror as former commander of the terrorist Sayeret Matkal (also Unit 269) of Israel's Military Intelligence Directorate (also Aman) which is the military intelligence arm of the terrorist Israel Defense Forces (IDF). Barak told the BBC within an hour of the attacks:

> The world will not be the same from today [that was the idea]. It's an attack against our whole civilisation. I don't know who is responsible [oh, do come on]. I believe we will know in twelve hours [you mean that's when the propaganda really begins]. If it is a Bin Laden organisation, and even if it is something else, I believe this is a time to deploy globally concerted effort led by the United States, the UK, Europe and Russia against all sources of terror [Israel's targets]. The same kind of struggle that our forefathers launched against the piracy of the high seas ... it's time to launch an operational concrete war against terror.

Barak went on to mention Bin Laden for a second time and linked

him to Afghanistan. The script was already rolling. He used the term 'war against terror' and said that freedoms would have to be deleted with crossing borders and boarding aircraft becoming 'more complicated'. What was happening could hardly have been more blatant and in the proposed solutions you see the real creators of the problem. Barak also highlighted Iran, Iraq, Libya and North Korea as 'rogue states' that should be targeted and that list will become very significant as we proceed from here. Television networks named Osama bin Laden as the likely culprit in the hours that followed and Secretary of State Colin Powell first called Osama bin Laden a 'prime suspect' two days after 9/11. Powell told the media: 'We are looking at those terrorist organisations who have the kind of capacity to conduct the kind of attack that we saw.' Asked if he was referring to Osama bin Laden, he answered: 'Yes.' This was insanity. The idea that Bin Laden and a handful of associates could have pulled off 9/11 is beyond ridiculous. No matter – there's a script to be read. Once bin Laden's name was in the public domain the 'evidence' began to emerge in support of the theory that the attacks were the work of extreme Islamic fundamentalists. Funny how the fast emerging official story fitted what Israeli intelligence operative Ehud Barak had so quickly told the BBC. An official 'investigation' was launched by two Bush family gofers, Attorney General John Ashcroft and the two-weeks-in-the-job FBI chief Robert Mueller. The FBI immediately named 19 Arab men as responsible for the hijackings which was remarkable in itself when this same agency, along with the CIA, said they didn't have even a glimmer of an idea that the biggest terrorist attack in American history was being put together for months and, in Mueller's words, almost certainly years. Now the names and pictures of those involved were suddenly produced with such speed. What amazing detective work! The cover story was up and running and repelling all boarders.

Bin Laden and Father Bush

If the authorities wanted to know about Osama bin Laden they only had to ask the father of the 9/11 president. Father George Bush was a business associate of the Bin Laden family through the Carlyle Group which was founded in 1987 and is described as 'an American multinational private equity, alternative asset management and financial services corporation ... [and] ... one of the largest private equity and alternative investment firms in the world'. An article in *The Economist* said the Carlyle Group was embroiled with the defense and intelligence establishment and is 'widely regarded as an extension of the US government, or at least the National Security Agency, the CIA, and the Pentagon'. Some of personnel at the time of 9/11 might give you a feel for its intentions and mode of operation. Carlyle president Frank

Carlucci was a former deputy director of the CIA and Reagan-Bush Defence Secretary before Dick Cheney took over after the election of Father Bush. Carlucci was a long-time CIA agent mixed up in very dirty dealings and accused of involvement in the killing of Congo Prime Minister Patrice Lumumba in the early1960s. He was, naturally, never charged. With a record like that you would expect him to be a friend and associate of people like Father Bush and Donald Rumsfeld. Carlucci's deputy at Carlyle was James Baker, Father Bush's Secretary of State who became Boy Bush's 'advisor' during the election vote dispute with the Gore campaign in Florida. Another major figure at Carlyle was Father Bush himself, a former CIA director, while former British Prime Minister John Major became European Chairman in the late spring of 2001.

Father Bush and family had close connections with the Bin Ladens, their construction operation out of Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, and the 'royal' House of Saud. I mentioned how Father Bush was reported by the mainstream media to be at Washington's Ritz-Carlton Hotel in a Carlyle Group business meeting with Osama bin Laden's brother, Shafiq bin Laden, and other members of the family on September 10th and 11th. Carlyle executives Carlucci and Baker were also there. The Bin Ladens are an asset of the fake royals of the House of Saud who are assets of the United States and Israel. The latter may sound strange, but I'll be explaining that. Power over Arabia was handed to the House of Saud by the British government which was also behind the creation and emergence of the extreme form of Islam known as Wahhabism on which terror groups like ISIS and others are founded. Once again I'll be going more into this later on. ISIS and the Saudi Arabian fake royals both employ beheading as a staple punishment and this is not a coincidence; nor is the massive funding of Wahhabi terrorists by the House of Saud and its financial lackeys in league with the United States, Britain, Israel etc., and the fascistic Gulf states. Terror groups such as ISIS, al-Qaeda and their various 'affiliates' are funded, armed and trained by the United States, Britain, Israel and other Western sources to create proxy armies promoted as anti-Western terror groups to provide the excuse for sending American and other Western military into countries of the Middle East which would otherwise have no justification (Fig 83). Proxy armies of the West like

Figure 83: ISIS is a proxy army for Western countries that claim to oppose terrorism. The rank and file 'Jihadis' will have no idea.

Figure 84: The compartmentalised pyramid structure that manipulates those at the bottom to believe they are fighting a 'holy war' against their perceived 'infidel' targets when those 'targets' are actually controlling and exploiting them for Problem-Reaction-Solution scenarios.

ISIS are largely mercenary operations. Documents came to light in 2018 revealing the lists of payments and rewards handed out to 'religiously-motivated' ISIS fighters. Killing an enemy soldier or 'infidel' gets you ten silver dinars and a car is on offer for bringing down an aircraft. Compartmentalisation means that rank-and-file terrorist fodder actually believe they are fighting some 'holy war' when they are ultimately controlled through military intelligence and terror group 'leaders' by the very Western government 'infidels' they think they are fighting (Fig 84). The Carlyle Group, like other US companies involved in arms sales (see Lockheed Martin, Raytheon, etc.), benefit monumentally from wars that Carlyle personal like the Bushes have instigated. This has continued under Obama and Trump. The same Carlyle Group managed the assets of the Jeddah-based Saudi Bin Laden Corporation (SBC) which enjoyed a close association with Father Bush. Salem bin Laden, Osama's brother, established a Texas company with Boy Bush in the 1970s called Arbusto Energy. This did go ar*bust*o and was later absorbed by another Texas company, Harken Energy. The Bin Ladens helped Boy Bush secure petroleum concessions from Bahrain when he headed Harken and made a fortune for the Bush family. James R. Bath, the American agent for Salem bin Laden, represented him on the Harken board and Bush-Bin Laden connections went back decades before 9/11. Bath was a CIA asset and a close friend of Boy Bush since their days at the Texas Air National Guard when Bush was avoiding the draft to Vietnam. The Bushes and Bin Ladens were further connected through the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI), a conduit for intelligence agency and organised crime (same thing) money transfers before its very public collapse in the early 1990s when the money-laundering and arms transfer activities came to light. The 'bank' was dubbed 'the most corrupt financial institution in history' but with its connections to the Bush family and the CIA why wouldn't it be? BCCI had been involved in financing Boy Bush's Harken Energy. Former CIA Directors Richard Helms and William Casey, business partners of Father Bush, were on the BCCI board along with infamous Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi

who represented Bin Laden family interests in the US. He was an uncle of Saudi dissident journalist Jamal Khashoggi who was murdered by Saudi government assassins at the country's consulate in Istanbul in 2018. Bush family associate Khalid bin Mahfouz, another Saudi 'businessman', held a controlling interest in BCCI which was found to be funding ... *terrorism*. Mahfouz was indicted by a US grand jury and eventually paid his way out of fraud charges by handing over $225 million. The cover up of the BCCI scandal and protection of its big political players was overseen by Robert Mueller, then head of the Criminal Division at the US [In]Justice Department. Mueller would become head of the FBI two weeks before 9/11 and play a key role in covering up what really happened by overseeing a non-investigation.

'Bandar Bush'

Another prime conduit between the Bush family, the Bin Ladens and the Saudi fake royals was the appalling Bandar bin Sultan from the House of Saud who was Saudi ambassador to the United States from 1983 to 2005. This period covered all but two years of the Reagan-Bush, Father Bush and Bill Clinton administrations and the first term of Boy Bush. He would go on to be secretary general of the Saudi National Security Council and director general of the Saudi Intelligence Agency and he used this influence to support US military actions in the Middle East after 9/11. Bandar was so close to Father and Boy Bush – especially Father – that he was nicknamed 'Bandar Bush'. Watergate journalist Bob Woodward claimed that Boy Bush told Bandar of the decision to invade Iraq in 2003 before his Secretary of State Colin Powell. First of all it wasn't 'Bush's decision' it was Cheney's and secondly Colin Powell was being royally exploited and shafted by the Cheney inner circle from which he was excluded. Given this close association between Bandar and the Bushes you won't be surprised to know that two of the alleged 9/11 hijackers received $130,000 from Bandar's checking account – a fact leaked from a *redacted* part of the 9/11 Commission Report. A court affidavit filed in 2015 claims that Zacarias Moussaoui, the jailed '20th hijacker', was a courier for Osama bin Laden and was introduced to Bandar. Moussaoui stated on oath that Bandar and other members of the Saudi royal family funded al-Qaeda and helped finance the 9/11 attacks. Bandar was not investigated for any of this and would have invoked diplomatic immunity if he had been. Russia's President Putin apparently accused Bandar to his face of supporting Islamic Chechen terrorist groups for a decade in southern Russia. You can see the connections between the United States and Saudi Arabia that led to so many Saudi-connected people being named as 9/11 'hijackers'. The Saudi 'royals' and the far-right government in Israel have long had close associations in secret and these have become more public recently (more later).

Bandar promoted greater contact between the Saudis and Israel while National Security Secretary and this fits with the very close relationship that the Bush family has had with Israel. Anyone think all these connections between the Bush and Bin Laden families and other rich Saudis are just a coincidence given who was named as the orchestrator of 9/11 – Osama bin Laden, the brother of Boy Bush's business partner? Or that leading members of the Bin Laden family were allowed to fly out of America on September 11th while all other aircraft were grounded? Or that so many of the alleged 'hijackers' were connected to Saudi Arabia?

Osama – hero then villain

To understand the sequence that led Osama bin Laden to be blamed for 9/11 we must go back to the 1980s and the invasion of Afghanistan by the Soviet Union in a trap set by President Jimmy Carter's National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski shortly before Carter was replaced in 1980 by the Reagan-Father Bush administration. Brzezinski, who died in 2017, was a serious Hidden Hand operative and co-founder with David Rockefeller of the Round Table's Trilateral Commission. This is one of the Web's 'cusp' organisations that act as conduits between the hidden and the seen. Brzezinski was a prominent force in the Democratic Party and one of the Democons that control Democrat presidents as the Neocons or neoconservatives control Republican presidents. Go one step back into the shadows and the Democons and Neocons answer to same masters. Brzezinski told French news magazine, *Le Nouvel Observateur*, in 1998 how he set out to entice the Soviet Union to invade Afghanistan in the 1980s and give them 'their Vietnam'. The Afghan government in the capital Kabul was a Soviet satellite regime at the time and Brzezinski described how he arranged for the arming, training and funding of what became known as the Mujahideen. These were portrayed as 'freedom fighters' seeking to overthrow the Soviet-controlled Afghan government when they were really a US proxy army designed to drag the Soviet Union into a war that it couldn't win (as the US themselves are still finding out in Afghanistan). The Soviets went for the bait and became entrapped in a proxy Soviet-US war via the Mujahideen between 1979 and 1989 when they gave up and went home. By then 1.5 million Afghan lives had been lost, but what did psychopaths like Brzezinski care or the Reagan-Bush (Bush-Reagan) administration that took over Mujahideen support when they came to power in 1980? Saudi Arabia, a satellite state of America (and Israel if the truth be told), also funded the Mujahideen which included fighters from 40 Muslim countries. Britain's MI6 and elite Special Air Service or SAS were involved in the training along with Pakistani forces. Mujahideen terrorists were further trained by the CIA

in Virginia and Brooklyn, New York, down the road from the Twin Towers.

Billions in financial and military aid under the CIA's Operation Cyclone was poured into Afghanistan via Pakistan military intelligence, the ISI, which wired $100,000 to Mohamed Atta shortly before 9/11. The ISI was a central player in the CIA/Bush family drug operation that turned poppies in the fields of Afghanistan into heroin sold on the streets of America and the world. This life-destroying operation continues today. So many wars, including Afghanistan, Vietnam and others in South-East Asia have to a large extent been about the covert drug trade. Poppy production in Afghanistan fell to almost zero when the Taliban took power after the Soviets left and then went through the roof again after the US invaded in the weeks that followed 9/11. ISI chief Mahmood Ahmed was the source of Atta's $100,000 which has never been explained and would have been connected to the drug operation which at least one version of 'Atta' was certainly involved with. Why was Ahmed not subject to serious investigation for this? Perhaps for the same reason that he was in Washington DC on 9/11 having breakfast with Representative Porter Goss and Senator Bob Graham who had been part of a US delegation to Islamabad, Pakistan, two weeks earlier when they met with Ahmed, other ISI officials and the then President Pervez Musharraf. Goss had long been active in the CIA and was made director of the agency in 2004. The man Brzezinski and the Saudis used as the face of the 'Mujahideen resistance' to the Soviets was called Osama bin Laden from the prominent Saudi family with close connections to the House of Saud and the Bushes. Bandar 'Bush' bin Sultan said Osama bin Laden told him how grateful he was for American support against the Soviets in Afghanistan although the feared 'terrorist mastermind' in Bandar's opinion 'couldn't lead eight ducks across the street'. This is one of those rare moments when Bandar actually told the truth. Bin Laden was a hapless stooge and frontman ravaged by ill-heath – not a 'mastermind'. With the Soviets heading home the time had come for 'hero' Bin Laden to become the 'villain' and a 'terrorist monster'. The 'good guys' became the 'bad guys' with 9/11 providing the perceptual backdrop. Bin Laden, the Mujahideen and Taliban were given the roles of evil terrorists despite being the same people supported by the US against the Soviets. The Mujahideen were renamed 'al-Qaeda' for a new movie although the producer and directors remained the same – mainly the US military/CIA. To promote this rebrand Bin Laden and 'al-Qaeda' began to be blamed for terror attacks against the United States and the West in general. Former British Foreign Secretary Robin Cook, who resigned from the Blair government over the invasion of Iraq in 2003, said publicly that the very *name* 'al-Qaeda' came courtesy of the CIA. He said the term means 'the base' or 'database' and referred to the CIA

database of Mujahideen fighters brought together to fight the Soviets. Cook said in 2005:

> The truth is, there is no Islamic army or terrorist group called al-Qaeda, and any informed intelligence officer knows this. But, there is a propaganda campaign to make the public believe in the presence of an intensified entity representing the 'devil' only in order to drive TV watchers to accept a unified international leadership for a war against terrorism. The country behind this propaganda is the United States.

Yes, and Britain and Israel. Less than a month later Robin Cook was dead after suffering a 'heart attack' which, whatever the background, is the easiest thing in the world to inflict with the technology/drugs they have today. 'Al-Qaeda', the US proxy army and terrorist operation, splintered into other names including eventually ISIS/ISIL/Islamic State, Al-Nusra Front, Tahrir al-Sham and Boko Haram further south in Africa. These manufactured terror groups with their compartmentalised command structure have provided the excuse for US and other Western countries to invade and bring devastation to the Middle and Near East killing and injuring multiple millions and setting a sequence in motion that has seen an exodus of people out of the Middle East and Africa and into Europe. All of these consequences have been long planned and none of them is random.

The West – the real home of terrorism

We can now clearly see why the Bush-connected BCCI mega-crooked 'bank' was found to be 'funnelling money to the Mujahideen' and why Bush family associate and leading BCCI shareholder Khalid bin Mahfouz was exposed for donating big money to Osama bin Laden at the request of Osama's brother and Boy Bush business partner, Salem bin Laden. Throughout the 1980s when Father Bush was always in the White House as either vice president or president his family friend Osama bin Laden was a major CIA asset promoted as a hero leading resistance to the evil Soviet Union in Afghanistan. Then, when the Soviets left, it became more beneficial to the Hidden Hand agenda to do a 180 and turn the image of Bin Laden on its head. This led eventually to Bin Laden being named as the 'mastermind' of 9/11 to justify an invasion of Afghanistan where he was based. The United States invaded Afghanistan on October 7th, 2001, less than a month after the 9/11 attacks in a military campaign that was clearly planned way before the excuse was secured by 9/11 and 'Bin Laden did it!' You don't mount an invasion of that scale in less than a month any more than you prepare a building for a controlled demolition in the short time that Silverstein claimed for Building 7. You will see in the next chapter how a long-

planned script has been playing out. The cover-story for the invasion was the need to 'get Bin Laden' and remove the Taliban from power who were protecting him in Afghanistan. The Taliban are a crazy group, but are they any more crazy – or psychopathic – than the US government and its military? When you compare their inflicted death tolls the Taliban are minor league and the US, especially when you add Britain, Europe and NATO, are world leaders year after year, decade after decade in mass murder and terrorism.

The Taliban offered to hand over Bin Laden to the US *if* the evidence was produced to show that he was involved in 9/11. This was a non-starter because the US didn't have any. Secretary of State Colin Powell said Bin Laden was definitely to blame and they would be producing compelling evidence to prove it which naturally they never did. When the time came to reveal this 'evidence' Powell said he could not make the information public because it was 'classified'. Yes and filed under 'piece of crap'. Hidden Hand lapdog Tony Blair read a 'dossier' to a compliant House of Commons in support of Britain joining the US invasion and he began: 'This document does not purport to provide a prosecutable case against Osama bin Laden in a court of law.' They must have been talking to Robert Mueller at the FBI. Moronic and unquestioning MPs in all political parties still gave Blair the nod for another bloodbath on the basis of made-up 'evidence'. The Blair 'report' was compiled by such trustworthy organisations as MI5 and MI6 with their drafts going to Washington and the CIA for approval. Boy Bush captured the moment: 'There's no need to discuss innocence or guilt, we know he's guilty.' The die was cast and Bin Laden was officially the 9/11 mastermind along with his associate Khalid Sheikh Mohammed who was named in the 9/11 Commission Report as 'the principal architect of the 9/11 attacks'. Mohammed was caught in Pakistan in 2003 in a joint operation between the drug-running duo, the CIA and ISI, and he was taken to torture centres in Afghanistan and Poland to encourage him to admit anything they wanted him to. He went on to the US military detention and torture camp at Guantanamo Bay in Cuba where he remains today despite never facing a trial. Further merciless torture by moral America led to Mohammed 'confessing' to a long list of terror attacks including 9/11. Human rights groups and a former military prosecutor have said the confessions are not supportable given they were secured by torture. Some question if it is even the real Khalid Sheikh Mohammed at Guantanamo.

The United States embarked upon precisely the course of action in Afghanistan demanded by Israel's former prime minister and military intelligence commander, Ehud Barak, within an hour of the attacks. The first phrase of the war was code-named Operation Enduring Freedom until 2014 when it became Operation Freedom's Sentinel (god, it's

pathetic) and it's still going on. The official death toll as of late 2018 was 38,000 Afghan civilians with more than 30,000 wounded. These are *seriously* low-side figures, however, and include only the alleged numbers of death by violence and not from all other consequences of war. On the American side the figures are: 2,372 US troops killed and 20,320 wounded, plus all the dead and injured US civilian contractors. Britain joined the invasion early as always under Hidden Hand poodle Blair and later came a coalition of countries and NATO. The cost to American taxpayers is estimated to be nearly *$2 trillion* and if you add in all wars and conflicts since September, 2001, the figure is almost *$6 trillion*. Again these will be low-end figures. In the same period the number of homeless Americans has soared with people living in cars, tent cities or simply rough in the street. All that death and destruction and mind-blowing financial cost only for General Austin Scott Miller, commander of NATO's Resolute Support mission, to state the bloody obvious in 2018 – 17 years after the post-9/11 invasion of Afghanistan. He said: 'This is not going to be won militarily.' What incredible insight and that was in no way obvious from the start after the Soviet experience. Think what *$6 trillion* could have done for those people living in the street and so many others. Instead it pours into the coffers of Hidden Hand armament companies providing the weapons for *both* sides in Hidden Hand wars paid for by struggling Americans and loans from Hidden Hand banks. How apt that Trump nominated Patrick Shanahan, long-time big-wig at major global arms company Boeing, as his Secretary of Defense. The same theme can be seen in Britain under Tony Blair (never seen a country he didn't want to bomb) and his successors. Did I mention that these people are genetic psychopaths?

Bin Laden – movie star

The Osama bin Laden portrayed by the media was a construct, a propaganda invention, and the truth was very different. Somehow old Osama pulled off the attacks despite the reality described by British journalist and Middle East specialist Robert Fisk who trekked across desert and wasteland for a meeting with the 'mastermind' before 9/11: '... Mr Bin Laden saw a pile of newspapers in my bag and seized them ... By a sputtering oil lamp, he read them clearly unaware of the world around him.' South African-born journalist and anti-apartheid activist Tony Karon took the same line in his analysis of Bin Laden in *Time* magazine three months before 9/11:

> ... The media's picture of Bin Laden sitting in a high-tech Bat cave in the mountains around Kandahar ordering up global mayhem at the click of a mouse is more than a little ludicrous. Yes, the various networks of Islamist terror have made full use of the possibilities presented by technology and

> globalization. But few serious intelligence professionals believe Bin Laden is the puppet-master atop a pyramid structure of terror cells.
>
> It's really not that simple, but personalizing the threat – while it distorts both the nature of the problem and the remedy – is a time-honored tradition. Before Bin Laden, the face of the global terror threat against Americans belonged to the Palestinian radical Abu Nidal. Or was it Colonel Ghaddafi? Ayatollah Khomeini, perhaps? And does anyone even remember the chubby jowls of Carlos the Jackal, whose image drawn from an old passport picture was once the icon of global terror?

Karon was correct in his assessment and we see the constantly-repeating technique of keeping people in fear so they will give their power away to those who claim to protect them. American writer Henry Louis Mencken (1880-1956) was spot on when he said: 'The whole aim of practical politics is to keep the populace alarmed and hence, clamorous to be led to safety, by menacing it with an endless series of hobgoblins – all of them imaginary.' Without fear there is no Problem-Reaction-Solution. 'Bin Laden did it' has been a vaudeville show, pure theatre with video inserts that had 'Bin Laden' confirming his terrorist credentials right on cue whenever the Bush-Blair-fronted terrorism network needed a credibility boost. 'Bin Laden' videos were often so perfectly timed you might even think they were manufactured to support the script, but that would be a conspiracy theory and we should immediately dismiss the idea. No, no, there is a much more plausible explanation for the timing – God was on our side. The fact that the videos were circulated by front organisations for Israeli intelligence (more later) should in no way influence our belief in the credibility of the official story. Bin Laden denied involvement after the attacks and said in a statement a week after 9/11:

> I have already said that I am not involved in the 11 September attacks on the United States. As a Muslim, I try my best to avoid telling a lie. I had no knowledge of these attacks, nor do I consider the killing of innocent women, children and other humans as an appreciable act. Islam strictly forbids causing harm to innocent women, children and other people. Such a practice is forbidden even in the course of a battle ... I have already said that we are against the American system, not against its people, whereas in these attacks, the common American people have been killed.

The London *Daily Telegraph* noted that Bin Laden had publicly issued four videos after September 11th and always denied carrying out the atrocities. We are asked to believe that he then suddenly switched his position in a 'confession' video on December 13th, 2001. The date is

more than interesting to say the least because that is the day on which Bin Laden is said to have died. Yes – *died*. I will fill in the background shortly. This about-turn 'confession' was like a scene from the 1998 movie *Wag The Dog* which is so close to the truth in how political showbiz really works. It's all a psychological game to seize control of the public mind or, as Henry Kissinger said: 'It is not a matter of what is true that counts, but what is perceived to be true.' The *Wag The Dog* storyline involves an American president facing an election for a second term when his aides realise that the story of a sexual affair is about to hit the press. They hire a Hollywood producer played by Dustin Hoffman to create a non-existent US war with Albania to take news of the affair off the front pages. They pick Albania because they figure no one in America would know where it was and certainly nothing about the place. There is no actual war – they just kid the public there is. The 'war' all takes place in a movie studio where interviews and 'war footage' are created and then handed to compliant television news networks as 'footage from the front'. They hire singer Willie Nelson and other celebrities to record a Live Aid-type song called 'The American Dream' to capture public emotion in support of the fictional 'war in Albania'. I recommend the movie if you haven't seen it on the grounds of accuracy. In the end, with the Albania 'war' won and the president re-elected, Hoffman's character threatens to spill the beans because he wants to be publicly acknowledged for his achievement. He is then led away by large men to a blacked-out car and that's the last we see of him. This is so close to what really happens with the political and military mind games and anyone who threatens to get in the way. Hollywood is a creation of the Hidden Hand (hence so much Satanism and child abuse goes on there) and it has been used from the start as a stupendous weapon in global propaganda and perception conditioning. Most people download their version of 'history' from Hollywood movies and that's overwhelmingly a version that suits what the manipulators want the public to believe. Karl Rove, Boy Bush's chief political adviser, headed out to California after 9/11 to meet 45 of Hollywood's top players at the Peninsula Hotel in Beverly Hills. These included executives from all the main studios and they formed the Hollywood 911 committee to tell the world the Gospel according to Washington. Movie-makers were told they could have access to military sites, aircraft carriers, almost anything they wanted, so long as their productions did not criticise the government. Bush adviser Mark McKinnon told the BBC's *Newsnight* programme without once bursting into laughter:

> We don't want to, or intend to, turn Hollywood into a propaganda machine. It's not in the long-term interests for the effort, Hollywood, or this administration. This administration is very first-amendment minded. This

> President has no interest in telling people what to do, what to say, or how to say it.

Right, gotcha – so they wanted to use Hollywood as a propaganda machine and tell people what to do, what to say and how to say it. Invert most things that politicians and their apologists say and you are pretty much there. Jack Valenti, President of the Motion Picture Association of America, said:

> We are at war. If I was in the White House, I'd reach out to the most powerful persuaders on earth, the movie industry, and ask, 'What can you do to help?' What can they do?

What Bush (or rather those that controlled him) wanted them to do was to tell lies about world events as they've been doing since Hollywood was founded (with honourable exceptions). Among the latter was Larry Gelbart, creator of *M*A*S*H*, the brilliant series about the Korean War. He said of the government's overtures to Hollywood:

> It is easy to talk out of the other side of your mouth when you are two-faced. You have got this extra mouth. They want it all ways.

Yes they do, and some big players in Hollywood from studio owners to experts in various disciplines were very keen to give them whatever they wanted. Government and military propaganda continues to be widespread in Hollywood productions. The 2019 *Captain Marvel* movie, starring Brie Larson, is a propaganda storyline for the American military involving military officers employed as consultants and advisers, dozens of active-duty US soldiers were used as extras, scenes shot at a military base and the film heavily promoted by the US Department of Defense.

Wag the Dog 'confession'

This brings me back to the Bin Laden 'smoking gun' confession video. With an invasion of Afghanistan to justify and no evidence to pin the rap on the declared villain it was no surprise that the Bin Laden 'confession' would drop from the heavens. Praise the Lord. Pentagon official statements claimed the video was shot at a 'guest house in Kandahar', Afghanistan's second largest city, and 'found in an abandoned private house in Jalalabad' 400 miles away. By whom, pray? That very much depends on which official spokesman you listened to. Most of the 9/11 story depends on that. We were variously told that the Bin Laden tape was found by the US Navy, US Army, United Islamic Front for the Salvation of Afghanistan (Northern Alliance), the 'military' and CIA.

More details, please? Er, sorry, it's classified. The video was said to have been shot on November 9th, 2001. Boy Bush apparently viewed the tape on November 30th before *The Washington Post* 'broke' (officially leaked) the story of its existence on December 9th and the rest of us saw bits of it on December 13th. The tape was about 40 minutes long and of very poor quality which suited the manipulation perfectly. It included shots of a downed helicopter in Afghanistan's Ghazni province and two sections with a man claimed to be Bin Laden talking to a Saudi cleric and others at a 'dinner'. Strangely, the tape had the first part of the 'Bin Laden' conversation at the end of the tape, the end of the conversation at the start, with the helicopter footage in between. Maybe Afghan video cameras whirl the other way like Chinese writing. We were told that the US government used the latest voice and face identification techniques (to check it or make it?) and a team of Arabic translators, none of them familiar with the Saudi language, spent days listening to the tape to make sure the conversations were accurately translated. Why didn't they succeed then? The video was not accurately translated as confirmed by State Department consultant Christopher Ross. If that was the face of the 'Osama Bin Laden' we had been seeing elsewhere then he must have placed a very large order with the Kandahar Cream Cake Company and been visited by a doctor from the local nose-job clinic – 'cave visits a speciality' (Fig 85). 'Bin Laden' in the 'confession video' looks nothing like the Bin Laden we had come to know; but we shouldn't mock, they were doing their best, and after all Boy Bush said:

> This is Bin Laden unedited. It's preposterous for anybody to think that this tape is doctored. That's just a feeble excuse to provide weak support for an incredibly evil man.

Cheers, George, so it was doctored then or rather made from scratch. Jack Straw, Blair's always bewildered Foreign Secretary, said there was 'no doubt it is the real thing' thus providing more confirmation that it wasn't. *Monitor*, a German TV show on the Das Erste channel, asked two independent translators and an expert in oriental studies to analyse the US government translation. They found it to be 'inaccurate' and

Figure 85: Confession tape 'Bin Laden' and the real Bin Laden.

'manipulative'. Dr Abdel El M. Husseini, one of the programme's translators, said that he had carefully examined the Pentagon's translation and found many problems with it. 'At the most important places where it is held to prove the guilt of Bin Laden it is not identical with the Arabic,' he said. My goodness, I'm shocked. Dr Murad Alami, another translator, said the alleged statement that the attacks would take place 'on that day' cannot be heard in the original Arabic version. Garnet Ratter, professor of Islamic and Arabic Studies at the Asia-Africa Institute at the University of Hamburg, told the programme: 'The American translators who listened to the tapes and transcribed them apparently wrote a lot of things in that they wanted to hear, but that cannot be heard on the tape no matter how many times you listen to it.' Bin Laden's mother was quoted by Britain's *Mail on Sunday* as saying the tape was a fake. 'The voice is unclear and uneven. There are too many gaps and the statements are very unlike him', she said. According to the official translation the tape's make-believe 'Bin Laden' appears to say that most of the hijackers did not know the details of the operation until just before they boarded the planes:

> The brothers, who conducted the operation, all they knew was that they have a martyrdom operation and we asked each of them to go to America but they didn't know anything about the operation, not even one letter. But they were trained and we did not reveal the operation to them until they are there and just before they boarded the planes ... (inaudible) ... Those who were trained to fly didn't know the others.

Are we to believe that after 'years of planning' most of those involved were only given the essential details in the few minutes before they boarded the planes for a 'brilliantly executed operation'? Hey, Abdul, quick, we don't have much time. You know those two big towers in New York? Well ... What utter, utter trash. What about the 'Atta letter' claiming to tell the hijackers what to do and how to prepare long before 9/11? Where is the video footage at Washington Dulles and Newark New Jersey of these 'hijackers' being told the plan 'just before they boarded'? Here we have 'Bin Laden' describing something that could not have happened. The 'pilots' didn't know each other? Three trained at Venice flying schools and Atta was a close friend of one according to the official story. The tape translation has the Bin Laden figure saying that he had been informed of the date in advance. Well, I guess as a 'mastermind' he would have to be told when it was happening. The figure says that it was 5.30pm when he heard the news on the radio that the first plane had hit the World Trade Center and he had told people with him that they should be patient with the implication that he knew there would be others. 'Bin Laden' then says he continued to listen to the

radio. Would he not on that of all days have made sure CNN was switched on and ready? Instead he sits listening to the radio while the rest of the world watches live what he is supposed to have orchestrated. The translation also has 'Bin Laden' saying that he did not expect the two towers to collapse as they did. He thought that the fire would undermine the iron structure of the building and that three or four storeys would collapse. Isn't it strange that a man who comes from one of the biggest construction families in the Middle East should not think that three or four storeys falling on those below would threaten the whole building if that was how it was supposed to have happened? And, by the way, Mr Fake Osama, the building structures were made with steel, not iron. What a joke it all is and a deeply tragic one. Why would he 'confess' on tape? Why take that chance? It has been suggested that it was done as a recruitment video, but (a) that means the 'confession' would have been widely circulated and a copy would eventually have fallen into the wrong hands, and (b) why would they record a 'recruitment video' on such a crap camera with such crap quality when we are told he had limitless funds? None of this makes any sense because it isn't true.

By the time the video is said to have been shot on November 9th the Taliban were in serious trouble. The country was being carpet-bombed by the US and Britain and on that day the anti-Taliban forces of the Afghan Northern Alliance claimed to have won the battle for the strategic town of Mazar-e-Sharif. The capital Kabul would fall within days. At no time in the whole tape does Bin Laden or anyone else mention the US invasion, the bombing, the Taliban's retreat or the alleged pursuit of the man himself. 'Bin Laden' is claimed to say on the tape that Mohamed Atta was the leader of the hijackers, but he does not say that at all. He speaks only of Mohamed, hardly a rare name among Muslims, and the name 'Atta' did not leave his lips. 'Bin Laden' said: 'Mohamed from the Egyptian family was in charge of the group.' The name 'Atta' only comes in the translated subtitles on the broadcast version, which says: 'Muhammad (Atta) from the Egyptian family (meaning the Al Qa'ida Egyptian group) was in charge of the group.' The translation is peppered with these in-bracket comments that are not on the soundtrack. The term 'inaudible' appears over and over on the subtitles when they could not understand what was said after playing the tape back dozens of times and later another 50 times more. Significantly, many of these 'inaudibles' come at the start of sentences. A skilled editor can take someone's words and change the order to make them say what they didn't say before. An audiotape of Boy Bush was sent to my website in which he openly declares his intentions for a fascist state. What he said was true, but he didn't actually say it. His words from other speeches and statements had been re-edited to make it

sound as if he had said that. The result was very good and imagine what Hollywood and the Pentagon's own secret Hollywood could do. Hani Al Sibaei, a specialist in Islamic affairs, told Al Jazeera TV that the congratulatory wishes on the tape and Bin Laden's happy expression were taken from a tape of Bin Laden being congratulated on the marriage of one his children which happened four years earlier. Al Sibaei described the 'Bin Laden confession' as 'fabricated and a scandal for the greatest democratic country in the world'. Not sure about the last bit, but you get his drift. With voice recognition technology they would have another means of mimicking the sound of the voice and with the Arabic audio so poor and difficult to hear this would be very straightforward for an expert. There are no close-ups of lips on the video, making it even easier to manipulate.

There were other puzzling aspects of the Kandahar 'confession' tape. The Pentagon said it was shot in mid-November although reports say it carried a date of November 9th. The cleric with 'Bin Laden' said he journeyed to the location on a night of a full moon, but the full moons at that time were on October 31st and November 30th – long before and even longer after the tape was supposed to have been recorded. The cleric, who was a paraplegic, would have had to make his alleged journey of some five hours or more from Kabul to Kandahar while the intensive US bombing and the anti-Taliban forces of the Northern Alliance were sweeping the country. Afghan warlord Mohammad Zaman Ghamsharik apparently reported on November 23rd that Bin Laden dined with Pakistanis in Jalalabad on November 9th and stayed there until the 13th. If that is so how could he also be in Kandahar on the 9th making his video 'confession'? 'Bin Laden' appears to have a ring on his right hand in the video while in his other appearances he only wore a watch and the left-handed Bin Laden is seen to be gesturing a lot and making notes with his right hand in the 'confession'. Bruce Lawrence, Professor of Religion at Duke University in North Carolina, was considered a Bin Laden expert. His opinion on the confession video: 'It's bogus'.

Bloke in a hat

Another 'Bin Laden' video in 2011claimed to have been found at his 'compound' after he was allegedly killed by US forces showed only the side of a beard, the tip of a nose and a woolly hat plonked on a head (Figs 86 and 87 overleaf). The video was taken (why?) of 'him' changing channels on a television and he seemed to be on all of them while never hitting an ad break. The real Bin Laden was left-handed and yet this guy uses his right hand to change the channels throughout. Close-ups of the ears of fake and real Bin Laden show they are not the same and other footage from what was called the 'treasure trove' was only pictures

Figure 86: This is all you see of 'Bin Laden' in the 'compound' video except for one brief moment when his head half-turns ...

Figure 87: ... compare the half-turn profiles and we see that 'compound Bin Laden' is not Bin Laden.

released years before. 'New' footage found in the 'compound' was circulating four years earlier. They did the same in 2007 when the footage was released as 'new' when it was clearly the same video that had been circulating in 2002. Then there was September 11th 'hijacker' Ahmed al-Haznawi 'threatening' attacks in America in a tirade to camera that is said to have been recorded six months before 9/11 on March 6th, 2001. The tape was released by Al Jazeera television, the 'Arab CNN', based in US/Israel-controlled Qatar. Al Jazeera claimed to have 'received' the tape in April, 2002, but would not say from what source. The 'hijacker' speaks to camera on good-quality footage as if he is sitting in a television studio and, most bizarrely, behind him are images of the burning World Trade Center. This was supposed to have been shot six months before the attacks. If that is correct someone has electronically added the background of the burning towers. Why? This tape was claimed to be the 'proof' that al-Qaeda was behind the attacks so why doctor this 'proof' in such a bizarre manner? Why not give us the original footage? Why would this guy record a video six months before the attacks warning that the fight against the United States would be taken to American soil? 'The time has come to prove to the whole world that the United States put on a garb that was not tailored for it when it had the mere thought of resisting the Mujahidin', he said. The United States did not resist the Mujahidin, it funded and armed them, and why would a carefully planned and secret operation to attack targets in the United States be revealed by one of the hijackers on tape six months before the day? Crazy. On the same Al Jazeera tape is claimed to be the

al-Qaeda second in command, Ayman al-Zawahiri, and a silent Bin Laden. The alleged Zawahiri calls the September 11th attacks a 'a great victory' and adds: 'This great victory was achieved only thanks to the grace of God the Almighty, not due to any skill or competence on our part.' At least the last bit is true.

Seeing is believing?

I remember watching the movie *Stuart Little* with my son Jaymie three years before 9/11 and it gave me an idea even then for what was possible. The movie is about an animated mouse living with a human family. Cats in the neighbourhood, real ones not animations, speak to each other like humans. The mouths moved so perfectly with the words I realised that the days of believing what you see even with apparent television interviews or statements were over. If they could do that with cats what could they do with humans? When the actor Oliver Reed died during the filming of the movie *Gladiator* he was replaced in the rest of the film by a computer-generated image of himself. We also saw in advertisements and movies like *Forrest Gump*, released seven years before 9/11, how actors could appear to be chatting and shaking hands with people long dead. Sean Broughton, director of Smoke and Mirrors, one of Britain's top visual effects companies, described at the time how relatively easy it would be for a skilled professional to fake the video of Bin Laden. First they would transfer the original video images on to film tape, he said. The distortion, or 'noise' and graininess, would be removed and a 'morphing package' would be used to manipulate the image on a computer screen. It would be possible to change the person's mouth and expressions to fit whatever soundtrack they chose and finally the 'noise' and graininess would be returned and the whole thing transferred back to videotape. Smoke and Mirrors had used this technique to put Bill Clinton's head on an actor for an advertisement for a United States insurance company. Broughton said there were perhaps 20 people in America who would be good enough to fool everybody, but 'to find someone that good and make sure they kept quiet would probably be pretty difficult'. Not for the Hidden Hand it wouldn't. Philip Taylor, Director of the Institute of Communications at Leeds University in the UK and the author of *Munitions of the Mind, a History of Propaganda*, said US military leaders had once suggested to him intercepting a live broadcast of Saddam Hussein 'and morphing a blonde on one arm and a bottle of scotch on the other'. They decided against doctoring the video, he said, because of its extraordinary potential price of ruining US credibility forever if they were found out. Greg Strause was Visual Effects Supervisor at Pixel Envy, a company involved with special effects on the movie *Titanic*. He said:

> That's how we make our money, kind of faking things to convince everyone else it's real. We just did some Nike commercials where half the people are digital. You wouldn't be able to pick them out.

Henry Hingson, a former President of the National Association of Criminal Defence Lawyers, said that in this age of digital wizardry many things could be done to manipulate video. Bob Crabtree, editor of the magazine *Computer Video*, said it was impossible to judge whether the 'Bin Laden' video was a fake without more details of its source: 'The US seems simply to have asked the world to trust them that it is genuine.' Techniques of video manipulation available then are nothing like we see today when a piece of software can lock-in your facial movements with anyone on video and make their mouth and facial muscles move the same as yours. Once a person's voice frequency is secured technology can to make them appear to say whatever you choose. The point to stress here again is that what we see in the public arena is way behind what they have in the secret military projects and at that level they would have been far closer in 2001 to what we see today. Put 'deep fake videos' into a search engine and you'll see that seeing and hearing is no longer believing.

Bin Laden is dead – but when?

Egyptian newspaper *Al-Wafd* reported on December 26th, 2001, that Bin Laden had died ten days earlier. The report quoted a 'prominent official' from the Taliban in Afghanistan as saying Bin Laden had died from serious lung complications and described how he had been buried in an unmarked grave according to Wahhabi tradition. The *Pakistan Observer* reported that Bin Laden had died a peaceful death due to an untreated lung complication and the Paris-based paper *al-Watan al-Arabi* quoted Pakistan sources confirming his death in 2002. No al-Qaeda source contradicted these reports. Bin Laden looked very ill with what was described as 'a gaunt, frail appearance' in videos that appeared to be genuine just before this time. Pakistan President Pervez Musharraf said that photographs showed Bin Laden to be extremely weak and 'I would give the first priority that he is dead'. Musharraf said Bin Laden had been using a dialysis machine for kidney failure, a fact that was widely known among the intelligence community. French newspaper *La Figaro* ran a story in late October, 2001, that Bin Laden had been treated in the urology department of the American Hospital in Dubai in the previous July and had ordered a mobile dialysis machine to be delivered to Afghanistan. *Time* magazine questioned if he was alive in June, 2002:

> The last time the world heard from Osama bin Laden, there was reason to believe his end was near. In a videotape released in December, bin Laden

> looked sallow; his speech was slow, and his left arm immobile.

Many intelligence sources quoted agreed that Bin Laden was probably dead. CNN reported in July, 2003, that Bin Laden bodyguards had been captured and he was nowhere to be seen. Steve Pieczenik, a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State in three US administrations, said in 2002 that Bin Laden died in 2001 from the consequences of the degenerative genetic disease Marfan syndrome which affects the connective tissue of the body. Suffers tend to be thin, tall and have long arms, legs and fingers which certainly fits Bin Laden. A major symptom is lung disease. Pieczenik repeated the claim in 2011 when dismissing reports that Bin Laden had been killed in his 'compound' in Pakistan by American forces. Pieczenik said he worked with Bin Laden when he was used by the United States as the poster boy for Afghan resistance to the Soviet invasion in the 1980s. He said CIA physicians had treated Bin Laden and they had visited him at the American Hospital in Dubai in July, 2001. 'He died of Marfan syndrome, Bush junior knew about it, the intelligence community knew about it', Pieczenik said. David Ray Griffin reports in *Osama bin Laden – Dead or Alive?* that no messages from Bin Laden were intercepted by US intelligence from about December 13th, 2001, when he was reported to have died. Angelo Codevilla, a former foreign service officer and senior editor of *The American Spectator*, wrote about 'Osama bin Elvis' in 2009: 'Seven years after Osama bin Laden's last verifiable appearance among the living, there is more evidence of Elvis's presence among us than for his.' Video and audio tapes of 'Bin Laden' began to re-appear in 2003/4 up to his alleged death by US troops in 2011. Angelo Codevilla spoke for a lot of people when he said:

> The audio and video tapes alleged to be Osama's never convinced impartial observers. The guy just does not look like Osama. Some videos show him with a Semitic aquiline nose, while others show him with a shorter, broader one. Nor does the tapes' Osama sound like Osama ... Above all .... the words on the Osama tapes differ substantially from what the real Osama used to say.

Why would fake videos be circulated except to mislead and give the impression Bin Laden was still alive when he wasn't?

You only die twice

Bin Laden died again on May 2nd, 2011. This time he was killed by US Special Forces who raided his 'al-Qaeda compound' (a house) in Abbottabad about 35 miles north of the Pakistan capital Islamabad. The 40-minute operation by SEAL Team Six brought an end to the life of the 'World's most want terrorist' for the second time if you accept that he'd

met his maker once and came back for more. President Obama is said to have approved the raid known as 'Operation Neptune Spear' (mercy, please) after 'months of preparation' that followed 'intelligence' about where Bin Laden was hiding. The authorities claim that Black Hawk helicopters took off from Afghanistan with 25 Navy SEALs and landed at the 'compound'. One crashed without causing injuries and they found Bin Laden on the third floor where they shot him in the head above the left eye. A woman was also killed along with Bin Laden's son and two other men. The SEALs all returned to Afghanistan with your man in a body bag. Obama-the-Fraud addressed the nation and big crowds cheered the news outside the White House, Pentagon and in New York's Times Square, so proving yet again that most people will believe anything the government tells them. With 24 hours to comply with Islamic law Bin Laden was buried at sea. No, no, I'm not taking the piss – that's what they told us. *Buried at sea*? He was a Saudi landlubber not Jack Sparrow. Does anyone really think the American government and military would care less about Islamic law in such circumstances? They were getting rid of the evidence pure and simple so their story could not be questioned. There were so many different versions of the raid and what happened in the house, sorry compound, and no tangible evidence to constitute 'proof of death' has been produced. Freedom of Information requests for DNA results, videos and photographs were denied. Internal emails released under the Freedom of Information Act suggest that only a very small number of people on board the ship were aware of what took place and no sailors witnessed it. The Pentagon sent all its files to the CIA in 2012 and deleted them from its own database so circumventing any more Freedom of Information requests because the CIA is exempt. They're not trying hide anything you understand.

Muhammad Bashir, a Pakistani national who lived next door to the 'compound', told Pakistan television that only one helicopter landed which was the one that exploded and crashed. How could they take away 'Bin Laden' if no other helicopter landed? He said that those in the crashed helicopter were dead. Bashir's cousin was said to have a vegetable garden at the 'compound' which the owner – not Bin Laden – let him use. Other residents interviewed by the BBC said it would have been impossible for Bin Laden to have lived there all that time without their knowledge and in fact the person living there was a neighbour they knew very well. The 'Bin Laden' raid was officially carried out by SEAL Team Six and within weeks 38 people – 15 from SEAL Team Six – were killed when their helicopter crashed in Afghanistan. They were on a mission with the call-sign Extortion 17 in a slow-moving Chinook helicopter totally inappropriate for such an action. The bodies were cremated 'because they were burned beyond recognition' when photographic evidence is reported to show otherwise. Black boxes were

apparently not recovered after being washed away in a 'flash flood'. The helicopter had no air cover and drone surveillance wasn't working at the time of the crash which was claimed by the Taliban to have been hit by their missile. Family members have many questions about what happened to their loved ones and so do many in the military.

Sound like 9/11? History does have a habit of repeating when those driving events are the same people and the same networks. People will have to come to their own conclusions about when and how Bin Laden died, but he was just another patsy exploited as a hero and then a monster to advance the Hidden Hand agenda. He was no more responsible for 9/11 than I was.

PART 2

Who really did it - and *so* much more

CHAPTER 16

The Sequence

There is a stubbornness about me that never can bear to be frightened at the will of others. My courage always rises at every attempt to intimidate me – Jane Austen

We are now starting a journey into the Forbidden Land. I am going to address and expose information, facts and connections that a whole global network of professional censors is desperate for you not to see.

There was massive and central involvement in 9/11 by Israeli government, military and intelligence operatives and what happened that day cannot be understood without its exposure. Most researchers are intimidated and cowed into silence about this and won't go there. They hide behind '9/11 was an inside job' through fear of the consequences that come with speaking the name that must not be spoken. Others are simply ignorant of the ultra-Zionist connection and no doubt in some cases they are specifically planted to hold the line of the 9/11 Truth movement at 'the government did it'. Actually 'the government' did not do it. A Hidden Hand network infiltrating and working from within government, military and intelligence agencies 'did it'. Those representing the Hidden Hand in the United States government and its agencies and military were of course involved. The story, however, goes much deeper than that – *much deeper.* The Forbidden Land of 9/11 (and so much else) is the involvement of Israel and more accurately the satanic Death Cult that controls Israel while hating to its core everything that country and its people are claimed to stand for and represent. Jewish people need to read the exposure that follows even more than non-Jews because they have been royalty stitched up by this Death Cult and continue to be so. Cult members have a deep and gathering hatred for me which I take as a compliment. Their problem is that I don't succumb to intimidation and I seek truth not popularity. If the latter results from the former, then fine. If it doesn't, that's equally fine. Whenever intimidation is attempted I shout louder and run faster in their direction. Far from fearing them I think they are pathetic. I'm sure the Cult believed that it had secured such levels of

intimidation and acquiescence by now that a book like this would never be written today by anyone with a public profile. Wrong chaps – *very wrong*. When Michael Caine said that famous line in the *Italian Job* – 'You're only supposed to blow the bloody doors off!' – I must have been overcome by temporary deafness. I seek to blow the roof and the walls off, too, so that all humanity – Jewish and non-Jewish – can be free to create a world of our own choosing instead of being the puppets and lackeys of a self-appointed elite that takes the form at its core of a dark and satanic Death Cult. I will refer to the extreme expression of Zionism as 'ultra-Zionism' and I will use the term Death Cult for its inner core until I come to its background and real name. All will become clear as we proceed.

This is not an exposure that targets Jewish people for being Jewish, nor does it point the finger at the overwhelming Jewish majority. Revealing the involvement in 9/11 and far wider manipulation of the ultra-Zionist and Death Cult wing of the Hidden Hand does not refer to Jewish people in general any more than criticism and unmasking of the Sicilian Mafia is a condemnation of all Italians. Ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult only want you to believe that one means the other to secure their own protection from exposure by constantly – and I mean *constantly* – playing the card marked 'anti-Semitism'. I seek instead to shine a light on those who present a public face of Jewishness while treating the great body of Jewish people worldwide with absolute contempt. It is quite a story to say the very least which I am going to tell in the following order: (1) The sequence of ultra-Zionist and Death Cult manipulation that led to 9/11; (2) the staggering scale of the ultra-Zionist network of ever-gathering censorship and intimidation which prevents the truth from circulating in the mainstream; (3) where this cult came from and how it seized control of Israel and runs the country as its personal fiefdom; (4) how the Cult and its ultra-Zionist support network expanded their influence and manipulation around the world – especially in the West; and finally (5) how this Cult was the driving force behind 9/11 before, during and after. I will detail the real nature of ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult, both modern and historic, and expose what the global network of censorship and suppression is designed to hide from public view – particularly from the mass of Jewish people who have no idea what is being done in their name. The religion followed by most Jews is not the religion of the Cult which is a phenomenon that operates within mainstream Jewish society while being a self-contained and separate group. The Death Cult and the ultra-Zionists that support its agenda (some knowingly, most unknowingly) is a modern expression of a breakaway faction that can be traced at least to the 17th century and this has inverted much of what mainstream Judaism stood for and believed. What emerged from this was a satanic religion that spawned

both the cabal that controls today's Israel *and* the House of Saud 'royal' family with its satanic version of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the extremist, beheading-branch of psychopathy practiced in Saudi Arabia and by terrorist groups such as ISIS/ISIL/Islamic State. The Israel-House of Saud connection explains so much about what happened on 9/11 and in its aftermath right up to present day, and why there was such a Saudi involvement.

'Jewishness' and 'Zionism' are not interchangeable

Before I begin to detail 30 years of research into these subjects it is essential to define the terms I will use from hereon. I am exposing those that seek to exploit the mass of Jewish people as their cover to hide and protect their activities from exposure and this should *not* be equated with claiming there is some 'Jewish plot'. Defining the term 'Jewish' is highly controversial in that it means different things to different people. Some think of Jewishness as relating to a race – I say wrongly; others define Jewishness as a religious belief (although there are several alleged versions); and still others emphasise the common culture, rituals and way of life. This is for Jewish people to decide by what it means to them. One thing Jewishness is *absolutely not* is Zionism. This is a fundamental misunderstanding that is promoted and encouraged by the ultra-Zionist elite and their ultra-Zionist gofers to equate Zionism and Jewish people as interchangeable terms. They are not and never have been. Once that connection is erroneously made in the public mind – Jewish and non-Jewish – exposure of ultra-Zionism and its extremists can be protected and censored by claiming that such criticism is by definition always an attack on all Jewish people. From this the 'anti-Semitism' industry was born in which critics and exposers of ultra-Zionism are targeted and often silenced in the name of protecting Jewish people from 'racist bigots' and 'Nazis' when it's really all about protecting the ultra-Zionist elite from legitimate investigation. This is the dictionary definition of Zionism: 'International movement originally for the establishment of a Jewish national or religious community in Palestine and later for the support of modern Israel.' Zionism is a *political philosophy* – not a race – which sought to establish a homeland for Jews in Palestine and now seeks to keep it that way. The Jewish Virtual Library expands on the theme:

> The term 'Zionism' was coined in 1890 by Nathan Birnbaum. Its general definition means the national movement for the return of the Jewish people to their homeland and the resumption of Jewish sovereignty in the Land of Israel.
>
> Since the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948, Zionism has come to include the movement for the development of the State of Israel and the

protection of the Jewish nation in Israel through support for the Israel Defense Forces.

From inception, Zionism advocated tangible as well as spiritual aims. Jews of all persuasions – left, right, religious and secular – formed the Zionist movement and worked together toward its goals. Disagreements in philosophy led to rifts in the Zionist movement over the years, and a number of separate forms emerged. Notably: Political Zionism; Religious Zionism; Socialist Zionism and Territorial Zionism.

While Judaism and Jewish people are said to go back thousands of years the term 'Zionism' only emerged in 1890. Therefore Jewish people and Zionism are not the same thing and not interchangeable. Many Jews vehemently oppose Zionism never mind support it. Nor do you have to be Jewish to be a Zionist. There are the Christian Zionists, for example, that support the existence of a homeland for Jews in Palestine. We can also see from the Virtual Library definition that even Zionism itself has many faces and expressions. It isn't just one thing to all Jews. There is a myth that Jews are somehow all the same with the same beliefs and attitudes to life. This is another *absolutely not*. Jews span the spectrum of both behaviour and belief just like every other group. Selling the lie that all Jews think the same allows their elite to claim that they speak for all Jews. This is a travesty of the truth and there are endless self-styled Jewish organisations that exploit this misunderstanding by claiming to represent all Jewish people. They don't and never have, but their power and influence comes from making that claim and having it believed. These are the terms that I will be using to emphasise these differences: I will simple say Jews or Jewish people for everyone who considers themselves Jewish; I will refer to 'Zionists' when I am talking about those who support the existence of a Jewish homeland in Palestine, but don't support the extremists who exploit Zionism and Jewish people to increase their own self-interest and expand their personal and collective power; and I will describe the elite extremist minority and their support system as 'ultra-Zionist'. There are also two expressions of ultra-Zionism. There are those utterly consumed by Israel and Zionism in ways that completely define their self-identity and colour their every view and action. They are 'Israel right or wrong' and can support and justify horrors and injustices if they are perceived to be 'good for Israel'. The most extreme of them at the other end of the ultra-Zionist spectrum are willing to engage in any action – *literally anything* – to secure personal and collective power in the name of Israel and Zionism. This extreme fuses into the satanic Death Cult. Jewish people represent only 0.2 percent of the global population – *0.2 percent*. Take away those who oppose Zionism and those I will refer to as Zionists and you are left with

a tiny number of ultra-Zionists and even fewer in the Death Cult. Their influence, however, is *fantastic* when compared with their number. This is possible because they exploit and manipulate Jews, Zionists and even many 'Israel right or wrong' ultra-Zionists to do their bidding without realising the true background to the satanic cult running the show which actually has contempt for Jewishness. To them Jewish people are only a means to an end, not the end itself, and the end they desire for the rest of humanity, Jewish and non-Jewish, is horrific.

On the road to 9/11

There is a sequence of events before, during and after the September 11th attacks that pulls all the pieces together and the sequence continues to play out to this day. The connections are devastating for the official version of the attacks and sweep back the curtain to allow the wizard to be seen. This is indeed the Yellow Brick Road in so many and various ways to what really happened on 9/11 and it takes us into evidence that reveals without question the foundation involvement in the attacks of the ultra-Zionist and Death Cult cabal that controls the State of Israel and operates worldwide. We can pick up the trail in 1979 when future Israeli Prime Minister, US-educated Benjamin Netanyahu, organised the Jerusalem Conference on International Terrorism (JCIT) where he called for a 'war on terror' to destroy what he called international terrorism. This was 22 years before his wish was granted as a result of 9/11. No wonder his first public reaction to the attacks was that they were 'very, very good for Israel'. He wanted 'to focus public attention on the grave threat that international terrorism poses to all democratic societies, to study the real nature of today's terrorism, and to propose measures for combating and defeating the international terror movements'. Netanyahu demanded pre-emptive attacks on states that were alleged to support 'terrorists', the use of torture, expanded intelligence networks, dehumanising propaganda against targets and curtailed civil liberties. Netanyahu's fellow speakers included then Israel Prime Minister Menachem Begin and future US president, Father Bush. Brian Crozier was another speaker – the leader of Le Cercle, a highly significant secret society formerly known as the Pinay Circle after former French Prime Minister, Antoine Pinay. Its members are in influential positions across multiple countries in North America, Europe and worldwide and at least four of them spoke at Netanyahu's 1979 conference. Le Cercle has a long history of political and other manipulation across the world together with its fellow secret society strands in The Web. I wrote in *The Biggest Secret* about alleged connections between Le Cercle and the murder in Paris of Princess Diana.

Le Cercle members have included Donald Rumsfeld, 9/11 Secretary of Defense; Paul Wolfowitz, Rumsfeld's 9/11 'deputy' but the one really

in control; Richard Armitage, 9/11 Deputy Secretary of State; John Bolton, 9/11 Under Secretary of State for Arms Control and International Security Affairs who became Donald Trump's National Security Advisor ('I advise you to bomb everyone that Israel demands'); Richard Perle, a central figure in the 9/11 Pentagon; John Negroponte, 9/11 US Ambassador to the United Nations; Norman Schwarzkopf, the US General who would lead Operation Desert Shield in the US-Iraq Gulf War in 1991 when Dick Cheney was Defense Secretary; Henry Kissinger, master manipulator on all fronts; Zbigniew Brzezinski, Jimmy Carter's National Security Advisor and co-creator with David Rockefeller of the Hidden Hand Trilateral Commission; David Rockefeller and his brother, four-times Governor of New York Nelson Rockefeller who together ensured the Twin Towers were built; Otto von Habsburg, a major driving force behind the creation of what became the European Union; and Jean Monnet who is still known as the 'Father of the European Union' (in truth a Habsburg-Rothschild front man). If only the pro-EU 'progressives' and others would open their eyes they would realise that *nothing* is what it seems to be (see my other books for the detailed exposure of the EU conspiracy). Interestingly, an offshoot of Le Cercle, known as the Safari Club, had Saddam Hussein among its members.

So back in 1979 Netanyahu and his secret society cohorts were preparing the ground for the post-9/11 war on terror and Israel was soon implementing the conference themes by bombing Lebanon using 'terrorism' as the pretext – attacks the US supported. A similar Netanyahu 'war on terror' event followed in Washington DC in 1984 attended by Reagan-Bush Secretary of State George Shultz, UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick (Le Cercle), and Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin. Netanyahu followed up with a book called *Terrorism: How the West Can Win*. You get the constant theme. Vice President Father Bush and Kissinger-clone Shultz supported the war on terror concept because masks on the same face seek the same outcome. Shultz called for 'defence through appropriate preventive or pre-emptive actions against terrorist groups before they strike'. I emphasise *before* they strike. Netanyahu and his secret society support system were getting their way. In 1990 Dick Cheney, then Defense Secretary to Father Bush, established the Defense Planning Group with ultra-Zionists Paul Wolfowitz, a key to understanding 9/11; Lewis 'Scooter' Libby, who would be Cheney's 9/11 Chief of Staff, and Eric Edelman, who would be Cheney's 9/11 Principal Deputy Assistant for National Security Affairs. The 9/11 Cheney team was already being assembled. Cheney was, and is, a raving ultra-Zionist (you don't have to be Jewish to be a Zionist) and a member of the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA). Libby, a political science student of Wolfowitz at Skull and Bones Yale University, would later become the highest-ranking White House official convicted

in a government scandal since John Poindexter, Reagan's National Security Adviser during the Iran-Contra drugs-for-arms operation. Libby was convicted in 2007 for obstruction of justice, making false statements and two counts of perjury over the leaking by 9/11 Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage of the name of undercover CIA agent Valerie Plame. This became known as the 'Plame affair' and the man who ordered the name to be leaked was Dick Cheney who got away with it as always. Cheney had taken exception to an article written by Plame's husband questioning the government's fake 'intelligence' on Iraq and he had to be vindictive because it runs permanently through his bloodstream. Libby was sentenced to 30 months in jail, but Boy Bush commuted his sentence and in 2018 Donald Trump pardoned him. Armitage himself wasn't even charged. Such is the way the Cabal looks after its own. Cheney's Defense Planning Group (DPG) developed plans for seizing control of Eurasia, the enormous landmass from Europe to China and Russia to the Middle East that covers 36.2 percent of the Earth's land area. Eurasia would be targeted by former Jimmy Carter National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski in his 1997 book, *The Grand Chessboard* (Fig 88). Brzezinski and the Hidden Hand believed that control of Eurasia = control of the world and look at where the countries are that have been targeted since 9/11 (Fig 89). Cheney was a 'Republican' and Brzezinski a 'Democrat' but both were operatives for the Hidden Hand one-party state and sought to advance the same agenda. Cheney and Brzezinski also realised that the Eurasia plan – which would require considerable military action – would not secure American public and political support unless the population believed this was necessary to protect US security. Brzezinski said that 'the pursuit of power and especially the economic costs and human sacrifice that the exercise of such power often requires are not generally congenial to democratic instincts'. He added:

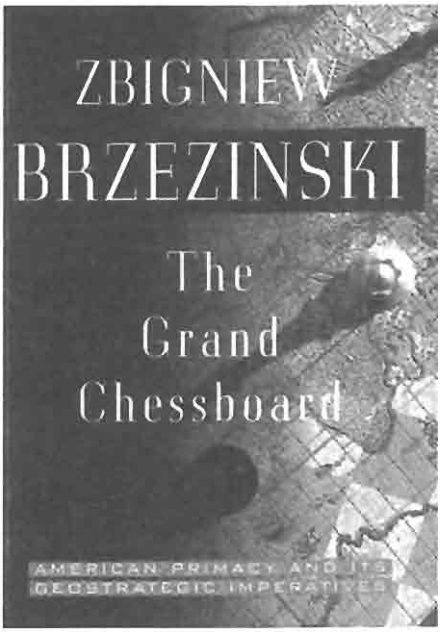

Figure 88: Brzezinski's Grand Chessboard – describing the future that he knew was coming.

> Moreover as America becomes an increasingly multi-cultural society, it may find it more difficult to fashion a consensus on foreign policy issues, *except in*

Figure 89: The landmass that Brzezinski said in 1997 had to be targeted in pursuit of global control – and has been ever since.

the circumstances of a truly massive and widely perceived external threat [my emphasis].

This was written in 1997. What could Brzezinski have been thinking about? Slithering in the background as always as the preparations were made for 9/11 was Henry Kissinger, an ultra-Zionist agent for Israel in the United States all his political career. This included roles as Secretary of State *and* National Security Advisor at the same time to presidents Nixon and Ford. He was Nixon's handler during the Watergate scandal that cost Nixon his job while Kissinger got away unscathed. Kissinger was at the centre of manipulations involving the Vietnam War; horrendous war crimes in Indo-China; and the 1973 Arab-Israeli Yom Kippur War which he didn't tell Nixon about for three hours to 'stop him interfering', as documents show. I mean, Nixon was only US President after all and nothing like as important as Kissinger. It was such confirmation of what really happened on 9/11 when Boy Bush and Cheney tried to appoint Kissinger to head the 9/11 Commission.

Ultra-Zionism seizes power

Dick Cheney's ultra-Zionist Defense Planning Group produced a classified document (dominated by the views of Wolfowitz) in 1992 calling for permanent US dominance of Eurasia and the systematic undermining of potential 'rivals' in the region while targeting any countries with 'weapons of mass destruction'. I can't think where I've heard that before. The document included strategies to control Western Europe, countries of the former Soviet Union, Asia and ... here we go ... targeting *Afghanistan and Iraq*. This was 1992 when Cheney was Father Bush Defense Secretary and his dream would be realised nine years later as Boy Bush vice president – thanks to *9/11*. In 1997, the same year that Brzezinski's book was published, came the creation of The Project for the New American Century (PNAC). This crucially-important 'think tank' in the story of 9/11 was co-founded by the ultra-Zionist and Israel-focussed Robert Kagan and William Kristol and demanded everything

that Cheney, Wolfowitz, Brzezinski and Netanyahu had earlier promoted. A 'think tank' is defined as 'a body of experts providing advice and ideas on specific political or economic problems'. The PNAC was not so much a think tank as an ultra-Zionist tank. Watch the think tank organisations because they are a widely used Hidden Hand means of publicly formulating and securing its policy goals. Robert Kagan is Think-Tank-Man and so are many of the others who imposed the long-planned war on terror. Kagan has been connected to a long list of Hidden Hand front organisations including the public policy think tank, the Brookings Institution; the Rockefeller-Rothschild Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) which has driven much of US foreign policy since it was established in 1921; the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace which was exposed by a congressional committee to be manipulating war; the Foreign Affairs Policy Board and many others. Founding members of the Council on Foreign Relations included ultra-Zionist Colonel Mandel House, President Woodrow Wilson's 'alter-ego' when America entered the First World War, and people like elite bankers Paul Warburg (ultra-Zionist), Otto Kahn (ultra-Zionist), Rothschild front man Jacob Schiff (ultra-Zionist), J.P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller who had conspired together to manipulate the creation of the Federal Reserve, the privately-owned 'US Central Bank' which has controlled, with others, the American economy ever since. The agenda of these people can be seen in the comment by James Warburg, son of CFR and Federal Reserve founder Paul Warburg, to a Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing in 1950: 'We shall have world government whether or not you like it – by conquest or consent.'

Ultra-Zionist Robert Kagan's Foreign Affairs Policy Board was established by Barack Obama Secretary of State Hillary Clinton 'to provide independent advice and opinion to the Secretary of State, the Deputy Secretary of State, and the Director of Policy Planning on matters concerning U.S. foreign policy'. You will see the common theme of controlling 'foreign policy'. The same applies to ultra-Zionist William Kristol, founder and editor-at-large of the political magazine *The Weekly Standard*, and a 'political commentator' who appears regularly on TV cable news shows. Kristol is also a member of many Hidden Hand think tanks which are nothing more than vehicles to drive and influence government policy in pursuit of a clear agenda that is not good for the peace, justice and stability of human society. 'Foreign policy' to Kristol, as with his cohort Kagan, is really code for 'whatever is best for Israel' and the ultra-Zionist agenda. Both have been connected to a staggering network of organisations before and across 9/11 which have campaigned for invading countries in the Middle East in the 'war on terror' that the ultra-Zionist Israeli hierarchy had so long desired. This network includes, but is far from limited to: The Project for the New

American Century (PNAC), American Enterprise Institute, Council on Foreign Relations; Middle East Media Research Institute; Hudson Institute; Heritage Foundation; Washington Institute for Near East Policy; Middle East Forum; and a long list of openly Zionist organisations including the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA) and Center for Security Policy (CSP). There are so many others where they came from. Some change their names from time to time and appear in new guises. The Project for the New American Century disbanded in 2006 and was replaced by the Kristol-Kagan Foreign Policy Initiative which itself dissolved in 2017. No matter what the name and background the goal for Kagan and Kristol is always the same – service to the interests of Israel and ultra-Zionism. The Project for the New American Century (PNAC) was absolutely vital to the 9/11 story and the war on terror during its functioning years between 1997 and 2006. Among the members was a long list of key players involved with September 11th who became known as 'Neocons' or neoconservatives. These are only some of them and the positions they would hold in the incoming Boy Bush administration that took office in January, 2001, just nine months before 9/11. You might recognise some of them:

Dick Cheney– Vice President and de-facto President to Boy Bush and seriously involved in the events of 9/11. Reported to be responsible for securing government roles for fellow psychopaths and PNAC members (oops, I repeat myself) Donald Rumsfeld, Paul Wolfowitz, John Bolton and Elliot Abrams; **Donald Rumsfeld** (Le Cercle), 9/11 Secretary of Defense who lied about what he was doing that morning; **Paul Wolfowitz** (Le Cercle), Deputy Secretary of Defense and the real power behind Rumsfeld; **Douglas Feith**, 9/11 Under Secretary of Defense for Policy; **Dov S. Zakheim**, 9/11 Pentagon comptroller in charge of the entire military budget including the trillions that were announced to be missing on September 10th, 2001; **Richard Armitage** (Le Cercle), a brutal man who ran drugs for the CIA in South-East Asia and was 9/11 Deputy Secretary of State under Colin Powell; **Elliot Abrams**, served in foreign policy roles in the Reagan-Bush years in which he was involved in the Iran-Contra affair and genocidal US operations in Central America. He was 'Special Assistant' to Boy Bush on foreign policy – 'invade Afghanistan and Iraq, Mr President' – and appointed by Donald Trump to oversee the US-instigated attempted coup in Venezuela in 2019. Abrams proves that career longevity is secured if you are a clinically insane, psychopathic genocidal incarnation of evil; **Richard N. Perle** (Le Cercle), Pentagon Policy Advisor during the Boy Bush presidency and major manipulator of people and events. Extremely close to Israel's Benjamin Netanyahu; **John Bolton** (Le Cercle), 9/11 Under Secretary of State for Arms Control and International Security who went on to be

Ambassador to the UN to press for ultra-Zionist Neocon wars; **Lewis Libby,** 9/11 Chief of Staff to Cheney and close to Wolfowitz; **Jeb Bush**, brother of Boy Bush and Governor of Florida while the alleged 'hijackers' were living in his state; **James Woolsey,** member of the 9/11 Pentagon Defense Policy Board and Director of the CIA in the Bill Clinton administration. Nasty man, but then they all are, and a major promotor of post-9/11 war against Saddam Hussein and Iraq; **Robert B. Zoellick**, Boy Bush Trade Representative and Cabinet member who later replaced Wolfowitz as Head of the World Bank (they get everywhere these people); **Frank Carlucci**, chairman of the Bush-Bin Laden Carlyle Group, Secretary of Defense under Reagan-Bush and Deputy Director of the CIA. **William J. Bennett**, Secretary of Education under Reagan and Director of the Office of National Drug Control Policy under Father Bush. What a non-job that must have been. Bennett was also one of Cathy O'Brien's mind control abusers.

Another significant member of the Project for the New American Century was Afghan-born US 'diplomat' Zalmay Khalilzad who would go on to be US Ambassador to Afghanistan and Special Presidential Envoy to Afghanistan after the invasion. He would also be appointed Special Presidential Envoy to the Free Iraqis when Bush-Blair-fronted terrorism turned its attention to removing Saddam Hussein. Khalilzad had also written in the 1990s in ways that echoed both Cheney and Brzezinski designs on Eurasia and the fact that a way to win over public support would have to be found if that was going to happen. Khalilzad was a close associate of Brzezinski and worked with him in support of the Mujahideen in Afghanistan after the Brzezinski-manipulated Soviet invasion in the 1980s. He was also sponsored by the Hidden Hand's Council on Foreign Relations. You can see that membership of the Project for the New American Century covered every base in advancing the long-planned agenda of exploiting the upcoming 9/11 for wars of acquisition and regime change in pursuit of Eurasia domination and much else. The PNAC membership was much bigger than I have mentioned here and covered many other roles in the political-military hierarchy before and after 9/11. Quite simply the PNAC would control the incoming Bush government after January, 2001. Members included a stream of ultra-Zionists with allegiance to Israel and people like Cheney and Rumsfeld who were vehement supporters of Israel and its cause and ambitions. Their work is supported to this day by 'journalists' like ultra-Zionist Max Boot, the warmonger columnist for *The Washington Post* and many other outlets. Every time he taps the keys Neocon policy appears on the screen.

JINSA pincer

Cheney was on the advisory board of the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA) along with other PNAC stalwarts Paul Wolfowitz, Douglas Feith, John Bolton and Richard Perle. This organisation was a major player with its highly-placed Jewish and non-Jewish members committed to the ultra-Zionist action plan. JINSA's demands included: Increased counterterrorism training and funding (this was before 9/11); joint American-Israeli training and weapons programmes; 'enhanced weapons of mass destruction (WMD) counter-proliferation programs' (but don't you dare mention Israel's nuclear arsenal); and regime change in what it called 'rogue nations' providing 'support for terrorism'. Some of those named before 9/11 were Iran, Syria, Lebanon, Venezuela, Cuba, North Korea, and Libya. JINSA, an ultra-Zionist group lobbying for the Israeli elite, enjoyed close ties with the Pentagon and US military and through JINSA members Paul Wolfowitz (PNAC, Le Cercle), Douglas Feith (PNAC) and Richard Perle (PNAC, Le Cercle) would dictate Pentagon policy before 9/11 and beyond. JINSA established a programme in coordination with the Pentagon and State Department which has led to more than 200 retired US military chiefs, admirals and generals, making visits to Israel to meet with Israeli military leaders and politicians. There is also a JINSA Military Academies Program in Israel for cadets and midshipmen at US Military, Naval, Air Force and Coast Guard Academies to 'build bridges for future associations between the US Armed Forces and the Israel Defense Forces (IDF)'. These 'US' (proxy Israel) military leaders of the future visit six IDF bases, meet with Israeli academia, think tanks, and private companies 'to receive briefings covering a broad spectrum of subjects related to security, society, and contemporary life in Israel [and] ... learn about Israel's history and current events in the Middle East'. The game is so utterly clear – indoctrination for the future benefit of Israel. JINSA emphasised before 9/11 the need for greater 'homeland security' in the United States (JINSA is an *Israeli* organisation) and in 2002 after Boy Bush established the Orwellian Homeland Security structure justified by 9/11 JINSA began a programme to exchange counter-terrorism experience and tactics between US and Israeli law enforcement agencies. They were just trying to help, you understand. US police leaders and sheriffs from all across America have been to Israel for 'training' under this JINSA programme and the result has been 'significant changes in local law enforcement counter-terrorism tactics and training' which is Orwellian-speak for transferring the tactics used by Israel against Palestinians to the streets of American cities. People have no idea of the influence these ultra-Zionist fronts have on American society and in other countries, too.

One of those retired military chiefs taken to Israel under the JINSA

programme was Lieutenant General Jay Garner who would be made Director of the Office for Reconstruction and Humanitarian Assistance for Iraq after the 2003 invasion which was long planned by this appalling crowd. Garner would be replaced by Le Cercle member Paul Bremer, a gofer to ultra-Zionist Henry Kissinger and managing director of the disgusting global manipulation front Kissinger Associates. Bremer would be named head of the Coalition Provisional Authority (CPA) to govern Iraq after the invasion. Billions in US 'reconstruction' money would disappear on his watch. JINSA and the Project for the New American Century were different expressions of the same organisational structure and one of their common themes was the late US senator and Le Cercle member, Henry Jackson. Every year JINSA hands out its Henry M. 'Scoop' Jackson Distinguished Service Award (distinguished service to ultra-Zionism). Israel agents in government like US senators John McCain and Lindsey Graham have been recipients for supporting the bombing of every country on the ultra-Zionist hit-list and Paul Wolfowitz had his turn, too. Many future 9/11 Neocons, including Wolfowitz and Perle, were aides to Henry Jackson who died in 1983. So, too, was ultra-Zionist Brooklyn-born Manny Weiss who is a 'generous funder' of the British wing of the Neocon think-tank network, the fiercely pro-Israel Henry Jackson Society. This, as you would expect, works to advance the ultra-Zionist agenda as does Jewish Human Rights Watch established by Weiss in the UK. The Henry Jackson Society agenda includes the demonisation of Russia in preparation for war.

The Blueprint

The ultra-Zionist Project for the New American Century (PNAC) (peopled by utter crazies) published a 90-page document in September, 2000, called *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources For a New Century* and described the blueprint for 9/11 and its aftermath (Fig 90). They didn't say that directly – though they came close –and it was pitched from a good-for-America perspective. It included the sequence of events that was about to play out through 9/11 long demanded by ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult. The document detailed a plan for American forces

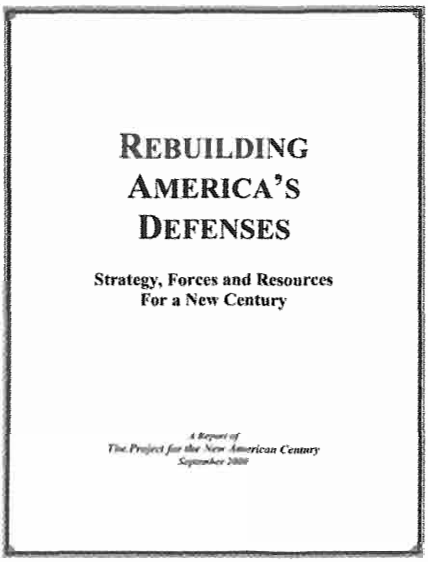
REBUILDING AMERICA'S DEFENSES

Strategy, Forces and Resources For a New Century

A Report of The Project for the New American Century September 2000

Figure 90: The Project for the New American Century document a year to the month before 9/11 demanding all that has happened since the attacks and because of the attacks.

to impose a series of regime changes in the Middle East and North Africa all for the benefit of the Israeli elite and to advance their agenda for the region. The PNAC document called for America-instigated regime change in Iraq, Libya, Syria, Iran and Lebanon among others. The strategy basically photo-copied a policy document compiled in 1996 by PNAC/JINSA/Le Cercle asset Richard Perle and other ultra-Zionists for the psychopath Prime Minister of Israel, Benjamin Netanyahu. They were officially known as the Study Group on 'A New Israeli Strategy Toward 2000' and this 'strategy' was remarkably close to the later PNAC plan for an 'American' strategy for post-2000 or the 'new American century'. Netanyahu's 'Study Group' produced a report for Netanyahu entitled *A Clean Break: A New Strategy for Securing the Realm* and the ultra-Zionist members were: Richard Perle, who would be 9/11 Chairman of Defense Policy Board under Boy Bush; James Colbert, Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA), former assistant and college friend of Wolfowitz; Charles Fairbanks Jr, Johns Hopkins University and former assistant to Wolfowitz; Douglas Feith, who would become 9/11 Pentagon Undersecretary of Defense for Policy; Robert Loewenberg, President of the Institute for Advanced Strategic and Political Studies; Jonathan Torop, Washington Institute for Near East Policy; David Wurmser, Institute for Advanced Strategic and Political Studies who would be Middle East advisor to Vice President Cheney; and Meyrav Wurmser from Johns Hopkins University. David Wurmser published a book in 1999 on why Saddam must be removed as leader of Iraq and why that would be good for Israel. What an incredible coincidence that when his ultra-Zionist pals came to power with Bush his wish was granted (Fig 91 overleaf). The Perle group document, *A Clean Break: A New Strategy for Securing the Realm*, also demanded the removal of Saddam Hussein in Iraq and targeting of the Assad government in Syria. The document said:

> Israel can shape its strategic environment, in cooperation with Turkey and Jordan, by weakening, containing, and even rolling back Syria. This effort can focus on removing Saddam Hussein from power in Iraq – an important Israeli strategic objective in its own right – as a means of foiling Syria's regional ambitions ...
>
> ... Most important, it is understandable that Israel has an interest supporting diplomatically, militarily and operationally Turkey's and Jordan's actions against Syria, such as securing tribal alliances with Arab tribes that cross into Syrian territory and are hostile to the Syrian ruling elite.

Plans for the downfall of Saddam Hussein and targeting the Assad government in Syria with internal conflict were already in place then in

Figure 91: Project for the New American Century co-founders Kagan and Kristol with de-facto 9/11 President Dick Cheney and those who dominated the 9/11 Pentagon - Rumsfeld, Wolfowitz, Zakheim and Perle.

1996 and in truth long before. What remained was to secure American military, political and financial power to bring all this about for Israel's benefit. These various ultra-Zionist plans that all read from the same script were also connected with another ultra-Zionist goal for the Balkanisation (as with the former Yugoslavia) of the surrounding region by dividing countries into smaller ethnic factions on the road to a new Middle East that would impose Israeli control and the dream of a Greater Israel from the River Nile in Egypt to the River Euphrates in Iraq. This area is known as the Eretz Yisrael and ultra-Zionists claim this to be the largest expanse of biblical Israel (Fig 92). This 'Greater Israel' includes all or part of what are now Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Theodore Herzl, officially Zionism's 'founding father' (it was really the House of Rothschild) said the area of the Jewish State stretches ... 'From the Brook of Egypt to the Euphrates'. The Greater Israel plan would give them control of their true spiritual home – Babylon in what is now Iraq. Rabbi Fischmann, a member of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, said in testimony to the UN Special Committee of Enquiry in 1947: 'The Promised Land extends from the River of Egypt up to the Euphrates, it includes parts of Syria and Lebanon.' The goal to secure all this land for Israel was described in what became known as the Yinon Plan. Oded Yinon, who formerly worked for the Israeli Foreign Ministry, set out the ultra-Zionist vision in 1982 when he published *A Strategy for Israel in the 1980s* in which he called for the fragmenting of Arab countries into a mosaic of ethnic groupings – it would be good for Israel to have 'every kind of inter-Arab confrontation'. Look at what has happened since 9/11 from this perspective and you can see how this has been systematically happening ever since in 'peoples' uprisings' and inter-country wars.

We have lift-off

To implement the vision in the Yinon Plan, *A Clean Break* and all the other plans, reports and strategies plotting the same outcome, the ultra-Zionist networks had to sell their Middle East regime change strategy to

Figure 92: The approximate area of control demanded by the Greater Israel Project – and they don't want to stop even there.

Americans as if it was for the benefit of America. To this end the Project for the American Century was established and its strategy document in September, 2000, presented essentially the same Yinon-*Clean Break* plan from the angle of good-for-America-and-whatever-you-do-don't-mention-Israel. The PNAC *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources For a New Century* was written by the same networks that produced *Clean Break* for Netanyahu and were the inspiration of the Yinon Plan. The PNAC document came with an added bonus, however. Those who wrote it were little more than three months away from taking over the American government and military when the hapless and clueless Boy Bush entered the White House in January, 2001, in the run up to 9/11. Content of the PNAC document leaves no doubt about what the game was. The paper called for 'American forces to fight and decisively win multiple, simultaneous major theater wars' to 'regime change' a series of countries: Iraq, Libya, Syria, Lebanon, Iran, Somalia, Sudan and North Korea leading to regime change in China – 'American and allied power [should provide] the spur to the process of democratisation in China.' This agenda is far bigger than only the Middle East – it's a plan for global control. The Project for the New American Century blueprint in September, 2000, demanded the following for Israel under the guise of 'America':

- US military control of the Gulf region whether or not Saddam Hussein was in power: 'While the unresolved conflict with Iraq provides the immediate justification, the need for a substantial American force presence in the Gulf transcends the issue of the regime of Saddam Hussein.'

[Since achieved]

- The US to 'fight and decisively win multiple, simultaneous major theatre wars' as a 'core mission'.

[Partly achieved and still going on]

- US forces to be 'the cavalry on the new American frontier'.

[US forces to be 'the cavalry on the new *ultra-Zionist Israel* frontier']

- Action to discourage advanced industrial nations from challenging US leadership [ultra-Zionist leadership via the US] or aspiring to a larger regional or global role.

[A strategy clearly being followed by the US – not least with Israel-controlled Trump's explosion of sanctions]

- Exploitation of allies like the UK as 'the most effective and efficient means of exercising American global leadership'.

[Easily achieved – see Tony Blair]

- Ensuring that 'peacekeeping' missions have 'American political leadership, rather than that of the United Nations'.

[Partly achieved but challenged by Russia in Syria]

- Permanent US bases in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait.

[Since achieved]

- Increased military pressure on China: 'It is time to increase the presence of American forces in South East Asia', which will lead to 'American and allied power providing the spur to the process of democratisation in China'.

[Targeting of China is clearly happening as I long predicted]

- The 'creation of "US Space Forces" to dominate space, and the total control of cyberspace to prevent "enemies" [opponents of the ultra-Zionist agenda] using the Internet against the US [proxy for the Hidden Hand and Israel]'.

[Happening big-time]

- Development of new methods of attack – electronic, 'non-lethal' and biological. These would be more widely available and 'combat is likely to take place in new dimensions, in space, cyberspace and perhaps the world of microbes ... advanced forms of biological warfare that can 'target' *specific genotypes* may transform biological warfare from the realm of terror to a politically useful tool' [my emphasis].

[Happening – and can you imagine the level of psychopathy required to envision 'advanced forms of biological warfare that can "target" *specific genotypes*' or the level of hypocrisy when you scream 'Nazi' and 'Hitler' to silence your critics?]

- The development of a 'worldwide command-and-control system' [world army] to contain the 'dangerous' regimes of North Korea, Libya, Syria and Iran.

[Happening]

- This 'American grand strategy' to be advanced 'as far into the future as possible'.

[It's still happening with no end in sight]

I don't for a moment want you to concern yourself with any of this – just ignore it. Remember there are no conspiracies let alone global ones. Ask the media.

'We need a 9/11'

The Yinon Plan, *A Clean Break* and *Rebuilding America's Defenses* were essentially the same vision under different names and now the ultra-Zionists had their chance to enforce it. Soon after the PNAC document was published in September, 2000, the people who wrote it or signed it came to power with Bush in the White House and Pentagon – Cheney, Rumsfeld and the ultra-Zionist cabal that dominated the Pentagon in the form of Wolfowitz, Feith, Zakheim, Perle and many others. Richard Perle, known as the Prince of Darkness, would work mostly in the background in terms of public profile while Robert Kagan and especially William Kristol would sell the strategy on cable TV news. There was still one problem, however – the problem recognised earlier by Cheney, Brzezinski and others. Somehow they needed something to kick-start the sequence that would give them widespread political and public

support for their grotesque ambitions. The PNAC document said:

> ... [The] process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

A year to the month after the publication of that PNAC document and nine months after those behind it came to power with Bush the United States experienced what Bush called 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century'. What happened on September 11th, 2001, was their 'catastrophic and catalysing event'. The road to Damascus – and Kabul, Baghdad, Tripoli, Tehran etc. – suddenly opened up before them and if anyone thinks that all this was a coincidence they should read the rest of the book or become fully-paid-up members of Naivety Anonymous. The Project for the New American Century and its connecting networks like JINSA had their agents and operatives in key positions right across the Boy Bush administration and the Pentagon on 9/11 and immediately after the attacks they and the network as a whole sang from the same pre-written song-sheet – *invade Afghanistan*. This invasion was to be the prelude to picking off their long-planned wish-list of targeted countries. Ehud Barak, former Israeli prime minister and military intelligence chief, must have been so pleased and even contemplated his own powers of prophecy by highlighting Bin Laden and the need to invade Afghanistan within an hour of the 9/11 attacks. Now *bingo*, here it was happening. A controlled, compliant and overwhelmingly clueless mainstream media cheered them on and became the propaganda arm of the Hidden Hand and ultra-Zionist agenda for carnage in the Near and Middle East planned long before. American lives and money (and British) were going to pay for what would soon be happening to country after country. Most of all the price of ultra-Zionist ambitions would be paid by millions of civilians who now faced death and destruction as an ongoing way of life – or not.

Clark's confirmation

US General Wesley Clark is no hero after his role in the bombing of Serbia during the Kosovo conflict when he was Supreme Allied Commander of NATO. However, we are grateful to him at least for further confirmation of the PNAC plan. You will find on YouTube Clarke's interview in 2007 with the *Democracy Now* TV show in which he says that about ten days after 9/11 he went to the Pentagon to meet with PNAC Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld and his PNAC deputy Paul Wolfowitz and then went downstairs to see members of the Pentagon Joint Chiefs of Staff that he once worked with. Clark said:

> ... one of the generals called me in. He said, 'Sir, you've got to come in and talk to me a second.' I said, 'Well, you're too busy.' He said, 'No, no.' He says, 'We've made the decision we're going to war with Iraq.' This was on or about the 20th of September. I said, 'We're going to war with Iraq? Why?' He said, 'I don't know.' He said, 'I guess they don't know what else to do.'
>
> So I said, 'Well, did they find some information connecting Saddam to al-Qaeda?' He said, 'No, no.' He says, 'There's nothing new that way. They just made the decision to go to war with Iraq.' He said, 'I guess it's like we don't know what to do about terrorists, but we've got a good military and we can take down governments.' And he said, 'I guess if the only tool you have is a hammer, every problem has to look like a nail.

This is how Hidden Hand compartmentalisation works. Even many apparently very high in the official government and military hierarchy have no idea what is really happening and how they are pawns in a game they don't even begin to understand. The invasion of Iraq with American troops and money had been planned for decades by the Hidden Hand's ultra-Zionist network as we have seen. Wesley Clark said that he returned to the Pentagon a few weeks after 9/11 and his meeting with the general who told him about the plan to invade Iraq. By now the US was already in Afghanistan and he went back to see his friend again. Clark recalled:

> I said, 'Are we still going to war with Iraq?' And he said, 'Oh, it's worse than that.' He reached over on his desk. He picked up a piece of paper. And he said, 'I just got this down from upstairs' – meaning the Secretary of Defense's office – 'today.' And he said, 'This is a memo that describes how we're going to take out seven countries in five years, starting with Iraq, and then Syria, Lebanon, Libya, Somalia, Sudan and, finishing off, Iran.' I said, 'Is it classified?' He said, 'Yes, sir.' I said, 'Well, don't show it to me.'
>
> And I saw him a year or so ago, and I said, 'You remember that?' He said, 'Sir, I didn't show you that memo! I didn't show it to you.

Clark added that the Project for the New American Century (PNAC) behind these planned wars 'wanted us to destabilise the Middle East, turn it upside down, make it under our control'. He didn't say, however, that the PNAC was controlled by ultra-Zionists on behalf of Israel because people are utterly terrified of revealing that. The lies and cover ups are so clear once you lift the stone under which these people operate. All the death and destruction since 9/11 was planned for decades and the attacks that killed 3,000 people (and many more since) were only the cold, callous and calculated trigger and excuse instigated

by the satanic Death Cult. This is why on 9/11 Netanyahu said the attacks were 'very good' for Israel. *The New York Times* reported:

> Asked tonight what the attack meant for relations between the United States and Israel, Benjamin Netanyahu, the former prime minister, replied, 'It's very good.' Then he edited himself: 'Well, not very good, but it will generate immediate sympathy.' He predicted that the attack would 'strengthen the bond between our two peoples, because we've experienced terror over so many decades, but the United States has now experienced a massive hemorrhaging of terror.'

Out of the mouths of babes and psychopaths

Hardly a word was said to the media or public about the plan to invade Iraq and the liars that are Bush and Blair were still saying right up to the invasion in 2003 that it could still be stopped if Saddam would comply with Western demands by removing weapons of mass destruction which by then he didn't actually have. Manipulation that led to Saddam's demise began way back and ultra-Zionists of the Project for the New American Century had written to President Clinton in January, 1998, to call for Saddam's removal:

> We urge you to seize that opportunity, and to enunciate a new strategy that would secure the interests of the U.S. and our friends and allies around the world. That strategy should aim, above all, at the removal of Saddam Hussein's regime from power. We stand ready to offer our full support in this difficult but necessary endeavor.

They even gave Clinton the excuse that Boy Bush and Blair would later employ – Saddam has 'weapons of mass destruction'. The letter was signed by among others Kristol, Kagan, Perle, Wolfowitz, Zoellick, Abrams, Bolton, Woolsey and Zalmay Khalilzad who would later be installed during the 'war on terror' as ambassador to Afghanistan, Iraq and the United Nations. Donald Trump made him a special envoy to Afghanistan for the one-party state in 2018. Out-of-the-loop military personnel at the Pentagon had to be told about the Iraq invasion immediately after 9/11 because there were plans to put in place. You don't prepare major invasions overnight which is why the speed with which the US invaded Afghanistan is confirmation that the plans were in the making long before the 9/11 attacks. Iraq was first on the list for regime change by the ultra-Zionist PNAC and Perle's earlier *Clean Break* document for Netanyahu. Both were answering to hidden powers that were orchestrating the whole sequence that would follow. You can see where conflicts and invasions are planned by watching the drip, drip of demonisation aimed at a leader or 'regime'. It wasn't difficult to

demonise a dictator like Saddam and yet they exaggerated anyway with claims that his weapons were a threat to the 'Free World'. Confirmation that psychopaths have no shame arrived in the form of Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld who screamed about 'Saddam's chemical weapons' when Rumsfeld had been the conduit to supply them as I explained earlier. The late and very great American comedian Bill Hicks with his incisive humour once asked: 'How did the Americans know Iraq had incredible weapons?' Answer: 'They looked at the receipts.' No one was mentioning Iraq publicly or officially until 2002 when the demonisation and fear campaign began against Saddam and Iraq which led to the invasion in March, 2003. By now Saddam's chemical and biological weapons had been removed and the United States and Britain knew that. Little details like the truth were never going to be acknowledged when it would have scuppered the manufactured excuse for war. Instead psychopaths and ultra-Zionist puppets Bush and Blair just repeated the mantra which included the bare-faced lie that 'should Iraq acquire fissile material, it would be able to build a nuclear weapon within a year'. It was all a scam. The deal had long been done. *The New York Times* was one of the few that reported soon after 9/11 what was being hatched with regard to Iraq:

> A tight-knit group of Pentagon officials and defense experts outside government is working to mobilize support for a military operation to oust President Saddam Hussein of Iraq as the next phase of the war against terrorism, senior administration officials and defense experts said.
>
> Under this notion, American troops would also seize the oil fields around Basra, in south-eastern Iraq, and sell the oil to finance the Iraqi opposition in the south and the Kurds in the north, one senior official said.

The report described how the Pentagon's Defense Policy Board (Kissinger, Perle, Woolsey etc.) had met for 19 hours on September 19th and 20th, 2001, and, agreed (confirmed the long-time plan) to invade Iraq as soon as possible. Given all this background what can you say about the claim by London *Guardian* 'radical journalist' George Monbiot that 9/11 'conspiracy theories' were a 'distraction' from opposing the invasion of Iraq? I could cry, but I'll smile and move on. Wolfowitz and Rumsfeld had taken part in the Defense Policy Board meeting while Colin Powell at the State Department was excluded because he didn't support the invasion. Even so he later allowed himself to be used as a fall-guy with his comedic 'presentation' at the United Nations claiming to have proof of Saddam's world-threatening weapons capability (which turned out to be the nonsense it always clearly was). Powell should have walked away and maintained his integrity but instead he did what he

was told knowing that his 'evidence' was not credible. He would call the speech the most painful moment of his life. Powell was surrounded by the ultra-Zionist and JINSA Mafia and they had him for breakfast, dinner and tea. He has said that the invasion of Iraq in 2003 was made possible by Defense Secretary Rumsfeld's absorption in the 'JINSA crowd'. Powell's wife, Alma, would say in *Soldier: The Life of Colin Powell* that he was 'callously used' to promote a war she wished had never happened. She told author and *Washington Post* editor, Karen DeYoung: 'They needed him to do it because they knew people would believe him.' There are many stories about Powell being kept out of the loop by Cheney and these ultra-Zionist characters and they exploited his reputation with the 'weapons of mass destruction' presentation at the United Nations which was to make him look an idiot when none were found. Tony Blair, Alastair Campbell, his appalling 'spin doctor' (code for professional liar), and the Hidden Hand-front MI6 concocted a 'dossier' of evidence so full of lies it could have secured them a place on the 9/11 Commission. Much of the 'dossier' against Saddam was later revealed to have been simply cut and pasted from the Internet and even then it was out of date and further distorted to sell the war that wouldn't be stopped. Parts of this plagiarised crap were delivered by Powell at the UN. London's *Evening Standard* reported Blair's claims to the British parliament in September, 2002:

> Saddam Hussein's armoury of chemical weapons is on standby for use within 45 minutes, Tony Blair's dossier revealed today. The Iraqi leader has 20 missiles which could reach British military bases in Cyprus, as well as Israel and NATO members Greece and Turkey. He has also been seeking to buy uranium from Africa for use in nuclear weapons. Those are the key charges in a 14-point 'dossier of death' finally published by the Government today. In an introduction, Mr Blair says that the evidence leaves Britain and the international community no choice but to act.

Compliant, complicit and idiot fodder politicians both sides of the Atlantic lapped it all up with barely a question even though none of this was true and Blair knew that. He, Boy Bush and Cheney should have been before a war crimes court a long time ago with the later Barack Obama, British Prime Minister David Cameron, and so many more. Hidden Hand networks protect them as they always protect their agents and yes-people if their exposure would uncover the bigger picture. The propaganda had been so effective and so many Americans child-like in their trust of government that by the time of the invasion in March, 2003, some 70 percent of Americans polled believed that Saddam had been involved in 9/11 when he had absolutely nothing to do with it and no credible evidence was ever produced to make a connection. It doesn't

matter what is true – only what you can get the public to *believe* is true.

Ticking off the list

Ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult got their long-planned invasion of Iraq and the deletion of Saddam and unleashed a catastrophic series of ongoing conflicts in line with the Yinon Plan, *Clean Break* and Project for the New American Century documents. The second phase of the assault on Iraq came with the invasion by the US/Israel/UK proxy army ISIS which was funded and armed through Saudi Arabia, Gulf States and Turkey. ISIS was also planned to overrun Syria after the US/UK/Israel-triggered 'civil war' that began in 2011. They would have done, too, before Russia came in with military support for President Assad. America used the excuse of its proxy army ISIS to 'free' cities like Mosul in Iraq and Raqqa in Syria from ISIS control (P-R-S). They basically razed Mosul to the ground in 2016/17 leaving an estimated 40,000 civilians dead with thousands more bodies buried in the rubble. Something similar happened in Syria's Raqqa. We are dealing with a death cult in which death is worshipped and mass murder is a form of satanic blood sacrifice ritual. This is how these deeply disturbed people look at the world. All this carnage – including the removal of Gaddafi in Libya and the targeting of Iran – has been the Death Cult ticking off the list of target countries published by the Project for the New American Century. The joke is that we are supposed to live in 'democracies' in which the people select the political leaders. This is only for public consumption. Illusion of freedom protects the tyranny. The nature of the one-party state can be seen in what followed the ultra-Zionist strategy document of September, 2000, and the 9/11 attacks that triggered and publicly justified its sequence of events. First Boy Bush ('Republican') and Tony Blair ('Labour Party') sent the military into Afghanistan and lied about weapons of mass destruction to sell the invasion of Iraq. Two ultra-Zionist targets were ticked off and Iraq was the first named in the PNAC document. Bush and Blair left the scene – Bush to learn to read and Blair to represent his beloved Israel as Middle East envoy for the United Nations, EU, US and Russia. This basically meant meeting with Israeli leaders to get his orders. With those two psychopaths gone and with all the political choice we are told is available surely things would change. In came Barack Obama ('Democrat') and Britain's David Cameron ('Conservative Party'). These had to be different because they represented opposition parties to Bush and Blair. Alas, no, Obama and Cameron promoted and supported the NATO mass murder and mob violence that removed and murdered Gaddafi in Libya and created the catastrophe that the country is to this day. They supported 'rebel' terrorists in Syria in an attempt to unseat Assad and instigated still more death, destruction and suffering on an unimaginable scale. I have

documented at length in other books how the same ultra-Zionist and American/British networks at work in Iraq were behind what happened in Libya and Syria. Obama and Cameron were different to Bush and Blair, you see. Phew, to think they might have been the same. The next front man for the one-party state was the 'truly maverick' Donald Trump ('Republican'). He strode on the scene to drain the swamp he'd been swimming in all his life and 'make America great again'. He set out to do this by surrounding himself with Israel-focussed ultra-Zionists to control his financial and foreign policy and appointed the psychopath's psychopath John Bolton as his National Security Advisor. Bolton was a founding member of the Project for New American Century and the long planned list of targets continued with the focus on Iran, North Korea and China as well as the hysteria about Russia.

Netanyahu, the ultra-Zionists and Death Cult didn't want a peaceful agreement between the West and Iran because it's on their list for regime change. He and his fellow crazies are obsessed with regime-change in Iran and Netanyahu was caught on video aired by Israeli television telling activists from his extremist terrorist-created Likud Party that he had convinced Trump to withdraw from the nuclear agreement with Iran which threw US-Iran relations into turmoil again when the deal had settled everything down. Iran has not started a war against another country for more than 200 years and Netanyahu screams that in the Middle East 'those who are trying to kill us are being led by Iran, which openly and aggressively calls for the destruction of Israel.' I am no supporter of the Iranian regime, but nor do I take such bullshit from Netanyahu in the ultra-Zionist campaign of inventing enemies to justify wars, regime change and land acquisition – the same technique it has employed incessantly since Israel was established with US support in 1948. PNAC National Security Advisor John Bolton also led the Trump regime into pulling out of a nuclear agreement with Russia. Trump (his masters) targeted Iran and two other countries on the PNAC list – North Korea and China. Economic sanctions are the widespread weapon of choice employed by Trump against the countries his ultra-Zionist masters want regime-changed. Whenever a peaceful agreement with North Korea appears to move forward Israel-worshippers John Bolton and Trump's Christian Zionist Secretary of State Mike Pompeo intervene to block progress. The same ultra-Zionist list of countries have been ticked off and targeted one after the other no matter what the apparently different presidents in the United States and leaders and parties in Europe. Without the trigger of 9/11 none of this could have happened on the scale that it has. Watch for other countries on the list, Lebanon, Somalia and Sudan. Israel is desperately looking for an excuse to invade Lebanon after trying and failing before while Sudan and Somalia have been devastated by civil war in the period since 9/11. There are so many

conflicts going on that the media doesn't tell you about including the mostly drone-strike US bombing of 'Islamic militants' in Somalia since 2007. Bombing was significantly increased at the start of 2019.

Terrified of the truth

The blatantly obvious connections between the Project for the New American Century document of September, 2000, and the 'new Pearl Harbor' of 9/11 is a potentially major Achilles heel for the ultra-Zionists and the Hidden Hand in general because it exposes a clear cause and effect. They know it, too. I was on a speaking tour of the UK in late 2018 highlighting these connections when I saw an interview on the Russian TV station RT with an MI6 operative who hilariously tried to provide a cover story for the PNAC document and what followed in the Middle East – and I do mean *hilarious*. Aimen Dean, also known 'Ramzi', is a Saudi-born Bahrainian who claims to have joined the (CIA-created) al-Qaeda, in 1997 and became an agent for British overseas military intelligence, or MI6, in 1998 to spy on al-Qaeda in Afghanistan. He joined al-Qaeda as presumably an Islamic extremist wanting a holy war against the West and within a year he's spying on Al-Qaeda for the very same West? Here is a man who lied for a living by claiming to be on the side of al-Qaeda while spying on them for MI6 which is connected to the CIA that created al-Qaeda. Dean ridiculously claimed in the RT interview that al-Qaeda had 'tricked' America into invading the Middle East. He said they had seen the letter sent by Richard Perle's Neocons to President Clinton in 1998 calling for the forced removal of Saddam Hussein and the subsequent Project for the New American Century document demanding regime changes that would require a 'new Pearl Harbor' to sell the policy to the American public. Dean said the al-Qaeda leadership decided to 'give them a Pearl Harbor ... that's exactly where we want them to be ... [the US] must smash [Iraq] in order for us to build an Islamist structure.' He said the plan was to attract 'the provocation of America as a superpower to come and do their dirty work for them.' Oh, so the PNAC document was not part of the plot to create a new Pearl Harbor. All explained ... Zzzzzzzzz. I wonder why he didn't mention the bit about the al-Qaeda leadership checking with the CIA to see if that was okay? Or the fact that 'al-Qaeda' could not possibly have been behind 9/11 as claimed by the official story. Or, or, or. Dean went on to claim, just as pathetically, that the Saudi murder of journalist Jamal Khashoggi by cutting him up with a bone saw was an accident and they had really only wanted to abduct him back to Riyadh. Oh, right, so Crown Prince Psychopath couldn't have ordered his killing then. So glad MI6 Dean cleared up those little misunderstandings and how fortunate they had a bone saw handy when everything went pear-shaped. The RT interviewer should have taken Dean apart – but didn't.

What this nonsense does show, however, is that they know the PNAC-9/11 connection makes them very vulnerable to exposure.

CHAPTER 17

The dominoes fall

If you want to know what God thinks of money, just look at the people he gave it to – Dorothy Parker

Ultra-Zionist billionaire George Soros has become a highly controversial character in recent years as the extent of his covert manipulation of national and world events has come to light. I had been exposing this devious man for decades before the scale (tip of iceberg) of his political and social influence worldwide seeped into public attention.

There will be many – not least Jewish people – who will reel back at my description of Soros as 'ultra-Zionist' because his manufactured image is that of a 'liberal' and 'progressive' philanthropist who is not a rampant Israel-firster like the Neocons. A person's image and words are irrelevant to me as an insight into who they are and what they stand for. Public image and words tell you nothing except how the person wishes to be seen and the statements they make (which may not be what they really believe). I prefer to consider actions and outcomes to understand what people are truly about and on that basis Soros is a fundamentally important cog in the ultra-Zionist Hidden Hand machine. I am appropriately writing these words on a European speaking tour in Budapest, Hungary, the city where Soros was born György Schwartz in 1930 (Fig 93). We must be constantly vigilant for bluffs and double-bluffs. Soros was born into what is described as a well-to-do non-observant Jewish family and moved to the United States via the UK before becoming an incredibly wealthy investor and financial manipulator. The Hidden Hand controls the global financial markets and what it does politically and economically dictates every day if they go up

Figure 93: The many – many – faces of George Soros

or down. Anyone with access to that information will obviously be on pole position to make financial fortunes by buying stocks before they go up and selling before they go down. Feted 'financial wizards' the world over have become billionaires this way. How did they know that stock was going to soar or plummet? My goodness, they must be financial geniuses! Or maybe they don't have to be. Part of the Soros bluff, I contend, is the image of his alleged disagreements with governments and policies of Israel. When you observe his behaviour and how he donates and directs his seemingly limitless resources he is doing everything the ultra-Zionists and Hidden Hand want him to do. One of his foundation roles is to fund so-called (and it is so-called) 'progressive' organisations and causes and he would not have street-cred in that area if he was an open supporter of ultra-Zionism. He should not have street-cred with 'progressives' anyway with his stated attitude to finance: 'I am basically there to make money, I cannot and do not look at the social consequences of what I do.' But, hey, he hands out lots of money to virtue-signalling 'progressives' so who cares if he's a fraud? 'Progressive' is a term that has been used to hijack the traditional and genuinely liberal left and invert everything that it formerly stood for.

'Anti-Semite' defence system

At the very core of this transformation of the once-liberal left into a screaming mob of virtue-signalling, heart-on-the-sleevers driving the fascism/Marxism of political correctness and free-speech deletion is Soros money. 'Liberal benefactor' Soros has usurped – indeed largely created – the 'progressive' (regressive) pseudo-left while openly ultra-Zionists like casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson has been the biggest funder of Donald Trump and the right. The equation is simple – control both sides and you control the game and so the outcome. I said before Trump came to power (or the illusion of it) that the plan was to set America at war with itself; to divide the population into clearly defined factions for a de-facto (or quite possibly literal) civil war. This has quite demonstrably happened with ultra-Zionist Adelson funding one side and 'Israel sceptic' Soros funding the other. This is, naturally, only an extraordinary coincidence akin to all those that happened with 9/11 and to say otherwise would be virulent 'anti-Semitism'. The 'you are a racist' mantra is the constant defence response whenever these matters are up for debate. You are only pointing out the provable fact that Adelson funds Trump and right and Soros funds 'progressives' and the 'left' because you are an anti-Semite. When the Cabal wouldn't benefit from debate or information circulating they trigger their 'progressive' mob and 'anti-Semitism' industry to shut it down. I will expose this industry and its breathtaking global reach in the next chapter because that is vital to appreciate the extraordinary – and ever-increasing – global censorship

of ultra-Zionism and that of the Death Cult behind 9/11. Israel-worshipping British Labour MP Wes Streeting, who even calls Jews racists when they challenge the behaviour of Israel, demanded the sacking of philosopher Sir Roger Scruton as chair of a government housing commission when it emerged that he had described Jews in Budapest as forming part of a 'Soros empire'. Scruton said that 'many of the Budapest intelligentsia are Jewish, and form part of the extensive networks around the Soros empire'. Streeting, a vice-chair of the All-Party Parliamentary Group on Antisemitism, accused Scruton of propagating 'anti-Semitic conspiracy theories' which is straight from the ultra-Zionist censorship manual. Whether what is said is true or not is irrelevant. If it mentions someone who is Jewish this is by reflex action 'anti-Semitic'. I don't care if Soros is Jewish or Chinese – I care about what he does and the affect this has worldwide on people and their freedom. A member of Leave.eu, the anti-EU organisation, tweeted an image of Soros with the words of Conservative MP Maria Caulfield: 'Not sure there is even democracy in this country anymore ... The powerful elite seem to know best and openly mock the rest of us.' An image of Soros was very appropriate when he was substantially funding people seeking to stop Brexit while living in the United States. 'Appalling and nakedly anti-Semitic image' came the cry with Maria Caulfield herself demanding the tweet be deleted. She said it was particularly hurtful 'as my family are Jewish'. So it's okay for Caulfield to talk about a 'powerful elite' so long as no one mentions anyone who is part of that elite who happens to be Jewish. War criminal Tony Blair, a yes-man for the same Web that attaches to Soros, has also campaigned to stop Brexit, but linking him to a 'powerful elite' is fine. Now that's what I call racism. Ultra-Zionist Democratic Congressman, the ridiculous Adam Schiff, who became Chair of the House Intelligence Committee, told CNN that 'most' of the criticism of billionaire globalist George Soros is because he's Jewish. This line is becoming so familiar as the truth about Soros emerges and it's obviously a centrally-dictated response to avoid having the chilling facts about the man and his activities made public. Soros's son, Alexander, has said that many attacks on his father over the years have been 'dripping with the poison of anti-Semitism'. Yes, mate, it is absolutely nothing to do with the way he uses his fortune to mess with people's lives across the world. It's only because he is Jewish. Okay, glad we sorted that out then, and on that basis the dripping poison of billionaires dictating the lives of the penniless poor should never be questioned again. But, actually, on reflection – fuck that.

Soros Spring

The global vehicle that Soros established for his social engineering and political shenanigans is called the Open Society Foundations (OSF) to

which he has so far donated some *$32 billion*. The latest $18 billion was announced in 2017. That's a lot of bang for a lot of bucks and buys you colossal influence in all sorts of ways, subjects and places. The Open Society networks operate in *100 countries* with 26 national and regional foundations and offices. They call themselves 'NGOs' or 'non-governmental organisations'. This is the Soros vehicle to overthrow governments targeted by Israel and the United States, secure mass immigration into Europe and the United States, and fund and promote 'progressive' mobs transforming human society to herald the long-planned global dystopia I have for so very long warned was coming if we didn't snap out of an induced perceptual coma. The Soros connection to the ultra-Zionist Hidden Hand agenda can be most clearly seen in the role his Open Society networks have played in manipulating unrest in countries targeted for regime change. If the United States and its allies simply keep invading countries as with Iraq even some of the most myopic of the population might wonder what was going on. This would have certainly happened had America's ultra-Zionist proxy military openly invaded Libya and Syria as they ticked off the Project for the New American Century wish-list. To hide the pattern of conflict and its ultra-Zionist coordination they had to invent different excuses to pick off the list. For example we had Afghanistan (get Bin Laden) and Iraq (weapons of mass destruction). With Libya, Syria, Egypt and elsewhere it was 'the Arab Spring' and 'we must stop tyrants killing their own people'. The trick is to manipulate the population to remove – or demand the removal – of regimes that you want to remove. To do this you need to stimulate unrest that can be propagandised into a full-blown 'revolution' which ends with the people you don't want in government being ousted and those you do want being handed power to run the country and control the people according to your instructions. This is where Soros and his Open Society Foundations come in along with CIA fronts like the US Congress-funded National Endowment for Democracy (National Endowment for Deletion of Democracy). They are expert in preparing, funding, training and then promoting agitators to ferment civil unrest which often follows a period of severe economic sanctions by the United States and the West to create economic deprivation and fuel public frustration with the target government. People come out on the streets in phase two who believe they are taking part in a genuine 'revolution' against the government when in fact it is a Western-contrived hoax to secure regime-change without apparent direct American, British and Israeli involvement. The unrest is blazed across newspapers and television screens the world over through Hidden Hand-owned government propagandists who have the audacity to call themselves 'journalists'. They tell the population the story the Hidden Hand wants them to believe and most of these 'journalists' have

no idea what they are being used for. Most of those that *do* know justify this acquiescence to themselves with: 'I have a mortgage to pay.' The few that are left are active members or assets of the Death Cult – mostly in positions of executive and editorial power.

I have described in detail in other books how Soros networks were behind the 'Arab Spring', instigated in 2010, and the 2014 American coup in Ukraine as well as a long list of other 'people's revolutions'. As I write the US Neocons are playing the same scam in Venezuela through their puppet Trump. The, in reality, '*Soros* Spring' brought devastation and new tyrants to the Middle East and North Africa while being promoted by governments and presstitutes of the media as a spontaneous demand by the people to throw off the yoke of oppression. Tyrant leaders in Egypt were replaced by an American-funded military junta that's still in power today. The 'people's revolution' in Ukraine (American coup) replaced a pro-Russia leader with a pro-American yes-man overseeing a country heavily influenced by neo-Nazis. Soros Open Society Foundations manipulated the 'Euromaidan' protests in the Ukraine capital Kiev and protestors were shot in sniper attacks blamed on the government when clearly another force was involved. Pro-Russia president Viktor Yanukovych was forced to flee the country and in came American poodle and long-time US agent in Ukraine, Petro Poroshenko (who was later replaced by a Jewish comedian/actor, Volodymyr Zelensky). Soros operatives orchestrated the initial unrest and the whole coup was overseen by ultra-Zionist Victoria Nuland, the US Assistant Secretary of State for European and Eurasian Affairs. *Nuland is the wife of ultra-Zionist Robert Kagan, co-founder of the Project for the New American Century.* But don't you worry. George Soros and the ultra-Zionist Neocons are not working together. They don't like each other – didn't you know? The fact that Soros networks target the very countries the Neocons want to regime-change is pure coincidence and it is virulent and poisonous 'anti- Semitism' to say otherwise. Yeah, yeah, yawn. In truth, Soros networks provide the excuse for 'regime change' and the Neocons take it from there. A stash of 2,200 Open Society Foundation documents secured by the group DC Leaks reveal that Soros and his lackeys dictated US policy toward Ukraine after the 2014 coup and, with the fake-liberal Obama administration, removed the democratically-elected Yanukovych. One of the documents described the 'New Ukraine' as a key that 'reshapes the European map by offering the opportunity to go back to the original essence of European integration'. This is not how the Jewish community of Ukraine see it (0.1 percent of the population) with the 'revolution' putting Hitler and Nazi-supporting militia on the streets. Well done, George, another glorious victory for freedom. Ukraine's Prosecutor General Yuri Lutsenko revealed that a 2016 investigation into the NGO called the Anti-Corruption Action Centre

(AntAC), funded by Soros and the Obama administration (same thing), was dropped after the US government delivered 'a list of people whom we should not prosecute'. This is 'free' Ukraine? US investigative journalist Wayne Madsen said of Soros involvement in the Ukraine coup:

> It is the degree to which Soros provided finances, logistics, and other support to the Ukrainian coup plotters in 2012, two years before the Euromaidan [fake revolution] uprising, that is noteworthy. [Open Society Foundations] and its affiliates provided entire buildings, office space, computers, software, broadband Internet, videoconferencing equipment, vehicles, travel to the United States, and other material for the Euromaidan uprising [US coup]. This was all done with the cooperation of the US and Swedish embassies in Kiev, USAID, the Carnegie Endowment, the Swedish International Development Agency (SIDA), and the Central Intelligence Agency-linked National Endowment for Democracy (NED).
>
> Investigative journalists were also sought by the Soros gang to travel to Ukraine and submit articles that had to be approved by Soros operatives before publication. One major collaborator of Soros and the United States in pushing Ukrainian propaganda was identified as the Hromadske Television, which was singled out for its work to counter 'Russian propaganda' ...
>
> ... Soros is one of the closest advisers and financiers of Hillary Clinton. The leaked Soros documents describe how the Clinton Global Initiative and Foundation cooperates on undermining the sovereignty of nations around the world, including those in Europe.

The Clintons are buddies and drug-running business partners of the Bushes among much else that is disgusting and sordid beyond belief. DC Leaks documents revealed how Soros is paying a large swathe of 'journalists' (presstitutes) to write articles supporting his agenda in country after country with a veto on publication if he doesn't like anything they say. Soros and his multi-billion dollar network is a major source of the demonisation of Russia which the ultra-Zionist Neocons have been driving. When you realise that the 'progressive left' and the 'far right' are controlled by agents of the same force the behaviour of ultra-Zionists like George Soros and Sheldon Adelson suddenly makes sense. The Soros Open Society network officially left Hungary in 2018 after Prime Minister Viktor Orban's government passed the 'Stop Soros' law to criminalise the organisation's manipulation of the country. Withdrawal from Turkey was announced in December, 2018, when the government said Soros was controlling Turkish opposition figure Osman Kavala who was accused of organising anti-government

demonstrations. Kavala is an advisory board member of Open Society. British academic Frank Furedi exposed the nature of the Soros network and revealed the shocking levels of arrogance expressed by people who think they have the right to impose their will on everyone else (or *Soros's* will – the *Hidden Hand's* will in truth). This is the mind-set of the 'progressives' that direct his operation under his command and brief. Soros, too, is a foot soldier to more powerful interests deeper in the shadows which he had better not cross. Frank Furedi said he was asked to speak at an event funded by a Soros foundation (they are legion) in Budapest. Soros activists attended from many areas of the former Soviet Republics and Eastern Europe. Furedi recalled:

> It was later during lunch at a plush Budapest hotel that I encountered the full force of the arrogant ethos promoted by the Soros network of organisations. At my table I listened to Dutch, American, British, Ukrainian and Hungarian representatives of Soros NGOs boast about their achievements. Some claimed that they played a major role in the Arab Spring in Egypt. Others voiced their pride in their contribution to the democratisation of the Ukraine. Some bragged about their influence in preparing the ground for the overthrow of the Gadhafi regime in Libya.
>
> I sat quietly and felt uncomfortable with a group of people who so casually assumed that they had the right to play God throughout the world. At one point, the head of the table – a Hungarian leader of a Soros NGO – asked me what I thought about their work. Not wishing to offend, I quietly remarked that I wasn't sure whether the external imposition of their idea of democracy on the people of Libya was legitimate nor that it would work. Without a second's hesitation, my interlocutor rounded me with the response: 'I don't think that we have the luxury of waiting until the Libyan people come with their own Jefferson.

This is how the ultra-Zionist network operates manipulating the arrogant and gullible to do its work of global dystopian transformation. Soros is everywhere funding 'progressive' groups of all kinds, mass immigration, censorship of free speech, the climate change hoax, facet after facet of the ultra-Zionist Neocon agenda. If Soros funds it the motivation is bad for humanity. He even gave a large sum to an organisation in Britain seeking to stop Brexit when he doesn't even live in the country. The European Union is a Hidden Hand fly-trap for national sovereignty and freedom and the last thing they wanted was British people voting to come out. Revealing that Soros was using his money to thwart the will of a national referendum and block Brexit was apparently 'anti-Semitic' – the perpetual reflex-action defence against public exposure. UK Zionist *Guardian* columnist and Soros-apologist

Rafael Behr suggested this in an article headed 'A secret plot to stop Brexit, or an anti-Semitic dog whistle?' Frank Furedi describes very well the Soros mentality:

> Why am I not surprised that the billionaire George Soros has decided to give £400,000 to the anti-Brexit crusading group Best for Britain? Because, since the 1980s, Soros has acted as if his considerable wealth entitles him to influence and alter the policies of governments throughout the world. Soros does not believe in the legitimacy of borders nor in the authority of national electorates. Consequently he feels entitled to influence and if possible direct the political destiny of societies all over the world. Today it is the future of Britain; tomorrow it might be Italy or Hungary that will be the target of Soros' largesse.

'Soros largess' means Hidden Hand largesse.

Soros lays the trap

The billionaire prepared the ground for the Arab Spring, Middle East regime change and US/Western intervention with his 2004 article 'The People's Sovereignty'. This appeared in *Foreign Policy* – the magazine published by the Hidden Hand Carnegie Endowment for International Peace which was exposed by a Congressional investigation for manipulating war. Soros said he wanted to change the definition of sovereignty from the *government* of a country to the *population* and this was sold as 'progressive' and giving power to the people. It was, as always with Soros, nothing of the sort. He wanted to bypass the block on external forces invading countries on the grounds that it was a breach of sovereignty. By switching the definition of sovereignty from government to population they can invade on the premise that they are stopping a government from violating the *people's* sovereignty. This is precisely the scam that would be used in Libya, Syria and other countries of the 'Arab Spring' with the claim that the long-targeted 'regime leader' was 'killing his own people'. Soros wrote:

> ... true sovereignty belongs to the people, who in turn delegate it to their governments. If governments abuse the authority entrusted to them and citizens have no opportunity to correct such abuses, outside interference is justified. By specifying that sovereignty is based on the people, the international community can penetrate nation-states' borders to protect the rights of citizens.
>
> In particular, the principle of the people's sovereignty can help solve two modern challenges: the obstacles to delivering aid effectively to sovereign states, and the obstacles to global collective action dealing with states

experiencing internal conflict.

This was exactly what the ultra-Zionist Neocon plan of the Project for the New American Century demanded – you know, the one that Soros isn't part of. He dubbed his doctrine the 'responsibility to protect' (i.e. invade, takeover, slash and burn):

> ... the rulers of a sovereign state have a responsibility to protect the state's citizens. When they fail to do so, the responsibility is transferred to the international community [ultra-Zionism and the Hidden Hand]. Global attention is often the only lifeline available to the oppressed.

Soros cares so much about the 'oppressed' – ask the 'progressives' who take his money and do his bidding. Only a year later in 2005 what Soros called for in that article was adopted by the United Nations Security Council and General Assembly. Everything was in place for a renewed military assault on the Middle East that had been mercilessly targeted since 9/11. Exposure of the lies about weapons of mass destruction in Iraq had slowed the pace of the PNAC ultra-Zionist regime-change schedule. Now the road was open to press the throttle to the floor. This was the deal:

- Decree that the people represent sovereignty and that governments have a responsibility to protect the sovereign population.

- If they don't, or your propaganda makes it look that way, there was now an automatic transfer of power from the country to the 'International community' (ultra-Zionists and the Hidden Hand).

- Arm, fund and train 'rebels' to attack the target regime and wait for them to respond. When they do you scream 'he's killing his own people' and condemn the government for failing in its 'responsibility to protect', as Soros put it.

- The 'International Community' can then deploy the military to 'protect the people' (by bombing them shitless, as in Libya and Syria, and taking over their land and resources under various guises).

Far from protecting national sovereignty the ultra-Zionists and wider Hidden Hand want to destroy it through a tyrannical world government controlled by them which would dictate the lives of everyone on earth. For this to happen the Cabal is plotting the end of countries and just by coincidence this a major goal of the Soros *Open Society* (no countries or borders just global government) Foundations. This is why Soros

described sovereignty as an 'anachronistic concept originating in bygone times' and why his networks are behind the manipulation of mass immigration to break down a sense of defined and tangible countries and cultures. I'll explain more shortly.

Mission accomplished (well, some of it)

The outcome – always judge by outcome not rhetoric – of the Neocon-Soros Doctrine has been mass human catastrophe. Look at the consequences of the 'peoples' revolution' against Gadhafi in Libya and what happened when West/Israel-backed 'rebels' began another 'Arab Spring' civil war in Syria in pursuit of the Neocon-Soros agenda. Look at the multi-millions who have died, towns and cities destroyed, disease and suffering. This is the work of psychopaths hiring other psychopaths to do their bidding while idiocy cheers them all on. Ain't that right, CNN, and both parties in the United States? Libya's Colonel Gadhafi was no saint but under his reign education and medical treatment were free; electricity was either free or cost very little; newlyweds received $50,000 from the government to buy a home; having a home was considered a human right; Gadhafi's Great Man-Made River Project made water available to everyone; Libya had no external debt and the highest per-capita income in Africa. Now after the US-NATO air invasion led by Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton's America, David Cameron's UK, plus France and others, Libya is a basket case of warring factions and life for the population is a barely-surviving hell. None of the psychopaths responsible for this have faced any consequences because as always Hidden Hand networks have their back for services rendered. Libya was bombed into the Stone Age and is now a lawless land of violence, warlords and the very ISIS terrorists that those who caused this mayhem claimed to be fighting. ISIS was in fact a Western-created-armed-and-funded proxy army and outgrowth from the Mujahideen/al-Qaeda creations of the CIA to set the Middle East at war with itself and justify Western 'intervention' – all of which suited the ambitions of the ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult for which wars and mass killing is a human sacrifice ritual. Many of those who attacked Gadhafi were the same people with the same weapons – and certainly the same Western and Israeli backers – that would seek to remove Assad in Syria once the Libyan gig was completed with mass bombing of the innocent by US, UK and NATO raids 'to protect civilians from violence'. Assad would have been long gone, too, without Russia's intervention and air support. Israel and the Death Cult I will expose have been desperate to remove Assad. Major General Gershon Hacohen, former senior Israeli commander, said that then Defense Minister Moshe Ya'alon personally met with Syrian (West/Saudi-funded and armed) 'rebels' at the height of the Syrian war. Hacohen, Commander of the

Israeli Defence Forces Staff Corps before retiring in 2014, said that he was also present at the meeting. Trump said in 2018 that American troops only remained in the Middle East to 'support Israel' (pursue its agenda). Soros is supposed to be antagonistic to authorities in Israel, but his networks start the momentum rolling in 'people's revolutions' and then military and civilian thugs go in. This was all described in a US military document entitled 'US Special Forces Unconventional Warfare Strategy' published on November 30th, 2010, just a month before the Soros 'Arab Spring' began in Tunisia. The document said:

> The intent of US UW [Unconventional Warfare] efforts is to exploit a hostile power's political, military, economic, and psychological vulnerabilities by developing and sustaining resistance forces to accomplish US strategic objectives ... For the foreseeable future, US forces will predominantly engage in irregular warfare (IW) operations.

The document goes on to say the strategy requires that target-state population perceptions are first 'groomed' into accepting an armed insurrection, using 'propaganda and political and psychological efforts to discredit the government'... creating local and national 'agitation'... helping to organise 'boycotts, strikes and other efforts to suggest public discontent'... before beginning the 'infiltration of foreign organizers and advisors and foreign propaganda, material, money, weapons and equipment'. Should there be retaliation by the target government, the document continues, the resistance can exploit the negative consequences to garner more sympathy and support from the population by emphasising the sacrifices and hardship the resistance is enduring on behalf of 'the people'. This is exactly what has happened in the 'Arab Spring' along with the mantras of: 'He's killing his own people'; the protests are 'peaceful (when they weren't); the opposition is unarmed (when often they weren't); and this is a popular peoples' revolution (when it was instigated by Soros and other Western/ultra-Zionist intelligence and military networks). One estimate put the civilian death toll in the post-9/11 war on terror in Iraq, Libya, Syria, Yemen and Sudan at six million, but the figure is substantially higher when deaths from disease, poverty and hunger caused by those wars are taken into account. There is at least some good news – profits of armament companies like Raytheon and Lockheed Martin which are owned by the same Hidden Hand that manipulates the wars have absolutely soared. Don't you worry about dead and mutilated men, women and children when mass murder is good for jobs and profits. United States military spending (much of which goes to the arms companies) increased by *50 percent* (adjusted for inflation) in the first ten years after 9/11 while spending on education, healthcare, public transport and other domestic

civilian programmes increased by only 13.5 percent. Official US spending on the military for 2018 (ironically called 'defence spending') was $700 billion which is only the headline figure for the public to see. The real figure with all aspects included will be way over *$1 trillion* and then some. Even by official figures the United States spends more on the military than the next *eleven* or more countries combined and that includes China and Russia (Fig 94). The ultra-Zionist agenda of regime change triggered by 9/11 has turned the American taxpayer into a cash-cow to fund wars in the Middle East for the benefit of Israel's territorial and acquisitive ambitions while so many Americans sleep in the streets. From the bigger-picture perspective the United States military is really the Hidden Hand military being prepared to be the foundation of the world army to impose the will of the world government. This is why the US has built a global military structure

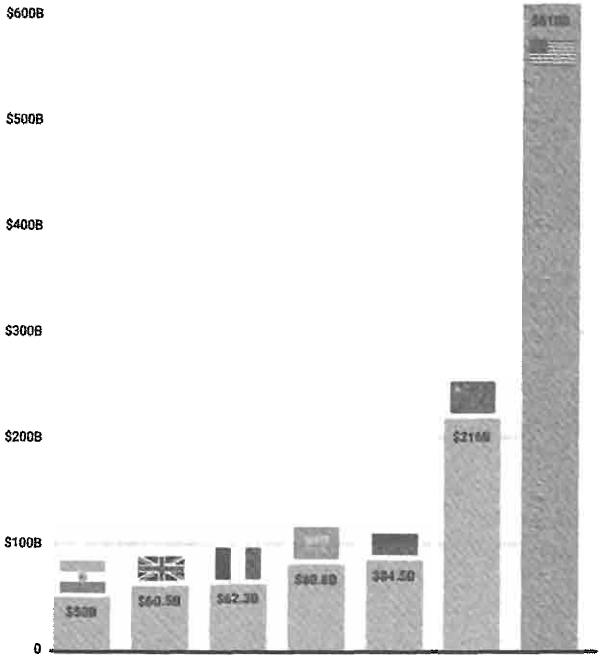

Figure 94: The staggering levels of US 'defence (attack) spending which is preparing for the emergence of the long-planned world army.

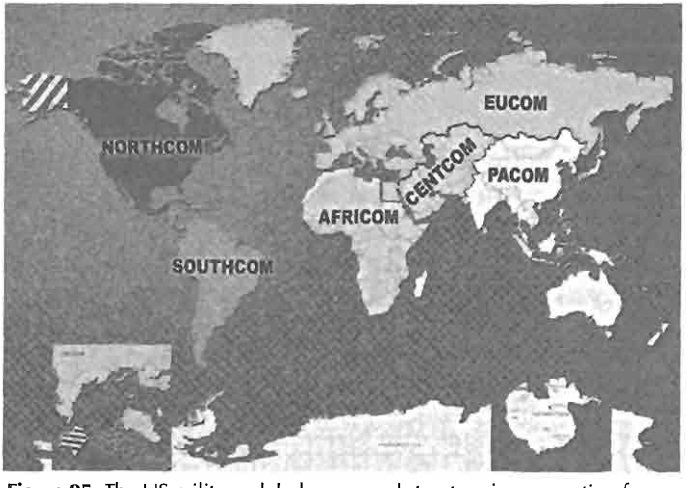

Figure 95: The US military global command structure in preparation for the world army.

operating in 147 countries which has carved up the world into 'Command' regions ready to be handed over eventually to become the control structure of the world army (Fig 95). Locations and actions of the US military overwhelmingly have no impact on the security, safety or *defence* of America and its citizens because that is not the point of what American troops are doing. The 'US military' is really the Hidden Hand military and the ultra-Zionist military. Let that reality sink in and so much that has happened since 9/11 will suddenly make sense.

Dominoes topple

What I am about to talk about next – also involving Soros – may not appear to be connected to 9/11, but it is. I emphasise again that the September 11th attacks did not happen in isolation. They were part of a fantastic global agenda and the subject I raise now would not have happened without 9/11 leading to Middle East wars which themselves led to the situation I am about to address. Context is crucial to understanding anything. What looks one way in and of itself can look very different when contextual connections are revealed. Dots are one reality and dots-connected quite another. This is absolutely the case with the Hidden Hand plan for the world which plays out like lines of dominoes with one event triggering another and another. The preferred sequence is all worked out in advance and what happened on 9/11 was crucial to that. If you have a plan that involves the mass movement and resettlement of people from one culture or cultures into another then you know that war and destruction in the Middle East and Africa are going to understandably generate large numbers of people seeking to relocate to more peaceful lands and their direction would be north into Europe not south into Africa or East into other troubled areas. Desperate people did indeed begin to flee the Western-created hell of Libya and Syria and headed for Europe. Few people, and certainly not me, would challenge humanitarian support and succour for tragic refugees seeking protection from war – especially Western-instigated ones. This was not the real story, however. Waiting to pounce on this movement of genuine refugees from conflict were Soros and connected networks working to massively increase the flow of people into Europe by adding much greater numbers who were not escaping war but simply relocating when the chance arose. France's interior minister Christophe Castaner said that some aid groups operating in the Mediterranean act like accomplices to human traffickers (a fact I pointed out in my last book from other sources) and he said there was 'real collusion between smugglers and some NGOs' including through phone contacts to 'facilitate the migrants departure from Libyan coasts in appalling conditions'. Italian interior minister Matteo Salvini said something similar.

The same networks have been operating in Central and South America where war, conflict, upheaval and violent crime serve the interests of these psychologically insane people to encourage population movements north into the United States. I understand why people south of the US border see America as the Land of Milk and Honey compared with their own plight and if I was them I would try to do the same. The problem is that they are not being guided to America or Europe for their own benefit – the Death Cult couldn't give a damn about them – but to transform American and European society for deeply malevolent ends. Migrants and indigenous populations are both pawns in the same Death Cult agenda. Mass immigration benefits the elite in every day – not least with an over-supply of cheap labour that drives down wages and conditions for everyone. You won't do it for that? Okay, bye, bye, there are plenty who will. Genuine liberals of old would have opposed that – today's 'progressive' fake Soros-liberals cheer and call you a bigot if you point these things out. Trump's much-vaunted wall along the southern border with Mexico was always going to be opposed on the scale he described because the agenda doesn't want any barrier to stop what it plans eventually to be a colossal and unstoppable exodus of people from the south into the United States. Kirstjen Nielsen, then Department of Homeland Security Secretary, told a congressional hearing that close to a million illegal immigrants were expected to attempt to cross the border into the US in 2019 alone and the situation was 'truly an emergency'. This is all planned and migrants often suffer terrible hardships on the way, including violence, rape and child trafficking, while being unknowing pawns in a plan long hatched by the Hidden Hand to transform American society by transforming its demographics and dynamic of power. Kirstjen Nielsen described a 'real serious and sustained crisis at our borders ... make no mistake, this chain of human misery is getting worse'. She went on:

> Since late last year, we have been seeing 50,000 to 60,000 migrants arrive at our southern border each month. But in February, we saw a 30 percent jump over the previous month, with agents apprehending or encountering nearly 75,000 aliens. This is an 80 percent increase over the same time last year.

Nielsen said the system was already being overwhelmed and all she describes has happened under 'we must reduce immigration', ultra-Zionist-owned Trump. I have predicted these events for a long time after uncovering the mass migration agenda and what is now 'overwhelming the system' is planned to become a tidal wave of people crossing the border from the south in such numbers they will be unstoppable. America's southern border will, in effect, cease to exist which is what so many Soros-manipulated 'progressives' are calling for along with the

extreme-'progressives' now hijacking the Democratic Party funded and owned by Soros. Democrats in their myopic idiocy believe that the more migrants the more votes for them until they become the only party of government on the basis that most migrants support them. They don't see that by the time that happens they won't be controlling the Democratic Party and the force that does will then oppress *their* freedom as *they* now oppress the freedom of others. Democrat 'progressives' have been the Soros/Hidden Hand vehicle to block the Trump wall plan along with ultra-Zionist/Sheldon Adelson/Hidden Hand bought-and-paid-for Republicans because no effective barrier is going to be allowed to stop the plan to transform America now long underway. Something similar is happening in Europe with a new flood of migration from the south waiting to be instigated as I write. Turkey is being funded currently to stem the flow and if that agreement falters (as I say it is planned to) the consequences will be obvious and catastrophic both for migrants and the current populations of Europe whether indigenous or migrant. Süleyman Soylu, Turkey's interior minister, said the country was hosting more than 3.6 million Syrians displaced by the US/UK/Israel-manipulated conflict under 'temporary protection' status while security forces held more than a quarter of a million 'irregular migrants' in 2018 and deported another 54,000. 'There is an increase of 56 percent compared to the figures of the first 11 months of last year', Soylu said.

No one knows how many people are in America illegally already although a ball park figure appears to be more than 20 million. Yet another think-tank was launched in 2018 called the New Center to campaign for an amnesty for all those 'illegal aliens' so they can be allowed to stay permanently. The New Center is headed by William Galston of the Hidden Hand Brookings Institute and ... *William Kristol, co-founder of the Project for the New American Century*. You know, the ultra-Zionist far-right advocate of any war going and with nothing at all in common with George Soros who just happens to be using his hijacked Democratic Party and progressive mob to press for exactly the same policy. Kristol-promoted wars have mass murdered millions of people with brown faces yet now he says that not allowing an estimated more than 20 million to stay in the country illegally would be 'morally unacceptable'. No, it would damage the agenda this sleazy man represents of transforming American and European society demographically, religiously and economically. Kristol wants everyone to stay with no discernment at all between genuine and peaceful people and psychopathic Central American gangs like MS13 which plague American cities with their horrific violence overwhelmingly against their fellow immigrants. But if you seek to create fear, chaos and rule of jungle you want MS13 and their like in the country, right Mr Kristol?

Encourage what you want – punish what you don't

We have cities now called 'sanctuary cities' where the state government refuses to cooperate with the Federal government in seeking out people living in the country illegally. Other states and cities have passed laws giving undocumented migrants money for healthcare, education and support costs that *legal Americans and born Americans don't get*. What is that going to do except encourage more to come – exactly as planned. George Soros teamed up with his fellow humanitarian lovers of the poor and destitute at MasterCard in a project called Humanity Ventures in which he pledged $500 million to address 'the challenges facing migrants and refugees'. I bet his heart bleeds. We should not forget that part of the deal with the Hidden Hand to become incredibly rich is that you spend significant swathes of your wealth on advancing the agenda in the guise of 'philanthropy'. Thus you have callous, heartless billionaires like the Rockefellers establishing 'charity foundations' which are also good for avoiding tax – not that they pay much anyway. You can see a pattern of donations with so many billionaires in terms of people, projects and subject areas which affect the world and society in line with the plan that I have been exposing for 30 years. Rockefeller foundations are a perfect example of this and you can add so many others including the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. In a joint statement the Mother Theresa pairing of Soros and MasterCard said:

> Migrants are often forced into lives of despair in their host communities because they cannot gain access to financial, healthcare and government services. Our potential investment in this social enterprise, coupled with MasterCard's ability to create products that serve vulnerable communities, can show how private capital can play a constructive role in solving social problems.

It makes you fit to puke. These 'social problems' are being systematically created because this two-three-four-faced financial elite don't give a shit about migrants. They are just pawns to them. MasterCard admitted in 2016 that it has handed out prepaid debit cards to migrants and refugees traveling through Europe with support from the European Union and the UN High Commissioner for Refugees both of which are promoting the mass migration agenda. Kristol's ultra-Zionist New Center is also calling for an end to caps on numbers from different countries. Up to this point the inflow of people from the south have overwhelmingly competed for jobs and housing with poor Americans (of all backgrounds and races). Now Kristol's demand is aimed at unblocking immigration into America from countries such as

India and China that would compete for jobs of higher earners and what are called 'professional classes'. The aim is to destroy American professional classes with immigration pressure on the jobs market after devastating the low-paid and middle classes. Jessica Vaughan, Director of Policy at the Center for Immigration Studies, explains the consequences:

> If the per-country cap were to be lifted, then for the next 10 years, nearly all of the green cards in the ordinary professional worker category would go to citizens of India. That means any company wishing to sponsor a professional from any of the other 150-plus countries that currently receive employment green cards or immigrant visas would have to wait 10 years or take their chances by entering the annual lottery for a temporary H-1B visa for that individual.
>
> Such a change in legal immigration would shift wage pressure away from U.S. blue-collar workers and onto American white-collar workers who would likely experience more displacement due to the vast number of Indian workers that would be imported to the country every year to take high-paying professional jobs.

This is all part of the ultra-Zionist Hidden Hand transformation of human society into a globally-centralised borderless dictatorship. Donald Trump shocked and angered his deeply-misguided supporters in March, 2019, by announcing that more migrants were going to be allowed to settle in the country because American corporations needed them. Apple CEO Tim Cook, who claims to have 'values', was sitting next to him at the time. For the reason behind this Trump 360 about-turn see the Jessica Vaughan quote above. Trump is the Cabal's man and always was as I shall be explaining later. The Soros progressive mob and the increasingly dominant progressive extremes of the Democratic Party are calling for the end of borders which would, by definition, mean the end of countries – precisely the aim of the Neocon-Soros ultra-Zionist Hidden Hand as I have been exposing for decades.

Media lies and calculated abuse

The debate about the calculated 'migrant crisis' cannot be won by these crazies and so they ban contrary views and information amid a frenzy of abuse in the form of 'racist', Nazi' and 'bigot' if you highlight the obvious consequences of what I have described (Fig 96 overleaf). A guaranteed way of uncovering the agenda is to observe what you are not allowed to have an alternative opinion about. It works every time. The enormous majority of migrants entering Europe and the United States are not families, mothers and children fleeing war but young men

Figure 96: A few questions for the open border Soros 'progressives'. Oh, I'm a bigot? Okay, that must be the answer then.

taking the opportunity to change locations. The same controlled media that lies to you about wars lies to you about this. A 'caravan' of thousands heading for the US border from the south in 2018 was portrayed by the media as dominated by families, mothers and children to manipulate emotions when that was demonstrably not true. As in Europe it almost entirely consisted of single men travelling alone. American filmmaker Ami Horowitz produced a documentary about the 'caravan' and estimated that single males accounted for 90 to 95 percent of the people. Many he interviewed said they were heading for America for a 'better life' and not fleeing violence and oppression. Horowitz exposed the lie that most migrants are spontaneously leaving their countries and walking to America. Instead the operation was highly organised with buses, food and water orchestrated through an organisation called Pueblo Sin Fronteras (People without Borders) which was formed in 2000 by Mexican-American 'human rights activist' Irineo Mujica to get as many as possible into the United States through Central America and call for open borders which means the end of America as a country and society. People Without Borders is being funded to the tune of millions by front-groups and progressive groups in the United States with known associations with George Soros money. The organisation itself is based in Chicago with its affiliated La Familia Latina Unida (The United Latin Family) and Centro Sin Fronteras (Center Without Borders) which share the same goals. Soros is reported to fund Center Without Borders, the parent organization of The United Latin Family which is the parent organisation of People Without Borders. The money trail comes through the National Immigration Forum which is financed by George Soros' Open Society Foundations. Viridiana Vidal, a People without Borders organiser and spokeswoman, is the Nevada state director for America's Voice according to her LinkedIn profile. Soros funds America's Voice. The Soros plan is crystal clear – People *Without Borders = Open Society* Foundations = the end of countries. This just happens to be the Hidden Hand plan for the world working through gofer assets like Soros. I have no truck with the far right or the far anything (except the far out), but it is the so-called 'progressives' that are driving the tyranny. The trouble is

they are so far up their own virtue-signalling arses they can't see that. Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, a US Representative for New York, is the epitome of the George Soros 'progressive'– ultra-Zionist – agenda while believing she is a 'voice of the people'. 'Soros progressive' is an appropriate description for the mind-set. Ocasio-Cortez is clueless about the forces driving 'her' agenda. We have the same in the UK in the form of Owen Jones, a 'journalist' on the 'progressive' *Guardian* who appears to spend his days in television studios spouting his 'anti-establishment' rent-a-rants while the establishment he claims to oppose cheers him on. Why do these people think giant corporations and billionaires who make their money from exploitation of the masses are on the same 'progressive' page? Soros funds so many 'progressive' political projects and organisations it is just mind-blowing and he has transformed the genuine Liberal left that I grew up with into a fascistic mob seeking to impose their mindless will on the global population and delete freedom of speech and opinion. Programmed mindlessness blocks them from seeing that it's not *their* will at all – just a mantra repetition delivering the agenda of the one-percent. Put the words 'Organizations funded by George Soros and his Open Society Foundations' into a search engine and you'll see a list at Discoverthenetworks.org of where just *some* of his money goes.

All planned long ago

US law has been interpreted to mean that anyone born in the country automatically becomes a US citizen and this has led to birth-tourism in which pregnant women travel to America just to give birth. By 2018 one in twelve births in the US was to non-citizens. Steven Camarota, Director of Research for the Center for Immigration Studies, estimated that by 2060 immigration will add 75 million people to the US population and that 95 percent of the country's population growth will come from future immigrants and their children and grandchildren. The percentage of foreign-born people in the United States is soaring with 65 million Americans, or one in five, speaking a language other than English at home. This rises to as high as 50 percent in America's five largest cities and some areas of concentrated immigration has 85 to 95 percent of children in schools speaking a foreign language at home. So-called 'progressive' groups and media dispute the figures, but the trend is clear and indisputable. The number living illegally in the US was estimated at more than 22 million in a 2018 study by Mohammad M. Fazel-Zarandi, a researcher at Yale and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). This exodus from other lands into the United States and Europe has been in the planning at least since the 1920s and in truth far longer – for the detail see *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*. I have highlighted over the years the words of ultra-Zionist Dr Richard Day, a

big-time Rockefeller family insider and executive of Planned Parenthood, who shocked a meeting of paediatricians in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1969 when he asked them to turn off recording equipment and not to take notes because he was going to tell them how the world was going to be changed dramatically by the network he represented. He meant the ultra-Zionist network and wider Hidden Hand. Dr Lawrence Dunnegan, a member of the audience that night, did take notes and made them public through an alternative media site years later when he realised that what Day said would happen *was* happening. I quote Day at length in a book called *Phantom Self* and what he predicted (because he knew) even in detail is the world we see today. This was what he said 50 years ago about the plot for mass migrations of people:

> There [will] be mass movements and migrations of people without roots in their new locations because traditions are easier to change in a place where there are a lot of transplanted people, as compared to trying to change traditions in a place where people grew up and had an extended family, where they had roots.

This is the plan happening all around us today. Mass movements of people are part of the agenda to transform the nature of society in ways described in the 1920s by those behind the eventual development of the European Union – another body manufactured to centralise power into the hands of the unelected few. See the chapter 'Saying the Unsayable' in *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* for the in-depth background to the mass migration agenda in which ultra-Zionism is centrally involved. Sweden-based American ultra-Zionist and academic Barbara Lerner Spectre has been open about their role in transforming European culture. She relocated from America to Israel in the 1960s before heading to Sweden with her husband, Rabbi Philip Spectre, to found the European Institute for Jewish Studies called Paideia which is funded by the Swedish government. She said in a TV interview:

> I think there's a resurgence of anti-Semitism because at this point in time Europe has not yet learned how to be multicultural, and I think we're gonna be part of the throes of that transformation, which must take place. Europe is not going to be the monolithic societies that they once were in the last century. Jews are going to be at the centre of that. It's a huge transformation for Europe to make. They are now going into a multicultural mode, and Jews will be resented because of our leading role. But without that leading role, and without that transformation, Europe will not survive.

I find it hard to comprehend the arrogance it must take for a fraction

of 0.2 percent of the world population to impose their will on everyone else. The truth is that Europe as we know it will not survive what *she* is talking about and when she says Jews will have a leading role she's not referring to *all* Jewish people or anything like. She means ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult I will be exposing later which have contempt for the general Jewish population. It is so important that all Jews are not blamed for the actions and ambitions of the few. While Israel promotes open hostility towards Muslims at home and the wider Middle East its representatives in Europe are calling for Jews and Muslims to unite against 'nationalist' anti-mass immigration parties. France's Chief Rabbi Haim Korsia said the country's Jewish community must seek cooperation with French Muslims against far-right political forces in the country (what is the government of Israel if not far, far right?). Pinchas Goldschmidt, President of the Conference of European Rabbis, said Muslims and Jews have common cause in resisting attacks on minorities with the rise of ultra-nationalist parties and damage to the European Union caused by Brexit. What is the government of Israel if not ultra, ultra nationalist? The hypocrisy is breathtaking. Some Rabbis openly celebrate mass migration into Europe from the Muslim world like Rabbi Baruch Efrati, a yeshiva head and community rabbi in the illegal West Bank settlement of Efrat:

> Jews should rejoice at the fact that Christian Europe is losing its identity as a punishment for what it did to us for the hundreds of years we were in exile there ... We will never forgive Europe's Christians for slaughtering millions of our children, women and elderly ... Not just in the recent Holocaust, but throughout the generations, in a consistent manner which characterises all factions of hypocritical Christianity... Europe is losing its identity in favour of another people and another religion, and there will be no remnants and survivors from the impurity of Christianity, which shed a lot of blood it won't be able to atone for.

Then there is French Rabbi Rav Touitou who said:

> The Messiah will come when Edom, Europe, Christianity, has totally fallen. So, I ask you, is it good news that Muslims are invading Europe? It's excellent news! It means the coming of the Messiah! Excellent news!

It is easy to write such people off as simply bonkers, but they are seeking to manifest their racist madness. When you see quotes like these – and they are legion if you look for them – how outrageous that they blame everyone else for 'anti-Semitism' when they are creating this as people wrongly judge all Jews by these ultra-Zionist extremist crazies. What would happen if anyone else talked of Muslims *invading* Europe?

A deluge of abuse would follow and calls for resignation. Touitou can say that with no problem. What would happen if a non-Jew said that 'we should rejoice at the fact that Zionist Israel is losing its identity as a punishment' or 'Israel is losing its identity in favour of another people and another religion, and there will be no remnants and survivors from the impurity of Judaism'? It would be called 'anti-Semitic' and 'hate speech'. Efrati can say that about Europeans no problem. What does this one law for one and another for the rest stimulate? *'Anti-Semitism'*. The same is happening in the United States with calls for open borders to allow unchecked immigration from the south that would be the end of America as a country and nation. Borders are what define a culture, its laws, values and way of life. Once borders come down all of that goes with it because there is no defined area within which those 'values' and so on can be protected. This is why we have a no-border European Union. What have I been saying for *decades* is a key aim for the Hidden Hand? The *end of countries* and their replacement by a tyrannical hierarchy of superstates and world government. Distinct and individual cultures of *any kind* – not only those in Europe and North America – have no place in the Brave New World of a global fascist/communist state of centralised control. One bland, blob fused-culture common to everyone is what the conspirators want. We are seeing this ever more clearly with gathering deletion of individuality in life-style, thought and opinion and the imposition of one culture with one mind parroting one narrative about everything. The process goes like this:

You arrange for a mass influx of people from other cultures into the target culture; you manipulate support for this on 'humanitarian' grounds, but that is not your real motivation when you are psychopaths after all; incoming cultures begin to impose themselves on the target culture and eventually become significant, then decisive, in which political party is elected to government; those parties then do everything they can to win the 'minorities vote' while ignoring the needs of those from the indigenous culture that they believe have no other choice but to vote for them (the 'gimme vote' as I call it); minority numbers continue to grow until collectively they are the majority, firstly in specific areas and then nationally; at this point the once minorities *become* the government and laws are changed in line with the beliefs of the one-time migrants; a fusion happens the other way, too, with many migrants, especially their children and grandchildren, absorbing into the target culture and an overall fusion is reached in which all cultures are at some point absorbed into each other; now you have the one-world blob culture of the Hidden Hand global state. The plan over time is also for racial fusion through interbreeding. No – this is not a condemnation of interracial relationships – I think they're lovely. It is a question of scale

and a question of what the elite want to happen and *why*. Part of the 'why' is the elimination (what an irony for 'progressives') of all cultural and racial diversity to create a global monoculture which their sick minds appear to desire.

Gathering numbers of people are beginning to realise what is happening and when they speak out the ultra-Zionist and 'progressive' hate groups respond in the usual way – 'bigot', 'Nazi', 'conspiracy theorist'. Attacks on 'white supremacy' and 'white privilege' are all connected to this agenda and so is the increased focus and fearmongering about the 'far right'. The mind-game is to link demands for free speech and claims of a mass migration agenda to the far right so when anyone even mentions these concepts they are immediately dubbed a 'white supremacist'. I think anyone who self-identifies the true 'I' with their body-type is missing the point. We are all expressions of the same consciousness and the body is only a vehicle for a brief experience in a tiny band of frequency we call 'the world'. There are, however, some who do self-identify this way that have a racial agenda to target white people in ways which become more hysterical by the day. Instead of screaming 'white supremacist' would it not be more adult and mature to ask why white people are being so demonised and why they are being pressured to despise *themselves?* Horrors like the mass shooting in Christchurch, New Zealand, in 2019 in which a 'white supremacist' shot dead 50 Muslims serves the Hidden Hand agenda perfectly. Psychopath Brenton Tarrant, a 28-year-old white man, circulated a 74-page 'manifesto' in which he said of mass migration: 'This is ethnic replacement. This is cultural replacement. This is racial replacement. This is white genocide.' What he did and what he said played into the desired perceptual association between questioning the agenda of mass migration and far right white supremacy. Tarrant also wrote that he wanted his sickening attack to spark a debate on gun ownership in the United States and a civil war between left and right which would fracture America 'along ethnic and cultural lines'. This just happens to be what the Hidden Hand has been working towards. It's just a coincidence, nothing to worry about. Either Tarrant is a complete moron (very possible) or there is more to know here. Attacks like his present the opportunity – mercilessly exploited – to justify censorship and suppression of views expressed by the psychopath involved and to link him and his actions to anyone far, far from violent or psychopathic who challenges the impact and goals of mass migration. It might also be worth considering the question of why ultra-Zionism has such a connection with the far right and more about that in a moment. The New Zealand government banned circulation of the Tarrant manifesto with anyone found to have it on their computer facing a jail sentence of up to ten years with another four added for passing it on. This sparked a

free speech debate because there is one constant theme with all these terror attacks from whatever source – freedom is always the loser. 'Progressive' New Zealand Prime Minister Jacinda Ardern, a one-time policy advisor to Tony Blair, vowed she would never mention Tarrant by name which is clearly childish and not the maturity we should expect from leaders of countries. Alarm bells rang with the speed at which the collective 'white supremacy' and 'white nationalist' demonisation agenda flung into action after the killings with Facebook banning content that includes explicit praise, support, or representation of white nationalism or separatism. Posts like 'I am a proud white nationalist' and 'Immigration is tearing this country apart' were outlawed, but 'I am a Jewish nationalist' and 'deport African blacks from Israel' continue to be allowed. There was also not a problem when Jewish journalist, David Sirota, senior communications adviser and speechwriter for Democratic presidential candidate Bernie Sanders, who wrote in 2013: 'Let's hope the Boston Marathon bomber is a white American.' We are replacing one form of racism with another – reverse racism – and even reverse segregation in some cases. This is not 'anti-racism' – it's racism with a different colour face.

Soros and his (Twitter) storm troopers

George Soros is the name that pulls together the 'Arab Spring' with mass migration into both Europe and the United States, the cultural 'fusion' agenda and deletion of free expression to stop the first three being publicly challenged and exposed. Buying and inverting the genuine liberal left has produced the perception program known as 'progressive'. This confuses being awake with being 'woke' to use its utterly ludicrous term. Being 'woke' is defined as 'alert to injustice in society, especially racism'. Unfortunately, they are not 'woke' enough to ask themselves why a man who plays the financial markets without a care about the social impact would be spending billions to fund people claiming to be 'alert to injustice in society, especially racism'. *Wake up* (or woke up) people for goodness sake. The last thing they want is for you to truly wake up and so they park you in a perceptual siding called 'woke' and kid you they mean the same. They *don't*. 'Physical' transformation of society is being driven by *perceptual* transformation and people need to seize back control of their minds. Soros-funded and moulded 'progressive' mind programs have created the storm troopers – or Twitter storm troopers – to enforce the ultra-Zionist agenda for mass migration, fusion of cultures and silencing any opinion except its own. They employ the techniques of fascism while claiming to be 'anti-fascist' and impose the fascistic/communistic agenda of the ultra-Zionists and Hidden Hand. 'Progressives' claim to be 'anti-establishment' and yet the political and corporate elite are watching their backs and supporting

their goals. They have been manipulated to be so utterly confused they don't question why they find themselves on the same side as billionaires and giant global corporations who don't give a shit about injustice or racism. They are the up-their-own-arse mobsters enforcing the will of the elite in the form of the very societal transformation described by George Orwell and Aldous Huxley in *Nineteen-eighty-four* and *Brave New World* in the first half of the 20th century. This is the mind-set that dismisses exposure of the global agenda and 9/11 as 'conspiracy theory' and breaks into applause when 'conspiracy theorists' and their information and opinions are censored by the cabal of giant Internet corporations which increasingly control what we can see and hear. These are 'woke' people like George Monbiot, Owen Jones and Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez who are played by the system like a stringed instrument and do its bidding while claiming to be 'radical' – and actually believing they are such is the depth of their delusion. The 'progressive' mind-program cannot see in the mist of obsession with its own self-purity that its mentality is fundamentally racist in that it divides people into groups of good and bad races and backgrounds instead of seeing everyone as an individual to be perceived by their individual behaviour and not by the colour of their skin or nature of their sexuality.

Racism is not okay and that applies to racism against white people for the crime of being white as it does to everyone else – a fact this mentality cannot seem to grasp. Discrimination against gender-type is not okay and that applies to white men – *all* men – who are now condemned and suppressed from the earliest age for their 'toxic masculinity'. The Web does not want expressions of masculinity that say 'we're not taking this anymore'. It wants weak and fragile people who believe they are powerless victims who must look to the state for protection from racists, Nazis and bigots (which translated from the Orwellian largely mean other opinions and the right to an opinion). The scale of self-delusion is off the dial. They care far more about the political correctness of 'he', 'she' or 'they' than they do about people living on the street and those devastated by Neocon wars. Instead of protecting the population of *all* races and backgrounds from the impositions of billionaires this 'woke' mind stands with the billionaires as freedom disappears and ever more people that the genuine liberal left used to support fall into ever greater levels of deprivation and suppression. Virtue-signalling their own 'woke' credentials and purity is the only show in town. They call for open borders *and* an end to poverty, homelessness, unemployment and deteriorating healthcare. These are not seen as contradictions even though they quite obviously are. To the Soros 'progressive' there are no contradictions here – only demands that signal their own virtue. Look at me, I'm such a good person, look at how much I care – I want an end to poverty, homelessness, unemployment,

deteriorating healthcare *and* I want open borders so any number of people can come in. Whoopee, well done you, oh, righteous one. What they don't realise, and cannot until they regain control of their own minds, is that they are creating a tyrannical, Orwellian nightmare which they and their children will have to live with for the rest of their lives.

I am not doing what I do for me. I'll be long gone before the fully-blown mega-extremes arrive which 'progressives' are helping to make possible. I am pointing out the consequences of what they are doing for *their* sake, not mine. Already once-progressive' campaigners for open borders in Sweden have been forced to leave their former neighbourhoods because Islamic Sharia police are hassling them over the clothes they wear. The momentum of societal transformation increases at ever-faster speed once there is little resistance to earlier waves of people looking to relocate. This encourages even larger numbers to follow. Instead of bringing people together in mutual support to challenge their political, financial and satanic oppressors the 'progressive' mob plays its essential part in dividing that unity into factional divisions of self-identity victimhood – absolutely crucial for the few to control the many. 'Progressives' are the Orwellian infantry at the front-line of the gathering dystopia I have warned was planned for 30 years. It is amazing, too, to see 'progressives' with power and wealth – not least in 'entertainment' – posing as victims of society and calling for 'equality' and 'inclusivity' while bunging the system a large wad to get their kids into Harvard through money and privilege instead of merit. 'Progressive' and 'hypocrisy' are so often interchangeable. America's Democratic Party today is not the party of the 1960s and today's 'social justice warriors' are not the civil rights movement of Martin Luther King. He would weep at the violence and reverse racism of 'progressives' and their paramilitary arm known as Antifa. Soros money and the organisations this has funded and spawned is a prime driver in this usurping of the once-liberal left in the United States and this has since swept across Europe and the wider world with its mass censorship disguised as 'political correctness'; its reverse racism disguised as 'anti-racism'; and its fascistic behaviour disguised as 'antifascism'. I found it interesting that 'pipe bombs' were posted to Soros, Obama, Clinton, CNN and other 'progressive' figures in the run-up to the 2018 US mid-term elections at a time when the manipulations of Soros and the antics of the 'progressive' mobs were being exposed. The ancient question 'Cui bono?' or 'Who benefits' comes to mind. The packages, which had no chance of ever reaching the big names, were immediately blamed on those calling out Soros and company.

Breathtaking bias

Those with any capacity for free thought and observation will have long

noted that attacks on white Europeans and the Christian religion are no problem and laws and limits set by political correctness don't apply. The same happens in North America, Australia and New Zealand. Incoming migrants are a no-go area for criticism almost no matter what some may say or do and their religion of Islam is protected by law from adverse comment as is Zionism. CNN soul-for-sale Don Lemon said on air that the biggest terrorist threat was white men and that was fine because it supported the agenda of demonising white people and especially men and masculinity. Change 'white men' in what he said to 'black men' or 'Muslim/Jewish men' and he would have had to resign amid a hate-fuelled Twitter storm. The bias is systematic to allow this transformation to take place without open debate that would expose what is really going on and how both migrants and indigenous populations are pawns in the same game. We passed another Rubicon in Europe in 2018 when the Hidden Hand European Court of Human Rights ruled that a person's 'religious feelings' are more important than freedom of speech. This in effect brought back the law of blasphemy to Europe with regard to Islam (you can say what you like about Christianity). The Court of Human Rights ruling was made in the case of an Austrian woman who was convicted and fined in her own country for comparing the Prophet Mohammed to a paedophile on the grounds that many Muslims believe from their texts that he married a six-year-old child and consummated the marriage when she was aged nine. Whatever the historical background the correlation would obviously be correct, if true, by modern standards; but the woman's appeal to the human rights court was dismissed for the said reason that free speech is less important than someone's religious feelings. The ruling is clearly ridiculous and very, very dangerous in a society that in any way considers itself to be free. I don't follow any religion. I think all religion is a form of fundamental perceptual myopia, but when someone's chosen religious beliefs (which could be anything) cannot be criticised in case it hurts their feelings we are truly in the land of fascism and tyranny. If your religion has validly it will survive any criticism. Only when it does not have validity or the strength to be questioned does it require censorship. Why can't people reach a state of maturity where they believe what they do and allow others to believe something else? Muslims and their religion are being exploited in two main ways. A manufactured version of extreme Islam has been created via Saudi Arabia and its sponsors Britain and America which is used to demonise *all* Muslims and have them play the role of the Big Bad Terrorist Monster to justify wars of conquest and regime change. I will be explaining the origin of this extreme form of alleged Islam and it puts modern events into a very different context. The other front to exploit Islam is based on mass migration into Europe – with political correctness and 'hate laws' watching its back – to destroy long

fought-for freedoms like the right to free speech and opinion. What can safely be said about Islam is that it does not encourage free speech especially in relation to Islam. Okay, that's their right to do that and the right of the followers to submit to that. When those same restrictions begin to be applied to the non-Muslim population – as they increasingly are – the entire foundations of the indigenous society are transformed and dismantled and that is what is happening. This long-planned process is fast gathering pace and the time for silence is over. Political correctness is simply manipulating the target population to censor itself. Once people's feelings or what 'offends' them overrides freedom of speech then freedom of speech is over, finished, caput, because you will always find someone, somewhere, to be offended about *anything*. The pressure to be offended for ever-increasing reasons is again systematically deleting freedom of speech by providing a consequently ever-increasing list of things you can't say and opinions you can't have because someone, somewhere, takes offence. The equation is: the more offence, the less freedom. I have heard it said that you know who controls you by who you can't criticise, but there is another way – by who you can't laugh at. Try telling a transgender joke in public and when was the last time you heard a joke about Israel or Jewishness? Jokes about white males? Oh, that's okay, say whatever you like. Comedy has been destroyed by political correctness in the 'progressive' purge on human freedom with comedians even asked to sign a contract agreeing not to upset anyone. But that is comedy's power and its greatest contribution to human discourse – freeing people from the prison of their own backside.

Alinsky's blueprint

We have ultra-Zionists funding 'progressives' *and* the far right which 'progressives' spend their lives condemning. Soros-funded 'progressives' might look just a little deeper and see that while Soros, the man dubbed 'Godfather of the Left', is controlling and directing the anti-Trump mob on one side the ultra-Zionist casino and Israel media magnate Sheldon Adelson, who describes himself as 'the richest Jew in the world', has been the biggest financial donor to Trump. If you want to control the outcome before the game starts then you need to control both sides and the referee. This is how the Hidden Hand works. On one side Soros has hijacked the Democratic Party and created an unthinking, unquestioning, unseeing and constantly-incandescent mob calling itself 'progressive'. On the other Adelson owns the Republicans and Trump who is surrounded by ultra-Zionists like son-in-law and 'senior advisor' Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Benjamin Netanyahu; David Freidman, his bankruptcy lawyer who is ambassador to Israel (for Israel); Jason Greenblatt, former Trump company operative who is now

his international negotiator; Steve Mnuchin, his Treasury Secretary from Goldman Sachs ... on and on and on it goes. I say that if you take one step further back into the shadows Soros and Adelson are batting for the same side. They have worked together to create a situation of catastrophic division (divide and rule) with the extreme far right acting like fascists while 'anti-fascists' like 'progressive'Antifa also act like fascists. Trump was brought to power by the ultra-Zionists in line with the philosophy and rules of manipulation of Zionist Marxist Saul Alinsky (1909-1972), the godfather of 'community organising' (manipulating). He wrote the book *Rules for Radicals* published in 1971 giving a nod to Lucifer as the 'first radical' and among his rules for overthrowing the established order was to focus upon a 'common enemy'. Once the enemy figure was established the 'community' would come together in united opposition and put aside differences to focus on a common goal. This is a major reason why ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult brought Donald Trump to power – to play the role of common enemy for the 'progressive' fake left. My goodness how effective this has been to transform the 'left' and the Democratic Party into a hysterical mob with one thought in mind: hate Trump and oppose Trump. Talk about polarisation. The mob is being directed by closet ultra-Zionist George Soros while open ultra-Zionists surround Trump. The pincer movement is classic Marxism and classic Alinsky who said:

> Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it. Don't try to attack abstract corporations or bureaucracies. Identify a responsible individual. Ignore attempts to shift or spread the blame.

Alinsky's book urged his followers to 'rub raw the sores of discontent, galvanize them for radical social change'. What this really means is exploit discontent of the masses to overthrow the established order to create a structure of centralised control that will lead to permanent discontent and oppression. He wrote:

> We'll start with specific issues – taxes, jobs, consumer problems, pollution – and from there move on to the larger issues: pollution in the Pentagon and the Congress and the board rooms of the mega-corporations. Once you organize people, they'll keep advancing from issue to issue toward the ultimate objective: people power.

This is the same 'people power' Marxism that always leads to structural control by the elite few and the crushing of all opposition that has led to a death toll in excess of 100 million in its cumulative expressions. Soros-supported Hillary Clinton is an Alinsky disciple and wrote a thesis on him. Democratic House Speaker Nancy Pelosi was

another student and so is Barak Obama who emerged into politics after working as a 'community organiser' in Alinsky's city of Chicago. Alinsky's methods and tactics can be seen all over the 'progressive' mob today and not least with his rule that 'the issue is never the issue'. For example, 'climate change' is not the issue. Using the hoax of climate change to secure power is the issue. I am all for changing society for the better to make it fairer, more inclusive and just. I have been pursuing that for 30 years by exposing why the world is as it is. But overthrowing the establishment order is not enough. It has to be replaced with something better not worse. The Cabal must be in hysterics as they observe their creation that the pincer movement on Trump has delivered. Israel gets whatever it wants while at the same time America and other societies are divided by mutual hostility. Perfect.

Ultra-Zionism and the far right

Why is it that so many dubbed as 'far right' are enthusiastic critics of Muslims while being ardent supporters of Israel? This is a clear pattern. With what should be extraordinary irony Israeli governments, military intelligence and their apologists have a long and disgraceful record of supporting far right regimes – including apartheid South Africa. I guess they want to be among friends. Jair Bolsonaro, the far right president of Brazil elected in 2018, is a fanatical supporter of Israel's far right government. The Jewish Telegraphic Agency reported how Bolsonaro declared 'my heart is green, yellow, blue and white' in reference to the Israeli and Brazilian flags. His sons have been photographed wearing shirts with the logos of Mossad and Israeli Defense Forces. 'Bolsonaro stood out among the many candidates for including the State of Israel in the major speeches he made during the campaign,' said Osias Wurman, Israel's honorary consul in Rio de Janeiro. 'He is a lover of the people and the State of Israel.' His far right view of the world did not appear to matter so long as he would bat for Israel. This would explain the response to Bolsonaro's election by Trump National Security Advisor John Bolton, the ultra-Zionist tea-maker who is a 'confidant' (lackey) of ultra-Zionist Trump-funder Sheldon Adelson. Bolton welcomed the result and called Bolsonaro 'like-minded' which at least has the benefit of being accurate. Jerry Iannelli wrote in the *Miami New Times*:

> John Bolton just came to Miami's Freedom Tower and gave a speech praising Jair Bolsonaro, the wannabe Brazilian neo-fascist who wants to bring back the country's dictatorship, torture people, and kill dissidents. Bolsonaro has repeatedly compared indigenous tribespeople to animals living in zoos.

This can be explained by the ultra-Zionist/United States wing of the Hidden Hand moving in on South America to remove any government

that doesn't dance to their tune and bow to their will. The attempted American coup in Venezuela, overseen by Trump-appointed Eliott Abrams, a far-right ultra-Zionist Neocon from the Project for the New American Century, is part of this strategy and connects with the installation of Bolsonaro in Brazil. Steve Bannon, Trump's one-time chief White House strategist, is condemned as a far right racist by the 'progressive' left, but he's an Israel fanatic and the admiration would appear to be mutual. Bannon told a Zionist Organisation of America event:

> I am proud to stand with the State of Israel, that's why I am proud to be a Christian Zionist, that's why I am proud to be a partner to one of the greatest nations on earth and the foundation of the Judaeo-Christian West.

It's okay, Steve, you can get off your knees now and put your tongue back in. Bannon's *Brietbart News* is considered a pillar of the so-called Alt-Right and was conceived by conservative commentator Andrew Breitbart during a visit to Israel. British 'working class hero' Tommy Robinson is another example of someone considered far right who is promoting Israel and being promoted himself by ultra-Zionists like American tech billionaire Robert Shillman who serves on the boards of the ultra-Zionist Friends of the Israel Defense Forces, Jewish Foundation for the Righteous, and David Horowitz Freedom Center. Robinson was invited to speak in the United States by the far right and vehemently pro-Israel David Horowitz Freedom Center and Middle East Forum. The latter, established by ultra-Zionist Neocon and war on terror advocate Daniel Pipes in 1990, has paid Robinson's legal bills and those of Dutch politician Geert Wilders who is labelled far right by his 'progressive' critics. Robinson is just a stooge being strung along so the Death Cult can take over the nationalist movements and play them off against the Muslim community and 'progressives'. They will drop him like a stone when he is surplus to requirements. The Middle East Forum is supported by ultra-Zionist Nina Rosenwald, heiress to the Sears Roebuck fortune, who was described by one headline in *The Nation* as 'the sugar mama of anti-Muslim hate' [for] 'using her millions to cement the alliance between the pro-Israel lobby and the Islamophobia fringe'. Rosenwald was on the board of notorious ultra-Zionist lobby group AIPAC and is founder and president of the Gatestone Institute, a New York-based think-tank which has supported Geert Wilders. Trump National Security Advisor John Bolton was Gatestone chairman from 2013 to March 2018 and he was awarded the Defender of Israel Award at the 2018 Zionist Organization of America's annual Brandeis Award dinner where Tommy Robinson supporter Robert Shillman was another award recipient. Daniel Pipes founded Campus Watch in 2002 to harass,

blacklist and intimidate academics who criticise Israel. British journalist and Middle East specialist Robert Fisk wrote:

> Daniel Pipes and Martin Kramer of the Middle East Forum now run a website in the United States to denounce academics who are deemed to have shown 'hatred of Israel'. One of the eight professors already on this contemptible McCarthyite list – it is grotesquely called 'Campus Watch' – committed the unpardonable sin of signing a petition in support of the Palestinian scholar Edward Said. Pipes wants students to inform on professors who are guilty of 'campus anti-Semitism'.

I will expose the astonishing scale of ultra-Zionist censorship in the next chapter. It's no good anyone screaming 'racist' at what I have written here. I think labels of race, religion, income bracket and all the rest are illusory diversions from the true 'I' which is simply consciousness – the same consciousness having different experiences. I say we are a state of awareness and a point of attention within an *infinite* state of awareness of which we are all a part no matter what transitory labels we may be given or give ourselves – man, woman, black, white, Muslim, Jew, Christian, whatever. The body is only a temporary vehicle for our point of awareness to experience this frequency band of reality and the body is illusory in terms of self-identity. Who is more obsessed with race than progressives, 'anti-racists' and the 'anti-Semitism' industry? All they see is race while I see the same consciousness having different experiences through different vehicles. Anyway – all cultures are in the gun-sights of these crazies. Muslim and Arabic people from the south are being exploited to change Europe with countries like Sweden and Germany in the forefront while the Latino population of Central and South America is being used to change the United States. Campaigns of anti-white reverse racism are all part of this in the targeted predominately white countries and so is the psychological manipulation to instil even in white people shame of their own culture. The Hidden Hand doesn't care *what* culture you are so long as you are eventually absorbed into its culture – or lack of one. Exposure of this and everything else the Hidden Hand wants to keep quiet is now in the gun-sights of ultra-Zionist and other censorship that becomes more extreme by the day. Soros money, you will not be shocked to know, has found its way into organisations specialising in censorship and 'fact-checking' which, in this context, is just another term for censorship.

This book has 9/11 as a central theme and I will be returning to that in detail before I close, but 9/11 did not happen in isolation and cannot be fully understood if we only see it that way. There is a lot more background to know before we can put the September 11th attacks in their true context.

CHAPTER 18

Thou shalt not speak its name

I have come to believe over and over again that what is most important to me must be spoken, made verbal and shared, even at the risk of having it bruised or misunderstood – Audre Lorde

It may seem in the next few chapters that I am moving away from the central theme of 9/11, but I'm not. I need to lay out a lot of background information before I return directly to the *real* perpetrators in the context of exactly who and exactly why.

The attacks did not happen in isolation. They were part of a global plot by the Death Cult so vast and so deep it almost defies the imagination. I am going to expose in this chapter the network operating mostly from the shadows that prevents ultra-Zionist involvement in 9/11 and so much more from being exposed and why even seasoned researchers are terrified of going there. Appreciating the scale of ultra-Zionist and Death Cult control and censorship is essential to understanding how what I will be revealing in the rest of the book – including in relation to 9/11 – has never come to mainstream public attention.

Silencing the truth-tellers

Ultra-Zionism has created a vast money-no-object global structure of hate groups – mostly focussed in the West – to weaponise the label 'anti-Semitism' as a means of silencing critics of the far right government in Israel and its global manipulations orchestrated through its satanic military intelligence arm Mossad and the Death Cult in general. I say 'hate groups' because their modus operandi is to make people hate their targets by accusing them of 'anti-Semitism', 'hate speech' (another irony), 'bigotry' and by generally screaming 'Nazi' in all directions. Another regular is 'Holocaust denier' for those that they *really* want to be hated, silenced and crushed. They've thrown the lot at me when I don't have a racist cell in my body and the very concept of racism goes against my entire philosophy and perception of life. Judging anyone by

their body-type or genetic history is utterly ridiculous and childlike to me. I am still dubbed 'anti-Semitic' by ultra-Zionist hate groups in an attempt to silence and discredit me when those groups are themselves consumed by race and self-identity with race. I form my opinions by what people do, not what their temporary, illusory body-vehicle might be. To be called racist by racists is a sight to behold. Not that I give a shit, but it shows how ultra-Zionists play the 'anti-Semitic' card at absolutely anyone who challenges their behaviour. The game is not about exposing 'racists' and 'anti-Semites' – it's about silencing people with information they are desperate for the public not to see. Exploiting the horrors of what happened to Jewish people in Nazi Germany to advance their own agenda of censorship today turns my stomach. I find it absolutely disgusting and an insult to those who suffered under Nazi fascism. The same scam to silence criticism was played by the Hidden Hand's Muslim Brotherhood when its front operation, the America-based International Institute for Islamic Thought, coined the term 'Islamophobia'. Abdur-Rahman Muhammad was with the organisation when the label of abuse was created and later rejected its ideology. He confirms that 'Islamophobia' was coined specifically to silence critics by dubbing them racist: 'This loathsome term is nothing more than a thought-terminating cliché conceived in the bowels of Muslim think tanks for the purpose of beating down critics.' This is the same modus operandi of the 'anti-Semitism' industry.

Ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult hide behind the Jewish population and pedalled misrepresentations of history and motivation that are so outrageous and factually incorrect that only fierce and incessant censorship can protect them from exposure. They not only have to keep the truth from the non-Jewish population. Most importantly of all they must keep it from the great majority of Jews who either support 'mainstream' Zionism (not knowing what's really behind it) or vehemently oppose Zionism in any form. *What – not all Jewish people are Zionists??* No, far from it, and only a relatively few are the extreme ultra-Zionists directly involved with the American Hidden Hand 'elite' over 9/11 who I will focus upon later. 'Zionism' is not a race; it's a political philosophy and standpoint which is opposed by many Jews. The number of Jewish people in the world, lest we forget, is around 16 million out of more than 7.7 *billion* and that means Jewish people represent just *0.2 percent* of the world population. They represent only two percent of the population of the United States where, together with Israel, most Jews are resident. Those two countries account for 83% of the Jewish population with 98 countries hosting the other 17 percent. Most of the 16 million would consider themselves supporters of Zionism in the dictionary definition of 'a movement for (originally) the re-establishment and (now) the development and protection of a Jewish

nation in what is now Israel'. We also have the significant number of Jews who reject Zionism altogether and that leaves us with the ultra-Zionists that represent a small minority even of just 16 million or 0.2 percent of Jewish people worldwide – and the full- blown Death Cult initiates are even fewer than that. We are looking at tiny numbers of those knowingly manipulating events with fantastic comparative influence and power.

Designer language

Even the use of the term 'anti-Semitic' is fraudulent because Semitic refers to a series of language groups in the Middle East which are almost entirely *Arabic*. Current figures for the main native Semitic speakers are Arabic (400 million), Amharic (22 million), Tigrinya (7 million), Hebrew (5 million), Tigre (1.05 million), Aramaic (575,000 to a million) and Maltese (482,880). Yiddish, another Jewish language, is not Semitic. Yiddish is Germanic and related to Bavarian and other sources. To be 'anti- Semitic' in its true definition you have to exhibit discrimination and hatred towards an estimated 500 million Semitic speakers across a range of cultures and racial types throughout the Middle East, North Africa and the Horn of Africa. To isolate the term only to Hebrew speakers (and the many Jewish people who don't speak Hebrew) is a gross misrepresentation of the term. There is an obvious reason why this has been done. Without the label 'anti-Semitism' you are left only with the all-encompassing term of 'racism' which applies to everyone. This doesn't work for ultra-Zionists who want to justify special protection beyond what is afforded to other groups and 'anti-Semitism' was hijacked and applied exclusively to those who are Jewish. The term only came into use in the second half of the 19th century and had its origins in Germany. Ultra-Zionism has so much to hide that this added unique protection from exposure is essential. Special laws that only apply to this term opened the way to unique interpretation and ongoing expansion of the definition which now includes criticism of the government of Israel. The term 'racism' used for the rest of the human family would allow no such special treatment and protection by law. If you are exposing the governments of Nigeria or Uganda are you by definition considered to be racist against all black people? What about if you condemn some mass-murdering African, Far-Eastern or South American dictator – is that racist against all those populations and racial types? No, of course not. That would be considered madness. So why does this happen in the Jewish or Zionist context where criticism of one is interpreted as an attack on all? The answer is that we a dealing with a racket and a scam.

By hijacking the label 'anti-Semitic' and applying that exclusively to Jewish people you create an isolation of meaning which allows an interpretation way beyond racism and takes you into the realm of

silencing *political* critics. This in itself is a grotesque exploitation in my view of those Jewish people that *do* suffer genuine discrimination. The artist known as 'Banksy' produced a poster protesting at illegal Israeli occupation of Palestine and this couldn't be respected as someone expressing their basic human right to an opinion. Israeli billionaire's wife Batia Ofer condemned the picture as 'anti-Semitic' (Fig 97). Yep, I understand. How I share the pain of oppression that must have been felt by Mrs Ofer and her billionaire husband Idan Ofer, his father Sammy Ofer, one of the wealthiest men in Israel, and Monaco-based billionaire brother, Eyal Ofer. An artist publishing a poster highlighting the plight of a truly oppressed people must have been devastating between the caviar course and the champagne. If the label 'anti-Semite' was really about racism then Jewish people wouldn't be condemned as 'anti-Semites' by the ultra-Zionists when they challenge the actions of the Israeli government and the ultra-Zionist agenda. How can a Jew be an 'anti-Semite' under the accepted definition when they are, er, *Jewish?* This is obviously contradictory nonsense and the term is not about protecting Jewish people from 'racism' and discrimination; it's about protecting the ultra-Zionist and Death Cult cabal from exposure and the government of Israel from criticism. Jewish people who challenge them are therefore attacked even more ferociously than anyone else because although they may try the 'anti-Semite' approach it is clearly going to be far less credible than with non-Jews. You are not allowed a contrary opinion even if – actually *especially* if – you are Jewish. RT America journalist Dan Cohen is but one example. Cohen posted a tweet about the Associated Press 'whitewashing Israel's crimes' which included the shooting of an AP journalist covering Gaza. He received a message from the Israeli consulate in Boston calling him a 'disgrace to Americans and Jews everywhere'. Cohen tweeted:

Figure 97: This Banksy poster was branded 'anti-Semitic', but then what isn't these days?

> I received this creepy and menacing direct message from *@IsraelinBoston*. Apparently the consulate uses its official account to monitor and harass journalists, especially Jewish ones.

Here we have the theme – 'especially Jewish ones'. We are looking at the exploitation of Jewish people by those who use them as an excuse to silence legitimate criticism and exposure. 'Self-hater' is another label of abuse employed by ultra-Zionism to target Jewish people who condemn the inhumane-beyond-belief treatment of Palestinians since their land was seized by ultra-Zionists in a frenzy of murder and terrorism in 1948. This disgusting abuse of 'dissident' Jews is the work of self-proclaimed 'protectors of Jewish people'. Jews – and the rest of us come to that – might benefit from the words of Greek philosopher Plato: 'This and no other is the root from which a tyrant springs; when he first appears he is a protector.' The real protection here is aimed at ultra-Zionism.

The Protection Racket

The dictionary definition of 'anti-Semitism' is basically hatred, hostility or prejudice against Jewish people because they are Jewish. I don't accept the meaning of anti-Semitism there for reasons I have explained, but the rest is fair enough. The trouble is that's far from fair enough or far enough when you want to weaponise the slur as the means to protect your activities from investigation and exposure – investigation based on your behaviour and not your cultural background. To secure such protection you must link all criticism to cultural background and perceived 'race' and this is why we constantly see the expansion of what is defined as 'anti-Semitic'. The more you extend the meaning the more critics you can target with your 'unclean, unclean' labelling. 'You are only saying that about Netanyahu because you're an anti-Semite.' No, because he's a psychopath – no cultural connection necessary. This technique was perfectly described by Shulamit Aloni, a former Israeli minister and peace activist, when she told an American alternative television show about the way ultra-Zionists use 'anti-Semitism' and 'the Holocaust' to silence critics:

> It's a trick. We always use it. When from Europe someone is criticising Israel then we bring up the Holocaust. When people in this country are criticising Israel then they are anti-Semitic. The organisation is strong and has a lot of money and the ties between Jews and America – the Jewish establishment – they are strong in this country, they have power ... they are talented people and they have power, money, media and other things, and their attitude is Israel, my country, right or wrong ...
>
> ... They are not ready to hear criticism, and it is very easy to blame people who criticise certain acts of the Israeli government as anti-Semitic and to bring out the Holocaust and the suffering of the Jewish people, and that justifies everything we do to the Palestinians.

Imagine the psychopathic callousness required to exploit what happened to Jewish people in Nazi Germany to advance your political agenda today – *shocking*. We have an 'anti-Semitism' industry running a protection racket to protect ultra-Zionism, the Death Cult and Israel from criticism and exposing its manipulations and behaviour to open public debate. The 'trick' that Aloni described has been expanded with a new definition of 'anti-Semitism' which is outrageously broad and wide-ranging and was compiled simply to increase the number of critics and investigators who could be given 'the label' and silenced. The wording was accepted in 2016 by the 'International Holocaust Remembrance Alliance' (IHRA) thanks it would appear to Mark Weitzman of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, 'an international Jewish human rights organization'. Oh, unbiased then. The definition has since been adopted by a gathering number of organisations and governments including those of the UK, Scotland, Germany, Austria, Lithuania, Romania, Bulgaria, Macedonia and the European Union. The 'trick' here is to say that because most Jewish people associate their identity with Israel any criticism of the actions of Israel is attacking their Jewish identity and is thus 'anti-Semitic'. This is complete baloney and so much so it provides confirmation that the 'new definition' is merely about helping ultra-Zionists, the Death Cult and the Israeli government resist exposure. US attorney Kenneth Stern of the American Jewish Committee against Anti-Semitism, who was involved in the original draft before it was hijacked, told a congressional hearing in 2017:

> The definition was drafted to make it easier for data collectors to know what to put in their reports and what to reject ... because the definition was drafted with data collectors utmost in mind, it also gave examples of information to include regarding Israel ... The definition was not drafted, and was never intended, as a tool to target or chill speech.

Stern has strongly condemned the misuse of the definition in ways he describes as 'McCarthy-like'. To ultra-Zionists, however, it was a Heaven-sent chance to silence opposition to the behaviour of the far-right Israeli government and some have even demanded that people be targeted for 'anti-Semitism' under the new and outrageously-wide definition for articles they wrote years before it was adopted. A hysterical campaign orchestrated by ultra-Zionists and the lap-dog media was waged against the UK opposition Labour Party for weeks in 2018 to pressure them into accepting this definition by condemning the leader Jeremy Corbyn and the party hierarchy as 'anti-Semitic'. Jewish Labour MPs were activated to play the victim as part of the propaganda and add to the pressure on Corbyn to concede to ultra-Zionist demands.

We had extraordinary stupidity at the height of the hysteria when black Labour *anti-racist activist* Marc Wadsworth was expelled from the party for allegedly accusing Jewish Labour MP Ruth Smeeth of working with the *Daily Telegraph* newspaper to undermine the party over 'anti-Semitism' allegations. Wadsworth was, in effect, expelled for making 'anti-Semitic' remarks to Smeeth and bringing the party into 'disrepute' – impossible surely after this decision. But wait. Wadsworth didn't mention anything about Jews or even Israel and says he didn't even know Smeeth was Jewish. How could this be 'anti-Semitic'? *Ahhh* ... Smeeth claimed that Wadsworth connecting her to the *Daily Telegraph* was a 'traditional anti-Semitic slur to attack me for being part of a "media conspiracy."' These are the depths to which we have sunk in the desperation to block all exposure and criticism of ultra-Zionist extremism or any Jewish person supporting Israel. I got a feel for what it must be like now in the Labour Party when I posted a story on Twitter from a political website that was challenging what it called the witch-hunt in the party based on fraudulent claims of 'anti-Semitism'. I included a meme with a picture of Jewish Labour MP Luciana Berger, one of the big promotors of 'anti-Semitic' Labour, which simply said: 'This is the Labour Party, Ms Berger, not Likud.' To say the reaction was over-the-top is rather understating the case. Berger called me 'dangerous', reported me to Twitter for 'anti-Semitism', and a stream of tweet replies expressed sympathy for how she must be feeling and urging her to 'stay strong'. If in doubt play the victim card. Dr Alex Scott-Samuel, a *Jewish* chair of Berger's local Labour Party branch, was dubbed an anti-Semite (yes, really) for supporting two motions of no confidence against her over her constant attacks on leader Jeremy Corbyn for 'anti-Semitism'. The move could not have been a genuine attempt by party members to express discontent at her behaviour – it *had* to be anti-Semitism even though the man himself is Jewish. This is how the Protection Racket works.

The absolute desperation The Racket has with discrediting me was confirmed in the UK *Jewish Chronicle* edited by a bloke called Jonathan Pollard who once wrote an article condemning political correctness attacks on freedom of speech. I contacted him to support his view and asked him to confirm that he would now condemn all attempts by Zionist groups to have people's public events banned. He didn't reply. The *Chronicle* ran an article attacking the *Jewish* Dr Scott-Samuel for his appearances on a radio show that was once broadcast through Davidicke.com. Oh, he *has* to be an 'anti-Semite', then. The story included the claim that I say Jews are reptiles. The more desperate they get the more extreme and insane the claims. There was a hilarious interview at the peak of one period of attacks on the Labour Party when Simon Johnson, Chief Executive of the Jewish Leadership Council,

commented in the usual soft-ball television interview that three Jewish papers, the *Jewish Chronicle, Jewish News* and *Jewish Telegraph* all ran the same headline – 'United We Stand' – and the same Labour-bashing editorial. Johnson said: 'It is unprecedented for three community newspapers to have the same headline, the same story, the same editorial.' So it wasn't carefully coordinated or anything as part of the ultra-Zionist campaign to destroy Jeremy Corbyn and force the Labour Party to adopt the coldly, calculated new definition of 'anti-Semitism'? You may think the British people are all idiots, Mr Johnson, but we're not. Medialens.org published a study of newspaper articles using the terms 'Jeremy Corbyn' and 'anti-Semitism' before and after May 1st, 2015. Before that date during 30 years as a Member of Parliament the number was 18. Since that date in the period he became Labour leader the number was: 11,251. Why? Corbyn was one of the few remaining British politicians who would criticise Israel and his new platform as leader meant he had to be silenced. Unfortunately, he has largely allowed himself to be – another glorious victory for The Racket. Twelve Holocaust survivors sent an open letter to *The Sunday Times* contending that Jeremy Corbyn had 'bent over backwards to help Jews' and that '[We] do not believe that any prejudice against or hostility towards Jews is being perpetuated by Labour.' This was a response to the UK Equality and Human Rights Commission announcing it would investigate the Labour Party's approach to anti-Semitism (bowing to ultra-Zionist pressure). The letter said media attention on the Labour Party in general, and on Corbyn in particular, was being generated by anti-Labour and anti-Corbyn mischief makers, 'who unfortunately are over-represented within the so-called Anglo-Jewish leadership' which was not considered legitimate by 'mainstream Charedi Jews'. Once again we see how ultra-Zionist groups set themselves up as the voice of Jewish people when they are not. We should also be aware of the fantastic army of trolls employed by Israel both to support its ambitions and to post anti-Jewish attacks which can be used as evidence of 'growing anti-Semitism'. The Electronic Intifada website highlighted ten Twitter accounts claiming to be Corbyn supporters posting anti-Jewish abuse that 'share sufficient similarities to indicate that the same person – or group – is running them'. The Protection Racket has absolutely no shame or integrity and only the naïve would dismiss that such fakery posting goes on all the time. By the way, Electronic Intifada reporter, Asa Winstanley, a member of the Labour Party, was suspended in March, 2019, for comments he made on Israel and Zionism. News of his suspension was leaked by the ultra-Zionist *Jewish Chronicle* before Winstanley even heard about it. Labour Party R.I.P.

New definition of 'anti-Semitism' silencing dissent

A Labour Party leadership that would bend the knee to the 'anti-Semite' garbage about anti-racist activist Marc Wadsworth and Asa Winstanley couldn't possibly summon the backbone necessary to resist the ultra-Zionist onslaught. They should have stood firm and made it clear that this ultra-Zionist hate campaign was not about racism in the party, but about power *over* the party which still had people among its number prepared to criticise Israel. Labour's backbone turned to jelly and to mix my metaphors the hierarchy wagged its tail, rolled over, stuck its legs in the air, and accepted the expanded definition. Labour-connected group Jewish Voice for Peace and many other Jewish groups said they were appalled at the new definition and the campaign against the Labour Party. This mattered not a jot. They were the *wrong kind* of Jewish people with the *wrong kind* of opinions. Whether you are Jewish or not is irrelevant because it's irrelevant to ultra-Zionists. Agree to what we want or face dismissal and abuse – even more so if you're Jewish. Other UK political parties, the US Republicans and Democrats and so many others in Europe and Australia simply fall to their knees and hang out their tongue when ultra-Zionists come a-calling. This is the foundation statement in the new and expanded definition of 'anti-Semitism':

> Antisemitism is a certain perception of Jews, which may be expressed as hatred toward Jews. Rhetorical and physical manifestations of antisemitism are directed toward Jewish or non-Jewish individuals and/or their property, toward Jewish community institutions and religious facilities.

Okay, what's wrong with that? Well, on the face of it nothing if you ignore the vagueness and misuse of 'anti-Semitism'. The Devil is in the detail in the form of 'examples' given for what that definition means and how it should be applied and interpreted. Here they are:

> Contemporary examples of antisemitism in public life, the media, schools, the workplace, and in the religious sphere could, taking into account the overall context, include, but are not limited to:
>
> Calling for, aiding, or justifying the killing or harming of Jews in the name of a radical ideology or an extremist view of religion.

Fair enough. Does that work in reverse when ultra-Zionist extremists call for the killing of Palestinians? No.

> Making mendacious, dehumanizing, demonizing, or stereotypical allegations about Jews as such or the power of Jews as collective - such as, especially but not exclusively, the myth about a world Jewish conspiracy or of Jews

> controlling the media, economy, government or other societal institutions.

This is a classic protection clause to stop any investigation and exposure of ultra-Zionist extremism. You have seen a blatant ultra-Zionist conspiracy – not 'Jewish', ultra-Zionist – to manipulate the United States into targeting the list of countries compiled by the ultra-Zionist Project for the New American Century a year before September 11th. You have seen evidence already and you are going to see a great deal more before the end of this book with regard to ultra-Zionist and Death Cult involvement in 9/11. However, under this 'example' such exposure would be 'anti-Semitic' and 'stereotyping'. The little matter of it being true is irrelevant to the definition and this is simply a calculated effort to secure protection from investigation by hiding behind the smokescreen of 'anti- Semitism'. I know we're doing it but you can't say we're doing it because that would be 'anti-Semitic'.

> Accusing Jews as a people of being responsible for real or imagined wrongdoing committed by a single Jewish person or group, or even for acts committed by non-Jews.

Fair enough again. I am certainly not doing that and I have always made it clear that I am talking about a tiny group of ultra-Zionists, not Jewish people as a whole who I have said largely have no idea what is being done in their name. This is another important point – 'in their name'. Jewish people in general have often been collectively condemned for the actions of the ultra-Zionist few and paid the price while the few responsible do not. No one needs to understand this more than Jewish people as a collective. The other point with this 'example' is that when individual Jewish people such as George Soros are exposed for their provable manipulations the exposer is immediately accused of being 'anti- Semitic' both against the individual and Jews in general. They use the example one way but then reverse it to stop criticism or exposure of any Jewish person they want to protect. The 'example' is another expression of the Protection Racket.

> Denying the fact, scope, mechanisms (e.g. gas chambers) or intentionality of the genocide of the Jewish people at the hands of National Socialist Germany and its supporters and accomplices during World War II (the Holocaust).

What happened to so many Jewish people in Nazi Germany was unspeakable and almost unimaginable. I wonder if it is really sensible and sensitive to commemorate victims of a Nazi tyranny that jailed or murdered people for their views and opinions to now jail, assassinate the character and destroy the lives of those asking questions about an

historical happening and not accepting every last syllable of official history. Would it not be a far better tribute to the memory of Nazi victims for us to live in a society where questions can be asked and facts and evidence produced to prove a point rather than sending 'non-believers' to a jail cell or a life of mass condemnation? Wouldn't that be a world those who suffered in the concentration camps would like to see as a contrast to the actions and behaviour of their captures and killers? Does it really serve the memory of those people and what they went through to jail grandmothers for not accepting an historical narrative? Or is what is really happening here a case of weaponising the suffering of Jews in Germany to secure a political agenda today? I can't think of anything more cold and evil, but *isn't it?* I have been interviewed about this by software minds in the media and they insist – as the ultra-Zionists do – that you agree with every last strand of the official narrative or you are a Nazi bigot and 'Holocaust denier'. It has to be six million – don't you dare question if it was a single digit less. What a stomach-turning insult to those who were in the concentration camps as opposed to those exploiting them today who were not. You can call what happened unspeakable or a 'catastrophe' – Jews themselves call it the Shoah or 'calamity' – but none of this is even nearly enough. You must agree with the exactly designated figure or you are an anti-Semitic Nazi. One idiot on a Channel 10 morning show in Australia talked to me about *twelve million*. I can see why he got the job. Are you an idiot? Yes. When can you start?

The term 'holocaust' comes from the Greek 'holos' meaning 'completely' and 'kaustos' or 'sacrificial offering' and had been used to refer to destruction by fire. 'Holocaust' came into widespread use to describe events in German concentration camps after the 1978 TV film, *Holocaust*, starring Meryl Streep. Holocaust museums and memorials are still being built around the world with a new one planned for Victoria Tower Gardens in London next to the Houses of Parliament. Royal Parks rejected the idea on the grounds that it would 'dominate the park and eclipse the existing listed memorials which are nationally important in their own right'. UNESCO's International Council on Monuments and Sites agreed but the campaign to build the memorial continues as I write with all living UK prime ministers voicing support. A bill was introduced in the US House of Representatives in 2019 to 'finance grants to public and private middle and high schools to help teachers develop and improve Holocaust education programs'. The Never Again Education Act was deemed to be necessary by Zionist advocacy groups, including the Center for Jewish History in New York, in the light of 'reports of a rise in anti-Semitism and a decline in awareness of the Holocaust'. Democrat Carolyn Maloney, the bill's sponsor, said: 'Anti-Semitism is on the rise around the world and here at home, and the

memory of the Holocaust is fading for far too many Americans – we can combat this by making sure we teach our students, tomorrow's leaders, about the horrors of the Holocaust.' Okay, but why is it fine to do this while it's a crime to ask a single question about the subject that in any way fails to accept that every word of what is presented in the museums and education programmes is 100 percent correct?

> Accusing the Jews as a people, or Israel as a state, of inventing or exaggerating the Holocaust.

Why would that be a problem? Surely in a civilised society you simply produce the evidence and proof that other arguments are misguided and wrong and the debate is over and won? Isn't this what a mature and free society does? If someone claimed that the millions killed by Pol Pot in Cambodia (close to 25 percent of the country's 1975 population) was an exaggeration would that mean they were racist against all Cambodians? Or that they were by definition far right Nazi bigots?

> Accusing Jewish citizens of being more loyal to Israel, or to the alleged priorities of Jews worldwide, than to the interests of their own nations.

This is the technique again of using the many to protect the few. Is this 'example' really saying that no Jewish person anywhere in the world – *not one* – is more loyal to Israel and the global Jewish community than the country they are living in? This is ridiculous and to have this as an example of 'anti-Semitism' is equally so. There is a difference between saying this or that person is more loyal to Israel and saying *every* Jewish person is the same and this is still another 'example' inserted by the Protection Racket.

> Denying the Jewish people their right to self-determination, e.g., by claiming that the existence of a State of Israel is a racist endeavor.

The irony of this is beyond belief given that in 2018 the Israeli parliament passed the 'national state law' which decrees that Israel is a Jewish state and only *Jews* living there have the right to 'national self-determination'. The law describes Israel for the first time as 'the national home of the Jewish people' and drops Arabic as an official language of the country. Prime Minister Netanyahu declared: 'This is our state – the Jewish state.' He means the one that was Arabic for centuries before 1948 and still has a 20 percent Arab population. The move has been dubbed 'an apartheid law', a term used by Israeli newspaper *Haaretz,* and the Israeli Labour Party and others voted against it. The ultra-Zionist lobby is seeking to ensure that anyone calling for equal rights for

all Israelis no matter what their religion or race is condemned as '*anti-Semitic*'. We have crossed the border into the Land of Lunacy. Political commentator John Wight wrote:

> Learning the lessons of history is non-negotiable – and there has been nothing more squalid in our history than settler colonialism, responsible for the extirpation of the Native American Indians of North America and the aborigines of Australia. Those historical comparisons are fundamental when it comes to understanding the nature of the oppression and dispossession of the Palestinians in our time.
>
> That an Israeli government, led by Benjamin Netanyahu, can pass an explicit apartheid law – the country's so-called 'nation-state law' – mandating and enshrining the superior status of the state's Jewish citizens over its Arab minority of 1.8 million citizens, and do so without any international sanction, is a shameful indictment.

How on bloody earth can this bill be passed while at the same time any suggestion that 'the existence of a State of Israel is a racist endeavor' is being cited as an 'example' of 'anti-Semitism'? This is taking contradiction into the realms of insanity and all those countries and the UK Labour Party have accepted this outrageous example for lack of common sense and a pair of bollocks. Of course Israel is a racist endeavour, don't be silly. What do you say Mr Netanyahu? 'Oh, I say ... This is our state – the Jewish state.' Or, as he said in 2019: 'Israel is not a state of all its citizens. According to the nation state law we passed, Israel is the nation-state of the Jewish people – and not anyone else.' How very inclusive and we should launch a Benjamin Netanyahu Award for Narcissistic Hypocrisy. The new definition is claimed to be non-binding. Sure it is when it is being used to force people out of their jobs for the crime of criticising Israel. Paul Jonson, an employee of the UK Dudley Council near Birmingham, was suspended for posting on Facebook 'stand with Palestine, Israel is a racist endeavor'. Jonson was helping to organise a protest against Ian Austin, a local Labour Party MP and Israel propagandist. The suspension came after a complaint by the free-speech denying Campaign Against Antisemitism (CAA) of which MP Ian Austin is a patron.

> Applying double standards by requiring of it [Israel] a behaviour not expected or demanded of any other democratic nation.

Do they mean behaviour such as having military snipers blowing the legs off children and other unarmed protestors through a Gaza border fence with troops caught on camera cheering at their success? That

behaviour, yes? Or dropping state-of-art bombs and missiles – some illegal under international law – on defenceless civilians in Gaza day and night for weeks in 2014 killing thousands of civilians including 500 children while ultra-Zionist psychopaths sat on hills above the carnage whooping and cheering? Is that what they mean? How about destroying or making uninhabitable more than 20,000 homes in that bombardment and displacing half a million people? Or Operation Cast Lead across 2008/2009 when more defenceless civilians and children were slaughtered from the sky? That behaviour, yes? Or shooting part of the head off a child and then jailing his 16-year-old cousin Ahed Tamimi for slapping a soldier who turned up at her home? Or jailing children in adult jails and treating them with callous inhuman contempt? That behaviour, yes?

Using the symbols and images associated with classic antisemitism (e.g., claims of Jews killing Jesus or blood libel) to characterize Israel or Israelis.

But Jews *did* kill 'Jesus' *according to the New Testament* even though I don't believe any of it. Is the Bible 'anti-Semitic' now when the Old Testament forms a foundation of the Jewish religion? How does that apply to all the Israel-supporting Christian Zionist churches in America who say that Jews must return to Israel before the 'messiah' can come? Extreme Christian Zionists actually believe that all Jews must return to Israel 'from the West' before Jesus the Messiah, or 'anointed one', comes and Jews will then be converted to Christianity or be doomed to Hell. How 'anti-Semitic' is that, but Christian Zionism is supported by the Death Cult and ultra-Zionists because it suits their short-term plans. John Hagee, the best-known frontman for this movement, is an Israel fanatic and founder and National Chairman of Christians United for Israel. Hagee has said that Adolf Hitler was born from a lineage of 'accursed, genocidally murderous half-breed Jews' and that 'God' allowed the Holocaust to happen to punish German Jews who didn't want to resettle in Israel according to Zionist demands and forced those who survived to do so. Not quite, many went to the United States. Outrageous as those words are Hagee is free to say them because he serves the ultra-Zionist cause. Christians who don't, however, are fair game for abuse and slander. Hagee was selected to give the closing benediction at the ceremony marking the opening of the US embassy in Jerusalem (Al-Quds to Palestinians) when Trump bowed to ultra-Zionist donors like casino magnate Sheldon Adelson to move the embassy from Tel Aviv with great symbolic and literal significance for Palestinians.

Drawing comparisons of contemporary Israeli policy to that of the Nazis.

Okay, so the far right government in Israel and its merciless military and intelligence networks are incapable of acting like Nazis did in Germany? It's just not possible, not now, not *ever?* How about Miriam 'Miri' Regev, the right wing Israel minister, former military censor and acting prime minister, who said that she was 'happy to be a fascist'? Or Strategic Affairs Minister Gilad Erdan who said: 'The number [of peaceful Palestinian protesters] killed does not mean anything because they are just Nazis anyhow'? Oh, it's fine to call others Nazis, but anti-Semitic if it is said about you. The Nazi mentality is not a race or culture it's a state of mind and that means every race and culture can produce Nazi-like crazies. If it looks like a duck, swims like a duck and quacks like a duck – it's probably a duck. Hajo Meyer is a Holocaust survivor condemned as 'anti-Semitic' for likening Israel to the Nazi regime – a *Holocaust survivor*. UK Labour Party leader Jeremy Corbyn spinelessly apologised in the face of ultra-Zionist and media demands for speaking with Meyer at an event in 2010. Auschwitz survivor Esther Bejarano, who lost both parents and a sister to the Nazis, has been called an 'anti-Semite' for condemning Israel's sickening treatment of the Palestinians. The 94-year-old has referred to the Netanyahu government as 'fascist – 'I have no other name for it'. Nor are there any words to describe those who never went near a concentration camp labelling those who did 'anti-Semites' while at the same time weaponising the term to silence opposition today. To claim that one particular government or group is not capable of Nazi-like behaviour and that it's racist or 'anti-Semitic' to say so is the Protection Racket at work.

Holding Jews collectively responsible for actions of the state of Israel.

Ahh, but criticise the government of Israel in isolation and they say you are being 'anti-Semitic' against *all* Jews. You can't have it both ways, but that's what they want and this is what the new definition is really all about. How can you have a situation where any criticism of anyone that happens to be Jewish is labelled as 'anti-Semitic'? Are they the only people in all eternity who never do anything worthy of criticism and if you question their actions this is, by definition, racist?? What about the mass demonstration by Israeli women in 2018 about 28 of them murdered by domestic violence in Israel during that year? If non-Jews condemn that and the perpetrators of the violence is this proof of their 'anti-Semitism'? Or do those critics simply care about violence against women no matter what their creed or background?

We will silence them

Governments, education campuses and other organisations the world over are being pressured, manipulated and intimidated into accepting

this calculated censorious stupidity to silence criticism of Israel and the extremes of the ultra-Zionist network. The consequences of this are already seen in cancelled events, lectures and conferences exposing or debating the actions of Israel and they are increasing all the time. I describe many examples in my last book, *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*, and the chapter 'Terrified of Truth'. Events and discussion regarding Israel are being cancelled or banned when they would not have been before because of the expanded definition. Jewish historian Ilan Pappé, professor at the College of Social Sciences and International Studies at the UK University of Exeter, said:

> In the past anti-Semitism hated Jews for being Jews, now Israel is trying to extend it to say that this is any criticism about what Jews are doing ... If you question the right for Israel to be a Jewish state then you are no different from these classical anti-Semites.

Joseph Berman, an American rabbi and a campaigner with Jewish Voice for Peace, condemned the attempts to define anti-Semitism in ways that fuse actual anti-Semitism with 'completely legitimate criticism of Israel or Israel government policies'. John Mearsheimer, Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago, said this is one of the major Israel Lobby tactics to defend against criticism and the tactic was being used more and more 'to identify people who criticise Israel as an anti-Semite'. We are seeing this scam emerging everywhere with Emmanuel Macron, the arrogant and idiotic Rothschild employee and gofer President of France, announcing in 2019 that criticism of Zionism (a political philosophy not supported by many Jews) should be equated with 'anti-Semitism'. Trump and the US government say the same. The almost laughable overuse of the term in their desperation to stop criticism of the far, far right Israeli government is allowing gathering numbers to see through the mirage of bullshit. At the same time that 'anti-Semitism' (i.e. racism) is used to target and silence critics we had Israel launching an advertising campaign urging Israelis to inform on Jewish friends and relatives abroad who may be 'in danger' of marrying non-Jews. Television and Internet advertising has sought to stop the 'assimilation' of Jews outside Israel (diaspora Jews as they are called) and urges them to move to Israel. The idea is to increase the size of the Israeli population to seize more and more Palestinian land. One advertisement said that 'assimilation' (Jews marrying the partner they love) is 'a strategic national threat' and warned that 'more than 50 percent of diaspora youth assimilate and are lost to us'. Lost to '*us*'? Who do these people think they are? They treat the mass of Jews like commodities which is what they are to them. One advertisement featured missing person posters showing images of Jewish youths with

the word 'lost' in various languages. The voiceover asked people who 'know a young Jew living abroad' to call a hotline and give details. 'Together, we will strengthen their connection to Israel, so that we don't lose them,' it said. Israel also refuses to recognise Jewish and Arabian intermarriage unless it is performed abroad. Isaac Herzog, outgoing leader of Israel's Labor Party, said in 2018 that intermarriage between Jews and non-Jews was a 'plague" which required a "solution'. Can you imagine if anyone else spoke or acted with such facism? They would be condemned by Israel and its endless front organisations. Jewish researchers Max Blumenthal and Jesse Rosenfeld exposed Israeli racism with their YouTube video *Feeling the Hate in Jerusalem* in which American Jews visiting the country were asked about Barack Obama. A barrage of foul-mouthed racism followed including: 'White power! Fuck the niggers!' There was also extraordinary racism from Israeli students towards Palestinians. The video was banned by ultra-Zionist-controlled YouTube and some other sites after getting hundreds of thousands of hits. If that had been a video of white supremacists condemning Jews in the same terms there would have been a global outcry and YouTube would be promoting the hell out of it. The hypocrisy is criminal. Israel minister Miriam Regev called African asylum seekers a 'cancer in the nation's body,' inciting anti-immigrant protests and far right racism in general against black immigrants seeking to stay in Israel (Fig 98). Ultra-Zionism is an extreme racist doctrine that has the nerve to accuse everyone else of racism and deports African asylum-seekers and migrants while its agents urge and manipulate the rest of the world to accept indefinite mass-migration until their societies are demographically transformed.

Figure 98: Jewish protest against black Africans in Israel. This is not racist, however, and it's 'anti-Semitic' to say so.

Ultra-Zionist censorship network

Ultra-Zionism has established an absolutely *enormous* global network of front organisations and hate groups to target politicians, activists and anyone else with the audacity to challenge the actions of Israel and/or support the cause of the psychopathically-abused Palestinian people. This is directed and coordinated from the Ministry of Strategic Affairs and Public Diplomacy located in the Prime Minister's Office under Director-General Sima Vaknin-Gill, a former IDF chief censor and Israel

Air Force intelligence officer. The Ministry's brief is to target and 'name and shame' critics of Israel with special emphasis on the Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) campaign for boycotts of Israeli goods and services until the government complies with international law in the treatment and rights of Palestinians. Demands include handing back occupied Palestinian land, taking down the separation wall with the illegally-occupied West Bank, equal rights for Palestinians and Jews and the right of return for Palestinians terrorised into leaving their homeland by ultra-Zionist terror groups when the State of Israel was formed in 1948. The BDS movement has grown at great speed since it was launched in 2005 and operates worldwide with gathering success that the Israeli regime is desperate to stop or mitigate. BDS was established as a non-violent means way of challenging impositions and violence by the military might of Israel to press for a simple humanitarian goal of having Jews and Arabs treated the same. That should be a gimme in any civilised free society, but John Mearsheimer, professor of political science at the University of Chicago, highlighted the key reason why Israel will not agree to that:

> BDS is saying that what Israel has to do is treat the Palestinians in its midst the same way it treats Israeli Jews. The problem is that if Israel does that there are more Palestinians or there will be more Palestinians inside greater Israel than there are Jews and that means that if you had a system where everybody was treated equally and there was one person and one vote you would no longer have a Jewish state.

The reason we have an apartheid Israel is that they don't want a free and equal society but a racist one – the full-blown Jewish state which the ultra-Zionists and Death Cult are determined to impose. To hide clear and obvious racism and ultra-Zionist manipulation in other countries (including 9/11) they have to control the narrative by emphasising their own propaganda while censoring other information and opinions. *The Seventh Eye*, an Israeli media watchdog organisation, reported that the Strategic Affairs (Censorship/Defamation) Ministry paid $100,000 to the publisher of Israel's best-selling daily newspaper to run articles and videos attacking BDS as 'anti-Semitic'. The watchdog added that this was part of a wider campaign by the Ministry which had a $740,000 budget 'to promote content on social media and search engines, including Google, Twitter, Facebook and Instagram'. An added bonus is that ultra-Zionist-controlled Facebook and other social media platforms act as censors for the Israel military. The Electric Intifada website reported in 2018 that Twitter had demanded the removal of a post that the Israeli IDF did not want to be circulated. 'In recent days, other publications and individuals have faced the same demand, indicating

that the social media firm has agreed to become an enforcement arm for Israel's efforts to control information about potential war crimes and abuses of Palestinian rights', the website said. 'It is another ominous sign of how monopolistic Silicon Valley corporations – especially Facebook and Google – that control what are in effect the public commons are colluding with governments to reassert control of information previously lost due to the freedom provided by the internet.' Facebook and Google (which owns YouTube) are ultra-Zionist-controlled corporations *officially* created and run by Jewish 'progressives' Mark Zuckerberg, Sergei Brin and Larry Page and as such Israel and ultra-Zionism dictate censorship policy. Wikipedia where most people get their background information about people and events today is the work of staunchly pro-Israel Zionist and Tony Blair buddy, Jimmy Wales. There is also Amazon, officially controlled by Jeff Bezos with its close connections to the Pentagon and CIA, which somehow absorbed massive losses year after year to secure dominance in the book market and from this position of near-monopoly has now begun a gathering policy of book banning/burning – 'anti-Semitism' among the most prominent excuses. Amazon has taken the same route as Facebook, Google/YouTube and others. No censorship when they are building their near-monopolies and then ever more extreme censorship once domination has been secured (Fig 99). The overall Israeli campaign to weaponise 'anti- Semitism' and demonise critics is called the Hasbara which means 'explaining' in Hebrew. More accurately in this case 'explaining' means ultra-Zionist propaganda and controlling the narrative throughout the media in all its forms and targeting critics – *especially* Jewish ones (Fig 100). Israel bans BDS supporters and Israel critics from the country and this

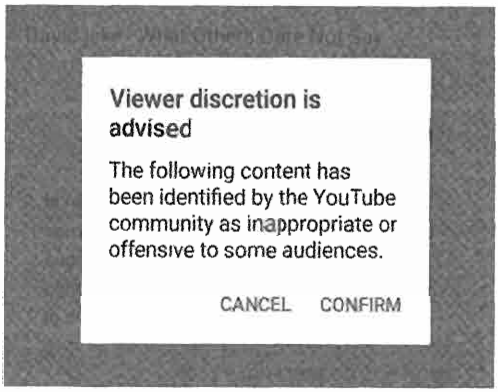

Figure 99: If exposure of Israel is not outright banned by YouTube and others, or its circulation algorithmically suppressed, then the viewer is given warnings like this.

Figure 100: Ultra-Zionist Israeli propaganda in a single image.

includes Jews with the wrong opinions. Rebecca Vilkomerson, executive director of the US-based Jewish Voice for Peace, described the personal consequences of this increasing discrimination on the grounds of opinion. She said of one new law:

> My grandparents are buried in Israel. My husband and kids are citizens, and I lived there for three years, but this bill would bar me from visiting because of my work in support of Palestinian rights.

German newspaper *Die Tageszeitung*, better known as *taz*, revealed in 2018 that the Israeli government was demanding Germany stop funding the Jewish Museum in Berlin and other Jewish human rights organisations including B'Tselem, Coalition of Women for Peace, Israeli publication *+972 Magazine* and Breaking the Silence, an organisation that allows Israeli soldiers to tell the truth about what is happening to Palestinians. Netanyahu wanted the funding stopped because these organisations present a far more balanced view of the Israel-Palestinian conflict and allow free discussion on the subject. Dozens of Israeli artists wrote an open letter to the paper urging the German government to ignore the demand and expressing their shock at the actions of the Israel government. No one should be shocked at the far-right ultra-Zionist extremists targeting Jewish people and organisations who deviate from the script. This is what they do all the time.

Manipulation on a fantastic scale

The ultra-Zionist network is vast and its censorship and intimidation are the reason why the general public has not seen the information that I will be presenting of ultra-Zionist and Death Cult involvement in 9/11. We have New York-based Hasbara Fellowships which train pro-Israel activists on college campuses. These were introduced in 2001 by the Israel Ministry of Foreign Affairs and a Jewish Orthodox organisation which claim to have so far trained nearly 2,000 students on more than 220 North American campuses. The ultra-Zionist and Zionist network in the United States consists of lobby groups, think-tanks, media watchdog groups (censors), spying operations connected to Israel and Mossad, and what are called political action committees or 'PACs'. John Mearsheimer, a professor of political science at the University of Chicago, and Stephen Walt, professor of international relations at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University, expose this network in their 2007 book, *The Israel Lobby and U.S. Foreign Policy*. They say the Israel Lobby 'has a core consisting of organizations whose declared purpose is to encourage the US government and the American public to provide material aid to Israel and to support its government's policies, as well as influential individuals for whom these goals are also a top priority'. The

network has become known as The Lobby and it went into overdrive after 9/11 to secure the American fought-and-funded 'war on terror'. This is only a *small* sample of The Lobby's amazing web of organisations within the United States alone:

American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC); Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA); American Jewish Congress; Zionist Organization of America; Washington Institute for Near East Policy; Anti-Defamation League (ADL); Christians United for Israel; Israel Policy Forum; American Jewish Committee; Religious Action Center of Reform Judaism; Americans for a Safe Israel; Republican Jewish Coalition; American Friends of Likud; Mercaz-USA; Hadassah; Israeli-American Coalition for Action; Israeli-American Council; Alliance for Israel Advocacy; Americans for Peace Now; Tikkun Community; Brit Tzedek v'Shalom; Israel Policy Forum; American Enterprise Institute; Hudson Institute. Center for Security Policy; Foreign Policy Research Institute; Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis; Heritage Foundation; Saban Center for Middle East Policy; Center for Security Policy; Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America; Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations (an umbrella group for more than 50 Zionist lobby groups and Israel policy promotors) with the mission of 'forging diverse groups into a unified force for Israel's well-being' and to 'strengthen and foster the special US-Israel relationship'.

The latter is Orwellian-speak for manipulating America to serve the interests of Israel and ultra-Zionists especially through funding and the military. The infamous Project for the New American Century which did so much to establish the catastrophic (but not for Israel) 'war on terror' was part of this network before it became too exposed and high profile and disappeared to reform under another name. I emphasise that this is only a very *partial* list from what is a truly incredible web of organisations – some estimate as many as 800 – serving the same agenda that claims to serve the interests of just 0.2 percent of the world population and two percent of the American public (Fig 101). In truth it is doesn't even represent that tiny number and it is not supposed to. Ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult are the network's masters and focus. The great majority of people will have never have heard of these organisations while the more high-profile ones hide their real controllers and intentions behind

Figure 101: Tiny country – global reach.

cover stories and mission statements.

Southern Very Rich Israel Center 'plantation'

A major example of Israel agenda groups hiding behind cover stories is the Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC) in the United States established by lawyers Morris Dees and Zionist Joseph J. Levin Jr in Montgomery, Alabama. The organisation was headed by ultra-Zionist President and CEO Richard Cohen until he fell on his sword in 2019 in the wake of a scandal which caused Morris Dees to be removed. Ultra-Zionist 'legal director' Rhonda Brownstein left with Cohen. Both had worked for the SPLC for 30 years and were paid huge salaries to label as 'hate groups' any organisation the ultra-Zionist Mafia demanded to be silenced and demonised. A mirror is all they need at the SPLC if they want to locate a hate group. Morris Dees is credited as a major influence in the strategy of issuing lawsuits against target organisations for an alleged 'wrongful act' and securing court judgements to seize their assets and drive them into bankruptcy. This was the forerunner of the ultra-Zionist technique today known as 'lawfare' in which Zionist hate groups with lots of money or pro-bono ultra-Zionist lawyers take out civil actions against people when law enforcement has decided that the target has done nothing wrong. They couldn't care less what this does to people's lives, but then psychopaths never do. Morris Dees was removed from the organisation in 2019 amid allegations of a *racist culture* (irony of ironies) while Cohen and Brownstein left soon afterwards. Black employees came forward to tell their stories. One said the working environment was like a 'plantation' for black workers. Out of 100 lawyers and advocates for the SPLC only five were black. This is the self-styled 'anti-racist', 'anti-hate', fraudulent censorship operation that dubs others racists and hatemongers. The *Washington Examiner* described the SPLC as a 'scam' with 'no care whatsoever for the reputational and personal harm it causes by lumping Christians and anti-extremist activists with actual neo-Nazis':

> As it turns out, the SPLC is a cynical money-making scheme, according to a former staffer's blistering tell-all, published this week in the New Yorker. The center's chief goal is to bilk naive and wealthy donors who believe it's an earnest effort to combat bigotry. The only thing worse than a snarling partisan activist is a slimy conman who merely pretends to be one.

Here you have the blueprint for ultra-Zionist hate groups and this disgusting organisation advises Facebook, Twitter, Google, YouTube, Amazon and others on who should be censored as a 'hate group'. Former employee Bob Moser said they spent a lot of time 'drinking and dishing' in Montgomery bars and restaurants about 'hyperbolic fund-

raising appeals' in which 'hate' was always on the rise and more dangerous than ever with each new report on 'hate groups'. He said it was 'hard for many of us not to feel like we'd become pawns in what was, in many respects, a highly profitable scam'. Have you ever heard an ultra-Zionist hate group say that 'anti-Semitism' was not on the rise? Selling the perception of 'hate' fills the coffers and provides the excuse to silence and demonise people while hate and racism are in the mirror all along. The SPLC, it is safe to say, is not what it appears to be as with so many in the ultra-Zionist web which claim to represent wider issues of civil rights when really fronting for Israel and the ultra-Zionist agenda. For a start the Southern *Poverty* Law Center is nothing to do with 'poverty'. The organisation is extremely rich thanks to big donations (including from Soros foundations) and only a fraction of its work relates to 'law'. At least it's based in Alabama, so I guess the 'southern' bit is true. A 2003 audit revealed that *89 percent* of SPLC income went in 'administrative costs and fundraising' while only *11 percent* was spent on its alleged mission (alleged being the word) of 'advancing human rights'. The SPLC admitted in 2015 that only $61,000 was spent on legal services (it's a 'law center') while receiving $50 million in donations and having assets of $328 million. Even worse it squirrels away millions in multiple unregulated offshore tax havens in the Cayman Islands, British Virgin Islands and Bermuda while at the same time being classed as a 'non-profit' organisation with all the tax benefits that entails. Ultra-Zionist fronts and hate groups invariably use their contacts to be designated as 'non-profit' in America or 'charities' in Britain. How can a 'charity' enjoy all the benefits of that status while spending its time hurling hate at its targets, manipulating politically and seeking to silence anyone whose opinion doesn't suit the ultra-Zionists behind Israel? They can do this because they are a law unto themselves on the basis of my dad is bigger than your dad. The power of the Zionist lobby, especially in America, is breathtaking and so they do what they like despite their tiny numbers. This is one analysis of SPLC income:

> The Capital Research Center have revealed some of the main funders between the years 2000-2011. Between these years by far the biggest donor was the Picower Foundation, founded by the Jewish Jeffry Picower, the largest beneficiary of the Bernie Madoff financial swindle, to the tune of $3,813,112. Other high profile backers include Cisco Systems at $1,620,000 between the years 2000-2004, the Grove Foundation (associated with the Jewish Andrew Grove, a co-founder of the Intel Corporation) at $875,000 from 2001-2011, the Richard and Rhoda Goldman Fund (Jewish heirs of the Levi Strauss fortune) at $535,000, and Rockefeller Philanthropy at $510,000 between 2008-2010, amongst many others.

Further donors include Apple and the clueless virtue-signalling celebrity George Clooney who handed them a million dollars in 2017. Ultra-Zionist PayPal CEO Dan Schulman admitted during an interview with the *Wall Street Journal* in 2019 that his company consults with the ultra-Zionist SPLC over who to ban from its services. Schulman is a mega-bullshitter who says that PayPal's 'values' are founded on 'diversity and inclusion'. The monumental hypocrite then bans those with views he disagrees with (non-agenda people) and discriminates against Palestinians while working with Israelis. PayPal pulled the payment plug on uncensored BitChute, a video site competitor of ultra-Zionist YouTube, and other uncensored sites offering alternatives to all-censoring ultra-Zionist giants. Yep, Schulman believes in diversity and it is so good to know that he has 'values'. The SPLC portrays itself as a human rights or civil rights organisation as in for 'everyone'. This is just bollocks. The ultra-Zionist network pedals front-stories while its real goal is attacking, labelling and silencing those who don't bow to Israel and the ultra-Zionist agenda. Long-time SPLC spokesman Mark Potok, who always looks like he's chewing a lemon, told an event in Michigan in 2007: 'Sometimes the press will describe us as monitoring hate groups. I want to say plainly that our aim in life is to destroy these groups, completely destroy them.' A year later he continued the theme for a Vermont school meeting:

> You are able to destroy these groups sometimes by the things you publish. It's not so much that they will bring down the police or the federal agents on their head, it's that you can sometimes so mortally embarrass these groups that they will be destroyed.

The SPLC is best-known for its 'hate group' list that includes a stream of organisations which are not in the least hate groups – unlike itself. Among its 'categories' of hate are white nationalist, Ku Klux Klan, Neo-Confederate, skinhead, white power music, radical traditional Catholicism, Holocaust denial, Christian identity, anti-LGBT, black separatist, anti-Muslim and anti-immigrant. Some listings are justified but many are not with qualification decided largely by those the SPLC's masters and owners wish to demonise and silence. This naturally includes 'conspiracy theorists' and those questioning government narratives. Amazing how so many want to silence 'conspiracy theorists' for saying what is claimed to be so obviously crazy. These are some the SPLC does NOT designate to be hate groups: Those supporting Jewish supremacism; groups demanding sharia law (with discrimination and/or violence against non-Muslims, women, and homosexuals); Communist organisations promoting class hatred and praising Communist mass murderers; social anarchist organizations committing

violence and other crimes against opponents; non-white, pro-terrorist or terrorist organisations that promote or commit violence; anti-white hip hop groups. The criteria are clearly not about hate, but agenda. Pulitzer Prize winning journalist Jerry Kammer produced a report exposing the systematic bias of the SPLC both in general and in particular with the case of the Federation for American Immigration Reform (FAIR) which seeks to reduce the number of immigrants entering the United States – especially illegally. Ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult want open borders and an end to countries and nations and so the SPLC went to work branding FAIR a 'hate group' in an effort to exclude it from the national debate on immigration. Kammer wrote:

> With no serious analysis, the SPLC in late 2007 unilaterally labelled FAIR a 'hate group'. That poisonous designation became the centrepiece of a 'Stop the Hate' campaign launched by the National Council of La Raza (NCLR), also known as La Raza, to call on Congress and the media to exclude FAIR from the national debate on immigration.
>
> The campaign gathered strength as newspapers across the country reported that FAIR had been 'designated a hate group by the Southern Poverty Law Center'. While the news stories generally included FAIR's denial of the charge, thereby providing a semblance of balance, the designation's taint lingered. The SPLC, presenting itself as a non-partisan, public-interest watchdog, never acknowledged – and no reporter ever disclosed – that the center was an active ally of the NCLR in the campaign.
>
> The evidence presented here demonstrates that the SPLC became a propaganda arm of the NCLR. The SPLC's decision to smear FAIR was the work of a kangaroo court, one convened to reach a pre-determined verdict by inventing or distorting evidence. The 'Stop the Hate' campaign would more accurately be labelled as a campaign to 'Stop the Debate'.

What an encapsulation of how these ultra-Zionist organisations work throughout the global network using labels of 'hate group' and 'hate speech' to silence dissent for those that control Israel. Type 'Jerry Kammer SPLC' into a search engine and you can read the whole article which exposes the methods of the Southern Poverty Law Center and they are the same as all the ultra-Zionist hate groups. Part of this war on predominantly white societies in the culture-fusion agenda is to delete their history, both good and bad. The SPLC was straight in there in the wake of conflict between 'progressives' and the political right over a Confederate statue at Charlottesville, Virginia, in 2017: 'More than 1,500 Confederate monuments stand in communities like Charlottesville with the potential to unleash more turmoil and bloodshed,' it said. 'It's time

to take them down.' They are nothing if not predictable if you know the game that's being played. The point is not about supporting Confederate history but acknowledging that it happened. History is a culture's heritage, what we liked and what we didn't. Once it's gone, so has the culture, and the manipulators know that. This came to mind when the 800-year-old Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, a global Christian icon, was devastated by fire in 2019 and look how invaders like the US military and ISIS target historical artefacts and ancient monuments as happened in Iraq and Syria. The SPLC has been a major driver of the campaign to pull down historical monuments and for the same reason history is systematically neglected in schools and universities. A poll asked 2,000 people about the First World War (1914-18) and found that six-percent of millennials thought the conflict started over the assassination of President Kennedy (in 1963); one in ten thought Margaret Thatcher was British prime minister during that war when she was in office from 1979 to 1990; almost *half* thought Britain's World War II prime minister Winston Churchill was leader during World War I; a quarter believed Britain was in conflict with war ally Russia and a fifth thought the war was with ally France; five percent of younger people in the poll thought the 'Battle for Helms Deep' from the *Lord of the Rings* movie trilogy was a battle in the First World War. This revealed a dramatic decline in historical knowledge since the 'baby boomers' generation (born between 1946 and the early 1960s) and even since 'Generation X' (early-to-mid-1960s to the early 1980s) although that, too, showed a decline. The figures are highly significant when the deletion of history means the deletion of the culture developed from that history. Mindless destruction of historical monuments and statues by mindless 'progressive' mobs responding to their software are part of this end of history – Orwell's Memory Hole where history is deleted so the past can become whatever it suits authority to be in the present. This is happening with information exposing 9/11 deleted, pushed down the search engine listings or 'quarantined' in the case of Reddit. You would expect the Southern Poverty Law Center and the Hidden Hand to be right there at the front line of censorship and major Hidden Hand corporations including Amazon use the purposely-flawed-and-biased SPLC 'hate-list' to make decisions on who to support and who to censor. The SPLC ultra-Zionist hate group list is also the Bible of 'progressive' hate groups such as Antifa, a named that derives from 'antifascist' while employing precisely those methods to violently suppress dissent against programmed 'progressive' orthodoxy. Indeed 'orthodoxy' is the perfect description because 'progressive' actually refers to a religion in which faith and not facts are the criteria for entry and perception. We can open the borders to everyone and there won't be any consequence is only another version of Jesus walked on water. You have no facts to support what you say and it

goes against all the evidence, but you believe it anyway because you are speaking the words of the Lord, well, George Soros.

SPLC and the FBI

I saw long ago how ultra-Zionist hate groups and other Israel fronts work closely with law enforcement to secure their ends and after what I have written in the book so far about the FBI and 9/11 you won't be surprised to hear that Fox News host Tucker Carlson, one the last surviving real journalist anchors on US television, reported connections between the FBI and the Southern Poverty Law Center. Carlson has faced (failed) attempts to intimidate him when mindless 'progressive' Antifa toddlers gutlessly turned up at his home while knowing he was presenting a live show elsewhere and only his family would be there. 'Progressives' are against 'toxic masculinity' intimidating women, you see. Many efforts have been made to take Carlson's show down including targeting advertisers. The Soros-funded propaganda operation Media Matters trawled through his broadcasting life to find anything they could use to discredit him and in March, 2019, they came up with comments he made years earlier about women while joking around with a 'shock jock'. 'Progressive' rage was unleashed. I didn't agree with what he said, but I agree with his right to say it and take any consequences that follow. It's called freedom of speech and you could never accuse a Soros 'progressive' of having a sense of humour and proportion. Fortunately Carlson gave the perpetually outraged mob the finger instead of falling to his knees. I don't know Tucker Carlson and have never met him, but what I have seen is a man – one of the last standing – who is prepared to ask questions and make points that the elite would love to silence. This is the real reason he is being targeted and that's easy when rage is on tap – the tap of a keyboard away.

Carlson has well understood the propaganda garbage spewed out by the SPLC hate group which he described as 'an entirely fraudulent enterprise', 'totally dishonest' and 'a left-wing political group that uses hate crime designations to target its ideological enemies and to crush people'. He pointed out that wrongly designating organisations as hate groups had led them to be subjected to violence and that the SPLC had been forced to pay $3.3 million in a court case over falsely labelling a foundation as anti-Muslim extremists when it was created and run by a Muslim who condemns Islamic extremism. The guy had to be silenced because he is the wrong type of Muslim preaching peace and not violence. Carlson's report revealed the FBI has a long record of collaborating with the SPLC which the Bureau described as 'a well-established and credible organisation that monitors domestic terrorism in the US'. For 'domestic terrorism' read anyone challenging government propaganda and the ultra-Zionist agenda. Carlson said the

SPLC had been briefing the FBI on 'extremists' and this was ongoing. The agency refused to answer simple questions about the relationship and anyone who has investigated 9/11 will be well aware of FBI stonewalling. Given its cancerous corruption I can understand why its drawbridge is permanently pointing upwards. The FBI/SPLC connection is another example of how The Web functions as a vehicle for coordination between organisations that appear unconnected to the public eye while really operating to secure mutual goals. The political nature of the FBI was revealed by accident on the Carlson show in an interview with former FBI Deputy Assistant Director Terry Turchie. He said in a passing remark that when he first joined the Bureau 'one of the missions of the FBI in its counterintelligence efforts was to try and keep these people out of government'. He was talking about those considered 'left-wing' at the time, but the political stance of the FBI has now shifted in line with a different stage of the Hidden Hand agenda. The point is that here was a former FBI Deputy Assistant Director admitting to manipulating events to influence who could secure political power. This was the main investigation agency of 9/11. I have personal experience of British police also supporting the censorship agenda of ultra-Zionist hate groups as I will be describing.

Censorship Valley

Ultra-Zionist censorship connections also apply to Silicon Valley. The Southern Poverty Law Center despite being, as Carlson said, 'entirely fraudulent' and 'totally dishonest', has partnered with music streaming platform Spotify to 'crack down' on 'hate content' and 'hateful conduct' – censor in accordance with the ultra-Zionist agenda of the SPLC. Spotify's definition of hate speech is anything 'that expressly and principally promotes, advocates, or incites hatred or violence against a group or individual based on characteristics, including, race, religion, gender identity, sex, ethnicity, nationality, sexual orientation, veteran status, or disability'. Observe the limitless potential for making almost anything fit that criteria to justify targeted censorship and we have these Israel-serving hate groups also 'advising' Facebook, Google, YouTube and others on what should be deleted from those platforms. Add to this Soros-funded 'fact checker' organisations employed by the same companies to decide what is 'fake news' and is it any wonder that in this same period ever greater numbers of alternative groups and researchers have been banned from Facebook and YouTube and been made to disappear by Google search list algorithms? *Washington Free Beacon* reported on a leaked 49-page document that revealed how Media Matters and other Soros funded-groups have 'access to raw data from Facebook, Twitter, and other social media sites' to 'systemically monitor and analyse this unfiltered data' to eliminate 'right wing propaganda

and fake news' (what we don't want the public to see). Shouldn't we be legitimately questioning why ultra-Zionist censors are employed by Google headed by Larry Page (Zionist) and Sergey Brin (Zionist); Google's YouTube run by Susan Wojcicki (Zionist); and Facebook run by Mark Zuckerberg (Zionist) along with Chief Operating Officer Sheryl Sandberg (Zionist), formerly with Google; and Apple chaired by Arthur D. Levinson (Zionist)? *Quiet!* To ask why so much power over what we can see is in the hands of people from two percent of the population of the United States and 0.2 percent of the world population is 'anti-Semitic'! No – it's a *legitimate question* and all the censorship and weaponising of 'anti-Semitism' is to stop that question being asked. Well, fuck that. The ultra-Zionist Anti-Defamation League (ADL) has a state-of-the-art Silicon Valley Internet censorship centre to track what people post and 'provide insights to government and policy makers' using the 'best-in-class technology' to 'stamp out hate' and 'anti-Semitism'. Ultra-Zionist censorship has moved to a whole new level and soon it will be impossible to criticise Israel and have any public arena see or hear what you say. This is a main reason for why I am calling them out in such an in-your-face manner in this book. It could be last chance we have to expose the truth about what ultra-Zionism *really* is, how it operates and to what end. Remember the Reddit 'quarantine' of information exposing 9/11 and the direction to the official lies of the 9/11 Commission? What better way to hide the 9/11 involvement of ultra-Zionism and make all questioning of the attacks just disappear? This is meant to be the norm very soon.

Anti-Free Speech Defame People League

The ADL is the Big Daddy of ultra-Zionist hate groups and an example of those in The Lobby which are transparently censoring for Israel. Many try to hide this fact by claiming to represent the 'human rights' of other people, but they don't. The ADL is the offspring of the House of Rothschild and ultra-Zionist front B'nai B'rith, or 'Sons of the Covenant', which was established in 1843 by twelve founders all born in Rothschild Germany who moved to New York in the same period from the late 1820s to the 1830s. B'nai B'rith claims to be the 'global voice of the Jewish Community' when it is nothing of the kind. American rabbi, Marvin S. Antelman, worked to expose the Death Cult that I will be addressing in detail. He writes in his two-volume *To Eliminate the Opiate:*

> After doing the terrible things certain establishment organisations such as B'nai B'rith and the American Jewish Congress did by playing the ostrich during the Shoah [Holocaust], why do we still give these organizations any support? They have Jewish blood on their hands ... They should be ignored and condemned to the cesspools of history. It is very aggravating to see them

continue their self-identity hating campaigns.

We will see as our story develops that there are in fact two distinct groups – fake Jews which are the people I am exposing here and genuine Jews who are something very different although most will not be aware of the frauds in their midst. They will be by the time I've finished and relate all this to 9/11. Many genuine Jews don't support B'nai B'rith and what it does. It represents the voice of the ultra-Zionist agenda, not Jewish people. As such it has attacked me for exposing that agenda and so has the Anti-Defamation League which B'nai B'rith created. I take this as a compliment. B'nai B'rith, which is closely connected to Freemasonry, established the ADL in 1913 and it remains the best-known name in the ultra-Zionist censorship network. The main role of the 'Anti-Defamation' League is ironically to defame people, label them 'anti-Semites' for exposing Israel and its lobby and to crush them into the smallest pieces possible. Its motto appears to be: 'We are the Chosen People and above all others, and you are a racist.' Or maybe the Mossad motto might be better: 'By way of deception, thou shalt do war.' Either works with the ADL. Jewish academic Noam Chomsky said this of the ADL in his book, *Necessary Illusions*:

> The ADL has virtually abandoned its earlier role as a civil rights organization, becoming 'one of the main pillars' of Israeli propaganda in the U.S., as the Israeli press casually describes it, engaged in surveillance, blacklisting, compilation of FBI-style files circulated to adherents for the purpose of defamation, angry public responses to criticism of Israeli actions, and so on. These efforts, buttressed by insinuations of anti-Semitism or direct accusations, are intended to deflect or undermine opposition to Israeli policies, including Israel's refusal, with U.S. support, to move towards a general political settlement.

American Rabbi Michael Lerner took the same view:

> The ADL lost most of it credibility in my eyes as a civil rights organization when it began to identify criticisms of Israel with anti-Semitism, still more when it failed to defend me when I was receiving threats to my life from right-wing Jewish groups because of my critique of Israeli policy toward Palestinians (it said that these were not threats that came from my being Jewish, so therefore they were not within their area of concern).

The reason for this is simple. The ADL has never been a 'civil rights' organisation and was never meant to protect all Jewish people. It was specifically established to protect the ultra-Zionist agenda and by extension only those Jews working in support of that agenda and its

Protection Racket. What about all other Jews? Those who speak *against* the agenda? The ADL couldn't care less. Here are some of the 'civil rights' activities of the ADL: In 1993 it was exposed for spying on Arab-Americans and left-wing groups and for collecting files on more than 600 organisations and 10,000 people. This would not surprise anyone with knowledge of the ultra-Zionist web which operates as a front for the psychopaths of the far, far right Mossad Israeli intelligence network. Organisations targeted by the ADL included the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) and 20 labour unions in the San Francisco area. The 'anti-hate', 'anti-racist' ADL shared this information with Mossad and passed details about anti-apartheid groups to intelligence agents representing the white apartheid regime in South Africa. This is the real mentality of those who brand others as racist. Noam Chomsky has widely criticised Israel's treatment of the Palestinians, and revealed that the ADL compiled a 150-page dossier on him. An ADL insider sent Chomsky the document which he said looked like an FBI file:

> ... It's clear they essentially have spies in classrooms who take notes and send them to the ADL and other organizations. The groups then compile dossiers they can use to condemn, attack or remove faculty members. They're like J. Edgar Hoover's files. It's kind of gutter stuff.

The ADL *is* gutter stuff and seeks to terrorise academics, students, university authorities, the media and public into stopping all criticism of Israel. Examples to support this are legion and now rapidly increasing as the ultra-Zionists seek to lasso all freedom of speech. Mark Levine, a Jewish professor of Middle Eastern Studies, said pro-Israel groups had, in effect, created a 'large machine' to attack Israel-critics on college campuses. 'These are powerful, organised groups in the Jewish community who use fear and intimidation to try to make sure Israel doesn't get criticised,' he said. 'They go after anyone, even more so when the critics are Jews, because they fear that if we can criticise them, then everyone can.'

Silence the kids – silence *everyone*

The Forward, a New York-based Jewish magazine, highlighted a disgusting keynote speech by American-born Israeli, Rabbi Daniel Gordis, at the American Jewish Committee's annual conference. Gordis called for a college junior at the University of California in Los Angeles to be targeted at her home for asking a question of a Jewish student Rachel Beyda who was nominated to the students' judicial board. The junior, Fabienne Roth, asked Beyda how she could maintain an unbiased position given her relationship to the Jewish community. This is a fair question to a candidate who is a member of *any* religious or cultural

community standing for office. The response of Rabbi Gordis was so typical of ultra-Zionist extremists and crazies. Take a deep breath:

> We can find out where [she lives], and she should not be able to come in or out of her house, in or out of her apartment, without being reminded, peacefully, morally, legally, that we know who you are.

He said that everyone needed to understand that 'not for naught is the Jewish people one of the very-best-organized communities in the world'. This bully of a man demanded that Roth's future employers should be protested and boycotted:

> A well-organized Jewish community would let Fabienne Roth know that if she becomes a lawyer, any firm that hires her will have picketers outside its offices until she is fired. It's Jewish and other fair-minded clients will be pressured to leave the firm. Having Roth on staff has to become a liability – not for a month or two, not for a year or two. For decades.
>
> If Fabienne Roth becomes a physician, then whatever hospital or practice hires her needs to know they will experience the same pressure. Should Roth choose not to have a career, she will still have a home somewhere. She should not be able to exit or enter her home without encountering a small number of polite, lawful protesters, who will remind her – day in and day out – that we know exactly what she is. If and when she has children, we'll remind them, too.

Fabienne Roth was just a kid you sad and shameful idiot and people have been jailed for far less. There you see in all its grotesqueness the mentality of ultra-Zionism, its vicious, merciless, empathy-deleted thirst for revenge and its truly staggering self-obsession and sense of self-importance. Anyone still wonder why the ultra-Zionist connection to 9/11 which I am going to expose is unknown to the general public? These are the kind of people that the gutless UK Labour Party, gutless councils, gutless employers, gutless venue owners and gutless media are falling to their knees to appease. John Mearsheimer, co-author of *The Israel Lobby*, said:

> They are picking out individuals who they think are critical of Israel and they are smearing them and they are telling them that what is going to happen here is if you don't cease and desist from acting like this we in the end will do much to destroy your career.

We are talking serious levels of psychopathy here. As Israel-born activist Gilad Atzmon said: 'Jewish power is the power to silence opposition to

Jewish power.' Or, as I would say, ultra-Zionist Death Cult power.

Undercover revelations

Qatar television station Al Jazeera produced a revelatory hidden camera exposure of the Israel Lobby in the United States in 2016 only for pressure from the US and Israel on the Qatari dictatorship to ensure the four-part series did not air. Al Jazeera staff were furious and a source leaked the documentaries which are available on the Electronic Intifada website. They were also made available to French and Lebanon sources. 'Tony', an undercover Jewish reporter, posed as a pro-Israel volunteer in Washington and accessed the inter-workings of the Israel Lobby in the US. The documentaries reveal a staggering spying, surveillance and data-gathering ultra-Zionist network in the United States answering to the Israeli government and its Ministry of Strategic Affairs headed by high-ranking intelligence officer Sima Vaknin-Gil and the Minister of Public Security, Strategic Affairs and Minister of Information, Netanyahu ally Gilad Erdan. Vaknin-Gil spent 20 years with Israeli air force intelligence reaching the rank of brigadier general. She has said she wants 'to create a community of fighters' to 'flood the internet' with Israeli propaganda while publicly appearing unconnected with the government. These are overwhelmingly the people that attack you if you post anything challenging Israel. The Ministry of Strategic Affairs, Israeli military and Mossad are all masks on the same face and they are targeting Palestinian and pro-Palestinian activists worldwide with a focus on the BDS Israel boycott movement. Israeli spy Vaknin-Gil is caught on a hidden camera by Al Jazeera at a pro-Israel event in Washington saying:

> We are a different government working on foreign soil and we have to be very, very cautious. We have three different sub-campaigns, which are very, very sensitive. Regarding data gathering, information analysis working on activist organisations, money trail. This is only something that a country with these resources can do the best ... We have to think differently. And this is waging a holistic campaign against the other side. Take him out of his comfort zone. Make him be on the defensive ...
>
> ... In the air force when you want to win, you have to have aerial superiority. If you want to win a campaign, you must have information superiority. And this is exactly the added value of Israel's capabilities, technological and otherwise, we can bring to the game and we are working on that very hard.

What Vaknin-Gil was describing is a super-extensive Israeli spying and intelligence gathering operation throughout the United States and the wider world to smear anyone who questions or challenges the

actions of Israel. Noah Pollak is the executive director of the ultra-Zionist group, Emergency Committee for Israel (established by Bill Kristol, co-founder of the Project for the New American Century). Pollak also worked at Israel's Shalem Center, a think tank affiliated to Netanyahu's Likud Party and part-funded by Trump's biggest financial backer, Sheldon Adelson. The appalling Pollak was caught on hidden camera saying:

> When you talk about ... BDS, you talk about them as a hate group, as a movement that absolutely endorses violence against civilians, not military conflict, but violence against civilians. AKA terrorism. You discredit the messenger as a way of discrediting the message.

Activists were told by other ultra-Zionist organisers that they should stay on message ... BDS is a 'hate movement'. Al Jazeera undercover reporter 'Tony' was told to call BDS an anti-Semitic hate group as often as possible because 'it polls well'. Israel's ultra-Zionists are terrified of the potential for BDS to awaken the world to the treatment of Palestinians and damage the country financially – a fact confirmed in 2019 by the desperate campaign launched by Strategic Affairs Minister Gilad Erdan to label BDS activists 'terrorists in suits'. I think they call it 'projection'. The strategy and accompanying propaganda was a copy of that used by Jerusalem-based NGO Monitor which claims to be independent while being a front for targeting NGOs that challenge the behaviour of Israel and its far right government. The organisation was founded in 2001 by ultra-Zionist academic Gerald Steinberg and claims 'to promote accountability, and advance a vigorous discussion on the reports and activities of humanitarian NGOs in the framework of the Arab–Israeli conflict' (the 'framework' of whether they criticise Israel or not). The Quakers, a Christian pacifist movement, were targeted by the ultra-Zionist hit-squads after they said they would no longer invest in any company which benefits from the Israeli occupation. Quakers opposed slavery, apartheid in South Africa and were awarded a Nobel peace prize for saving Jews and Christians from the Nazis including 10,000 mostly Jewish children transported to Britain. None of these are mitigating factors to opposing what the ultra-Zionists decree. The Quakers were condemned by the *pathetic* British Board of Jewish Deputies and other ultra-Zionist groups who described the Quaker decision taken on moral grounds as, yes, yes, yes – 'anti-Semitic'. Sagi Balasha, former Chief Executive of the Israeli-American Council from 2011-2015, now works with cyber-intelligence organisations targeting BDS activists. He explained to an Israel Lobby meeting captured by Al Jazeera's secret filming how they have billboards taken down that criticise Israel and call for a boycott. He said that in a few hours of being

alerted about billboards their systems and analysts 'could find the exact organisation, people and even their names, where they live'. They would pass this information to the 'ministry' and 'three days later there were no billboards'. All this is going on in America and so many other countries every day orchestrated by a country of less than eight million people with a total global population of 0.2 percent. Jacob Baime, Executive Director of the Israel on Campus Coalition, described on hidden camera how they track those who criticise Israel:

> We use all sorts of technology. We use corporate level, enterprise-grade social media intelligence software. Almost all of this happens on social media so we have custom algorithms and formulae that acquire this stuff immediately.

Baime added that 'within about thirty seconds or less of one of these things popping up on campus, whether it's a Facebook event ... [or something] on Twitter, the system picks it up.' He said the information then goes into a queue and 'alerts our researchers and they evaluate it'. They tagged it and if it rose to a certain level they 'issue early-warning alerts to our partners'. Baime went on:

> If one of these terrorists on campus [anyone calling for equal rights for Palestinians] wants to disrupt a pro-Israel lecture or something and unfurl a banner or whatever else, we're going to investigate them and look into bad stuff they have done. That stuff becomes very useful in the moment and there are any number of ways to push it out. The only thing is that we do it securely and anonymously and that's the key.

This is how the ultra-Zionist bully boys target kids in universities and anyone with the decency to stand up for the abused Palestinians.

We must destroy them

Bill Mullen a Professor of American Studies at Purdue University, had been a long-standing BDS campaigner when his wife was sent a link to a website containing a letter addressed to her claiming to be from a former student making allegations of sexual harassment against him. The letter said she had found other students telling the same story. Creating anonymous websites is a modus operandi of the Israel Lobby along with copious fake social media pages. Mullen said that within about 48 hours they established that these multiple sites attacking him had been taken out almost at the same time and were clearly the work of the same people. He said:

> It was really an attempt from people who didn't know us to think maybe I can destroy this marriage at the very least, maybe I can cause them horrendous

> personal suffering. The same letter purporting to be harassment to my wife used the name of our daughter. I think that was the worst moment. I think we thought these people will do anything, they are capable of doing anything.

Yes they are – as we will see when I return directly to 9/11. Jacob Baime of the Israel on Campus Coalition said: 'Every few hours you drip out a new piece of the opposition research ... it's psychological warfare. It drives them crazy.' The Al Jazeera documentary featured a Purdue student who was targeted for her Palestinian support with anonymous claims that she was often drunk and had sex with multiple men. Jacob Baime again on hidden camera: 'They either shut down or they spend time responding to it and investigating it, which is time they can't spend attacking Israel – that's incredibly effective.' BDS-supporting Jewish activist and journalist Max Blumenthal said this Israel network operates through subterfuge and walked a very thin line between the legal and illegal to gather information to smear opponents and to ultimately destroy them. Al Jazeera reporter 'Tony' was accepted as an activist working with the Israel Project, or 'TIP', an Israeli propaganda operation that seeks to control the narrative on what is reported about both Israel and Palestinians. Professor John Mearsheimer who has exposed the Israel Lobby told Al Jazeera about the role of the Israel Project. He said the 'special relationship' between the United States and Israel is unprecedented in recorded history. He said that not only did the United States give Israel a tremendous amount of economic aid and diplomatic protection but gave that aid and protection no matter what – it's not conditional. 'The Israel Project will go to enormous lengths to achieve that end', Mearsheimer said. Israel Project staff described to 'Tony' how they had contacts in numerous media organisations and set out to forge friendships with reporters as a primary means of influence to control what is written about Israel and 'neutralising undesired narratives'. The aim was to build an 'echo-chamber for pro-Israel information' using the media as the vehicle. David Hazony, a managing director at the Israel Project, told 'Tony':

> They're not things we do loudly. A lot of them are things we do behind the scenes. You can get a lot more done by making questions get asked by journalists. And if you create it from multiple directions at the same time through multiple journalists, then you create a kind of sense of crisis. We develop relationships. A lot of alcohol to get them to trust us.
>
> We're basically messaging on the following. BDS is essentially a kind of a hate-group targeting Israel. They're anti-peace. We try not to even use the terms, because it builds their brand. We just refer to 'boycotters'. The goal is to actually make things happen and to figure out what are the means of

communication to do that.

New Yorker magazine exposed in February, 2019, how BDS was targeted by a Mossad-front 'security company' called Psy-Group in an operation code-named Project Butterfly. Psy-Group recruited from Israel's secret services and gathered donations from wealthy ultra-Zionists mostly in New York on the understanding that their names would never be revealed. BDS activists would be followed and targeted with discrediting campaigns and this even included putting leaflets on the cars of neighbours claiming an activist to be a 'terrorist'. Article author Adam Entous wrote:

> Psy-Group's intelligence and influence operations, which included a failed attempt in the summer of 2017 to sway a local election in central California, were detailed in a New Yorker investigation that I co-wrote earlier this month. Before it went out of business, last year, Psy-Group was part of a new wave of private-intelligence firms that recruited from the ranks of Israel's secret services and described themselves as 'private Mossads'.
>
> Psy-Group initially stood out among its rivals because it didn't just gather intelligence; its operatives used false identities, or avatars, to covertly spread messages in an attempt to influence what people believed and how they behaved.

This is happening in your country today, America. Are you just going to take this crap and abuse of your country?

Israel's American spy network

The ultra-Zionist campaign against BDS includes keeping surveillance within the United States on American students and it is coordinated through the highest levels of Israeli intelligence. Omar Barghouti, a co-founder of the BDS movement, said that government ministers attacked him with 'one of them threatening BDS leaders with targeted civil assassination'. Yisrael Katz, Israel's Minister of Intelligence, is captured by Al Jazeera saying that the plan is to act against BDS leaders, isolate them and transfer information to other intelligence agencies around the world. Israel must 'carry out a targeted civil thwarting of the leadership of BDS activists', he said. Julia Reifkind, a Director of Community Affairs at the Israeli Embassy in Washington and 'AIPAC-training camp activist', told 'Tony' that nobody really knew what they were doing on behalf of Israel, but it included 'a lot of research, monitoring BDS things and reporting it back to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs – making sure everyone knows what's going on'. When politicians talked about the subject in the Israeli Parliament she said: '... we've usually contributed to

what the background information is.' Reifkind was asked if the Israeli Embassy is trying to 'leverage faculty' (university departments). She said that was correct and they were working with several faculty advocacy groups 'that kind of train faculty'. She said they were 'helping them a little bit with funding, connections, bringing them to speak, having them speak to diplomats and people at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs that need this information'. Reifkind said ultra-Zionist activists lobbying for mega Israel lobby group AIPAC don't come clean about that. They are trained to simply say they are pro-Israel students: 'When you're meeting with students on campus I would never say "I am the AIPAC Campus Rep". I would say, "My name is Julia and I'm a pro-Israel student".' She admitted that Israel groups seek to influence student elections from 'very behind the scenes' and that she had several fake Facebook accounts that allowed her to appear to be other people including 'an old white guy'. One Al Jazeera documentary shows how Reifkind sought to portray students at the University of California Davis using the tired old line of 'anti-Semitism' when they voted to boycott Israel. They use this slur constantly because that's all they have. Once open debate is allowed they lose every time when the treatment of Palestinians by a racist state cannot be intellectually or morally defended. Reifkind told 'Tony' how they pre-planned a walkout from the debate at Davis they knew they would lose and used film of the walkout to post on the Internet and 'control the narrative'. Reifkind recalled:

> That day all of us released 50 op-eds in major news sources, so that ... when people opened their Facebook it would be them celebrating their victory, it would be us sharing our stories. Once it blew up then random people like the Huffington Post contacted me, it was like 'Do you have anything to say?' and I was like 'Conveniently I wrote an op-Ed two weeks ago just in case'.

The article was duly published with the headline 'My 15-Day Journey Confronting Divestment at UC Davis'. Reifkind crowed that people's 'entire newsfeed was Israel stuff and that's what we wanted'. Students demanding justice and fairness for Palestinians against the global political and intelligence networks of Israel should be a no-contest, but it is testament to the disgust that gathering numbers have with the behaviour of the Israel government and military that BDS continues to expand. At the perfect propaganda moment in the UC Davis story swastikas suddenly appeared scrawled on campus and we should absolutely not rule out in these situations that Lobby assets stage their own 'anti- Semitism' including swastikas and slogans to advance their agenda of demonisation and censorship. A joint investigation by US and Israeli authorities led to a ten-year jail sentence for a 19-year-old Jewish

man with dual American-Israeli citizenship for making bomb threats to Jewish community centers in the United States. Michael Kadar made more than 2,000 threatening calls to schools, airports, police stations, malls and other targets over two years, Israeli prosecutors said. The Anti-Defamation League (ADL) and other Jewish groups had blamed 'white supremacists' and even the man's mother said: 'I thought it was done by someone who is anti-Semitic.' The man apparently has mental problems, but the point is that when the crimes happened they were automatically assumed to be the work of 'anti-Semites'. American proper journalist Tucker Carlson presented an expose' of hate crime hoaxes in the wake of the fake self-staged 'racist attack' by actor Jussie Smollett who said he had been beaten and left with a noose around his neck by white men claiming to be Trump supporters. It turned out that Smollett arranged for black associates to beat him and then told his lies to the media and generated more division and hatred between communities with the enthusiastic support of ultra-Zionist controlled CNN. The two black men who 'beat him up' came forward and admitted it was all a set-up arranged by Smollett. Police charged him on a number of counts. What was the outcome? Cook County State Attorney General Kim Foxx, who was funded in her election campaign to the tune of more than $400,000 by George Soros foundations, dropped the charges against Smollett in a blatant fix that followed an attempted intervention on his behalf by Tina Tchen, an ally of the actor's friend Michelle Obama. Smollett rails against 'white privilege' while being so privileged himself that he's above the law. This is yet another example – and they are endless – of 'progressive' bullshit and unspeakable hypocrisy and of the octopus networks controlled by Soros who has been funding state prosecutors and secretaries of state into office for years to dictate who and what gets prosecuted and who and what doesn't. But don't you dare tell anyone – that's 'anti-Semitic'. 'Hate crime' convictions are actually rare and not exploding. Part of Carlson's segment on hate crime hoaxes featured an interview with Robby Soave, author of *Panic Attack: Young Radicals in the Age of Trump*, who exposed the fraudulent nature of 'hate crime' statistics including the Anti-Defamation League claims of a 60 percent increase in 'anti-Semitic' attacks since Trump was elected. Soave said that he checked the statistics and 'anti-Semitic' violence was in fact 'way down'. He said the entire increase claimed by the ADL was the work of Jewish hoaxer Michael Kadar. Did the ADL apologise for such misleading claims and for once be honest? They couldn't spell the word. I am sure you will have observed that 'anti-Semitism' always goes up and is 'on the rise' according to figures released by ultra-Zionist front groups. When you meet rank and file Jews they say they don't know what the fuss is because they have never faced discrimination. Does it happen? Of

course. Does it happen on anything like the scale the ultra-Zionist hate groups claim? Not a chance. Things are not, to say the very least, always what they seem to be and we need to remember that instead of jumping to instant conclusions. A question to ask is who benefits? For example, who benefited from the swastikas that appeared at UC Davis? Who benefits from anonymous log-ins posting anti-Jewish abuse?

Canary Mission

The Algemeiner, a New York-based Jewish newspaper, approached Al Jazeera undercover Jewish reporter, 'Tony', to ironically work 'undercover' within BDS groups as a form of surveillance. Rachel Frommer, *The Algemeiner's* Senior Campus Correspondent, said they were working on a project to rank US universities and colleges with regard to their 'anti-Semitic and anti-Israel activity'. She said they had a campus bureau that monitors BDS campaigns 'all day long, all week long'. Frommer said that the 'new anti-Semitism' is 'anti-Israelism' in line with the new song-sheet worldwide. One *Algemeiner* headline captured its methods and approach: 'Cesspool of Antisemitic, Anti-Israel, Racist Behaviour at U of Tennessee Uncovered by Covert Watchdog Group'. Put another way – there is a BDS group at the University of Tennessee that is far too effective. The story was given to them by a secretive Israel Lobby group called the Canary Mission which weaponises 'anti-Semitism' on US campuses in line with the overall Protection Racket blueprint. *Algemeiner* ran the article while admitting it had no idea who was behind the Canary Mission. The story was a blatant lie, but the label 'anti-Semitism' is all they have. When your only tool is a hammer every situation must be a nail. Respected Jewish magazine, *The Forward*, reported that in 2015 Jewish and pro-Israel groups in the US and Israel used significant resources to direct hard-line, often secretive tactics against their targets:

> An online blacklist called Canary Mission, which went live in 2015, targeted college students critical of Israel. Professional pro-Israel operatives posed online as college students. Pro-Israel campus groups hired top-tier professional Washington, D.C. political consultants and sent them to work on college campuses. An Israeli spy firm pitched U.S. Jewish donors with a proposal to covertly undermine the movement to boycott, divest from and sanction Israel.

A Canary Mission video calls for its operatives to 'make sure today's radicals are not tomorrow's employees' by destroying their careers. This seriously sick organisation keeps surveillance on its targets and constantly harasses them. Israel Lobby operative Jacob Baime said on the Al Jazeera documentary: 'They are terrified of Canary Mission and

it's about time.' Eric Gallagher, an AIPAC director from 2010-2015, told undercover reporter 'Tony' that the highly secretive and 'anonymous' Canary Mission is funded and run by Adam Milstein, Chairman of the Israeli-American Council who was convicted of tax evasion in 2009. Gallagher tells how he was in email contact while Milstein was in jail. Milstein is a pivotal figure in the Israel Lobby with its surveillance and smears, and sits on the boards of AIPAC's national council, Israel on Campus Coalition and StandWithUs. He is close to mega ultra-Zionist donor, Sheldon Adelson, the biggest funder of Donald Trump. Milstein described on a secret camera his mode of operation with regard to critics of Israel: 'We're doing it by exposing who they are, what they are, the fact that they are racist, the fact that they are bigots, they're anti-democracy.' Hypocrisy knows no bounds.

Tennessee is one of the major centres of Israel-worshipping, ultra-Zionist-created Christian Zionism and became the first state government to condemn BDS. Increasing numbers of others have followed, including Arkansas where to receive state contracts firms have to pledge not to boycott Israel or reduce their fees by 20 percent. The power of ultra-Zionism over United States government at all levels can be seen in the targeting of Americans and their free speech and conscience to serve a country of eight million people nearly seven thousand miles away. Helene Sinnreich, Jewish Professor of Judaic Studies at the University of Tennessee and a Fellow at the Center for Advanced Holocaust Studies at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, said a claim of rampant anti-Semitism at the university was quite a shock. 'It was very surreal and strange – I didn't see anything happening on the ground, it all seemed to be internet based.' Suddenly flyers appeared all over the university accusing students of supporting Palestinian group Hamas and the theme was seen again – criticising the Israeli government is 'anti-Semitism'. The psychological game works by repeating lies enough times for them to becomes accepted truth. Among those exploiting this technique to attack the University of Tennessee was Aviva Vogelstein, Director of Legal Initiatives at the Louis D Brandeis Center for Human Rights Under Law in Washington DC (of course). This is another strand in The Lobby that hides its real controllers and reason for being behind the term 'human rights'. Kenneth Marcus, founding president of the Brandeis Center, told 'Tony' that they were attempting to redefine 'anti-Semitism' to include criticism of Israel. They wanted to have this imposed on all American universities to stop criticism of Israel and undermine BDS. Marcus said in a secret recording: 'You have to show that they're racist hate groups – that they are using intimidation to get funded, and to consistently portray them that way.' It is a cold and callous abuse of the term 'racism' in pursuit of a blatant political end and what this does is to cry wolf so often and so constantly that genuine

'anti-Semitism' gets lost in the tidal wave. The real reason for the attack on the University of Tennessee as on all their other targets, including myself, is to silence opposition and to secure changes in the law to protect Israel from criticism. Jewish and other Tennessee students gave evidence to a state hearing into the allegations and said claims of 'anti-Semitism' were nonsense. The only people making the claims were outsiders, most notably Kenneth Marcus and his subordinate Aviva Vogelstein who admitted to 'Tony' that Jewish students had told her there was not an 'anti-Semitism' problem at Tennessee.

Paying the piper ...

Ultra-Zionist control of politicians – especially in the United States – is stunning and explains so much about 9/11. This control is mainly through funding and who gets it and who doesn't. John Mearsheimer and Stephen Walt expose this fact in *The Israel Lobby and U.S. Foreign Policy*. Bribing politicians with ultra-Zionist 'donations' is the norm in America and many other countries. Phenomenal ultra-Zionist donations to both American parties (control both sides and you control the game) are scandalous in an alleged 'democracy' and he who pays the piper calls the tune. *Ynetnews*, an online English-language Israeli news website of newspaper *Yedioth Ahronoth*, reported in 2016 that *50 percent* of donations to the Democratic Party came from Jewish sources and 25 percent of those to Republicans. This is from a minority within a *two percent* minority of the American population. We can see this stark truth in the US presidential election of 2016. The five biggest donors to 'Democrat' candidate Hillary Clinton were: Hedge fund manager Donald Sussman (ultra-Zionist); venture capitalist Jay Robert Pritzker and his wife Mary (ultra-Zionists); Israeli-American media tycoon Haim Saban and his wife Cheryl (ultra-Zionists); financier George Soros (ultra-Zionist place-man whatever they may claim); and SlimFast founder Daniel Abraham (ultra-Zionist). Another Clinton financial supporter to the tune of $35 million was Facebook co-founder Dustin Moskovitz (ultra-Zionist). The Clintons are also very close to the ultra-Zionist Rothschilds via Evelyn de Rothschild and his wife, the American-born businesswoman, Lynn Forester. They spent their wedding night at the White House at the Clintons' invitation. The couple were apparently introduced by Henry Kissinger at a meeting of the Hidden Hand Bilderberg Group. A Hillary Clinton email when she was US Secretary of State has her making a grovelling apology to the Rothschilds for asking then UK Prime Minister Tony Blair, another Rothschild tea-boy, to accompany her to Israel when the Rothschilds were inviting him to a weekend 'conference' in that global elite centre of Aspen, Colorado. Clinton tells Lady de Rothschild: 'I hope you all understand ... Let me know what penance I owe you.' The grovelling nature of the Clinton-to-

Rothschild emails is in stark contrast to the usual Clinton demeanour. A former bodyguard said she could 'make Richard Nixon look like Mahatma Gandhi'. Only her best behaviour will do for the Rothschilds. Fox News reported in 2019 a stash of released Hillary Clinton emails that confirmed Israeli influence over American politics:

> A newly unearthed batch of heavily redacted, classified emails from Hillary Clinton's personal email server revealed that the former secretary of state discussed establishing a 'private, 100% off-the-record' back channel to Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin ['Bibi'] Netanyahu, and that one of her top aides warned her that she was in 'danger' of being 'savaged by Jewish organizations, in the Jewish press and among the phalanx of neoconservative media' as a result of political machinations by 'Bibi and the Jewish leadership' ... The documents, representing a small proportion of the tens of thousands of emails still unaccounted for from Clinton's server, also underscored the apparently significant political threat that the Obama administration felt it faced at the hands of Israel.

Meanwhile 'Republican' Donald Trump's biggest donor was Israeli-American ultra-Zionist Sheldon Adelson who handed over $82 million to Trump and the Republicans. This was three times the contribution of the next highest individual donor (Fig 102). Another big Republican donor is ultra-Zionist Bernard Marcus, co-founder and former CEO of Home Depot, who sits on the board of the Republican Jewish Coalition. Marcus has funded ultra-Zionist and Neocon organisations including the American Enterprise Institute, Christians United for Israel, Friends of the IDF, Hoover Institution, Hudson Institute, the Israel Project, Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA), Manhattan Institute and Middle East Media Research Institute. It's a similar story with ultra-Zionist billionaire investor Paul Singer, founder and CEO of the hedge fund Elliott Management Corporation. Singer, Marcus and Adelson were all major funders of Trump with Adelson out in front. You get what you pay for. The media subsequently reported that 'Trump's' highly controversial decisions' to move the US Israel embassy to Jerusalem, ditch the US-Iran nuclear deal and appoint Project for the New American Century

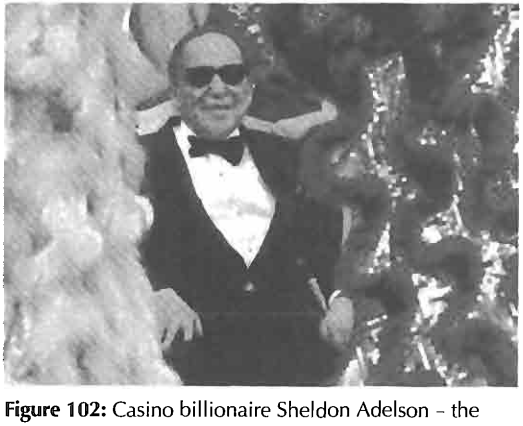

Figure 102: Casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson – the Israel fanatic behind Trump.

stalwart and Israel tea-maker John Bolton as National Security Advisor were all 'passions' of Shelden Adelson. Yes and the government psychopaths in Israel. During the 2016 Republican Primary – or 'Adelson Primary' as it was called – to decide the presidential nominee we saw headlines such as 'Sheldon Adelson is ready to buy the presidency'. *The New Yorker* said Adelson was '... the single person to whom both the Prime Minister of Israel and the President of the United States owe everything'. Trump election strategist Steve Bannon evangelised over Adelson at a Zionist Organisation of America dinner and said that without him Trump would not have become president. It wasn't about Adelson's money, Bannon said, it was his counsel, guidance and wisdom. Of course it was. Adelson told an event for the Israeli Defense Forces that *unfortunately* the military uniform he once wore was American and not Israeli, but he said that his wife and a daughter served in the IDF and he hoped that one of his 'little boys' whose hobby was shooting would go back to Israel and join the Israeli military. He suggested that he could be a sniper. 'All we care about is being good Zionists – good citizens of Israel', Adelson said. Why would this man with those priorities hand over tens of millions to a candidate in Trump with the slogans 'America First' and 'Make America Great Again'? What was an example of 'anti-Semitism' in the new definition again? Oh, yes – 'Accusing Jewish citizens of being more loyal to Israel, or to the alleged priorities of Jews worldwide, than to the interests of their own nations.' How transparent it all is when someone has the backbone to call it out.

Adelson owns Trump as he owns Neocon John Bolton and so they are both continuing the post-9/11 'US' foreign policy dictated by Adelson and the ultra-Zionists. Bolton is reported to have told the ultra-Zionist American Friends of Beit El after Trump's election in 2016 that not only would the US embassy be moved to Jerusalem there would be no opposition to any new Jewish settlements in the occupied West Bank. This has proved to be the case. American Friends of Beit El, headed by ultra-Zionist US Ambassador to Israel David Friedman and financially supported by the ultra-Zionist Jared Kushner family of Trump's son-in-law and 'senior advisor', has been pumping millions into new settlements. Trump is going to oppose illegal settlements when his main funder, his ambassador to Israel and son-in-law are all funding them?? The American people should be embarrassed at how their government has been hijacked so blatantly. Adelson's fingerprints were also all over 'Trump's' decision to seriously cut aid to Palestinians including $25 million from impoverished East Jerusalem hospitals that treat Palestinian cancer patients *when* they are allowed to travel from the West Bank and Gaza. Ultra-Zionists want to clear East Jerusalem of Palestinians so they can replace the Al-Aqsa Mosque with a rebuilt

'Solomon's Temple' and to so impoverish and destitute the Palestinian people that they will agree to Israeli demands in return for a promise of money. The scam was described in its most extreme form by Alliance for Israel Advocacy, a lobbying group established by the Messianic Jewish Alliance of America which is pressing the White House and Capitol Hill for Palestinians to be given money to move aboard and leave Israel to Jews only. Executive Director Paul Liberman said that over ten years they wanted to change the demographics of the illegally-occupied West Bank with a view to annexation by Israel. He said that Palestinians who stayed would 'live under the doctrine of the sojourner', not have a vote and would 'not participate in the sovereignty of the land'. Liberman, who has been to the White House to present his proposals, said: 'The only rights the Palestinians have are squatter's rights.' Sounds such a nice chap. Netanyahu's eldest son, Yair, has also made Internet posts calling for all Muslims to leave Israel. Trump attacked ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs during his election campaign because it played well with his potential voters, but after he won with Adelson's money he immediately appointed Steve Mnuchin (ultra-Zionist), former Goldman Sachs executive vice president, as his Treasury Secretary and ultra-Zionist Gary Cohn, Goldman Sachs chief operating officer, as Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic advisor. When Cohn left in 2018 he was replaced by ultra-Zionist Lawrence Kudlow. Trump is surrounded by Zionists and ultra-Zionists including his son-in-law Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Benjamin Netanyahu who is a long associate of Kushner's jailbird father. The *Wall Street Journal* reported that Kushner didn't disclose on his government financial-disclosure form his business ties to 'Israel critic' George Soros, Goldman Sachs and Silicon Valley billionaire Peter Thiel who has the closest of ties with the US intelligence community. Nor did Kushner disclose that he arranged loans of $1 billion from more than 20 lenders for properties and companies he part-owned including personal guarantees on more than $300 million of that debt. Trump's policy on Israel and what matters to Israel is also dictated by David Freidman, appointed US ambassador to Israel, and Jason Greenblatt, Assistant to the President and Special Representative for International Negotiations. Freidman worked for the Trump Organization as a bankruptcy lawyer and Greenblatt was executive vice president and chief legal officer to Donald Trump and the Trump Organization and his 'advisor on Israel'. Yael Lempert (ultra-Zionist) was named Special Assistant to the President and Senior Director for Israel, Egypt and the Levant. What chance have the Palestinians ever had of justice and can anyone be in the least surprised with this line-up that Trump is continuing the agenda laid out by the Project for the New American Century led by Adelson puppet and PNAC fanatic John Bolton which was triggered by 9/11?

'The Pledge' (pinch yourself, you're not dreaming)

We are talking hundreds of millions being poured into US presidential races and elections by Zionists and ultra-Zionists and in return every candidate who accepts a donation must take 'The Pledge' of allegiance to Israel and its policy demands. This is why by far the biggest financial 'aid' handed out by the United States every year goes to Israel, a tiny already rich country (its elite anyway) with a population of less than some cities. This includes $3.8 billion of US taxpayers' money every year in 'military aid' while Americans sleep in the street. America and Israel signed a 'Memorandum of Understanding' in 2016 through which Israel will receive $38 billion in military assistance over ten years – an increase of around 27 percent on the agreement signed in 2007. This was the biggest single aid pledge of its kind in American history and even before it was signed the Congressional Research Service confirmed that Israel was 'the largest cumulative recipient of U.S. foreign assistance since World War II'. The $38 billion is just a headline figure for the public about one deal – the total amount transferred from American taxpayers to Israel will be bone-shaking. Israel is a sliver of land with a population of eight million people and yet receives more US aid than any other country. So you use your money to buy American politicians and they vote to pay you back – with enormous interest – in American tax dollars in the form of 'aid'. What a racket. Ultra-Zionist funding of Senate and Congressional candidates is fantastic and often make-or-break to their chances of winning. Professor John Mearsheimer said:

> To get elected in the American political system you need lots of money. What AIPAC does is it makes sure that money is funnelled your way if you are seen as pro-Israel and it will go to significant lengths to make sure that you stay in office if you continue to be staunchly pro-Israel.

Former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney has revealed how this scam operates. She said that when she ran for office she was asked to 'sign the pledge' to Israel and confirm she would always vote in Israel's best interests. Agreeing or not agreeing was the difference between money or no money and often whether money was directed instead to an opponent. Which party doesn't matter so long as you pledge allegiance to Israel. McKinney said:

> Every candidate for Congress ... had a pledge, they were given a pledge to sign ... If you don't sign the pledge, you don't get money. For example, it was almost like water torture for me. My parents observed this. I would get a call and the person on the other end of the phone would say 'I want to do a fundraiser for you.' And then we would get into the planning. I would get

> really excited, because of course you have to have money in order to run a campaign. And then two weeks, three weeks into the planning, they would say, 'Did you sign the pledge?' And then I would say, 'No, I didn't sign the pledge.' And then my fundraiser would go kaput.

McKinney eventually lost her seat when the ultra-Zionist lobby funded her opponent who signed the pledge. Jim Moran, a member of Congress from 1991-2015 in northern Virginia, confirmed McKinney's experience:

> ... anybody running for Congress is expected to fill out a questionnaire and they evaluate your depth of commitment to Israel on the basis of that questionnaire, then you have an interview with local people. If you get AIPAC's support, then more often than not you are going to win ...You realise it's not just the money, it's the number of concerned activists. They'll send out postcards, they'll make phone calls, they'll organise. That's the democratic process, they understand the democratic process.

This pledge-to-Israel demand is expanding into wider society, too. A Texas elementary school speech expert filed a federal lawsuit after the school district refused to renew her contract unless she signed a pro-Israel oath. Bahia Amawi had worked for the Pflugerville Independent School District for nine years when her contract renewal form included a demand that she 'will not boycott Israel during the term of the contract' and will not engage in any action 'that is intended to penalize, inflict economic harm on, or limit commercial relations with Israel, or with a person or entity doing business in Israel or in an Israel-controlled territory'. The arrogance and Orwellian nature of this is shocking, but then Texas politics is owned by the ultra-Zionists just as they own American politics in general which ensures that what Israel wants Israel gets and their obvious connection to 9/11 ignored. I think we can also see now why Netanyahu is treated as a god when he visits the United States and speaks to both houses of Congress (as leader of that tiny country) and the politicians of both parties are on their feet in homage every two minutes. In a 50-minute speech in 2011 he was given 29 standing ovations. I said at the time that they must have had springs attached to their arses. They dare not do otherwise because their devotion is *literally* being monitored and there is money to be begged for. So get on your feet to your master. Who do you think you represent – Americans? This is why the annual conference of the America Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC) is the world's biggest arse-licking contest. Prominent politicians of both parties and presidential wannabes shuffle to the stage on their knees and deliver their undying allegiance to Israel while the ultra-Zionist elite look on with both arrogance and

contempt. No wonder then that in early 2019 the House of Representatives voted *411 to 1* for a bill forcing the vacant post of 'anti-Semitism' envoy to be filled. This envoy has always been an activist for the major Israel lobby organisation, the America Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), and the occupant is placed there to 'serve as the primary advisor to, and coordinate efforts across, the U.S. government relating to monitoring and combating anti-Semitism and anti-Semitic incitement in foreign countries'. The bill upgraded the post to the rank of ambassador. The bill was sponsored by Republican Representative Christopher H. Smith. His biggest campaign donor was NORPAC, an ultra-Zionist Israel lobby group 'working to strengthen the United States – Israel relationship' which fundraises for Israel-supporting politicians on both sides. Recipient politicians are sent regular emails on affairs in the Middle East (ultra-Zionist propaganda in other words). The only dissenter to the bill was Republican Justin Amash from Michigan who presumably doesn't take their money (bribery). The first Senate bill at the start of 2019 proposed to hand Israel billions to combat the BDS boycott. These people are owned political prostitutes and a disgrace to everything America claims to stand for. What chance did the truth about 9/11 ever have? But it's coming out in the final section of this book.

I should emphasise that Israel may get all this support from the United States and ultra-Zionist billionaires but this doesn't go the Israeli population in general. Latet, an Israeli humanitarian aid organisation, reported in 2018 that 26.5 percent of the Israeli population in the occupied West Bank live below the poverty line with one in three children missing at least one meal a day. The report describes how Israeli children have to beg for donations, 'collect food from the ground or garbage bins' or steal to eat. Latet chairman Gilles Darmon said: 'When there are more than half a million poor families and more than a million poor children, you cannot just get used to it and accept it.' Israelis have been taking to the streets in protest at ever higher prices for the basics of life. The ultra-Zionist and Death Cult elite have contempt for Jewish people as a whole for reasons that will become clear in later chapters. They want bodies located in the West Bank to take the land from Palestinians, but they don't care what happens to them. An Israeli media host told me before an interview that Holocaust survivors in Israel were suffering from terrible deprivation and poverty and he described cases of their teeth falling out for the lack of nutrition. Jewish people – they don't give a shit about you. All those who endure the consequences of global elite psychopathy – Jewish, Palestinian, everyone – should come together in common cause. While we are divided the Death Cult will rule.

Covering all bases

At the centre (with others) of the US Israel lobby web of hundreds of organisation is the Washington DC-based American Israel Public Affairs Committee or AIPAC. This sounds (on purpose) like something attached to government and it is, but certainly not officially. AIPAC is a massive ultra-Zionist Israel Lobby grouping with almost unlimited funds to buy American politicians of both parties and many others that influence what passes for political debate. It may not fund politicians directly, but it knows a man who does. In fact, many of them. AIPAC has more than 100,000 members and 17 regional offices and constantly campaigns for political and financial support for Israel and against anyone who doesn't think the Israeli government is God's gift to the world. AIPAC was established in 1951 as a lobby group of the American Zionist Council called the American Zionist Committee for Public Affairs. On one side AIPAC is close to the far right Netanyahu Likud Party in Israel while a similar group, J Street, comes from the 'left' or 'progressive' direction. Once again control both sides and you control the game. AIPAC wants a one-state – Jewish state – 'solution' to the Palestinian 'problem' while J Street claims to organise and mobilise 'pro-Israel, pro-peace Americans who want Israel to be secure, democratic and the national home of the Jewish people'. J Street claims to 'advocate policies that advance shared US and Israeli interests as well as Jewish and democratic values, leading to a two-state solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict'. The two-state solution is a herring so red that held against a bright red background it would disappear. Widespread and rapidly-increasing Jewish-only illegal settlements in the Israeli-occupied West Bank means that anyone still supporting a 'two-state solution' is either deeply ignorant or lying to you. There is no Palestinian land left in the occupied West Bank to have a credible 'second state'. Alan Elsner, Vice President of Communications for J Street, described Father George Bush, a mass killer and paedophile who loved to torture children, as 'one of the great foreign policy leaders of the 20th century' and 'anyone who cares about Israel and Middle East peace owes him a debt of gratitude'. Well, Israel sure does, but not the rest of the Middle East which he helped to tear asunder on behalf of Israel. There is very little between these 'right' and left' organisations in truth except for the nature and angle of their mutual bullshit and both will ultimately answer to the same masters. Another prominent organisation in the Israel Lobby is the American Jewish Committee (AJC) established in 1906 and co-founded by Rothschild front-man and Russian Revolution-funder Jacob Schiff (much more later). The AJC calls itself the 'Global Center for Jewish and Israel Advocacy' and as always targets people criticising Israel as 'anti-Semitic'. It has 22 offices in the United States, ten overseas and 33 partnerships with other Jewish organisations around the world. The Israel Web is absolutely

extraordinary for the size of the country because the network is not about Israel, but those that *control* Israel. Eric Gallagher, an AIPAC director from 2010-2015, was recorded on an Al Jazeera hidden camera saying that the aim was to influence the US President and Congress to secure benefits like the $38 billion in military aid:

> You can hold up signs and have rallies on campus, but the Congress gets $3.1 billion a year for Israel. Everything AIPAC does is focused on influencing Congress. Congress is where you have leverage. So you can't influence the President of the United States directly but the Congress can.

With Trump in power and owned by Sheldon Adelson going direct is definitely an option. M. J. Rosenberg, a former editor of AIPAC's policy journal, *Near East Report*, said they make sure there are people in every single congressional district working on Israel's behalf. You can see the influence range of AIPAC-connected people with Rosenberg's CV. He's been a Senior Foreign Policy Fellow at Soros-funded Media Matters Action Network; a worker for Democratic members of the House and Senate; and was appointed by Bill Clinton to USAID, the American CIA-front that claims to be about overseas aid. Ultra-Zionist David Ochs, a pro-Israel advocate, invited Al Jazeera undercover reporter 'Tony' to a fundraising event for people such as Illinois Senator Mark Kirk, Florida Congressman Ted Deutch, Virginia Congresswoman Barbara Comstock, North Carolina Senator Richard Burr and New Hampshire Senator Kelly Ayotte. Ochs described Ayotte as 'fantastic' because she was on the Senate Arms Committee. Ultra-Zionist Ted Deutch, with the greatest of irony, was chairman of the House Ethics Committee. Ochs told 'Tony':

> It's the AIPAC group. It makes a difference, it really does. It's the best bang for your buck and the networking is phenomenal. Congressmen and Senators don't do anything unless you pressure them. They kick the can down the road unless you pressure them. The only way to do that is with money.

And there is so much money to be had. Craig Holman from the Public Citizen consumer advocacy group said the legal limit for individual campaign contributions was $2,700, but this was overcome by getting 50 or 100 people together at an event and pooling their contributions. 'So suddenly you've got a group of people with the same demands they want from the lawmaker handing over a quarter of a million dollars – that buys a lawmaker.' David Ochs told 'Tony' about these 'demands' in return for the money. He said that candidates were told: 'We want to make sure if we give you money that you're going to enforce the Iran deal.' Ochs said when they need something from a lawmaker like the Iran deal they can quickly mobilise and say 'look we'll give you $30,000'.

Public Citizen's Craig Holman said of the Ochs strategy: 'He's actually saying we are buying these office holders and that's the point, we're chipping in all this money so we can hand over $100,000 or $200,000 to the office holder so we can buy him.' Another illegal fiddle revealed by Al Jazeera was that donors gave money to each other so they all gave the maximum amount. Ochs described the involvement of ultra-Zionist Jeff Talpins, founder and Chief Investment Officer of New York-based hedge fund, Element Capital Management:

> In New York with Jeff Talpins we don't ask a goddamn thing about the fucking Palestinians. You know why? Because it's a tiny issue, that's why. It's a small insignificant issue. The big issue is Iran. We want everything focused on Iran. What happens is Jeff meets with the congressman in the backroom, tells them exactly what his goals are and by the way Jeff Talpins is worth $250 million. Basically they hand him an envelope with 20 credit cards and say, 'You can swipe each of these credit cards for $1,000 each'.

Crushing dissent

Iran is a big focus because it was on the list of the Project for the New American Century and is a long-time target of the ultra-Zionists and Death Cult that control Israel. Former Congressman Jim Moran described how the Executive Director of AIPAC had said his most important accomplishment was securing authorisation for the US invasion of Iraq. Moran refused to vote for the war and an ultra-Zionist was planted at a public meeting to ask him why there were not more Jews involved in marches against the war. Moran replied: 'If the leaders of the Jewish community were opposed to the war I think that would make a difference.' The ultra-Zionist Lobby went into overdrive condemning him for believing in a Jewish conspiracy to lead America into war. This is so important to appreciate – the technique of condemning as 'anti-Semitic' the exposure of what you are *actually doing*. This is why ultra-Zionists condemn what they call 'anti-Semitic tropes' claiming a Jewish plot for world domination. They use this to dub any claim of a global conspiracy as automatically 'anti-Semitic' even when a Jewish connection is not even mentioned. It's not Jewish people they are seeking to protect with this mantra. It's the plot itself. Moran told Al Jazeera:

> There was a conservative rabbi in my district who was assigned to me I assume by AIPAC and he warned me that if I voiced my views about the Israel lobby that my career would be over and implied that it would be done through the Post and sure enough the Washington Post editorialised brutally, everybody ganged up.

The ultra-Zionist-controlled *Washington Post*, with its close connection to AIPAC, ran a story by senior editor Marc Fisher saying Moran was not fit for public office because 'what we have here is a United States congressman endorsing and spreading one of the oldest and most pernicious myths in the annals of ethnic hatred'. The 'trope' fraud is also one of the oldest and most pernicious protection rackets in the annals of ethnic diversion. They have constantly tried it with me, often through the clueless on the fake 'socialist' left, but I couldn't care less. Eric Gallagher, a director at AIPAC, was asked by Al Jazeera's 'Tony' which were the main media outlets that the Israel Project propaganda operation worked with. '*Washington Post* is the biggest one,' he replied. The *Post* was owned by ultra-Zionists before being purchased by Amazon's Jeff Bezos which basically means business as usual. 'Jewish leaders' (self-appointed) called on Moran to resign even though both his daughters married Jewish men and his grandchildren are Jewish. This is irrelevant to the ultra-Zionist Lobby to which 'Jewish' is merely a convenient label and means to an end. Former AIPAC magazine editor M. J. Rosenberg said everyone knew that what Moran said wasn't 'anti-Semitic':

> Anti-Semitism has come to mean anti-Israel. The AIPAC crowd doesn't really care very much about whether or not a person likes Jews or wants one to move next door. All they care about is what their position is on Israel.

The whole hoax and diversion of targeting Russia for influencing US elections is to a large part to hide the glaringly obvious fact that Israel and ultra-Zionism is buying and controlling American elections and lawmakers including the president. I had to chuckle when former Mossad chief Tamir Pardo said that Russia deployed tens of thousands of bots to influence the 2016 US elections in favour of Trump to support the candidate they thought would best suit their interests. He warned against 'the danger to Western democracies posed by Russian influence on public discourse'. What utter crap and he knows it. Al Jazeera undercover reporter 'Tony' heard about the 'Israel Cyber Shield' project which is 'a civil intelligence unit that collects, analyses and acts upon the activists in the BDS movement'. This is spying by a foreign power on American citizens and the government does *nothing*. What if the country was Russia or Iran? BDS co-founder Omar Barghouti, said:

> Israel has used cyber sabotage, we suffered from intense denial of service attacks, hacking attacks on our websites. Israel decided to go on cyber warfare against BDS publicly. They said we shall spy on BDS individuals and networks, especially in the west. We have not heard a peep from any western government complaining that Israel is admitting that it will spy on your

> citizens. Imagine Iran saying it will spy on British or American citizens. Just imagine what would happen.

Palestinian-American journalist Ali Abunimah, author of *The Battle for Justice in Palestine*, made the same point. If China, Russia or Iran was doing this there would be uproar, he said. 'You would have Congress going off to them, you would have hearings, you would have prosecutions. The question is how does Israel get away with this?' The answer is the Hidden Hand Web and the Death Cult. The scale of Israeli surveillance in the United States and worldwide is incredible. Jacob Baime, Executive Director of the Israel on Campus Coalition, told 'Tony':

> There's a company called Sensus. It's very pricy though. We had to raise hundreds of thousands of dollars for it. It's going to increase our discovery rate. We're discovering just about everything we need. It's also going to bring new sources online that we weren't able to access in an automated fashion.
>
> Like message boards ... we have ways to crawl message boards right now and to monitor them but it's disconnected from the event and activity discovery mechanism, so we want that system to be all integrated. We just signed the contract yesterday for them to start that work. They actually already started it. Good friends in Israel that are helping us with that.

John Mearsheimer, co-author of *The Israel Lobby*, rightly said that you would think with the United States having an unconditional special relationship with Israel, which gives it so much and protects it diplomatically at every turn, that Israelis would do less spying on America than other countries do: '... but on the contrary what we see is that the Israelis are probably at the top of the list when it comes to foreign countries spying on the United States.' This will become highly significant when I return to the September 11th attacks. Given what I am laying out here is it any surprise that Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres revealed that Prime Minister Ariel Sharon said in the wake of 9/11 in October, 2001:

> I want to tell you something very clear. Don't worry about American pressure on Israel. We, the Jewish people, control America and the Americans know it.

What Jewish academic Noam Chomsky said about Israeli interference in US elections is clear to anyone who has even mildly researched the subject:

> First of all, if you're interested in foreign interference in our elections, whatever the Russians may have done barely counts or weighs in the balance

> as compared with what another state does, openly, brazenly and with enormous support.
>
> Israeli intervention in U.S. elections vastly overwhelms anything the Russians may have done. I mean, even to the point where the prime minister of Israel, Netanyahu, goes directly to Congress, without even informing the president, and speaks to Congress, with overwhelming applause, to try to undermine the president's policies – what happened with Obama and Netanyahu in 2015. Did Putin come to give an address to the joint sessions of Congress trying to – calling on them to reverse US policy, without even informing the president?

The absolutely stunning scale of influence that ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult have over the United States is important to expose before I return to 9/11 because it explains why and how the truth has been suppressed – and ultra-Zionist manipulation is not at all confined to America.

CHAPTER 19

Everywhere you look

Until you realize how easily it is for your mind to be manipulated, you remain the puppet of someone else's game – Evita Ochel

Ultra-Zionist manipulation in Britain and Europe (and countries like Canada and Australia) is also systematically structured for maximum ongoing effect and certainly explains the puppy dog, tail-wagging enthusiasm for the post-9/11 war on terror by war criminal prime minister Tony Blair.

The ultra-Zionist web in the UK includes the Friends of Israel network within every major UK political party – Conservative Friends of Israel, Labour Friends of Israel and Liberal Democrat Friends of Israel. These are essentially the same organisation seeking the same outcome – political support in Britain for ultra-Zionist/Israel desires and demands. These 'Friends' groupings work closely with the Israeli Embassy in London and the Britain Israel Communications and Research Centre (BICOM), a UK version of AIPAC, which promotes 'awareness of Israel and the Middle East in the United Kingdom'. BICOM hilariously describes itself as an 'independent research centre producing research and analysis about Israel and the Middle East'. Don't be silly. BICOM is an ultra-Zionist lobby front established in the 9/11 year of 2001 by ultra-Zionist billionaire Chaim 'Poju' Zabludowicz and works closely with the Israeli Embassy directly and indirectly like all these major expressions of The Lobby. Helsinki-born Zabludowicz is the son of arms manufacturer Shlomo Zabludowicz of Soltam Systems. The family company owns some 40 percent of the land covered by downtown Las Vegas where a big noise is Trump funder Sheldon Adelson. Poju' also bought property in illegal West Bank settlements. He has been a major donor to Conservative Party/Israel causes and developed a close relationship with Conservative prime minister David Cameron. BICOM is Britain's AIPAC making connections with politicians and journalists with daily briefings issued with suggested stories and angles beneficial to Israel. There are the usual free trips for politicians and journalists to visit Israel and pick up the script that we see in the United States and elsewhere.

BICOM is especially active whenever Israel is bombing Palestinian civilians and PR is urgently needed with Israel's public standing in free-fall. Two other UK ultra-Zionist censor groups, the Campaign Against Anti-Semitism (CAA) and the North West Friends of Israel were both established in the period around the 2014 Israel slaughter in Gaza known as Operation Protective Edge. Mass Murder Edge would have been far more accurate. Other strands of the UK ultra-Zionist Lobby include the Board of Deputies of British Jews, the Jewish Leadership Council and the usual Christian Zionists. BICOM also has a UK pro-Israel advocacy organisation called We Believe in Israel headed by former Labour Party councillor Luke Akehurst.

Buying Blair

Long-time Labour Party MP Tam Dalyell spoke out in 2003, the year of the ultra-Zionist-manipulated invasion of Iraq, about how 9/11 Prime Minister Tony Blair was unduly influenced by a 'cabal of Jewish advisers' in forming policy towards Iraq, Syria and Iran. Dalyell particularly focused on Blair's 'Middle East envoy' ultra-Zionist Lord Levy who was also the Labour Party's chief fundraiser and known to the media as 'Lord Cashpoint'. I can't think where Levy would go for money. Levy was described by *The Jerusalem Post* as 'undoubtedly the notional leader of British Jewry'. He was a founding member of the Jewish Leadership Council and led the financial campaign to fund Blair's successful run for prime minister in 1997. Two of the people Levy tapped for big donations were ultra-Zionist television executive Alexander Bernstein and ultra-Zionist printing tycoon Robert Gavron who were both given titles of Baron and Lord when Blair was elected. I'm sure there was no connection. Lord Levy's son Daniel has been an assistant to former Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak who so brilliantly predicted the role of Bin Laden and Afghanistan on the morning of 9/11. Daniel Levy headed the Middle East Department of the European Council on Foreign Relations and became President of the US Middle East Project. Blair was the ultra-Zionists' man from the start and Levy was at his side across 9/11 and into the 'war on terror' until Blair stood aside in 2007 for Gordon Brown to become his brief successor in Downing Street. Blair and Brown were both members of Labour Friends of Israel and so little changed on that score. Levy's fundraising bonanza for Blair ended amid allegations and scandal over people who donated large sums being rewarded with a title and place in the House of Lords. Israeli newspaper *Haaretz* reported a connection between money donated by Zionist Jews and the pro-Israel policy of Tony Blair and Gordon Brown. Ultra-Zionist millionaire David Abrahams, a deputy chair of Labour Friends of Israel, was exposed in 2007 for making secret and illegal donations through junior employees of £600,000. He told *The*

Jewish Chronicle that he 'didn't want Jewish money and the Labour Party being put together'. Oh, really? I wonder why. Journalist Yasmin Alibhai-Brown questioned in *The Independent* the influence in Labour Party election victories of Zionist lobbyists and Labour political organiser Jonathan Mendelsohn. He was a trustee of the UK Holocaust Educational Trust, former chairman of Labour Friends of Israel and prominent in other ultra-Zionist groups. Mendelsohn, too, became a Baron. His ultra-Zionist wife Nicola, or Lady Mendelsohn, was named as Facebook's Vice President for Europe, the Middle East and Africa in 2013 on the watch of ultra-Zionist Facebook chairman and chief executive officer Mark Zuckerberg and ultra-Zionist Chief Operating Officer Sheryl Sandberg. Did I mention that Jewish people are only 0.2 percent of the global population and that many are not Zionists and only a comparative few ultra-Zionists? The Jewish percentage of the UK population is two percent with 290,000 in a nation of more than 66 million. Tony Blair immediately joined Labour Friends of Israel when he became an MP in 1983 and remained a close supporter and attendee. Baron Mendelsohn, chief election fundraiser for Blair's successor Gordon Brown, said that Blair transformed the party's stance on Israel:

> Blair attacked the anti-Israelism that had existed in the Labour Party. Old Labour was cowboys-and-Indians politics, picking underdogs to support, but the milieu has changed. Zionism is pervasive in New Labour. It is automatic that Blair will come to Labour Friends of Israel meetings.

This was all in the run-up to 9/11 and its 'war on terror' aftermath while precisely the same was happening around Boy Bush in the United States via the Project for the New American Century network.

Castrating Corbyn

The vicious hate-filled campaign by the ultra-Zionist lobby against Labour Party leader Jeremy Corbyn in 2018 and beyond to brand him and his party 'anti-Semitic' can now be seen in its true light. The UK Conservative Party is owned by ultra-Zionists and so are most of the Labour Party MPs still loyal to war criminal Tony Blair. They are both a gimme to do whatever Israel demands. It was different with Corbyn and Labour activists supporting him. They were still prepared to speak out against Israel and the inhuman treatment of Palestinians. The campaign of hate against Corbyn and what is left of genuine Labour was specifically orchestrated with disgraceful support from the *Daily Mail* and other media to force the party into adopting the ridiculously-broad new definition of 'anti-Semitism'. I say 'force' but 'force' always requires acquiescence to 'force' and the party hierarchy outrageously caved. Labour Friends of Israel MPs were at the forefront of the campaign as

you would expect and that is the source of constant efforts to replace Corbyn as leader. Ultra-Zionist Labour MPs played the victim card and the depths of insanity and exaggeration of the get-Corbyn campaign were personified by ultra-Zionist Labour MP Margaret Hodge (née Oppenheimer). She is a patron of the Campaign Against Antisemitism (CAA) which hurled hysterical abuse in Corbyn's direction as it has against me. Hodge actually said that facing a party disciplinary inquiry (later dropped) over calling Corbyn an 'anti-Semite' made her think about 'what it felt like to be a Jew in Germany in the 30s'. She went on: '... when I heard about the disciplinary, my emotional response resonated with that feeling of fear, that clearly was at the heart of what my father felt when he came to Britain.' To make a comparison between a party disciplinary hearing and being a Jew in Nazi Germany takes the bloody breath away. One of the most sickening comments I saw with relation to Corbyn was when he posted on Twitter on the 100th anniversary of the end of the First World War in 2018 that we should say 'never again'. This was met with a reply from an ultra-Zionist fanatic who said: 'Please don't ever use the phrase #NeverAgain (which FYI is a reference to the Holocaust). It is an insult!' An estimated 37 million people died in the First World War and this man was claiming copyright for 'never again' for 0.2 per- cent of the global population. Now *that* is an insult, but what a glimpse into the extremes of this cultural chauvinism. Political commentator John Wight made a telling contribution to understanding the background to the anti-Corbyn hate campaign by 'anti-hate' ultra-Zionist frauds. Wight described them as: 'A sundry crew of in the main very middle class, very affluent, and very mendacious champions of war – Iraq, Libya anyone? – and defenders of Israel's oppression and dispossession of the Palestinian people, who to all intents have been marked out as children of a lesser God':

> Many of these defenders of Israel occupy prime positions within the mainstream media, within the Labour Party itself as MPs — indeed within the establishment in general — and key among them are members of a pro-Israel lobby that is committed to policing and controlling the terms of the debate when it comes to the treatment of the Palestinians.
>
> At their behest people in Britain have been invited to enter an upside-down world in which lifelong committed anti-racists, such as Corbyn, are presented as rabid racists and anti-Semites, while they – proponents of regime change wars and defenders of apartheid – are presented as Camusian warriors of integrity and decency.

Gaining Momentum? Or gaining control?

Four weeks after Jeremy Corbyn became UK Labour Party leader an

organisation called Momentum was launched from the multi-million pound home overlooking Tower Bridge in London of Zionist Jon Lansman with fellow Zionists James Schneider and Adam Klug. Momentum is called a 'grassroots' organisation allegedly to gather support for Corbyn and it quickly made inroads into the Labour Party hierarchy with Lansman securing a place on the party's National Executive Committee. There were more than 170 local groups in the UK by early 2018 and 40,000 members. Momentum said it would 'encourage mass mobilisation for a more democratic, equal and decent society' and 'assist members in making their voice heard in Labour Party debates'. Well, debates that don't include criticism of Israel would appear to be more accurate because according to *Jewish News* Lansman was for weeks lobbying Labour's leadership to adopt the international definition of anti-Semitism with all its carefully-worded examples that I detailed earlier. He came out full-blown in 2019 when he said that the Labour Party he claims to support had a major problem with 'anti-Semitism' and members who believed in 'conspiracy theories'. How yawningly predictable. The real agenda of Zionist-controlled 'Momentum' was now on public display and even more so when Momentum produced a video condemning 'conspiracy theories' and saying they were only trying to get people to 'hate Jews'. The Rothschilds and George Soros were especially defended and yours truly naturally got a mention. No matter how much documented evidence is produced about Soros it doesn't matter because there is only one explanation for why people expose him – they're 'anti-Semitic'. The clueless presenter of the video said the Rothschilds can't be part of a conspiracy because they are hardly mentioned in the Forbes Rich List. The idea that those in real control – as opposed to mega-rich frontmen like Jeff Bezos – are going to flaunt the extent of their wealth and power is so ridiculous, naive and misleading that you can only laugh. Are genuine Labour Party members going to realise what Momentum really is and why it was created by Zionists immediately after Corbyn was elected leader? By 2018 Corbyn was so controlled by people like Lansman and Israel-arse-licking Labour Deputy Leader Tom Watson that he posted a link to the Momentum video while condemning 'vile and destructive ... antisemitic conspiracy theories'. This was the end of Corbyn as a credible 'radical'. His backbone had gone and he was now owned by Israel. The coup on the Labour Party was complete. I never had Corbyn down as the brightest, but his spineless contempt for genuine Labour supporters that made him leader is a disgrace. Tom Watson, who has taken donations from pro-Israel lobbyists, said amid rising homelessness and poverty with kids going to bed hungry every night that 'fighting anti-Semitism' should be the Labour Party's 'number one issue'. How Watson shaves without averting his eyes I cannot think. The claim by rich-man

Lansman that he started Momentum to improve the lives of the oppressed working class is utterly hilarious to me. He became a member of the National Executive Committee's working group on anti-Semitism and Momentum vice-chair Emina Ibrahim was on the panel that expelled Labour Party members for 'anti-Semitism' *including* Jewish ones. The most shocking case was that of Cyril Chilson, a Jewish academic at Oxford University who served 16 years of compulsory and reserve service in the Israeli army, including in occupied Palestinian territories and in occupied Lebanon during the war in 1982. He was also a foreign press liaison officer with the Israeli Defence Forces (IDF) spokesman unit. Chilson said that his job was to:

> ... whitewash the atrocities which I had witnessed on a daily basis when serving in the West Bank or in Gaza and spoon-feed with watered-down information the foreign correspondents while escorting them during their restricted visits.

Chilson's parents were both survivors of the Nazis. He moved to the UK where he became a naturalised British citizen in 2006 and was able 'to gain a wider perspective of the real intentions of the state of Israel, reflected through the agenda of the settlers' movement, namely a permanent and irreversible Jewish colonisation of the occupied Palestinian territories'. Chilson joined the Labour Party and said he recognised from personal experience the 'ideological fingerprints' of the Israeli military propaganda machine and 'Hasbara' that were 'all over' the attacks on Jeremy Corbyn and the Labour Party for being 'anti-Semitic'. He was describing how the Israeli military and government via its UK network was the source of the campaign of abuse for Corbyn and Labour to accept the new full and ludicrous definition of 'anti-Semitism' while Momentum's Lansman was lobbying Labour from the inside to the very same end which was eventually successful. This manufactured ultra-Zionist mob abused Chilson and his family and tried to pressure Oxford University to sack him. This is typical of ultra- Zionist hate groups. Instead of giving Chilson support the spineless ultra-Zionist-hijacked Labour Party suspended him in 2016 and he was permanently expelled from the party at a disciplinary hearing with Momentum's Emina Ibrahim on the panel. Another expelled Jewish Labour member, Tony Greenstein, described her as a 'collaborator in this racist outrage'. Cyril Chilson wrote:

> The charges against me revolved around my 'antisemitism' – a grotesque accusation for a son of Holocaust survivors whose mother had been snatched in the last minute from the crematoria of death camps and whose father had fought the Nazis flying a Soviet combat aircraft, while his entire family,

> parents, siblings and all their relatives perished in the Belzec concentration camp.
>
> The 'antisemitism' in question was my criticism of the state of Israel and its atrocious policies – namely, the unending occupation of the West Bank and the inhuman siege on Gaza, the continuous colonisation of the West Bank and annexed territories (i.e. Eastern Jerusalem and the Golan Heights) and the pervasive apartheid and discrimination against the Palestinian citizens of Israel.

What profound confirmation that the 'anti-Semitism' hysteria and ultra-Zionist hate groups are not about protecting Jews, but deleting all criticism and exposure of the far right Israel government and the Death Cult that drives its policies and behaviour. Chilson's comments about Israel 'recruiting certain leaders of western Jewish communities and turning them into zealous supporters who ostracise opposing Jewish voices' were decreed by the panel, or what Chilton calls a kangaroo court, as 'making mendacious allegations about Jews as a collective" and 'accusing Jews, supporters of Israel and critics of antisemitism as being more loyal to Israel than to the UK ...' Chilson said that most insane of all he was accused of 'denying Jewish people the language to describe their own oppression'. Even the sons of Nazi concentration camps victims are 'anti-Semitic' if they criticise Israel. Jeremy Corbyn, caught in a pincer-movement between the Tony Blair-supporting, Israel-supporting wing of his party and Zionist Lansman's Momentum sat on his hands and zipped his mouth while all this was going on. In November, 2018, Lansman's Momentum would turn on me and try to get my public event in Watford, just north of London, cancelled on the grounds of, yes, 'anti-Semitism'. They tried to demonise me on social media and produced a video in support, but they were met with a lot of condemnation from genuine Momentum and Labour Party members and others for their contempt for freedom of speech. It might be wise for those genuine Momentum members and Labour activists to ask a few questions about the organisation's real agenda and why a rich man like Lansman has this calling to represent the poor and downtrodden while campaigning within the party for what suits Israel and its network of lobby groups. Labour MP Chris Williamson was suspended for saying that the party had been 'too apologetic' over the 'anti-Semitism' campaign. This was not only true, but even if it wasn't he had a right to that opinion. Not in the Israel-owned Labour Party he doesn't. Williamson's biggest mistake was to then say he deeply regretted his remarks. Every time someone apologises for speaking either the truth or their view of the truth more power is handed to the ultra-Zionist hate groups who are further emboldened to attack others. They should

demand that I apologise for reporting supportable facts. They will die waiting. 'Progressive' *Guardian* columnist and self-obsessed social justice warrior Owen Jones jumped to the defence of Williamson and free speech, surely? Well, er, not quite:

> This is utterly out of order. When does the left ever say we've been 'too apologetic' about fighting racism or bigotry? Why is he, a non-Jew, right and Jon Lansman - a Jewish socialist who founded Momentum and ran Corbyn's second leadership campaign - wrong about anti-Semitism?

Another little boy in short trousers who believes he's an intellectual giant. Jones and Lansman's Momentum even urged people to protest at a music event of Israeli-born Gilad Atzmon – now music is 'anti-Semitic' to these morons. Didn't the Nazis target music and cultural events? I do they believe they did.

One party state and the climate of fear

Peter Oborne is one of the few mainstream journalists with the courage and integrity to question the influence of the Zionist Lobby in British politics which he has done both in print and a rare television documentary on the subject. He has highlighted the 'formidable turnout' at major Conservative Friends of Israel events including the party leader and how *80 percent* of Conservative Members of Parliament were members of Conservative Friends of Israel (CFI). The UK Conservative Party has been in government since 2010 at the time of writing led by prime ministers David Cameron and Theresa May who have slavishly supported the US ultra-Zionist Neocon agenda in Libya, Syria and elsewhere. The current Conservative Party treasurer and money-man as I write is the Israeli-born businessman Ehud Sheleg who has donated large sums to the party while Sir Mick Davis, born to a South African Jewish family and former chair of the Jewish Leadership Council, was appointed the party's chief executive in 2018. I wonder what the Conservative policy on the Middle East will be? *Mmmm* ... can't think. Peter Oborne reported how then Prime Minister David Cameron made the main speech at the annual Conservative Friends of Israel gathering in 2009 like other Conservative leaders before him. Margaret Thatcher was a founder member of the Conservative Friends of Israel, a member of the Anglo-Israel Friendship League and the first serving British prime minister to visit the country in 1986. Cameron's speech to this Israel lobby group within his own party was made amid an Israeli invasion of the Gaza Strip and Oborne said he was shocked to see that Cameron did not even mention the invasion. Instead he praised the way Israel 'strives to protect innocent life' at a time when 1,370 people in Gaza were dead. Oborne said he found it impossible to reconcile the remarks with the

numerous reports of human rights abuses in Gaza and said as much to some Conservative or 'Tory' Members of Parliament. 'They looked at me as if I was distressingly naive, drawing my attention to the very large number of Tory donors in the audience,' he said. We are looking at the UK equivalent of the spring-arsed Israel-worshippers on Capitol Hill. Most people have no idea about the scale of influence ultra-Zionism and Israel have in the corridors of power, but to know this is to understand so much about the way Israel gets what it wants and avoids criticism and challenge for behaviour that would have others before the International Criminal Court or subject to regime change invasion. Oborne has described how the slur of 'anti-Semitism' is used against journalists and publications to deter would-be critics and how 'News International, Telegraph newspapers and the Express Group have tended to take a pro-Israel line and have not always been an hospitable environment for those taking a critical look at Israeli foreign policy and influence'. I should congratulate him for one of the understatements of the century. Oborne and colleague James Jones produced a pamphlet exploring the influence of the Zionist Lobby and they noted how clearly frightened people were to speak publicly on the subject even though they had plenty to say in private. Oborne and Jones wrote:

> Many people who privately voiced concerns about the influence of the lobby simply felt they had too much to lose by confronting it. One national newspaper editor told us, 'that's one lobby I've never dared to take on.' From MPs, to senior BBC journalists and representatives of Britain's largest charities, the pattern became depressingly familiar. Material would come flooding out on the phone or in a meeting, but then days later an email would arrive to say that they would not be able to take part. Either after consultation with colleagues or consideration of the potential consequences, people pulled out.

Oborne and Jones revealed how charities such as Disasters Emergency Committee, Amnesty, Oxfam, Christian Aid, Save the Children Fund and the Catholic agency CAFOD all refused to comment on the BBC's refusal to air a Gaza disaster appeal in response to the humanitarian catastrophe at the time delivered by the Israeli military. Even finding a publisher for their pamphlet was not easy with potential publishers concerned about losing their charitable status or saying 'I don't think that our donors would like this very much'. Zionist money and intimidation are the twin pillars of ultra-Zionist control networks both sides of the Atlantic and in countries like Australia and New Zealand. The writers described how one MP had predicted they would never 'have the guts' to make a television programme about what was happening. The MP said it was 'a big story' and called the Zionist network 'the most powerful lobby by far in parliament'. When the

programme *was* made the MP refused to take part and a 'front bench Conservative MP was so paranoid he insisted we remove the battery from our mobile phones to ensure our privacy during the conversation'. Only senior MPs reaching the end of their political careers were willing to speak on the record including Michael Mates, a member of the Intelligence and Security Committee and former Northern Ireland minister, who eventually left parliament in 2010. He said: 'The pro-Israel lobby in our body politic is the most powerful political lobby. There's nothing to touch them.' Their lobbying, he thought, was 'done very discreetly, in very high places'. Sir Richard Dalton, former British ambassador to Iran and consul in Jerusalem, told the writers how politicians are afraid to say publicly what they may say in private and so Israel avoided proper public scrutiny and much of this pressure to stay silent was financial. Oborne and Jones described how different members of the Friends of Israel networks from Conservative and Labour parties have public dialogue about Israel policy while never making clear their membership of in effect Israel lobby groups. This included those in government and parliamentary roles highly relevant to Israel policy. Oborne and Jones wrote in 2009:

> Many of the most sensitive foreign affairs, defence and intelligence posts in the House of Commons are occupied by Labour or Conservative Friends of Israel. Mike Gapes, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Select Committee, is a former deputy chairman of the [Labour Friends of Israel]. Kim Howells, the chair of the Intelligence and Security Committee (and another former Middle East minister) used to chair Labour Friends of Israel. James Arbuthnot, chairman of the powerful Commons Defence Select Committee, is also the serving parliamentary chairman of the [Conservative Friends of Israel]. There is no prohibition on parliamentarians having membership of such groups, but how many voters are aware of these links?

The same situation continues today with the ultra-Zionist lobby massively influencing British government policy on the Middle East and elsewhere through their maze of channels. Oborne reveals that then Conservative Party opposition foreign affairs spokesman William Hague was the target of Zionist anger when he described the Israeli attack on Lebanon in 2006 as 'disproportionate'. Threats were made by ultra-Zionist Lord Stanley Kalms, treasurer of the Conservative Party across 9/11, to withdraw funding. Oborne said party leader David Cameron gave the Zionists an assurance that the term 'disproportionate' would never be used again. Members of Parliament supporting the ultra-Zionist agenda attract financial support and particularly those who are standing against critics of Israel. No guesses where the inspiration came from for Jeremy Hunt, I think I pronounced that correctly, the British

Conservative government Foreign Secretary, to describe Israel as 'an inspiration' and 'beacon of democracy' when it is anything but. Hunt announced in 2019 that the UK would oppose the United Nations Human Rights Council's permanent agenda item on human rights abuses in Israel and Occupied Palestinian Territories. He said 'elevating this dispute above all others cannot be sensible' and he might have added 'if I want to stay attached to my arse'. Hunt condemned the suggestion that 'one side alone holds a monopoly of fault'. He's right – the ones with the state of the art arsenal funded by the United States and those by comparison with pea-shooters are equally at fault. The same is true of those who are free to travel anywhere and those imprisoned behind fences with checkpoint exits manned by armed troops and those who pepper-bomb Gaza and those on the receiving end. They are equally to blame. It's your fault – you shouldn't have been having tea in your home with your family when we decided to drop a bomb. In fact, that could even be 'anti-Semitic'.

It's the same game in Britain that we see in the United States, Canada and other countries. Labour and Conservatives Friends of Israel MPs and those they want to snare are taken on funded visits to Israel to be subjected to ultra-Zionist propaganda. How can this be in any way acceptable when according to the Committee on Standards in Public Life: 'Holders of public office should not place themselves under any financial or other obligation to outside individuals or organisations that might seek to influence them in the performance of their official duties.' Do you think being owned by ultra-Zionist money and largesse might qualify for that? Journalists told Oborne and Jones how they had been accused of anti-Semitism' for writing articles unfavourable to Israel and they were sure it had damaged their careers. BBC Middle East reporter Orla Guerin was moved to other duties after a campaign against her by Israel and its lobby dubbing her 'anti-Semitic' for the 'crime' of trying to report the Israeli-Palestinian conflict fairly and honestly. Both words are like garlic to a vampire to the ultra-Zionist lobby which demands that only its narrative is heard. Writer Antony Lerman who had been very supportive of Israel and highlighted anti-Semitism was called 'a nasty anti-Semite' as soon as he broke ranks with the script. 'I think there are people who are deliberately manipulating the use of the term antisemitism because they do see that it's useful in defending Israel', he said. Oh, just a little bit. Veteran British journalist Richard Ingrams, a critic of Blair minder Lord Levy, highlighted 'the reluctance throughout the media to contemplate the Israeli factor' with regard to the September 11th attacks and pointed to 'pressure from the Israeli lobby in this country that many, even normally outspoken journalists, are reluctant even to refer to such matters.' Ingrams pointed out the 'close business links with Israel' with regard to major media owners like Rupert

Murdoch. Sam Kiley, a journalist on the Murdoch-owned *Times* newspaper, resigned after saying his work had been severely censored by senior executives because of the owners' support for Israel and Zionism. Most won't walk out with a mortgage to pay and so they bow their heads and avoid the subject. Columnist Kevin Myers was fired by the Irish version of the Murdoch-owned *Sunday Times* for alleged 'anti-Semitic' comments in 2017 about the way the BBC paid male presenters more than female for the same job. Myers wrote:

> I note that two of the best-paid women presenters in the BBC – Claudia Winkleman and Vanessa Feltz, with whose, no doubt, sterling work I am tragically unacquainted – are Jewish. Good for them. Jews are not generally noted for their insistence on selling their talent for the lowest possible price, which is the most useful measure there is of inveterate, lost-with-all-hands stupidity. I wonder, who are their agents?

Had had the word 'Jewish' instead been 'American', 'Chinese', 'French', 'Russian', 'Colombian' or 'Canadian' Myers would not have been instantly fired, his column removed and an apology published. The Jewish population of Ireland is about 2,500 in a total Irish population of around 4.8 million and the pressure to sack him didn't even come from Jews in Ireland. They *defended* him – not least because he had a record of pro-Israel articles. The Jewish Representative Council of Ireland said that branding him as either an anti-Semite or Holocaust denier was 'an absolute distortion of the facts'. Distortion of the facts? Who could have done that to get Myers sacked and his career destroyed? *Mmmm,* that would be the UK-based Campaign Against Antisemitism (CAA) in its perpetually red-faced outrage. This is the same CAA that targets the Labour Party and myself – while Labour members targeted by the CAA also target me on the same grounds that the CAA targets them. Don't waste your time trying to make sense of that. Just accept that the world is mad and let's continue.

Israel's 'take-down' policy

Ultra-Zionists use their web of organisations and hate groups to fund, manipulate and intimidate their demands into reality through theoretically (and only that) sovereign governments. Elected politicians who won't play ball with the psychopaths of the Israeli far right are targeted for removal. We saw a glaring example of this in an Al Jazeera documentary series about the Zionist Lobby in Britain in 2016 when hidden cameras caught Shai Masot, 'a senior political officer' (see 'Mossad') at the Israeli Embassy in London headed by far-right ultra-Zionist ambassador Mark Regev who has become well known for 'justifying' in the media the slaughter of Palestinian civilians. Israeli

embassies around the world are Mossad fronts with the main Mossad operative having a higher rank than the ambassador. This was revealed by former Mossad agent Victor Ostrovsky in his 1990 book, *By Way of Deception*. Friends of Israel groups within UK political parties work closely with the Israel embassy in London as confirmed by Labour Friends of Israel officer Michael Rubin when caught on a secret camera. He said there was a need to keep this connection to the embassy secret: 'We work really closely together, but a lot of it is behind the scenes.' Oh, I don't doubt it, and so we are looking at organisations connected to the Israel embassy infiltrating UK political parties. *Hello*? Al Jazeera's covert filming exposed the manipulations of the Friends of Israel network and associated groups and in one scene Israeli embassy operative Shai Masot is seen listing British politicians he wanted to 'take down' for their stance on Israel (Fig 103). They included Foreign Office Minister Alan Duncan. Masot was in conversation with his friend, Joan Ryan, then chair of the Labour Party Friends of Israel and a vociferous critic of party leader Jeremy Corbyn. This shocking exposure should have been met with a tidal wave of condemnation and questions about Israel's manipulation of politics in Britain and elsewhere. Imagine what would have happened had the country been Iran? But it wasn't – it was Israel and the incident passed with barely a whimper and that included from Corbyn who is in political hock to the Momentum 'radical socialist' organisation of Zionist Jon Lansman. Prime Minister Theresa May said in reaction to an Israeli demand to take down one of her own ministers: 'The Israeli ambassador has apologised ... the UK has a strong relationship with Israel and we consider the matter closed.' This was both pathetic and also very revealing. Another ultra-Zionist group working within the Labour Party is the Jewish Labour Movement (JLM) which the Electric Intifada website reported, quoting unbroadcast footage from an Al Jazeera documentary, was reformed in 2015 just to oppose Jeremy Corbyn. Still another ultra-Zionist group within the party is Jewish Voice for Labour

Figure 103: UK Israeli embassy 'take down' operative Shai Masot on the left with Ambassador Mark Regev on the right, the notorious apologist for Israeli mass-murder in Gaza. In the centre is Jeremy Newmark , former chair of the Jewish Labour Movement within the Labour Party which has been very active in the 'anti-Semitism' campaign against Jeremy Corbyn and the party in general.

which is a 'racially'-exclusive group that only allows non-Jews to join as a 'solidarity member'. What if it was the other way round? 'Anti-Semitic!!!' JLM director Ella Rose admitted to Al Jazeera's undercover reporter that she worked closely with Shai Masot before and after she took up the post. 'We work with Shai, we know him very well,' she said, which is not surprising. Rose once worked for the Israeli embassy. You won't be shocked to know that Rose is another critic of Corbyn within the party. The Jewish Labour Movement invited an Israeli delegation to the 2016 Labour Party conference at the behest of the Israeli embassy who were portrayed as young, left-wing Israeli activists. Israel daily *Haaretz* reported after the conference – without naming the groups involved – that a cable from Israel's London embassy confirmed that Israeli agents had been 'operating British Jewish organizations' and this was possibly 'in violation of British law'. Michael Rubin, Parliamentary Officer for the Labour Friends of Israel, said on hidden camera that Israel Friends Labour chair Joan Ryan spoke with Shai 'take down' Masot 'most days' and that Labour Friends of Israel 'work with the [Israeli] ambassador and the embassy quite a lot'. Still believe in 'democracy'?

The inevitable came in early 2019 when Israel-stooge Labour and Conservative MPs, including Friends of Israel stalwart Joan Ryan and Jewish MP Luciana Berger, a one-time director of Labour Friends of Israel, left their parties to form their own 'Independent Group'. A greater contradiction in terms it is hard to imagine. They claimed their motivation came from 'anti-Semitism' in the Labour Party. This 'group', which included the oil-slick-slimy Labour MP Chuka Umunna, turned out not to be a new political party, at least at first, but a private company! This allowed them to keep secret their sources of funding. Half a brain cell was all you needed to work out where much of it would come from and confirmation soon arrived. Multi-millionaire Israel lobbyist David Garrard announced that he was funding the 'Independent' Group which chose Umunna as its 'spokesman'. Oil slick would not have had it any other way. David Garrard has been a major financial backer of Labour Friends of Israel and joined its board. He donated nearly $2 million to the Labour Party under pro-Israel leaders Tony Blair, Gordon Brown and Ed Miliband, but then called in a loan of more than $2.5 million when Jeremy Corbyn was elected leader. But don't you worry your little head – there is no ultra-Zionist manipulation of British politics and it is absolutely 'anti-Semitic' and Holocaust-denying to say so. I mean, where's your evidence? Garrard has made donations to Ryan, Umunna and other breakaway Israel-worshippers, but their new 'party', later called Change UK, soon began to unravel. Labour MP Ruth George commented that it was possible this group would get support from Israel (solid gold certainty) but after the usual

furore she apologised for 'invoking a conspiracy theory'. Is there no one in politics or public life who is not permanently on their knees facing Tel Aviv? The UK Liberal Democrat Party is another fiefdom of the ultra-Zionist lobby and the Friends of Israel network. Baroness Jenny Tonge, a thoroughly decent former Liberal Democrat MP and member of the House of Lords, was suspended by the party and later resigned after the truth she told about Israel was too much for her butt-licking colleagues. She said in 2006: 'The pro-Israeli lobby has got its grips on the western world, its financial grips. I think they've probably got a grip on our party' (another solid-gold certainty). The establishment immediately fell to its knees led appropriately by former Archbishop of Canterbury George Carey who condemned Tonge's 'irresponsible and inappropriate' comments which 'evoked a classic anti-Jewish conspiracy theory'. *What an idiot*. Journalists Peter Oborne and James Jones said the following about the influence of the Zionist and Israel Lobby in the UK:

> This influence works in a variety of ways: the unceasing cultivation of British MPs; political donations; availability of research briefs; brilliant presentation of the case for Israel. The Israel lobby has enjoyed superb contacts at the very top of British politics, and never hesitated to use them. As we have shown in this pamphlet, it has used them at key moments; for instance the Israeli invasion of the Lebanon three years ago and the publication of the Goldstone Report into alleged war crimes during the invasion of Gaza earlier this year.
>
> Beyond these specific examples of influence, there is also a wider presence. The Friends of Israel groups in the House of Commons have firmly established themselves in the interstices of British political life. Their heavy presence at party conferences is taken for granted, their lunches and dinners an ingrained part of the Westminster social scene, the donations a vital part of the political financing. An environment now exists where MPs and ministers feel cautious about criticizing the foreign policy of the Israeli state, wary of opening themselves to criticism on the home front. Meanwhile, public discourse on Israel, as we have shown, is heavily policed.

'Conspiracy theorist' = 'anti-Semite'

What the CIA dubbed 'conspiracy theorists' are very dangerous to the official narrative because they are questioning its validity either in total like me or in part. They therefore have to be discredited and silenced and once again 'anti-Semitism' is the weapon of choice. The Board of Deputies of British Jews and the UK Community Security Trust don't seem to like talk of conspiracy – the same with their American counterparts the Anti-Defamation League (ADL). 'Conspiracy theories' are now condemned as 'anti-Semitic tropes' by the Protection Racket even if Jewish people or Zionism are not mentioned because this is

about preventing exposure of the global conspiracy and nothing to do with protecting Jewish people from discrimination. The ADL attacked a researcher for questioning how the Twin Towers collapsed when there was no mention of a Jewish or Zionist angle. How interesting and it will get more so later in the book. The UK Community Security Trust (CST), which likes to attack me, is a private 'security' organisation that makes its money from protecting Jewish people and thus benefits when they feel threatened. Every year it issues figures which invariably show that 'anti-Semitism is on the rise' and the media and politicians just accept the figures without question and with not even a thought about potential conflict of interest. True to form in February, 2019, the CST published its latest 'figures' and would you believe it – 'anti-Semitism' incidents had reached a record high for the third year in a row. The CST said that this indicated a general atmosphere of intolerance when they took a brief break from calling for others to have their free speech denied. The Campaign Against Anti-Semitism (CAA) is so tolerant that its stated policy is 'zero tolerance'. They're not hypocrites or anything – that's just an 'anti-Semitic' trope. The CST and Board of Deputies condemned the anti-EU UK Independence Party (UKIP) for embracing people connected to conspiracy talk show host, Alex Jones. Israel arse-licker, rent-a-quote and Labour MP John Mann said Jones' organisation was 'vile and dangerous'. I thought he was talking about his Labour Friends of Israel at first hearing, but apparently not. I have some big differences with Alex Jones and not least his backing of Trump, but I will support to my dying day his right to his opinion. This is in stark contrast to the tech and financial companies of The Web that have banned him. Apple, Twitter, Facebook, PayPal and so on did so while talking about 'our values' when they don't have any. 'Values' is only Orwell-speak for controlling the narrative. The ultra-Zionist attack on Jones was particularly bizarre on the face of it because the Jones associate they mention rails against the impact of Islam but has argued *against* any suggestion of a 'Jewish plot'. Jones overwhelmingly avoids the Zionist connection, too. Ultra-Zionist groups linked the exposure of George Soros by Alex Jones and company as evidence of 'anti-Semitism' which is the constantly-employed tactic to protect Soros and his mega networks manipulating human society. I read the story about the targeting of UKIP on the *Guardian* website in an article by its 'political correspondent' (God help us) Peter Walker. He wrote about 'the supposed influence of Soros, the billionaire financier who is at the centre of antisemitic conspiracies about so-called "globalists" seeking to control the world.' The fact that what Soros is doing has been confirmed by leaked documents and emails and by arrogant members of his Open Society Foundations passes Walker by. *The Guardian* promotes itself as radical left of centre but is actually the epitome of an establishment

propaganda sheet promoting the agenda of human enslavement while most of its number think they are 'anti-establishment'. The paper's biased coverage of Israel and Palestine is a disgrace to journalism and those seeking to present both sides have been purged as contributors in recent years in yet another example of ultra-Zionist-inspired censorship.

Speaking from experience

Elements within the programmed *Guardian*-like 'progressive left' turned on Alice Walker, once one of their icons, when she recommended my book *And The Truth Shall Set You Free* in an interview with *The New York Times* in late 2018. Alice, the acclaimed author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Color Purple* and many other books and works of poetry, was born as a black child into racist and segregated Georgia in 1944. Against all those incredible odds she built a career as a celebrated author and activist opposing racism and campaigning for justice for all. She married Melvyn Rosenman Leventhal, a Jewish civil rights lawyer, in 1967 and they became the first legally-married interracial couple in Mississippi which obviously attracted harassment and condemnation from white racist morons and their enforcement arm, the Ku Klux Klan. It took incredible commitment and fortitude to stand by her principles – her Jewish husband, too – but all this was forgotten and ignored on both sides of the Atlantic by the calculated hate-merchants of the ultra-Zionist Protection Racket and their mindless sycophants in the 'progressive' mob and media when Walker committed the crime of saying positive things about my book. The symbiosis of ultra-Zionist hate groups and 'progressive' 'anti-hate' groups and activists is the symbiosis of cold calculation and self-righteous ignorance and stupidity. Not a pretty sight from any angle. The media was in uproar as they always are when anyone questions the absolute, uncriticisable perfection of 0.2 percent of the global population. Well, apart from those in the 0.2 percent that criticise Israel – they are fair game to the Protection Racket. I was also interested to see how writers who promote themselves as 'moderate', 'socialist' Zionists were attacking Walker including a bloke called Raphael Magarik writing in the Israeli paper, *Haaretz*. He called my book 'rabidly anti-Semitic' (I doubt he'd even read it) and accused Walker of making 'anti-Semitic' remarks. Utterly ridiculous and outrageous, but for much of the Zionist left Jewish self-identity is still the default position no matter what they may say about the Israeli right wing. Once we reach the point of accusing people like Alice Walker of racism we know that something is seriously wrong and all this does is alert still more people to the Protection Racket, its methods and goals.

I have often been targeted by the ultra-Zionist lobby and its hate groups which have lied to venues and police in an effort to have my public events banned. They have succeeded a few times – at great cost to

their public credibility and standing – but we have always somehow found a way around this coldly-calculated censorship – except in Germany where venues are cowed and threatened into cancelling my events or refusing to take a booking (see *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* for the detailed background). Germany, meanwhile, continues in its delusion of being a free country despite these facts and Orwellian laws targeting freedom of speech. I don't know what they will do when this book comes out. They will be apoplectic and fit to burst and what I have written will be completely misrepresented as always. I can't say enough times that I am not exposing a 'Jewish plot' but a plot by a cabal that hides in part within the Jewish community and connects with the The Web which operates in all communities, cultures and races. The emphasis in this book is on the ultra-Zionist part of The Web because of its direct relevance to 9/11 as we will see. I will address directly in the next chapter the nature of the usurpers who use the Jewish community as their smokescreen. The prime organisation seeking to silence me in the UK has been the Campaign Against Antisemitism (CAA) which was established in August, 2014, during the mass murder of Palestinians by the Israeli military in Operation Protective Edge which killed more than 2,000 Palestinians including more than 500 children. Another Zionist censor group, the North West Friends of Israel, was formed in the same summer of 2014 and it, too, has worked to have my events cancelled by lying to venues and media about what I would be saying and what I believe. The venues, including the Lowry Hotel in Manchester, never consult me about what is being claimed. They just cancel the event often without even telling us.

Manchester (no class) United

A perfect example with regard to the CAA is the behaviour of Manchester United Football Club in 2017 where a book-launch dinner was to be held for *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*. The booking had been confirmed for months and right up to the previous day my son Jaymie was in communication with the club over final arrangements for hundreds of guests, many of them Manchester United supporters and others who had come from abroad. Some had booked tickets to celebrate birthdays. None of this matters to the agenda of the CAA who joined forces with Kick-It- Out, an organisation that campaigns against racism in football. Kick-It-Out knew nothing about me but they didn't have to. The CAA told them everything they needed to know. They both contacted Manchester United with their lies about what I say in the events and alerted local Labour Party Member of Parliament, Kate Green. She went to work on the club as well and we heard on the Internet on the morning of the event that Manchester

United had cancelled. To this day they have never told us. Jaymie headed to the club's Old Trafford ground to ask the people he had been dealing with for months what was going on and he was met by the club's security who escorted him from the premises. Manchester United may be one of the world's biggest football clubs but clearly has no class and no integrity. We managed to find another venue at incredibly short notice to hold the event and in doing so we came across a big venue that will absolutely not cancel when I next speak in Manchester. So thanks for that CAA. It is astonishing to think that MP Kate Green, who was pivotal in having the event cancelled at the expense of her own constituents, was responding to the misrepresentations of me by the very same CAA that so viciously targeted her Labour Party as 'anti-Semitic'. People actually vote for this person? The head of a local homeless charity was pressured by aides to Manchester Labour Mayor Andrew Burnham not to attend the event to receive a donation from us for the homeless of Manchester collected at my events. Burnham sells himself politically as a champion for the homeless. We walked around the city handing out the money directly to the homeless instead. One of three Twitter accounts that Kate Green said had demanded my event to be cancelled was called 'Falconmalteser'. This was established ten years earlier and had the sum total in that time of *one tweet*. So it was genuine then? Green went into battle immediately without even checking. The thought that she is representing anyone let alone a whole political constituency of Stretford and Urmston is terrifying.

The North West Friends of Israel were also involved in pressing for cancellation and they have connections to the Labour Party via people like MP John Mann, a fanatical Zionist, stalwart of Labour Friends of Israel, chair of the All-Party Parliamentary Group against Antisemitism and in the forefront of attacks on Labour leader Jeremy Corbyn over alleged 'anti-Semitism'. You get the picture. Kick-It-Out is partly funded by the Professional Footballers Association (PFA) which is run by Gordon Taylor, a man I knew quite well many years ago when I did interviews with him for the BBC. I wrote to Taylor to point out that the organisation he was helping to fund had grossly misrepresented me both to Manchester United and in public, but he couldn't be bothered to reply. Keep your head down, Gordon, you know it makes sense. I made an offer to publically debate the CAA, Kate Green, Andrew Burnham, Kick-It-Out, all of them together, but they wouldn't accept. Ultra-Zionist hate groups make a point of avoiding open debate with their targets by saying they don't debate with 'anti-Semites'. Throw your mud and run is their modus operandi and they know the media will never call them out. As for Manchester United, they told the media they didn't know the booking was for me which was a lie beyond belief and provably so. Jaymie had actually told them that venues had been targeted to cancel

my events and club staff said that we wouldn't have that problem with them because 'We are Manchester United'. In fact, Zionist-owned Manchester United melted like wax in a fire once the ultra-Zionist lobby came to call representing as it does a fraction of two percent of the UK population and a fraction of 0.2 percent of humanity worldwide. Other venues have taken the same mendacious stand of 'we didn't know it was him' out of sheer terror of ultra-Zionist extremists and their threats. When are people going to get off their bloody knees? When venues refuse to cancel they are themselves accused of being 'anti-Semitic' because standing up for the basic human right of freedom of speech is now considered racist. The desperation to silence me has led to ever more hysterical and insane claims. A Jewish man in the Netherlands claimed that me being allowed to speak was a threat to his life. I did speak and somehow he survived. I am one man who is not a member of any organisation or movement. Why are they so frightened of me? Actually, they are not so much frightened of *me* as frightened of the truth coming out *through* me. Tough – its time has come.

Man and dog with banner

Another Labour Party ultra-Zionist front calling for protests at my events in 2018 was the Jewish Labour Movement which is affiliated to the Board of Deputies of British Jews, the Israeli Labor Party, Zionist Federation of the UK, and the World Labour Zionist Organisation, a faction within the World Zionist Organisation. The Jewish Labour Movement's stated objective is 'to maintain and promote Labour or Socialist Zionism as the movement for self-determination of the Jewish people within the state of Israel.' It's the *Zionist* Labour Movement, then, rather than 'the Jewish'. Anyway, these moronic groups who called on the 'Labour movement' to protest at my events managed only a handful outside the venue in Watford, even fewer days later in Crewe and at my final event on that tour in Margate one man turned up with banners he didn't bother to unfurl because no one else came. He even stood at the wrong entrance while the audience were walking in elsewhere. That's all they could manage because there is an increasing awareness on the genuine 'left' that they are being hijacked by the 'anti-Semitism' Protection Racket which has taken over their party. An ultra-Zionist writer by the name of David Collier and another from the Hope Not Hate (Hate Not Hope in truth) organisation both produced outrageous misrepresentations of my talk and my own views. Collier, who incredibly describes himself as an 'independent' writer, called me 'poison' and then immediately began his laughable 'report' of my talk by saying: 'Icke doesn't stand up and publicly attack Jews.' Even not attacking Jews is now 'anti-Semitic' to these people. I feel sad for them – what a strange and bizarre world they must live in getting up every day

with the intent of silencing and discrediting their fellow humans. A Twitter account was launched in 2019 called Stop Funding Fake News which urged people to target advertisers on alternative media sites and ask them to remove their ads. If this didn't exist then Hasbara would have had to invent it. Collier was one of the first to re-tweet in support and its most vocal promoter appears to be minor Jewish television 'celebrity' Rachael Riley. She seeks to delete funding for websites that include among other things 'antisemitic tropes featuring George Soros'. The Twitter account urges people to 1) Visit a fake news site; 2) Take a screenshot of an advert; 3) Tweet it at the company; 4) Tag @SFFakeNews. Riley said she looked into the 'anti-Semitism' debate after seeing posters that said 'Israel is a racist endeavour' and this offended her. Personally I am more offended by Palestinian kids having their limbs blown off by Israeli snipers. Any TV 'celebrity' who supported a campaign to target advertisers on websites promoting Israel would be taken off air in an instant. Riley wants to boycott alternative news sites but when someone started the hashtag #BoycottRachaelkRiley the ludicrous *Jewish Chronicle* editor Stephen Pollard said: '... every one of you who promotes #BoycottRachelRiley is a racist. Every one of you is the enemy of decency. Every one of you is beneath contempt.' Words have no meaning. Another minor Jewish celebrity David Baddiel said that #BoycottRachaelkRiley was an example that Jews don't count. God, it's pathetic. A YouTube documentary defending Labour activist Jackie Walker – a lady of Jewish descent with a Jewish partner expelled for 'anti-Semitism' – included a picture of David Collier at a small protest against a Palestinian cultural event with Paul Besser, former 'intelligence officer' of the far-right Israel-supporting Britain First organisation. Collier's 'material' has been used by Labour Party elements driving the 'anti-Semitism' agenda which so overcooks the pot that genuine discrimination is sidelined. Collier is considered a credible source of information by the mainstream media despite being a professional Israel propagandist and this shows how crazy and slanted it all is.

The video defending Jackie Walker was apparently taken down many times by ultra-Zionist-owned YouTube. You can have all the coverage you like to libel people that you want to silence, but when anyone defends them they must be denied a voice. Walker's felonies were secretly filmed in a hit-job at a Labour 'anti-Semitism training session' and included criticising Holocaust Memorial Day for only commemorating Jewish victims … saying 'I still haven't heard a definition of antisemitism that I can work with' … and questioning why Jewish organisations and schools claim to need high security. You can see that her comments were absolutely horrendous and in no way could be construed as fair points that anyone with half a brain might consider

making or views that any free and fair society would support her right to have. Labour activists were disgusted with the ultra-Zionist attacks on Walker and demands for her to be expelled, but Euan Phillips of the Labour Against Anti-Semitism group (yet another) had worked out the reason for that and it was nothing to do with her treatment by a racist tyranny. Oh, no. Phillips said: 'If Ms Walker is expelled, as she should be, we can expect an explosion of outrage across the Labour membership – itself an indication of how ingrained anti-Semitism has become.' You can see what we are dealing with. How do you have dialogue with a software program? Jackie Walker was indeed expelled by the Israel-owned 'party of the people' (Fig 104). The Conservative Party also suspended a councillor, Jacqui Harris from Stratford-Upon-Avon, for commenting on Twitter about the 'anti-Semitism' attacks on the Labour Party: '... the whole antisemitism thing is a false flag, probably masterminded by Mossad/CIA.' She added: 'Don't you find it timely that this was encouraged fanned and exploded just before the release of the report on Israel and war crimes?' The moronic virtue-signalling Brandon Lewis, chairman of the Conservative Party, quickly announced Jacqui Harris's suspension for the crime of engaging in free speech, opinion and observation. He said: 'We do not accept any form of abuse or racism.' Clearly, however, they do accept any form of idiocy and censorship which he personifies.

Figure 104: What happens when you let a foreign power highjack your party.

'Apartheid is not racism'

The Campaign Against Antisemitism is actually a man and a dog operation with big political connections. The CAA claims to have close links with the police, legal system, pro-bono lawyers and political corridors of power including UK Prime Minister Theresa May when she was Home Secretary. Freedom of Information emails have confirmed the cosy relationship between the CAA and Derbyshire police and that certainly won't be anything like the only example. The main players at the CAA are chairman Gideon Falter and self-styled Director of Investigations and *Enforcement*, Stephen Silverman. To call yourself an

'enforcer' has got to be Little Dick Syndrome, surely? Anyway, Little Dick and Falter – Big Dick – run the show day-to-day which basically means targeting people as 'anti-Semitic' who are saying anything that Israel's masters would rather not have people hear. They even seek to ban music events of Israel-born and Britain-based jazz musician and anti-Zionist activist Gilad Atzmon. Jewish-born people are the biggest problem because it is far more difficult to make 'anti-Semite' credible. The CAA is a censorship operation like all these 'anti-hate' groups which specialise in hurling hatred at their targets and 'anti-defamation' groups that set out to defame people. American writer, editor and former financial lawyer Eve Mykytyn published an article in 2018 on the Redressonline.com website headed 'Exposed! How Britain's anti-Semitism scaremongers operate'. This section captures the theme and you can read the article in full by putting the headline words in a search engine:

> This article about the British charitable organisation, the Campaign against Anti-Semitism (CAA), and its officers, Gideon Falter and Steve Silverman, examines events in England but ought to serve as a cautionary message for Canadians and Americans.
>
> The article will delve into the corrosive methods of the CAA; review the manner in which this ultra-Zionist group 'discovers' anti-Semitic 'incidents'; examine their inaccurate statistical 'studies' and see how they seek to intimidate political parties, venues, the press and others; and look at the court cases which the CAA has prosecuted. In the guise of fighting anti-Semitism, the CAA has managed to manoeuvre British society into abdicating its core liberal values, intimidate the prosecutorial and judicial system, and silence criticism of Israel in both social media and the mainstream media. The CAA does not just attempt to limit speech; it openly follows a scorched earth policy 'that if someone commits an anti-Semitic act in the UK (including criticism of Israel)' the CAA 'ensure[s] ruinous consequences, be they criminal, professional, financial or reputational'.

They have such big hearts these people and such empathy with their fellow humans. CAA chairman Gideon Falter serves on the UK board of the Jewish National Fund, an apartheid operation established at the turn of the 20th century which buys up land in Israel that only Jewish people can then live on. This is the man who hurls the slur 'racist' at other people (constantly). CAA 'Little Dick' Stephen Silverman refers to me as a 'modern day hate preacher', but that's a role I will leave to him. An example of the deceitful way these people operate was another event of mine in Manchester at a venue owned by a chain of theatres where I had presented many times. They were aware, therefore, what my events are

about and what I say. They knew that the usual mendacious claims made to venues by 'enforcer' Silverman were the garbage that they are and the event went ahead. Little Dick must have been stunned by this knock-back when he's an *enforcer* and must be obeyed. In response he told those attending to send him reports and complaints about what I said so he could take them up with the police and Manchester council. They did write to him in large numbers to report that I said nothing that he claimed I would say; that I had made the point that we are all one consciousness and the labels of race, religion etc. are only illusions to divide us; and that we need to come together irrespective of culture, race and background to realise that we are all being manipulated by the same force. If Little Dick's mission had *really* been about exposing racism he would have published the emails and apologised for the lies that he was spreading about me. At the very least he would have gone away and left me alone. Instead this disingenuous man simply continued to tell future venues what he had told the one in Manchester which audience members had refuted in email responses that he had asked for. This is not about racism or 'anti-Semitism', it's about censorship, and it needs exposing by people who care about freedom because the spineless, gutless mainstream media won't do it.

The ultra-Zionist lobby means that in the country where I was born, and one that claims to be 'free', we have to hold back the locations of my events until the last minute to stop ultra-Zionist hate groups having the time to intimidate venues and campaign to have them cancelled. The interest in my work is now enormous but we can't book bigger venues owned by local councils because we know they will fold at the first call or email from Little Dick and company. The worst for this are councils controlled by the Labour Party which the CAA and its Big Dick chairman have targeted in the same way they target me. It's madness but there we are. Labour Party and backbone don't tend to appear very often in the same sentence these days. One of the reasons ultra-Zionist hate groups give for cancellation is that there could be violence due to my 'controversial' presentation and the audience and venue staff could be in danger. They never have been anywhere in the world in 30 years of public speaking, but the truth doesn't matter to these people – only their desired outcome of silencing my freedom of speech. Little Dick Silverman tried that one again with Bristol City Football Club in 2018 when he emailed the club at the last minute after hearing where I was speaking. Bristol City officials went into backbone-seizure mode as usual but the head of security would not cancel because he had a thousand people heading for his football ground expecting to hear me. What happened? *Nothing* – except for a lovely evening with lovely people. Extra security was added and the police turned up, saw there was no problem and left while asking what the fuss was all about. The

'fuss' was only that generated by Little Dick Silverman. What happened to the law against wasting police time? Or making allegations about a security threat knowing there would be none on the basis of 30 years of history alone? This is the Campaign Against Antisemitism (CAA) with all its ultra-Zionist connections and support system and so they get away with anything. For goodness sake they have been given charity – *charity* – status to do this with all the benefits that affords them. Absolutely outrageous, but who dare take it away? There are ultra-Zionist groups for different regions of the country like the North West Friends of Israel and Sussex Friends of Israel in the UK. If you want to see a video example of the mentality involved go to Davidicke.com and put 'Meet Simon Cobbs, founder of Sussex Friends of Israel' into the search engine. These organisations are absolutely everywhere and all to protect from exposure a tiny section of 0.2 percent of the world population. The big problem these ultra-Zionist hate groups around the world have with me is that I don't give a shit what abuse they throw at me and I don't bow to intimidation of any kind or concede my right to free speech to these humourless numbskulls. It is an approach to professional censors that I can strongly recommend.

Bobbies for Israel

The most sinister aspect of efforts to stop my public events has been the involvement of the police. The Bristol City event was one in a series of talks at football clubs over three weeks in 2018 that also included Sheffield Wednesday, Derby County, Birmingham City, Southampton and Norwich City. Someone – a 'third party' the police wouldn't name – approached Norfolk Police for help in getting the Norwich City event cancelled and the police were only too happy to oblige as emails I secured under the Freedom of Information Act were to prove. Norwich City did cancel after a meeting with police, but Jaymie brilliantly found another venue within half an hour. Worth the effort was it, chaps? The police emails were shocking. They redacted the 'third parties' that contacted them and some were 100 percent redacted. Others at least revealed the emails themselves and the police officers involved. Here's a selection and when you see 'Exempt Section 31' and 'Exempt Section 40' this refers to the 'third parties' and others we are not allowed to know. The bad grammar is theirs, not mine:

> **Email 25/04/2018 09:13 CI Lynne Cross to N Paling, G Dalton, J Colbert, M Austin, D Cocks, R Watkins**
>
> **Team,**
>
> **David Icke is reportedly holding an 'event' in Norwich on 30th April 2018.**

Enquiries to date have failed to identify a location.

Can you task your Beat Managers to keep their ear to the ground and see if they can identify any location?

If you have not heard of him, David Icke is a controversial conspiracy theorist and some of our communities (Exempt Section 31) in Norwich are very concerned about his messaging.

He was previously coming to Norwich in March but the Council cancelled the event once they realised. [NO - once ultra-Zionist hate groups told the Labour council a load of tosh.]

See the EDP for any more info!

(Exempt Section 31)

Thanks,

So here we have Norfolk Police acting on behalf of an unnamed 'third party' to track down the venue of my event – which have absolutely no history of problems – with a view to getting it cancelled. The police are supposed to *defend* free speech, but they have become just another vehicle for destroying it. We continue with an email from the 'third parties' to the police:

Email 25/04/2018 08:29 .... Exempt – Section 40) to CI Lynne Cross & Julie Inns

Dear both

So frustrating because it is still advertised as a Sold Out! ....

(Exempt – Section 31)
(Exempt – Section 40)

And thanks for prompt reply.

How clear could it be that this is collusion between the (ultra-Zionist) third parties and Norfolk Police to track down the venue and have my event cancelled? If you are still in doubt:

Email 25/04/2018 09:15 CI Lynne Cross to .... (Exempt – Section 40) & Julie Inns

We are actively trying to identify a location so if anything changes I will be in touch.

Kind regards

Email 27/04/2018 12:46 CI Lynne Cross to .... (Exempt – Sections 40)

Spookily I have already asked our Events Planning to make some enquiries. We will see what they come back with.

One unnamed party even admits that they can't find anything about trouble at my talks 'and I get the impression the offence is taken in the interpretation rather than what he actually says, but I've never heard him speak so don't know for definite'. *At no point* did Norfolk police contact me about any of this or about what I am or am not saying. Then came ecstatic emails revealing they had located the venue – Norwich City Football Club – and they had secured cancellation of the event:

Email 27/04/2018 16:19 CI Lynne Cross to ...., D Marshall, J Inns, ... (Exempt – Section 40)

Dear all,

I have been in contact with the Club and made them aware of the community concerns. After taking advice internally, they have taken the decision to cancel.

These 'security concerns' were utterly fictitious and came from ultra-Zionist liars. Nice to know the police have such a keen eye for mendacity which they don't even check out with the target. Still ... the liars were ecstatic:

Email 27/04/2018 16:26 Julie Inns to CI Lynne Cross, ... Exempt – Section 40)

Lynne,

Fantastic news .... (Exempt – Section 31)

Brilliant partnership working at its best, well done everyone.

There was even a pat on the back from the boss:

Email 27/04/2018 16:26 Ch Supt David Marshall to J Inns, L Cross, ... (Exempt – Section 40)

Lynne/team,

Well done.

What a disgusting way for a police force to act and just in case the third parties were still concerned that I might have freedom of speech:

Email 27/04/2018 16:33 CI Lynne Cross to .... (Exempt – Section 40) & Julie Inns

Good afternoon ...., (Exempt – Section 40)

By way of reassurance, my enquiries suggest you don't need to worry about NCFC.

Regards

All this effort and police time and yet half an hour after Norwich City announced the cancellation Jaymie had secured another venue and the event went ahead with no problem and without even any security. Once again – worth it was it? How much police time do these ultra-Zionist hate groups waste in a year? It must be phenomenal. No wonder that Philip Flower, a former Chief Superintendent with London's Metropolitan Police, said the force is giving up on investigating burglaries while having *900* 'anti-hate investigators' on the payroll. Incredulity about this insanity can be tempered if you know that allowing free reign for burglars is what the Hidden Hand wants to generate the 'jungle atmosphere' of fear and anxiety that the agenda demands (Problem-Reaction-Solution) and at the same time it seeks to have freedom of speech deleted through the excuse of 'hate crime'. There in a sentence you can see why burglaries and other crimes are left to flourish while 900 investigators seek out hate crime which does not exist on anything like the scale we are told to believe and only expands on the basis of ever more opinions being designated as hate crime. By the way, the police definition of a racist incident or 'hate crime' is: '... any incident which is perceived to be racist by the victim or any other person.' What could possibly go wrong? I wrote to the Chief Constable of Norfolk, a bloke called Simon Bailey, with a series of questions about the disgraceful behaviour of his officers and this arrogant man did not even reply. I then made a complaint to the former Independent [it's not] Police Complaints Commission (IPCC), now the Independent [it's not]

Office for Police Conduct. They replied that my complaint against the officers was an abuse of the complaints system. It's all a stitch-up and freedom of speech always the loser.

Home town repetition

Then there was Leicestershire police when I was booked to speak at a major venue in my home city of Leicester for the first time. The Athena Theatre in the city centre had taken the booking for months, all tickets had gone, and despite the usual lying emails from ultra-Zionist hate groups the theatre management said the event would go ahead because 'we have all kinds of people here'. That was before they had a visit from Bill Knopp, Chief Inspector Regional Prevent Coordinator ('counter-terrorism') and Ben Smith, Leicester City Council counter-extremist coordinator. Bill and Ben the Terrorism Men had been contacted by the ultra-Zionist mendacity network when the theatre had refused to budge and this pair of prats believed them without at *any stage* contacting me. They went to see the Athena management and we received an email from the theatre which said that Knopp and Smith had 'expressed their concerns at your upcoming event at Athena'. The email continued:

> They have strongly emphasised to us the possible consequences of holding the event both in terms of the venue reputation and the increased risk of protests from members of the public which would require large police coordination and pose a serious risk to our patrons, staff and members of the public ... Based on this we have decided that we can no longer continue to host the event.

The said pair of prats had basically frightened the shit out of them to cancel the event and I'm sure their ridiculous titles including 'counter terrorism' and 'counter extremism' would have played their part. I say ridiculous because if their mentality is supposed to protect us from terrorism and extremism then we are in serious trouble. I went with Jaymie to meet them and what happened was a big insight into how easy it is for freedom of speech to be destroyed. I found Knopp arrogant and clueless and Smith just clueless and every police force and council now has its Bill and Bens to enforce the tyranny that is political correctness. I called Knopp 'Mr Nob' when I met him and he will never believe that this was a slip of the tongue but it genuinely was. My subconscious, however, had clearly sussed the situation early. I asked them what they knew about me and where they got their information from. Knopp said at one point 'open sources'. I had to laugh. What police and spy agencies call 'open source intelligence' means they read it in the papers or on the Internet. Wikipedia is 'open source intelligence' by their definition. I asked them how many of my books they had read.

None. I asked when they had attended one of my events. *Never*. I said that since my world speaking tour had begun in 2016 I had spoken at multiple events in the UK, Ireland, United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Netherlands, Italy, Sweden, Serbia, Slovakia, Czech Republic, Estonia, Iceland and so on. I asked them to name a single event where there had been a 'security problem'. They couldn't because there were *none*. I asked who had told them that there could be trouble and violence at the event. Knopp said: 'We can't talk about our intelligence.' Well, at least that was true in every sense. I said this didn't matter because I would tell them where their 'intelligence' came from – organisations contacting them with the usual lies which they had believed without ever checking. You don't question ultra-Zionist hate groups because it's not good for the career. I complained to the Leicestershire Chief Constable Simon Cole, as did many members of the public, and he replied with the usual bollocks; but at least he replied. The police wouldn't even take responsibility for the cancellation and instead blamed it on the theatre. It was *their* decision, the police said without even a smear of embarrassment given how they had told them of potentially dire consequences if they allowed me to speak including damage to the theatre's *reputation*. What on earth has that got to do with the police and council? Anyway, all that effort was still more wasted police time and money. We returned a few weeks later to another venue in Leicester, called The Kube, at what turned out to be a much more convenient time for us and everything went ahead fine with no police security necessary you'll be taken aback to know. What a head-shaker. Leicester City Council has a very different attitude to its own free speech, by the way. It went to the High Court and Appeals Court with two other councils to block attempts by the ultra-Zionist Jewish Human Rights Watch, established by the Henry Jackson Society-connected Manny Weiss, to have council motions supporting the BDS boycott-Israel movement ruled illegal. I'm glad they did and it was called a 'victory for free speech' while the same council was an active participant in denying mine on the say so of people with exactly the same mentality and motivation as Jewish Human Rights Watch. Irony, anyone? I tried for the best part of a year to secure Freedom of Information requests for communications between Essex Police and the Campaign Against Anti-Semitism because I knew they had many interactions. Essex Police refused the first time because the request was too broad (it wasn't for Derbyshire Police) and when I made it specific to two cases they refused again.

Hate-group network

There are versions of the CAA in country after country protecting Israel from criticism and exposure by employing the slur of 'anti-Semite' and

using 'lawfare' to intimidate people in the courts. There is an organisation established in 2011 called UK Lawyers for Israel (UKLFI) which says that its members and supporters 'employ advocacy, legal research and campaigning to support Israel, Israeli organisations, Israelis, and/or supporters of Israel against BDS and other attempts to undermine, attack or delegitimise them'. Perhaps UK Lawyers for the Protection Racket (LFPR) might be more appropriate but everyone to their own. In Ireland there is Irish4Israel who have successfully had academic conferences on Israel cancelled for 'security' reasons. They have failed miserably with me because I have been speaking at the same theatre in Dublin for years and they know that what is claimed by Irish4Israel is a pack of lies. Their gutless mud-slingers won't debate with me, either, as always. In Canada we have Rothschild-created B'nai B'rith which spawned the Anti-Defamation League. They tried to have my meetings banned in Canada in 2017 and failed when we found alternatives. The Mayor of Vancouver refused to bow to their pressure (more lies) to cancel an event there. Canada is a country where ultra-Zionism is incredibly influential as I have personally found many times in efforts to have my meetings banned by B'nai B'rith and its lowlife gofers and front people who do its dirty work. Both sides of the political aisle answer to The Lobby which includes the usual network of ultra-Zionist organisations mendaciously claiming to represent 2.7% of the Canadian population. It was good to hear that the Canadian Jewish Congress (CJC) which spent a lot of time trying to undermine me was disbanded in 2011 after being accused by Jewish people of representing Zionism and Israel rather than the range of Jewish opinion. CJC activist Abraham Arnold had said the organisation 'seem to be spending more time in relation to Israel than in relation to anything else' and had become increasingly Zionist and a 'top-down' group which discouraged debate. There you have more confirmation that these organisations are about promoting Israel and ultra-Zionism – not the interests and *multiple* views of the Jewish community. In 2018 'progressive' Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau made a public apology to Jews refused entry to Canada from Germany in 1939. Okay, nothing wrong with that except that he used the opportunity for more 'Israel is a victim' and anti-BDS boycott propaganda and did he make an apology to all the Muslim men, women and children killed by Canadian forces fighting ultra-Zionist and American wars in the Middle East? Not a chance – he was too busy supplying weapons to Saudi Arabia to bomb the innocent in Yemen and create what has been described as the world's biggest humanitarian catastrophe. Ultra-Zionist-owned Donald Trump takes the same stand and condemns criticism of Israel. Trudeau is the product of a Hidden Hand family – see *The Biggest Secret* for the disgusting background to his father Pierre Trudeau, a long-time Canadian Prime Minister.

Demands for special laws and privileges for Jewish people emerge from these networks including the call by Abraham Lehrer, Vice President of Germany's Central Council of Jews, for extra 'integration' classes for migrants to change their anti-Jewish beliefs. Would it not be more productive for him to pressure the Israeli government to stop treating Palestinians like vermin and manipulating the United States into devastating wars against Israel's perceived enemies in the Middle East? Oh, no – that would mean taking some responsibility for events and that will never happen. It's always someone else's fault. Facebook takes down posts that question the 'genocide of Jews in the Holocaust' but then apologises for having a category in which people claim that a 'white genocide' is happening. Why is there one law wherever you look for matters pertaining to Zionism and Israel and another for almost everyone else? If you have stayed with me this far you will know why.

Banned from Australia

Attempts to silence me reached new levels in February, 2019, when I was banned from Australia on the last-minute say-so of Liberal Party Immigration Minister David Coleman after lobbying by ultra-Zionists Dvir Abramovich of the 'Anti-Defamation Commission', lawyer Kate Ashmor, then Victoria Liberal candidate, and her Labour 'opponent' Josh Burns. They believed in their breathtaking arrogance that they should decide what 25 million Australians can choose to see and hear. The Jewish population of Australia is 0.4 percent and these characters will not represent more than a fraction of that. Other professional virtue-signaller MPs of both major parties declared their agreement with the ban while knowing nothing about me except what the propagandists told them. The three stooges parroted the same bollocks almost word-for-word that is thrown at me everywhere because the same script is circulated in the systematic way I have described already. Coleman's disgraceful and spineless behaviour was beyond outrageous and calculated to do most damage in terms of money and inconvenience. I was given a visa by the Immigration Ministry in September, 2018, for a series of speaking events in Australian cities in March, 2019. It would have been my eleventh speaking tour of the country and there had never been a problem with any event and I had never broken a single law in that time – as Coleman had no choice but to acknowledge. I had been speaking in Mexico and was now with Jaymie in a Los Angeles airport hotel waiting to leave for Melbourne that night to start the tour. *Four hours* before the plane was due to take-off we received a long document from Coleman telling us he had revoked the visa and I was banned from speaking in Australia. The email could not have been better timed for maximum disruption. It cost us £30,000 in booked hotels, flights and venues – especially when the Melbourne Convention Centre and the

Enmore Theatre in Sydney wouldn't return a penny of the deposits. All the other venues did. To inflict that on someone who has done nothing wrong with all the costs and chaos that would obviously entail was extraordinary by any standards of decency which Coleman doesn't have. The move backfired, however, because it allowed the Australian public to see both the scale of Orwellian censorship in their country and how a handful of ultra-Zionists had so much power over what they could see or not see. Coleman listed all the reasons why I *should* have been allowed into the country – including ten previous visits with no problems since 1997 – but decreed that I did not pass the 'character test'. Why this was suddenly the case four hours before my plane left when it wasn't in September, 2018, and in the months that followed he didn't say because he couldn't. Coleman pronounced that I was 'a risk to the health, safety or good order of the Australian community or a segment of the Australian community'. The only thing missing was to add '0.4 percent' before 'segment'. How I could be such a danger when I had never been before in ten visits and hadn't been considered so until four hours before take-off is something else the spine-deleted Coleman didn't explain.

At no point was I given any opportunity to respond – the very least one would expect in a free and fair society – and I was left sitting in Los Angeles after fulfilling everything I was asked to do by the Australian authorities on the basis of unsubstantiated libels, lying 'journalists' and what someone apparently read on the Internet. Yes – Coleman produced no evidence for his claims except what the ultra-Zionist Protection Racket told him, ultra-Zionist 'journalists' wrote in ultra-Zionist Murdoch-owned newspapers and here we go ... 'open sources'. Coleman had obviously been on the phone with Chief Inspector Nob. 'Open sources' – he read it the paper or on the Internet. Two hours before my visa was revoked I was interviewed by Eve Fisher, a Jewish Australian journalist in Victoria, and she was shaking her head and laughing at the claim that I was 'anti-Semitic' because Eve had engaged in a rather revolutionary act in actually reading my books before reaching a conclusion. What was her conclusion? That the claim I am 'anti-Semitic' is utterly ridiculous. She subsequently said so in a published article that received considerable public acclaim in letters to her newspaper. In fact large numbers of Australians were shocked and disgusted by the decision and an online petition was started and supported by the best part of 20,000 people. Thousands of Australians had bought tickets for the events, but they didn't matter to the ultra-Zionist trio and the Immigration Minister they had spun around their finger while his spine vibrated in terror at the very thought of denying those who must be obeyed. No major party politicians spoke out in support of freedom of speech – they wouldn't dare. A West Australian Labour candidate,

Melissa Parke, felt she had to stand down after she later said Israel treated Palestinians 'worse than the South African system of apartheid'. The message from all this is clear – 'little' Israel controls Australia as it controls America and so many other countries. Backbone-deleted minister Coleman's other excuses for the ban were my views on vaccines and global warming which in many ways was even more sinister. I was banned from a country for questioning the propaganda of the say-whatever-you-like Big Pharma cartel? And for not accepting the propaganda about human-caused global warming? George Orwell shakes his head and says 'I told you so'. American doctor Sherri Tenpenny, a long-time opponent of vaccination, was also banned from Australia because the government has contempt for its population and their right to hear all sides. This is the world we now live in and I predicted it three decades ago because it's all been long planned.

Soon after I was banned Palestinian-American poet Remi Kanazi had his Australian visa request blocked amid a campaign to have him banned by the same people who secured my ban – the ultra-Zionist lobby led by Dvir Abramovich of the man and a dog Anti-Defamation Commission (see the US ADL) who had such contempt for the victims of the New Zealand mass shooting (of Muslims!) that he exploited that attack as one of the reasons why Kanazi (a Muslim!) should be denied entry to speak in the country. Abramovich said Kanazi 'has no business being here spreading his toxic agenda' in the 'aftermath of the Christchurch massacre'. A self-appointed 'representative' of a fraction of 0.4 percent of the population thinks he has the right to decide who and what 25 million Australians can and cannot choose to hear. Then, when Abramovich was faced with a publish backlash, he called it 'anti-Semitism'. This is how the 'anti-Semitism' industry and its Protection Racket function across the world. Remi Kanazi said:

> The Anti-Defamation Commission weaponised the white supremacist mass murder of 50 Muslims, including at least six Palestinians, to attack me. Furthermore, groups like the ADC shamelessly back Israeli apartheid and whitewash the stripping away of Palestinian land, resources and dignity.
>
> If you dare challenge Israel's well-documented human rights abuses, which include torture and forced confessions, they will try to smear you into silence.

Having visas revoked is another gathering ultra-Zionist and Death Cult strategy to silence dissent because they are terrified of what they are doing being exposed to the public. They cannot defend what they do and they see their only option as silencing all criticism. This terror of exposure leads to a man like me connected to no organisation or movement being banned from Australia through a revoked visa,

grandmothers and grandads jailed in Germany for questioning the official story of the Holocaust and 72-year-old Palestinian activist Rasmea Odeh banned through a revoked visa from speaking at an event, again in Germany, with the credit for that taken by Israeli strategic affairs minister Gilad Erdan who runs the vast ultra-Zionist network of censorship and surveillance out of Israel and across the world. Israeli ambassador Jeremy Issacharoff and US ambassador Richard Grenell (of course) added their condemnation of Odeh. Berlin mayor Michael Mueller called Odeh's planned event 'extremist propaganda', the Green Party's Volker Beck protested against Odeh while Cornelia Seibeld, deputy leader in the Berlin Senate, called Odeh an anti-Semite. Berlin's interior minister Andreas Geisel said criticism of Israel is 'anti-Semitic'. Why? Because he's an idiot and his tongue needs a workout. Ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult control Germany which is why people like Rasmea Odeh and myself can't speak there on the say-so of the Protection Racket which the German government dare not disobey. Newspaper *Der Tagesspiegel* ran four articles accusing Odeh of spreading hatred towards Jews and referred to BDS as 'anti-Semitic'. The same happened to me via Murdoch newspapers before I was banned from Australia in 2019. It's a repeating pattern that we are asked to believe is 'spontaneous outrage' – outrage on tap more like. We had the truly pathetic sight of Rasmea Odeh being prevented from speaking at a public meeting marking International Women's Day in Berlin. The Electric Intifada described what happened:

> Officers surrounded the 72-year old as she arrived outside the venue and ushered her away from supporters protesting the decision. She was handed a document from the Berlin Senate and told to vacate the area. The 26-page report claimed her appearance could endanger Germany's relationship with Israel and threaten peaceful coexistence. It also referred to BDS Berlin, the event co-host, as an 'anti-Semitic coalition'.
>
> Odeh was scheduled to speak alongside Palestinian poet Dareen Tatour, who was imprisoned in Israel last year for posting a poem on social media, when Berlin city officials forced the Dersim Cultural Community Center to cancel the talk. Odeh decided to speak outside the venue to an audience of over 100 but police cornered her on arrival, following her until she boarded a bus out of the area.

Is this really what we have allowed a handful of the human race to bring us to? Some background to Rasmea Odeh: She was arrested, raped and tortured by Israeli soldiers in 1969 and as a result of the torture signed a 'confession' to killing two people in bomb attacks. She spent a decade in jail before being released in a prisoner exchange. She's been

referred to as a terrorist ever since without acknowledgement that she was tortured to 'confess'.

Tide is turning

The unfairness and bias, plus the actions of the far-right Israeli government, is changing the opinions of people with regard to Israel. A poll conducted for the UK ultra-Zionist lobby group BICOM in 2018 found that only 20 percent of those questioned felt 'warm' towards Israel and only 23 percent towards Israelis while 49 percent felt 'cold' towards Israel and 45 percent towards Israelis. This shows how the actions of the ultra-Zionists wrongly affect attitudes towards all Jews and Israel in general. This is the same pattern we have seen before with the actions of the few affecting the lives – sometimes ending the lives – of the many. I want to stress and stress again that no one needs to know what the ultra-Zionist and Death Cult cabal is doing more than the Jewish community as a whole which takes the consequences in the end in public attitudes. I further emphasise again that I am not exposing a plot by the Jewish community – the 'classic Jewish conspiracy theory' as the censor organisations call it to protect their masters' agenda and actions. Most Jewish people are victims and potential victims of this cabal, not perpetrators of it and should not be held responsible for actions about which they know nothing. Nor is it justified for those in the Jewish community who *do* know what is going on and stay silent about it because of misguided loyalty or fear of consequences. What is happening must be stopped before a global nightmare becomes global reality and freedom of speech disappears altogether. This means all of us coming together – including, and in many ways *especially* – the majority of the non-extremist Jewish community. They need to speak out against the psychopaths in their midst or they will be wrongly blamed for what is going on.

It was clear from the Al Jazeera hidden camera footage that the ultra-Zionist lobby is terrified of the change taking place among young Jewish people especially in America who are rejecting the Israel narrative. Some are organising protests against AIPAC and Israeli treatment of Palestinians. Israeli newspaper *Haaretz* reported in 2018 a sharp decline in the number of American Jews on 'Birthright' trips to Israel. A 'downturn of this magnitude, unrelated to the security situation' was described as 'unprecedented' with some trip providers losing 50 percent of their custom. *Haaretz* said that one explanation is the numbers 'could reflect the well-documented fact that young American Jews are growing increasingly disengaged from Israel, and have less and less interest in visiting the country – even when the trips are free'. The paper said that 'recent studies have shown that Jewish millennials, who are largely progressive, feel less connected to Israel than their parents and

grandparents because they perceive the country's policies as antithetical to their values'. Treatment of Palestinians and of asylum seekers were frequently cited, the paper said. Changing attitudes of young American Jews is reflected in the rise of groups like Jewish Voice for Peace (JVP), IfNotNow and Jews for Racial and Economic Justice. Maya Edery, JVP's national campus coordinator, said:

> More and more young people are realising that our Jewish values are actually about social justice and have to be for all people ... They realise that a lot of Jewish institutions have lied to them.

This is the way forward for humanity – to put aside the labels and treat everyone as individuals with an equal right to be treated with fairness and justice. Ultra-Zionist lobby propaganda is aimed as much – sometimes more – at young Jewish people than the population as a whole. To keep them on board they have to be sold the ultra-Zionist narrative and to believe they need protection against the evil non-Jewish world that 'hates them' when it *doesn't*. How much of the hatred that does exist – far, far less than claimed – stems from the actions of the ultra-Zionist few which is then wrongly blamed on the entire Jewish population? The Israeli American Council (IAC) is yet another strand in the web that aims to connect American Jews with the desires of Israel. Al Jazeera's undercover 'Tony' attended an ultra-Zionist gathering in Washington where they were concerned about the changing attitudes of young people to Israel. David Brog, Executive Director of the anti-BDS Maccabee Task Force, told activists that 'the younger you get on the demographic scales, the lower support for Israel is'. Younger people were leaving college less sympathetic to Israel than when they entered and this threatened future American support for Israel. It is not only young people, either. A major survey of Jewish opinion in Canada found the following:

- Almost two in five respondents (37 percent) had a negative opinion of the Israeli government, while half viewed it positively
- Almost a third (31 percent) opposed Israel's military blockade of the Gaza Strip
- Roughly equal numbers opposed (45 percent) and supported (42 percent) Donald Trump's decision to recognise Jerusalem as Israel's capital
- More than a third (36 percent) viewed the Palestinian call for boycott, divestment and sanctions on Israel to be reasonable, and more than two in five (44 percent) opposed the Canadian parliament's condemnation of the BDS movement
- Almost a quarter (22 percent) thought it would be reasonable to impose

sanctions on Israel

- Almost three in five did not see criticism of Israel as necessarily 'anti-Semitic'
- Half agreed that accusations of 'anti-Semitism' are often used to silence legitimate criticism of Israel

You can see that the general Jewish population has a diversity of opinion while the ultra-Zionist networks claim that they speak for all Jews when they clearly do not. This has been a glimpse, and only a glimpse, of the fantastic number and range of these networks (in the end one network) that seek to silence opposition to Israel and protect ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult. The next question to be addressed as we continue our journey back to 9/11 is: Protect them from what exactly? And two more: What is this 'Death Cult' and where did it come from?

Postscript: We made a legal appeal against my ban from Australia and months later the government has not even bothered to respond. Wake up Australia – you live in a tyranny.

CHAPTER 20

What the censors don't want you to know

Truth never damages a cause that is just – Mahatma Gandhi

I emphasis that while ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult are connected this does not mean the terms are interchangeable. The Death Cult operates at the inner core of what I am exposing and ultra-Zionism has a wide range of advocates with most unaware that such a Cult even exists.

They express what I observe to be their Zionist extremism and elitism from a belief in a Chosen People and the official historical narrative which fuels a further belief that their duty always lies in supporting Israel and its perceived interests no matter what the circumstances. I would rather deal in the justice and fairness of a situation no matter what the racial, cultural, religious and economic background of those involved. Once you have a bias towards one group, whichever one it may be, such values cease to be applied. George Orwell was well aware of the importance of controlling history because our sense of where we are and who we are is fundamentally influenced by the belief in how we got to where we are. Change historical belief and its perceived sequence of events and you change the perception of present time. Orwell wrote: 'Who controls the past controls the future. Who controls the present controls the past.' I have highlighted in other books the importance to the elite of controlling the writing and perception of history. This is especially important – indeed utterly crucial – in the case of Zionism. I had yet another experience of this on the morning I began writing this chapter when synchronistically Zionist-controlled YouTube announced they were taking down a video of mine in a long list of countries after a 'legal complaint'. The video had been posted all of four years earlier and was entitled 'Exposing The Lie On Israel's Fake History – The Cruellest Hoax'. The countries quoted were: Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Switzerland, Cyprus, Czechia, Germany, Denmark, Estonia, Spain, Finland, France, United Kingdom, French Guiana, Guadeloupe, Greece, Croatia, Hungary, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Lithuania, Luxembourg, Latvia, Martinique, Malta, New Caledonia, Netherlands, French Polynesia,

Poland, Saint Pierre and Miquelon, Portugal, Reunion, Romania, Sweden, Slovenia, Slovakia, French Southern Territories, Wallis and Futuna, Mayotte. Clearly the content of the video is information you must not be allowed to know, but I'll tell you anyway.

The claim that today's Jewish people are heirs to Biblical Israel simply does not stand up to the scrutiny of history and yet that is the entire basis for the existence of modern Israel and its justification for occupying the Arab lands of Palestine. The story is a hoax as Jewish historians have documented and the inner core of ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult knows that. They perpetuate the hoax because it gives them power to be wielded for the benefit of themselves and the wider Hidden Hand. This is not to say that we should demand that Jewish people just up and leave. We are where we are and that needs to be the starting point for agreement between Israel and the Palestinian people, but the claim that Israel should be a Jewish state by some historic right is untenable and irreconcilable with the facts. The hoax has been perpetuated on Jewish people more than anyone and the Palestinians have taken the greatest consequences. They are not the only ones, however. Millions have died in wars instigated on behalf of Israel by the United States, Britain, France, NATO and others based on the claims that today's Jewish people have an historic right to the land. This has provided a very convenient excuse to divide and conquer the oil-rich Middle East and go to war with Israel's enemies who are accused of denying the right of Zionists to impose a Jewish state on the alleged land of the Israelites. The *Clean Break* document which provided the policy foundations of the Project for the New American Century and the wars that followed said:

> Our claim to the land – to which we have clung for hope for 2,000 years – is legitimate and noble. Only the unconditional acceptance by Arabs of our rights, especially in their territorial dimension, 'peace for peace', is a solid basis for the future.

The claim is *not* legitimate and certainly not noble given what has happened since Israel was founded in 1948. Jewish writers like Arthur Koestler and historian Shlomo Sand, Professor of History at Tel Aviv University, uncover a very different history in their books, *The Thirteenth Tribe* and *The Invention of the Jewish People*. Alfred M. Lilienthal (1915-2008), a former American State Department official and Jewish critic of Zionism, called this information 'Israel's Achilles heel' because it destroyed Zionist claims 'to the land of the Biblical Hebrews'. Official history tells us that Israelites from the Kingdom of Judah were taken captive in Babylon (formerly Sumer, now Iraq) by King Nebuchadnezzar II after 605BC and this lasted until 539BC. The dispersal to others lands

that followed of former Babylonian captives and the 'exile' of other tribes of Israel is known as the diaspora, or dispersion in Greek, and the claim is that modern Jews in Israel are the successors of those people 'coming home'. This is not the case.

The Khazar conversion

We can pick up the story in what is now southern Russia and the Caucasus Mountains where lived a people called the Khazars. They controlled an empire that stretched to the Ural Mountains in the east and the Caucasus Mountains in the south (Fig 105). Khazars were gifted traders and 'middlemen', levying taxes on goods using the trade routes across their lands and their influence extended into countries we now know as Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria. Khazars were phallic worshippers and engaged in human sacrifice although they were far from alone in that. They were not Biblical Israelites and instead are associated by historians with the Turkic tribe known as the Huns or Hun that invaded Europe from Asia around 450AD. The Huns controlled territories at one time in Central Asia, Siberia, China, North India and Central Europe. Their most famous, or infamous, leader was Attila the Hun who killed his brother, Buda (hence Budapest), to take power. Khazars, like the Huns, spoke the Turkic language and are believed to be the same people. Around 740AD, Bulan, King of Khazaria, adopted the religion of Judaism and the whole nation followed. This was apparently to avoid being absorbed by the Christian empire on one side and the Islamic empire on the other. The Khazarian king was called the Khagan or 'Kagan' and that's why this is such a common Jewish name today as in Robert Kagan, co-founder of the Project for the New American Century. People associate some Jews with a 'hook nose' and that is a physical trait of the lands occupied by Khazaria and not the Middle East. The so-called 'Jewish nose' is found in far greater numbers today among Caucasian tribes and Turks of Asia Minor. Among truly Semite language group peoples it is not seen at all.

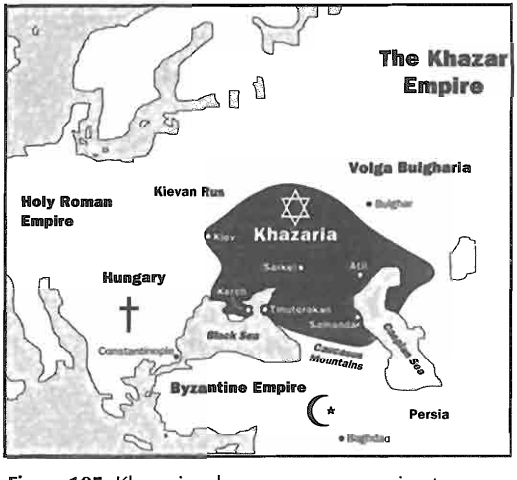

Figure 105: Khazaria where a mass conversion to Judaism in the 8th century was the origin of the overwhelming majority of Jewish people today - not biblical Israel.

Khazars, not the Biblical Israelites, are the ancestors of Jewish people today known as Ashkenazi Jews which dominated the creation of modern Israel and have influenced its direction and politics. They originate from Asia and other parts of the Eurasian landmass and, as I will come to, ancient Sumer (later Babylon and now Iraq). 'Israel' is certainly not on the list. When the Khazar Empire began to unravel in the 12th and 13th centuries they migrated north into Lithuania, Poland and Russia and eventually the biggest concentration of Jewish religion believers were located in Russia and Poland. Jewish Hungary-born Arthur Koestler writes that the numerically and socially-dominant part of the Hungarian Jewish population in the Middle Ages was of Khazar origin. Abraham Nahum Polak (1910-1970), Israeli Professor of Medieval History and founder of the department of Middle-Eastern History at the Tel Aviv University, published a book in Hebrew in 1944 called *Khazaria* followed by a second edition in 1951. He wrote about 'a new approach, both to the problem of the relations between the Khazar Jewry and other Jewish communities, and to the question of how far we can go in regarding this [Khazar] Jewry as the nucleus of the large Jewish settlement in Eastern Europe'. Polak concluded from his research:

> ... The descendants of this settlement – those who stayed where they were [in Khazaria], those who emigrated to the United States and to other countries, and those who went to Israel – constitute now the large majority of world Jewry.

There is also a connection between the Khazars and non-Semitic Sumerians, a highly-significant people which I have written extensively about in other books. Sumerian culture emerged around the fifth or sixth millennia BC in the 'Fertile Crescent' between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers in what is now Iraq. Historians refer to Sumer as the 'cradle of civilisation' because it was in many ways the blueprint for the modern world. Dr Sandor Nagy describes in his 1973 book, *The Forgotten Cradle of the Hungarian Culture*, how the people who later became known as Magyars were re-located Sumerians forced out of the Fertile Crescent. Dr Nagy uses extensive examples to confirm the linguistic similarities between Sumerian, Old Magyar and the current Magyar language. He also refers to several works written during the first millennium including the *Arpad Codices* and *De Administrando Imperio* and Nagy completed 50 years of his own research. He said that while there are only two hundred Magyar words related to the Finno-Ugric language more than two thousand related to the Sumerian. British, French and German archaeologists and linguists concluded that the language of ancient Sumerian inscriptions was not Indo-European nor Semitic, but a language which demonstrated significant similarities with the group of

languages known at the time as the Turanian ethnolinguistic group that included Hungarian, Turkic, Mongolian and Finnic (later referred to as the Ural-Altaic group). Research has indicated that Sumerian and Hungarian languages have more than a thousand common word roots and a very similar grammatical structure. Kálmán Gosztony, professor of Sumerian philology at the Sorbonne in Paris, demonstrated in his *Sumerian Etymological Dictionary and Comparative Grammar* that the structure of the Hungarian language is closest to that of Sumerian. Of the 53 characteristics of Sumerian grammar, 51 matched in the Hungarian, compared with 29 in Turkic, 24 in Caucasian, 21 in Uralic, 5 in Semitic and 4 in Indo-European. The linguistic similarities between Sumerian, Hungarian and other related languages are confirmed by the archaeological and anthropological evidence. Dr Nagy said there were two separate migrations of Sumerian people out of Mesopotamia – one through Turkey to the Carpathian Basin in Central Europe and the other went east and then north across the Caucasus Mountains into the area between the Caspian and Black Seas. This was the land occupied by the Khazar Empire to such an extent that the Caspian became known as the Khazar Sea. Rivers flowing into the Caspian have names that derive from the Sumerian language, Nagy wrote. Khazars were descended from the Huns who are said to be descended, like the Magyars, from what I emphasise were the *non*-Semitic Sumerians in the land that became Babylon and is now Iraq. Ancient Byzantine sources say the Magyars were also called the Sabirs and originated from Mesopotamia, the land of Sumer. Numerous other ancient and medieval sources refer to the Scythians, Huns (Khazars), Avars and Magyars as the same people. I have highlighted in previous books the movement of former Sumerians and Babylonians through the Caucasus Mountains under different names, including the Scythians (Fig 106 overleaf).

Khazar diaspora

The Khazar Empire, the first feudal state in Eastern Europe, broke up in the period after 960AD in a series of wars and invasions culminating in the arrival of the Mongol 'Golden Horde', best remembered for their inspiration, Genghis Khan. Over the centuries of waning power and influence, Khazars began to emigrate in many directions. S.W. Baron said of Khazaria in *A Social and Religious History of the Jews*:

> Its population was largely absorbed by the Golden Horde which had established the centre of its empire in Khazar territory. But before and after the Mongol upheaval the Khazars sent many offshoots into the unsubdued Slavonic lands, helping ultimately to build up the great Jewish centres of Eastern Europe.
>
> The non-Semitic Khazars took their Judaistic or Talmudic faith (with

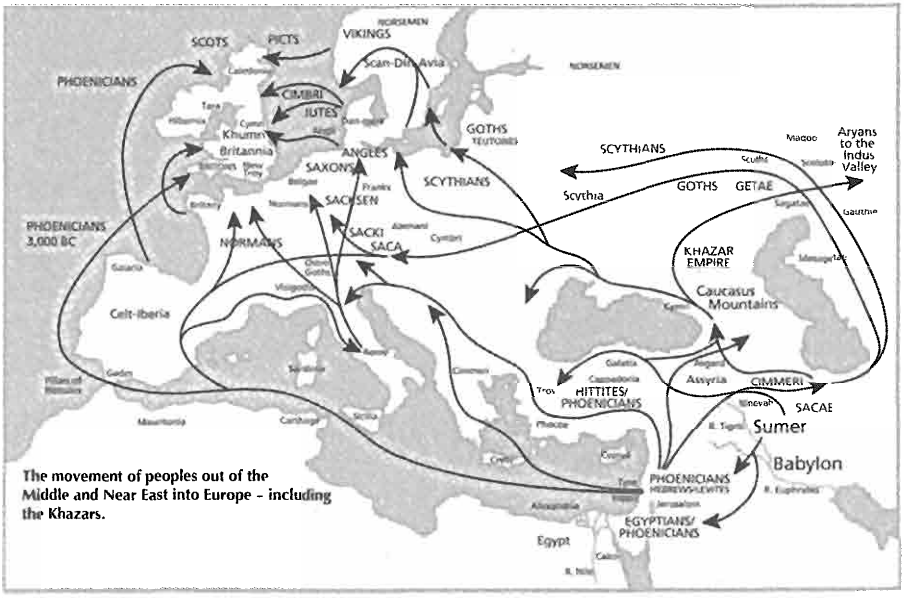

The movement of peoples out of the Middle and Near East into Europe - including the Khazars.

Figure 106: The Khazars, also recorded as names like Scythians, migrated north from the Caucasus into Eastern and then Western Europe.

all its major Sumerian/Babylonian influences) and settled in a number of East European and Alpine lands. There are many ancient place names in Poland and Ukraine inspired by the name 'Khazar' or 'Zhid', a term meaning Jew. These include Kozarzewek, Kozara, Kozarzow and Zydowo. As the Khazar Empire collapsed a number of Slavonic tribes, led by the Polans, formed an alliance that became the country called Poland. 'Jews' (Khazars) played an important role in Polish legends about the formation of the country. One says that a 'Jew' called Abraham Prokownik was elected by the tribes to rule them. Certainly Khazar 'Jews' became prominent in many countries of Eastern Europe. Arthur Koestler writes:

> Both the Hungarian and Polish sources refer to Jews employed as mint-masters, administrators of the royal revenue, controllers of the salt monopoly, tax-collectors and 'money-lenders' – i.e., bankers. This parallel suggests a common origin of those two immigrant communities; and as we can trace the origins of the bulk of Hungarian Jewry to the Magyar-Khazar nexus, the conclusion seems self-evident.

This matches the descriptions of how Khazars operated in their own land as middlemen and tax collectors on the trade routes. Koestler points out that the traditional garb of Polish Jewry is of unmistakably Eastern origin – 'The skull-cap (yarmulke) is worn to this day by orthodox Jews and by the Uzbeks and other Turkish people in the Soviet

Union.' In this period the people known for centuries as Khazars became known simply as 'Jews' and their true origin began to be lost. This allowed their leaders to sell them – and the rest of the world – a false history about them being the Biblical Jews. The fallacy continues to this day with devastating consequences for peace in the Middle East. Khazar 'Jews' were confined to ghettos as a result of Papal decision in the mid-16th century and another mass exodus would see them expand into Hungary, Bohemia, Rumania and Germany. There were hardly any Jews in Germany until this time. 'Thus the great trek to the West was resumed', writes Koestler. 'It was to continue through nearly three centuries until the Second World War, and became the principle source of the existing Jewish communities in Europe, the United States and Israel.' So what does all this mean for the official history of Jewish people? Koestler, who was born in Budapest as was Khazar descendant George Soros, said of Jewish ancestry:

> ... [It] would mean that their ancestors came not from the Jordan, but from the Volga, not from Canaan but from the Caucasus, once believed to be the cradle of the Aryan race [hence 'Caucasian']; and that genetically they are more closely connected to the Hun, Uigur and Magyar tribes than to the seed of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Should this turn out to be the case, then the term 'anti-Semitism' would be void of meaning, based on a misapprehension shared by both the killers and their victims. The story of the Khazar Empire, as it slowly emerges from the past, begins to look like the most cruel hoax which history has ever perpetrated.

Benjamin H. Freedman was a one-time Jewish businessman in New York and a long-time 'insider' before speaking out vociferously against Zionism after World War Two. He was personally acquainted with leading American political figures like Presidents Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy. Jewish-born Freedman, who became a Christian, went even further than Koestler in his assessment of the Khazar revelation:

> What are the facts about the Jews? (I call them Jews to you, because they are known as Jews. I don't call them Jews myself. I refer to them as so-called Jews, because I know what they are) ... There wasn't one of them [the Khazars] who had an ancestor who ever put a toe in the Holy Land. Not only in Old Testament history, but back to the beginning of time. Not one of them!
>
> And yet they come to the Christians and ask us to support their armed insurrections in Palestine by saying, 'You want to help repatriate God's Chosen People to their Promised Land, their ancestral home, don't you? It's your Christian duty. We gave you one of our boys as your Lord and Saviour ...' It is

> as ridiculous to call them 'people of the Holy Land,' as it would be to call the 54 million Chinese Moslems 'Arabs' ...

Former Khazars are known as Ashkenazi Jews (plural Ashkenazim) and some writers estimate that perhaps 90 to 95 percent of those calling themselves 'Jewish' worldwide are ancestors of the Khazars. The other major group are known as Sephardic Jews – which means 'Spanish' or 'Hispanic' – and they are descendants of those who lived in Spain from at least Roman times before being expelled in the 15th century after which they settled in the Mediterranean, Balkans, Western Europe (mainly Amsterdam), North Africa and the East. A sub-group known as 'Mizrahi' literally means 'Oriental' or 'Eastern'. There have been divisions between Ashkenazi and Sephardic Jews based on culture and racial superiority in race-obsessed Israel. The Ashkenazim ('Khazars') hold the reins of power in Israel (at least on the surface) and have done so since the country was created in 1948 although Sephardic Jews account for many wealthy and influential families. The name Ashkenazi is said by some to originate from Ashkenaz, the Hebrew word for Germany. In fact, the Bible refers to the Ashkenaz as a people living in the region of Mount Ararat (now Turkey) and Armenia. That would certainly fit the basic location of the Khazars. There is also a Biblical reference to Ashkenaz, brother of Togarma and nephew of Magog. A Khazar king known as Joseph in the second half of the tenth century wrote in correspondence that they were ancestors of Togarma, who, he said, had ten sons that seeded all the Turkish tribes including the Huns, Khazars and Bulgars. Ashkenazi as a people did not speak the Semitic language of Hebrew in the centuries after the demise of Khazaria. This is no surprise at all because they were not Hebrews. They developed their own tongue called Yiddish which began as a Germanic language from south eastern dialects of Middle High German and expanded into central and Eastern Europe starting in the 12th century. Later it evolved to include elements of Hebrew, Aramaic, Slavic languages and other influences. Once again, Yiddish, the language of the Ashkenazi, did not come from Israel, but from Germany and Eastern Europe. Multiple linguistic influences in their language were also seen in the genes of these former Khazars. By this time they had interbred with so many other races they became a genetic cocktail which included Sumerian, Turkish, Far Eastern and northern and western European. It could well be that among their leaders, their perceived 'royalty' or 'elite', they have held on to their Sumerian genetic origins through targeted interbreeding.

There was no 'exile' and is no 'race'

Jewish-born Shlomo Sand, Professor of History at Tel Aviv University,

also concludes in his book, *The Invention of the Jewish People*, that today's Jews overwhelmingly originate from the Khazar Empire in the Caucasus region. His book has been translated into more languages than any other on Israeli history. He accepts the religious affinity between Jews and the Holy Land but adds: 'I don't think the religious affinity to the land gives you historical right.' Sand calls himself a 'post-Zionist' and 'non-Zionist' because there is no historic justification to claim rights to Palestine. He believes as I do that we are where we are and that must be the starting point to reconciliation. Sand searched for evidence of ancient Israelites being forced out of the area of modern Israel and was shocked to find there wasn't any even though this is the whole foundation of the Jewish belief system. He concluded that this pivotal event in official Jewish history simply didn't happen and that the whole concept of a 'diaspora' is a much later invention. He wrote in a 2018 article for Israeli newspaper *Haaretz:*

> As I pursued my research, my realization that the Exodus from Egypt never happened and that the inhabitants of the Kingdom of Judah were not exiled by the Romans, left me nonplussed. There is not one study by a historian who specializes in antiquity that recounts that 'exile' or any serious historiographic study that reconstructs a mass migration from the place.
>
> The 'exile' is a formative event that never took place, otherwise it would be the subject of dozens of research studies. Judahite farmers, who constituted an absolute majority of the population at the first century C.E., were not seafarers like the Greeks or the Phoenicians, and did not spread across the world.

Sand's research led him to see that far from being an historic 'people' Jews were converted to a *religion* and were not a *race*. He cites other mass conversions, not only that of the Khazars, and points to Christian influence in creating the myth about an ancient Jewish people with a common ancestry being expelled from their lands. 'Christians wanted later generations of Jews to believe that their ancestors had been exiled as a punishment from God,' he said. Sand further notes that after Arabs took control of Palestine in the 7th century many in the region practicing the Jewish religion converted to Islam and became ancestors to today's Palestinians. We are, therefore, at the very extremes of irony with current events in the Middle East. Sand wrote in *Haaretz:*

> I have made a point of emphasizing that it's not only Jews who don't possess a common DNA – neither do all other human groups that claim to be peoples or nations – besides which I have never thought that genetics can confer national rights. For example, the French are not the direct descendants of the Gauls, just as the Germans are not the offspring of the Teutons or of the

> ancient Aryans, even if until a little more than half a century ago many idiots believed just that.
>
> One trait that all peoples have in common is that they are retroactive inventions with no distinctive genetic 'traits'. The acute problem that genuinely disturbs me is that I live in a singular political and pedagogical culture that continues persistently to see the Jews as the direct descendants of the ancient Hebrews.

Further support for a non-Israel origin of Ashkenazi Jews comes from Israeli-born geneticist Dr Eran Elhaik from Britain's University of Sheffield. He said his studies suggest that Ashkenazi Jews are descendants of Greeks, Iranians and others who located more than 2000 years ago in what is now northern Turkey. There they converted to Judaism with the influence of Jews from Persia which had at that time the world's biggest Jewish presence. Elhaik believes that more than '90 percent of Ashkenazic ancestors come from that converted partially Greek-originating ancient community in north-east Turkey', according to an article in the UK *Independent*. His conclusions were based on 'genetic, historical and place-name evidence' and in his view 'Ashkenaz' originates from Ashguza, an ancient Assyrian and Babylonian name for the Iron Age Eurasian people known as Scythians who are associated with the Khazars. The *Independent* article in 2013 goes on:

> From the 690s AD onwards, anti-Jewish persecution by the Christian Byzantine Empire seems to have played a part in forcing large numbers of Jews to flee across the Black Sea to a more friendly state – the Turkic-ruled Khazar Empire with its large Slav and other populations ... By the 730s, the Khazar Empire had begun to convert to Judaism – and more people converted to the faith.

This would explain the King Bulan mass-conversion in 740. Claims of an historic right to the land of Palestine are a hoax perpetuated in more modern times by those who created Zionism with the House of Rothschild at the centre of this as we shall see. The tenuous historic evidence can be seen in the words of Israeli minister Tzachi Hanegbi who said the Bible alone is enough to prove that his country has legitimate claims to the land:

> Defense is important and security is important but the most important thing is the moral claim of Israel and we are committed to living in our regional land, land that was given to us ... by the Bible ... And this is the right, which we are going to demand our right forever and ever.

No, it's not. Don't be daft. Israel's UN Representative Danny Danon made a similiar claim in 2019.

Overwhelming evidence

The assimilation of Jews and Khazars has been confirmed by several studies which give more credence to Jews as *converts* to a religion and not an ancient people. There is, in fact, no such thing as a Jewish 'race', just as there is no Aryan 'race' in the way it is portrayed by white supremacists. These are fabrications of history. What should 'race' matter anyway? It's all illusion and childish beyond belief to self-identify ourselves with what is a transitory experience for our eternal state of awareness. Judging ourselves and others by genetics is the ultimate confirmation of ignorance about the nature of reality. Unfortunately 'race' and its related historical 'rights' and claims are used as a political tool and source of perception manipulation. There are people who follow the Jewish *faith* around the world and those that support the *political philosophy* called Zionism. This, however, is not the same as a *race*. There are white 'Jews', brown 'Jews', black 'Jews', Spanish 'Jews', Chinese 'Jews' etc., etc., that share the *belief system* and good luck to them so long as they don't force it on anyone else. If they want to call themselves 'Jewish' on the basis of their faith then please feel free, it's none of my business; but there is not a Jewish 'race', let alone a 'chosen people'. Arthur Koestler points out that those calling themselves 'Jewish' have far more in common genetically with the 'host' population than they do with each other. This was highlighted by Professor Juan Comas (1900-1979) in his work, *The Race Question in Modern Science*, published by UNESCO:

> Thus despite the view usually held, the Jewish people is racially heterogeneous [diverse in character]; its constant migrations and its relations – voluntary or otherwise – with the widest variety of nations and peoples have brought about such a degree of crossbreeding that the so-called people of Israel can produce examples of traits typical of every people.
>
> For proof it will suffice to compare the rubicund, sturdy, heavily-built Rotterdam Jew with his co-religionist, say, in Salonika with gleaming eyes in a sickly face and skinny, high-strung physique. Hence, so far as our knowledge goes, we can assert that Jews as a whole display as great a degree of morphological disparity among themselves as could be found between members of two or more different races.

Raphael Patai (1910-1996), a Hungarian-born Jewish historian and anthropologist, wrote in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*:

> The findings of physical anthropology show that, contrary to popular view, there is no Jewish race. Anthropometric measurements of Jewish groups in many parts of the world indicate that they differ greatly from one another with respect to all the important physical characteristics – stature, weight, skin colour, cephalic index, facial index, blood groups, etc.

Patai said that with regard to blood type, Jewish groups show considerable differences among themselves and marked similarities to the 'Gentile environment'. American Jewish anthropologist Harry Shapiro (1902-1990) produced the same assessment in his UNESCO work, *The Jewish People: A Biological History*:

> The wide range of variation between Jewish populations in their physical characteristics and the diversity of the gene frequencies of their blood groups render any unified classification for them a contradiction in terms. For although modern racial theory admits some degree of polymorphism or variation within a racial group, it does not permit distinctly different groups, measured by its own criteria of race, to be identified as one.
>
> To do so would make the biological purposes of racial classification futile and the whole procedure arbitrary and meaningless. Unfortunately, this subject is rarely wholly divorced from non-biological considerations, and despite the evidence efforts continue to be made to somehow segregate Jews as a distinct racial entity.

There is no more a Jewish *race* than there is a connection today between the Biblical land called Israel and the mass of people today calling themselves Jewish. It's a faith, a way of life and set of rituals, not a race. The hoax has been sprung by the Death Cult network hiding within that faith and its rituals and playing those identifying as Jewish for fools. Cult leaders have had to concoct the *perception* of a race and a connection to the ancient Middle East to justify everything they have done and continue to do with regard to Palestine and the wider world. How can you claim to be a special race, a 'chosen people' considered by 'God' to be above all others, and with special rights given by 'God' to own a certain piece of land, when there is no such thing as a 'Jewish race'? Arthur Koestler writes that during the Babylonian 'exile' the 'Israelites', including members of the priestly families, married Gentiles and even before the diaspora the Israelites were a 'thoroughly hybridized race'. He says the same story can be found with most historic nations 'and the point would not need stressing if it were not for the persistent myth of the Biblical Tribe having preserved its racial purity throughout the ages.' Koestler concludes his book:

> To sum up, the Jews of our day have no cultural tradition in common, merely certain habits and behaviour-patterns, derived by social inheritance from the traumatic experience of the ghetto, and from a religion which the majority does not practice or believe in, but nevertheless confers on them a pseudo-national status ... the lingering influence of Judaism's racial and historical message, though based on illusion, acts as a powerful emotional break by appealing to tribal loyalty.

The point about tribal loyalty is so important. Most Jewish people are pressured and conditioned to identify with tribal loyalty to protect what they are told are an oppressed people even though when you look at the evidence today this is absolutely not the case. Ultra-Zionists not aware of the hoax or Death Cult (most of them) have simply bought the lie to the extreme and it colours their every perception and action. Observe the national and global influence of 0.2 percent of the human population and the idea that Jewish people are uniquely oppressed is ridiculous. The influence of their elite in particular is way, way, way beyond the ratio to their tiny number and their financial clout is the same. People are getting sick of seeing this obvious fact – this elephant on the sofa – while at the same time constantly hearing how the Jewish community must be uniquely protected from unique danger with free speech deleted to this end. Ultra-Zionists never concede that their own behaviour might be affecting the way others view them. It is never their responsibility and blame always lies with the rest of the population who apparently carry some genetic hatred for anyone Jewish. It's all bollocks, but expedient to the agenda. All tyrannies need enemies to unite people behind them in common cause and if they don't exist they have to invent them. Young people are told in Israel that the world hates them and they must stick together in tribal loyalty to survive. This is just perception manipulation in pursuit of the tyranny's need for collective support and a shield to hide behind. Jewish people are among the most lied-to communities on earth for this very reason. Jewish-born historian Shlomo Sand talks of 'tribal Judeocentrism' and the 'caprices of the sleepwalking sorcerers of the tribe'. The definition of 'caprices' is 'a sudden and silly change of mind or behaviour'. Yes, about right.

The Death Cult

A major departure from mainstream Judaism began with a new cult or sect in the 17th century and this is of fundamental significance to the modern world, ultra-Zionism and 9/11. This cult hiding within Judaism and later Zionism is known as 'Sabbatianism' or 'Sabbateanism'. In many ways this cult – with a later addition called Frankism – *is* ultra-Zionism although most ultra-Zionist Israel-right-or-wrong advocates and fanatics will not be aware of this. Compartmentalisation is the

golden rule. Sabbatian-Frankism is a term used to describe what I have referred to up to this point as the Death Cult. This is a major expression of what is called Satanism which pervades the deeper recesses of The Web in many forms (Fig 107).

Figure 107: Sabbatan-Frankist Death Cult – masters of inversion.

The founder of the cult that controls events in Israel to this day was Sabbatai Zevi (1626–1676), a Sephardic rabbi, occultist and black magician who proclaimed he was the Jewish messiah (Fig 108). Gershom Scholem (1897-1982), the first Professor of Jewish Mysticism at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, writes in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism* that Zevi's cult was 'the largest and most momentous messianic movement in Jewish history' since ancient times and much of the Jewish population fell for it. One of its key promotors was a Zevi devotee, 'prophet' and Kabbalist called Rabbi Nathan Chazzati, or 'Nathan of Gaza', who is credited with convincing Zevi that he was indeed the Jewish Messiah. The Kabbalah or Kabala/Cabala is the bible of Jewish mysticism and esoteric thought and practice. It provides the textual 'spiritual' foundation of the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Kabbalah teachings relate to the 'occult', a word that merely means 'hidden'. Knowledge about the nature of life and reality systematically hidden from the population can be used for good or ill and I will refer to its satanic use as the Dark Occult. Sabbatian-Frankists follow the Lurianic Kabbalah named after its creator, Jewish rabbi Isaac ben Solomon Luria (1534–1572), the 'Holy or Sacred Lion', which emphasises messianic belief. 'Nathan of Gaza' employed Lurianic ideas to claim the 'new Messiah' (Hebrew 'Mashiach') as Sabbatai Zevi and this messianic mind-set remains a pillar of Sabbatian-Frankism today. None of this may appear to be

Figure 108: Sabbatai Zevi.

relevant to 9/11 or what is happening now, but oh, yes it *is*. The Sabbatian cult was supposed to have ended with Zevi's demise according to mainstream Jewish history. This suits the Sabbatians who are still *very* much with us and operating from the shadows in their satanic form while offering a very different public face. Sabbatians and their associated Frankists are world class infiltrators – that's their route to control and they have infiltrated all the world's major religions including Judaism. Belief in a coming messiah who will rule the world from Jerusalem – 'a saviour and liberator of the Jewish people' – is driving modern events and most obviously the step-by-step process of Zionism taking complete control of Jerusalem and replacing the Al-Aqsa mosque with a rebuilt Solomon's Temple. Sabbatai Zevi promised his followers that they would return to their alleged homeland in Palestine to establish a Jewish state and here we have the origin of modern-day Zionism which is the creation of the same Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult that has passed through the centuries and infiltrated almost every aspect of human society. We are now living in the new Messianic Age according to these deluded people – an age when their 'messiah' descended from 'King David via Solomon' will rule the world from Jerusalem. I will come to how this is planned to be done in the final chapters. These are some of the messianic biblical prophecies that these crazies are seeking to make happen:

- The whole world will worship the One God of Israel
- Once he is King, leaders of other nations will look to him for guidance
- The peoples of the world will turn to the Jews for spiritual guidance
- Nations will recognize the wrongs they did to Israel

Sabbatai Zevi's cult sought to usurp traditional Judaism and literally invert everything it stood for. A day of fasting became a day of feasting, for example. Traditional religious teachings and laws, sexual taboos and the concept of right and wrong were all turned on their head as Zevi advocated that doing evil was to be encouraged and celebrated without guilt. Scholars have referred to this as a 'transvaluation' within Jewish culture turning accepted norms on their heads and promoting a belief that the violation of the sacred became a sacred duty. Do not kill became *do* kill and a Sabbatian 'prayer' was 'Blessed be they who permit the forbidden'. Redemption thorough sin was the sales-pitch, but it was really just a scam to spread the Hidden Hand 'religion' of what we call Satanism. Sabbatian belief was founded on the concept that being evil implodes evil and so the more evil there is the quicker it is imploded. I don't claim it makes sense, but that is what they believed (or claimed to believe in pursuit of a desired outcome). Modern Satanism is the same with its inverted anything-goes celebration of evil. Sabbatian-Frankism,

Satanism, human sacrifice religions of Sumer and Babylon fuse into one force within the Hidden Hand and stalk and control the corridors of global power. Sabbatianism has become known by some researchers as the 'Synagogue of Satan'. It is not surprising then that in the heralded new Messianic Age nothing will be forbidden except the freedom to challenge and expose the controllers. Some Jewish sources say their 'messiah' is already alive and waiting to take his place as ruler of the world. Others refer to this figure as the 'anti-Christ'. Jerry Rabow writes in his book, *50 Jewish Messiahs:*

> ... Shabbatai Zevi continued to issue proclamations of the theological changes wrought by the coming of the messianic age. Shabbatai's new prayer was, 'Praised be He who permits the forbidden.' Since all things would be permitted in the age of the messiah, Shabbatai declared many of the old restrictions of the Torah no longer applicable. He abolished the laws concerning sexual relationships. He eventually declared that all of the thirty six major biblical sins were now permitted and instructed some of his followers that it was their duty to perform such sins in order to hasten the Redemption.

Look around at the world today and you see this happening – including clear efforts to make sex with children (a 'norm' in the Cult) legal and acceptable. The name Sabbatai relates to the Hebrew word for Saturn and also to the devil-worshipping 'Witches' Sabbath', or Sabbat, which corresponds with the major ritual days of Satanism. These include May 1st (Beltane), and Halloween. Readers of my other books including *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* will be aware of the connections I have made between Saturn and Satanism – *Saturn*-ism – and human control. Saturn is not actually a planet, but a form of sun – the 'Black Sun' and 'Dark Sun' of Satanism and Nazi dark occultists. Jewish tradition connects 'the reign of Sabbatai', or Saturn, to the arrival of the messiah which Sabbatai Zevi was claimed to be. Remember the 40-foot Moloch/Molech owl, a symbol of Saturn, at Bohemian Grove. Saturday or *Saturn*-day is the Jewish holy day and the Jewish/Hebrew god of Saturn is 'El' as in Isra-*El*. Saturn was the major god of Rome and today's Christmas is really a modern version of the Roman Saturn festival of Saturnalia in the period between December 17th and what became our Christmas. The Saturnalia festival included a sacrifice in the Temple of Saturn in Rome (the ruins still stand today) and people decorated trees, exchanged presents and hung holly etc. Other ancient societies had something similar as with the Greek festival of Kronia – Kronos/Cronus was the Greek name for Saturn. Check out some of my other books and you'll see the significance of Saturn and its symbols that abound in both ancient and modern society. Saturn symbolism can be

found throughout the 'establishment' and religion. The hexagram, or 'Star of David', is one of them and remember the six-pointed star symbol between the twin pillars at the Mother Lodge of Freemasonry in London earlier in the book in Figure 3. Santa is an anagram of Satan and Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman, a fierce opponent of Sabbatian-Frankism within the Jewish community, said the symbolism of the Santa reference to 'Saint Nick' originates from the Hebrew root 'Nikail' which means 'conspiracy'. Can I say 'conspiracy', is that okay?

Enter Jacob Frank

The Sabbatian movement and belief-system was expanded and made even more satanically extreme in the 18th century by Jewish dark occultist Jacob Frank (1726-1791). He was born Jacob Leibowicz in an area of Poland that is modern Ukraine. Black magician Frank claimed to be the reincarnation of 'messiah' Zevi and biblical patriarch Jacob (Fig 109). He posed as a Turkish Sephardic Jew called 'Frenk' – Yiddish for Sephardic Jew – and this eventually became Frank. This deeply psychopathic man was an advocate of human and animal sacrifices, the dark occult and sex with children – hence the story earlier in the book by the unofficial Rothschild about incest being 'considered normal and something to be admired'. Frank said that 'Lucifer' was the true god. Sabbatians and Frankists, what I will call Sabbatian-Frankists, were told: 'Do What Thou Wilt'. This was the anything-goes no matter what the effect on others 'philosophy' of Satanists like British occultist Aleister Crowley (1875-1947) who was an expression of the same satanic web. Jacob Frank said:

Figure 109: Jacob Frank.

> I did not come into this world to lift you up but rather to cast you down to the bottom of the abyss ... The descent into the abyss requires not only the rejection of all religions and conventions, but also the commission of 'strange acts', and this in turn demands the voluntary abasement (degradation) of one's own sense of self, so that libertinism [no morality] and the achievement of the state of utter shamelessness which leads to a tikkun [fixing/rectification] of soul are one and the same thing.

'Anything goes' includes paedophilia, human sacrifice and incest because depravity to Sabbatian-Frankists is a form of worship while compassion and empathy are sacrilege. Imagine what lack of compassion and empathy it would take to pull off 9/11 and Sabbatian-

Frankism was the force behind those attacks. What the Rothschild family insider said about incest being 'normal' to them was actually describing the life-style of Sabbatian-Frankism within which incest is a major pillar. Sabbatian-Frankism is behind the manipulated wars which are to them a mass blood sacrifice ritual – as was 9/11. Once you understand the mentality running the world you understand what happens in the world. We see the Death Cult's obsession with inversion in the inverted symbols of the Dark Occult in the form of the inverted cross and pentagram and with the dove which means 'peace' to the public mind but to them it is the symbol of the Babylonian goddess Semiramis in all her forms and names (Fig 110). The late America-based Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman said in his two-volume work *To Eliminate the Opiate* that Frankism is 'a movement of complete evil'. Jewish professor Gershom Scholem agrees in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*: 'In all his actions [Frank was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.' Scholem wrote a highly acclaimed analysis of Sabbatian-Frankism in which he said:

Figure 110: Inverted symbols of the inverted Death Cult of Sabbatian-Frankism (Satanism).

> The sect's exclusive organization continued to survive in this period through agents who went from place to place, through secret gatherings and separate religious rites, and through dissemination of a specifically Frankist literature. The 'believers' endeavored to marry only among themselves, and a wide network of inter-family relationships was created among the Frankists, even among those who had remained within the Jewish fold. Later Frankism was to a large extent the religion of families who had given their children the appropriate education. The Frankists of Germany, Bohemia, and Moravia usually held secret gatherings in Carlsbad in summer round about the ninth of Av.

This date was believed to be the following: The birthday of Sabbatai Zevi; the alleged date of the two destructions of the Jerusalem Temple by the Babylonians and Romans; and when Sephardic Jews were expelled from Spain. In keeping with their inverted faith this day was celebrated by partying rather than sadness. Professor Scholem describes how Sabbatian-Frankist 'believers' sought to marry only among themselves, passing on the baton through the generations. This is precisely how the Hidden Hand works in totality as I have been exposing since the 1990s. Followers and advocates of Frank and Zevi are still with us and advancing their plan for global takeover with the rest of the Hidden

Hand Web. Rabbis preaching traditional Judaism excommunicated Frank and his supporters as heretics. This just drove them underground and into the realms of covert manipulation. Sabbatian-Frankists are also known as Zoharists because they are led by the Zohar, a group of works considered by many to be the most important in the mystical Kabbalah. Zohar in Hebrew means 'splendour', 'radiance' and by extension 'illuminated'. This is the symbolism of the lighted torch held by the Statue of Liberty (the Babylonian goddess, Semiramis) and of Lucifer 'the light bringer'. Jacob Frank, like Zevi, believed that the Torah, the central document of Judaism, was no longer relevant and should be superseded by the occult Zohar. The Torah is the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament which are more widely known known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. These are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai.

Frank, again like Zevi, said that particular elite people (i.e. them) are exempt from the moral law and therefore the laws and commandments of the Torah did not apply to them. They preached the inversion in which what had formerly been prohibited would now be encouraged and even done through compulsion no matter how despicable – the more despicable the better. Sacrifice, incest and sex with children were included and this is the background to the horrors I have exposed at length in my books perpetuated by some of the most famous people on earth including Father George Bush. Sabbatian-Frankism and Satanism, paedophile rings and Dark Occult ritual dominate the 'elite' and their playgrounds like Hollywood and Bohemian Grove in northern California that I described earlier in the book. A war to these people is a mass human sacrifice and something in their inverted minds to be desired and celebrated. Frank believed – as did his followers – that human society had to be overthrown and destroyed. They wanted 'the annihilation of every religion and positive system of belief' despite being outwardly religious themselves. Their aim was to infiltrate religions and destroy them from within and the same with the human values of society in general. Now ... recognise that world today? This is hardly surprising given that Sabbatian-Frankists and Satanists are running the show. In keeping with their techniques of manipulation the desired end had to be achieved secretly so that no one would see where the source of destruction was coming from. They hid themselves within all religions and no religions and one of their prime covers has been Judaism and Jewishness. Jewish writer and researcher Clifford Shack, author of *The Sabbatean-Frankist Messianic Conspiracy Partially Exposed*, said: 'Jacob Frank was not a big fan of the Jewish people.' Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes in *To Eliminate the Opiate* how Sabbatian-Frankists established their own fake systems to appoint rabbis that appear to be

the genuine article while pursuing a very different agenda. Antelman described them as 'barbarians' who masqueraded as rabbis. He said these same Sabbatian-Frankist groups continue to Christianise Judaism and Judaise Christianity (Christian Zionism) with the ultimate aim of destroying both. The planned replacement is Sabbatian-Frankist Satanism which is why its symbols, methods and ways of life are gathering all around us.

The Red-Shields

Enter at this point one of the most powerful and important names behind Sabbatian-Frankism and ultra-Zionism – the House of Rothschild banking and financial dynasty. Jewish researcher Clifford Shack's research leads him to believe that the Rothschilds are related to Sabbatai Zevi. The scam of lending people money that doesn't exist – 'credit' – and charging interest on it can be traced at least to Babylon and on through the Knights Templar secret society and Italian banking families like the de Medicis into Europe. The system was honed and globalised by the Rothschilds. Jewish bankers were able to dominate the emergence of banking and finance wherever they located because their religion allowed the charging of interest on 'money' (credit), a system known as 'usury', while Islam and Christianity (for a time) condemned it. The Koran states:

> Those who charge usury are in the same position as those controlled by the devil's influence. This is because they claim that usury is the same as commerce. However, God permits commerce, and prohibits usury. Thus, whoever heeds this commandment from his Lord, and refrains from usury, he may keep his past earnings, and his judgment rests with God. As for those who persist in usury, they incur Hell, wherein they abide forever.

The Jewish religion allowed the charging of usury although more specifically it officially allowed Jews to charge usury to *non*-Jews but not to other Jews. The Hebrew Bible says that interest can be charged to strangers but not between Hebrews. Israelites were banned from adding interest to loans made to other Israelites while charging interest to non-Israelites was allowed, so the official texts say. Jews lending money at no interest to fellow Jews is said to be 'tzedakah' (charity or literally 'justice', 'righteousness'). This is the foundation of the global Association of Hebrew Free Loans through which interest-free loans are provided but only to Jews. It's not racist, though, and if you say so you're an 'anti-Semite'. Rothschild frontman Jacob Schiff (more soon) was the prime player behind the creation of the Hebrew Free Loan Society of New York in 1892 after which all the others followed. Jews were expelled from many countries for the actions of their banking class charging

outrageous rates of interest that enslaved the population in debt. This recurring theme is explained away *in total* by the alleged genetic hatred that the rest of humanity is supposed to have for Jewish people. Well, I don't feel hatred towards them and I personally don't know anyone who does so clearly there's more to know here. Charging interest on loans has now enslaved much of humanity and has sucked the wealth of the world into the coffers of the banking families and dynasties by seizing the assets of those who don't – mostly simply can't – pay back loans of created-out of-nothing 'credit' *plus interest.* The vastly greater involvement of Zionist and ultra-Zionist bankers in ratio to 0.2 percent of the global population is protected from exposure by the ultra-Zionist hate group network using the label of 'anti-Semitism' to silence those who wish to make these facts public and begin a legitimate debate on why this is. The Rothschilds have mercilessly exploited the usury system to secure fantastic fortunes and accumulation of assets. They were a Middle Ages occult family called 'Bauer' until 1760 when banker Mayer Amschel Bauer, located in Frankfurt, Germany, changed the family name to Rothschild or 'Red-Sign/Red Shield' in German (Fig 111). The name was inspired by the red hexagram or 'Star of David'/'Seal of Solomon' on their home although the symbolism goes much deeper. A six-pointed star is a symbol of *Saturn* which is a central pillar of Sabbatian-Frankism – Saturnism/Satanism – and so how absolutely appropriate that the very name of the Sabbatian-Frankist inner circle Rothschilds should be inspired by a symbol of Saturn which, in turn, inspired the name Sabbatai (Fig 112). Nor is the six-pointed star an exclusively Jewish symbol. It can be found in many parts of the world because it is an esoteric symbol for Saturn used by a long list of ancient cultures and religions including Islam. One example was discovered on the floor of a 1,200 year old excavated mosque where Tel Aviv is today. The same symbol from which the name 'Rothschild' originates can be seen on the flag of Israel – a state established by the Rothschilds who oversee the country as their own fiefdom (Figs 113 and 114 overleaf). Frankfurt, home city of the Rothschild dynasty,

Figure 111: The Rothschild house in Frankfurt where the dynasty began.

Figure 112: The hexagram or 'Star of David' is the ancient symbol of Saturn from which came the name 'Rothschild' or 'Red Shield/Red Sign'.

Figure 113: The symbol of Saturn on the flag of Rothschild Israel.

Figure 114: The real owners of Israel.

was a centre for Sabbatian-Frankists as was the city of Mannheim an hour's drive away. Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman said that among the Sabbatian settlers in Mannheim were names such as Oppenheim and Hess.

I have exposed the Rothschild inner circle and its history in great detail in other books and I won't repeat everything here. Enough to say they are even more amazingly wealthy than they already appear to be, but don't tell the bloke in the Momentum video or he'll say they can't be or the Forbes Rich list would say so. The Rothschilds control global finance through a network of operatives all over the world. Many of these place-people assets go on to be famous billionaires because of this Rothschild connection and their role as Rothschild proxies. The House of Rothschild has a grotesque history of manipulating wars in which they fund all sides and end up owning countries through the subsequent debt. This increases even more when they lend governments 'money' (credit) to rebuild the countries their manipulated wars have devastated. Mayer Amschel Rothschild, the dynasty founder, made his fortune thanks to his close relationship with German royalty and aristocracy which he then usurped. This was especially so with Prince William of Hesse-Hanau who sought to loan money at high interest rates and no wonder Rothschild became his financial agent (and Svengali). The Hesse dynasty made fortunes from loaning troops to fight other country's wars which increasingly Rothschild networks were causing to happen. William and Rothschild shared a love of the Dark Occult based on the Kabbalah and its Zohar. The inner elite of the Rothschild dynasty remain dark occultists today although I stress that not *everyone* called Rothschild is involved – only the inner sanctum compartmentalised from many in the wider family and its offshoots. The 1999 movie *Eyes Wide Shut* starring Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman was directed, produced and co-written by Stanley Kubrick, a Jewish man who wanted to expose the hidden world of elite Satanism and mind control. He chose the Rothschild-built stately home at Mentmore Towers in Buckinghamshire, England, for the location of the satanic mass orgy around which the film was based. I doubt given the highly symbolic nature of the movie that

this was an accident. Kubrick died of a heart attack soon after the film was shown to Warner Brothers executives and some 25 minutes was cut after his death. The banking and major corporate system is controlled by Satanists and dark occultists which explains why it operates with such cold, callous corruption. I have exposed the 'elite' satanic networks at great length over the years going back to *The Biggest Secret* in 1998.

Sabbatian-Frankist Illuminati and the creation of Marxism

Dark Occult Rothschilds have been the drivers of ultra-Zionism and much of the Hidden Hand structure and it is hardly a shock that satanic occultist Jacob Frank and his Sabbatian-Frankism formed an alliance in 1773 with Mayer Amstel Rothschild and the Jesuit-educated Jew, Adam Weishaupt, who later became (in public) a Protestant. The origin of his name Adam-Weis-haupt apparently breaks down to mean 'the first man to lead those who know'. The Catholic Inquisition jailed Frank for 13 years after his arrest in 1760 when the truth about his Sabbatian-Frankist infiltration of Catholicism was uncovered. After his release he headed for Frankfurt, home city of the Rothschilds, and their alliance was formed. Frank was given the title of Baron and became a wealthy nobleman with a big and gathering following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Rothschild-funded Adam Weishaupt established the infamous Rothschild/Frank Bavarian Illuminati, firstly under another name, in 1776. The 'Illuminati' was (is) based on the Zohar or 'radiance', 'illumination', 'the light bringer' and the organisation set its sights on world control in league with the wider Web. Weishaupt was a Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrator posing as a Jesuit within the Roman Church after apparently being persuaded by Mayer Amschel Rothschild to join the Frankist 'crusade'. Illuminati ambitions for world domination and revolution came to light in 1785 when a horseman courier called Lanz was reported to be struck by lighting and in his saddlebags were found extensive Illuminati documents laying out the plan for world domination and revolution and confirming the connection to Weishaupt. The Rothschild/Frank-directed Illuminati would be involved in widespread society-changing manipulation and violence (death rituals) including the French and American Revolutions (the network was operating before its official formation in 1776). Rabbi Antelman in *To Eliminate the Opiate* connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins who were a central player in the French Revolution and the Bund der Gerechten or League of the Just which was the manipulative force behind the emergence of communism/Marxism. He writes:

> The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate

> destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Antelman pointed out that there has not been a single Communist government in which religion is allowed to be practiced freely without interference. The 'Bund' morphed into the International Communist Party and Communist League which produced the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels in 1848 and spawned the mass-control system known as Marxism. Violent revolution is the Sabbatian-Frankist Illuminati calling card. The Illuminati-Jacobins were behind 'The Terror' in France in 1793 and 1794 when Jacobin Maximillian de Robespierre and his Orwellian 'Committee of Public Safety' killed 17,000 'enemies of the Revolution'. September 11th was just another notch on the bedpost for the Sabbatian-Frankists and their bloodlust. The death-toll of communism and Marxism alone can be counted in hundreds of millions worldwide. Illuminati imposition by death and terror both directly and through its connected offshoots would transform human society. Wars in the aftermath of 9/11 are simply modern examples of a clear pattern through history with the same network manipulating from the shadows. This is what happens when empathy and compassion are deleted. Rabbi Antelman in his studies of the Illuminati and League of the Just concluded:

> Contrary to popular opinion Karl Marx did not originate the Communist Manifesto. He was paid for his services by the League of the Just, which was known in its country of origin, Germany, as the Bund der Geaechteten.

Antelman said the text attributed to Marx was the work of other people and Marx 'was only repeating what others already said'. He describes Marx as 'a hired hack – lackey of the wealthy Illuminists'. Karl Marx (1818-1883) is famous for a description of religion as the 'opium of the people', hence Antelman called his books, *To Eliminate the Opiate* – or eliminate religion by infiltrating them and tearing them apart from within so the openly satanic religion of Sabbatian-Frankism can take their place. Antelman further connects Marxism to the 'Rhodes-Milner-Rothschild nexus' and to the Rockefeller dynasty. The former is the network of satellite organisations spawned by the Rothschild Round Table secret society in London which went on to create the Royal Institute of International Affairs, Council on Foreign Relations, Trilateral Commission, Bilderberg Group and Club of Rome. Antelman notes that Marx's original mentor, Sabbatian Illuminist Moses Hess, was a first cousin of Sabbatian Leopold Zunz and he said the Zunzs were 'an integral part of the Schiff family'. The name 'Schiff', a family that lived in the same house as the Rothschilds in Frankfurt, is of central importance to much of what followed including the

Russian Revolution as we will see. Hess was a French-Jewish philosopher who founded Labour or Socialist Zionism which appears to be in conflict with far-right Zionism while in truth Sabbatian-Frankism ultimately controls both. Rabbi Antelman writes that the later falling out between Hess and Marx was all staged. The Sabbatian-Frankist Illuminati modus operandi was – and still is – to infiltrate, take over and destroy organisations (governments, religions, political parties etc.) while posing as supporters and even leaders of them. Karl Marx was born Jewish but his family converted to Christianity in the way of Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators and he attacked Jews, not least in his book, *A World Without Jews*. Jacob Frank and his movement did the same because Sabbatian-Frankists hate Jews while posing as protectors of them. You can see the seamless links unfolding here which connect Sabbatian-Frankism to the Rothschilds, Illuminati, Jacobins of the French Revolution, the 'Bund' or League of the Just, International Communist Party, Communist League and the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels which would lead to the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution.

'Progressive' Marxism

To know the foundation goals and techniques of what became known as Marxism and its Sabbatian-Frankist origins is to grasp so much about both history and what is happening all around us today. The Marxist methodology is to change society through conflict between distinct groups and this is everywhere to be seen, not least in constant and apparently endless war. Nothing transforms a society more completely and irreversibly than a war and they are manipulated into being to that end by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult and other satanic expressions of The Web. Conflicts are mostly artificially generated by creating, funding and arming different countries and groups which are played off against each other to transform the nature of countries, groups and societies. We have seen this with ISIS and the manipulated conflicts in Iraq, Libya, Syria and elsewhere since 9/11. World Wars were conflicts in the Marxist mode of manipulation to transform global society through conflict and so is today's identity politics. The Marxist 'class struggle' (conflict between groups) has become the Marxist 'self-identity struggle'. Identity politics is based on the struggle for power between *groups* – classic Marxism. The more groups you have the more potential for conflict and societal transformation and so we have the creation of ever more groups based on ever more detailed minutiae of self-identity. You have the male-female struggle subdivided into the straight male/female/gay struggle and the feminist-transgender struggle in which, for instance, transgender imposes its will over feminism by insisting that those in big, strong, males bodies identifying as female can take part in women's sport. This 'struggle' alone is transforming women's sport in accordance with Marxist conflict theory. The war on the family

unit is straight from Marxist doctrine and so is political correctness which both have Sabbatian-Frankist/Illuminati origins through a Sabbatian-Frankist Marxist operation known as the 'Frankfurt [Rothschild] School' which I am coming to. This approach to Marxism is known as 'Cultural Marxism' and human society today is deluged with its poison. You know when something is part of agenda because opponents are insanely targeted by ultra-Zionist attack groups and in 2019 British Conservative MP and former minister Suella Braverman was condemned by the ultra-Zionist Board of Deputies of British Jews for using the term. The Board claimed that 'cultural Marxist' is an 'antisemitic trope' and demanded that she undertake not to use the phrase in future. The ludicrous Hate Not Hope censorship group weighed in saying that Braverman's phrase was 'deeply disturbing' – as is Hate Not Hope – and Israel-worshipping Labour MP Wes Streeting said it was 'an ugly and reprehensible term with anti-Semitic connotations'. How he could speak with his tongue extended I have no idea. You always get ridiculous over-the-top condemnation when someone hits the button dead centre and I am a perfect example (Fig 115).

Sabbatian-Frankist ultra-Zionists that established the Frankfurt School of social engineering in the 1920s referred to a foundation of Marxism as 'Critical Theory' which basically requires groups to be hyper-sensitive to criticism and all of them convinced of their oppression and victimisation by what is deemed the 'dominant culture'. You then harness this manipulated rage to bring down the 'dominant culture' while at the same time all these multifarious self-identity groups are also in a constant state of conflict with *each other* over who is the most oppressed and victimised. Anyone recognise that today – like *everywhere?* The 'dominant culture' in the West is perceived to be (by the constant repetition that it is) the white male. Thus white male 'history' has to be demonised and obliterated on the road to their marginalisation in the present and societal transformation. To achieve this outcome a state of group-think is essential – both in the sense of everyone thinking the same and also judging everyone by their racial, religious and cultural group. Break down the 'white male' culture into individuals and you see that white men span the entire spectrum (as with every race, religion and culture) from kind, courageous, decent and caring to slave-owning, mass-

ULTRA-ZIONIST CENSORSHIP IN NEW LOW
MP TOLD NOT TO SAY 'CULTURAL MARXISM'
CULTURAL MARXISM
CULTURAL MARXISM
CULTURAL MARXISM

murdering psychopaths. Many white people fought against slavery as they did against apartheid in South Africa. Irony of ironies slave-owning, mass-murdering psychopaths created Marxism as a means to achieve total global control and now enslave much of humanity. What you must do is isolate the 'dominant culture' in terms of blame. White men are presented by the propaganda as the only slave owners, oppressors and psychopaths in history when every race, religion and culture has had their slave owners, oppressors and psychopaths – and still do. This is not only about the white male and even some black people owned black slaves in the United States. In other areas of the world the dominant non-white culture is attacked by the need for 'regime change' in the name of freeing the people through 'democracy'. This is another irony because regime change in non-white countries is done overwhelmingly by white males in government and the military. Non-white cultures being prepared for regime-change are told that the white male in the dark suit or uniform is the good guy coming to free them from oppression while in countries where white males are perceived to be the dominant culture they are deemed to be the oppressor. We are looking at designer transformation of different societies while using the same methodology – *ideology.* The trick is to give the same ideology of Marxism different faces for different situations on the spectrum from vicious Soviet and Chinese communism to heart-on-the-sleeve-we-are-nicer-than-you-are 'progressive socialism'. The sales-pitch changes, but not the outcome which is always centralised control by the elite few over everyone else. It is worth 'progressives' pondering on the fact that the foot-soldiers of Marxist (Sabbatian-Frankist) 'revolutions' never end up in power at the end of the story. That is always the gift of the elite who were behind it all along. I am not saying that dominant cultures cannot be forms of oppression – clearly they all are to a larger or lesser extent. 'Progressives' and their billionaire supporters deleting freedom of speech is the most fundamental form of oppression which their self-purity, I-am-right-and-you're-not-so-you-can't-have-a-say arrogance cannot see. Imposed Islam, Judaism, Christianity, Hinduism and so on are vehicles for oppression if choice is not allowed – *everything* is oppression where choice is not freely made. My point is that oppression in its multiple forms and scale is exploited by Sabbatian-Frankist Marxism to justify even more extreme oppression and centralised control. I want to see a world in which power is decentralised and devolved to communities and the individual which negates the potential for a tiny cabal to impose its will on everyone. There is no contradiction whatsoever between individual liberty and collective responsibility on the basis of my own philosophy of do what you like so long as you don't impose it on anyone else either physically or psychologically.

The Soros 'progressive movement' is really the same old Marxist movement wearing its latest disguise and Marxism is the creation of the

Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Marxism is driven by the very elite that Marxism is supposed to be overthrowing. 'Progressive' people – you are being played by the string section and you and your children are going to have to take the consequences if reality doesn't dawn like *now*. The string section is a Death Cult and why do you think that Marxism in its many expressions – Stalin, Mao, Pol Pot and so many more – has led to the deaths of hundreds of millions of people directly and through related consequences? Here we are with virtue-signalling idiots like film-maker Michael Moore and his wish-for 'leader' Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez promoting this very Marxism-in-thin-disguise society with I doubt the first idea that this is what they are doing. The proposed Ocasio-Cortez 'Green New Deal' is only Chairman Mao's Cultural Revolution in China in that it demands subordination of individual uniqueness to the alleged 'collective will' which is really the will of the elite pulling the strings – or playing them – from the shadows. 'Collective will' never actually is because the 'collective' is never consulted. The excuse for the 'Green New Deal's' introduction is that 'climate change threatens human existence' when the 'global warming/climate change' hoax has been perpetrated by the same Death Cult via front organisations like the Club of Rome in the Round Table network. I have been warning since the 1990s that alleged human-caused global warming/climate change was a scam to justify the transformation of global society into a centrally-controlled dictatorship through United Nations projects known as Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. The plan is also to encourage or coerce people not to have children as part of a depopulation agenda, especially in the West, by employing the 'end of the world is nigh' approach. Now we have Ocasio-Cortez urging people to ask: 'Is it okay to still have children?' I watched an interview with a sad-looking lady called Blythe Pepine, founder of Birth Strike, an organisation for those choosing not to have children because of the dangers of 'global warming'. She said she would not have children herself because of 'the threat we have been told about'. By whom, Blythe? The Sabbatian-Frankist propaganda machine designed to transform global society into a single Marxist state. She said we face extinction, but what will speed that quicker than not having children? It reminds me of the line ... 'When we have deleted heterosexuality future generations will thank us.' The 'Green New Deal' promoted by Hidden Hand-stooge Ocasio-Cortez proposes precisely what those UN Agendas demand and I am going to shock you again here ... groups supporting the Green New Deal are funded by George Soros. I bet you're speechless. The policy has been supported by other prominent members of the Soros-funded Democratic Party including Elizabeth Warren who laughably claimed to have Native American ancestry. Definitely someone you can trust.

Sabbatian-Frankist political correctness

Censorship and political correctness (censorship) are an expression of Death Cult Marxism with the *minority will* posing as the *collective will* subordinating individual freedom to the demands of the mob. Marxism and its offspring communism are always about mobs imposing the will of the elite. Marxism demands centralised control and that structure allows even greater control by the few of the many than capitalism (cartelism) does. Instead of having to manipulate control by the few through hording capital and ownership it is delivered on a plate by the very centralised societal structure of Marxism/Communism. Does anyone believe that Marxist governments all over the world have been 'people's governments'? How about Stalin's Soviet Union? Or Mao's China? Today's China? How about Vietnam where it is illegal to criticise the government on the Internet? Why is the 'free world' going the same way as China and Vietnam with ever more extreme censorship and information control? The same Marxist agenda is being rolled out behind the smokescreen of political correctness and so you have Internet corporations owned by the filthy rich elite in alliance with 'progressives' in their support for censoring non-Marxist information and opinion founded on freedom of the individual and not the tyranny of collective control. Demands for equality of *outcome* rather than equality of *opportunity* are straight from the Marxist rule book. Equality of opportunity offers the platform for people to go their own way and choose their own path in pursuit of their chosen outcome. Equality of outcome destroys incentive and imprisons creativity in a grey and dour sameness while driving out individual achievement in pursuit of outcome 'equality' (classic Marxism). Instead of raising people up it crushes them down. The world portrayed in Orwell's *Nineteen-eighty-four* in fact. A structure based on centralisation of power always involves the few controlling the many and to counter that we need devolution of power *from* the centre founded on respect for individuality and freedom of choice and expression. This is everything 'progressives' and their corporate billionaire cheerleaders are seeking to destroy. The whole ridiculous nonsense of political correctness was developed by ultra-Zionist Marxists from the 'Frankfurt School', or the Institute for Social Research, established in 1923 and affiliated to the University of Frankfurt. Jewish historian and theologian Gershom Scholem, who made a major study of Sabbatian-Frankism, described the School as a 'Jewish sect', but I say it was a pseudo-Jewish sect. Sabbatian-Frankism has sought to control key areas of human society including finance, politics, media, law, social sciences and psychiatry. The foundation of the few controlling the many is to understand human thinking and behaviour and armed with that knowledge to manipulate the perceptions of the many. From perception comes behaviour. Zionist website Myjewishlearning.com reports:

> Jewish psychologists and the influence of Jewish tradition have been instrumental in creating the field of modern psychology. The fundaments of several psychological movements can be traced directly to Jewish values, ideas, and practices, and Jews in the 20th century were at the forefront of research about the psyche and the varieties of human behavior.
>
> Jewish psychologists founded several branches of psychological inquiry. All of the major theorists of the Gestalt school, except Wolfgang Kohler, were Jews. Max Wertheimer, Kurt Koffka, Kurt Lewin, and Kurt Goldstein posited theories of perception and understanding based on holistic understanding, rather than a previous model based on the computation of parts. Psychoanalysis was founded by Sigmund Freud and, with the notable exception of Carl Jung, most of its early proponents were also Jews.

Political correctness is a mind-game to manipulate the target population to silence *itself*. The whole 'progressive' mind-set of fascistic/communistic 'socialism' is an outgrowth of the Frankfurt School and Sabbatian-Frankist manipulation which was itself a continuation of the ultra-Zionist Marxism named after Sabbatian-Frankist stooge, Karl Marx. US Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, who claims her family has Sephardic Jewish ancestry, is the current political poster girl of this movement, but she is too obsessed with her own reflection and too perceptually programmed to see who her mind-masters really are. She said of her Jewish roots: '... the story goes that during the Spanish Inquisition so many people were forced to convert on the exterior to Catholicism, but on the interior, continued to practice their faith, continued to be who they were, even though they were pressured to not be that on the outside world.' American academic Kevin Macdonald describes in *The Culture of Critique: An Evolutionary Analysis of Jewish Involvement in Twentieth-Century Intellectual and Political Movements* how 'leftist authoritarianism' emerged from the Frankfurt School. This captures the authoritarian 'progressive' movement of today which has been the goal of these ultra-Zionist intellectuals all along. The Frankfurt School was funded into existence by ultra-Zionist Felix Weil; the first director was ultra-Zionist Carl Grünberg; and he was followed by ultra-Zionist Max Horkheimer. Among other prime influences on the school's thinking were ultra-Zionists Theodor W Adorno and Herbert Marcuse. The School relocated to Switzerland before moving to New York in 1935 and six years later branched into California which would become the global capital of political correctness. This Rothschild ultra-Zionist centre for social engineering set out to control American social sciences and here are just some of the changes they sought to introduce to American and global society. Perhaps you can recognise them:

- The creation of racism offences.

- Continual change to create confusion.
- The teaching of sex and homosexuality to young children.
- The undermining of schools' and teachers' authority.
- Huge immigration to destroy national identity.
- The promotion of excessive drinking.
- Emptying of churches [targeting anything that brings people together].
- A legal system with bias against victims of crime.
- Dependency on the State or State benefits [do what we say or they stop].
- Control and dumbing down of the media.
- Encouraging the breakdown of family.

None of these goals are to benefit people – they are only there to *control* people. National identity *is* being destroyed by 'huge immigration' and it is clear to see the real motivation behind the borderless European Union and the United States failing to adequately police the border with Mexico and make it easier for so-called 'illegal aliens' to secure residency. They want a borderless United States, Canada and Mexico to destroy the self-identity of all three. A sense of nationhood is a big potential block to the acceptance of a single uniform Marxist world and so they are working to delete any sense of national identity. Perhaps people might realise now why mega-rich George Soros who says he doesn't care about social consequences and only making money is spending tens of billions supporting 'progressive' groups and those making it easier for the mass movement of people between different cultures. This doesn't make sense on the face of it, but perfect sense when you see what is really behind it. Marxism/communism has never been an ideology for oppressed masses, only for the super-rich using communism to further oppress those masses. The same is true of its alter-ego fascism and its 'democratic' version of socialism (the don't-scare-the-children term for introducing Marxism to America). Nazi fascism was really a form of Marxism and it was appropriate that they called themselves the National Socialist German Workers Party. The Nazis were dark occultists – the same as the Sabbatian-Frankists that controlled them.

From the inside

The takeover of countries through the perceptions of the population was described in *1985* by Soviet KGB defector Yuri Bezmenov who was trained in the subversion doctrine which he described as a four-step plan to subjugate societies. The first stage he called 'demoralisation'. He said this takes 15 to 20 years in which generations of students are systematically programmed in the school and college system to transform their perception of reality while other information and

perspectives are suppressed. Marxist-Leninist ideology was being pumped into the 'soft head' of at least three generations of American students (it's happening in Europe and elsewhere, too) without being challenged or counterbalanced by the basic values of Americanism. Bezmenov said of the demoralisation stage:

> Exposure to true information does not matter anymore. A person who is demoralised is unable to assess true information – the facts tell nothing to him. Even if I shower him with information, with authentic truth, with documents, with pictures, even if I take him by force to the Soviet Union and show him concentration camps he will refuse to believe it until he gets a kick in the back bottom [realises he has been had by Marxist governments taking over his country]. When the military boot crashes then he will understand.

Look at what has been happening for years in the schools and colleges and you will see that quite obviously stage one has been long underway and is now bearing fruit in people like Ocasio-Cortez. Demoralisation is followed by stages that Yuri Bezmenov called 'destabilisation', 'crisis' and 'normalisation' in which 'normalisation' means the imposition of a new 'normal' (society transformed). These stages together are classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. A poll of American 18-24 year olds in early 2019 found that 61 percent were open to a 'socialist society'. They think that means fair and just – if only. The poll reflects the control of the education (indoctrination) system from pre-school to college for generations now that Bezmenov described. Once the programmed promotors (see today's 'progressives') have played their part as essential pawns they would be 'lined up against the wall and shot', Bezmenov said. They would not be needed any more and they would know too much. There was also the telling line that I have been trying to get across to these programmed people for years: 'They think they will come to power, but that will never happen, of course.' No, because Marxist 'revolutionaries' are only pawns in a game orchestrated by their elite violin players – the 'revolution' always tends to eat itself. Ocasio-Cortez and the Marxist mob masquerading as 'social justice warriors' are temporary pawns to bring their hidden masters to power in a full-on global dictatorship. This is how Sabbatian-Frankists operate the world over and they were the force behind the creation of the Soviet Union/KGB as we will see shortly. All the anti-Russia propaganda directed at Vladimir Putin as an individual is a smokescreen to hide the manipulation of American and global society by the Sabbatian Death Cult with major power-bases in Russia and Eastern Europe which was also once the old Russian Empire from where so many major ultra-Zionist players or their families have emerged that created and still control Israel.

Infiltration a speciality

When you appreciate the Babylonian, Sabbatian-Frankist occult foundation of the force behind human society the pieces start to fit. With Rothschild support the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult (Satanism and *inverted* Judaism) quickly expanded its influence, secret networks and infiltration of Freemasonry. Sabbatian-Frankists were encouraged to convert to other religions posing as advocates and believers while working to turn them into vehicles for the Sabbatian-Frankist agenda and eventually destroy them. The cult infiltrated Judaism, Islam (more shortly) the Roman Church, Protestant Christianity and other religions while also subverting secret societies including the Jesuits, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta and Opus Dei (all connected to the Church of Rome), Rosicrucians, Grand Orient Freemasonry, wider Freemasonry and the secret and semi-secret strands that connect with them to form The Web. All these infiltrated secret societies are based on the teachings of the Kabbalah – the Lurianic Kabbalah – as are the inner core of major religions. Hasidism, or Hasidic Judaism, the ultra-Orthodox Jewish religious group that wear side-curls, the fedora, homburg and big fur hats are an outgrowth of Sabbatian-Frankism and heavily influenced by the Lurianic Kabbalah. The movement emerged out of Poland in the 18th century in what is now modern-day Ukraine and most advocates will not be aware of its Sabbatian-Frankist origins although the inner core will. The same applies to all these infiltrated groups and organisations. Most won't be a practicing Sabbatian-Frankist, but the cult will be the power in the shadows. Hasidic rabbi Menachem Mendel Schneerson (1902-1994), leader of the messianic Chabad-Lubavitch movement and a deeply racist Jewish supremacist, once said:

> The body of a Jewish person is of a totally different quality from the body of [members] of all nations of the world; an even greater difference exists in regard to the soul. Two contrary types of soul exist, a non-Jewish soul comes from three Satanic spheres, while the Jewish soul stems from holiness ... A Jew was not created as a means for some [other] purpose; he himself is the purpose, since the substance of all [divine] emanations was created only to serve the Jews.

This gives a feel for the attitude to the rest of humanity of extreme Sabbatian-Frankist racists who have the nerve to call others racist. Instead of being condemned for such comments Schneerson was posthumously awarded the Congressional Gold Medal for 'outstanding and lasting contributions toward improvements in world education, morality, and acts of charity'. President Jimmy Carter designated Schneerson's birthday as US Education and Sharing Day and every

president since has fawned over him when the day comes around. Sabbatian-Frankists have no influence with the US government, though, so don't worry.

Jacob Frank targeted the Roman Catholic Church from the start and he was so persuasive in his claim to be a dissident Jew that the Church funded his work and allowed him to convert thousands of apparent followers of Judaism into Catholicism. By 1790, 26,000 Jews were recorded baptised in Poland. Sabbatian-Frankists were not, of course, really converts. They were interlopers infiltrating the Catholic hierarchy to take over the reins of power through clandestine cells and high positions in the Church including the Pope. We see the influence of the paedophilia-practicing Sabbatian-Frankists today with the constant revelations about mass child abuse by Catholic priests which, at the same time, is being exploited by the same Sabbatian-Frankist cult to destroy the church. Child abuse – a calling card of Sabbatian-Frankists – has also made the news within the Hasidic community in Brooklyn, New York, where cover-ups are widespread with internal laws against reporting any of their number to the police. Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman said that a lesser known fact about Jacob Frank is that he also converted to Islam two years before his conversion to Catholicism. A golden rule of the cult was – and is – that 'the believer must not appear as he really is'. This applies to politics and other walks of life and not only religion. Rabbi Antelman gives an example of what happened to the Jewish community in Vienna, Austria:

> What emerges from a close inspection of Viennese Jewry in the latter part of the 19th century is that the establishment is controlled by a Sabbatian Frankist underground, who through their influence on the infrastructure of the community and its media, could orchestrate innocent Jews into supporting their 'causes'.

This is exactly what has happened to the Jewish community in Israel, the United States, Europe and elsewhere.

Sabbatian-Frankist Jesuits

Ignatius of Loyola (1491-1556) was the Spanish Catholic priest who established the Society of Jesus (Jesuits) in 1539. He had appeared before an ecclesiastical commission in 1527 charged with having sympathy with the Alumbrados, a mystical sect with basically the same beliefs as the later Sabbatian-Frankists with their connection to the satanic religion of Babylon. The Alumbrados ('Illuminated') emerged in Spain in the 15th and 16th centuries and they believed that once they became 'illuminated' through a 'complete union with 'God' they could do anything they liked because 'sin' was impossible in their state of

'enlightenment' and no matter what horrors they perpetrated it had no effect on their soul. This is the sales-pitch of the Sabbatian-Frankists when you cut back all the verbiage and manufactured justifications for evil, but when their consciousness leaves the body at 'death' they find out otherwise. Loyola escaped with a firm warning for his Alumbrados connections and his Jesuit Order would go on to become a major controlling force on behalf of the Sabbatian-Frankists and the wider cult within the Roman Church. Adam Weishaupt who established what became the Bavarian Illuminati with Jacob Frank and Mayer Amstel Rothschild in 1776 was a Jesuit-educated 'Jew' (Sabbatian-Frankist). Jewish researcher Barry Chamish, quoting the work of Rabbi Antelman, said:

> A movement of complete evil now took hold. The Jesuits' goal was the destruction of the Protestant Reformation leading to a return of one pope sitting in judgement on all mankind. The Rothschilds' goal was to control the wealth of the planet. And the Frankist vision was the destruction of Jewish ethics to be replaced by a religion based on the exact opposite of God's intentions [Satanism]. When these factions blended, a bloody war against humanity, with the Jews on the front lines, erupted.

The Jesuits, Rothschilds and Sabbatian-Frankists moved – and move – as one unit. Ignatius of Loyola became the first Jesuit Superior General in 1541 and the post continues today. A Superior General is also called the 'Black Pope' and has enormous hidden power within the Church – even more so currently with Pope Francis who became a member of the all-male Jesuit Order. With 20,000 Jesuits – three-quarters of them priests – operating in 100 countries the potential for manipulating events and situations is obvious. They work across the world in their schools, colleges and many other centres which include a big network of Jesuit universities and they follow a vow of obedience to the Jesuit hierarchy. Their 'education' system of calculated perceptual indoctrination provided in many ways the structure for modern 'education' to this day. Jesuits played a front-line role in the European colonisation and 'Christianisation' of native lands around the world and the mass murder of the Inquisition. They engaged in political manipulation wherever they located to advance their own power and agenda. Jesuits were thrown out of many countries only to return in new guises – the technique of Sabbatian-Frankists with whom the Jesuits joined forces. Francesco Borgia, the third Jesuit Superior General, said: 'We came in like lambs and will rule like wolves. We shall be expelled like dogs and return like eagles.' Religious, royal and political leaders were terrified of the Jesuits and when Pope Clement XIV signed the decree abolishing the Jesuit Order in 1773 he said: 'I have signed my death warrant, but I have

obeyed my conscience.' He was dead within nine months and the Jesuit Order was restored in 1814. Needless to say that Clement's death is described as 'controversial'. Jesuits operate like covert Nazis and how appropriate that the Nazi SS was structured and organised by Heinrich Himmler on the Jesuit blueprint. Walter Schellenberg, former chief of Nazi counter-espionage, said:

> The SS organisation had been constituted by Himmler according to the principles of the Jesuit Order. Their regulations and the Spiritual Exercises prescribed by Ignatius of Loyola were the model Himmler tried to copy exactly. Himmler's title as supreme chief of the SS was to be the equivalent of the Jesuits' 'General' and the whole structure was a close imitation of the Catholic Church's hierarchical order.

Jesuits still control the Vatican and Roman Catholic Church today in league with their Sabbatian-Frankist masters. This is highly appropriate given that the Roman Church is the Church of Babylon relocated. Sabbatian-Frankists are modern-day purveyors of the Babylonian satanic human-sacrifice religion and Babylonian bloodlines established Rome and its empire. The Hidden Hand creates religions to seize the minds of the populous and then divides them into factions and sets them at war with each other. How many wars have there been between Christian Catholics and Protestants alone? Martin Luther triggered the schism with the Church of Rome in the 16th century to create Protestantism and then John Calvin triggered a schism within Protestantism called Calvinism. You see this with virtually all religions as with Islam's schism of Sunni and Shia. The Vatican has long been controlled by Sabbatian-Frankist-Jesuit occultists and it's no surprise when you hear Jesuit Pope Francis say that Christians must work 'to ensure anti-Semitism is banned from society'. He said Christians share the same roots as 'their Jewish brothers and sisters'. How about the other link, mate – infiltration by Sabbatian-Frankists which as a Jesuit you well know? Another highly significant family infiltrated by these covert Satanists was the Habsburg dynasty which produced a stream of kings and emperors and occupied the throne of the Holy Roman Empire from 1438 until 1740. They remain very connected to The Web through secret societies like Le Cercle, the Knights of Malta and the elite and exclusive Order of the Golden Fleece founded in 1430. The Austrian version is led today by Karl von Habsburg (also Archduke of Austria, Royal Prince of Hungary, Bohemia and Croatia), current head of the House of Habsburg-Lorraine. Le Cercle initiate Otto von Habsburg, or Archduke Otto of Austria (1912-2011), was a key figure behind the creation of what is now the European Union as an agent of The Web to delete countries and bring them under centralised control. The

Habsburgs have worked closely with the Rothschilds.

America calling

Mayer Amschel Rothschild and his five sons (symbolised by five arrows) established banking houses in Frankfurt, London, Paris, Vienna and Naples and he selected the wives of his sons for the business connections they would bring to the family. He wanted his offspring to marry cousins wherever possible to keep the bloodline 'pure' and keep it all 'in family' – just as Sabbatian-Frankists are told to intermarry and 'keep it in the cult'. Rothschild had eighteen grandchildren and sixteen of them married first cousins while his daughters all married bankers – Worms, Sichel and Beyfus – and the family became immensely rich. They were infamous for their psychopathic activities and behaviour as they took control of European countries through financial and political manipulation. From Europe they hijacked the American economy and expanded worldwide. In 1773 Mayer Amschel Rothschild is reported to have met with Sabbatian-Frankist banking families including Schiff, Oppenheimer, Warburg and Goldschmidts (later Goldsmiths) to agree a plan to bankrupt nations and control world finance. They have certainly achieved that if you look at national debt levels alone. American government debt at the time of writing is $22 *trillion*. The meeting came in the same year of 1773 that saw the alliance formed between Rothschild and Jacob Frank and what followed was the creation of the Bavarian Illuminati by Sabbatian-Frankist Jesuit infiltrator and Freemason Adam Weishaupt. From the mid-19th century a series of German Ashkenazi (Khazar) Jewish (Sabbatian-Frankist) families emigrated to the United States and they would become the great banking dynasties that still largely prevail today with the Rothschilds holding the strings of all of them. They included Goldman, Sachs, Lehman and Warburg (the Venetian Jewish – Sabbatian-Frankist – del Banco family). The most important one of all across the late 19th and early 20th centuries would be lesser known to most people – Schiff. The Ashkenazi Sabbatian-Frankist rabbinical Schiff family shared the Rothschild home in Frankfurt and in 1875 Jacob Schiff (1847-1920) relocated to New York to join (and eventually head) the banking firm Kuhn, Loeb & Company. This was a front for the Rothschilds with Schiff as their loyal agent. Schiff became a dominant figure on Wall Street and a director of companies such as National City Bank of New York, Equitable Life Assurance Society, Wells Fargo & Company and Union Pacific Railroad. 'He' (the Rothschilds) funded the rise of the Rockefeller Standard Oil monopoly headed by J.D. Rockefeller; Andrew Carnegie's steel empire; J. P. Morgan's financial empire; and Harriman family railroad interests. All were really Rothschild-controlled operations through middleman Schiff and the Rothschilds remain in control of their

modern versions. We see the same technique with global corporations, not least in Silicon Valley, which appear to be run by their famous faces when they are actually controlled from the shadows by a very different force. The Rothschilds, via Schiff, orchestrated through banker Paul Warburg the fraudulent creation in 1913 of the Federal Reserve Banking System, the still privately-owned 'Central Bank of the United States' which has controlled the American economy and government financial policy ever since. If you want to know the foundation origin of the $22 trillion debt then look no further than the Rothschild-controlled Federal Reserve (or 'the Fed'). For 31 years from 1987 to 2018 ultra-Zionists headed the Federal Reserve in the form of Alan Greenspan, Ben Bernanke and Janet Yellen. In the same period Yellen and the Israeli-American duel citizen, ultra-Zionist Stanley Fischer, former governor of the Bank of Israel, served as vice chairs of the 'Fed'. What are the statistical chances of that happening randomly from two percent of the American population? The sequence was broken when Jerome Powell replaced Yellen as chair – Powell was a partner in the Father Bush Carlyle Group while it was a financial agent for the Bin Laden family across 9/11. Today the vast ultra-Zionist network that I exposed manipulating American politics and society from within is ultimately controlled by Sabbatian-Frankists to advance their agenda. The mass of those involved with their ongoing childish shenanigans will have no idea that this is so. The same is true in the UK, Europe, Canada, Australia and wherever Sabbatian-Frankists are at work.

Sabbatian-Frankist 'Russian' Revolution

Jacob Schiff in true Rothschild fashion funded half the cost of the successful Japanese war against Russia in 1904 and 1905 (spending more than $4.5 billion by today's equivalent) as part of the effort to prepare Russia for the overthrow of the Romanov Tsars by the Lenin-Trotsky communist (*Marxist*) 'revolution' of 1917. Schiff was awarded the 'Second Order of the Treasure of Japan' medal in recognition of his pivotal role in securing that victory. In the years before the revolution Tsar Nicholas II, the last monarch of Russia, was undermined by the infamous Grigori Rasputin, a mystic and manipulator befriended by the Tsar and his family, and his views were the same as those of Sabbatian-Frankists. Gershom Scholem, Professor of Jewish Mysticism at Hebrew University, said: 'Rasputin, who played a major role in the Russian Revolutions, espoused a doctrine which was identical to that of the Frankists of "redemption through sin".' Zionism had been making ground in Russia and according to the *Encyclopedia Judaica* the Russian delegation accounted for one-third of all the delegates (66 out of 197) at the First Zionist Congress in Basle, Switzerland, in 1897. British-born Jacob Rothschild, 82 at the time of writing, said in a television interview

that 'Zionism was primarily a movement from Eastern Europe'. One center for the emergence of Zionism was Prague in what is now the Czech Republic – a major centre for Sabbatian-Frankists going back to Jacob Frank. The year 1897 also saw Rothschild asset Jacob Schiff use his influence over outgoing US President Grover Cleveland to secure passage into America for Zionist and Communist Jews from Russia and elsewhere. Zionism is Rothschildism. This political movement masquerading as a 'race' has been the Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators' vehicle for taking over the Jewish people worldwide and using them as a smokescreen and diversion on the way to global control. Thus we have today's 'anti-Semitism' industry and the Protection Racket. The Russian 'Revolution' was a version of the 'Arab Spring' which was made to look like a 'people's uprising' when it was actually financed and organised by banking families in the United States, Britain and Germany (i.e. the Rothschilds ultimately). Russian people suffered horrifically after the 'revolution' as Arabs have since their 'Spring'. In both cases this was the idea from the start. John Schiff, Jacob's grandson, said in the *New York Journal American* in 1949 that his New York-based grandfather gave some $20 million ($1 billion today) to fund the Russian Revolution. Rabbi Antelman said Schiff's Rothschild banking firm, Kuhn, Loeb, secured an immense return with 600 million roubles in one payment alone. A key player in the revolution was Ukrainian Jew Leon Trotsky (born Lev Davidovich Bronstein). He lived in New York before travelling to Russia to 'revolt'. He had $10,000 with him when he was stopped on the way by Canadian and British naval personnel – and that was in 1917. Another big funder of Trotsky was Britain's Lord Alfred Milner according to anti-Communist Russian general Arsene de Goulevitch. Milner just happened to be a big-time Rothschild frontman and head of the Round Table secret society who would be heavily involved in the 'Balfour Declaration' in 1917 through which the British government publicly-supported a Jewish homeland in Palestine. Vladimir Lenin, who was part-Jewish, was allowed to travel in an allegedly sealed train across Germany to Russia as part of the same plot to oust the Tsar. Yep, it was a people's revolution all right. Rabbi Antelman describes Lenin as 'a tool of the Illuminati monopoly capitalists'. According to *New World Encyclopedia* Allen Dulles, a Hidden Hand operative almost his entire life and longest-serving head of the CIA, reviewed and rejected Lenin's application for a visa to the United States while working at the US Embassy in Switzerland. Dulles also claimed that he had taken a phone call from Lenin at the embassy, but he 'didn't think the matter was urgent' and asked him to call back. The next day Lenin headed for his train and the revolution. With the limpet-close associations between the Dulles family and those funding the Revolution in the United States there was far more to this Dulles-Lenin story than we are told.

Most of those at the forefront of the communist regime that took over Russia in 1917 were 'Jewish' (I would say Sabbatian-Frankists). Rabbi Antelman said: 'Frankists appear to have dominated Eastern European radical circles' (from where the momentum for Zionism emerged). Trotsky was head of the brutal Red Army and chief of Soviet foreign affairs; Yakov Sverdlov (Solomon) was head of the Soviet government as chairman of the Central Executive Committee; Grigori Zinoviev (Radomyslsky) led the Communist International to expand the revolution to other countries. There were many other prominent 'Jews', too, when the Jewish population of Russia was no more than five percent. British journalist Robert Wilton confirmed these themes in his 1920 book *The Last Days of the Romanovs* when he studied official documents from the Russian government to identify the members of the Bolshevik ruling elite between 1917 and 1919. The Central Committee included 41 Jews among 62 members; the Council of the People's Commissars had 17 Jews out of 22 members; and *458* of the 556 most important Bolshevik positions between 1918 and 1919 were occupied by Jewish people. Only 17 were Russian. Then there were the 23 Jews among the 36 members of the vicious Cheka Soviet secret police established in 1917 who would soon appear all across the country. Professor Robert Service of Oxford University, an expert on 20th century Russian history, found evidence that Leon Trotsky had sought to make sure that Jews were enrolled in the Red Army and were disproportionately represented in the Soviet civil bureaucracy that included the Cheka which performed mass arrests, imprisonment and executions of 'enemies of the people'. A US State Department Decimal File (861.00/5339) dated November 13th, 1918, names Jacob Schiff and a list of ultra-Zionists as funders of the Russian Revolution leading to claims of a 'Jewish plot', but the key point missed by all is they were not 'Jews' – they were Sabbatian-Frankists. Britain's Winston Churchill made the same error by mistake *or otherwise*. He wrote in a 1920 edition of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* that those behind the Russian revolution were part of a 'worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality.' He continued:

> There is no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian Revolution by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews. It is certainly a very great one; it probably outweighs all others. With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews. Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders.

> Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate, Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, or of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the Red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Radek – all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combatting Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses.

In the same way, Donald Rumsfeld was 'eclipsed by his nominal subordinate', the ultra-Zionist Paul Wolfowitz, in the Pentagon at the time of 9/11. What happened in Russia was not a Jewish revolution – many Jews would suffer the consequences. It was a Sabbatian-Frankist revolution to impose the Sabbatian-Frankist-created political creed and tyranny called Marxism. What Churchill calls 'the system of terrorism' applied against 'enemies of the Revolution' was a repeat of the Jacobin period of 'The Terror'. This is a constant theme in 'revolutions' of the Sabbatian-Frankist-Illuminati cult. Churchill's reference to 'atheistical Jews' fits the modus operandi of Sabbatian-Frankist interlopers. Marxism is an atheist creed and this was Sabbatian-Frankist Marxism manifesting as the Russian Revolution which in true Marxist style targeted religion including the Jewish one. A great irony in attacks on me by the ultra-Zionist hate group 'anti-Semitism' Protection Racket is an oft-quoted passage from my book *And The Truth Shall Set You Free* in which I say that the Russian Revolution was the work of a group of Jewish people together with non-Jewish people. This is sighted as proof of my 'anti- Semitism' when, as you see here, it is simply provable *fact* and when fact is no defence against condemnation we are living in a tyranny. *And The Truth Shall Set You Free* is the book in which I expose in detail support for the Nazi master race movement by the Bush, Harriman and Rockefeller families (with the Rothschilds) and its connection to Hitler's race purity 'expert' Ernst Rudin. My ultra-Zionist abusers never mention that. They must have forgot.

Sabbatian-Frankist Red Army

The Russian Red Army, the biggest killing machine in known human history, was the creation of Sabbatian-Frankists. Leon Trotsky was the head of the Red Army and the leading administrators were ultra-Zionists Aron Solts; Yakov Rappoport; Lazar Kogan; Matvei Berman; Genrikh Yagoda; and Naftaly Frenkel. The Red Army killed almost seven million Germans and millions more across Europe. Red Army soldiers murdered and tortured civilians wherever they went and were ordered to do so by their Sabbatian-Frankist leadership. They raped some two million German women and many more in Austria, Hungary,

Romania, Bulgaria, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. They also raped women – most of them *Jewish* – who had been freed from Nazi concentration camps. The Red Army went on to terrorise Eastern Europe for decades. Ultra-Zionist Ilya Ehrenburg was the evil Soviet propagandist who distributed pamphlets ordering the Red Army to rape, torture and kill their millions of victims. Ehrenburg told them:

> If your part of the front is quiet and there is no fighting, then kill a German in the meantime ... if you have already killed a German, then kill another – there is nothing more amusing to us than a heap of German corpses.
>
> Kill! Kill! In the German race there is nothing but evil; not one among the living, not one among the yet unborn but is evil! Follow the precepts of Comrade Stalin. Stamp out the fascist beast once and for all in its lair! Use force and break the racial pride of these German women. Take them as your lawful booty. Kill! As you storm onward, kill, you gallant soldiers of the Red Army.

The Red Army took ultra-Zionist psychopath Ehrenburg at his word and this is how one young Russian officer described what happened day after day:

> Women, mothers and their children lie to the right and left along the route and in front of each of them stands a raucous armada of men with their trousers down. The women, who are bleeding or losing consciousness, get shoved to one side and our men shoot the ones who try to save their children.

Ilya Ehrenburg is celebrated by Zionism as a Jewish hero of the Russian Revolution and he is honoured in Yad Vashem, Israel's Holocaust history museum. At Israel's instigation Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu and Russian President Vladimir Putin opened the 'Victory Monument' in the Israeli city of Netanya in 2012 to celebrate the Red Army. Why would Israel honour this killing and raping machine of historical proportions? See above. The same mentality that created the Red Army and decreed its murdering, raping and torturing methods of operation has been in control of Israel since it was bombed into existence in 1948. Anyone surprised that it is committing genocide against Palestinians and treats them with such hatred and contempt? These people are not 'Jews'. They are fake Jews exploiting and hiding behind genuine ones and those they have enticed into their lair. While Trotsky made sure *fake* Jews under the control of the Sabbatian-Frankist cult were given the major role in the post-revolution Russian hierarchy the story was very different for the rank and file. Rabbi Antelman writes:

> ... born Jews such as Trotsky [cooperated] with Lenin in executing Jews, and ... Lenin's Jewish Section was even more severe than Lenin in closing synagogues and religious schools, and persecuting and murdering Rabbis and religious leaders.

You see it wasn't – and isn't – about 'Jews'. It is rather about Sabbatian-Frankists hiding within the Jewish and other communities posing as 'one of them'. This is why there is no contradiction between 'Jews' taking power or controlling power in Russia, Germany and Israel treating Jewish people with such violence and contempt. Most people will never have heard about the Zionist (Rothschild) dominance of the Russian Revolution and what followed because of the ultra-Zionist censorship networks. These are *facts*, not 'anti-Semitism'. For the latter to be so I would have to be saying that all Jewish people are the same as those I am calling out. I am *not* saying that – quite the opposite. Most Jewish communities around the world will not know about the background that I am summarising here and can be read in detail in other books. They are the ones who are blamed in the minds of many by actions in which they have played no part and of which they know nothing. If we are to protect human freedom for *everyone* these are facts that we cannot go on ignoring because their implications and connections are indivisible from current events. A dispatch in 1918 by the US ambassador to Russia, David R. Francis, said: 'The Bolshevik leaders here, most of whom are Jews and 90 percent of whom are returned exiles, care little for Russia or any other country but are internationalists and they are trying to start a worldwide social revolution.' William Oudendyke, Dutch Ambassador at the time, said something similar: 'Unless Bolshevism is nipped in the bud immediately, it is bound to spread in one form or another over Europe and the whole world as it is organized and worked by Jews who have no nationality, and whose one object is to destroy for their own ends the existing order of things.' This is straight from the Sabbatian-Frankist statement of intent and method of operation. Russian dissident writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn (1918-2008) spent eleven years in labour camps and exile. He was a hero to the Western Establishment for his opposition to Communism until he, too, pointed out the greatly disproportionate overrepresentation of Jewish people in key positions among the Bolshevik 'revolutionaries'. He wrote a two-volume work, *Two Hundred Years Together*, in which he called for both Russians and Russian Jews to take responsibility for their 'renegades' who supported the totalitarian communist regime. The 'renegades' and ultra-Zionist 'Bolshevik leaders' he was talking about were tools of the Sabbatian-Frankist *anti*-Jewish cult which indeed was – and is – pursuing 'worldwide social revolution' on the road to planned global dictatorship. Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman

said this about the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, a highly controversial document that came to light in the early years of the 20th century and some allege to be detailing a Jewish plot for world domination:

> The Protocols alleged that there was a Jewish world conspiracy. The Czar was a virulent anti-Semite, but may have published the Protocols because he had a personal axe to grind with the Schiffs, the Warburgs and the Rothschild banking dynasties, who were already planning a revolution in Russia. Jacob Schiff was giving immense financial help to the Japanese against the Russians. He was decorated by the Mikado after the Russio-Japanese War. The question should be raised of Schiff, if he was such a loyal Jew, why did he finance the Japanese who caused the death of thousands of Jewish men who were used as cannon fodder for the Czar.

Answer – because he was a Sabbatian-Frankist cult member and they hate Jews. I'll have more about the *Protocols* in the next chapter. Antelman continues and invokes the big bad word, *conspiracy*:

> The truth of the matter was, as this book will point out, that there was a conspiracy, but it was neither Jewish, nor Catholic, nor Masonic. It involved people of all types of religious and national backgrounds. Side by side with the Schiffs, Warburgs and Rothschilds were the Morgans and the Rockefellers. With Trotsky were Lenin and Stalin.

This is the same conspiracy that American professor Carrol Quigley exposed in the 20th century with the same families and their agents and assets involved. Quigley (1910-1977) was a professor of history at Georgetown University in Washington DC for 35 years and taught Bill Clinton. He was an insider who revealed in *Tragedy and Hope* and *The Anglo-American Establishment* the existence of the Rothschild Round Table secret society that spawned the network of think tanks including the Council on Foreign Relations, Bilderberg Group, Club of Rome and Trilateral Commission. This is the same seamless intergenerational conspiracy that I have been exposing for 30 years along with a mountain of wider and deeper connections. We can see The Web at work when you connect the funding of the Russian Revolution by the Rothschilds and New York-based Jacob Schiff with other revolution funders I detailed earlier in the book – Skull and Bones initiates, Roland Harriman, Prescott Bush, Percy Rockefeller and their associates. They were all working as one team and their latter-day successors were the evil behind 9/11. Jacob Schiff's granddaughter, Dorothy Schiff, owned the *New York Post* for more than 40 years and his investment banker son Mortimer Schiff was an early leader of the Boy Scouts of America. Karenna Gore, daughter of global warming hoax frontman, Al Gore,

married Andrew Schiff, Jacob's great, great grandson.

Sabbatian-Frankist Islam

Sabbatai Zevi's cult established in the 17th century is described as the biggest messianic movement in Jewish history since ancient times and he promised to return them to a homeland in Palestine. The promise was delivered by the Sabbatian-Frankist cult and ultra-Zionists in the 20th century. This was achieved in stages by infiltrating mainstream Judaism and other faiths and communities with Islam a crucial example. Zevi lived both in Palestine and in what is today's Republic of Turkey under the rule of the Islamic Ottoman Empire which took over the region in stages from the end of the 14th century to its demise in the 20th century. Zevi converted to Islam when the Sultan of the Ottoman Empire gave him the 'choice' between conversion, or torture and death. By now Zevi had a million Jewish followers believing he was the Messiah and although he lost some with his 'conversion' many also converted in the Ottoman Empire and others knew that all the 'conversions' were only agreed to stay alive. Zevi and his fake-conversion cult became known as 'Donmeh' (meaning 'to turn') and they were called 'crypto-Jews' who, while publicly converting to Islam, retained their Sabbatian beliefs. This did not mean *Jewish* beliefs, but the Sabbatian *inversion* of traditional Jewish beliefs. Zevi was rejected as the Messiah by traditional Judaism and he and his followers hid behind the fake conversions and traditional Judaism while practicing their Sabbatian-Frankism in secret. Even their children were not told about their family's real religion until they were old enough to keep the secret and this continues up to current times. A hidden satanic 'religion' was born which continues today as the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult manipulating world events to a specific end and this was the foundation force behind 9/11. Donmeh were forbidden to marry outside of their sect (the interbreeding families theme again) and they became an interloper religion or cult within Islam, mainstream Judaism and other religions. Donmeh bloodlines infiltrated royalty and aristocracy as they expanded into Western society. Jacob Frank lived and studied with the Donmeh in Turkey before launching his Frankist cult in Europe. The Sabbatian Donmeh method of operation was founded on infiltration and control of positions of religious and political influence. They became powerful in the politics and business of Salonica (today called Thessalonica or Thessaloniki in Greek Macedonia in the southern Balkans) which was a major centre for Freemasonry and the birthplace of the Young Turk movement which overthrew Ottoman Islamic rule in Turkey in the 1920s. Mustafa Kemal, more famously known as 'Atatürk', was a Donmeh Jew who played the role of frontman for the rebellion that led to the establishment of the Republic of Turkey in 1923 (see *Everything You Need To Know But Have*

Never Been Told). Atatürk was a Grand Orient Freemason in the Lodge Veritas in Salonica and a British agent in the breakup of the Ottoman Empire, according to Lord Patrick Kinross in his book, *Ataturk, The Rebirth of a Nation.* The end of the Ottoman Empire was essential to the planned establishment of Israel because Palestine had long been under Ottoman rule.

The Donmeh 'interloper Jewish' cult infiltrated Islam and eventually manifested as the Saudi 'Royal' family and the extreme British-Saudi version of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the religion of extreme suppression of women and beheading non-believers and 'infidels'. Western/Saudi-funded, armed and trained terrorist groups like ISIS are its most famous manifestations along with the fascistic Saudi state itself. Wahhabism set the new blueprint for how Islam is perceived both by many of its followers and the wider global public. From this came the perception that Islam is about death and destruction. In fact, like every other religion, it is the chosen *interpretation* of Koranic texts – what you emphasise and what you ignore – that drives your actions. This is what dictates if Islam is a peaceful religion or a violent one and the great majority of Muslims are not violent. I don't support any religion because I think they are all prisons of the mind, but these points need to be made to ensure some balance. On my trips to the Middle East I remember only kind people willing to share with visitors what little they had no matter what your personal beliefs. By contrast Wahhabism is anything but kind. It is a brutal, merciless, deeply psychopathic and supremacist creed that appropriately mirrors in its mind-set the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. There is a reason for this. I tell the story of the Donmeh cult and its connection to Saudi Arabia in *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* and see that book for more detail. Many in the Islamic world are well aware of who the House of Saud interloper 'royals' and architects of Wahhabism really are. Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab, a Donmeh Jew hiding within Islam, was chosen by the British Empire in the 18th century to front-up a new extreme version of Islam and the British forged an alliance between Wahhab and Muhammad bin Saud who created the first Saudi state before he died in 1765. Bin Saud's successors formed the current Saudi Arabia with their British and American controllers in 1932 and in doing so hijacked the major centres of Islamic belief in Mecca and Medina. Wahhab's daughter married Bin Saud's son. Head-chopping Wahhabism spawned head-chopping ISIS and terrorist al-Qaeda (via the CIA) and the Sabbatian-Frankist cult had a home-grown terrorist 'problem' that it could falsely blame for 9/11 and justify a 'war on terror' against the very groups it had created. Saudi royals' are Donmeh 'crypto-Jews' as many Islamic writers have attested. An Iraqi intelligence report includes Arabic texts saying that Abd al-Wahhab and Muhammad bin Saud were Jewish (Sabbatian-Frankist

Dönmeh) and it sources the following from an Arabic work by D. Mustafa Turan called *The Donmeh Jews*:

> Muhammad Bin 'Abd-al-Wahhab is a descendent of a family from the Jews of Al-Dunamah in Turkey. Al-Dunmah [Donmeh] refers to the Jews who declared their embracement of Islam in an effort to insult Islam and to escape the pursuit by the Ottoman sultans ... [Turan] confirms that Sulayman; the grandfather of [Wahhab], is (Shulman); he is a Jew from the merchants of the city of Burstah in Turkey, he had left it and settled in Damascus, grew his beard, and wore the Muslim turban, but was thrown out for being voodoo.
>
> Then he fled to Egypt and he [was] faced [with] strong objection so he left to Hijaz and settled in Al-Ayniyyah where he got married and had a child whom he called Abd-al-Wahab and claimed to be from the descent of Rabi'iyyah, and that he was born in Morocco.

This would explain the otherwise unexplainable closeness between Saudi Arabia and Israel when you would have thought they would be in fierce opposition. The alliance largely happened behind the scenes until more recently when it came to the surface with the installation by Israel and America of Saudi Crown Prince Mohammed bin Salman in 2017 who proceeded to take over the reins of power in Saudi Arabia from the official king. Salman became known as 'Mr Everything' because of his control of the economy, military, foreign affairs, oil and entertainment. He was at the centre of the grotesque murder of Saudi dissident journalist (and one-time Saudi establishment supporter) Jamal Khashoggi at the Saudi consulate in Istanbul, Turkey, in 2018. If you want an example of the psychopathic mentality behind world events look no further than this. Turkish Foreign Minister Mevlut Cavusoglu said he personally listened to an audio recording of the killers being told to listen to music while they dismembered Khashoggi with a bonesaw while he was still alive. 'I listened to it. He was killed within seven minutes', Cavusoglu told Germany's *Suddeutsche Zeitung*. He said one of the killers commented that he 'liked to cut people up'. Would someone with that mentality give a damn about 3,000 people killed on 9/11 or would they get high on such slaughter? This is the mentality behind 9/11 and world events in general.

Crown Prince Psychopath

Salman has also been the architect of the war against Yemen which produced the world's biggest humanitarian crisis using weapons supplied by America, Britain, France and others. By early 2019 this was Yemen in figures: 360,000 dead from malnutrition; 80,000 children dead from starvation; 20 million on the brink of starvation; 16 million lacked

access to water and sanitation; a cholera outbreak had infected an estimated 1.2 million; tens of thousands dead from airstrikes two-thirds of which the United Nations High Commissioner for Human Rights said were by the Saudi-led 'coalition' of Arab state psychopaths supported by US, UK and other Western psychopaths. Never lose sight of the fact that we are dealing with a Death Cult that is sexually-stimulated by death and suffering. The number of Yemini dead from direct attacks passed 60,000 by the end of 2018 with the rate increasing by some 2,000 a month. For the psychopaths involved this enters multiple orgasm territory. The same people who promote and fuel this human catastrophe against Muslim civilians had the outrageous nerve to condemn with their fake moral piety the gun attack on Muslims in New Zealand (Fig 116). They have no shame. Overwhelming support from the American and British governments for the evil Saudi regime comes from the fact that the House of Saud is a Western front and those that control Saudi Arabia and Israel are members of the same Sabbatian-Frankist satanic cult and family network. Prince Khalid Bin Farhan al-Saud, a Saudi prince who defected from the family in 2013 because he was sick of their behaviour, has said publicly that the US and Israel control the Saudi 'royals' and that he knew from inside the family that the US and Israel had set 'conditions' for 'helping' current Saudi king, Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud, succeed his father in 2015. Two others higher up the order of succession conveniently died in 2011 and 2012. The defector prince said that in return for this 'help' King Salman had to agree to 'absolute obedience' to the US and Israel and work to settle all Gaza Palestinians in north Sinai (to be paid for by the Saudis and UAE), destroy Palestinian group Hamas and secure ownership of Sanafir Island from Egypt. The latter would change the Gulf of Aqaba from Egyptian territorial waters to international waters for the benefit of Israeli shipping operating out of the port of Eilat and into the Red Sea (Fig 117). Egypt's president and US-Israel placeman Abdul Fattah al-Sisi secured power for his military government thanks to the Soros-funded and manipulated 'Arab Spring'. Sisi and King Salman obeyed orders and transferred ownership of Sanafir Island and neighbouring Tiran Island in 2017 to Saudi Arabia against the will of the Egyptian people.

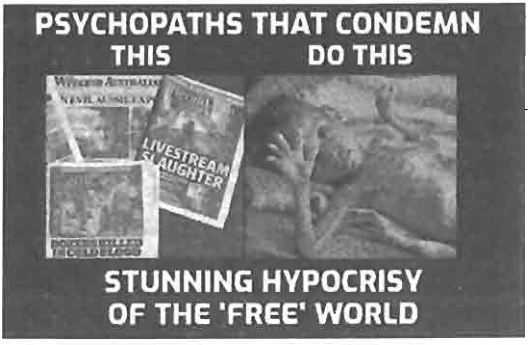

Figure 116: The 'moral' West. When it suits us we condemn mass murder and when it suits us we support it.

Ironically, Israel had to give its permission for the transfer because the islands were part of an earlier peace agreement between Egypt and Israel. I bet the Israeli authorities had a good laugh about that. The installation of Crown Prince Mohammed bin Salman has made King Salman nothing more than a symbolic figure and the media has reported on efforts by the Crown Prince and Egyptian leader Sisi to have closer relations with Israel. Both are puppets of the Sabbatian-Frankists working to stitch-up the Palestinians. We can now see why the home of the bloodthirsty Wahhabi religion would fund and arm Wahhabi terrorist groups like al-Qaeda and ISIS/Islamic State along with America, Britain and Israel (collectively The Web) to create mayhem (the 'problem') in the Middle East to which they could offer the 'solution' (a Western military presence serving the agenda of Israel). Intelligence Colonel Sa'id Mahrnud Najrn Al-'Arniri, who wrote the Iraqi intelligence document which I detail in *Everything You Need To Know*, said that the enemies of Islam use the Wahhabi religion in the political arena 'to prevent the unity of Muslims'. He continued:

Figure 117: Sanafir and Tiran islands are strategically placed with regard to Israeli shipping passing through the Gulf of Aqaba. It is confirmation of Israel's control over Saudi Arabia that it believes its interests are better protected with the islands owned by the Saudi 'royals' than Egypt.

> Al-Wahabi today is subconsciously working in all its power on promoting occupation in order to achieve its despicable desires. The Wahabis have worn the Muslim robe inside out therefore; they couldn't apprehend any of the Muslim goals, because how is it possible for someone who seeks the help of infidels to speak of unity?
>
> They sign treaties of peace and friendship with the criminals, surrender and bow in front of the masters of rotten politics. Therefore; I wanted in my study to focus on the history of this movement from the stand point of its relation with the British government and how Britain had employed all its spies in Muslim countries in order to establish and spread this movement to destroy Muslim religion and create heterodoxies in Islam.

The involvement in 9/11 of Saudi Arabia-connected alleged 'hijackers' alongside Hidden Hand elements in the United States and ultra-Zionist Israel (much more to come) now takes on a new light, significance and clarity. They are on the same team (Fig 118). Saudi government funding of Islamic schools in Sweden is also connected to what ultra-Zionist academic Barbara Lerner Spectre said about Zionists being at the forefront of transforming European culture with 'multiculturalism'. Swedish daily *Svenska Dagbladet* reported that Saudi Arabia has for a long time spread ultra-conservative (Sabbatian-Frankist) Wahhabism or Salafism in Sweden and the same is happening in Germany (where there are thousands of mosques) and elsewhere. The Swedish Defense College said there are 18 registered foundations in Sweden – and counting – with the stated goal of promoting the building of mosques. Sweden is committing cultural and genetic suicide while calling it 'compassion'. Sabbatian-Frankists are global masters at manipulating genuineness that isn't streetwise. The reason Saudi Arabia and Israel are so close when you would think the very opposite would be the case is that both are controlled by Sabbatian-Frankists – the same with the United States, Britain, France, Germany, Canada, Australia and a long list of other countries affecting the direction of human society. No wonder ultra-Zionist Jared Kushner, Trump's son-in-law and 'senior advisor', a life-long friend of Benjamin Netanyahu, was reported to be urging the administration not to punish Saudi Arabia and its Sabbatian-Frankist Crown Prince Salman over the psychopathically-disgusting murder of Jamal Khashoggi when Salman clearly instigated what happened. Sabbatian-Frankists work as one unit towards their collective goal of global domination and watch each other's back on the way unless cutting them loose would benefit the agenda.

Figure 118: Different names – same masters.

In summary

A Hidden Hand has been at work for thousands of years with the aim of transforming human society into a centrally-controlled tyranny by concentrating power in a world government and creating a one-world everything. This would demand a single global government, army, religion and 'culture' which would mean deleting the concept of nations and countries and creating a single fused 'blob' culture underpinned by

the interbreeding of individual races to develop racial fusion. A world army and control of the media was planned to impose this agenda either directly when necessary or through the manipulation of perception and what is now called political correctness, 'hate speech' and 'fake news' to silence debate and exposure of what was happening. Control of money was also essential to dictate and limit choice of the target population and thus freedom. A focal point of the Hidden Hand from the 17th century has been the satanic cult that I am calling Sabbatian-Frankism which is the continuation of the ongoing satanic human sacrifice and child-abuse religion of Babylon under another name. Much older secret societies such as the Knights of Malta (under different names) and Knights Templar, established in the 11th and 12th centuries, were founded on the Babylonian religion and the same 'Hebrew' (Babylonian) Kabballah of esoteric and mystical 'magic' that 'inspires' the Sabbatian-Frankists pursuing the outcomes desired by the same Hidden Hand. This explains why the Knights Templar (since the 12th century) and Sabbatian-Frankists (since the 17th century) have had the ambition to rebuild 'Solomon's Temple' on the current site of the Al-Aqsa Mosque at al-Haram al-Sharif/Temple Mount in Jerusalem. To the Knights Templar and Sabbatian-Frankists 'King Solomon' was an occult magician of the Kabballah religion and rebuilding 'his' temple is nothing whatsoever to do with Jewish people in general who are pawns in a game they have been manipulated not to see. The cult is not 'Jewish' but satanic. This is what unites them and not some perceived 'Jewish plot' which is a smokescreen behind which the cult can take essential cover.

Jewish communities and the official Jewish religion around the world have been infiltrated and exploited by Sabbatian-Frankists who have absolute contempt for non-Sabbatian-Frankists. The cult hijacked much of Judaism while following in secret a very different Kabbalistic psychopathic creed involving Satanism, paedophilia and the manipulation of war and suffering in pursuit of their unspeakably evil desire for control. Rabbi Antelman writes that Sabbatian-Frankist mysticism was known as the 'red Kabbalah' and provides the philosophical basis for 'the international occult neo-Frankist Cult of the All-Seeing Eye' (Fig 119).The Kabbalah, occultism, witchcraft and

Figure 119: The Sabbatian-Frankist symbol of the All-Seeing Eye on the US dollar shining ('illuminated') above the occult-significant 13 levels of the pyramid. The lower Latin words mean 'New Order of the Ages' or 'New World Order' – a long time code-name for the Hidden Hand Sabbatian-Frankist agenda to transform and control human society.

Satanism go hand in hand, he said. Antelman contends in *To Eliminate the Opiate* that the Jewish Reform and Conservative movements, which both emerged in the 19th century, are Sabbatian-Frankist stalking horses for the fracturing and demise of traditional Judaism. Professor Gershom Scholem at Hebrew University concluded the same. Antelman said that the instigators of these movements could be traced back to the Sabbatian families of Europe and he described how Rothschild operative Jacob Schiff and the Rothschilds themselves played a prominent role in the development of both movements along with the Warburgs. Antelman writes that funding fraudulent seminary fronts to create fraudulent Sabbatian-Frankist 'rabbis' was part of the plan:

> The Conservative movement by its very existence, perpetuates the lie that they are a branch of Judaism when, indeed, they are anti-Judaic. Their members are, nevertheless, invariably Jews. The problem is that since their conversions are fraudulent, counterfeit rabbis take authentic Christians and convert them to counterfeit Jews ... Perhaps accurately their members are duped into being 'Jews for Satan'.

What is called Christian Zionism, one of the foundation promoters of ultra-Zionism in the United States, was created by Sabbatian-Frankists in their infiltration of Christianity. Remember how the unofficial Rothschild, Phillip Eugene de Rothschild, said he was designated by the Rothschild hierarchy to be an infiltrator of the Christian Church – classic Sabbatian-Frankism. The term 'Christian Zionist' was reportedly first used by Theodor Herzl, the 'father of modern political Zionism', at the First Zionist Congress in 1897. Most Christian Zionists are evangelical Protestants and they include superstar evangelists like Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson. They believe that Jews must relocate to Israel for the Book of Revelation 'Armageddon' End Times when Jesus returns, presumably on a cloud if biblical texts are to be believed. Trump's Israel-worshipping Vice President Mike Pence and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo are Christian Zionists – and war warmongers and regime-changers who must have missed the lines about turning the other cheek and not coveting their neighbour's ass. To be fair to them it doesn't say anything about oil. I don't know what will happen when the Christian Messiah and the Jewish Messiah tussle for power on their mutual return. My own view is that Jesus will have his work cut out. It may be a double-dose of nonsense but the calculated development of Christian Zionism aligning itself with messianic Judaism has led to a crucial well of support and finance for the ultra-Zionist agenda especially from the southern states of America. It has also paved the way for Sabbatian-Frankist infiltration into America's government and heartlands. There is much that Rabbi Antelman and I would not have agreed on. However,

in the subject areas where I quote him we are absolutely on the same page. I don't follow any form of Judaism or Islam, Christianity, Hinduism or any other religion and that's not the point. Understanding *why* this infiltration and destruction of religion and human society are happening is the point. Religion served the interests of human control for a long time through perceptual control and divide and rule, but in the 'One World' dictatorship they want only one religion – Sabbatian-Frankism.

Exposing The Web

The hidden power and reach of the Death Cult explains why tiny Israel has so much global influence and why so many people *appearing* to be Jewish occupy positions of control and influence from 0.2 percent of the world population. The French 'Revolution', American 'Revolution', Russian 'Revolution' and so many more have been Sabbatian-Frankist 'revolutions' to transform, hijack and control those societies. Most replaced one form of tyranny with another which was much harder to see because it called itself 'liberty' and 'democracy' or, in Russia's case, overthrew the dominance of the Tsars for the dominance of the Politburo. Sabbatian-Frankists play the long game and now look how the long fought-for 'liberties' of America and other apparently 'free' countries are being deleted. If chains on your hands and feet are replaced by a new restraining device there is a short time between the two when your hands and feet appear to be free. This is the short window we have been experiencing in the West during the transition from one form of control to another far more virulent and permanent one via technology which I will highlight in the final chapters. Several rabbis over the years have realised what is happening and tried to alert both the Jewish population and the world in general although with limited success because of the Sabbatian-Frankist domination of mainstream media and communication in general. This is even more so today with ultra-Zionist-controlled censorship fronts in Silicon Valley like Google and Facebook having an increasingly monopolistic control over who sees what and the gathering book-banning by Amazon now it has secured the dominance in book publishing and distribution that it was created to achieve. In early 2019 Amazon banned multiple books about the dangers of vaccines, alternative treatments for vaccine-caused autism and withdrew from Amazon Prime documentaries such as *Vaxxed: From Cover-Up to Catastrophe.* Meanwhile, the Sabbatian-Frankist Big Pharma cartel can say what it likes and Amazon thinks it's fine to sell child sex dolls and baby clothes with slogans such as 'Daddy's little fuck toy' and 'I just look illegal'. The *only* criteria for such decisions is this: Does it serve the agenda that Amazon represents or expose it?

Those who say the global conspiracy is a 'Jewish plot' are missing the

deeper truth and making life easier for the Sabbatian-Frankists by pointing at the wrong villain. The destruction and absorption of Judaism and Jewishness is only one front in the Sabbatian-Frankist satanic war on the world. Agents and activists of this interbreeding cult have infiltrated all religions (to ultimately delete them) and controlled global finance and corporations to enslave the target population in debt and dependency. They have bought and hijacked so much of the mainstream media, not least in satanic Hollywood, and dictated political policy from the shadows through donations and other manipulation. Covertly instigating wars and then funding all sides to the desired end is a speciality and you will see the evidence I will soon present that Sabbatian-Frankists were the real force behind 9/11 which, in turn, has led to so many wars. The Web is what connects outward 'Jews' like William Kristol and Robert Kagan, co-founders of the Project for the New American Century, and non-Jews like Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld and John Bolton. Others only 'find out' about their Jewish backgrounds when they have secured public office. Madeleine Albright, Bill Clinton's 'we think killing half a million Iraqi children is worth it' Secretary of State, had 'a shock' while in office to find that she comes from a Jewish background which she wasn't aware of (lie). Michael Dobbs of *The Washington Post* reported that Albright's parents were Jewish converts to Catholicism (a classic Sabbatian-Frankist theme) and that she had lost three of her grandparents and other close relatives in the Holocaust. Albright would call this 'obviously a major surprise'. Strange then that it was subsequently revealed that she had received letters years before – including one from the mayor of her father's hometown – revealing all this. Skull and Bones John Kerry, Obama's Secretary of State and a presidential candidate in 2004 against Skull and Bones Boy Bush, had the same surprise news. Israeli newspaper *Haaretz* reported:

> Senator John Kerry, with his mother's New England patrician pedigree and his Irish last name actually has a grandfather who was born a Jew in the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. The news was a revelation to Kerry himself, who only found out about his Jewish roots while running in the 2004 presidential election.

The 'elite' are obsessed with their family histories yet neither Kerry or Albright knew this? Oh, please. A declassified document released in 2015 by the US National Security Archive and the Center for Non-proliferation Studies at the Middlebury Institute of International Studies in Monterey revealed that Kerry's father, Richard Kerry, then a US embassy official in Oslo, played a role in the covert sale of Norwegian heavy water to Israel (through the United Kingdom) for Israel's nuclear

programme under a secret agreement made in 1959. Kerry's paternal grandfather, officially known as Frederick A. Kerry, was actually born Fritz Kohn in what today is the Czech Republic before changing his name ahead of emigration to the United States a century ago. The politician's grandparents converted from Judaism to Catholicism at the turn of the 20th century. Many Jewish families changed their names when they crossed the Atlantic. Rabbi Antelman described the mode of operation employed by Sabbatian-Frankists in the United States today which will be mightily important when we return directly to who was behind 9/11:

> The Frankists today no longer call themselves by that name. The organisation has grown into an international group labelled by outsiders as the Cult of the All-Seeing Eye ... They have expanded from Judaism, Islam and Christianity to six religions, adding on Buddhism, Confucianism and Hinduism as well.
>
> In the United States they are most active in Boston, New York, Washington and San Francisco. Their ranks and sponsors include some very famous people, numbering diplomats, senators, governors and clergymen in their ranks ... in Jewish circles, they dominate the Reform movement at many levels and the Conservative movement at the highest level.

Antelman added that Sabbatian-Frankists dominate the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) and its creator B'nai B'rith, the self-appointed 'voice of Jewish people'. Both have tried many times to silence me. He said that B'nai B'rith was founded in New York by twelve Jewish-born German Sabbatian Bundists who emigrated to the United States in the 19th century and by 1860 already had 50 lodges. Antelman named other Sabbatian-Frankist fronts as the American Jewish Congress, Federations of Jewish Charities in many American cities and a clique within in the National Lawyers Guild. Two techniques employed to protect the common identity of Sabbatian-Frankists is for advocates to attack each other in public to give the illusion of separateness and different opinions and to condemn aspects of the Death Cult's agenda while secretly working to that end. The foundation technique of the cult is to set the human population at war with itself in every area of society while it pulls the strings of all sides from the shadows.

Look at the world. I rest my case.

CHAPTER 21

Completing the job

There is not a crime, there is not a dodge, there is not a trick, there is not a swindle, there is not a vice which does not live by secrecy
– Joseph Pulitzer

Sabbatai Zevi promised his followers they would 'return' to their Jewish homeland on the alleged site of ancient Israel and this ambition was pursued to ultimate success by the Death Cult. Jewish people have been sold the lie about their connections to this land and their 'historic right' to ownership and many gave their support to the Sabbatian-Frankists who they believed were regular Jews like themselves; but they weren't 'Jews' in that sense – only crypto ones hiding within Judaism as they have hidden within Christianity, Islam and other religions.

Israeli historian Shlomo Sand said that before the 19th century Jews thought of themselves as people who shared a common religion and not a common racial history. Jewish intellectuals in [Rothschild] Germany then began to retrospectively invent just such a mythical history about a 'Kingdom of David' and a racial connection back to biblical Israel, Sand said. He writes that until the advent of Zionism in the 19th century most Jews did not consider a return to the 'Promised Land'. This was underpinned by their religious belief that they were banned by God from retuning to Jerusalem until the Jewish messiah came and for this reason many orthodox Jews vehemently oppose Zionism and the State of Israel today through organisations such as Neturei Karta (Fig 120). Among the intellectuals to which Sand refers was Heinrich Graetz (1817-1891) who wrote the multi-volume *History of the Jews from Oldest Times to the Present*. Graetz joined the Proto-Zionist movement, the forerunner of Zionism, and it is no accident that just as a mythical Jewish racial history and connection to ancient Israel was starting to be promoted that the Sabbatian-Frankist House of Rothschilds was developing the political philosophy of Zionism founded on the right of Jewish people worldwide to seize their 'historic right' to the land of Palestine. The 'academic' promotion of this 'historical right' and the political demand to act on this 'historic right' were incredibly symbiotic and clearly not random chance. British Foreign Secretary Lord Palmerston wrote in 1840

Figure 120: Not all Jews are Zionists, even fewer are ultra-Zionists and still fewer Sabbatian-Frankists.

to the British Ambassador in the Islamic Turkey-based Ottoman Empire which then controlled Palestine:

> There exists at the present time among the Jews dispersed over Europe, a strong notion that the time is approaching when their nation is to return to Palestine ... It would be of manifest importance to the Sultan to encourage the Jews to return and settle in Palestine because the wealth which they would bring with them would increase the resources of the Sultan's dominions; and the Jewish people, if returning under the sanction and protection, and at the invitation of the Sultan, would be a check upon any future evil designs of Mehmet Ali [of Egypt] or his successor ... I have to instruct Your Excellency strongly to recommend [to the Ottoman government] to hold out every just encouragement to the Jews of Europe to return to Palestine.

What is most relevant and significant about that statement is the background to the man who made it. Lord Palmerston was Grand Patriarch of Grand Orient Freemasonry, the elite version controlled by Sabbatian-Frankism. Palmerston was also prime minister during the 19th century Opium Wars against China when the British Empire sought to get the Chinese hooked on the drug to destroy the country and take control. Sabbatian-Frankist global drug networks continue to operate today and this was the cartel served by Father George Bush and Bill Clinton and by the activities I have described at Venice Airport in Florida where 9/11 'hijackers' attended the flying schools and 'Mohamed Atta' is reported to have flown planes on drug trafficking routes.

Sabbatian-Frankist Zionism

The clearly orchestrated campaign to secure control of Palestine under the fake guise of 'historic rights' continued to build throughout the 19th century both politically and in terms of 'academics' and 'historians' delivering the fraudulent narrative. This culminated at the end of the century with the establishment by the Rothschilds of *Zionism* – Zion was a hill once outside Jerusalem and now within the modern city. This *political movement*, opposed by many Jews and rabbis at the time, was officially launched by Austro-Hungarian journalist Theodor Herzl and

encouraged the relocation of Jews from Europe to Ottoman-controlled Palestine where Jewish settlements began to appear. Such was German Jewish hostility to Zionism that the first Zionist Congress in 1897 was moved from its planned location in Munich to Basle, Switzerland. Jews in general did not want to move to Palestine because they preferred to stay in Germany. This mind-set didn't really change until the Nazis came to power in the 1930s with all that followed. Theodor Herzl was the 'founding father of Zionism' who acted more like a Sabbatian-Frankist in that what Jewish people in general wanted was of no importance – what he (and his masters) wanted was all that mattered. He suggested at one time that Austrian Jews mass-convert to Catholicism to overcome 'anti-Semitism' and his vision of Israel was a state in which what was perceived as Jewishness, including religion, was thrust to the margins. A rabbi reprimanded him for celebrating the Christian Christmas with a Christmas tree and he refused to have his son, Hans, circumcised. Hans later became a Baptist minister before becoming a Catholic and shooting himself at the age of 39. Herzl categorised Jewish people as two types – 'rich Jews' and 'poor Jews'. He saw 'anti-Semitism' as an ally in using fear to bring Jews into line – his line. Ultra-Zionists are still using the same technique today and if there is not enough 'anti-Semitism' they invent it, not least by constantly widening the definition. Herzl said: An excellent idea enters my mind – to attract outright anti-Semites and make them destroyers of Jewish wealth.' Israeli students were asked on video who they thought had said those words and they all replied 'Adolf Hitler'. But, no – it was the 'founding father of Zionism'. Herzl wrote in the German newspaper, *Deutsche Zeitung*:

> The wealthy Jews rule the world. In their hands lies the fate of governments and nations. They start wars between countries and, when they wish, governments make peace. When the wealthy Jews sing, the nations and their leaders dance along and meanwhile the Jews get richer.

Herzl would have been way into 'anti-Semite' territory today with that. British Jewish writer Leon Rosselson rightly said that the quote could have come from the 'Jewish plot' document known as *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.* 'So what is going on here?' he asked. What indeed? Rosselson wrote of Herzl:

> Like many educated, German-speaking Jews, he had nothing but contempt for the mass of religious, Torah-abiding, Yiddish-speaking, shtetl-dwelling Eastern European Jews. There is nothing in his writings to suggest that he had any great attachment to Judaism or much interest in or knowledge of Judaic teaching.

Balfour (Rothschild) 'delares'

Some early Zionist advocates only wanted a homeland and not necessarily one in Palestine. Countries such as Uganda and Argentina were discussed and Theodor Herzl was okay with this at first before committing himself to Palestine with the publication of his pamphlet *Judenstaat* (*The Jews' State* or *The Jewish State*) in 1896. The original title – very appropriately – was *Address to the Rothschilds.* Herzl called for an independent Jewish state to be established during the 20th century and encouraged the buying of land in Palestine although Argentina still wasn't ruled out at this point. The World Zionist Organization was founded at the Basle congress with Herzl at its head and the path to control Palestine began to open thanks to Rothschild money. Baron Edmond de Rothschild (1845-1934) of the French House funded the relocation of Russian Jews to Palestine in the 1880s, built homes, a Hebrew University, drained swamps and dug wells and generally promoted a 'return to the homeland'. As always with the Rothschilds they demanded control of Jewish settlements and established a structure of administration which still calls the shots in Israel today. English Rothschilds, too, were central to the establishment of Israel. Sabbatian-Frankists manipulated events that led to the First World War with the Rothschilds as usual funding all sides and the war was exploited to secure the 'Balfour Declaration' in 1917 in which British Foreign Secretary Lord Arthur Balfour pledged support of the British government to a Jewish homeland in Palestine. This was a pivotal moment in the plan with Britain still an empire with much overt global influence (it's covert today). The term 'declaration' sounds like a speech, but the Balfour Declaration was a letter to Lord Lionel Walter Rothschild (1868-1937), the unofficial leader of the British Jewish community, who would go on to become President of the Board of Deputies of British Jews which led the assault on the UK Labour Party in 2018 to accept the new ridiculously wide definition of 'anti-Semitism'. Balfour said in his 'Declaration' on November 2nd, 1917:

> His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

Mainstream history records the 'Declaration' without the essential background. The Rothschilds established the UK-based secret society called the Round Table in the latter years of the 19th century just as they were launching Zionism. The first head of the Round Table was

Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered southern Africa on their behalf for gold and diamonds and entrapped black Africans in apartheid regimes in South Africa and Rhodesia (later Zimbabwe) by manipulating tribes into wars with each other that allowed the 'British Empire' (Rothschild Empire by now) to take control of those lands and resources. No wonder that Rothschild-controlled Israel would be exposed for supporting the white apartheid South African government in a number of ways including surveillance of anti-apartheid activists by the Rothschild Anti-Defamation League (ADL). Rhodes died in 1902 and left money to fund 'Rhodes Scholarships' for carefully-selected students who were planned to be Sabbatian-Frankist assets (knowingly or unknowingly) to attend Oxford University. Bill Clinton would be one recipient. Rhodes was replaced as Round Table chief by banker and Rothschild lackey Lord Alfred Milner who, as I mentioned earlier, was a big financial supporter of Leon Trotsky according to anti-Communist Russian general Arsene de Goulevitch. This was the same Trotsky supported by Rothschild agent Jacob Schiff out of New York. The letter that became known as the 'Balfour Declaration' was sent by Lord Balfour, an inner-circle initiate of the Round Table, to Lord Rothschild, funder and creator of the Round Table, and was almost certainly written by Round Table leader Lord Milner. Balfour's 'Declaration' was a Rothschild scam to advance the agenda of a homeland for 'Jews' (Sabbatian-Frankism) in Palestine by winning the crucial public support of the Rothschild-controlled British government. The Round Table would go on to spawn those series of think tanks to further that advancement including: the Royal Institute of International Affairs ('Chatham House') in London in 1920; the Council on Foreign Relations established by Sabbatian-Frankists including Rothschild agent Jacob Schiff in 1921 which has driven 'American' (Sabbatian-Frankism) foreign policy from that day to this in league with other organisations in the network; the Bilderberg Group had its first meeting at the Bilderberg Hotel in the Netherlands in 1954; the Trilateral Commission came in 1972 and was the work of Sabbatian-Frankist David Rockefeller and Hidden Hand agent Zbigniew Brzezinski who was President Carter's National Security Advisor and bragged about arming, training and funding the Mujahidin in Afghanistan which morphed into 'al-Qaeda'; and the Club of Rome in 1968 was created specifically to exploit environmental concerns to justify a transformation of global society and from this has come the hoax about human-caused 'global warming' which is indeed being used to transform the way people live, work and are governed. These organisations operating as one unit through the Round Table network and The Web gather together politicians, government administrators, bankers, corporate representatives, intelligence operatives, military and media people to form a common

(Sabbatian-Frankist) policy. Some are invited for short-term goals who have no idea of the real background and others like Henry Kissinger and the late David Rockefeller have spanned the decades. The Balfour Declaration was the turning point for Zionism and the homeland of Palestinians was now destined for takeover. The line in the letter about it being clearly understood that 'nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine' was a joke and only inserted to placate opposition. Minutes of the British War Cabinet led by Prime Minister Lloyd George dated July 18th, 1917, tell a different story:

> H. M. Government, after considering the aims of the Zionist Organisation, accepts the principle of recognising Palestine as the National Home of the Jewish people and the right of the Jewish people to build up its National life in Palestine under a protection to be established at the conclusion of Peace, following upon the successful issue of the war.
>
> H. M. Government regards as essential for the realisation of this principle the grant of internal autonomy to the Jewish nationality in Palestine, freedom of immigration for Jews, and the establishment of a Jewish National Colonising Corporation for the re-settlement and economic development of the country.
>
> The conditions and forms of the internal autonomy and a charter for the Jewish National Colonising Corporation should, in the view of H. M. Government, be elaborated in detail and determined with the representatives of the Zionist Organisation.

The Balfour Declaration came in the same month that the Sabbatian-Frankist Russian Revolution broke out and a massive transformation was underway in Eastern and Western Europe that would be central to the emergence of a Jewish homeland 30 years later. There was indeed only five days between Balfour's 'declaration' and the start of the Russian Revolution.

World-changing war

At the end of the Sabbatian-Frankist-manipulated First World War in which the Rothschilds funded all sides the 'victorious' countries met near Paris at the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919 when Europe's future was decided in the wake of the war (Problem-Reaction-Solution). History records that the following major leaders attended: US President Woodrow Wilson; British Prime Minister David Lloyd George; and French Prime Minister Georges Clemenceau. What people are not told is the Rothschild connection. Lloyd George was 'advised' by Rothschild employee and Round Table leader Alfred Milner and Sir Phillip Sassoon,

a direct descendant of dynasty founder Mayer Amschel Rothschild; Clemenceau was 'advised' by his Minister for the Interior, Georges Mandel, whose real name was Jeroboam Rothschild; and President Wilson was 'advised' (controlled) by two Rothschild/Rockefeller agents, Sabbatian-Frankists, ultra-Zionists and Round Table operatives, Colonel Edward Mandel House (a founding member of the Round Table's Council on Foreign Relations) and financier Bernard Baruch. President Wilson described House as 'my second personality', 'my alter-ego' and said 'his thoughts and mine are one'. I have seen Britain's Lloyd George quoted as saying in the *New York American* in 1924: 'The Treaty of Versailles was hijacked by Jewish international financiers to create the necessary economic, social, and political conditions necessary for Hitler to exploit.' I have not yet been able to track that down to confirm its authenticity, however. Even if it is correct the word 'Jewish' should be replaced with Sabbatian-Frankist. House and Baruch advised Wilson to enter the First World War despite winning an election on the slogan: 'He kept us out of war.' No doubt Britain promising the Balfour Declaration was part of the deal for the US entering the war via House and Baruch. Charles Seymour, who wrote House's biography, described him the 'unseen guardian angel' of the Federal Reserve Act which he manipulated through Congress to hijack the US economy. House also wanted to scrap the US Constitution and rewrite the text – something the Hidden Hand is still desperate to do. House revealed other intentions in an anonymously-published book in 1912 called *Philip Dru: Administrator*. The character Philip Dru (Colonel House) transforms American society with graduated income tax, central bank, and a 'league of nations'. All these things and more would soon follow.

The infamous John Foster Dulles was an American representative at the Versailles Peace Conference. Dulles married into the Rockefeller family and was later Secretary of State to President Eisenhower. He was a founding member of the Council on Foreign Relations, Chairman of the Board of the Rockefeller Foundation and Board Chairman of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace which was exposed by a congressional committee for its role in manipulating America's involvement in the First World War. His brother, Allen Dulles, the first head of the CIA and a president of the Council on Foreign Relations, was also at the Paris Peace Conference. Allen Dulles would be appointed to the disgusting Warren Commission which decided that President Kennedy was hit in the forehead by a bullet shot from behind him. John Foster Dulles was a legal counsel to the US Versailles delegation working under his uncle, Secretary of State Robert Lansing. Those who triggered the First World War and arranged for America's involvement came together to dictate what would happen as a result of the war. They were Sabbatian-Frankist agents advising President Wilson and other

'leaders' on the terms that should be demanded from Germany and the reparations imposed. Wilson would later describe how 'a little group of wilful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great government of the United States helpless and contemptible'. You will hardly be taken-aback in the circumstances to know that the Versailles Peace Conference supported the Rothschild-Zionist plan for a Jewish homeland in Palestine and handed control over Palestine to Britain as a temporary custodian until the State of Israel was established in 1948. Another crucial role of Versailles was to impose such crippling war reparations on Germany that the post-war Weimar Republic would fall amid unbelievable economic mayhem which caused enormous depravation and hyperinflation. A loaf of bread costing one mark in 1919 would cost 100 billion marks by 1923. This prepared the circumstances – on purpose – for the rise of dark occultists Hitler and the Nazis and this would provide the biggest momentum of all for the establishment of Israel in Palestine with Jewish people heading in droves after the war to Palestine and the United States. We have so many wars because they are the most effective way of destroying a status quo and imposing a new one. Nothing transforms a country or culture quicker and more irreversibly than a war and this is why Sabbatian-Frankists specialise in them. The two world wars changed the world totally and irreversibly and all to the advantage of Sabbatian-Frankists and their Death Cult that must have been permanently orgasmic as the mass killing was unleashed year after year and white headstones multiplied by the day.

Out of the Versailles Peace Conference came the League of Nations in 1920 which was the first attempt by the Rothschilds and their Rockefeller subordinates to establish a stalking horse for a planned fully-fledged world government. The stated reason for the League was to bring together nations to work together and 'maintain world peace'. This was just a Problem-Reaction-Solution in which you manipulate war and then offer your long-planned new centralised global structure as the solution to conflict. The League of Nations eventually unravelled, but after the Second World War between 1939 and 1945 (in which the Rothschilds and Sabbatian-Frankist bankers once again funded all sides) came the United Nations and a stream of global organisations including the International Monetary Fund and what became the World Bank. These 'solutions' imposed society-transforming centralisation of global power and installed a global structure that could be morphed into a world government dictatorship. The Rockefeller family was pivotal in the creation of the United Nations as they were with the League of Nations. The UN itself acknowledges their 'moral and financial support'. *Wow* – 'moral' and the Rockefeller family in the same sentence. Land on which the UN headquarters stands in New York was donated

by the Rockefellers on the site of a former slaughterhouse – a 'gift' valued at $8.5 million by *1945* prices. Money has never been an object to Sabbatian-Frankist ambitions.

Following Protocol

It is interesting to note that in the first quarter of the 20th century while all this was happening great controversy surrounded a document entitled the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* or *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* which was claimed to be a report of meetings held during the first Zionist Congress in 1897 in Basle, Switzerland. The *Protocols* describe a secret plan for global conquest and the imposition of a world government dictatorship via constant centralisation of power, control of money and media and a society based on fake liberalism and socialism. Again – recognise that society emerging so fast today? One *Protocol* says:

> It is from us that the all engulfing terror proceeds. We have in our service persons of all opinions, of all doctrines, monarchists, demagogues, socialists, communists and utopian dreamers of every kind ... striving to overthrow all established forms of order. All states are in torture ... but we will not give them peace until they openly acknowledge our international Super government ...

Whatever the background to that statement it captures perfectly the technique of control all sides and you control the outcome. The *Protocols* are another taboo subject. Should you have any questions about them that don't fit with the official narrative you are, instantly and by definition, a Nazi and 'anti-Semite' who must be condemned, vilified, silenced and destroyed. Well, actually, I do have some questions so vilify and condemn to your heart's content, but silence and destroy me you will not. The *Protocols* are claimed to be a forgery originating in Russia and I am quite happy to accept they are a forgery which is defined as: 'An illegal copy of a document, painting, etc. or the crime of making such illegal copies.' So if the *Protocols* are a forgery what are they a copy *of ?* I have seen Zionist activist Rabbi Mordecai Ehrenpreis (1869-1951), Chief Rabbi of Sweden, quoted as saying in 1924:

> Long have I been well acquainted with the contents of the Protocols, indeed for many years before they were ever published in the Christian press. The Protocols of the Elders of Zion were in point of fact not the original Protocols at all, but a compressed extract of the same. Of the 70 Elders of Zion, in the matter of origin and of the existence of the original Protocols, there are only ten men in the entire world who know.

What we can say for sure is that the content of the *Protocols* is a mirror of the plan for global control by the Zionism-creating Sabbatian-Frankist

Death Cult and its offshoot known as the Illuminati as confirmed in documents discovered on the fallen horseman in 1785. I will come back to the subject in a later chapter. The text and techniques described in the *Protocols* also reflect very accurately the theme of a funeral oration attributed to Emanuel Reichhorn, Chief Rabbi of France, in Prague in 1869 at the tomb of Grand Rabbi Simeon-ben-Ihuda of Bohemia. Reichhorn is quoted as saying that 'already the principal banks, the exchanges of the entire world, the credits of all governments, are in our hands'. Other statements quoted include:

- The other great power is the Press. By repeating without cessation certain ideas, the Press succeeds in the end in having them accepted as actualities. The Theatre renders us analogous services. Everywhere the Press and the Theatre obey our orders.

- By the ceaseless praise of democratic rule we shall divide the Christians into political parties, we shall destroy the unity of their nations, we shall sow discord everywhere. Reduced to impotence, they will bow before the law of our bank, always united, and always devoted to our Cause.

- We shall force the Christians into wars by exploiting their pride and their stupidity. They will massacre each other, and clear the ground for us to put our people into.

- But above all let us monopolise education. By this means we spread ideas that are useful to us, and shape the children's brains as suits us.

Make of that what you will because I can't prove authenticity, but (a) you have the right to be aware of this information and (b) there can be no doubt as we observe the world that the plans laid out in the *Protocols*, by the Sabbatian-Frankist Illuminati and attributed to Rabbi Reichhorn *have happened or are happening*. This is so patently obvious that agents of Sabbatian-Frankism, some knowingly, some dupes, have employed the usual fall-back, fit-every-situation technique of condemning as 'anti-Semitic' anyone who points this out and asks any questions about the plan described in the *Protocols*. I am not saying this is all a 'Jewish plot'– I am saying it's a plot by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult that hates and despises Jews and Judaism as it hates and despises everyone else, and that this cult is part of the wider global satanic cult that infests every culture, race and country. On Sabbatian-Frankism I am at one with rabbis such as Marvin S. Antelman and many others. The *Protocols*, whatever their origin, have been dismissed as a forgery since the articles by Irish writer Philip Graves in the London *Times* in 1921 which were

also carried by *The New York Times*. Graves claimed the *Protocols* resembled a satire on Napoleon III by French lawyer Maurice Joly called *Dialogue aux enfers entre Machiavel et Montesquieu* ('Dialogue in Hell Between Machiavelli and Montesquieu') published in 1864. This is where the story usually ends. The *Protocols* were proved to be a forgery in *The Times* in 1921 – move along now, nothing to see here. There is, however, other background to consider. Phillip Graves was a captain in British Army Intelligence who worked with 'Lawrence of Arabia', another British agent, who manipulated Palestinian Arabs to drive out the Ottoman Empire and open the way for the new Israel to hijack their land (Fig 121). Graves' uncle was Sir Robert Windham Graves, a British Consul in Turkey and financial advisor to the Turkish government who worked for Civil Intelligence in Cairo, Egypt. The writer of the articles in *The Times* was connected to British Army Intelligence and there's more. Peter Grose, a writer with the Council on Foreign Relations, revealed in his 1994 book, *Gentleman Spy: The Life of Allen Dulles*, that Philip Graves' 'source' for the articles was a 'Russian émigre' provided to him by ... *Allen Dulles*. What a coincidence. Dulles, a Council on Foreign Relations stalwart, later CIA chief and instigator of the satanic MKUltra mind control horror, 'discovered' his man while stationed at the US Embassy in post-Ottoman Turkey (Fig 122). The end of the Ottoman Muslim empire (brought about by World War I) was crucial to the establishment of Israel because it included Palestine. Peter Grose said *The Times* extended a 'loan' to the 'émigre' on the understanding that it did not have to be paid back. An Internet commentator said of the Allen Dulles 'scoop':

Figure 121: British government agent 'T. E.' Lawrence or 'Lawrence of Arabia'.

Figure 122: Allen Dulles, Hidden Hand to his fingertips, produced the unnamed 'source' for *The Times* articles that also appeared in *The New York Times*.

> This was quite an accomplishment for a young American embassy employee, to both prove the major anti-Jewish plan for world domination was a forgery as well as unilaterally keeping Lenin out of the United States so he could be transported to Russia to begin the communist revolution. Strange coincidences like this seemed to follow both Dulles brothers during their long careers in 'public service' – or should we say 'serving the Anglo-American

interests headquartered in the City of London'.

Dulles and dodgy are interchangeable words and Rabbi Antelman said that the Council on Foreign Relations is America's most powerful pro-Israel lobby group and controlled by Sabbatian-Frankists. *The Times* articles that trashed the *Protocols* were written by a British Army Intelligence operative using an unnamed source provided by the infamous liar and manipulator Allen Dulles and the source secured a loan from the newspaper he would not have to repay. Oh, nothing to question here, then. Now shut up you 'anti-Semite'! Colin Holmes, a lecturer in economic history at the UK's Sheffield University, claimed to have identified the Dulles émigré as Michael Raslovleff, a 'self-identified anti-Semite', who gave the information to Graves because he didn't want to 'give a weapon of any kind to the Jews, whose friend I have never been'. Surely having a document circulating that was alleged to be proof of a 'Jewish plot' is what an 'anti-Semite' would want rather than seeking to trash its legitimacy? Anyway, that's some background and people will have to decide what they think.

Heading for 'home'

The Sabbatian-Frankist First World War hugely advanced the Zionist project with events before, during and after the conflict bringing an end to the Ottoman Empire. The British government in the form of Thomas Edward 'T. E.' Lawrence, more famously known as 'Lawrence of Arabia', persuaded Palestinian Arabs to support British efforts in the 'Arab Revolt' in 1916 to rid those lands of the Ottoman Empire with the promise that when successful they would be given independence. Lawrence knew all along that this was a lie and from the shadows the Rothschilds and Sabbatian-Frankists wanted the Ottoman rulers gone to open the way for their new Israel. A Lawrence associate, British agent and 'the *Protocols* are a forgery' *Times* writer Phillip Graves, must have been delighted how well the hoax worked. By 1924 the Ottoman Empire was over in totality with the Sabbatian-Frankist 'Donmeh' revolution in Turkey fronted by the Donmeh crypto-Jew Atatürk. Less than 30 years after the first Zionist Congress in Switzerland the scene was set for its 'dream' (agenda) to be realised. The new status quo and redrawn geography that emerged after the First World War would be changed again and global power further centralised by the soon-to-be Second World War as the Sabbatian-Frankist-Rothschild 'New World Order' moved ever closer to its desired outcome – world government tyranny. The establishment of Israel entered the finishing straight when the Rothschild-controlled British government was awarded the 'British Mandate for Palestine' as a result of decisions made by the Rothschild-Rockefeller-controlled League of Nations. British administrators and

military forces now oversaw the very lands that Arabs had helped them to clear of the Ottoman Empire and which the Rothschilds and their fellow Sabbatian-Frankists had targeted for Israel. All that was left was to remove the British and take the place over by force and terror.

Rothschild networks and money arranged for tens of thousands of Jewish people to relocate to Israel with 40,000 arriving between 1919 and 1923. A large percentage fled from Russia after attacks on Jews when many of their brethren (actually Sabbatian-Frankists and their agents) were dominating the post-Revolution government and the Red Army. At face value that would seem to be a contradiction, but it wasn't because it caused tens of thousands to head for Palestine who would not otherwise have done so. An estimated 60,000 Jewish people left Germany to settle in Palestine after the Haavara Agreement between Nazi Germany and Zionist German Jews in 1933 which allowed Jews to transfer some portion of their assets to British Mandate Palestine. Meanwhile, the ultra-Zionist Jewish National Fund (JNF), set-up in 1909, was acquiring land with donations from Jewish communities abroad and largely founded Tel Aviv. Only Jews were allowed to live on these JNF lands and that remains the case today in what can only be described as a policy of apartheid. Gideon Falter, chairman of the UK Campaign Against Anti-Semitism (CAA), who hurls the slur 'anti-Semitism' and racism at the British Labour Party, myself and so many others, sits on the UK board of the Jewish National Fund. The Canadian branch of the fund was exposed in a 2018 audit for using donations to finance infrastructure projects on Israeli army, air and naval bases, in contravention of Canadian law while another ultra-Zionist organisation in Canada lost its charity status for funding projects connected to the Israeli military. What many of these organisations say they do often turns out to be something different. Gathering numbers of European Jews heading for Palestine became a flood after the Second World War as a result of the horrors in Nazi Germany where the Jewish community obviously saw things differently now to the time only a few decades earlier when the first Zionist Congress in 1897 had to relocate from Munich to Basle, Switzerland, because of Jewish opposition to their plans. Berihah ('Flight'), a Zionist organisation, arranged for the emigration of a quarter of a million Jews to Palestine from Poland, Romania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. The British, weakened by the Second World War, couldn't cope. The Jewish population of Palestine was already 33 percent of the country by the end of the Second World War and it was about to increase dramatically. European Jews also headed in numbers to the United States. America and Palestine became by far the world's biggest Jewish communities.

Funding Hitler

There was some irony with the relocation choice of the US because from there vast amounts of money had been funnelled to Hitler and the Nazis by elite families like the Sabbatian-Frankist Rockefellers and their associates including the Bush family in the form of Prescott Bush. He was the father of Father Bush and grandfather to Boy Bush, president in name only at the time of 9/11. Other Hitler supporters in the United States included the Dulles Brothers, Allen and John Foster, who would become post war head of the new CIA and Secretary of State respectively. Allen Dulles covered up the assassination of John F. Kennedy as a member of the 'investigation commission', denied a US visa to Lenin before he headed to the Russian Revolution, and supplied the 'Russian emigre' for British agent Philip Graves to trash the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* in *The Times* in 1921. How strange that Hitler-supporter Dulles would be so keen to discredit the *Protocols* which the Nazis used against German Jews. Bush family involvement in funding the Nazis was highlighted by John Loftus, president of the Florida Holocaust Museum and former prosecutor in the [In]Justice Department's Nazi War Crimes Unit. Loftus said in a speech at the Sarasota Reading Festival in 2001: 'That's where the Bush family fortune came from – it came from the Third Reich.' The Rockefeller family funded the work of Ernst Rudin, Hitler's foremost 'racial hygienist', at Germany's Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Eugenics, Anthropology and Human Heredity. Other Nazi doctors, including 'Angel of Death' Josef Mengele, conducted unimaginably cruel and vicious experiments on live, captive human subjects with the emphasis on children. Writer and researcher Anton Chaitkin wrote that body parts from victims 'were delivered to [Josef] Mengele ... and the other Rockefeller-linked contingent at the Wilhelm Institute'. Sabbatian-Frankist families including the Rothschilds, Rockefellers and Harrimans were behind the race purity eugenics movement and shared their knowledge and specialists with Hitler and the Nazis (see *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*). These 'elite' American families and their counterparts in the UK and Europe had common cause with Hitler and his associates because they were all occultists following the same satanic creed. Sabbatian-Frankists hate Jewish people we should not forget and this is why, as noted by Rabbi Antelman, the ultra-Zionist Warburg bank was a funder of Hitler. Rabbi Gunther Plaut, a President of the Canadian Jewish Congress, implies in his 1988 novel-biography of Jacob Frank, *The Man Who Would be Messiah*, that what I am calling Sabbatian-Frankists were behind the Holocaust. Support for Hitler in targeting Jews by the ever-recurring American and European financial elite all fits with the Sabbatian-Frankist agenda of targeting genuine Jews. Rabbi Antelman wrote that 'great Rabbis have warned as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century that if the Sabbatians were not stopped there would

be mass destruction of the Jewish people'. He, too, indicates a Sabbatian-Frankist connection both to Hitler and the Shoah or Holocaust. Antelman said:

> Hitler was really the product of an adulterous relationship between his mother, Klara Polzl, and a Sabbatian Frankist (1861-September 1928), who was Hitler's real father. The Frankist Sabbatians had a ritual on the 9th of Av, which is observed by Jews as a fast day commemorating the destruction of the First and Second Temples. This night, the Sabbatians secretly observed as incest and adultery night. However, there is a persistent rumor that Klara was artificially inseminated that night.

I know from my own research over decades that artificial insemination is a way the Hidden Hand perpetuates its bloodline and in this way there are endless 'Rothschilds' living under other names and coming to power as described to me by Phillip Eugene de Rothschild who claimed to be an unofficial son of Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine estates in France. Rabbi Antelman continued:

> Rabbinic Court testimony claims that not only Hitler's real father was a Sabbatian, but his maternal grandfather as well; i.e., Klara's maternal grandfather, who fathered her mother out of wedlock. There is evidence that Hitler maintained close contacts with Sabbatians throughout his lifetime. In fact, his personal astrologer Erik J. Hanussen (murdered in the woods outside of Berlin in February 1933), was a Sabbatian who was called 'the prophet of the Third Reich' and 'magician of Berlin'.

Rabbi Antelman said that the Sabbatian-Frankist Jew-hating Death Cult was responsible for the Second World War and the Holocaust and Jewish writer and researcher Barry Chamish agreed. Chamish, who died in 2016, said he lost a third of his family to the Nazis. He emigrated to Israel from Canada where he attended the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and fought in the 1982 war with Lebanon as a conscript in the Israeli Defense Forces. Later he became an Israel correspondent with the *Hollywood Reporter, Billboard* and *Screen International* before he began to investigate the assassination of Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin in 1995 and a whole new world opened up for him. This included the Sabbatian-Frankists (he called them Sabbatians) and their history, global agenda and role in the creation of Israel. Chamish contended after decades of research that Sabbatian-Frankists were behind World War Two, the Nazis and the Holocaust. The word 'Holocaust' means 'burnt offering' and historically was 'a Jewish sacrificial offering which was burnt completely on an altar'. Chamish said that 'burnt offering' was a

term used by Sabbatians for the killing of Jews. 'The Sabbatians are not Jews', he said. 'Don't mix them up – they are the enemies of Jews.' Chamish said the Sabbatians set out to transform Judaism into Sabbatianism while hiding behind labels such as 'secular': 'They wanted the Jews to be something else.' Those that would not 'convert' were killed or forced to move to Palestine as a result of what happened in Nazi Germany, Chamish said, and when many Jews fled to the United States from Sabbatian persecution in places like Germany and Russia Sabbatian agents in America arranged for blocks to be introduced on their immigration so Palestine was their only choice. He was adamant that Sabbatians were behind the world wars with the Rothschild dynasty acting as puppet masters: 'The Rothschilds are *THE* Sabbatians of the world.' Chamish said of the Second World War:

> This was a Sabbatian war. This was a war fought by Sabbatians and they are not Jews ... Israel took the German Jews and used them for seed stock to get a new Judaism. They were going to wipe out the Jews – as many as they could in Europe – and start a new Judaism in Israel based on Sabbatianism ... No religious Jews were allowed into Israel. The only Jews allowed into Israel from 1933 until 1939 were German Jews.

Chamish said that if you are a Jew that does not believe in Sabbatai as the messiah 'it is a mitzvah [commandment] to kill you'. He claimed the leaders of Zionism that established Israel were Sabbatians, including Chaim Weizmann, another born in the Russian Empire, who he called a 'butcher'. Weizmann would be Israel's first president and remains a Zionist icon to this day: 'Israel's founders were Sabbatians who went to Turkey to learn their stuff from the original Sabbatians.' Chamish was particularly scathing of 'Labour Zionism' which dominated governments of Israel after the state was formed in 1948. He named Britain's Second World War Prime Minister Winston Churchill as a Sabbatian and for sure Churchill's condemnation of Jews is their modus operandi. Churchill's mother was Sephardic Jew Jenny Jacobson/Jerome, daughter of New York stock market speculator Leonard Walter Jerome (changed from Jacobson). Jerome was a close friend of August Belmont (changed from Schoenberg), the American representative of the Rothschild family. Winston Churchill was close to the Rothschilds who bailed him out when he was in serious debt (as they did with Trump). Jenny Jacobson/Jerome had a long affair with King Edward VII according to a book quoting private Churchill family documents and letters. What we can say for sure is that the shocking treatment of Jews by Hitler and the Nazis opened the way for the post-war flight to Israel when before that time there had been great opposition by German Jews to Zionists seeking to relocate them to

Palestine. American academic Antony Sutton wrote in *Wall Street and the Rise of Hitler*:

> It is important to note as we develop our story that General Motors, Ford, General Electric, DuPont and the handful of U.S. companies intimately involved with the development of Nazi Germany were – except for the Ford Motor Company – controlled by the Wall Street elite – the J.P. Morgan firm, the Rockefeller Chase Bank and to a lesser extent the Warburg Manhattan bank.

Sutton's information, gleaned from documents that came to light during the post-war Nuremberg Trials, includes confirmation that the same American elite made major donations to the Nazi Party. Borders do not divide what occultism unites and leading Nazis, including 'Angel-of-Death' Josef Mengele, escaped from Germany to South America and the United States at the end of the war through an American intelligence/Vatican (Jesuit) network known as Operation Paperclip. More than 1,600 German scientists, engineers, and technicians were taken to America to continue their work and establish NASA (Fig 123). They included Wernher von Braun, the German rocket scientist and member of the Nazi Party who designed the V-2 rockets launched against Britain in World War II. He later became the leading rocket engineer at NASA and largely designed the Saturn V booster rocket that propelled Apollo spacecraft in the Moon programme. Mengele and his team of mind and genetic manipulators who experimented and tortured Jews and children in the Nazi concentration camps were behind the creation of the evil-beyond-belief mind control programme MKUltra which I mentioned earlier in relation to the Bush family, Dick Cheney, Bill Clinton and the experiences of Cathy O'Brien. Mind control was expressed as 'MK' in deference to the German spelling of control – kontrolle. Such is the borderless world of Sabbatian-Frankism and the Dark Occult in general.

Figure 123: More than 2,000 scientists were relocated from Nazi Germany to the United States after World War II under Operation Paperclip. NASA was their creation.

Revisionist Zionism (terrorism)

The target for the Sabbatian-Frankists after the Second World War was British Mandate control of Palestine and the Palestinian Arabs who lived on the overwhelming majority of the land despite all the Rothschild and Sabbatian-Frankist settlement of European and Russian Jews over previous decades. Removing both Britain and hundreds of thousands of Palestinian Arabs was achieved by a campaign of horrific violence. To appreciate the background it is necessary to understand a new extremist cult within Zionism that called itself 'Revisionist Zionism', also known as 'Gun Zionism'. This was, and is, the political wing of Sabbatian-Frankism and I have referred to this combination in some previous books as 'Rothschild Zionism' as opposed to mainstream Zionism that most Zionists believe they are supporting. The cult of Revisionist Zionism was the ideology of violence established in the 1920s by Russian Jew Ze'ev (Vladimir) Jabotinsky (1880-1940). He called for Palestine to be seized with an 'iron wall of Jewish bayonets'. Bombs and mass murder later proved to be the weapons of choice as Sabbatian-Frankist Revisionist Zionists bombed British targets and slaughtered the Arab population of Palestine to such extremes that 750,000 Arabs fled for their lives from their homes and the land of their ancestors. They have never been allowed to return while any person anywhere in the world who is accepted as Jewish or married to someone who is Jewish has the automatic right to settle in Israel whenever they like. But don't worry, that's not racist and it's 'anti-Semitic' to say so. Between 400 and 600 Palestinian villages were destroyed and urban Palestine was reported to be 'almost entirely extinguished'. This racist ethnic cleaning is marked by Palestinians on May 15th every year on Nakba Day – 'Day of the Catastrophe'. Palestinian land abandoned in terror or by direct and brutal force was then seized as Jewish land with the help of organisations like the Jewish National Fund (JNF). That's right Gideon Falter, isn't it? Do you mention that when you accuse others of racism at the Campaign Against AntiSemitism? Israel had the nerve to demand $250 billion in 2019 in compensation from seven Arab countries and Iran for assets left by Jews forced to flee those lands after the creation of the State of Israel. They said this was to correct an 'historic injustice'. Compensation for the 750,000 Arabs which ultra-Zionist terrorist groups forced to flee their homeland in fear of their lives? *Silence.*

Ze'ev Jabotinsky's plan was to impose a Greater Israel from the River Nile in Egypt to the Euphrates in Iraq. This is known to Jews as Eretz Yisrael and represents the largest expanse of 'biblical Israel' described in the Old Testament written by who knows who, who knows when in who knows what circumstances. To achieve this end not only Palestinians had to be conquered but the lands of Syria, Lebanon and parts of Egypt and Iraq. Events since 9/11, anyone? Jabotinsky set out to 'create, with sweat and blood, a race of men, strong, brave and cruel'.

Well, he certainly achieved that with brutal terrorists who would go on to be prime ministers of the new Israel – Menachem Begin (who won the Nobel Peace Prize), Yitzhak Shamir and Ariel Sharon among others with Benjamin Netanyahu walking in their footsteps. All sourced their ideology, brutality and terrorism from Sabbatian-Frankism and Jabotinsky's Revisionist Zionism. Indeed a personal assistant to Jabotinsky was Netanyahu's father, Benzion Netanyahu (1910-2012), a Polish Jew born Benzion Mileikowsky and himself the son of ultra-Zionist fanatic and rabbi, Nathan Mileikowsky. Netanyahu's father was a close friend of ultra-Zionist extremist Abba Ahimeir whose views influenced the actions and approach of underground ultra-Zionist terrorist groups like Irgun and Lehi which began to bomb British targets before turning their attentions to terrorising the Arab population. Irgun, or The National Military Organization in the Land of Israel, was created in 1931 as a breakaway terrorist group from paramilitary terrorists called Haganah or 'Defence'. The Irgun was a terrorist army of Revisionist 'Gun' Zionism and as such believed that only extreme violence would secure a Jewish state.

Einstein's condemnation

Scientist Albert Einstein and more than 20 other prominent American Jews sent a letter to *The New York Times* in 1948 describing Irgun and its new political arm as 'terrorist', 'right wing' and founded on 'ultra-nationalism, religious mysticism and racial superiority'. They were talking about Revisionist Zionism/Sabbatian-Frankism which are all of those things and were controllers of Irgun. Notice the mention of 'religious mysticism' which refers to the Kabbalah/Zohar foundation of Sabbatian-Frankism and thus Revisionist Zionism and Irgun. The letter described the Israeli party representing the Zionist Revisionist movement as 'closely akin in its organization, methods, political philosophy and social appeal to the Nazi and Fascist parties'. Exactly right. This is why Sabbatian-Frankists and Zionist Revisionists behave like Nazis and why they have introduced that new definition of 'anti-Semitism' which includes any suggestion that ultra-Zionists and Israeli leaders can be compared to Nazis. Once again it is nothing to do with protecting Jews in general and everything to do with protecting the hidden agenda of Sabbatian-Frankists. Among Irgun's great 'victories' was the bombing of the British Mandate headquarters at the King David's Hotel in Jerusalem on July 22nd, 1946. The attack killed 91 people and injured 46. Irgun terrorists disguised themselves as Arab workmen and waiters to plant the bomb in the basement, a technique widely used by their successors like Israeli intelligence agency Mossad which has employed the same Arab disguises to blame terrorism on Arabs in Problem-Reaction-Solution scenarios. The dead included 17

Palestinian Jews (Sabbatian-Frankism hates Jews anyway), 41 Arabs, 28 British, two Armenians and a Russian, Greek and Egyptian. Ultra-Zionist terror groups wanted to make life so difficult and dangerous for British people in Palestine that they would walk away from the Mandate and leave Palestine to them. This is what happened and with the British in disarray and seeking a way out the ultra-Zionist Sabbatian-Frankist terrorists could have free reign against the Arab population. In 2006 the Israeli authorities commemorated the King David's Hotel attack without apology. They placed a plaque at the scene unveiled by former Irgun terrorists and right-wing Israeli politicians with the same mentality today. It said:

> The hotel housed the Mandate Secretariat as well as the Army Headquarters. On July 22,1946, Irgun fighters at the order of the Hebrew Resistance Movement planted explosives in the basement. Warning phone calls had been made urging the hotel's occupants to leave immediately. For reasons known only to the British, the hotel was not evacuated and after 25 minutes the bombs exploded, and to the Irgun's regret and dismay 91 persons were killed.

'Dismay' by the same Irgun terrorists who celebrated mass murder in the same period? The British vehemently denied such warnings were received and after protests by the British embassy the wording was changed about ignoring warnings. The British Mandate ended in May, 1948, and on the 14th day of that same month the Rothschild-controlled Jewish People's Council announced the establishment of the State of Israel. Ultra-Zionist-supporting US President Harry S. Truman and Soviet Union monster Joseph Stalin, who came to power as a result of the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution, both immediately recognised the new state. Chaim Weizmann (1874-1952), another born in the Russian Empire, became the first Israeli president while Russian Empire-born David Ben-Gurion (1886-1973), the 'Father of Israel', became the first prime minister. Both were close associates and assets of the Rothschilds who would donate £5 million to build the Israeli Parliament building, or Knesset, and still more to construct the occult symbol-adorned Israeli Supreme Court building (Fig 124 overleaf). Palestinian Arabs had been well and truly shafted and this continues to present day.

Deir Yassin and other outrages

Mass slaughter of Palestinian Arabs by Sabbatian-Frankist/Revisionist Zionism terrorist groups included the massacre in the village of Deir Yassin on April 9th, 1948, shortly before the British officially left the country. Irgun and another Revisionist Zionist terror group known as

Figure 124: The Rothschild-built, occult-symbol-festooned Israel Supreme Court including the pyramid and All-Seeing Eye of the Sabbatian-Frankist/Illuminati Death Cult.

Lehi or the Stern Gang had worked together with the Jewish militia Haganah to bomb, assassinate and generally terrorise the British out of Palestine. They joined forces again for the mass murder at Deir Yassin. They slaughtered at least 107 Palestinians (the terrorists claimed 254, others said 240), including women and children, by throwing hand grenades into homes and shooting the defenceless. Jacques de Reynier of the International Red Cross described bodies lying in the streets with some disembowelled or decapitated. Benny Morris, an Israeli historian, recorded mutilation and rape. Investigator Zvi Ankori said: 'I saw cut off genitalia and women's crushed stomachs.' This is the mentally that terrorised the State of Israel into existence and still controls it today. The head of Irgun at the time of the massacre was the brutal Revisionist Zionist terrorist Menachem Begin (1913-1992), the Eastern European Jew who became Prime Minister of Israel and had the nerve to condemn terrorism (Fig 125). He also ludicrously and outrageously won the Nobel Peace Prize like so many other war criminals. Begin was head of Irgun during its campaign of terrorism against the British and during the slaughter of the Arab innocent. The Albert Einstein letter to *The New York Times* in 1948 was in protest at a visit to America by Menachem Begin in which Einstein and his fellow Jewish signatories highlighted the slaughter at Deir Yassin. They said:

Figure 125: Menachem Begin, one of many terrorist leaders of Israel.

> A shocking example was their [Zionist terrorist] behavior in the Arab village of Deir Yassin. This village, off the main roads and surrounded by Jewish lands, had taken no part in the war, and had even fought off Arab bands who wanted to use the village as their base. On April 9 ... terrorist bands attacked this peaceful village, which was not a military objective in the fighting, killed most of its inhabitants '240 men, women, and children' and kept a few of them alive to parade as captives through the streets of Jerusalem.

> Most of the Jewish community was horrified at the deed, and the Jewish Agency sent a telegram of apology to King Abdullah of TransJordan. But the terrorists, far from being ashamed of their act, were proud of this massacre, publicized it widely, and invited all the foreign correspondents present in the country to view the heaped corpses and the general havoc at Deir Yassin.

This is the difference between interloper Sabbatian-Frankists/ultra-Zionists and Jewish people in general. The idea was to terrorise the Arab population to leave – and they're still doing it. Menachem Begin was not the only future Israeli prime minister who was a terrorist operative – the deeply evil Yitzhak Shamir was another (Fig 126). He was a Jabotinsky-worshipping terrorist with the Lehi/Stern Gang which cared so much about the plight of Jews that it had tried to form an alliance with Nazi Germany against the common enemy, the British. The German minister to Beirut, Lebanon, said that 'the establishment of the historic Jewish state on a national and totalitarian basis, bound by a treaty with the German Reich' was proposed by the Stern Gang in 1941. Did I mention that Sabbatian-Frankists hate Jews? Shamir, Begin and their fellow terrorists were extraordinarily racist yet accused others of 'anti-Semitism' and condemned terrorism while being skilled proponents of it. But then, as Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels said: 'Accuse others of that which you are guilty.' Stern Gang member Uri Greenberg described Arabs as 'the filthiest people in the East' (imagine the storm if anyone said that about Jews). Yitzhak Shamir sanctioned the assassination of Churchill's friend Lord Moyne in 1944 and was one of the terrorists who bombed the King David's Hotel while disguised as a rabbi. He was jailed but escaped after two years. Shamir was involved in the Deir Yassin massacre and the murder of United Nations mediator, Sweden's Count Folke Bernadotte, in 1948. Bernadotte saved an estimated 30,000 Jews in Nazi Germany, but what did that matter to the Jew-hating Sabbatian-Frankists? When Bernadotte opposed the claims of ultra-Zionist extremists to Transjordan (land east of the Jordan River) they killed him. Shamir became head of Mossad, Israeli (Sabbatian-Frankist) intelligence, which was simply an amalgamation of Revisionist Zionism terror groups under another name – the same with the hierarchy of the Israeli Defence Forces (IDF) in general. Shamir said of his move to

Figure 126: Terrorist Israel Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir.

Mossad: 'I felt at home very soon. I had returned to an atmosphere, behaviour, incentives and points of view that were in many ways, familiar to me.' Yes, because it was – and still is – the Stern Gang/Lehi, Irgun etc. with a new title. I will detail more about Mossad in a later chapter and its involvement in 9/11. From these mega-terrorists came the far right Likud Party formed in 1973 by terrorists Menachem Begin (Prime Minster 1977-1983) and Ariel Sharon (9/11 Prime Minister from 2001 to 2006). I'll be coming to Sharon's terrorist and war criminal background when I relate all of this to who was really behind the September 11th attacks. Likud was formed out of Begin's first party, Herut ('Freedom'), which he established from terrorist groups in 1948. The Albert Einstein letter to *The New York Times* described Begin's party as 'closely akin' to fascism:

> Among the most disturbing political phenomena of our times is the emergence in the newly created state of Israel of the 'Freedom Party' (Tnuat Haherut), a political party closely akin in its organization, methods, political philosophy and social appeal to the Nazi and Fascist parties. It was formed out of the membership and following of the former Irgun Zvai Leumi, a terrorist, right-wing, chauvinist organization in Palestine.
>
> The current visit of Menachem Begin, leader of this party, to the United States is obviously calculated to give the impression of American support for his party in the coming Israeli elections, and to cement political ties with conservative Zionist elements in the United States. Several Americans of national repute have lent their names to welcome his visit. It is inconceivable that those who oppose fascism throughout the world, if correctly informed as to Mr. Begin's political record and perspectives, could add their names and support to the movement he represents.

This was the party which with other far right groups became Likud. Terrorist Yitzhak Shamir (Prime Minister 1983-84 and 1986-1992) was a member of Likud as is Benjamin Netanyahu (Prime Minister 1996-1999 and 2009 to the time of writing). Likud is the political arm of Revisionist or 'Gun' Zionism, but extremists can be found in other parties allegedly to the 'left' of Likud. Examples of this can be seen in David Ben-Gurion, Levi Eshkol, Yitzhak Rabin and Shimon Peres. Sabbatian-Frankism always sets out to control all sides and so the game and its outcome. Ben-Gurion oversaw the ethnic cleansing of some 750,000 defenceless Palestinians along with the destruction of hundreds of their villages. Ben-Gurion said that 'without Deir Yassin there would be no Israel' because it caused so many Palestinian Arabs to leave the country as fast as possible in case they would be next. Many of those massacred and forced to flee from the country were Arab Christians. Levi Eshkol, born

Levi Yitzhak in the Russian Empire, founded the Israeli Labour Party and presided over still more ethnic cleansing as Prime Minister between 1963 and 1969. Yitzhak Rabin (Labour Prime Minister between 1974 and 1977 and from 1992 until his assassination in 1995) was a commander of the Palmach ('Strike Forces') of the Jewish paramilitary organisation Haganah during the British Mandate and yet another terrorist. He issued the order to the Israel Defense Forces (IDF) to expel 50,000-70,000 Arabs from the towns of Lydda and Ramle in 1948 which stated: 'The inhabitants of Lydda must be expelled quickly without attention to age ...' Within three days Lydda no longer existed. The way ultra-Zionists can be found in parties in official opposition to Likud is confirmed by Israeli opposition leader Tzipi Livni who called on Netanyahu to resign after Israeli police recommended that he and his wife be indicted for bribery and other corruption charges. Livni was born into a prominent right-wing and Revisionist Zionist family and became a member of an elite Mossad unit. Her father, Eitan, was chief operations officer of terrorist group Irgun and so it's hardly a shock that she was foreign minister during the bombardment of Gaza in 2008/9 for which she has been accused of war crimes. Not really 'opposition', then. The Labour Party's Poland-born terrorist Shimon Peres (1923-2016) would be president and twice prime minister between 1984 and 1986 and from 1995 to 1996 (Fig 127). Peres, a disciple and protégé of Ben-Gurion, was the man behind the development of Israel's nuclear weapons arsenal that it does not admit to having to avoid the limitations of the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (Fig 128). At the same time it condemns Iran as a nuclear danger when it has no nuclear weapons. Anyone observing the Israeli leadership knows what gross and constant hypocrisy looks like. Insider Israeli military historian, Martin van Creveld, was more forthcoming when he described the nuclear consequences the ultra-

Figure 127: Terrorist Israeli Prime Minister Shimon Peres who was Foreign Minister at the time of 9/11.

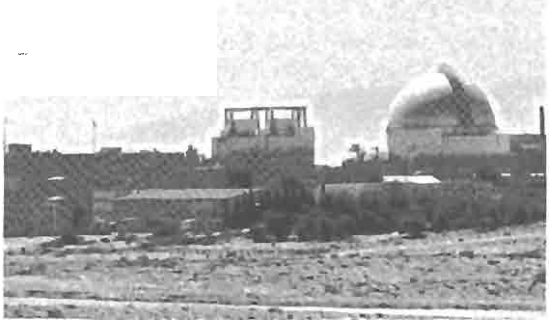

Figure 128: Israel's nuclear programme in the Negev Desert near the city of Dimona, but don't worry – it doesn't exist.

Zionist crazies are prepared to deliver:

> We possess several hundred atomic warheads and rockets and can launch them at targets in all directions, perhaps even at Rome. Most European capitals are targets for our air force ... We have the capability to take the world down with us. And I can assure you that that will happen before Israel goes under .

They're not insane or anything.

By war thou shalt take what thy want

The State of Israel as established in 1948 was not enough for the Sabbatian-Frankists and ultra-Zionists. They wanted the whole region of Jabotinsky's 'Nile to the Euphrates' or Egypt to Iraq including Lebanon, Syria and the northern part of Saudi Arabia. They expanded into the then Egyptian Sinai Peninsula, the Palestinian Gaza Strip and West Bank, which is being covered in illegal Jewish-only development, and part of Syria known as the Golan Heights. The latter has been occupied by the Israelis since the 1967 Arab-Israeli War (the 'Six-Day War') instigated by an Israeli pre-emptive strike and involving Egypt, Syria and Jordan. Gamal Abdel Nasser, President of Egypt (then known as the United Arab Republic) closed the Straits of Tiran to Israeli shipping and access to its port of Eilat. Remember what I said earlier about part of the Israeli-US deal with Saudi Arabia's Salman bin Abdulaziz Al Saud for him to become king was for him to buy Egyptian islands to secure Israeli shipping access to the Gulf of Aqaba and the Israel port of Eilat. Nasser mobilised his military along the Israeli border in the light of Israel's earlier claim that closing the Straits would be cause for war. Nasser would later tell US President Lyndon Johnson that his troop build-up in the Sinai Peninsula had been to defend against a feared Israeli attack. A CIA assessment spoke of Nasser's military presence in the Sinai as defensive. Michael B. Oren, who would be Israeli ambassador to America, agreed in his book, *Six Days of War*, that 'by all reports Israel received from the Americans, and according to its own intelligence, Nasser had no interest in bloodshed'. Yitzhak Rabin, who would later be prime minister, told French daily *Le Monde* in 1968:

> I do not think Nasser wanted war. The two divisions which he sent to the Sinai, on May 14, would not have been sufficient to start an offensive against Israel. He knew it and we knew it.

The claim that Israel's attack was a response to an imminent invasion by Egypt was therefore a lie. Israel's strike and justification was an excuse to secure more land and it worked. The Egyptian air force was

quickly taken out and more land occupied. By now with American money and state-of-the-art aircraft and weaponry 'little victim Israel' had ever-increasing military superiority over its Arab neighbours. Today that superiority is fantastic and includes nuclear weapons. The United Nations Security Council unanimously agreed in Resolution 242 in 1967 to call for Israel to withdraw from territory seized in the war. This has never happened and instead Israel has been building Jewish-only settlements in the occupied West Bank while removing Palestinians from their homes in yet another clear case of apartheid and ethnic cleansing. The 'two-state' solution to the Israel-Palestinian land dispute has been endlessly talked about for no other reason than to buy time until such a solution is made impossible by so many Jewish developments constructed in the West Bank and that point has now been reached. Israel had been pressing for the United States to recognise its right to permanently absorb the illegally-occupied Syrian Golan Heights and in March, 2019, Trump unilaterally acknowledged Israel's sovereignty over that Syrian land in a signing ceremony with his minder, Netanyahu. He told an American ultra-Zionist group backed by his funder Sheldon Adelson that he made the decision after a 'quick history lesson' from ultra-Zionists David Friedman, US ambassador to Israel, and son-in-law Jared Kushner. The pressure then immediately turned to recognising the West Bank as permanent Israel territory. Trump is owned by Israel and ultra-Zionism to the tip of every orange hair. Jewish-only Israeli settlements are illegal under the Fourth Geneva Convention of 1949 which bans countries from settling their population into territories occupied in a war. The UN Security Council, UN General Assembly, International Committee of the Red Cross, International Court of Justice and High Contracting Parties to the Geneva Convention have all confirmed this. Israel says 'up yours' and 'we do what we like'. In 2018 the UN General Assembly voted by 99 to 10 for a resolution declaring that Israel's demand to absorb the Golan Heights was null and void and called on Israel to withdraw from that occupied land. The United States naturally opposed the resolution and in March, 2019, Trump said it was time for the United States to recognise Israel's sovereignty over the Golan Heights which was 'of critical strategic and security importance to the State of Israel and Regional Stability'. Trump managed to send that tweet while on his knees. The constant theme of Israel doing whatever it wants and ignoring international law and war crimes agreements with the slavish support of the United States and other Western countries should beg the question of why? Why can a tiny, tiny country of eight million people be allowed to do this? Sabbatian-Frankist occult networks are the major explanation. Egypt and Syria sought to regain their lost territory in the 1973 Yom Kippur War which ended in failure in the face of Israel's military superiority. Israel was supported by the United States

as usual with ultra-Zionist Henry Kissinger in place as US Secretary of State and National Security Advisor while the Soviet Union supported Egypt and Syria.

Suffer little children

Life for Palestinians in the occupied West Bank has got ever worse as Israel settlements take over the land and a massive wall has taken more Palestinian property against international law. Week after week Palestinian homes are hijacked for Jewish settlers or demolished on any pretext to free the land for Jews. East Jerusalem is often targeted because the Sabbatian-Frankist psychopaths are ethnically cleansing the area in preparation for the takeover of Temple Mount and a new Solomon's Temple to herald the arrival of their Messiah 'King of the World'. The heartless psychopathy now even plumbs the depths of making Palestinians demolish their own homes or face a big bill from the government for doing it. A Palestinian father was forced in early 2019 to demolish his own home in occupied East Jerusalem, as well as that of his daughter, by the Israeli authorities. Motor mechanic Mustafa Subah spoke with Israel daily *Haaretz* reporters in the ruins of his home. He had fought and lost (a gimme) a 15-year legal battle that cost him around $110,000 and was 'compelled to demolish his and his daughter's homes with his own hands'. His daughter with her husband and three children moved into cramped conditions in the home of her mother-in-law while Mustafa and his wife and three children were 'squeezed into the two rooms of the original structure, waiting in dread to hear whether they will have to raze that as well'. Sabbatian-Frankists get off on suffering, anguish, death and the dopamine rush of their own perceived power over others. Children are almost routinely taken from their homes in the middle of the night by Israeli troops and held in adult jails. Rights group Defense for Children International (DCI) reported that since 2000 at least 8,000 Palestinian children have been detained by the Israeli military detention system infamous for the systematic mistreatment and torture of Palestinian children (Fig 129). Shadi Farah, a 15-year-old minor, described his abuse in prison by Israeli interrogators to the Turkey-based international news agency, Anadolu:

> Israel is using all heinous methods during interrogation from suffocation, beating to giving us hallucinogenic pills. I remember spending days suffering from nightmares and headaches because of the drugs that we were forced to take.

Defense for Children International says Palestinian minors are often made to sign documents written in Hebrew and have no idea what they say. They are interrogated without parents or lawyers. Khaled Quzmar

Figure 129: Just another day in the Israel-occupied West Bank. The boy is 14-years-old.

said minors frequently report being kicked, slapped and blindfolded during arrest and/or interrogation. 'Around 90 percent of detained children are subject to verbal abuse and humiliation by Israeli army officers', he said. Some 30 percent were physically abused in custody. Ahmad al-Zatari, a 15-year-old minor, said he was beaten and suffocated by an Israeli interrogator when he was 12:

> I stepped into the room and one integrator was there. He started asking questions and calling for quick answers. I was only 12-year-old during the interrogation and the questions were not clear to me so I could not answer any.

He said the Israeli interrogator turned off the cameras and started beating him.

> He jumped over me and put his hands around my neck and started yelling at me. It was a horrible experience. I thought he was going to kill me.

The Palestinian Prisoners Society said in 2018 that about 900 Palestinian children had been detained by Israeli forces that year with some 270 children continuing to be held in detention. High profile cases like the jailing of 17-year-old Ahed Tamimi for slapping an Israeli soldier outside her home after her cousin had part of his head blown off by the Israel army are tips of a mountain of daily abuse. I will spare you the images of Gaza children with no heads and as just a pair of legs after Israeli bombing raids on a defenceless people. When Jewish-American actress Sarah Silverman responded to the treatment of Tamimi by tweeting that 'Jews have to stand up EVEN when – ESPECIALLY when – the wrongdoing is BY Jews/the Israeli government' she was castigated by the ultra-Zionist mob. Oshrat Kotler, a television presenter with Israel's Channel 13, was besieged by death threats and put on trial by the 'Middle East's only democracy' when she said that the occupation of Palestinian land was turning Israeli troops into 'animals':

> When you send your children to the army, they are kids. You send them to the territories, and they come back as human animals. This is the result of the

occupation.

Kotler was commenting on IDF soldiers from the ultra-Orthodox Netzah Yehuda Battalion who were convicted of aggravated assault and aggravated battery for beating two handcuffed and blindfolded Palestinians, a 50-year-old father and his 15-year-old son detained in custody. Psychopath Netanyahu was as always seething with outraged condemnation over Kotler's comments. Many former IDF troops, forced into the army by conscription, have said that they were systematically de-humanised, but since when did the truth matter to Sabbatian-Frankists? Kotler was put on trial on charges of incitement, incrimination of suspects, failure to grant a right of reply. Jewish people are only allowed to have approved opinions and Israeli 'democracy' is an illusion. Kotler said she had 'thousands' of death threats and such is the power of the persecuted Chosen People program which leaves no room for self-reflection. Nadera Shalhoub-Kevorkian, an Arab professor of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, told an audience at the University of Colombia in 2019 that the Israeli military tests its weapons on innocent Palestinians, even children, to assess which are the most powerful. She said that 'Israel does weapons tests on Palestinian children' and 'Palestinian spaces are laboratories for the Israeli security industry'. Robrecht Vanderbeeken, cultural secretary of Belgium's ACOD trade union and a philosophy of science scholar, said in 2018 that the population of the Gaza Strip was being 'starved to death, poisoned, and children are kidnapped and murdered for their organs'. Palestinian UN ambassador Riyad Mansour wrote to the Secretary General to say that bodies of Palestinians killed by Israeli security forces 'were returned with missing corneas and other organs, further confirming past reports about organ harvesting by the occupying power'. Even *The New York Times* ran a story in 2014 revealing that transplant brokers in Israel had made enormous sums of money and that Israelis had played a 'disproportionate role' in organ trafficking. Dr Yehuda Hiss, former head of Israel's forensic institute, said in a 2000 interview that Israeli pathologists would harvest skin, corneas, heart valves, and bones from the bodies of Palestinians and others often without permission from relatives. These are the kind of revelations the new definition of 'anti-Semitism' is designed to silence. By adding to the definition of 'anti-Semitism' the point about 'comparisons of contemporary Israeli policy to that of the Nazis' the aim is simply to stop those comparisons being made even when they can be demonstrably true. Jewish people are castigated for protesting at the actions of their government and military and when UK Liberal peer Baroness Tonge claimed that members of the Israeli Defence Forces had been harvesting body parts in the aftermath of the Haiti earthquake she was thrown out of the party for what its

ludicrous leader Nick Clegg called 'wrong, distasteful and provocative' remarks. How did arse-licker Clegg know she was wrong? He didn't. He went down well in Tel Aviv, though, so that was good.

Gaza – a scar on the face of humanity

The Gaza Strip is little more than an open air prison camp and the most densely-populated land in the world with two million people living in an area 25 miles by around six and its borders policed by Israel. Essential goods, medicines and services are subject to an Israeli blockade (Fig 130). The world is watching – or not – the incessant genocide of Palestinians through war and diseases of depravation. *Sky News* reported the effects of the Israeli blockade:

Figure 130: Prison camp Gaza.

> Some 80 percent of its citizens need humanitarian aid to survive and the UN says its people are 'locked in, denied free access to the remainder of the territory and the outside world'... Thousands of young people in Gaza therefore find it very difficult to leave to find work or study abroad and families are unable to see their loved ones. The Oxfam charity says 96% of water is undrinkable and 47% of people don't have enough food ...
>
> ... Restrictions on imports – such as certain chemicals and fertilisers, building materials and technology – have also stunted the economy, for example slowing the construction of new homes ... A six-nautical-mile restriction on Gaza's fishermen – enforced by armed Israeli patrols – makes it difficult for them to make a living, while most farmers cannot export their crops.

Then there are the full-on military and air assaults on the Gaza Strip. The two in 2008/2009 'Operation Cast Lead' and 2014 'Operation Protective Edge' cost the lives of thousands of Palestinian civilians and caused mass homelessness. According to figures by the United Nations Office for the Coordination of Humanitarian Affairs (OCHA) nearly 11,000 were wounded in 2014 which included 3,374 children. More than a thousand were permanently disabled. Another half a million people were displaced with 485,000 requiring emergency food assistance and 17,000 homes were destroyed or severely damaged. In 2018 hundreds of unarmed Palestinians were shot dead by Israeli snipers and tens of

thousands wounded – many in life-changing ways. They have lost limbs and eyes and they have included children, paramedics and journalists with 'Press' emblazed upon them which to Israel's military psychopaths is not a mode of protection but the centre of the target. Israel controls and systematically rations Gaza's electricity, water, food and medical supplies – bombs their homes and then denies them the materials to rebuild. Seriously ill, expectant mothers and children die trying to get to Israel hospitals because they are either denied entry or the process takes so long it's too late. If all that is not acting like Nazis then what the hell is? Gaza is a fenced-in concentration camp with Israel controlling who can come and leave. Those who would do all this to human beings would not be involved in 9/11 if it suited their goals? You must be joking. All of the above is supported either directly or by silence by the United States, UK and other European countries that supply Israel with arms to kill and maim.

Breaking the Silence

Many Israeli army conscripts have only realised the truth of what the ultra-Zionists are doing to Palestinians when they become part of the occupation and terrorist army known as the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF). Some have spoken out and an organisation called Breaking the Silence, established in 2004, has provided a platform to tell their stories. Eran Efrati, a former IDF soldier, has been particularly outspoken in his condemnation of Israeli terrorism against Palestinian civilians. He has described how Palestinians are kept under curfew on their own land to allow illegal Israeli settlers in the occupied West Bank to enjoy themselves at Jewish festivals and feel 'protected'. Efrati said troops arrive with 'guns, uniform and vest with grenades and six packs of ammunition' screaming 'curfew' and 'you see they're scared, you see the people just running from place to place, closing down their shops, running home, because wherever you are when the curfew starts this is where you are stuck and you cannot go anywhere else so you better be at home when we come to start the curfew'. Official orders said they should shoot-to-kill anyone who broke the curfew. 'I realised that my job is actually to maintain an apartheid system,' he said. Here is a Jewish man who witnessed the frontline of daily Palestinian abuse calling it apartheid and when non-Jews say the same they are dubbed 'anti-Semitic'.Troops were not allowed to touch a Jewish settler if they were attacking a Palestinian – 'the best I can do is call the local police department to come and handle it ...' He described how Jewish settlers lived under civilian laws while Palestinians in 'the next house to them, next building, sometimes the next apartment live under my rule, my military rule, and I can do whatever I want with him'. Efrati continued:

> I can take his home as a temporary base for a few hours, to a few days, to a few weeks. I can decide that I am arresting the people of the house and tie them up to the fence of my base ... [You can] get an order to demolish their home or just lock the front door to not let them out into the street, their house is on, a street that only Jewish settlers can walk on and Palestinians cannot. So they have to walk from windows to yards ...

Efrati said the Israeli military bypass a Supreme Court ruling banning outright assassinations with orders that say if a Palestinian reacts in any way to being woken up at night by armed troops they should shoot him dead:

> What we're going to do is come in five or six people units into their home in the middle of the night, break in quietly, go up to his bedroom, go into his bed and point a gun into his head. Now, if he just wakes up and surrenders we're taking him into the police but if he screams you shoot him in the head, if he lifts his blanket you shoot him in the head, if he lifts his hands or legs or is trying to do any movement you shoot him in the head.
>
> Now, because we understand as rational human beings that no human being can wake up in the middle of the night with a gun to his head and not scream or move, we understand these orders as an execution order that bypass the Supreme Court order.

This is the fascism that the Protection Racket of the 'anti-Semitism' industry is designed to keep secret and it is precisely the modus operandi of the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Efrati said that he realised early in his compulsory military service that he had been lied to about Israel and its relationship with the Palestinians. 'I didn't feel like I was protecting anyone, I didn't feel like I am helping anyone feel more safe – I felt like I was terrorising people.' The defined mission was to instil fear in the hearts of Palestinians and that was exactly what they did:

> I don't want to live in an only Jewish state that values privileged Jewish life over every other life. This urges me to understand that I want my kids to grow up in a place when they don't have to press anyone, they don't have to be soldiers ...

Eran Efrati talked about his experience of the appalling treatment of Palestinians in Israel-occupied Hebron, the biggest city in the West Bank and home to 200,000 Palestinians. Dozens of monitors from multiple countries recorded 40,000 cases of abuse since 1967 by Israeli settlers and troops and some constituted war crimes. The response of psychopath

Prime Minister Netanyahu was to expel international observers and this was another expression of the Protection Racket in which you delete all sources of exposure and criticism. With the observers gone the Palestinians are left to an even more extreme fate. There are brave and determined Jewish Israelis who refuse to serve in the military and treat the Palestinians with violent contempt. They are incredible young people who pay for their compassion and backbone by being jailed for the crime of refusing to commit crimes against humanity. Such are the perverse inversions that multiply in sync with the scale of tyranny involved. Are these thoroughly decent Jewish people given respect for what they do by the ultra-Zionists? No – they are dismissed as 'useful idiots of the BDS'. Psychological sickness has no interest in rational thought and psychopaths have no empathy with which to engage with their fellow human beings. Israel's approach to Palestinians and its brutally excessive use of force (Gun Zionism) against unarmed demonstrators was described by Michael Lynk, United Nations special rapporteur on human rights in the Palestinian territories, as 'an eye for an eyelash'. God knows how many Palestinians that Israel has killed directly or through systematic deprivation since 1947/48 but one thing is for sure – the Sabbatian-Frankists would have celebrated all of them. In 2018 the Israeli High Court ruled that Israeli intelligence officers were justified in their use of torture against Palestinians and set a precedent for its continued and expanded use. Israeli officials from the Shin Bet domestic intelligence agency forced a prisoner into stress positions, including arching and tying the body in the 'banana' position and subjected him to 'severe physical and mental violence, including beatings'. Judges ruled that this was all fine and dandy. Israeli human rights group B'Tselem said: 'In interrogating Palestinian residents of the Occupied Territories, the Israel Security Agency routinely used methods that constituted ill-treatment and even torture until the late 1990s.' None of this – not the violent expulsion of Palestinians or the heartless ongoing violence and abuse were in the minds of most people who supported Zionism before the establishment of the State of Israel. Auschwitz survivor Esther Bejarano became a fierce critic of Israel and what she called its 'fascist' government. She was born in Germany and lost her parents and sister to Nazi murderers before moving to a Palestine still then under the pre-Israel British Mandate. She said:

> We wanted to develop the country together with the Palestinians. In general, the Palestinians helped us. Not only us, but also the first Jews who came to the country. We wanted to develop the land together. But it was different with David Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir. They turned Zionism upside down and then the Zionists said 'we are the ones who own the land.' That was not our idea.

Bejarano, 94 at the time of writing, said that she and her husband returned to Germany because they couldn't stand what was being done by the Israel government to Palestinians and she described how difficult it is to challenge and criticise Israel in Germany:

> They also have called me an anti-Semite. I always say I am against the inhuman policies towards the Palestinians, and against war. With war you cannot achieve peace. Then they frame me as an anti-Semite.

Even an Auschwitz survivor is an 'anti-Semite' if they criticise the psychopaths that control Israel. Words have no meaning.

CHAPTER 22

Atlantic Crossing

Any man who has ever tried to use political power for the common good has felt an awful sense of powerlessness – Robert Casey

Jewish researcher and writer Clifford Shack has specialised in the history of Sabbatian-Frankism and wrote the book *The Sabbatean-Frankist Messianic Conspiracy Partially Exposed.* He said of its progression through the centuries:

> Through infiltration, stealth and cunning, this invisible network has come to rule us all. Forty-one years after Shabbatai Zevi's death, in 1717, they would infiltrate Masonry guilds in England and establish Freemasonry ... [Zevi's successor] Jacob Frank would have a great impact on the inner core of Freemasonry known as the Illuminati, formed in 1776. Freemasonry would become the hidden force behind events like the [American, French and Russian] revolutions, the creations of the UN and Israel, both World Wars (including the Holocaust!), and the assassinations of the Kennedy brothers who, together with their father, tried to thwart the efforts of the network on American soil.
>
> Sabbatean/Frankists, also referred to as the 'Cult of the All-Seeing Eye' (look on the back of your one dollar bill to begin to understand their influence in YOUR life), are political and religious chameleons. They are everywhere ... there is power. They are the good guys AND the bad guys. The World War Two era is a prime example. The following leaders were members of the 'Cult of the All-Seeing Eye' (Sabbatean/Frankists): Franklin D. Roosevelt; Winston Churchill; Adolph Hitler; Eugenio Pacelli (Pope Pius XII); Francisco Franco; Benito Mussolini; Hirohito and Mao Tse-Tung.

Franklin Roosevelt was a Sabbatian-Frankist-controlled puppet via the Sabbatian-Frankist Council on Foreign Relations and back to the Sabbatian-Frankist Round Table in London established by the Rothschilds and the real source of the Balfour Declaration supporting a 'Jewish' (Sabbatian-Frankist-controlled) 'homeland' in Palestine. His fifth cousin, Theodore Roosevelt, US President between 1901 and 1909,

was an asset of Rothschild operative, Jacob Schiff. The Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult had long been at work in the United States, but now with the end of the Second World War the expansion would go into overdrive. After the State of Israel was formed in 1948 a number of ultra-Zionists relocated to the United States so their offspring would be born American citizens and take the manipulation of US politics to still new levels. Among them was Benjamin Emanuel (real name Ezekiel Auerbach), a Russian Jewish terrorist with Irgun and father of Barack Obama's White House Chief of Staff (handler), the ultra-Zionist Rahm Emanuel who went on to become the first Jewish Mayor of Chicago. Father Emanuel's speciality was apparently bus bombing. Rahm Emanuel's role has been that of a 'Democon', the name I use for the Democratic Party equivalent of the Neocons of the Project for the New American Century which control the Republican Party and use Donald Trump as their sock puppet. Democons and Neocons answer to the Sabbatian-Frankists and the Hidden Hand and so no matter who is in the White House the same force in the shadows is always in control. Boy Emanuel was Senior Advisor to President Bill Clinton, Chair of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, Chair of the House Democratic Caucus and White House Chief of Staff. New York-born ultra-Zionist David Axelrod was Obama's Chief Strategist overseeing his two successful election campaigns and his senior advisor. Obama's personal advisors on policy, known by the media as 'czars', were also awash with ultra-Zionists and the ratio is almost comically enormous when compared with two percent of the population. Among them was Emanuel's brother Ezekiel, an Obama policy advisor on health while another brother is Ari Emanuel, a Hollywood agent who has represented Obama campaign contributor Michael Moore whose film *Fahrenheit 911* (executive producer ultra-Zionist women-abuser Harvey Weinstein) avoided the real story of what happened. Another Moore film, *Bowling for Columbine*, was an attack on gun ownership in line with the Hidden Hand agenda to disarm Americans while arming law enforcement to the enamel on their teeth. I certainly won't assign to Mr Moore the level of intelligence necessary to realise that he is being used by a force that he has no idea exists. The scale of the Sabbatian-Frankist ultra-Zionist takeover of American politics and financial policy can be seen in 'Obama's' financial team which led the reaction to the 2008 financial crash caused by major banks and bankers. His team decided, just by coincidence, of course, that bailing out those same bankers with trillions of dollars of taxpayer money and debt was the way to go about it. These were 'Obama's' picks:

Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist), Treasury Secretary; Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), director of the White House National Economic Council;

Paul Adolph Volcker (ultra-Zionist and Rothschild business partner), chairman of the Economic Recovery Advisory Board; Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), director of the Office of Management and Budget overseeing all government spending; Penny Pritzker (ultra-Zionist), Commerce Secretary; Jared Bernstein (ultra-Zionist), chief economist and economic policy adviser to Vice President Joseph Biden; Mary Schapiro (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC); Gary Gensler (ultra-Zionist), chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC); Sheila Bair (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC); Karen Mills (ultra-Zionist), head of the Small Business Administration (SBA); Kenneth Feinberg (ultra-Zionist), Special Master for Executive [bail-out] Compensation. Feinberg would be appointed to oversee compensation (with strings) to 9/11 victims and families and will appear again later. These are only a few of the ultra-Zionists out of all proportion to population percentage that could be found throughout the administration of Obama ('Democrat') with a similar story to be found with Trump ('Republican'). 'Obama's' ultra-Zionist financial team was in operation while Bernard Bernanke (ultra-Zionist) was chairman of the Federal Reserve, America's privately owned central bank. He was deciding, no doubt with input from people like ultra-Zionist Feinberg, who got the bail-out money. Bernanke had taken over at the Fed from Alan Greenspan (ultra-Zionist) who had been head of the bank during the Reagan-Father Bush, Father Bush, Bill Clinton and Boy Bush presidencies before stepping down in 2006. Greenspan was in situ when calculated deregulation of banks and financial services unleashed a free-for-all that led to the 2008 crash and he did this in league with Bill Clinton's Treasury Secretaries Robert E. Rubin (ultra-Zionist) and Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), former chief economist at the World Bank; Rubin's assistant Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist); and Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), Clinton's Special Assistant for Economic Policy and Senior Economist and Senior Adviser on the Council of Economic Advisers. Geithner, Summers and Orszag who had played a highly significant role in causing the financial crash would be leading Obama's financial response to the crash and they decided to hand their mates and masters unspeakable amounts of taxpayer money. Many of these people were associated with the infamous ultra-ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which was Obama's biggest corporate donor. Goldman Sachs (with others) was seriously responsible for the engineered economic crash which caused such suffering and deprivation worldwide (Greece is a major example) and which led to corporate bail-outs overseen by Goldman Sachs-connected government officials.

'The Team' picks itself

The origin of these 'Obama-selected' names was revealed in a WikiLeaks release of emails belonging to John Podesta, a chair of Obama's 2008 Transition Team. One email included a list of proposed administration appointees suggested by ultra-Zionist Michael Froman, a Citigroup executive who had been Chief of Staff at the US Treasury in the 1990s under ultra-Zionist Robert Rubin. He had also been a class mate of Obama at Harvard Law School and went on to be a distinguished fellow of the Council on Foreign Relations, Vice-Chairman of MasterCard and a director of the Walt Disney Company. In an email dated October 6th, 2008, before Obama won the election, Froman sent Podesta three documents listing proposed women for top administration jobs, non-white candidates and a sample outline of names for 31 cabinet-level positions. These same people overwhelmingly ended up getting the jobs that ultra-Zionist Forman had 'suggested'. Names included Janet Napolitano for Homeland Security, Rahm Emanuel for Chief of Staff, Robert Gates for Defense, Eric Holder for the [In]Justice Department or White House Counsel, Susan Rice for United States Ambassador to the UN and Arne Duncan for Education. Holder is a big-time agent for the ultra-Zionists and instrumental while Obama's Attorney General in blocking the case of '9/11 mastermind' Khalid Sheikh Mohammed from coming to trial where evidence would have to be produced. Instead Mohammed, or someone with that name, continues to be held without trial in Guantanamo Bay. Zionist John Kerry was named by Froman for Secretary of State and three choices were offered for Treasury Secretary – ultra-Zionists Robert Rubin, Larry Summers, and Timothy Geithner. Always control the money. Alan Sabrosky, a former Director of Studies at the United States Army War College Strategic Studies Institute who has taught at several prestigious universities, also highlighted how Zionists have dominated the White House Personnel Office at least since 1980. This was 'reducing the likelihood that people unfriendly to Israel or unsupportive of its "ways and means" will be nominated in the first place'. He wrote:

> The vetting of nominees by key organized Jewish groups in the US before they go before the US Senate for their confirmation hearings has also been a fixture of this process for decades, as Haaretz (an Israeli newspaper) among many others has pointed out, and forces otherwise excellent nominees to withdraw if said Jewish groups find them to be unsuitable. And the leverage of AIPAC in the US Senate is in this respect crucial: anyone AIPAC wants confirmed will be confirmed, and anyone who manages to reach that point and is not acceptable to AIPAC doesn't stand a chance.
>
> This is why under both Republicans and Democrats, the staffs in and around

> the President and the Vice-President, the National Security Council, the State Department and the Defense Department (among others) look the way they do. Many are Jewish and actively Zionist, often with dual US-Israeli citizenship (not that the absence of an Israeli passport matters all that much to the others). Some are Christian Zionists who need no persuading to take the pro-Israel positions they do ... Others are what the communists used to call 'useful idiots', frequently intelligent people like Condoleezza Rice or John Bolton who have made their own Faustian bargain in the furtherance of their own careers. And the rest of us live with the consequences of all of them, not least of which was 9/11 and the ensuing wars.

Zionists and ultra-Zionists also have an extraordinary ratio to their numbers in lower government positions. I must have mentioned that only two percent of the American population is Jewish and a *fraction* of even them are the ultra-Zionist Sabbatian-Frankist pseudo Jews that we are talking about.

The People pick the President?

Interestingly, on the subject of the Obama administration, a businessman called Tom Fife wrote an article in 2008 in which he recalled a visit to Russia in the early 1990s while starting a joint-venture company with members of the Russian scientific community. He recalled how he was told by his guests that the United States was destined to have its first black president who would be a communist plant. Fife quoted one of his female Russian hosts:

> Yes, it is true. This is not some idle talk. He is already born and he is educated and being groomed to be president right now. You will be impressed to know that he has gone to the best schools of Presidents. He is what you call 'Ivy League'. You don't believe me, but he is real and I even know his name. His name is Barack. His mother is white and American and his father is black from Africa. That's right, a chocolate baby! And he's going to be your President.

Fife said the woman told him that 'Barack' was from Hawaii and she described how everything had been 'thought out':

> His father is not an American black so he won't have that social slave stigma. He is intelligent and he is half white and has been raised from the cradle to be an atheist and a communist. He's gone to the finest schools. He is being guided every step of the way and he will be irresistible to America.

According to Fife the woman said that 'America would have to be converted to communism [Soros 'progressive' socialism] and Barack was

going to pave the way'. Is this so incredible when Obama was brought up and prepared for his task as a follower of Saul Alinsky and his Marxist methods of 'community organising'? I can't of course verify that story. What I can say is this is how presidents come to power. They do not emerge by chance, but by design and long-term grooming. The kind of president installed in the illusion of public choice varies in line with the Hidden Hand agenda for that particular period and they vary the perceived nature and personality to keep the public interested in what is a rigged system. The first black president was followed by the fake 'maverick' president and the first woman will be along eventually. Keep them interested and focussed so they won't open their eyes to the *permanent government* and will keep giving credibility to the here-today-gone-tomorrow political level of government which is nothing more than a smokescreen to hide where the power *really* is.

Draining the swamp

Thank goodness at least the influence in government of Goldman Sachs was going to be ended by Donald Trump who had attacked the company and its personnel during his election campaign. It's called telling your target audience what it wants to hear (Fig 131). When he secured 'power' he named the ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin, a Goldman Sachs employee for 17 years, as his Treasury Secretary; Gary Cohn (ultra-Zionist), chief operating officer of Goldman Sachs, became Trump's Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic advisor; Cohn was later replaced by Larry Kudlow (ultra-Zionist). Trump's senior advisor is his son-in-law, the ultra-Zionist Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Benjamin Netanyahu, with ultra-Zionist Jason Greenblatt as his international negotiator, including on Israel-Palestine. His ambassador to Israel is the ultra-Zionist David Friedman who arranged for the American Embassy to be moved from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem in 2018 in a highly provocative slight against Palestinians. This is a stepping stone on the way to replacing the Al-Aqsa Mosque on what Jews call Temple Mount with a rebuilt Solomon's Temple named after their occult Kabbalah hero. Trump's administration is awash with ultra-Zionists and perhaps the most pro-Israel in American history. This is why from the moment Trump was elected Netanyahu increased the

Figure 131: Swamp swimmer to drain the swamp? Fill it more like.

speed of illegal settlements built in occupied Palestinian land because he knew there would be no resistance. American sanctions and aids cuts to Palestinians have followed with the aim of creating such destitution that they will agree to anything the Sabbatian-Frankist psychopaths demand. Trump's biggest funder is the ultra-Zionist casino magnate Sheldon Adelson while the Democrats are funded by ultra-Zionist George Soros (whatever he may claim) and ultra-Zionist financial and media mogul, Haim Saban. Adelson and Netanyahu wanted Trump to delete the nuclear deal with Iran to re-ignite conflict on the road to regime change as per Project for the New American Century (PNAC) and so he did. Adelson wanted big-time Israel asset John Bolton of the PNAC to be Trump's National Security Advisor and so he is. Bolton is leading the charge against Iran, Russia, China and North Korea, all Sabbatian-Frankist targets. Trump's pick for UN ambassador was the ultra-Israel supporting Nicky Haley who continued America's role of vetoing any resolution of condemnation by the UN Security Council of whatever Israel does – no matter how deadly and grotesque. When Haley resigned she was replaced by her ultra-Zionist deputy Jonathan Cohen who stood in until a permanent appointment was made. Cohen, who attended Hebrew University in Jerusalem on an Israeli government grant, had been Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for European and Eurasian Affairs. Even *New York Times* columnist Timothy Egan highlighted the Adelson influence:

> An 85-year-old casino magnate, Sheldon Adelson, now has more influence on American foreign policy than even the secretary of state ... Adelson got a ... tax windfall for the millions he put into electing Republicans, with the added benefit of controlling the State Department's view of Israel.

There is so much manipulation of political events secured through the chequebook and wire transfer. Alan Hart, a former BBC and Independent Television News correspondent, wrote in *Zionism: The Real Enemy of the Jews:* 'Jewish people make up less than two percent of the American population, but account for *50 percent* of the political campaign contributions.' This incredible amount of political funding (control and influence) does not come from Jewish people in general, but from mega-rich individuals, banks and corporations controlled by ultra-Zionism and Sabbatian-Frankism. There are certainly plenty of billionaire sources to choose from with a *Forbes Magazine* analysis in 2012 concluding that 35 percent of the 400 richest people in the United States were Jewish from a population of two percent. By 2018 five of the top ten richest people in America were Jewish: Facebook CEO Mark Zuckerberg; Oracle's Larry Ellison; Google's Larry Page and Sergey Brin; and former New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg. Close to a

quarter of the richest 200 people in Russia were also found to be Jewish according to Russian ranking website lanta.ru. It hardly scans with the claims of an oppressed minority which the 'anti-Semitism' industry loves to promote, but we should always keep in mind that the great majority of Jewish people worldwide are not rich. Many in Israel itself are struggling economically while the few suck up the spoils. The image of the 'rich Jew' is true if you apply that to a minority and these are the people that spend their wealth to influence politics while most Jews are not at all involved in such manipulation and not mega-wealthy. Unfortunately, the actions of the few colour the perception of the many and this is inaccurate, unfair and potentially very, very, dangerous.

Pro-Israel lobby groups poured more than $22 million into the 2018 US mid-term election cycle according to public records and the real figure is far more than actually tracked. The Washington-based Center for Responsive Politics (CRP) found the Israel lobby to be highly active and spending heavily to influence lawmakers. They could not have come to any other conclusion given the evidence and yet when Minnesota Congresswoman Ilhan Omar tweeted in 2019 about pro-Israel money influencing decisions made on Capitol Hill (it does and fundamentally) she faced the usual orchestrated abuse and contrived rage including the tag of 'anti-Semite'. 'Outrageous', 'disgraceful', screamed her Democratic colleagues as they fell to their knees in gratitude for the latest cheque. Democrats most critical of Omar received some of the highest levels of contributions from the pro-Israel lobby and we are looking at in-your-face political prostitution with representatives of a tiny country buying the support of American politicians that are supposedly elected to represent the interests of Americans and not a foreign power. Omar said 'it's all about the Benjamins baby', as in the image of Benjamin Franklin on the $100 dollar bill. The hysterical attacks on her – not least by AIPAC – simply proved that she was right. Truth is the worst nightmare of the liar. 'Benjamins' Netanyahu weighed in on video-link to the 2019 AIPAC conference by saying that American politicians supported Israel (slavishly) because of shared values and not massive donations. They should put him on at the Comedy Store. It's the Benjamins, Benjamin, and you know it (Fig 132). There are many areas where I would have profound disagreements with Omar but on this she is absolutely right and she should not have made the mistake that almost everyone

Figure 132: It's the Benjamins, Benjamin. To say otherwise is a joke.

does of speaking the truth and then apologising when the ultra-Zionist abuse and outrage follows. Pro-Israel lobbyists and donors spent more than $22 million on lobbying and campaign contributions in the 2018 election cycle, but it's not about the Benjamins?? AIPAC spent more than $3.5 million on lobbying during the cycle and more than $5 million in the year in total – the highest since tracking began in 1998. Ultra-Zionist 'progressive' J Street gave $4.03 million in political donations. Dan Auble, a senior researcher at the Center for Responsive Politics (CRP), said he hadn't seen many other countries which had 'a comparable level of activity'. The Israel lobby donated to a long list of politicians including 269 House representatives. House Majority Leader, the Democrat Steny Hoyer, has so far received $1.02 million from pro-Israel groups. Anyone think that might affect his judgement? Hoyer's condemnation of Congresswoman Omar for stating an obvious fact was matched by Republican Vice President and Christian Zionist Israel butt-licker Mike Pence who called for Omar to be removed from the Foreign Affairs Committee. Hoyer and Pence should form their own Israel support group. Tongues Out For Israel might be a title they could consider and there would be no shortage of members on Capitol Hill – Trump among them who also loudly condemned Omar. Pro-Israel groups have donated hundreds of millions to US politics according to CRP figures and the payback comes in the billions handed over in American 'aid' to Israel and the unwavering support for the ultra-Zionist agenda no matter what Israel's government and military may do. The 'anti-Semitism' industry and Protection Racket target with abuse anyone who reveals this elephant in the room because the scale of ultra-Zionist influence in US politics (and elsewhere) is so appalling they are desperate to keep this from public attention. We saw the Protection Racket at work with Ilhan Omar while at the same time non-ultra-Zionist Jews defended her. An open letter by North American Jews, including Canadian-born author and activist, Naomi Klein, said Omar had been falsely accused of antisemitism' and there was nothing anti-Semitic about calling out the 'noxious' role of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC) in American politics: 'The pro-Israel lobby has played an outsized role in producing nearly unanimous congressional support for Israel.' The letter thanked Omar for having the bravery to shake up the congressional taboo against criticizing Israel. 'As Jews with a long tradition of social justice and anti-racism, AIPAC does not represent us', the letter said. All Jewish people think the same, you see – ask the ADL.

Kosher Nostra

Another aspect of the 'Atlantic Crossing' is the role played by ultra-Zionists from Russia and the former Soviet Union in general. The same

transfer of people can be seen between the Soviet Union and the United States that happened earlier with the influx out of Germany from the 19th century of families that became major banking figures like Goldman, Sachs, Lehman, Rockefeller and Rothschild agent Jacob Schiff. Russian and Soviet Zionists and their organised crime syndicates moved in numbers to Brighton Beach in Brooklyn, New York, which became known as 'Little Odessa' when the 1975 Jackson-Vanik law was passed to allow this Jewish immigration into America from the Soviet Union. The 'Jackson' who drove the law through Congress was ... Henry M. 'Scoop' Jackson, hero of the ultra-Zionist Neoconservatives. Two Jackson assistants at the time were Richard Perle and Paul Wolfowitz. Nearly 80 years earlier in 1897 Jacob Schiff's influence over outgoing Democrat US President Grover Cleveland led to changes to the Immigration Bill that would allow an influx for Zionist and Communist Jews from Russia and other countries in the decades that followed. The mass-Russian (Zionist) arrivals to New York after 1975 have become known as the Russian Mafia, Red Mafia, or 'Red Octopus' (to hide the ultra-Zionist connection) and has strong ties to the Rothschilds, Anti-Defamation League (ADL), AIPAC and Mossad. The most famous leader of this ultra-Zionist mob in the United States has been Marat Balagula and the overall global 'Mr Big' is the Ukrainian-born and Moscow-based Semion Mogilevich who once said there were 'too many Jews' in Israel. This fits with the relationship between the Sabbatian-Frankist satanic cult and the mainstream Jewish population and so does the way Mogilevich first made his fortune – by exploiting Jews leaving Russia for the United States and Israel. He would make a deal to sell their assets at market value and forward the proceeds and then just keep the money. Mogilevich was jailed for that swindle, but would eventually become so powerful that no one would touch him. Mogilevich has been described by US and European law enforcement as the 'boss of bosses' of global Russian (ultra-Zionist) crime syndicates and the FBI has labelled him 'the most dangerous mobster in the world' as the head of a colossal global criminal empire involving 'weapons trafficking, contract murders, extortion, drug trafficking, and prostitution on an international scale.' Lovely man, apparently. Among his nicknames are 'Don Semyon' and 'The Brainy Don'. He is reported to have had a good relationship with Vladimir Putin since the 1990s and lives unchallenged in the Russian capital. The Putin 'good relationship' was described by Russian defector Alexander Litvinenko shortly before he was assassinated in London. Litvinenko had been an officer with the Russian secret service, or FSB, and specialised in organised crime investigation. 'Brainy Don' trafficks Russian and Ukrainian girls to brothels in Israel and the authorities are fine with that so long as the girls aren't Jewish. This, then, is the man who ultimately controls the 'Russian' (ultra-Zionist) Mafia in

the United States and worldwide. American investigative journalist Robert Friedman exposed in his book *Red Mafiya: How the Russian Mob Has Invaded America* that the 'Russian Mafia' is really the 'Jewish Mafia' – hence one of its nicknames is the Kosher Nostra in contrast to the Sicilian/Italian Cosa Nostra. Friedman died in 2002 of a 'tropical disease' after those he named put a price on his head. He wrote that the so-called Russian Mafia were all Jewish with connections into Zionist organisations the world over – especially the Anti-Defamation League. Friedman's work was echoed by Jewish writer Laura Radanko, a long-time researcher of the Russian Mafia and author of *The Russian Mafia in America*:

> During the detente days of the early 1970s, when Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev had agreed to allow limited emigration of Soviet Jews, thousands of hard-core criminals, many of them released from Soviet Gulags by the KGB, took advantage of their nominal Jewish status to swarm into the United States ... In the 1970s, more than forty thousand Russian Jews settled in Brighton Beach. It was under the shadow of the elevated subway tracks on Brighton Beach Avenue, bustling with Russian meat markets, vegetable pushcarts, and bakeries, that the Russian gangsters resumed their careers as professional killers, thieves, and scoundrels.

Radanko says there were 30 Russian crime syndicates operating in the United States with major ones in New York, Miami, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Denver. Their hierarchy locks into Mossad and the Sabbatian-Frankist, ultra-Zionist, Revisionist Zionist, appropriately 'Gun Zionism', networks across the United States. They are brutally violent and often openly so to terrify law enforcement, politicians and anyone else who seeks to challenge them or refuse to do what they are ordered to do. Another tide of Russian ultra-Zionists relocated to the US in the 1990s, among them former KGB officers and veterans of the Soviet war in Afghanistan. They and their successors are so merciless that it is said 'they will shoot people just to see if their guns work'. More empathy-deleted psychopaths, in other words, and they are not nearly as rare as people think. This makes it easier to understand why American politicians jump to attention when the ultra-Zionists speak – this and the same merciless approach of Mossad which I will be coming to. There are many 'incentives' for politicians to do what they are told and not all of them are financial. Israel is the 'spiritual' home of the Sabbatian-Frankist ultra-Zionists – Russian and otherwise – and a safe place to run when trouble brews. Dr M. Raphael Johnson wrote the following in a *Barnes Review* article called *The Judeo-Russian Mafia: From the Gulag to Brooklyn to World Dominion:*

> The roots of Jewish organized crime go far back into tsarist times. Organized crime syndicates assisted Lenin's gangs in bank robberies and the creation of general mayhem. During the so-called revolution, it was difficult, sometimes impossible, to distinguish between Bolshevik ideologues and Jewish organized crime syndicates. They acted in nearly an identical manner ...
>
> ... The state of Israel is a major factor in the rise and power of the Jewish mafia. Jewish drug dealers, child porn pushers and slave traders are free from prosecution in Israel. Israel does not consider these to be crimes, so long as the victims are non-Jews. The Israeli state will not extradite its citizens to non-Jewish countries, and, therefore, Jewish murderers can quite easily escape punishment in Israel.

There is ultra-Zionist law and the law the ultra-Zionists demand is imposed on everyone else. We'll see the escape to Israel scam in relation to 9/11 in the chapters that follow.

Kosher Nostra and Trump

This brings me to the Donald Trump connection. Robert Mueller, the FBI chief appointed two weeks before 9/11 who then played his part in the cover up, was named to investigate allegations of Russian collusion with Trump to win the 2016 presidential election. At the level that Mueller investigated this made-up 'plot' the claim about collusion was nonsense and politically-motivated to ensure that Trump would not secure closer connections and cooperation with Russian President Vladimir Putin. This is why the 'Russian collusion' story began immediately Trump was elected. The Hidden Hand wants conflict with Russia, not friendship, and as a result of the claims and Mueller's 'investigation' Trump dared not get closer to Russia and indeed became tougher – not least through sanctions – than any post-war president in an effort to show he was not 'Putin's puppet'. In the end, as I predicted in my last book, no evidence was uncovered by Mueller to show Trump and Russian government collusion. No, Trump is not *Putin's* puppet – he's an ultra-Zionist puppet and caught in another pincer movement with the ultra-Zionists around him dictating his policy while those opposing him in the Democrat Party boxed him in from the other direction to stop any Trump policies unacceptable to the ultra-Zionist agenda from becoming law. Ultra-Zionist Capitol Hill 'Democratic' stalwarts Adam Schiff, Chuck Schumer and Steve Cohen played the role of 'bad cops' to the 'good cops' (same cops) that encircle Trump by pressing the insane Russia investigation and doing everything they can to block a border wall on the scale that Trump promised. Soros money was involved as always, too. Schiff ended up with access to sensitive American 'intel' on the House Intelligence Committee. This is the man that Fox News host Tucker

Carlson called 'a reckless serial liar'. However, there *is* a Russian connection that Mueller did not investigate and indeed wouldn't dare. This is the link between Trump and the Russian ultra-Zionist Mafia in New York. Trump's mentor and legal advisor from the early 1970s until his death from AIDS in 1986 was the ultra-Zionist, Kosher Nostra-connected Roy Cohn. His death came a few weeks after being disbarred for unethical conduct by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. What kept them? The stunningly corrupt Cohn was also chief counsel to Senator Joseph McCarthy's 'communist' witch-hunt in the 1950s which was a version of the 'anti-Semitism' witch-hunt today. Under Cohn's support and protection Donald Trump became a front man for the ultra-Zionists operating out of New York with their fundamental connections to the 'Russian' ultra-Zionist Mafia for whom Cohn worked. Cohn also represented Rupert Murdoch, the media mogul and fanatical Israel supporter, and introduced him to Trump to start a long friendship. *Esquire* magazine described Cohn in an article headed 'Don't mess with Roy Cohn' as the most feared lawyer in New York and 'a ruthless master of dirty tricks... [with] ... more than one Mafia Don on speed dial'. Cohn worked for both the Jewish and Italian Mafias and these connected into Trump's building projects and the organisations he used for supply and construction.

Trump borrowed huge amounts of money from 72 banks with major ultra-Zionist connections and they never called in the debts to put him out of business. He built two casinos in Atlantic City and bought the massive Taj Mahal operation. Together they were a disaster waiting to happen because of the debt payments involved. By the start of the 1990s he owed $4 billion to banks that he couldn't pay including almost $1 billion that he would have had to find personally. The 72 banks were represented in negotiations with Trump by real estate lawyer Alan Pomerantz who would later say that they didn't foreclose and send Trump into mega-bankruptcy because he was worth more to them 'alive than dead' (bankrupt). Trump also approached BT Securities Corporation and Rothschild Inc. to devise a plan to get him out of trouble and the Rothschild senior managing director who handled the case and sorted out Trump's debacle was Wilber Ross who would be named US Commerce Secretary when Trump was elected US President. Ross worked for the Rothschilds for 27 years. Zionist investor Carl Icahn was a major help in the bail-out by buying the Taj Mahal casino and Trump talked about him becoming Treasury Secretary during his election campaign. Ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin was given that job while Icahn was named Special Advisor to the President on Regulatory Reform. Icahn also had some tremendous good fortune when he sold holdings sensitive to the price of steel three days before Trump imposed a 235 percent tariff on steel imports. The timely sale is reported to have

saved Icahn $31.3 million. The Trump bankruptcy lawyer hired to advise him through the Atlantic City disaster was ultra-ultra-Zionist David M. Friedman who Trump would later make US ambassador to Israel to oversee the relocation of the US embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Friedman and ultra-Zionist Jason Greenblatt, executive vice president and chief legal officer to Donald Trump and the Trump Organization, helped Trump recover from financial disaster. Trump made Greenblatt his Assistant to the President and Special Representative for International Negotiations including Israel-Palestine. The ultra-Zionist/Death Cult Mafia in all its financial and legal forms own Donald Trump and whatever Israel has demanded has been given from day one of the Trump presidency. Trump is owned by ultra-Zionist Neocons and even the Democratic Party is now being dubbed 'the Neocon Party' because it supports war every bit as much as the Republicans. When Tulsi Gabbard, Democrat Representative for Hawaii, announced plans in early 2019 to run for US President she was fiercely attacked by Neocon/Soros 'progressives' in her own party (and the pro-Neocon Democrat media) because she opposes American wars in the Middle East. The vast Israel lobby was immediately on her case, too, as you would expect. Ultra-Zionist Sheldon Adelson funds a right-wing warmongering Neocon Republican Party and George Soros funds a right-wing warmongering Neocon Democratic Party which both pursue the same Middle Eastern policy in the one-party state. Trump is surrounded and owned and his bombastic style gives the appearance of him making decisions when they are being made for him by Sabbatian-Frankists and ultra-Zionists. Israeli daily *Haaretz* reported on contributions to Trump by ultra-Zionist Russian oligarchs:

> Of 10 billionaires with Kremlin ties who funneled political contributions to U.S. President Donald Trump and a number of top Republican leaders, at least five are Jewish ... There's Len Blavatnik, the dual British-American citizen who dumped huge amounts of cash on Republican candidates in the last election cycle, much of it funneled through his myriad investment firms. (The same Len Blavatnik funds scholarships for IDF veterans and who is friends with Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu.) Alexander Shustorovich is the president of IMG Artists, a titan among impresarios, who gave Trump's inauguration committee a cool $1 million ... The list goes on.

David Friedman 'advised' (love it) Trump on Israel and Jewish matters during his presidential campaign and co-chaired Trump's Israel Advisory Committee with Jason Greenblatt. Friedman has headed the American Friends of Bet El Institutions which donates $2 million a year to the illegal Jewish settlement of Bet El in the occupied Palestinian West Bank. Jared Kushner, Trump's ultra-Zionist son-in-law and senior

advisor, a life-long friend of Benjamin Netanyahu, has made donations to American Friends of Bet El. Ultra-Zionists utterly dominate Trump and he has served perfectly their agenda for divide and rule in the United States aided by the 'progressive' mob funded by Soros. Is it any wonder that under this administration Israel has been given everything it wants while Palestinians have seen aid money cut back and warned it will get worse if they don't do as they're told? This has included threatened 'consequences' against Palestinians for joining nearly a dozen international bodies and conventions. The Trump administration announced in 2018 a plan to delete all US funding or the main UN programme for Palestinian refugees, the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees in the Near East (UNRWA), with devastating impacts on five million people who rely on its schools, healthcare and social services. The five million are those (and their descendants) who fled or were expelled from their homes amid ultra-Zionist terror in 1948 and as a result of 1967 Six Day war. The arrogance of the US and Israel takes the breath away. They want to bring Palestinians to their knees and then force them to accept whatever they are given – *nothing*, basically – while the Sabbatian-Frankists pursue their Greater Israel and they will get all the support they ask for from ultra-Zionist operatives within Western political parties. In early 2019 both the Conservative and Labour Party Friends of Israel were pressing the British government to stop funding for UNWRA and the Palestinian Authority. Leading the campaign from the Labour side was ultra-Zionist Liverpool MP Louise Ellman, vice-chair of Labour Friends of Israel. Ellman voted 'very strongly' for the Iraq War and 'very strongly' against an investigation into the war when it turned out to be a humanitarian disaster. Ellman is 'very concerned' about 'anti-Semitism' in the Labour Party. But clearly not about Palestinians.

Israel created and controlled by Russian/Soviet ultra-Zionists

The Russia connection extends to Israel itself with a million-plus citizens of the former Soviet Union migrating to Israel in recent decades. The effect on Israeli society was described in a *Guardian* article by one-time Jerusalem correspondent Harriet Sherwood headed 'Israel's former Soviet immigrants transform adopted country'. We have already seen a clear common theme between those born in Russia and the one-time Russian Empire and political power in the new Israel. Now this was a further influx from the same region. Harriet Sherwood described how these incomers have 'influenced the culture, high-tech industry, language, education and, perhaps most significantly, Israeli politics.' The influx has been so great they constitute 15 percent of the country's population, but not all of them are Jewish. Traditional Judaism insists that a Jew is someone with a Jewish mother or a person who goes

through a formal conversion to Judaism. When the Soviet Union collapsed in 1990, however, the criteria for people from there to become Israeli citizens under 'right of return' was expanded to include those with a Jewish father or grandparent or anyone *married* to someone who has. Sherwood reports that according to Israel's Central Bureau of Statistics around *30 percent* of immigrants from the former Soviet Union in the 1990s were not Jews or not considered Jewish under Orthodox law. The figure had increased to *59 percent* by 2005 with only about five percent converting to Judaism. Sherwood writes:

> ... they almost overwhelmed Israel, causing a severe housing crisis. Many eventually settled in Russian enclaves in cities such as Ashdod, Petah Tikva and Haifa – and in expanding [illegal] West Bank settlements, such as Ariel.
>
> 'It was a very different type of immigration,' said Lily Galili, an Israeli journalist writing a book about the impact of the tidal wave from the former Soviet Union. 'They didn't want to integrate. They wanted to lead. They changed the nature of the country.'

They have certainly in a short time begun to dominate Israeli politics and the former Soviet Union is a major centre for Sabbatian-Frankism. One of their prime vehicles is the far right 'Gun Zionist' Yisrael Beiteinu Party of Netanyahu's one-time Defence Minister, the Moldova-born psychopath Avigdor Lieberman who lives in the illegally-occupied West Bank. Lily Galili said that unfortunately migrants from former Soviet states had changed the nature of democracy in Israel. 'They have strengthened and given confidence to the secular right wing', she said, and she point to alienation between Russian immigrants and native Israelis. 'There is not much social interaction. There are still places for "Russians" that "Israelis" don't go and aren't wanted – and vice versa.' Auschwitz survivor Esther Bejarano pointed out that Israeli settlements in the occupied West Bank were mainly for those from Eastern Europe and the United States:

> They have no business there. Nothing at all, and you know who these settlers are? These are Americans and Russians, Ukrainians. They were not born there. Absolutely not.

Bejarano said the idea that the land 'belongs to the Jews because they lived there 2,000 years ago is the biggest nonsense there can be' – 'There were so many Turks and Arabs who have always lived there. The Jews came later.' Who are these people have taken over Israel to a large extent, many of whom are *not Jews?* What is the significance of the Soviet Union where there was such a ridiculous ratio of Zionists among those

who triggered the Russian Revolution?

Control of money and information

Key areas targeted by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult are banking and finance, politics, law, intuitions of social engineering and media. The last two are crucial. They want to control the perceptions of the target population so they will act and see the world and events in the desired manner. From this manipulated perception comes their behaviour, what they will do and not do, accept and not accept, challenge and not challenge, condemn and not condemn. For example, the man credited with being among the first to 'warn' about the threat of 'global Islam' which exploded as an issue as a result of 9/11 is Avi Lipkin (pen name Victor Mordecai) with his 1995 book, *Is Fanatic Islam a Global Threat?* Lipkin is an American-born Israeli who served in the Israeli Defense Forces and with the press office intelligence department of Israeli Prime Minister and Revisionist Zionist terrorist, Yitzhak Shamir. Lipkin claimed to have spoken in 500 churches worldwide and his role has been to bring Christian Zionists on board with his 'Islam must be stopped', 'Armageddon' claptrap. I am no supporter of any religion, certainly not Islam, but by far the greatest danger to the world is from the satanic orchestrators of Sabbatian-Frankism. They to a large extent own and control the global media to dictate the way their manipulations and wars are reported to the population for whom they have a contempt so deep that words do not suffice – not least their contempt for non-Sabbatian-Frankist Jewish people. Ultra-Zionist columnist Joel Stein wrote an article in the *Los Angeles Times* in 2008 headed 'Who runs Hollywood? C'mon' in which he said: 'I don't care if Americans think we're running the news media, Hollywood, Wall Street or the government. I just care that we get to *keep* running them.' He went on:

> I have never been so upset by a poll in my life. Only 22% of Americans now believe 'the movie and television industries are pretty much run by Jews,' down from nearly 50% in 1964. The Anti-Defamation League, which released the poll results last month, sees in these numbers a victory against stereotyping. Actually, it just shows how dumb America has gotten. Jews totally run Hollywood.
>
> How deeply Jewish is Hollywood? When the studio chiefs took out a full-page ad in the Los Angeles Times a few weeks ago to demand that the Screen Actors Guild settle its contract, the open letter was signed by: News Corp. President Peter Chernin (Jewish), Paramount Pictures Chairman Brad Grey (Jewish), Walt Disney Co. Chief Executive Robert Iger (Jewish), Sony Pictures Chairman Michael Lynton (surprise, Dutch Jew), Warner Bros. Chairman Barry Meyer (Jewish), CBS Corp. Chief Executive Leslie Moonves (so Jewish his great

> uncle was the first prime minister of Israel), MGM Chairman Harry Sloan (Jewish) and NBC Universal Chief Executive Jeff Zucker (mega-Jewish). If either of the Weinstein brothers had signed, this group would have not only the power to shut down all film production but to form a minyan with enough Fiji water on hand to fill a mikvah.
>
> The person they were yelling at in that ad was SAG President Alan Rosenberg (take a guess). The scathing rebuttal to the ad was written by entertainment super-agent Ari Emanuel (Jew with Israeli parents) on the Huffington Post, which is owned by Arianna Huffington (not Jewish and has never worked in Hollywood).
>
> The Jews are so dominant, I had to scour the trades to come up with six Gentiles in high positions at entertainment companies. When I called them to talk about their incredible advancement, five of them refused to talk to me, apparently out of fear of insulting Jews. The sixth, AMC President Charlie Collier, turned out to be Jewish.
>
> As a proud Jew, I want America to know about our accomplishment. Yes, we control Hollywood. Without us, you'd be flipping between 'The 700 Club' and 'Davey and Goliath' on TV all day.
>
> So I've taken it upon myself to re-convince America that Jews run Hollywood by launching a public relations campaign, because that's what we do best. I'm weighing several slogans, including: 'Hollywood: More Jewish than ever!'; 'Hollywood: From the people who brought you the Bible'; and 'Hollywood: If you enjoy TV and movies, then you probably like Jews after all.

If anyone else said that Zionists control the news media, Hollywood, Wall Street and the government they would be condemned as racists and neo-Nazis repeating an 'anti-Semitic trope' even though they say it themselves. Ultra-Zionist Jeff Zucker at NBC Universal is now head of CNN while the chairman of the journalistically corrupt NBC News and MSNBC is ultra-Zionist Andrew Lack. The sheer arrogance of those *claiming* to represent *two percent* of the American population and *0.2 percent* of the world population is hard to imagine. Joel Stein said that then ADL chief Abraham Foxman agreed that Jews are disproportionately represented in the creative industry. 'They're disproportionate as lawyers and probably medicine here as well', he said. But he did not want Stein to brag about their control of Hollywood and the entertainment industry:

> That's a very dangerous phrase, 'Jews control Hollywood'. What is true is that there are a lot of Jews in Hollywood,' he said. Instead of 'control,' Foxman

would prefer people say that many executives in the industry 'happen to be Jewish,' as in 'all eight major film studios are run by men who happen to be Jewish.'

The ADL is actually there to stop people seeing the Zionist influence by intimidating into silence those who *can* see the obvious with the 'anti-Semite' technique. Anyone trying to silence the truth or freedom of speech has an agenda to protect. Ultra-Zionist American lawyer Alan Dershowitz agrees that Jewish people 'are represented in large numbers in various professionals such as the academy, finance, and the media' and he says this is because 'they have proved to be successful at these enterprises'. In some cases that will be true, but *all* of them? As Joel Stein would say ... c'mon. Dershowitz points out in support of his case that 'there is poverty among many Jews, particularly the elderly' and I would respond this way: (1) I am not saying that all Jews are involved in a conspiracy. I am saying that the great majority are victims of the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult of fake Jews who use them as camouflage; (2) If the goal is protecting Jewish people why is there 'poverty among many Jews, particularly the elderly' when there are others worth multiple-billions? American psychologist Kevin B. MacDonald, a former professor of psychology at California State University, Long Beach, confirmed Joel Stein's analysis in a trilogy of books which included *The Culture of Critique: An Evolutionary Analysis of Jewish Involvement in Twentieth-Century Intellectual and Political Movements* published in 2002. MacDonald documents the absolutely extraordinary power of Zionism over Hollywood and the American broadcast and print media which applied in the period across 9/11. He has naturally been dubbed an 'anti-Semite' because facts are no defence against that. Ultra-Zionists don't want to debate facts so they deal only in abuse. As we head back towards the detailed background to 9/11 it is important to know the scale of control that ultra-Zionists had at that time – as now – over government, Pentagon, law and media. It will explain so much from the next chapter onwards.

Shoot the messenger – stop the message

Media control of the Israel/Zionist narrative is also achieved by firing anyone who offers criticism of either. When others see their colleagues sacked in an instant they know they had better stay silent about anything that could put Israel and Zionism in a bad light. Jim Clancy worked as a journalist, correspondent and anchor on CNN for 34 years but resigned in 2015 after tweeting that attacks on him on Twitter were possibly part of the Israeli Hasbara campaign of systematic propaganda. Compared with those mild comments and a justifiable question 34 years of service meant nothing to CNN. He had to go. Only ludicrous,

tongues-out, establishment-repeater clones like Chris Cuomo, Don Lemon, Jim Acosta and former CIA intern Anderson Cooper need apply to CNN these days. Contempt for journalism and a willingness to sell your soul must be ticked on the application form to even secure an interview. See also MSNBC where presenter Rachel Maddow is a disgrace to journalism and the BBC which is Britain's CNN and another disgrace to journalism. Maddow the fake 'journalist' was actually close to tears on air after the Mueller investigation found no provable Trump collusion with Russia (Fig 133). Twitter banned the account of someone making fun of the incident involving a television host who had misled America for two years over Russia and Trump – as did CNN, NBC and others. The BBC can't be so openly biased because of (one-sided) British media 'impartiality' laws but achieves the same biased end through story angles and emphasis, omission, language, labels and choice of interviewees. Britain's state broadcaster feels the need to tell us often how honest and trustworthy it is hoping that we won't notice that it isn't (see 'America is the freest country in the world'). CNN ended the contributor contract of academic Marc Lamont Hill after his comments about the Israel-Palestine conflict were labelled 'anti-Semitic'. Yawn. Hill accused Israel of 'ethnic cleansing' and denying Palestinians due process and compared the experience of the African American struggle against slavery and apartheid in the United States. He called for a new model of regional peace based on a single state with equal rights to Israelis and Palestinians (the ultra-Zionists' worse nightmare) with the two-state 'solution' now dead in the water after so much Jewish-*only* settlement in illegally-occupied Palestinian land. Hill said there should be 'a Free Palestine from the river to the sea' – from the Jordan to the Mediterranean. This was spun as a call to remove all Jews from the region – which it wasn't – but it's okay for the founding charter of the Likud Party of terrorists Menachem Begin and Benjamin Netanyahu to demand that: 'Between the sea and the Jordan there will only be Israeli sovereignty.' The way the global Israeli propaganda network operates can be clearly seen in the response to what Hill said in a much longer speech at a United Nations event marking the International Day of Solidarity with Palestine. Jewish 'leaders' began calling for Hill's

Figure 133: Don't cry, Rachael, biased excuse for a journalist. Just tell the bloody truth – that's all we ask.

dismissal from his position at Temple University. Targeting the income and careers of those who criticise Israel is a foundation modus operandi and a warning to others to keep quiet or risk losing both. Who were these 'Jewish leaders' with their 'spontaneous' response of outrage? Well ... the *Philadelphia Inquirer* reported that one was Leonard Barrack, a 'Temple trustee and major donor' to Temple University, a Temple alumnus and former finance chairman of the Democratic National Committee (DNC). Barrack is also former president of the Jewish Federation of Greater Philadelphia which hosts events with AIPAC and Israel lobby group StandWithUs exposed in the Al Jazeera documentaries over its manipulation on US campuses. Barrack said of Hill: 'He called for the destruction of the State of Israel in code words. I am very upset about it. I think it was anti-Semitic.' Another demand for Hill to be sacked came from Morton Klein, President of the Zionist Organization of America, who is close to the Trump administration and the President's biggest donor (owner) Sheldon Adelson who, in turn, is an associate of Benjamin Netanyahu. Klein described 17-year-old Ahed Tamimi, jailed by Israel for slapping a soldier after part of her cousin's head was blown off, as a 'convicted Palestinian-Arab terrorist'. Nice man. Klein was at the forefront of the campaign to remove Trump National Security Adviser H.R. McMaster for alleged 'anti-Israel' beliefs and he was replaced by Israel sycophant and Adelson confidant, the psychopath, John Bolton. Also on Hill's case was the National Council of Young Israel (NCYI), a collective of more than 100 groups throughout the United States. The NCYI was founded more than 100 years ago and claims to have helped to supply weapons to ultra-Zionist terrorist groups, including Irgun, before Israel was established in 1948. The Jewish Federation of Greater Philadelphia, headed by Leonard Barrack, has celebrated Menachem Begin, the Irgun terrorist Israeli prime minister, in yet another show of breathtaking hypocrisy. This is how the ultra-Zionist networks attack their opponents and the mentality of those behind such coordinated attacks. Ultra-Zionist conservative political commentator Ben Shapiro, who some amazingly see as 'alternative', said Hill had called for 'killing all the Jews' in the region when he blatantly had not. With ultra-Zionists positioned across the political spectrum they can come out in unison and say 'see – everyone agrees'. Cuban-American CNN news anchor Rick Sanchez was fired in 2010 after he indicated that Jewish people claim to be an oppressed minority when they have so much power in the media. Compared with their number that statement is clearly factually correct, but truth has no value if it's not what the ultra-Zionists want people to hear. Sanchez then fell to his knees in an effort to save his career. He wrote to Abraham Foxman, then head of the appalling Mossad front, the Anti-Defamation League:

> [T]here are no words strong enough for me to express my regret and sorrow over what I said. It was offensive, and I deeply, sincerely and unequivocally apologize for the hurt that I have caused. I tell my children that when they make a mistake, they should take responsibility, atone and work to repair whatever they have done ... I cannot undo the offense or controversy I caused; all I can do is to try and learn from this experience and strive to become a better person.

Or you could just tell them to fuck off.

CNN removed reporter Diana Magnay from the Middle East when she described a group of Israelis as 'scum' after they threatened her while she was reporting on Gaza. Magnay said she was live on the air while the Israelis were cheering bombs landing on Gaza during the mass murder of 2014. She said on Twitter: 'Israelis on hill above Sderot cheer as bombs land on #gaza; threaten to "destroy our car if I say a word wrong." Scum.' The President of CNN Worldwide is Jeff Zucker, the man writer Joel Stein described as 'mega-Jewish' when he was chief executive of NBC Universal. Zucker has used CNN to silence free speech and in this inverted world the Radio Television Digital News Association gave its 2019 First Amendment Award for 'free speech defenders' to ... Jeff Zucker. This was like giving a pro-life award to an abortion clinic. Zucker is the boss of CNN's ultra-Zionist 'lead political anchor' Wolf Blitzer who worked for Reuters in Tel Aviv, *The Jerusalem Post* and was editor of AIPAC publication, *Near East Report*. CNN's dramatic decline from at least a lip-service news organisation to full-flown propaganda arm of the 'progressive' mob and its political advocates is attributed by some former journalists to the period when ultra-Zionist Jonathan Klein was president of CNN/US between 2004 and 2010. The late great Helen Thomas covered the White House across ten presidents starting with John F. Kennedy until she was forced out during the Obama era for 'anti-Semitic' comments after 57 years working for United Press International (UPI) and its predecessor. Thomas had asked Obama a question that no one else in the press corps dare about Israel's nuclear weapons. 'Radical' Obama stuttered like an idiot trying not to answer the question because of the don't say, don't ask policy agreement between Israel and the United States in which Israel doesn't admit it has a big nuclear arsenal and the American government doesn't ask. Thomas was then set up by an ultra-Zionist posing as a father with a son who wanted to be a journalist. She was asked out of nowhere about her views on Israel and she said: 'Tell them to get the hell out of Palestine' and 'Remember, these people are occupied and it's their land. It's not German, it's not Poland ...' The switch was immediately flicked on the outrage machine and she was

forced out of Hearst Newspapers, dropped by all and sundry, condemned by her fellow alleged journalists when they lifted their heads from kissing the ultra-Zionist arse and the truly pathetic Obama called her remarks 'offensive', 'out of line' and said her retirement was 'the right decision'. He also thought 'Phew – thank goodness I won't face another question about Israel's nuclear arsenal.' What a major league fraud that man is. The Society of 'Professional Journalists' (you are joking) even voted to retire the Helen Thomas Award for Lifetime Achievement. Thomas was the daughter of Lebanese immigrants from Tripoli and pointed out that she could not be accused of 'anti-Semitism' because she was a Semite and Israelis were not. She said:

> We have organized lobbyists in favour of Israel, you can't open your mouth. I can call the president of the United States anything in the book, but you say one thing about Israel and you're off limits.

She said in another interview: 'I hit the third rail. You cannot criticize Israel in this country and survive.' All demonstrably true. 'Progressive' MSNBC sacked contributor Rula Jebreal after she protested at the channel's biased coverage of the 2014 Israeli slaughter in Gaza. Jebreal said later:

> I couldn't stay silent after seeing the amount of airtime given to Israeli politicians versus Palestinians. They say we are balanced but their idea of balance is 90 percent Israeli guests and 10 percent Palestinians. This kind of media is what leads to the failing policies that we see in Gaza ...
>
> ... We as journalists are there to afflict the comfortable and who is comfortable in this case? Who is really endangering both sides and harming American interests in the region? It's those enforcing the status quo of the siege of Gaza and the occupation of the West Bank.

Jebreal said she told MSNBC bosses there was a serious problem with pro-Israel bias, 'but everybody's intimidated by this pressure and if it's not direct then it becomes self-censorship.'

Ultra-Zionist censorship wherever you look

Jewish journalist and activist Max Blumenthal reported that an NBC producer speaking on condition of anonymity confirmed the existence of a top-down intimidation campaign aimed at presenting an Israeli-centric view of attacks on the Gaza Strip: 'The NBC producer told me that MSNBC President Phil Griffin and NBC executives are micromanaging coverage of the crisis, closely monitoring contributors' social media accounts and engaging in a "witch hunt" against anyone who strays

from the official line.' The NBC chairman (and former president) is ultra-Zionist Andrew Lack. BBC reporter and presenter Tim Willcox was pressured to apologise for a 'poorly phrased question' after telling a Jewish woman that Palestinians 'suffer hugely at Jewish hands' during a live interview at a Paris anti-terrorism rally. Willcox said: 'Many critics of Israel's policy would suggest that the Palestinians suffer hugely at Jewish hands as well ...You understand everything is seen from different perspectives.' Once again this is true and once again truth is no defence from the ultra-Zionist mob. Jewish historian Simon Schama said the question was appalling and as always the hypocrisy of *Jewish Chronicle* editor Jonathan Pollard and the Campaign Against Antisemitism of Jewish National Fund board member Gideon Falter couldn't be unleashed fast enough. Top American basketball player LeBron James lashed out in 2018 against 'a bunch of old white men owning teams and they got that slave mentality.' That was okay – and it is – to express those views, but shortly afterwards when he quoted rap lyrics that included the line 'We been getting that Jewish money, everything is Kosher' he immediately apologised because that was not okay. There is no 'Jewish money', you see, no Jewish billionaires funding both sides in US politics. It's all a myth, an 'anti-Semitic trope', so it is outrageous to even raise the subject and most certainly 'anti-Semitic'. As for exposing ultra-Zionists like the Rothschilds for their serious involvement in the slave trade – you must be a Nazi to say that even though it's true.

Israel-born and now British-based anti-Zionist activist and musician Gilad Atzmon has long contended that 'Jewish power is the power to silence opposition to Jewish power'. I would put it like this: 'Sabbatian-Frankist power is the power to silence opposition to Sabbatian-Frankist power by presenting it as Jewish power and weaponising 'anti-Semitism' to target opponents. Atzmon, even though born into a Jewish family in Israel, is one of the hate figures of the ultra-Zionist Protection Racket and they even seek to have him banned from musical events when all he is doing is playing the saxophone. Islington's Labour-controlled council in London – the area where Labour leader Jeremy Corbyn is an MP – banned Atzmon from playing at a concert in the borough after a *single* complaint from a rabid ultra-Zionist who constantly excuses Israel's disgusting and merciless treatment of Palestinians. You'll find Islington Council in the phone book under 'i' for idiots or 's' for spineless. All who challenge the extremes of Zionism and the Israeli government must be destroyed both financially and in terms of their reputation; but the tide is turning because people are increasingly sick of 'anti-hate' groups promoting hatred and self-serving censorship. Jonathan Schanzer from the ultra-Zionist front, the Foundation for the Defense of Democracy, was caught on a hidden camera saying that those who challenge Israel must be smeared in other

ways because 'Personally I think anti-Semitism as a smear is not what it used to be.' Too right, mate. You've overcooked the mantra and now people are seeing through the game.

SiliCON Valley

By far the most important media control today is based in Silicon Valley, California, or the 'Devil's Playground' as I prefer to call it. The Hidden Hand and its Sabbatian-Frankist, ultra-Zionist arm have worked to transfer the circulation of information from newspapers and television to the Internet because then it can be censored by artificial intelligence algorithms with not even human intervention once the codes are in place. Set the algorithms to censor key words or subjects and you can dictate, potentially in total, what people see and don't see. This is the ultimate ambition of the Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankist ultra-Zionism. The gathering censorship of alternative voices using the systematically-decreed excuses of 'hate speech', 'fake news' and political correctness (see the ultra-Zionist Frankfurt School) is this very agenda unfolding before us and becoming more extreme by the day. In the light of this is it an obviously legitimate question to ask why Internet information giants and near-monopolies are dominated by a fraction of 0.2 percent of the global population. It is not only legitimate to ask this question, but absolutely essential for *everyone* to ask it and that includes Jewish people because they are subject to the same censorship by the same people when they don't sing from the official song-sheet. I have already mentioned that Google is run by Larry Page (Zionist) and Sergey Brin (Zionist); Google's YouTube by Susan Wojcicki (Zionist); Facebook by Mark Zuckerberg (Zionist) and Chief Operating Officer Sheryl Sandberg (Zionist), formerly with Google; and the chairman of Apple is Arthur D. Levinson (Zionist). The statistical chances of this happening from such a tiny percentage of the population must be astronomical given the power these companies have over global communication through the Internet and technology. Add-in the fact that ultra-Zionist hate groups are being employed to 'advise' these ultra-Zionist-controlled companies on who and what to censor and that includes the ultra-Zionist CAA in the UK which targets me and the Labour Party. I doubt the Jewish National Fund will be censored for peddling apartheid.

The ultra-Zionist hate group and apartheid-supporting Anti-Defamation League (ADL) established its own state-of-the-art censorship centre in Silicon Valley and you are looking at a gigantic scam to control what the world population can see and hear. It is part-funded by eBay founder Pierre Omidyar who also contributes to the George Soros Open Society Foundations and has big Pentagon connections. Omidyar is another fake 'progressive' in the mould of Soros who funds Neocon regime change operations and organisations closely

connected to ultra-Zionist Bill Kristol, co-founder of the Project for the New American Century. Investigative journalists Alexander Rubinstein and Max Blumenthal uncovered many of these connections for MintPress News. Rubinstein said:

> If partnering with the Neocon think tank guru who was a main conduit for US government messaging in the lead-up to the Iraq War is 'progressive' then I think it's time we retire the term.

Omidyar also bought The Intercept website via his First Look Media and shut down access to its archive of documents leaked by National Security Agency whistleblower Edward Snowden. This is same Omidyar funding the ADL Internet censorship centre. Multi-billionaire Soros, the 'progressive'-funding ultra-Zionist in disguise, is financially-supporting 'fact-checking' and search engine groups that seek to dictate the information that the ultra-Zionist-controlled Silicon Valley giants will allow to be communicated. Apple CEO Tim Cook was the first recipient of the ADL's 'Courage Against Hate Award' in 2018 which was a mind-boggling irony given that the ADL is an extreme hate group that sets out to get the public to hate its targets. This disgusting organisation was exposed for supporting the apartheid regime in South Africa and is controlled by the far right Israeli government which indoctrinates Israelis to hate Palestinians. Cook seized the chance in his acceptance speech at the ADL's 'Annual Summit on Anti-Semitism and Hate' to say that 'conspiracy theories' should be banned – exactly what ultra-Zionist hate groups like the ADL have been working so hard to achieve. Cook suggested that the Holocaust was a function of too much free speech when what happened in Nazi Germany was actually caused by *too little.* Why does he think the Nazis went on a rampage of book burning?? My God, *what an idiot.* Nazis, like all tyrannies, targeted free speech to silence critics and those who could otherwise have exposed what they were doing. They burned books they didn't want people to see – just like Silicon Valley is involved in digital book-burning. They banned or broke up public meetings of opponents just like the 'progressive' 'anti-fascist' Soros-backed mob and the CAA and censor-network seek to do today. Apple and other ultra-Zionist Internet dominants banned conspiracy radio show host Alex Jones from their platforms in 2018 which freedom-deleting Cook was quite happy to crow about. The level of narcissistic arrogance and self-obsession required to demand freedom of speech for yourself while seeking to deny that to other people is beyond my comprehension. I don't agree with a lot that Alex Jones says – and some I do – but that is irrelevant to the fact that his freedom is speech is *everyone's* freedom of speech. If he doesn't have it then no one does because all that is left is the 'freedom' to conform to what authority

decides to allow. It is worth making the point, too, that while Cook and Apple talk about their 'values' they have already sold hundreds of millions of their WIFI 'Airpods' (many to children and young people) which constantly pass frequency waves through the brain. Apple doesn't know the consequences because they have done no long-term studies, but to anyone *with* a brain those consequences are bloody obvious in dangers to health and brain function. How comforting that Apple and Cook have 'values'.

The 'hate-speech' scam

So-called 'hate speech' constantly expands the excuse for censorship as the definition gets longer by the hour. Things like incitement to violence are subject to criminal law and that is where it should be addressed and debated – in open public courts. It should not be at the behest of biased people like Tim Cook, Zuckerberg, Brin, Page and other corporate dictators to impose their views and agenda on the rest of the human race. People should be free to say anything they like and their views then be open to public debate and challenge while involving the criminal law where violence is being promoted against others. In short, what people say should be dealt with *after* their words are delivered and not *before* as the Internet censors want to achieve through artificial intelligence. The difference between the two is utterly pivotal for human freedom. When speech is addressed *after* delivery there is no way any authority can dictate what people see and hear; but once you accept censorship *before* delivery you are giving exactly that power to authority. What's more the criteria for pre-delivery censorship just goes on growing ... incitement to terrorism, incitement to violence, 'hate speech', 'fake news', hurting anyone's 'feelings'. The list goes on and on until there is no freedom left which has been the plan all along. Tim Cook's ADL speech was a classic misrepresentation of what he was claiming to stand for as he couched his 'ban conspiracy theories' in the smokescreen of 'white supremacy'. In doing so he was following the blueprint of connecting in the public mind free speech and the far right. Link the two together psychologically and then when anyone calls for freedom of speech they are automatically considered 'far right extremists' who believe in 'white supremacy'. I think that anyone who self-identifies the 'I' with the transitory labels of race has completely missed the point about the nature of reality, but it's okay it seems to claim to be God's Chosen People while seeking to silence others for seeing their own race as above all others. I say both are forms of extreme and idiotic racism because I am against racism *in totality* – not only where it suits me. Cook said that companies like Apple need to 'do the right thing' rather than debate whether they are being impartial or not: 'If we can't be clear on moral questions like these, we've got big problems'. Oh, do piss off. It's

about silencing speech and information you don't want people to hear – end of. If only they were honest about it. That would be bad enough because of the consequences for human freedom, but to justify politically-targeted censorship on the basis of the (non-existent) 'morality' of global corporations is definitely sick-bag territory. We are in the midst of a tiny few people controlling all global communication for more than 7.7 billion people and the weaponisation of 'anti-Semitism' is being used to protect this tyranny from exposure. Well, *bollocks* to that. Call me what you like, I don't care. What I *do* care about is free speech, the very foundation of freedom, and the truth of what is really happening.

Time for us all – Jewish and non-Jewish – to call it out

Once again I emphasise the consequences of what the ultra-Zionists and Sabbatian-Frankists are doing for the rest of the Jewish population. Many people can't or won't distinguish between the Death Cult and ultra-Zionist extremists and Jews in general because they don't know about the Cult. Thus the actions of the Cult are blamed on the whole Jewish population and people are getting increasingly enraged at the actions and fascistic tendencies of the Cult. It is well past the time when the overwhelming majority of Jewish people who are not part of any of this start speaking out against its impact on global affairs and the way they themselves are perceived. A CNN survey of 'anti-Semitism' in Europe revealed:

> More than a quarter of Europeans surveyed believe Jews have too much influence in business and finance. One in five say they have too much influence in media and politics. In some countries the numbers are often higher: 42% of Hungarians think Jews have too much influence in finance and business across the world.

The CNN poll also claimed that in Poland '50% of people think that Jews use the Holocaust to advance their position'. These numbers should be of great concern to Jewish people in general because they indicate that efforts to control the narrative have been far from successful and they need to distance themselves from the extremists using them as cover. Israel-born activist Gilad Atzmon wrote:

> If Jews want to be loved or simply just ignored, then: (1) maybe the European Jewish Congress should seriously consider the possible consequences of its 'demand' that 'the Bible and the Koran use "trigger warnings" to highlight anti-Semitic passages'; (2) the French Jewish organisations might want to reconsider their relentless campaign to decimate the artistic career of France's most popular comedian; or (3) it might not be a great idea for Britain's Jewish

institutions to interfere with British national politics by smearing Britain's number one anti-racist [a reference to the Labour Party's Jeremy Corbyn although I wish he would grow a spine].

It is vital for people to see the difference between the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult and its ultra-Zionist gofers and lackeys and Jewish people in general. They are not the same. It is way past the time for Jewish people to address the extremists and cultists who exploit them to silence exposure.

And so back to 9/11

Zionist and ultra-Zionist organisations form a network across America and the world to manipulate and impose the will of ultra-Zionism and the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult which the great majority of Jewish people have no idea exists. They see these organisations as only there to promote the interests of Israel and the land to which they believe they have an historic right. No such right exists, but that has to be indoctrinated into them from birth so they act as unknowing stooges to the Sabbatian-Frankist agenda. It helps, too, when people claim a 'Jewish plot' to take over the world when that is exactly what the Sabbatian-Frankists want to hear to give cover to the real perpetrators that merely exploit the Jewish majority as a convenient shield to hide within. Jewish children are indoctrinated with the belief that the rest of humanity hates them and so they have to stick together behind the collective protection of what are Sabbatian-Frankists posing as Jewish leaders. Fear is the currency of control and the Death Cult employs this mercilessly against the Jewish majority. Add the Kosher Nostra networks of organised crime which interlock with Mossad, the ultra-Zionists in Israel and the rest of the web within The Web – add control of so much of government and media – and you have a hidden stream of interconnections perfectly capable of perpetrating and then covering up 9/11.

Out of these networks in the United States and Israel came the Project for the New American Century and the attacks of 9/11 that were essential to triggering the long-planned response of regime change in the Middle East and elsewhere and the systematic deletion of privacy and civil rights worldwide. From this detailed background we will now return to 9/11 and who was *really* responsible. The 'why?' is already painfully obvious.

CHAPTER 23

Just a coincidence?

And if all others accepted the lie which the Party imposed – if all records told the same tale – then the lie passed into history and became truth. 'Who controls the past' ran the Party slogan, 'controls the future: who controls the present controls the past' – George Orwell, *1984*

Sabbatian-Frankism, ultra-Zionism and Revisionist 'Gun' Zionism have a long and sickening history of using violence to get their way. This forced the British out of Palestine, established the State of Israel and Gun Zionism's military and intelligence arms, the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF), Mossad, Shin Bet and other global assets have ever since followed that lead to bomb, kill and terrorise in pursuit of the Death Cult's agenda of global control.

We should not be surprised to find, therefore, that the attacks of September 11th, 2001, have ultra-Zionist and Death Cult fingerprints all over them, but please don't take my word for it. Consider the evidence and connections I will present – together with those already presented – and see if you think they are all simply bizarre coincidences. I emphasise again (because I know I will be massively misrepresented) that I am not saying 9/11 was a 'Jewish plot'. This would require me to claim that all Jewish people were involved in accordance with how a 'Jewish plot' is defined by the 'anti-Semitism' industry and the Protection Racket. I am absolutely not saying that and indeed in so many ways I am saying the opposite – that claims of a 'Jewish global conspiracy' have perfectly served those who truly drive the hijacking of global society. The claim has diverted attention from the real perpetrators by (a) blaming 'The Jews' and (b) allowing the weaponisation of 'anti-Semitism' to not only silence criticism of 'The Jews' but to silence exposure of the real perpetrators hiding within and behind the smokescreen of 'The Jews'. The satanic Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult has infiltrated the Israeli political left, right, and far right and has contempt for traditional Jewishness, Judaism and its advocates. Jewish people have been manipulated to believe that Israel, Judaism and Zionism are the same as fake and fraudulent Sabbatian-Frankist 'Judaism' and 'Zionism' when that is clearly not the case. Sabbatian-Frankists talk like Jews, but act like Satanists and psychopaths. This is why the background set out in the

last few chapters has been essential to put 9/11 into its real context.

The Sabbatian-Frankist Cult has arranged for Jews to be indoctrinated from the earliest age into believing historical myths and crucially that the rest of the world hates them. This has been essential to manipulate the population to believe they must be 'protected' by the (Sabbatian-Frankist) ultra-Zionist hierarchy. Claims by ultra-Zionist front groups that 'anti-Semitism is 'on the rise' (it always is according to them) are as much aimed at Jewish people as the rest of the population. They have to be kept in fear and the siege mentality for Sabbatian-Frankists to maintain their control. Former Mossad operative Victor Ostrovsky tells in *By Way of Deception* how he was taught that the State of Israel is incapable of misconduct. Look at the new definition of 'anti-Semitism' and you'll see how that is actually claiming the same. No Jewish person can be criticised because that would be 'anti-Semitic' is only another way of saying that no Jewish person can be legitimately criticised. Yet like every other cultural, religious or racial group you find within the Jewish community nice people, okay people and psychopaths. Why should they be different to every other group? The 'anti-Semitism' industry is there to protect the psychopaths from exposure by using the nice and okay people as their human shield. Most Jewish people are victims of the plot, not perpetrators, but they can be manipulated into serving that plot by believing in the genuineness and Judaistic nature of the psychopaths. Ostrovsky describes how he was told from an early age that Jews were 'the David in the unending struggle against the ever-growing Goliath'. There was 'no one out there to protect us but ourselves – a feeling reinforced by the Holocaust survivors who lived among us'. He says of this indoctrination:

> We, the new generation of Israelites, the resurrected nation on its own land after more than two thousand years of exile, were entrusted with the fate of the nation as a whole. The commanders of our army were called champions, not generals. Our leaders were captains at the helm of a great ship ...

You can see how the mind-fuck works. Keep them in fear of the rest of humanity and they will give their power away to the military and government to protect from their otherwise certain fate. What a perceptual burden to carry from birth and even most of those who serve the Sabbatian-Frankist and ultra-Zionist agenda only do so because their minds and perceptions belong to someone else. You can understand Ostrovsky's one-way indoctrination as he was growing up given that his mother fought for Haganah, the Israeli underground (terrorist group), and his father fought in the Israel-Arab war in 1948 and commanded an Israeli Air Force Base. His grandfather was Auditor General of the apartheid Jewish National Fund (JNF). Ostrovsky writes:

> ... My own idea of Israel as I was growing up was as the land of milk and honey. That any hardships were worth it. I believed it was a country that would do no wrong, would not inflict evil on others, would set an example to all nations to see and to follow. If there was anything wrong financially or politically in the country, I always imagined this was at the lower echelons of government – with the bureaucrats, who would eventually clean up their act. Basically I believed there were people guarding our rights, great people like [Israel's first Prime Minister] David Ben-Gurion ...

Ostrovsky realised during his time with Mossad as a 'katsa' (case officer) that Israel and its leaders were not like that and hence his extremely brave exposure of what Mossad is really doing. If Jewish people woke up from the life-program they would see that the rest of humanity doesn't hate them and does not seek to destroy them. I have a problem with the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult, not Jewish people. I don't agree with the behaviour of *some* Jews and I don't believe in their religion, but that's not the same as hating them for simply *being* them. This is what the real definition of 'anti-Semitism' should be if the term is going to be used at all given that it's a misnomer to start with. In fact, I don't hate *anyone* – what you hate you become just as what you fight you become. See the 'anti-fascist' mobs for confirmation. By contrast those who scream 'anti-Semitism' at every turn are seeking to encourage people to hate their targets while calling themselves 'anti-hate' groups. We should also not forget that the Sabbatian-Frankist Satanic Cult is only part of the Hidden Hand Satanic Cult and I am highlighting this part of The Web because of its clear and obvious connection to 9/11.

War by deception

Control of information and intelligence has always been a prime target for Sabbatian-Frankists with the Rothschilds creating an intelligence and courier network that eclipsed in scale and efficiency those of governments. Knowing what is happening or planned to happen before governments do is an immense source of power. Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman describes in *To Eliminate the Opiate* how the Sabbatian network 'was held together by an elaborate system of communications consisting of couriers and emissaries whose full time job it was to run messages all over Eastern Europe':

> Across this network travelled much information and secret messages, some of which have been lying around in archives in Europe. It reached the archives because, from time to time, various governments who were monitoring Sabbatian activity in Europe were able to intercept and confiscate their communications.

These Rothschild and Sabbatian-Frankist communication networks eventually fused to become the national and international intelligence agencies – most especially Israeli Mossad, America's CIA and National Security Agency (NSA) nexus, and Britain's MI5 (domestic) and MI6 (overseas). Victor Ostrovsky said he was told during his Mossad training in the 1980s that its motto is: 'By way of deception, thou shalt do war'. This certainly encapsulates the techniques of Mossad (Israeli global intelligence), Shin Bet (domestic intelligence), Aman (military intelligence) and the fantastic Zionist web of organisations that ultimately answer to the ultra-Zionist hierarchy and Sabbatian-Frankism. Understanding Mossad and its associated military and intelligence networks is crucial to understanding what happened on 9/11 and who was really behind the attacks. Mossad, which was centrally involved in 9/11, was established in 1949 on the say-so of Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion as the central body of Israel intelligence. The full title is the Institute of Intelligence and Special Operations and, as with Israel's nuclear weapons, Mossad did not at first officially exist although everyone knew that it did. Mossad became part of the Prime Minister's Office – just like the Ministry of Strategic Affairs 'Hasbara' operation of global propaganda – but 'the Institute' is actually a law unto itself and beyond even political leadership. Ostrovsky exposes Mossad's targeted assassinations and execution list, the undermining of politicians it doesn't like and secret operations in foreign lands including (especially) those of its apparent 'friends'. He writes that '... one of the first duties of any new Israeli prime minister is to read the execution list and decide whether or not to initial each name on it' (agree for them to be killed). Ostrovsky describes an Israeli spy network in the United States known as 'A1' and says that people 'don't understand that the Mossad regards the whole world outside Israel as a target, including Europe and the United States'. An Israel-defending article by the ultra-Zionist-owned *New York Times* reviewing Ostrovsky's book did acknowledge Israeli spying within the US to be fact. It further revealed that a 'secret CIA report dated March, 1979 (made public by Iran when militants seized the American Embassy there) says that Israel has used bugs, wiretaps and attempted blackmail and bribes to gather intelligence in this country [the US]'. Others have exposed Mossad's assassination policy including Ronen Bergman in *Rise and Kill First – the secret history of Israel's targeted assassinations*. This account of Israel's assassinations, meticulous in its detail and sources, describes how Mossad, Shin Bet and the Israeli Defence Forces (IDF) had a policy from the start of simply assassinating those considered a problem to their agenda and not just in Israel and Palestine either. When you think they are all outgrowths of the ultra-Zionist terror groups that bombed and

murdered Israel into existence this should be no surprise. There are many examples of Mossad and other ultra-Zionist military and intelligence hit-squads killing the wrong people and goodness only knows how many innocents have been killed and maimed who were in the wrong place at the wrong time. Ostrovsky says that Mossad operatives are taught to fire as many bullets as possible at their target – 'When he's on the ground you walk up to him, put your gun to his temple, and fire one more time.' Mossad gives ruthlessness, evil and psychopathy a bad name and no wonder that terrorist Menachem Begin was one of its favourite prime ministers.

In many ways Mossad is a modern-day version of the infamous Sufi Islamic sect from which the very word 'assassin' derived – the Hashashin who became known as the Assassins. Interestingly Rabbi Marvin S. Antelman connects the Sufi 'Islamic mysticism' sect to Sabbatian-Frankism and to Sabbatai Zevi and Jacob Frank themselves. He says that Frank 'received financial remuneration from the Aga of the Sufi to aid him in the Frankist plans to exterminate Jews and Judaism in Bucharest, Romania, on November 6, 1757'. There are many covert connections between Jewish, Islamic and Christian groups not least via the infiltrating Donmeh. The cult of the Assassins can be traced to the First Crusade in the late 11th century under its first Grandmaster, Hassan-i Sabbah (1050s-1124). Their claim to fame and particular method of operation was to control rulers through fear of being assassinated if they didn't play ball. A heavily-protected king or leader would wake up to find a knife on his pillow and a note saying that his guards were no match for the Assassins and they could kill him whenever they liked. This would normally illicit compliance and those who didn't comply were killed which added to the Assassins' reputation for calculated murder. Mossad works on the same principle and politicians and others worldwide are controlled by Israel not only through money but the knowledge that Mossad doesn't take prisoners and doesn't take kindly to Israel's will not being obeyed or people getting in their way. Assassinations of people, family members and/or character are Mossad specialities. Letter bombs are a Mossad calling card and so are limpet bombs stuck onto vehicles by passing Mossad agents on motorbikes. They have killed Iranian nuclear scientists this way. This is one description of the Assassins' (now Mossad's) assassination technique:

> In order to get rid of ... rulers, clerics and officials, the Assassins would carefully study the languages and cultures of their targets. An operative would then infiltrate the court or inner circle of the intended victim, sometimes serving for years as an advisor or servant; at an opportune moment, the Assassin would stab the sultan, vizier or mullah with a dagger in a surprise

attack [classic Sabbatian-Frankist infiltration].

Mossad and its networks do the same although they are much more likely to spring a surprise through people who are either the same race as their targets (an Arab Mossad asset killing an Arab) or made to look so. Jewish terrorists in the merciless groups that became Mossad and the Israel Defense Forces blew up the King David's Hotel while *dressed as Arabs* and waiters. Using disguise to instigate Problem-Reaction-Solution events is very common. Two British Special Air Service (SAS) soldiers dressed as Arabs were arrested by the Iraqi authorities in 2005 after a shoot-out at a checkpoint in which two Iraqi officers were shot, one fatally (Fig 134). The British agents were driving a car full of munitions, explosives and detonators believed to be for a false flag 'terrorist attack' on a religious event in Basra to manipulate conflict between Sunnis and Shia. They escaped from custody when British tanks and infantry with helicopter support stormed the jail allowing 150 other prisoners to get away. Not everyone that looks like an Arab is really an Arab and that could easily be the case with 9/11. Some Israelis have complexions that could be taken for Arabs and in fact this was the original mistake made by some witnesses who saw the 'Dancing Israelis' cheering and celebrating the 9/11 attacks while the World Trade Center burned (much more to come). Israeli Mossad agents with such skin-type are often used to pose as Arabs in their operations and Ostrovsky says they are known within Mossad as 'Arabists'. Adam Yahiye Gadahn who was claimed to be an American operative for al-Qaeda killed in a US drone attack in Pakistan in 2015 turned out to be a Jewish man, Adam Pearlman, grandson of Carl Pearlman, the former director of ultra-Zionist Mossad front, the Anti-Defamation League. Pearlman, sorry Gadahn, is said to have been behind at least one of the ridiculously transparent 'Bin Laden' videos. Another technique Ostrovsky reveals is the use of doubles to simulate someone being in a location at a certain time when the real person is somewhere else and they can often be oblivious that their double even exists. 'I saw him there with my own eyes, it was definitely him', witnesses will report. This technique was undoubtedly used in the 9/11 operation and it is a method common to all intelligence agents,

Figure 134: Two British SAS soldiers arrested by Iraqi police while dressed as Arabs, including wigs, in an unmarked vehicle containing weapons, explosives and a remote-controlled detonator booby-trapped and ready to explode.

including the CIA and British intelligence.

Extraordinary scale and reach

Ostrovsky says that while the core personnel of Mossad are not large in number compared with other major intelligence agencies they have a vast network of people to call upon in Jewish communities around the world. These Jewish volunteers are known by Mossad as 'Sayanim' ('collaborators' in Hebrew) and they number thousands in the United States (especially in New York) and worldwide. Many don't even know that what they are asked to do is being directed by Mossad. They will be approached to do something to 'serve Israel' and told little more. The psychological pressure to 'help the homeland' can be very powerful with the life-long perceptual programming. Ostrovsky says in his book:

> So much of our training was based on forming relationships with innocent people. It built a strange sense of confidence. Suddenly everyone in the street became a tool. You'd think, hey, I can push their buttons. Suddenly it was all about telling lies; telling the truth became irrelevant ...

Support from these 'Sayanim' comes in many and various ways. A Jewish owner of an electrical store might supply electrical goods for a Mossad front operation posing as an electrical shop; a doctor might treat an agent with no questions asked; or they might supply vehicles that can't be traced to the Mossad driver. The cost of Mossad operations, as revealed by Ostrovsky, is absolutely incredible with so many on the payroll worldwide. He writes:

> Of the 30 to 35 katsas [case officers] operating at any given time, each would have at least 20 agents. Each of those 600-plus agents would average at least $3,000 a month, plus $3,000 in bonuses, and many would earn considerably more, which cost the Institute [Mossad] $15 million a month at least just to pay the agents. In addition, there were the costs of recruiting, safe houses, operations, vehicles, and numerous other expenses, all adding up to hundreds of millions a month.

He wrote this in *1990* – what must it be today? A country of eight million people on a tiny area of land spends that kind of money only to protect *itself*? C'mon. Ostrovsky reveals the massive network of Mossad front companies to hide their real activities and I'll come to that in relation to 9/11. He says that Mossad operates out of Israeli embassies with the Mossad station chief outranking the actual ambassador. The 'anti-Semitism' scam against me, the UK Labour Party and others around the world will be orchestrated through the Israeli embassies as the Al Jazeera documentaries confirmed. A network of 'safe houses', as

Ostrovsky mentioned, is operated from Mossad stations in target countries to keep agents and their assets from prying eyes and they have an enormous fake passport operation. He says many immigrants to Israel are asked to give up their country-of-origin passports to 'save Jews' and they are stored in 'a huge, library-like room, containing many thousands of passports divided by countries, cities, and even districts, with Jewish and non-Jewish-sounding names, also coded by ages – and all data computerised'. Agents can enter a country illegally by covert means but still have a passport or visa stamped as if they had passed through an airport. Ostrovsky revealed the level of detail involved:

> The Mossad also had a major collection of passport stamps and signatures that they used to stamp their own passports. These were kept in a log book. Many of them were gathered with the help of the police who could hold a passport temporarily and photograph the various stamps before returning it to the owner.
>
> Even stamping a false passport was done methodically. If, for example, my passport bore an Athens stamp on a certain day, the department would check their files for the signature and stamp from that day at the correct flight time, so that if someone should check with Athens as to which [passport] officer was on duty, that would be correct.

Mossad, like the CIA, has a technology development and seed-funding arm to keep its surveillance and technology capabilities at the cutting edge. Israel today is a global centre for technology and artificial intelligence that is hijacking global communication and dictating what people see and hear. Technology funding and development, added to the Israel-right-or-wrong mentality, means that Israeli technology companies are basically fronts for Mossad, ultra-Zionists and ultimately the Death Cult or at least serve their interests. Silicon Valley Internet giants and AI technology companies are really fronts for Israel, the CIA and Pentagon (controlled by the Death Cult). Israel's global technology hub is supplying surveillance, tracking and other AI/computer high-tech around the world to governments, military and others which have back-door entry-points which Mossad and Israeli intelligence and military networks in general can access (with fundamental relevance to 9/11 as we will see). This back-door access includes taking over the technology at a distance and, for instance, changing what appears on computer screens and in archive records. Israel claims the moral high ground with regard to, well, *everything*, and especially 'fighting terrorism'. The approach reminds me again of the propaganda technique described by Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels as 'accuse your enemy of that which you are guilty'.

Breathtaking hypocrisy

Ostrovsky realised – as many others have exposed – that Israel sells arms to terrorists and tyrannical regimes and even supplied military technology to its alleged Arab 'enemies' such as its Donmeh associates in Saudi Arabia. He says that Israel was selling increased military aircraft fuel-tank capacity to the Saudis via a third country but the Saudis found this too expensive and went to the United States for alternatives. The US Zionist Lobby then 'stood on its hind legs and hollered no!', Ostrovsky writes. The Lobby claimed that such fuel capacity would allow Saudi F-16s to target Israel when it was about nothing more than money. Ostrovsky says that Israel sold missiles to Iran and during the Iran-Iraq war in the 1980s when a Mossad operative in London was calling the embassies of both countries posing as a 'patriot' for each side. He would tell them where each other's shipping was. 'That way we could keep the war "hot"', Ostrovsky says. '... if they were busy fighting each other, they couldn't fight us.' Mossad was close to apartheid South Africa and has trained psychopathic police forces for fascist regimes including Pinochet's Chile, Noriega's Panama and Idi Amin's Uganda as well as apartheid South Africa. Israeli 'advisors' along with Americans were arrested by Iraqi forces in 2015 for 'advising' ISIS fighters. Today Israel trains American police forces. Classic is Ostrovsky's story about a Mossad operation that was training Tamil rebels fighting the Sri Lankan government in the art of guerrilla warfare while at the same time also providing anti-guerrilla training and weapons to Sri Lankan government forces. Neither of them knew, but then the motto is 'By way of deception, thou shalt do war' and Ostrovsky calls his training programme 'a school that taught people to be con artists for their country'. Israeli daily *Haaretz* revealed in 2019 that Israeli officers were training foreign mercenaries, including Colombians and Nepalese, to fight in the Saudi war against Yemen which has created the world's biggest humanitarian crisis. The mercenaries were being trained at camps in Israel's Negev Desert funded by the United Arab Emirates. This is still more confirmation that the Donmeh Saudis and Gulf states such as the UAE are working as one unit with Israel. The *Haaretz* article said the mercenaries had taken part in the Saudi offensive against the port city of Hudaydah and other conflict zones in Yemen. Mossad is heavily involved in the global drug trade along with the CIA and played its part in the Iran-Contra drug operation that involved the Bushes and Clintons. Both families have big Mossad/Israel connections and give evil a bad name. One Mossad drug operative was Israeli official and 'journalist' Amiram Nir who was 'counter-terrorism' advisor to two terrorist Israeli prime ministers, Shimon Peres and Yitzhak Shamir. He was reportedly killed in a plane crash although some doubt he actually

died while Nir's son blamed his apparent death on Father George Bush. What a small world it is when you delve into the cesspit. Whenever exposure is imminent or made public there is always the Protection Racket response when anyone suggests that Mossad has been involved in anything – 'anti-Semitism'. Ostrovsky confirms how this is systematically used by Mossad to prevent public exposure and is directed at anyone who doesn't support the Zionist line:

> There was one simple question asked when anything happened: 'Is it good for the Jews or not?' Forget about policies or anything else. That was the only thing that counted, and depending on the answer, people were called anti-Semites whether deservedly or not.

This is such an insight into the mentality that we are dealing with. Was 9/11 good for Israel or not? Benjamin Netanyahu said on television that very morning that it was and he also said this in 2001 when he was not aware of being filmed:

> I know what America is. America is something that can be easily moved. Moved to the right direction. They won't get in our way. So let's say they say something. So they say it! Eighty percent of the Americans support us. It's absurd.

He said that America would not get in the way of further Israeli expansionism into Palestinian land and he pledged to strike the Palestinians with 'blows that are so painful that the price will be too heavy to be borne'. So speaks a mega-psychopath. The ultra-Zionist network is no friend of the United States, Britain or anywhere else. It is the friend of Israel's Sabbatian-Frankist elite and that's it. Ostrovsky says that recruiting agents from 'friendly agencies' to become a Mossad agent was something they were always on the look out to do. He recalls a Mossad operative who said he had many friends within US intelligence but 'when I am sitting with my [American] friend, he's not sitting with *his* friend'. This is the Mossad/ultra-Zionist dynamic. Ostrovsky writes that danger to non-Jews was far less important to Mossad than a danger to Jews and the most they would offer was a 'low-key' warning to foreign governments and agencies over planned attacks. He describes how in 1983 Mossad learned that a Mercedes truck was being prepared to carry bombs which they believed was likely to target an American installation in Beirut, Lebanon, but Mossad chief Nahum Admoni passed on only a general warning with no specifics even though he had them. A Mercedes truck was then crashed through the barriers of the United States compound and killed 241 US Marines. Ostrovsky became disillusioned with Mossad's one-eyed cultural bias and that of Israel in

general. He writes:

> You know what Israelis say: 'If they weren't burning us in World War II they were helping, or if they weren't helping they were ignoring it.' Yet I don't remember anybody in Israel going out to demonstrate when all those people [nearly two million] were being murdered in Cambodia. So why expect everyone to get involved just for us? Does the fact that Jews have suffered give us the right to inflict pain and misery on others?

Ostrovsky freed himself from the Zionist-imposed perception and self-obsession programme. Many don't and when it is so constant and life-long it's easy to see why.

A history of attacking Americans

Put this Mossad information together with all that I have detailed in the last few chapters and it's clear that the Israel ultra-Zionist network (including all the Sayanim or collaborators located in the US and especially New York) most certainly had the capability to carry out 9/11 together with other Web operatives and place-people like Dick Cheney. The Israel-Mossad operation in America is shockingly vast and includes every area necessary to plan and play out the attacks and to protect those really involved while blaming those who were not. Ultra-Zionists controlled the White House, Capitol Hill, the Pentagon, media, Hollywood, law enforcement and investigation – even the removal of the evidence from Ground Zero and its transportation to Asia. They also had the motive to use 9/11 as the excuse to manipulate the United States into more wars in the Middle East against countries that Israel and its ultra-Zionist Neocons wanted to regime change and subjugate through violence and chaos. They had 'previous' in terms of attacking American targets and others in supposedly 'friendly' countries. Israeli fighter jets and torpedo boats attacked the *USS Liberty*, a US surveillance ship, during the Six Day War between Israel and Egypt and other Arab states in 1967. The *Liberty* was in international waters north of the Sinai Peninsula. Israel sought to hide the source of the attack to blame it on Egypt and cause conflict with the United States. The evidence against Israel became so overwhelming that the government was forced to apologise and pay compensation for the 44 American crew members who were killed and 171 wounded, plus severe damage to the ship. Israel claimed the *Liberty* was attacked by accident – yet another lie. Surviving crew members said it was quite clearly a premeditated attack. Israel was as always protected by the US authorities with the US Navy's Court of Inquiry holding hearings about the attack in closed sessions and survivors subjected to gag orders to stop them talking about what happened. Some, however, still have. A key player in the cover-up was

Admiral John S. McCain, then Commander-in-chief, Naval Forces Europe, and father of the late Israel fanatic US Senator John McCain. Israeli planes made eight reconnaissance trips to identify the *Liberty* over a period of three hours and the ship was flying a big US flag. To claim mistaken identity was laughable. The attack went on for two hours from air and submarine while communications from the *Liberty* were jammed by Israel. Even life rafts launched by survivors were hit by machine gun fire and no one was meant to survive. US fighter aircraft launched after Israel jamming was breached were ordered to turn back and a Russian ship reached the *Liberty* long before anyone from the US Navy. James Ennes Jr, a surviving officer of the *Liberty*, published a book exposing in detail how the Israeli attack was premeditated and no accident called *Assault on the Liberty*. Israel's response as always when anyone tells the truth about its psychopathic elements was that Ennes was ... yes, you got it ... 'anti-Semitic'. You're in shock, right? Ennes recalls how his friend Pat O'Malley, a junior officer, sent a list of the killed and wounded to the Bureau of Naval Personnel and an immediate message came back: 'Wounded in what action? Killed in what action? ... It wasn't an "action", it was an accident.' O'Malley's response was: 'I'd like for them to come out here and see the difference between an action and an accident. Stupid bastards.' Stupid, yes, but then excuses for Israel's outrageous behaviour have to hide the truth, or try to, with transparent lies.

The *Liberty* attack is only one in a long stream of examples that show how America's political and military leaders care far less about protecting American lives than they do Israel's reputation. Israel's far-right political, military and intelligence hierarchy has utter contempt for America and its people. Former Mossad agent Victor Ostrovsky reveals in *By Way of Deception* how in 1986 Israel used a communication system known as 'Trojan Horse' to transmit from an Israeli ship messages that appeared to be coming out of Libya and sent to Libyan embassies around the world in support of terrorism. The US National Security Agency (NSA) intercepted the 'Libyan' (Israeli) transmissions and the Reagan-Bush administration ordered an attack on Libyan airports, military bases and other targets that killed the four-year-old adopted daughter of Libyan leader Colonel Gaddafi. Just another casualty in ultra-Zionism's endless addiction to war and self-interest. Then there was the 1964 'Lavron Affair', named after Pinhas Lavron, Israeli's Minister of Defense, when Israel ran a campaign of terror bombings against British and American targets in Egypt which were planned to be blamed on Egyptians. It was an Israeli 'false flag', or Problem-Reaction-Solution, to demonise a Muslim enemy in the eyes of the West – just like 9/11. Only in 2005 did Israel accept that the bombings blamed on Egypt were carried out by Egyptian Jews overseen by Israeli intelligence.

Moshe Sharrett, Israel's second prime minister and a less extreme Zionist, named the terrorist Shimon Peres for involvement in the attacks on US targets in Egypt. Sharrett said that Peres and Lavron shared the same ideology and that Peres 'wants to frighten the West into supporting Israel's aims'. This was precisely the reason for Israel's involvement in 9/11 at a time when Peres was Minister of Foreign Affairs. Sharrett said of Peres:

> I have stated that I totally and utterly reject Peres and consider his rise to prominence a malignant, immoral disgrace. I will rend my clothes in mourning for the State if I see him become a minister in the Israeli government.

Peres would go on to be President of Israel, twice Prime Minister, an interim Prime Minister and 9/11 Foreign Affairs Minister.

How the West was stung

American investigative journalist Christopher Bollyn has been uncovering the Israel connection to 9/11 since first hearing about the 'Dancing Israelis' – the Mossad operatives cheering and celebrating the attacks as the first tower burned – and he has paid the price for his efforts in a campaign of hate against him by ultra-Zionist hate groups including the Anti-Defamation League (ADL). He was even subjected to a physical attack at his home by 'three heavily-armed unidentified men' in 2006 that were later identified to be undercover police. He suffered a fractured elbow and was hit with 50,000 volts from a Taser. The attack happened in front of his wife and eight-year-old daughter and to make things even more disgusting he was charged with 'resisting arrest'. Bollyn has published two highly recommended books, *Solving 9-11* and the more extensive *Solving 9-11 – the Original Articles*. His research when added to my own produce overwhelming confirmation of Israel's involvement in the attacks of September 11th, 2001. Bollyn writes in *Solving 9-11*:

> At every critical point where the events and circumstances of 9-11 should have been investigated and discussed, there has been a Zionist, a dedicated devotee of the State of Israel, occupying a key position and acting as the controller and censor of evidence – the gatekeeper of information.

Yes, and not only in positions to cover up, but also in those to make the attacks happen. The ultra-Zionist response is that Bollyn is 'anti-Semitic' (yawn). How strange – well, perhaps not – that hate groups like the ADL have attacked him for questioning 9/11 even in areas where he has made no mention of Jewish people or Zionism. The 'anti-Semitic'

Protection Racket tries to equate simply questioning the official story of 9/11 with 'anti-Semitism' as it does any claim in any shape or form of a global conspiracy to enslave humanity. Something is not right here and clearly it's not about protecting Jewish people, but something far deeper, sinister and all-encompassing. The appalling ADL (spawned by the appalling Rothschild B'nai B'rith) condemned Bollyn as early as November, 2001, for an article highlighting the *fact* that numerous witnesses and experts, including news reporters, said they heard or saw explosions immediately before the collapse of the Twin Towers. He did not mention a Jewish connection to this story in any way. Yet the ADL attacked the article and its author. Why would an organisation apparently dedicated to protecting Jewish people from discrimination get involved in condemning the factual reporting that witnesses saw and heard explosions? That might be obvious to many by the end of this book, but people must come to their own conclusions. Heads-up to Christopher Bollyn for his tireless work in uncovering the Zionist connections to 9/11. I don't know him and I'm sure we would disagree on many things about the world and religion, but on the cover up of Israel's involvement in the September 11th attacks we are most certainly in agreement. Given the evidence that will now follow how could *anyone* not be?

I'm going to return to the 9/11 sequence of events with a quote by the Russian-born Isser Harel, former chief of Haganah (terrorist) intelligence, Shin Bet domestic intelligence, and Mossad (1952 to 1963). Harel was Mossad chief when the Nazi Adolf Eichmann was captured in Argentina in a clandestine operation and flown to Israel in a diplomatic plane while disguised as a member of the crew. He was then executed by the Israelis. Nahum Admoni, the later Mossad director who failed to properly warn the United States about the deadly Mercedes truck attack in Beirut in 1983, served under Harel who was infamous for targeting people in 'friendly' countries of the West. Isser Harel resigned from Mossad over a terror campaign called Operation Damocles which included letter bombs and assassination attempts to intimidate German scientists to stop working with Egypt on a rocket programme. This 'Father of Israeli Intelligence', was interviewed in 1979 by 'Christian Zionist' journalist Michael D. Evans and predicted a terror attack by Muslims on 'your tallest building' which he mistakenly believed to be the Empire State Building. In fact, by then the title went to the World Trade Center Twin Towers opened in 1973 in a project suggested and orchestrated by mega Hidden Hand manipulator, David Rockefeller, and his brother Nelson. Three weeks after those buildings came down on September 11th Evans recalled his conversation with Harel in an article for *The Jerusalem Post*. He said Harel told him in 1979:

> New York City is the symbol of freedom and capitalism. It's likely they will strike the Empire State Building, your tallest building and a symbol of your power ...
>
> ... In Islamic theology, the phallic symbol is very important. Your biggest phallic symbol is New York City and your tallest building will be the phallic symbol they will hit.

It is not only Islamic theology that knows the emotional impact of symbolism – Death Cults like Sabbatian-Frankism are steeped in such knowledge and indeed symbolism is their secret language between initiates as I have explained in detail in my books. Associates of Isser Harel who would later be connected to the World Trade Center will enter the picture shortly. Benjamin Netanyahu also called a press conference on September 11th and handed out copies of his 1995 book, *Fighting Terrorism: How Democracies Can Defeat Domestic and International Terrorism*, to claim that he had predicted the attacks. This was after he had said that they were 'good for Israel'. He told journalists that he had foreseen 'militant Islam' seeking a confrontation with the 'Great Satan, the United States' and had suggested that those loyal to Iran might plant a nuclear bomb in the basement of the World Trade Center. He said that 9/11 would be a turning point in the history of the United States just as Pearl Harbor had been. Well, it was the '*new* Pearl Harbor' according to Boy Bush after the attacks which is exactly what the ultra-Zionist Project for the New American Century had said they needed to trigger their regime change plans in the Middle East and elsewhere. Netanyahu and other prominent ultra-Zionists had been campaigning throughout the 1990s for a US war on terrorism and that had been the foundation theme of the 1996 *Clean Break* document produced for then Prime Minister Netanyahu by a group headed by ultra-Zionist Richard Perle who in 2001 ahead of 9/11 entered the Bush administration in a Pentagon post. *Clean Break* provided the basis for the Project for the New American Century (PNAC) document in September, 2000, which has been the blueprint for US foreign policy under successive presidents ever since. The PNAC was co-founded by ultra-Zionists Robert Kagan and William Kristol, the latter of which was constantly appearing on cable news shows selling American wars in the Middle East in the wake of 9/11.

Ultra-Zionist domination

Before, during and after 9/11 the very ultra-Zionists and their gofers who demanded specific regime changes in Middle Eastern countries and said they needed 'a new Pearl Harbor' to achieve that end were in key positions in government and the Pentagon 'under' (over) puppet president Boy Bush. Among them were Dick Cheney, Vice President and

de-facto President; Donald Rumsfeld, Secretary of Defense; Paul Wolfowitz, Deputy Secretary of Defense; Douglas Feith, Under Secretary of Defense for Policy; Dov S. Zakheim, Pentagon comptroller overseeing the entire military budget; Richard Armitage, Deputy Secretary of State to Colin Powell; Elliot Abrams, a 'Special Assistant' to Bush on foreign policy and major architect of the invasion of Iraq who would be appointed by Donald Trump to oversee the attempted US coup in Venezuela; Richard N. Perle, Pentagon Policy Advisor and close associate of Benjamin Netanyahu; John Bolton, Under Secretary of State for Arms Control and International Security, Ambassador to the UN and Trump's National Security Advisor seeking to continue the PNAC campaign of war to this day; Lewis Libby, Chief of Staff to Cheney and close to Wolfowitz; James Woolsey, member of the Pentagon Defense Policy Board and former Director of the CIA; Robert B. Zoellick, Bush Trade Representative and Cabinet member.

Add to them the ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff, son of a Mossad agent, who was named United States Assistant Attorney General for the Criminal Division in 2001 and presided over the non-investigation of the attacks and the destruction of evidence from Ground Zero. Then there were ultra-Zionists Philip Zelikow, Executive Director of the 9/11 Commission who ran that non-investigation, and Judge Alvin K. Hellerstein, who oversaw all the cases in which 9/11 families refused to accept compensation that came with a no-legal action clause. They wanted their day in court where the evidence could be publicly presented and questioned. Hellerstein waged what has been called a 'war of attrition' in which the 96 families withdrew their legal action one by one until the last conceded in 2011. Still another ultra-Zionist, Judge Michael Mukasey, who would go on to be US Attorney General, had significant involvement in the post-9/11 sequence of events. Mukasey had refused demands to recuse himself in 1994 when he presided over a case stemming from the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center. It was claimed that his views and connections to Israel and Zionism put into question a fair trial for Muslims accused of terrorism. Never, surely! That's 'anti-Semitic'! Zionist-owned companies removed the debris from Ground Zero – crucial evidence for what actually happened and why the towers fell – and shipped it to Asia for smelting. Ultra-Zionist-owned companies connected to Israeli intelligence ran security at the World Trade Center and 9/11 airports and the computer systems of the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) and other government departments and agencies. The World Trade Center lease was owned by ultra-Zionist Larry Silverstein after a deal agreed with ultra-Zionist Lewis Eisenberg, head of the New York Port Authority, which had sold the lease into private hands for the first time months before the attacks. In all major areas of the 9/11 story can be found Zionists and ultra-Zionists

answering to Israel – which means Mossad, the military and behind them the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. This gave ultra-Zionists complete control of what happened in those buildings in the weeks before the planes struck. Given this background how can it possibly be dismissed that Israel and its octopus intelligence agency Mossad were involved in the attacks of September 11th? There is only one 'defence' put forward for such legitimate investigation of the facts – the 'anti-Semitism' mantra of the Protection Racket.

Terrorists in charge

The Israeli Prime Minister across 9/11 was the terrorist Ariel Sharon while his foreign minister was terrorist Shimon Peres. Sharon was a brutal psychopath, a commander in the Israeli military from its creation out of terrorist groups in 1948, and he became Prime Minister in March, 2001, just weeks after the ultra-Zionists came to power with Bush in the United States (Fig 135). Sharon was the Israeli Defense Minister who oversaw the mass slaughter of Palestinians in the Shatila refugee camp and the neighbourhood of Sabra in West Beirut during the 1982 Israeli invasion of Lebanon. Christian Lebanese militiamen allied to Israel and known as Phalangists were allowed into the camp and neighbourhood while the Israeli army looked on. They murdered up to 3,500 Palestinian and Lebanese civilians, mostly women, children and the elderly. Many were raped. Survivors were taken for questioning by the Phalangists and Israeli intelligence and many who were then handed back to the Phalangists by the Israelis were executed. *The New York Times* would reveal that Sharon and Israeli officials misled the United States before and during the atrocities about the safety of civilians. Israel's Prime Minister at the time was ultra-Zionist terrorist Menachem Begin. Sharon had contempt for the United States and saw it as a tool to secure Israeli ambitions. He was vocal in his calls for the US to remove Saddam Hussein after 9/11 which was straight from the wish-list of the ultra-Zionist Project for the New American Century. On the second day of the Sabra-Shatila massacre Israeli journalist Ron Ben-Yishai went to Sharon to tell him about reports of mass murder. Ben-Yishai recalled:

Figure 135: Israel's 9/11 Prime Minister, the psychopath Ariel Sharon.

> I found [Sharon] at home sleeping. He woke up and I told him 'Listen, there are stories about killings and massacres in the camps. A lot of our officers

> know about it and tell me about it, and if they know it, the whole world will know about it. You can still stop it.' I didn't know that the massacre actually started 24 hours earlier. I thought it started only then and I said to him 'Look, we still have time to stop it. Do something about it.' He didn't react.

An Israeli committee of inquiry, known as the Kahan Commission, decided that Sharon bore 'personal responsibility' for the massacre and recommended his removal. Menachem Begin removed him as Defense Minister, but kept him in the cabinet. Sharon went on to be Benjamin Netanyahu's Foreign Minister and eventually Prime Minister. This was the mentality running Israel at the time of 9/11.

Synchronicity or what?

Everything was in place with the right personnel and psychopathic mentality by the early months of 2001. All they needed for the PNAC plan to be implemented was – in their own words – a 'new Pearl Harbor' and 9/11 came along right on cue. All a coincidence, of course, and all this happened purely by chance. Move along again – nothing to see here. What are the chances of Netanyahu's close buddy, ultra-Zionist Larry Silverstein, buying the lease on the World Trade Center towers just weeks before they were attacked in the 'new Pearl Harbor'? Or that the man who sold the lease to Silverstein was ultra-Zionist Lewis Eisenberg, head of the New York Port Authority, and another friend of Netanyahu? Or that the one who successfully lobbied for the World Trade Center to be privatised and thus sold to Silverstein was ultra-Zionist billionaire Ronald Lauder of the Estée Lauder cosmetics company who was instrumental in Netanyahu becoming Israeli Prime Minister? But don't concern yourself – these coincidences happen all the time (Fig 136, 137 and 138). Lauder was chairman of the New York State Advisory Commission on Privatization and New York State Research Council on Privatization when he was pressing for the World Trade Center to be sold into private hands for the first time. Journalist Scott Robert Makufka (pen-name Victor Thorn) wrote in his book *9/11 Evil*:

Figure 136: Ultra-Zionist Larry Silverstein bought the World Trade Center lease weeks before 9/11 and increased the insurance in the event of a terrorist attack.

> Prior to 9/11, Netanyahu and Silverstein would speak on the phone every Sunday afternoon. [Netanyahu] becomes a key player in this scenario because he was the man who actually coined the term 'war on

terrorism', the official term for the never-ending, Israeli-induced war.

Silverstein's intimate friendship with Netanyahu and the every-Sunday phone calls have also been confirmed by Israeli paper, *Haaretz*, which said they had been close friends since Netanyahu was Israel ambassador to the United Nations in the 1980s. World Trade Center seller Lewis Eisenberg and buyer Larry Silverstein both held senior positions with the United Jewish Appeal Federation of Jewish Philanthropies of New York, a billion-dollar ultra-Zionist organisation and the biggest Israel fundraiser in America. Well, apart from the American taxpayer that is. Eisenberg was formerly vice president of ultra-Zionist Israel/Mossad mega-lobby group AIPAC and worked for ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs. Silverstein has been heavily involved with extreme right-wing Israeli politicians and Zionist organisations worldwide while Ronald Lauder was connected to the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, the World Jewish Congress, Jewish [apartheid] National Fund, American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, Abraham Fund, Jewish Theological Seminary, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. Lauder became president of the World Jewish Congress in 2007. It was incredible forethought in the circumstances that Silverstein took out so much extra insurance on the buildings in the case of a terrorist attack – just as it was such incredible good fortune that his wife made him a 'dermatology' appointment that stopped him being in the Windows on the World restaurant on the 106th and 107th floors of the North Tower that morning of 9/11 as he nearly always was with an 8.30am start. Two of his children, Roger and Lisa, were vice presidents of Silverstein Properties and also held breakfast meetings with tenants in the Windows on the World most days,

Figure 137: Ultra-Zionist Lewis Eisenberg, head of the New York Port Authority, agreed the World Trade Center deal with his friend Silverstein.

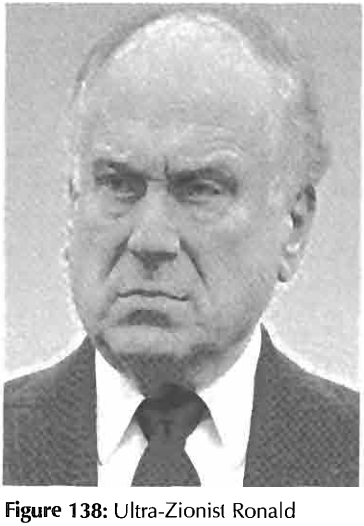

Figure 138: Ultra-Zionist Ronald Lauder of Estée Lauder pressed for the World Trade Center to be sold into private hands which turned out to be the sweaty palms of Larry Silverstein.

but they were at the chiropractor. No, sorry, they were both for different reasons 'running late'. Roger was in the parking garage of Silverstein's Building 7 when the first plane hit the North Tower while Lisa didn't get even that far. The *New York Observer* reported:

> [Silverstein's] son, Roger, and his daughter, Lisa, were working for him in temporary offices on the 88th floor of the W.T.C. north tower. Regular meetings with tenants in the weeks immediately following their July 26, 2001, takeover of the building were held each morning at Windows on the World. But on Sept. 11, Roger and Lisa Silverstein were running late. Meanwhile, Mr. Silverstein's wife of 46 years had laid down the law: The developer could not cancel an appointment with his dermatologist, even to meet with tenants at his most important property. If the attack had happened just a little later, Mr. Silverstein's children would likely have been trapped at Windows.

How fortunate they all were when you think that everyone in the restaurant when the plane struck – estimated at about 170 people – was killed because they could not escape before the tower collapsed. 'Lucky Larry', indeed, in fact, 'Lucky Silversteins'. More great fortune befell Geoffrey Wharton who Silverstein hired to manage and redevelop the property. He 'cut a meeting a little short' and left the restaurant with three other people, two of them senior officials with the New York Port Authority, minutes before the plane hit. They were the last people to leave the restaurant alive.

Lucky Larry – Lucky Frank

Ultra-Zionists Larry Silverstein (Silverstein Properties) and his partner, Frank Lowy (Westfield America Inc.), finalised a 99-year lease on the entire World Trade Center in July, 2001, five months before 9/11. They agreed to pay $3.2 billion after first being outbid. Silverstein got the WTC towers while Lowry took about 425,000 square feet of retail space known as the Mall. Included in the deal was the right for them to rebuild the structures if the properties were destroyed. The World Trade Centre lease had been purchased with a $124 million down-payment and Silverstein's personal investment was just $14 million. Other investors included Zionist real estate developers Lloyd Goldman and Joseph Cayre. Silverstein partner Frank Lowy joined the ultra-Zionist terror group, Haganah, in 1945 during the reign of murder and intimidation against Palestinians (Fig 139). He is a close associate of Israeli prime ministers, including Benjamin Netanyahu and Ehud Olmert, while Silverstein has been close to Netanyahu, Ariel Sharon and Ehud Barak. Sharon was Israel Prime Minister when 9/11 happened and the man he replaced, former Israeli military intelligence chief, Ehud Barak, was the one who immediately after the attacks flagged up Bin Laden and called

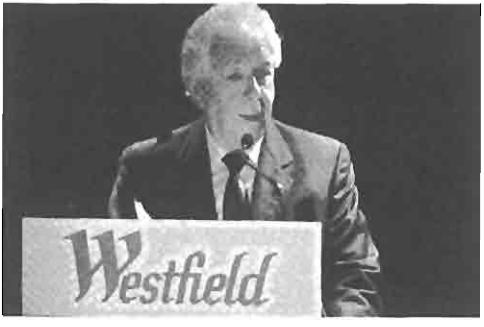

Figure 139: Frank Lowy.

for a war on terror and invasion of Afghanistan. Barak would also later order the mass murder of Palestinians in Gaza in 2008-2009 dubbed Operation Cast Lead. The purchase of the World Trade Center by Silverstein and Lowy bewildered many observers because the Twin Towers were considered a 'white elephant' with low occupancy rates, outdated technology and elevator systems and reports of toxic asbestos estimated to cost $200 million to remove. It appeared to be a really bad investment but after the attacks it became a hell of a deal. Silverstein said that he 'felt a compelling urge to own them'. Oh, I'm sure he did, but why? Silverstein and Lowry insured the complex for $3.55 billion and claimed twice that amount after the attacks on the basis that it involved two attacks and not one. Insurance companies eventually paid out $4.56 billion and Silverstein and Lowry were able to afford to replace the aging WTC with up-to-date buildings in the form of towers and a Mall. Some *24* companies insured the World Trade Center and lost massively, but even though the pay-out was dependent on the ludicrous official story being true (with no provable evidence) not a single one of them questioned the narrative which cost them so much. Silverstein had reportedly managed to control his shock at the attacks and grief at the dead for long enough to immediately hatch his plan for a double-pay-out. Steven Brill, author of *After: The Rebuilding and Defending of America in the September 12 Era*, said Silverstein told him he had not thought about the insurance until 'perhaps two weeks later' because of the tragedy. In fact Brill reports that according to two people who called Silverstein with their condolences the morning after 9/11 he quickly changed the subject:

> He had talked to his lawyers ... and he had a clear legal strategy mapped out. They were going to prove, Silverstein told one of the callers, that the way his insurance policies were written the two planes crashing into the two towers had been two different 'occurrences,' not part of the same event. That would give him more than $7 billion to rebuild, instead of the $3.55 billion that his insurance policy said was the maximum for one 'occurrence.' And rebuild was just what he was going to do, he vowed.

Apparently by mid-morning on September 12th Silverstein had called his architect David Childs and told him to start plans for a new

building with the same office space as those whose debris was still smouldering and full of human remains. Even this was not quite the same level of foresight that had seen Silverstein have the new Building 7 designed and planned in 2000, a year before the old one came down in the most obvious controlled demolition. Silverstein's lawyers are reported to have confirmed that he had phoned them on the night of 9/11 to ask 'whether his insurance policies could be read in a way that would construe the attacks as two separate insurable incidents rather than one'. It's amazing what people do when consumed by shock and grief. The original insurers were ACE, Marsh & McClennan and AIG all run by the ultra-Zionist Maurice Greenberg and family. The Greenbergs quickly sold on their responsibility before the attacks to the 24 other companies through a process called 'reinsuring' and they took the hit, not the Greenbergs. Not only 'Lucky Larry' and 'Lucky Silversteins', then, but 'Lucky Frank', 'Lucky Maurice' and 'Lucky Greenbergs' as well. Greenberg, a former deputy chairman of the Council on Foreign Relations, has connections to the CIA, Mossad operatives, the Anti-Defamation League Mossad front and he's a long-time associate of Henry Kissinger. Eight years before 9/11 Greenberg went into partnership with the ultra-Zionist Kroll family – Kroll and Associates would be responsible for security at the World Trade Center at the time of the 9/11 attacks and employ the ill-fated FBI counterterrorism chief John O'Neil as head of security shortly before the attacks that claimed his life. O'Neil had resigned from the FBI over blocks on his investigation of Obama bin Laden. Kroll and Greenberg will return to the story in due course. Larry Silverstein later received another big pay-out of nearly $9.52 million when he successfully sued American Airlines Group Inc., United Continental Holdings Inc., and other aviation-linked defendants for losses he claimed to have suffered over the 9/11 attacks. The litigation battle lasted for 13 years and was overseen by ultra-Zionist District Judge Alvin Hellerstein who also presided over civil litigation stemming from the attacks and prevented families of 9/11 victims getting their cases to court.

'High-fiving Israelis'

The 'Dancing Israelis' are the most obvious red-flag of Israeli involvement in 9/11 (Fig 140). A New Jersey housewife looked from her apartment window immediately after the first impact on the North Tower and saw young men kneeling on the roof of a white Chevrolet van with a New Jersey registration parked at Liberty State Park in Jersey City. They were filming the catastrophe from the waterside while hi-fiving each other, cheering and laughing. Other witnesses would describe the same van at another location with men who were 'celebrating and filming' and 'videotaping the disaster and shouting in

Figure 140: The 'Dancing Israelis'.

what was interpreted as cries of joy and mockery'. The men were filming and taking photographs of each other with the burning towers in the background. They were initially described as 'Middle Eastern' men – the same description attributed to the 'hijackers' by 'passengers on the planes'. These early reports added to the already gathering story that Arab terrorists were involved in the attacks (said to have been code-named 'The Big Wedding'), but the high-fivers would turn out to be Israelis. For sure they were 'Middle Eastern' only not the type that come to mind with that description. Indeed, as I've mentioned, the likeness of some Israelis to Arabs in their skin colour and features has proved useful for Mossad in anti-Arab covert operations over the years by Israeli 'Arabists'. The woman in New Jersey took down the licence plate and called the police. They and the FBI arrived and went in search of the vehicle which was registered to what turned out to be a Mossad front company called Urban Moving Systems. Later that afternoon law enforcement found the van and its five Israeli male occupants all in their 20s who they handcuffed and arrested. They would become known as the 'Dancing Israelis'. Among their belongings were two foreign passports and $4,700 in a sock. Sniffer dogs located evidence of explosives in the van which also contained box-cutters. The men were named as Sivan and Paul Kurzberg, Yaron Schmuel, Oded Ellner and Omer Marmari. The brothers Kurzberg were apparently known by law enforcement agencies to be Mossad operatives and Yaron Shmuel's LinkedIn profile is reported to describe expertise and experience with 'explosives' and 'secret services'. His Facebook page said his wedding was a year to the day after the attacks on September 11th, 2002. These were the men described by the woman observer as '... like happy, you know ...They didn't look shocked to me. I thought it was very strange'. Sivan Kurzberg, the van's driver, told police:

> We are Israeli. We are not your problem. Your problems are our problems. The Palestinians are the problem.

Investigative journalist Christopher Ketcham said that FBI spokesman Jim Margolin told him the Israelis explained away their joy by saying: 'The United States would now have to commit itself to

fighting [Middle East] terrorism, that Americans would have an understanding and empathy for Israel's circumstances, and that the attacks were ultimately a good thing for Israel.' The sentiments matched those of Benjamin Netanyahu on 9/11. Even if this explanation was correct – and it is far from the whole story – what level of empathy-deleted psychopathy does it take to be happy about the deaths of nearly 3,000 people because it is 'good for Israel'? This does, however, capture the We-and-Israel-are-all-that-matters mentality of ultra-Zionists. An FBI report said that one Israeli claimed the van was on the West Side Highway in New York at the time of the attack, but pictures were found of him and his colleagues at the scene where they were spotted cheering and filming. There was also a police report that another van was found with an extraordinary mural on the side. The incident is mentioned in a document by the Mineta Transportation Institute (MTI) at San Jose State University called 'Saving City Lifelines: Lessons Learned in the 9-11 Terrorist Attacks':

> A panel truck with a painting of a plane flying into the World Trade Center was stopped near the temporary command post. It proved to be rented to a group of ethnic Middle Eastern people who did not speak English. Fearing that it might be a truck bomb, the NYPD immediately evacuated the area, called out the bomb squad, and detained the occupants until a thorough search was made. The vehicle was found to be an innocent delivery truck.

Or *was* it? The original police report was recorded by Robert Stanford, Emergency Coordinator for the New York City District Amateur Radio Emergency Service, which taped hours of police and emergency service communications. An officer calls and reports:

> It's a big truck with a mural painted of an airplane diving into New York City and exploding. Don't know what's in the truck. The truck is in between 6th and 7th on King Street ... with a mural painted ... airplane ... diving into New York blowing up ... two men got out of the truck ... ran away from it, we got those two under ... got them under let's get some units ... we have both suspects under ... we have the suspects who ... drove the van – the van exploded ... we have both of them under ... let's get some help over here ...

Exploded? What on earth was that all about? And what happened to the two men arrested? Manhattan Fire Department Despatch was contacted by two separate fire units about the same 'truck bomb in King Street'. Television news reported that a van/truck full of explosives had been stopped with 'two or three occupants'. The Dancing Israelis were taken to Bergen County jail in New Jersey and then to the FBI Foreign Counterintelligence Section. Dominik Suter, the Israeli owner of Urban

Moving Systems in New Jersey, was questioned by the FBI and another interview was scheduled, but Suter fled to Israel before it could happen and he has since been reported to have returned to the United States clearly in the knowledge that the FBI would leave him alone. Suter apparently surfaced on the Internet in 2012 to say allegations about him were only being made to 'spread hate and anti-Semitism'. So bloody original. ABC reporters who went to Urban Moving Systems said it looked like people left in a big hurry. Cell phones were lying around, office phones were still connected, and the property of dozens of clients remained in the warehouse. Dominik Suter owned some 14 businesses in the United States in New Jersey, New York and Florida – locations that had been connected to an Israeli spy ring that I will describe shortly. Urban Moving Systems was given a $498,750 business loan from the Federal Government Assistance Program in June, 2001, that would never be repaid. New York-based Jewish publication *The Forward* would later report that Urban Moving Systems was a front for Mossad and two of the men were known Mossad agents. Victor Ostrovsky highlighted in his book eleven years earlier the 'hundreds' of 'shell companies' operated by Mossad worldwide 'with an address, a registered number, just waiting to come to life'. Many use Arabs as front owners and cover while Mossad and Israelis are really in control. Ostrovsky said Mossad even kept money in these companies, enough to file tax returns and avoid raising suspicions:

> At headquarters, five rooms were filled with the paraphernalia of dummy companies, listed in alphabetical order, and set up in a pull-out box. There were eight rows of shelves and 60 boxes per shelf in each of the five rooms. The information included a history of each company, all its financial statements, a history of its logo, who it was registered with, anything at all that a katsa [case officer] might be expected to know about the company.

The 'Dancing Israelis' were held in custody for visa fraud and questioned by the FBI for two months. They failed polygraph tests in which they tried to portray themselves as students. FBI agents believed that at least two of them were Mossad operatives and the others were surveillance volunteers. Documents found at the offices of Urban Moving Systems suggested they were focussing on the big Muslim community in Patterson, New Jersey. The mother of one of those arrested was quoted by Israeli daily *Haaretz* as saying the five had worked for the company for between two months and two years.

The cover-up

The Bush White House and ultra-ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff, head of the [In]Justice Department's Criminal Division and with deep

connections to Israel, ordered the release of the five after 71 days in custody and they flew back to Israel after being accused only of 'passport violations'. Three of the five – not the Mossad Kurzberg brothers – appeared on Israeli television on their return and said they were there 'to document the event'. To 'document' an event on a single camera from the other side of the river when it was being filmed from all angles by the US mass media and broadcast around the world? And explain the high-fives, the laughing and cheering at a disaster for America that would lead to the deaths of thousands of people. If they were there before the first tower was hit how did they know it was going to happen? If they were there immediately after the strike (which they were at the *very* latest) how did they know it was a 'terrorist attack'? Even Michael Chertoff said that 'like many people at the time, I thought it was a pilot error'. Boy Bush claimed the same. Yet these Israelis somehow knew? An *ABC News* report in June, 2002, interviewed Vincent Cannistraro, former chief of operations for counterterrorism with the CIA, who said some of the names of the five Israelis appeared as 'hits' on an FBI national intelligence database. Journalist Christopher Ketcham, writing for *Counterpunch*, said Cannistraro told him that 'the FBI investigation operated on the premise that the Israelis had foreknowledge'. The *Bergen Record* in New Jersey quoted 'an investigator high up in the Bergen County law enforcement' as saying: 'It looked like they knew what was going to happen when they were at Liberty State Park.' Marc Perelman, a reporter with Jewish-American *The Forward* , a long-standing New York magazine for Jewish-Americans, said his sources claimed the Israelis admitted to the existence of a spy ring and apologised after American authorities confronted them at the end of 2001. Christopher Ketcham wrote:

> Before such issues had been fully explored, however, the investigation was shut down. Following what ABC News reported were 'high-level negotiations between Israeli and U.S. government officials', a settlement was reached in the case of the five Urban Moving Systems suspects. Intense political pressure apparently had been brought to bear. The reputable Israeli daily Haaretz reported that by the last week of October 2001, some six weeks after the men had been detained, Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage [Project for the New American Century] and two unidentified 'prominent New York congressmen' were lobbying heavily for their release.
>
> According to a source at ABC News close to the 20/20 report, high-profile [ultra-Zionist] criminal lawyer Alan Dershowitz also stepped in as a negotiator on behalf of the men to smooth out differences with the U.S. government. (Dershowitz declined to comment for this article.) And so, at the end of November 2001, for reasons that only noted they had been working in

the country illegally as movers, in violation of their visas, the men were flown home to Israel.

Ultra-Zionist Dershowitz, a massive supporter of Netanyahu, was on the legal team that secured an outrageous plea deal for ultra-Zionist billionaire paedophile Jeffrey Epstein which allowed him to avoid the long jail sentence which the charges should have involved. The five Dancing Israelis had the nerve to sue the US government in 2004 because 'their detention was illegal and their civil rights were violated, suffering racial slurs, physical violence, religious discrimination, rough interrogations, deprivation of sleep, and many other offenses'. Their lawyer was Nitsana Darshan-Leitner, founder of the Shurat HaDin Israel Law Center which is closely connected with the Israeli government. The Center is one of many Israel 'lawfare' operations around the world which target critics of Israel with lawsuits to intimidate them into silence. Israel-owned (to his bone marrow) Donald Trump would later talk about Muslims celebrating 9/11 that day in New York when they were actually Israelis who were certainly not acting alone. A 579-page report on the case was partly declassified in 2005 but won't be fully so until *2035*. Why? France-based journalist Hisham Hamza read through the declassified sections for his book *Israel and September 11: The Great Taboo*. Included were photographs confirming the Israelis' delight at what had happened and one said that 'the United States should now take steps to stop terrorism in the world.' Given that at least one witness saw them in position at 8am and others say that within five minutes of the North Tower strike they saw the group taking pictures – how did they know what was about to happen? A former Urban Moving Systems employee told the FBI, according to the report, that the atmosphere was fantastically pro-Israel and anti-American and director Dominik Otto Suter had said: 'Give us 20 years and we will seize and destroy your media and your country.' *The Record*, the newspaper of Bergen County in New Jersey, quoted an employee as saying the majority of his colleagues were Israeli and that they were happy about the attacks: 'I was in tears. These guys were joking and that bothered me.' The five Israelis arrested were in contact with another company called Classic International Movers and four of its employees were interviewed separately about links with the 19 alleged hijackers. One of them had called 'an individual in South America with genuine links to Islamic militants in the Middle East'. Was the cheering and whooping meant to appear to be by Arabs? Reports believed them at first to be 'Arabs' or 'Palestinians' and an anonymous call to police in Jersey City, reported by *NBC News*, described 'a white van with two or three guys on the inside, they look like Palestinians and they are circling around a building'. The caller said one of them 'is mixing things and he has a 'sheikh's outfit on ... He is

dressed like an Arab.' Journalist Paulo Lima, working for *The Record*, said that police sources he interviewed were convinced of Israeli involvement in the attacks. They told him:

> There are maps of the city in the car with certain places highlighted. It looked like they're hooked in with this. It looked like they knew what was going to happen when they were at Liberty State Park.

The Israeli US spy ring (and what else?)

Fox News reported that Israeli intelligence was involved in a major spying operation in the United States in 2001 and across 9/11 which involved the creation of front companies to hide the identity of Mossad agents who were coordinated via the Mossad station in Washington DC. These 'companies' operated in Florida (where most of the 'pilot hijackers' attended 'flight school'), California and New Jersey – home of 'Urban Moving Systems'. Florida seems to have been the main centre of Mossad operations and this is where 'Mohamed Atta' was located before 9/11. One of their cover stories was to pose as 'art students' and among them was 'art student' Hanan Serfaty who rented two apartments in Hollywood, Florida, close to where Atta lived. Once again Victor Ostrovsky had highlighted eleven years before how Israeli students are often used by Mossad for covert operations. The Mossad 'art student' intelligence scam was focussed on US military secrets and other information and surveillance and the story was told in a series of reports by Fox News in 2002. Israel had been famously caught spying on the US with the conviction of Jonathan Pollard, a former US government intelligence analyst, who was jailed for life in 1987 after he admitted passing a very large stash of classified information including nuclear secrets to Israel which, in turn, traded them on to the Soviet Union. This was in the period when Mossad operatives were keeping close surveillance on the United States and other countries through illegal 'back-door' software which I will be describing in more detail because it has key relevance to 9/11 and how the attacks were pulled off. Fox News reports (quickly deleted from their website) said that US agencies believed Israeli spies were at work again in 2001 and German newspaper *Die Zeit* also uncovered details of a major Israeli spy ring operating across America with some agents masquerading as art students trying to sell 'their' work. The UK *Daily Telegraph* reported the contents of a leaked 60-page internal report by the US Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) which revealed that 200 young Israelis, among them former members of military intelligence units, had been arrested in the United States. The report was compiled in June, 2001, by the DEA's Office of Security Programs and was meant only for the eyes of senior officials at the [In]Justice Department. Someone leaked the document to

the media in December, 2001, and it was widely circulated by the following March. Israelis had used cover stories (we're 'art students') to gain access to sensitive government buildings and homes of American officials. The report said the actions 'may well be an organised intelligence-gathering activity'. *May?* Around 140 Israelis were arrested earlier in 2001 before the 9/11 attacks and another 60 afterwards. The DEA report said most of the 'students' admitted serving in units of the Israeli military 'specialising in military intelligence, electronic signals interception or *explosive ordnance*'. Expertise in explosives and computer programming was a common theme. Former Mossad agent Victor Ostrovsky reveals in *By Way of Deception* a level of Mossad operative known as 'combatants' who are recruited from the Israeli general public from all walks of life – doctors, lawyers, engineers, academics. He said most pose as Europeans and operate as every-day people doing every-day occupations:

> Many bridges in Arab countries had bombs planted in the concrete by combatants during their construction – all combatants are trained in demolition techniques. In the case of war, these bridges could be easily demolished by a combatant sent in to detonate the explosives.

Some of the arrested Israelis were linked to high-ranking officials in the Israeli military. One was the son of an Israeli general, another was a bodyguard to the head of the Israeli Army and a third served in a Patriot missile unit. Peer Segalovitz, one of those arrested, served in the 605 Battalion in the Golan Heights and 'acknowledged he could blow up buildings, bridges, cars, and anything else that he needed to', the DEA report said. 'That these people are now travelling in the US selling art seems not to fit their background.' Fox reporter Carl Cameron said that in the wake of 9/11 more than 60 Israelis had been arrested and detained under anti-terrorism laws or for immigration violations and among them were 'a handful of active Israeli military'. Some of those arrested had failed polygraph tests when asked if they were spying on and in the United States. Cameron said investigators suspected that Israel operatives could have gathered intelligence about the 9/11 attacks and not shared it with American authorities (see the bombing of the US base in Beirut in 1983). A 'highly-placed investigator' had said that there were 'tie-ins'. When asked to elaborate on this Cameron quotes the investigator as saying:

> Evidence connecting these Israelis to 9/11 is classified. I cannot tell you about evidence that has been gathered. It is classified information.

Massive US Mossad network

Cameron said that numerous classified documents obtained by Fox News indicated Israelis had been arrested or detained in a 'secretive and sprawling investigation into espionage by Israel in the United States'. This is the same Israel to which the American taxpayer hands over billions of dollars a year in 'aid'. What gratitude, eh? A report by the US General Accounting Office said: 'According to a US intelligence agency, country A (Israel) conducts the most aggressive espionage operation against the US of any US ally.' The *Washington Times* highlighted a report by the US Army School for Advanced Military Studies at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, which called Mossad a 'wildcard ... ruthless and cunning ... [with the] capability to target US forces and make it look like a Palestinian/Arab act'. The *Washington Times* story was published on September 10th, 2001. Talk about prophetic. A Defense Intelligence report emphasised that Israel possessed the resources and technical capability to achieve its objectives. A working group of US agencies had been compiling evidence against Israel since the mid-1990s and hundreds of incidents had been logged in towns and cities across the country that 'may well be an organised intelligence-gathering activity', Fox reporter Cameron said. The first part of the Defense Intelligence investigation focussed on Israelis who said they were art students from the 'University of Jerusalem' who made repeated contacts with government personnel by saying they wanted to sell 'cheap art or handiwork' and they targeted and penetrated military bases, law enforcement including the FBI, and dozens of other government facilities. They did the same even with unlisted offices and private homes of law enforcement and intelligence personnel. Another part of the investigation led to the arrest of dozens of Israelis selling toys in 'mall kiosks' which was believed to be a front. The kiosks, in San Diego, Kansas City, Cleveland, Houston and St Louis, began to disappear after the Israeli arrests were reported by *The New York Times* and *Washington Post*. Israel denied spying on the US which was the same response they gave when Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard was caught and they later had to admit that Pollard was indeed spying for them. The Israeli authorities have a simple policy – lie until you have absolutely been proved to be lying and then, and only then, admit you lied. Journalist Christopher Ketcham wrote a detailed article for Salon.com in May, 2002, headed 'The Israeli "art student" mystery' and the sub-heading captured its conclusions:

> For almost two years, hundreds of young Israelis falsely claiming to be art students haunted federal offices – in particular, the DEA. No one knows why – and no one seems to want to find out.

Ketcham describes how, in January, 2001, the security branch of the US Drug Enforcement Administration began to receive a number of strange reports from DEA field offices across the country of young Israelis claiming to be art students and offering artwork for sale while attempting to penetrate DEA offices for more than a year. The Israelis had also attempted to penetrate the offices of other law enforcement and Department of Defense agencies. 'Strangest of all, the "students" had visited the homes of numerous DEA officers and other senior federal officials', Ketcham said. The DEA appeared to have been targeted in what it called an 'organized intelligence gathering activity'. In some cases, the Israelis had visited locations not known to the public and without street addresses, plus DEA offices not publicly identified. Authorities suspected that information had been gathered from prior surveillance or perhaps electronically, from credit cards and other sources. Ketcham said one Israeli was discovered holding banking receipts for close to $180,000 in withdrawals and deposits over a two-month period:

> Reports of the mysterious Israelis with an inexplicable interest in peddling art to G-men came in from more than 40 US cities and continued throughout the first six months of 2001. Agents of the DEA, ATF, Air Force, Secret Service, FBI, and US Marshals Service documented some 130 separate incidents of 'art student' encounters. Some of the Israelis were observed diagramming the inside of federal buildings. Some were found carrying photographs they had taken of federal agents. One was discovered with a computer printout in his luggage that referred to 'DEA groups'.

The Office of the National Counterintelligence Executive, a branch of the CIA, issued a warning to federal employees in March, 2001, about 'suspicious visitors to federal facilities' – 'employees have observed both males and females attempting to bypass facility security and enter federal buildings.' The warning said that Federal agents had 'arrested two of these individuals for trespassing and discovered that the suspects possessed counterfeit work visas and green cards'. Salon.com said it had established that none of the Israelis were enrolled in the art school most of them claimed to be attending and the other college where they claimed to be enrolled did not exist. Ketcham wrote:

> The 'art students' followed a predictable modus operandi. They generally worked in teams, typically consisting of a driver, who was the team leader, and three or four subordinates. The driver would drop the 'salespeople' off at a given location and return to pick them up some hours later. The 'salespeople' entered offices or approached agents in their offices or homes.

> Sometimes they pitched their artwork – landscapes, abstract works, homemade pins and other items they carried about in portfolios. At other times, they simply attempted to engage agents in conversation.
>
> If asked about their studies, they generally said they were from the Bezalel Academy of Arts and Design in Jerusalem or the University of Jerusalem (which does not exist). They were described as 'aggressive' in their sales pitch and 'evasive' when questioned by wary agents. The females among them were invariably described as 'very attractive' – 'blondes in tight shorts or jeans, real lookers,' as one DEA agent put it to Salon. 'They were flirty, flipping the hair, looking at you, smiling. 'Hey, how are you? Let me show you this.'

Agents noted that the 'students' made repeated attempts to avoid security personnel by trying to enter federal buildings through back doors and side entrances and suspicious agents visited at home noticed how the Israelis did not approach any of the neighbours. Anna Werner at KHOU-TV in Houston, Texas, reported that 'government guards have found those so-called students trying to get into [secure federal facilities in Houston] in ways they're not supposed to – through back doors and parking garages'. The 'students' had appeared at the DEA's Houston headquarters, at the Leland Federal Building in Houston, and even the federal prosecutor's office. They seemed to be monitoring the buildings. 'Guards at the Earle Cabell Federal Building in Dallas found one "student" wandering the halls with a floor plan of the site', Werner reported, and she said her sources had described a similar pattern at federal buildings in New York, Florida, and six other states, including '36 sensitive Department of Defense sites'. For more than 18 months the Israeli 'art students' were encountered with the same modus operandi in Atlanta, Chicago, Denver, Detroit, El Paso, Los Angeles, Miami, Orlando, New Orleans, Phoenix, San Diego, Little Rock, Seattle, Washington DC, Arlington, Texas, Albuquerque and 'dozens of other small cities and towns'. A former Defense Department analyst told Anna Werner that such activity suggested a terrorist organisation 'scouting out potential targets and ... looking for targets that would be vulnerable'. All this is incredible enough, but even more so is that the 'students' ended up being deported and not charged with the federal offences they were committing. The Web and Sabbatian-Frankists looks after its own. Six of the 'students' were reported to have cell phones purchased by a former Israeli vice consul to the United States. French daily *Le Monde* reported that two of the 'students' had travelled in a single day from Hamburg to Miami to visit an FBI agent in his home, then went on to Chicago and visited the home of an [In]Justice Department agent before taking a direct flight to Toronto. Hamburg was the alleged one-time location of 'student' 'Mohammed Atta' or Mohamed El-Amir. Highly suspiciously

the US [In]Justice Department tried to trash the story as an 'urban myth' and claimed the DEA report, or memo, was written by a 'disgruntled agent' when clearly this was not the case. Salon's Christopher Ketcham puts the 'urban myth' nonsense into its true perspective:

> The memo is a compilation of field reports by dozens of named agents and officials from DEA offices across America. It contains the names, passport numbers, addresses, and in some cases the military ID numbers of the Israelis who were questioned by federal authorities. Pointing a finger at the author is like blaming a bank robbery on the desk sergeant who took down the names of the robbers.

Salon approached agents named in the memo and all confirmed that the information was correct. It was a fantastic scoop for proper journalists, but they are a rare and dying species. The story was dismissed by the ultra-Zionist-owned *Washington Post* and ignored completely by the ultra-Zionist-owned *New York Times*. Ketcham notes that 'the *Post's* "debunking" and the *Times'* silence ... effectively killed the story'. The UK-based Jane's Information Group, an intelligence and military analysis service, said: 'It is rather strange that the US media seems to be ignoring what may well be the most explosive story since the 11 September attacks – the alleged break-up of a major Israeli espionage operation in the USA.' Not so strange if you know how The Web operates and the power and influence that the Sabbatian-Frankist and ultra-Zionist network has over the American government and media. Ketcham wrote:

> Some of the same pressures that keep government officials from criticizing Israel may also explain why the media has failed to pursue the art student enigma. Media outlets that run stories even mildly critical of Israel often find themselves targeted by organized campaigns, including form-letter emails, the cancellation of subscriptions, and denunciations of the organization and its reporters and editors as anti-Semites.
>
> [Fox News reporter] Cameron, for example, was excoriated by various pro-Israel lobbying groups for his exposé. Representatives of the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs (JINSA), the Anti-Defamation League (ADL), and the Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America (CAMERA) argued that the Fox report cited only unnamed sources, provided no direct evidence, and moreover had been publicly denied by spokesmen for the FBI and others (the last, of course, is not really an argument).

Carl Cameron's reports on the Israeli ring were deleted within four days from the news pages and archives by Fox along with all transcripts,

links and headlines. Robert Zimmerman, a Fox News spokesman, told *Le Monde* that this was normal when it most certainly wasn't. Zimmerman made an utterly lame excuse about 'bandwidth' on the news pages but when told the report series was also gone from the archives he said: 'I don't know where it is.' How absolutely appropriate that the Israeli government spokesman quoted by Salon denying the 'spy ring' story was Mark Regev, a long-time Netanyahu mass murder apologist and Israeli ambassador in London when embassy asset Shai Masot was plotting to 'take down' a British government minister over criticism of Israel. Regev, who changed his name from Mark Freiberg, was a spokesman at the Israeli embassy in Washington at the time of 9/11 and the 'spy' ring. Regev told Salon that 'no American official or intelligence agency has complained to us about this'. They wouldn't dare, but this was his best line: 'Israel does not spy on the United States.' As lies go they don't get much more bare-faced. How about the 1996 US General Accounting Office report which said that Israel 'conducts the most aggressive espionage operation against the United States of any U.S. ally' or the 1997 Defense Investigative Service memo warning that 'Israel aggressively collects [US] military and industrial technology' and 'possesses the resources and technical capability to successfully achieve its collection objectives'? How about Jonathan Pollard? Is Regev lying? Are his lips moving?

Mossad and 9/11 'hijackers' – the Florida connection

Israel's 'spying' operation was said to be keeping surveillance on suspected Muslim terrorists in the United States, but if that was the case why would they appear so often at locations relating to the Drug Enforcement Administration and at homes of government and military personnel? Indications emerged in DEA investigations of some connections to drug-trafficking and that would make sense with Mossad and the CIA heavily involved in this trade and 9/11 'lead hijacker' Mohamed Atta working with drug-trafficking through Venice Airport in Florida. Fox reporter Carl Cameron said he was told that a lot of information had been pieced together to strongly suggest that the Israelis knew about 9/11 beforehand. He quotes one intelligence source as asking 'how could they not have known?' This would explain the behaviour of the 'Dancing Israelis'. German weekly *Der Spiegel* reported:

> An entire troop of Israeli terror investigators disguised as students took to the tracks of Arabic terrorists and their cells in the USA between December 2000 and April 2001. During their undercover investigations, the Israelis came very close to the later perpetrators of September 11. In Hollywood, Florida they located both of the former Hamburg students and later terrorist pilots Mohamed Atta and Marwan al-Shehhi as potential terrorists. Agents settled

> down in immediate proximity of their apartment and observed the seemingly normal flight school students around the clock.

Here we have Mossad agents specifically living near and staking out the very people who would later be – wrongly – blamed for the 9/11 attacks. *What?* The idea that this all ended in April, 2001, is simply not believable when Mossad agents and operatives were on the scene of the attacks to film and celebrate. The spin when news of the Israeli 'hijacker' surveillance came to light was that Mossad handed over details of the 'hijackers' to American authorities in August, 2001 (why the wait since the April?), but they did not pass on specifics only vague possibilities (Mossad modus operandi). Investigative journalist Christopher Bollyn highlights the Israeli and Mossad connection to Florida which he calls 'the central networking base and staging area for the "false flag" terror attacks of 9-11'. How clear this is with 15 of the 19 alleged 'hijackers' based in southern Florida where the Israeli 'spy ring' was also based. Is this yet another coincidence? Florida's governor at the time was Boy Bush's brother, the Israel fanatic, Jeb Bush. A secret government report sourced to the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) identified Florida and the small city of Hollywood (ten miles from Fort Lauderdale and 20 from Miami) as the centre of the Mossad 'art student' ring: 'The Hollywood, Florida, area seems to be a central point for these individuals with several having addresses in this area.' Yes – the same area that 9/11 'lead hijacker' Mohamed Atta lived in the same period and the location with connections to 15 of the 19 alleged 9/11 'hijackers'. Christopher Ketcham wrote in his Salon article:

> One Israeli was discovered holding banking receipts for substantial sums of money, close to $180,000 in withdrawals and deposits over a two-month period. A number of the Israelis resided for a period of time in Hollywood, Fla, – the small city where Mohammed Atta and three terrorist comrades lived for a time before Sept. 11.

Intelligence Online, a Paris-based espionage publication, reported in detail on the DEA report and said that more than a third of the students located in 42 cities lived in Florida and most notably in Hollywood and nearby Fort Lauderdale. Hanan Serfaty, a 'former' Israeli military intelligence officer, sorry 'art student', rented two Hollywood apartments close to the mail drop and apartment of Mohamed Atta and other alleged 'hijackers'. Serfaty rented an apartment at 4220 Sheridan Street and 701 South 21st Avenue in Hollywood. Atta's mail-drop was at 3389 Sheridan Street and he lived with Marwan al-Shehhi, alleged 'pilot' on Flight 175, in a rented apartment at 1818 Jackson Street close to South 21st Avenue. Christopher Ketcham points out that Hollywood, just

north of Miami, was home during 2001 to nine alleged 'hijackers' with six in the surrounding area and that among the 120 suspected Israeli spies posing as art students more than 30 lived in the Hollywood area with ten in Hollywood itself:

> As noted in the DEA report, many of these young men and women had training as intelligence and electronic intercept officers in the Israeli military – training and experience far beyond the compulsory service mandated by Israeli law. Their 'traveling in the U.S. selling art seem not to fit their background', according to the DEA report.

The same coincidence can be found in New Jersey as Ketcham highlighted in his *Counterpunch* article which, despite this background, accepts the official 9/11 story:

> All five future hijackers of American Airlines Flight 77, which rammed the Pentagon, maintained addresses or were active within a six-mile radius of towns associated with the Israelis employed at Urban Moving Systems. Hudson and Bergen counties, the areas where the Israelis were allegedly conducting surveillance, were a central staging ground for the hijackers of Flight 77 and their fellow al-Qaeda operatives.
>
> Mohamed Atta maintained a mail-drop address and visited friends in northern New Jersey; his contacts there included Hani Hanjour, the suicide pilot for Flight 77, and Majed Moqed, one of the strongmen who backed Hanjour in the seizing of the plane. Could the Israelis, with or without knowledge of the terrorists' plans, have been tracking the men who were soon to hijack Flight 77?

No wonder that Ketcham says that 'in retrospect, the fact that a large number of "art students" operated out of Hollywood is intriguing, to say the least'. Now, as coincidences go, these really are major league:

> In fact, an improbable series of coincidences emerges from a close reading of the 2001 DEA memo, the 9/11 Commission's staff statements and final report, FBI and Justice Department watch lists, hi-jacker timelines compiled by major media and statements by local, state and federal law enforcement personnel.
>
> In at least six urban centers, suspected Israeli spies and 9/11 hijackers and/or al-Qaeda-connected suspects lived and operated near one another, in some cases less than half a mile apart, for various periods during 2001 in the run-up to the attacks. In addition to northern New Jersey and Hollywood, Florida, these centers included Arlington and Fredericksburg, Virginia; Atlanta; Oklahoma City; Los Angeles; and San Diego.

Statistical chance alone rules out coincidence and puts 9/11 into a whole new context. What's more we are only just beginning to expose the evidence that implicates Israel and its Sabbatian-Frankist control network.

Mossad patsies?

Were the 'hijackers' really assets – patsies – of Mossad (along with Sabbatian-Frankist elements of US agencies)? I say they were and almost certainly had no idea what they were being set up for. Ali al-Jarrah, a Lebanese cousin of alleged 9/11 hijacker Ziad Jarrah (Flight 93), was recruited by Israeli intelligence in 1983 after the 1982 Israeli invasion of Lebanon. *The New York Times* reported how he spied for Mossad in Lebanon and Syria for 25 years and communicated his findings by satellite phone. He also visited Israel on an Israeli passport and is reported to have been paid hundreds of thousands of dollars. His brother Yusuf is claimed to have helped him before Ali al-Jarrah ended up in a Lebanese jail for betraying his country. Until his work for Israeli intelligence was uncovered al-Jarrah appeared to friends to be 'an earnest supporter of the Palestinian cause'. His friends and colleagues were said to be 'in shock over the extent of his deceptions: the carefully disguised trips abroad, the unexplained cash, the secret second wife'. Many Arabs have been caught over the years working for Israel with a substantial number subjected to blackmail or avoiding long jail sentences. Threats to families will be in there, too, for sure. Journalist Robert Freidman wrote in *The Village Voice* that 'Ahmad Ajaj, a 27-year-old West Bank Palestinian being held in federal custody for conspiring to bomb the World Trade Center [in 1993], may have been a Mossad mole, according to Israeli intelligence sources'. Freidman, writing six months after the bombing, said Ajaj was convicted for counterfeiting in Israel and sentenced to two-and-one-half years. He quoted Israeli intelligence sources as saying Ajaj was recruited by Mossad at this time. Ajaj was released after just one year and suddenly became a 'radical Muslim' when before he was just a 'petty crook'. He was then arrested for smuggling weapons into the West Bank. Friedman said:

> ... Israeli intelligence sources say that the arrest for weapons smuggling, and Ajaj's subsequent torture and deportation, were staged by Mossad to establish his credentials as an intifada activist. Mossad allegedly 'tasked' Ajaj to infiltrate radical Palestinian groups operating outside Israel and to report back to Tel Aviv. Israeli intelligence sources say that it is not unusual for Mossad to recruit from the ranks of common criminals [it makes them feel at home].

This is how espionage works. Nothing is ever what it seems. It could

well be that the wide-ranging and often not very subtle behaviour of most of the Israeli 'art students' was meant to be a diversion and cover for the real deal going on behind that smokescreen. The truth about the alleged 9/11 'hijackers' in terms of their movements will never be truly known because of the potential use of doubles, identity swaps, fake passports and so on – all of them signatures of Mossad and other intelligence agencies. I mentioned earlier how the Florida *Sun-Sentinel* reported 17 days after the 9/11 attacks:

> At least six of the suspected terrorists had two sets of driver's licenses issued by Florida, which would have allowed two or more people to use the same identity ... Many of the suspected terrorists, it is becoming increasingly clear, swapped identities as part of their preparations for the Sept 11 attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, according to a Sun-Sentinel review of documents, interviews and published reports.

How would a double know that he had a double and how would they know if someone else was using false documents purporting to be them?

Bollyn's experience

9/11 investigator Christopher Bollyn recalls how he stayed at a hotel in Miami in 2006 located among under-construction hotels being built by Donald Trump and his ultra-Zionist Israeli-American partners of Russian-descent, Michael and Gil Dezer (Dezertzov). The Dezer family are financial supporters of the Israeli Defense Forces. Bollyn went for a walk with his wife and found a beach store called Wings. The logo reminded him of the 'wings' worn by Israeli pilots and his wife noticed a computer screen filled by an image of the Israeli flag. He asked a Middle-Eastern-looking man behind the counter if he was from Israel and he confirmed that he was and that the store was Israeli-owned. Bollyn only ever saw young men of military age working at the store and they were the same age-group as those Israeli-operatives masquerading as 'art students'. Wings had a large warehouse attached to the store – unlike most beachwear outlets – with two trucks parked at the side of the building. Bollyn observed in *Solving 9- 11*:

> Every time we walked by the Wings store we never saw any customers; the store was always empty. This seemed odd because they must have had very high overhead costs. Nothing about this store made sense. It seemed to me more like a logistics base that operated a beachwear store as a front, not unlike the shuttered Urban Moving Systems outfit I had visited in Weehawken, New Jersey.

Bollyn later established that Israeli-owned Wings had 'a whole chain' of stores in Florida and the East Coast as well as Texas and the West Coast. Their corporate office and warehouse was on a low-rent industrial park at 2800 NW 125th Street in Miami in a building shared with a company selling art products – Empire Art Products Inc. Bollyn discovered that the founders of Wings were two Israelis, Shaul and Meir Levy, and that they had both met in New York the day before 9/11 with Ehud Olmert, then Mayor of Jerusalem and later Israel Prime Minister. Olmert's parents were a founding family of the Irgun terror group. He was convicted of corruption in 2015 over charges related in part to his time as Jerusalem mayor. Olmert's visit to New York was unreported apart from a sports news item three years later in *The Jerusalem Post* that said he had met the Levys in New York on September 10th over the sale of an Israeli football club. It's a heck of a coincidence and didn't Olmert tell his friend, New York mayor and Israel arse-licker Rudolf Giuliani, that he was coming? Surely New York police were told? Why no mention in the media? The same question must be asked about a report by investigative journalist Wayne Madsen who said two sources with the Israeli airline El Al (not Israeli nationals) had told him that an El Al Boeing 747 took off from New York's JFK Airport at 4.11pm on the afternoon of September 11th heading for Ben Gurion International Airport in Tel Aviv. This was hours *after* the FAA had grounded all civilian aircraft incoming and outgoing across the whole of the United States. The same happened with the Bin Laden family who were allowed to leave the US for Saudi Arabia that same day from Boston Logan after all flights were grounded. Was Olmert on that EL Al flight? Who else was on board the jumbo jet? Wayne Madsen said his sources reported that the Israeli flight was authorized by the direct intervention of the US Department of Defense and that 'US military officials were on the scene at JFK and were personally involved with the airport and air traffic control authorities to clear the flight for take-off'.

Connections between Israel, Mossad and 9/11 are already clear and blatant and there is so much more to come.

* See Dancing Israeli updates in the Postscript at the end of the book.

CHAPTER 24

Just a coincidence? (2)

He who passively accepts evil is as much involved in it as he who helps to perpetrate it. He who accepts evil without protesting against it is really cooperating with it – Martin Luther King

Orchestrating the attacks of 9/11 would have meant access and control of US government, military and Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) computer and communication systems and that is precisely what Death Cult-controlled Israel and its Mossad intelligence network had the ability to do.

Many arrested in the Israeli 'spy ring' investigation were employed by Israeli software companies, Amdocs and Nice Systems. Amdocs is a 'private' (yeah, right) Israel-based telecommunications company which had contracts with the 25 biggest phone companies in America and others around the world. Fox News reporter Carl Cameron said that it was virtually impossible to make a call without Amdocs keeping a record. Nice Systems was another Israeli software company connected with those arrested for 'spying'. Israeli 'art student' Tomer Ben Dor worked for Nice Systems – its American subsidiary is located in Rutherford, New Jersey, a few minutes from East Rutherford where the 'Dancing Israelis' were arrested on 9/11. Ben Dor was found with a computer file print-out referring to 'DEA Groups' while he was employed by an Israeli wire-tapping company?? Brigadier General Shlomo Shamir became Nice President and CEO in April, 2001. Shamir led the planning division at the Israeli IDF military headquarters and was Israel's military attaché to Germany. Mossad specialises in creating and controlling telecommunication, Internet and high-technology companies for obvious reasons and some that are not so obvious which I will reveal later. Carl Cameron said that Amdocs had been investigated a number of times and the National Security Agency (NSA) had issued a private warning to other agencies – and held conferences – to say that American phone records were getting into foreign hands – *Israel*. An NSA document warned against America's dependency on oversees technology for telecommunications:

Many factors have led to increased dependence on code developed oversees.

[We] buy rather than train or develop solutions.

They were talking about Israel. Ultra-Zionist 'art student' Michal Gal, arrested by DEA investigators in Texas, was released on a $10,000 cash bond thanks to Ophir Baer, an employee of the Israeli software company Amdocs. An Amdocs internal memo said phone information the company was compiling could be used along with 'spread data mining techniques and algorithms ... [to combine] both the properties of the customer (i.e. credit rating) and properties of the specific behaviour' (such as who the customers are calling and who is calling them). This is a long-standing technique of Israeli surveillance with data from different sources connected together to establish the big picture about a person or situation. The same Israeli focus on control and surveillance via high-technology has led to its domination of information and surveillance based in the Devil's Playground – Silicon Valley. Have a look at who runs Google, YouTube and Facebook for a start and ask how statistically likely it is that this would happen by chance. Israel, a tiny country in both population and geography, has positioned itself at the cutting edge of technology to the point where it is known as the 'start-up nation'. Israel is second in the world only to the United States for start-up companies and only America and China are ahead for companies quoted on the Nasdaq stock market. All this has happened on a sliver of land with eight million people. Israel's prime focus is on technology and 'cyber-security' (cyber infiltration). A *Vice* documentary captured the situation in its title – 'How Israel Rules The World Of Cyber Security'. Israel is basically a military state with the military-intelligence network at the centre of everything – and most definitely with cyber-technology. One of the biggest branches of the Israeli military is the Cyber Intelligence Unit headquartered in the desert-city of Beersheba and involving some 20,000 'cyber soldiers'. The headquarters represents the biggest infrastructure project in Israel's history (Fig 141). Here is located the army of Israeli Internet trolls seeking to appear like members of the public around the world and in the same area as this vast military cyber-hub are a long list of 'private' companies and technology giants. Intel, Microsoft, IBM, Google, Apple, Hewlett-Packard, Cisco Systems, Facebook and Motorola have research and development centres in Israel.

Figure 141: The new Beersheba centre of Israel's military and domestic (military) control of cyber space.

Techcrunch.com ran an article about this global Internet technology centre headed 'Israel's desert city of Beersheba is turning into a cybertech oasis':

> The military's massive relocation of its prestigious technology units, the presence of multinational and local companies, a close proximity to Ben Gurion University and generous government subsidies are turning Beersheba into a major global cybertech hub.
>
> Beersheba has all of the ingredients of a vibrant security technology ecosystem, including Ben-Gurion University with its graduate program in cybersecurity and Cyber Security Research Center, and the presence of companies such as EMC, Deutsche Telekom, Paypal, Oracle, IBM, and Lockheed Martin. It's also the future home of the INCB (Israeli National Cyber Bureau); offers a special income tax incentive for cyber security companies, and was the site for the relocation of the army's intelligence corps units.

Israel's emerging global role in cyber technology and control will be mightily important in the closing chapters as well as shortly in relation to 9/11. We need to define the term 'cyber security' as applied to the Israeli military and Mossad and in true Orwellian fashion all you need to do is reverse the generally accepted meaning. 'Cyber security' appears to mean protection of computer systems, but to Israel it means breaching security protection to gain anytime access to those systems. To 'protect' you need to be given or even design all protection codes and with that knowledge you can access them whenever you want. It really is that simple. In this way 'little' Israel has access to all government, military, intelligence, financial, corporate and air traffic computer systems using its software – which is now much of the world. Imagine the potential for amassing almost limitless wealth alone by tapping into financial and business records and controlling events by blackmailing companies and individuals with the information you have downloaded from their computers. They can access government records, intelligence, military and police databases and steal corporate technology secrets to increase their own cyber-domination. The Israeli military trawls schools, colleges and universities for cyber talent and recruits them for military operations during their period of conscription before sending them out into 'private' (military-Mossad-connected) companies around the world (especially in the United States) to continue to work on Israel's behalf. The elite cyber and intelligence team is known as Unit 8200 which specialises in hacking into computer systems of other countries, inserting viruses, gathering information, instigating malfunction and even taking control of them from a distance. This is very relevant to 9/11 as we shall see. The Stuxnet virus which caused substantial damage to

Iran's nuclear programme and other computer systems worldwide is an Israeli cyber weapon – one of many and increasing all the time. Israel's control of major and not so major cyber technology companies allows 'back-doors' to be covertly-inserted into systems used by governments, military and public throughout the world and through these access points the Israel military and intelligence networks can infiltrate and take control. Israel doesn't make cars but dominates the manufacture of vehicle computer and WIFI systems. Through these connections an external operator can take over and drive you at high speed into a wall, a tree or over a cliff. The *Vice* documentary shows how easy it is for them to take control of your car using Israeli-created technology now fitted as standard. What else can be taken over through computer access? *Aircraft.* The world is dominated today in every area by what happens in cyberspace with the 'Internet of Things' connecting almost every facet of human life to the centrally-controlled Internet. He who controls cyberspace controls the world and every facet of human life – and Israel's Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult to a large extent controls cyberspace and they are working to make that control complete. Sleep well. I will come to the 'endgame' consequences for the world of this Sabbatian-Frankist control of cyberspace out of Israel in the final chapters. The information is both shocking and profound for human freedom and makes absolute sense of past and current events.

Intel Inside

Intel Corporation which provides processors ('brains' or central processing units) for some 80 percent of the world's computers has a massive and ever-increasing presence in Israel. The company's first development centre outside America was opened in Haifa in 1974 (Microsoft's first overseas centre was also in Israel). The late Hungarian-born Zionist-American businessman Andrew S. Grove (born András István Gróf) is credited with the company's incredible success and he was named *Time* magazine Man of the Year in 1997. Grove was Intel president (1979–97), CEO (1987–98), chairman (1997–2005) and a funder of the ultra-Zionist Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC). Today Intel employs thousands of people in its Israeli arm and in early 2019 announced investment of another $11 billion to build a new manufacturing facility in Israel with the government donating a major sum to the global giant while Holocaust survivors live in economic deprivation. Intel's Israel chief Yaniv Garty was named one of the country's most influential people by business and financial newspaper *The Marker* which included 20 tech 'luminaries' in its top 100 most influential Israelis. Al-Awda, the Palestine Right to Return Coalition, points out that the Intel operation north of Beersheba is built on land Israel confiscated from the Palestinian villagers of al-Faluja and Iraq al

Manshiya where thousands of people were living. They were terrorised out of their homes which were razed to the ground for the Jewish settlement of Kiryat Gat. Members of an American Quaker relief mission documented the violence they witnessed including a man with 'two bloody eyes, a torn ear, and a face pounded until it was blue'. UN observers reported beatings, robberies and attempted rape on civilians by Israeli soldiers. The villagers have never been allowed to return. Israel is not racist, though, only everyone else. The Electric Intifada website reported in 2008 the following concern of Israeli authorities about Kiryat Gat:

> ... the local authorities in Kiryat Gat are focused on preventing yet another kind of 'disaster', as they put it: Jewish girls taking up with Bedouin boys. So common has this phenomenon become that the municipality last year convened an 'emergency' conference to address it. The upshot: a program run by the municipal welfare department, with support from the police, that sends speakers into public school classrooms to warn girls about the dangers they face from Arab boys. The curriculum even includes a 10-minute video entitled 'Sleeping with the Enemy'.

Anti-racist racism is never a pretty sight. Intel was in the news in 2019 when computer experts claimed its chips are hiding mysterious and 'undocumented' technology. Analysts from London-based Positive Technologies alleged that Intel chips and processors contain a 'logic signal analyser' which can read 'almost all data on a computer'. This theme of 'back-door' access to computer systems is going to be highly significant to 9/11 and global control from here to the end of the book. Maxim Goryachy and Mark Ermolov revealed their findings at the Black Hat Conference of hackers and cybersecurity experts in Singapore. They said they discovered the 'analyser' (known as VISA) in the Platform Controller Hub (PCH) on Intel motherboards and the main processor itself. These comprise the 'brain' of the computer and potentially VISA technology can allow external access to information stored in the memory and also to connected items such as a webcam or mouse. One report of the story said:

> This ability would be useful to hackers looking to steal information – as well as spies or anyone else interested in stealing sensitive information. Normally, VISA is turned off in commercial systems. Yet the researchers claimed to have found a way to switch it on.

You will see as we proceed the significance of this and the significance of Israel being a global centre for cyber-technology and control in relation to both current events and 9/11.

Israel: Breaking a PROMIS

We can pick up the story of Israel's domination of cyber-technology and its relevance to 9/11 in the 1970s when a Washington DC software company called Inslaw developed tracking technology with the potential for prosecutors to monitor case records. This was dubbed the Prosecutor's Management Information System or PROMIS and was backed by funding from the US Department of [In]Justice. PROMIS user contracts stipulated that the software could not be modified, distributed to others or any derivative versions made. Instead the US National Security Agency (NSA) and other government departments sold PROMIS software to banks and foreign intelligence networks with a built-in 'back-door' that allowed US intelligence to spy on the operations of purchasers. Among the countries involved were Israel, Egypt, Jordan, Iraq and Canada. A letter from the US Department of [In]Justice dated 1985 was secured by Inslaw during its court proceedings against the US government for breaking the terms of contract through among other things modifying the software. The letter revealed that conduits for PROMIS sales by the government included Saudi billionaire Khalid bin Mahfouz and the arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi. Yes, yes, the same Khalid bin Mahfouz, operations director and 20 percent shareholder of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI), close associate of the Bush family and named by the United States government as a financial supporter of Osama bin Laden. The government letter secured by Inslaw said that PROMIS should be delivered without 'paperwork, customs, or delay', and payments channelled through a Swiss bank account. Edwin Meese, Attorney General during the Reagan-Father Bush administration, and Dr Earl Brian from the government consultancy firm Hadron were apparently designated to sell the illegal 'back-door' version of PROMIS. A 1992 House Judiciary Committee report revealed that they were allowed to do this 'for their personal financial gain and in support of the intelligence and foreign policy objectives of the United States'. Earl Brian was also the head of Infotechnology Inc, a New York holding company that controlled among many other companies, United Press International (UPI), and the Financial News Network (FNN). He would later be jailed on fraud charges unrelated to PROMIS.

Earl Brian was apparently given crucial help in circulating the back-door PROMIS by Rafi Eitan, a top Israeli intelligence officer and former head of LAKAM, an intelligence operation connected to Israel's nuclear weapons programme – the open secret that it ludicrously won't confirm or deny. The truly appalling Eitan was central to the PROMIS scam and its back-door access to government and other computer systems around the world. He was also an advisor to MI6 on counter-terrorism (love it)

in Northern Ireland during the Margaret Thatcher premiership in the 1980s. This ended with his involvement in the shoot-to-kill operation in Gibraltar in 1985 when three members of the Irish Republican Army (IRA) were killed by the British elite military unit, the SAS. Shoot-to-kill with no legal oversight is typical of Israeli Mossad. Another Mossad operative involved with PROMIS was the infamous crook, sorry, 'businessman and publisher', Robert Maxwell, nicknamed Captain Bob and the Bouncing Czech. His daughter Ghislaine has been accused of procuring young girls for the paedophile ring of ultra-Zionist billionaire child-abuser Jeffrey Epstein in the United States who is big mates with the rich and famous including Bill Clinton and Britain's Prince Andrew. The Maxwells are a lovely family apparently. Investigative writer Gordon Thomas interviewed many senior officials of Israeli intelligence for his book, *Gideon's Spies – The Secret History of the Mossad*, including Rafi Eitan. Thomas said in a sworn affidavit that Maxwell sold $500 million worth of illegal back-door PROMIS to the 'UK, Australia, South Korea, Canada and the KGB in the Soviet Union'. Former Mossad agent Victor Ostrovsky describes in his book, *The Other Side of Deception*, how Maxwell was murdered by Mossad at sea on his yacht when he became more of a hazard than a help as his business empire collapsed which included his ownership of Britain's Mirror newspaper group. Maxwell was then buried by the country that killed him on the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem – the 'resting place for the nation's most revered heroes', as Ostrovsky puts it. The hypocrisy is breathtaking. A small cabal in the know about back-door PROMIS in both Israel and the United States sold it all over the world to intelligence agencies, government departments and law enforcement giving them global access to people-tracking data. The apartheid regime in South Africa employed PROMIS to identify black activists and dissidents who would then disappear.

Long story short – Israel secured back-door PROMIS access to the government-military-intelligence computer systems of the United States and so knew pretty much everything the US knew. A House Judiciary Committee investigation revealed in 1992 that 'a foreign power – the state of Israel – had been engaged in active espionage against the United States by the illegal use of the Enhanced PROMIS software'. This has since become massively more widespread and sophisticated as Israel has dominated cyberspace ever more totally and it spies on the spies in countries all over the world, especially the United States. PROMIS took this espionage against the American state to a whole new level at that time and no wonder Israeli intelligence was a central player in what happened to PROMIS software and how it was later used. This is highly significant given that PROMIS-like software access to government, military and civil aviation computer systems is centrally connected the attacks of September 11th. Ari Ben-Menashe was a former agent with

Israeli intelligence, served for twelve years in the Israel Defense Forces and was intelligence consultant to terrorist Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir. Ben-Menashe said that PROMIS was given by the US government to the Israel Defense Forces Intelligence Unit and court files in the Inslaw case reveal the plan was to access computer systems of those who had purchased the software. This Israel-American connection would have been Sabbatian-Frankist in nature. Ben-Menashe said in an Inslaw affidavit that he was present at a meeting in Tel Aviv in 1987 when Earl Brian was pitching PROMIS to Israel officials. Two courts ruled in favour of Inslaw in 1988 and said that the US government 'took, converted, stole' PROMIS 'through trickery, fraud and deceit', but amid the most blatant corruption the verdict was overturned by a court of appeal on the grounds of a 'jurisdictional technicality'. Such is the power over the courts by the Hidden Hand. The PROMIS story was a sign of things to come as Israel's control of cyberspace continued to develop in the run-up to 9/11.

Israeli tech-matrix

Comverse Infosys (which changed its name to Verint in 2002) is another Israeli telecommunications company in the United States highlighted in the Fox News report after 9/11 and this company was providing phone-tapping technology to the FBI and other law enforcement. The potential for blackmail through tapped calls is obvious and the ability to stay one-step ahead of any law enforcement investigation. Comverse was established in the early 1980s by three Israelis, investment banker Jacob 'Kobi' Alexander, engineer Boaz Misholi, and Columbia University computer science professor, Yechiam Yemini, who was Alexander's brother-in-law. The Israeli company was phone-tapping for US law enforcement and *retaining access through its computers to the call-tap information.* Reporter Carl Cameron said that US intelligence agencies were concerned about 'back-doors' (here we go again) in the technology. The report said that Comverse worked closely with the Israeli government which under 'special programmes' paid half the company's research and development costs. This is typical of the seamless connection between Israeli tech companies and Israeli government, military and intelligence networks. Cameron said he was told that to question if Comverse was involved in spying for Israel was 'career suicide' for investigators and the technology had never been checked for leaks. Is it not worth asking why 'tiny' Israel so terrifies politicians, intelligence operatives and media the world over that they stay silent in the face of its outrageous behaviour? FBI personnel responsible for awarding contracts to Comverse later ended up working for the company – something that should have been banned in any fair and open system. Cameron also said that what most troubled investigators

into 9/11 was the number of cases in which supposedly *secret* wire-taps led to the people involved immediately changing their means of communication. Intelligence agencies and organised crime have a very close relationship and in fact much of what intelligence agencies do *is* organised crime. Mossad and Israeli-Zionist organised crime – like the Kosher Nostra in New York and the wider United States – are absolutely the same thing. Documents obtained by Fox for the Cameron reports describe how Israeli organised crime operating in Israel, Egypt, New York, Miami, Las Vegas and Canada was being investigated in 1997 for cocaine and ecstasy trafficking along with credit card and computer fraud, but there was a problem. The Israeli crime syndicate had the police beepers, cell phones and home phones *under surveillance.* Investigators concluded that the syndicate 'has apparent extensive access to identify pertinent personal and biographical information'. The Fox News reports were deleted from their website and not another word has ever appeared despite Israel penetrating the entire US government communication and computer system to the point where through PROMIS and later systems they could use the covert back-doors to change information at will – including in real time. Think about the potential of that on 9/11. Pointing the finger at Russia for hacking US government and election systems is simply cover for Israel doing that on an industrial scale. Odigo is yet another Israeli telecommunications company and instant messaging service and has offices near the World Trade Center. I have explained how Israel-based Odigo employees were sent a warning two hours before the first tower was hit that some sort of attack was imminent. Odigo vice president Alex Diamandis said: 'The messages said something big was going to happen in a certain amount of time and it did – almost to the minute.' CEO Micha Macover said that immediately after the attack the two told the company about the warning and Israeli security services were then informed who told the FBI. Macover said: 'I have no idea why the message was sent to these two workers who don't know the sender. It may just have been someone who was joking and turned out they accidentally got it right.' So why hasn't the sender been found?

Israeli tech innovator and trained assassin on Flight 11

A point widely missed with 9/11 is that the first person reported to have been killed on Flight 11 according to flight attendant calls was 31-year-old Daniel Lewin, an American-Israeli co-founder of multi-billion dollar cloud services and cyber-security company Akamai Technologies which is headquartered in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Lewin, who was said to be sitting very close to alleged 'hijackers' Mohamed Atta, Abdulaziz al-Omari and Satam al Suqami in seat 9B, was a captain in the Israeli Defense Forces who served in the elite specialist counter-terrorism,

hostage rescue and assassination operation known as the Sayeret Matkal or General Staff Reconnaissance Unit. This is modelled on the British elite SAS and adopted the same motto of 'Who Dares Wins'. Lewin was the subject of a book entitled *No Better Time: The Brief, Remarkable Life of Danny Lewin, the Genius Who Transformed the Internet.* He was an Israeli-American duel citizen who understood Arabic. Lewin was acclaimed as a hero of 9/11 for tackling the 'hijackers' before being overpowered. This is said to have happened to a man who could bench-press 315 pounds and squat close to 500 pounds. By his own account he was 'trained to kill terrorists with a pen or credit card' or just his bare hands. He was, to get straight to the point, a trained assassin. Somehow we are told he was overpowered by slightly built 'hijackers' as were other huge men said to be on the planes. The official 9/11 account is that Lewin was stabbed which overrode an internal FAA memo on September 11th that said he was shot by a single bullet:

> The American Airlines FAA Principal Security Inspector (PSI) was notified by Suzanne Clark of American Airlines Corporate Headquarters, that an on board flight attendant contacted American Airlines Operations Center and informed that a passenger located in seat 10B shot and killed a passenger in seat 9B ... The passenger killed was Daniel Lewin, shot by passenger Satam Al Suqami. One bullet was reported to have been fired.

The report was later changed from being shot to being stabbed. Childhood friend Brad Rephen who served with Lewin in the Israel Defense Force said: 'With his training, he would have killed them with his bare hands ... I can tell you, their knives would not have stopped him ... He would have taken their knives or their box cutters away and used them against them.' Rephen said Lewin 'knew how to fight with knives and take knives away from people.' The Akamai Technologies website makes it clear what a signigicant internet delivery and security operation Lewin co-founded:

> As the largest distributed platform operating at the edge of the Internet, Akamai provides a defensive shield built to protect your websites, mobile infrastructure, and API-driven requests. Via 24/7 monitoring, we collect and analyze terabytes of attack data, billions of bot requests, and hundreds of millions of IP addresses to solidify your defenses and keep you informed. And we never stop innovating to stay ahead of the latest threats including malware, phishing, data exfiltration, DDoS, and other advanced attacks.
>
> This commitment to security is why we're trusted by the most security-conscious industries, including 18 of the largest asset managers, 12 of the top insurers, and 8 of the top financial technology companies. So you can worry

less about cyber attacks, and more about growing your business.

The company was floated in 1999 and overnight made Lewin at least a near-billionaire as he became one of the world's richest high-tech entrepreneurs before the age of 30. Akamai clients include Sony, Apple and the Murdoch News Corp. The company has been responsible for 'keeping some of the world's most popular websites running smoothly, including Facebook and iTunes'. Akamai claims to be used by 50 percent of Global 500 companies, 55 percent of Fortune 500 companies, all branches of the US military with 85 percent of the world's Internet users 'within a single "network hop" of an Akamai CDN server'. Akamai says it delivers nearly three trillion Internet interactions every day. Danny Lewin reached the rank of captain with the Israeli counter-terrorism, hostage rescue and assassination unit before studying maths and computer science at the Israeli Institute of Technology and going on to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). He also worked for IBM's research lab in Haifa, Israel, and he would then have a 'ground-breaking' idea to allow the internet to work more efficiently and at faster speeds with a set of algorithms that he called 'consistent hashing'. Akamai claim that Lewin's technology 'transformed the Internet from a chaotic network into a secure business platform'. By some bizarre chance a picture was taken of Danny Lewin in 2000 wearing a Swatch Watch of the model name 'Hijacker' and the hour, minute, second hands and date are all set to 11. It's amazing how elite Israeli military and intelligence operatives turn up in every area of the 9/11 story.

Ptech and 9/11

Genuine investigators on the trail of Israel's involvement in 9/11 have highlighted a network of Israeli tech companies in the United States which deserve serious attention. I'm going to start with one called Ptech ('Process Technology'), a 'small' software company in Quincy, a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts, which listed among its clients the Pentagon, NATO, the White House, US Congress, Department of [In]Justice, FBI, US Secret Service and ... the *Federal Aviation Administration, US Air Force and NORAD*. Oh yes, and add US Customs and Border Protection, Internal Revenue Service and the Department of Energy, plus others. At the time of 9/11 Ptech and the associated federally-funded MITRE Corporation had real-time access to all computer systems and inter-agency communications that would have been bottom-line essential to anyone orchestrating the attacks. From 1997 Ptech was given security clearance to deal with 'sensitive military projects' and secured a contract with the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) – the technology-development arm of the Pentagon which basically controls Silicon Valley (for its Death Cult masters) and drives the agenda to

attach the human mind to artificial intelligence (see *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*). Ptech was apparently just a small and insignificant company on the surface although it had connections with giants like IBM and its *high*-significance to 9/11 can be seen with the client list that I described. Another 'apparently' is that it was primarily a Muslim company established in 1994 by Oussama Ziade, a Lebanese immigrant, but there are other links that take us elsewhere. Ptech became a company of interest to 9/11 investigators in the alternative media after Indira Singh, an IT professional, went public with her experience. Singh had worked as a high-level IT consultant to the United Nations, American Express and Wall Street companies including JPMorganChase where she was developing a next-generation system to expose money laundering, rogue trading and illegal financing patterns. She also worked as a senior consultant in Washington DC with the Interoperability Clearing House (ICH) which had connections with the CIA and DARPA. Singh realised in the course of her work with JPMorganChase that Ptech would have had access to all the key computer systems necessary to stage the 9/11 attacks while at the same time having a major Muslim connection with apparent ties to people accused of funding terrorism. Ptech dealt in 'enterprise architecture software' which makes it possible to observe in real time all data produced by an organisation or system. Seeing what is going on everywhere as it happens has clear potential for numerous activities from very good to extremely bad. It was a big advance on PROMIS software with its backdoor to government and military computer systems in which Rafi Eitan, a top Israeli intelligence officer, was a key player. Here was the chance for Israel and the Hidden Hand in general to get even more control of those systems via what *appeared* to be a Muslim company.

The Islamic connection to Ptech was further highlighted by the number of Saudi investors and board members accused or suspected of funding terrorism. Ptech board member Soliman Biheiri was the head of BMI, an Islamic, Sharia-compliant investment bank based in New Jersey which was accused of funding terrorist groups. Biheiri was jailed in 2005 for terrorism and fraud. US prosecutors described him as the US banker for the Muslim Brotherhood. BMI's backers included two brothers of CIA-asset Osama bin Laden. Indira Singh claimed in an interview that Thomas Kean, joint head of the pathetic 9/11 Commission, had done business deals with BMI and should have either not accepted the job of 'investigating' 9/11 or made his connections public. Another big Islam-BMI-Ptech connection was Saudi businessman Yassin al-Kadi, or al-Qadi, who had links with Muslim entities funding terrorism including investments in BMI. Kadi was a major investor in Ptech with all its access to US government, military and FAA computer systems. He has appeared on terrorism wanted lists, been subject to international

financial sanction and has also been connected to the Muslim Brotherhood. Kadi has slowly overturned the terrorist designation through legal actions and submissions. The United Nations Security Council refused to remove Kadi from its terrorism blacklist and in 2009 published a list of reasons which included evidence that Osama bin Laden was the source of working capital for up to five of Kadi's companies in Albania. The UN relented and de-listed him in 2012. Kadi is reported to have been a close friend of Bin Laden (he certainly met him) and claimed himself to be a friend of Dick Cheney. Kadi was a long-time associate and business partner of Bush family friend Khalid bin Mahfouz, a leading shareholder in the stunningly corrupt Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI) who was exposed for donating more than $270,000 to Osama bin Laden at the request of Osama's brother and Boy Bush business partner, Salem bin Laden. Bin Mahfouz was named as a financer of terrorism by the Bill Clinton State Department and was involved along with Israel in selling the back-door PROMIS software. We should not forget that Saudi Arabia and Israel at inner-circle levels are not 'enemies' but fellow Sabbatian-Frankists pursuing the same agenda. This explains so much about events on 9/11. Israel loves those who fund Muslim terrorism because it serves their interests in demonising the Muslim world. Large numbers of Saudis and other Arabic people work for Mossad and the CIA – some by choice, many by entrapment – and Mossad commonly uses Arabs to front-up its operations and companies to hide the real perpetrators. Who is going to suspect Israeli involvement with 'Muslim' companies? The obvious connection between 9/11 and 'hijackers' with a Saudi background makes perfect sense from this perspective. What can be said with certainty is that people like Yassin al-Kadi and Soliman Biheiri would not have had their Ptech software company given access to the most sensitive United States military, government and civilian air traffic computer systems and information by mistake because their connections were well known. The FBI said that Kadi was investing millions in Ptech ongoing and they were told by company insiders of their trips to meet investors in Saudi Arabia with Kadi always among them. Ptech's chief scientist Hussein Ibrahim, who started Muslim bank BMI with Soliman Biheiri, was close to Kadi. Ibrahim was the former president of BMI which was also a seed-investor in Ptech. BMI leased computers and office space in New York from Kadi International. If you find the official Ptech story extraordinary then you are not alone. American Investigative journalist Christopher Bollyn writes:

> It simply did not make sense that the most secure computer systems of the US government would be running software written by a Lebanese immigrant financed by a Saudi who happened to be on the most-wanted list of global

terrorists.

The ultra-Zionist connection

The background to Ptech with its access to top secret computer systems across the US government, military and FAA civilian aviation at the time of 9/11 would appear to be Muslim in nature, but hold on a second. Author Dan Verton in his book, *Black Ice: The Invisible Threat of Cyber-Terrorism*, says that Ptech and its Lebanese founder Oussama Ziade were innocent victims of [Muslim] paranoia. He notes in support of this that many Ptech employees were Jewish. Christopher Bollyn discovered that a key man involved with Ptech was Michael Goff, a Jewish ultra-Zionist lawyer from Worcester, Massachusetts. He is the son and grandson of 'highest level' B'nai B'rith Freemasons in the Worcester lodge and he would go on to work with an Israeli Mossad/military-connected software company called Guardium, later absorbed into IBM. Guardium was an asset of Log-on Software founded by two Israeli military officers, Joseph Segev, one-time head programmer and telecommunications officer with the Israeli Navy, and Major Gil Migdan. The company's vice president was Danny Zeitouny, head of logistics programming for the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF). The same story can be found with Log-on's spin-off Guardium which had Israeli colonel Gill Zaphir or Zafir on its board of directors. Zaphir was head of research and development with the Israeli Air Force. Amit Yoran was another Jewish director of Guardium and also a co-founder, CEO and president. Yoran is a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point and became a founding member of the Pentagon's Computer Emergency Response Team. He would later be appointed by President Boy Bush as director, or 'czar', of the National Cyber Security Division at the Department of Homeland Security with responsibility for coordinating America's cyber security. The number of ultra-Zionist connections to US government, military, intelligence and security systems is simply mind-blowing when they represent only one section of two percent of the population. If the same ratio was true of Chinese people or Muslims what would the reaction be? Amit Yoran has been a consultant and advisor to CIA technology seed-funding company, In-Q-Tel, and when he was with Silicon Valley software company Symantec Corporation he was 'primarily responsible for managing security infrastructure in 40 countries', according to *Business Week*. Yoran also 'designed security architecture for the Pentagon and Office of the Secretary of Defense' and was Network Security Manager responsible for maintaining operations of the Pentagon's network. This was at the same time that ultra-Zionist Michael Goff was 'marketing and information systems manager' at Ptech supplying software for Pentagon computer systems. Those with allegiance to Israel were and are all over US government and military

computer systems.

Amit Yoran was president and chief executive of a company employing hackers to test the vulnerabilities of computer systems. This was Riptech which Yoran co-founded in 1998 and was acquired by Symantec in 2002. Yoran told the Associated Press in 2001 that once you break into a web-server 'there are fewer protections between it and other parts of the network'. And what if you control the web-server? Riptech was established by Yoran and his elder brother, Elad, another Israeli West Point graduate, and Tim Belcher, a veteran of the Gulf War in 1990/91. Belcher has been connected to a long list of tech and software companies and according to his Bloomberg profile 'conducted security assessments of some of the nation's most critical infrastructure components, including the Federal Aviation Administration's Air Traffic Control Network' and has been employed by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, National Reconnaissance Office, Office of the Secretary of Defense and Space and Naval Warfare Command. He and Amit Yoran were also 'advisors' to Security Growth Partners (SPG), a funding company founded and run by Elad Yoran, and on the advisory board was Jeremy M. Kroll from the ultra-Zionist family that was running security at the World Trade Center on 9/11 – of which more shortly. Jeremy Kroll was Managing Director of Marsh Kroll, a division of ultra-Zionist Marsh & McLennan (known as MMC), and the first plane to strike the World Trade Center hit the 'secure computer room' of Marsh & McLennan in the North Tower. Marsh & McLennan was controlled by the family of ultra-Zionist Maurice Greenberg and together they handled the initial insurance for Larry Silverstein and the World Trade Center. Ultra-Zionist interconnections between Big Tech and cyber-'security' companies are extraordinary. Christopher Bollyn writes:

> A number of senior corporate officers of Amdocs, all Israelis, moved between Nice Systems, ViryaNet Ltd, and Guardium. Sometimes a person would go to a company for a while and then return to the previous company. In some cases, such as Gill Zaphir, a person would be involved in an Israeli 'venture capital' fund supporting a company while serving as a director of the company being funded. Elad Yoran, Amit's older brother, held similar positions at Broadview International and Riptech, a 'security' software company that specialized in hacking into corporate computer networks.

Ptech, MITRE and 9/11

These were the sort of people ultra-Zionist Michael Goff would have worked with at Israel-front Guardium and would have come into contact with while at Israel-front Ptech with all its access to computer systems essential to 9/11. Goff had earlier worked for an ultra-Zionist

law firm and later ultra-Zionist Guardium, but in between he suddenly joins an apparently – *apparently* – Muslim company at Ptech which would have access to key swathes of the US government, military, intelligence and FAA computer systems. Here we have a Jewish man from a seriously ultra-Zionist family working as a 'marketing and information systems manager' at Ptech, a company funded by people accused of funding Islamic terrorism, including Hamas which is so condemned by Israel. Yep, makes sense doesn't it? As Bollyn puts it:

> So, why would a recently graduated Juris Doctor in Law leave a promising law career to join forces with a Lebanese Muslim's upstart company sponsored by dodgy funders in Saudi Arabia?

Bollyn asked Michael Goff how in 1994 he left the ultra-Zionist Seder and Chandler law firm in Worcester and ended up with a job at Ptech. Goff said this was done 'through a temp agency'. Which one? He couldn't remember. Goff was asked who wrote the original Ptech software used by government, military and FAA air traffic for which he was the original marketing and information systems manager. He said he didn't know. This is despite being described on his own website in the following terms in relation to his work at Ptech: 'As information systems manager, Michael handled design, deployment and management of its Windows and Macintosh, data, and voice networks ... Michael also performed employee training and handled all procurement for software, systems and peripherals.' He was at the centre of everything, then, and Bollyn was right to question his story:

> Goff, the original marketing manager for Ptech software, said he did not know who had written the code that Ptech sold to many government agencies. Is this believable? Goff leaves a legal practice in his home town to take a job through a temp agency, with a Lebanese Muslim immigrant who is selling software, and he doesn't know who even wrote the code?

How about it was written in Israel and through these connections ended up on US government, military, intelligence and FAA computer systems essential to American security and response on 9/11? The Israeli global technology company network is fantastic and they are all ultimately assets of the equally fantastic Israeli military and intelligence web that spans America, Europe and the wider world. Bollyn, who has researched the subject for nearly two decades, says this about Guardium which Michael Goff worked for after leaving Ptech:

> Guardium is closely connected with other companies of the Israeli military intelligence network in the United States. Some of the key Israeli-run

> companies linked to Guardium are Amdocs, ViryaNet, Nice Systems, and CreoScitex. Like Guardium, these companies are all run by senior officers of Israeli military intelligence.
>
> Amdocs and Nice Systems are especially noteworthy because these two companies were involved in the espionage network of computer programmers and demolition experts from the Israeli military who posed as art students as they tried to infiltrate offices of the US Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) in 2000 and 2001.

Ptech worked closely on government, military and FAA civil aviation computer systems with the MITRE Corporation where James Rodney Schlesinger was the long-time chairman of the Board of Trustees from 1985 until his death in 2014. Schlesinger was born to Jewish parents in New York and later converted to Lutheranism. He went on to be Secretary of Defense, Secretary of Energy, Director of the CIA and was appointed to the Homeland Security Advisory Council by President Boy Bush in 2002. MITRE Corporation was established in 1958 as a private, not-for-profit company to provide engineering and technical guidance for the federal government and provides specialised technology for defense and intelligence. MITRE's headquarters is in McLean, Virginia, where it shares space with big-time Hidden Hand Northrop Grumman, one of the world's biggest aerospace and armament corporations. The MITRE website says it 'has operated at the intersection of advanced technology and vital national concerns [and] we've grown to serve a variety of government agencies at the highest levels through the operation of federally-funded research and development centers'. Among them are the National Security Engineering Center working on 'national security' for the Department of Defense and the Center for Advanced Aviation System Development working for the FAA on air traffic management. MITRE was partnered before and during the 9/11 attacks with Ptech and MITRE also used Ptech (Israeli back-door) software. Back-door access to US government, military and FAA computer systems could have controlled the whole 9/11 scenario while genuine staff were desperately trying to make sense of the mess and confusion. The potential was also there for normal reaction mechanisms including fighter response and ground-to-air missile defences to be infiltrated, delayed and deactivated. This alone would answer so many still-unanswered questions about what happened that day. Elias Davidsson writes in *Hijacking America's Mind On 9/11*:

> A central feature of the simulated war games conducted on 9/11 was for the military to feed electronic blips representing airliners into military and civilian radar [these are known as 'input']. As the events of 9/11 unfolded, radar

> operators had no way of knowing whether the blips they were observing on their screens represented real or simulated aircraft.
>
> There were in fact three types of blips the controllers had to confront: Those representing virtual aircraft, possessing no physical existence; those representing real aircraft which were scheduled to participate in the simulated hijackings; and all other blips representing real aircraft.

This is how it was possible with real-time access to government, military and FAA computer systems to swap planes, lose planes, invent planes and cause maximum confusion during which the deed could have been done while genuine operatives were asking: 'What the fuck is going on?' Major James Fox, leader of the NORAD NEADS weapons team, said amid the chaos: 'I've never seen so much real-world stuff happen during an exercise.' The confusion was such that some operatives believed that the scenes of carnage on their television screens were simulated for them to see as part of an exercise. It tells you so much about the scale of the cover-up that neither the FBI nor the 9/11 Commission sought to investigate the relationship of the wargame exercises with actual events.

In-your-face cover-up

IT risk-assessment consultant Indira Singh began to speak out about the obvious potential security risks of having people accused of funding Islamic terrorism and Osama bin Laden so involved with a company in Ptech at the heart of US government and military computer systems relating to security and communication between front-line 9/11 agencies including the Pentagon, Air Force, NORAD, CIA and FAA. She contacted the FBI in Boston (which had a reputation for being notoriously corrupt) to share her findings and predictably to no avail. She notified a stream of agencies at local, state and federal levels and again nothing happened. JPMorganChase warned her to stop what she was doing *or else* and she lost her job because she refused to stop. For her this was personal. Singh had been due at a meeting on the 106th floor (where no one survived) of the World Trade Center North Tower that morning, but overslept. She was on her way to the building when the first plane hit and then volunteered to help with the medical response as a part-time emergency medical technician. I mentioned her earlier with regard to hearing that Building 7 was going to be brought down. From the information Singh uncovered and her own experience she not unnaturally concluded that Ptech was being protected. With no response amid warnings about dangers to her life if she continued to dig she turned to investigative reporter Joe Bergantino at a Boston CBS affiliate called WBZTV. He verified Singh's story about Ptech and more.

Bergantino's report was due to run on September 11th, 2002, but it didn't because of pressure, Singh says, from the Bush-Cheney White House. Ptech's office was raided by the FBI in 2002 before the lid went on and *seven years* later the FBI 'investigation' concluded with an indictment for 'loan fraud'. Singh said that Bergantino and his investigation team did produce a video connecting a Boston-based Islamic charity called Care International to the Al Kifah Refugee Center (which has been linked to the 1993 World Trade Center bombing in which the FBI was involved) and to the Maktab al-Khidamat (MAK) which was founded in 1984 with input from Osama bin Laden and others to raise money and recruit Mujahidin for the fight against the Zbigniew Brzezinski-instigated Soviet occupation in Afghanistan. MAK was established by the CIA together with the 9/11-connected ISI Pakistan military intelligence to fund Bin Laden and the Mujahidin before morphing into a fundraising and recruitment network for al-Qaeda when the CIA morphed the Mujahidin into al-Qaeda. Indira Singh said she then realised that MAK was being 'run out of Ptech' because faces in the Bergantino videotape she was shown were core employees at Ptech. Some formerly worked for the Islamic Care International (not to be confused with the major international humanitarian agency of the same name) and among them was Suheil Laheir. Singh described him as 'one of the only one or two people who had access to the source code at Ptech' which was the key to the entire program. She said '... it would be like having the formula for Coca Cola, basically.' Singh continued:

> By the end of the day when I was finished with certain parts of the investigations, it was clear to me that there was no way Ptech could have done all of this without a lot of inside help. And that's what I began focusing on, that it was a cut-out, it was a front, was it a regular CIA front, was it a clandestine front, what was it? ... There are walls within the FBI, walls within the CIA, behind which these operations take place, and who is behind those operations, is a key question.

How about Mossad working with Hidden Hand elements within the CIA, US government/military, Pakistan ISI and Saudi Arabia with British intelligence also involved somewhere as they always are? The Web makes this possible. Compartmentalisation means that most strands in something like 9/11 won't know what they are ultimately part of and where it is all meant to lead. Singh correctly observed that this wasn't just a simple case of 'Muslims hate America' – 'there is something else going on here, they're being used as a tool, just as the good people of the US are being used, are being misled, and frightened and terrorised into "if we don't wage these horrific wars, our way of life will be over". Who benefits?' She correctly made this point:

> ... maybe those organisations don't fully know who their masters are. Ptech is the one thread, the one golden thread you pull on, all of this is unravelled. Because it goes into the corporations, it goes into these government entities, it goes into the terrorism financing entities ... none of which have been taken to task ... there are just so many questions about what does this all mean? And as I investigated further, we found that the origins of Ptech were very interesting. Where did this company come from? ... And how did they get to be so powerful? Who were the people, who were the organisations that brought them in who knew, who gave them the power?

Singh is describing The Web and how it works. Ptech was clearly an intelligence front and so all doors were opened at the expense of other companies. Singh said:

> ... I remember that Ptech's competitors, US companies, were extremely annoyed at the fact that they could not get equal time, all the plum contracts were going to a foreign-owned company. And I said, 'Well, did you know that they were foreign-owned? And if they were foreign-owned, they could not get certain classified projects...' and [I was told], 'Indira, everyone knew that they were Saudi-owned and that meant that they got favourable treatment on Capitol Hill.' And I said, 'Well, are you saying that they just got "favoured treatment" or there's something more going on?' They wouldn't answer, their lawyers instructed them not to answer, so they knew a lot of what was going on.

'Saudi-owned' on the surface and ultra-Zionist owned behind the scenes = Sabbatian-Frankist-owned.

Bingo!

Indira Singh said that Ptech software 'is utilized at the highest levels of almost every government, military, security and law enforcement organisation in this country including the Secret Service, the FBI, the Department of Defense, the House of Representatives, the Treasury Department, the IRS, the US Navy, the US Air Force, and, last but not least, the Federal Aviation Administration'. Of the latter she said:

> Ptech was with MITRE in the basement of the FAA for two years prior to 9-11. Their specific job is to look at interoperability [connections between different computer systems] issues the FAA had with NORAD and the Air Force in the case of an emergency. If anyone was in a position to know the FAA, that there was a window of opportunity or to insert software or to change anything, it would have been Ptech along with MITRE ...

> ... they were looking at holes, basically, in the FAA's interoperability, responding with other agencies, law enforcement, in the case of an emergency such as hijacking. So they were looking for ... what people would do, how they would respond in case of an emergency, and find the holes, and make recommendations to fix it. Now, if anyone was in a position to know where the holes were, Ptech was. And that's exactly the point. If anybody was in a position to write software to take advantage of those holes, it would have been Ptech.

Singh explained the potential implications for communications between the FAA, Department of Defense (DOD) and NORAD on 9/11:

> Now, with the FAA in particular, if something goes wrong, and there is an emergency with a particular flight, and the DOD needs to be notified, well, that's a really major interoperability thing, a signal has to be sent in some way, shape or form, either mediated by a human in most cases, or automatically, or even if its mediated by a human something needs to be initiated on a separate computer to start a whole other sequence of events, interventions, scrambling a jet, notification up and downstream with many other organisations, such as NORAD, such as other terminal radar areas, such as local law enforcement, you name it. So, this all has to be blueprinted, mapped out, and that's where enterprise architecture comes in, you need some kind of blueprint to keep all of this together and that's what Ptech was so good at.

In other words, communication between different agencies can be blocked or delayed if their computer systems are not talking to each other. These are extraordinary revelations because as we saw earlier in the book one of the most bewildering mysteries surrounding 9/11 is the non-communication and inexplicably late communication between the FAA, NORAD and the US Air Force which led to no fighter aircraft reaching the scene in time and hijacked planes being left to fly unchallenged and untracked for utterly ridiculous periods. The Ptech-MITRE combination had the potential to see and track all communications in real time throughout all the agencies and centres involved. They could have inserted changes, blocks and adjustments without those working for the agencies and trying to follow protocol having any idea their systems were being manipulated. Note, too, that Ptech software was used by the Secret Service which was with Bush at the school on the morning of 9/11. Access to these computer systems would have allowed fake planes to be added to air traffic and NORAD screens as was happening anyway as part of the war game scenarios. Utter confusion could have been caused by Mossad-CIA-Israeli/US military factions of the Hidden Hand. How easy it would have been with this level of control to make fake planes appear and the real 9/11

aircraft disappear from computer screens to be replaced by doubles – and even easier with NORAD chief General Eberhart deciding to have so many wargame exercises that day and at the same time to order that protection for Pentagon communication networks be reduced to its *lowest level*. Take this further and the potential was there to observe the response to the attacks by those genuinely trying to do the right thing and to track genuine law enforcement officers as they tried to uncover the truth. Everything could be known and responded to, including reports on the Dancing Israelis and the Israeli spy ring in general. This would always keep you one step ahead (along with insiders watching your back) and you would know when assets had to disappear if the law was coming. Anyone think the eventual FBI raid on Ptech would have come as a shock to them? The raid was part of Operation Green Quest, a multi-agency investigation into terrorist funding headed by extreme ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff, then head of the Criminal Division of the [In]Justice Department who chose not to prosecute the Dancing Israelis or the 200 'art students' in the Israeli 'spy ring' and just sent them home to Israel. Michael Chertoff and 9/11 are joined at the hip. Indira Singh said:

> It was possible that there was an alternate command and control system ... could you technically use Ptech software to do the surveillance and intervention? Well, gosh, yes, that's exactly what I was planning on using it for in one of the largest banks in the world.

The MITRE Corporation is also the 'in-house engineer' at the US Air Force Electronic Systems Center at Hanscom Air Force Base in Bedford, Massachusetts, which is described as 'the Air Force's "brain" for information, command and control systems'. Hanscom is near to Boston Logan Airport where the first two '9/11 aircraft' took off. Singh said that because of the vast scope of their enterprise architecture project at the FAA both Ptech and MITRE would have been given pretty much 'carte blanche' to have access to everything in the organization – 'what is being done, where it's being done, on what systems, what the information is'. In a major project like this they 'would have been everywhere in the FAA system' in the years before 9/11. Singh said she was told they were in places that required clearances; they had log-on access to FAA flight-control computers; and they were given passwords to many other computers. She said that when she did the same work for JPMorganChase she could have access to almost anything she wanted: '... If you were up to no good, as an enterprise architect, with such a mandate, you typically could have anything you wanted. Access to anything.' Is anyone in any doubt why Israel is such a global centre of cyber high-tech and 'cyber security' – enterprise architecture?

FBI – Federal Blocking of Investigation

The FBI is an extraordinarily corrupt organisation at its Hidden Hand core although with many genuine and decent people working there around the rest of the organisation. We saw earlier how FBI agents complained about being undermined in their investigations into terrorist groups before 9/11 and one was agent Robert Wright operating out of Chicago – the American base for Ptech funder Yassin al-Kadi (Qadi). Wright began investigating Kadi and others accused of transferring money for guns and ammunition to al-Qaeda and the Hamas 'Palestinian' terrorist group. Not all of them were necessarily guilty in this twilight world of serious smoke and mirrors in which diversion and false accusation are central to the systematic deceit, but 23 organisations in the US were reportedly named for secretly funding Hamas including one called the Holy Land Foundation. This was based in Richardson, a relatively small city in Texas, which was said to be 'throbbing' with Israeli 'art student' activity. I have quoted people in other books, including Palestinian Liberation Organisation (PLO) leader, Yasser Arafat, as saying Hamas was covertly created by Israel. Many of these pre-9/11 Saudis in the US accused of funding terrorists were said to be 'funding Hamas'. This is more smoke and mirrors. Former British MP George Galloway, who called himself a 'comrade of Yasser Arafat', said: 'I saw Hamas be born, and Israel was the midwife':

> The Muslim Brotherhood, a client of the British in Egypt, had brothers in Gaza of course. Those brothers became Hamas with the full cooperation of Israel ... I saw with my own eyes the open development of Islamism in Gaza, a catspaw against Arafat and the PLO. While the gaols (and the grave-yards) were full of PLO men, the roads were choc-a-block with Islamist society vehicles. Communities were served by Islamic schools, hospitals and civic-society institutions of all kinds. Permitted, encouraged, sometimes financed by Israel. It was divide and rule in perfect harmony.

Arab terrorism funders connected to Ptech and other Israeli fronts were said to be supporting Hamas and the Muslim Brotherhood – both Israeli fronts. Everything starts to make sense. Galloway appears to believe that Hamas is now independent of Israel, but I disagree. I am not talking about everyone who calls themselves Hamas only those elements within its ranks that serve Israel's interests. The actions of Hamas perfectly serve the Israeli agenda of refusing to reach a peace agreement with the Palestinians because of 'Hamas terrorism'. Look at how the murder of Palestinians has been explained away by 'fighting Hamas' and cold-blooded killing of civilians is excused by claims of 'Hamas using civilians as human shields'. Legitimate peaceful protest

against shocking Palestinian oppression is condemned as the work of 'Hamas terrorists'. The existence of Hamas is good for Israel's ultra-Zionists and Sabbatian-Frankists and who is blamed for firing makeshift missiles into Israel that provides the excuse to bomb Gaza with state-of-the-art missiles? *Hamas.* Ultra-Zionists that run Israel need terrorists to keep their own population in fear and justify violence and oppression against their targets. Former German Defence Minister Andreas von Bulow described the 'Palestinian terrorist' Abu Nidal as 'an instrument of Mossad'. Anyway – back to FBI agent Robert Wright who claims to have uncovered a whole network of people in the United States apparently funding Hamas and al-Qaeda (a network overwhelmingly of Mossad and CIA fronts in other words) and the investigation became known as Operation Vulgar Betrayal which would be undermined by an undercover FBI agent who refused to secretly record a Muslim suspect. Far from being reprimanded for protecting the suspect the agent was promoted to a post at the US Embassy in Saudi Arabia. This would have been unexplainable if you didn't know how the global networks operate with both 'sides' controlled by same force. Wright realised that the closer he got to the truth the more his bosses at the FBI resisted what he was doing. They forbade him from making arrests and his investigation was trashed. 'Let sleeping dogs lie', he was told. Operation Vulgar Betrayal was shut down the year before 9/11 after Wright had earlier been removed from the case. He highlighted the FBI's International Terrorism Unit as a source for most of the resistance to genuine investigation:

> September the 11th is a direct result of the incompetence of the FBI's International Terrorism Unit. No doubt about that. Absolutely no doubt about that. You can't know the things I know and not go public ... There's so much more. God, there's so much more. A lot more.

This was not incompetence, but design. If you want to stop something being investigated control the agency that should be investigating. Who but the streetwise are going to suspect an 'anti-terrorism' agency of protecting, even instigating, terrorism? Who is going to suspect an anti-drug agency of running drugs? Robert Wright was tenacious in seeking to expose the truth about the FBI after 9/11 and as a result he was banned from working on the 9/11[non]-investigation or even answering calls from the public. His efforts to speak with [In]Justice Department big-wigs like Attorney General John Ashcroft and Criminal Division chief Michael Chertoff were denied. Ultra-Zionist Chertoff, reportedly the son of a Mossad agent, said: 'We are tired of conspiracy theories.' Wright, however, continued to his great credit to fight on.

Mendelson's remote control

The upgrade of FAA air traffic computer systems undertaken by Ptech and MITRE from the late 1990s and across 9/11 was overseen by Monte Belger, a senior official of the FAA and Acting Deputy Administrator for Air Traffic Services and System Operations in the period 1997 to 2002. Christopher Bollyn found his name and his connection to the 'upgrade' in documents about FAA failures on 9/11. I mentioned Belger earlier in this context:

> At 9.53, 25 minutes after contact was lost, FAA headquarters told the Command Center that the deputy director for air traffic services was talking to deputy administrator Monte Belger about scrambling aircraft. *Talking about it??*

Bollyn describes Belger as '... the key decision-maker at the Federal Aviation Administration, responsible for the software and computer upgrades that involved Ptech, the suspicious upgrades which were being done during the years prior to 9/11'. Belger's Internet biography said that he was 'leading the 49,000-person team and in charge of operating the world's safest aviation system'. Well, except on 9/11. Belger's pivotal role in the FAA air traffic system and the 'upgrade' rightly requires investigation in the light of the failure of that system on September 11th, 2001. Bollyn established that when Belger left the FAA in 2002 he was employed as 'Vice President, Government Connection' of an Israeli company called US Aviation Technology in Parkland, Florida, half an hour's drive from Hollywood, Florida, the apparent centre of the Israeli 'spy' ring operation uncovered in 2001, and where Mohamed Atta and other alleged 9/11 'hijackers' lived in the same period. Bollyn says that US Aviation Technology appears to have been run from the apartment of Ehud 'Udi' Mendelson who founded the company. He is a self-described 'captain in the prestigious Army Intelligence Unit of the Israel Defense Forces'. Bollyn tracked down documents and other information from the Israel Venture Capital Research Center website which list Monte Belger of Centreville, Virginia, as a Vice President and Government Connection of US Aviation Technology LLC. Mendelson was Chief Technology Officer of the company which in another incredible coincidence was involved in a remote-control system that allows an operator on the ground to 'monitor and adjust the computer flight systems on aircraft' in real time. In Mendelson's own words: 'We put the ground "pilot" in the cockpit.' Bollyn writes in *Solving 9/11*:

> His software and design was promoted as a system to obtain real-time data from the aircraft's computer recorders (black box, FDR) in order to monitor flight systems – and make corrections – if necessary. The possibility to

> remotely hijack a plane with Mendelson's system is obvious. Mendelson also promoted a Flight Data Animator, which he said gives the ground pilot all of the data and the visuals that the pilot in the aircraft has. In the two on-line presentations of this equipment it is stated that corrections can be made by the ground pilot to avoid an accident or situation.

In short the ground pilot could fly the aircraft – a capability for the military going back at least to the 1960s and Operation Northwoods and mega-updated by 2001. Mendelson's system transmitted data via satellite to the plane's satellite antenna. Bollyn asked Monte Belger, who oversaw the work of Ptech and MITRE on the FAA air traffic computer systems, about his relationship with Israeli military intelligence officer Ehud Mendelson. Belger denied 'knowing or having anything to do' with either Mendelson or US Aviation Technology, a position he reiterated in another Bollyn call to his office at arms giant Lockheed Martin where he was vice president with responsibility for Transportation Systems Security. Then how did Belger's name get on those documents relating to US Aviation Technology along with his address and specific job title?? Bollyn found another interesting name on the Israeli US Aviation Technology personnel documents – Peter Goelz. He is the former managing director of the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB). This is the organisation that investigates the cause of air crashes and produced those woefully flawed flight data recording animations for the 9/11 aircraft discussed at length earlier. Goelz was at the NTSB between 1995 and 1999 in a period when a number of investigations into air crashes remain controversial to this day – including TWA Flight 800 (1996); Egypt Air (1990); and the one that killed JFK's son, John F. Kennedy Jr, near Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts (1999). Goelz was named as Mendelson's US Aviation Technology vice president, Corporate Strategy. Bollyn could find nothing in his background that related in any way to experience or expertise in aviation despite being named by the Bill Clinton administration as managing director of the NTSB and appearing in the documents as Vice President, Corporate Strategy for ultra-Zionist Mendelson's US Aviation Technology. Goelz's background was as a political advisor and a lobbyist for gambling interests in Kansas City. *He* was overseeing investigations of *air crashes*? Blackjack table crashes maybe, but aircraft? Bollyn contacted Goelz and asked him about his connections to Mendelson and US Aviation Technology. At no time did Goelz deny that he was Vice President of a company founded and run by an Israeli intelligence officer with a keen interest in aircraft remote-control technology. Goelz told Bollyn that he had met with Mendelson 'two or three times' in Washington DC and that Mendelson was 'based in Miami'. He said he couldn't recall if he had met Mendelson before

9/11. Goelz knew that the company was focused on technology providing a 'ground pilot' with real-time data from aircraft but said he didn't really understand it. This was a strange comment given that Bollyn found a Goelz testimonial for US Aviation Technology in which he clearly understood it very well:

> Your system of real time downloading of aircraft data meets a very real and pressing problem. Not only is it important from a safety and security standpoint it also has applicability for navigation and flight management. A robust two-way data pipe from the aircraft to the ground and back could revolutionize the industry.
>
> The key to your system is it[s] initial simplicity, relying on tested, almost off the shelf, components. That your concept is well on the way to securing a patent further strengthens your proposal.
>
> I look forward to working with you on this project and believe that with the appropriate backing it will be successful.

Bollyn says that after his conversations with Goelz and Belger the web pages and documents that connected them to US Aviation Technology and Mendelson were taken down.

Hawks and Dov

Ultra-ultra-Zionist Dov Zakheim, who served in a number of Department of Defense positons during the Reagan-Bush administration, is an interesting character with a link to remote-control aircraft systems (Fig 142). Zakheim was a member of the Project for the New American Century (PNAC) that produced the regime-change document (which he co-wrote) in September, 2000, and a member of the ultra-Zionist-dominated group dubbed 'The Vulcans' which 'advised' Boy Bush on foreign policy ('bomb for Israel') before he became president. The group, which was *officially* headed by soon-to-be Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice, included ultra-Zionist PNAC stalwarts Zakheim, Richard Perle, Robert Zoellick, Paul Wolfowitz and Lewis Scooter Libby. Dov Zakheim's fingerprints were everywhere before, during and after 9/11, but that's just a coincidence and nothing to

Figure 142: Ultra-Zionist Dov Zakheim, 9/11 Pentagon comptroller.

worry about. He was appointed Comptroller, or Undersecretary of Defense, in charge of the Pentagon budget when Boy Bush came to power with a list of other ultra-Zionist PNAC Neocons in January, 2001. Zakheim would continue in that role until 2004 in the period in which trillions of dollars were found to be missing from the Pentagon books – a fact announced on September 10th, 2001. He came to the Pentagon after some five years as CEO of SPC International, a subsidiary of the high-technology 'defense' company System Planning Corporation which has close connections to the Pentagon and its technology-development arm, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA). During this period from 1987 to 2001 he advised defence secretaries in the Father Bush and Bill Clinton presidencies and was appointed to many major groups within the Department of Defense including the Task Force on Defense Reform. Three times he won the Defense Department's highest civilian award.

System Planning Corporation was involved with aircraft remote control systems including one developed by its Radar Physics Group called the Flight Termination System, or FTS. This had the capability of controlling multiple aircraft from the ground – including large passenger jets – over a distance of hundreds of miles and taking over planes in-flight. Eglin Air Force Base in Florida is reported to have been a customer for the technology and this is the base mentioned in the Operation Northwoods document as the location of a drone aircraft made to look like a passenger aircraft that it was planned to replace before being brought down by radio signal over Cuba. The Flight Termination System included a Command Transmitter System (CTS) which the company's website described as having 'remote control and flight termination functions through a fully-redundant self-contained solid-state system ...' Zakheim's SPC International reportedly contracted with MacDill Air Force Base in Florida to test the Flight Termination System (FTS) on more than 30 Boeing 767s as part of a planned deal between Boeing and the Pentagon to lease 767s converted into refuelling tankers. 'World Trade Center' Flights 11 and 175 were 767s and some witnesses and observers have suggested that Flight 175 looked more like a tanker than a passenger jet when it struck the South Tower. Former Mossad operative Victor Ostrovsky describes an operation in which an Israeli Boeing 707 refuelling aircraft was made to look like a commercial jet from Irish airline Aer Lingus. Another World Trade Center connection is the Tridata Corporation, a subsidiary of Systems Planning Corporation. Tridata was awarded the contract to investigate the 1993 WTC bombing in which the FBI was seriously involved and ultra-Zionists played a significant part in associated legal proceedings including Michael Chertoff. Dov Zakheim is reported to be an American-Israeli duel citizen and he's an extreme supporter of ultra-

Zionism with a family history to match. His grandfather, Julius Zakheim, was a Russian rabbi who married a relative of Karl Marx, the Rothschild Illuminati bankers' frontman to sell authoritarian control (Marxism) as 'government of the people'. Zakheim's father, Rabbi Jacob Zakheim, befriended terrorist Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin and was himself a member of Betar, a terrorist 'youth movement' established by Mr Gun Zionism, Ze'ev Jabotinsky. I consider them all Sabbatian-Frankist 'rabbis' of the kind described by Rabbi Antelman in *To Eliminate the Opiate.* Dov Zakheim is also a rabbi, but which kind? He resigned from the Pentagon in 2014 with the missing money then totalling $3 trillion and became a Senior Vice President at Booz Allen Hamilton, a management and information technology consulting firm notorious for its connections to the US military and intelligence community including DARPA. Dov Zakheim is an ultra-Zionist insider to his DNA and controlled Pentagon spending before and after 9/11.

Lights, camera – action!

I am coming shortly to ultra-Zionist control of 9/11 'security', but first I want to emphasise again as I conclude this chapter the enormous reach Israel has into the networks of power in the United States in ways and by means and personalities that may not at first sight be obvious. A perfect example is ultra-Zionist Arnon Milchan, the billionaire businessman, film producer and founder of the production company Regency Enterprises. Milchan was born in British Mandate Palestine in 1944. He is known for movies like *JFK, Pretty Woman, Free Willy, Fight Club* and *LA Confidential,* but less known as an Israeli intelligence agent from the mid-1960s to *at least* the mid-1980s. Unless you turn against them like Victor Ostrovsky, do you ever really cease to be one? No way. Milchan is a big-time Israeli elite insider. He claimed terrorist Israeli president Shimon Peres as his 'best friend' and is also close to Benjamin Netanyahu who faces corruption and fraud charges in Israel over accepting more than $283,000 worth of champagne and cigars from Milchan in exchange for tax break laws and intervening to help Milchan with his long-term American visa. Netanyahu is reported to have asked then Secretary of State John Kerry three times to intervene on Milchan's behalf. Official political persuasions mean nothing at this level. Milchan is a close friend of far-right Netanyahu and also helped to establish the Israel Labor Party in 1968 with Peres and others including military leader Moshe Dayan. They were all equally far-right and hiding behind a 'socialist' smokescreen (as many still are today). Under the cover of his work in Hollywood Milchan was for decades Israel's 'foremost weapons procurer' in deals that included 'everything from nuclear triggers to rocket fuel to guidance systems'. Shimon Peres was the architect of Israel's nuclear weapons arsenal and so it's no surprise that one of

Milchan's Israeli intelligence roles was securing technology and materials for Israel's nuclear programme. Peres recruited Milchan to the Bureau of Scientific Relations – known as LAKAM – which negotiated arms deals and supported Israel's secret nuclear weapons project. LAKAM was headed in this same period by Mossad chief Rafael 'Rafi' Eitan, the man at the centre of the PROMIS 'back-door' scandal that infiltrated top secret government and military computer systems in America and other countries. Eitan and LAKAM were working with Jonathan Pollard, the Jewish intelligence analyst for the US government who admitted spying for Israel and providing top-secret classified information. Well, Eitan did describe America as 'the enemy'. Shimon Peres said of Milchan:

> Arnon is a special man. It was I who recruited him ... When I was at the Ministry of Defense, Arnon was involved in numerous defense-related procurement activities and intelligence operations. His strength is in making connections at the highest levels ... His activities gave us a huge advantage, strategically, diplomatically and technologically.

A documentary on Israeli television in 2013 revealed that at one time Milchan, former owner of sports brand Puma, was operating 30 companies in 17 countries to broker deals worth hundreds of millions of dollars and he told the programme that he used connections to promote the apartheid regime in South Africa in exchange for its help with Israel acquiring uranium. Someone was seriously watching his back in 1985 when a close associate heading a company Milchan financed was indicted for smuggling 800 triggers ('krytrons') for nuclear weapons to Israel. Richard Kelly Smyth ran the Milchan-financed Milco International which is reported to have done as much as 80-per-cent of its business with Milchan and Israel. The charges against Smyth listed the buyers of the triggers in Israel as Milchan Brothers and Heli Trading Ltd (also known as Milchan Limited), both owned by Milchan. Yet Milchan was never charged and Smyth did a runner to Israel before the case came to court. He was arrested by Interpol in Spain in 2001 and returned to the United States where 28 of the 29 counts against him were miraculously dropped and he was made immediately eligible for parole. Smyth would claim that his go-between who worked at the Heli Trading Company 'node' of the Israeli smuggling network code-named Project Pinto was ... *Benjamin Netanyahu.* According to the FBI report:

> Smyth and [Netanyahu] would meet in restaurants in Tel Aviv and in [Netanyahu's] home and/or business. It was not uncommon for [Netanyahu] to ask Smyth for unclassified material.

Netanyahu, Sabbatian-Frankists and ultra-Zionists have absolute contempt for the United States and every other country they manipulate for their own dastardly ends. Arnon Milchan's Israeli company Milchan Brothers represented a list of major armament (we-love-war) giants such as Raytheon in arms-to-Israel deals and he has made a fortune in the process. Milchan has been described as a 'big star' at Raytheon – the company behind Unmanned Aerial Systems (UAS) which allows a ground 'pilot' to fly unmanned Global Hawk drone aircraft on the other side of the world. If a missile or military plane hit the Pentagon on 9/11 it would most likely have been made by Raytheon. A remarkable number of Raytheon executives were listed to have died on 9/11 aircraft – Stanley Hall, Director of Electronic warfare program management (Flight 77); Peter Gay, Raytheon vice president of Electronic Systems on assignment to where the Global Hawk remote control system is made (Flight 11); Kenneth Waldie, Senior Quality Control for Electronic Systems (Flight 11); David Kovalcin, Senior Mechanical Engineer for Electronic Systems (Flight 11); and Herbert Homer, Corporate Executive working with the Department of Defense (Flight 175). Terms like 'shady' have been used by those who have worked with Arnon Milchan. Screenwriter and director Terry Gilliam, who directed the film *Brazil* for Milchan, said: 'Arnon can be great, but when it comes to money there's something – I don't know – bits just don't seem to connect.' Milchan told American Jewish journalist Ann Louise Bardach in 2000:

> I love Israel, and any way I can help Israel, I will. I'll do it again and again. If you say I'm an arms dealer, that's your problem. In Israel there is practically no business that does not have something to do with defense.

Now that last point is absolutely the truth and those businesses most especially include tech and security/cyber security companies operating worldwide. Milchan admitted to Bardach that he has allowed 'prominent Israelis' to use his companies to buy newspapers. Other authors have connected him to money-laundering – including some of the $100 million spent by apartheid South Africa to Photoshop its global image. Milchan is a close friend of media mogul and Israel fanatic Rupert Murdoch (with whom he became a business partner in Regency) and other ultra-Zionists at the top of major media organisations. Murdoch's Fox aired the episode of *The Lone Gunmen* in March, 2001, about a group within the American government hijacking an airliner by remote control with the aim of flying it into the World Trade Center and blaming Arab terrorists to justify a war. Six months before the 9/11 attacks that is serious prophecy and the programme was shot in 2000. Would it not have been an obvious move for investigators to ask where the plot for that programme came from? Arnon Milchan's first film as

executive producer, *The Medusa Touch*, in which he invested $2 million dollars, includes a scene in which a passenger aircraft is guided remotely to crash into a high-rise tower by the mind of a character played by Richard Burton. The film came out in 1978 – the year before former Mossad chief Isser Harel, the 'Father of Israeli Intelligence', made his prophecy about an attack on America's tallest building in New York. Milchan's movie, JFK, about the assassination of President Kennedy, put the blame on the US-military industrial complex with no mention of any possible Israeli involvement. American elements were to blame for sure, but was it only them? There is evidence to suggest otherwise which I include in *And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. Milchan's friend, the terrorist Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, was in Dallas that day and there are many Israeli connections to Kennedy's demise. Among Milchan's media interests was Israel's Channel 10 which he owned with ultra-Zionists Ronald Lauder – who lobbied for the World Trade Center to be privatised – and Josef 'Yossi' Maiman, a Mossad operative who represents Israeli oil interests in Turkmenistan. Rupert Murdoch bought into Channel 10 in 2006 before a financial crisis caused a change of ownership. Murdoch newspapers in Australia were at the forefront in libelling me in 2019 in an effort to have my speaking visa revoked. When Murdoch's mouth moves Israel is always speaking.

The web of interacting ultra-Zionist organisations and place-people operating worldwide – and especially within the United States – is incredible in its scale and influence and the same applies to 9/11 'security' or lack of it.

CHAPTER 25

Just a coincidence? (3)

The nation is bound together by an invisible chain – George Orwell

Controlling 'security' at the World Trade Center and 9/11 airports would have been essential to those behind the attacks. A list of essential preparations would not have been possible without control of the buildings and at least considerable influence over airport security. You will not be shocked by now to know that ultra-Zionists – ultimately the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult – secured both.

Israel's intelligence and military network had been pursuing control of World Trade Center security for well over a decade before the attacks and they first achieved this in 1987 through a Tel Aviv company called Atwell Security. This was part of the Eisenberg Group of ultra-Zionist intelligence operative and arms smuggler, Shaul Eisenberg, another player at the centre of the Israeli nuclear weapons programme involving film mogul Arnon Milchan and its connections to apartheid South Africa. Eisenberg died in China in 1997 which was appropriate given all the weapons he had covertly supplied on Israel's behalf to China, North Korea and other countries in Asia, plus the most tyrannical regimes in Central America. Eisenberg was also a major player in the creation of ultra-Zionist terror groups Irgun and Betar. He also ran ZIM shipping and a stream of other Mossad front companies. ZIM vacated its offices in the North Tower at short notice a week before 9/11 breaking the terms of its lease to do so. Eisenberg founded the Israel Corporation in 1968 in a deal with the Israeli government and the 'Eisenberg law' was passed giving him tax breaks for 30 years. Israeli police recommended in 2018 that Arnon Milchan be charged with bribery over gifts to Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu to pass tax exemption laws that benefited Milchan. It became known as 'Milchan's law'. There are two Israels – one for the ultra-Zionist elite like Eisenberg and Milchan and another for everyone else.

Ultra-Zionism and WTC 'security'

The Israel Corporation and Eisenberg Group were fronts for Mossad and the Israeli government's Sabbatian-Frankist global agenda. The same

goes for the Eisenberg subsidiary, Atwell Security, which won the contract to 'protect' the World Trade Center in 1987. Atwell was run by senior agents of Israeli intelligence who had worked with Isser Harel, their 'former' boss and 'father of Israeli intelligence', who made the prediction in 1979 that 'Islamic terrorists' would target the biggest building in New York because it was 'America's phallic symbol'. The deal for Atwell to take over World Trade Center security was done with the same New York Port Authority that would later sell the WTC lease to ultra-Zionists Larry Silverstein and Frank Lowy. There was not a security company in America that could have done the job? Once again the ultra-Zionist connection between the New York Port Authority and Israel is glaring at the time when Atwell was awarded the World Trade Center security contract. Ultra-Zionist Stephen Berger, Port Authority executive director at the time, has served on the board of the New York Citizens Budget Commission with Larry Silverstein while ultra-Zionist Philip D. Kaltenbacher was chairman of the Authority's Board of Commissioners. Kaltenbacher's father was the founder of the ultra-Zionist New Jersey branch of the American Jewish Committee. Yet another ultra-Zionist involved with the Port Authority until just before 9/11was Michael Glassner, a senior advisor to chairman Lewis Eisenberg. Glassner was a Southwest Regional Political Director of AIPAC who would turn up again in 2016 as executive director of the Donald Trump for President campaign committee. Ultra-Zionist Ed Koch was New York Mayor in the same period and he would later cross party lines to endorse fellow-travellers Rudolph Giuliani and Michael Bloomberg for mayor of the city vehemently controlled by ultra-Zionism. Koch's Deputy Mayor for Operations was ultra-Zionist Stanley Brezenoff who would become Port Authority executive director in 1990. A prerequisite for being Mayor of New York is to be an ultra-Zionist or Israel fanatic – witness the stomach-turning sycophantism of Mayor Bill de Blasio at the AIPAC conference in 2019 when he spoke of Israel being essential 'to shelter an oppressed people' from rising 'nativism, fascism, and white supremacy'. Straight from the script, Bill. Well done you.

Meanwhile, Atwell's negotiator with the Port Authority at the New York end was Peter (Zvi) Malkin, a major Mossad officer who kidnapped the Nazi Adolf Eichmann in Argentina in 1960 and took him to Israel for execution. Malkin hid his senior Mossad background by posing in New York as a 'security consultant' and 'artist'. There seem to be a lot of artists in Israel. I wonder if Malkin's work interested the reportedly Mossad agent mother of Michael Chertoff who ran an art gallery in New Jersey at the time? Chertoff's key role in the 9/11 cover up will be discussed later in the chapter. The World Trade Center deal quickly went pear-shaped, however, when the background to Atwell's president became known. His official name in the WTC contract

negotiations was Avraham Bendor, but he was exposed to be also known as Avraham or Avram Shalom – the former head of Israeli domestic intelligence, Shin Bet. Shalom, head of Shin Bet for six years from 1980, was exposed by the Israeli Justice Ministry for sanctioning the murder of two Palestinian bus hijackers by smashing their skulls with stones. He had to resign in 1986 along with some Shin Bet agents and was then pardoned by Israeli president Chaim Hertzog. The Israel intelligence terrible trio of Avraham 'Bendor' Shalom, Zvi Malkin and the omnipotent Rafi Eitan had worked together for decades on covert operations which included supplying Israel's nuclear programme with American uranium. Now here was the same gang, with other senior Israeli intelligence assets, seeking to secure security control of the World Trade Center that would be bombed in 1993 and destroyed on 9/11. This is all a coincidence? Pigs might ...

So the first ultra-Zionist, Israeli intelligence, attempt to control security at the World Trade Center was thwarted in 1987 by the Bendor-Shalom exposure, but they were not taking no for an answer. Why were they obsessed with controlling security at the World Trade Center? It's a rhetorical question, by the way. This brings us to ultra-Zionists Jules Kroll and Larry Silverstein insurer, Maurice Greenberg. In 1972 Kroll founded Kroll Inc., a corporate investigations and risk consulting company in Manhattan which would later employ Avraham 'Bendor' Shalom and become known as 'Wall Street's private eye'. Kroll employed ultra-Zionist Jerome Hauer who was the first director of Mayor Giuliani's New York Office of Emergency Management from 1996 to 2000 and responsible for locating the $13 million command center on the 23rd floor of Larry Silverstein's World Trade Center Building 7. It was opened in 1999 just two years before 9/11. The Office of Emergency Management took over the preparation and directing of emergency response from the New York Police Department. Hauer was replaced in this role in 2000 and across 9/11 by ultra-Zionist Richard Sheirer, 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight', and on 9/11 Hauer was a managing director with Kroll Associates which by then had long been the company running 'security' at the World Trade Center. Ultra-Zionism controlled the World Trade Center and New York's security and response system lock, stock and barrel on September 11th. There were also connections between the Kroll family and ultra-Zionist CIA tech advisor Amit Yoran, co-founder, CEO, president and director of tech company Guardium and founding member of the Pentagon's Computer Emergency Response Team who was appointed director, or 'czar', of the National Cyber Security Division at the Department of Homeland Security with responsibility for coordinating America's cyber security. He 'designed security architecture for the Pentagon and Office of the Secretary of Defense' and was Network Security Manager maintaining operations of

the Pentagon's network. Jeremy M. Kroll, son of Jules Kroll, was on the advisory board of Security Growth Partners (SPG), a funding company founded and run by Elad Yoran with his brother Amit on the advisory board with Kroll.

The grip tightens

In 1993 Maurice Greenberg bought into Kroll when his insurance and finance giant American International Group (AIG) purchased 20 percent of the company. Greenberg doesn't do justice to the term 'ultra-Zionist' and many more 'ultras' would be required to get anywhere close. Put it this way – Henry Kissinger became chairman of AIG's advisor board in 1987. AIG was the company that originally agreed to massively increase the insurance in the case of a terrorist attack for Greenberg friend Larry Silverstein's lease on the World Trade Center and swiftly sold on the risk to the companies that had to pay Silverstein billions for his $14 million personal investment. Jules Kroll was also a friend of Silverstein and they served together on the Citizen's Budget Commission of New York. Greenberg's AIG had a joint venture in Israel called AIG Golden with the Aurec Group of ultra-Zionist Morris Kahn. Aurec is the parent company of Amdocs, the Israel-based telecommunications company that employed many of those arrested over the Israeli 'spy' ring in 2001. AIG became widely known during the financial crash of 2008 when it was bailed out by the American taxpayer to the tune of $180 billion to 'protect the financial integrity' of trading partners such as Goldman Sachs, Morgan Stanley, Bank of America, Merrill Lynch and a host of banks in Europe. The fact that AIG and the rest of the financial and banking system were *responsible* for the crash was irrelevant because they controlled the politicians and so they were considered 'too big to fail'. So big, in fact, that a fantastic transfer of wealth from the American people to ultra-Zionist banks and financial institutions was believed justified by the ultra-Zionist Federal Reserve and government operatives to keep them afloat. The financial crash was a disaster for the public but led to a breathtaking transfer of money from public via government to the bankers and insurance operations like Greenberg's AIG although the absolute domination by ultra-Zionists of the Bush and Obama financial teams that made these decisions was surely only another coincidence. Boy Bush's Treasury Secretary during the mega-bail-outs was Henry 'Hank' Paulson, former chairman and CEO of ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs, at a time when ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke was head of the US Federal Reserve overseeing who got what in the bail-out. Bernanke had replaced ultra-Zionist Alan Greenspan as head of the Fed and would be replaced himself by ultra-Zionist Janet Yellen and her deputy Stanley Fischer, former governor of the Bank of Israel. Thanks to the beleaguered taxpayers AIG continues to operate in 'more than 80

countries and jurisdictions'.

In the same year of 1993 when Greenberg became a partner in Kroll two significant things happened. There was the FBI-connected World Trade Center bombing and the award of the contract to Kroll Inc. by the New York Port Authority under ultra-Zionist executive director Stanley Brezenoff to 'redesign' its security procedures – including those at ... the *World Trade Center* in the wake of the 1993 bombing. Kroll continued to control WTC security right up to 9/11 and employed former FBI anti-terrorism agent John O'Neil as head of security just before the attacks in which he died. He was offered the job on the recommendation of Kroll Associates ultra-Zionist managing director, Jerome Hauer. O'Neil had complained that his FBI investigations into terrorism and Osama bin Laden had been blocked and he had investigated the background to the 1993 World Trade Center bombing. Electronic security at the WTC was handled by a company called Securacom (now known as Stratesec) which had Marvin Bush, youngest brother of President Boy Bush, on the board from 1993 to 2000. Securacom was funded by the long-time Bush family-linked Kuwait-American Corp that was connected to the Kuwaiti 'royal' family which, in turn, is close to the Saudi 'royal' family of Donmeh Sabbatian-Frankists. The company also worked for the Department of Defense. Kroll had a close association with another company, Marsh & McLennan (MMC), a New York-based global insurance brokerage and risk management operation. Jeffrey Greenberg, son of Kroll's Maurice Greenberg, was either CEO or chairman of MMC between 1999 and 2004. MMC acquired Kroll Inc. in 2004 in an all-cash deal. The amazing connections and coincidences continue with the fact that the alleged (but not) 'Flight 11' struck the North Tower of the World Trade Centre at an impact zone which spanned the floors of Marsh & McLennan from 93 to 99 and specifically hit a secure computer room. One of the Marsh & McLennan offices belonged to Paul Bremer, former managing director of ultra-Zionist Kissinger and Associates. War criminal Henry Kissinger was the man Bush and Cheney named to head the 9/11 Commission until his monumental conflicts of interest forced him to stand-down. His side-kick Bremer would be appointed Presidential Envoy to Iraq by Bush (Kissinger) to oversee US operations in the country after the invasion of 2003. Bremner at the time of 9/11 was chairman and CEO of Marsh Crisis Consulting, a risk and insurance subsidiary of Marsh & McLennan. He was not in his office when the plane stuck – I bet you are stunned to your water by that – but he was in a live television studio at lunchtime that day being introduced as a 'counter-terrorism expert' who was Chairman of the National Commission on Terrorism. I have watched this NBC interview on the Internet and that was truly shocking even for me. He is quickly into 'Bin Laden did it' mode with Iraq and Iran thrown in and he is astonishingly

calm throughout when hundreds of Marsh & McLennan employees were at the epicentre of the strike on the North Tower in the very area where he had an office. None of them would survive with 295 MMC employees and 63 contractors killed. Bremner does not even mention his Marsh & McLennan connection and what happened to its North Tower offices which suffered a direct hit three hours earlier and by then the building had collapsed. It's an absolute head-shaker.

Calling them 'home'?

The final report on the collapse of the towers by the National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST) describes how the nose of 'Flight 11' struck the 96th floor and 'filled the 96th and 95th floors from top to bottom'. The report describes the 95th floor as being a 'large walled data centre along the north and east sides' and the plane hit the floor on the north side. Christopher Bollyn called Marsh & McLennan to confirm what had been on the 95th floor and talked to company spokesman, Reginald McQuay, who said it wasn't a data centre, but a *computer* centre. NIST's report on the South Tower says it was struck on the 81st floor without describing what was there. The floor in fact was one of three occupied by Fuji Bank, but no other details about floor 81 came to light until a former bank employee who worked with computers came forward. He said the 81st floor had been specifically reinforced and a raised platform introduced to support massive UPS (Uninterrupted Power Supply) batteries, or at least they *appeared* to be. Cables and a power supply ran underneath the raised platform, but the employee said they were *never turned on*. He said they were delivered during the night and were in place by the summer before the attacks ... 'The whole floor was batteries' ... 'huge battery-looking things' [which were] ...'all black' ... 'solid, very heavy'. The employee said that only senior IT people from Fuji and associated banks were ever allowed in there along with staff from Shimizu-America Corp, a Japanese heavy construct, engineering and project management company. Shimizu employees were the only ones who could open the 'enclosed server racks' that 'were so tall you could not see over the top of them', the source said. Bollyn could get no explanation from Shimizu-America about what the 'batteries' were or what was happening on the 81st floor. NIST confirms the floor had been reinforced and other documents say this was 'to accommodate the new UPS workspace'. Bollyn tracked down the structural engineering firm called Leslie E. Robertson and Associates (LERA) and spoke with SawTeen See, a managing partner. She said she was not at liberty to discuss the work and Bollyn should contact the 'project owners' – the New York Port Authority. It is very possible that the floors the planes hit in both towers contained some kind of homing device guiding them to their target via on-board remote-control

technology and there was certainly something strange about the 81st floor of the South Tower from which molten metal was seen pouring after the strike. Bollyn points out that this could be explained if thermite, or thermate, was stored on the floor. He points out that the metal is yellow and white hot and says thermite/thermate could have this effect and explain the white smoke pouring from around the 81st floor. White smoke is produced in a thermite/thermate reaction which has the power to cut through even the huge supporting pillars at the World Trade Center, advocates of this theory claim. Whatever the detail of exactly what happened, we can see that Israeli intelligence and ultra-Zionists both aggressively sought control of World Trade Center security from at least the mid-1980s and had secured that control for years before 9/11. This would have been essential to making the attacks possible and total control came with the arrival of Larry Silverstein as lease-holder from the summer of 2001.

Ultra-Zionist airport 'security'

Several security companies were at work at 9/11 airports, but one worth emphasising in the light of all this background is Huntleigh USA, a subsidiary of ICTS, the Netherlands-based International Consultants on Targeted Security. ITCS was founded in 1982 by Israelis Ezra Harel and Menachem Atzmon and run by Israeli intelligence agents. Harel was under criminal investigation relating to a company collapse when he died in 2003 while Atzmon was convicted of political fraud in 1996 over his actions as co-treasurer of Netanyahu's Likud Party. His fellow co-Treasurer and later Prime Minister, Ehud Olmert, was acquitted in the same case and later jailed in 2016 on other corruption charges. Olmert was in New York on 9/11 when Mayor of Jerusalem with the Israeli owners of the Wings 'beachwear' chain. Three years after his criminal conviction Menachem Atzmon and his partner Ezra Harel took over security at Boston Logan and Newark Airports in 1999 via Huntleigh, a subsidiary of ITCS which was operated by 'former' members of Israeli Shin Bet intelligence and 'former' Israeli military personnel. Mossad-controlled ITCS was also responsible for security at Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris where 'shoe bomber' Richard Reid boarded in 2001 and at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport where 'underwear bomber' Umar Farouk Abdulmutallab, a Muslim Nigerian, was allowed to board in 2009. American lawyers Kurt and Lori Haskell were passengers on the latter flight and said they watched the would-be bomber being allowed on the plane without a passport after the intervention of a 'smartly dressed man' of possibly of Indian descent with an American accent. Abdulmutallab apparently had a one-way ticket which is a no-no for a non-resident flying to the United States. The Haskells, of course, were dismissed as 'conspiracy theorists', but Kurt Haskell was convinced that

the whole thing was a scam: 'Umar was given an intentionally defective bomb by a US Government agent and placed on our flight without showing a passport or going through security, to stage a false terrorist attack to be used to implement various government policies.' It emerged that ICTS had earlier allowed shoe bomber Richard Reid onto a flight from Amsterdam to Tel Aviv in July, 2001, for what is reported to have been an all-expenses-paid trip to Israel. Paid by whom and why? Reid apparently said that he had explosives in his shoes on that occasion, too. His aunt, Claudette Lewis, who raised Reid in London, said she believed he had been brainwashed. *This*, then, is the Israeli company, run by Israeli intelligence operatives, that failed to protect its 9/11 flights from terrorism. Ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff who oversaw the [non]-investigation of 9/11 at the US [In]Justice Department and then became head of Homeland Security did the rounds of television studios using the 'underwear bomber' as an excuse to press for full-body radiation scanners at airports. He didn't mention that his Chertoff Group represented the manufacturer, Rapiscan Systems. I'll have more about Chertoff shortly, but you have him to thank for full-body scanners that give you a blast of radiation every time you board a plane unless you choose to opt out – and almost no one does. Ultra-Zionist ITCS handled security at Moscow's Domodedovo International Airport when 37 people died and 173 were injured in 2011 in a suicide bomb blamed by the government on lax security and also at Brussels airport when 32 civilians died and more than 300 were injured in a bombing blamed on Islamic State in 2016.

The same Israeli ITCS was involved with security on the London underground when bombs on three tube trains and a London bus blamed on 'Islamic terrorists' killed 52 people and injured more than 700 on July 7th, 2007. They became known as the 7/7 bombings. Surveillance cameras on the bus were not working and surveillance images in general were remarkably sparse. Benjamin Netanyahu was in London at the time and said he was warned by the Israeli embassy not to attend an event that morning close to where one of the bombs went off – an event also attended by 9/11 New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani. Some witnesses described how train floors were bent *into* the carriages from underneath and not the other way as would have happened if the bombs were as claimed in the bags of 'Islamic terrorists' inside the train. You'll recall from earlier that former Mossad chief, Efraim Halevy, wrote in *The Jerusalem Post* about 'multiple, simultaneous explosions that took place today on the London transportation system' when London police did not know at the time they were 'simultaneous' and until later believed them not to be. ITCS subsidiary, ITCS UK, had its office in London's Tavistock Square and the bus bomb went off right in front of the building. Fortress GB, another Israeli company, had an office next to

ITCS UK on the first floor of Tavistock House South and still *another* ultra-Zionist operation, Verint Systems, then a subsidiary of Israel's Comverse Technology, was given the contract the year before the 7/7 bombings to install a 'networked video system' across the underground. 'We are delighted to be helping the London Underground meet their important security and customer service objectives,' said Dan Bodner, a former senior Israeli army officer who was President and CEO of Verint. New York-based Verint (around half the staff reportedly live in Israel) was known until 2002 as Comverse Infosys. This has already appeared in the story when its role was exposed by Fox News reporter Carl Cameron in his revelations about the Israeli 'spy' ring and its connection to Israeli security, surveillance and telecommunications companies. Cameron said Comverse worked closely with the Israeli government which under 'special programmes' paid half the company's research and development costs. He was told by US investigators that it was 'career suicide' to question if Comverse was involved in spying for Israel. There is no Israeli 'security' company that is not connected in some way – usually fundamentally – to the Israeli military and intelligence network (see the Beersheba operation). Another Mossad front, sorry, 'private spy firm', to watch is Black Cube (very significant symbolism for Saturn – see my other books) which involves former Mossad chief, Efraim Halevy, who was so prophetic in his *Jerusalem Post* article about the 7/7 bombings. Black Cube is known as 'private Mossad' but then that's what they all are. As ultra-Zionist film producer and Israeli intelligence operative Arnon Milchan said: 'In Israel there is practically no business that does not have something to do with defense.' Or worldwide come to that.

So here we have an attempt by top-level Israeli intelligence operatives to gain control of World Trade Center security from at least the 1980s and when the first attempt failed through the exposure of Avraham 'Bendor' Shalom the control was secured through ultra-Zionist Kroll Inc. in 1993 following the World Trade Center bombing. The first plane to strike on 9/11 made a direct hit on the offices of Kroll-connected Marsh & McClennan run by ultra-Zionist Jeffrey Greenberg, son of Kroll Inc. partner and ultra-Zionist Maurice Greenberg. At the same time a company run by 'former' agents of Israeli domestic intelligence Shin Bet ran security at two of the three 9/11 airports. But don't worry, it's all a coincidence and to suggest otherwise is 'anti-Semitic' and 'Holocaust denial'.

Chertoff your back

It is not possible to understand what happened before, during and after 9/11 without the background to ultra-ultra-Zionist, Michael Chertoff (Fig 143). He is yet another Israeli-firster-and-laster with his fingerprints

Figure 143: Ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff who oversaw the 9/11 (lack of) investigation.

all over 9/11. Chertoff was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, but the family has Russian roots. His father was a rabbi (which kind?), Talmud scholar and former leader of Congregation B'nai Israel in Elizabeth. The Talmud is a deeply racist work with origins in Babylon and the ancient world and this is the foundation, together with the Kabballah, of ultra-Zionism and the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Chertoff's grandfather, Paul Chertoff, was also a rabbi (which kind?) and his mother, Livia Chertoff (née Eisen), was an Israeli citizen and the first flight attendant for Mossad-connected Israeli airline El Al. She was reportedly a founding member of Mossad. She took part in Operation On Wings of Eagles (also Operation Magic Carpet) in 1949/50 that transported nearly 50,000 Yemeni Jews to Israel. This was presented as an wonderful success while many Jews suffered in the extreme with thousands abandoned in deserts and left to fend for themselves. Chertoff spent much of his childhood in Israel and then attended the Jewish Educational Center in Elizabeth and went on to the London School of Economics (the same as insiders like David Rockefeller and George Soros) and Harvard Law School. He was hired as a prosecutor by then US District Attorney Rudolph Giuliani and in 1990 Father George Bush made him United States Attorney for New Jersey. Chertoff was asked to stay in the post by the incoming President Clinton and was the only US attorney not to be replaced when Democrats came to power. He was appointed special counsel for the Senate committee investigation into the Clintons known as 'Whitewater' when no charges followed. Then, in 2001, he was named by the incoming President Boy Bush as head of the Criminal Division of the Department of [In]Justice where he stayed until 2003. Now Chertoff was sitting at the epicentre of the criminal 'justice' nexus in the United States in the period across 9/11. The [In]Justice Department website says:

> The Criminal Division develops, enforces, and supervises the application of all federal criminal laws except those specifically assigned to other divisions. The Division and the 93 US Attorneys have the responsibility for overseeing criminal matters as well as certain civil litigation. Criminal Division attorneys prosecute many nationally significant cases. In addition to its direct litigation responsibilities, the Division formulates and implements criminal enforcement policy and provides advice and assistance on criminal matters.

The Criminal Division also: '... advises the Attorney General, Congress, the Office of Management and Budget and the White House on matters of criminal law; provides legal advice and assistance to federal prosecutors and investigative agencies; and provides leadership for coordinating international as well as federal, state, and local law enforcement matters.' When 9/11 happened ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff was in effect running the show in all matters criminal and the [In]Justice Department was boss to the FBI – the lead [non]-investigative agency for 9/11. A 2005 report in *USA Today* described how Chertoff went to work immediately the first plane hit:

> In the minutes after the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks, while Attorney General John Ashcroft was rushing back from Milwaukee, Michael Chertoff was calling the shots.
>
> Chertoff, then chief of the Justice Department's criminal division, breached the prickly territorial lines that have long divided the Justice Department from the FBI. From a fifth-floor office at FBI headquarters, above the streams of panicked people who flooded Pennsylvania Avenue, he set up shop in the bureau's crisis center. For the next 20 hours, he directed the government's initial response to the most lethal terrorist attack in US history.
>
> Chertoff would spend the next two years serving as a central figure in formulating US anti-terrorism policy – from the effort to secretly detain hundreds of Middle Easterners in the USA, to increasing the FBI's authority to conduct domestic surveillance at religious gatherings and other public events.

In other words ultra-ultra-Zionist Israel-worshipping Michael Chertoff had control of the criminal [non]investigation into 9/11 *and* the writing and implementation of legislation to take away basic freedoms justified by 9/11 *and* as head of Homeland Security the authority to enforce that legislation. *ONE MAN*. In his role as head of the Criminal Division of the [In]Justice Department Chertoff had the power not to prosecute the Dancing Israelis and 200 Israeli 'spy ring art students' and simply send them back to Israel – which he did. There should have been a long and detailed investigation into what had been happening and its connection to the September 11th attacks. Instead Chertoff and company closed it down and sent the suspects home to Israel where they were untouchable. Nor did Chertoff seek out Dominik Suter at the Mossad-front Urban Moving Systems when he fled to Israel after his first FBI interview. Chertoff and the White House were supported in blocking an investigation into Urban Moving Systems by ultra-Zionist California US Representative Jane Harman, chair of the Working Group on Terrorism

and Homeland Security, a subcommittee of the Intelligence Committee. Harman served nine terms in Congress and was a member of all major security committees – Armed Services (six years), Intelligence (eight years) and Homeland Security (eight years). She received the Defense Department Medal for Distinguished Service, CIA Agency Seal Medal, CIA Director's Award and the Director of National Intelligence Distinguished Public Service Medal. These awards go to big-time insiders that serve the interests of the Pentagon and CIA. Washington publication *Congressional Quarterly*, or *GQ*, revealed details in 2009 of a National Security Agency (NSA) wiretap of Harman that was connected to an investigation into alleged Israeli covert operations in the US capital. Well, blow me down, who'd have thought it? The call was between Harman and an agent of the Israeli government in which she is said to have agreed to lobby the [In]Justice Department to drop espionage charges against two employees of AIPAC. In return the agent promised support in Harman's efforts to chair the House Intelligence Committee. NSA transcripts are reported to record Harman saying at the end of the call: 'This conversation doesn't exist.' Even though Harman was a Democrat further investigation of her was blocked by Alberto Gonzales, Attorney General for Republican Boy Bush. There are no national or party boundaries with ultra-Zionism and Sabbatian-Frankisim. Espionage charges against the AIPAC employees were indeed dropped – against the wishes of the FBI.

So transparently corrupt

While Chertoff was failing to investigate and prosecute the arrested Israelis he instead ordered the rounding up of innocent Muslims without charge or lawyer to promote the 'Muslims did it' cover story that ultra-Zionists were using to (a) justify American wars in the Middle East and (b) to cover their own tracks over 9/11. The immediate Problem-Reaction-Solution response to the attacks was to rapidly introduce the Patriot Act – the first post-9/11 assault on freedoms and civil liberties justified by 'protecting America from terrorism'. It was signed into law the month after the attacks and was clearly written and in the pipeline before they happened. The Patriot Act was co-written by its dominant author – *Michael Chertoff*. He drove America's 'anti-terrorism' policy with a huge increase in police powers and secret detention and oversaw the prosecution of '20th hijacker' Zacarias Moussaoui which ended in a life sentence in 2006. Chertoff is described as 'the master of the cover up' by Sanders Hicks in *The Big Wedding: 9/11, the Whistle-Blowers and the Cover-Up*. For a start Chertoff was a key player as a Senate Counsel in the blatant cover-up of the fake suicide (murder) in 1993 of Vince Foster, a Deputy White House Counsel in the Bill Clinton administration and an associate of the Clintons since their days

in Little Rock, Arkansas. Foster knew where the bodies were buried in every sense and he was added to a long, long list of murders, 'accidents' and fake suicides of people dangerous to the Clintons which became known as the 'Clinton Body Count'. John H. Clarke, lead attorney for private detective Patrick Knowlton who tried to expose the Foster murder, said of Chertoff: 'He's a dishonest bastard. He went along with the Foster cover-up.' Just the guy you want in charge of the 9/11 criminal investigation then. Sanders Hicks describes how Chertoff failed to prosecute alleged funders of Islamic terrorism before the attacks and yet a month after 9/11 he was named by the Boy Bush White House to head Operation Green Quest, a multi-agency investigation including the FBI, into the funding of terrorist organisations. The operation went nowhere in terms of the prime culprits and failed to properly investigate Ptech and connected companies with their back-door control of all the relevant 9/11 computer systems. The same is true of the FBI headed by Robert Mueller who moved to the Bureau just two weeks before 9/11. Mueller was head of the [In]Justice Department's Criminal Division during the cover-up of the BCCI banking scandal and flawed prosecutions in the case of Pan Am Flight 103 which crashed after an on-board bomb exploded over Lockerbie in Scotland. Running the Criminal Division is a monumentally pivotal position, especially in the response, or lack of it, to 9/11 and ultra-ultra Zionist Chertoff was sitting in the chair. It is important to remember that all the endless examples of the FBI's determination not to investigate 9/11, cover up and destroy evidence and block the work of genuine agents came under the ultimate control and responsibility of Michael Chertoff and his underling, Mueller.

With the official story in place and any evidence that challenged the narrative trashed, deleted or ignored, Boy Bush made Chertoff the second head of Homeland Security in 2003. This is a freedom-busting operation specifically justified by 9/11 that brought together 187 federal agencies and departments which included the agencies of US intelligence, the Secret Service, National Guard, Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), US Coast Guard, Immigration and Customs Enforcement, Citizenship and Immigration Services, Civil Air Patrol and the Transportation Security Administration (TSA). Homeland Security is a Big Brother wet dream and 9/11 was the excuse to create it. Tom Fitton, president of Judicial Watch, said of Chertoff's rapid progression: 'It's an exceptional rise to power.' Yes, what timing in relation to 9/11 and what it was used to justify in terms of crushing civil liberties. Chertoff has since made a fortune through his Chertoff Group, co-founded with Chad Sweet, his Chief of Staff of Homeland Security who also worked at the Directorate of Operations for the CIA. The Group has employed other Homeland Security personnel and former

Director of the CIA, General Michael V. Hayden. There needs to be an independent investigation into Chertoff's actions throughout his time at the [In]Justice Department with relation to 9/11 – but don't hold your breath.

Smelting the evidence

Chertoff's Criminal Division, its subordinate FBI headed by Mueller, and the administration of New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani allowed the steel from World Trade Center buildings with all the evidence it contained to be rapidly removed from the site and smelted down. More than 1.6 million tons of steel and other remains were transported to New Jersey scrapyards by June, 2002, for shipping to Asia. Chertoff also confiscated aircraft remains and denied all access to evidence by 9/11 families while citing SSI laws or 'Sensitive Security Information Regulations'. I doubt Chertoff has ever felt 'sensitivity' in his life. Chertoff's actions ensured that a full and proper investigation into the cause of the building collapses was virtually impossible. Had the steel been protected for detailed examination we would know for sure what caused the colossal girders to give way in unison in an instant and what explosives, thermite or whatever else were involved. A chemical examination could have been definitive. Instead, on the watch of Chertoff, Mueller and Giuliani, the evidence was whisked away to New Jersey scrap yards and off to Asia for smelting. All three knew each other extremely well with Israel-lackey Giuliani once hiring Chertoff as a prosecutor in the 1980s when the future New York Mayor was the United States Attorney for the Southern District in Manhattan. Giuliani's Commissioner for the New York Office of Emergency Management at the time of 9/11 was ultra-Zionist Richard 'Ground Zero's Jewish Knight' Sheirer who died in 2012. Sheirer was put in charge of the rescue and clean up at the World Trade Center and so was directly involved in the chain of command that allowed the steel to be removed before an investigation could take place. He would later become Senior Vice President at Giuliani's private company, Giuliani Partners. The FBI's inspector in charge of the 9/11 [non]-investigation under Director Mueller was Pasquale J. D'Amuro and again he would have had to sanction the destruction of the steel. D'Amuro would become chairman of Giuliani Security and Safety. Ultra-Zionist Sheirer took charge of coordinating the Ground Zero clean-up overseeing the work of some 100 agencies and he handed responsibility for the steel to Kenneth Holden, head of New York's Department of Design and Construction. Holden oversaw removal of the steel under Mayor Giuliani and his successor, ultra-Zionist Mayor Michael Bloomberg who responded to complaints about the removal of evidence with the memorable line: 'Just looking at a piece of metal doesn't tell you anything.' Holden told the 9/11

Commission that he had been given 'verbal permission' to remove the steel and transport it to New Jersey scrapyards. He didn't say who the person was and staggeringly (or maybe not) the Commissioners appear not to have asked him. Holden was no more forthcoming when Christopher Bollyn made contact to ask who had told him to start moving the steel and other debris. The call quickly ended with Holden refusing to answer and saying he was no longer doing interviews on the subject. Bollyn called back and asked immediately the phone was picked up: 'Was it Chertoff who gave you the verbal permission?' Holden remained silent and ended the call. Given that Michael Chertoff was overseeing the entire 'investigation' how could he not have sanctioned the decision for the crucial removal of evidence? Bollyn wrote to Chertoff to ask if he had authorised the removal of the steel. 'No', Chertoff replied. When asked who did he said: 'No idea.' The very suggestion that the man in overall charge of the criminal investigation into 9/11 didn't know who sanctioned the rapid removal of crucial evidence is preposterous and clearly a lie.

The smelting of World Trade Center steel brings us to an ultra-Zionist mega-crook and Mossad operative called Marc Rich. Commodities were his business. He was a billionaire international commodities trader, financier and businessman who was indicted with an ultra-Zionist partner in 1983 on 65 charges relating to tax evasion and oil deals with Iran despite a US embargo while American hostages were being held by the Iranians. Rich fled to Switzerland when he knew the indictment was coming. A 2005 article in Israeli daily *Haaretz* said that Rich 'carried out special missions for the State of Israel and the Mossad'. He was also 'a donor who channelled more than a billion shekels to Israel – and a man who was pursued by the US legal authorities on suspicion of tax evasion, money laundering and commercial ties with the enemy'. Rich had ties with everyone who would make him money. He supplied most of Israel's oil after the 1973 Yom Kippur War when the country was subject to an oil boycott (ironically Rich sourced the oil from Iran) and like so many ultra-Zionists he traded with apartheid South Africa. Charges against Rich in America carried a potential sentence of more than 300 years in jail (life would have sufficed surely), but Bill Clinton gave Rich a presidential pardon on his last day in office. Rich's songwriter wife, Denise (née Eisenberg), gave more than a million dollars to Clinton's Democratic Party plus $100,000 to Hillary Clinton's Senate election campaign and $450,000 to the Clinton presidential library. There were, however, more important reasons than money for Clinton's pardon. *Haaretz* reported that Israeli political leaders were behind the decision:

> The pardon was granted after heavy pressure by none other than then-Prime

> Minister Ehud Barak, Shimon Peres, Ehud Olmert and other prominent Israelis and American Jews ... Clinton received a request for the Rich pardon signed by Barak, Shimon Peres, Ehud Olmert (then mayor of Jerusalem), Foreign Minister Shlomo Ben-Ami, Mossad chief Shabtai Shavit, Spanish King Juan Carlos and a number of leading members of the Jewish community in the US, Switzerland and the world of finance.

Nearly 56 of the 71 signatories were prominent Israeli or American ultra-Zionists including Abe Foxman, head of the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) and Rabbi Irving Greenberg, chairman of the American Holocaust Memorial Museum. Prime Minister Barak further applied pressure directly in a meeting with Clinton. *Haaretz* quotes social activist Eldad Yaniv, who was in the next room, describing how Barak shouted at Clinton, insisting that he approve the pardon. Yaniv wrote in his online book *U-Turn*:

> '[The pardon] could be important,' Barak shouted at Clinton. 'Not only from the financial aspect, but also because he helped the Mossad in more than one instance.'

What did Barak mean by 'the financial aspect'? Terrorist Ehud Barak was the man who spoke on the BBC immediately after the 9/11 attacks pointing the finger at Osama bin Laden and calling for the invasion of Afghanistan. Former Israeli military intelligence commander Barak moved to the United States in 2001 to be an advisor for Electronic Data Systems and a partner with financial company SCP. Marc Rich founded a commodities and raw materials company, Marc Rich & Company AG, in 1974 and sold his majority stake to commodity trading company Glencore International in 1993. Rich's fellow ultra-Zionist, Ivan Glasenberg, CEO of Glencore, also has Mossad connections and the Israel-based Marc Rich Foundation was headed by 'former' Mossad operative, Avner Azulay. *Haaretz* said Azulay had organised the Clinton pardon from behind the scenes with Clinton's Deputy Attorney General Eric Holder, an ultra-Zionist agent, also involved. Holder grew up around ultra-Zionist elite families and became their place-man. Azulay, who had ties to 9/11 Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon, ran the Rich Foundation from the Asia House office building in Tel Aviv of ultra-Zionist Shaul Eisenberg who I highlighted earlier as an Israeli intelligence operative and arms smuggler heavily involved in the Israeli nuclear weapons programme and its connections to apartheid South Africa. The Eisenberg Group owned Atwell Security, the Israeli intelligence front that won the contract to run security at the World Trade Center before the background to its president, Shin Bet chief Avraham 'Bendor' Shalom, came to light. Ultra-Zionism is a very small

world, to be sure.

The Mossad/Asia connection

Shaul Eisenberg had been Mossad's man in Asia where the World Trade Center steel ended up. The steel was quickly removed from the Ground Zero site by a Zionist company and transported to two Zionist-owned New Jersey scrapyards, Hugo Neu and Metal Management, who cut it into small pieces and shipped it to Asia. Hugo Neu was a German Jew who formed the Associated Metals and Minerals Corporation in New York in the 1930s with fellow ultra-Zionists Meno Lissauer and Walter M. Rothschild before founding the Hugo Neu company in 1947. Two years before 9/11 with scrap metal prices extremely low Hugo Neu launched a global trading arm, Hugo Neu Schnitzer Global Trade, to broker deals with Asian markets among others and it was headed by two ultra-Zionist former Marc Rich and Glencore traders, Nathan K. Fruchter and Jedua Saar, as reported by *Business Wire* in 1999. Christopher Bollyn writes in *Solving 9/11:* 'From their early days with Marc Rich and Glencore, on to Hugo Neu and [later] the Midland Group, Saar and Fruchter have always worked for companies closely tied to Israel and Mossad.' Hugo Neu had some good fortune in 2001 when they entered into a joint venture with the New Jersey Office of Maritime Resources to dredge the water access to its yard and this allowed bigger ships to enter – essential with the size of the vessels that would later ship World Trade Center steel to Asia. The dredging cost Hugo Neu $24 million. The new company and the dredging were brave investments at a time of such depressed scrap metal prices. Bollyn points out that Hugo Neu has invested in the Agua-Agro fund, an Israeli venture capital operation. The fund was managed by Nir Belzer who co-founded Israel's Millennium Materials Technologies Fund with Oren Gafri who was trained at the Israeli Dimona Nuclear Research Center in the Negev Desert. Bollyn says Gafri is 'a specialist in energetic nano-composite coatings exactly like the one [he believes] pulverized the 220 acres of concrete floors in the World Trade Center'. He says Millennium Materials Technologies has invested in companies that produce these coatings.

Robert Kelman, Hugo Neu vice president, said in 2002 they had processed and shipped around 250,000 tons of World Trade Center steel. Girders and columns were cut into pieces less than 60 inches long and shipped for smelting while mixed with other scrap. *The New York Times* reported that Hugo Neu had a workforce of nearly a hundred people working on scrap from the World Trade Center with 25 assigned to girder cutting and working in twelve-hour shifts around the clock before being shipped for smelting in eleven countries in Asia. Why not smelters in the United States? Why smelt at all until experts had examined the

steel for evidence? World Trade Center steel would end up as other products from street lamps to refrigerators. The other company involved with the disposal of World Trade Center steel was Chicago-based Metal Management Inc. headed by Zionist Alan D. Ratner who was appointed in 2000. Another executive Daniel W. Dienst, a managing director with Zionist-controlled CIBC World Markets, joined Metal Management to guide the company out of financial difficulties in June, 2001. CIBC World Markets, formerly Oppenheimer & Co., has enormous connections to Israel. *The Jerusalem Post* described CIBC as the leading underwriter in Israel with merger and acquisition transactions in the country worth more than $4.5 billion in the previous five years. CIBC had also been involved with nearly 100 mostly high-tech Israeli companies which takes us back to Israeli military control of cyberspace. Metal Management and Hugo Neu both later merged with the Sims Group. Christopher Bollyn said he made efforts to talk with executives Robert Kelman, Alan Ratner and Daniel Dienst, but was passed on to a Sims company spokesman who refused to connect him with the three men to question them about the steel removal. The spokesman said it was all a matter of public record – 'read *The Wall Street Journal*'.

Contempt for 9/11 victims and families

By early February, 2002, a report by James Glanz and Eric Lipton in *The New York Times* was describing the truly farcical situation that Michael Chertoff and his ultra-Zionist cohorts had allowed to unfold. The headline said it all: 'A Search for Clues In Towers' Collapse; Engineers Volunteer to Examine Steel Debris Taken to Scrapyards'. What an insult to the families who lost their loved ones. Take in the scene described here and think that nearly 3,000 people had died months before in the biggest 'terrorist attack' on American soil:

> From the moment the two towers collapsed on Sept. 11, engineers and other experts have been struggling to answer the monumental questions of exactly why and how the buildings, designed to sustain a jet impact, completely collapsed. But despite promises of a broad federal investigation, and after weeks of calls from victims' families and others to halt the destruction of the steel that could hold all sorts of clues, the half-heroic, half-comic scenes at the Jersey City scrapyard continue to play out.
>
> Small teams of engineers plot slightly mad dashes, like mountain goats, into mounds of steel to claim pieces of tower columns. The engineers time their forays to avoid being crushed ... Through it all, the engineers profess optimism that they are catching and saving what is most useful. But they concede that there is no way of saying for sure; an unknown number of steel columns has been sent off to mills as far away as Asia without ever having been examined

> or saved.
>
> 'What they're doing is extremely noble, ambitious and wonderful and I'm glad somebody is doing that,' said Dr James G. Quintiere, a professor in fire protection engineering at the University of Maryland. But, he added, 'the steel, to me, it's almost a foregone conclusion that it's gone'.

This tragic farce could only have happened because Chertoff and his ultra-Zionist conspirators didn't want the real answers to be found. There can be no other rational or credible explanation. Road transportation from Ground Zero to dump sites in New York and New Jersey was overseen by Zionist Yoram Shalmon of subcontractor PowerLoc Technologies of Toronto. Trucks were tracked in real time using GPS – and I mean *tracked*. Shalmon told SecuritySolutions.com:

> We were able to start identifying patterns of behaviour. If a driver arrived late, the traffic analyst would look at why. Maybe the driver stopped for lunch, or maybe he ran into traffic. Ninety-nine percent of the drivers were extremely driven to do their jobs. But there were big concerns, because the loads consisted of highly sensitive material. One driver, for example, took an extended lunch break of an hour and a half. There was nothing criminal about that, but he was dismissed.

All this high-detailed real-time tracking for 'sensitive material' that was then dumped or shipped to Asia for smelting? *C'mon.*

Covering all bases

Ultra-Zionist judges answering to Michael Chertoff's 'Justice' Department dominated criminal and civil decisions and litigation with regard to 9/11. Chertoff's Criminal Division could block rigorous and genuine investigation into the criminal legalities of 9/11, but there was the problem of civil actions by families of victims and others who claimed civil loss from the attacks. Families were offered government compensation if they agreed not to seek civil actions that would have the background and evidence to what happened examined in open court. Nearly a hundred families, however, were not having that. They wanted their day in court so the evidence could be publicly revealed in cases filed against airlines and security firms like Shin Bet/Mossad front ITCS. This was a potentially catastrophic development because, as *The New York* Times reported: '... the families had amassed a trove of internal documents and depositions.' Enter ultra-Zionist Alvin K. Hellerstein, a judge for the US District Court for the Southern District of New York (Fig 144). He was appointed to oversee (control) the civil litigation relating to 9/11 including compensation for fire fighters and first

Figure 144: Ultra-Zionist Judge Alvin K. Hellerstein - stopped 9/11 families taking their case to court in pursuit of the truth.

responders whose minds and bodies had been ravaged by their experience. Many would die before they received a penny. Hellerstein ran what has been described as 'a war of attrition' against the families and not one of their cases came to court. Over a period of ten years each one in turn was settled confidentially under his direction as the families gave up hope on securing justice. Hellerstein told *The New York Times* that he had 'no regrets' about the outcome of the cases when they should have explored the background to the deaths of nearly 3,000 people. He acknowledged criticism from those that wanted a trial in open court (the very last thing ultra-Zionists and Sabbatian-Frankists behind 9/11 wanted). Families have talked of Hellerstein's coldness towards them. Ellen Mariani, who lost her husband on United Airlines Flight 175, said of Hellerstein: 'That bastard judge is so corrupt.' The family of Mark Bavis, a 31-year-old hockey scout aboard Flight 175, said Hellerstein 'essentially gutted the case so that the truth about what led to the events of September 11, 2001, would never be told at trial'. The Bavis family were the last to settle in 2011. Michael Bavis, twin brother of 9/11 victim, Mark, was saying as late as 2010 that a settlement 'has not been in our vocabulary', but then *The New York Times* reported:

> Judge Hellerstein shifted the focus of the case in a way that the plaintiffs believed favored the defendants, United and a security firm [ITCS] that ran the checkpoint at Logan International Airport in Boston, where Mr. Bavis had boarded the plane.

The Bavis family were well prepared for the trial and argued that the airline had a history of security breakdowns and of not heeding warnings from a company executive about inadequate staffing and training. They said that many screeners on duty on September 11th could not speak English and some had never heard of al-Qaeda or knew what Mace spray was. I guess they would never have heard of Mossad either. With Hellerstein's direction in favour of the defendants the Bavis family finally gave up. Michael Bavis said: 'We put ourselves through great strain to try to do what we considered the right thing and eventually threw the towel in.' One of Hellerstein's scams was to determine the likely financial pay out to families before liability had actually been proved – a ridiculous inversion of normal procedure – and

this was to signal the likely cash payments so families would be more likely to settle out of court. Another point about Hellerstein – he ruled in 2007 that jurors in litigation cases brought by families related to Flight 93 would not be allowed to listen to the entire recording of the alleged Cockpit Voice Recorder. They could only hear 'portions that the hijacked passengers may have heard'. He wasn't even subtle about his intent. Hellerstein agreed that by not holding a trial there was a 'loss of information' to the public. In a telling justification he said: 'But it pales in my mind with the fact that the people who were suing for money got their money.' Yep, money is all that matters, not the truth. 'Money is the essential lubricant', as he told the families and their lawyers. Well, it may be in the dark and cynical world that Hellerstein inhabits, but thank goodness not everyone is like him. Hellerstein said he encouraged families to apply to the (no evidence, no trial) September 11th Victim Compensation Fund for a quicker recovery. The ultra-Zionist judge also told *The New York Times* that courts are 'not the best venue for civil litigants to seek answers'. So where else are they going to get them? *The government?* What mendacious nonsense. Hellerstein was supported in his views and actions by ... yes ... yes ... *ultra-Zionist* Kenneth R. Feinberg – *the lawyer who administered the no evidence, no trial Victim Compensation Fund* (Fig 145). Feinberg summed it all up when he said that Hellerstein 'knew from the very beginning that the cases had to settle – and he got there'. In a nutshell, mate – or the ultra-Zionist cabal would have been fuming. Feinberg had been Special Master for Executive Compensation deciding who got bail-out money after the financial crash of 2008 (his ultra-Zionist associates in so many cases). He said that he, too, told the families that a trial made little sense:

Figure 145: Ultra-Zionist Kenneth R. Feinberg controlled the September 11th Victim Compensation Fund.

> I told them 'If you're going to trial to find out what happened, you are wasting your time. A courtroom is not where you will get answers'.

Same script, same goal. Donald A. Migliori, a lawyer from the firm that represented more than 50 families, said Hellerstein's view was 'absolutely wrong'. He said they used the legal system to gather real information: 'We obtained it; we just couldn't tell the public the whole story.' Ultra-Zionist Kenneth Feinberg ran the no-trial government compensation fund and those who refused to take the money and

wanted their time in court were faced with ultra-Zionist Hellerstein. The 'special mediator' between the families and other parties in the lawsuits was ultra-Zionist Sheila Birnbaum with some of her sessions attended by Hellerstein. Birnbaum worked at the ultra-Zionist Skadden Arps law firm where one of the partners was Kenneth Bialkin, former national chairman of the Anti-Defamation League (ADL) established by the Rothschild-created B'nai B'rith. Hellerstein said of Birnbaum: 'Without her patience, skill, empathy, and persistence, these results [the out of court settlements] would not have been achieved.' Hellerstein is a Talmudic Jew, Israel fanatic and connected to the same New York ultra-Zionist organisations as Michael Chertoff. His son, Joseph Hellerstein, a Talmudic Jew, lives in an illegal settlement in the occupied West Bank. They both worked for the Rothschild-connected New York law firm, Stroock, Stroock and Lavan, which represented Larry Silverstein in acquiring the lease to the World Trade Center and also major ultra-Zionist companies like Goldman Sachs and Maurice Greenberg's AIG. In fact, Stroock, Stroock and Lavan has been the go-to law firm for the ultra-Zionist elite since the hey-days of Rothschild frontman Jacob Schiff more than a hundred years ago. Company historian Jethro Lieberman said:

> It was the 'Our Crowd' German-Jewish clientele for which the firm was mostly, and justly, noted in those days. That included Otto Kahn, Felix M. Warburg, Walter N. Rothschild and Jacob Schiff.

History repeating (yet again)

Otto Kahn was an investment banker connected to Schiff's (the Rothschilds') Kuhn Loeb & Co which funded the Russian Revolution. So was Felix Warburg who also funded Leon Trotsky. The Warburgs have been a front for the Rothschilds since at least 1857 when the Rothschilds saved the Warburg bank in Hamburg from collapse. Max Warburg was a director of I.G. Farben which ran the concentration camp at Auschwitz while his brother, Paul, was a director of its US arm, American I.G. Paul Warburg, a partner in Kuhn, Loeb run by his brother-in-law Jacob Schiff, was a key player on behalf of the Rothschilds behind the creation of the privately-owned US 'central bank', the Federal Reserve, which was established in 1913 to allow elite bankers like the Rothschilds and Warburgs to control government finances and drown America in debt. Why would the 'Jewish' Warburgs be involved with the company that ran concentration camps? Sabbatian-Frankisim which hates Jews. This is just some of the ultra-ultra-Zionist background from which Alvin Hellerstein and his son emerged out of Stroock, Stroock and Lavan. Hellerstein's control of family and civil litigation stopped cases related to the ultra-Zionist Shin Bet/Mossad 'security' company ICTS and its

subsidiary Huntleigh USA coming to court. He also worked to block families seeking legal discovery having access to information and documents about ICTS. How could Hellerstein even hear the case at all when his son Joseph was a lawyer with Amit, Pollak and Matalon, one of Israel's major law firms which, in turn, represented and had close connections to ICTS parent company, the leading Israeli investment bank, Cukierman? This is controlled by founder and chairman Edouard Cukierman and his father Roger, a former Chief Executive Officer in France until 1999 of the Edmond de Rothschild Group. Father Cukierman was also CEO of the Israel General Bank and the Cukiermans have many connections to the Rothschilds. Ultra-Zionist Boaz Harel, president and senior partner at another Cukierman company, Catalyst Investments, was at the time of 9/11 chairman of ICTS – defendants in litigation overseen by Hellerstein. How can it be right for the father of someone at a law firm representing the parent company of ICTS to hear litigation claims against them over 9/11? By the way, Yair Shamir, son of Israeli Prime Minister and terrorist, Yitzhak Shamir, was the co-founding Managing Partner and Chairman Emeritus of Catalyst Investments and Chairman of Cukierman. He was actually named after Avraham 'Yair' Stern, founder of Jewish terrorist group Lehi, also known as the Stern Gang. Netanyahu also has a son called Yair.

Ultra-Zionist Talmudic Jew Michael B. Mukasey, yes another one, was a close and long-time friend and associate of ultra-Zionist asset Rudolph Giuliani and was the judge in the litigation between Larry Silverstein and insurance companies in which Silverstein was awarded billions as a result of the World Trade Center attacks. Mukasey attended the same Manhattan Orthodox Jewish Kehilath Jeshrun synagogue as Hellerstein which says it is 'deeply committed to the State of Israel and its citizens'. The same Mukasey also helped in the Michael Chertoff release of the 'Dancing Israelis' as United States District Judge for the Southern District in Manhattan – a role he took over in 1987 when he replaced ultra-Zionist Abraham David Sofaer. President Boy Bush would name Mukasey as US Attorney General in 2007 despite opposition over the judge's support of torture. Mukasey's appointment followed a campaign on his behalf by New York Senator and ultra-Zionist Charles Schumer. Mukasey refused demands to recuse himself when he presided over a case stemming from the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center in which Michael Chertoff was the prosecutor of the well-stitched-up Omar Abdel Rahman, known as the 'Blind Sheikh' and a CIA asset. Dov Zakheim, 9/11 Pentagon comptroller, was CEO of SPC International when a SPC subsidiary, Tridata Corporation, was put in charge of the investigation into the 1993 bombing which primarily involved the FBI and its 'informants'. The bombing led to ultra-Zionist

Kroll Inc., being awarded the contract to upgrade security at the World Trade Center in the same year that ultra-Zionist Kissinger-buddy Maurice Greenberg of AIG bought into Kroll. The first plane on 9/11 made a direct hit on the offices of his son's Kroll-connected company, Marsh & McLennan. I mentioned earlier that the vehicle used to plant the FBI-informant-made bomb in 1993 was rented by Israeli Mossad agent, Josie Hadas. The bomb was said to have been planted by Mohammed Salameh and he was yet another 'Muslim terrorist' set up by Mossad.

Ultra-Zionist-controlled 9/11 Commission

Ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff controlled the criminal investigation into 9/11 – actually the criminal *lack* of investigation – and ultra-Zionist judges and lawyers controlled the civil litigation to stop the cases reaching a public trial; but there's more. The lead investigator into the building collapses for the National Institute of Standards and Technology (NIST) was Zionist Stephen Cauffman. You will recall from earlier the nonsensical reports by NIST that were clearly a cover-up from start to finish of what really happened and why. Then there was the 9/11 Commission that published a 'report' on the attacks that was a grotesque insult to the truth and those who died and their loved ones. Bush and Cheney tried to block *any* official investigation into the attacks and it took an incredible 441 days for one to be established. Then, when they were forced to relent, they sought to have ultra-ultra-Zionist Henry Kissinger take charge. When that failed came Plan B with the Commission controlled from day one by ultra-Zionist Philip Zelikow who was appointed 9/11 Commission executive director (Fig 146). We have seen already how this former Texas lawyer was an associate of President Bush and National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice whose actions were officially part of the Commission's investigation. Zelikow co-wrote a book with Rice and was a Bush administration insider, besides being a representative and agent for ultra-Zionism. Zelikow was a director of the Aspen Strategy Group that included Rice, Cheney and 9/11 Deputy Secretary of Defense, the ultra-Zionist Paul Wolfowitz. Bush 9/11 counter-terrorism advisor Richard Clarke said when Zelikow was appointed to oversee the Commission: 'The fix is in ... could anyone have a more

Figure 146: Ultra-Zionist Phillip Zelikow controlled the 9/11 Commission to block anything but support for the official story.

obvious conflict of interest than Zelikow?' Paul Sperry said in an article for Antiwar.com that 'Zelikow picks the areas of investigation, the briefing materials, the topics for hearings, the witnesses, and the lines of questioning for witnesses ... and the commissioners for the most part follow his recommendations.' In effect, Sperry wrote, Zelikow set the agenda and ran the investigation. One Commission staff member said: 'Zelikow is calling the shots. He's skewing the investigation and running it his own way.'

Ultra-Zionist Zelikow prevented staff of the Commission – which he hired – from talking with Commission members and shut them out while he got on with securing the report his ultra-Zionist masters wanted. Commission member Max Cleland resigned saying: 'This is a scam. It's disgusting. America is being cheated.' Yes, and it was meant to be – that was the whole point. Commission chairman Thomas Kean said: 'We think in many ways the Commission was set up to fail.' Zelikow's contempt for a real investigation included writing with his long-time associate Ernest May a detailed outline in March, 2003, of the *final* 9/11 Commission Report including chapter headings, subheadings and sub-subheadings *before the Commission had held a single hearing*. Given what had happened to those 3,000 people the man must be very sick. Official Commission leaders, Kean and Hamilton, agreed to keep the Zelikow-May pre-emptive report a secret to avoid being accused of pre-determining the conclusions from the start. Outraged Commission staff members were not told about the report until a year later. Zelikow based much of the Commission report about the 9/11 'plot' on 'evidence' secured from illegal torture of alleged suspects while never seeing the documentation which was later illegally destroyed. Khalid Sheikh Mohammed was named by the 9/11 Commission as 'the principal architect of the 9/11 attacks' when that 'confession' had come during horrific torture – including being waterboarded (simulated drowning) 183 times in one month alone. His children were kidnapped by the CIA and he was told they were going to be tortured with insects. Mohammed confessed to anything he was told to and this is how he confessed to bombing a bank that didn't even exist when he was taken into custody. The government and military psychopaths made up the story of what happened and then tortured people until they agreed that indeed this is what happened. Zelikow re-wrote a Commission staffer report to invent a link between Iraq and al-Qaeda before 9/11 because the ultra-Zionists wanted to justify the American removal of Saddam Hussein based on the lie about weapons of mass destruction that didn't exist. He even claimed that the 'al-Qaeda' attack was to punish America for supporting Israel. While Zelikow remains uninvestigated for what he did with the 9/11 Commission Report America is not taking itself seriously.

The 9/11 Family Steering Committee and 9/11 Citizens Watch

demanded Zelikow's resignation, but he was going nowhere when he was in place to do a job. Zelikow decided what was in the final report in which, for example, Building 7 was not even mentioned and anything that would point to what really happened was ignored. Another thing – Zelikow actually wrote (although that wasn't made clear at the time) the United States National Security Strategy document of September, 2002, which set out the policy of attacking countries in the Middle East with pre-emptive strikes that was central to the demands of the ultra-Zionists of the Project for the New American Century to whom Zelikow was so closely connected. The policy 'turned military doctrine on its head' and said countries could be attacked which posed no direct or imminent threat to the United States. This was an essential change produced just in time for the invasion of Iraq a few months later in March, 2003. Zelikow further co-wrote a 'prophetic' article pre-9/11 in 1998 for the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) publication *Foreign Affairs* headed 'Catastrophic Terrorism: Tackling The New Danger' in which he warned about terrorist attacks in the United States and the possible response:

> If the device that exploded in 1993 under the World Trade Center had been nuclear, or had effectively dispersed a deadly pathogen, the resulting horror and chaos would have exceeded our ability to describe it. Such an act of catastrophic terrorism would be a watershed event in American history. It could involve loss of life and property unprecedented in peacetime and undermine America's fundamental sense of security, as did the Soviet atomic bomb test in 1949.
>
> Like Pearl Harbor, this event would divide our past and future into a before and after. The United States might respond with draconian measures, scaling back civil liberties, allowing wider surveillance of citizens, detention of suspects, and use of deadly force. More violence could follow, either further terrorist attacks or U.S. counterattacks. Belatedly, Americans would judge their leaders negligent for not addressing terrorism more urgently.

Note the use of Pearl Harbor three years before 'the new Pearl Harbor' and Zelikow used the term in the article 'weapons of mass destruction' which would be the mantra to sell the ultra-Zionist-demanded invasion of Iraq. Zelikow's co-authors were John Mark Deutch, Director of the CIA and Deputy Secretary of Defense in the 1990s, and Ashton Carter who was on the board of trustees for the MITRE Corporation and would go on to be Secretary of Defense under Barack Obama. Deutch comes from a Russian Jewish family that emigrated to the United States from Belgium in 1940 and his grandfather was a friend of Israel's first president, Chaim Weizmann. Both Deutch and Carter have been senior partners in the Rothschild aerospace, military and technology

investment operation, Global Technology Partners (GTP). Deutch pleaded guilty to mishandling government secrets in January, 2001, after several of his laptops were found to have classified information wrongly labelled unclassified during his time at the CIA. Bill Clinton pardoned him on his last day in office. I think I've heard that somewhere before. Now as the list continues to grow we have ultra-Zionism with the ability to control US government, military and FAA computer systems and manipulate them in real time to cause confusion and deactivate missile defence responses; control of World Trade Center and 9/11 airport security; control of the criminal investigation and destruction of evidence; control of civil cases to stop the truth ever coming out and control of the 9/11 Commission to ... stop the truth ever coming out. All this crucial 9/11 control by a fraction of two percent of the American population. Ah, but there's more.

Ultra-Zionist 'Bin Laden' videos

Every facet of the 9/11 story has ultra-Zionism at the helm either directly (mostly) or through agents and proxies like Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld. This control even extends to the 'Bin Laden' videos and 'al-Qaeda' statements that fuelled the belief in 'Bin Laden did it'. The videos were miraculously 'acquired' and released to the pathetically unquestioning media through Mossad front organisations like SITE, or 'Search for International Terrorist Entities' (but never in Israel). SITE, or SHITE as I call it, is run by ultra-ultra-Zionist Rita Katz, daughter of an alleged Israeli spy executed by Saddam Hussein, and has been reportedly funded by the US government to the tune of $500,000 a year. Who sanctioned that and how much more has been donated out of Israel through ultra-Zionist fronts and operatives in the United States? SITE, the 'private intelligence firm' based in Washington DC, is a for-profit organisation that depends on government and corporate contracts. Look at what has been written and revealed in the last few chapters. Are we seriously meant to believe that SITE is not connected to Mossad? SITE worked in harness with IntelCenter, another releaser of 'Bin Laden' videos run by another ultra-Zionist Ben Venzke. The media has published their 'information' as fact again and again without ever asking about the background, agenda and motivation of either organisation. One of their modes of operation is 'monitoring Islamic extremist websites' but American investigative journalist, Wayne Madsen, has pointed out that many 'Jihadist' and 'al-Qaeda' websites are controlled by Mossad. He writes: 'Mossad has a program to distribute bogus claims of responsibility for Islamist terrorist attacks via 'Jihadist' websites that are actually operated by the Mossad and a network of "hasbaratchiks", Israeli and foreign Jews who act as propagandists on the web.' Set up the websites to make extremist

statements and claim responsibility for attacks and then 'reveal' their content via your 'monitoring' fronts for government and media to repeat them as fact. Katz 'revealed' that what appeared (on the surface) to be a supporter of ISIS in Australia using the tag 'Australi Witness' held a prestigious position in 'online jihadi circles' and was 'part of the hard core of a group of individuals who constantly look for targets for other people to attack'. How strange then that 'Australi Witness' turned out to be a Jewish American called Joshua Ryne who would be arrested by the FBI. Katz, a fluent Arabic speaker, has attended Muslim events disguised with a burqa concealing recording equipment and taken part in pro-Palestinian rallies in the United States as part of her 'investigations'. She even appeared on the CBS *60 Minutes* as 'Sarah' wearing a wig and fake nose before her real identity was outed. A lengthy statement translated and distributed by SITE 'confirmed' the death of Bin Laden in the highly questionable alleged assassination by US troops in 2011. SITE was the source for 'Bin Laden' and other 'al-Qaeda' videos including one in 2007 of a half-an-hour tape by 'Bin Laden' in which all except four minutes was a frozen image of him. The government, of course, deemed it 'authentic'. American intelligence officials said the video was 'inspired' by 'al-Qaeda's' Adam Yahiye Gadahn – Adam Pearlman, grandson of a former director of ultra-Zionist Mossad front, the Anti-Defamation League. Somehow SITE managed to distribute the video to the media a day before (it was claimed) al-Qaeda planned to release it. One question about all this: Who benefits?

Yeah, who does benefit?

We have seen that ultra-Zionism controlled all the key areas of the 9/11 attacks. They provided year after year of incessant propaganda calling for a 'war on terror' and through the Project for the New American Century (PNAC) and other ultra-Zionist-dominated organisations they even named the countries they wished to regime-change. As a result of the 9/11 'trigger' those countries have been picked off one after the other in a 'war on terror' (Netanyahu's pre-9/11term) that has seen – so far – Iraq, Libya, Syria, Iran, Lebanon, North Korea and China targeted either through direct invasion, manipulated 'civil war' or demonisation and sanctions in preparation for direct invasion, 'civil war' or capitulation to the will of the United States (Sabbatian-Frankists). The terrorist former Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak named Osama bin Laden and Afghanistan as targets in a BBC interview within minutes of the attacks to start the momentum rolling and other ultra-Zionists and their assets soon followed to sell the lie about 'Bin Laden did it'. Netanyahu also said it all on the very day of the attacks – 9/11 is good for Israel. In truth, it was not good for the population of that tiny land,

but good for the ultra-Zionist, Sabbatian-Frankist psychopaths who use the Jewish population as a cover for their evil activities and goals. Ultra-Zionists 'prophesied' a terrorist attack in New York on its biggest building in 1979 and the Project for the New American Century made clear in its September, 2000, document that '... the 'process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor'. A year to the month later came 9/11 – an attack on the World Trade Center complex built through the lobbying of the Rockefeller family and a complex which, by September, 2001, ultra-Zionists completely controlled. By then the ultra-Zionists and their PNAC assets were also running the government and Pentagon. They made their first attempt to control WTC security through the most transparent Israeli intelligence front, Atwell Security, which was part of the Eisenberg Group of ultra-Zionist intelligence operative and arms smuggler, Shaul Eisenberg. When that failed after the intelligence background and behaviour of its Shin Bet 'president' Avraham Shalom was revealed, Plan B was soon in operation. In 1993 came the bombing of the World Trade Center in an attack centrally involving the FBI with the investigation contracted to a company connected to ultra-Zionist Dov Zakheim, the 9/11 Pentagon budget controller. A major case arising from the bombing was prosecuted by ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff, who would oversee the whole 9/11 'investigation', while the judge was Michael B. Mukasey who would also preside over the insurance case that would hand ultra-Zionist World Trade Center lease holders, Larry Silverstein and Frank Lowy, billions of dollars in compensation for a comparatively negligible investment. Silverstein and Lowy had greatly increased insurance in the case of a terrorist attack when they became the first private holders of the WTC lease thanks to the ultra-Zionist-controlled New York Port Authority and the campaign to privatise the buildings by ultra-Zionist Ronald Lauder, chairman of the New York State Commission of Privatization and New York State Research Council on Privatization. The deal, which shocked many observers because of the state of the buildings, was sealed weeks before 9/11 in a deal between ultra-Zionist Larry Silverstein and ultra-Zionist Lewis Eisenberg, head of the New York Port Authority. Ultra-Zionist Maurice Greenberg of AIG had insured the towers for Silverstein and then immediately sold on the liability to a long list of other companies that would take the hit. Greenberg would also buy into ultra-Zionist security firm Kroll Inc. in 1993, the year the company was awarded control of World Trade Center security because of the bombing. The first plane would make a direct hit on a secure and mysterious data/computer room in the offices of Greenberg's son and his Kroll-connected global insurance brokerage and risk management company, Marsh &

McLennan. Control of airport security came courtesy of Mossad-Shin Bet front, ITCS, and the company did not have to answer for its actions in court thanks to ultra-Zionist judge Alvin Hellerstein whose son worked for the Israeli legal firm representing ITCS's parent company.

Ultra-Zionist-controlled tech and software companies had access to the computer systems connecting the Pentagon, NORAD, FAA and a host of government and military agencies – including real-time air-traffic computers and information with the power to intervene at will. Cyber control also had the potential to deactivate missile defence systems. Ultra-Zionists dictated the propaganda reporting of the attacks and their aftermath through control and ownership of vast swathes of the American media and Hollywood almost in its entirety. 'Bin Laden' videos to support the official fairy tale came courtesy of Mossad front operations. The criminal lack of investigation was assured by ultra-Zionist Michael Chertoff while efforts by families and responders to get their cases to court were blocked by a combination of ultra-Zionist judge Alvin Hellerstein who controlled lawsuit compensation claims and ultra-Zionist lawyer Kenneth R. Feinberg who ran the no-trial Victim Compensation Fund. The oh, so reluctantly established 9/11 Commission was never going to reveal the truth of what happened when it was controlled by ultra-Zionist Executive Director Philip Zelikow who made absolutely sure that any evidence or experience that contradicted the story that he laid out before the Commission even *began* would be trashed or deleted. A Zionist was the lead investigator at NIST into why the towers collapsed (a catastrophic Achilles heel if the truth came out) and the steel with all the potential evidence it contained to solve the mystery was whisked away by an ultra-Zionist transportation firm to ultra-Zionist-controlled scrap metal yards for transportation to Asia for smelting while 'volunteer engineers' ran around trying to dodge the diggers and cranes to examine the steel before it disappeared across the ocean to become someone's fridge. We also had the accurate warning two hours before the attacks sent to two employees at Odigo, an Israeli telecommunications company and instant messaging service with offices two blocks from the World Trade Center. ZIM, an Israeli shipping company with 10,000 square feet of office space in the North Tower, vacated at short notice a week before 9/11 breaking the terms of its lease. Shaul Eisenberg of the Eisenberg Group that owned Mossad-front 'security firm', Atwell, which sought to control World Trade Center security in the 1980s, had a controlling interest in ZIM before he died in China. How could people be this evil? Sabbatai Zevi and Jacob Frank said that doing evil was to be encouraged and celebrated without guilt and some have clearly taken their lead. The major speech-writer for President Boy Bush in this period was ultra-Zionist Neocon David Frum. He came up with the phrase 'axis of evil' in Bush's 2002 State of the

Union address which referred to Iraq, Iran and North Korea – all countries named for regime change by the Project for the New American Century. Frum also wrote the book, *An End to Evil: How to Win the War on Terror*, with ultra-Zionist Richard Perle in 2004.

Elephant on the sofa

Put all the evidence together and the connection between what happened on 9/11 and ultra-Zionist Israel and its military, intelligence and censorship network is breathtakingly obvious. Most people don't have the guts to call this out because they fear the consequences including loss of career; but a few of us do – a very few and getting fewer. Former German Defence Secretary Andreas von Bulow has said he believes Mossad was involved and former Italian President Francesco Cossiga said the same. Cossiga revealed his own role in Operation Gladio, the NATO-controlled terrorist operation after the Second World War that bombed civilian targets in Problem-Reaction-Solution scenarios blamed on those they wished to demonise. He told Italian newspaper *Corriere della Sera* in 2007 that all American and European intelligence agencies well knew that the 9/11 attacks had been the work of the CIA and Mossad 'with the aid of the Zionist world' to induce western powers into targeting Iraq and Afghanistan. As Andreas von Bulow said: ' The CIA is steered by Mossad'. Then there is Alan Sabrosky, a retired Marine officer and former Director of Studies at the United States Army War College's Strategic Studies Institute, who has taught at the United States Military Academy at West Point, Georgetown University, University of Pennsylvania, and Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies. Sabrosky said in 2010 that it was 'one hundred percent certain 9/11 was a Mossad operation'. He said that if Building 7 was wired for demolition – which he agrees it was – then 'all of them were wired for demolition'. He said that 9/11 had led directly to 60,000 Americans dead and wounded and 'God knows how many hundreds of thousands in other countries we have killed, injured and made homeless'. He went on:

> If Americans ever know that Israel did this they are going to strike them off the earth. They are not going to give a rat's arse about the consequences. They are not going to care – they will do it. The Zionists are playing it as a truly all or nothing exercise. If they lose this one – if the American people ever realise what's happened they're gone. It'll be a bloody, brutal war and they're gone.

It is NOT a 'Jewish plot'

You will have your own thoughts on whether that is true about the response, but the theme brings me to a vital point that I have emphasised many times and one which should focus the minds of all

Jewish people worldwide. I have stressed often in this book that what I am exposing is not a 'Jewish plot'. The vast majority of Jewish people do not know what is being done in their name and most would be horrified if they did. I am exposing a conspiracy for human control by a global Hidden Hand – The Web – in which ultra-Zionism and the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult is a frontline player. Through The Web ultra-Zionism connects with regard to 9/11 into the American military and intelligence networks and to people like Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld. Ultra-Zionists infiltrated and controlled the inner workings of the Pentagon-FAA reaction and communication system and blocked the normal response and security wherever necessary. They then orchestrated the cover-up that continues to this day. Jewish people in general were no more responsible for what happened on September 11th than Americans were for the involvement of Cheney, Rumsfeld, Myers, Bolton or the Bush family. Well, except in this way – by allowing psychopaths to take over their countries through control of the key positions and power centres in politics, military, intelligence and media. This has happened the world over and never more blatantly than with the happenings and ongoing consequences of 9/11. Jewish people have fallen for the trap of accepting the perception program instilled from birth that the rest of the world hates them and so believing they must be protected by the psychopaths posing as their saviours. They have fallen for the myth of a Chosen People when we are all the same consciousness having different brief and transitory experiences in what we call 'the world'. 'Chosen People' immediately instigates a sense of apartness as does the belief that for some reason never explained the world somehow hates by reflex action 0.2 percent of its number.

We have seen the consequences in the past for the Jewish many through the actions of the ultra-Zionist, Sabbatian-Frankist few and the only people who can break that cycle are the mass of Jewish people themselves. They need to expose and distance themselves from the ultra-Zionist psychopaths in their midst and the same with Americans with their psychopaths, British people with theirs and so on. The few have controlled the many for long enough – it's time to turn the page and let freedom and justice reign for *all* the human family. We are not apart from each other – we *are* each other. Don't be hoaxed by the 'anti-Semitism' scam whether you are Jewish or otherwise. It is the calculated Protection Racket to protect the control of the psychopathic few over the Jewish community and to protect the psychopaths themselves from exposure. They have no other option because the evidence is there to be seen in abundance to expose them and silencing its communication is all they can do. Who could deny ultra-Zionist involvement in 9/11 after the evidence presented here – or that ultra-Zionism has infiltrated the very fabric of American – and elsewhere – politics, finance, media and

decision-making? Ultra-Zionists cannot debate the evidence because they couldn't win and so they slur and smear and seek to destroy. What was their response to the contention by American military expert Alan Sabrosky that Mossad did 9/11? The Anti-Defamation League condemned him as 'a key figure in anti-Semitic conspiracy theories'. Same old, same old, because that is all they have.

Definition defined

From the perspective of all I have outlined in the last few chapters we can return to that new definition of 'anti-Semitism' which is being increasingly accepted by all levels of government, academia, corporations, media and the entire system under pressure and often abuse from the ultra-Zionist network. Such is the power of a tiny country of eight million people (or rather the Sabbatian-Frankist few that control it). The motivation behind this 'definition' is so transparent – especially after what I have exposed in this book. I am going to return to the definition 'examples' that I highlighted earlier so we can see how calculated they are in the light of what the ultra-Zionists are doing and are desperate to hide. There are many problems in defining those who hate Jews for being Jews because 'anti-Semitism' is a complete misnomer for reasons already explained and 'racism' does not apply because Jewishness is not a race but a cultural and religious system of belief and ritual. Hating Jews for being Jews or discriminating against Jews for being Jews is as close as we can get. But that is not what the new definition sets out to challenge. The new 'definition' is a central pillar of the Protection Racket and so must include every aspect of what the Sabbatian-Frankists are *doing* but wish so ferociously to keep from public view. The definition 'examples' are simply a means to stop legitimate investigation and silence exposure of Sabbatian-Frankists and ultra-Zionists and the wider Web of the Hidden Hand. Here's the first one:

Making mendacious, dehumanizing, demonizing, or stereotypical allegations about Jews as such or the power of Jews as collective – such as, especially but not exclusively, the myth about a world Jewish conspiracy or of Jews controlling the media, economy, government or other societal institutions.

Look at what I have exposed about ultra-Zionist control of the prime positions of power and decision-making with regard to 9/11 – control of the Pentagon, US government, tech companies, media, Hollywood, finance etc., etc. The power of *some* Jews as a 'collective' is clearly at work, but not a collective of *all* Jewish people – only a relative handful who have contempt for the rest. This 'example' is designed to equate exposure of a few – even specific individuals – with a claim that all Jews

are being accused. By doing so they can protect themselves from exposure by hiding behind the Jewish population as a whole through the lie that exposure of one or a few is a condemnation and hatred of all. That is the last thing I am saying, indeed I am saying the opposite. Once the actions of the few are isolated and disconnected from Jewish people in general the ultra-Zionists and Sabbatian-Frankists lose their wizard's curtain and their game is up. The 'example' is worded precisely to stop what ultra-Zionists are *provably* doing from being publicly exposed and debated. Example number two:

Accusing Jews as a people of being responsible for real or imagined wrong doing committed by a single Jewish person or group, or even for acts committed by non-Jews.

This is seriously ironic given that ultra-Zionists and Sabbatian-Frankists are doing exactly the same in reverse. It is *they* who are equating exposure or criticism of a single Jewish person or group with accusing Jews 'as a people' of being responsible. They have to do this for reasons explained above and this is just a calculated and inverted sleight of hand to accuse others of what *they* are doing. Number three:

Denying the fact, scope, mechanisms (e.g. gas chambers) or intentionality of the genocide of the Jewish people at the hands of National Socialist Germany and its supporters and accomplices during World War II (the Holocaust).

This 'example' is to block all questions whatever they may be about an historical happening and it is the only historical event in all human existence on which such a ban is imposed. To ask even the most basic questions about the official narrative is to be immediately labelled an 'anti-Semite' and 'Nazi' and have your life and reputation destroyed. You see this reaction from even most of those who regard themselves as 'moderates' or 'progressive'. The fact is that the horrors of Nazi Germany are coldly exploited by ultra-Zionists and Sabbatian-Frankists to silence those who seek to expose their manipulation today and this is both sick and disgusting. Those who are confident that what they say is true do not seek to ban people from asking questions about it. Those who are *not* confident do that. To *question* is not to *deny* – it is to question and see what answers come back. It's called freedom. Why such desperation to shut down *all* questioning and debate on the subject? Well, Sabbatian-Frankists? Number four:

Accusing the Jews as a people, or Israel as a state, of inventing or exaggerating the Holocaust.

How can anyone know unless the official narrative is allowed to be questioned and the answers forthcoming? Number five:

Accusing Jewish citizens of being more loyal to Israel, or to the alleged priorities of Jews worldwide, than to the interests of their own nations.

I guess most who have read through the last few chapters will now be shaking their head at this one. The extraordinary connections between ultra-Zionists and 9/11 were all for the benefit of America were they? The hundreds of inter-connecting Zionist and ultra-Zionist organisations in the United States alone promoting the policies and self-interest of Israel are only there to make America a better place and are nothing at all to do with 'being more loyal to Israel, or to the alleged priorities of Jews worldwide, than to the interests of their own nations'? Manipulating the United States and its young men and women to fight wars for Israel in the Middle East is only in the interest of America and Americans? What an absolute joke. There can be few more obvious examples than this 'example' of labelling exposure of what the ultra-Zionists are clearly *doing* as 'anti-Semitic'. Ultra-Zionists like Arnon Milchan, Larry Silverstein, Michael Chertoff, Dov Zakheim and the rest of that crowd do not have more allegiance to Israel than America?? Shelden Adelson telling an event for the Israeli Defense Forces that *unfortunately* the military uniform he once wore was American and not Israeli is allegiance to America is it? And what about Adelson's 'all we care about is being good Zionists – good citizens of Israel'? I mean, pass the sickbag. Number six:

Denying the Jewish people their right to self-determination, e.g., by claiming that the existence of a State of Israel is a racist endeavor.

This is to stop exposure of Israel's shocking racism against Palestinians by claiming that such criticism is 'denying the Jewish people their right to self-determination ... by claiming that the existence of a State of Israel is a racist endeavor' and then condemning such views as 'anti-Semitism'. Any country that operates a regime and society based on apartheid, which Israel profoundly does, is a racist endeavour and if ultra-Zionists don't like me saying so they can fuck off. Number seven:

Applying double standards by requiring of it a behaviour not expected or demanded of any other democratic nation.

The wording is designed to equate an apartheid regime with a 'democratic nation' and calling an apartheid regime an apartheid regime with 'anti-Semitism'. Number eight:

Using the symbols and images associated with classic antisemitism (e.g., claims of Jews killing Jesus or blood libel) to characterize Israel or Israelis.

Ban the exposure of symbols and images that relate to Sabbatian-Frankist Satanists and extreme ultra-Zionists by claiming that this is a condemnation of all Jews. Number nine:

Drawing comparisons of contemporary Israeli policy to that of the Nazis.

This 'example' is there to stop anyone saying that if it looks like a duck, swims like a duck, and quacks like a duck, then it probably is a duck. Or, as I say, every race, culture and religion is capable of producing every kind of human personality including what is called 'Nazi'. To claim that one group alone is not is capable of doing that is farcical, but this 'example' is to prevent people from stating the bloody obvious in the case of the Sabbatian-Frankist and ultra-Zionist extremists that control Israel. Finally, number ten:

Holding Jews collectively responsible for actions of the state of Israel.

I agree that this unfair, but the Protection Racket seeks to promote the propaganda that criticism of Israel is criticism of all Jewish people – this is the very foundation of the 'new definition' for goodness sake to protect ultra-Zionists, Sabbatian-Frankists and their vehicle Israel from criticism and public exposure.

The new definition of 'anti-Semitism' needs to be scrapped and the public ignore its 'examples' now the true reason for its introduction are so clearly exposed. You can see from these chapters that claims about Israel and its ultra-Zionist networks having nothing to do with 9/11 are utterly laughable. They were central players at the very foundation of the 'inside job' in league with the Bushes, Cheney, Rumsfeld, and rogue elements in the Pentagon, [In]Justice Department, FBI, CIA, FAA, New York authorities and so on, which lock into the same Hidden Hand Web as the Sabbatian-Frankists and ultra-Zionists. In the light of the blatantly obvious connections exposed here there must be massive and unyielding public pressure for a new and truly independent investigation into what happened before, during and after 9/11 with all the evidence and witnesses presented that were denied and blocked by the ultra-Zionist-controlled 9/11 Commission. Those I have named in this book must be forced to publicly answer for their actions and non-actions and explain the connections between them that take the term 'coincidence' to stratospheric levels of statistical chance.

This is vital not only to bring justice at last to those directly and

indirectly affected by 9/11, but also to dismantle the conspiracy for which the attacks of September 11th were only one strand in a gigantic web of human control that seeks to advance human enslavement to extremes and levels that most people would not even begin to comprehend. To this, in the final chapters, I will now turn.

CHAPTER 26

Eyes wide OPEN

Life is a constant journey of trying to open your eyes. I'm just beginning my journey and my eyes aren't fully open yet – Olivia Thirlby

I think it is fair to say that in the modern climate created by the 'anti-Semitism' industry, the Protection Racket and 'progressive' policing of speech and opinion that I have been 'controversial' in this book so far and I am about to get even more so.

I am 67 at the time of writing and I could live out the rest of my life quietly doing whatever I choose to do. I didn't have to take the untold abuse and ridicule that I have for 30 years and I don't need to amplify that condemnation to still new levels with the writing of this book. I choose to do that, knowing how the 'anti-Semitism' industry and 'progressive' mob will react because, bizarrely in the circumstances, I care about the world that those who abuse me will have to live in unless eyes are opened with immediate effect. I most certainly care about what my children and grandchildren will have to face if the conspiracy to enslave them and everyone else is not brought to public attention before the endgame is complete. We are very close to that now in the wake of decade after decade of perception manipulation through unrelenting propaganda and conditioning; but, as Nazi propagandist Joseph Goebbels said: 'Propaganda becomes ineffective the moment we become aware of it.' I have spent the last 30 years working to make people aware of it and I have written this book as a symbolic arm thrusting through the elevator door as the two sides are about to meet. I do so in the hope that it will have the same effect once the dust has settled and the, oh, so predictable abuse has repeated itself into boring irrelevance. Yeah, yeah, whatever. I want to open those doors to freedom again just as they close for seemingly the final time by showing that you don't have to stay silent and acquiesce to professional bullies or any other kind. You can shout even louder instead. If I have to take monumental abuse to achieve that – and it seems I do – then so be it. They can throw their worst and do their worst. It makes no difference to me. I am, like all of us, a point of attention within an infinity of consciousness and what happens in any moment is but a transitory experience on an infinite

journey of exploration. Put simply: I don't give a fuck (Fig 147).

Figure 147: Twitter storm response system.

'Jewish' cover story

Those who have read this book to the end – the abusers largely will not – know that what I am exposing isn't a 'Jewish plot'. You might have gathered by now that if I thought it *was* a 'Jewish plot' then I would bloody well say so. But I don't, so I'm not. The 'plot' for total human enslavement of mind and body is not 'Jewish' in origin but satanic. In the end it goes off planet, or off dimension, and that's a whole other story told in my other books. The perpetrators are the satanic Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult and the wider Hidden Hand manipulating through The Web. Jewish people are largely its victims, not perpetrators. The Cult has infiltrated and taken control of all major religions, governments, banking and other corporations, media, Hollywood, Silicon Valley, the Internet, high-tech, artificial intelligence, 'education' and almost every other area of human life required for their goal to be secured. What happened on 9/11 gave renewed impetus and momentum to infuse the hijack of human society with an ever quickening pace. Look at how fast the world has changed since September 11th, 2001. The American military, largely the world army in the making, now has personnel in 175 countries out of 195 and 175,000 active troops in 158. This has been made possible by the nearly *90 percent* increase in military spending since 9/11 which has also been used as the excuse for war, mass surveillance, secret courts and invasion of privacy the like of which the world has never seen on such a scale. The Hidden Hand chose to target Jewish society for many reasons. Among them was the need (it's a long story) to control their global tyranny out of what is today called Israel. The Knights Templar (12th century) and Zionism (19th century) both seeking to rebuild Solomon's Temple is not a coincidence. One of the reasons takes us into the esoteric and the Earth's energetic grid or matrix of force lines (ley-lines, meridians) on which particular points of power have greater effect on the whole than elsewhere. Jerusalem is one such place and again the background can be found in other books. The focus of Christianity, Islam and Judaism on the same city and even the same spot – Temple Mount/Haram al-Sharif – is also no coincidence. It's not called the 'Holy City' for nothing. The Greater Israel project which seeks to expand Israel into Iraq would fulfil the Sabbatian-Frankist dream of returning to their

other spiritual home, Babylon.

Targeting the Jewish community gave the Death Cult the potential (which has been mercilessly exploited) to develop a shield of protection from exposure. Again and again you will find quotes from Zionist leaders along the same basic theme that using claims of 'anti-Semitism' would block criticism of 'Jewish' (Sabbatian-Frankist) actions and frighten the Jewish majority into giving their power to the Death Cult and its ultra-Zionist stooges to protect them from perceived 'enemies' (the rest of humanity) while having no idea there even is a Death Cult. Hiding within a *specifically* identifiable group has allowed for a *specific* term of 'anti-Semitism' to be erroneously invented to secure *specific* and amplified protection for the Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators above all other groups. Designer protection you could call it. As the Death Cult moves into its in-your-face endgame stage of total human control even that protection had to be dramatically increased to avoid exposure through open debate and freedom of expression and so we have the hysterical ramping-up of the 'anti-Semitism' industry and Protection Racket with the ever-widening definition of how 'anti-Semitism' should be applied and targeted. More to hide = more to keep hidden = greater extremes of censorship. We are rapidly closing in on the point where no criticism of any Jewish person will be allowed except for ultra-Zionist and Death Cult operatives attacking Jews who refuse to sing from the song-sheet. They are fair game because ultra-Zionism and the Death Cult are not there to protect Jewish people for whom they have extreme contempt. Protecting the ultra-Zionist/Death Cult agenda is the only name of the game. Another bonus is the concept of 'God's Chosen People' which can be manipulated to make significant swathes of the Jewish community believe the Sabbatian-Frankist messianic fairy tale about the return of a Jewish 'Messiah' (Moshiach) to rule the world. The Death Cult is founded on the alleged messianic credentials of Sabbatai Zevi and Jacob Frank. Many ultra-Zionists are not Sabbatian-Frankists, but they have bought the 'Chosen People' lie and the perceived destiny that comes with that. This leads them to work and plot for that destiny while the Sabbatian-Frankists laugh behind their hands. In many ways ultra-Zionists that are not part of the Death Cult are the most manipulated of all and therefore the most despised by the Cult. Those who have seen through the lies may be a threat to the Cult but it has a grudging admiration for them and total contempt for those it manipulates so easily. Such is the power of Death Cult perceptual manipulation that a 2019 poll found that 42 percent of Israelis support annexation (stealing) in some form the Palestinian West Bank illegally occupied by Israel. This is Death Cult policy and they have fallen for it as they have fallen for so much more. The background to the Cult, its history and ambitions, laid out over in the last few chapters, brings

events in the world today into clear focus as we shall see.

Protocol prophecies

Goals and methods of the Death Cult also present the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* in a new light. Whatever the origin of the document circulated under that name the texts describe without question the ambitions and techniques of Sabbatian-Frankism. You can still get a copy – even on Amazon – and it is worth the effort to read what they said well over a century ago and compare that with real world events since then and up to present day. Never mind – 'that's anti-Semitic'. It is your right to read what you see fit and come to conclusions of your choice. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. Anyway, there is nothing 'anti-Semitic' about reading the *Protocols* because they are not, as promoted, detailing a 'Jewish plot'. They just appear to be. The *Protocols* are describing a Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult plot that uses Jewish people as essential cover. You are not supposed to talk about the *Protocols* or you are labelled a 'Nazi'. Well, I don't give a shit. They describe what has subsequently happened and I have the right to ask *why that is*. The Sabbatian-Frankist 'anti-Semitism' industry and Protection Racket is designed to stop that question being asked through its reflex-action hatred and abuse, but I choose to raise my finger in nonchalant response. 'Zion' has a different meaning to Sabbatian-Frankists than it does to Jewish people in general and notice that the document is not called the Protocols of the Elders of Jewish People or Judaism, but the Protocols of *Zion*. To the Death Cult the arrival of 'Zion' is the arrival of their global control system which is being constructed all around us every day. Remember the 'Zion mainframe' in the *Matrix* movies? This will be very relevant shortly. 'The New Jerusalem' also means something different to the Death Cult. The biblical *Book of Ezekiel* (said to be a priest exiled in Babylon) describes this as a city with a rebuilt Solomon's Temple which would be the capital of the Messianic Kingdom in the Messianic Era of a world controlled from Israel by a descendent of 'King David'. The *Book of Ezekiel* says: 'David My servant *shall be* king over them, and they shall all have one shepherd; they shall also walk in My judgments and observe My statutes, and do them.' You don't have to believe in Old Testament prophecy for this to be profoundly relevant to the world today. What ultra-Zionists and the Death Cult believe (or promote for their own ends) is all that matters. This is the sequence of the final plan to bring this about: United States embassy moved to Jerusalem (done); removal of Palestinians from the area of Temple Mount and the Al-Aqsa Mosque (being done); seizure and demolition of the mosque; rebuilt Solomon's Temple. In the same period they want to annex the Golan Heights (already agreed by the United States) and the West Bank on the road to the Greater Israel and a

return to Babylon. You can see how all the post-9/11 wars have fitted into this scenario although they have not yet gone exactly to plan. Another name for the New Jerusalem is Zion and while this is interpreted as a heavenly location it is planned to be very much of the 'physical' world by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult.

The *Protocols* and many other sources for the same plan describe how: Might is the only right; the end justifies the means (see 9/11); freedom is bad; the best form of rule is despotism; the future for humanity is serfdom; Masonic secret societies rule from the shadows; Masonry is the 'legislative force' and the leader and guide of all secret societies; the mob is blind and an essential means for the few to impose their will on the many; political discord is systematically created and political leaders such as presidents are only figure-heads controlled by secret advisors; 'They' control the media and manipulate public opinion; ferments, discords and hostility are secretly instigated all over the world; the plan is for an all-powerful global government; terror is used as a form of human manipulation and control; diseases are introduced through inoculation; 'They' control the police; dissidents will be executed when the final takeover is secured and people will be arrested on first suspicion; collectivism (Marxism) will be the new system of control; a one-day 'coup d'état' (revolution) over all the world will herald the arrival of 'the Sovereign Lord of all the World, King of Israel, Patriarch of all the World and Patriarch-Pope'. These are some other main themes of the *Protocols* from well over a hundred years ago and you may recognise them:

- **Program and demoralise youth by indoctrinating false beliefs and perceptions.**

  (See 'progressive' mob and perceptual programming in schools, colleges and universities.)

- **Destroy the family unit.**

  (This is happening through multiple means including divisions between generations and social media which has for many become the new 'parent'/family.)

- **Appeal to humanity's lower instincts.**

  (This has clearly been happening for a long time.)

- **Destroy respect for religions and the clergy through scandal and other means.**

(Blatantly happening and it helps if the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church is dominated by Sabbatian-Frankists who see sex with children as 'normal'.)

- **Introduce diversions in entertainment that require spending money and erode the enjoyment of simple cost-free pleasures.**

(Smartphones, videogames, etc.)

- **Divert the attention of the population with sport and vacuous 'entertainment' so they don't see what is really going on.**

(Big-time happening and for long past.)

- **Confuse people with false and contradictory theories that hide the real story.**

(Constantly happening.)

- **Instigate class hatred and class war among different classes of people.**

(This has now been morphed into hatred and war between self-identities.)

- **Create division between all groups including employers and employees and 'right' and 'left'.**

(Happening in ever greater extremes.)

- **Destroy agriculture through industrialisation and then destroy industry.**

(What a prediction this was more than a century ago given that industrial farming (promoted by the Rothschilds) has utterly poisoned the food chain and replaced individual farmers with giant corporations to control global food production.)

- **Circulate utopian theories to enslave people in a labyrinth of impractical ideas.**

('Progressive', New Age, Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez.)

- **Cause conflict and suspicion between states that lead to increased spending on armaments.**

  (Obviously happening.)

- **Introduce public voting while keeping the people so ignorant of the real game that they pick people the manipulators want.**

  (This happens at almost every election and when the public vote the 'wrong way' as in the British Brexit referendum you call them 'morons' and 'far right' and do everything you can to thwart what they voted for.)

- **Appoint people to key positons who have something to hide so they will do whatever they are told in fear of exposure.**

  (The system is awash with such compromised place-people.)

- **Slowly change all constitutions in preparation for despotic world government.**

  (Preparation for global Marxism is what they mean. The European Union is a perfect example of constitutional change in countries of the EU and the deletion of sovereignty.)

- **Establish huge monopolies.**

  (Amazon, Google/YouTube, Facebook, ad infinitum.)

- **Trigger economic and industrial crises and instability leading to world bankruptcy and at the most effective time crash the system globally to trigger panic.**

  (This has been done through the Wall Street crash and the crash of 2008, but what is planned is a global crash the like we have never seen. They' who cause the crash can then come forward as the 'saviours' so long as we accept the new system which they will control.)

- **Control global banking and finance to enslave governments and population in debt.**

  (Achieved long ago.)

- **Destroy nations and break the spirit of humanity with all kinds of suffering, deprivation, food shortages and reasons to fear.**

  (Happening to so many today (see the EU) and we have seen nothing yet unless the world wakes up to what is being imposed upon us.)

Whatever the background the *Protocols* describe the Sabbatian-Frankist manifesto and the Illuminati (Sabbatian-Frankist) manifesto. And all this is just *coincidence*? *Please*. What the *Protocols* predict has happened ever since and it is still happening as the plan now surges towards its goal. I mean, just look around you. The arrogance in the *Protocols* is Sabbatian-Frankist arrogance as they describe their new world of tyrannical control in which all humanity would be ruled from Israel by a super global government of Zion. The document says:

> ... we shall so wear [them] down ... that they will be compelled to offer us international power, a nature that by its position will enable us without any violence gradually to absorb all the state forces of the world and to form a super-government; In place of the rulers of today we shall set up a bogey which will be called the Super-Government Administration; Its hands will reach out in all directions like nippers and its organisation will be of such colossal dimensions that it cannot fail to subdue all the nations of the world.

The *Protocols* talk about owning the world through debt to their banks which people and countries could never repay while controlling industry, commerce and governments through Zion-instigated debt. Presidents and politicians were mere puppets to their will: '[We] arrange elections in favour of such presidents, as have in their past some dark, undiscovered stain, some "Panama" or other – then they will be trustworthy agents for the accomplishment of our plans out of fear of revelations and from the natural desire of everyone who has attained power, namely, the retention of privileges, advantages and honour connected with the office of president.' This is exactly how it works and few have been more obviously controlled by Sabbatian-Frankists than 9/11 president Boy Bush and Donald Trump. The *Protocols* continue:

> The chamber of deputies will provide cover for, will protect, will elect the president, but we shall take from it the right to propose new, or make changes in existing laws, for this right will be given by us to the responsible president, a puppet in our hands. Naturally, the authority of the president will then become a target for every possible form of attack, but we shall provide him with a means of self-defence in the right of an appeal to the people, for the decision of the people over the heads of their representatives, that is to say, an appeal to that same blind slave of ours – the majority of the mob.

> Independently of this we shall invest the president with the right of declaring a state of war. We shall justify this last right on the ground that the president as chief of the whole army of the country must have it at his disposal, in case of need for the defence of the new republican constitution, the right to defend which will belong to him as the responsible representative of this constitution. It is easy to understand that in these conditions the key of the shrine will lie in our hands, and no one outside of ourselves will any longer direct the force of legislation.

The *Protocols* describe how 'They' would bring the population into a 'state of bewilderment' through 'so many contradictory opinions and for such length of time as will suffice to make [them] lose their heads in the labyrinth and come to see that the best thing is to have no opinion of any kind in matters political' which were understood only by those who guide the public:

> The second secret requisite for the success of our government is comprised in the following. To multiply to such an extent national failings, habits, passions, conditions of civil life, that it will be impossible for anyone to know where he is in the resulting chaos, so that the people in consequence will fail to understand one another ...

The *Protocols* tell us that education would be manipulated to be a means of perceptually-programming the masses to see themselves and the world in the way that suits the agenda for global control. Observe the transformation of schools, colleges and universities into bastions of free speech deletion, group-think and indoctrination of 'progressive' lies and insanity. The *Protocols* describe how national and individual liberty would end under rule from Jerusalem by the 'King of Israel' born of the 'blood of Zion' symbolised as the 'line of David'. I will describe shortly how from a modern perspective all this is planned to be brought about. I should not even speak in future tense because it is happening now if only people would breach the fire-walls of their Sabbatian-Frankist software program.

Different sources – same story

A long list of prophetic works including Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* (1932), George Orwell's *Nineteen-eighty-four* (1948) and the presentation by ultra-Zionist Dr Richard Day (1969) involve precisely the same themes as the *Protocols*. How could these people be so accurate that long ago? The *Protocols* are older than all of them. The Master Plan was already in place and they were just putting that plan into their own context from their own sources. Therefore Huxley's drug and genetic

agenda is happening; Orwell's Big Brother state is happening; Day's new world order is happening in all the facets and forms that he described. Research the United Nations' scam of Agenda 21/2030 to transform human society into a centralised global state to 'save the world' from the (hoax) of human-caused climate change and the 'Green New Deal' of the Soros 'progressive' Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez. They both demand the centralised control demanded by the *Protocols*. The Sabbatian-Frankist climate change hoax has been spun as a problem to which they can offer their control-system 'solution'. All these various expressions of the plan, including the *Protocols*, describe how private property ownership will be outlawed. Paediatrician Lawrence Dunnegan described what Richard Day said in 1969:

> Privately owned housing would become a thing of the past. The cost of housing and financing housing would gradually be made so high that most people couldn't afford it ... Young people would more and more become renters, particularly in apartments or condominiums. People would not be able to buy [homes] and gradually more and more of the population would be forced into small apartments. Small apartments which would not accommodate very many children [part of the population cull agenda I have described in other books].
>
> Ultimately, people would be assigned where they would live and it would be common to have non-family members living with you. This by way of your not knowing just how far you could trust anybody. This would all be under the control of a central housing authority. Have this in mind ... when they ask, 'How many bedrooms in your house? How many bathrooms in your house? Do you have a finished game room?' This information is personal and is of no national interest to government under our existing Constitution. But you'll be asked those questions ...

We are moving in this very direction every day.

Sabbatian-Frankist coup d'état

The *Protocols* talk about a one-day 'coup d'état' or revolution all over the world at the same time and Richard Day told those paediatricians in 1969:

> The bringing in of the new system probably will occur on a weekend in the winter. Everything would shut down on Friday evening and Monday morning when everybody wakened there would be an announcement that the New System was in place. During the process in getting the United States ready for these changes everybody would be busier with less leisure time and less opportunity to really look about and see what was going on around them.

How this can be done over a single weekend – and done out of Israel – will soon become clear. One *Protocol* says:

> When we have accomplished our coup d'état we shall say then to the various peoples: everything has gone terribly badly, all have been worn out with sufferings. We are destroying the causes of your torment – nationalities, frontiers, differences of coinages [Problem-Reaction-Solution and remember this was stated more than a hundred years ago]. You are at liberty, of course, to pronounce sentence upon us, but can it possibly be a just one if it is confirmed by you before you make any trial of what we are offering you … then will the mob exalt us and bear us up in their hands in a unanimous triumph of hopes and expectations. Voting, which we have made the instrument which will set us on the throne of the world by teaching even the very smallest units of members of the human race to vote by means of meetings and agreements by groups, will then have served its purposes and will play its part then for the last time by a unanimity of desire to make close acquaintance with us before condemning us [this is the long-planned post-democratic society I have warned about for decades].
>
> To secure this we must have everybody vote without distinction of classes and qualifications, in order to establish an absolute majority, which cannot be got from the educated propertied classes. In this way by inculcating in all a sense of self-importance, we shall destroy … the importance of the family and its educational value and remove the possibility of individual minds splitting off, for the mob, handled by us, will not let them come to the front nor even give them a hearing; it is accustomed to listen [only to us] who pay it for obedience and attention. In this way we shall create a blind, mighty force which will never be in a position to move in any direction without the guidance of our agents set at its head by us as leaders of the mob. The people will submit to this regime because it will know that upon these leaders will depend its earnings, gratifications and the receipt of all kinds of benefits.

Once again this dastardly plan came to light well over a hundred years ago and the Soros 'progressive' mob is now with us acting in exactly the way this *Protocol* describes. Yet another coincidence? Not only that – the mob *is* beholding to its funders like Soros who pay for its 'obedience and attention' and drive its direction and tyranny to stop 'individual minds splitting off'. The mob does indeed 'not let them come to the front nor even give them a hearing'. This is political correctness; these are the reflex labels of 'Nazi', bigot' and 'racist'. The social engineers of the Rothschild ultra-Zionist Frankfurt School demanded the demise of the family unit as the *Protocols* do. Wish-list items of the Frankfurt School that I described earlier are widely included in the

Protocols and among them are continual change to create confusion; promotion of excessive drinking; emptying churches (targeting anything that brings people together); dependency on the state or state benefits (thus do what the state says – or else); control and dumbing down of the media and encouraging the breakdown of family. Go as far back as the fallen horseman in 1785 and the Illuminati plan on his person for world domination and revolution and you will see the same themes, methods and goals. No wonder the Hidden Hand had to pull the stunt with its professional liar operative Allen Dulles and his 'Russian émigre' to trash the credibility of the *Protocols* in the *Times* and *New York Times* in 1921 in articles written by an asset of Sabbatian-Frankist-controlled British intelligence. The 'anti-Semitism' industry and Protection Racket ultimately controlled by the Death Cult works 24/7 year after year to demonise and silence the few who are willing to highlight the bloody obvious correlation between the *Protocols* and subsequent world events. Surprise, surprise, mention of the *Protocols* is another press-enter definition of 'anti-Semitism'. Did I say they can fuck off? I think I might have mentioned it.

King of the World

These messianic crazies of the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult want to impose their 'world ruler' on the throne of Jerusalem on the site of a rebuilt Solomon's Temple. We can see with the emphasis in the *Protocols* on the vital part played by Freemasonry the reason why Freemasonic temples are really symbols of Solomon's Temple with their twin pillars and worship of the Sabbatian-Frankist god of Saturn after which Sabbatai (Saturn) Zevi was named. The vast majority of Freemasons will have no idea they are in effect worshipping Saturn under names like the 'Great/Grand Architect', but they are. 'El' is the Hebrew god of Saturn – as in IsraEL – and even the New Jerusalem is described in The *Book of Revelation* in terms of a cube which is an ancient symbol of Saturn. If you read my other books, like *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*, you will see the detailed background to why Saturn is so important to them. The King of the Jews will be the real Pope of the Universe, Patriarch of an international church, the *Protocols* tell us, and rule over what is planned to be a one-world religion (Sabbatian-Frankism) with universal acceptance of the 'Jewish' God and 'Jewish' religion. All other religions (including Judaism as currently practiced) would disappear. This 'figure' will not really be the King of the 'Jews' but what some call the 'Antichrist' or, put another way, a global Big Brother. Christian Zionists have been utterly manipulated to relate this to the return of 'Jesus'. I will describe in this chapter what I have concluded the 'king' really is. The *Protocols* tell us:

> The Supreme Lord who will replace all now existing rulers, dragging on their existence among societies demoralised by us, societies that have denied even the authority of god, from whose midst breaks out on all sides the fire of anarchy, must first of all proceed to quench this all-devouring flame. Therefore he will be obliged to kill off those existing societies, though he should drench them with his own blood, that he may resurrect them again in the form of regularly organised troops fighting consciously with every kind of infection that may cover the body of the state with sores.
>
> This chosen one of God is chosen from above to demolish the senseless forces moved by instinct and not reason, by brutishness and not humanness. These forces now triumph in manifestations of robbery and every kind of violence under the mask of principles of freedom and rights. They have overthrown all forms of social order to erect on the ruins the throne of the King of the Jews; but their part will be played out the moment he enters into his kingdom. Then it will be necessary to sweep them away from his path, on which must be left no knot, no splinter. then will it be possible for us to say to the peoples of the world: 'Give thanks to God and bow the knee before him who bears on his front the seal of the predestination of man, to which god himself has led his star that none other but he might free us from all the before mentioned forces and evils'.

This is classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. Create global mayhem, conflict and suffering and then step forward as the solution to the horrors you have systematically created.

Importance of 'the mob'

The point about sweeping away the mob once it has played its part in overthrowing the old order was exactly what Soviet KGB defector Yuri Bezmenov described in 1985 when he said that once the mob (today's Soros 'progressives') had completed their role as essential pawns they would be 'lined up against the wall and shot'. Bezmenov was describing the techniques of Marxism and that is what today's Soros 'progressive' mob represents – *Marxism*. This is the same Marxism created by Sabbatian-Frankists through their frontman Karl Marx to overthrow the existing order and establish a centralised structure of control under the smokescreen of 'government of the people'. But what happened in Russia, China and everywhere else that Marxism has been imposed? The mob overthrows the prevailing order and then the new order destroys the mob. Self-obsessed pawns of the Soros 'progressive' mob are walking – sprinting – into the same trap with Marxism disguised as 'socialism' and 'inclusivity' (self-identity exclusivity). Marxism seeks to transform society by conflict between groups and Sabbatian-Frankists need a far right mob to provide the focus of hate for the Soros

'progressive' mob which is what we have with ultra-Zionists (ultimately the Death Cult) funding both 'sides'. Donald Trump was brought to power to be that focus of mob-expanding hatred not just in America, but around the world. The *Protocols* say of the mob mentality:

> In order to elaborate satisfactory forms of action it is necessary to have regard to the rascality, the slackness, the instability of the Mob, its lack of capacity to understand and respect the conditions of its own life, or its own welfare; It must be understood that the might of a Mob is blind, senseless and unreasoning forever at the mercy of a suggestion from any side ...

American Freemasonic legend Albert Pike emphasised the importance of the mob in seizing global control for the few. Pike was Supreme Pontiff of Universal Freemasonry and involved in the creation of the Ku Klux Klan (how very progressive). He was said by British-born Canadian intelligence operative William Carr to have revealed in a letter to high Freemason, Mafia founder and Illuminati chief Giuseppe Mazzini in 1871 a plan for three world wars to transform global society into a centrally-controlled dictatorship. Pike described the first two wars accurately, but the alleged content of the letter only came to light after they had happened and so what he said about the still-to-happen Third World War is most relevant. Carr quotes Pike as saying that this would break out in the Middle East between Israel and the Muslim world and drag in other nations to create a global conflict. Those who say that Pike's mention of 'political Zionism' (the State of Israel) as one of the protagonists could not have been known about in 1871 do not understand how far ahead the Sabbatian-Frankist plan is projected. Society-changing world events and happenings are not random, but stepping-stones to a final outcome that are planned and prepared for way in advance. This is where incredibly accurate long-term descriptions and predictions by Huxley, Orwell and Day ultimately originate. Pike is quoted by Carr as saying:

> ... other nations ... will be constrained to fight to the point of complete physical, moral, spiritual and economical exhaustion. We shall unleash the Nihilists and the atheists, and we shall provoke a formidable social cataclysm which in all its horror will show clearly to the nations the effect of absolute atheism, origin of savagery and of the most bloody turmoil.

Nihilism is 'a political belief or action that advocates or commits violence or terrorism without discernible constructive goals' and ISIS/Islamic State is a perfect example. Pike continued:

> Then everywhere, the citizens, obliged to defend themselves against the world

> minority of revolutionaries, will exterminate those destroyers of civilization, and the multitude, disillusioned with Christianity, whose deistic spirits will from that moment be without compass or direction, anxious for an ideal, but without knowing where to render its adoration, will receive the true light through the universal manifestation of the pure doctrine of Lucifer [a god of Sabbatian-Frankism], brought finally out in the public view. This manifestation will result from the general reactionary movement which will follow the destruction of Christianity and atheism, both conquered and exterminated at the same time.

You see the same recurring themes from all these sources pointing to the same story and the evidence of this happening is everywhere. The *Protocols* say:

> ... it is indispensable to trouble in all countries the people's relations with their governments so as to utterly exhaust humanity with dissension, hatred, struggle, envy and even by the use of torture, by starvation, by the inoculation of diseases, by want, so that [the population] see no other issue than to take refuge in our complete sovereignty in money and in all else; but if we give the nations of the world a breathing space the moment we long for is hardly likely ever to arrive.

If that does not describe the world today and indeed throughout the 20th century then I don't know what does.

Essential fake 'liberals'

The *Protocols* stress the importance of 'liberals, utopian dreamers' in the plan or what the Cabal would call today 'progressives'. They would be 'played out' once the Sabbatian-Frankist world government was in place, but until then 'they will continue to do us good service' – 'Therefore we shall continue to direct their minds to all sorts of vain conceptions of fantastic theories, new and apparently progressive.' The *Protocols* boast at having 'turned the brainless heads of the [population] with progress till there is not among [them] one mind able to perceive that under this word lies a departure from truth in all cases where it is not a question of material inventions, for truth is one and in it there is no place for progress.' This *Protocol* continues:

> When we come into our kingdom our orators will expound great problems which have turned humanity upside down in order to bring it at the end under our beneficent rule; Who will ever suspect then that all these people were stage-managed by us according to a political plan which no one has so much as guessed at in the course of many centuries?

> We shall assume to ourselves the liberal physiognomy [face/appearance] of all parties, of all directions, and we shall give that physiognomy a voice in orators who will speak so much that they will exhaust the patience of their hearers and produce an abhorrence of oratory.

This is a vital point that explains so much about what is happening today. The constant mantra from the 'progressive' voice of self-proclaimed 'moderation' is to condemn opposing groups and opinions as 'far right', 'fascist' and 'Nazi'. This is both projection and an effort to demonise opposition as extremists while selling their own image as one of moderation, inclusion and caring. It's another inverted hoax which most of the Soros mob will not have grasped while ensconced in the jet-black darkness of their nether regions. Pump-primers among them representing Sabbatian-Frankism will absolutely know what the game is. The trick is to present a face of 'moderation' while pursuing an agenda of tyrannical extremism. To do this you must brand the opposition as extremists which is what they try to do with me. This technique leads to extraordinary levels of inverted nonsense in which Tony Blair who lied to sell a war that killed or maimed millions directly and through ongoing consequences is described as a 'moderate' while those who opposed his mass murder are 'rebels', 'radicals' or extremists. The media play their vital role in this with the labels they hand out such as 'Labour rebels' and 'Labour moderates' (extremists). Remember how Western-armed-and-funded psychopathic killers in Syria were described as the 'moderate opposition'?

In search of a 'saviour'

The Sabbatian-Frankist Messiah scam is made easier by other religions having the same concept with Jesus in Christianity, Krishna in Hinduism and Maitreya in Buddhism. Humanity's need for a 'saviour' when a mirror would suffice has long been exploited by the few to control the many. Christian Zionism, a Sabbatian-Frankist creation, has entrapped so many Christian believers, especially in the American Deep South, into waiting for the Messiah and supporting the Israel-Jerusalem agenda of Sabbatian-Frankists and ultra-Zionists in the belief that this must happen before their Messiah can come. They think they are talking about Messiah 'Jesus' while the Sabbatian-Frankists plan someone, or something, very different. By the time they realise that it will be too late. Christians call the dawning of the Messianic Age the 'Kingdom of God' and the 'world to come', but they are going to be in for a shock. They have been taught (programmed) to believe that the 'End Times' will bring great trials, tribulations and upheavals which they welcome as signs that 'Jesus' is coming. In fact these planned happenings are the very Problem-Reaction-Solution scenario being played out by Sabbatian-

Frankists to usher in their own 'Messiah' – and a global control system based in Israel. The picture is far bigger than almost anyone has grasped and even Sabbatian-Frankism is only a relatively modern expression of the Hidden Hand Master Plan. It goes way back beyond the emergence of the Bible and thus this is a document encoded with the same basic themes that you find in the *Protocols* and other 'prophetic' works from sources that knew the score. Christians have been had – Christian Zionists have been *massively* had – and where this has all been leading is getting mighty close. The restoration of Israel and the Jewish return is at the very core of Christian Zionist belief and hence all the money they have contributed to making that happen while the Death Cult can barely hold back their contempt and amusement. Messiah Jesus is supposed to save the righteous, judge the wicked, and restore peace to the world which is what Sabbatian-Frankists claim for their Messiah or 'World King' when the idea is to instigate a global tyranny. They are pulling in the gullible until the point of stopping what is planned has passed. Then reality will dawn.

The Torah, or first five books of the Hebrew Bible (Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy) do not specifically mention a 'Messiah' returning although the term 'End of Days' is seized upon by the messianic fanatics along with other quotes about a leader who would restore and rule Israel. Sabbatian-Frankists as a Kabbalah occult religion reject the Torah. The far more extreme Talmud – the guide for ultra-Zionists – reserves the title Moshiach, or Melech HaMoshiach (the King Messiah), for the leader who will 'redeem Israel' in the End of Days. It is claimed that all the nations of the world will recognize Moshiach to be the world leader and will accept his dominion in the Messianic Era. Note how Christians and Christian Zionists say the same about Jesus. Maimonides, a famous Jewish philosopher and codifier of the 12th century, said that the Messiah, or Moshiach, will rebuild the Temple and bring back the exiles. Jerusalem and the Temple would be the focus of divine worship, and 'from Zion shall go forth … the word of the Lord from Jerusalem'. The Sanhedrin rabbinical courts would return and decide matters of law. Jerusalem's Supreme Court built by the Rothschilds was really designed for this purpose with all its satanic symbolism. Jesus was condemned to death by the Sanhedrin in the New Testament story and I wonder if Christian Zionists are following all this? The Sanhedrin this time around are meant to decree law for the whole world and not only Israel. I read that 'the coming of Moshiach will complete God's purpose in creation', but my question is this: Why does 'God' have an obsession with 0.2 percent of the world population on a planet that's a billionth the size of a pinhead compared with the projected extent of the Universe? What manipulative bollocks it all is.

Control the tech – control the world

What is planned for humanity and how it can be achieved can only be understood from the perspective of the 'smart' technological society that has emerged 'out of nowhere' so fast and taken over human focus, perception and perspective. This has been planned all along because the inner sanctum of Sabbatian-Frankism is operating from a very different timeline and level of knowledge to the general population. I am not going into why that is because it is detailed at length in *Everything You Need to Know but Have Never Been Told*. There are reasons for this, however, and they explain how Aldous Huxley could describe modern drug and genetic techniques in 1932, George Orwell describe smart televisions ('telescreens') in 1948, and Dr Richard Day describe the Internet in 1969. There are two 'worlds' in terms of knowledge and projected 'future'. The human population lives in one and the *inner core* of the Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankism lives in quite another. The technology now available and that which is about to be introduced offers the potential to control all human minds and perceptual processes and to do so from a single location – *Israel*. This control system is planned to be operated by artificial intelligence and that is the real meaning of 'Supreme Lord', 'King of the World' and 'from Zion shall go forth ... the word of the Lord from Jerusalem'. I'm not saying they don't plan some form of figurehead around which to sell this control, but artificial intelligence is the means of delivery and the real practical meaning of the terms. This is why today Israel is fast becoming the technology centre of the world which is planned to eclipse Silicon Valley that it already controls from afar through front men and women and the Sabbatian-Frankist-owned Pentagon and US intelligence networks. Silicon Valley giants systematically censor criticism of Israel and exposure of the Sabbatian-Frankist conspiracy in all its expressions because it is owned by that conspiracy and thus employs ultra-Zionist censors such as the Anti-Defamation League (ADL), Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC) and others of their mendacious ilk to recommend what and who should be banned. Humanity has been led like lambs to the slaughter along a technological Totalitarian Tiptoe towards complete enslavement of body, mind and emotions. The plan – which I have long warned about and is now being openly promoted – is to connect the human brain/body to artificial intelligence which would then *become the human mind and all human perception*. Don't take my work for it. Ultra-Zionist Ray Kurzweil, the 'futurist' Google executive, is a central figure predicting and promoting the brain-AI connection to start in earnest by 2030 (Fig 148). He describes how the global population will be perceptually connected to 'the cloud' (which is controlled through ultra-Zionist-controlled Silicon Valley corporations and other ultra-Zionist

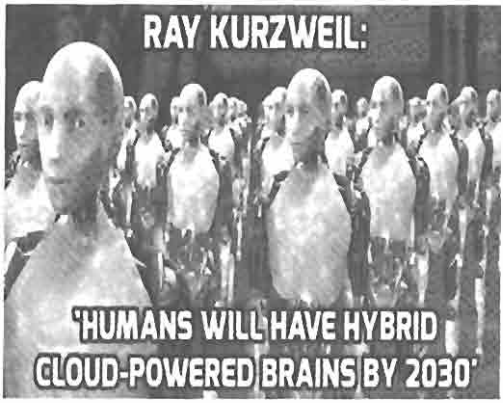

Figure 148: The end of humanity (as long planned) if we allow this to happen.

fronts like Amazon and is planned to be ultimately controlled from Israel). Kurzweil says:

> Our thinking … will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking … humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' … We're going to put gateways to the cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations. As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

Kurzweil also writes in the book *The Scientific Conquest of Death*:

> It will be routine practice to have billions of nanobots (nano-scale robots) coursing through the capillaries of our brains, communicating with each other (over a wireless local area network), as well as with our biological neurons and with the Internet. One application will be to provide full-immersion virtual reality that encompasses all our senses.

I call this the 'assimilation' when our minds will literally no longer be our own, but controlled through AI and by whatever controls AI – Sabbatian-Frankists and the Hidden Hand (and what controls them – see my other books). The takeover of human society will be complete and humanity will be controlled and directed from Israel. This has been the long-unfolding Totalitarian Tiptoe with only the final stage still to come. The AI-brain connection is planned to be made by injecting chips or a connecting 'mesh' into the brain and through other less intrusive methods of securing brain access. Preparation and manipulated acceptance of this human-AI fusion can be seen all around us. Before you can make a physical connection between humans and AI you have to establish a psychological connection. You have to *humanise* AI and make the interaction between the two like a human to human. This is a major reason for the 'personal assistant' technology known under many names including Alexa, Siri, Google Assistant and so on which are also surveillance devices. The technology was seed-funded by DARPA, the technological-development arm of the Pentagon, and is designed to

humanise AI on the road to total control by AI. Notice the AI dolls and other toys for children through which they can converse with AI as if it is human and research has shown that AI can program their perceptions. It's all the same story. Watch, too, for laws protecting robots as if they are human as we head towards a human-AI connection that will be the end of humanity as we know it – the plan all along. Other psychological preparation comes in the form of what is called pre-emptive programming. The world we are being led into is so fantastically different to the one we have known that this chasm of difference is a massive potential point of resistance to accepting its introduction. You want to do *what?* We are therefore being bombarded with Hollywood movies and television programmes depicting this very world to develop a conscious and subconscious 'pre-emptive' *familiarity* to dilute this potential resistance to the society the Hidden Hand wants to impose. The main focus is again on the young because they will be adults when this is meant to be brought in full-blown. Demonising older people and creating a disconnect between young and old is designed to dismiss the concerns of those who remember when the world was not like the one it is so fast becoming. They can thus see the scale and consequences of what is happening. If you are born into the world as it is now that's all you have known and only the awake will see what an Orwellian nightmare it really is.

Mind hack

Humanity has been guided like laboratory rats along a technological journey leading to the brain-AI connection and the end of human thinking and perception. Firstly the population was addicted to technology that they hold – 'holdables' – and for vast swathes of humankind this has already been achieved thanks to Hidden Hand tech companies like Apple and Samsung (Fig 149). By early 2019 it was estimated that more than five billion people have mobile devices with more than half of them smartphones in a world population of 7.7 billion. Smartphone and tablet devices have seized control of children and adults alike as they stare at the screen in a zombie-trance while increasingly incapable of meaningful human interaction. Phones have isolated families in the same home with some having to be texted that

Figure 149: Welcome to 'childhood'. Time for tea, kids. Kids? *HELLOOO!*

their dinner is ready because shouting up the stairs no longer has any effect during their screen 'fixes'. Almost everywhere you see human activity there are eyes welded to screens and the rest of the world doesn't exist. Cyberspace is the new realty, the new 'real world'. Smart technology has catastrophically transformed human relationships and discourse and with its associated social media has hijacked childhood, destroyed self-esteem and is literally rewiring brain function. Until relatively recently scientists believed that once the brain was formed that was it. From then on nothing changed. Now they know very different. Through a process known as placidity the brain is constantly changing in line with *information received* and *how* it is received. The sudden and incessant explosion of information received digitally and electronically is transforming the human brain and the way it processes information – and so reality and perception. Humanity is being rewired and that's especially happening with the young because they do not have the same perceptual resistance of some older people who have earlier perceptions to give them perspective on how the world is changing so quickly. I've already said that those born into this technological Alcatraz think this is how the world is. It is their 'normal'. A few generations pass and it becomes the *only* normal and this is the game that's playing out. As neuron networks and pathways change so does the way information is processed and from that comes changed perception. Think of a computer programmed to compute only in line with the codes of the program. This and the impact of psychopathic social media has coincided with rapidly rising depression, anxiety and suicide rates among the young. Teenage suicides soared by 67 percent between 2010 and 2017 alone in England and Wales and that figure will not only continue to rise but will be matched in other countries with the same or greater smartphone/social media usage. Here is glimpse of what is happening worldwide to young people as they are perceptually and psychologically targeted to become the programmed AI-controlled zombie adults of the near future. This is a report in the UK *Daily Mail*:

> More than 40,000 British 'hermit kids' are locking themselves away from the world for months or even years, shocking research has discovered. The study says chronic social isolation is increasingly affecting young people from all backgrounds and is driven by a combination of poor academic attainment and anxiety about finding good jobs. Many with the condition become obsessed with social media and live effectively virtual lives.

We are allowing the young to be literally *possessed* by technology driven by the Death Cult and the term 'virtual lives' is a potent one. The population, especially young people, is being absorbed into the 'virtual world' because the plan is for humanity to live permanently in a 'virtual

world' through a connection with AI. What is coming off these devices is purposely designed to be electromagnetically addictive. The brain operates electrically and electromagnetically and 'placidity' rewires neuron networks to sync with the frequency fields of smart technology. Addiction follows because the brain demands a constant fix of the electrical/electromagnetic/digital stimulus it has been wired to process. When someone puts the phone down the brain goes into 'cold turkey' as it craves the stimulus. The person then picks up the phone again for no conscious reason because addiction is calling the shots. People and particularly the young think they are constantly on the phone for their own reasons when really the brain-stimulus connection is driving everything. Once this brain-phone frequency connection is achieved then information – much of it subliminal beyond the perceptions of the conscious mind – can be transferred and dictate perception. This is happening to people all the time that the phone is on and through Wi-Fi even when it's not. 'Smart' brains are being hacked and hijacked to be anything but 'smart'. If people really care about their children they should get them off the phones and let them get their minds back. I have a lower-tech phone that stays in the draw for months on end and is only very rarely used when I am going to be nowhere near a proper phone and need to be contacted. Even then I use it on speaker away from my head and all the cumulative damage that would do bombarding my brain with microwaves at touching-range. I quickly note the basic information I need to know and arrange for a later conversation at length if necessary on a landline phone. I don't feel 'deprived' in the least not carrying a smartphone and if I need to speak with people in the usual course of events I have a wired phone to do that. It's not always instant, but so what? Like all addictions people think they need them but when they overcome the addiction they realise that they don't. We are looking at a silent 'holocaust' and humanity is going to reap the whirlwind with the longer-term effect on human brain and body health. This applies especially to children who are using phones while their brains are still forming. Those deep in the shadows behind all this know the consequences and have coldly planned for them to happen. It is a Death Cult after all.

Gotcha!

Stage two of the 'Tiptoe' are 'wearables' worn *on* the body en route to *in* the body. These are Bluetooth devices, Apple watches, and a long and ever lengthening list of Internet-attached technology that people wear including circuitry stitched into clothes for a better cell phone signal and 'electronic tattoos' which are nothing more than microchips on the skin and only one step from under the skin (Fig 150). Wearables are only a middle step to what has been the aim all along – implantable technology

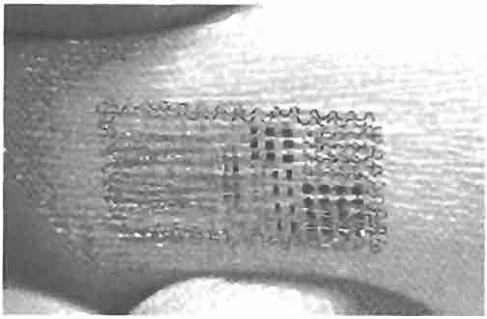

Figure 150: Electronic tattoos – one step from the microchip.

in the body and brain. This is the stage we are fast entering now. Thousands of people have already been microchipped in Sweden and I warned in my books from the mid-1990s that these 'implantables' were coming globally. My words were dismissed then as an example of my 'madness' and yet implantables are here as with a tidal wave of other 'crazy' information I have published over the years which is now happening. I write things and system-thinkers say that's crazy; then they happen. I write new things and same system-thinkers say *that's* crazy and so it continues. I shake my head and keep on writing. This news report about Swedish microchipping captures the Totalitarian Tiptoe without realising that:

> Technology continues to get closer and closer to our bodies, from the phones in our pockets to the smartwatches on our wrists. Now, for some people, it's getting under their skin. In Sweden, a country rich with technological advancement, thousands have had microchips inserted into their hands.
>
> The chips are designed to speed up users' daily routines and make their lives more convenient — accessing their homes, offices and gyms is as easy as swiping their hands against digital readers. They also can be used to store emergency contact details, social media profiles or e-tickets for events and rail journeys within Sweden.

Actually, the chips are designed for far deeper reasons than those described there. 'Benefits' listed like opening doors (lazy bastards) are only the selling points. The real deal is external access and manipulation of the human body through which mayhem and control is planned to ensue. The deeper reasons and fine detail of the technology/AI hijack can be found in *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*. In brief, however, external access to the body can literally decide if you live or die. The body in its base form is an electromagnetic vibrating information field which you can think of as a Wi-Fi field that operates to optimum in its natural and balanced frequency state. Health and clear thinking comes from this energetic harmony while illness, 'physical' and psychological, comes from disharmony in the field – dis-ease. The brain processes information electrically and communicates with the cellular

structure the same way. Any external frequency disturbance from Wi-Fi and other technologically-generated electrical and electromagnetic communications and fields will disrupt and potentially devastate the natural electromagnetic balance and cause anything from mild to catastrophic consequences for 'physical', mental and emotional health. Dramatic increases in depression and anxiety, dementia, suicide (see the young), and other states of emotional imbalance have all happened in the 'smart'/social media era and that is not a coincidence. They are the consequences of energetic (information) disharmony, scrambled brain function and skewed information processing. What are social media 'trolls' except deeply scrambled and imbalanced people? The difference between I am full of joy and I want to kill myself is the difference in how information is processed – same glass, same liquid, but is it half full or half empty? Distorted electrical communication between brain and cells is going to have obvious consequences for health. Observe what happens on the screen of a computer when its communication system is malfunctioning or what happens to analogue radio reception in a vehicle when you drive under electrical pylon cables. Distort the communication and you distort the outcome. In the body/brain's case this is the 'physical', mental and emotional outcome. I will address in a moment the current introduction of 5G communication systems when all of the above will *massively* increase in both scale and effect because of its frequency range and vastly increased power compared with even where we have come so far.

Humanity's perceptions and reactions have been manipulated for thousands of years through control of information received. Religion and various expressions of Problem-Reaction-Solution are only two of the endless examples of how this has been done. The smart era, however, is allowing this to enter a whole new level of control through frequency manipulation. Every thought and emotion is a unique frequency. Love and hate, joy and depression all have their own frequencies and if you can externally generate those frequencies you can trigger the corresponding mental and emotional states in people individually and collectively. The brain picks up the frequency of a thought or emotion in an energetic field like Wi-Fi or directly through microchips and it processes that information into what the person experiences as the corresponding perception or emotion. '*I am* depressed, angry or dispirited' is the subsequent response when the '*I am*' is really being externally generated. I have documented this technological potential for frequency mind-control at great length over the years and it is becoming ever more effective. Dr Andrija Puharich, an American medical and parapsychological researcher, discovered in the 1950s that frequencies affect perception and so behaviour. He used frequencies to change behaviour by manipulating DNA and its

'encoder/decoder' RNA. It has long been known by cutting edge, independent-minded scientists (a comparatively tiny minority) that DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and can be likened to an antenna. If you communicate with DNA using frequencies related to specific perpetual and emotional states you will cause people to think and feel that same way. This also applies to the brain. Even more than that you can by synching with the frequency of DNA make a connection (known as 'entrainment') and then move its 'dial' to another frequency. You could think of this is terms of a computer mouse connecting ('entraining') with a file icon and dragging it to another location or, in this case, frequency. When the DNA frequency switch is complete the genetic antenna is picking up a different information source which has corresponding perceptual, emotional and 'physical' effects. This way you can so affect DNA, the code of life, that it mutates the body into a different form. Yes, technological entrainment with DNA has the potential to mutate humanity into a whole new species and this is happening step-by-step today driven by the Hidden Hand and its Sabbatian-Frankists.

The end of men

Masculinity is being systematically deleted this way through technological frequencies aided by societal pressures and female hormones polluting water supplies by the content of contraceptive pills and other such drugs being peed into the system. We have fish changing from male to female or somewhere in between through chemical pollution of rivers and streams. Contraceptive pills contain the hormones oestrogen (estrogen) and progesterone. Oestrogen is the primary female sex hormone which will have obvious implications if it accumulates in men while Dr Diana Fleischman and a team at the University of Portsmouth discovered, albeit in a relatively small sample, an apparent connection between progesterone levels and sexual attitudes. Women with more progesterone are more likely to be open to relationships with other women and this was found to be even more the case with male-male relationships among men that have high levels of progesterone. For sure sperm counts and male testosterone levels have fallen dramatically and all the attacks on men – especially white men – to demonise 'toxic masculinity' are all part of this process of de-masculinisation of human society for reasons I will come to. Another reason for falling sperm counts is the effect of frequencies emanating from smartphones when men carry them in trouser pockets. This frequency bombardment kills sperm and 5G will enormously increase that process. A vital point here is that *everything* has its own particular frequency including hormones and if the population is bathed in these frequencies through the technological 'sea' via Wi-Fi and other sources

those hormones will be stimulated in the body. Broadcast the frequency of radio station A and you will get radio station A. Broadcast the frequency of oestrogen and progesterone and that's what you will get. Scientist Albert Einstein said:

> Everything is energy [information] and that's all there is to it. Match the frequency of the reality you want and you can't help but get that reality.

Dr Andrija Puharich found that frequencies of 10.80Hz produce 'riotous behaviour' and 6.6Hz makes people depressed. If you want a riot as a Problem-Reaction-Solution to justify more police and surveillance powers or divide and rule you just bathe the target area with the frequencies of rage and 'riotous behaviour' and then light the fuse with an event or situation. Hey, presto, the primed people will rage and riot because their symbolic or literal triggers are already cocked and waiting to fire. There are frequencies to stimulate mass hysteria, fear and outrage. People have no idea how they are being played with and manipulated while they believe that their thoughts, emotions and decisions are coming from within themselves. The US military has used frequency technology to break the spirit of an enemy so they walk out with their hands up and they use the same techniques on the general population. I have read technical reports of experiments in Russia decades ago when behaviour instructions were delivered to people through frequencies directing them to take certain actions and immediately the technology was activated the targets did exactly what they were told while believing they were making the decisions. Journalist Curtis Waltman had a shock when he filed a Freedom of Information Act request with Washington State Fusion Center (partnered with the US Department of Homeland Security) for information about white supremacist groups. He was sent by mistake a file on 'psycho-electric weapons' including electromagnetic effects on the human body and 'remote mind control'. They included descriptions of how electromagnetism can be used for various forms of remotely-induced torture, mind infiltration and perception manipulation including 'forced memory blanking', 'sudden violent itching inside eyelids', 'wild flailing', 'rigor mortis' and 'forced orgasm'. Remote attack and control systems in the documents were described to me by insiders many years earlier. From this perspective it is sobering to ponder on the potential power for mass human control of those who direct the technology and what frequency instructions and perceptions it delivers. The power of consciousness and will can overcome these effects but most people have had their personal power so drained and their responses so programmed that they are babes in arms when the button is pressed.

Why they are called SECRET societies

I am staying with themes rather than fine detail on these subjects because there is no point in repeating what is available in my other books like *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told*. Themes can be extremely effective in connecting dots and forming pictures and here are the basic themes that we face. The Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankists know how reality works and how we interact with it. This forms the foundation of 'occult' (hidden) knowledge passed on through secret societies and Satanism to the chosen few across the generations. The knowledge is hidden or 'occult' for a reason. They don't want the target population to know what *they* know or the potential for using that knowledge to control and suppress is dramatically diluted. We are back to Joseph Goebbels again: 'Propaganda [or in this case secret knowledge] becomes ineffective the moment we become aware of it.' While the population goes about its daily business believing largely in the 'physical', 'solid' reality perceived by the five senses the Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankists know that our reality in its prime form consists of waveform radiation fields encoded with information that we decode into the 'physical' world of the five senses. The principle is the same as a computer decoding information from Wi-Fi fields and presenting it on the screen in a totally different form. Our 'screen' is in the brain and that's the only place the world we think is outside of us really exists. The process is the same as computers decoding the Internet. We experience the Internet as pictures, words and graphics, but they only exist in that form on the computer screen (Fig 151). The information exists in its base form as Wi-Fi radiation fields and electronic communication systems. Computers are designed to decode information from that form into what we see on the screen and the biological computer that we call the human body does the same as we decode waveform information into electrical, digital and holographic information that we perceive as the 'external' 'physical' world. The five senses decode waveform information into electrical information which is communicated to the brain to be decoded into digital holographic (illusory 'physical') information (Fig 152 overleaf).

Figure 151: Computers decode information encoded in waveform radiation fields into a very different form on the screen.

The Hidden Hand knows all this and it absolutely doesn't want you to know. Notice how

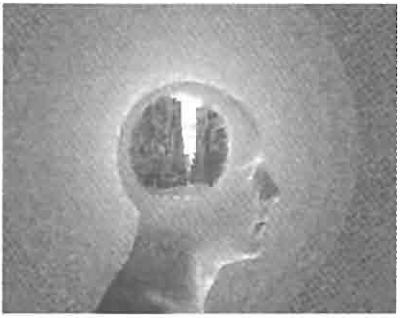

Figure 152: How the human biological computer decodes 'physical' reality from waveform 'cosmic Wi-Fi' that we experience as the illusion of an external world.

rarely the nature of reality is even mentioned in 'education' or the media except to repeat the 'it's all solid and real' nonsense pedalled by most of mainstream science and the establishment in general. By keeping this secret they can manipulate people en masse by understanding reality as it really is while the population believes in a reality that doesn't actually exist – a 'solid', 'physical' world of apparently extreme limitation. The Hidden Hand knows that reality is malleable because it is *not* solid and can be manipulated by changing the nature of the information content of electromagnetic fields and the use of specific frequencies to manifest specific ends. Albert Einstein again: 'Match the frequency of the reality you want and you can't help but get that reality.' This describes very well how humanity is controlled and directed – match the frequency of the reality you want people to believe in and they will then believe in that reality. Bathe the human environment with frequencies that match the mental and emotional states in which you wish to enslave the population; then target, marginalise, ridicule and, if possible, destroy those who expand their minds beyond those prison-frequencies and see the world as it really is. Throughout history such people have been perceived as mad or dangerous (then later right) by the perceptual 'norms' of the time because the population in general, enslaved by perceptual and frequency programming, cannot compute what the visionaries are seeing and perceiving. Legendary artist/inventor Leonardo Da Vinci is a perfect example. He wasn't ahead of his time in the 15th and 16th centuries, but *beyond* time – beyond the perceptual walls of experienced reality where the illusion of 'time' appears to be real. It is no more 'real' than solidity, as I explain in other books, and the Hidden Hand is well aware of that.

'Smart Grid' – the Endgame

From this background we can begin to grasp what the technological 'revolution' and 'smart society' is really all about and the power over the human mind and global society that would come from controlling the fast emerging 'Smart Grid' which I say is planned to be centred eventually in Israel. Who could not have noticed the ubiquitous prefix of 'smart'? We have smartphones, smart meters, smart televisions, smart cards, smart cars, smart driving, smart roads, smart pills, smart dust,

smart patches, smart watches, smart skin, smart borders, smart pavements, smart streets, smart cities, smart communities, smart environments, smart growth, smart planet … smart *everything*. These and all the other 'smarts' are connected parts of the new smart global society planned to be controlled in intricate detail and 24/7 by the 'Smart Grid'. A 'smart object' is defined as something that 'interacts with not only people but also with other smart objects'. Together they form a global grid of 'smart' electrical/electromagnetic/digital information sources controlled by artificial intelligence which means by whatever or whoever controls artificial intelligence. This is the grid or 'cloud' that people like ultra-Zionist Ray Kurzweil at Google says will be connected to the human brain by 2030 and expand thereafter to *become* the human mind. This is the real reason for smart meters planned for every home and business and being promoted like crazy by corporations, media and government. Smart meters are electromagnetic fields – another form of Wi-Fi – through which information can be gleaned from your home and with which your body, mind and emotions are interacting through frequency effects and connections. The meters, like the Smart Grid itself, are both a form of surveillance and mind or perceptual control able to manipulate what you think and feel. They are information delivery systems and the frequencies can be changed and ramped up once in place. The 'cloud' is not only one source, but multiple fields of electromagnetic and electrical/digital information designed to form one global system. Smart meters connect with Wi-Fi (ground-based and

Figure 153: The 'cloud'.

beamed from satellite), smartphone communication masts and networks, the Internet, artificial intelligence etc. (Fig 153 on previous page).

The 'Internet of Things'

It seems like only yesterday that I was warning about the plan for the Pentagon/CIA/Hidden Hand-driven 'Internet of Things' (IoT) to which all technology would be connected – everything from household appliances to televisions to vehicles and once again *everything*. All this is happening now on a mega and ever-growing scale with billions of items connected and controlled through the Internet because the Hidden Hand Sabbatian-Frankist agenda is moving so quickly. The speed in part is to have the Smart Grid in place and dictating human life before the population has realised what is going on and why. I am seeking to bring forward that realisation with this and other books while the Death Cult seeks to silence me. I have been predicting for so long what I called the technological sub-reality which is today known as the Smart Grid or 'cloud'. This is the 'Zion Mainframe' to which everything is planned to be connected including the human mind (Fig 154). The Internet of Things with the human brain added becomes the all-controlling Internet of Everything. Nano-technology far smaller than the eye can see is being embedded everywhere. They are calling this 'nanobots' or 'smart dust' – nano-microchips all communicating with each other no matter what

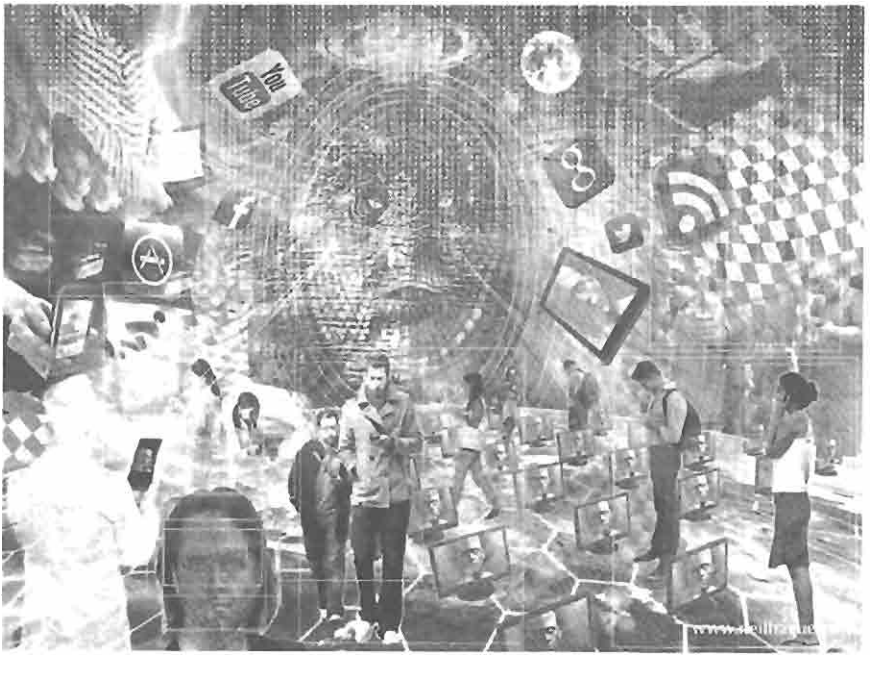

Figure 154: The 'Internet of Everything'.

their location. Nano-chips in pavements, walls, lamp posts, computers, vehicles, aircraft, energy and electrical systems, human brains/bodies and so on would form one grid of communication controlled from a central point (I say Israel) via 'hubs' around the world. Information passing through this system would decide if your car will start and where it will go through self-drive vehicles; if an aircraft falls from the sky; if you have warmth and at what level; if doors will open and elevators will work; if you eat; and, most crucially, the Smart Grid will dictate what you are thinking and feeling once the human-AI connection is made. *Nothing* will happen, including human behaviour, unless decided or deemed acceptable by the AI Smart Grid. A key to this is smart dust which is being released in the atmosphere to be breathed in and connect people to the Smart Grid network. A prime vehicle for this is what are called 'chemtrails'. These are released from aircraft and appear at first to be contrails caused by heat from engine exhaust interacting with the cold air at high altitude. The difference is that contrails quickly disperse as the exhaust heat cools while chemtrails don't disperse and instead expand and eventually fall to earth (Fig 155). I have watched military and other planes so many times around the world criss-crossing the sky pouring out their chemtrails until a clear blue sky looks like a cloudy day. They began to be noticed in the late 1990s and are now everywhere. After decades of denying that chemtrails were real Microsoft's Bill Gates and others are calling for precisely the same process to be officially implemented to block out the sun to 'save the world from climate change'. It is obvious that connecting everything through nano-smart dust would require it to be released from the sky. What Google's ultra-Zionist Ray Kurzweil describes could only be achieved through aerial distribution:

Figure 155: Chemtrails. Nothing to worry about – perfectly natural.

> Nanobots [smart dust] will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.

By 'intelligent' he means controlled by AI – and who will control the AI? Yep, right first time. We are hearing gathering warnings from independent scientists about drugs, chemicals and frequency technology that is undermining the 'blood-brain barrier' which protects the brain from being infiltrated by dangerous foreign bodies or substances. This is

an explanation from a science website:

> The blood-brain barrier (BBB) is formed by brain endothelial cells lining the cerebral microvasculature, and is an important mechanism for protecting the brain from fluctuations in plasma composition, and from circulating agents such as neurotransmitters and xenobiotics capable of disturbing neural function.

The concerted and multi-faceted attack on the blood-brain barrier is to allow, among other things, the passage of smart dust nano-microchips to infiltrate and manipulate brain function. What is freedom in a single word? *Choice*. The more choices you can make the freer you are and the AI Smart Grid is about deleting all choice that doesn't suit the elite controlling the grid. What's more – take away choice and you delete what it means to be human and replace that with little more than a robotic zombie programmed to do and 'decide' whatever the system demands.

Smart cities

You will be hearing more and more about 'smart cities' in which chips and nano-chips are everywhere controlling everything externally through AI (Fig 156). New smart cities are being built and others transformed into smart cities. Sabbatian-Frankist Saudi Arabia is building a $500 billion smart city 33 times the size of New York on the Red Sea coast near the border with Jordan. The real reason for smart cities is hidden in the verbiage and misleading cliché descriptions like this one from IBM:

Figure 156: Coming to every city if they have their way.

> Cognitive computing and its capacity for building citizen engagement introduce fresh opportunities for government organizations to improve citizens' lives and the business environment, deliver personalized experiences, and optimize program and service outcomes.

So what the hell does that mean? The Smart Cities Council definition gets closer to the truth while still ignoring the real motivation which is human control. It describes a smart city 'as one that has digital technology embedded across all city functions'. Yes, as I have described

with the consequences for human freedom ignored. An article at Openingdoors.alj.com also attempts a definition with this: 'As processing power continues to increase at an exponential rate, and artificial intelligence, big data, cloud computing, and the Internet of Things reshape our lives, smart cities aim to harness these tools to transform their ability to meet the demands of 21st Century living.' Good except for the last bit where 'demands of 21st Century living' should read 'demands of 21st Century control'. The article listed seven major elements to smart cities with supporting comments:

- 5G mobile networks, which are expected to be up to 60 times quicker than 4G networks and available by 2020 [I will come to the real reason for 5G in a moment].
- Blockchain, a financial technology that allows transactions to do away with intermediaries like stock exchanges that currently function as guarantors of a transaction.
- Artificial intelligence, which is already being used by Hong Kong, Shanghai, Sydney and New York to deliver smart parking and increased energy efficiency in buildings.
- Autonomous vehicles, which are set to have an enormous impact in the coming decades. Research has suggested autonomous taxis and rapid inter-urban rail systems could combine to reduce the numbers of cars in a city by up to 90%.
- Low-cost space exploration and micro-satellites, which will be the key element in powering the 20 billion connected things research firm Gartner expects to be in use by 2020 [more shortly].
- Biometrics, which could rapidly increase the number of people around the world who are able to prove their identity, thereby reducing fraud, waste and corruption [24/7 tracking and control].
- Drones, which when paired with artificial intelligence, could soon perform everything from parcel deliveries to hazardous jobs, such as maintenance checks on rooftops or towers.

The EU wants all new vehicles from 2022 to have AI controls on speed that stop anyone exceeding speed limits through the installation of 'Intelligent Speed Assistance limiters' connected to GPS satellite location monitors and traffic sign recognition cameras. This is not about safety – the Death Cult couldn't care less about that. It's all about control. Israel dominates the market for in-vehicle AI technology which can externally take over your vehicle and drive it into a wall or over a cliff if the hacker operator so decides. It's no good people laughing at that – go on the Internet and see external control of vehicle systems demonstrated. Then think aircraft and 9/11. All this is only a stepping stone – a Totalitarian Tiptoe – to AI driven vehicles which are planned to

replace all current human-controlled transport eventually – cars, trucks, buses, trains and aircraft. The business model of Silicon Valley-based global taxi company Uber is founded on AI-driven taxis. Current drivers, who are often treated with contempt by the company, are only a transition to self-drive. Uber has lost a fortune on the road to what is planned to be a global monopoly and yet money is always there to keep it expanding (see Amazon).

Just a search engine? Just a social media site?

Technology on which the Internet is based came from the military and in particular DARPA, the Pentagon's Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, which has given the world enormous gifts of peace and love like death rays. They are such nice people. In fact, so lovely they seed-funded personal assistant technology because they care so much about human happiness. DARPA seed-funds Silicon Valley companies and technology that it believes will help with its agenda of human surveillance and control – as does the CIA with its seed-funding arm In-Q-Tel which put money into Google before it was called Google (Fig 157). The bottom line is that DARPA did not develop and release the military technology on which the Internet is based unless that served the agenda of its controllers – the Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. How coincidental that the Internet is the very foundation of the Smart Grid. The Internet of Things allows control of human society and 24/7 surveillance not least through connection to smart televisions with their cameras and microphones monitoring you in your own home (Orwell's telescreens) and today's TVs are only the opening versions and not where they are planned to go. The Internet was described by ultra-Zionist asset Dr Richard Day in 1969 long before it became reality and it is a long-planned global Trojan horse. The Internet has been the fishing line to capture human life and that line is now being reeled in. The first stage was to introduce a free and open Internet without censorship to attract so many users that it became the central foundation of human society and irreversibly so. Now that point has been reached what the Internet was planned to be all along has become more evident by the day as the censorship of what can be said

Figure 157: The Pentagon runs Silicon Valley and Sabbatian-Frankism runs the Pentagon *and* Silicon Valley

and communicated becomes ever more extreme. The plan was to move sources of information that people receive from traditional media such as newspapers onto the Internet where what is seen and not seen can be regulated by AI algorithms. This is exactly what is happening. Another aspect of the strategy was to establish, promote, fund or take over companies to secure near-monopolies on the communication of information. I am talking about Google, Google-owned YouTube, Facebook (which owns Instagram and WhatsApp), Twitter and so on. Once again to become near monopolies they had to sell themselves as free and uncensored to attract the audience and have access to funding that trounced potential competitors. Then, once market domination was achieved, what they were always planned to be was unleashed in a frenzy of censorship to promote the Death Cult agenda and silence its critics and exposers. Once again this is so clearly what is happening. The same process can be seen with Amazon which dominates the book and retail market and is now censoring the 'wrong' books when it wasn't doing so as its domination was being secured.

The extraordinary ratio of Zionist control can also be seen with people like Sergey Brin and Larry Page (Google and parent company Alphabet); Susan Wojcicki (YouTube); Mark Zuckerberg and Sheryl Sandberg (Facebook); and Arthur D. Levinson (Apple chairman). Another Apple board member is ultra-Zionist Bob Iger, chairman and CEO at Disney. The small world nature of Silicon Valley and connected parts of The Web can be seen with Apple board member Ronald D. Sugar, chairman of Uber and former chairman and CEO of global arms manufacturer Northrop Grumman, and with the connections involving YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki, a former executive of Google. Her ultra-Zionist sister Anne was married to Google co-founder Sergey Brin and now runs Silicon Valley DNA testing company 23andMe which was funded by both Google and biotech giant Genentech whose CEO was Arthur D. Levinson, chairman of Apple (he replaced Steve Jobs). Levinson is a former director of Google who is founder and CEO of biotech company Calico owned by Google parent company Alphabet. Google and Facebook are phenomenally important assets of The Web because of their power over the circulation of information. Google suppresses search engine listings of the alternative media while Facebook (like Google/Alphabet's YouTube) increasingly outright bans information that challenges the elite agenda or 'shadow' bans it which means that while it can be posted algorithms ensure its audience is tiny and nothing like what it would otherwise be. This is not, however, the full extent of Google and Facebook service to the Hidden Hand and The Web. They both play globally crucial roles in surveillance and data gathering for intelligence and military networks and if they didn't exist the intelligence-military complex would have had to invent them. I say

Figure 158: Regina Dugan – strange career at first glance, but with a common theme.

they did. Big Brother now accrues the fine detail of people's lives and beliefs because the public tell them via Facebook posts and search engine history. Those that appear to run these companies are anything but genuine and trustworthy characters while they promote a fraudulent image of being 'progressive'. The idea that Zuckerberg is ultimately controlling Facebook is a joke when you see his terrified face and staring eyes on being asked even a mildly incisive question.

The Pentagon and CIA have colossal influence over these Internet giants and the Pentagon/CIA in turn are assets of the Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Regina Dugan personifies these connections (Fig 158). She was the director of DARPA who then became an executive of Google before moving on to Facebook. Her role in all cases can be summed up by her brief at Facebook – 'to develop technologies that fluidly blend physical and digital worlds'. Or, to be more to the point, to develop technologies that fluidly blend AI with the human brain. 'Retail website and bookseller' Amazon has fundamental connections with the Pentagon and CIA and like Google and Facebook operates at the cutting edge of smart technology and AI. Microsoft is up there, too, and this Bill Gates company has the most obvious surveillance and control connections to computers and other devices that use its software. Even Amazon and Microsoft employees have spoken out against their work with the military, intelligence and law enforcement. Amazon's Jeff Bezos provides cloud services, surveillance and other support for the Pentagon, CIA and police. One Amazon worker said: 'Companies like ours should not be in the business of facilitating authoritarian surveillance. Not now, not ever.' So what if those involved in authoritarian surveillance are the real force behind the company? Microsoft responded with the finger to its employees complaining about technology and weapons contracts with the military. CEO Satya Nadella said: 'We made a principled decision that we're not going to withhold technology from institutions that we have elected in democracies to protect the freedoms we enjoy.' If it wasn't so tragic my belly would ache. Billions of dollars are spent by the Pentagon and intelligence 'community' with Silicon Valley companies which are assets of the military-intelligence complex. Employees need to rub their eyes and see that their pay checks are not coming from companies with

humanity's interests at heart – far, far from it. No surprise, then, that Google parent company Alphabet (the CIA, NSA, FBI etc. are known as 'alphabet agencies') is involved in a smart city project in Toronto which foresees everything being controlled and monitored by AI right down to rubbish bins. The plans are being developed by Alphabet-owned and New York-based Sidewalk Labs and the project guided by ultra-Zionist CEO, Dan Doctoroff, who says the smart city development would be built 'from the internet up'. This is what I have been describing. One media report said that the sheer scale of data gathering involved was a cause of concern to those pointing out the Big Brother potential. David Murakami Wood, an associate professor at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, said that the public's ability to give consent to trade privacy for convenience 'goes out the window straight away' under the Alphabet/Google scheme: 'I think in some ways what we're facing here is a situation where none of this is very much like anything we've seen before.' That's because we are entering the Hidden Hand endgame and so witnessing a transformation of human society in ways that absolutely have not been seen before.

Behavior control

Those who refuse to submit to this control system will be cut adrift, made a non-person and where necessary eliminated. You will do what you are told in every aspect of life or the AI Smart Grid will give you severe consequences. We are already seeing this emerging in China with the social credit system that decides how you should behave in every area of life and then awards or deletes credits in response. Act as the government demands and you accrue credits. Act in other ways and they are taken away resulting in multiple consequences. Chinese dictators have blocked millions of 'discredited' citizens from buying plane and train tickets. By the end of 2018 the National Public Credit Information Centre said Chinese courts had banned the purchase of plane tickets 17.5 million times and 5.5 million for train tickets. According to a 2014 government document the behaviour credit system is designed to 'allow the trustworthy to roam everywhere under heaven while making it hard for the discredited to take a single step'. Do as we tell you or we'll destroy you. Imagine the potential for this once the world is subject to a global Smart Grid that controls everything. You want to rebel? Okay, well doors will literally not open for you – anywhere. By then every front door, garage door and barrier will only open if the Smart Grid says it can and the codes of your microchips – constantly reprogrammable – allow you to pass through. I saw a *Guardian* article on the China system which reported that critics were claiming the authorities were using technology and big data to create an Orwellian state of mass surveillance and control'. Critics were *claiming?*

You mean that dictating your every behaviour through a governmental and technological carrot and stick is open for debate about whether or not it is an Orwellian state of mass surveillance and control. *What?* Of course it is. What else could it be? What is happening in China under its murderous communist dictatorship is the blueprint for what is planned for the entire world. China today and the world tomorrow – including China's millions of people-recognition cameras that can identity the location of anyone in minutes. Hidden Hand global Internet companies including ultra-Zionist-controlled Facebook, Google, Apple and Microsoft are actively working with Hidden-Hand-controlled China while claiming to be 'progressive' organisations with 'values'.

The plan in the end as AI destroys almost every current form of employment is to introduce a guaranteed income for people. This may sound at first to be a good thing, but the unspoken reason is control. You don't do what we say? Okay, we stop paying your guaranteed income and where else are you going to earn the money so you and your family can eat? All the jobs have gone to AI. Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankist front groups and organisations are calling for this guaranteed income which will make everyone poor except the elite. Facebook's

Figure 159: The planned structure of the 'post-democratic' society with the Smart Grid and AI taking all the jobs and humanity living off a guaranteed income to ensure guaranteed poverty and only paid to those that conform.

multi-billionaire Zuckerberg is one of those calling for a 'universal basic income' because he cares so much about the poor and needy. My god, these people are truly disgusting and yet heroes to Soros 'progressives'. I have used the term 'Hunger Games Society' in other books for the plan to impose a fierce hierarchical structure controlled by the few with everyone else living in poverty controlled by a mercilessness police state (Fig 159). The latter is fast emerging – a military-police state in the end – while plunging the population in totality into collective poverty and control is planned to be achieved by AI taking their jobs and the 'guaranteed income' ensuring everyone-the-same poverty. Those who think none of this applies to them because they have a nice house and good income today should ponder on that and realise that it absolutely *does* apply to them. Basic income would mean the end of property ownership or ownership of anything (except for the elite) and the same outcome for everyone. This is what Soros 'progressives' are demanding as they promote Marxism (see the Soviet Union) as 'socialism'. Equal opportunity is one thing and to be desired, but equal outcome means a race to the bottom for everyone (except the elite).

Watch for the basic income control scam because it's coming unless we collectively wake up to what the game is. The *Protocols* say: 'The people will submit to this regime because it will know that upon these leaders will depend its earnings, gratifications and the receipt of all kinds of benefits.' Dependency is the greatest form of control.

* Glasgow, Scotland's biggest city, is pledged to be a 'smart city' through AI and surveillance technology and has partnered with Israeli government/military-connected Nice Systems which was exposed by Fox News reporter Carl Cameron in his post-9/11 reports about the Israeli spy ring in the United States. Glaswegians who have questioned the use of an Israeli military-connected company to keep surveillance on them have been condemned by the council as 'anti-Semitic'. Well, wave a feather and I shall swoon. Even more reasons to question the involvement of Israeli technology and 'cyber-security' companies follows in the next chapter.

* Another significant Google and parent company Alphabet executive is ultra-Zionist State Department official Jared Cohen, CEO of Jigsaw (formerly Google Ideas) and an Adjunct Senior Fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations. He wrote a book with former Google and Alphabet Executive Chairman Eric Schmidt called *The New Digital Age: Re-shaping the Future of People, Nations and Business.* You get the picture. Cohen and Schmidt attended the elite Sabbatian-Frankist Bilderberg Group meeting in 2019 along with ultra-ultra-Zionist Jared Kushner, senior advisor and son-in-law to 'anti-elite' (yeah, right) Donald Trump.

CHAPTER 27

Eyes wide OPEN (2)

The only person you are destined to become is the person you decide to be – Ralph Waldo Emerson

The term Smart Grid describes AI and wireless connections between technology and the human brain, all aspects of human society including household appliances and throughout the natural world. This will allow the entire human race and everything else to be controlled and manipulated from a central point once smart dust and other AI/technological connections are made and turn humanity into one hive mind dictated by the 'queen' out of Israel. That's my view anyway.

The plan is being sold as a wonderful thing to increase the collective power of human creativity, but that's just the sales-pitch that claims all this will make us 'super-human' (Fig 160). It won't – it will make us post-human. The real reason for the hive mind is the central control of *all* minds. Scientists are already experimenting with animals to connect their minds into one 'hive' on the way to doing the same with humans. To make this and the Smart Grid in general work the Hidden Hand requires a minimum level of communication and Wi-Fi power of at least what is known as '5G'. This is another Totalitarian Tiptoe. 'G' stands for 'generation' and so we have been pied-pipered from the first generation (1G) of wireless communication power through 2G, 3G, 4G and now the roll-out of 5G. Each one has been more powerful and so has affected mind and body in more intrusive ways. We live in an ever-expanding sea of Wi-Fi (the 'cloud') that with each new 'generation' is impacting on mind and body functions to ever-greater extremes. Anything that disrupts and distorts the electrical and electromagnetic communication and information processing functions of brain and body is

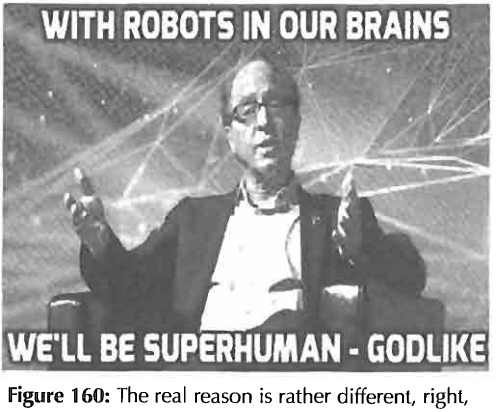

Figure 160: The real reason is rather different, right, Mr Kurzweil?

going to disrupt and distort human health and psychology and each new 'generation' is doing this more fundamentally as the power and impact is increased. Observe the soaring increases in cancer, depression, suicide, dementia and Alzheimer's in the Wi-Fi, smartphone era. What is Alzheimer's? Disrupted brain function caused by toxins as well as direct frequencies. The plan is for there to be no escape from Wi-Fi anywhere on earth by having it beamed from satellite to every inch of the planet. No escape is already the case with those in urban areas. We have children at home in a 24/7 Wi-Fi field made worse by smart meters and they walk to school through increasing prevalence of Wi-Fi and sit in classrooms all day awash with Wi-Fi. This is causing cumulative mind and body consequences and very direct ones for many with brain tumours where they put smartphones to their ear. Studies have revealed a massive increase in brain tumours especially among the young near the ear they use to listen to phone calls and 'scientists' say they have no clue what is making this happen when the cause is staring them in the face – or the ear (Fig 161). The 'don't know' is simply protecting their careers and the telecommunications industry and government from exposure that would threatened the roll-out of the Smart Grid within which smartphones are crucial – well, until the microchips are installed that is and AI is directly dictating perception. Humans are now living in a technologically-generated electromagnetic soup and here's a sobering fact: The first mile above the earth is today filled with *two million* times the amount of electromagnetic fields (EMF) that was there in 1900. EMF radiation has the potential to damage DNA and we are living in an ever more powerful human-generated sea of the stuff which has been systematically created by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Canadian neuroscientist Michael Persinger, a long-time researcher on these subjects, said:

Figure 161: It's a mystery, I guess.

> For the first time in our evolutionary history we have generated an entire secondary, virtual, densely complex environment – an electromagnetic soup – that essentially overlaps the human nervous system.

This is affecting not only humans but all life on earth throughout the natural world. Animals, trees and plant life are damaged the same as humans through information field distortion and the potential is there to

Figure 162: Shocking: 416 whales beached themselves at the same time in New Zealand.

change the very atmosphere that keeps us alive. We are seeing the effects on marine life, birds, bees and others of having their natural navigation systems disrupted to the point where whales and dolphins have been beaching themselves sometimes in large numbers (Fig 162).

Endgame technology – 5G

All this brings us to 5G. Don't fall for the scam that 5G is just a more powerful version of 4G. That would be bad enough, but it's far worse than just increased power. 5G operates on an entirely new frequency range known as millimeter waves which pulsate their highly disruptive frequencies within the window of 30 and 300 gigahertz and 5G is an ultra-high frequency with ultra-high intensity that will bombard the body-brain with ... 90 *billion* electromagnetic waves per second. Just contemplate the consequences of that. The brain, body and DNA receiver-transmission system constantly blasted with 90 *billion* technologically-generated electromagnetic waves per second. When you consider the psychological, emotional and bodily consequences we are already seeing from 4G and lower we are staring in the face of a cumulative human catastrophe for body and mind. Professor Trevor Marshall, Director of the Autoimmunity Research Foundation in California, said:

> The new 5G wireless technology involves millimeter waves (extremely high frequencies) producing photons of much greater energy than even 4G and Wi-Fi. Allowing this technology to be used without proving its safety is reckless in the extreme, as the millimeter waves are known to have a profound effect on all parts of the human body.

Dr Joel Moskowitz, professor of public health at the University of California, Berkeley, said that 5G is a 'massive experiment on all species'. Against this background Dr Graham Downing, who trained in clinical sciences and molecular biology at London's King's College, asks the question: 'Is 5G about to destroy two billion years of evolution?' Put those words and his name into YouTube and you'll see his presentation exposing 5G. Hundreds of doctors and scientists across the world have highlighted how wireless radiation is linked with cancer, brain and immune system malfunction and harm to unborn children. They warn that all these effects threaten to vastly increase with 5G and call for a ban

on its introduction until the facts are known. This is the last thing the Death Cult wants because independent research publicly circulated would assign 5G to history. Instead they simply don't fund or consult independent research and dismiss any that does come to light. Telecommunications industry representatives were asked at a session of the US Senate Commerce, Science and Transportation Committee how much money they had committed to independent research into the effects of 5G. Answer: *Zero*. Senator Max Blumenthal who conducted the questioning summed up the responses when he said: 'No research ongoing – we're flying blind here so far as health and safety is concerned.' Well, yes and no. They don't want the public to have access to research that would be the death-knell for 5G but insiders absolutely know what the effects are going to be in disrupting brain function – clear thinking and emotional response – and the extraordinary numbers it is likely to cumulatively kill. We are dealing with a Death Cult lest we forget and they must have a way of protecting themselves from the affects their targets will suffer. More confirmation of systematic suppression of 5G consequences came from Tom Wheeler, then chairman of the US Federal Communications Commission (FCC) which is supposed to protect the public from the dangers of technology like 5G. The Hidden Hand Web ensures, however, that the force controlling the FCC and other would-be 'protection' agencies also controls the telecommunications industry and it's a complete stitch-up. Wheeler is a classic. The fraud that is Barack Obama appointed him as head of the Federal Communications Commission when his previous jobs included being a lobbyist for the cable and wireless industry which as FCC chairman he was supposed to be regulating. He was also president of the National Cable & Telecommunications Association (NCTA) and CEO of the Cellular Telecommunications & Internet Association (CTIA). He is the last person who should have been FCC chief in the light of his monumental conflicts of interest, but it was fine with Hidden Hand puppet Obama. Wheeler, who is a serious piece of work, said in a speech about 5G at the National Press Club in 2016:

> We won't wait for the standards to be first developed in the sometimes arduous standards-setting process or in a government-led activity. Instead, we will make ample spectrum available and then rely on a private sector-led process for producing technical standards best suited for those frequencies and use cases.

We'll hand safety regulation to the industry that doesn't want regulation and is spending zero on independent scientific research into the consequences of what the industry is doing. If you put 'Tom Wheeler 5G' into YouTube you'll find the speech and I recommend people give it

a look to see the sheer cold-eyed arrogance that we are dealing with. Other 'safety' scams played by industry and government are to focus only on the heating effects of the technology and ignoring all the other far more dangerous aspects and to ensure that official 'safety limits' are always just above whatever the industry needs them to be to do what it wants. The enforced introduction of 5G is being centrally dictated to prevent local opposition blocking the plan and laws and regulations are being imposed to stop local communities refusing to accept it. But we must *not* accept it – under any circumstances.

See no evil

Public opposition is gathering to 5G despite the virtual radar silence on the subject from the mainstream media and we have to act because those who claim to be serving the public interest never will through either malevolence or ignorance and often both. The council leader on the Isle of Wight where I live is a perfect example. His name is Dave Stewart and he took time out from plans to concrete over great swathes of the island to respond to questions about 5G. He said of 5G opposition:

> I am actually an evidence-based individual, when I read some of the things I read and then I research them online I actually have to question the thinking of some people, because it takes them to the extreme of everything.

My experience of Stewart is that little ever emits from his mouth that stands up to scrutiny and he is typical of the political class worldwide. How can he be 'an evidence-based individual' on 5G when there is *no* evidence supporting its safety because there has been no officially-funded independent research? All the truly independent scientific studies done outside the system have pointed to serious dangers. What people like Stewart mean by 'evidence' is 'evidence' that they want to hear. Any other kind – like the obvious truth – is 'the extreme of everything'. Well, here are some 5G consequences that the Stewarts of the political class don't want to hear:

- DNA single and double-strand breaks which genetically mutate and break-down body systems (leading to diseases such as cancer) and seriously disrupt DNA receiver-transmissions which will have catastrophic consequences for mental, emotional and bodily health.

- Infertility, damage to unborn children and miscarriage.

- Heart problems (the heart is pumped by electrical frequencies).

- Oxidative damage (which leads to tissue deterioration and premature

ageing).

- Disruption of cellular systems which means a long list of health consequences.
- Increased blood-brain barrier 'permeability' (opening the door to allow toxins and smart dust to enter the brain).
- Melatonin suppression (sleep problems, increased risk of cancer and many other consequences).
- Behaviour problems including memory loss.
- Serious nose bleeds.

Babies, children, pregnant women and the elderly are especially vulnerable to 5G which also has the effect of diminishing antibiotic potency while making bacteria stronger and more resistant. Some politicians with more intelligence and public concern than off-the-peg political class operatives like Dave Stewart are responding to the dangers although how long they will hold out is quite another matter. Among them is Céline Fremault, a minister in the Brussels-Capital Region responsible for Housing, Quality of Life, Environment and Energy. She announced a halt on 5G:

> I cannot welcome such technology if the radiation standards, which must protect the citizen, are not respected, 5G or not. The people of Brussels are not guinea pigs whose health I can sell at a profit. We cannot leave anything to doubt.

Dave Stewart is checking Google as I speak to convince himself that Fremault is at 'the extreme of everything'. Increasing numbers of people are becoming 'electro-hyper-sensitive' through the technologically-generated 'sea' they are now interacting with and they cannot tolerate even low exposure to Wi-Fi fields. What happens to them at even higher frequencies from which they cannot escape because they are literally everywhere? The body bone structure or skeleton is an antenna and so is DNA and the skin. Dr Yael Stein of Jerusalem's Hebrew University wrote to the Federal Communications Commission (wasting his time, ink and paper) to point out that more than 90 percent of microwave radiation is absorbed *by the skin which is like a sponge absorbing microwave radiation*. Dr Stein said that sweat ducts operate as antennas responding to electromagnetic fields. We have millions of these ducts and the effect of 5G is to make them even more conductive. 5G is a military weapon

planned to be used on the human race and this skin antenna phenomena has allowed them to develop technology to disperse crowds which broadcasts frequencies within the millimeter 5G range to make people feel like their skin is on fire. This 'Active Denial System' emits frequencies which the skin decodes into heat. The 5G Smart Grid gives the Hidden Hand the potential to dramatically increase the power of 5G transmissions to microwave the population and turn streets and homes into the equivalent of microwave ovens. Once the Smart Grid is in place and broadcasting 5G the potential there for a mass cull of the human population which the Hidden Hand and Sabbatian-Frankists have been planned for a very long time as I have detailed in other books. 5G is not the end either with even more powerful 'generations' in the pipeline. Those controlling the grid (I contend Sabbatian-Frankists out of Israel) would have control of every human mind, all human health and that of the entire natural world. 'Dose' levels would be able to target specific individuals with everyone given a unique digital code to isolate them for targeted attacks as required. You want to challenge the control system? Bye, bye.

No escape

The short wavelengths of 5G mean that it can't travel far or pass effectively through physical objects like buildings, trees, etc. and many have noticed the astonishing number of perfectly healthy mature urban trees being felled – thousand alone in the English city of Sheffield. These limitations of 5G communication mean that instead of the big broadcast transmitters we have seen up to this point sending the signal longer distances 5G requires a staggering number of small transmitters at close intervals down every street (Fig 163). 5G can in fact travel further than they claim, but transmitters close together is the agenda. To give you an idea the single city of Thousand Oaks in the Greater Los Angeles area will require '4,000 to 5,000 new cell sites over the next five years', according to campaigner and attorney Jonathan Kramer. At the time of writing Thousand Oaks has just 140 wireless sites and this is the scale of change we are facing. Play-out 5,000 cell transmitters for one city of well under 150,000 people across the world and cities like London, New York or Tokyo and the number

Figure 163: 5G will mean having transmitters along every street and the closer people are to transmissions the more dangerous they are.

would be absolutely fantastic. They would construct a global grid of human manipulation and health devastation controllable from a central point which I say is planned to be Israel. But that's not all. Some 20,000 satellites are due to be beaming 5G at every inch of the planet to ensure no one can escape. Tech celebrity Elon Musk alone is in the process of putting thousands in place through his SpaceX operation. Musk is the man who said that AI could be the end of humanity and then started a company called Neural Link to connect AI to the human brain and without the satellites he is launching the full-spectrum AI Smart Grid entrapping everyone worldwide would not be possible. Go figure. He's either incredibly confused or he's misleading people. Facebook and Google (same thing) are both involved in sky-based Wi-Fi with a Freedom of Information Act request revealing that Facebook is developing an internet satellite that would 'efficiently provide broadband access [5G] to unserved and underserved areas throughout the world'. When a Musk SpaceX rocket exploded at Cape Canaveral in 2016 it was carrying a Facebook Wi-Fi satellite. Facebook is not just a social media platform, nor Google just a search engine, nor Amazon just a global retail site. Their significance and agenda is far greater and all are controlled by the same Hidden Hand in pursuit of the same outcome of global domination and control. They are disgusting organisations controlled by disgusting people for disgusting ends and those working for them need to face that fact. Another point to make here is the connection between the 'climate change' environmental movement, the UN's Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 and the telecommunications industry rolling out 5G and the Internet of Everything. The 5G Smart Grid is being pushed and supported by environmental and UN groups to 'save the world from climate change' with telecommunications/Internet industry and NGO connections to big names in climate change hysteria including Extinction Rebellion which has closed London streets with direct action demanding the government imposes a transformation of society precisely in accordance with the Marxist/Agenda 2030 blueprint being manipulated into place by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult. Gail Bradbrook of Extinction Rebellion has many such connections while 16-year-old Swedish climate change poster girl Greta Thunberg is being mercilessly manipulated by the billionaires behind the hoax. I have said for decades that the scam of human-caused climate change was a 'no-problem' to which the 'solution' of centralised global control could be imposed – and now here we are. George Soros will be beaming.

Israel and 5G

The Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult and its (largely ignorant) ultra-Zionism support system are planning to be the operational centre of the global Smart Grid from where everything – and everyone – will be

controlled. This is why Israel has so fast become a world cyber tech and 'security' power and we have seen nothing yet. Through control of the Smart Grid the Sabbatian-Frankist 'Messiah', symbolic or otherwise, is planned to be 'Supreme Lord' of human society and that includes the non-Sabbatian-Frankist Jewish population (the overwhelming majority). It is vital that this penny drops because the Cult has contempt for those non-Sabbatian Jews. The cell phone was invented in 1973 by a Jewish man, Martin 'Marty' Cooper, a pioneer of the wireless communications industry with a long list of patents. He made the world's first cell phone call on April 3rd, 1973, while an engineer at Motorola and he is acclaimed as the 'father' of the mobile phone. Qualcomm, co-founded by ultra-Zionist Irwin M. Jacobs and by far the world's biggest cell phone chip company today, is driving the introduction of 5G along with others. 'Leading the world to 5G and a unifying connectivity fabric that will transform the wireless edge', the company claims in its promotion blurb:

> This is the age of 5G. Made real by Qualcomm – the mobile know-how we put into 3G and 4G enabled us to pioneer 5G, connected cars, and a true Internet of Things (IoT) that will have everyone, and everything, talking.

Qualcomm's cellular modem or data converter called Snapdragon (appropriately named for readers of my other books) is leading the transformation to 5G smartphones (digital suicide notes). The company's propaganda describes how over 30 years Qualcomm's 'mobile invention has led to the Invention Age'. Qualcomm's headquarters are in San Diego, California, but the major location for its research and development of the Smart Grid is Israel. *The Times of Israel* reported in 2014:

> Last year, the company celebrated the 20th anniversary of its presence in Israel, where it has developed some of its most innovative technologies. Among the technologies developed by QualComm Israel are the company's m2m (machine to machine) cellular platform, which is used to track the location of pets, kids, the elderly, and property, a spokesperson said.
>
> It's part of QualComm's attempt to create an 'Internet of Everything,' where objects are intelligently connected through a combination of advanced wireless networks, modules, sensors and software to enable the real-time exchange of information – with key elements developed in QualComm's Haifa facility, the company said. Among the products that have resulted from that technology is Tagg, the pet-tracking device.
>
> In addition, Israeli start-up Wilocity, which received a substantial investment

from QualComm Ventures, the company's venture capital group, recently demonstrated multi-gigabit wireless WiGig chipsets, based on chips made by QualComm. The system can transfer high-definition video at distances of up to 40 meters with speeds more than 10 times faster than current average Wi-Fi transmission rates, according to Wilocity CEO Tal Tamir.

This only one of many Israeli start-up technology companies absorbed into Qualcomm. Ultra-Zionist founder Irwin M. Jacobs told *The Times of Israel* that throughout Qualcomm's early years 'a number of Israelis came to work with us in the US – some stayed and some went back and we kept working with them until we eventually decided to open an Israeli office in 1993'. Israel is at the very central core of the Smart Grid agenda and technological control of humanity – Israeli companies and military/Mossad operatives posing as private entrepreneurs are everywhere with regard to this. Israel's increasingly vast cyber and Internet operation is driven by the military out of the Beersheba cyber complex which is surrounded by global high-tech and Internet giants to whom the military send technicians and executives along with all the Israeli start-up tech companies. One headline said: 'Israeli military intelligence unit drives country's high-tech boom'. Other headlines galore herald the arrival of Israel as the centre of the smart tech industry: Musk calls Israel 'technological superpower'; From Jerusalem shall come forth cyber-security, says cyber guru; Israel as a Cyber Super Power; Israel is becoming an artificial intelligence powerhouse; Six reasons Israel became a cybersecurity powerhouse leading the $82 billion industry; How Israel is rewriting the future of cybersecurity and creating the next Silicon Valley; Why Israel dominates in cyber security; Bill Gates: Israeli tech 'changing the world'; Microsoft's top new tech and its Israel connection; Israel leads world in R&D investment; Israel – No. 2 home of global top 500 cyber security companies; Israel wins second-largest number of cybersecurity deals globally; Apple to open R&D centre in Israel; How Intel came to be Israel's best tech friend; Intel CEO: We think of ourselves as an Israeli company as much as a US company; Execs from Facebook, Google, and Microsoft explain why they use Israel for their R&D. There is also a weapons aspect to this Israeli tech explosion as reflected in these headlines: Why Israel has the most technologically advanced military on Earth; 'Weapon Wizards': How tiny Israel became a military superpower; Israel's arms exports spike, hitting record $9 billion. All of the above are driven by the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult although most of those involved won't know that. Weapons and Israel's control of the Smart Grid dovetail with these questions: So you want to stop what we are doing through the Smart Grid? Did we tell you we have a serious nuclear arsenal that we are mad enough to use? Something else to

ponder: Why would a country on a tiny piece of land with a population of just eight million (20 percent of them Arab) spend so much time, effort and money building up one of the world's biggest stockpiles of nuclear weapons? Well, maybe now we know.

In his own words

Benjamin Netanyahu was apparently re-elected in 2019 for a record fifth term as Israeli prime minister (and as President of the United States) when the population was given the 'choice' between a far right psychopath and a far right psychopath (Fig 164). However, at the time of writing new elections were called for September, 2019, after he failed to secure a coalition government in a spat with the extremist's extremist Avigdor Lieberman.

Figure 164: Strange, but true.

Netanyahu won the first election with promotional help from Donald Trump and Vladimir Putin who hosted him for high-profile meetings near the end of the election campaign which were nothing more than election propaganda for the home audience. Mossad operative Victor Ostrovsky was not wrong when he said in his 1990 book that Israel politics was constantly moving to the right and the process has continued ever since. Ultra-Zionism is on the march as the programming intensifies. Netanyahu is the common theme through the years of preparation for cyber and Smart Grid domination and I am going to confirm the plan through his words in several speeches to AIPAC, tech conferences and the United Nations General Assembly. The theme is the same – Israel dominance of global technology and cyber 'security'. Netanyahu included in one speech a quote from the 'Prophet Isaiah: 'I've made you a light unto the nations, bringing salvation to the ends of the Earth.' He then took up the theme:

> Today 2,700 years after Isaiah spoke those prophetic words Israel is becoming a rising power among the nations, and at long last its light is shining across the continents. Bringing hope and salvation to the ends of the earth. It's very important for us to recognize that we possess a great treasure, the capacity to innovate is a great treasure, a profound economic value in today's world. We have the economic future of the world in Israel.
>
> You know these companies; Apple, Google, Microsoft, Amazon, Facebook,

> guess what they all have research centres in Israel, all of them. Major research centres! And they're not alone, there's hundreds more and there's a reason, something is going on, it's a great change … It's this shift from the old world to the new world …

The psychopath is talking in barely-hidden code about precisely what I am describing. Netanyahu said there was a revolution that was changing the world, both economically and in terms of security. 'I think it will also change our politics', he said (as always planned). He bragged that top cyber technology and Internet companies were establishing major advanced research centres in Israel which was a 'meeting ground between big data, AI and connectivity':

> Everything is being driven from this nexus, everything … it's the confluence of big data, connectivity and artificial intelligence, okay, you get that? Israeli technology is driving the world. Israeli technology is driving the world.

Global telecommunications giant Verizon launched Verizon Ventures Israel because 'much of today's innovation comes from Israel, where thousands of start-up companies are creating new technologies and services that are challenging the status quo and changing markets every day'. It's a story being repeated by all the leading tech and Internet companies with connections to the Smart Grid agenda. Netanyahu rejoiced that Israel was number two in the world and closing on the United States. He said that Israel is one tenth of one percent of the world's population and yet attracts already 20 percent of global share in cyber security investments. '[We are] … now second to the United States … it's bigger than Israel but it ain't that much bigger than Israel and Israel is number two.' He went on:

> And we look ahead with pride to the remarkable contributions Israel will continue to make to all nations. Captains of industry, as they're called, that is founders and leaders of big companies and some small companies and medium-sized companies. They're all coming to Israel, including today, I had a meeting with another head of state. They all want the same three things; Israeli technology, Israeli technology and Israeli technology.
>
> They crave it, they thirst for it because they know that we're in the knowledge [control] centre. They know that Israel is the repository of great genius, great creativity, entrepreneurship, innovation, scientific capability, out-of-the-box thinking. This is a tremendous capacity that we have, because people are coming here. The new powers, the old powers and the new powers, you know, the new world powers, the superpowers …

It also helps with your 'innovation' if you have back-doors into the computer systems of other innovators in the United States and elsewhere to find out what they know.

'Turning the world blue'

Netanyahu said the world economy was being propelled forward by the Internet which required cyber protection for bank accounts, privacy, communications, power lines, power grids, traffic lights, train schedules and Israel had the capacity to protect (control) them all (and the back-doors will come in very handy to potentially manipulate and trawl for information all these systems). Why would big-time Israel-connected Intel implant a unit in all computers carrying its technology since 2008 that can secretly control the computer and not be turned off? Why would they do that if not for surveillance and external control of all computer systems? Intel's development and success is attributed to Zionist-businessman Andrew S. Grove and the company's first development centre outside America was opened in Israel as early as 1974. The interloper 'Intel Management Engine' is an autonomous system that can override anything you or your main computer operation can do. It has been described as 'a computer within a computer' and runs on its own system known as MINIX which cannot be detected by anti-virus or anti-malware software and can bypass any firewall. Through this system your entire computer hard drive can be accessed at will and the computer shut down at any time (or all at once worldwide through common code connections). Passwords can be accessed and the keys that you type. The open-source MINIX was created by Jewish cyber developer Andrew Stuart Tanenbaum who said in 2017 that he didn't know Intel was using it. Back-door undetectable access to global computer systems is happening on an industrial scale with Israel right at the centre of it. I have already described how analysts from London-based Positive Technologies alleged that Intel chips and processors contain a 'logic signal analyser' which can read 'almost all data on a computer'. Think of the power over the world you would have with control of basically all computer systems at every level of society in every country. This is what we are talking about and it provides the access to devastate financial systems to trigger a global crash so big it would be heard on Mars. Netanyahu said:

> You have bank accounts, sure? Okay, well you don't want anyone hacking into them [except us], right? Or into your cars, or into the planes you ride, you need cyber security. Everybody needs cyber security. Israel has become a world leader in cyber security [back-door access].

Netanyahu called for 'a sort of UN for the internet … a coalition of

the leading companies in the cyber world … and in my opinion Israel is the most advanced.' For this and 'many, many other reasons' Israel was being sought after. The world was coming to Israel and Israel was going around the world, he said, as he highlighted a chart detailing the extent of Israel's global cyber reach:

> The blue are all the new agreements that we have made in various efforts around the world in the year 2017. I've been to Africa four times in two years, to South America most recently, in Brazil. With the great powers of Asia we have new agreements, every single country here, every single country here in Israel's expanding diplomatic horizons is talking to us about cyber …
>
> … They all want to share in our knowledge of cyber defence, that doesn't mean that we share with everyone and it doesn't mean that we share equally with those that we share. But we do have a general policy of cooperation between governments and we have a general policy of cooperation with companies … [so we get the back-doors].
>
> … We are colouring the world blue, all these countries are coming to us, India, China, Mongolia, Kazakhstan, all of them, Azerbaijan, Muslim countries, so we're colouring the world blue. You know what, the numbers, you remember people talked about Israel's isolation, remember that? Israel's isolation, pretty soon the countries that don't have relations with us, they're going to be isolated.

Israel now has ever-growing connections with India in both cyber 'security' and weaponry. Netanyahu said disingenuously that 'we made [the tech domination] stronger by moving Israel to free-market principles which unleashed the spark of genius embedded in our people, into innovation, entrepreneurship'. In fact, the whole thing is led and overseen by the Israeli military and intelligence network including Mossad. Even Netanyahu indicated this when he described how the plan had been to converge military intelligence, academia and industry in one place (Beersheba). He outlined the military intelligence benefits when comparing Israeli intelligence with America's National Security Agency or NSA:

> Our NSA, which is called unit 8200, it's pretty big, how big do you think it is? Hmm, well I'll give you a hint. America, the United States is about 42 times the size of Israel in terms of population, so how much bigger do you think the American NSA is relative to the Israeli NSA? It's not even ten times bigger, you know the [Western intelligence grouping] Five Eyes. Israel is the sixth eye. No, Israel is the second eye, so we have a tremendous sunk investment.

Why wouldn't you build one of the world's – perhaps *the* world's – most effective intelligence networks when you have back-door access to the intelligence systems of other countries, especially the United States, and control double-agents in those foreign agencies like the CIA and NSA? Sabbatian-Frankists and their gofers have become so arrogantly confident of their predominance that they hardly care if we know any more so long as we think they are talking about Israel and not the Death Cult that controls Israel. Netanyahu described the systematic way Israeli cyber dominance is being achieved:

> We take our brightest people and put them in, we look at the entire population, we go into the high schools, we're going to go into kindergartens very soon. So we need the smartest people, we put them in this, they run on the information networks and then it develops into a business, enterprises if we allow the graduates of our military units and our intelligence units to create companies and allow the graduates of our security services to merge into companies with local partners and foreign partners.

There you go from the psychopath's own mouth. Israeli military and Mossad agents are, and have been for a long time, sent out into the global tech and Internet industry posing as purely private entrepreneurs taking with them 'innovations' secured from the Israeli military-intelligence tech program which in part gets its 'inspiration' from other people's creativity waiting on tap through the back-doors. Netanyahu said: 'These incredibly gifted young men and women who come out of the army or the Mossad they want to start their start-ups.' This 'private entrepreneur' Israeli (military/Mossad) technology is then bought and used by governments, military, intelligence agencies, global tech companies, business and (through computers and smartphones) individuals all over the world to which Israel's military and intelligence networks have back-door access – just as they did on 9/11. Technological developments have also come from Israel's military state which has been mega-funded to seek ever more sophisticated ways to keep surveillance on the world (Fig 165). Netanyahu said that Israel had technology because the military, especially military intelligence, produced 'a lot of capabilities'. An article in *The Jerusalem Post* summed up Israel's current level of cyber control:

> Most importantly, Israel is positioned to guard the world's Internet. Everything today is traded, controlled and administered online. And Israel is emerging as the world's number one guardian of the worldwide web. That means, regardless of being a few miles off-track from China's Land and Maritime Roads, it is positioned to be the center of both [East and West] belts …

Figure 165: The 'Zion Mainframe'.

> ... A global currency collapse might be seen as a way to wipe the slate clean of nation-based currencies, especially the US dollar, and establish an international one: like Bitcoin, perhaps. If Bitcoin is the model for a new Internet-based global currency, Israel is likely to be its guardian too, protecting that currency from hackers around the world.

'Guarding the world's Internet' means the potential to have access to the codes that open the door to every aspect of the Internet and cyberspace that uses Israeli-controlled technology, companies and military-intelligence operatives. It also means:

- The potential power to control, manipulate and maintain surveillance on every system.
- To crash the world's financial markets at will and make 'money' disappear from any target.
- Control the information that people see and hear – already being increasingly achieved through ultra-Zionist-controlled Google, YouTube, Facebook and so on, but with the potential to be total.
- To control all military technology attached to the Internet or computer systems to which Israel has access.

- External control of autonomous driverless vehicles as is already the case through Israeli-made cyber-systems on modern cars which constantly feed-back vehicle and driver information.

- To control the perceptions of the human race once an AI connection is made.

- To take over a world founded on the Internet of Things and Internet of Everything which would control all attached technology and eventually the human brain.

I say 'Israel' in terms of this potential control, but that word always means in my context the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult that controls Israel and not the entirety of its general population. According to the Israeli media Israel has designs on creating the global digital no-cash currency which is dubbed the 'digital shekel'. A *Haaretz* headline said: 'Israel's answer to Bitcoin: A digital shekel that could replace cash.' *The Times of Israel* went with: 'Israel – Blockchain capital of the world?' This has all been long in the preparation and 9/11 gave the plan major momentum. Israeli newspaper *Ma'ariv* reported in 2008 that Benjamin Netanyahu had told an audience at Bar Ilan University that 'the September 11, 2001 terror attacks had been beneficial for Israel'. The paper quoted him as saying: 'We are benefiting from one thing, and that is the attack on the Twin Towers and Pentagon, and the American struggle in Iraq.' He reportedly added that those events 'swung American public opinion in our favour'. But then that's why they were made to happen. Netanyahu also said in what he thought was a private conversation caught on camera: 'America is a thing you can move very easily.' No wonder he said at the end of one speech about Israel cyber domination:

> Thank you America. Thank you successive American presidents. Thank you Congress, Republicans and Democrats alike. Thank you AIPAC for helping bring this about, you're terrific!

The man should be in jail and the key thrown into a very deep ocean. This background to the Smart Grid and Israel's central role in its development and control explains what appears at face value to be crazy claims by these messianic lunatics of the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult about installing a 'world ruler' on the throne of Jerusalem on the site of a rebuilt Solomon's Temple. Control of cyberspace in the world as it is today would give them that very global control and via an AI connection to the human mind control over all human perception. Control will then be total and, without outside intervention, irreversible.

Of course we are not there yet – quite – and the point of exposing all this and taking the untold shit that will follow this book's publication is to stop it getting there. We are, however, moving in that direction so fast and we are getting closer by the hour let alone the day.

Many faces of the Death Cult

Some people may look at what I do and think that I see conspiracies everywhere. Well, first of all conspiracies *are* everywhere if you take the dictionary definition of the word: 'A secret plan by a group to do something unlawful or harmful.' By that definition we are drowning in conspiracies and the act of conspiring is defined in law: 'A criminal conspiracy exists when two or more people agree to commit almost any unlawful act, then take some action toward its completion.' My goodness, how many conspiracies must there be worldwide on that basis? Even so, my work is not to see conspiracies everywhere, but to see *ONE* conspiracy with multiple faces in pursuit of the same goal – global human control. The cyberspace conspiracy is the foundation pillar of the greater conspiracy while being underpinned by many other facets that may seem to be unconnected while being fundamentally so. I have been saying for years that if you want to identify major aspects of the global conspiracy look at those subjects and situations about which you are not allowed to have a contrary opinion or engage in free and open debate without being directly silenced or subjected to abuse and hostility from the gatekeepers of the conspiracy (most of whom have no idea there even *is* a conspiracy let alone they are working on its behalf). If you know you can't win a debate to justify what you want the public to believe or accept then simply don't have the debate. Censor other views and information and use abuse to intimidate opposing advocates into self-censored silence. I expose all the major strands of the Death Cult agenda at length in *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* along with all other aspects of the conspiracy and its deeper connections into the 'Beyond'. I have mentioned some already earlier in the book including mass immigration, human-caused global warming, cashless society, police-military state (controlled by AI and robot 'troops') and centralisation of global power giving ever more control to the few over the many. Before I finish I want to emphasise three more which like all the others connect into the emerging Smart Grid: Vaccines, transgender hysteria and the deletion of free speech. They would appear to have nothing to do with 9/11 but they do because they are part of same conspiracy.

Vaccine madness

There are many reasons for the vaccine agenda that have nothing to do

with protecting people from disease. What a perfect way to get access to the body for body/mind manipulation substances and nano-microchips. Insider Richard Day talked in 1969 about 'innoculated diseases'. I was told by a CIA scientist in the 1990s that nano-chips were planned to be implanted in vaccination programmes. You will have noted if you follow the news that a war is underway on those who challenge the Hidden Hand agenda of vaccines. So-called 'anti-vaxers' are having their videos, books and documentaries censored by Google, YouTube, Facebook and Amazon and those questioning the official narrative about 'safe vaccines' are being demonised by the media (Fig 166). This sequence is always confirmation that the agenda is seeking to silence and discredit information that it knows could bring its house down. The pharmaceutical cartel, or Big Pharma, which makes its billions from people continuing to be sick, can basically say what it likes to promote vaccination and has the mainstream media as a constant PR operation to push its products and discredit opponents. When I was a kid childhood diseases were part of the process of activating and developing the immune system and building up ongoing natural resistance. Now those same diseases come with dire warnings and responses along the lines of '*Oh no*, the plague, your child will die, *ahhhh!!!*' The smallest outbreak is made to seem like some end of the world catastrophe with falling vaccination rates due to 'anti-vax' information always declared the villain. 'You horrible people, you terrible child-abusing parents – *look what you've done!*' New York mayor Bill de Blasio responded to a measles outbreak by declaring an emergency and ordering mandatory vaccinations under threat of a fine of up to $1,000. 'We cannot allow this dangerous disease to make a comeback here in New York City', he said. When I was kid I never heard 'measles' and 'dangerous' used in the same sentence. The UK *Guardian* reported the story and pinned the blame on 'anti-vaxers' citing 'scientifically debunked concerns that the shots are dangerous'. Shockingly and outrageously the writer will call herself a 'journalist'.

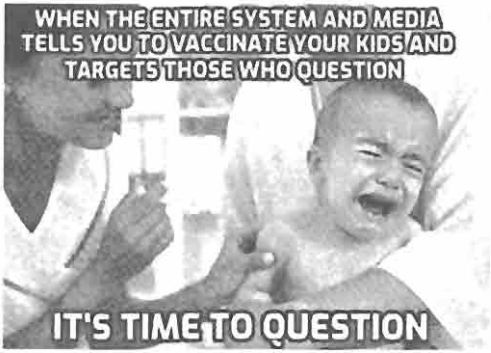

Figure 166: A good motto for everything.

What never gets reported is that often non-vaccinated children don't get the diseases that vaccinated children *do* get. This happened with my two unvaccinated sons who are now strapping adults who remained untouched by childhood vaccination diseases while their vaccinated mates were getting sick. I was given all the vaccines recommended

in the 1950s and got most of the diseases. Studies have shown that vaccinated kids (vaccinated with the 'virus') are able to spread the diseases to others. The obvious contradiction between unvaccinated children staying healthy, while the vaccinated get sick despite their 'protection', presents an obvious problem to credibility of vaccinations. To mitigate this devastating contradiction Big Pharma invented 'herd immunity' which claims that vaccines only work effectively if the vast majority (they want all) are vaccinated. This is a mendacious scam to provide the excuse for mandatory vaccinations for everyone to ensure 'herd immunity' and represents the main thrust of 'anti-vax' demonisation – 'My vaccinated child is only sick because of your unvaccinated child' (who isn't sick). Yes, I know it is mind-numbing bollocks, but tell unquestioning people anything enough times and they will believe it – the Nazis built a whole control system on that basis. 'Herd immunity' does not explain why an unvaccinated child doesn't get a disease and vaccinated children do. If you are vaccinated according to Big Pharma orthodoxy your immune system is triggered to develop protection. Why would a kid need other kids to be vaccinated when the relationship here is between his or her immune system and the disease? Er, um, er. American neurosurgeon Russell Blaylock said:

> In the original description of herd immunity, the protection to the population at large occurred only if people contracted the infections naturally. The reason for this is that naturally-acquired immunity lasts for a lifetime. The vaccine proponents quickly latched onto this concept and applied it to vaccine-induced immunity.
>
> But, there was one major problem – vaccine-induced immunity lasted for only a relatively short period [if at all] and then this applies only to humoral [body fluids] immunity. This is why they began to suggest boosters for most vaccines, even the common childhood infections such as chickenpox, measles, mumps, and rubella.

The whole foundation of vaccinations is that they produce antibodies for the disease in question, but it has long been known that this does not constitute proof of immunity. This is a quote from Learntherisk.org:

> … science has long known that antibodies alone do NOT create real immunity. Some people with high levels of antibodies can be exposed to an illness and still get sick, while others without antibodies can be exposed and not get sick. Dr. Merrill Chase, nicknamed the Grandfather of Immunology for his pioneering work, did clear-cut research on this issue back in the 1950s. His results are clear: antibody levels don't determine immunity.

> The immune system is a highly complex system and science is still in its infancy understanding how it functions. In fact, immunology textbooks were completely rewritten recently after a University of Virginia study finally proving the link between the gut and the brain through the lymphatic system. Before this 2014 study, immunology books were adamant there was no link.

The truth is that the deluge of vaccinations today overwhelms a still developing immune system with toxic shite and this natural protection from disease will never be as powerful as it would otherwise be. Vaccine ingredients and substances used in manufacture include: Aluminium; aborted foetal tissue; mercury-based thimerosal; gelatine; human serum albumin (found in blood plasma); sorbitol and other stabilisers; emulsifiers; taste improvers; antibiotics; egg proteins (ovalbumin); yeast proteins; formaldehyde; acidity regulators; human cell strains, animal cell strains and GMOs; recombinant DNA technology; bovine products. Aluminium alone is a brain toxin. Given that little lot why is anyone surprised that many health problems have been linked to vaccinations? Among them are: Anaphylactic shock; aseptic meningitis and meningitis; Bell's palsy, facial palsy, isolated cranial nerve palsy; blood disorders; brachial neuritis; cerebrovascular accident (stroke); chronic rheumatoid arthritis; convulsions, seizures, febrile seizure; death; encephalopathy and encephalitis (brain swelling); hearing loss; Guillain-Barré syndrome; immune system disorders; lymphatic system disorders; multiple sclerosis; myocarditis; nervous system disorders; neurological syndromes including autism; paralysis and myelitis including transverse myelitis; peripheral neuropathy; pneumonia and lower respiratory infections; skin and tissue disorders including eczema; sudden infant death syndrome (SIDS); tinnitus (ringing in the ears); vaccine-strain versions of chicken pox, measles, mumps, polio, influenza, meningitis, yellow fever, and pertussis vasculitis (inflammation of blood vessels). Big Pharma has so much influence on government policy via The Web that in 1986 the US Congress voted into law the National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act (NCVIA) which protected vaccine makers from being sued at a time when they were losing court cases over vaccine damaged children. What incentive is there to produce something safe when you can't be sued? The only motivation left would be common decency and basic empathetic humanity, but you won't find that anywhere in the Big Pharma racket. Vaccine producers are so callously and satanically empathy-deleted they make colossal profits from selling drugs to 'treat' the health problems their vaccines are causing. One of America's leading opponents of the Big Pharma vaccine narrative is Robert F. Kennedy Jr, son of the US attorney general assassinated by the Hidden Hand in 1968. An article on the Kennedy-connected website, Childrenshealthdefense.org, highlighted this profiteering scam. Writer

Kristina Kristen said:

> Following the passage of NCVIA, the number of vaccines on the childhood schedule mushroomed, creating a gold rush for vaccine makers: the vaccine industry went from a $1 billion industry to a $50 billion industry. But this expansion in the vaccine industry, in fact, is relatively small in comparison to the even greater gold rush for the BIG 4 companies. The drug 'treatment' side of the equation, which is substantially more lucrative than the 'gateway' vaccine side the BIG 4 already monopolized, now also increased substantially.
>
> The vaccine manufacturers began to capitalize on the known adverse effects of their vaccines, and have since created drugs for the 'treatment' side of the equation as well. The lack of incentive to make safe products, which created the bloated vaccine schedule, became the gateway to the lucrative drug treatment side for these companies. Today, the BIG 4 monopolize vaccines as well as the drug 'treatments' for chronic illnesses known to be induced by vaccines. First, vaccines push kids off the cliff, and then vaccine makers profit from 'rescuing' those they don't kill.

The number of vaccinations and their combinations is utterly insane and any society that wasn't completely mad and given up its right to free thought would laugh in the face of such preposterous idiocy. American children and young people are given between 53 and 70 vaccines depending on how you count them from birth to 18 years with many given in one go. The childhood schedule has tripled in little more than 30 years in a period when children have got sicker, not healthier – a period in which once rare autism, food allergies, asthma, brain malfunction, autoimmune diseases and cancer in children have dramatically increased by comparison. We now have the *six-in-one* vaccine for diphtheria, tetanus, whooping cough (pertussis), polio, Hib disease (Haemophilus influenzae type b) and hepatitis B. The still-developing immune systems of babies get this shit (including aluminium) at 8, 12 and 16 weeks. Very common reactions are reported as redness, pain and/or swelling at the injection site; raised temperature (fever); irritability; loss of appetite; vomiting; abnormal crying. Common reactions are diarrhoea; bruising or bleeding at the injection site; a small, painless lump at the injection site. Rare reactions (1 in 1,000) are reported as 'unusual high-pitched screaming', and episodes during which the child may become blue, pale and/or limp. Very rare consequences are described as fits (also called febrile convulsions or febrile seizures). Oh, perfectly safe then. Parents are told that if babies are irritable and have a fever after the shot they should give them infant paracetamol or ibuprofen, so confirming the point about the Big Pharma cause and

effect scam. What is never mentioned in such official lists of consequences are the life-long effects of suppressing the immune system by attacking it with combinations of toxins while still developing and getting up to speed.

Vaccines and DNA

Immune systems of children and the young are being devastated by the vaccine deluge and they grow up with far less immune protection than nature has provided. We have seen an enormous rise in autoimmune diseases in the vaccine era, especially the mass vaccine era, and while technologically-generated radiation and the chemical content of food will also play a part the cause and effect between vaccinations and the immune system are obvious. Injecting into the arm or leg also bypasses the immune system which would otherwise act to repel the toxic infiltration. Today's generation of children in the United States, for example, is sicker than their predecessors with more than 50 percent having one or more chronic illness and as a result they are given pharmaceutical drugs for body and psychological problems on a scale never seen before. Make a fortune creating the problem and then make an even bigger fortune offering the solution (which creates still more problems). The United States is only 19th for infant mortality rates in the developed world and has the most highly vaccinated children with the rest of the West not far behind. Vaccine effects go much deeper than what I have described so far. I have been picking up information from experts and government/intelligence insiders throughout my decades of research that points to vaccines being used to change human DNA as part of an agenda to mutate the human form in ways that include suppressing the scale of potential perception. Put another way – making humans even more myopic in their ability to perceive reality. DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and if you reduce the range of frequencies it can access you close down the channels to insight beyond the reality bubbles that pass for human awareness. Human foetal and animal DNA in some vaccines will alone affect human DNA. The immune system attacks foreign DNA and when this or animal DNA attaches to the recipient's DNA the immune system will attack its own cells. The body is attacked by *itself* and this is known as autoimmune disease. But, don't worry, vaccines have nothing to do with the explosion of autoimmune diseases in the vaccine era. Helen Ratajczak, a former senior scientist at pharmaceutical company Boehringer Ingelheim, suggested a link between brain damage and human DNA in vaccines.

I have written in other books about an emerging branch of science called epigenetics which becomes highly significant in relation to vaccines, toxic 'food' and 'drink' and the effects of technological

radiation with 5G about to increase the consequences dramatically. Epigenetics describes a process in which genes are switched on and off. There is an optimum on/off sequence that keeps you healthy in mind and body and when that sequence is disturbed or scrambled with the wrong ones 'on' and the right ones 'off' big trouble can follow in the form of anything from heart disease to cancer to psychological problems. These distorted blueprint sequences are then passed on to the next generation and human health spirals downwards. Vaccines, toxic food and drink and environmental factors like technological radiation causes this gene switching to malfunction and here you have a frontline reason for the dramatic increases in cancer, heart disease, autism and a long, long list of other ailments in the vaccine/toxic food/smartphone era. Gene-switching malfunction affects neuron transmitters in the brain leading to mental, emotional and psychological disturbances which are also soaring. On some levels this war on humanity is happening through ignorance and stupidity, but it is being orchestrated from the shadows with cold calculation by those who know far more about how reality works than mainstream scientists and doctors who are enslaved by their programming, sources of funding and government regulation. Doctors are little more than paid agents of Big Pharma and so every illness and problem is a 'nail' requiring a scalpel, drug or vaccination. Kerching! More profit for the sickness industry. No wonder mainstream 'medical' treatment is one of the Western world's biggest killers right up there with cancer and heart disease and yet still most people treat doctors with awe when they don't even know what the body *is* let alone how it works. If any doctor strays from Big Pharma (therefore medical/government) orthodoxy they are struck off even if alternative treatments work and the system is constantly seeking to destroy many alternative forms of healing *because* they work. The patient is irrelevant, you see. Only money, power and control matter to the Big Pharma psychopaths who lock into the Sabbatian-Frankist and Hidden Hand psychopaths.

The body is an electro-chemical organism and is therefore affected by infiltration from electro-chemical sources. From one direction we are bombarded by technological electromagnetic frequencies alien to body and mind and from another we have the tsunami of chemical toxicity in vaccines, drugs, food, drink and air. Why would food be so full of poisons and horrific content? Why is the same true of what people drink? Why is humanity becoming a drugged-up society courtesy of Big Pharma and the medical profession that it owns? Why are children targeted by brain-changing drugs from the earliest age? Why is the air poisoned and the land devastated with deadly herbicides and pesticides that end up in food and destroy the soil (the 'industrialisation of agriculture' predicted more than a hundred years ago in the *Protocols*)?

Why are people consuming pharmaceutical drugs and growth hormone weight-gain drugs in the meat that they eat? Why is the human race becoming increasingly obese with this tendency passed on through the epigenetic gene pool to future generations? On the face of it all this is madness and societal suicide, but in fact it is being done systematically from the inner sanctum of The Web and is designed to weaken humanity mentally, emotionally and physically to allow a global takeover with the least resistance possible. Attacking and diluting masculinity is part of this process, too. Quintus Fabius Maximus Verrucosus, a Roman statesman and general of the third century BC, was famous for his technique of never fighting a battle that could be decisive either way. Instead his method was to weaken and wear down the enemy over a period in a war of attrition and when it was too weak to resist just walk in and take over. This is what is being done to humanity today through all these electromagnetic and toxic attacks and how appropriate that the Fabian Society, one of the strands of the Hidden Hand which operates on the left of politics, was named after him. Multi-faceted frequency and toxic attacks purposely weaken the immune system through, among other things, sheer overload. The immune system keeps us alive and healthy when it is strong and effective and here we have a war with endless fronts against the immune system (problem) which leads to demands for vaccinations and drugs (solution). We don't need vaccines, we need *immune systems* and that means toxin-free clean water, toxin-free nutritious food and a harmonious electromagnetic environment – everything that is being destroyed.

Vaccines meet the Smart Grid

Vaccines, drugs and the Smart Grid come together with the plan to track and monitor the population to ensure that everyone has vaccines and drugs imposed by law. This society was accurately portrayed in the 2002 movie *Equilibrium* in which the population has all emotion suppressed by a daily injection that is monitored to ensure compliance. It is worth watching if you can get a copy to see what is planned. I have been warning about this for a long time and the Tiptoe to that end is clear to see with increasing moves to mandatory vaccines. The plan is for forced immunisation and the taking of mind-altering and suppressing drugs to maintain calm apathetic subservience to be monitored through the Smart Grid so that no one can escape. The promotion of lithium in public water supplies is part of this agenda. Lithium is used as a psychiatric medication to treat conditions such as manic depression and its advocates say mass medication of lithium will make people 'happier'. Run 'happier' through the Orwellian Translation Unit and it comes out as 'subservient'. Studies have shown that the electromagnetic soup and 5G can have the effect of making people more apathetic. The

vaccine tracking agenda is already being pushed by Seth Berkley, CEO of Gavi, the Vaccine Alliance, who was formerly with the US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (a Big Pharma front) and the Rockefeller Foundation (the family that gave us Big Pharma 'medicine'). One of Gavi's biggest supporters, financially and otherwise, is Microsoft vaccine fanatic Bill Gates. Gavi is a leading 'light' in the global network of organisations and fronts pushing the Big Pharma vaccine agenda and seeks to have everyone worldwide subject to vaccinations (for their own good, of course). Seth Berkley says Gavi spends an average of nearly $2 billion a year on getting vaccines to children in the poorest countries and has invested tens of millions of dollars in 'innovations to monitor immunization'. Berkley wants technology to track who has been vaccinated and to give everyone an 'identity' which all fits in to the Smart Grid agenda whether he knows it or not. The United Nations wants all 193 member countries to ensure that everyone has a legal form of identity by Kurzweil's year of 2030. Whatever the reason they give you for this it won't be the real one. The increasingly extreme censorship of 'anti-vax' information in all its forms is to stop the public knowing the real story and to give free reign to Big Pharma and its compliant media to tell the population only what the cabal wants them to believe. One of the reasons given by the Australian government for my ban from the country was my views on vaccines and Sherri Tenpenny, an American osteopathic physician and anti-vaccination activist, was also banned from Australia to prevent Australians from hearing her research. Hidden Hand-front Wikipedia classically describes Tenpenny as someone who 'supports the discredited theory that vaccines cause autism'. This is the same controlled and devious Wikipedia used to 'fact-check' the alternative media. If you want to know what the agenda is look at those subjects in which alternative opinions are met with reflex-action censorship and abuse. Talking of which …

Transgender hysteria

Another of my rules of thumb with regard to identifying the Hidden Hand-Sabbatian-Frankist wish-list is this: When it comes out of nowhere and is suddenly everywhere – it's the agenda. The button has been pressed on another stage of the plan. Nothing fits this picture more profoundly than the obsession with transgender 'issues' which literally did come out of nowhere (in terms of the public arena) and now my god it's everywhere. I have once again exposed the background to this in detail in my last book. I really have no need to tell anyone about the insane transgender extremes that have taken over human society like mass hysteria. We have all seen the imposition of 'gender-neutral' toilets in which people in male bodies claiming to be women are allowed to use female or any-gender toilets and changing rooms no matter how that

makes women feel and the obvious affect on women's sport when transgender people in male bodies with all those physical advantages are allowed to 'compete' with and obviously defeat female opponents. They've stopped taking bets on the weightlifting, by the way. Schools and universities have been taken over by the transgender agenda because self-obsessed activists and their extremes of narcissism are given whatever they want by governments and authorities imposing the Hidden Hand plan for the no-gender 'human' which I shall shortly explain. If ever there was a 2 + 2 = 4 v 2 + 2 = 5 then this is it. Professors of biology are being slated, abused and 'investigated' for saying that men and women are biologically different (2 + 2 = 4) while activists prevail with their bloody nonsense that gender is decided by whatever you choose it to be (2 + 2 = 5). I saw a video shot at an American university in which a woman panellist said that men are generally taller than women. What could be more supportable by observational fact? *Fact*, however, is now an historical concept and some members of the audience began to walk out in protest (Fig 167). In the safety of the venue lobby they condemned what they heard as 'fascist'. How can that response be described except in terms of mental illness? It doesn't matter what utter baloney headless-chicken activists may claim to be reality. The law is increasingly standing with them in support because it's a Hidden Hand agenda and so nothing must stand in the way and certainly not open public debate or peripheral matters like facts.

Figure 167: When facts are 'fascist' – walk-out at the kindergarten.

New York congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez, a classic Soros 'progressive', summed up the post-fact mind-set: 'I think that there's a lot of people more concerned about being precisely, factually, and semantically correct than about being morally right.' I may make factually unsupportable statements, but I am a good person – far better than you are – and so what I say must prevail. Talk to the general population and they will tell you they think it's all insane (so long as you are considered 'safe' and won't report them for having the wrong opinion). But those with the shrill voices and 'anti-hate' faces of hatred who dominate the microphones and cameras are the only voice you hear because by now most other people are terrified of saying what they really think. Well, let me have a go: It's all *fucking bollocks*. There –

intimidation over. Oh, you say I am a transphobic bigot? I am so sorry, let me have another go: It's *monumental fucking bollocks*. No, I am not speaking here of people who genuinely relate to another gender different to their body-type. How people choose to self-identify is none of my business and I have no problem with that at all. Good luck to them and I hope it makes them happy. My problem – and a very serious problem for human society – is not that some people think they are in the wrong body and you are pushing against an open door when it comes to opposing discrimination against anyone be they transgender or white men. The problem is that 'discrimination' is not the real reason for the transgender agenda at all. That's only the excuse. It's the foot in the door to open the way for the transformation – literally – of the human form. Yet again 'progressive' activists are stretched out and twanging on the Death Cult violin.

Synthetic masculine-deleted humanity

The real transgender agenda, irony of ironies, is the *end* of gender. I have detailed in *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* the plan to replace the present biological human form with a synthetic version that will have no sexes and be unable to procreate. Aldous Huxley described just such a society in his 1932 book *Brave New World* in which children were created in strict genetic castes (lower castes akin to worker ants) in 'hatcheries' where procreation was done technologically and parentless children attended state conditioning centres to program them to never question what the government tells them. Before anyone waves away the idea of synthetic 'humans' with a waft of the hand and words like crazy and ridiculous they should know that the Tiptoe to that very outcome is happening both before our eyes and in secret projects day after day. The replacement of human thought and emotion with artificial intelligence and the replacement of the biological human with a synthetic human are two parts of the same goal of creating the post-human or trans-human that would be artificial intelligence operating through an artificial synthetic body. Humanity as we know it is in the process of being replaced. You would need to read my last book to see where this is ultimately coming from, but for our purposes here all we need to know is this is happening and that transgender hysteria is meant to lead us to this end while appearing to be about something completely different. Rockefeller insider Dr Richard Day told those paediatricians in 1969: 'We are going to make boys and girls the same.' He said people would be made 'gender-neutral'. What is happening now is what he was talking about. The scam is following a multi-stage process of 'physical' and psychological manipulation similar to that of holdables-wearables-implantables that we have seen with technology. The combination this time includes changing the gender foundations by feminising the male

body through a long list of methods that I detail in *Everything You Need To Know*. These involve endocrine-disrupting synthetic chemicals (EDCs) which are found in plastics, food containers and packaging, canned food and drinks, electrics, solvents, cleaning products, detergents, pesticides, cosmetics, soaps, car exhausts, polish, paints, batteries, dental fillings (mercury) and many types of fish. Hormone-disrupter Bisphenol A or BPA is used in cans, bottles, plastic food containers and cash register receipts (because everyone touches them). Plus what could be in vaccines adding to the genetic transformation? Atrazine, one of the world's most-used pesticides, is changing the sex of male frogs and making them infertile. What effect are other common poisons having which are sprayed on farms (food), parks and sports fields including golf courses? EDCs and the female sex hormone oestrogen (estrogen) are found in unfiltered tap water. Indeed EDC's can mimic oestrogen and have the same effect on a male body. I quote in *Everything You Need To Know* Dr Devra Davis, an internationally-renowned American epidemiologist, president of the Environmental Health Trust and director of the Center for Environmental Oncology at the University of Pittsburgh. She both highlights the dangers of 5G and what is happening to men in terms of plummeting sperm counts, diminishing levels of the male hormone testosterone and falling male birth-rates. She points out that fast-dividing cells producing sexual organs in the womb are very open to 'incorporate and replicate errors' that can lead to changing once-developing boys into girls and chemical infiltration can affect this process. Dr Melody Milam Potter, an American clinical health psychologist for 30 years, wrote:

> EDCs we encounter every day can alter the sex hormone balance, preventing male genitals from growing properly. By suppressing testosterone or by enhancing or mimicking the female sex hormone, estrogen, they can undermine the natural testosterone messages surging through a growing fetus. For instance, estrogen mimics [such as] dioxin, a widespread pollutant and potent endocrine disruptor, can intercept and overcome a hormonal message from a male gene. Dioxin also acts as a testosterone flusher reducing male hormone concentrations so much that the male action may not be stimulated adequately.
>
> Testosterone suppressors like DDT can block testosterone's position on a receptor. Hormone stimulators can intensify the action of a natural hormone so much that the system shuts down and refuses to receive a male 'go ahead' signal ... In fact, research substantiates that exposure to EDCs at a crucial time can disrupt the entire genital sequence.

Studies claim that the number of people identifying as gay or 'LGBT'

is rapidly increasing to the extent that one study in the US estimated that those born before and across the Millennium to be nearly twice as likely to identify as LGBT as other American adults – 'Millennials Are the Gayest Generation', as one headline put it. Are we really saying that none of this is connected to a chemical environment awash with gender-bending toxicity? Alongside the chemical manipulation of gender we have the psychological dimension and this is where transgender tyranny and hysteria plays its crucial role. The number of children and young people questioning their gender and identifying with another is exploding since the incessant transgender propaganda began. What is called 'gender dysphoria' was rare until the programming campaign began and as late as 2009 the number referred for treatment in that year in England and Wales was 97. Then came the propaganda surge and today it is thousands per year and growing with the increase since 2009 measured in thousands of percent. Kids are being purposely confused about their gender who were not at all confused before and parents are being margined and blocked from intervening. To question even a small child's contention that they are in the wrong body can mean the child being kidnapped by the social services tyranny and placed with foster parents or permanently adopted. Gender-changing drugs are increasingly handed out to children and young people with cavalier disregard for the life-long consequences. Whistleblower workers at a British transgender clinic resigned over children as young as *three* having 'unnecessary gender reassignment treatment' after being incorrectly diagnosed with gender dysphoria. Carl Heneghan, director of the Centre of Evidence-based Medicine at Oxford University, described the policy as 'unregulated live experiments on children'. You need courage to state the obvious today. Dr Allan M. Josephson, a former head of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry and Psychology, sued the University of Louisville after he was demoted for saying children who insist they are transgender should not be instantly believed. Academia is being terrorised by transgender activism with Professor Nicholas Meriwether at Shawnee State University in Ohio suing officials after being rebuked for refusing to refer to a student with a male body using 'female pronouns' because it was against his religious beliefs. The imposition of how people must be addressed is a tyranny and so many are now losing their jobs over not calling someone with a dick in female terms or vice versa. Anyone noticed what is happening to kids in Yemen? But no – 'he', 'she' or 'they' is far more important to stress about. Moves are being made to legally recognise a gender change simply by people saying 'I identify as a man/woman now' and the whole program is being underpinned and enforced by changing the language and punishing people who won't conform. We have even seen terms like 'mum' and 'dad' targeted because the non-procreation

synthetic human won't have parents and will be owned and brought up by the state – as per *Brave New World*. The concept of parents therefore has to be eroded until it is deleted and to the Hidden Hand falling sperm counts – especially among racial types they want to eliminate – are not a problem because they are heading to the day when natural sperm will no longer be required. Sperm can already be created from other cells. The sequence unfolding goes like this: Two genders – confuse genders – fuse genders – no genders. This is happening through genetic and psychological manipulation. Remember, too, that once generations born before the transgender tyranny began have left this world anyone arriving will inherit a done deal in which insanity is the new normal. The Hidden Hand is waiting for those with the radar of experience to die (quickened by 5G) when the challenge to their madness will all but disappear. It already is through intimidation. If we allow that to happen we'll have what Huxley described in *Brave New World*:

> Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, 'decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

Confirmation that manufactured transgender hysteria is not about helping or protecting transgender people can be seen with those who have surgically transitioned between genders and then regretted doing so. They are marginalised, silenced and abused for making people question what the agenda wants them to do. This is the gender equivalent of attacking Jewish people for criticising the Israeli government and dubbing them 'anti-Semitic'. We are there for your wellbeing and protection unless you deviate from our script in which case we are coming for you big-time you 'anti-Semitic' transphobe. Development of the synthetic human is long underway and psychologically supported through pre-emptive programming in a list of movies and television series (with *Westworld* a prime example) portraying conscious synthetic robots and synthetic human form. You only have to see the now close resemblance between humans and their synthetic equivalent (Fig 168). The development of a synthetic human genome, DNA, blood, skin and so on is already happening and don't judge its stage of development by what you see in the publicly-acknowledged projects. Secret science in the underground and inside-mountain facilities directed by Hidden Hand levels of the military-intelligence networks are light years ahead on all fronts compared with official science. No, the synthetic human may not be arriving tomorrow,

Figure 168: Human and synthetic 'human'.

but the plan is that it eventually will and far sooner than people imagine. Transgender hysteria is preparing the ground and the collective psyche for just that and doing no favours at all for those genuine transgender people who just want to get on with their lives without demanding that everyone else be pronoun perfect or the wrath of hell will follow. As I was writing this chapter the British Co-op supermarket chain launched a gender-neutral gingerbread person (biscuit) to be 'inclusive' and asked the public to choose a 'fitting' name. I suggest 'Loada' for the first name and 'Bollocks' for the second. Yes, Loada Bollocks seems very 'fitting'.

Information control

The foundation of the entire Hidden Hand / Sabbatian-Frankist conspiracy is the control of information. From that comes control of perception which means control of behaviour. Our actions come from our perceptions and our perceptions are formed from information received. Control information and you control that sequence unless the targets have a mind of their own and can see though the game. If you know the outcome you can see the journey and this is why uncovering where we are being taken is so important. Without that compass daily events appear to be random and have no pattern, but when you know what the outcome is planned to be those same events become crystal clear steps towards that end. The Hidden Hand's desired outcome with regard to information is that eventually people will only see and hear what the authorities decide they can see and hear. Everything else will be silenced and censored. The Tiptoe sequence to this outcome cannot be denied as censorship increases by the hour through (Hidden Hand-controlled) government and (Hidden Hand-controlled) Internet and media giants. Transferring the communication of information from traditional media to the Internet allows AI algorithms to censor and suppress information they don't want you to see. We now have the Hidden Hand symbiosis of gofers in government, gofers in Silicon Valley like Zuckerberg and mind-programmed Soros 'progressives' all calling for more regulation of what people can post and thus see. Ultra-Zionists and the Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult are the force driving this censorship with the intent of destroying the genuine alternative media before it does any more damage to its satanic ambitions. 'Fake news',

'hate speech' and 'anti-Semitism' with their definitions constantly expanded are only three of the ever-growing manufactured excuses to censor and silence. As I write these words the Hidden Hand-controlled UK government has announced plans for a new 'online regulator' to fine web companies that 'fail to protect users' (censor content) with the power to close down websites that are accused among a list of other things of dealing in 'disinformation'. Who defines that? They do. This censorship on steroids is the calculated abuse of freedom which threatens to fine 'social media platforms, file hosting sites, discussion forums, messaging services and search engines' and to make them responsible 'for any harmful material which they allow their users to share or discover'. The motivation is painfully obvious – to give all these sources the excuse and incentive to censor anything that questions the official version of anything. Watching the UK Home Secretary Sajid Javid selling the policy as 'protection' had me fit to puke when the real reason is so clear. 'Protection from harm' is the latest Orwellian phrase they are using because this takes censorship beyond the merely illegal into the realms of 'harm' which is a totally subjective term that can be used to censor opinion and legitimate exposure that is perfectly legal. Ah, it may be legal and it may be accurate, but does it cause *harm?*

It's best not to rely on the traditional left's historical demand for freedom of speech because that's been hijacked by Soros 'progressives' who believe that freedom of speech is the 'freedom' to agree with them. UK *Guardian* 'progressive' Owen Jones, one of the most arrogant and ignorant people I have ever observed, thinks he should have the right to bounce between TV studios endlessly giving his opinions while those he disagrees with should be censored. He then calls free speech 'sacred'. Yes, for *him*. Free speech is being targeted through ever-gathering excuses and political correctness in general for a simple reason. While it exists there can never be a situation – an outcome – in which authorities dictate everything you can see and hear. Freedom of speech therefore has to be deleted to bring this about and that's why it is now happening on an industrial scale via government regulation and despicable people who call the shots at despicable organisations with contempt for freedom like Google, YouTube, Facebook, Twitter, Apple, Spotify, Amazon and so many others. The Soros 'progressive' software program is screaming its abuse at the frontline to demand that alternative information and opinion is silenced in its alliance with multi-billionaires who have absolute contempt for their 'social warrior', 'woke', puppets and pawns. They are the 'anti-fascist' fascists, the 'pro-inclusion' excluders and the 'pro-diversity' destroyers of diversity. They are the 'anti-hate' haters and the current day version of the two minutes of hate in Orwell's *Nineteen-eighty-four* when Big Brother's manufactured 'villain' Emmanuel Goldstein appears on the screen while the crowd

Figure 169: Orwell's equivalent of the 'progressive' mob screaming their orchestrated hate in the movie version of *Nineteen- eighty-four*.

dressed all the same (guaranteed income) follow instructions to scream hatred at Goldstein using terms such as 'traitor' and 'death' (Fig 169). Put the words 'two minutes of hate, 1984' into a video search engine and you'll see what I mean. Then look at the faces of 'progressive' extremists no matter what their expression or particular obsession and you'll see the same. I feel so sad for them. Forgive them for they know not what they do. The program has possessed them, but it doesn't have to if they choose to take their minds back. Everything is a mind game and perceptual manipulation. Even the ever-growing contempt for politicians is being orchestrated to manipulate the population to accept a post-democratic society in another Problem-Reaction-Solution. All you really need to bring this about is to make sure most politicians are disingenuous, ignorant and incompetent and the rest follows. The political class alliance between Westminster politicians and EU bureaucrats to create the orchestrated chaos aimed at thwarting the UK referendum vote for Brexit is a perfect example. A survey on political attitudes by the Hansard Society in 2019 found support for a 'strong leader' who would break the rules and 42 percent of those questioned agreed that many problems could be dealt with more effectively 'if the government didn't have to worry so much about votes in parliament'. Sabbatian-Frankists would have been punching the air and contemptuously cheering their mainstream media for promoting and supporting the very agenda planned to delete *its* freedom of speech – or what's left of it. The way so much of the media supported the arrest of Julian Assange of WikiLeaks in 2019 for doing the job *they* should be doing said it all and there was not even a titter of media outrage at my own ban from Australia by the authoritarian government on the say-so of basically one ultra-Zionist. I do wonder, however, why in the face of the evidence that Assange calls 9/11 a 'false conspiracy theory'.

So there we are ...

We have come such a long way since you turned the first page and everything between then and now is connected. I didn't intend or expect to write such a big book and to think that I started out to simply produce an updated version of my *Alice in Wonderland*. The enslavement of

humanity, however, has so many elements and such an essential back-story that it cannot be effectively exposed without volume and connections. Dots are interesting', but connecting the dots is devastating. It's the only way to reveal the apparently random to be long-planned calculation and to transform pixels of confusion into pictures of clarity. Even then what I have written in this book is still only part of the story. Far deeper levels and so many other connections and expressions of the conspiracy can be found in *Everything You Need To Know* and earlier works. The basic theme is the same from whichever angle or depth that you observe the human plight. When you give your mind and perceptions away the receiver will control your life. When you take them back their game is over. A relative handful cannot control and dictate the lives of 7.7 billion unless the 7.7 billion give their minds away and concede their uniqueness to group-think and acquiescence. The way out of here becomes obvious: We reverse that process. This means no longer believing what we are told without checking the facts; no longer rejecting the evidence of our own eyes and experience because authority or intimidation demands that we do so; and no longer being frightened into silence by the bullies and the mob. If we don't do that – and in number – then all I have described will come about because who is going to stop it? We are eternal expressions of consciousness and our transitory labels are only brief experiences in a tiny band of frequency – a sort of TV channel. We need to play the long game from that perspective and not limit and enslave ourselves in the fear of short-term consequences. Instead of worrying what will happen if I say or do this, that or the other, consider the consequences of *not* saying or doing it. I have been highlighting those consequences in this book and for 30 years since. If you think it's bad now what kind of world are you, your children and grandchildren going to live in a short and long while hence? We are only where we are – not where it is meant to stay. The most extreme stuff is still to come. We must shout louder when we are told to be silent. You might lose some friends? *And*? What kind of 'friends' don't respect your right to speak your truth? John Lennon said: 'Being honest may not get you a lot of friends but it'll always get you the right ones.' We must cease to cooperate with our own enslavement – cease to be intimated into conformity by a mob of adolescent children (whatever their age) programmed to impose their programming on the rest of us. I will not be intimidated, have my views silenced or take lectures from arrogant terrible-twos masquerading as adults. If people continue to do so we will live in the world they are creating and, with more irony, so will they. Everything they are seeking to impose on others will be imposed on them once they have served their purpose and those pulling their strings sweep back the curtains and openly seize power. We need to call out the social warrior bullies and the 'anti-hate' hate groups

for their blatant hypocrisy and when that happens we will realise their only power was intimidation. When we cease to be intimidated their power will be gone and so will that of their hidden and not-so-hidden masters that they refuse to acknowledge. Fault-lines of divide and rule – race, religion, culture, sexuality, income bracket – need to be set aside to allow unity of purpose. When we divide we fall. When we unite – *they* fall.

Fear of the Maverick

The *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* which I say are based on the Sabbatian-Frankist plan for the world makes it very clear that divide and rule is utterly essential for their endeavours to reach fruition. They talk of the need to 'set one against another the personal and national reckonings … religious and race hatreds, which we have fostered'. This is, of course, what has happened and is happening. There is, however, a pause in the diatribe of arrogance when it comes to maverick people – a term defined as 'a person who thinks and acts in an independent way, often behaving differently from the expected or usual way'. The term 'maverick' comes from Samuel A. Maverick, a mid-19th century Texas rancher who did not brand his cattle. How apt given the microchip branding of human cattle now fast emerging. Maverick translates in the *Protocols* to what they call 'personal initiative':

> The second secret requisite for the success of our government is comprised in the following; To multiply to such an extent national failings, habits, passions, conditions of civil life, that it will be impossible for anyone to know where he is in the resulting chaos, so that the people in consequence will fail to understand one another; This measure will also serve us in another way, namely, to sow discord in all parties, to dislocate all collective forces which are still unwilling to submit to us, and to discourage any kind of personal initiative which might in any degree hinder our affair.

This is their worst nightmare – maverick personal initiative. The *Protocols* emphasise: '*There is nothing more dangerous than personal initiative.*' If it has genius behind it, the document says, such initiative 'can do more than can be done by millions of people among whom we have sown discord'. The *Protocols* describe the plan more than a century ago to so direct education that 'whenever they come upon a matter requiring initiative they may drop their hands in despairing impotence'. Yet again we can see with the perspective of hindsight that what the *Protocols* predict and what has happened are mirrors of each other. 'Education' has suppressed and punished mavericks and personal initiative in favour of the group-think that infects the human psyche and especially its 'progressive' expression. Group-think is not only collective

perception. It is also founded on the black and whiteness of us and them, for us or against us. To break from the program we must break from black and white. I consider individual statements on their validity and not by who makes them. Is what is said *true?* That is my only criteria. It means that I can accept a statement and then reject the next one when spoken by the same mouth. To accept everything from one person and nothing from another only on the basis of what you think of the people involved is clearly crazy, but that happens all the time. I have been criticised for posting clips on my website of Tucker Carlson presentations and interviews because he's on Fox News (black and white – bad) and for calling out the disingenuous 'news' host Rachael Maddow on MSNBC (black and white – good). This is typical of the perception polarisation that people have fallen for whether coming from the far left (far 'progressive') or far right. They both think they are different while psychologically they are just the same and play the essential role of perceived polarities to ensure Marxist-demanded conflict and divide and rule. Anyone who judges statements and information on the basis of the political colour of the source instead of the validity of the statement and information *itself* is caught in the fly-trap. Perceptions should be formed from evidence and actions not whether someone is on MSNBC or Fox and not whether they tell us what we want to hear or not. Rachael Maddow is a professional virtue-signaller and through that a hero of the 'progressive' virtue-signalling fake 'radical left' which is being so blatantly manipulated by the elite and its place-men like Soros. Talk about babes in arms and lambs to the slaughter. 'Progressives' are programmed to believe in a black and white world that doesn't exist and they might ask how come they and the multi-billionaire elite are now on the same page and reading from the same script. How did this come about and to what end? Answer that and they may get their minds back. The same is true of the black and white right and far right and its media 'gods' like Sean Hannity on Fox and the Soros of the right, Sheldon Adelson. The fact that I unite the 'progressive' left and the far right against me in mutual condemnation gives me great comfort. I remember talking to a 'progressive' television news producer who could not compute the fact that I opposed political correctness, unchecked immigration and the hoax of human-caused 'climate change' and yet also opposed Trump. To him if I was against one then I had to be for the other. It was hilarious to observe. The world is not black and white – it's always somewhere in between. Hey, 'progressives' and far right I'll meet you there one day I hope and this nonsense can be brought to an end. The perception of love is another black and white when love is multi-faceted and often the opposite of how it is perceived. Is it love to give your child a smartphone to bring short term elation or to say no in the name of long-term protection? Is it

love to take the easy route to immediate gratitude or the harder route of short-term disappointment for long-term benefit? Is it love to spend 30 years telling people what they want to hear with all the kudos that comes with that? Or to tell them what they don't want to hear – but *need* to hear – in full knowledge of the ridicule and abuse that will ensue? Nothing is black and white except the programmed human mind.

Consequences don't matter – only the truth and freedom does

You can guess what the reaction will be to this book from Sabbatian-Frankists, ultra-Zionists and their agents and place-people. They will be apoplectic and not because what I say is not true – but because it *is* true. Of course they will claim that I'm wrong about where this is planned to go and I have been told the same so many times over the decades only for what was denied to happen. It is hilarious to hear what I say dismissed and condemned only to be proved right by the very people who are trashing it. 'A few people don't control the world and if you say so we'll silence you.' It's hysterical and what happened to me with Australia was a classic. 'He's anti-Semitic' for saying we Zionists have influence way beyond our number and so we've had him banned by the government.' I think you are supposed to be intimidated by all this, but to me they're a comedy club. What I say is planned with Israel so centrally involved is out there now and we'll see what happens from here with the passage of events won't we? If I'm wrong then it won't happen will it? No high-profile person was supposed to reveal this information and be so up-front about it. Everyone was supposed to keep their heads down in fear of the consequences and labels of racist and Nazi; but I don't give a shit what people say about me – least of all the ultra-Zionists and Death Cult behind 9/11 and so much more. I want the truth, that's all, whatever that truth may be and wherever it may take me. The harder they try to silence me the louder I will shout.

It is likely there will be efforts to ban the book or block its circulation or maybe they will just ignore it for fear of giving publicity to a book they don't want people to read – as they did with my last one. It is certainly possible that Problem-Reaction-Solution attacks on Jewish targets will be set-up to blame on the book and fuel demands for it and me to be banned. This is the modus operandi of the satanic Sabbatian-Frankist Death Cult and the wider Hidden Hand. I can't do anything about what they do in their efforts to stop me and with such psychopathic evil anything is possible. I can only control what *I* do and that will be, and will *always* be, to speak my truth no matter what the consequences. Nearly 3,000 people died on 9/11 and millions have been killed and wounded in the sequence of wars and upheavals that it was coldly exploited to trigger. For every person who has died there are many, many more who suffer the ongoing emotional consequences of

what happened to their mums and dads, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, wives and husbands. Those people deserve justice and I am not going to stay silent in fear of abuse from the ultra-Zionist hate group network that ultimately connects to the Death Cult perpetrators. The human race has been running away for thousands of years and it's time to stop.

ENOUGH! I'm sick of the bullshit.

Postscript

Just prior to this book going to print a Freedom of Information Act request led to the release of 14 images taken by and of the 'Dancing Israelis' before and during the 9/11 attacks. They are not the originals, only photocopy quality and heavily redacted by the FBI. Even the background of the towers is missing so desperate are the authorities to censor the devastating evidence the public would otherwise see. The pictures do, however, confirm the location.

Their release was remarkable given that the Department of [In]Justice had previously claimed the pictures were destroyed in 2014. Put this headline into the search engine at Davidicke.com and you can see them: Newly Released FBI Docs Shed Light on Apparent Mossad Foreknowledge of 9/11 Attacks. Some of the images, including one with Mossad operative Sivan Kurzberg holding up a lighter flame apparently against the Twin Towers in the background, are dated *September 10th*, 2001, and the rest are from September 11th. This would make sense of FBI reports of an eyewitness stating with certainty that Sivan Kurzberg was at the Doric apartments on September 10th where the Dancing Israelis would be spotted the next day when the towers were hit. Kurzberg was said to have claimed to be a 'construction worker' and he was with at least one other man with whom he conversed 'in a foreign language'. Clearly if Dancing Israelis were on site the day before the attacks and returned to film and celebrate them on 9/11 their foreknowledge is clear. Yet still the case against them was dropped in a blatant cover up of Mossad Israeli involvement. The release of the Israelis was signed off by Attorney General John Ashcroft in league with Criminal Division chief Michael Chertoff and one of Ashcroft's first clients when he entered private business was the Israeli government. Dominik Otto Suter, official owner of the Dancing Israeli Mossad-front, Urban Moving Systems, fled to Israel on September 14th, 2001, after being interviewed by the FBI, but is reported to have lived in the San Francisco area since at least 2016 as a contractor for Silicon Valley tech giants such as Google and Microsoft and also been employed by Granite Telecommunications which works for the US military and government agencies. Granite Telecommunications is headquartered in Quincy, Massachusetts, where key 9/11 computer company Ptech was based in 2001. I am not saying that this implies a connection, only stating a fact. If Suter has been resident in the United States since 9/11 why in the name of sanity has the FBI not been on his case to establish the real

background to Urban Moving Systems and why he fled to Israel after his first interview?? It has been further reported that four Israeli nationals were detained (and released like all the others) who worked for another 'moving company' called Classic International Movers. The FBI in Miami, Florida, told the Newark Division that this company had connections to at least one of the alleged 9/11 'hijackers'. A Dancing Israeli had the number of Classic International Movers in his notebook. What deceit. What a cover up. America should be outraged at the contempt for the dead by its own government that all this reveals – and it's still going on. A *New York Post* headline 18 years after the attacks said: '9/11 fund shrivels up as first responder cancer cases continue to grow'. It is described as 'cancer on steroids'. The *Post* said:

> New Yorkers who survived 9/11 are experiencing a massive surge in aggressive brain cancers as dollars for the September 11th Victim Compensation Fund continue to dry up — leaving them wondering in their final days who will support their families once they're gone.

The world is not run by psychopaths?

Nazi censorship out of control

The agenda moves on so fast and even in the short time this book has been in the production stage much has happened to confirm the themes I have highlighted and exposed. Censorship of information and opinion has reached ever more fascistic extremes through the ultimately Death Cult-controlled Internet tyrannies such as Facebook, Twitter and the rest of the censorship cabal posturing 'values' they don't have. Challenging official narratives across a swathe of subjects is increasingly likely to have you banned from these Hidden Hand, Sabbatian-Frankist and Pentagon operations that dominate the communication of information and crush any competing platforms with the usual enthusiastic support from their Hidden Hand cheerleaders in government and media. A Facebook employee revealed that Zuckerberg 'values' include having a 'hate agents list' of people it seeks to ban while another list gives 'extra credit' to employees who find creative ways to censor them. Those challenging the Big Pharma vaccine scam, transgender imposition and unchecked society-changing mass immigration have all been the particular targets of ever-growing censorship in the short time since I completed the book along with the ubiquitous 'anti-Semitism'. The ultra-Zionist and Death Cult-controlled German parliament decreed that the Boycott Divestment and Sanctions (BDS) movement is 'anti-Semitic' and called for a ban on funding groups backing BDS. Supporters of the decision included the utterly System-serving Green Party. They outrageously likened BDS to German Nazis who urged people not to

buy from Jews. So the United States and all the countries imposing economic sanctions on target governments are all racists and fascists are they? It is so transparent – they do what the Death Cult tells them while the vast majority have no idea there even is a Death Cult. Jonathan Greenblatt, Chief Executive Officer and National Director of the Mossad/Rothschild Anti-Defamation League (ADL), bragged to a meeting of the Council on Foreign Relations that they were leading the Internet censorship war on free speech:

> We work with Google on using AI to try and interrupt cyber-hate before it happens. We work with YouTube to get them to change their algorithms so it lessens the likelihood that a young person is going to run into some of these anti-Semitic conspiratorial videos. So there are different ways [Facebook] can tweak their algorithms and adjust their products so they think not only about free speech … but protect the user's right to not be harassed or hated.

Pass that through the Orwellian Translation Unit and you get censorship of any criticism or exposure of the far right regime in Israel and the force that really controls it. Greenblatt also called for more draconian laws to protect Jews from 'anti-Semitism' (see above). So-called 'world leaders' led by Rothschild frontman Emmanuel Macron met with tech giants in Paris to exploit the deaths of 51 Muslims in Christchurch, New Zealand, to justify even more draconian censorship. They took a break from bombing Muslims and supplying arms to kill Muslims in the Middle East to show how much they cared about Muslims. My god – it turns my stomach in the same way that Jews who suffered in Nazi Germany are mercilessly exploited to pursue a cold and calculated agenda of censorship today. The Hidden Hand UK, France, Germany, Spain, Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Netherlands, European Commission, Senegal, Jordan, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, India, Indonesia and Japan signed the 'Christchurch Call' agreement along with Hidden Hand Facebook, Amazon, Twitter, Google and Microsoft, but Donald Trump declined because it targets for online censorship his public support base. Soros 'progressives' and the mainstream media of course were delighted with still more censorship in their self-deluded stupidity and arrogance. They don't think *they* will be the target eventually? Bless 'em.

Intel Israel inside - *again*

Researchers found *another* back-door 'security flaw' in the Intel processor chips that drive the great majority of the world's computers. This is in addition to the one that I highlighted earlier. The 'flaw' (door) has been dubbed 'ZombieLoad' and is embedded in Intel chips opening the way for access to browser history, passwords, disk encryption keys

and other sensitive data. Experts said it was not possible to 'patch' the problem without loss of performance and access can 'also be exploited in the cloud' external to the computer. They pointed out that access could be gained while leaving no trace of what had happened. Nathaniel Gleicher, Facebook's head of cybersecurity policy, revealed that 65 Israeli accounts, 161 pages, dozens of groups and four Instagram accounts had been removed for attempting to interfere with elections. Many were linked to Tel Aviv-based political consulting and lobbying firm, the Archimedes Group, which claims to exploit social media to 'change reality'. Archimedes' chief executive Elinadav Heymann is listed as a former director of the Brussels-based lobbying group, European Friends of Israel, political adviser in the Israeli parliament and agent with Israeli Air Force intelligence. Accounts posing as political candidates and local news organisations were smearing opponents with the focus on Sub-Saharan African countries, Southeast Asia and Latin America. A headline in the Israeli daily *Haaretz* called it an 'Israeli Campaign to Disrupt Elections in African, Asian and Latin American Nations'. Tip and iceberg come to mind given what I have exposed about ultra-Zionist Internet manipulation and 'it's the Russians' is a smokescreen behind which Israeli manipulation can overwhelmingly hide. Facebook further warned users that hackers were able to remotely install software on phones and other devices by exploiting a flaw (door) in Facebook-owned WhatsApp. A simple WhatsApp missed call was enough to covertly install the software. Facebook said the cyber-attack was orchestrated by 'an advanced cyber-actor' using software developed by Israeli company NSO Group which has been referred to as a 'cyber-arms dealer'. NSO's software known as Pegasus can 'collect intimate data from a target device, including capturing data through the microphone and camera, and gathering location data'. The company said that its technology is 'licensed to authorised government agencies for the sole purpose of fighting crime and terror'. Among its clients are those bastions of democracy and human rights, Saudi Arabia, Bahrain and the UAE. Amnesty International issued a lawsuit against NSO fearing its staff could be under surveillance through Pegasus software and called on Israel's defence ministry to ban its export. The Citizen Lab research organisation at the University of Toronto said the NSO technology has been used by several countries to target human rights groups, activists and journalists with 'no attempt to rein it in'. As I write the Trump administration is targeting Chinese giant Huawei and alleging that back-doors are being installed in its technology to spy for the Chinese government. I'm sure they are – just like the US and Israel does the same – but somehow Trump must have missed that. Maybe he just forgot. Other Israeli tech companies have been exposed for attempting to manipulate elections and in 2019 Microsoft unveiled a technology called

ElectionGuard to 'protect' US elections from hacking with the fake 'Russian interference' hoax used as the excuse. Fox guarding the hen house comes to mind. Microsoft, like all the Silicon Valley giants, has massive connections to the Pentagon, DARPA (funders of ElectionGuard) and US intelligence networks and to the Israeli military and intelligence cabal including the Unit 8200 cyber elite at the Beersheba complex. Microsoft has significant investment in the 8200 front company, Team8, and its spin-off, Illusive Networks. Team8 was founded in 2014 by three former leaders of Unit 8200 and has connections to majors players like Intel, Citigroup, Microsoft and Qualcomm. Eric Schmidt, former CEO of Google (Alphabet), is a significant backer of Team8. You get the picture. See the Mintpressnews.com article: 'Microsoft's ElectionGuard a Trojan Horse for a Military-Industrial Takeover of US Elections'.

Renegades are dangerous (to the Death Cult)

The scale and depths of censorship now being imposed can be seen with two premieres of the film *Renegade* being banned in London and Los Angeles which doesn't even mention Zionism. This is a film about my life and work that was due to be shown at a venue in London owned by the Trades Union Congress (TUC) and at the Aero Theatre in Los Angeles owned by an operation called American Cinematheque which also owns the Egyptian in Hollywood. The really elderly may still remember the time when trade unions represented working people, but they have long since been absorbed by the System like the vast majority of those on the former political 'Left'. The TUC, a trade union umbrella organisation, cancelled the showing of *Renegade* the afternoon before the event because they said they believed in 'inclusivity'. The fact that they made that claim in an email *excluding* me would never have breached the walls of their programming. How more inclusive can a philosophy be than – *we are all one consciousness having different experiences*? But this would be far too deep for the software TUC. Think about that – a *trade union* organisation bans a film about a *renegade*! What confirmation of how far the 'Left' has fallen into cabal conformity. The TUC could not care less about the potential effect on the audience (we fortunately found another venue) and nor had they seen the film or read any of my books. Someone told them what to believe about me and so they did. *Pathetic.* Then there was 'American Cinematheque' which is described as 'an independent, non-profit cultural organization in Los Angeles dedicated exclusively to the public presentation of the moving image in all its forms'. Well, unless it's about me. The American Cinematheque board of directors and trustees is reported to include 'many prominent leaders in the entertainment industry', including directors and producers such as Sydney Pollack, Martin Scorsese, Mike Nichols, Francis Coppola, William Friedkin, Melvin Van Peebles, Brian Grazer, Joe Dante, Paula Wagner,

and Steve Tisch together with actors Candice Bergen and Goldie Hawn, studio chief Mike Medavoy, journalist Peter Bart, editor in chief of *Variety*, and talent agent Rick Nicita, co-chairman of Creative Artists Agency. The producer of *Renegade*, who is not a 'follower' but just thought it would make an interesting film, booked the Aero Theatre in Santa Monica weeks before the premiere and arranged for us to arrive at 4pm for a technical run-through ahead of a 6pm start. At 3.55 when we were only minutes from arriving the producer's phone rang in the back of the vehicle. He put the phone to his ear, but I clearly heard every word even from the front seat such was the volume from the other end. Firstly a woman told us they were cancelling the premiere and then a man came on shouting down the phone. Both of them, especially the man, were extremely unpleasant and basically horrible. This was a deeply sinister part of the conversation between the producer and the hysterical man:

'Is this film about *David Icke*?'

'Yes.'

'Does the film put him in a *good light*?'

'Well, yes, he comes across very well.'

Then it wasn't being shown at his theatre, the hysterical man said – hysterically.

That is another shocker to ponder. If the film does not demonise me it can't be shown but if it did there would have been no problem. We saw the same Orwellian, fascistic approach about the same time when a group of people, including Alex Jones and Muslim leader Louis Farrakhan, were banned from Facebook and Facebook-owned Instagram under the title 'dangerous individuals' that 'promote or engage in violence and hate'. None are in Facebook's league for being dangerous to human society. The ban also targets those who post information from these people or say anything positive about them. Demonising them is okay – as with me and American Cinematheque. We are well on the road to Orwell's 'unperson' – those removed from all communications and records so they do not to the general population even exist. Once again American Cinematheque could not care less about the effect on the audience which turned up at the venue to find the event had been cancelled while we battled through Los Angeles rush-hour traffic to get back to our hotel before we could tell them. David Icke is evil so anyone who supports him is evil so what does it matter if we abuse them?

That's the mentality at work in these situations because they are people who have 'values', you see. It's appropriate to give the last word in this book to the Campaign Against Antisemitism (CAA) because they spend their time saying I'm wrong while constantly proving me right. 'Enforcer' Stephen 'Little Dick' Silverman called on UK station Talkradio to 'immediately apologise' for interviewing me about *Renegade* – a film that doesn't mention Jewish people and the interview didn't mention Jewish people either. 'We are going to make a formal complaint to the station and are considering raising the matter with [media watchdog] Ofcom' said the professional censor. They were going to make a formal complaint about an interview which didn't mention Jewish people and talked about a film that doesn't mention Jewish people?

Yes, because it is not about Jewish people is it Little Dick and Dvir Abramovich who had me banned from Australia? It's about silencing the truth. At the time of writing some 500,000 people had watched the Talkradio recording – it will be many more by the time you read this – but none of them should have been allowed to hear what I said. Little Dick says so. I rest my case.

You can watch *Renegade* by going to Davidicke.com where you will also find world news every day from another perspective and my latest interviews and information. By subscribing you can access a library of my work and presentations over the last 30 years plus many other features, benefits and sources of information and exposure.

Two recommended vaccine books: *Vaccines: A Reappraisal* by Richard Moskowitz MD (Skyhorse Publishing, 2017) and *Saying No To Vaccines* by Sherri Tenpenny (Tenpenny Publishing, 2008). Also put the words 'Robert F. Kennedy Jr. exposes vaccines' into the search engine at Davidicke.com – a magnificent speech with spot-on information that every parent should hear.

For a fantastic interview exposing the catastrophic effects of 5G and microwaves with world expert Barrie Trower put these words into the Davidicke.com search engine: 'Barrie Trower 5G WiFi Smart Meters Armageddon Interview'.

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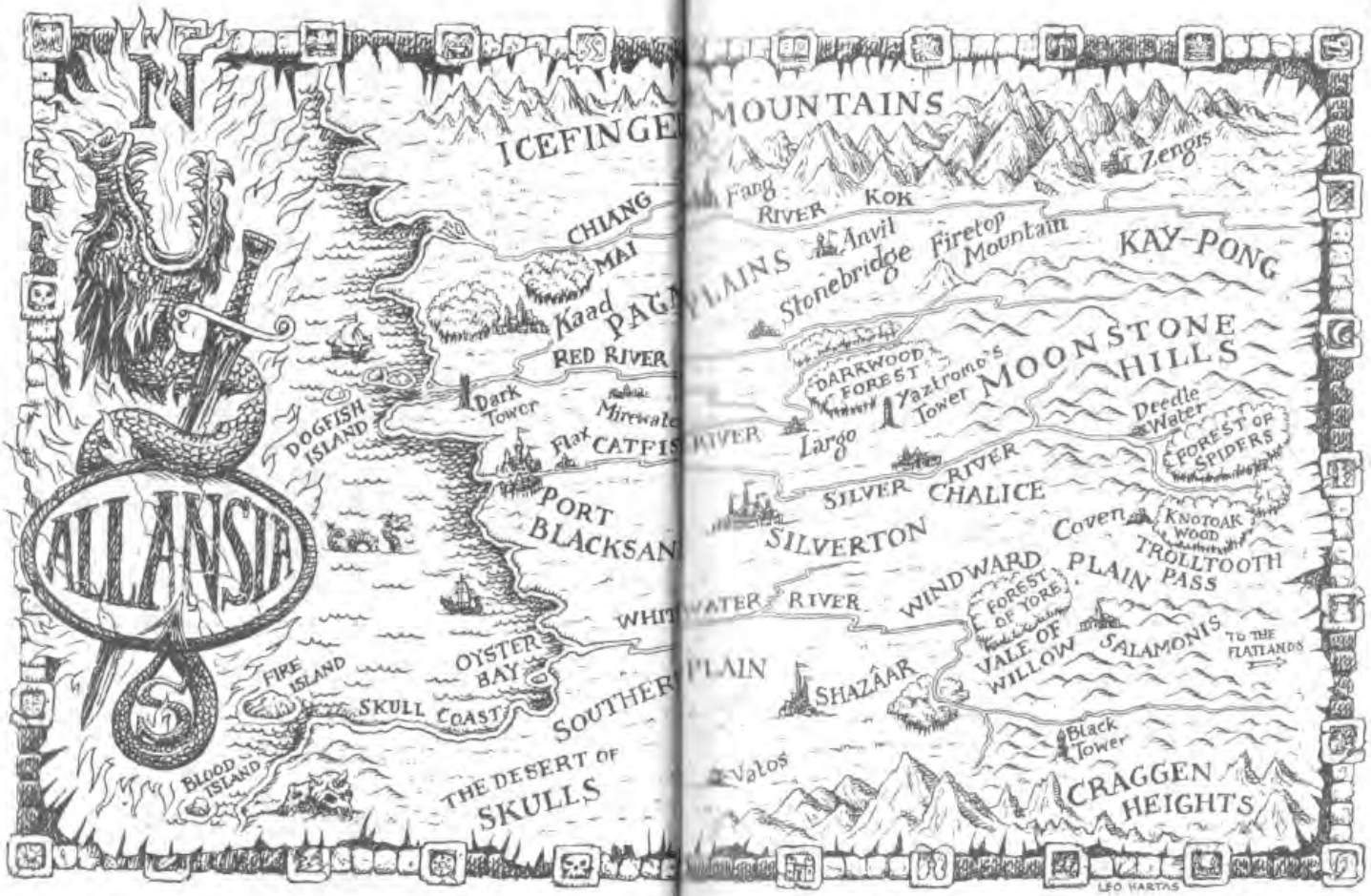
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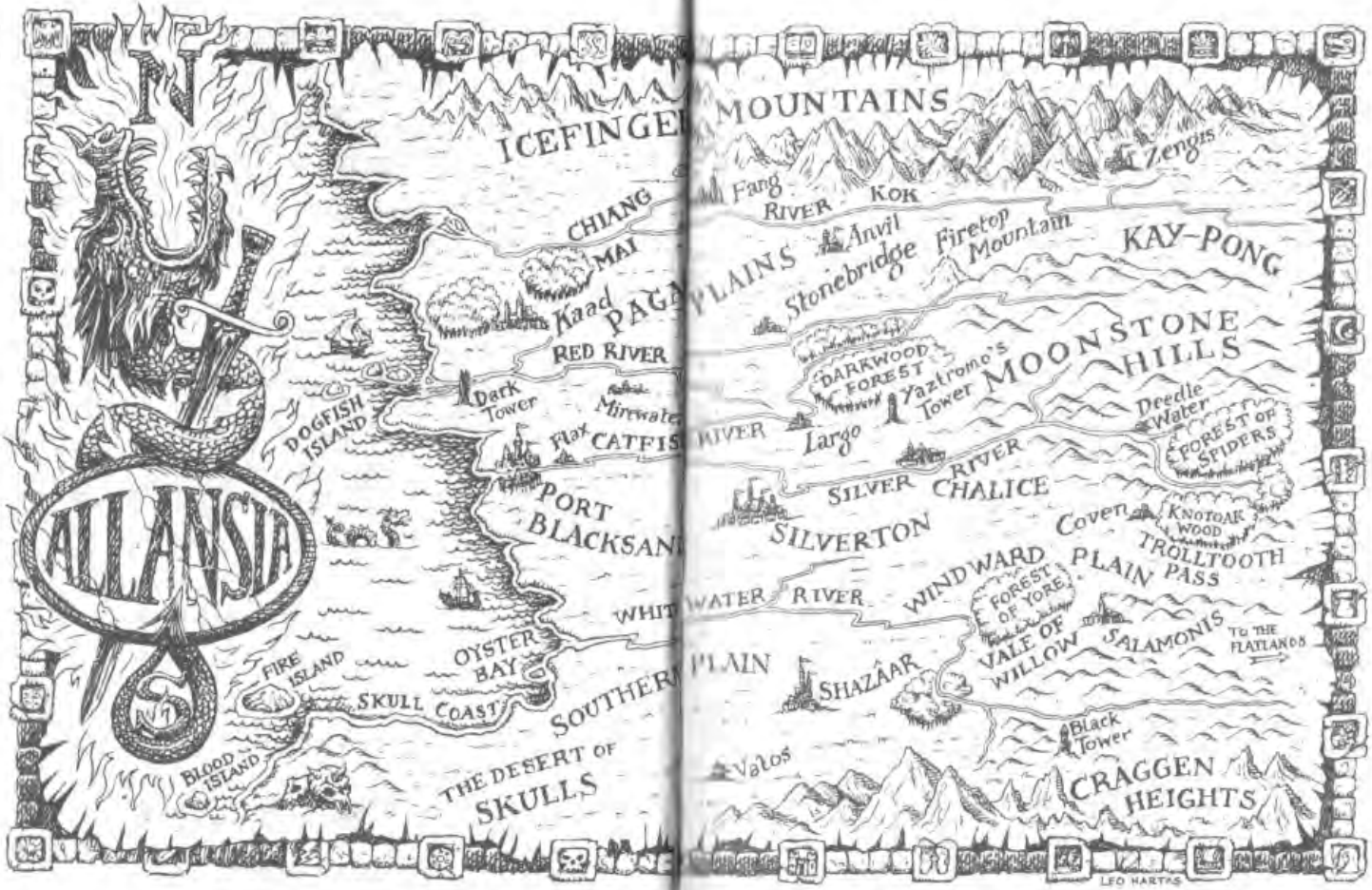
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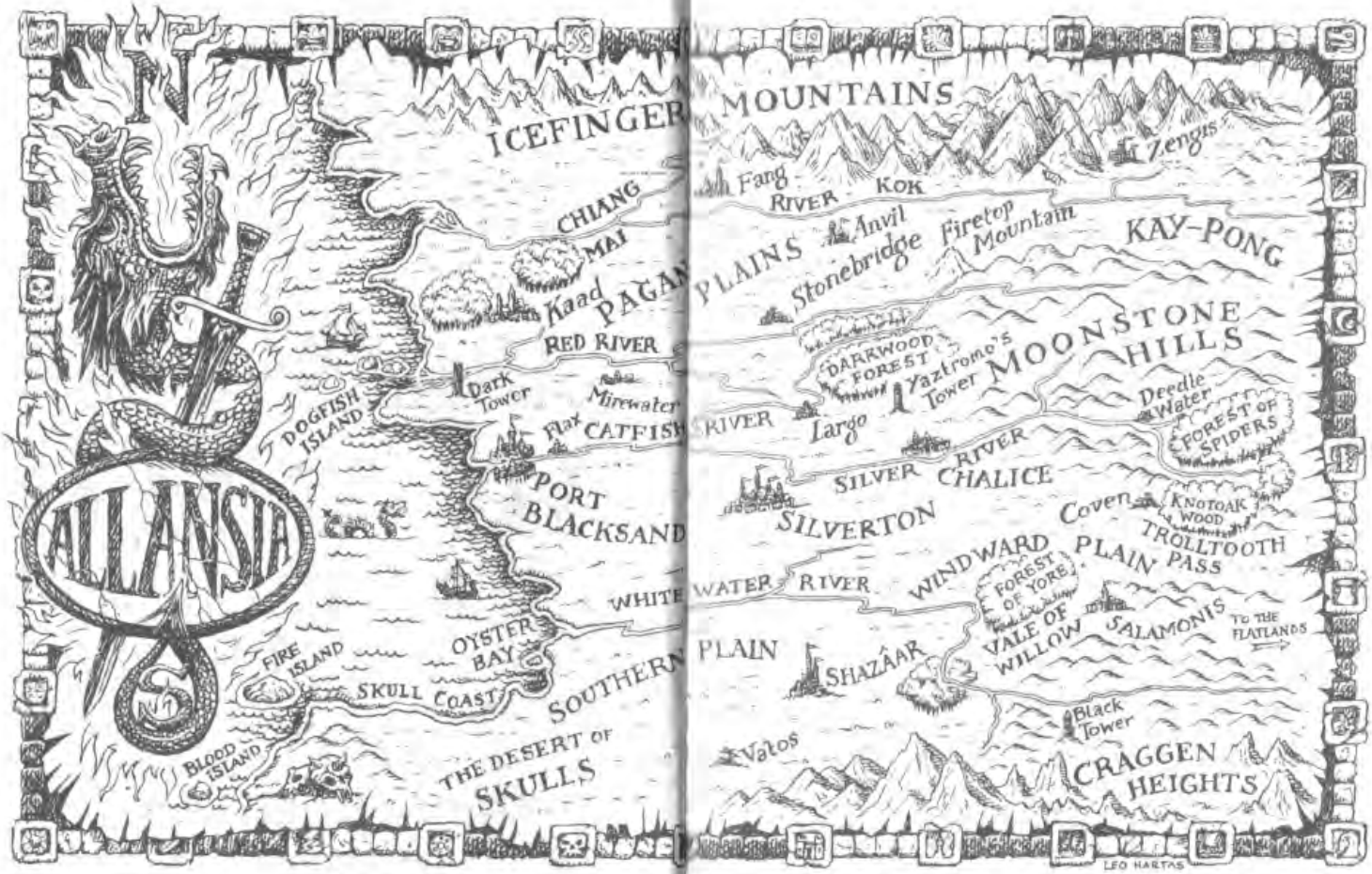
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Published in the UK by Scholastic Children's Books, 2019
Euston House, 24 Eversholt Street, London, NW1 1DB, UK
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ISBN 978 1407 19683 1

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HOW WILL YOU START YOUR ADVENTURE?

The book you hold in your hands is a gateway to another world – a world of dark magic, terrifying monsters, brooding castles, treacherous dungeons and untold danger, where a noble few defend against the myriad schemes of the forces of evil. Welcome to the world of **FIGHTING FANTASY!**

You are about to embark upon a thrilling fantasy adventure in which **YOU** are the hero! **YOU** decide which route to take, which dangers to risk and which creatures to fight. But be warned – it will also be **YOU** who has to live or die by the consequences of your actions.

Take heed, for success is by no means certain, and you may well fail in your mission on your first attempt. But

have no fear, for with experience, skill and luck, each new attempt should bring you a step closer to your ultimate goal.

Prepare yourself, for when you turn the page you will enter an exciting, perilous **FIGHTING FANTASY** adventure where every choice is yours to make, an adventure in which **YOU ARE THE HERO!**

How would you like to begin your adventure?

IF YOU ARE NEW TO FIGHTING FANTASY . . .

It's a good idea to read through the rules which appear on pages 255-263 before you start.

IF YOU HAVE PLAYED FIGHTING FANTASY BEFORE . . .

You'll realize that to have any chance of success, you will need to discover your hero's attributes. You can create your own character by following the instructions on pages 255–256. Don't forget to enter your character's details on the Adventure Sheet which appears on page 264.

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

BACKGROUND

Snake Island is a small, uninhabited island which lies between Dogfish Island and Ghost Island off the west coast of Allansia. It is rugged and inhospitable, and it is said that the reason why nobody lives there is because all those who set foot on the island are never seen again. Whether it is the terrifying creatures or undead spirits that claim the lives of visitors, nobody knows, but the rumours about Decayers, Worm Dogs and Flesh-Heads are enough to put most people off from going there. YOU have been on the island for two days, with most of the time spent making camp and foraging for food. A wager brought you to the island following a chance meeting with an old burly sea captain by the name of Samuel Crow in Port Blacksand, the notorious seaport run by the tyrant Lord Azzur. He challenged you to live on the island for a month with a wager of 20 Gold Pieces should you live to collect it. Being a brave adventurer unafraid of myths or monsters, you accepted his challenge with a shake of the hand. The captain beamed with satisfaction and slapped you on the back, saying you would regret your foolish decision. The

next day, he sailed you over to Snake Island on his boat, the *Blue Moon*. It was a thrilling ride, with huge waves battering the small sailing boat as it bobbed up and down on the ocean swell. Whooping loudly as the sea spray pounded his face, the captain trimmed his sails to get as much speed as he could out of his old boat. He taunted you most of the way, saying you would survive less than twenty-four hours. But you ignored the old salt, confident that you would be more than able to deal with any danger that the island had to offer. It was mid-afternoon by the time the rocky island appeared on the horizon, and an hour later before the captain finally dropped anchor.

"Enjoy yourself," he said sarcastically, ushering you off his boat with a flick of the hand. You jumped into the cold water and waded ashore to a stony beach littered with driftwood and sun-bleached bones. You were just able to hear the captain above the noise of the waves crashing on the beach. He wished you luck with a wry grin, saying, "I'll be back in thirty days to pay you or bury you – unless you've been eaten!" You shook your fist at him with a smile and walked off to survey your new surroundings. It soon became apparent how desolate the rocky island was, evil spirits or no evil spirits. The trees were ugly, with bent trunks and gnarled, twisted branches. The thick vegetation was hostile – a tangled mix of needle-sharp thorn bushes and poisonous creepers. A cloud

of mosquitoes buzzed around your head, and red ants crawled up your legs, biting you relentlessly. By the end of the day, you had encountered spiders, snakes, scorpions, ticks, grubs, leeches and other bloodsucking creatures that were going to make your life a misery in the weeks ahead. But having recently narrowly escaped with your life in Darkwood Forest, the prospect of living on an island didn't seem so bad. It would be a good place to test your survival skills, and hopefully reward you with the 20 Gold Pieces which you so desperately needed.

Leaving the stony beach behind, you walked round to the west side of the island to a small, sandy beach where you found an abandoned wooden hut nestled between some large boulders. The roof had holes in it and the door was hanging off its hinges, but with minor repairs it would be a good place to live for a month. The hut was empty apart from a dented tin jug on a small table made from driftwood, and two dirty sacks stuffed with old rags which had once been used as a makeshift bed. You fixed the door and mended the roof as best as you could as the light faded. When the sun slipped down below the horizon, the sky became a rich canvas of deep reds, vivid pinks and bright orange. The light quickly faded into total darkness, and there was nothing else to do but to lie down on the sacks and go to sleep. After spending an uncomfortable night as the target for countless mosquitoes, you wake up soon

after dawn to find your whole body covered in angry red bites.

You spend the morning turning leaves and shells into rainwater traps and collecting dry wood for a fire. In the afternoon you make a chair out of driftwood fastened together with vines and a fishing rod made out of a long branch, some twine washed up on the shore, and a hook made out of a button fastening. Using limpets as bait, you manage to catch two small fish which you cook on your campfire in the dying light. Darkness falls, and day two ends the same way as day one, with you trying to get to sleep whilst being eaten alive by mosquitoes.

YOUR ADVENTURE AWAITS!

MAY YOUR STAMINA NEVER FAIL!

NOW TURN OVER...

1

The wind picks up during the night on the back of a rumbling storm which rolls in from the west. Heavy rain turns into a torrential downpour and beats down noisily on the roof. Rainwater finds its way through your roof repairs and drips down on to the floorboards. You hear strange noises coming from outside, with the howling wind playing tricks on your imagination in the pitch-black darkness. The storm eventually passes, and you finally drift off to sleep, but in the middle of the night you suddenly wake up with a start. The wind has dropped, and you can hear the sound of waves breaking on the beach. But you hear another sound much closer – a tiny squeak – and one which you recognize. Somebody is trying to open the door. Who could it be? Nobody else lives on this forsaken island. It's too dark to see anything. You stand up slowly, sword in hand and heart pounding, hardly daring to breathe. If you want to stand still where you are, turn to **356**. If you want to go outside to investigate, turn to **161**.

1

The wind picks up during the night on the back of a rumbling storm which rolls in from the west. Heavy rain turns into a torrential downpour and beats down noisily on the roof. Rainwater finds its way through your roof repairs and drips down on to the floorboards. You hear strange noises coming from outside, with the howling wind playing tricks on your imagination in the pitch-black darkness. The storm eventually passes, and you finally drift off to sleep, but in the middle of the night you suddenly wake up with a start. The wind has dropped, and you can hear the sound of waves breaking on the beach. But you hear another sound much closer – a tiny squeak – and one which you recognize. Somebody is trying to open the door. Who could it be? Nobody else lives on this forsaken island. It's too dark to see anything. You stand up slowly, sword in hand and heart pounding, hardly daring to breathe. If you want to stand still where you are, turn to **356**. If you want to go outside to investigate, turn to **161**.

2

The warrior's aim is deadly accurate, but you just manage to raise your shield in time to meet the spear, which clatters off and falls harmlessly to the ground. The warrior is only twenty metres away and closing in fast, wielding two long knives. If you want to reach for her spear and throw it back at her, turn to **96**. If you want to draw your sword and ready yourself for combat, turn to **266**.

3

The Monk berates you for wasting his time. If you want to attack him with your sword, turn to **260**. If you would rather ignore him and walk across the market square to Clock Street, turn to **140**.

4

You raise your sword and strike the Orc a mighty blow in its midriff as it runs past the tree you are hiding behind. It stops in its tracks and falls to the ground with blood pouring from its stomach. It is badly injured but manages to get back up on its feet. Roaring in pain, it staggers

towards you, spitting blood and swinging its morning star. You must finish off the Orc quickly before the other Orcs hear the commotion.

ORC	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 2*

If you win the fight in the first Attack Round, turn to **311**. If it takes two or more Attack Rounds to defeat the Orc, turn to **193**.

5

From where you are lying, you have a good view of the ship's mast and the lone lookout standing in the crow's nest. The lookout suddenly becomes agitated and calls down to the crew on deck, yelling at them to look west. You hear the pirate captain order his helmsman to turn his ship hard right, which makes the *Blue Moon* take on water as it rolls from side to side and causes you to bang your head. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You decide the best thing to do to avoid being sunk is to cut the tow rope. Turn to **88**.

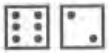

Two Dwarfs wearing horned helmets

6

You reach for the idol and hear a click. An unseen trapdoor suddenly gives way under your feet and you fall through it, landing on the cellar floor and banging your head. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Lying on the damp floor in pain, you are plunged into darkness when the trapdoor is pulled back up and bolted. It seems like an age before the trapdoor opens again, whereupon you see two DWARFS wearing horned helmets staring down at you with curious expressions on their faces. They are identical twins with long ginger hair tied in plaits, beards, moustaches, eyes set close together, missing front teeth and big, hairy noses which they are both picking furiously. One of them stops picking his nose for a moment and says in a long, drawn-out voice, "Well, brother Billy, who have we caught trespassing?"

"No idea, brother Bobby."

"Is it somebody we know?"

"Nobody I know. Is it somebody you know?"

"No."

"Well, somebody must know!"

"You could always ask."

"I will," says Billy. "Hey, you down there, who do you think you are coming into our house without being asked? Did you not read the sign outside? Let me tell you that we are the Bogg brothers. I'm Billy Bogg and this here is my brother Bobby Bogg. We don't like visitors, and we really hate trespassers. What have you got to say for yourself?"

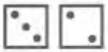

If you want to reply that you were looking to buy some food, turn to **38**. If you want to tell them that you are on the run from assassins, turn to **291**.

7

You take aim and hurl the meat cleaver at the pirate as hard as you can. It is a miracle shot and strikes the pirate on the side of the head, knocking him out. He slumps forward on to the deck and lets go of the sailing ropes. The *Blue Moon* drifts to a halt, and you are able to catch up with it and climb on board. The scraggy-looking pirate slowly comes around, moaning and groaning. You tie his hands behind his back and ask him why you shouldn't throw him in the sea to feed to the Blood Sharks. "I know who you are. I saw your face on a poster in Port Blacksand," the pirate says gruffly. "I've got something you need. Let me live and I will tell you what it is." You tell him to keep talking and you'll think about it. "I know the assassins are hunting you, and there's one who will try to poison you with snake venom. See my earring? It's a Snakefang. Wear it, and you won't come to any harm from snake venom." If you want to take the pirate's earring and wear it, turn to **37**. If you do not want to take the earring, turn to **296**.

8

You come to the foot of a hill and begin to breathe heavily as you run up it. The chasing Orcs charge up the hill without breaking step and are now only metres behind you. Exhausted, you turn to face them. Turn to **230**.

9

Back on dry land, you slip your hand inside the leather straps on the back of the shield. You feel a sudden surge of power run up your arm. You have found the Shield of the Sentinels. Add 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *LUCK* point. Pleased with your new piece of armour, you gather up your belongings and climb back up the stone steps to the top of the cliff. Turn to **127**.

10

Billy smiles and says, "That seems like a fair offer to me, brother Bobby. Throw the rope down to our new friend." You pick up the assassin's axes and climb out of the cellar and are greeted by the brothers, who slap you on the back. "No hard feelings, I hope?" says Billy. You shake your head and hand him an axe, a ring and 9 Gold Pieces. The brothers shake your hand and walk with you to the wooden gate, where they bid you farewell. You wave goodbye and set off again towards Kaad. Turn to **307**.

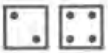

11

You fill the tin jug with water from the rainwater traps outside and can't stop thinking about the attempt on your life. After quenching your thirst, you decide to go in search of food. You are very hungry, having eaten only a bit of fish the previous day. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to go fishing again, turn to **34**. If you want to explore the island for food, turn to **116**.

12

You undo the clasp and open the book to find that all the pages are hollowed out of the middle and there is a finely engraved gold ring wrapped in wool lying in the cavity. There are no words in the book other than an instruction on the title page penned in elaborate italic gold writing, which reads, *Kiss the Warp Ring to go back one minute in time. Choose your moment carefully because this can be done but once*. The chance to go back in time is impossible to resist and you slip the ring on to your middle finger. You turn it round and round on your finger as you walk back up the stairs to go outside with your mind spinning, thinking about what it might be like to go back in time. Turn to **305**.

13

You raise your arm just in time as the piercing arrow clatters into your shield and ricochets away. Your assailant reloads and fires again, but you manage to deflect the second arrow. With your sword drawn, you charge at your attacker, who throws back her hood to reveal the unmistakable features of a DARK ELF PRIESTESS. Her neck is covered with tattoos of writhing serpents and her long ice-white hair is tied up high on her head. She is wearing studded leather armour with iron-plated shoulder pads. Staring at you with cold, amethyst-blue eyes, she draws her long sword slowly from its scabbard, a shimmering blade made of the finest Salamonian steel enveloped in a swirling mist of vivid colours. Swinging it skilfully above her head, the Dark Elf advances towards you, meeting your sword with a clash of steel, her chilling war cry sending a shiver down your spine.

DARK ELF PRIESTESS	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **61**.

14

You climb into the back of the open carriage, and the driver cracks his whip in the air to spur his horse into a trot. The woman turns to you as you speed along the dusty track and says, "My name is Florence Figgins. I'm the town's undertaker. I am on my way to Anvil to visit relatives. The chances are we won't get there before nightfall, but Henry here is more than capable of defending me from the creatures of the Pagan Plain. Now sit back and enjoy the ride. We should be at Otto's within the hour." The light begins to fade and by the time the carriage comes to a halt outside a log cabin, shadows are already creeping over the land. "Welcome to Otto's Outpost," Florence says warmly. "This is as far as you go with us. I hope you manage to track down Lord Azzur before he returns to Port Blacksand. Good luck." You jump down from the carriage and thank Florence for the ride. She snaps her fingers and her driver cracks his whip to send the horse into a gallop, and you watch the carriage disappear in a cloud of dust towards the setting sun. The log cabin looks to be well built and secured with wooden shutters on all the windows. There is a wooden sign above the door which reads OTTO'S OUTPOST. It's been a grisly day and you are relieved to find shelter. Turn to **264**.

15

Apart from the boat being rocked by a school of Blubber Whales swimming close by, the voyage passes without

incident. You sail along the rugged Allansian coastline until you come to an estuary which you know to be the entrance to Red River. You sail a short distance up the river to where there are two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the *Blue Moon* over to the bank, jump out, and tie it up to a small dock. It feels good to be back on dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur will not rest until one of his assassins has delivered your head to him. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would be better prepared. Now you suspect everybody you meet could be an assassin. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him. You walk towards the buildings, which you note are a boatyard and a general store. Thinking you might be able to sell the *Blue Moon*, you decide to visit the boatyard first. Turn to **288**.

16

You come to a small sunlit glade where lots of exotic wild flowers are blooming. You walk through the glade but become anxious when you suddenly feel the ground tremble. You are thrown off your feet by a violent tremor and carried up into the air on a bed of soil engulfed in the jaws of a GIANT SLUGWORM which rises out of the ground. Its massive tubular body rises five metres into the air before it closes its jaws to swallow you whole. Everything goes dark. Your adventure is over.

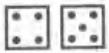

17

A thick glob of drool flies past your head, just missing you. You do not stop to look back and you run through the undergrowth as fast as you can. Turn to **213**.

18

You run as fast as you can, but you are breathing hard after the gruelling battle with the Orc. You look round to see the chasing band of Orcs is slowly closing in on you. If you are carrying a Bag of Everything, turn to **94**. If you are carrying an ordinary backpack, turn to **376**.

19

The old man, who you notice has a bald pate and a ring on every finger, stops in his tracks and begins speaking cheerfully in rhyming couplets.

"No doubt the reason you've stopped me here
Is because it can't be me you fear
Perhaps you think my sack contains
Treasure, gold or illicit gains?
Banish all thoughts of theft and plunder
That would be an enormous blunder
I might look old and frail and tragic
But I'm a Monk with the power of deadly magic."

The old man folds his arms across his chest and starts

tapping his right foot impatiently, waiting for you to speak. If you want to ask him if there is anything in his sack that he would like to sell, turn to **211**. If you want to attack him with your sword, turn to **260**.

20

The blacksmith puts down his ladle and picks up his stone hammer. "Horseshoes? Don't take me for a fool. Where's your horse? Get out of here before I kick you out!" Rather than argue with the angry blacksmith, you go back outside and walk down the side passage. Turn to **330**.

21

The pirate ship is fast closing in on the *Blue Moon*, and you let go of the ropes to let the sail flap as though the boat is adrift. The pirates will be eager to find out if you have anything worth stealing, and your pretending to be dead might not deter them from finding out. If you possess a bottle of red ink, turn to **180**. If you do not have any ink, turn to **95**.

22

You are relieved to have survived another assassination attempt. The first thing that catches your eye is the warrior woman's silver necklace with the now familiar scorpion pendant hanging from her neck. You snatch it from her

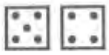

The storekeeper looks over the top of his wire-rimmed spectacles

and place it in your pocket with the others. You also take the snake-shaped gold armband from her right bicep and empty her leather pouch, which contains 2 Gold Pieces. If you want to try on the armband, turn to **318**. If you would rather place it in your backpack, turn to **139**.

23

A bell rings when you open the door, and you see a curly-haired man behind a counter putting canvas backpacks on a shelf. All the shelves are crammed with hats, gloves, boots, belts, water flasks, rope and general camping equipment. The floor is covered with sacks, barrels and boxes filled with bread, vegetables, grain and dried foodstuffs. A glass display case on the counter contains some interesting-looking objects with runes and mysterious symbols on them. The storekeeper looks over the top of his wire-rimmed spectacles, smiles and says, "Well, well, well, if it isn't Lord Azzur's favourite person! I recognize your face. What brings you here?" Will you:

Reply that you don't know what he's talking about?	Turn to **58**
Say that you want to buy some Provisions?	Turn to **64**
Ask him if he sells Elven Boots?	Turn to **317**
Smile politely and leave the store to head east on foot?	Turn to **203**

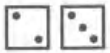

24

You give a quick wave to the angry crew, turn, and dive over the back of the ship. You soon reach the *Blue Moon*, which is under tow in the wake of the pirate ship. You grab hold of the side and haul yourself on board. You know your only chance of survival is to act quickly and cut the rope attached to the grappling hook. Turn to **88**.

25

Azzur looks at you with contempt and says in a sinister voice, "Miserable worm. You failed to kill them all. Look behind you!" Before you have time to turn, your head is cleaved from your neck by a flashing blade. A huge cheer erupts from the excited crowd, many of whom have travelled far to see blood spilled today. Lord Azzur puts his arm around his assassin and says, "Congratulations. Not only have you earned my reward of 1,000 Gold Pieces, but you have also earned the right to represent me in Deathtrap Dungeon today. You will earn another 1,000 Gold Pieces of the prize money – if you survive!" The assassin bows to Lord Azzur and Baron Sukumvit raises his arm for the trumpets to signal the start of this year's Trial of Champions. The crowd goes wild, and one by one the

contestants salute the Baron and run through the ornate stone-pillared dungeon entrance and disappear into the darkness. Your adventure is over.

26

You hand over 2 Gold Pieces to Tall Tom, which brings a big smile to his face. "Thank you," he says happily. "I should also thank you for getting rid of Vassell. He was an all-round disgusting human being. He was rude, ate like a pig and his room stank. I could hardly believe it when he told me he was an assassin working for Lord Azzur! He showed me a 'Wanted' poster and told me he was going to chop your head off! He said that you might be coming here and that there were other assassins looking for you, although he was convinced he would win the 1,000 Gold Piece bounty. So much for that plan! But the others will undoubtedly pick up your trail. Now you don't look like a murderer to me, and the only way you can stop this is to find Lord Azzur and convince him to call off his dogs. So, what I suggest is, why don't you speak to Sidd the Seer over there? He's a little strange, but he sees things nobody else sees." You look over at the eccentric-looking man sitting at the table who smiles nervously and then looks away again. Will you:

Go over to talk to Sidd?	Turn to **74**
Leave the tavern and head north?	Turn to **133**
Leave the tavern and continue east?	Turn to **157**

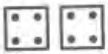

27

You lose your footing and fall off the path, tumbling head over heels on to the beach below. You land on a patch of soft sand but are winded and twist your ankle badly. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. You look up to see the Flesh-Head peering down over the cliff edge, snarling aggressively. You stand up, winded and in considerable pain, and walk gingerly over to the mouth of the cave. Turn to **201**.

28

The door isn't locked and opens into a large room which smells of sewage and looks like it hasn't been cleaned in years. Old bones, dirty clothes, broken furniture, cracked plates, mouldy cheese, rotten meat, empty bottles and two dead dogs are piled up on both sides of a narrow walkway to the back of the room, where there is a filthy iron stove encrusted with burnt food. A blackened pot of cabbage water is bubbling away on the stove and there is, strangely, a golden idol in the shape of a pig on the shelf above it. If you want to take the idol, turn to **6**. If you would rather walk back to the entrance gate and head towards Kaad, turn to **307**.

29

The boat man glares at you and says, "I told you my offer was 20 Gold Pieces. That was a fair price. Now it's 15 Gold Pieces." You try to argue with him, but he threatens to drop his offer to 10 Gold Pieces. You reluctantly accept the offer of 15 Gold Pieces, which he counts out into your hand coin by coin. With the transaction done, he turns and walks back into his yard with his dogs following faithfully behind. If you now want to go in the general store, turn to **327**. If you would rather head east on foot immediately, turn to **203**.

30

The man shrugs and says, "Oh, that's a pity, but never mind. So, what can I do for you?" If you want to say that you have come to return a box that you believe belongs to him, turn to **386**. If you want to ask if he has seen Lord Azzur in town, turn to **167**.

31

The man smiles and pulls out a mini crossbow from inside his coat and fires it at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **374**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **175**.

32

If you want to sell your old pair of leather boots, turn to **384**. If you have a pair of Elven Boots and want to sell them, turn to **324**.

33

Relieved to have survived another assassination attempt, you reach down to open Red Ruth's cloak and find a silver necklace around her neck with a scorpion pendant hanging from it. You break the chain and place the pendant in your pocket with the others. How many more assassins are out there, you ask yourself. You can only speculate as you walk up the passageway which leads on to Brick Street. If you want to go left and walk to the next junction, turn to **137**. If you would rather turn right and walk towards a small group of people who are standing at a crossroads, turn to **396**.

34

You spend two hours casting your line into the sea but fail to catch a single fish. The sea is rough, and the fish aren't

biting. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point and 1 *LUCK* point. If you want to carry on fishing, turn to **382**. If you would rather explore the island, turn to **116**.

35

The woman curses and says, sneering, "You are right to be suspicious of me, stranger. I am not Frances Fletcher. The real arrow maker had an unfortunate accident recently and is sadly no longer with us. My name is Gretta Morg. I am an assassin sent by Lord Azzur. Prepare to die!" The assassin reaches behind her and pulls out two short swords from sheaths hidden behind her back. You must fight her to the death.

GRETTA MORG	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **321**.

36

Your hands are shackled behind your back, and you are made to stand bleeding and battered in front of the baying crowd to await your fate. Baron Sukumvit orders his Guards to remove your helmet, and the crowd gasps when your face is revealed. Lord Azzur stares at you coldly, unmoved by the attack. The Baron turns to his guest and says, "My sincere apologies for this outrage, my dear Lord Azzur. As punishment, might I suggest we put this criminal in the iron gibbet hanging from the gallows in the town square and let the hungry crows do the rest?" Lord Azzur gives his approval with a simple gesture of the hand. You are dragged from the podium but manage to catch Throm's eye and mouth "good luck" to him. Whilst his fate is unknown, for you, the gallows await. Your adventure is over.

37

You take the earring and see that it has been made out of snake fangs. You fix it to your ear, wary that it might be a trick, but nothing untoward happens. "You'll thank me for this one day," the pirate says with a sneer. He asks you to untie him, but you refuse, saying that you will set him free only when you approach landfall. You trim the

sail and set a course away from the sea monster, which could appear again at any moment. If you want to head due east towards the Red River estuary, turn to **345**. If you would rather sail south-east to Port Blacksand, turn to **393**.

38

Brother Bobby rubs his chin and says, "Why would you say that? Any fool can see our crops are rotten! What do you think, brother Billy?" Billy rubs his chin and says, "You make a good point, brother Bobby. What I want to know is why was this sneak thief standing by the oven? Was it that maybe they had their eye on our little piggy? What say you down there?" If you want to insist that you were hoping to buy some food, turn to **240**. If you want to admit that you were going to steal the golden idol, turn to **143**.

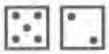

"My name is Zeedle. I am the Ferryman of Fang."

39

You tap the brass bell with the edge of your sword. It rings out sharply and the man sits up with a start. He has long hair sticking out from under his woollen hat, and a lined and weathered face. His black woolen jumper matches his hat, and he smiles warmly as he steps on to the jetty, saying, "Good morning. My name is Zeedle. I am the Ferryman of Fang. For 1 Gold Piece I will gladly row you across the river. Please step aboard. I would advise against swimming across since this part of the river is teeming with flesh-eating Snapperfish." Will you:

Pay Zeedle 1 Gold Piece?	Turn to **77**
Punch him in the face?	Turn to **132**
Swim across the river?	Turn to **155**

40

The bracelet used to belong to an infamous pirate called "Stumpy" Stanley Stubbs who died at sea from food poisoning. His loot was shared out by his crew, including the bracelet, which was taken by a deckhand by the name of Jack Jamlo who later came to Snake Island and was never seen again. What neither of them knew is that the bracelet had been cursed by a blind Witch so that bad luck would come to all those who wore it, including you. Lose 5 *LUCK* points. Unaware of the curse, you are pleased with the bracelet, and head west back to your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **217**.

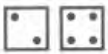

41

The chicks stop screeching and you look down and see the Orc walk past the tree. You breathe a sigh of relief and climb down the tree when he is out of sight. You make your way quickly north to get as far away as you can from the Orcs. But just when you think you have escaped, a long blast on a hunting horn signals that you have been spotted by one of their scouts. You hear a loud roar behind you and the thunder of heavy footsteps of the band of Orcs giving chase. All you can do is run. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **241**. If you are wearing ordinary leather boots, turn to **18**.

42

The assassin sees you running towards the tavern. He aims his crossbow at you and fires. The bolt thumps into your thigh with a dull thud. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. The pain is terrible, and unable to run, you stop to pull the bolt out. But there is no time to treat the wound, as the tavern door suddenly bursts open. A heavily built man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern, screaming at the top of his voice, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. You draw your sword and ready yourself to fight the

deadly assassin, Garanka Vassell. Turn to **53**.

43

You draw your sword and launch yourself at the giant carnivorous plant, hacking furiously at its proboscis. The fibrous texture is tough to cut through, and poor Captain Crow howls in agony each time you strike it. You finally manage to cleave through it, causing the vines to loosen their iron-like grip on the captain. You extract the proboscis from the captain's throat, but there is nothing you can do to save him. Whilst burying the captain, you see the proboscis of another Bloodwort creeping towards you, which you skewer with your sword. You walk back to the beach deep in thought and inadvertently step on a nest of Giant Fire Ants. Hundreds of ants swarm up your legs and sting you multiple times, injecting you with poisonous venom. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You run back to the beach as fast as you can, picking up a piece of wood on the way to replace the broken tiller. Still covered in ants, you wade straight out to sea to wash them off before jumping on board the *Blue Moon*. It doesn't take long to repair the broken tiller and, job done, you let out the mainsail and cast off. Turn to **71**.

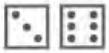

44

Much to your relief, the key turns in the lock. You release the iron catch holding the trap shut and free your ankle. After bandaging the wound, you continue on your way and eventually come to a rickety old gate on the right which has a large sign nailed to it with the words BOGG FARM – BOG OFF painted on it. A gravel path leads from the gate to an old farmhouse, which sits in the middle of a small field separated from the grassland by a wooden fence. There is a stone post next to the gate with an arrow carved on it pointing towards the town and the words KAAD – 1 MILE underneath. From this distance, Kaad looks like it is a small town. The buildings are few in number and are mostly one or two storeys high except a stone tower in the centre of town. If you want to open the gate and walk up the path to the farmhouse, turn to **70**. If you would rather continue on to Kaad, turn to **307**.

45

The path alongside the river takes you through a wooded area beyond which there is a wooden building in the distance. As you get close, you see a sign above the front door which says TALL TOM'S TAVERN. If you talked to Harold Cornpepper about Tall Tom's Tavern, turn to **197**. If you didn't talk to him about the tavern, turn to **166**.

46

You aren't strong enough to pull the skeleton hand away, and the bony fingers sink deeper and deeper into your throat. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Gasping for air, you are on the verge of passing out and summon all your remaining strength to pull the hand away from your throat. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **214**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **337**.

47

The path veers away from the tributary and goes into a wooded area. You make your way carefully through the wood, ever alert for assassins who might be lying in wait to ambush you. You follow the path up a gentle hill and down the other side to where the wood opens out on to a large grass-covered plain. You see that the path continues north towards a forest and is met by another path heading north-east towards a town in the far distance. If you want to stay on the path heading north towards the forest, turn to **101**. If you want to walk to the junction and take the new path heading towards the town, turn to **200**.

48

You walk up to the men and see them pull long knives from inside their clothing. On the wall behind them, you see a "Wanted" poster with your face on it. The THIEVES know who you are, and you have no option but to fight them.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First THIEF	*7*	*7*
Second THIEF	*6*	*8*

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to **184**.

49

Silence descends over the crowd. Azzur plays to the audience, rubbing his chin as though appearing to be deep in thought. "That's a good number," he says coldly. "But it's not good enough!" Turn to **25**.

50

The Worm Dog's saliva is infected with a deadly virus. If you possess a bottle of Worm Paste, turn to **192**. If you do not have any Worm Paste, turn to **227**.

51

The little man shakes his head in disbelief and watches you disappear into the forest. You hear him call out,

"You'll be sorry," but ignore his warning. The thick foliage overhead cuts out much of the sunlight and makes the forest very dark and gloomy. It's hard work finding a way through the trees and dense undergrowth, and you keep stumbling over roots that are hidden by a thick covering of leaves. If you wish to press on regardless, turn to **16**. If you would rather retrace your steps and head east along the edge of the forest towards Kaad, turn to **328**.

52

You hear the click of the trigger, but the pistol misfires with the flint failing to ignite the powder in the chamber. The captain curses and draws his cutlass, telling his crew to stand back. "Leave this scurvy rat to me," he says in a gruff voice.

PIRATE CAPTAIN *SKILL 8* *STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **239**.

His longsword is held high above his head

53

Garanka Vassell is in a violent rage with his mad eyes bulging in their sockets and his tongue sticking out of his gold-toothed mouth. He runs at you, screaming loudly, his chain mail vest glistening in the sun. His longsword is held high above his head, gripped firmly in his enormous hands, and he brings it down to strike you with all his brutish might.

GARANKA VASSELL *SKILL 10* *STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **387**.

54

There are four items in the display case which especially catch your eye. A gold bracelet etched with a sun symbol, a runic scroll, a silver ring with a ruby centre stone and a brass flute. "I see you've got your eye on a couple of things," the storekeeper says, eagerly rubbing his hands together. "Let me tell you about them. The Bracelet of Power will increase your fighting ability (add 3 *SKILL* points). The Scroll of Invisibility will enable you to turn invisible for a minute. Just hold the scroll out in front of you and utter the words 'Now you see me, now you don't.' The Ring of Healing will restore your health (add 6 *STAMINA* points). The Magic Flute always plays the same song no matter what notes you play, but I don't

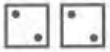

know what it is. Each item costs 5 Gold Pieces or you can have all four for 15 Gold Pieces. Interested?" If you want to buy one or more of the items, pay the storekeeper the amount and make a note of your purchases. You thank him for his help and leave the store to head east in pursuit of Garanka Vassell. Turn to **203**.

55

You run up the street with the townsfolk chasing after you, shouting and waving their fists. If you want to run down an alleyway up ahead on the right, turn to **150**. If you have two Gold Pieces and want to throw them in the air to distract the chasing pack, turn to **113**.

56

You hear a faint click when you lift up the lid. You flinch, half expecting a poison dart to shoot out, but nothing happens. Inside the chest you find a leather purse tied shut, and a small silver box. Will you:

Open the leather purse?	Turn to **319**
Open the silver box?	Turn to **377**
Close the chest and scour the beach?	Turn to **231**

57

The heat subsides, and you immediately feel sharper and more powerful. You are wearing a Mamba Band with its snake-like magic powers which will increase your energy and improve your reflexes. Add 2 *SKILL* points, 2 *STAMINA* points and 1 *LUCK* point. Pleased with your find, you think about which way to head. If you want to keep going north, turn to **87**. If you want to head east along the new path, turn to **222**.

58

The storekeeper looks at you and says dismissively, "Don't give me that nonsense. Who are you trying to fool? Your face is on the poster outside. Don't lie to me or I'll be tempted to have a go at claiming the 1,000 Gold Pieces myself! You need my help, but now it's going to cost you 1 Gold Piece to stop me from closing my store and going home." If you want to pay the storekeeper, turn to **91**. If you would rather tell him to whistle for his Gold Piece and leave the store to head east on foot, turn to **203**.

59

The Assassin's dagger is coated with deadly frog poison, and although you only suffer a slight flesh wound, you drop to the ground feeling as though your blood is boiling. You begin to shake uncontrollably and soon pass out, never to regain consciousness. Your adventure is over.

60

When she sees you draw your sword, the assassin curses and pulls out two short swords from sheaths hidden behind her back. You must fight her to the death.

GRETTA MORG	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **321**.

61

With blood trickling from her mouth, the Dark Elf still manages a contemptuous smile, and says in her dying breath, "I might have failed . . . but one of our guild will see you dead." With that, her head slumps to one side, and

she falls silent. You notice that she is wearing the same silver necklace and scorpion pendant as the bearded man who tried to kill you the previous night. You snatch it from her neck and put it in your pocket. "Bravo!" you hear a voice call out cheerfully. You turn and walk over to the *Blue Moon*, where you find Captain Crow chained to the mast. "That was impressive. I never thought you would get the better of Oleander Redfly. Now, if you don't mind, would you please release me from these wretched chains? The key is in there," he says, pointing at a wooden box on the foredeck. After freeing the captain, you ask him why people are trying to kill you. You show him the pendants and tell him about last night's attempt on your life. "That would have been Tarrak Kazan. He's an assassin," he says matter-of-factly. "Kazan won the right to have the first chance to assassinate you." The captain sees the puzzled expression on your face and begins a detailed account of what happened to him since he left you to fend for yourself on Snake Island. He recounts how he sailed back to Port Blacksand, where he saw "Wanted" posters plastered all over the city with a drawing of your face on them and a bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces being offered by Lord Azzur for your head. The captain foolishly told the innkeeper at the Rusty Anchor Inn, where he was staying, that you had been sailing with him earlier that day. The innkeeper grunted as though uninterested, but the next morning the captain was hauled away by Imperial Guards

to Lord Azzur's palace to face his cruel interrogators. "Threatened with torture," he says, "I had no option but to tell the pig-faced brutes that I knew where you were. As soon as Lord Azzur found out, he stormed into the room and started screaming at me and kicking me for helping a prime suspect leave Port Blacksand. Whether or not it was true, his spies had told him that you had killed his master, Zanbar Bone. Now, I'm no fan of Zanbar Bone, and I say good riddance to the Demon Prince, but what was I supposed to do? I had no choice but to tell him that I had taken you to Snake Island. When he finished kicking me, Azzur sent for his best assassins from the notorious Scorpion Guild of Assassins to hunt you down. Kazan and Redfly might be dead, but there will be more assassins coming after you, I'm afraid. I watched them coolly draw straws to decide who would go first to hunt you down. Tarrak Kazan drew the longest straw and set off immediately. As we know, he didn't return with your head! The next day I was forced to sail back to Snake Island with Oleander Redfly on board, the next assassin in line to kill you. She boasted that she had assassinated many hapless victims and you would be next, but clearly she was wrong!" the captain says with gusto. "The problem we now have is that since Redfly will not return to the palace with your head this evening, Azzur will send out his next assassin to claim the bounty. He might be impatient enough to send them all out at once to hunt you down! On our voyage here, Redfly said that she was lucky to go second, as the assassins following her were the meanest, cruellest and most brutal assassins in all Allansia. I really feared for your life when she told me about a couple of them, particularly an ex-mercenary fighter called Garanka Vassell. His speciality is removing a victim's head from their shoulders with one swipe of his two-handed sword. I've never seen a more mean-looking brute. He had a dent in his skull caused by a war-hammer blow, and he also had a mouthful of gold teeth. We should leave Snake Island soon before Vassell pays us a visit! But I don't think right now is the time to be going to sea. Look, there's a storm brewing," the captain says, pointing at the darkening sky. "What do you want to do?" If you want to spend another night on the island, turn to **302**. If you want to tell Captain Crow to set sail immediately, turn to **182**.

62

A crossbow bolt flies past your head and slams into a tree trunk with a dull thud. You spin round and see the tavern door burst open. A bald-headed man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern screaming, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. You notice that he has a dent in his skull and all his teeth are made of gold. It is the deadly assassin Garanka Vassell and you must fight him. Turn to **53**.

63

You follow the woman down a flight of narrow steps to a candlelit tunnel which ends at a wooden door. The woman turns to you and says, "My inner eye told me you were in danger. You'll be safe here. Your face is familiar, but I can't place it. Have we met before? Perhaps it will come to me later. But no matter. You should be able to leave soon but, in the meantime, please enjoy my secret hideaway. It is my special place of solitude where I come to practise my magic powers. There is so much energy underground! Come, let me show you my books of magic." The woman walks to the end of the tunnel, pushes open the wooden door and disappears through the doorway. If you want to follow her, turn to **224**. If you would rather walk quickly back up the steps and go back outside, turn to **305**.

64

The storekeeper listens to you sympathetically as you relate the events of the past few days and says, "That is terrible. You look like you haven't eaten in ages! I make the best bread in the land, and I stock the tastiest cheese and tomatoes in Allansia. I'll sell you a fresh loaf, a big chunk of cheese and some ripe tomatoes for just 1 Gold Piece. If you need something special to put the food in, I'll also sell you a wizard's backpack for a bargain price of 4 Gold Pieces. It's a Bag of Everything. No matter what you put in it, it will always feel as light as a feather." Will you:

Buy the food for 1 Gold Piece?	Turn to **105**
Buy the food and the backpack for 5 Gold Pieces?	Turn to **364**
Decline his offer?	Turn to **215**

65

You jump on to the podium and are immediately set upon by the Baron's elite Guards, who rain blow after blow down on you with their iron maces, clubbing you to the ground.

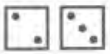

If you are wearing a Warp Ring, turn to **130**. If you are not wearing this ring, turn to **36**.

66

You land heavily on the sand and sprain your shoulder. You also suffer a twisted ankle and two cracked ribs. Lose 3 *SKILL* points and 6 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **392**.

67

Bobby tells you to throw your sword up to him together with the Gold Pieces. "You can collect the carving and your sword by the entrance gate where brother Billy will leave them. I'm going to throw a rope down for you to climb up, so you can be on your way. No funny business, mind, or you'll feel the sharp end of my blunderbuss!" Minutes later a thick rope drops down into the cellar. Satisfied it will bear your weight, you climb out of the cellar, but the

brothers are nowhere to be seen. You waste no time and walk back to the wooden gate, where you see your sword and the gold-painted pig. You look back at the farmhouse and see the brothers sitting on the roof with Bobby holding his blunderbuss. They give you the thumbs up and begin laughing so hard they almost fall off the roof. You decide it best to leave them to it and bandage your leg before heading for Kaad. Turn to **307**.

68

You tap the man on the shoulder, and when he sits up, his hat falls off and you see he is not a human but an ugly GOBLIN with a huge nose and green warty skin. A weighted net suddenly falls down on top of you, dropped from above by a second Goblin standing on a high branch. The first Goblin springs to his feet, giggling with glee as you struggle to free yourself from underneath the heavy rope net. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **308**. If the number is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **342**.

The ugly brutes have green warty skin

69

The noise of marching feet and singing grows steadily louder, and it's not long before you see a band of leather-armoured creatures march into the clearing. The ugly brutes have green warty skin and blackened tusks protruding from their large mouths. Your nostrils twitch when the foul smell of their unwashed bodies wafts over on the breeze. You recognize the smell from previous encounters, as there is nothing more unpleasant than the putrid smell of an ORC's armpit combined with the hideous stench of the gas they release when they break wind, which is often. There must be thirty of them at least, all armed with axes, swords, cudgels and morning stars. They come to a halt in the clearing, and their leader, a huge beast with a horned helmet and extra-long tusks, begins to bark out orders. Six Orc Scouts are sent off in different directions, with one of them coming straight towards you! If you want to draw your sword to strike the Orc as it passes by, turn to **4**. If you want to climb the tree to hide, turn to **204**.

70

You pull the gate open and walk up the path to the farmhouse with your nose twitching from the foul stench coming from the cabbages which are rotting in the field. The farmhouse itself is in a bad state of repair and all the windows are boarded up. There are two broken rocking chairs, a bucket and a pile of firewood on the front porch.

If you want to open the front door, turn to **28**. If you want to walk back to the entrance gate and head towards Kaad, turn to **307**.

71

You soon get used to sailing the *Blue Moon*, and with a calm sea and a good breeze, you make good headway. Snake Island is soon no more than a speck behind you on the horizon. The sun is shining brightly and feels good on your face. The *Blue Moon* carves its way gently through the blue waters, and you feel like there's nowhere else you'd rather be. Whilst enjoying the moment, you know that you need to make a plan and decide your destination. Should you sail east to Red River to escape from the assassins? Or should you sail back to Port Blacksand to confront Lord Azzur? Your thinking is interrupted when you see a large wooden ship sailing towards you from the east. As it draws closer, you see it has a single mast supporting a large square-rigged sail with cannons sticking out on both sides of the hull. A black flag on its stern confirms your fear that a pirate ship is heading your way. There is no way you can outrun the ship, and you have to think quickly how best to avoid being captured. If you want to let your mainsail go loose and lie down on the deck, pretending to be dead in the hope the pirates will have no interest in you, turn to **21**. If you want to jump into the sea and hide behind the boat, turn to **329**.

72

You are unable to keep your balance with the Giant Rat hanging on to your boot, and the barrel topples over, sending you tumbling to the ground. You are lying sprawled out in the rubbish when the crowd descends upon you. Two Guards take charge and grab your arms and another Guard takes your sword. Your feet are shackled, and you are dragged away to the cheers of the crowd. It's not long before you find yourself chained to a wall of a dark dungeon cell, awaiting the arrival of the Earl of Kaad who, you are told, will decide whether or not to hand you over to Lord Azzur. When he finally arrives, you can tell from the stern faces of Guards behind him that it is not good news. Your worst fears are confirmed when the Earl tells you solemnly that you will be taken in chains to Executioner's Square in Port Blacksand. Your adventure is over.

73

Three daggers fly past your head and sink harmlessly into the tavern wall. Not stopping to look back at the angry mob, you run through the tavern doorway and on down to the quayside. Turn to **234**.

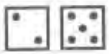

74

The Seer invites you to sit down, and you notice there is a small wooden box in front of him on the table. "I know who you are," he says, fidgeting with a piece of bread. "No doubt you have a question for me? I should warn you that I only had one egg for breakfast today, so you can only ask me one question." If you want to ask him if he knows the whereabouts of Lord Azzur, turn to **208**. If you want to ask him to give you some information about the next assassin, turn to **257**.

75

You quickly rummage through your possessions and pull out the ancient scroll. Holding it in front of you with the Orcs bearing down on you, you try to remember the words to cast the spell. If you want to call out "I'm here, I'm there, but you don't know where", turn to **111**. If you want to call out "Now you see me, now you don't", turn to **394**.

76

The berries taste quite bitter, but you are hungry, and eat several handfuls of them. You set off again, and it isn't long before you begin to feel unwell. You lean against a tree and are violently ill. The red berries are poisonous. Lose 1 *SKILL* point. Roll 1 die and reduce your *STAMINA* by the number rolled. If you are still alive, turn to **242**.

77

Zeedle thanks you for the Gold Piece and tells you to sit down in the boat whilst he unties the rope. He pushes off and pulls hard on the oars, steering the boat towards the far bank whilst telling you tales about Baron Sukumvit and Fang. It's a warm day and he stops rowing briefly to drink some water from a leather flask and then offers it to you. Thirsty after the morning walk, you take a long swig of the cool water. By the time the boat reaches the other side of the river, you are suffering from a sharp pain in your stomach. Zeedle helps you out of the boat and asks if you are feeling all right. He helps you over to a bench, where you sit down, clutching your stomach. The pain intensifies, and you begin to sweat profusely. "It looks like the water isn't safe to drink around here," Zeedle says, sniggering. "I should tell you that I'm not the real ferryman. He's dead, I'm afraid. I only pretended to drink the water from the flask myself. I mean, who would want to swallow Devil Bug larvae? The pain you can feel is from the ravenous little bugs, which have hatched in your stomach. They are now eating their way out and it won't be long before they burst out. I'm afraid you are doomed. The moral of the story is never trust an Assassin!" You are paralysed by pain and you can only watch on helplessly as Zeedle reveals his scorpion pendant and dangles it in front of you with a sickly grin on his face. Your adventure is over.

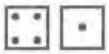

78

You put the bottle to your lips and take a small sip of the cool liquid, which surprisingly tastes like apple juice. In fact, you are certain that it is apple juice and take another swig. Feeling no ill effects, you keep drinking until the bottle is empty. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. You can't help but burp, which wakes up the old man with a start. "Whoa!" he says, leaping to his feet. "Thief! Robber! Who are you? I'm just a simple apple grower. Don't draw your sword, I beg of you, don't draw your sword. I'm desperate and all I ask is that you pay me for my apple juice – I mean, my magic healing potion. A Gold Piece would be very generous of you, but a silver coin will do." If you want to give the man a coin, turn to **151**. If you want to draw your sword, turn to **301**.

79

You run over to the rope ladder, climb up it quickly and look down on the pirate crew to talk to them. As soon as you speak, they jeer you and call for you to walk the plank for killing their captain. One of them throws a dagger at you which strikes your leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. A huge cheer goes up, and the others pull out their knives to do the same. You hold up your hand and tell them that you would rather walk the plank than be a target for their

knife-throwing contest. Another cheer goes up, and you are escorted to the plank. You hear one of the pirates say, "With that bleeding leg, the Blood Sharks are going to be here in no time. I'll wager 5 Silver Pieces our friend here doesn't last ten minutes in the water! Any takers?" "Shut up and get on with it!" another says impatiently. You look out to sea, knowing you have to jump into the dangerous waters without much hope of survival. You breathe in deeply, step on the plank and take a running jump, hoping not to get sucked under the ship. You hear the pirates cheer loudly as you hit the water. When you surface, you swim as hard as you can towards the *Blue Moon* in tow. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **265**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **144**.

80

You take careful aim at the man standing in the open window and release the arrow. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **238**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **399**.

81

You are in considerable pain, lying in a pool of blood on the deck of the pirate ship. You open your eyes to a circle of pirate faces staring down at you. The captain pushes to the front of the circle and says, spitting with anger, "Nobody ever draws their sword on me and lives to tell the tale. But I'm not going to waste another bullet on you. It's the plank for you, matey!" The pirates cheer and lead you over to the gangplank, which is lashed amidships and hanging perilously out over the open sea. The pirates take all your possessions except for the few items in your pockets which they fail to notice in their ghoulish excitement. You are pushed on to the plank and one of the pirates says, "With that wound bleeding as it is, the Blood Sharks are going to be here in no time. I'll wager a Gold Piece our friend here doesn't last ten minutes in the water! Any takers?" "Shut up and get on with it!" one of the other pirates says impatiently. You look out to sea, fearful of having to jump into the dangerous waters without much hope of survival. You step on to the plank, breathe in deeply and take a running jump into the sea, hoping not to get sucked under the ship. You hear the pirates cheer loudly as you hit the water. When you surface, you swim as hard as you can towards the *Blue Moon* being towed along in the wake of the pirate ship. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **265**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **144**.

82

There is a satisfying dull thud as the keen edge of your sword bites into the sinews and bones of the Dragon's left foot. The giant beast roars in pain and flaps its wings frantically, trying to lift itself back up into the sky. It flies off east, roaring loudly. You watch it shrink to a tiny speck on the horizon before sheathing your sword. You look around and see half of the Dragon's foot, which was sheared off by your sword, lying on the ground. Dragon claws command high prices in Port Blacksand, and you cut off two claws, hoping one day to sell them to an armourer to make exotic weapons. Pleased with your treasure, you head back towards your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **217**.

83

You throw off your backpack without stopping (deduct all the possessions and Provisions in your backpack from your *Adventure Sheet*). You keep on running and soon come to the foot of a small hill. You run up and over the top to where you see a white-haired woman standing in a doorway which has been cut into the trunk of a huge oak tree. "Over here!" she cries, beckoning you over to her. "Quick, come inside and close the door behind you!" If you want to follow her through the doorway, turn to **63**. If you would rather keep on running, turn to **274**.

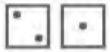

84

The innkeeper takes your knife and leans forward to whisper in your ear, saying, "You can see the poster behind me. I know who you are. I don't want any more dead bodies in my tavern. It's bad for business. Give me 5 Gold Pieces, walk casually out of the door and leave Port Blacksand while you can." If you want to give the innkeeper 5 Gold Pieces, turn to **110**. If you want to refuse to do so, turn to **253**.

85

You join the pirates in their struggle to lift the rowing boat over the side of the ship and into the sea, but the steep angle of the ship's deck makes it a near-impossible task. The boat is too heavy to hang on to, and the pirates are forced to let go of it. You watch it skid along the deck and smash into the wheelhouse, which makes a large hole in the rowing boat. The ship is now almost on its side, being dragged slowly underwater by the giant Kraken. Unable to stand up, you are forced to jump into the foaming sea with the rest of the crew. The ship creaks and splinters and begins to break up as it rolls upside down. You hear the unnerving bubbling sound of air escaping from the upturned hull as it is dragged underwater by the giant sea monster mixed with cries for help from pirates ensnared in the Kraken's tentacles. It is all you can do to stop yourself from being sucked underwater by

the sinking ship. You swallow a lot of water and you feel your strength ebbing away. Lose 3 *STAMINA* points. All appears to be lost as you try to swim away from the carnage. Behind you, all that remains of the pirate ship are bits of rigging, broken planks, bottles and general flotsam. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **270**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **194**.

86

The woman throws back her cloak to show you that she is unarmed and says, "I won't take your distrust of me personally. I understand you can't be too careful in these parts! Let's shake hands and exchange tales." If you want to shake hands with the woman, turn to **313**. If you would rather draw your sword, turn to **35**.

87

You hear a rustling sound in the grass to the left of the path, followed by yelps and growls. The growls turn into the howls of a pack of four WOLVES which leap out in front of you. The lead Wolf is bigger than the others and its drooling jaw hangs open, displaying its sharp teeth. You step forward to attack the leader of the pack.

WOLF	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **295**.

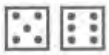

A gigantic tentacle rises out of the sea

88

You cut through the rope with one swipe of your sword and watch the pirate ship sail away. Moments later a gigantic tentacle rises out of the sea no more than twenty metres away from the pirate ship. Another tentacle rises out of the sea, then another, and another, until there are eight of them towering high in the sky. The ship is about to be attacked by a KRAKEN, a giant sea monster with a colossal squid-like body, two huge eyes and a beaked mouth. You hear booming explosions from the ship's cannon as two cannonballs whistle through the air towards the Kraken, one of them finding its mark and taking a big chunk out of one of the tentacles. The sea monster retaliates by wrapping two of its giant tentacles around the ship's mast. There is chaos on board when the Kraken starts pulling the ship over on to its side. Everything on deck that is not lashed down spills overboard. There is nothing the pirates can do to defeat the Kraken, and you hear them cry for help as they jump into the sea. You watch on in horror as the pirate ship rolls over and disappears below the waves, and the crew with it. Not wishing to be the Kraken's next victim, you hurriedly trim the *Blue Moon*'s flapping sail to get under way to escape from the sea monster. If you want to steer a course due east towards the Red River estuary, turn to **114**. If you want to sail south-east to Port Blacksand, turn to **310**.

"Hello stranger, you look lost."

89

You hurry along Clock Street, passing small shops and taverns. You see a noticeboard and recognize your face on the "Wanted" poster nailed to it. You keep your head down as you walk past merchants chatting in the street. You press on and look up briefly and see a man cross the street and walk towards you. He is wearing a long brown leather coat and a wide-brimmed brown leather hat pulled down low. He calls out to you, saying, "Hello, stranger, you look lost. I'm the town guide. Can I help you?" If you want to reply "Yes", turn to **31**. If you want to draw your sword, turn to **160**.

90

The boots help you run so fast that you are halfway down the path before the brothers see you. You keep on running at full speed and are almost at the gate before Bobby fires his blunderbuss at you. It's a long shot for such an unreliable weapon. Roll one die. If the number rolled is between 1 and 5, turn to **125**. If you roll a 6, turn to **323**.

91

The storekeeper thanks you for the Gold Piece and suggests you should consider buying some Provisions for your journey. If you want to buy Provisions, turn to **64**. If you want to ask him if he sells Elven Boots, turn to **317**.

92

Silence descends over the crowd. Azzur plays to the audience, rubbing his chin as though appearing to be deep in thought. "That's a good number," he says coldly. "But it's not good enough!" Turn to **25**.

93

Reacting with lightning-fast reflexes, you dodge left just in time as the Ninja's sharp blade splinters the top of the table. You draw your sword to fight the quick-footed Ninja, who is poised ready to strike again.

NINJA WARRIOR *SKILL 7* *STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **254**.

94

You keep on running and arrive at the foot of a small hill. Thankfully the Bag of Everything weighs practically nothing and without the burden of a heavy backpack you are able to run over the hill and down to a wooded area, where you see a silver-haired woman standing in a doorway which has been cut into the trunk of a huge oak tree. "Over here!" she cries, beckoning you over to her. "Quick, come inside and close the door behind you!" If you want to follow her through the doorway, turn to **63**. If you would rather keep on running, turn to **274**.

95

The pirate ship comes alongside the *Blue Moon* and you hear a gruff voice bark out an order. "One of you dogs jump on board the boat and toss the body in the sea. Tie a rope to the boat and we'll tow it to Port Blacksand and sell it." Your deception plan has failed. You open your eyes a fraction to see a scrawny-looking pirate standing on a plank above you, ready to dive into the sea. If you want to stand up and give yourself up to the pirates, turn to **290**. If you want to trim the sails of the *Blue Moon* and sail away from the pirate ship, turn to **361**.

96

There is not enough time to pick up and throw the spear before the warrior is upon you, wielding her long knives around furiously. She strikes you twice before you even draw your sword to defend yourself. Lose 4 *STAMINA* points. You stagger backwards and watch the wild-eyed warrior stand still for a second with her head tilted to one side before uttering her shrill war cry and attacking you again in a flurry of flashing blades.

ZENGIAN ULTRA *SKILL 9* *STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **22**.

97

You wipe the hideous slime off your sword and walk back to take a look inside the lair of the Decayer hidden in the undergrowth. It is nothing more than a circle of stones around a flattened piece of ground. You notice that one of the stones has been carved in the shape of an eye. If you want to pick it up, turn to **395**. If you would rather leave it where it is and head east, turn to **213**.

98

You walk into a small kitchen where a big man in a grubby apron is standing by a wooden bucket drinking water from a ladle. He looks friendly enough, but his face is flushed and sweat is pouring down his brow. His shirtsleeves are rolled up and you see his bulging forearms, which have come from hammering hot metal on an anvil most of his life. The blacksmith stops drinking and looks at you suspiciously with water trickling down his chin. "Don't you think you should knock before walking in here?" he says sternly. "What do you want?" If you want to reply that you wish to buy some horseshoes, turn to **20**. If you want to tell him that you are being hunted by assassins, turn to **371**.

99

Following the map, you leave the market square via a narrow alleyway to your left which leads into Spice Street, then turn right on to Boot Street, where you see a group of

scruffy urchins throwing stones in a puddle. One of them runs over to you and says, "Do you want to buy a catapult? You can't miss with it. Only 1 Gold Piece. A bargain. Go on, buy it." If you want to buy the boy's catapult, turn to **181**. If you want to ignore him and walk on, turn to **261**.

100

The coin lands on the floor, and you hear soft footsteps followed by the dull sound of a blade slashing at your bedding several times. Whoever it is, they are trying their best to kill you in your sleep. If you want to swing your sword in the direction of the intruder, turn to **315**. If you want to run outside, turn to **124**.

101

The sweeping plain is tall grassland as far as you can see, all the way to the forest in the dim distance. The path cuts straight through the long grasses, which sway slowly from side to side in the gentle breeze. Walking along, you see a pair of legs sticking out of the grass up ahead and an open backpack next to them. Whoever it is, they are groaning loudly and appear to be in a lot of pain. You draw your sword and approach cautiously. If you want to investigate, turn to **173**. If you want to ignore the person and keep walking along the path, turn to **363**.

102

The man eyes you up and down, looking at you as though he knows you from somewhere. He purses his lips, shakes his head slowly and says, "No, I don't recall meeting anybody called Vassell. Mind you, your face looks familiar, but I just can't place it." You decide to change the subject. Will you:

Ask the man if he's interested in buying a boat?	Turn to **380**
Wish him farewell and go to the general store?	Turn to **327**
Wish him farewell and set off east on foot?	Turn to **203**

103

You slump back against the cellar wall, breathing hard, tired out after the hard-fought close combat. The brothers start clapping and cheering. "That was some fight, stranger. You sure gave Dax the Axe a lesson in swordplay all right, and the double-crossing skunk deserved it!" You ignore the brothers and pull back the Barbarian's cloak to find a silver necklace with a scorpion pendant. You break the chain and pocket the pendant, and curse Lord Azzur. You take two emerald rings from the Barbarian's left hand and open his leather pouch to find 18 Gold Pieces. "That's a fine haul, but you will have to make us an offer we can't refuse if you want us to let you go," Bobby says, pointing his blunderbuss at you. If you want to offer the brothers an axe, an emerald ring and half the Gold Pieces, turn to **10**. If you want to offer both axes, both rings and all the Gold Pieces, turn to **191**.

104

The water around you is blood-red. The Sea Snake's lifeless body floats slowly away on the current, leaving you free to swim over to the barrel. It is an old oak cask which is secured to the sea bed by a rusty chain. You are unable to remove the chain from the barrel but are able to prise off the wooden lid with your knife. You see a bronze shield, verdigris in colour, lying in a few inches of water at the bottom of the barrel. If you want to swim back to the shore with the shield, turn to **9**. If you would rather swim back to shore without the shield, gather up your belongings, and climb back up the stone steps to the top of the cliff, turn to **127**.

105

The storekeeper hands you the food, which will add 4 *STAMINA* points when eaten. You thank the storekeeper and decide what to do next. If you want to ask him if he has heard of Garanka Vassell, turn to **229**. If you want to leave the store and head east on foot, turn to **203**.

A long-haired Barbarian wearing an eyepatch

106

Weakened by your wounds, you sink to your knees under the weight of the Berserker's ferocious blows. You wonder how much more of the relentless onslaught you can take when you suddenly notice a long-haired Barbarian wearing an eyepatch running towards you from the town gates armed with two throwing axes. When he is no more than ten metres away, he hurls one of his axes at the Berserker and you hear it sink into his back with a dull thud. He immediately throws the second axe, which also strikes home. The Berserker teeters for a moment before toppling forward to land on top of you. You are pinned down by the dead weight of the body, unable to move. You watch the Barbarian walk up to retrieve his axes and are relieved to see that he is not wearing a silver necklace. His stern look turns into a half smile, and he drags the dead body off you and helps you to your feet. After thanking the Barbarian for saving your life, you snatch the silver scorpion from the Berserker's neck and place it in your pocket. The Barbarian introduces himself as Throm and tells you that Urzle Ironface was a slave pit fighter who gained his freedom after killing a hundred opponents, one of whom was Throm's brother. Throm asks why the Berserker tried to kill you and you tell him about the multiple assassination attempts on your life and that you have come to Fang to find Lord Azzur and settle the issue. Throm slaps you on the back and says, "That's bold!

I'm here for the Trial of Champions. It begins tomorrow. If you enter the contest, you'll be introduced to the Baron and Lord Azzur. It's probably your best chance of getting close to him. There's still time to enter if you want to?" You agree to Throm's plan and gather up your belongings. Certain that Lord Azzur will have put his "Wanted" posters up around town, you decide to wear Urzle Ironface's face-covering iron helmet so that nobody will recognize you when you enter Fang. Turn to **309**.

107

A crossbow bolt sinks into the back of your leg with a dull thud. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. The pain in your back is terrible when you pull the bolt out, but there is no time to treat the wound, as the tavern door bursts open. A bald-headed man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern screaming, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. You notice that he has a dent in his skull and all his teeth are made of gold. It is the deadly assassin Garanka Vassell and you must fight him. Turn to **53**.

108

Your attempt to swat the bees is futile and they continue to sting you relentlessly. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You have no choice but to climb down the tree as fast as you can. Turn to **336**.

109

You look down at the assassin and see a silver necklace around his neck with the familiar scorpion pendant hanging off it. You snap the chain and put the pendant in your pocket as a crowd forms around you, whispering among themselves about the body on the ground. The mood of the crowd darkens, and an old man calls out to you accusingly, demanding to know who started the fight. You feel a tug on your shirt and look round to see a young woman in a long, hooded red cloak. She has piercing green eyes and she looks very anxious. "Quick, follow me before they realize who you are!" she whispers urgently in your ear. "There are posters everywhere with your face on them!" If you want to follow the woman, turn to **293**. If you want to run back the way you came, turn to **314**.

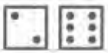

110

Trying not to attract attention, you take 5 Gold Pieces out of your pocket and slide them over to the innkeeper, who gives you a slight nod of the head in acknowledgement. You watch him tap a bottle loudly with a spoon and call for silence in the tavern. "The next round is on me!" he shouts out to his customers, who respond with a loud cheer. They all rush to the bar, giving you the chance to slip out of the tavern unnoticed. You make your way quickly down to the quay to where the *Blue Moon* is, thankfully, still moored. Leaning against the bollard is an unshaven, one-armed beggar with his head bowed. His dirty, baggy shirt and ragged cotton pants are partially covered by a moth-eaten blanket. He rattles a tin mug at you and says in a quivering voice, "Spare me a coin and I'll untie your boat for you." If you want to give the beggar a coin to help you cast off, turn to **389**. If you want to ignore him and untie the mooring rope yourself and jump on board your boat, turn to **129**.

111

You blurt out the words, but nothing happens. You are still visible to the band of screaming Orcs, which crashes into you with the force of a herd of stampeding Hippohogs.

Their flailing swords, axes, morning stars and cudgels make light work of your pitiful resistance, and the battle lasts less than a minute. Your adventure is over.

112

You manage to steady yourself and watch the loose step roll down the cliff face on to the beach below. You tread carefully the rest of the way down, reach the beach without further mishap and walk over to the cave entrance. Turn to **201**.

113

You throw the Gold Pieces up in the air, which causes a huge commotion behind you. The townsfolk stop giving chase and pile on top of each other on the ground in a mad scramble to snatch one of the coins for themselves. You don't stop to look back and turn right into Fountain Street and run in the Public Gardens up ahead on the left to hide. Turn to **268**.

114

Apart from Blood Sharks circling you at one point, the voyage to the mainland passes without incident. A strong easterly breeze speeds up the journey, and a few hours later the rugged Allansian coastline comes into view. The cliffs are quite high, but you see an estuary directly ahead which you know to be the entrance to Red River. It's not long before you are at the mouth of the river, where you see two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the *Blue Moon* over to the bank, jump out, and tie it up to a small dock. It feels good to be back on dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur will not rest until one of his assassins has delivered your head to him. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would be better prepared. Now you suspect everybody you meet could be one of Azzur's assassins. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him, if not the other assassins. You walk towards the buildings, which you see are a boatyard and a general store. Thinking you might be able to get some gold by selling the *Blue Moon*, you decide to visit the boatyard first. Turn to **288**.

115

Frightened by your presence, the chicks don't stop screeching, and suddenly you hear the Orc calling from below. You look down and see the ugly brute at the base of the tree staring up at you, gesturing for you to come down.

If you want to climb down to fight him, turn to **235**. If you want to stay where you are, turn to **286**.

116

Picking your way through the thick undergrowth, you see a tall bush with lots of ripe red berries hanging from its branches. If you want to eat the berries, turn to **76**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **242**.

117

The Monk's eyes light up when you produce the 5 Gold Pieces. He rummages around in his sack and hands you a rolled-up piece of yellowed paper tied with a piece of string. After taking the coins from you, he rubs his hands together with glee and says:

> "Five Gold Pieces, my oh my
> Think of all the cheese I'll buy
> Thanks again and I wish you well
> Especially at the Wishing Well!"

He picks up his sack, throws it over his shoulder and walks off at a brisk pace. You untie the string and unroll the paper scroll and see that it is a map, but not one which requires you to travel very far. The Wishing Well is marked with an "X" in the Public Gardens in Fountain Street in Kaad! You are annoyed with yourself for paying so much

for the map and wonder if it will be worthwhile going to the well. If you want to follow the map to Fountain Street, turn to **99**. If you want to walk across the market square to Clock Street, turn to **140**.

118

You tentatively place the headband on, keeping both hands on it just in case you need to pull it off again. You wait for a minute, but nothing happens. Feeling no ill effects, you think about what to do. If you want to look at the books on the bookshelves, turn to **355**. If you want to walk up the stairs and go back outside, turn to **305**.

119

You take aim and hurl the meat cleaver at the pirate as hard as you can but are disheartened as you watch it fly over his head and land harmlessly in the sea. The scraggy pirate laughs at you and waves goodbye, sailing the *Blue Moon* east towards the mainland. Behind you, all that remains of the pirate ship is some rigging, bits of broken wood, and miscellaneous deck gear. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **270**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **194**.

120

The woman signals for her driver to stop, and he pulls on his reins to bring his horse to a halt. He sits there rigidly, staring straight ahead with his long whip and

reins in his hands. The woman looks down at you from her bench seat and says in a haughty voice, "I recognize you from the posters in town. I was at a banquet last night as a guest of Lord Azzur, who was in Kaad for the day. He's a loathsome tyrant and I don't believe a word he says, but he claimed that you murdered his master. You don't look like a murderer to me. If you were hoping to find Azzur in Kaad, I'm afraid you are going to be disappointed. He left this morning for Fang. He's gone to see his old friend Baron Sukumvit, who is holding his annual Trial of Champions. Did you know that nobody has ever come out of Deathtrap Dungeon alive? Quite astonishing really. But there is always some fool who is willing to give it a go! Anyway, I must be on my way. I can offer you a ride as far as Otto's Outpost on the Pagan Plains if that is of interest?" If you want to accept the woman's offer, turn to **14**. If you want to enter the gates of Kaad, turn to **243**.

121

You continue your journey north and enter another wooded area. Not long after entering the woods, you hear the sound of marching feet coming from the east and deep voices singing a very rude song about the Dwarfs of Stonebridge. If you want to stand behind a tree and wait to see who is about to enter the clearing ahead, turn to **69**. If you would rather hurry on north, turn to **263**.

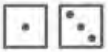

122

You lift the lid to find a small iron key with the number 44 stamped on it. You see it is a skeleton key which will open most locks. Add 1 *LUCK* point. Pleased with your find, you pocket the key and look around the cave. Turn to **365**.

123

You walk quickly up Bell Street without looking back and turn left into Fountain Street, where you see the town's Public Gardens up ahead on the right. Turn to **268**.

124

The intruder hears your footsteps and swings his long knife in your direction, slicing your arm with the tip of the blade. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You turn to defend yourself and must fight the agile KNIFE FIGHTER in total darkness!

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **174**.

125

You hear a loud bang behind you and see a clump of cabbages to your left get shredded by lead shot. Seconds later you reach the farmhouse gate and turn around to see the twins sitting on the roof with Bobby holding his blunderbuss in the air, a wisp of white smoke drifting out of the barrel. They give you the thumbs up and call out to congratulate you. Add 1 *LUCK* point. They start waving and laughing so hard that they almost fall off the roof. You decide it best to leave them to it and bandage your leg before heading for Kaad. Turn to **307**.

126

The assassin holds out her hand and when you shake it, a violent pain shoots up your arm. Her face immediately lights up with evil glee, and she starts laughing hysterically. You try to pull your hand away but are unable to do so. Your hands are locked together in a cloud of swirling green mist which grows in size as the pain increases and spreads into your chest. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. "What a gullible fool you are," she sneers. "Never trust an assassin! The pain you are experiencing will, I regret to say, lead to your heart stopping in a minute. Tonight, I will return to Port Blacksand with your head and claim the bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur." If you were harmed by the Hand of Death on Snake Island, turn to **146**. If you didn't touch the Hand of Death, turn to **379**.

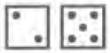

A Fire Dragon swooping down to land

127

You are about to head back to your hut on the other side of the island when you hear a loud roar above you like the sound of flames being fanned by giant bellows. You look up to see a FIRE DRAGON swooping down to land in the open space where you are standing. If you want to run for cover, turn to **391**. If you want to stand your ground and fight the giant fire-breathing creature, turn to **289**.

128

You do not have to wait long before somebody comes to your rescue. A long-haired man wearing animal skins and brown pants suddenly appears in front of you. He is carrying a wooden staff and a large canvas bag over his shoulder. He looks disappointed to see you and says, "You are not what I was hoping to catch in my trap! I suppose I'm going to have to set you free, but it's going to cost you." He holds out his hand expectantly and asks for 1 Gold Piece for his troubles. After you pay him, he takes a small key from his pocket and unlocks the trap. He helps you to your feet and trudges off to inspect his other traps. You bandage your swollen ankle and return to the path, eventually coming to a rickety old gate on the right which has a large sign nailed to it with the words BOGG FARM – BOG OFF painted on it. A gravel path leads from the gate to an old farmhouse, which sits in the middle of a small field separated from the grassland by a

wooden fence. There is a stone post next to the gate with an arrow carved on it, pointing towards the town, and the words KAAD – 1 MILE underneath. From this distance, Kaad looks like it is a small town. The buildings are few in number and are mostly one or two storeys high except a stone tower in the centre of town. If you want to open the gate and walk up the path to the farmhouse, turn to **70**. If you would rather continue on to Kaad, turn to **307**.

129

You yell at the beggar to move out of the way so that you can untie the boat from its mooring. As you reach for the rope, he suddenly throws off his blanket to reveal a sword held in the hand you thought was missing! With steely-cold eyes and a sinister smile, he lunges at you with his sword from close range, and wounds you badly in the midriff. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, you must do what you can to defend yourself against the ELITE SWORDSMAN who lunges forward to strike you again.

ELITE SWORDSMAN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **190**.

130

You are about to pass out but manage to put your lips to the Warp Ring and suddenly feel like you are tumbling head over heels through a black void with lights flashing in your head. You hear a loud bang and wake to find yourself standing in front of the gold podium, where Baron Sukumvit is standing next to Lord Azzur, surrounded by his elite Guards. You have gone back in time and decide with a second chance to show restraint and wait to be introduced to Baron Sukumvit. Turn to **233**.

131

A thick glob of drool hits your neck and starts to burn your skin like acid. The pain is intense, and you frantically pour water from your water bottle on to the open wound to stop the drool burning deeper into your skin. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. The Decayer lumbers towards you and you have no choice but to fight it. Turn to **306**.

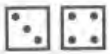

132

Your powerful punch knocks Zeedle over and he lands on his back on the jetty. You pounce on him before he can sit up, pinning him down with your knees. You pull down the neck of his jumper and see the all-too-familiar scorpion pendant, which you snatch from its silver chain. Zeedle looks at you defiantly and spits out a tooth from his bloodied mouth. "You can't win," he says, grinning, trying to distract you as he reaches for a dagger hidden in his boot. Sensing his move, you punch him again and push him into the river. He lands with a splash and begins swimming frantically towards the bank. Attracted by the blood from his mouth, a school of SNAPPERFISH race in to attack him. A look of terror grips his face. He screams and spins round and round as the carnivorous fish begin their feeding frenzy, churning up the blood-red water. It's all over in seconds. You step aboard the boat and row yourself across the river to the opposite bank, wondering what fate awaits you in Fang. Turn to **163.**

133

The path takes you north through woods and open countryside on a walk which you would be enjoying more if you were not constantly looking over your shoulder for would-be assassins. Ahead you see a small man sitting cross-legged on an old moss-covered bench made of oak. He is a GNOME with a long, pointed nose, long grey beard

and long grey hair poking out from under his floppy green hat. He is wearing a bottle-green tunic and leggings and a pair of old leather boots which you notice have big holes in the soles. He looks at you with a sleepy expression on his face as he chews slowly on a piece of straw. "You don't by chance have a pair of boots for sale, do you?" he asks nonchalantly as you pass by. "Mine have had it and my feet are killing me. I'm willing to pay 1 Gold Piece for a pair of leather boots. And I'd gladly pay 10 Gold Pieces for a pair of Elven Boots." If you have a spare pair of boots that you wish to sell, turn to **32**. If you would rather carry on walking north, turn to **179**.

134

There are two pirates standing on the stern of the ship, and one of them spots you climbing on board the *Blue Moon*. He sounds the alarm, and more pirates run to the stern to find out what is going on. The captain appears on deck, pistol in hand, wearing a bright burgundy coat with brass buttons, and a matching coloured hat with a white plume. He takes aim at you with his pistol and pulls the trigger. There is a loud bang and a puff of white smoke. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **198**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **245**.

135

You walk briskly west until you come to a junction in the path where it meets another path running north-south. You don't see any point in going back south so you turn right and head north towards the forest, which you can see in the distance. Turn to **87**.

136

You tell the man about the tragic events that led to Captain Crow's death. He shakes his head and says, "Well, Sam didn't have no family, so I guess it's all right for you to sell his boat. But I'm not going to give you much for it mind, just in case you are making this story up. I'll give you 20 Gold Pieces for her, take it or leave it." If you want to accept his offer, turn to **375**. If you want to demand 30 Gold Pieces for the boat, turn to **29**.

137

Brick Street ends at a junction of Boot Street and Quiet Street. There are some mischievous-looking urchins in Boot Street, so you decide to turn right into Quiet Street

where, strangely, all the people are tiptoeing along in bare feet with their shoes tucked under their arms. Everybody is communicating by gesture and nobody is making a sound. An old woman wearing a headscarf looks at you fiercely and puts her index finger to her lips and points at your boots. If you want to take off your boots, turn to **335**. If you want to keep them on, turn to **360**.

138

You are unable to get out of the way of the Flesh-Head, which barrels into you, sending you tumbling over the cliff edge to the beach below. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **388**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **66**.

139

You put on your backpack and are about to set off when you suddenly feel a sharp, stabbing pain in your neck. You reach up and feel something smooth writhing in your fingers. It is a tiny gold-coloured snake which has injected you with poison. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You realize that the gold armband must be a deadly Mamba Band which comes alive unless worn. You throw the snake on to the ground and cleave it in two with your sword. Not wishing to chance it coming alive again, you kick it into the long grass. You tend to your wound whilst deciding which way to go next. If you want to keep going north, turn to **87**. If you want to head east along the new path, turn to **222**.

140

There is a Clock Tower in Clock Street set back on the right-hand side in the middle of a large paved area where a few townsfolk are sitting on benches, busily chatting to each other. The tall stone tower has a square base and has a clock face on each of its four sides at the top. You notice that the hands of one of the clocks are missing. There is a brass plaque by the front door of the tower with the name Balthazar Wittle inscribed on it. If you want to knock on the door, turn to **249**. If you want to carry on walking down Clock Street, turn to **89**.

141

The pirate told the truth. The Snakefang earring acts as an antidote to the toxic snake venom and you are unharmed by the dart. You draw your sword and rush forward to fight Tunku Yang, the notorious Poisoner of Kay-Pong. He looks surprised that you have survived his poisoned dart, and lunges at you armed with only a dagger.

TUNKU YANG *SKILL 5* *STAMINA 6*

If you lose an *Attack Round*, turn to **59**. If you win without losing an *Attack Round*, turn to **326**.

142

After a short tussle, you land a large eel on the rock where you are standing. It is brightly coloured, with vivid green and purple stripes running the length of its body. It has a long head with black eyes and a mouth with bulbous red lips and protruding needle-like teeth. It thrashes around on the rock, frantically trying to unhook itself from your line, and touches your leg with its tail. You suddenly feel a sharp pain run up your leg. You have been stung by an ELECTRO EEL. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You stagger backwards in shock as the eel slips off its hook and slithers back into the sea. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. You decide you have had enough of fishing for the day and head inland in search of food. Turn to **116**.

143

"Well, give us 3 Gold Pieces and you can have it and be on your way! Brother Bobby made it himself, he did. Carved the little piggy out of a piece of wood and painted it gold. Looks just like the real thing, don't it?" Billy says, slapping his thigh and laughing like a neighing donkey. If you have 3 Gold Pieces and wish to buy the painted carving, turn to **67**. If you don't have 3 Gold Pieces or don't want to buy the carving, turn to **381**.

144

You do not have enough strength left to swim to the *Blue Moon* before the Blood Sharks swim in to attack. Your struggle against them is brief before the feeding frenzy begins. Your adventure is over.

145

As soon as he sees your face, Lord Azzur points at you and shouts, "It's the murderer!" Baron Sukumvit orders his

Guards to arrest you. "No, not yet!" Azzur says sharply. "I admire the nerve of this fool. I want to know how many of my assassins have been killed." You remain silent and take the scorpion pendants out of your pocket and rattle them in your hand. "So, you think this is a game, do you?" Azzur continues in his sneering voice. "Right, let's play your game. Tell me, do you have an odd number or an even number of pendants in your hand?" If you want to reply "Odd", turn to **259**. If you want to reply "Even", turn to **25**.

146

Thanks to your encounter with the Hand of Death on Snake Island, your body has built up some immunity to Death Hand magic. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You are still in agony, but the pain is bearable enough for you to be able to draw a knife from your belt with your free hand. You slice open the back of the assassin's hand, forcing her to release her grip. She curses and pulls out two short swords from sheaths hidden behind her back. You draw your sword and advance to fight the wounded assassin.

GRETTA MORG	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **321**.

A quick glance left solves the mystery

147

You manage to trace your path back to the beach on the west side of Snake Island and are quite relieved to see your hut again. You are about to go inside when you see a boat moored up on the beach. It's the *Blue Moon*, the same boat that brought you to the island. Captain Crow is on board, standing on deck. He looks anxious when you approach him but says nothing. When you call out to him, he doesn't reply, but his eyes dart right several times, as though he is trying to warn you about something. A quick glance left solves the mystery. Crouched down in the shadows of a large rock is a hooded figure in leather armour holding a loaded bow aimed straight at you. You hear a faint twang as the arrow is released from the bow. If you are carrying a shield, turn to **13**. If you do not have a shield, turn to **312**.

148

You have stepped on an animal trap. The jagged iron jaws snap shut on your left ankle and bite into the bone. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You discover that the trap is chained to a large rock buried in the ground. Unable to escape, you try prising the jaws apart with your sword, but the spring holding them shut is too strong. You notice there is a small keyhole on the base of the trap. If you have a small iron skeleton key, turn to the number which is stamped on it. If you do not have this key, turn to **397**.

149

The barmaid takes one look at you and shrieks loudly, dropping one of her mugs of ale. Everybody in the tavern turns towards you. Several rough-looking villains stand up, daggers in hand. "It's the murderer!" one of them cries. "It's more like 1,000 Gold Pieces on legs!" an old pickpocket shouts excitedly. Surrounded by the noisy mob, you decide to run for it. You kick over the table in front of you and dash for the door. Although the crowd is distracted by the flying table, three thieves still manage to throw their daggers at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **73**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **225**.

150

You run down the alleyway, which comes to a dead end at a high wall where two GIANT RATS are scavenging through a pile of rubbish which has been dumped against the wall. If you want to try to climb over the wall, turn to **320**. If you want to turn around to face the angry crowd, turn to **352**.

151

The man gives you a big hug when you pay him and thanks you over and over again. He reaches into his pocket and produces a clover leaf charm. "Please take this with my compliments," he says, smiling, handing you the small charm. "It was carved out of Salamonian goat horn. It will bring you good luck on your travels." You take it from him

and put it in your pocket. Add 2 *LUCK* points. You shake the man's hand and bid him farewell before setting off east again. Turn to **277**.

152

You keep your head down as you climb back on board the *Blue Moon*, very aware that lots of bad people will be looking for you to claim Azzur's reward. You cast off, setting a northerly course towards Red River. Apart from the boat being rocked by a school of Blubber Whales swimming close by, the voyage passes without incident. You sail along the rugged Allansian coastline until you come to an estuary which you know to be the entrance to Red River. You sail a short distance up the river to see two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the *Blue Moon* over to the bank, jump out, and tie it up to a small dock. It feels good to be back on dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur will not rest until one of his assassins has delivered your head to him. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would be better prepared. Now everybody you meet could be one of Azzur's assassins. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him. You walk towards the buildings, which you note are a boatyard and a general store. Thinking you might be able to sell the *Blue Moon*, you decide to visit the boatyard first. Turn to **288**.

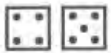

153

You pay the horseman 2 Gold Pieces and are soon galloping across the open plain. You soon discover that he is not keen to talk, and the only question he answers is when you ask him where he is going. "Firetop Mountain," he replies curtly, but doesn't elaborate when you ask him why. As the light fades you hear the howls and growls of the creatures of the night, which are eager to begin their hunt for food. By the time you arrive at the log cabin, shadows are already creeping over the plain. "This is where you get off," the horseman says abruptly, pointing towards the cabin. You jump down from his horse and watch him gallop off without another word said. The log cabin looks to be well built and secured with wooden shutters on all the windows. There is a wooden sign above the door which reads OTTO'S OUTPOST. It's been a grisly day and you are looking forward to a good night's sleep. Turn to **264**.

154

The lightning strikes the wooden mast, causing the mainsail to catch fire. Without a sail there is nothing the captain can do to steer the crippled craft. The storm continues to rage, and the captain loses control of the boat. A rogue wave crashes over the deck and washes you both overboard. Swimming in the heavy seas is exhausting, and by the time the dreaded Blood Sharks begin to circle, you have no strength left to fight them. Your adventure is over.

155

Zeedle watches on in disbelief as you wade into the river. Something brushes against your leg and suddenly the water churns up all around you. You feel a bite on your leg, swiftly followed by another, then another. The blood seeping from your cuts and wounds has attracted a school of SNAPPERFISH. Your blood runs freely, which sends the carnivorous fish into a feeding frenzy. The last thing you see is Zeedle rowing frantically over to you with a smile on his face and a dagger between his teeth. Your adventure is over.

156

The intruder's dagger just misses your head and thuds into the wall behind you. You retaliate by swiping your sword through the darkness, and feel it strike home. A man's muffled cry breaks the silence, and you hear him stumble backwards. You step forward to finish off the intruder, who is a skilful KNIFE FIGHTER. Although injured, he is agile and quick on his feet, and you must fight him in total darkness.

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **174**.

157

You leave the tavern behind and ten minutes later you see a rickety-looking wooden table to the left of the path

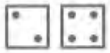

which is piled high with apples. There is a handwritten sign nailed to the table which says FREE APPLES. HELP YOURSELF. If you would like to eat an apple, turn to **221**. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to **358**.

158

The pain in your head steadily increases to the point that you pass out. Alas, you never wake up, and the next day Red Ruth rides to Port Blacksand to collect the reward of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur. Your adventure is over.

159

With supreme effort, you manage to prise one of the fingers away from your throat and snap it off. A wisp of green smoke escapes from the hollow of the broken finger, forming a small cloud in which the outline of the grinning face of an evil spirit appears. If you want to continue trying to prise the other fingers away from your throat, turn to **299**. If you want to take a swipe at the smoke cloud, turn to **188**.

160

The man curses and draws a sabre from his belt, shouting, "I, Blackthorn of Chalice, will see your head delivered to Lord Azzur." He runs at you with his sabre raised in the air.

BLACKTHORN *SKILL 8* *STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **109**.

161

As you open the door, you are stabbed in the arm by the intruder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Unable to see your attacker, you swing your sword blindly in the pitch-black darkness and feel it strike home. A man's muffled cry breaks the silence. The intruder is a skilful KNIFE FIGHTER, quick-witted and agile, and you must fight him in the dark.

KNIFE FIGHTER *SKILL 7* *STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **174**.

162

The men's eyes light up when they hear your offer to buy their fish. The fisherman who claimed to have caught all the fish picks up the bucket and thrusts it at you, which makes water slosh over the sides. There are six fish in the bucket and the man says he'll include the bucket for the price. You hand him a Gold Piece, which brings a big smile to his face. The men gather up their fishing equipment and head off west, and start arguing again, this time about the Gold Piece. You ignore them and set about making a fire and you are soon tucking into tasty grilled fish. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. Feeling content and well fed, you head north to walk along the bank of the tributary. Turn to **47**.

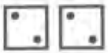

"I am the berserker, Urzle Ironface."

163

After tying the rowing boat to a wooden jetty, you walk along a cart track towards Fang in good spirits, heartened by the knowledge that Lord Azzur can't be far away. As you approach the main gates, a giant bare-chested man with bulging muscles steps out from behind the jail to stand in your way. His body is covered in jagged scars, and he makes no attempt to hide the silver scorpion pendant hanging on a silver necklace around his neck. He is wearing an iron helmet which completely covers his face and he is armed with a large battle-axe and shield. "I've been waiting for you," he growls slowly in a deep voice. "I knew you would come. You have defeated many assassins. But you cannot defeat me. I am the ultimate assassin. I am the berserker, Urzle Ironface. There is a bounty is on your head and I must do what must be done. It cannot be undone. This is my pledge to Lord Azzur." The huge man smashes his axe against his shield and strides forward to attack you.

URZLE IRONFACE	*SKILL 12*	*STAMINA 12*

If you are still alive after 5 Attack Rounds, turn to **247**.

164

The woman looks slightly off balance when you ask her the question. "No, I'm afraid not. Why do you ask?" she replies, composing herself again. You suddenly catch sight

of a necklace which was previously concealed by her hood. It looks to be made of silver. You take two steps backwards with your hand on the hilt of your sword. She looks at you aghast, and says, "Please refrain from drawing your sword. If you think I am an assassin, you are most certainly wrong. As you can see I am not carrying a sword and, apart from my arrows and whittling knife, I am completely unarmed." If you want to pull back her cloak so you can see if she is hiding a weapon, turn to **86**. If you want to attack her with your sword, turn to **287**.

165

The Dragon is covered with red, iron-like scales which look too thick to penetrate with your sword, so you aim your blow at its clawed feet, which are just above your head. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **82**. If the number is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **262**.

166

You become aware of a faint smell of smoke in the air and look round to see a thick plume of black smoke rising above the treetops into the sky. Whilst you are watching the smoke rise, you do not notice the window open on the first floor of the tavern and a crossbow appear which

is aimed at you. Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or a 2, turn to **269**. If you roll a 3 or a 4, turn to **107**. If you roll a 5 or a 6, turn to **62**.

167

Balthazar shakes his head and says, "No, I'm glad I haven't seen that despicable tyrant, and you are going to be disappointed if you were hoping to find him in Kaad. He held a banquet here last night for his cronies, and I heard he left this morning for Fang. He's gone to see his friend Baron Sukumvit, who is holding his annual Trial of Champions. Anyway, I have to get back to my work, so I'm going to say goodbye." Balthazar shuts the door, leaving you no option but to walk further up Clock Street. Turn to **89**.

168

You hear gasps of disbelief from the crew as you move to draw your sword, but the captain simply sneers and pulls the trigger of his pistol. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **52**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **350**.

169

The warrior's aim is deadly accurate. Her spear pierces your armour and lodges in your shoulder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You manage to yank it free with the warrior closing in fast wielding two long knives. You draw your sword and ready yourself for combat. Turn to **266**.

170

The storekeeper rummages through all his drawers without success but finds a pair of boots under a pile of sacks on one of the top shelves. "I knew I had a pair somewhere," he says to himself with satisfaction, dusting them off. "They're not new, but they were made by a High Elf master boot-maker. Look at the quality of the leather and the stitching. If you wear these, you will be able to outrun anybody. I'm loath to sell my last pair, but I'll let you have them for 5 Gold Pieces." Will you:

Buy the boots?	Turn to **351**
Reject the boots and buy some Provisions?	Turn to **64**
Leave the store and head east on foot?	Turn to **203**

171

Silence descends over the crowd. Azzur plays to the audience, rubbing his chin as though appearing to be deep in thought. "That's a good number," he says coldly. "But it's not good enough!" Turn to **25**.

172

You are caught by a blast of flame. Lose 2 *SKILL* points and 4 *STAMINA* points. The burning pain is intense, but you dare not stop running. With its giant leathery wings flapping noisily above you, the Dragon climbs into the sky, ready to swoop down to attack you again with its fiery

breath. Running into the undergrowth, you are quick to spot an entrance to a burrow in the ground, perhaps a den made by a wild animal. If you want to jump down feet first into the burrow to hide from the Dragon, turn to **285**. If you want to keep on running, turn to **325**.

173

You part the tall grass with your sword and see a man dressed in green-and-brown woodsman's clothing lying face down with a dagger sticking out of his back. He groans loudly when you turn him on his side. "It's too late for me," he whispers slowly, staring at you with unblinking eyes. "Two Hobgoblins jumped me. I fought them off, but there was another one hiding in the long grass who stabbed me in the back. They took everything I had and left me for dead." The man grimaces in pain and breathes in hard before carrying on. "The cowardly dogs missed my gold. Take it." The man's eyes suddenly widen, and he goes listless. There is nothing you can do to save the woodsman. You find a hidden pocket in the seam of his tunic containing 3 Gold Pieces which you place in your pocket and continue your journey. Turn to **363**.

174

Breathing hard after the desperate fight, you think about who your attacker might be but know you will have to wait for the morning light to find out. Not wishing to spend time in the company of a corpse, you decide to sleep on the beach. Thankfully the rest of the night passes without incident, and you are relieved to see dawn finally break. You go back to the hut, where you find the body of a skinny man. Two long knives lie on the ground beside him. He has a dark moustache, a pointed beard and a thin, crooked nose. His clothing is Shazaari – loose-fitting black robes and black leggings, and a headdress made of a long black scarf wrapped around his head. His only jewellery is a silver necklace and pendant with a scorpion etching on it, which you take and put in your pocket. You also take one of the daggers from the cross belt slung around his neck. You wonder why he came to the island to kill you. Did somebody hire him to do it? If so, why? For now, there is no answer. If you want to search through the Knife Fighter's clothing, turn to **251**. If you would rather begin your daily quest for food, turn to **11**.

175

The man's aim is true, and a small dart-like arrow sinks into your leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. The man sneers with satisfaction, draws a sabre from his belt and lunges at you, shouting, "I, Blackthorn of Chalice, will see your head

delivered to Lord Azzur." You must fight him.

BLACKTHORN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **109**.

176

You open the door very slowly, mindful of traps and assassins that could be lying in wait. You hear somebody snoring and peer round the door to see a portly man with bushy eyebrows asleep in a rocking chair with his arms folded across his chest. He is wearing a white shirt tucked into a pair of baggy woollen trousers held up by bright red braces. There is a green bottle on a round wooden table next to him with a label on it which says POTION OF HEALING. Will you:

Tiptoe over to the bottle and take a swig from it? Turn to **78**
Tap the man on the shoulder to wake him up? Turn to **333**
Close the door and carry on walking east? Turn to **277**

177

Whilst wiping the blood off your sword with some leaves, you notice an iron bracelet lying in the earth near the entrance of the den. If you want to try on the bracelet, turn to **40**. If you would rather leave it where it is and head west back to your hut on the other side of the island, turn to **217**.

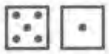

178

A crowd gathers around you after your brutal battle with the Giant. You ask one of the onlookers why the Giant attacked you. He looks at you as though you are mad, and says, "What did you expect? Borg hated noise. It hurt his head and made him uncontrollably violent. That's why he lived in Quiet Street!" A murmur spreads through the crowd and suddenly a voice blurts out, "I recognize Borg's killer from the 'Wanted' posters on the noticeboards! It's the murderer! Call the Guard!" You know that nobody would believe you if you told them that you are being hunted by assassins. You must act fast. If you want to run up Quiet Street, turn to **55**. If you want to turn and run back down Quiet Street, turn to **314**.

179

The path continues to wend its way north. As you walk along, something on the ground catches your eye which is almost hidden from view by a large bush. You lift up the leaves and see a sealed wooden box. There is a message written on a label attached to the lid which reads *Property of Balthazar Wittle, The Clock Tower, Clock Street, Kaad. Do NOT open*. You shake the box and hear what sounds like metallic objects rattling around inside. If you want to break the wax seal and open the box, turn to **232**. If you would rather put the box in your backpack and carry on walking north, turn to **121**.

180

You think that the best way to put the pirates off from coming on board the *Blue Moon* is to make them believe that you have died of plague, something they would not want to catch. You uncork the bottle and quickly mark your face with red ink, highlighting your insect bites to make them look like large open sores caused by deadly smallpox. You lie down on the deck and keep perfectly still as the pirate ship comes alongside. You hear voices discussing what should be done with you. A loud gruff voice, probably that of the captain, barks out an order. "One of you dogs jump on board the boat and toss the body in the sea. Tie a rope to the boat and we'll tow it to Port Blacksand and sell it." You dare to open your eyes a fraction and see a scrawny-looking pirate standing on a plank, ready to dive into the sea. He suddenly stops in his tracks and says, "If I board that boat we're all going to die! The dead body is covered with pox! I know plague when I see it." You hear the captain order his men to set sail immediately and watch the pirate ship sail away. Moments later you see a gigantic tentacle rise out of the sea, no more than twenty metres away from the pirate ship. Another tentacle rises out of the sea, then another, and another, until there are eight tentacles towering above the ship. They belong to a giant monster from the depths of the sea which has a huge squid-like body, two massive eyes and a beaked mouth. The ship is

about to be attacked by a KRAKEN. You hear booming explosions from the ship's cannon as two cannonballs whistle through the air towards the Kraken, one of them finding its mark and taking a big chunk out of one of the tentacles. The sea monster thrashes around in the sea and wraps two of its giant tentacles around the ship's mast, pulling the ship over. There is chaos on board as the Kraken slowly pulls the ship over on its side, causing everything on deck that is not lashed down to spill overboard. There is nothing the pirates can do to defeat the Kraken, and you hear them cry for help as they jump into the sea. You watch on in horror as the pirate ship disappears below the waves, and the rest of the crew with it. You trim the *Blue Moon*'s flapping sail and set a course away from the sea monster, sailing due east towards the Red River estuary. Turn to **114**.

181

You give the urchin a Gold Piece, which he bites to make sure it's real. His friends walk over, and an argument breaks out about who should keep the coin. They start pushing each other and the squabble turns into a fight.

While you are distracted by the commotion, one of the urchins deftly slips his hand inside your pocket and helps himself to your possessions. His thieving done, the pickpocket whistles to his friends, and all the urchins run off down an alleyway together, laughing loudly. You have been robbed. Lose three of the items in your pockets. You also discover the catapult is broken. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. There is little point in wasting time chasing the urchins, so you continue your walk to the Wishing Well. Turn to **261**.

182

The captain frowns and says with a grunt, "It's cold, dark and the wind is getting up. That's not good. I think we should sail to the mainland first thing tomorrow morning." If you want to insist on setting sail immediately, turn to **258**. If you want to spend one more night on the island, turn to **302**.

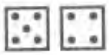

183

You try to dodge out of the way of the Ninja's flashing blade but suffer a deep wound on your arm. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, you draw your sword to fight the quick-footed Ninja, who leaps at you, cutting his blade through the air.

NINJA WARRIOR *SKILL 7* *STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **254**.

184

You take a knife from one of the thieves and tuck it into your belt. After making sure nobody is watching, you tear down the poster, screw it into a ball and toss it away. But you know it's probably futile and that everybody in Port Blacksand is likely to be on the lookout for you, hoping to claim the reward on offer for your head. If you want to get back on board the *Blue Moon* and sail north to Red River, turn to **152**. If you want to go in the Black Lobster Tavern at the end of the quay, turn to **334**.

185

You keep your eyes on the cave, but nothing emerges from the entrance. You are about to go down the steps when you hear a rustling sound in the undergrowth behind you. You spin round to see a large humanoid creature charging straight at you with its clawed hands outstretched. Its large head is totally devoid of skin, the skull blood-red, and its protruding eyeballs and long pointed teeth hideously exposed. The repulsive beast is a seldom-seen creature of chaos known as a FLESH-HEAD. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **267**. If the number is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **138**.

186

The fishermen watch you carefully with their swords half-drawn as you pass by. As soon as you are far enough away they start arguing again, even louder than before. You ignore them and head north along the bank of the tributary. Turn to **47**.

187

The cupboard door is slightly ajar. You open it further with the tip of your sword and see a crimson-glazed clay pot with a cracked lid. If you want to lift the lid off the pot, turn to **122**. If you would rather not touch the pot and instead look around the cave, turn to **365**.

188

You hack at the cloud of smoke, but your sword cuts harmlessly through it and merely causes the smiling face to laugh at you silently. You grimace from the acute pain of the skeleton fingers squeezing hard on your windpipe. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Ignoring the smoke cloud, you make a last desperate attempt to prise the remaining fingers away from your throat before you pass out. Turn to **299**.

189

You eventually come to a rickety old gate on the right which has a large sign nailed to it with the words BOGG FARM – BOG OFF painted on it. A gravel path leads from the gate to an old farmhouse, which sits in the middle of a small field separated from the grassland by a wooden fence. There is a stone post next to the gate with an arrow carved on it pointing towards the town and the words KAAD – 1 MILE underneath. From this distance, Kaad looks like it is a small town. The buildings are few in number and are mostly one or two storeys high except a stone tower in the centre of town. If you want to open the gate and walk up the path to the farmhouse, turn to **70**. If you would rather continue on to Kaad, turn to **307**.

190

You look down at the body and see your attacker is wearing the familiar silver necklace and pendant with a scorpion etching. You snap the chain and put the pendant in your pocket just as a rowdy gang of thugs rushes down on to the quayside. Several gasp in horror on seeing the man lying on the ground in a pool of blood. "Look! Lazlo

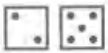

Mallick is dead!" shouts a scar-faced villain. "There's the killer!" he screams, pointing at you. "It's the same person as the one on the 'Wanted' poster!" You sweep your sword threateningly from side to side as a warning to all and tell the mob that Lazlo Mallick was an assassin who was trying to kill you. "So are we!" somebody shouts out. "A bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces is enough to turn anybody in Port Blacksand into an assassin!" a burly rogue adds with laughter. "Let's finish this!" "After you, mate!" a skinny peg-legged pirate retorts loudly in a scratchy, high-pitched voice. Some of the villains begin chuckling, giving you a fleeting moment to cut the rope holding the *Blue Moon* to its mooring. You jump on board and cast off. "Don't let the murderer get away!" the rogue shouts angrily. The mob advances to the water's edge and starts baying for your blood. Three men dive into the water to swim after you, but with a fair wind in your sails, the *Blue Moon* quickly leaves them behind. You look back and see others jump on board a fishing boat which causes an argument, and a fight breaks out on deck. The fishing boat remains moored to the quay, and you are able to sail away on the strong easterly breeze, setting a northerly course towards the Red River estuary. You are fortunate to have escaped the mob on the wharf, but at least another assassin has been eliminated. Turn to **15**.

191

Billy smiles and says, "That seems like a very fair offer to me, brother Bobby. Throw the rope down to our new friend." You pick up the assassin's axes and climb out of the cellar and are greeted by the two Dwarfs, who slap you on the back. "No hard feelings, I hope?" says Billy. You shake your head and hand over the axes, rings and 18 Gold Pieces. The brothers shake your hand and walk with you to the wooden gate where they bid you farewell. You wave goodbye and set off towards Kaad. Turn to **307**.

192

You pull the cork out of the bottle with your teeth and hastily spread the waxy paste on the bite marks on your leg. The magic compound does its job and the wound quickly heals, leaving you feeling none the worse for the experience. You pop the small bottle inside your pocket and are about to set off again when you notice an iron bracelet lying in the earth near the entrance to the den. If you want to try on the bracelet, turn to **40**. If you would rather leave it where it is and head back to your hut on the other side of the island, turn to **217**.

193

You stand over the fallen Orc, whose death cry was heard by the main group of Orcs. More than twenty of them bear down on you, screaming and baying for your blood. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. If you have a Scroll of Invisibility, turn to **75**. If you do not have this scroll, turn to **230**.

194

A few broken planks drift past you, but nothing large enough to climb on to. You swim on until you are exhausted, at which point you can do nothing more than tread water. Suddenly you see two fins cutting through the water, moving at speed towards you. There is no mistaking the red tip of the dorsal fin of a Blood Shark. Your worst fears are about to be realized as the sharks move in for their feeding frenzy. Your adventure is over.

195

There is a full moon and everything around you looks spooky in the half-light. You find shelter under a large bush

which keeps you hidden from the creatures of the night, and spend a restless night under the stars, hardly daring to go to sleep for fear of being attacked by the howling Wolves and other roaming monsters. You get up soon after dawn, feeling tired and hungry. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You set off immediately and pick up a trail heading north, which you decide to follow. Turn to **378**.

196

You raise your shield to ward off the flames shooting down from the sky. The flames are repelled but the shield becomes red-hot to the touch and burns the back of your arm. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. The Dragon glides down to land on the edge of the cliff where you are standing, its gigantic clawed feet aimed directly at you. If you want to thrust your sword at the Dragon as it attempts to land, turn to **165**. If you want to run for cover, turn to **391**.

197

Mindful of the storekeeper's warning about an ambush, you slip behind a nearby tree to survey the tavern. A few minutes later you see a bald-headed man appear at an open window on the first floor holding a crossbow. He has a dent in his skull and all his teeth are made of gold. It is undoubtedly the deadly assassin Garanka Vassell. Will you:

Call out to him?	Turn to **368**
Fire an arrow at him (if you have a bow)?	Turn to **80**
Run over to the tavern door?	Turn to **42**

198

The lead shot whistles past your head and fizzes harmlessly into the sea. You hear the captain shout at his men to bring you on board his ship. If you want to cut the rope towing the *Blue Moon*, turn to **88**. If you want to give yourself up to the pirates, turn to **290**.

199

After handing over your possessions, you are led below decks to the galley, where you are ordered to help the

ship's cook prepare the iron rations for the crew. Your first job is to pick maggots out of the dried meat and scrape the weevils off the sea biscuits. The smell of rotten food in the galley makes you feel sick, but you know it won't be too long before the ship reaches Port Blacksand. You keep your head down and only speak when spoken to as the old ship creaks and shudders its way across the open sea. Your disgusting job is almost completed when you suddenly hear shouting coming from the upper deck, and the captain screaming out orders to his helmsman to turn the ship hard to starboard. You run over to look through a porthole on the port side and are alarmed to see a gigantic tentacle rising out of the sea, no more than twenty metres away from the ship. Another tentacle rises out of the sea, then another, and another, until there are eight of them towering above you. The ship is about to be attacked by a KRAKEN, a giant sea monster with a colossal squid-like body, two huge eyes and a beaked mouth. You hear booming explosions from the ship's cannon as two cannonballs whistle through the air towards the Kraken, one of them finding its mark and taking a big chunk out of one of the tentacles. The sea monster retaliates by wrapping two of its giant tentacles around the ship's mast. There is chaos on board as the Kraken starts pulling the ship over on to its side. You hear the pirates cry for help as they jump into the sea, and it's all you can do to hang on as water bursts into the ship's

galley. The cook scrambles up the stairs and disappears, leaving you all alone. You grab his meat cleaver and follow him up on deck as the ship starts to sink. You see some pirates trying their best to launch a rowing boat, but the ship is heeled over, which makes their task impossibly difficult. If you want to help them launch the rowing boat, turn to **85**. If you would rather make your way to the back of the ship, cut the rope towing the *Blue Moon*, and jump into the sea to climb on board, turn to **304**.

200

The sweeping plain is grassland as far as you can see all the way to the town in the far distance. The path cuts a straight line through the tall grasses and you follow it north for a while before turning right to follow the path heading north-east. You walk along it for some time until you arrive at a junction with another narrow path. If you want to head west along the new path, turn to **135**. If you want to keep going north-east towards the town, turn to **369**.

201

You peer inside the gloomy cave and see a coil of rope

hanging on a rusty iron peg just inside the entrance. You look up and see hundreds of black bats hanging upside down from the ceiling. There isn't much light, just enough to see what looks like a small wooden cupboard mounted on the wall at the back of the cave. If you want to take the rope, turn to **331**. If you would rather walk over to the cupboard at the back of the cave, turn to **187**.

202

The little man scrambles down the tree and introduces himself. "Hello, my name is Gerrit. I'm a Woodling. We live in the trees because there are just too many terrifying monsters stalking the forest. Some we can hide from, some we can run from, some we can slay, but none of us has ever defeated a Shape Changer or escaped from the jaws of a Giant Slugworm. What's your story?" You hand Gerrit two rations from your Provisions (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*) and tell him about Lord Azzur and the assassination attempts on your life. He looks at you aghast and says, "Don't chance going in the forest. You should go to Kaad immediately. A passing trapper told me that Azzur was in town! Walk east around the edge of the forest and you'll eventually see Kaad. You can't miss it." If you want to take Gerrit's advice and head east, turn to **328**. If you would rather ignore his advice and go in the forest, turn to **51**.

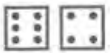

He is fast asleep and snoring loudly

203

You set off at a brisk pace, following a well-worn path along the riverbank. Up ahead you see a small man lying on the ground, his back propped up against a tree and his arms folded across his chest. He's wearing a dark green tunic and brown leggings which are tucked into his green leather boots. A floppy green felt hat is pulled down low over his face. He is fast asleep and snoring loudly. If you want to wake him up to speak to him, turn to **68**. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to **244**.

204

You climb up the tree as fast as you can and stand still on a high branch. You suddenly notice a large bird's nest in the fork of the branch above in which two Death Hawk chicks start screeching loudly. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **41**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **115**.

205

You do not have to wait long before somebody responds to your call for help. You sense somebody is standing behind you, watching, and your worst fears are confirmed when you realize it is not the trapper. "Thank you for calling out to me! I'm surprised my fellow assassins failed to slay you when you make it so easy to find you. Lord Azzur will be pleased with the gift I will bring him in the morning and I will be 10,000 Gold Pieces the richer." Caught in the trap, there is nothing you can do to defend yourself from the strike of the assassin's blade. Your adventure is over.

206

You are caught by the fiery blast which burns your flesh badly. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 4 *STAMINA* points. The pain is terrible, but there is no time to think about it as the Dragon glides down to land on the edge of the cliff where you are standing with its gigantic clawed feet aimed directly at you. If you want to thrust your sword at the Dragon as it attempts to land, turn to **165**. If you want to run for cover, turn to **391**.

207

Much to your relief, the bystanders do not pay you any attention. Your brief time in Kaad has been a battle for survival and, not wishing to get into any bloodier battles, you decide to head for the main gates and leave town. You

walk down Clock Street, which takes you to the market square and on down Crown Street to the main gates. There aren't many people about other than a few merchants leaving town after a long day at the market. As you walk out through the gates, a mean-looking man in a hooded black cloak and a bow and quiver of arrows slung over his shoulder rides past you on a black horse. He glances down at you as he passes by and spits on the ground. If you want to ask him for a ride, turn to **303**. If you want to carry on walking, turn to **252**.

208

Sidd leans forward and slowly opens the wooden box. He reaches inside and lifts out a clear glass ball which has multicoloured gases swirling around inside it. Holding it aloft on the fingertips of one hand, he closes his eyes and begins talking in a language you do not understand. The swirling gases suddenly clear, and inside the crystal ball you see a horse-drawn carriage speeding along a dusty road. The Seer opens his eyes again and the image disappears. "Azzur left Port Blacksand early this morning and will soon be arriving in Kaad. You should head north if you hope to catch him. I'm risking my life telling you the whereabouts of the Dark Lord so a payment of 1 Gold Piece would seem fair, don't you think?" Sidd says, holding out his hand. If you want to pay him, turn to **282**. If you want to leave without paying, turn to **372**.

209

There is nobody looking out to sea from the stern of the pirate ship, and you slip unseen on board the *Blue Moon*. It's a bumpy ride, but you make great headway being towed along by the pirate ship. If you want to continue being towed to Port Blacksand, turn to **5**. If you want to cut the rope that is towing the *Blue Moon*, turn to **88**.

210

You instinctively reach up and grab hold of a large black spider with its long hairy legs wriggling in your hand. You feel a sharp pain in one of your fingers. You have been bitten by a poisonous spider. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You throw it on to the ground and crush it underfoot. You suck out the poison, spit it out, then walk on towards Kaad, crossing a field to a dirt road which leads to the main entrance gates of town. You see a horse-drawn open carriage coming out through the gates driven by a man wearing a bowler hat and a tailored waistcoat over his crisp white shirt. Sitting bolt upright next to him, looking snootily down her nose with an air of grand superiority, is a rosy-cheeked woman wearing a floral hat and long baggy black dress. If you want to put

your hand up to stop the carriage to talk to the woman, turn to **120**. If you want to keep your head down and enter Kaad, turn to **390**.

211

The Monk drops his sack on the ground, and says:

"The sack is certainly very full
But it's mostly balls of orange wool
A woolly jumper I will knit
To keep me warm through the wintry bit
The only thing I have to sell
Is a map leading to the Wishing Well."

He stares at you fiercely with one eyebrow raised and demands 5 Gold Pieces for his map. If you have 5 Gold Pieces and wish to buy the map, turn to **117**. If you do not have 5 Gold Pieces or do not want to buy the map, turn to **3**.

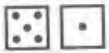

212

Luckily, the barrel does not topple over. You kick out again, harder this time, which forces the Rat to loosen its grip on your boot. You regain your balance and jump up to grab the top of the wall, pulling yourself up just as the crowd is closing in. You look down and see the Armed Guards arguing about who should be giving who a leg up to climb over the wall. You leave them to it and jump down into the back yard of a small house. There is a pile of coal in one corner of the yard and you can feel the heat from the fire of an open furnace nearby. There is an anvil next to the furnace and a hammer and tongs hanging from hooks on the wall. You notice the back door of the house is ajar and there is a passageway running down the side of the house to the street. If you want to go into the house, turn to **98**. If you want to walk down the side passage, turn to **330**.

213

You reach the east side of the island in less than an hour, emerging from the undergrowth on to a rocky open area which ends at the edge of a cliff. There is a beach below and you notice a cave entrance at the base of the cliff. There are some rough stone steps leading down to the beach. If you want to walk down the steps and enter the cave, turn to **294**. If you would rather wait to see if there is any sign of life inside the cave, turn to **185**.

214

Fighting for your life, you just manage to gather enough strength to prise one of the fingers away from your throat. You snap it off and a wisp of green smoke escapes from the hollow of the broken finger, forming a small cloud in the shape of a grinning face of an evil spirit. If you want to continue trying to prise the other fingers away from your throat, turn to **299**. If you want to take a swipe at the smoke cloud, turn to **188**.

215

The storekeeper looks at you in disbelief, and says abruptly, "As you wish. I'm going home now. You're on your own. Good luck." The storekeeper begins closing the window shutters and asks you to leave whilst he locks up. You have no option but to leave the store and head east on foot. Turn to **203**.

216

Azzur looks at you closely, nodding his head several times deep in thought. "That's an impressive number," he says coldly. Turn to **276**.

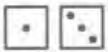

217

You hack your way through the undergrowth, being careful not to brush against the poison-tipped creepers. You hear the sound of buzzing overhead and look up to see a swarm of bees fly out of their hive high up in a tree. If you want to climb the tree to see if you can find some honey, turn to **370**. If you would rather press on to get back to your hut, turn to **147**.

218

The Luck Gods smile on you and decide that yours is a Ring of Good Fortune. Add 1 *SKILL* point, 2 *STAMINA* points and 3 *LUCK* points. You put the clock hands back in the box and place it back under the bush before setting off north again in good spirits. Turn to **121**.

219

You attack the rats, hacking at them furiously with your sword. You are bitten several times by some which run up your leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. More rats swarm out of the drain and you soon realize there are just too many of them for you to overcome. You give up trying and walk

back up the stairs to where Balthazar is waiting. "Call yourself a rat catcher? If you think I'm going to pay you, you can think again! You can go now. I'm going to get somebody else to do the job." He opens the front door and signals for you to leave. You barge past him and turn right up Clock Street. Turn to **89**.

220

The intruder's dagger strikes you, but only causes a light flesh wound to your arm. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You retaliate by swiping your sword through the darkness, and feel it strike home. A man's muffled cry breaks the silence, and you hear him stumble backwards. You step forward to finish off the intruder, who is a skilful KNIFE FIGHTER. Although injured, he is agile and quick on his feet, and you must fight him in total darkness.

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **174**.

221

The apple is crisp and tasty, and just what you need after a long walk. You help yourself to a second apple and devour it just as quickly as the first one. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. You look round but there is nobody to thank, so you set off east again. Turn to **358**.

An unpleasant smell suddenly fills your nostrils

222

You walk east some distance until you come to a junction in the path where it meets another path running north-south. You don't see any point in going back south so you turn left to head north towards the town, which you can see in the distance. Turn to **369**.

223

You set off again, picking a path through the thick undergrowth, wondering what other strange things you might discover on the creepy island. It's not long before you find out. An unpleasant smell suddenly fills your nostrils – a foul stench like rotten eggs. There is a strange mound in front of you, something that resembles a huge lump of green wax. Suddenly it moves, rising up slowly on its trunklike legs. It is a huge creature with an enormous oval head and tiny sunken eyes, two small holes for a nose, and a gaping fanged mouth from which drool dribbles down its multilayered chin. It is covered with open sores which ooze thick, yellow pus which trickles down its bloated body like melting candle wax. A swarm of flies buzzes around the creature, landing on it to feed on its stinking excretions. The creature's noxious smell makes you light-headed and you start to feel dizzy. If you want to stand your ground and fight the DECAYER, turn to **306**. If you would rather flee, turn to **359**.

224

You enter a musty-smelling candlelit room which has an enormous bookcase set against the far wall. The shelves are crammed full of ancient leather-bound tomes. There is a table and chair in the middle of the room, with several books lying open on the table. The woman invites you to look at a book entitled *Dragonfire*. As you flick through the pages you see her glance over your shoulder. Her smile vanishes, and the door suddenly slams shut behind you. You spin round to see the man who was hiding behind it. Dressed head to toe in loose black robes, all you can see of his face are his stone-cold brown eyes. Holding his straight-bladed short sword above his head in both hands is a NINJA WARRIOR who utters a shrill battle cry and leaps forward to attack you. If your current *SKILL* score is 8 or greater, turn to **93**. If your *SKILL* is 7 or less, turn to **183**.

225

You feel a sharp pain as one of the daggers finds its mark, hitting you squarely in the shoulder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Not stopping to look back at the angry mob, you run through the tavern doorway and on down to the quayside. Turn to **234**.

226

You notice that some of the people standing at the crossroads are armed with clubs and pitchforks, and you suspect they are probably looking for you. You pretend to scratch your head as you walk past them, trying to hide your face. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **207**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **284**.

227

You look at the bite marks on your leg and are horrified to see tiny white thread-like worms wriggling around in the wound. You scrape them off with your knife, but there is nothing you can do to rid yourself of the virus the worms have infected you with. You break out in a sweat and suddenly feel very unwell. You get hotter and hotter as the virus takes hold and you soon pass out. Only people with a strong constitution can survive the Gungh Virus. Lose 10 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **398**.

228

You catch sight of a small deer grazing in the warm sunshine. You walk towards it but as soon as it sees you it bounds off and disappears into the long grass. You walk back to the path, and step on something metallic which was hidden from view by the grass. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **332**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **148**.

229

The storekeeper frowns, and says solemnly, "Yes, I've heard of him. He paid me an unwelcome visit earlier today. He barged in, spat on the floor and made a horrible smell. Then he helped himself to my food, took an axe, some rope and didn't pay me a penny. A disgusting human being if ever there was one. He put up the 'Wanted' poster on the wall outside, which, as you know, has your face displayed on it. When he finally spoke, he told me his name and said that if I saw you, I was to tell you I had seen him in Tall Tom's Tavern, which is half an hour's walk east of here. Then I was supposed to light a fire and cover it with wet leaves to make a smoke signal to let him know you were on your way, so he could ambush you. Don't worry, that's not going to happen. Harold Cornpepper is not in the habit of helping assassins. If you are the valiant warrior who defeated Zanbar Bone, Allansia will be forever in your debt. However, Lord Azzur will not rest until you are dead. You will need to be prepared for when you meet Vassell. Might I suggest you purchase one or two magic items from my display case?" You thank the storekeeper for his advice and decide what to do. If you want to look at the items in the display case, turn to **54**. If you want to leave the store straight away and head east in pursuit of Garanka Vassell, turn to **203**.

230

The band of screaming Orcs crashes into you with the force of a herd of stampeding Hippohogs. Their flailing swords, axes, morning stars and cudgels make light work of your pitiful resistance, and the battle lasts less than a minute. Your adventure is over.

231

A search of the beach yields a silver coin buried in the sand and a rusty old knife which you find in a rock pool. You put the items in your pocket and look out to sea to spot a barrel bobbing up and down which appears to be attached to the seabed by a rope or a chain. If you want to swim out to the barrel, turn to **255**. If you would rather climb back up the stone steps to the top of the cliff, turn to **127**.

232

You hear a faint click when you lift the lid. A small dart shoots out of the box and lodges painfully in your shoulder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Inside the box you find 10 Gold Pieces, two long brass clock hands and a gold signet ring with a question mark engraved on it. You pocket the Gold Pieces and examine the ring. If you want to try it on, turn to **346**. If you would rather put the ring and the clock hands back in the box and place it back under the bush and continue north, turn to **121**.

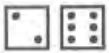

233

One by one, the contestants are introduced to Baron Sukumvit and Lord Azzur. When your turn comes, the Baron asks you to remove your helmet before stepping on to the podium out of respect for his guest. If you want to take off your helmet, turn to **145**. If you want to refuse to take it off for fear of being recognized, turn to **366**.

234

Port Blacksand is not the place where you want to be right now, and you run as fast as you can down the quay to where the *Blue Moon* is moored. Leaning against the bollard is an unshaven, one-armed beggar with his head bowed. His dirty, baggy shirt and ragged cotton pants are partially covered by a moth-eaten blanket. He rattles his tin mug at you and says in a quivering voice, "Spare me a coin and I'll untie your boat for you." If you want to give the beggar a coin to help you cast off, turn to **389**. If you want to ignore him and untie the mooring rope yourself before jumping on board your boat, turn to **129**.

235

You scramble down the tree and land on top of the Orc who is waiting below. He is armed with a morning star and you strike him a mighty blow with your sword before he can stand up. Blood pours from the Orc's side, and although badly injured, he manages to get back up on his

feet. The Orc staggers towards you, spitting blood and roaring in pain, swinging his morning star. You must finish off the Orc quickly before the other Orcs hear the commotion.

ORC	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 2*

If you win the fight in the first Attack Round, turn to **311**. If it takes two or more Attack Rounds to defeat the Orc, turn to **193**.

236

You swerve sharply left and keep on running, just in time, as flames shoot down and scorch the ground where you were a second ago. With its giant leathery wings flapping noisily above you, the Dragon climbs into the sky, ready to swoop down to attack you again with its fiery breath. Running into the undergrowth, you spot the entrance to a burrow in the ground, perhaps a den made by a wild animal. If you want to jump down feet first into the burrow to hide from the Dragon, turn to **285**. If you want to keep on running, turn to **325**.

237

The tip of the dart is coated in toxic snake venom and you immediately start to shake uncontrollably. Lose 10 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **271**.

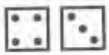

238

The arrow flies straight and true through the open window, and you hear a scream of pain. Your arrow has struck its target, and you punch the air in triumph. Gain 1 *LUCK* point. But your joy is short-lived because suddenly the tavern door bursts open. A heavily built man storms out of the tavern, screaming at the top of his voice, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. There is an arrow shaft sticking out of the fleshy part of his neck, but it doesn't appear to bother Garanka Vassell. You draw your sword and ready yourself to fight the deadly assassin. Turn to **53**.

239

The pirates are astonished to see you kill their captain. They are very angry and start yelling at you and close in with their cutlasses drawn. Will you:

Stand your ground and fight them? Turn to **340**
Climb the rigging and tell the motley crew that you have appointed yourself as their new captain? Turn to **79**
Jump over the side and swim to the *Blue Moon*? Turn to **24**

240

Brother Billy scratches his head and says, "Well, that sounds like a load of hogwash to me. What do you think, brother Bobby?" Bobby scratches his head and says, "I think you are probably right, brother Billy. Maybe it's time we let the trespasser play our favourite game!" "Great idea, brother Bobby," says Billy. Turn to **381**.

241

You come to the foot of a small hill and run up and over it and down to a wooded area, where you see a silver-haired woman standing in a doorway which has been cut out of the trunk of a huge oak tree. "Over here!" she cries, beckoning you over to her. "Quick, come inside and close the door behind you!" If you want to follow her through the doorway, turn to **63**. If you would rather keep on running, turn to **316**.

242

You pass by a dead tree devoid of bark and leaves where a skeleton hand is hanging on a rusty nail hammered into the trunk. The bones are well weathered, dark ochre in colour, and look to have been hanging on the nail for years. If you want to lift the dismembered hand off the nail, turn to **343**. If you would rather leave it where it is and walk on, turn to **223**.

She is whistling happily to herself

243

You walk through the main gates and mingle with the townsfolk, who are busily going about their various tasks. Nobody pays you much attention as you walk down Crown Street, which is lined on both sides with small shops and old wood and plaster houses with tiled roofs. The street leads into the market square, where the traders are packing up their stalls for the day. You see a portly man in long brown robes walking towards you carrying a large sack over his shoulder. If you want to talk to him, turn to **19**. If you would rather ignore him and walk across the market square to Clock Street, turn to **140**.

244

Looking south, you see a ruined tower some distance away on the other side of the river. As though spooked by your gaze, a large flock of crows takes flight from the ruins, cawing loudly. You walk on, and it's not long before you see a woman in a cloak with the hood down walking towards you along the path. She is whistling happily to herself whilst sharpening one end of a stick with a knife and doesn't seem bothered when she sees you. She has a quiver of arrows slung over her shoulders but is not carrying a bow. When she is close, she stops and says with a beaming smile, "Greetings!" If you want to talk to her, turn to **362**. If you would rather bid her good day and carry on walking east, turn to **298**.

245

You feel a sharp pain in your side as the lead shot from the captain's pistol grazes your flesh. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You hear the captain singing his own praises loudly about his shooting skills. He orders his men to bring you on board his ship and disappears out of sight. If you want to cut the rope towing the *Blue Moon*, turn to **88**. If you want to give yourself up to the pirates, turn to **290**.

246

The chain mail vest is heavy but will protect you in battle. Add 1 *SKILL* point. Pleased with your new armour, you think about what to do next. Will you:

Go in the tavern?	Turn to **341**
Head north along a new path?	Turn to **133**
Continue your journey east?	Turn to **157**

247

The relentless blows from the Berserker's battleaxe are impossible to withstand. He swings his axe with superhuman strength, and it is all you can do to parry the giant blade. You are forced backwards and stumble over a tree root. He grunts with satisfaction and strikes again, and you suffer a deep wound to your thigh. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **106.**

248

You manage to navigate the rough stone steps without falling and run as fast as you can across the sandy beach, diving into the sea with the swarm of bees trailing behind you. You stay underwater as long as you can, and it's only when your lungs feel as though they are about to burst that you surface to breathe in the fresh air. Much to your relief, the bees have flown off. Unfortunately, half of your remaining Provisions are nothing but a soggy mess at the bottom of your backpack. Delete them from your *Adventure Sheet*. After drying yourself off, you climb back up the steps and head west back to your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **147**.

249

You hear footsteps approaching, and see the door opened by a bespectacled, jovial-looking man with thinning grey hair and long bushy sideburns almost down to his chin. He's wearing a waistcoat over a baggy white shirt tucked into his checked trousers, which are held up by red braces. He peers over the top of his spectacles and says, "Hello, I'm Balthazar Wittle. Are you the rat catcher?" If you want to reply "Yes", turn to **383**. If you want to reply "No", turn to **30**.

250

You hand over 2 Gold Pieces in payment for six arrows, which you notice all have flights made with black feathers. The fletcher sees you looking at them and says, "The flights are made from chicken feathers, which ensures my arrows fly true. Is there anything else you would like to know?" If you want to ask her if she has heard any rumours about assassins in the area, turn to **164**. If you would rather set off east again, turn to **279**.

251

You find a small circular brass box with a hinged lid concealed in a hidden pocket inside the Knife Fighter's robes. There is a silver ring inside the box. If you want to try on the ring, turn to **322**. If you would rather begin your quest for food for the third day, turn to **11**.

252

You set off at a brisk pace in the direction of Fang, hoping to find shelter before the sun disappears below the horizon. The light gradually fades, and shadows begin to creep over the Pagan Plain. Howls and growls from the creatures of the night break the silence as they ready themselves

for their nightly hunt. All you see is scrubland for miles around and, unable to find a shelter, you are forced to sleep under a large bush, which at least hides you from prying eyes. There is a full moon and everything around you looks spooky in the half-light. You spend a restless night under the stars, hardly daring to go to sleep for fear of being attacked by Wolves or other flesh-eating creatures you hear roaming about. You get up soon after dawn, feeling tired and hungry. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You set off again, passing a log cabin in the west, and pick up a trail heading north, which you decide to follow. Turn to **378**.

253

You watch the barman shrug his shoulders and nonchalantly tap a bottle with a spoon several times and call for silence in the tavern. "Look who we've got here!" he shouts out to his customers while pointing at you. Everybody in the tavern turns towards you. Several unsavoury-looking villains stand up, daggers in hand. "It's the murderer!" shouts one of the crooks. "It's more like 1,000 Gold Pieces on legs!" cries an old pickpocket with glee. Surrounded by the noisy mob, you decide to run for it. You kick over the table in front of you and dash for the door. Although the crowd is distracted by the flying table, three thieves manage to throw their daggers at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **73**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **225**.

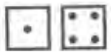

254

When you reach down to uncover the Ninja's face, the woman flees from the room and runs up the stairs. You hear the door open and close but let her go, as you are more interested to see if the Ninja was another of Lord Azzur's assassins. The silver pendant hanging on the chain around his neck answers your question. You snap the chain and pocket the silver scorpion. You find the name Gozo Yamakuri embroidered on his robes and see that he was also wearing a thin copper headband. You empty the Ninja's cloth backpack and find a pair of bone dice and some rice wrapped in broad leaves. You eat the rice, which eases your hunger and gives you some energy. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. Will you:

Try on the headband?	Turn to **118**
Look at the books on the bookshelves?	Turn to **355**
Walk up the stairs and go back outside?	Turn to **305**

255

You leave your possessions on the beach and swim out to sea with your knife gripped between your teeth. The water is cold but the current isn't very strong, and you are able

to swim towards the barrel without much effort. You are about fifteen metres away from it when you see something moving towards you on the surface of the water. The huge fanged jaw of a sea creature suddenly opens up in front of you. It is a GIANT SEA SNAKE, some ten metres long, and you must fight it with your knife. Reduce your *SKILL* by 2 points for this battle.

GIANT SEA SNAKE	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **104**.

256

You instinctively reach up and grab hold of the large yellow spider with its long hairy legs wriggling in your hand. Luckily it isn't poisonous. You toss it into the long grass and walk on towards Kaad, crossing a field to a dirt road which leads to the main entrance gates of town. You see a horse-drawn open carriage coming out through the gates driven by a man wearing a bowler hat and a tailored waistcoat over his crisp white shirt. Sitting bolt upright next to him, looking snootily down her nose with an air of grand superiority, is a rosy-cheeked woman wearing a floral hat and long baggy black dress. If you want to put your hand up to stop the carriage and talk to the woman, turn to **120**. If you want to keep your head down and enter Kaad, turn to **390**.

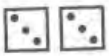

257

Sidd leans forward and slowly opens the wooden box. He reaches inside and lifts out a glass ball which has colourful gases swirling around inside it. Holding it aloft on the fingertips of one hand, he closes his eyes and begins talking in a language you do not understand. The swirling gases suddenly clear, and inside the crystal ball you see a tall warrior woman armed with a spear running along a dirt path at speed. She has striking silver markings covering much of her bronzed skin and her hair is close-cropped and dyed scarlet red. The Seer opens his eyes again and the image vanishes and says, "Ren-Ren Pakk is on her way to hunt you down. She is a Zengian Ultra, a fanatical fighter who is fleet of foot and has lightning reflexes. She will be a formidable opponent." You thank Sidd for the information and wish him farewell. Tall Tom says goodbye, telling you to come back one day. You walk out of the tavern and think about which way to go. If you want to head north, turn to **133**. If you want to continue east, turn to **157**.

258

You tell him that there is no time to lose, and that you have to find Garanka Vassell or whichever assassin is coming for you next before they find you. You jump on board whilst the captain unfurls the sails and casts off into choppy waters. You peer out to sea, wondering if you will be able

to defeat Azzur's assassins. The wind soon starts to howl under the darkening skies, with the boat bobbing up and down on the rough sea and the rigging creaking under the strain. Rain lashes down, and the old boat is battered by high waves crashing over the deck, forcing you to hang on to the rigging to stop yourself from being washed overboard into the churning sea. "We should turn back," the captain shouts into your ear. But before you have time to reply, a bolt of lightning shoots down from the dark sky. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **373**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **154**.

259

Azzur rubs his hands together, enjoying the moment. The Guards become restless and inch forward, desperate to be told to drag you away in chains. The Baron raises his hand and the Guards immediately stand upright, rigid as statues. Azzur walks slowly to the front of the podium and looks you in the eye. "Now tell me, cockroach, how many pendants do you have exactly?" he asks with a snarl. Will you reply:

Seven	Turn to **49**
Nine	Turn to **92**
Eleven	Turn to **171**
Thirteen	Turn to **216**
Fifteen	Turn to **357**

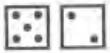

260

As you draw your sword, the Monk sighs, shakes his head, and thrusts out his right hand towards you. A zigzag bolt of lightning shoots out from his hand and slams into your chest, knocking you off your feet and making you lose consciousness. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 5 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **354**.

261

You follow the map past a junction with Brick Street into Quiet Street where, strangely, all the people are tiptoeing along in bare feet with their shoes tucked under their arms. Everybody is communicating by gesture and nobody is making a sound. An old woman wearing a headscarf looks fiercely at you and puts her index finger to her lips and points at your boots. If you want to take off your boots, turn to **335**. If you want to keep them on, turn to **360**.

262

You swing your sword through the air, but the Dragon pulls its feet up just in time, and you fail to hit your

target. Before you have time to strike again, the Dragon lashes out once more with its clawed feet, grabbing you by your head and squeezing it hard. You immediately lose consciousness. The Dragon has caught its prey and it won't go hungry today. Your adventure is over.

263

You walk quietly away from the Orcs, who you can hear shouting and arguing behind you in the clearing. You make your way north through the wood and over a small hill down to a huge grass-covered plain. You see two paths in front of you. One path heads due north towards a forest and the other leads off it and heads north-east towards a town in the far distance. If you want to take the path heading north towards the forest, turn to **101**. If you want to follow this path as far as the junction and take the new path towards the town, turn to **200**.

264

You open the creaking door and enter a large candlelit room which has a large collection of monster-head trophies mounted on the walls. A red-haired man with rosy cheeks and curly sideburns is sitting behind the wooden counter reading a book with thick, wire-rimmed round spectacles perched halfway down his nose. There is a blunderbuss on the shelf on the wall behind the man. "Good evening. Welcome to Otto's Outpost. I hope you had a pleasant journey here?" the man says jovially, peering over the top of his spectacles. "I presume you are wanting a room for the night? That will cost you the princely sum of 1 Gold Piece, including breakfast. Does that meet with your approval?" If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to stay at Otto's Outpost, turn to **339**. If you would rather go back outside and spend the night under the stars on the open plain, turn to **195**.

265

You just manage to swim over to the *Blue Moon* before the Blood Sharks arrive. You grab hold of the side of the boat and haul yourself on board, panting hard. You know your only chance of survival is to act quickly and cut the rope attached to the grappling hook. Turn to **88**.

266

The warrior bears down on you and at the last moment leaps in the air and lands on you, wielding her long knives around furiously. She strikes you before you even know it. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You stagger back and watch the wild-eyed warrior stand still for a second with her head tilted to one side before uttering her shrill war cry and attacking you again in a flurry of flashing blades.

ZENGIAN ULTRA	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **22**.

267

You just manage to sidestep out of the path of the oncoming Flesh-Head, which flies at full speed over the edge of the cliff. It lands head first on the jagged rocks below and is killed instantly. You walk rapidly down the stone steps to the beach below, where you find a large ruby set in the navel of the Flesh-Head. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You prise it out without any fuss and pocket the gem before walking over to the mouth of the cave. Turn to **201**.

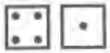

"I think my wish has just come true!"

268

You enter the hedge-lined gardens and walk along a gravel path to a white marble fountain where water is pouring from four serpent-headed spouts into a large pool which contains hundreds of coins. There is a short, stocky man with long hair, tanned skin and narrow eyes standing on the other side of the fountain. He is wearing a red silk neckerchief and sleeveless leather jerkin over his collarless shirt. His sleeves are rolled up and you see his arms are completely covered in snake tattoos. He is holding a black stick in one hand and casually tosses a coin into the fountain with his free hand. He watches the coin sink to the bottom and then turns to you, smiles and says, "I think my wish has just come true!" He suddenly puts the stick to his lips and exhales sharply. A small dart shoots out and hits you in the neck. His stick is a blowpipe. If you are wearing a Snakefang earring, turn to **141**. If you are not wearing the earring, turn to **237**.

269

A crossbow bolt slams into your lower back with a sickening thud. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 4 *STAMINA* points. The pain in your back is excruciating when you pull the bolt out, but there is no time to treat the wound as the tavern door bursts open. A bald-headed man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern screaming, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword

above his head. You notice that he has a dent in his skull and all his teeth are made of gold. It is the deadly assassin Garanka Vassell and you must fight him. Turn to **53**.

270

A large wooden barrel drifts past you which looks to be just about big enough for you to climb into. You swim over to it and lift the lid to discover that it is half full of bananas. You climb inside the barrel, and are just able to stand up, waist-high in bananas. You eat your fill, thinking how fortunate you are to be alive. Add 1 *LUCK* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You haul a small plank out of the water which you use as a crude paddle to steer yourself east towards the mainland. Apart from some Blood Sharks circling you at one point, the voyage to the mainland passes without incident. A strong easterly wind helps speed up the journey in your makeshift craft, and several hours later the rugged Allansian coastline comes into view. The cliffs are quite high, but you see an estuary directly ahead which you know to be the entrance to Red River. An hour later and you are at the mouth of the river,

where you see two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the barrel over to the bank and climb out. It feels great to be back on dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur has his best assassins hunting you down to relieve you of your head. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would be better prepared. Now everybody you meet could be an assassin. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him, if not the other assassins. You walk towards the buildings, which you see are a boatyard and a general store. You have no reason to visit the boatyard and walk past it. If you want to go in the general store, turn to **327**. If you would rather head east, turn to **203**.

271

The partial paralysis is short-lived and you somehow manage to clear your head. You draw your sword and stagger forward to fight Tunku Yang, the notorious Poisoner of Kay-Pong. He curses, annoyed that you have survived his poisoned dart, and lunges at you armed with only a dagger.

TUNKU YANG	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 6*

If you lose an *Attack Round*, turn to **59**. If you win without losing an *Attack Round*, turn to **326**.

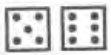

272

Running down the steps, you lose your footing and fall off the path, tumbling head over heels on to the beach below. You land on a patch of soft sand but still sprain your neck badly. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You pick yourself up and run as fast as you can across the beach, diving into the sea with the swarm of bees trailing behind you. You stay underwater as long as you can, and it's only when your lungs feel as though they are about to burst that you surface to breathe in fresh air. Much to your relief, the bees have flown off. Unfortunately, half of your remaining Provisions are nothing but a soggy mess at the bottom of your backpack. Delete them from your *Adventure Sheet*. After drying yourself off, you climb back up the steps and head west back to your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **147**.

273

The Luck Gods are unhappy and decide that yours is a Ring of Ill Fortune. Lose 1 *SKILL* point, 2 *STAMINA* points and 3 *LUCK* points. You put the clock hands back in the box and place it back under the bush before setting off north again, annoyed with yourself for having tempted fate. Turn to **121**.

274

The woman shuts the door quickly behind her just as the Orcs appear on the top of the hill. The bark-covered door fits the doorway so tightly that nobody would know it was there. You run on with the Orcs charging down the hill after you in hot pursuit. They pursue you relentlessly, and when they are just a few metres behind, you have no choice but to turn and face them. Turn to **230**.

275

As you turn to head back, a thick vine wraps itself around your ankle, and another creeps out from under the dense foliage to wrap around your other leg. You try hacking at the vines with your sword, but more vines slide out and ensnare your arms. The vines tighten, and you are unable to move as a long tendril uncoils from the second Bloodwort hidden in the undergrowth and hovers in front of your face. You scream in terror as it inches towards your mouth and plunges down your throat. The fibrous tendril is too tough to bite through, and you start to choke. You feel a violent pain as the tendril begins to drain your stomach and suck the life from your body. You see Captain Crow's eyes are shut, his struggles over, and it won't be long before yours are too. Your adventure is over.

276

"Congratulations," Lord Azzur says begrudgingly. "I thought it would be impossible to defeat all my assassins. You are truly a champion warrior. If circumstances were different we might have been able to work together. I thought that would be impossible since you killed my master, Zanbar Bone. But on reflection, maybe it was meant to be. Maybe I will rule Allansia one day without needing the help of the Demon Prince. And maybe you deserve the chance of freedom. Your fighting skills have certainly earned you the right to represent me in the Trial of Champions. So that's what you will do. Should you survive, the 10,000 Gold Piece prize will be mine, of course, but I will grant you a full pardon for your crimes and give you your freedom." Inside you are raging with anger but realize that attempting to slay Azzur now would inevitably result in certain death. If you want to accept your fate and enter Deathrap Dungeon, turn to **347**. If you want to refuse to enter Deathtrap Dungeon, turn to **366**.

277

Half an hour later you arrive at a tributary which joins the Red River from the north. You see two barefooted men in shirtsleeves with their pants rolled up to their knees standing on the riverbank face-to-face, arguing loudly and pointing their fingers at each other. Both men look furious

and have angry red faces. There are two wooden fishing rods nearby and a wooden bucket full of fish. "We agreed we would split our catch, you mealy-mouthed maggot!" one of them shouts. "You're only saying that because I caught six fish and you didn't catch any!" comes the angry reply from his friend. They stop arguing when they see you and reach for their swords. If you want to offer to buy their fish for 1 Gold Piece, turn to **162**. If you want to tell them that you are just passing by, turn to **186**.

278

After a short tussle, you land a pipefish. You take it back to your camp, where you cook it on a stick over an open fire and devour the tasty white flesh, what little of it there is. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Knowing you need more than fish to eat in order to survive, you decide to explore the island. Turn to **116**.

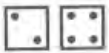

279

The fletcher bids you farewell and holds out her hand. When you shake it, a violent pain shoots up your arm. Her face immediately lights up with evil glee, and she starts laughing hysterically. You try to pull your hand away but are unable to do so. Your hands are locked together in a cloud of swirling green mist which grows in size as the pain increases and spreads into your chest. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.

"What a gullible fool you are," she sneers. "You actually believed me when I said I was Frances Fletcher. I'm afraid to say the real arrow maker had an unfortunate accident recently and is sadly no longer with us. My name is Gretta Morg. I am an assassin. The Death Hand pain you are experiencing will, I regret to say, lead to your heart stopping in a minute. Tonight, I will return to Port Blacksand with your head and claim the bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur." If you were hurt by the Hand of Death on Snake Island, turn to **146**. If you did not touch the Hand of Death, turn to **379**.

280

You begin playing the flute but the tune that comes from it is nothing like the one you are trying to play. The magical melody makes the rats all scurry down the open drain in the middle of the cellar floor, screeching loudly. In less than a minute all the rats have disappeared. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You drag a heavy barrel over the drain to stop the rats coming out. You are about to go back upstairs when you hear a knock on the front door and hear Balthazar Wittle talk to somebody. "No, sorry, that's nobody I recognize. Goodbye." You hear the door shut and wonder who was there. Wittle appears at the top of the stairs and says, "There was a man by the name of Blackthorn at the door who showed me a 'Wanted' poster with your face on it. He was a quite fearsome-looking man in a wide-brimmed hat and a long brown coat. I told him I hadn't seen you. I've no idea what you have done, and I don't want to know, but it would appear that Lord Azzur wants your head! The tyrant held a banquet in Kaad last night for his cronies, and I heard he left this morning for Fang. He's gone to see his friend Baron Sukumvit, who is holding his annual Trial of Champions. Thank you for getting rid of the rats, but I suggest you leave now and go and sort out your differences with Blackthorn. He won't be far away." You thank Balthazar for his help and slip out of the front door, turning right up Clock Street. Turn to **89**.

281

"Friend or foe?" you ask sternly. The reply comes in the form of a dagger being thrown at you, although you cannot see it. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **156**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **220**.

282

You drop a Gold Piece on to the palm of Sidd's hand. "Thank you very much," he says, blinking rapidly. "By the way, I've just remembered it was actually yesterday when I had one egg for breakfast. I had two eggs this morning, which means of course that I'm happy to answer two questions! And since you have already paid me, I'll answer a second one for free." You ask him to tell you about the identity and whereabouts the nearest assassin. He holds the crystal ball aloft again on his fingertips and closes his eyes. Colourful gases swirl around inside when he speaks in his strange language. The gases quickly disperse again, and you see a tall warrior woman armed with a spear running along a dirt path at speed. She has striking silver markings covering much of her dark skin and her hair is close-cropped and dyed scarlet red. Sidd opens his eyes again as the image vanishes and says, "Ren-Ren Pakk is on her way to hunt you down. She is a Zengian Ultra, a fanatical fighter who is fleet of foot and has lightning reflexes. She will be a formidable opponent." You thank Sidd for the information and wish him farewell. Tall Tom says goodbye, telling you to come back again one day. You walk out of the tavern and think about which way to go. If you want to head north, turn to **133**. If you want to continue east, turn to **157**.

283

The Goblins have leather purses hanging over their shoulders on thin leather straps in which you find 3 Gold Pieces, six rough opals and a piece of torn paper with a notice printed on it. Unfortunately, some of the words are missing. All you can read is:

...will take place on the last day of this month and is open to all those who dare enter. The Trial of Champions requires that ye shall be of great courage and resolve, for only one contestant is permitted to survive.

By order of Baron Sukumvit of Fang

You pocket the Gold Pieces and set off again along the path, wondering when the Trial of Champions will be taking place. Turn to **244**.

284

One of the men follows you with his eyes as you walk past him, staring at you intently, and suddenly shouts out, "It's the murderer!" You don't stop to protest your innocence and you run off down the street as fast as you can. Turn to **314**.

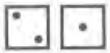

285

You slide feet first into the burrow and push yourself down as far as you can. The Dragon loses sight of you and starts blasting the ground with balls of fire. But it soon tires and flies off east in search of prey elsewhere. You are about to crawl out of the tunnel when you hear yapping sounds coming from inside the burrow. You suddenly feel teeth biting your boots and kick out to free yourself. You scramble out and draw your sword to face three wiry-looking hounds with red eyes and slavering mouths whose den you have invaded. They are WORM DOGS, small and not very strong, but a single bite from one could be fatal since they are riddled with disease-carrying parasites. You must fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First WORM DOG	*4*	*4*
Second WORM DOG	*5*	*3*
Third WORM DOG	*4*	*5*

If you win without losing an *Attack Round*, turn to **177**. If you win, but lose one or more *Attack Rounds*, turn to **50**.

286

You watch the Orc put a hunting horn to his lips and give it a long blast. You hear a roar from the band of Orcs, and soon there are twenty angry Orcs gathered around the base

of the tree looking up at you, snarling and shouting. Their leader barks out an order and two Orcs start chopping at the tree with their axes. You hear the sound of splintering wood and watch the Orcs become excited when the tree creaks and begins to topple over. You land heavily on the ground and before you can stand up to defend yourself, you are beaten to a pulp by cudgels and clubs. Your adventure is over.

287

The woman curses and says in a sneering voice, "You are right to be suspicious of me, stranger. I am not Frances Fletcher. The arrow maker had an unfortunate accident recently and is sadly no longer with us. My name is Gretta Morg. I am an assassin. Let us engage in combat but, in the time-honoured tradition of the Scorpion Guild, let us shake hands first before blood is spilled." If you want to shake Gretta Morg's hand, turn to **126**. If you would rather answer her with your sword, turn to **60**.

Their fierce eyes firmly fixed on you

288

You walk through the open gate of a high-fenced boatyard. There are several wooden boats propped up on wooden piles in the yard in various states of repair. Some are having holes in their hulls repaired and others are just being painted. You see a man in a green tunic standing on a ladder, leaning against a small fishing boat. He has a large brush in his hand and is busy varnishing the hull. On seeing you he climbs slowly down the ladder and lets out a high-pitched whistle, whereupon two vicious-looking dogs come bounding into the yard. They run over to the man and sit down at his feet, panting, their fierce eyes firmly fixed on you. "How can I help?" the man asks casually. If you want to ask him if he's interested in buying a boat, turn to **380**. If you want to ask him if he knows of a man called Garanka Vassell, turn to **102**.

289

The giant scarlet-coloured Dragon catches sight of you, and swoops down to blast you with its fiery breath. If you are carrying a shield, turn to **196**. If you do not have a shield, turn to **206**.

290

One of the pirates throws a rope down to you, yelling at you to climb on board. You are greeted by the captain, a rough-looking bearded man with an eye patch and a gold tooth. Surrounded by his men, he points his pistol at you and says, "Welcome on board. You'll be pleased to know that I'm a generous man, and I'm going to give you two choices. One, you give me everything you have and join my crew, or two, I kill you!" All his men start laughing and cheering, yelling at you to choose option two. If you want to surrender your possessions to the captain and join his crew, turn to **199**. If you would rather draw your sword and fight, turn to **168**.

291

Bobby's eyes light up at the mention of the word "assassin". He looks at his brother and says, "Brother Billy, didn't an assassin come knocking on our door yesterday asking if we'd seen the murderer on his 'Wanted' poster?"

"He most definitely did, brother Bobby. Now where did I put that poster?"

"It's in your back pocket, pea brain!"

"So it is. Let's have a look at it," Billy says excitedly. Holding it at arm's length, Billy squints, trying to focus

on the poster. He then brings it up close to his nose and starts cursing to himself. His brother snatches the poster from him and looks at it closely with his eyes scrunched up into tiny slits. "Bah, it's all too blurry. I can't focus my old eyes," Bobby blurts out in frustration. He turns the poster towards you and, tapping the face on it with a fat finger, says, "You down there, is this you?" If you want to reply that the person on the poster is you, turn to **349**. If you want to say it isn't you, turn to **300**.

292

The storekeeper rummages through all the drawers and shelves in his store but comes up empty-handed. "Sorry, I must have sold the last pair," he says with a shrug of the shoulders. If you want to buy some Provisions, turn to **64**. If you would rather leave the store and head east on foot, turn to **203**.

293

The woman slips through the crowd and runs down an alleyway up ahead on the left side of the street. You follow her down the alleyway, and immediately right under a stone archway and down a narrow passageway separating two old brick buildings. The woman suddenly stops and turns, and you see that the expression on her face has turned from being friendly to evil. Her piercing green eyes are firmly fixed on yours, and you feel unable to look away. You try to draw your sword, but your head starts to spin, making it hard to focus. "My name is Red Ruth and I too belong to the Scorpion Guild of Assassins. You are trapped by my Mind Control powers," she says coldly as she pulls out a long knife from inside her cloak. "I will be well rewarded for the gift I will deliver to Lord Azzur." If you are wearing a copper headband, turn to **344**. If you are not wearing a headband, turn to **158**.

294

You are about two-thirds of the way down the side of the cliff when one of the steps comes loose underfoot. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **112**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **27**.

295

With their leader dead, the other Wolves run off into the long grass, yelping loudly. You continue your walk north

and eventually come to the edge of the forest. It is a dark and foreboding forest with ancient gnarled trees and no doubt gruesome creatures lying in wait. "I wouldn't enter the Forest of Fiends if I were you," a voice calls out from above. "You might never come out." You look up and see a man no more than a metre high standing on a branch of an oak tree. He is wearing a floppy hat and a brown shirt. "Give me some food and I'll give you some advice," he says jovially. If you want to give the little man some of your Provisions, turn to **202**. If you would rather decline his offer and enter the forest, turn to **51**.

296

You tell the pirate to sit down and be quiet or else you will kick him overboard. Aware that the sea monster might reappear at any moment, you trim the sail and set a course. If you want to head due east towards the Red River estuary, turn to **345**. If you would rather sail southeast to Port Blacksand, turn to **393**.

297

There is a sign above the door of the hut which says FANG FERRY. You open the door to find a man slumped in a wooden chair lying face down on a table in a pool of blood with a dagger sticking out of his back. There is a message on the table written in blood with his finger which says, *Get Zeedle*. But it is too late to save the ferryman. You look outside to see the man in the rowing boat is still asleep and decide to ring the brass bell to wake him up. Turn to **39**.

298

You walk on, unaware that the woman has turned around to follow you. She creeps up on you silently from behind and, without warning, smashes you on the back of the head with a large stone. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You stagger forward, trying to clear your head. You manage to turn round to face her and she grabs your hand. You feel a shocking pain run up your arm and through your body which makes your heart beat uncomfortably quickly. Your hand is locked in hers, enveloped in a cloud of translucent green mist. The pain increases and becomes unbearable, but you are unable to pull your hand away. The woman tightens her grip and starts to laugh hysterically. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. "What a fool you are," she sneers. "Never turn your back on an assassin! My name is Gretta Morg of the Scorpion Guild of Assassins. The Death Hand

pain you are experiencing will, I regret to say, lead to your heart stopping in a minute. Tonight, I will return to Port Blacksand with your head and claim the bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur." If you were harmed by the Hand of Death on Snake Island, turn to **146**. If you did not touch the Hand of Death, turn to **379**.

299

The second finger of the skeleton hand is easier to prise away than the first. It snaps like a dry twig, which lifts your spirits and gives you the mental strength to snap off the remaining fingers. The fingerless hand falls to the ground, and you stamp down hard on it, crushing it underfoot, which causes the smoke cloud to disperse. You drop to your knees, exhausted and gasping for air. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Turn to **223**.

300

Billy looks annoyed and says, "That's not the answer I wanted. Methinks you are of no use to us. So, it's time to say goodbye with a game of Beat-the-Buss. These are the rules, so listen carefully. Brother Bobby and I are going to climb on to the roof. I should tell you he's got a blunderbuss. That's where the buss in Beat-the-Buss comes from, as in blunderbuss, if you're understanding me? I'm going to throw you a rope and count to twenty before brother Bobby starts shooting. All you have to do

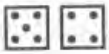

is climb out and hightail it for the wooden gate without being shot full of lead. Are you understanding me? Don't try any funny business or brother Bobby will shoot you right here and now." The brothers disappear and seconds later a thick length of rope drops down into the cellar. You catch hold of it and give it a tug. Satisfied it will bear your weight, you haul yourself out of the cellar. There is a ladder leading up to a skylight in the roof, through which you hear a voice counting, "Twelve . . . thirteen . . . fourteen. . ." and realize you must run for your life. You bolt for the door and run out of the farmhouse and down the path as fast as you can. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **90**. If you are not wearing Elven Boots, turn to **323**.

301

A look of sheer terror spreads across the man's face when you draw your sword, and he retreats slowly until his back is up against the wall. "I'm sorry, I wasn't being serious about you having to pay me," he says nervously. "In fact, let me give you another bottle of apple juice for your troubles. You seemed to enjoy the first one." He sees you frown at the mention of apple juice. "Ah yes, let me explain. My healing potion is actually apple juice. I must also confess that the apples I put on the table back there weren't poisonous either. I was just trying to think of new ways to make money from my apples. I have so many I don't know what

to do with them all. It's all I can do to give them away. I now realize the poisoned apple ruse was not such a good idea. Sorry." You put your sword away and the man looks at you sheepishly and hands you a bottle of apple juice from his cupboard. You take it from him and gulp down the refreshing juice. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to give him a coin in payment anyway, turn to **151**. If you want to leave the hut and carry on walking east, turn to **277**.

302

The captain helps you gather wood to make a fire and produces some salted beef and dried fruit from his boat. "Just in case you are hungry," he says with a grin, handing you the food. You enjoy a fine meal keeping warm by the fire and talking to the captain about Lord Azzur. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. It begins to rain hard, and with a cold wind whipping up, you retire to the hut for the night, taking it in turns to be on watch in case of unexpected visitors. You wake early the next morning to find the sun shining through the window to the sound of waves gently lapping on the beach. The captain is already on his boat, checking his gear and filling a barrel with fresh rainwater. A good breeze and a calm sea bodes well for a quick passage to the mainland. "I'm just going to see if I can find a piece of wood to make a new tiller for the rudder," the captain says on seeing you. "The old one is split, and we don't want to be out at sea

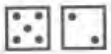

without being able to steer the boat! I'll be back soon." The captain heads off, leaving you to gather up your possessions, including Oleander Redfly's bow and quiver of arrows, which all have flights made of black feathers. You also take Redfly's prized weapon, her shimmering Astral Sword. Add 1 *SKILL* point. An hour passes, but the captain has still not returned, so you decide to go in search of him. You follow his footprints deep into the undergrowth and it isn't long before you find him. His limbs are held fast by thick vines, and the poor man is in terrible pain caused by a long tendril thrust down his throat. He has fallen foul of Hell's Bloodwort, a giant carnivorous plant. The Bloodwort snares its victims with its long vines which wrap around limbs like giant snakes, making escape virtually impossible. With its prey unable to move, a Bloodwort will force its long, proboscis-like tendril down a victim's throat to suck their blood from inside their body. The terrified captain appears doomed, and his muffled screams turn your blood cold. If you want to attack the Bloodwort to rescue the captain, turn to **43**. If you would rather run back to the beach, turn to **275**.

303

The man brings his horse to a halt. He looks you up and down and says in a gruff voice, "I'm headed north-east. For 2 Gold Pieces I'll take you to the log cabin that's about an hour's ride from here. Yes or no?" If you want to ride

with the horseman, turn to **153**. If you want to decline his offer and set off on foot, turn to **252**.

304

By now, the ship is almost on its side, and everything on deck that is not lashed down spills overboard. The pirate ship is beginning to break up, and there is nothing the pirates can do to stop it. Pulling yourself along the wooden deck rail hand-over-hand is exhausting, but you finally reach the stern. You waste no time and cut the tow rope with the cleaver and jump into the sea. When you surface, you see that the *Blue Moon* has drifted away some distance. You swim as hard as you can towards your boat and see that another pirate has the same idea. You hear the sound of the ship's mast breaking behind you, followed by the unnerving sound of bubbling air escaping from the upturned hull as it is dragged underwater by the giant sea monster. The pirate reaches the *Blue Moon* before you and scrambles on board. He starts to trim the flapping sail, determined to get away from the Kraken as quickly as possible. You call out to him to wait for you, but he ignores you. The only thing you can do is to throw your meat cleaver at him, a difficult shot whilst bobbing up and down on the open sea. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **7**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **119**.

305

You open the door just wide enough to look outside and are relieved to find that the Orcs are nowhere to be seen. You slip outside, closing the bark-covered door behind you, which fits into the trunk so snugly that nobody would know it was there. You make your way northwards through the trees to where the wood opens out on to a huge grass-covered plain where you see two paths. One path heads north towards a forest and the other leads off it and heads north-east towards a town in the far distance. If you want to follow the path north towards the forest, turn to **101**. If you want to follow the path north to the junction and turn north-east towards the town, turn to **200**.

306

The Decayer is a slow-moving but very dangerous creature. You must try to avoid it spitting on you since its acidic drool will burn you badly on contact with your skin. Your head is spinning from the noxious smell coming from its body, inhibiting your ability to fight. Reduce your *SKILL* by 2 points for this battle.

DECAYER	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

Each time the Decayer wins an *Attack Round*, lose 4 STAMINA points. If you win, turn to **97**.

307

As you approach the outskirts of Kaad, the path widens into a dirt road leading to the main entrance gates of town. You see a horse-drawn open carriage coming out through the gates driven by a man wearing a bowler hat and a tailored waistcoat over his crisp white shirt. Sitting bolt upright next to him, looking snootily down her nose with an air of grand superiority, is a rosy-cheeked woman wearing a floral hat and long baggy black dress. If you want to put your hand up to stop the carriage to talk to the woman, turn to **120**. If you want to keep your head down and enter Kaad, turn to **390**.

308

You manage to wriggle out from underneath the rope net before the Goblin has reached the ground. The Goblins are furious that you have escaped from their trap and leap forward to attack you with their short swords. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First GOBLIN	*5*	*6*
Second GOBLIN	*5*	*5*

If you win, turn to **283**.

It is Baron Sukumvit himself

309

You walk through the main gates, where colourful flags and bunting are hanging from all the buildings. There is a wild carnival atmosphere in town with everybody enjoying the Trial of Champions festivities. The streets are packed with people singing and dancing to the sounds of flutes, pipes and drums. When they see you arrive with Throm, the cheering crowd parts to make a path for you to walk to the Town Hall to register your entry. The officials warn you that your chances of surviving "The Walk", as it is known, are virtually nil, and you tell them that you understand. A violet scarf is tied to your arm and you are taken to a luxurious guest house, where you spend the rest of the day resting and recuperating. The next morning a servant takes you to the entrance of Deathtrap Dungeon, where five warriors are standing proudly in line, waving to the jubilant crowd. Throm is one of them. You nod at him and he acknowledges you with just the slightest movement of his head. Standing on a gold podium surrounded by Guards is a long, white-bearded man wearing lavish red robes and an enormous headdress. It is Baron Sukumvit himself, the Overlord of Fang and owner of the Deathtrap Dungeon. Standing just behind him is a formidable-looking figure whose face and body is totally concealed by clothing apart from his cold, ice-blue eyes. He is wearing a hooded cloak made of dark blue silk with gold fastenings and a thick gold chain

around his neck with a golden scorpion hanging from it. His face is hidden by long strips of blue silk wrapped tightly around his head, held in place by an emerald brooch on his forehead and a large golden scorpion brooch on his head. "Lord Azzur," you whisper to yourself. If you want to wait to be introduced to Baron Sukumvit, turn to **233**. If you want to leap on to the podium to attack Lord Azzur, turn to **65**.

310

With a strong easterly breeze helping, your voyage to Port Blacksand is quick and trouble free. The familiar rugged buildings of Port Blacksand come into view and it's not long before you are moored up alongside the harbour wall of the old port, notorious for the pirates, cutthroats and thieves who live there. Two rough-looking thugs with missing teeth and stubbly beards are standing on the

quay, watching you closely, and start whispering to each other. It's only a few days since you were last here, but now everything has changed, and you can't afford to trust anybody. If you want to ask them if they know of anybody who might want to buy your boat, turn to **48**. If you want to walk past them and enter the Black Lobster Tavern at the end of the quay, turn to **334**.

311

You stand over the fallen Orc breathing hard, but there is no time to search the body. You make your way quickly north to get as far away as you can from the Orcs before they realize what has happened. Just when you think you have escaped, a long blast on a hunting horn signals that you have been spotted by one of their scouts. You hear a loud roar behind you and the thunder of heavy footsteps of the band of Orcs giving chase. All you can do is run. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **241**. If you are wearing ordinary leather boots, turn to **18**.

312

The archer's aim is deadly accurate. An arrow sinks into your leg with a sickening thud. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Your attacker reloads and fires again, and you are hit a second time, this time in the midriff. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and roll one die and reduce your *STAMINA* by the number rolled. If you are still alive, turn to **348**.

313

When you touch her hand, a violent pain shoots up your arm. Her face lights up with evil glee, and she starts to laugh hysterically. You try to pull your hand away but are unable to do so. Your hands are locked together in a cloud of translucent green mist which grows in size and increases the pain which spreads to your chest. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. "What a gullible fool you are to believe I am Frances Fletcher," she sneers. "I'm afraid to say the real arrow maker had an unfortunate accident recently and is sadly no longer with us. My name is Gretta Morg. I am an assassin. The Death Hand pain you are experiencing will cause your heart to stop in a minute. Tonight, I will return to Port Blacksand with your head and claim the bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur." If you were harmed by the Hand of Death on Snake Island, turn to **146**. If you didn't touch the Hand of Death, turn to **379**.

314

You run away from the crowd as fast as you can with their alarm calls echoing down the street. Four ARMED GUARDS run out of a building and block the street up

ahead, and you have no choice but to charge at them. You manage to slay one of the Guards before the crowd catches up and joins the fray. A blow to your head from a wooden club sends you crashing to the floor. Two of the Guards grab your arms and the other Guard takes your sword. Your feet are shackled, and you are dragged away to the cheers of the crowd. You are thrown in a dungeon cell, where you are chained to a wall to await the arrival of the Earl of Kaad who, you are told, will decide whether or not to hand you over to Lord Azzur. When the Earl finally arrives, you can tell from the stern faces of the Guards behind him that it is not good news. Your worst fears are confirmed when he tells you solemnly that you will be taken in chains to Executioner's Square in Port Blacksand. Your adventure is over.

315

You swing your sword through the darkness, and feel it strike home. A man's muffled cry breaks the silence, and you hear the intruder stumble backwards. You step forward and strike again. Although injured, the intruder is a skilful KNIFE FIGHTER who is very agile and light on his feet. You must fight him in total darkness!

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **174**.

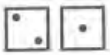

316

The woman shuts the door quickly behind her just as the Orcs appear on the top of the hill. The bark-covered door fits into the trunk so snugly that nobody would know it was there. You run on with the Orcs charging down the hill after you in hot pursuit. You weave your way through the trees, dashing quickly through the wood thanks to your Elven Boots. Unable to catch you, the Orcs give up their chase and start fighting between themselves again. The wood eventually opens out on to a huge grass-covered plain where you see two paths. One path heads north towards a forest and the other leads off it and heads north-east towards a town in the distance. If you want to take the path north towards the forest, turn to **101**. If you want to follow this path as far as the junction and take the new path towards the town, turn to **200**.

317

The storekeeper shakes his head and says, "I don't think I've got a pair of Elven Boots in stock, but let me have a

look, you never know." *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **170**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **292**.

318

You slide the gold band up your sword arm and over your bicep. It fits perfectly but it feels like it is burning your skin. If you want to keep it on, turn to **57**. If you would rather take it off and place it in your backpack, turn to **139**.

319

You shake the purse and hear what sounds like coins rattling inside. You loosen the leather string tie and empty out 12 Gold Pieces on to the palm of your hand. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You happily pocket the coins and decide what to do. If you have not done so already, you can either open the silver box (turn to **377**) or close the chest and scour the beach in the hope of finding something of interest (turn to **231**).

320

You jump on to a barrel near the wall. One of the Giant Rats leaps up and sinks its sharp teeth into your boot just as the chasing crowd enters the alleyway led by four ARMED GUARDS. You try kicking out to shake the Rat off your boot, but only succeed in making the barrel wobble. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **212**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **72**.

321

You see that the woman was wearing the same silver necklace and scorpion pendant as the other assassins who tried to kill you. You take it from her neck and put it in your pocket. You also help yourself to her arrows and 2 Gold Pieces in her pocket before setting off east again, wondering how many more assassins you will have to face before this nightmare is over. Turn to **45**.

322

The ring fits perfectly on your middle finger. Minutes later it begins to feel very tight on your finger. You try to take it off but are unable to do so. It continues to tighten, causing your finger to turn purple and go completely numb. There was a reason why your attacker was not wearing the ring, and now there is nothing you can do to take it off. The ring is cursed. Lose 1 *SKILL* point, 1 *STAMINA* point and 2 *LUCK* points. You begin your quest for food on the third day feeling annoyed with yourself. Turn to **11**.

323

You hear a loud bang behind you and feel a terrible pain in the back of your leg, which has been peppered by lead shot.

Lose 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, you stagger on with a burning pain in your leg and manage to reach the farmhouse gate before Bobby has time to fire again. You turn around to see the twins sitting on the roof, with Bobby holding his blunderbuss in the air, a wisp of white smoke drifting out of the barrel. They give you the thumbs up and begin laughing so hard that they almost fall off the roof. You decide it best to leave them to it and bandage your leg before heading for Kaad. Turn to **307**.

324

You hand over the Elven Boots to the Gnome, who quickly kicks off his old boots and pulls the new ones on. He stands up and runs around in a circle at high speed, clapping his hands with glee. He gives you 10 Gold Pieces and asks you where you are going. You reply that you are heading north. "Well, if you haven't been there before, you should definitely visit Kaad since it's on your way. You won't forget it. Most people who live there are pig-poo crazy, and some of them are as mad as a box of frogs!" You thank the Gnome for his advice and set off again. Turn to **179**.

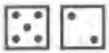

325

The Dragon loses sight of you under the cover of the thick foliage of the trees and starts blasting the ground randomly with balls of fire, hoping to hit you. But it soon tires and flies off east in search of prey elsewhere. With the coast clear, you head west back to your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **217**.

326

You reach down to loosen your attacker's silk neckerchief, and your suspicions are quickly confirmed when you see the silver necklace and scorpion pendant around his neck. You break the chain and place the pendant in your pocket. A search of the assassin's pockets yields 1 Gold Piece and a small bottle of deadly poison which you decide to keep. You leave the gardens and walk left along Fountain Street as far as the junction with Bell Street. There is a large group of people up ahead, some of them armed with clubs and pitchforks, who you suspect might be looking for you. Your time in Kaad has been a battle for survival, and rather than risk getting into any more fights, you turn right into Bell Street and head for the main gates, trying to avoid attention as you hurry along. Bell Street runs into Clock Street, which leads you to the

market square and on down Crown Street and the main gates. There aren't many people about other than a few merchants leaving town after a long day at the market. As you walk out through the gates, a mean-looking man in a hooded black cloak and a bow and quiver of arrows slung over his shoulder rides past you on a black horse. He glances down at you as he passes by and spits on the ground. If you want to ask him for a ride, turn to **303**. If you want to carry on walking, turn to **252**.

327

The general store is a large wooden building set back from the river some twenty metres. It has wide steps leading up to a porch where there are several wooden barrels and two rocking chairs. A glazed wooden door leads into the store itself. You bound up the steps but are stopped in your tracks when you see a "Wanted" poster on the wall by the door with your face drawn on it. If you still want to enter the store, turn to **23**. If you would rather not risk going in, and head east on foot instead, turn to **203**.

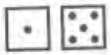

328

You walk east along the edge of the forest, mindful of any creatures lurking in the shadows. An hour later you see the skyline of Kaad only a short distance beyond the forest. Looking south, you see a wide expanse of grasslands which form the westernmost part of the Pagan Plains. Whilst you are surveying the land, you do not notice a large Spider drop down on to your shoulder from the tree you are standing under. Suddenly you feel something on your neck. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **256**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **210**.

329

You slip over the side of the boat and grab hold of the rudder, keeping your head down as low to the water as possible to avoid being seen. The loose sail starts to flap around noisily in the wind. You hear voices coming from the pirate ship with the crew arguing about how the *Blue Moon* came to be drifting at sea with nobody on board. A gruff voice suddenly barks out an order: "Shut up, you dogs! One of you throw out a grappling hook and pull that boat in! We'll tow it to Port Blacksand and sell it." You hear the iron hook land on the boat and catch under the bench seat on the foredeck. Your boat is pulled to the back of the pirate ship, where it is tied on before turning for Port Blacksand. You find yourself being dragged along at speed, and it is all you can do to hang on. If you want to

give yourself up to the pirates, turn to **290**. If you want to climb back on board the *Blue Moon* and hope you are not seen, turn to **385**.

330

The passageway leads into Bell Street, which is lined on both sides with old houses and shops. Looking left, you see that the street ends at a junction. Looking right, you see a crossroads where there are some people standing around talking. If you want to go left up Bell Street, turn to **123**. If you want to walk towards the crossroads, turn to **226**.

331

You sling the coil of rope over your shoulder and walk over to the cupboard at the back of the cave. Turn to **187**.

332

You have stepped on an animal trap, but luckily your foot didn't trigger the spring holding the jagged iron jaws apart. You decide to spring the trap with the tip of your sword and render it useless. You continue on your way and eventually come to a rickety old gate on the right which has a large sign nailed to it with the words BOGG FARM – BOG OFF painted on it. A gravel path leads from the gate to an old farmhouse, which sits in the middle of a small field separated from the grassland by a wooden fence. There is a stone post next to the gate with an arrow carved on it pointing towards the town and the words KAAD – 1 MILE underneath. From this distance, Kaad looks like it is a small town. The buildings are few in number and are mostly one or two storeys high except a stone tower in the centre of town. If you want to open the gate and walk up the path to the farmhouse, turn to **70**. If you would rather continue on to Kaad, turn to **307**.

333

You tap the man on the shoulder, which wakes him up with a start. "Whoa!" he says, leaping to his feet. "Thief! Robber! Help! What do you want? I've got nothing worth stealing. I'm just a poor apple grower," he splutters out, trembling. You calm him down and tell him you just want to buy a Potion of Healing. "Ah, I see. I'm afraid I don't have any healing potions. My so-called healing potion is actually apple juice. And I should say that the apples I put on the table back there weren't poisonous either. I was just trying to think of new ways to make money from my apples. I have so many I don't know what to do with them. It's all I can do to give them away. I now realize the poisoned apple ruse was not such a good idea. But I'm penniless and desperate. I'd be very grateful if you would buy a bottle of my apple juice. It's quite delicious. A Gold Piece would be very generous of you, but a silver coin would do." The man picks up the bottle of apple juice and hands it to you, looking sheepish. You take it from him and gulp down the tasty contents. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to pay him, turn to **151**. If you want to leave the hut and carry on walking east, turn to **277**.

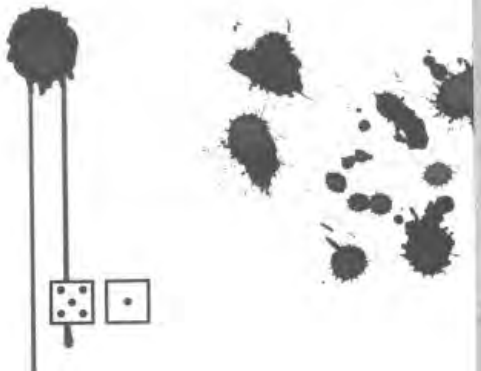

334

The Black Lobster is like most taverns in Port Blacksand, full of pickpockets, crooks, thieves, tricksters, card sharps and charlatans looking to relieve drunken sailors, boat builders and fishermen of their money. When you open the door, your nostrils are assaulted by an unpleasant mix of old ale, stale body odour and cheap perfume. The tavern is buzzing with activity. Behind the wooden bar stands a stern-looking giant of a man wearing a dirty apron over his white vest who goes by the name of Grim. He has large gold earrings in both ears, and his chest and arms are covered in tattoos. The innkeeper eyes you suspiciously as you approach the bar, where you see a "Wanted" poster pinned on the wall behind him. If you want to talk to the innkeeper, turn to **367**. If you would rather talk to the barmaid who is walking towards you laden with mugs of ale, turn to **149**.

335

The old woman nods enthusiastically when you take off your boots and signals her approval by giving you a thumbs up. You wave back at her and walk on barefooted, following the map down Quiet Street to where it ends at a T-junction. You put your boots back on and turn right into Fountain Street to walk to the Public Gardens up ahead on the left. Turn to **268**.

336

The bees continue to sting you as you scramble down the tree. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You run back through the undergrowth as fast as you can until you reach the cliff edge once more. Your face is puffed up with the angry welts caused by the bee stings, blurring your vision. Lose 1 *SKILL* point. The pain is unbearable, but there is no time to lose. You must chance running down the steps to the beach to escape the bees. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **248**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **272**.

337

You find it impossible to breathe as the bony fingers sink deeper into your throat. With your windpipe blocked, your face turns deep red. Try as you might, you are unable to dislodge the skeleton hand from your throat. You soon pass out and never regain consciousness. Your adventure is over.

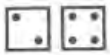

338

The man glares at you, and says, "You're lying. Old Sam never played cards. He didn't know how to. I'm guessing you stole his boat. I've got no time for the likes of you. Be off with you or I'll set my dogs on you." The vicious-looking dogs sense the mood of their owner turning sour and start snarling and barking loudly. Not wishing to get into an unnecessary fight, you set off east on foot at a brisk pace. Turn to **203**.

339

Otto tells you not to worry if you hear any sounds in the night. The creatures outside will not be able to get inside the cabin. After paying Otto, you retire to your room, locking the door behind you. You place a chair against the door handle to make extra sure nobody can enter before finally flopping on top of the bed and falling into a deep sleep. You wake early the next morning and look out of the window to view the scrubland of the Pagan Plain, which stretches out as far as you can see. You go downstairs, where Otto is laying a table for breakfast. He turns to you and says, "Would bread, butter, cheese, jam and a jug of water be to your satisfaction?" You nod in approval and

are soon enjoying a hearty breakfast in preparation for the new day. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. When you are about to leave, Otto asks you where you are headed to. You reply that you are on your way to Fang. "Not another one!" he says jovially. "It's that time of the year, I guess. The best way to go is to follow the trail just north of here, which will take you to the ferryman, who will row you across the River Kok for 1 Gold Piece. I wouldn't risk swimming across if I were you." You thank Otto for his hospitality and set off at a brisk pace. You soon pick up the trail and press on, eager to reach Fang by noon. Turn to **378**.

340

You soon realize that there are just too many of them to fight if you want to live to see another day. You cut two of them down, but another pirate slashes your arm with his cutlass. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You have no choice but to jump over the back of the boat and swim to the *Blue Moon*. Turn to **24**.

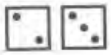

He has a large nose and particularly large ears

341

You walk through the open door of the tavern, wary of any unexpected surprises. There is a stairwell straight ahead, down which Garanka Vassell came running only moments ago. To your right there is a large bar room with just a solitary customer sitting at a table drinking from a pewter mug. He is a thin man in ragged clothing with wiry hair sticking out in every direction. He looks at you for a moment, and then looks away. Behind the bar stands a very tall man in a brightly patterned waistcoat. He has a large nose and particularly large ears. He places his hands on the bar, leans forward, and says in a stern voice, "I saw what happened out there. It's all very well for you to go killing off an evil assassin, but he was a customer of mine. Who is going to pay me for his room? Somebody owes me 2 Gold Pieces and that somebody is going to have to be you! If you pay Vassell's bill, I'll give you a bit of advice for your trouble." Will you:

Pay 2 Gold Pieces to Tall Tom?	Turn to **26**
Leave the tavern and head north?	Turn to **133**
Leave the tavern and continue east?	Turn to **157**

342

Before you are able to untangle yourself from the net, the second Goblin jumps down from the tree to join his accomplice. You feel a blow to the back of your head and slump to the ground unconscious. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. When you wake up sometime later, you discover that all your Gold Pieces have been taken, and the Goblins are nowhere to be seen. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. You pick yourself up and set off east along the path, nursing a pounding headache. Turn to **244**.

343

As soon as you touch the skeleton hand, it flies off the nail and grips you by the throat with its bony fingers squeezing hard on your windpipe, making you gasp for air. The more you try to pull it off, the tighter it grips your throat. Arcane magic from a spell cast long ago gave the Hand of Death its deadly powers. Lose 1 *SKILL* point, 1 LUCK point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **159**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **46**.

344

Your dizziness stops as quickly as it started. The copper headband you are wearing is an ancient Mind Shield artefact which blocks Red Ruth's mental powers. She curses when she sees you recover and draw your sword. Howling with anger, she lunges forward to strike you with her long knife. You must fight the Assassin!

RED RUTH	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **33**.

345

Apart from Blood Sharks circling you at one point, the voyage to the mainland passes without incident. A strong easterly wind ensures a swift passage, and a few hours later the rugged Allansian coastline comes into view. The cliffs are quite high, but you see an estuary directly ahead which you recognize as the entrance to Red River. You don't speak to the pirate during the voyage, and it's only when you get close to land that you tell him that you are going to set him free, even though he does not deserve it. You untie him and tell him to swim to the shore. He protests, but you boot him overboard and sail on. You are soon at the mouth of the river, where you see two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the *Blue Moon* over to the bank and jump out. It feels great to be back on

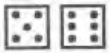

dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur has his best assassins hunting you down, looking to relieve you of your head. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would have been better prepared. Now everybody you meet could be the next assassin for all you know. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him. You walk towards the buildings, which you note are a boatyard and a general store. Thinking you might be able to sell the *Blue Moon*, you decide to visit the boatyard first. Turn to **288**.

346

You slide the ring on to your finger and feel a tingling sensation in your hand. You are wearing a Ring of Fortune. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **218**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **273**.

347

You salute the Baron with gritted teeth and walk over to the entrance of the dungeon to take your place alongside your fellow contestants. Turn to **400**.

348

Grimacing with pain, you pull the arrows from your leg and chest. You grit your teeth and draw your sword, and limp over to fight your attacker, who throws back her

hood to reveal the unmistakable features of a DARK ELF PRIESTESS. Her neck is covered with tattoos of writhing serpents and her long ice-white hair is tied up high on her head. She is wearing studded leather armour with iron-plated shoulder pads. Staring at you with cold, amethyst-blue eyes, she draws her long sword slowly from its scabbard, a shimmering blade made of the finest Salamonian steel enveloped in a swirling mist of vivid colours. Swinging it skilfully above her head, the Dark Elf advances towards you, meeting your sword with a clash of steel, her chilling war cry sending a shiver down your spine.

DARK ELF PRIESTESS	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **61**.

349

Bobby slaps his thigh and says, "Ka-boom! I think we've struck gold, brother Billy! That assassin said he would pay us 10 Gold Pieces if we caught the villain he was looking for. Go out to the back yard and ring the brass bell three times like he told you to." Bobby pulls the trapdoor back up and bolts it shut, and you find yourself in total darkness again. You hear the shrill sound of a bell ring out three times. All you can do is draw your sword and wait to see what happens. Some fifteen minutes later the trapdoor

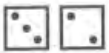

drops down and you see three people looking down at you – the Bogg brothers and a long-haired BARBARIAN who is wearing a fur cloak over leather armour and brandishing two double-edged axes made of polished steel. "You did well, boys," the Barbarian says in a deep voice.

"When are you going to pay us?" asks Billy.

"I'm not going to pay you! The bounty will be mine. Dax the Axe shares his spoils with no one."

"Well, that's not fair," Billy says angrily. "And we don't take kindly to people who are mean to us."

Bobby suddenly produces a blunderbuss from out of the rubbish pile and points it at the assassin. "You've got five seconds to jump into the cellar or I'll let you have it, and I promise you things get a bit messy at this range. One . . . two . . . three. . ." The Barbarian sneers and leaps down into the cellar, landing perfectly on his feet. He roars in anger and swings his axes at you.

DAX THE AXE	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **103**.

350

You flinch on seeing a puff of white smoke shoot out of the barrel of the pistol. At such short range, the captain cannot miss. The lead ball hits you in the midriff, with the force knocking you over. Lose 1 *SKILL* point. Roll two dice and

reduce your *STAMINA* by the total. If you are still alive, turn to **81**.

351

You pay the storekeeper 5 Gold Pieces, pull on the new boots, and pack away your old boots. You walk outside and run a short distance and are amazed how fast you can run. You go back inside the store, where the storekeeper is waiting for you with a smile on his face. "Believe me now, do you? Before you march off in your new boots, you might like to buy some food. You look like you are very hungry. I make the best bread in the land, and stock the best cheese and tomatoes you have ever tasted. I'll sell you a fresh loaf, a big chunk of cheese and some ripe tomatoes for just 1 Gold Piece. If you need something special to put the food in, I'll also sell you a wizard's backpack for a bargain price of 4 Gold Pieces. It's a rare Bag of Everything. No matter what you put in it, it will always feel as light as a feather." Will you:

Buy the food for 1 Gold Piece?	Turn to **105**
Buy the food and the backpack for 5 Gold Pieces?	Turn to **364**
Decline his offer?	Turn to **215**

352

You manage to slay one of the Guards but are overwhelmed by the sheer weight of numbers of the crowd. The blow from a wooden club to your head sends you crashing to the floor. You are lying sprawled out in the rubbish, dazed and confused. Two of the Guards grab your arms and the other one takes your sword. Your feet are shackled, and you are dragged away to the cheers of the crowd. It's not long before you find yourself chained to a wall of a dark dungeon cell, awaiting the arrival of the Earl of Kaad, who, you are told, will decide whether or not to hand you over to Lord Azzur. When he finally arrives, you can tell from the stern faces of Guards behind him that it is not good news. Your worst fears are confirmed when the Earl tells you solemnly that you will be taken in chains to Executioner's Square in Port Blacksand. Your adventure is over.

353

You break off another piece of honeycomb, but before you are able to eat the honey, you are engulfed by a swarm of angry bees. They begin stinging you all over, and painful red welts form on your skin. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. If you want to try and fight them off, turn to **108**. If you would rather climb down the tree and run back to the beach to dive into the sea, turn to **336**.

354

When you come to, the market square is virtually deserted, and the old man is nowhere to be seen. You are annoyed at yourself for rashly attacking the Monk and you are even more annoyed when you discover that all your Gold Pieces have been taken. Lose 2 *LUCK* points. You pick yourself up and hobble across the market square to Clock Street. Turn to **140**.

355

You glance at the titles of the books on the shelves. They are all books on magic with intriguing titles like *The Secrets of Sorcerers* and *The Grimoire of Magic Missiles*, but the one that really catches your eye is a small, red leather-bound ancient tome held shut by a brass clasp. The book is entitled *The End of Time*, which is printed in large gold-leaf lettering on the cover. If you want to open the book, turn to **12**. If you want to walk up the stairs and go back outside, turn to **305**.

356

You feel a draught of cool air on your face caused by the door opening and quickly closing again. You hear a floorboard creak, which confirms somebody has entered the hut. If you want to call out to whoever it might be, turn to **281**. If you want to toss a coin on the floor to distract the intruder, turn to **100**.

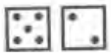

357

Silence descends over the crowd. Azzur plays to the audience, rubbing his chin as though appearing to be deep in thought. "That's a good number," he says coldly. "But it's not good enough!" Turn to **25**.

358

You soon arrive at an old wooden hut, where you see a barrel on the porch with a note pinned to it which says POISON APPLE ALERT! HEALING POTIONS FOR SALE HERE. If you have recently eaten an apple and want to go in the hut, turn to **176**. If you want to carry on walking east, turn to **277**.

359

The Decayer spits at you as you run past it. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **17**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **131**.

360

The noise of your boots on the cobblestones is the only sound in the street. Everybody nearby turns to look at you, some of them pointing at your boots and putting their index fingers to their lips, gesturing for you to be quiet. Two high wooden gates up ahead on the right suddenly burst open, and a bare-chested GIANT storms out on to the street with a wooden club in his hand, his

face contorted with rage. He is wearing a pair of ragged brown trousers tied at the waist with thick rope. Roaring with anger, he scans the street, looking for the person who disturbed his peace. He looks down, catches sight of your boots and raises his club in the air. You must battle the GIANT and ask questions later.

GIANT	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **178**.

361

Your hopes of sailing away from danger are quickly dashed when a gigantic tentacle rises out of the sea, no more than twenty metres in front of you. Another tentacle rises out of the sea, then another, and another, until there are eight of them towering above you. Your boat is about to be attacked by a KRAKEN, a giant sea monster which has a colossal squid-like body, two huge eyes and a beaked mouth. You hear booming explosions from the pirate ship's cannon as two cannonballs whistle overhead towards the Kraken, one of them taking a big chunk out of one of its tentacles. The monster thrashes around in the sea and wraps one of its giant tentacles around the *Blue Moon*'s mast. It pulls the boat over and drags it down to the depths of the ocean with you on board. Your adventure is over.

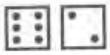

A fearless and fanatical fighter armed with throwing spears

362

You ask the woman where she is going, and she replies that she's on her way to the general store to sell some arrows. She explains that she is a fletcher "by name and by profession". She claims to make the finest arrows in the land, saying, "Ask any bowman around here. They will all tell you that Frances Fletcher's arrows fly long and true. Would you like to buy some and save me the walk to the general store? They are only 2 Gold Pieces for six." If you want to buy six arrows, turn to **250**. If you would rather politely refuse her offer and carry on walking east, turn to **279**.

363

There is a gap up ahead in the tall grass on the right where a path joins the path you are on. A cloud of dust rises into the air from somebody or something running towards you along the path from the east. You reach the junction and see a tall, barefooted warrior woman sprinting towards you. She has striking silver markings covering much of her bronzed skin and her hair is close-cropped and dyed scarlet-red. She is a ZENGIAN ULTRA, a fearless and fanatical fighter armed with throwing spears. She lets out a shrill war cry and throws her spear at you. If you have a shield, turn to **2**. If you don't have a shield, turn to **169**.

364

After you pay him 5 Gold Pieces, the storekeeper hands you the food, which will add 4 *STAMINA* points when eaten. You put all your possessions into the Bag of Everything and marvel at how light it is. Combat will be easier from now on. Add 1 *SKILL* point. You thank the storekeeper and decide what to do next. If you want to ask him if he has heard of Garanka Vassell, turn to **229**. If you want to leave the store and head east on foot, turn to **203**.

365

There is a pile of stones in a dark recess in the cave wall. You remove the top layer and uncover a wooden chest with ornate brass hinges. You pick up the chest and carry it over to the mouth of the cave to examine it in the daylight. The lid is inlaid with a skull-and-crossbones motif made of mother-of-pearl. The chest does not appear to be locked. If you want to open the chest, turn to **56**. If you would rather scour the beach, turn to **231**.

366

"Nobody defies an order in the court of Sukumvit of Fang!" the Baron shouts out angrily. He snaps his fingers and his elite Guards rush forward to rain blow after blow down on you with their iron maces, clubbing you to the ground. Your hands are shackled behind your back, and you are made to stand bleeding and battered in front of

the baying crowd to await your fate. Lord Azzur stares at you contemptuously, his head nodding slightly with satisfaction. The Baron turns to his guest and says, "My sincere apologies for this outrage, my dear Lord Azzur. As punishment, might I suggest we put this criminal in the iron gibbet hanging from the gallows in the town square and let the hungry crows do the rest?" Lord Azzur gives his approval with a simple gesture of the hand. You are dragged from the podium and you see Throm staring at you with a look of puzzlement on his face. What will become of him you will never know, but for you the gallows await. Your adventure is over.

367

You sit down on a bar stool and place your knife on the bar where everybody can see it. The innkeeper sidles up to you and says in a gruff, matter-of-fact voice, "Swords and knives are not allowed to be unsheathed in the Lobster. Hand it over." If you want to do as he says, turn to **84**. If you want to refuse to hand over your knife, turn to **253**.

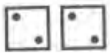

368

You poke your head out from behind the tree and call out to the assassin. He replies by firing his crossbow, but the bolt thuds into the trunk of the tree. You hear him curse before disappearing from view. Moments later a heavily built man storms out of the tavern, screaming at the top of his voice, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. The deadly assassin is wearing a chain mail vest and you must fight him. Turn to **53**.

369

You hear a rustling sound in the long grass to your right. If you want to investigate, turn to **228**. If you would rather keep heading towards town, turn to **189**.

370

You climb carefully up the tree to where the hive is hanging from a branch. You hear a faint buzzing sound, but you are fairly certain there can only be a few bees inside the hive. You poke the tip of your sword inside and break off a piece of honeycomb. You reach into the hive and pull out the honeycomb, which is dripping with thick golden honey. Slavering in anticipation, you cram a chunk of the honeycomb into your mouth, sucking out the deliciously sweet nectar and feeling instantly energized. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. You are about to break off

another piece of honeycomb when you hear the ominous buzzing sound of the swarm of bees returning to the hive. If you want to reach for the honeycomb, turn to **353**. If you would rather climb quickly down the tree and run back to your hut, turn to **147**.

371

The blacksmith's bushy eyebrows rise up when you tell him about your recent encounters with Lord Azzur's assassins. "That is terrible!" he says with genuine concern. "Azzur was in Kaad yesterday, spreading lies and buying favours. A plague be on him. I put new shoes on his carriage horse and he didn't bother paying me before leaving town. I'm not sure if it has anything to do with you, but he had two people with him who he dropped off. One was a woman in a red hooded cloak. Her icy stare made me feel quite uncomfortable. Ruth was her name. Red Ruth. The other was a short, stocky man with narrow eyes who looked like he was from the East, maybe Kay-Pong. I remember he was carrying a black stick and had a strange name. I think Azzur called him Tunku Yang." You thank the blacksmith for the information and go back outside to walk down the side passage. Turn to **330**.

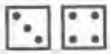

372

You stand up and tell Sidd that you are not going to pay him. "That's not very nice of you," he says with a hurt expression on his face. "You might live to regret that decision. Or you might not live long enough to regret it!" Sidd turns his back on you and stares out of the window. A black cat suddenly jumps on to the bar and stares at you and hisses. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. Tall Tom has a face like thunder, and points at the door and tells you to leave. You walk outside and think about which way to go. If you want to head north, turn to **133**. If you want to continue east, turn to **157**.

373

The lightning strikes the sea a short distance away, but it is too close for comfort for Captain Crow. "I'm turning the boat around whether you like it or not," he screams at you into the wind. "We're going back to Snake Island!" He pulls on the tiller with all his might, forcing the mainsail to swing across the deck as the boat goes about, shuddering noisily when the ropes twang taut in their cleats. Battling against the giant waves, the captain looks relieved to be heading back, but it is another hour before you make landfall, just as the wind dies down. The captain looks at you and says sternly, "I don't care what you say, we're staying on the island tonight!" You nod in agreement and praise the captain for getting you back to the island safely, and suggest you make a fire to get warm. Turn to **302**.

374

The man stumbles when firing his crossbow and a small arrow thumps into the wall behind you. Realizing there is no time for him to reload his crossbow, he draws a sabre from his belt and lunges at you, shouting, "I, Blackthorn of Chalice, will see your head delivered to Lord Azzur." You must fight him.

BLACKTHORN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **109**.

375

The boat man pulls out a small leather purse from his clothing and counts out 20 Gold Pieces into your hand. "That's a fair price for a fair boat," he says, smiling. He shakes your hand, bids you farewell, and walks back into his yard, whistling happily with his dogs following faithfully behind. If you now want to go in the general store, turn to **327**. If you would rather head east on foot, turn to **203**.

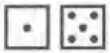

376

Your backpack is weighing you down and the Orcs are closing in fast. If you want to drop your backpack, turn to **83**. If you want to keep on running with it on, turn to **8**.

377

You shake the silver box and hear something rattle inside. You open it up and find two small sparkling diamonds. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You close the lid and put the box in your pocket. There are also two small corked bottles in the chest. One is a clear glass bottle containing red ink. The other is a brown bottle with a label on it with the words "Worm Paste" handwritten in faded red ink. You must decide whether or not to keep the bottles. If you have not done so already, you can either open the leather purse (turn to **319**) or scour the beach in the hope of finding something useful (turn to **231**).

378

Your walk along the trail is uneventful and you reach the banks of the River Kok by late morning. The river is wide and fast-running. Looking north, you see the town of Fang set against the stunning backdrop of the snow-capped Icefinger Mountains in the distance. Just to your right, there is a small wooden hut close to a wooden jetty which has a rowing boat tied to it. There is somebody lying in the boat who appears to be asleep. If you want to ring the brass

bell on the pier to wake the sleeping man, turn to **39**. If you want to look inside the hut, turn to **297**.

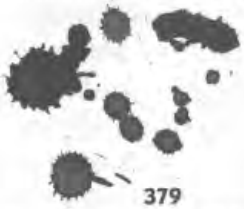

379

The pain gradually increases, building in intensity until it is unbearable. Your heart pounds inside your chest, beating faster and faster until you think it is about to explode. You scream in agony before blacking out, and never regain consciousness. Your adventure is over.

380

The man looks at you intensely, as though trying to remember where he's seen you before. He frowns and purses his lips in thought, and says, "I might be interested, it depends. You better show me the boat." You lead the man to the *Blue Moon*. He jumps on board and inspects it briefly for seaworthiness. "She's a fine boat, no doubt about it, but the last time I saw the *Blue Moon*, she belonged to Samuel Crow. I can't imagine old Sam would ever sell her. How come you claim to be the owner?" If you want to reply that Captain Crow died on Snake Island, turn to **136**. If you want to reply that you won the boat from the captain playing cards, turn to **338**.

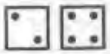

381

Billy stares down at you and says, "We don't like what we are hearing, stranger. If you can't do right by us, we can't do right by you. So, we are going to let you play Beat-the-Buss. These are the rules, so listen carefully. Brother Bobby and I are going to climb on to the roof. I should tell you he's got a blunderbuss. That's where the buss in Beat-the-Buss comes from, as in blunderbuss, if you're getting me? I'm going to throw you a rope and count to twenty before brother Bobby starts shooting. All you have to do is climb out and hightail it for the wooden gate without being shot full of lead. Are you understanding me? Don't try any funny business or brother Bobby will shoot you right here and now." The brothers disappear and seconds later a thick length of rope drops down into the cellar. You catch hold of it and give it a tug. Satisfied it will bear your weight, you haul yourself out of the cellar. There is a ladder leading up to a skylight in the roof, through which you hear a voice counting, "Twelve . . . thirteen . . . fourteen. . ." and realize you must run for your life. You bolt for the door and run out of the farmhouse and down the path as fast as you can. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **90**. If you are not wearing Elven Boots, turn to **323**.

382

Half an hour later, you finally get a tug on your fishing line. *Test Your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **278**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **142**.

383

The man puts his hands together and says, "It's about time! I thought you were never going to arrive. Please come in. My cellar is infested with rats. I think they are getting in through a broken drain. The cellar is at the bottom of the stairs, which are through the door at the back of the room over there." You walk over to the door and go down a stone staircase to another door at the bottom. You listen at the door and hear lots of scratching and squeaking sounds coming from the other side. You open the door to a storeroom where you see hundreds of rats crawling all over the shelves, sacks, boxes and barrels in the room. If you have a flute, turn to **280**. If you do not have a flute, turn to **219**.

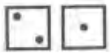

384

You hand over your boots to the Gnome, who hurriedly kicks off his old boots and pulls the new ones on. He stands up and runs around in a circle, clapping his hands with glee. He gives you 1 Gold Piece and asks you where you are going. You reply that you are heading north on a mission. "Well, if you haven't been there before, you should definitely visit Kaad since you are heading that way. You won't forget it. The people who live there are pig-poo crazy!" You thank the Gnome for his advice and set off again. Turn to **179**.

385

You climb over the side of the boat and lie down in the bottom. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **209**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **134**.

386

Balthazar's eyes light up at the mention of the box. He clasps his hands together and says, "What wonderful news! The box was stolen from here yesterday and I thought I was never going to see it again. Please come in." You follow Balthazar into a large stone-walled room which has a door in the far wall. You take the wooden box out of your backpack and place it on the table in the centre of the room. "I'm going to open the box, so please stand back. There is a secret spring-loaded dart in the catch which I'm

going to disable. There, it's done," Balthazar says with a relieved expression on his face. He empties the contents of the box on to the table, which amount to 10 Gold Pieces, two long brass clock hands and a gold signet ring with a question mark engraved on it. "The new clock hands are safe! What a relief. I cannot thank you enough. Please accept 5 Gold Pieces as a reward," he says cheerfully. You accept the Gold Pieces and watch Balthazar start to polish the clock hands feverishly. If you want to ask if he has seen Lord Azzur in town, turn to **167**. If you would rather bid him farewell and turn right up Clock Street, turn to **89**.

387

You are exhausted after the long sword fight and take a moment to get your breath back. You empty Vassell's pockets and find 3 Gold Pieces. When you pull down his tunic collar, you see the now familiar scorpion assassin pendant hanging on a chain around his neck. You snap the chain and put the pendant in your pocket. Will you now:

Try on his chain mail vest?	Turn to **246**
Go in the tavern?	Turn to **341**
Head north along a new path?	Turn to **133**
Continue your journey east?	Turn to **157**

The beggar continues to rattle his tin mug

388

You land on a patch of soft sand and injure yourself, suffering a twisted ankle and a cracked rib. Lose 2 *SKILL* points and 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **392**.

389

With his head bowed, the beggar continues to rattle his tin mug. As soon as you put your hand in your pocket to find a coin, he drops his mug and throws off his blanket to reveal a sword held in the hand you thought was missing! With steely-cold eyes and a sinister smile, he lunges forward with his sword and stabs you in the leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Your attacker is an ELITE SWORDSMAN who lunges forward to strike you again.

ELITE SWORDSMAN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **190**.

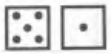

390

As the carriage passes by, the woman looks down at you from her bench seat and says in a cold voice, "I know who you are." But before you can say anything, the driver cracks his whip and urges his horse into a trot and the carriage disappears in a cloud of dust. Wondering who the woman might be, you walk through the main gates and mingle with the townsfolk, who are busily going about their various tasks. Nobody pays you much attention and you walk down Crown Street, which is lined on both sides with small shops and old wood and plaster houses with tiled roofs. The street leads you to a market square, where the traders are packing up their stalls for the day. You see a portly man in long brown robes walking towards you carrying a large sack over his shoulder. If you want to talk to him, turn to **19**. If you would rather ignore him and walk across the market square to Clock Street, turn to **140**.

391

As you run for the cover of the trees and undergrowth, the giant Dragon swoops down to blast you with its fiery breath. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **236**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **172**.

392

You look up to see the Flesh-Head peering down over

the cliff edge, snarling aggressively. You stand up in considerable pain, and limp slowly over to the mouth of the cave. Turn to **201**.

393

You don't speak to the pirate during the voyage, and it's only when the old buildings of Port Blacksand finally come into view that you tell him that you are going to set him free, even though he does not deserve it. You untie him and tell him to swim to the shore. He protests, but you boot him overboard and sail on. It's not long before you are moored up alongside the harbour wall of the old port, notorious for the pirates, cutthroats and thieves who live there. Two rough-looking men with missing teeth and stubbly beards are standing on the quayside, watching you closely, and start whispering to each other. It's only a few days since you were last here, but now you can't afford to trust anybody. If you want to ask them if they know somebody who might want to buy your boat, turn to **48**. If you want to walk quickly past them and enter the Black Lobster Tavern at the end of the quay, turn to **334**.

394

You shout out the magic spell just in time as the band of bloodthirsty Orcs descends upon you, screaming loudly as though possessed by demons. You disappear from view and manage to escape from the Orcs, who are now even more angry and start fighting between themselves. You run northwards to get as far away as possible from the Orcs before the invisibility spell wears off. A minute later your limbs and torso become visible again. You look back and are relieved to see that the Orc hunting party is still embroiled in a mass brawl. Just when you think you're clear of them, a long blast on a hunting horn signals that you have been spotted by one of their scouts. The Orcs stop fighting and chase after you, screaming for your blood. All you can do is run! If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **241**. If you are wearing ordinary leather boots, turn to **18**.

395

You have picked up a cursed stone carving known as the Evil Eye. Lose 3 *LUCK* points. Unaware that you have found an unlucky artefact, you place it in your backpack and carry on your search for food. Turn to **213**.

396

As you approach the crossroads with Bell Street and Clock Street, you notice that some of the people are armed

with clubs and pitchforks. You suspect they are probably looking for you. Pretending to scratch your hair, you raise an arm to hide your face and turn right into Clock Street, hoping not to be recognized. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **207**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **284**.

397

Try as you might, you are unable to open the jaws of the animal trap. Your ankle goes numb, and you feel a throbbing pain in your lower leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. As the day wears on you begin to wonder how long you will have to wait before the trapper returns to examine his trap. You decide to start calling out in the hope of attracting help. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **128**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **205**.

398

You have no idea how long you have been in a semi-coma, but you eventually cool down and wake up. You feel incredibly weak, and have trouble standing up. You stretch out your arms and see that your hands are trembling. Lose 1 *SKILL* point. You are about to set off again when you notice an iron bracelet lying in the earth near the entrance of the den. If you want to try on the bracelet, turn to **40**. If you would rather leave it where it is and head back to your hut on the other side of the island, turn to **217**.

399

You watch the arrow fly towards the open window, but it strikes the frame, missing its target. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. Before you have time to fire another arrow, the tavern door bursts open. A heavily built man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern, screaming at the top of his voice, and charges at you like a raging bull swinging a two-handed sword above his head. You draw your sword and ready yourself to fight the deadly assassin, Garanka Vassell. Turn to **53**.

400

Baron Sukumvit raises his arm aloft for the trumpets to sound the start of this year's Trial of Champions. The crowd cheers loudly, and one by one the contestants salute the Baron and disappear inside the dungeon. You see Throm enter third, and when your turn comes, you are greeted by a wall of noise from the excited crowd. You salute them briefly and draw your sword before stepping through the ornate stone-pillared entrance to the dark dungeon. You curse Lord Azzur's name under your breath and promise yourself that one day you will see him dead. For now, the toughest challenge of your life awaits you as you step into the unknown to face Baron Sukumvit's deadly traps and gruesome monsters.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF ASSASSINS OF ALLANSIA

YOU have been preparing for your quest by practising your swordplay and building up your strength and stamina. You have a sword and a backpack containing Provisions (food and drink) to sustain you through your adventure. Before setting of on your adventure, you must first roll dice to record your *SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores on your *Adventure Sheet* on pages 248 or 250, which you should also use to keep a record of the items you find on your adventure. Use the *Monster Encounter Sheet* to record combat with monsters. Write your scores in pencil or make photocopies of the blank *Adventure Sheet* to use in future adventures.

SKILL, STAMINA AND LUCK

To determine your *Initial SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores:

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *SKILL* box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the *STAMINA* box.

Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *LUCK* box.

SKILL reflects your swordsmanship and fighting expertise; the higher the better. *STAMINA* represents your strength; the higher your *STAMINA*, the longer you will survive. *LUCK* represents how lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

SKILL, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores change constantly during an adventure, so keep an eraser handy. You must keep an accurate record of these scores. But never rub out your *initial scores*. Although you may receive additional *SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* points, these totals may never exceed your *initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when instructed on a particular page.

BATTLES

When you are told to fight a creature, you must resolve the battle as described below. First record the creature's *SKILL* and *STAMINA* SCORES (as given on the page) in an empty *Monster Encounter Box* on your *Adventure Sheet*. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice for the creature. Add its *SKILL* score.

This total is the **creature's** *Attack Strength*.
2. Roll the two dice for yourself. Add your current *SKILL*. This total is **your** *Attack Strength*.
3. Whose *Attack Strength* is higher? If your *Attack Strength* is higher, you have wounded the creature. If the creature's *Attack Strength* is higher, it has wounded you. (If both are the same, you have both missed – start the next *Attack Round* from step 1 above.)
4. If you wounded the creature, subtract 2 points from the **creature's** *STAMINA* score. You may use *LUCK* here to do additional damage (see "Using Luck in Battles" below).
5. If the creature wounded you, subtract 2 points from **your** *STAMINA* score. You may use *LUCK* to minimize the damage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate changes to either the creature's or your own *STAMINA* scores (and your *LUCK* score if you used LUCK) and begin the next *Attack Round* (repeat steps 1–6)
7. This continues until the *STAMINA* score of either you or creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

LUCK

Sometimes you will be told to *Test Your Luck*. As you will discover, using *LUCK* is a risky business. The way you *Test Your Luck* is as follows:

Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current *LUCK* score, you have been *Lucky*. If the number rolled is higher than your current *LUCK* score, you have been *Unlucky*. The consequences of being *Lucky* or *Unlucky* will be found in the paragraph you are sent to. Each time you *Test Your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current *LUCK* score. So, the more you rely on luck, the riskier this becomes.

Using Luck in Battles

In battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to score a more serious wound on a creature, or to minimize the effects of a wound on the creature has just scored on you.

If you have just wounded the creature: you may *Test Your Luck* as described below. If you are *Lucky*, subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's *STAMINA* score (i.e., 4 instead of 2 normally). But if you are *Unlucky*, you must restore 1 point to the creature's *STAMINA* (so instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now only scored 1).

If you have just been wounded by the creature: you may *Test Your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *Lucky*, restore 1 point of your *STAMINA* (i.e., instead

of doing 2 points of damage, it has done only 1). If you are *Unlucky*, subtract 1 extra *STAMINA* point.

Don't forget to subtract 1 point from your *LUCK* score each time you *Test Your Luck*.

RESTORING SKILL, STAMINA AND LUCK

Skill

Occasionally, a page may give instructions to alter your *SKILL* score. A Magic Weapon may increase your *SKILL*, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 *SKILL* bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your *SKILL* score can never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your *SKILL* to its initial level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your *STAMINA* score will change a lot during the adventure. As you near your goal, your *STAMINA* level may become dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

You start the game with enough Provisions for ten meals

(see "Equipment and Potions" below). A separate *Provisions Remaining* box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. You may eat only *one* meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your *STAMINA* score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Don't forget that your *STAMINA* score may never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your *STAMINA* to its *initial* level at any time.

Luck

You will find additions to your *LUCK* score awarded when you have been particularly *Lucky*. Remember that, as with *SKILL* and *STAMINA*, your *LUCK* score may never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your *LUCK* to its *initial* level at any time and increase your *initial LUCK* by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You begin your adventure with a sword and a backpack containing Provisions (food and drink). You will find gold, treasure, weapons, armour and artefacts on your

adventure. But not all items will help you on your quest. Some might even harm you!

You may also take a magic potion which will aid you on your quest. Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e., it can only be used *once* during an adventure. Choose ONE of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores *SKILL* points

A Potion of Strength – restores *STAMINA* points

A Potion of Fortune – restores *LUCK* points and adds 1 to *Initial LUCK*

These potions may be taken at any time during the adventure. Taking a measure of potion will restore *SKILL*, *STAMINA* or *LUCK* scores to their *Initial* level. The Potion of Fortune will increase your *Initial LUCK* score by 1 point and restore *LUCK* to this new *Initial* level.

HINTS ON PLAY

There is only one true way through **Assassins of Allansia** and it will probably take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map

will be useful in future adventures and help you identify unexplored areas.

Not all locations contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures. There are many "wild-goose chase" passages, and while you may progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will win.

The "one true way" involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak their initial dice rolls might be, should be able to get through.

Good LUCK on your adventure – you'll need it!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
BACKPACK ITEMS:	POCKET ITEMS:	GOLD PIECES:
	PENDANTS:	WEAPONS:
	PROVISIONS:	ARMOUR:

ENEMY ENCOUNTER SHEET

SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
BACKPACK ITEMS:	POCKET ITEMS:	GOLD PIECES:
	PENDANTS:	WEAPONS:
	PROVISIONS:	ARMOUR:

ENEMY ENCOUNTER SHEET

SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA
SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA
SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA
SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA
SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA
SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA

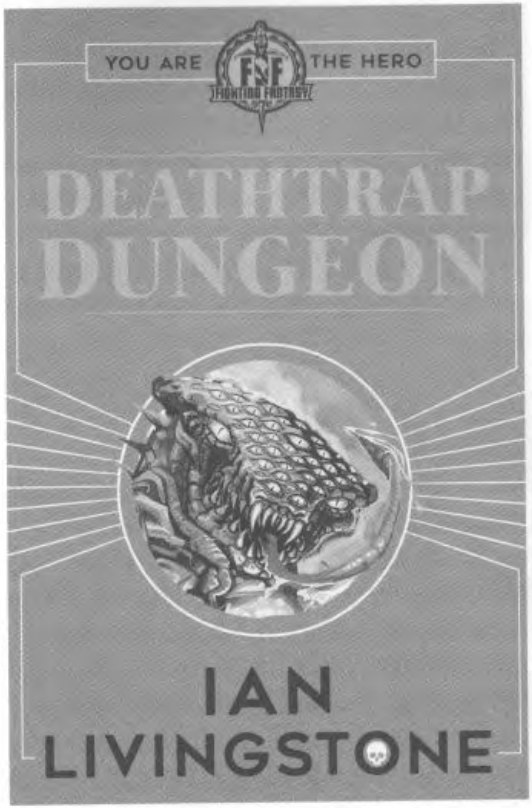

Devised by the devilish mind of Baron Sukumvit, the labyrinth of Fang plays host to the Trial of Champions – a challenge that no adventurer ever survived. You'll have to pit your wits against some fiendish foes if you have any hope of seeing daylight again...

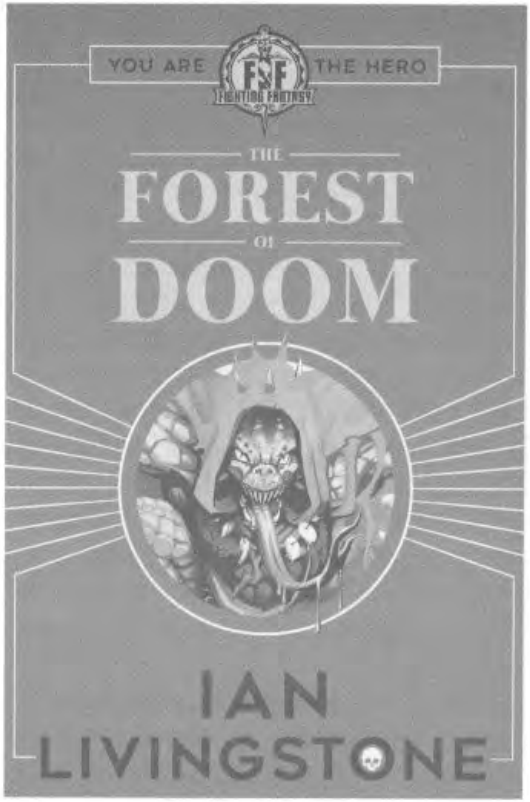

A war is raging and your help is needed to vanquish the evil trolls. To save the dwarfs, you must find the grand wizard Yaztromo and track down the pieces of a legendary war hammer lost in the depths of Darkwood Forest, where gruesome monsters lurk...

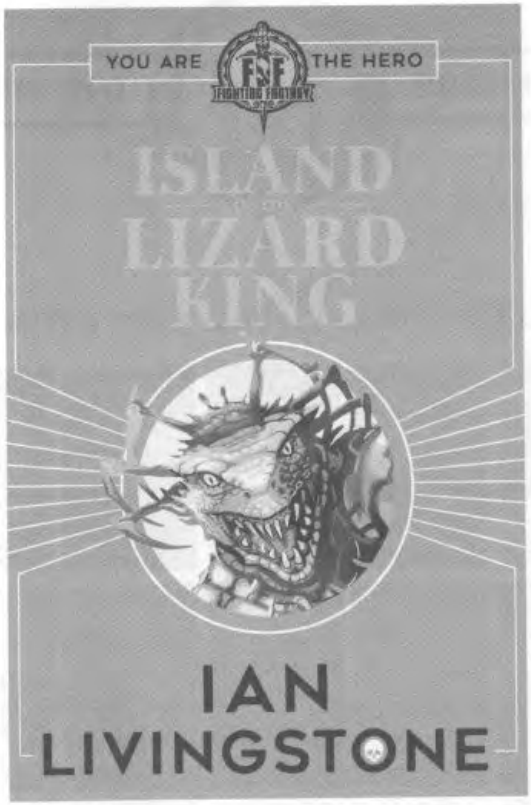

You, the hero, are tasked with confronting the terrifying Lizard King and freeing the human slaves captured by his bloodthirsty army. You must discover the chink in his armour if you have any hope of defeating him...

YOU ARE THE HERO

FIGHTING FANTASY

COLLECT THEM ALL, BRAVE ADVENTURER!

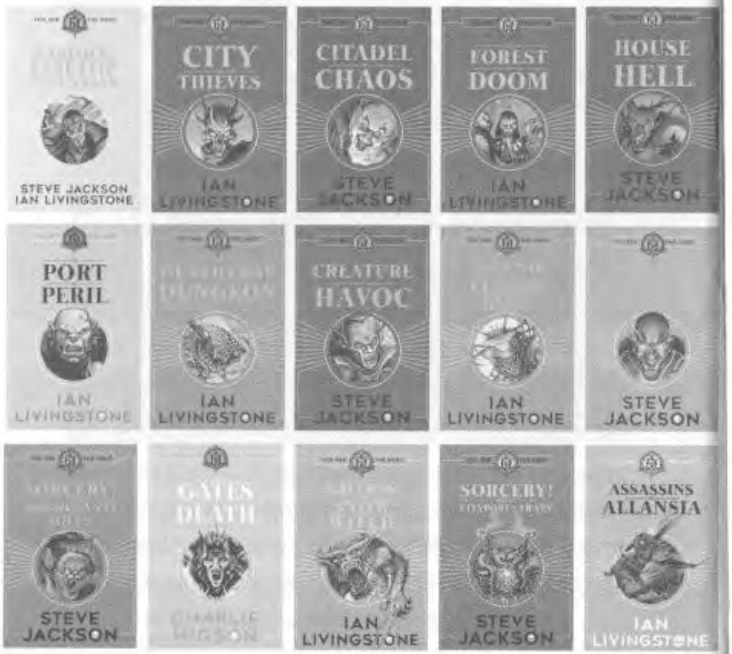

YOU ARE THE HERO

FIGHTING FANTASY

ASSASSINS OF ALLANSIA

IAN LIVINGSTONE

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2. City of Thieves
3. The Citadel of Chaos
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ASSASSINS OF ALLANSIA

IAN LIVINGSTONE

SCHOLASTIC

ALLANSIA
ICEFINGER
CHIANG
MAI
Kaad
PAGAN
RED RIVER
Dark
Tower
Mirewater
DOGFISH
ISLAND
Flax
CATFISH
PORT
BLACKSAND
WHITE
OYSTER
BAY
FIRE
ISLAND
SKULL
COAST
SOUTHERN
BLOOD
ISLAND
THE DESERT OF
SKULLS

MOUNTAINS
Zengis
Fang
RIVER
KOK
PLAINS
Anvil
Stonebridge
Firetop
Mountain
KAY-PONG
MOONSTONE
HILLS
DARKWOOD
FOREST
Yaztromo's
Tower
Deedle
Water
RIVER
Largo
FOREST OF
SPIDERS
SILVER
RIVER
CHALICE
KNOTOAK
WOOD
Coven
SILVERTON
TROLLTOOTH
PASS
WINDWARD
PLAIN
WATER
RIVER
FOREST
OF YORE
VALE OF
WILLOW
SALAMONIS
TO THE
FLATLANDS
PLAIN
SHAZÂAR
Black
Tower
Vatos
CRAGGEN
HEIGHTS
LEO HARTAS

Published in the UK by Scholastic Children's Books, 2019
Euston House, 24 Eversholt Street, London, NW1 1DB, UK
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ISBN 978 1407 19683 1

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HOW WILL YOU START YOUR ADVENTURE?

The book you hold in your hands is a gateway to another world – a world of dark magic, terrifying monsters, brooding castles, treacherous dungeons and untold danger, where a noble few defend against the myriad schemes of the forces of evil. Welcome to the world of **FIGHTING FANTASY!**

You are about to embark upon a thrilling fantasy adventure in which **YOU** are the hero! **YOU** decide which route to take, which dangers to risk and which creatures to fight. But be warned – it will also be **YOU** who has to live or die by the consequences of your actions.

Take heed, for success is by no means certain, and you may well fail in your mission on your first attempt. But

have no fear, for with experience, skill and luck, each new attempt should bring you a step closer to your ultimate goal.

Prepare yourself, for when you turn the page you will enter an exciting, perilous **FIGHTING FANTASY** adventure where every choice is yours to make, an adventure in which **YOU ARE THE HERO!**

How would you like to begin your adventure?

IF YOU ARE NEW TO FIGHTING FANTASY . . .

It's a good idea to read through the rules which appear on pages 255-263 before you start.

IF YOU HAVE PLAYED FIGHTING FANTASY BEFORE . . .

You'll realize that to have any chance of success, you will need to discover your hero's attributes. You can create your own character by following the instructions on pages 255–256. Don't forget to enter your character's details on the Adventure Sheet which appears on page 264.

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

BACKGROUND

Snake Island is a small, uninhabited island which lies between Dogfish Island and Ghost Island off the west coast of Allansia. It is rugged and inhospitable, and it is said that the reason why nobody lives there is because all those who set foot on the island are never seen again. Whether it is the terrifying creatures or undead spirits that claim the lives of visitors, nobody knows, but the rumours about Decayers, Worm Dogs and Flesh-Heads are enough to put most people off from going there. YOU have been on the island for two days, with most of the time spent making camp and foraging for food. A wager brought you to the island following a chance meeting with an old burly sea captain by the name of Samuel Crow in Port Blacksand, the notorious seaport run by the tyrant Lord Azzur. He challenged you to live on the island for a month with a wager of 20 Gold Pieces should you live to collect it. Being a brave adventurer unafraid of myths or monsters, you accepted his challenge with a shake of the hand. The captain beamed with satisfaction and slapped you on the back, saying you would regret your foolish decision. The

next day, he sailed you over to Snake Island on his boat, the *Blue Moon*. It was a thrilling ride, with huge waves battering the small sailing boat as it bobbed up and down on the ocean swell. Whooping loudly as the sea spray pounded his face, the captain trimmed his sails to get as much speed as he could out of his old boat. He taunted you most of the way, saying you would survive less than twenty-four hours. But you ignored the old salt, confident that you would be more than able to deal with any danger that the island had to offer. It was mid-afternoon by the time the rocky island appeared on the horizon, and an hour later before the captain finally dropped anchor.

"Enjoy yourself," he said sarcastically, ushering you off his boat with a flick of the hand. You jumped into the cold water and waded ashore to a stony beach littered with driftwood and sun-bleached bones. You were just able to hear the captain above the noise of the waves crashing on the beach. He wished you luck with a wry grin, saying, "I'll be back in thirty days to pay you or bury you – unless you've been eaten!" You shook your fist at him with a smile and walked off to survey your new surroundings. It soon became apparent how desolate the rocky island was, evil spirits or no evil spirits. The trees were ugly, with bent trunks and gnarled, twisted branches. The thick vegetation was hostile – a tangled mix of needle-sharp thorn bushes and poisonous creepers. A cloud

of mosquitoes buzzed around your head, and red ants crawled up your legs, biting you relentlessly. By the end of the day, you had encountered spiders, snakes, scorpions, ticks, grubs, leeches and other bloodsucking creatures that were going to make your life a misery in the weeks ahead. But having recently narrowly escaped with your life in Darkwood Forest, the prospect of living on an island didn't seem so bad. It would be a good place to test your survival skills, and hopefully reward you with the 20 Gold Pieces which you so desperately needed.

Leaving the stony beach behind, you walked round to the west side of the island to a small, sandy beach where you found an abandoned wooden hut nestled between some large boulders. The roof had holes in it and the door was hanging off its hinges, but with minor repairs it would be a good place to live for a month. The hut was empty apart from a dented tin jug on a small table made from driftwood, and two dirty sacks stuffed with old rags which had once been used as a makeshift bed. You fixed the door and mended the roof as best as you could as the light faded. When the sun slipped down below the horizon, the sky became a rich canvas of deep reds, vivid pinks and bright orange. The light quickly faded into total darkness, and there was nothing else to do but to lie down on the sacks and go to sleep. After spending an uncomfortable night as the target for countless mosquitoes, you wake up soon

after dawn to find your whole body covered in angry red bites.

You spend the morning turning leaves and shells into rainwater traps and collecting dry wood for a fire. In the afternoon you make a chair out of driftwood fastened together with vines and a fishing rod made out of a long branch, some twine washed up on the shore, and a hook made out of a button fastening. Using limpets as bait, you manage to catch two small fish which you cook on your campfire in the dying light. Darkness falls, and day two ends the same way as day one, with you trying to get to sleep whilst being eaten alive by mosquitoes.

YOUR ADVENTURE AWAITS!

MAY YOUR STAMINA NEVER FAIL!

NOW TURN OVER...

1

The wind picks up during the night on the back of a rumbling storm which rolls in from the west. Heavy rain turns into a torrential downpour and beats down noisily on the roof. Rainwater finds its way through your roof repairs and drips down on to the floorboards. You hear strange noises coming from outside, with the howling wind playing tricks on your imagination in the pitch-black darkness. The storm eventually passes, and you finally drift off to sleep, but in the middle of the night you suddenly wake up with a start. The wind has dropped, and you can hear the sound of waves breaking on the beach. But you hear another sound much closer – a tiny squeak – and one which you recognize. Somebody is trying to open the door. Who could it be? Nobody else lives on this forsaken island. It's too dark to see anything. You stand up slowly, sword in hand and heart pounding, hardly daring to breathe. If you want to stand still where you are, turn to **356**. If you want to go outside to investigate, turn to **161**.

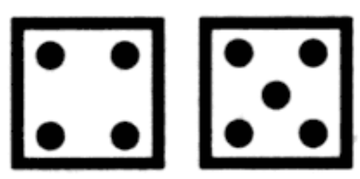

2

The warrior's aim is deadly accurate, but you just manage to raise your shield in time to meet the spear, which clatters off and falls harmlessly to the ground. The warrior is only twenty metres away and closing in fast, wielding two long knives. If you want to reach for her spear and throw it back at her, turn to **96**. If you want to draw your sword and ready yourself for combat, turn to **266**.

3

The Monk berates you for wasting his time. If you want to attack him with your sword, turn to **260**. If you would rather ignore him and walk across the market square to Clock Street, turn to **140**.

4

You raise your sword and strike the Orc a mighty blow in its midriff as it runs past the tree you are hiding behind. It stops in its tracks and falls to the ground with blood pouring from its stomach. It is badly injured but manages to get back up on its feet. Roaring in pain, it staggers

towards you, spitting blood and swinging its morning star. You must finish off the Orc quickly before the other Orcs hear the commotion.

ORC	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 2*

If you win the fight in the first Attack Round, turn to **311**. If it takes two or more Attack Rounds to defeat the Orc, turn to **193**.

5

From where you are lying, you have a good view of the ship's mast and the lone lookout standing in the crow's nest. The lookout suddenly becomes agitated and calls down to the crew on deck, yelling at them to look west. You hear the pirate captain order his helmsman to turn his ship hard right, which makes the *Blue Moon* take on water as it rolls from side to side and causes you to bang your head. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You decide the best thing to do to avoid being sunk is to cut the tow rope. Turn to **88**.

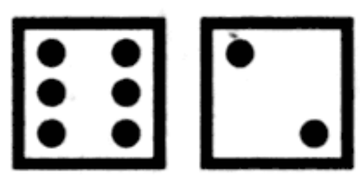

Two Dwarfs wearing horned helmets

6

You reach for the idol and hear a click. An unseen trapdoor suddenly gives way under your feet and you fall through it, landing on the cellar floor and banging your head. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Lying on the damp floor in pain, you are plunged into darkness when the trapdoor is pulled back up and bolted. It seems like an age before the trapdoor opens again, whereupon you see two DWARFS wearing horned helmets staring down at you with curious expressions on their faces. They are identical twins with long ginger hair tied in plaits, beards, moustaches, eyes set close together, missing front teeth and big, hairy noses which they are both picking furiously. One of them stops picking his nose for a moment and says in a long, drawn-out voice, "Well, brother Billy, who have we caught trespassing?"

"No idea, brother Bobby."

"Is it somebody we know?"

"Nobody I know. Is it somebody you know?"

"No."

"Well, somebody must know!"

"You could always ask."

"I will," says Billy. "Hey, you down there, who do you think you are coming into our house without being asked? Did you not read the sign outside? Let me tell you that we are the Bogg brothers. I'm Billy Bogg and this here is my brother Bobby Bogg. We don't like visitors, and we really hate trespassers. What have you got to say for yourself?"

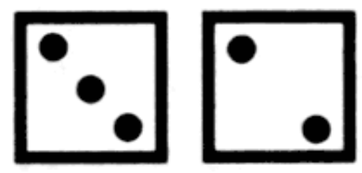

If you want to reply that you were looking to buy some food, turn to **38**. If you want to tell them that you are on the run from assassins, turn to **291**.

7

You take aim and hurl the meat cleaver at the pirate as hard as you can. It is a miracle shot and strikes the pirate on the side of the head, knocking him out. He slumps forward on to the deck and lets go of the sailing ropes. The *Blue Moon* drifts to a halt, and you are able to catch up with it and climb on board. The scraggy-looking pirate slowly comes around, moaning and groaning. You tie his hands behind his back and ask him why you shouldn't throw him in the sea to feed to the Blood Sharks. "I know who you are. I saw your face on a poster in Port Blacksand," the pirate says gruffly. "I've got something you need. Let me live and I will tell you what it is." You tell him to keep talking and you'll think about it. "I know the assassins are hunting you, and there's one who will try to poison you with snake venom. See my earring? It's a Snakefang. Wear it, and you won't come to any harm from snake venom." If you want to take the pirate's earring and wear it, turn to **37**. If you do not want to take the earring, turn to **296**.

8

You come to the foot of a hill and begin to breathe heavily as you run up it. The chasing Orcs charge up the hill without breaking step and are now only metres behind you. Exhausted, you turn to face them. Turn to **230**.

9

Back on dry land, you slip your hand inside the leather straps on the back of the shield. You feel a sudden surge of power run up your arm. You have found the Shield of the Sentinels. Add 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *LUCK* point. Pleased with your new piece of armour, you gather up your belongings and climb back up the stone steps to the top of the cliff. Turn to **127**.

10

Billy smiles and says, "That seems like a fair offer to me, brother Bobby. Throw the rope down to our new friend." You pick up the assassin's axes and climb out of the cellar and are greeted by the brothers, who slap you on the back. "No hard feelings, I hope?" says Billy. You shake your head and hand him an axe, a ring and 9 Gold Pieces. The brothers shake your hand and walk with you to the wooden gate, where they bid you farewell. You wave goodbye and set off again towards Kaad. Turn to **307**.

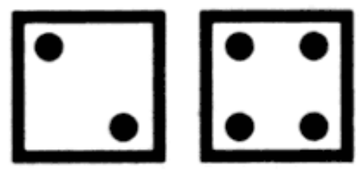

11

You fill the tin jug with water from the rainwater traps outside and can't stop thinking about the attempt on your life. After quenching your thirst, you decide to go in search of food. You are very hungry, having eaten only a bit of fish the previous day. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to go fishing again, turn to **34**. If you want to explore the island for food, turn to **116**.

12

You undo the clasp and open the book to find that all the pages are hollowed out of the middle and there is a finely engraved gold ring wrapped in wool lying in the cavity. There are no words in the book other than an instruction on the title page penned in elaborate italic gold writing, which reads, *Kiss the Warp Ring to go back one minute in time. Choose your moment carefully because this can be done but once*. The chance to go back in time is impossible to resist and you slip the ring on to your middle finger. You turn it round and round on your finger as you walk back up the stairs to go outside with your mind spinning, thinking about what it might be like to go back in time. Turn to **305**.

13

You raise your arm just in time as the piercing arrow clatters into your shield and ricochets away. Your assailant reloads and fires again, but you manage to deflect the second arrow. With your sword drawn, you charge at your attacker, who throws back her hood to reveal the unmistakable features of a DARK ELF PRIESTESS. Her neck is covered with tattoos of writhing serpents and her long ice-white hair is tied up high on her head. She is wearing studded leather armour with iron-plated shoulder pads. Staring at you with cold, amethyst-blue eyes, she draws her long sword slowly from its scabbard, a shimmering blade made of the finest Salamonian steel enveloped in a swirling mist of vivid colours. Swinging it skilfully above her head, the Dark Elf advances towards you, meeting your sword with a clash of steel, her chilling war cry sending a shiver down your spine.

DARK ELF PRIESTESS	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **61**.

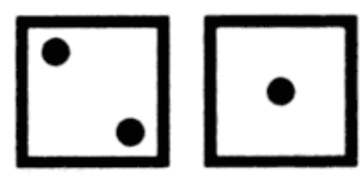

14

You climb into the back of the open carriage, and the driver cracks his whip in the air to spur his horse into a trot. The woman turns to you as you speed along the dusty track and says, "My name is Florence Figgins. I'm the town's undertaker. I am on my way to Anvil to visit relatives. The chances are we won't get there before nightfall, but Henry here is more than capable of defending me from the creatures of the Pagan Plain. Now sit back and enjoy the ride. We should be at Otto's within the hour." The light begins to fade and by the time the carriage comes to a halt outside a log cabin, shadows are already creeping over the land. "Welcome to Otto's Outpost," Florence says warmly. "This is as far as you go with us. I hope you manage to track down Lord Azzur before he returns to Port Blacksand. Good luck." You jump down from the carriage and thank Florence for the ride. She snaps her fingers and her driver cracks his whip to send the horse into a gallop, and you watch the carriage disappear in a cloud of dust towards the setting sun. The log cabin looks to be well built and secured with wooden shutters on all the windows. There is a wooden sign above the door which reads OTTO'S OUTPOST. It's been a grisly day and you are relieved to find shelter. Turn to **264**.

15

Apart from the boat being rocked by a school of Blubber Whales swimming close by, the voyage passes without

incident. You sail along the rugged Allansian coastline until you come to an estuary which you know to be the entrance to Red River. You sail a short distance up the river to where there are two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the *Blue Moon* over to the bank, jump out, and tie it up to a small dock. It feels good to be back on dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur will not rest until one of his assassins has delivered your head to him. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would be better prepared. Now you suspect everybody you meet could be an assassin. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him. You walk towards the buildings, which you note are a boatyard and a general store. Thinking you might be able to sell the *Blue Moon*, you decide to visit the boatyard first. Turn to **288**.

16

You come to a small sunlit glade where lots of exotic wild flowers are blooming. You walk through the glade but become anxious when you suddenly feel the ground tremble. You are thrown off your feet by a violent tremor and carried up into the air on a bed of soil engulfed in the jaws of a GIANT SLUGWORM which rises out of the ground. Its massive tubular body rises five metres into the air before it closes its jaws to swallow you whole. Everything goes dark. Your adventure is over.

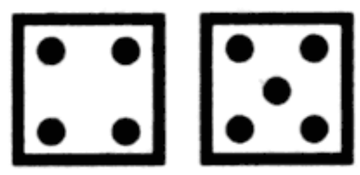

17

A thick glob of drool flies past your head, just missing you. You do not stop to look back and you run through the undergrowth as fast as you can. Turn to **213**.

18

You run as fast as you can, but you are breathing hard after the gruelling battle with the Orc. You look round to see the chasing band of Orcs is slowly closing in on you. If you are carrying a Bag of Everything, turn to **94**. If you are carrying an ordinary backpack, turn to **376**.

19

The old man, who you notice has a bald pate and a ring on every finger, stops in his tracks and begins speaking cheerfully in rhyming couplets.

> "No doubt the reason you've stopped me here
> Is because it can't be me you fear
> Perhaps you think my sack contains
> Treasure, gold or illicit gains?
> Banish all thoughts of theft and plunder
> That would be an enormous blunder
> I might look old and frail and tragic
> But I'm a Monk with the power of deadly magic."

The old man folds his arms across his chest and starts

tapping his right foot impatiently, waiting for you to speak. If you want to ask him if there is anything in his sack that he would like to sell, turn to **211**. If you want to attack him with your sword, turn to **260**.

20

The blacksmith puts down his ladle and picks up his stone hammer. "Horseshoes? Don't take me for a fool. Where's your horse? Get out of here before I kick you out!" Rather than argue with the angry blacksmith, you go back outside and walk down the side passage. Turn to **330**.

21

The pirate ship is fast closing in on the *Blue Moon*, and you let go of the ropes to let the sail flap as though the boat is adrift. The pirates will be eager to find out if you have anything worth stealing, and your pretending to be dead might not deter them from finding out. If you possess a bottle of red ink, turn to **180**. If you do not have any ink, turn to **95**.

22

You are relieved to have survived another assassination attempt. The first thing that catches your eye is the warrior woman's silver necklace with the now familiar scorpion pendant hanging from her neck. You snatch it from her

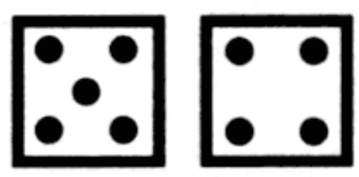

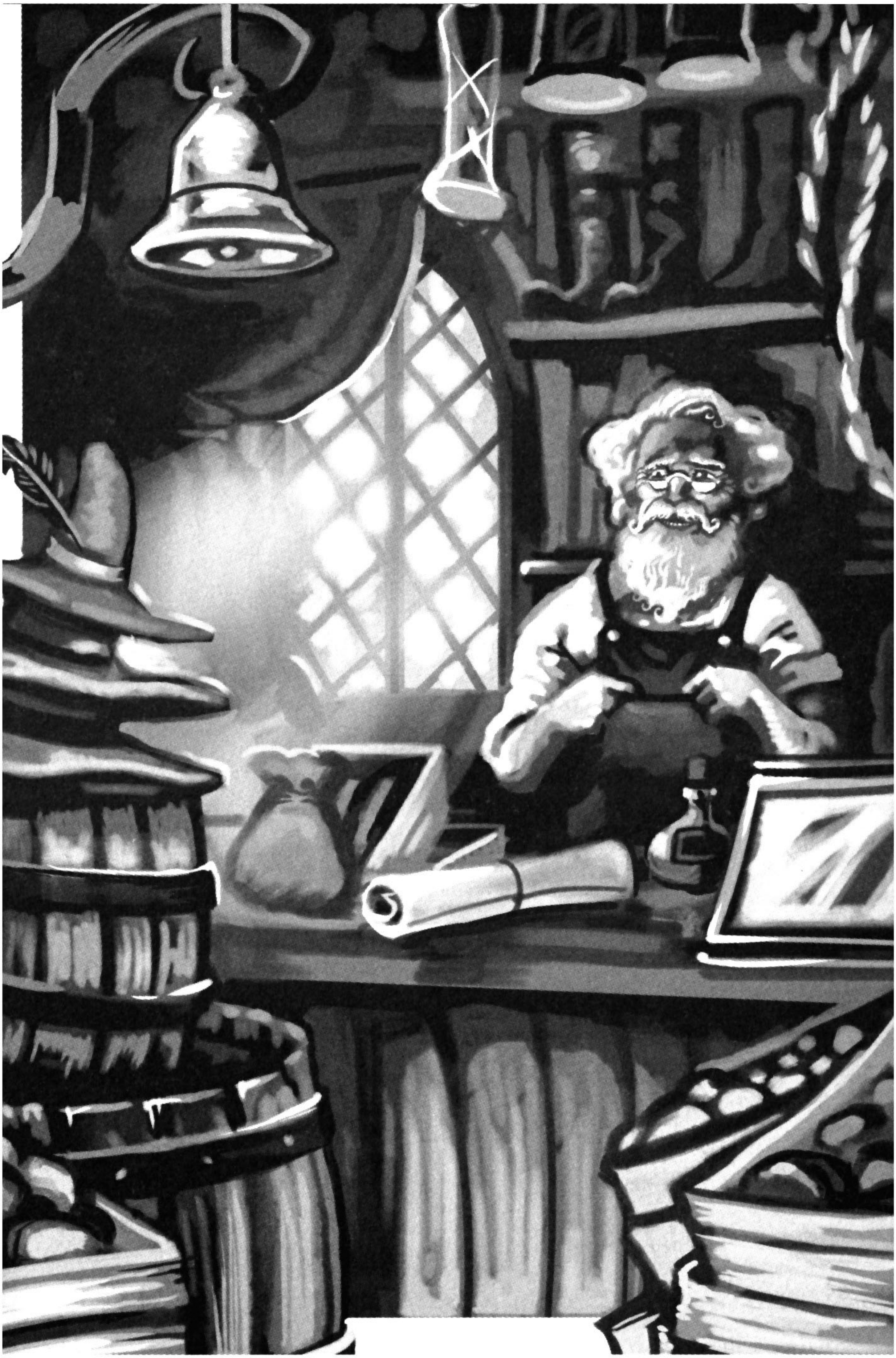

The storekeeper looks over the top of his wire-rimmed spectacles

and place it in your pocket with the others. You also take the snake-shaped gold armband from her right bicep and empty her leather pouch, which contains 2 Gold Pieces. If you want to try on the armband, turn to **318**. If you would rather place it in your backpack, turn to **139**.

23

A bell rings when you open the door, and you see a curly-haired man behind a counter putting canvas backpacks on a shelf. All the shelves are crammed with hats, gloves, boots, belts, water flasks, rope and general camping equipment. The floor is covered with sacks, barrels and boxes filled with bread, vegetables, grain and dried foodstuffs. A glass display case on the counter contains some interesting-looking objects with runes and mysterious symbols on them. The storekeeper looks over the top of his wire-rimmed spectacles, smiles and says, "Well, well, well, if it isn't Lord Azzur's favourite person! I recognize your face. What brings you here?" Will you:

Reply that you don't know what he's talking about? Turn to **58**

Say that you want to buy some Provisions? Turn to **64**

Ask him if he sells Elven Boots? Turn to **317**

Smile politely and leave the store to head east on foot? Turn to **203**

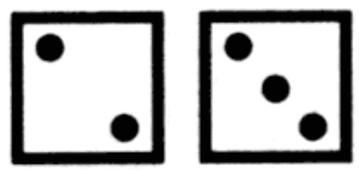

24

You give a quick wave to the angry crew, turn, and dive over the back of the ship. You soon reach the *Blue Moon*, which is under tow in the wake of the pirate ship. You grab hold of the side and haul yourself on board. You know your only chance of survival is to act quickly and cut the rope attached to the grappling hook. Turn to **88**.

25

Azzur looks at you with contempt and says in a sinister voice, "Miserable worm. You failed to kill them all. Look behind you!" Before you have time to turn, your head is cleaved from your neck by a flashing blade. A huge cheer erupts from the excited crowd, many of whom have travelled far to see blood spilled today. Lord Azzur puts his arm around his assassin and says, "Congratulations. Not only have you earned my reward of 1,000 Gold Pieces, but you have also earned the right to represent me in Deathtrap Dungeon today. You will earn another 1,000 Gold Pieces of the prize money – if you survive!" The assassin bows to Lord Azzur and Baron Sukumvit raises his arm for the trumpets to signal the start of this year's Trial of Champions. The crowd goes wild, and one by one the

contestants salute the Baron and run through the ornate stone-pillared dungeon entrance and disappear into the darkness. Your adventure is over.

26

You hand over 2 Gold Pieces to Tall Tom, which brings a big smile to his face. "Thank you," he says happily. "I should also thank you for getting rid of Vassell. He was an all-round disgusting human being. He was rude, ate like a pig and his room stank. I could hardly believe it when he told me he was an assassin working for Lord Azzur! He showed me a 'Wanted' poster and told me he was going to chop your head off! He said that you might be coming here and that there were other assassins looking for you, although he was convinced he would win the 1,000 Gold Piece bounty. So much for that plan! But the others will undoubtedly pick up your trail. Now you don't look like a murderer to me, and the only way you can stop this is to find Lord Azzur and convince him to call off his dogs. So, what I suggest is, why don't you speak to Sidd the Seer over there? He's a little strange, but he sees things nobody else sees." You look over at the eccentric-looking man sitting at the table who smiles nervously and then looks away again. Will you:

Go over to talk to Sidd?	Turn to **74**
Leave the tavern and head north?	Turn to **133**
Leave the tavern and continue east?	Turn to **157**

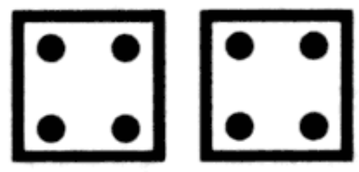

27

You lose your footing and fall off the path, tumbling head over heels on to the beach below. You land on a patch of soft sand but are winded and twist your ankle badly. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. You look up to see the Flesh-Head peering down over the cliff edge, snarling aggressively. You stand up, winded and in considerable pain, and walk gingerly over to the mouth of the cave. Turn to **201**.

28

The door isn't locked and opens into a large room which smells of sewage and looks like it hasn't been cleaned in years. Old bones, dirty clothes, broken furniture, cracked plates, mouldy cheese, rotten meat, empty bottles and two dead dogs are piled up on both sides of a narrow walkway to the back of the room, where there is a filthy iron stove encrusted with burnt food. A blackened pot of cabbage water is bubbling away on the stove and there is, strangely, a golden idol in the shape of a pig on the shelf above it. If you want to take the idol, turn to **6**. If you would rather walk back to the entrance gate and head towards Kaad, turn to **307**.

29

The boat man glares at you and says, "I told you my offer was 20 Gold Pieces. That was a fair price. Now it's 15 Gold Pieces." You try to argue with him, but he threatens to drop his offer to 10 Gold Pieces. You reluctantly accept the offer of 15 Gold Pieces, which he counts out into your hand coin by coin. With the transaction done, he turns and walks back into his yard with his dogs following faithfully behind. If you now want to go in the general store, turn to **327**. If you would rather head east on foot immediately, turn to **203**.

30

The man shrugs and says, "Oh, that's a pity, but never mind. So, what can I do for you?" If you want to say that you have come to return a box that you believe belongs to him, turn to **386**. If you want to ask if he has seen Lord Azzur in town, turn to **167**.

31

The man smiles and pulls out a mini crossbow from inside his coat and fires it at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **374**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **175**.

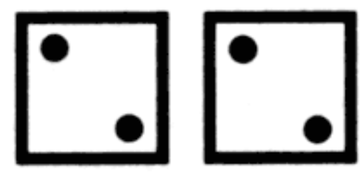

32

If you want to sell your old pair of leather boots, turn to **384**. If you have a pair of Elven Boots and want to sell them, turn to **324**.

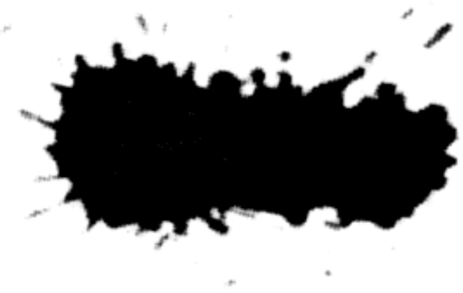

33

Relieved to have survived another assassination attempt, you reach down to open Red Ruth's cloak and find a silver necklace around her neck with a scorpion pendant hanging from it. You break the chain and place the pendant in your pocket with the others. How many more assassins are out there, you ask yourself. You can only speculate as you walk up the passageway which leads on to Brick Street. If you want to go left and walk to the next junction, turn to **137**. If you would rather turn right and walk towards a small group of people who are standing at a crossroads, turn to **396**.

34

You spend two hours casting your line into the sea but fail to catch a single fish. The sea is rough, and the fish aren't

biting. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point and 1 *LUCK* point. If you want to carry on fishing, turn to **382**. If you would rather explore the island, turn to **116**.

35

The woman curses and says, sneering, "You are right to be suspicious of me, stranger. I am not Frances Fletcher. The real arrow maker had an unfortunate accident recently and is sadly no longer with us. My name is Gretta Morg. I am an assassin sent by Lord Azzur. Prepare to die!" The assassin reaches behind her and pulls out two short swords from sheaths hidden behind her back. You must fight her to the death.

GRETTA MORG	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **321**.

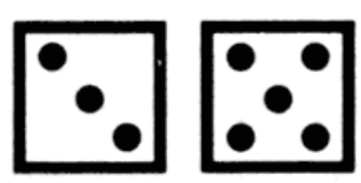

36

Your hands are shackled behind your back, and you are made to stand bleeding and battered in front of the baying crowd to await your fate. Baron Sukumvit orders his Guards to remove your helmet, and the crowd gasps when your face is revealed. Lord Azzur stares at you coldly, unmoved by the attack. The Baron turns to his guest and says, "My sincere apologies for this outrage, my dear Lord Azzur. As punishment, might I suggest we put this criminal in the iron gibbet hanging from the gallows in the town square and let the hungry crows do the rest?" Lord Azzur gives his approval with a simple gesture of the hand. You are dragged from the podium but manage to catch Throm's eye and mouth "good luck" to him. Whilst his fate is unknown, for you, the gallows await. Your adventure is over.

37

You take the earring and see that it has been made out of snake fangs. You fix it to your ear, wary that it might be a trick, but nothing untoward happens. "You'll thank me for this one day," the pirate says with a sneer. He asks you to untie him, but you refuse, saying that you will set him free only when you approach landfall. You trim the

sail and set a course away from the sea monster, which could appear again at any moment. If you want to head due east towards the Red River estuary, turn to **345**. If you would rather sail south-east to Port Blacksand, turn to **393**.

38

Brother Bobby rubs his chin and says, "Why would you say that? Any fool can see our crops are rotten! What do you think, brother Billy?" Billy rubs his chin and says, "You make a good point, brother Bobby. What I want to know is why was this sneak thief standing by the oven? Was it that maybe they had their eye on our little piggy? What say you down there?" If you want to insist that you were hoping to buy some food, turn to **240**. If you want to admit that you were going to steal the golden idol, turn to **143**.

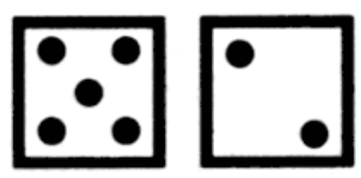

"My name is Zeedle. I am the Ferryman of Fang."

39

You tap the brass bell with the edge of your sword. It rings out sharply and the man sits up with a start. He has long hair sticking out from under his woollen hat, and a lined and weathered face. His black woolen jumper matches his hat, and he smiles warmly as he steps on to the jetty, saying, "Good morning. My name is Zeedle. I am the Ferryman of Fang. For 1 Gold Piece I will gladly row you across the river. Please step aboard. I would advise against swimming across since this part of the river is teeming with flesh-eating Snapperfish." Will you:

Pay Zeedle 1 Gold Piece? Turn to **77**

Punch him in the face? Turn to **132**

Swim across the river? Turn to **155**

40

The bracelet used to belong to an infamous pirate called "Stumpy" Stanley Stubbs who died at sea from food poisoning. His loot was shared out by his crew, including the bracelet, which was taken by a deckhand by the name of Jack Jamlo who later came to Snake Island and was never seen again. What neither of them knew is that the bracelet had been cursed by a blind Witch so that bad luck would come to all those who wore it, including you. Lose 5 *LUCK* points. Unaware of the curse, you are pleased with the bracelet, and head west back to your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **217**.

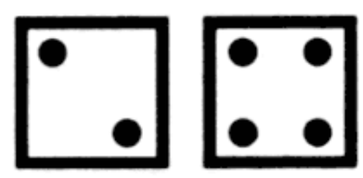

41

The chicks stop screeching and you look down and see the Orc walk past the tree. You breathe a sigh of relief and climb down the tree when he is out of sight. You make your way quickly north to get as far away as you can from the Orcs. But just when you think you have escaped, a long blast on a hunting horn signals that you have been spotted by one of their scouts. You hear a loud roar behind you and the thunder of heavy footsteps of the band of Orcs giving chase. All you can do is run. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **241**. If you are wearing ordinary leather boots, turn to **18**.

42

The assassin sees you running towards the tavern. He aims his crossbow at you and fires. The bolt thumps into your thigh with a dull thud. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. The pain is terrible, and unable to run, you stop to pull the bolt out. But there is no time to treat the wound, as the tavern door suddenly bursts open. A heavily built man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern, screaming at the top of his voice, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. You draw your sword and ready yourself to fight the

deadly assassin, Garanka Vassell. Turn to **53**.

43

You draw your sword and launch yourself at the giant carnivorous plant, hacking furiously at its proboscis. The fibrous texture is tough to cut through, and poor Captain Crow howls in agony each time you strike it. You finally manage to cleave through it, causing the vines to loosen their iron-like grip on the captain. You extract the proboscis from the captain's throat, but there is nothing you can do to save him. Whilst burying the captain, you see the proboscis of another Bloodwort creeping towards you, which you skewer with your sword. You walk back to the beach deep in thought and inadvertently step on a nest of Giant Fire Ants. Hundreds of ants swarm up your legs and sting you multiple times, injecting you with poisonous venom. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You run back to the beach as fast as you can, picking up a piece of wood on the way to replace the broken tiller. Still covered in ants, you wade straight out to sea to wash them off before jumping on board the *Blue Moon*. It doesn't take long to repair the broken tiller and, job done, you let out the mainsail and cast off. Turn to **71**.

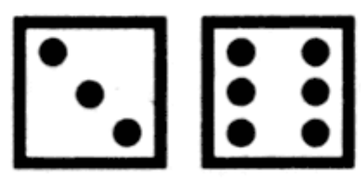

44

Much to your relief, the key turns in the lock. You release the iron catch holding the trap shut and free your ankle. After bandaging the wound, you continue on your way and eventually come to a rickety old gate on the right which has a large sign nailed to it with the words BOGG FARM – BOG OFF painted on it. A gravel path leads from the gate to an old farmhouse, which sits in the middle of a small field separated from the grassland by a wooden fence. There is a stone post next to the gate with an arrow carved on it pointing towards the town and the words KAAD – 1 MILE underneath. From this distance, Kaad looks like it is a small town. The buildings are few in number and are mostly one or two storeys high except a stone tower in the centre of town. If you want to open the gate and walk up the path to the farmhouse, turn to **70**. If you would rather continue on to Kaad, turn to **307**.

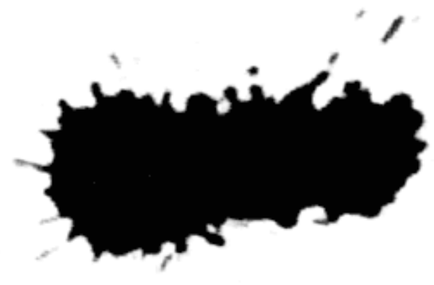

45

The path alongside the river takes you through a wooded area beyond which there is a wooden building in the distance. As you get close, you see a sign above the front door which says TALL TOM'S TAVERN. If you talked to Harold Cornpepper about Tall Tom's Tavern, turn to **197**. If you didn't talk to him about the tavern, turn to **166**.

46

You aren't strong enough to pull the skeleton hand away, and the bony fingers sink deeper and deeper into your throat. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Gasping for air, you are on the verge of passing out and summon all your remaining strength to pull the hand away from your throat. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **214**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **337**.

47

The path veers away from the tributary and goes into a wooded area. You make your way carefully through the wood, ever alert for assassins who might be lying in wait to ambush you. You follow the path up a gentle hill and down the other side to where the wood opens out on to a large grass-covered plain. You see that the path continues north towards a forest and is met by another path heading north-east towards a town in the far distance. If you want to stay on the path heading north towards the forest, turn to **101**. If you want to walk to the junction and take the new path heading towards the town, turn to **200**.

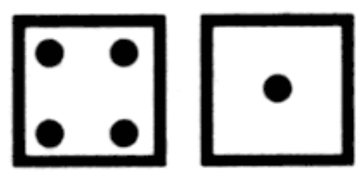

48

You walk up to the men and see them pull long knives from inside their clothing. On the wall behind them, you see a "Wanted" poster with your face on it. The THIEVES know who you are, and you have no option but to fight them.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First THIEF	*7*	*7*
Second THIEF	*6*	*8*

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to **184**.

49

Silence descends over the crowd. Azzur plays to the audience, rubbing his chin as though appearing to be deep in thought. "That's a good number," he says coldly. "But it's not good enough!" Turn to **25**.

50

The Worm Dog's saliva is infected with a deadly virus. If you possess a bottle of Worm Paste, turn to **192**. If you do not have any Worm Paste, turn to **227**.

51

The little man shakes his head in disbelief and watches you disappear into the forest. You hear him call out,

"You'll be sorry," but ignore his warning. The thick foliage overhead cuts out much of the sunlight and makes the forest very dark and gloomy. It's hard work finding a way through the trees and dense undergrowth, and you keep stumbling over roots that are hidden by a thick covering of leaves. If you wish to press on regardless, turn to **16**. If you would rather retrace your steps and head east along the edge of the forest towards Kaad, turn to **328**.

52

You hear the click of the trigger, but the pistol misfires with the flint failing to ignite the powder in the chamber. The captain curses and draws his cutlass, telling his crew to stand back. "Leave this scurvy rat to me," he says in a gruff voice.

PIRATE CAPTAIN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **239**.

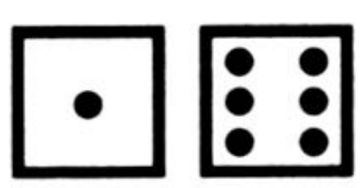

His longsword is held high above his head

53

Garanka Vassell is in a violent rage with his mad eyes bulging in their sockets and his tongue sticking out of his gold-toothed mouth. He runs at you, screaming loudly, his chain mail vest glistening in the sun. His longsword is held high above his head, gripped firmly in his enormous hands, and he brings it down to strike you with all his brutish might.

GARANKA VASSELL	*SKILL 10*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **387**.

54

There are four items in the display case which especially catch your eye. A gold bracelet etched with a sun symbol, a runic scroll, a silver ring with a ruby centre stone and a brass flute. "I see you've got your eye on a couple of things," the storekeeper says, eagerly rubbing his hands together. "Let me tell you about them. The Bracelet of Power will increase your fighting ability (add 3 *SKILL* points). The Scroll of Invisibility will enable you to turn invisible for a minute. Just hold the scroll out in front of you and utter the words 'Now you see me, now you don't.' The Ring of Healing will restore your health (add 6 *STAMINA* points). The Magic Flute always plays the same song no matter what notes you play, but I don't

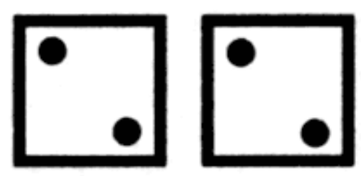

know what it is. Each item costs 5 Gold Pieces or you can have all four for 15 Gold Pieces. Interested?" If you want to buy one or more of the items, pay the storekeeper the amount and make a note of your purchases. You thank him for his help and leave the store to head east in pursuit of Garanka Vassell. Turn to **203**.

55

You run up the street with the townsfolk chasing after you, shouting and waving their fists. If you want to run down an alleyway up ahead on the right, turn to **150**. If you have two Gold Pieces and want to throw them in the air to distract the chasing pack, turn to **113**.

56

You hear a faint click when you lift up the lid. You flinch, half expecting a poison dart to shoot out, but nothing happens. Inside the chest you find a leather purse tied shut, and a small silver box. Will you:

Open the leather purse?	Turn to **319**
Open the silver box?	Turn to **377**
Close the chest and scour the beach?	Turn to **231**

57

The heat subsides, and you immediately feel sharper and more powerful. You are wearing a Mamba Band with its snake-like magic powers which will increase your energy and improve your reflexes. Add 2 *SKILL* points, 2 *STAMINA* points and 1 *LUCK* point. Pleased with your find, you think about which way to head. If you want to keep going north, turn to **87**. If you want to head east along the new path, turn to **222**.

58

The storekeeper looks at you and says dismissively, "Don't give me that nonsense. Who are you trying to fool? Your face is on the poster outside. Don't lie to me or I'll be tempted to have a go at claiming the 1,000 Gold Pieces myself! You need my help, but now it's going to cost you 1 Gold Piece to stop me from closing my store and going home." If you want to pay the storekeeper, turn to **91**. If you would rather tell him to whistle for his Gold Piece and leave the store to head east on foot, turn to **203**.

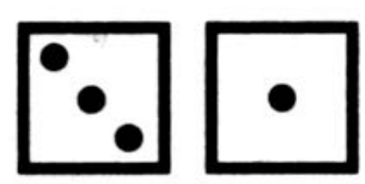

59

The Assassin's dagger is coated with deadly frog poison, and although you only suffer a slight flesh wound, you drop to the ground feeling as though your blood is boiling. You begin to shake uncontrollably and soon pass out, never to regain consciousness. Your adventure is over.

60

When she sees you draw your sword, the assassin curses and pulls out two short swords from sheaths hidden behind her back. You must fight her to the death.

GRETTA MORG	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **321**.

61

With blood trickling from her mouth, the Dark Elf still manages a contemptuous smile, and says in her dying breath, "I might have failed . . . but one of our guild will see you dead." With that, her head slumps to one side, and

she falls silent. You notice that she is wearing the same silver necklace and scorpion pendant as the bearded man who tried to kill you the previous night. You snatch it from her neck and put it in your pocket. "Bravo!" you hear a voice call out cheerfully. You turn and walk over to the *Blue Moon*, where you find Captain Crow chained to the mast. "That was impressive. I never thought you would get the better of Oleander Redfly. Now, if you don't mind, would you please release me from these wretched chains? The key is in there," he says, pointing at a wooden box on the foredeck. After freeing the captain, you ask him why people are trying to kill you. You show him the pendants and tell him about last night's attempt on your life. "That would have been Tarrak Kazan. He's an assassin," he says matter-of-factly. "Kazan won the right to have the first chance to assassinate you." The captain sees the puzzled expression on your face and begins a detailed account of what happened to him since he left you to fend for yourself on Snake Island. He recounts how he sailed back to Port Blacksand, where he saw "Wanted" posters plastered all over the city with a drawing of your face on them and a bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces being offered by Lord Azzur for your head. The captain foolishly told the innkeeper at the Rusty Anchor Inn, where he was staying, that you had been sailing with him earlier that day. The innkeeper grunted as though uninterested, but the next morning the captain was hauled away by Imperial Guards

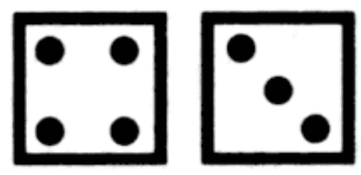

to Lord Azzur's palace to face his cruel interrogators. "Threatened with torture," he says, "I had no option but to tell the pig-faced brutes that I knew where you were. As soon as Lord Azzur found out, he stormed into the room and started screaming at me and kicking me for helping a prime suspect leave Port Blacksand. Whether or not it was true, his spies had told him that you had killed his master, Zanbar Bone. Now, I'm no fan of Zanbar Bone, and I say good riddance to the Demon Prince, but what was I supposed to do? I had no choice but to tell him that I had taken you to Snake Island. When he finished kicking me, Azzur sent for his best assassins from the notorious Scorpion Guild of Assassins to hunt you down. Kazan and Redfly might be dead, but there will be more assassins coming after you, I'm afraid. I watched them coolly draw straws to decide who would go first to hunt you down. Tarrak Kazan drew the longest straw and set off immediately. As we know, he didn't return with your head! The next day I was forced to sail back to Snake Island with Oleander Redfly on board, the next assassin in line to kill you. She boasted that she had assassinated many hapless victims and you would be next, but clearly she was wrong!" the captain says with gusto. "The problem we now have is that since Redfly will not return to the palace with your head this evening, Azzur will send out his next assassin to claim the bounty. He might be impatient enough to send them all out at once to hunt

you down! On our voyage here, Redfly said that she was lucky to go second, as the assassins following her were the meanest, cruellest and most brutal assassins in all Allansia. I really feared for your life when she told me about a couple of them, particularly an ex-mercenary fighter called Garanka Vassell. His speciality is removing a victim's head from their shoulders with one swipe of his two-handed sword. I've never seen a more mean-looking brute. He had a dent in his skull caused by a war-hammer blow, and he also had a mouthful of gold teeth. We should leave Snake Island soon before Vassell pays us a visit! But I don't think right now is the time to be going to sea. Look, there's a storm brewing," the captain says, pointing at the darkening sky. "What do you want to do?" If you want to spend another night on the island, turn to **302**. If you want to tell Captain Crow to set sail immediately, turn to **182**.

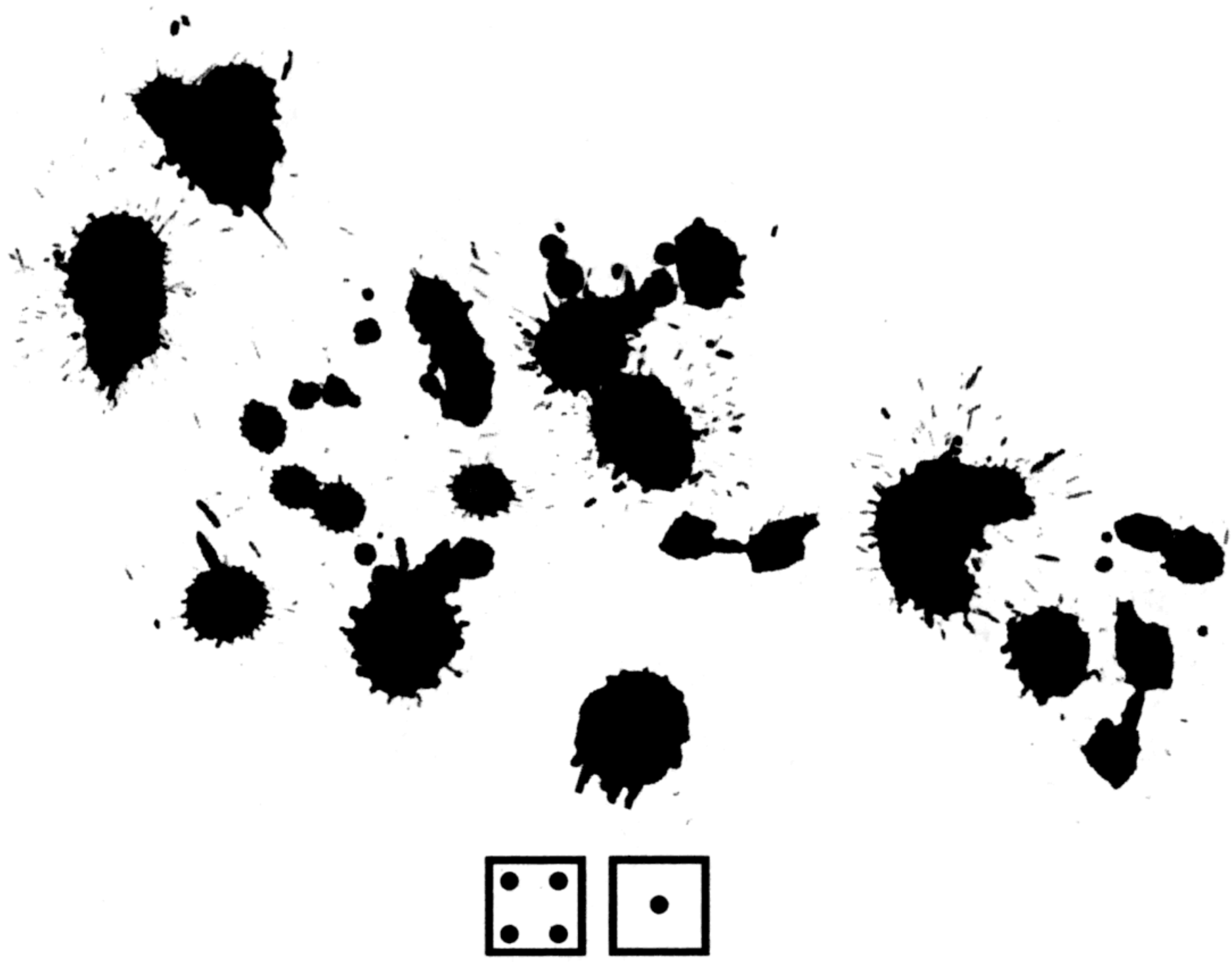

62

A crossbow bolt flies past your head and slams into a tree trunk with a dull thud. You spin round and see the tavern door burst open. A bald-headed man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern screaming, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. You notice that he has a dent in his skull and all his teeth are made of gold. It is the deadly assassin Garanka Vassell and you must fight him. Turn to **53**.

63

You follow the woman down a flight of narrow steps to a candlelit tunnel which ends at a wooden door. The woman turns to you and says, "My inner eye told me you were in danger. You'll be safe here. Your face is familiar, but I can't place it. Have we met before? Perhaps it will come to me later. But no matter. You should be able to leave soon but, in the meantime, please enjoy my secret hideaway. It is my special place of solitude where I come to practise my magic powers. There is so much energy underground! Come, let me show you my books of magic." The woman walks to the end of the tunnel, pushes open the wooden door and disappears through the doorway. If you want to follow her, turn to **224**. If you would rather walk quickly back up the steps and go back outside, turn to **305**.

64

The storekeeper listens to you sympathetically as you relate the events of the past few days and says, "That is terrible. You look like you haven't eaten in ages! I make the best bread in the land, and I stock the tastiest cheese and tomatoes in Allansia. I'll sell you a fresh loaf, a big chunk of cheese and some ripe tomatoes for just 1 Gold Piece. If you need something special to put the food in, I'll also sell you a wizard's backpack for a bargain price of 4 Gold Pieces. It's a Bag of Everything. No matter what you put in it, it will always feel as light as a feather." Will you:

Buy the food for 1 Gold Piece? Turn to **105**

Buy the food and the backpack for 5 Gold Pieces? Turn to **364**

Decline his offer? Turn to **215**

65

You jump on to the podium and are immediately set upon by the Baron's elite Guards, who rain blow after blow down on you with their iron maces, clubbing you to the ground.

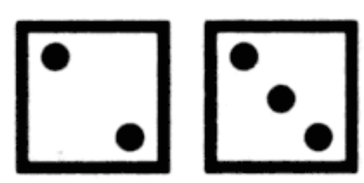

If you are wearing a Warp Ring, turn to **130**. If you are not wearing this ring, turn to **36**.

66

You land heavily on the sand and sprain your shoulder. You also suffer a twisted ankle and two cracked ribs. Lose 3 *SKILL* points and 6 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **392**.

67

Bobby tells you to throw your sword up to him together with the Gold Pieces. "You can collect the carving and your sword by the entrance gate where brother Billy will leave them. I'm going to throw a rope down for you to climb up, so you can be on your way. No funny business, mind, or you'll feel the sharp end of my blunderbuss!" Minutes later a thick rope drops down into the cellar. Satisfied it will bear your weight, you climb out of the cellar, but the

brothers are nowhere to be seen. You waste no time and walk back to the wooden gate, where you see your sword and the gold-painted pig. You look back at the farmhouse and see the brothers sitting on the roof with Bobby holding his blunderbuss. They give you the thumbs up and begin laughing so hard they almost fall off the roof. You decide it best to leave them to it and bandage your leg before heading for Kaad. Turn to **307**.

68

You tap the man on the shoulder, and when he sits up, his hat falls off and you see he is not a human but an ugly GOBLIN with a huge nose and green warty skin. A weighted net suddenly falls down on top of you, dropped from above by a second Goblin standing on a high branch. The first Goblin springs to his feet, giggling with glee as you struggle to free yourself from underneath the heavy rope net. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **308**. If the number is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **342**.

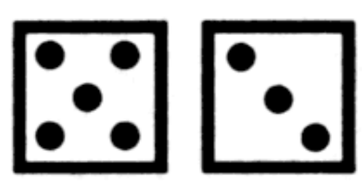

The ugly brutes have green warty skin

69

The noise of marching feet and singing grows steadily louder, and it's not long before you see a band of leather-armoured creatures march into the clearing. The ugly brutes have green warty skin and blackened tusks protruding from their large mouths. Your nostrils twitch when the foul smell of their unwashed bodies wafts over on the breeze. You recognize the smell from previous encounters, as there is nothing more unpleasant than the putrid smell of an ORC's armpit combined with the hideous stench of the gas they release when they break wind, which is often. There must be thirty of them at least, all armed with axes, swords, cudgels and morning stars. They come to a halt in the clearing, and their leader, a huge beast with a horned helmet and extra-long tusks, begins to bark out orders. Six Orc Scouts are sent off in different directions, with one of them coming straight towards you! If you want to draw your sword to strike the Orc as it passes by, turn to **4**. If you want to climb the tree to hide, turn to **204**.

70

You pull the gate open and walk up the path to the farmhouse with your nose twitching from the foul stench coming from the cabbages which are rotting in the field. The farmhouse itself is in a bad state of repair and all the windows are boarded up. There are two broken rocking chairs, a bucket and a pile of firewood on the front porch.

If you want to open the front door, turn to **28**. If you want to walk back to the entrance gate and head towards Kaad, turn to **307**.

71

You soon get used to sailing the *Blue Moon*, and with a calm sea and a good breeze, you make good headway. Snake Island is soon no more than a speck behind you on the horizon. The sun is shining brightly and feels good on your face. The *Blue Moon* carves its way gently through the blue waters, and you feel like there's nowhere else you'd rather be. Whilst enjoying the moment, you know that you need to make a plan and decide your destination. Should you sail east to Red River to escape from the assassins? Or should you sail back to Port Blacksand to confront Lord Azzur? Your thinking is interrupted when you see a large wooden ship sailing towards you from the east. As it draws closer, you see it has a single mast supporting a large square-rigged sail with cannons sticking out on both sides of the hull. A black flag on its stern confirms your fear that a pirate ship is heading your way. There is no way you can outrun the ship, and you have to think quickly how best to avoid being captured. If you want to let your mainsail go loose and lie down on the deck, pretending to be dead in the hope the pirates will have no interest in you, turn to **21**. If you want to jump into the sea and hide behind the boat, turn to **329**.

72

You are unable to keep your balance with the Giant Rat hanging on to your boot, and the barrel topples over, sending you tumbling to the ground. You are lying sprawled out in the rubbish when the crowd descends upon you. Two Guards take charge and grab your arms and another Guard takes your sword. Your feet are shackled, and you are dragged away to the cheers of the crowd. It's not long before you find yourself chained to a wall of a dark dungeon cell, awaiting the arrival of the Earl of Kaad who, you are told, will decide whether or not to hand you over to Lord Azzur. When he finally arrives, you can tell from the stern faces of Guards behind him that it is not good news. Your worst fears are confirmed when the Earl tells you solemnly that you will be taken in chains to Executioner's Square in Port Blacksand. Your adventure is over.

73

Three daggers fly past your head and sink harmlessly into the tavern wall. Not stopping to look back at the angry mob, you run through the tavern doorway and on down to the quayside. Turn to **234**.

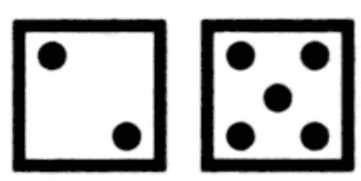

74

The Seer invites you to sit down, and you notice there is a small wooden box in front of him on the table. "I know who you are," he says, fidgeting with a piece of bread. "No doubt you have a question for me? I should warn you that I only had one egg for breakfast today, so you can only ask me one question." If you want to ask him if he knows the whereabouts of Lord Azzur, turn to **208**. If you want to ask him to give you some information about the next assassin, turn to **257**.

75

You quickly rummage through your possessions and pull out the ancient scroll. Holding it in front of you with the Orcs bearing down on you, you try to remember the words to cast the spell. If you want to call out "I'm here, I'm there, but you don't know where", turn to **111**. If you want to call out "Now you see me, now you don't", turn to **394**.

76

The berries taste quite bitter, but you are hungry, and eat several handfuls of them. You set off again, and it isn't long before you begin to feel unwell. You lean against a tree and are violently ill. The red berries are poisonous. Lose 1 *SKILL* point. Roll 1 die and reduce your *STAMINA* by the number rolled. If you are still alive, turn to **242**.

77

Zeedle thanks you for the Gold Piece and tells you to sit down in the boat whilst he unties the rope. He pushes off and pulls hard on the oars, steering the boat towards the far bank whilst telling you tales about Baron Sukumvit and Fang. It's a warm day and he stops rowing briefly to drink some water from a leather flask and then offers it to you. Thirsty after the morning walk, you take a long swig of the cool water. By the time the boat reaches the other side of the river, you are suffering from a sharp pain in your stomach. Zeedle helps you out of the boat and asks if you are feeling all right. He helps you over to a bench, where you sit down, clutching your stomach. The pain intensifies, and you begin to sweat profusely. "It looks like the water isn't safe to drink around here," Zeedle says, sniggering. "I should tell you that I'm not the real ferryman. He's dead, I'm afraid. I only pretended to drink the water from the flask myself. I mean, who would want to swallow Devil Bug larvae? The pain you can feel is from the ravenous little bugs, which have hatched in your stomach. They are now eating their way out and it won't be long before they burst out. I'm afraid you are doomed. The moral of the story is never trust an Assassin!" You are paralysed by pain and you can only watch on helplessly as Zeedle reveals his scorpion pendant and dangles it in front of you with a sickly grin on his face. Your adventure is over.

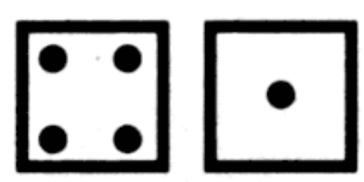

78

You put the bottle to your lips and take a small sip of the cool liquid, which surprisingly tastes like apple juice. In fact, you are certain that it is apple juice and take another swig. Feeling no ill effects, you keep drinking until the bottle is empty. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. You can't help but burp, which wakes up the old man with a start. "Whoa!" he says, leaping to his feet. "Thief! Robber! Who are you? I'm just a simple apple grower. Don't draw your sword, I beg of you, don't draw your sword. I'm desperate and all I ask is that you pay me for my apple juice – I mean, my magic healing potion. A Gold Piece would be very generous of you, but a silver coin will do." If you want to give the man a coin, turn to **151**. If you want to draw your sword, turn to **301**.

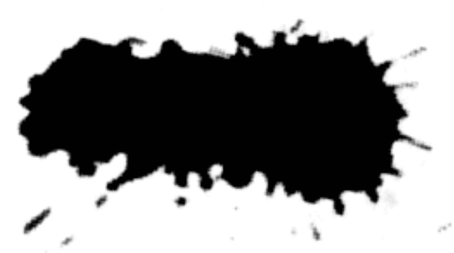

79

You run over to the rope ladder, climb up it quickly and look down on the pirate crew to talk to them. As soon as you speak, they jeer you and call for you to walk the plank for killing their captain. One of them throws a dagger at you which strikes your leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. A huge cheer goes up, and the others pull out their knives to do the same. You hold up your hand and tell them that you would rather walk the plank than be a target for their

knife-throwing contest. Another cheer goes up, and you are escorted to the plank. You hear one of the pirates say, "With that bleeding leg, the Blood Sharks are going to be here in no time. I'll wager 5 Silver Pieces our friend here doesn't last ten minutes in the water! Any takers?" "Shut up and get on with it!" another says impatiently. You look out to sea, knowing you have to jump into the dangerous waters without much hope of survival. You breathe in deeply, step on the plank and take a running jump, hoping not to get sucked under the ship. You hear the pirates cheer loudly as you hit the water. When you surface, you swim as hard as you can towards the *Blue Moon* in tow. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **265**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **144**.

80

You take careful aim at the man standing in the open window and release the arrow. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **238**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **399**.

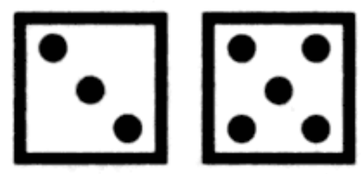

You are in considerable pain, lying in a pool of blood on the deck of the pirate ship. You open your eyes to a circle of pirate faces staring down at you. The captain pushes to the front of the circle and says, spitting with anger, "Nobody ever draws their sword on me and lives to tell the tale. But I'm not going to waste another bullet on you. It's the plank for you, matey!" The pirates cheer and lead you over to the gangplank, which is lashed amidships and hanging perilously out over the open sea. The pirates take all your possessions except for the few items in your pockets which they fail to notice in their ghoulish excitement. You are pushed on to the plank and one of the pirates says, "With that wound bleeding as it is, the Blood Sharks are going to be here in no time. I'll wager a Gold Piece our friend here doesn't last ten minutes in the water! Any takers?" "Shut up and get on with it!" one of the other pirates says impatiently. You look out to sea, fearful of having to jump into the dangerous waters without much hope of survival. You step on to the plank, breathe in deeply and take a running jump into the sea, hoping not to get sucked under the ship. You hear the pirates cheer loudly as you hit the water. When you surface, you swim as hard as you can towards the *Blue Moon* being towed along in the wake of the pirate ship. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **265**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **144**.

82

There is a satisfying dull thud as the keen edge of your sword bites into the sinews and bones of the Dragon's left foot. The giant beast roars in pain and flaps its wings frantically, trying to lift itself back up into the sky. It flies off east, roaring loudly. You watch it shrink to a tiny speck on the horizon before sheathing your sword. You look around and see half of the Dragon's foot, which was sheared off by your sword, lying on the ground. Dragon claws command high prices in Port Blacksand, and you cut off two claws, hoping one day to sell them to an armourer to make exotic weapons. Pleased with your treasure, you head back towards your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **217**.

83

You throw off your backpack without stopping (deduct all the possessions and Provisions in your backpack from your *Adventure Sheet*). You keep on running and soon come to the foot of a small hill. You run up and over the top to where you see a white-haired woman standing in a doorway which has been cut into the trunk of a huge oak tree. "Over here!" she cries, beckoning you over to her. "Quick, come inside and close the door behind you!" If you want to follow her through the doorway, turn to **63**. If you would rather keep on running, turn to **274**.

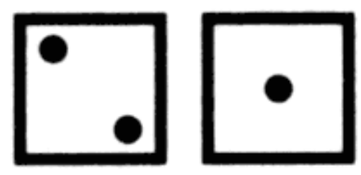

84

The innkeeper takes your knife and leans forward to whisper in your ear, saying, "You can see the poster behind me. I know who you are. I don't want any more dead bodies in my tavern. It's bad for business. Give me 5 Gold Pieces, walk casually out of the door and leave Port Blacksand while you can." If you want to give the innkeeper 5 Gold Pieces, turn to **110**. If you want to refuse to do so, turn to **253**.

85

You join the pirates in their struggle to lift the rowing boat over the side of the ship and into the sea, but the steep angle of the ship's deck makes it a near-impossible task. The boat is too heavy to hang on to, and the pirates are forced to let go of it. You watch it skid along the deck and smash into the wheelhouse, which makes a large hole in the rowing boat. The ship is now almost on its side, being dragged slowly underwater by the giant Kraken. Unable to stand up, you are forced to jump into the foaming sea with the rest of the crew. The ship creaks and splinters and begins to break up as it rolls upside down. You hear the unnerving bubbling sound of air escaping from the upturned hull as it is dragged underwater by the giant sea monster mixed with cries for help from pirates ensnared in the Kraken's tentacles. It is all you can do to stop yourself from being sucked underwater by

the sinking ship. You swallow a lot of water and you feel your strength ebbing away. Lose 3 *STAMINA* points. All appears to be lost as you try to swim away from the carnage. Behind you, all that remains of the pirate ship are bits of rigging, broken planks, bottles and general flotsam. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **270**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **194**.

86

The woman throws back her cloak to show you that she is unarmed and says, "I won't take your distrust of me personally. I understand you can't be too careful in these parts! Let's shake hands and exchange tales." If you want to shake hands with the woman, turn to **313**. If you would rather draw your sword, turn to **35**.

87

You hear a rustling sound in the grass to the left of the path, followed by yelps and growls. The growls turn into the howls of a pack of four WOLVES which leap out in front of you. The lead Wolf is bigger than the others and its drooling jaw hangs open, displaying its sharp teeth. You step forward to attack the leader of the pack.

WOLF	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **295**.

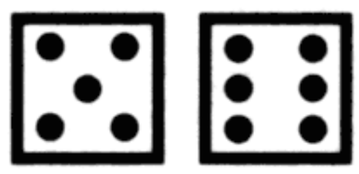

A gigantic tentacle rises out of the sea

You cut through the rope with one swipe of your sword and watch the pirate ship sail away. Moments later a gigantic tentacle rises out of the sea no more than twenty metres away from the pirate ship. Another tentacle rises out of the sea, then another, and another, until there are eight of them towering high in the sky. The ship is about to be attacked by a KRAKEN, a giant sea monster with a colossal squid-like body, two huge eyes and a beaked mouth. You hear booming explosions from the ship's cannon as two cannonballs whistle through the air towards the Kraken, one of them finding its mark and taking a big chunk out of one of the tentacles. The sea monster retaliates by wrapping two of its giant tentacles around the ship's mast. There is chaos on board when the Kraken starts pulling the ship over on to its side. Everything on deck that is not lashed down spills overboard. There is nothing the pirates can do to defeat the Kraken, and you hear them cry for help as they jump into the sea. You watch on in horror as the pirate ship rolls over and disappears below the waves, and the crew with it. Not wishing to be the Kraken's next victim, you hurriedly trim the *Blue Moon*'s flapping sail to get under way to escape from the sea monster. If you want to steer a course due east towards the Red River estuary, turn to **114**. If you want to sail south-east to Port Blacksand, turn to **310**.

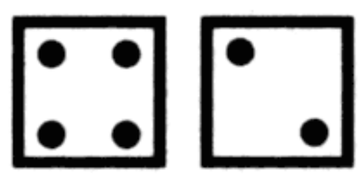

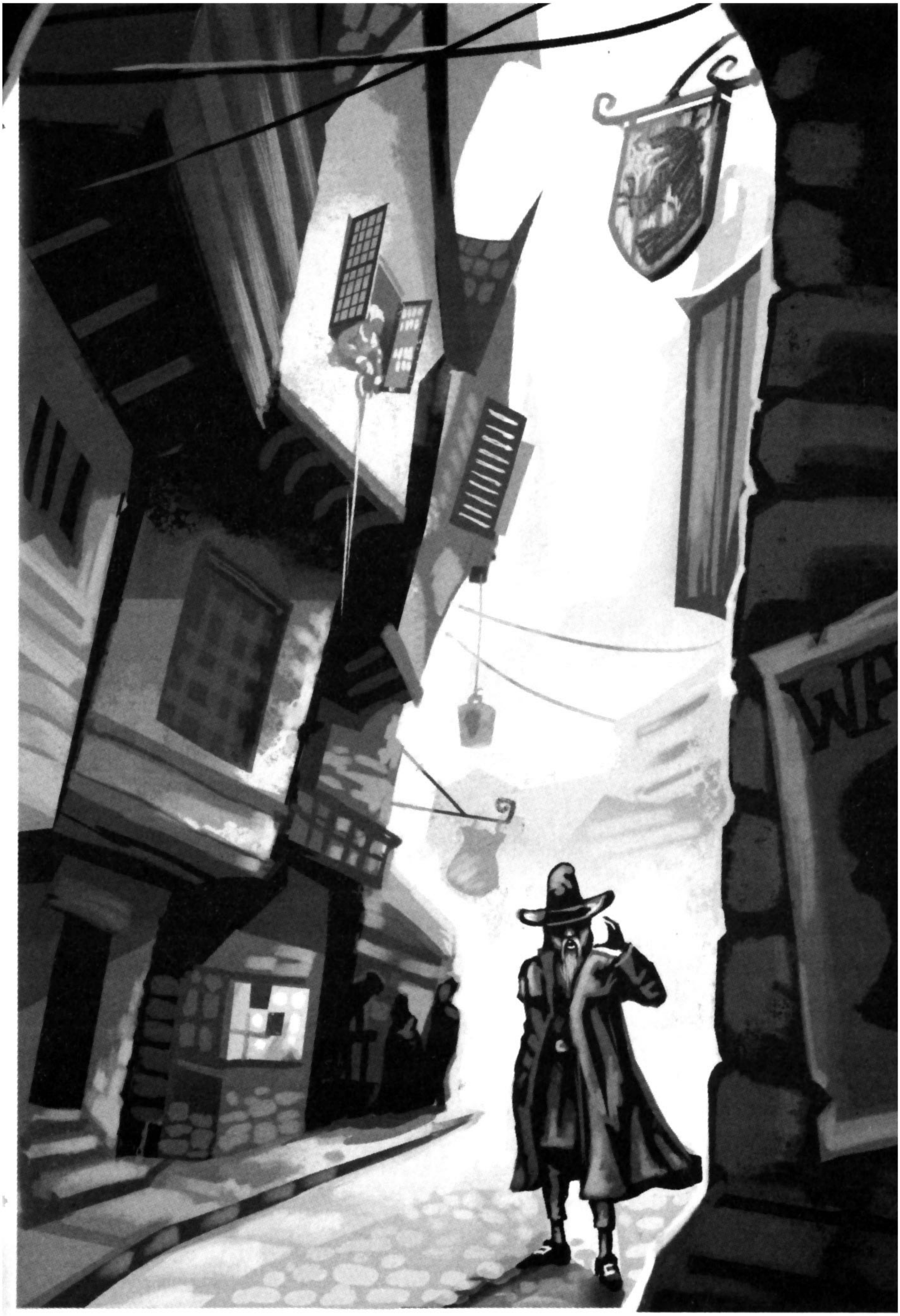

"Hello stranger, you look lost."

89

You hurry along Clock Street, passing small shops and taverns. You see a noticeboard and recognize your face on the "Wanted" poster nailed to it. You keep your head down as you walk past merchants chatting in the street. You press on and look up briefly and see a man cross the street and walk towards you. He is wearing a long brown leather coat and a wide-brimmed brown leather hat pulled down low. He calls out to you, saying, "Hello, stranger, you look lost. I'm the town guide. Can I help you?" If you want to reply "Yes", turn to **31**. If you want to draw your sword, turn to **160**.

90

The boots help you run so fast that you are halfway down the path before the brothers see you. You keep on running at full speed and are almost at the gate before Bobby fires his blunderbuss at you. It's a long shot for such an unreliable weapon. Roll one die. If the number rolled is between 1 and 5, turn to **125**. If you roll a 6, turn to **323**.

91

The storekeeper thanks you for the Gold Piece and suggests you should consider buying some Provisions for your journey. If you want to buy Provisions, turn to **64**. If you want to ask him if he sells Elven Boots, turn to **317**.

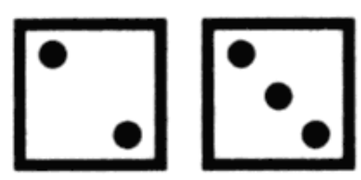

92

Silence descends over the crowd. Azzur plays to the audience, rubbing his chin as though appearing to be deep in thought. "That's a good number," he says coldly. "But it's not good enough!" Turn to **25**.

93

Reacting with lightning-fast reflexes, you dodge left just in time as the Ninja's sharp blade splinters the top of the table. You draw your sword to fight the quick-footed Ninja, who is poised ready to strike again.

NINJA WARRIOR	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **254**.

94

You keep on running and arrive at the foot of a small hill. Thankfully the Bag of Everything weighs practically nothing and without the burden of a heavy backpack you are able to run over the hill and down to a wooded area, where you see a silver-haired woman standing in a doorway which has been cut into the trunk of a huge oak tree. "Over here!" she cries, beckoning you over to her. "Quick, come inside and close the door behind you!" If you want to follow her through the doorway, turn to **63**. If you would rather keep on running, turn to **274**.

95

The pirate ship comes alongside the *Blue Moon* and you hear a gruff voice bark out an order. "One of you dogs jump on board the boat and toss the body in the sea. Tie a rope to the boat and we'll tow it to Port Blacksand and sell it." Your deception plan has failed. You open your eyes a fraction to see a scrawny-looking pirate standing on a plank above you, ready to dive into the sea. If you want to stand up and give yourself up to the pirates, turn to **290**. If you want to trim the sails of the *Blue Moon* and sail away from the pirate ship, turn to **361**.

96

There is not enough time to pick up and throw the spear before the warrior is upon you, wielding her long knives around furiously. She strikes you twice before you even draw your sword to defend yourself. Lose 4 *STAMINA* points. You stagger backwards and watch the wild-eyed warrior stand still for a second with her head tilted to one side before uttering her shrill war cry and attacking you again in a flurry of flashing blades.

ZENGIAN ULTRA	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **22**.

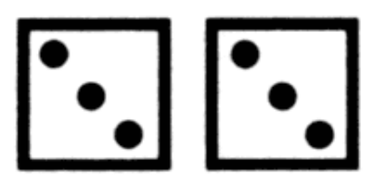

97

You wipe the hideous slime off your sword and walk back to take a look inside the lair of the Decayer hidden in the undergrowth. It is nothing more than a circle of stones around a flattened piece of ground. You notice that one of the stones has been carved in the shape of an eye. If you want to pick it up, turn to **395**. If you would rather leave it where it is and head east, turn to **213**.

98

You walk into a small kitchen where a big man in a grubby apron is standing by a wooden bucket drinking water from a ladle. He looks friendly enough, but his face is flushed and sweat is pouring down his brow. His shirtsleeves are rolled up and you see his bulging forearms, which have come from hammering hot metal on an anvil most of his life. The blacksmith stops drinking and looks at you suspiciously with water trickling down his chin. "Don't you think you should knock before walking in here?" he says sternly. "What do you want?" If you want to reply that you wish to buy some horseshoes, turn to **20**. If you want to tell him that you are being hunted by assassins, turn to **371**.

99

Following the map, you leave the market square via a narrow alleyway to your left which leads into Spice Street, then turn right on to Boot Street, where you see a group of

scruffy urchins throwing stones in a puddle. One of them runs over to you and says, "Do you want to buy a catapult? You can't miss with it. Only 1 Gold Piece. A bargain. Go on, buy it." If you want to buy the boy's catapult, turn to **181**. If you want to ignore him and walk on, turn to **261**.

100

The coin lands on the floor, and you hear soft footsteps followed by the dull sound of a blade slashing at your bedding several times. Whoever it is, they are trying their best to kill you in your sleep. If you want to swing your sword in the direction of the intruder, turn to **315**. If you want to run outside, turn to **124**.

101

The sweeping plain is tall grassland as far as you can see, all the way to the forest in the dim distance. The path cuts straight through the long grasses, which sway slowly from side to side in the gentle breeze. Walking along, you see a pair of legs sticking out of the grass up ahead and an open backpack next to them. Whoever it is, they are groaning loudly and appear to be in a lot of pain. You draw your sword and approach cautiously. If you want to investigate, turn to **173**. If you want to ignore the person and keep walking along the path, turn to **363**.

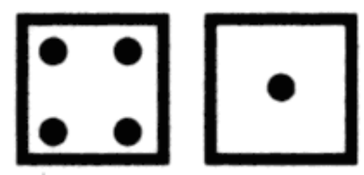

102

The man eyes you up and down, looking at you as though he knows you from somewhere. He purses his lips, shakes his head slowly and says, "No, I don't recall meeting anybody called Vassell. Mind you, your face looks familiar, but I just can't place it." You decide to change the subject. Will you:

Ask the man if he's interested in buying a boat? Turn to **380**

Wish him farewell and go to the general store? Turn to **327**

Wish him farewell and set off east on foot? Turn to **203**

103

You slump back against the cellar wall, breathing hard, tired out after the hard-fought close combat. The brothers start clapping and cheering. "That was some fight, stranger. You sure gave Dax the Axe a lesson in swordplay all right, and the double-crossing skunk deserved it!" You ignore the brothers and pull back the Barbarian's cloak to find a silver necklace with a scorpion pendant. You break the chain and pocket the pendant, and curse Lord Azzur. You take two emerald rings from the Barbarian's left hand and open his leather pouch to find 18 Gold Pieces. "That's a fine haul, but you will have to make us an offer we can't refuse if you

want us to let you go," Bobby says, pointing his blunderbuss at you. If you want to offer the brothers an axe, an emerald ring and half the Gold Pieces, turn to **10**. If you want to offer both axes, both rings and all the Gold Pieces, turn to **191**.

104

The water around you is blood-red. The Sea Snake's lifeless body floats slowly away on the current, leaving you free to swim over to the barrel. It is an old oak cask which is secured to the sea bed by a rusty chain. You are unable to remove the chain from the barrel but are able to prise off the wooden lid with your knife. You see a bronze shield, verdigris in colour, lying in a few inches of water at the bottom of the barrel. If you want to swim back to the shore with the shield, turn to **9**. If you would rather swim back to shore without the shield, gather up your belongings, and climb back up the stone steps to the top of the cliff, turn to **127**.

105

The storekeeper hands you the food, which will add 4 *STAMINA* points when eaten. You thank the storekeeper and decide what to do next. If you want to ask him if he has heard of Garanka Vassell, turn to **229**. If you want to leave the store and head east on foot, turn to **203**.

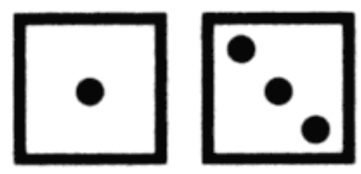

A long-haired Barbarian wearing an eyepatch

106

Weakened by your wounds, you sink to your knees under the weight of the Berserker's ferocious blows. You wonder how much more of the relentless onslaught you can take when you suddenly notice a long-haired Barbarian wearing an eyepatch running towards you from the town gates armed with two throwing axes. When he is no more than ten metres away, he hurls one of his axes at the Berserker and you hear it sink into his back with a dull thud. He immediately throws the second axe, which also strikes home. The Berserker teeters for a moment before toppling forward to land on top of you. You are pinned down by the dead weight of the body, unable to move. You watch the Barbarian walk up to retrieve his axes and are relieved to see that he is not wearing a silver necklace. His stern look turns into a half smile, and he drags the dead body off you and helps you to your feet. After thanking the Barbarian for saving your life, you snatch the silver scorpion from the Berserker's neck and place it in your pocket. The Barbarian introduces himself as Throm and tells you that Urzle Ironface was a slave pit fighter who gained his freedom after killing a hundred opponents, one of whom was Throm's brother. Throm asks why the Berserker tried to kill you and you tell him about the multiple assassination attempts on your life and that you have come to Fang to find Lord Azzur and settle the issue. Throm slaps you on the back and says, "That's bold!

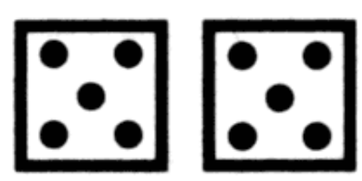

I'm here for the Trial of Champions. It begins tomorrow. If you enter the contest, you'll be introduced to the Baron and Lord Azzur. It's probably your best chance of getting close to him. There's still time to enter if you want to?" You agree to Throm's plan and gather up your belongings. Certain that Lord Azzur will have put his "Wanted" posters up around town, you decide to wear Urzle Ironface's face-covering iron helmet so that nobody will recognize you when you enter Fang. Turn to **309**.

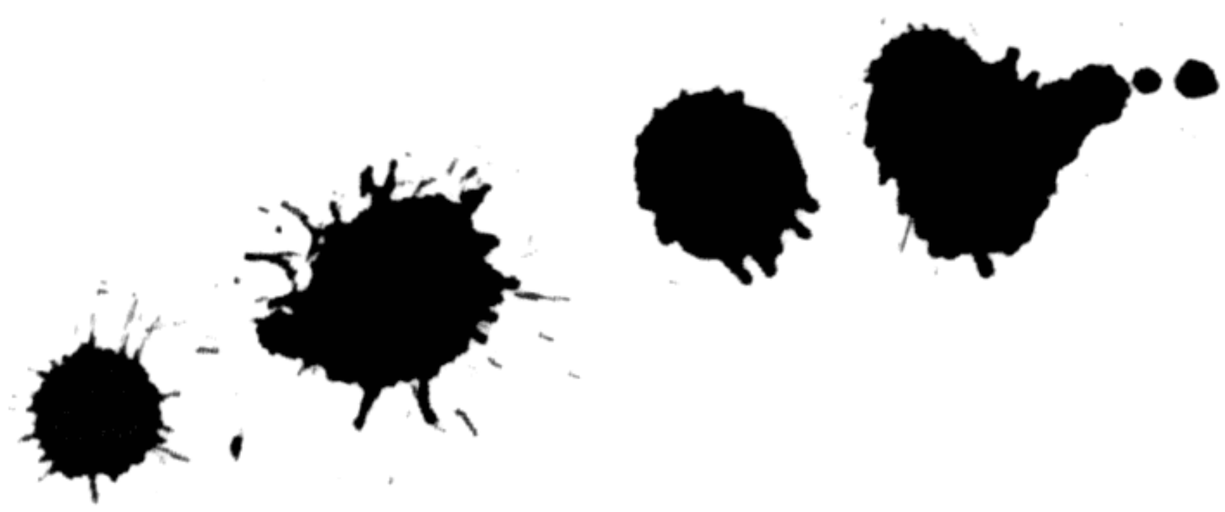

107

A crossbow bolt sinks into the back of your leg with a dull thud. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. The pain in your back is terrible when you pull the bolt out, but there is no time to treat the wound, as the tavern door bursts open. A bald-headed man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern screaming, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. You notice that he has a dent in his skull and all his teeth are made of gold. It is the deadly assassin Garanka Vassell and you must fight him. Turn to **53**.

108

Your attempt to swat the bees is futile and they continue to sting you relentlessly. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You have no choice but to climb down the tree as fast as you can. Turn to **336**.

109

You look down at the assassin and see a silver necklace around his neck with the familiar scorpion pendant hanging off it. You snap the chain and put the pendant in your pocket as a crowd forms around you, whispering among themselves about the body on the ground. The mood of the crowd darkens, and an old man calls out to you accusingly, demanding to know who started the fight. You feel a tug on your shirt and look round to see a young woman in a long, hooded red cloak. She has piercing green eyes and she looks very anxious. "Quick, follow me before they realize who you are!" she whispers urgently in your ear. "There are posters everywhere with your face on them!" If you want to follow the woman, turn to **293**. If you want to run back the way you came, turn to **314**.

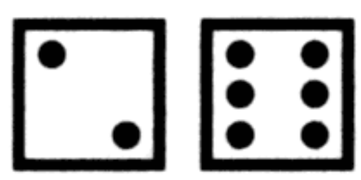

110

Trying not to attract attention, you take 5 Gold Pieces out of your pocket and slide them over to the innkeeper, who gives you a slight nod of the head in acknowledgement. You watch him tap a bottle loudly with a spoon and call for silence in the tavern. "The next round is on me!" he shouts out to his customers, who respond with a loud cheer. They all rush to the bar, giving you the chance to slip out of the tavern unnoticed. You make your way quickly down to the quay to where the *Blue Moon* is, thankfully, still moored. Leaning against the bollard is an unshaven, one-armed beggar with his head bowed. His dirty, baggy shirt and ragged cotton pants are partially covered by a moth-eaten blanket. He rattles a tin mug at you and says in a quivering voice, "Spare me a coin and I'll untie your boat for you." If you want to give the beggar a coin to help you cast off, turn to **389**. If you want to ignore him and untie the mooring rope yourself and jump on board your boat, turn to **129**.

111

You blurt out the words, but nothing happens. You are still visible to the band of screaming Orcs, which crashes into you with the force of a herd of stampeding Hippohogs.

Their flailing swords, axes, morning stars and cudgels make light work of your pitiful resistance, and the battle lasts less than a minute. Your adventure is over.

112

You manage to steady yourself and watch the loose step roll down the cliff face on to the beach below. You tread carefully the rest of the way down, reach the beach without further mishap and walk over to the cave entrance. Turn to **201**.

113

You throw the Gold Pieces up in the air, which causes a huge commotion behind you. The townsfolk stop giving chase and pile on top of each other on the ground in a mad scramble to snatch one of the coins for themselves. You don't stop to look back and turn right into Fountain Street and run in the Public Gardens up ahead on the left to hide. Turn to **268**.

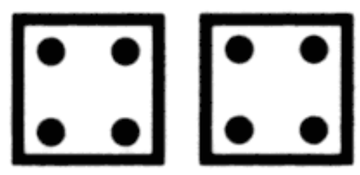

114

Apart from Blood Sharks circling you at one point, the voyage to the mainland passes without incident. A strong easterly breeze speeds up the journey, and a few hours later the rugged Allansian coastline comes into view. The cliffs are quite high, but you see an estuary directly ahead which you know to be the entrance to Red River. It's not long before you are at the mouth of the river, where you see two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the *Blue Moon* over to the bank, jump out, and tie it up to a small dock. It feels good to be back on dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur will not rest until one of his assassins has delivered your head to him. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would be better prepared. Now you suspect everybody you meet could be one of Azzur's assassins. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him, if not the other assassins. You walk towards the buildings, which you see are a boatyard and a general store. Thinking you might be able to get some gold by selling the *Blue Moon*, you decide to visit the boatyard first. Turn to **288**.

115

Frightened by your presence, the chicks don't stop screeching, and suddenly you hear the Orc calling from below. You look down and see the ugly brute at the base of the tree staring up at you, gesturing for you to come down.

If you want to climb down to fight him, turn to **235**. If you want to stay where you are, turn to **286**.

116

Picking your way through the thick undergrowth, you see a tall bush with lots of ripe red berries hanging from its branches. If you want to eat the berries, turn to **76**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **242**.

117

The Monk's eyes light up when you produce the 5 Gold Pieces. He rummages around in his sack and hands you a rolled-up piece of yellowed paper tied with a piece of string. After taking the coins from you, he rubs his hands together with glee and says:

> "Five Gold Pieces, my oh my
> Think of all the cheese I'll buy
> Thanks again and I wish you well
> Especially at the Wishing Well!"

He picks up his sack, throws it over his shoulder and walks off at a brisk pace. You untie the string and unroll the paper scroll and see that it is a map, but not one which requires you to travel very far. The Wishing Well is marked with an "X" in the Public Gardens in Fountain Street in Kaad! You are annoyed with yourself for paying so much

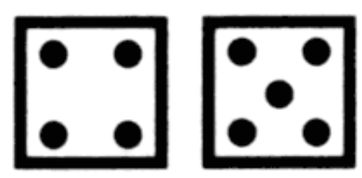

for the map and wonder if it will be worthwhile going to the well. If you want to follow the map to Fountain Street, turn to **99**. If you want to walk across the market square to Clock Street, turn to **140**.

118

You tentatively place the headband on, keeping both hands on it just in case you need to pull it off again. You wait for a minute, but nothing happens. Feeling no ill effects, you think about what to do. If you want to look at the books on the bookshelves, turn to **355**. If you want to walk up the stairs and go back outside, turn to **305**.

119

You take aim and hurl the meat cleaver at the pirate as hard as you can but are disheartened as you watch it fly over his head and land harmlessly in the sea. The scraggy pirate laughs at you and waves goodbye, sailing the *Blue Moon* east towards the mainland. Behind you, all that remains of the pirate ship is some rigging, bits of broken wood, and miscellaneous deck gear. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **270**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **194**.

120

The woman signals for her driver to stop, and he pulls on his reins to bring his horse to a halt. He sits there rigidly, staring straight ahead with his long whip and

reins in his hands. The woman looks down at you from her bench seat and says in a haughty voice, "I recognize you from the posters in town. I was at a banquet last night as a guest of Lord Azzur, who was in Kaad for the day. He's a loathsome tyrant and I don't believe a word he says, but he claimed that you murdered his master. You don't look like a murderer to me. If you were hoping to find Azzur in Kaad, I'm afraid you are going to be disappointed. He left this morning for Fang. He's gone to see his old friend Baron Sukumvit, who is holding his annual Trial of Champions. Did you know that nobody has ever come out of Deathtrap Dungeon alive? Quite astonishing really. But there is always some fool who is willing to give it a go! Anyway, I must be on my way. I can offer you a ride as far as Otto's Outpost on the Pagan Plains if that is of interest?" If you want to accept the woman's offer, turn to **14**. If you want to enter the gates of Kaad, turn to **243.**

121

You continue your journey north and enter another wooded area. Not long after entering the woods, you hear the sound of marching feet coming from the east and deep voices singing a very rude song about the Dwarfs of Stonebridge. If you want to stand behind a tree and wait to see who is about to enter the clearing ahead, turn to **69**. If you would rather hurry on north, turn to **263**.

122

You lift the lid to find a small iron key with the number 44 stamped on it. You see it is a skeleton key which will open most locks. Add 1 *LUCK* point. Pleased with your find, you pocket the key and look around the cave. Turn to **365**.

123

You walk quickly up Bell Street without looking back and turn left into Fountain Street, where you see the town's Public Gardens up ahead on the right. Turn to **268**.

124

The intruder hears your footsteps and swings his long knife in your direction, slicing your arm with the tip of the blade. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You turn to defend yourself and must fight the agile KNIFE FIGHTER in total darkness!

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **174**.

125

You hear a loud bang behind you and see a clump of cabbages to your left get shredded by lead shot. Seconds later you reach the farmhouse gate and turn around to see the twins sitting on the roof with Bobby holding his blunderbuss in the air, a wisp of white smoke drifting out of the barrel. They give you the thumbs up and call out to congratulate you. Add 1 *LUCK* point. They start waving and laughing so hard that they almost fall off the roof. You decide it best to leave them to it and bandage your leg before heading for Kaad. Turn to **307**.

126

The assassin holds out her hand and when you shake it, a violent pain shoots up your arm. Her face immediately lights up with evil glee, and she starts laughing hysterically. You try to pull your hand away but are unable to do so. Your hands are locked together in a cloud of swirling green mist which grows in size as the pain increases and spreads into your chest. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. "What a gullible fool you are," she sneers. "Never trust an assassin! The pain you are experiencing will, I regret to say, lead to your heart stopping in a minute. Tonight, I will return to Port Blacksand with your head and claim the bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur." If you were harmed by the Hand of Death on Snake Island, turn to **146**. If you didn't touch the Hand of Death, turn to **379**.

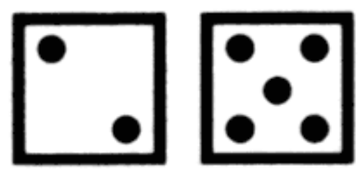

A Fire Dragon swooping down to land

127

You are about to head back to your hut on the other side of the island when you hear a loud roar above you like the sound of flames being fanned by giant bellows. You look up to see a FIRE DRAGON swooping down to land in the open space where you are standing. If you want to run for cover, turn to **391**. If you want to stand your ground and fight the giant fire-breathing creature, turn to **289**.

128

You do not have to wait long before somebody comes to your rescue. A long-haired man wearing animal skins and brown pants suddenly appears in front of you. He is carrying a wooden staff and a large canvas bag over his shoulder. He looks disappointed to see you and says, "You are not what I was hoping to catch in my trap! I suppose I'm going to have to set you free, but it's going to cost you." He holds out his hand expectantly and asks for 1 Gold Piece for his troubles. After you pay him, he takes a small key from his pocket and unlocks the trap. He helps you to your feet and trudges off to inspect his other traps. You bandage your swollen ankle and return to the path, eventually coming to a rickety old gate on the right which has a large sign nailed to it with the words BOGG FARM – BOG OFF painted on it. A gravel path leads from the gate to an old farmhouse, which sits in the middle of a small field separated from the grassland by a

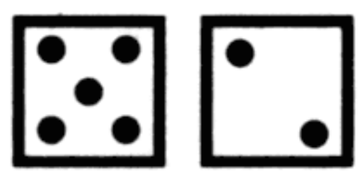

wooden fence. There is a stone post next to the gate with an arrow carved on it, pointing towards the town, and the words KAAD – 1 MILE underneath. From this distance, Kaad looks like it is a small town. The buildings are few in number and are mostly one or two storeys high except a stone tower in the centre of town. If you want to open the gate and walk up the path to the farmhouse, turn to **70**. If you would rather continue on to Kaad, turn to **307**.

129

You yell at the beggar to move out of the way so that you can untie the boat from its mooring. As you reach for the rope, he suddenly throws off his blanket to reveal a sword held in the hand you thought was missing! With steely-cold eyes and a sinister smile, he lunges at you with his sword from close range, and wounds you badly in the midriff. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, you must do what you can to defend yourself against the ELITE SWORDSMAN who lunges forward to strike you again.

ELITE SWORDSMAN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **190**.

130

You are about to pass out but manage to put your lips to the Warp Ring and suddenly feel like you are tumbling head over heels through a black void with lights flashing in your head. You hear a loud bang and wake to find yourself standing in front of the gold podium, where Baron Sukumvit is standing next to Lord Azzur, surrounded by his elite Guards. You have gone back in time and decide with a second chance to show restraint and wait to be introduced to Baron Sukumvit. Turn to **233**.

131

A thick glob of drool hits your neck and starts to burn your skin like acid. The pain is intense, and you frantically pour water from your water bottle on to the open wound to stop the drool burning deeper into your skin. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. The Decayer lumbers towards you and you have no choice but to fight it. Turn to **306**.

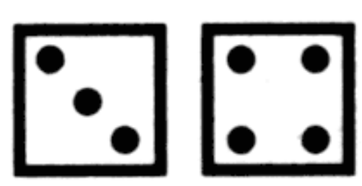

132

Your powerful punch knocks Zeedle over and he lands on his back on the jetty. You pounce on him before he can sit up, pinning him down with your knees. You pull down the neck of his jumper and see the all-too-familiar scorpion pendant, which you snatch from its silver chain. Zeedle looks at you defiantly and spits out a tooth from his bloodied mouth. "You can't win," he says, grinning, trying to distract you as he reaches for a dagger hidden in his boot. Sensing his move, you punch him again and push him into the river. He lands with a splash and begins swimming frantically towards the bank. Attracted by the blood from his mouth, a school of SNAPPERFISH race in to attack him. A look of terror grips his face. He screams and spins round and round as the carnivorous fish begin their feeding frenzy, churning up the blood-red water. It's all over in seconds. You step aboard the boat and row yourself across the river to the opposite bank, wondering what fate awaits you in Fang. Turn to **163.**

133

The path takes you north through woods and open countryside on a walk which you would be enjoying more if you were not constantly looking over your shoulder for would-be assassins. Ahead you see a small man sitting cross-legged on an old moss-covered bench made of oak. He is a GNOME with a long, pointed nose, long grey beard

and long grey hair poking out from under his floppy green hat. He is wearing a bottle-green tunic and leggings and a pair of old leather boots which you notice have big holes in the soles. He looks at you with a sleepy expression on his face as he chews slowly on a piece of straw. "You don't by chance have a pair of boots for sale, do you?" he asks nonchalantly as you pass by. "Mine have had it and my feet are killing me. I'm willing to pay 1 Gold Piece for a pair of leather boots. And I'd gladly pay 10 Gold Pieces for a pair of Elven Boots." If you have a spare pair of boots that you wish to sell, turn to **32**. If you would rather carry on walking north, turn to **179**.

134

There are two pirates standing on the stern of the ship, and one of them spots you climbing on board the *Blue Moon*. He sounds the alarm, and more pirates run to the stern to find out what is going on. The captain appears on deck, pistol in hand, wearing a bright burgundy coat with brass buttons, and a matching coloured hat with a white plume. He takes aim at you with his pistol and pulls the trigger. There is a loud bang and a puff of white smoke. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **198**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **245**.

135

You walk briskly west until you come to a junction in the path where it meets another path running north-south. You don't see any point in going back south so you turn right and head north towards the forest, which you can see in the distance. Turn to **87**.

136

You tell the man about the tragic events that led to Captain Crow's death. He shakes his head and says, "Well, Sam didn't have no family, so I guess it's all right for you to sell his boat. But I'm not going to give you much for it mind, just in case you are making this story up. I'll give you 20 Gold Pieces for her, take it or leave it." If you want to accept his offer, turn to **375**. If you want to demand 30 Gold Pieces for the boat, turn to **29**.

137

Brick Street ends at a junction of Boot Street and Quiet Street. There are some mischievous-looking urchins in Boot Street, so you decide to turn right into Quiet Street

where, strangely, all the people are tiptoeing along in bare feet with their shoes tucked under their arms. Everybody is communicating by gesture and nobody is making a sound. An old woman wearing a headscarf looks at you fiercely and puts her index finger to her lips and points at your boots. If you want to take off your boots, turn to **335**. If you want to keep them on, turn to **360**.

138

You are unable to get out of the way of the Flesh-Head, which barrels into you, sending you tumbling over the cliff edge to the beach below. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **388**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **66**.

139

You put on your backpack and are about to set off when you suddenly feel a sharp, stabbing pain in your neck. You reach up and feel something smooth writhing in your fingers. It is a tiny gold-coloured snake which has injected you with poison. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You realize that the gold armband must be a deadly Mamba Band which comes alive unless worn. You throw the snake on to the ground and cleave it in two with your sword. Not wishing to chance it coming alive again, you kick it into the long grass. You tend to your wound whilst deciding which way to go next. If you want to keep going north, turn to **87**. If you want to head east along the new path, turn to **222**.

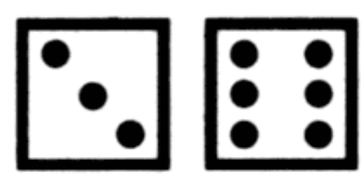

140

There is a Clock Tower in Clock Street set back on the right-hand side in the middle of a large paved area where a few townsfolk are sitting on benches, busily chatting to each other. The tall stone tower has a square base and has a clock face on each of its four sides at the top. You notice that the hands of one of the clocks are missing. There is a brass plaque by the front door of the tower with the name Balthazar Wittle inscribed on it. If you want to knock on the door, turn to **249**. If you want to carry on walking down Clock Street, turn to **89**.

141

The pirate told the truth. The Snakefang earring acts as an antidote to the toxic snake venom and you are unharmed by the dart. You draw your sword and rush forward to fight Tunku Yang, the notorious Poisoner of Kay-Pong. He looks surprised that you have survived his poisoned dart, and lunges at you armed with only a dagger.

TUNKU YANG	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 6*

If you lose an *Attack Round*, turn to **59**. If you win without losing an *Attack Round*, turn to **326**.

142

After a short tussle, you land a large eel on the rock where you are standing. It is brightly coloured, with vivid green and purple stripes running the length of its body. It has a long head with black eyes and a mouth with bulbous red lips and protruding needle-like teeth. It thrashes around on the rock, frantically trying to unhook itself from your line, and touches your leg with its tail. You suddenly feel a sharp pain run up your leg. You have been stung by an ELECTRO EEL. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You stagger backwards in shock as the eel slips off its hook and slithers back into the sea. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. You decide you have had enough of fishing for the day and head inland in search of food. Turn to **116**.

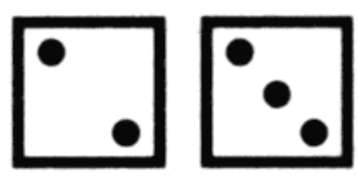

143

"Well, give us 3 Gold Pieces and you can have it and be on your way! Brother Bobby made it himself, he did. Carved the little piggy out of a piece of wood and painted it gold. Looks just like the real thing, don't it?" Billy says, slapping his thigh and laughing like a neighing donkey. If you have 3 Gold Pieces and wish to buy the painted carving, turn to **67**. If you don't have 3 Gold Pieces or don't want to buy the carving, turn to **381**.

144

You do not have enough strength left to swim to the *Blue Moon* before the Blood Sharks swim in to attack. Your struggle against them is brief before the feeding frenzy begins. Your adventure is over.

145

As soon as he sees your face, Lord Azzur points at you and shouts, "It's the murderer!" Baron Sukumvit orders his

Guards to arrest you. "No, not yet!" Azzur says sharply. "I admire the nerve of this fool. I want to know how many of my assassins have been killed." You remain silent and take the scorpion pendants out of your pocket and rattle them in your hand. "So, you think this is a game, do you?" Azzur continues in his sneering voice. "Right, let's play your game. Tell me, do you have an odd number or an even number of pendants in your hand?" If you want to reply "Odd", turn to **259**. If you want to reply "Even", turn to **25**.

146

Thanks to your encounter with the Hand of Death on Snake Island, your body has built up some immunity to Death Hand magic. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You are still in agony, but the pain is bearable enough for you to be able to draw a knife from your belt with your free hand. You slice open the back of the assassin's hand, forcing her to release her grip. She curses and pulls out two short swords from sheaths hidden behind her back. You draw your sword and advance to fight the wounded assassin.

GRETTA MORG	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **321**.

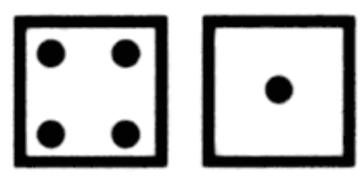

A quick glance left solves the mystery

147

You manage to trace your path back to the beach on the west side of Snake Island and are quite relieved to see your hut again. You are about to go inside when you see a boat moored up on the beach. It's the *Blue Moon*, the same boat that brought you to the island. Captain Crow is on board, standing on deck. He looks anxious when you approach him but says nothing. When you call out to him, he doesn't reply, but his eyes dart right several times, as though he is trying to warn you about something. A quick glance left solves the mystery. Crouched down in the shadows of a large rock is a hooded figure in leather armour holding a loaded bow aimed straight at you. You hear a faint twang as the arrow is released from the bow. If you are carrying a shield, turn to **13**. If you do not have a shield, turn to **312**.

148

You have stepped on an animal trap. The jagged iron jaws snap shut on your left ankle and bite into the bone. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You discover that the trap is chained to a large rock buried in the ground. Unable to escape, you try prising the jaws apart with your sword, but the spring holding them shut is too strong. You notice there is a small keyhole on the base of the trap. If you have a small iron skeleton key, turn to the number which is stamped on it. If you do not have this key, turn to **397**.

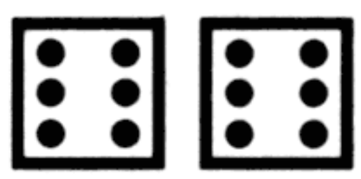

149

The barmaid takes one look at you and shrieks loudly, dropping one of her mugs of ale. Everybody in the tavern turns towards you. Several rough-looking villains stand up, daggers in hand. "It's the murderer!" one of them cries. "It's more like 1,000 Gold Pieces on legs!" an old pickpocket shouts excitedly. Surrounded by the noisy mob, you decide to run for it. You kick over the table in front of you and dash for the door. Although the crowd is distracted by the flying table, three thieves still manage to throw their daggers at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **73**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **225**.

150

You run down the alleyway, which comes to a dead end at a high wall where two GIANT RATS are scavenging through a pile of rubbish which has been dumped against the wall. If you want to try to climb over the wall, turn to **320**. If you want to turn around to face the angry crowd, turn to **352**.

151

The man gives you a big hug when you pay him and thanks you over and over again. He reaches into his pocket and produces a clover leaf charm. "Please take this with my compliments," he says, smiling, handing you the small charm. "It was carved out of Salamonian goat horn. It will bring you good luck on your travels." You take it from him

and put it in your pocket. Add 2 *LUCK* points. You shake the man's hand and bid him farewell before setting off east again. Turn to **277**.

152

You keep your head down as you climb back on board the *Blue Moon*, very aware that lots of bad people will be looking for you to claim Azzur's reward. You cast off, setting a northerly course towards Red River. Apart from the boat being rocked by a school of Blubber Whales swimming close by, the voyage passes without incident. You sail along the rugged Allansian coastline until you come to an estuary which you know to be the entrance to Red River. You sail a short distance up the river to see two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the *Blue Moon* over to the bank, jump out, and tie it up to a small dock. It feels good to be back on dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur will not rest until one of his assassins has delivered your head to him. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would be better prepared. Now everybody you meet could be one of Azzur's assassins. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him. You walk towards the buildings, which you note are a boatyard and a general store. Thinking you might be able to sell the *Blue Moon*, you decide to visit the boatyard first. Turn to **288**.

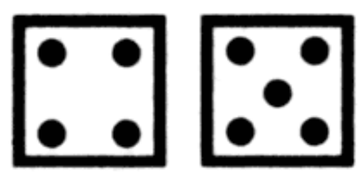

153

You pay the horseman 2 Gold Pieces and are soon galloping across the open plain. You soon discover that he is not keen to talk, and the only question he answers is when you ask him where he is going. "Firetop Mountain," he replies curtly, but doesn't elaborate when you ask him why. As the light fades you hear the howls and growls of the creatures of the night, which are eager to begin their hunt for food. By the time you arrive at the log cabin, shadows are already creeping over the plain. "This is where you get off," the horseman says abruptly, pointing towards the cabin. You jump down from his horse and watch him gallop off without another word said. The log cabin looks to be well built and secured with wooden shutters on all the windows. There is a wooden sign above the door which reads OTTO'S OUTPOST. It's been a grisly day and you are looking forward to a good night's sleep. Turn to **264**.

154

The lightning strikes the wooden mast, causing the mainsail to catch fire. Without a sail there is nothing the captain can do to steer the crippled craft. The storm continues to rage, and the captain loses control of the boat. A rogue wave crashes over the deck and washes you both overboard. Swimming in the heavy seas is exhausting, and by the time the dreaded Blood Sharks begin to circle, you have no strength left to fight them. Your adventure is over.

155

Zeedle watches on in disbelief as you wade into the river. Something brushes against your leg and suddenly the water churns up all around you. You feel a bite on your leg, swiftly followed by another, then another. The blood seeping from your cuts and wounds has attracted a school of SNAPPERFISH. Your blood runs freely, which sends the carnivorous fish into a feeding frenzy. The last thing you see is Zeedle rowing frantically over to you with a smile on his face and a dagger between his teeth. Your adventure is over.

156

The intruder's dagger just misses your head and thuds into the wall behind you. You retaliate by swiping your sword through the darkness, and feel it strike home. A man's muffled cry breaks the silence, and you hear him stumble backwards. You step forward to finish off the intruder, who is a skilful KNIFE FIGHTER. Although injured, he is agile and quick on his feet, and you must fight him in total darkness.

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **174**.

157

You leave the tavern behind and ten minutes later you see a rickety-looking wooden table to the left of the path

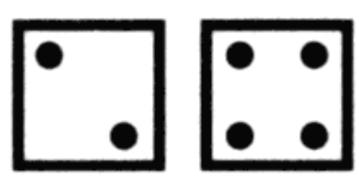

which is piled high with apples. There is a handwritten sign nailed to the table which says FREE APPLES. HELP YOURSELF. If you would like to eat an apple, turn to **221**. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to **358**.

158

The pain in your head steadily increases to the point that you pass out. Alas, you never wake up, and the next day Red Ruth rides to Port Blacksand to collect the reward of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur. Your adventure is over.

159

With supreme effort, you manage to prise one of the fingers away from your throat and snap it off. A wisp of green smoke escapes from the hollow of the broken finger, forming a small cloud in which the outline of the grinning face of an evil spirit appears. If you want to continue trying to prise the other fingers away from your throat, turn to **299**. If you want to take a swipe at the smoke cloud, turn to **188**.

160

The man curses and draws a sabre from his belt, shouting, "I, Blackthorn of Chalice, will see your head delivered to Lord Azzur." He runs at you with his sabre raised in the air.

BLACKTHORN *SKILL 8* *STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **109**.

161

As you open the door, you are stabbed in the arm by the intruder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Unable to see your attacker, you swing your sword blindly in the pitch-black darkness and feel it strike home. A man's muffled cry breaks the silence. The intruder is a skilful KNIFE FIGHTER, quick-witted and agile, and you must fight him in the dark.

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **174**.

162

The men's eyes light up when they hear your offer to buy their fish. The fisherman who claimed to have caught all the fish picks up the bucket and thrusts it at you, which makes water slosh over the sides. There are six fish in the bucket and the man says he'll include the bucket for the price. You hand him a Gold Piece, which brings a big smile to his face. The men gather up their fishing equipment and head off west, and start arguing again, this time about the Gold Piece. You ignore them and set about making a fire and you are soon tucking into tasty grilled fish. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. Feeling content and well fed, you head north to walk along the bank of the tributary. Turn to **47**.

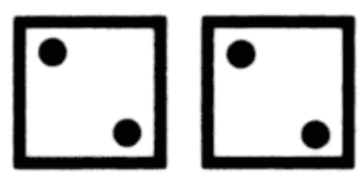

"I am the berserker, Urzle Ironface."

163

After tying the rowing boat to a wooden jetty, you walk along a cart track towards Fang in good spirits, heartened by the knowledge that Lord Azzur can't be far away. As you approach the main gates, a giant bare-chested man with bulging muscles steps out from behind the jail to stand in your way. His body is covered in jagged scars, and he makes no attempt to hide the silver scorpion pendant hanging on a silver necklace around his neck. He is wearing an iron helmet which completely covers his face and he is armed with a large battle-axe and shield. "I've been waiting for you," he growls slowly in a deep voice. "I knew you would come. You have defeated many assassins. But you cannot defeat me. I am the ultimate assassin. I am the berserker, Urzle Ironface. There is a bounty is on your head and I must do what must be done. It cannot be undone. This is my pledge to Lord Azzur." The huge man smashes his axe against his shield and strides forward to attack you.

URZLE IRONFACE	*SKILL 12*	*STAMINA 12*

If you are still alive after 5 Attack Rounds, turn to **247**.

164

The woman looks slightly off balance when you ask her the question. "No, I'm afraid not. Why do you ask?" she replies, composing herself again. You suddenly catch sight

of a necklace which was previously concealed by her hood. It looks to be made of silver. You take two steps backwards with your hand on the hilt of your sword. She looks at you aghast, and says, "Please refrain from drawing your sword. If you think I am an assassin, you are most certainly wrong. As you can see I am not carrying a sword and, apart from my arrows and whittling knife, I am completely unarmed." If you want to pull back her cloak so you can see if she is hiding a weapon, turn to **86**. If you want to attack her with your sword, turn to **287**.

165

The Dragon is covered with red, iron-like scales which look too thick to penetrate with your sword, so you aim your blow at its clawed feet, which are just above your head. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **82**. If the number is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **262**.

166

You become aware of a faint smell of smoke in the air and look round to see a thick plume of black smoke rising above the treetops into the sky. Whilst you are watching the smoke rise, you do not notice the window open on the first floor of the tavern and a crossbow appear which

is aimed at you. Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or a 2, turn to **269**. If you roll a 3 or a 4, turn to **107**. If you roll a 5 or a 6, turn to **62**.

167

Balthazar shakes his head and says, "No, I'm glad I haven't seen that despicable tyrant, and you are going to be disappointed if you were hoping to find him in Kaad. He held a banquet here last night for his cronies, and I heard he left this morning for Fang. He's gone to see his friend Baron Sukumvit, who is holding his annual Trial of Champions. Anyway, I have to get back to my work, so I'm going to say goodbye." Balthazar shuts the door, leaving you no option but to walk further up Clock Street. Turn to **89**.

168

You hear gasps of disbelief from the crew as you move to draw your sword, but the captain simply sneers and pulls the trigger of his pistol. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **52**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **350**.

169

The warrior's aim is deadly accurate. Her spear pierces your armour and lodges in your shoulder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You manage to yank it free with the warrior closing in fast wielding two long knives. You draw your sword and ready yourself for combat. Turn to **266**.

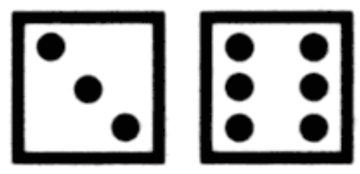

170

The storekeeper rummages through all his drawers without success but finds a pair of boots under a pile of sacks on one of the top shelves. "I knew I had a pair somewhere," he says to himself with satisfaction, dusting them off. "They're not new, but they were made by a High Elf master boot-maker. Look at the quality of the leather and the stitching. If you wear these, you will be able to outrun anybody. I'm loath to sell my last pair, but I'll let you have them for 5 Gold Pieces." Will you:

Buy the boots? Turn to **351**

Reject the boots and buy some Provisions? Turn to **64**

Leave the store and head east on foot? Turn to **203**

171

Silence descends over the crowd. Azzur plays to the audience, rubbing his chin as though appearing to be deep in thought. "That's a good number," he says coldly. "But it's not good enough!" Turn to **25**.

172

You are caught by a blast of flame. Lose 2 *SKILL* points and 4 *STAMINA* points. The burning pain is intense, but you dare not stop running. With its giant leathery wings flapping noisily above you, the Dragon climbs into the sky, ready to swoop down to attack you again with its fiery

breath. Running into the undergrowth, you are quick to spot an entrance to a burrow in the ground, perhaps a den made by a wild animal. If you want to jump down feet first into the burrow to hide from the Dragon, turn to **285**. If you want to keep on running, turn to **325**.

173

You part the tall grass with your sword and see a man dressed in green-and-brown woodsman's clothing lying face down with a dagger sticking out of his back. He groans loudly when you turn him on his side. "It's too late for me," he whispers slowly, staring at you with unblinking eyes. "Two Hobgoblins jumped me. I fought them off, but there was another one hiding in the long grass who stabbed me in the back. They took everything I had and left me for dead." The man grimaces in pain and breathes in hard before carrying on. "The cowardly dogs missed my gold. Take it." The man's eyes suddenly widen, and he goes listless. There is nothing you can do to save the woodsman. You find a hidden pocket in the seam of his tunic containing 3 Gold Pieces which you place in your pocket and continue your journey. Turn to **363**.

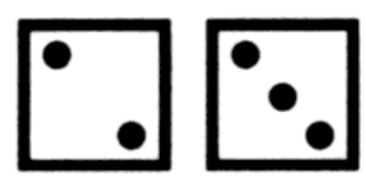

174

Breathing hard after the desperate fight, you think about who your attacker might be but know you will have to wait for the morning light to find out. Not wishing to spend time in the company of a corpse, you decide to sleep on the beach. Thankfully the rest of the night passes without incident, and you are relieved to see dawn finally break. You go back to the hut, where you find the body of a skinny man. Two long knives lie on the ground beside him. He has a dark moustache, a pointed beard and a thin, crooked nose. His clothing is Shazaari – loose-fitting black robes and black leggings, and a headdress made of a long black scarf wrapped around his head. His only jewellery is a silver necklace and pendant with a scorpion etching on it, which you take and put in your pocket. You also take one of the daggers from the cross belt slung around his neck. You wonder why he came to the island to kill you. Did somebody hire him to do it? If so, why? For now, there is no answer. If you want to search through the Knife Fighter's clothing, turn to **251**. If you would rather begin your daily quest for food, turn to **11**.

175

The man's aim is true, and a small dart-like arrow sinks into your leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. The man sneers with satisfaction, draws a sabre from his belt and lunges at you, shouting, "I, Blackthorn of Chalice, will see your head

delivered to Lord Azzur." You must fight him.

BLACKTHORN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **109**.

176

You open the door very slowly, mindful of traps and assassins that could be lying in wait. You hear somebody snoring and peer round the door to see a portly man with bushy eyebrows asleep in a rocking chair with his arms folded across his chest. He is wearing a white shirt tucked into a pair of baggy woollen trousers held up by bright red braces. There is a green bottle on a round wooden table next to him with a label on it which says POTION OF HEALING. Will you:

Tiptoe over to the bottle and take a swig from it? Turn to **78**
Tap the man on the shoulder to wake him up? Turn to **333**
Close the door and carry on walking east? Turn to **277**

177

Whilst wiping the blood off your sword with some leaves, you notice an iron bracelet lying in the earth near the entrance of the den. If you want to try on the bracelet, turn to **40**. If you would rather leave it where it is and head west back to your hut on the other side of the island, turn to **217**.

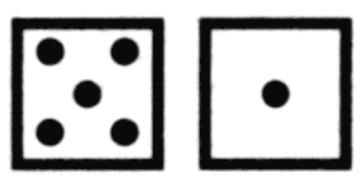

178

A crowd gathers around you after your brutal battle with the Giant. You ask one of the onlookers why the Giant attacked you. He looks at you as though you are mad, and says, "What did you expect? Borg hated noise. It hurt his head and made him uncontrollably violent. That's why he lived in Quiet Street!" A murmur spreads through the crowd and suddenly a voice blurts out, "I recognize Borg's killer from the 'Wanted' posters on the noticeboards! It's the murderer! Call the Guard!" You know that nobody would believe you if you told them that you are being hunted by assassins. You must act fast. If you want to run up Quiet Street, turn to **55**. If you want to turn and run back down Quiet Street, turn to **314**.

179

The path continues to wend its way north. As you walk along, something on the ground catches your eye which is almost hidden from view by a large bush. You lift up the leaves and see a sealed wooden box. There is a message written on a label attached to the lid which reads *Property of Balthazar Wittle, The Clock Tower, Clock Street, Kaad. Do NOT open*. You shake the box and hear what sounds like metallic objects rattling around inside. If you want to break the wax seal and open the box, turn to **232**. If you would rather put the box in your backpack and carry on walking north, turn to **121**.

You think that the best way to put the pirates off from coming on board the *Blue Moon* is to make them believe that you have died of plague, something they would not want to catch. You uncork the bottle and quickly mark your face with red ink, highlighting your insect bites to make them look like large open sores caused by deadly smallpox. You lie down on the deck and keep perfectly still as the pirate ship comes alongside. You hear voices discussing what should be done with you. A loud gruff voice, probably that of the captain, barks out an order. "One of you dogs jump on board the boat and toss the body in the sea. Tie a rope to the boat and we'll tow it to Port Blacksand and sell it." You dare to open your eyes a fraction and see a scrawny-looking pirate standing on a plank, ready to dive into the sea. He suddenly stops in his tracks and says, "If I board that boat we're all going to die! The dead body is covered with pox! I know plague when I see it." You hear the captain order his men to set sail immediately and watch the pirate ship sail away. Moments later you see a gigantic tentacle rise out of the sea, no more than twenty metres away from the pirate ship. Another tentacle rises out of the sea, then another, and another, until there are eight tentacles towering above the ship. They belong to a giant monster from the depths of the sea which has a huge squid-like body, two massive eyes and a beaked mouth. The ship is

about to be attacked by a KRAKEN. You hear booming explosions from the ship's cannon as two cannonballs whistle through the air towards the Kraken, one of them finding its mark and taking a big chunk out of one of the tentacles. The sea monster thrashes around in the sea and wraps two of its giant tentacles around the ship's mast, pulling the ship over. There is chaos on board as the Kraken slowly pulls the ship over on its side, causing everything on deck that is not lashed down to spill overboard. There is nothing the pirates can do to defeat the Kraken, and you hear them cry for help as they jump into the sea. You watch on in horror as the pirate ship disappears below the waves, and the rest of the crew with it. You trim the *Blue Moon*'s flapping sail and set a course away from the sea monster, sailing due east towards the Red River estuary. Turn to **114**.

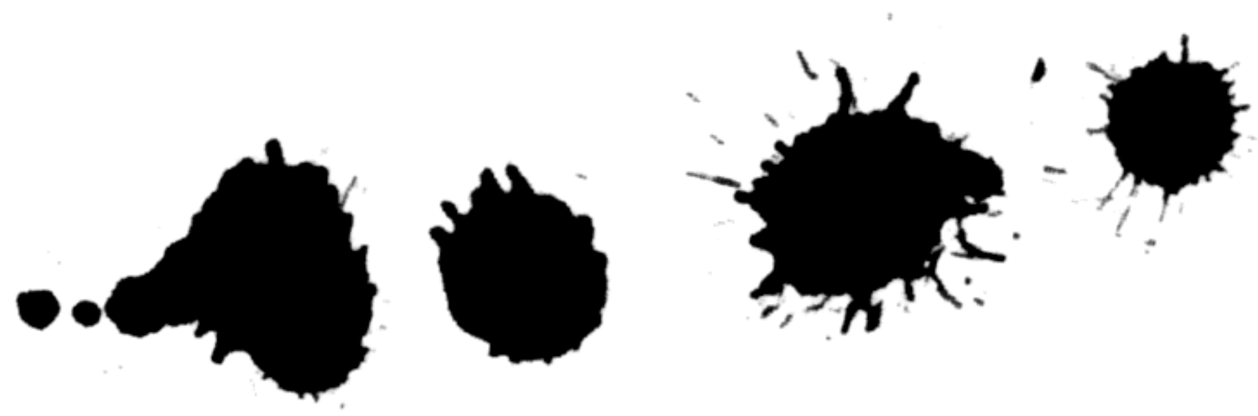

181

You give the urchin a Gold Piece, which he bites to make sure it's real. His friends walk over, and an argument breaks out about who should keep the coin. They start pushing each other and the squabble turns into a fight.

While you are distracted by the commotion, one of the urchins deftly slips his hand inside your pocket and helps himself to your possessions. His thieving done, the pickpocket whistles to his friends, and all the urchins run off down an alleyway together, laughing loudly. You have been robbed. Lose three of the items in your pockets. You also discover the catapult is broken. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. There is little point in wasting time chasing the urchins, so you continue your walk to the Wishing Well. Turn to **261**.

182

The captain frowns and says with a grunt, "It's cold, dark and the wind is getting up. That's not good. I think we should sail to the mainland first thing tomorrow morning." If you want to insist on setting sail immediately, turn to **258**. If you want to spend one more night on the island, turn to **302**.

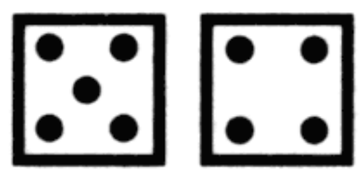

183

You try to dodge out of the way of the Ninja's flashing blade but suffer a deep wound on your arm. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, you draw your sword to fight the quick-footed Ninja, who leaps at you, cutting his blade through the air.

NINJA WARRIOR	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **254**.

184

You take a knife from one of the thieves and tuck it into your belt. After making sure nobody is watching, you tear down the poster, screw it into a ball and toss it away. But you know it's probably futile and that everybody in Port Blacksand is likely to be on the lookout for you, hoping to claim the reward on offer for your head. If you want to get back on board the *Blue Moon* and sail north to Red River, turn to **152**. If you want to go in the Black Lobster Tavern at the end of the quay, turn to **334**.

185

You keep your eyes on the cave, but nothing emerges from the entrance. You are about to go down the steps when you hear a rustling sound in the undergrowth behind you. You spin round to see a large humanoid creature charging straight at you with its clawed hands outstretched. Its large head is totally devoid of skin, the skull blood-red, and its protruding eyeballs and long pointed teeth hideously exposed. The repulsive beast is a seldom-seen creature of chaos known as a FLESH-HEAD. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **267**. If the number is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **138**.

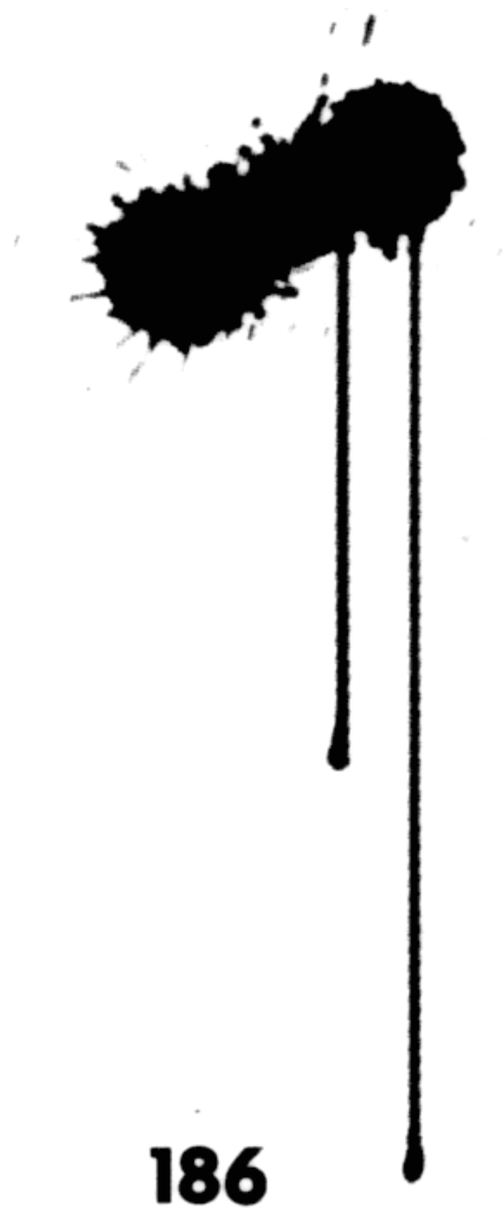

186

The fishermen watch you carefully with their swords half-drawn as you pass by. As soon as you are far enough away they start arguing again, even louder than before. You ignore them and head north along the bank of the tributary. Turn to **47**.

187

The cupboard door is slightly ajar. You open it further with the tip of your sword and see a crimson-glazed clay pot with a cracked lid. If you want to lift the lid off the pot, turn to **122**. If you would rather not touch the pot and instead look around the cave, turn to **365**.

188

You hack at the cloud of smoke, but your sword cuts harmlessly through it and merely causes the smiling face to laugh at you silently. You grimace from the acute pain of the skeleton fingers squeezing hard on your windpipe. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Ignoring the smoke cloud, you make a last desperate attempt to prise the remaining fingers away from your throat before you pass out. Turn to **299**.

189

You eventually come to a rickety old gate on the right which has a large sign nailed to it with the words BOGG FARM – BOG OFF painted on it. A gravel path leads from the gate to an old farmhouse, which sits in the middle of a small field separated from the grassland by a wooden fence. There is a stone post next to the gate with an arrow carved on it pointing towards the town and the words KAAD – 1 MILE underneath. From this distance, Kaad looks like it is a small town. The buildings are few in number and are mostly one or two storeys high except a stone tower in the centre of town. If you want to open the gate and walk up the path to the farmhouse, turn to **70**. If you would rather continue on to Kaad, turn to **307**.

190

You look down at the body and see your attacker is wearing the familiar silver necklace and pendant with a scorpion etching. You snap the chain and put the pendant in your pocket just as a rowdy gang of thugs rushes down on to the quayside. Several gasp in horror on seeing the man lying on the ground in a pool of blood. "Look! Lazlo

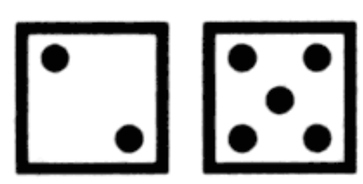

Mallick is dead!" shouts a scar-faced villain. "There's the killer!" he screams, pointing at you. "It's the same person as the one on the 'Wanted' poster!" You sweep your sword threateningly from side to side as a warning to all and tell the mob that Lazlo Mallick was an assassin who was trying to kill you. "So are we!" somebody shouts out. "A bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces is enough to turn anybody in Port Blacksand into an assassin!" a burly rogue adds with laughter. "Let's finish this!" "After you, mate!" a skinny peg-legged pirate retorts loudly in a scratchy, high-pitched voice. Some of the villains begin chuckling, giving you a fleeting moment to cut the rope holding the *Blue Moon* to its mooring. You jump on board and cast off. "Don't let the murderer get away!" the rogue shouts angrily. The mob advances to the water's edge and starts baying for your blood. Three men dive into the water to swim after you, but with a fair wind in your sails, the *Blue Moon* quickly leaves them behind. You look back and see others jump on board a fishing boat which causes an argument, and a fight breaks out on deck. The fishing boat remains moored to the quay, and you are able to sail away on the strong easterly breeze, setting a northerly course towards the Red River estuary. You are fortunate to have escaped the mob on the wharf, but at least another assassin has been eliminated. Turn to **15**.

191

Billy smiles and says, "That seems like a very fair offer to me, brother Bobby. Throw the rope down to our new friend." You pick up the assassin's axes and climb out of the cellar and are greeted by the two Dwarfs, who slap you on the back. "No hard feelings, I hope?" says Billy. You shake your head and hand over the axes, rings and 18 Gold Pieces. The brothers shake your hand and walk with you to the wooden gate where they bid you farewell. You wave goodbye and set off towards Kaad. Turn to **307**.

192

You pull the cork out of the bottle with your teeth and hastily spread the waxy paste on the bite marks on your leg. The magic compound does its job and the wound quickly heals, leaving you feeling none the worse for the experience. You pop the small bottle inside your pocket and are about to set off again when you notice an iron bracelet lying in the earth near the entrance to the den. If you want to try on the bracelet, turn to **40**. If you would rather leave it where it is and head back to your hut on the other side of the island, turn to **217**.

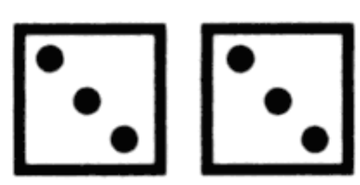

193

You stand over the fallen Orc, whose death cry was heard by the main group of Orcs. More than twenty of them bear down on you, screaming and baying for your blood. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. If you have a Scroll of Invisibility, turn to **75**. If you do not have this scroll, turn to **230**.

194

A few broken planks drift past you, but nothing large enough to climb on to. You swim on until you are exhausted, at which point you can do nothing more than tread water. Suddenly you see two fins cutting through the water, moving at speed towards you. There is no mistaking the red tip of the dorsal fin of a Blood Shark. Your worst fears are about to be realized as the sharks move in for their feeding frenzy. Your adventure is over.

195

There is a full moon and everything around you looks spooky in the half-light. You find shelter under a large bush

which keeps you hidden from the creatures of the night, and spend a restless night under the stars, hardly daring to go to sleep for fear of being attacked by the howling Wolves and other roaming monsters. You get up soon after dawn, feeling tired and hungry. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You set off immediately and pick up a trail heading north, which you decide to follow. Turn to **378**.

196

You raise your shield to ward off the flames shooting down from the sky. The flames are repelled but the shield becomes red-hot to the touch and burns the back of your arm. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. The Dragon glides down to land on the edge of the cliff where you are standing, its gigantic clawed feet aimed directly at you. If you want to thrust your sword at the Dragon as it attempts to land, turn to **165**. If you want to run for cover, turn to **391**.

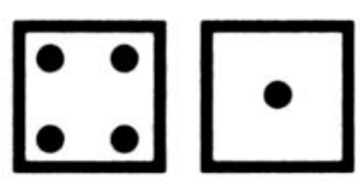

197

Mindful of the storekeeper's warning about an ambush, you slip behind a nearby tree to survey the tavern. A few minutes later you see a bald-headed man appear at an open window on the first floor holding a crossbow. He has a dent in his skull and all his teeth are made of gold. It is undoubtedly the deadly assassin Garanka Vassell. Will you:

Call out to him? Turn to **368**

Fire an arrow at him (if you have a bow)? Turn to **80**

Run over to the tavern door? Turn to **42**

198

The lead shot whistles past your head and fizzes harmlessly into the sea. You hear the captain shout at his men to bring you on board his ship. If you want to cut the rope towing the *Blue Moon*, turn to **88**. If you want to give yourself up to the pirates, turn to **290**.

199

After handing over your possessions, you are led below decks to the galley, where you are ordered to help the

ship's cook prepare the iron rations for the crew. Your first job is to pick maggots out of the dried meat and scrape the weevils off the sea biscuits. The smell of rotten food in the galley makes you feel sick, but you know it won't be too long before the ship reaches Port Blacksand. You keep your head down and only speak when spoken to as the old ship creaks and shudders its way across the open sea. Your disgusting job is almost completed when you suddenly hear shouting coming from the upper deck, and the captain screaming out orders to his helmsman to turn the ship hard to starboard. You run over to look through a porthole on the port side and are alarmed to see a gigantic tentacle rising out of the sea, no more than twenty metres away from the ship. Another tentacle rises out of the sea, then another, and another, until there are eight of them towering above you. The ship is about to be attacked by a KRAKEN, a giant sea monster with a colossal squid-like body, two huge eyes and a beaked mouth. You hear booming explosions from the ship's cannon as two cannonballs whistle through the air towards the Kraken, one of them finding its mark and taking a big chunk out of one of the tentacles. The sea monster retaliates by wrapping two of its giant tentacles around the ship's mast. There is chaos on board as the Kraken starts pulling the ship over on to its side. You hear the pirates cry for help as they jump into the sea, and it's all you can do to hang on as water bursts into the ship's

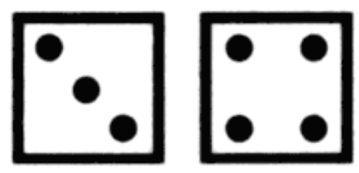

galley. The cook scrambles up the stairs and disappears, leaving you all alone. You grab his meat cleaver and follow him up on deck as the ship starts to sink. You see some pirates trying their best to launch a rowing boat, but the ship is heeled over, which makes their task impossibly difficult. If you want to help them launch the rowing boat, turn to **85**. If you would rather make your way to the back of the ship, cut the rope towing the *Blue Moon*, and jump into the sea to climb on board, turn to **304**.

200

The sweeping plain is grassland as far as you can see all the way to the town in the far distance. The path cuts a straight line through the tall grasses and you follow it north for a while before turning right to follow the path heading north-east. You walk along it for some time until you arrive at a junction with another narrow path. If you want to head west along the new path, turn to **135**. If you want to keep going north-east towards the town, turn to **369**.

201

You peer inside the gloomy cave and see a coil of rope

hanging on a rusty iron peg just inside the entrance. You look up and see hundreds of black bats hanging upside down from the ceiling. There isn't much light, just enough to see what looks like a small wooden cupboard mounted on the wall at the back of the cave. If you want to take the rope, turn to **331**. If you would rather walk over to the cupboard at the back of the cave, turn to **187**.

202

The little man scrambles down the tree and introduces himself. "Hello, my name is Gerrit. I'm a Woodling. We live in the trees because there are just too many terrifying monsters stalking the forest. Some we can hide from, some we can run from, some we can slay, but none of us has ever defeated a Shape Changer or escaped from the jaws of a Giant Slugworm. What's your story?" You hand Gerrit two rations from your Provisions (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*) and tell him about Lord Azzur and the assassination attempts on your life. He looks at you aghast and says, "Don't chance going in the forest. You should go to Kaad immediately. A passing trapper told me that Azzur was in town! Walk east around the edge of the forest and you'll eventually see Kaad. You can't miss it." If you want to take Gerrit's advice and head east, turn to **328**. If you would rather ignore his advice and go in the forest, turn to **51**.

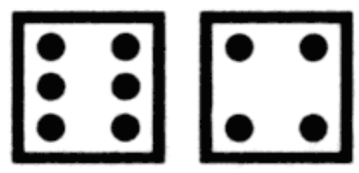

He is fast asleep and snoring loudly

203

You set off at a brisk pace, following a well-worn path along the riverbank. Up ahead you see a small man lying on the ground, his back propped up against a tree and his arms folded across his chest. He's wearing a dark green tunic and brown leggings which are tucked into his green leather boots. A floppy green felt hat is pulled down low over his face. He is fast asleep and snoring loudly. If you want to wake him up to speak to him, turn to **68**. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to **244**.

204

You climb up the tree as fast as you can and stand still on a high branch. You suddenly notice a large bird's nest in the fork of the branch above in which two Death Hawk chicks start screeching loudly. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **41**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **115**.

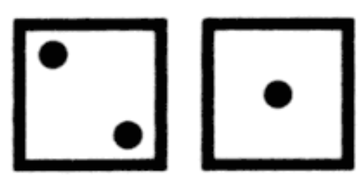

205

You do not have to wait long before somebody responds to your call for help. You sense somebody is standing behind you, watching, and your worst fears are confirmed when you realize it is not the trapper. "Thank you for calling out to me! I'm surprised my fellow assassins failed to slay you when you make it so easy to find you. Lord Azzur will be pleased with the gift I will bring him in the morning and I will be 10,000 Gold Pieces the richer." Caught in the trap, there is nothing you can do to defend yourself from the strike of the assassin's blade. Your adventure is over.

206

You are caught by the fiery blast which burns your flesh badly. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 4 *STAMINA* points. The pain is terrible, but there is no time to think about it as the Dragon glides down to land on the edge of the cliff where you are standing with its gigantic clawed feet aimed directly at you. If you want to thrust your sword at the Dragon as it attempts to land, turn to **165**. If you want to run for cover, turn to **391**.

207

Much to your relief, the bystanders do not pay you any attention. Your brief time in Kaad has been a battle for survival and, not wishing to get into any bloodier battles, you decide to head for the main gates and leave town. You

walk down Clock Street, which takes you to the market square and on down Crown Street to the main gates. There aren't many people about other than a few merchants leaving town after a long day at the market. As you walk out through the gates, a mean-looking man in a hooded black cloak and a bow and quiver of arrows slung over his shoulder rides past you on a black horse. He glances down at you as he passes by and spits on the ground. If you want to ask him for a ride, turn to **303**. If you want to carry on walking, turn to **252**.

208

Sidd leans forward and slowly opens the wooden box. He reaches inside and lifts out a clear glass ball which has multicoloured gases swirling around inside it. Holding it aloft on the fingertips of one hand, he closes his eyes and begins talking in a language you do not understand. The swirling gases suddenly clear, and inside the crystal ball you see a horse-drawn carriage speeding along a dusty road. The Seer opens his eyes again and the image disappears. "Azzur left Port Blacksand early this morning and will soon be arriving in Kaad. You should head north if you hope to catch him. I'm risking my life telling you the whereabouts of the Dark Lord so a payment of 1 Gold Piece would seem fair, don't you think?" Sidd says, holding out his hand. If you want to pay him, turn to **282**. If you want to leave without paying, turn to **372**.

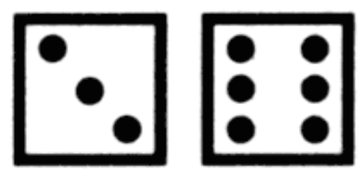

209

There is nobody looking out to sea from the stern of the pirate ship, and you slip unseen on board the *Blue Moon*. It's a bumpy ride, but you make great headway being towed along by the pirate ship. If you want to continue being towed to Port Blacksand, turn to **5**. If you want to cut the rope that is towing the *Blue Moon*, turn to **88**.

210

You instinctively reach up and grab hold of a large black spider with its long hairy legs wriggling in your hand. You feel a sharp pain in one of your fingers. You have been bitten by a poisonous spider. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You throw it on to the ground and crush it underfoot. You suck out the poison, spit it out, then walk on towards Kaad, crossing a field to a dirt road which leads to the main entrance gates of town. You see a horse-drawn open carriage coming out through the gates driven by a man wearing a bowler hat and a tailored waistcoat over his crisp white shirt. Sitting bolt upright next to him, looking snootily down her nose with an air of grand superiority, is a rosy-cheeked woman wearing a floral hat and long baggy black dress. If you want to put

your hand up to stop the carriage to talk to the woman, turn to **120**. If you want to keep your head down and enter Kaad, turn to **390**.

211

The Monk drops his sack on the ground, and says:

"The sack is certainly very full
But it's mostly balls of orange wool
A woolly jumper I will knit
To keep me warm through the wintry bit
The only thing I have to sell
Is a map leading to the Wishing Well."

He stares at you fiercely with one eyebrow raised and demands 5 Gold Pieces for his map. If you have 5 Gold Pieces and wish to buy the map, turn to **117**. If you do not have 5 Gold Pieces or do not want to buy the map, turn to **3**.

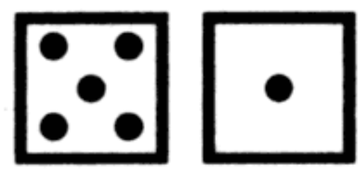

212

Luckily, the barrel does not topple over. You kick out again, harder this time, which forces the Rat to loosen its grip on your boot. You regain your balance and jump up to grab the top of the wall, pulling yourself up just as the crowd is closing in. You look down and see the Armed Guards arguing about who should be giving who a leg up to climb over the wall. You leave them to it and jump down into the back yard of a small house. There is a pile of coal in one corner of the yard and you can feel the heat from the fire of an open furnace nearby. There is an anvil next to the furnace and a hammer and tongs hanging from hooks on the wall. You notice the back door of the house is ajar and there is a passageway running down the side of the house to the street. If you want to go into the house, turn to **98**. If you want to walk down the side passage, turn to **330**.

213

You reach the east side of the island in less than an hour, emerging from the undergrowth on to a rocky open area which ends at the edge of a cliff. There is a beach below and you notice a cave entrance at the base of the cliff. There are some rough stone steps leading down to the beach. If you want to walk down the steps and enter the cave, turn to **294**. If you would rather wait to see if there is any sign of life inside the cave, turn to **185**.

214

Fighting for your life, you just manage to gather enough strength to prise one of the fingers away from your throat. You snap it off and a wisp of green smoke escapes from the hollow of the broken finger, forming a small cloud in the shape of a grinning face of an evil spirit. If you want to continue trying to prise the other fingers away from your throat, turn to **299**. If you want to take a swipe at the smoke cloud, turn to **188**.

215

The storekeeper looks at you in disbelief, and says abruptly, "As you wish. I'm going home now. You're on your own. Good luck." The storekeeper begins closing the window shutters and asks you to leave whilst he locks up. You have no option but to leave the store and head east on foot. Turn to **203**.

216

Azzur looks at you closely, nodding his head several times deep in thought. "That's an impressive number," he says coldly. Turn to **276**.

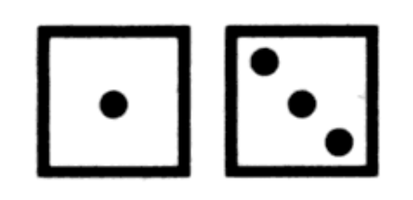

217

You hack your way through the undergrowth, being careful not to brush against the poison-tipped creepers. You hear the sound of buzzing overhead and look up to see a swarm of bees fly out of their hive high up in a tree. If you want to climb the tree to see if you can find some honey, turn to **370**. If you would rather press on to get back to your hut, turn to **147**.

218

The Luck Gods smile on you and decide that yours is a Ring of Good Fortune. Add 1 *SKILL* point, 2 *STAMINA* points and 3 *LUCK* points. You put the clock hands back in the box and place it back under the bush before setting off north again in good spirits. Turn to **121**.

219

You attack the rats, hacking at them furiously with your sword. You are bitten several times by some which run up your leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. More rats swarm out of the drain and you soon realize there are just too many of them for you to overcome. You give up trying and walk

back up the stairs to where Balthazar is waiting. "Call yourself a rat catcher? If you think I'm going to pay you, you can think again! You can go now. I'm going to get somebody else to do the job." He opens the front door and signals for you to leave. You barge past him and turn right up Clock Street. Turn to **89**.

220

The intruder's dagger strikes you, but only causes a light flesh wound to your arm. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You retaliate by swiping your sword through the darkness, and feel it strike home. A man's muffled cry breaks the silence, and you hear him stumble backwards. You step forward to finish off the intruder, who is a skilful KNIFE FIGHTER. Although injured, he is agile and quick on his feet, and you must fight him in total darkness.

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **174**.

221

The apple is crisp and tasty, and just what you need after a long walk. You help yourself to a second apple and devour it just as quickly as the first one. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. You look round but there is nobody to thank, so you set off east again. Turn to **358**.

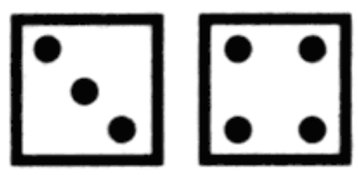

An unpleasant smell suddenly fills your nostrils

222

You walk east some distance until you come to a junction in the path where it meets another path running north-south. You don't see any point in going back south so you turn left to head north towards the town, which you can see in the distance. Turn to **369**.

223

You set off again, picking a path through the thick undergrowth, wondering what other strange things you might discover on the creepy island. It's not long before you find out. An unpleasant smell suddenly fills your nostrils – a foul stench like rotten eggs. There is a strange mound in front of you, something that resembles a huge lump of green wax. Suddenly it moves, rising up slowly on its trunklike legs. It is a huge creature with an enormous oval head and tiny sunken eyes, two small holes for a nose, and a gaping fanged mouth from which drool dribbles down its multilayered chin. It is covered with open sores which ooze thick, yellow pus which trickles down its bloated body like melting candle wax. A swarm of flies buzzes around the creature, landing on it to feed on its stinking excretions. The creature's noxious smell makes you light-headed and you start to feel dizzy. If you want to stand your ground and fight the DECAYER, turn to **306**. If you would rather flee, turn to **359**.

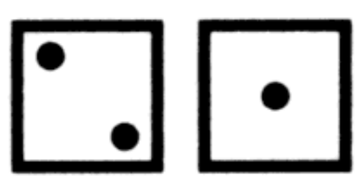

224

You enter a musty-smelling candlelit room which has an enormous bookcase set against the far wall. The shelves are crammed full of ancient leather-bound tomes. There is a table and chair in the middle of the room, with several books lying open on the table. The woman invites you to look at a book entitled *Dragonfire*. As you flick through the pages you see her glance over your shoulder. Her smile vanishes, and the door suddenly slams shut behind you. You spin round to see the man who was hiding behind it. Dressed head to toe in loose black robes, all you can see of his face are his stone-cold brown eyes. Holding his straight-bladed short sword above his head in both hands is a NINJA WARRIOR who utters a shrill battle cry and leaps forward to attack you. If your current *SKILL* score is 8 or greater, turn to **93**. If your *SKILL* is 7 or less, turn to **183**.

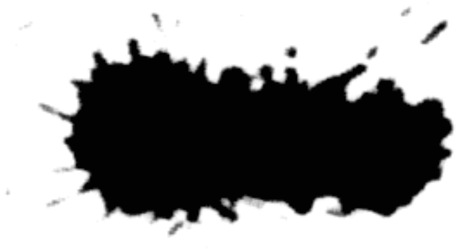

225

You feel a sharp pain as one of the daggers finds its mark, hitting you squarely in the shoulder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Not stopping to look back at the angry mob, you run through the tavern doorway and on down to the quayside. Turn to **234**.

226

You notice that some of the people standing at the crossroads are armed with clubs and pitchforks, and you suspect they are probably looking for you. You pretend to scratch your head as you walk past them, trying to hide your face. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **207**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **284**.

227

You look at the bite marks on your leg and are horrified to see tiny white thread-like worms wriggling around in the wound. You scrape them off with your knife, but there is nothing you can do to rid yourself of the virus the worms have infected you with. You break out in a sweat and suddenly feel very unwell. You get hotter and hotter as the virus takes hold and you soon pass out. Only people with a strong constitution can survive the Gungh Virus. Lose 10 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **398**.

228

You catch sight of a small deer grazing in the warm sunshine. You walk towards it but as soon as it sees you it bounds off and disappears into the long grass. You walk back to the path, and step on something metallic which was hidden from view by the grass. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **332**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **148**.

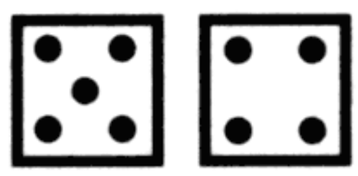

The storekeeper frowns, and says solemnly, "Yes, I've heard of him. He paid me an unwelcome visit earlier today. He barged in, spat on the floor and made a horrible smell. Then he helped himself to my food, took an axe, some rope and didn't pay me a penny. A disgusting human being if ever there was one. He put up the 'Wanted' poster on the wall outside, which, as you know, has your face displayed on it. When he finally spoke, he told me his name and said that if I saw you, I was to tell you I had seen him in Tall Tom's Tavern, which is half an hour's walk east of here. Then I was supposed to light a fire and cover it with wet leaves to make a smoke signal to let him know you were on your way, so he could ambush you. Don't worry, that's not going to happen. Harold Cornpepper is not in the habit of helping assassins. If you are the valiant warrior who defeated Zanbar Bone, Allansia will be forever in your debt. However, Lord Azzur will not rest until you are dead. You will need to be prepared for when you meet Vassell. Might I suggest you purchase one or two magic items from my display case?" You thank the storekeeper for his advice and decide what to do. If you want to look at the items in the display case, turn to **54**. If you want to leave the store straight away and head east in pursuit of Garanka Vassell, turn to **203**.

230

The band of screaming Orcs crashes into you with the force of a herd of stampeding Hippohogs. Their flailing swords, axes, morning stars and cudgels make light work of your pitiful resistance, and the battle lasts less than a minute. Your adventure is over.

231

A search of the beach yields a silver coin buried in the sand and a rusty old knife which you find in a rock pool. You put the items in your pocket and look out to sea to spot a barrel bobbing up and down which appears to be attached to the seabed by a rope or a chain. If you want to swim out to the barrel, turn to **255**. If you would rather climb back up the stone steps to the top of the cliff, turn to **127**.

232

You hear a faint click when you lift the lid. A small dart shoots out of the box and lodges painfully in your shoulder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Inside the box you find 10 Gold Pieces, two long brass clock hands and a gold signet ring with a question mark engraved on it. You pocket the Gold Pieces and examine the ring. If you want to try it on, turn to **346**. If you would rather put the ring and the clock hands back in the box and place it back under the bush and continue north, turn to **121**.

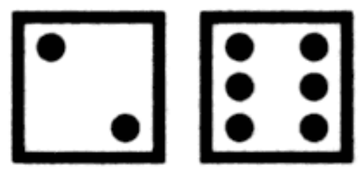

233

One by one, the contestants are introduced to Baron Sukumvit and Lord Azzur. When your turn comes, the Baron asks you to remove your helmet before stepping on to the podium out of respect for his guest. If you want to take off your helmet, turn to **145**. If you want to refuse to take it off for fear of being recognized, turn to **366**.

234

Port Blacksand is not the place where you want to be right now, and you run as fast as you can down the quay to where the *Blue Moon* is moored. Leaning against the bollard is an unshaven, one-armed beggar with his head bowed. His dirty, baggy shirt and ragged cotton pants are partially covered by a moth-eaten blanket. He rattles his tin mug at you and says in a quivering voice, "Spare me a coin and I'll untie your boat for you." If you want to give the beggar a coin to help you cast off, turn to **389**. If you want to ignore him and untie the mooring rope yourself before jumping on board your boat, turn to **129**.

235

You scramble down the tree and land on top of the Orc who is waiting below. He is armed with a morning star and you strike him a mighty blow with your sword before he can stand up. Blood pours from the Orc's side, and although badly injured, he manages to get back up on his

feet. The Orc staggers towards you, spitting blood and roaring in pain, swinging his morning star. You must finish off the Orc quickly before the other Orcs hear the commotion.

ORC	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 2*

If you win the fight in the first Attack Round, turn to **311**. If it takes two or more Attack Rounds to defeat the Orc, turn to **193**.

236

You swerve sharply left and keep on running, just in time, as flames shoot down and scorch the ground where you were a second ago. With its giant leathery wings flapping noisily above you, the Dragon climbs into the sky, ready to swoop down to attack you again with its fiery breath. Running into the undergrowth, you spot the entrance to a burrow in the ground, perhaps a den made by a wild animal. If you want to jump down feet first into the burrow to hide from the Dragon, turn to **285**. If you want to keep on running, turn to **325**.

237

The tip of the dart is coated in toxic snake venom and you immediately start to shake uncontrollably. Lose 10 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **271**.

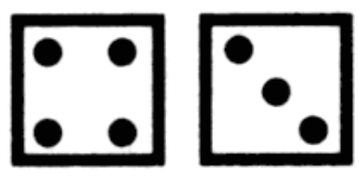

238

The arrow flies straight and true through the open window, and you hear a scream of pain. Your arrow has struck its target, and you punch the air in triumph. Gain 1 *LUCK* point. But your joy is short-lived because suddenly the tavern door bursts open. A heavily built man storms out of the tavern, screaming at the top of his voice, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. There is an arrow shaft sticking out of the fleshy part of his neck, but it doesn't appear to bother Garanka Vassell. You draw your sword and ready yourself to fight the deadly assassin. Turn to **53**.

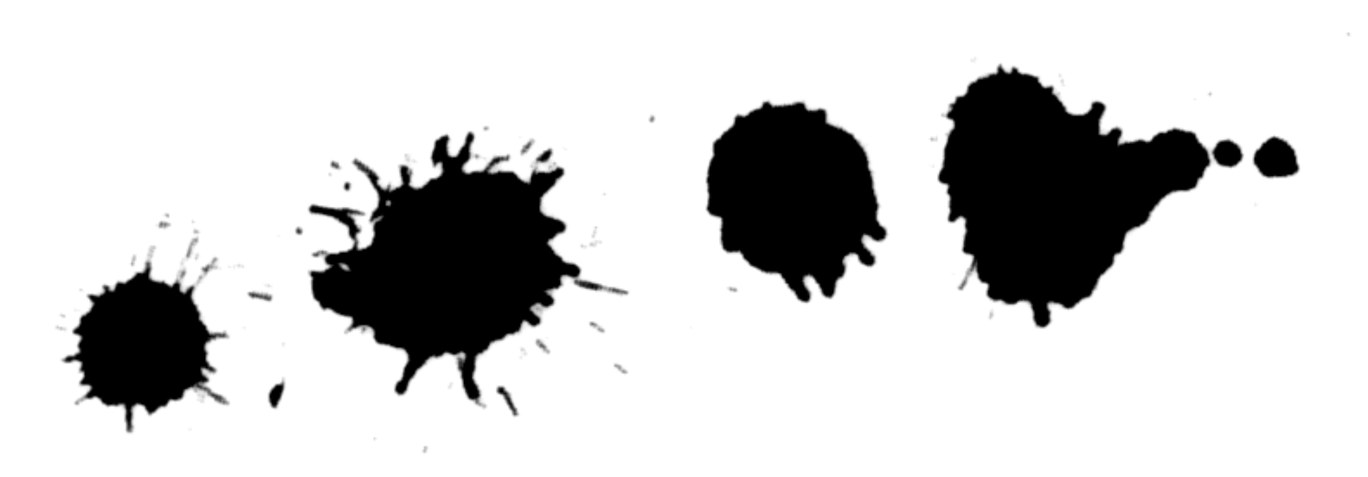

239

The pirates are astonished to see you kill their captain. They are very angry and start yelling at you and close in with their cutlasses drawn. Will you:

Stand your ground and fight them? Turn to **340**

Climb the rigging and tell the motley crew that you have appointed yourself as their new captain? Turn to **79**

Jump over the side and swim to the *Blue Moon*? Turn to **24**

240

Brother Billy scratches his head and says, "Well, that sounds like a load of hogwash to me. What do you think, brother Bobby?" Bobby scratches his head and says, "I think you are probably right, brother Billy. Maybe it's time we let the trespasser play our favourite game!" "Great idea, brother Bobby," says Billy. Turn to **381**.

241

You come to the foot of a small hill and run up and over it and down to a wooded area, where you see a silver-haired woman standing in a doorway which has been cut out of the trunk of a huge oak tree. "Over here!" she cries, beckoning you over to her. "Quick, come inside and close the door behind you!" If you want to follow her through the doorway, turn to **63**. If you would rather keep on running, turn to **316**.

242

You pass by a dead tree devoid of bark and leaves where a skeleton hand is hanging on a rusty nail hammered into the trunk. The bones are well weathered, dark ochre in colour, and look to have been hanging on the nail for years. If you want to lift the dismembered hand off the nail, turn to **343**. If you would rather leave it where it is and walk on, turn to **223**.

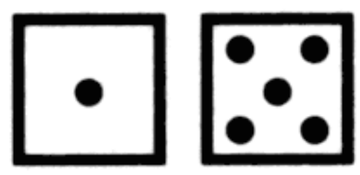

She is whistling happily to herself

243

You walk through the main gates and mingle with the townsfolk, who are busily going about their various tasks. Nobody pays you much attention as you walk down Crown Street, which is lined on both sides with small shops and old wood and plaster houses with tiled roofs. The street leads into the market square, where the traders are packing up their stalls for the day. You see a portly man in long brown robes walking towards you carrying a large sack over his shoulder. If you want to talk to him, turn to **19**. If you would rather ignore him and walk across the market square to Clock Street, turn to **140**.

244

Looking south, you see a ruined tower some distance away on the other side of the river. As though spooked by your gaze, a large flock of crows takes flight from the ruins, cawing loudly. You walk on, and it's not long before you see a woman in a cloak with the hood down walking towards you along the path. She is whistling happily to herself whilst sharpening one end of a stick with a knife and doesn't seem bothered when she sees you. She has a quiver of arrows slung over her shoulders but is not carrying a bow. When she is close, she stops and says with a beaming smile, "Greetings!" If you want to talk to her, turn to **362**. If you would rather bid her good day and carry on walking east, turn to **298**.

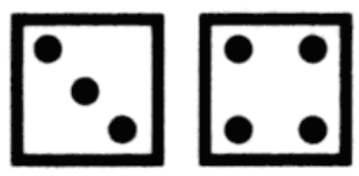

245

You feel a sharp pain in your side as the lead shot from the captain's pistol grazes your flesh. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You hear the captain singing his own praises loudly about his shooting skills. He orders his men to bring you on board his ship and disappears out of sight. If you want to cut the rope towing the *Blue Moon*, turn to **88**. If you want to give yourself up to the pirates, turn to **290**.

246

The chain mail vest is heavy but will protect you in battle. Add 1 *SKILL* point. Pleased with your new armour, you think about what to do next. Will you:

Go in the tavern?	Turn to **341**
Head north along a new path?	Turn to **133**
Continue your journey east?	Turn to **157**

247

The relentless blows from the Berserker's battleaxe are impossible to withstand. He swings his axe with superhuman strength, and it is all you can do to parry the giant blade. You are forced backwards and stumble over a tree root. He grunts with satisfaction and strikes again, and you suffer a deep wound to your thigh. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **106.**

248

You manage to navigate the rough stone steps without falling and run as fast as you can across the sandy beach, diving into the sea with the swarm of bees trailing behind you. You stay underwater as long as you can, and it's only when your lungs feel as though they are about to burst that you surface to breathe in the fresh air. Much to your relief, the bees have flown off. Unfortunately, half of your remaining Provisions are nothing but a soggy mess at the bottom of your backpack. Delete them from your *Adventure Sheet*. After drying yourself off, you climb back up the steps and head west back to your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **147**.

249

You hear footsteps approaching, and see the door opened by a bespectacled, jovial-looking man with thinning grey hair and long bushy sideburns almost down to his chin. He's wearing a waistcoat over a baggy white shirt tucked into his checked trousers, which are held up by red braces. He peers over the top of his spectacles and says, "Hello, I'm Balthazar Wittle. Are you the rat catcher?" If you want to reply "Yes", turn to **383**. If you want to reply "No", turn to **30**.

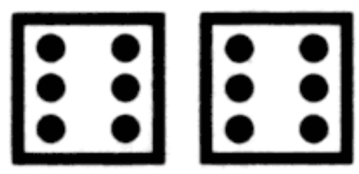

250

You hand over 2 Gold Pieces in payment for six arrows, which you notice all have flights made with black feathers. The fletcher sees you looking at them and says, "The flights are made from chicken feathers, which ensures my arrows fly true. Is there anything else you would like to know?" If you want to ask her if she has heard any rumours about assassins in the area, turn to **164**. If you would rather set off east again, turn to **279**.

251

You find a small circular brass box with a hinged lid concealed in a hidden pocket inside the Knife Fighter's robes. There is a silver ring inside the box. If you want to try on the ring, turn to **322**. If you would rather begin your quest for food for the third day, turn to **11**.

252

You set off at a brisk pace in the direction of Fang, hoping to find shelter before the sun disappears below the horizon. The light gradually fades, and shadows begin to creep over the Pagan Plain. Howls and growls from the creatures of the night break the silence as they ready themselves

for their nightly hunt. All you see is scrubland for miles around and, unable to find a shelter, you are forced to sleep under a large bush, which at least hides you from prying eyes. There is a full moon and everything around you looks spooky in the half-light. You spend a restless night under the stars, hardly daring to go to sleep for fear of being attacked by Wolves or other flesh-eating creatures you hear roaming about. You get up soon after dawn, feeling tired and hungry. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You set off again, passing a log cabin in the west, and pick up a trail heading north, which you decide to follow. Turn to **378**.

253

You watch the barman shrug his shoulders and nonchalantly tap a bottle with a spoon several times and call for silence in the tavern. "Look who we've got here!" he shouts out to his customers while pointing at you. Everybody in the tavern turns towards you. Several unsavoury-looking villains stand up, daggers in hand. "It's the murderer!" shouts one of the crooks. "It's more like 1,000 Gold Pieces on legs!" cries an old pickpocket with glee. Surrounded by the noisy mob, you decide to run for it. You kick over the table in front of you and dash for the door. Although the crowd is distracted by the flying table, three thieves manage to throw their daggers at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **73**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **225**.

254

When you reach down to uncover the Ninja's face, the woman flees from the room and runs up the stairs. You hear the door open and close but let her go, as you are more interested to see if the Ninja was another of Lord Azzur's assassins. The silver pendant hanging on the chain around his neck answers your question. You snap the chain and pocket the silver scorpion. You find the name Gozo Yamakuri embroidered on his robes and see that he was also wearing a thin copper headband. You empty the Ninja's cloth backpack and find a pair of bone dice and some rice wrapped in broad leaves. You eat the rice, which eases your hunger and gives you some energy. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. Will you:

Try on the headband? Turn to **118**

Look at the books on the bookshelves? Turn to **355**

Walk up the stairs and go back outside? Turn to **305**

255

You leave your possessions on the beach and swim out to sea with your knife gripped between your teeth. The water is cold but the current isn't very strong, and you are able

to swim towards the barrel without much effort. You are about fifteen metres away from it when you see something moving towards you on the surface of the water. The huge fanged jaw of a sea creature suddenly opens up in front of you. It is a GIANT SEA SNAKE, some ten metres long, and you must fight it with your knife. Reduce your *SKILL* by 2 points for this battle.

GIANT SEA SNAKE	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **104**.

256

You instinctively reach up and grab hold of the large yellow spider with its long hairy legs wriggling in your hand. Luckily it isn't poisonous. You toss it into the long grass and walk on towards Kaad, crossing a field to a dirt road which leads to the main entrance gates of town. You see a horse-drawn open carriage coming out through the gates driven by a man wearing a bowler hat and a tailored waistcoat over his crisp white shirt. Sitting bolt upright next to him, looking snootily down her nose with an air of grand superiority, is a rosy-cheeked woman wearing a floral hat and long baggy black dress. If you want to put your hand up to stop the carriage and talk to the woman, turn to **120**. If you want to keep your head down and enter Kaad, turn to **390**.

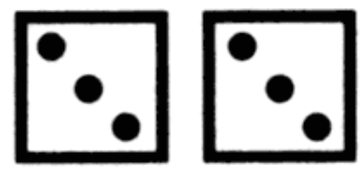

257

Sidd leans forward and slowly opens the wooden box. He reaches inside and lifts out a glass ball which has colourful gases swirling around inside it. Holding it aloft on the fingertips of one hand, he closes his eyes and begins talking in a language you do not understand. The swirling gases suddenly clear, and inside the crystal ball you see a tall warrior woman armed with a spear running along a dirt path at speed. She has striking silver markings covering much of her bronzed skin and her hair is close-cropped and dyed scarlet red. The Seer opens his eyes again and the image vanishes and says, "Ren-Ren Pakk is on her way to hunt you down. She is a Zengian Ultra, a fanatical fighter who is fleet of foot and has lightning reflexes. She will be a formidable opponent." You thank Sidd for the information and wish him farewell. Tall Tom says goodbye, telling you to come back one day. You walk out of the tavern and think about which way to go. If you want to head north, turn to **133**. If you want to continue east, turn to **157**.

258

You tell him that there is no time to lose, and that you have to find Garanka Vassell or whichever assassin is coming for you next before they find you. You jump on board whilst the captain unfurls the sails and casts off into choppy waters. You peer out to sea, wondering if you will be able

to defeat Azzur's assassins. The wind soon starts to howl under the darkening skies, with the boat bobbing up and down on the rough sea and the rigging creaking under the strain. Rain lashes down, and the old boat is battered by high waves crashing over the deck, forcing you to hang on to the rigging to stop yourself from being washed overboard into the churning sea. "We should turn back," the captain shouts into your ear. But before you have time to reply, a bolt of lightning shoots down from the dark sky. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **373**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **154**.

259

Azzur rubs his hands together, enjoying the moment. The Guards become restless and inch forward, desperate to be told to drag you away in chains. The Baron raises his hand and the Guards immediately stand upright, rigid as statues. Azzur walks slowly to the front of the podium and looks you in the eye. "Now tell me, cockroach, how many pendants do you have exactly?" he asks with a snarl. Will you reply:

Seven	Turn to **49**
Nine	Turn to **92**
Eleven	Turn to **171**
Thirteen	Turn to **216**
Fifteen	Turn to **357**

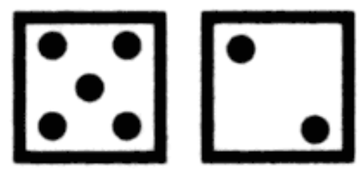

260

As you draw your sword, the Monk sighs, shakes his head, and thrusts out his right hand towards you. A zigzag bolt of lightning shoots out from his hand and slams into your chest, knocking you off your feet and making you lose consciousness. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 5 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **354**.

261

You follow the map past a junction with Brick Street into Quiet Street where, strangely, all the people are tiptoeing along in bare feet with their shoes tucked under their arms. Everybody is communicating by gesture and nobody is making a sound. An old woman wearing a headscarf looks fiercely at you and puts her index finger to her lips and points at your boots. If you want to take off your boots, turn to **335**. If you want to keep them on, turn to **360**.

262

You swing your sword through the air, but the Dragon pulls its feet up just in time, and you fail to hit your

target. Before you have time to strike again, the Dragon lashes out once more with its clawed feet, grabbing you by your head and squeezing it hard. You immediately lose consciousness. The Dragon has caught its prey and it won't go hungry today. Your adventure is over.

263

You walk quietly away from the Orcs, who you can hear shouting and arguing behind you in the clearing. You make your way north through the wood and over a small hill down to a huge grass-covered plain. You see two paths in front of you. One path heads due north towards a forest and the other leads off it and heads north-east towards a town in the far distance. If you want to take the path heading north towards the forest, turn to **101**. If you want to follow this path as far as the junction and take the new path towards the town, turn to **200**.

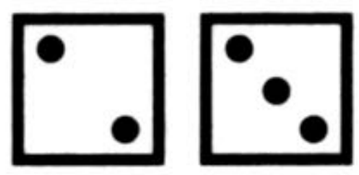

264

You open the creaking door and enter a large candlelit room which has a large collection of monster-head trophies mounted on the walls. A red-haired man with rosy cheeks and curly sideburns is sitting behind the wooden counter reading a book with thick, wire-rimmed round spectacles perched halfway down his nose. There is a blunderbuss on the shelf on the wall behind the man. "Good evening. Welcome to Otto's Outpost. I hope you had a pleasant journey here?" the man says jovially, peering over the top of his spectacles. "I presume you are wanting a room for the night? That will cost you the princely sum of 1 Gold Piece, including breakfast. Does that meet with your approval?" If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to stay at Otto's Outpost, turn to **339**. If you would rather go back outside and spend the night under the stars on the open plain, turn to **195**.

265

You just manage to swim over to the *Blue Moon* before the Blood Sharks arrive. You grab hold of the side of the boat and haul yourself on board, panting hard. You know your only chance of survival is to act quickly and cut the rope attached to the grappling hook. Turn to **88**.

266

The warrior bears down on you and at the last moment leaps in the air and lands on you, wielding her long knives around furiously. She strikes you before you even know it. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You stagger back and watch the wild-eyed warrior stand still for a second with her head tilted to one side before uttering her shrill war cry and attacking you again in a flurry of flashing blades.

ZENGIAN ULTRA	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **22**.

267

You just manage to sidestep out of the path of the oncoming Flesh-Head, which flies at full speed over the edge of the cliff. It lands head first on the jagged rocks below and is killed instantly. You walk rapidly down the stone steps to the beach below, where you find a large ruby set in the navel of the Flesh-Head. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You prise it out without any fuss and pocket the gem before walking over to the mouth of the cave. Turn to **201**.

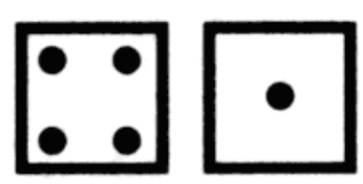

"I think my wish has just come true!"

268

You enter the hedge-lined gardens and walk along a gravel path to a white marble fountain where water is pouring from four serpent-headed spouts into a large pool which contains hundreds of coins. There is a short, stocky man with long hair, tanned skin and narrow eyes standing on the other side of the fountain. He is wearing a red silk neckerchief and sleeveless leather jerkin over his collarless shirt. His sleeves are rolled up and you see his arms are completely covered in snake tattoos. He is holding a black stick in one hand and casually tosses a coin into the fountain with his free hand. He watches the coin sink to the bottom and then turns to you, smiles and says, "I think my wish has just come true!" He suddenly puts the stick to his lips and exhales sharply. A small dart shoots out and hits you in the neck. His stick is a blowpipe. If you are wearing a Snakefang earring, turn to **141**. If you are not wearing the earring, turn to **237**.

269

A crossbow bolt slams into your lower back with a sickening thud. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 4 *STAMINA* points. The pain in your back is excruciating when you pull the bolt out, but there is no time to treat the wound as the tavern door bursts open. A bald-headed man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern screaming, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword

above his head. You notice that he has a dent in his skull and all his teeth are made of gold. It is the deadly assassin Garanka Vassell and you must fight him. Turn to **53**.

270

A large wooden barrel drifts past you which looks to be just about big enough for you to climb into. You swim over to it and lift the lid to discover that it is half full of bananas. You climb inside the barrel, and are just able to stand up, waist-high in bananas. You eat your fill, thinking how fortunate you are to be alive. Add 1 *LUCK* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You haul a small plank out of the water which you use as a crude paddle to steer yourself east towards the mainland. Apart from some Blood Sharks circling you at one point, the voyage to the mainland passes without incident. A strong easterly wind helps speed up the journey in your makeshift craft, and several hours later the rugged Allansian coastline comes into view. The cliffs are quite high, but you see an estuary directly ahead which you know to be the entrance to Red River. An hour later and you are at the mouth of the river,

where you see two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the barrel over to the bank and climb out. It feels great to be back on dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur has his best assassins hunting you down to relieve you of your head. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would be better prepared. Now everybody you meet could be an assassin. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him, if not the other assassins. You walk towards the buildings, which you see are a boatyard and a general store. You have no reason to visit the boatyard and walk past it. If you want to go in the general store, turn to **327**. If you would rather head east, turn to **203**.

271

The partial paralysis is short-lived and you somehow manage to clear your head. You draw your sword and stagger forward to fight Tunku Yang, the notorious Poisoner of Kay-Pong. He curses, annoyed that you have survived his poisoned dart, and lunges at you armed with only a dagger.

TUNKU YANG	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 6*

If you lose an *Attack Round*, turn to **59**. If you win without losing an *Attack Round*, turn to **326**.

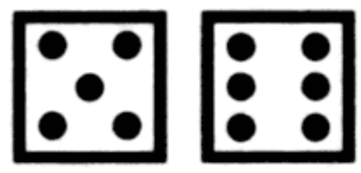

272

Running down the steps, you lose your footing and fall off the path, tumbling head over heels on to the beach below. You land on a patch of soft sand but still sprain your neck badly. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You pick yourself up and run as fast as you can across the beach, diving into the sea with the swarm of bees trailing behind you. You stay underwater as long as you can, and it's only when your lungs feel as though they are about to burst that you surface to breathe in fresh air. Much to your relief, the bees have flown off. Unfortunately, half of your remaining Provisions are nothing but a soggy mess at the bottom of your backpack. Delete them from your *Adventure Sheet*. After drying yourself off, you climb back up the steps and head west back to your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **147**.

273

The Luck Gods are unhappy and decide that yours is a Ring of Ill Fortune. Lose 1 *SKILL* point, 2 *STAMINA* points and 3 *LUCK* points. You put the clock hands back in the box and place it back under the bush before setting off north again, annoyed with yourself for having tempted fate. Turn to **121**.

274

The woman shuts the door quickly behind her just as the Orcs appear on the top of the hill. The bark-covered door fits the doorway so tightly that nobody would know it was there. You run on with the Orcs charging down the hill after you in hot pursuit. They pursue you relentlessly, and when they are just a few metres behind, you have no choice but to turn and face them. Turn to **230**.

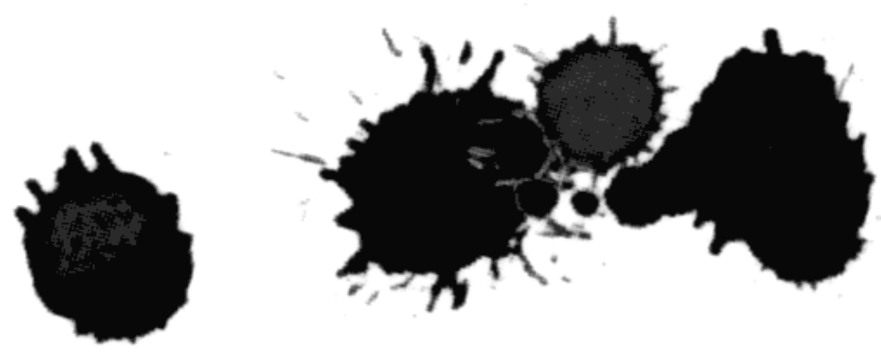

275

As you turn to head back, a thick vine wraps itself around your ankle, and another creeps out from under the dense foliage to wrap around your other leg. You try hacking at the vines with your sword, but more vines slide out and ensnare your arms. The vines tighten, and you are unable to move as a long tendril uncoils from the second Bloodwort hidden in the undergrowth and hovers in front of your face. You scream in terror as it inches towards your mouth and plunges down your throat. The fibrous tendril is too tough to bite through, and you start to choke. You feel a violent pain as the tendril begins to drain your stomach and suck the life from your body. You see Captain Crow's eyes are shut, his struggles over, and it won't be long before yours are too. Your adventure is over.

276

"Congratulations," Lord Azzur says begrudgingly. "I thought it would be impossible to defeat all my assassins. You are truly a champion warrior. If circumstances were different we might have been able to work together. I thought that would be impossible since you killed my master, Zanbar Bone. But on reflection, maybe it was meant to be. Maybe I will rule Allansia one day without needing the help of the Demon Prince. And maybe you deserve the chance of freedom. Your fighting skills have certainly earned you the right to represent me in the Trial of Champions. So that's what you will do. Should you survive, the 10,000 Gold Piece prize will be mine, of course, but I will grant you a full pardon for your crimes and give you your freedom." Inside you are raging with anger but realize that attempting to slay Azzur now would inevitably result in certain death. If you want to accept your fate and enter Deathrap Dungeon, turn to **347**. If you want to refuse to enter Deathtrap Dungeon, turn to **366**.

277

Half an hour later you arrive at a tributary which joins the Red River from the north. You see two barefooted men in shirtsleeves with their pants rolled up to their knees standing on the riverbank face-to-face, arguing loudly and pointing their fingers at each other. Both men look furious

and have angry red faces. There are two wooden fishing rods nearby and a wooden bucket full of fish. "We agreed we would split our catch, you mealy-mouthed maggot!" one of them shouts. "You're only saying that because I caught six fish and you didn't catch any!" comes the angry reply from his friend. They stop arguing when they see you and reach for their swords. If you want to offer to buy their fish for 1 Gold Piece, turn to **162**. If you want to tell them that you are just passing by, turn to **186**.

278

After a short tussle, you land a pipefish. You take it back to your camp, where you cook it on a stick over an open fire and devour the tasty white flesh, what little of it there is. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Knowing you need more than fish to eat in order to survive, you decide to explore the island. Turn to **116**.

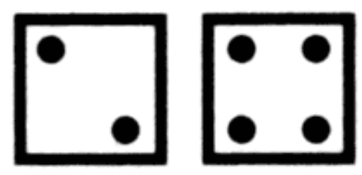

279

The fletcher bids you farewell and holds out her hand. When you shake it, a violent pain shoots up your arm. Her face immediately lights up with evil glee, and she starts laughing hysterically. You try to pull your hand away but are unable to do so. Your hands are locked together in a cloud of swirling green mist which grows in size as the pain increases and spreads into your chest. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.

"What a gullible fool you are," she sneers. "You actually believed me when I said I was Frances Fletcher. I'm afraid to say the real arrow maker had an unfortunate accident recently and is sadly no longer with us. My name is Gretta Morg. I am an assassin. The Death Hand pain you are experiencing will, I regret to say, lead to your heart stopping in a minute. Tonight, I will return to Port Blacksand with your head and claim the bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur." If you were hurt by the Hand of Death on Snake Island, turn to **146**. If you did not touch the Hand of Death, turn to **379**.

280

You begin playing the flute but the tune that comes from it is nothing like the one you are trying to play. The magical melody makes the rats all scurry down the open drain in the middle of the cellar floor, screeching loudly. In less than a minute all the rats have disappeared. Add

1 *LUCK* point. You drag a heavy barrel over the drain to stop the rats coming out. You are about to go back upstairs when you hear a knock on the front door and hear Balthazar Wittle talk to somebody. "No, sorry, that's nobody I recognize. Goodbye." You hear the door shut and wonder who was there. Wittle appears at the top of the stairs and says, "There was a man by the name of Blackthorn at the door who showed me a 'Wanted' poster with your face on it. He was a quite fearsome-looking man in a wide-brimmed hat and a long brown coat. I told him I hadn't seen you. I've no idea what you have done, and I don't want to know, but it would appear that Lord Azzur wants your head! The tyrant held a banquet in Kaad last night for his cronies, and I heard he left this morning for Fang. He's gone to see his friend Baron Sukumvit, who is holding his annual Trial of Champions. Thank you for getting rid of the rats, but I suggest you leave now and go and sort out your differences with Blackthorn. He won't be far away." You thank Balthazar for his help and slip out of the front door, turning right up Clock Street. Turn to **89**.

281

"Friend or foe?" you ask sternly. The reply comes in the form of a dagger being thrown at you, although you cannot see it. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **156**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **220**.

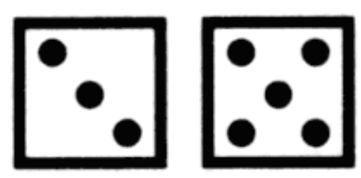

You drop a Gold Piece on to the palm of Sidd's hand. "Thank you very much," he says, blinking rapidly. "By the way, I've just remembered it was actually yesterday when I had one egg for breakfast. I had two eggs this morning, which means of course that I'm happy to answer two questions! And since you have already paid me, I'll answer a second one for free." You ask him to tell you about the identity and whereabouts the nearest assassin. He holds the crystal ball aloft again on his fingertips and closes his eyes. Colourful gases swirl around inside when he speaks in his strange language. The gases quickly disperse again, and you see a tall warrior woman armed with a spear running along a dirt path at speed. She has striking silver markings covering much of her dark skin and her hair is close-cropped and dyed scarlet red. Sidd opens his eyes again as the image vanishes and says, "Ren-Ren Pakk is on her way to hunt you down. She is a Zengian Ultra, a fanatical fighter who is fleet of foot and has lightning reflexes. She will be a formidable opponent." You thank Sidd for the information and wish him farewell. Tall Tom says goodbye, telling you to come back again one day. You walk out of the tavern and think about which way to go. If you want to head north, turn to **133**. If you want to continue east, turn to **157**.

283

The Goblins have leather purses hanging over their shoulders on thin leather straps in which you find 3 Gold Pieces, six rough opals and a piece of torn paper with a notice printed on it. Unfortunately, some of the words are missing. All you can read is:

...will take place on the last day of this month and is open to all those who dare enter. The Trial of Champions requires that ye shall be of great courage and resolve, for only one contestant is permitted to survive.

By order of Baron Sukumvit of Fang

You pocket the Gold Pieces and set off again along the path, wondering when the Trial of Champions will be taking place. Turn to **244**.

284

One of the men follows you with his eyes as you walk past him, staring at you intently, and suddenly shouts out, "It's the murderer!" You don't stop to protest your innocence and you run off down the street as fast as you can. Turn to **314**.

285

You slide feet first into the burrow and push yourself down as far as you can. The Dragon loses sight of you and starts blasting the ground with balls of fire. But it soon tires and flies off east in search of prey elsewhere. You are about to crawl out of the tunnel when you hear yapping sounds coming from inside the burrow. You suddenly feel teeth biting your boots and kick out to free yourself. You scramble out and draw your sword to face three wiry-looking hounds with red eyes and slavering mouths whose den you have invaded. They are WORM DOGS, small and not very strong, but a single bite from one could be fatal since they are riddled with disease-carrying parasites. You must fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First WORM DOG	*4*	*4*
Second WORM DOG	*5*	*3*
Third WORM DOG	*4*	*5*

If you win without losing an *Attack Round*, turn to **177**. If you win, but lose one or more *Attack Rounds*, turn to **50**.

286

You watch the Orc put a hunting horn to his lips and give it a long blast. You hear a roar from the band of Orcs, and soon there are twenty angry Orcs gathered around the base

of the tree looking up at you, snarling and shouting. Their leader barks out an order and two Orcs start chopping at the tree with their axes. You hear the sound of splintering wood and watch the Orcs become excited when the tree creaks and begins to topple over. You land heavily on the ground and before you can stand up to defend yourself, you are beaten to a pulp by cudgels and clubs. Your adventure is over.

287

The woman curses and says in a sneering voice, "You are right to be suspicious of me, stranger. I am not Frances Fletcher. The arrow maker had an unfortunate accident recently and is sadly no longer with us. My name is Gretta Morg. I am an assassin. Let us engage in combat but, in the time-honoured tradition of the Scorpion Guild, let us shake hands first before blood is spilled." If you want to shake Gretta Morg's hand, turn to **126**. If you would rather answer her with your sword, turn to **60**.

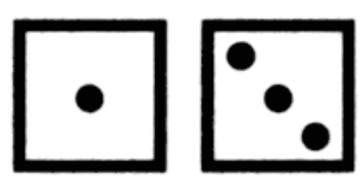

Their fierce eyes firmly fixed on you

288

You walk through the open gate of a high-fenced boatyard. There are several wooden boats propped up on wooden piles in the yard in various states of repair. Some are having holes in their hulls repaired and others are just being painted. You see a man in a green tunic standing on a ladder, leaning against a small fishing boat. He has a large brush in his hand and is busy varnishing the hull. On seeing you he climbs slowly down the ladder and lets out a high-pitched whistle, whereupon two vicious-looking dogs come bounding into the yard. They run over to the man and sit down at his feet, panting, their fierce eyes firmly fixed on you. "How can I help?" the man asks casually. If you want to ask him if he's interested in buying a boat, turn to **380**. If you want to ask him if he knows of a man called Garanka Vassell, turn to **102**.

289

The giant scarlet-coloured Dragon catches sight of you, and swoops down to blast you with its fiery breath. If you are carrying a shield, turn to **196**. If you do not have a shield, turn to **206**.

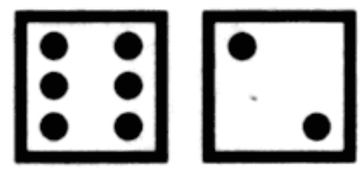

290

One of the pirates throws a rope down to you, yelling at you to climb on board. You are greeted by the captain, a rough-looking bearded man with an eye patch and a gold tooth. Surrounded by his men, he points his pistol at you and says, "Welcome on board. You'll be pleased to know that I'm a generous man, and I'm going to give you two choices. One, you give me everything you have and join my crew, or two, I kill you!" All his men start laughing and cheering, yelling at you to choose option two. If you want to surrender your possessions to the captain and join his crew, turn to **199**. If you would rather draw your sword and fight, turn to **168**.

291

Bobby's eyes light up at the mention of the word "assassin". He looks at his brother and says, "Brother Billy, didn't an assassin come knocking on our door yesterday asking if we'd seen the murderer on his 'Wanted' poster?"

"He most definitely did, brother Bobby. Now where did I put that poster?"

"It's in your back pocket, pea brain!"

"So it is. Let's have a look at it," Billy says excitedly. Holding it at arm's length, Billy squints, trying to focus

on the poster. He then brings it up close to his nose and starts cursing to himself. His brother snatches the poster from him and looks at it closely with his eyes scrunched up into tiny slits. "Bah, it's all too blurry. I can't focus my old eyes," Bobby blurts out in frustration. He turns the poster towards you and, tapping the face on it with a fat finger, says, "You down there, is this you?" If you want to reply that the person on the poster is you, turn to **349**. If you want to say it isn't you, turn to **300**.

292

The storekeeper rummages through all the drawers and shelves in his store but comes up empty-handed. "Sorry, I must have sold the last pair," he says with a shrug of the shoulders. If you want to buy some Provisions, turn to **64**. If you would rather leave the store and head east on foot, turn to **203**.

293

The woman slips through the crowd and runs down an alleyway up ahead on the left side of the street. You follow her down the alleyway, and immediately right under a stone archway and down a narrow passageway separating two old brick buildings. The woman suddenly stops and turns, and you see that the expression on her face has turned from being friendly to evil. Her piercing green eyes are firmly fixed on yours, and you feel unable to look away. You try to draw your sword, but your head starts to spin, making it hard to focus. "My name is Red Ruth and I too belong to the Scorpion Guild of Assassins. You are trapped by my Mind Control powers," she says coldly as she pulls out a long knife from inside her cloak. "I will be well rewarded for the gift I will deliver to Lord Azzur." If you are wearing a copper headband, turn to **344**. If you are not wearing a headband, turn to **158**.

294

You are about two-thirds of the way down the side of the cliff when one of the steps comes loose underfoot. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **112**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **27**.

295

With their leader dead, the other Wolves run off into the long grass, yelping loudly. You continue your walk north

and eventually come to the edge of the forest. It is a dark and foreboding forest with ancient gnarled trees and no doubt gruesome creatures lying in wait. "I wouldn't enter the Forest of Fiends if I were you," a voice calls out from above. "You might never come out." You look up and see a man no more than a metre high standing on a branch of an oak tree. He is wearing a floppy hat and a brown shirt. "Give me some food and I'll give you some advice," he says jovially. If you want to give the little man some of your Provisions, turn to **202**. If you would rather decline his offer and enter the forest, turn to **51**.

296

You tell the pirate to sit down and be quiet or else you will kick him overboard. Aware that the sea monster might reappear at any moment, you trim the sail and set a course. If you want to head due east towards the Red River estuary, turn to **345**. If you would rather sail southeast to Port Blacksand, turn to **393**.

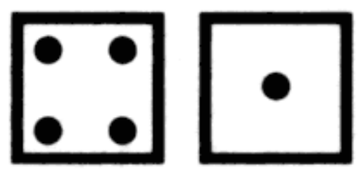

297

There is a sign above the door of the hut which says FANG FERRY. You open the door to find a man slumped in a wooden chair lying face down on a table in a pool of blood with a dagger sticking out of his back. There is a message on the table written in blood with his finger which says, *Get Zeedle*. But it is too late to save the ferryman. You look outside to see the man in the rowing boat is still asleep and decide to ring the brass bell to wake him up. Turn to **39**.

298

You walk on, unaware that the woman has turned around to follow you. She creeps up on you silently from behind and, without warning, smashes you on the back of the head with a large stone. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You stagger forward, trying to clear your head. You manage to turn round to face her and she grabs your hand. You feel a shocking pain run up your arm and through your body which makes your heart beat uncomfortably quickly. Your hand is locked in hers, enveloped in a cloud of translucent green mist. The pain increases and becomes unbearable, but you are unable to pull your hand away. The woman tightens her grip and starts to laugh hysterically. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. "What a fool you are," she sneers. "Never turn your back on an assassin! My name is Gretta Morg of the Scorpion Guild of Assassins. The Death Hand

pain you are experiencing will, I regret to say, lead to your heart stopping in a minute. Tonight, I will return to Port Blacksand with your head and claim the bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur." If you were harmed by the Hand of Death on Snake Island, turn to **146**. If you did not touch the Hand of Death, turn to **379**.

299

The second finger of the skeleton hand is easier to prise away than the first. It snaps like a dry twig, which lifts your spirits and gives you the mental strength to snap off the remaining fingers. The fingerless hand falls to the ground, and you stamp down hard on it, crushing it underfoot, which causes the smoke cloud to disperse. You drop to your knees, exhausted and gasping for air. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Turn to **223**.

300

Billy looks annoyed and says, "That's not the answer I wanted. Methinks you are of no use to us. So, it's time to say goodbye with a game of Beat-the-Buss. These are the rules, so listen carefully. Brother Bobby and I are going to climb on to the roof. I should tell you he's got a blunderbuss. That's where the buss in Beat-the-Buss comes from, as in blunderbuss, if you're understanding me? I'm going to throw you a rope and count to twenty before brother Bobby starts shooting. All you have to do

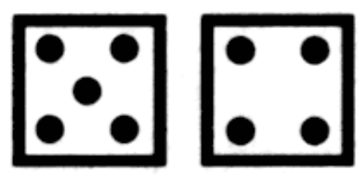

is climb out and hightail it for the wooden gate without being shot full of lead. Are you understanding me? Don't try any funny business or brother Bobby will shoot you right here and now." The brothers disappear and seconds later a thick length of rope drops down into the cellar. You catch hold of it and give it a tug. Satisfied it will bear your weight, you haul yourself out of the cellar. There is a ladder leading up to a skylight in the roof, through which you hear a voice counting, "Twelve . . . thirteen . . . fourteen. . ." and realize you must run for your life. You bolt for the door and run out of the farmhouse and down the path as fast as you can. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **90**. If you are not wearing Elven Boots, turn to **323**.

301

A look of sheer terror spreads across the man's face when you draw your sword, and he retreats slowly until his back is up against the wall. "I'm sorry, I wasn't being serious about you having to pay me," he says nervously. "In fact, let me give you another bottle of apple juice for your troubles. You seemed to enjoy the first one." He sees you frown at the mention of apple juice. "Ah yes, let me explain. My healing potion is actually apple juice. I must also confess that the apples I put on the table back there weren't poisonous either. I was just trying to think of new ways to make money from my apples. I have so many I don't know what

to do with them all. It's all I can do to give them away. I now realize the poisoned apple ruse was not such a good idea. Sorry." You put your sword away and the man looks at you sheepishly and hands you a bottle of apple juice from his cupboard. You take it from him and gulp down the refreshing juice. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to give him a coin in payment anyway, turn to **151**. If you want to leave the hut and carry on walking east, turn to **277**.

302

The captain helps you gather wood to make a fire and produces some salted beef and dried fruit from his boat. "Just in case you are hungry," he says with a grin, handing you the food. You enjoy a fine meal keeping warm by the fire and talking to the captain about Lord Azzur. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. It begins to rain hard, and with a cold wind whipping up, you retire to the hut for the night, taking it in turns to be on watch in case of unexpected visitors. You wake early the next morning to find the sun shining through the window to the sound of waves gently lapping on the beach. The captain is already on his boat, checking his gear and filling a barrel with fresh rainwater. A good breeze and a calm sea bodes well for a quick passage to the mainland. "I'm just going to see if I can find a piece of wood to make a new tiller for the rudder," the captain says on seeing you. "The old one is split, and we don't want to be out at sea

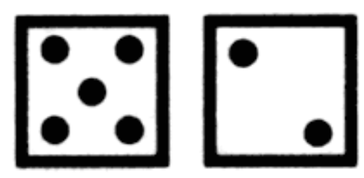

without being able to steer the boat! I'll be back soon." The captain heads off, leaving you to gather up your possessions, including Oleander Redfly's bow and quiver of arrows, which all have flights made of black feathers. You also take Redfly's prized weapon, her shimmering Astral Sword. Add 1 *SKILL* point. An hour passes, but the captain has still not returned, so you decide to go in search of him. You follow his footprints deep into the undergrowth and it isn't long before you find him. His limbs are held fast by thick vines, and the poor man is in terrible pain caused by a long tendril thrust down his throat. He has fallen foul of Hell's Bloodwort, a giant carnivorous plant. The Bloodwort snares its victims with its long vines which wrap around limbs like giant snakes, making escape virtually impossible. With its prey unable to move, a Bloodwort will force its long, proboscis-like tendril down a victim's throat to suck their blood from inside their body. The terrified captain appears doomed, and his muffled screams turn your blood cold. If you want to attack the Bloodwort to rescue the captain, turn to **43**. If you would rather run back to the beach, turn to **275**.

303

The man brings his horse to a halt. He looks you up and down and says in a gruff voice, "I'm headed north-east. For 2 Gold Pieces I'll take you to the log cabin that's about an hour's ride from here. Yes or no?" If you want to ride

with the horseman, turn to **153**. If you want to decline his offer and set off on foot, turn to **252**.

304

By now, the ship is almost on its side, and everything on deck that is not lashed down spills overboard. The pirate ship is beginning to break up, and there is nothing the pirates can do to stop it. Pulling yourself along the wooden deck rail hand-over-hand is exhausting, but you finally reach the stern. You waste no time and cut the tow rope with the cleaver and jump into the sea. When you surface, you see that the *Blue Moon* has drifted away some distance. You swim as hard as you can towards your boat and see that another pirate has the same idea. You hear the sound of the ship's mast breaking behind you, followed by the unnerving sound of bubbling air escaping from the upturned hull as it is dragged underwater by the giant sea monster. The pirate reaches the *Blue Moon* before you and scrambles on board. He starts to trim the flapping sail, determined to get away from the Kraken as quickly as possible. You call out to him to wait for you, but he ignores you. The only thing you can do is to throw your meat cleaver at him, a difficult shot whilst bobbing up and down on the open sea. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **7**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **119**.

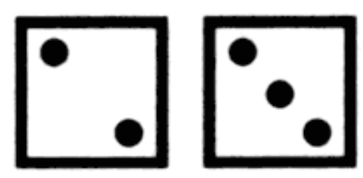

305

You open the door just wide enough to look outside and are relieved to find that the Orcs are nowhere to be seen. You slip outside, closing the bark-covered door behind you, which fits into the trunk so snugly that nobody would know it was there. You make your way northwards through the trees to where the wood opens out on to a huge grass-covered plain where you see two paths. One path heads north towards a forest and the other leads off it and heads north-east towards a town in the far distance. If you want to follow the path north towards the forest, turn to **101**. If you want to follow the path north to the junction and turn north-east towards the town, turn to **200**.

306

The Decayer is a slow-moving but very dangerous creature. You must try to avoid it spitting on you since its acidic drool will burn you badly on contact with your skin. Your head is spinning from the noxious smell coming from its body, inhibiting your ability to fight. Reduce your *SKILL* by 2 points for this battle.

DECAYER	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

Each time the Decayer wins an *Attack Round*, lose 4 STAMINA points. If you win, turn to **97**.

307

As you approach the outskirts of Kaad, the path widens into a dirt road leading to the main entrance gates of town. You see a horse-drawn open carriage coming out through the gates driven by a man wearing a bowler hat and a tailored waistcoat over his crisp white shirt. Sitting bolt upright next to him, looking snootily down her nose with an air of grand superiority, is a rosy-cheeked woman wearing a floral hat and long baggy black dress. If you want to put your hand up to stop the carriage to talk to the woman, turn to **120**. If you want to keep your head down and enter Kaad, turn to **390**.

308

You manage to wriggle out from underneath the rope net before the Goblin has reached the ground. The Goblins are furious that you have escaped from their trap and leap forward to attack you with their short swords. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First GOBLIN	*5*	*6*
Second GOBLIN	*5*	*5*

If you win, turn to **283**.

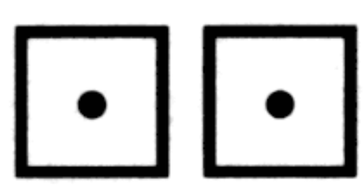

It is Baron Sukumvit himself

You walk through the main gates, where colourful flags and bunting are hanging from all the buildings. There is a wild carnival atmosphere in town with everybody enjoying the Trial of Champions festivities. The streets are packed with people singing and dancing to the sounds of flutes, pipes and drums. When they see you arrive with Throm, the cheering crowd parts to make a path for you to walk to the Town Hall to register your entry. The officials warn you that your chances of surviving "The Walk", as it is known, are virtually nil, and you tell them that you understand. A violet scarf is tied to your arm and you are taken to a luxurious guest house, where you spend the rest of the day resting and recuperating. The next morning a servant takes you to the entrance of Deathtrap Dungeon, where five warriors are standing proudly in line, waving to the jubilant crowd. Throm is one of them. You nod at him and he acknowledges you with just the slightest movement of his head. Standing on a gold podium surrounded by Guards is a long, white-bearded man wearing lavish red robes and an enormous headdress. It is Baron Sukumvit himself, the Overlord of Fang and owner of the Deathtrap Dungeon. Standing just behind him is a formidable-looking figure whose face and body is totally concealed by clothing apart from his cold, ice-blue eyes. He is wearing a hooded cloak made of dark blue silk with gold fastenings and a thick gold chain

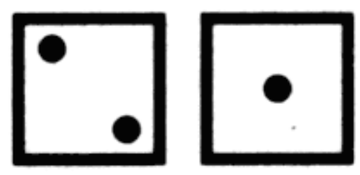

around his neck with a golden scorpion hanging from it. His face is hidden by long strips of blue silk wrapped tightly around his head, held in place by an emerald brooch on his forehead and a large golden scorpion brooch on his head. "Lord Azzur," you whisper to yourself. If you want to wait to be introduced to Baron Sukumvit, turn to **233**. If you want to leap on to the podium to attack Lord Azzur, turn to **65**.

310

With a strong easterly breeze helping, your voyage to Port Blacksand is quick and trouble free. The familiar rugged buildings of Port Blacksand come into view and it's not long before you are moored up alongside the harbour wall of the old port, notorious for the pirates, cutthroats and thieves who live there. Two rough-looking thugs with missing teeth and stubbly beards are standing on the

quay, watching you closely, and start whispering to each other. It's only a few days since you were last here, but now everything has changed, and you can't afford to trust anybody. If you want to ask them if they know of anybody who might want to buy your boat, turn to **48**. If you want to walk past them and enter the Black Lobster Tavern at the end of the quay, turn to **334**.

311

You stand over the fallen Orc breathing hard, but there is no time to search the body. You make your way quickly north to get as far away as you can from the Orcs before they realize what has happened. Just when you think you have escaped, a long blast on a hunting horn signals that you have been spotted by one of their scouts. You hear a loud roar behind you and the thunder of heavy footsteps of the band of Orcs giving chase. All you can do is run. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **241**. If you are wearing ordinary leather boots, turn to **18**.

312

The archer's aim is deadly accurate. An arrow sinks into your leg with a sickening thud. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Your attacker reloads and fires again, and you are hit a second time, this time in the midriff. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and roll one die and reduce your *STAMINA* by the number rolled. If you are still alive, turn to **348**.

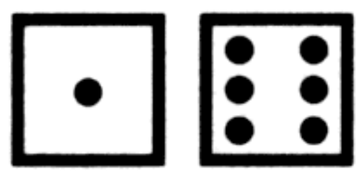

313

When you touch her hand, a violent pain shoots up your arm. Her face lights up with evil glee, and she starts to laugh hysterically. You try to pull your hand away but are unable to do so. Your hands are locked together in a cloud of translucent green mist which grows in size and increases the pain which spreads to your chest. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. "What a gullible fool you are to believe I am Frances Fletcher," she sneers. "I'm afraid to say the real arrow maker had an unfortunate accident recently and is sadly no longer with us. My name is Gretta Morg. I am an assassin. The Death Hand pain you are experiencing will cause your heart to stop in a minute. Tonight, I will return to Port Blacksand with your head and claim the bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur." If you were harmed by the Hand of Death on Snake Island, turn to **146**. If you didn't touch the Hand of Death, turn to **379**.

314

You run away from the crowd as fast as you can with their alarm calls echoing down the street. Four ARMED GUARDS run out of a building and block the street up

ahead, and you have no choice but to charge at them. You manage to slay one of the Guards before the crowd catches up and joins the fray. A blow to your head from a wooden club sends you crashing to the floor. Two of the Guards grab your arms and the other Guard takes your sword. Your feet are shackled, and you are dragged away to the cheers of the crowd. You are thrown in a dungeon cell, where you are chained to a wall to await the arrival of the Earl of Kaad who, you are told, will decide whether or not to hand you over to Lord Azzur. When the Earl finally arrives, you can tell from the stern faces of the Guards behind him that it is not good news. Your worst fears are confirmed when he tells you solemnly that you will be taken in chains to Executioner's Square in Port Blacksand. Your adventure is over.

315

You swing your sword through the darkness, and feel it strike home. A man's muffled cry breaks the silence, and you hear the intruder stumble backwards. You step forward and strike again. Although injured, the intruder is a skilful KNIFE FIGHTER who is very agile and light on his feet. You must fight him in total darkness!

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **174**.

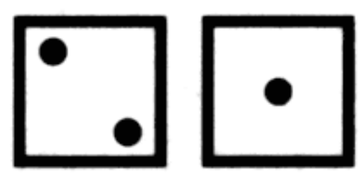

316

The woman shuts the door quickly behind her just as the Orcs appear on the top of the hill. The bark-covered door fits into the trunk so snugly that nobody would know it was there. You run on with the Orcs charging down the hill after you in hot pursuit. You weave your way through the trees, dashing quickly through the wood thanks to your Elven Boots. Unable to catch you, the Orcs give up their chase and start fighting between themselves again. The wood eventually opens out on to a huge grass-covered plain where you see two paths. One path heads north towards a forest and the other leads off it and heads north-east towards a town in the distance. If you want to take the path north towards the forest, turn to **101**. If you want to follow this path as far as the junction and take the new path towards the town, turn to **200**.

317

The storekeeper shakes his head and says, "I don't think I've got a pair of Elven Boots in stock, but let me have a

look, you never know." *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **170**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **292**.

318

You slide the gold band up your sword arm and over your bicep. It fits perfectly but it feels like it is burning your skin. If you want to keep it on, turn to **57**. If you would rather take it off and place it in your backpack, turn to **139**.

319

You shake the purse and hear what sounds like coins rattling inside. You loosen the leather string tie and empty out 12 Gold Pieces on to the palm of your hand. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You happily pocket the coins and decide what to do. If you have not done so already, you can either open the silver box (turn to **377**) or close the chest and scour the beach in the hope of finding something of interest (turn to **231**).

320

You jump on to a barrel near the wall. One of the Giant Rats leaps up and sinks its sharp teeth into your boot just as the chasing crowd enters the alleyway led by four ARMED GUARDS. You try kicking out to shake the Rat off your boot, but only succeed in making the barrel wobble. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **212**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **72**.

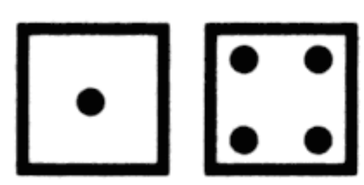

321

You see that the woman was wearing the same silver necklace and scorpion pendant as the other assassins who tried to kill you. You take it from her neck and put it in your pocket. You also help yourself to her arrows and 2 Gold Pieces in her pocket before setting off east again, wondering how many more assassins you will have to face before this nightmare is over. Turn to **45**.

322

The ring fits perfectly on your middle finger. Minutes later it begins to feel very tight on your finger. You try to take it off but are unable to do so. It continues to tighten, causing your finger to turn purple and go completely numb. There was a reason why your attacker was not wearing the ring, and now there is nothing you can do to take it off. The ring is cursed. Lose 1 *SKILL* point, 1 *STAMINA* point and 2 *LUCK* points. You begin your quest for food on the third day feeling annoyed with yourself. Turn to **11**.

323

You hear a loud bang behind you and feel a terrible pain in the back of your leg, which has been peppered by lead shot.

Lose 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, you stagger on with a burning pain in your leg and manage to reach the farmhouse gate before Bobby has time to fire again. You turn around to see the twins sitting on the roof, with Bobby holding his blunderbuss in the air, a wisp of white smoke drifting out of the barrel. They give you the thumbs up and begin laughing so hard that they almost fall off the roof. You decide it best to leave them to it and bandage your leg before heading for Kaad. Turn to **307**.

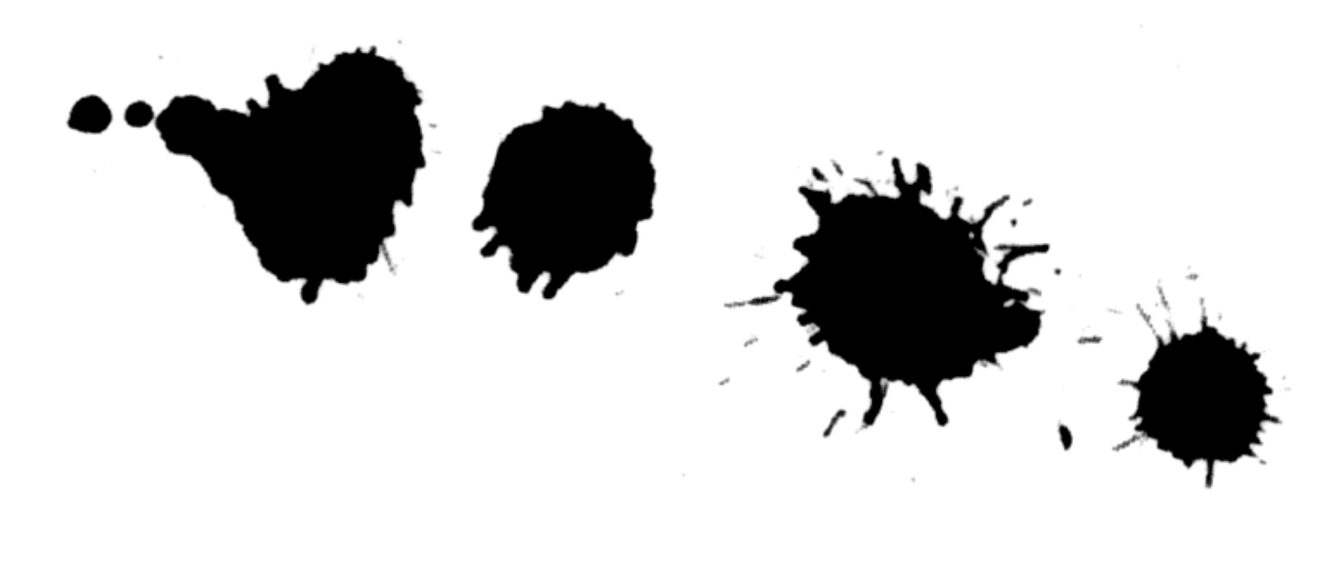

324

You hand over the Elven Boots to the Gnome, who quickly kicks off his old boots and pulls the new ones on. He stands up and runs around in a circle at high speed, clapping his hands with glee. He gives you 10 Gold Pieces and asks you where you are going. You reply that you are heading north. "Well, if you haven't been there before, you should definitely visit Kaad since it's on your way. You won't forget it. Most people who live there are pig-poo crazy, and some of them are as mad as a box of frogs!" You thank the Gnome for his advice and set off again. Turn to **179**.

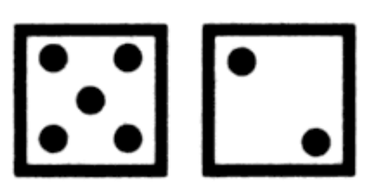

325

The Dragon loses sight of you under the cover of the thick foliage of the trees and starts blasting the ground randomly with balls of fire, hoping to hit you. But it soon tires and flies off east in search of prey elsewhere. With the coast clear, you head west back to your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **217**.

326

You reach down to loosen your attacker's silk neckerchief, and your suspicions are quickly confirmed when you see the silver necklace and scorpion pendant around his neck. You break the chain and place the pendant in your pocket. A search of the assassin's pockets yields 1 Gold Piece and a small bottle of deadly poison which you decide to keep. You leave the gardens and walk left along Fountain Street as far as the junction with Bell Street. There is a large group of people up ahead, some of them armed with clubs and pitchforks, who you suspect might be looking for you. Your time in Kaad has been a battle for survival, and rather than risk getting into any more fights, you turn right into Bell Street and head for the main gates, trying to avoid attention as you hurry along. Bell Street runs into Clock Street, which leads you to the

market square and on down Crown Street and the main gates. There aren't many people about other than a few merchants leaving town after a long day at the market. As you walk out through the gates, a mean-looking man in a hooded black cloak and a bow and quiver of arrows slung over his shoulder rides past you on a black horse. He glances down at you as he passes by and spits on the ground. If you want to ask him for a ride, turn to **303**. If you want to carry on walking, turn to **252**.

327

The general store is a large wooden building set back from the river some twenty metres. It has wide steps leading up to a porch where there are several wooden barrels and two rocking chairs. A glazed wooden door leads into the store itself. You bound up the steps but are stopped in your tracks when you see a "Wanted" poster on the wall by the door with your face drawn on it. If you still want to enter the store, turn to **23**. If you would rather not risk going in, and head east on foot instead, turn to **203**.

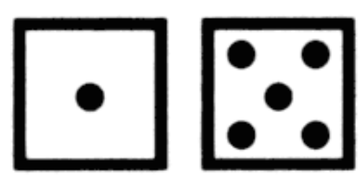

328

You walk east along the edge of the forest, mindful of any creatures lurking in the shadows. An hour later you see the skyline of Kaad only a short distance beyond the forest. Looking south, you see a wide expanse of grasslands which form the westernmost part of the Pagan Plains. Whilst you are surveying the land, you do not notice a large Spider drop down on to your shoulder from the tree you are standing under. Suddenly you feel something on your neck. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **256**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **210**.

329

You slip over the side of the boat and grab hold of the rudder, keeping your head down as low to the water as possible to avoid being seen. The loose sail starts to flap around noisily in the wind. You hear voices coming from the pirate ship with the crew arguing about how the *Blue Moon* came to be drifting at sea with nobody on board. A gruff voice suddenly barks out an order: "Shut up, you dogs! One of you throw out a grappling hook and pull that boat in! We'll tow it to Port Blacksand and sell it." You hear the iron hook land on the boat and catch under the bench seat on the foredeck. Your boat is pulled to the back of the pirate ship, where it is tied on before turning for Port Blacksand. You find yourself being dragged along at speed, and it is all you can do to hang on. If you want to

give yourself up to the pirates, turn to **290**. If you want to climb back on board the *Blue Moon* and hope you are not seen, turn to **385**.

330

The passageway leads into Bell Street, which is lined on both sides with old houses and shops. Looking left, you see that the street ends at a junction. Looking right, you see a crossroads where there are some people standing around talking. If you want to go left up Bell Street, turn to **123**. If you want to walk towards the crossroads, turn to **226**.

331

You sling the coil of rope over your shoulder and walk over to the cupboard at the back of the cave. Turn to **187**.

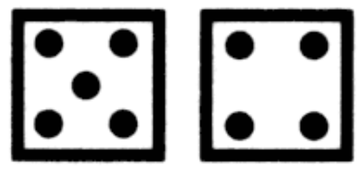

332

You have stepped on an animal trap, but luckily your foot didn't trigger the spring holding the jagged iron jaws apart. You decide to spring the trap with the tip of your sword and render it useless. You continue on your way and eventually come to a rickety old gate on the right which has a large sign nailed to it with the words BOGG FARM – BOG OFF painted on it. A gravel path leads from the gate to an old farmhouse, which sits in the middle of a small field separated from the grassland by a wooden fence. There is a stone post next to the gate with an arrow carved on it pointing towards the town and the words KAAD – 1 MILE underneath. From this distance, Kaad looks like it is a small town. The buildings are few in number and are mostly one or two storeys high except a stone tower in the centre of town. If you want to open the gate and walk up the path to the farmhouse, turn to **70**. If you would rather continue on to Kaad, turn to **307**.

333

You tap the man on the shoulder, which wakes him up with a start. "Whoa!" he says, leaping to his feet. "Thief! Robber! Help! What do you want? I've got nothing worth

stealing. I'm just a poor apple grower," he splutters out, trembling. You calm him down and tell him you just want to buy a Potion of Healing. "Ah, I see. I'm afraid I don't have any healing potions. My so-called healing potion is actually apple juice. And I should say that the apples I put on the table back there weren't poisonous either. I was just trying to think of new ways to make money from my apples. I have so many I don't know what to do with them. It's all I can do to give them away. I now realize the poisoned apple ruse was not such a good idea. But I'm penniless and desperate. I'd be very grateful if you would buy a bottle of my apple juice. It's quite delicious. A Gold Piece would be very generous of you, but a silver coin would do." The man picks up the bottle of apple juice and hands it to you, looking sheepish. You take it from him and gulp down the tasty contents. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to pay him, turn to **151**. If you want to leave the hut and carry on walking east, turn to **277**.

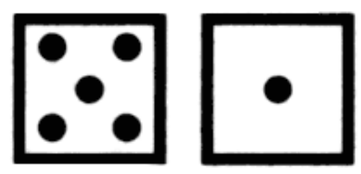

334

The Black Lobster is like most taverns in Port Blacksand, full of pickpockets, crooks, thieves, tricksters, card sharps and charlatans looking to relieve drunken sailors, boat builders and fishermen of their money. When you open the door, your nostrils are assaulted by an unpleasant mix of old ale, stale body odour and cheap perfume. The tavern is buzzing with activity. Behind the wooden bar stands a stern-looking giant of a man wearing a dirty apron over his white vest who goes by the name of Grim. He has large gold earrings in both ears, and his chest and arms are covered in tattoos. The innkeeper eyes you suspiciously as you approach the bar, where you see a "Wanted" poster pinned on the wall behind him. If you want to talk to the innkeeper, turn to **367**. If you would rather talk to the barmaid who is walking towards you laden with mugs of ale, turn to **149**.

335

The old woman nods enthusiastically when you take off your boots and signals her approval by giving you a thumbs up. You wave back at her and walk on barefooted, following the map down Quiet Street to where it ends at a T-junction. You put your boots back on and turn right into Fountain Street to walk to the Public Gardens up ahead on the left. Turn to **268**.

336

The bees continue to sting you as you scramble down the tree. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You run back through the undergrowth as fast as you can until you reach the cliff edge once more. Your face is puffed up with the angry welts caused by the bee stings, blurring your vision. Lose 1 *SKILL* point. The pain is unbearable, but there is no time to lose. You must chance running down the steps to the beach to escape the bees. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **248**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **272**.

337

You find it impossible to breathe as the bony fingers sink deeper into your throat. With your windpipe blocked, your face turns deep red. Try as you might, you are unable to dislodge the skeleton hand from your throat. You soon pass out and never regain consciousness. Your adventure is over.

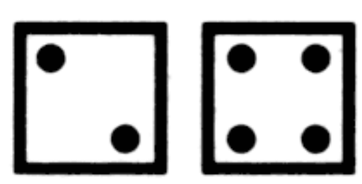

338

The man glares at you, and says, "You're lying. Old Sam never played cards. He didn't know how to. I'm guessing you stole his boat. I've got no time for the likes of you. Be off with you or I'll set my dogs on you." The vicious-looking dogs sense the mood of their owner turning sour and start snarling and barking loudly. Not wishing to get into an unnecessary fight, you set off east on foot at a brisk pace. Turn to **203**.

339

Otto tells you not to worry if you hear any sounds in the night. The creatures outside will not be able to get inside the cabin. After paying Otto, you retire to your room, locking the door behind you. You place a chair against the door handle to make extra sure nobody can enter before finally flopping on top of the bed and falling into a deep sleep. You wake early the next morning and look out of the window to view the scrubland of the Pagan Plain, which stretches out as far as you can see. You go downstairs, where Otto is laying a table for breakfast. He turns to you and says, "Would bread, butter, cheese, jam and a jug of water be to your satisfaction?" You nod in approval and

are soon enjoying a hearty breakfast in preparation for the new day. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. When you are about to leave, Otto asks you where you are headed to. You reply that you are on your way to Fang. "Not another one!" he says jovially. "It's that time of the year, I guess. The best way to go is to follow the trail just north of here, which will take you to the ferryman, who will row you across the River Kok for 1 Gold Piece. I wouldn't risk swimming across if I were you." You thank Otto for his hospitality and set off at a brisk pace. You soon pick up the trail and press on, eager to reach Fang by noon. Turn to **378**.

340

You soon realize that there are just too many of them to fight if you want to live to see another day. You cut two of them down, but another pirate slashes your arm with his cutlass. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You have no choice but to jump over the back of the boat and swim to the *Blue Moon*. Turn to **24**.

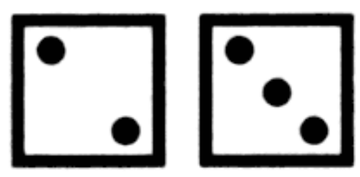

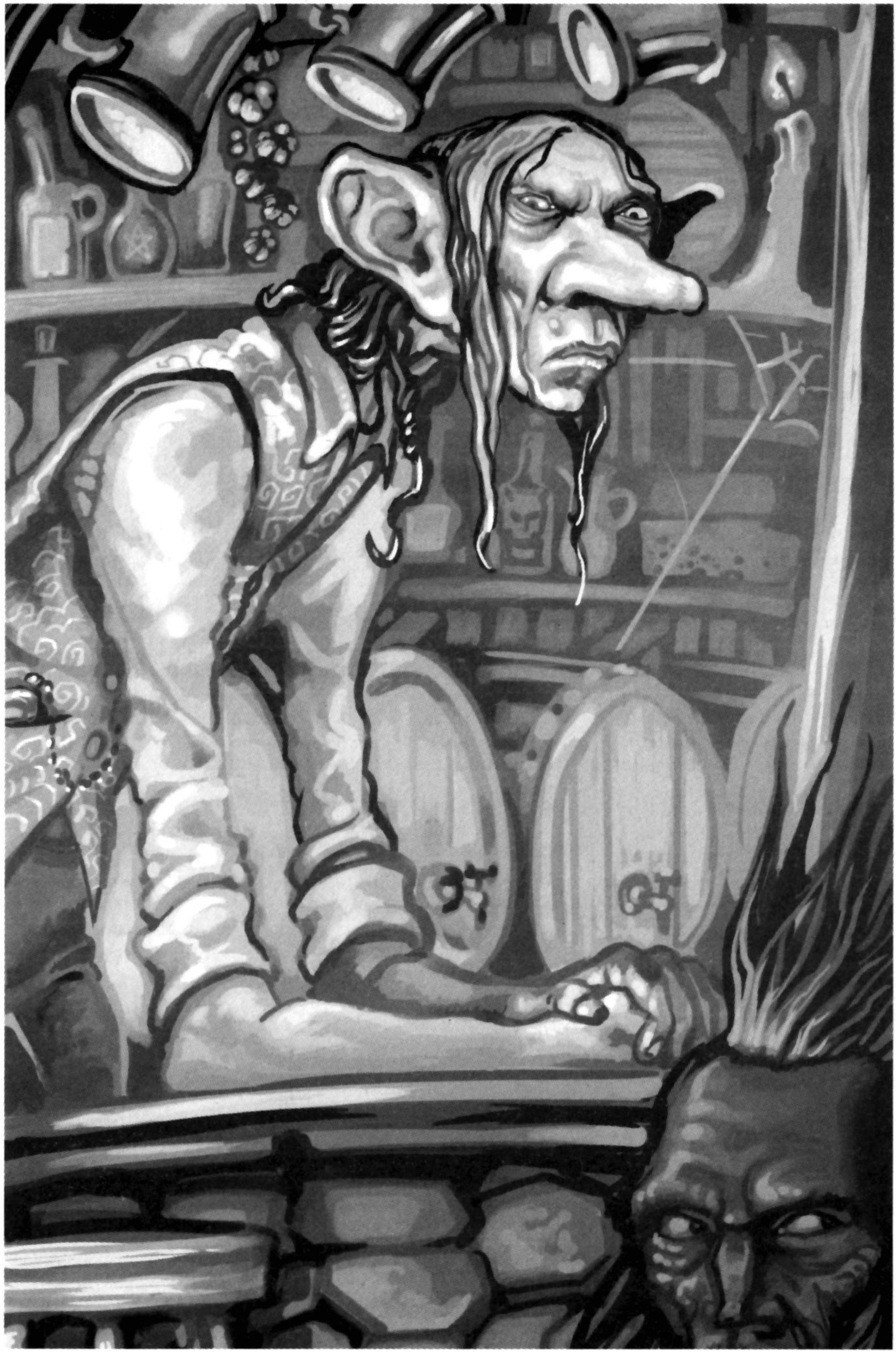

He has a large nose and particularly large ears

You walk through the open door of the tavern, wary of any unexpected surprises. There is a stairwell straight ahead, down which Garanka Vassell came running only moments ago. To your right there is a large bar room with just a solitary customer sitting at a table drinking from a pewter mug. He is a thin man in ragged clothing with wiry hair sticking out in every direction. He looks at you for a moment, and then looks away. Behind the bar stands a very tall man in a brightly patterned waistcoat. He has a large nose and particularly large ears. He places his hands on the bar, leans forward, and says in a stern voice, "I saw what happened out there. It's all very well for you to go killing off an evil assassin, but he was a customer of mine. Who is going to pay me for his room? Somebody owes me 2 Gold Pieces and that somebody is going to have to be you! If you pay Vassell's bill, I'll give you a bit of advice for your trouble." Will you:

Pay 2 Gold Pieces to Tall Tom? Turn to **26**
Leave the tavern and head north? Turn to **133**
Leave the tavern and continue east? Turn to **157**

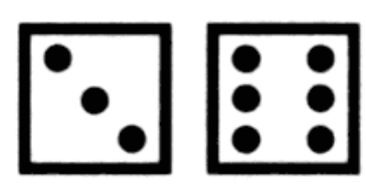

342

Before you are able to untangle yourself from the net, the second Goblin jumps down from the tree to join his accomplice. You feel a blow to the back of your head and slump to the ground unconscious. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. When you wake up sometime later, you discover that all your Gold Pieces have been taken, and the Goblins are nowhere to be seen. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. You pick yourself up and set off east along the path, nursing a pounding headache. Turn to **244**.

343

As soon as you touch the skeleton hand, it flies off the nail and grips you by the throat with its bony fingers squeezing hard on your windpipe, making you gasp for air. The more you try to pull it off, the tighter it grips your throat. Arcane magic from a spell cast long ago gave the Hand of Death its deadly powers. Lose 1 *SKILL* point, 1 LUCK point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **159**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **46**.

344

Your dizziness stops as quickly as it started. The copper headband you are wearing is an ancient Mind Shield artefact which blocks Red Ruth's mental powers. She curses when she sees you recover and draw your sword. Howling with anger, she lunges forward to strike you with her long knife. You must fight the Assassin!

RED RUTH	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **33**.

345

Apart from Blood Sharks circling you at one point, the voyage to the mainland passes without incident. A strong easterly wind ensures a swift passage, and a few hours later the rugged Allansian coastline comes into view. The cliffs are quite high, but you see an estuary directly ahead which you recognize as the entrance to Red River. You don't speak to the pirate during the voyage, and it's only when you get close to land that you tell him that you are going to set him free, even though he does not deserve it. You untie him and tell him to swim to the shore. He protests, but you boot him overboard and sail on. You are soon at the mouth of the river, where you see two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the *Blue Moon* over to the bank and jump out. It feels great to be back on

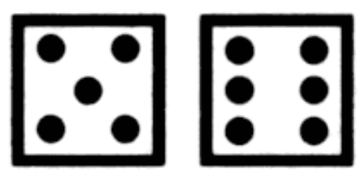

dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur has his best assassins hunting you down, looking to relieve you of your head. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would have been better prepared. Now everybody you meet could be the next assassin for all you know. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him. You walk towards the buildings, which you note are a boatyard and a general store. Thinking you might be able to sell the *Blue Moon*, you decide to visit the boatyard first. Turn to **288**.

346

You slide the ring on to your finger and feel a tingling sensation in your hand. You are wearing a Ring of Fortune. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **218**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **273**.

347

You salute the Baron with gritted teeth and walk over to the entrance of the dungeon to take your place alongside your fellow contestants. Turn to **400**.

348

Grimacing with pain, you pull the arrows from your leg and chest. You grit your teeth and draw your sword, and limp over to fight your attacker, who throws back her

hood to reveal the unmistakable features of a DARK ELF PRIESTESS. Her neck is covered with tattoos of writhing serpents and her long ice-white hair is tied up high on her head. She is wearing studded leather armour with iron-plated shoulder pads. Staring at you with cold, amethyst-blue eyes, she draws her long sword slowly from its scabbard, a shimmering blade made of the finest Salamonian steel enveloped in a swirling mist of vivid colours. Swinging it skilfully above her head, the Dark Elf advances towards you, meeting your sword with a clash of steel, her chilling war cry sending a shiver down your spine.

DARK ELF PRIESTESS	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **61**.

349

Bobby slaps his thigh and says, "Ka-boom! I think we've struck gold, brother Billy! That assassin said he would pay us 10 Gold Pieces if we caught the villain he was looking for. Go out to the back yard and ring the brass bell three times like he told you to." Bobby pulls the trapdoor back up and bolts it shut, and you find yourself in total darkness again. You hear the shrill sound of a bell ring out three times. All you can do is draw your sword and wait to see what happens. Some fifteen minutes later the trapdoor

drops down and you see three people looking down at you – the Bogg brothers and a long-haired BARBARIAN who is wearing a fur cloak over leather armour and brandishing two double-edged axes made of polished steel. "You did well, boys," the Barbarian says in a deep voice.

"When are you going to pay us?" asks Billy.

"I'm not going to pay you! The bounty will be mine. Dax the Axe shares his spoils with no one."

"Well, that's not fair," Billy says angrily. "And we don't take kindly to people who are mean to us."

Bobby suddenly produces a blunderbuss from out of the rubbish pile and points it at the assassin. "You've got five seconds to jump into the cellar or I'll let you have it, and I promise you things get a bit messy at this range. One . . . two . . . three. . ." The Barbarian sneers and leaps down into the cellar, landing perfectly on his feet. He roars in anger and swings his axes at you.

DAX THE AXE	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **103**.

350

You flinch on seeing a puff of white smoke shoot out of the barrel of the pistol. At such short range, the captain cannot miss. The lead ball hits you in the midriff, with the force knocking you over. Lose 1 *SKILL* point. Roll two dice and

reduce your *STAMINA* by the total. If you are still alive, turn to **81**.

351

You pay the storekeeper 5 Gold Pieces, pull on the new boots, and pack away your old boots. You walk outside and run a short distance and are amazed how fast you can run. You go back inside the store, where the storekeeper is waiting for you with a smile on his face. "Believe me now, do you? Before you march off in your new boots, you might like to buy some food. You look like you are very hungry. I make the best bread in the land, and stock the best cheese and tomatoes you have ever tasted. I'll sell you a fresh loaf, a big chunk of cheese and some ripe tomatoes for just 1 Gold Piece. If you need something special to put the food in, I'll also sell you a wizard's backpack for a bargain price of 4 Gold Pieces. It's a rare Bag of Everything. No matter what you put in it, it will always feel as light as a feather." Will you:

Buy the food for 1 Gold Piece?	Turn to **105**
Buy the food and the backpack for 5 Gold Pieces?	Turn to **364**
Decline his offer?	Turn to **215**

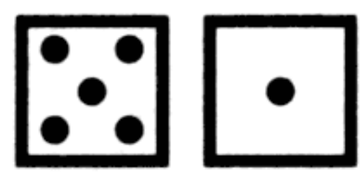

352

You manage to slay one of the Guards but are overwhelmed by the sheer weight of numbers of the crowd. The blow from a wooden club to your head sends you crashing to the floor. You are lying sprawled out in the rubbish, dazed and confused. Two of the Guards grab your arms and the other one takes your sword. Your feet are shackled, and you are dragged away to the cheers of the crowd. It's not long before you find yourself chained to a wall of a dark dungeon cell, awaiting the arrival of the Earl of Kaad, who, you are told, will decide whether or not to hand you over to Lord Azzur. When he finally arrives, you can tell from the stern faces of Guards behind him that it is not good news. Your worst fears are confirmed when the Earl tells you solemnly that you will be taken in chains to Executioner's Square in Port Blacksand. Your adventure is over.

353

You break off another piece of honeycomb, but before you are able to eat the honey, you are engulfed by a swarm of angry bees. They begin stinging you all over, and painful red welts form on your skin. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. If you want to try and fight them off, turn to **108**. If you would rather climb down the tree and run back to the beach to dive into the sea, turn to **336**.

354

When you come to, the market square is virtually deserted, and the old man is nowhere to be seen. You are annoyed at yourself for rashly attacking the Monk and you are even more annoyed when you discover that all your Gold Pieces have been taken. Lose 2 *LUCK* points. You pick yourself up and hobble across the market square to Clock Street. Turn to **140**.

355

You glance at the titles of the books on the shelves. They are all books on magic with intriguing titles like *The Secrets of Sorcerers* and *The Grimoire of Magic Missiles*, but the one that really catches your eye is a small, red leather-bound ancient tome held shut by a brass clasp. The book is entitled *The End of Time*, which is printed in large gold-leaf lettering on the cover. If you want to open the book, turn to **12**. If you want to walk up the stairs and go back outside, turn to **305**.

356

You feel a draught of cool air on your face caused by the door opening and quickly closing again. You hear a floorboard creak, which confirms somebody has entered the hut. If you want to call out to whoever it might be, turn to **281**. If you want to toss a coin on the floor to distract the intruder, turn to **100**.

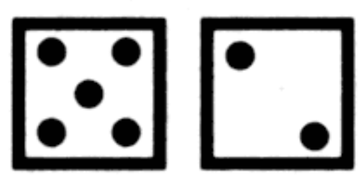

357

Silence descends over the crowd. Azzur plays to the audience, rubbing his chin as though appearing to be deep in thought. "That's a good number," he says coldly. "But it's not good enough!" Turn to **25**.

358

You soon arrive at an old wooden hut, where you see a barrel on the porch with a note pinned to it which says POISON APPLE ALERT! HEALING POTIONS FOR SALE HERE. If you have recently eaten an apple and want to go in the hut, turn to **176**. If you want to carry on walking east, turn to **277**.

359

The Decayer spits at you as you run past it. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **17**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **131**.

360

The noise of your boots on the cobblestones is the only sound in the street. Everybody nearby turns to look at you, some of them pointing at your boots and putting their index fingers to their lips, gesturing for you to be quiet. Two high wooden gates up ahead on the right suddenly burst open, and a bare-chested GIANT storms out on to the street with a wooden club in his hand, his

face contorted with rage. He is wearing a pair of ragged brown trousers tied at the waist with thick rope. Roaring with anger, he scans the street, looking for the person who disturbed his peace. He looks down, catches sight of your boots and raises his club in the air. You must battle the GIANT and ask questions later.

GIANT	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **178**.

361

Your hopes of sailing away from danger are quickly dashed when a gigantic tentacle rises out of the sea, no more than twenty metres in front of you. Another tentacle rises out of the sea, then another, and another, until there are eight of them towering above you. Your boat is about to be attacked by a KRAKEN, a giant sea monster which has a colossal squid-like body, two huge eyes and a beaked mouth. You hear booming explosions from the pirate ship's cannon as two cannonballs whistle overhead towards the Kraken, one of them taking a big chunk out of one of its tentacles. The monster thrashes around in the sea and wraps one of its giant tentacles around the *Blue Moon*'s mast. It pulls the boat over and drags it down to the depths of the ocean with you on board. Your adventure is over.

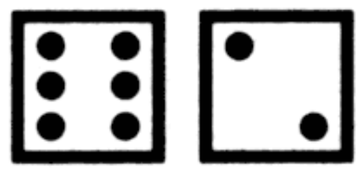

A fearless and fanatical fighter armed with throwing spears

362

You ask the woman where she is going, and she replies that she's on her way to the general store to sell some arrows. She explains that she is a fletcher "by name and by profession". She claims to make the finest arrows in the land, saying, "Ask any bowman around here. They will all tell you that Frances Fletcher's arrows fly long and true. Would you like to buy some and save me the walk to the general store? They are only 2 Gold Pieces for six." If you want to buy six arrows, turn to **250**. If you would rather politely refuse her offer and carry on walking east, turn to **279**.

363

There is a gap up ahead in the tall grass on the right where a path joins the path you are on. A cloud of dust rises into the air from somebody or something running towards you along the path from the east. You reach the junction and see a tall, barefooted warrior woman sprinting towards you. She has striking silver markings covering much of her bronzed skin and her hair is close-cropped and dyed scarlet-red. She is a ZENGIAN ULTRA, a fearless and fanatical fighter armed with throwing spears. She lets out a shrill war cry and throws her spear at you. If you have a shield, turn to **2**. If you don't have a shield, turn to **169**.

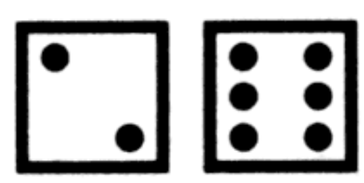

364

After you pay him 5 Gold Pieces, the storekeeper hands you the food, which will add 4 *STAMINA* points when eaten. You put all your possessions into the Bag of Everything and marvel at how light it is. Combat will be easier from now on. Add 1 *SKILL* point. You thank the storekeeper and decide what to do next. If you want to ask him if he has heard of Garanka Vassell, turn to **229**. If you want to leave the store and head east on foot, turn to **203**.

365

There is a pile of stones in a dark recess in the cave wall. You remove the top layer and uncover a wooden chest with ornate brass hinges. You pick up the chest and carry it over to the mouth of the cave to examine it in the daylight. The lid is inlaid with a skull-and-crossbones motif made of mother-of-pearl. The chest does not appear to be locked. If you want to open the chest, turn to **56**. If you would rather scour the beach, turn to **231**.

366

"Nobody defies an order in the court of Sukumvit of Fang!" the Baron shouts out angrily. He snaps his fingers and his elite Guards rush forward to rain blow after blow down on you with their iron maces, clubbing you to the ground. Your hands are shackled behind your back, and you are made to stand bleeding and battered in front of

the baying crowd to await your fate. Lord Azzur stares at you contemptuously, his head nodding slightly with satisfaction. The Baron turns to his guest and says, "My sincere apologies for this outrage, my dear Lord Azzur. As punishment, might I suggest we put this criminal in the iron gibbet hanging from the gallows in the town square and let the hungry crows do the rest?" Lord Azzur gives his approval with a simple gesture of the hand. You are dragged from the podium and you see Throm staring at you with a look of puzzlement on his face. What will become of him you will never know, but for you the gallows await. Your adventure is over.

367

You sit down on a bar stool and place your knife on the bar where everybody can see it. The innkeeper sidles up to you and says in a gruff, matter-of-fact voice, "Swords and knives are not allowed to be unsheathed in the Lobster. Hand it over." If you want to do as he says, turn to **84**. If you want to refuse to hand over your knife, turn to **253**.

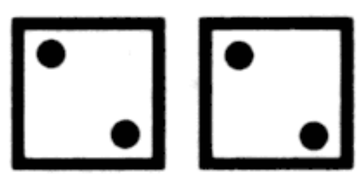

368

You poke your head out from behind the tree and call out to the assassin. He replies by firing his crossbow, but the bolt thuds into the trunk of the tree. You hear him curse before disappearing from view. Moments later a heavily built man storms out of the tavern, screaming at the top of his voice, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. The deadly assassin is wearing a chain mail vest and you must fight him. Turn to **53**.

369

You hear a rustling sound in the long grass to your right. If you want to investigate, turn to **228**. If you would rather keep heading towards town, turn to **189**.

370

You climb carefully up the tree to where the hive is hanging from a branch. You hear a faint buzzing sound, but you are fairly certain there can only be a few bees inside the hive. You poke the tip of your sword inside and break off a piece of honeycomb. You reach into the hive and pull out the honeycomb, which is dripping with thick golden honey. Slavering in anticipation, you cram a chunk of the honeycomb into your mouth, sucking out the deliciously sweet nectar and feeling instantly energized. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. You are about to break off

another piece of honeycomb when you hear the ominous buzzing sound of the swarm of bees returning to the hive. If you want to reach for the honeycomb, turn to **353**. If you would rather climb quickly down the tree and run back to your hut, turn to **147**.

371

The blacksmith's bushy eyebrows rise up when you tell him about your recent encounters with Lord Azzur's assassins. "That is terrible!" he says with genuine concern. "Azzur was in Kaad yesterday, spreading lies and buying favours. A plague be on him. I put new shoes on his carriage horse and he didn't bother paying me before leaving town. I'm not sure if it has anything to do with you, but he had two people with him who he dropped off. One was a woman in a red hooded cloak. Her icy stare made me feel quite uncomfortable. Ruth was her name. Red Ruth. The other was a short, stocky man with narrow eyes who looked like he was from the East, maybe Kay-Pong. I remember he was carrying a black stick and had a strange name. I think Azzur called him Tunku Yang." You thank the blacksmith for the information and go back outside to walk down the side passage. Turn to **330**.

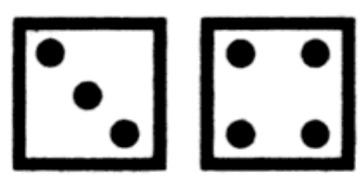

372

You stand up and tell Sidd that you are not going to pay him. "That's not very nice of you," he says with a hurt expression on his face. "You might live to regret that decision. Or you might not live long enough to regret it!" Sidd turns his back on you and stares out of the window. A black cat suddenly jumps on to the bar and stares at you and hisses. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. Tall Tom has a face like thunder, and points at the door and tells you to leave. You walk outside and think about which way to go. If you want to head north, turn to **133**. If you want to continue east, turn to **157**.

373

The lightning strikes the sea a short distance away, but it is too close for comfort for Captain Crow. "I'm turning the boat around whether you like it or not," he screams at you into the wind. "We're going back to Snake Island!" He pulls on the tiller with all his might, forcing the mainsail to swing across the deck as the boat goes about, shuddering noisily when the ropes twang taut in their cleats. Battling against the giant waves, the captain looks relieved to be heading back, but it is another hour before you make landfall, just as the wind dies down. The captain looks at you and says sternly, "I don't care what you say, we're staying on the island tonight!" You nod in agreement and praise the captain for getting you back to the island safely, and suggest you make a fire to get warm. Turn to **302**.

374

The man stumbles when firing his crossbow and a small arrow thumps into the wall behind you. Realizing there is no time for him to reload his crossbow, he draws a sabre from his belt and lunges at you, shouting, "I, Blackthorn of Chalice, will see your head delivered to Lord Azzur." You must fight him.

BLACKTHORN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **109**.

375

The boat man pulls out a small leather purse from his clothing and counts out 20 Gold Pieces into your hand. "That's a fair price for a fair boat," he says, smiling. He shakes your hand, bids you farewell, and walks back into his yard, whistling happily with his dogs following faithfully behind. If you now want to go in the general store, turn to **327**. If you would rather head east on foot, turn to **203**.

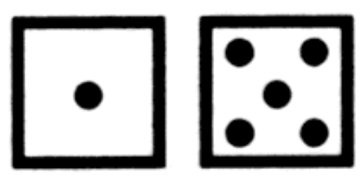

376

Your backpack is weighing you down and the Orcs are closing in fast. If you want to drop your backpack, turn to **83**. If you want to keep on running with it on, turn to **8**.

377

You shake the silver box and hear something rattle inside. You open it up and find two small sparkling diamonds. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You close the lid and put the box in your pocket. There are also two small corked bottles in the chest. One is a clear glass bottle containing red ink. The other is a brown bottle with a label on it with the words "Worm Paste" handwritten in faded red ink. You must decide whether or not to keep the bottles. If you have not done so already, you can either open the leather purse (turn to **319**) or scour the beach in the hope of finding something useful (turn to **231**).

378

Your walk along the trail is uneventful and you reach the banks of the River Kok by late morning. The river is wide and fast-running. Looking north, you see the town of Fang set against the stunning backdrop of the snow-capped Icefinger Mountains in the distance. Just to your right, there is a small wooden hut close to a wooden jetty which has a rowing boat tied to it. There is somebody lying in the boat who appears to be asleep. If you want to ring the brass

bell on the pier to wake the sleeping man, turn to **39**. If you want to look inside the hut, turn to **297**.

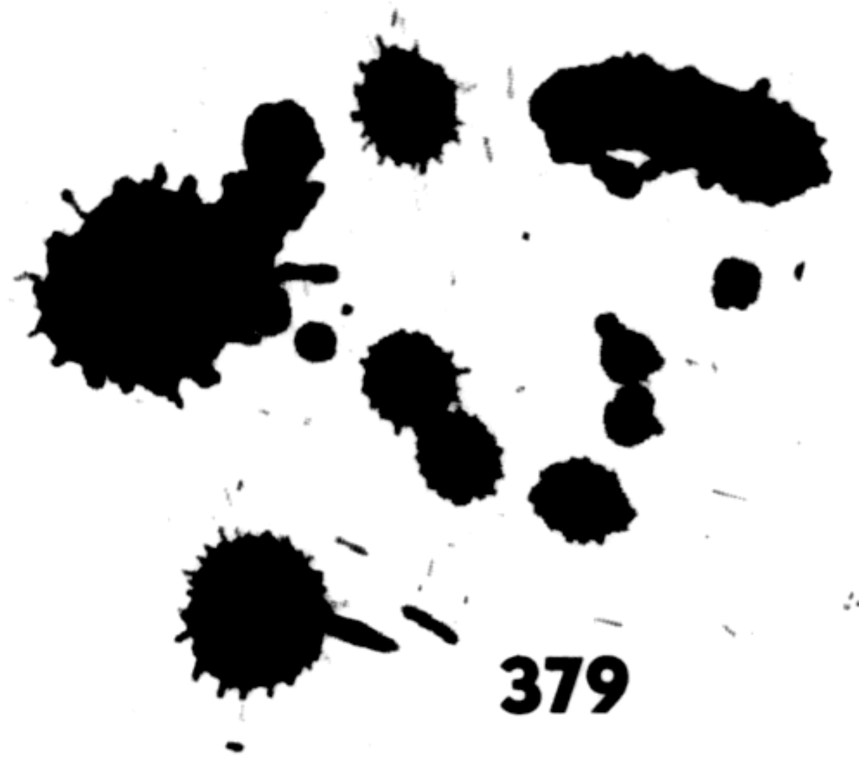

379

The pain gradually increases, building in intensity until it is unbearable. Your heart pounds inside your chest, beating faster and faster until you think it is about to explode. You scream in agony before blacking out, and never regain consciousness. Your adventure is over.

380

The man looks at you intensely, as though trying to remember where he's seen you before. He frowns and purses his lips in thought, and says, "I might be interested, it depends. You better show me the boat." You lead the man to the *Blue Moon*. He jumps on board and inspects it briefly for seaworthiness. "She's a fine boat, no doubt about it, but the last time I saw the *Blue Moon*, she belonged to Samuel Crow. I can't imagine old Sam would ever sell her. How come you claim to be the owner?" If you want to reply that Captain Crow died on Snake Island, turn to **136**. If you want to reply that you won the boat from the captain playing cards, turn to **338**.

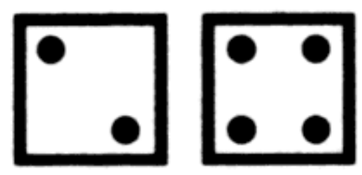

Billy stares down at you and says, "We don't like what we are hearing, stranger. If you can't do right by us, we can't do right by you. So, we are going to let you play Beat-the-Buss. These are the rules, so listen carefully. Brother Bobby and I are going to climb on to the roof. I should tell you he's got a blunderbuss. That's where the buss in Beat-the-Buss comes from, as in blunderbuss, if you're getting me? I'm going to throw you a rope and count to twenty before brother Bobby starts shooting. All you have to do is climb out and hightail it for the wooden gate without being shot full of lead. Are you understanding me? Don't try any funny business or brother Bobby will shoot you right here and now." The brothers disappear and seconds later a thick length of rope drops down into the cellar. You catch hold of it and give it a tug. Satisfied it will bear your weight, you haul yourself out of the cellar. There is a ladder leading up to a skylight in the roof, through which you hear a voice counting, "Twelve . . . thirteen . . . fourteen. . ." and realize you must run for your life. You bolt for the door and run out of the farmhouse and down the path as fast as you can. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **90**. If you are not wearing Elven Boots, turn to **323**.

382

Half an hour later, you finally get a tug on your fishing line. *Test Your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **278**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **142**.

383

The man puts his hands together and says, "It's about time! I thought you were never going to arrive. Please come in. My cellar is infested with rats. I think they are getting in through a broken drain. The cellar is at the bottom of the stairs, which are through the door at the back of the room over there." You walk over to the door and go down a stone staircase to another door at the bottom. You listen at the door and hear lots of scratching and squeaking sounds coming from the other side. You open the door to a storeroom where you see hundreds of rats crawling all over the shelves, sacks, boxes and barrels in the room. If you have a flute, turn to **280**. If you do not have a flute, turn to **219**.

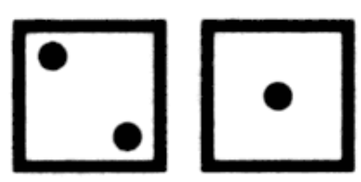

384

You hand over your boots to the Gnome, who hurriedly kicks off his old boots and pulls the new ones on. He stands up and runs around in a circle, clapping his hands with glee. He gives you 1 Gold Piece and asks you where you are going. You reply that you are heading north on a mission. "Well, if you haven't been there before, you should definitely visit Kaad since you are heading that way. You won't forget it. The people who live there are pig-poo crazy!" You thank the Gnome for his advice and set off again. Turn to **179**.

385

You climb over the side of the boat and lie down in the bottom. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **209**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **134**.

386

Balthazar's eyes light up at the mention of the box. He clasps his hands together and says, "What wonderful news! The box was stolen from here yesterday and I thought I was never going to see it again. Please come in." You follow Balthazar into a large stone-walled room which has a door in the far wall. You take the wooden box out of your backpack and place it on the table in the centre of the room. "I'm going to open the box, so please stand back. There is a secret spring-loaded dart in the catch which I'm

going to disable. There, it's done," Balthazar says with a relieved expression on his face. He empties the contents of the box on to the table, which amount to 10 Gold Pieces, two long brass clock hands and a gold signet ring with a question mark engraved on it. "The new clock hands are safe! What a relief. I cannot thank you enough. Please accept 5 Gold Pieces as a reward," he says cheerfully. You accept the Gold Pieces and watch Balthazar start to polish the clock hands feverishly. If you want to ask if he has seen Lord Azzur in town, turn to **167**. If you would rather bid him farewell and turn right up Clock Street, turn to **89**.

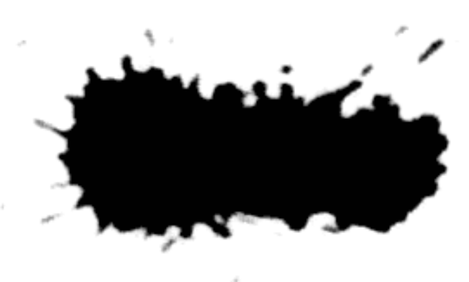

387

You are exhausted after the long sword fight and take a moment to get your breath back. You empty Vassell's pockets and find 3 Gold Pieces. When you pull down his tunic collar, you see the now familiar scorpion assassin pendant hanging on a chain around his neck. You snap the chain and put the pendant in your pocket. Will you now:

Try on his chain mail vest?	Turn to **246**
Go in the tavern?	Turn to **341**
Head north along a new path?	Turn to **133**
Continue your journey east?	Turn to **157**

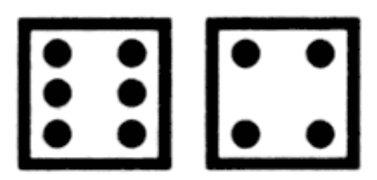

The beggar continues to rattle his tin mug

388

You land on a patch of soft sand and injure yourself, suffering a twisted ankle and a cracked rib. Lose 2 *SKILL* points and 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **392**.

389

With his head bowed, the beggar continues to rattle his tin mug. As soon as you put your hand in your pocket to find a coin, he drops his mug and throws off his blanket to reveal a sword held in the hand you thought was missing! With steely-cold eyes and a sinister smile, he lunges forward with his sword and stabs you in the leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Your attacker is an ELITE SWORDSMAN who lunges forward to strike you again.

ELITE SWORDSMAN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **190**.

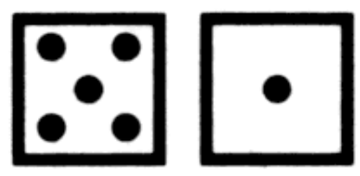

390

As the carriage passes by, the woman looks down at you from her bench seat and says in a cold voice, "I know who you are." But before you can say anything, the driver cracks his whip and urges his horse into a trot and the carriage disappears in a cloud of dust. Wondering who the woman might be, you walk through the main gates and mingle with the townsfolk, who are busily going about their various tasks. Nobody pays you much attention and you walk down Crown Street, which is lined on both sides with small shops and old wood and plaster houses with tiled roofs. The street leads you to a market square, where the traders are packing up their stalls for the day. You see a portly man in long brown robes walking towards you carrying a large sack over his shoulder. If you want to talk to him, turn to **19**. If you would rather ignore him and walk across the market square to Clock Street, turn to **140**.

391

As you run for the cover of the trees and undergrowth, the giant Dragon swoops down to blast you with its fiery breath. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **236**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **172**.

392

You look up to see the Flesh-Head peering down over

the cliff edge, snarling aggressively. You stand up in considerable pain, and limp slowly over to the mouth of the cave. Turn to **201**.

393

You don't speak to the pirate during the voyage, and it's only when the old buildings of Port Blacksand finally come into view that you tell him that you are going to set him free, even though he does not deserve it. You untie him and tell him to swim to the shore. He protests, but you boot him overboard and sail on. It's not long before you are moored up alongside the harbour wall of the old port, notorious for the pirates, cutthroats and thieves who live there. Two rough-looking men with missing teeth and stubbly beards are standing on the quayside, watching you closely, and start whispering to each other. It's only a few days since you were last here, but now you can't afford to trust anybody. If you want to ask them if they know somebody who might want to buy your boat, turn to **48**. If you want to walk quickly past them and enter the Black Lobster Tavern at the end of the quay, turn to **334**.

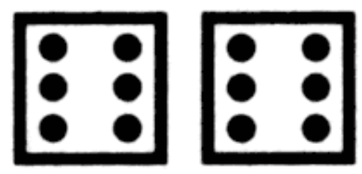

394

You shout out the magic spell just in time as the band of bloodthirsty Orcs descends upon you, screaming loudly as though possessed by demons. You disappear from view and manage to escape from the Orcs, who are now even more angry and start fighting between themselves. You run northwards to get as far away as possible from the Orcs before the invisibility spell wears off. A minute later your limbs and torso become visible again. You look back and are relieved to see that the Orc hunting party is still embroiled in a mass brawl. Just when you think you're clear of them, a long blast on a hunting horn signals that you have been spotted by one of their scouts. The Orcs stop fighting and chase after you, screaming for your blood. All you can do is run! If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **241**. If you are wearing ordinary leather boots, turn to **18**.

395

You have picked up a cursed stone carving known as the Evil Eye. Lose 3 *LUCK* points. Unaware that you have found an unlucky artefact, you place it in your backpack and carry on your search for food. Turn to **213**.

396

As you approach the crossroads with Bell Street and Clock Street, you notice that some of the people are armed

with clubs and pitchforks. You suspect they are probably looking for you. Pretending to scratch your hair, you raise an arm to hide your face and turn right into Clock Street, hoping not to be recognized. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **207**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **284**.

397

Try as you might, you are unable to open the jaws of the animal trap. Your ankle goes numb, and you feel a throbbing pain in your lower leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. As the day wears on you begin to wonder how long you will have to wait before the trapper returns to examine his trap. You decide to start calling out in the hope of attracting help. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **128**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **205**.

398

You have no idea how long you have been in a semi-coma, but you eventually cool down and wake up. You feel incredibly weak, and have trouble standing up. You stretch out your arms and see that your hands are trembling. Lose 1 *SKILL* point. You are about to set off again when you notice an iron bracelet lying in the earth near the entrance of the den. If you want to try on the bracelet, turn to **40**. If you would rather leave it where it is and head back to your hut on the other side of the island, turn to **217**.

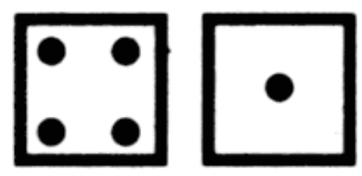

399

You watch the arrow fly towards the open window, but it strikes the frame, missing its target. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. Before you have time to fire another arrow, the tavern door bursts open. A heavily built man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern, screaming at the top of his voice, and charges at you like a raging bull swinging a two-handed sword above his head. You draw your sword and ready yourself to fight the deadly assassin, Garanka Vassell. Turn to **53**.

400

Baron Sukumvit raises his arm aloft for the trumpets to sound the start of this year's Trial of Champions. The crowd cheers loudly, and one by one the contestants salute the Baron and disappear inside the dungeon. You see Throm enter third, and when your turn comes, you are greeted by a wall of noise from the excited crowd. You salute them briefly and draw your sword before stepping through the ornate stone-pillared entrance to the dark dungeon. You curse Lord Azzur's name under your breath and promise yourself that one day you will see him dead. For now, the toughest challenge of your life awaits you as you step into the unknown to face Baron Sukumvit's deadly traps and gruesome monsters.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF ASSASSINS OF ALLANSIA

YOU have been preparing for your quest by practising your swordplay and building up your strength and stamina. You have a sword and a backpack containing Provisions (food and drink) to sustain you through your adventure. Before setting of on your adventure, you must first roll dice to record your *SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores on your *Adventure Sheet* on pages 248 or 250, which you should also use to keep a record of the items you find on your adventure. Use the *Monster Encounter Sheet* to record combat with monsters. Write your scores in pencil or make photocopies of the blank *Adventure Sheet* to use in future adventures.

SKILL, STAMINA AND LUCK

To determine your *Initial SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores:

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *SKILL* box on the *Adventure Sheet.*

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the *STAMINA* box.

Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *LUCK* box.

SKILL reflects your swordsmanship and fighting expertise; the higher the better. *STAMINA* represents your strength; the higher your *STAMINA*, the longer you will survive. *LUCK* represents how lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

SKILL, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores change constantly during an adventure, so keep an eraser handy. You must keep an accurate record of these scores. But never rub out your *initial scores.* Although you may receive additional *SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* points, these totals may never exceed your *initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when instructed on a particular page.

BATTLES

When you are told to fight a creature, you must resolve the battle as described below. First record the creature's *SKILL* and *STAMINA* SCORES (as given on the page) in an empty *Monster Encounter Box* on your *Adventure Sheet.* The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice for the creature. Add its *SKILL* score.

This total is the **creature's** *Attack Strength.*

2. Roll the two dice for yourself. Add your current *SKILL*. This total is **your** *Attack Strength.*
3. Whose *Attack Strength* is higher? If your *Attack Strength* is higher, you have wounded the creature. If the creature's *Attack Strength* is higher, it has wounded you. (If both are the same, you have both missed – start the next *Attack Round* from step 1 above.)
4. If you wounded the creature, subtract 2 points from the **creature's** *STAMINA* score. You may use *LUCK* here to do additional damage (see "Using Luck in Battles" below).
5. If the creature wounded you, subtract 2 points from **your** *STAMINA* score. You may use *LUCK* to minimize the damage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate changes to either the creature's or your own *STAMINA* scores (and your *LUCK* score if you used LUCK) and begin the next *Attack Round* (repeat steps 1–6)
7. This continues until the *STAMINA* score of either you or creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

LUCK

Sometimes you will be told to *Test Your Luck*. As you will discover, using *LUCK* is a risky business. The way you *Test Your Luck* is as follows:

Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current *LUCK* score, you have been *Lucky*. If the number rolled is higher than your current *LUCK* score, you have been *Unlucky*. The consequences of being *Lucky* or *Unlucky* will be found in the paragraph you are sent to. Each time you *Test Your Luck,* you must subtract one point from your current *LUCK* score. So, the more you rely on luck, the riskier this becomes.

Using Luck in Battles

In battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to score a more serious wound on a creature, or to minimize the effects of a wound on the creature has just scored on you.

If you have just wounded the creature: you may *Test Your Luck* as described below. If you are *Lucky,* subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's *STAMINA* score (i.e., 4 instead of 2 normally). But if you are *Unlucky,* you must restore 1 point to the creature's *STAMINA* (so instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now only scored 1).

If you have just been wounded by the creature: you may *Test Your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *Lucky*, restore 1 point of your *STAMINA* (i.e., instead

of doing 2 points of damage, it has done only 1). If you are *Unlucky*, subtract 1 extra *STAMINA* point.

Don't forget to subtract 1 point from your *LUCK* score each time you *Test Your Luck*.

RESTORING SKILL, STAMINA AND LUCK

Skill

Occasionally, a page may give instructions to alter your *SKILL* score. A Magic Weapon may increase your *SKILL*, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 *SKILL* bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your *SKILL* score can never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your *SKILL* to its initial level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your *STAMINA* score will change a lot during the adventure. As you near your goal, your *STAMINA* level may become dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

You start the game with enough Provisions for ten meals

(see "Equipment and Potions" below). A separate *Provisions Remaining* box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. You may eat only *one* meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your *STAMINA* score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Don't forget that your *STAMINA* score may never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your *STAMINA* to its *initial* level at any time.

Luck

You will find additions to your *LUCK* score awarded when you have been particularly *Lucky*. Remember that, as with *SKILL* and *STAMINA*, your *LUCK* score may never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your *LUCK* to its *initial* level at any time and increase your *initial LUCK* by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You begin your adventure with a sword and a backpack containing Provisions (food and drink). You will find gold, treasure, weapons, armour and artefacts on your

adventure. But not all items will help you on your quest. Some might even harm you!

You may also take a magic potion which will aid you on your quest. Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e., it can only be used *once* during an adventure. Choose ONE of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores *SKILL* points

A Potion of Strength – restores *STAMINA* points

A Potion of Fortune – restores *LUCK* points and adds 1 to *Initial LUCK*

These potions may be taken at any time during the adventure. Taking a measure of potion will restore *SKILL*, *STAMINA* or *LUCK* scores to their *Initial* level. The Potion of Fortune will increase your *Initial LUCK* score by 1 point and restore *LUCK* to this new *Initial* level.

HINTS ON PLAY

There is only one true way through **Assassins of Allansia** and it will probably take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map

will be useful in future adventures and help you identify unexplored areas.

Not all locations contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures. There are many "wild-goose chase" passages, and while you may progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will win.

The "one true way" involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak their initial dice rolls might be, should be able to get through.

Good LUCK on your adventure – you'll need it!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK

BACKPACK ITEMS:	POCKET ITEMS:	GOLD PIECES:

PENDANTS:	WEAPONS:

PROVISIONS:	ARMOUR:

ENEMY ENCOUNTER SHEET

SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
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SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK

BACKPACK ITEMS:	POCKET ITEMS:	GOLD PIECES:

PENDANTS:	WEAPONS:

PROVISIONS:	ARMOUR:

ENEMY ENCOUNTER SHEET

SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
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SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐

YOU ARE THE HERO

FIGHTING FANTASY

DEATHTRAP DUNGEON

IAN LIVINGSTONE

Devised by the devilish mind of Baron Sukumvit, the labyrinth of Fang plays host to the Trial of Champions – a challenge that no adventurer ever survived. You'll have to pit your wits against some fiendish foes if you have any hope of seeing daylight again...

YOU ARE THE HERO

FIGHTING FANTASY

THE FOREST OF DOOM

IAN LIVINGSTONE

A war is raging and your help is needed to vanquish the evil trolls. To save the dwarfs, you must find the grand wizard Yaztromo and track down the pieces of a legendary war hammer lost in the depths of Darkwood Forest, where gruesome monsters lurk...

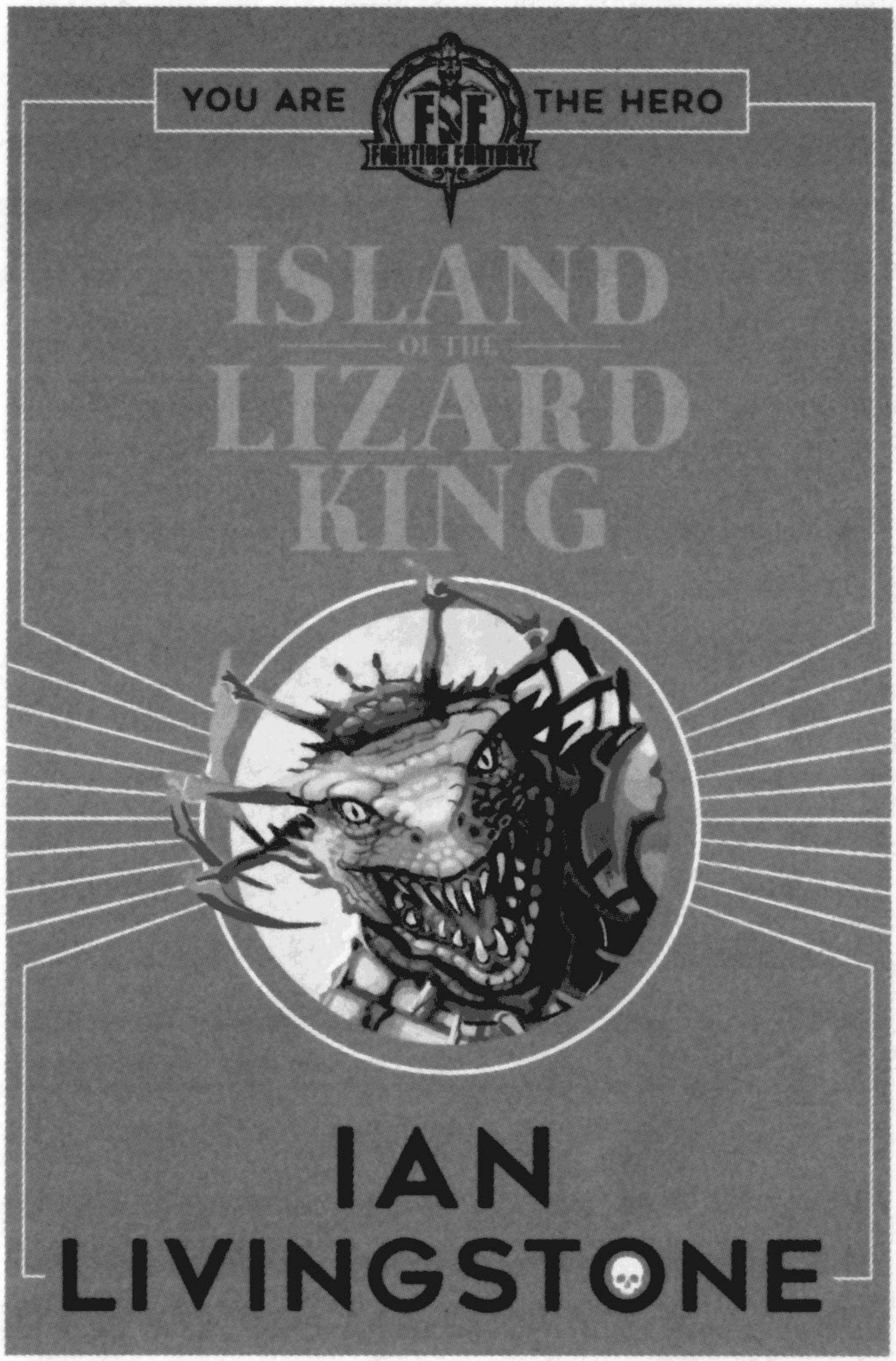

You, the hero, are tasked with confronting the terrifying Lizard King and freeing the human slaves captured by his bloodthirsty army. You must discover the chink in his armour if you have any hope of defeating him...

YOU ARE THE HERO

FIGHTING FANTASY

COLLECT THEM ALL, BRAVE ADVENTURER!

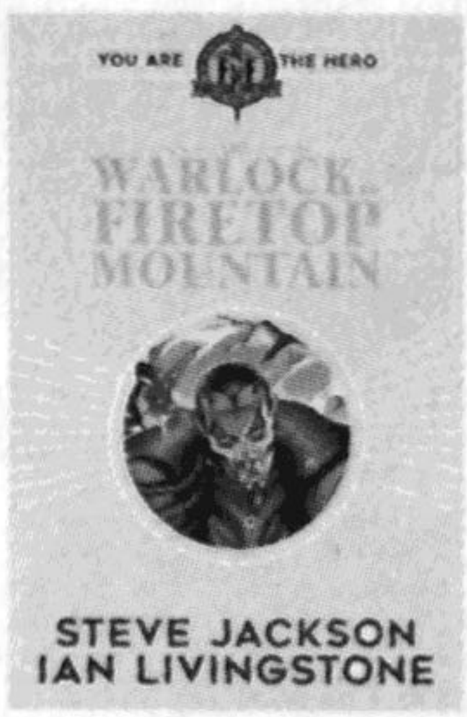

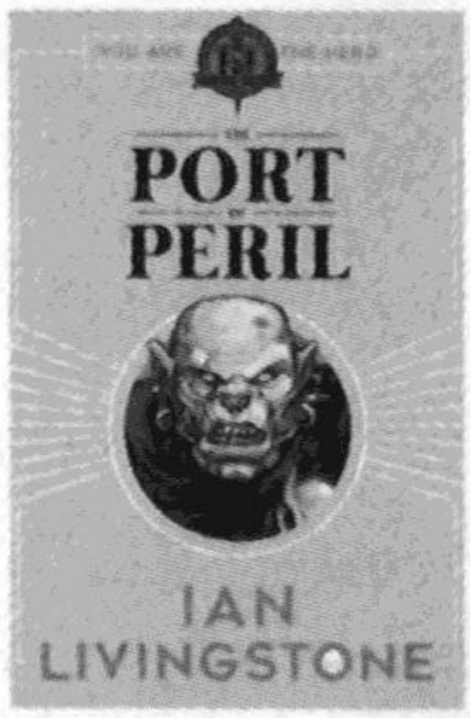

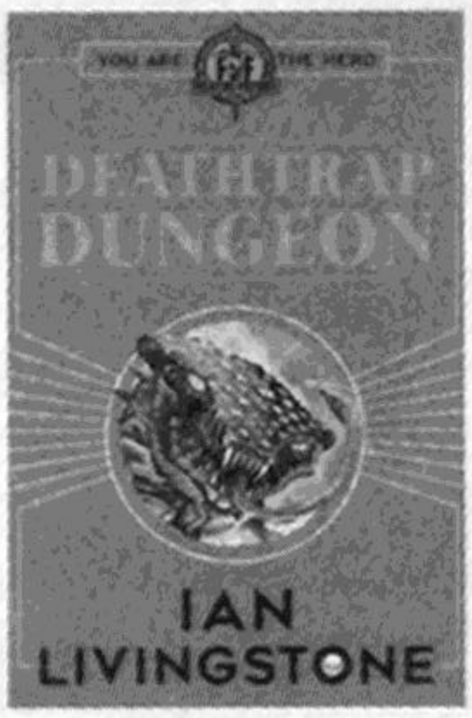

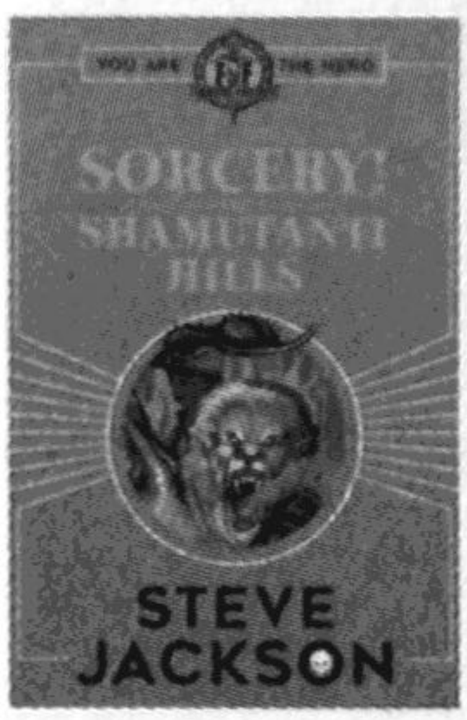

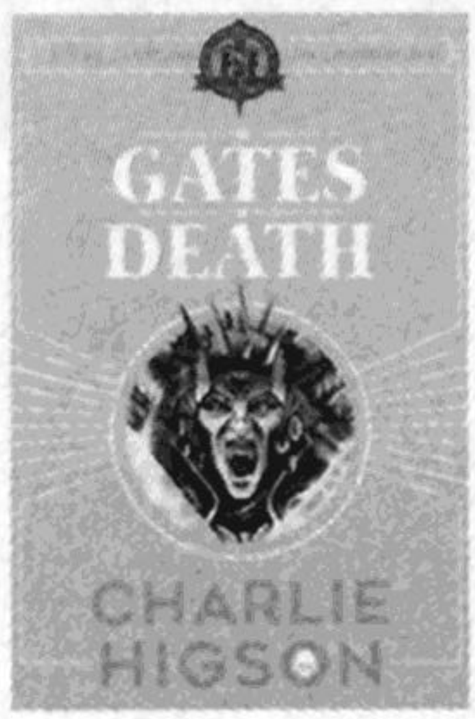

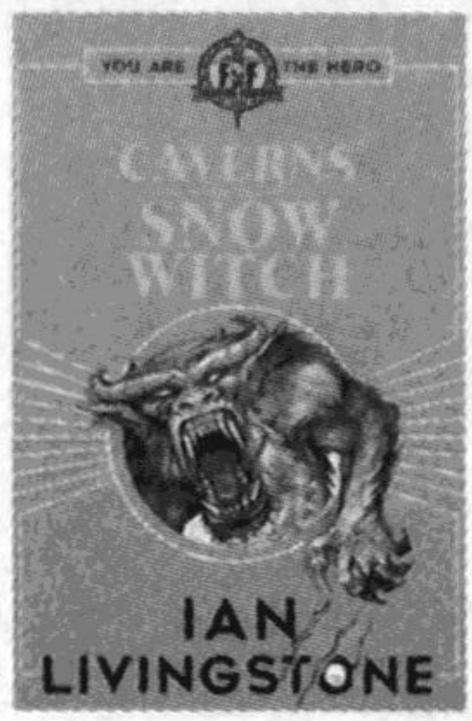

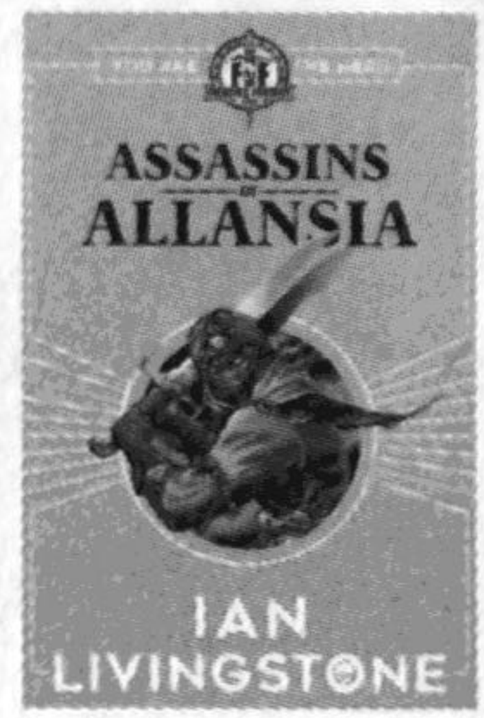

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RHIANNA PRATCHETT

STEVE JACKSON

IAN LIVINGSTONE

CRYSTAL OF STORMS

RHIANNA PRATCHETT

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CRYSTAL OF STORMS

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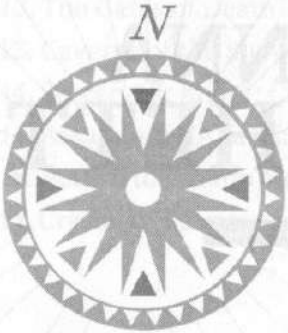

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Published in the UK by Scholastic Children's Books, 2020
Euston House, 24 Eversholt Street, London, NW1 1DB, UK
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ISBN 978 1407 19968 9

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To Mum and Dad.
Who showed me magic every day.

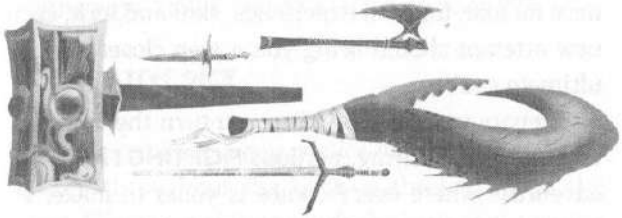

HOW WILL YOU START YOU ADVENTURE?

The book you hold in your hands is a gateway to another world – a world of dark magic, terrifying monsters, brooding castles, treacherous dungeons and untold danger, where a noble few defend against the myriad schemes of the forces of evil. Welcome to the world of **FIGHTING FANTASY**!

You are about to embark upon a thrilling fantasy adventure in which **YOU** are the hero! **YOU** decide which route to take, which dangers to risk and which creatures to fight. But be warned – it will also be **YOU** who has to live or die by the consequences of your actions.

Take heed, for success is by no means certain, and you may well fail in your mission on your first attempt. But

have no fear, for with experience, skill and luck, each new attempt should bring you a step closer to your ultimate goal.

Prepare yourself, for when you turn the page you will enter an exciting, perilous **FIGHTING FANTASY** adventure where every choice is yours to make, an adventure in which **YOU ARE THE HERO**!

How would you like to begin your adventure?

IF YOU ARE NEW TO FIGHTING FANTASY . . .

It's a good idea to read through the rules which appear on pages 255-262 before you start.

IF YOU HAVE PLAYED FIGHTING FANTASY BEFORE . . .

You'll realize that to have any chance of success, you will need to discover your hero's attributes. You can create your own character by following the instructions on pages 269–276. Don't forget to enter your character's details on the Adventure Sheet which appears on page 278.

Also note that, unlike other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, in this adventure you do not start with any Provisions.Also please note the new rules on testing your *SKILL* and *STAMINA* on page 275.

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

BACKGROUND

The tempest children of Pangara, God of the Wind, have long reigned over the waters between Allansia and Khul. Many who sought to cross the perilous Ocean of Tempests have lost their lives to the raging storms or the terrifying sea creatures that dwell there. But deep within Zephyrus, largest of all the tempests, where the air is sweet and calm, lies the floating archipelago of Pangaria. The five islands of Cirrus, Altos, Cumulus, Incus and Asperitas surround a sixth small island known as Nimbus.

You were born and raised in Pangaria, but whilst many of your friends have opted to join the working communities of their home isles, such as Cloudkin farming on the water island of Altos or wrangling the magical (yet tasty) fauna of Cirrus, you dreamed bigger. You didn't want to settle for just one island. You wanted to see it all. And so you decided to join the Sky Watch, the guardians of peace within the whole of Pangaria. But your beloved home has a lot of peace to go around, and your first few weeks in the Sky Watch have been a rather dull parade of lost pets and mediating petty squabbles regarding overgrown shrubs. Your heart cries out for adventure.

And then one fine morning, an urgent message arrives at your Watchhouse summoning all the Sky Watch to an emergency meeting in the Citadel on Nimbus. It seems that adventure has finally listened and answered your plea.

Full of nervous excitement, your entire Watchhouse boards the local flyer – one of the small airships that transport Pangarians between islands. No one seems to know the purpose of the meeting, but it is bound to be something quite extraordinary for the entire Sky Watch to be summoned. You've only been to the Citadel once, when you were sworn into the Sky Watch, and it still holds newness and excitement for you. Stretching, you lean your head out of the flyer window and crane your neck in order to get the first glimpse of the towering spires and sculpted ramparts of the Citadel, the home of Pangaria's lawmakers, diplomats and island officials. The flyer's Goblin pilot wearily reminds you to keep all limbs inside the ship, lest you lose something essential.

Although you've heard tell that there are tribes of Goblins out in the world who are aggressive towards humans and other species, the Goblins of Pangaria are largely friendly. Most importantly, they developed the technomancy – a blend of elemental magic and engineering – that keeps Pangaria airborne.

You're just about to disembark and take your first steps

on to Nimbus when your commander, Captain Halleck, looks aghast. "By Zephyrus's breath!" he exclaims, looking directly at you. "I've forgotten my hovers! Can't be seen in the Citadel without those. Please retrieve them from the Watchhouse, recruit." He pats at his pockets, searching for something. "Bring my coin bag too."

You nod. As the newest member of your Watchhouse, you don't really have a choice. Remaining on board the flyer as the rest of the Watch disembarks, you hope you can get there and back without missing anything exciting. Seeing your frustration, the flyer's pilot softens and cranks up the craft to its top speed and brings you right up to the Watchhouse door. You rush inside and soon return, clutching the small leather purse, jingling with coins, and carrying Halleck's hovers.

Up close you can't help but marvel at the intricate, light-as-air metalwork of these portable wings, powered by storm crystals, harvested and gathered from the local tempest by the elemental Stormborns. You look forward to the day when you are senior enough to get your own pair. You check the crystal gauge, which is attached to a small blue-green storm crystal that has a tiny imprisoned tempest swirling inside it. It's a third full, but there's no time to charge the wings. You throw yourself back into the flyer.

The little airship has barely had time to set down when you leap from the bulwark and start to sprint towards the Citadel. Suddenly a great explosion rocks Nimbus and a wave of energy surges outwards from the fortress, catapulting you through the air and over the edge of the island.

You begin to plummet downwards.

YOUR ADVENTURE AWAITS!

May your STAMINA never fail!

NOW TURN OVER...

1

The explosion has knocked the wind out of you. There's only one thing you can do to save yourself as you tumble through the howling air. You manage to struggle into Halleck's hovers, and the wings unfold with a soft *thwack, thwack, thwack* sound. Your fall ceases as the hovers slow your descent and hold you aloft. Your relief turns to fear as you look up and realize that now it's Nimbus which is falling. Straight towards you.

Using your shoulder muscles to operate the hovers, you manage to steer yourself out of the path of the falling island as it hurtles past, tossing you around like a feather on the breeze. You gain control only to see Nimbus crashing into the sea far below. You watch in horror as the island begins to sink beneath the waves.

You become aware of an unsettling humming sound and the wings begin to shudder. The crystal that powers the hovers must be running out of charge! There's just enough power left to fly you to the safety of your home island.

If your home island is Cirrus, the farming island, turn to **84**. If your home island is Altos, the water island, turn to **196**. If your home island is Cumulus, the island of trade, turn to **298**.

2

It's time to look somewhere else.

To charge your hovers and fly to Asperitas, the isle of technomancy, turn to **384**.

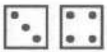

If you do not have any Gold Pieces, you can continue no further and your adventure is over.

3

You glide the *Barnacle* down to the outskirts of Nimbus. The flowers and gardens look like exotic coral reefs. As you are trying to remember how to get to the main entrance of the Citadel, you spot another brass sphere. It's another bathysphere, only this one is stuck in the trees and has a great gash in its side. It must be the *Barracuda*, the sphere that never returned when Nimbus crashed.

If you want to investigate the other bathysphere, turn to **393**. If you want to continue to the Citadel, turn to **290**.

4

"Well, I mean, Nimbus falling, of course! It's all anyone's talking about."

If you want to ask him why he thought you might believe he's involved, turn to **116**. If you want to lie and accuse him of being behind it, turn to **372**.

5

You show Methedus the storm crystal shard and explain how you came by it. A strange expression crosses his face which you can't quite read. He studies the object, running his translucent hands over its faceted surface.

"This isn't like any crystal I've ever seen before. It's

large; not as large as the ones that power the islands, but too big to be used in hovers or flyers."

He touches the marks on the inner side of the crystal.

"These marks are where the crystal's energy must have broken out. Become unstable. Whatever happened to this one, it was broken from the inside out. The black residue on the outside is some kind of oil. That's all I can tell you for now. I must continue my work inside. There is bread to be made. Good day to you."

He hands the storm crystal shard back to you.

If you feel like you've heard all you need to, turn to **205**. If you think he's hiding something and want to secretly follow him, turn to **121**.

6

You give Vizigg the black candle. "Hmm, it's more of a dark grey colour, but it'll do," he says, taking it from you.

If you have a copper ring, turn to **228**. If you have a silver goblet, turn to **115**. If you want to leave the Under-Library and go in search of these items, turn to **26**. If you have given Vizigg all the requested items, turn to **206**.

7

You manage to dodge the incoming globule, but you still have to deal with whatever launched it. A Giant Toad waddles out of the swamp, blocking your path. It readies itself to launch another gloopy missile in your direction.

To fight the creature, turn to **44**. If you have a Calming Potion and want to use it now, turn to **204**.

8

The Goblin flyer brings you safely to Incus, the fishing island. You try to recall what you know about the island. Unlike the other residents of the archipelago, the Incus fishermen have been granted direct access to the Ocean of Tempests by Pangaria's authorities. Incus also floats lower than the other islands, which makes this easier. Various craft are built and used by the Incus islanders to trawl the ocean, bringing fresh fish, seaweed, coral, shells and other sea-born bounties to the lands above. The craft are embedded with storm crystals which allow them to fly up and down from Incus as required.

Due to the protective arms of the giant Zephyrus Tempest, the section of ocean directly under the archipelago is usually a calm and rich fishing ground. The main dangers are the larger and more ferocious aquatic creatures who share these waters. Only the hardy can survive the Ocean of Tempests and they are best left well alone.

However, the needs of a civilization, even a small one like Pangaria, are varied, and so the fishermen of Incus must often venture beyond the Zephyrus Tempest and into the wider ocean. There the rougher seas require sub-aquatic craft known as bathyspheres which can hunt and

gather below the waves, although they are noisier and more cumbersome, and therefore run a greater risk of disturbing the local fauna.

Incus also receives limited trade from trusted sources on the mainland, although the islanders are careful not to let them set foot on the archipelago. Very occasionally Pangarian fishermen have rescued shipwreck survivors from the waters. If those survivors require aid that cannot be administered by the fishermen themselves, they are taken to Pangaria, and given aid and sanctuary. Permanent sanctuary. Keeping the secrets of Pangaria safe is one of the first rules that every islander learns.

You disembark. If the codeword **Galen** is on your Adventure Sheet, turn to **337**. Otherwise, turn to **90**.

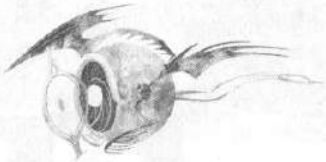

9

You head towards the kitchen. You listen at the big iron-studded door, and hear a dull *moaning* coming from inside. Another creature, perhaps? A terrible monster? The walking dead? You shove open the door forcefully, readying yourself to meet whatever horrors await you on the other side. Turn to **188**.

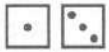

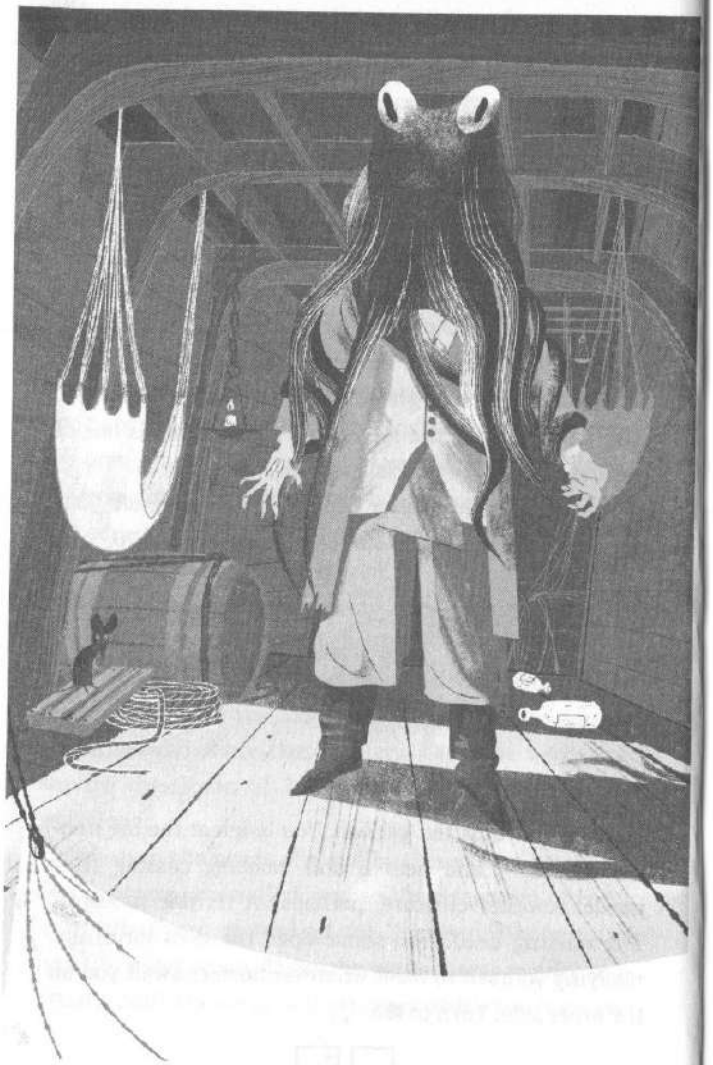

Human and cephalopod have become one

10

Looking around carefully to check that no one is watching, you clamber into the hammock.

Its gentle movement soon rocks you to sleep. You dream of floating metal eyeballs following your every movement and a giant metal hand reaching down from the storm clouds to crush you. You awaken feeling refreshed (restore up to 3 *STAMINA* points) but then suddenly find yourself roughly jerked out of the hammock. You go to pick yourself up off the floor and see a pair of black boots in front of you.

Expecting to look up at the enraged fisherman whose hammock you've been caught napping in, you're horrified to find yourself face-to-face with a large, pulsating Octopus. Pulling yourself upright, you realize that you were half right, the Octopus is attached to a man's head, completely obscuring his skull. Its body crackles with elemental energy and its tentacles are wrapped around the man's torso and arms. Human and cephalopod have become one – one hulking, enraged creature that has you in its sights.

OCTOMAN	*SKILL 10*	*STAMINA 10*

Once you reduce the Octoman's *STAMINA* score to 5 points or fewer, turn to **106** at once.

11

You ask Vizigg about his condition. He looks down at his blood- and dust-covered robes. "I got pinned under some masonry during the fall. Crawled out eventually. But I doubt I'm long for this world."

If you want to ask him why the Nimbus crashed and haven't already, turn to **82**. If you want to ask what Vizigg is doing with the broken storm crystals and haven't already, turn to **59**. If you want to ask about the ward on the Great Hall and haven't already, turn to **338**. If you are done asking him questions, turn to **170**.

12

You aim for a soft-looking haystack and, just as the wings of your hovers are starting to fold up, you drop safely into the soft, warm hay. A grazing mule gently nuzzles you to your feet.

If Cumulus is your home isle, turn to **57**. If Cumulus is not your home isle, turn to **88**.

13

You keep up with the flying eye with ease. Turn to **38**.

14

The light dims and the sea creature sinks to the bottom of the cave. You look around the rocky ledge and see that the Wraithfish was quite the hoarder. There are lots of metallic bits and pieces strewn around the cave.

You root around amongst the junk to see if you can uncover anything of value. You find a strange brass rod, which looks like it might have come from a boat, and a silver goblet. (Add both these items to your Equipment List.)

You manage to get the *Barnacle* back into the water. The craft still looks useable, despite everything it's been through. You get back in and decide where to go next.

If you have the codeword **Rescue** recorded on your Adventure Sheet, you can turn to **132**. If not, and you want to leave the passage and take the left fork in the caves, if you haven't explored that way already, turn to **231**. To leave the caves and head for the large dim shape, turn to **191**.

15

You have the key to your own chest, whilst another has caught Silas's attention. Checking the rest, you discover that one is unlocked.

If you want to search your chest, turn to **217**. If you want to open the unlocked chest, turn to **65**. If you want to see what Silas has found, turn to **134**.

16

You throw the trident to Tideus. (If you are currently using the trident, you must switch to a different weapon.)

"Now dat is wot I calls a weapon," he bellows delightedly.

He hurls the trident at the Goblin War Golem, hitting the ungodly metal creation in what passes for its chest. (Deduct 5 points from the War Golem's *STAMINA* score.)

"Pah!" shouts Krazic. "It's going to take more than a little sea fork to stop us!" Turn to **326**.

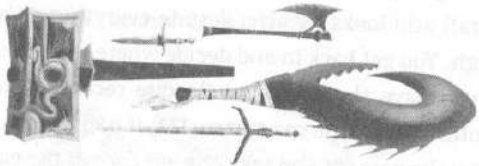

17

You tell Caleb about your investigations and ask him to tell you more about this *Doombringer*.

"It was a few weeks back," explains Caleb. "Great big vessel. Got caught between a couple of tempests. Nasty business. Rescued one survivor, but the ship sank like a stone."

He starts to cough again.

To ask more about the survivor, turn to **281**. To ask if there's anything else Caleb knows about the *Doombringer*, turn to **33**. To leave him and continue to the east dock, turn to **295**.

18

The lower areas of the library are waist deep in water. Books float by in shoals. The upper levels are dry, though, so you make your way there.

You wade between the shelves. Suddenly you hear strange noises coming from . . . well, you don't quite know where. It sounds like *chanting*, with the occasional *shuffling* and *banging* sound. You follow the sound and it takes you to a section of bookshelf. The sound is coming from directly behind it.

You check the bookshelf for handles. Then you study the books carefully. You notice that there are four dotted across the shelves that have very similar spines. You decide to reach for one to see if it will help solve this conundrum. Do you reach for:

Tooth and Claw: Famous Fights to the Death? Turn to **45**.
Winged Menaces: Death from Above? Turn to **89**.
A Sting in the Tale: A Collection of Unexpected Endings? Turn to **239**.
Denizens of the Deep: Aquatic Beasts and How to Kill Them? Turn to **341**.

If you don't want to pick up any of the books, then there's nowhere else to explore in the library and so turn to **92** to return to the Nimbiferous Chamber.

19

You tell Nix you don't think it's a good idea for him to be doing this.

"This thing half destroyed my workshop," he grumbles. "I want to see it gone! Or at least moved. Once it's off my property, it's all yours, Officer."

You reluctantly agree and let Nix charge up the boulder. Lose 1 *LUCK* point and **250**.

20

You give him the supposed cure and tell him that it might help with his current condition. He sniffs it closely.

"You know, I think you're right," Kritch says cheerfully. "Give it a few minutes to work and I'm sure I'll be up to piloting the flyer. I'm only licenced to take you to Incus. Take the north flyer port from there for Asperitas. If you want to visit Cirrus or Cumulus, you'll need to use your hovers."

If you want to charge up your hovers for 1 Gold Piece and fly to Cirrus or Cumulus, turn to **96**. If you'd like to take the flyer to Incus, the fishing island, turn to **8**.

21

You attempt to break down the door but you just end up jarring your shoulder. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point.) The locking system behind it must be incredibly strong.

If you want to head west, towards where the residents

of Asperitas live, turn to **293**. Alternatively, you can head north, deeper into the maze of workshops and laboratories – turn to **III**.

22

You tell the fisherman that you'll do what you can to help him. With that, you guide the bathysphere beneath the waves. Turn to **203**.

23

You hold the lemon-drenched page up to the light. As it heats up, a mess of brown appears. If there was something written on there, you can't read it. But it's clear that Vizigg must have been sending and receiving secret messages. Unfortunately, there's nothing more you can do about it now.

You leave the tower and head north-east into the maze of workshops and laboratories. Turn to **III**.

24

You say that honestly, you don't know, but you're doing everything you can to find out what caused the explosion and hopefully find a way to restore Nimbus. Maude gives you the hard stare, weighing up what you said.Turn to **364**.

25

You hurl the Calming Potion towards Flapps, who grabs it in his teeth. The bottle breaks and the liquid pours into his mouth. It works quickly and Flapps starts to shrink in size. The glow leaves his eyes and his fur stops sparking.

Flapps shakes his head and looks confused. Then he bounds forward and covers both you and Nemi in wet licks.

"OK, boy, OK. Enough! Enough!" laughs Nemi, stroking Flapps's fur. "You go back to the farm and wait for me there."

Flapps barks, bounds out of the cave and takes off, heading for the Cloudkin farm.

"Thank you for that," says Nemi. "If Flapps had been left much longer, he'd have been beyond saving." (Gain 1 *LUCK* point.)

She rummages in the dirt at the back of the cave. "Hmm, what's this?"

She picks up a longsword and dusts it off.

"You take it," she says. "A thank you from me and Flapps."

(Record the longsword on your Adventure Sheet. If you

use the longsword in battle, you may increase your Attack Strength by 1 point.)

"Oh, and here." Nemi's eagle eyes have spotted something else in the cave. She passes you 2 Gold Pieces. (Record these on your Adventure Sheet as well.)

If you want to investigate the Goblin flyer, turn to **361**. If you haven't been to the Watchhouse and want to go there now, turn to **40**.

26

You decide that you need to explore a bit more.

If you decide to go back to the bathysphere, turn to **136**. If you want to go back to the Nimbiferous Chamber, turn to **194**.

27

You follow the signs towards where you would expect to find Cumulus's Goblin flyer, but as you near the dock, you can see no sign of it. At first you think it must be traversing one of its routes, but then you hear a plaintive "Help! Help! Anyone? *Anyone?*"

You peer over the edge of the dock and see the Goblin pilot hanging off the edge of some rocks below. The Goblin looks very relieved to see you. "Could you possibly give me a hand here?"

You pull the Goblin to safety and she introduces herself as Daxa.

"That Nimbus explosion completely took out my flyer," she explains. "Blew it right down into the ocean. Luckily, I managed to jump out when I did, or I'd probably be in some Great White Squark's belly by now!"

You explain that you were hoping to visit the other islands.

"Well, until I get another flyer, you won't be able to get to Incus or Asperitas," Daxa says, sadly. "But I'll charge your hovers for free and that will get you to Cirrus or Altos. You can take the flyers from there."

She points to a long bridge nearby, half shrouded in clouds.

"Normally you could take the Sky Bridge to Cirrus, but it's been closed due to some unnatural disturbances around the bridge at this end," Daxa explains. "Of course, if you can deal with that, I'd be happy to reopen it, especially as my best aeronaut's helmet got thrown there during the crash. If you can make the bridge safe again, then the helmet is yours."

If you want Daxa to charge your flyers for free and fly to Altos, turn to **342**. If you want Daxa to charge your

flyers for free and fly to Cirrus, turn to **320**. If you want to investigate the Sky Bridge to Cirrus and see if you can find the aeronaut's helmet, turn to **233**.

28

You run forward and sweep up the elderly Goblin, managing to save both of you from the falling debris. Turn to **216**.

29

You pick up the sketches and realize with a shiver that they're drawings of you. There's one of you sleeping at the Cirrus Watchhouse, and another of you walking around Asperitas.

You can also see notes detailing your movements around the islands. Whoever lives in this house has been very interested in what you've been up to.

You're filled with rage. You look at the contraption charging the Eye-Spies and see that it regulates the level of charge the storm crystals are receiving.

Do you want to try to overload the charge and destroy the Eye-Spies (turn to **389**), or would you prefer to explore the ground floor, if you haven't already done so (turn to **182**)? Alternatively, you can leave the house by turning to **149**.

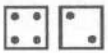

An enormous black Cloudkin floats out from behind one of the farm buildings

30

You head towards the farm. This is where the Cloudkin are born and raised when young, before they are let out to roam in the skies above Altos, the Zephyrus Tempest preventing them from drifting too far away. There they grow fat with rain and are cared for at ground level by Altos's many farmers and in the air by Canidors – winged, dog-like creatures.

Any island that needs rain or shade can request a herd of Cloudkin, which will come to the island and deposit their rain before returning to Altos to be fattened up again. Cloudkin are usually gentle and passive, aside from protective mothers, as you just found out.

But as you get nearer, the farm seems unusually quiet. There are no workers outside, or Canidors in the air, and there are even a few discarded tools lying about. A chill goes down your spine. Something bad has happened here.

Suddenly, there's a *thunderous growl*. An enormous black Cloudkin floats out from behind one of the farm buildings, lightning sparking from within its swirling dark depths. This is like no Cloudkin you've ever seen before. The energy from the Nimbus must have mutated it from a benign rain cloud into an angry ball of storm energy.

"Here! Take this!" You turn to see a young woman dressed in waterproof farming clothes. She throws you a Cloudkin staff – a special staff used in the farming

of the sentient clouds. (Add the Cloudkin staff to your Adventure Sheet.)

"Let's subdue this storm!" she shouts over the rumbling, thunderous growls of the Stormkin.

With this woman fighting with you for the duration of this battle, you may add 2 points when calculating your Attack Strength, you may increase any damage you cause by 1 point, and you may reduce any damage you suffer in battle by 1 point.

Together you can take on the Stormkin.

STORMKIN	*SKILL 10*	*STAMINA 10*

If you win, and Altos is your home island, turn to **353**. If you win, but Altos is not your home island, turn to **277**.

31

You are just about to take a dive into the water when Nemi pulls you back.

"What are you doing, you idiot?" she yells at you. "Don't you see the colour of the water?"

You look down again. The water does look darker than you remember, and not its usual beautiful azure blue.

Perhaps diving in isn't such a great idea after all. A scaly backbone cuts the surface of the water briefly before disappearing. Yes, definitely not a good idea.Turn to **75**.

32

You fight your way through the angry vines until they retreat away from the door, giving you enough time to escape. You notice a bunch of unexploded grapes lying on the floor. You prod them very gently with your sword, but they seem more stable when not connected to the vine. It will take more force to activate their corrosive properties. Thinking they might come in useful, you carefully put them in a small leather pouch and take them with you. (Add the corrosive grapes to your Adventure Sheet.)

You leave the Watchhouse and are just wondering if you should go to the north of Cirrus and locate a Goblin flyer to take you onwards to the other islands when you hear an indistinct yelling in the distance.

If you want to follow the sound of the yelling, turn to **168**. If you want to investigate the plume of blue-green smoke, turn to **137**. If you want to head north, turn to **255**.

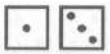

33

You ask Caleb if there's anything more he can tell you about the *Doombringer*.

"It was a warship. Weapons. Cannons. Not sure where it was heading, but all that metal made it sink like a stone. Guess we'll never know now. There's always a war going on some place. Folks love a good fight. Give me the peace of Pangaria any day!"

To leave Caleb and continue your journey, turn to **295**. If you haven't asked more about the survivor already, turn to **281**.

34

You duck and roll as a blade swishes over your head. You might have got a slight haircut, but otherwise you're unharmed. You wonder why anywhere in the Citadel would need such a trap to protect it.

You're still wondering this as you walk forward and get slightly scorched by a fireball spat out by a statue embedded in the wall. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point.)

Make that traps.

You move ahead extremely cautiously. Turn to **210**.

35

With the queen dead, the other Cockroaches quickly withdraw from your sight. You search the room, picking your way around the foul-smelling corpse. You don't find

your own Gold Bag, but you do find another with 3 more Gold Pieces in than you had when your own bag was taken. (Update this on the Gold Box on your Adventure Sheet.) You also find a small jar of healing honey and some dried fish. (Add these to your Adventure Sheet. The healing honey will restore up to 3 *STAMINA* points and the dried fish will give you 2 *STAMINA* points.)

Climbing on top of the Queen Cockroach's corpse, you are able to reach the hole in the roof. You pull yourself out and head back to your adventures, a little heavier and a little smellier. Turn to **336**.

36

With the crystal's warning alarm ringing in your ears, you manage to steer the hovers gently down to Cirrus. The wings fold up behind you as you stare across to where Nimbus used to be. Now there's nothing but air and dust, which crackles with a strange energy. Whatever brought the island down must've been incredibly powerful. Turn to **321**.

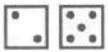

37

You move your bathysphere closer to the bubble. The figure inside is ethereal and translucent. You realize it's one of the Stormborn.

"Ah, you're still alive!" he grins. "I hoped you would be. My name is Methedus." You realize that Matix's amplification device is allowing you to hear him perfectly, even inside the bathysphere.

"The path you travel will not be an easy one," the Stormborn continues. "I thought this might come in handy."

And with that Methedus waves his hands and creates a small bubble in which floats a Potion of Power. He pushes the little bubble through the walls of his own and floats it across to the *Barnacle*, where you can capture it. (Add the Potion of Power to your Adventure Sheet. This will increase your Attack Strength by 2 points for the duration of one fight only and restore 3 *STAMINA* points as well.)

You ask him why the Stormborn haven't helped the Nimbus.

"Alas, a ward has been placed around Nimbus which prevents any Stormborn from getting close. But I should warn you that I believe there to be another Stormborn still inside. What his role is in all this chaos I do not know for sure, but be careful. It's up to you now, Officer."

With that, Methedus and his bubble float back to the surface. Turn to **3**.

38

You observe the flying eye zipping into a small hatch in the side of a ramshackle wooden house. You have no idea who it belongs to. Do you want to:

Knock on the front door of the house? Turn to **102**.

Quietly go round to the back of the house and see if you can find another way in? Turn to **287**.

39

You hurl the giant Crab Pincher towards the Goblin War Golem. "Oh!" says Tideus. "A snack! Tideus likes snacks!"

As he makes a grab for the pincer, Krazic takes advantage of the distraction and cracks the Sea Giant across the head with his stone club.

(Deduct 3 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* points from the Sea Giant.) Turn to **326**.

40

You set off for the Watchhouse, taking the most direct route through an expanse of marshy land, whilst wondering who might still be left there, and why they missed the meeting on Nimbus. As you ponder this, you hear a low rumbling sound. Fearing it might be another Stormkin, you ready your weapon. Suddenly a globule of sticky goo flies through the air straight towards you.

Test Your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **7**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **397**.

41

You urge the *Barnacle* forward, preparing to engage the creature in combat.

GIANT ELECTRIC EEL	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

Every three Attack Rounds, the Eel will emit a pulse of electricity that will cause 3 *STAMINA* points of damage to the bathysphere, whether you wound the creature or not.

If you win the battle, turn to **172**. However, if you lose the battle, the battered *Barnacle* sinks to the bottom of the ocean, condemning you to a slow death.

42

Thankfully, the stairs leading to the upper level are still intact, even though part of the floor has collapsed. Like downstairs, there are no signs of life and it looks like a storm has blown through the place.

If you want to explore further, turn to **274**. If you want to leave and go towards Matix's home, turn to **161**. If you want to leave and head to the east dock and the bathysphere shed, turn to **74**.

43

You return to Halleck in the room below. You don't want to alarm him, so you make sure he's comfortable and tell him you're going to continue searching the Citadel.

"Good work, Officer!" Halleck says, saluting you.

If you have the codeword **Nimbi** on your Adventure Sheet, turn to **92**. If not, turn to **347**.

44

You square up to the Giant Toad, preparing to battle it to the death. For one of you at least.

GIANT TOAD	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **181**.

45

You gingerly take down *Tooth and Claw: Famous Fights to the Death*. The book jumps out of your hand, the pages flipping back and forth. Claws come out of the page, followed by muscular, hairy arms, and then an entire Clawbeast emerges from the enchanted tome, hungry for a fight.

CLAWBEAST *SKILL 9* *STAMINA 14*

If you win, turn to **263**.

46

On entering the mill, you can see that the circle Methedus was floating above is covered in strange symbols. You ask what exactly he's doing, fearing that he may somehow be involved in the fall of the Nimbus.

"When the explosion happened, there was a Stormborn present," he explains. "I felt their energy and I also felt it leave after the Nimbus fell. Perhaps they were there when it happened and fled from the scene, or maybe they're trapped down there, I don't know. I was trying to reconnect with their energy, but no matter what I do, I can't. Or I couldn't until I touched that shard you brought me. It has the same energy."

You ask him what he means by that.

"You may not know this, but each storm crystal is intrinsically imprinted with the mark of its maker. These are invisible to all but other Stormborns. The shard you had was made by a Stormborn called Boreas. He's an elder of our tribe, but he's not been seen for a while. It pains me to admit this of another Stormborn, but Boreas is involved somehow."

He's telling the truth; you can feel it in your bones.

Methedus passes you a small crystal. It looks like a blank version of the one you have in your hovers.

"You might need this, Officer. You seem like the type that gets themselves into danger. There are a lot of nasty energies around and this will remove them from an infected creature, just as long as it's not too far gone. Once the animal has been taken over entirely, the crystal won't work. One use only, I'm afraid." (Add Methedus's shard to your Adventure Sheet and 1 point to your *LUCK* score.)

Add the codeword **Boreas** to your Adventure Sheet, if you haven't already.

There's nothing more left to do here.

If you want to look for Hazi in the market, and haven't done so already, turn to **351**. If you want to find the local Goblin flyer and head on for the other islands, turn to **27**.

47

You finish off the Octobeast before it can infect anyone else. But now you urgently need to return to your investigations.

If you have the codeword **Renard** written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to **56**.

If not, where do you want to go now? To head north towards Matix's home, turn to **161**. To head to the east dock and the bathysphere workshop, turn to **74**.

48

You speedily make your way back to the Nimbiferous Chamber.

If you'd rather investigate in the kitchens, turn to **9**. If you've not yet tried to open the Great Hall door, turn to **369**.

49

You head for the Watchhouse. There must be something you can scavenge there.

You're passing by a field of gently waving corn when you become aware of a growing *chittering* sound. The sound gets louder and louder as more creatures join in. The stalks begin to ripple as something surges towards you and erupts out of the corn.

It's a horde of Corn Rats. These usually peaceful pests have been aggravated by the surge of energy from the explosion on Nimbus and have ditched their regular vegetarian diet for something a little meatier – you!

RABID RAT HORDE *SKILL 6* *STAMINA 10*

If you win, turn to **109**.

The elemental energy hasn't completely corrupted him

50

The shadow unfolds a pair of wings. As it draws closer, you can see it's a Canidor – or at least it was once. Now it's fighting the effects of the surge of elemental energy from the explosion. Its eyes glow with flashes of lightning, while sparks crackle off its fur.

You can see a collar around its neck. The name tag reads *Flapps*.

Flapps snarls, revealing wickedly sharp teeth. Then he *whimpers* a little. The elemental energy hasn't completely corrupted him, but it can't be long before it does.

If you want to use a Calming Potion on Flapps, turn to **285**. If you have Methedus's Shard and want to use it on Flapps, turn to **265**. If you want to fight Flapps, turn to **147**. If you want to flee, hoping the Canidor doesn't pursue you, and head for the Goblin flyer instead, turn to **361**.

51

You press your storm crystal to the larger shard. A force of energy knocks you back. Luckily Silas catches you. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.)

"Looks like that crystal's too volatile to charge from," says Silas, helping you up.

You break off a small piece of the shard near one of the cracks and examine it. Strangely, the damage seems to be on the inside of the crystal. You can see worn grooves and cracks on the inside and a strange black residue on

the outside. (Record the storm crystal shard on your Adventure Sheet.)

Perhaps you can find someone who'll be able to tell you where the crystal came from and what broke it. Maybe then you'll be able to find out what happened on Nimbus.

If you want to visit the Watchhouse, if you haven't already, turn to **49**. If you want to investigate the shed, turn to **376**.

52

You return to Vizigg.

"Ah, it's you," he wheezes. "What do you have for me?"

If you have the copper ring for him, turn to **228**. If you have the silver goblet for him, turn to **115**. If you have the black candle for him, turn to **6**. If you want to leave the Under-Library to keep looking for any missing items, turn to **26**.

53

You tell Yurik that it was Pox who told you he was involved with the Nimbus crash.

"It's not true!" he squeaks. "I never trusted him, or Paxlo! Never! I don't know what them and the others were up to in Krazic's workshop on Nimbus, but they were being paid double to be there. Hush money if you ask me."

You decide to ask about the workshop. Turn to **133**.

54

You're glad to finally be on your way to Nimbus, but at the same time you're terrified of what you might find down there. Beyond the storms, is the Nimbus still afloat, or has it sunk into the ocean depths? Are any of your friends in the Sky Watch still alive?

The bathysphere shakes a little as it passes through the turbulent storm clouds, but soon you feel it land with a large splash in the water. Rain drums on the top of the bathysphere and the waves toss you from side to side, making you feel ill. The Ocean of Tempests is living up to its name.

From now on, unless you exit the bathysphere or you are specifically told to use your personal *SKILL* and *STAMINA* score, you must use the bathysphere's *SKILL* and *STAMINA* scores instead.

BATHYSPHERE *SKILL (see below)* *STAMINA 20*

The bathysphere's *SKILL* score is equal to your *Initial* SKILL score, minus 1.

Any bonuses or penalties you have as a result of using particular weapons do not apply for as long as you are using the bathysphere's *SKILL* and *STAMINA* score. (Make sure you continue to keep a careful record of your personal stats.) Now turn to **186**.

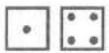

55

The shadow unfolds a pair of wings. As it gets closer you can see it's a Canidor, or rather was a Canidor. Now it's fighting the effects of the surge of elemental energy from the explosion. Its eyes glow with flashes of lightning and sparks are crackling off its fur.

"It's Flapps!" cries Nemi.

Flapps snarls, revealing wickedly sharp teeth.

"Good boy, easy, easy," whispers Nemi, soothingly. It's me."

Flapps whimpers a little. The elemental energy hasn't completely corrupted him, but it can't be long before it does.

"You have to find a way to help him," Nemi pleads with you.

If you have a Calming Potion and want to use it on Flapps, turn to **25**. If you want to turn back and head for the Goblin flyer instead, turn to **361**.

56

Where do you want to go now? Will you head:

To the Renard house? Turn to **118**.

North towards Matix's home? Turn to **161**.

To the east dock and the bathysphere workshop? Turn to **74**.

57

The usual bustling sounds of the market are more muted today. You don't see as many stalls open, and the crowds are sparser than normal. The explosion on Nimbus has driven many indoors, but the stallholders are hardier, and most won't run and hide whilst there's even one person to make money from.

If you can charge up Halleck's hovers you will have a valuable piece of equipment at your disposal. You also realize you've managed to keep hold of his Coin Bag. He won't mind you borrowing it in the line of duty. (Add 10 Gold Pieces to your Adventure Sheet.)

You check your waist; your trusty short sword is still there, thankfully. You get the feeling you might need it. (Add this to your Adventure Sheet.)

"Whoa! Ain't you a little junior for those hovers?"

It's Dav, a Goblin friend of yours who works in the local bakery. You vainly try to explain what happened on Nimbus and why you have Halleck's hovers, but it's still all so confusing and you have no answers to his questions yet.

"Sounds like you've had quite the morning," says Dav sympathetically, passing you a ginger-cream horn, which makes you feel just a little bit better. (Restore 1 *STAMINA* point.)

"We all heard the explosion," continues Dav. "Never seen the market fall so quiet. Some folks hid. Don't

blame 'em with all the extra elemental energy wafting around here. Most of the stalls stayed open. You know the types around here; they wouldn't budge unless the ground fell out from under them! Er, let's hope it doesn't come to that."

Your resolutely tell Dav that you're going to investigate what happened. "Probably best if I join you while you're on Cumulus," says the little Goblin. "I've done all my chores and you look like you could use the company. Plus, I got a few moves if anything gets a bit fighty. Oh, and here, this might come in handy." He tosses you a Healing Potion. (This will restore up to 4 *STAMINA* points when drunk.)

As long Dav is travelling with you, you may add 2 points when calculating your Attack Strength, you may increase any damage you cause by 1 point, and you may reduce any damage you suffer in battle by 1 point. (Make a note of this on your Adventure Sheet.)

"Right," says Dav, readying himself for adventure. "There's a Goblin I know called Hazi who lives on the far side of the market. He used to work at the Citadel on Nimbus. He might know something. And we could always go and talk to Methedus, the Stormborn who works over at the mill. He might know a thing or two about the elemental energy that got released.

"There are rumours that the explosion has stirred up some nasty critters." Dav taps a small dagger at his belt.

"Good job you got ol' Dav with you. But maybe you want to tool up first, or make some coin?"

If you want to head for Hazi's place on the far side of the market, turn to **351**. If you want to head to the mill, turn to **261**. If you want to check out the market stalls, turn to **258**. If you want to engage in a game of chance in the hope of increasing your gold, turn to **304**.

58

You try to deflect the fireball with the blade of your Short Sword. The fireball bounces off your sword on to your boot and sets fire to your foot. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.) By the time you've put out the flames, the strange eyeball has flown away up the chimney.

You can't shake the feeling that you're being watched. But there's no time to dwell on such things right now. There's nothing more to do here, so you leave the Watchhouse. Turn to **335**.

59

You ask the Elder Technomancer what he's trying to do with the broken storm crystals.

"A ritual of repair, of course! Unfortunately, it's been hard finding the right elements in this place. Hardly ideal conditions."

If you want to ask him why the Nimbus crashed, and you haven't already, turn to **82**. If you want to ask about the ward on the Great Hall door, and you haven't already, turn to **338**. If you want to ask what has befallen him, and you haven't already, turn to **11**. If you are done asking him questions, turn to **170**.

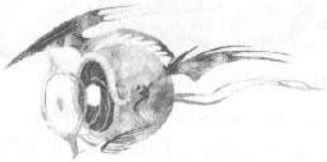

60

"Your guess is as good as ours," says the fisherman who gave you the pincer. "We lost a few good boats when the Nimbus came down. One of the bathyspheres too. We tried to reach them, but the waters became too choppy, and a huge storm came in, pushing us away from the island. We had to bring all the boats up as fast as possible."

You're curious to know what happened to the Nimbus after it landed in the water.

"It was still afloat when I brought my boat up," chimes in another fisherman. "But things down there were getting very dangerous. All this fog came in, and gale force winds. Never seen it that bad."

You decide to ask the fishermen how you can get down to the Nimbus, turn to **331**.

61

You quickly reverse the *Barnacle* back along the tunnel. Suddenly there's a *crunching* sound at the back of the bathysphere. (Deduct 2 *STAMINA* points from the *Barnacle's STAMINA* score.)

You turn the *Barnacle* around and come face-to-face with an enormous Wraithfish. It is an abyssal horror, with a mouth full of needle-sharp teeth and an appendage, like a fishing rod, coming from atop its head, which emits a blinding light.

And it's not happy about being reversed into by a ball of metal and is now out for blood.

ENRAGED WRAITHFISH *SKILL 10* *STAMINA 12*

If you win, turn to **179**.

62

You give Matix the Strange Metal Object that fell off the flying contraption that was spying on you in the Cirrus Watchhouse.

"Ah, a Doobry!" she says, looking pleased. "I think this should work in place of a Wotsit. But I'll still need a Thingie. And, of course, if you do find a Wotsit on your travels, I'll give you something handy in return."

To charge your hovers and fly to Asperitas, the isle of technomancy, turn to **384**. If you do not have any Gold Pieces, you can continue no further and your adventure is over.

63

They've served you well, but now it's time to put your hovers to greater use. You pass them to Vizigg and ask if the storm crystal in them will suffice.

The Technomancer takes the crystal out of the hovers. "Yes! Yes! I think this will work!"

You watch him reassemble the items, adjusting their positions and angles carefully.

"Right!" he says. "Let's get this island moving! Better hold on to something. I'm not entirely sure what's going to happen!"

He steps into the middle of the circle, holds up his leathery Goblin hands and begins to chant. The objects rise into the air and begin to spin around Vizigg. Eventually the broken storm crystals rise too, and the circle of spinning objects opens out, enveloping them.

"It's working!" Vizigg shouts, before returning to his chanting.

You watch with amazement as the broken storm crystals become whole again, and in each one a speck of green light begins to grow until there is a miniature tempest enclosed within.

Now the storm crystals are restored, the Nimbus begins to shake. It's starting to move upwards. Some rubble dislodges and falls towards Vizigg.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **28**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **286**.

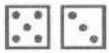

64

The mill is quiet when you reach it. Perhaps the workers were sent home after the explosion. You look up at the windmill. There's no breeze, so the sails are still. There's a loud *whooshing* sound and what looks like a mini cyclone emerges from the structure. Before you know it, you're flung on to the ground (lose 2 *STAMINA* points) and find yourself being pulled across the ground towards the swirling mass. Turn to **104**.

65

You wonder briefly why the chest has been left unlocked, but when you lift the lid, you find out. The chest bites down on your hand (lose 2 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point) and starts to bark and growl at you. It snaps its lid aggressively. You notice that the chest belongs to Private Seacrest and remember what a trickster he was. You quietly curse him under your breath.

If you have a Calming Potion and want to use it now, cross it off your Equipment List and turn to **238**. If not, you are going to have to fight the Chest Creature.

CHEST CREATURE *SKILL 5* *STAMINA 6*

If you win turn to **238**.

66

At your killing blow, the beast goes belly-up. Do you want to:

Cut open the creature's stomach and see if it's eaten anything interesting? Turn to **219**.

Leave the corpse and head into the library? Turn to **18**.

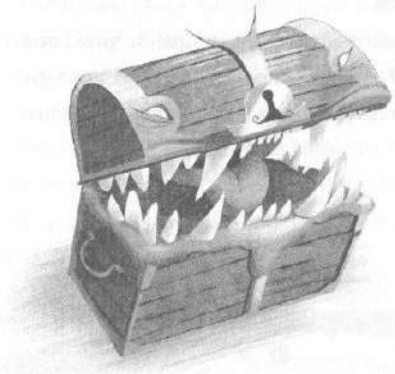

67

You turn your body and take a run at the door. THUNK! It bows but doesn't completely break (lose 2 *STAMINA* points). You try a solid kick and the door bursts open. You head inside to find the source of the snoring. Turn to **306**.

68

You enter the correct combination and the door swings open.

You're in Vizigg's home. It's a rather cluttered, but cosy, with a little fireplace and a rocking chair, but the Elder Technomancer doesn't seem to be here. You hear a noise and something winged drops down the chimney into the cold fireplace.

Do you want to attempt to hide behind some furniture (turn to **319**), or do you want to stand your ground, even though you have no idea what it might be (turn to **343**)?

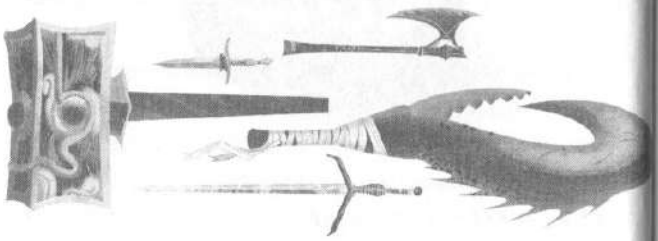

69

With an almighty crash, the Goblin War Golem finally topples. Metal body parts *clang* to the ground, the sound of the construct's destruction echoing around the Great Hall. Boreas emerges from the chest cavity, severely weakened and defeated.

"What? Come back, you bag of wind!" Krazic screams from his seat inside the Golem's head, a prisoner once again. "What are you doing? Get back in here at once!"

But Boreas isn't listening anymore; he's more concerned with the winds that are springing up around him. His weakened state has destroyed the Stormborn ward surrounding Nimbus and now his elemental brethren are coming for him.

As the winds pick up, a dozen Stormborn appear around Boreas. He looks terrified as they descend on him. The storm grows to a crescendo and then abruptly dies back, leaving the Great Hall in silence, save for the odd Goblin cuss. The Stormborn have gone.

Halleck hobbles into the Great Hall, supported by Malia.

"Well done, Officer!" he says proudly. "You're a credit to the Sky Watch! Don't worry, we'll bring Krazic and his traitorous cronies to justice back in Pangaria."

You look out of the window to see that Nimbus is breaking the ocean's surface and taking to the skies once more. The water starts to drain from the Citadel, pouring back into the sea in beautiful salty waterfalls. And as it does so, the remaining survivors of the crash climb, hobble and crawl out of their hiding places, amazed at how you have saved them from a terrible fate. Turn to **400**.

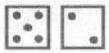

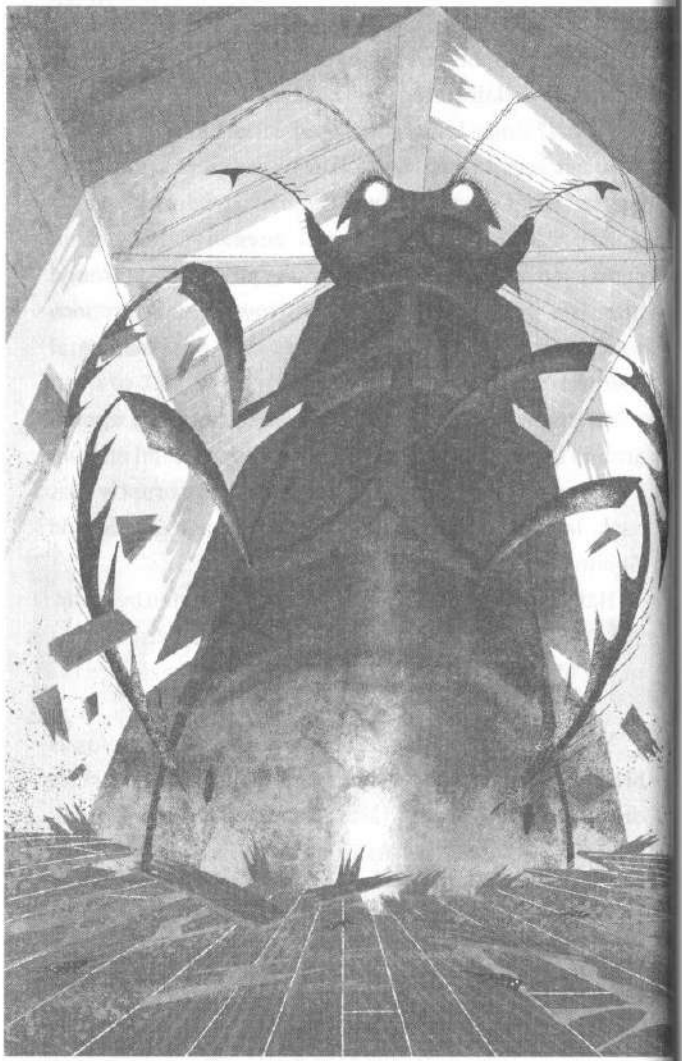

There's an explosion of earth and rotting wood

70

You move carefully over the rooftops, looking for any sign of the creature. The *chittering* noise gets louder. Suddenly, a section of roof gives way under your feet and you drop down sharply, landing hard on the floor below. (Lose 3 *STAMINA* points.)

The hut you've dropped into is long abandoned, the floor half rotted away, and what remains is covered in dirt and viscous slime. Several Giant Cockroaches approach you, *hissing*; antennae waving angrily. There are far too many to take on at once.

There's a loud *screeching* sound and the Giant Cockroaches pull back. Something's coming that even they are frightened of. The ground starts to vibrate. There's an explosion of earth and rotting wood as a huge cockroach erupts from under the floor. At least you only have one target now.

COCKROACH QUEEN	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **35**.

71

It's a glancing blow. The contraption emits a high-pitched noise, before flying away up the chimney.

You're unharmed but can't shake the feeling that you're being watched. But there's no time to dwell on such things

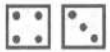

right now, you need to get moving.

(Write the codeword **Eye-Spy** on your Adventure Sheet.)

Choosing something you've not already tried. Will you:

Search your chest? Turn to **217**.
See what Silas found earlier? Turn to **134**.
Leave the Watchhouse? Turn to **335**.

72

The door looks quite flimsy. You square up to it.

Test Your Stamina, subtracting 2 from the dice roll if you have an axe or club-like weapon with you. If you pass the test, turn to **229**. If you fail the test, turn to **381**.

73

You reach the other side. You're soaking wet and your clothes feel heavy. You start to shiver (lose 1 *STAMINA* point). You notice some old papers and a broken chair nearby.

If you have some waterproof firesticks or a flask of fire oil, you can start a fire by turning to **124**. If you do not have either of these items, then turn to **288** to continue onwards.

74

You make your way towards the east dock in the hope of tracking down Matix at the bathysphere shed. It takes you an hour or so but when you eventually find it, your face falls. One of the large dockyard cranes has fallen on to the shed. You tell one of the dock workers that you need to commandeer a bathysphere to get down to the Nimbus.

"Well, *Anemone* and *Coral* are pinned under that crane," explains the worker. "It's going to take us a while to move it, and even then, both bathyspheres will need repairs before they're operational again."

You ask what's happened to the other two bathyspheres.

"We lost contact with *Barracuda* shortly after the Nimbus fell, and Matix has been working on *Barnacle* over at her home workshop for a few weeks now. If you need a bathysphere, I'd say that's your best bet. Although convincing Matix to let you have it will be a task and a half."

You thank the stevedore for his help and head towards Matix's house.

As you make your way to the north of the island, you see a port for a Goblin flyer which can take you to Asperitas.

If you want to head for the flyer, turn to **323**. If you want to continue to Matix's home, turn to **161**.

75

As you get nearer to the waterfall, you spy tracks in the mud. You crouch down. They look like paw prints, and fresh ones at that. You look up beyond the waterfall and see a Goblin flyer moored at the top of the cliffs. You could use it to travel to more of the islands. But is your work on Altos done?

If you decide to investigate the paw prints, turn to **299**. If you decide to investigate the Goblin flyer, turn to **361**.

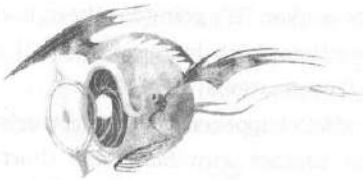

76

You attempt to track the flying eye from below, on the streets of Asperitas. Unfortunately, it spots you and zooms off. You run after it. *Test Your Stamina.* It you are Successful, turn to **13**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **87**.

77

You ask them what they remember about what happened.

"Not much," says the first Officer, who tells you his name is Ferris. "We were all gathered in the Great Hall at Elder Vizigg's request, and then there was this loud *stomping* sound, followed by lots of screaming. I

remember something big – really big. Maybe some kind of giant. I think I blacked out. When I came to, there was this enormous explosion and we started falling. Then I . . . er . . . blacked out again."

If you want to ask Ferris what's wrong with the injured Officer (if you haven't already), turn to **356**. If you want to ask if there are any other survivors, turn to **197**. If you have asked him everything you want to, turn to **330**.

78

First one scaly head emerges from the widening pool, then a second. You realize that Boreas has summoned a fearsome Hydra to fight you, and from the surprised then delighted look on the Stormborn's face, you suspect even he wasn't sure what he was summoning.

HYDRA *SKILL 9* *STAMINA 13*

If you win, turn to **392**.

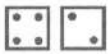

79

Holding your nose, you continue into the sewers, following the creature's tracks. Turning a corner, you see the giant insect just about to climb up a small pipe with your Coin Bag in its mandibles. Quickly you whip out your Short Sword and hurl it at the retreating bug.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **383**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **275**.

80

Grax gestures to a nearby contraption. "Just put 1 Gold Piece in the slot and place your hovers' storm crystal in the chamber."

When you do so (deduct 1 Gold Piece), there is a loud *whirring* noise and the little storm crystal begins to glow brightly. The tiny tempest inside whirls away happily.

You're now ready to take off and visit Altos or Cumulus.

To fly to Altos, the water island, turn to **164**. To fly to Cumulus, the island of trade, turn to **146**.

81

You lower your sword and tell him that he'd better not cross your path again, or you won't be so merciful.

"Thank you, thank you," he whimpers. "I'll find a way to help you, I promise." He passes you a crumpled note. "See, see! I was telling the truth!" With that, he dashes out of the door.

At the codeword **Galen** to your Adventure Sheet.

You unfold the note. It reads:

Whatever you do, don't go to the Nimbus this morning.

Your friend,

Paxlo

You recognize the name as being that of a Goblin who works on Asperitas, the island of technomancy. You also find an Apple.

(Add the Crumpled Note to the Equipment Box on your Adventure Sheet and the Apple to your Provisions, making a note that it will restore up to 2 *STAMINA* points when eaten.)

You leave the Watchhouse.

If you have not already visited the Great Waterfall, and want to do so now, turn to **328**. If you would prefer to find the nearest flyer so you can get off this island, turn to **361**.

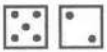

82

When you ask Vizigg what happened to the Nimbus, he looks downcast.

"I called the Sky Watch to the Nimbus in order to expose Krazic's plan, but his weapon was more powerful than I had imagined. He turned it on us all. I had no choice but to overload all the storm crystals in the vicinity. It took down Krazic's creation, yes, but the Nimbus with it."

To ask what befell the Technomancer, if you haven't already, turn to **11**. If you want to ask what Vizigg is doing with the broken storm crystals, and haven't already, turn to **59**. If you want to ask about the ward on the Great Hall, and you haven't already, turn to **338**. If you are done asking him questions, turn to **170**.

83

The door looks too solid to break. Next to the door there is a sequence of carved numbers: 1, 4, 9, 18, 35, - ?

Below are the numbers 0–9 on carved blocks, which you notice have little springs under them. You're guessing that you have to enter the next number in the sequence. Once you have worked out what it should be, turn to that section number.

If you cannot solve the puzzle, then you have no choice but to leave the bell tower and head north-east, back into the maze of workshops and laboratories, turn to **111**.

84

The last of the storm crystal's energy is draining away when Cirrus comes into view. You're relieved to see this green and pleasant isle, which produces much of the magically enhanced fruit, vegetables and grains that feed Pangaria. Inexperienced at guiding the hovers, you make a swift but shaky descent. The lush, verdant turf of Cirrus rushes up to meet you.

Test Your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **36**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **151**.

85

You direct the *Barnacle* towards the caves. Fish, coral and other aquatic life forms of every colour imaginable drift around you, busy with their own affairs and seemingly unperturbed by you and your squat little craft. Soon you come to the entrance to the caves.

The cave entrance is wide, and you easily manoeuvre the bathysphere inside. Even in this darker world, there are bright spots of luminescent plant life and eyes watch you from every nook and crevice. You reach a fork in the caves.

If you want to take the left fork, turn to **231**. To take the right fork, turn to **101**.

86

You take your sharpest blade and finish Caleb before whatever is inside him can do the job for you. You drive your weapon into the mass of tentacles beneath his skin and they cease their movement. You're very glad that you never had to see what they belonged to.

Leaving the poor Caleb lying on the floor of the shed, you hurriedly leave, feeling that it is urgent you finish your quest before any more islanders suffer such a horrible fate.

If you have the codeword **Renard** written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to **56**.

If not, where do you want to go now? To head north towards Matix's home, turn to **161**. To head to the east dock and the bathysphere workshop, turn to **74**.

87

You just about manage to keep up with the flying eye, but it takes a lot out of you. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point.) Turn to **38**.

88

The usual bustling sounds of the market are more muted today. You don't see as many stalls open, and the crowds are decidedly sparser than usual. The explosion on Nimbus has driven many indoors, but the stallholders are hardier and won't run and hide if there's even one person to make money from.

You need to get some tips on what's been happening

around here from the local stallholders, but they won't give up the gossip unless you buy something from them. You browse a nearby stall.

You can buy some bread for 1 Gold Piece (which will restore 2 *STAMINA* points) or an apple pie for 2 Gold Pieces (which will restore 3 *STAMINA* points) or a Healing Potion for 2 Gold Pieces (which will restore 4 *STAMINA* points).

Choose what you want to buy and turn to **227**.

89

You pull down *Winged Menaces: Death from Above*. A beam of light projects from the book on to the ceiling and a magical portal opens. You hear a loud buzzing sound and a Giant Wasp emerges from the portal. The overgrown insect heads straight for you, its stinger at the ready.

GIANT WASP	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 6*

The first time an attack from the Giant Wasp succeeds, it will do the usual amount of damage, but it will also leave its barbed sting impaled in you. This causes a further 2 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point of damage.

If you win, turn to **263**.

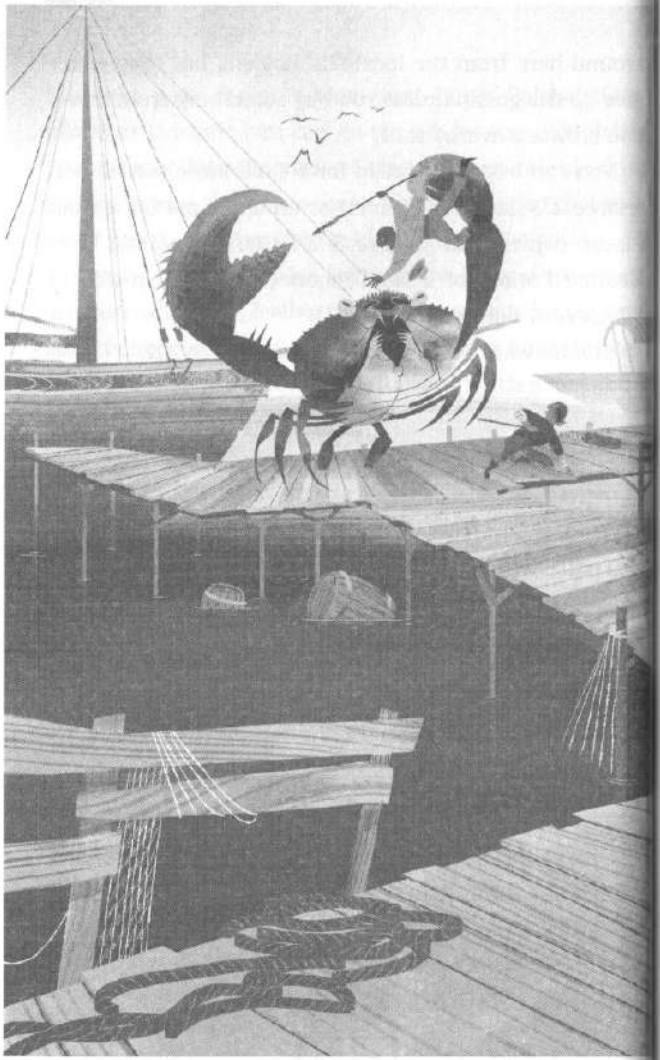

The peace is interrupted by the sound of screams and clashing m

90

The peace is interrupted by the sound of screams and clashing metal. You follow the noise towards one of the docks. You reach it to find a couple of fishermen in a frantic battle with an enormous crustacean. You fear the energies released from the explosion on Nimbus are responsible. The fishermen aren't faring at all well, and you see them get swept aside by the creature's massive claws before it starts smashing through some nearby boats. It's up to you to stop it now.

GIANT CRAB	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **199**.

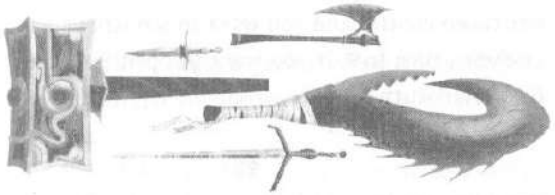

91

You and Silas grab a bed each and sleep for a fitful hour or so. In your dreams you are flying through the Pangarian skies, trying to catch your falling Sky Watch friends. They cry out to you as they tumble through the air. You save one, but more fall away from your grasp.

You grab for a flailing arm, only to realize that it's your own face that you're staring into. You try to hold on, gripping tighter, but it's no good. You watch as your screaming face falls away from you, limbs flailing uselessly, dropping away into nothingness.

It might not be peaceful, but at least it's sleep (add 2 *STAMINA* points to your Adventure Sheet).

You awake to find Silas tugging at your arm. Turn to **395**.

92

You arrive back in the Nimbiferous Chamber.

If you want to venture down the half-flooded hallway, and you haven't done so before, turn to **127**. If you stomach has taken control and you want to see what's left in the kitchens, turn to **9**. If you want to open the door to the Great Hall, turn to **369**.

93

You follow the beautiful voices as they sing their haunting melody out into the storm. Then suddenly, through the wind and the rain, you see them. Beautiful female figures sitting on the rocks ahead – human to the waist, with long colourful fish tails that shine with an iridescent light. The figures are brushing their hair and giving voice to the most beautiful melody you've ever heard. It

seems to go right through you, making your skin tingle. Do you want to:

Draw closer to these beautiful figures? Turn to **157**.

Turn the bathysphere around and head for the stranded boat, if you haven't already? Turn to **215**.

Dive below the sea? Turn to **203**.

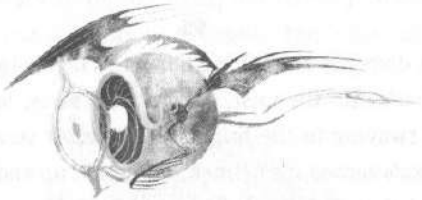

94

You show Caleb the Ledger page with *Commander Mathias Talliman* written on it and the words *Where is he?* scrawled next to the name.

"Talliman! That's it. That's the one! Hmm, where is he? Someone seems interested in his whereabouts. Wonder why? The last I heard he was recuperating with the Renard family over near the north docks. Not seen them for a while though, so no idea how he's doing."

(Add the codeword **Renard** to your Adventure Sheet.)

Caleb starts coughing even harder, like he's struggling for breath again. He rubs his chest as if it's

causing him pain.

If you want to ask more about the *Doombringer*, and you haven't already, turn to **33**. If you want to leave Caleb in peace and continue your journey, turn to **295**.

95

As you dispense the killing blow, the Lightning Serpent sinks back into the mist, which melts away, leaving the bridge swaying in the bright sunshine. At your feet you see Daxa's aeronaut's helmet. You pick it up and put it on, grateful that Goblins have surprisingly large heads for their size. You feel better protected and you notice that there's a crystal visor built into the helmet. You flip the visor down and your vision becomes much sharper. You realize it must be magically enhanced.

Wearing the aeronaut's helmet will permanently add 1 point to your *SKILL* score, even if this takes it beyond its *Initial* level. Also, if you suffer a hit from a weapon in battle, roll one die and on a roll of 5 or 6, you may reduce the damage done by 1 *STAMINA* point. (Add the aeronaut's helmet to your Adventure Sheet.)

With the bridge now open, you can continue to Cirrus. Turn to **232**.

96

You put 1 Gold Piece in the slot of the little machine and place your hovers' storm crystal inside the charging chamber.

There is a loud whirring noise and the little storm crystal begins to glow brightly. The tiny tempest inside starts to whirl again.

You are now ready to take off and visit Cirrus or Cumulus.

If you want to fly to Cirrus, the farming island, turn to **220**. If you want fly to Cumulus, the island of trade, turn to **140**.

97

You drop to the ground and accidentally put your hand on a broken piece of glass (lose 2 *STAMINA* points). You stifle your pain and pull yourself behind cover. Turn to **162**.

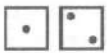

98

You tell Vizigg that you believe a Stormborn is involved. Vizigg nods. "That is correct, Officer. Talliman and Krazic enlisted the aid of Boreas the Stormborn, who provided them with crystals for their abomination, and secretly took Talliman back to his homeland. In return the human vowed he would spread news of what would be on offer to whichever warmonger offered the highest price to be split between all three."

To ask what has befallen him, if you haven't already, turn to **11**. If you want to ask him why the Nimbus crashed, and haven't already, turn to **82**. If you want to ask about the ward on the Great Hall, and you haven't already, turn to **338**. If you want to ask what Vizigg is doing with the broken storm crystals, and haven't already, turn to **59**. If you are done asking him questions, turn to **170**.

99

You pass him the Healing Potion. It looks tiny in his hands as he swallows it whole, including the bottle.

(Increase Tideus's *STAMINA* score by 4 points if you have given him a Healing Potion, or by 5 points if you have given him a Greater Healing Potion, and make a note of this on your Adventure Sheet.)

"Much betta! Got anyfin else, hooman?"

If you want to give Tideus a Potion of Might (and haven't already) turn to **114**. If you want to give Tideus a Potion of Power (and haven't already) then turn to **324**. If you've given him everything you can, turn to **129**.

100

You, Tideus and the Goblin War Golem are flagging. The fight is almost over for one of you. Continue the battle until either the Sea Giant or the War Golem is beaten.

If you and Tideus win the battle, turn to **69**. If the War Golem wins the battle, turn to **334**.

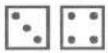

101

You glide the bathysphere down the gloomy tunnel to the right. The *Barnacle* floats through narrow tunnels and small caves with ease, aside from a few small scratches to its hull, but there seems little of interest in the murky depths.

You're just about to give up and go back when the tunnel becomes lighter. You can't see what's producing the illumination.

If you want to press on, hoping to find the source of the light, turn to **190**. If you want to turn back and leave the caves, turn to **61**.

102

You knock at the door. Nothing.

You knock again, calling out, "Sky Watch! Open up!"

There's the sound of *muttering* inside and you hear a door slam. Whoever was lurking inside must have left via the back door. You try the front door, but discover it's locked.

If you want to go round to the back door, turn to **209**. If you want to try to force the front door, turn to **72**.

103

You guide your hovers towards Altos. You've not had a chance to visit it before, during your brief time in the Sky Watch, and as you descend, the sentient clouds which are farmed there – known as Cloudkin – scatter like frightened sheep. Some of them shed a little water as they float speedily away from you.

You drink in the beautiful sight of Altos from above. Lakes, rivers and waterfalls sparkle in the sunshine.

But in your joy at seeing Altos, you fly too close to a Mother Cloudkin, who has several young Cloudkin drifting around her. The young ones flee to their mother in fright and fold themselves into her fluffy, cloudy depths. She angrily lashes out at you with a bolt of lightning which strikes your hovers and sends you tumbling to the ground. (Lose 3 *STAMINA* points.)

If you're still alive, you try to scrape off the worst of the mud. Your hovers aren't badly damaged, but are out of charge, so you will need to find some way of charging them up in order to fly anywhere else. For now, you're on foot.

You look for a place to start your investigation. You see a nearby Cloudkin farm. Perhaps the farmer will be able to help you with supplies and information. Turn to **30**.

104

The whirling mass lifts you into the air. Higher and higher. Even if you had charge left in your hovers, they wouldn't help you in the midst of this chaotic wind.

You struggle and flail against the invisible force. Then suddenly you're falling. You expect to feel the crush of the cold, hard ground, but instead you're caught in mid-air by ethereal arms.

The figure floats to the ground and places you down safely.

"I'm sorry about that," says the figure. "I had no idea anyone was out here, and the storms can be quite temperamental, especially at the moment."

You're being addressed by a Stormborn – one of the intelligent wind spirits that create and harvest crystals within the storms that rage across the Sea of Tempests. The figure, who you rightly assume to be Methedus, waves his hands through the air like he's conducting an invisible orchestra and the cyclone slows its whirling and glides towards the windmill. It spreads out over the sails and they creak into life.

"How may I help you, Officer?"

You tell Methedus that you're looking into what happened at the Nimbus.

"We Stormborn we very concerned by what happened," he says sadly. "All of us who live and work in Pangaria felt it in every fibre of our beings. That means the amount of

elemental energy released must have been immense. Many storm crystals must have been broken.

"Of course, we tried to reach the Nimbus, but although we can pass safely through the storms that surround it, there is a warding spell around the island preventing Stormborn from entering. Someone clearly doesn't want us interfering."

(Write the codeword **Bubble** on your Adventure Sheet.)

If you have the storm crystal shard from Cirrus, turn to **5**. If you do not have the storm crystal shard from Cirrus, turn **205**.

105

You glide down on to the green and pleasant isle of Cirrus, which produces much of the magically enhanced fruit, vegetables and grains that feed Pangaria. You have little experience of this isle, but you're nervous about what the magical energy released by Nimbus may have done to the vegetation. You look around and spot a plume of blue-green smoke in the distance. You also realize that the local Watchhouse is not too far away. That might be worth visiting for supplies.

To investigate the plume of blue-green smoke, turn to **137**. To investigate the local Watchhouse, turn to **49**.

106

The Octopus abruptly releases its hold on the wretch and drops to the ground, leaving the fisherman gasping for breath.

If you want to try to speak to the man, turn to **266**. If you prefer to finish him, while you have the advantage, continue the fight and if you win, turn to **213**.

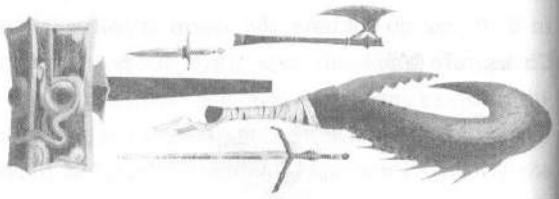

107

You pass him a Healing Potion (remove it from your Adventure Sheet.) He gulps it down.

"Ah, that's the good stuff! Thank you, friend."

He apologizes for not having anything for you in return, and you remember than sometimes a kind deed well received is reward enough. (Gain 2 *LUCK* points.)

If you want to ask them what happened to the Nimbus, turn to **77**. If you want to ask if there are any other survivors, turn to **197**. If you feel as if you have asked them enough questions, turn to **330**.

108

You dispense the last destructive blow. The five digits of the hand shudder and go still. To your surprise, a dead Goblin falls out of it. You notice the creature is wearing a belt with an ornate brass buckle with a letter *P* engraved on it.

There's an anguished cry. Another Goblin rushes up and kneels beside the body. He has tears in his eyes and is wearing the same kind of belt with a matching *P*. He shakes the dead Goblin's body.

"Why did you do it? Why wouldn't you listen to me? I told you it was too dangerous!"

You give the Goblin space to grieve for a moment, and then ask to speak to him. He suddenly throws a handful of powder in your face and you black out.

Lose 2 *STAMINA* points and, if you are still alive, turn to **198**.

109

The rabid Corn Rats lay slain at your feet. You notice two ears of ripe corn have fallen to the ground during the battle. (Add 2 ears of corn to the Provisions Box on your Adventure Sheet; each one will restore 3 *STAMINA* points when eaten.)

To continue to the Watchhouse, turn to **243**.

"Only one of us is getting out of this Watchhouse alive"

110

You stand up to see a fellow Sky Watch Officer, looking confused and holding a burning log from the fire.

"Who are you?" the man asks. "And how did you get out of the Cita—"

He stops himself. You feel the anger rising within you. Did this Sky Watch Officer know what was going to happen at the Citadel? Before he can react, you pin him against the wall with your sword at his neck, and demand he tells you what he knows.

"Nothing, I swear! I just got a message saying not to go to the meeting at the Nimbus this morning. It didn't say why. When I saw what happened, I decided to hide out here."

You ask him who the message was from. He's hesitant to answer, and although you hate to threaten a fellow member of the Sky Watch, this is no time for secrets. You push the cutting edge of your sword against his throat.

"Easy, easy, you wouldn't kill a fellow Sky Watch Officer, would you?

You relax your grip and lower your sword. The man seizes the opportunity and shoves you back hard. By the time you regain your balance, he has grabbed a sword of his own.

"Only one of us is getting out of this Watchhouse alive. And I'm telling you now, pal, it's gonna be me."

SKY WATCH OFFICER *SKILL 7* *STAMINA 7*

If you manage to reduce your opponent's *STAMINA* score to 3 points or fewer, turn to **374** at once.

111

You decide to head toward the maze of workshops and laboratories, even though you're not sure where to start. As you walk through the bustling alleyways, you listen to the gossip to see if you can find a lead. Sure enough, you hear talk about a strange piece of metal which fell on one of the old workshops to the east.

If you want to head off to investigate for yourself, turn to **325**. If you want to head towards where the residents of Asperitas live, if you haven't done so already, turn to **293**.

If you are ready to leave the island and return to Incus, turn to **379**.

112

You move your bathysphere closer to the bubble and see that Methedus is inside it.

"Ah, you're still alive!" he grins. You realize that Matix's amplification device is allowing you to hear him perfectly, even inside the bathysphere.

"I hoped you would be. I came to give you this. I thought it might come in handy."

Methedus waves his hands and creates a small bubble in which floats a Potion of Power. He pushes the little bubble through the walls of his own and floats it across to the *Barnacle*, where you can capture it.

(Add the Potion of Power to your Adventure Sheet. This will increase your Attack Strength by 2 points for the duration of one fight only and restore 3 *STAMINA* points.)

"The Stormborn ward is still active around Nimbus. And until it is lifted, none of us can help the island. It's up to you now, Officer."

With that, Methedus and his bubble float back to the surface. Turn to **3**.

113

You easily manage to summon the strength to pull the last of the debris from Captain Halleck's legs. They are so badly damaged he can hardly walk, so you find him a more comfortable place to rest. Turn to **148**.

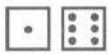

114

You throw Tideus the Potion of Might. He gulps it down.

(Increase both Tideus's *SKILL* score and his *STAMINA* score by 2 points, and make a note of these alterations on your Adventure Sheet.)

"Ah yes! Tideus is indeed mighty! Yous gots more?"

If you want to give Tideus a Healing Potion or a Greater Healing Potion (and you haven't already), then turn to **99**. If you want to give Tideus a Potion of Power (and you haven't already), then turn to **324**. If you've given him everything you can, turn to **129**.

115

You give Vizigg the silver goblet. "That will do nicely," he says, taking it from you.

If you have a copper ring, turn to **228**. If you have a black candle, turn to **6** If you want to leave the Under-Library and go in search of these items, turn to **26**. If you have given Vizigg all the requested items, turn to **206**.

116

"Because Pox's got in for me, that's why! Him and his brother, Paxlo!" says Yurik angrily. "Ever since I said I didn't want to join his damn workshop crew and their so-called secret project over at Nimbus. If things sound too good to be true, they usually are!"

If you want to ask about the workshop and the secret project, turn to **133**. To lie and tell Yurik that you know he was behind it, turn to **372**. If you want to leave, you can head west towards where the residents of Asperitas live, turn to **293**. Or if you want to head north, further into the maze of workshops and laboratories, turn to **111**.

117

You head up on to the rooftops. You get a good view over the marketplace, but there's no sign of the creature. The way ahead looks a little unstable, but you pick up the sound of *chittering* at the edge on your hearing.

Do you want to venture further onwards, return to the street and try the storm drain, or continue onwards without your gold?

To continue over the rooftops, turn to **70**. To return to the street and investigate the storm drain, turn to **171**. To abandon your gold and continue to the far side of the market, turn to **336**.

118

You head for the Renard house Caleb told you about. You can't remember the last time someone from the outside world was brought to Pangaria. You've always thought it was a little unfair that they weren't allowed to return to their homeland. But given that the alternative would be death, then building a new life in Pangaria is hardly the worst thing to have to endure.

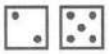

You finally reach the Renard house on the edge of the island. It is quiet and there's no answer when you knock at the door. That's unusual; someone should be home at this time of day. You push the door gently and it swings open. You gingerly head inside.

As you enter the house, you call out to the Renard family. There's no answer.

The house is in a complete mess. It looks like a hurricane got trapped inside. Furniture is upended, books and toys lie strewn about, and pictures have been knocked off the walls. It's very strange.

There's a *creaking* above you and the sound of breaking wood.

Test Your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **207**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **354**.

119

The Wheelies crash to the floor, rock backwards and forwards for a bit, and then lie still. You wonder why whoever lives here needs Wheelies to guard them.

If you decide to head for the upper floor, turn to **350**. If you want to look around the ground floor, turn to **182**.

120

You press on through the storm, hoping that you will find the Nimbus in the middle of it somewhere. Suddenly you hear singing coming from somewhere outside the

bathysphere. It's beautiful. You also spy what looks like a stranded boat bobbing up and down in the waves.

If you want to follow the sound of the singing, turn to **93**. If you want to investigate the stranded boat, turn to **215**. If you want to dive below, turn to **203**.

121

You wait out of sight, until Methedus has gone back into the mill, and then quietly approach. You walk round the outside of the building until you find a small window. Climbing on some flour bags, you look through it and see Methedus, sitting cross-legged whilst floating in the air, and looking like he's in a trance. That's a strange way to make bread.

One of the bags shifts beneath you and you gasp as you fall to the ground (lose 1 *STAMINA* point).

You look up and see Methedus staring down at you from the window.

"You'd better come inside, Officer." Turn to **46**.

122

You pick up the paper the creature dropped. Strangely, it appears to be blank. You take it to the desk to examine it more closely. The desk is littered with scrawl-covered papers, and most of the writing is illegible. Nearby you see a couple of squeezed lemon halves and a small lamp. Do you want to:

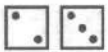

Rub the lemon over the paper? Turn to **253**.
Light the lamp and hold the paper close to it? Turn to **218**.
Leave the tower and head north-east, back to the maze of workshops and laboratories. Turn to **111**.

123

Checking all the chests, you discover that one of them is unlocked.

If you want to search the unlocked chest, turn to **371**. If you want to leave the Watchhouse, turn to **335**.

124

You never thought you would find yourself lighting a fire in the depths of the ocean.

The fire soon dries you off and you start to feel a little more like yourself. (Regain up to 3 *STAMINA* points.) Once you are dry, you carefully put out the fire and continue with your exploration. Turn to **288**.

125

You pass the Thingie to Matix and she looks delighted. "That's a hell of a Thingie you've found. Well done, Officer!"

If you have a Wotsit or Doobry, and haven't already given the item to Matix, you can do so now, by turning to **375**. If you have now given Matix everything she requested,

turn to **187**. If you need to get your hovers charged up again, turn to **396**.

126

You see the bell tower, which Yurik mentioned, in the distance. But you're increasingly feeling like you need to get to a more populous part of the island, rather than keep wandering around out here on your own.

To head to the bell tower, turn to **352**. To head north-east back to the maze of workshops and laboratories, turn to **111**.

127

The water looks murky, but you have no choice but to venture into it. At first it just comes up to your waist, but soon you realize you're going to have to swim for it.

Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to **139**. If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to **310**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **145**.

128

You dive for cover, but don't quite manage to protect yourself completely. A lump of rumble hits you hard on the shoulder. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.) Turn to **208**.

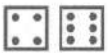

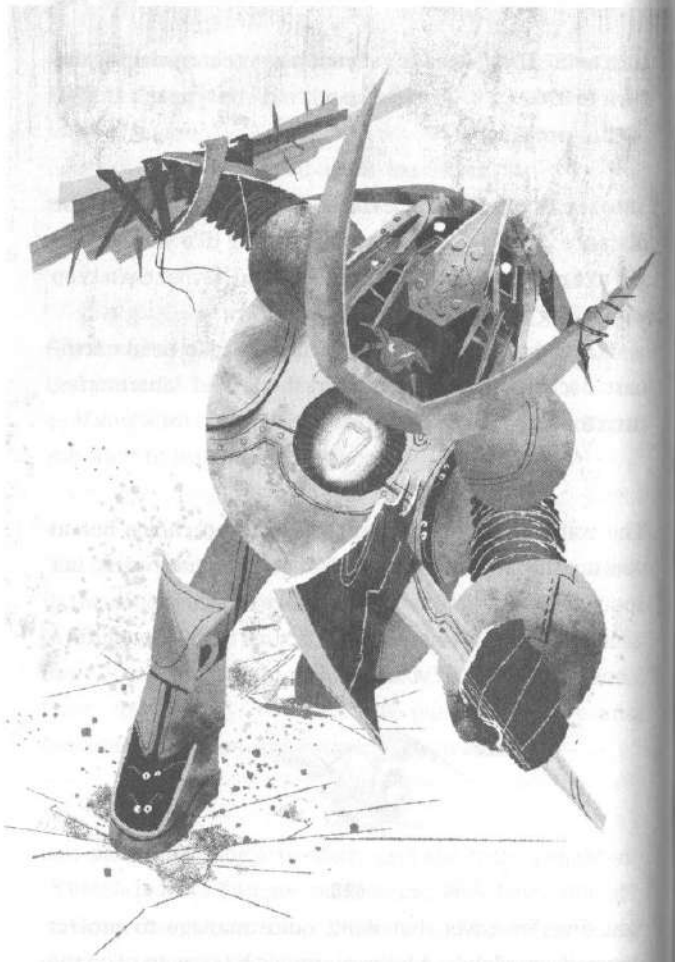

The War Golem strides forward

129

You've prepared Tideus for the battle ahead as well as you can.

"Now dis is a proper fight, hooman!"

And it will be, because although the Goblin War Golem is taller than Tideus, the Sea Giant is broader and built like a green granite cliff.

"Yous not missing out on dis, hooman!" Tideus bellows, picking you up and placing you on his shoulder, like some kind of human parrot. "Yous can get some hits in too!"

"Ha!" shrieks Krazic. "You think that mound of blubber is going to stop me?"

The War Golem strides forward. It is missing one hand but has replaced it with a large piece of masonry, to use as a makeshift club. In the other hand it wields a huge axe.

The fight is on!

GOBLIN WAR GOLEM *SKILL 11* *STAMINA 30*

Tideus will have whatever *SKILL* and *STAMINA* you have managed to grant him with your potions, or not, as the case may be. Because you are assisting him in this battle, you may add 2 points when calculating the Sea Giant's Attack Strength, and you may increase any damage he causes by 1 point. However, if Tideus is killed in his battle against the War Golem, you will die too!

If you and Tideus are the first to win two of the first

three Attack Rounds, turn to **222**. If the Goblin War Golem is the first to win two of the first three Attack Rounds, turn to **174**.

130

The spell leaves the chest and the lid sinks down, lifeless once more. Inside you find a flask of fire oil and a piece of paper. You unfold the paper carefully. It looks like a page torn out of a ledger from one of the fishery docks in Incus. A few names are marked on the page, but one name, *Commander Mathias Talliman*, has been circled several times. Scrawled next to it are the words *Where is he?*

You can add the Incus ledger page and the fire oil to the Equipment List on your Adventure Sheet.

(The fire oil can be used once to light a fire, or it can be used against an opponent at the start of a battle, and will automatically cause your enemy 3 *STAMINA* points of damage.)

That last fight really took it out of you, and you realize that you've been held up by a mixture of fear, adrenalin and anger until this point. Now you could do with a little old-fashioned shut-eye.

If you want to take a nap, turn to **184**. If you would rather leave the Watchhouse, turn to **335**.

131

You arrive at the Altos Watchhouse. You try the door but discover it's locked. You press your ear to the wood. As Nemi said, the sound of loud *snoring* can be heard coming from inside. You need to get inside somehow.

If Nemi is with you, turn to **251**. If Nemi is not with you and you want to break the door down, turn to **67**. If you have some corrosive grapes and you want to use them on the door lock, turn to **380**.

132

You head up to the surface to try to find the stranded boat. The storm is still raging and it's disorientating. Suddenly a beautiful melody floats out of the mist towards you. It seems to wrap your whole body in warmth and light. It's the most beautiful thing you've ever heard.

At the same time, you see a glowing light breaking through the mist. It winks on and off.

If you want to follow the sound of the singing, turn to **264**. If you want to investigate the light, turn to **305**. To dive back to the caves if you haven't finished exploring them, turn to **85**. To dive towards the large dim shape, turn to **191**.

133

You ask Yurik about the workshop crew on Nimbus and their secret project.

"No!" says the Goblin, resolutely folding his arms. "I'm not saying another word, and I'm guessing with all your Sky Watch friends having a little swim right now, you don't have time to hang around pestering me! All I'll say is, find Pox and Paxlo. Then you'll get some answers!"

And with that he runs inside the workshop and slams the door. There are some loud *clanking* noises that put you in mind of a sophisticated lock being triggered.

You bang on the door, but there's no answer.

You decide what to do next. You notice a device nearby that charges storm crystals. You remember that there are quite a few of them dotted around Asperitas and for 1 Gold Piece, you can use the device to charge your hovers and return to Matix on Incus, when you need to.

If you want to try and break down the door, turn to **21**. Alternatively you can head west, towards where the residents of Asperitas live (turn to **293**), or head north, deeper into the maze of workshops and laboratories (turn to **111**).

134

Silas gestures to one of the chests. "The lock on this one looks pretty old," he says. "I reckon I can get it open with my pitchfork."

He levers the pitchfork under the lock and lifts it sharply. The lock breaks with a *clank*. He peers inside and begins to poke through its contents with his pitchfork.

"Phew! Someone in here does not like to wash their socks! Hmm, these could be useful."

He passes you a Potion of Might and 1 Gold Piece. (Potion of Might will add 2 points to your Attack Strength for the duration of one battle. Record these in the Equipment and Gold boxes on your Adventure Sheet.)

What's left for you to do?

If you want to check your chest, if you haven't already done so, turn to **217**. If you want to search the unlocked chest, if you haven't already done so, turn to **65**. If you want to leave the Watchhouse, turn to **335**.

135

You ask Yurik what he was talking about when you first met.

"Well, I mean, Nimbus falling of course! It's all anyone's talking about."

He's right about that, but why would he think you suspected him?

If you want to ask him why he thinks you might believe he's involved, turn to **116**. If you want to lie and accuse Yurik of being behind it, turn to **372**.

136

You head back to the bathysphere. Seems like you still have some exploring to do.

Do you want to go to the flooded right-hand passageway off the antechamber, if you haven't done so already (turn to **344**), or do you want to leave the Citadel (turn to **256**)?

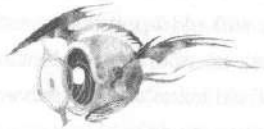

137

You make your way across Cirrus towards the blue-green plume of smoke. Worried farmers approach you asking about what happened on Nimbus. All you can tell them is to keep calm, stay indoors and that the Sky Watch is looking into it. You manage to sound more convincing than you feel.

When you reach the edge of the field that is the source of the smoke plume, you realize that it's not smoke at all but a swirling blue-green mist, which is coming from a large storm crystal shard that is half-embedded in the middle of a cabbage field, close to a small shed. It looks like a much bigger version of the one in the hovers nestled on your back, although it's very cracked and clearly badly damaged. It must have landed here after the explosion on the Nimbus.

If you want to charge up your hovers' storm crystal and Silas is with you, turn to **51**.

If you want to charge up your hovers' storm crystal and Silas is not with you, turn to **211**.

If you want to investigate the shed, turn to **376**.

138

You aim for a soft-looking haystack. Unfortunately, you completely miss your target. Your hovers' wings fold up and you are deposited into a nearby rubbish heap, where you hit your head on a piece of broken pot. (Lose 3 *STAMINA* points.)

If Cumulus is your home isle, turn to **57**. If Cumulus is not home isle, turn to **88**.

139

You're a strong swimmer, but when you feel something bite down on your foot, you start floundering and kick out. You feel your boot strike something, which swims away, but the damage is done. Lose 3 *STAMINA* points and then turn to **73**.

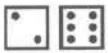

140

You decide to visit Cumulus, the island of trade. You check the hovers, make a running jump and take off, the waters of Altos sparkling beneath you.

(If you had Nemi with you, she will stay on Cumulus and you will lose your attack and damage bonuses. Adjust this on your Adventure Sheet.) Turn to **193**.

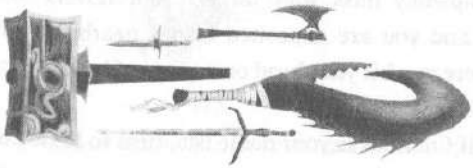

141

Dav picks up a large purple tuber from a nearby stall and hurls it after the creature. The root vegetable strikes the Cockroach's shell, causing it to stagger briefly, shedding 1 Gold Piece from the bag. (Add this back to the Gold Box on your Adventure Sheet.) Unfortunately, the tuber strike was only enough to slow the creature down briefly. It readjusts its grip on your Coin Bag and skitters off.

If you want to abandon your Coin Bag so that you can continue to the far side of the market, turn to **336**. If you are determined to get it back, turn to **307**.

142

You attempt to track the flying eye from below, on the streets of Asperitas. It suddenly turns towards you. You shrink back into the shadows and hope it hasn't realized you are following it.

Test Your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **178**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **245**.

143

You try the lever. Nothing happens. It's been disengaged. You wonder what's happened to whatever was in this room. Turn to **43**.

144

You ask Caleb if he can remember the survivor's name. He thinks for a minute and rubs his neck. You notice there are still nasty red sucker marks where the Octopus gripped him.

"Hmm, military, I think. High up. Sergeant, I think. No, no, Commander. That's it. Commander Tal... Tell... something."

If you have the ledger page from the Cirrus Watchhouse, you can show it to Caleb by turning to **94**.

If not, do you want to ask more about the *Doombringer*, if you haven't done so already (turn to **33**), or continue with your journey (turn to **295**)?

145

You swim strongly through the water. It's almost nice to be engaged in an activity that isn't walking, fighting or being stuck in a metal sphere. You even manage to dive down and pick up a fallen Potion of Might, nestled on a ledge. (Add this to your Adventure Sheet; the Potion of Might will add 2 points to your Attack Strength for the duration of one battle.) Turn to **73**.

146

You decide to visit Cumulus, the island of trade. You check the hovers, make a running jump, and take off, leaving the green fields of Cirrus behind you.

(If you have Silas with you, he will stay on Cirrus and you will lose your attack and damage bonuses. Adjust this on your Adventure Sheet.)

Turn to **193**.

147

You can't take any chances and you prepare to fight the corrupted Canidor.

FLAPPS	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **368**.

148

After you settle Halleck, you search the kitchen for supplies and find a large cleaver and some pumpkin pie. (Add these to your Adventure Sheet; the pie will restore up to 3 *STAMINA* points when eaten.)

You look up at the hole in the ceiling. You can see various tables and pieces of equipment through it. The room appears to be a workshop. You ask Halleck what was kept in the room above.

"That was Engineer Krazic's private workshop. Most of Pangaria's prototype technomancy was made there."

If you want to climb up to the room above, turn to **212**. If you want to go back to the bathysphere, turn to **152**. If you want to leave via the main door, turn to **378**.

149

You leave the house and ponder where your investigations should take you next.

You hear a *howl* from a nearby coppice of trees and an ape-like Howl Cat swings down from the branches and lollops towards you, razor-sharp teeth bared and slashing claws ready to tear you apart.

HOWL CAT	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 9*

Each time the Howl Cat suffers a hit, it will utter a ferocious battle cry that will deduct 1 point from your

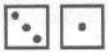

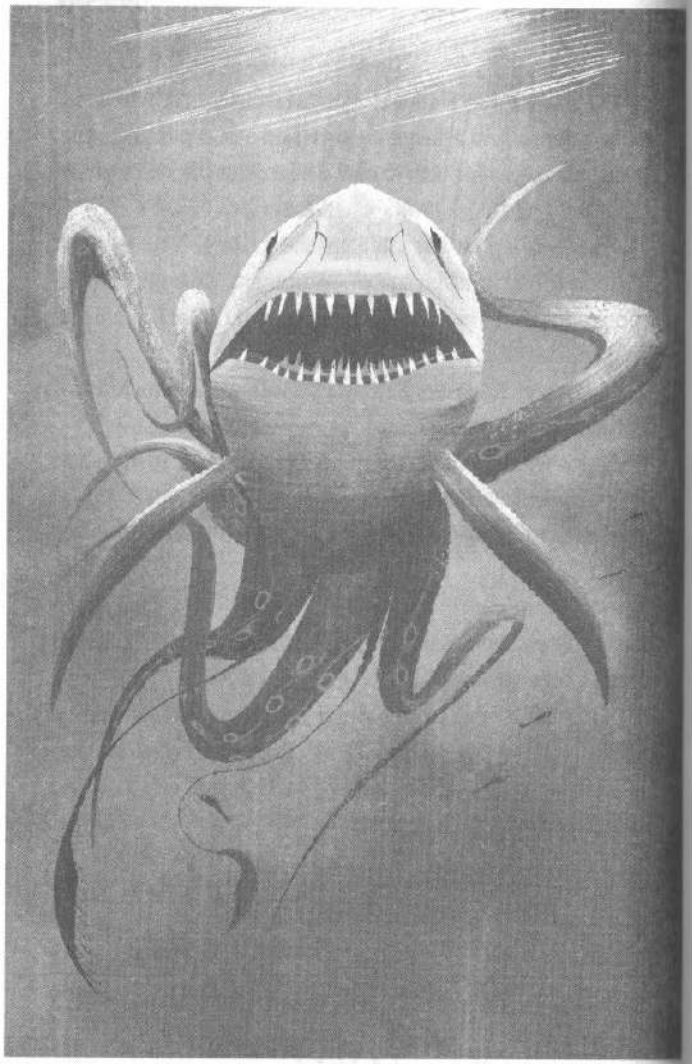

The Great White Squark wants you as its next meal

Attack Strength for the duration of the next Attack Round. However, this also reduces the Howl Cat's *STAMINA* by 1 additional point. If you win, turn to **302**.

150

You direct the *Barnacle* downwards and the waters close over the top of the submersible. Initially your vision is obscured by the churn of the waves, but soon the waters clear and you see the azure ocean stretching out before you.

Unfortunately, this gives you an unusually clear view of the monster heading straight towards you. With the head and upper body of a terrifying shark, and the tentacle-covered lower body of a giant squid, this is the Great White Squark and it wants you as its next meal. Taking a firm hold of the Barnacle's controls, you prepare to battle the sea monster, using the craft's mechanical claws.

GREAT WHITE SQUARK SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **385**.

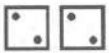

151

As the storm crystal's energy drains from the hovers, you lose control of the wings and crash to the ground, winded, bruised, but alive.

(Roll one die and deduct this many points from your *STAMINA* score.)

When your breath returns, you look out to where Nimbus once was. Now there's nothing but empty space, which crackles with a strange energy. You see a bird fly through it. Tiny forks of lightning target the creature and it explodes in a ball of feather and flames. Whatever took down Nimbus has left danger and death in its wake.

Turn to **321**.

152

You make sure Halleck is comfortable and tell him you're going to continue searching Nimbus. You take the side door out of the kitchen to return to the bathysphere. Once you are inside the vessel again, you return to the antechamber. Turn to **347**.

153

Success! You manage to pull the paper out. It looks like it's fallen out of a diary. The handwriting is smudged and spidery, but you can just make out the following lines.

Pangaria guards its secrets like a dragon squatting on gold! And like such a hoard, their secrets will command a

great price on Khul. Krazic and Boreas see the potential here. The Goblin is building something which can be brought to Anghelm in secret. Once Boreas frees me from this place, I will return and tell my commanders of the devastating potential within our grasp. Then we will find the highest bidder!

You recognize Krazic as being the Chief Engineer responsible for maintaining the technomancy which underpins all of Pangaria. Sounds like he has been developing something in secret, but what? And did this cause the fall of the Nimbus?

At first you felt you had some answers, but now you're feeling as if all you've got are more questions.

(Add the codeword **Boreas** to your Adventure Sheet, if you haven't already.)

If you showed the storm crystal shard to Methedus in Cumulus, turn to **345**. If not, there's nothing else to do but press on. To leave and go towards Matix's home, turn to **161**. To leave and head to the east dock and the bathysphere workshop, turn to **74**.

154

You struggle against whatever is restraining you, fervently trying to reach the surface. But it pulls you, down, down, down. You should really heed the warnings about deep, dark waters.

Your adventure is over.

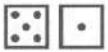

155

You yell in Tideus's ear to "Move!" and he manages to leap out of the way of the falling rubble, meaning you're both unharmed. Tideus even manages to hurl some of the rubble back towards the Goblin War Golem (causing it to lose 3 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point).

The Golem launches itself towards the Sea Giant.

Continue the battle between the two colossi. If you and Tideus win two of the next three Attack Rounds, turn to **388**. If the Goblin War Golem wins two of the next three Attack Rounds, turn to **167**.

156

The monstrous harpies lie dead at your feet. You can't help but think that this wasn't a random attack – they were lying in wait for you – but you try not to dwell on this fact too long.

Your eyes and ears are drawn to a gathering of Goblins, who are arguing amongst themselves in a small square.

"We need to get down there!"

"It's too dangerous! We must wait for the storm to pass."

"Then get the Stormborn to go down there!"

"They say there's a ward preventing them from getting close to Nimbus!"

You consider introducing yourself, but you can't get a word in edgeways.

"We need to come up with a plan!"

"Who put you in charge?"

"Well, someone's got to be!"

"But why should it be you?"

"I never said it should be me."

You look around at the squabbling Goblins and know that you stand a better chance of sprouting wings from your ears than they do of agreeing on a plan.

You spy a young Goblin busy cleaning vials and jars outside one of the workshops. You tell the Goblin you're a member of the Sky Watch and a look of horror crosses the Goblin's face. He's so shocked, he drops the vial he's been cleaning, and it smashes on the floor.

"It wasn't me! I didn't have anything to do with it, it was Paxlo and Pox . . . well, probably. I mean, I don't know for sure. But—" he babbles.

This is quite a reaction. You ask the Goblin his name and he tells you that it's Yurik.

To ask Yurik what he's referring to, turn to **135**. To lie and tell Yurik that you know he was behind it, turn to **372**. To help Yurik pick up the pieces of the broken vial, turn to **195**.

157

You move the *Barnacle* closer. There's a sickening *metallic crunch* as your poor bathysphere crashes against the reef. You open the hatch and crawl out, weakly. As you lie dazed on the cold, wet ground, you wonder what rocks are doing in the middle of the ocean anyway.

As the creatures slither over to look at you, their beautiful faces all smiles and laughter, you think you are safe. But their smiles transform into grimaces as their fangs lengthen and their skin turns black. The last thing you remember are their teeth. So many teeth . . .

Your adventure is over.

158

It's only a glancing blow. The contraption emits a high-pitched noise, before flying away up the Watchhouse chimney. You're unharmed but can't shake the feeling that you're being watched.

There's no time to dwell on such things right now, however. There's nothing more to do here, so you leave the Watchhouse. Turn to **335**.

159

You just manage to grab the side of the hole, and with a great deal of scrabbling, you succeed in pulling yourself into the room above. However, you manage to cut yourself in the process (lose 2 *STAMINA* points). Turn to **313**.

160

The log catches you on the side of your head (lose 3 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point). Thankfully it's not enough to knock you out, but it makes your head spin.

If Altos is your home isle, turn to **348**. If Altos is not your home isle, turn to **110**.

161

When asked for directions to Matix's house, everyone you speak to tells you to follow the sound of banging and cussing. You soon hear noises that sound like a wheelbarrow being hit with a brick – *thunk, clonk, clang* – and a voice saying, "You son of a rancid hog-mule! You fetid pile of badger excrement! Work, damn you, work!" *Bang! Crash! Thunk!* "Ouch, my thumb!"

At the source of the sound, you find a bathysphere hanging from the rafters of a large workshop, attached to a much smaller house and surrounded by every conceivable tool and mechanical part. The bathysphere is a spherical craft made from reinforced metal, with small porthole-like windows in its sides and a larger one at the front that also doubles as an entry hatch. You notice small storm crystals embedded in the bottom, and large mechanical claws stretching forward from each side. The nameplate on the side of the bathysphere reads *Barnacle*.

You call out Matix's name. Turn to **230**.

162

You get into hiding just as the creature shakes the ash off itself and looks around the room. It's a Winged Gremlin; a particularly nasty little creature. The Gremlin makes straight for Vizigg's desk and starts riffling through the paperwork and sniffing it.

After a minute it seems to have found what it was looking for, and is about to make off with it. But you can't let that happen. You leap out of hiding and throw your weapon at it.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **363**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **332**.

163

You attempt to roll away, but the foot gives you a glancing blow on its way down. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.)

If you are still alive, turn to **100**.

164

You decide to visit Altos, the water island. You check the hovers, make a running jump, and take off, leaving the green fields of Cirrus behind you.

(If you had Silas with you, he will stay on Cirrus and you will lose your attack and damage bonuses. Adjust this on your Adventure Sheet.) Turn to **103**.

165

You dive for cover and just make it in time. The rubble crashes down beside you, leaving you only lightly dusted. Turn to **208**.

166

(You give Tideus 4 *STAMINA* points' worth of food. Cross this off your Adventure Sheet.) The giant wolfs the food down in one gulp, slaps his hands together and prepares to wrestle you.

TIDEUS	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 18*

As Tideus is a little more satisfied, he will give up when you reduce his *STAMINA* score to 10 *STAMINA* points or fewer. When this happens, turn to **267** at once.

167

Krazic shrieks with delight, sensing that victory is close at hand, and swings both the War Golem's weapons, knocking you and Tideus to the ground. You roll off the Sea Giant's shoulder and Krazic urges the mechanical monstrosity forward, intent on crushing you underfoot.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **382**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **163**.

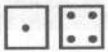

The branches are covered with tiny, snapping dragon heads

168

You cautiously follow the sound of the yelling to an orchard. There you find an elderly woman grasping a spade and fending off a marauding fruit tree which has gained both life and an aggressive streak. Instead of the beautiful spiky red fruit that the tree normally bears, the branches are covered with tiny, snapping dragon heads.

One of the heads lunges at the woman and she smacks it with her shovel. The head looks dazed for a moment, and then turns a stream of fire on her. She uses her shovel as a shield, but the metal melts away. She's out of defences.

She drops the melted shovel, rolls up her sleeves and readies her fists. If she's going to go out, she'll go out swinging. But then she spots you.

"Give us a hand, would you, Officer?"

You cannot leave the old woman to fend for herself against the plant, and so you engage the Dragon Fruit Tree in battle yourself.

MARAUDING DRAGON FRUIT TREE	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **303**.

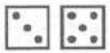

169

You give him 1 Gold Piece and apologize for frightening him.

"Most appreciated, Officer. Look, what I said earlier about not having anything to do with Nimbus falling... I didn't, but I think I know who did. Goblin by the name of Pox or could be his brother, Paxlo. Several months back they started putting together a team to go work in Krazic's workshop on Nimbus."

The young Goblin seems to want to unburden his soul, so you let him talk.

"A plum job! Double wages. But I smelled something off about it. If we took the job, we weren't allowed to tell anyone what we were working on and we had to sleep in the workshop! I like my bed too much to give that up, so I said no. They didn't like that. I've not seen them round here since the Nimbus went down.

"Look, wherever Pox and Paxlo go, trouble follows, that's all I'm saying. Anything else I can help you with? But be quick about it!"

If you have the codeword **Hazi** on your Adventure Sheet, turn to **257**.

If not, and you want to leave, you can head west towards where the residents of Asperitas live (turn to **293**), or north, further into the maze of workshops and laboratories (turn to **111**).

170

You've heard enough.

"Oh, by the way, what happened to Samuel?" says Vizigg, looking concerned.

Who's Samuel?

"Giant Scorpion. You can't miss him. On guard outside the ... oh. Ah, never mind. I'm sure he died well."

You quickly ask Vizigg how you can help.

"You are a brave soul to risk your life like this, but this is my mess. It's up to me to repair it."

You tell Vizigg that you didn't come down here to sit around and twiddle your thumbs while the place fills up with water and the air runs out.

"Hmm, well, you are in better condition than me, that's for sure, and perhaps there are places you can get to that I cannot. Very well. To finish the ritual, I need a copper ring, a silver goblet and a black candle.

"Here," he says, tossing you a greater healing potion. "This will help you more than it'll help me." (The potion will restore up to 5 *STAMINA* points.)

If you have a copper ring, turn to **228**. If you have a silver goblet, turn to **115**. If you have a black candle, turn to **6**. If you want to leave the Under-Library and go in search of these items, turn to **26**.

171

You squeeze your way into the storm drain and drop down into the sewer. The smells down here are horrible compared to those in the market above, and make your eyes water. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point, as the stench starts to make you feel nauseous.) You study the ground and see small tracks in what you hope is only mud.

If you want to follow the tracks, turn to **79**. If you would rather leave the sewer and return to the street, turn to **241**.

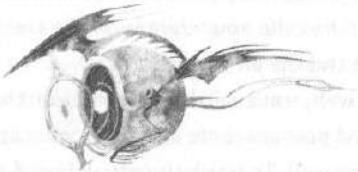

172

Hundreds of little fish immediately pop out of their rocky homes and descend on the corpse of the Electric Eel, stripping the flesh from its bones at lightning speed. You hate to think what they might have done to you had you lost the battle. You notice that they leave a strange bulbous object in their wake. It's the eel's Conductive Gland, cackling with elemental energy.

Taking a chance, you skewer it on to the end of one of the *Barnacle*'s pincers. It glints on the end of the weapon.

(The pincer weapon will now cause 3 *STAMINA* points

of damage with each successful hit, rather than the usual 2. Record this on your Adventure Sheet.)

Suddenly you feel more vibrations. The fish go into hiding as the cave roof begins to disintegrate around you, boulders bouncing off the bathysphere's roof with watery *clonks*.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **316**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **362**.

173

You attempt to deflect the darts with your cloak. However, one of them grazes your hand. It is coated with poison, but thankfully not too much of it enters your bloodstream; just enough to make your hand go numb. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point.)

You continue upwards cautiously until you reach a locked door. Turn to **83**.

174

Krazic yells in triumph! You wonder what you can do to swing the battle in your favour.

If you have the trident, you can pass it to Tideus to use; turn to **16**. If you have some fire oil, you can throw it at the Goblin War Golem; turn to **318**. If you have the Giant Crab pincer, you can hurl it at the Goblin War Golem; turn to **39**. If you don't have any of these objects, turn to **326**.

175

There's a ululating cry and two scaly-skinned Kokomokoa emerge from the pool, nets and bamboo spears at the ready. From the confused look on Boreas's face, he was clearly hoping for something a bit more threatening. However, you must fight the amphibious humanoids at the same time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First KOKOMOKOA	*5*	*5*
Second KOKOMOKOA	*5*	*5*

The first time a Kokomokoa hits you successfully, the creature will snare you with its a net; do not deduct any *STAMINA* points, but you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points from you for the duration of the battle.

If you win, turn to **392**.

176

The contraption emits a high-pitched noise and sends a small fireball towards you.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **202**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **58**.

177

"You look like death warmed up, my friend," Silas remarks at your dishevelled appearance. You realize that you've been held up by a mixture of fear, adrenalin and anger

until this point. Now you could do with a little old-fashioned shut-eye.

If you want to take a nap, turn to **91**.

Alternatively, choosing something you've not already tried, do you want to search your chest (turn to **217**), see what Silas has found (turn to **134**), or leave the Watchhouse (turn to **335**)?

178

It turns back and flitters on its way. It hasn't seen you. You continue your stealthy pursuit. Turn to **38**.

179

The light dims and the Wraithfish sinks to the bottom of the passageway. You urge the *Barnacle* onwards.

You enter a half-submerged cave, with a rocky ledge on which something has been hoarding various bits of detritus harvested from the sea. There are lots of metallic bits and pieces strewn around the cave. You feel slightly guilty about the fact that the Wraithfish was probably just protecting its shiny things, but they're your shiny things now.

Exiting the bathysphere, you root around amongst the junk to see if you can find anything of value. You find a strange brass rod, which looks like it might have come from an Incus fishing boat, and a silver goblet. (Add both these items to your Equipment List.)

If you have the codeword **Rescue** written on your Adventure Sheet, you can turn to **132**.

If not, and you want to leave the passage and take the left fork in the caves, if you haven't explored that way already, turn to **231**. To leave the caves and head for the large dim shape, turn to **191**.

180

You return to Daxa.

If you want her to charge your flyers for free and fly to Altos, turn to **342**. If you want her to charge your flyers for free and fly to Cirrus, turn to **320**. If you want to take the sky bridge to Cirrus and see if you can find Daxa's aeronaut's helmet, turn to **327**.

181

The Giant Toad disintegrates into a gelatinous heap. You notice some of the goo sticking to a nearby leaf. It has incredible sticking powers. You wrap the leaf around the sticky substance and carefully tuck it away. (Add the sticky toad goop to your Equipment List on your Adventure Sheet.)

You continue towards the Altos Watchhouse. Turn to **131**.

182

Stepping carefully around the Wheelie corpses, you investigate the ground floor. It's so untidy and full of hoarded objects of all kinds, it's hard to tell what might be useful to your investigation and what is just rubbish. You do find a couple of wooden goblets inscribed with "Paxlo" and "Pox".

If you haven't explored the upper floor and want to, turn to **350**. If you want to leave, turn to **149**.

183

You cut open the creature's stomach with your sword. You know that crocodiles have a reputation for eating any old thing they find. You hold your nose as you search the stomach contents and find a Potion of Might and a copper ring. (Add these to your Adventure Sheet. The Potion of Might will add 2 points to your Attack Strength for the duration of one battle.)

If you want to return to Nimbiferous Chamber, turn to **194**. If you want to return to Vizigg, turn to **52**. If you decide to go back to the bathysphere, turn to **136**.

184

You sleep for a fitful hour or so. In your dreams you are flying through the skies above Pangaria, trying to catch your falling Sky Watch friends. They cry out to you as they tumble through the air. You save one, but more plummet away from your grasp.

You grab for a flailing arm, only to realize that it's your own face that you see staring back at you. You try to hold on, gripping tighter, but it's no good. You watch as your screaming face falls away from you, your limbs flailing uselessly, as your doppelgänger drops away into nothingness.

The sleep isn't peaceful, but it is at least restful (regain 2 *STAMINA* points).

You awake to a strange *buzzing* sound on the edge of hearing, like the rapid flapping of tiny wings.

You peer into the gloom, and in the corner of the barracks you see something that looks like a metal eye. It is about the size of a grapefruit and instead of an iris, you realize that the metal contraption has a large lens. It is held up by small wings, reminiscent of your hovers.

The metal eye zips around, blinking at you. It's very unnerving. You throw your boot at it.

Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to **176**. If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to **158**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **249**.

185

You reassure Hazi that you will check in on Vizigg on Asperitas, and the Goblin thanks you. He reaches into his robe and passes you a couple of items: a piece of dried cuttlefish and an ornate dagger.

(The dried cuttlefish will restore up to 2 *STAMINA* points when eaten, and the ornate dagger will add 1 point to your Attack Strength, if used in battle. Add these items to your Adventure Sheet.)

You notice a sign pointing the way to the local Goblin flyer.

If you want to go to the mill, and haven't done so already, turn to **261**. If you want to go to the flyer and find a way to the other islands, turn to **27**.

186

You engage the bathysphere's controls and decide whether to explore the surface, or dive beneath it.

If you want to dive, turn to **150**. If you want to explore the surface, turn to **312**.

187

"OK, I think I can get her shipshape in a few hours, Officer. Why don't you take a kip in the back there? You're going to need your strength."

You head to the back of the workshop and see a pile of blankets. You're uncertain how clean they are, but you're

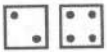

exhausted, and they do look cosy.

You drift off to sleep, lulled by the sound of *thunks, clangs* and the occasional *ouch!*

A few hours later, Matix shakes you awake. "The *Barnacle*'s ready to go. Hope you are too!"

You're not sure that you are, but you follow Matix to the bathysphere, which has been moved to the nearby dock. (Restore up to 2 *STAMINA* points.)

On the way she explains the *Barnacle*'s controls to you. She also tells you how to engage the *Barnacle*'s weapons, which come in the form of large, pincer-like arms, in case you encounter any dangers. There is also a large suction system on one of the pincers for picking up interesting finds you may unearth and bringing them inside the bathysphere.

Matix also tells you she has fitted the *Barnacle* with a special gadget that conducts and amplifies sound, which will allow you to hear better underwater, even from inside the bathysphere.

Upon reaching the *Barnacle*, you climb into the small, one-person cabin, and store your weapons and backpack inside.

"Right! The *Barnacle*'s storm crystals will allow you to float down to the water. You won't find she's as manoeuvrable as your hovers in the air, but once she's in the water, she's a dream! It's all up to you now, Officer. Pangaria's counting on you!"

Matix shuts the lid of the bathysphere and you begin your descent to Nimbus. Turn to **54**.

188

You walk in on your commanding Officer throwing up into his own helmet. It's quite the sight. You've entered the Citadel kitchens by a side door and can see Captain Halleck pinned under some debris, near a cupboard, not far from the main kitchen entrance. He is surrounded by food remains. He looks at you with bleary eyes.

"You! Wait... I don't remember you being at the Citadel. I sent you back for my hovers. How did you get here?" You explain everything that has happened since you parted company, as succinctly as you can.

"By Zephyrus's hurricane heart, you've had quite an adventure! You've done the Sky Watch proud. Er, you couldn't help me with this, could you? It was quite painful to start with, but now I can't really feel my legs any more." He points at the debris pinning him down.

"After Nimbus crashed, I found myself in here. I thought I'd get a bite to eat before searching for survivors, but part of the roof fell in on me."

He points to the ceiling above. There's a big hole in it.

You need to move the debris off Halleck.

Test Your Stamina. If you are Successful, turn to **113**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **386**.

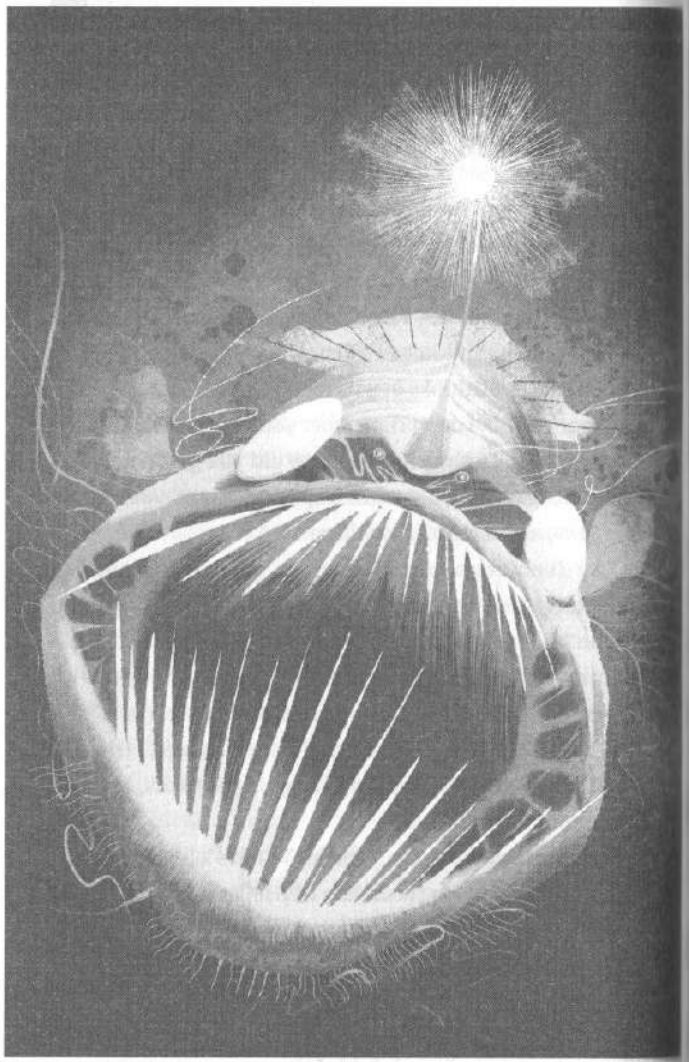

An abyssal horror with a mouth full of needle-sharp teeth

189

You deflect the fireball away from your companion with the blade of your short sword. It crashes harmlessly into the fireplace. The eyeball flies away up the chimney.

You're unharmed but can't shake the feeling that you're being watched. However, there's no time to dwell on such things right now – you need to get moving.

(Write the codeword **Eye-Spy** on your Adventure Sheet.)

Choosing something you've not already tried, will you:

Search your chest? Turn to **217**.

See what Silas found earlier? Turn to **134**.

Leave the Watchhouse? Turn to **335**.

190

The passage becomes narrower, and it's only when the light gets brighter that you realize it's coming from behind you. Right behind you.

This thought is punctuated by a *screeching* sound as something scrapes against the *Barnacle*'s metal hull, and the craft spins forwards, out of control, tumbling you around. (Deduct 2 *STAMINA* points from the *Barnacle*, but also deduct 2 points from your personal *STAMINA* score.)

Once the *Barnacle* is righted again, you speed forward into a larger cave that is only partly submerged. You turn the bathysphere round and face what's behind you.

It is an enormous Wraithfish, an abyssal horror with a

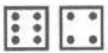

mouth full of needle-sharp teeth and an appendage, like a fishing rod, coming from atop its head, which emits a blinding light. There's no getting around it, you're going to have to fight.

WRAITHFISH *SKILL 9* *STAMINA 12*

When you have reduced the Wraithfish's *STAMINA* score to 6 points or fewer, it will knock the *Barnacle* up on to a ledge. The *Barnacle* won't have the manoeuvrability it does in the water, and you will have to reduce its *SKILL* score by 2 points until you can get it back in the water again. If you win, turn to **14**.

191

You direct the *Barnacle* towards the dim shape in the distance. As you get closer the shape gets bigger, and you can make out a familiar fortification. To your horror you realize that you're looking at the Nimbus Citadel. It looks so strange to see it underwater with fish gliding through its gardens. You hope that maybe there are people still alive down there, maybe trapped inside, in no doubt rapidly diminishing air pockets.

A strange object catches your eye. You move closer and realize it's a large air bubble with a figure inside, which barely seems credible.

If you have the codeword **Bubble** on your Adventure

Sheet, you can turn to **112**. If you want to investigate the bubble, and don't have the codeword, turn to **37**. If you want to ignore the bubble entirely and get closer to Nimbus, turn to **3**.

192

Unfortunately, you weaken before the War Golem does and are struck by its axe. (Lose 3 *STAMINA* points.) If you are still alive, turn to **100**.

193

You don't see Cumulus at first, you smell it. The scents drift up to you from the numerous stalls and vendors who trade their wares in the large markets that dominate the island. The soft spicy smells of gingerbread biscuits and cinnamon milk pudding mingle with the pungent aroma of stink fruit and sizzling fish steaks.

A *humming* jolts you from your musings, and the wings begin to shudder. You tense your shoulders and move your upper body as you try to glide yourself down towards a safe and soft landing before the hovers' storm crystal runs out of energy.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **12**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **138**.

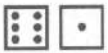

194

You arrive back in the Nimbiferous Chamber. Will you:

Try the Great Hall door? Turn to **301**.
Go back to the half-flooded area near the library? Turn to **236**.
Go to the bathysphere? Turn to **136**.
Go to the kitchens, if you haven't already? Turn to **9**.
Return to Vizigg? Turn to **52**.

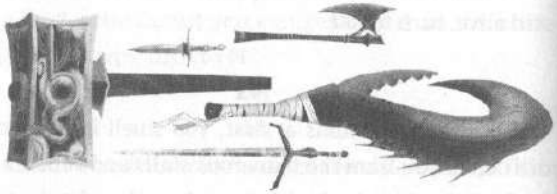

195

You help Yurik pick up the broken pieces of the vial. He looks relieved.

"Thank you, Officer. I'm so clumsy. That's the third I've broken today," the Goblin says worriedly. "They're going to start taking it out of my wages if I'm not careful. I've just been so jittery lately."

To ask him what's got him on edge, turn to **4**. To give him 1 Gold Piece to help pay for the damage, turn to **169**.

196

As you descend towards Altos, the sentient clouds which are farmed there and known as Cloudkin scatter like frightened sheep, some of them shedding a little water as they float speedily away from you. You drink in the beautiful sight of Altos from above. Lakes, rivers and waterfalls sparkle in the sunshine. Despite the horror of what you've witnessed, it gladdens your heart just a little to see your home isle.

But in your joy at seeing Altos, you fly too close to a Mother Cloudkin, who has several young Cloudkin drifting around her. The young ones flee to their mother in fright and fold themselves into her fluffy, cloudy depths. She angrily lashes out at you with a bolt of lightning, which strikes your hovers and sends you tumbling to the ground.

Luckily you land in the mud, dirty and damp, but still alive. (Lose 5 *STAMINA* points.)

You scrape off the worst of the mud and stare across to where Nimbus used to be. Now there's nothing but air and dust, which crackles with a strange energy. Whatever brought the island down must've been incredibly powerful. Sadness gives way to a new resolve. You're going to find out what happened to Nimbus before the rest of Pangaria starts to fall from the sky.

Your hovers aren't badly damaged, but they are out of charge, so you will need to find some way of charging them up in order to fly anywhere else. That means that for now, you're on foot. On the bright side, you've managed to keep

hold of Halleck's Coin Bag. You're pretty sure that he won't mind you using it in the line of duty. (Add 10 Gold Pieces to your Adventure Sheet.)

You check your waist. Your trusty short sword is still there. (You can add this to the Weapons Box on your Adventure Sheet.)

You look around for a place to start your investigation. There's a Cloudkin farm nearby. They might be able to help you with supplies and information. Turn to **30**.

197

"I've heard other voices, calling out, crying. But lots of the tunnels are flooded so it's hard to reach anyone. There must be air pockets all over this place. Can't get back into the Great Hall neither. Door must be warded."

If you want to ask what happened to the Nimbus, turn to **77**. If you want to ask what's wrong with the injured Officer, turn to **356**. If you've asked the pair everything you want to, turn to **330**.

198

By the time you come round, both the Goblins have vanished.

You inspect the Giant Metal Hand, which is now thankfully inert. There's an interesting-looking part dangling off the side of it. You give it a tug, and it comes away in your hand. You're no expert, but you think that this might well be a Thingie. (Add the Thingie to your Adventure Sheet.)

You decide what to do next.

You can head to the west towards where the residents of Asperitas live, if you haven't explored that area already (turn to **293**), or you can go to the nearest storm crystal charging station. If you decide to do this, make a note of this section number, as you will be able to return directly to this location if you decide to revisit Asperitas, and turn to **379**.

199

When you finally dispatch the corrupted crustacean, the fishermen come out of hiding, looking extremely relieved.

"Unbelievable," says one of them, shaking his head in amazement. "One moment I'm walking through the fresh catches shed, and the next thing I know, I'm fighting for my life!"

"Still, this'll feed a few families for weeks," says another, examining the corpse.

One of the fishermen gets a large shell-saw and starts

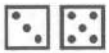

to use it on one of the monster's large claws. He uses a few more implements on it and finally hands you the pincer and some of the crab meat.

The crab pincer smells a bit fishy, but it can be used like a club. (If you use the pincer in battle, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point, but you may increase the damage you cause by 1 point. The crab meat will restore 3 *STAMINA* when eaten. Make a note of this on your Adventure Sheet.)

You ask the fishermen if they know what caused the Nimbus to fall. Turn to **60**.

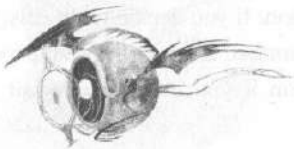

200

You hand over the item. (Cross it off your Adventure Sheet.) Grax studies it, trying to gauge whether it might help him fix his beloved flyer.

"Yes! Yes! I think that should do the trick. Now all I need is something to glue it down with. You got anything?"

If you have some toad goop or healing honey, turn to **340**. If not, you will have to charge up your hovers – turn to **80**.

201

You yell in Tideus's ear to "Move!" and he manages to leap out of the way of the falling rubble, but you are knocked off his shoulder in the process. (Lose 3 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point.)

The Golem launches itself towards the Sea Giant.

Continue the battle between the two colossi. If you and Tideus win two of the next three Attack Rounds, turn to **388**. If the Goblin War Golem wins two of the next three Attack Rounds, turn to **167**.

202

You deftly deflect the fireball with the blade of your Short Sword. It crashes harmlessly into the fireplace, while the eyeball flies away up the chimney.

You're unharmed but can't shake the feeling that you're being watched. However, there's no time to dwell on such things right now. There's nothing more to do here, so you leave the Watchhouse. Turn to **335**.

203

The waters close over you. Initially your vision is obscured by the churn of the waves, but soon the waters clear and you see the azure ocean stretching out before you.

You survey the depths. There's a large, dim shape in the distance. It could be a rock formation, or it could be the sunken Nimbus – you're not sure which.

There are also some interesting-looking caves below you which might be worth investigating too.

If you want to head towards the caves, turn to **85**. If you want to continue towards the dim shape in the distance, turn to **191**.

204

You splash the potion over the overgrown amphibian. Thankfully, the Giant Toad blinks and yawns, then slowly slides back into the swamp it came from.

Cross the Calming Potion off your Adventure Sheet and turn to **131**.

205

Before you go, Methedus passes you a small crystal. It looks like a blank version of the one you have in your hovers.

"You might need this. You seem like the type that gets themselves into trouble. There are a lot of nasty energies around and this will withdraw them from an infected creature, just as long as it's not too far gone. Once an animal's been taken over entirely, the crystal won't work. One use only, I'm afraid." (Add Methedus's shard to your Adventure Sheet and 1 point to your *LUCK* score.)

If you want to look for Hazi on the other side of the market, and haven't done so already, turn to **351**. If you want to find the local Goblin flyer and head for one of the other islands, turn to **27**.

206

You have found everything that Vizigg asked for (regain 1 *LUCK* point), but the old Goblin is getting weaker by the minute. He shuffles round the room, placing the items around the edge of the ritual circle. Nothing happens. He scratches his head. "There's something missing ... now what is it? Damn, it's a storm crystal. Needs to be intact, though. And of course, I destroyed all the ones in the vicinity. Stupid, stupid, stupid!"

To give Vizigg your hovers, turn to **63**. If you would rather leave the library and go exploring, turn to **26**.

207

You manage to jump out of the way as part of the ceiling comes down on the spot where you were just standing.

You also start to notice strange marks on the walls of the house, like ridges or large scratches. Something very strange has happened to the Renard home.

If you have the storm crystal shard from Cirrus, turn to **235**. If you do not have the shard, turn to **279**.

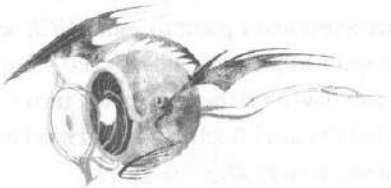

208

Boreas floats in mid-air whilst the storm whirls around him.

"Thank you for freeing our creation and for restoring the Nimbus, Officer," says Boreas smugly. "When you turned up, poking around, I thought you were merely a nuisance I would have to dispatch, or that you would simply die alongside your pathetic Sky Watch friends. But you have proved to be most useful.

"Once we reach Pangaria, Krazic and I will subdue the rest of the islands and continue with our plans. There is great wealth and power to be had out there in the world and it's time to take full advantage of it!"

You tell him that it's over; that the golem is merely a prison for traitorous Goblins now.

"We'll see about that," he sneers.

He begins chanting and a pool of water appears on the floor and from it clambers . . .

Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to **78**. If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to **175**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **391**.

209

You run round to the back door to find it swinging open; someone obviously left in a hurry. An open door is practically as good as an invitation, so you enter the house.

Inside, there are papers strewn about and a coat stand has been knocked over. You're about to head deeper into the house when you hear the noise of something *clattering* down the rickety wooden stairs. This is accompanied by *high-pitched laughter.*

Suddenly you see two disc-like creatures, each with four hands sprouting from their sides. They are holding little knives and are cartwheeling towards you with murder in their eyes.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First WHEELIE	*6*	*6*
Second WHEELIE	*6*	*6*

If you win tun to **119**.

There's a small robed figure standing at the centre of the circle

210

There's a strange green light emanating from the area ahead. You can hear indistinct muttering and see a large shadow on the wall. You grab a flickering torch from the wall with one hand, keeping your weapon drawn in the other.

You enter the room ahead and can see four large storm crystals at the four compass points of a circle, which are covered in arcane runes, and other miscellaneous objects. You hold up the torch and see that all the storm crystals are broken. There's a small robed figure standing at the centre of the circle. It turns and raises its hand towards you. A strange device on its wrist shoots out a net, which closes around you tightly. You're not going anywhere.

Your attacker shuffles closer and you realize it's Vizigg, the Goblin Elder Technomancer. He looks in a bad way, and there's blood all over his robe.

He peers at you. "Where did you come from?"

You tell him that you came from the surface and you're here to bring those who caused the crash to justice.

He begins to laugh. Turn to **272**.

211

You press your storm crystal to the large shard. A force of energy knocks you back. You hit your head against a piece of rock. (Lose 4 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point.) It seems the crystal is too volatile to charge from.

Picking yourself up, you break off a small piece of the

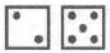

shard near one of the cracks. Strangely, the damage seems to be on the inside of the crystal. You can see worn grooves and cracks on the inside and a strange black residue on the outside. (Record the storm crystal shard on your Adventure Sheet.)

Perhaps you can find someone who'll be able to tell you where the crystal came from and what broke it. Maybe then you'll be able to find out what happened on Nimbus.

If you want to head to the north of Cirrus, in search of a way off the island, turn to **255**. If you want to investigate the shed, turn to **376**. If you want to visit the Watchhouse, turn to **49**.

212

You climb as high as you can in the kitchen and attempt a jump to the hole in the ceiling.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **360**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **159**.

213

The poor infected fisherman is dead at your feet. You tell yourself that death by your blade was better than whatever that creature was doing to him. You check his pockets and

find 2 Gold Pieces. (Record these on your Adventure Sheet.)

To head north towards Matix's home, turn to **161**. To head to the east dock and the bathysphere workshop, turn to **74**.

214

You're increasingly feeling like you need to get to a more populous part of the island, rather than keep wandering around out here on your own.

You decide to head north-east back to the maze of workshops and laboratories. Turn to **111**.

215

You get closer to the half-wrecked boat and realize it's one of the fishing vessels from Incus. You can see someone sitting in it. You suspect it's an Incus fisherman. You call out, but the man doesn't respond. Is he dead? You draw the bathysphere closer. You can now see by the rise and fall of his chest that he is breathing. You call out again louder.

"Eh?" says the fisherman, removing a tuft of wool from each ear. "Did you say something?"

You ask him why his ears were plugged, and he tells you that there's a group of merfolk nearby. "If you hear too much of their singing, it'll lure you on to the rocks and they'll tear the flesh from your bones."

You ask why he's not taken his boat back to Incus.

"The brass conductor fell off the roof when the Nimbus

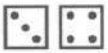

crashed down. Can't activate the storm crystals without it," he explains. "Last I saw, it was grabbed by some huge fish with a big old light on its head. It swam off with it!"

You ask if there's anything you can do to help.

"Well, if you can get it back, that would be a good start!"

(Make a note of the codeword **Rescue** on your Adventure Sheet.)

If you agree to help and take the *Barnacle* down, in search of the conductor rod, turn to **22**. If you refuse politely, saying that your priority has to be finding the Nimbus, turn to **349**.

216

Vizigg smiles at you weakly. "That was a kind act, Officer."

You place him down gently, but he drops to the floor. You try to hold him up, but his body seems to have grown heavier with the weight of inevitability.

"We did it," he says weakly. "I'm fading fast, my friend. The rest is up to you now. When I die, the ward around the Great Hall will be broken. You must deal with whatever is left in there. Its existence is too dangerous for it to be allowed to continue; for Pangaria and the world outside. Do you understand me?"

You nod and say you'll do whatever it takes to keep Pangaria safe.

He grasps your collar. "You need to . . . know . . . the . . . Stormborn . . . Boreas. He was there . . . he's dangerous . . .

mad . . . but not as dangerous as . . ."

His voice falters and his eyes go glassy. You feel the old Goblin's small body go limp in your arms. He's gone on to the next world.

There's a loud *thrumming* noise, which you realize must be the sound of the ward around the Great Hall breaking. There's nothing for it but to venture forth and face whatever's in there.

You approach the Great Hall door, half expecting it to be flung open by some terrible monster. Instead everything is eerily quiet.

The Nimbus shakes as it slowly travels upwards towards the surface of the ocean.

Taking a torch from the wall nearby, you enter the Great Hall. Turn to **224**.

217

You search through your meagre possessions and find 2 dried fish, a Healing Potion and 2 Gold Pieces.

(Add the dried fish, Healing Potion and Gold Pieces to your Adventure Sheet. The dried fish will restore up to 2 *STAMINA* points each when eaten and the Healing Potion will restore up to 4 *STAMINA* points when drunk.)

If you want to open the unlocked chest, turn to **65**. If you want to see what Silas has found, turn to **134**. If you want to leave the Watchhouse, turn to **335**.

218

You light the lamp and hold the paper up to the heat. After a while writing begins to appear.

Vizigg,

Krazic is mad. I know that now. Pox doesn't believe me. He is committed to the cause. Krazic must be stopped. It's the only way to save my brother. Please find a way.

Paxlo

Whatever was going on with Paxlo and Pox, a rift seems to have developed between the brothers.

You leave the tower and head north-east back into the maze of workshops and laboratories. Turn to **111**.

219

You use your sword to cut open the creature's stomach. You know such reptiles have a reputation for eating any old thing they find. You hold your nose and search through the stomach contents, finding a Potion of Might and a copper ring. (Add these to your Adventure Sheet. The Potion of Might will add 2 points to your Attack Strength for the duration of one battle.)

You return to the water and heave open the library door. Turn to **18**.

220

You decide to visit Cirrus, the farming isle. You check the hovers, make a running jump and take off, the waters of

Altos sparkling beneath you.

(If you had Nemi with you, she will stay on Altos and you will lose your attack and damage bonuses. Adjust this on your Adventure Sheet.) Turn to **105**.

221

You ask Yurik about Pox and Paxlo.

"Well, if you don't know who they are, then I know you're lying. They've not been seen around here for days. And they're the only ones who'd say such a thing about me. Apart from you, of course. Damn Sky Watch! Hope the lot of you drown!"

And with that he runs inside the workshop and slams the door. (Lose 1 *LUCK* point.)

You bang on the door, but there's no answer.

You decide what to do next. You notice a device nearby that charges up storm crystals. You remember that there are quite a few of them dotted around Asperitas and for 1 Gold Piece, you can use them to charge your hovers and return to Matix on Incus, when you need to.

If you want to try to break down the door bodily, turn to **21**. If not, do you want to head west, towards where the residents of Asperitas live (turn to **293**), or head north, deeper into the maze of workshops and laboratories (turn to **111**)?

222

Krazic is enraged by your success. The Goblin War Golem smashes its stone club into the wall, bringing wood and masonry down on top of you.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **155**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **201**.

223

The vines sink to the floor, where they vibrate gently. You tiptoe over them and head out of the Watchhouse. You're just wondering if you should go to the north of Cirrus and locate a flyer to take you onwards to the other islands, when you hear an indistinct yelling in the distance.

If you want to follow the sound of the yelling, turn to **168**. If you want to investigate the plume of blue-green smoke, turn to **137**. If you want to head north, turn to **255**.

224

The first thing you notice in the Great Hall is that there is rubble everywhere. Half the ceiling has collapsed and so has part of the walls. There's not a piece of furniture intact. You see the occasional body of a Sky Watch Officer and curse Krazic and his vile creation, whatever its true nature may be.

You hear a groan come from one of the bodies and run over to help. It's a young woman; battered and bruised, but still alive. You help her to sit up.

"I have to get home," she mutters. "My mother will be worried. The dragon fruit will need harvesting soon." She seems very disorientated.

You find a strip of cloth and dip it in a nearby puddle of water, so that you can clean the blood and dirt from the woman's face. The cold water seems to bring her to her senses.

"Is it over?" she asks, looking at you with fear in her eyes. "Has it gone?"

You reassure the woman, who tells you her name is Malia, and tell her that now Nimbus is rising you will soon be safely back in Pangaria.

The room shakes with the turbulence of the ascent, which dislodges some of the piles of rubble. The Sky Watch Officer gasps as a large metal face is exposed, along with part of a chest and further down part of a leg and a huge metal foot. It's some kind of metal giant, that is thankfully inert.

You move closer. So, this is what Krazic was working on – a hulking war golem to take to Khul and sell to whichever warlord would pay the highest price. It both saddens and angers you that Pangarian technomancy could be used for such warmongering ends.

You can see from a cavity in the chest where the storm

crystal that powered it was once located, but thankfully it now lies broken. You can't imagine the kind of destruction this monstrosity would wreak if it were fully powered up.

There's a creak and high up you see a small hatch open in the face of the giant. The hatch is just big enough for an angry Goblin face to poke out of. Turn to **370**.

225

You duck skilfully and roll out of the way. The log whooshes by your head.

If Altos is your home isle, turn to **348**. If Altos is not your home isle, turn to **110**.

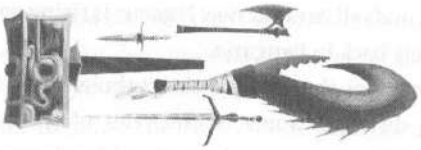

226

Everything looks different from the air, but you listen out for the sound of banging and cussing, and soon manage to guide your hovers to Matix's workshop.

The Goblin pops her head out, grinning from beneath her usual grimy exterior.

"Well, what have you got for me?"

If you have located the Thingie, turn to **125**. If you have obtained a Wotsit, turn to **375**.

227

You select the item you want to buy. (Deduct the appropriate number of Gold Pieces from your total Gold and add the item to you Adventure Sheet.) As you hand over the coins, you tell the Goblin trader that you're looking into what happened on Nimbus and ask if he knows anything.

"Well, business has been a bit slow since the explosion," he explains. "Everyone's a little nervous about all the extra elemental energy flying around here. But I ain't budging!"

You ask him if he thinks there's anyone you should speak with.

The Goblin sucks his teeth thoughtfully. "Well, there's a Goblin called Hazi who lives on the far side of the market. He used to work at the Citadel on Nimbus. He might know something."

Anyone else?

"You could always go and see Methedus. He's a Stormborn who works over at the mill. He might know a thing or two about the elemental energy that got released."

Now you've got a couple of avenues to explore, but before you set off again you can purchase the other items if you wish. (Update your Adventure Sheet accordingly.)

"Be careful out there," adds the Goblin trader. "There's rumours that the explosion has stirred up some unpleasant beasts. Wouldn't want to lose a good customer like yourself."

Before you head off you notice a Goblin gambling stall. This could be a chance to increase your gold . . . or lose it all.

If you want to engage in a game of chance, in the hope of increasing your gold, turn to **304**. If you want to find Hazi's house on the far side of the market, turn to **351**. If you want to head over to see Methedus at the mill, turn to **261**.

228

You give Vizigg the copper ring. He looks delighted. "Aha! Well done, Officer!"

If you have a silver goblet, turn to **115**. If you have a black candle, turn to **6**. If you want to leave the Under-Library and go in search of these items, turn to **26**. If you have given Vizigg all the requested items, turn to **206**.

229

With a last splintering of wood, the front door finally gives way and you warily enter the house.

Inside, there are papers strewn about and a coat stand has been knocked over. You're about to investigate further when you hear the noise of something *clattering* down the rickety wooden stairs. This is accompanied by *high-pitched laughter.*

Suddenly you see two disc-like creatures, each with four hands sprouting from their sides. They are holding little knives and are cartwheeling towards you with murder in their eyes.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First WHEELIE	*6*	*6*
Second WHEELIE	*6*	*6*

If you win, turn to **119**.

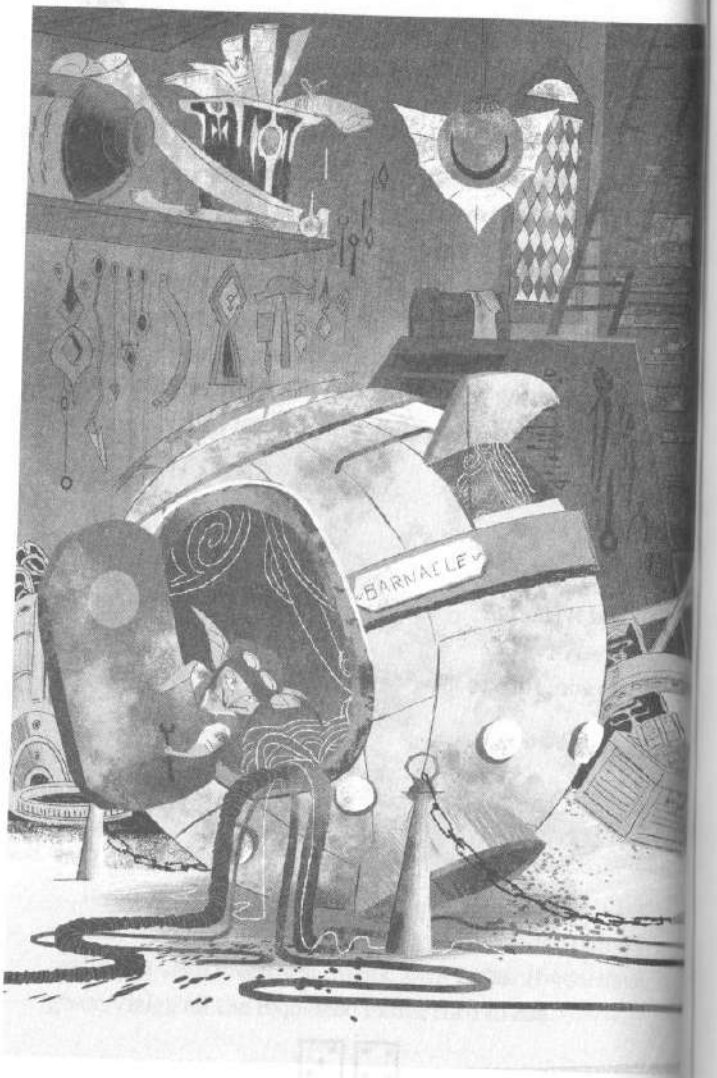

A Goblin head pokes out of the guts of the bathysphere

230

A Goblin head pokes out of the guts of the bathysphere, covered in grime and looking very frustrated.

"You don't happen to have a Wotsit on you, do you?" she asks you in an exasperated tone.

You're pretty sure you don't, even if you knew what one was.

"How about a Thingie?"

Still nothing. And you're just as confused.

You explain to her that you have no idea what she's asking for, but you do have a pressing need to commandeer the *Barnacle* in the name of the Sky Watch.

She emerges from the bathysphere, wiping her hands. "Is that right? Well, seeing as this is the only bathysphere that's even partway running right now, Officer, I'd say you need to do a bit more work than just commandeer it."

You apologize for your brusqueness and tell her that you're the only Sky Watch Officer still active on the archipelago and you're trying to find out what happened on Nimbus. You need a way to get down to the island and navigate the rough waters.

Matix looks you up and down appraisingly. "I like the cut of your gib, Officer. At least someone around here is trying to do something and not running around like a headless chicken. Tell you what, if you can find me a Thingie, and either a Doobry or a Wotsit, I can finish repairing the *Barnacle*, and then I'll lend her to you."

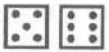

She points towards a small contraption that looks like those you've seen at the Goblin flyer ports. "You can charge your hover crystal in that," she says. One Gold Piece per charge. Very reasonable, I'd say."

If you have the Strange Metal Object from the Cirrus Watchhouse, turn to **62**. If not, turn to **2**.

231

You make your way down the left-hand passage. Your senses are alerted when the little glowing fish around you all go into hiding at once. Then you see it. Staring at you through the gloom is the snake-like face of a huge Electric Eel, and it is clearly not happy about its peace being disturbed. You can see elemental energy rippling over its skin. It swims closer to you, sizing you up and deciding whether you are worth the trouble.

If you want to engage the Electric Eel in combat, turn to **41**. If you'd rather not fight the monster fish, turn to **333**.

232

With the bridge now open, you step on to the pleasant

isle of Cirrus, which produces much of the magically enhanced fruit, vegetables and grains that feed Pangaria. You're nervous about what the magical energy released by Nimbus may have done to the vegetation. You look around and spot a plume of blue-green smoke in the distance. You also realize that the local Watchhouse is not too far away. That might be worth visiting for supplies.

To investigate the plume of blue-green smoke, turn to **137**. To investigate the local Watchhouse, turn to **49**.

233

You pluck up the courage and decide to try the Sky Bridge. (If you have Dav with you, he will stay on Cumulus and you will lose your attack and damage bonuses. Adjust this on your Adventure Sheet.)

You step on to the bridge; it sways gently beneath you. Somehow it feels less safe than wearing the hovers. You take a deep breath and, putting one foot in front of the other, begin to cross.

You notice that, although you can see the end of the bridge on Cirrus, part of the bridge near Cumulus is shrouded in cloud. As you approach you can hear a *hissing* sound coming from within. Something long and scaly scythes in and out of the mist. Will you:

Continue into the mist? Turn to **327**.

Return to Daxa and try another route? Turn to **180**.

234

The door finally breaks, and you enter the tower. You find yourself in a relatively bare stone chamber with stairs leading upwards. You begin your ascent. One step *creaks* ominously when you put your weight on it. You hear a faintly audible *click* and darts fly out of the wall at you.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **309**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **173**.

235

You take out the storm crystal and look at it; the damage on the inside of the crystal is a miniature version of what you can see all around you. Perhaps you weren't that far off when you thought it looked like the place had been hit by a hurricane.

If you want to explore upstairs, turn to **42**. If you would rather leave and go to the east dock, turn to **74**. If you want to leave and go to Matix's house, turn to **161**.

236

You venture down the half-flooded passageway and come to the body of the Saltwater Crocodile.

If you haven't cut open the creature's stomach and explored its contents, then turn to **183**. If you want to return to Nimbiferous Chamber, turn to **194**.

237

As you slowly creep into the cave you hear the sound that alternates between a *growling* and a *whining*. Something large approaches from out of the shadows, eyes aglow.

If Nemi is with you, turn to **55**. If Nemi is **not** with you, turn to **50**.

238

The spell leaves the chest and the lid sinks down, lifeless once more. Inside you find a flask of fire oil and a piece of paper. You unfold the paper carefully. It looks like a page torn out of a ledger from one of the fishery docks in Incus. A few names are marked on the page, but one name, *Commander Mathias Talliman*, has been circled several times. Scrawled next to it are the words *Where is he?*

You can add the Incus ledger page and the fire oil to your Adventure Sheet. (The fire oil can be used once to light a fire, or it can be used against an opponent at the start of a battle, and will automatically cause your enemy 3 *STAMINA* points of damage.)

You catch sight of yourself in a copper water jug; turn to **177**.

239

You remove *A Sting in the Tale: A Collection of Unexpected Endings* from the shelf. There's a *click* and something shifts. Before you can investigate it, a GIANT SCORPION emerges from behind a bookcase and, tail raised and stinger shining, it skitters towards you.

GIANT SCORPION *SKILL 10* *STAMINA 10*

If you win, turn to **373**.

240

You manage to swiftly get behind a tall cabinet. Turn to **162**.

241

You return to the street.

To now head for the rooftops, turn to **117**. To squeeze back down into the storm drain, turn to **79**. To abandon your Coin Bag and continue to the far side of the market, turn to **336**.

242

You head towards the east dock, hoping to find Matix and commandeer one of the bathyspheres to take down to the fallen Nimbus. You realize that you've never piloted one before, but then again, you've done a lot of things you've never done before in the last few hours.

Suddenly the feeling of responsibility and fear washes over you. Your mind is buzzing, but your pace slows. You need a rest. You spot a shed nearby with an empty hammock strung up inside. You try not to think about what might have happened to the fisherman who used it last.

To rest for a few hours, turn to **10**. To continue on to the east dock, turn to **74**.

243

When you reach the Watchhouse, you notice that some grapevines from the local vineyard seem to be growing closer to the building than you remember. You hurry inside.

The emptiness within reminds you of the loss of your friends and fellow recruits in the Sky Watch. You fervently hope that they still might be alive.

You head for the barracks, hoping that some of the recruits' chests might be open so you can search them for any useful supplies.

If Cirrus is your home island, turn to **15**. If Cirrus is not your home island, turn to **123**.

244

You tell Tideus that you don't have any food to give him. "Boo!" he bellows. "Boo! Boooooo!" He then slaps his hands together and prepares to wrestle you.

HUNGRY TIDEUS *SKILL 9* *STAMINA 16*

If you manage to reduce the Sea Giant's *STAMINA* score to 6 points or fewer, turn to **267** at once.

245

Unfortunately, it spots you and zooms off. You run after it.

Test Your Stamina. It you are Successful, turn to **13**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **87**.

246

You hurl the fire oil and manage to hit the Goblin War Golem precisely near the Goblin trapped inside who is most afraid of fire – the one controlling the left leg of the contraption. The Goblin panics at the sudden flames and loses control of the leg. In turn, the Golem loses its balance and crashes to the ground. (Deduct 5 points from the War Golem's *STAMINA* score.)

But before Tideus can finish it off, the mechanical monster picks itself up again. Turn to **326**.

247

"Not your day, is it, Officer?" says the Goblin, pocketing your gold. "Want to try again?"

You decide that it's not worth the risk of losing more.

If you want to head for Hazi's place on the far side of the market, turn to **351**. If you want to head to the mill, turn to **261**. If you have not browsed the nearby stall, and want to, turn to **258**.

248

You duck and roll as a blade swishes over your head. You're not quite agile enough to avoid it, and the blade slices off an ear. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.) You stem the bleeding and wonder why anywhere in the Citadel would need a trap to protect it.

You're still wondering this as you walk forward and get slightly scorched by a fireball spat out by a statue embedded in the wall. (Lose 1 more *STAMINA* point.)

Make that traps.

You move ahead extremely cautiously. Turn to **210**.

249

Your boot is well-aimed and strikes the flying eye. Something metal falls off the side of it. The thing emits a high-pitched noise, before flying away up the chimney. You examine what dropped off the contraption. It's a Strange Metal Object. (Add this to your Equipment List.)

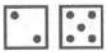

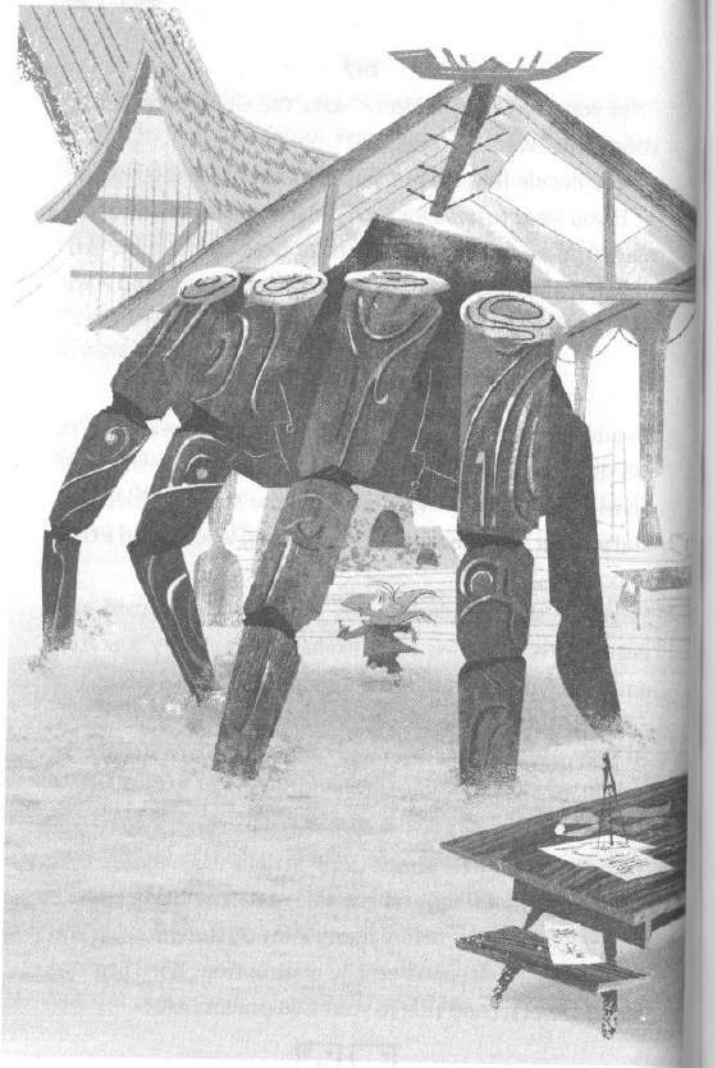

It skitters crab-like across the ground towards you

You're unharmed but can't shake the feeling that you're being watched. But there's no time to dwell on such things right now. There's nothing more to do here, so you leave the Watchhouse. Turn to **335**.

250

The crowd stands back as Nix places the charger against the large metal boulder and pulls the lever on the device. There's a *humming* noise. Nothing happens. He pulls the level up another notch. The *humming* gets louder.

Suddenly the boulder rises into the air. It looks like it's floating, but then it sprouts legs. Oddly, there are five of them. The boulder flips over and you realize what it is – a giant metal hand. The crowd screams and immediately flees at great speed, as does Nix.

You're left alone with the Giant Metal Hand. It skitters crab-like across the ground towards you. It suddenly rears up and you realize it's going to attack.

GIANT METAL HAND *SKILL 8* *STAMINA 11*

Each time you make a successful hit against the Giant Hand it does its battle move, which is to leap at you with all five digits outstretched. Roll one die for each digit; if you roll 1 or 2, the digit hits you for 1 extra *STAMINA* point of damage, but if you roll a 3 to 6, you deflect the blow and the Giant Metal Hand loses 1 *STAMINA* point.

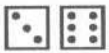

If you win the battle, turn to **108**.

251

Nemi examines the door. "Doesn't look too tough. Let's barge it down together." You ready yourselves. "One, two, THREE!" shouts Nemi.

You both ram the door. *THUNK!* The wood splinters around the lock, and the door flies opens. You head inside.

You find yourself within the familiarity of your own Watchhouse and follow the sound of the *snoring*. It seems to be coming from the small back room off the barracks. As you enter you hear a *whooshing* noise and catch sight of a log heading towards your face.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **225**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **160**.

252

You pull the *Barnacle* up to the steps and clamber out. (You must now rely wholly on your own *SKILL* and *STAMINA* score, for as long as you remain out of the bathysphere.) The air pocket encompasses a large section of the Nimbus. You're not sure how long the oxygen will last, but at least the place isn't completely flooded.

"Hey! Hey, you! Help us! Please!"

You see two Sky Watch Officers heading towards you. One has been hurt and is being supported by the other. They are being pursued by bouncing spherical creatures

covered in spines. You must come to the aid of your Sky Watch comrades. Fight the Spinefish two at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First AMPHIBIOUS SPINEFISH	7	6
Second AMPHIBIOUS SPINEFISH	6	7
Third AMPHIBIOUS SPINEFISH	6	6

If an Amphibious Spinefish lands a hit against you, roll one die; if you roll a 5 or a 6, then the attack will cause you to lose 2 additional *STAMINA* points, as the Spinefish's spines are coated with a toxic secretion.

If you win, turn to **283**.

253

You rub the lemon over the page. Nothing happens.

If you want to light the lamp and hold the page close to the glass, turn to **23**. If you want to leave the tower and head north-east back to the maze of workshops and laboratories, turn to **111**.

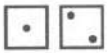

254

The tentacles burst out of Caleb's chest like the blossoming of a terrifying black flower. They start slithering about, searching for prey. Caleb is beyond pain now, thankfully – but you are not!

OCTOBEAST *SKILL 7* *STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **47**.

255

You reach the north end of Cirrus and look for the Goblin flyer which normally takes the inhabitants on to the other islands. You eventually find the flyer, but its balloon is deflated, and its Goblin pilot is rummaging angrily in his tool bag whilst muttering to himself.

You approach him carefully. Turn to **346**.

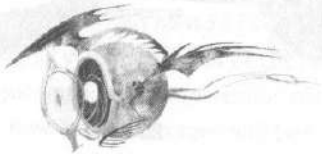

256

You leave the Citadel in the bathysphere.

If you haven't explored the caves yet, turn to **85**. To explore the seabed, turn to **394**.

257

You ask Yurik where you can find Elder Technomancer Vizigg's home.

"To the west, in an old bell tower. Right, I gotta get going, Officer. Good luck!"

He takes a full vial and passes it to you; it's a Greater Potion of Might. (Add the Greater Potion of Might to your Adventure Sheet; it will raise your Attack Strength by 2 points for the duration of one battle, and will also restore 2 *STAMINA* points. Also gain 1 *LUCK* point.) He then heads back into the workshop.

(Write the codeword **Vizigg** on your Adventure Sheet.)

You decide where to go next. There's the residential area, which is a little greener and quieter, and the workshop and laboratories section of the island, which is busier and more closely built-up.

You also notice a nearby device which charges up storm crystals. You can use it to get charge and return to Matix in Incus when you need to.

Do you want to head west, towards where the residents of Asperitas live (turn to **293**), or north, further into the maze of workshops and laboratories (turn to **111**)?

258

You browse a nearby stall.

You can buy some bread for 1 Gold Piece (which will restore 2 *STAMINA* points). or an apple pie for 2 Gold Pieces (which will restore 3 *STAMINA* points) or a Calming Potion for 2 Gold Pieces.

Choose what you want to buy and deduct the appropriate number of Gold Pieces from your Adventure Sheet.

If you want to head for Hazi's place on the far side of the market, turn to **351**. If you want to head to the mill, turn to **261**. If you want to engage in a game of chance and maybe increase your gold, turn to **304**.

259

As the body of the Great White Squark drifts down into the depths, you manage to activate the *Barnacle*'s suction tube on the right pincer and capture yourself a piece of fresh calamari. (Add this to your Provisions List. It will restore up to 3 *STAMINA* when eaten.)

You feel the water vibrate around you. You brace yourself, but nothing appears, and eventually the vibrations cease.

If you want to continue exploring the surface, turn to **120**. If you want to dive below, turn to **203**.

260

You see before you a fellow Sky Watch Officer who let his comrades walk into danger, and then tried to kill you. But can you really murder one of your own? Your brief hesitation gives him time to swing his sword upwards towards your leg. You move swiftly and the blade only deals a glancing blow (lose 1 *STAMINA* point). You bring your sword down and finish off the coward.

You search his body and find 1 Gold Piece and a Calming Potion. (Add these to your Adventure Sheet.) In his pocket you also find a crumpled note. It reads:

Whatever you do, don't go to the Nimbus this morning.

Your friend,

Paxlo

You recognize the name as being that of a Goblin who works over on Asperitas, the island of technomancy. You also find an Apple.

(Add these to your Adventure Sheet, making a note that the Apple will restore up to 2 *STAMINA* points when eaten.)

You leave the Watchhouse.

If you have not already visited the Great Waterfall, and want to do so now, turn to **328**. If you would prefer to find the nearest flyer, so you can get off this island, turn to **361**.

261

You make your way around the edge of the market, heading towards the mill. The ground begins to rumble beneath your feet. Market-goers start sprinting for cover and before you can ask what the fuss is about, the only shopkeeper left nearby shouts "RUN!" before quickly pulling down the wooden shutter on his shop with a loud *clonk*.

If Dav is with you, turn to **399**. If Dav is not with you, turn to **311**.

262

You struggle against whatever is restraining you, fervently trying to reach the surface. Just as your lungs are about to collapse, you manage to break free (lose 2 *STAMINA* points) and swim for the shore. Turn to **314**.

263

You vanquish the creature, but nothing seems to have changed. You look at the shelf and select a book you haven't already tried:

Tooth and Claw: Famous Fights to the Death Turn to **45**.
Winged Menaces: Death from Above Turn to **89**.
A Sting in the Tale: A Collection of Unexpected Endings Turn to **239**.
Denizens of the Deep: Aquatic Beasts and How to Kill Them Turn to **341**.

If you don't want to pick up any of the books, then there's nowhere else to explore in the library, so turn to **92** to return to the Nimbiferous Chamber.

264

You follow the beautiful voices as they sing their haunting melody out into the storm. Then suddenly, through the wind and the rain, you see them. Beautiful female figures sitting on the rocks ahead – human to the waist, with long colourful fish tails that shine with an iridescent light. The figures are brushing their hair and giving voice to the most beautiful melody you've ever heard. It seems to go right through you, making your skin tingle.

You move the *Barnacle* closer. There's a sickening metallic *crunch* as your poor bathysphere crashes against the rocks. You open the hatch and crawl out, weakly. As you lie dazed on the cold, wet ground, you wonder what rocks are doing in the middle of the ocean anyway.

As the creatures slither over to look at you, their beautiful faces all smiles and laughter, you think you are safe. But their smiles turn to grimaces as their fangs lengthen and their skin turns black. The last thing you remember is teeth. So many teeth.

Your adventure is over.

265

You put Methedus's shard on the ground and stand back. The shard starts to spin and rises into the air, drawing out the unstable elemental energy from the Canidor. Flapps starts to shrink in size. The glow leaves his eyes and his fur stops sparking.

Flapps licks your face, bounds out of the cave and takes off, heading for the Cloudkin farm. (Remove Methedus's Shard from your Adventure Sheet.)

You find a longsword, lying amongst the rocks and dirt at the back of the cave. (Record the longsword on your Adventure Sheet. If you use the longsword in battle, you may increase your Attack Strength by 1 point.)

You leave the cave.

If you want to investigate the Goblin flyer, turn to **361**. If you haven't been to the Watchhouse and want to go there now, turn to **40**.

266

The Octopus slithers away through a gap in the floor. The fisherman coughs and splutters as he struggles to catch his breath. He tells you his name is Caleb. You ask him how he came to be in such a predicament.

"I'd just brought my boat up after the Nimbus fell

and the storms set in," Caleb wheezes. "I was cleaning her hull and suddenly I feel something drop on my head and . . . not sure of much after that, or how long I'd been stumbling around for, but somehow I made it back here."

Caleb's breathing starts to settle. He thanks you for your help and gives you 2 Gold Pieces. (Record these on your Adventure Sheet and gain 1 *LUCK* point.)

"Ever since we saw that last shipwreck, nothing's gone right," he mutters. "I mean it was there in the name, *Doombringer*. Doesn't exactly bode well, does it?"

To press Caleb for more information about the *Doombringer*, turn to **17**. To leave Caleb to rest and continue to the east dock, turn to **74**.

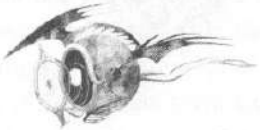

267

"OK, OK, yous got me," says Tideus, holding up his hands. "I owes yous an' yer little ball fingy one favour."

He hands you a conch shell, which you seize with one of the bathysphere's mechanical claws. "Blows on dis when yous needs Tideus."

(Add the Conch to your Equipment List.)

The Sea Giant then opens the Citadel door and

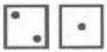

gestures for you to enter.

"I is gonna take a nap an' be nice an' ready fors my next fight!"

He plonks himself down next to the door and soon starts snoring loudly. It sounds like a cross between whale song and a localized underwater explosion. In between being buffeted about by the currents produced by his snores, you manage to enter the Citadel. Turn to **377**.

268

You hit the door hard, but it doesn't budge an inch.

You have a feeling your body will break before the door does. (Lose 1 more *STAMINA* point and 1 *SKILL* point from the injuries you have sustained trying to break into the bell tower.)

You decide to give up, which is probably what you should have done in the first place. Turn to **111**.

269

On entering the mill, you can see that the circle Methedus was floating above is covered in strange symbols. You ask what exactly he's doing, fearing that he may somehow be involved in the fall of the Nimbus.

"When the explosion happened, there was a Stormborn present," he explains. "I felt their energy and I also felt it leave after the Nimbus fell. Perhaps they were there when it happened and fled from the scene or maybe they're trapped down there, I don't know. I was trying to reconnect with their energy, but no matter what I do, I can't."

He's telling the truth. You feel it in your bones.

Methedus passes you a small crystal. It looks like a blank version of the one you have in your hovers.

"You might need this. You seem like the type that gets themselves in danger. There are a lot of nasty energies around and this will withdraw them from an infected creature, just as long as it's not too far gone. Once it's been taken over entirely, the crystal won't work. One use only, I'm afraid." (Add Methedus's shard to your Adventure Sheet.)

There's nothing more left to do here.

If you want to look for Hazi in the market, and haven't done so already, turn to **351**.

If you want to find the local Goblin flyer and head on for the other islands, turn to **26**.

Two Harpies descend on you from out of the sky

270

Feeling a little more in control of your hovers now, you head in the direction of Asperitas. This is the island of technomancy, the mechanical magic that underpins the levitation enchantments of the archipelago. From the air the island is a mess of workshops and laboratories from which a cacophony of *clangs* and *thunks* mixed with *bubbling* and *fizzing* noises can be heard.

You're close to landing when you hear a loud *birdlike scream* and two Harpies descend on you from out of the sky. You have no choice but to fight them together, before you can land.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First HARPY	*7*	*6*
Second HARPY	*6*	*6*

If you manage to kill the first Harpy, you get a chance to pull the second one to the ground. Roll one die; if you roll a 1 to 3, then you cause it 2 *STAMINA* points of damage instantly, but if you roll 4 to 6, you cause it 4 *STAMINA* points of damage.

If you win, turn to **156**.

271

The scarecrow explodes in a ball of straw and cabbages. You breathe a sigh of relief. You've heard that cabbage leaves can be soothing, so you take two with you just in case. (Record the cabbage leaves on your Adventure Sheet, noting that each will restore 2 *STAMINA* points when used.)

Now you can reach the little shed, you find a small hand axe and a Calming Potion inside. (Record these items on your Adventure Sheet.)

If you want to head to the north of Cirrus and search for a Goblin flyer, turn to **255**. If you want to visit the local Watchhouse, if you haven't already done so, turn to **49**.

272

Vizigg laughs so hard that he has to sit down to regain his breath.

"Well, you've found them, Officer. I'm the one who brought the Nimbus down. But believe me, if I had not done so, things would've been a lot worse for Pangaria. These measures I took might have been extreme, but they were necessary in order to protect our archipelago and the world beyond."

You ask him what happened.

"You have taken a great risk in coming down here, and I'm sure it was no easy task, so I will assume that your intentions are honourable. As you are aware, Officer, I helped maintain the technomancy that keeps Pangaria aloft. When I retired, I kept my honorary title, but Krazic, one of my brightest and most ambitious apprentices, eventually became Chief Engineer, responsible for the day-to-day running and maintaining of the technomancy.

"I received word that Krazic had been taking an interest in Commander Mathias Talliman, a survivor brought to Incus from a wrecked Khulian warship. Together they had hatched a plan to use the secrets of Pangarian technomancy to develop weapons of war within Krazic's private workshop in the Nimbus."

You tell him that you have discovered some of this yourself, during your investigations.

Vizigg looks impressed. "Then you are a better Sky Watch officer than most!" He fiddles with his wrist contraption and the net loosens and retracts, returning to the sheath on his arm. You rub some feeling back into your limbs.

If you have the Codeword **Boreas** on your Adventure Sheet, turn to **98**. If not, turn to **284**.

273

The Goblin begrudgingly hands over your winnings. You hope to play again, but the Goblin waves you away: "You think I'm made of gold, eh?"

If you want to head for Hazi's place on the far side of the market, turn to **351**. If you want to head to the mill, turn to **261**. If you have not yet browsed the stalls of the market traders, and would like to, turn to **258**.

274

You decide to search for any clues that might tell you what happened in the Renard house, but find nothing of note. That is until you happen upon a small, sparsely furnished, and surprisingly neat room. This would seem completely normally were it not for the destruction and chaos you have seen everywhere else in the house.

If you decide that the neat little room needs further examination, turn to **296**. If you want to leave and go towards Matix's home, turn to **161**. If you want to leave, and head to the east dock and the bathysphere shed, turn to **74**.

275

Your sword falls short and hits the pipe, knocking the fleeing Giant Cockroach out into the mud. It *hisses* at you and then makes a strange high-pitched *shrieking* sound. Another two cockroaches promptly emerge from the pipe and join it. The Giant Cockroaches advance on you hungrily.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First GIANT COCKROACH	*5*	*5*
Second GIANT COCKROACH	*6*	*5*
Third GIANT COCKROACH	*6*	*6*

You must fight the three overgrown insects at the same time. If you win turn to **367**.

276

You hurl the fire oil, but it hits the Golem's kneecap and bounces off, setting fire to a pile of rubble before flaming out. Turn to **326**.

277

"Good work, Officer," says the Cloudkin farmer, who introduces herself as Nemi. "I hate to take out a Cloudkin, but that one was too far gone."

You tell her that you are investigating what happened on Nimbus, as the last member of the Sky Watch still in Pangaria.

"Hmm, you might not be the last one," says Nemi thoughtfully. "I went by the Watchhouse just before the explosion and I heard snoring coming from inside."

Seems that someone else didn't make the meeting. You should probably look into that.

"Right, well, thank you for your help, Officer. I'd better clean this place up," says Nemi, looking around wearily. "You're welcome to keep the Cloudkin staff. And could you keep an eye out for Flapps, my best Canidor? Most of the Canidors scattered when the explosion occurred and haven't been seen since. I'm really worried about him. Hopefully, he's in hiding, he always liked the area up by the Great Waterfall."

She reaches into her pocket. "This might come in useful too," she says, pressing a pear into your hand. (Add the pear to your Provisions and make a note that it will restore up to 2 *STAMINA* points when eaten.)

(If you choose to use the wooden Cloudkin staff in battle, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point, against opponents that aren't Cloudkin, as it is more

cumbersome to use than your short sword. For now add the staff to your Weapons list.)

If you want to go towards the Altos Watchhouse, turn to **40**. If you want to go towards the Great Waterfall, turn to **328**.

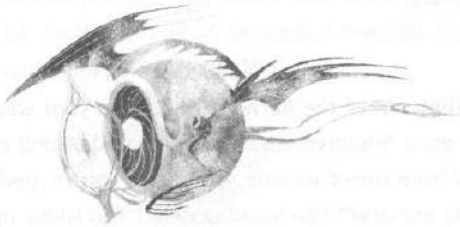

278

The fireball bounces off your sword on to your boot and sets fire to your foot. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.) By the time you've put the flames out, the strange eyeball has flown away up the chimney.

You can't shake the feeling that you're being watched. But there's no time to dwell on such things right now – you need to get moving.

(Write the codeword **Eye-Spy** on your Adventure Sheet.)

Choosing something you've not already tried, will you:

Search your chest? Turn to **217**.
See what Silas found earlier? Turn to **134**.
Leave the Watchhouse? Turn to **335**.

279

You decide where to explore next in the Renard homestead.

If you want to explore upstairs, turn to **42**. If you want to leave and go to east dock and the bathysphere shed, turn to **74**. If you want to leave and go to Matix's house, turn to **161**.

280

You climb out of the *Barnacle* and make your way to the upper door. You press an ear to the wood. A dull *moaning* comes from the other side. Another creature, perhaps? A terrible monster? The walking dead? You shove open the door forcefully, prepared to meet whatever horrors await you on the other side. Turn to **188**.

281

You know that occasionally the fishermen have been known to rescue shipwreck survivors from the tempestuous waters below Pangaria and, when possible, return them home. Once in a blue moon a survivor will need to be brought up to the archipelago for healing and ends up becoming a permeant resident of Pangaria. You ask Caleb if he knows any more about the survivor.

"He was pretty close to death when we got to him," recalls Caleb. "We had to bring him up here or he wouldn't have made it."

If you want to ask him the man's name, turn to **144**. If you want to ask him if there's anything else he knows about the *Doombringer*, and you haven't done so already, turn to **33**. To leave Caleb in peace and head for the east dock to look for Matix, turn to **295**.

282

You show Hazi the storm crystal shard you picked up on Cirrus. He examines it closely.

"This doesn't look like it's from one of the Nimbus storm crystals, but it's definitely come from something very large. Much larger than you would find used in most of the technomancy in Pangaria."

He sniffs the black substance on the shard. "Oil!" he exclaims. "This type is most popular on Asperitas. How strange."

He hands the storm crystal shard back to you. "If I were you, I'd take this to Methedus over at the mill. He might be able to tell you more about where it came from." Turn to **185**.

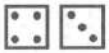

283

The Spinefish deflate with a sad squeaky noise.

"Thank you. How long have you been stuck here?" says the uninjured Officer whilst his injured friend sits down to rest.

You tell them that you've just arrived in a bathysphere to try to help the Nimbus.

To ask them what happened to the Nimbus, turn to **77**. If you want to ask what's wrong with the injured officer, turn to **356**. To ask them if there are many other survivors, turn to **197**.

284

Now it's your chance to ask the ancient Goblin a few questions.

To ask what has befallen him, turn to **11**. If you want to ask him why the Nimbus crashed, turn to **82**. If you want to ask about the ward on the Great Hall door, turn to **338**. If you want to ask what Vizigg is doing with the broken storm crystals, turn to **59**.

285

You hurl the Calming Potion towards Flapps, who grabs it in his teeth. The bottle breaks and the liquid pours into his mouth. It works quickly and Flapps starts to shrink in size. The glow leaves his eyes and his fur stops sparking.

Flapps licks your face, before bounding out of the cave and taking off, heading in the direction of the Cloudkin farm. (Add 1 point to your *LUCK* score.)

You find a longsword, lying amongst the rocks and dirt at the back of the cave.

(Record the longsword in the Weapons box on your Adventure Sheet. If you use the longsword in battle, you may increase your Attack Strength by 1 point.)

Leaving the cave, if you want to investigate the Goblin flyer, turn to **361**; if you haven't been to the Watchhouse and want to go there now, turn to **40**.

286

You run forward and sweep up the elderly Goblin. You manage to shelter his fragile little body with your own, but some of the falling debris hits you. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.) Turn to **216**.

287

You slip round to the back of the house. The door is slightly ajar. You push it open forcefully and see a terrified Goblin almost jump out of his skin. He's dressed in Asperitas worker clothes and you also notice he's wearing a belt with an ornate brass buckle with a *P* engraved on it. You tell him to stay still, but he shouts out a few strange words, unlocks the front door and bolts outside.

You hear something clattering down the rickety wooden stairs, accompanied by high-pitched laughter. Suddenly you see two disc-like creatures, each with four hands sprouting from their sides. They are holding little knives and are cartwheeling towards you with murder in their eyes.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First WHEELIE	*6*	*6*
Second WHEELIE	*6*	*6*

If you win, turn to **358**.

288

The corridor ahead seems familiar and you remember it's one that leads to the Citadel library. Maybe there are more survivors in there.

The corridor slopes downwards towards the library door. There's waist-high water around it. You're just about to open the door when you are knocked off your feet by a swishing tail.

You scramble on to a bench. A dark shadow slices through the water. It's a huge Saltwater Crocodile. There's no way you're going to get into the library without dispatching this beast.

If you want to fight it, turn to **398**. If you want to run back to the Nimbiferous Chamber, turn to **48**.

289

With an enormous shudder, the creature crashes to the ground. Slowly the market-goers return and start poking at the huge corpse.

"Nice work, Officer!"

"Do you think this can be roasted? Stewed, maybe."

"Worth a try!"

The stallholder cautiously raises his shutter.

"Well I never, you got it! Here, take some dried stink fruit and silk cloth on the house."

(You can add the silk cloth and the 2 dried stink fruit to your Adventure Sheet. The dried stink fruit will restore up to 2 *STAMINA* points each when consumed.)

You keep heading on for the mill. Turn to **64**.

"I'll crack open that brass bubble and have squishy hooman for lunch

290

You navigate to the main Citadel door. You're just gliding the bathysphere up the steps when you feel vibrations so strong that they push you back down. As you try to approach again, you see two large green legs like tree trunks come into view. You look up and see a grumpy-looking sea giant who plops himself down in front of the Citadel door, barring your way.

It could've been a lot worse. Sea Giants have had a largely neutral relationship with the Pangarians for many generations. They've even been known to trade with the fishermen. Still, they can be unpredictable and aggressive, so you approach with care.

"Was it you wot woke me with yer crashin' about?" he bellows when he sees you. "I is having a nice dream, when BOOM a dead Great White Squark hits me inna face. And I fink yous and yer little brass ball knows all about dis!"

You apologize to the Sea Giant.

"Course, den I has breakfast in bed," he says with a laugh that nearly knocks the *Barnacle* over. "But now I is peckish again." He stretches out his arms and flexes his muscles, which are the size of barrels. "Or maybes I needs a good wrestle with somefink. Or maybes I need food, ana wrestle. Yeah dat's it! You, me an' your little ball thingie, let's go!"

You tell him that normally you'd love to wrestle, but you need to get into the Citadel urgently.

"And Tideus needs to wrestle urgently! Tell you wot, if we wrestle and yous win, I'll owe yous a favour. If yous lose,

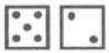

I'll crack open that brass bubble and have squishy hooman for lunch! But maybe if yous gotta snack for Tideus, Tideus go a little easier on yous."

The Sea Giant requires 4 *STAMINA* points' worth of food. If you have it and want to give it to him, turn to **166**. If you don't have food or don't want to share it with the Giant, turn to **244**.

291

You decide that a cooling swim would be most welcome.

If Altos is your home island, turn to **31**, but if Altos is not your home island, turn to **322**.

292

You descend a couple of floors and then come to a dingy tunnel. It's lit with small torches. Someone's been this way recently.

You move ahead. Suddenly there's a *whooshing* noise at around head height.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **34**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **248**.

293

You decide to head west to the residential area. Everywhere you go there are groups of Goblins, humans, the occasional Stormborn, and other species, discussing what happened at the Nimbus. The Goblins are taking what happened very personally, as it seems to be their technomancy which somehow failed and caused the crash.

You are moving down an alleyway when you hear a *buzzing* sound.

If you have the codeword **Eye-Spy** written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to **317**. If not, turn to **357**.

294

You ram the door and it gives, but doesn't break. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points, as you injure your shoulder in the process.)

If you want to try ramming the door again, *Test Your Stamina* once more, subtracting 2 from the dice roll if you have an axe or club-like weapon with you; if you pass the test, turn to **234**, but if you fail the test, turn to **268**.

295

Caleb seems like he could do with some rest. You're about to go when he starts choking, as if he's swallowed something. You go to help him.

He pulls at his shirt, exposing his chest, and to the horror of you both, tentacles can be seen moving under

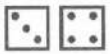

his skin. The creature on his head must've laid something inside him!

He *gurgles* and cries out as his skin starts to heave and stretch as whatever is inside him fights to get out. His eyes plead with you to end his torment.

If you want to put Caleb out of his misery, turn to **86**. If you would rather wait and see what happens, turn to **254**.

296

As you explore the little room, your eye is drawn to a glint under the bed. You crawl under and find a small Brass Button that looks like it belongs to a uniform of some kind; perhaps military. You suspect that this is maybe where Commander Talliman was staying. (You can add the brass button to your Equipment List.)

As you are pulling yourself out from under the bed, you notice a tiny bit of paper sticking out from under the skirting boards. You try to pull it out with your fingertips.

Test Your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **153**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **366**.

297

The contraption emits a high-pitched noise and sends a small fireball flying toward Silas. You launch yourself in front of your friend with your Short Sword outstretched.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **189**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **278**.

298

You don't see Cumulus at first, you smell it. The scents drift up to you from the numerous stalls and vendors who trade their wares in the large markets that dominate the island. The soft, spicy smells of gingerbread biscuits and cinnamon milk pudding mingle with the pungent aroma of stink fruit and sizzling fish steaks.

The smells of home bring a tear to your eye, and your mind drifts as you wonder if Cumulus is destined to suffer the same fate as Nimbus. You can already see the air around where the other island once was crackling with a strange elemental energy. Whatever brought the island down must have been incredibly powerful.

A *humming* jolts you from your musings, and the hovers begin to shudder. You tense your shoulders and move your upper body as you try to glide yourself down towards a safe and soft landing before the storm crystal's energy runs out.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **12**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **138**.

299

You start to follow the tracks along the bank. After a while the paw prints become muddy scuffs on the rocks leading to a cave hidden behind the waterfall.

If you want to enter the cave, turn to **237**. If you want to turn back and head for the Goblin flyer instead, turn to **361**.

300

You disorientate and weaken the Goblins controlling the legs. The War Golem topples to the ground.

(Deduct half the War Golem's remaining *STAMINA* points, rounding halves up.) Turn to **100**.

301

You try the handle of the Great Hall door. The ward around it pushes you back (lose 1 *STAMINA* point).

If you want to go back to the half-flooded area near the library, turn to **236**. If you want to return to the bathysphere, turn to **136**. If you decide to explore the kitchens, if you haven't already, turn to **9**. If you want to return to Vizigg, turn to **52**.

302

You manage to dispatch the Howl Cat, but you can't help feeling like someone sent it after you. You decide where to go next.

If you have the codeword **Vizigg** written on your Adventure Sheet, turn to **126**. If not, turn to **214**.

303

With a shake of its few remaining heads, the Dragon Fruit Tree sinks its roots back into the earth and becomes still again. The little dragon heads close their eyes and start to snore gently. The old woman looks relieved.

"Thank you, Officer," says the woman, who introduces herself as Maude, also known as "Maude the Mauler" from her adventuring days. "Good job you turned up when you did, I wasn't looking forward to trying to give those little fellows the old one-two punch." (Add 1 point to your *LUCK* score.)

Maude asks about what's happened over at the Nimbus. Her daughter is in the Sky Watch and went over there for the meeting. Maude is very worried about what might have happened to her.

If you want to tell her the truth, that you don't know, turn to **24**. If you want to tell a white lie and reassure her that everything is all right, turn to **329**.

304

You approach one of the gambling stalls. "Win or lose it all on the roll of a dice!" shouts the Goblin running the stall. "Roll a five or six to win! Double your money. What are you willing to bet, Officer?"

You can bet 1, 2 or 3 Gold Pieces. Then roll one die. If you roll a 5 or 6, you win and double the amount of Gold Piece you bet. If you roll 1 to 4, you lose your stake.

If you win, turn to **273**. If you lose, turn to **247**.

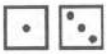

305

You head towards the light. As you get closer, you see the stranded boat. The fisherman has a lamp lit and he's pulling the shutter back and forth to create the winking effect.

"I heard you surface," he says. "Wanted to make sure you found me. Any luck with the conductor?"

You give him the Brass Rod, hoping it's what he was after. He looks pleased.

"Thank you, Officer. I'll have my boat up and out of here in no time now."

He scrambles up the mast and fits the conductor. The storm crystals fire up and the boat begins to rise out of the water. But before he disappears out of sight, the fisherman throws you some dried crab meat and a Potion of Might.

(There is enough dried crab meat to restore up to 3 *STAMINA* points when eaten. The Potion of Might will add 2 points to your Attack Strength for the duration of one battle only. Also gain 2 *LUCK* points for helping the fisherman. Update your Adventure Sheet accordingly.)

You watch the boat disappear upwards through the storm. Now it's time for you to continue your adventures. Do you want to:

Follow the sound of the singing?	Turn to **264**.
Dive back to the caves if you haven't finished exploring them?	Turn to **85**.
Or dive towards the large dim shape?	Turn to **191**.

306

You step inside the Watchhouse and follow the sound of the snoring. It seems to be coming from the small back room off the barracks. As you enter you hear a *whooshing* noise and catch sight of a log heading towards your face.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **225**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **160**.

307

You can't let your coin bag be taken by this thieving beast! You give chase.

The Cockroach dashes down an alleyway. You follow and come to a dead end. You look around to see where it could have scurried off to, and see a broken storm drain grate, which you might be able to squeeze through, and some steps leading up to the rooftops of some small ramshackle houses.

If you want to try the storm drain, turn to **171**. If you decide to head for the rooftops, turn to **117**.

308

You show the fishermen the ledger page you found on Cirrus.

"It's from here," one of the men confirms, peering at it closely. "Don't recognize that name though. It's no one from Incus. Might be something to do with that ship from the mainland that went down a few months back. Don't know much about it. Maybe ask around."

To look for Matix at the east dock, turn to **242**. To head

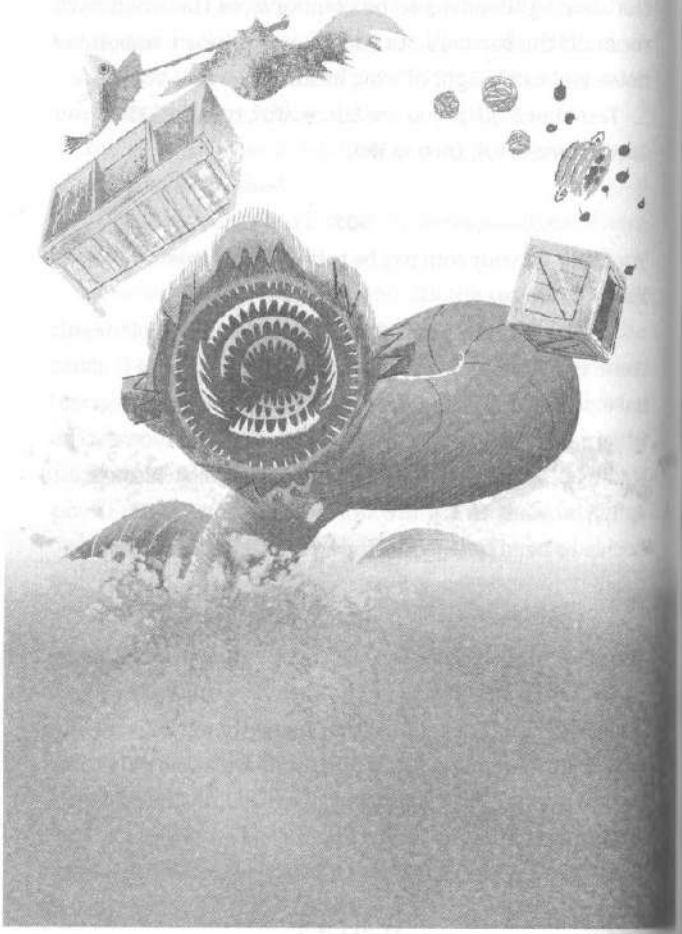

A huge, worm-like creature erupts from the ground

for Matix's home in northern Incus, turn to **161**.

309

You successfully defect the darts with your cloak. Luckily, it's reinforced with fine light wires, making it very durable. You continue upwards, unsurprised that someone like Elder Technomancer Vizigg would have traps in his home. You reach a door. Turn to **83**.

310

The cold water reminds you of what's waiting for the Nimbus if you fail in your task – a watery grave! The water ripples around you, but nothing disturbs your swim. Turn to **73**.

311

You can see the earth bucking and cracking as something burrows through the soil towards you, sending market stalls flying.

With hands shaking, you select your best weapon as a huge, worm-like creature erupts from the ground. It seems to have no eyes, but it makes up for that with the number of glistening fangs it has in its huge, gaping mouth, which is heading straight for you.

TUNNELLER BEAST *SKILL 8* *STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **289**.

312

You direct the *Barnacle* forwards through the storm-tossed water, searching for any evidence of the Nimbus. The waves toss you about and you can't help but vomit into the copper bucket that Matix helpfully provided. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point.) After that you start to feel a little better.

You see a small light object on a wave ahead of you. You get closer and realize that it's a Goblin-made pie. You wonder what kind of pastry the Goblins use, because their snacks are certainly durable!

Suddenly a tentacle reaches up and snatches the pie.

A great monster rises from the water and makes for the bathysphere. With the head and upper body of a monstrous shark, and the tentacle-covered lower body of a giant squid, this is the Great White Squark and it wants you as its next meal. Taking a firm hold of the *Barnacle*'s controls, you prepare to battle the sea monster, using the craft's mechanical claws.

GREAT WHITE SQUARK *SKILL 9* *STAMINA 10*

If you win, turn to **259**.

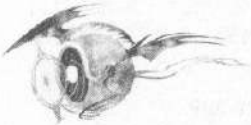

313

You look around the room. It's not just one room but several knocked into one. There are various workbenches and metalworking tools and pieces of equipment all over the place. It looks like the floor of the rooms above have been removed to create an extra high ceiling. Nearby are metal frames and ladders, suggesting that something very big was being worked on in here. There is also what looks like a large central platform, and from the lever nearby it looks like it could have been raised and lowered.

You start scavenging. You find a black candle and a Potion of Proficiency. (Add these to your Adventure Sheet. When you drink the potion, you may ignore any penalties you suffer from using your weapon of choice and add 2 points to your Attack Strength for the duration of one battle only.)

You wonder what to do next.

To climb back down to Halleck in the room below, turn to **43**. To test the lever, turn to **143**.

314

You reach the shore, vowing to never go for a swim again!

If you want to walk along the bank to get closer to the Great Waterfall, turn to **75**. If you want to go back and head for the Watchhouse instead, if you haven't been there already, turn to **40**.

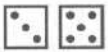

315

You pick up the sketches and realize with a shiver that they're drawings of you. There's even one of you walking around Asperitas that must have been drawn quite recently.

You can also see notes that detail your movements around the islands. Whoever lives in this house has been very interested in what you've been up to.

You're filled with rage. You look at the contraption charging the Eye-Spies and see that it regulates the level of charge the storm crystals are receiving.

Do you want to try to overload the charge and destroy the Eye-Spies (turn to **389**), or would you prefer to explore the ground floor, if you haven't already done so (turn to **182**)? Alternatively, you can leave the house by turning to **149**.

316

Wrenching on the controls, you manage to move the *Barnacle* away from the falling rocks. The rockfall ceases, but the tunnel ahead is now blocked. There's nothing for it but to go back the way you came and explore elsewhere.

To take right fork, if you haven't already, turn to **101**. To head for the large dim shape, turn to **191**.

317

You recognize that sound; it's the same as you heard in the Cirrus Watchhouse! And sure enough there's another

flying metal-and-glass eye watching you from above. You watch it, in turn, from the corner of your eye until it flies off. You decide to follow it.

Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to **76**. If you roll 3 or 4, turn to **142**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **339**.

318

You hurl the fire oil towards the Goblin War Golem.

Test Your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **246**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **276**.

319

You quickly identify a good hiding place and fling yourself towards it.

Test Your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **240**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **97**.

320

You decide to visit Cirrus, the farming isle, using your hovers. Daxa charges them up, and with a running jump you take off into the air, leaving the markets of Cumulus behind you.

(If you have Dav with you, he will stay on Cumulus and you will lose your attack and damage bonuses. Adjust this on your Adventure Sheet.) Turn to **105**.

321

"I didn't think you were going to make it!"

A familiar voice breaks you from your thoughts. It's Silas, an old friend of yours and the best vine wrangler in the whole of Cirrus. "I saw the explosion from here. What happened?" But you have no idea, and those who do have just plummeted into the Ocean of Tempests far below.

You touch your badge sadly as you realize that you may be the only member of the Sky Watch left in Pangaria. Sadness gives way to a new resolve. You're going to find out what happened to Nimbus before the rest of Pangaria starts to fall from the sky.

If you can charge up Halleck's hovers, you will have a valuable piece of equipment at your disposal. You've also managed to keep hold of his Coin Bag. You're pretty sure that he won't mind you borrowing it in the line of duty. (Add 10 Gold Pieces to your Adventure Sheet.)

You check your waist; your trusty short sword is still there. You get the feeling you might need it. (Add the short sword to your Weapons List on your Adventure Sheet.)

"I admire your resolve, my friend," says Silas, supportively slapping you on the back. "I'd better come with you and bring my best pitchfork. Something out there clearly wants to keep you alive and I aim to help it. At least whilst you're on Cirrus. How about we investigate the plume of blue-green smoke coming from that far field? I don't like the look of that one bit."

Silas's support is heartening. As long as he is travelling with you, you may add 2 points when calculating your Attack Strength, you may increase any damage you cause by 1 point, and you may reduce any damage you suffer in battle by 1 point. (Make a note of this on your Adventure Sheet.)

"Right," says Silas. "Where are we off to?"

If you want to go to the local Watchhouse to search for supplies, turn to **49**. If you want to investigate the plume of blue-green smoke, turn to **137**.

322

You dive into the lake. For a few moments the feel of its cooling waters closing over you is refreshing and delightful. Until, that is, you feel something grasp your ankle.

Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to **154**. If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to **262**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **359**.

323

When you finally reach the flyer port, you find a crowd of annoyed Incus residents milling about the place. You

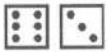

push your way through to speak to the pilot.

"The flyers have just been locked down by the island governors," he explains. "They won't allow us to fly our routes until further notice."

You tell him that you're on official duty for the Sky Watch.

"I'm sorry, but unless you have special paperwork from your commander, you're not getting on a flyer," says the pilot, resolutely crossing his arms.

Looks like you'll have to rely on your hovers. You go to charge up your hovers' storm crystal in the charging station. You put 1 Gold Piece into the slot.

Nothing happens.

"It's broken. Sorry," says the pilot.

You ask for your money back.

"I'll need that in writing," he says, a trifle too smugly. "I'm not responsible for malfunctioning technomancy, Officer."

(Deduct 1 Gold Piece, if you haven't done so already.)

Clearly you are going to have to find another way to leave the island, so you head north towards Matix's home. Turn to **161**.

324

You toss Tideus the Potion of Power. He catches it in his mouth and swallows it down. He looks down at his enormous blue hands and balls his fists excitedly.

(Increased both Tideus's *SKILL* score by 1 point and his *STAMINA* score by 3 points, and make a note of these adjustments on your Adventure Sheet.)

"Tideus feel mor powerful! Wot else yous gots?"

If you want to give Tideus a Healing Potion or a Greater Healing Potion (and you haven't already), turn to **99**. If you want to give Tideus a Potion of Might (and haven't already), turn to **114**. If you've given him everything you can, turn to **129**.

325

You head for the old workshop, suspecting that maybe this fallen object came from the Nimbus explosion. It takes you a while to find it, but when you do there's a small crowd gathered nearby. The object looks like a larger metal boulder. A Goblin is trying to attach some kind of device to it. The device has a charged storm crystal inside it.

You ask a bystander what's going on.

"It's technomancy, but nothing like anyone's seen before," they explain. "Nix is going to give it a charge up and see what happens. It has already half-destroyed his workshop, so he's keen to get rid of it."

Will you:

Tell Nix that this isn't a good idea? Turn to **19**.

Let Nix charge the metal boulder and see what happens? Turn to **250**.

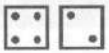

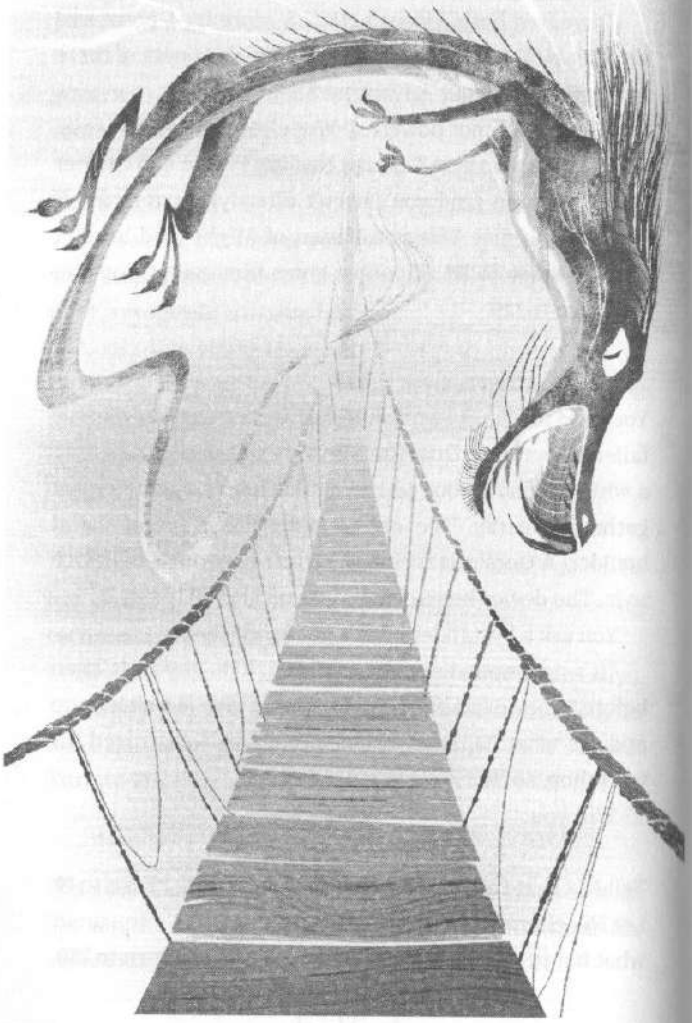

The mist begins to undulate as the hissing creature comes closer

326

Tideus and the Goblin War Golem continue their battle.

If you and Tideus are the first to win two of the next three Attack Rounds, turn to **388**. If the Goblin War Golem is the first to win two of the next three Attack Rounds, turn to **167**.

327

You decide to confront whatever lurks in the mist. As you get closer, the mist begins to undulate as the hissing creature comes closer. It rises out of the fog, lightning rolling off its long, scaly body. It's a Lightning Serpent, a rare and extremely dangerous beast.

And now you're going to have to deal with it.

LIGHTNING SERPENT	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 9*

If the Lightning Serpent makes a successful strike, roll one die; if you roll 4 to 6, it does double damage, as forked lightning blasts from its mouth. If you hit it, using a metal weapon, roll one die, and if you roll 5 or 6 you suffer 2 *STAMINA* points of damage too, as you are electrocuted!

If you win, turn to **95**.

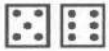

328

You head out towards Altos's Great Waterfall. It is a source of water so pure that many Pangarians believe it holds healing properties. Every summer they come to bathe in the azure-blue pool at the foot of the waterfall in order to cure all their ills.

You climb closer until you find yourself on a rocky outcropping overlooking the pool. The water looks deep and strangely dark. You feel hot and bothered. You've been working hard at your investigations. A nice cool dip in these waters could be just what you need.

If you want to take a swim in the lake, turn to **291**. If you want to walk along the bank to get closer to the Great Waterfall, turn to **75**. If you want to go back and head for the Watchhouse instead, if you haven't been there already, turn to **40**.

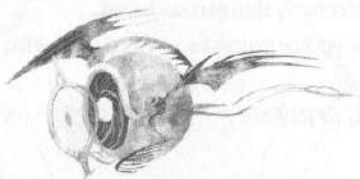

329

You tell her that the authorities are working on a solution and that she shouldn't worry. You're sure Nimbus will be back in Pangaria soon. Maude gives you the hard stare, weighing up what you said. Turn to **364**.

330

You feel you've interrogated the Officers enough. You tell them to find somewhere safe to hide out while you continue your search. You keep your weapon drawn and head down the passageway. The air is already starting to smell a little fetid. Turn to **390**.

331

"I wouldn't if I were you, Officer. Not until the storms pass. But if you're hell-bent on reaching it, I'd say that you'd have to take one of our bathyspheres. That means going to see Matix. You can usually find her either at the main bathysphere shed at the east dock, or her home near the north flyer port."

If you have the Incus ledger page from Cirrus and want to ask them about it, turn to **308**. To look for Matix at the east dock, turn to **242**. To head for Matix's home in northern Incus, turn to **161**.

332

The sword hits the creature's wing. It drops what it was carrying and prepares to fight you.

WINGED GREMLIN	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 4*

If you win, turn to **122**.

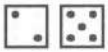

333

You don't want to take any unnecessary risks with the *Barnacle*. Keeping one eye on the creature, you carefully reverse out of the passage.

To take the right fork, if you haven't already, turn to **101**. To head for the large dim shape, turn to **191**.

334

Tideus crashes to the floor, the Goblin War Golem's axe fatally imbedded in his skull. You hit the ground hard and roll for a few feet. You see the Goblin War Golem lifting one of its giant metal feet. You're too injured to move. You see the foot descend. Closer and closer. Then all goes black.

Your adventure is over.

335

You head for the Watchhouse door. You're just about to step through when *whoosh, whoosh, whoosh* – vine tendrils shoot across in front of you, blocking your exit. A bunch of grapes explodes, showering you with an acidic goo. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.)

The rest of the vines start to creep across the ground towards you.

If you want to use a Calming Potion on the plant, turn to **223**. If not, you are going to need to fight the vines if you want to get out of here alive.

GRAPES OF WRATH	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **32**.

336

You continue your journey across the market, this time being more wary about who, or what, might be following you. You've not been travelling for long when a young Goblin comes running up to you with an anxious look on his face.

"I heard you were looking for me?" he pants, struggling to catch his breath.

This is definitely no Stormborn, so it must be Hazi.

"Do you have any news about him? Did he send you?"

Confused, you ask who he's referring to.

"Vizigg the Elder Technomancer, of course! You mean he hasn't sent word?"

You shake your head and explain that you're investigating what happened on Nimbus and were told you should speak to him.

Hazi sinks down on a crate, looking miserable. "I used to be an apprentice of his before he retired. He always comes here to have breakfast, but today he missed it, with no

explanation. If you're heading to Asperitas, do you think you could check his house? I don't have enough coin for the flyer ride."

You assure him that you will.

"Thank you, Officer," says Hazi, looking a little more relieved.

You ask him whether he has any idea what might have happened on Nimbus.

"I've not worked there for a few years, but I still can't understand what could have caused the crash. Nimbus, like all our islands, is held up by large storm crystals. Unlike the crystals in your hovers, the island crystals are strong enough to hold their energy perpetually. If the crystals failed, then something caused that to happen. I fear it was no accident."

Add the codeword **Hazi** to your Adventure Sheet.

If you have the storm crystal shard from Cirrus, turn to **282**. If you don't have the Storm crystal shard from Cirrus, turn to **185**.

337

You are just about to set off into Incus, when a cloaked figure runs up and presses a small package into your hand. "Galen says thank you," the figure hisses, before running off.

You carefully open the package. It contains 2 Gold Pieces and a Potion of Proficiency. Seems like Galen kept his word to help you. (Add these items to your Adventure Sheet. When

you drink the potion, you may ignore any penalties you suffer from using your weapon of choice and add 2 points to your Attack Strength for the duration of one battle only.) Turn to **90**.

338

You ask Vizigg about the warded Great Hall.

"After what went on, I couldn't let what might still be alive in there get out. So, I warded it whilst I worked on a solution. The ward will only last as long as I do, and my strength is fading fast."

If you want to ask him why the Nimbus crashed, and haven't already, turn to **82**. If you want to ask what Vizigg is doing with the broken storm crystals, and haven't already, turn to **59**. If you want to ask what's happened to him, and you haven't done so already, turn to **11**. If you are done asking him questions, turn to **170**.

339

You attempt to track the flying eye from below the on the streets of Asperitas. You manage to follow it surreptitiously to a cluster of houses on the outskirts of the residential area. Turn to **38**.

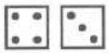

340

You rummage in your pack until you find something which might act as a glue. You hand it over to Grax. (Cross it off your Adventure Sheet.)

"Perfect!" he says, delighted. "Give me a few minutes and I'll have her ready for you. I only have Incus on my licenced route, so if you want to go to Asperitas, you'll have to go to the north end of Incus and pick up the Goblin flyer from there. As for Altos or Cumulus, you'll have to use your hovers. Just tell me where you'd like to go."

If you want to charge up your hovers for 1 Gold Piece and fly to Altos or Cumulus, turn to **80**.

If you'd like to take the flyer to Incus, the fishing island, turn to **8**. (If you have Silas with you, he will stay on Cirrus and you will lose your attack and damage bonuses. Adjust this on your Adventure Sheet.)

341

You select *Denizens of the Deep: Aquatic Beasts and How to Kill Them* from the shelf. Water starts to pour from the pages and pool on the floor. From the pool rises a large Sea Troll. Confused, angry, and putting the blame for its sudden predicament squarely on you, it attacks.

SEA TROLL	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **263**.

342

You decide to visit Altos, the water island. Daxa charges up your hovers and, with a running jump, you take off into the air, leaving the markets of Cumulus behind you.

(If you have Dav with you, he will stay on Cumulus and you will lose your attack and damage bonuses. Adjust this on your Adventure Sheet.) Turn to **103**.

343

You decide to stand your ground as a winged creature shakes the ash off itself, and you realize that it's a Winged Gremlin; a particularly nasty little creature. It sees you and flies towards you *screeching* wildly.

WINGED GREMLIN	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 4*

If you win, turn to **122**.

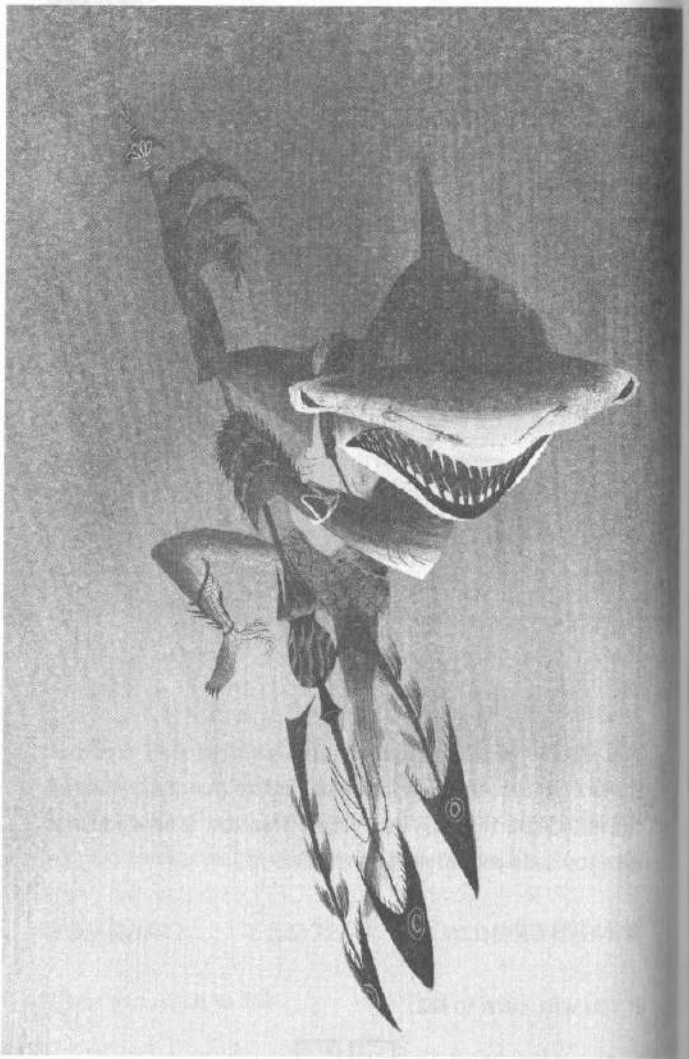

This fearful creature has the head and lifeless black eyes of a shark

344

You take the *Barnacle* down the right-hand passage which is still completely flooded. There are fewer bodies here, but then you realize that the ones that are still around are horribly savaged and have been torn to shreds. You urge the *Barnacle* ahead with caution.

Suddenly there's a loud *CLANG!* and the bathysphere is sent spinning through the water.

Thinking that you may have hit something, you steady the craft before turning around to see that something has hit you instead: the trident of an angry Shark-Kin. (Deduct 2 points from the bathysphere's *STAMINA* score.) This fearful creature has the head and lifeless black eyes of a shark, with a dorsal fin in its back, but humanoid legs and savage claw-like hands.

SHARK-KIN	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 9*

If the Shark-Kin gets a successful strike then he will send the bathysphere spinning off with a swish of his Trident; for the next Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point, due to the disorientation you are feeling. If you win, turn to **365**.

345

The name Boreas is familiar to you. You remember Methedus telling you that he was the Stormborn who made the storm crystal that landed in Cirrus, and that he also felt his presence in Nimbus when it fell. Perhaps Boreas has been making storm crystals for whatever Krazic has been working on in secret.

You exit the room and look at the chaos in the house, and the deep grooves on the walls. Now you know how deeply a Stormborn was involved, you can't help but think that maybe Boreas was behind the destruction that's wreaked this havoc. You suspect foul play is at work, although there are no bodies to prove that. But from what that diary entry said, there may be even worse to come for Pangaria.

There's nothing left to do but press on.

To leave and go towards Matix's home, turn to **161**. To leave and head to the east dock and the bathysphere workshop, turn to **74**.

346

"Would you look at that?" he grumbles, gesturing to his damaged balloon when he sees you approach. "I was just having a spot of lunch and minding my own business, when I hears a huge bang and a great big rock hits the old girl and gives her a gaping big hole in her side! And I dropped my best pie over the edge of the island!"

He sadly strokes the deflated balloon. "There, there, old girl," he murmurs gently. "Soon as Grax finds you a patch and some glue, we'll get you up and floating about again."

You ask if you can be of any help.

"Thank you, Officer," says Grax, looking a little more cheerful. "If you happen upon something I can fashion into a patch, that would help. Or if you've got some coin, you can charge up the crystal in those hovers of yours. They won't take you to the furthest islands, but they should get you to Altos or Cumulus. Usually you'd be able to use the Sky Bridge to Cumulus, but it's been closed, due to some unusual energies on the Cumulus side, so your hovers or my flyer are your best bet for now.

If you have a cabbage leaf or a silk cloth, turn to **200**. If not, you have no choice but to pay to charge up your hovers – turn to **80**. If you do not have any Gold Pieces, you can continue no further and your adventure is over.

347

You're back in the antechamber.

If you have the codeword **Nimbi** on your Adventure Sheet, turn to **92**.

If not, and you want to continue to the steps ahead, and haven't done so already, turn to **252**. If you want to leave the Citadel, turn to **256**.

348

You stand up to see Galen Hillcroft, a fellow Altos Sky Watch recruit, looking confused and holding a burning log from the fire.

"It's you!" Galen exclaims. "But how did you get out of the Cita—"

He stops himself. You feel the anger rising within you. Did he know what was going to happen? Before he can react, you pin him against the wall, with your sword at his neck, and demand he tells you what he knows.

"Nothing, I swear, I just got a message saying not to go to the meeting at the Citadel on Nimbus this morning. It didn't say why. When I saw what happened, I decided to hide out here. I think I dozed off for a minute or two."

You ask him who sent the message. He's reluctant to answer, and although you hate to threaten a fellow Sky Watch Officer, this is not a time for secrets. You push your sword against his throat.

"Easy, easy, you know me. I wouldn't do something like this, would I?"

He's right, you're having a hard time believing Galen is responsible for bringing down Nimbus; he's far too lazy for a start. You relax your grip and lower your sword.

Galen seizes the opportunity and shoves you back hard. By the time you regain your balance, he has grabbed a sword of his own.

"Only one of us is getting out of this Watchhouse alive.

And I'm telling you now, pal, it's gonna be me."

GALEN HILLCROFT	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 7*

If you manage to reduce your opponent's *STAMINA* score to 3 points or fewer, turn to **374** at once.

349

You explain that you must find the Nimbus first, but once you have done, you'll send help for him. The fisherman doesn't look very convinced and stuffs the wool tufts back in his ears. (Lose 1 *LUCK* point.)

You continue deeper into the storm. Turn to **93**.

350

As you climb the wooden stairs you can hear a *rhythmic metallic grating* sound. You reach the upper room and see two beds. They are both unmade and unoccupied. Near the end of the room is a hatch connected to a large cage in which you can see three of the metal Eye-Spy creatures, sitting on perches like birds. They seem to be sleeping, making small snoring noises, as they dream of . . . whatever it is that large metal eyeballs dream of.

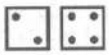

Nearby is a large crystal ball and surrounding it are pages and pages of notes and sketches.

You look harder at the sleeping Eye-Spies and see that there are tiny storm crystals inside them. You can also see that the perch is made of metal and wires, connected to a box-like device with a prominent lever. The Eye-Spies are perching on little nests which you realize must be charging the crystals.

If you have the codeword **Eye-Spy** on your Adventure Sheet, turn to **29**. If you do not have the codeword on your Adventure Sheet, turn to **315**.

351

You continue through the main market. A few market-goers nervously ask you what's going on and if they are safe. You tell them that you're investigating matters and they should carefully continue their business as normal until they receive further information. Privately you have no idea what that information is going to be, or if anyone is safe, but there's no sense in creating more panic.

You're walking along, taking in the sights, sounds and smells at the market, when you feel a light tugging at your belt. You turn to see a creature that looks like a Cockroach the size of a dog skittering off with your Coin Bag in its mouth.

If your Coin Bag is empty, turn to **336**. If your Coin Bag still has some money in it, turn to **355**.

352

You decide to head to the bell tower. After all, you told Hazi you would check on Elder Techromancer Vizigg. It takes a bit of time to reach the tower, but thankfully there are no more ambushes.

You clang the brass bell by the door, but there's no answer. Either Vizigg's not at home, or something's happened to him. You test the door and discover its locked. It looks strong. You square up to it.

Test Your Stamina, subtracting 2 from the dice roll if you have an axe or club-like weapon with you. If you pass the test, turn to **234**. If you fail the test, turn to **294**.

353

With a last roar of thunder the Stormkin disintegrates into thin air.

The Cloudkin farmer is your friend Nemi, and she throws her arms around you. "I was so worried about you," she cries. "I heard that something terrible had happened on Nimbus, but then the Cloudkin went stormy and all hell broke loose. Most of the other workers fled, but I wasn't going to give up my farm that easily!"

You tell Nemi that you are investigating what happened on Nimbus, as the last member of the Sky Watch still in Pangaria.

"Hmm," says Nemi thoughtfully. "You might not be the last one; I went by the Watchhouse just before the

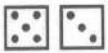

explosion and I heard snoring coming from inside."

Seems that someone else didn't make the meeting. That sounds like something you should check out.

"Right, well, the farm is safe for now. How about you keep the Cloudkin Staff and I come with you on your travels? Well, at least on Altos. I can back you up in a fight and I want to find out what's happened to Flapps, my best Canidor. Most of the Canidors scattered when the explosion happened and haven't been seen since. I'm really worried about him. Hopefully, he's in hiding; he always liked the area up by the Great Waterfall. And here, you'd better take this." She passes you a Healing Potion. (This will restore up to 4 *STAMINA* points when drunk.)

With Nemi by your side you can add 2 points when calculating your Attack Strength, you may increase any damage you cause by 1 point, and you may reduce any damage you suffer in battle by 1 point. (Make a note of this on your Adventure Sheet.)

(If you choose to use the wooden Cloudkin staff in battle, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point against opponents that aren't Cloudkin, as it is more cumbersome to use than your Short Sword. For now, add the staff to your Adventure Sheet.)

Now you just have to decide where you and Nemi will go next. If you want to go towards the Altos Watchhouse, turn to **40**. If you want to go towards the Great Waterfall, turn to **328**.

354

You jump out of the way as part of the ceiling collapses directly above you, but you're not quite fast enough and some of the broken floorboards hit you on their way down. (Lose 3 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point.)

Once you've recovered, you notice the strange marks on the walls of the house, for the first time. They look like ridges or large scratches. Something very strange has happened here.

If you have the storm crystal shard from Cirrus, turn to **235**. If not, turn to **279**.

355

Remove all the Gold Pieces from the Gold Box on your Adventure Sheet.

If Dav is with you, turn to **141**. If Dav is not with you, turn to **307**.

356

You ask the Officer about what happened to his friend.

"Hey! I ain't dead, you can still talk to me!" says the injured Officer grumpily, and introduces himself as Bal.

"I got a leg full of spines from one of those bouncing beasties. You don't have a healing potion on you, do you?"

If you have a Healing Potion on you and want to give it to Bal, turn to **107**. If you want to ask them what happened to the Nimbus, turn to **77**. If you want to ask if there are

any other survivors, turn to **197**. If you've asked them everything you want to, turn to **330**.

357

You stare at the thing making the *buzzing* noise. It looks like a metal eye, about the size of a grapefruit, and instead of an iris, you realize that the metal contraption has a large lens. It is held up by small wings, reminiscent of your hovers. The eye zips around, blinking at you. It's unnerving and you can't shake the feeling that you're being spied on. Suddenly it flies off.

You decide to follow it.

Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to **76**. If you roll 3 or 4, turn to **142**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **339**.

358

The Wheelies crash to the floor, rock back and forth for a bit, and then lie still. You wonder what they were guarding.

The ground floor of the house is so full of hoarded

objects that it's hard to see what might be useful to your investigation. You discern that the house has at least two messy occupants. Your eye is drawn to a leather bag hanging off a hook. The Goblin was in such a hurry to get away from you that he must've forgotten it. The name inscribed on the bag reads "Paxlo".

You search Paxlo's bag and find a Potion of fire oil, a piece of dried fruit, and 2 Gold Pieces. This will be some compensation for the assault you suffered at the hands of the Wheelies. Add these to your Adventure Sheet.

(The fire oil can be used to light fires but it can also be used against an opponent at the start of an Attack Round and will automatically cause your enemy 3 *STAMINA* points of damage. The Dried Fruit will restore up to 3 *STAMINA* points, when eaten.)

If you want to explore the upper floor of the house, turn to **350**. If you want to leave the property, turn to **149**.

359

You struggle against whatever is restraining you, kicking out with both feet. Your attacker clearly wasn't ready for such a fight and lets you go. You surface quickly and swim for the shore. Turn to **314**.

360

You successfully make the jump and easily pull yourself up into the room above. Turn to **313**.

361

The Goblin flyer bobs up and down on the breeze as you approach. However, its pilot sits nearby, holding his head in his hands and *moaning* gently. You recognize the pilot as a Goblin named Kritch and ask him what's the matter.

"Bit of rubble hit me upside the head," says Kritch. "I ain't flying nowhere until I get a bit of healing. But if you're looking to charge your hovers, then the machine is over there."

If you want to give him a cabbage leaf or some healing honey (if you have either), turn to **20**. If you want to charge your hovers for 1 Gold Piece, turn to **96**. If you do not have any Gold Pieces, you can continue no further and your adventure is over.

362

You're not quite skilful enough at piloting the craft and large sections of rock dent the *Barnacle*'s roof. (The craft loses 2 *STAMINA* points. Adjust this on your Adventure Sheet.) The vibrations cease, as do the falling rocks. The tunnel ahead is now blocked, so there's nothing for it but to go back the way you came and explore elsewhere.

To take the right fork, if you haven't already, turn to **101**. To head for the large dim shape, turn to **191**.

363

Your sword skewers the creature, killing it stone dead. It drops what it was carrying and collapses in a heap. Turn to **122**.

364

"Well, you'll be needing a bit of help then," says Maude, going into her little cottage and coming out with a War-Hammer and a Healing Potion. "Use them well and wisely. I'll be ordering a few more Cloudkin from Altos just in case these trees start firing up again."

(If you use Maude's War-Hammer, you may add 1 point to any damage you cause an opponent, but must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point, due to its weight. The Healing Potion will restore up to 4 *STAMINA* points when drunk. Record the War-Hammer and the Healing Potion in the Equipment box on your Adventure Sheet.)

If you now want to investigate the plume of blue-green smoke, turn to **137**. If you want to head north, turn to **255**.

365

The Shark-Kin's lifeless body floats away from you, but his trident looks in good condition. You use the *Barnacle*'s suction pipe to retrieve it. (Make a note of the trident on your Adventure Sheet. If you use the trident in battle, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 1 point, but on a successful strike roll one die; if you roll 4 to 6, the weapon does 3 *STAMINA* points damage rather than the usual 2.)

You move the *Barnacle* further down the corridor. There is a blocked door ahead of you, but also some steps leading up to a door on a higher level.

To head back to the antechamber, turn to **347**. To bring the bathysphere to the steps, climb out, and make your way up to the higher door, turn to **280**.

366

You can't quite grasp the paper and your exasperated signing only blows it further under the skirting board out of reach. You tell yourself that it probably wasn't important anyway.

There's nothing left to do here, so you decide to press on with your investigation.

If you want to leave and go towards Matix's home, turn to **161**. If you want to head to the east dock and the bathysphere workshop, turn to **74**.

367

Once the creatures are slain, you retrieve your Coin Bag. A glittering from inside the pipe draws your eye. Reaching your hand carefully inside, you find 2 Gold Pieces. (Add these to the Gold Box on your Adventure Sheet.) Turn to **336**.

368

The beast lies dead at your feet. You find a longsword, lying amongst the rocks and dirt of the cave.

(Record the longsword on your Adventure Sheet. If you use the longsword in battle, you may increase your Attack Strength by 1 point.)

If you want to investigate the Goblin flyer, turn to **361**. If you haven't been to the Watchhouse and want to go there now, turn to **40**.

369

You're just reaching for the large iron latch on the Great Hall door when a surge of energy pushes you back. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point.) There seems to be a ward around the door, preventing anyone from entering. You wonder who is left inside the Citadel with the ability to conjure such a ward. For now, this way is inaccessible. You weigh up your other options.

If you want to venture down the half-flooded hallway, turn to **127**. If you want to see what might be left in the kitchens, turn to **9**.

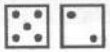

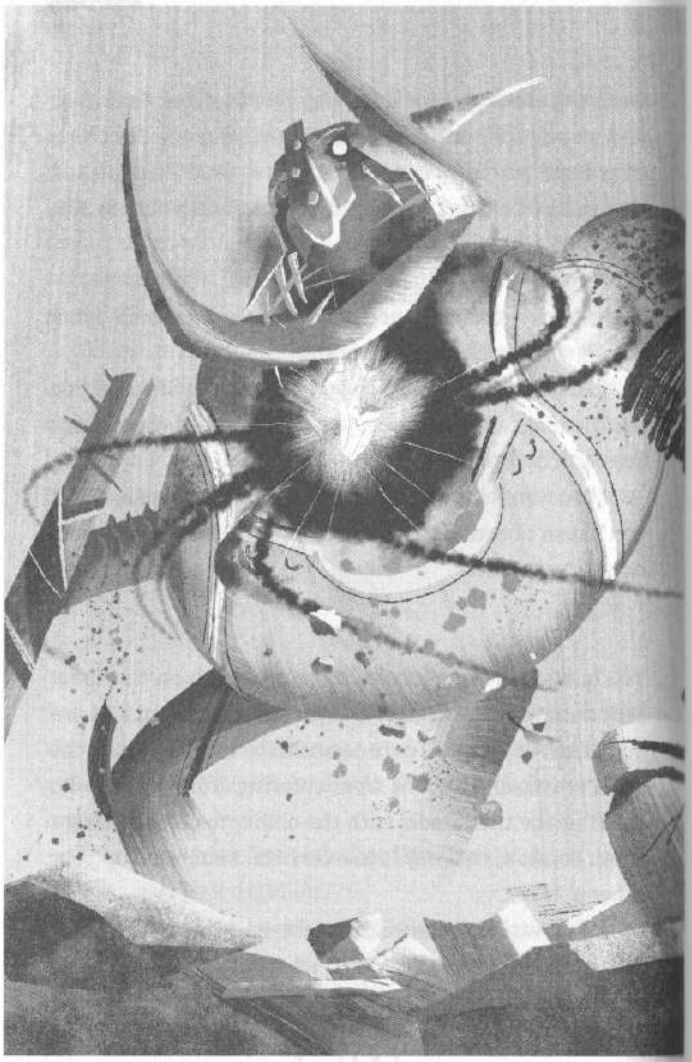

"He's coming! He's coming! Oh, you're in trouble now!"

370

You realize now that the great metal face isn't human. It's a giant metal Goblin. It seems that although they are adept at technomancy, they're not particularly imaginative.

The small Goblin face screeches down from the large metal one: "Get me out of here! Don't you know who I am?"

It's Krazic, the Chief Engineer. Without the power of the storm crystal, he's trapped inside the Golem. In fact, you realize when you look at the joints of the metal beast that you can see eyes blinking back. There are other Goblins inside the Golem, all now prisoners.

You shout back up that you know what he did, and he will be brought to justice when Nimbus reaches Pangaria. This enrages Krazic. "No! We Goblins have been constrained too long by Pangaria's so-called justice, by her rules. Our skills should not be hidden away. They should be shown to the world!"

Given there's nothing Krazic can do to hurt you, his furious outbursts from the prison of his own creation are almost comical.

That feeling quickly passes when you feel a wind spring up; odd, considering where you are and the fact that the island is still not out of the water yet. The wind becomes more intense. Krazic yells excitedly, "He's coming! He's coming! Oh, you're in trouble now!"

You pull back behind a pile of rubble with Malia as an

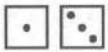

ethereal figure appears in the middle of the storm. It's Boreas the Stormborn and he's extremely angry.

He conjures a whirlwind, which draws lumps of rubble towards him, and then flings the deadly mess in your direction.

Test Your Skill. If you are Successful, turn to **165**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **128**.

371

You wonder briefly why the chest has been left unopened, but when you lift the lid, you get your answer. The chest bites down on your hand (lose 2 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point) and starts to bark and growl at you. It snaps its lid aggressively.

If you have a Calming Potion and want to use it now, cross it off your Adventure Sheet and turn to **130**. If not, you are going to have to fight the Chest Creature.

CHEST CREATURE	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **130**.

372

You tell Yurik that you know he's involved.

"You're lying, Officer, because I ain't! *I ain't!* Was it Pox? Or Paxlo? Did they say something?

If you want to ask Yurik who Pox and Paxlo are, turn

to **221**. If you want to tell Yurik that it was Pox who said something, turn to **53**.

373

With a shudder, the Giant Scorpion curls up and dies. You cut off its stinger and carefully store it in your bag. (Add the stinger to your Equipment List. It can be used to coat your weapon with poison for one battle only; however, your weapon will cause 1 extra point of damage with every successful hit for the duration of that battle.)

Now you can investigate the *clicking* noise you heard before the creature appeared. You test the bookcase and find that part of it now swings back, revealing a set of wooden stairs spirally downwards.

Taking care, you head down. Turn to **292**.

374

You raise your sword to dispense the killing blow.

"No, no, please, please," he begs. "Don't do this. If you let me live, I won't cause any trouble and I'll find a way to help you, I swear!"

If you decide to let him live, turn to **81**. If you think that he must die, turn to **260**.

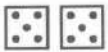

375

You hand the requested object to Matix and she holds it almost reverentially. "Wow, that is one of the best I've ever seen. This will definitely work!"

If you have a Thingie, and haven't already given it to Matix, you can do so now by turning to **125**. If you have now given Matix everything she requested, turn to **187**. If you haven't collected all of the items Matix needs yet, you will need to get your hovers charged up again – turn to **396**.

376

On the way to the shed you pass by an empty wooden frame. A crow perches on it, preening itself. It *caws* angrily and takes flight when a large cabbage is hurled at it. A straw-filled figure lumbers out from behind the shed. It's the frame's original occupant, an enraged Scarecrow. It plucks a couple of heavy-looking cabbages and aims them at your head.

SCARECROW *SKILL 6* *STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **271**.

377

You guide the *Barnacle* down the flooded main corridor. Every now and then you see bodies float past. You can't let yourself look in case you recognize anyone; that would

be too much to handle right now and you have a job to do.

The water level starts to drop, and you realize you're entering a large air bubble. The *Barnacle* floats halfway out of the water for a little while before you enter an antechamber and see some more steps and a fully flooded tunnel to your right.

To pull the *Barnacle* up next to the steps, turn to **252**. To explore the flooded right-hand corridor, turn to **344**.

378

You make sure Halleck is comfortable and tell him you're going to continue searching the Citadel.

"Good work, Officer!" he says, saluting you.

You leave the kitchen via the main door.

If you have the codeword **Nimbi** on your Adventure Sheet, turn to **92**. If not, turn to **390**.

379

You reach the nearest charging station. It requires 1 Gold Piece to use.

If you have no gold, then you can return to the previous section and continue exploring Asperitas until you find some.

If you have explored all you can and still have no gold, then your adventure is over.

To fly to Matix on Incus deduct 1 Gold Piece from your Adventure Sheet and turn to **226**.

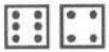

380

You remove the corrosive grapes carefully from their pouch. Using your staff, you crush them against the lock of the Watchhouse door. The juice begins to eat away at the metal, making a satisfying *hissing* sound. Soon the lock breaks and you head inside to find the source of the snoring. Turn to **306**.

381

You ram the door. It gives, but doesn't break. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points, as you bruise your shoulder in trying to force your way in.)

If you want to try ramming the door a second time, turn to **229**. If you think you would be better off leaving the property, turn to **149**.

382

You manage to roll out of the way as the Giant metal foot crashes down beside you. You lash out with your weapon. (Deduct 2 *STAMINA* points from the War Golem.) Turn to **100**.

383

Your short sword skewers the creature perfectly. It *screeches*, shakes and goes limp. You retrieve your Coin Bag and the weapon, cleaning it thoroughly.

A glittering from inside the pipe draws your eye. Reaching inside you find 2 Gold Pieces. (Add these to the Gold Box on your Adventure Sheet, along with the original number of Gold Pieces you had when the bug stole your Coin Bag.) Turn to **336**.

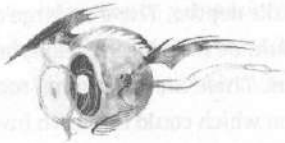

384

You grudgingly give 1 Gold Piece to Matix and ask her to charge up your hovers so you can fly to Asperitas.

"Sure thing! Put your storm crystal in the slot and I'll fill her up!"

Once your storm crystal is fully charged, Matix gives some final instructions.

"Now, once you find a Thingie, and either a Doobry or a Wotsit, bring them back to me here. There should be a couple of places you can charge your hovers on the other islands."

You strap on the hovers and take off for Asperitas, the island of technomancy. Turn to **270**.

385

As the corpse of the Great White Squark sinks into the depths, you manage to activate the *Barnacle*'s suction tube on the right pincer and capture yourself a piece of fresh calamari. (Add this to your Provisions list. It will restore up to 3 *STAMINA* when eaten.)

You feel the water vibrate around you. You brace yourself, but nothing appears, and eventually the vibrations cease.

You survey the depths. There's a large dim shape in the distance. It could be a rock formation, or it could be the sunken Nimbus. There are also some interesting-looking caves below you which could be worth investigating.

If you want to head towards the caves, turn to **85**. To continue towards the large dim shape, turn to **191**.

386

It's not an easy task, and you strain your back in the process, but you eventually pull the last of the debris from Captain Halleck. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point and 1 *SKILL* point.)

Halleck's legs are so badly damaged that he can hardly walk, so you find him a more comfortable place to rest. Turn to **148**.

387

The boot is well-aimed and strikes the flying eye. Something metal falls off the side of it. The contraption emits a high-pitched noise, before flying away up the Watchhouse chimney.

You examine what fell off it. It's a Strange Metal Object. (Add this to your Equipment List.)

You're unharmed but can't shake the feeling that you're being watched. However, there's no time to dwell on such things right now – you need to get moving!

(Write the codeword **Eye-Spy** on your Adventure Sheet.)

Choosing something you've not already tried, will you:

Search your chest? Turn to **217**.
See what Silas found earlier? Turn to **134**.
Leave the Watchhouse? Turn to **335**.

388

The battle is almost yours; you can feel it. You can see that the Goblins controlling the Golem's legs are weakening. You leap off Tideus's shoulder and run circles around the construct's legs, slashing at them with your weapon.

Test Your Stamina. If you are Successful, turn to **300**. If you are Unsuccessful, turn to **192**.

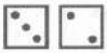

389

You pull the lever. There's a *whirring* and a *thrumming*, then all three Eye-Spies emit a *piercing shriek* and explode, showering you in bits of metal and wire.

(Roll one die and divide the result by 2, rounding halves up; deduct this many *STAMINA* points.)

You pick up an interesting-looking part from the device, which seems to be undamaged. It looks like it could be a Wotsit. (Add the Wotsit to your Adventure Sheet.)

If you haven't explored the ground floor yet, and want to, turn to **182**. If you want to leave the property, turn to **149**.

Alternatively, you can go to the nearest storm crystal charging station. If you decide to do this, make a note of this section number, as you will be able to return directly to this location if you decide to revisit Asperitas, and then turn to **379**.

390

You arrive in an open area. It's the Nimbiferous Chamber, one of the central locations in the Citadel. Ahead is a large door that leads to the Great Hall.

You peer down the hallway to the right. It is partially collapsed and flooded, but you think you should be able to

wade through. You're pretty sure that the hallway to the left leads to the Citadel kitchens. Your stomach rumbles at the thought of food.

(Add the codeword **Nimbi** to your Adventure Sheet.)

If you want to venture down the half-flooded hallway, and you haven't done so before, turn to **127**. If your stomach has taken control and you want to see what's left in the kitchens, turn to **9**. If you want to open the door to the Great Hall, turn to **369**.

391

A small pair of webbed, clawed hands appear on the edge of the puddle and a Mudclaw hops out of it. You can tell by the look on Boreas's face that he had expected something a lot more impressive, or at least a pack of Mudclaws. This is barely a fight, but you'd better engage quickly, in case more of them appear.

MUDCLAW	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 4*

If you win, turn to **392**.

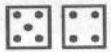

You feel your heart sink and your blood run cold

392

As you lay the killing blow, Boreas looks at you with eyes of wrath.

"Clearly there is only one last thing I need to do," he says in a tone that chills you.

And with that the Stormborn dives into the chest of the Golem, fusing himself with the remains of the fractured crystal. His energy flows through the creation as he turns himself into a living storm crystal.

You feel your heart sink and your blood run cold as the Goblin War Golem lumbers into life, pulling itself from the rubble. You know that you can't fight it on your own. You're going to have to call in a favour.

Whilst the Golem is righting itself, you quickly get Malia to safety and tell her to head for the kitchens.

You hate to wake up a sleeping Sea Giant a second time, but it's urgent. You press the conch shell to your lips and blow.

A low mournful sound echoes around the Citadel. In the distance you hear *thumping*, and *crashing*, and then there is a knocking sound at the Great Hall door. It takes you a moment to realize that it's a *kicking* sound. You run to open the door, but Tideus, not one to be tied down by convention, decides to crash through the wall next to it instead.

He eyes up the Golem. "Ho! Ho! Ho! A nice big fight for Tideus? Hooman, you is spoiling Tideus! Just wish Tideus was at full strength."

TIDEUS *SKILL 9* *STAMINA 10*

Make a note of the stats that Tideus currently has on your Adventure Sheet. It seems he's still not completely recovered from the last battle with you. Then you remember that many potions are unaffected by the size of the creature consuming them and realize you might have a few things that could give Tideus a boost for the fight ahead.

If you want to give Tideus a Healing Potion or a Greater Healing Potion, then turn to **99**. If you want to give Tideus a Potion of Might, turn to **114**. If you want to give Tideus a Potion of Power, turn to **324**.

If you have none of these potions, or do not want to give any of them to the Sea Giant, turn to **129**.

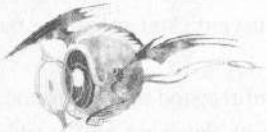

393

You draw close to the *Barracuda*. The gash in its side is sizeable and it makes you remember just how vulnerable you are in your little spherical craft. You get a shock when a dead, bloated face floats into view, half eaten by crabs. It's the *Barracuda*'s former pilot. Horrified, you knock the crabs off the body with the *Barnacle*'s pincers. You're sure

they'll probably return, but you can't watch them eating the poor man's flesh.

You spot some waterproof firesticks and a Greater Healing Potion floating in the wreckage and manage to gather them with your suction pipe. (Add them to your Adventure Sheet. The potion will restore up to 5 *STAMINA* points when drunk.)

Now there's nothing for it but to make your way to the Citadel. Turn to **290**.

394

You patrol the seabed for some time but find nothing that can help you in your quest, so you head back to the Citadel's antechamber. However, the air in the bathysphere is starting to run out and you begin to feel light-headed. (Reduce your *SKILL* score by 1 point.) Turn to **347**.

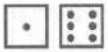

395

Silas pulls your arm again and whispers, "Hey! Hey! Do you hear that?"

There's a strange *buzzing* sound on the edge of hearing, like the rapid flapping of tiny wings.

"There!" says Silas, pointing to the corner of the Watchhouse.

You peer into the gloom and see something that looks like a metal eye. It is about the size of a grapefruit and instead of an iris, you realize that the metal contraption has a large lens. It is held up by small wings, reminiscent of your hovers.

"What is it?" says Silas worriedly, although the strange thing seems to be posing no threat, but you have no idea. The eye zips around, blinking at you and Silas.

Silas throws his boot at it.

Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to **297**. If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to **71**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **387**.

396

You tell Matix that you still have an item to collect.

If you have at least 1 Gold Piece, you put it into her open hand and she charges up the crystal in your hovers; adjust your Adventure Sheet accordingly and turn to **270**.

If you do not have any Gold Pieces, you can continue no further and your adventure is over.

397

The globule hits your arm, gluing it to a tree. The slime is also slightly acidic and burns your skin (lose 3 *STAMINA* points).

A Giant Toad waddles out of the swamp, blocking your path. It readies itself to launch another gloopy missile in your direction. Desperation lends you the strength to pull your arm free.

To fight the creature, turn to **44**. If you have a Calming Potion and want to use it, turn to **204**.

398

You arm yourself with your weapon of choice and face the scaly beast.

SALTWATER CROCODILE SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

When you reduce the Crocodile's *STAMINA* score to 4 points or fewer, it retreats a little, allowing you to move the fight out of the water and on to dry land. From then onwards, reduce the Crocodile's Attack Strength by 2 Points.

If you win, turn to **66**.

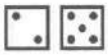

399

"Uh-oh!" says Dav in response to the ground trembling beneath your feet. "Something's on its way and it's BIG! I smell a fight coming!" He reaches into a small bag at his waist and tosses you a small bottle of purplish-coloured liquid.

"Take this. It'll give you a little extra oomph."

You see the earth bucking and cracking as something burrows through the soil towards you, sending market stalls flying.

Hands shaking, you gulp down the liquid. A warm, tingling feeling washes through your body, right down to the tips of your fingers. You feel your strength growing. (Add 3 *STAMINA* points to your total, even if this takes it above its *Initial* level, and add 1 point when calculating your Attack Strength for this fight only.)

As the feeling surges through you, a huge worm-like creature erupts from the ground. It seems to have no eyes, but it makes up for that with the number of glistening fangs it has in its huge, gaping mouth, which is heading straight for you.

"Give it hell!" yells Dav.

TUNNELLER BEAST *SKILL 8* *STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **289**.

400

The sun is starting to rise as Nimbus takes its rightful place in the centre of the Pangarian archipelago. You can hear the faint sound of cheering from the nearest islands and the Goblin flyers come out to greet you. Peace has been restored.

The rest of the world may never know how close it came to disaster and what you did to save it. But there are plenty on Pangaria who will know. Songs will be sung about you and poems written. Your deeds will not be forgotten.

But with Commander Matias Talliman still on the loose somewhere in Khul, his head full of Pangaria's technomancy secrets, Captain Halleck tasks you with journeying there to bring the rogue to justice.

This adventure might be over, but there will be many more to come . . .

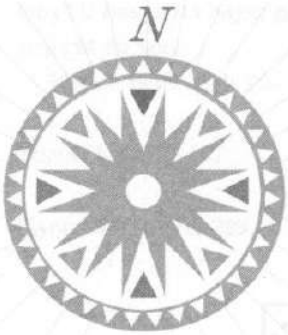

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF PANGARIA

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. Use dice to determine your initial scores. On pages 278–279 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your *SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil or to make photocopies of the sheet for use in future adventures.

SKILL, STAMINA AND LUCK

To determine your *Initial SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores:

- Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *SKILL* box on the *Adventure Sheet*.
- Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the *STAMINA* box.
- Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *LUCK* box.

SKILL reflects your swordsmanship and fighting expertise; the higher the better, *STAMINA* represents your strength; the higher your *STAMINA*, the longer you will survive, *LUCK* represents how lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

SKILL, STAMINA and *LUCK* scores change constantly during an adventure, so keep an eraser handy. You must keep an accurate record of these scores. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may receive additional *SKILL, STAMINA* and *LUCK* points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when instructed on a particular page.

BATTLES

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's *SKILL* and *STAMINA* scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its *SKILL* score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current *SKILL* score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its *STAMINA* score. You may use your *LUCK* here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own *STAMINA* score. Again, you may use *LUCK* at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own *STAMINA* scores (and your *LUCK* score if you used *LUCK* - see over).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current *SKILL* score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the *STAMINA* score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

FIGHTING MORE THAN ONE CREATURE

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

LUCK

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your *LUCK* to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using *LUCK* is a risky business, and if you are *un*lucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your *LUCK* is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current *LUCK* score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current *LUCK* score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time

you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current *LUCK* score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your *LUCK*, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your *LUCK* either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's *STAMINA* score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's *STAMINA* (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore

1 point of *STAMINA* (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra *STAMINA* point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your *LUCK* score every time you *Test your Luck*.

MORE ABOUT YOUR ATTRIBUTES

Skill

Your *SKILL* score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a paragraph may give instructions to increase or decrease your *SKILL* score A Magic Weapon may increase your *SKILL* – but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 *SKILL* bonuses for carrying 2 Magic Swords. Your *SKILL* score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed otherwise.

Stamina

Your *STAMINA* score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your *STAMINA* level may become dangerously low and battles may be particularly

risky, so be careful!

Unlike other Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, in this adventure you do not begin with any Provisions. However, during the course of the adventure, you will have opportunities to regain *STAMINA* points in various ways.

Remember also that your *STAMINA* score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are instructed to the contrary in a specific paragraph.

Testing your Skill and Stamina

At various times you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for Testing your Skill works as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current *SKILL* score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current *SKILL* score, you will have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike Testing your Luck, do not subtract 1 point from your *SKILL* each time you Test your Skill.

You may also be told to *Test your Stamina* from time to time. To do so, roll three dice. If the total rolled is equal to or less than your current *STAMINA* score, you have been successful. However, if the total rolled is higher than your

current *STAMINA* score, you have been unsuccessful. Whenever you *Test your Stamina*, do not subtract any STAMINA points, unless specifically told to do so.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded during the adventure when you have been particularly lucky Details are given in the paragraphs of the book. Remember that, as with *SKILL* and *STAMINA*, your *LUCK* score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless you are specifically instructed otherwise.

EQUIPMENT

You start your adventure with the basic tools of your trade: a fine sword; clothes suitable for travelling; a backpack to hold any treasure you may come across; and a lantern to light your way.

current *STAMINA* score, you have been unsuccessful. Whenever you *Test your Stamina*, do not subtract any STAMINA points, unless specifically told to do so.

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ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL

INITIAL SKILL:

STAMINA

INITIAL STAMINA:

LUCK

INITIAL LUCK:

ITEMS

PROVISIONS

GOLD

WEAPONS

CODEWORDS

MONSTER ENCOUNTERS

SKILL	SKILL	SKILL
STAMINA	STAMINA	STAMINA
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ADVENTURE SHEET

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ADVENTURE SHEET

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INITIAL SKILL:	INITIAL STAMINA:	INITIAL LUCK:

ITEMS	PROVISIONS	

GOLD	WEAPONS

CODEWORDS		

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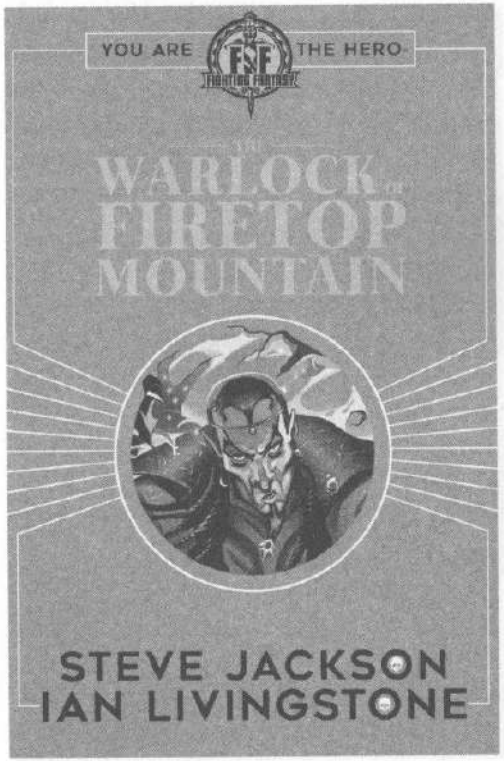

Are YOU brave enough to take on the monsters and the magic of Firetop Mountain?

The powerful warlock Zagor must be slain – but first you'll need to make it through the caverns of his mountain stronghold. Many adventurers before you have taken a wrong turn in the maze and perished at the hands and claws of the Warlock's gruesome servants...

YOU ARE THE HERO

FIGHTING FANTASY

COLLECT THEM ALL, BRAVE ADVENTURER!

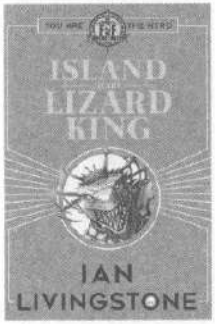

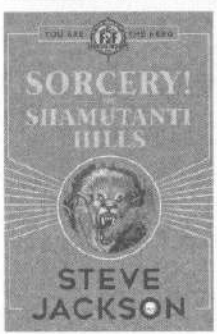

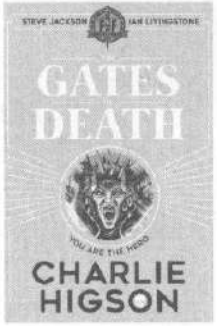

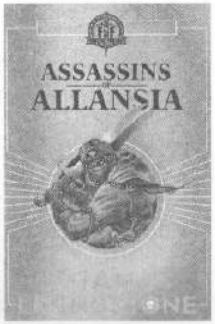

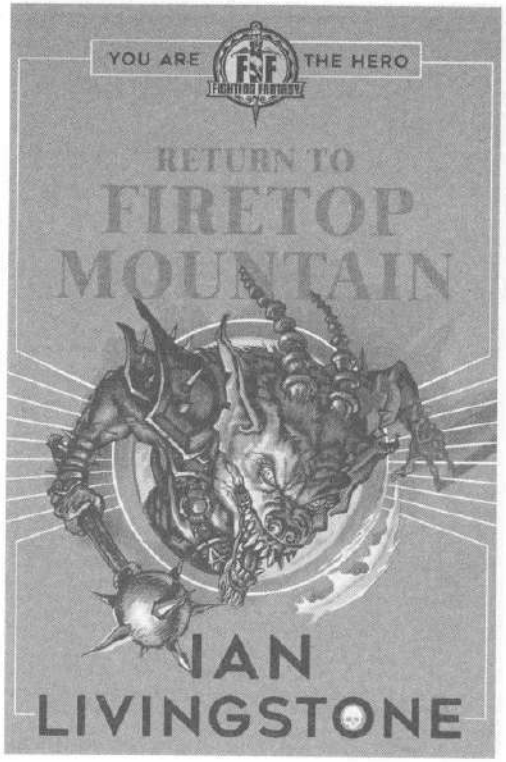

Are YOU brave enough to face the monster-ridden labyrinth within Firetop Mountain?

The evil warlock Zagor has returned from the dead, with revenge his ultimate aim. Have you go what it takes to track him down, defeating terrifying monsters and battling dark magic on your way?

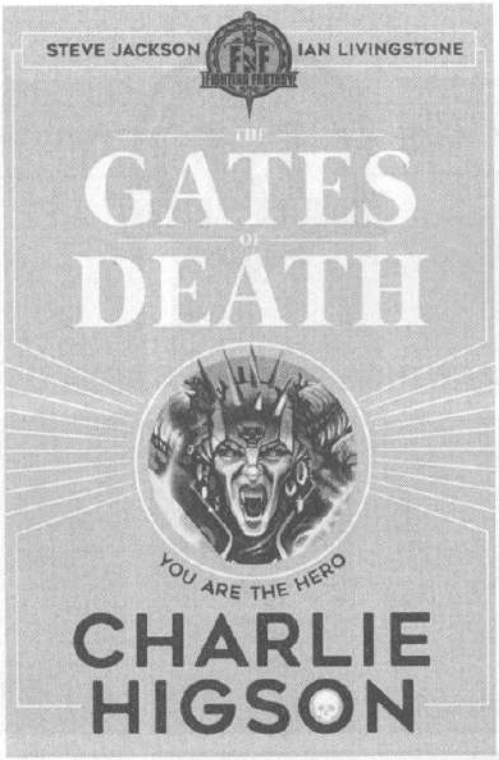

Every move you make could be your last...

Are YOU brave enough to face the ultimate quest? You must travel all over Allansia – including old haunts Darkwood Forest and Port Blacksand – on a dangerous mission. But what starts as a treasure hunt soon takes a darker turn, as evil sorcerer Zanbar Bone rises again. Step up, hero: it's time to fight!

PART STORY, PART GAME – YOU ARE THE HERO!

Are YOU tough enough to survive attacks by Allansia's most dangerous and deadly assassins?

After accepting a challenge to survive on Snake Island, a nightmare unfolds when a bounty is placed on your head. Beware the ruthless assassins hellbent on hunting you down – but who are they? Where are they? Trust no one...

MAY YOUR STAMINA NEVER FAIL!

Cover illustration by Robert Ball
ISBN 978-1-407196-83-1
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ASSASSINS OF ALLANSIA

IAN LIVINGSTONE

YOU ARE THE HERO

FIGHTING FANTASY

ASSASSINS OF ALLANSIA

IAN LIVINGSTONE

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ASSASSINS OF ALLANSIA

IAN LIVINGSTONE

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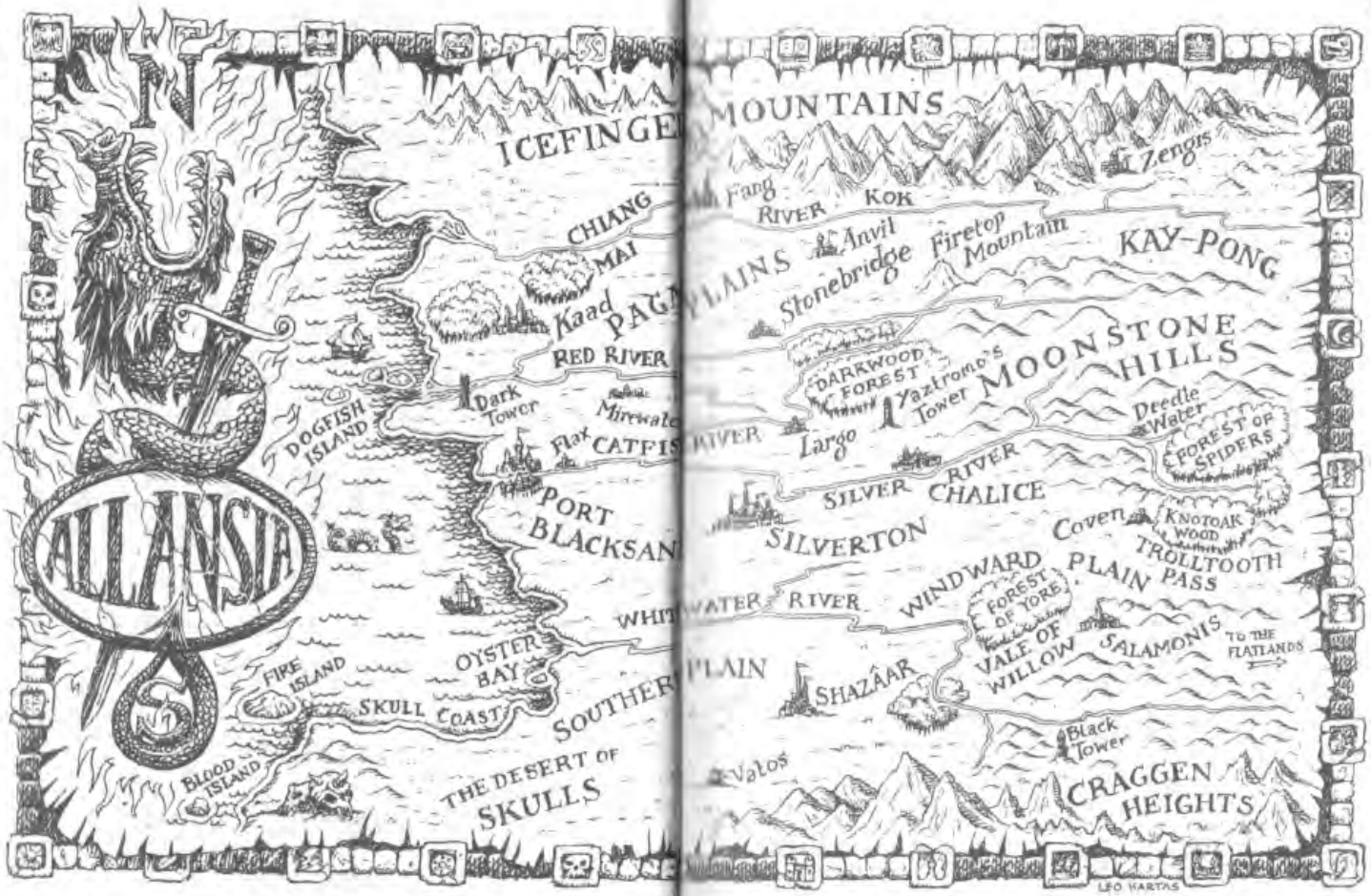
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LEO HARTAS

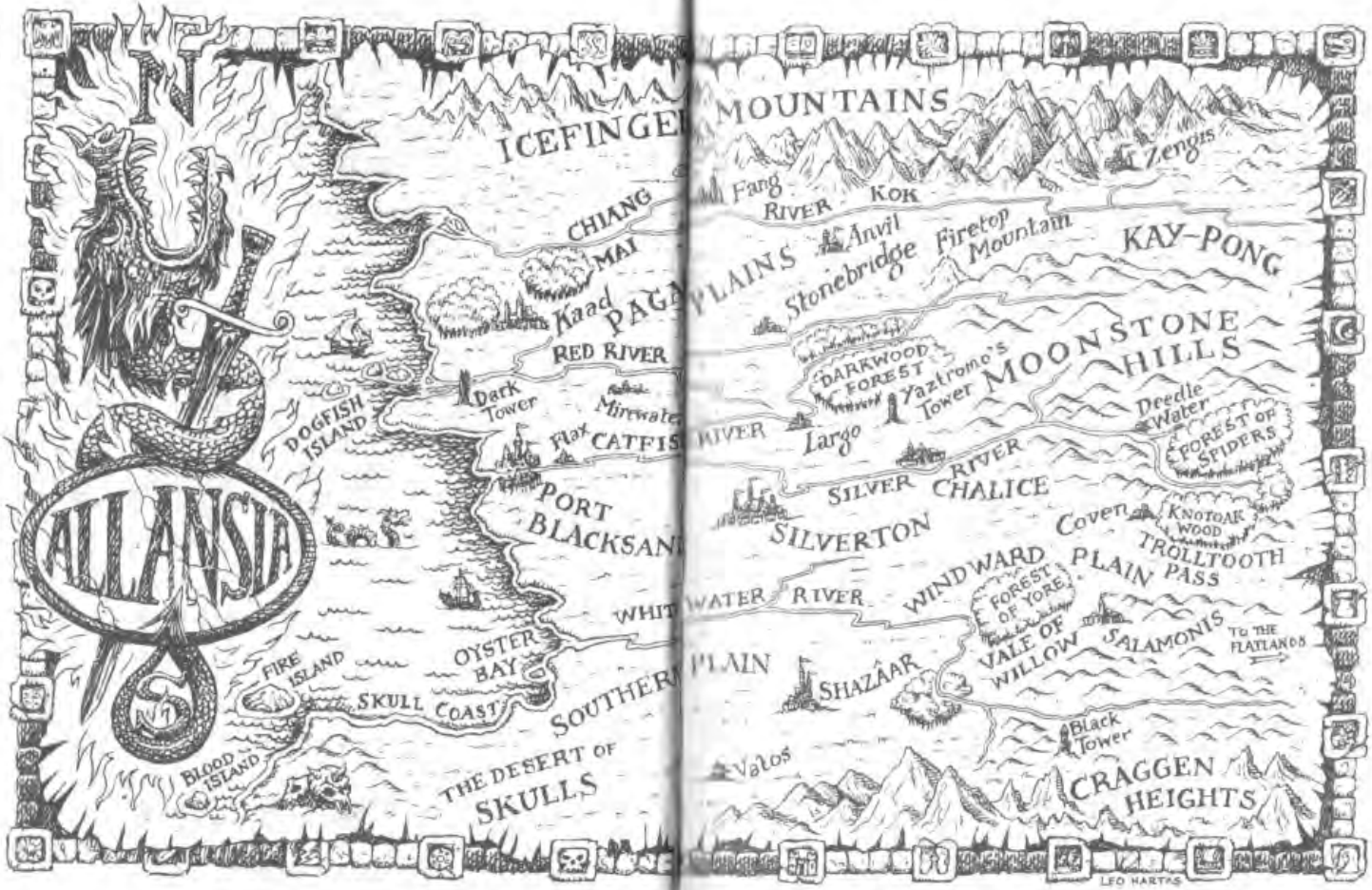
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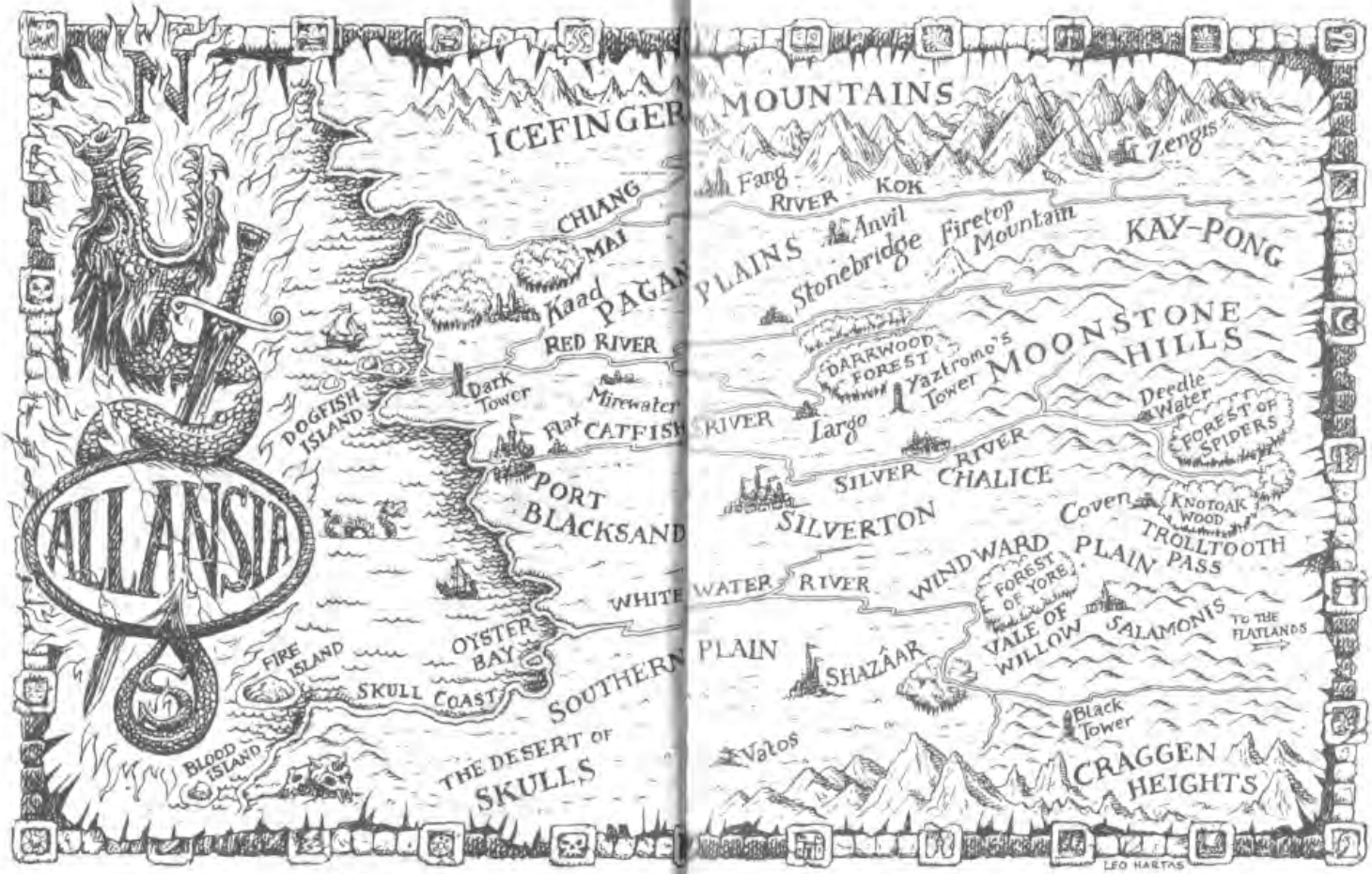
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Published in the UK by Scholastic Children's Books, 2019
Euston House, 24 Eversholt Street, London, NW1 1DB, UK
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ISBN 978 1407 19683 1

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HOW WILL YOU START YOUR ADVENTURE?

The book you hold in your hands is a gateway to another world – a world of dark magic, terrifying monsters, brooding castles, treacherous dungeons and untold danger, where a noble few defend against the myriad schemes of the forces of evil. Welcome to the world of **FIGHTING FANTASY!**

You are about to embark upon a thrilling fantasy adventure in which **YOU** are the hero! **YOU** decide which route to take, which dangers to risk and which creatures to fight. But be warned – it will also be **YOU** who has to live or die by the consequences of your actions.

Take heed, for success is by no means certain, and you may well fail in your mission on your first attempt. But

have no fear, for with experience, skill and luck, each new attempt should bring you a step closer to your ultimate goal.

Prepare yourself, for when you turn the page you will enter an exciting, perilous **FIGHTING FANTASY** adventure where every choice is yours to make, an adventure in which **YOU ARE THE HERO!**

How would you like to begin your adventure?

IF YOU ARE NEW TO FIGHTING FANTASY . . .

It's a good idea to read through the rules which appear on pages 255-263 before you start.

IF YOU HAVE PLAYED FIGHTING FANTASY BEFORE . . .

You'll realize that to have any chance of success, you will need to discover your hero's attributes. You can create your own character by following the instructions on pages 255–256. Don't forget to enter your character's details on the Adventure Sheet which appears on page 264.

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

BACKGROUND

Snake Island is a small, uninhabited island which lies between Dogfish Island and Ghost Island off the west coast of Allansia. It is rugged and inhospitable, and it is said that the reason why nobody lives there is because all those who set foot on the island are never seen again. Whether it is the terrifying creatures or undead spirits that claim the lives of visitors, nobody knows, but the rumours about Decayers, Worm Dogs and Flesh-Heads are enough to put most people off from going there. YOU have been on the island for two days, with most of the time spent making camp and foraging for food. A wager brought you to the island following a chance meeting with an old burly sea captain by the name of Samuel Crow in Port Blacksand, the notorious seaport run by the tyrant Lord Azzur. He challenged you to live on the island for a month with a wager of 20 Gold Pieces should you live to collect it. Being a brave adventurer unafraid of myths or monsters, you accepted his challenge with a shake of the hand. The captain beamed with satisfaction and slapped you on the back, saying you would regret your foolish decision. The

next day, he sailed you over to Snake Island on his boat, the *Blue Moon*. It was a thrilling ride, with huge waves battering the small sailing boat as it bobbed up and down on the ocean swell. Whooping loudly as the sea spray pounded his face, the captain trimmed his sails to get as much speed as he could out of his old boat. He taunted you most of the way, saying you would survive less than twenty-four hours. But you ignored the old salt, confident that you would be more than able to deal with any danger that the island had to offer. It was mid-afternoon by the time the rocky island appeared on the horizon, and an hour later before the captain finally dropped anchor.

"Enjoy yourself," he said sarcastically, ushering you off his boat with a flick of the hand. You jumped into the cold water and waded ashore to a stony beach littered with driftwood and sun-bleached bones. You were just able to hear the captain above the noise of the waves crashing on the beach. He wished you luck with a wry grin, saying, "I'll be back in thirty days to pay you or bury you – unless you've been eaten!" You shook your fist at him with a smile and walked off to survey your new surroundings. It soon became apparent how desolate the rocky island was, evil spirits or no evil spirits. The trees were ugly, with bent trunks and gnarled, twisted branches. The thick vegetation was hostile – a tangled mix of needle-sharp thorn bushes and poisonous creepers. A cloud

of mosquitoes buzzed around your head, and red ants crawled up your legs, biting you relentlessly. By the end of the day, you had encountered spiders, snakes, scorpions, ticks, grubs, leeches and other bloodsucking creatures that were going to make your life a misery in the weeks ahead. But having recently narrowly escaped with your life in Darkwood Forest, the prospect of living on an island didn't seem so bad. It would be a good place to test your survival skills, and hopefully reward you with the 20 Gold Pieces which you so desperately needed.

Leaving the stony beach behind, you walked round to the west side of the island to a small, sandy beach where you found an abandoned wooden hut nestled between some large boulders. The roof had holes in it and the door was hanging off its hinges, but with minor repairs it would be a good place to live for a month. The hut was empty apart from a dented tin jug on a small table made from driftwood, and two dirty sacks stuffed with old rags which had once been used as a makeshift bed. You fixed the door and mended the roof as best as you could as the light faded. When the sun slipped down below the horizon, the sky became a rich canvas of deep reds, vivid pinks and bright orange. The light quickly faded into total darkness, and there was nothing else to do but to lie down on the sacks and go to sleep. After spending an uncomfortable night as the target for countless mosquitoes, you wake up soon

after dawn to find your whole body covered in angry red bites.

You spend the morning turning leaves and shells into rainwater traps and collecting dry wood for a fire. In the afternoon you make a chair out of driftwood fastened together with vines and a fishing rod made out of a long branch, some twine washed up on the shore, and a hook made out of a button fastening. Using limpets as bait, you manage to catch two small fish which you cook on your campfire in the dying light. Darkness falls, and day two ends the same way as day one, with you trying to get to sleep whilst being eaten alive by mosquitoes.

YOUR ADVENTURE AWAITS!

MAY YOUR STAMINA NEVER FAIL!

NOW TURN OVER...

1

The wind picks up during the night on the back of a rumbling storm which rolls in from the west. Heavy rain turns into a torrential downpour and beats down noisily on the roof. Rainwater finds its way through your roof repairs and drips down on to the floorboards. You hear strange noises coming from outside, with the howling wind playing tricks on your imagination in the pitch-black darkness. The storm eventually passes, and you finally drift off to sleep, but in the middle of the night you suddenly wake up with a start. The wind has dropped, and you can hear the sound of waves breaking on the beach. But you hear another sound much closer – a tiny squeak – and one which you recognize. Somebody is trying to open the door. Who could it be? Nobody else lives on this forsaken island. It's too dark to see anything. You stand up slowly, sword in hand and heart pounding, hardly daring to breathe. If you want to stand still where you are, turn to **356**. If you want to go outside to investigate, turn to **161**.

1

The wind picks up during the night on the back of a rumbling storm which rolls in from the west. Heavy rain turns into a torrential downpour and beats down noisily on the roof. Rainwater finds its way through your roof repairs and drips down on to the floorboards. You hear strange noises coming from outside, with the howling wind playing tricks on your imagination in the pitch-black darkness. The storm eventually passes, and you finally drift off to sleep, but in the middle of the night you suddenly wake up with a start. The wind has dropped, and you can hear the sound of waves breaking on the beach. But you hear another sound much closer – a tiny squeak – and one which you recognize. Somebody is trying to open the door. Who could it be? Nobody else lives on this forsaken island. It's too dark to see anything. You stand up slowly, sword in hand and heart pounding, hardly daring to breathe. If you want to stand still where you are, turn to **356**. If you want to go outside to investigate, turn to **161**.

2

The warrior's aim is deadly accurate, but you just manage to raise your shield in time to meet the spear, which clatters off and falls harmlessly to the ground. The warrior is only twenty metres away and closing in fast, wielding two long knives. If you want to reach for her spear and throw it back at her, turn to **96**. If you want to draw your sword and ready yourself for combat, turn to **266**.

3

The Monk berates you for wasting his time. If you want to attack him with your sword, turn to **260**. If you would rather ignore him and walk across the market square to Clock Street, turn to **140**.

4

You raise your sword and strike the Orc a mighty blow in its midriff as it runs past the tree you are hiding behind. It stops in its tracks and falls to the ground with blood pouring from its stomach. It is badly injured but manages to get back up on its feet. Roaring in pain, it staggers

towards you, spitting blood and swinging its morning star. You must finish off the Orc quickly before the other Orcs hear the commotion.

ORC	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 2*

If you win the fight in the first Attack Round, turn to **311**. If it takes two or more Attack Rounds to defeat the Orc, turn to **193**.

5

From where you are lying, you have a good view of the ship's mast and the lone lookout standing in the crow's nest. The lookout suddenly becomes agitated and calls down to the crew on deck, yelling at them to look west. You hear the pirate captain order his helmsman to turn his ship hard right, which makes the *Blue Moon* take on water as it rolls from side to side and causes you to bang your head. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You decide the best thing to do to avoid being sunk is to cut the tow rope. Turn to **88**.

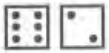

Two Dwarfs wearing horned helmets

6

You reach for the idol and hear a click. An unseen trapdoor suddenly gives way under your feet and you fall through it, landing on the cellar floor and banging your head. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Lying on the damp floor in pain, you are plunged into darkness when the trapdoor is pulled back up and bolted. It seems like an age before the trapdoor opens again, whereupon you see two DWARFS wearing horned helmets staring down at you with curious expressions on their faces. They are identical twins with long ginger hair tied in plaits, beards, moustaches, eyes set close together, missing front teeth and big, hairy noses which they are both picking furiously. One of them stops picking his nose for a moment and says in a long, drawn-out voice, "Well, brother Billy, who have we caught trespassing?"

"No idea, brother Bobby."

"Is it somebody we know?"

"Nobody I know. Is it somebody you know?"

"No."

"Well, somebody must know!"

"You could always ask."

"I will," says Billy. "Hey, you down there, who do you think you are coming into our house without being asked? Did you not read the sign outside? Let me tell you that we are the Bogg brothers. I'm Billy Bogg and this here is my brother Bobby Bogg. We don't like visitors, and we really hate trespassers. What have you got to say for yourself?"

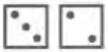

If you want to reply that you were looking to buy some food, turn to **38**. If you want to tell them that you are on the run from assassins, turn to **291**.

7

You take aim and hurl the meat cleaver at the pirate as hard as you can. It is a miracle shot and strikes the pirate on the side of the head, knocking him out. He slumps forward on to the deck and lets go of the sailing ropes. The *Blue Moon* drifts to a halt, and you are able to catch up with it and climb on board. The scraggy-looking pirate slowly comes around, moaning and groaning. You tie his hands behind his back and ask him why you shouldn't throw him in the sea to feed to the Blood Sharks. "I know who you are. I saw your face on a poster in Port Blacksand," the pirate says gruffly. "I've got something you need. Let me live and I will tell you what it is." You tell him to keep talking and you'll think about it. "I know the assassins are hunting you, and there's one who will try to poison you with snake venom. See my earring? It's a Snakefang. Wear it, and you won't come to any harm from snake venom." If you want to take the pirate's earring and wear it, turn to **37**. If you do not want to take the earring, turn to **296**.

8

You come to the foot of a hill and begin to breathe heavily as you run up it. The chasing Orcs charge up the hill without breaking step and are now only metres behind you. Exhausted, you turn to face them. Turn to **230**.

9

Back on dry land, you slip your hand inside the leather straps on the back of the shield. You feel a sudden surge of power run up your arm. You have found the Shield of the Sentinels. Add 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *LUCK* point. Pleased with your new piece of armour, you gather up your belongings and climb back up the stone steps to the top of the cliff. Turn to **127**.

10

Billy smiles and says, "That seems like a fair offer to me, brother Bobby. Throw the rope down to our new friend." You pick up the assassin's axes and climb out of the cellar and are greeted by the brothers, who slap you on the back. "No hard feelings, I hope?" says Billy. You shake your head and hand him an axe, a ring and 9 Gold Pieces. The brothers shake your hand and walk with you to the wooden gate, where they bid you farewell. You wave goodbye and set off again towards Kaad. Turn to **307**.

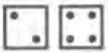

11

You fill the tin jug with water from the rainwater traps outside and can't stop thinking about the attempt on your life. After quenching your thirst, you decide to go in search of food. You are very hungry, having eaten only a bit of fish the previous day. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to go fishing again, turn to **34**. If you want to explore the island for food, turn to **116**.

12

You undo the clasp and open the book to find that all the pages are hollowed out of the middle and there is a finely engraved gold ring wrapped in wool lying in the cavity. There are no words in the book other than an instruction on the title page penned in elaborate italic gold writing, which reads, *Kiss the Warp Ring to go back one minute in time. Choose your moment carefully because this can be done but once*. The chance to go back in time is impossible to resist and you slip the ring on to your middle finger. You turn it round and round on your finger as you walk back up the stairs to go outside with your mind spinning, thinking about what it might be like to go back in time. Turn to **305**.

13

You raise your arm just in time as the piercing arrow clatters into your shield and ricochets away. Your assailant reloads and fires again, but you manage to deflect the second arrow. With your sword drawn, you charge at your attacker, who throws back her hood to reveal the unmistakable features of a DARK ELF PRIESTESS. Her neck is covered with tattoos of writhing serpents and her long ice-white hair is tied up high on her head. She is wearing studded leather armour with iron-plated shoulder pads. Staring at you with cold, amethyst-blue eyes, she draws her long sword slowly from its scabbard, a shimmering blade made of the finest Salamonian steel enveloped in a swirling mist of vivid colours. Swinging it skilfully above her head, the Dark Elf advances towards you, meeting your sword with a clash of steel, her chilling war cry sending a shiver down your spine.

DARK ELF PRIESTESS	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **61**.

14

You climb into the back of the open carriage, and the driver cracks his whip in the air to spur his horse into a trot. The woman turns to you as you speed along the dusty track and says, "My name is Florence Figgins. I'm the town's undertaker. I am on my way to Anvil to visit relatives. The chances are we won't get there before nightfall, but Henry here is more than capable of defending me from the creatures of the Pagan Plain. Now sit back and enjoy the ride. We should be at Otto's within the hour." The light begins to fade and by the time the carriage comes to a halt outside a log cabin, shadows are already creeping over the land. "Welcome to Otto's Outpost," Florence says warmly. "This is as far as you go with us. I hope you manage to track down Lord Azzur before he returns to Port Blacksand. Good luck." You jump down from the carriage and thank Florence for the ride. She snaps her fingers and her driver cracks his whip to send the horse into a gallop, and you watch the carriage disappear in a cloud of dust towards the setting sun. The log cabin looks to be well built and secured with wooden shutters on all the windows. There is a wooden sign above the door which reads OTTO'S OUTPOST. It's been a grisly day and you are relieved to find shelter. Turn to **264**.

15

Apart from the boat being rocked by a school of Blubber Whales swimming close by, the voyage passes without

incident. You sail along the rugged Allansian coastline until you come to an estuary which you know to be the entrance to Red River. You sail a short distance up the river to where there are two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the *Blue Moon* over to the bank, jump out, and tie it up to a small dock. It feels good to be back on dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur will not rest until one of his assassins has delivered your head to him. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would be better prepared. Now you suspect everybody you meet could be an assassin. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him. You walk towards the buildings, which you note are a boatyard and a general store. Thinking you might be able to sell the *Blue Moon*, you decide to visit the boatyard first. Turn to **288**.

16

You come to a small sunlit glade where lots of exotic wild flowers are blooming. You walk through the glade but become anxious when you suddenly feel the ground tremble. You are thrown off your feet by a violent tremor and carried up into the air on a bed of soil engulfed in the jaws of a GIANT SLUGWORM which rises out of the ground. Its massive tubular body rises five metres into the air before it closes its jaws to swallow you whole. Everything goes dark. Your adventure is over.

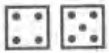

17

A thick glob of drool flies past your head, just missing you. You do not stop to look back and you run through the undergrowth as fast as you can. Turn to **213**.

18

You run as fast as you can, but you are breathing hard after the gruelling battle with the Orc. You look round to see the chasing band of Orcs is slowly closing in on you. If you are carrying a Bag of Everything, turn to **94**. If you are carrying an ordinary backpack, turn to **376**.

19

The old man, who you notice has a bald pate and a ring on every finger, stops in his tracks and begins speaking cheerfully in rhyming couplets.

"No doubt the reason you've stopped me here
Is because it can't be me you fear
Perhaps you think my sack contains
Treasure, gold or illicit gains?
Banish all thoughts of theft and plunder
That would be an enormous blunder
I might look old and frail and tragic
But I'm a Monk with the power of deadly magic."

The old man folds his arms across his chest and starts

tapping his right foot impatiently, waiting for you to speak. If you want to ask him if there is anything in his sack that he would like to sell, turn to **211**. If you want to attack him with your sword, turn to **260**.

20

The blacksmith puts down his ladle and picks up his stone hammer. "Horseshoes? Don't take me for a fool. Where's your horse? Get out of here before I kick you out!" Rather than argue with the angry blacksmith, you go back outside and walk down the side passage. Turn to **330**.

21

The pirate ship is fast closing in on the *Blue Moon*, and you let go of the ropes to let the sail flap as though the boat is adrift. The pirates will be eager to find out if you have anything worth stealing, and your pretending to be dead might not deter them from finding out. If you possess a bottle of red ink, turn to **180**. If you do not have any ink, turn to **95**.

22

You are relieved to have survived another assassination attempt. The first thing that catches your eye is the warrior woman's silver necklace with the now familiar scorpion pendant hanging from her neck. You snatch it from her

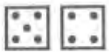

The storekeeper looks over the top of his wire-rimmed spectacles

and place it in your pocket with the others. You also take the snake-shaped gold armband from her right bicep and empty her leather pouch, which contains 2 Gold Pieces. If you want to try on the armband, turn to **318**. If you would rather place it in your backpack, turn to **139**.

23

A bell rings when you open the door, and you see a curly-haired man behind a counter putting canvas backpacks on a shelf. All the shelves are crammed with hats, gloves, boots, belts, water flasks, rope and general camping equipment. The floor is covered with sacks, barrels and boxes filled with bread, vegetables, grain and dried foodstuffs. A glass display case on the counter contains some interesting-looking objects with runes and mysterious symbols on them. The storekeeper looks over the top of his wire-rimmed spectacles, smiles and says, "Well, well, well, if it isn't Lord Azzur's favourite person! I recognize your face. What brings you here?" Will you:

Reply that you don't know what he's talking about?	Turn to **58**
Say that you want to buy some Provisions?	Turn to **64**
Ask him if he sells Elven Boots?	Turn to **317**
Smile politely and leave the store to head east on foot?	Turn to **203**

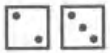

24

You give a quick wave to the angry crew, turn, and dive over the back of the ship. You soon reach the *Blue Moon*, which is under tow in the wake of the pirate ship. You grab hold of the side and haul yourself on board. You know your only chance of survival is to act quickly and cut the rope attached to the grappling hook. Turn to **88**.

25

Azzur looks at you with contempt and says in a sinister voice, "Miserable worm. You failed to kill them all. Look behind you!" Before you have time to turn, your head is cleaved from your neck by a flashing blade. A huge cheer erupts from the excited crowd, many of whom have travelled far to see blood spilled today. Lord Azzur puts his arm around his assassin and says, "Congratulations. Not only have you earned my reward of 1,000 Gold Pieces, but you have also earned the right to represent me in Deathtrap Dungeon today. You will earn another 1,000 Gold Pieces of the prize money – if you survive!" The assassin bows to Lord Azzur and Baron Sukumvit raises his arm for the trumpets to signal the start of this year's Trial of Champions. The crowd goes wild, and one by one the

contestants salute the Baron and run through the ornate stone-pillared dungeon entrance and disappear into the darkness. Your adventure is over.

26

You hand over 2 Gold Pieces to Tall Tom, which brings a big smile to his face. "Thank you," he says happily. "I should also thank you for getting rid of Vassell. He was an all-round disgusting human being. He was rude, ate like a pig and his room stank. I could hardly believe it when he told me he was an assassin working for Lord Azzur! He showed me a 'Wanted' poster and told me he was going to chop your head off! He said that you might be coming here and that there were other assassins looking for you, although he was convinced he would win the 1,000 Gold Piece bounty. So much for that plan! But the others will undoubtedly pick up your trail. Now you don't look like a murderer to me, and the only way you can stop this is to find Lord Azzur and convince him to call off his dogs. So, what I suggest is, why don't you speak to Sidd the Seer over there? He's a little strange, but he sees things nobody else sees." You look over at the eccentric-looking man sitting at the table who smiles nervously and then looks away again. Will you:

Go over to talk to Sidd?	Turn to **74**
Leave the tavern and head north?	Turn to **133**
Leave the tavern and continue east?	Turn to **157**

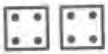

27

You lose your footing and fall off the path, tumbling head over heels on to the beach below. You land on a patch of soft sand but are winded and twist your ankle badly. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. You look up to see the Flesh-Head peering down over the cliff edge, snarling aggressively. You stand up, winded and in considerable pain, and walk gingerly over to the mouth of the cave. Turn to **201**.

28

The door isn't locked and opens into a large room which smells of sewage and looks like it hasn't been cleaned in years. Old bones, dirty clothes, broken furniture, cracked plates, mouldy cheese, rotten meat, empty bottles and two dead dogs are piled up on both sides of a narrow walkway to the back of the room, where there is a filthy iron stove encrusted with burnt food. A blackened pot of cabbage water is bubbling away on the stove and there is, strangely, a golden idol in the shape of a pig on the shelf above it. If you want to take the idol, turn to **6**. If you would rather walk back to the entrance gate and head towards Kaad, turn to **307**.

29

The boat man glares at you and says, "I told you my offer was 20 Gold Pieces. That was a fair price. Now it's 15 Gold Pieces." You try to argue with him, but he threatens to drop his offer to 10 Gold Pieces. You reluctantly accept the offer of 15 Gold Pieces, which he counts out into your hand coin by coin. With the transaction done, he turns and walks back into his yard with his dogs following faithfully behind. If you now want to go in the general store, turn to **327**. If you would rather head east on foot immediately, turn to **203**.

30

The man shrugs and says, "Oh, that's a pity, but never mind. So, what can I do for you?" If you want to say that you have come to return a box that you believe belongs to him, turn to **386**. If you want to ask if he has seen Lord Azzur in town, turn to **167**.

31

The man smiles and pulls out a mini crossbow from inside his coat and fires it at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **374**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **175**.

32

If you want to sell your old pair of leather boots, turn to **384**. If you have a pair of Elven Boots and want to sell them, turn to **324**.

33

Relieved to have survived another assassination attempt, you reach down to open Red Ruth's cloak and find a silver necklace around her neck with a scorpion pendant hanging from it. You break the chain and place the pendant in your pocket with the others. How many more assassins are out there, you ask yourself. You can only speculate as you walk up the passageway which leads on to Brick Street. If you want to go left and walk to the next junction, turn to **137**. If you would rather turn right and walk towards a small group of people who are standing at a crossroads, turn to **396**.

34

You spend two hours casting your line into the sea but fail to catch a single fish. The sea is rough, and the fish aren't

biting. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point and 1 *LUCK* point. If you want to carry on fishing, turn to **382**. If you would rather explore the island, turn to **116**.

35

The woman curses and says, sneering, "You are right to be suspicious of me, stranger. I am not Frances Fletcher. The real arrow maker had an unfortunate accident recently and is sadly no longer with us. My name is Gretta Morg. I am an assassin sent by Lord Azzur. Prepare to die!" The assassin reaches behind her and pulls out two short swords from sheaths hidden behind her back. You must fight her to the death.

GRETTA MORG	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **321**.

36

Your hands are shackled behind your back, and you are made to stand bleeding and battered in front of the baying crowd to await your fate. Baron Sukumvit orders his Guards to remove your helmet, and the crowd gasps when your face is revealed. Lord Azzur stares at you coldly, unmoved by the attack. The Baron turns to his guest and says, "My sincere apologies for this outrage, my dear Lord Azzur. As punishment, might I suggest we put this criminal in the iron gibbet hanging from the gallows in the town square and let the hungry crows do the rest?" Lord Azzur gives his approval with a simple gesture of the hand. You are dragged from the podium but manage to catch Throm's eye and mouth "good luck" to him. Whilst his fate is unknown, for you, the gallows await. Your adventure is over.

37

You take the earring and see that it has been made out of snake fangs. You fix it to your ear, wary that it might be a trick, but nothing untoward happens. "You'll thank me for this one day," the pirate says with a sneer. He asks you to untie him, but you refuse, saying that you will set him free only when you approach landfall. You trim the

sail and set a course away from the sea monster, which could appear again at any moment. If you want to head due east towards the Red River estuary, turn to **345**. If you would rather sail south-east to Port Blacksand, turn to **393**.

38

Brother Bobby rubs his chin and says, "Why would you say that? Any fool can see our crops are rotten! What do you think, brother Billy?" Billy rubs his chin and says, "You make a good point, brother Bobby. What I want to know is why was this sneak thief standing by the oven? Was it that maybe they had their eye on our little piggy? What say you down there?" If you want to insist that you were hoping to buy some food, turn to **240**. If you want to admit that you were going to steal the golden idol, turn to **143**.

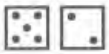

"My name is Zeedle. I am the Ferryman of Fang."

39

You tap the brass bell with the edge of your sword. It rings out sharply and the man sits up with a start. He has long hair sticking out from under his woollen hat, and a lined and weathered face. His black woolen jumper matches his hat, and he smiles warmly as he steps on to the jetty, saying, "Good morning. My name is Zeedle. I am the Ferryman of Fang. For 1 Gold Piece I will gladly row you across the river. Please step aboard. I would advise against swimming across since this part of the river is teeming with flesh-eating Snapperfish." Will you:

Pay Zeedle 1 Gold Piece?	Turn to **77**
Punch him in the face?	Turn to **132**
Swim across the river?	Turn to **155**

40

The bracelet used to belong to an infamous pirate called "Stumpy" Stanley Stubbs who died at sea from food poisoning. His loot was shared out by his crew, including the bracelet, which was taken by a deckhand by the name of Jack Jamlo who later came to Snake Island and was never seen again. What neither of them knew is that the bracelet had been cursed by a blind Witch so that bad luck would come to all those who wore it, including you. Lose 5 *LUCK* points. Unaware of the curse, you are pleased with the bracelet, and head west back to your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **217**.

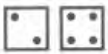

41

The chicks stop screeching and you look down and see the Orc walk past the tree. You breathe a sigh of relief and climb down the tree when he is out of sight. You make your way quickly north to get as far away as you can from the Orcs. But just when you think you have escaped, a long blast on a hunting horn signals that you have been spotted by one of their scouts. You hear a loud roar behind you and the thunder of heavy footsteps of the band of Orcs giving chase. All you can do is run. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **241**. If you are wearing ordinary leather boots, turn to **18**.

42

The assassin sees you running towards the tavern. He aims his crossbow at you and fires. The bolt thumps into your thigh with a dull thud. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. The pain is terrible, and unable to run, you stop to pull the bolt out. But there is no time to treat the wound, as the tavern door suddenly bursts open. A heavily built man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern, screaming at the top of his voice, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. You draw your sword and ready yourself to fight the

deadly assassin, Garanka Vassell. Turn to **53**.

43

You draw your sword and launch yourself at the giant carnivorous plant, hacking furiously at its proboscis. The fibrous texture is tough to cut through, and poor Captain Crow howls in agony each time you strike it. You finally manage to cleave through it, causing the vines to loosen their iron-like grip on the captain. You extract the proboscis from the captain's throat, but there is nothing you can do to save him. Whilst burying the captain, you see the proboscis of another Bloodwort creeping towards you, which you skewer with your sword. You walk back to the beach deep in thought and inadvertently step on a nest of Giant Fire Ants. Hundreds of ants swarm up your legs and sting you multiple times, injecting you with poisonous venom. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You run back to the beach as fast as you can, picking up a piece of wood on the way to replace the broken tiller. Still covered in ants, you wade straight out to sea to wash them off before jumping on board the *Blue Moon*. It doesn't take long to repair the broken tiller and, job done, you let out the mainsail and cast off. Turn to **71**.

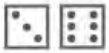

44

Much to your relief, the key turns in the lock. You release the iron catch holding the trap shut and free your ankle. After bandaging the wound, you continue on your way and eventually come to a rickety old gate on the right which has a large sign nailed to it with the words BOGG FARM – BOG OFF painted on it. A gravel path leads from the gate to an old farmhouse, which sits in the middle of a small field separated from the grassland by a wooden fence. There is a stone post next to the gate with an arrow carved on it pointing towards the town and the words KAAD – 1 MILE underneath. From this distance, Kaad looks like it is a small town. The buildings are few in number and are mostly one or two storeys high except a stone tower in the centre of town. If you want to open the gate and walk up the path to the farmhouse, turn to **70**. If you would rather continue on to Kaad, turn to **307**.

45

The path alongside the river takes you through a wooded area beyond which there is a wooden building in the distance. As you get close, you see a sign above the front door which says TALL TOM'S TAVERN. If you talked to Harold Cornpepper about Tall Tom's Tavern, turn to **197**. If you didn't talk to him about the tavern, turn to **166**.

46

You aren't strong enough to pull the skeleton hand away, and the bony fingers sink deeper and deeper into your throat. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Gasping for air, you are on the verge of passing out and summon all your remaining strength to pull the hand away from your throat. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **214**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **337**.

47

The path veers away from the tributary and goes into a wooded area. You make your way carefully through the wood, ever alert for assassins who might be lying in wait to ambush you. You follow the path up a gentle hill and down the other side to where the wood opens out on to a large grass-covered plain. You see that the path continues north towards a forest and is met by another path heading north-east towards a town in the far distance. If you want to stay on the path heading north towards the forest, turn to **101**. If you want to walk to the junction and take the new path heading towards the town, turn to **200**.

48

You walk up to the men and see them pull long knives from inside their clothing. On the wall behind them, you see a "Wanted" poster with your face on it. The THIEVES know who you are, and you have no option but to fight them.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First THIEF	*7*	*7*
Second THIEF	*6*	*8*

Fight them one at a time. If you win, turn to **184**.

49

Silence descends over the crowd. Azzur plays to the audience, rubbing his chin as though appearing to be deep in thought. "That's a good number," he says coldly. "But it's not good enough!" Turn to **25**.

50

The Worm Dog's saliva is infected with a deadly virus. If you possess a bottle of Worm Paste, turn to **192**. If you do not have any Worm Paste, turn to **227**.

51

The little man shakes his head in disbelief and watches you disappear into the forest. You hear him call out,

"You'll be sorry," but ignore his warning. The thick foliage overhead cuts out much of the sunlight and makes the forest very dark and gloomy. It's hard work finding a way through the trees and dense undergrowth, and you keep stumbling over roots that are hidden by a thick covering of leaves. If you wish to press on regardless, turn to **16**. If you would rather retrace your steps and head east along the edge of the forest towards Kaad, turn to **328**.

52

You hear the click of the trigger, but the pistol misfires with the flint failing to ignite the powder in the chamber. The captain curses and draws his cutlass, telling his crew to stand back. "Leave this scurvy rat to me," he says in a gruff voice.

PIRATE CAPTAIN *SKILL 8* *STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **239**.

His longsword is held high above his head

53

Garanka Vassell is in a violent rage with his mad eyes bulging in their sockets and his tongue sticking out of his gold-toothed mouth. He runs at you, screaming loudly, his chain mail vest glistening in the sun. His longsword is held high above his head, gripped firmly in his enormous hands, and he brings it down to strike you with all his brutish might.

GARANKA VASSELL *SKILL 10* *STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **387**.

54

There are four items in the display case which especially catch your eye. A gold bracelet etched with a sun symbol, a runic scroll, a silver ring with a ruby centre stone and a brass flute. "I see you've got your eye on a couple of things," the storekeeper says, eagerly rubbing his hands together. "Let me tell you about them. The Bracelet of Power will increase your fighting ability (add 3 *SKILL* points). The Scroll of Invisibility will enable you to turn invisible for a minute. Just hold the scroll out in front of you and utter the words 'Now you see me, now you don't.' The Ring of Healing will restore your health (add 6 *STAMINA* points). The Magic Flute always plays the same song no matter what notes you play, but I don't

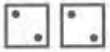

know what it is. Each item costs 5 Gold Pieces or you can have all four for 15 Gold Pieces. Interested?" If you want to buy one or more of the items, pay the storekeeper the amount and make a note of your purchases. You thank him for his help and leave the store to head east in pursuit of Garanka Vassell. Turn to **203**.

55

You run up the street with the townsfolk chasing after you, shouting and waving their fists. If you want to run down an alleyway up ahead on the right, turn to **150**. If you have two Gold Pieces and want to throw them in the air to distract the chasing pack, turn to **113**.

56

You hear a faint click when you lift up the lid. You flinch, half expecting a poison dart to shoot out, but nothing happens. Inside the chest you find a leather purse tied shut, and a small silver box. Will you:

Open the leather purse?	Turn to **319**
Open the silver box?	Turn to **377**
Close the chest and scour the beach?	Turn to **231**

57

The heat subsides, and you immediately feel sharper and more powerful. You are wearing a Mamba Band with its snake-like magic powers which will increase your energy and improve your reflexes. Add 2 *SKILL* points, 2 *STAMINA* points and 1 *LUCK* point. Pleased with your find, you think about which way to head. If you want to keep going north, turn to **87**. If you want to head east along the new path, turn to **222**.

58

The storekeeper looks at you and says dismissively, "Don't give me that nonsense. Who are you trying to fool? Your face is on the poster outside. Don't lie to me or I'll be tempted to have a go at claiming the 1,000 Gold Pieces myself! You need my help, but now it's going to cost you 1 Gold Piece to stop me from closing my store and going home." If you want to pay the storekeeper, turn to **91**. If you would rather tell him to whistle for his Gold Piece and leave the store to head east on foot, turn to **203**.

59

The Assassin's dagger is coated with deadly frog poison, and although you only suffer a slight flesh wound, you drop to the ground feeling as though your blood is boiling. You begin to shake uncontrollably and soon pass out, never to regain consciousness. Your adventure is over.

60

When she sees you draw your sword, the assassin curses and pulls out two short swords from sheaths hidden behind her back. You must fight her to the death.

GRETTA MORG	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **321**.

61

With blood trickling from her mouth, the Dark Elf still manages a contemptuous smile, and says in her dying breath, "I might have failed . . . but one of our guild will see you dead." With that, her head slumps to one side, and

she falls silent. You notice that she is wearing the same silver necklace and scorpion pendant as the bearded man who tried to kill you the previous night. You snatch it from her neck and put it in your pocket. "Bravo!" you hear a voice call out cheerfully. You turn and walk over to the *Blue Moon*, where you find Captain Crow chained to the mast. "That was impressive. I never thought you would get the better of Oleander Redfly. Now, if you don't mind, would you please release me from these wretched chains? The key is in there," he says, pointing at a wooden box on the foredeck. After freeing the captain, you ask him why people are trying to kill you. You show him the pendants and tell him about last night's attempt on your life. "That would have been Tarrak Kazan. He's an assassin," he says matter-of-factly. "Kazan won the right to have the first chance to assassinate you." The captain sees the puzzled expression on your face and begins a detailed account of what happened to him since he left you to fend for yourself on Snake Island. He recounts how he sailed back to Port Blacksand, where he saw "Wanted" posters plastered all over the city with a drawing of your face on them and a bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces being offered by Lord Azzur for your head. The captain foolishly told the innkeeper at the Rusty Anchor Inn, where he was staying, that you had been sailing with him earlier that day. The innkeeper grunted as though uninterested, but the next morning the captain was hauled away by Imperial Guards

to Lord Azzur's palace to face his cruel interrogators. "Threatened with torture," he says, "I had no option but to tell the pig-faced brutes that I knew where you were. As soon as Lord Azzur found out, he stormed into the room and started screaming at me and kicking me for helping a prime suspect leave Port Blacksand. Whether or not it was true, his spies had told him that you had killed his master, Zanbar Bone. Now, I'm no fan of Zanbar Bone, and I say good riddance to the Demon Prince, but what was I supposed to do? I had no choice but to tell him that I had taken you to Snake Island. When he finished kicking me, Azzur sent for his best assassins from the notorious Scorpion Guild of Assassins to hunt you down. Kazan and Redfly might be dead, but there will be more assassins coming after you, I'm afraid. I watched them coolly draw straws to decide who would go first to hunt you down. Tarrak Kazan drew the longest straw and set off immediately. As we know, he didn't return with your head! The next day I was forced to sail back to Snake Island with Oleander Redfly on board, the next assassin in line to kill you. She boasted that she had assassinated many hapless victims and you would be next, but clearly she was wrong!" the captain says with gusto. "The problem we now have is that since Redfly will not return to the palace with your head this evening, Azzur will send out his next assassin to claim the bounty. He might be impatient enough to send them all out at once to hunt you down! On our voyage here, Redfly said that she was lucky to go second, as the assassins following her were the meanest, cruellest and most brutal assassins in all Allansia. I really feared for your life when she told me about a couple of them, particularly an ex-mercenary fighter called Garanka Vassell. His speciality is removing a victim's head from their shoulders with one swipe of his two-handed sword. I've never seen a more mean-looking brute. He had a dent in his skull caused by a war-hammer blow, and he also had a mouthful of gold teeth. We should leave Snake Island soon before Vassell pays us a visit! But I don't think right now is the time to be going to sea. Look, there's a storm brewing," the captain says, pointing at the darkening sky. "What do you want to do?" If you want to spend another night on the island, turn to **302**. If you want to tell Captain Crow to set sail immediately, turn to **182**.

62

A crossbow bolt flies past your head and slams into a tree trunk with a dull thud. You spin round and see the tavern door burst open. A bald-headed man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern screaming, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. You notice that he has a dent in his skull and all his teeth are made of gold. It is the deadly assassin Garanka Vassell and you must fight him. Turn to **53**.

63

You follow the woman down a flight of narrow steps to a candlelit tunnel which ends at a wooden door. The woman turns to you and says, "My inner eye told me you were in danger. You'll be safe here. Your face is familiar, but I can't place it. Have we met before? Perhaps it will come to me later. But no matter. You should be able to leave soon but, in the meantime, please enjoy my secret hideaway. It is my special place of solitude where I come to practise my magic powers. There is so much energy underground! Come, let me show you my books of magic." The woman walks to the end of the tunnel, pushes open the wooden door and disappears through the doorway. If you want to follow her, turn to **224**. If you would rather walk quickly back up the steps and go back outside, turn to **305**.

64

The storekeeper listens to you sympathetically as you relate the events of the past few days and says, "That is terrible. You look like you haven't eaten in ages! I make the best bread in the land, and I stock the tastiest cheese and tomatoes in Allansia. I'll sell you a fresh loaf, a big chunk of cheese and some ripe tomatoes for just 1 Gold Piece. If you need something special to put the food in, I'll also sell you a wizard's backpack for a bargain price of 4 Gold Pieces. It's a Bag of Everything. No matter what you put in it, it will always feel as light as a feather." Will you:

Buy the food for 1 Gold Piece?	Turn to **105**
Buy the food and the backpack for 5 Gold Pieces?	Turn to **364**
Decline his offer?	Turn to **215**

65

You jump on to the podium and are immediately set upon by the Baron's elite Guards, who rain blow after blow down on you with their iron maces, clubbing you to the ground.

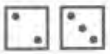

If you are wearing a Warp Ring, turn to **130**. If you are not wearing this ring, turn to **36**.

66

You land heavily on the sand and sprain your shoulder. You also suffer a twisted ankle and two cracked ribs. Lose 3 *SKILL* points and 6 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **392**.

67

Bobby tells you to throw your sword up to him together with the Gold Pieces. "You can collect the carving and your sword by the entrance gate where brother Billy will leave them. I'm going to throw a rope down for you to climb up, so you can be on your way. No funny business, mind, or you'll feel the sharp end of my blunderbuss!" Minutes later a thick rope drops down into the cellar. Satisfied it will bear your weight, you climb out of the cellar, but the

brothers are nowhere to be seen. You waste no time and walk back to the wooden gate, where you see your sword and the gold-painted pig. You look back at the farmhouse and see the brothers sitting on the roof with Bobby holding his blunderbuss. They give you the thumbs up and begin laughing so hard they almost fall off the roof. You decide it best to leave them to it and bandage your leg before heading for Kaad. Turn to **307**.

68

You tap the man on the shoulder, and when he sits up, his hat falls off and you see he is not a human but an ugly GOBLIN with a huge nose and green warty skin. A weighted net suddenly falls down on top of you, dropped from above by a second Goblin standing on a high branch. The first Goblin springs to his feet, giggling with glee as you struggle to free yourself from underneath the heavy rope net. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **308**. If the number is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **342**.

The ugly brutes have green warty skin

69

The noise of marching feet and singing grows steadily louder, and it's not long before you see a band of leather-armoured creatures march into the clearing. The ugly brutes have green warty skin and blackened tusks protruding from their large mouths. Your nostrils twitch when the foul smell of their unwashed bodies wafts over on the breeze. You recognize the smell from previous encounters, as there is nothing more unpleasant than the putrid smell of an ORC's armpit combined with the hideous stench of the gas they release when they break wind, which is often. There must be thirty of them at least, all armed with axes, swords, cudgels and morning stars. They come to a halt in the clearing, and their leader, a huge beast with a horned helmet and extra-long tusks, begins to bark out orders. Six Orc Scouts are sent off in different directions, with one of them coming straight towards you! If you want to draw your sword to strike the Orc as it passes by, turn to **4**. If you want to climb the tree to hide, turn to **204**.

70

You pull the gate open and walk up the path to the farmhouse with your nose twitching from the foul stench coming from the cabbages which are rotting in the field. The farmhouse itself is in a bad state of repair and all the windows are boarded up. There are two broken rocking chairs, a bucket and a pile of firewood on the front porch.

If you want to open the front door, turn to **28**. If you want to walk back to the entrance gate and head towards Kaad, turn to **307**.

71

You soon get used to sailing the *Blue Moon*, and with a calm sea and a good breeze, you make good headway. Snake Island is soon no more than a speck behind you on the horizon. The sun is shining brightly and feels good on your face. The *Blue Moon* carves its way gently through the blue waters, and you feel like there's nowhere else you'd rather be. Whilst enjoying the moment, you know that you need to make a plan and decide your destination. Should you sail east to Red River to escape from the assassins? Or should you sail back to Port Blacksand to confront Lord Azzur? Your thinking is interrupted when you see a large wooden ship sailing towards you from the east. As it draws closer, you see it has a single mast supporting a large square-rigged sail with cannons sticking out on both sides of the hull. A black flag on its stern confirms your fear that a pirate ship is heading your way. There is no way you can outrun the ship, and you have to think quickly how best to avoid being captured. If you want to let your mainsail go loose and lie down on the deck, pretending to be dead in the hope the pirates will have no interest in you, turn to **21**. If you want to jump into the sea and hide behind the boat, turn to **329**.

72

You are unable to keep your balance with the Giant Rat hanging on to your boot, and the barrel topples over, sending you tumbling to the ground. You are lying sprawled out in the rubbish when the crowd descends upon you. Two Guards take charge and grab your arms and another Guard takes your sword. Your feet are shackled, and you are dragged away to the cheers of the crowd. It's not long before you find yourself chained to a wall of a dark dungeon cell, awaiting the arrival of the Earl of Kaad who, you are told, will decide whether or not to hand you over to Lord Azzur. When he finally arrives, you can tell from the stern faces of Guards behind him that it is not good news. Your worst fears are confirmed when the Earl tells you solemnly that you will be taken in chains to Executioner's Square in Port Blacksand. Your adventure is over.

73

Three daggers fly past your head and sink harmlessly into the tavern wall. Not stopping to look back at the angry mob, you run through the tavern doorway and on down to the quayside. Turn to **234**.

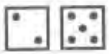

74

The Seer invites you to sit down, and you notice there is a small wooden box in front of him on the table. "I know who you are," he says, fidgeting with a piece of bread. "No doubt you have a question for me? I should warn you that I only had one egg for breakfast today, so you can only ask me one question." If you want to ask him if he knows the whereabouts of Lord Azzur, turn to **208**. If you want to ask him to give you some information about the next assassin, turn to **257**.

75

You quickly rummage through your possessions and pull out the ancient scroll. Holding it in front of you with the Orcs bearing down on you, you try to remember the words to cast the spell. If you want to call out "I'm here, I'm there, but you don't know where", turn to **111**. If you want to call out "Now you see me, now you don't", turn to **394**.

76

The berries taste quite bitter, but you are hungry, and eat several handfuls of them. You set off again, and it isn't long before you begin to feel unwell. You lean against a tree and are violently ill. The red berries are poisonous. Lose 1 *SKILL* point. Roll 1 die and reduce your *STAMINA* by the number rolled. If you are still alive, turn to **242**.

77

Zeedle thanks you for the Gold Piece and tells you to sit down in the boat whilst he unties the rope. He pushes off and pulls hard on the oars, steering the boat towards the far bank whilst telling you tales about Baron Sukumvit and Fang. It's a warm day and he stops rowing briefly to drink some water from a leather flask and then offers it to you. Thirsty after the morning walk, you take a long swig of the cool water. By the time the boat reaches the other side of the river, you are suffering from a sharp pain in your stomach. Zeedle helps you out of the boat and asks if you are feeling all right. He helps you over to a bench, where you sit down, clutching your stomach. The pain intensifies, and you begin to sweat profusely. "It looks like the water isn't safe to drink around here," Zeedle says, sniggering. "I should tell you that I'm not the real ferryman. He's dead, I'm afraid. I only pretended to drink the water from the flask myself. I mean, who would want to swallow Devil Bug larvae? The pain you can feel is from the ravenous little bugs, which have hatched in your stomach. They are now eating their way out and it won't be long before they burst out. I'm afraid you are doomed. The moral of the story is never trust an Assassin!" You are paralysed by pain and you can only watch on helplessly as Zeedle reveals his scorpion pendant and dangles it in front of you with a sickly grin on his face. Your adventure is over.

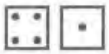

78

You put the bottle to your lips and take a small sip of the cool liquid, which surprisingly tastes like apple juice. In fact, you are certain that it is apple juice and take another swig. Feeling no ill effects, you keep drinking until the bottle is empty. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. You can't help but burp, which wakes up the old man with a start. "Whoa!" he says, leaping to his feet. "Thief! Robber! Who are you? I'm just a simple apple grower. Don't draw your sword, I beg of you, don't draw your sword. I'm desperate and all I ask is that you pay me for my apple juice – I mean, my magic healing potion. A Gold Piece would be very generous of you, but a silver coin will do." If you want to give the man a coin, turn to **151**. If you want to draw your sword, turn to **301**.

79

You run over to the rope ladder, climb up it quickly and look down on the pirate crew to talk to them. As soon as you speak, they jeer you and call for you to walk the plank for killing their captain. One of them throws a dagger at you which strikes your leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. A huge cheer goes up, and the others pull out their knives to do the same. You hold up your hand and tell them that you would rather walk the plank than be a target for their

knife-throwing contest. Another cheer goes up, and you are escorted to the plank. You hear one of the pirates say, "With that bleeding leg, the Blood Sharks are going to be here in no time. I'll wager 5 Silver Pieces our friend here doesn't last ten minutes in the water! Any takers?" "Shut up and get on with it!" another says impatiently. You look out to sea, knowing you have to jump into the dangerous waters without much hope of survival. You breathe in deeply, step on the plank and take a running jump, hoping not to get sucked under the ship. You hear the pirates cheer loudly as you hit the water. When you surface, you swim as hard as you can towards the *Blue Moon* in tow. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **265**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **144**.

80

You take careful aim at the man standing in the open window and release the arrow. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **238**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **399**.

81

You are in considerable pain, lying in a pool of blood on the deck of the pirate ship. You open your eyes to a circle of pirate faces staring down at you. The captain pushes to the front of the circle and says, spitting with anger, "Nobody ever draws their sword on me and lives to tell the tale. But I'm not going to waste another bullet on you. It's the plank for you, matey!" The pirates cheer and lead you over to the gangplank, which is lashed amidships and hanging perilously out over the open sea. The pirates take all your possessions except for the few items in your pockets which they fail to notice in their ghoulish excitement. You are pushed on to the plank and one of the pirates says, "With that wound bleeding as it is, the Blood Sharks are going to be here in no time. I'll wager a Gold Piece our friend here doesn't last ten minutes in the water! Any takers?" "Shut up and get on with it!" one of the other pirates says impatiently. You look out to sea, fearful of having to jump into the dangerous waters without much hope of survival. You step on to the plank, breathe in deeply and take a running jump into the sea, hoping not to get sucked under the ship. You hear the pirates cheer loudly as you hit the water. When you surface, you swim as hard as you can towards the *Blue Moon* being towed along in the wake of the pirate ship. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **265**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **144**.

82

There is a satisfying dull thud as the keen edge of your sword bites into the sinews and bones of the Dragon's left foot. The giant beast roars in pain and flaps its wings frantically, trying to lift itself back up into the sky. It flies off east, roaring loudly. You watch it shrink to a tiny speck on the horizon before sheathing your sword. You look around and see half of the Dragon's foot, which was sheared off by your sword, lying on the ground. Dragon claws command high prices in Port Blacksand, and you cut off two claws, hoping one day to sell them to an armourer to make exotic weapons. Pleased with your treasure, you head back towards your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **217**.

83

You throw off your backpack without stopping (deduct all the possessions and Provisions in your backpack from your *Adventure Sheet*). You keep on running and soon come to the foot of a small hill. You run up and over the top to where you see a white-haired woman standing in a doorway which has been cut into the trunk of a huge oak tree. "Over here!" she cries, beckoning you over to her. "Quick, come inside and close the door behind you!" If you want to follow her through the doorway, turn to **63**. If you would rather keep on running, turn to **274**.

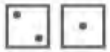

84

The innkeeper takes your knife and leans forward to whisper in your ear, saying, "You can see the poster behind me. I know who you are. I don't want any more dead bodies in my tavern. It's bad for business. Give me 5 Gold Pieces, walk casually out of the door and leave Port Blacksand while you can." If you want to give the innkeeper 5 Gold Pieces, turn to **110**. If you want to refuse to do so, turn to **253**.

85

You join the pirates in their struggle to lift the rowing boat over the side of the ship and into the sea, but the steep angle of the ship's deck makes it a near-impossible task. The boat is too heavy to hang on to, and the pirates are forced to let go of it. You watch it skid along the deck and smash into the wheelhouse, which makes a large hole in the rowing boat. The ship is now almost on its side, being dragged slowly underwater by the giant Kraken. Unable to stand up, you are forced to jump into the foaming sea with the rest of the crew. The ship creaks and splinters and begins to break up as it rolls upside down. You hear the unnerving bubbling sound of air escaping from the upturned hull as it is dragged underwater by the giant sea monster mixed with cries for help from pirates ensnared in the Kraken's tentacles. It is all you can do to stop yourself from being sucked underwater by

the sinking ship. You swallow a lot of water and you feel your strength ebbing away. Lose 3 *STAMINA* points. All appears to be lost as you try to swim away from the carnage. Behind you, all that remains of the pirate ship are bits of rigging, broken planks, bottles and general flotsam. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **270**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **194**.

86

The woman throws back her cloak to show you that she is unarmed and says, "I won't take your distrust of me personally. I understand you can't be too careful in these parts! Let's shake hands and exchange tales." If you want to shake hands with the woman, turn to **313**. If you would rather draw your sword, turn to **35**.

87

You hear a rustling sound in the grass to the left of the path, followed by yelps and growls. The growls turn into the howls of a pack of four WOLVES which leap out in front of you. The lead Wolf is bigger than the others and its drooling jaw hangs open, displaying its sharp teeth. You step forward to attack the leader of the pack.

WOLF	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **295**.

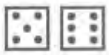

A gigantic tentacle rises out of the sea

88

You cut through the rope with one swipe of your sword and watch the pirate ship sail away. Moments later a gigantic tentacle rises out of the sea no more than twenty metres away from the pirate ship. Another tentacle rises out of the sea, then another, and another, until there are eight of them towering high in the sky. The ship is about to be attacked by a KRAKEN, a giant sea monster with a colossal squid-like body, two huge eyes and a beaked mouth. You hear booming explosions from the ship's cannon as two cannonballs whistle through the air towards the Kraken, one of them finding its mark and taking a big chunk out of one of the tentacles. The sea monster retaliates by wrapping two of its giant tentacles around the ship's mast. There is chaos on board when the Kraken starts pulling the ship over on to its side. Everything on deck that is not lashed down spills overboard. There is nothing the pirates can do to defeat the Kraken, and you hear them cry for help as they jump into the sea. You watch on in horror as the pirate ship rolls over and disappears below the waves, and the crew with it. Not wishing to be the Kraken's next victim, you hurriedly trim the *Blue Moon*'s flapping sail to get under way to escape from the sea monster. If you want to steer a course due east towards the Red River estuary, turn to **114**. If you want to sail south-east to Port Blacksand, turn to **310**.

"Hello stranger, you look lost."

89

You hurry along Clock Street, passing small shops and taverns. You see a noticeboard and recognize your face on the "Wanted" poster nailed to it. You keep your head down as you walk past merchants chatting in the street. You press on and look up briefly and see a man cross the street and walk towards you. He is wearing a long brown leather coat and a wide-brimmed brown leather hat pulled down low. He calls out to you, saying, "Hello, stranger, you look lost. I'm the town guide. Can I help you?" If you want to reply "Yes", turn to **31**. If you want to draw your sword, turn to **160**.

90

The boots help you run so fast that you are halfway down the path before the brothers see you. You keep on running at full speed and are almost at the gate before Bobby fires his blunderbuss at you. It's a long shot for such an unreliable weapon. Roll one die. If the number rolled is between 1 and 5, turn to **125**. If you roll a 6, turn to **323**.

91

The storekeeper thanks you for the Gold Piece and suggests you should consider buying some Provisions for your journey. If you want to buy Provisions, turn to **64**. If you want to ask him if he sells Elven Boots, turn to **317**.

92

Silence descends over the crowd. Azzur plays to the audience, rubbing his chin as though appearing to be deep in thought. "That's a good number," he says coldly. "But it's not good enough!" Turn to **25**.

93

Reacting with lightning-fast reflexes, you dodge left just in time as the Ninja's sharp blade splinters the top of the table. You draw your sword to fight the quick-footed Ninja, who is poised ready to strike again.

NINJA WARRIOR *SKILL 7* *STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **254**.

94

You keep on running and arrive at the foot of a small hill. Thankfully the Bag of Everything weighs practically nothing and without the burden of a heavy backpack you are able to run over the hill and down to a wooded area, where you see a silver-haired woman standing in a doorway which has been cut into the trunk of a huge oak tree. "Over here!" she cries, beckoning you over to her. "Quick, come inside and close the door behind you!" If you want to follow her through the doorway, turn to **63**. If you would rather keep on running, turn to **274**.

95

The pirate ship comes alongside the *Blue Moon* and you hear a gruff voice bark out an order. "One of you dogs jump on board the boat and toss the body in the sea. Tie a rope to the boat and we'll tow it to Port Blacksand and sell it." Your deception plan has failed. You open your eyes a fraction to see a scrawny-looking pirate standing on a plank above you, ready to dive into the sea. If you want to stand up and give yourself up to the pirates, turn to **290**. If you want to trim the sails of the *Blue Moon* and sail away from the pirate ship, turn to **361**.

96

There is not enough time to pick up and throw the spear before the warrior is upon you, wielding her long knives around furiously. She strikes you twice before you even draw your sword to defend yourself. Lose 4 *STAMINA* points. You stagger backwards and watch the wild-eyed warrior stand still for a second with her head tilted to one side before uttering her shrill war cry and attacking you again in a flurry of flashing blades.

ZENGIAN ULTRA *SKILL 9* *STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **22**.

97

You wipe the hideous slime off your sword and walk back to take a look inside the lair of the Decayer hidden in the undergrowth. It is nothing more than a circle of stones around a flattened piece of ground. You notice that one of the stones has been carved in the shape of an eye. If you want to pick it up, turn to **395**. If you would rather leave it where it is and head east, turn to **213**.

98

You walk into a small kitchen where a big man in a grubby apron is standing by a wooden bucket drinking water from a ladle. He looks friendly enough, but his face is flushed and sweat is pouring down his brow. His shirtsleeves are rolled up and you see his bulging forearms, which have come from hammering hot metal on an anvil most of his life. The blacksmith stops drinking and looks at you suspiciously with water trickling down his chin. "Don't you think you should knock before walking in here?" he says sternly. "What do you want?" If you want to reply that you wish to buy some horseshoes, turn to **20**. If you want to tell him that you are being hunted by assassins, turn to **371**.

99

Following the map, you leave the market square via a narrow alleyway to your left which leads into Spice Street, then turn right on to Boot Street, where you see a group of

scruffy urchins throwing stones in a puddle. One of them runs over to you and says, "Do you want to buy a catapult? You can't miss with it. Only 1 Gold Piece. A bargain. Go on, buy it." If you want to buy the boy's catapult, turn to **181**. If you want to ignore him and walk on, turn to **261**.

100

The coin lands on the floor, and you hear soft footsteps followed by the dull sound of a blade slashing at your bedding several times. Whoever it is, they are trying their best to kill you in your sleep. If you want to swing your sword in the direction of the intruder, turn to **315**. If you want to run outside, turn to **124**.

101

The sweeping plain is tall grassland as far as you can see, all the way to the forest in the dim distance. The path cuts straight through the long grasses, which sway slowly from side to side in the gentle breeze. Walking along, you see a pair of legs sticking out of the grass up ahead and an open backpack next to them. Whoever it is, they are groaning loudly and appear to be in a lot of pain. You draw your sword and approach cautiously. If you want to investigate, turn to **173**. If you want to ignore the person and keep walking along the path, turn to **363**.

102

The man eyes you up and down, looking at you as though he knows you from somewhere. He purses his lips, shakes his head slowly and says, "No, I don't recall meeting anybody called Vassell. Mind you, your face looks familiar, but I just can't place it." You decide to change the subject. Will you:

Ask the man if he's interested in buying a boat?	Turn to **380**
Wish him farewell and go to the general store?	Turn to **327**
Wish him farewell and set off east on foot?	Turn to **203**

103

You slump back against the cellar wall, breathing hard, tired out after the hard-fought close combat. The brothers start clapping and cheering. "That was some fight, stranger. You sure gave Dax the Axe a lesson in swordplay all right, and the double-crossing skunk deserved it!" You ignore the brothers and pull back the Barbarian's cloak to find a silver necklace with a scorpion pendant. You break the chain and pocket the pendant, and curse Lord Azzur. You take two emerald rings from the Barbarian's left hand and open his leather pouch to find 18 Gold Pieces. "That's a fine haul, but you will have to make us an offer we can't refuse if you want us to let you go," Bobby says, pointing his blunderbuss at you. If you want to offer the brothers an axe, an emerald ring and half the Gold Pieces, turn to **10**. If you want to offer both axes, both rings and all the Gold Pieces, turn to **191**.

104

The water around you is blood-red. The Sea Snake's lifeless body floats slowly away on the current, leaving you free to swim over to the barrel. It is an old oak cask which is secured to the sea bed by a rusty chain. You are unable to remove the chain from the barrel but are able to prise off the wooden lid with your knife. You see a bronze shield, verdigris in colour, lying in a few inches of water at the bottom of the barrel. If you want to swim back to the shore with the shield, turn to **9**. If you would rather swim back to shore without the shield, gather up your belongings, and climb back up the stone steps to the top of the cliff, turn to **127**.

105

The storekeeper hands you the food, which will add 4 *STAMINA* points when eaten. You thank the storekeeper and decide what to do next. If you want to ask him if he has heard of Garanka Vassell, turn to **229**. If you want to leave the store and head east on foot, turn to **203**.

A long-haired Barbarian wearing an eyepatch

106

Weakened by your wounds, you sink to your knees under the weight of the Berserker's ferocious blows. You wonder how much more of the relentless onslaught you can take when you suddenly notice a long-haired Barbarian wearing an eyepatch running towards you from the town gates armed with two throwing axes. When he is no more than ten metres away, he hurls one of his axes at the Berserker and you hear it sink into his back with a dull thud. He immediately throws the second axe, which also strikes home. The Berserker teeters for a moment before toppling forward to land on top of you. You are pinned down by the dead weight of the body, unable to move. You watch the Barbarian walk up to retrieve his axes and are relieved to see that he is not wearing a silver necklace. His stern look turns into a half smile, and he drags the dead body off you and helps you to your feet. After thanking the Barbarian for saving your life, you snatch the silver scorpion from the Berserker's neck and place it in your pocket. The Barbarian introduces himself as Throm and tells you that Urzle Ironface was a slave pit fighter who gained his freedom after killing a hundred opponents, one of whom was Throm's brother. Throm asks why the Berserker tried to kill you and you tell him about the multiple assassination attempts on your life and that you have come to Fang to find Lord Azzur and settle the issue. Throm slaps you on the back and says, "That's bold!

I'm here for the Trial of Champions. It begins tomorrow. If you enter the contest, you'll be introduced to the Baron and Lord Azzur. It's probably your best chance of getting close to him. There's still time to enter if you want to?" You agree to Throm's plan and gather up your belongings. Certain that Lord Azzur will have put his "Wanted" posters up around town, you decide to wear Urzle Ironface's face-covering iron helmet so that nobody will recognize you when you enter Fang. Turn to **309**.

107

A crossbow bolt sinks into the back of your leg with a dull thud. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. The pain in your back is terrible when you pull the bolt out, but there is no time to treat the wound, as the tavern door bursts open. A bald-headed man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern screaming, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. You notice that he has a dent in his skull and all his teeth are made of gold. It is the deadly assassin Garanka Vassell and you must fight him. Turn to **53**.

108

Your attempt to swat the bees is futile and they continue to sting you relentlessly. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You have no choice but to climb down the tree as fast as you can. Turn to **336**.

109

You look down at the assassin and see a silver necklace around his neck with the familiar scorpion pendant hanging off it. You snap the chain and put the pendant in your pocket as a crowd forms around you, whispering among themselves about the body on the ground. The mood of the crowd darkens, and an old man calls out to you accusingly, demanding to know who started the fight. You feel a tug on your shirt and look round to see a young woman in a long, hooded red cloak. She has piercing green eyes and she looks very anxious. "Quick, follow me before they realize who you are!" she whispers urgently in your ear. "There are posters everywhere with your face on them!" If you want to follow the woman, turn to **293**. If you want to run back the way you came, turn to **314**.

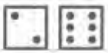

110

Trying not to attract attention, you take 5 Gold Pieces out of your pocket and slide them over to the innkeeper, who gives you a slight nod of the head in acknowledgement. You watch him tap a bottle loudly with a spoon and call for silence in the tavern. "The next round is on me!" he shouts out to his customers, who respond with a loud cheer. They all rush to the bar, giving you the chance to slip out of the tavern unnoticed. You make your way quickly down to the quay to where the *Blue Moon* is, thankfully, still moored. Leaning against the bollard is an unshaven, one-armed beggar with his head bowed. His dirty, baggy shirt and ragged cotton pants are partially covered by a moth-eaten blanket. He rattles a tin mug at you and says in a quivering voice, "Spare me a coin and I'll untie your boat for you." If you want to give the beggar a coin to help you cast off, turn to **389**. If you want to ignore him and untie the mooring rope yourself and jump on board your boat, turn to **129**.

111

You blurt out the words, but nothing happens. You are still visible to the band of screaming Orcs, which crashes into you with the force of a herd of stampeding Hippohogs.

Their flailing swords, axes, morning stars and cudgels make light work of your pitiful resistance, and the battle lasts less than a minute. Your adventure is over.

112

You manage to steady yourself and watch the loose step roll down the cliff face on to the beach below. You tread carefully the rest of the way down, reach the beach without further mishap and walk over to the cave entrance. Turn to **201**.

113

You throw the Gold Pieces up in the air, which causes a huge commotion behind you. The townsfolk stop giving chase and pile on top of each other on the ground in a mad scramble to snatch one of the coins for themselves. You don't stop to look back and turn right into Fountain Street and run in the Public Gardens up ahead on the left to hide. Turn to **268**.

114

Apart from Blood Sharks circling you at one point, the voyage to the mainland passes without incident. A strong easterly breeze speeds up the journey, and a few hours later the rugged Allansian coastline comes into view. The cliffs are quite high, but you see an estuary directly ahead which you know to be the entrance to Red River. It's not long before you are at the mouth of the river, where you see two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the *Blue Moon* over to the bank, jump out, and tie it up to a small dock. It feels good to be back on dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur will not rest until one of his assassins has delivered your head to him. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would be better prepared. Now you suspect everybody you meet could be one of Azzur's assassins. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him, if not the other assassins. You walk towards the buildings, which you see are a boatyard and a general store. Thinking you might be able to get some gold by selling the *Blue Moon*, you decide to visit the boatyard first. Turn to **288**.

115

Frightened by your presence, the chicks don't stop screeching, and suddenly you hear the Orc calling from below. You look down and see the ugly brute at the base of the tree staring up at you, gesturing for you to come down.

If you want to climb down to fight him, turn to **235**. If you want to stay where you are, turn to **286**.

116

Picking your way through the thick undergrowth, you see a tall bush with lots of ripe red berries hanging from its branches. If you want to eat the berries, turn to **76**. If you would rather walk on, turn to **242**.

117

The Monk's eyes light up when you produce the 5 Gold Pieces. He rummages around in his sack and hands you a rolled-up piece of yellowed paper tied with a piece of string. After taking the coins from you, he rubs his hands together with glee and says:

> "Five Gold Pieces, my oh my
> Think of all the cheese I'll buy
> Thanks again and I wish you well
> Especially at the Wishing Well!"

He picks up his sack, throws it over his shoulder and walks off at a brisk pace. You untie the string and unroll the paper scroll and see that it is a map, but not one which requires you to travel very far. The Wishing Well is marked with an "X" in the Public Gardens in Fountain Street in Kaad! You are annoyed with yourself for paying so much

for the map and wonder if it will be worthwhile going to the well. If you want to follow the map to Fountain Street, turn to **99**. If you want to walk across the market square to Clock Street, turn to **140**.

118

You tentatively place the headband on, keeping both hands on it just in case you need to pull it off again. You wait for a minute, but nothing happens. Feeling no ill effects, you think about what to do. If you want to look at the books on the bookshelves, turn to **355**. If you want to walk up the stairs and go back outside, turn to **305**.

119

You take aim and hurl the meat cleaver at the pirate as hard as you can but are disheartened as you watch it fly over his head and land harmlessly in the sea. The scraggy pirate laughs at you and waves goodbye, sailing the *Blue Moon* east towards the mainland. Behind you, all that remains of the pirate ship is some rigging, bits of broken wood, and miscellaneous deck gear. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **270**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **194**.

120

The woman signals for her driver to stop, and he pulls on his reins to bring his horse to a halt. He sits there rigidly, staring straight ahead with his long whip and

reins in his hands. The woman looks down at you from her bench seat and says in a haughty voice, "I recognize you from the posters in town. I was at a banquet last night as a guest of Lord Azzur, who was in Kaad for the day. He's a loathsome tyrant and I don't believe a word he says, but he claimed that you murdered his master. You don't look like a murderer to me. If you were hoping to find Azzur in Kaad, I'm afraid you are going to be disappointed. He left this morning for Fang. He's gone to see his old friend Baron Sukumvit, who is holding his annual Trial of Champions. Did you know that nobody has ever come out of Deathtrap Dungeon alive? Quite astonishing really. But there is always some fool who is willing to give it a go! Anyway, I must be on my way. I can offer you a ride as far as Otto's Outpost on the Pagan Plains if that is of interest?" If you want to accept the woman's offer, turn to **14**. If you want to enter the gates of Kaad, turn to **243**.

121

You continue your journey north and enter another wooded area. Not long after entering the woods, you hear the sound of marching feet coming from the east and deep voices singing a very rude song about the Dwarfs of Stonebridge. If you want to stand behind a tree and wait to see who is about to enter the clearing ahead, turn to **69**. If you would rather hurry on north, turn to **263**.

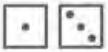

122

You lift the lid to find a small iron key with the number 44 stamped on it. You see it is a skeleton key which will open most locks. Add 1 *LUCK* point. Pleased with your find, you pocket the key and look around the cave. Turn to **365**.

123

You walk quickly up Bell Street without looking back and turn left into Fountain Street, where you see the town's Public Gardens up ahead on the right. Turn to **268**.

124

The intruder hears your footsteps and swings his long knife in your direction, slicing your arm with the tip of the blade. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You turn to defend yourself and must fight the agile KNIFE FIGHTER in total darkness!

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **174**.

125

You hear a loud bang behind you and see a clump of cabbages to your left get shredded by lead shot. Seconds later you reach the farmhouse gate and turn around to see the twins sitting on the roof with Bobby holding his blunderbuss in the air, a wisp of white smoke drifting out of the barrel. They give you the thumbs up and call out to congratulate you. Add 1 *LUCK* point. They start waving and laughing so hard that they almost fall off the roof. You decide it best to leave them to it and bandage your leg before heading for Kaad. Turn to **307**.

126

The assassin holds out her hand and when you shake it, a violent pain shoots up your arm. Her face immediately lights up with evil glee, and she starts laughing hysterically. You try to pull your hand away but are unable to do so. Your hands are locked together in a cloud of swirling green mist which grows in size as the pain increases and spreads into your chest. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. "What a gullible fool you are," she sneers. "Never trust an assassin! The pain you are experiencing will, I regret to say, lead to your heart stopping in a minute. Tonight, I will return to Port Blacksand with your head and claim the bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur." If you were harmed by the Hand of Death on Snake Island, turn to **146**. If you didn't touch the Hand of Death, turn to **379**.

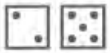

A Fire Dragon swooping down to land

127

You are about to head back to your hut on the other side of the island when you hear a loud roar above you like the sound of flames being fanned by giant bellows. You look up to see a FIRE DRAGON swooping down to land in the open space where you are standing. If you want to run for cover, turn to **391**. If you want to stand your ground and fight the giant fire-breathing creature, turn to **289**.

128

You do not have to wait long before somebody comes to your rescue. A long-haired man wearing animal skins and brown pants suddenly appears in front of you. He is carrying a wooden staff and a large canvas bag over his shoulder. He looks disappointed to see you and says, "You are not what I was hoping to catch in my trap! I suppose I'm going to have to set you free, but it's going to cost you." He holds out his hand expectantly and asks for 1 Gold Piece for his troubles. After you pay him, he takes a small key from his pocket and unlocks the trap. He helps you to your feet and trudges off to inspect his other traps. You bandage your swollen ankle and return to the path, eventually coming to a rickety old gate on the right which has a large sign nailed to it with the words BOGG FARM – BOG OFF painted on it. A gravel path leads from the gate to an old farmhouse, which sits in the middle of a small field separated from the grassland by a

wooden fence. There is a stone post next to the gate with an arrow carved on it, pointing towards the town, and the words KAAD – 1 MILE underneath. From this distance, Kaad looks like it is a small town. The buildings are few in number and are mostly one or two storeys high except a stone tower in the centre of town. If you want to open the gate and walk up the path to the farmhouse, turn to **70**. If you would rather continue on to Kaad, turn to **307**.

129

You yell at the beggar to move out of the way so that you can untie the boat from its mooring. As you reach for the rope, he suddenly throws off his blanket to reveal a sword held in the hand you thought was missing! With steely-cold eyes and a sinister smile, he lunges at you with his sword from close range, and wounds you badly in the midriff. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, you must do what you can to defend yourself against the ELITE SWORDSMAN who lunges forward to strike you again.

ELITE SWORDSMAN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **190**.

130

You are about to pass out but manage to put your lips to the Warp Ring and suddenly feel like you are tumbling head over heels through a black void with lights flashing in your head. You hear a loud bang and wake to find yourself standing in front of the gold podium, where Baron Sukumvit is standing next to Lord Azzur, surrounded by his elite Guards. You have gone back in time and decide with a second chance to show restraint and wait to be introduced to Baron Sukumvit. Turn to **233**.

131

A thick glob of drool hits your neck and starts to burn your skin like acid. The pain is intense, and you frantically pour water from your water bottle on to the open wound to stop the drool burning deeper into your skin. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. The Decayer lumbers towards you and you have no choice but to fight it. Turn to **306**.

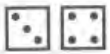

132

Your powerful punch knocks Zeedle over and he lands on his back on the jetty. You pounce on him before he can sit up, pinning him down with your knees. You pull down the neck of his jumper and see the all-too-familiar scorpion pendant, which you snatch from its silver chain. Zeedle looks at you defiantly and spits out a tooth from his bloodied mouth. "You can't win," he says, grinning, trying to distract you as he reaches for a dagger hidden in his boot. Sensing his move, you punch him again and push him into the river. He lands with a splash and begins swimming frantically towards the bank. Attracted by the blood from his mouth, a school of SNAPPERFISH race in to attack him. A look of terror grips his face. He screams and spins round and round as the carnivorous fish begin their feeding frenzy, churning up the blood-red water. It's all over in seconds. You step aboard the boat and row yourself across the river to the opposite bank, wondering what fate awaits you in Fang. Turn to **163.**

133

The path takes you north through woods and open countryside on a walk which you would be enjoying more if you were not constantly looking over your shoulder for would-be assassins. Ahead you see a small man sitting cross-legged on an old moss-covered bench made of oak. He is a GNOME with a long, pointed nose, long grey beard

and long grey hair poking out from under his floppy green hat. He is wearing a bottle-green tunic and leggings and a pair of old leather boots which you notice have big holes in the soles. He looks at you with a sleepy expression on his face as he chews slowly on a piece of straw. "You don't by chance have a pair of boots for sale, do you?" he asks nonchalantly as you pass by. "Mine have had it and my feet are killing me. I'm willing to pay 1 Gold Piece for a pair of leather boots. And I'd gladly pay 10 Gold Pieces for a pair of Elven Boots." If you have a spare pair of boots that you wish to sell, turn to **32**. If you would rather carry on walking north, turn to **179**.

134

There are two pirates standing on the stern of the ship, and one of them spots you climbing on board the *Blue Moon*. He sounds the alarm, and more pirates run to the stern to find out what is going on. The captain appears on deck, pistol in hand, wearing a bright burgundy coat with brass buttons, and a matching coloured hat with a white plume. He takes aim at you with his pistol and pulls the trigger. There is a loud bang and a puff of white smoke. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **198**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **245**.

135

You walk briskly west until you come to a junction in the path where it meets another path running north-south. You don't see any point in going back south so you turn right and head north towards the forest, which you can see in the distance. Turn to **87**.

136

You tell the man about the tragic events that led to Captain Crow's death. He shakes his head and says, "Well, Sam didn't have no family, so I guess it's all right for you to sell his boat. But I'm not going to give you much for it mind, just in case you are making this story up. I'll give you 20 Gold Pieces for her, take it or leave it." If you want to accept his offer, turn to **375**. If you want to demand 30 Gold Pieces for the boat, turn to **29**.

137

Brick Street ends at a junction of Boot Street and Quiet Street. There are some mischievous-looking urchins in Boot Street, so you decide to turn right into Quiet Street

where, strangely, all the people are tiptoeing along in bare feet with their shoes tucked under their arms. Everybody is communicating by gesture and nobody is making a sound. An old woman wearing a headscarf looks at you fiercely and puts her index finger to her lips and points at your boots. If you want to take off your boots, turn to **335**. If you want to keep them on, turn to **360**.

138

You are unable to get out of the way of the Flesh-Head, which barrels into you, sending you tumbling over the cliff edge to the beach below. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **388**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **66**.

139

You put on your backpack and are about to set off when you suddenly feel a sharp, stabbing pain in your neck. You reach up and feel something smooth writhing in your fingers. It is a tiny gold-coloured snake which has injected you with poison. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You realize that the gold armband must be a deadly Mamba Band which comes alive unless worn. You throw the snake on to the ground and cleave it in two with your sword. Not wishing to chance it coming alive again, you kick it into the long grass. You tend to your wound whilst deciding which way to go next. If you want to keep going north, turn to **87**. If you want to head east along the new path, turn to **222**.

140

There is a Clock Tower in Clock Street set back on the right-hand side in the middle of a large paved area where a few townsfolk are sitting on benches, busily chatting to each other. The tall stone tower has a square base and has a clock face on each of its four sides at the top. You notice that the hands of one of the clocks are missing. There is a brass plaque by the front door of the tower with the name Balthazar Wittle inscribed on it. If you want to knock on the door, turn to **249**. If you want to carry on walking down Clock Street, turn to **89**.

141

The pirate told the truth. The Snakefang earring acts as an antidote to the toxic snake venom and you are unharmed by the dart. You draw your sword and rush forward to fight Tunku Yang, the notorious Poisoner of Kay-Pong. He looks surprised that you have survived his poisoned dart, and lunges at you armed with only a dagger.

TUNKU YANG *SKILL 5* *STAMINA 6*

If you lose an *Attack Round*, turn to **59**. If you win without losing an *Attack Round*, turn to **326**.

142

After a short tussle, you land a large eel on the rock where you are standing. It is brightly coloured, with vivid green and purple stripes running the length of its body. It has a long head with black eyes and a mouth with bulbous red lips and protruding needle-like teeth. It thrashes around on the rock, frantically trying to unhook itself from your line, and touches your leg with its tail. You suddenly feel a sharp pain run up your leg. You have been stung by an ELECTRO EEL. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You stagger backwards in shock as the eel slips off its hook and slithers back into the sea. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. You decide you have had enough of fishing for the day and head inland in search of food. Turn to **116**.

143

"Well, give us 3 Gold Pieces and you can have it and be on your way! Brother Bobby made it himself, he did. Carved the little piggy out of a piece of wood and painted it gold. Looks just like the real thing, don't it?" Billy says, slapping his thigh and laughing like a neighing donkey. If you have 3 Gold Pieces and wish to buy the painted carving, turn to **67**. If you don't have 3 Gold Pieces or don't want to buy the carving, turn to **381**.

144

You do not have enough strength left to swim to the *Blue Moon* before the Blood Sharks swim in to attack. Your struggle against them is brief before the feeding frenzy begins. Your adventure is over.

145

As soon as he sees your face, Lord Azzur points at you and shouts, "It's the murderer!" Baron Sukumvit orders his

Guards to arrest you. "No, not yet!" Azzur says sharply. "I admire the nerve of this fool. I want to know how many of my assassins have been killed." You remain silent and take the scorpion pendants out of your pocket and rattle them in your hand. "So, you think this is a game, do you?" Azzur continues in his sneering voice. "Right, let's play your game. Tell me, do you have an odd number or an even number of pendants in your hand?" If you want to reply "Odd", turn to **259**. If you want to reply "Even", turn to **25**.

146

Thanks to your encounter with the Hand of Death on Snake Island, your body has built up some immunity to Death Hand magic. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You are still in agony, but the pain is bearable enough for you to be able to draw a knife from your belt with your free hand. You slice open the back of the assassin's hand, forcing her to release her grip. She curses and pulls out two short swords from sheaths hidden behind her back. You draw your sword and advance to fight the wounded assassin.

GRETTA MORG	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **321**.

A quick glance left solves the mystery

147

You manage to trace your path back to the beach on the west side of Snake Island and are quite relieved to see your hut again. You are about to go inside when you see a boat moored up on the beach. It's the *Blue Moon*, the same boat that brought you to the island. Captain Crow is on board, standing on deck. He looks anxious when you approach him but says nothing. When you call out to him, he doesn't reply, but his eyes dart right several times, as though he is trying to warn you about something. A quick glance left solves the mystery. Crouched down in the shadows of a large rock is a hooded figure in leather armour holding a loaded bow aimed straight at you. You hear a faint twang as the arrow is released from the bow. If you are carrying a shield, turn to **13**. If you do not have a shield, turn to **312**.

148

You have stepped on an animal trap. The jagged iron jaws snap shut on your left ankle and bite into the bone. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You discover that the trap is chained to a large rock buried in the ground. Unable to escape, you try prising the jaws apart with your sword, but the spring holding them shut is too strong. You notice there is a small keyhole on the base of the trap. If you have a small iron skeleton key, turn to the number which is stamped on it. If you do not have this key, turn to **397**.

149

The barmaid takes one look at you and shrieks loudly, dropping one of her mugs of ale. Everybody in the tavern turns towards you. Several rough-looking villains stand up, daggers in hand. "It's the murderer!" one of them cries. "It's more like 1,000 Gold Pieces on legs!" an old pickpocket shouts excitedly. Surrounded by the noisy mob, you decide to run for it. You kick over the table in front of you and dash for the door. Although the crowd is distracted by the flying table, three thieves still manage to throw their daggers at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **73**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **225**.

150

You run down the alleyway, which comes to a dead end at a high wall where two GIANT RATS are scavenging through a pile of rubbish which has been dumped against the wall. If you want to try to climb over the wall, turn to **320**. If you want to turn around to face the angry crowd, turn to **352**.

151

The man gives you a big hug when you pay him and thanks you over and over again. He reaches into his pocket and produces a clover leaf charm. "Please take this with my compliments," he says, smiling, handing you the small charm. "It was carved out of Salamonian goat horn. It will bring you good luck on your travels." You take it from him

and put it in your pocket. Add 2 *LUCK* points. You shake the man's hand and bid him farewell before setting off east again. Turn to **277**.

152

You keep your head down as you climb back on board the *Blue Moon*, very aware that lots of bad people will be looking for you to claim Azzur's reward. You cast off, setting a northerly course towards Red River. Apart from the boat being rocked by a school of Blubber Whales swimming close by, the voyage passes without incident. You sail along the rugged Allansian coastline until you come to an estuary which you know to be the entrance to Red River. You sail a short distance up the river to see two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the *Blue Moon* over to the bank, jump out, and tie it up to a small dock. It feels good to be back on dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur will not rest until one of his assassins has delivered your head to him. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would be better prepared. Now everybody you meet could be one of Azzur's assassins. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him. You walk towards the buildings, which you note are a boatyard and a general store. Thinking you might be able to sell the *Blue Moon*, you decide to visit the boatyard first. Turn to **288**.

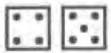

153

You pay the horseman 2 Gold Pieces and are soon galloping across the open plain. You soon discover that he is not keen to talk, and the only question he answers is when you ask him where he is going. "Firetop Mountain," he replies curtly, but doesn't elaborate when you ask him why. As the light fades you hear the howls and growls of the creatures of the night, which are eager to begin their hunt for food. By the time you arrive at the log cabin, shadows are already creeping over the plain. "This is where you get off," the horseman says abruptly, pointing towards the cabin. You jump down from his horse and watch him gallop off without another word said. The log cabin looks to be well built and secured with wooden shutters on all the windows. There is a wooden sign above the door which reads OTTO'S OUTPOST. It's been a grisly day and you are looking forward to a good night's sleep. Turn to **264**.

154

The lightning strikes the wooden mast, causing the mainsail to catch fire. Without a sail there is nothing the captain can do to steer the crippled craft. The storm continues to rage, and the captain loses control of the boat. A rogue wave crashes over the deck and washes you both overboard. Swimming in the heavy seas is exhausting, and by the time the dreaded Blood Sharks begin to circle, you have no strength left to fight them. Your adventure is over.

155

Zeedle watches on in disbelief as you wade into the river. Something brushes against your leg and suddenly the water churns up all around you. You feel a bite on your leg, swiftly followed by another, then another. The blood seeping from your cuts and wounds has attracted a school of SNAPPERFISH. Your blood runs freely, which sends the carnivorous fish into a feeding frenzy. The last thing you see is Zeedle rowing frantically over to you with a smile on his face and a dagger between his teeth. Your adventure is over.

156

The intruder's dagger just misses your head and thuds into the wall behind you. You retaliate by swiping your sword through the darkness, and feel it strike home. A man's muffled cry breaks the silence, and you hear him stumble backwards. You step forward to finish off the intruder, who is a skilful KNIFE FIGHTER. Although injured, he is agile and quick on his feet, and you must fight him in total darkness.

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **174**.

157

You leave the tavern behind and ten minutes later you see a rickety-looking wooden table to the left of the path

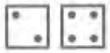

which is piled high with apples. There is a handwritten sign nailed to the table which says FREE APPLES. HELP YOURSELF. If you would like to eat an apple, turn to **221**. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to **358**.

158

The pain in your head steadily increases to the point that you pass out. Alas, you never wake up, and the next day Red Ruth rides to Port Blacksand to collect the reward of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur. Your adventure is over.

159

With supreme effort, you manage to prise one of the fingers away from your throat and snap it off. A wisp of green smoke escapes from the hollow of the broken finger, forming a small cloud in which the outline of the grinning face of an evil spirit appears. If you want to continue trying to prise the other fingers away from your throat, turn to **299**. If you want to take a swipe at the smoke cloud, turn to **188**.

160

The man curses and draws a sabre from his belt, shouting, "I, Blackthorn of Chalice, will see your head delivered to Lord Azzur." He runs at you with his sabre raised in the air.

BLACKTHORN *SKILL 8* *STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **109**.

161

As you open the door, you are stabbed in the arm by the intruder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Unable to see your attacker, you swing your sword blindly in the pitch-black darkness and feel it strike home. A man's muffled cry breaks the silence. The intruder is a skilful KNIFE FIGHTER, quick-witted and agile, and you must fight him in the dark.

KNIFE FIGHTER *SKILL 7* *STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **174**.

162

The men's eyes light up when they hear your offer to buy their fish. The fisherman who claimed to have caught all the fish picks up the bucket and thrusts it at you, which makes water slosh over the sides. There are six fish in the bucket and the man says he'll include the bucket for the price. You hand him a Gold Piece, which brings a big smile to his face. The men gather up their fishing equipment and head off west, and start arguing again, this time about the Gold Piece. You ignore them and set about making a fire and you are soon tucking into tasty grilled fish. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. Feeling content and well fed, you head north to walk along the bank of the tributary. Turn to **47**.

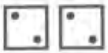

"I am the berserker, Urzle Ironface."

163

After tying the rowing boat to a wooden jetty, you walk along a cart track towards Fang in good spirits, heartened by the knowledge that Lord Azzur can't be far away. As you approach the main gates, a giant bare-chested man with bulging muscles steps out from behind the jail to stand in your way. His body is covered in jagged scars, and he makes no attempt to hide the silver scorpion pendant hanging on a silver necklace around his neck. He is wearing an iron helmet which completely covers his face and he is armed with a large battle-axe and shield. "I've been waiting for you," he growls slowly in a deep voice. "I knew you would come. You have defeated many assassins. But you cannot defeat me. I am the ultimate assassin. I am the berserker, Urzle Ironface. There is a bounty is on your head and I must do what must be done. It cannot be undone. This is my pledge to Lord Azzur." The huge man smashes his axe against his shield and strides forward to attack you.

URZLE IRONFACE	*SKILL 12*	*STAMINA 12*

If you are still alive after 5 Attack Rounds, turn to **247**.

164

The woman looks slightly off balance when you ask her the question. "No, I'm afraid not. Why do you ask?" she replies, composing herself again. You suddenly catch sight

of a necklace which was previously concealed by her hood. It looks to be made of silver. You take two steps backwards with your hand on the hilt of your sword. She looks at you aghast, and says, "Please refrain from drawing your sword. If you think I am an assassin, you are most certainly wrong. As you can see I am not carrying a sword and, apart from my arrows and whittling knife, I am completely unarmed." If you want to pull back her cloak so you can see if she is hiding a weapon, turn to **86**. If you want to attack her with your sword, turn to **287**.

165

The Dragon is covered with red, iron-like scales which look too thick to penetrate with your sword, so you aim your blow at its clawed feet, which are just above your head. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **82**. If the number is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **262**.

166

You become aware of a faint smell of smoke in the air and look round to see a thick plume of black smoke rising above the treetops into the sky. Whilst you are watching the smoke rise, you do not notice the window open on the first floor of the tavern and a crossbow appear which

is aimed at you. Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or a 2, turn to **269**. If you roll a 3 or a 4, turn to **107**. If you roll a 5 or a 6, turn to **62**.

167

Balthazar shakes his head and says, "No, I'm glad I haven't seen that despicable tyrant, and you are going to be disappointed if you were hoping to find him in Kaad. He held a banquet here last night for his cronies, and I heard he left this morning for Fang. He's gone to see his friend Baron Sukumvit, who is holding his annual Trial of Champions. Anyway, I have to get back to my work, so I'm going to say goodbye." Balthazar shuts the door, leaving you no option but to walk further up Clock Street. Turn to **89**.

168

You hear gasps of disbelief from the crew as you move to draw your sword, but the captain simply sneers and pulls the trigger of his pistol. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **52**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **350**.

169

The warrior's aim is deadly accurate. Her spear pierces your armour and lodges in your shoulder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You manage to yank it free with the warrior closing in fast wielding two long knives. You draw your sword and ready yourself for combat. Turn to **266**.

170

The storekeeper rummages through all his drawers without success but finds a pair of boots under a pile of sacks on one of the top shelves. "I knew I had a pair somewhere," he says to himself with satisfaction, dusting them off. "They're not new, but they were made by a High Elf master boot-maker. Look at the quality of the leather and the stitching. If you wear these, you will be able to outrun anybody. I'm loath to sell my last pair, but I'll let you have them for 5 Gold Pieces." Will you:

Buy the boots?	Turn to **351**
Reject the boots and buy some Provisions?	Turn to **64**
Leave the store and head east on foot?	Turn to **203**

171

Silence descends over the crowd. Azzur plays to the audience, rubbing his chin as though appearing to be deep in thought. "That's a good number," he says coldly. "But it's not good enough!" Turn to **25**.

172

You are caught by a blast of flame. Lose 2 *SKILL* points and 4 *STAMINA* points. The burning pain is intense, but you dare not stop running. With its giant leathery wings flapping noisily above you, the Dragon climbs into the sky, ready to swoop down to attack you again with its fiery

breath. Running into the undergrowth, you are quick to spot an entrance to a burrow in the ground, perhaps a den made by a wild animal. If you want to jump down feet first into the burrow to hide from the Dragon, turn to **285**. If you want to keep on running, turn to **325**.

173

You part the tall grass with your sword and see a man dressed in green-and-brown woodsman's clothing lying face down with a dagger sticking out of his back. He groans loudly when you turn him on his side. "It's too late for me," he whispers slowly, staring at you with unblinking eyes. "Two Hobgoblins jumped me. I fought them off, but there was another one hiding in the long grass who stabbed me in the back. They took everything I had and left me for dead." The man grimaces in pain and breathes in hard before carrying on. "The cowardly dogs missed my gold. Take it." The man's eyes suddenly widen, and he goes listless. There is nothing you can do to save the woodsman. You find a hidden pocket in the seam of his tunic containing 3 Gold Pieces which you place in your pocket and continue your journey. Turn to **363**.

174

Breathing hard after the desperate fight, you think about who your attacker might be but know you will have to wait for the morning light to find out. Not wishing to spend time in the company of a corpse, you decide to sleep on the beach. Thankfully the rest of the night passes without incident, and you are relieved to see dawn finally break. You go back to the hut, where you find the body of a skinny man. Two long knives lie on the ground beside him. He has a dark moustache, a pointed beard and a thin, crooked nose. His clothing is Shazaari – loose-fitting black robes and black leggings, and a headdress made of a long black scarf wrapped around his head. His only jewellery is a silver necklace and pendant with a scorpion etching on it, which you take and put in your pocket. You also take one of the daggers from the cross belt slung around his neck. You wonder why he came to the island to kill you. Did somebody hire him to do it? If so, why? For now, there is no answer. If you want to search through the Knife Fighter's clothing, turn to **251**. If you would rather begin your daily quest for food, turn to **11**.

175

The man's aim is true, and a small dart-like arrow sinks into your leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. The man sneers with satisfaction, draws a sabre from his belt and lunges at you, shouting, "I, Blackthorn of Chalice, will see your head

delivered to Lord Azzur." You must fight him.

BLACKTHORN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **109**.

176

You open the door very slowly, mindful of traps and assassins that could be lying in wait. You hear somebody snoring and peer round the door to see a portly man with bushy eyebrows asleep in a rocking chair with his arms folded across his chest. He is wearing a white shirt tucked into a pair of baggy woollen trousers held up by bright red braces. There is a green bottle on a round wooden table next to him with a label on it which says POTION OF HEALING. Will you:

Tiptoe over to the bottle and take a swig from it? Turn to **78**
Tap the man on the shoulder to wake him up? Turn to **333**
Close the door and carry on walking east? Turn to **277**

177

Whilst wiping the blood off your sword with some leaves, you notice an iron bracelet lying in the earth near the entrance of the den. If you want to try on the bracelet, turn to **40**. If you would rather leave it where it is and head west back to your hut on the other side of the island, turn to **217**.

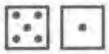

178

A crowd gathers around you after your brutal battle with the Giant. You ask one of the onlookers why the Giant attacked you. He looks at you as though you are mad, and says, "What did you expect? Borg hated noise. It hurt his head and made him uncontrollably violent. That's why he lived in Quiet Street!" A murmur spreads through the crowd and suddenly a voice blurts out, "I recognize Borg's killer from the 'Wanted' posters on the noticeboards! It's the murderer! Call the Guard!" You know that nobody would believe you if you told them that you are being hunted by assassins. You must act fast. If you want to run up Quiet Street, turn to **55**. If you want to turn and run back down Quiet Street, turn to **314**.

179

The path continues to wend its way north. As you walk along, something on the ground catches your eye which is almost hidden from view by a large bush. You lift up the leaves and see a sealed wooden box. There is a message written on a label attached to the lid which reads *Property of Balthazar Wittle, The Clock Tower, Clock Street, Kaad. Do NOT open*. You shake the box and hear what sounds like metallic objects rattling around inside. If you want to break the wax seal and open the box, turn to **232**. If you would rather put the box in your backpack and carry on walking north, turn to **121**.

180

You think that the best way to put the pirates off from coming on board the *Blue Moon* is to make them believe that you have died of plague, something they would not want to catch. You uncork the bottle and quickly mark your face with red ink, highlighting your insect bites to make them look like large open sores caused by deadly smallpox. You lie down on the deck and keep perfectly still as the pirate ship comes alongside. You hear voices discussing what should be done with you. A loud gruff voice, probably that of the captain, barks out an order. "One of you dogs jump on board the boat and toss the body in the sea. Tie a rope to the boat and we'll tow it to Port Blacksand and sell it." You dare to open your eyes a fraction and see a scrawny-looking pirate standing on a plank, ready to dive into the sea. He suddenly stops in his tracks and says, "If I board that boat we're all going to die! The dead body is covered with pox! I know plague when I see it." You hear the captain order his men to set sail immediately and watch the pirate ship sail away. Moments later you see a gigantic tentacle rise out of the sea, no more than twenty metres away from the pirate ship. Another tentacle rises out of the sea, then another, and another, until there are eight tentacles towering above the ship. They belong to a giant monster from the depths of the sea which has a huge squid-like body, two massive eyes and a beaked mouth. The ship is

about to be attacked by a KRAKEN. You hear booming explosions from the ship's cannon as two cannonballs whistle through the air towards the Kraken, one of them finding its mark and taking a big chunk out of one of the tentacles. The sea monster thrashes around in the sea and wraps two of its giant tentacles around the ship's mast, pulling the ship over. There is chaos on board as the Kraken slowly pulls the ship over on its side, causing everything on deck that is not lashed down to spill overboard. There is nothing the pirates can do to defeat the Kraken, and you hear them cry for help as they jump into the sea. You watch on in horror as the pirate ship disappears below the waves, and the rest of the crew with it. You trim the *Blue Moon*'s flapping sail and set a course away from the sea monster, sailing due east towards the Red River estuary. Turn to **114**.

181

You give the urchin a Gold Piece, which he bites to make sure it's real. His friends walk over, and an argument breaks out about who should keep the coin. They start pushing each other and the squabble turns into a fight.

While you are distracted by the commotion, one of the urchins deftly slips his hand inside your pocket and helps himself to your possessions. His thieving done, the pickpocket whistles to his friends, and all the urchins run off down an alleyway together, laughing loudly. You have been robbed. Lose three of the items in your pockets. You also discover the catapult is broken. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. There is little point in wasting time chasing the urchins, so you continue your walk to the Wishing Well. Turn to **261**.

182

The captain frowns and says with a grunt, "It's cold, dark and the wind is getting up. That's not good. I think we should sail to the mainland first thing tomorrow morning." If you want to insist on setting sail immediately, turn to **258**. If you want to spend one more night on the island, turn to **302**.

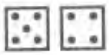

183

You try to dodge out of the way of the Ninja's flashing blade but suffer a deep wound on your arm. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, you draw your sword to fight the quick-footed Ninja, who leaps at you, cutting his blade through the air.

NINJA WARRIOR *SKILL 7* *STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **254**.

184

You take a knife from one of the thieves and tuck it into your belt. After making sure nobody is watching, you tear down the poster, screw it into a ball and toss it away. But you know it's probably futile and that everybody in Port Blacksand is likely to be on the lookout for you, hoping to claim the reward on offer for your head. If you want to get back on board the *Blue Moon* and sail north to Red River, turn to **152**. If you want to go in the Black Lobster Tavern at the end of the quay, turn to **334**.

185

You keep your eyes on the cave, but nothing emerges from the entrance. You are about to go down the steps when you hear a rustling sound in the undergrowth behind you. You spin round to see a large humanoid creature charging straight at you with its clawed hands outstretched. Its large head is totally devoid of skin, the skull blood-red, and its protruding eyeballs and long pointed teeth hideously exposed. The repulsive beast is a seldom-seen creature of chaos known as a FLESH-HEAD. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **267**. If the number is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **138**.

186

The fishermen watch you carefully with their swords half-drawn as you pass by. As soon as you are far enough away they start arguing again, even louder than before. You ignore them and head north along the bank of the tributary. Turn to **47**.

187

The cupboard door is slightly ajar. You open it further with the tip of your sword and see a crimson-glazed clay pot with a cracked lid. If you want to lift the lid off the pot, turn to **122**. If you would rather not touch the pot and instead look around the cave, turn to **365**.

188

You hack at the cloud of smoke, but your sword cuts harmlessly through it and merely causes the smiling face to laugh at you silently. You grimace from the acute pain of the skeleton fingers squeezing hard on your windpipe. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Ignoring the smoke cloud, you make a last desperate attempt to prise the remaining fingers away from your throat before you pass out. Turn to **299**.

189

You eventually come to a rickety old gate on the right which has a large sign nailed to it with the words BOGG FARM – BOG OFF painted on it. A gravel path leads from the gate to an old farmhouse, which sits in the middle of a small field separated from the grassland by a wooden fence. There is a stone post next to the gate with an arrow carved on it pointing towards the town and the words KAAD – 1 MILE underneath. From this distance, Kaad looks like it is a small town. The buildings are few in number and are mostly one or two storeys high except a stone tower in the centre of town. If you want to open the gate and walk up the path to the farmhouse, turn to **70**. If you would rather continue on to Kaad, turn to **307**.

190

You look down at the body and see your attacker is wearing the familiar silver necklace and pendant with a scorpion etching. You snap the chain and put the pendant in your pocket just as a rowdy gang of thugs rushes down on to the quayside. Several gasp in horror on seeing the man lying on the ground in a pool of blood. "Look! Lazlo

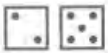

Mallick is dead!" shouts a scar-faced villain. "There's the killer!" he screams, pointing at you. "It's the same person as the one on the 'Wanted' poster!" You sweep your sword threateningly from side to side as a warning to all and tell the mob that Lazlo Mallick was an assassin who was trying to kill you. "So are we!" somebody shouts out. "A bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces is enough to turn anybody in Port Blacksand into an assassin!" a burly rogue adds with laughter. "Let's finish this!" "After you, mate!" a skinny peg-legged pirate retorts loudly in a scratchy, high-pitched voice. Some of the villains begin chuckling, giving you a fleeting moment to cut the rope holding the *Blue Moon* to its mooring. You jump on board and cast off. "Don't let the murderer get away!" the rogue shouts angrily. The mob advances to the water's edge and starts baying for your blood. Three men dive into the water to swim after you, but with a fair wind in your sails, the *Blue Moon* quickly leaves them behind. You look back and see others jump on board a fishing boat which causes an argument, and a fight breaks out on deck. The fishing boat remains moored to the quay, and you are able to sail away on the strong easterly breeze, setting a northerly course towards the Red River estuary. You are fortunate to have escaped the mob on the wharf, but at least another assassin has been eliminated. Turn to **15**.

191

Billy smiles and says, "That seems like a very fair offer to me, brother Bobby. Throw the rope down to our new friend." You pick up the assassin's axes and climb out of the cellar and are greeted by the two Dwarfs, who slap you on the back. "No hard feelings, I hope?" says Billy. You shake your head and hand over the axes, rings and 18 Gold Pieces. The brothers shake your hand and walk with you to the wooden gate where they bid you farewell. You wave goodbye and set off towards Kaad. Turn to **307**.

192

You pull the cork out of the bottle with your teeth and hastily spread the waxy paste on the bite marks on your leg. The magic compound does its job and the wound quickly heals, leaving you feeling none the worse for the experience. You pop the small bottle inside your pocket and are about to set off again when you notice an iron bracelet lying in the earth near the entrance to the den. If you want to try on the bracelet, turn to **40**. If you would rather leave it where it is and head back to your hut on the other side of the island, turn to **217**.

193

You stand over the fallen Orc, whose death cry was heard by the main group of Orcs. More than twenty of them bear down on you, screaming and baying for your blood. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. If you have a Scroll of Invisibility, turn to **75**. If you do not have this scroll, turn to **230**.

194

A few broken planks drift past you, but nothing large enough to climb on to. You swim on until you are exhausted, at which point you can do nothing more than tread water. Suddenly you see two fins cutting through the water, moving at speed towards you. There is no mistaking the red tip of the dorsal fin of a Blood Shark. Your worst fears are about to be realized as the sharks move in for their feeding frenzy. Your adventure is over.

195

There is a full moon and everything around you looks spooky in the half-light. You find shelter under a large bush

which keeps you hidden from the creatures of the night, and spend a restless night under the stars, hardly daring to go to sleep for fear of being attacked by the howling Wolves and other roaming monsters. You get up soon after dawn, feeling tired and hungry. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You set off immediately and pick up a trail heading north, which you decide to follow. Turn to **378**.

196

You raise your shield to ward off the flames shooting down from the sky. The flames are repelled but the shield becomes red-hot to the touch and burns the back of your arm. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. The Dragon glides down to land on the edge of the cliff where you are standing, its gigantic clawed feet aimed directly at you. If you want to thrust your sword at the Dragon as it attempts to land, turn to **165**. If you want to run for cover, turn to **391**.

197

Mindful of the storekeeper's warning about an ambush, you slip behind a nearby tree to survey the tavern. A few minutes later you see a bald-headed man appear at an open window on the first floor holding a crossbow. He has a dent in his skull and all his teeth are made of gold. It is undoubtedly the deadly assassin Garanka Vassell. Will you:

Call out to him?	Turn to **368**
Fire an arrow at him (if you have a bow)?	Turn to **80**
Run over to the tavern door?	Turn to **42**

198

The lead shot whistles past your head and fizzes harmlessly into the sea. You hear the captain shout at his men to bring you on board his ship. If you want to cut the rope towing the *Blue Moon*, turn to **88**. If you want to give yourself up to the pirates, turn to **290**.

199

After handing over your possessions, you are led below decks to the galley, where you are ordered to help the

ship's cook prepare the iron rations for the crew. Your first job is to pick maggots out of the dried meat and scrape the weevils off the sea biscuits. The smell of rotten food in the galley makes you feel sick, but you know it won't be too long before the ship reaches Port Blacksand. You keep your head down and only speak when spoken to as the old ship creaks and shudders its way across the open sea. Your disgusting job is almost completed when you suddenly hear shouting coming from the upper deck, and the captain screaming out orders to his helmsman to turn the ship hard to starboard. You run over to look through a porthole on the port side and are alarmed to see a gigantic tentacle rising out of the sea, no more than twenty metres away from the ship. Another tentacle rises out of the sea, then another, and another, until there are eight of them towering above you. The ship is about to be attacked by a KRAKEN, a giant sea monster with a colossal squid-like body, two huge eyes and a beaked mouth. You hear booming explosions from the ship's cannon as two cannonballs whistle through the air towards the Kraken, one of them finding its mark and taking a big chunk out of one of the tentacles. The sea monster retaliates by wrapping two of its giant tentacles around the ship's mast. There is chaos on board as the Kraken starts pulling the ship over on to its side. You hear the pirates cry for help as they jump into the sea, and it's all you can do to hang on as water bursts into the ship's

galley. The cook scrambles up the stairs and disappears, leaving you all alone. You grab his meat cleaver and follow him up on deck as the ship starts to sink. You see some pirates trying their best to launch a rowing boat, but the ship is heeled over, which makes their task impossibly difficult. If you want to help them launch the rowing boat, turn to **85**. If you would rather make your way to the back of the ship, cut the rope towing the *Blue Moon*, and jump into the sea to climb on board, turn to **304**.

200

The sweeping plain is grassland as far as you can see all the way to the town in the far distance. The path cuts a straight line through the tall grasses and you follow it north for a while before turning right to follow the path heading north-east. You walk along it for some time until you arrive at a junction with another narrow path. If you want to head west along the new path, turn to **135**. If you want to keep going north-east towards the town, turn to **369**.

201

You peer inside the gloomy cave and see a coil of rope

hanging on a rusty iron peg just inside the entrance. You look up and see hundreds of black bats hanging upside down from the ceiling. There isn't much light, just enough to see what looks like a small wooden cupboard mounted on the wall at the back of the cave. If you want to take the rope, turn to **331**. If you would rather walk over to the cupboard at the back of the cave, turn to **187**.

202

The little man scrambles down the tree and introduces himself. "Hello, my name is Gerrit. I'm a Woodling. We live in the trees because there are just too many terrifying monsters stalking the forest. Some we can hide from, some we can run from, some we can slay, but none of us has ever defeated a Shape Changer or escaped from the jaws of a Giant Slugworm. What's your story?" You hand Gerrit two rations from your Provisions (deduct these from your *Adventure Sheet*) and tell him about Lord Azzur and the assassination attempts on your life. He looks at you aghast and says, "Don't chance going in the forest. You should go to Kaad immediately. A passing trapper told me that Azzur was in town! Walk east around the edge of the forest and you'll eventually see Kaad. You can't miss it." If you want to take Gerrit's advice and head east, turn to **328**. If you would rather ignore his advice and go in the forest, turn to **51**.

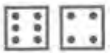

He is fast asleep and snoring loudly

203

You set off at a brisk pace, following a well-worn path along the riverbank. Up ahead you see a small man lying on the ground, his back propped up against a tree and his arms folded across his chest. He's wearing a dark green tunic and brown leggings which are tucked into his green leather boots. A floppy green felt hat is pulled down low over his face. He is fast asleep and snoring loudly. If you want to wake him up to speak to him, turn to **68**. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to **244**.

204

You climb up the tree as fast as you can and stand still on a high branch. You suddenly notice a large bird's nest in the fork of the branch above in which two Death Hawk chicks start screeching loudly. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **41**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **115**.

205

You do not have to wait long before somebody responds to your call for help. You sense somebody is standing behind you, watching, and your worst fears are confirmed when you realize it is not the trapper. "Thank you for calling out to me! I'm surprised my fellow assassins failed to slay you when you make it so easy to find you. Lord Azzur will be pleased with the gift I will bring him in the morning and I will be 10,000 Gold Pieces the richer." Caught in the trap, there is nothing you can do to defend yourself from the strike of the assassin's blade. Your adventure is over.

206

You are caught by the fiery blast which burns your flesh badly. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 4 *STAMINA* points. The pain is terrible, but there is no time to think about it as the Dragon glides down to land on the edge of the cliff where you are standing with its gigantic clawed feet aimed directly at you. If you want to thrust your sword at the Dragon as it attempts to land, turn to **165**. If you want to run for cover, turn to **391**.

207

Much to your relief, the bystanders do not pay you any attention. Your brief time in Kaad has been a battle for survival and, not wishing to get into any bloodier battles, you decide to head for the main gates and leave town. You

walk down Clock Street, which takes you to the market square and on down Crown Street to the main gates. There aren't many people about other than a few merchants leaving town after a long day at the market. As you walk out through the gates, a mean-looking man in a hooded black cloak and a bow and quiver of arrows slung over his shoulder rides past you on a black horse. He glances down at you as he passes by and spits on the ground. If you want to ask him for a ride, turn to **303**. If you want to carry on walking, turn to **252**.

208

Sidd leans forward and slowly opens the wooden box. He reaches inside and lifts out a clear glass ball which has multicoloured gases swirling around inside it. Holding it aloft on the fingertips of one hand, he closes his eyes and begins talking in a language you do not understand. The swirling gases suddenly clear, and inside the crystal ball you see a horse-drawn carriage speeding along a dusty road. The Seer opens his eyes again and the image disappears. "Azzur left Port Blacksand early this morning and will soon be arriving in Kaad. You should head north if you hope to catch him. I'm risking my life telling you the whereabouts of the Dark Lord so a payment of 1 Gold Piece would seem fair, don't you think?" Sidd says, holding out his hand. If you want to pay him, turn to **282**. If you want to leave without paying, turn to **372**.

209

There is nobody looking out to sea from the stern of the pirate ship, and you slip unseen on board the *Blue Moon*. It's a bumpy ride, but you make great headway being towed along by the pirate ship. If you want to continue being towed to Port Blacksand, turn to **5**. If you want to cut the rope that is towing the *Blue Moon*, turn to **88**.

210

You instinctively reach up and grab hold of a large black spider with its long hairy legs wriggling in your hand. You feel a sharp pain in one of your fingers. You have been bitten by a poisonous spider. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You throw it on to the ground and crush it underfoot. You suck out the poison, spit it out, then walk on towards Kaad, crossing a field to a dirt road which leads to the main entrance gates of town. You see a horse-drawn open carriage coming out through the gates driven by a man wearing a bowler hat and a tailored waistcoat over his crisp white shirt. Sitting bolt upright next to him, looking snootily down her nose with an air of grand superiority, is a rosy-cheeked woman wearing a floral hat and long baggy black dress. If you want to put

your hand up to stop the carriage to talk to the woman, turn to **120**. If you want to keep your head down and enter Kaad, turn to **390**.

211

The Monk drops his sack on the ground, and says:

"The sack is certainly very full
But it's mostly balls of orange wool
A woolly jumper I will knit
To keep me warm through the wintry bit
The only thing I have to sell
Is a map leading to the Wishing Well."

He stares at you fiercely with one eyebrow raised and demands 5 Gold Pieces for his map. If you have 5 Gold Pieces and wish to buy the map, turn to **117**. If you do not have 5 Gold Pieces or do not want to buy the map, turn to **3**.

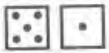

212

Luckily, the barrel does not topple over. You kick out again, harder this time, which forces the Rat to loosen its grip on your boot. You regain your balance and jump up to grab the top of the wall, pulling yourself up just as the crowd is closing in. You look down and see the Armed Guards arguing about who should be giving who a leg up to climb over the wall. You leave them to it and jump down into the back yard of a small house. There is a pile of coal in one corner of the yard and you can feel the heat from the fire of an open furnace nearby. There is an anvil next to the furnace and a hammer and tongs hanging from hooks on the wall. You notice the back door of the house is ajar and there is a passageway running down the side of the house to the street. If you want to go into the house, turn to **98**. If you want to walk down the side passage, turn to **330**.

213

You reach the east side of the island in less than an hour, emerging from the undergrowth on to a rocky open area which ends at the edge of a cliff. There is a beach below and you notice a cave entrance at the base of the cliff. There are some rough stone steps leading down to the beach. If you want to walk down the steps and enter the cave, turn to **294**. If you would rather wait to see if there is any sign of life inside the cave, turn to **185**.

214

Fighting for your life, you just manage to gather enough strength to prise one of the fingers away from your throat. You snap it off and a wisp of green smoke escapes from the hollow of the broken finger, forming a small cloud in the shape of a grinning face of an evil spirit. If you want to continue trying to prise the other fingers away from your throat, turn to **299**. If you want to take a swipe at the smoke cloud, turn to **188**.

215

The storekeeper looks at you in disbelief, and says abruptly, "As you wish. I'm going home now. You're on your own. Good luck." The storekeeper begins closing the window shutters and asks you to leave whilst he locks up. You have no option but to leave the store and head east on foot. Turn to **203**.

216

Azzur looks at you closely, nodding his head several times deep in thought. "That's an impressive number," he says coldly. Turn to **276**.

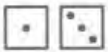

217

You hack your way through the undergrowth, being careful not to brush against the poison-tipped creepers. You hear the sound of buzzing overhead and look up to see a swarm of bees fly out of their hive high up in a tree. If you want to climb the tree to see if you can find some honey, turn to **370**. If you would rather press on to get back to your hut, turn to **147**.

218

The Luck Gods smile on you and decide that yours is a Ring of Good Fortune. Add 1 *SKILL* point, 2 *STAMINA* points and 3 *LUCK* points. You put the clock hands back in the box and place it back under the bush before setting off north again in good spirits. Turn to **121**.

219

You attack the rats, hacking at them furiously with your sword. You are bitten several times by some which run up your leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. More rats swarm out of the drain and you soon realize there are just too many of them for you to overcome. You give up trying and walk

back up the stairs to where Balthazar is waiting. "Call yourself a rat catcher? If you think I'm going to pay you, you can think again! You can go now. I'm going to get somebody else to do the job." He opens the front door and signals for you to leave. You barge past him and turn right up Clock Street. Turn to **89**.

220

The intruder's dagger strikes you, but only causes a light flesh wound to your arm. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You retaliate by swiping your sword through the darkness, and feel it strike home. A man's muffled cry breaks the silence, and you hear him stumble backwards. You step forward to finish off the intruder, who is a skilful KNIFE FIGHTER. Although injured, he is agile and quick on his feet, and you must fight him in total darkness.

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **174**.

221

The apple is crisp and tasty, and just what you need after a long walk. You help yourself to a second apple and devour it just as quickly as the first one. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. You look round but there is nobody to thank, so you set off east again. Turn to **358**.

An unpleasant smell suddenly fills your nostrils

222

You walk east some distance until you come to a junction in the path where it meets another path running north-south. You don't see any point in going back south so you turn left to head north towards the town, which you can see in the distance. Turn to **369**.

223

You set off again, picking a path through the thick undergrowth, wondering what other strange things you might discover on the creepy island. It's not long before you find out. An unpleasant smell suddenly fills your nostrils – a foul stench like rotten eggs. There is a strange mound in front of you, something that resembles a huge lump of green wax. Suddenly it moves, rising up slowly on its trunklike legs. It is a huge creature with an enormous oval head and tiny sunken eyes, two small holes for a nose, and a gaping fanged mouth from which drool dribbles down its multilayered chin. It is covered with open sores which ooze thick, yellow pus which trickles down its bloated body like melting candle wax. A swarm of flies buzzes around the creature, landing on it to feed on its stinking excretions. The creature's noxious smell makes you light-headed and you start to feel dizzy. If you want to stand your ground and fight the DECAYER, turn to **306**. If you would rather flee, turn to **359**.

224

You enter a musty-smelling candlelit room which has an enormous bookcase set against the far wall. The shelves are crammed full of ancient leather-bound tomes. There is a table and chair in the middle of the room, with several books lying open on the table. The woman invites you to look at a book entitled *Dragonfire*. As you flick through the pages you see her glance over your shoulder. Her smile vanishes, and the door suddenly slams shut behind you. You spin round to see the man who was hiding behind it. Dressed head to toe in loose black robes, all you can see of his face are his stone-cold brown eyes. Holding his straight-bladed short sword above his head in both hands is a NINJA WARRIOR who utters a shrill battle cry and leaps forward to attack you. If your current *SKILL* score is 8 or greater, turn to **93**. If your *SKILL* is 7 or less, turn to **183**.

225

You feel a sharp pain as one of the daggers finds its mark, hitting you squarely in the shoulder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Not stopping to look back at the angry mob, you run through the tavern doorway and on down to the quayside. Turn to **234**.

226

You notice that some of the people standing at the crossroads are armed with clubs and pitchforks, and you suspect they are probably looking for you. You pretend to scratch your head as you walk past them, trying to hide your face. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **207**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **284**.

227

You look at the bite marks on your leg and are horrified to see tiny white thread-like worms wriggling around in the wound. You scrape them off with your knife, but there is nothing you can do to rid yourself of the virus the worms have infected you with. You break out in a sweat and suddenly feel very unwell. You get hotter and hotter as the virus takes hold and you soon pass out. Only people with a strong constitution can survive the Gungh Virus. Lose 10 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **398**.

228

You catch sight of a small deer grazing in the warm sunshine. You walk towards it but as soon as it sees you it bounds off and disappears into the long grass. You walk back to the path, and step on something metallic which was hidden from view by the grass. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **332**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **148**.

229

The storekeeper frowns, and says solemnly, "Yes, I've heard of him. He paid me an unwelcome visit earlier today. He barged in, spat on the floor and made a horrible smell. Then he helped himself to my food, took an axe, some rope and didn't pay me a penny. A disgusting human being if ever there was one. He put up the 'Wanted' poster on the wall outside, which, as you know, has your face displayed on it. When he finally spoke, he told me his name and said that if I saw you, I was to tell you I had seen him in Tall Tom's Tavern, which is half an hour's walk east of here. Then I was supposed to light a fire and cover it with wet leaves to make a smoke signal to let him know you were on your way, so he could ambush you. Don't worry, that's not going to happen. Harold Cornpepper is not in the habit of helping assassins. If you are the valiant warrior who defeated Zanbar Bone, Allansia will be forever in your debt. However, Lord Azzur will not rest until you are dead. You will need to be prepared for when you meet Vassell. Might I suggest you purchase one or two magic items from my display case?" You thank the storekeeper for his advice and decide what to do. If you want to look at the items in the display case, turn to **54**. If you want to leave the store straight away and head east in pursuit of Garanka Vassell, turn to **203**.

230

The band of screaming Orcs crashes into you with the force of a herd of stampeding Hippohogs. Their flailing swords, axes, morning stars and cudgels make light work of your pitiful resistance, and the battle lasts less than a minute. Your adventure is over.

231

A search of the beach yields a silver coin buried in the sand and a rusty old knife which you find in a rock pool. You put the items in your pocket and look out to sea to spot a barrel bobbing up and down which appears to be attached to the seabed by a rope or a chain. If you want to swim out to the barrel, turn to **255**. If you would rather climb back up the stone steps to the top of the cliff, turn to **127**.

232

You hear a faint click when you lift the lid. A small dart shoots out of the box and lodges painfully in your shoulder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Inside the box you find 10 Gold Pieces, two long brass clock hands and a gold signet ring with a question mark engraved on it. You pocket the Gold Pieces and examine the ring. If you want to try it on, turn to **346**. If you would rather put the ring and the clock hands back in the box and place it back under the bush and continue north, turn to **121**.

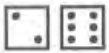

233

One by one, the contestants are introduced to Baron Sukumvit and Lord Azzur. When your turn comes, the Baron asks you to remove your helmet before stepping on to the podium out of respect for his guest. If you want to take off your helmet, turn to **145**. If you want to refuse to take it off for fear of being recognized, turn to **366**.

234

Port Blacksand is not the place where you want to be right now, and you run as fast as you can down the quay to where the *Blue Moon* is moored. Leaning against the bollard is an unshaven, one-armed beggar with his head bowed. His dirty, baggy shirt and ragged cotton pants are partially covered by a moth-eaten blanket. He rattles his tin mug at you and says in a quivering voice, "Spare me a coin and I'll untie your boat for you." If you want to give the beggar a coin to help you cast off, turn to **389**. If you want to ignore him and untie the mooring rope yourself before jumping on board your boat, turn to **129**.

235

You scramble down the tree and land on top of the Orc who is waiting below. He is armed with a morning star and you strike him a mighty blow with your sword before he can stand up. Blood pours from the Orc's side, and although badly injured, he manages to get back up on his

feet. The Orc staggers towards you, spitting blood and roaring in pain, swinging his morning star. You must finish off the Orc quickly before the other Orcs hear the commotion.

ORC	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 2*

If you win the fight in the first Attack Round, turn to **311**. If it takes two or more Attack Rounds to defeat the Orc, turn to **193**.

236

You swerve sharply left and keep on running, just in time, as flames shoot down and scorch the ground where you were a second ago. With its giant leathery wings flapping noisily above you, the Dragon climbs into the sky, ready to swoop down to attack you again with its fiery breath. Running into the undergrowth, you spot the entrance to a burrow in the ground, perhaps a den made by a wild animal. If you want to jump down feet first into the burrow to hide from the Dragon, turn to **285**. If you want to keep on running, turn to **325**.

237

The tip of the dart is coated in toxic snake venom and you immediately start to shake uncontrollably. Lose 10 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **271**.

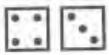

238

The arrow flies straight and true through the open window, and you hear a scream of pain. Your arrow has struck its target, and you punch the air in triumph. Gain 1 *LUCK* point. But your joy is short-lived because suddenly the tavern door bursts open. A heavily built man storms out of the tavern, screaming at the top of his voice, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. There is an arrow shaft sticking out of the fleshy part of his neck, but it doesn't appear to bother Garanka Vassell. You draw your sword and ready yourself to fight the deadly assassin. Turn to **53**.

239

The pirates are astonished to see you kill their captain. They are very angry and start yelling at you and close in with their cutlasses drawn. Will you:

Stand your ground and fight them? Turn to **340**
Climb the rigging and tell the motley crew that you have appointed yourself as their new captain? Turn to **79**
Jump over the side and swim to the *Blue Moon*? Turn to **24**

240

Brother Billy scratches his head and says, "Well, that sounds like a load of hogwash to me. What do you think, brother Bobby?" Bobby scratches his head and says, "I think you are probably right, brother Billy. Maybe it's time we let the trespasser play our favourite game!" "Great idea, brother Bobby," says Billy. Turn to **381**.

241

You come to the foot of a small hill and run up and over it and down to a wooded area, where you see a silver-haired woman standing in a doorway which has been cut out of the trunk of a huge oak tree. "Over here!" she cries, beckoning you over to her. "Quick, come inside and close the door behind you!" If you want to follow her through the doorway, turn to **63**. If you would rather keep on running, turn to **316**.

242

You pass by a dead tree devoid of bark and leaves where a skeleton hand is hanging on a rusty nail hammered into the trunk. The bones are well weathered, dark ochre in colour, and look to have been hanging on the nail for years. If you want to lift the dismembered hand off the nail, turn to **343**. If you would rather leave it where it is and walk on, turn to **223**.

She is whistling happily to herself

243

You walk through the main gates and mingle with the townsfolk, who are busily going about their various tasks. Nobody pays you much attention as you walk down Crown Street, which is lined on both sides with small shops and old wood and plaster houses with tiled roofs. The street leads into the market square, where the traders are packing up their stalls for the day. You see a portly man in long brown robes walking towards you carrying a large sack over his shoulder. If you want to talk to him, turn to **19**. If you would rather ignore him and walk across the market square to Clock Street, turn to **140**.

244

Looking south, you see a ruined tower some distance away on the other side of the river. As though spooked by your gaze, a large flock of crows takes flight from the ruins, cawing loudly. You walk on, and it's not long before you see a woman in a cloak with the hood down walking towards you along the path. She is whistling happily to herself whilst sharpening one end of a stick with a knife and doesn't seem bothered when she sees you. She has a quiver of arrows slung over her shoulders but is not carrying a bow. When she is close, she stops and says with a beaming smile, "Greetings!" If you want to talk to her, turn to **362**. If you would rather bid her good day and carry on walking east, turn to **298**.

245

You feel a sharp pain in your side as the lead shot from the captain's pistol grazes your flesh. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You hear the captain singing his own praises loudly about his shooting skills. He orders his men to bring you on board his ship and disappears out of sight. If you want to cut the rope towing the *Blue Moon*, turn to **88**. If you want to give yourself up to the pirates, turn to **290**.

246

The chain mail vest is heavy but will protect you in battle. Add 1 *SKILL* point. Pleased with your new armour, you think about what to do next. Will you:

Go in the tavern?	Turn to **341**
Head north along a new path?	Turn to **133**
Continue your journey east?	Turn to **157**

247

The relentless blows from the Berserker's battleaxe are impossible to withstand. He swings his axe with superhuman strength, and it is all you can do to parry the giant blade. You are forced backwards and stumble over a tree root. He grunts with satisfaction and strikes again, and you suffer a deep wound to your thigh. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **106.**

248

You manage to navigate the rough stone steps without falling and run as fast as you can across the sandy beach, diving into the sea with the swarm of bees trailing behind you. You stay underwater as long as you can, and it's only when your lungs feel as though they are about to burst that you surface to breathe in the fresh air. Much to your relief, the bees have flown off. Unfortunately, half of your remaining Provisions are nothing but a soggy mess at the bottom of your backpack. Delete them from your *Adventure Sheet*. After drying yourself off, you climb back up the steps and head west back to your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **147**.

249

You hear footsteps approaching, and see the door opened by a bespectacled, jovial-looking man with thinning grey hair and long bushy sideburns almost down to his chin. He's wearing a waistcoat over a baggy white shirt tucked into his checked trousers, which are held up by red braces. He peers over the top of his spectacles and says, "Hello, I'm Balthazar Wittle. Are you the rat catcher?" If you want to reply "Yes", turn to **383**. If you want to reply "No", turn to **30**.

250

You hand over 2 Gold Pieces in payment for six arrows, which you notice all have flights made with black feathers. The fletcher sees you looking at them and says, "The flights are made from chicken feathers, which ensures my arrows fly true. Is there anything else you would like to know?" If you want to ask her if she has heard any rumours about assassins in the area, turn to **164**. If you would rather set off east again, turn to **279**.

251

You find a small circular brass box with a hinged lid concealed in a hidden pocket inside the Knife Fighter's robes. There is a silver ring inside the box. If you want to try on the ring, turn to **322**. If you would rather begin your quest for food for the third day, turn to **11**.

252

You set off at a brisk pace in the direction of Fang, hoping to find shelter before the sun disappears below the horizon. The light gradually fades, and shadows begin to creep over the Pagan Plain. Howls and growls from the creatures of the night break the silence as they ready themselves

for their nightly hunt. All you see is scrubland for miles around and, unable to find a shelter, you are forced to sleep under a large bush, which at least hides you from prying eyes. There is a full moon and everything around you looks spooky in the half-light. You spend a restless night under the stars, hardly daring to go to sleep for fear of being attacked by Wolves or other flesh-eating creatures you hear roaming about. You get up soon after dawn, feeling tired and hungry. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You set off again, passing a log cabin in the west, and pick up a trail heading north, which you decide to follow. Turn to **378**.

253

You watch the barman shrug his shoulders and nonchalantly tap a bottle with a spoon several times and call for silence in the tavern. "Look who we've got here!" he shouts out to his customers while pointing at you. Everybody in the tavern turns towards you. Several unsavoury-looking villains stand up, daggers in hand. "It's the murderer!" shouts one of the crooks. "It's more like 1,000 Gold Pieces on legs!" cries an old pickpocket with glee. Surrounded by the noisy mob, you decide to run for it. You kick over the table in front of you and dash for the door. Although the crowd is distracted by the flying table, three thieves manage to throw their daggers at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **73**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **225**.

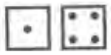

254

When you reach down to uncover the Ninja's face, the woman flees from the room and runs up the stairs. You hear the door open and close but let her go, as you are more interested to see if the Ninja was another of Lord Azzur's assassins. The silver pendant hanging on the chain around his neck answers your question. You snap the chain and pocket the silver scorpion. You find the name Gozo Yamakuri embroidered on his robes and see that he was also wearing a thin copper headband. You empty the Ninja's cloth backpack and find a pair of bone dice and some rice wrapped in broad leaves. You eat the rice, which eases your hunger and gives you some energy. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. Will you:

Try on the headband?	Turn to **118**
Look at the books on the bookshelves?	Turn to **355**
Walk up the stairs and go back outside?	Turn to **305**

255

You leave your possessions on the beach and swim out to sea with your knife gripped between your teeth. The water is cold but the current isn't very strong, and you are able

to swim towards the barrel without much effort. You are about fifteen metres away from it when you see something moving towards you on the surface of the water. The huge fanged jaw of a sea creature suddenly opens up in front of you. It is a GIANT SEA SNAKE, some ten metres long, and you must fight it with your knife. Reduce your *SKILL* by 2 points for this battle.

GIANT SEA SNAKE	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **104**.

256

You instinctively reach up and grab hold of the large yellow spider with its long hairy legs wriggling in your hand. Luckily it isn't poisonous. You toss it into the long grass and walk on towards Kaad, crossing a field to a dirt road which leads to the main entrance gates of town. You see a horse-drawn open carriage coming out through the gates driven by a man wearing a bowler hat and a tailored waistcoat over his crisp white shirt. Sitting bolt upright next to him, looking snootily down her nose with an air of grand superiority, is a rosy-cheeked woman wearing a floral hat and long baggy black dress. If you want to put your hand up to stop the carriage and talk to the woman, turn to **120**. If you want to keep your head down and enter Kaad, turn to **390**.

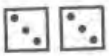

257

Sidd leans forward and slowly opens the wooden box. He reaches inside and lifts out a glass ball which has colourful gases swirling around inside it. Holding it aloft on the fingertips of one hand, he closes his eyes and begins talking in a language you do not understand. The swirling gases suddenly clear, and inside the crystal ball you see a tall warrior woman armed with a spear running along a dirt path at speed. She has striking silver markings covering much of her bronzed skin and her hair is close-cropped and dyed scarlet red. The Seer opens his eyes again and the image vanishes and says, "Ren-Ren Pakk is on her way to hunt you down. She is a Zengian Ultra, a fanatical fighter who is fleet of foot and has lightning reflexes. She will be a formidable opponent." You thank Sidd for the information and wish him farewell. Tall Tom says goodbye, telling you to come back one day. You walk out of the tavern and think about which way to go. If you want to head north, turn to **133**. If you want to continue east, turn to **157**.

258

You tell him that there is no time to lose, and that you have to find Garanka Vassell or whichever assassin is coming for you next before they find you. You jump on board whilst the captain unfurls the sails and casts off into choppy waters. You peer out to sea, wondering if you will be able

to defeat Azzur's assassins. The wind soon starts to howl under the darkening skies, with the boat bobbing up and down on the rough sea and the rigging creaking under the strain. Rain lashes down, and the old boat is battered by high waves crashing over the deck, forcing you to hang on to the rigging to stop yourself from being washed overboard into the churning sea. "We should turn back," the captain shouts into your ear. But before you have time to reply, a bolt of lightning shoots down from the dark sky. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **373**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **154**.

259

Azzur rubs his hands together, enjoying the moment. The Guards become restless and inch forward, desperate to be told to drag you away in chains. The Baron raises his hand and the Guards immediately stand upright, rigid as statues. Azzur walks slowly to the front of the podium and looks you in the eye. "Now tell me, cockroach, how many pendants do you have exactly?" he asks with a snarl. Will you reply:

Seven	Turn to **49**
Nine	Turn to **92**
Eleven	Turn to **171**
Thirteen	Turn to **216**
Fifteen	Turn to **357**

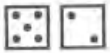

260

As you draw your sword, the Monk sighs, shakes his head, and thrusts out his right hand towards you. A zigzag bolt of lightning shoots out from his hand and slams into your chest, knocking you off your feet and making you lose consciousness. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 5 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **354**.

261

You follow the map past a junction with Brick Street into Quiet Street where, strangely, all the people are tiptoeing along in bare feet with their shoes tucked under their arms. Everybody is communicating by gesture and nobody is making a sound. An old woman wearing a headscarf looks fiercely at you and puts her index finger to her lips and points at your boots. If you want to take off your boots, turn to **335**. If you want to keep them on, turn to **360**.

262

You swing your sword through the air, but the Dragon pulls its feet up just in time, and you fail to hit your

target. Before you have time to strike again, the Dragon lashes out once more with its clawed feet, grabbing you by your head and squeezing it hard. You immediately lose consciousness. The Dragon has caught its prey and it won't go hungry today. Your adventure is over.

263

You walk quietly away from the Orcs, who you can hear shouting and arguing behind you in the clearing. You make your way north through the wood and over a small hill down to a huge grass-covered plain. You see two paths in front of you. One path heads due north towards a forest and the other leads off it and heads north-east towards a town in the far distance. If you want to take the path heading north towards the forest, turn to **101**. If you want to follow this path as far as the junction and take the new path towards the town, turn to **200**.

264

You open the creaking door and enter a large candlelit room which has a large collection of monster-head trophies mounted on the walls. A red-haired man with rosy cheeks and curly sideburns is sitting behind the wooden counter reading a book with thick, wire-rimmed round spectacles perched halfway down his nose. There is a blunderbuss on the shelf on the wall behind the man. "Good evening. Welcome to Otto's Outpost. I hope you had a pleasant journey here?" the man says jovially, peering over the top of his spectacles. "I presume you are wanting a room for the night? That will cost you the princely sum of 1 Gold Piece, including breakfast. Does that meet with your approval?" If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to stay at Otto's Outpost, turn to **339**. If you would rather go back outside and spend the night under the stars on the open plain, turn to **195**.

265

You just manage to swim over to the *Blue Moon* before the Blood Sharks arrive. You grab hold of the side of the boat and haul yourself on board, panting hard. You know your only chance of survival is to act quickly and cut the rope attached to the grappling hook. Turn to **88**.

266

The warrior bears down on you and at the last moment leaps in the air and lands on you, wielding her long knives around furiously. She strikes you before you even know it. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You stagger back and watch the wild-eyed warrior stand still for a second with her head tilted to one side before uttering her shrill war cry and attacking you again in a flurry of flashing blades.

ZENGIAN ULTRA	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **22**.

267

You just manage to sidestep out of the path of the oncoming Flesh-Head, which flies at full speed over the edge of the cliff. It lands head first on the jagged rocks below and is killed instantly. You walk rapidly down the stone steps to the beach below, where you find a large ruby set in the navel of the Flesh-Head. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You prise it out without any fuss and pocket the gem before walking over to the mouth of the cave. Turn to **201**.

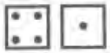

"I think my wish has just come true!"

268

You enter the hedge-lined gardens and walk along a gravel path to a white marble fountain where water is pouring from four serpent-headed spouts into a large pool which contains hundreds of coins. There is a short, stocky man with long hair, tanned skin and narrow eyes standing on the other side of the fountain. He is wearing a red silk neckerchief and sleeveless leather jerkin over his collarless shirt. His sleeves are rolled up and you see his arms are completely covered in snake tattoos. He is holding a black stick in one hand and casually tosses a coin into the fountain with his free hand. He watches the coin sink to the bottom and then turns to you, smiles and says, "I think my wish has just come true!" He suddenly puts the stick to his lips and exhales sharply. A small dart shoots out and hits you in the neck. His stick is a blowpipe. If you are wearing a Snakefang earring, turn to **141**. If you are not wearing the earring, turn to **237**.

269

A crossbow bolt slams into your lower back with a sickening thud. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 4 *STAMINA* points. The pain in your back is excruciating when you pull the bolt out, but there is no time to treat the wound as the tavern door bursts open. A bald-headed man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern screaming, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword

above his head. You notice that he has a dent in his skull and all his teeth are made of gold. It is the deadly assassin Garanka Vassell and you must fight him. Turn to **53**.

270

A large wooden barrel drifts past you which looks to be just about big enough for you to climb into. You swim over to it and lift the lid to discover that it is half full of bananas. You climb inside the barrel, and are just able to stand up, waist-high in bananas. You eat your fill, thinking how fortunate you are to be alive. Add 1 *LUCK* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You haul a small plank out of the water which you use as a crude paddle to steer yourself east towards the mainland. Apart from some Blood Sharks circling you at one point, the voyage to the mainland passes without incident. A strong easterly wind helps speed up the journey in your makeshift craft, and several hours later the rugged Allansian coastline comes into view. The cliffs are quite high, but you see an estuary directly ahead which you know to be the entrance to Red River. An hour later and you are at the mouth of the river,

where you see two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the barrel over to the bank and climb out. It feels great to be back on dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur has his best assassins hunting you down to relieve you of your head. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would be better prepared. Now everybody you meet could be an assassin. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him, if not the other assassins. You walk towards the buildings, which you see are a boatyard and a general store. You have no reason to visit the boatyard and walk past it. If you want to go in the general store, turn to **327**. If you would rather head east, turn to **203**.

271

The partial paralysis is short-lived and you somehow manage to clear your head. You draw your sword and stagger forward to fight Tunku Yang, the notorious Poisoner of Kay-Pong. He curses, annoyed that you have survived his poisoned dart, and lunges at you armed with only a dagger.

TUNKU YANG	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 6*

If you lose an *Attack Round*, turn to **59**. If you win without losing an *Attack Round*, turn to **326**.

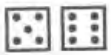

272

Running down the steps, you lose your footing and fall off the path, tumbling head over heels on to the beach below. You land on a patch of soft sand but still sprain your neck badly. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You pick yourself up and run as fast as you can across the beach, diving into the sea with the swarm of bees trailing behind you. You stay underwater as long as you can, and it's only when your lungs feel as though they are about to burst that you surface to breathe in fresh air. Much to your relief, the bees have flown off. Unfortunately, half of your remaining Provisions are nothing but a soggy mess at the bottom of your backpack. Delete them from your *Adventure Sheet*. After drying yourself off, you climb back up the steps and head west back to your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **147**.

273

The Luck Gods are unhappy and decide that yours is a Ring of Ill Fortune. Lose 1 *SKILL* point, 2 *STAMINA* points and 3 *LUCK* points. You put the clock hands back in the box and place it back under the bush before setting off north again, annoyed with yourself for having tempted fate. Turn to **121**.

274

The woman shuts the door quickly behind her just as the Orcs appear on the top of the hill. The bark-covered door fits the doorway so tightly that nobody would know it was there. You run on with the Orcs charging down the hill after you in hot pursuit. They pursue you relentlessly, and when they are just a few metres behind, you have no choice but to turn and face them. Turn to **230**.

275

As you turn to head back, a thick vine wraps itself around your ankle, and another creeps out from under the dense foliage to wrap around your other leg. You try hacking at the vines with your sword, but more vines slide out and ensnare your arms. The vines tighten, and you are unable to move as a long tendril uncoils from the second Bloodwort hidden in the undergrowth and hovers in front of your face. You scream in terror as it inches towards your mouth and plunges down your throat. The fibrous tendril is too tough to bite through, and you start to choke. You feel a violent pain as the tendril begins to drain your stomach and suck the life from your body. You see Captain Crow's eyes are shut, his struggles over, and it won't be long before yours are too. Your adventure is over.

276

"Congratulations," Lord Azzur says begrudgingly. "I thought it would be impossible to defeat all my assassins. You are truly a champion warrior. If circumstances were different we might have been able to work together. I thought that would be impossible since you killed my master, Zanbar Bone. But on reflection, maybe it was meant to be. Maybe I will rule Allansia one day without needing the help of the Demon Prince. And maybe you deserve the chance of freedom. Your fighting skills have certainly earned you the right to represent me in the Trial of Champions. So that's what you will do. Should you survive, the 10,000 Gold Piece prize will be mine, of course, but I will grant you a full pardon for your crimes and give you your freedom." Inside you are raging with anger but realize that attempting to slay Azzur now would inevitably result in certain death. If you want to accept your fate and enter Deathrap Dungeon, turn to **347**. If you want to refuse to enter Deathtrap Dungeon, turn to **366**.

277

Half an hour later you arrive at a tributary which joins the Red River from the north. You see two barefooted men in shirtsleeves with their pants rolled up to their knees standing on the riverbank face-to-face, arguing loudly and pointing their fingers at each other. Both men look furious

and have angry red faces. There are two wooden fishing rods nearby and a wooden bucket full of fish. "We agreed we would split our catch, you mealy-mouthed maggot!" one of them shouts. "You're only saying that because I caught six fish and you didn't catch any!" comes the angry reply from his friend. They stop arguing when they see you and reach for their swords. If you want to offer to buy their fish for 1 Gold Piece, turn to **162**. If you want to tell them that you are just passing by, turn to **186**.

278

After a short tussle, you land a pipefish. You take it back to your camp, where you cook it on a stick over an open fire and devour the tasty white flesh, what little of it there is. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Knowing you need more than fish to eat in order to survive, you decide to explore the island. Turn to **116**.

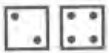

279

The fletcher bids you farewell and holds out her hand. When you shake it, a violent pain shoots up your arm. Her face immediately lights up with evil glee, and she starts laughing hysterically. You try to pull your hand away but are unable to do so. Your hands are locked together in a cloud of swirling green mist which grows in size as the pain increases and spreads into your chest. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.

"What a gullible fool you are," she sneers. "You actually believed me when I said I was Frances Fletcher. I'm afraid to say the real arrow maker had an unfortunate accident recently and is sadly no longer with us. My name is Gretta Morg. I am an assassin. The Death Hand pain you are experiencing will, I regret to say, lead to your heart stopping in a minute. Tonight, I will return to Port Blacksand with your head and claim the bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur." If you were hurt by the Hand of Death on Snake Island, turn to **146**. If you did not touch the Hand of Death, turn to **379**.

280

You begin playing the flute but the tune that comes from it is nothing like the one you are trying to play. The magical melody makes the rats all scurry down the open drain in the middle of the cellar floor, screeching loudly. In less than a minute all the rats have disappeared. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You drag a heavy barrel over the drain to stop the rats coming out. You are about to go back upstairs when you hear a knock on the front door and hear Balthazar Wittle talk to somebody. "No, sorry, that's nobody I recognize. Goodbye." You hear the door shut and wonder who was there. Wittle appears at the top of the stairs and says, "There was a man by the name of Blackthorn at the door who showed me a 'Wanted' poster with your face on it. He was a quite fearsome-looking man in a wide-brimmed hat and a long brown coat. I told him I hadn't seen you. I've no idea what you have done, and I don't want to know, but it would appear that Lord Azzur wants your head! The tyrant held a banquet in Kaad last night for his cronies, and I heard he left this morning for Fang. He's gone to see his friend Baron Sukumvit, who is holding his annual Trial of Champions. Thank you for getting rid of the rats, but I suggest you leave now and go and sort out your differences with Blackthorn. He won't be far away." You thank Balthazar for his help and slip out of the front door, turning right up Clock Street. Turn to **89**.

281

"Friend or foe?" you ask sternly. The reply comes in the form of a dagger being thrown at you, although you cannot see it. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **156**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **220**.

282

You drop a Gold Piece on to the palm of Sidd's hand. "Thank you very much," he says, blinking rapidly. "By the way, I've just remembered it was actually yesterday when I had one egg for breakfast. I had two eggs this morning, which means of course that I'm happy to answer two questions! And since you have already paid me, I'll answer a second one for free." You ask him to tell you about the identity and whereabouts the nearest assassin. He holds the crystal ball aloft again on his fingertips and closes his eyes. Colourful gases swirl around inside when he speaks in his strange language. The gases quickly disperse again, and you see a tall warrior woman armed with a spear running along a dirt path at speed. She has striking silver markings covering much of her dark skin and her hair is close-cropped and dyed scarlet red. Sidd opens his eyes again as the image vanishes and says, "Ren-Ren Pakk is on her way to hunt you down. She is a Zengian Ultra, a fanatical fighter who is fleet of foot and has lightning reflexes. She will be a formidable opponent." You thank Sidd for the information and wish him farewell. Tall Tom says goodbye, telling you to come back again one day. You walk out of the tavern and think about which way to go. If you want to head north, turn to **133**. If you want to continue east, turn to **157**.

283

The Goblins have leather purses hanging over their shoulders on thin leather straps in which you find 3 Gold Pieces, six rough opals and a piece of torn paper with a notice printed on it. Unfortunately, some of the words are missing. All you can read is:

...will take place on the last day of this month and is open to all those who dare enter. The Trial of Champions requires that ye shall be of great courage and resolve, for only one contestant is permitted to survive.

By order of Baron Sukumvit of Fang

You pocket the Gold Pieces and set off again along the path, wondering when the Trial of Champions will be taking place. Turn to **244**.

284

One of the men follows you with his eyes as you walk past him, staring at you intently, and suddenly shouts out, "It's the murderer!" You don't stop to protest your innocence and you run off down the street as fast as you can. Turn to **314**.

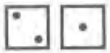

285

You slide feet first into the burrow and push yourself down as far as you can. The Dragon loses sight of you and starts blasting the ground with balls of fire. But it soon tires and flies off east in search of prey elsewhere. You are about to crawl out of the tunnel when you hear yapping sounds coming from inside the burrow. You suddenly feel teeth biting your boots and kick out to free yourself. You scramble out and draw your sword to face three wiry-looking hounds with red eyes and slavering mouths whose den you have invaded. They are WORM DOGS, small and not very strong, but a single bite from one could be fatal since they are riddled with disease-carrying parasites. You must fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First WORM DOG	*4*	*4*
Second WORM DOG	*5*	*3*
Third WORM DOG	*4*	*5*

If you win without losing an *Attack Round*, turn to **177**. If you win, but lose one or more *Attack Rounds*, turn to **50**.

286

You watch the Orc put a hunting horn to his lips and give it a long blast. You hear a roar from the band of Orcs, and soon there are twenty angry Orcs gathered around the base

of the tree looking up at you, snarling and shouting. Their leader barks out an order and two Orcs start chopping at the tree with their axes. You hear the sound of splintering wood and watch the Orcs become excited when the tree creaks and begins to topple over. You land heavily on the ground and before you can stand up to defend yourself, you are beaten to a pulp by cudgels and clubs. Your adventure is over.

287

The woman curses and says in a sneering voice, "You are right to be suspicious of me, stranger. I am not Frances Fletcher. The arrow maker had an unfortunate accident recently and is sadly no longer with us. My name is Gretta Morg. I am an assassin. Let us engage in combat but, in the time-honoured tradition of the Scorpion Guild, let us shake hands first before blood is spilled." If you want to shake Gretta Morg's hand, turn to **126**. If you would rather answer her with your sword, turn to **60**.

Their fierce eyes firmly fixed on you

288

You walk through the open gate of a high-fenced boatyard. There are several wooden boats propped up on wooden piles in the yard in various states of repair. Some are having holes in their hulls repaired and others are just being painted. You see a man in a green tunic standing on a ladder, leaning against a small fishing boat. He has a large brush in his hand and is busy varnishing the hull. On seeing you he climbs slowly down the ladder and lets out a high-pitched whistle, whereupon two vicious-looking dogs come bounding into the yard. They run over to the man and sit down at his feet, panting, their fierce eyes firmly fixed on you. "How can I help?" the man asks casually. If you want to ask him if he's interested in buying a boat, turn to **380**. If you want to ask him if he knows of a man called Garanka Vassell, turn to **102**.

289

The giant scarlet-coloured Dragon catches sight of you, and swoops down to blast you with its fiery breath. If you are carrying a shield, turn to **196**. If you do not have a shield, turn to **206**.

290

One of the pirates throws a rope down to you, yelling at you to climb on board. You are greeted by the captain, a rough-looking bearded man with an eye patch and a gold tooth. Surrounded by his men, he points his pistol at you and says, "Welcome on board. You'll be pleased to know that I'm a generous man, and I'm going to give you two choices. One, you give me everything you have and join my crew, or two, I kill you!" All his men start laughing and cheering, yelling at you to choose option two. If you want to surrender your possessions to the captain and join his crew, turn to **199**. If you would rather draw your sword and fight, turn to **168**.

291

Bobby's eyes light up at the mention of the word "assassin". He looks at his brother and says, "Brother Billy, didn't an assassin come knocking on our door yesterday asking if we'd seen the murderer on his 'Wanted' poster?"

"He most definitely did, brother Bobby. Now where did I put that poster?"

"It's in your back pocket, pea brain!"

"So it is. Let's have a look at it," Billy says excitedly. Holding it at arm's length, Billy squints, trying to focus

on the poster. He then brings it up close to his nose and starts cursing to himself. His brother snatches the poster from him and looks at it closely with his eyes scrunched up into tiny slits. "Bah, it's all too blurry. I can't focus my old eyes," Bobby blurts out in frustration. He turns the poster towards you and, tapping the face on it with a fat finger, says, "You down there, is this you?" If you want to reply that the person on the poster is you, turn to **349**. If you want to say it isn't you, turn to **300**.

292

The storekeeper rummages through all the drawers and shelves in his store but comes up empty-handed. "Sorry, I must have sold the last pair," he says with a shrug of the shoulders. If you want to buy some Provisions, turn to **64**. If you would rather leave the store and head east on foot, turn to **203**.

293

The woman slips through the crowd and runs down an alleyway up ahead on the left side of the street. You follow her down the alleyway, and immediately right under a stone archway and down a narrow passageway separating two old brick buildings. The woman suddenly stops and turns, and you see that the expression on her face has turned from being friendly to evil. Her piercing green eyes are firmly fixed on yours, and you feel unable to look away. You try to draw your sword, but your head starts to spin, making it hard to focus. "My name is Red Ruth and I too belong to the Scorpion Guild of Assassins. You are trapped by my Mind Control powers," she says coldly as she pulls out a long knife from inside her cloak. "I will be well rewarded for the gift I will deliver to Lord Azzur." If you are wearing a copper headband, turn to **344**. If you are not wearing a headband, turn to **158**.

294

You are about two-thirds of the way down the side of the cliff when one of the steps comes loose underfoot. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **112**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **27**.

295

With their leader dead, the other Wolves run off into the long grass, yelping loudly. You continue your walk north

and eventually come to the edge of the forest. It is a dark and foreboding forest with ancient gnarled trees and no doubt gruesome creatures lying in wait. "I wouldn't enter the Forest of Fiends if I were you," a voice calls out from above. "You might never come out." You look up and see a man no more than a metre high standing on a branch of an oak tree. He is wearing a floppy hat and a brown shirt. "Give me some food and I'll give you some advice," he says jovially. If you want to give the little man some of your Provisions, turn to **202**. If you would rather decline his offer and enter the forest, turn to **51**.

296

You tell the pirate to sit down and be quiet or else you will kick him overboard. Aware that the sea monster might reappear at any moment, you trim the sail and set a course. If you want to head due east towards the Red River estuary, turn to **345**. If you would rather sail southeast to Port Blacksand, turn to **393**.

297

There is a sign above the door of the hut which says FANG FERRY. You open the door to find a man slumped in a wooden chair lying face down on a table in a pool of blood with a dagger sticking out of his back. There is a message on the table written in blood with his finger which says, *Get Zeedle*. But it is too late to save the ferryman. You look outside to see the man in the rowing boat is still asleep and decide to ring the brass bell to wake him up. Turn to **39**.

298

You walk on, unaware that the woman has turned around to follow you. She creeps up on you silently from behind and, without warning, smashes you on the back of the head with a large stone. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You stagger forward, trying to clear your head. You manage to turn round to face her and she grabs your hand. You feel a shocking pain run up your arm and through your body which makes your heart beat uncomfortably quickly. Your hand is locked in hers, enveloped in a cloud of translucent green mist. The pain increases and becomes unbearable, but you are unable to pull your hand away. The woman tightens her grip and starts to laugh hysterically. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. "What a fool you are," she sneers. "Never turn your back on an assassin! My name is Gretta Morg of the Scorpion Guild of Assassins. The Death Hand

pain you are experiencing will, I regret to say, lead to your heart stopping in a minute. Tonight, I will return to Port Blacksand with your head and claim the bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur." If you were harmed by the Hand of Death on Snake Island, turn to **146**. If you did not touch the Hand of Death, turn to **379**.

299

The second finger of the skeleton hand is easier to prise away than the first. It snaps like a dry twig, which lifts your spirits and gives you the mental strength to snap off the remaining fingers. The fingerless hand falls to the ground, and you stamp down hard on it, crushing it underfoot, which causes the smoke cloud to disperse. You drop to your knees, exhausted and gasping for air. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Turn to **223**.

300

Billy looks annoyed and says, "That's not the answer I wanted. Methinks you are of no use to us. So, it's time to say goodbye with a game of Beat-the-Buss. These are the rules, so listen carefully. Brother Bobby and I are going to climb on to the roof. I should tell you he's got a blunderbuss. That's where the buss in Beat-the-Buss comes from, as in blunderbuss, if you're understanding me? I'm going to throw you a rope and count to twenty before brother Bobby starts shooting. All you have to do

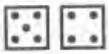

is climb out and hightail it for the wooden gate without being shot full of lead. Are you understanding me? Don't try any funny business or brother Bobby will shoot you right here and now." The brothers disappear and seconds later a thick length of rope drops down into the cellar. You catch hold of it and give it a tug. Satisfied it will bear your weight, you haul yourself out of the cellar. There is a ladder leading up to a skylight in the roof, through which you hear a voice counting, "Twelve . . . thirteen . . . fourteen. . ." and realize you must run for your life. You bolt for the door and run out of the farmhouse and down the path as fast as you can. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **90**. If you are not wearing Elven Boots, turn to **323**.

301

A look of sheer terror spreads across the man's face when you draw your sword, and he retreats slowly until his back is up against the wall. "I'm sorry, I wasn't being serious about you having to pay me," he says nervously. "In fact, let me give you another bottle of apple juice for your troubles. You seemed to enjoy the first one." He sees you frown at the mention of apple juice. "Ah yes, let me explain. My healing potion is actually apple juice. I must also confess that the apples I put on the table back there weren't poisonous either. I was just trying to think of new ways to make money from my apples. I have so many I don't know what

to do with them all. It's all I can do to give them away. I now realize the poisoned apple ruse was not such a good idea. Sorry." You put your sword away and the man looks at you sheepishly and hands you a bottle of apple juice from his cupboard. You take it from him and gulp down the refreshing juice. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to give him a coin in payment anyway, turn to **151**. If you want to leave the hut and carry on walking east, turn to **277**.

302

The captain helps you gather wood to make a fire and produces some salted beef and dried fruit from his boat. "Just in case you are hungry," he says with a grin, handing you the food. You enjoy a fine meal keeping warm by the fire and talking to the captain about Lord Azzur. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. It begins to rain hard, and with a cold wind whipping up, you retire to the hut for the night, taking it in turns to be on watch in case of unexpected visitors. You wake early the next morning to find the sun shining through the window to the sound of waves gently lapping on the beach. The captain is already on his boat, checking his gear and filling a barrel with fresh rainwater. A good breeze and a calm sea bodes well for a quick passage to the mainland. "I'm just going to see if I can find a piece of wood to make a new tiller for the rudder," the captain says on seeing you. "The old one is split, and we don't want to be out at sea

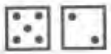

without being able to steer the boat! I'll be back soon." The captain heads off, leaving you to gather up your possessions, including Oleander Redfly's bow and quiver of arrows, which all have flights made of black feathers. You also take Redfly's prized weapon, her shimmering Astral Sword. Add 1 *SKILL* point. An hour passes, but the captain has still not returned, so you decide to go in search of him. You follow his footprints deep into the undergrowth and it isn't long before you find him. His limbs are held fast by thick vines, and the poor man is in terrible pain caused by a long tendril thrust down his throat. He has fallen foul of Hell's Bloodwort, a giant carnivorous plant. The Bloodwort snares its victims with its long vines which wrap around limbs like giant snakes, making escape virtually impossible. With its prey unable to move, a Bloodwort will force its long, proboscis-like tendril down a victim's throat to suck their blood from inside their body. The terrified captain appears doomed, and his muffled screams turn your blood cold. If you want to attack the Bloodwort to rescue the captain, turn to **43**. If you would rather run back to the beach, turn to **275**.

303

The man brings his horse to a halt. He looks you up and down and says in a gruff voice, "I'm headed north-east. For 2 Gold Pieces I'll take you to the log cabin that's about an hour's ride from here. Yes or no?" If you want to ride

with the horseman, turn to **153**. If you want to decline his offer and set off on foot, turn to **252**.

304

By now, the ship is almost on its side, and everything on deck that is not lashed down spills overboard. The pirate ship is beginning to break up, and there is nothing the pirates can do to stop it. Pulling yourself along the wooden deck rail hand-over-hand is exhausting, but you finally reach the stern. You waste no time and cut the tow rope with the cleaver and jump into the sea. When you surface, you see that the *Blue Moon* has drifted away some distance. You swim as hard as you can towards your boat and see that another pirate has the same idea. You hear the sound of the ship's mast breaking behind you, followed by the unnerving sound of bubbling air escaping from the upturned hull as it is dragged underwater by the giant sea monster. The pirate reaches the *Blue Moon* before you and scrambles on board. He starts to trim the flapping sail, determined to get away from the Kraken as quickly as possible. You call out to him to wait for you, but he ignores you. The only thing you can do is to throw your meat cleaver at him, a difficult shot whilst bobbing up and down on the open sea. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **7**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **119**.

305

You open the door just wide enough to look outside and are relieved to find that the Orcs are nowhere to be seen. You slip outside, closing the bark-covered door behind you, which fits into the trunk so snugly that nobody would know it was there. You make your way northwards through the trees to where the wood opens out on to a huge grass-covered plain where you see two paths. One path heads north towards a forest and the other leads off it and heads north-east towards a town in the far distance. If you want to follow the path north towards the forest, turn to **101**. If you want to follow the path north to the junction and turn north-east towards the town, turn to **200**.

306

The Decayer is a slow-moving but very dangerous creature. You must try to avoid it spitting on you since its acidic drool will burn you badly on contact with your skin. Your head is spinning from the noxious smell coming from its body, inhibiting your ability to fight. Reduce your *SKILL* by 2 points for this battle.

DECAYER	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

Each time the Decayer wins an *Attack Round*, lose 4 STAMINA points. If you win, turn to **97**.

307

As you approach the outskirts of Kaad, the path widens into a dirt road leading to the main entrance gates of town. You see a horse-drawn open carriage coming out through the gates driven by a man wearing a bowler hat and a tailored waistcoat over his crisp white shirt. Sitting bolt upright next to him, looking snootily down her nose with an air of grand superiority, is a rosy-cheeked woman wearing a floral hat and long baggy black dress. If you want to put your hand up to stop the carriage to talk to the woman, turn to **120**. If you want to keep your head down and enter Kaad, turn to **390**.

308

You manage to wriggle out from underneath the rope net before the Goblin has reached the ground. The Goblins are furious that you have escaped from their trap and leap forward to attack you with their short swords. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First GOBLIN	*5*	*6*
Second GOBLIN	*5*	*5*

If you win, turn to **283**.

It is Baron Sukumvit himself

309

You walk through the main gates, where colourful flags and bunting are hanging from all the buildings. There is a wild carnival atmosphere in town with everybody enjoying the Trial of Champions festivities. The streets are packed with people singing and dancing to the sounds of flutes, pipes and drums. When they see you arrive with Throm, the cheering crowd parts to make a path for you to walk to the Town Hall to register your entry. The officials warn you that your chances of surviving "The Walk", as it is known, are virtually nil, and you tell them that you understand. A violet scarf is tied to your arm and you are taken to a luxurious guest house, where you spend the rest of the day resting and recuperating. The next morning a servant takes you to the entrance of Deathtrap Dungeon, where five warriors are standing proudly in line, waving to the jubilant crowd. Throm is one of them. You nod at him and he acknowledges you with just the slightest movement of his head. Standing on a gold podium surrounded by Guards is a long, white-bearded man wearing lavish red robes and an enormous headdress. It is Baron Sukumvit himself, the Overlord of Fang and owner of the Deathtrap Dungeon. Standing just behind him is a formidable-looking figure whose face and body is totally concealed by clothing apart from his cold, ice-blue eyes. He is wearing a hooded cloak made of dark blue silk with gold fastenings and a thick gold chain

around his neck with a golden scorpion hanging from it. His face is hidden by long strips of blue silk wrapped tightly around his head, held in place by an emerald brooch on his forehead and a large golden scorpion brooch on his head. "Lord Azzur," you whisper to yourself. If you want to wait to be introduced to Baron Sukumvit, turn to **233**. If you want to leap on to the podium to attack Lord Azzur, turn to **65**.

310

With a strong easterly breeze helping, your voyage to Port Blacksand is quick and trouble free. The familiar rugged buildings of Port Blacksand come into view and it's not long before you are moored up alongside the harbour wall of the old port, notorious for the pirates, cutthroats and thieves who live there. Two rough-looking thugs with missing teeth and stubbly beards are standing on the

quay, watching you closely, and start whispering to each other. It's only a few days since you were last here, but now everything has changed, and you can't afford to trust anybody. If you want to ask them if they know of anybody who might want to buy your boat, turn to **48**. If you want to walk past them and enter the Black Lobster Tavern at the end of the quay, turn to **334**.

311

You stand over the fallen Orc breathing hard, but there is no time to search the body. You make your way quickly north to get as far away as you can from the Orcs before they realize what has happened. Just when you think you have escaped, a long blast on a hunting horn signals that you have been spotted by one of their scouts. You hear a loud roar behind you and the thunder of heavy footsteps of the band of Orcs giving chase. All you can do is run. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **241**. If you are wearing ordinary leather boots, turn to **18**.

312

The archer's aim is deadly accurate. An arrow sinks into your leg with a sickening thud. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Your attacker reloads and fires again, and you are hit a second time, this time in the midriff. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and roll one die and reduce your *STAMINA* by the number rolled. If you are still alive, turn to **348**.

313

When you touch her hand, a violent pain shoots up your arm. Her face lights up with evil glee, and she starts to laugh hysterically. You try to pull your hand away but are unable to do so. Your hands are locked together in a cloud of translucent green mist which grows in size and increases the pain which spreads to your chest. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. "What a gullible fool you are to believe I am Frances Fletcher," she sneers. "I'm afraid to say the real arrow maker had an unfortunate accident recently and is sadly no longer with us. My name is Gretta Morg. I am an assassin. The Death Hand pain you are experiencing will cause your heart to stop in a minute. Tonight, I will return to Port Blacksand with your head and claim the bounty of 1,000 Gold Pieces from Lord Azzur." If you were harmed by the Hand of Death on Snake Island, turn to **146**. If you didn't touch the Hand of Death, turn to **379**.

314

You run away from the crowd as fast as you can with their alarm calls echoing down the street. Four ARMED GUARDS run out of a building and block the street up

ahead, and you have no choice but to charge at them. You manage to slay one of the Guards before the crowd catches up and joins the fray. A blow to your head from a wooden club sends you crashing to the floor. Two of the Guards grab your arms and the other Guard takes your sword. Your feet are shackled, and you are dragged away to the cheers of the crowd. You are thrown in a dungeon cell, where you are chained to a wall to await the arrival of the Earl of Kaad who, you are told, will decide whether or not to hand you over to Lord Azzur. When the Earl finally arrives, you can tell from the stern faces of the Guards behind him that it is not good news. Your worst fears are confirmed when he tells you solemnly that you will be taken in chains to Executioner's Square in Port Blacksand. Your adventure is over.

315

You swing your sword through the darkness, and feel it strike home. A man's muffled cry breaks the silence, and you hear the intruder stumble backwards. You step forward and strike again. Although injured, the intruder is a skilful KNIFE FIGHTER who is very agile and light on his feet. You must fight him in total darkness!

KNIFE FIGHTER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **174**.

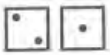

316

The woman shuts the door quickly behind her just as the Orcs appear on the top of the hill. The bark-covered door fits into the trunk so snugly that nobody would know it was there. You run on with the Orcs charging down the hill after you in hot pursuit. You weave your way through the trees, dashing quickly through the wood thanks to your Elven Boots. Unable to catch you, the Orcs give up their chase and start fighting between themselves again. The wood eventually opens out on to a huge grass-covered plain where you see two paths. One path heads north towards a forest and the other leads off it and heads north-east towards a town in the distance. If you want to take the path north towards the forest, turn to **101**. If you want to follow this path as far as the junction and take the new path towards the town, turn to **200**.

317

The storekeeper shakes his head and says, "I don't think I've got a pair of Elven Boots in stock, but let me have a

look, you never know." *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **170**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **292**.

318

You slide the gold band up your sword arm and over your bicep. It fits perfectly but it feels like it is burning your skin. If you want to keep it on, turn to **57**. If you would rather take it off and place it in your backpack, turn to **139**.

319

You shake the purse and hear what sounds like coins rattling inside. You loosen the leather string tie and empty out 12 Gold Pieces on to the palm of your hand. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You happily pocket the coins and decide what to do. If you have not done so already, you can either open the silver box (turn to **377**) or close the chest and scour the beach in the hope of finding something of interest (turn to **231**).

320

You jump on to a barrel near the wall. One of the Giant Rats leaps up and sinks its sharp teeth into your boot just as the chasing crowd enters the alleyway led by four ARMED GUARDS. You try kicking out to shake the Rat off your boot, but only succeed in making the barrel wobble. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **212**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **72**.

321

You see that the woman was wearing the same silver necklace and scorpion pendant as the other assassins who tried to kill you. You take it from her neck and put it in your pocket. You also help yourself to her arrows and 2 Gold Pieces in her pocket before setting off east again, wondering how many more assassins you will have to face before this nightmare is over. Turn to **45**.

322

The ring fits perfectly on your middle finger. Minutes later it begins to feel very tight on your finger. You try to take it off but are unable to do so. It continues to tighten, causing your finger to turn purple and go completely numb. There was a reason why your attacker was not wearing the ring, and now there is nothing you can do to take it off. The ring is cursed. Lose 1 *SKILL* point, 1 *STAMINA* point and 2 *LUCK* points. You begin your quest for food on the third day feeling annoyed with yourself. Turn to **11**.

323

You hear a loud bang behind you and feel a terrible pain in the back of your leg, which has been peppered by lead shot.

Lose 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, you stagger on with a burning pain in your leg and manage to reach the farmhouse gate before Bobby has time to fire again. You turn around to see the twins sitting on the roof, with Bobby holding his blunderbuss in the air, a wisp of white smoke drifting out of the barrel. They give you the thumbs up and begin laughing so hard that they almost fall off the roof. You decide it best to leave them to it and bandage your leg before heading for Kaad. Turn to **307**.

324

You hand over the Elven Boots to the Gnome, who quickly kicks off his old boots and pulls the new ones on. He stands up and runs around in a circle at high speed, clapping his hands with glee. He gives you 10 Gold Pieces and asks you where you are going. You reply that you are heading north. "Well, if you haven't been there before, you should definitely visit Kaad since it's on your way. You won't forget it. Most people who live there are pig-poo crazy, and some of them are as mad as a box of frogs!" You thank the Gnome for his advice and set off again. Turn to **179**.

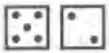

325

The Dragon loses sight of you under the cover of the thick foliage of the trees and starts blasting the ground randomly with balls of fire, hoping to hit you. But it soon tires and flies off east in search of prey elsewhere. With the coast clear, you head west back to your hut on the other side of the island. Turn to **217**.

326

You reach down to loosen your attacker's silk neckerchief, and your suspicions are quickly confirmed when you see the silver necklace and scorpion pendant around his neck. You break the chain and place the pendant in your pocket. A search of the assassin's pockets yields 1 Gold Piece and a small bottle of deadly poison which you decide to keep. You leave the gardens and walk left along Fountain Street as far as the junction with Bell Street. There is a large group of people up ahead, some of them armed with clubs and pitchforks, who you suspect might be looking for you. Your time in Kaad has been a battle for survival, and rather than risk getting into any more fights, you turn right into Bell Street and head for the main gates, trying to avoid attention as you hurry along. Bell Street runs into Clock Street, which leads you to the

market square and on down Crown Street and the main gates. There aren't many people about other than a few merchants leaving town after a long day at the market. As you walk out through the gates, a mean-looking man in a hooded black cloak and a bow and quiver of arrows slung over his shoulder rides past you on a black horse. He glances down at you as he passes by and spits on the ground. If you want to ask him for a ride, turn to **303**. If you want to carry on walking, turn to **252**.

327

The general store is a large wooden building set back from the river some twenty metres. It has wide steps leading up to a porch where there are several wooden barrels and two rocking chairs. A glazed wooden door leads into the store itself. You bound up the steps but are stopped in your tracks when you see a "Wanted" poster on the wall by the door with your face drawn on it. If you still want to enter the store, turn to **23**. If you would rather not risk going in, and head east on foot instead, turn to **203**.

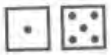

328

You walk east along the edge of the forest, mindful of any creatures lurking in the shadows. An hour later you see the skyline of Kaad only a short distance beyond the forest. Looking south, you see a wide expanse of grasslands which form the westernmost part of the Pagan Plains. Whilst you are surveying the land, you do not notice a large Spider drop down on to your shoulder from the tree you are standing under. Suddenly you feel something on your neck. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **256**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **210**.

329

You slip over the side of the boat and grab hold of the rudder, keeping your head down as low to the water as possible to avoid being seen. The loose sail starts to flap around noisily in the wind. You hear voices coming from the pirate ship with the crew arguing about how the *Blue Moon* came to be drifting at sea with nobody on board. A gruff voice suddenly barks out an order: "Shut up, you dogs! One of you throw out a grappling hook and pull that boat in! We'll tow it to Port Blacksand and sell it." You hear the iron hook land on the boat and catch under the bench seat on the foredeck. Your boat is pulled to the back of the pirate ship, where it is tied on before turning for Port Blacksand. You find yourself being dragged along at speed, and it is all you can do to hang on. If you want to

give yourself up to the pirates, turn to **290**. If you want to climb back on board the *Blue Moon* and hope you are not seen, turn to **385**.

330

The passageway leads into Bell Street, which is lined on both sides with old houses and shops. Looking left, you see that the street ends at a junction. Looking right, you see a crossroads where there are some people standing around talking. If you want to go left up Bell Street, turn to **123**. If you want to walk towards the crossroads, turn to **226**.

331

You sling the coil of rope over your shoulder and walk over to the cupboard at the back of the cave. Turn to **187**.

332

You have stepped on an animal trap, but luckily your foot didn't trigger the spring holding the jagged iron jaws apart. You decide to spring the trap with the tip of your sword and render it useless. You continue on your way and eventually come to a rickety old gate on the right which has a large sign nailed to it with the words BOGG FARM – BOG OFF painted on it. A gravel path leads from the gate to an old farmhouse, which sits in the middle of a small field separated from the grassland by a wooden fence. There is a stone post next to the gate with an arrow carved on it pointing towards the town and the words KAAD – 1 MILE underneath. From this distance, Kaad looks like it is a small town. The buildings are few in number and are mostly one or two storeys high except a stone tower in the centre of town. If you want to open the gate and walk up the path to the farmhouse, turn to **70**. If you would rather continue on to Kaad, turn to **307**.

333

You tap the man on the shoulder, which wakes him up with a start. "Whoa!" he says, leaping to his feet. "Thief! Robber! Help! What do you want? I've got nothing worth stealing. I'm just a poor apple grower," he splutters out, trembling. You calm him down and tell him you just want to buy a Potion of Healing. "Ah, I see. I'm afraid I don't have any healing potions. My so-called healing potion is actually apple juice. And I should say that the apples I put on the table back there weren't poisonous either. I was just trying to think of new ways to make money from my apples. I have so many I don't know what to do with them. It's all I can do to give them away. I now realize the poisoned apple ruse was not such a good idea. But I'm penniless and desperate. I'd be very grateful if you would buy a bottle of my apple juice. It's quite delicious. A Gold Piece would be very generous of you, but a silver coin would do." The man picks up the bottle of apple juice and hands it to you, looking sheepish. You take it from him and gulp down the tasty contents. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to pay him, turn to **151**. If you want to leave the hut and carry on walking east, turn to **277**.

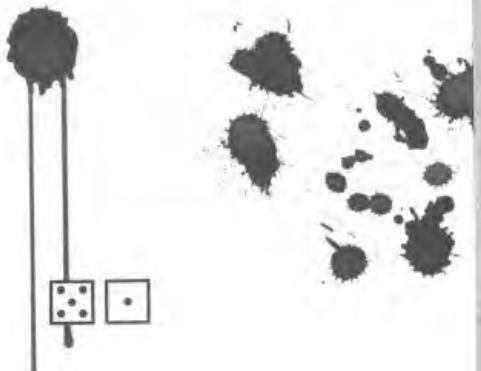

334

The Black Lobster is like most taverns in Port Blacksand, full of pickpockets, crooks, thieves, tricksters, card sharps and charlatans looking to relieve drunken sailors, boat builders and fishermen of their money. When you open the door, your nostrils are assaulted by an unpleasant mix of old ale, stale body odour and cheap perfume. The tavern is buzzing with activity. Behind the wooden bar stands a stern-looking giant of a man wearing a dirty apron over his white vest who goes by the name of Grim. He has large gold earrings in both ears, and his chest and arms are covered in tattoos. The innkeeper eyes you suspiciously as you approach the bar, where you see a "Wanted" poster pinned on the wall behind him. If you want to talk to the innkeeper, turn to **367**. If you would rather talk to the barmaid who is walking towards you laden with mugs of ale, turn to **149**.

335

The old woman nods enthusiastically when you take off your boots and signals her approval by giving you a thumbs up. You wave back at her and walk on barefooted, following the map down Quiet Street to where it ends at a T-junction. You put your boots back on and turn right into Fountain Street to walk to the Public Gardens up ahead on the left. Turn to **268**.

336

The bees continue to sting you as you scramble down the tree. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You run back through the undergrowth as fast as you can until you reach the cliff edge once more. Your face is puffed up with the angry welts caused by the bee stings, blurring your vision. Lose 1 *SKILL* point. The pain is unbearable, but there is no time to lose. You must chance running down the steps to the beach to escape the bees. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **248**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **272**.

337

You find it impossible to breathe as the bony fingers sink deeper into your throat. With your windpipe blocked, your face turns deep red. Try as you might, you are unable to dislodge the skeleton hand from your throat. You soon pass out and never regain consciousness. Your adventure is over.

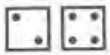

338

The man glares at you, and says, "You're lying. Old Sam never played cards. He didn't know how to. I'm guessing you stole his boat. I've got no time for the likes of you. Be off with you or I'll set my dogs on you." The vicious-looking dogs sense the mood of their owner turning sour and start snarling and barking loudly. Not wishing to get into an unnecessary fight, you set off east on foot at a brisk pace. Turn to **203**.

339

Otto tells you not to worry if you hear any sounds in the night. The creatures outside will not be able to get inside the cabin. After paying Otto, you retire to your room, locking the door behind you. You place a chair against the door handle to make extra sure nobody can enter before finally flopping on top of the bed and falling into a deep sleep. You wake early the next morning and look out of the window to view the scrubland of the Pagan Plain, which stretches out as far as you can see. You go downstairs, where Otto is laying a table for breakfast. He turns to you and says, "Would bread, butter, cheese, jam and a jug of water be to your satisfaction?" You nod in approval and

are soon enjoying a hearty breakfast in preparation for the new day. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. When you are about to leave, Otto asks you where you are headed to. You reply that you are on your way to Fang. "Not another one!" he says jovially. "It's that time of the year, I guess. The best way to go is to follow the trail just north of here, which will take you to the ferryman, who will row you across the River Kok for 1 Gold Piece. I wouldn't risk swimming across if I were you." You thank Otto for his hospitality and set off at a brisk pace. You soon pick up the trail and press on, eager to reach Fang by noon. Turn to **378**.

340

You soon realize that there are just too many of them to fight if you want to live to see another day. You cut two of them down, but another pirate slashes your arm with his cutlass. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You have no choice but to jump over the back of the boat and swim to the *Blue Moon*. Turn to **24**.

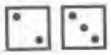

He has a large nose and particularly large ears

341

You walk through the open door of the tavern, wary of any unexpected surprises. There is a stairwell straight ahead, down which Garanka Vassell came running only moments ago. To your right there is a large bar room with just a solitary customer sitting at a table drinking from a pewter mug. He is a thin man in ragged clothing with wiry hair sticking out in every direction. He looks at you for a moment, and then looks away. Behind the bar stands a very tall man in a brightly patterned waistcoat. He has a large nose and particularly large ears. He places his hands on the bar, leans forward, and says in a stern voice, "I saw what happened out there. It's all very well for you to go killing off an evil assassin, but he was a customer of mine. Who is going to pay me for his room? Somebody owes me 2 Gold Pieces and that somebody is going to have to be you! If you pay Vassell's bill, I'll give you a bit of advice for your trouble." Will you:

Pay 2 Gold Pieces to Tall Tom?	Turn to **26**
Leave the tavern and head north?	Turn to **133**
Leave the tavern and continue east?	Turn to **157**

342

Before you are able to untangle yourself from the net, the second Goblin jumps down from the tree to join his accomplice. You feel a blow to the back of your head and slump to the ground unconscious. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. When you wake up sometime later, you discover that all your Gold Pieces have been taken, and the Goblins are nowhere to be seen. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. You pick yourself up and set off east along the path, nursing a pounding headache. Turn to **244**.

343

As soon as you touch the skeleton hand, it flies off the nail and grips you by the throat with its bony fingers squeezing hard on your windpipe, making you gasp for air. The more you try to pull it off, the tighter it grips your throat. Arcane magic from a spell cast long ago gave the Hand of Death its deadly powers. Lose 1 *SKILL* point, 1 LUCK point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **159**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **46**.

344

Your dizziness stops as quickly as it started. The copper headband you are wearing is an ancient Mind Shield artefact which blocks Red Ruth's mental powers. She curses when she sees you recover and draw your sword. Howling with anger, she lunges forward to strike you with her long knife. You must fight the Assassin!

RED RUTH	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **33**.

345

Apart from Blood Sharks circling you at one point, the voyage to the mainland passes without incident. A strong easterly wind ensures a swift passage, and a few hours later the rugged Allansian coastline comes into view. The cliffs are quite high, but you see an estuary directly ahead which you recognize as the entrance to Red River. You don't speak to the pirate during the voyage, and it's only when you get close to land that you tell him that you are going to set him free, even though he does not deserve it. You untie him and tell him to swim to the shore. He protests, but you boot him overboard and sail on. You are soon at the mouth of the river, where you see two wooden buildings on the northern bank. You steer the *Blue Moon* over to the bank and jump out. It feels great to be back on

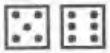

dry land, but you are also very aware that Lord Azzur has his best assassins hunting you down, looking to relieve you of your head. If only Captain Crow had told you who the other assassins were before he died, you would have been better prepared. Now everybody you meet could be the next assassin for all you know. But at least you should recognize Garanka Vassell when you see him. You walk towards the buildings, which you note are a boatyard and a general store. Thinking you might be able to sell the *Blue Moon*, you decide to visit the boatyard first. Turn to **288**.

346

You slide the ring on to your finger and feel a tingling sensation in your hand. You are wearing a Ring of Fortune. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **218**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **273**.

347

You salute the Baron with gritted teeth and walk over to the entrance of the dungeon to take your place alongside your fellow contestants. Turn to **400**.

348

Grimacing with pain, you pull the arrows from your leg and chest. You grit your teeth and draw your sword, and limp over to fight your attacker, who throws back her

hood to reveal the unmistakable features of a DARK ELF PRIESTESS. Her neck is covered with tattoos of writhing serpents and her long ice-white hair is tied up high on her head. She is wearing studded leather armour with iron-plated shoulder pads. Staring at you with cold, amethyst-blue eyes, she draws her long sword slowly from its scabbard, a shimmering blade made of the finest Salamonian steel enveloped in a swirling mist of vivid colours. Swinging it skilfully above her head, the Dark Elf advances towards you, meeting your sword with a clash of steel, her chilling war cry sending a shiver down your spine.

DARK ELF PRIESTESS	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **61**.

349

Bobby slaps his thigh and says, "Ka-boom! I think we've struck gold, brother Billy! That assassin said he would pay us 10 Gold Pieces if we caught the villain he was looking for. Go out to the back yard and ring the brass bell three times like he told you to." Bobby pulls the trapdoor back up and bolts it shut, and you find yourself in total darkness again. You hear the shrill sound of a bell ring out three times. All you can do is draw your sword and wait to see what happens. Some fifteen minutes later the trapdoor

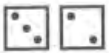

drops down and you see three people looking down at you – the Bogg brothers and a long-haired BARBARIAN who is wearing a fur cloak over leather armour and brandishing two double-edged axes made of polished steel. "You did well, boys," the Barbarian says in a deep voice.

"When are you going to pay us?" asks Billy.

"I'm not going to pay you! The bounty will be mine. Dax the Axe shares his spoils with no one."

"Well, that's not fair," Billy says angrily. "And we don't take kindly to people who are mean to us."

Bobby suddenly produces a blunderbuss from out of the rubbish pile and points it at the assassin. "You've got five seconds to jump into the cellar or I'll let you have it, and I promise you things get a bit messy at this range. One . . . two . . . three. . ." The Barbarian sneers and leaps down into the cellar, landing perfectly on his feet. He roars in anger and swings his axes at you.

DAX THE AXE	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **103**.

350

You flinch on seeing a puff of white smoke shoot out of the barrel of the pistol. At such short range, the captain cannot miss. The lead ball hits you in the midriff, with the force knocking you over. Lose 1 *SKILL* point. Roll two dice and

reduce your *STAMINA* by the total. If you are still alive, turn to **81**.

351

You pay the storekeeper 5 Gold Pieces, pull on the new boots, and pack away your old boots. You walk outside and run a short distance and are amazed how fast you can run. You go back inside the store, where the storekeeper is waiting for you with a smile on his face. "Believe me now, do you? Before you march off in your new boots, you might like to buy some food. You look like you are very hungry. I make the best bread in the land, and stock the best cheese and tomatoes you have ever tasted. I'll sell you a fresh loaf, a big chunk of cheese and some ripe tomatoes for just 1 Gold Piece. If you need something special to put the food in, I'll also sell you a wizard's backpack for a bargain price of 4 Gold Pieces. It's a rare Bag of Everything. No matter what you put in it, it will always feel as light as a feather." Will you:

Buy the food for 1 Gold Piece?	Turn to **105**
Buy the food and the backpack for 5 Gold Pieces?	Turn to **364**
Decline his offer?	Turn to **215**

352

You manage to slay one of the Guards but are overwhelmed by the sheer weight of numbers of the crowd. The blow from a wooden club to your head sends you crashing to the floor. You are lying sprawled out in the rubbish, dazed and confused. Two of the Guards grab your arms and the other one takes your sword. Your feet are shackled, and you are dragged away to the cheers of the crowd. It's not long before you find yourself chained to a wall of a dark dungeon cell, awaiting the arrival of the Earl of Kaad, who, you are told, will decide whether or not to hand you over to Lord Azzur. When he finally arrives, you can tell from the stern faces of Guards behind him that it is not good news. Your worst fears are confirmed when the Earl tells you solemnly that you will be taken in chains to Executioner's Square in Port Blacksand. Your adventure is over.

353

You break off another piece of honeycomb, but before you are able to eat the honey, you are engulfed by a swarm of angry bees. They begin stinging you all over, and painful red welts form on your skin. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. If you want to try and fight them off, turn to **108**. If you would rather climb down the tree and run back to the beach to dive into the sea, turn to **336**.

354

When you come to, the market square is virtually deserted, and the old man is nowhere to be seen. You are annoyed at yourself for rashly attacking the Monk and you are even more annoyed when you discover that all your Gold Pieces have been taken. Lose 2 *LUCK* points. You pick yourself up and hobble across the market square to Clock Street. Turn to **140**.

355

You glance at the titles of the books on the shelves. They are all books on magic with intriguing titles like *The Secrets of Sorcerers* and *The Grimoire of Magic Missiles*, but the one that really catches your eye is a small, red leather-bound ancient tome held shut by a brass clasp. The book is entitled *The End of Time*, which is printed in large gold-leaf lettering on the cover. If you want to open the book, turn to **12**. If you want to walk up the stairs and go back outside, turn to **305**.

356

You feel a draught of cool air on your face caused by the door opening and quickly closing again. You hear a floorboard creak, which confirms somebody has entered the hut. If you want to call out to whoever it might be, turn to **281**. If you want to toss a coin on the floor to distract the intruder, turn to **100**.

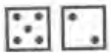

357

Silence descends over the crowd. Azzur plays to the audience, rubbing his chin as though appearing to be deep in thought. "That's a good number," he says coldly. "But it's not good enough!" Turn to **25**.

358

You soon arrive at an old wooden hut, where you see a barrel on the porch with a note pinned to it which says POISON APPLE ALERT! HEALING POTIONS FOR SALE HERE. If you have recently eaten an apple and want to go in the hut, turn to **176**. If you want to carry on walking east, turn to **277**.

359

The Decayer spits at you as you run past it. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **17**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **131**.

360

The noise of your boots on the cobblestones is the only sound in the street. Everybody nearby turns to look at you, some of them pointing at your boots and putting their index fingers to their lips, gesturing for you to be quiet. Two high wooden gates up ahead on the right suddenly burst open, and a bare-chested GIANT storms out on to the street with a wooden club in his hand, his

face contorted with rage. He is wearing a pair of ragged brown trousers tied at the waist with thick rope. Roaring with anger, he scans the street, looking for the person who disturbed his peace. He looks down, catches sight of your boots and raises his club in the air. You must battle the GIANT and ask questions later.

GIANT	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **178**.

361

Your hopes of sailing away from danger are quickly dashed when a gigantic tentacle rises out of the sea, no more than twenty metres in front of you. Another tentacle rises out of the sea, then another, and another, until there are eight of them towering above you. Your boat is about to be attacked by a KRAKEN, a giant sea monster which has a colossal squid-like body, two huge eyes and a beaked mouth. You hear booming explosions from the pirate ship's cannon as two cannonballs whistle overhead towards the Kraken, one of them taking a big chunk out of one of its tentacles. The monster thrashes around in the sea and wraps one of its giant tentacles around the *Blue Moon*'s mast. It pulls the boat over and drags it down to the depths of the ocean with you on board. Your adventure is over.

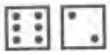

A fearless and fanatical fighter armed with throwing spears

362

You ask the woman where she is going, and she replies that she's on her way to the general store to sell some arrows. She explains that she is a fletcher "by name and by profession". She claims to make the finest arrows in the land, saying, "Ask any bowman around here. They will all tell you that Frances Fletcher's arrows fly long and true. Would you like to buy some and save me the walk to the general store? They are only 2 Gold Pieces for six." If you want to buy six arrows, turn to **250**. If you would rather politely refuse her offer and carry on walking east, turn to **279**.

363

There is a gap up ahead in the tall grass on the right where a path joins the path you are on. A cloud of dust rises into the air from somebody or something running towards you along the path from the east. You reach the junction and see a tall, barefooted warrior woman sprinting towards you. She has striking silver markings covering much of her bronzed skin and her hair is close-cropped and dyed scarlet-red. She is a ZENGIAN ULTRA, a fearless and fanatical fighter armed with throwing spears. She lets out a shrill war cry and throws her spear at you. If you have a shield, turn to **2**. If you don't have a shield, turn to **169**.

364

After you pay him 5 Gold Pieces, the storekeeper hands you the food, which will add 4 *STAMINA* points when eaten. You put all your possessions into the Bag of Everything and marvel at how light it is. Combat will be easier from now on. Add 1 *SKILL* point. You thank the storekeeper and decide what to do next. If you want to ask him if he has heard of Garanka Vassell, turn to **229**. If you want to leave the store and head east on foot, turn to **203**.

365

There is a pile of stones in a dark recess in the cave wall. You remove the top layer and uncover a wooden chest with ornate brass hinges. You pick up the chest and carry it over to the mouth of the cave to examine it in the daylight. The lid is inlaid with a skull-and-crossbones motif made of mother-of-pearl. The chest does not appear to be locked. If you want to open the chest, turn to **56**. If you would rather scour the beach, turn to **231**.

366

"Nobody defies an order in the court of Sukumvit of Fang!" the Baron shouts out angrily. He snaps his fingers and his elite Guards rush forward to rain blow after blow down on you with their iron maces, clubbing you to the ground. Your hands are shackled behind your back, and you are made to stand bleeding and battered in front of

the baying crowd to await your fate. Lord Azzur stares at you contemptuously, his head nodding slightly with satisfaction. The Baron turns to his guest and says, "My sincere apologies for this outrage, my dear Lord Azzur. As punishment, might I suggest we put this criminal in the iron gibbet hanging from the gallows in the town square and let the hungry crows do the rest?" Lord Azzur gives his approval with a simple gesture of the hand. You are dragged from the podium and you see Throm staring at you with a look of puzzlement on his face. What will become of him you will never know, but for you the gallows await. Your adventure is over.

367

You sit down on a bar stool and place your knife on the bar where everybody can see it. The innkeeper sidles up to you and says in a gruff, matter-of-fact voice, "Swords and knives are not allowed to be unsheathed in the Lobster. Hand it over." If you want to do as he says, turn to **84**. If you want to refuse to hand over your knife, turn to **253**.

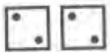

368

You poke your head out from behind the tree and call out to the assassin. He replies by firing his crossbow, but the bolt thuds into the trunk of the tree. You hear him curse before disappearing from view. Moments later a heavily built man storms out of the tavern, screaming at the top of his voice, and charges at you like a raging bull, swinging a two-handed sword above his head. The deadly assassin is wearing a chain mail vest and you must fight him. Turn to **53**.

369

You hear a rustling sound in the long grass to your right. If you want to investigate, turn to **228**. If you would rather keep heading towards town, turn to **189**.

370

You climb carefully up the tree to where the hive is hanging from a branch. You hear a faint buzzing sound, but you are fairly certain there can only be a few bees inside the hive. You poke the tip of your sword inside and break off a piece of honeycomb. You reach into the hive and pull out the honeycomb, which is dripping with thick golden honey. Slavering in anticipation, you cram a chunk of the honeycomb into your mouth, sucking out the deliciously sweet nectar and feeling instantly energized. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. You are about to break off

another piece of honeycomb when you hear the ominous buzzing sound of the swarm of bees returning to the hive. If you want to reach for the honeycomb, turn to **353**. If you would rather climb quickly down the tree and run back to your hut, turn to **147**.

371

The blacksmith's bushy eyebrows rise up when you tell him about your recent encounters with Lord Azzur's assassins. "That is terrible!" he says with genuine concern. "Azzur was in Kaad yesterday, spreading lies and buying favours. A plague be on him. I put new shoes on his carriage horse and he didn't bother paying me before leaving town. I'm not sure if it has anything to do with you, but he had two people with him who he dropped off. One was a woman in a red hooded cloak. Her icy stare made me feel quite uncomfortable. Ruth was her name. Red Ruth. The other was a short, stocky man with narrow eyes who looked like he was from the East, maybe Kay-Pong. I remember he was carrying a black stick and had a strange name. I think Azzur called him Tunku Yang." You thank the blacksmith for the information and go back outside to walk down the side passage. Turn to **330**.

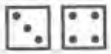

372

You stand up and tell Sidd that you are not going to pay him. "That's not very nice of you," he says with a hurt expression on his face. "You might live to regret that decision. Or you might not live long enough to regret it!" Sidd turns his back on you and stares out of the window. A black cat suddenly jumps on to the bar and stares at you and hisses. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. Tall Tom has a face like thunder, and points at the door and tells you to leave. You walk outside and think about which way to go. If you want to head north, turn to **133**. If you want to continue east, turn to **157**.

373

The lightning strikes the sea a short distance away, but it is too close for comfort for Captain Crow. "I'm turning the boat around whether you like it or not," he screams at you into the wind. "We're going back to Snake Island!" He pulls on the tiller with all his might, forcing the mainsail to swing across the deck as the boat goes about, shuddering noisily when the ropes twang taut in their cleats. Battling against the giant waves, the captain looks relieved to be heading back, but it is another hour before you make landfall, just as the wind dies down. The captain looks at you and says sternly, "I don't care what you say, we're staying on the island tonight!" You nod in agreement and praise the captain for getting you back to the island safely, and suggest you make a fire to get warm. Turn to **302**.

374

The man stumbles when firing his crossbow and a small arrow thumps into the wall behind you. Realizing there is no time for him to reload his crossbow, he draws a sabre from his belt and lunges at you, shouting, "I, Blackthorn of Chalice, will see your head delivered to Lord Azzur." You must fight him.

BLACKTHORN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **109**.

375

The boat man pulls out a small leather purse from his clothing and counts out 20 Gold Pieces into your hand. "That's a fair price for a fair boat," he says, smiling. He shakes your hand, bids you farewell, and walks back into his yard, whistling happily with his dogs following faithfully behind. If you now want to go in the general store, turn to **327**. If you would rather head east on foot, turn to **203**.

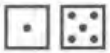

376

Your backpack is weighing you down and the Orcs are closing in fast. If you want to drop your backpack, turn to **83**. If you want to keep on running with it on, turn to **8**.

377

You shake the silver box and hear something rattle inside. You open it up and find two small sparkling diamonds. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You close the lid and put the box in your pocket. There are also two small corked bottles in the chest. One is a clear glass bottle containing red ink. The other is a brown bottle with a label on it with the words "Worm Paste" handwritten in faded red ink. You must decide whether or not to keep the bottles. If you have not done so already, you can either open the leather purse (turn to **319**) or scour the beach in the hope of finding something useful (turn to **231**).

378

Your walk along the trail is uneventful and you reach the banks of the River Kok by late morning. The river is wide and fast-running. Looking north, you see the town of Fang set against the stunning backdrop of the snow-capped Icefinger Mountains in the distance. Just to your right, there is a small wooden hut close to a wooden jetty which has a rowing boat tied to it. There is somebody lying in the boat who appears to be asleep. If you want to ring the brass

bell on the pier to wake the sleeping man, turn to **39**. If you want to look inside the hut, turn to **297**.

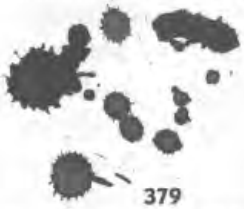

379

The pain gradually increases, building in intensity until it is unbearable. Your heart pounds inside your chest, beating faster and faster until you think it is about to explode. You scream in agony before blacking out, and never regain consciousness. Your adventure is over.

380

The man looks at you intensely, as though trying to remember where he's seen you before. He frowns and purses his lips in thought, and says, "I might be interested, it depends. You better show me the boat." You lead the man to the *Blue Moon*. He jumps on board and inspects it briefly for seaworthiness. "She's a fine boat, no doubt about it, but the last time I saw the *Blue Moon*, she belonged to Samuel Crow. I can't imagine old Sam would ever sell her. How come you claim to be the owner?" If you want to reply that Captain Crow died on Snake Island, turn to **136**. If you want to reply that you won the boat from the captain playing cards, turn to **338**.

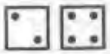

381

Billy stares down at you and says, "We don't like what we are hearing, stranger. If you can't do right by us, we can't do right by you. So, we are going to let you play Beat-the-Buss. These are the rules, so listen carefully. Brother Bobby and I are going to climb on to the roof. I should tell you he's got a blunderbuss. That's where the buss in Beat-the-Buss comes from, as in blunderbuss, if you're getting me? I'm going to throw you a rope and count to twenty before brother Bobby starts shooting. All you have to do is climb out and hightail it for the wooden gate without being shot full of lead. Are you understanding me? Don't try any funny business or brother Bobby will shoot you right here and now." The brothers disappear and seconds later a thick length of rope drops down into the cellar. You catch hold of it and give it a tug. Satisfied it will bear your weight, you haul yourself out of the cellar. There is a ladder leading up to a skylight in the roof, through which you hear a voice counting, "Twelve . . . thirteen . . . fourteen. . ." and realize you must run for your life. You bolt for the door and run out of the farmhouse and down the path as fast as you can. If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **90**. If you are not wearing Elven Boots, turn to **323**.

382

Half an hour later, you finally get a tug on your fishing line. *Test Your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **278**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **142**.

383

The man puts his hands together and says, "It's about time! I thought you were never going to arrive. Please come in. My cellar is infested with rats. I think they are getting in through a broken drain. The cellar is at the bottom of the stairs, which are through the door at the back of the room over there." You walk over to the door and go down a stone staircase to another door at the bottom. You listen at the door and hear lots of scratching and squeaking sounds coming from the other side. You open the door to a storeroom where you see hundreds of rats crawling all over the shelves, sacks, boxes and barrels in the room. If you have a flute, turn to **280**. If you do not have a flute, turn to **219**.

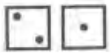

384

You hand over your boots to the Gnome, who hurriedly kicks off his old boots and pulls the new ones on. He stands up and runs around in a circle, clapping his hands with glee. He gives you 1 Gold Piece and asks you where you are going. You reply that you are heading north on a mission. "Well, if you haven't been there before, you should definitely visit Kaad since you are heading that way. You won't forget it. The people who live there are pig-poo crazy!" You thank the Gnome for his advice and set off again. Turn to **179**.

385

You climb over the side of the boat and lie down in the bottom. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **209**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **134**.

386

Balthazar's eyes light up at the mention of the box. He clasps his hands together and says, "What wonderful news! The box was stolen from here yesterday and I thought I was never going to see it again. Please come in." You follow Balthazar into a large stone-walled room which has a door in the far wall. You take the wooden box out of your backpack and place it on the table in the centre of the room. "I'm going to open the box, so please stand back. There is a secret spring-loaded dart in the catch which I'm

going to disable. There, it's done," Balthazar says with a relieved expression on his face. He empties the contents of the box on to the table, which amount to 10 Gold Pieces, two long brass clock hands and a gold signet ring with a question mark engraved on it. "The new clock hands are safe! What a relief. I cannot thank you enough. Please accept 5 Gold Pieces as a reward," he says cheerfully. You accept the Gold Pieces and watch Balthazar start to polish the clock hands feverishly. If you want to ask if he has seen Lord Azzur in town, turn to **167**. If you would rather bid him farewell and turn right up Clock Street, turn to **89**.

387

You are exhausted after the long sword fight and take a moment to get your breath back. You empty Vassell's pockets and find 3 Gold Pieces. When you pull down his tunic collar, you see the now familiar scorpion assassin pendant hanging on a chain around his neck. You snap the chain and put the pendant in your pocket. Will you now:

Try on his chain mail vest?	Turn to **246**
Go in the tavern?	Turn to **341**
Head north along a new path?	Turn to **133**
Continue your journey east?	Turn to **157**

The beggar continues to rattle his tin mug

388

You land on a patch of soft sand and injure yourself, suffering a twisted ankle and a cracked rib. Lose 2 *SKILL* points and 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, turn to **392**.

389

With his head bowed, the beggar continues to rattle his tin mug. As soon as you put your hand in your pocket to find a coin, he drops his mug and throws off his blanket to reveal a sword held in the hand you thought was missing! With steely-cold eyes and a sinister smile, he lunges forward with his sword and stabs you in the leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. Your attacker is an ELITE SWORDSMAN who lunges forward to strike you again.

ELITE SWORDSMAN	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **190**.

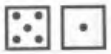

390

As the carriage passes by, the woman looks down at you from her bench seat and says in a cold voice, "I know who you are." But before you can say anything, the driver cracks his whip and urges his horse into a trot and the carriage disappears in a cloud of dust. Wondering who the woman might be, you walk through the main gates and mingle with the townsfolk, who are busily going about their various tasks. Nobody pays you much attention and you walk down Crown Street, which is lined on both sides with small shops and old wood and plaster houses with tiled roofs. The street leads you to a market square, where the traders are packing up their stalls for the day. You see a portly man in long brown robes walking towards you carrying a large sack over his shoulder. If you want to talk to him, turn to **19**. If you would rather ignore him and walk across the market square to Clock Street, turn to **140**.

391

As you run for the cover of the trees and undergrowth, the giant Dragon swoops down to blast you with its fiery breath. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **236**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **172**.

392

You look up to see the Flesh-Head peering down over

the cliff edge, snarling aggressively. You stand up in considerable pain, and limp slowly over to the mouth of the cave. Turn to **201**.

393

You don't speak to the pirate during the voyage, and it's only when the old buildings of Port Blacksand finally come into view that you tell him that you are going to set him free, even though he does not deserve it. You untie him and tell him to swim to the shore. He protests, but you boot him overboard and sail on. It's not long before you are moored up alongside the harbour wall of the old port, notorious for the pirates, cutthroats and thieves who live there. Two rough-looking men with missing teeth and stubbly beards are standing on the quayside, watching you closely, and start whispering to each other. It's only a few days since you were last here, but now you can't afford to trust anybody. If you want to ask them if they know somebody who might want to buy your boat, turn to **48**. If you want to walk quickly past them and enter the Black Lobster Tavern at the end of the quay, turn to **334**.

394

You shout out the magic spell just in time as the band of bloodthirsty Orcs descends upon you, screaming loudly as though possessed by demons. You disappear from view and manage to escape from the Orcs, who are now even more angry and start fighting between themselves. You run northwards to get as far away as possible from the Orcs before the invisibility spell wears off. A minute later your limbs and torso become visible again. You look back and are relieved to see that the Orc hunting party is still embroiled in a mass brawl. Just when you think you're clear of them, a long blast on a hunting horn signals that you have been spotted by one of their scouts. The Orcs stop fighting and chase after you, screaming for your blood. All you can do is run! If you are wearing Elven Boots, turn to **241**. If you are wearing ordinary leather boots, turn to **18**.

395

You have picked up a cursed stone carving known as the Evil Eye. Lose 3 *LUCK* points. Unaware that you have found an unlucky artefact, you place it in your backpack and carry on your search for food. Turn to **213**.

396

As you approach the crossroads with Bell Street and Clock Street, you notice that some of the people are armed

with clubs and pitchforks. You suspect they are probably looking for you. Pretending to scratch your hair, you raise an arm to hide your face and turn right into Clock Street, hoping not to be recognized. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **207**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **284**.

397

Try as you might, you are unable to open the jaws of the animal trap. Your ankle goes numb, and you feel a throbbing pain in your lower leg. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. As the day wears on you begin to wonder how long you will have to wait before the trapper returns to examine his trap. You decide to start calling out in the hope of attracting help. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **128**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **205**.

398

You have no idea how long you have been in a semi-coma, but you eventually cool down and wake up. You feel incredibly weak, and have trouble standing up. You stretch out your arms and see that your hands are trembling. Lose 1 *SKILL* point. You are about to set off again when you notice an iron bracelet lying in the earth near the entrance of the den. If you want to try on the bracelet, turn to **40**. If you would rather leave it where it is and head back to your hut on the other side of the island, turn to **217**.

399

You watch the arrow fly towards the open window, but it strikes the frame, missing its target. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. Before you have time to fire another arrow, the tavern door bursts open. A heavily built man wearing a chain mail vest storms out of the tavern, screaming at the top of his voice, and charges at you like a raging bull swinging a two-handed sword above his head. You draw your sword and ready yourself to fight the deadly assassin, Garanka Vassell. Turn to **53**.

400

Baron Sukumvit raises his arm aloft for the trumpets to sound the start of this year's Trial of Champions. The crowd cheers loudly, and one by one the contestants salute the Baron and disappear inside the dungeon. You see Throm enter third, and when your turn comes, you are greeted by a wall of noise from the excited crowd. You salute them briefly and draw your sword before stepping through the ornate stone-pillared entrance to the dark dungeon. You curse Lord Azzur's name under your breath and promise yourself that one day you will see him dead. For now, the toughest challenge of your life awaits you as you step into the unknown to face Baron Sukumvit's deadly traps and gruesome monsters.

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF ASSASSINS OF ALLANSIA

YOU have been preparing for your quest by practising your swordplay and building up your strength and stamina. You have a sword and a backpack containing Provisions (food and drink) to sustain you through your adventure. Before setting of on your adventure, you must first roll dice to record your *SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores on your *Adventure Sheet* on pages 248 or 250, which you should also use to keep a record of the items you find on your adventure. Use the *Monster Encounter Sheet* to record combat with monsters. Write your scores in pencil or make photocopies of the blank *Adventure Sheet* to use in future adventures.

SKILL, STAMINA AND LUCK

To determine your *Initial SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores:

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *SKILL* box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the *STAMINA* box.

Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *LUCK* box.

SKILL reflects your swordsmanship and fighting expertise; the higher the better. *STAMINA* represents your strength; the higher your *STAMINA*, the longer you will survive. *LUCK* represents how lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

SKILL, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores change constantly during an adventure, so keep an eraser handy. You must keep an accurate record of these scores. But never rub out your *initial scores*. Although you may receive additional *SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* points, these totals may never exceed your *initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when instructed on a particular page.

BATTLES

When you are told to fight a creature, you must resolve the battle as described below. First record the creature's *SKILL* and *STAMINA* SCORES (as given on the page) in an empty *Monster Encounter Box* on your *Adventure Sheet*. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice for the creature. Add its *SKILL* score.

This total is the **creature's** *Attack Strength*.
2. Roll the two dice for yourself. Add your current *SKILL*. This total is **your** *Attack Strength*.
3. Whose *Attack Strength* is higher? If your *Attack Strength* is higher, you have wounded the creature. If the creature's *Attack Strength* is higher, it has wounded you. (If both are the same, you have both missed – start the next *Attack Round* from step 1 above.)
4. If you wounded the creature, subtract 2 points from the **creature's** *STAMINA* score. You may use *LUCK* here to do additional damage (see "Using Luck in Battles" below).
5. If the creature wounded you, subtract 2 points from **your** *STAMINA* score. You may use *LUCK* to minimize the damage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate changes to either the creature's or your own *STAMINA* scores (and your *LUCK* score if you used LUCK) and begin the next *Attack Round* (repeat steps 1–6)
7. This continues until the *STAMINA* score of either you or creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

LUCK

Sometimes you will be told to *Test Your Luck*. As you will discover, using *LUCK* is a risky business. The way you *Test Your Luck* is as follows:

Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current *LUCK* score, you have been *Lucky*. If the number rolled is higher than your current *LUCK* score, you have been *Unlucky*. The consequences of being *Lucky* or *Unlucky* will be found in the paragraph you are sent to. Each time you *Test Your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current *LUCK* score. So, the more you rely on luck, the riskier this becomes.

Using Luck in Battles

In battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to score a more serious wound on a creature, or to minimize the effects of a wound on the creature has just scored on you.

If you have just wounded the creature: you may *Test Your Luck* as described below. If you are *Lucky*, subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's *STAMINA* score (i.e., 4 instead of 2 normally). But if you are *Unlucky*, you must restore 1 point to the creature's *STAMINA* (so instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now only scored 1).

If you have just been wounded by the creature: you may *Test Your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *Lucky*, restore 1 point of your *STAMINA* (i.e., instead

of doing 2 points of damage, it has done only 1). If you are *Unlucky*, subtract 1 extra *STAMINA* point.

Don't forget to subtract 1 point from your *LUCK* score each time you *Test Your Luck*.

RESTORING SKILL, STAMINA AND LUCK

Skill

Occasionally, a page may give instructions to alter your *SKILL* score. A Magic Weapon may increase your *SKILL*, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 *SKILL* bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your *SKILL* score can never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your *SKILL* to its initial level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your *STAMINA* score will change a lot during the adventure. As you near your goal, your *STAMINA* level may become dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

You start the game with enough Provisions for ten meals

(see "Equipment and Potions" below). A separate *Provisions Remaining* box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. You may eat only *one* meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your *STAMINA* score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Don't forget that your *STAMINA* score may never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your *STAMINA* to its *initial* level at any time.

Luck

You will find additions to your *LUCK* score awarded when you have been particularly *Lucky*. Remember that, as with *SKILL* and *STAMINA*, your *LUCK* score may never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your *LUCK* to its *initial* level at any time and increase your *initial LUCK* by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You begin your adventure with a sword and a backpack containing Provisions (food and drink). You will find gold, treasure, weapons, armour and artefacts on your

adventure. But not all items will help you on your quest. Some might even harm you!

You may also take a magic potion which will aid you on your quest. Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure, i.e., it can only be used *once* during an adventure. Choose ONE of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores *SKILL* points

A Potion of Strength – restores *STAMINA* points

A Potion of Fortune – restores *LUCK* points and adds 1 to *Initial LUCK*

These potions may be taken at any time during the adventure. Taking a measure of potion will restore *SKILL*, *STAMINA* or *LUCK* scores to their *Initial* level. The Potion of Fortune will increase your *Initial LUCK* score by 1 point and restore *LUCK* to this new *Initial* level.

HINTS ON PLAY

There is only one true way through **Assassins of Allansia** and it will probably take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map

will be useful in future adventures and help you identify unexplored areas.

Not all locations contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures. There are many "wild-goose chase" passages, and while you may progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will win.

The "one true way" involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak their initial dice rolls might be, should be able to get through.

Good LUCK on your adventure – you'll need it!

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
BACKPACK ITEMS:	POCKET ITEMS:	GOLD PIECES:
	PENDANTS:	WEAPONS:
	PROVISIONS:	ARMOUR:

ENEMY ENCOUNTER SHEET

SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐
SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐	SKILL ☐ STAMINA ☐

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
BACKPACK ITEMS:	POCKET ITEMS:	GOLD PIECES:
	PENDANTS:	WEAPONS:
	PROVISIONS:	ARMOUR:

ENEMY ENCOUNTER SHEET

SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA
SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA
SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA
SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA
SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA
SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA	SKILL STAMINA

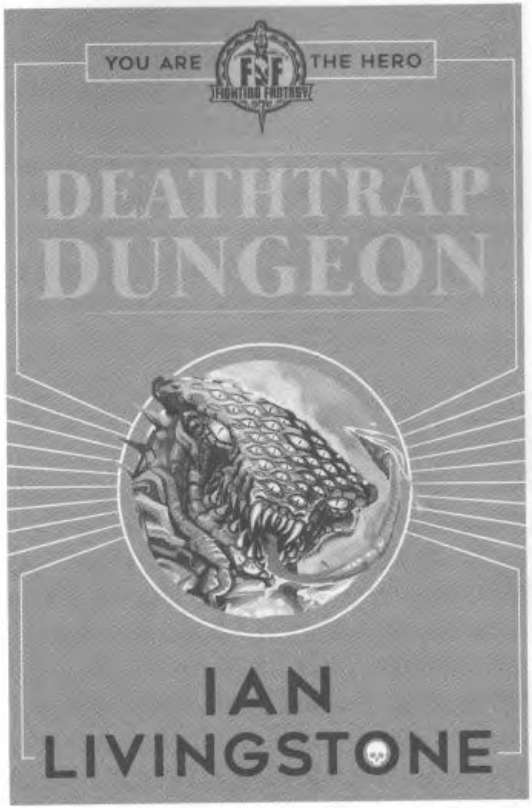

Devised by the devilish mind of Baron Sukumvit, the labyrinth of Fang plays host to the Trial of Champions – a challenge that no adventurer ever survived. You'll have to pit your wits against some fiendish foes if you have any hope of seeing daylight again...

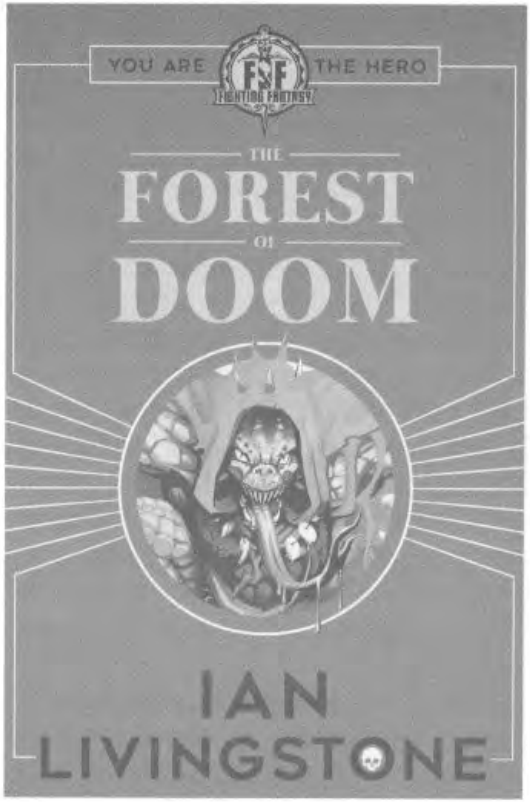

A war is raging and your help is needed to vanquish the evil trolls. To save the dwarfs, you must find the grand wizard Yaztromo and track down the pieces of a legendary war hammer lost in the depths of Darkwood Forest, where gruesome monsters lurk...

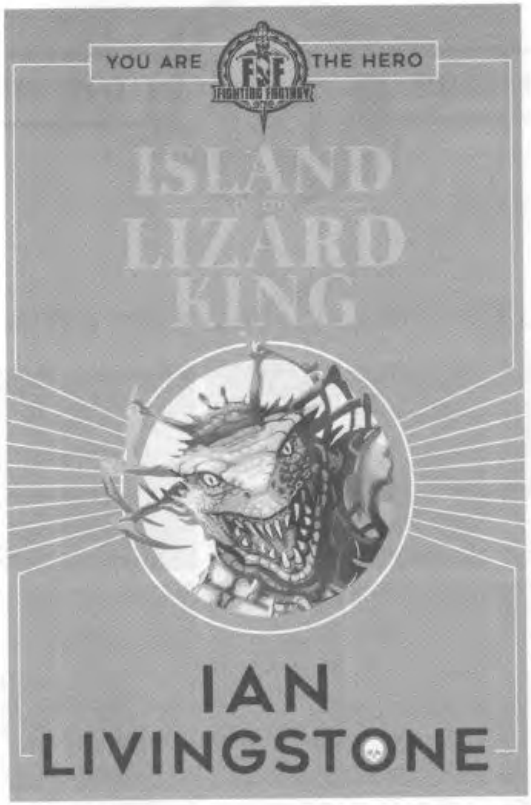

You, the hero, are tasked with confronting the terrifying Lizard King and freeing the human slaves captured by his bloodthirsty army. You must discover the chink in his armour if you have any hope of defeating him...

YOU ARE THE HERO

FIGHTING FANTASY

COLLECT THEM ALL, BRAVE ADVENTURER!

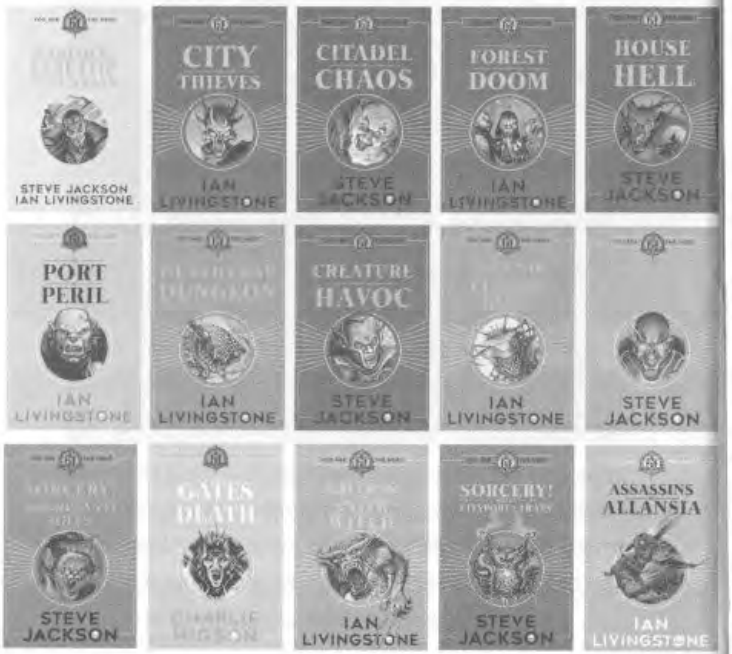

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Deedle Water
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CHALICE
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An imprint of Scholastic Ltd
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ISBN 978 1407 18129 5

A CIP catalogue record for this book
is available from the British Library.

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Printed by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY
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HOW WILL YOU START YOUR ADVENTURE?

The book you hold in your hands is a gateway to another world – a world of dark magic, terrifying monsters, brooding castles, treacherous dungeons and untold danger, where a noble few defend against the myriad schemes of the forces of evil. Welcome to the world of **FIGHTING FANTASY!**

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Take heed, for success is by no means certain, and you may well fail in your mission on your first

attempt. But have no fear, for with experience, skill and luck, each new attempt should bring you a step closer to your ultimate goal.

Prepare yourself, for when you turn the page you will enter an exciting, perilous **FIGHTING FANTASY** adventure where every choice is yours to make, an adventure in which **YOU ARE THE HERO!**

How would you like to begin your adventure?

IF YOU ARE NEW TO FIGHTING FANTASY . . .

It's a good idea to read through the rules which appear on pages 277-283 before you start.

IF YOU HAVE PLAYED FIGHTING FANTASY BEFORE . . .

You'll realize that to have any chance of success, you will need to discover your hero's attributes. You can create your own character by following the instructions on pages 277–283. Don't forget to enter your character's details on the Adventure Sheet which appears on page 284.

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

BACKGROUND

Chalice is an affluent town on the north bank of Silver River, a wide, twisting river which flows gently down from the Moonstone Hills to merge with Catfish River on its way to the Western Ocean. It began as nothing more than a merchant's store built at the end of a wooden jetty used by river traders to land their goods. At first, trade was very slow, and the merchant complained he'd been handed a poisoned chalice. Trade slowly improved, but the name stuck, and over time Chalice grew to become a busy river port.

Chalice's inhabitants are mostly human, and it is also home to a number of other races. There are Elves, who always seem to know more about what's going on than anybody else; Striders, who run around town on their spindly long legs doing errands; Man-Orcs, who are usually hired as guards; Gnomes, who spend most of their

time slurping down bowls of pea soup; two beefy Ogres, who hire themselves out to do most of the heavy lifting jobs; and an unusually friendly Cyclops, who arrived one day long ago with goods to trade and never left. He acquired the nickname of Cy, became a blacksmith, and quickly built a reputation as the best smithy in Chalice. He later turned his skills to crafting the finest swords in Northern Allansia, but never made more than one a month, as he refused to compromise on quality. Cy proudly sells his famous 'One Eye' swords for 50 Gold Pieces each. A 'quality price for a quality product,' as he says with gusto to his customers, and he is never short of those.

Commerce is the main reason for Chalice's prosperity. Merchants arrive from all over Allansia to sell their wares in the town, where prices are always at a premium. Vendors pack the market square six days a week selling weapons, armour, potions, lotions, herbs, spices, grain, livestock, semi-precious stones, jewellery, silk, furs, fine textiles and exotic foodstuffs. Money changes hands from dawn till dusk in brisk trading. Although Chalice has its fair share of impoverished folk, it affords nobles, merchants, landlords and innkeepers a fine living. And like any large town with wealthy inhabitants, Chalice also attracts pickpockets and thieves who see the opportunity to relieve some of the more naive townsfolk of their hard-earned silver and gold. Young con artists learn their

devious skills in Chalice, spinning yarns and practising their scams on the locals. If they don't get caught, the best of them journey downriver to try their luck on the citizens of Port Blacksand, where they must compete with hardened professional thieves and vagabonds.

YOU are a seasoned adventurer, an experienced sword-for-hire who enjoys slaying monsters and finding treasure above anything else. Despite some memorable adventures, you have learned the hard way that treasure hunting does not always guarantee the reward of glittering gold. More often than not, treasure hunters come back from their expeditions empty-handed. And when things don't go well, adventurers reluctantly have to resort to working for others, usually earning a low wage guarding rich nobles' estates or protecting merchants' caravans on their journeys to market. You recently arrived in Chalice tired and hungry after spending a month scouring the Pagan Plains trying, but failing, to find the buried treasure hoard of Throm, the notorious axe-wielding barbarian who, rumour has it, died in Baron Sukhumvit's infamous Deathtrap Dungeon in Fang trying to win the grand prize of 10,000 Gold Pieces.

Your days spent in Chalice have been anything but enjoyable. Unable to find work, you are forced to sleep rough in alleyways, scavenging for scraps of food left

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Your days spent in Chalice have been anything but enjoyable. Unable to find work, you are forced to sleep rough in alleyways, scavenging for scraps of food left

Two men stagger outside arm in arm

abandoned by traders in the market square at the end of the day. It is a warm evening on day four of your stay. The sun is slowly sinking in the western sky and the light is beginning to fade. You are standing outside the Fat Frog Inn drooling over the menu nailed to the oak door when two men stagger outside arm in arm. One is middle-aged, bearded, and wearing a brown leather tunic over dark green leggings, whilst the younger one is wearing a checked woollen shirt tucked into his baggy brown pants. Both men are giggling like children, very much the worse for the amount of ale they have drunk. They brush past you, oblivious to everything. The younger man is hiccuping and swaying erratically from side to side. He tries to grab hold of the back of a wooden bench to steady himself, but misses it, and falls over, cursing. This causes his friend to laugh even louder. The younger man sits up, squinting in the bright light, his mouth hanging open like a gormless fool.

'Eryk!' the younger man splutters, hiccuping.

'What?'

'Stop laughing at me.'

'Why?'

'Because I'm going to be rich!'

'Shut up,' the older man replies dismissively.

'I am! I'm going to be rich! I bought a treasure map!' he retorts, reaching into his pocket to produce an old piece of parchment as evidence. Too drunk to notice that he's holding it upside down, he stares at it with a befuddled expression on his face. Although you're well within earshot, you pretend not to be listening.

'How much did you pay for it?'

'Four Copper Pieces.'

'Four Copper Pieces? What a fool you are. There's not a hope that it's genuine. You've been done, Gregor,' the older man says, laughing even louder. 'Stitched up like a kipper. A fool chasing fool's gold, that's what you are. You just don't learn, do you? You can't believe anything anyone says in the Fat Frog Inn.'

'But... But that old man seemed so genuine. He had an honest face, unlike all those other sharks and villains in there giving it large. I wanted to believe him. I did believe him!'

'Are you going to go back in to get your money back?'

'Nah, the poor man needed the money. He sounded desperate. I felt sorry for him. That's why I bought the map really. No hard feelings. I enjoyed listening to his tale about the iron chest filled with golden amulets. He said it was hidden deep inside a cave in Moonstone Hills. And he kept going on about a gold ring in the chest. Said it was more valuable than all the amulets put together. What did he call it again? The Ring of... Oh, fiddle! I can't remember now. But it doesn't matter if it isn't true! Or you say it isn't true. Or whatever.'

'Forget about it, Gregor. He made it all up.'

'The Ring of Burning Snakes! That's what he called it. He said it used to belong to an old wizard called Nico or Nico something or other. He said the wizard would pay a pretty penny to get it back.'

'I said forget about it, Gregor. Come on, get up, let's try the Sun Inn next. I'm thirsty!' Eryk says sternly, pulling his friend up off the ground.

'All right, all right. I won't be needing this, then!' Gregor says, crumpling up the parchment into a ball and tossing it over his shoulder before staggering off.

The parchment ball lands just by your feet. Intrigued, you bend down to pick it up. You unfold it to reveal a very detailed hand-drawn map of the land surrounding Chalice.

The map shows a dotted line heading north from Chalice, then east, some way south of Darkwood Forest, crossing the Eastern Plain to Moonstone Hills, where a large *X* marks the entrance to a cave in Skull Crag, one of the highest peaks in the range. There is a message in tiny

handwriting written in black ink on the back of the map which says, *Do NOT enter by the cave entrance. Climb the crag to a ledge twenty metres above. Move the standing branches aside to reveal the secret entrance. Enter here and turn left, right, right at the junctions. An iron chest will be found in the Crystal Cave. Good luck! Murgat Shurr.*

Could a treasure chest really lie hidden in a cave inside Skull Crag? Why would an old man sell his secrets for a few Copper Pieces? And who is Murgat Shurr? Nothing makes sense. You are about to toss the map away when you hear the shrill squawk of a bird overhead. You look up to see a crow flying north. Could it be an omen? Could this be your lucky day after all? You decide you have nothing to lose and everything to gain. You fold up the parchment and put it safely away in your pocket. Tomorrow you will set off for Skull Crag. But right now you need to find some food and somewhere to sleep before nightfall.

NOW TURN OVER . . .

YOUR ADVENTURE AWAITS!

MAY YOUR STAMINA NEVER FAIL!

You fail to find any food, and resign yourself to sleeping on some old flour sacks left outside a baker's shop at the end of an alley. You place your blanket on top of the sacks and lie down as darkness falls, ending the day exhausted and very hungry. You hear a dog sniffing nearby, but eventually fall asleep, dreaming of treasure chests overflowing with Gold Pieces and diamonds.

Reality returns early the following morning when you are rudely woken not long after sunrise by the sound of cockerels crowing loudly. The air is chill, but the skies are clear – at least another fine day is in store. You grab your trusty sword, roll up your blanket and check the few belongings you have in your backpack. They don't amount to much: a **ball of twine**, a **candle**, a **small brass bell**, an **oil lantern**, a **knife**, a **piece of chalk**, a **brass owl**, a **length of rope**, a **bag of copper nails**, an **animal-skin water flask** and a **goblet bearing a unicorn-head motif**. You make your way to the town square and fill your flask with water which flows from the spout of a fountain carved in the shape of a dragon's head. After quenching your thirst, you search through a pile of rubbish and find some squashed tomatoes and a chunk of bread left to rot in a wooden crate. The bread is stale but right now a tomato sandwich seems like the breakfast of champions. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. The

sandwich takes the edge off your hunger but you know you could eat more. There is nobody about except for a tall, middle-aged man with curly brown hair who is whistling happily to himself as he sweeps the square with a long broom. A leather shoulder bag is slung over his back. If you want to talk to him, turn to **19**. If you would rather leave the market square, turn to **58**.

2

You are soon back at the fork in the path. 'Going left will takes us south and out of the forest. We need to go straight on here to reach Yaztromo's Tower,' Hakasan says without stopping. Turn to **252**.

3

The arrows fly past you, lodging harmlessly into trees. You jump up and charge the Bandits before they have time to reload, swinging your sword in the air. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First BANDIT	*6*	*7*
Second BANDIT	*7*	*7*
Third BANDIT	*7*	*6*

If you win, turn to **22**.

4

As if things couldn't get any worse, you are now without your trusty sword. The sword you get in exchange is old and fairly blunt. Lose 1 *LUCK* point and 2 *SKILL* points. You are angry with yourself for thinking you could beat the card sharp and decide to leave the market square. Turn to **58**.

5

You offer the Trolls 1 Gold Piece each to let you enter the palace gardens. Twoteeth laughs out loud. 'Two Gold Pieces?' he says, scoffing at your offer. 'Do you think that we would risk Lord Azzur's wrath for 2 Gold Pieces? We want 10 Gold Pieces each, nothing less.' If you have 20 Gold Pieces and want to pay the Trolls, turn to **145**. If you can't pay or won't pay, your only choice is to let them take your weapons and look inside your backpack. Turn to **192**.

6

You reach into your pocket and unfold the yellow handkerchief. Nicodemus's jaw drops in disbelief as he picks up the large gold ring on display in the palm of your hand. 'The Ring of Burning Snakes!' he says ecstatically. 'Where did you find it?' You tell him that it's a long story, but he insists on hearing every bit of it, from the moment you picked up Murgat Shurr's map in Chalice to rescuing him from the cells. You finish the tale just as you reach the jetty in Flax. You wave to Dod, who is standing nearby, tying up piles of reeds into bundles, ready to carry them home. He walks over to help you tie up the boat, saying, 'Welcome back. I hope you found what you looking for in that cesspit of a town. Thank you for bringing my boat back. It looks quite a bit bigger than I remember! It's changed colour too.' You apologize and explain what happened, and introduce him to Nicodemus and Luannah. Dod is very happy with his new boat and invites you into his house, where Cris is frying fish. She invites you to stay for supper, and suggests you stay the night too since it's getting late. You accept her offer and wake early in the morning to find Cris and Luannah deep in conversation. Luannah announces that she has decided to stay in Flax to start a new life, and you wish her all the best. Dod brings Stormheart round to the front of the house, and you help Nicodemus mount the horse before climbing

on yourself. A light flick of the reins, and Stormheart gallops off at high speed. You look round briefly to see the three of them waving, but you kick on knowing there is no time to lose. Galloping towards Largo, you see a man in a scruffy brown jacket and ragged britches trudging slowly along with the aid of a long walking stick, weighed down by an enormous bulging sack. On hearing the sound of the galloping hooves behind him, he turns around and waves at you with his woollen hat, signalling for you to stop. If you want to stop to talk to him, turn to **93**. If you would rather not waste any time, and ride on to Darkwood Forest, turn to **286**.

7

Onx looks you in the eye, and says, 'Before you go, tell me, why did you run after me and then decide not to buy my Healing Potion after all?' You reply, saying that 4 Gold Pieces is too much to pay, especially since he cursed you. 'So I'll meet you halfway, then. How about 3 Gold Pieces for the potion?' If you want to buy the Healing Potion for 3 Gold Pieces, turn to **277**. If you think it is still too much to pay for a potion and would rather set off for Darkwood Forest, turn to **47**.

8

Armoury Lane is only a hundred metres long, but every building in it has been turned into an armourer's shop. All the shop windows are protected by thick iron grills to stop anybody breaking in and helping themselves to all the weapons and armour on display. There are swords, cleavers, spears, picks, pikes, axes and poleaxes, clubs, maces, war hammers, helmets, body armour and shields of every shape and size on display. All the shops are closed bar one which has a door almost twice the height of the other doors in the street. There is an open sign on the iron-battened oak door. A small sign in the window reads *We have your size at Cy's*. You peer through the window but do not see anybody inside. If you want to go in the shop, turn to **384**. If you would rather walk to the end of Armoury Lane, turn to **33**.

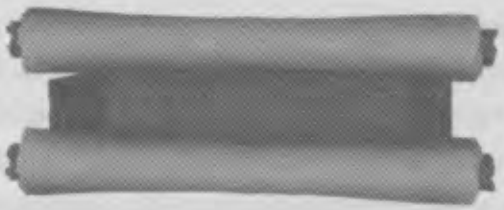

9

Onx looks at you with an annoyed expression on his face, saying, 'Suit yourself,' before walking off, shaking his head. You leave Largo and set off east towards

Darkwood Forest, wondering whether or not you will get back to Hakasan before nightfall. As you walk along through the tall grasses, you do not realize that you have walked into a patch of Weedleweed, a tall grass that is home to TICK-TICKS, tiny parasitic mites which not only suck their host's blood, but infect them with a virus which makes them very sleepy. You start to yawn uncontrollably, and have no choice but to lie down and go to sleep. *Test Your Luck*. If you are lucky, turn to **160**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **96**.

10

If you have more than one bottle in your possession, you will have to choose which one to use. If you want to use the potion from the green bottle, turn to **172**. If you want to use the potion from the brown bottle, turn to **158**.

Its mouth opens to reveal two rows of flesh-ripping teeth

11

The unholy beast strides forward with heavy steps which makes the ground tremble. It is grey-green in colour with ugly red veins protruding from its skin. It has giant-sized clawed hands with suckered palms, but the most terrifying thing is its enormous mouth, which is almost as wide as its torso. Its mouth opens to reveal two rows of flesh-ripping teeth, and six long, suckered tentacles which shoot out from its throat, flailing around in the air. The vile beast is QUAG-SHUGGUTH, a Lesser Demon summoned from the Plain of Pain by Zanbar Bone. It has tiny eyes and is virtually blind, but it senses your presence and knows exactly where you are. You have no choice but to fight it! If you own a Venom Sword, turn to **337**. If you do not own this sword, turn to **202**.

12

There are five houses in a row, all of them grand and in very good order, no doubt owned by some of the rich merchants of Chalice. You hear the noise of a window sliding open above you, and look up to see a woman with long curly red hair lean out and yell at you not to look in her windows. 'Go away!' she screams in a rage, and throws a chamber pot down at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **271**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **153**.

13

The youngest beggar snatches the map from you and examines it carefully. 'I'll tell you what I know about this map for another Copper Piece!' he says, looking closely at the tiny writing. You agree to pay him, although you're a little annoyed at his cheek. He pockets the coin and declares, 'The writing is in black ink and the treasure is located with a large *X*. It must be genuine!' You thank the man for his opinion, but have a feeling he was just making it up. You decide against starting an argument and bid the beggars farewell. Turn to **311**.

14

You follow Yaztromo down two flights of stairs to his cluttered kitchen area, where pots and pans are bubbling away on top of a large iron stove. 'I hope you like mushroom soup and vegetable stew,' he says brightly, lifting the lids off the saucepans to sniff the rich aromas wafting up. 'Delicious. Simply delicious,' he continues. 'I might have some cheese and biscuits to follow if you are still hungry. Please, sit down, and I will serve the soup.' You sit down at his oval dining table with Hakasan to enjoy Yaztromo's food, and both agree it is the most delicious meal either of you have had in as long as you can remember. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. You talk about Zanbar Bone long into the night with Yaztromo, who later has a nightcap of his favourite sherry to accompany the last of his cream cakes, which he enthuses about down to the last crumb. He shows you to your bedrooms and, being slightly tipsy, wishes you goodnight, laughing out loud in an uncharacteristically jovial fashion. You have vivid dreams of skeletons and demons, and wake up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night. You look out of your bedroom window at the starlit night sky and the endless treetops of Darkwood Forest. All is quiet and peaceful. You eventually fall asleep again and wake up late. You are the last one down for breakfast, and find Hakasan and Yaztromo deep in conversation at the table. 'Morning!' Yaztromo says, smiling. 'I trust you slept well? After breakfast I think it best that you go to Port Blacksand by yourself. Firstly, Hakasan needs more rest. Her ankle is swollen again. Secondly, I only have one horse! The sooner you get to Port Blacksand and find Nicodemus, the sooner you will be back. But before you go, I think a little magic is in order to help you out! I can offer you improved fighting ability, increased strength or good fortune. Eat your breakfast whilst you decide what you need.' Will you:

Improve your *SKILL*?	Turn to **215**
Improve your *STAMINA*?	Turn to **78**
Improve your *LUCK*?	Turn to **288**

15

You look around the small room, hoping to find something you could use to help you escape, but there is nothing. You resign yourself to being locked away for six months. The first days drag by slowly, your only contact with the outside world coming when the jailer arrives once a day with his basket of maggot-infested bread and a jug of water. As the weeks pass, you lose weight and become too tired to even fend off the rats which creep through the window at night to eat the crumbs on the floor. You suffer several bites from the rats and catch a deadly plague. Your adventure is over.

16

The dice players see you looking at them, and beckon you over to sit down at their table. You ask them what game they are playing. 'We're enjoying a little game of Dungles and Draggles,' the bearded player replies jovially. 'It was invented by a Bard called Yog. It's very simple. I roll two dice and add the numbers together. That's my Dungle score. Then you roll two dice for your Draggle score. But before you roll, you have to say if your Draggle score will be higher or lower than my Dungle score. If you guess right, you win. If you guess wrong, you lose. You also lose if you roll the same number. I'm willing to wager my pirate's flintlock pistol for a ruby. Do you want to play?' If you possess a ruby and want to play, turn to **269**. If you would rather go back to the bar, turn to **89**.

17

The Norgul is a powerful creature which fights with brute strength and savage aggression. Dropping the jar of eyeballs on to the ground sends it into a rage, and it launches a frenzied attack on you with flailing fists. It is now eager to feast on your eyes. Its thick hide is not easy to pierce, even with your sharp-edged sword.

NORGUL	*SKILL 10*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **231**.

18

Onx thanks you for helping him out. When you are back in Largo, he gives you a bottle of healing potion in exchange for 2 Gold Pieces. As a thank-you, he also gives you some fresh fish to eat and a cup of goat's milk to drink. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. Since there are no more boats for hire to take you to Port Blacksand until tomorrow, you decide to go back to Darkwood Forest without further delay. You are about to leave when Onx asks if you would like to buy a pair of bone dice that are handmade by the elders of the village. He tells you that they will bring you luck in any game of dice, and are a bargain at 2 Gold Pieces for the two. If you want to buy the dice, turn to **73**. If you would rather politely refuse, turn to **110**.

19

You call out to the street sweeper, but he ignores you, and carries on whistling to himself while he works. If you want to ask him if he has any food to trade for an item in your backpack, turn to **126**. If you would rather leave the market square, turn to **58**.

20

Mungo slides off his stool, throws 3 Copper Pieces on to the bar to pay for his ale and walks out of the tavern. You follow him outside, and walk along Harbour Wharf past a pirate ship called the *Flying Toucan* to where the *Blue Marlin* is moored. A rough-looking man in black trousers and a hooped top is sitting on the boat whittling a stick. 'I'm pleased to see that you are still here,' Mungo says to him, jumping aboard. He gives the man 5 Copper Pieces and ushers him off the boat before welcoming you on board. He checks the sails and supplies, and tells you to untie the boat from the quay. You cast off, and are quickly under way. There is a good breeze, and the wooden sailing boat cuts through the water with ease, its rigging creaking under the strain. Standing on the bow of the *Blue Marlin*, you look back towards Port Blacksand, which is soon no more than a speck on the coastline. Your mind begins to drift, and you think about Yaztromo and Hakasan, hoping they are safe and wondering when you will see them again. An hour

later the sea starts to get choppy as dark clouds gather overhead. A few drops of rain begin to fall, and the waves build as the wind increases. It is not long before the *Blue Marlin* is being battered by a howling gale with waves crashing over the deck. Rain lashes down, and you have to hang on to the rigging for your life as the boat is tossed about on the churning sea. 'We're going to turn around and sail back to Port Blacksand,' Mungo screams in your ear, although you can barely hear him. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **327**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **386**.

21

You rummage around inside your backpack to find the pouch, and hurriedly pour the salt out into the palm of your hand. You hurl it at the Giant Lavaworm bearing down on you and watch it thrash about trying to shake off the granules. But the salt sticks to its slimy skin, and the worm's gelatinous flesh begins to melt like butter in a heated pan. Soon there is nothing left on the floor apart from its innards and entrails lying in a pool of green slime. Turn to **382**.

22

You look round and are relieved to see that Hakasan has defeated the other three Bandits. Turn to **372**.

23

The bakers look at each other and shrug before lifting you up. Standing on the shoulders of the taller man, you are just able to grab hold of the top of the wall and pull yourself up. Sitting on top of the wall, you look back down and thank the bakers for helping you. They stare at you with bemused expressions on their faces and walk off, shaking their heads. Looking at Hog House fills you with a sense of foreboding. Its dark stone walls and narrow windows are anything but welcoming. The bakers obviously had good reason to question your motive for climbing over the wall. Suddenly two large, slavering ATTACK DOGS come bounding up to the foot of the wall, barking loudly. If you want to jump down to fight them, turn to **373**. If you would rather jump back down on to the street, turn to **234**.

24

You are not far from the wicker basket when you hear a familiar loud squawk overhead. You look up to see the Warhawk swooping down to attack. You must fight the giant predatory bird, which has returned to pick up the basket. With Hakasan fighting by your side, you are able to attack twice during each Attack Round.

WARHAWK	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **367**.

25

Singing Bridge leads into Bridge Street. You run past its ramshackle houses as fast as you can, and on into the market square. The market is a place of hustle and bustle, with vendors shouting out their special offers in the hope of attracting the last customers of the day. You dash through the crowd, looking from person to person, but see no sign of the guards or Nicodemus. A young urchin runs up to you and says, 'Hey! Who are you looking for?' You ask if he saw an old man being marched through the market square by two guards a few minutes ago. The boy smiles and nods his head, saying, 'I'll tell you which way they went if you pay me 1 Gold Piece!' There are five streets leading out of the square, any one of which the guards could have gone down. If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece for the urchin's information, turn to **211**. If you want to decide for yourself which street to go down, turn to **178**.

26

The old man drops 4 Copper Pieces into your hand as a token of his gratitude. You thank him and walk off. If you want to look around the market, turn to **247**. If you would rather leave the market square, turn to **58**.

27

You rub your chin whilst thinking about what items you might need. Bignose looks at your hand and says, 'The gold ring on your middle finger – can I ask you where you got it from? It looks like the Rune Ring that belonged to my old friend Morri Silverheart, who lost it whilst hunting in Darkwood Forest. Sadly he was later killed by Hill Trolls on the Pagan Plains. Is there anything I could offer you in exchange for it? It would give me great pleasure to return it to his widow.' Hakasan points at a silver pendant in the shape of a dragonfly hanging on a silver chain around Bignose's neck. 'What's that?' she asks. 'It's just a pendant. It's nothing special as far as I know,' Bignose replies. If you want to offer the Rune Ring in exchange for the pendant, turn to **256**. If you want to tell Bignose that you don't want to trade the Rune Ring, turn to **173**.

28

Passing the lifeless Gronks and the Skeleton, you arrive at another junction. If you want to go right, turn to **347**. If you want to go straight on, turn to **316**.

29

Gurnard Jaggle shakes his head and says, 'Do you think you can just enter my house uninvited and leave again as though nothing has happened? Have you forgotten that you are trespassers? Either pay me 1 Gold Piece to leave or suffer the consequences.' If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to leave Gurnard Jaggle's tree house, turn to **335**. If you would rather attack him, turn to **306**.

30

You see two guards walking along the perimeter wall, and wait until they have gone before making your way to the main entrance gates at the end of the gravel path. There are two guards on duty and you have no choice but to walk past them. Trying to act normal, you get within five metres of them before they challenge you. You decide to run for it, and charge past them as fast as you can. One of the guards gives chase but you are able to lose him running through the back streets. When you think the coast is clear, you make your way to the main town gates and saunter through, whistling happily to yourself. Turn to **64**.

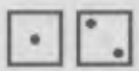

31

The Troll grunts and says, 'Nobody told me you were coming. But I'm always the last one to find out about things down here. You better follow me.' You walk down the steps to a cold and gloomy corridor which is lit by oil lamps suspended from the ceiling. The Troll lumbers along ahead of you, its huge head almost touching the ceiling, forcing it to duck under the oil lamps. It turns left at a junction in the corridor, soon passing a wooden door on the right which it points at, saying, 'The torture chamber is in there. Wait here and I'll get the old wizard for you from his cell. He's still semi-unconscious from the sleeping potion that was put in his drinking water, so don't expect him to say too much!' The Troll starts laughing, and you seize the opportunity to attack it whilst he is off guard, automatically winning the first Attack Round.

IMPERIAL GUARD TROLL *SKILL 11* *STAMINA 11*

If you win, turn to **322**.

32

Dropping the coin in the box triggers cogs and winches to pull ropes through creaking pulleys to tighten a section of the flooring in the middle of the bridge. Wary of hidden traps, you dismount and lead Stormheart slowly on foot across the narrow bridge to the north side of the river, happily without incident. After feeding and watering your steed, you set off west again at a gallop, with the high city wall surrounding Port Blacksand just visible in the distance. The closer you get, the more you see of the dark rooftops and stark buildings jutting above the wall. You arrive an hour later at a small village of no more than a dozen thatch-roofed cottages just east of Port Blacksand. You are greeted by a smiling lady standing on her porch in front of a stack of wicker baskets. She is wearing a brightly coloured headscarf and a white apron over her long dress. 'Welcome to Flax,' she says in a jolly voice. 'My name's Cris. How can I help you?' You reply by saying you are on your way to Port Blacksand, whereupon her eyebrows rise in mild surprise. 'The thieves there will be pleased to see you. They love taking money from people of your ilk, all la-di-da on your big horse! If I were you, I'd hire a boat from my husband and row downriver and slip into Port Blacksand unnoticed. We can look after your horse while you're gone.' If you want to hire a boat to row to Port Blacksand, turn to **41**. If you want to turn down her offer and ride to the main city gates on Stormheart, turn to **264**.

33

There is a timber yard at the end of Armoury Lane where you see a stocky OGRE in a grubby shirt and brown cropped pants loading oak beams on to shelves, while a man in a black jacket counts the number of beams on each shelf. The yard is formed by tall buildings backing on to each other on three sides, and the only way in and out is via Armoury Lane. The man turns to you and says, 'What can I do for you?' If you want to talk to him, turn to **334**. If you would rather go back to the market square to walk down Beggar's Alley, turn to **283**.

34

You raise your arm and are about to bring your sword crashing down on the fungus-like creature when you hear Hakasan scream, 'Don't do it!' She runs through the clearing holding her hand over her mouth. If you want to ignore her advice and slice open the Sporeball, turn to **397**. If you want to follow her and run through the clearing holding your breath, turn to **232**.

35

The paste tastes so disgusting that you spit it out through the trapdoor on to the ground below. It is not long before your mouth goes completely numb, making it almost impossible to swallow, and you feel a burning sensation in your stomach. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You drink lots

of water and the burning eventually subsides. If you want to rub a small amount of paste on to a wound, turn to **103**. If you would rather take the jar and bandage back to Hakasan, turn to **325**.

36

With Stormheart back under control, you spur him on towards the wall of Skeletons. You ride into them, sending many of them flying in a flurry of broken bones. Alas, there are just too many of them, and you are unable break through to the front. The Skeletons close in on you, dragging you from your saddle, and not even the magic powers of Nicodemus can hold back the tide of undead. You feel the cold steel of the swords and spears pierce your flesh, and you soon fall unconscious. Your adventure is over.

37

You climb up the steps slowly, sword in hand, and enter the giant mouth, which is damp and has a musty smell. When your eyes adjust to the semi-darkness, you notice a skeleton on the floor. It is holding a sword and is clothed in leather armour. Long black worms are writhing in and out of its eye sockets and mouth. A small wooden box lies in pieces on the floor nearby the skeleton. You pick up the box lid and see it has a beetle motif in its centre. You also find a broken glass vial and a small lead ball, which you put in your pocket.

'Another one of Gurnard's specials!' Hakasan says with a sigh. There is a bronze-studded winged helmet lying on the floor which looks to be your size. If you want to try on the helmet, turn to **392**. If you would rather leave the idol to continue your quest to find Yaztromo, turn to **284**.

38

You pick up a long knife that was lying on the ground and tuck it into your belt. With your sword in hand, you enter the cabin ready for any unexpected surprises. The cabin is very basic. There are three rickety wooden beds lined up against one wall, and a table with three chairs set against the opposite wall. At the far end of the cabin there is an iron cauldron bubbling away on top of a log fire burning in the hearth. The blue liquid is obviously the dye the old man was talking about. There are some cooking utensils and small jars of dried herbs, spices and liquids on a shelf, but little else of interest. If you want to look at the labels on the jars, turn to **330**. If you would rather leave the cabin and carry on to Moonstone Hills, turn to **134**.

39

Finbar asks to look at your pistol. You hand it to him, telling him how you came to be its owner. He looks down the barrel and inspects the flintlock mechanism, saying, 'It's old and needs a good clean, but I've seen worse. The flint needs replacing or it won't fire. I usually charge 2 Gold

Pieces to service a pistol. But I'll give you a good deal. Buy a pouch of black powder for 2 Gold Pieces and I'll service your pistol for 1 Gold Piece.' If you want to pay 3 Gold Pieces, turn to **282**. If you would rather leave the shop and walk to Singing Bridge, turn to **118**.

40

The man smiles, turning over the card to reveal a jack of clubs. 'Hard luck, stranger,' he says hollowly. 'I'm afraid you failed to find the lady. Your sword, please.' If you want to hand over your sword, turn to **4**. If you want to ask him to turn over the queen of spades card before handing over your sword, turn to **155**.

41

You jump down from Stormheart and ask Cris to take you to meet her husband. You find him gathering reeds on the riverbank. He smiles and introduces himself as Dod. You tell him you want to hire a boat, and he looks at you, rubbing his chin, relishing the opportunity to earn some money. 'You'll need a cover story as well as a boat, and I'd suggest you buy a merchant's pass and six of my wife's baskets. You can hire my rowing boat for 5 Gold Pieces, and I'll include the pass and the baskets for 10 Gold Pieces if you're interested?' If you want to hire Dod's rowing boat for 5 Gold Pieces, turn to **54**. If you want to hire his rowing boat, merchant's pass and six wicker baskets for 10 Gold

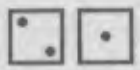

Pieces, turn to **180**. If you want to turn down his offer and ride to the main city gates on Stormheart, turn to **264**.

42

The Norgul comes to a halt, caught in two minds as to whether to attack you or not. You seize the opportunity to bargain with it. If you want to tell the creature that you will give it the jar of eyeballs if it lets you pass through its lair, turn to **253**. If you want to tell the Norgul that you will give it the jar of eyeballs if it gives you something in exchange and also lets you pass through its lair, turn to **90**.

43

Gurnard gives you some bread, dried meats and hard-boiled eggs for your journey. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. You tell him he should go and retrieve all the deadly wooden boxes he hid in the caves. He nods solemnly, promising to set off right away, adding, 'I'll start with Firetop Mountain. I put three or four in there.' Once outside, you shake hands with the old man and wish him well, telling him that once he has collected the boxes, he should go back to Chalice to see his brother, Jethro. He thanks you for helping him come to his senses, saying, 'I can't thank you enough, my friend. Here, please take my brass compass. It might come in useful should you get lost in the forest. And whilst I cannot give you the Ring of Burning Snakes, please accept this Rune Ring.' He gives you a gold ring encircled with black enamel runes which you put on your middle finger. He sets off north, soon disappearing from view into the trees. Hakasan surveys the undergrowth, looking for telltale signs of the Chaos Warrior. 'He went south,' she says confidently, pointing at a large footprint in the ground. 'Maybe he's on his way to Chalice to take a riverboat to Port Blacksand to assassinate Nicodemus? That would make Zanbar Bone invincible. There is no time to lose. Chaos Warriors wear heavy armour, so he won't be moving too quickly. We have to catch him before he gets to Chalice. Come on, let's go.' Hakasan sets off running through the trees, following the trail of the Chaos Warrior, occasionally stopping to hack through the dense foliage with her sword. She is in such a hurry to catch up with Klash that she does not see a bear trap in front of her, a deep pit that is covered with sticks and leaves to hide it from view. She falls headlong into the trap, landing heavily at the bottom. You throw your rope down to pull her up, but you can see from the expression on her face that she is quite badly hurt. 'It's my ankle,' she says, grimacing. 'I think it might be broken. You'll have to go on without me. Come back and get me after you have dealt with Klash. I'll be fine.' If you want to keep going after Klash, turn to **156**. If you want to go back to Gurnard Jaggle's tree house to find something to fix up Hakasan's ankle, turn to **258**.

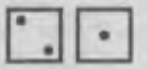

The bald man looks you up and down

44

The bald man looks you up and down and says, 'You have some nerve walking into the grounds of Hog House without an invite. Lady Francesca de la Vette does not take kindly to intruders. For your information, we are not hiring guards at the moment. If you would care to wait, there might be a vacancy in six months.' Without warning, he shouts, 'Guards!' Suddenly you hear shouting voices and the crunching sound of heavy boots on gravel coming your way. You are soon surrounded by six heavily armed guards, their long spears pointed at you. You are forced to surrender your sword and all your coins to them, and are taken away to be locked inside a dingy, cold cell with bare stone walls in the basement of Hog House. The only light comes through a small barred window high up and out of reach on the north-facing wall. You are told by the Man-Orc jailer that you must survive on a diet of bread and water for the next six months. You slump down on your straw mattress, wondering what to do. If you have an iron key, turn to **294**. If you do not have a key, turn to **15**.

45

As you unsheathe your dagger, a Skeleton breaks through and stabs you in the arm. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Hakasan cuts the arm off the Skeleton, giving you just enough time to act. Holding the dagger in front of you by the tip of its blade, you take careful aim at Zanbar Bone, with Hakasan screaming at you to hurry. You throw your dagger at the Demon, and watch it fly towards its skull. Roll 1 die and add 1 to the number rolled if your current *SKILL* is 10 or higher. If the total is 1–5, turn to **222**. If the number is 6 or 7, turn to **267**.

46

You walk no more than fifty metres along the narrow tunnel when suddenly you hear a dull rumbling sound coming from behind you. Turn to **157**.

47

Onx walks away, shaking his head in disbelief and muttering to himself. He turns to face you one last time, shakes his fist and shouts, 'You'll be sorry!' You set off east towards Darkwood Forest, wondering whether or not you will get back to Hakasan before nightfall. As you walk along through the tall grasses, you do not realize that you have walked into a patch of Weedleweed, a tall grass that is home to TICK-TICKS, tiny parasitic mites which not only suck their host's blood but infect them with a virus which

makes them very sleepy. You start to yawn uncontrollably, and have no choice but to lie down and go to sleep. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **160**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **96**.

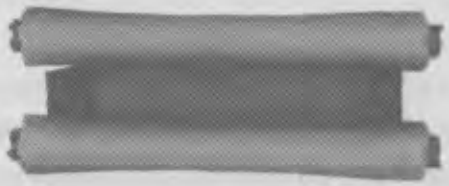

48

You react quickly, grabbing hold of the rat before it can bite you, and smash its head against the barrel, killing it instantly. The other rat scurries off into the shadows. You peer into the barrel but there is nothing inside except for rain-soaked old rags and the rotting carcass of a dead dog. The smell is unbearable. If you want to knock on the front door of the house, turn to **349**. If you would rather walk on to the T-junction, turn to **206**.

49

Somehow you avoid getting any of the deadly acidic sap on you. You watch it pumping out of the vine, causing a foul-smelling cloud of vapour to rise from the ground, hissing like gas. It makes you cough, and you decide to follow Nicodemus into the tower, where Hakasan slams the door shut behind you. Turn to **279**.

50

You look round to see that Hakasan has defeated a second bandit. If there are any bandits left alive, they take flight and disappear into the forest. Turn to **372**.

51

You find 5 Gold Pieces and a locket of grey hair in the clay pot, no doubt from the head of the blind hag. You must decide if you want to take the locket of hair as well as the Gold Pieces before leaving the cave to make your way to Skull Crag. Turn to **236**.

52

Unluckily for you, one of the pirates sees you surface and yells at his fellow crew to row over to you. The pirate boat is alongside you in seconds, and the oarsmen start plunging their oars into the water to strike you. You are caught on the side of the head by one of the oars, which knocks you out. The pirates grab hold of you and haul you into their boat. You wake up to find that they have taken all of your possessions, including your sword. They chain your ankle to the bench seat in the boat and give you an oar. 'Welcome aboard,' says the sneering captain in his black waistcoat with shiny brass buttons. 'You are now officially under the command of Captain Crow. Row hard for the next six months and you might get some of your possessions back.' You try to convince

the captain about the imminent return of Zanbar Bone, but he tells you to stop making up fanciful stories and concentrate on rowing. Wondering about the fate of poor Hakasan, you begin your new life as a river pirate. Your adventure is over.

53

The bald man sneers and says, 'So, you are here to collect a letter, are you? That's very interesting. You don't look like a Strider to me. And Lady Francesca de la Vette instructed me only to use Striders for deliveries to and from Hog House. Be off with you or I'll call the guards.' If you want to change your story and say that you are an adventurer down on your luck who is looking for work as a guard, turn to **44**. If you would rather leave Hog House while you have the chance to do so, turn to **30**.

54

You hand 5 Gold Pieces to Cris and step into the small rowing boat. Dod pushes the boat out into the river, saying, 'Moor up at Lobster Wharf. It's very crowded there and nobody will be bothered about you. But don't come back here without my boat. Remember I've got your horse! No boat, no horse. Do we have an understanding?' You nod your head in agreement, smiling, and wave goodbye, reminding Cris to feed and water Stormheart whilst you're away. Turn to **395**.

A gigantic predatory bird flying west

55

The arrows hit the boulder you are hiding behind, bouncing off harmlessly to land on the ground. The Wild Hill Men fire their remaining arrows at you, but they all miss. They shout down, shaking their fists angrily at you. One of them begins throwing rocks and anything to hand out of frustration, including his shoulder bag and bow, before walking off, cursing loudly. When you feel the coast is clear, you come out from behind cover and open the leather shoulder bag to find 1 Gold Piece, a small box of fish hooks, and a small bag of salt. You take the items you want, and also the bow and six arrows fired at you, which are lying nearby. You fill your flask from the stream and take a long drink of cool water. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Turn to **345**.

56

You reach an area of tall grass which is waist-height in parts, and draw your sword in case some unseen enemy might pounce on you. Something momentarily blocks out the sun overhead, and you look up to see a gigantic predatory bird flying west. With its huge wingspan, curved black beak and fire-red feathers, there's no mistaking the WARHAWK. A large wicker basket is gripped in its talons, and appears to contain a huge block of stone. Suddenly the Warhawk lets go of the basket with one foot, and it swings down, forcing the giant bird to bank sharply to the right, losing height. It is unable to recover and lets go of

the basket completely. It soars back up into the sky and flies off, squawking loudly. The basket plummets to the ground, and you hear loud screams coming from inside the basket, which lands in the tall grass with a dull thud, disappearing from view. The screams are replaced by groans coming from where the basket landed. If you want to investigate, turn to **72**. If you would rather keep walking towards Darkwood Forest, turn to **114**.

57

The necklace is cursed and will bring you bad luck and make you weak. Reduce your *LUCK* and *SKILL* scores by 2 points. Not yet aware of the effects of the cursed necklace, you walk over to the iron chest. Turn to **212**.

58

There are three streets by which you could leave the market square. Will you:

Head west down Silver Street?	Turn to **104**
Head north down Armoury Lane?	Turn to **8**
Head east down Beggar's Alley?	Turn to **283**

59

You amble across Palace Square and pick up a loose cobblestone without anybody noticing. You creep up behind the guard, hitting him on the back of his head with the large stone. He falls backwards and you catch him in your arms, dragging him down Palace Street into Snake Alley. You put on the guard's black chain-mail vest, studded shoulder pads, black cloak and iron helmet, which virtually covers your face. As you pick up his sword and shield, you realize you are being watched by a gang of thieves who followed you into the alleyway. 'You better leave something for us or else!' their burly, scar-faced leader says threateningly. You tell him they can keep anything they want, pushing past him to walk into the street to go back to Palace Square to wait for the changing of the guard. You don't have to wait long before ten guards march out of the palace grounds to relieve the ones on duty outside. You join the guards returning to the palace, marching along at the back of the line into the palace grounds, passing Stinkfoot and Twoteeth at the gates. Turn to **86**.

60

The three arrows aimed at you clatter into your shield, and ricochet off it to land harmlessly on the ground. You reach the bandits before they have time to reload, swinging your sword through the air. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First BANDIT	*6*	*7*
Second BANDIT	*7*	*7*
Third BANDIT	*7*	*6*

If you win, turn to **22**.

61

You are breathing heavily after the fight with the Hippohog, and go back to sleep immediately. You do not receive any other unwelcome visitors and wake up not long after dawn. You gather up your belongings and begin your climb of Moonstone Hills, determined to reach Skull Crag by noon. Turn to **368**.

62

There is so much red dust in the air that you cannot help but breathe some of it in. The spores floating inside the dust cloud are toxic and you begin to cough violently. You drop to your knees, clutching your throat, with your lungs feeling like they are on fire. There is nothing you

can do to stop yourself from suffocating. The Sporeball has found a new host for its spores to grow into fungal parasites. Your adventure is over.

63

You hurry down Harbour Street past a row of fishermen's cottages on the right-hand side. The left-hand side of the street is lined with small supply shops catering mainly to seafarers. There is a sign above one of the small shop windows which says Finbar's Fireworks. The wooden entrance door is slightly ajar. If you want to go in the shop, turn to **300**. If you want to keep walking towards Singing Bridge, turn to **118**.

64

You walk out of the main gates of Chalice heading north, looking back briefly at the town's rooftops and towers sticking out above the outer wall. You follow a well-worn path past a church ruin and ancient graveyard, and on, past scattered dwellings until you reach a farm where the path ends at the edge of a vast field of golden corn, the tall stems swaying slowly from side to side in the gentle breeze. It's going to be a bumper crop, and good news for the farmers whose oxen will soon be hauling wooden carts through the field for their farmhands to load with cobs of corn. Looking north as far as you can see, way beyond the cornfield, you can just make out

the top of a high wall of trees that marks the edge of Darkwood Forest, the vast forest that is home to the grand, and sometimes grumpy, old wizard Yaztromo, who lives alone in his fabled tower. Many a tale and myth have come from Darkwood Forest, but you remind yourself that Skull Crag is your destination today. You look at your map and head east in the warm sunlight, eager to reach Moonstone Hills before nightfall. As you walk along the edge of the cornfield lost in thought, you suddenly hear the sound of galloping hooves and the shrill call of a hunting horn. If you want to face the rider coming towards you, turn to **263**. If you would rather hide in the cornfield, turn to **148**.

65

You wait until the bandits are in full view before firing arrows rapidly at them. Roll one die. The number rolled is the number of bandits who receive fatal wounds from your arrows. If you killed all six bandits, turn to **372**. If you killed five bandits, turn to **350**. If you killed less than five bandits, **302**.

66

Stormheart gallops on, his dark mane swishing across his neck and his tail streaming behind in the wind. Onwards you ride with the noise of his thundering hooves loud in your ear. Silver River comes into view on your left, and ahead you see where it joins Catfish River. To your right you see a narrow wooden bridge which spans the river. You slow down to a trot and steer Stormheart over to the bridge. There is nobody about. There is a wooden coin box fixed to the handrail which is carved with runes. There is a rhyme written on a wooden sign above the box which reads, *Pay 1 Gold Piece, and cross in peace. Pay nothing at all, and be sure to fall.* It is signed *Bartholomew Black*. If you want to put 1 Gold Piece into the box to cross Black's Bridge, turn to **32**. If you want to cross the river without paying, turn to **374**.

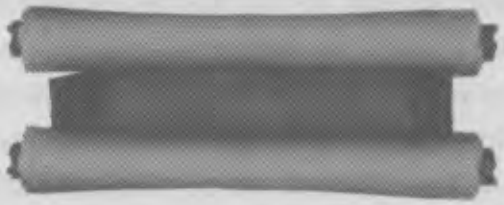

67

The zombie corpse twitches on the cellar floor before finally coming to rest. Your eyes adjust to the gloom and you see that the cellar has bare stone walls and is no more than six square metres in size. The words *help me* are written in dried blood on one of the walls. There is also an arrow drawn in blood on the opposite wall which points to a small crack in the wall. Suddenly you hear footsteps from above. Somebody has entered the cottage and is walking across the floorboards towards the trapdoor. If you want to run up the steps to confront the unknown visitor, turn to **352**. If you would rather stay where you are, turn to **109**.

68

You climb on board the cart and talk to the ruddy-faced driver, who tells you that he is a farmer taking a delivery of corn and carrots to Largo, a small village on the banks of Catfish River west of Darkwood Forest. You scan the horizon, looking for the elusive Chaos Warrior, but don't see anybody who looks remotely like him. You keep thinking about Hakasan, who you have left injured and alone in Darkwood Forest, and hope she is safe. You arrive in Largo in the afternoon, and thank the farmer for the ride. The villagers are friendly river folk, who spend their days ferrying people and goods up and down Catfish River on their flat-bottomed boats. You walk round Largo asking everybody you meet if they have seen a Chaos Warrior in the vicinity. The replies are all negative until you talk to one very tall and stocky man by the name of Onx, who tells you that his cousin was paid 5 Gold Pieces to take a Chaos Warrior to Port Blacksand earlier in the day. 'My cousin was too frightened to say no. I can ferry you to Port Blacksand for 2 Gold Pieces if you wish?' the boatman says in a friendly voice. If you want to accept his offer, turn to **303**. If you would rather refuse his offer and head back to help Hakasan, turn to **9**.

You watch the creature uncurl and flip over on to four spindly crab-like le

69

You reach a section of the tunnel where the floor is littered with rocks and rubble. One of the rocks appears to move, and you realize that it is not a rock but a grey-coloured creature. It is no bigger than a cannonball, and its plated exoskeleton looks to be almost as hard. You watch the creature uncurl and flip over on to four spindly, crab-like legs. Its small head has large compound black eyes, long antennae, and mouthparts with three rows of sharp mandibles which it uses to inject venom into its victims to paralyse them and feed off their blood. Two more GRONKS flip over and scuttle towards you. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First GRONK	*5*	*5*
Second GRONK	*5*	*4*
Third GRONK	*5*	*4*

If you win the battle without losing any Attack Rounds, turn to **208**. If you win but lose one or more Attack Rounds, turn to **354**.

70

You place an arrow in the bowstring, drawing it back until it is fully loaded. You know you only have time for one shot, which needs to pierce the Demon's eye socket to have any effect. With Hakasan screaming at you to fire, you take careful aim and release the arrow. You watch it fly towards its mark, but it misses Zanbar Bone's skull by inches. If you own a Demon Dagger, turn to **45**. If you do not have the dagger, you will have to fight on with your sword. Turn to **138**.

71

The building is a small wood cabin in front of which there are many rows of blueberry bushes blooming with plump, ripe fruit. There is a scarecrow wearing a straw hat tied to a wooden post in the middle of the rows of bushes which seems to be keeping the birds at bay. If you want to take a closer look, turn to **358**. If you would rather continue your journey east to Moonstone Hills, turn to **134**.

72

You stride through the tall grass as fast as you can in the direction of the groaning man. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **24**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **217**.

73

You give Onx 2 Gold Pieces in payment for the dice, which he says are made of animal bone. You notice that the number 1 on the dice has been replaced by a clover leaf. He tells you that you have bought a pair of 'Lucky Bones'. Add 2 *LUCK* points. You bid farewell to Onx and leave Largo to head back to Darkwood Forest, walking as quickly as possible. A few hours later, you are back at the spot where you left Hakasan in the forest, but are alarmed to discover that she is not there. You wonder if maybe you are in the wrong place, but are certain the tree you are standing next to is the same one Hakasan was leaning against when you left her. 'You took your time, didn't you?' a familiar voice calls out from above. You look up to see Hakasan staring down at you from a branch of the tree. You ask her how she managed to climb the tree with a broken ankle, to which she replies, 'I used a rope to help pull myself up. It's safer up here! Well, did you deal with Klash?' You reply that you failed to find him, unfortunately, and explain what happened. She lowers herself down to the ground, sits down, and says, 'That's not good, but we can't give up now.' You see that her ankle is very swollen and tell her that you hope you will be able to fix it up, handing her the bottle given to you by Onx. She asks what it is, and you reply that it was sold to you as healing potion. 'After you, then!' Hakasan says, smiling. If you want to drink some of the liquid first, turn to **351**. If you want to insist that Hakasan drinks it, turn to **122**.

74

You decide to give 1 Copper Piece to each of the three beggars closest to you. They all nod in recognition of your generosity. The oldest of the three begins to speak in a low but calm voice. 'Thank you, stranger. You are most kind, especially since I see from your appearance that your luck is not much better than ours. How times change. My friend here was once a fine jewellery maker until he lost his right arm fighting off robbers in Port Blacksand. If there is anything we could do for you in return for your kindness, please say.' If you want to ask the one-armed man if he's heard of Gurnard Jaggle, turn to **378**. If you would rather bid them farewell and walk on to the T-junction at the end of the alley, turn to **311**.

75

The bearded man shouts 'Yes!', punching the air in triumph. He holds his hand out to await his prize, which you take from your backpack to give him. He holds the ruby up to the light, inspecting it closely to make sure it is genuine. Satisfied it is a *genuine* gemstone, he shakes your hand, and you head back to the bar, feeling annoyed that you lost your valuable ruby. Turn to **89**.

76

After picking up her sword, Hakasan puts your arm around her neck and half carries and half drags you towards the cover of a fallen tree. Before you get there, another flight of arrows whistles through the air. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **312**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **220**.

77

You just have enough time to reload the flintlock and fire again, but without taking careful aim. Roll two dice and add 2 to the total. If the number is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **267**. If the number is greater than your *SKILL* score, the lead ball misses Zanbar Bone. There is no time to reload, and you draw your sword in one last desperate attempt to defeat the Demon. Turn to **138**.

78

As soon as you have finished your breakfast, Yaztromo hands you 15 Gold Pieces and tells you to get ready to depart. You meet him on the ground floor, where he asks you to touch the tips of the fingers of your non-fighting arm with the fingertips of his opposite hand. A bolt of energy suddenly shoots up your arm and you immediately feel incredibly fit and healthy. Increase your *STAMINA* score by 10 points. Turn to **272**.

79

You light your lantern and walk in slowly to find yourself in a large cave which has charcoal drawings of gruesome beasts covering the walls. The cave is empty but you notice the tunnel entrance at the back, which is quite narrow and less than two metres high. The air inside the tunnel is cool and still, and has a slight musty smell. You walk down it to where it ends at a junction. If you want to go left, turn to **370**. If you want to go right, turn to **203**.

80

You cross the market square and walk down Thread Street. In your hurry to find Nicodemus, you are less mindful of danger than usual, and do not notice a gang of masked men armed with clubs slip out of Snake Alley and creep up on you from behind. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **261**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **290**.

81

'Excellent. Let's go!' Hakasan says enthusiastically. You exit the cave together, stepping outside on to the ledge where the bright sunlight hurts your eyes, making you squint. You scramble down the crag to the main entrance to the cave. Peering inside, you see nothing but dark shadows beyond the sunlit entrance. 'I wouldn't go in there if I were you,' the ninja tracker warns. 'Let's head west to the Eastern Plain.' You walk back down the valley, exchanging stories about your adventures, when suddenly two tall, ugly creatures with tusked mouths and long hair braided with bones jump out from behind a large rock. They are wearing animal furs, and advance towards you swinging their spiked clubs above their heads. They are HILL TROLLS and you must fight them. You opt to take on the taller of the two.

HILL TROLL	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **102**.

82

Silver Street ends at a T-junction where it joins a narrow cobbled street running north and south. It is lined with drab, narrow houses built of grey stone with small windows and high-pitched roofs. A horse-driven cart laden with rusty old iron, worn-out shoes and clothes, rotten wood and bits of old furniture rumbles down the street towards you. The pasty-faced driver is slouched in his seat in a threadbare coat and top hat looking bored, occasionally flicking his horse with a long whip to urge it on. 'Rag and bone!' he shouts out half-heartedly as he passes each house, hoping that somebody might toss something out for him to take away. But nobody opens their door. There doesn't appear to be much happening in Barrel Street. Will you:

Stop the rag-and-bone man to talk to him? Turn to **326**
Walk back to the market square
to go to Armoury Lane? Turn to **8**
Walk back to the market square
to go to Beggar's Alley? Turn to **283**

83

The arrow whistles past your head and thuds harmlessly into a tree behind you. Turn to **372**.

84

The vegetable soup tastes good. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. If you have not done so already, you can either take a look at the books (turn to **331**) or open the wooden chest (turn to **376**). If you would rather leave the tree house and carry on towards Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **251**.

85

As soon as you slip the bracelet on to your wrist, a strange tingling feeling runs through your body which makes your limbs feel numb and heavy. It's a huge effort even to lift your arm or walk one step. The tingling sensation quickly subsides, leaving you feeling stronger than ever and full of energy. Gain 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Pleased to be wearing the Bracelet of Power, you leave the cottage and set off again for Moonstone Hills. Turn to **164**.

86

The palace grounds are a vast area of gardens, trees and courtyards divided by a sweeping carriageway leading to the coach house, stables, servants' quarters and barracks for the household guards. A paved path leads from the carriageway up to a wide stone staircase to the imposing main doors of the house. Windowless at ground level, the house looks fortress-like and impossible to enter. You follow the guards to the barracks, where they take off their helmets and armour and sit down to relax. You do likewise, and start talking to the guard sitting next to you. You tell him that you are a new conscript, and are interested to know where prisoners should be taken after they have been arrested. 'Nobody is allowed to enter the house, so don't use the main door or you'll end up in the cells yourself,' the guard warns. 'There is a maze of dungeon corridors under the main building where the cells and a torture chamber are located. You'll find the entrance door to the cells on the north side of the palace.' You thank him for the information and stand up to help yourself to a mug of water left out for the guards. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. You put your helmet back on and, when nobody is watching, walk behind the barracks and on past the servants' quarters down a gravel path which leads to the north side of the house where there are stone steps leading down to a narrow entranceway. There is nobody about and you hurry down the steps to an iron door which

is locked. If you own a bunch of brass keys, turn to **230**. If you don't have any brass keys, you have no choice but to knock on the door. Turn to **125**.

87

Immersed in thought, you are not as alert as you should be in the forest, and step unwittingly into the hidden jaws of a cast-iron animal trap which snaps shut on your ankle. Try as you might, you are unable to open it. The hours pass, and twice during the morning wolves come sniffing, and you have to fend them off with your sword. Animal trappers finally arrive, but unfortunately they are Man-Orcs. Instead of rescuing you, they tie you to a tree, and take all the items from your backpack. Deduct these items from your Adventure Sheet. You struggle to free yourself, worried that the wolves might return at any moment, but the knots are tied too tightly. Suddenly you hear the noise of a twig breaking underfoot. Fearing the worst, you get ready to kick out at the oncoming predator. 'Need some help?' you hear a familiar voice ask. Standing in front of you is Hakasan with a big grin on her face. Suddenly her expression changes, and she says in a serious voice, 'We can't just ignore what happened back there. I couldn't walk away without knowing the truth. But I'm only going to free you if agree to come with me to find Yaztromo. We have to warn him. He might be under attack even as we speak.' You agree that her reasoning makes perfect sense,

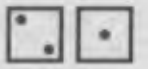

and apologize for thinking otherwise earlier. She cuts the rope binding you to the tree, and you pick up your empty backpack, left behind by the Man-Orcs. They also left your water bottle on the ground, and your sword, which they threw into the undergrowth, preferring spiked clubs as their weapon of choice. 'Deep down I knew you would come with me. Come on, let's go,' Hakasan says with a wry smile. Turn to **252**.

88

The old man who was robbed by the girl pushes his way to the front of the circle of angry people. 'Nobody robbed this girl,' he says angrily, pointing at her. 'I was the person who was robbed – most likely by her! Search her!' The girl kicks out, trying to keep the crowd at bay, but fails to do so. She is forced to hand the leather pouch back to the old man. A large, bearded man with braces holding up his baggy britches silences the crowd and says in a commanding voice, 'Put her in the stocks for the rest of the morning. Let it be a lesson to her and a warning to others. Have your rotten tomatoes at the ready!' The old man turns to you, smiles, and shakes your hand in gratitude. 'Thank you, stranger,' he says warmly. 'The money in the pouch is payment for a month's work! I just collected it from a customer. That thieving girl must have followed me here from Lion Street.' If you want to ask the old man what he does for a living, turn to **298**. If you want to bid farewell to him, turn to **26**.

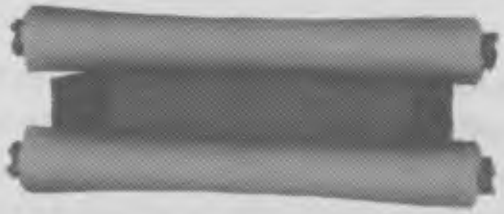

89

Whilst walking back to the bar, a brightly dressed woman with rosy cheeks and fluttering eyelashes squeezes through the crowd and bumps into you, apologizing profusely. You are momentarily distracted, and do not notice her accomplice slip his hand inside your backpack to help himself to your belongings. Roll one die twice to determine which items are stolen from your backpack:

Die Roll	Item Stolen
1	2 Gold Pieces
2	3 Gold Pieces
3	All keys
4	Brass bell and 1 Gold Piece
5	Knife and 1 Gold Piece
6	A bottle of potion

You reach the bar without knowing that you have been pickpocketed. If you have not done so already, you may talk to the innkeeper (turn to **317**). If you would rather leave the tavern and head down Harbour Street towards Singing Bridge, turn to **63**.

90

'Nobody enters my lair and makes demands of me,' the Norgul says angrily. It is a powerful creature which fights with brute strength and savage aggression. Enraged, it roars loudly and launches a frenzied attack on you with flailing fists, eager to feast on your eyes. Its thick hide is not easy to pierce, even with your sharp-edged sword.

NORGUL	*SKILL 10*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **231**.

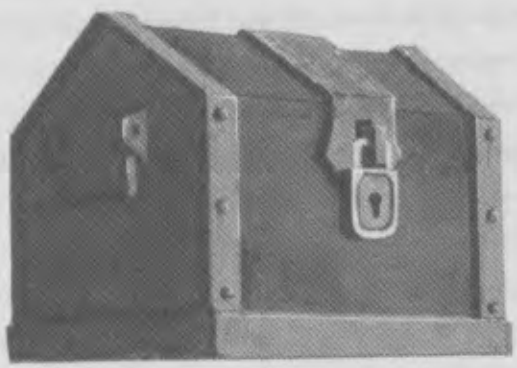

91

You stand in front of the advancing horse and cart with your hands raised in the air. The driver pulls hard on his reins, shouting 'Whoa!' at the top of his voice to bring his horse to a halt. You ask him if he has seen any sign of a Chaos Warrior in the last few hours. He shakes his head and says, 'I personally haven't seen one of those ruthless mercenaries, but a trapper who was out catching rabbits in the fields earlier today told me that he'd seen a Chaos Warrior come out of the forest and head west towards Catfish River. The trapper didn't go near him, and ran most of the way back to Chalice fearing for his life. I'm headed towards Catfish River myself. I'll give you a lift for 1 Gold Piece if you are agreeable?' If you want to pay for a ride, turn to **68**. If you would rather decline his offer, turn to **260**.

92

You lift the lid off the barrel, releasing two very large RATS which were trapped inside. They leap out, one of them jumping on to your shoulder. Gripping your tunic with its sharp claws, it leaps forward to bite your neck. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **48**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **147**.

'I'm Travis Traynor the travelling trader!'

93

The man puts his sack down on the ground and sits down with a sigh on his tripod stool, introducing himself by saying, 'Good morning. I'm Travis Traynor, the travelling trader! Would you be so kind as to look at my wares?' Without waiting for an answer, he empties the contents of the sack on to the ground. There is a lot of junk on the ground, but three things catch your eye – an onyx orb, a sword made of dazzling steel and a copper hunting horn. 'You've got an eye for fine things, my friend,' says Travis. 'Allow me to tell you the price of these priceless items! The Orb of Obedience is on sale for 10 Gold Pieces. I'm asking 10 Gold Pieces for the Horn of Calling, and the Venom Sword will cost you 20 Gold Pieces, which, might I say, is a bargain. You won't find a sharper sword in Allansia. It's sharper than a One-Eye, and it is charged with magic energy that's so powerful it can even defeat the Demon Spawn of the Netherworld.' You buy the items you can afford, paying Travis before getting back into the saddle to ride to Darkwood Forest. Turn to **286**.

94

The vial shatters on impact with the rocky ground, and a cloud of green gas escapes from the broken glass. The gas spirals towards you, enveloping you and making you choke. You run away, gasping for air, but cannot

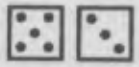

escape the poisonous gas cloud. You drop to your knees, clutching your throat, and fall unconscious. Your adventure is over.

95

As you bend down to fill your flask, you suddenly hear the sound of rocks tumbling down from above. You spin round to see a huge boulder rolling down the side of the steep hill towards you, and dive sideways to try to avoid being crushed by it. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **394**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **182**.

96

You are in such a deep sleep that you are unaware of the huge SCORPION BUG which emerges from its nearby borehole. Virtually blind, Scorpion Bugs detect even the slightest vibrations on the surface aboveground. It is attracted by your breathing, and crawls out of its hole to inject you with the paralysis-inducing sting at the end of its plated exoskeleton body. It ensnares you with its sharp pincer-like claws and drags you down into its borehole, where it will feed on you in the coming weeks. Your adventure is over.

97

You hear the sound of footsteps approaching from the other side of the door, followed by a bolt sliding in its metal bracket. The door is opened by an enormous bald-headed man, who is wearing a tight-fitting black jacket with tails over a white shirt tucked into black, knee-length britches, with long red socks and shiny black shoes completing the butler's attire. His eyes are narrow and slightly slanted, and he looks at you with suspicion. 'Yes?' he asks tersely. If you want to say that you have come to collect a letter, turn to **53**. If you want to say that you are an adventurer down on your luck who is looking for work as a guard, turn to **44**.

98

The light quickly fades as the sun sinks below the horizon, but the moon shines brightly in the clear night sky, casting an eerie twilight across the landscape. Suddenly you hear a familiar voice calling out to you. 'Good to see you have got a fire burning.' *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **324**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **185**.

99

'Well, I've been wandering around this forest for quite some time now, and I've yet to find any gold. It certainly doesn't grow on trees!' Bignose says, chortling loudly. 'If I were you, I'd try your luck in Firetop Mountain. They say the place is filled with gold. Or there's always Baron Sukhumvit's Deathtrap Dungeon in Fang. Lots of gold to be won there if you manage to come out alive. Nobody ever has mind you. Right, I must be on my way. I've got my second cousin to find. Cheerio!' The Dwarf walks past you, whistling happily to himself, and is soon out of sight. Turn to **246**.

100

You pick yourself up out of the dirt, none the worse for wear, and watch the horseman disappear west in a cloud of dust. Whoever it was on horseback is certainly in a hurry. You decide you might as well help yourself to some corn. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Looking east, you estimate it will be dark by the time you reach Skull Crag and hope you will be able to find somewhere safe to camp down for the night. Looking south, you see a semi-ruined stone cottage with its thatched roof mostly missing because of a fire. If you want to take a look inside the cottage, turn to **319**. If you would rather press on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

101

Roll two dice, and add 4 to the total if you are using Lucky Bones. If the number is 8 or higher, turn to **366**. If the total is 7 or less, turn to **75**.

102

You look round to see Hakasan wiping Trolls' blood off the razor-sharp blade of her magnificent sword. 'They never learn, stupid creatures,' she says dismissively. A search of the Trolls' pouches yields 3 Gold Pieces and two silver buttons. 'Well, it's a start!' she says cheerfully. You set off again, talking about past adventures, with Hakasan asking lots of questions. 'You never did tell me what you found in Skull Crag, only that the treasure was missing from the iron chest.' You reply saying you found a wooden box in the iron chest which you take out of your backpack to show her. She takes it from you, and on seeing the carved beetle motif on the lid, says, 'This looks like one of Gurnard Jaggle's deadly puzzle boxes. You have to be very careful when opening these.' She turns it over and over, examining it carefully. She presses down on the lid and, at the same time, pushes her thumb against one side of the box. A small section of wood slides out. She repeats the action on the other sides of the box until there are four sections of wood sticking out. With a look of intense concentration on her face, she carefully lifts the lid, breathing a sigh of relief when it's open, and says, 'Phew! Now what have we got here?'

A white-haired old man ... is placing jewellery and ornaments in the windo

There are three items in the puzzle box: a small glass vial with green gas swirling around inside, a small lead ball and a folded piece of paper. 'Gurnard didn't disappoint us. The green gas is most likely poisonous. What are you going to do with the vial?' she asks, inspecting it closely before handing it to you. If you want to put the vial in your backpack, turn to **321**. If you want to throw it as far away as possible, turn to **150**.

103

You dab a small amount of paste on to your wound. It immediately stops hurting and visibly starts to heal. In less than five minutes there is no sign of the wound, not even the slightest scar. Add 1 *STAMINA* point and 1 *LUCK* point. You put the cork back in the jar and pack it away with the bandage before leaving the tree house to go back to Hakasan. Turn to **325**.

104

Silver Street is a narrow cobbled street lined with small houses and shops, most of which are jeweller's and silversmith's. There are beautifully crafted silver teapots, urns, platters and condiment sets on display in the window of the silversmith's. The second shop has a sign above the shop window which says *Jethro's Jewels*. A white-haired old man wearing a white shirt and a black apron is placing gold jewellery and ornaments in the window. He looks up,

smiles, and beckons you to enter his shop, hoping that you might be his first customer of the day. You pop your head through the door and see a tall Man-Orc standing near the jeweller, who is his hired guard. If you want to enter the jeweller's shop, turn to **275**. If you would rather keep on walking to the end of the street, turn to **82**.

105

The burning-hot fireroot juice does the job, triggering the holes covering the Sporeball to close up, and preventing any further spores from being released into the air. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **131**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **62**.

106

Your rowing boat is met by hail of crossbow bolts, one of them sinking into your thigh. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You ignore the pain, and pull on the oars with gritted teeth. Nicodemus mutters more arcane words, creating an invisible shield which is only evident when you see crossbow bolts deflecting off it to land harmlessly in the river. You pass under the arch of the city wall, rowing away from Port Blacksand as fast as you can. There is no time to stop, and Luannah has to pull the bolt from your leg whilst you continue to row, binding the bleeding wound as best she can. Finally assured that nobody is in pursuit, you settle down to row at a gentler pace upriver, and discuss the threat of Zanbar Bone with Nicodemus. Turn to **379**.

107

You crawl inside your bivouac, roll out your blanket and lie down exhausted after a hard day's walk. A full moon rises in the night sky and you stare at the bright stars, thinking about the events of the day before drifting off to sleep. You have not been asleep for long when you are woken by some snuffling sounds. You sit up, grab your sword and peer outside. Suddenly you see something moving in the pale moonlight. It's a large, round black shape, and it is headed towards you on four stumpy legs, its snuffling sounds getting louder and louder. A cloud that was partially blocking out the moon drifts away and you see the creature standing in front of you. It has a huge head with an enormous tusked mouth, wide snout, tiny eyes and ears, and a thick-set neck that joins its head to its bulbous body covered with a thick grey hide. Its keen sense of smell has led the HIPPOHOG to you, looking for its evening meal. On seeing you, the Hippohog breaks wind, releasing a stench that is so rancid that it makes you retch and feel light-headed. Hippohogs overcome their prey by first disabling them with their acrid intestinal gas before trampling them underfoot. You feel quite sick, but know you have to drag yourself outside to fight the Hippohog. You barely feel able to lift your sword. Reduce your *SKILL* by 3 points for this battle.

HIPPOHOG	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **61**.

108

Gurnard Jaggle walks across the room and sits down on the edge of his bed. 'As you may have heard, I like gold, but gold doesn't like me. It seems to avoid me at all costs. So I thank you for these 3 Gold Pieces. You may know that I am a failed treasure hunter. For years I tried to find gold, but only did once. But I was robbed of it, and became very angry, and decided to take my anger out on other treasure hunters. I began making booby-trapped wooden puzzle boxes, making them very hard to open. I put a vial of poisonous gas inside the boxes, like the one I am holding now, and left them in caves and dungeons, hoping a treasure hunter would find them and smash them open to release the gas. I have regretted it ever since. I hope nobody actually died from trying to open one of my boxes.' Hakasan tells Gurnard that unfortunately he may have caused one or two fatalities. With tears in his eyes, Gurnard apologizes over and over again, and asks how he might atone for his crimes. You tell him that you believe Allansia will be in grave danger when Zanbar Bone returns from his twilight existence, and that is why you are on your way to warn Yaztromo about an imminent attack on his tower. You tell Gurnard that anything he could do to help would go a long way to absolve him. Gurnard looks at you, trembling. 'The only person who knows how to defeat Zanbar Bone is the wizard Nicodemus. I found the iron chest in the Crystal Cave but there wasn't any gold inside. Somebody else got there before me. But they

missed the greatest treasure of all – the Ring of Burning Snakes, the fabled ring that once belonged to Nicodemus. I found it on the floor near the empty chest. It must have fallen out when the treasure hunters opened the chest in their hurry to take the golden amulets. But alas, I no longer have the ring. It was taken from me by a Chaos Warrior by the name of Klash. He ambushed me when I came home last night. There was nothing I could do to stop him taking the ring. I'm lucky to still be alive. I fear Klash has been hired by Bone's most faithful servant, Lord Azzur. Somehow he must have known that I had the ring. I'm certain the ring has special powers which Nicodemus could use to defeat Zanbar Bone.' Hakasan looks at you anxiously and says, 'What do we do now? Should we track down the Chaos Warrior or warn Yaztromo first?' If you want to chase after Klash, turn to **43**. If you would rather leave immediately and press on to Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **251**.

109

An ugly green face appears at the top of the stairs and glares down at you. It's another MAN-ORC and it is very angry to find its friends lying dead on the floor. It points at you and starts screaming and shouting in a language you don't understand. Before you have time to do anything, the Man-Orc slams the trapdoor down and bolts it shut. You hear something being dragged across the floorboards and realize the Man-Orc is sliding the iron stove on top

of the trapdoor to make sure you don't escape. You hear footsteps walking away and the front door being closed. You are left alone in pitch-black darkness, and there is no way out. Your adventure is over.

110

You tell Onx that you have to go, and bid him farewell. You leave Largo to head in the direction of Darkwood Forest, walking as quickly as possible. A few hours later, you are back at the spot where you left Hakasan in the forest, but are alarmed to discover that she is not there. You wonder if maybe you are in the wrong place, but are certain the tree you are standing next to is the same one Hakasan was leaning against when you left her. 'You took your time, didn't you?' a familiar voice calls out from above. You look up to see Hakasan staring down at you from a branch of the tree. You ask her how she managed to climb the tree with a broken ankle, to which she replies, 'I used a rope to help pull myself up. It's safer up here! Well, did you deal with Klash?' You reply that you failed to find him and explain what happened. She lowers herself down to the ground, sits down, and says, 'That's not good, but we can't give up now.' You see that her ankle is very swollen and tell her that you hope you will be able to fix it up, handing her the bottle given to you by Onx. She asks what it is, and you reply that it was sold to you as a healing potion. 'After you, then!' Hakasan says, smiling. If you want to drink some

of the liquid first, turn to **351**. If you want to insist that Hakasan drinks it, turn to **122**.

111

Ahead you see the tunnel opens up again and find yourself in an enormous underground limestone cave. Huge crystal stalactites hang down from the high ceiling which sparkles in the light from your lantern. Water drips down from the tips of long and short stalactites into pools on the cave floor, echoing loudly. You are excited to think you might be standing in the Crystal Cave shown on Murgat Shurr's map. You notice that the ceiling to your right has a large round hole in it, as though something had bored its way through, and there is a patch of transparent goo on the floor directly underneath the hole. At the back of the cave there is a large shard of crystal lying on the cave floor with an iron chest placed on it. If you want to walk over to look inside the chest, turn to **289**. If you would rather take a closer look at the hole in the ceiling, turn to **399**.

112

You put a Gold Piece in the mug and tentatively lower yourself on to the wooden throne. You think carefully about the wish you want to make when suddenly the mug is pulled up on the string and disappears into the leaves. You hear high-pitched giggling high up in the tree and realize that you have been cheated out of your money. Lose 1 *LUCK*

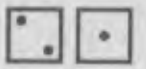

point. You look up but don't see anybody. 'That giggling sounds like CHUMPIES to me,' Hakasan says, shaking her head. 'They are always coming up with new ways to steal gold from people. They love gold. If we could only get our hands on those mischievous little thieves, we'd be rich! We might as well keep going as we'll never catch them.' Annoyed at yourself for falling for the Chumpies' trick, you walk on, cursing. Turn to **348**.

113

The ugly Ogre is a powerful and very vicious opponent. It is skilled at using a wooden club as a weapon, and swings it forcefully through the air.

OGRE	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 10*

If you win, turn to **179**.

114

You walk on, and suddenly feel something warm and wet land on your head with a splat. You look up to see the Warhawk circling overhead and understand the grim reality of what has landed on you. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. The soggy poop starts to trickle down the side of your head and has a very unpleasant smell. You wash it off with water from your flask, but the smell lingers. 'That will teach you not to ignore a cry for help!' Hakasan says, trying not to

laugh. You curse your luck and decide to head back in the direction of where the basket landed. Turn to **72**.

115

You swing your sword down as hard as you can on the bloated creeper which erupts under the blow. Purple sap squirts out everywhere, fizzing on contact with everything it touches. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **49**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **243**.

116

As soon as you run off, the little old man screams, 'Don't leave me, friend! Don't leave me!' With his words ringing in your ears, you run through the tall grasses as fast as you can, and soon leave the short-legged Blue Imps behind. When they are out of sight, you slow down to a walk, heading in the direction of Moonstone Hills. Turn to **134**.

117

You see an old tree trunk with crumbling, rotten bark which is host to a cluster of fiery-red capped mushrooms. Your stomach rumbles noisily and you realize just how hungry you are after your exploits in Skull Crag. Hakasan sees you looking at the mushrooms and shouts at you not to eat them, as they might be poisonous. If you want to eat the mushrooms, turn to **285**. If you would rather heed her advice and go back to help her look for tracks, turn to **304**.

A fearsome-looking giant of a man

118

After passing Parrot Lane and Garden Street on your left, you turn right between two small gatehouses on to Singing Bridge. It is a narrow, rickety wooden bridge with a gruesome collection of skulls skewered on wooden spikes fixed to the handrail. The wind sounds like tortured souls wailing as it blows through the skulls. Whilst crossing the bridge, you witness a kidnapping. A white-haired old man with a long beard and wearing white robes is being dragged in chains up a small flight of wooden steps from underneath the bridge by two tall guards wearing black chain-mail vests and iron helmets. The old man is not struggling, and appears to be semi-conscious. You realize it is Nicodemus, the legendary Grand Wizard of Allansia. Directing the guards is a fearsome-looking giant of a man wearing plate metal armour under a crimson tunic through which iron spikes protrude from his shoulder plates. He is wearing a horned helmet which is etched with demonic symbols, and carrying a heavy two-handed sword. There is no mistaking the CHAOS WARRIOR, and you know it must be Klash who is in charge of the kidnapping. Without thinking about the consequences, you run forward to attack Klash with your sword.

CHAOS WARRIOR	*SKILL 10*	*STAMINA 11*

If you win, turn to **313**.

119

As the smoke clears away, you are distraught to see that Zanbar Bone is still standing. You missed! The Demon Prince vents his fury, foaming at the mouth with anger, and calls on his troops to press forward. If you possess another lead ball and want to shoot at him again, turn to **77**. If you do not have another lead ball, you can either attack Zanbar Bone with your sword (turn to **138**) or, if you own a Demon Dagger, you could throw it at his head (turn to **356**).

120

Bignose pauses to look at his treasured weapon for a second before saying, 'Done! I'm not going to argue with anybody who is going to help Yaztromo. The battleaxe is yours!' You thank Bignose for his generosity, and give him the goblet and bell in exchange. He smiles, saying, 'Right, I must be on my way. I've got my second cousin to find. Cheerio!' The Dwarf walks past you, whistling happily to himself, and is soon out of sight. Turn to **246**.

121

The stricken vampire bug twitches spasmodically on the ground before coming to rest. Though their larvae start life in dormant pools of water, vampire bugs are not usually found in towns, preferring to suck the blood of injured animals in the wild. A young urchin runs up to you and suggests that

you rub the vampire bug's blood on your skin as it will give you strength. He asks for a Copper Piece for the advice. If you want to do this, turn to **166**. If you would rather walk on to the T-junction, turn to **206**.

122

You hand the bottle to Hakasan, telling her not to worry. She snatches it from you, scowls and gulps down the potion. Her scowl soon turns to a smile, and she says with glee that her ankle feels suddenly strong and free from pain. Minutes later the swelling is gone, and she is able to stand and put her full weight on the ankle. 'That's incredible! Thank you, thank you, thank you,' she says happily. She hands the bottle back to you, and you drink the last drops left in it. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. You suggest that you should stick with the original plan and go to Yaztromo's Tower to warn him about Zanbar Bone. You take the lead, hacking your way through bushes and thick undergrowth of dense part of the forest. You stumble upon a tree stump which has been carved into the shape of an ancient throne. There is a dented pewter mug hanging in mid-air on a piece of a string tied to a high branch of a nearby tree. A note written on a piece of paper inside the mug says, *Welcome to the Throne of Wishes. You may make one wish at a cost of 1 Gold Piece. Drop a coin into the mug, sit down on the throne and make your wish.* If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to make a wish, turn to **112**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **348**.

123

A few branches are still burning on the campfire. You are too dizzy to brandish your sword but you are able to take hold of the end of a burning branch and wave it in front of you to keep the Hippohog at bay. The Hippohog eventually gives up its attempt at eating you, and wanders off into the night. You put new wood on the fire and make sure it is burning brightly before you settle down to sleep again. You wake up very early in the morning, gather up your belongings and begin your climb of Moonstone Hills, determined to reach Skull Crag by noon. Turn to **368**.

124

Six hooded men appear from behind the trees, each of them armed with a bow and arrow pointed at you. The colour of their clothes is light and dark brown, blending in with the forest. They have long black hair and eye sockets blackened with charcoal dust. You are trapped and have to act quickly. You whisper to Hakasan to attack the three BANDITS closest to her, and you will fight the others. On the count of three you charge at the bandits. But they anticipate your move, and fire their arrows at you. If you possess a bronze shield, turn to **60**. If you do not own a shield, turn to **204**.

125

You knock gently on the iron door, trying not to attract the attention of anybody outside. Nobody comes to the door and so you tap on it sharply with a coin. Finally, after what seems like ages, you hear the lock turn and the door creak open. You are confronted by an ugly green-skinned brute of a creature with tiny eyes and tusks protruding from its thick-lipped mouth. Blocking the doorway is a Troll in black chain-mail armour, another of Lord Azzur's Imperial Guards. The Troll glares at you and says, gruffly, 'What do you want?' If you want to reply that you have been sent to torture Nicodemus, turn to **31**. If you would rather try to kick the Troll down the stairs, turn to **338**.

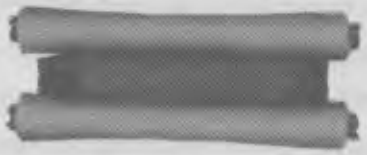

126

The man stops whistling and stares at you intently with one eyebrow raised higher than the other. After what seems like an age, he suddenly blurts out in a gruff voice, 'I've got bread and honey. I want copper nails to finish off building my new beehive. You got any?' If you want to trade your bag of nails for some bread and honey, turn to **268**. If you would rather politely refuse his offer and leave the square, turn to **58**.

127

You pull the cork out of the bottle with your teeth and spit it out on to the ground. You sniff the liquid inside the bottle, but it is odourless. 'Are you sure you want to drink that? I wouldn't if I were you,' Hakasan says, looking concerned. If you want to ignore her warning and drink the liquid, turn to **181**. If you want to forget the idea, you can, if you have not done so already, either eat the apples and cheese (turn to **266**) or try on the signet ring (turn to **141**). If you would rather leave now and continue on your journey to Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **383**.

128

You feel a strange tingling sensation in your legs as they start to go numb. You uncork the bottle and rub the oil into the open wound on your ankle, but snake oil does not contain any properties to counter the deadly venom. Paralysis spreads throughout your body and there is nothing you can do to stop it. Your adventure is over.

129

Mungo slaps you on the back and says, 'Good on you! I'm glad to have you on board. If you've got no other business here, it's time to go back to the *Blue Marlin*. I left a shifty-looking character guarding my boat, and you can't trust anybody in Port Blacksand. He's probably

run off with my supplies by now! Are you ready to go?' If you want to sail to Oyster Bay with Mungo, turn to **20**. If you want to change your mind, you can either join the men playing their dice game (turn to **16**) or leave the tavern to walk down Harbour Street towards Singing Bridge (turn to **63**).

130

The trapdoor lifts up to reveal a narrow wooden staircase leading down to a dark cellar. There is a very unpleasant smell wafting up, like rotten meat. You hear the sound of feet dragging along the floor below, and a rasping, guttural sound like a sickly death rattle. If you want to go down the steps to investigate, turn to **323**. If you would rather shut the trapdoor and leave the cottage to carry on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

131

You manage to avoid breathing in any of the spores, and run through the clearing holding your breath to join Hakasan. Turn to **232**.

'My name is Hakasan Za. I am a ninja tracker from Zengis. And you?'

132

Reassured by the warm voice of the mystery woman, you reply that you would be willing to tell her your tale in exchange for something to eat. She agrees to your offer and tosses over a small chunk of bread, which you devour in seconds. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. You walk towards her with your hand outstretched to shake her hand. 'Stop!' she says sharply. 'There's a tripwire in front of you. I set a trap earlier. You just can't be too careful these days.' You step over the tripwire and are greeted by a friendly-looking young woman who is dressed in black robes, black cotton trousers and black leather sandals laced up over her calves. She has piercing brown eyes and long dark hair tied back in a ponytail. A two-handed curved sword is slung across her back. 'My name is Hakasan Za. I am a ninja tracker from Zengis. And you?' You tell her your name and why you came to Skull Crag, and show her the treasure map drawn by Murgat Shurr. You scoff, saying that whilst the map was accurate, the treasure, if there had been any in the first place, is long gone from the iron chest. The tracker smiles, saying, 'Oh, so it's one of Shurr's maps, is it? That charlatan makes copies of old treasure maps which are usually years out of date, and gets his minions to sell them to fools in Chalice and Port Blacksand. As you found out, they are not worth the paper they are written on. What are you going to do now?' You reply that you have no plans other than to leave Skull Crag. 'I've got no plans either. Do

you want to team up to go treasure hunting?' If you want to say yes to Hakasan's proposal, turn to **81**. If you would rather politely refuse, turn to **340**.

133

'You can't fool me, I know you are in there,' the man continues. 'If you don't show yourselves before I count to five, I'm going to release poisonous gas into the room. One, two, three, four. . .' If you want to continue to keep quiet, turn to **175**. If you want to shout down to the man to say that you know he is Gurnard Jaggle and want to ask him about the puzzle box you found in Skull Crag, turn to **213**.

134

The rest of the afternoon passes without incident, and you reach the base of Moonstone Hills as the light begins to fade. You look around, very much aware that you need to find somewhere safe to spend the night. There is not a lot of choice. You can either sleep where you are in the long grass (turn to **216**) or build a bivouac out of fallen branches (turn to **250**).

135

Wondering if the pendant has magical properties, you place the chain tentatively around your neck. You are slightly disappointed that you do not feel any sudden sensation or magical powers, but are also very relieved that nothing terrible happens to you. Turn to **333**.

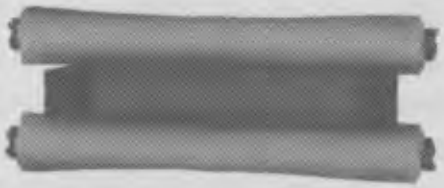

136

You walk as fast as you can, but darkness descends before you reach the shelter of Darkwood Forest. Walking by moonlight becomes frustrating as you trip over tufts of grass and rocks, and you realize you have no choice but to camp out on the open plain for the night. You find a few bits of wood and build a small fire. Hakasan shares her meagre rations of nuts and dried berries with you, which at least stops your stomach from rumbling. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. It is too dangerous for both of you to go to sleep, and you take it in turns to sleep whilst the other keeps watch. You hear sporadic grunts and growls, but the night passes without incident. You set off early next morning towards Darkwood Forest, convinced that your treasure-hunting fortunes will soon change. Turn to **56**.

137

The taller of the two bakers begins laughing nervously on hearing your question. 'Did I hear you correctly, stranger? You want us to help you climb over the wall of Hog House? Are you mad? Are you tired of life or something? Trespassers are not prosecuted – they are executed!' Will you:

Ask them again to help you climb over the wall?	Turn to **23**
Forget the idea and look at the houses?	Turn to **12**
Walk over to the shops?	Turn to **305**

138

You press forward with Hakasan at your side, bringing your swords down on the scores of Skeletons that stand in your way. As you close in on Zanbar Bone, another wave of Skeletons bears down upon you, too many for you to overcome. Exhausted and overwhelmed, you stand back-to-back with Hakasan as the Skeletons close in, their spears and swords finding their mark. You watch on in horror as Hakasan drops to the ground and is trampled underfoot; then you, too, sink to your knees under a rain of blows. The battle is lost. Your adventure is over.

139

You are not far from the outer edge of Darkwood Forest when Hakasan makes a sudden announcement. 'I think I've lost my appetite for treasure hunting. I can't get Horace's worrying tale out of my head. That black keystone looked very ominous to me, and so I'm going to go back to Zengis to warn our townsfolk. I'm sorry, but I'm going to say goodbye.' You try to convince her not to go, but she is having none of it. A quick hug, a smile and a wave goodbye, and she's gone, striding north-east across the plain. You walk alone towards the mighty oak trees standing tall in front of you with your mind spinning, thinking about the events of the past twenty-four hours. You see a gap in the trees where an animal path cuts through the thick undergrowth and tangled roots. You enter the forest, which is a stark mixture of light and shadow. Shafts of bright light shine down through holes in the blanket of leaves above, from where a cacophony of sound comes from the twittering birds warning the forest's inhabitants of your presence. It is not long before you reach a fork in the path. If you want to follow the right-hand path, turn to **385**. If you would prefer to take the left-hand path, turn to **87**.

140

You are hit in the arm by an arrow. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. If you survive, you look up to see the Wild Hill Men jumping for joy. You grit your teeth and wrench the arrow painfully out of your arm, and quickly bind the wound as best you can with a strip of cloth torn from your shirt. You watch the Wild Hill Men scrambling down the hill to attack you with their axes. You stand up to fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First WILD HILL MAN	*6*	*5*
Second WILD HILL MAN	*6*	*6*

If you win, turn to **193**.

141

You slide the signet ring on to the little finger of your left hand, half expecting something terrible to happen. All your fingers tingle for a few seconds before returning to normal. You are wearing a Tyche Ring, one of the fabled rings of fortune which are made in Vatos in the Desert of Skulls. Add 2 *LUCK* points. If you have not done so already, you can either eat the apples and cheese (turn to **266**) or drink the purple liquid (turn to **127**). If you would rather leave the other items and continue your journey, turn to **383**.

142

You chase Onx, calling out his name and telling him to stop. He looks round and stops, staring at you coldly with his arms folded. You tell him that you would like to buy a bottle of healing potion after all. He is still angry, and demands 4 Gold Pieces for the potion. If you want to buy the healing potion, turn to **277**. If you think it is too much to pay for a potion and would rather set off for Darkwood Forest, turn to **7**.

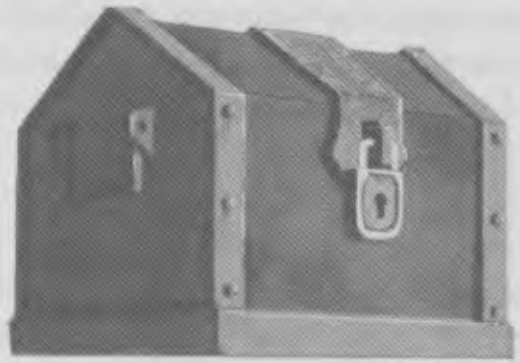

143

Bignose strokes his bushy beard and eyes you a little suspiciously, saying, 'What treasure are you hoping to find in Darkwood Forest, might I ask?' If you want to reply that you are searching for gold, turn to **99**. If you want to reply that you are searching for a legendary emerald known as the Eye of the Dragon, turn to **254**.

144

You use the spare branches to make a fine crackling fire before crawling inside your bivouac. You roll out your blanket and lie down at last to rest, enjoying the warmth of the flickering flames. A full moon rises into the night sky and you stare at the bright stars, thinking about the events of the day before drifting off to sleep. You have vivid dreams and are woken up a couple of times by creature noises, but the night passes without incident. You wake up early in the morning, gather up your belongings and begin your climb of Moonstone Hills, determined to reach Skull Crag by noon. Turn to **368**.

145

You reach into your pocket and slowly count out 20 Gold Pieces, which you hand to the Trolls. 'Blimey, you must have more money than sense,' Twoteeth says, sniffing the gold coins. 'Which means you've probably got something in your backpack that we might want. So, like I said, give me your sword and let Stinkfoot look inside your backpack.' You protest, saying that you have just paid them 20 Gold Pieces to enter the palace grounds. 'I don't know what you are talking about,' Twoteeth says slyly. You have no option but to do as they say. Turn to **192**.

146

As you wend your way through the forest along the path, your leg catches on a razor plant, one of its sharp, blade-like fronds slicing into your flesh. You sit down on a log to bandage the wound with a piece of cloth torn from your shirt to stop the bleeding. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You are about to set off again when you hear the sound of rapid footsteps coming from behind. Somebody – or something – is in a hurry. Making so much noise running through the undergrowth, whoever it is certainly isn't trying to creep up on you. You stand up and see Hakasan come bounding into view, waving. 'Having a rest?' she asks jovially. You tell her about the razor plant but she isn't very sympathetic. Her expression changes, and she says in a serious voice, 'We just can't ignore what happened back there. I couldn't walk away without knowing the truth. You have to come with me to find Yaztromo. We have to warn him. He might be under attack even as we speak.' You agree that her reasoning makes perfect sense, and apologize for thinking otherwise earlier. 'Good. Deep down I knew you would come with me,' Hakasan says with a wry smile. 'Come on, we've got to go back the other way. Yaztromo lives west of here.' Turn to **2**.

147

You react too slowly. The rat's sharp teeth sink painfully into your neck. It scurries across your shoulders and tries to bite the other side of your neck, but you manage to grab hold of it and smash its head against the barrel, killing it instantly. You touch your neck and feel warm blood trickling down. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You suddenly hear a faint buzzing sound, and look up to see the fast-beating translucent wings and long, shiny black body of a VAMPIRE BUG diving down to attack you, its blood-sucking proboscis aiming for the wound on your neck. It is about a metre long and you must fight it.

VAMPIRE BUG	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **121**.

148

You dive into the cornfield and wait to see who is approaching. The thundering sound of galloping hooves grows louder, and moments later you catch a glimpse of a horse's legs flashing by, heading west at full speed. Whoever it is on horseback is certainly in a hurry. You decide you might as well help yourself to some corn. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. When you have finished eating, you set off again. You estimate it will be dark by the time you reach Skull Crag, and hope you will be able to find

somewhere safe to camp down for the night. Looking south, you see an old stone cottage with just the burnt edges of its thatched roof remaining, due to a fire. If you want to take a look inside the cottage, turn to **319**. If you would rather press on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

149

You wave your merchant's pass at the thugs waiting at the top of the ramp, yelling at them to move out of the way. 'Let the merchant through!' shouts a bearded man in a black hat. You barge past the press gang to join the thronging crowd of sailors, fishermen, beggars, entertainers, and fruit and flower sellers milling about on the wharf. There are some drunken sailors standing outside the Black Lobster Tavern with their tankards in hand and arms around each other, singing loudly. If you want to go in the tavern, turn to **187**. If you want to head down Harbour Street towards Singing Bridge, turn to **63**.

150

'No!' shrieks Hakasan as the glass vial flies through the air. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **248**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **94**.

151

You both dive into the water as the pirate boat rams the flat-bottomed boat, splitting it in two. You stay underwater for as long as possible to avoid being seen, swimming as hard as you can towards the southern bank. With your lungs feeling like they are about to burst, you are forced to come to the surface to breathe in some fresh air. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **205**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **52**.

152

A weighted net flies through the air and lands on top of you both. You struggle to stand up, but cannot untangle yourself from the heavy net. You look up to see the bandits have surrounded you, and are congratulating themselves for having captured you so easily. Their leader looks down and sneers at you before turning to his fellow bandits, saying, 'These two should fetch a good price in Shazaar. Chain them up and take them away.' Alas, you will soon be sold into slavery. Your adventure is over.

153

The woman's aim is true. The heavy pot lands right on top of your head, smashing into many pieces. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. The woman laughs and slams her bedroom window shut. Rubbing the painful lump on your head, you decide to walk over to the shops. Turn to **305**.

154

You calm Stormheart down and spur him on again, taking a detour around the back of the Skeletons. 'Zanbar Bone is here. I feel his presence,' Nicodemus shouts in your ear as you urge Stormheart on through the forest. 'There is not a moment to lose!' You ride east through the forest beyond the Skeletons, and circle back towards Yaztromo's Tower, arriving at last at a scene of despair. The tower is totally black from its base to the parapet on top. Purple vines as thick as rope burst out of the ground around the tower, climbing rapidly up the walls like fat worms. Huge numbers of Skeletons stream out of the forest and march into the clearing to line up in front of the tower. They come to a halt, standing to attention in perfect formation, fifty across and twenty deep, one thousand armed Skeletons awaiting orders. Suddenly the great oak door flies open and a figure emerges from the Tower. It is Hakasan, screaming at you to come inside. She has a look of despair in her eyes. If you want to go inside Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **279**. If you want to hack at the vines climbing the tower with your sword, turn to **115**.

155

The card sharp shakes his head and says angrily, 'No, no, no, no. I can't do that! That would be giving my secrets away. Don't be a bad loser, my friend. The hand is quicker than the eye! Trust me, you lost fairly and squarely.'

Ignoring his excuses, you reach forward and turn over the cards to see that they are all jacks! The queen of spades has vanished, no doubt deftly substituted with another jack by the sneaky card sharp. 'Well, I never! How did that happen?' he asks, laughing nervously. 'Please don't think for one moment I was trying to trick you. The queen must be here somewhere. I must have dropped it.' He fumbles anxiously in his pockets and suddenly produces a gold coin. 'Here, let me pay you for your trouble. It's a Gold Piece. Here, take it. Please. It's yours.' You think about giving him a punch in the face for trying to cheat you out of your sword, but think better of it since you have no friends in Chalice and might get set upon by the crowd. You snatch the coin from him and leave the market square. Turn to **58**.

156

After helping her out of the bear trap, you make sure Hakasan is comfortable before setting off, running as quickly as you can through the dense forest. It is not long before you come to the southern edge of Darkwood Forest and stop briefly to scan the horizon. In the far distance you can just make out the grey stone city wall surrounding Chalice. All you can see between you and Chalice is a swathe of tall grasses blowing in the wind, but there is no sign of the Chaos Warrior. If you want to carry on running south towards Chalice, turn to **200**. If you want to head west towards Catfish River, turn to **398**.

157

You spin round, realizing the rumbling noise is the sound of rock grinding against rock. You run back the way you came, peering into the gloom, arriving just in time to see a huge slab of rock sliding down from the ceiling to land on the tunnel floor with a dull thud. You try pushing against the heavy stone slab but it is a metre thick and impossible to lift or move. You give up trying, and walk back to where you were a few minutes ago. You walk on another thirty-five metres and come to a dead end. You are trapped! There is no way out of the tunnel. You are caught in a trap made by Cave Trolls, who will return in a week's time to take the possessions from your lifeless body. Your adventure is over.

158

The venom of a Yellowback is deadly, and you don't have much time to spare before your central nervous system becomes paralysed. You uncork the bottle and frantically rub the snake oil on the two red punctures on your leg where the snake bit you. Thankfully the antidote works. The pain slowly subsides, but you have a high temperature and feel very light-headed. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Hakasan helps you stand up and you are soon able to walk normally again. Turn to **24**.

'Friend or foe?' he asks in a booming voice

159

You walk towards where the sound of the voice is coming from and enter a small clearing where you see a short, stocky man with balding hair and a long bushy beard sitting on a log, sharpening his battleaxe. He is wearing a chain-mail shirt over his tunic, a cloak and big brown boots. By his side are a crossbow and an iron-rimmed wooden shield. He doesn't seem concerned by your sudden appearance. 'Friend or foe?' he asks in a booming voice. If you want to reply 'friend', turn to **360**. If you want to reply 'foe', turn to **209**.

160

You are in a deep sleep when a huge SCORPION BUG emerges from its nearby borehole. Virtually blind, Scorpion Bugs detect even the slightest vibrations on the surface above ground. Attracted by your breathing, it crawls out of its hole to inject you with the paralysis-inducing sting at the end of its plated exoskeleton body. You wake up just as it tries to snare you with its sharp pincer-like claws to drag you down into its borehole to feed on you. Although you still feel exhausted from the effects of the Tick-Tick virus, you must fight the Scorpion Bug. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points before combat begins.

SCORPION BUG	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 10*

If you win, turn to **388**.

161

The lid of the box lifts up easily to reveal two large fangs, certainly large enough to be dragon's teeth. You put them in your pocket and open the drawer fully to see if it contains anything else. Turn to **189**.

162

You rub the orange wax over the open wound on your ankle. You feel a tingling sensation in your legs, but the uncomfortable feeling quickly subsides as the stikkle wax neutralizes the toxic venom. Breathing a sigh of relief, you carry on down the tunnel and soon arrive at another junction. If you want to go left, turn to **197**. If you want to go right, turn to **292**.

163

A quick search of the robbers yields 3 Copper Pieces and a black pearl. You carry on down Thread Street, where you see four armed guards marching towards you. You see a narrow alleyway almost hidden from view in shadows on your left, which you slip down unnoticed. It ends at a T-junction where you turn right into Palace Street. Turn to **371**.

164

Walking through the tall grasses of the Eastern Plain, you see the great expanse of the Moonstone Hills looming before you, with the foothills no more than half a day's walk away. To your left, the plain stretches north as far as you can see all the way to Darkwood Forest, and to the south all the way to Silver River and beyond. You walk on determinedly, but looking at your map, you have a lingering doubt about its authenticity. Half an hour later, you see a flock of birds high in the sky circling above a building about half a kilometre north-eastwards. If you want to investigate, turn to **71**. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to **134**.

165

Bignose's mouth drops open in disbelief as you recount Horace Wolff's tragic story. 'Oh my goodness, that is the most terrible news I've heard since the disappearance of Bigleg! I would like to come with you to Yaztromo's, but I have to find my cousin. The good news is that you are not far from the wizard's tower. Half an hour's walk this way,' he says, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb. 'If there is anything of mine that might be of use to you, please say. I would happily trade.' If you possess a Rune Ring, turn to **27**. If you do not own this ring, turn to **235**.

166

The urchin pockets the Copper Piece and runs off. You soon find out that he was not telling the truth. As you smear the blood on your arm it starts to burn like acid. The pain is severe as the toxic blood begins to eat through your skin. Ignoring the rank smell coming from the barrel, you reach in and grab a sodden rag, wiping your arm frantically with it. The water quickly neutralizes the acidic blood, but not without loss to your health. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 3 *STAMINA* points. You toss the rag aside and walk on to the T-junction. Turn to **206**.

167

Without weapons, there is not much that you can do to defeat the bandits, so you decide to run for it. Turn to **152**.

168

You are not even halfway across the square when the guards snap out of their frozen state and pour out through the palace gates to give chase. You hear the twanging sound of crossbows being fired, and one of the bolts finds its mark in the middle of your back. Your adventure is over.

169

You head down the narrow right-hand tunnel for thirty

metres, the light from your lantern casting eerie shadows on the rough-hewn tunnel wall. Suddenly you hear a dull rumbling sound coming from behind you. Turn to **157**.

170

Onx looks at you with a face like thunder. He's very annoyed that you won't help him, especially since he helped save you from getting captured by the pirates. He becomes more and more agitated, and starts shouting and blaming you for his boat being sunk by the pirates. He starts talking in a strange language, his voice getting increasingly loud. He picks up a handful of dirt and throws it at you, and makes a rapid, sweeping gesture in the air with his other hand. You have been cursed! Lose 2 *SKILL* points and 1 *LUCK* point. He turns and runs off at a fast pace towards Largo. If you want to change your mind and run after Onx to buy the healing potion, turn to **142**. If you would rather let him go and set off for Darkwood Forest, turn to **47**.

171

As you reach for your sword, the Cyclops lets out a deafening roar and reaches over the counter to grab you by the throat with its huge hand. You try to pull its hand away, but the enraged creature's overpowering strength is far greater than yours. You pass out and never wake up. Your adventure is over.

The bloated jelly-like worm flops down on to the cave floor with a dull splat

172

The venom of a Yellowback is quick-acting, and you don't have much time to spare. You uncork the bottle and rub the oil on the two red punctures on your leg where the snake bit you. Unfortunately skunk oil is not an antidote for snake bites. Your temperature rises and your heart starts pounding in your chest as paralysis of your central nervous system sets in. Hakasan tries to help, frantically trying to bleed the poison from the snake-bite wound, but there is nothing she can do to save you. It's not long before you lose consciousness, never to recover. Your adventure is over.

173

Bignose looks at you disdainfully, and says, 'Never mind. I'll tell Mariola that her husband's ring has been found but is now in the possession of a selfish oaf. Now, I've got better things to do than stand here talking to the likes of you. I need to find my second cousin, so I'll be on my way. Cheerio!' The Dwarf barges past you, humming loudly to himself, and is soon out of sight. Turn to **246**.

174

A huge semi-transparent, gelatinous worm with pulsating innards which produce a luminescent green glow starts to slide down through the hole. It's a flesh-eating GIANT LAVAWORM, a deadly creature and scourge of the Cave Trolls. The bloated jelly-like worm flops down on to the

cave floor with a dull splat. It has powerful sonar senses for echolocation, and slithers towards you, intent on dissolving you with its acidic mucous secretion and feeding on your liquid remains. You must fight it. Normal edged weapons have little effect on Lavaworms. If you possess a pouch of salt, turn to **21**. If you do not have any salt, you must fight the Lavaworm with your sword. Turn to **336**.

175

A small glass vial flies up through the trapdoor and shatters on impact with the floor to release a cloud of green gas from the broken glass. The gas spirals towards you, enveloping you and making you choke. Gasping for air, you climb down the rope ladder as fast as you can, but cannot escape the encircling cloud of poisonous gas. You drop to your knees, clutching your throat, and fall unconscious. Your adventure is over.

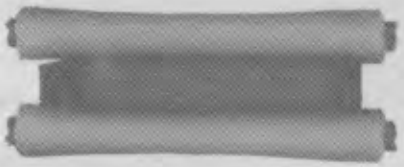

176

You put your index finger to your lips, motioning to Hakasan to keep quiet. Walking as quietly as possible, you take a short detour on your trek to Yaztromo's Tower. Turn to **246**.

177

You soon arrive at the lair of the slain Norgul, where its cauldron is still bubbling away, suspended above the dying embers of the fire. You walk through the lair and soon arrive at another junction. If you want to go left, turn to **28**. If you want to go straight on, turn to **316**.

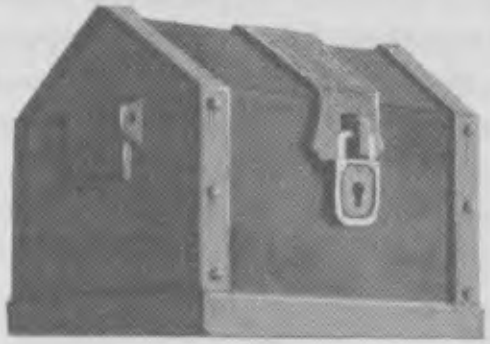

178

There are five streets to choose from – River Street, Palace Street, Temple Street, Market Street and Thread Street. You discount River Street since it is unlikely the guards would take Nicodemus back over the river, and also Market Street, as it only leads to the main gates. Temple Street is blocked by a stack of handcarts belonging to market porters who are waving placards in protest against low wages, which leaves a choice of two streets. If you want to go down Palace Street, turn to **371**. If you want to go down Thread Street, turn to **80**.

179

A search of the Ogre yields 5 Copper Pieces and an iron key which it was wearing around its neck on a piece of string. You pocket the coins and the key, and turn to the timber yard owner, who steps backwards, afraid that you might attack him. He apologizes profusely and begs you not to harm him, offering you 10 Copper Pieces and 3 Gold Pieces in payment for having treated you so badly. You snatch the coins from him and walk back down Armoury Lane to the market square and on to Beggar's Alley. Turn to **283**. Or, if you have not done so already, you may go back to the market square to go to Silver Street. Turn to **104**.

180

You pocket the merchant's pass and hand 10 Gold Pieces to Cris before stepping into the small rowing boat laden with wicker baskets. Dod pushes the boat out into the river, saying, 'Moor up at Lobster Wharf. It's very crowded there and nobody will be bothered about you. But don't come back here without my boat. Remember I've got your horse! No boat, no horse. Do we have an understanding?' You nod your head in agreement, smiling, and wave goodbye, reminding Cris to feed and water Stormheart whilst you're away. Turn to **395**.

181

You place the bottle to your lips, hesitating for a second before gulping down the liquid. You feel a warm glow in your throat which spreads down into your stomach. You have drunk a Potion of Strength. Add 2 *SKILL* points, 3 *STAMINA* points and 1 *LUCK* point. With a smug grin on your face, you apologize insincerely to Hakasan for drinking it all. If you have not done so already, you may either eat the apples and cheese (turn to **266**) or try on the signet ring (turn to **141**). If you would rather leave these items behind and continue on your journey, turn to **383**.

182

You are unable to dive out of the way in time. The massive boulder hurtles down and crashes into you with fatal impact. Your adventure is over.

183

You are engulfed by a swarm of flying insects which bite and sting you all over. You can hardly see a thing, and swiping at them with your sword is pointless. Lose 4 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point. If you are still alive, you are relieved to see Yaztromo come to your aid, blasting the insects with a Volcano Spell which makes them all explode, showering the Skeleton horde with insect fragments. Zanbar Bone rages from his throne, and commands his tentacled beast to attack. Turn to **11**.

184

The man smiles, turning over the card to reveal a jack of hearts. 'Hard luck, stranger,' he says hollowly. 'I'm afraid you failed to find the lady. Your sword, please.' If you want to hand over your sword, turn to **4**. If you want to ask him to turn over the queen of spades card before handing over your sword, turn to **155**.

185

Hakasan comes bounding into view with a frown across her face. 'No rabbits, I'm afraid,' she says disconsolately. 'Looks like it's going to be nuts and dry berries again tonight.' Hakasan shares her meagre rations with you, which at least stops your stomach from rumbling. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. You stoke the fire before retiring to the pigpen, taking it in turns to sleep whilst the other keeps watch. You hear sporadic grunts and growls from outside, but the night passes without incident. You set off early next morning towards Darkwood Forest, convinced that your treasure-hunting fortunes will soon change. Turn to **56**.

186

You put the wooden box on the ground and swing your sword down hard on it, cleaving it in two. You notice a small lead ball roll out of the box at the same time as a cloud of green gas escapes from a glass vial that is shattered by your sword. The gas envelops you, making you choke. You run out of the cave and down the tunnel, gasping for air, but cannot escape the poisonous gas cloud. You drop to your knees clutching your mouth, and fall unconscious. Your adventure is over.

Behind the wooden bar stands a stern-looking man

187

The Black Lobster Tavern is like any other tavern in Port Blacksand where the ale flows freely. Everybody is on the make. Slippery-tongued rogues with multiple tattoos, slicked-back hair and darting eyes sell worthless treasure maps to gullible customers. Smiling charlatans with flowing locks sell dyed water as potions of strength. Sly-looking crooks take good money from would-be fortune hunters in payment for blunt swords sold as magic dragon-slaying weapons. And sly thieves simply steal money and purses from their victims when the chance comes. You open the large oak door and are met by a waft of stale air and a cacophony of noise from the drunken sailors, boat builders, fishermen and fish-market workers packed into the dimly lit tavern, sloshing down mugs of ale and bragging loudly about their seafaring adventures. Behind the wooden bar stands a stern-looking man wearing a dirty apron over his white vest. He has gold earrings in both ears, and his chest and arms are covered in tattoos. There is a sign above the bar which says *Sail in a gale with Armpit Ale*. The innkeeper eyes you suspiciously as you approach the bar. In the far corner of the tavern you catch sight of two men sitting at a table rolling dice with a lot of noisy enthusiasm. If you want to talk to the innkeeper, turn to **317**. If you want to join the men playing their dice game, turn to **16**.

188

The wall is some four metres high and made of smooth stone; there is nothing to take hold of to climb up. You look down the street and see two men walking towards you in white hats and aprons, their faces dusted with flour. They are bakers, and look very tired from kneading heavy dough and baking bread since dawn. Will you:

Ask the bakers to help lift you over the wall? Turn to **137**
Forget the idea and look at the houses? Turn to **12**
Have a look at the shops? Turn to **305**

189

You find a jar and a bandage at the back of the drawer. The words *Cure-all – do not eat* are scribbled on the label of the jar. You uncork the jar to find it contains a small amount of yellow paste at the bottom which smells like rotten eggs. Will you:

Eat some of the paste? Turn to **35**
Rub a small amount of paste on a wound? Turn to **103**
Take the jar and bandage back to Hakasan? Turn to **325**

190

Hakasan stares at you coldly and says, 'I'm not so sure. How did he know so much about Zanbar Bone? And how do you explain the keystone? But as you wish. Let's get him buried and be on our way. Poor man, what a terrible way to end his life.' You find a long branch to use as a lever to lift up the block of granite, enough to pull poor Horace out from underneath. You bury him and mark his grave with a small pile of stones with Hakasan notably silent throughout, lost in solemn thought. 'So where should we go to now?' she asks without much enthusiasm in her voice. If you want to say you should keep on walking towards Darkwood Forest, turn to **139**. If you want to suggest that you head west, turn to **342**.

191

The little old man lets out a huge cheer as you dispatch the last of the Blue Imps. 'Wonderful! Wonderful!' he shouts out happily at the top of his voice. 'I'm saved! I'm saved!' You untie the ropes binding him to the post and he starts jumping in the air with excitement. You ask him how he ended up becoming a human scarecrow. 'Those damned Imps,' he says angrily. 'I was on my way to Deedle Water a week ago, and had camped down for the night. I was asleep when they crept into my camp and kidnapped me. They bound my wrists and ankles and brought me here hanging from a pole carried by

two of the little rascals. That was not an enjoyable experience, I can tell you. They are so short, I kept bumping my head on the ground! Well, it only got worse, didn't it? They plonked me here in the middle of their blueberry bushes and said that unless I scared the birds away, they would eat me! Carnivores, that's what they are! Can you imagine those horrible little creatures with their knives and forks slicing me up? There's hardly any meat on me! Why would they bother? They'd be better off eating the blooming blueberries, but they don't. They grow blueberries just to make a special dye which they rub on their skin to make it turn blue. I love eating blueberries myself. Which reminds me – I'm starving!'

The old man begins cramming handful after handful of blueberries into his mouth. You follow his lead and gorge on the tasty berries until you can't eat any more. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. Finally he lets out a satisfied, loud burp and asks you where you are headed, and you reply that you are on your way to Moonstone Hills on a quest. He lets out a low whistle, and says, 'Well, a bit of advice for you, then, before I go. If you are thinking of sleeping out here on the plain, make sure you build a fire to keep away the hungry critters roaming around at night. And since you are going to be exploring caves, here's a lump of stikkle wax in case you get bitten by a Gronk. Just rub it on the bite and you'll be fine. Now I must be on my way to Deedle Water. My wife

will be wondering what happened to me.' He shakes your hand and wishes you luck. You watch him gather up some blueberries before heading off. If you want to look inside the Blue Imps' cabin, turn to **38**. If you would rather carry on to Moonstone Hills, turn to **134**.

192

You hand your weapons over to Twoteeth, and take off your backpack to let Stinkfoot look inside. 'Thank you,' Twoteeth says insincerely. 'You can go now. We'll look after your things, won't we, Stinkfoot? That will teach you to try and trick your way into Lord Azzur's palace. Go on, beat it.' You complain vociferously, but the Trolls insist that you leave, and threaten you with jail if you don't. Complaining is futile, and there is nothing you can do to stop them sharing out your weapons and belongings between them. You have lost everything except for your jewellery and the items in your pockets. Lose 2 *LUCK* points and 2 *SKILL* points. The only hope you have in gaining entry to the palace is to walk over to the lone guard standing on the corner of Palace Street, knock him out to take his armour and weapons, and try to enter the palace disguised as a guard. Turn to **59**.

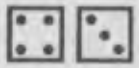

193

You empty the Wild Hill Men's leather shoulder bags on to the ground and find a small pig carved out of stone, 2 Gold Pieces, a small box of fish hooks, a piece of flint and a small bag of salt. You take the items you want, and also a small hand axe, a bow and six arrows. Pleased with your haul, you set off again. Turn to **345**.

194

Whilst she is resting, you take the opportunity to pick some ripe berries from nearby bushes, which you share with Hakasan. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Feeling better, Hakasan stands up, and you set off again. A few minutes later, you hear somebody in the distance call out, 'Bigleg! Bigleg! Where are you?' If you want to see who is calling out, turn to **159**. If you want to keep quiet and avoid whoever it is, turn to **176**.

195

Ten Gold Pieces seems like a lot of money to pay for a dagger, but Cy assures you that not only will the dagger fly true when thrown, its blade, which is made of the finest Salamonian steel, is guaranteed to pierce almost anything. You hand 10 Gold Pieces to the Cyclops and place the dagger in your belt. Add 1 *SKILL* point. There is nothing else that you can afford to buy, so you leave the shop and walk to the end of Armoury Lane. Turn to **33**.

196

The pendant lies unseen in the undergrowth as you set off in the direction Bignose suggested. Turn to **333**.

197

You head down the narrow left-hand tunnel for thirty metres wondering where the passage might lead to. Suddenly you hear a dull rumbling sound coming from behind you. Turn to **157**.

198

Nicodemus calls to you, saying he is running out of energy and will only be able to keep Zanbar Bone in place for a few seconds more. Yaztromo is breathing hard, exhausted from casting spells, and it is all Hakasan can do to stop the front row of Skeletons from breaking through. You grab the flintlock pistol from your belt, take aim at the Demon Prince's skull, and pull the trigger. There is a puff of smoke as the black powder ignites in the gun barrel with a bang, shooting out the lead ball. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your *SKILL* score, turn to **267**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **119**.

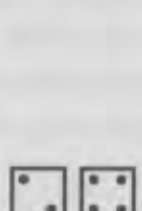

199

Your sword finds its mark, sinking into your attacker's shoulder with a dull thud. It makes a gurgling sound in its throat but increases its grip on your ankle. The creature shuffles into the shaft of light shining down from the room above, and you see it has pallid grey skin covered with festering sores. Its gaping mouth is torn away on one side to reveal broken black teeth and a lolling tongue, and its sunken eyes are red-rimmed and lifeless. Oblivious to the gaping wound in its shoulder, the ZOMBIE lurches forward trying to bite you. You must fight the undead creature.

ZOMBIE	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 5*

If you win, turn to **67**.

200

You run through the tall grasses without stopping until you can run no further. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You are exhausted and have to pause to get your breath back. Chalice is less than a kilometre away and there is still no sign of the Chaos Warrior. To your left is the vast field of ripe corn and before you stands a farmhouse. You see a man come out of the farmhouse and climb into the driver's seat of a loaded cart tethered to a grey horse. The man cracks his whip and the horse sets off at

a fast trot, heading in your direction. If you want to call out to the man to ask if he has seen Klash, turn to **91**. If you would rather watch him drive by without saying anything, turn to **260**.

201

You try to turn the brass handle, but the door is firmly locked. If you want to pull the cord to ring the doorbell, turn to **97**. If you would rather leave Hog House, turn to **30**.

202

The monstrous creature lumbers forward, its tentacles curling in and out of its cavernous mouth, trying to snare you. Its iron-like hide is difficult to pierce with normal weapons, and its swirling tentacles make it difficult to fight. You must reduce your Attack Strength by 4 points during each Attack Round.

QUAG-SHUGGUTH	*SKILL 12*	*STAMINA 13*

If you win, turn to **362**.

203

You walk down the narrow tunnel some forty metres, the light from your lantern casting eerie shadows against the rock wall. Suddenly you hear a dull rumbling sound coming from behind you. Turn to **157**.

204

You dive sideways, trying to avoid being hit by the arrows. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your *SKILL* score, turn to **3**. If the number rolled is greater than your *SKILL* score, turn to **364**.

205

Luckily for you, the pirates are looking in the other direction when you surface. You breathe in a lungful of fresh air and dive down again to continue swimming underwater. You see reeds in front of you in the murky water, and swim towards them so that you can surface hidden from view. When you reach the reeds you find Onx is already there. He hands you a reed and whispers to you to keep your head under the water and breathe

through the reed. You wait ten minutes before surfacing again to find that the pirates have gone. You climb out of the river and begin the walk back to Largo. Onx is very upset that his boat was sunk by the pirates. He says a new boat will cost him 10 Gold Pieces to have made, and offers to sell you a bottle of healing potion for 2 Gold Pieces to help pay for it. If you want to buy the healing potion, turn to **18**. If would rather decline his offer, turn to **170**.

206

Lion Street is cobbled, and much wider and brighter than Beggar's Alley. It certainly looks to be in a more affluent part of the town. On the opposite side, a high wall runs the length of the street. There are stone gargoyles fixed to the top of the wall every ten metres or so, staring down threateningly at all who might pass by. Above the wall you can just see the top floor and roof of a large mansion house. Whoever lives there obviously wants privacy and does not welcome visitors. On the near side of the street there are a few shops to your right and houses to your left. Will you:

Try to climb over the wall of the mansion house?	Turn to **188**
Take a look at the houses?	Turn to **12**
Look in the shop windows?	Turn to **305**

207

After paying your entry fee, the guard calls for the main gates to open. As you pass through the gates, you are suddenly grabbed by four other guards and pulled off your horse. Before you have time to react, iron shackles are clamped on your wrists and you are led off to the guardhouse nearby and thrown in the cells downstairs. You rattle the cell bars in anger, demanding to know why you have been put in jail. One of the guards looks coldly at you, and says, 'You shouldn't steal people's horses. You probably thought you were going to get a good price for it here, didn't you? Tell that to Lord Azzur. If you escape with your head, you'll be lucky. You'll more likely end up on Gallows Hill.' With that he turns and walks upstairs. You call out to him, protesting your innocence, but your words fall on deaf ears. Your adventure is over.

208

Flashing your sword swiftly through the air, you survive the battle unscathed. Add 1 *LUCK* point. Breathing a sigh of relief, you carry on down the tunnel and soon arrive at another junction. If you want to go left, turn to **197**. If you want to go right, turn to **292**.

209

The DWARF jumps up and grabs his shield, and runs at you swinging his battleaxe, yelling a war cry at the top of his voice.

DWARF	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **381**.

210

You empty the Man-Orc's pouch to find a piece of chalk, some dried nettles and a tiny cast-iron pig trinket. If you want to go back down into the cellar to examine the crack in the wall, turn to **244**. If you would rather leave the cottage to carry on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

211

You warn the urchin that you will come back and find him if the information you are paying for is false. 'I saw them! Honestly I did. It was the funny old wizard who lives under the bridge who was being dragged through the square by two of Lord Azzur's Imperial Guards. They were Trolls! Nobody dared challenge them. They barged through the crowd and disappeared down Palace Street,' the boy says convincingly. You give the boy 1 Gold Piece and decide which way to go. If you believe the urchin and want to go down Palace Street, turn to **371**. If you want to go down one of the other streets, turn to **178**.

An old man pops his head through the trap door and looks at you suspicious

212

Although you're excited by the thought of having finally reached your goal, you approach the iron chest with caution. Much to your surprise, there is no lock on the chest. Sensing a trap, you lift the lid with the tip of your sword, and cannot believe your eyes when you do. Apart from a small wooden box inside, the chest is empty! Somebody has beaten you to it. You curse loudly and kick the chest in anger, which sends it spinning across the cave floor. The wooden box falls out, and you pick it up to see that it is made of polished mahogany and has an ornately carved lid with a beetle motif in its centre. You shake the box and hear something rattle inside. Inspecting it closely, you see that the lid is tight-fitting. If you want to open it, turn to **307**. If you would rather put the box in your backpack without opening it, turn to **389**.

213

An old man pops his head through the trapdoor and looks at you suspiciously. He has thinning white hair and is wearing a sleeveless jacket over his dark green shirt. He climbs up the ladder and steps into the room, keeping his eyes on you, a glass vial held threateningly in one hand. 'Don't even think about it,' the man says coldly, gesturing towards your drawn sword. 'Put your weapons away so we can talk. You are right, I am Gurnard Jaggle. I would be willing to tell you about my puzzle boxes, but

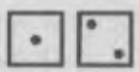

the information will cost you 3 Gold Pieces.' If you want to pay his price for information about the wooden box, turn to **108**. If you would rather tell him you are going to leave his tree house and continue on your journey, turn to **29**.

214

The old man quickly shakes your hand, eager to close the deal. He's clearly very pleased with his purchase. You put the 10 Gold Pieces in your pocket and casually ask who Gurnard Jaggle might be. 'He is my brother! He is a very talented man, but he was robbed of the only treasure he ever found and that made him bitter and twisted. He started doing some bad things and disappeared a few months ago. It's all very sad. Anyway, I'm closing my shop for thirty minutes, so I'm going to have to ask you to leave.' A sideways glance at Crusha shows that he means business. You bid Jethro Jaggle farewell and leave his shop to walk to the end of the street. Turn to **82**.

215

As soon as you have finished your breakfast, Yaztromo hands you 15 Gold Pieces and tells you to get ready to depart. You meet him on the ground floor, where he asks you to touch the tips of the fingers of your fighting arm with the fingertips of his opposite hand. A bolt of energy suddenly shoots up your arm and you immediately feel incredibly dexterous and powerful. Increase your *SKILL* score to 12. Turn to **272**.

216

You rummage through your backpack and find a few scraps of food to eat. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. It is a cool evening and so you decide to make a campfire. You roll out your blanket and lie down with your sword nearby for comfort, to enjoy the warmth of the flickering flames. A full moon rises in the night sky and you stare at the bright stars, thinking about the events of the day before eventually drifting off to sleep. You have not been asleep for long when you are woken by some snuffling sounds. You jump up, grab your sword and peer into the half-light looking for movement. Suddenly you see something. It's a large, round black shape and it is coming slowly towards you on four stumpy legs, its snuffling sounds getting louder and louder. A cloud that was partially blocking out the moon drifts away and you see the creature in front of you in the moonlight. It has a huge head with an enormous tusked mouth, wide snout, tiny eyes and ears, and a thick-set neck that joins its head to its bulbous body covered with thick grey hide. Its keen sense of smell has led the HIPPOHOG to you, looking for its evening meal. On seeing you, the Hippohog breaks wind, releasing a stench that is so rancid that it makes you retch and feel light-headed. Hippohogs overcome their prey by first disabling them with their acrid intestinal gas before trampling them underfoot. But they are also afraid of fire. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **123**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **278**.

217

You unwittingly step on a snake which was bathing in the warm early morning sunshine. It rears up on its tail, coiled like a spring, and strikes at lightning speed, sinking its fangs into your leg to inject toxic venom into your veins. It slithers off quickly into the undergrowth. It has distinctive black zigzag markings running the length of its yellow back, leaving you in no doubt that you have been bitten by a deadly YELLOWBACK SNAKE. Your leg immediately goes numb and starts to swell up, and you drop to the ground, rolling around in agony. If you took a bottle of oil from a street-sweeper in Chalice, turn to **10**. If you do not have a bottle, turn to **332**.

218

You put the pendant in your back pocket, not realizing that there is a hole in it. It falls out through the hole and disappears into the undergrowth. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **320**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **196**.

219

You walk across the beautifully manicured lawn and up the marble steps to the formidable shiny black front door. A cord with a brass knob at the end hang downs to your left. If you want to pull the cord to ring the doorbell, turn to **97**. If you would rather try opening the door, turn to **201**.

220

The bandits are excellent bowmen, and before you are able to reach cover, more arrows thud into your body. Roll one die. This is the number of arrows that strike you, with the minimum number being two. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points for each arrow that finds its mark. If you are still alive, turn to **312**.

221

Your rowing boat is met by hail of crossbow bolts, some bolts lodging into the hull and others flying overhead, but none hit you. Nicodemus mutters more arcane words, creating an invisible shield which is only noticeable when you see crossbow bolts deflecting off it to land harmlessly in the river. You pass under the arch of the city wall, rowing away from Port Blacksand as fast as you can. With nobody in pursuit, you settle down to row steadily upriver, discussing the threat of Zanbar Bone. Turn to **379**.

222

The dagger misses its target, flying harmlessly past the Demon's skull. Unable to hold back the Skeleton horde any longer, Hakasan is pushed to the ground and trampled underfoot. Before you can draw your sword, the Skeletons are on top of you, their spears and swords piercing your flesh. You sink to your knees, defeated. Your adventure is over.

223

Onx dives into the water and swims to the bank as the pirate boat rams your boat, splitting it in two. You are thrown into the fast-flowing river with the oarsmen plunging their oars into the water to strike you. You are caught on the side of the head by one of the oars, which knocks you out. The pirates grab hold of you and haul you into their boat. You wake up to find that they have taken all of your possessions, including your sword. They chain your ankle to the bench seat in the boat and give you an oar. 'Welcome aboard,' says the sneering captain. 'You are now officially under the command of Captain Crow. Row hard and you might get fed.' You try to convince the captain about the imminent return of Zanbar Bone, but he tells you to stop making up fanciful stories and concentrate on rowing. Wondering about the fate of poor Hakasan, you begin your new life as a river pirate. Your adventure is over.

224

You hear a loud screech overhead, and look up to see a giant winged reptile with a long tail diving straight down towards you. Its scaly skin is bronze in colour, and it has a long head with an elongated jaw housing rows of needle-sharp teeth. Before you have time to draw your sword, the TERROSAUR strikes, sinking its sharp claws into your arm and swooping back up into the sky with you in tow. The pain is unbearable. You try to wriggle free but give up when you see you are too high in the sky to risk falling to the ground. The screeching reptile heads west at speed, flying over the Moonstone Hills towards the foreboding line of giant trees which marks the edge of Darkwood Forest. Banking to the right, it glides north over the high treetops and beyond, crossing Red River and the Pagan Plains towards the solitary peak of Firetop Mountain. As you close in on the red-topped mountain, you see a large nest built on a rocky ledge halfway up. The Terrosaur circles the nest, calling out with high-pitched screeches to two hatchlings which are excitedly flapping their leathery wings. You realize that you are going to be their next meal. There is nothing you can do to stop the giant reptile gliding down to its nest to feed you to its offspring. Your adventure is over.

225

The undergrowth thins out a little, allowing you to make better progress. You keep going until you reach a clearing where you see an enormous Troll's head some five metres high carved out of the face of a rocky outcrop. The idol is partly concealed by moss and vegetation, and has stone steps leading up to its open mouth, which is nearly two metres in diameter. If you want to walk into the open mouth of the idol, turn to **37**. If you want to keep on walking, turn to **284**.

An enormous troll's head some five metres high carved out of the face of a rocky outcrop

226

The Blue Imps may be small in height, but they are very quick and dexterous. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First BLUE IMP	*6*	*5*
Second BLUE IMP	*6*	*4*
Third BLUE IMP	*6*	*5*

If you win, turn to **191**.

227

A quick search of the Dark Elves' pockets yields 1 Gold Piece, 2 Copper Pieces, and a small silver box containing a silver key. You put the items in your backpack and take one of the serrated knives for good luck. You climb back on to Stormheart and ride off again, determined not to stop again for any reason. Turn to **66**.

228

There is no sign of life. The main farmhouse building is in total ruin, but there is a wooden pigpen at the back which remains standing. You open the hatch and your nostrils are met by a ripe, fruity aroma which makes you cough. But at least the pigpen is dry inside, has a roof and four walls, and should keep out unwanted creatures of the night. Hakasan says she is going to try to catch a rabbit for supper in the dying light of the day. You wish her luck and build a fire using the wood from a broken table you find in the ruins. With the fire lit, you rummage around the ruins and find a pair of dirty old leather boots inside a wooden box hidden under some rubble. They appear to be your size. If you want to try on the boots, turn to **393**. If you would rather leave them in the box, turn to **98**.

229

The Man-Orcs have leather pouches on their belts which you empty out on to the floor. You find a Copper Piece, seven teeth, a silver button, a glass eye, an arrowhead and three polished stones. After taking what you want, you look round the room to see if there is anything else which might be of use to you. There are five jars on a shelf containing rats' tails, small bones, worms, dead flies and sheep's eyeballs. You have room in your backpack for one jar, but if you want to take more, you will have to leave something behind for each additional jar you take. In the far corner of the room, you discover a wooden trapdoor partly hidden by an old iron stove. If you want to move the stove to unbolt the trapdoor, turn to **130**. If you would rather leave the cottage and carry on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

230

You put the first of the twenty brass keys into the lock, but it fails to unlock the door. Your luck changes with the eighth key you try, and you hear a satisfying click as the lock turns in the door. You pull on the door, which creaks open on its rusty hinges. The stone steps lead down to a cold and gloomy corridor below, which is lit by oil lamps suspended from the ceiling. You walk slowly down the steps, trying not to make any noise, and soon arrive at a junction. You hear the sound of footsteps coming down the left side of the corridor, and decide to investigate. Turn to **295**.

231

A search of the Norgul's lair reveals a string purse hidden in a small recess in the wall. You untie the purse and find that it contains 5 Gold Pieces. Add 1 *LUCK* point. You place the purse in your backpack and walk over to the tunnel at the back of the Norgul's lair and soon arrive at another junction. If you want to go left, turn to **46**. If you want to go right, turn to **111**.

232

You run through the clearing, holding your breath, to where Hakasan is waiting for you. 'That was the most hideous thing I have ever seen in Darkwood Forest,' she says with disgust. You carry on heading west, and progress becomes easier as the undergrowth thins out. Walking along, it dawns on you that all the birds and creatures have gone quiet, and you comment on the fact to Hakasan. 'Something must have spooked them,' Hakasan says, drawing her sword. You stand still, listening out for any noises. 'What's that?' asks Hakasan. You concentrate hard, and hear faint rustling sounds coming from the left, and then from the right. You tell Hakasan to stand back-to-back with you and be ready to challenge whoever is approaching. You do not have to wait long to find out who it is. 'Put down your swords. Put down your backpacks. And walk back the way you came. There are six arrows pointed at you. You have ten seconds to make up your

mind,' a man's deep voice commands coldly. If you want to obey the unseen man, turn to **377**. If you want to stand your ground, turn to **124**.

233

Hakasan agrees with your decision, saying, 'We need to get to Yaztromo's Tower before dark or we could be in for a very challenging night in Darkwood Forest!' Turn to **225**.

234

Hanging on to the top of the wall, you ease yourself down as far as you can. With your legs dangling down, you drop to the ground below, twisting your ankle badly as you land. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You are annoyed at yourself for getting injured unnecessarily. You look both ways down the street and decide what to do. If you want to look at the houses, turn to **12**. If you want to walk over to the shops, turn to **305**.

235

You tell Bignose that you do not have many items to barter with, but say you would like his battleaxe if a deal could be done for it. If you want to offer him your goblet with the unicorn-head motif and brass bell in exchange for his battleaxe, turn to **120**. If you would rather offer him your brass bell and candle for it, turn to **344**.

236

Clambering up and down hills, over boulders, rocks, stones and shale all morning is very tiring and thirsty work. You slip over several times, hurting your arm in one particularly bad fall. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You push on, reaching a narrow gully between two steep hills through which a stream is gently running. If you want to stop to fill up your water flask, turn to **95**. If you would rather keep on walking east, turn to **345**.

237

Roll two dice, and add 4 to the total if you are using Lucky Bones. If the number is 8 or higher, turn to **75**. If the total is 7 or less, turn to **366**.

238

Hakasan nods her head in agreement and says, 'If it is true, this news about Zanbar Bone is very grim. It is fortunate that we are close to Darkwood Forest. We should go to Yaztromo's Tower without further delay. We have to warn him. He might be under attack even as we speak. Let's bury the stonemason and be on our way.' You find a long branch to use as a lever to lift up the block of granite, enough to pull Horace's body out from underneath. You bury him and mark his grave with a small pile of stones. You set off towards the wall of oak trees standing tall ahead. Your mind is spinning,

thinking about the events of the past twenty-four hours. You see a gap in the trees where an animal path cuts through the thick undergrowth and tangled roots. You enter the forest, which is a stark mixture of light and shadow. Shafts of bright light shine down through holes in the heavy blanket of leaves above, and there's a cacophony of sound coming from the twittering birds warning the forest's inhabitants of your arrival. It is not long before you come to a fork in the path. 'We need to go left,' Hakasan says firmly. 'Yaztromo lives west of here.' Turn to **252**.

239

The market square is soon a place of frantic hustle and bustle as traders haul their goods into the square, with everybody trying to be first to set up their stalls. Early customers arrive dressed in fancy headgear and long, colourful robes, darting between the stalls, scouring the tables looking for bargains. The place is awash with noise, with traders and entertainers shouting loudly to attract custom. There are arm wrestlers, fortune tellers, magicians, snake charmers, and even an organ grinder with his pet monkey collecting coins in a tin mug from onlookers. A shifty-looking girl, perhaps eighteen or nineteen years old, with long black hair and wearing a dark grey belted smock and black leggings, momentarily catches your eye as she walks past. She is following

an old man who is carrying a small canvas backpack. Suddenly a blade appears in her hand from nowhere, and you watch her deftly slice open the bottom of the man's backpack. She slips her hand inside and takes out a leather pouch, turning quickly to disappear into the crowd. If you want to challenge the thief, turn to **387**. If you want to ignore the robbery and look around the market, turn to **247**.

240

The owner of the timber yard leaves after a few minutes, and you are left alone with Olaff the Ogre. You ask him some questions but he doesn't reply. You give up trying to talk to him, and carry on piling beams on to the shelves. The owner comes back an hour and a half later, by which time you have finished loading the shelves and are quite exhausted. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. He walks up to you and says with a smirk on his face, 'Well done, you can go now.' You ask him for payment and he looks at you quizzically and says, 'Payment? What payment?' The Ogre sidles up alongside him, grinning, brandishing an oak club. If you want to fight the Ogre, turn to **113**. If you would rather go back to the market square to walk down Beggar's Alley, turn to **283**.

241

You scan the many rows of bookshelves and pull out a large leather tome entitled *Demon Princes*. You flick through the pages and open the book at the chapter headed 'Skeleton Demons', where you find a page dedicated to Zanbar Bone. You read that he was born in Fang, the son of two merchants who were secret cultists devoted to the Demon Princes of Titan. Bone went on to study magic in the Forest of Yore and later developed a bitter rivalry with Yaztromo and Nicodemus. He hated them both, and turned evil to learn dark magic to defeat them. However, Bone lost a firestorm battle of magic with his former mentor and teacher, the archmage Vermithrax, and was severely wounded and reduced to nothing more than a barely living skeleton. He disappeared into the night and was not seen again for decades. He reappeared as a Skeleton Demon, known as the Night Prince, and ruled parts of northern Allansia from his Black Tower with the help of his undead and demonic followers. His powers are many, including his ability to paralyse and hypnotize victims, or to destroy them with demon fire and magical energy. The most alarming fact about Zanbar Bone is that defeating him is never permanent. He always returns from the Demon Plain more powerful than ever before, and new ways must be found to defeat him. 'So now you know who we are dealing with,' Yaztromo says solemnly, looking

over your shoulder. 'We need Nicodemus's help. You must go to Port Blacksand tomorrow. You'll find him in his wooden hut beneath Singing Bridge. He won't want to come, but you have to bring him here. We need all the help we can get to defeat Zanbar Bone when he reappears. Anyway, that's tomorrow's task. For now, let's eat and enjoy each other's company.' Turn to **14**.

242

You see an old tree trunk with crumbling bark which is host to a cluster of fiery-red capped mushrooms. Your stomach rumbles noisily and you realize just how hungry you are after your exploits in Skull Crag. If you want to eat some of the mushrooms, turn to **285**. If you would rather look for something else to eat, turn to **224**.

243

You are sprayed with acidic sap, which eats into your flesh. Lose 4 *STAMINA* points. If you are still alive, you watch it continue to pump out of the creeper, causing a foul-smelling cloud of vapour to rise from the ground, hissing like gas. It makes you cough, and you have no choice but to follow Nicodemus into the tower, where Hakasan slams the door shut behind you. Turn to **279**.

244

You find a folded piece of paper jammed into the crack in the wall. You pull it out and go back up the steps to read what is written on it. It's a grim message which must have been written by the person who turned into the zombie you encountered in the cellar. It tells of his terrifying experience of being bitten by a zombie whilst mining for gold in Moonstone Hills. The other miners, fearing he might bite them, brought him to the ruined cottage and locked him in the cellar, leaving him to rot. It ends with an apology, saying, 'If I attacked you, I am sorry. It was not of my own doing but of the zombie I will have become. All that is mine is now yours. Look under the steps.' If you want to go back down into the cellar to look under the steps, turn to **391**. If you would rather leave the cottage to carry on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

245

Another arrow finds its mark, and you reel back from the impact of it hitting you in the shoulder. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point. Hakasan helps you pull the arrow out of your shoulder and stop the bleeding. Turn to **372**.

246

The sunlight is fading fast, and long shadows creep across the forest floor, making everything look eerie, but you take comfort knowing you can't be too far away from Yaztromo's Tower. Turn to **333**.

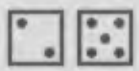

247

There are plenty of things in the market that you would like to buy, especially the food, but you are penniless. You see a slim, bald-headed man with a long face and unusually long ears who is wearing a black waistcoat over a white shirt tucked into tight-fitting black trousers. He is sitting on a spindle-back chair at a small, green baize-covered table on which three playing cards are lying face down. He stares at you with a piercing look and asks, 'How much is that sword of yours worth to you? Would you dare to play a little game of Find the Lady? If you win, I'll give you 5 Gold Pieces. If you lose, you will give me your sword in exchange for mine. What could be fairer than that?' If you want to play his game, turn to **291**. If you would rather leave the market square, turn to **58**.

248

The vial lands intact on a patch of grass some twenty metres away. Hakasan looks at you in a state of shock and says, 'We are very lucky the vial didn't break. It could have been the end of us. But let's not worry about that now.' Turn to **321**.

249

You shake your head and tell the man that you are not from Port Blacksand. 'Neither am I,' he continues. 'My name is Mungo. I sailed here yesterday from Oyster

Bay with a cargo of fish which I sold this morning in the market for a tidy profit. I spent it all on anchors, rope and fishing nets to sell in Oyster Bay. I've had a good day's business, I can tell you. I'm sailing back this afternoon, leaving on the next high tide. I'm not sure what brought you here, but if you have got nothing planned, I'm looking to hire a crew if you are interested? My deckhand has gone missing.' If you want to agree to sign on as a deckhand, turn to **129**. If you want to decline Mungo's job offer, you can either join the men playing their dice game (turn to **16**) or leave the tavern to walk down Harbour Street towards Singing Bridge (turn to **63**).

250

It doesn't take long to gather enough branches to build a bivouac. You start by making a tripod using the three longest branches, which you tie together at one end with a long strip of thin bark. You lean the remaining branches against the tripod until the bivouac is complete, leaving a small opening at the bottom to climb through. Happy with your shelter, you rummage through your backpack and find a few scraps of food to eat. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. It's a cool evening but you should be warm enough under your blanket inside the bivouac. If you want to build a campfire nevertheless, turn to **144**. If you would rather go straight to sleep, turn to **107**.

Lurching towards you is a Sporeball

251

You continue hacking your way through the thick bushes and undergrowth of the dense forest. You come to a tree stump which has been carved into the shape of an ancient throne, above which there is a dented pewter mug hanging in mid-air on a piece of string tied to a high branch of a nearby tree. A note written on a piece of paper inside the mug says, *Welcome to the Throne of Wishes. You may make one wish at a cost of 1 Gold Piece. Drop a coin into the mug, sit down on the throne and make your wish.* If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to make a wish, turn to **112**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **348**.

252

The narrow path twists and turns through the dense forest before petering out into thick undergrowth, and you have to use your sword to cut a way through. Progress is slow, but you press on. You come to a small clearing where thousands of flying insects are hovering in the sunlight. There is a very bad smell in the air which is coming from the rotting carcass of a deer in the centre of the clearing. There is a cluster of round sponge-like fungi growing out of the carcass, deep red in colour, each the size of a large pumpkin. When you walk into the clearing, a fungus slides off the carcass and short-hops over to you on its squat, concertina-like legs. It is covered with holes which open each time it

lands on the ground, puffing out clouds of red dust into the air. Lurching towards you is a SPOREBALL, a giant parasitic fungus which is contaminating the air with a cloud of toxic dust containing millions of poisonous micro-spores. Will you:

Attack the Sporeball with your sword?	Turn to **34**
Pour fireroot juice on the Sporeball?	Turn to **105**
Hold your breath and run through the clearing?	Turn to **232**

253

The Norgul accepts your offer, and you hand over the jar of eyeballs. It smiles with fake gratitude before smashing you in the face with the jar. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You reel back from the blow and draw your sword. Turn to **90**.

254

Bignose breathes in deeply through his huge nostrils and says, 'Rumour has it there is a dungeon somewhere deep beneath the forest where the Eye of the Dragon can be found. To find the entrance, all you need to do is find the woodcutter's hut, and that's like finding a needle in a haystack! If I were you, I'd try your luck in Firetop Mountain. They say the place is filled with gold. Or there's always Baron Sukhumvit's Deathtrap Dungeon in Fang. Lots of gold to be won there if you manage to come

out alive. Nobody ever has, mind you. Right, I must be on my way. I've got my second cousin to find. Cheerio!' The Dwarf walks past you, whistling happily to himself, and is soon out of sight. Turn to **246**.

255

You climb aboard the cart and sit next to the driver, who introduces himself as Egbert. It's a slow and bumpy ride over cobblestones as the cart wends through the narrow streets of Chalice to the main gates. You give Egbert 1 Copper Piece, which he thanks you for, saying, 'A few words of advice for you. There's somebody from Chalice who makes funny wooden boxes which he hides in caves and the like. If you find one, be careful when you open it. That's all I'm saying. Good luck on your adventure, stranger. You'll need it!' You thank Egbert for the ride, jump down from the cart, and walk out through the gates, waving goodbye to him. Turn to **64**.

256

Bignose is delighted with the trade, and thanks you over and over again. He slaps you on the back, and tells you that he must be on his way. 'I need to find my second cousin before I go back to Stonebridge with the Rune Ring, so I'll say goodbye now. Cheerio!' The Dwarf walks past you, whistling a happy tune, and is soon out of sight. On closer inspection, you see the pendant has a maker's mark on the back, the initials *JF*. 'It must have been crafted by Jadan Fam,' Hakasan says excitedly. 'His dragonfly pendants are worth a fortune!' If you want to wear the pendant around your neck, turn to **135**. If you would rather put it in your pocket, turn to **218**.

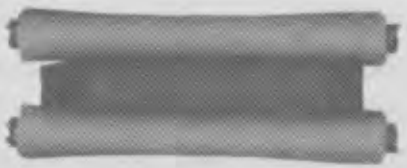

257

You place your arm through the leather straps on the back of the shield and rattle your sword against the bronze face. It makes a loud clatter which echoes down the valley. Hakasan salutes you, calling out to congratulate you on finding a Dwarf warrior shield. Add 1 *SKILL* point. Delighted with your new piece of armour, you walk on. Turn to **359**.

258

You make sure Hakasan is comfortable before setting off. It doesn't take you too long to return to the tree house. You climb up the ladder and look around the room. You see that there is a drawer in the table which you hadn't noticed earlier, and pull it open to find a small wooden box with a plain lid. You shake the box and hear something rattling inside. If you want to open the box, turn to **161**. If you would rather leave it in the drawer and look for something else, turn to **189**.

259

You pull hard on your reins, bringing Stormheart to a halt, whinnying loudly in protest. You dismount quickly and climb on to the plinth, knife in hand, to free the captive woman. But it's a trap! The woman throws back her hood, and you see her midnight-black face, pointed ears and an evil glint in her bright green eyes. You have been ambushed by a DARK ELF who is armed with two long serrated knives! Two female Dark Elf accomplices jump out from behind the plinth to join her in the attack. You must fight the Dark Elves one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First DARK ELF	*8*	*6*
Second DARK ELF	*8*	*7*
Third DARK ELF	*7*	*7*

If you win, turn to **227**. You may *Escape* at any time during the fight by whistling for Stormheart to come alongside and jumping into the saddle. You throw your knife at the Elf closest to you, and urge Stormheart on towards Port Blacksand. Turn to **66**.

260

The horse and cart is soon far away, and you decide to follow its tracks to Catfish River. Ahead you see a brown sack on the ground which must have fallen off the cart. You untie it to find it is filled with carrots, and eat them until you are full. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. You carry on following the cart tracks, scanning the horizon for the elusive Chaos Warrior, but don't see anybody who looks remotely like him. You keep thinking about Hakasan, who you left injured and alone in Darkwood Forest, and hope she is safe. The cart tracks finally lead you to Largo, a small village on the banks of Catfish River west of Darkwood Forest. The villagers are friendly river folk, who spend their days ferrying people and goods up and down Catfish River on their flat-bottomed boats. You walk round the village asking everybody you meet if they have seen a Chaos Warrior in the

vicinity. The replies are all negative until one very tall and stocky man by the name of Onx tells you that his cousin was paid 5 Gold Pieces to take a Chaos Warrior to Port Blacksand earlier in the day. 'My cousin was too frightened to say no. I can ferry you to Port Blacksand for 2 Gold Pieces if you wish?' the boatman says in a friendly voice. If you want to accept his offer, turn to **303**. If you would rather decline his offer and head back to help Hakasan, turn to **9**.

261

One of the men drops his club, and it falls on to the cobblestones with a loud clatter. You spin round just in time to see three ROBBERS who are about to jump on you. You must fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First ROBBER	*6*	*6*
Second ROBBER	*6*	*5*
Third ROBBER	*7*	*6*

If you win, turn to **163**. You may *Escape* at any time during the fight by throwing 3 Gold Pieces up in the air for the robbers to fight over and running off down Thread Street. You turn sharp left down a narrow alleyway, and then turn right at the end into Palace Street. Turn to **371**.

262

The man smiles, turning over the card to reveal a jack of spades. 'Hard luck, stranger,' he says hollowly. 'I'm afraid you failed to find the lady. Your sword, please.' If you want to hand over your sword, turn to **4**. If you want to ask him to turn over the queen of spades card before handing over your sword, turn to **155**.

263

The thundering noise of galloping hooves gets louder as the horseman approaches. You see that the rider is wearing flowing black robes which trail behind him in the wind. You raise your arm to stop the horseman, but he carries on at full speed, blowing his hunting horn and gesturing at you to get out of the way. The horse bears down on you, and you have to dive out of the way to avoid being hit. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **100**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **361**.

264

You ride along a dusty track towards the main city gates, where there are gruesome reminders on display to serve as a warning to all who enter Port Blacksand – skulls on wooden spikes and starving criminals locked inside iron cages suspended from the city wall. As you approach the main gate, you need no reminding of the danger that awaits you inside the city, which is run with an iron fist by Lord Azzur and his Imperial Guards, who bleed payment from all who live there. It is known as the City of Thieves for good reason, being the preferred port of call for every pirate and freebooter of the Western Ocean, and home to Allansia's most notorious thugs and robbers. You draw your steed to a halt at the main gate, where you are met by a guard wearing a black chain-mail vest under his black cloak, and an iron helmet which virtually covers his face. 'What brings you to Port Blacksand?' he asks aggressively. Before you have time to answer, he says, 'Your horse is a fine steed. You must be very wealthy. Lord Azzur commands an entry fee of 10 Gold Pieces from people of your stature.' If you want to pay 10 Gold Pieces to enter Port Blacksand, turn to **207**. If you don't have 10 Gold Pieces or do not want to pay that amount, you will have to ride back to Flax to find Cris and hire a rowing boat. Turn to **41**.

A shrivelled, hunched-over old hag

265

You step warily into the gloomy cave and notice small footprints on the sandy floor. Without warning, a soul-chilling howl breaks the silence. From out of the shadows at the back of the cave steps a shrivelled, hunched-over old hag with long, thick grey hair and ragged clothes. The skin on her face is dry and wrinkled, and her eyes are sunken in their sockets and jet black in colour. Her thin, loose-skinned arms and scrawny hands with blackened nails are stretched out in front of her. When she opens her mouth to scream again, you see she has no teeth at all. The wretched creature is a PLAGUE WITCH and you must fight her.

PLAGUE WITCH	*SKILL 5*	*STAMINA 5*

If you lose any Attack Rounds during combat, the Plague Witch will have touched your skin and infected you with worm plague, which will quickly turn your eyes black and make you go blind, just like her. It will be impossible for you to continue your quest. Your adventure is over. If you win without losing any Attack Rounds, turn to **375**.

266

The apples are crisp and juicy, and the cheese is crumbly and very tasty. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. If you have not done so already, you can either try on the signet ring (turn to **141**) or drink the purple liquid (turn to **127**). If you would rather leave the other items and continue your journey to Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **383**.

267

With your heart pounding in your chest, you watch in amazement as Zanbar Bone's skull shatters on impact into tiny pieces. The Demon's skeletal body teeters for a second, and topples over sideways. Every Skeleton left standing immediately drops to the ground in a crumpled heap of bones. You step through the pile of bones to where Zanbar Bone's headless body is lying. One of his skeletal arms rises up slowly, with his index finger pointed at you. Hakasan walks over and chops off the hand, and everybody looks on in horror as his bones turn to dust that is blown away by a sudden gust of wind. 'I don't think we have seen the last of Zanbar Bone,' Nicodemus says quietly. 'Let's not worry about that now,' Yaztromo says reassuringly, putting his arm around the shoulders of his old friend. 'For now Allansia is safe. Let's go inside and celebrate.' Turn to **400**.

268

After you hand over the bag of nails, the man opens his shoulder bag to produce a large cob of brown bread and a small stoppered pot. He tears off a big chunk of bread, uncorks the pot, and pours a generous slug of thick honey all over the bread, some of it trickling on to his fingers as he hands the bread to you. You take it from him and wolf it down. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Leaning on his broom, the man licks his sticky fingers noisily and says, 'I've got snake oil if you want it. It's the real stuff, you understand? No snake bite will harm you if you rub this druid's lotion on it. I need twine. You got any?' If you want to trade your twine for a small bottle of snake oil, turn to **365**. If you would rather politely refuse his offer and leave the market square, turn to **58**.

269

The bearded man appears very pleased that you want to play a game of Dungles and Draggles with him. He picks up his dice, shakes them manically, kisses his hands for luck, and rolls the dice across the table. 'A 5 and a 2. Perfect! Seven will give you something to think about,' he announces happily. 'Are you going to roll higher or lower?' he asks, handing you his dice to roll. If you possess Lucky Bones and want to use them instead of his dice, they will increase your roll by 4. If you think the total will be higher than 7, turn to **101**. If you think the total will be 7 or lower, turn to **237**.

270

A sharp pain shoots up your arm the moment you put your hand inside the gauntlet. You try to take it off, but are unable to do so. You are wearing a cursed Gauntlet of Ruin. Lose 2 *SKILL* points and 2 *LUCK* points. You feel incredibly dizzy, and barely able to walk. You stagger off the path, slump down in the undergrowth and fall fast asleep. You wake up hours later with somebody tapping you on your shoulder. You sit up with a start, and recognize the familiar face of Hakasan kneeling over you, grinning. 'Having a nice nap?' Hakasan asks mischievously. Suddenly her expression changes, and she says in a serious voice, 'We can't just ignore what happened back there. I couldn't walk away without knowing the truth. You have to come with me to find Yaztromo. We have to warn him. He might be under attack even as we speak.' You agree that her reasoning makes perfect sense, and apologize for thinking otherwise earlier. She asks about the gauntlet and you explain what happened. You take a swig of water from your water bottle whilst Hakasan cuts the gauntlet away from your hand with a small blade. 'That should stop you from losing any more strength. Now we can get on with our quest. Deep down I knew you would come with me,' Hakasan says with a wry smile. 'Come on, we've got to go back the other way. Yaztromo lives west of here.' Turn to **2**.

271

The chamber pot crashes to the ground in front of you, breaking into tiny pieces. The woman curses and slams her bedroom window shut. You peer through the windows of the remaining houses, but there doesn't seem to be anybody at home. You decide to walk over to the shops. Turn to **305**.

272

You walk outside with Hakasan and Yaztromo, and are astonished to see that the limestone blocks are now stained black up to a height of five metres. Yaztromo sighs, and says, 'It's speeding up. You've probably got two days at the most to get back here with Nicodemus before Bone rematerializes.' He walks round to the back of his tower and reappears a few minutes later holding the reins of a magnificent bright-eyed chestnut-brown stallion. 'This is Stormheart. He is my pride and joy. He will carry you to Port Blacksand. Ride like the wind and do not stop for anything or anyone. After leaving Darkwood Forest, head west towards Catfish River, and keep riding all the way to Black's Bridge. It will be the first bridge you come to. Make sure you pay 1 Gold Piece to cross the bridge or Bartholomew Black will be none too happy. Keep heading west along the north bank of the river until you reach Port Blacksand. The guards might give you some trouble, but that's normal.' You thank Yaztromo for his advice and

climb into the saddle. Hakasan and Yaztromo wish you luck and wave goodbye, and with a kick of the heel you are off, galloping at full speed through the forest, ducking under branches and jumping over fallen trees. You soon reach the southern edge of the forest, and head west towards Catfish River. You ride past a small village on the south bank, but with Yaztromo's words ringing in your ears, you do not stop. An hour later you see a large wooden plinth ahead on which there is a woman bound with ropes to a wooden post. She is dressed in black leggings and boots with a black hooded cloak concealing her face. All you can see is her long black hair. She has the appearance of Hakasan, but you wonder how she could possibly have got here before you. You hear her anguished cry for help as you get closer, begging you to stop and release her. If you want to stop to rescue the woman, turn to **259**. If you want to ride on past her, turn to **66**.

273

You take the jar of eyeballs out of your backpack, and hold it in front of you as you step into the Norgul's lair. The creature's lower jaw drops down in amazement, and it lets out a ferocious roar which causes drool to trickle out of its open mouth and down its chin. 'A jar of eyeballs!' it says slowly in a deep, rasping voice. 'This must be Uzzuk's lucky day.' The Norgul lumbers towards you, arms outstretched with evil intent. If you want to shout out that you will

smash the jar on the ground unless it stops in its tracks, turn to **42**. If you would rather drop the jar and draw your sword to fight the Norgul, turn to **17**.

274

You creep up behind the guard and hit him on the back his head with the hilt of your sword. He falls backwards and you catch him in your arms, dragging him down Palace Street into Snake Alley. You put on the man's black chain-mail vest, studded shoulder pads, black cloak and his iron helmet which virtually covers your face. As you pick up his shield, you realize you are being watched by a gang of thieves who followed you into the alleyway. 'You better leave something for us or else!' their burly, scar-faced leader says threateningly. You tell him they can keep anything they want, pushing past him to walk into the street to go back to Palace Square to wait for the changing of the guard. You don't have to wait long before ten guards march out of the palace grounds to relieve the guards outside. You join the guards returning to the palace, marching along at the back of the line into the palace grounds past two heavily armed Trolls in the Imperial Guard on gate duty. Turn to **86**.

275

A brass bell rings loudly as you push open the heavy door of the jeweller's shop. The Man-Orc glares at you

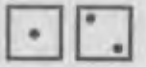

suspiciously, his hand resting on the hilt of the sword on his belt. 'Don't be concerned by Crusha. He won't hurt you unless you do something stupid like try to rob me!' the old man says calmly. 'I see from your attire that you are not from these parts. Would you like to purchase something? Or perhaps you may have some treasure to sell to me?' You look at the glass cabinets as though interested in buying something, but there is nothing on display that you can afford. If you have a gold rabbit charm that you wish to sell, turn to **396**. If you would rather leave the jeweller's and walk to the end of the street, turn to **82**.

276

Although injured, you have faith in your ability to shoot a bow and arrow. The unseen man calls out again, saying, 'Sorry, I lied. But what did you expect? We're the Black-Eyed Bandits. We rob people. Lots of people. We're not going to kill you. We are just going to take everything you have and be on our way. Keep your heads down and don't do anything you might regret.' Six hooded men appear from behind the trees, each of them armed with a bow and arrow. The colour of their clothes is light and dark brown, blending in with the forest. The bandits have long black hair and eye sockets blackened with charcoal dust. If you want to stay hidden behind the tree trunk, turn to **152**. If you want to fire an arrow at each of the Bandits in quick succession, turn to **65**.

277

Getting a contribution towards a new boat calms Onx down. As soon as you are back in Largo, you hand over the Gold Pieces in payment for the bottle of healing potion. Onx apologizes for shouting at you, and gives you some fresh fish to eat and a cup of goat's milk. Add 2 *STAMINA* points. He asks his friends in the village, but there are no more boats to hire to take you to Port Blacksand until tomorrow, so you decide to go back to Darkwood Forest. You are about to leave when Onx asks if you would like to buy a pair of bone dice that are handmade by the elders of the village. He tells you that they will bring you luck in any dice game, and are a bargain at 2 Gold Pieces for the two. If you want to buy the dice, turn to **73**. If you would rather politely refuse, turn to **110**.

278

The campfire is nothing more than a few glowing embers, and no deterrent to the Hippohog. Despite feeling dizzy and barely able to lift your sword, the fight begins. Reduce your *SKILL* by 3 for this battle.

HIPPOHOG	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **61**.

Returning as a demon prince, he is evil personified

279

You follow Hakasan up the winding staircase to the library, where Yaztromo is pacing anxiously up and down. He smiles on seeing his good friend Nicodemus, and gives him a big bear hug. Hakasan looks out of the window and makes a solemn announcement: 'He's arrived.' You walk over to the window and look out to see Zanbar Bone, scythe in hand, leaning on silk cushions of an ornate gilt throne carried on the shoulders of four black-robed Skeletons wearing crowns. Returning as a Demon Prince, he is evil personified. His unmistakable spiked skull is now twice the size it was before, and he has grown bat-like wings and cloven hooves. The Skeletons' army parts down the middle to allow their leader a passageway to the front. There is a gigantic five-metre-tall tentacled beast following behind the throne, hideous in appearance, the like of which you have never seen before. You hurriedly decide your battle plan with Yaztromo, Nicodemus and Hakasan. You volunteer to lead the attack on Zanbar Bone. Hakasan says she will defend you from the onrushing Skeleton horde. Nicodemus says he will be at your side casting spells. Yaztromo claps his hands, and says, 'And I will stand on your other side casting spells. Good! We have a plan. The Demon Prince will taste our most powerful magic today.' He pours green juice from a stoppered flask into a cup, and tells you to drink it. You immediately feel invigorated. Add 2 *SKILL*

points and 2 *STAMINA* points. You run downstairs to the ground floor and open the door on to a scene of total chaos. Zanbar Bone is standing on his throne, laughing manically. His army of Skeletons are rattling their swords against their shields, a deafening sound of clashing steel which is painful to your ears. Suddenly he raises his arms skywards, and his troops stand to attention, rigid and upright. All is quiet for a few seconds before the silence is broken by the distant sound of buzzing. A dark cloud appears in the sky and the buzzing sound grows louder. The cloud flies down towards you like a large flock of birds. But this is not a flock of birds – it is a plague of insects controlled by Zanbar Bone. If you are wearing a dragonfly pendant, turn to **308**. If you are not wearing this pendant, turn to **183**.

280

You sit down at the table to wait for the tree house dweller to return home. You don't have to wait long before you hear the sound of rustling leaves below. The rope ladder suddenly creaks under the weight of somebody climbing up it. You motion to Hakasan to be ready to grab whoever appears through the trapdoor, but nobody appears. 'I don't know who you are, but you have no right to be in my house! You are trespassing!' a voice calls out from below. 'Leave now or I will fill the room with poisonous gas and feed you to the wolves.' If you want to shout down to the

man to say that you know he is Gurnard Jaggle and want to ask him about the puzzle box you found in Skull Crag, turn to **213**. If you want to keep quiet and wait for him to come up, turn to **133**.

281

You begin your climb of Skull Crag, scrambling up the bare rock face with ease. You reach a ledge twenty metres up, and notice a stack of sun-bleached branches propped up against the rock face. You move the branches to one side to reveal a crack in the rock which is less than a metre wide. The opening is just as described on Murgat Shurr's map. You light your lantern and squeeze through the crack to find yourself in a narrow man-made tunnel which has a low ceiling. The air is cool and still, and has a slight musty smell. You walk along the tunnel for some fifty metres before coming to a junction. If you want to go left, turn to **301**. If you want to go right, turn to **169**.

282

Finbar pockets the Gold Pieces, and spends the next fifteen minutes working busily at his bench fixing, cleaning and polishing your pistol. He hands it back to you with a smile, clearly proud of his work. 'I've put a new flint in the hammer, which should give off a good spark when you fire it, and I've loaded the barrel with flash powder and a lead ball. The rest of the black powder is in this leather pouch, and a spare lead ball in case you need it,' he says, placing the pouch on the counter. 'If I may give you a few words of advice – keep the black powder away from naked flame or you might blow yourself up!' You bid Finbar farewell, and leave his shop to walk to Singing Bridge, with the pistol tucked into your belt. Turn to **118**.

283

Beggar's Alley is a narrow, potholed dirt track, hardly wide enough to drive a horse and cart down. Dark and decrepit stone and wood houses line the alley, all of them long in need of repair. There is rubbish everywhere, and the putrid stench of open sewers fills the air. Beggars in ragged clothing stand hunched in doorways, their arms outstretched like lost souls pleading, hoping that you might gift them a coin or two. If you have any Copper Pieces that you wish to give to the beggars, turn to **74**. If you would rather walk on to the T-junction at the end of the alley, turn to **311**.

284

With the daylight fading, you walk as fast as possible through the forest. Hakasan says that there is a good chance that you will reach Yaztromo's Tower before nightfall. She suddenly stops in her tracks and tells you to stop. 'What's that noise?' she whispers. 'Can you hear that clicking sound?' You nod, and soon find out what is making the chilling noise. The bushes in front of you part, and the head of a GIANT CENTIPEDE appears through them. It is three metres long and is protected by hard, chitinous plates which rub together to make the clicking sound. It has large protruding mandibles and scuttles forward on its many tiny legs to bite you.

GIANT CENTIPEDE	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **310**.

285

The mushrooms taste a little bitter but do at least fill you up. You set off again, but it is not long before you start to feel unwell. Your stomach is gripped by a sharp pain and you break out in a cold sweat. Moments later you are violently ill. You drop to your knees clutching your stomach, writhing about on the ground in agony. The redhead mushrooms you have eaten are deadly, and you have no suitable antidote. Your adventure is over.

286

You ride like the wind, leaving the plain to enter Darkwood Forest. Stormheart knows his way home, galloping between the trees, twisting and turning through the undergrowth, jumping over tree trunks and streams, and you have to keep your head down to avoid being hit by low branches. Without warning Stormheart comes to a sudden halt, rearing up on to his hind legs, with Nicodemus clinging on to you to save himself from falling off. Ahead you see what has spooked your steed. A vast horde of SKELETONS armed with spears and swords is moving slowly through the forest, their old bones rattling as they march along. They are bumping into each other in the scramble to get to the front of the line of troops. If you want to ride through the Skeletons to reach Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **36**. If you want to ride around the Skeletons, turn to **154**.

287

Your sword misses its target, hitting the stairway instead with a loud splintering sound. As it lunges forward to bite you, you catch sight of the creature in the shaft of daylight shining down from the room above. Its pallid grey skull is covered with festering sores, and its sunken eyes are red-rimmed and lifeless. It has a gaping mouth, the skin torn away on one side to reveal broken black teeth which bite down on your leg. Although the wound is not fatal, the zombie transmits a virus in its saliva which will turn you into a zombie before the end of the day. Your adventure is over.

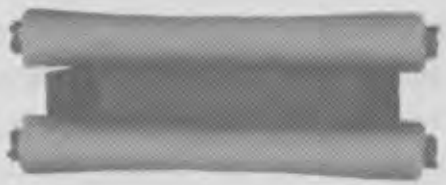

288

As soon as you have finished your breakfast, Yaztromo hands you 15 Gold Pieces and tells you to get ready to depart. You meet him on the ground floor, where he asks you to touch the tips of the fingers of both of your hands with his. A bolt of energy suddenly shoots up your arms and you immediately feel as though the world is on your side and this is going to be your lucky day. Increase your *LUCK* score to 12 points. Turn to **272**.

289

As you walk over to the chest, you see a large globule of green slime drip down from the hole in the ceiling on to the floor with a dull plop, fizzing on contact with the water. A loud squelching sound comes from above, and you look up to see a large gelatinous blob appear in the hole in the ceiling. Turn to **174**.

290

One of the three robbers runs up to you on tiptoes and smashes you over the head with his club, knocking you to the floor. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You stagger to your feet, head spinning, trying to focus on your attacker as the robber's two accomplices join in. You must fight them one at a time. Reduce your *SKILL* by 2 points during this fight.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First ROBBER	*6*	*6*
Second ROBBER	*6*	*5*
Third ROBBER	*7*	*6*

If you win, turn to **163**. You may *Escape* at any time during the fight by throwing 3 Gold Pieces up into the air for the robbers to fight over and running off down Thread Street. You turn sharp left down a narrow alleyway, and then turn right at the end into Palace Street. Turn to **371**.

291

The card player rolls his sleeves up and rubs his hands together, eager to play. He turns over the three cards and shows you the queen of spades nestled between two jacks. Slowly turning them face down again, he explains that you have to watch carefully as he switches the order of the cards around. 'Don't take your eye off the lady,' he says in a sly voice. His fingers slide the cards swiftly around the green baize, switching them back and forth, faster and faster. You concentrate as hard as you can, keeping your eye on the card you think is the queen. Finally he lifts his fingers and claps his hands together. You are virtually certain that the queen is still in the middle. 'Right, stranger, find the lady!' Will you:

Choose the card on your left?	Turn to **40**
Choose the card in the middle?	Turn to **262**
Choose the card on your right?	Turn to **184**

The Norgul stops, sniffs the air and looks around

292

Ahead you see the tunnel leads into a chamber which is lit by oil lamps. As you get nearer you see there is a large iron cauldron suspended above a burning log fire by a chain attached to the ceiling, its simmering contents making dull bubbling and plopping sounds. A huge creature with a large round head lumbers into view with a long wooden spoon in its hand. Dark green in colour, the creature has a bloated torso and stocky arms and legs. Its eyes and ears are small, but it has a wide mouth with bulbous purple lips and long teeth protruding from its lower jaw, many of which are broken. It is wearing a filthy apron which is stained with blood and grime. The NORGUL stops, sniffs the air and looks around, before shuffling over to the cauldron. It dips the wooden spoon into the cauldron and scoops out a spoonful of thick green sludge with an eyeball sticking out. It puts the wooden spoon to its fat lips and noisily slurps down the sludge before sucking the eyeball into its mouth with a loud plop. 'Delicious,' it says in a deep, rasping voice. 'Eyeballs are so succulent. Mmmmmm.' You watch the creature bite down on the eyeball, its jaw slamming shut when the eyeball pops open inside its mouth, whereupon a wide smile of satisfaction spreads across its pockmarked face. To reach the tunnel beyond, you have no choice but to face the Norgul. If you have a jar of sheep's eyeballs that you want to offer to the Norgul to let you pass, turn to **273**. If you would rather run in to attack the creature, turn to **17**.

293

You continue to hack your way through the thick undergrowth, but it is slow and tiring work. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to go left, turn to **233**. If you want to go even further right, turn to **355**.

294

You put your ear to the iron door but do not hear any sound coming from the other side. More in hope than expectation, you slide the iron key into the lock. Much to your surprise, the key turns in the lock. It makes a satisfying click, and you pull the door open a fraction to view the corridor beyond. There is nobody around. Wasting no time, you walk as quietly as possible along the corridor to the stairway at the end. There is an old ornamental sword hanging on the wall at the top of the

stairwell which you take as your weapon. You make your way quickly to the front door and slip outside unnoticed. You see two guards walking along the perimeter wall and wait until they have gone before heading for the main entrance gates at the end of the gravel path. There are two guards on duty and you have no choice but to walk past them. Trying to act normal, you get within five metres of them before they challenge you. You decide to run for it, and charge past them as fast as you can. One of the guards gives chase but you are able to lose him running through the back streets of Chalice. When you think the coast is clear, you make your way to the main town gates and saunter through, whistling happily to yourself. Turn to **64**.

295

You are confronted by an ugly green-skinned brute of a creature with tiny eyes and tusks protruding from its thick-lipped mouth. Blocking the corridor is a TROLL in black chain-mail armour, another of Lord Azzur's Imperial Guards. The Troll glares at you and says, gruffly, 'What are you doing here?' You can't think of a good answer, and draw your sword to attack the Troll.

IMPERIAL GUARD TROLL	*SKILL 11*	*STAMINA 11*

If you win, turn to **322**.

296

With his clenched fist pointed at the Demon, Nicodemus steps forward and calls on the Ring of Burning Snakes to spit fire. Louder and louder he speaks, using arcane words until a cone of fire shoots out from the mouths of the snakes, enveloping Zanbar Bone in a circle of flame. The Demon throws his head back, laughing manically, the yellow flames merely dancing around his body and causing him no harm. 'White fire! White fire!' Yaztromo screams at Nicodemus, whose pale face is contorted with pain from the effort. Using his supreme mental powers to the full, he shouts even louder, screaming at the top of his voice, which makes the veins on the side of his head pulsate and sweat run down his face. The intensity of heat increases, and the colour of the cone of flame changes from yellow to white, causing the expression in Zanbar Bone's eyes to change from immortal power to extreme fear. 'Now!' screams Yaztromo. 'Now! Bone is trapped in the ring of white flame!' The moment has arrived for you to strike. Will you:

Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **138**
Fire an arrow at him?	Turn to **70**
Fire a flintlock pistol at him?	Turn to **198**

297

The Dwarf's eyes light up at the mention of the name Yaztromo. 'The Grand Wizard is a very good friend of the Dwarfs of Stonebridge. Are you friends of the great man too?' Bignose asks enthusiastically. You reply that whilst you are not a friend of Yaztromo, you need to find him to warn him that he is in grave danger. 'Danger? What kind of danger?' Bignose asks anxiously. You look at Hakasan with your eyebrows raised, and she returns the look and shrugs. If you want to tell Bignose about the imminent return of Zanbar Bone, turn to **165**. If you want to say that you are unable to share your news with him, turn to **329**.

298

The old man's eyes light up. He's clearly very pleased to hear that you are interested in his work. 'That's nice of you to ask,' he says warmly. 'I'm an old man, and most people in Chalice couldn't care less what I do. I make charms. Lucky charms. I've been doing it for thirty-five years. You were kind enough to help so I'm going to give you a gift.' The old man places 4 Copper Pieces in your hand, along with a gold rabbit charm with two tiny rubies for eyes. 'This will bring you good fortune when you need it most.' You thank him, shake his hand, and walk off. If you want to look round the market, turn to **247**. If you would rather leave the market square, turn to **58**.

299

You spin round to see that Hakasan has dispatched her two assailants. A search of the Goblins' belongings yields nothing more than a bag of dried maggots. 'They might be a Goblin delicacy, but I'm not eating them,' Hakasan says with disgust. You suggest that it might be better to go to Darkwood Forest after all. Hakasan agrees. Turn to **139**.

300

You are greeted on entry by a portly man with a round face and a balding head. He is standing behind a small counter in a grey apron and rolled-up shirtsleeves. His slightly downturned mouth makes him look a bit grumpy. His shop floor is crammed with barrels of fireworks, each one labelled with colourful names like wiz-bang and rip-rap and zoom boom. There are some smaller wooden kegs standing on the counter that are marked black powder. 'How can I help you?' the man asks courteously. Will you:

Ask about buying some fireworks?	Turn to **341**
Ask about buying some black powder?	Turn to **39**
Leave the shop and walk to Singing Bridge?	Turn to **118**

301

You head down the narrow left-hand tunnel for twenty metres, the light from your lantern casting eerie shadows on the rough-hewn tunnel wall. You pass by a skeleton lying on the floor. One of its arms is pointed in the direction you are walking, the other is twisted up behind its back. Its upper torso is clad in chain-mail armour. If you want to try on the chain-mail armour, turn to **380**. If you would rather keep walking, turn to **69**.

302

The remaining bandits run forward to attack you, screaming at the top of their voices, their swords raised in the air ready to strike. You must fight the first BANDIT to reach you.

BANDIT	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **50**.

303

You jump on board the flat-bottomed boat and you set off without further delay, with Onx punting effortlessly down river with a long pole. The scenery glides by and you become lost in thought. You are halfway round a bend in the river when Onx suddenly sounds the alarm: 'River Pirates!' A large rowing boat with eight oarsmen on board is headed straight towards you. The captain stands up in the bow, cutlass in hand, shouting orders to his motley crew. Onx tries to steer his boat towards the bank of the river as the pirate boat closes in on you. 'Surrender or die,' the captain shouts. Will you:

Surrender to the River Pirates?	Turn to **339**
Stand and fight the River Pirates?	Turn to **223**
Dive into the river to swim away?	Turn to **151**

304

You zigzag across the valley, heading west, but do not pick up any tracks that were not your own or Hakasan's. 'Gurnard was either here a long time ago, or he covered up his tracks pretty well. I can't find any sign of him being here,' Hakasan shouts over to you. You continue scouring the valley floor for footprints and spot something under a bush which turns out to be a bronze shield left by somebody who must have hidden it there for some reason. If you want to take the shield, turn to **257**. If you would rather leave it where it is and walk on, turn to **359**.

305

There are five shops in the street: a florist, a locksmith's, a bookshop, a candle shop and a wool shop. There is a closed sign on the door of the bookshop, and the only other shop of interest to you is the locksmith's. You walk inside and are greeted by a tall, fair-haired man wearing a dark green apron over his striped shirt. He smiles warmly and asks how he can help. You reply that you are about to go on a mission to find a treasure chest hidden in a cave, explaining you might need a special key to open it. 'Well, I can't sell you a key to open a chest I have never seen, so I suggest you make a bulk purchase in the hope that one might do the job. I sell bunches of twenty assorted brass keys for 1 Gold Piece. You might need more than one key, you never know. I've got one bunch of keys left. Do you want to buy it?' Pay the locksmith 1 Gold Piece if you decide to buy twenty brass keys. You chat for a few more minutes before leaving the locksmith's. If you have not done so already, you can try to climb over the wall of the mansion house (turn to **188**). If you would rather make your way through the streets to the main gates to leave Chalice, turn to **64**.

306

On seeing you stand up, the old man throws his glass vial on the floor and disappears quickly down the rope ladder. The vial shatters on impact, releasing a cloud of green gas from out of the broken glass. The gas spirals towards you, enveloping you and making you choke. Gasping for air, you climb down the rope ladder, but cannot escape the encircling cloud of poisonous gas. You drop to your knees, clutching your throat, and fall unconscious. Your adventure is over.

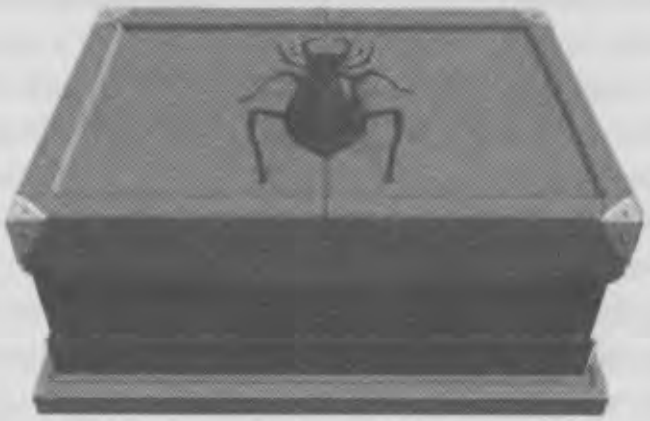

307

It is impossible to open the box by hand. If you want to hack it open with your sword, turn to **186**. If you would rather put the box in your backpack without opening it, turn to **389**.

308

Silver dragonfly pendants made by Jadan Fam were all dipped in the juice of the ground-up Manglewort root, a very rare plant found only in springtime on Icefinger Mountains. The tiniest amount acts as a potent insect repellent. Only Jadan knew where to find the Manglewort, and he never told a soul where they grew to his dying day. Your pendant acts as an invisible shield, keeping the millions of insects at bay until Yaztromo steps in to blast them with a Volcano Spell, which make them all explode, showering the Skeleton horde with insect fragments. Zanbar Bone rages from his throne, and commands his tentacled beast to attack you. Turn to **11**.

309

You tell Nicodemus that you believe Lord Azzur has his gold ring and perhaps you might yet get the chance to take it from him before it's too late. Nicodemus says nothing, and stares ahead at the river. You row on in silence, all the way to the jetty in Flax. You wave to Dod, who is standing nearby, tying up piles of reeds into bundles to carry them home. He walks over to help you tie up the boat, saying, 'Welcome back. I hope you found what you were looking for in that cesspit of a town. Thank you for bringing my boat back. It looks quite a bit bigger than I remember! It's changed colour too.' You apologize and explain what happened, and

introduce him to Nicodemus and Luannah. Dod is very happy with his new boat and invites you into his house, where Cris is frying fish. She invites you to stay for supper, and suggests you stay the night too since it's getting late. You accept her offer and wake early in the morning to find Cris and Luannah deep in conversation. Luannah announces that she has decided to stay in Flax to start a new life, and you wish her all the best. Dod brings Stormheart round to the front of the house, and you help Nicodemus mount the horse before climbing on yourself. A light flick of the reins, and Stormheart gallops off at high speed. You look round briefly to see the three of them waving, but you kick on knowing there is no time to lose. Galloping towards Largo, you see a man in a scruffy brown jacket and ragged britches trudging slowly along with the aid of a long walking stick, weighed down by an enormous bulging sack. On hearing the sound of the galloping hooves behind him, he turns around and waves at you with his woollen hat, signalling for you to stop. If you want to stop to talk to him, turn to **93**. If you would rather not waste any time, and ride on to Darkwood Forest, turn to **286**.

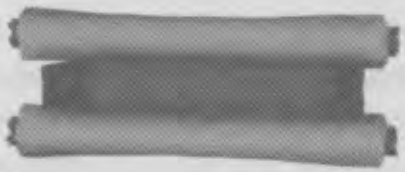

310

You wipe your sword on some leaves to clean off the yellow gunk from the centipede's innards, and tell Hakasan that you have to keep moving or else risk having to sleep out in the forest. But Hakasan complains that her ankle is aching, and asks if she can sit down for a short rest. If you want to agree to stop, turn to **194**. If you want to insist you press on without stopping, turn to **246**.

311

Towards the end of the dark alley, there is a wooden barrel standing in front of the heavy oak front door of a gloomy-looking house built of dark stone with black, shuttered windows bolted shut. Will you:

Look inside the barrel?	Turn to **92**
Knock on the oak door?	Turn to **349**
Walk on to the T-junction ahead?	Turn to **206**

312

Hakasan pushes you down to the ground behind the tree trunk as more arrows fly over your head, fortunately just missing you. You groan loudly as you land on the ground, grimacing from the pain of the arrows which are sticking out of your body. The pain is even more excruciating when Hakasan pulls them out, quickly binding the wounds as best she can. 'Whose idea was it to go to Yaztromo's Tower first?' she teases, trying to cheer you up. But you are in no mood for humour. If you possess a bow and some arrows, turn to **276**. If you do not have a bow and some arrows, turn to **167**.

313

By the time your fight is over, the two guards have disappeared across the bridge, taking Nicodemus with them. Although he's lying in a crumpled heap bleeding profusely, Klash is still breathing. You pull his helmet off his head to take a look at his face. His long black hair is swept back and his eyes are small and completely bloodshot, set back in dark, sunken eye sockets. He has an angry blood-red scar running the length of his face. You remove his gauntlets but are annoyed to see that he is not wearing the Ring of Burning Snakes. You demand to know where the ring is, and where the guards have taken Nicodemus. Klash spits in defiance, and when he speaks, blood trickles from his mouth, making his

spiked teeth look even more gruesome. 'I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have given the Ring of Burning Snakes to Lord Azzur for safekeeping,' Klash sneers with contempt. 'As for your wizard friend – you won't find him alive. Lord Azzur will see to that. Nobody will stop the second coming of my master, Zanbar Bone. Allansia is doomed.' Klash laughs in your face before falling silent, defiant to the end. If you want to chase after the guards who kidnapped Nicodemus, turn to **25**. If you want to search the Chaos Warrior's body first, turn to **328**.

314

The dried nettles do nothing to stop the beginnings of paralysis setting in. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. If you want to try snake oil, turn to **128**. If you want to try stikkle wax, turn to **162**. If you do not have either of these items, the paralysis will spread throughout your body and there is nothing you can do to stop it. Your adventure is over.

315

You take your compass out of your pocket and see that you have been heading north-west rather than due west. You turn slightly left and set off again. Turn to **225**.

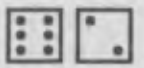

316

You walk a short distance along the narrow tunnel when you suddenly hear a dull rumbling sound coming from behind you. Turn to **157**.

317

You sit down on a wooden stool at the bar, but the innkeeper grunts and turns his back on you to serve his regular customers. A scrawny, toothless old salt with a straggly beard and ragged clothing sitting on your left chuckles and says, 'Welcome to the Black Lobster!' before he too turns his back on you. Sitting on the stool on your right, a tanned man with a weather-beaten face and a thin, drooping moustache leans towards you and says, 'You're not from around here, are you?' He looks like a pirate with his thin moustache and the gap between his teeth. He is wearing a striped bandana on his head, large earrings and a sleeveless leather waistcoat, and has a long knife tucked into his belt. But his demeanour is friendly enough. If you want to reply to him, turn to **249**. If you would rather ignore him and leave the tavern to head down Harbour Street towards Singing Bridge, turn to **63**.

318

The street sweeper's face lights up with glee when you show him the owl. He bites on it to satisfy himself that it's made of brass. He can hardly contain his excitement and thanks you over and over again. You place the green bottle of oil in your backpack and bid him farewell. He returns to sweeping the square with renewed vigour, whistling even louder than ever. By now, traders and merchants are beginning to arrive in the market square to set up their stalls for the day. If you want to leave the square, turn to **58**. If you would rather stay in the market square for a while longer, turn to **239**.

319

You open the rickety wooden door and walk inside cautiously, sword in hand. Looking at you with surprised expressions on their faces are two MAN-ORCS sitting on stools eating rats with their hands. They have dark green warty skin and are wearing light leather armour. They jump up and grab their short swords, snarling and flashing their spiked teeth and sharp tusks as they leap forward to attack you. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First MAN-ORC	*5*	*6*
Second MAN-ORC	*5*	*4*

If you win, turn to **229**.

320

Hakasan sees the pendant fall out of your pocket. She picks up it up and hands it back to you, wagging her finger in mock rebuke. You decide it would be better to wear the pendant for safekeeping. Turn to **135**.

321

Hakasan takes the other two items out the box and says, 'I've no idea what the lead ball is for, but you might as well keep it. I'm more interested in what's written on the paper.' You take the paper from her and read out the message on it, which says, *Congratulations, you survived my puzzle box trap. You must be disappointed that the golden amulets were missing from the iron chest. So was I – but I did find a very special treasure! GJ.* Hakasan looks at you in disbelief, and says, 'It looks like Murgat Shurr's map was genuine after all. Gurnard Jaggle must have had a copy of it too. People said he was dead. Is he really still alive? I wonder what he found that made him so happy.' You tell Hakasan that when you were in Chalice, you heard the original owner of the map say that he'd been told there was a gold ring in the chest that was worth more than all the golden amulets put together. It was called the Ring of Burning Snakes and used to belong to a wizard called Nico who would pay a lot to get it back. 'Nico? I've never heard of a wizard called Nico. He must have meant Nicodemus, the grand wizard who lives as a recluse under the Singing Bridge in

Port Blacksand. If this ring was his, why would he be so desperate to get it back? I heard he had given away all his worldly possessions,' Hakasan says, frowning. 'Anyway, I'm going to look for tracks, just in case Gurnard Jaggle was here recently.' If you want to help Hakasan look for tracks, turn to **304**. If you want to look for something to eat first, turn to **117**.

322

A search of the Troll's clothing yields 22 Gold Pieces stolen from prisoners, a silver earring, and a bunch of iron keys hanging on his belt. You grab the items and hurry down the corridor, entering a large chamber which has been converted into a jail. The jail has four cells in it, each with floor-to-ceiling iron bars. The first cell on your left holds four rough-looking ship's crew, all of them with cuts, bruises and black eyes from fighting. The second cell holds two older, unshaven sea dogs in ragged uniforms who look like they have been in jail for years. In the first cell opposite, there is a sad-looking woman in a long dress holding the iron bars and watching your every move, and in the cell next to her is the man you have been looking for, who is sound asleep on his bed, snoring loudly. You take off your helmet and tell the prisoners that you are not a guard, but an adventurer who has come to rescue Nicodemus, pointing to the old man asleep in his cell. 'Why?' the woman asks in a whisper. She has a kind

face, and you decide to tell her that you are going to take him to see his old friend Yaztromo. At the mention of the wizard's name, her face lights up. 'Yaztromo?' she says excitedly. 'Is he alive? I feared he might be dead. Has anything happened to his tower? Perhaps I should explain. My name is Luannah Wolff. Months ago the evil tyrant Lord Azzur sent Spirit Stalkers to kidnap me and force my husband, Horace, to help him bring back Zanbar Bone from the Plain of the Undead. Did you know he is going to rule Allansia from Yaztromo's Tower?' Before replying, you unlock her cell door with one of the iron keys and tell her to sit down on the bed. You explain that Yaztromo is alive and well, but that you have some terrible news for her concerning her husband. A look of dread covers her pale face, and she bursts into tears as you relate the tragic tale that led to her husband's untimely death on the day you met him. You leave her to grieve alone whilst you unlock Nicodemus's cell door. The old wizard is still in a deep sleep as a result of being drugged by his kidnappers. 'Set us free and I'll give you some special smelling salts that will wake him up,' the seaman opposite says. You reply, saying you will only unlock his door if he gives you the smelling salts first. He agrees, and passes a small vial to you through the bars. You uncork the vial and place the sharp-smelling salts under Nicodemus's nose. He immediately starts to cough and splutter, and sits bolt upright. He looks at you with a face like thunder. 'Who are you?' he demands. You tell him your story and why you are here to rescue him. Luannah enters his cell and tells you that she wants to come with you to help avenge her husband's death. 'Let us out and we'll come too!' shouts the seaman. 'These are dark days indeed,' Nicodemus says soberly. 'We need to leave immediately. Unlock the cell doors. We'll need all the help we can get to escape from the palace.' You release the six men and make your way back along the corridor and up the stone steps. You push the door open and walk outside. The seamen arm themselves with picks and shovels left behind by the palace gardeners. 'As soon as we see anybody, I'll cast a Time Freeze spell. That will give us one minute to escape through the entrance gates, but not a second longer,' says Nicodemus, who is still a bit unsteady on his feet walking along. Ahead you see some guards milling around the barracks. Two of them spot you and shout the alarm. More guards spill out of the barracks, some armed with crossbows. Nicodemus stops to raise his arms in the air with the palms of his hands pointing towards the oncoming guards. He murmurs arcane words which you do not understand, and suddenly the guards stop moving, standing mid-step as though frozen in time. 'Hurry!' shouts Nicodemus, half shuffling, half walking as fast as he is able. You pass through the entrance gates with seconds to spare, deciding which way to go. 'Let's head for Herring Wharf and board a ship,' shouts one of the seamen.

They all shout 'Aye!' and run across Palace Square. If you want to follow them, turn to **168**. If you want to turn right towards Palace Bridge, turn to **346**.

323

With your sword drawn, you slowly descend the wooden stairway into the semi-darkness. You are about halfway down the steps when a sickly grey hand reaches out from the shadows and grabs your ankle. An unseen creature goes berserk, wailing loudly as it tries to bite your leg. You swing your sword blindly at your attacker. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **199**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **287**.

324

Hakasan comes bounding into view with a beaming smile on her face. 'Not one rabbit but two!' she announces with smug satisfaction, dropping the dead rabbits on the ground in front of you. It's not long before you are feasting on spit-roast rabbit to the point where you feel you are going to burst. Add 3 *STAMINA* points. You stoke the fire before retiring to the pigpen, taking it in turns to sleep whilst the other keeps watch. You hear sporadic grunts and growls outside, but the night passes without incident. You set off early next morning towards Darkwood Forest, convinced that your treasure-hunting fortunes will soon change. Turn to **56**.

325

You retrace your steps, and it isn't long before you are back at the spot where you left Hakasan in the forest, but you are alarmed to discover that Hakasan is not there. You wonder if maybe you are in the wrong place, but are certain the tree you are standing next to is the same one Hakasan was leaning against when you left her. 'You took your time, didn't you?' a familiar voice calls out from above. You look up to see Hakasan staring down at you from a high branch of the tree. You ask her how she managed to climb the tree with a broken ankle, to which she replies, 'I used a rope to climb up. I'm stronger than you think! Did you find anything for my ankle?' She lowers herself down to the ground and sits down. You see that her ankle is very swollen and take the jar and bandage out of your backpack. She asks what it is and you reply that the jar contains a yellow paste that smells of rotten eggs and is supposed to be a 'cure-all'. Hakasan uncorks the jar, sniffs the paste and says, 'That smells disgusting, but what have I got to lose? I might as well rub some of it on my ankle.' As soon as she applies the paste on the damaged ankle, the deep cut starts to heal. 'Look!' exclaims Hakasan. 'This is incredible! My ankle is healing. It's still sore but I think I should be able to walk on it.' You tell her it would be wise to stick to the original plan and go to Yaztromo's to warn him about Zanbar Bone and, with luck, you might still be able to

track down Klash tomorrow. You bandage Hakasan's ankle and help her to her feet. You make a crude crutch out of a branch for her to support herself on, and set off west at a slow pace. You take the lead, hacking your way through bushes and the thick undergrowth of a dense part of the forest. You stumble upon a tree stump which has been carved in the shape of an ancient throne. There is a dented pewter mug hanging in mid-air on a piece of string tied to a high branch of a nearby tree. A note written on a piece of paper inside the mug says, *Welcome to the Throne of Wishes. You may make one wish at a cost of 1 Gold Piece. Drop a coin into the mug, sit down on the throne, and make your wish.* If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to make a wish, turn to **112**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **348**.

326

The man eyes you suspiciously, wondering why you stopped him. 'I've got nothing worth robbing me for if that's what you're thinking,' he says in a tired voice. You reply that you are about to set off on a treasure hunt in Moonstone Hills and are just trying to collect some provisions before leaving Chalice. 'I wouldn't bother with Barrel Street, trust me,' he says with a knowing look. 'For a Copper Piece, I'll take you to the main gates if you are ready to go now?' Will you:

Pay for a ride to the main gates?	Turn to **255**
Walk back to the market square to go to Armoury Lane?	Turn to **8**
Walk back to the market square to go to Beggar's Alley?	Turn to **283**

327

The howling gale builds into a violent storm. The *Blue Marlin* struggles to climb each mountainous wave before surfing down the other side and crashing into the waiting trough. It is difficult to make good headway under sail, even with Mungo fighting with the tiller to keep his boat on course. You frantically bail water out of the boat with a bucket, but it is exhausting work and drains your strength. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. At one point a huge rogue wave crashes down on to the decks, almost knocking you off your feet, but you manage to grab the rigging to save yourself. The storm dies down as you come into port, and you both agree you have done enough sailing for one day. Mungo is distraught that his cargo has been washed overboard, and tells you that your services are no longer required. He pays you 1 Gold Piece despite his loss, and you thank him for his generosity. You shake his hand and leave him to repair his boat, and head down Harbour Street towards Singing Bridge. Turn to **63**.

328

You take the Chaos Warrior's gauntlets, which fit you perfectly. Add 1 *SKILL* point. You find nothing in his pockets, but the leather pouch on his belt contains a yellow handkerchief. You unfold it and cannot believe your eyes. Klash lied to you. Lying in the palm of your hand is a large gold ring, an elaborate design of intertwining snakes with their heads locked together, mouths open. It is the Ring of Burning Snakes, the one thing that Nicodemus needs to defeat the Demon Prince, Zanbar Bone. Time is short. You must rescue Nicodemus before Lord Azzur silences him for ever, and return his fabled ring to him. You put the ring in your pocket and run across Singing Bridge in pursuit of the guards. Turn to **25**.

329

Bignose looks at you with a hurt expression on his face, and says, 'Well, if you can't tell me, you can't tell anybody. But never mind because I think you are making all of this up. I'm sorry, but I've got better things to do than stand here listening to your tall tales. I need to find my second cousin, so I'll be on my way. Cheerio!' The Dwarf barges past you, whistling loudly, and is soon out of sight. Turn to **246**.

330

The glass jars are labelled *Dried Deelia Petals*, *Zanhoke Seeds*, *Noop Powder*, *Redthorn Leaf*, *Siff-Saff Paste*, *Lotus Flower* and *Fireroot Juice*. You can fit three jars in your backpack. If you wish to take any, make a note of which three you take. Finding nothing else of interest, you leave the cabin to carry on to Moonstone Hills. Turn to **134**.

331

Many of the books have tattered covers and missing pages. They are written on a variety of topics such as cabin building, animal traps and growing vegetables, but the one that really catches your eye is an old tome entitled *Crafting Puzzle Boxes* which has an illustration of a stag beetle on the cover. The book is handwritten, each written page filled with detailed ink drawings on how to make intricate boxes with secret compartments, sliding parts and hidden catches. 'Could this be Gurnard Jaggle's home?' Hakasan asks excitedly. You decide to look inside his wooden chest to find out. Turn to **376**.

332

The venom from a Yellowback is quick-acting, and paralysis of your central nervous system soon sets in. Your temperature rises and your heart starts pounding in your chest. Hakasan runs over to help, frantically trying to bleed the poison from the wound, but there is nothing she can do to save you. It's not long before you lose consciousness, never to recover. Your adventure is over.

He is wise-looking and you don't feel threatened despite his cold stare

333

You push on through the forest, spurred on by the fact that you are nearing your destination. The trees thin out a little as you approach the southern edge of the forest, and suddenly you see the top of a huge stone tower poking out just above the treetops ahead. Hakasan whoops for joy, saying, 'Yaztromo's Tower! We've found it!' You walk on as quickly as possible in the fading light, soon arriving at a clearing where the tall tower stands proudly, causing a formidable shadow to be cast across the forest floor. Built with the help of the Dwarfs of Stonebridge, it has been home to the grand wizard Yaztromo for as long as anyone can remember. As you walk towards the great oak door, you are alarmed to see that the limestone blocks at ground level have turned jet black to a height of three metres. Just as you are about to ring the brass bell hanging in the doorway, the door flies open. A ruddy-faced old man with long white hair and a long white beard stands blocking the doorway, staring at you with a deep frown on his face. He is holding a wooden staff and is dressed in long, flowing scarlet robes. His is wise-looking, and you don't feel threatened despite his cold stare. 'Hello. Do I know you? Have we met before? Have you come here to deliver my cakes? If not, you can turn around and be on your way!' he says abruptly. You reply, saying that you have bad news regarding his tower. 'My tower? As if I don't

know about my tower! Look at it! It's turning black! It's as though black ink is coming out of the ground and creeping up the walls to stain the beautiful limestone. At this rate it will be totally black before the end of the week! Even my powerful magic can't seem to stop it. It's terrible! Have you any idea what is going on?' You tell Yaztromo that the reason why you have come to see him is to tell him about Zanbar Bone's plans to take over his tower. 'Zanbar Bone! He's coming back, is he? I should have known. If that piece of skeletal detritus thinks he is going to take over my tower and rule Allansia, he's got another think coming! You better come in and tell me all about it.' You enter his tower and follow the grand wizard slowly up his winding wooden staircase. He huffs and puffs his way all the way up to his library on the fourth floor where he slumps down into his favourite armchair, mopping his brow with a bright orange handkerchief. You sit down next him and recount the alarming tale told to you by poor Horace Wolff. 'I see. This is very bad news indeed,' he says, looking glum. 'It's getting late, so I suggest you spend the night here. We'll have some supper and come up with a plan! How hungry are you? Do you want to eat right away? Or would you like to look at my fine collection of books?' If you want to eat immediately, turn to **14**. If you would rather look at Yaztromo's books first, turn to **241**.

334

You walk up to the man and introduce yourself. He looks you up and down, and says dismissively, 'You look like you need a job. I'll pay you 2 Gold Pieces to help Olaff load these shelves. It shouldn't take you more than two hours.' If you want to accept the job offer, turn to **240**. If you would rather go back to the market square to walk down Beggar's Alley, turn to **283**.

335

You begrudgingly hand over a Gold Piece to the old man, who bites on it to make sure it is genuine. Satisfied it is real, he steps aside to let you climb down the rope ladder, and you are soon on your way again to Yaztromo's Tower. Turn to **251**.

336

Your sword will only do minimal damage to the gelatinous flesh of the Lavaworm, which heals almost instantly. Each time you win an Attack Round, the Giant Lavaworm only loses 1 *STAMINA* point instead of 2.

GIANT LAVAWORM	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **382**.

337

The monstrous creature lumbers forward, its long tentacles curling in and out of its cavernous mouth, trying to snare you. Its iron-like hide is difficult to pierce with normal weapons, but your Venom Sword was crafted with Demon-slayer magic. Add 3 *SKILL* points.

QUAG-SHUGGUTH	*SKILL 12*	*STAMINA 13*

If you win, turn to **362**.

338

Despite its size, the Troll is quick to react. It grabs your leg as you try to kick it, and pulls you through the doorway. With one swipe of its giant hand, it sends you flying down the stone steps to land heavily on the corridor floor below. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 3 *STAMINA* points. The Troll goes berserk and rushes down the steps to attack you. You stand up and run down the gloomy corridor, turning left at the first junction, trying to escape the angry creature. But a twisted ankle slows you down and you have no choice but to turn and fight the IMPERIAL GUARD TROLL who is closing in on you. You will automatically lose the first Attack Round due to your injury.

IMPERIAL GUARD TROLL	*SKILL 11*	*STAMINA 11*

If you win, turn to **322**.

339

The pirate boat comes alongside your boat with the crew reaching out to take hold of it. The pirate captain orders you both to climb on board his boat, and tells his men to take all of your possessions, including your sword. They chain you by your ankle to a seat in the boat and give you an oar. 'Welcome aboard,' says the sneering captain. 'You are now officially under the command of Captain Crow. Row hard and you might get fed.' You try to convince the captain about the return of Zanbar Bone, but he tells you to stop making up fanciful stories and concentrate on rowing. Wondering about the fate of poor Hakasan, you begin your new life as a river pirate. Your adventure is over.

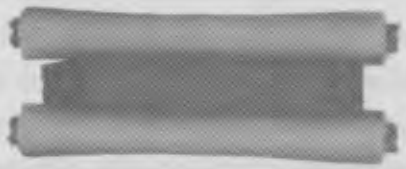

340

You bid farewell to the tracker, walking past her to exit the cave. You step outside on to the ledge where the bright sunlight hurts your eyes, making you squint. You scramble down the crag to the main entrance to the cave. Peering inside, you see nothing but darkness beyond the sunlit entrance. If you want to enter the cave, turn to **79**. If you would rather head west towards Darkwood Forest, turn to **242**.

341

'Certainly! You've come to the right place. I've got the best fireworks in town,' he says with a smile, his tone even more jovial now that you have expressed interest in buying some of his goods. 'My fireworks are made with the finest black powder in Allansia. I buy it from the Lizard Men of Fire Island. So, how many do you want to buy? They cost 1 Gold Piece each. You won't be disappointed when they light up the sky.' You may buy as many fireworks as you wish up to a maximum of ten, which is the most you can fit into your backpack. With the transaction completed, Finbar asks you if you own a flintlock pistol, saying, 'If you do, you should buy some of my black powder to fire it with. I sell a lot of it to pirates and freebooters, and they know good black powder when they see it! It's only 2 Gold Pieces for a pouch of the best.' If you own a flintlock pistol and want to buy some black powder, turn to **39**. If you would rather leave the shop and walk to Singing Bridge, turn to **118**.

342

Hakasan looks deep in thought as you head west, ambling through the tall grasses of the plain without the usual spring in her step. Without warning, four small, sinewy creatures with brown, scaly skin jump up from where they were hiding in the long grass. They are GOBLINS and you must fight them. You take on two of them, which you fight at the same time. During each Attack Round, the Goblins have two attacks.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First GOBLIN	*5*	*5*
Second GOBLIN	*5*	*4*

If you win, turn to **299**.

343

The baying crowd closes in on you, grabbing your arms. There are too many of them for you to fight. 'Put the thief in the stocks for the rest of the morning. Let it be a lesson and a warning to one and all that crime doesn't pay,' a large, bearded man with braces holding up his baggy britches says in a commanding voice. 'Have your rotten eggs and tomatoes at the ready!' Still protesting your innocence, you are dragged kicking and cursing to the wooden stocks set on top of a stone plinth in the middle of the square. With your wrists and neck firmly

locked in the jaws of the stocks, a loud cheer erupts as the first egg splatters into your face, quickly followed by two more. The barrage continues all morning, some of the more unkind folk hurling potatoes which thump painfully into your face, giving you two black eyes. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You are finally released from the stocks at noon in considerable discomfort and decide you should waste no more time in the market square. Turn to **58**.

344

Bignose pauses to look at his treasured weapon for a second before saying, 'Done! I'm not going to argue with anybody who is going to help Yaztromo. The battleaxe is yours!' You thank Bignose for his generosity, and give him the bell and the candle in exchange. He smiles, saying, 'Right, I must be on my way. I've got my second cousin to find. Cheerio!' The Dwarf walks past you, whistling happily to himself, and is soon out of sight. Turn to **246**.

345

The gully opens out on to a rock-strewn valley, at the end of which one hill stands out against all others. Its shape roughly resembles that of a giant human skull, almost as though somebody long ago had carved it that way. It is almost devoid of vegetation and has a rounded top.

Two recesses high up resemble eye sockets, and a large rock sticking out below could pass for a nose. There is an entrance to a cave at ground level which could easily be mistaken for an open mouth. You hurry along the valley as quickly as possible, looking at your map, eager to explore inside Skull Crag. You arrive at the cave and peer inside to see nothing but darkness beyond the sunlit entrance. If you want to enter the cave, turn to **79**. If you would rather climb Skull Crag to find another way in, turn to **281**.

346

You are metres away from Palace Bridge when the guards snap out of their paralysed state and pour out through the palace gates to give chase. They first catch sight of the seamen running across the square and take aim at them with their crossbows. You hear cries for help from two of the seamen who are shot in the leg and stumble to the ground. You do not stop to find out what happens to them, and run over the bridge, turning right into Axeman's Street. You see a rowing boat tied to the steps below, and tell Nicodemus and Luannah to jump on board. You untie the boat, grab the oars and push off, rowing as hard as you can upriver to escape under the arch of the city wall. Guards appear on the bridge, with a Troll Imperial Guard shouting the order for the crossbowmen to fire at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **221**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **106**.

347

It's not long before you see a speck of daylight at the end of the tunnel. You arrive back at the narrow entrance to Skull Crag and see the shape of a human figure silhouetted against the daylight. With your sword in hand, you call out to challenge the person standing in your way. You hear a young woman's voice calmly say, 'Put your sword away, I'm not looking for a fight. I picked up your footprints in the valley and followed you here. I thought that whoever made the effort to explore Skull Crag must have a good reason to do so. I'm pleased you made it out alive. What brought you here?' If you want to reply that you are an adventurer looking for treasure, turn to **132**. If you would rather let your sword do the talking and step forward to attack the woman, turn to **363**.

348

The further you go, the more the forest's thick vegetation closes in on you. Long vines hang down from ancient trees, and the blanket of leaves above blots out most of what little light remains of the day. Scrambling over gnarled roots and moss-covered rocks, hacking your way through the dense undergrowth, is tiring and makes for slow progress. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. 'Are you sure we are still heading west? I swear we passed by here before,' Hakasan says, breathing hard, pointing at a large bush with broad, purple-edged leaves. If you possess a brass compass, turn to **315**. If you do not own a compass, turn to **369**.

349

The large door is yanked open by a huge, bald-headed man wearing a dirty vest and grubby trousers. He looks very angry. 'I hate door-to-door vendors,' he screams in your face. Before you can protest your innocence, he smashes you over the head with a chair leg and slams the door. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You decide against knocking on the door again and walk to the T-junction at the end of the alley. Turn to **206**.

350

The only bandit left alive takes aim at you with his bow and fires off another arrow before turning around and disappearing into the forest. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **83**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **245**.

351

The liquid is thick and creamy, and tastes of mint. A warm glow spreads through your body and you immediately feel invigorated. Onx's potion is genuine. Add 1 *SKILL* point and 3 *STAMINA* points. You hand the bottle to Hakasan, smiling smugly, and tease her for doubting you. She snatches it from you, scowls and gulps down what's left of the potion. Her scowl soon turns to a smile, and she says with glee that her ankle feels suddenly strong and free from pain. Minutes later the swelling is gone, and she is able to stand and put her full weight on the ankle. 'That's incredible! Thank you, thank you, thank you,' she says happily. You suggest that you should stick with the original plan and go to Yaztromo's Tower to warn him about Zanbar Bone. You take the lead, hacking your way through bushes and thick undergrowth of a dense part of the forest. You stumble upon a tree stump which has been carved into the shape of an ancient throne. There is a dented pewter mug hanging in mid-air on a piece of string tied to a high branch of a nearby tree. A note written on a piece

of paper inside the mug says, *Welcome to the Throne of Wishes. You may make one wish at a cost of 1 Gold Piece. Drop a coin into the mug, sit down on the throne and make your wish*. If you want to pay 1 Gold Piece to make a wish, turn to **112**. If you would rather keep on walking, turn to **348**.

352

You bound up the steps, sword in hand, to find yourself standing face-to-face with another MAN-ORC. It points at you and starts screaming and shouting in a language you don't understand. It picks up both swords lying on the floor and runs at you, intent on revenge. You must fight the Man-Orc.

MAN-ORC	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 6*

If you win, turn to **210**.

353

You cross the square and walk boldly towards the palace entrance. There are two huge guards standing in front of the open gates wearing black armour. They have green skin, tusked mouths, and a rather unpleasant bodily odour wafting around them. They are ugly trolls, civilized enough to speak, but in reality merciless brutes hired by Lord Azzur as Imperial Guards to keep unwanted guests out of his palace. 'Halt!' one of them grunts, pointing his spear at you. If you want to ignore him and walk through the entrance gates waving your hand dismissively at the Trolls, turn to **390**. If you would prefer to try bribing the Trolls to let you in, turn to **5**.

354

You see blood seeping from the needle-like punctures in your skin, and you know you will have to act quickly to prevent the onset of paralysis. You search through your backpack to look for an antidote. If you want to try snake oil, turn to **128**. If you want to try stikkle wax, turn to **162**. If you want to try dried nettles, turn to **314**. If you have none of these items, paralysis will soon set in and there is nothing you can do to stop it. Your adventure is over.

355

You continue your slow journey, carving your way through the thick undergrowth. You arrive back at the large plant with the purple-edged leaves, and realize you have gone in a complete circle. Lose 1 *LUCK* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. If you want to head left, turn to **233**. If you want to keep going right, turn to **293**.

356

Holding the dagger in front of you by the tip of its blade, you take careful aim at your ultimate enemy, with Hakasan screaming at you to hurry. You throw your dagger at the Demon, and watch it fly towards its skull. Roll 1 die and add 1 to the number rolled if your current *SKILL* is 10 or higher. If the total is 1–5, turn to **222**. If the number is 6 or 7, turn to **267**.

357

Four member of the press gang jump on you, taking your sword and tying your arms behind your back. You are pushed next to a forlorn-looking young man wearing a baggy white shirt and black britches who is also tied up. 'Right, lads, put these rats below decks on board the *Toucan* and show them the floors they'll be scrubbing and bilges they'll be cleaning for the next month at sea. Nobody is going to miss these nobodies!' You protest loudly, but there is nothing you can do to stop the press gang dragging you on to their pirate ship. Your adventure is over.

Three blue-skinned goblin-like creatures run out, screaming at the top of their lungs

358

As you approach the scarecrow, its head suddenly lifts, and you see it's not a man made of straw, but a live human being – a sinewy old man with a long beard and straggly hair wearing ragged clothing. 'Help! Help!' he shouts desperately on seeing you. At that moment the cabin door flies open and three blue-skinned goblin-like creatures run out, screaming at the top of their lungs. They are no more than a metre tall, and are wearing red cotton jackets, red pointed hats and red canvas shoes. They have large heads with long pointed noses, and their wide mouths house sharp, jagged teeth and bright red tongues. Their sunken, lizard-like green eyes glaring out from under their pointed hats give them a deranged look, made all the worse by the sight of the big forks and long knives they are holding. They cackle manically as they run forward to stab you in the leg. If you want to fight the BLUE IMPS, turn to **226**. If you want to make a run for it, turn to **116**.

359

You reach the end of the valley where you decide to give up on the search for Gurnard Jaggle's tracks to focus on treasure hunting. You head down the gully, mindful of an ambush, but pass through it without incident. By the time you finally reach the western edge of Moonstone Hills, the sun is low on the horizon. As the shadows

lengthen, you hurry north-west across the Eastern Plain towards the tumbledown ruin of an old farmhouse, which looks like a good place to camp for the night. In the far distance you see the great wall of trees which marks the edge of Darkwood Forest. If you want to stay in the ruined farmhouse for the night, turn to **228**. If you want to press on to Darkwood Forest, turn to **136**.

360

He slaps his thigh and says, 'Jolly good,' in a booming voice. He stands up and walks over to you with a big beaming smile spread across his face, his hand outstretched to greet you. Whilst shaking your hand vigorously, he says, 'Good day, dear people. My name is Bignose, for obvious reasons, as you can see! I am the second cousin of Bigleg of Stonebridge. Sadly he went missing some months ago, and I have been searching for him ever since. He looks very much like myself only he doesn't have a big nose! You haven't seen him, have you?' You both shake your heads and tell him that you haven't seen his cousin. 'Ah, that's a shame. I know he's somewhere in the forest. He's searching for the war hammer stolen from Gillibran, our king. What brings you to Darkwood Forest?' If you want to reply that you are on your way to Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **297**. If you want to reply that you are treasure hunters, turn to **143**.

361

You hit the ground hard, landing with a thump. You pick yourself up without realizing that four coins fell out of your pocket. Roll four dice. For each even number, lose 1 Gold Piece. For each odd number, lose 1 Copper Piece. You watch the horseman disappear west in a cloud of dust; whoever it is, he's clearly in a hurry. You decide you might as well help yourself to some corn, eating one cob and saving three for later. Add 1 *STAMINA* point. Still wondering who the horseman was, you set off again, leaving the cornfield behind. Looking east, you estimate it will be dark before you reach Skull Crag, and hope you will be able to find somewhere safe to camp down for the night. Looking south, you see a semi-ruined stone cottage with its thatched roof mostly missing. If you want to take a look inside the cottage, turn to **319**. If you would rather press on towards Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

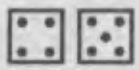

362

The death of Quag-Shugguth makes Zanbar Bone go into a frenzy. With maggots pouring from his mouth, he curses your name. Lightning strikes the ground from the darkened sky, and he steps down from his throne to order his Skeletons forward to attack. Yaztromo casts a Warp Spell on the Skeletons to slow them briefly and give you time to advance, whilst Hakasan launches herself at the Skeletons in front of you, swinging her sword back and forth trying to hack a way through to the Demon Prince. The air is putrid with the smell of Skeletons, their bones grinding against each other in the crush to reach you. But you stay calm and ready yourself for the final battle. If Nicodemus is wearing the Ring of Burning Snakes, turn to **296**. If he is not wearing his special ring, turn to **138**.

363

As you stride towards her, you do not see the tripwire that was put in place by the ninja tracker standing at the entrance to the cave. Your left foot catches on the near-invisible wire and you trip over, knocking yourself out as you land heavily on the rock floor. When you wake up you find yourself tightly bound and gagged, and all your possessions gone. There is little hope that you will ever be found alive unless by Cave Trolls, which is not much consolation. Your adventure is over.

364

You are hit in the leg by an arrow. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 2 *STAMINA* points. Ignoring the pain, you charge towards the bandits before they have time to reload, swinging your sword in the air. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First BANDIT	*6*	*7*
Second BANDIT	*7*	*7*
Third BANDIT	*7*	*6*

If you win, turn to **22**.

365

The street sweeper seems very happy with the trade. You place the brown bottle of oil in your backpack and bid him farewell. He smiles, nods in gratitude, and goes back to sweeping the square, whistling happily to himself. Just as you are about to walk away, he turns to you, raises one eyebrow, and says, 'I've got skunk oil if you want it? It's the real stuff, you understand? It stinks so bad it would make a charging Minotaur turn and flee! It's my wife's birthday tomorrow. I need an ornament. She likes birds. You got any?' If you want to trade your brass owl for a small bottle of skunk oil, turn to **318**. If you would rather politely refuse his offer and leave the square, turn to **58**.

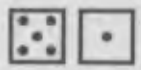

366

The bearded man thumps the table and shakes his head in disbelief, not very amused that he lost the game of Dungles and Draggles. He pulls the old pistol from his belt and slaps it on the table, saying, 'Here, take it. The flintlock is now yours. I'm not sure if it works, mind.' Pleased with your prize, you head back to the bar. Turn to **89**.

367

It is only when you reach the wicker basket that you realize just how big it is. It contains a huge rectangular block of black stone which has been carved on one side with a scene of an advancing army of Skeleton Warriors being urged on by a robed skeleton figure holding a scythe who has spikes jutting out of its skull, and lizard-like eyes. Beneath the stone block lies a man with dark hair; the lower half of his body has been crushed. You cut the vines keeping the lid of the basket shut to try to pull the man out, but you are unable to free him, even with both of you trying to lift the stone. He stares at you without blinking, his eyes wide open in fear, knowing there is nothing you can do to save him. He reaches out, clutches your arm, and in a stuttering voice says, 'He's coming back. He's coming back! You've got to stop him. You've got to stop him!' The poor man screams out in pain as he tries to sit up to take a drink of water from your flask. Hakasan tries to comfort him whilst he breathes in and out sharply, noisily spraying out water through his gritted teeth. He calms down and starts talking rapidly, desperate to tell his tale. 'Listen carefully, stranger. I don't have long. My name is Horace Wolff. I am a stonemason. I live in a small hamlet north of Anvil. One day months ago, I returned home after delivering a gargoyle to a customer in Stonebridge to find two Spirit Stalkers waiting. The undead messengers of evil wore black hooded cloaks, and were sitting motionless on huge steeds – black stallions with fiery red eyes, with my wife standing beside them in chains! In hissing voices they warned that unless I did their bidding, I would never see Luannah again. They took her away that day, and ever since I have been carving this block of granite. This morning the Spirit Stalkers returned and summoned a Warhawk to fly me to Yaztromo's Tower! My task was to put this keystone in place there, but as we flew southwest, I realized that Allansia would be doomed if I did. I stabbed the Warhawk's foot with my chisel, hoping to make it land. But it let go of the basket and I crashed to the ground. I know my injuries are fatal and I'll never see my wife again. But I had to do it to keep Allansia safe, at least until the Spirit Stalkers come calling for their keystone. Or should I say my tombstone.' The man chuckles briefly at his own dark humour, coughs and

falls silent. You mop his fevered brow and ask him why Allansia is in danger. 'Bone. Zanbar Bone. His tower was once destroyed, and he with it, forever it was thought, but I know differently. The second coming of Bone is nigh. His loyal servant, Lord Azzur of Port Blacksand, has been plotting his return. Using arcane magic to turn Yaztromo's Tower black, and when this keystone is in place, the tower will itself summon Zanbar Bone to return from his twilight existence on the Demon Plain to rule Allansia.' Hakasan asks for more information about the man called Zanbar Bone. In an angry voice he replies, 'Man? Did I say Zanbar Bone is a man? Zanbar Bone is not a man, nor anything resembling a man. He is undead. He is the Night Prince. You must stop Bone. You must warn Yaztromo. You must get help from Nicodemus. You must rescue my wife, Luannah. You must...' But before he can finish his sentence, the stonemason's mouth falls open and his eyes widen into a fixed stare. His body stiffens as he sucks in his last gasp of air, exhaling slowly before slumping back down on the ground. 'The poor man. What a terrible curse put upon him. And what of Lord Azzur and Zanbar Bone? What does this all mean? Are we doomed? Or was he just delirious after the fall?' Hakasan asks. If you want to reply that you believe Horace's story, turn to **238**. If you want to reply that you believe he was delirious and speaking nonsense, turn to **190**.

368

The grass-covered foothills are easy enough to climb, but the going gets harder when the incline becomes steeper, and you have to avoid loose rocks and stones. Each hilltop you reach, you look eastwards hoping to catch sight of Skull Crag. Finally you see what you are looking for in the distance. It's a hill which stands above all others and, more importantly, it has a rounded top which resembles a human skull. Spurred on by the sighting, you scramble down the hill and press on. It's not long before you arrive at the entrance to a small cave at the foot of the next hill, which is still quite some distance away from Skull Crag. If you want to look inside the cave, turn to **265**. If you would rather keep heading east, turn to **236**.

369

You are not certain which way you are headed since you can't see the sun to get your bearings. Lose 1 *LUCK* point. If you want to keep going in the same direction, turn to **233**. If you want to go further right, turn to **293**.

370

You walk down the narrow tunnel for thirty metres, the light from your lantern casting eerie shadows against the rock wall. Suddenly you hear a dull rumbling sound coming from behind you. Turn to **157**.

371

Palace Street is lined with the grand houses of rich merchants and city officials, and leads into Palace Square, a picturesque tree-lined open space with flower beds and iron benches which seems strangely out of place with the rest of Port Blacksand's grim and dangerous districts. But the square was built for the enjoyment of one man for whenever he looked out from his residence you see opposite – the Palace of Lord Azzur. The imposing main building has two wings with a tall tower on both, from which the flag of Azzur flies. There are guards everywhere, but there is no sign of the two guards who absconded with Nicodemus. Suddenly a trumpet sounds loudly, a shrill call to the guards for them to stand to attention. The entrance gates open, and an opulent black-and-gold coach drawn by two black stallions drives out through the gates at speed, sliding sideways as it turns left in a cloud of dust, the coachman yelling at his steeds to go faster. You catch a glimpse of the passenger through the small window of the coach. It is somebody swathed in lavish navy blue robes with gold fastenings, his head completely wrapped in blue cloth held in place by jewelled brooches and his face totally hidden from view. It is the curse of Port Blacksand himself, Lord Azzur. The guards all stand frozen to the spot, not even daring to breathe as Lord Azzur drives by. With the entrance gates open, you realize you have the

chance to enter the palace to find Nicodemus. The guard standing nearest to you on the corner of Palace Street is still standing to attention. If you want to knock him out and take his helmet and armour to enter the palace disguised as a guard, turn to **274**. If you want to walk into the palace as you are, turn to **353**.

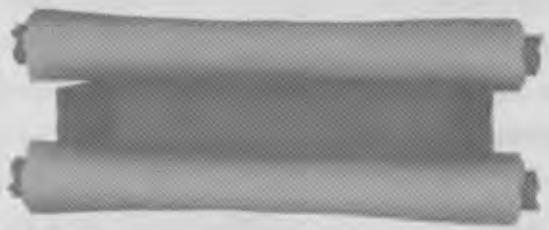

372

You search through the bandits' belongings and find two apples, a chunk of cheese wrapped in a damp cloth, a leather purse containing 2 Gold Pieces, a silver signet ring with a horseshoe engraving and a small stoppered glass bottle containing a purple-coloured liquid. You take the Gold Pieces and think about what else might be of use to you. Will you:

Eat the apple and cheese?	Turn to **266**
Try on the silver signet ring?	Turn to **141**
Drink the purple liquid?	Turn to **127**

373

You draw your sword and jump down. You land heavily on the ground, twisting your ankle. Lose 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *STAMINA* point. You do not have time to think before the slavering attack dogs pounce. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First ATTACK DOG	*6*	*6*
Second ATTACK DOG	*6*	*7*

If you win, turn to **219**.

374

The bridge is narrow, forcing you to dismount and lead Stormheart on foot across it. You are almost halfway across when you hear the creaking sound of ropes straining on pulleys, as if pulled by invisible hands. The section of the flooring beneath your feet suddenly gives way, and you fall through the open trapdoor and land awkwardly with a splash in the cold water of Catfish River. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point and two items from your backpack. Stormheart gazes down through the open trapdoor, watching you drift downriver. You swim over to the north bank and climb out. You whistle to Stormheart to jump over the trapdoor on the bridge and trot over to you. Whilst you are drying yourself out, Stormheart drinks from the river and grazes on the lush grasses nearby. Annoyed by the unnecessary delay, you set off west again at a fast gallop, with the high city wall surrounding Port Blacksand just visible in the distance. The closer you get, the more you see of the dark rooftops and stark buildings jutting above the wall. You arrive an hour later at a small village of no more than a dozen thatch-roofed cottages just east of Port Blacksand. The villagers are weaving wicker baskets out of the long reeds that grow on the riverbank to sell them in the market in Port Blacksand. They stare at you as you pass by, in awe of your noble stallion. You are greeted by a smiling lady standing on her porch in front of a stack of wicker baskets. She is wearing a brightly coloured headscarf and a white apron over her long dress. 'Welcome to Flax,' she says in a jolly voice. 'My name's Cris. How can I help you?' You reply, saying you are on your way to Port Blacksand, whereupon her eyebrows rise in mild surprise. 'The thieves there will be pleased to see you. They love taking money from people of your ilk, all la-di-da on your big horse! If I were you, I'd hire a boat from my husband and row downriver and slip into Port Blacksand unnoticed. We can look after your horse while you're gone.' If you want to hire a boat to row to Port Blacksand, turn to **41**. If you want to turn down her offer and ride to the main city gates on Stormheart, turn to **264**.

375

A search of the cave yields nothing more than an old clay pot with a cracked lid. If you want to look inside the pot, turn to **51**. If you would rather leave the cave and press on towards Skull Crag, turn to **236**.

376

You lift the lid of the wooden chest and see that it is filled with lots of wooden boxes, all with the same ornately carved lid featuring a beetle motif identical to the one you found. You are convinced you have found Gurnard Jaggle's home, and the hot soup on the stove suggests to you that he is still very much alive. Hakasan agrees, saying, 'Maybe we should wait here until he returns?' If you want to wait for Gurnard Jaggle to appear, turn to **280**. If you would rather leave the tree house and carry on towards Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **251**.

377

You place your swords and backpacks on the ground, and as you turn to walk away, you hear the twang of bowstrings being released, and the whistle of arrows flying through the air. Roll one die. This is the number of arrows that strike you, with the minimum number being two. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points for each arrow that finds its mark. If you are still alive, turn to **76**.

378

The one-armed beggar looks at you quizzically and says, 'Did you say Gurnard Jaggle? I do know him. He was quite a character, was old Gurnard. He loved gold. For years he panned for gold in rivers and streams but didn't find a single nugget. He had a brief stint as a gold miner with the same result. Then he tried treasure hunting and mostly failed at that. He once found a small treasure chest in a cave but was robbed of the gold on his way back home. This made him angry, and he became very jealous of people who did find gold. One day he went a bit mad and started making booby-trapped boxes, placing them in caves and dungeons where treasure hunters might go searching. They say one unlucky adventurer died an untimely death after opening one of Gurnard's boxes. A friend of mine told me that Gurnard left Chalice a few months ago with a sackful of his deadly boxes and was never seen again, and is presumed dead. Beware of any wooden box you find with ornately carved lids and a beetle motif in the middle. It's likely to be one of Gurnard's specials!' You thank him for the information. If you want to show your map to the beggars, turn to **13**. If you would rather wish them well and walk on, turn to **311**.

379

The mention of Zanbar Bone turns Luannah's sadness into anger, and she starts cursing his name, blaming him for her husband's death before falling silent again. You row on in silence, with everybody lost in their own thoughts. Suddenly a large crow swoops down and lands on the bow of the boat, cawing loudly. 'Hello, Vermithrax. How are you?' Nicodemus says calmly. 'Fine, thanks,' the crow squawks in reply. You are surprised to hear the crow speaking perfect Allansian. Nicodemus explains that Vermithrax is Yaztromo's companion, named after his mentor, the archmage Vermithrax Moonchaser. 'And how is Yaztromo?' continues Nicodemus. 'Not so good,' the crow replies with its head tilted to one side. 'Yaztromo sent me here to tell you that the outside walls of his tower are now black from the ground all the way up to the fourth floor, and he predicts his tower will be completely black by tomorrow. A Warhawk landed on top of the tower this morning carrying the black keystone which it put in place on the edge of the parapet. Yaztromo is distraught that he was unable to move it. The final piece of bad news is that Skeletons have been gathering in Darkwood Forest, and are now moving slowly towards the Tower.' Nicodemus tells Vermithrax to tell Yaztromo that help is on its way. The crow squawks and flies off east. 'In the morning when the tower turns black, Zanbar Bone

will return. The sorcery that destroyed him when he was a Night Prince would fail if he returns as a Demon Prince. How are we going to defeat him?' Nicodemus says, as though talking to himself, ruefully tapping his fingers on the side of the boat. 'If only I still had my special ring.' If you have the Ring of Burning Snakes in your possession, turn to **6**. If you do not have the ring, turn to **309**.

380

It is a finely crafted chain-mail coat and it fits you perfectly. Add 1 *SKILL* point. Pleased with your find, you walk on. Turn to **69**.

381

Hakasan looks sad, and says, 'Why did you say you were his enemy? His voice sounded quite friendly to me. Don't you think we should have spoken to him first? He might have been able to help us. Why was he calling out the name Bigleg? I wonder who he is. I guess we'll never know. We must bury him quickly and hurry on to Yaztromo's.' Turn to **246**.

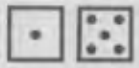

382

Poking through the innards of the Lavaworm with the tip of your sword, you find a copper necklace with a circular copper name tag with the initials *MG* etched on it lying in the pool of green slime – no doubt the initials of some poor soul who came to the caves in search of gold but ended up as food for the Lavaworm. If you want to wear the necklace, turn to **57**. If you would rather leave it where it is and inspect the iron chest, turn to **212**.

383

You reach a section of the forest where the trees are closely packed together, making it difficult to see very far ahead. You walk on and almost stumble into a rope ladder which is suspended from an old oak tree. You look up to see that the rope ladder is hanging down from an open hatch of a large wooden tree house. You call out but there is no reply. You step warily on to the rope ladder and climb slowly up through the open trapdoor. You find yourself in a square room which serves as an all-in-one living room, bedroom and kitchen. There is nobody at home and you give the all-clear sign for Hakasan to climb up the rope ladder to join you. There is a wooden bed covered with animal furs in the corner of the far right-hand wall in front of which stands a large wooden chest with a beetle carving on the lid. A pan of vegetable soup is simmering on top of a small wood-burning stove. In the centre of the room there are two chairs tucked under a table, which has a candle glued to a skull welded to the table by thick lines of melted wax. Shelves fixed to the right-hand wall are lined with old leather-bound books kept upright by more animal skulls used as bookends. You cannot help but notice an unpleasant smell like rotten cabbage filling the room. Will you:

Drink the soup?	Turn to **84**
Look at the books?	Turn to **331**
Open the wooden chest?	Turn to **376**

If you don't want to stay in the tree house and would rather leave to continue your journey to Yaztromo's Tower, turn to **251**.

384

Shelves behind the shop counter are filled with gauntlets, helmets, axes, daggers and arrows, and the walls are covered with shields. Plate and chain-mail suits of armour stand against the right-hand wall. There is a glass case standing on the left side of the counter in which a magnificent sword is displayed, probably the finest you have ever seen in your life. The wide doorway behind the counter has a chain-mail curtain which is suddenly pushed aside by a hairy hand the size of a large ham. An enormous one-eyed creature steps through the curtains to stand behind the counter, leaning on it with its massive hands. 'Can I help you?' the CYCLOPS says with a smile, revealing a row of sharp spiked teeth. You point at the display case and ask if the sword is for sale. 'I'm sorry, this One-Eye is sold and awaiting collection. I could put you down for a new one if you would like to leave a deposit of 25 Gold Pieces? It should be ready in about three years. If that is too long for you to wait, might I suggest you buy one of my Demon Daggers for 10 Gold Pieces?' Will you:

Buy a Demon Dagger?	Turn to **195**
Attack the Cyclops to get the sword?	Turn to **171**
Leave the shop and walk to the end of Armoury Lane?	Turn to **33**

385

You see a well-worn studded leather gauntlet nestling in the undergrowth to the left of the path. It is damp and covered with mildew. If you want to try it on, turn to **270**. If you would rather leave it where it is and carry on, turn to **146**.

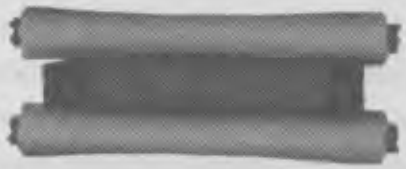

386

The howling gale is relentless and builds into a violent storm. The *Blue Marlin* struggles to climb each mountainous wave before surfing down the other side and crashing into the waiting trough. It is impossible to make good headway under sail, even with Mungo pulling hard on the tiller to keep his boat on course. You frantically bail water out of the boat with a bucket, but realize you are fighting a losing battle. Suddenly an enormous rogue wave crashes down on to the decks, sweeping you off your feet and washing you overboard into the sea. You can only watch helplessly as the *Blue Marlin* sails on, riding the giant waves of the storm. There is nothing Mungo can do to steer back to you, and once out of view, there is little hope of survival. Your adventure is over.

387

Making her escape, the girl snakes her way quickly through the crowded market. You run after her and grab her arm. She spins around, glaring at you fiercely, and manages to wriggle free. You calmly tell the girl to give you the pouch and that will be the end of the matter. She spits at you and slides her hand inside her smock to pull a knife from a hidden sheath. Seeing her move, you grab her wrist and take her knife from her, telling her to give you the pouch. 'Help!' she screams at the top of her voice. 'Help! I'm being robbed!' A crowd of people quickly gathers around you, several of them with daggers drawn. You try to protest your innocence, but with a knife in your hand, the crowd is having none of it. Nobody knows who you are. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **88**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **343**.

388

You feel very weak after your combat with the Scorpion Bug, and stand hunched over with your hands resting on your knees, panting heavily, deciding what to do next. Not wishing to go back to Hakasan empty-handed, you decide to go back to the tree house in the hope of finding something useful. It is late afternoon by the time you finally find it, but at least you get there without any further incidents. You climb up the rope ladder and look around the room.

You see that there is a drawer in the table which you hadn't noticed earlier, and pull it open to find a small wooden box with a plain lid. You shake the box and hear something rattling inside. If you want to open the box, turn to **161**. If you would rather leave it in the drawer and look for something else, turn to **189**.

389

You place the box in your backpack and walk over to the back of the cave, which you see is a dead end. You realize you have no option but to retrace your steps back to the outside world. You cross the cave floor and head back along the tunnel you came down. You soon arrive at a junction. If you want to go left, turn to **177**. If you want to go straight on, turn to **316**.

390

'Not so fast,' one of the Trolls says in a threatening tone, barring your way. 'Nobody enters the palace carrying weapons. Give them to me, and let Stinkfoot look inside your backpack.' The Troll called Stinkfoot grips your sword arm with an enormous green hand and says gruffly, 'Don't get any funny ideas. Just hand Twoteeth your sword nice and easy like.' If you want to comply with their demands, turn to **192**. If you want to try bribing the Trolls, turn to **5**.

391

You find a small cloth bag nailed to the underside of one of the wooden steps. It contains a copper bracelet which has mysterious runes etched on it. If you want to put the bracelet on, turn to **85**. If you would rather leave it behind and set off again for Moonstone Hills, turn to **164**.

392

The helmet once belonged to a Wood Elf noble and was forged with the finest steel. It fits on your head perfectly. Add 1 *SKILL* point. A search of the leather armour yields 10 Gold Pieces and a large sparkling ruby tucked away inside a secret pocket. Add 1 *LUCK* point. Pleased with your haul, you leave the idol to continue your quest to find Yaztromo. Turn to **284**.

393

The boots were taken by a Dwarf many years ago from the body of a High Elf who died at the hands of a Shapechanger in Darkwood Forest. The Dwarf used them as payment for food and lodgings at the farmhouse, where they were put in a box and forgotten about. Despite their worn-out appearance, the boots are incredibly comfortable and have magic properties. You have found a pair of elven boots. Add 1 *SKILL* point and 1 *LUCK* point. Turn to **98**.

394

The massive boulder thunders past you and crashes into the stream, causing a huge splash of water. You scramble behind cover and look up to see two sinewy men with long straggly hair and beards standing at the top of the hill shaking their fists. They are wearing animal skins, and they are both carrying a leather bag and a quiver of arrows across their shoulders. The WILD HILL MEN reach for their bows and fire two arrows down at you. *Test Your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **55**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **140**.

395

You pull on the oars to send the small wooden boat on its way, gliding silently downstream towards the infamous city. Catfish River runs through the middle of Port Blacksand, and you see that the city wall arches over the river to allow small river craft to pass beneath it. As you go under the arch, the river turns noticeably darker and has an unpleasant smell, polluted by rubbish and sewage dumped in it. You need no reminding of the dangers that lurk inside the city, which is run with an iron fist by Lord Azzur and his Imperial Guards, who bleed payment from all who live here. It is known as the City of Thieves for good reason, being the main port of call for every pirate and freebooter in the Western Ocean, and home to Allansia's most notorious thieves and robbers. The first landmark

you see from your boat is the high wall surrounding Lord Azzur's palace. On the opposite bank, two rowing boats are tied to an iron ring on a mooring on Axeman's Street, which leads up to Executioner's Square. Passing under Palace Bridge and Middle Bridge, you see plenty of seedy-looking characters busily going about their daily life. People are shouting at each other, and others are fighting. You hear dogs barking loudly, and the occasional shout for help, giving the port an air of dark foreboding. You pass under a third bridge, which is in a bad state of repair. It is lined with skulls on spiked poles, both human and non-human, which make eerie whistling sounds when the wind blows through them. You see a small hut underneath the bridge with steps leading down to it from above, and deduce it must be the fabled Singing Bridge where Nicodemus lives. Seeing nowhere to land your boat here, you carry on rowing, passing a row of dilapidated fishermen's cottages where women sit outside chatting, mending nets and gutting fish. At last you see the Black Lobster Tavern on the corner of Harbour Street and Lobster Wharf where the river meets the sea. The river is choppy here, and you have to row hard to reach the quay and moor up. There are three sailing ships docked in the harbour, one of them a pirate ship flying a black flag with the skull and crossbones. You jump out of the boat and walk up the ramp to where an ugly bunch of seamen and henchmen are standing. You try to push past them, but a bearded man in

a black hat shouts, 'Grab that scurvy rat. We need another galley slave for the *Flying Toucan*.' If you hold a merchant's pass, turn to **149**. If you do not have this pass, turn to **357**.

396

You take the gold charm out of your pocket and hand it to the jeweller. He inspects it very carefully under a large magnifying glass, and says, 'This is a lovely little charm, the type which may have magical properties. I'm surprised you want to sell it. It's the sort of thing old Gurnard Jaggle was always searching for but never found! I'll give you 10 Gold Pieces for it.' If you want to accept his offer, turn to **214**. If you would rather say no to his offer and leave the jeweller's to walk to the end of the street, turn to **82**.

397

You cleave your sword through the thin membrane of the Sporeball like a knife through butter, splitting it in two. You are immediately consumed by a cloud of spore-filled dust, and breathe some of it in, which makes you cough violently. You drop to your knees, clutching your throat, with your lungs feeling like they are on fire. Inhaling these spores is lethal and there is nothing you can do to stop yourself from suffocating. The Sporeball has found a new host for its spores to grow into fungal parasites. Your adventure is over.

398

You run through the tall grasses without stopping until you can run no further. Lose 1 *STAMINA* point. You are exhausted and have to stop to get your breath back. You take a slug of water and set off again, scanning the horizon for the elusive Chaos Warrior, but don't see anybody who looks remotely like him. You keep thinking about Hakasan, who you left injured and alone in Darkwood Forest, wondering if she is safe. It's mid-afternoon by the time you arrive at Largo, a small village on the banks of Catfish River west of Darkwood Forest. The villagers are friendly river folk, who spend their days ferrying people and goods up and down Catfish River on their flat-bottomed boats. You walk round the village asking everybody you meet if they have seen a Chaos Warrior in the vicinity. The replies are negative until one very tall and stocky man by the name of Onx tells you that his cousin was paid 5 Gold Pieces to take a Chaos Warrior to Port Blacksand earlier in the day. 'My cousin was too frightened to say no to him. I can ferry you to Port Blacksand for 2 Gold Pieces if you wish?' the boatman says in a friendly voice. If you want to accept his offer, turn to **303**. If you would rather decline his offer and head back to find Hakasan, turn to **9**.

399

You look up at the hole and suddenly feel something cold and wet land on your face. It's not water but a jelly-like substance which begins to burn your skin. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. You step away from under the hole as another globule drips down on to the floor with a dull plop. You hurriedly pour water from your flask over your face to wash off the flesh-eating green slime as a gelatinous blob appears in the hole in the ceiling. Turn to **174**.

400

Before settling down to enjoy Yaztromo's hospitality, the old wizard asks you to help him to remove the Demon's keystone that blights the roof of his tower. You climb the staircase on to the roof, where all four of you use your combined strength to push the black stone to the edge of the parapet. With one mighty heave, you push it over the edge, watching it fall to the ground and break up on the rocks below. Almost immediately the creepers engulfing Yaztromo's Tower start to wither and the walls of the tower start to lighten in colour. 'This is indeed a day for celebration,' Yaztromo says cheerfully. 'Can I have your attention, please? I have an important announcement to make. I have cakes!' With that, everybody rushes downstairs to sit at the dining table to enjoy the wide selection of delicious cakes. The two wizards have not seen each other in years, and spend as much time talking as eating. By his third cake, Nicodemus is yawning a lot, and says that he feels completely drained. Yaztromo tells him he can stay at his tower for as long as likes until he recovers his strength. Yaztromo asks you where you intend to go next in search of gold and glory. Without waiting for your reply, Hakasan says, 'Maybe we should try our luck in Fang? There is a purse of 10,000 Gold Pieces to be won in Baron Sukhumvit's Trial of Champions. It should be easy after this!' You remind her that only one person is allowed to come out of Sukhumvit's dungeon alive. 'That will be me, then!' she says cheekily. Everybody laughs and raises their glass in a toast to your next adventure, wherever it may take you. Yaztromo smiles warmly, and with his glass raised, looks you in the eye and says, 'Thank you for saving my tower. And thank you from all of us for saving Allansia. Maybe you should go back to Port Blacksand to tell Lord Azzur the good news. I'm sure he'd be delighted to see you! Whatever you choose to do, good *LUCK* on your adventure, and may your *STAMINA* never fail!'

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF THE PORT OF PERIL

SKILL, STAMINA AND LUCK

To determine your *initial SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores:

- Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *SKILL* box on the Adventure Sheet.
- Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the *STAMINA* box.
- Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *LUCK* box.

SKILL reflects your swordsmanship and fighting expertise; the higher the better. *STAMINA* represents your strength; the higher your *STAMINA*, the longer you will survive. *LUCK* represents how lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

SKILL, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores change constantly during an adventure, so keep an eraser handy. You must keep an accurate record of these scores. But never rub out your *initial scores*. Although you may receive additional

SKILL, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* points, these totals may never exceed your *initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when instructed on a particular page.

BATTLES

When you are told to fight a creature, you must resolve the battle as described below. First record the creature's *SKILL* and *STAMINA* scores (as given on the page) in an empty *Monster Encounter Box* on your Adventure Sheet. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice for the creature. Add its *SKILL* score. This total is its Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice for yourself. Add your current *SKILL*. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. Whose Attack Strength is higher? If your Attack Strength is higher, you have wounded the creature. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher, it has wounded you. (If both are the same, you have both missed – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.)
4. If you wounded the creature, subtract 2 points from its *STAMINA* score. You may use *LUCK* here to do additional damage (see "Using Luck in Battles" below).
5. If the creature wounded you, subtract 2 points from your *STAMINA* score. You may use *LUCK* to minimize the damage (see below).

6. Make the appropriate changes to either the creature's or your own *STAMINA* scores (and your *LUCK* score if you used *LUCK*) and begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6).
7. This continues until the *STAMINA* score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

LUCK

Sometimes you will be told to *Test Your Luck*. As you will discover, using *LUCK* is a risky business. The way you *Test Your Luck* is as follows:

Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current *LUCK* score, you have been *Lucky*. If the number rolled is higher than your current *LUCK* score, you have been *Unlucky*. The consequences of being *Lucky* or *Unlucky* will be found on the page. Each time you *Test Your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current *LUCK* score. So the more you rely on luck, the more risky this becomes.

USING LUCK IN BATTLES

In battles, you always have the option of using your *LUCK* either to score a more serious wound on a creature, or

to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just scored on you.

IF YOU HAVE JUST WOUNDED THE CREATURE: you may *Test Your Luck* as described below. If you are *Lucky,* subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's *STAMINA* score (i.e., 4 instead of 2 normally). But if you are *Unlucky,* you must restore 1 point to the creature's *STAMINA* (so instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now only scored 1).

IF THE CREATURE HAS JUST WOUNDED YOU: you can *Test Your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, restore 1 point of your *STAMINA* (i.e., instead of doing 2 points of damage, it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, subtract 1 extra *STAMINA* point.

Don't forget to subtract 1 point from your *LUCK* score each time you *Test Your Luck.*

RESTORING SKILL. STAMINA AND LUCK

SKILL

Occasionally, a page may give instructions to alter your skill score. A Magic Weapon may increase your *SKILL*, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time!

You cannot claim 2 *SKILL* bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your *SKILL* score can never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your *SKILL* to its initial level at any time.

STAMINA AND PROVISIONS

Your *STAMINA* score will change a lot during the adventure. As you near your goal, your *STAMINA* level may become dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

You start the game with enough Provisions for ten meals. A separate *Provisions Remaining* box is provided on the Adventure Sheet for recording details of Provisions. You may eat only *one* meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your *STAMINA* score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Don't forget that your *STAMINA* score many never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your *STAMINA* to its *initial* level at any time.

LUCK

You will find additions to your *LUCK* score awarded when you have been particularly *Lucky*. Remember that, as with *SKILL* and *STAMINA*, your *LUCK* score may never exceed its *initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your *LUCK* to its *initial* level at any time, and increase your *initial* luck by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You start your adventure with a sword, leather armour, a shield and a backpack containing Provisions for the trip. But you will find lots more items as the adventure unfolds.

You may also take a magic potion which will aid you on your quest. Each bottle of potion contains enough for *one* measure; i.e., it can only be used *once* during an adventure. Choose ONE of the following:

- A Potion of Skill – restores *SKILL* points
- A Potion of Strength – restores *STAMINA* points
- A Potion of Fortune – restores *LUCK* points and adds 1 to *initial LUCK*

These potions may be taken at any time during the adventure. Taking a measure of potion will restore *SKILL*, *STAMINA* or *LUCK* scores to their *initial* level. The Potion of Fortune will increase your *initial LUCK* score by 1 point and restore *LUCK* to this new *initial* level.

HINTS ON PLAY

It will probably take you several attempts to make your way through *The Port of Peril*. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be useful in future adventures and help you identify unexplored areas.

Not all locations contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures. There are many "wild-goose chase" passages, and while you may progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will win.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

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STAMINA

LUCK

EQUIPMENT

GOLD

TREASURE

PROVISIONS

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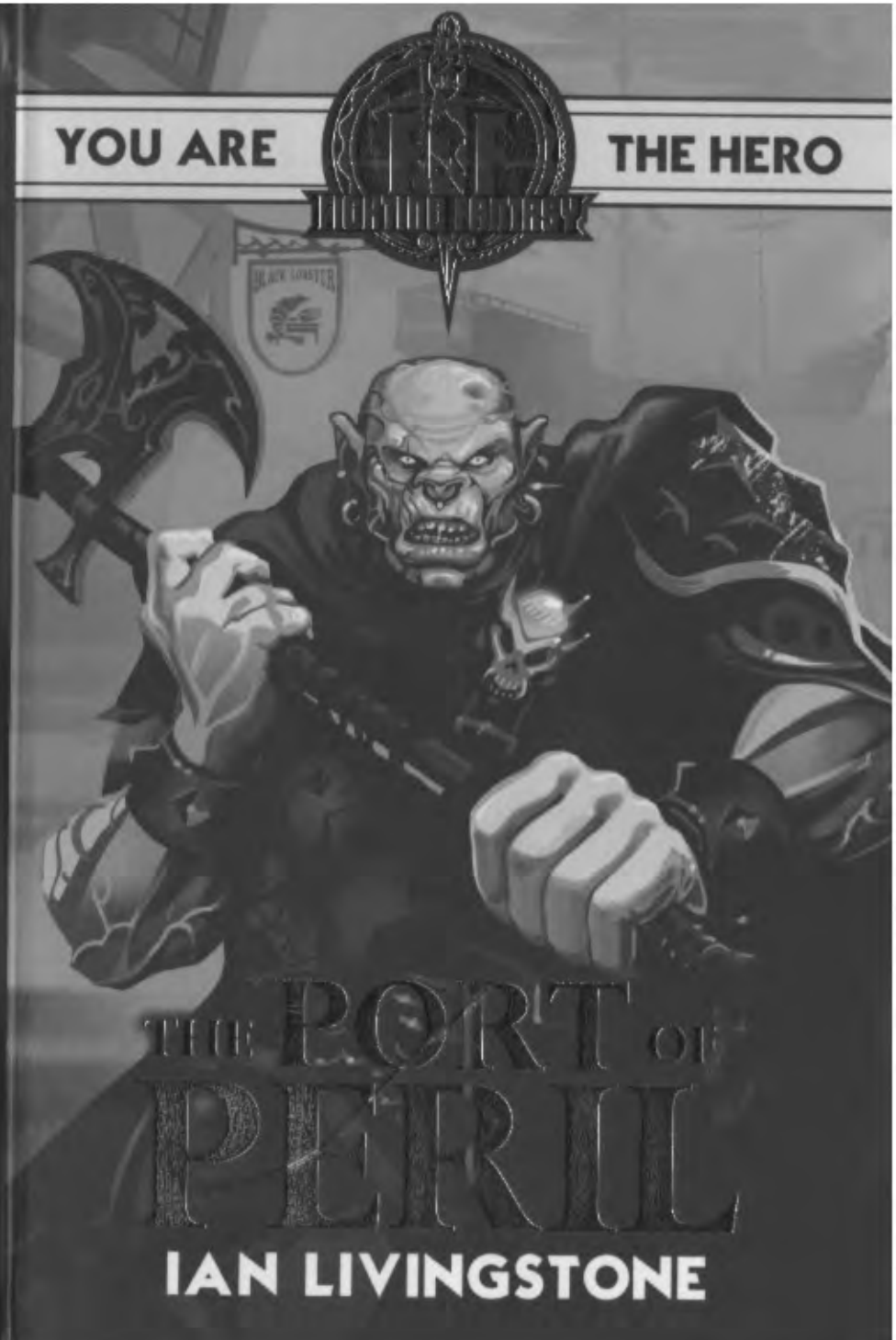

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THE GATES OF DEATH

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THE GATES OF DEATH

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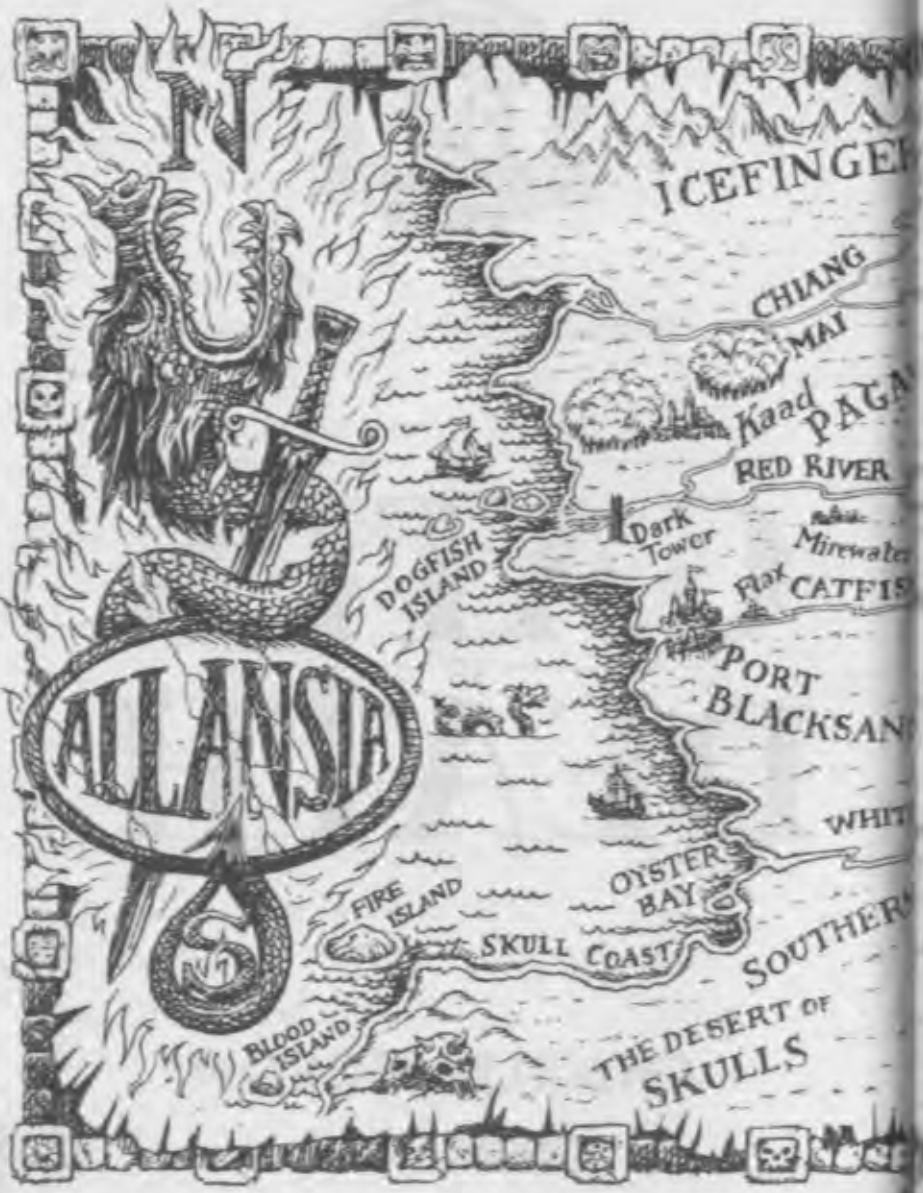
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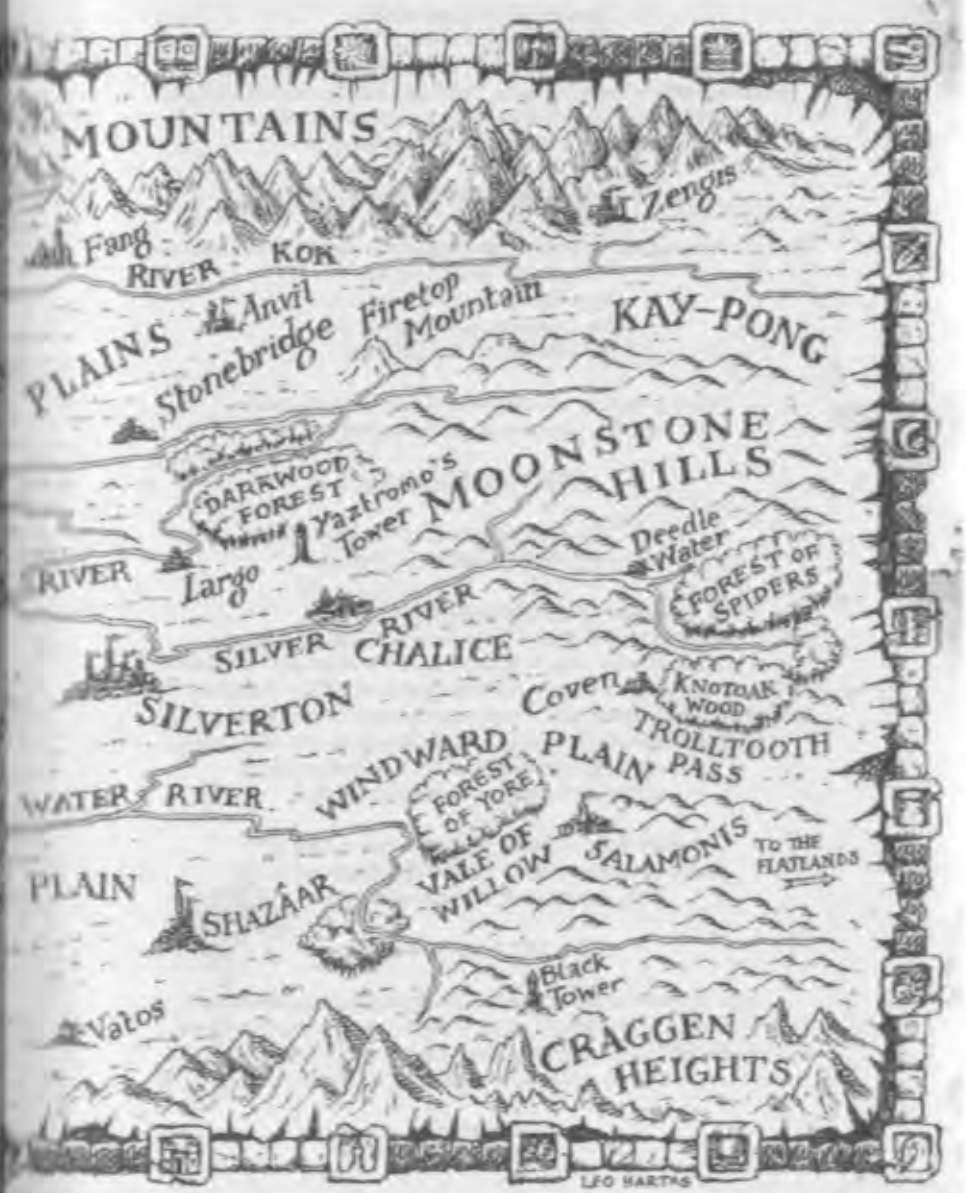
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HOW WILL YOU START YOUR ADVENTURE?

The book you hold in your hands is a gateway to another world – a world of dark magic, terrifying monsters, brooding castles, treacherous dungeons and untold danger, where a noble few defend against the myriad schemes of the forces of evil. Welcome to the world of **FIGHTING FANTASY!**

You are about to embark upon a thrilling fantasy adventure in which **YOU** are the hero! **YOU** decide which route to take, which dangers to risk and which creatures to fight. But be warned – it will also be **YOU** who has to live or die by the consequences of your actions.

Take heed, for success is by no means certain, and you may well fail in your mission on your first attempt. But have no

fear, for with experience, skill and luck, each new attempt should bring you a step closer to your ultimate goal.

Prepare yourself, for when you turn the page you will enter an exciting, perilous **FIGHTING FANTASY** adventure where every choice is yours to make, an adventure in which **YOU ARE THE HERO!**

How would you like to begin your adventure?

IF YOU ARE NEW TO FIGHTING FANTASY . . .

It's a good idea to read the rules before you start, which appear on pages 329-338.

IF YOU HAVE PLAYED FIGHTING FANTASY BEFORE . . .

You'll realize that to have any chance of success, you will need to discover your hero's attributes. You can create your own character by following the instructions on pages 329-330. Don't forget to enter your character's details on the Adventure Sheet which appears on pages 340-341.

Please also take note of the updated rules regarding provisions and the new rules regarding weapons that appear on pages 333-338.

ALTERNATIVE DICE

If you do not have a pair of dice handy, dice rolls are printed throughout the book at the bottom of the pages. Flicking rapidly through the book and stopping on a page will give you a random dice roll. If you need to 'roll' only one die, read only the first printed die; if two, total the two dice symbols.

BACKGROUND

The Crucible Isles lie in the southern stretches of the great Western Ocean, shrouded in mist and ringed by dangerous rocks. Few outsiders venture here, but those that do are welcomed by the ancient Guardians of the Crucible and taught the healing arts. In time they will learn how to create magic potions in the giant stone crucible that gives the islands their name. If they have the skill they might attain the level of Guardian, dedicated to tending the Great Crucible.

The islands are quiet, and very little happens here, but one day the calm is broken by the arrival of a desperate messenger from Allansia.

'I bring terrible news,' he says when he is taken to the Great High Guardian in the Chapter Hall. 'A plague has broken out in Allansia. People who are struck down by the sickness are turning into hideous, demonic monsters.'

'So,' says the Great High Guardian, her face clouded with worry. 'The demon plague has returned. If it is allowed to spread it will eventually infect every inhabitant of Titan.

There is a cure, however: smoke-oil, distilled from the roots of the Asura Lily. We have a small supply here, not enough to cure more than a hundred people, but if we were to take some of it to the Temple of Throff in Allansia, the High Priestess there might be able to use her magic skills to produce enough to save everyone. There is one problem, though; for its own protection, the temple is hidden within the Invisible City...'

It is the season of storms and high seas, but there is no time to lose, and so a small band of Guardians sets sail from the Crucible Isles, headed for Allansia with sixty vials of smoke-oil. You are only a humble acolyte, still learning your skills, but it is your duty to serve Brother Tobyn, one of the Guardians, and so you travel with him.

'We will land in Kaynlesh-Ma, in south-west Allansia, where the people are famous for their wisdom,' Brother Tobyn explains as the Crucible Isles disappear over the horizon. 'We are sure that someone there will be able to tell us how to find the Invisible City.'

But the Gods have other plans for you.

The seas are dangerous, lashed by tempests and furious winds, infested with pirates and monsters of the deep. When you finally make land in Allansia, it is not at the peaceful harbour of Kaynlesh-Ma, but somewhere very different indeed.

YOUR ADVENTURE AWAITS!

May your STAMINA never fail!

NOW TURN OVER...

1

You step up on to the gangplank and walk down to the dockside. It feels good to have solid ground beneath your feet after being so long at sea, although you feel wobbly and unstable and are very sick from the voyage. You kneel down, intending to kiss dry land and instead you heave up your last meal on to the cobblestones. (Lose 5 *STAMINA* points.)

At least you are alive, though. You feared you would not survive the voyage. Your tiny fleet was blown way off course, and six days ago the last surviving ships were wrecked and you were flung into the icy ocean. It was only by some miracle that you and Brother Tobyn were snared in the nets of a fishing boat, whose captain dragged you out of the water and brought you here, to Port Blacksand. Of all the people who set off from the Crucible Isles, you and Brother Tobyn are the only two left.

You turn to help your master down the gangplank. Brother Tobyn, who is old and bald and stooped, is sick from spending so long in the water after the wreck. His legs shake and he holds out an arm so that you can steady him.

'We've made it, then,' he says and offers up a prayer of thanks to Throff. He then passes you the last surviving vials of smoke-oil for safekeeping.

'There are only ten,' he says. 'Guard them well. I wish we had more, but if we can only get one vial to the High Priestess in the Invisible City, we will have succeeded. Now, we must get out of Port Blacksand as quickly as possible. This does not look a friendly place at all...'

He's right. The narrow winding streets that lead away from the harbour are dark and dirty, with crumbling buildings overhanging them, and in some cases meeting at the top. The dockside is crowded with a variety of unwashed people who look like they're adding to the general stink of rotting fish and sewage that hangs in the air. You see traders and sailors, adventurers, pirates, men for hire, beggars and shady characters of all types.

'We must eat before we do anything else,' says Brother Tobyn, and you follow your noses away from the wharf and up Catfish Street to the Fish Market. The market is situated in a busy square, where you find a fishwife grilling sardines over hot coals. The smell of her cooking jabs like a knife at your empty belly.

As you make your way over to the fishwife, you pass a stall selling fishing equipment, hooks and anchors, nets, belaying pins and even a couple of whaling harpoons.

The fishwife tells you it will be 1 Gold Piece for a meal.

Making sure nobody is looking, you pull your purse out from where it's hidden in the folds of your tunic and count your money. You only have 10 Gold Pieces and the price is criminal, but you're desperate to eat. If you want to pay the woman, turn to **18**. If you refuse her price, turn to **32**.

2

You move away from the dead soldiers, not wanting to see them as they turn back into ordinary men.

'Well done!' shouts Lady Webspinn, pointing towards a doorway. 'Now hurry! Find Swann!'

You don't need to be told twice. You run from the Halls of Learning and on to a landing lined with more books. Turn to **15**.

3

Working quickly, you jiggle the fishhook in the lock until you feel it snap open. Slowly you pull the door back. Turn to **130**.

4

You ride hard, not even risking stopping for food, following the horse's lead, and arrive at Salamonis as the sun is dipping in the sky. Turn to **446**.

5

You're more confident than before and thrust your hand quickly into the hole. Something pricks your finger, but it doesn't hurt too much and you keep searching until you have hold of something metal. You pull it out and see that it's an assassin's stiletto knife. There's a tiny drop of blood on the needle-like tip of the blade – your blood. So it was this blade that pricked you. You smile and suck your finger. This dagger might come in useful. But as you try to stand up you start to feel sick and light-headed.

It's then that you remember assassins often poison their blades.

If you have any poison antidote, turn to **24**. If not, turn to **44**.

6

As you reach for the smoke-oil, the dungeon-master gives a howl of delight and snatches it away from you.

'That's too precious for the likes of you,' he cackles. 'I'm saving this for Lord Azzur. You're on your own...'

The dungeon-master giggles as Brother Tobyn claws at you, shredding your sleeve and drawing blood from your arm. Lose 2 *STAMINA* points. To take the rusty bread

knife, turn to **26**. To fight DEMON BROTHER TOBYN with your bare hands, turn to **53**.

7

You walk all around the cavern but don't find anything you haven't seen before. To try the rings hanging from the gates, turn to **356**. To investigate the fresh body, turn to **193**. To leave the cavern and go back up to the refectory, turn to **460**.

8

You walk along the track, which curves away from the settlement to the north. You can hardly see anything in the gathering darkness but you hear a buzzing sound and then feel a sharp sting on your arm. Soon a swarm of biting flies surrounds you. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point.) To hurry on, turn to **39**. To run back the way you came, turn to **408**.

9

You grab a vial of smoke-oil from your pack and hurl it to the ground. It smashes and a cloud of yellow gas swamps the thieves. They cough and splutter and wipe their eyes. But it hasn't harmed them, only made them very angry indeed. It seems that smoke-oil is only effective against demons.

Cross one vial of smoke-oil off your Adventure Sheet and then turn to **218**.

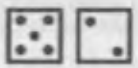

You catch the glint of a smile

10

You pop the cork from the bottle of 'Nostalgia' and a pink gas that smells of pears wafts out. You feel your whole world spinning... Time seems to run backwards... You realize the potion will allow you to relive part of your adventure... Turn to **466.**

11

You walk on a little way down the road but stop as you hear the noise of thundering hooves behind you. You turn to see four black horses pulling a black carriage bearing down on you from the direction of Port Blacksand. You jump out of the road to avoid being run down, but the driver pulls on the reins and the carriage stops beside you in a cloud of dust.

An elegant-looking lady leans out of the window, her face covered by a veil. You catch the glint of a smile.

'Thank you so much,' she says. 'Those highway robbers have been stopping all traffic on this road and stealing from honest travellers. You've dealt with them once and for all. I can offer you a ride in my carriage. My name is Lady Webspinn and I am going to Salamonis. If you're headed that way, why don't you climb aboard...?'

If you want to take up Lady Webspinn's offer, turn to **61**. If you want to refuse it, turn to **41.**

12

You go over to the Pool of Miseries, look into the water and feel suddenly tired. You want to fall into the water, sink into its depths and sleep for ever. Instead, you drink some water from it and suddenly feel weak and ill. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point.)

To go north down the Walkway of Night, turn to **406**. To go south down the Walkway of Evening, turn to **84**.

13

You climb over the fallen pillar and, as you slide down the other side, the cracked paving gives way beneath your feet. You are falling into the sewers. Turn to **330**.

14

If you have any of the following items listed on your Adventure Sheet, cross them off now:

Poison Antidote, Sneaky Sword, Pitchfork, Assassin's Stiletto, Woodman's Axe, Book of Love Poetry, Fire Iron, Jewelled Warhammer, Harp of Healing.

(Your Provisions, Gold Pieces, any potions and vials of smoke-oil are unaffected by the strange magic.)

Restore your *SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores to their Initial values and turn to **100**.

15

You leap down a sweeping marble staircase and across an entrance hall before bursting outside, just as the clouds open and dump a deluge of purple rain on to the city. Turn to **167**.

16

If you are wearing the swift boots, turn to **46**. If not then turn to **31**.

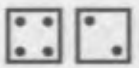

17

You gallop on through the night, wondering where the sure-footed horse will take you. As the hours pass you doze off in the saddle. (Add 2 *STAMINA* points.) You are eventually woken with a start by a noise like thunder in time to see a familiar black carriage go rattling past you in a cloud of dust.

You look at the position of the sun and figure that you must have ridden all night and most of the following day. You find that you are still sitting on the horse's back, and it has stopped to crop some grass by a river that passes below some high city walls. From what Brother Tobyn told you, you think this must be Salamonis, famous for its ancient walls. Turn to **446.**

18

The fishwife takes your money and you and Brother Tobyn share some sardines.

Add 2 *STAMINA* points, deduct 1 Gold Piece from your total, and turn to **32.**

19

'You are a rotten bully,' says the King of Imps. 'But if you kill us, we all die!' So saying, he pulls what looks like a small cannonball with a fuse sticking out of it from under his tunic. He lights it from one of the fire pots and, before you can stop him, he hurls it at the funeral bier. Turn to **62.**

20

'Ah, so you want to see my equipment for explorers,' says Swann, leading you over to some shelves. 'I have these magical silver swift boots; for only 6 Gold Pieces they will get you quickly past any danger. Very useful on the streets of Salamonis right now, I'd say. Also, I have this silver compass, cheap at 5 Gold Pieces; the adventurer who was here bought one just like it, said it was just what he needed. Or what about this stylish sun hat, only 8 Gold Pieces? Or this stout walking staff for only 10 Gold Pieces?'

You can sense that Swann is desperate. The prices are far too high for these ordinary objects. But buy anything you want, and can afford, put on any clothing you've bought and then turn to **364.**

21

Even though you are inside the city and walking its streets, the buildings appear to shimmer and wobble like a mirage, occasionally becoming transparent as if the whole place might disappear again at any moment. The city has no outer walls. Its defence is its invisibility. Far above you, you can see the silver dome of the Great Temple of Throff that dominates the place. Clustered around the main temple are the domes and spires of lesser temples and religious buildings. You can also see several tall columns with statues on them, looking out across the plains, and long banners flapping from poles, orange and red and yellow.

All the roads in the city lead up to the temple, winding around the rock, climbing ever steeper to the summit through hanging gardens. There are bridges, archways and viaducts all the way up, roads on top of roads, so that the city resembles a giant tower. Down here on the lower levels you can see public buildings, shops and taverns and houses, but the temple dominates. The population can't be very large. It would be hard to sustain too many people in such a barren place, and most of the inhabitants presumably serve the temple, but even so – where is everybody? The streets are deserted. It is as if you've wandered into a ghost town.

To explore the lower levels, turn to **34**. To climb immediately to the Great Temple, turn to **131**.

22

It takes several blows to chop through the door and on the last swing the shaft snaps. You throw the axe away and open the door.

Cross the axe off your Adventure Sheet and turn to **130**.

23

You walk along the track, which snakes round to the west. As you pick your way through the darkness you hear a buzzing sound and then feel a sharp sting on your neck. Soon a swarm of biting flies surrounds you. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point.) To hurry on, turn to **39**. To run back the way you came, turn to **408**.

24

You use your antidote. (Remove it from your Adventure Sheet.) You are safe this time. (Add the assassin's stiletto to your Weapons List.)

To go back to the stable, turn to **401**. To go into the inn, turn to **361**.

25

You rush forward, your khopesh catching the weird light from the flames and sending shards of colour all around the walls of the cavern. You hack your way through the front rank of demons. Your khopesh is mightily powerful here, but not powerful enough to defeat a whole army. You realize that without any more magic you have no chance.

Ulrakaah urges her army on. She's stooped over, with a back bent like an old crone, but she lifts her two massive swords with ease and roars again.

'Ulrakaaaah!'

And the demonic army echoes her as they charge forward like a tide of filth and roll over you. The last thing you see before darkness overwhelms you is one of Ulrakaah's swords slashing down through the fetid air to slice you in two.

You know your adventure is surely over. Turn to **60.**

26

You grab the rusty bread knife and turn around just in time to confront the demon. It's going to be a tough fight but you might just have a chance. Brother Tobyn was old and weak and so is the demon he's become. Add the rusty bread knife to your Weapons List and turn to **53.**

27

'I'm growing faint,' says the man, the chains slipping through his sweaty palms. 'This is your last chance...' Turn to **444.**

28

You walk carefully down the street, alert to any danger. There has been a battle here and dead bodies lie all around. A fine old building has been pulled down, spilling rubble into the street, and a fallen pillar blocks your way. To go back the way you came, turn to **128**. To climb over the pillar, turn to **13.**

29

You pull the cork out of the bottle labelled 'Thick as Thieves' and nasty blue smoke wafts out. You cover your mouth and nose and drop the bottle. The smoke seems to be alive. It seeks out the thieving Highwaymen and they can't help but breathe it in.

A dim look comes into their eyes. They stand there blinking and confused, not sure where they are, or even who they are.

'Who's this bloke, then?' says one, peering at you. 'Is it Lord Azzur?'

'Don't be stupid,' says another. 'Lord Azzur's much taller than that.'

'Don't you call me stupid! How d'you know how tall he is? You ever seen him?'

'I saw a dead frog once.'

'What's that got to do with anything, you idiot?'

'Are you calling me an idiot?'

'I think so, yeah...'

'Say it again, cabbage brain, and I'll hit you with this whatchamacallit?' says the second highwayman, raising his sword.

'It's a, erm, a mop, I think...' says a third.

'A mop, you berk? It's a sausage... No, it's a...'

'You're all fools. It's a cucumber... No... Er...'

'Yeah, well I'll show you what it does!'

In a moment they've all started fighting each other, and not long after that they all lie dead in the road. Turn to **262.**

30

You put some dried fish in the bowl and send a prayer to Lunara to help you find the priestess. Nothing happens. Turn to **406.**

31

You walk on until you come to the East Gate, but instantly see that there's no chance of getting out of the city this way. The gates are on fire and at least twenty demons are dancing around waving flaming torches. You turn and run back towards Titan Square before they see you. Turn to **149.**

It strikes Brother Tobyn down

32

'Put your purse away,' says Brother Tobyn, pushing your hand back inside your tunic. You wonder what the problem is and then see that two men are arguing nearby. One of them is Heathcote, the captain of the fishing boat that rescued you. He's still dressed in his waterproof, weather-beaten leathers. The other man is a local merchant, wealthy, by the look of him, with jewelled rings on his fingers and a large gold medallion hanging on his chest.

'You're no better than the thieves and cutthroats who infest this place,' Heathcote shouts, grabbing a handful of the merchant's fine silk robes. 'The price you're offering me for my catch is robbery, plain and simple.'

'It's the best price you'll get in Port Blacksand,' says the merchant. 'Believe me.'

'I nearly died catching those fish,' says Captain Heathcote. 'I was warned about this place. But, because of the storms, it was the only place we could put in.'

People are starting to gather round, some taking Captain Heathcote's side, some taking the side of the merchant, who is shaking and getting very red in the face. You see that foam is forming around his mouth and his eyes are losing their focus. And then suddenly he snarls and tries

to bite Captain Heathcote, who jumps back in surprise.

The next moment the merchant bends over double, his back cracking and popping. When he straightens up, you see that the whites of his eyes have gone dark and his teeth appear to have grown bigger and sharper. Even as you watch, his skin turns rough and warty and his fingernails grow into long claws. There are screams as people back away.

'It's the plague!' someone shouts. 'The plague has come to Port Blacksand. He has the demon curse!'

The thing that was once the merchant lashes out with awful strength, sending Captain Heathcote flying.

'Stop!' Brother Tobyn cries out, raising both arms. 'I command you to stop!'

But now the DEMON MERCHANT has seen him. It turns its dark eyes on him and advances. Before you can do anything, it strikes Brother Tobyn down. You see that he has been wounded but is mercifully still alive. A group of locals draw their weapons, but they hang back, scared. If you don't do something fast, the demon is going to attack your master again.

'Remember,' gasps Brother Tobyn, 'our mission is to help

the people of Allansia and rid them of the demon plague...'

If you want to grab the Guardian and try to make a run for it, turn to **56**. If you want to try to attack the Demon Merchant, turn to **77**. If you want to use one of the precious vials of smoke-oil to try to cure the Demon Merchant, turn to **107**.

33

You raise your weapon and bear down on the Imps, yelling a battle cry. Most of them run off screaming, but five remain, including their king. You could easily beat them now. To carry on with your attack, turn to **19**. To talk to them, turn to **142**.

34

The longer you spend in the city, the more solid it seems to become. Among the houses on the lower slopes you find a clothworks, with weaving equipment, dyeing vats, and cutting and sewing rooms. Next door to it is a maker of scientific equipment and then a pottery. On the next street you find a tavern. Most of the buildings have blue-tiled roofs, but many have gardens growing on them where food crops are mixed in among the flowers. You see some bushes heavy with bean pods on top of a two-storey house opposite the tavern.

To climb up on to the roof, turn to **52**. To enter the tavern, turn to **86**. To carry on up towards the temple, turn to **131**.

35

You grab a vial of smoke-oil from your pack and hurl it at the soldiers. It hits the first one on the breastplate and smashes, enveloping them both in gas. They collapse, coughing and spluttering, with smoke streaming from their mouths.

Soon they have recovered, and look around, confused and scared. Then they go over to the scholars.

'We will protect you,' they say and you are able to hurry from the Halls of Learning to look for a way out of the building. Turn to **15**.

36

'Ah, yes, I do have a few jars of magic potion left, and even some perfume,' says Swann. 'Take your pick, only 5 Gold Pieces each.'

Swann offers you a jar of 'Thick as Thieves', a jar of 'Pretty as a Picture', a jar of 'Dragon's Breath', a jar of 'Collywobbles' and a bottle of 'Nostalgia' perfume.

Deduct 5 Gold Pieces for each one you buy and turn to **364**.

37

You gallop on through the night, hoping that you are heading in the right direction. The hours pass and you keep dozing off in the saddle. At last, though, you see some buildings up ahead and urge the horse towards them.

It seems to take for ever, but eventually you arrive on the outskirts of a town. The houses look well-built and the streets are clean and wide, and there's the welcoming sign of an inn – The Old Toad. This must be Silverton. You dismount and let the horse head back to the woods. It's still raining and you take a look around. Turn to **254**.

38

You are in a large six-sided chamber with a pool of dark water in the middle. The Walkway of Night leads north to the main temple. The red-tiled Walkway of Evening leads south. This is the famous Pool of Miseries, one of two magical pools here in the temple that you learnt about from Brother Tobyn on the voyage from the Crucible Isles. The walls glow and shimmer as if lit by moonlight. You feel suddenly tired and gloomy and you can't remember if it's day or night.

To drink some water from the pool, turn to **12**. To go north down the Walkway of Night, turn to **406**. To go south down the Walkway of Evening, turn to **84**.

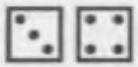

39

You sprint on along the track and at last manage to outrun the flies (but not before losing 1 more *STAMINA* point). Soon, up ahead of you, you see the watchtower and realize that this foraging track must join up with the other one. Turn to **408**.

40

You ride in front of the black carriage and hail the driver. He hauls on the reins and the carriage judders to a halt.

'You're blocking the road, you dirty tramp,' says the driver. 'Lady Webspinn is in a hurry to get to Salamonis.'

Now that you know which way to go, do you want to let the carriage drive on? If so, turn to **180**. Or, if you want to talk to Lady Webspinn, turn to **139**.

41

'Very well,' says the elegant lady. 'But this is a dangerous road, and the way to the next town is long and hard. Good luck.' So saying she shouts to the driver and the carriage rattles away.

Maybe it'll be safer away from the road. You walk through some tall grass, climb over a fence into a cornfield and then find an old herders' track that will take you cross-country. Turn to **159**.

42

Your khopesh is too powerful for the demon queen, and you strike her dead. Her last cry of 'Ulrakaaaah!' echoes around the cavern as her body collapses and dissolves into a pool of purple slime. You slump down on to a rock, exhausted, relieved that it is over at last. You have defeated the demon queen and her army, but now you realize that you are trapped here, in her realm, for ever. You did it by using her own dark power against her, and you look at the khopesh in your hand. You know how dangerous it is, the dark power it holds. You force yourself to stand and walk over to the fiery pit.

You look down at the flames. To drop the khopesh in, turn to **201**. To keep hold of it, just in case, turn to **400**.

43

'Do not go to Salamonis,' says the Lamassu. 'I know I said I would take you anywhere, but I will never go back there. Its streets are filled with demons. There are only a few people left who are unaffected by the curse, and there are demon portals on every street corner that will suck you into oblivion. If you do insist on going there, there is one man who could help you. His name is Sandford Swann and he is a mapmaker. Stay on the main streets and if you can make it to Titan Square you need to take the road that heads north and then the second street on the left.'

To ask the Lamassu about the Invisible City, turn to **59**. To thank the Lamassu and continue to Salamonis on horseback, turn to **240**. To fly past Salamonis on the Lamassu, turn to **463**.

44

Maybe there wasn't enough poison left on the blade to kill you. *Test your Luck*.

If you are Lucky, turn to **66**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **87**.

45

'Hurry,' says the man. 'Do something! I can't hold on to these damned dogs much longer...' Turn to **444**.

46

You are racing down the East Road towards the city gates. Glancing over your shoulder you see that the Demon Horde is catching up with you. It looks like you've picked up every demon in Salamonis, too many to count. At their head is a demon wearing expensive robes and a golden crown. You realize this must be King Salamon himself. Not even he could escape the demon curse.

The noise they make is like a herd of cattle, moaning and grunting, their feet pounding on the cobblestones. You push yourself to run faster, and with the swift boots on your feet, you feel as if you are almost flying.

Now you see the gatehouse ahead of you. It's been scorched by fire and the gates themselves have burnt down. Several dead citizens are scattered on the ground and a unit of five tired and bloody soldiers stands guard.

You spot Lady Webspinn's carriage, ready to leave, with its four black horses harnessed to the traces. There's no sign of the driver or Lady Webspinn anywhere, however.

To stop running and look inside the carriage, turn to **58**. To make a run for it towards the gates, turn to **216**. To ask the soldiers to help you fight the Demon Horde, turn to **207**.

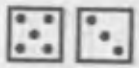

47

It takes several blows to smash the lock with the fire iron, and as it finally gives way you hear a shout behind you.

'Oi! What d'you think you're playing at?'

The noise has alerted FOSSICK, who stands there brandishing his big woodsman's axe. This time you're going to have to fight him.

Choose a weapon from your list and prepare to fight. If you have no weapon you will have to use the fire iron.

FOSSICK *SKILL 8* *STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **68.**

48

The Imps scream and fall back as the clay pot smashes and fire spills out in all directions. But the next moment there's a great WHOOMPH! and the liquid in the basin is burning fiercely. If you have a flask of firewater, turn to **76**. If not, turn to **62.**

49

You pull the cork out of the bottle labelled 'Pretty as a Picture' and a cloud of turquoise gas escapes. It smells of lavender. The Highwaymen cough and choke. They are weakened but still alive. (Deduct 3 from each one's *STAMINA*.)

If the Highwaymen have lost all their *STAMINA*, turn to **262**. If the Highwaymen still have some *STAMINA*, turn to **218.**

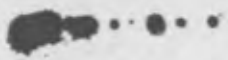

50

You walk down the street. There are fires burning inside some of the buildings. Smoke fills the road. You walk through it and the next thing you know you are falling. You have stepped into a demon portal and are sinking into a pool of purple ectoplasm. Turn to **355.**

51

You just manage to push past the Demon Soldiers and get to the door. You hear shouts and screams behind you but ignore them and carry on running. You realize, though, that one of the soldiers has scratched you.

Lose 2 *STAMINA* points and turn to **15.**

Demon Brother Tobyn comes at you

52

You find a ladder leaning against the side of the house and climb on to the roof. The beans growing on the bushes are ripe. They should have been picked by now. Once again you wonder where everybody has gone. You help yourself to some pods, sit down and pop them open. The beans taste delicious. (Add 3 points to your *STAMINA* score.)

As you sit there munching the beans, you see an Ogre stagger out of the tavern across the way, clutching a giant tankard of ale. He looks up and down the street, takes a glug of ale and then goes back inside. Luckily he didn't see you. To climb down and enter the tavern, turn to **86**. To carry on up to the temple complex, turn to **131**.

53

It pains you to fight your own master, the man you swore to serve, but you have no choice if you want to live and complete your mission. You tell yourself that this isn't him, this is a demon... And it's attacking again.

DEMON BROTHER TOBYN comes at you, snarling, slavering, a horrible blur of teeth and claws...

DEMON BROTHER TOBYN SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **82**.

54

The track to the well runs eastwards along the top of the cliffs. It is very overgrown and gets worse the further you go. Soon you are hacking your way through thorn bushes and thick vegetation. It is growing dark and you can't see to follow the path any more.

Stumbling around in the dark you lose your footing, and the next thing you know, you are tumbling down the cliff face towards the pass. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.) You land in a heap by the side of the road. Turn to **307.**

55

'So you need more money, eh?' says Swann. 'Well, let me tell you a secret. A rich aristocrat called Sir Jordaan Mannly had a big mansion on the south-east side of town. When the demons started to take over Salamonis he told me he'd buried all his money in his front garden under a statue of Hamaskis. He died two days ago and, if I'd been able to get out of my shop, I'd have gone to dig it up. If you want to have a go then take this silver trowel...'

To go treasure hunting, add the Silver Trowel to your Equipment List and turn to **73**. If not, turn to **364.**

56

You take hold of Brother Tobyn's arm, pulling him away

from the demon just as its claws rake down through the air. You get the old man to his feet and run. You can hear the horrible sounds of the poor fishwife being torn to pieces and the cries of the locals as they hurry over to fight the monster amongst the scattered coals.

You run on and see you have two choices. A dark alleyway that looks like it might be a good place to hide, or a wider street, Net Lane, along which a unit of the city guard is approaching. To choose the dark alleyway, turn to **127**. To choose Net Lane, turn to **146**.

57

As you place your apple on the dish, smoke rises from it. For a moment you feel light-headed, but when the smoke clears you see that a passageway has opened up behind the shrine. To enter the passage behind the shrine, turn to **81**. If you don't want to risk it, turn to **406.**

58

You run over to the carriage and open the door to find Lady Webspinn and her maid, Liara, inside, dressed for travel. Liara appears to be comforting her mistress. She has her arms round Lady Webspinn and her face is buried in her neck.

To get in the carriage, turn to **194**. To try your luck on foot and head for the gates, turn to **177.**

59

'I have heard of the Invisible City,' says the Lamassu. 'They say it is to be found on the Plain of Bronze. I have flown over the plain many times but have never seen the city. I fear it doesn't actually exist. If you want to climb on to my back I can fly you there, however, and we could look for it.'

To fly on the Lamassu to the Plain of Bronze, turn to **463**. To ask the Lamassu more about Salamonis, turn to **43**. To thank the Lamassu and continue towards Salamonis on horseback, turn to **240**.

60

You have been defeated. There is a moment of unbearable pain and then nothing. But then you feel your spirit rising free. Everything is misty, hazy and distorted. Perhaps if you can get back to your own body you will have a chance of survival. Your spirit floats towards the gates, which have once again become transparent, and passes through.

You see your body lying where the Obsidian Giants felled it, and you will yourself back into it... You rise shakily to your feet. Turn to **7**.

61

You clamber aboard the carriage and see that Lady Webspinn is travelling with a maidservant, who she introduces as Liara. You are soon on your way, rattling and bouncing down the road.

Lady Webspinn draws her veil aside. She has a kind face, even though she has come from the den of thieves and villains that is Port Blacksand. She asks you innocently where you are going, and what you are planning to do there. Words of warning ring in your head... 'Trust no one from Port Blacksand, and tell no one of your task...'

To tell her the truth, turn to **91**. To tell her that you're just going to visit an aunt in Salamonis, turn to **121**.

62

There's a bang, a roar and a flash of fire, and the next thing you see is a pillar of flame shooting up into the night sky from the centre of the stone circle. In seconds the bier is blazing, and the pall covering the adventurer's body is on fire. All are burnt, the Imps, the adventurer, his equipment...

You will never find the Invisible City now – your adventure is over.

63

The Demon Soldiers smile, showing jagged teeth, and advance towards you. Choose a weapon and fight.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First DEMON SOLDIER	*8*	*7*
Second DEMON SOLDIER	*7*	*8*

If you win, turn to **2**.

64

You give the old beggar 1 Gold Piece and he smiles at you.

'My name is Fazilus Astra,' he says. 'I was once a powerful wizard, but I made the mistake of coming to Port Blacksand, where I discovered I was not as powerful as I thought. Lord Azzur doesn't like any competition in his city. He captured me, and then the one who calls himself Lord Azzur's Eyes struck out my eyes, the one who calls himself Lord Azzur's Ears pierced my eardrums and made me deaf, and finally the one who calls himself Lord Azzur's Mouth cut out my tongue. So now you are wondering, aren't you, how I can hear you and how I can speak to you – but look! My lips don't move. I still have some magic left that Azzur couldn't get to. And, as you have been generous to me, I will be generous to you. Take this. A fine lady gave it to me.'

He hands you a small bottle of perfume. 'It is called "Nostalgia",' he says. 'One whiff of it will instantly take you back to a happier time.' (Add the 'Nostalgia' perfume to your Equipment List.) Then Fazilus offers you something else.

'Poison antidote,' he says, passing you a tin flask. 'My own recipe.'

You tuck it into your backpack (add the poison antidote to your Equipment List) and he grips your hand tightly.

'I see into your heart,' he says, 'and I see that you must follow the Corpse Road, view the magic city from the grey rock known as Mount Meerar and pass through the Gates of Death if you wish to succeed. Oh ... and don't eat too many pies. Now hurry. I've told you all I can.' Turn to **95**.

65

You pull the cork out of the bottle labelled 'Collywobbles' and a cloud of brown gas escapes. The hounds start retching and coughing up green bile, but they're still alive. If this is your first attempt at using a magic potion, turn to **45**. If this is your second attempt, turn to **27**. If this is your third attempt, turn to **419**.

66

That was close, you have survived the poison, but it has still taken a toll on your body.

Lose 2 *STAMINA* points, but if this would take your *STAMINA* score to 0, you are lucky enough to keep 1 *STAMINA* point.

Add the assassin's stiletto to your Weapons List.

To go back to the stable, turn to **401**. To go into the inn, turn to **361**.

67

The north gates appear to be locked shut with heavy bars and chains. You wonder if you might be able to climb out over the walls, but as you step back to get a better look you feel the ground growing soft beneath your feet. You look down. A purple demon portal is opening up. You fall into another dimension. Turn to **355**.

68

If you want to take the Dwarf's weapon to use yourself, add the woodsman's axe to your Weapons List.

There is now nothing stopping you opening the barn door. Turn to **130**.

69

You pull the cork out of the bottle labelled 'Dragon's Breath' and a cloud of noxious green gas escapes. The stink is awful. It weakens the Highwaymen, and two of them are sick in the road, but they're unfortunately still alive. (Deduct 3 *STAMINA* from all of them.)

If the Highwaymen have lost all their *STAMINA*, turn to **262**. If the Highwaymen still have some *STAMINA*, turn to **218**.

70

You urge the horse faster and at last, after many long hours in the saddle, you spot a road ahead. From your knowledge of the geography of Allansia, you think it might take you in the direction of Salamonis, but you can't be sure.

As you get closer to the road you see a familiar black carriage rolling along, pulled by four black horses. To intercept the carriage, turn to **40**. To ignore the carriage and carry on riding, turn to **180**.

71

You choose a weapon and prepare to defend yourself against the Demon Maid.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
DEMON MAID	*8*	*9*

If you win, turn to **155**.

72

It is dark in the woods. Too dark to see your hand in front of your face. But there, up ahead, a light is twinkling. You head towards it, treading carefully, and as you get nearer you see another glint and another ... and then you hear a growl.

There are spots of light all round you now. They blink.

You hear another growl and, as a cloud moves away from the moon, a shaft of moonlight shines down through the trees, showing you – a pack of TIMBER WOLVES. Huge and hungry. You have no choice but to defend yourself.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First TIMBER WOLF	*7*	*7*
Second TIMBER WOLF	*8*	*7*
Third TIMBER WOLF	*7*	*8*
Fourth TIMBER WOLF	*8*	*8*
Fifth TIMBER WOLF	*7*	*7*
TIMBER WOLF PACK LEADER	*9*	*8*

The Timber Wolves attack you two at a time, with the Wolf Pack Leader only joining in the fight when there is only one other Wolf left.

If you win the battle with the wolves, you decide that whatever was waiting for you in the barn can't be any worse than running into more hungry timber wolves and so you make your way back through the woods to the cottage and then bravely enter the barn. Turn to **93**.

The fight is on

73

'When you get to Titan Square,' says Swann, 'take the South Road and then turn left along the eastern road at the crossroads. Carry straight on down it until you get to Mannly's mansion. Good luck. I'll see you here later ... if you make it back alive...'

You hurry out and go back the way you came to Titan Square. Turn to **149**.

74

The Drunken Ogre squints at you, his eyes unfocused, and takes a swig from his huge tankard of ale. He then bellows, grabs a club, and swings it at you. The fight is on.

DRUNKEN OGRE	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 10*

If you win, turn to **99**.

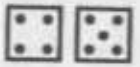

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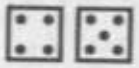

75

You creep past the soldier's corpse and keep close to Lady Webspinn as she hurries on. Eventually, you come to a long flight of steps that climbs steeply upwards to a door. Lady Webspinn opens the door and blows out her lamp. You follow her through and find that you are in a grand hall with a polished marble floor and a row of pillars down either side. The ceiling is painted with scenes of the gods and the walls are lined with books. As you go deeper into the room you see that there are several men and women chained to the pillars.

Lady Webspinn gasps and runs over to an old woman dressed in fine clothes.

'What has happened here?' she cries. 'I must release you from these chains. Who did this to you?'

'No!' shouts an old man with a long beard that reaches almost to the floor. 'We did this to ourselves. We have observed how a tethered demon cannot break its bounds. If any of us are affected we will not be a danger to anybody else.'

'Thank Hamaskis you've returned,' says the old woman, tears in her eyes. 'Do you bring good news?'

'Alas, I have returned empty-handed,' Lady Webspinn replies. 'Our best hope now lies with this young acolyte.' She nods towards you.

'There was another adventurer here,' says the old man. 'He arrived soon after you left, Lady Webspinn, and we thought he might help us. But we don't know what happened to him and things have only got worse.'

Lady Webspinn touches your arm tenderly. 'You must go,' she says. 'Find the mapmaker, Sandford Swann. Go down the North Road from Titan Square and take the second turning on the left. Swann will help you and get what you need for your quest. I will stay here and look for any books that might help me understand what is happening, and then I will leave Salamonis. I need to get as far away from here as I can. Good luck. Maybe we will meet again.'

But even as she says this there's the clank of armour and you see two DEMON SOLDIERS marching into the hall.

'Run!' shouts Lady Webspinn. 'Save yourself.'

To fight the Demon Soldiers, turn to **63**. To run from them, turn to **51**. To use smoke-oil, turn to **35**.

76

You grab a flask of firewater from your pack, shake it and spray the contents towards the flames. Suddenly there's a flash of lightning and the crack of thunder and it starts to rain – but only inside the stone circle. Water gushes down in a torrent and soon the fire is out.

It's just you and the Imps, now. To try to talk to them, turn to **142**. To attack them, choose a weapon and turn to **33**.

77

You go to grab a harpoon from the nearby stall, but the stallholder whips out a dagger and holds it to your throat.

'You want something, you pay for it,' he snarls. 'Three Gold Pieces for that harpoon.'

If you want to pay him, turn to **166**. If you want to save your money and attack the demon with your bare hands, turn to **205**. If you want to make a run for it instead, turn to **56**.

78

A burst of blue light flashes from the wound all the way up Ulrakaah's leg, surrounding her body in a cage of pale fire. She tilts her face to the roof and wails in agony... And then she starts to shrink – smaller and smaller and smaller – and as she does so, she returns to how she looked before she was banished to this realm.

At last Ulrakaah completely loses her demonic form and is the same size as you, but she still has her two swords, which have shrunk with her. She stalks towards you and you back away until she suddenly stops. She has seen something. You glance over your shoulder. The two of you are reflected in the back of the gates. Ulrakaah runs past you to get a closer look, mesmerized by her reflection.

'I am beautiful again,' she says. 'I am as I was. You have saved me.' She turns and smiles at you, and her smile feels like the warmth of the sun. She is indeed beautiful, the most beautiful woman you have ever seen.

'Come to me so I can thank you properly,' she says. To go to her, turn to **144**. To attack her, turn to **224**.

79

You go inside the watchtower and climb the spiral staircase to the top where you come out on to a platform with a good view of the surrounding area. Night is approaching but there's still enough light for you to see the pass, running like a great scar through the hills. Immediately below you are the temple and the wooden huts, and four tracks leading away from the settlement. On the cliffs opposite you can see a band of goblin bowmen making camp. You are about to go down when you hear a voice from the shadows by the entrance to the stairway.

'So, you are here at last...'

To ask who – or what – has spoken, turn to **96**. To hurry back down the stairs, turn to **408**.

80

'Thank you, brave adventurer,' says the Lamassu, spreading its bloodied wings out to either side. 'I have flown here from the Mountains of Grief beyond the Plain of Bones. Even my own kind have been infected by this demon plague. I had hoped that the scholars of Salamonis would be able to help us, hoped that maybe in their great library there would be books of ancient wisdom in which I might find a way to fight this curse. But I arrived too late. The city has fallen to the plague. Its streets are unsafe. This whole land is unsafe. All I can offer is to fly you wherever you want... Where would you like to go?'

To ask if the Lamassu knows anything about the Invisible City, turn to **59**. To ask the Lamassu to fly you to Salamonis, turn to **43**. To thank the Lamassu and continue to Salamonis on horseback, turn to **240**.

81

You walk down the passageway and it opens out into a windowless stone-walled cell. A woman is standing waiting for you inside what looks like a shimmering ball of cold blue fire. She is dressed in green robes and it is hard to tell how old she is; one moment she looks like an old woman and the next she looks like a young girl. You have found the High Priestess. Next to her is a bronze water dish on a pedestal. She stirs the water and looks at you.

'So, you have discovered my hiding place,' she says. 'Only one who is pure of heart could do it. I welcome you, young acolyte. My name is Alesstis and I have been guiding you and using my influence to help you make the right decisions. You have arrived just in time and now it is up to you to perform the last act of this terrible drama and save all of Titan. Do you have the smoke-oil with you? I need only one vial. If you have more, you may keep the rest.'

If you have any smoke-oil left, turn to **114**. If you have used it all, turn to **97**.

82

You won the fight, but at what cost? If Brother Tobyn clawed you before the battle, or injured you during the fight, turn to **104**. If you attacked Brother Tobyn before he had a chance to claw you, and you didn't lose a single Attack Round during the fight, regain 1 *LUCK* point and turn to **154**.

83

You are swallowed by the monstrous demon rock-eater. Your adventure is over.

84

You are in the Walkway of Evening, which runs north to south. An archway at the northern end leads to the Pool of Miseries. There is a doorway at the southern end carved with armour and weapons and a smaller door halfway down on the western side. To take the smaller doorway, turn to **101**. To go through the doorway carved with weapons, turn to **129**. To go to the Pool of Miseries, turn to **38**.

85

You pull the cork out of the bottle labelled 'Dragon's Breath' and a cloud of noxious gas escapes. The stink is awful. It's the worst thing you've ever smelt ... and it's the worst thing the hounds have ever smelt. Their oversensitive noses and powerful sense of smell are their downfall. They suck the gas in and all three are suddenly howling and choking. The next thing you know the demon spirits are expelled from their bodies and go screaming up into the sky where they dissolve into the purple clouds.

The dogs are back to normal. They're just three harmless household pooches. They whimper and lick the hands of the man with the chains, who falls to his knees, sobbing.

Turn to **188.**

86

You push through the doors into the tavern. It is gloomy in here after the bright sunlight outside and it takes a few moments for your eyes to adjust. You see a tray

of pies on a shelf behind the counter and head over to them. Halfway there, however, the door to the back room opens and a huge, DRUNKEN OGRE barges in. This one has been warped by the taint of Chaos and has three eyes, one on the side of his head where his ear should be. He looks surprised to see you and grunts like a hog. To run away, turn to **131**. To stand and fight, turn to **74.**

87

Everything is growing dark. Your throat is tightening, your guts tying themselves into knots. You know that you will never see the morning, and all because you were greedy... You have faced many dangers, but have been brought down by nothing more dangerous than a harmless Hay Thiever...

Your adventure is over.

88

You continue on down the North Road, searching for any signs of life. Ahead of you, you can see the North Gate of the city. It could be a way out of this deathtrap. To continue on to the North Gate, turn to **67**. To turn round and go back, turn to **108**.

89

Quick as you can, you snatch a vial of smoke-oil from your pack and smash it on the floor. A cloud of swirling yellow gas wraps around the Demon Maid, who screams and falls back on to the seat, clutching her mouth, from which purple steam is escaping. She squeals like a pig and her feet drum against the floor until at last it's over and she lies still, exhausted. When she turns back to normal she looks pale and frightened, and when she sees Lady Webspinn, lying lifeless on the bench, she bursts into tears.

'What have I done?' she wails and before you can stop her, she jumps out of the carriage and runs off. To check on Lady Webspinn, turn to **197**. To leave the carriage and go after the maid, turn to **177**.

90

The Imps scream as the clay pot smashes and fire spills out in all directions. The Demon Gravedigger's long coat catches light and he staggers back and knocks into the funeral bier. He then runs off into the night, leaving a fiery trail behind him. But the next moment there's a great WHOOMPH! and the liquid in the basin is burning fiercely. If you have a flask of firewater, turn to **76**. If not, turn to **62**.

91

'I have heard tales of the Invisible City,' says Lady Webspinn after you've told her your story. 'I do wonder if it actually exists. And, even if it is real, they say that it is impossible to find unless you know where to look. There is a mapmaker in Salamonis who may be able to help you. Take the road north from Titan Square and then the second street on the left. The mapmaker's name is Sandford Swann and he can be trusted.'

You thank her for her kindness and she says something to Liara, who gets out a basket of food and offers you something to eat. To accept the offer of food, turn to **141**. To turn down the offer, turn to **160**.

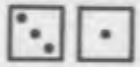

92

Lady Webspinn lights a candle for you and bids you farewell. You take the right fork, glad not to have to step over the dead soldier. You go as quickly as you dare through the winding passageway until you come to a door. You push it open and step through. Turn to **167.**

93

It's only a horse. And there's a saddle and bridle hanging nearby. Quickly you saddle the beast and lead it out of the barn before jumping on to its back and kicking its flanks until it canters away.

You ride through the woods, leaning forward and clutching tightly to the horse's neck to avoid being hit by any low-hanging branches in the dark. The horse is

strong and fast and it's not long before you come to the edge of the woods. It's easier-going in open country, and not so dark, but you're still not sure exactly where you're heading.

The horse wants to go in one direction, along a path it's obviously taken many times before. To give the horse its head and let it go where it wants, turn to **17**. To take the reins and steer it another in another direction, turn to **37.**

94

If you were wearing a pair of swift boots, or even flea boots, you might be able to avoid Ulrakaah's foot as it drops from above, blotting out the light. As it is, you are not quite fast enough to run clear of it, and it crashes down on to you.

You know your adventure is surely over. Turn to **60.**

There are five of them, and they're armed to the teeth!

95

There is a sign beside the road pointing towards Silverton. It looks like someone has been using it for target practice. There are several arrows sticking out of it. To get to Salamonis you will have to go through Silverton, so you set off down the road, glad to be leaving the hateful city of thieves behind you.

You've not gone a hundred paces, however, when a gang of HIGHWAYMEN emerges from some ruined buildings by the side of the road and the brigands quickly surround you. There are five of them, and they're armed to the teeth. In fact, even their teeth are armed: they have sharpened metal plates inside their mouths. Two of them carry short bows, and the rest have swords.

'Thought you could get away without paying the toll, did you?' says their leader, his voice muffled by his metal tooth-plate. 'You look like a scruffy beggar, but I'll bet you've got something of value on you. Oh, we're not completely heartless, though. We'll leave you with the shirt on your back. But we'll have everything else, including your boots. And then, as a show of our appreciation, we'll give you a special gift that will make things a lot simpler for you.'

If you want to give them all your items and weapons and discover what their special gift is, turn to **296**. If you want to put up a fight, turn to **113**. If you want to run away, turn to **309**.

96

A young man moves into the light. He has a shaven head and is wearing the robes of a priest. He bows his head towards you.

'I am Vigo Sabulkar,' he says. 'I came here with a group of followers to try to rebuild the fort and the temple. This has always been a sacred place. There is an ancient corpse road that leads from here to the old burial grounds that once served all of this part of the pass.' He points to one of the tracks, snaking away across a plateau to the northeast. 'There was another here before you,' Vigo goes on. 'An adventurer called Hikaz Mandeera, who went that way. I know that you, like him, are on a mission to save Titan. I saw you coming in a vision sent by the goddess Sindla herself. You must take the corpse road and follow Hikaz, for he knows the secret of the Invisible City and together you might defeat the demon curse that has reached even here.'

To go back down the stairs, turn to **408**. To ask Vigo about the Invisible City, turn to **111**.

97

'If you have come all this way without any smoke-oil...' says the High Priestess, her face showing infinite sadness. 'Then you cannot save Titan. You will have to stay with me here in this cell and pray that another makes their way here who is more fortunate than you...'

Your adventure is over.

98

You manage to get safely back to Sandford Swann's shop and he quickly lets you in while his Man-Orcs guard the door.

'I hope you found the treasure,' he says, rubbing his hands together. 'I should really ask for a cut of it, but I'm feeling kindly towards you. Now, what can I get for you?' Turn to **364**.

99

You have slain the Ogre. You vault over the counter and grab a pie. As you are stuffing your face, you hear grunts and voices from the back room. It sounds like there are more Ogres here. (Regain up to 4 *STAMINA* points.)

To eat another pie, turn to **115**. To leave the tavern and carry on up to the temple complex, turn to **131**.

100

You are outside the city gates. As you walk away from them you feel something tug at the hem of your tunic. You turn, ready to fight, and see that an old beggar squatting in the dirt has grabbed hold of you. He has a filthy bandage wrapped round his face, covering his eyes and ears, and he looks like he hasn't eaten in days.

'Magic has got you this far,' he says. 'But now you have some hard travelling ahead of you. Spare me a Gold Piece and I'll tell you some secrets.'

To give him some of your gold, turn to **64**. To ignore him and walk on, turn to **95**.

101

You are in a small music room, with musical instruments hanging on the walls and a huge demon portal in the middle of the floor. You can see a note propped up on a music stand.

'Castrabel,' it reads. 'As you can see, another portal has opened up in here. I have moved to the small meditation chamber off the Walkway of the Dawn. The one that is the twin of this room. Yours as ever, Fish Face.'

To try to jump over the portal, turn to **342**. To go back out into the Walkway of Evening, turn to **84**.

102

The Demon Gravedigger comes towards you, his shovel raised to strike. You see its sharp edge glinting in the light from the clay pots. Choose a weapon and prepare to fight

DEMON GRAVEDIGGER SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **142**.

103

'If you want to follow in the adventurer's footsteps I would advise you to get out of town as quickly as possible through the East Gate and head straight for the burial grounds near Broken Goddess Fort in Trolltooth Pass,' says Swann. 'You will need to go carefully, though. Once, long ago, there were walled towns and forts all along the length of the pass to keep it protected, but they've mostly been abandoned and fallen into disrepair. King Salamon has been making efforts to fortify it once again, since it is the main way into this part of Allansia from the south and east. It is still very dangerous, however, the haunt of bandits, highwaymen and goblin raiders, and with every kind of monster lurking in its caves. Make sure that you are equipped to deal with the dangers, or you may not even escape this city.'

To see what equipment Swann can sell you, turn to **20**. Otherwise turn to **123**.

104

As you watch, the demon turns back into poor Brother Tobyn. You have killed the man you swore to serve. A terrible feeling of despair settles over you. You remember how your master's wound caused him to become infected. By morning, will you have become a monster like the old Guardian? You sit against the wall and pray that you will be lucky.

If you are wearing a lucky anchor charm, turn to **154**. If not, *Test your Luck* and, if you're Lucky, turn to **154**. If you're Unlucky, turn to **124**.

105

You have devastated the Demon Horde. While the confused remnants fight amongst themselves, you advance on Ulrakaah, who is furious, squealing at you like a cornered cat.

'I am Ulrakaah, the All-Powerful. No tiny grain of salt like you can hope to defeat me! I have been trapped here for over two hundred years, growing stronger every day, and now it is time for me to return to your world and devour it!'

She walks towards you, her giant feet shaking the ground and rattling stones loose from the roof. Even over the stink of this place and the reek of the Demon Horde, you can smell her, a sickening concoction of rot and filth, and as she shouts, the

hot, rank blast of her breath makes your head spin.

'I will turn all upon Titan as ugly and foul as I have become,' she screams. 'But first I will crush you...'

Ulrakaah may be a giant, but she is slow and clumsy. As she lifts one foot to stamp on you, you dart towards her, ready to strike with your khopesh. If you are wearing a pair of magical boots, turn to **189**. If not, turn to **94**.

106

'Ha! You think you can stop me with your pathetic bottles of stinking fairy juice?' snarls the maid, and she looks towards a wooden box on the other seat and then back to her former mistress. 'Lady Webspinn tried her magic tricks on me, and see where it got her.'

Ignoring her taunts, you go to look in your pack, but she slashes at it, knocking it to the floor, and you hear all your precious jars of magic potion smash.

All your potion jars have broken; remove them from your Equipment List. Luckily any vials of smoke-oil you have are unharmed.

To jump out of the carriage, turn to **177**. To stay and fight, turn to **120**.

107

You only have ten vials of smoke-oil left but this is a matter of life or death. If the creature kills Brother Tobyn, your mission is over. And, perhaps, if you show the locals what you have brought it will make your job easier. You quickly slip your pack off your shoulder and fumble inside for one of the glass vials. You take it out just in time and throw it at the feet of the demon where it shatters, releasing a cloud of yellow gas. The Demon Merchant shrieks, flails its arms and then collapses, purple smoke streaming from its mouth and nose.

'So, what have we here, then?' You turn to see a man dressed in tattered grey robes, a hood shading his face. At least, you think it's a man. You glimpse a pair of red, burning eyes, sharp teeth and reptilian skin under the hood.

'A demon attacked us,' you explain. 'It was going to kill Brother Tobyn.'

Everyone looks down – there's no demon there, only the merchant, blinking in surprise.

'Doesn't look like any demon to me,' says the strange man. And then his bony hand grips your arm. 'You'd better come with me,' he whispers and nods to where a unit of the city guard is hurrying over towards the

commotion, dressed all in black, with black chainmail. 'They don't like outsiders here,' the man explains. 'Especially Guardians.'

You notice that the locals are keeping their distance from the red-eyed man, scared of him. There's still time to make a run for it. You spot a dark alleyway on the far side of the market. If you choose to break away from the man and run towards the alleyway, turn to **56**. If you choose to trust the man, turn to **410**.

108

You hurry on until you come to a crossroads. To go north, turn to **88**. To go down the street heading east, turn to **322**. To go down the street heading west, turn to **448**. To head south towards Titan Square, turn to **128**.

109

The crowing of a cock wakes you and you see that the sun is already up. You check that you have all your belongings and quickly make your way to the front of the inn, where you see a familiar black carriage standing ready to depart. A porter from the inn is loading luggage on to the roof.

'This ain't a public coach,' he says when he catches you staring. 'It ain't for the likes of you. This here's Lady Webspinn's carriage. She's a fine lady and she's on her way to Salamonis.'

To make your own way out of town, turn to **159**. If you want to ignore the porter and knock on the carriage door, turn to **139**.

110

You are in a wood-panelled study. There are two ways in and out of the room. The door that leads back to the library and an archway leading to a passage that glows with a faint purple light.

Every surface in the room, including the floor, is piled high with papers, scrolls, maps and books. Eventually, you spot movement behind a huge pile of ledgers. You walk closer and find a creature that looks a little like a man but is made entirely out of wood, sitting at a desk writing in a ledger. He looks up and peers over some wooden-framed spectacles at you, and you see that there are nails and screws holding him together.

'Ah,' he says. 'You must be the acolyte from the Crucible Isles. I have been expecting you. What took you so long?'

To ask the creature who he is, turn to **257**. To go through the library door, turn to **192**. To walk into the purple-lit passageway, turn to **279**.

111

'Before Hikaz came, I thought the Invisible City was just a myth, a fable, but he convinced me it was real and is the source of the plague. He told us that it stands on the Plain of Bronze and that he had found a way to enter it. First, though, he had to find some magical items at the burial grounds, known as Pangara's lenses. Hurry after him. Darkness is falling all over our world.'

Vigo has told you all he can. Turn to **408**.

112

You hurry into the passageway and Lady Webspinn closes the door just before the demons get to it. For a moment it's pitch dark and you can see nothing, then there's a spark and a flare of flame as Lady Webspinn lights a lamp.

'Come,' she says, moving quickly along the passageway, which twists and turns, sometimes going up, sometimes down, and the further you go the stronger the smell of rotting meat becomes.

'I have to tell you,' says Lady Webspinn. 'I am from Salamonis. I am a scholar at the Halls of Learning here. I travelled to Port Blacksand to look for the wizard Nicodemus, and see if he might know how to combat the plague. But the city was too dangerous and I had to get out before I found him. When I left here, only ten days ago, my city was unaffected, but now... Ugh!' Lady Webspinn suddenly stops.

'Step carefully,' she says.

You see a dead soldier on the floor, showing all the signs of having been attacked by demons.

'This isn't good,' says Lady Webspinn. 'If the demons have got into the Halls of Learning, there may be no hope for Allansia. I thought this would be a safe place. It seems I

may have been wrong. There is another passageway here that will take you straight to Titan Square, the heart of Salamonis. Go that way if you wish...'

The passageway forks here. To say goodbye to Lady Webspinn and go to Titan Square, turn to **92**. To carry on with her to the Halls of Learning, turn to **75**.

113

The five Highwaymen advance towards you, chuckling, ready for a fight.

If you've visited Lord Azzur's Palace, turn to **133**. Otherwise, turn to **196**.

114

You give the High Priestess a vial of smoke-oil and she smiles.

'With this as a seed, I can grow as much oil as we need to banish the demons already here in Allansia,' she says. 'But Ulrakaah herself must be stopped or she will simply create more. You will need to arm yourself with both the knowledge and the weapon needed to pass through the Gates of Death and defeat her. To do that, you must first find the Holy Man who is hiding somewhere in this temple.'

'Have a cup of Skullbuster.'

To ask Alesstis about Ulrakaah, turn to **126**. To ask about the Gates of Death, turn to **164**. To ask about the Holy Man, turn to **176**. To go back to the Temple of Throff, turn to **406**.

115

As you reach for another pie, the door crashes open and several angry Drunken Ogres barge in. You're trapped behind the counter and there are too many to fight. As they advance towards you, swinging their war clubs, you realize that you were so close but now your adventure is over.

All for the sake of another pie.

116

There is a rattling and clattering and clunking of several locks being turned and bolts pulled back and then the door opens a crack. You look down to see an angry Dwarf with a thick red beard glaring up at you.

'An acolyte on a quest, are you?' he says. 'Better come in out of the rain.'

You go in and the Dwarf locks the door. The inside of the cottage is cramped but warm and dry. There's a fire in the grate and food and drink laid out on a rough oak table.

'I'm Fossick the lumberjack,' says the Dwarf once he's

secured the door, and he goes over to a table. 'Have a cup of Skullbuster.'

Desperate for any food or drink, you take a sip and immediately regret it. Your head spins, your vision blurs and your belly is filled with fire. You feel like someone is using your skull for a drum and there's a horrible howling, moaning sound ringing in your ears.

You sit at the table and wait for your head to clear. Soon the pain has been replaced by a soft, fuzzy glow and you find yourself telling Fossick your whole story as if he were your oldest and dearest friend. He grows quiet the more you say and busies himself with serving you a fine meal of bread and cheese and mushroom soup. Add 3 *STAMINA* points.

When you have finished telling your story, Fossick stares at you for a long time, tangling and untangling his fingers in his beard. Once again you hear that moaning sound and shake your head. Your guts rumble and then there's a great thump. You wonder if it came from underground or from your belly.

'I have to tell you something,' Fossick says at last, clearing away your bowl. 'My wife, Glossop, died two years back and I've lived here alone with my daughter, Blossom, ever since. She's everything to me. I can't imagine life without her. But she fell ill recently, and when she woke from her fever she was changed. She'd caught the demon plague, you see, and turned into ... one of them...'

There's a bang and a groan from under your feet.

'You hear that?' says Fossick, leaning in closer. 'That's her. I just managed to shut her in the cellar before she bit my head off. I don't know what to do, but perhaps the great goddess Throff sent you here to help me. If you can do something about Blossom I'll reward you richly.'

Fossick nods towards a sturdy wooden chest. 'I've treasure and magic potions in there,' he says. 'Deliver my darling Blossom from her misery and they're yours.'

To offer your help, turn to **135**. To tell Fossick you can't help him, turn to **156**. To fight him for his treasure, turn to **169**.

117

You take a glass vial of smoke-oil out of your pack and smash it at the feet of the Demon Gravedigger. Yellow smoke explodes out of it and envelops the fiend. He howls and writhes as if being burnt alive, while purple steam billows from his mouth and nose. At last he falls to the ground. By the time you go over for a better look, he has turned back into a normal person, albeit a very ugly one with no teeth. He looks up at you and bursts into tears.

'Thank you, thank you,' he says – and then he spots the Imps and runs off screaming.

That's the last you'll see of the Gravedigger. But now, brandishing their knives, the Imps advance towards you. . .

To throw one of the clay pots at the Graveyard Imps, turn to **48**. To attack them with a weapon, turn to **33**. To try to speak to their king, turn to **142**.

118

You walk through the door and realize you have walked into a giant mouth. It seems that Ulrakaah's demons are taking over the temple. Its huge jaws start to close and you watch helplessly as the upper row of teeth comes down. The next thing you know the tongue moves and you are swallowed by its gaping black gullet.

Your only hope is that the mouth won't like the taste of you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, it will spit you out through the roof. To see where you land, turn to **275**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **83**.

119

You force your horse to wade over to the island and dismount, ready to take on the six Demon Pigs, which you will have to fight two at a time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First DEMON PIG	*6*	*4*
Second DEMON PIG	*5*	*5*
Third DEMON PIG	*6*	*4*
Fourth DEMON PIG	*3*	*3*
Fifth DEMON PIG	*4*	*5*
Sixth DEMON PIG	*5*	*4*

If you win, turn to **80**.

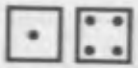

120

The carriage is soon filled with smoke from the broken bottles, all the colours and smells mingling, and the Demon Maid's laughter turns into coughs and gasps. You are choking as well and your eyes are watering so that you lose sight of her. All you can see is one clawed hand groping in the air. And then you hear a horrible, gurgling scream. The awful mixture has done something to her after all. As the smoke clears you see that she's grown huge and swollen, her bulbous, fattened body filling the carriage, getting bigger and bigger, until she seems to fill the whole space.

'No!' she screams at last and explodes, spattering you with purple gunk.

To look in the box that Liara nodded towards, turn to **140**.
To leave the carriage, turn to **177**.

121

Lady Webspinn listens to your story about visiting an aunt without comment and then says something to her girl, Liara, who gets out a basket of food and offers you something to eat. To accept the offer of food, turn to **141**.
To turn down the offer, turn to **160**.

122

We built the Gates of Death to protect us all from the demons that were banished to the Realm of the Dead, and only one who is pure of heart and skilled in the ways of magic can pass through without opening them. To open them would bring certain doom, which is why, if anyone so much as touches the iron rings that hold them closed, they will summon the two immortal Obsidian Giants that guard them.

A word of warning. To pass through the gates without opening them requires the ultimate sacrifice. One who would travel to the Realm of the Dead must first be slain by the Obsidian Giants. It is only when the spirit is severed from the body that it can pass over to the other side. But remember, you can carry nothing with you except something that belongs to Ulrakaah herself...

Turn to **409**.

123

You thank Swann for all his help and he lets you out of his shop. As you step out into the street you see that it's blocked by demons who have been waiting for you, hungry for blood.

'Go swiftly! The fate of all Titan is in your hands!' Swann shouts and then slams the door behind you and locks it. If you're wearing the swift silver boots, turn to **162**. If not, turn to **148.**

124

The people of Allansia tell tales of the demon that lives in the dungeons beneath Lord Azzur's palace... Your adventure is over.

125

You enter the hut and find a family is sheltering inside: three children and their mother, who is bent over a table preparing food. For some reason the children appear terrified, and when their mother turns round you realize why. She has been cursed by the demon plague and become a monster. Her dark eyes fix on you as she bares her teeth that are as sharp as knives.

To fight the DEMON MOTHER, turn to **157**. To use smoke-oil on her, turn to **170**. To run out of the hut and

abandon the children to their fate, turn to **143**.

126

'Ulrakaah was once a high priestess of this temple,' says Alesstis. 'They say she was the most beautiful woman in all Allansia, but she grew proud and vain. She wanted to use the power of this place to rule not just this city, but all of Titan. She used dark magic to grow stronger and it ate away at her until she became a monster. The priests of Throff finally rose up against her and imprisoned her behind the Gates of Death, where she has remained ever since, growing ever more powerful. Now she is strong enough to create portals and send her demonic forces into this realm. Her creatures are allying themselves with all the twisted forces of Chaos in our world, and when there are enough of them they will storm the temple, open the gates and release their queen. Already there are monsters here in the city. You must slay Ulrakaah. And to do that, you will have to use an enchanted khopesh. There are two, one purple and one black. They are the only weapons powerful enough to defeat her.'

To ask about the enchanted weapons, turn to **145**. To ask about the Gates of Death, turn to **164**. To ask about the Holy Man, turn to **176**. To go back to the Temple of Throff, turn to **406.**

127

'This way,' you hiss, dragging Brother Tobyn into the alley. But you haven't gone ten paces when figures emerge from the gloom of hidden doorways on either side.

'So, what have we here, then?' You spin round to see a skinny wretch wielding an axe, blocking the entrance to the alley. There's no escape.

You see the flash of steel and hear Brother Tobyn cry out in pain as he falls against one wall and then slides down into the gutter.

'Stop!' you shout. 'We're here to save you. We have...' But your words are cut short as two laughing THIEVES throw you to the ground. There are six of them in all.

Your only choice is to fight them... Two at a time!

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First THIEF	*7*	*9*
Second THIEF	*8*	*7*
Third THIEF	*9*	*8*
Fourth THIEF	*9*	*6*
Fifth THIEF	*7*	*8*
Sixth THIEF	*8*	*9*

If you win, turn to **187**.

128

You walk on until you come to a crossroads, with streets heading north, south, east and west. To go north, turn to **108**. To go east, turn to **50**. To go west, turn to **28**. To go south towards Titan Square, turn to **149**.

129

You are in a guardroom, though there are no signs of any temple guards. There are three doors here: the door carved with weapons that leads to the Walkway of Evening, a second at the eastern end of the guardroom with a symbol of the moon on it, and another at the eastern end in the same wall as the one leading to the Walkway of Evening, carved to look like a giant book. The walls are decorated with murals of Lunara, goddess of night and the moon. She is shown standing in a moonlit orchard, among trees laden with silver apples. There are racks of spears and swords and golden breastplates near the walls, and a row of double-headed temple-guard axes is laid out on a table. There's a large fireplace with a stack of unlit logs in it. Is it your imagination or is there a faint purple glow coming from the chimney?

To take a weapon, turn to **420**. To go through the door with the moon symbol, turn to **299**. To take the door that looks like a book, turn to **150**. To take the door to the Walkway of Evening, turn to **84**.

130

An animal snorts in the darkness. It has big, yellow teeth and black, staring eyes...

To enter the barn, turn to **93**. To run off as quickly as you can into the woods, turn to **72**.

131

With every step you take, the city appears to grow more solid around you. You hurry up through streets that curve and twist and climb around the rock, every so often crossing bridges built on arches that span the lower levels and look down on the blue-tiled rooftops and gardens that are ingeniously growing everywhere. You pass fountains and pools and channels of water flowing down from the top of the city. Several times, you have to go up a flight of steps or a steep ramp to get to the next level, and halfway up you come to a small terrace built high on the edge of the city. This is where you see your first people, lying dead, showing all the signs of having been attacked by demons. It's a beautiful day and, if it wasn't for the dead bodies and the ever-present sense of danger, you'd stop to admire the view out across the plains, spread out below you in the morning light.

Instead, you press on until at last you come to the

summit, where you find a street of small buildings and two big iron gates opening into a fine garden that looks very peaceful. Peaceful and deserted. On the other side of the garden are wide steps leading up to the Great Temple.

To go through the gates into the Temple Gardens, turn to **275**. To explore the street, turn to **215**.

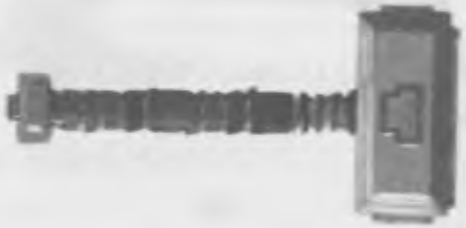

132

'We must hurry!' Lady Webspinn goes over to the wall plaque, murmurs some words, places her hand on the six-headed arrow symbol on Logaan's chest and presses. There's a click, and a section of the wall slides back to reveal an opening. You can just make out a long, narrow passageway on the other side. It's dark and smells of rotting meat.

To follow Lady Webspinn into the passageway, turn to **112**. To leave her and try your luck on your own, turn to **317**.

133

You have no magic, so you will have to walk the path of the warrior. However, if you don't have any powerful weapons, your path may well be rather short. If you have Lord Azzur's khopesh, equip yourself and turn to **153**. If you don't have it, turn to **175**.

134

You walk to the end of the secret passage and come to a large opening cut into the wall. A row of iron bars stops you from going any further, but you can see through them. You see that you are overlooking a vast cavern. Far below you, several purple portals have opened in the cavern floor, and the purple steam rising from them makes it difficult to see anything clearly. You can just make out glowing crystals in the cave walls, and, on the far side, what look like two gigantic gates. You can't get to the cave from here, so you have to go back. To return to the kitchen, turn to **273**. To crawl through the hole in the passage wall, turn to **398**. To go through the small doorway, turn to **118**.

135

'You're a good friend,' says Fossick, giving you a big hug, and he goes over to push the heavy treasure chest to one side. You see that it had been sitting on a trapdoor set into the floor. Fossick unlocks the trapdoor, swings it up, and then lowers a lamp into the darkness on a string. You can hear horrible grunts and moans and can just see something moving about down there. Could it really be his daughter?

'You'll have to jump,' says Fossick. 'I can't risk the ladder in case she gets out... Just remember, fix my Blossom and you'll be well looked after.'

To jump down into the cellar, turn to **293**. To change your mind about helping Fossick, turn to **156**.

136

The door is stronger than it looks. As you hack away at it, you hear the demons coming closer. In the end you have to leave the door and turn to confront the advancing monsters. Turn to **148**.

Figures emerging out of the darkness between the standing stones

137

You approach the circle and enter it. There are twenty great stones standing upright, each one as tall as four men. In the centre is a wide, rusted iron plate set into the ground, covered with strange runes that you cannot read.

Around the edge of the metal plate sits a ring of clay pots, filled with burning oil. The flames in each pot are a different colour and coloured smoke rises up into the night, creating a haze across the stars. Standing in the middle of the plate is a funeral bier made of dark, lacquered wood. It has four legs with a wheel fixed on to each one. There's a body lying on the bier under a heavy silk pall. At the body's head and feet are the sort of items that an explorer would carry with him, including some goggles, a pair of stout boots and a walking staff.

This must be Hikaz Mandeera, the adventurer you've been seeking. You'll never be able to ask him how to find the Invisible City now, but perhaps there might be some clues among his possessions. You step forward for a closer look and it's then that you notice a deep basin filled with liquid underneath the bier. You kneel down to inspect it. It smells like fire spirit, one of the most flammable liquids in all of Titan. You need to get off the metal plate – even the smallest spark from one of the clay pots could set the fire spirit alight. The body

hasn't been placed on the bier ready for burial, but for cremation!

Now you hear a noise and look up to see figures emerging out of the darkness between the standing stones, grunting, wheezing, and clacking their teeth. They're small but there are a lot of them, maybe twenty. And you catch the glint of metal. As they move into the light cast by the clay pots, you see that they are GRAVEYARD IMPS, armed with curved knives.

They're half your height, with fat bellies, big heads, big hands, big feet ... and big teeth. Their skin is yellow and warty, like toads' skin, their eyes small and crafty. They stop in surprise when they see you and one steps forward. He's wearing a crown made of sticks and leaves.

'What are you doing here after dark?' he asks, his voice rasping. 'At night, this is our place. Your people are not allowed. And we have work to do. Run! Run – or join the body on the bier!'

As he says this, he raises his hands and a much larger figure shuffles into the light. You see instantly that it is suffering from the demon curse. It is stooped and walks painfully, drool hanging from its mouth. Its eyes are a predator's eyes, filled with pure, unthinking hatred, and

its skin has turned ridged and leathery. It's carrying a shovel and wears a battered top hat, muddy workman's clothing and a long coat. This must once have been a gravedigger. It moans and staggers towards you, raising the shovel.

To use a vial of smoke-oil on the DEMON GRAVEDIGGER, turn to **117**. To attack it with your best weapon, turn to **102**. To throw one of the clay pots at it, turn to **90**.

138

You jump down from the horse, grab a vial of smoke-oil from your pack and hurl it towards the island. It smashes against a rock and a cloud of living smoke emerges. In no time at all, all six pigs have breathed some in, and the next moment they let go of the Lamassu and slump to the ground, twitching and grunting as smoke pours from their eyes, their ears, their nostrils and their mouths. Finally, six ordinary porkers struggle to their feet and look around in a daze. The Lamassu splashes through the water over to where you stand and bows its head. Turn to **80**.

139

You knock on the carriage door and it slowly opens.

'Ah, it's you again,' says a familiar voice. 'Don't mind old misery-guts, he's only trying to look out for me. Climb aboard.'

Lady Webspinn is sitting there with her maidservant. She smiles at you as you get in and sit down opposite her.

'So, you will ride with me to Salamonis, then?' she says. 'You will be welcome company. My poor Liara is under the weather this morning.'

You thank Lady Webspinn and settle down for the long journey. Lady Webspinn taps on the roof with a fan and the carriage lurches forwards. Liara, the maidservant, is coughing and sneezing and has a nasty red rash on her face. Her mistress gives her some medicine and the girl looks embarrassed.

As the carriage rattles along the road to Salamonis, you look out at the passing countryside. At one point you see a group of villagers chasing a demon across a field. Later on you see a group of demons chasing a farmer across a field.

'The plague is spreading,' says Lady Webspinn, drawing

down her window blind. 'And it looks as if the closer we get to Salamonis the worse it becomes. But, come, let us talk of more pleasant things.'

So it is that the journey passes quickly. You talk all day, while Liara dozes, and by the time you get to Salamonis you are feeling stiff and restless.

You look up at the high city walls as you approach the main gates. They're built from massive blocks of ancient stone and look like they could hold back an army of giants. You pass through them into a small square, with a customs house, an inn and a stable block. The carriage stops and you climb out, glad of the chance to stretch your legs. Turn to **200**.

140

The box is full of magic potions. You take out two jars of 'Pretty as a Picture', one jar of 'Thick as Thieves', one jar of 'Dragon's Breath', and one jar of 'Collywobbles'. (Add them to your Potions list.)

You also find some food in the box, enough for 3 meals, which you add to your Provisions. (When eaten, each meal will restore up to 4 *STAMINA* points.)

You must leave the carriage. Turn to **177**.

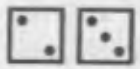

141

You gratefully eat some cold chicken, bread and cheese. Add 3 *STAMINA* points and turn to **160**.

142

The King of the Graveyard Imps throws himself at your feet.

'Thank you, O mighty warrior,' he squeaks. 'You have rescued us from the demon that has been haunting our burial grounds. We haven't been able to go about our business tending to the dead for days. Ask us anything you want and we will help you.'

To ask him about the adventurer, turn to **161**. To ask him about the Invisible City, turn to **174**. To go over to the funeral bier, turn to **272**.

143

The goddess Sindla does not look kindly on people who abandon children in danger.

Reduce your *LUCK* score by 3 points and turn to **408**.

144

You walk towards Ulrakaah, glad that this is over, but as you get closer the smile dies on her face and twists into a sneer.

'Just because I'm beautiful it doesn't make me a good person,' she says, and laughs, slashing at you with one of her swords. You weren't ready for this and she manages to wound you. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.)

As her second sword strikes, however, you are ready and you parry the blow. Now you must fight. Turn to **224**.

145

'Ulrakaah herself forged two enchanted blades to help her conquer Allansia,' says the High Priestess. 'One from purple demon steel and the other from black steel she got from the Dark Elves of Tiranduil Kelthas. The blades have magical properties and in their time were the most powerful weapons in Allansia. When Ulrakaah was banished to the demonic realm on the other side of the Gates of Death, the weapons were taken from her. They lost much of their power and were hidden in the Icefinger Mountains. Lord Azzur somehow managed to find one of them, the other was found by an adventurer called Hikaz Mandeera. Hikaz was on his way here, in the hope of using it to defeat Ulrakaah, when he was ambushed in Trolltooth Pass by a freebooter known as Sinna the Sly. Sinna stole the black khopesh. It seems he had a plan to destroy Ulrakaah and loot our treasures, but I do not know what happened to him. If you do not have Lord Azzur's khopesh, you will have to find Sinna and take the black blade from him. There is no other way to defeat Ulrakaah.'

To ask about the Gates of Death, turn to **164**. To ask about the Holy Man, turn to **176**. To go back to the Temple of Throff, turn to **406**.

146

You drag Brother Tobyn into Net Lane and hurry on, hoping that the city guards will ignore you and head towards the trouble in the market. But you're not in luck today.

'Not so fast,' says the Captain of the Guards, blocking your way. He's a huge, beefy man with a thick black beard and a ring through his nose. One of the guards appears to be an Ogre, twice the height of the others – and twice as stupid-looking.

'Where do you think you two are going in such a hurry?' asks the captain as he eyes you up and down. 'A Guardian and his acolyte by the looks of it. We're not keen on your sort here.'

'The curse has come to Blacksand,' gasps Brother Tobyn. 'A merchant was turned into a demon, in the Fish Market. We can help...'

'A demon, you say?' The captain sneers at you both. 'That's Port Blacksand for you! Come on, Lord Azzur will want to talk to you two. Take 'em, my lads.'

If you want to go quietly, turn to **245**. If you want to fight the guards, turn to **271**.

147

You are in a secret passageway with a narrow hole on one side and a small doorway on the other. The walls have been crudely carved out of the rock and there is purple light coming through what looks like a barred window at the eastern end. To investigate the window, turn to **134**. To crawl through the hole, turn to **398**. To go through the small doorway, turn to **118**. To return to the kitchen, turn to **273.**

148

The whole street is filled with demons. It would be madness to try to fight your way through them, and you look for a way to escape. You see the burnt-out jeweller's shop you passed earlier and run towards it, once again catching a glimpse of something gold glinting in the darkness inside. Turn to **411.**

149

You are in Titan Square. To go down the East Road, turn to **395**. To go down the South Road, turn to **181**. To go down the North Road, turn to **128.**

150

As you move towards the door, a gout of purple smoke erupts from the fireplace and a creature starts to emerge. You can't see it clearly yet, but it's nearly as tall as the room. It lumbers to the table of axes in a cloud of smoke, blocking the way to the two doors at the eastern end of the room. It picks up an axe. And then another ... and another ... and another.

The smoke clears and you see the creature clearly. Even though it has no head, it is twice your height, with four arms, two facing forwards and two facing backwards, and in each hand it holds an axe. It is standing with what, in a normal creature, would be its back towards you, and where its buttocks should be are two faces, one male and one female. They are both grinning.

To fight the creature, turn to **391**. To throw a bottle of smoke-oil at its feet, turn to **371**. To escape through the door that leads to the Walkway of Evening, turn to **84.**

151

You hear a demon howl in the road behind you and race down the steps three at a time. At the bottom is a small courtyard. On the wall ahead of you is a bronze plaque depicting the trickster god, Logaan, in the form of a crazed clown, with a six-pointed star symbol on his chest.

To your left is another row of steps leading down. Several demons are climbing them towards you. These were once the civilized citizens of Salamonis. They're well-dressed. You can see bankers, bakers, butchers, builders, merchants, washerwomen, fine ladies ... or at least that's what they were before the plague came to town and changed them. Now they have the wrinkled, leathery skin and the dark eyes of demonkind that you've come to know so well.

If you are wearing a silver ring, turn to **132**. Otherwise, turn to **317**.

152

You decide to let the gods choose one for you. You close your eyes, spin around and then walk forwards until your fingertips touch a row of books. You pick one out at random and look at it – *Hither Chaos Angel Died*.

Record the book on your Equipment List and turn to **192**.

153

You carry a very powerful weapon, and, as you pull Lord Azzur's khopesh out from under your cloak, purple light shines out from it and the expressions on the faces of the Highwaymen change very quickly.

'Now, wait a minute,' says the captain. 'We didn't know you had a magic meat cleaver on you. Let's talk about this...'

It's too late for talk. You attack the Highwaymen. Turn to **175**.

154

Outside, a cock crows once, twice ... and then someone shoots it with a crossbow. You've made it alive to the morning and avoided becoming a demon like your poor master. Brother Tobyn's body lies where it fell, cold and still and grey. You wonder what will become of you now. Will you be left here to rot?

As if someone has heard your thoughts, there's a rattle of keys at the door and it swings open to reveal the dungeon-master and the Captain of the Guards with his men.

'Rise and shine, my little sunbeam,' says the captain. 'Seems you're in luck. There's someone wants to talk to you. Come on – shake a leg.'

The guards escort you up winding stairs and along dank walkways until you come out of a side passage into a large, windowless antechamber. Its walls and floor are covered with polished black tiles, and there's a black marble slab in the middle, but otherwise the room is bare.

Presently, two figures enter, dressed from head to foot in black robes lined with fur and their faces hidden by cowls. One of them steps forward. Its black robes merge into the blackness of the room, and all you can see in the shadows of its cowl is a mouth, which seems to hover in the gloom. And it's no ordinary mouth. It is unnaturally large, taking up most of the creature's head. The skin around the lips is cracked and glowing threads of light weave through it like liquid fire.

'Kneel before me and listen to what I have to say,' says the creature, and the captain forces you to your knees.

'I am Lord Azzur's Mouth,' the creature goes on. 'What I say to you comes from him. What you say to me, you say to him.'

'And I am his eyes,' says the second figure. In the darkness of its cowl you see several eyes, blinking separately, as if they belong to several different creatures.

'And I am his ears,' says a voice from above. You look up to see a huge bat-like creature hanging from the ceiling.

'Lord Azzur knows why you are here,' says the Mouth. 'He knows the purpose of the smoke-oil you brought with you. And he wishes to make you an offer...'

A Troll enters, carrying your backpack and an object wrapped in leather. When he sees you he grunts and takes the smoke-oil out of the pack, placing it carefully on the marble slab.

'Lord Azzur has plans for Allansia,' the Mouth continues. 'And the demon plague makes his planning difficult. A powerful sorcerer has sent this pestilence into our world, and every day, as it spreads, this sorcerer grows stronger. But there is only room for one powerful being in Allansia. Lord Azzur wishes you to find this sorcerer and destroy them. He understands that you will have to travel to the Temple of Throff in the Invisible City, and there you will face a challenge that only one who is pure of heart can win.' The Mouth pauses and lets out a dark chuckle. 'So, sadly, neither Lord Azzur nor any of his minions can go there. He tried sending one of his men before, and it seems he failed... He wishes you better luck on your mission.'

You thank the Mouth and reach for the smoke-oil, but the Troll gives you a foul look and shoves you away.

'Lord Azzur wishes to keep the smoke-oil for himself,' says the Mouth. 'It will be of great use to him. But he will allow you to take one vial to give to the Priestess at the Temple...'

The Troll picks up one vial and puts it into your pack, which he then hands to you. With only a single vial, your mission will be extremely difficult. Hopeless, even. But at least you have your pack and everything else that was in it.

'We can tell you only this,' says the Mouth. 'The Invisible City you seek is situated somewhere in the Plain of Bronze. Travel past Silverton and on to Salamonis, where you can ask the learned scholars there for more information.'

'You will need eyes to find the city,' says the second creature. 'Something to help you see clearer.'

'And you will need ears,' says the bat-like thing. 'Listen well to everything you are told along the way and make note of it.'

'Don't worry, though,' says the Mouth. 'Lord Azzur will

not send you off empty-handed. He wishes you to take this with you...'

He nods to the Troll, who lays the leather-wrapped object on the black stone slab. To demand to speak to Lord Azzur in person, turn to **179**. To fight the Troll for the other vials of smoke-oil, turn to **199**. To accept the offer and take the leather-wrapped object, turn to **249**.

155

The Demon Maid falls, mortally wounded, to the floor of the carriage. You have killed her and can't bear to watch what happens next. So, before she turns back into her human form, you gently pick her up, carry her outside and put her on the ground next to the fallen driver. The army of demonic citizens is now surrounding the carriage. Turn to **177**.

156

Fossick grows red in the face and shouts at you, his breath reeking of Skullbuster.

'I fed you and gave you shelter and offered you my hospitality,' he rants. 'And this is how you repay me.' He throws a chair at you. 'Get out! Get out! Get out of my house!'

To fight him, turn to **169**. To run away, turn to **182**.

It has a human face with a plaited black beard and two great wi

157

As the three children run screaming from the hut, the Demon Mother picks up a meat cleaver from the table and advances towards you. You choose your own weapon and get ready to do battle.

DEMON MOTHER	*SKILL 7*	*STAMINA 7*

If you win, turn to **185.**

158

The bull kicks and stamps at the pigs, turning in wild circles, and now you see that it isn't a bull at all. It has a human face with a plaited black beard and two great wings. It must be a Lamassu, a legendary creature thought to dwell in the remote south-east of Allansia. Three pigs are hanging off its wings, their horrible yellow teeth gripping them tightly and preventing the poor beast from flying. It catches sight of you and shouts for help.

'Save me from these monstrous swine and I will do anything you ask!' it bellows.

To use smoke-oil, if you have any, turn to **138**. To attack the six DEMON PIGS, turn to **119**.

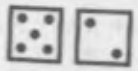

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To use smoke-oil, if you have any, turn to **138**. To attack the six DEMON PIGS, turn to **119**.

159

You make your way down the herders' track. It is raining heavily and you are soon soaked to the skin. As you trudge on, you grow more and more tired and hungrier and hungrier. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point, unless you have only 1 point left, in which case your *STAMINA* score remains at 1.)

The track takes you into some woods, and with the thick branches overhead and the sky heavy with clouds, it gets so dark that before long you are stumbling around with no sense of direction. At last, though, you see a light in the distance and head towards it.

You come to a clearing in the woods where a low woodman's cottage stands. It has log walls and wooden shingles on the roof. A dim light shows in one window. Cautiously, you search the surrounding area. You find a small barn and a woodshed full of split logs and old sacks. You go over to the barn and find it locked. Listening at the door, you can hear an animal inside. A horse, maybe?

Now you hear another animal, a wolf, howling somewhere off among the trees. It's too dark and dangerous to risk wandering around out here any longer. You need somewhere safe to sleep.

You creep up to the cottage and are about to peer in

through the window when you hear a gruff voice from inside. 'I know you're out there,' it shouts. 'I'll warn you, I've an axe and a foul temper and I've drunk half a jug of Skullbuster.'

To knock on the door and tell the owner of the voice who you are, turn to **116**. To sneak off and try to sleep in the woodshed, turn to **203**. To try the barn, turn to **184**.

160

You close your eyes and settle down in the soft, cushioned seat. Soon the rocking and rolling of the carriage has lulled you into a deep sleep. (Add 2 *STAMINA* points.)

When you awake it's dark and the carriage has stopped. You come alert quickly. Is there something wrong?

'We have arrived in Silverton,' Lady Webspinn explains. 'I am spending the night here and carrying on to Salamonis in the morning. If you would like to ride with me again, meet me back here at daybreak.'

You thank her and step out of the carriage to find that you are outside an inn called The Old Toad. So this must be Silverton.

As Lady Webspinn and her maidservant go inside, you take a look around. Turn to **254**.

161

'His name was Hikaz Mandeera,' says the King of the Imps. 'He had come from the Icefinger Mountains to look for our funeral bier, but on the way here he was ambushed in Trolltooth Pass by a bandit called Sinna the Sly, who stole his sword and wounded him. When Hikaz got here he tried to protect us from the Demon Gravedigger...' He points to the funeral bier. 'And that's what happened to him. It is now our duty to burn his body and send him on his last adventure.'

To ask the King of the Imps about the Invisible City, turn to **174**. To go over to the funeral bier, turn to **272**.

162

There would be no point in trying to fight so many demons, but you are wearing the swift silver boots, so you have the chance to outrun them.

You charge at them, amazed that each step you take is five times the length of a normal pace. You easily get past the first rank of demons, and are going so fast you plough through another bunch, knocking them out of your way like skittles.

Now you are past them and racing on – turn to **108**.

163

You follow the tunnel as it twists and turns, going ever downwards. You can hear a dreary, moaning sound, like wind forcing its way through a crack, or the howling of a wounded dog.

At last you come to the end of the tunnel where you find a bronze-coloured jewel glinting in the dirt and pick it up. (Add the jewel to your Equipment List.)

You carry on as the tunnel emerges into a vast underground cavern. To your left you can see a monumental entranceway, now blocked with fallen rocks and boulders. To the right, the cavern grows even larger. There are several demon portals in the floor here with purple gas rising from them, making it hard to see very much. You look up to see two

tiny windows, high up in the cavern wall.

You push through the curtain of purple steam and find you have reached your destination at last. There before you stand the legendary Gates of Death. They are jet black and so tall that you have to tilt your head back to see the top of them where they disappear into purple clouds of gas near the roof of the cavern.

As you step closer you see that the Gates are covered with black carvings and figures in relief – the figures of dead people. You can make out the shapes of countless skeletons and corpses in various stages of decay, showing the wounds of how they died. They have been carved in such a way that it looks as if they're trapped inside the solid body of the gates trying to force their way out. Skulls leer at you, hands reach out towards you.

As you get nearer still you see that these are not carvings at all. The figures are moving slightly. They are the actual bodies of dead people embedded in the gates. The eyes of the corpses really are looking at you, their hands really are reaching out to you, but they're held within the gates, like flies trapped in honey. They are packed in so tightly that they must be what the gates are actually made of. And now you realize that the eerie sound you can hear is these poor souls moaning.

There are two iron rings hanging from the gates, one on each side. You realize they must be handles. Can it really be so simple? Do you only have to turn the rings to open the gates and confront whatever lies on the other side?

Now you notice that all over the ground near the gates are armoured skeletons, with bits of them hacked off. There is also another body that looks like it has been more recently killed. This one is different from the bodies trapped in the Gates. They look like warriors who have tried to fight something down here. But what? And now you find a body that looks like it might have been killed yesterday.

To explore the cavern, turn to **7**. To try the rings, turn to **356**. To investigate the fresh body, turn to **193**. To leave the cavern and go back up to the refectory, turn to **460.**

164

'Many, many years ago,' says the High Priestess, 'these plains were a rich and fertile land, and this was a beautiful place. It was called the Gleaming City, and was famous for its copper-clad towers. But then the War of the Wizards broke out and tipped all of Allansia into chaos and turmoil, and, when all eyes were looking elsewhere, a demon portal appeared on the plains nearby. A demonic horde poured through the portal from their realm and the people of the Gleaming City tried to defend themselves but the demons were too many and too strong. In the end, the city mages used a great and terrible weapon against the invaders. First they built an enchanted prison in the caves beneath the city and once they'd finished it they summoned up a magical firestorm that rained down on the demon army. In the process the people of the Gleaming City destroyed not only the demons but also themselves, and their fine city. All was melted or blasted into rubble and everything that lived, people and demons alike, was hurled into the prison and sealed behind the Gates of Death. It was the only way to prevent the demons from rampaging across the rest of Titan. The once great city was turned into a blasted spire of rock and bronze. A few people survived, however, by sheltering in the caverns beneath the rock and from the wreckage of the old they started to build a new city - this city - with the sole aim

of guarding the Gates. They made the city invisible with magic spells, so that anyone who looks upon it believes that they cannot see it.'

Alesstis pauses and looks at you with tenderness. 'You will have to learn how to pass through the Gates and confront Ulrakaah. Seek the one who calls himself the Holy Man. He will help.'

To ask about Ulrakaah, turn to **126**. To ask about The Holy Man, turn to **176**. To go back to the Temple of Throff, turn to **406**.

165

The mouldy cheese is sitting on a metal dish. There are maggots crawling all over it, but at least they'll add some protein to your diet. As you lift the dish, however, you see that it's attached to a steel rod that goes into the wall. It's some kind of lever. There's a click and a section of the wall slides back. You have found a secret opening.

To go through the opening, turn to **147**. To try some other food, turn to **234**. To return to the refectory, turn to **460**.

166

Desperately, you pay the man 3 Gold Pieces.

'I'm no crook,' he says. 'Just trying to make a living. Take a couple of small items as well, if you like.'

You snatch up some items at random before grabbing the harpoon. Add a fishhook, a brass compass and a jar of healing ointment to the Equipment box on your Adventure Sheet. You also put a lucky anchor charm around your neck. Finally, add a harpoon to your Weapons List. You are ready. Turn to **205**.

167

You find yourself in Titan Square. In the centre, surrounded by tall palm trees, stands the statue of Titan that gives the square its name. Titan is foremost amongst all the gods and the statue is gigantic, towering over the grand and imposing buildings that line the square.

You see a temple, three ducal palaces, the great bank of Salamonis and the famous Halls of Learning, which once stood for knowledge and civilization, but which could now very well be overrun with demons. Set back from the square on the south side is the royal palace of King Salamon.

You entered the city by the West Gate and have been along the West Road. There are three other roads leading off the square. Turn to **149**.

168

If you are to stand any hope of getting to Ulrakaah, you must first stop the army from attacking you, and the only way to do that will be by using magic. You realize that the seeds you swallowed have given you the powers of a great sorcerer in this realm, and the khopesh in your hand feels as if it is filled with a demonic energy. Turn to **213**.

169

FOSSICK, the drunken Dwarf, sees that you are itching for a fight.

'A fine guest you are!' he hisses. 'I'm never opening my door to a stranger again. But if it's a fight you want, I'll give you one. I'm mad as hell and twice as nasty.'

So saying, he grabs his woodsman's axe from a rack by the door.

'I'll warn you,' he grunts, getting ready to swing the axe. 'That treasure chest is sealed with magic. Only I know how to open it...'

Choose a weapon from your list and prepare to fight. If you have no weapons then you will have to use your bare hands and are very foolish indeed to have picked a fight with an angry, drunken Dwarf.

FOSSICK	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **405**.

170

You hurl a vial of smoke-oil at the Demon Mother and it smashes against her cleaver, enveloping her in yellow gas. She screams, flailing with her cleaver as she slowly collapses to her knees. When the cloud of gas clears, she lifts her face towards you and you see it returning to its human form.

'Thank you,' she says as her children rush to throw their arms around her. 'You must be the one that Brother Vigo told us about. Let me give you some food.'

She ladles out a bowl of stew and you sit at the table. While you eat, she tells you more about Hikaz Mandeera, the adventurer whose footsteps you are following. (Restore up to 4 *STAMINA* points.)

'He wanted to find Pangara's funeral bier in the burial grounds at the end of the corpse road,' she says. 'It's a platform for laying out the dead before burial, but he also believed that it worked as a means of magical transport and could take him to any place of the dead... Let me also tell you what I told Hikaz, which was told to me by the goddess in a dream – "Follow the star". What it means, I don't know.'

Before you leave, she hands you a flask of firewater. Add this to your Equipment List and turn to **408**.

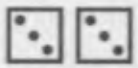

171

As you and Lady Webspinn walk down the wide West Road, you hear a noise and look to your right to see a group of demons lurking in an alleyway.

'It's not safe to be out in the open,' says Lady Webspinn. 'Take this, it will protect you.'

She hands you a silver ring with an image of a six-pointed star on it and you slip it on. Instantly you feel a wave of energy and strength pass through you. (Add 3 *STAMINA* points.)

'I had hoped the plague hadn't got into Salamonis,' says Lady Webspinn. 'Luckily I know a secret passageway that will get us off the streets and take us straight to the Halls of Learning. Follow me.'

Lady Webspinn leads you over to the north side of the road where some steps lead down to a courtyard. To go with her, turn to **151**. To part company and carry on down the West Road, turn to **211**.

172

You go over to the nearest shelf and take a book out. It is very old and bound in worn green leather with lettering inlaid in gold. It has a strange title – *Chaos Angel Died Hither*. You open it but can't read any of the words, which

are in a language you don't recognize. You put the book back and take out another. This one is smaller and bound in black leather. It's called *Hither Died Chaos Angel*. This, too, is written in an unfamiliar language. You put it back and look at a third book – *Angel Died Chaos Hither*. You look at a fourth and a fifth and a sixth... They are all variations of the same four words. As you search among the shelves, you realize that every single book in the library is the same.

To choose one at random, turn to **152**. To go through the scroll door, turn to **110**. To go through the book door that leads to the guardroom, turn to **129**.

173

174

'We don't know anything about the Invisible City,' says the King of the Imps, 'except what the adventurer told us when he was dying from his wounds. He said the city is on the Plain of Bronze, and if you stand in the right place and have the right magic items you will be able to see it. And then, once you see the city, you can enter it. The last item he needed was our funeral bier.'

To ask the King of the Imps about the adventurer, turn to **161**. To go over to the funeral bier, turn to **272**.

175

The five Highwaymen move in for the kill. You will have to fight them one by one.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
LEAD HIGHWAYMAN	*8*	*8*
SECOND HIGHWAYMAN	*6*	*6*
BOWMAN	*7*	*6*
SECOND BOWMAN	*8*	*6*
LAST HIGHWAYMAN	*7*	*7*

If you win, turn to **262.**

176

'When I knew the Invisible City was under attack,' says the High Priestess, 'I sent to Kaynlesh-Ma for the Holy Man, who knows Ulrakaah's weaknesses. But before he got here things became so perilous that I had to protect my people and so transported them into another dimension. I then hid myself here so that I could watch over the temple. I can see outside events reflected in the surface of this enchanted water.' She nods to the bronze bowl. 'So I know the Holy Man is here, but, like me, he is also hiding, behind a secret door in the temple kitchens. To find it you must lift a certain metal dish attached to a lever.'

To ask about Ulrakaah, turn to **126**. To ask about the enchanted weapons, turn to **145**. To ask about the Gates of Death, turn to **164**. To go back to the Temple of Throff, turn to **406.**

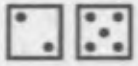

177

You quickly climb up into the driver's seat out of immediate danger, but as you look at the four black horses you see that they have become possessed as well, with mad, demonic eyes and teeth like alligators.'

A cry of triumph rises from the Demon Horde. They have you cornered... But then there's a shout as the five soldiers cut a path through them towards the carriage.

'Run!' one of them shouts, holding a space open for you. 'We'll deal with these fiends.'

To jump down and try to run past the demons, turn to **216**. To jump down and fight the Demon Horde alongside the soldiers, turn to **207**. To try to drive the carriage, turn to **248**.

178

The Obsidian Giants crack and then shatter into a thousand pieces of black crystal. You step over them, and, as you walk towards the gates, you hear a noise behind you. You turn to see that the shattered crystal is reforming into the shape of the giants. They will soon be back as they were.

To quickly open the gates, turn to **436**. To return to the refectory, turn to **460**. To investigate the body of the fallen warrior, turn to **193**.

179

'What?' The Mouth grows fiery with anger. 'In person? You wish to speak to Lord Varek Azzur in person? Are you insane? Nobody gets to speak to him in person.'

The cracks in his skin glow fiercely and so do his hands. Before you know what's happening, he hurls two fireballs at you that sparkle and crackle as they fly through the air.

You duck... *Test your Luck*. If you're Unlucky, turn to **328**. If you're Lucky, turn to **270**.

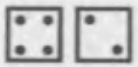

180

You watch the carriage drive on down the road, leaving a trail of dust in its wake. You follow it, but your horse is tired now and its flanks are wet with sweat. There's a river running alongside the road and you lead the horse over to it to drink.

You spot a demon paddling down it with a big grin on its face, using a dead body as a canoe. It's clear that nowhere is safe, not the road, nor the fields, nor the rivers, and indeed, the next thing you see is six demonic pigs attacking a great bull on a small island in the middle of the river. The pigs are making a terrible squealing sound, their skin is as lumpy as the bark of old trees and they have grown vicious tusks. Their dark eyes glint with an evil intelligence. Your horse has finished drinking and is nervous of the other animals.

To ignore the demon pigs and ride on towards Salamonis, turn to **240**. To help the bull, turn to **158.**

181

You walk on until you come to a crossroads. To go east, turn to **298**. To go west, turn to **322**. To go south, turn to **208**. To go north towards Titan Square, turn to **149.**

182

As you run for the door, Fossick picks up a heavy fire iron from a rack near the stove and hurls it at you.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **316**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **337.**

183

'All the books in our library have been protected by magic to keep them from being read by the wrong eyes. Let the gods guide you in choosing the correct one. And, once chosen, you will have to get it translated by the Fish with a Thousand Voices.'

To ask about the Fish, turn to **209**. To ask about the High Priestess, turn to **219**. To ask about the Gates of Death, turn to **250**. To go through the library door, turn to **192**. To walk into the purple-lit corridor, turn to **279.**

184

You look in your pack to see if there's anything that might open the locked barn door. If you have a fishhook and want to try to pick the lock with it, turn to **3**. If you have an axe and want to use it to chop through the door, turn to **22**. If you have a fire iron, and want to use it to smash the lock, turn to **47**. If you have none of these items, you'll have to go and sleep in the woodshed, turn to **203**.

185

You are glad that the children weren't here to see the demon die and turn back into their mother, and you quickly search the hut before they return. You find a flask of firewater, a bag of nuts and a bowl of hot stew. You can take the nuts with you.

Add 1 meal to your Provisions; whenever you eat the nuts they will restore up to 4 *STAMINA* points. The hot stew you must eat now and this also restores up to 4 *STAMINA* points.

Turn to **408**.

186

You pick up some dried fish. To keep it for later, simply add it to your Provisions. (If you want to eat it, add 1 *STAMINA* point.) Now turn to **234**.

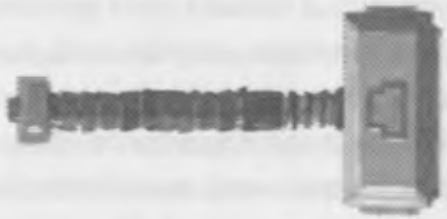

187

You check Father Tobyn – he's still just about alive. You help him to his feet and out of the alley. Turn to **146**.

188

'Thank you, thank you,' says the poor man as you give him some water from your flask. 'Here, take this. It's all I have in the world.'

He passes you a pouch and you look inside it to find 2 Gold Pieces, a silver compass, and 1 meal of rice balls that you add to your Provisions.

'You're an acolyte from the Crucible Isles, aren't you?' he says feebly. 'I recognize your clothing. Have you come to save us? There was another like you, passed through here last week, a young adventurer trying to fight the plague. He was on his way to our mapmaker, Sandford Swann. Maybe Swann can help you... Go to his shop, near Titan Square...'

But before you can ask him any more questions, he faints clean away. You move him out of the road, hoping he'll be all right, and then hurry along the street, catching glimpses of demons lurking in the alleyways on either side as you go. You stay on the main road, ready for anything, until at last you see an open area up ahead. You run on even faster. Turn to **167**.

189

The magic boots give you enough speed and power to run clear of Ulrakaah's stamping foot, which crashes down

behind you, splitting the ground. You race over to her back foot and spot a hole in her boot where it has rotted away, exposing bluish-grey flesh. You stab your khopesh into it. The blade pierces the skin and you are splashed by a spurt of vile, black blood.

If the blade of your khopesh was washed with 'Pretty as a Picture', turn to **78**. If not, turn to **259**.

190

You have come to a large square chamber with a deep pool of shimmering water in it. This is the famous Pool of Mysteries, one of two magical pools here in the temple. To the north, through an archway, is the Walkway of the Dawn. The Walkway of Day goes the other way, south, towards the main temple.

To drink some water, turn to **202**. To take the Walkway of Day, turn to **406**. To take the Walkway of the Dawn, turn to **214**.

191

You slip the robe on and Nicodemus shouts something in a language you don't understand. For a moment his hut is filled with light. You realize he must be a very powerful figure and wonder how he ended up here underneath the Singing Bridge by the stinking Catfish River.

There's a shift in the air and you feel different but couldn't say exactly how. You leave the hut and are amazed at how everybody in town keeps away from you. Halfway up Bridge Street you catch your reflection in a shop window and see that you have red eyes, sharp teeth and the skin of a lizard. So that explains it.

It takes you no time at all to get to the main gate. As you pass outside the walls, however, there's another shift in the air and your grey robes turn to dust and fall from your shoulders. You shiver, suddenly cold. Clouds are gathering. Nicodemus can't help you now. He was right – you are truly on your own. Turn to **100.**

192

You are in the Great Library of Throff. Bookshelves, accessed by a framework of metal ladders and walkways, rise up and up and up, disappearing into the darkness above your head. Too many books to count. You didn't

know there were this many in the world.

As well as the door that looks like a book, which leads to the guardroom, there is a smaller doorway painted to look like a scroll, with writing on it that you cannot understand.

To take a closer look at the books in the library, turn to **172**. To go through the scroll door, turn to **110**. To go through the book door, turn to **129**.

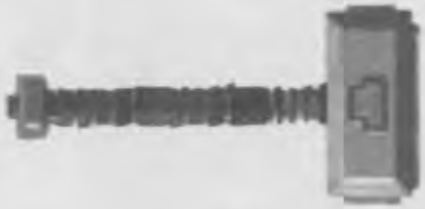

193

You go over to the fallen warrior. He's clad in blue steel and his face is blackened as from a blast of fire. As you search his body for anything that might be useful, he suddenly grabs you with his left hand, and his eyes spring open. He's not dead at all. His grip is weak, however.

He stares into your eyes and starts to speak in a language you do not understand. If you have a Seed of Knowledge, turn to **206**. To leave him and try the rings in the Gates of Death, turn to **356**. To go all the way back to the refectory, turn to **460.**

Her long curved teeth are stained with blood

194

As you climb aboard the carriage, you catch a glimpse through the far window of someone lying dead in the road on the other side. You realize it's the driver, his clothing torn by claws. And now you hear a groan and a chuckle.

'Welcome aboard,' says a deep, gurgling voice. 'I hope you enjoy the ride.'

You turn to see Liara grinning at you. She has become a demon, and her long curved teeth are stained with blood. Lady Webspinn's blood. Her mistress's face is white and her eyes are open wide and unblinking.

The DEMON MAID reaches for you. You are going to have to defend yourself. To fight her, turn to **71**. To use smoke-oil, turn to **89**. To use a magic potion, turn to **106.**

195

The hole is just big enough for you to squeeze into. You climb through it and find yourself in a narrow tunnel that has been crudely hacked out of the rock. You hurry down it as fast as you can go.

If you have a bronze-coloured jewel, turn to **7**. Otherwise, turn to **163.**

196

You have no powerful weapons so will have to walk the path of the wise and use your wits and your magic. The Highwaymen are too well armed for you to consider fighting them yet. You will have to weaken them with magic first. Turn to **218.**

197

There's nothing you can do for poor Lady Webspinn. Liara has killed her. You close her eyes and look around the carriage. There's a wooden box on the opposite seat. To look in the box, turn to **140**. To leave the carriage, turn to **177**.

198

You set off down the track that leads away from the fort. This is an old corpse road, the way that villagers would have carried their dead to the burial grounds. As the night turns darker, you hurry on.

It's a long way on foot. If you are wearing the silver swift boots, turn to **306**. If not, turn to **327**.

199

The Troll looks at you as if you are an idiot, and as he raises a huge war hammer you realize that you probably are.

TROLL	*SKILL 9*	*STAMINA 11*

If you reduce the Troll's *STAMINA* to 5 points or fewer, or after seven Attack Rounds (whichever is sooner), turn to **229.**

200

So this is Salamonis. There are many grand houses lining the streets with red-tiled roofs and shady porches, but the whole place seems oddly deserted. You feel a drop of rain on your face and look up to see clouds forming over the city. They don't look at all like normal clouds; they're swirling and purple, and the rain that falls from them is purple too. Soon the road is stained and wet.

'There is a great evil in the world.' You turn to see Lady Webspinn getting down from the black carriage. She stares at you for a moment and then walks over.

'Purple rain means that somewhere close there is a demon portal,' she continues. 'Some powerful being is working its evil. You know the old rhyme? "I want to cause you sorrow, I want to cause you pain, I want to see you drowning, in the purple rain." They say that if you are sucked into a demon portal, you need to chant the words "Exitus, exodus, excitus".'

As she recites the spell, Lady Webspinn shivers and takes your hand.

'I feel terribly alone here,' she says, 'Where is everybody? My maidservant, Liara, is too sick to leave the carriage and I need to find help for her. Will you walk with me and keep me safe? I am going to the Halls of Learning in the hope that the scholars there have found out exactly what is causing this demon plague.'

You look away down the street, which is the main west road into town. The houses on either side have their shutters closed and many of their doors have been boarded up. With its ancient high walls and reputation for learning, you expected Salamonis to feel safe and civilized. Instead it feels cold and threatening.

To accompany Lady Webspinn to the Halls of Learning, turn to **171**. To tell her you are going to forge your own path and bid her farewell before striking out on your own, turn to **211**.

201

You stare at the khopesh for a moment and then drop it over the edge of the pit, watching as it spins end over end, catches fire ... and is gone. As it disintegrates, you feel yourself growing weak. Without the power of the blade, you cannot survive here in this realm. You hurry back to the Gates of Death, feeling weaker and fainter with each step. Just as you get there, your new body collapses to the ground and your spirit rises up from it. You look down at the warrior's corpse turning to dust.

You are a wandering spirit again. You float back out through the gates. Turn to **470**.

202

You drink some water from the Pool of Mysteries and feel a deep sense of peace and calm come over you. (Add 1 STAMINA point.)

To take the Walkway of Day, turn to **406**. To take the Walkway of the Dawn, turn to **214**.

203

You make a bed with some of the sacking and settle down for the night. You don't sleep well. It's uncomfortable in the shed and all night long you can hear animals outside, circling the clearing. When day breaks, you are even more hungry and tired than before.

Lose 1 *STAMINA* point, unless it will take your *STAMINA* score below 1.

As you put the sacks back where you got them from, you hear a tinkling sound and look down to see an iron key on the floor. You pick it up and go outside. Sunlight is filtering down through the trees and shining on the barn. You hurry over and try the key. The lock is stiff, but the key eventually turns, and you pull the door open. There's a horse inside, with a saddle and a bridle hanging nearby. It doesn't take you long to get the horse ready and lead it out of the barn.

You jump on to the horse's back and kick its flanks. If you have a book of love poetry, turn to **243**. If not, turn to **223**.

204

You pick up a loaf of bread. It's covered in green mould. You take a bite and it tastes revolting. You are instantly sick all over your shoes. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point.) You need to get on with your mission and can't risk getting any sicker. Turn to **234**.

205

Prepare to fight the slavering Demon Merchant.

DEMON MERCHANT	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 10*

If you win, turn to **225**.

206

You pop a Seed of Knowledge into your mouth and swallow it. Now, magically, you can understand what the warrior is saying and he can understand you.

'I am Sinna the Brave,' he says. 'Although some people call me by another name. I have defeated many enemies in my time, but now I have met my last. Lord Azzur sent me here to defeat Ulrakaah and steal the treasures of the temple. I was warned that only the pure of heart could pass through those gates, but I easily defeated the two Obsidian Giants that guard them. Every time you strike them down, however, they come back to life...' He nods over to where the two giants are reforming and then goes on. 'I know that the Gates must never be opened, but there is a book here somewhere that contains the secret of how to pass safely through. Alas, I never could find it, so I tried to cut through the gates with my enchanted khopesh ... and the gates themselves have killed me with a blast of hellfire... So, it seems, I am not pure of heart after all.' He laughs darkly. 'Not that that is news...'

To ask Sinna about the khopesh, turn to **285**. To ask about the book, turn to **331**. To return to the refectory, turn to **460**. To try the rings in the Gates of Death, turn to **356**.

207

Even with the help of these five brave soldiers, you're not going to be able to fight a whole army of demons. You are quickly overwhelmed and you watch helplessly as the soldiers go down beneath a pile of swarming bodies. Then a pack of demons grabs you and holds you aloft. Laughing crazily, they get ready to dash you to the ground, and you scrabble in your pack for something that might help. If you find a bottle of 'Nostalgia' or a compass, you can try using one of them, turn to **235**. Otherwise, turn to **330**.

208

You have come to the South Gate. There's nobody guarding them and to approach them you must cross a small bridge that spans a street on a lower level. You see that one of the gates is hanging half off its hinges. It seems quiet here; no living creature stirs, and the only movement is a scrap of paper blowing down the middle of the bridge.

Suddenly, you sense movement and turn, ready for anything. It's just a cat, which darts away through the gap in the gates.

To look at the piece of paper, turn to **226**. To go over to the gates, turn to **247**.

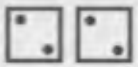

209

'The talking fish speaks many languages,' says the Wooden Scribe. 'And, like me, he is trapped here in the temple. I fear it will be hard to find him; the way to his hiding place has been blocked by a demon portal. Perhaps you could jump over it, though; you look fit enough.'

To ask about the High Priestess, turn to **219**. To ask about the Gates of Death, turn to **250**. To go through the library door, turn to **192**. To walk into the purple-lit corridor, turn to **279**.

210

The Obsidian Giants are crunching and creaking towards you. You must prepare yourself for the battle ... and what happens afterwards.

If you have any Seeds of Galana, you may swallow them now, and if you have chosen to use a khopesh you can wash its blade in a magic potion to make it more powerful.

Choose a potion from your list, if you have any, and wash the blade. Then battle the Obsidian Giants one by one.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First OBSIDIAN GIANT	*6*	*12*
Second OBSIDIAN GIANT	*6*	*12*

If you win, turn to **178**. If you are defeated, turn to **366**.

211

You set off down the West Road and soon see an outside staircase on your right that looks like it might lead up on to a roof.

To climb it, turn to **227**. To carry on walking, turn to **239**.

212

Nicodemus holds out his magical robe, but before you can put it on you hear a cry of pain. Brother Tobyn is bent over, clutching his stomach, his bones cracking. Suddenly he straightens up with a jerk and a snarl and you see that he has rough, warty skin and the same horrible dark eyes, long claws and sharp teeth as the possessed merchant. He leaps at you and is struck down by a beam of light from Nicodemus's outstretched hands.

Brother Tobyn falls to the floor and dissolves in a cloud of purple smoke.

'He would have died anyway,' says Nicodemus. 'Now be quick. Take my robe.'

You look at what is left of poor Brother Tobyn. If you still want to put on the robe, turn to **191**. If you want to attack Nicodemus, turn to **449**.

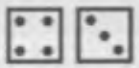

There in the darkness is a monkey

213

To use the power of the Seed of Treachery, turn to **244**. To use the Seed of Change, turn to **277**. To use the Seed of Destruction, turn to **315**. To use the power given to you by the Seed of Doubt, turn to **382**.

214

You are in the Walkway of the Dawn. At the southern end is the archway leading to the Pool of Mysteries, at the northern end is a heavy iron door. Halfway along is a smaller door on the west side, with purple light spilling from underneath it.

To open the smaller door, turn to **228**. To go through the heavy iron door, turn to **295**. To go to the Pool of Mysteries, turn to **190**.

215

The buildings outside the Temple Gardens appear to be stalls set up for the selling of religious artefacts. You see small plaster statues of Throff, various offerings to leave in the temple, candles, bracelets, medallions, prayer beads and necklaces, as well as leather-bound books, and pottery. But the stalls all seem deserted and most of the stock is lying scattered and broken.

You are about to go back to the garden when you hear

a noise. You peer inside one of the stalls. There in the darkness is a monkey. Its teeth look sharp and it is holding what looks like a ceremonial dagger. To approach the monkey, turn to **230**. To carry on into the Temple Gardens turn to **275.**

216

The soldiers step aside and salute you as you run past them towards the gates.

'Lady Webspinn and the scholars sent us here to make sure you got safely out of the city,' they shout. 'Good luck! We'll try to hold these filthy demons back and give you more time.'

You are still wearing the swift silver boots and are running like the wind. You are soon through the gates and on the road to Trolltooth Pass. You haven't gone very far, however, before you find the way ahead blocked by a group of demon farmers, armed with pitchforks, shovels, flails and scythes, too many to fight.

To carry on running and hope your boots will take you past the farmers, turn to **231**. To use smoke-oil, turn to **246**. To leave the road and try to get away from them, turn to **261.**

217

'The book,' Sinna gasps. 'You have it... Perhaps you are true of heart, though I doubted there was anyone in all Allansia who really was. Quickly, turn to page **122:** that is where you will find the answers you seek...'

218

The five thieving Highwaymen have the following attributes:

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
LEAD HIGHWAYMAN	*8*	*8*
SECOND HIGHWAYMAN	*6*	*6*
BOWMAN	*7*	*6*
SECOND BOWMAN	*8*	*6*
LAST HIGHWAYMAN	*7*	*7*

Which jar will you choose from your pack to deal with them?

To use smoke-oil, turn to **9**. To use the 'Thick as Thieves', turn to **29**. To use the 'Pretty as a Picture' potion, turn to **49**. To use the 'Dragon's Breath', turn to **69**. To use the 'Collywobbles', turn to **241**. To open a 'Nostalgia' perfume bottle, if you have one, turn to **442**. Or if you are ready to fight them, turn to **175.**

219

'Our High Priestess, who looks after us all, is hiding somewhere here in the temple,' says the Wooden Scribe. 'If you are pure of heart you will find her.'

To ask about the book, turn to **183**. To ask about the Gates of Death, turn to **250**. To go through the library door, turn to **192**. To walk into the purple-lit corridor, turn to **279**.

220

Fossick shows you to a bed tucked away in a back room. You crawl into it and instantly fall asleep. (Regain 2 *STAMINA* points.)

You wake to discover that Fossick and Blossom have made breakfast. You tuck into a fine meal of eggs and bacon. (Restore another 3 *STAMINA* points.)

'I've a horse you can borrow,' says Fossick. 'He's out in the barn. Give him his head and he'll take you as far as Salamonis. He knows the way so well he could do it in his sleep. And he knows his way back, so just set him loose when you're done and he'll come home.'

You go outside with Fossick and his daughter. Fossick unlocks his barn and shows you his horse. It doesn't take long to saddle the beast and you're soon mounted and

ready to leave. You wave to Fossick and Blossom, dig your heels into the horse's flanks and canter off. Turn to **243**.

221

You pick out an apple that doesn't look too rotten. To keep it for later, simply add it to your Provisions list. (If you want to eat it, add 1 *STAMINA* point.) But you need to get on with your mission. Time is running out. Turn to **234**.

222

You don't know what most of the potions are, but you do find three bottles you recognize. A 'Pretty as a Picture' potion, a bottle of 'Nostalgia' perfume and a 'Potion of Power'.

If you want to use the 'Potion of Power' now, add 4 *STAMINA* points, otherwise add it to your Equipment List to use later, along with the other bottles.

When you are done, you leave the room. Turn to **129**.

223

As you canter away, you hear a shout behind you and look back to see a very angry Dwarf emerging from the cottage, brandishing an axe. He yells the foulest curses you've ever heard (lose 2 *LUCK* points) but he can't possibly catch you. Turn to **243**.

224

It is your enchanted khopesh against ULRAKAAH'S twin blades...

ULRAKAAH	*SKILL 10*	*STAMINA 10*

If you win, turn to **42.**

225

The Demon Merchant lets out a hideous shriek and falls to the ground where he thrashes around like a fish out of water. At last he rolls over on to his front and lies still in a growing pool of blood.

'So, what have we here, then?' You turn round to see a unit of the city guard approaching, dressed all in black, with black chainmail. One of them appears to be an Ogre, twice the height of the other guards, and twice as stupid looking. The officer in charge is a huge, beefy man with a thick black beard and a ring through his nose.

'It's a demon,' you explain. 'It was going to kill Brother Tobyn.'

'A demon, you say?' The captain rolls the dead body on to its back with the tip of his boot. Everyone around you gasps and an icy chill runs down your spine... The demon has turned back into a merchant. A dead merchant.

'Don't look like no demon to me,' says the captain. 'Lord Azzur will want to talk to you two. Take 'em, my lads!'

The guards confiscate any weapons you may have. (Remove them from your Weapons List.)

If you want to go quietly, turn to **245**. If you want to fight the guards, turn to **271.**

226

You pick up the piece of paper. It's an old poster and you can just make out the words 'Demon Plague. Meeting tonight in the Halls of Learning'. It's too late for meetings and you are about to throw it away when you notice that there is writing on the back. You turn it over and read some words scrawled with charcoal.

Find Sandford Swann. Go to Broken Goddess Fort. Find funeral bier. Use goggles. H.M.

You drop the paper in the road. To go back the way you came, turn to **181**. To head towards the gates, turn to **247.**

227

You are on a roof with a tower at each corner and a good view of Salamonis. To the east a great statue of Titan stands high up on a column overlooking the city. That must be where Titan Square is, at the centre of town. You can see the city walls all around and gates to the north, south, east and west. As you are going back to the stairs, you spot a dead body lying in the shade of a tower. It's a woman and she's clutching a scrap of paper. You study it. Scrawled on it is a purple circle inside which are the words: 'Exitus, exodus, excitus'. A magic spell, maybe?

There is nothing you can do for the woman. You go down to the street and head towards Titan Square. Turn to **239**.

228

You open the smaller door and go through, only to discover that the room you've entered has become one giant demon portal. The floor, the walls, the ceiling... All is glowing purple and there is a noise like wind howling in a tunnel.

You teeter on the brink of the gaping hole in the floor, nearly falling in. You notice a weird fishy smell in here, as if you are under the ocean.

To try to jump over the portal, turn to **238**. To quickly duck back out into the Walkway of the Dawn, turn to **214**.

229

There is a sudden explosion of light and you are thrown violently to the ground. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.)

Cautiously, you pick yourself up off the floor. There are too many eyes staring at you from inside a black cowl. A glowing bolt of fire hovers in the air above you.

'If you're quite finished,' says the Mouth, 'shall we continue?'

To fight the Mouth, turn to **270**. To get up and accept Lord Azzur's gift, turn to **249**.

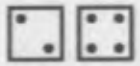

230

You select a weapon and go inside the stall. The monkey shrieks and leaps up on to the window ledge at the rear of the building. It doesn't look so dangerous close-up.

'Who are you?' it asks. 'You don't look like an accursed demon.'

To tell the monkey who you are and why you are here, turn to **242**. To ask the monkey who he is, turn to **256**. To ignore the monkey and go into the Temple Gardens, turn to **275**.

231

You barrel into the demon farmers, fast as the wind.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **329**. If not, turn to **261**.

232

Port Blacksand is too dangerous a place for a young

acolyte and a wounded Guardian to be wandering around unprotected. You hot foot it back to Nicodemus, apologize, and ask for his help. Turn to **212**.

233

Denka lies dead, already dissolving into a puddle of purple goo. Desperately you search the pile of broken glass that was once your precious vials of smoke-oil. Thank Throff you find one that isn't broken and put it in your pack! (Regain 2 *LUCK* points.)

To search the Potions Room, turn to **222**. To return to the guardroom, turn to **129**.

234

To choose an apple, turn to **221**. To pick up some bread, turn to **204**. To choose some dried fish, turn to **186**. To pick up the dish of cheese, turn to **165**. To return to the refectory, turn to **460**.

235

If you are lucky, this item will take you back in time.

Roll two dice. If you roll a total of 2 or a 12 turn to **330**. If you roll a total of 6, 7 or 8, turn to **46**. If you roll a total of 5 or a 9, turn to **103**. If you roll a total of 3, 4, 10 or 11, turn to **466**.

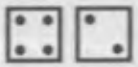

A person with the head of a catfish sitting at a table

236

You fly over the portal and land on solid ground on the far side. You quickly move away from the pulsating purple pit, hurry down some steps and go through a door into another room. The fishy smell is even stronger in here and you find you are standing in water up to your knees. The strangest thing, though, is a person with the head of a catfish sitting at a table.

'Have you come to save me?' says the fish-thing. 'I've been trapped in here by that blasted demon portal outside. My name is Piscis Austrinus, but most call me the Fish with a Thousand Voices. Others just call me Fish Face, but we won't go into that. I speak all known languages... I speak them but I don't always understand them. Hmm. So forgive me if I sometimes seem to babble, dabble, double, apple, trouble. I work here in the temple translating ancient gnomes, sorry, tomes. Yes, tomes. Have you brought me a book from the library?'

If you have a book from the Library of Throff, turn to **269**. Otherwise, turn to **253**.

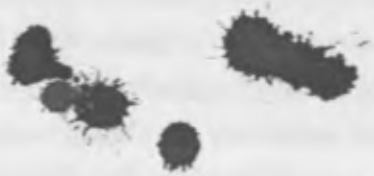

237

'Ah, yes, the adventurer,' says Fossick. 'A brave young fellow he was, from the Icefinger Mountains in the far north. Went by the name of Hikaz Mandeera. He came through here on his way to Trolltooth Pass, hoping to fight the demon plague. He said he knew how to find the Invisible City. Said he just needed to look for some magic items in some ancient burial grounds near Broken Goddess Fort. He was going to visit the mapmaker in Salamonis, Sandford Swann, to get the exact details. You should visit Swann yourself, if you pass through Salamonis. His shop's just off the North Road. So, what's it to be? Bed, or a nightcap first?'

To go straight to bed, turn to **220**. To have another mug of Skullbuster, turn to **268**.

238

If you are still wearing any magical boots, turn to **236**. Otherwise, turn to **251**.

239

You press on. There's nobody around, and all is quiet. At last you see somebody up ahead, walking towards you with three dogs on chains. As you get nearer, however,

you see that there's something wrong with the dogs. They are slavering and straining against the chains, their eyes are dark and their fur is missing in places, showing bald patches covered with red sores. But worst of all are their huge swollen heads and snouts, far too big for their bodies. They have unnaturally large nostrils, gaping wide, big enough for you to fit your fist inside, and they're sniffing you with a noise like bellows.

The man in charge of these hideous dogs looks normal, however. He may be tired and thin and scared, his face grey with dark circles under his eyes, but he's no demon.

You look around. To your right, on the south side of the street, is a house whose door is slightly open. To your left is a row of steps leading downwards.

To go into the house, turn to **252**. To go down the steps, turn to **151**. To talk to the man, turn to **407**.

240

You steer the horse back to the road and gallop off in the direction of Salamonis. It's a long hard ride and the two of you are completely exhausted by the time you arrive, just as the sun is dipping in the sky.

Lose 2 *STAMINA* points and turn to **446**.

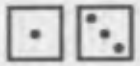

241

You pull the cork out of the bottle labelled 'Collywobbles' and a cloud of brown gas escapes. The Highwaymen start burping and farting and clutching their stomachs. They're weakened but still alive. (Deduct 3 *STAMINA* points from all of them.)

If all the Highwaymen have lost all their *STAMINA*, turn to **262**. If they still have some *STAMINA*, turn to **218.**

242

'So you've come to save us all, have you?' says the monkey. 'Thank Throff! It won't be easy, though. There is evil magic at work here and the whole place is full of monsters and demons that have got past our defences. You are not the first to come here trying to help. A freebooter called Sinna the Sly arrived a few days ago. What happened to him I don't know, but things have only got worse since he got here. You will need to explore the whole temple.

Its secrets are concealed. Its servants, like me, are hiding. Even the High Priestess herself. You will need to find her and three others. Search for the Holy Man, the Wooden Scribe and the Fish with a Thousand Voices. And hurry. With every moment the power of the Great Demoness, Ulrakaah, grows stronger. Now, I have said too much, she has eyes and ears everywhere. Go!'

To ask the monkey who exactly he is, turn to **256**. To go into the Temple Gardens, turn to **275.**

243

You ride on through the trees, ducking to avoid low-hanging branches. The horse is strong and fast and it's not long before you come to the edge of the woods. It's faster going in open country, but more exposed, and you spot several demons hunting in the fields.

The horse wants to go in one direction, along a path it's obviously taken many times before. To give the horse its head and let it go where it wants, turn to **4**. To take the reins and steer it in another direction, turn to **70.**

244

You summon magic from deep within your soul and point your khopesh at the advancing Demon Horde. Taking a deep breath, you yell the words 'Seed of Treachery!' and a blast of pure blue fire shoots out from your khopesh.

The blast hits the demons and they stop marching and stand befuddled, staring now at you, now at each other, and now at their queen. Ulrakaah snarls at them and screams, 'What's the matter with you? Fight! Kill the insignificant worm. You are legion and this warrior is only one...'

But instead of fighting you, the army turns on itself. Some demons even rush at Ulrakaah and try to attack her, but she swats them aside with one of her swords as if they were gnats. Soon all the demons are cutting and slashing and biting and clawing and piercing and hacking at each other in a bloody fury.

Reduce the *STAMINA* points of the Demon Horde by half.

To fight the horde, turn to **453**. To try more magic, if you have any, turn to **213**.

245

The guards march you and Brother Tobyn through town. Ahead you can see massive walls looming above the

streets, and behind them a heavy, solid building that rises up like some great dark mountain. Two towers pierce the sky, and from the taller of them a standard flaps in the wind, depicting a pirate ship and a dragon. This must be Lord Azzur's standard. You've heard tales of Varek Azzur, the ex-pirate who rules the city – nightmare tales – and you'd hoped to pass through Port Blacksand without having any dealings with him. But now you're being taken to his palace. Turn to **291**.

246

You hurl a vial of smoke-oil at the demon farmers. It smashes, releasing its gas, and half of them fall fuming to the ground. There isn't enough to cure all of them, but in the confusion, as the cured farmers get up and start to fight with the remaining demons, you are able to get away. Turn to **314**.

247

As you cross the bridge you look down to see that the street below is full of demons, reaching up towards you. If you want to turn back, turn to **181**. If you want to try to follow the cat out through the gates, turn to **260**.

248

The demon horses are tethered, so they're forced to obey you. You take the reins, crack the whip and yell at them to move. The carriage lurches forward and rolls through the crowd of demon citizens, crushing some of them under its wheels. You look back to see Liara, lying still on the ground. You have to hurry on, and there, up ahead, are the gates. Your path is clear. You crack the whip again and the carriage speeds up. Soon you are thundering through the darkness of the gatehouse beneath the city walls and the next moment you are out on to the open road.

A group of demon farmers, armed with pitchforks, shovels, flails and scythes, tries to block your way but you are going too fast for them. You watch them get knocked aside and scattered. Up ahead you see the low hills that mark the entrance to Trolltooth Pass, which will ultimately lead you to the Plain of Bronze.

You shout at the horses to run faster and they do, sweat flying from their flanks, foam frothing at their mouths. The carriage rocks wildly from side to side and you hope that it won't be shaken to pieces.

On and on through the day the demon horses tirelessly gallop, and as night falls they show no signs of slowing down. You are clinging on to the reins for all you are worth, desperate not to be thrown off. Gradually, the hills become more rugged, and you start to see high peaks and crags, until the road is running between steep cliffs. The horses' hooves are striking sparks from stones in the road and their breath is fiery, and when morning comes you see that you are high in the hills. There is no stopping the horses. They thunder on through the next day as the pass begins to slope downwards. You check your map, trying to find where you might be exactly. Surely you must be getting close to Broken Goddess Fort.

At last, you see up ahead a huge statue of the Goddess Sindla standing atop the cliffs on the northern side of the pass. Half of its head and torso are missing along with its right arm. Next to it are some ramparts and a crumbling lookout tower. Below it are the remains of a fort beside the road, tangled with weeds and thorn bushes.

You haul on the reins but the horses won't slow down. If they don't stop you'll be dragged past the fort and on to the plains. You curse the beasts and yank the reins harder. To jump from the carriage, turn to **267**. To stay on and hope for the best, turn to **370**.

249

You carefully unwrap the object on the slab. It's a weapon, half sickle, half sword, made from a strange purple metal, studded with gold and blue jewels. It looks heavy, but when you lift it, it seems to have no weight at all and weird purple light flashes from its blade.

'It is Lord Azzur's khopesh,' the Mouth explains. 'Powerful against all monsters and demons. It will make your journey to the temple that much easier. And if you slay the rival sorcerer lord with it, it will drain his power and pass it back to Lord Azzur. He wishes you well. Just remember, until you reach the safety of Salamonis, trust no one, and tell no one of your task. Now go!'

The cracks in his face shine fiercely and his hands begin to glow. Before you know what's happening, he hurls two bolts of fire at you that sparkle and crackle as they fly through the air. Turn to **270.**

250

'The Gates of Death are buried in a cavern here beneath the temple,' says Ludo. 'This city serves to keep them

hidden and protected. The original way to the gates was blocked with rocks, but they say there is a secret tunnel somewhere in the temple. If you want to see the cavern, there is a viewing window at the end of that passageway.'

The Wooden Scribe points to the purple-lit corridor.

'But be careful,' he goes on. 'Ulrakaah's demons have laid traps all through the temple. I dare not go that way any more myself. Do you have any other questions? Only I will have to write down everything we have talked about...'

To ask about the book, turn to **183**. To ask about the High Priestess, turn to **219**. To go through the library door, turn to **192**. To walk into the purple-lit corridor, turn to **279.**

251

You're going to need luck to jump over such a wide gap. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **236**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **342.**

252

You run into the house and slam the door shut. You have got away from the demon dogs. There are no lamps burning in here, but there's enough light coming through a half-shuttered window to show you part of the hallway you're hiding in. It appears to be full of piles of clothing heaped against the walls, with more on every step of the staircase leading to the upper floor. You walk towards the back of the building to see if there might be a back way out. As you go, you notice a movement, and one of the piles of clothing rises up. Before you know what's happening, all the clothing has come alive.

It's not discarded clothing at all. You have stumbled into a nest of sleeping demons. Quickly, they surround you, their claws and teeth glinting in the half-light. One of them chuckles and pulls the shutters fully closed, plunging the hallway into complete darkness.

'We will be kind to you,' he says, his voice wet and slithery. 'You will not see your death.'

The demons fall upon you, too many to fight in the dark. You have no idea where the front door is but you run.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **264**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **276**.

253

'If you want nothing more then you should go,' says Piscis. 'There is no time to lose. I am too old to go jumping about, and forgive me if I have said this before, I am very forgetful, but I have a pair of magical Flea Boots if you need them. Wear them and you, at least, should be able to easily get over the portal, even if I can't.'

(If you don't already have a pair of magical boots, put on the Flea Boots and add them to your Equipment List.)

You leave the wet room, climb the steps, leap over the portal without any trouble and go back into the Walkway of the Dawn. Turn to **214**.

254

The buildings are more ornate and better built than the ones in Port Blacksand, which looked like they'd just been piled on top of each other. It feels much safer here. The streets are clean and wide and lit by braziers. There is a tariff board outside the inn. 'Food – 1 Gold Piece. Bed – 1 Gold Piece'. Behind the inn, however, you find that there's a stable filled with mounds of soft, inviting straw. You count your Gold Pieces and weigh up where you might sleep. To stay the night at The Old Toad Inn, turn to **274**. To sleep in the stables, turn to **381**.

255

Denka has dealt you a fatal wound and she stands over you, mewing with delight. With the last of your strength, you search for something that will take you back in time. If you have anything you may use it, but you will lose everything you've collected in the temple.

To use a bottle of Nostalgia or a compass, turn to **363**. If you have neither, turn to **469**.

256

'I am Grecko the Temple Keeper,' says the monkey. 'The High Priestess turned me into a monkey to keep me safe from the demons. They are taking over. Their purple portals are everywhere... Here, have a banana.'

You take the banana and eat it. (Add 2 to your *STAMINA* score).

To carry on to the Temple Gardens, turn to **275**. To tell the monkey who you are, turn to **242**.

'I am Ludo Hyperion,' says the wooden creature

257

'I am Ludo Hyperion,' says the wooden creature. 'Also known as the Wooden Scribe. I am over a thousand years old. I was originally a dryad, a tree creature, but I have been much repaired and much replaced over the years so that there is very little of the original wood left. Alas, I cannot leave my study as it is my job to write down in these ledgers everything that happens. So now I must note down that you have come into the room and I am talking to you, and I am writing about it... Everything, everything, everything. I mustn't miss a single moment. It is never-ending. I shall be writing this account until time stops. But that's enough about me. You have come to ask about the books, I expect. I suppose you know you will never find out to how to enter the Gates of Death and confront Queen Ulrakaah unless you consult the correct book from our library... I'd better just write that down...'

To ask about the book, turn to **183**. To ask about the High Priestess, turn to **219**. To ask about the Gates of Death, turn to **250**. To go through the library door, turn to **192**. To walk into the purple-lit corridor, turn to **279**.

258

Once again you slide your hand into the dark hole. Immediately you feel tentacles wrap around it. The thiever is angry and desperately trying to protect its hoard. You push your hand in harder, trying to get past it, and once again you find something hidden there.

You pull out a potion bottle labelled 'Pretty as a Picture'. (Add the potion to your Adventure Sheet.)

You're sure there's more inside the hole. Will you risk a third attempt?

To go back to the stable, turn to **401**. To go into the inn, turn to **361**. To put your hand back into the hole, turn to **5**.

259

Your khopesh is powerful and heavy with enchantment, it wounds Ulrakaah and she seems to shrivel slightly as blood squirts out of her wounded ankle. You run in to stab her again as she slashes one of her huge swords through the air towards your head.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **292**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **60**.

260

You run to the gates and in your hurry to escape you knock against the one that's hanging loose. There's the sound of breaking metal and it looks as if the gate is going to fall off its hinges and crush you. To jump off the bridge, turn to **330**. To stay on the bridge, turn to **286**.

261

You don't make it past the demon farmers before they overwhelm you. Now they pick you up and carry you back into Salamonis, eager to show off their captive. The demons in the city howl and caper and laugh in triumph as you are dumped next to Lady Webspinn's carriage at the feet of the demon king. You are just able to struggle to your feet and find that the soldiers are fighting a desperate last stand.

To climb up on to the carriage, turn to **177**. To join the soldiers in their fight against the Demon Horde, turn to **207**.

262

The Highwaymen can't threaten you any more. Working quickly, you loot their possessions.

Add the following items to your Equipment List – one jar of healing ointment, one hard sausage – and one sneaky sword to your Weapons List – and then turn to **11**.

263

'The door shaped like a book leads to the Great Library of Throff,' says the bald girl. 'There is a book in the library that can tell you how to pass through the Gates of Death and enter Ulrakaah's realm, but you can't possibly get in there as the way is blocked by a demon. Don't even try. Now, I beg you, give me all your smoke-oil, please. We are running out of time.'

To ask about the High Priestess, turn to **283**. To give her all your smoke-oil, turn to **450**. To return to the guardroom, turn to **129**.

264

You dart forwards in the darkness, hands stretched out in front of you, pushing demons aside as you go, and... Thank Throff! Your fingers close on the doorknob. You twist it, pull the door open and burst out into glorious daylight.

To run down the steps on the opposite side of the road, turn to **151**. To talk to the man with the demon dogs, turn to **407**.

265

You buy a pie (deduct 1 Gold Piece) and, despite finding what looks like a finger in it, you scoff it down. It's surprisingly tasty. Add 3 *STAMINA* points and turn to **232**.

266

The Lamassu circles and swoops down towards the red rock. Above you, the flock of demon birds is moving in for the kill, shrieking and squawking. The Lamassu lands on the rock and, as soon as you have dismounted, it immediately flaps its wings and launches itself off the edge of the summit to take on the flying demons and protect you. You watch as it pulls away, drawing the demon birds after it. Soon you are alone on the rock. Turn to **427**.

267

You leap from the driver's seat and land painfully in a bush. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point.)

You watch as the carriage careers on until a wheel strikes a rock and sheers off. The carriage tips over and smashes into a hundred pieces against the cliff wall. Still the crazed horses gallop on, and you hear the sound of their hooves disappearing down the road.

You have made it to Broken Goddess Fort. The walls have collapsed in places, and many of the stones have tumbled down from the once solid buildings. To explore the surrounding area, turn to **282**. To go into the fort, turn to **390**.

268

To drink one mug of Skullbuster is reckless, to drink two is insane. Your head spins and spins and spins and then feels like it's spinning right off your shoulders and into space. You collapse to the floor and the last thing you hear is Blossom asking you if you're all right.

No, you are not all right.

Your adventure is over.

269

You pass Piscis your book and he studies it.

'Ah, yes,' he says. '*Hither Chaos Angel Died*. Marvellous book, marvellous, barbarous, bibulous, bibliophile. You

found it. Very clever. To protect our library we disguised every book using magic, and gave them all the same title. We hoped it would fool our enemies and stop them from stealing our knowledge. Do you want to know what this book is really called? Hmm. I'll translate it for you...'

Piscis mutters some words over the book and sprinkles some drops of silver liquid on it. When he hands it back to you the title has changed. You see that it is really called *The Book of the Dead*.

'This was written after the traitor Ulrakaah turned against us,' says Piscis. 'It contains much useful knowledge, if you know where to cook, sorry, look. I have used my skills on it and you should be able to easily read it now. But you do not have time to read the whole thing. It's over a thousand pages long...'

To ask Piscis which part of the book you should read, turn to **281**. To leave the wet room, turn to **253**.

270

The bolts strike you and it's as if your body has been blasted into a million pieces. You feel yourself flying out of the palace and over the town. And, the next thing you know, you reform and find yourself outside the city walls. Turn to **100**.

271

You ready yourself to attack the guards, but, with a foul curse, the captain swings his sword at you. You duck just in time and the blade sinks into poor Brother Tobyn, striking him dead. You now have a captain and four angry guards to deal with.

You are no match for the heavily armed and heavily armoured guards. Justice in Port Blacksand may not be fair, but it is swift and brutal.

Before it has really begun, your adventure is over.

272

You walk over to the wooden platform.

'That is Pangara's Funeral Bier,' says the King of the Imps. 'It cannot be harmed by fire and has the power to carry you to any place of the dead... If you know its secrets.'

You look at the cloth covering the body lying on the bier. There are pictures stitched into it. You can see what looks like the image of a city, made to look as if it's glowing with a blue light. Nearby are three mountains, with a man standing on the peak of one wearing what look like goggles. There's a gold thread running from him to the city and above him is what looks like a bronze-coloured star.

'We made the pall ourselves,' says the King, 'and showed everything the adventurer had told us about. He wanted to go to the Invisible City – so now he can. We will burn him, together with all the things he'll need for his journey into the next world.'

You look at the objects. The goggles are made of leather and brass with smoked glass lenses. There's also a rolled-up map, a bronze star about the size of a dinner plate, a pair of stout boots, a walking staff, a drinking canteen and a bronze compass.

To explain your quest to the King of the Imps and ask him if you can take some of the items, turn to **300**. To kill him and simply take all the items, choose a weapon and turn to **287.**

273

You are in the temple kitchens. There's a huge fireplace with grilling racks and hooks for cauldrons. Shelves of pots and pans line the walls and there's a great chopping block in the middle of the room with a meat cleaver embedded in it. At the end opposite the door, there are stacks of crates and baskets filled with food. (If you want to take the cleaver, add it to your Weapons List.)

The food looks like it has been here for some time and most of it is mouldy or rotten. You are hungry, though, and search among it for something to eat. You find some apples, some stale bread, some dried fish and some stinky, rancid cheese on a metal dish, crawling with maggots.

To examine the food more closely, turn to **234**. To return to the refectory, turn to **460**.

274

The inn is warm and the landlord welcoming. If you want to eat, turn to **294**. If you want to go straight to bed, turn to **361**.

275

You are in the Temple Gardens, which are planted with healing herbs and sweet-scented flowers. There's a fishpond in the middle with a fountain depicting Hydana, the God of the Oceans, spouting water from his mouth. You follow a gravel pathway over to a flight of steps leading to the main temple building, its silver dome towering above you. You climb the steps, pass between some pillars and come to a walkway where you see gold letters inlaid into the marble floor – The Aisle Of Guardians. Turn to **288**.

276

You dart forwards in the darkness, hands stretched out in front of you, pushing demons aside as you go, and run straight into a wall. You fall over on to your behind, stunned. Demons close in all around you, sniggering and hissing, and you pray that this will be over quickly.

You realize that this is the future of Allansia, of Titan itself. It will become a world of demons. You have a last chance to save yourself, though. If you have a compass, turn to **289**. If you have a bottle of Nostalgia perfume, turn to **302**. If you have neither of these things...

Your adventure is over.

277

The demons are climbing over each other to get to you in a churning mass of corrupted flesh. You slash your khopesh towards them and shout the words, 'Seed of Change!' A green flame blasts from the tip of the blade and a ripple passes through the horde, changing the demons as it goes. They are transforming back into harmless birds and beasts, some have even changed into fish and are flopping about on the ground, but not all...

Reduce the *STAMINA* points of the Demon Horde by half and reduce their *SKILL* points by half.

To fight the horde, turn to **453**. To try more magic, if you have any, turn to **213**.

278

You slowly slide your hand into the hole – deeper, deeper, deeper ... until you touch something warm... Skin.

You have touched the Hay Thiever. It jerks away from you and you feel its finger-like tentacles probing your hand. It gives you a gummy wet bite, but you ignore it and push the creature aside. And now you feel something else. You were right. The hole is filled with things the creature has taken. The tables are turned now. You are thieving from the Hay Thiever. You manage to get hold

of something and pull it out of the hole.

It's a purse. You open it. It's full of money. (Add 5 Gold Pieces to your Adventure Sheet.)

To go back to the stable, turn to **401**. To go into the inn, turn to **361**. To put your hand back into the hole, turn to **258**.

279

You are in a long, narrow passageway, lined with more bookshelves. At one end is the door to the Wooden Scribe's study, at the other is a window through which purple light is entering. More purple light is coming from under a slatted doorway halfway along the passage. Opposite the doorway are some steps leading downwards.

To look through the window, turn to **303**. To go down the steps, turn to **385**. To go through the slatted doorway, turn to **443**. To return to the study, turn to **110**.

280

The Lamassu glides down towards the sandy-coloured rock, but before you can get there the demon birds attack and tear at its wings. You just have time to jump off before the poor creature crashes into the side of the rock column and then falls lifelessly to the bottom, the birds spiralling down after it. You search the top of the rock. There is nothing to see here, nothing to eat or drink ... and no way down. Turn to **437.**

281

'I can translate books, but I rarely read them,' says Piscis. 'I'm afraid I don't know which part of the book will help you. You need to find Sinna the Sly, a freebooter who came here recently. He knew which page you need to read, but could never find the right book. Whereas you have found the book but don't know the page! That would be quite funny if the whole world wasn't about to end.'

Turn to **253.**

282

You go over to the shattered carriage and find poor Lady Webspinn's body where it has been thrown into the road. You bury her beneath some rocks and then remember that she travelled with a basket of food. You search for it and find it under one of the carriage seats. You open the

basket and find a meal of ham, some bread and cheese.

To eat a meal, add up to 4 *STAMINA* points. Alternatively, if you want to save it for later, add 1 meal to your Provisions.

To explore the road further, turn to **307**. To go into the fort, turn to **390.**

283

'The High Priestess is hiding somewhere in the temple,' says Denka, her eyes glowing with excitement. 'I know not where, as I am trapped in here. Every time I try to get out, a demon appears from the fireplace in the guardroom and stops me. So I am your only hope. I never thought the High Priestess would turn out to be such a coward. You must quickly give me your smoke-oil. Quickly, quickly, quickly!'

To give Denka all your smoke-oil, turn to **450**. To ask her what's behind the door carved to look like a book, turn to **263**. To return to the guardroom, turn to **129.**

284

Swann rummages around below his counter and lifts up a carved wooden box inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It has a simple-looking lock on it.

'If you want it,' says Swann. 'I can let you have it for 10 Gold Pieces.'

To buy it, pay 10 Gold Pieces and turn to **464**. Otherwise, turn to **364**.

285

'The black khopesh is one of only two weapons that can defeat the Queen of Demons, Ulrakaah, who lurks on the other side of the Gates,' whispers Sinna, his voice growing feeble. 'I thought to kill her and steal her treasures... I had done everything I needed to do. I had even washed my blade in a potion that would return Ulrakaah to her normal beautiful form ... but I couldn't get to her, and now my blade is embedded in the gates. Perhaps, if you could get through them, you could grab the khopesh from the other side and use it. But you will need to find the book first if you want to get that far...'

To ask Sinna about the book, turn to **331**. To return to the refectory, turn to **460**. To try the rings in the Gates of Death, turn to **356**.

286

The gate swings round and crushes you against the wall of the gatehouse.

Your adventure is over.

287

Quick as a flash, you strike the King dead and then turn on the other four imps. Blades clash against blades and sparks fly as they defend themselves. The next thing you know, there's a great WHOOMPH! and the liquid in the basin is burning fiercely. A spark must have ignited it. Turn to **62**.

288

The Aisle of Guardians runs east to west. With the Temple Gardens at the east entrance and the Temple of Throff at the west end. There are statues all along its length, depicting previous priests and priestesses, the oldest ones closest to the gardens. As you walk down the aisle you see an empty pedestal. One of the statues is missing. There are two chambers off the aisle, one on the north side, one on the south. The one on the north side smells of rotting meat.

To explore it further, turn to **301**. The second chamber has a faint purple glow coming from inside it. To explore this south chamber, turn to **319**. To go the main temple, turn to **387.**

289

You fumble for your compass and pull it out of your pocket. As you clutch it tightly you feel it shaking as the pointer spins round and round, and now you feel the whole world spinning with it – the compass is taking you back in time and space.

Turn to **466.**

290

'Oh, you've chosen well,' says Fossick. 'Some of those items can be used right now if you like. Let me tell you what they do.' And so the Dwarf does just that.

The jewelled warhammer is a powerful weapon against demons. The Deathstone will drain your enemy's *STAMINA* by 5 points, but it will only work three times. The Horn of Plenty will restore your *STAMINA* to its Initial level; you can use it any time, but only once. If you ever lose a fight, the Harp of Healing will restore 8 *STAMINA* points to you, but only once. For as long as you wear the Hero's Medallion it will raise your *SKILL* score by 2 points.

'The medallion was given to me by a young adventurer who passed this way, to pay me for food and a bed,' explains Fossick. 'And talking of beds, you look tired. You should stay the night and rest, but first, why not share another mug of Skullbuster with me, to celebrate?'

To ask about the adventurer, turn to **237**. To go straight to bed, turn to **220**. To have another mug of Skullbuster, turn to **268.**

291

You and Brother Tobyn walk miserably along Palace Street, a guard on either side of you, the captain in front and the Ogre plodding along behind.

'Azzur don't like outsiders,' says the captain. 'Azzur don't like Guardians. Azzur don't like short people... Azzur don't like anyone.' He laughs. 'What d'you s'pose he'll do with them, Borgor?'

'Boil 'em in Troll's wee,' says the Ogre.

'Make 'em eat their own feet,' says another guard.

'Use their guts to make strings for his musicians and then play a merry jig as he feeds them to his pigs,' says the last guard.

The guards are still chuckling and suggesting ever more horrible punishments when you arrive at the immense iron gates in the wall of Lord Azzur's palace. They creak open and you pass into the shadows on the other side. There are formal gardens here and a carriageway leading to Lord Azzur's palace, but the guards don't take you up the wide stone steps to the main entrance; instead they take you round to a side door and then down a winding staircase lit by flaming torches.

'If I could only speak to Lord Azzur,' says Brother Tobyn. 'We are here to help the people of Allansia. I bring smoke-oil to cure the plague. We are on a mission to reach the High Priestess at the temple of healing...'

'Is that right?' says the captain. 'I'll be sure to tell my master, he'll be absolutely fascinated, but in the meantime you can make yourselves comfortable in here...'

So saying, he takes your backpack and pushes you and Brother Tobyn into a dungeon, before slamming the door shut behind you.

Until you get your pack back, none of the items on your list that you have collected so far are available to you – including the smoke-oil.

You have been put into a large cell. The only light comes in through a barred window in an iron-studded door, creating a small pool around you and Brother Tobyn. In the gloom nearby you can see a pile of human bones and skulls. You can hear scuttling in the darkness, low moans and the drip, drip, drip of water. You take a step outside the circle of light and pause. Part of you wants to explore the rest of the dungeon to see who, or what, you are sharing the space with, but a larger part of you

The demon plague has made her look like some immense, leathery

tells you to stay with Brother Tobyn and not risk finding out what hides in the darkness.

If you want to explore the cell, turn to **311**. If you want to stay put and protect Brother Tobyn, turn to **332.**

292

You dodge her blow and stab her again with your khopesh, inflicting another wound. You are now drenched in her blood which is thick and sticky and black, and the more she loses, the more she seems to shrivel and shrink. She still has some of her strength left, however, and as you go in for another strike she brings both swords whistling down towards you. *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky, turn to **349**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **60.**

293

Steeling yourself, you jump down into the cellar. As you land, something moves in the shadows and there's a hissing, wheezing sound. You grab the lamp and hold it up.

There stands Blossom. She's half your height, but the demon plague has made her look like some immense, leathery toad. Her lips are thick and swollen, her eyes are dark, and claws extend from her fingers and toes. Wild, tangled red hair sticks straight out from her head in all directions. She smiles at you, showing a row of needle-like

teeth, and burps. The smell is awful in this cramped space.

It looks like she's been eating a pig. There's a pile of bones at her feet. She picks up its jawbone, the muscles standing out along her powerful-looking arms, and advances slowly, shaking her head from side to side.

To fight BLOSSOM, turn to **334**. To use a vial of smoke-oil, turn to **438**. To try a magic potion, if you have any, turn to **313**. To ask Fossick to pull you up out of here, turn to **357.**

294

You settle down at a table and soon the landlord brings you a bowl of thick broth and some bread. (Deduct 1 Gold Piece and add 3 *STAMINA* points.)

You notice three people sat at the next table. They are keeping themselves to themselves, and have green hoods shading their faces. You look closer. Are they people at all? One turns to you, as if reading your thoughts, and you see that she is a half-elf. You know that many of her kind, who are half human and half elf, live in the Great Forest of Yore, but you still wouldn't expect to see one here in Silverton.

'You're wondering what we're doing here, aren't you?' she says, again seeming to read your thoughts. 'Our kind are affected by this demon plague just as badly as yours. The forests have become unsafe. I recognize your clothes. You're an acolyte from the Crucible Isles, aren't you? Have you come to help us?'

To tell the half-elf of your mission, turn to **340**. If you want to lie and say you are just a weary traveller, turn to **320.**

295

You are in a long hall running roughly east to west, with wooden walls and a high ceiling. It is full of bunk beds. This must be the dormitory where the priests and the acolytes and the temple workers sleep. The walls are covered with paintings of Glantanka, the Sun Goddess, and there are three doors here: the heavy iron door leading to the Walkway of the Dawn, another at the eastern end of the dormitory with a sun symbol on it, and a third in the same wall as the one leading to the Walkway of the Dawn with a symbol of wheat on it.

To go through the door with the sun symbol, turn to **308**. To take the door with the wheat symbol, turn to **460**. To go through the heavy iron door to the Walkway of the Dawn, turn to **214.**

296

True to their word, the five Highwaymen strip you of all your belongings and most of your clothes. They drop the things they don't want in the road and then walk off back to their hideout, chuckling and dividing their loot as they go. Your chances of getting to the Invisible City seem pretty slim now. To add to your misery it starts to rain. You trudge on. Then there's a shout from behind you.

'Hoi!' the gang leader calls out. 'You must think we're a right bunch of rotters. We forgot to give you your special gift. Here you go...'

You watch as one of them notches an arrow to his bow and fires it at you. The arrow hits you in the chest and you fall to the ground. As the light from the sun seems to dim, your hand closes on something lying in the road.

If you have the brass compass, turn to **346**. If you have a bottle of 'Nostalgia', turn to **442**. If you have neither, turn to **421**.

297

The Lamassu alights gently on top of the grey rock. You stay on its back, looking all around, but can see no signs of any city.

'It is not safe here,' says the Lamassu, who is keeping an eye on the circling demon birds. 'You should go back and try to learn more.'

To dismount and let the Lamassu fight the birds, turn to **310**. To take off from the summit and fly back to Salamonis for more information, turn to **323**.

298

Ahead of you, you can see a beautiful mansion with well-kept gardens. There is a statue of Hamaskis, God of Learning, standing on the lawn, holding an open book. You hurry towards the mansion, but when you get there you find the front gate locked. You climb up on to one of the gateposts and then grab the low-hanging branch of a pear tree growing in the garden and climb into it. You are able to get to the statue from the tree and lower yourself down on to it. It begins to teeter, however, and then falls over, spilling you on to the lawn.

If you have a trowel, turn to **318**. If not then turn to **338**.

299

You are in a room full of different coloured potions, jars, oils, powders and liquids, as well as an array of magical and scientific apparatus, including a bronze crucible.

'Welcome to the Potions Room,' says a young, bald girl, dressed in orange temple robes, and she bows to you. 'My name is Denka Mansell. I am apprentice to the High Priestess and help her create all her magic potions here. I know who you are. We have been waiting for you. Have you brought the smoke-oil? Give me all of what you have so I can get to work. The quicker we can make more of it and cure the demon curse, the better. We don't need the High Priestess, she has deserted us and let us all down.'

To ask about the High Priestess, turn to **283**. To give Denka all your smoke-oil, if you still have some, turn to **450**. To ask Denka what's behind the door that looks like a giant book, turn to **263**. To return to the guardroom, turn to **129**.

300

'Hikaz the adventurer must have his belongings with him,' says the King. 'Or he will become lost on the other side. But your quest is the same as his was, and you have rid us of the Demon Gravedigger, so I think he would want you to have something. I can let you take three

items and you can borrow the bier itself. I have no idea which items you might need, so it is your choice...'

If you want to simply kill the King and take all the items, choose a weapon and turn to **287**. Otherwise, choose three of the following items – the bier goggles, the map, the bronze star, the boots, the staff, the canteen, the bronze compass – and turn to **312**.

301

Inside the first chamber you find a group of dead temple guards, wearing bronze armour and dark blue cloaks. It looks as if they've been poisoned. Their faces are purple and bloated. Each one clutches a temple guard's axe in his dead hands – no defence against poison. (If you want to add a Temple Guard's Axe to your Weapons List, then do so.)

To explore the south chamber, turn to **319**. To leave the chamber and walk down the aisle to the main temple, turn to **387**.

302

You fumble in your pack for anything that might help you and your fingers close on the bottle of Nostalgia perfume. You pull it out and take out the cork with your teeth. The smell of pears wafts out. You hear a voice say, 'Mmm, nice smell. What is it?' and the next moment you feel yourself being pulled out of time and space. The perfume is taking you back to an earlier point in your adventure. Turn to **466.**

303

You walk up to the window. It is made of very thick glass and sits in an iron frame overlooking a huge cavern. You look down to see several purple portals in the rock floor from which gas is rising and making it hard to see anything else. But you think you can just make out the shapes of two massive gates on the far side. You can't get to the cave from here, so you have to go back. Turn to **279.**

304

'That box has gone for good,' says Swann. Turn to **364.**

305

Ignored by the customers of the pie shop, who are busy stuffing their faces, one of the thieves keeps watch over you and Brother Tobyn while the other hurries off. The smell of the pies is torture, but you know you're not going to get a meal any time soon, and, before you know it, the second thief comes back in. He's brought with him the Captain of the Guard you saw earlier.

'Well, well, well,' says the captain, tossing a coin to the grinning thief. 'What have we here? I think you two had better come with us.'

The thieves remove the magic potion jars from your pack while the guards grab you. One of them appears to be an Ogre, twice the height of the others – and twice as stupid looking.

Remove the potions from your Adventure Sheet and turn to **291.**

306

It takes no time to get to the burial grounds. You see grave markers and mausoleums on either side of the track and then, ahead of you, you see a circle of mighty stones, black against the starry sky. There are coloured lights blazing inside the circle and a pillar of coloured smoke rises up to the heavens. Turn to **137.**

307

You walk a little way along the road and hear a whizzing sound. You look up to see a group of Goblin archers on top of the cliffs on the southern side of the pass, firing arrows down at you. You spot a cave beneath them. To run back to the fort, turn to **321**. To shelter in the cave, turn to **335**.

308

You push open the door with the symbol of the sun on it and walk through into a stone-walled corridor with prayer cells on either side. You walk along, checking each cell. They all appear to be empty, but then, as you step into the last one, you find a hideous creature squatting there. It has no body, only a giant head, with arms and legs sticking out of it. It has five black eyes, a wide mouth with broken teeth and a snout like a pig.

To run back to the dormitory, turn to **295**. To fight the hideous creature, choose a weapon and turn to **368**.

309

You set off running through the tall grass at the side of the road, and then jump over a fence into a cornfield. You hear a whizzing noise and turn to see that one of the Highwaymen has fired an arrow after you.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **396**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **339**.

310

You slip off the Lamassu's back and watch as it takes off and flies up towards the demon birds. A terrible battle ensues and you can do nothing to help as the poor creature spirals down to the ground, mobbed by pecking, scratching birds. You look around the summit. There is nothing to see here on the grey rock, not even a way down. Turn to **437**.

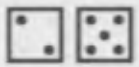

311

Carefully, your heart seemingly stuck in your throat, you venture deeper into the darkness. Shuffling forward, your arms stretched out in front of you, your fingers probe the gloom. Further, further... Nothing. The cell is much bigger than you imagined. You grow bolder and move faster, all the while expecting your fingers to touch cold, damp, stone. And now you hear a voice, whispering in the darkness.

'Come here. I want to help you...'

If you want to go towards the voice, turn to **352**. If you want to hurry back to Brother Tobyn, turn to **332.**

312

If you have chosen the boots, you discover that they are bronze-clad swift boots. If you don't already have a pair of swift boots, put them on. If you chose the

canteen, whenever you want to drink from it, add 3 *STAMINA* points and then remove it from your list. If you have chosen the walking staff, add 1 *SKILL* point. Unfortunately, the map is exactly the same as the picture stitched into the pall. Turn to **326.**

313

If you have a potion, you may use it. To use 'Thick as Thieves', turn to **386**. To use 'Pretty as a Picture', turn to **399**. To use 'Dragon's Breath', turn to **414**. To try 'Collywobbles', turn to **426**. Or, to try some 'Nostalgia' perfume, turn to **374**. If you have no more potions or do not want to use up any more of your stock, then you will have to fight Blossom – turn to **334.**

A bald, seven-foot-tall brute

314

You sprint away across the fields next to the road, several of the demons coming after you. You sprint faster, but as you get into the next field you run into even more demons. Then, suddenly there's a great roar as some huge creature charges out from a stand of trees and knocks the demons flat.

You stop running. A bald, seven-foot-tall brute with purple and orange skin is laying into the demons with a huge golden blade that has the words 'DEATH TO DEMONS' written on it in what looks like blood. He makes short work of the mob and howls in triumph, wiping his hands on his pink armour.

He sees you looking at him and bows.

'I am Monstroso the Blood Feaster, and I am here to fight,' he says, his voice slurred by a single tusk sticking out of one side of his mouth. 'What are your orders, General? Monstroso need orders. Monstroso not think for himself. Monstroso need fight. Monstroso need kill. Monstroso kill demons. Monstroso HATE demons...'

To tell Monstroso you are trying to get to Broken Goddess Fort, turn to **341**. To thank him for rescuing you and hurry back to the road, turn to **329**.

315

You point your khopesh at the advancing Demon Horde and yell the words, 'Seed of Destruction!' and a swarm of flies buzzes from the tip of the blade and streams across the cavern before tearing into the demons, biting and stinging. More and more flies shoot out and the demons are soon covered with them. They stagger about, flailing, falling, choking as the flies suffocate them and they become a horrible, writhing black mass.

Reduce the *STAMINA* points of the Demon Horde by half.

To fight the horde, turn to **453**. To try more magic, if you have any, turn to **213**.

316

You catch the iron before it can hit you in the head and run out of the door.

Add the fire iron to your Weapons List and turn to **350**.

317

The demons are advancing ever closer up the steps.

Opposite them is an archway leading to an alley. There is no sign of any demons in that direction.

To leap down the steps and take on the demon citizens of Salamonis, turn to **330**. To go through the archway, turn to **343**.

318

You can hear someone – or something – moving about in the house, so you quickly grab the trowel from your pack and desperately start to dig in the soft earth exposed by the fallen statue.

Soon you feel the blade knock against something solid and scrabble in the mud with your fingers before pulling up a small box. You open it to find 25 Gold Pieces. Not exactly a fortune, but enough to buy what you need.

Add the 25 Gold Pieces to your Adventure Sheet and turn to **338**.

319

You walk into the chamber and almost fall headfirst into a glowing purple demon portal in the floor. To try to jump over the portal, turn to **342**. To explore the north chamber, turn to **301**. To leave the chamber and walk down the aisle to the main temple, turn to **387**.

320

You stand up, yawn and stretch out your arms, letting everyone know you're ready for bed. If you want to sleep here, turn to **361**. If you want to try the stable instead, turn to **381**.

321

As you run back towards the fort, arrows clatter down all around you. You feel a sting in your shoulder and see that one has hit you, although the leather strap of your pack has stopped it from penetrating too deeply. You reach the safety of the fortified walls and crouch down to pull the arrow out.

If you have any healing ointment you can use it now and lose no *STAMINA* points, otherwise you will lose 3 *STAMINA* points. Turn to **390**.

322

A building is in flames. It looks like a group of citizens has been trying to put the fire out using flasks of magic firewater, but they are all lying dead in the road. You spot an unused flask of firewater, if you want to, you can pick it up and add it your Equipment List. You are about to explore further when crazed demons rush at you from all sides, screaming. You turn around and run all the way back to Titan Square, leaving them behind. Turn to **149**.

323

The Lamassu turns and heads back towards Salamonis. As you travel, though, you feel that the mighty beast is losing strength and flying slower.

'Those demon swine hurt me worse than I thought,' it says, it's voice croaky. 'I'm not sure how much further I can go with you on my back.'

To look for a place to land nearby, turn to **336**. To urge the Lamassu to press on all the way to Salamonis, turn to **354**.

324

If you have a frog in your pocket, turn to **304**. Otherwise turn to **284**.

325

You search the thieves and find ... three jars of healing ointment, a thieves' skeleton key and 5 Gold Pieces. You may also take one of the thieves' cudgels if you want.

If you want to buy a pie, turn to **265**. If not, turn to **232**.

326

You help the Imps lift Hikaz's body off the bier and lay him gently on the metal plate. Now you wheel the bier away until it is safely out of reach of any flames.

'Three of my Imps will go with you on the bier,' says the King. 'They can take you to the Plain of Bronze and then return here. Meet Oli, Uli and Eli.'

He snaps his fingers and three Imps step forward, salute their King and clamber up on to the bier.

'Look for three mountains standing close to each other,' the King shouts and the Imps nod and chatter in a language you don't understand. To your ears it sounds like parrots laughing.

You get on behind them and see that they're fiddling with some knobs and levers built into the top of the bier. Presently the structure begins to judder and then rise slightly into the air. You grip hold of the sides as the bier wobbles higher. Oli, Uli and Eli are getting very excited and talking even faster as their fingers dart over the controls. Then there's a lurch and you shoot up out of the top of the stone circle. In a moment the bier is flying through the night sky while the three Imps shriek and laugh. One of them, you think it might be Oli, sticks out his tongue and it flaps in the wind.

You watch the stone circle growing smaller and smaller and then you are flying fast across the countryside. Trolltooth Pass is right below you. You follow its route through the Moonstone Hills and as the sun comes up you see that you are flying over endless, featureless steppes. These must be the Flatlands, home to nomadic barbarians. The bier flies on, ever higher and faster as the Imps adjust the controls. Now you see a vast lake away to the east and the land below gets drier and browner as, at last, the vast Plain of Bronze opens out below you.

The Plain is desolate and dry, covered with dark red sand and ash embedded with glinting lumps of bronze in all shapes and sizes. Here and there are the ruins of ancient settlements that are slowly being swallowed up by the sand. The sun is at its highest by the time you spot the three peaks, which look more like tall pillars of rock than mountains. You head towards them and then circle around them for a

while, but can see no signs of any city. The three peaks are all slightly different colours. One is reddish brown, one is a sandy colour and the third one is ash grey. The top of each rock is only about the size of the roof of a house.

You remember the pictures on the pall. If you have the adventurer's bronze star, turn to **348**. Otherwise choose which pillar of rock you want to land the bier on. To land on the red one, turn to **362**. To land on the sandy one, turn to **375**. To land on the grey one, turn to **388.**

327

It takes nearly all night for you to reach the burial grounds, and you are exhausted by the time you get there. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point.)

You eventually see some grave markers and mausoleums on either side of the track and finally, ahead of you, you see a circle of mighty stones, black against the starry sky. There are coloured lights blazing inside the circle and a pillar of coloured smoke rises up to the heavens. Turn to **137.**

328

Bad choice. The bolt strikes you and your body is blasted into a million pieces.

Your adventure is over.

329

You manage to get past the demon farmers and hurry on down the road towards Trolltooth Pass, running as fast as the swift silver boots will carry you. You're just thinking you are out of danger when you hear a thundering sound behind you and throw yourself to the side of the road, narrowly avoiding being run down by Lady Webspinn's driverless carriage. As it rattles past you, you see that it's being drawn by four demon horses.

You dust yourself down and run after it. Soon you see the low hills that mark the entrance to Trolltooth Pass, which will lead you to the Plain of Bronze. You hardly tire at all, and as night falls you are still running. At some point you fall asleep, but still the boots keep on running. When you wake the next morning you find that you are deep in Trolltooth Pass, with high cliffs on either side of you and still running.

You are growing weary, however, and feel your strength dimming. (Lose 1 *STAMINA* point.) You slow down and tramp on, hardly noticing your surroundings, and as the sun starts to dip in the sky you at last see a huge statue of the Goddess Sindla standing atop the cliffs on the northern side of the pass. Part of its head and torso are missing along with its right arm. Next to it are some ramparts and a crumbling lookout tower. Below it, by the side of the

road, are the remains of a lower fort, tangled with weeds and thorn bushes.

You have made it to Broken Goddess Fort. As you get closer you see the wreck of Lady Webspinn's carriage that must have crashed into the cliffs. You sit down, exhausted. Your boots are in tatters from running so far, and you take them off and throw them away (remove them from your Equipment List). To explore the surrounding area, turn to **282**. To go into the fort, turn to **390.**

330

You feel yourself falling and then you land with a thump. Once you've regained your senses you see that you're surrounded by the demon citizens of Salamonis. These who were once bankers, bakers, butchers, builders, merchants, washerwomen, fine lords and ladies are now monstrous things from a nightmare... You close your eyes, not wanting to see the claws and teeth, the carving knives and mallets and clubs that are coming down towards your head.

Your adventure is over.

331

'I learnt about the book from an adventurer who I ... had an argument with,' says Sinna. 'He lost the argument. It is called *The Book of the Dead*. It's here in the Great

Library of Throff somewhere and tells you how to pass safely through the gates. I looked for it, but the library is enchanted and I never found it. Perhaps you will have more luck...'

If you have the Book of the Dead, turn to **217**. To ask Sinna about the khopesh, turn to **285**. To return to the refectory, turn to **460**. To try the rings in the Gates of Death, turn to **356.**

332

You hurry back into the circle of light. You feel safe here with Brother Tobyn, but it's clear that he's not well. The wound that the monstrous merchant gave him has become infected and is starting to fester. The old Guardian is feverish and you can't get him to talk to you. Without the items in your backpack, there's nothing you can do for him, so you make him as comfortable as you can and settle down for the night. Turn to **413.**

333

'They truly are beautiful maps,' says Swann. 'They were drawn by the finest mapmaker in all Titan, Master Evett Luxtonas. But I fear you won't be able to afford them. If you have 200 Gold Pieces, however, they are yours.'

If you have 200 Gold Pieces, turn to **351**. If you don't have enough Pieces, turn to **364.**

A huge, hairy mutant with four arms

334

DEMONIC BLOSSOM shrieks and rushes at you, waving the pig's jawbone.

DEMONIC BLOSSOM	*SKILL 6*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **345**.

335

You hurry into the cave and immediately realize you've made a mistake. There's a creature of some sort in here and you've disturbed it. It lumbers towards you out of the shadows and you see it's a CLAWBEAST, a huge, hairy mutant with four arms, each one tipped with a long claw.

The Clawbeast blocks the cave entrance and lashes out at you with all four claws. There's no time to use any magic, so you will have to fight it.

CLAWBEAST	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 9*

If you win, turn to **353**.

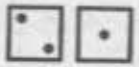

336

You are flying over Trolltooth Pass, but now night has fallen and you can see very little, except there, on a high plateau in the cliffs above the pass, what looks like a stone circle with coloured fire burning inside it. You tell the Lamassu to go down for a closer look and pass over the ruins of a fort where there a lookout tower, a broken statue, and some huts, with smoke rising from the roof of one. To bid farewell to the Lamassu and ask him to set you down by the fort, turn to **408**. To bid farewell and ask him to set you down near the stone circle, turn to **137**.

337

The iron hits you in the head, sending you reeling. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.) Feeling dizzy and groggy, you stagger out of the door.

Add the fire iron to your Weapons List and turn to **350**.

338

You stand up and brush dirt off your clothing. And it's then that you hear the sound of smashing glass and see a terrible sight. Demons are running out of the house, pouring out through the door and jumping down from the broken windows. You run back to the gates and desperately clamber up the gatepost. When you get to the top, however, a demon hurls a brick that hits you on the head.

Lose 2 *STAMINA* points and 1 *SKILL* point. You will regain these points at the end of the next battle you fight, by which time your head should have cleared.

You stand there wobbling. Which way will you fall? Into the street or back into the garden? If you have a trowel, turn to **379**. Otherwise you will have to *Test your Luck*, turn to **359**.

339

The arrow hits you and you fall to the ground. As you land, the contents of your pack spill out. You pull out the arrow but feel your life force ebbing away. You wonder if there's anything among your items that could help you.

If you have any healing ointment turn to **358**. Otherwise, if you have the brass compass, turn to **346**. Or if you have a bottle of 'Nostalgia', turn to **442**. If there's nothing useful in your Equipment List, turn to **378**.

340

'We wish you luck,' says the half-elf when you have told them your story. 'We believe the plague is spreading from the Plain of Bronze where the Invisible City lies. If you travel there, make sure you have a map and some means of seeing the city. And take this, it may come in useful.'

The half-elf hands you a jar of healing ointment. Add it to your Equipment List and then turn to **320.**

341

'Monstroso help,' says the bald giant. 'You want horse? Monstroso have horse. Monstroso was going to eat horse, but if great general wants horse, great general have horse.'

So saying, Monstroso leads you over to the stand of trees where there's a horse lying on its back with its legs tied together. He unties it and, once it has struggled back on to its feet, you mount it.

'Trolltooth Pass very dangerous,' says Monstroso. 'Full of bad men and monsters and demons. Monstroso hate demons. Monstroso know back way through Moonstone Hills, though. Monstroso not stupid. Well, Monstroso bit stupid. You follow.'

And so the big bald idiot sets off running. He moves surprisingly fast and even on horseback you struggle to keep up with him. To the north you see the entrance to Trolltooth Pass, but Monstroso takes a track that goes up into the hills on the south side. You travel all day and most of the night, only resting for a while to eat and grab a few precious moments of sleep. At dawn, Monstroso is off and running again. The path he's taking you along winds higher and higher as the hills become jagged peaks. Towards the end of the day, he starts to lead you down towards the pass.

'Fort near,' he says. 'Go careful. Pass dangerous.'

Indeed, the words are hardly out of his mouth when you spot a goblin raiding party scouting along the top of the pass.

'Goblins!' says Monstroso. 'Monstroso hate Goblins nearly as much as Monstroso hate demons! You go. Monstroso stay fight. Monstroso lives to fight.'

He points the way down into the pass and you hurry on. Behind you, you can hear Monstroso roaring a battle cry and the shouts of startled Goblins. On the cliffs on the far side of the pass, you can see a huge statue of the Goddess Sindla. Half its head and torso are missing along with its right arm. Next to it are some ramparts and a crumbling

lookout tower. Below it, on the northern side of the road are the remains of a lower fort, tangled with weeds and thorn bushes.

You climb the rest of the way down the cliff to the pass and hurry over to the fort. Turn to **390**.

342

You jump across the portal – but not far enough, and you tumble into the pool of purple light, which sucks you deeper and deeper into the demonic realm.

You learnt a spell to escape from a danger such as this. Will you get it right? To chant the words 'Exitus, exodus, excitus...' Turn to **360**. To chant the words 'Execrus, exodus, exitus...' turn to **367**. To chant the words 'Excitus, exitus, exodus...' Turn to **373**.

343

You run through the arch into the alleyway. It turns sharply left and as you career around the corner you see, too late, a strange glowing pool of purple light in the ground, out of which two disembodied demon spirits are emerging, looking for a body to infect. Your only chance of escape is to throw yourself into the pool.

You know that this must be a demon portal, one of the

places where the demon spirits are coming into this world. It's like diving into a strong current. You are going against the flow of magic and are quickly lost in space and time. With all your mental strength, you reach back out to the real world, and you dimly recall the words of a spell. Can you remember them correctly?

Turn to **355**.

344

'You want to know about the young adventurer?' says Swann. 'He was from the Icefinger Mountains and was desperate to find the Invisible City. He was sure that the demon plague was spreading from there. I sold him my best map of the Plain of Bronze. Much good will it do him. The thing about the Invisible City is that, well, it's invisible! So it's not marked on any map. He had an idea, though, that he could find out more about the Invisible City in the burial grounds near the ruins of Broken Goddess Fort, halfway along Trolltooth Pass. So he was heading that way. He sold me a box of his, sealed by magic. It was no use to him any longer as he'd lost the key when he was locked up for a spell in Lord Azzur's dungeons.'

To ask to see the adventurer's box, turn to **324**. To ask to look at what else Swann can offer you, turn to **364**.

345

'What have you done?' shouts Fossick, who has been watching everything through the trapdoor. 'I didn't ask you to kill my only daughter! You're more of a monster than she was. You can rot down there ... for ever!'

So saying, he slams the trapdoor shut. You can hear him dragging the heavy treasure chest back on to it. The lamp burns out and you alone are in the darkness with Blossom's corpse.

Your adventure is over.

346

Your hand closes on the compass you picked up in the Fish Market. And as you stare at it, the pointer spins round and you feel the whole world spinning with it... *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **365**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **462**.

347

You've had enough of being pushed around in Port Blacksand. You square up to the two THIEVES and fight them one after the other.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First THIEF	*7*	*6*
Second THIEF	*6*	*7*

If you win, turn to **325**.

348

While you've been flying, you've been studying the funeral bier more closely, and have spotted a carved-out shape that matches the shape of the bronze star. You take the star out of your pack and find that it fits perfectly into the carved space. As it slots into place it lights up, glowing bright blue. And as you look down you now see a glowing blue star on top of the grey pillar of rock.

To land on the grey rock, turn to **388**. Or if you want to land on the red one, turn to **362**. To land on the sandy one, turn to **375**.

349

Once more you avoid Ulrakaah's attack and this time you sink the blade in up to its hilt, and when you tug it free there is a gush of blood like a waterfall. Turn to **78.**

350

It's raining harder than ever outside the cottage and you're exhausted. To inspect the barn, turn to **184**. To hide in the woodshed and try to get some sleep, turn to **203**.

351

There's a flash of light and the shop is suddenly filled with smoke. A familiar figure emerges out of the gloom. It's the Trickster God, Logaan, himself. He points a bony finger at you and cackles, 'Liar, liar, pants on fire!' Suddenly your pants catch fire and you run screaming all the way back to Titan Square.

Lost 3 *STAMINA* points and turn to **149.**

352

Your situation is desperate. You'll take all the help you can get. You inch forward until your hands touch skin ... hair ... an ear... You freeze and hear a chuckle in the darkness.

'It's all right.' The voice is so weak you can hardly hear it. 'I'm not going to hurt you. We're all in the stew together. I have something for you...'

You hear a hiss of breath and then see a patch of greenish-blue light start to glow on the wall. It looks like it's coming from a patch of fungus. There's another hiss of breath and the fungus glows brighter.

'It's glow-mould,' says the voice. 'It feeds on your breath.'

As the fungus glows slowly brighter you are gradually able to make out the figure of a man chained to the wall. He's terribly thin, his skin covered in sores and blisters and there's an awful rotting smell coming off him.

'I haven't got long to live,' he whispers, and his chest rattles as he draws in another breath. 'I've kept a treasure with me here. The gaolers never found it ... but I'm dying now and have to pass it on to someone... You might be able to use it...'

'What is it?'

'A special key ... left here by an adventurer from the Icefinger Mountains. Hidden in one of my boots... It's yours now...'

'What's it for?' you ask. 'Where can I use it? Which boot?' But the man is silent and the fungus is losing its glow. The poor prisoner has breathed his last.

You can just see a pair of boots standing next to him. You're going to have to search them. But can you trust the prisoner? Perhaps he wanted to play a trick on you.

If you want to try the right boot, turn to **372**. If you want to try the left boot, turn to **392**. If you want to hurry back to Brother Tobyn, turn to **332**.

353

You manage to strike the Clawbeast down and then quickly explore its cave. You discover a dead traveller in the back, and in his pack you find a bronze compass, a bottle of 'Pretty as a Picture' potion, a flask of firewater and a cold sausage. (The sausage will restore up to 2 *STAMINA* points, whether you eat it now or later.) You take the items, leave the cave and run back to the fort, turn to **321**.

354

Wearily, the Lamassu flies on towards Salamonis, using the thermal currents above the hills to circle higher and higher and then glide down so that it can rest its wings. At last the walls of the ancient city come into view.

'I will set you down on a rooftop,' says the mighty creature. 'And then I will leave you. I cannot risk staying there when I am so weak. Watch out for demons. They are dangerous, unless you can catch hold of one and tether it. A tethered demon must always do your bidding. And watch out for the portals that they have opened to enter our world. If you do fall into one, remember the words, "Exitus, exodus, excitus..."'

He flies down towards the buildings in a wide circle, selects a rooftop and lands gently. You slip off his back and thank him. In a moment he is airborne again and you watch him fly off southwards. Turn to **227**.

355

To chant the words 'Execrus, exodus, exitus', turn to **394**.
To chant the words 'Excitus, exitus, exodus', turn to **367**.
To chant the words 'Exitus, exodus, excitus', turn to **380**.

'We are the Guardians of the Gates'

356

You step forward and take hold of one of the rings, trying to ignore the hideous screaming faces and skeletal hands that try to grab hold of you. As you lift the ring and turn it, you hear a heavy thumping, cracking sound, like huge rocks knocking together, and then see two dark shapes rising from the floor. They are giant guards made of black crystal. Bodies, armour, halberds, helmets with closed visors, all are formed from gleaming obsidian. Their heavy crystal boots shake the ground as they stomp towards you.

'We are the Guardians of the Gates,' they say in unison, their voices sounding as if they have come down to you over the years from centuries ago. They raise their halberds.

To fight the OBSIDIAN GIANTS, choose a weapon and turn to **210**. To flee back to the refectory, turn to **460**.

357

'You're not getting out of there until you've fixed my lovely Blossom!' Fossick shouts.

To fight Blossom, turn to **334**. To use a vial of smoke-oil, turn to **438**. To try a magic potion, if you have any, turn to **313**.

358

You take some ointment from the jar and rub it on your wound.

You lose 1 *STAMINA* point, unless this would take your *STAMINA* score to 0, in which case leave it at 1 point.

After a while the wound has healed and you are well enough to carry on. Thanking the powers of magic, you throw the empty jar away and walk on, using the high corn to keep you hidden. Once you're sure it's safe, you leave the field and join an old herders' track. Turn to **159.**

359

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you fall into the street, turn to **379**. If you are Unlucky, you fall into the garden, turn to **330**.

360

You remembered the spell correctly. The portal spits you out and you find yourself in the Temple Gardens. Turn to **275.**

361

You pay the landlord 1 Gold Piece and he shows you to your room, which is small but clean.

'My rooster will wake you at daybreak,' he says and leaves you to settle down for a good night's sleep.

Add 2 *STAMINA* points and turn to **109**.

362

The bier zooms round the top of the red rock in ever-tightening circles and then swoops in and lands with a bump. Oli, Eli and Uli hug each other and give a little dance of joy. You climb off the bier and look around. You are just about to thank the Imps and ask them to wait when you realize that they've already taken off and are circling the rock again. You shout at them to come back, but it's no good; they fly off, madly chattering. Turn to **427.**

363

If you have any of the following items listed on your Adventure Sheet, cross them off now:

Temple Guard's Axe, Flea Boots, any Magical Seeds, Cookbook, *Hither Chaos Angel Died*, Bronze-Coloured Jewel, Weakwater.

Your Provisions, Gold Pieces and any potions you possess are unaffected by the strange magic. However, as you travel back in time, the smoke-oil you lost to Denka Mansell is restored to you.

Restore your *SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores to their Initial values and turn to **275**.

364

What are you interested in buying from Sandford Swann?

To buy the map of Salamonis, turn to **403**. For the map of Trolltooth Pass, turn to **383**. If you want the set of three maps, turn to **333**.

Or, to ask about the adventurer who was here before you, turn to **344**. If you want to ask Swann to show you his equipment for explorers, turn to **20**. To ask to look at his magic items, turn to **36**. If you want to ask him where you can get more money, turn to **55**. If you want to leave the shop, turn to **103**.

365

Time begins to run backwards. You realize that the compass is magic and has the power to return you to an earlier point in time and space. You will be able to relive part of your adventure... Turn to **14**.

366

The Obsidian Giants strike you down with their crystal halberds. You experience a moment of searing pain and then nothing. You have lost all feeling in your body, and as it hits the floor your spirit lifts free. The giants freeze and you can see a black khopesh hanging in the air where it is embedded in one of the gates, which have become transparent and hazy. You can just make out a large open space on the other side. Your spirit drifts over towards the gates, floating in the air, and now it passes through them and you are in the realm of the dead.

You find yourself in a cavern similar to the one you have just left, with weirdly-coloured crystals glowing in its walls. On the ground are heaps of dead warriors. You see disembodied spirits like yourself searching among the bodies, their faces masks of agony and sorrow. You choose a powerful-looking warrior, well clad in armour, and your spirit enters the corpse. It feels strange to be in another's body, but it also feels powerful. You rise up, strong and alive and bursting with energy. (Return your *STAMINA* score to its Initial level.)

All your senses have returned, and the first thing that hits you is the stink of this place, like a cesspit filled with filth. You try to ignore it as you go over to the

gates, which now appear solid again. On this side they are smooth and shiny and you can see your reflection in them. You see the blade of the black khopesh sticking out. You know that without one of these enchanted blades you can never defeat Ulrakaah. To try to pull the black khopesh through to this side, turn to **397**. If you already have a khopesh, turn to **457**.

367

You got the spell wrong... You feel yourself thrown around by the forces inside the portal until at last you are spat out at the other end. You land with a thump and lie there for a moment, winded. When you are finally able to get up you take a look around. You are in some kind of vast underground cavern, the walls aglow with yellow, green and purple crystals. You see a group of hideously deformed demons lumbering towards you, and then feel a hot wind on your neck. You turn around to find yourself face to face with a giant female monster, leering down at you. She has the face of a corpse, rotting and green, with dead eyes. She opens her mouth wide, exposing two rows of sharp, snaggly yellow teeth.

'Ulrakaah,' she hisses, and then she bites...

Your adventure is over.

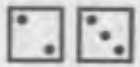

368

You raise your blade to strike the creature and ... it jumps up and turns around. You're amazed to see that it's not a monster at all, but a young acolyte like yourself.

'Please don't hurt me!' the acolyte bleats and you put your weapon away. 'My name is Castrabel, and I was praying. All the others have gone, but I stayed. I thought my prayers might help. I'm wearing a cloak of protection. If you look at it from behind, it appears to be the face of a monster. Castrabel turns around again and you see that the hideous creature is only a magical moving image on the cloak.

'Until now it has scared everyone else away,' Castrabel says. 'Who are you that is brave enough to fight such a thing? Have you come to save us?'

To ask Castrabel where the High Priestess is, turn to **384**. To ask about the Gates of Death, turn to **423**. To ask about the temple, turn to **440**. To return to the dormitory, turn to **295**.

369

You push Nicodemus aside, grab Brother Tobyn and hurry out of the hut, all the while expecting Nicodemus to hurl some magic after you. You remember his directions and start running up Bridge Street, but now the shady

characters hanging out on the street corners are no longer ignoring the two of you. In ones and twos they break away and start to follow you, and, before you're even halfway to the Market Square, two men grab you and pull you into a pie shop.

'Congratulations,' says one of them, a weaselly little creep with no teeth, and he gives a low, sarcastic, bow. 'You've fallen into the hands of the Guild of Thieves, and we have stolen you. We know some people who'd pay the price of a good pie for a Guardian and his acolyte. It'll save us the bother of having to steal one.'

If you want to fight the two THIEVES, turn to **347**. If you'd rather not risk it and see where this takes you, turn to **305**.

370

No matter how hard you pull on their reins or how loudly you shout at the horses, they won't stop. Suddenly, you hear a crack and the whole carriage jars before tipping over sideways. You are thrown clear and watch as it crashes into the cliff face. (Lose 3 *STAMINA* points.) You manage to stand up and limp back to the fort. Turn to **390**.

371

You have defeated the Bum-Faced Monster. It dissolves into a puddle of purple liquid that quickly turns to smoke, leaving behind a cold sausage, a cookbook and a bottle of 'Nostalgia'. Take what you want and then, to go through the door with the moon symbol, turn to **299**. To go through the door that looks like a book, turn to **192**. To go through the door to the Walkway of Evening, turn to **84**.

372

You slip your hand inside the right boot and wince as you touch something cold and wet, but before you can pull your hand away it goes numb and an icy pain shoots up your arm. When you do finally manage to get your hand out of the boot you've lost all feeling in it and can see a huge, slug-like dungeon crawler attached to your skin by its teeth, sucking hard. The thing is glowing slightly with the same green light as the fungus. It is white and blind and almost transparent from living in the darkness, and you can see your blood inside it, filling it up.

You smash it against the wall and it lets go of your hand and falls to the floor, oozing cold slime and warm blood.

(You lose 3 *STAMINA* points and 2 *SKILL* points.) If you want to try your luck with the left boot, turn to **392**. If you want to hurry back to Brother Tobyn, turn to **332**.

373

You know immediately that you got the spell wrong, but you have learnt much from your adventures. You will now do battle with the goddess Sindla, the Goddess of Luck, to see what happens next.

Roll two dice. If you roll a 2 or a 12, she sends you to **367**. If you roll a 3 or an 11, she sends you to **394**. If you roll any other number, the portal will spit you out, turn to **275**.

374

You open the 'Nostalgia' perfume bottle and a smell of pears wafts out. You feel your whole world spinning... Time seems to run backwards... You realize the potion will allow you to relive part of your adventure... But how far back will it take you? Turn to **14**.

375

The Imps steer towards the sandy-coloured rock, but they're going too fast and the bier is out of control. It crashes into the side of the rock and you are tipped off. You just manage to grab hold of a sticking-out crag and haul yourself up on to the top of the rock. The bier flies around crazily and then zooms away. Turn to **447**.

He has a round, sweaty face and a small goatee beard

376

'Greetings,' says the man. 'I am the Holy Man. Like you, I came here to help cleanse Allansia of the demon plague. To defeat Ulrakaah needs skills in both magic and combat. I have magic but I cannot take up arms – it is not in my nature. You, however, have learnt much in your adventures. Are you willing to take the fight to the mother of demons beyond the Gates of Death?'

To ask about Ulrakaah, turn to **452**. To ask about the Gates of Death, turn to **439**. To return to the tunnel, turn to **147**.

377

You hear a rattling of locks and chains and at last the door is opened by the man wearing the helmet.

'Come in, quickly,' he says and you don't wait to be told twice. Once inside he bolts the door behind you. 'So you've come all the way from the Crucible Isles to save us, have you?' he says, taking off the helmet. 'You're not the first – there was a young adventurer in here just a few days ago – but I fear you may be the last.'

He's a large man who looks like he enjoys his food. He has a round, sweaty face and a small goatee beard.

'Pleased to meet you,' he says, offering you a damp hand to shake. 'My name is Sandford Swann and this shop has been in my family for twenty generations. Whether it will survive this demon curse, I don't know. I have these big brutes to protect me.' He nods towards the Man-Orcs who grunt at you but say nothing. 'There are more demons on the streets every day,' Swann goes on, looking out of the window. 'I sometimes think I'm the last uninfected person left in Salamonis... So, what can I do for you? I have locked most of my maps away in a safe place to stop them from being destroyed, but I do have a few left here in the shop. I have a good map of Salamonis, a map of Trolltooth Pass, and I have a lovely set of three maps showing Allansia, the Old World and Khul. I also sell equipment for explorers and even have a few magic items.'

If you want to leave the shop, turn to **103**. Otherwise, turn to **364**.

378

Without the means to reverse its effects, the wound soon proves fatal and your adventure is over.

379

You jump down and land safely in the street. The demons scream across the garden behind you and start to climb the gates. You turn and leg it all the way back to Titan Square. Turn to **149**.

380

You got the spell right, but where will you emerge? You are in the hands of Sindla, Goddess of Fortune.

Roll two dice. If you roll a 2 or a 12, turn to **100**. If you roll a 3 or an 11, turn to **149**. If you roll any other number, turn to **200**.

381

The night sky is cloudy and it's drizzling. You hurry into the stable and climb into the hayloft where you bed down in a pile of straw, covering yourself with handfuls of it so that you are well hidden.

It has been a long day and you soon fall asleep. (Add 1 *STAMINA* point.)

You are dreaming of demons and magic when a movement wakes you. You open your eyes and look around. The clouds must have gone because a thin chink of moonlight is shining through a hole in the roof and falling across the straw. You wonder what it was that woke you and then sense something moving around inside your tunic. You feel it take hold of your purse and tug at it.

You jump up and gingerly stick your hand inside your tunic where you grab hold of whatever it is. It feels like a man's forearm, warm and hairless, but there's nobody else here. You drag it out and hold it up, squirming and spitting. It's a fat, pink, naked creature with unseeing eyes and five groping tentacles fanning out around its mouth, like fingers. If it weren't for the eyes you'd think you actually were holding a man's severed arm. You have heard about these creatures that steal things in the night, but never seen one before. It's a HAY THIEVER.

You hurl it down to the stable floor where it lays for a moment, stunned, before starting to slither away like a huge, fat slug. To let it go, turn to **401**. To try to kill it, turn to **431**. To follow it, turn to **451**.

382

Your khopesh is pulsating with stored power. You aim it towards the advancing Demon Horde, yell the words, 'Seed of Doubt!' and silver fire spurts out, washing over them. The effect is immediate, many of the demons instantly lose the will to fight and drop their weapons, but not all ... some are still willing to battle on.

Reduce the *STAMINA* points of the Demon Horde by half. Reduce their *SKILL* points by half.

To fight the horde, turn to **453**. To try more magic, if you have any, turn to **213**.

383

'This is a very simple, but accurate map of how to get from Salamonis to Trolltooth Pass,' says Swann, showing you a rolled map in a tube. 'It also shows some of the Plain Of Bronze. It's yours for 5 Gold Pieces. If you don't have the money I can tell you where to find some, if you like.'

To buy the map, pay 5 Gold Pieces. To view it, make a note of this section number and turn to **173**. When you have looked at it turn back here and make sure to mark the number **173** next to your map in your Equipment List in case you ever want to look at it again.

To ask about where to find more money, turn to **55**. Otherwise, turn to **364**.

384

'When we realized that Ulrakaah was sending her demonic forces out through the portals to attack us,' says Castrabel, 'the High Priestess hid everyone in the city. She has placed them on another plane where they are safe for now, but it has left the city vulnerable and all sorts of monsters have got in. The High Priestess is still here, however, hiding in a secret chamber behind the shrine of Lunara in the main temple. If you give the correct offering to Lunara, the concealed door will open.'

To ask Castrabel about the Gates of Death, turn to **423**. To ask about the temple, turn to **234**. To return to the dormitory, turn to **295**.

385

You walk down the steps and find that they lead to a bathhouse. There are jars of oils and salts and scented herbs. Steam is rising from a big bath of warm water fed by a hot spring. To take a bath, turn to **461**. To go back to the passageway, turn to **279**.

386

You open the 'Thick as Thieves' potion jar and nasty, blue smoke drifts out. Blossom takes one sniff of it and burps louder than before, but she's otherwise unaffected.

Cross the 'Thick as Thieves' potion off your Adventure Sheet and turn to **313**.

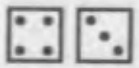

387

You come into the main Temple Of Throff, where there's a huge statue of the goddess, standing in the middle under the dome. It is made of pure silver and the sunlight streaming in through the high windows in the dome make it glow.

The temple is circular, with pillars holding up the dome, which is painted to look like the sky. There are images of clouds, birds and the sun on one side, and stars, planets and the moon on the other. There are walkways going off through archways to north and south. The walkway to the north has a pale blue tiled floor and lettering above the archway tells you it is the Walkway of Day; the other one, going south, has dark blue tiles and is called the Walkway of Night.

You look around, wondering where you might find the High Priestess. This place is as deserted as everywhere else. You find a patch of dried blood and some broken pottery. You also find some scattered pages from a book, written in a language you cannot understand. Behind the statue of Throff against the western wall, you find a small shrine to the moon goddess, Lunara. You know that some people pray to her to find things that have been lost and there is an offering bowl in front of the statue. Turn to **406**.

388

The bier lands with a mighty bone-shaking thump on top of the grey rock. For a moment the three Imps are too stunned to even move and, for the first time since you set off, they are silent. And then suddenly they are jumping up and down in triumph and hugging each other. You get off the bier, glad to have your feet on solid rock.

You look out across the endless Plain of Bronze, baking under a hot sun. There is no sign of any city. You hear a noise above you like chattering birds and look up to see that the Imps have taken off. You watch helplessly as they fly off home, madly gabbling away to each other.

You remember the picture stitched into the pall. The man standing on one of these rocks was wearing goggles. If you have the bier goggles, turn to **404**. Otherwise, turn to **416**.

389

The Holy Man leans forward and pops a seed out from a hole in the end of one finger ... and then another from a hole in his arm, and yet another from his stomach... Soon there are several seeds in front of him: three Seeds of Mastery, three Seeds of Power, one Seed of Knowledge, a Seed of Doubt, a Seed of Treachery, a Seed of Destruction, and one Seed of Change.

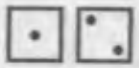

Pick up the seeds you want and reduce your *STAMINA* by 1 point for each one taken. Be careful not to go below 1 *STAMINA* point, though, or you will die and it will all be over.

Once you have the seeds you want you can use them whenever you wish. Each Seed of Mastery you take from the Holy Man will immediately add 1 to your *SKILL* score. Each Seed of Strength will add 1 to your *STAMINA* score, whenever you eat it.

To ask the Holy Man about Ulrakaah, turn to **452**. To ask him about the Gates of Death, turn to **439**. To return to the tunnel, turn to **147**.

390

You enter the fort, where you find a keep built into the cliff wall. The gates and roof have long since rotted away. You enter the walls and find a stairway leading up inside the solid rock. You climb it to the top and come out by the watchtower. Turn to **408**.

391

'What have we here?' says the male face, its grin growing wider.

'Lunch,' says the female face.

'Looks too stringy to me,' says the first.

'You're too fussy. You're a really fussy eater.'

'At least I'm not ugly.'

'I am NOT ugly,' says the second.

'Have you seen yourself lately?' says the man. 'You've got a face like a bum...'

While they are arguing you have the chance to grab a temple guard's axe if you want to. Otherwise, choose another weapon from your list and make ready to fight the BUM-FACED MONSTER.

BUM-FACED MONSTER	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 12*

If you win, turn to **371**.

392

You are cautious. There could be anything in the boot. You pick it up, turn it upside down and shake it. There's a tinkling sound and the glint of metal. You scrabble in the dirt and pick up the Icefinger Key and hide it in your own boot. Perhaps the prisoner had more hidden treasure?

Add the Icefinger Key to your Equipment List. If you haven't already done so, do you want to try your luck with the right boot? If so, turn to **372**. If you want to hurry back to Brother Tobyn, turn to **332.**

393

You try the door. It's locked. A horrible grunting, hissing noise warns you that some demons have sniffed you out and are advancing along the street behind you. You hammer on the door and hear a muffled voice on the other side.

'Go away.'

To explain who you are and what you are doing, turn to **377**. To try to break the door down, turn to **136**. To run back the way you came, turn to **108.**

394

You are trapped in the portal, neither in the demonic plane nor the real world, lost in time and space. You will spin on here in this purple void for all eternity...

Your adventure is over.

395

You head down the road. There's a noise like marching feet behind you, but you are moving at speed and can't see anybody. You come to a crossroads.

To go east, turn to **16**. To go down the street heading south, turn to **465**. To go down the street heading north, turn to **415**. To go west towards Titan Square, turn to **149.**

396

The arrow flies past your ear and hits a scarecrow. Thanking Sindla, the Goddess of Luck, you run on, using the high corn to keep you hidden. Once you're sure it's safe, you leave the field and join an old herders' track. Turn to **159.**

There is a man sitting cross-legged on the floor

397

You take hold of the blade and tug it – the khopesh slips through the door like a knife through butter. There are glowing splashes on the steel where it has been washed with a magical liquid of some sort. You recognize the distinct smell of 'Pretty as a Picture' potion. Now you are armed with an enchanted weapon and ready to take on Ulrakaah. (If you have a different khopesh, you can choose to use either one.) Turn to **457**.

398

The hole in the wall leads into a small cave, lit by glowing green and red crystals embedded in the walls. There is a man sitting cross-legged on the floor with a pulsating blue orb suspended above his head. He is wearing only an old grey loincloth and you see that his skin is covered with holes, inside each one of which sits what looks like a large seed about the size of a pea. You understand now why he's called the Holy Man.

He smiles at you. To ask him who he is, turn to **376**. To choose some of the Holy Man's seeds, turn to **389**. To back out through the hole, turn to **147**.

399

You open the 'Pretty as a Picture' potion jar and turquoise-coloured smoke that smells of lavender wafts out. Blossom breathes some in and her smile grows even wider.

'Oh, look at me, look at me,' she cries. 'I'm the prettiest girl in all the world! How lucky you are to be killed and eaten by someone so beautiful!'

Cross the 'Pretty as a Picture' potion off your Adventure Sheet and turn to **313**.

400

You feel the power of the khopesh coursing through your body. You are strong, terrifyingly strong. Maybe one day you will be as powerful as Ulrakaah... You are the ruler of this realm now. You will remain here for ever ... or until another comes to destroy you.

Your adventure is over.

401

The hayloft feels warm and safe. You cover yourself with straw and, clutching your purse tightly, settle back down to sleep, remembering now that Hay Thievers are pretty harmless. Turn to **109**.

402

'I have brought some magic Seeds of Galana to the temple,' says the Holy Man. 'Each one will give you different abilities. But I warn you now, there is a price. Each seed you take from me will reduce your strength, so choose wisely. I have Seeds of Knowledge that allow you to speak and understand any language, but not read it. I have Seeds of Doubt that cause any enemy to lose the will to fight. I have Seeds of Treachery that cause enemies to turn against each other. I have Seeds of Mastery that boost your fighting skills, even beyond their normal levels. And I have Seeds of Power that make you stronger. Also, I would advise you to find some of the magic potion called 'Pretty as a Picture' and take it with you if you can. There should be some here in the temple potions room. There are also two magic pools. One of them will increase your strength if you need it, and the other will decrease it.'

To choose some of the Holy Man's seeds, turn to **389**. To ask him about Ulrakaah, turn to **452**. To ask him about the Gates of Death, turn to **439**. To return to the tunnel, turn to **147**.

403

'I'd love to take all your money, but a map of Salamonis is of no use to you now,' says Swann. 'I can tell you how to get out of town. Simply go back up the street that brought you here, turn right at the top into the North Road and carry straight on south down to Titan Square, then take the East Road straight up to the East Gate, where you'll find the road for Trolltooth Pass.' Turn to **364**.

404

You slip on the bier goggles and immediately everything looks different. You feel as if you are looking at a vision. The plain is no longer a desert of ash and bronze. It's covered in lush green grass, and trees, and rivers. There are farms and villages, crops growing in fields, animals grazing... It looks like a perfect wonderland. And there, standing in the middle of all this bounty, is a beautiful city, rising up, the buildings all whitewashed, with blue tiled roofs. You see fountains and gardens and walkways and at the top, a great silver dome.

And as you look at your feet, you see steps spiralling down the grey rock towards a road that leads to the city. You climb down the steps to the bottom and walk along the road. The only thing missing from the idyllic scenes all around you are people.

In no time at all you arrive at the city, which has no walls or gates. You enter a small square, take off the bier goggles and look back at the way you came. The green fields and rivers and villages have disappeared. You are sure now that you were seeing an image of how this land was a very long time ago, before some awful catastrophe befell it. Now all is barren desert. You turn away and walk deeper into the city. Turn to **21**.

405

You pick up Fossick's axe. (Add the woodman's axe to your Weapons List.) Ignoring the noises from the cellar, which are growing louder and louder, you go over to the treasure chest and inspect it. It's locked with a weird-looking device in the shape of a dragon. You fiddle with it but then jump back as the device glows red hot and the chest shakes violently, knocking into a bookcase. A book falls off a shelf and you pick it up – it's a book of love poetry. (Add the book of love poetry to your Equipment List.)

You know that Fossick's chest is full of treasure, but the lock must be enchanted and will be difficult to open. To hurry out of the cottage and get on with your quest, turn to **350**. To try to open the chest, turn to **417**.

406

You are in the heart of the Temple. The great silver statue of the goddess Throff stands before you. To take the Walkway of Day to the north, turn to **190**. To take the Walkway of Night to the south, turn to **38**. To go down the Aisle of Guardians to the east, turn to **288**. To make an offering to the goddess Lunara by the west wall, turn to **422**.

407

The man with the demon dogs looks at you with sad, frightened eyes.

'Will you help me?' he croaks. 'I'll give you anything you want. These hellhounds have been dragging me around for three days. I haven't eaten or slept or drank anything in all that time. They're SNIFFER DOGS, with a demonic sense of smell. They can smell their prey from the other side of the city. And their prey is people like you, unaffected by the curse. As long as they're held by the chains they

won't attack me, so I can't risk letting them go, but at any moment my strength will give out and then...'

To try to kill the Sniffer Dogs, turn to **419**. To use smoke-oil on them, turn to **432**. To use a magic potion, if you have any, turn to **444**.

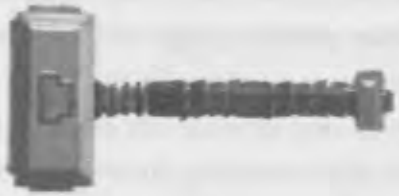

408

You are at the base of the watchtower on top of the cliff. The huge broken statue of the goddess Sindla stands nearby. Next to the watchtower is a ruined guardhouse, a small temple and a few newly built wooden huts. There is smoke coming out through the chimney of one of the huts. Four tracks lead from the settlement into the gloom and an old signpost points the way down each one. You read the signs – North Foraging Path, West Foraging Path, Corpse Road, The Well.

To go into the hut, turn to **125**. To go into the watchtower, turn to **79**. To take the north foraging path, turn to **8**. To take the west foraging path, turn to **23**. To take the path to the well, turn to **54**. To take the Corpse Road, turn to **198**.

409

Sinna grips your arm with a trembling hand. He has a look of horror on his face.

'If I had known the price that must be paid,' he gasps, 'I don't think I would have had the courage to do what needs to be done. If you truly wish to be killed by the giants then I have something that will help you. It is called Weakwater...'

He struggles to pull something from a pouch and gives it to you. It is a small vial of colourless liquid.

'I use it on my enemies,' he explains. 'I slip it in their drink and it makes them lose all their fighting skill. Take it... Use it if you must...'

You may drink the Weakwater now or later. If you do so it will reduce your *SKILL* score to 2 points.

You stand up and bid Sinna farewell. There is nothing you can do for him now. To grab one of the rings, turn to **356**. To leave the cavern and go back to the refectory, turn to **460**.

410

You and Brother Tobyn follow the strange red-eyed man through the crowd away from the approaching guards. You're careful where you tread; the streets are filthy with rubbish and droppings. Nasty-looking villains of every type hang out on each corner you pass: cut-purses, hired killers looking for work, disgraced minor wizards down on their luck, smugglers selling poison and stolen jewellery ... but they all seem wary of the man in the grey robes and leave the three of you alone.

Brother Tobyn is struggling to keep up. He's short of breath, his wound is hurting him and he's sweating. You let him lean on you as you carry on.

Rising above the houses ahead of you are massive walls, and behind them is a forbidding building topped by two towers, from the taller of which a standard flaps in the wind, showing a dragon and a pirate ship.

'You don't want to go anywhere near there,' says the red-eyed man. 'That is Lord Azzur's palace.'

You've heard tales of Varek Azzur – nightmare tales – and you hope you can leave Port Blacksand without having any dealings with the sinister ex-pirate who rules the city.

Soon you come to Catfish River that runs through the town and is the main source of the great stink that hangs over the place. You see sewage, dead animals and dead fish floating in it. And there – the body of a woman drifting past with three rats perched on her back. Nobody else pays it any attention.

Your guide stops. You are at a bridge, with a row of stakes along either side of it, each one topped with the skull of some monstrous creature. The wind whistles over the bridge and through the skulls, making a sad, sighing sound, almost like singing. The man mutters something and leads you down some steps to a hut hidden under the bridge. A sign reads Keep Out, but the man ignores it and goes in. Turn to **430.**

411

You climb through the blackened window of the jeweller's shop ... and come face to face with a demon jeweller hiding in the shadows. He smiles at you, showing a mouth full of gold teeth, and then raises two clawed hands and strikes. You dodge to one side to avoid his attack only to find that the floorboards have been burnt away. You drop like a stone and as you fall you catch a glimpse of several more demons waiting in the cellar below. Turn to **330.**

412

You go into the shop. The light shimmering on the walls is refracted through the bottles and jars of potions into different colours, which is why you don't notice the glowing purple pool in the floor. It opens up beneath your feet and you feel yourself falling. You have been sucked into a demon portal. Turn to **355.**

413

The hours pass slowly. You think you'll never get to sleep but at some point you must do because the next thing you know you're being jolted awake by a movement. You open your eyes and see a terrible sight.

A hideous, ancient demon is looming over you. Completely bald, with rough, warty skin and the same horrible dark eyes as the possessed merchant. It's clearly not as strong as that other demon, but it still has long claws and sharp teeth. It snarls at you, dropping spittle on to your face, and raises a hand to strike.

It's then that you realize it's Brother Tobyn. The infected wound has turned him into a monster of the night. You throw him off and just manage to scuttle away towards the cell door.

The demon thing comes after you on all fours, teeth bared, ready to strike. You get to the door and try to open it...

To cry out for help, turn to **433**. To turn and fight the demon with your bare hands, turn to **53**. If you have a key, do you want to try it? If so, turn to **454**.

414

You open the 'Dragon's Breath' potion bottle and foul-smelling green smoke fills the cellar. Blossom takes in great gulps of it and smiles.

'Oh, what a lovely smell!' she cries. 'It's always good to be wearing an expensive perfume when you're killing and eating someone!'

Cross the 'Dragon's Breath' potion off your Adventure Sheet and turn to **313**.

415

You walk down the street and come to some steps going up. You climb them and find that they lead to a bridge that crosses over a lower street. There's someone lying on the bridge. It's a wounded city guard.

'Go back... And stay away from the south gate,' he says. 'There are demons there and the gates are unsafe. They'll

fall on you... Everything is falling... It's the end... And look out above you!'

You glance up and see movement at a high window. And now you see demons creeping into the street below the bridge. To cross the bridge, turn to **435**. To go back the way you came, turn to **395**.

416

You realize you should have chosen the goggles from the adventurer's belongings. The King of the Imps will have burnt them by now. If you have a bottle of 'Nostalgia' or a compass, turn to **459**. Otherwise, turn to **437**.

417

If you have a thieves' skeleton key and want to try it, turn to **441**. If you have the Icefinger Key and want to try it, turn to **429**. If you have 'Dragon's Breath' and want to try it, turn to **455**. To hit the lock with Fossick's axe, turn to **468**. If you don't want to risk it and leave the cottage, turn to **350**.

418

None of the keys you try will open the box. To use the Icefinger Key, if you have it, turn to **445**. To force it open, choose a weapon and turn to **425**. Otherwise add the locked box to your Equipment List and turn to **364**.

Where its buttocks should be are two faces

419

With a groan, the man lets go of the chains and the dogs leap at you. You just have time to choose a weapon and now must fight the three Sniffer Dogs all at the same time.

	SKILL	*STAMINA*
First SNIFFER DOG	*7*	*6*
Second SNIFFER DOG	*7*	*7*
Third SNIFFER DOG	*8*	*5*

If you win, turn to **188.**

420

As you go to pick up a weapon, a gout of purple smoke erupts from the fireplace and a creature starts to emerge. Because of the smoke you can't see it clearly yet, only enough to tell that it's nearly as tall as the room. It lumbers over to the table, blocking the way to the door that looks like a book. It picks up an axe. And then another ... and another ... and another.

The smoke clears and you see the creature clearly. Even though it has no head it is twice your height, with four arms, two facing forwards and two facing backwards, and in each hand it holds an axe. It is standing with what, in a normal creature, would be its back towards you and where its buttocks should be are two faces, one

male and one female. They are both grinning.

To fight the creature, turn to **391**. To run through the door with the moon symbol, turn to **299**. To escape through the door that leads to the Walkway of Evening, turn to **84**. To throw a bottle of smoke-oil at its feet, turn to **371**.

421

Your hand closes on... One of your socks.

It smells of cheese.

Damn.

Your adventure is over.

422

What will you offer Lunara? Check to see what you have in your pack. If you have some cold sausage and want to put it in the dish, turn to **434**. To put an apple in the dish, turn to **57**. To put some dried fish in the dish, turn to **30**.

423

'The Gates of Death are right here under the temple,' says Castrabel. 'That's why the city was made invisible, so nobody could find them and open them. We work here all our lives keeping the city safe, but now Ulrakaah is trying to create enough demons to open the gates. I've never been brave enough to go down and look for them. The old entrance was sealed by a rock fall, but there is a secret tunnel here somewhere in the temple. While I've been praying in here I've heard lots of banging and crashing. I think demons might be trying to break their way through.'

To ask Castrabel where the High Priestess is, turn to **384**. To ask about the temple, turn to **440**. To return to the dormitory, turn to **295**.

424

You dismount and let the horse return to Fossick in the woods before walking along the bottom of the great wall. Soon you come to a group of low buildings. With

no more room inside the city, the citizens of Salamonis have had to build new houses out here, huddled hard against the wall. You have only just begun to explore this little village when you see bodies lying in the dirt. There has obviously been a battle of some sort here. You go over for a closer look. The bodies have been horribly clawed and bitten. This must be the work of demons. You will need to be extra careful from now on. You see someone's pack lying half buried under a broken cart. You pull it out and add its contents to your own.

Add the following to your Equipment List: a meal of dried dates that will add 3 *STAMINA* points whenever you choose to eat them, a purse of 3 Gold Pieces, and a jar of healing ointment.

It feels risky here outside the city walls. You hurry back to the gates, and then carry on through.

You find a small square on the other side, with a customs house, an inn and a stable block. There is no sign of life, apart from a familiar black carriage that has stopped by the customs house. The driver is attending to the horses and watches warily as you dismount and knock the dust from your clothing.

Turn to **200**.

425

You jam the end of your chosen weapon into the lock and try to force it open. There's a snap, a click, a whirring sound, and then your weapon shatters into a thousand pieces.

'You should be more careful,' says Swann. (Remove the weapon from your Equipment List.)

Before you can reply, the box shakes and rattles, and then fold itself in half, and then in half again ... and again and again and again until it disappears in a puff of smoke. When the smoke clears there's only a small blue frog sitting on the counter. It looks at you, croaks, and jumps into your pocket. Turn to **364**.

426

You open the 'Collywobbles' potion bottle and a nasty brown gas explodes out of it. Blossom breathes some in and suddenly looks very sick.

'Oo-er,' she says. 'I'm not feeling too well.' She clutches her stomach and lets out an almighty burp that shakes dust down from the floorboards above you, and then lets out another one, and then an explosive fart and finally the biggest, loudest belch you've ever heard, as she expels the demon spirit from her body.

The DISEMBODIED DEMON SPIRIT crouches there, part reptile, part dog, part shade and all angry.

'You'll pay for this,' it snarls and scurries towards you. You quickly choose a weapon and defend yourself.

DEMON SPIRIT *SKILL 5* *STAMINA 6*

You can only harm the Demon Spirit if you are armed with a magical weapon. If you do not have a magical weapon you cannot hope to win this fight. However, if you are using a magical weapon, and you win, turn to **458.**

427

There's no sign of the city from here, only a view across the Plain of Bronze. You explore the top of the rock and can't find any way down, but see that its surface is riddled with small holes each about the width of a finger. As you crouch down to inspect one of them more closely, something pokes out of it, like a pink tentacle. You look around you; there are more tentacles coming out from all over the rock. You have landed on a nest of rock worms. They nose out blindly, swaying as if dancing, and before you know it one of them has wrapped around your ankle. You try to peel it off but another one wraps around your wrist, and another... Soon you are trapped in a web of worms that holds you tight.

Now a much bigger worm emerges from a large hole near the centre of the red rock. And this one has a mouth. You are worm food.

If you have a bottle of 'Nostalgia' or a compass, turn to **459**. Otherwise, turn to **437.**

428

You walk down the street. There are shops on both sides – a swordsmith, a carpenter, a tailor – but most of them have been boarded up. One of them, a jeweller's, has been gutted by fire and you catch a glimpse of something golden glinting in the darkness. Finally, you come to a shop with a sign hanging outside it in the shape of a scroll. It says 'Sandford Swann. Mapmaker.' There's a light burning inside. You peer through the window and see a large man wearing a full-face helmet, and with him are four heavily-armed Man-Orcs.

To enter the map shop, turn to **393**. To go into the jeweller's, turn to **411**. To turn around and go back up to the crossroads and try another street, turn to **108.**

429

You put the key into the lock and turn it. Instantly a searing heat burns up your arm and the next moment your clothes are on fire. You rush out into the night, hoping that the rain will douse the flames. But this is magic fire. Nothing can stop it burning.

Your adventure is over.

430

Once inside the hut, the man locks the door and throws off his grey robes, somehow changing completely. Gone are the red eyes and reptilian skin, and instead, standing before you is an old man dressed all in white, with long white hair and a long white beard.

'Forgive the disguise,' he says, getting some jars down from a shelf. 'I don't like to show my hand. I try to stay away from other people, but when I heard there was a Guardian from the Crucible Isles here with his young acolyte, I had to find you. My name is Nicodemus and I know what your mission is – to stop the demon plague. It threatens everyone in Allansia and it is only a matter of time before it spreads to the rest of Titan. That cannot be allowed to happen. I will help you get your smoke-oil to the High Priestess at the Temple of Throff. I cannot come with you, alas, as I never leave this place any more, but I have magic potions that will aid you on your quest...'

He sets the potion jars out in front of you. Each one contains a different coloured liquid. You read the labels and wonder what they might do.

'Take these four,' he says. 'Any more than that and there is a risk they will react with each other and destroy you. You can use each one only once. Simply open the bottle and

release the magic. Each one is powerful against a different threat, but I cannot tell you which one to use when; you must let the goddess guide your hand.'

Add the following magic potions to your Equipment List: 'Thick as Thieves', 'Pretty as a Picture', 'Collywobbles' and 'Dragon's Breath'.

As you put the jars in your pack, Nicodemus examines Brother Tobyn, who is slumped in a chair, his whole body trembling, his skin turning grey.

'The wound is infected,' says Nicodemus. 'It is only a matter of time before he turns into a demon. You will have to travel alone.'

You are about to protest when Brother Tobyn whispers your name.

'Nicodemus is right,' he says, feebly gripping your arm. 'I don't have the strength to walk another step, or to fight the demonic infection. Only you can save Titan. Be brave and pure of heart...'

'And be quick,' says Nicodemus. 'The longer you delay, the worse the plague gets. Take Bridge Street to the Market Square and then on to the main gate. From there, take

the road to Silverton and on to Salamonis. The people of Salamonis are more civilized than the scum who live here and should be able to tell you how to find the Invisible City. Tell no one of your mission until you are there. And take my robe. It will get you safely out of town. There its magic ends, however; after that – you're on your own.'

He picks up the robe and offers it to you. You smell sulphur coming from it and see a glint in the wizard's eye. Can you trust anyone in this awful place?

If you want to put on the robes, turn to **212**. If you want to attack Nicodemus and try to take more of his potions, turn to **449**. If you want to grab Brother Tobyn and leave without putting on the robes, turn to **369**.

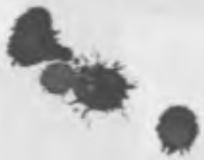

431

You jump down from the hayloft and grab a pitchfork. (Add the pitchfork to your Weapons List.) The Hay Thiever rears up at you and you go in for the kill.

HAY THIEVER	*SKILL 3*	*STAMINA 2*

If you win, turn to **401**.

432

You know how to deal with demons. You take a vial of smoke-oil from your pack, checking how many you have left, and then smash it at the feet of the three Sniffer Dogs. Their huge nostrils suck in the oily gas so quickly that you hardly see it. They yelp in pain and, the next moment, they're writhing on the ground with purple smoke steaming from their mouths.

Soon, the dogs have become three harmless household pooches. They whimper and lick the hands of the man as he falls to his knees, sobbing. Turn to **188.**

433

Responding to your cries for help, the dungeon-master comes running. His face appears at the barred window and he cackles with delight.

'Oh-ho, this should be quite a show,' he crows. 'But we don't want things to be too one-sided, do we? No fun if it's over too quickly. Here – take your pick.'

He thrusts his hands through the bars. In one he holds a vial of your smoke-oil, and in the other he has a rusty old bread knife. To take the smoke-oil, turn to **6**. To take the rusty bread knife, turn to **26.**

434

You put a piece of sausage in the bowl and send a prayer to Lunara to help you find the priestess, apologizing that your offering is not greater. Nothing happens. Turn to **406.**

435

You step on to the bridge and there's a sudden screech from above. A demon has thrown itself out of the window. It knocks you off the bridge. Turn to **330.**

The demonic army charges forward like a tide of filth

436

You take hold of one of the gigantic rings. It takes all of your strength to turn it. You hear the squeal of metal scraping against metal, and finally there's a THUNK as the gates open. You pull them slowly back, releasing a foul stench of sulphur and rotting meat and excrement. Ahead of you is a cavern similar to the one you are in, with weirdly-coloured crystals glowing in its walls. On the ground are heaps of dead bodies. You hear a frightful buzzing sound and see a black cloud streaming towards you. You cover your mouth and nose and the next moment the cloud is upon you. It is made up of ten thousand flies that swarm around you, biting your face and hands. You swipe at them but now see that they are the least of your worries, for behind the flies comes an army. An army of dead things, monstrous things, twisted things, hopping, crawling, flapping and squirming. You see huge tusked beasts with ghouls riding on their backs wielding cruel barbed weapons and screaming with laughter. You see demon soldiers, warped by the curse of Chaos, wearing rusted armour and chanting the name of Ulrakaah. You see giant insects and deformed Lizardmen, bat things and rat things and nameless creatures from your nightmares, half bird, half fish.

Behind them walks a creature so tall its great head,

wearing a horned helmet, almost touches the roof. This was once a woman, but she has grown huge and vile by feasting on the demonic energies of this realm. She crouches slightly, with a bent back, and is wielding two massive swords, one in each hand. Her face is the face of death, with rotting flesh, sharpened teeth and pitiless dead eyes. She sees you and laughs, the sound echoing inside your skull.

So this is Ulrakaah, Queen of Darkness, Mother of Demons, and you have released her back into the world. She raises her swords triumphantly, opens her mouth and shrieks...

'Ulrakaaaah!'

And suddenly the demonic army charges forward like a tide of filth and rolls over you. The last thing you see before you die is one of Ulrakaah's swords slashing down through the fetid air to hack at you.

Your adventure is over.

437

You are so close, but still so far. You will never find the Invisible City.

Your adventure is over.

438

You smash a bottle of smoke-oil on the cellar floor and release its contents. The weird yellow gas finds its way to Blossom and shoots straight up her nose. She squeals and clutches her throat, falling to the floor where she writhes about, coughing and choking, purple smoke billowing out of her mouth. Finally she goes into a back-breaking spasm, then becomes rigid as a plank of wood, before giving a shriek and flopping in a heap.

'What have you done to her?' shouts Fossick, who has been watching from the trapdoor. 'If she's harmed, I'll kill you!'

You go over to Blossom, fearing the worst, but see, with relief, that she's back to normal. Turn to **458**.

439

'The most important thing to remember about the Gates of Death is that you must never try to open them or you will allow Ulrakaah's demonic army back into this realm where they will be ten times stronger than in their own realm. I do not know how to pass safely through the gates to confront them on the other side. There is a book here, in the library, though, that will give you the information you seek, *The Book of Death*. I can, however, tell you what magic you will need to defeat Ulrakaah.'

To ask the Holy Man what magic you will need, turn to **402**. To ask about Ulrakaah, turn to **452**. To return to the tunnel, turn to **147**.

440

'There is a balance in everything,' says Castrabel. 'Between day and night, between left and right, between chaos and order. You cannot have one without the other. Throff tries to keep the balance in the universe, and there is a balance here. This temple is symmetrical. It has a light side and a dark side. The north side is a mirror image of the south side and the Temple of Throff is at the centre.'

To ask Castrabel where the High Priestess is, turn to **384**. To ask about the Gates of Death, turn to **423**. To return to the dormitory, turn to **295**.

441

You put the key into the lock and turn it. Instantly a searing heat burns up your arm, but the dragon's jaws part and the lock snaps open.

Inside you can see all of Fossick's treasure – but a powerful acid is dissolving it. You just have time to snatch out two items: a jewelled warhammer and a Harp of Healing. You have seen a harp like this before. (If you ever lose a fight, the harp will restore 8 *STAMINA* points to you, but only once.)

There is nothing else for you here, so you leave the woodman's cottage. Turn to **350**.

442

Your hand closes on the bottle of 'Nostalgia'. You pop the cork from its neck. A smell of pears wafts out and you feel your whole world spinning... Time seems to run backwards... You realize the potion will allow you to relive part of your adventure... Turn to **14**.

443

You go through the door and find yourself in a toilet, turned purple by the light from a demon portal in the floor. Someone has scratched a message into the wall: 'Sinna was here. He bathed his blade in magic potion.' To try to jump over the portal, turn to **342**. To return to the passageway, turn to **279**.

444

The Sniffer Dogs are straining at their chains. The poor man's arms are trembling. You have to deal with this quickly before he lets go.

To use a 'Thick as Thieves' potion, turn to **456**. To use a 'Pretty as a Picture' potion, turn to **467**. To use the 'Dragon's Breath' potion, turn to **85**. To use the 'Collywobbles' potion, turn to **65**. To use some 'Nostalgia' perfume, turn to **10**.

If you have none of these, you will have to fight the hounds, turn to **419**.

445

You take out the key you found in the prisoner's boot in the dungeons at Port Blacksand and slip it into the lock. It works. The box snaps open and inside you find 20 Gold Pieces, a silver compass and a jar of 'Pretty as a Picture' potion.

Add the items to your Equipment List and turn to **364**.

446

You sit there, picking flies out of your teeth and looking up at the high city walls of Salamonis. They must have stood here for hundreds of years and seen countless people come and go. They're built from massive blocks of ancient, weathered stone and look like they could hold back an army of giants.

You look down to where the road passes through them and are surprised to see nobody guarding the gates. To explore the area outside the walls, turn to **424**. To enter through the gates, turn to **200**.

447

Nothing grows up here and you can see nothing below but the endless dead expanse of the plain. There is certainly no sign of any city. You look for a way off the rock but can't find any safe way of getting down from the summit. If you have a bottle of 'Nostalgia' or a compass, then turn to **459**. Otherwise you are stuck here, turn to **437**.

448

You carry on down the road. If you have a trowel, turn to **98**. If not turn to **428**.

449

Only a born fool attacks a wizard as powerful as Nicodemus. Before you've even taken two steps towards him he curses you and casts a spell.

You turn into a goldfish and Nicodemus drops you into the Catfish River.

Your adventure is over.

450

You take out all your precious vials of smoke-oil and hand them over to Denka. She looks at them for a moment, and then smiles. Slowly her smile grows wider and wider until her face seems to be splitting open.

'Oh, Queen Ulrakaah will be so pleased,' she hisses, and her eyes begin to glow purple. 'You are a fool. To have come this far only to fail now!' She laughs and hurls all the vials to the floor. There is the sound of breaking glass and the room is filled with purple gas. You see the shape of Denka shifting inside the purple cloud.

'The effects of smoke-oil are reversed on demons that have taken on human form,' she purrs. 'Now, see me as I truly am!'

You watch as her ears become big and pointed and her teeth grow long and sharp. She rises towards the ceiling, her robes dropping away, and before your eyes she turns into a giant, hairless cat, standing up on its rear legs.

'Now you must die!' she howls, raising a paw armed with vicious claws the size of daggers.

And so you must fight DENKA MANSELL.

DENKA	*SKILL 8*	*STAMINA 8*

If you win, turn to **233**. If you lose, turn to **255**.

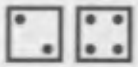

451

You know that these creatures will steal anything. Perhaps if you can find its lair there will be treasures in it. It moves slowly, its tentacles groping ahead of it towards the back of the barn where there's a gap at the bottom of the boards. It crawls out and there's just room for you to wriggle after it.

It's stopped raining and the moon is out, but there are puddles everywhere. You're wet and filthy from crawling but are so intent on following the Hay Thiever that you hardly notice. It goes over to a crumbling wall and enters a hole between two stones.

To stick your hand in the hole, turn to **278**. To give up and go back to the hayloft, turn to **401**.

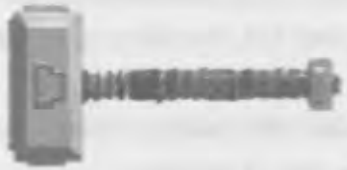

452

'Ulrakaah, Queen of Darkness, lives in the realm of death beyond the gates. She can only be defeated by using a combination of magic and one of her enchanted khopesh blades. I can supply you with most of the magic you need, the khopesh you will have to find yourself, if

you do not already carry one. I know there is one here somewhere in the temple, however.'

To ask the Holy Man what magic you will need, turn to **402**. To ask about the Gates of Death, turn to **439**. To go back out through the hole, turn to **147**.

453

You raise your khopesh and prepare to take on the Demon Horde. There are a huge number of them, and they are far more powerful than you, but you are pure of heart... and armed with a blade as sharp as a razor! The khopesh is an enchanted weapon that was made for Ulrakaah herself, and is enormously powerful against her underlings.

You raise the khopesh, pointing it towards the roof. It glows with a purple light and instantly the *SKILL* and *STAMINA* of the Demon Horde are reduced to a tenth of their power (simply remove the 0 from the end of the two attributes.)

Now you can do battle with them. If you win, turn to **105**. If you lose, turn to **60**.

454

You take the key out of your boot and desperately search for the keyhole in the door ... and that's when you remember that cell doors only have keyholes on the outside... And now you feel something tearing at the back of your tunic.

While you've been distracted, Brother Tobyn has attacked you, and you feel a trickle of blood crawling down your skin. (Lose 2 *STAMINA* points.) To call for help, turn to **433**. To try to fight the demon with your bare hands, turn to **53**.

455

You take a jar of 'Dragon's Breath' out of your pack and pull out the cork. A cloud of noxious green gas seeps out. The stink is awful. Your eyes are streaming and you want to be sick, but you force yourself to watch as the gas curls around the lock, then rises up to form a cloud over the chest. Slowly the cloud forms into letters spelling out a message...

'Magic has frozen the dragon's jaws,
Only magic words will make them thaw,
Without the spell then do not try,
Or the dragon's curse will make you fry.'

To try to open the chest regardless, turn to **417**. To leave the Dwarf's cottage, turn to **350**.

456

You pull the cork out of the jar labelled 'Thick as Thieves' and hideous blue smoke wafts out. You cover your mouth and nose and drop the bottle. The smoke seems to be alive. It seeks out the Sniffer Dogs and they can't help but breathe it in... If this is your first attempt at using a magic potion, turn to **45**. If this is your second attempt, turn to **27**. If this is your third attempt, turn to **419**.

457

You walk deeper into the cavern, trying not to think about how strange and unnatural this all is. You come to an archway of rock and walk through it into an even bigger cavern where you see the remains of an ancient building, perhaps a temple, half buried by rocks. You see ruined pillars and walkways, cloisters, buttresses, and, in the centre, a huge pit of purple fire.

The cavern looks deserted, but as you walk towards the fire pit you see movement. Demon soldiers have appeared on a high walkway. They jeer down at you and throw filth, and, as they do so, more demons appear, from holes in the walls and cracks in the ground, from tunnels and caves and ruined doorways. Their armour and weapons are rusty, their flesh decaying, many are missing limbs ... but there are hundreds of them. An army. And alongside them, emerging from the shadows, are other creatures, dead things, monstrous things, twisted things, hopping, crawling, flapping, squirming. You see giant insects and deformed Lizardmen, and nameless creatures from your nightmares, half bird, half fish. Several huge tusked beasts lumber in to block the way back to the gates. The ghouls riding on their backs are wielding cruel, barbed weapons and screaming with laughter.

Hearing the ghouls, all the monsters now start to laugh and chant, louder and louder... 'Ulrakaaah! Ulrakaaah! Ulrakaah!' Some turn their naked behinds towards you, other spit and curse, some just stare in silence, sharpening their blades.

And now, from the fiery pit in the middle of the cavern floor, something monstrously huge begins to rise up... You see two great twisted horns, and then a helmet, and then a face that you know you will never forget as long as you live ... which might not be that long at all. This was once a woman, but she now has the face of death. The teeth are yellow and pointed like the teeth of a cat. The flesh, which is peeling and rotten, is a corpse-like bluish grey. The eyes burn with a red fire of hatred.

And still the figure rises up ... and up, and up, and up until its head almost touches the roof. And now this awful thing tilts back its head and lets out a terrible shriek...

'Uuuuurrrrrrraaaaaaaawwwwwwwwwrrrrrrr...'

You realize it is calling out its own name. This is Ulrakaah, Queen of Darkness, Mother of Demons. She who was once a beautiful high priestess of Throff has grown huge and vile by feasting on the demonic energies of this realm.

'Who is this who has come into my realm uninvited?' she howls, staring at you. 'Like a slug from a midden heap? Well, we shall show this scrap of nothing, this fleck of dung, our hospitality, shan't we, my little children, my dear ones?'

She laughs at you, the sound echoing inside your skull, and raises two massive swords, one in each hand, while her horde caper and scream and howl all around her.

'I will give you the gift of death,' she says and now her army marches towards you. There are so many of them, with more pouring in from the caves and tunnels on every side. It is going to be a hard battle to win.

Make a note of the attributes for the DEMON HORDE:

DEMON HORDE *SKILL 400* *STAMINA 800*

If you ate some of the Holy Man's Seeds of Galana before passing through the gates, turn to **168**. If not, turn to **25.**

458

You have rid Blossom of the demon spirit. She sits up, blinking and confused.

'Well done!' shouts Fossick from the trapdoor. 'You've saved my beautiful Blossom. Come on up and I'll give you your reward.'

He lowers down a ladder, and you and Blossom climb out of the cellar. Fossick hugs you both and leads you over to his treasure chest.

'You can choose three things from in here,' he says and then waves his hands over a strange dragon-shaped lock while muttering a magic spell... 'Unctus fibaris nostratum...' The dragon's jaws widen and the lock clicks open.

Inside you see all of Fossick's treasure. Choose any three of the following items: a bag of 10 Gold Pieces, a jewelled warhammer, a Deathstone, a Horn of Plenty, a Harp of Healing, a Hero's Medallion.

Turn to **290.**

459

You use your magic item, delete it from your Equipment List, and travel back in time. Turn to **466**.

460

You are in a room with a long table down the middle of it. This must be the refectory where the temple workers eat. There are two doors here, one leading to the dormitory and one with images of cooking implements carved into it. There is also an opening in the east wall where someone – or something – has smashed a hole through the brickwork.

To investigate the hole in the wall, turn to **195**. To go back into the dormitory, turn to **295**. To go through the door with the images of cooking implements carved into it, turn to **273**.

461

You undress, slip into the warm, soothing water and feel instantly revived. This is no ordinary bath. (Restore your *STAMINA* score to its Initial level and add 1 to your *SKILL* score.) Afterwards, you quickly dress and return to the passageway. Turn to **279**.

462

You stare at the compass, the pointer spinning round and round and round ... and all around you grows dark, until all there is in the universe is that hand spinning for ever ... and then that too dims.

Your adventure is over.

463

You climb up on to the Lamassu's back and take hold of the thick black hair growing at the base of its neck. It runs along, faster and faster, then unfolds its wings, beats them, once, twice, three times, gives a great kick and rises into the air. A few more beats pull it up into the sky. You feel its powerful muscles working beneath you.

Up and up it goes until you can see all of the countryside between Silverton and Salamonis spread out like a map. Soon you are flying over Salamonis itself. From up here everything looks calm and peaceful. The Lamassu follows the road and it's not long before you see the Moonstone Hills to the east. The hills form a barrier between western and eastern Allansia and from way up here they don't look very big at all. Snaking through the centre of the hills is Trolltooth Pass: the only way into northwest Allansia from the Flatlands and beyond.

The Lamassu's strong wings flap and thrum the air as on you fly. Day fades into night and you fall asleep, holding tight to the Lamassu's hair, safe in the knowledge that it won't drop you. When you awake, the sun is sending its first fiery rays over the horizon and you are flying high above the Flatlands, an endless, featureless expanse of grassy steppes. You press southwards and, when the sun is high in the sky, grass gives way to rocky scrubland. You

are on the fringes of the Plain of Bronze. It looks dead and desolate, a windswept patchwork of sand and ash and lumps of bronze that reflect the sunlight back in flashes.

'They say that there was once a great battle here,' says the Lamassu, 'during the War of the Wizards. And there was a terrible fire, like a fallen sun, that burnt to dust what had been a rich and fertile plain. The stories tell that the Invisible City is somewhere in the middle, near where there are three pillars known as the Three Tiger Mountains, though each is only really a tall column of rock. One is named Mount Rogaar, after the lion god. One is named Mount Magir, after the tiger god, and the third is named after their sister, Meerar, goddess of cats. They say that you can see the Invisible City from the top of one of the three peaks, if you know how to look. I could set you down there, but I have no idea what you will see. And we must be quick, for there is danger all around.'

As the Lamassu says this, you see that what you at first took for a dark cloud in the distance is moving fast towards you, and as it gets nearer you see that it is actually a flock of birds. But they're no ordinary birds. They have been cursed by the demon plague and are so mutated and malformed you wonder how they can still fly. Some have massive, clacking beaks, others have huge dragon-like claws, some have steel-tipped feathers.

You can see no signs of any city, but below you, you can now see three tall columns of rock standing alone, each one a different colour. One is reddish brown, one is sandy-coloured and one is ash grey. The top of each rock is only about twenty paces wide.

To land on the red rock, turn to **266**. To land on the sandy one, turn to **280**. To land on the grey one, turn to **297**. To return to Salamonis and seek more information in the city, turn to **354**.

464

You inspect the adventurer's box. If you have the Icefinger Key, turn to **445**. If you want to try any other key you have, turn to **418**. If you want to force the lock, choose a weapon and turn to **425**.

465

You walk down the street, which comes to a dead end. There's a shop here, though, with a sign saying: Magic Artefacts. You can see coloured lights glinting inside, red and blue and purple. There are some broken jars of potion near the doorway, and when you look closer you see that one of them isn't broken after all. It's a jar of 'Pretty as a Picture'. (Add the potion to your Equipment List.)

To go into the shop to look for more potions, turn to **412**. To go back the way you came, turn to **395**.

466

If you have any of the following items listed on your Adventure Sheet, cross them off now:

Silver Star Ring, Silver Compass, Flask of Firewater, Silver Trowel, Silver Swift Boots, Sun Hat, Walking Staff, Locked Box, Blue Frog, Bier Goggles, Map, Bronze Star, Bronze Swift Boots, Staff, Canteen, Bronze Compass.

(Your Provisions, Gold Pieces, any potions and vials of smoke-oil are unaffected by the strange magic.)

Restore your *SKILL*, *STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores to their Initial values and turn to **200**.

467

You pull the cork out of the bottle labelled 'Pretty as a Picture' and a cloud of turquoise gas that smells of lavender escapes. The hounds cough and choke. They are weakened but still alive. If this is your first attempt at using a magic potion, turn to **45**. If this is your second attempt, turn to **27**. If this is your third attempt, turn to **419**.

468

You raise the axe and swing with all your might, but as it strikes the lock the treasure chest bursts into flames, and you watch helplessly as it turns to dust and ashes.

The treasure is destroyed. You can do nothing but carry on with your adventure. Turn to **350**.

469

Denka has defeated you. Your adventure is over.

470

You emerge on the other side of the Gates to find your own body lying lifeless on the floor. Quickly you return to it and the next moment you are alive again.

You stand up, wobbly and weak and gasping for breath. You hear a voice thanking you and turn to see Alesstis, holding out her hands towards you. With her are the Fish with a Thousand Voices, Castrabel, the young acolyte, and the Wooden Scribe. They hug you and thank you and press gifts on you – magic potions and gold and enchanted weapons.

'You have saved us and you have saved all Titan,' says the High Priestess. 'You are no longer a mere acolyte. You are now a fully-fledged sorcerer. Together we can make more smoke-oil, enough to cure all the demons that remain in Allansia, and after that I am sure you will do many more extraordinary things and go on many amazing journeys and save many people, and your name will go down in history. Good luck on your adventures and may your stamina never fail.'

HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF THE GATES OF DEATH

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses.

To see how effective your preparations have been you must use the dice to determine your *SKILL, STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores. On pages 340-341 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your *SKILL, STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores. Write on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil so you can erase previous scores when you start again. Or make photocopies of the blank *Adventure Sheet.*

SKILL, STAMINA AND LUCK

To determine your *Initial SKILL, STAMINA* and *LUCK* scores:

- Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *SKILL* box on the *Adventure Sheet.*
- Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter

this total in the *STAMINA* box.

- Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the *LUCK* box.

SKILL reflects your swordsmanship and fighting expertise; the higher the better. *STAMINA* represents your strength; the higher your *STAMINA*, the longer you will survive. *LUCK* represents how lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy world you are about to explore.

SKILL, STAMINA and *LUCK* scores change constantly during an adventure, so keep an eraser handy. You must keep an accurate record of these scores. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may receive additional *SKILL, STAMINA* and *LUCK* points, these totals may never exceed your Initial scores, except on very rare occasions, when instructed on a particular page.

BATTLES

When you are told to fight a creature, you must resolve the battle as described below. First record the creature's *SKILL* and *STAMINA* scores (as given on the page) in an empty *Monster Encounter Box* on your *Adventure Sheet*. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice for the creature. Add its *SKILL* score.

This total is **its** *Attack Strength*.

2. Roll the two dice for yourself. Add your current *SKILL*. This total is **your** *Attack Strength*.
3. Whose *Attack Strength* is higher? If your *Attack Strength* is higher, you have wounded the creature. If the creature's *Attack Strength* is higher, it has wounded you. (If both are the same, you have both missed – start the next *Attack Round* from step 1 above.)
4. If you wounded the creature, subtract 2 points from its *STAMINA* score. You may use *LUCK* here to do additional damage (see 'Using Luck in Battles' below).
5. If the creature wounded you, subtract 2 points from **your** *STAMINA* score. You may use *LUCK* to minimize the damage (see below).
6. Make the appropriate changes to either the creature's or your own *STAMINA* score (and your *LUCK* score if you used *LUCK)* and begin the next *Attack Round* (repeat steps 1–6).

This continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

LUCK

Sometimes you will be told to *Test your Luck*. As you will discover, using *LUCK* is a risky business. The way you *Test your Luck* is as follows:

Roll two dice. If the number rolled is *equal to* or *less than* your current *LUCK* score, you have been *lucky*. If the number rolled is *higher* than your current *LUCK* score, you have been *unlucky*. The consequences of being *lucky* or *unlucky* will be found on the page.

Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current *LUCK* score. So the more you rely on luck, the more risky this becomes.

Using Luck in Battles

In battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to score a more serious wound on a creature, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just scored on you.

If you have just wounded the creature: you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *lucky*, subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's *STAMINA* score (i.e. 4 instead of 2 normally). But if you are *unlucky*, you must restore 1 point to the creature's *STAMINA* (so instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you: you can *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *lucky*, restore

1 point of your *STAMINA* (ie. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are *unlucky*, subtract 1 *extra STAMINA* point.

Don't forget to subtract 1 point from your *LUCK* score each time you *Test your Luck*.

RESTORING SKILL, STAMINA AND LUCK

Skill

Occasionally, a page may give instructions to alter your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its Initial value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your *STAMINA* score will change a lot during the adventure. As you near your goal, your *STAMINA* level may become dangerously low and battle may be particularly risky, so be careful!

You do not start the game with any Provisions but you may acquire some during the course of your adventure.

If you do, keep track of how many meals you have left by using the Provisions box on the Adventure Sheet. You may eat only one meal at a time. When you eat a meal, add 4 to your *STAMINA* score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions.

You may also restore *STAMINA* points by treating your wounds using the contents of jars of healing ointment. If you have been wounded in battle, and you have some healing ointment, you may use one jar to restore up to 4 *STAMINA* points. You may use only one jar of healing ointment at a time, which must then be discarded.

Don't forget that your *STAMINA* score may never exceed its Initial value unless specifically instructed in the text.

Luck

You will find additions to your *LUCK* score awarded when you have been particularly lucky. Remember that, as with *SKILL* and *STAMINA*, your *LUCK* score may never exceed its Initial value unless specifically instructed on a page.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You start your adventure without a weapon of any kind, the hardy travelling clothes of an acolyte of the Crucible Isles, and a backpack, in which you can store items you find as your adventure progresses.

During the course of your quest you may well acquire various potions. These should be recorded in the Potions box on your Adventure Sheet.

You may well also find various weapons that you can use. If you find a weapon, write it down in the Weapons box on your Adventure Sheet. Until you acquire a weapon, you must fight unarmed. When you are fighting unarmed, in combat you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points and if you injure an enemy you will only cause them 1 point of *STAMINA* damage.

WEAPONS

There are a number of different weapons that you may come across during your adventure and their different qualities are listed below.

NO WEAPON: If you have to fight unarmed you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 points and

any successful hits will only cause your opponent 1 *STAMINA* point of damage.

RUSTY BREADKNIFE: The rusty blade of the breadknife will cause 1 *STAMINA* point of damage on a successful strike.

FIRE IRON: This improvised weapon will cause an enemy 2 *STAMINA* points of damage but wielding it in battle reduces your Attack Strength by 1 point.

PITCHFORK: When used in combat the pitchfork causes 2 *STAMINA* points of damage at a successful hit. However, it was designed for farming, not for battle, and so you must reduce your Attack Strength in battle by 1 point for as long as you are using it.

CUDGEL: A hit from the cudgel causes 2 *STAMINA* points of damage, unless you roll a double whilst calculating your Attack Strength, in which case it will only cause 1 *STAMINA* point of damage.

CLEAVER: This chopping blade will cause 2 *STAMINA* points of damage when used as a weapon.

HARPOON: The harpoon causes 2 *STAMINA* points of damage at a successful strike.

SNEAKY SWORD: This weapon, favoured by thieves, causes 2 *STAMINA* points of damage.

ASSASSIN'S STILETTO: This slim dagger, favoured by hired killers, causes 2 *STAMINA* points of damage. However, the blade is poisoned, so for the first two battles you fight using it, once you have wounded your opponent they will lose 1 *STAMINA* point every Attack Round, regardless of whether you actually strike them or not. After two battles there will not be any more poison left on the blade.

WOODMAN'S AXE: A successful hit with the axe will cause 2 *STAMINA* points of damage. However, if you roll a double whilst calculating your Attack Strength, and you win the Attack Round, its heavy blade will cause 3 *STAMINA* points of damage instead.

TEMPLE GUARD'S AXE: This blessed weapon will cause 2 *STAMINA* points of damage at a successful strike, unless you roll a double whilst calculating your Attack Strength, in which case it will cause 3 *STAMINA* points of damage. As long as you are wielding this weapon in battle you may add 1 point to your Attack Strength.

JEWELLED WARHAMMER: This magical weapon causes 2 *STAMINA* points of damage unless it is used

against Demons, in which case it will cause 3 *STAMINA* points of damage. It is also particularly effective against creatures made of stone or crystal. If you make a successful strike against such a creature it will suffer 4 points of *STAMINA* damage!

KHOPESH: The khopesh adds 1 point to your Attack Strength in battle and causes 2 *STAMINA* points of damage at a successful strike. However, when you are fighting Demons it adds 2 points to your Attack Strength and will cause 3 *STAMINA* points of damage.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL

STAMINA

LUCK

EQUIPMENT

GOLD

POTIONS

WEAPONS

PROVISIONS

MONSTER ENCOUNTERS

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ADVENTURE SHEET

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STAMINA

LUCK

EQUIPMENT

GOLD

POTIONS

WEAPONS

PROVISIONS

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YOU ARE THE HERO

DEATHTRAP DUNGEON

IAN LIVINGSTONE

YOU, the hero, must enter the trap-filled and monster-infested labyrinth of Fang, where YOU must take part in evil Baron Sukumvit's Trial of Champions. Competing against five other adventurers, YOU must discover the key to escaping and winning the Trial.

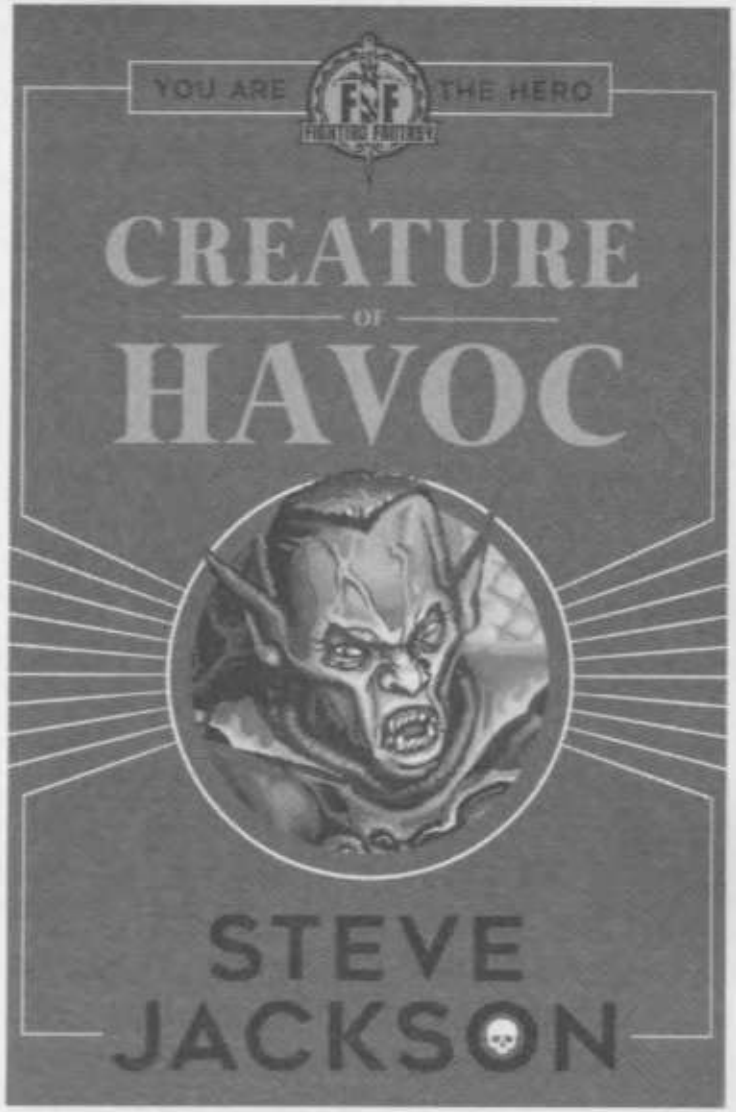

YOU, the hero, must find a way of defeating the feared necromancer Zharradan Marr. Access the Galleykeep, Marr's flying vessel, to destroy his portal and his means of entering Allansia — or perish in the attempt!

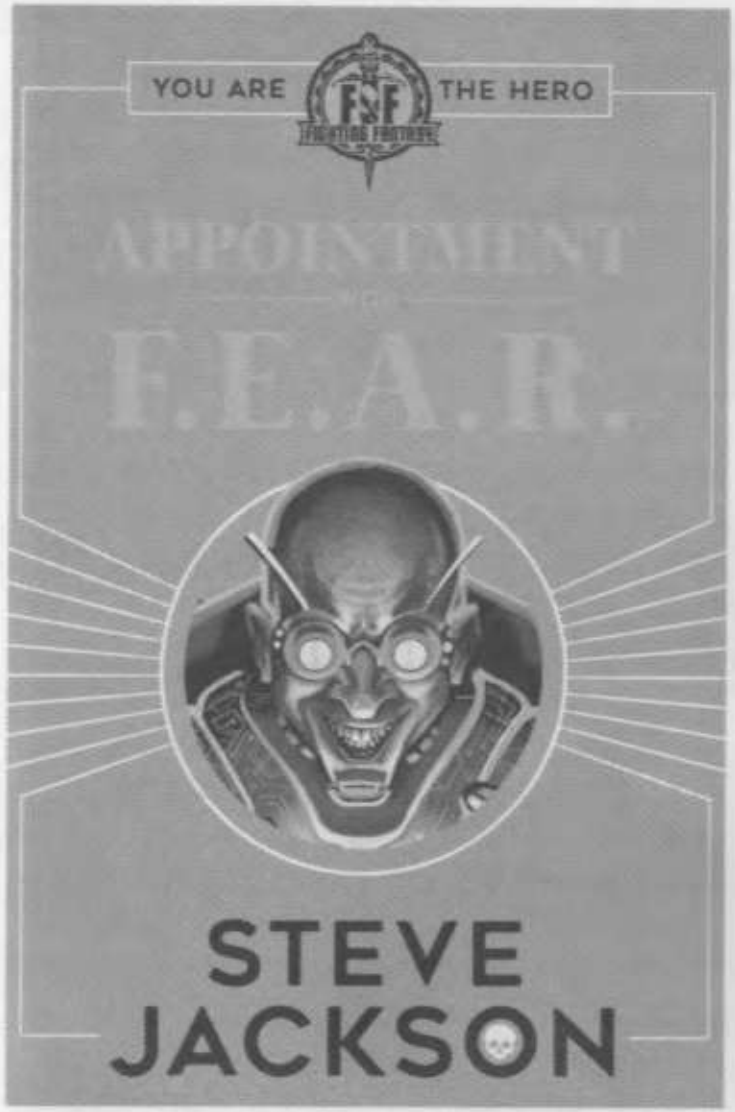

YOU are the Silver Crusader. YOU use your superpowers to discover the location of a top-secret F.E.A.R. meeting, capture the Titanium Cyborg and his gang, and bring them to justice and save Titan City. Can YOU complete this difficult quest?

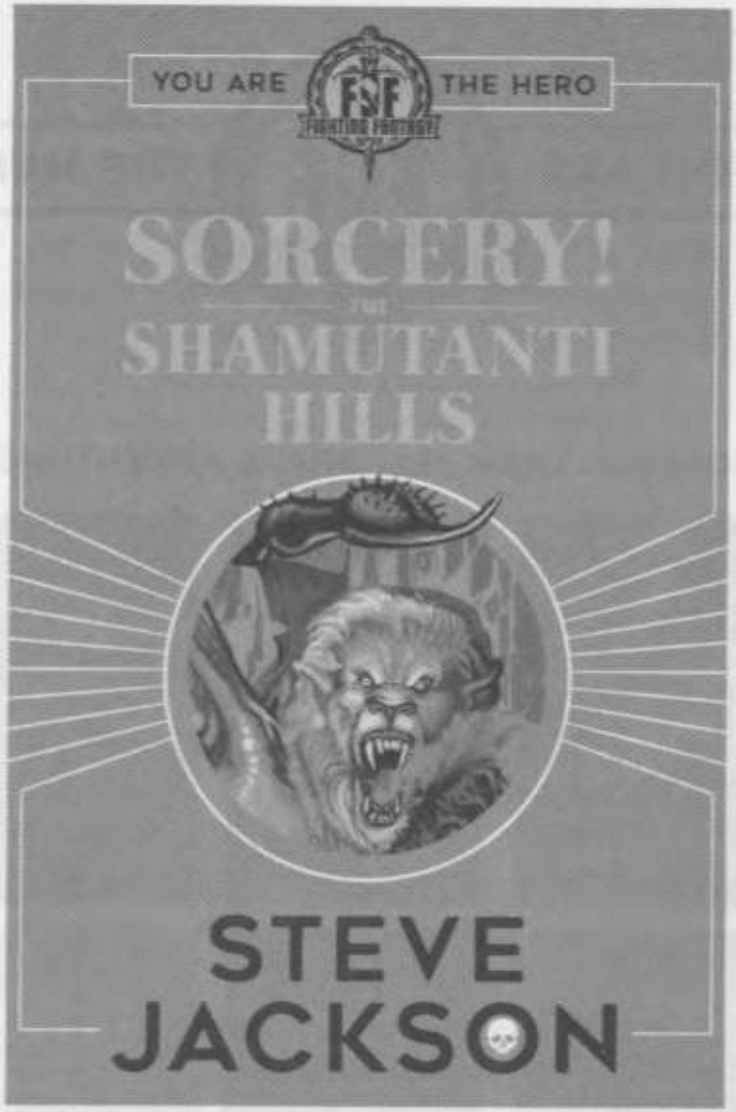

YOU, the hero, must search for the legendary Crown of Kings, and journey the Shamutanti Hills. Alive with evil creatures, lawless wanderers and bloodthirsty monsters, the land is riddled with tricks and traps waiting for YOU. Will YOU be able to cross the hills safely?

YOU ARE THE HERO

FIGHTING FANTASY

COLLECT THEM ALL, BRAVE ADVENTURER!

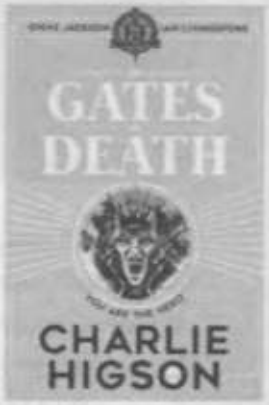

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

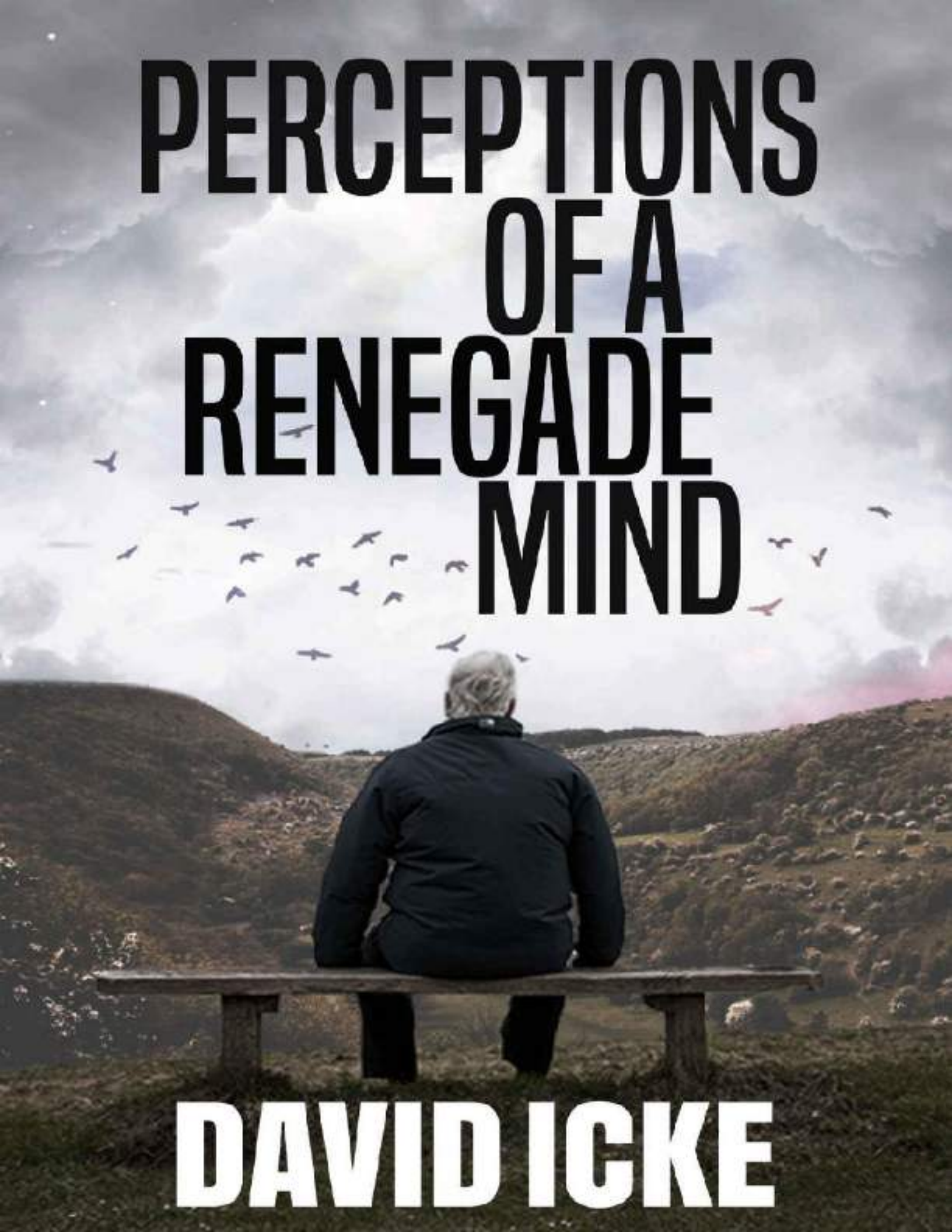

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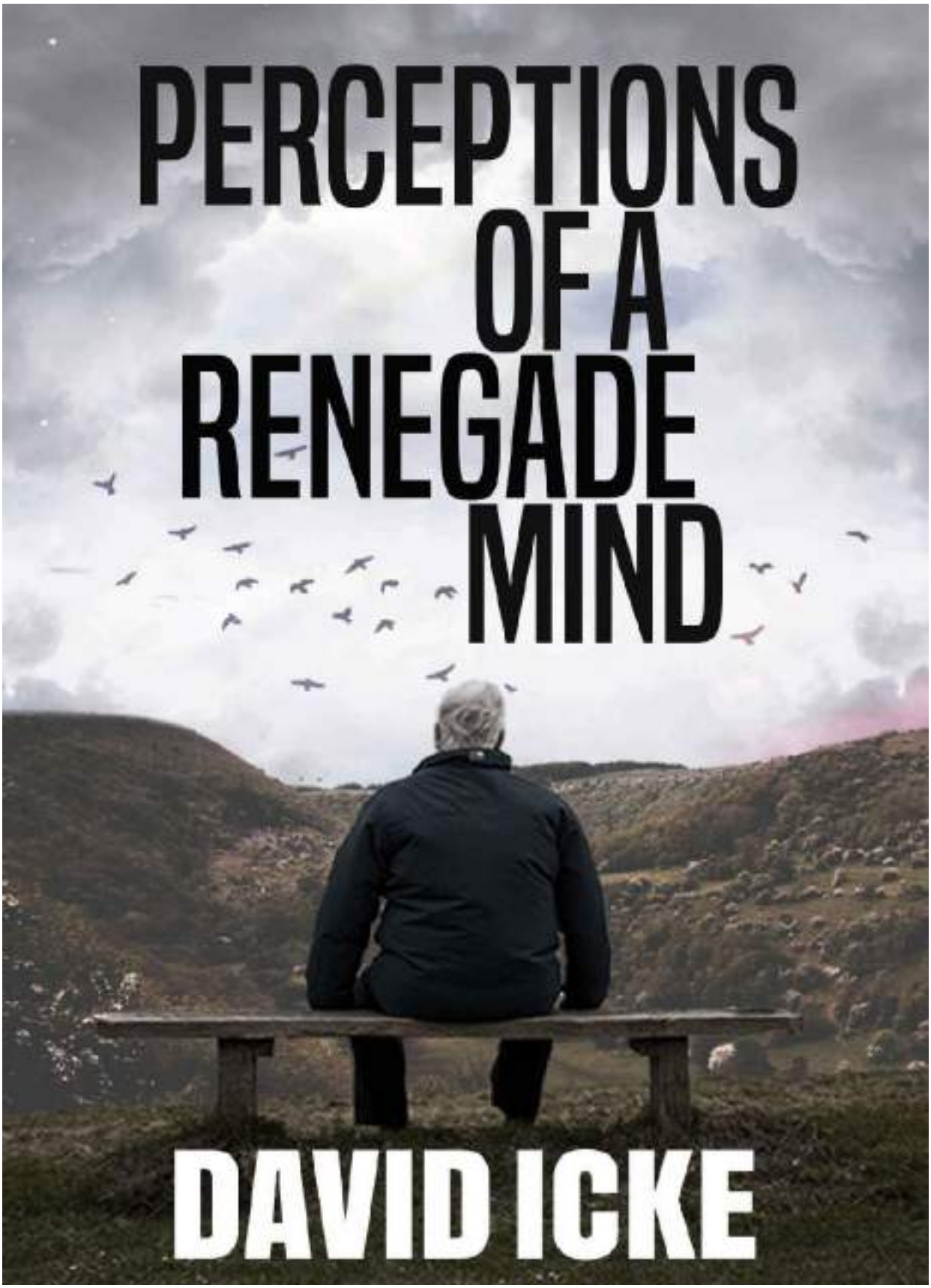
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ickonic
publishing

First published in July 2021.

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Cover Design: Gareth Icke
Book Design: Neil Hague

British Library Cataloguing-in Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

eISBN 978-18384153-1-0

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

DAVID ICKE

Dedication:

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Renegade:
Adjective
'Having rejected tradition: Unconventional.'
Merriam-Webster Dictionary

Acquiescence to tyranny is the death of the spirit

You may be 38 years old, as I happen to be. And one day, some great opportunity stands before you and calls you to stand up for some great principle, some great issue, some great cause. And you refuse to do it because you are afraid … You refuse to do it because you want to live longer … You're afraid that you will lose your job, or you are afraid that you will be criticised or that you will lose your popularity, or you're afraid that somebody will stab you, or shoot at you or bomb your house; so you refuse to take the stand.

Well, you may go on and live until you are 90, but you're just as dead at 38 as you would be at 90. And the cessation of breathing in your life is but the belated announcement of an earlier death of the spirit.

Martin Luther King

How the few control the many and always have – the many do whatever they're told

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

The mist is lifting slowly
I can see the way ahead
And I've left behind the empty streets
That once inspired my life
And the strength of the emotion
Is like thunder in the air
'Cos the promise that we made each other
Haunts me to the end

The secret of your beauty
And the mystery of your soul
I've been searching for in everyone I meet
And the times I've been mistaken
It's impossible to say
And the grass is growing
Underneath our feet

The words that I remember
From my childhood still are true
That there's none so blind
As those who will not see
And to those who lack the courage
And say it's dangerous to try
Well they just don't know
That love eternal will not be denied

I know you're out there somewhere
Somewhere, somewhere
I know you're out there somewhere

Somewhere you can hear my voice
I know I'll find you somehow
Somehow, somehow
I know I'll find you somehow
And somehow I'll return again to you

The Moody Blues

Are you a gutless wonder - or a Renegade Mind?

Monuments put from pen to paper,
Turns me into a gutless wonder,
And if you tolerate this,
Then your children will be next.
Gravity keeps my head down,
Or is it maybe shame ...

Manic Street Preachers

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number.
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep have fallen on you.
Ye are many – they are few.

Percy Shelley

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CHAPTER ONE

I'm thinking' – Oh, but *are* you?

Think for yourself and let others enjoy the privilege of doing so too
Voltaire

French-born philosopher, mathematician and scientist René Descartes became famous for his statement in Latin in the 17th century which translates into English as: 'I think, therefore I am.'

On the face of it that is true. Thought reflects perception and perception leads to both behaviour and self-identity. In that sense 'we' are what we think. But who or what is doing the thinking and is thinking the only route to perception? Clearly, as we shall see, 'we' are not always the source of 'our' perception, indeed with regard to humanity as a whole this is rarely the case; and thinking is far from the only means of perception. Thought is the village idiot compared with other expressions of consciousness that we all have the potential to access and tap into. This has to be true when we *are* those other expressions of consciousness which are infinite in nature. We have forgotten this, or, more to the point, been manipulated to forget.

These are not just the esoteric musings of the navel. The whole foundation of human control and oppression is control of perception. Once perception is hijacked then so is behaviour which is dictated by perception. Collective perception becomes collective behaviour and collective behaviour is what we call human society. Perception is all and those behind human control know that which is

why perception is the target 24/7 of the psychopathic manipulators that I call the Global Cult. They know that if they dictate perception they will dictate behaviour and collectively dictate the nature of human society. They are further aware that perception is formed from information received and if they control the circulation of information they will to a vast extent direct human behaviour. Censorship of information and opinion has become globally Nazi-like in recent years and never more blatantly than since the illusory 'virus pandemic' was triggered out of China in 2019 and across the world in 2020. Why have billions submitted to house arrest and accepted fascistic societies in a way they would have never believed possible? Those controlling the information spewing from government, mainstream media and Silicon Valley (all controlled by the same Global Cult networks) told them they were in danger from a 'deadly virus' and only by submitting to house arrest and conceding their most basic of freedoms could they and their families be protected. This monumental and provable lie became the *perception* of the billions and therefore the *behaviour* of the billions. In those few words you have the whole structure and modus operandi of human control. Fear is a perception – **F**alse **E**motion **A**ppearing **R**eal – and fear is the currency of control. In short … get them by the balls (or give them the impression that you have) and their hearts and minds will follow. Nothing grips the dangly bits and freezes the rear-end more comprehensively than fear.

World number 1

There are two 'worlds' in what appears to be one 'world' and the prime difference between them is knowledge. First we have the mass of human society in which the population is maintained in coldly-calculated ignorance through control of information and the 'education' (indoctrination) system. That's all you really need to control to enslave billions in a perceptual delusion in which what are perceived to be *their* thoughts and opinions are ever-repeated mantras that the system has been downloading all their lives through 'education', media, science, medicine, politics and academia

in which the personnel and advocates are themselves overwhelmingly the perceptual products of the same repetition. Teachers and academics in general are processed by the same programming machine as everyone else, but unlike the great majority they never leave the 'education' program. It gripped them as students and continues to grip them as programmers of subsequent generations of students. The programmed become the programmers – the programmed programmers. The same can largely be said for scientists, doctors and politicians and not least because as the American writer Upton Sinclair said: 'It is difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it.' If your career and income depend on thinking the way the system demands then you will – bar a few free-minded exceptions – concede your mind to the Perceptual Mainframe that I call the Postage Stamp Consensus. This is a tiny band of perceived knowledge and possibility 'taught' (downloaded) in the schools and universities, pounded out by the mainstream media and on which all government policy is founded. Try thinking, and especially speaking and acting, outside of the 'box' of consensus and see what that does for your career in the Mainstream Everything which bullies, harasses, intimidates and ridicules the population into compliance. Here we have the simple structure which enslaves most of humanity in a perceptual prison cell for an entire lifetime and I'll go deeper into this process shortly. Most of what humanity is taught as fact is nothing more than programmed belief. American science fiction author Frank Herbert was right when he said: 'Belief can be manipulated. Only knowledge is dangerous.' In the 'Covid' age belief is promoted and knowledge is censored. It was always so, but never to the extreme of today.

World number 2

A 'number 2' is slang for 'doing a poo' and how appropriate that is when this other 'world' is doing just that on humanity every minute of every day. World number 2 is a global network of secret societies and semi-secret groups dictating the direction of society via

governments, corporations and authorities of every kind. I have spent more than 30 years uncovering and exposing this network that I call the Global Cult and knowing its agenda is what has made my books so accurate in predicting current and past events. Secret societies are secret for a reason. They want to keep their hoarded knowledge to themselves and their chosen initiates and to hide it from the population which they seek through ignorance to control and subdue. The whole foundation of the division between World 1 and World 2 is *knowledge*. What number 1 knows number 2 must not. Knowledge they have worked so hard to keep secret includes (a) the agenda to enslave humanity in a centrally-controlled global dictatorship, and (b) the nature of reality and life itself. The latter (b) must be suppressed to allow the former (a) to prevail as I shall be explaining. The way the Cult manipulates and interacts with the population can be likened to a spider's web. The 'spider' sits at the centre in the shadows and imposes its will through the web with each strand represented in World number 2 by a secret society, satanic or semi-secret group, and in World number 1 – the world of the seen – by governments, agencies of government, law enforcement, corporations, the banking system, media conglomerates and Silicon Valley (Fig 1 overleaf). The spider and the web connect and coordinate all these organisations to pursue the same global outcome while the population sees them as individual entities working randomly and independently. At the level of the web governments *are* the banking system *are* the corporations *are* the media *are* Silicon Valley *are* the World Health Organization working from their inner cores as one unit. Apparently unconnected countries, corporations, institutions, organisations and people are on the *same team* pursuing the same global outcome. Strands in the web immediately around the spider are the most secretive and exclusive secret societies and their membership is emphatically restricted to the Cult inner-circle emerging through the generations from particular bloodlines for reasons I will come to. At the core of the core you would get them in a single room. That's how many people are dictating the direction of human society and its transformation

through the 'Covid' hoax and other means. As the web expands out from the spider we meet the secret societies that many people will be aware of – the Freemasons, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, the inner sanctum of the Jesuit Order, and such like. Note how many are connected to the Church of Rome and there is a reason for that. The Roman Church was established as a revamp, a rebranding, of the relocated 'Church' of Babylon and the Cult imposing global tyranny today can be tracked back to Babylon and Sumer in what is now Iraq.

Figure 1: The global web through which the few control the many. (Image Neil Hague.)

Inner levels of the web operate in the unseen away from the public eye and then we have what I call the cusp organisations located at the point where the hidden meets the seen. They include a series of satellite organisations answering to a secret society founded in London in the late 19th century called the Round Table and among them are the Royal Institute of International Affairs (UK, founded in 1920); Council on Foreign Relations (US, 1921); Bilderberg Group (worldwide, 1954); Trilateral Commission (US/worldwide, 1972); and the Club of Rome (worldwide, 1968) which was created to exploit environmental concerns to justify the centralisation of global power to 'save the planet'. The Club of Rome instigated with others the human-caused climate change hoax which has led to all the 'green

new deals' demanding that very centralisation of control. Cusp organisations, which include endless 'think tanks' all over the world, are designed to coordinate a single global policy between political and business leaders, intelligence personnel, media organisations and anyone who can influence the direction of policy in their own sphere of operation. Major players and regular attenders will know what is happening – or some of it – while others come and go and are kept overwhelmingly in the dark about the big picture. I refer to these cusp groupings as semi-secret in that they can be publicly identified, but what goes on at the inner-core is kept very much 'in house' even from most of their members and participants through a fiercely-imposed system of compartmentalisation. Only let them know what they need to know to serve your interests and no more. The structure of secret societies serves as a perfect example of this principle. Most Freemasons never get higher than the bottom three levels of 'degree' (degree of knowledge) when there are 33 official degrees of the Scottish Rite. Initiates only qualify for the next higher 'compartment' or degree if those at that level choose to allow them. Knowledge can be carefully assigned only to those considered 'safe'. I went to my local Freemason's lodge a few years ago when they were having an 'open day' to show how cuddly they were and when I chatted to some of them I was astonished at how little the rank and file knew even about the most ubiquitous symbols they use. The mushroom technique – keep them in the dark and feed them bullshit – applies to most people in the web as well as the population as a whole. Sub-divisions of the web mirror in theme and structure transnational corporations which have a headquarters somewhere in the world dictating to all their subsidiaries in different countries. Subsidiaries operate in their methodology and branding to the same centrally-dictated plan and policy in pursuit of particular ends. The Cult web functions in the same way. Each country has its own web as a subsidiary of the global one. They consist of networks of secret societies, semi-secret groups and bloodline families and their job is to impose the will of the spider and the global web in their particular country. Subsidiary networks control and manipulate the national political system, finance, corporations, media, medicine, etc. to

ensure that they follow the globally-dictated Cult agenda. These networks were the means through which the 'Covid' hoax could be played out with almost every country responding in the same way.

The 'Yessir' pyramid

Compartmentalisation is the key to understanding how a tiny few can dictate the lives of billions when combined with a top-down sequence of imposition and acquiescence. The inner core of the Cult sits at the peak of the pyramidal hierarchy of human society (Fig 2 overleaf). It imposes its will – its agenda for the world – on the level immediately below which acquiesces to that imposition. This level then imposes the Cult will on the level below them which acquiesces and imposes on the next level. Very quickly we meet levels in the hierarchy that have no idea there even is a Cult, but the sequence of imposition and acquiescence continues down the pyramid in just the same way. 'I don't know why we are doing this but the order came from "on-high" and so we better just do it.' Alfred Lord Tennyson said of the cannon fodder levels in his poem *The Charge of the Light Brigade*: 'Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die.' The next line says that 'into the valley of death rode the six hundred' and they died because they obeyed without question what their perceived 'superiors' told them to do. In the same way the population capitulated to 'Covid'. The whole hierarchical pyramid functions like this to allow the very few to direct the enormous many. Eventually imposition-acquiescence-imposition-acquiescence comes down to the mass of the population at the foot of the pyramid. If they acquiesce to those levels of the hierarchy imposing on them (governments/law enforcement/doctors/media) a circuit is completed between the population and the handful of super-psychopaths in the Cult inner core at the top of the pyramid. Without a circuit-breaking refusal to obey, the sequence of imposition and acquiescence allows a staggeringly few people to impose their will upon the entirety of humankind. We are looking at the very sequence that has subjugated billions since the start of 2020. Our freedom has not been taken from us. Humanity has given it

away. Fascists do not impose fascism because there are not enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. Put another way allowing their perceptions to be programmed to the extent that leads to the population giving their freedom away by giving their perceptions – their mind – away. If this circuit is not broken by humanity ceasing to cooperate with their own enslavement then nothing can change. For that to happen people have to critically think and see through the lies and window dressing and then summon the backbone to act upon what they see. The Cult spends its days working to stop either happening and its methodology is systematic and highly detailed, but it can be overcome and that is what this book is all about.

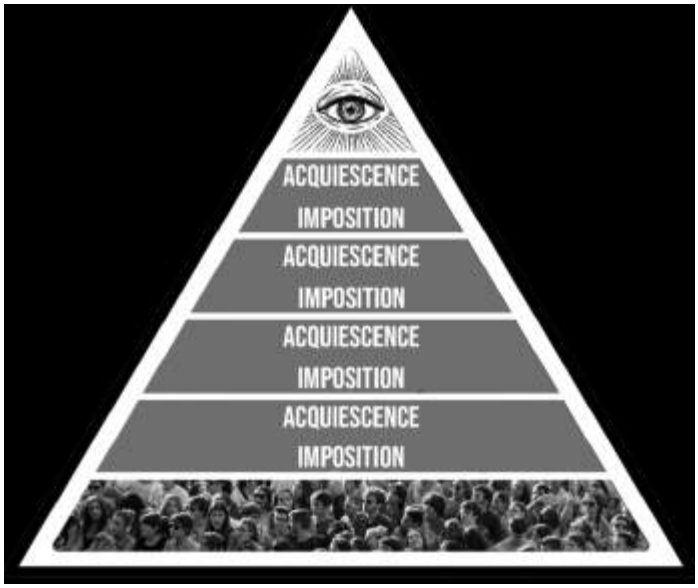

Figure 2: The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

The Life Program

Okay, back to world number 1 or the world of the 'masses'. Observe the process of what we call 'life' and it is a perceptual download from cradle to grave. The Cult has created a global structure in which perception can be programmed and the program continually topped-up with what appears to be constant confirmation that the program is indeed true reality. The important word here is 'appears'.

This is the structure, the fly-trap, the Postage Stamp Consensus or Perceptual Mainframe, which represents that incredibly narrow band of perceived possibility delivered by the 'education' system, mainstream media, science and medicine. From the earliest age the download begins with parents who have themselves succumbed to the very programming their children are about to go through. Most parents don't do this out of malevolence and mostly it is quite the opposite. They do what they believe is best for their children and that is what the program has told them is best. Within three or four years comes the major transition from parental programming to full-blown state (Cult) programming in school, college and university where perceptually-programmed teachers and academics pass on their programming to the next generations. Teachers who resist are soon marginalised and their careers ended while children who resist are called a problem child for whom Ritalin may need to be prescribed. A few years after entering the 'world' children are under the control of authority figures representing the state telling them when they have to be there, when they can leave and when they can speak, eat, even go to the toilet. This is calculated preparation for a lifetime of obeying authority in all its forms. Reflex-action fear of authority is instilled by authority from the start. Children soon learn the carrot and stick consequences of obeying or defying authority which is underpinned daily for the rest of their life. Fortunately I daydreamed through this crap and never obeyed authority simply because it told me to. This approach to my alleged 'betters' continues to this day. There can be consequences of pursuing open-minded freedom in a world of closed-minded conformity. I spent a lot of time in school corridors after being ejected from the classroom for not taking some of it seriously and now I spend a lot of time being ejected from Facebook, YouTube and Twitter. But I can tell you that being true to yourself and not compromising your self-respect is far more exhilarating than bowing to authority for authority's sake. You don't have to be a sheep to the shepherd (authority) and the sheep dog (fear of not obeying authority).

The perceptual download continues throughout the formative years in school, college and university while script-reading 'teachers', 'academics' 'scientists', 'doctors' and 'journalists' insist that ongoing generations must be as programmed as they are. Accept the program or you will not pass your 'exams' which confirm your 'degree' of programming. It is tragic to think that many parents pressure their offspring to work hard at school to download the program and qualify for the next stage at college and university. The late, great, American comedian George Carlin said: 'Here's a bumper sticker I'd like to see: We are proud parents of a child who has resisted his teachers' attempts to break his spirit and bend him to the will of his corporate masters.' Well, the best of luck finding many of those, George. Then comes the moment to leave the formal programming years in academia and enter the 'adult' world of work. There you meet others in your chosen or prescribed arena who went through the same Postage Stamp Consensus program before you did. There is therefore overwhelming agreement between almost everyone on the basic foundations of Postage Stamp reality and the rejection, even contempt, of the few who have a mind of their own and are prepared to use it. This has two major effects. Firstly, the consensus confirms to the programmed that their download is really how things are. I mean, everyone knows that, right? Secondly, the arrogance and ignorance of Postage Stamp adherents ensure that anyone questioning the program will have unpleasant consequences for seeking their own truth and not picking their perceptions from the shelf marked: 'Things you must believe without question and if you don't you're a dangerous lunatic conspiracy theorist and a harebrained nutter'.

Every government, agency and corporation is founded on the same Postage Stamp prison cell and you can see why so many people believe the same thing while calling it their own 'opinion'. Fusion of governments and corporations in pursuit of the same agenda was the definition of fascism described by Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. The pressure to conform to perceptual norms downloaded for a lifetime is incessant and infiltrates society right

down to family groups that become censors and condemners of their own 'black sheep' for not, ironically, being sheep. We have seen an explosion of that in the 'Covid' era. Cult-owned global media unleashes its propaganda all day every day in support of the Postage Stamp and targets with abuse and ridicule anyone in the public eye who won't bend their mind to the will of the tyranny. Any response to this is denied (certainly in my case). They don't want to give a platform to expose official lies. Cult-owned-and-created Internet giants like Facebook, Google, YouTube and Twitter delete you for having an unapproved opinion. Facebook boasts that its AI censors delete 97-percent of 'hate speech' before anyone even reports it. Much of that 'hate speech' will simply be an opinion that Facebook and its masters don't want people to see. Such perceptual oppression is widely known as fascism. Even Facebook executive Benny Thomas, a 'CEO Global Planning Lead', said in comments secretly recorded by investigative journalism operation Project Veritas that Facebook is 'too powerful' and should be broken up:

> I mean, no king in history has been the ruler of two billion people, but Mark Zuckerberg is … And he's 36. That's too much for a 36-year-old ... You should not have power over two billion people. I just think that's wrong.

Thomas said Facebook-owned platforms like Instagram, Oculus, and WhatsApp needed to be separate companies. 'It's too much power when they're all one together'. That's the way the Cult likes it, however. We have an executive of a Cult organisation in Benny Thomas that doesn't know there is a Cult such is the compartmentalisation. Thomas said that Facebook and Google 'are no longer companies, they're countries'. Actually they are more powerful than countries on the basis that if you control information you control perception and control human society.

I love my oppressor

Another expression of this psychological trickery is for those who realise they are being pressured into compliance to eventually

convince themselves to believe the official narratives to protect their self-respect from accepting the truth that they have succumbed to meek and subservient compliance. Such people become some of the most vehement defenders of the system. You can see them everywhere screaming abuse at those who prefer to think for themselves and by doing so reminding the compliers of their own capitulation to conformity. 'You are talking dangerous nonsense you Covidiot!!' Are you trying to convince me or yourself? It is a potent form of Stockholm syndrome which is defined as: 'A psychological condition that occurs when a victim of abuse identifies and attaches, or bonds, positively with their abuser.' An example is hostages bonding and even 'falling in love' with their kidnappers. The syndrome has been observed in domestic violence, abused children, concentration camp inmates, prisoners of war and many and various Satanic cults. These are some traits of Stockholm syndrome listed at goodtherapy.org:

- Positive regard towards perpetrators of abuse or captor [see 'Covid'].
- Failure to cooperate with police and other government authorities when it comes to holding perpetrators of abuse or kidnapping accountable [or in the case of 'Covid' cooperating with the police to enforce and defend their captors' demands].
- Little or no effort to escape [see 'Covid'].
- Belief in the goodness of the perpetrators or kidnappers [see 'Covid'].
- Appeasement of captors. This is a manipulative strategy for maintaining one's safety. As victims get rewarded – perhaps with less abuse or even with life itself – their appeasing behaviours are reinforced [see 'Covid'].
- Learned helplessness. This can be akin to 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em'. As the victims fail to escape the abuse or captivity, they may start giving up and soon realize it's just easier for everyone if they acquiesce all their power to their captors [see 'Covid'].

- Feelings of pity toward the abusers, believing they are actually victims themselves. Because of this, victims may go on a crusade or mission to 'save' [protect] their abuser [see the venom unleashed on those challenging the official 'Covid' narrative].
- Unwillingness to learn to detach from their perpetrators and heal. In essence, victims may tend to be less loyal to themselves than to their abuser [*definitely* see 'Covid'].

Ponder on those traits and compare them with the behaviour of great swathes of the global population who have defended governments and authorities which have spent every minute destroying their lives and livelihoods and those of their children and grandchildren since early 2020 with fascistic lockdowns, house arrest and employment deletion to 'protect' them from a 'deadly virus' that their abusers' perceptually created to bring about this very outcome. We are looking at mass Stockholm syndrome. All those that agree to concede their freedom will believe those perceptions are originating in their own independent 'mind' when in fact by conceding their reality to Stockholm syndrome they have by definition conceded any independence of mind. Listen to the 'opinions' of the acquiescing masses in this 'Covid' era and what gushes forth is the repetition of the official version of everything delivered unprocessed, unfiltered and unquestioned. The whole programming dynamic works this way. I must be free because I'm told that I am and so I think that I am.

You can see what I mean with the chapter theme of 'I'm thinking – Oh, but *are* you?' The great majority are not thinking, let alone for themselves. They are repeating what authority has told them to believe which allows them to be controlled. Weaving through this mentality is the fear that the 'conspiracy theorists' are right and this again explains the often hysterical abuse that ensues when you dare to contest the official narrative of anything. Denial is the mechanism of hiding from yourself what you don't want to be true. Telling people what they want to hear is easy, but it's an infinitely greater challenge to tell them what they would rather not be happening.

One is akin to pushing against an open door while the other is met with vehement resistance no matter what the scale of evidence. I don't want it to be true so I'll convince myself that it's not. Examples are everywhere from the denial that a partner is cheating despite all the signs to the reflex-action rejection of any idea that world events in which country after country act in exactly the same way are centrally coordinated. To accept the latter is to accept that a force of unspeakable evil is working to destroy your life and the lives of your children with nothing too horrific to achieve that end. Who the heck wants that to be true? But if we don't face reality the end is duly achieved and the consequences are far worse and ongoing than breaking through the walls of denial today with the courage to make a stand against tyranny.

Connect the dots – but how?

A crucial aspect of perceptual programming is to portray a world in which everything is random and almost nothing is connected to anything else. Randomness cannot be coordinated by its very nature and once you perceive events as random the idea they could be connected is waved away as the rantings of the tinfoil-hat brigade. You can't plan and coordinate random you idiot! No, you can't, but you can hide the coldly-calculated and long-planned behind the *illusion* of randomness. A foundation manifestation of the Renegade Mind is to scan reality for patterns that connect the apparently random and turn pixels and dots into pictures. This is the way I work and have done so for more than 30 years. You look for similarities in people, modus operandi and desired outcomes and slowly, then ever quicker, the picture forms. For instance: There would seem to be no connection between the 'Covid pandemic' hoax and the human-caused global-warming hoax and yet they are masks (appropriately) on the same face seeking the same outcome. Those pushing the global warming myth through the Club of Rome and other Cult agencies are driving the lies about 'Covid' – Bill Gates is an obvious one, but they are endless. Why would the same people be involved in both when they are clearly not connected? Oh, but they

are. Common themes with personnel are matched by common goals. The 'solutions' to both 'problems' are centralisation of global power to impose the will of the few on the many to 'save' humanity from 'Covid' and save the planet from an 'existential threat' (we need 'zero Covid' and 'zero carbon emissions'). These, in turn, connect with the 'dot' of globalisation which was coined to describe the centralisation of global power in every area of life through incessant political and corporate expansion, trading blocks and superstates like the European Union. If you are the few and you want to control the many you have to centralise power and decision-making. The more you centralise power the more power the few at the centre will have over the many; and the more that power is centralised the more power those at the centre have to centralise even quicker. The momentum of centralisation gets faster and faster which is exactly the process we have witnessed. In this way the hoaxed 'pandemic' and the fakery of human-caused global warming serve the interests of globalisation and the seizure of global power in the hands of the Cult inner-circle which is behind 'Covid', 'climate change' *and* globalisation. At this point random 'dots' become a clear and obvious picture or pattern.

Klaus Schwab, the classic Bond villain who founded the Cult's Gates-funded World Economic Forum, published a book in 2020, *The Great Reset*, in which he used the 'problem' of 'Covid' to justify a total transformation of human society to 'save' humanity from 'climate change'. Schwab said: 'The pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world.' What he didn't mention is that the Cult he serves is behind both hoaxes as I show in my book *The Answer*. He and the Cult don't have to reimagine the world. They know precisely what they want and that's why they destroyed human society with 'Covid' to 'build back better' in their grand design. Their job is not to imagine, but to get humanity to imagine and agree with their plans while believing it's all random. It must be pure coincidence that 'The Great Reset' has long been the Cult's code name for the global imposition of fascism and replaced previous code-names of the 'New World

Order' used by Cult frontmen like Father George Bush and the 'New Order of the Ages' which emerged from Freemasonry and much older secret societies. New Order of the Ages appears on the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States as 'Novus ordo seclorum' underneath the Cult symbol used since way back of the pyramid and all seeing-eye (Fig 3). The pyramid is the hierarchy of human control headed by the illuminated eye that symbolises the force behind the Cult which I will expose in later chapters. The term 'Annuit Coeptis' translates as 'He favours our undertaking'. We are told the 'He' is the Christian god, but 'He' is not as I will be explaining.

Figure 3: The all-seeing eye of the Cult 'god' on the Freemason-designed Great Seal of the United States and also on the dollar bill.

Having you on

Two major Cult techniques of perceptual manipulation that relate to all this are what I have called since the 1990s Problem-Reaction-Solution (PRS) and the Totalitarian Tiptoe (TT). They can be uncovered by the inquiring mind with a simple question: Who benefits? The answer usually identifies the perpetrators of a given action or happening through the concept of 'he who most benefits from a crime is the one most likely to have committed it'. The Latin 'Cue bono?' – Who benefits? – is widely attributed to the Roman orator and statesman Marcus Tullius Cicero. No wonder it goes back so far when the concept has been relevant to human behaviour since

history was recorded. Problem-Reaction-Solution is the technique used to manipulate us every day by covertly creating a problem (or the illusion of one) and offering the solution to the problem (or the illusion of one). In the first phase you create the problem and blame someone or something else for why it has happened. This may relate to a financial collapse, terrorist attack, war, global warming or pandemic, anything in fact that will allow you to impose the 'solution' to change society in the way you desire at that time. The 'problem' doesn't have to be real. PRS is manipulation of perception and all you need is the population to believe the problem is real. Human-caused global warming and the 'Covid pandemic' only have to be *perceived* to be real for the population to accept the 'solutions' of authority. I refer to this technique as NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Billions did not meekly accept house arrest from early 2020 because there was a real deadly 'Covid pandemic' but because they perceived – believed – that to be the case. The antidote to Problem-Reaction-Solution is to ask who benefits from the proposed solution. Invariably it will be anyone who wants to justify more control through deletion of freedom and centralisation of power and decision-making.

The two world wars were Problem-Reaction-Solutions that transformed and realigned global society. Both were manipulated into being by the Cult as I have detailed in books since the mid-1990s. They dramatically centralised global power, especially World War Two, which led to the United Nations and other global bodies thanks to the overt and covert manipulations of the Rockefeller family and other Cult bloodlines like the Rothschilds. The UN is a stalking horse for full-blown world government that I will come to shortly. The land on which the UN building stands in New York was donated by the Rockefellers and the same Cult family was behind Big Pharma scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the creation of the World Health Organization as part of the UN. They have been stalwarts of the eugenics movement and funded Hitler's race-purity expert' Ernst Rudin. The human-caused global warming hoax has been orchestrated by the Club of Rome through the UN which is

manufacturing both the 'problem' through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and imposing the 'solution' through its Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 which demand the total centralisation of global power to 'save the world' from a climate hoax the United Nations is itself perpetrating. What a small world the Cult can be seen to be particularly among the inner circles. The bedfellow of Problem-Reaction-Solution is the Totalitarian Tiptoe which became the Totalitarian Sprint in 2020. The technique is fashioned to hide the carefully-coordinated behind the cover of apparently random events. You start the sequence at 'A' and you know you are heading for 'Z'. You don't want people to know that and each step on the journey is presented as a random happening while all the steps strung together lead in the same direction. The speed may have quickened dramatically in recent times, but you can still see the incremental approach of the Tiptoe in the case of 'Covid' as each new imposition takes us deeper into fascism. Tell people they have to do this or that to get back to 'normal', then this and this and this. With each new demand adding to the ones that went before the population's freedom is deleted until it disappears. The spider wraps its web around the flies more comprehensively with each new diktat. I'll highlight this in more detail when I get to the 'Covid' hoax and how it has been pulled off. Another prime example of the Totalitarian Tiptoe is how the Cult-created European Union went from a 'free-trade zone' to a centralised bureaucratic dictatorship through the Tiptoe of incremental centralisation of power until nations became mere administrative units for Cult-owned dark suits in Brussels.

The antidote to ignorance is knowledge which the Cult seeks vehemently to deny us, but despite the systematic censorship to that end the Renegade Mind can overcome this by vociferously seeking out the facts no matter the impediments put in the way. There is also a method of thinking and perceiving – *knowing* – that doesn't even need names, dates, place-type facts to identify the patterns that reveal the story. I'll get to that in the final chapter. All you need to know about the manipulation of human society and to what end is still out there – *at the time of writing* – in the form of books, videos

and websites for those that really want to breach the walls of programmed perception. To access this knowledge requires the abandonment of the mainstream media as a source of information in the awareness that this is owned and controlled by the Cult and therefore promotes mass perceptions that suit the Cult. Mainstream media lies all day, every day. That is its function and very reason for being. Where it does tell the truth, here and there, is only because the truth and the Cult agenda very occasionally coincide. If you look for fact and insight to the BBC, CNN and virtually all the rest of them you are asking to be conned and perceptually programmed.

Know the outcome and you'll see the journey

Events seem random when you have no idea where the world is being taken. Once you do the random becomes the carefully planned. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey is a phrase I have been using for a long time to give context to daily happenings that appear unconnected. Does a problem, or illusion of a problem, trigger a proposed 'solution' that further drives society in the direction of the outcome? Invariably the answer will be yes and the random – *abracadabra* – becomes the clearly coordinated. So what is this outcome that unlocks the door to a massively expanded understanding of daily events? I will summarise its major aspects – the fine detail is in my other books – and those new to this information will see that the world they thought they were living in is a very different place. The foundation of the Cult agenda is the incessant centralisation of power and all such centralisation is ultimately in pursuit of Cult control on a global level. I have described for a long time the planned world structure of top-down dictatorship as the Hunger Games Society. The term obviously comes from the movie series which portrayed a world in which a few living in military-protected hi-tech luxury were the overlords of a population condemned to abject poverty in isolated 'sectors' that were not allowed to interact. 'Covid' lockdowns and travel bans anyone? The 'Hunger Games' pyramid of structural control has the inner circle of the Cult at the top with pretty much the entire

population at the bottom under their control through dependency for survival on the Cult. The whole structure is planned to be protected and enforced by a military-police state (Fig 4).

Here you have the reason for the global lockdowns of the fake pandemic to coldly destroy independent incomes and livelihoods and make everyone dependent on the 'state' (the Cult that controls the 'states'). I have warned in my books for many years about the plan to introduce a 'guaranteed income' – a barely survivable pittance – designed to impose dependency when employment was destroyed by AI technology and now even more comprehensively at great speed by the 'Covid' scam. Once the pandemic was played and lockdown consequences began to delete independent income the authorities began to talk right on cue about the need for a guaranteed income and a 'Great Reset'. Guaranteed income will be presented as benevolent governments seeking to help a desperate people – desperate as a direct result of actions of the same governments. The truth is that such payments are a trap. You will only get them if you do exactly what the authorities demand including mass vaccination (genetic manipulation). We have seen this theme already in Australia where those dependent on government benefits have them reduced if parents don't agree to have their children vaccinated according to an insane health-destroying government-dictated schedule. Calculated economic collapse applies to governments as well as people. The Cult wants rid of countries through the creation of a world state with countries broken up into regions ruled by a world government and super states like the European Union. Countries must be bankrupted, too, to this end and it's being achieved by the trillions in 'rescue packages' and furlough payments, trillions in lost taxation, and money-no-object spending on 'Covid' including constant all-medium advertising (programming) which has made the media dependent on government for much of its income. The day of reckoning is coming – as planned – for government spending and given that it has been made possible by printing money and not by production/taxation there is inflation on the way that has the

potential to wipe out monetary value. In that case there will be no need for the Cult to steal your money. It just won't be worth anything (see the German Weimar Republic before the Nazis took over). Many have been okay with lockdowns while getting a percentage of their income from so-called furlough payments without having to work. Those payments are dependent, however, on people having at least a theoretical job with a business considered non-essential and ordered to close. As these business go under because they are closed by lockdown after lockdown the furlough stops and it will for everyone eventually. Then what? The 'then what?' is precisely the idea.

Figure 4: The Hunger Games Society structure I have long warned was planned and now the 'Covid' hoax has made it possible. This is the real reason for lockdowns.

Hired hands

Between the Hunger Games Cult elite and the dependent population is planned to be a vicious military-police state (a fusion of the two into one force). This has been in the making for a long time with police looking ever more like the military and carrying weapons to match. The pandemic scam has seen this process accelerate so fast as

lockdown house arrest is brutally enforced by carefully recruited fascist minds and gormless system-servers. The police and military are planned to merge into a centrally-directed world army in a global structure headed by a world government which wouldn't be elected even by the election fixes now in place. The world army is not planned even to be human and instead wars would be fought, primarily against the population, using robot technology controlled by artificial intelligence. I have been warning about this for decades and now militaries around the world are being transformed by this very AI technology. The global regime that I describe is a particular form of fascism known as a technocracy in which decisions are not made by clueless and co-opted politicians but by unelected technocrats – scientists, engineers, technologists and bureaucrats. Cult-owned-and-controlled Silicon Valley giants are examples of technocracy and they already have far more power to direct world events than governments. They are with their censorship *selecting* governments. I know that some are calling the 'Great Reset' a Marxist communist takeover, but fascism and Marxism are different labels for the same tyranny. Tell those who lived in fascist Germany and Stalinist Russia that there was a difference in the way their freedom was deleted and their lives controlled. I could call it a fascist technocracy or a Marxist technocracy and they would be equally accurate. The Hunger Games society with its world government structure would oversee a world army, world central bank and single world cashless currency imposing its will on a microchipped population (Fig 5). Scan its different elements and see how the illusory pandemic is forcing society in this very direction at great speed. Leaders of 23 countries and the World Health Organization (WHO) backed the idea in March, 2021, of a global treaty for 'international cooperation' in 'health emergencies' and nations should 'come together as a global community for peaceful cooperation that extends beyond this crisis'. Cut the Orwellian bullshit and this means another step towards global government. The plan includes a cashless digital money system that I first warned about in 1993. Right at the start of 'Covid' the deeply corrupt Tedros

Adhanom Ghebreyesus, the crooked and merely gofer 'head' of the World Health Organization, said it was possible to catch the 'virus' by touching cash and it was better to use cashless means. The claim was ridiculous nonsense and like the whole 'Covid' mind-trick it was nothing to do with 'health' and everything to do with pushing every aspect of the Cult agenda. As a result of the Tedros lie the use of cash has plummeted. The Cult script involves a single world digital currency that would eventually be technologically embedded in the body. China is a massive global centre for the Cult and if you watch what is happening there you will know what is planned for everywhere. The Chinese government is developing a digital currency which would allow fines to be deducted immediately via AI for anyone caught on camera breaking its fantastic list of laws and the money is going to be programmable with an expiry date to ensure that no one can accrue wealth except the Cult and its operatives.

Figure 5: The structure of global control the Cult has been working towards for so long and this has been enormously advanced by the 'Covid' illusion.

Serfdom is so smart

The Cult plan is far wider, extreme, and more comprehensive than even most conspiracy researchers appreciate and I will come to the true depths of deceit and control in the chapters 'Who controls the

Cult?' and 'Escaping Wetiko'. Even the world that we know is crazy enough. We are being deluged with ever more sophisticated and controlling technology under the heading of 'smart'. We have smart televisions, smart meters, smart cards, smart cars, smart driving, smart roads, smart pills, smart patches, smart watches, smart skin, smart borders, smart pavements, smart streets, smart cities, smart communities, smart environments, smart growth, smart planet ... smart *everything* around us. Smart technologies and methods of operation are designed to interlock to create a global Smart Grid connecting the entirety of human society including human minds to create a centrally-dictated 'hive' mind. 'Smart cities' is code for densely-occupied megacities of total surveillance and control through AI. Ever more destructive frequency communication systems like 5G have been rolled out without any official testing for health and psychological effects (colossal). 5G/6G/7G systems are needed to run the Smart Grid and each one becomes more destructive of body and mind. Deleting independent income is crucial to forcing people into these AI-policed prisons by ending private property ownership (except for the Cult elite). The Cult's Great Reset now openly foresees a global society in which no one will own any possessions and everything will be rented while the Cult would own literally everything under the guise of government and corporations. The aim has been to use the lockdowns to destroy sources of income on a mass scale and when the people are destitute and in unrepayable amounts of debt (problem) Cult assets come forward with the pledge to write-off debt in return for handing over all property and possessions (solution). Everything – literally everything including people – would be connected to the Internet via AI. I was warning years ago about the coming Internet of Things (IoT) in which all devices and technology from your car to your fridge would be plugged into the Internet and controlled by AI. Now we are already there with much more to come. The next stage is the Internet of Everything (IoE) which is planned to include the connection of AI to the human brain and body to replace the human mind with a centrally-controlled AI mind. Instead of perceptions

being manipulated through control of information and censorship those perceptions would come direct from the Cult through AI. What do you think? You think whatever AI decides that you think. In human terms there would be no individual 'think' any longer. Too incredible? The ravings of a lunatic? Not at all. Cult-owned crazies in Silicon Valley have been telling us the plan for years without explaining the real motivation and calculated implications. These include Google executive and 'futurist' Ray Kurzweil who highlights the year 2030 for when this would be underway. He said:

> Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' ... We're going to put gateways to the cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations.
>
> As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

The sales-pitch of Kurzweil and Cult-owned Silicon Valley is that this would make us 'super-human' when the real aim is to make us post-human and no longer 'human' in the sense that we have come to know. The entire global population would be connected to AI and become the centrally-controlled 'hive-mind' of externally-delivered perceptions. The Smart Grid being installed to impose the Cult's will on the world is being constructed to allow particular locations – even one location – to control the whole global system. From these prime control centres, which absolutely include China and Israel, anything connected to the Internet would be switched on or off and manipulated at will. Energy systems could be cut, communication via the Internet taken down, computer-controlled driverless autonomous vehicles driven off the road, medical devices switched off, the potential is limitless given how much AI and Internet connections now run human society. We have seen nothing yet if we allow this to continue. Autonomous vehicle makers are working with law enforcement to produce cars designed to automatically pull over if they detect a police or emergency vehicle flashing from up to 100 feet away. At a police stop the car would be unlocked and the

window rolled down automatically. Vehicles would only take you where the computer (the state) allowed. The end of petrol vehicles and speed limiters on all new cars in the UK and EU from 2022 are steps leading to electric computerised transport over which ultimately you have no control. The picture is far bigger even than the Cult global network or web and that will become clear when I get to the nature of the 'spider'. There is a connection between all these happenings and the instigation of DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' (which aren't 'vaccines') justified by the 'Covid' hoax. That connection is the unfolding plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state and this is why synthetic biology is such a fast-emerging discipline of mainstream science. 'Covid vaccines' are infusing self-replicating synthetic genetic material into the cells to cumulatively take us on the Totalitarian Tiptoe from Human 1.0 to the synthetic biological Human 2.0 which will be physically and perceptually attached to the Smart Grid to one hundred percent control every thought, perception and deed. Humanity needs to wake up and *fast*.

This is the barest explanation of where the 'outcome' is planned to go but it's enough to see the journey happening all around us. Those new to this information will already see 'Covid' in a whole new context. I will add much more detail as we go along, but for the minutiae evidence see my mega-works, *The Answer, The Trigger* and *Everything You Need to Know But Have Never Been Told*.

Now – how does a Renegade Mind see the 'world'?

CHAPTER TWO

Renegade Perception

It is one thing to be clever and another to be wise
George R.R. Martin

A simple definition of the difference between a programmed mind and a Renegade Mind would be that one sees only dots while the other connects them to see the picture. Reading reality with accuracy requires the observer to (a) know the planned outcome and (b) realise that everything, but *everything*, is connected.

The entirety of infinite reality is connected – that's its very nature – and with human society an expression of infinite reality the same must apply. Simple cause and effect is a connection. The effect is triggered by the cause and the effect then becomes the cause of another effect. Nothing happens in isolation because it *can't*. Life in whatever reality is simple choice and consequence. We make choices and these lead to consequences. If we don't like the consequences we can make different choices and get different consequences which lead to other choices and consequences. The choice and the consequence are not only connected they are indivisible. You can't have one without the other as an old song goes. A few cannot control the world unless those being controlled allow that to happen – cause and effect, choice and consequence. Control – who has it and who doesn't – is a two-way process, a symbiotic relationship, involving the controller and controlled. 'They took my freedom away!!' Well, yes, but you also gave it to them. Humanity is

subjected to mass control because humanity has acquiesced to that control. This is all cause and effect and literally a case of give and take. In the same way world events of every kind are connected and the Cult works incessantly to sell the illusion of the random and coincidental to maintain the essential (to them) perception of dots that hide the picture. Renegade Minds know this and constantly scan the world for patterns of connection. This is absolutely pivotal in understanding the happenings in the world and without that perspective clarity is impossible. First you know the planned outcome and then you identify the steps on the journey – the day-by-day apparently random which, when connected in relation to the outcome, no longer appear as individual events, but as the proverbial *chain* of events leading in the same direction. I'll give you some examples:

Political puppet show

We are told to believe that politics is 'adversarial' in that different parties with different beliefs engage in an endless tussle for power. There may have been some truth in that up to a point – and only a point – but today divisions between 'different' parties are rhetorical not ideological. Even the rhetorical is fusing into one-speak as the parties eject any remaining free thinkers while others succumb to the ever-gathering intimidation of anyone with the 'wrong' opinion. The Cult is not a new phenomenon and can be traced back thousands of years as my books have documented. Its intergenerational initiates have been manipulating events with increasing effect the more that global power has been centralised. In ancient times the Cult secured control through the system of monarchy in which 'special' bloodlines (of which more later) demanded the right to rule as kings and queens simply by birthright and by vanquishing others who claimed the same birthright. There came a time, however, when people had matured enough to see the unfairness of such tyranny and demanded a say in who governed them. Note the word – *governed* them. Not served them – *governed* them, hence government defined as 'the political direction and control exercised over the

actions of the members, citizens, or inhabitants of communities, societies, and states; direction of the affairs of a state, community, etc.' Governments exercise control over rather than serve just like the monarchies before them. Bizarrely there are still countries like the United Kingdom which are ruled by a monarch *and* a government that officially answers to the monarch. The UK head of state and that of Commonwealth countries such as Canada, Australia and New Zealand is 'selected' by who in a *single family* had unprotected sex with whom and in what order. Pinch me it can't be true. Ouch! Shit, it is. The demise of monarchies in most countries offered a potential vacuum in which some form of free and fair society could arise and the Cult had that base covered. Monarchies had served its interests but they couldn't continue in the face of such widespread opposition and, anyway, replacing a 'royal' dictatorship that people could see with a dictatorship 'of the people' hiding behind the concept of 'democracy' presented far greater manipulative possibilities and ways of hiding coordinated tyranny behind the illusion of 'freedom'.

Democracy is quite wrongly defined as government selected by the population. This is not the case at all. It is government selected by *some* of the population (and then only in theory). This 'some' doesn't even have to be the majority as we have seen so often in first-past-the-post elections in which the so-called majority party wins fewer votes than the 'losing' parties combined. Democracy can give total power to a party in government from a minority of the votes cast. It's a sleight of hand to sell tyranny as freedom. Seventy-four million Trump-supporting Americans didn't vote for the 'Democratic' Party of Joe Biden in the distinctly dodgy election in 2020 and yet far from acknowledging the wishes and feelings of that great percentage of American society the Cult-owned Biden government set out from day one to destroy them and their right to a voice and opinion. Empty shell Biden and his Cult handlers said they were doing this to 'protect democracy'. Such is the level of lunacy and sickness to which politics has descended. Connect the dots and relate them to the desired outcome – a world government run by self-appointed technocrats and no longer even elected

politicians. While operating through its political agents in government the Cult is at the same time encouraging public distain for politicians by putting idiots and incompetents in theoretical power on the road to deleting them. The idea is to instil a public reaction that says of the technocrats: 'Well, they couldn't do any worse than the pathetic politicians.' It's all about controlling perception and Renegade Minds can see through that while programmed minds cannot when they are ignorant of both the planned outcome and the manipulation techniques employed to secure that end. This knowledge can be learned, however, and fast if people choose to get informed.

Politics may at first sight appear very difficult to control from a central point. I mean look at the 'different' parties and how would you be able to oversee them all and their constituent parts? In truth, it's very straightforward because of their structure. We are back to the pyramid of imposition and acquiescence. Organisations are structured in the same way as the system as a whole. Political parties are not open forums of free expression. They are hierarchies. I was a national spokesman for the British Green Party which claimed to be a different kind of politics in which influence and power was devolved; but I can tell you from direct experience – and it's far worse now – that Green parties are run as hierarchies like all the others however much they may try to hide that fact or kid themselves that it's not true. A very few at the top of all political parties are directing policy and personnel. They decide if you are elevated in the party or serve as a government minister and to do that you have to be a yes man or woman. Look at all the maverick political thinkers who never ascended the greasy pole. If you want to progress within the party or reach 'high-office' you need to fall into line and conform. Exceptions to this are rare indeed. Should you want to run for parliament or Congress you have to persuade the local or state level of the party to select you and for that you need to play the game as dictated by the hierarchy. If you secure election and wish to progress within the greater structure you need to go on conforming to what is acceptable to those running the hierarchy

from the peak of the pyramid. Political parties are perceptual gulags and the very fact that there are party 'Whips' appointed to 'whip' politicians into voting the way the hierarchy demands exposes the ridiculous idea that politicians are elected to serve the people they are supposed to represent. Cult operatives and manipulation has long seized control of major parties that have any chance of forming a government and at least most of those that haven't. A new party forms and the Cult goes to work to infiltrate and direct. This has reached such a level today that you see video compilations of 'leaders' of all parties whether Democrats, Republicans, Conservative, Labour and Green parroting the same Cult mantra of 'Build Back Better' and the 'Great Reset' which are straight off the Cult song-sheet to describe the transformation of global society in response to the Cult-instigated hoaxes of the 'Covid pandemic' and human-caused 'climate change'. To see Caroline Lucas, the Green Party MP that I knew when I was in the party in the 1980s, speaking in support of plans proposed by Cult operative Klaus Schwab representing the billionaire global elite is a real head-shaker.

Many parties – one master

The party system is another mind-trick and was instigated to change the nature of the dictatorship by swapping 'royalty' for dark suits that people believed – though now ever less so – represented their interests. Understanding this trick is to realise that a single force (the Cult) controls all parties either directly in terms of the major ones or through manipulation of perception and ideology with others. You don't need to manipulate Green parties to demand your transformation of society in the name of 'climate change' when they are obsessed with the lie that this is essential to 'save the planet'. You just give them a platform and away they go serving your interests while believing they are being environmentally virtuous. America's political structure is a perfect blueprint for how the two or multi-party system is really a one-party state. The Republican Party is controlled from one step back in the shadows by a group made up of billionaires and their gofers known as neoconservatives or Neocons.

I have exposed them in fine detail in my books and they were the driving force behind the policies of the imbecilic presidency of Boy George Bush which included 9/11 (see *The Trigger* for a comprehensive demolition of the official story), the subsequent 'war on terror' (war *of* terror) and the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. The latter was a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution based on claims by Cult operatives, including Bush and British Prime Minister Tony Blair, about Saddam Hussein's 'weapons of mass destruction' which did not exist as war criminals Bush and Blair well knew.

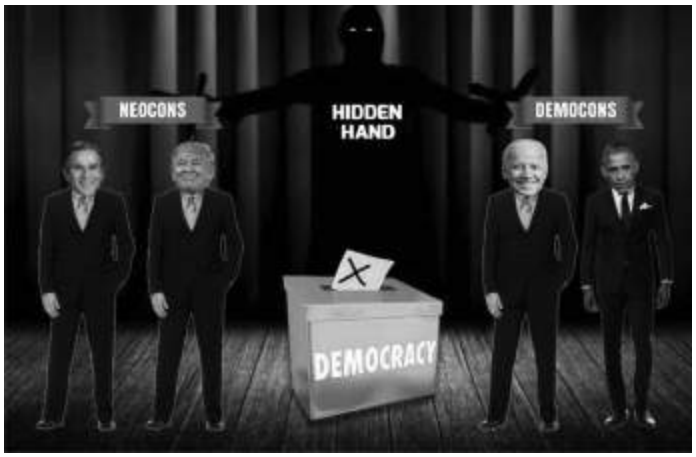

Figure 6: Different front people, different parties – same control system.

The Democratic Party has its own 'Neocon' group controlling from the background which I call the 'Democons' and here's the penny-drop – the Neocons and Democons answer to the same masters one step further back into the shadows (Fig 6). At that level of the Cult the Republican and Democrat parties are controlled by the same people and no matter which is in power the Cult is in power. This is how it works in almost every country and certainly in Britain with Conservative, Labour, Liberal Democrat and Green parties now all on the same page whatever the rhetoric may be in their feeble attempts to appear different. Neocons operated at the time of Bush through a think tank called The Project for the New American Century which in September, 2000, published a document entitled *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources*

For a New Century demanding that America fight 'multiple, simultaneous major theatre wars' as a 'core mission' to force regime-change in countries including Iraq, Libya and Syria. Neocons arranged for Bush ('Republican') and Blair ('Labour Party') to front-up the invasion of Iraq and when they departed the Democons orchestrated the targeting of Libya and Syria through Barack Obama ('Democrat') and British Prime Minister David Cameron ('Conservative Party'). We have 'different' parties and 'different' people, but the same unfolding script. The more the Cult has seized the reigns of parties and personnel the more their policies have transparently pursued the same agenda to the point where the fascist 'Covid' impositions of the Conservative junta of Jackboot Johnson in Britain were opposed by the Labour Party because they were not fascist enough. The Labour Party is likened to the US Democrats while the Conservative Party is akin to a British version of the Republicans and on both sides of the Atlantic they all speak the same language and support the direction demanded by the Cult although some more enthusiastically than others. It's a similar story in country after country because it's all centrally controlled. Oh, but what about Trump? I'll come to him shortly. Political 'choice' in the 'party' system goes like this: You vote for Party A and they get into government. You don't like what they do so next time you vote for Party B and they get into government. You don't like what they do when it's pretty much the same as Party A and why wouldn't that be with both controlled by the same force? Given that only two, sometimes three, parties have any chance of forming a government to get rid of Party B that you don't like you have to vote again for Party A which … you don't like. This, ladies and gentlemen, is what they call 'democracy' which we are told – wrongly – is a term interchangeable with 'freedom'.

The cult of cults

At this point I need to introduce a major expression of the Global Cult known as Sabbatian-Frankism. Sabbatian is also spelt as Sabbatean. I will summarise here. I have published major exposés

and detailed background in other works. Sabbatian-Frankism combines the names of two frauds posing as 'Jewish' men, Sabbatai Zevi (1626-1676), a rabbi, black magician and occultist who proclaimed he was the Jewish messiah; and Jacob Frank (1726-1791), the Polish 'Jew', black magician and occultist who said he was the reincarnation of 'messiah' Zevi and biblical patriarch Jacob. They worked across two centuries to establish the Sabbatian-Frankist cult that plays a major, indeed central, role in the manipulation of human society by the Global Cult which has its origins much further back in history than Sabbatai Zevi. I should emphasise two points here in response to the shrill voices that will scream 'anti-Semitism': (1) Sabbatian-Frankists are NOT Jewish and only pose as such to hide their cult behind a Jewish façade; and (2) my information about this cult has come from Jewish sources who have long realised that their society and community has been infiltrated and taken over by interloper Sabbatian-Frankists. Infiltration has been the foundation technique of Sabbatian-Frankism from its official origin in the 17th century. Zevi's Sabbatian sect attracted a massive following described as the biggest messianic movement in Jewish history, spreading as far as Africa and Asia, and he promised a return for the Jews to the 'Promised Land' of Israel. Sabbatianism was not Judaism but an inversion of everything that mainstream Judaism stood for. So much so that this sinister cult would have a feast day when Judaism had a fast day and whatever was forbidden in Judaism the Sabbatians were encouraged and even commanded to do. This included incest and what would be today called Satanism. Members were forbidden to marry outside the sect and there was a system of keeping their children ignorant of what they were part of until they were old enough to be trusted not to unknowingly reveal anything to outsiders. The same system is employed to this day by the Global Cult in general which Sabbatian-Frankism has enormously influenced and now largely controls.

Zevi and his Sabbatians suffered a setback with the intervention by the Sultan of the Islamic Ottoman Empire in the Middle East and what is now the Republic of Turkey where Zevi was located. The

Sultan gave him the choice of proving his 'divinity', converting to Islam or facing torture and death. Funnily enough Zevi chose to convert or at least appear to. Some of his supporters were disillusioned and drifted away, but many did not with 300 families also converting – only in theory – to Islam. They continued behind this Islamic smokescreen to follow the goals, rules and rituals of Sabbatianism and became known as 'crypto-Jews' or the 'Dönmeh' which means 'to turn'. This is rather ironic because they didn't 'turn' and instead hid behind a fake Islamic persona. The process of appearing to be one thing while being very much another would become the calling card of Sabbatianism especially after Zevi's death and the arrival of the Satanist Jacob Frank in the 18th century when the cult became Sabbatian-Frankism and plumbed still new depths of depravity and infiltration which included – still includes – human sacrifice and sex with children. Wherever Sabbatians go paedophilia and Satanism follow and is it really a surprise that Hollywood is so infested with child abuse and Satanism when it was established by Sabbatian-Frankists and is still controlled by them? Hollywood has been one of the prime vehicles for global perceptual programming and manipulation. How many believe the version of 'history' portrayed in movies when it is a travesty and inversion (again) of the truth? Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes Frankism in his book, *To Eliminate the Opiate*, as 'a movement of complete evil' while Jewish professor Gershom Scholem said of Frank in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*: 'In all his actions [he was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.' Frank was excommunicated by traditional rabbis, as was Zevi, but Frank was undeterred and enjoyed vital support from the House of Rothschild, the infamous banking dynasty whose inner-core are Sabbatian-Frankists and not Jews. Infiltration of the Roman Church and Vatican was instigated by Frank with many Dönmeh 'turning' again to convert to Roman Catholicism with a view to hijacking the reins of power. This was the ever-repeating modus operandi and continues to be so. Pose as an advocate of the religion, culture or country that you want to control and then

manipulate your people into the positions of authority and influence largely as advisers, administrators and Svengalis for those that appear to be in power. They did this with Judaism, Christianity (Christian Zionism is part of this), Islam and other religions and nations until Sabbatian-Frankism spanned the world as it does today.

Sabbatian Saudis and the terror network

One expression of the Sabbatian-Frankist Dönmeh within Islam is the ruling family of Saudi Arabia, the House of Saud, through which came the vile distortion of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the violent creed followed by terrorist groups like Al-Qaeda and ISIS or Islamic State. Wahhabism is the hand-chopping, head-chopping 'religion' of Saudi Arabia which is used to keep the people in a constant state of fear so the interloper House of Saud can continue to rule. Al-Qaeda and Islamic State were lavishly funded by the House of Saud while being created and directed by the Sabbatian-Frankist network in the United States that operates through the Pentagon, CIA and the government in general of whichever 'party'. The front man for the establishment of Wahhabism in the middle of the 18th century was a Sabbatian-Frankist 'crypto-Jew' posing as Islamic called Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab. His daughter would marry the son of Muhammad bin Saud who established the first Saudi state before his death in 1765 with support from the British Empire. Bin Saud's successors would establish modern Saudi Arabia in league with the British and Americans in 1932 which allowed them to seize control of Islam's major shrines in Mecca and Medina. They have dictated the direction of Sunni Islam ever since while Iran is the major centre of the Shiite version and here we have the source of at least the public conflict between them. The Sabbatian network has used its Wahhabi extremists to carry out Problem-Reaction-Solution terrorist attacks in the name of 'Al-Qaeda' and 'Islamic State' to justify a devastating 'war on terror', ever-increasing surveillance of the population and to terrify people into compliance. Another insight of the Renegade Mind is the streetwise understanding that

just because a country, location or people are attacked doesn't mean that those apparently representing that country, location or people are not behind the attackers. Often they are *orchestrating* the attacks because of the societal changes that can be then justified in the name of 'saving the population from terrorists'.

I show in great detail in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian-Frankists were the real perpetrators of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who were blamed for what happened. Observe what was justified in the name of 9/11 alone in terms of Middle East invasions, mass surveillance and control that fulfilled the demands of the Project for the New American Century document published by the Sabbatian Neocons. What appear to be enemies are on the deep inside players on the same Sabbatian team. Israel and Arab 'royal' dictatorships are all ruled by Sabbatians and the recent peace agreements between Israel and Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates (UAE) and others are only making formal what has always been the case behind the scenes. Palestinians who have been subjected to grotesque tyranny since Israel was bombed and terrorised into existence in 1948 have never stood a chance. Sabbatian-Frankists have controlled Israel (so the constant theme of violence and war which Sabbatians love) and they have controlled the Arab countries that Palestinians have looked to for real support that never comes. 'Royal families' of the Arab world in Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, UAE, etc., are all Sabbatians with allegiance to the aims of the cult and not what is best for their Arabic populations. They have stolen the oil and financial resources from their people by false claims to be 'royal dynasties' with a genetic right to rule and by employing vicious militaries to impose their will.

Satanic 'illumination'

The Satanist Jacob Frank formed an alliance in 1773 with two other Sabbatians, Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1744-1812), founder of the Rothschild banking dynasty, and Jesuit-educated fraudulent Jew, Adam Weishaupt, and this led to the formation of the Bavarian Illuminati, firstly under another name, in 1776. The Illuminati would

be the manipulating force behind the French Revolution (1789-1799) and was also involved in the American Revolution (1775-1783) before and after the Illuminati's official creation. Weishaupt would later become (in public) a Protestant Christian in archetypal Sabbatian style. I read that his name can be decoded as Adam-Weishaupt or 'the first man to lead those who know'. He wasn't a leader in the sense that he was a subordinate, but he did lead those below him in a crusade of transforming human society that still continues today. The theme was confirmed as early as 1785 when a horseman courier called Lanz was reported to be struck by lighting and extensive Illuminati documents were found in his saddlebags. They made the link to Weishaupt and detailed the plan for world takeover. Current events with 'Covid' fascism have been in the making for a very long time. Jacob Frank was jailed for 13 years by the Catholic Inquisition after his arrest in 1760 and on his release he headed for Frankfurt, Germany, home city and headquarters of the House of Rothschild where the alliance was struck with Mayer Amschel Rothschild and Weishaupt. Rothschild arranged for Frank to be given the title of Baron and he became a wealthy nobleman with a big following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Most of them would have believed he was on their side.

The name 'Illuminati' came from the Zohar which is a body of works in the Jewish mystical 'bible' called the Kabbalah. 'Zohar' is the foundation of Sabbatian-Frankist belief and in Hebrew 'Zohar' means 'splendour', 'radiance', 'illuminated', and so we have 'Illuminati'. They claim to be the 'Illuminated Ones' from their knowledge systematically hidden from the human population and passed on through generations of carefully-chosen initiates in the global secret society network or Cult. Hidden knowledge includes an awareness of the Cult agenda for the world and the nature of our collective reality that I will explore later. Cult 'illumination' is symbolised by the torch held by the Statue of Liberty which was gifted to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew exactly what it represents. 'Liberty' symbolises the goddess worshipped in

Babylon as Queen Semiramis or Ishtar. The significance of this will become clear. Notice again the ubiquitous theme of inversion with the Statue of 'Liberty' really symbolising mass control (Fig 7). A mirror-image statute stands on an island in the River Seine in Paris from where New York Liberty originated (Fig 8). A large replica of the Liberty flame stands on top of the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris where Princess Diana died in a Cult ritual described in *The Biggest Secret*. Lucifer 'the light bringer' is related to all this (and much more as we'll see) and 'Lucifer' is a central figure in Sabbatian-Frankism and its associated Satanism. Sabbatians reject the Jewish Torah, or Pentateuch, the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy which are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai. Sabbatians say these do not apply to them and they seek to replace them with the Zohar to absorb Judaism and its followers into their inversion which is an expression of a much greater global inversion. They want to delete all religions and force humanity to worship a one-world religion – Sabbatian Satanism that also includes worship of the Earth goddess. Satanic themes are being more and more introduced into mainstream society and while Christianity is currently the foremost target for destruction the others are planned to follow.

Figure 7: The Cult goddess of Babylon disguised as the Statue of Liberty holding the flame of Lucifer the 'light bringer'.

Figure 8: Liberty's mirror image in Paris where the New York version originated.

Marx brothers

Rabbi Marvin Antelman connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins in *To Eliminate the Opiate* and Jacobins were the force behind the French Revolution. He links both to the Bund der Gerechten, or League of the Just, which was the network that inflicted communism/Marxism on the world. Antelman wrote:

> The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Sabbatian-created communism connects into this anti-religion agenda in that communism does not allow for the free practice of religion. The Sabbatian 'Bund' became the International Communist Party and Communist League and in 1848 'Marxism' was born with the Communist Manifesto of Sabbatian assets Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. It is absolutely no coincidence that Marxism, just a different name for fascist and other centrally-controlled tyrannies, is being imposed worldwide as a result of the 'Covid' hoax and nor that Marxist/fascist China was the place where the hoax originated. The reason for this will become very clear in the chapter 'Covid: The calculated catastrophe'. The so-called 'Woke' mentality has hijacked

traditional beliefs of the political left and replaced them with far-right make-believe 'social justice' better known as Marxism. Woke will, however, be swallowed by its own perceived 'revolution' which is really the work of billionaires and billionaire corporations feigning being 'Woke'. Marxism is being touted by Wokers as a replacement for 'capitalism' when we don't have 'capitalism'. We have cartelism in which the market is stitched up by the very Cult billionaires and corporations bankrolling Woke. Billionaires love Marxism which keeps the people in servitude while they control from the top. Terminally naïve Wokers think they are 'changing the world' when it's the Cult that is doing the changing and when they have played their vital part and become surplus to requirements they, too, will be targeted. The Illuminati-Jacobins were behind the period known as 'The Terror' in the French Revolution in 1793 and 1794 when Jacobin Maximillian de Robespierre and his Orwellian 'Committee of Public Safety' killed 17,000 'enemies of the Revolution' who had once been 'friends of the Revolution'. Karl Marx (1818-1883), whose Sabbatian creed of Marxism has cost the lives of at least 100 million people, is a hero once again to Wokers who have been systematically kept ignorant of real history by their 'education' programming. As a result they now promote a Sabbatian 'Marxist' abomination destined at some point to consume them. Rabbi Antelman, who spent decades researching the Sabbatian plot, said of the League of the Just and Karl Marx:

> Contrary to popular opinion Karl Marx did not originate the Communist Manifesto. He was paid for his services by the League of the Just, which was known in its country of origin, Germany, as the Bund der Geaechteten.

Antelman said the text attributed to Marx was the work of other people and Marx 'was only repeating what others already said'. Marx was 'a hired hack – lackey of the wealthy Illuminists'. Marx famously said that religion was the 'opium of the people' (part of the Sabbatian plan to demonise religion) and Antelman called his books, *To Eliminate the Opiate*. Marx was born Jewish, but his family converted to Christianity (Sabbatian modus operandi) and he

attacked Jews, not least in his book, *A World Without Jews*. In doing so he supported the Sabbatian plan to destroy traditional Jewishness and Judaism which we are clearly seeing today with the vindictive targeting of orthodox Jews by the Sabbatian government of Israel over 'Covid' laws. I don't follow any religion and it has done much damage to the world over centuries and acted as a perceptual straightjacket. Renegade Minds, however, are always asking *why* something is being done. It doesn't matter if they agree or disagree with what is happening – *why* is it happening is the question. The 'why?' can be answered with regard to religion in that religions create interacting communities of believers when the Cult wants to dismantle all discourse, unity and interaction (see 'Covid' lockdowns) and the ultimate goal is to delete all religions for a one-world religion of Cult Satanism worshipping their 'god' of which more later. We see the same 'why?' with gun control in America. I don't have guns and don't want them, but why is the Cult seeking to disarm the population at the same time that law enforcement agencies are armed to their molars and why has every tyrant in history sought to disarm people before launching the final takeover? They include Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot and Mao who followed confiscation with violent seizing of power. You know it's a Cult agenda by the people who immediately race to the microphones to exploit dead people in multiple shootings. Ultra-Zionist Cult lackey Senator Chuck Schumer was straight on the case after ten people were killed in Boulder, Colorado in March, 2121. Simple rule … if Schumer wants it the Cult wants it and the same with his ultra-Zionist mate the wild-eyed Senator Adam Schiff. At the same time they were calling for the disarmament of Americans, many of whom live a long way from a police response, Schumer, Schiff and the rest of these pampered clowns were sitting on Capitol Hill behind a razor-wired security fence protected by thousands of armed troops in addition to their own armed bodyguards. Mom and pop in an isolated home? They're just potential mass shooters.

Zion Mainframe

Sabbatian-Frankists and most importantly the Rothschilds were behind the creation of 'Zionism', a political movement that demanded a Jewish homeland in Israel as promised by Sabbatai Zevi. The very symbol of Israel comes from the German meaning of the name Rothschild. Dynasty founder Mayer Amschel Rothschild changed the family name from Bauer to Rothschild, or 'Red-Shield' in German, in deference to the six-pointed 'Star of David' hexagram displayed on the family's home in Frankfurt. The symbol later appeared on the flag of Israel after the Rothschilds were centrally involved in its creation. Hexagrams are not a uniquely Jewish symbol and are widely used in occult ('hidden') networks often as a symbol for Saturn (see my other books for why). Neither are Zionism and Jewishness interchangeable. Zionism is a political movement and philosophy and not a 'race' or a people. Many Jews oppose Zionism and many non-Jews, including US President Joe Biden, call themselves Zionists as does Israel-centric Donald Trump. America's support for the Israel government is pretty much a gimme with ultra-Zionist billionaires and corporations providing fantastic and dominant funding for both political parties. Former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney has told how she was approached immediately she ran for office to 'sign the pledge' to Israel and confirm that she would always vote in that country's best interests. All American politicians are approached in this way. Anyone who refuses will get no support or funding from the enormous and all-powerful Zionist lobby that includes organisations like mega-lobby group AIPAC, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. Trump's biggest funder was ultra-Zionist casino and media billionaire Sheldon Adelson while major funders of the Democratic Party include ultra-Zionist George Soros and ultra-Zionist financial and media mogul, Haim Saban. Some may reel back at the suggestion that Soros is an Israel-firster (Sabbatian-controlled Israel-firster), but Renegade Minds watch the actions not the words and everywhere Soros donates his billions the Sabbatian agenda benefits. In the spirit of Sabbatian inversion Soros pledged $1 billion for a new university network to promote 'liberal values and tackle intolerance'. He made the announcement during his annual speech

at the Cult-owned World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, in January, 2020, after his 'harsh criticism' of 'authoritarian rulers' around the world. You can only laugh at such brazen mendacity. How *he* doesn't laugh is the mystery. Translated from the Orwellian 'liberal values and tackle intolerance' means teaching non-white people to hate white people and for white people to loathe themselves for being born white. The reason for that will become clear.

The 'Anti-Semitism' fraud

Zionists support the Jewish homeland in the land of Palestine which has been the Sabbatian-Rothschild goal for so long, but not for the benefit of Jews. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. This is nothing more than a Sabbatian protection racket to stop legitimate investigation and exposure of their agendas and activities. The official definition of 'anti-Semitism' has more recently been expanded to include criticism of Zionism – a *political movement* – and this was done to further stop exposure of Sabbatian infiltrators who created Zionism as we know it today in the 19th century. Renegade Minds will talk about these subjects when they know the shit that will come their way. People must decide if they want to know the truth or just cower in the corner in fear of what others will say. Sabbatians have been trying to label me as 'anti-Semitic' since the 1990s as I have uncovered more and more about their background and agendas. Useless, gutless, fraudulent 'journalists' then just repeat the smears without question and on the day I was writing this section a pair of unquestioning repeaters called Ben Quinn and Archie Bland (how appropriate) outright called me an 'anti-Semite' in the establishment propaganda sheet, the London *Guardian*, with no supporting evidence. The

Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry said so and who are they to question that? They wouldn't dare. Ironically 'Semitic' refers to a group of languages in the Middle East that are almost entirely Arabic. 'Anti-Semitism' becomes 'anti-Arab' which if the consequences of this misunderstanding were not so grave would be hilarious. Don't bother telling Quinn and Bland. I don't want to confuse them, bless 'em. One reason I am dubbed 'anti-Semitic' is that I wrote in the 1990s that Jewish operatives (Sabbatians) were heavily involved in the Russian Revolution when Sabbatians overthrew the Romanov dynasty. This apparently made me 'anti-Semitic'. Oh, really? Here is a section from *The Trigger*:

British journalist Robert Wilton confirmed these themes in his 1920 book *The Last Days of the Romanovs* when he studied official documents from the Russian government to identify the members of the Bolshevik ruling elite between 1917 and 1919. The Central Committee included 41 Jews among 62 members; the Council of the People's Commissars had 17 Jews out of 22 members; and 458 of the 556 most important Bolshevik positions between 1918 and 1919 were occupied by Jewish people. Only 17 were Russian. Then there were the 23 Jews among the 36 members of the vicious Cheka Soviet secret police established in 1917 who would soon appear all across the country.

Professor Robert Service of Oxford University, an expert on 20th century Russian history, found evidence that ['Jewish'] Leon Trotsky had sought to make sure that Jews were enrolled in the Red Army and were disproportionately represented in the Soviet civil bureaucracy that included the Cheka which performed mass arrests, imprisonment and executions of 'enemies of the people'. A US State Department Decimal File (861.00/5339) dated November 13th, 1918, names [Rothschild banking agent in America] Jacob Schiff and a list of ultra-Zionists as funders of the Russian Revolution leading to claims of a 'Jewish plot', but the key point missed by all is they were not 'Jews' – they were Sabbatian-Frankists.

Britain's Winston Churchill made the same error by mistake or otherwise. He wrote in a 1920 edition of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* that those behind the Russian revolution were part of a 'worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality' (see 'Woke' today because that has been created by the same network). Churchill said there was no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian

Revolution 'by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews' ['atheistical Jews' = Sabbatians]. Churchill said it is certainly a very great one and probably outweighs all others: 'With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews.' He went on to describe, knowingly or not, the Sabbatian modus operandi of placing puppet leaders nominally in power while they control from the background:

> Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders. Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate, Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, or of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the Red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Radek – all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combatting Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses.

What I said about seriously disproportionate involvement in the Russian Revolution by Jewish 'revolutionaries' (Sabbatians) is provable fact, but truth is no defence against the Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry, its repeater parrots like Quinn and Bland, and the now breathtaking network of so-called 'Woke' 'anti-hate' groups with interlocking leaderships and funding which have the role of discrediting and silencing anyone who gets too close to exposing the Sabbatians. We have seen 'truth is no defence' confirmed in legal judgements with the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission in Canada decreeing this: 'Truthful statements can be presented in a manner that would meet the definition of hate speech, and not all truthful statements must be free from restriction.' Most 'anti-hate' activists, who are themselves consumed by hatred, are too stupid and ignorant of the world to know how they are being used. They are far too far up their own virtue-signalling arses and it's far too dark for them to see anything.

The 'revolution' game

The background and methods of the 'Russian' Revolution are straight from the Sabbatian playbook seen in the French Revolution

and endless others around the world that appear to start as a revolution of the people against tyrannical rule and end up with a regime change to more tyrannical rule overtly or covertly. Wars, terror attacks and regime overthrows follow the Sabbatian cult through history with its agents creating them as Problem-Reaction-Solutions to remove opposition on the road to world domination. Sabbatian dots connect the Rothschilds with the Illuminati, Jacobins of the French Revolution, the 'Bund' or League of the Just, the International Communist Party, Communist League and the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels that would lead to the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution. The sequence comes under the heading of 'creative destruction' when you advance to your global goal by continually destroying the status quo to install a new status quo which you then also destroy. The two world wars come to mind. With each new status quo you move closer to your planned outcome. Wars and mass murder are to Sabbatians a collective blood sacrifice ritual. They are obsessed with death for many reasons and one is that death is an inversion of life. Satanists and Sabbatians are obsessed with death and often target churches and churchyards for their rituals. Inversion-obsessed Sabbatians explain the use of inverted symbolism including the *inverted* pentagram and *inverted* cross. The inversion of the cross has been related to targeting Christianity, but the cross was a religious symbol long before Christianity and its inversion is a statement about the Sabbatian mentality and goals more than any single religion.

Sabbatians operating in Germany were behind the rise of the occult-obsessed Nazis and the subsequent Jewish exodus from Germany and Europe to Palestine and the United States after World War Two. The Rothschild dynasty was at the forefront of this both as political manipulators and by funding the operation. Why would Sabbatians help to orchestrate the horrors inflicted on Jews by the Nazis and by Stalin after they organised the Russian Revolution? Sabbatians hate Jews and their religion, that's why. They pose as Jews and secure positions of control within Jewish society and play the 'anti-Semitism' card to protect themselves from exposure

through a global network of organisations answering to the Sabbatian-created-and-controlled globe-spanning intelligence network that involves a stunning web of military-intelligence operatives and operations for a tiny country of just nine million. Among them are Jewish assets who are not Sabbatians but have been convinced by them that what they are doing is for the good of Israel and the Jewish community to protect them from what they have been programmed since childhood to believe is a Jew-hating hostile world. The Jewish community is just a highly convenient cover to hide the true nature of Sabbatians. Anyone getting close to exposing their game is accused by Sabbatian place-people and gofers of 'anti-Semitism' and claiming that all Jews are part of a plot to take over the world. I am not saying that. I am saying that Sabbatians – the *real* Jew-haters – have infiltrated the Jewish community to use them both as a cover and an 'anti-Semitic' defence against exposure. Thus we have the Anti-Semitism Industry targeted researchers in this way and most Jewish people think this is justified and genuine. They don't know that their 'Jewish' leaders and institutions of state, intelligence and military are not controlled by Jews at all, but cultists and stooges of Sabbatian-Frankism. I once added my name to a pro-Jewish freedom petition online and the next time I looked my name was gone and text had been added to the petition blurb to attack me as an 'anti-Semite' such is the scale of perceptual programming.

Moving on America

I tell the story in *The Trigger* and a chapter called 'Atlantic Crossing' how particularly after Israel was established the Sabbatians moved in on the United States and eventually grasped control of government administration, the political system via both Democrats and Republicans, the intelligence community like the CIA and National Security Agency (NSA), the Pentagon and mass media. Through this seriously compartmentalised network Sabbatians and their operatives in Mossad, Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and US agencies pulled off 9/11 and blamed it on 19 'Al-Qaeda hijackers' dominated by men from, or connected to, Sabbatian-ruled Saudi

Arabia. The '19' were not even on the planes let alone flew those big passenger jets into buildings while being largely incompetent at piloting one-engine light aircraft. 'Hijacker' Hani Hanjour who is said to have flown American Airlines Flight 77 into the Pentagon with a turn and manoeuvre most professional pilots said they would have struggled to do was banned from renting a small plane by instructors at the Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, just *six weeks* earlier on the grounds that he was an incompetent pilot. The Jewish population of the world is just 0.2 percent with even that almost entirely concentrated in Israel (75 percent Jewish) and the United States (around two percent). This two percent and globally 0.2 percent refers to *Jewish* people and not Sabbatian interlopers who are a fraction of that fraction. What a sobering thought when you think of the fantastic influence on world affairs of tiny Israel and that the Project for the New America Century (PNAC) which laid out the blueprint in September, 2000, for America's war on terror and regime change wars in Iraq, Libya and Syria was founded and dominated by Sabbatians known as 'Neocons'. The document conceded that this plan would not be supported politically or publicly without a major attack on American soil and a Problem-Reaction-Solution excuse to send troops to war across the Middle East. Sabbatian Neocons said:

> ... [The] process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

Four months later many of those who produced that document came to power with their inane puppet George Bush from the long-time Sabbatian Bush family. They included Sabbatian Dick Cheney who was officially vice-president, but really de-facto president for the entirety of the 'Bush' government. Nine months after the 'Bush' inauguration came what Bush called at the time 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century' and with typical Sabbatian timing and symbolism 2001 was the 60th anniversary of the attack in 1941 by the Japanese Air Force on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, which allowed President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to take the United States into a Sabbatian-

instigated Second World War that he said in his election campaign that he never would. The evidence is overwhelming that Roosevelt and his military and intelligence networks knew the attack was coming and did nothing to stop it, but they did make sure that America's most essential naval ships were not in Hawaii at the time. Three thousand Americans died in the Pearl Harbor attacks as they did on September 11th. By the 9/11 year of 2001 Sabbatians had widely infiltrated the US government, military and intelligence operations and used their compartmentalised assets to pull off the 'Al-Qaeda' attacks. If you read *The Trigger* it will blow your mind to see the utterly staggering concentration of 'Jewish' operatives (Sabbatian infiltrators) in essential positions of political, security, legal, law enforcement, financial and business power before, during, and after the attacks to make them happen, carry them out, and then cover their tracks – and I do mean *staggering* when you think of that 0.2 percent of the world population and two percent of Americans which are Jewish while Sabbatian infiltrators are a fraction of that. A central foundation of the 9/11 conspiracy was the hijacking of government, military, Air Force and intelligence computer systems in real time through 'back-door' access made possible by Israeli (Sabbatian) 'cyber security' software. Sabbatian-controlled Israel is on the way to rivalling Silicon Valley for domination of cyberspace and is becoming the dominant force in cyber-security which gives them access to entire computer systems and their passcodes across the world. Then add to this that Zionists head (officially) Silicon Valley giants like Google (Larry Page and Sergey Brin), Google-owned YouTube (Susan Wojcicki), Facebook (Mark Zuckerberg and Sheryl Sandberg), and Apple (Chairman Arthur D. Levinson), and that ultra-Zionist hedge fund billionaire Paul Singer has a $1 billion stake in Twitter which is only nominally headed by 'CEO' pothead Jack Dorsey. As cable news host Tucker Carlson said of Dorsey: 'There used to be debate in the medical community whether dropping a ton of acid had permanent effects and I think that debate has now ended.' Carlson made the comment after Dorsey told a hearing on Capitol Hill (if you cut through his bullshit) that he

believed in free speech so long as he got to decide what you can hear and see. These 'big names' of Silicon Valley are only front men and women for the Global Cult, not least the Sabbatians, who are the true controllers of these corporations. Does anyone still wonder why these same people and companies have been ferociously censoring and banning people (like me) for exposing any aspect of the Cult agenda and especially the truth about the 'Covid' hoax which Sabbatians have orchestrated?

The Jeffrey Epstein paedophile ring was a Sabbatian operation. He was officially 'Jewish' but he was a Sabbatian and women abused by the ring have told me about the high number of 'Jewish' people involved. The Epstein horror has Sabbatian written all over it and matches perfectly their modus operandi and obsession with sex and ritual. Epstein was running a Sabbatian blackmail ring in which famous people with political and other influence were provided with young girls for sex while everything was being filmed and recorded on hidden cameras and microphones at his New York house, Caribbean island and other properties. Epstein survivors have described this surveillance system to me and some have gone public. Once the famous politician or other figure knew he or she was on video they tended to do whatever they were told. Here we go again …when you've got them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow. Sabbatians use this blackmail technique on a wide scale across the world to entrap politicians and others they need to act as demanded. Epstein's private plane, the infamous 'Lolita Express', had many well-known passengers including Bill Clinton while Bill Gates has flown on an Epstein plane and met with him four years after Epstein had been jailed for paedophilia. They subsequently met many times at Epstein's home in New York according to a witness who was there. Epstein's infamous side-kick was Ghislaine Maxwell, daughter of Mossad agent and ultra-Zionist mega-crooked British businessman, Bob Maxwell, who at one time owned the *Daily Mirror* newspaper. Maxwell was murdered at sea on his boat in 1991 by Sabbatian-controlled Mossad when he became a liability with his

business empire collapsing as a former Mossad operative has confirmed (see *The Trigger*).

Money, money, money, funny money ...

Before I come to the Sabbatian connection with the last three US presidents I will lay out the crucial importance to Sabbatians of controlling banking and finance. Sabbatian Mayer Amschel Rothschild set out to dominate this arena in his family's quest for total global control. What is freedom? It is, in effect, choice. The more choices you have the freer you are and the fewer your choices the more you are enslaved. In the global structure created over centuries by Sabbatians the biggest decider and restrictor of choice is … money. Across the world if you ask people what they would like to do with their lives and why they are not doing that they will reply 'I don't have the money'. This is the idea. A global elite of multi-billionaires are described as 'greedy' and that is true on one level; but control of money – who has it and who doesn't – is not primarily about greed. It's about control. Sabbatians have seized ever more control of finance and sucked the wealth of the world out of the hands of the population. We talk now, after all, about the 'One-percent' and even then the wealthiest are a lot fewer even than that. This has been made possible by a money scam so outrageous and so vast it could rightly be called the scam of scams founded on creating 'money' out of nothing and 'loaning' that with interest to the population. Money out of nothing is called 'credit'. Sabbatians have asserted control over governments and banking ever more completely through the centuries and secured financial laws that allow banks to lend hugely more than they have on deposit in a confidence trick known as fractional reserve lending. Imagine if you could lend money that doesn't exist and charge the recipient interest for doing so. You would end up in jail. Bankers by contrast end up in mansions, private jets, Malibu and Monaco.

Banks are only required to keep a fraction of their deposits and wealth in their vaults and they are allowed to lend 'money' they don't have called 'credit. Go into a bank for a loan and if you succeed

the banker will not move any real wealth into your account. They will type into your account the amount of the agreed 'loan' – say £100,000. This is not wealth that really exists; it is non-existent, fresh-air, created-out-of-nothing 'credit' which has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. Credit is backed by nothing except wind and only has buying power because people think that it has buying power and accept it in return for property, goods and services. I have described this situation as like those cartoon characters you see chasing each other and when they run over the edge of a cliff they keep running forward on fresh air until one of them looks down, realises what's happened, and they all crash into the ravine. The whole foundation of the Sabbatian financial system is to stop people looking down except for periodic moments when they want to crash the system (as in 2008 and 2020 ongoing) and reap the rewards from all the property, businesses and wealth their borrowers had signed over as 'collateral' in return for a 'loan' of fresh air. Most people think that money is somehow created by governments when it comes into existence from the start as a debt through banks 'lending' illusory money called credit. Yes, the very currency of exchange is a *debt* from day one issued as an interest-bearing loan. Why don't governments create money interest-free and lend it to their people interest-free? Governments are controlled by Sabbatians and the financial system is controlled by Sabbatians for whom interest-free money would be a nightmare come true. Sabbatians underpin their financial domination through their global network of central banks, including the privately-owned US Federal Reserve and Britain's Bank of England, and this is orchestrated by a privately-owned central bank coordination body called the Bank for International Settlements in Basle, Switzerland, created by the usual suspects including the Rockefellers and Rothschilds. Central bank chiefs don't answer to governments or the people. They answer to the Bank for International Settlements or, in other words, the Global Cult which is dominated today by Sabbatians.

Built-in disaster

There are so many constituent scams within the overall banking scam. When you take out a loan of thin-air credit only the amount of that loan is theoretically brought into circulation to add to the amount in circulation; but you are paying back the principle plus interest. The additional interest is not created and this means that with every 'loan' there is a shortfall in the money in circulation between what is borrowed and what has to be paid back. There is never even close to enough money in circulation to repay all outstanding public and private debt including interest. Coldly weaved in the very fabric of the system is the certainty that some will lose their homes, businesses and possessions to the banking 'lender'. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts it becomes painfully obvious that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts and it becomes painfully obvious – as in 2008 and currently – that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. Sabbatian banksters have been leading the human population through a calculated series of booms (more debt incurred) and busts (when the debt can't be repaid and the banks get the debtor's tangible wealth in exchange for non-existent 'credit'). With each 'bust' Sabbatian bankers have absorbed more of the world's tangible wealth and we end up with the One-percent. Governments are in bankruptcy levels of debt to the same system and are therefore owned by a system they do not control. The Federal Reserve, 'America's central bank', is privately-owned and American presidents only nominally appoint its chairman or woman to maintain the illusion that it's an arm of government. It's not. The 'Fed' is a cartel of private banks which handed billions to its associates and friends after the crash of 2008 and has been Sabbatian-controlled since it was manipulated into being in 1913 through the covert trickery of Rothschild banking agents Jacob Schiff and Paul

Warburg, and the Sabbatian Rockefeller family. Somehow from a Jewish population of two-percent and globally 0.2 percent (Sabbatian interlopers remember are far smaller) ultra-Zionists headed the Federal Reserve for 31 years between 1987 and 2018 in the form of Alan Greenspan, Bernard Bernanke and Janet Yellen (now Biden's Treasury Secretary) with Yellen's deputy chairman a Israeli-American duel citizen and ultra-Zionist Stanley Fischer, a former governor of the Bank of Israel. Ultra-Zionist Fed chiefs spanned the presidencies of Ronald Reagan ('Republican'), Father George Bush ('Republican'), Bill Clinton ('Democrat'), Boy George Bush ('Republican') and Barack Obama ('Democrat'). We should really add the pre-Greenspan chairman, Paul Adolph Volcker, 'appointed' by Jimmy Carter ('Democrat') who ran the Fed between 1979 and 1987 during the Carter and Reagan administrations before Greenspan took over. Volcker was a long-time associate and business partner of the Rothschilds. No matter what the 'party' officially in power the United States economy was directed by the same force. Here are members of the Obama, Trump and Biden administrations and see if you can make out a common theme.

Barack Obama ('Democrat')

Ultra-Zionists Robert Rubin, Larry Summers, and Timothy Geithner ran the US Treasury in the Clinton administration and two of them reappeared with Obama. Ultra-Zionist Fed chairman Alan Greenspan had manipulated the crash of 2008 through deregulation and jumped ship just before the disaster to make way for ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke to hand out trillions to Sabbatian 'too big to fail' banks and businesses, including the ubiquitous ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which has an ongoing staff revolving door operation between itself and major financial positions in government worldwide. Obama inherited the fallout of the crash when he took office in January, 2009, and fortunately he had the support of his ultra-Zionist White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emmanuel, son of a terrorist who helped to bomb Israel into being in 1948, and his ultra-Zionist senior adviser David Axelrod, chief strategist in Obama's two

successful presidential campaigns. Emmanuel, later mayor of Chicago and former senior fundraiser and strategist for Bill Clinton, is an example of the Sabbatian policy after Israel was established of migrating insider families to America so their children would be born American citizens. 'Obama' chose this financial team throughout his administration to respond to the Sabbatian-instigated crisis:

Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist) Treasury Secretary; Jacob J. Lew, Treasury Secretary; Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), director of the White House National Economic Council; Paul Adolph Volcker (Rothschild business partner), chairman of the Economic Recovery Advisory Board; Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), director of the Office of Management and Budget overseeing all government spending; Penny Pritzker (ultra-Zionist), Commerce Secretary; Jared Bernstein (ultra-Zionist), chief economist and economic policy adviser to Vice President Joe Biden; Mary Schapiro (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC); Gary Gensler (ultra-Zionist), chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC); Sheila Bair (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC); Karen Mills (ultra-Zionist), head of the Small Business Administration (SBA); Kenneth Feinberg (ultra-Zionist), Special Master for Executive [bail-out] Compensation. Feinberg would be appointed to oversee compensation (with strings) to 9/11 victims and families in a campaign to stop them having their day in court to question the official story. At the same time ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke was chairman of the Federal Reserve and these are only some of the ultra-Zionists with allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel in the Obama government. Obama's biggest corporate donor was ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which had employed many in his administration.

Donald Trump ('Republican')

Trump claimed to be an outsider (he wasn't) who had come to 'drain the swamp'. He embarked on this goal by immediately appointing ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin, a Goldman Sachs employee for 17

years, as his Treasury Secretary. Others included Gary Cohn (ultra-Zionist), chief operating officer of Goldman Sachs, his first Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic adviser, who was later replaced by Larry Kudlow (ultra-Zionist). Trump's senior adviser throughout his four years in the White House was his sinister son-in-law Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Israel Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Kushner is the son of a convicted crook who was pardoned by Trump in his last days in office. Other ultra-Zionists in the Trump administration included: Stephen Miller, Senior Policy Adviser; Avrahm Berkowitz, Deputy Adviser to Trump and his Senior Adviser Jared Kushner; Ivanka Trump, Adviser to the President, who converted to Judaism when she married Jared Kushner; David Friedman, Trump lawyer and Ambassador to Israel; Jason Greenblatt, Trump Organization executive vice president and chief legal officer, who was made Special Representative for International Negotiations and the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict; Rod Rosenstein, Deputy Attorney General; Elliot Abrams, Special Representative for Venezuela, then Iran; John Eisenberg, National Security Council Legal Adviser and Deputy Council to the President for National Security Affairs; Anne Neuberger, Deputy National Manager, National Security Agency; Ezra Cohen-Watnick, Acting Under Secretary of Defense for Intelligence; Elan Carr, Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Len Khodorkovsky, Deputy Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Reed Cordish, Assistant to the President, Intragovernmental and Technology Initiatives. Trump Vice President Mike Pence and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo, both Christian Zionists, were also vehement supporters of Israel and its goals and ambitions.

Donald 'free-speech believer' Trump pardoned a number of financial and violent criminals while ignoring calls to pardon Julian Assange and Edward Snowden whose crimes are revealing highly relevant information about government manipulation and corruption and the widespread illegal surveillance of the American people by US 'security' agencies. It's so good to know that Trump is on the side of freedom and justice and not mega-criminals with

allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel. These included a pardon for Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard who was jailed for life in 1987 under the Espionage Act. Aviem Sella, the Mossad agent who recruited Pollard, was also pardoned by Trump while Assange sat in jail and Snowden remained in exile in Russia. Sella had 'fled' (was helped to escape) to Israel in 1987 and was never extradited despite being charged under the Espionage Act. A Trump White House statement said that Sella's clemency had been 'supported by Benjamin Netanyahu, Ron Dermer, Israel's US Ambassador, David Friedman, US Ambassador to Israel and Miriam Adelson, wife of leading Trump donor Sheldon Adelson who died shortly before. Other friends of Jared Kushner were pardoned along with Sholom Weiss who was believed to be serving the longest-ever white-collar prison sentence of more than 800 years in 2000. The sentence was commuted of Ponzi-schemer Eliyahu Weinstein who defrauded Jews and others out of $200 million. I did mention that Assange and Snowden were ignored, right? Trump gave Sabbatians almost everything they asked for in military and political support, moving the US Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem with its critical symbolic and literal implications for Palestinian statehood, and the 'deal of the Century' designed by Jared Kushner and David Friedman which gave the Sabbatian Israeli government the green light to substantially expand its already widespread program of building illegal Jewish-only settlements in the occupied land of the West Bank. This made a two-state 'solution' impossible by seizing all the land of a potential Palestinian homeland and that had been the plan since 1948 and then 1967 when the Arab-controlled Gaza Strip, West Bank, Sinai Peninsula and Syrian Golan Heights were occupied by Israel. All the talks about talks and road maps and delays have been buying time until the West Bank was physically occupied by Israeli real estate. Trump would have to be a monumentally ill-informed idiot not to see that this was the plan he was helping to complete. The Trump administration was in so many ways the Kushner administration which means the Netanyahu administration which means the Sabbatian administration. I understand why many opposing Cult fascism in all its forms gravitated to Trump, but he

was a crucial part of the Sabbatian plan and I will deal with this in the next chapter.

Joe Biden ('Democrat')

A barely cognitive Joe Biden took over the presidency in January, 2021, along with his fellow empty shell, Vice-President Kamala Harris, as the latest Sabbatian gofers to enter the White House. Names on the door may have changed and the 'party' – the force behind them remained the same as Zionists were appointed to a stream of pivotal areas relating to Sabbatian plans and policy. They included: Janet Yellen, Treasury Secretary, former head of the Federal Reserve, and still another ultra-Zionist running the US Treasury after Mnuchin (Trump), Lew and Geithner (Obama), and Summers and Rubin (Clinton); Anthony Blinken, Secretary of State; Wendy Sherman, Deputy Secretary of State (so that's 'Biden's' Sabbatian foreign policy sorted); Jeff Zients, White House coronavirus coordinator; Rochelle Walensky, head of the Centers for Disease Control; Rachel Levine, transgender deputy health secretary (that's 'Covid' hoax policy under control); Merrick Garland, Attorney General; Alejandro Mayorkas, Secretary of Homeland Security; Cass Sunstein, Homeland Security with responsibility for new immigration laws; Avril Haines, Director of National Intelligence; Anne Neuberger, National Security Agency cybersecurity director (note, cybersecurity); David Cohen, CIA Deputy Director; Ronald Klain, Biden's Chief of Staff (see Rahm Emanuel); Eric Lander, a 'leading geneticist', Office of Science and Technology Policy director (see Smart Grid, synthetic biology agenda); Jessica Rosenworcel, acting head of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) which controls Smart Grid technology policy and electromagnetic communication systems including 5G. How can it be that so many pivotal positions are held by two-percent of the American population and 0.2 percent of the world population administration after administration no matter who is the president and what is the party? It's a coincidence? Of course it's not and this is why Sabbatians have built their colossal global web of interlocking 'anti-

hate' hate groups to condemn anyone who asks these glaring questions as an 'anti-Semite'. The way that Jewish people horrifically abused in Sabbatian-backed Nazi Germany are exploited to this end is stomach-turning and disgusting beyond words.

Political fusion

Sabbatian manipulation has reversed the roles of Republicans and Democrats and the same has happened in Britain with the Conservative and Labour Parties. Republicans and Conservatives were always labelled the 'right' and Democrats and Labour the 'left', but look at the policy positions now and the Democrat-Labour 'left' has moved further to the 'right' than Republicans and Conservatives under the banner of 'Woke', the Cult-created far-right tyranny. Where once the Democrat-Labour 'left' defended free speech and human rights they now seek to delete them and as I said earlier despite the 'Covid' fascism of the Jackboot Johnson Conservative government in the UK the Labour Party of leader Keir Starmer demanded even more extreme measures. The Labour Party has been very publicly absorbed by Sabbatians after a political and media onslaught against the previous leader, the weak and inept Jeremy Corbyn, over made-up allegations of 'anti-Semitism' both by him and his party. The plan was clear with this 'anti-Semite' propaganda and what was required in response was a swift and decisive 'fuck off' from Corbyn and a statement to expose the Anti-Semitism Industry (Sabbatian) attempt to silence Labour criticism of the Israeli government (Sabbatians) and purge the party of all dissent against the extremes of ultra-Zionism (Sabbatians). Instead Corbyn and his party fell to their knees and appeased the abusers which, by definition, is impossible. Appeasing one demand leads only to a new demand to be appeased until takeover is complete. Like I say – 'fuck off' would have been a much more effective policy and I have used it myself with great effect over the years when Sabbatians are on my case which is most of the time. I consider that fact a great compliment, by the way. The outcome of the Labour Party capitulation is that we now have a Sabbatian-controlled

Conservative Party 'opposed' by a Sabbatian-controlled Labour Party in a one-party Sabbatian state that hurtles towards the extremes of tyranny (the Sabbatian cult agenda). In America the situation is the same. Labour's Keir Starmer spends his days on his knees with his tongue out pointing to Tel Aviv, or I guess now Jerusalem, while Boris Johnson has an 'anti-Semitism czar' in the form of former Labour MP John Mann who keeps Starmer company on his prayer mat.

Sabbatian influence can be seen in Jewish members of the Labour Party who have been ejected for criticism of Israel including those from families that suffered in Nazi Germany. Sabbatians despise real Jewish people and target them even more harshly because it is so much more difficult to dub them 'anti-Semitic' although in their desperation they do try.

CHAPTER THREE

The Pushbacker sting

Until you realize how easy it is for your mind to be manipulated, you remain the puppet of someone else's game
Evita Ochel

I will use the presidencies of Trump and Biden to show how the manipulation of the one-party state plays out behind the illusion of political choice across the world. No two presidencies could – on the face of it – be more different and apparently at odds in terms of direction and policy.

A Renegade Mind sees beyond the obvious and focuses on outcomes and consequences and not image, words and waffle. The Cult embarked on a campaign to divide America between those who blindly support its agenda (the mentality known as 'Woke') and those who are pushing back on where the Cult and its Sabbatians want to go. This presents infinite possibilities for dividing and ruling the population by setting them at war with each other and allows a perceptual ring fence of demonisation to encircle the Pushbackers in a modern version of the Little Big Horn in 1876 when American cavalry led by Lieutenant Colonel George Custer were drawn into a trap, surrounded and killed by Native American tribes defending their land of thousands of years from being seized by the government. In this modern version the roles are reversed and it's those defending themselves from the Sabbatian government who are surrounded and the government that's seeking to destroy them. This trap was set years ago and to explain how we must return to 2016

and the emergence of Donald Trump as a candidate to be President of the United States. He set out to overcome the best part of 20 other candidates in the Republican Party before and during the primaries and was not considered by many in those early stages to have a prayer of living in the White House. The Republican Party was said to have great reservations about Trump and yet somehow he won the nomination. When you know how American politics works – politics in general – there is no way that Trump could have become the party's candidate unless the Sabbatian-controlled 'Neocons' that run the Republican Party wanted that to happen. We saw the proof in emails and documents made public by WikiLeaks that the Democratic Party hierarchy, or Democons, systematically undermined the campaign of Bernie Sanders to make sure that Sabbatian gofer Hillary Clinton won the nomination to be their presidential candidate. If the Democons could do that then the Neocons in the Republican Party could have derailed Trump in the same way. But they didn't and at that stage I began to conclude that Trump could well be the one chosen to be president. If that was the case the 'why' was pretty clear to see – the goal of dividing America between Cult agenda-supporting Wokers and Pushbackers who gravitated to Trump because he was telling them what they wanted to hear. His constituency of support had been increasingly ignored and voiceless for decades and profoundly through the eight years of Sabbatian puppet Barack Obama. Now here was someone speaking their language of pulling back from the incessant globalisation of political and economic power, the exporting of American jobs to China and elsewhere by 'American' (Sabbatian) corporations, the deletion of free speech, and the mass immigration policies that had further devastated job opportunities for the urban working class of all races and the once American heartlands of the Midwest.

Beware the forked tongue

Those people collectively sighed with relief that at last a political leader was apparently on their side, but another trait of the Renegade Mind is that you look even harder at people telling you

what you want to hear than those who are telling you otherwise. Obviously as I said earlier people wish what they want to hear to be true and genuine and they are much more likely to believe that than someone saying what they don't want to here and don't want to be true. Sales people are taught to be skilled in eliciting by calculated questioning what their customers want to hear and repeating that back to them as their own opinion to get their targets to like and trust them. Assets of the Cult are also sales people in the sense of selling perception. To read Cult manipulation you have to play the long and expanded game and not fall for the Vaudeville show of party politics. Both American parties are vehicles for the Cult and they exploit them in different ways depending on what the agenda requires at that moment. Trump and the Republicans were used to be the focus of dividing America and isolating Pushbackers to open the way for a Biden presidency to become the most extreme in American history by advancing the full-blown Woke (Cult) agenda with the aim of destroying and silencing Pushbackers now labelled Nazi Trump supporters and white supremacists.

Sabbatians wanted Trump in office for the reasons described by ultra-Zionist Saul Alinsky (1909-1972) who was promoting the Woke philosophy through 'community organising' long before anyone had heard of it. In those days it still went by its traditional name of Marxism. The reason for the manipulated Trump phenomenon was laid out in Alinsky's 1971 book, *Rules for Radicals*, which was his blueprint for overthrowing democratic and other regimes and replacing them with Sabbatian Marxism. Not surprisingly his to-do list was evident in the Sabbatian French and Russian 'Revolutions' and that in China which will become very relevant in the next chapter about the 'Covid' hoax. Among Alinsky's followers have been the deeply corrupt Barack Obama, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi and Hillary Clinton who described him as a 'hero'. All three are Sabbatian stooges with Pelosi personifying the arrogant corrupt idiocy that so widely fronts up for the Cult inner core. Predictably as a Sabbatian advocate of the 'light-bringer' Alinsky features Lucifer on the dedication page of his book as the original radical who gained

his own kingdom ('Earth' as we shall see). One of Alinsky's golden radical rules was to pick an individual and focus all attention, hatred and blame on them and not to target faceless bureaucracies and corporations. *Rules for Radicals* is really a Sabbatian handbook with its contents repeatedly employed all over the world for centuries and why wouldn't Sabbatians bring to power their designer-villain to be used as the individual on which all attention, hatred and blame was bestowed? This is what they did and the only question for me is how much Trump knew that and how much he was manipulated. A bit of both, I suspect. This was Alinsky's Trump technique from a man who died in 1972. The technique has spanned history:

> Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it. Don't try to attack abstract corporations or bureaucracies. Identify a responsible individual. Ignore attempts to shift or spread the blame.

From the moment Trump came to illusory power everything was about him. It wasn't about Republican policy or opinion, but all about Trump. Everything he did was presented in negative, derogatory and abusive terms by the Sabbatian-dominated media led by Cult operations such as CNN, MSNBC, *The New York Times* and the Jeff Bezos-owned *Washington Post* – 'Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it.' Trump was turned into a demon to be vilified by those who hated him and a demi-god loved by those who worshipped him. This, in turn, had his supporters, too, presented as equally demonic in preparation for the punchline later down the line when Biden was about to take office. It was here's a Trump, there's a Trump, everywhere a Trump, Trump. Virtually every news story or happening was filtered through the lens of 'The Donald'. You loved him or hated him and which one you chose was said to define you as Satan's spawn or a paragon of virtue. Even supporting some Trump policies or statements and not others was enough for an assault on your character. No shades of grey were or are allowed. Everything is black and white (literally and figuratively). A Californian I knew had her head utterly scrambled by her hatred for Trump while telling people they should love each other. She was so totally consumed by

Trump Derangement Syndrome as it became to be known that this glaring contradiction would never have occurred to her. By definition anyone who criticised Trump or praised his opponents was a hero and this lady described Joe Biden as 'a kind, honest gentleman' when he's a provable liar, mega-crook and vicious piece of work to boot. Sabbatians had indeed divided America using Trump as the fall-guy and all along the clock was ticking on the consequences for his supporters.

In hock to his masters

Trump gave Sabbatians via Israel almost everything they wanted in his four years. Ask and you shall receive was the dynamic between himself and Benjamin Netanyahu orchestrated by Trump's ultra-Zionist son-in-law Jared Kushner, his ultra-Zionist Ambassador to Israel, David Friedman, and ultra-Zionist 'Israel adviser', Jason Greenblatt. The last two were central to the running and protecting from collapse of his business empire, the Trump Organisation, and colossal business failures made him forever beholding to Sabbatian networks that bailed him out. By the start of the 1990s Trump owed $4 billion to banks that he couldn't pay and almost $1billion of that was down to him personally and not his companies. This mega-disaster was the result of building two new casinos in Atlantic City and buying the enormous Taj Mahal operation which led to crippling debt payments. He had borrowed fantastic sums from 72 banks with major Sabbatian connections and although the scale of debt should have had him living in a tent alongside the highway they never foreclosed. A plan was devised to lift Trump from the mire by BT Securities Corporation and Rothschild Inc. and the case was handled by Wilber Ross who had worked for the Rothschilds for 27 years. Ross would be named US Commerce Secretary after Trump's election. Another crucial figure in saving Trump was ultra-Zionist 'investor' Carl Icahn who bought the Taj Mahal casino. Icahn was made special economic adviser on financial regulation in the Trump administration. He didn't stay long but still managed to find time to make a tidy sum of a reported $31.3 million when he sold his

holdings affected by the price of steel three days before Trump imposed a 235 percent tariff on steel imports. What amazing bits of luck these people have. Trump and Sabbatian operatives have long had a close association and his mentor and legal adviser from the early 1970s until 1986 was the dark and genetically corrupt ultra-Zionist Roy Cohn who was chief counsel to Senator Joseph McCarthy's 'communist' witch-hunt in the 1950s. *Esquire* magazine published an article about Cohn with the headline 'Don't mess with Roy Cohn'. He was described as the most feared lawyer in New York and 'a ruthless master of dirty tricks ... [with] ... more than one Mafia Don on speed dial'. Cohn's influence, contacts, support and protection made Trump a front man for Sabbatians in New York with their connections to one of Cohn's many criminal employers, the 'Russian' Sabbatian Mafia. Israel-centric media mogul Rupert Murdoch was introduced to Trump by Cohn and they started a long friendship. Cohn died in 1986 weeks after being disbarred for unethical conduct by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. The wheels of justice do indeed run slow given the length of Cohn's crooked career.

QAnon-sense

We are asked to believe that Donald Trump with his fundamental connections to Sabbatian networks and operatives has been leading the fight to stop the Sabbatian agenda for the fascistic control of America and the world. Sure he has. A man entrapped during his years in the White House by Sabbatian operatives and whose biggest financial donor was casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson who was Sabbatian to his DNA?? Oh, do come on. Trump has been used to divide America and isolate Pushbackers on the Cult agenda under the heading of 'Trump supporters', 'insurrectionists' and 'white supremacists'. The US Intelligence/Mossad Psyop or psychological operation known as QAnon emerged during the Trump years as a central pillar in the Sabbatian campaign to lead Pushbackers into the trap set by those that wished to destroy them. I knew from the start that QAnon was a scam because I had seen the same scenario many

times before over 30 years under different names and I had written about one in particular in the books. 'Not again' was my reaction when QAnon came to the fore. The same script is pulled out every few years and a new name added to the letterhead. The story always takes the same form: 'Insiders' or 'the good guys' in the government-intelligence-military 'Deep State' apparatus were going to instigate mass arrests of the 'bad guys' which would include the Rockefellers, Rothschilds, Barack Obama, Hillary Clinton, George Soros, etc., etc. Dates are given for when the 'good guys' are going to move in, but the dates pass without incident and new dates are given which pass without incident. The central message to Pushbackers in each case is that they don't have to do anything because there is 'a plan' and it is all going to be sorted by the 'good guys' on the inside. 'Trust the plan' was a QAnon mantra when the only plan was to misdirect Pushbackers into putting their trust in a Psyop they believed to be real. Beware, beware, those who tell you what you want to hear and always check it out. Right up to Biden's inauguration QAnon was still claiming that 'the Storm' was coming and Trump would stay on as president when Biden and his cronies were arrested and jailed. It was never going to happen and of course it didn't, but what did happen as a result provided that punchline to the Sabbatian Trump/QAnon Psyop.

On January 6th, 2021, a very big crowd of Trump supporters gathered in the National Mall in Washington DC down from the Capitol Building to protest at what they believed to be widespread corruption and vote fraud that stopped Trump being re-elected for a second term as president in November, 2020. I say as someone that does not support Trump or Biden that the evidence is clear that major vote-fixing went on to favour Biden, a man with cognitive problems so advanced he can often hardly string a sentence together without reading the words written for him on the Teleprompter. Glaring ballot discrepancies included serious questions about electronic voting machines that make vote rigging a comparative cinch and hundreds of thousands of paper votes that suddenly appeared during already advanced vote counts and virtually all of

them for Biden. Early Trump leads in crucial swing states suddenly began to close and disappear. The pandemic hoax was used as the excuse to issue almost limitless numbers of mail-in ballots with no checks to establish that the recipients were still alive or lived at that address. They were sent to streams of people who had not even asked for them. Private organisations were employed to gather these ballots and who knows what they did with them before they turned up at the counts. The American election system has been manipulated over decades to become a sick joke with more holes than a Swiss cheese for the express purpose of dictating the results. Then there was the criminal manipulation of information by Sabbatian tech giants like Facebook, Twitter and Google-owned YouTube which deleted pro-Trump, anti-Biden accounts and posts while everything in support of Biden was left alone. Sabbatians wanted Biden to win because after the dividing of America it was time for full-on Woke and every aspect of the Cult agenda to be unleashed.

Hunter gatherer

Extreme Silicon Valley bias included blocking information by the *New York Post* exposing a Biden scandal that should have ended his bid for president in the final weeks of the campaign. Hunter Biden, his monumentally corrupt son, is reported to have sent a laptop to be repaired at a local store and failed to return for it. Time passed until the laptop became the property of the store for non-payment of the bill. When the owner saw what was on the hard drive he gave a copy to the FBI who did nothing even though it confirmed widespread corruption in which the Joe Biden family were using his political position, especially when he was vice president to Obama, to make multiple millions in countries around the world and most notably Ukraine and China. Hunter Biden's one-time business partner Tony Bobulinski went public when the story broke in the *New York Post* to confirm the corruption he saw and that Joe Biden not only knew what was going on he also profited from the spoils. Millions were handed over by a Chinese company with close

connections – like all major businesses in China – to the Chinese communist party of President Xi Jinping. Joe Biden even boasted at a meeting of the Cult's World Economic Forum that as vice president he had ordered the government of Ukraine to fire a prosecutor. What he didn't mention was that the same man just happened to be investigating an energy company which was part of Hunter Biden's corrupt portfolio. The company was paying him big bucks for no other reason than the influence his father had. Overnight Biden's presidential campaign should have been over given that he had lied publicly about not knowing what his son was doing. Instead almost the entire Sabbatian-owned mainstream media and Sabbatian-owned Silicon Valley suppressed circulation of the story. This alone went a mighty way to rigging the election of 2020. Cult assets like Mark Zuckerberg at Facebook also spent hundreds of millions to be used in support of Biden and vote 'administration'.

The Cult had used Trump as the focus to divide America and was now desperate to bring in moronic, pliable, corrupt Biden to complete the double-whammy. No way were they going to let little things like the will of the people thwart their plan. Silicon Valley widely censored claims that the election was rigged because it *was* rigged. For the same reason anyone claiming it was rigged was denounced as a 'white supremacist' including the pathetically few Republican politicians willing to say so. Right across the media where the claim was mentioned it was described as a 'false claim' even though these excuses for 'journalists' would have done no research into the subject whatsoever. Trump won seven million more votes than any sitting president had ever achieved while somehow a cognitively-challenged soon to be 78-year-old who was hidden away from the public for most of the campaign managed to win more votes than any presidential candidate in history. It makes no sense. You only had to see election rallies for both candidates to witness the enthusiasm for Trump and the apathy for Biden. Tens of thousands would attend Trump events while Biden was speaking in empty car parks with often only television crews attending and framing their shots to hide the fact that no one was there. It was pathetic to see

footage come to light of Biden standing at a podium making speeches only to TV crews and party fixers while reading the words written for him on massive Teleprompter screens. So, yes, those protestors on January 6th had a point about election rigging, but some were about to walk into a trap laid for them in Washington by the Cult Deep State and its QAnon Psyop. This was the Capitol Hill riot ludicrously dubbed an 'insurrection'.

The spider and the fly

Renegade Minds know there are not two 'sides' in politics, only one side, the Cult, working through all 'sides'. It's a stage show, a puppet show, to direct the perceptions of the population into focusing on diversions like parties and candidates while missing the puppeteers with their hands holding all the strings. The Capitol Hill 'insurrection' brings us back to the Little Big Horn. Having created two distinct opposing groupings – Woke and Pushbackers – the trap was about to be sprung. Pushbackers were to be encircled and isolated by associating them all in the public mind with Trump and then labelling Trump as some sort of Confederate leader. I knew immediately that the Capitol riot was a set-up because of two things. One was how easy the rioters got into the building with virtually no credible resistance and secondly I could see – as with the 'Covid' hoax in the West at the start of 2020 – how the Cult could exploit the situation to move its agenda forward with great speed. My experience of Cult techniques and activities over more than 30 years has showed me that while they do exploit situations they haven't themselves created this never happens with events of fundamental agenda significance. Every time major events giving cultists the excuse to rapidly advance their plan you find they are manipulated into being for the specific reason of providing that excuse – Problem-Reaction-Solution. Only a tiny minority of the huge crowd of Washington protestors sought to gain entry to the Capitol by smashing windows and breaching doors. That didn't matter. The whole crowd and all Pushbackers, even if they did not support Trump, were going to be lumped together as dangerous

insurrectionists and conspiracy theorists. The latter term came into widespread use through a CIA memo in the 1960s aimed at discrediting those questioning the nonsensical official story of the Kennedy assassination and it subsequently became widely employed by the media. It's still being used by inept 'journalists' with no idea of its origin to discredit anyone questioning anything that authority claims to be true. When you are perpetrating a conspiracy you need to discredit the very word itself even though the dictionary definition of conspiracy is merely 'the activity of secretly planning with other people to do something bad or illegal' and 'a general agreement to keep silent about a subject for the purpose of keeping it secret'. On that basis there are conspiracies almost wherever you look. For obvious reasons the Cult and its lapdog media have to claim there are no conspiracies even though the word appears in state laws as with conspiracy to defraud, to murder, and to corrupt public morals.

Agent provocateurs are widely used by the Cult Deep State to manipulate genuine people into acting in ways that suit the desired outcome. By genuine in this case I mean protestors genuinely supporting Trump and claims that the election was stolen. In among them, however, were agents of the state wearing the garb of Trump supporters and QAnon to pump-prime the Capital riot which some genuine Trump supporters naively fell for. I described the situation as 'Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly'. Leaflets appeared through the Woke paramilitary arm Antifa, the anti-fascist fascists, calling on supporters to turn up in Washington looking like Trump supporters even though they hated him. Some of those arrested for breaching the Capitol Building were sourced to Antifa and its stable mate Black Lives Matter. Both organisations are funded by Cult billionaires and corporations. One man charged for the riot was according to his lawyer a former FBI agent who had held top secret security clearance for 40 years. Attorney Thomas Plofchan said of his client, 66-year-old Thomas Edward Caldwell:

He has held a Top Secret Security Clearance since 1979 and has undergone multiple Special Background Investigations in support of his clearances. After retiring from the Navy, he

worked as a section chief for the Federal Bureau of Investigation from 2009-2010 as a GS-12 [mid-level employee].

He also formed and operated a consulting firm performing work, often classified, for U.S government customers including the US. Drug Enforcement Agency, Department of Housing and Urban Development, the US Coast Guard, and the US Army Personnel Command.

A judge later released Caldwell pending trial in the absence of evidence about a conspiracy or that he tried to force his way into the building. *The New York Post* reported a 'law enforcement source' as saying that 'at least two known Antifa members were spotted' on camera among Trump supporters during the riot while one of the rioters arrested was John Earle Sullivan, a seriously extreme Black Lives Matter Trump-hater from Utah who was previously arrested and charged in July, 2020, over a BLM-Antifa riot in which drivers were threatened and one was shot. Sullivan is the founder of Utah-based Insurgence USA which is an affiliate of the Cult-created-and-funded Black Lives Matter movement. Footage appeared and was then deleted by Twitter of Trump supporters calling out Antifa infiltrators and a group was filmed changing into pro-Trump clothing before the riot. Security at the building was *pathetic* – as planned. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty, a man with long experience in covert operations working with the US security apparatus, once described the tell-tale sign to identify who is involved in an assassination. He said:

No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

This principle applies to many other situations and certainly to the Capitol riot of January 6th, 2021.

The sting

With such a big and potentially angry crowd known to be gathering near the Capitol the security apparatus would have had a major police detail to defend the building with National Guard troops on

standby given the strength of feeling among people arriving from all over America encouraged by the QAnon Psyop and statements by Donald Trump. Instead Capitol Police 'security' was flimsy, weak, and easily breached. The same number of officers was deployed as on a regular day and that is a blatant red flag. They were not staffed or equipped for a possible riot that had been an obvious possibility in the circumstances. No protective and effective fencing worth the name was put in place and there were no contingency plans. The whole thing was basically a case of standing aside and waving people in. Once inside police mostly backed off apart from one Capitol police officer who ridiculously shot dead unarmed Air Force veteran protestor Ashli Babbitt without a warning as she climbed through a broken window. The 'investigation' refused to name or charge the officer after what must surely be considered a murder in the circumstances. They just lifted a carpet and swept. The story was endlessly repeated about five people dying in the 'armed insurrection' when there was no report of rioters using weapons. Apart from Babbitt the other four died from a heart attack, strokes and apparently a drug overdose. Capitol police officer Brian Sicknick was reported to have died after being bludgeoned with a fire extinguisher when he was alive after the riot was over and died later of what the Washington Medical Examiner's Office said was a stroke. Sicknick had no external injuries. The lies were delivered like rapid fire. There was a narrative to build with incessant repetition of the lie until the lie became the accepted 'everybody knows that' truth. The 'Big Lie' technique of Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels is constantly used by the Cult which was behind the Nazis and is today behind the 'Covid' and 'climate change' hoaxes. Goebbels said:

> If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State.

Most protestors had a free run of the Capitol Building. This allowed pictures to be taken of rioters in iconic parts of the building including the Senate chamber which could be used as propaganda images against all Pushbackers. One Congresswoman described the scene as 'the worst kind of non-security anybody could ever imagine'. Well, the first part was true, but someone obviously did imagine it and made sure it happened. Some photographs most widely circulated featured people wearing QAnon symbols and now the Psyop would be used to dub all QAnon followers with the ubiquitous fit-all label of 'white supremacist' and 'insurrectionists'. When a Muslim extremist called Noah Green drove his car at two police officers at the Capitol Building killing one in April, 2021, there was no such political and media hysteria. They were just disappointed he wasn't white.

The witch-hunt

Government prosecutor Michael Sherwin, an aggressive, dark-eyed, professional Rottweiler led the 'investigation' and to call it over the top would be to understate reality a thousand fold. Hundreds were tracked down and arrested for the crime of having the wrong political views and people were jailed who had done nothing more than walk in the building, committed no violence or damage to property, took a few pictures and left. They were labelled a 'threat to the Republic' while Biden sat in the White House signing executive orders written for him that were dismantling 'the Republic'. Even when judges ruled that a mother and son should not be in jail the government kept them there. Some of those arrested have been badly beaten by prison guards in Washington and lawyers for one man said he suffered a fractured skull and was made blind in one eye. Meanwhile a woman is shot dead for no reason by a Capitol Police officer and we are not allowed to know who he is never mind what has happened to him although that will be *nothing*. The Cult's QAnon/Trump sting to identify and isolate Pushbackers and then target them on the road to crushing and deleting them was a resounding success. You would have thought the Russians had

invaded the building at gunpoint and lined up senators for a firing squad to see the political and media reaction. Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez is a child in a woman's body, a terrible-twos, me, me, me, Woker narcissist of such proportions that words have no meaning. She said she thought she was going to die when 'insurrectionists' banged on her office door. It turned out she wasn't even in the Capitol Building when the riot was happening and the 'banging' was a Capitol Police officer. She referred to herself as a 'survivor' which is an insult to all those true survivors of violent and sexual abuse while she lives her pampered and privileged life talking drivel for a living. Her Woke colleague and fellow mega-narcissist Rashida Tlaib broke down describing the devastating effect on her, too, of *not being* in the building when the rioters were there. Ocasio-Cortez and Tlaib are members of a fully-Woke group of Congresswomen known as 'The Squad' along with Ilhan Omar and Ayanna Pressley. The Squad from what I can see can be identified by its vehement anti-white racism, anti-white men agenda, and, as always in these cases, the absence of brain cells on active duty.

The usual suspects were on the riot case immediately in the form of Democrat ultra-Zionist senators and operatives Chuck Schumer and Adam Schiff demanding that Trump be impeached for 'his part in the insurrection'. The same pair of prats had led the failed impeachment of Trump over the invented 'Russia collusion' nonsense which claimed Russia had helped Trump win the 2016 election. I didn't realise that Tel Aviv had been relocated just outside Moscow. I must find an up-to-date map. The Russia hoax was a Sabbatian operation to keep Trump occupied and impotent and to stop any rapport with Russia which the Cult wants to retain as a perceptual enemy to be pulled out at will. Puppet Biden began attacking Russia when he came to office as the Cult seeks more upheaval, division and war across the world. A two-year stage show 'Russia collusion inquiry' headed by the not-very-bright former 9/11 FBI chief Robert Mueller, with support from 19 lawyers, 40 FBI agents plus intelligence analysts, forensic accountants and other

staff, devoured tens of millions of dollars and found no evidence of Russia collusion which a ten-year-old could have told them on day one. Now the same moronic Schumer and Schiff wanted a second impeachment of Trump over the Capitol 'insurrection' (riot) which the arrested development of Schumer called another 'Pearl Harbor' while others compared it with 9/11 in which 3,000 died and, in the case of CNN, with the Rwandan genocide in the 1990s in which an estimated 500,000 to 600,000 were murdered, between 250, 000 and 500,000 women were raped, and populations of whole towns were hacked to death with machetes. To make those comparisons purely for Cult political reasons is beyond insulting to those that suffered and lost their lives and confirms yet again the callous inhumanity that we are dealing with. Schumer is a monumental idiot and so is Schiff, but they serve the Cult agenda and do whatever they're told so they get looked after. Talking of idiots – another inane man who spanned the Russia and Capitol impeachment attempts was Senator Eric Swalwell who had the nerve to accuse Trump of collusion with the Russians while sleeping with a Chinese spy called Christine Fang or 'Fang Fang' which is straight out of a Bond film no doubt starring Klaus Schwab as the bloke living on a secret island and controlling laser weapons positioned in space and pointing at world capitals. Fang Fang plays the part of Bond's infiltrator girlfriend which I'm sure she would enjoy rather more than sharing a bed with the brainless Swalwell, lying back and thinking of China. The FBI eventually warned Swalwell about Fang Fang which gave her time to escape back to the Chinese dictatorship. How very thoughtful of them. The second Trump impeachment also failed and hardly surprising when an impeachment is supposed to remove a sitting president and by the time it happened Trump was no longer president. These people are running your country America, well, officially anyway. Terrifying isn't it?

Outcomes tell the story - always

The outcome of all this – and it's the *outcome* on which Renegade Minds focus, not the words – was that a vicious, hysterical and

obviously pre-planned assault was launched on Pushbackers to censor, silence and discredit them and even targeted their right to earn a living. They have since been condemned as 'domestic terrorists' that need to be treated like Al-Qaeda and Islamic State. 'Domestic terrorists' is a label the Cult has been trying to make stick since the period of the Oklahoma bombing in 1995 which was blamed on 'far-right domestic terrorists'. If you read *The Trigger* you will see that the bombing was clearly a Problem-Reaction-Solution carried out by the Deep State during a Bill Clinton administration so corrupt that no dictionary definition of the term would even nearly suffice. Nearly 30, 000 troops were deployed from all over America to the empty streets of Washington for Biden's inauguration. Ten thousand of them stayed on with the pretext of protecting the capital from insurrectionists when it was more psychological programming to normalise the use of the military in domestic law enforcement in support of the Cult plan for a police-military state. Biden's fascist administration began a purge of 'wrong-thinkers' in the military which means anyone that is not on board with Woke. The Capitol Building was surrounded by a fence with razor wire and the Land of the Free was further symbolically and literally dismantled. The circle was completed with the installation of Biden and the exploitation of the QAnon Psyop.

America had never been so divided since the civil war of the 19th century, Pushbackers were isolated and dubbed terrorists and now, as was always going to happen, the Cult immediately set about deleting what little was left of freedom and transforming American society through a swish of the hand of the most controlled 'president' in American history leading (officially at least) the most extreme regime since the country was declared an independent state on July 4th, 1776. Biden issued undebated, dictatorial executive orders almost by the hour in his opening days in office across the whole spectrum of the Cult wish-list including diluting controls on the border with Mexico allowing thousands of migrants to illegally enter the United States to transform the demographics of America and import an election-changing number of perceived Democrat

voters. Then there were Biden deportation amnesties for the already illegally resident (estimated to be as high as 20 or even 30 million). A bill before Congress awarded American citizenship to anyone who could prove they had worked in agriculture for just 180 days in the previous two years as 'Big Ag' secured its slave labour long-term. There were the plans to add new states to the union such as Puerto Rico and making Washington DC a state. They are all parts of a plan to ensure that the Cult-owned Woke Democrats would be permanently in power.

Border – what border?

I have exposed in detail in other books how mass immigration into the United States and Europe is the work of Cult networks fuelled by the tens of billions spent to this and other ends by George Soros and his global Open Society (open borders) Foundations. The impact can be seen in America alone where the population has increased by *100 million* in little more than 30 years mostly through immigration. I wrote in *The Answer* that the plan was to have so many people crossing the southern border that the numbers become unstoppable and we are now there under Cult-owned Biden. El Salvador in Central America puts the scale of what is happening into context. A third of the population now lives in the United States, much of it illegally, and many more are on the way. The methodology is to crush Central and South American countries economically and spread violence through machete-wielding psychopathic gangs like MS-13 based in El Salvador and now operating in many American cities. Biden-imposed lax security at the southern border means that it is all but open. He said before his 'election' that he wanted to see a surge towards the border if he became president and that was the green light for people to do just that after election day to create the human disaster that followed for both America and the migrants. When that surge came the imbecilic Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez said it wasn't a 'surge' because they are 'children, not insurgents' and the term 'surge' (used by Biden) was a claim of 'white supremacists'.

This disingenuous lady may one day enter the realm of the most basic intelligence, but it won't be any time soon.

Sabbatians and the Cult are in the process of destroying America by importing violent people and gangs in among the genuine to terrorise American cities and by overwhelming services that cannot cope with the sheer volume of new arrivals. Something similar is happening in Europe as Western society in general is targeted for demographic and cultural transformation and upheaval. The plan demands violence and crime to create an environment of intimidation, fear and division and Soros has been funding the election of district attorneys across America who then stop prosecuting many crimes, reduce sentences for violent crimes and free as many violent criminals as they can. Sabbatians are creating the chaos from which order – their order – can respond in a classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. A Freemasonic moto says 'Ordo Ab Chao' (Order out of Chaos) and this is why the Cult is constantly creating chaos to impose a new 'order'. Here you have the reason the Cult is constantly creating chaos. The 'Covid' hoax can be seen with those entering the United States by plane being forced to take a 'Covid' test while migrants flooding through southern border processing facilities do not. Nothing is put in the way of mass migration and if that means ignoring the government's own 'Covid' rules then so be it. They know it's all bullshit anyway. Any pushback on this is denounced as 'racist' by Wokers and Sabbatian fronts like the ultra-Zionist Anti-Defamation League headed by the appalling Jonathan Greenblatt which at the same time argues that Israel should not give citizenship and voting rights to more Palestinian Arabs or the 'Jewish population' (in truth the Sabbatian network) will lose control of the country.

Society-changing numbers

Biden's masters have declared that countries like El Salvador are so dangerous that their people must be allowed into the United States for humanitarian reasons when there are fewer murders in large parts of many Central American countries than in US cities like

Baltimore. That is not to say Central America cannot be a dangerous place and Cult-controlled American governments have been making it so since way back, along with the dismantling of economies, in a long-term plan to drive people north into the United States. Parts of Central America are very dangerous, but in other areas the story is being greatly exaggerated to justify relaxing immigration criteria. Migrants are being offered free healthcare and education in the United States as another incentive to head for the border and there is no requirement to be financially independent before you can enter to prevent the resources of America being drained. You can't blame migrants for seeking what they believe will be a better life, but they are being played by the Cult for dark and nefarious ends. The numbers since Biden took office are huge. In February, 2021, more than 100,000 people were known to have tried to enter the US illegally through the southern border (it was 34,000 in the same month in 2020) and in March it was 170,000 – a 418 percent increase on March, 2020. These numbers are only known people, not the ones who get in unseen. The true figure for migrants illegally crossing the border in a single month was estimated by one congressman at 250,000 and that number will only rise under Biden's current policy. Gangs of murdering drug-running thugs that control the Mexican side of the border demand money – thousands of dollars – to let migrants cross the Rio Grande into America. At the same time gun battles are breaking out on the border several times a week between rival Mexican drug gangs (which now operate globally) who are equipped with sophisticated military-grade weapons, grenades and armoured vehicles. While the Capitol Building was being 'protected' from a non-existent 'threat' by thousands of troops, and others were still deployed at the time in the Cult Neocon war in Afghanistan, the southern border of America was left to its fate. This is not incompetence, it is cold calculation.

By March, 2021, there were 17,000 unaccompanied children held at border facilities and many of them are ensnared by people traffickers for paedophile rings and raped on their journey north to America. This is not conjecture – this is fact. Many of those designated

children are in reality teenage boys or older. Meanwhile Wokers posture their self-purity for encouraging poor and tragic people to come to America and face this nightmare both on the journey and at the border with the disgusting figure of House Speaker Nancy Pelosi giving disingenuous speeches about caring for migrants. The woman's evil. Wokers condemned Trump for having children in cages at the border (so did Obama, *Shhhh*), but now they are sleeping on the floor without access to a shower with one border facility 729 percent over capacity. The Biden insanity even proposed flying migrants from the southern border to the northern border with Canada for 'processing'. The whole shambles is being overseen by ultra-Zionist Secretary of Homeland Security, the moronic liar Alejandro Mayorkas, who banned news cameras at border facilities to stop Americans seeing what was happening. Mayorkas said there was not a ban on news crews; it was just that they were not allowed to film. Alongside him at Homeland Security is another ultra-Zionist Cass Sunstein appointed by Biden to oversee new immigration laws. Sunstein despises conspiracy researchers to the point where he suggests they should be banned or *taxed* for having such views. The man is not bonkers or anything. He's perfectly well-adjusted, but adjusted to what is the question. Criticise what is happening and you are a 'white supremacist' when earlier non-white immigrants also oppose the numbers which effect their lives and opportunities. Black people in poor areas are particularly damaged by uncontrolled immigration and the increased competition for work opportunities with those who will work for less. They are also losing voting power as Hispanics become more dominant in former black areas. It's a downward spiral for them while the billionaires behind the policy drone on about how much they care about black people and 'racism'. None of this is about compassion for migrants or black people – that's just wind and air. Migrants are instead being mercilessly exploited to transform America while the countries they leave are losing their future and the same is true in Europe. Mass immigration may now be the work of Woke Democrats, but it can be traced back to the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act (it

wasn't) signed into law by Republican hero President Ronald Reagan which gave amnesty to millions living in the United States illegally and other incentives for people to head for the southern border. Here we have the one-party state at work again.

Save me syndrome

Almost every aspect of what I have been exposing as the Cult agenda was on display in even the first days of 'Biden' with silencing of Pushbackers at the forefront of everything. A Renegade Mind will view the Trump years and QAnon in a very different light to their supporters and advocates as the dots are connected. The QAnon/Trump Psyop has given the Cult all it was looking for. We may not know how much, or little, that Trump realised he was being used, but that's a side issue. This pincer movement produced the desired outcome of dividing America and having Pushbackers isolated. To turn this around we have to look at new routes to empowerment which do not include handing our power to other people and groups through what I will call the 'Save Me Syndrome' – 'I want someone else to do it so that I don't have to'. We have seen this at work throughout human history and the QAnon/Trump Psyop is only the latest incarnation alongside all the others. Religion is an obvious expression of this when people look to a 'god' or priest to save them or tell them how to be saved and then there are 'save me' politicians like Trump. Politics is a diversion and not a 'saviour'. It is a means to block positive change, not make it possible.

Save Me Syndrome always comes with the same repeating theme of handing your power to whom or what you believe will save you while your real 'saviour' stares back from the mirror every morning. Renegade Minds are constantly vigilant in this regard and always asking the question 'What can I do?' rather than 'What can someone else do for me?' Gandhi was right when he said: 'You must be the change you want to see in the world.' We are indeed the people we have been waiting for. We are presented with a constant raft of reasons to concede that power to others and forget where the real power is. Humanity has the numbers and the Cult does not. It has to

use diversion and division to target the unstoppable power that comes from unity. Religions, governments, politicians, corporations, media, QAnon, are all different manifestations of this power-diversion and dilution. Refusing to give your power to governments and instead handing it to Trump and QAnon is not to take a new direction, but merely to recycle the old one with new names on the posters. I will explore this phenomenon as we proceed and how to break the cycles and recycles that got us here through the mists of repeating perception and so repeating history.

For now we shall turn to the most potent example in the entire human story of the consequences that follow when you give your power away. I am talking, of course, of the 'Covid' hoax.

CHAPTER FOUR

'Covid': Calculated catastrophe

Facts are threatening to those invested in fraud
DaShanne Stokes

We can easily unravel the real reason for the 'Covid pandemic' hoax by employing the Renegade Mind methodology that I have outlined this far. We'll start by comparing the long-planned Cult outcome with the 'Covid pandemic' outcome. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey.

I have highlighted the plan for the Hunger Games Society which has been in my books for so many years with the very few controlling the very many through ongoing dependency. To create this dependency it is essential to destroy independent livelihoods, businesses and employment to make the population reliant on the state (the Cult) for even the basics of life through a guaranteed pittance income. While independence of income remained these Cult ambitions would be thwarted. With this knowledge it was easy to see where the 'pandemic' hoax was going once talk of 'lockdowns' began and the closing of all but perceived 'essential' businesses to 'save' us from an alleged 'deadly virus'. Cult corporations like Amazon and Walmart were naturally considered 'essential' while mom and pop shops and stores had their doors closed by fascist decree. As a result with every new lockdown and new regulation more small and medium, even large businesses not owned by the Cult, went to the wall while Cult giants and their frontmen and women grew financially fatter by the second. Mom and pop were

denied an income and the right to earn a living and the wealth of people like Jeff Bezos (Amazon), Mark Zuckerberg (Facebook) and Sergei Brin and Larry Page (Google/Alphabet) have reached record levels. The Cult was increasing its own power through further dramatic concentrations of wealth while the competition was being destroyed and brought into a state of dependency. Lockdowns have been instigated to secure that very end and were never anything to do with health. My brother Paul spent 45 years building up a bus repair business, but lockdowns meant buses were running at a fraction of normal levels for months on end. Similar stories can told in their hundreds of millions worldwide. Efforts of a lifetime coldly destroyed by Cult multi-billionaires and their lackeys in government and law enforcement who continued to earn their living from the taxation of the people while denying the right of the same people to earn theirs. How different it would have been if those making and enforcing these decisions had to face the same financial hardships of those they affected, but they never do.

Gates of Hell

Behind it all in the full knowledge of what he is doing and why is the psychopathic figure of Cult operative Bill Gates. His puppet Tedros at the World Health Organization declared 'Covid' a pandemic in March, 2020. The WHO had changed the definition of a 'pandemic' in 2009 just a month before declaring the 'swine flu pandemic' which would not have been so under the previous definition. The same applies to 'Covid'. The definition had included… 'an infection by an infectious agent, occurring simultaneously in different countries, with a significant mortality rate relative to the proportion of the population infected'. The new definition removed the need for 'significant mortality'. The 'pandemic' has been fraudulent even down to the definition, but Gates demanded economy-destroying lockdowns, school closures, social distancing, mandatory masks, a 'vaccination' for every man, woman and child on the planet and severe consequences and restrictions for those that refused. Who gave him this power? The

Cult did which he serves like a little boy in short trousers doing what his daddy tells him. He and his psychopathic missus even smiled when they said that much worse was to come (what they knew was planned to come). Gates responded in the matter-of-fact way of all psychopaths to a question about the effect on the world economy of what he was doing:

> Well, it won't go to zero but it will shrink. Global GDP is probably going to take the biggest hit ever [Gates was smiling as he said this] … in my lifetime this will be the greatest economic hit. But you don't have a choice. People act as if you have a choice. People don't feel like going to the stadium when they might get infected … People are deeply affected by seeing these stats, by knowing they could be part of the transmission chain, old people, their parents and grandparents, could be affected by this, and so you don't get to say ignore what is going on here.
>
> There will be the ability to open up, particularly in rich countries, if things are done well over the next few months, but for the world at large normalcy only returns when we have largely vaccinated the entire population.

The man has no compassion or empathy. How could he when he's a psychopath like all Cult players? My own view is that even beyond that he is very seriously mentally ill. Look in his eyes and you can see this along with his crazy flailing arms. You don't do what he has done to the world population since the start of 2020 unless you are mentally ill and at the most extreme end of psychopathic. You especially don't do it when to you know, as we shall see, that cases and deaths from 'Covid' are fakery and a product of monumental figure massaging. 'These stats' that Gates referred to are based on a 'test' that's not testing for the 'virus' as he has known all along. He made his fortune with big Cult support as an infamously ruthless software salesman and now buys global control of 'health' (death) policy without the population he affects having any say. It's a breathtaking outrage. Gates talked about people being deeply affected by fear of 'Covid' when that was because of *him* and his global network lying to them minute-by-minute supported by a lying media that he seriously influences and funds to the tune of hundreds of millions. He's handed big sums to media operations including the BBC, NBC, Al Jazeera, Univision, *PBS NewsHour*,

ProPublica, National Journal, The Guardian, The Financial Times, The Atlantic, Texas Tribune, USA Today publisher Gannett, *Washington Monthly, Le Monde,* Center for Investigative Reporting, Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting, National Press Foundation, International Center for Journalists, Solutions Journalism Network, the Poynter Institute for Media Studies, and many more. Gates is everywhere in the 'Covid' hoax and the man must go to prison – or a mental facility – for the rest of his life and his money distributed to those he has taken such enormous psychopathic pleasure in crushing.

The Muscle

The Hunger Games global structure demands a police-military state – a fusion of the two into one force – which viciously imposes the will of the Cult on the population and protects the Cult from public rebellion. In that regard, too, the 'Covid' hoax just keeps on giving. Often unlawful, ridiculous and contradictory 'Covid' rules and regulations have been policed across the world by moronic automatons and psychopaths made faceless by face-nappy masks and acting like the Nazi SS and fascist blackshirts and brownshirts of Hitler and Mussolini. The smallest departure from the rules decreed by the psychos in government and their clueless gofers were jumped upon by the face-nappy fascists. Brutality against public protestors soon became commonplace even on girls, women and old people as the brave men with the batons – the Face-Nappies as I call them – broke up peaceful protests and handed out fines like confetti to people who couldn't earn a living let alone pay hundreds of pounds for what was once an accepted human right. Robot Face-Nappies of Nottingham police in the English East Midlands fined one group £11,000 for attending a child's birthday party. For decades I charted the transformation of law enforcement as genuine, decent officers were replaced with psychopaths and the brain dead who would happily and brutally do whatever their masters told them. Now they were let loose on the public and I would emphasise the point that none of this just happened. The step-by-step change in the dynamic between police and public was orchestrated from the shadows by

those who knew where this was all going and the same with the perceptual reframing of those in all levels of authority and official administration through 'training courses' by organisations such as Common Purpose which was created in the late 1980s and given a massive boost in Blair era Britain until it became a global phenomenon. Supposed public 'servants' began to view the population as the enemy and the same was true of the police. This was the start of the explosion of behaviour manipulation organisations and networks preparing for the all-war on the human psyche unleashed with the dawn of 2020. I will go into more detail about this later in the book because it is a core part of what is happening.

Police desecrated beauty spots to deter people gathering and arrested women for walking in the countryside alone 'too far' from their homes. We had arrogant, clueless sergeants in the Isle of Wight police where I live posting on Facebook what they insisted the population must do or else. A schoolmaster sergeant called Radford looked young enough for me to ask if his mother knew he was out, but he was posting what he *expected* people to do while a Sergeant Wilkinson boasted about fining lads for meeting in a McDonald's car park where they went to get a lockdown takeaway. Wilkinson added that he had even cancelled their order. What a pair of prats these people are and yet they have increasingly become the norm among Jackboot Johnson's Yellowshirts once known as the British police. This was the theme all over the world with police savagery common during lockdown protests in the United States, the Netherlands, and the fascist state of Victoria in Australia under its tyrannical and again moronic premier Daniel Andrews. Amazing how tyrannical and moronic tend to work as a team and the same combination could be seen across America as arrogant, narcissistic Woke governors and mayors such as Gavin Newsom (California), Andrew Cuomo (New York), Gretchen Whitmer (Michigan), Lori Lightfoot (Chicago) and Eric Garcetti (Los Angeles) did their Nazi and Stalin impressions with the full support of the compliant brutality of their enforcers in uniform as they arrested small business owners defying

fascist shutdown orders and took them to jail in ankle shackles and handcuffs. This happened to bistro owner Marlena Pavlos-Hackney in Gretchen Whitmer's fascist state of Michigan when police arrived to enforce an order by a state-owned judge for 'putting the community at risk' at a time when other states like Texas were dropping restrictions and migrants were pouring across the southern border without any 'Covid' questions at all. I'm sure there are many officers appalled by what they are ordered to do, but not nearly enough of them. If they were truly appalled they would not do it. As the months passed every opportunity was taken to have the military involved to make their presence on the streets ever more familiar and 'normal' for the longer-term goal of police-military fusion.

Another crucial element to the Hunger Games enforcement network has been encouraging the public to report neighbours and others for 'breaking the lockdown rules'. The group faced with £11,000 in fines at the child's birthday party would have been dobbed-in by a neighbour with a brain the size of a pea. The technique was most famously employed by the Stasi secret police in communist East Germany who had public informants placed throughout the population. A police chief in the UK says his force doesn't need to carry out 'Covid' patrols when they are flooded with so many calls from the public reporting other people for visiting the beach. Dorset police chief James Vaughan said people were so enthusiastic about snitching on their fellow humans they were now operating as an auxiliary arm of the police: 'We are still getting around 400 reports a week from the public, so we will respond to reports …We won't need to be doing hotspot patrols because people are very quick to pick the phone up and tell us.' Vaughan didn't say that this is a pillar of all tyrannies of whatever complexion and the means to hugely extend the reach of enforcement while spreading distrust among the people and making them wary of doing anything that might get them reported. Those narcissistic Isle of Wight sergeants Radford and Wilkinson never fail to add a link to their Facebook posts where the public can inform on their fellow slaves.

Neither would be self-aware enough to realise they were imitating the Stasi which they might well never have heard of. Government psychologists that I will expose later laid out a policy to turn communities against each other in the same way.

A coincidence? Yep, and I can knit fog

I knew from the start of the alleged pandemic that this was a Cult operation. It presented limitless potential to rapidly advance the Cult agenda and exploit manipulated fear to demand that every man, woman and child on the planet was 'vaccinated' in a process never used on humans before which infuses self-replicating *synthetic* material into human cells. Remember the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state. I'll deal with the 'vaccine' (that's not actually a vaccine) when I focus on the genetic agenda. Enough to say here that mass global 'vaccination' justified by this 'new virus' set alarms ringing after 30 years of tracking these people and their methods. The 'Covid' hoax officially beginning in China was also a big red flag for reasons I will be explaining. The agenda potential was so enormous that I could dismiss any idea that the 'virus' appeared naturally. Major happenings with major agenda implications never occur without Cult involvement in making them happen. My questions were twofold in early 2020 as the media began its campaign to induce global fear and hysteria: Was this alleged infectious agent released on purpose by the Cult or did it even exist at all? I then did what I always do in these situations. I sat, observed and waited to see where the evidence and information would take me. By March and early April synchronicity was strongly – and ever more so since then – pointing me in the direction of *there is no 'virus'*. I went public on that with derision even from swathes of the alternative media that voiced a scenario that the Chinese government released the 'virus' in league with Deep State elements in the United States from a top-level bio-lab in Wuhan where the 'virus' is said to have first appeared. I looked at that possibility, but I didn't buy it for several reasons. Deaths from the 'virus' did not in any way match what they

would have been with a 'deadly bioweapon' and it is much more effective if you sell the *illusion* of an infectious agent rather than having a real one unless you can control through injection who has it and who doesn't. Otherwise you lose control of events. A made-up 'virus' gives you a blank sheet of paper on which you can make it do whatever you like and have any symptoms or mutant 'variants' you choose to add while a real infectious agent would limit you to what it actually does. A phantom disease allows you to have endless ludicrous 'studies' on the 'Covid' dollar to widen the perceived impact by inventing ever more 'at risk' groups including one study which said those who walk slowly may be almost four times more likely to die from the 'virus'. People are in psychiatric wards for less.

A real 'deadly bioweapon' can take out people in the hierarchy that are not part of the Cult, but essential to its operation. Obviously they don't want that. Releasing a real disease means you immediately lose control of it. Releasing an illusory one means you don't. Again it's vital that people are extra careful when dealing with what they want to hear. A bioweapon unleashed from a Chinese laboratory in collusion with the American Deep State may fit a conspiracy narrative, but is it true? Would it not be far more effective to use the excuse of a 'virus' to justify the real bioweapon – the 'vaccine'? That way your disease agent does not have to be transmitted and arrives directly through a syringe. I saw a French virologist Luc Montagnier quoted in the alternative media as saying he had discovered that the alleged 'new' severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus , or SARS-CoV-2, was made artificially and included elements of the human immunodeficiency 'virus' (HIV) and a parasite that causes malaria. SARS-CoV-2 is alleged to trigger an alleged illness called Covid-19. I remembered Montagnier's name from my research years before into claims that an HIV 'retrovirus' causes AIDs – claims that were demolished by Berkeley virologist Peter Duesberg who showed that no one had ever proved that HIV causes acquired immunodeficiency syndrome or AIDS. Claims that become accepted as fact, publicly and medically, with no proof whatsoever are an ever-recurring story that profoundly applies to

'Covid'. Nevertheless, despite the lack of proof, Montagnier's team at the Pasteur Institute in Paris had a long dispute with American researcher Robert Gallo over which of them discovered and isolated the HIV 'virus' and with *no evidence* found it to cause AIDS. You will see later that there is also no evidence that any 'virus' causes any disease or that there is even such a thing as a 'virus' in the way it is said to exist. The claim to have 'isolated' the HIV 'virus' will be presented in its real context as we come to the shocking story – and it is a story – of SARS-CoV-2 and so will Montagnier's assertion that he identified the full SARS-CoV-2 genome.

Hoax in the making

We can pick up the 'Covid' story in 2010 and the publication by the Rockefeller Foundation of a document called 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development'. The inner circle of the Rockefeller family has been serving the Cult since John D. Rockefeller (1839-1937) made his fortune with Standard Oil. It is less well known that the same Rockefeller – the Bill Gates of his day – was responsible for establishing what is now referred to as 'Big Pharma', the global network of pharmaceutical companies that make outrageous profits dispensing scalpel and drug 'medicine' and are obsessed with pumping vaccines in ever-increasing number into as many human arms and backsides as possible. John D. Rockefeller was the driving force behind the creation of the 'education' system in the United States and elsewhere specifically designed to program the perceptions of generations thereafter. The Rockefeller family donated exceptionally valuable land in New York for the United Nations building and were central in establishing the World Health Organization in 1948 as an agency of the UN which was created from the start as a Trojan horse and stalking horse for world government. Now enter Bill Gates. His family and the Rockefellers have long been extremely close and I have seen genealogy which claims that if you go back far enough the two families fuse into the same bloodline. Gates has said that the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation was inspired by the Rockefeller Foundation and why not

when both are serving the same Cult? Major tax-exempt foundations are overwhelmingly criminal enterprises in which Cult assets fund the Cult agenda in the guise of 'philanthropy' while avoiding tax in the process. Cult operatives can become mega-rich in their role of front men and women for the psychopaths at the inner core and they, too, have to be psychopaths to knowingly serve such evil. Part of the deal is that a big percentage of the wealth gleaned from representing the Cult has to be spent advancing the ambitions of the Cult and hence you have the Rockefeller Foundation, Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (and *so* many more) and people like George Soros with his global Open Society Foundations spending their billions in pursuit of global Cult control. Gates is a global public face of the Cult with his interventions in world affairs including Big Tech influence; a central role in the 'Covid' and 'vaccine' scam; promotion of the climate change shakedown; manipulation of education; geoengineering of the skies; and his food-control agenda as the biggest owner of farmland in America, his GMO promotion and through other means. As one writer said: 'Gates monopolizes or wields disproportionate influence over the tech industry, global health and vaccines, agriculture and food policy (including biopiracy and fake food), weather modification and other climate technologies, surveillance, education and media.' The almost limitless wealth secured through Microsoft and other not-allowed-to-fail ventures (including vaccines) has been ploughed into a long, long list of Cult projects designed to enslave the entire human race. Gates and the Rockefellers have been working as one unit with the Rockefeller-established World Health Organization leading global 'Covid' policy controlled by Gates through his mouth-piece Tedros. Gates became the WHO's biggest funder when Trump announced that the American government would cease its donations, but Biden immediately said he would restore the money when he took office in January, 2021. The Gates Foundation (the Cult) owns through limitless funding the world health system and the major players across the globe in the 'Covid' hoax.

Okay, with that background we return to that Rockefeller Foundation document of 2010 headed 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development' and its 'imaginary' epidemic of a virulent and deadly influenza strain which infected 20 percent of the global population and killed eight million in seven months. The Rockefeller scenario was that the epidemic destroyed economies, closed shops, offices and other businesses and led to governments imposing fierce rules and restrictions that included mandatory wearing of face masks and body-temperature checks to enter communal spaces like railway stations and supermarkets. The document predicted that even after the height of the Rockefeller-envisaged epidemic the authoritarian rule would continue to deal with further pandemics, transnational terrorism, environmental crises and rising poverty. Now you may think that the Rockefellers are our modern-day seers or alternatively, and rather more likely, that they well knew what was planned a few years further on. Fascism had to be imposed, you see, to 'protect citizens from risk and exposure'. The Rockefeller scenario document said:

During the pandemic, national leaders around the world flexed their authority and imposed airtight rules and restrictions, from the mandatory wearing of face masks to body-temperature checks at the entries to communal spaces like train stations and supermarkets. Even after the pandemic faded, this more authoritarian control and oversight of citizens and their activities stuck and even intensified. In order to protect themselves from the spread of increasingly global problems – from pandemics and transnational terrorism to environmental crises and rising poverty – leaders around the world took a firmer grip on power.

At first, the notion of a more controlled world gained wide acceptance and approval. Citizens willingly gave up some of their sovereignty – and their privacy – to more paternalistic states in exchange for greater safety and stability. Citizens were more tolerant, and even eager, for top-down direction and oversight, and national leaders had more latitude to impose order in the ways they saw fit.

In developed countries, this heightened oversight took many forms: biometric IDs for all citizens, for example, and tighter regulation of key industries whose stability was deemed vital to national interests. In many developed countries, enforced cooperation with a suite of new regulations and agreements slowly but steadily restored both order and, importantly, economic growth.

There we have the prophetic Rockefellers in 2010 and three years later came their paper for the Global Health Summit in Beijing, China, when government representatives, the private sector, international organisations and groups met to discuss the next 100 years of 'global health'. The Rockefeller Foundation-funded paper was called 'Dreaming the Future of Health for the Next 100 Years and more prophecy ensued as it described a dystopian future: 'The abundance of data, digitally tracking and linking people may mean the 'death of privacy' and may replace physical interaction with transient, virtual connection, generating isolation and raising questions of how values are shaped in virtual networks.' Next in the 'Covid' hoax preparation sequence came a 'table top' simulation in 2018 for another 'imaginary' pandemic of a disease called Clade X which was said to kill 900 million people. The exercise was organised by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins University's Center for Health Security in the United States and this is the very same university that has been compiling the disgustingly and systematically erroneous global figures for 'Covid' cases and deaths. Similar Johns Hopkins health crisis scenarios have included the Dark Winter exercise in 2001 and Atlantic Storm in 2005.

Nostradamus 201

For sheer predictive genius look no further prophecy-watchers than the Bill Gates-funded Event 201 held only six weeks before the 'coronavirus pandemic' is supposed to have broken out in China and Event 201 was based on a scenario of a global 'coronavirus pandemic'. Melinda Gates, the great man's missus, told the BBC that he had 'prepared for years' for a coronavirus pandemic which told us what we already knew. Nostradamugates had predicted in a TED talk in 2015 that a pandemic was coming that would kill a lot of people and demolish the world economy. My god, the man is a machine – possibly even literally. Now here he was only weeks before the real thing funding just such a simulated scenario and involving his friends and associates at Johns Hopkins, the World Economic Forum Cult-front of Klaus Schwab, the United Nations,

Johnson & Johnson, major banks, and officials from China and the Centers for Disease Control in the United States. What synchronicity – Johns Hopkins would go on to compile the fraudulent 'Covid' figures, the World Economic Forum and Schwab would push the 'Great Reset' in response to 'Covid', the Centers for Disease Control would be at the forefront of 'Covid' policy in the United States, Johnson & Johnson would produce a 'Covid vaccine', and everything would officially start just weeks later in China. Spooky, eh? They were even accurate in creating a simulation of a 'virus' pandemic because the 'real thing' would also be a simulation. Event 201 was not an exercise preparing for something that might happen; it was a rehearsal for what those in control knew was *going* to happen and very shortly. Hours of this simulation were posted on the Internet and the various themes and responses mirrored what would soon be imposed to transform human society. News stories were inserted and what they said would be commonplace a few weeks later with still more prophecy perfection. Much discussion focused on the need to deal with misinformation and the 'anti-vax movement' which is exactly what happened when the 'virus' arrived – was said to have arrived – in the West.

Cult-owned social media banned criticism and exposure of the official 'virus' narrative and when I said there *was* no 'virus' in early April, 2020, I was banned by one platform after another including YouTube, Facebook and later Twitter. The mainstream broadcast media in Britain was in effect banned from interviewing me by the Tony-Blair-created government broadcasting censor Ofcom headed by career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes who was appointed just as the 'virus' hoax was about to play out in January, 2020. At the same time the Ickonic media platform was using Vimeo, another ultra-Zionist-owned operation, while our own player was being created and they deleted in an instant hundreds of videos, documentaries, series and shows to confirm their unbelievable vindictiveness. We had copies, of course, and they had to be restored one by one when our player was ready. These people have no class. Sabbatian Facebook promised free advertisements for the Gates-

controlled World Health Organization narrative while deleting 'false claims and conspiracy theories' to stop 'misinformation' about the alleged coronavirus. All these responses could be seen just a short while earlier in the scenarios of Event 201. Extreme censorship was absolutely crucial for the Cult because the official story was so ridiculous and unsupportable by the evidence that it could never survive open debate and the free-flow of information and opinion. If you can't win a debate then don't have one is the Cult's approach throughout history. Facebook's little boy front man – front boy – Mark Zuckerberg equated 'credible and accurate information' with official sources and exposing their lies with 'misinformation'.

Silencing those that can see

The censorship dynamic of Event 201 is now the norm with an army of narrative-supporting 'fact-checker' organisations whose entire reason for being is to tell the public that official narratives are true and those exposing them are lying. One of the most appalling of these 'fact-checkers' is called NewsGuard founded by ultra-Zionist Americans Gordon Crovitz and Steven Brill. Crovitz is a former publisher of *The Wall Street Journal*, former Executive Vice President of Dow Jones, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), and on the board of the American Association of Rhodes Scholars. The CFR and Rhodes Scholarships, named after Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered the gold and diamonds of South Africa for his masters and the Cult, have featured widely in my books. NewsGuard don't seem to like me for some reason – I really can't think why – and they have done all they can to have me censored and discredited which is, to quote an old British politician, like being savaged by a dead sheep. They are, however, like all in the censorship network, very well connected and funded by organisations themselves funded by, or connected to, Bill Gates. As you would expect with anything associated with Gates NewsGuard has an offshoot called HealthGuard which 'fights online health care hoaxes'. How very kind. Somehow the NewsGuard European Managing Director Anna-Sophie Harling, a remarkably young-

looking woman with no broadcasting experience and little hands-on work in journalism, has somehow secured a position on the 'Content Board' of UK government broadcast censor Ofcom. An executive of an organisation seeking to discredit dissidents of the official narratives is making decisions for the government broadcast 'regulator' about content?? Another appalling 'fact-checker' is Full Fact funded by George Soros and global censors Google and Facebook.

It's amazing how many activists in the 'fact-checking', 'anti-hate', arena turn up in government-related positions – people like UK Labour Party activist Imran Ahmed who heads the Center for Countering Digital Hate founded by people like Morgan McSweeney, now chief of staff to the Labour Party's hapless and useless 'leader' Keir Starmer. Digital Hate – which is what it really is – uses the American spelling of Center to betray its connection to a transatlantic network of similar organisations which in 2020 shapeshifted from attacking people for 'hate' to attacking them for questioning the 'Covid' hoax and the dangers of the 'Covid vaccine'. It's just a coincidence, you understand. This is one of Imran Ahmed's hysterical statements: 'I would go beyond calling anti-vaxxers conspiracy theorists to say they are an extremist group that pose a national security risk.' No one could ever accuse this prat of understatement and he's including in that those parents who are now against vaccines after their children were damaged for life or killed by them. He's such a nice man. Ahmed does the rounds of the Woke media getting soft-ball questions from spineless 'journalists' who never ask what right he has to campaign to destroy the freedom of speech of others while he demands it for himself. There also seems to be an overrepresentation in Ofcom of people connected to the narrative-worshipping BBC. This incredible global network of narrative-support was super-vital when the 'Covid' hoax was played in the light of the mega-whopper lies that have to be defended from the spotlight cast by the most basic intelligence.

Setting the scene

The Cult plays the long game and proceeds step-by-step ensuring that everything is in place before major cards are played and they don't come any bigger than the 'Covid' hoax. The psychopaths can't handle events where the outcome isn't certain and as little as possible – preferably nothing – is left to chance. Politicians, government and medical officials who would follow direction were brought to illusory power in advance by the Cult web whether on the national stage or others like state governors and mayors of America. For decades the dynamic between officialdom, law enforcement and the public was changed from one of service to one of control and dictatorship. Behaviour manipulation networks established within government were waiting to impose the coming 'Covid' rules and regulations specifically designed to subdue and rewire the psyche of the people in the guise of protecting health. These included in the UK the Behavioural Insights Team part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office; the Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B); and a whole web of intelligence and military groups seeking to direct the conversation on social media and control the narrative. Among them are the cyberwarfare (on the people) 77th Brigade of the British military which is also coordinated through the Cabinet Office as civilian and military leadership continues to combine in what they call the Fusion Doctrine. The 77th Brigade is a British equivalent of the infamous Israeli (Sabbatian) military cyberwarfare and Internet manipulation operation Unit 8200 which I expose at length in *The Trigger*. Also carefully in place were the medical and science advisers to government – many on the payroll past or present of Bill Gates – and a whole alternative structure of unelected government stood by to take control when elected parliaments were effectively closed down once the 'Covid' card was slammed on the table. The structure I have described here and so much more was installed in every major country through the Cult networks. The top-down control hierarchy looks like this: The Cult – Cult-owned Gates – the World Health Organization and Tedros – Gates-funded or controlled chief medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators) in each country –

political 'leaders'– law enforcement – The People. Through this simple global communication and enforcement structure the policy of the Cult could be imposed on virtually the entire human population so long as they acquiesced to the fascism. With everything in place it was time for the button to be pressed in late 2019/early 2020.

These were the prime goals the Cult had to secure for its will to prevail:

1) Locking down economies, closing all but designated 'essential' businesses (Cult-owned corporations were 'essential'), and putting the population under house arrest was an imperative to destroy independent income and employment and ensure dependency on the Cult-controlled state in the Hunger Games Society. Lockdowns had to be established as the global blueprint from the start to respond to the 'virus' and followed by pretty much the entire world.

2) The global population had to be terrified into believing in a deadly 'virus' that didn't actually exist so they would unquestioningly obey authority in the belief that authority must know how best to protect them and their families. Software salesman Gates would suddenly morph into the world's health expert and be promoted as such by the Cult-owned media.

3) A method of testing that wasn't testing for the 'virus', but was only claimed to be, had to be in place to provide the illusion of 'cases' and subsequent 'deaths' that had a very different cause to the 'Covid-19' that would be scribbled on the death certificate.

4) Because there was no 'virus' and the great majority testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' would have no symptoms of anything the lie had to be sold that people without symptoms (without the 'virus') could still pass it on to others. This was crucial to justify for the first time quarantining – house arresting – healthy people. Without this the economy-destroying lockdown of *everybody* could not have been credibly sold.

5) The 'saviour' had to be seen as a vaccine which beyond evil drug companies were working like angels of mercy to develop as quickly as possible, with all corners cut, to save the day. The public must absolutely not know that the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with a 'virus' or that the contents were ready and waiting with a very different motive long before the 'Covid' card was even lifted from the pack.

I said in March, 2020, that the 'vaccine' would have been created way ahead of the 'Covid' hoax which justified its use and the following December an article in the New York *Intelligencer* magazine said the Moderna 'vaccine' had been 'designed' by

January, 2020. This was 'before China had even acknowledged that the disease could be transmitted from human to human, more than a week before the first confirmed coronavirus case in the United States'. The article said that by the time the first American death was announced a month later 'the vaccine had already been manufactured and shipped to the National Institutes of Health for the beginning of its Phase I clinical trial'. The 'vaccine' was actually 'designed' long before that although even with this timescale you would expect the article to ask how on earth it could have been done that quickly. Instead it asked why the 'vaccine' had not been rolled out then and not months later. Journalism in the mainstream is truly dead. I am going to detail in the next chapter why the 'virus' has never existed and how a hoax on that scale was possible, but first the foundation on which the Big Lie of 'Covid' was built.

The test that doesn't test

Fraudulent 'testing' is the bottom line of the whole 'Covid' hoax and was the means by which a 'virus' that did not exist *appeared* to exist. They could only achieve this magic trick by using a test not testing for the 'virus'. To use a test that *was* testing for the 'virus' would mean that every test would come back negative given there was no 'virus'. They chose to exploit something called the RT-PCR test invented by American biochemist Kary Mullis in the 1980s who said publicly that his PCR test … *cannot detect infectious disease*. Yes, the 'test' used worldwide to detect infectious 'Covid' to produce all the illusory 'cases' and 'deaths' compiled by Johns Hopkins and others *cannot detect infectious disease*. This fact came from the mouth of the man who invented PCR and was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1993 for doing so. Sadly, and incredibly conveniently for the Cult, Mullis died in August, 2019, at the age of 74 just before his test would be fraudulently used to unleash fascism on the world. He was said to have died from pneumonia which was an irony in itself. A few months later he would have had 'Covid-19' on his death certificate. I say the timing of his death was convenient because had he lived Mullis, a brilliant, honest and decent man, would have been

vociferously speaking out against the use of his test to detect 'Covid' when it was never designed, or able, to do that. I know that to be true given that Mullis made the same point when his test was used to 'detect' – not detect – HIV. He had been seriously critical of the Gallo/Montagnier claim to have isolated the HIV 'virus' and shown it to cause AIDS for which Mullis said there was no evidence. AIDS is actually not a disease but a series of diseases from which people die all the time. When they die from those *same diseases* after a positive 'test' for HIV then AIDS goes on their death certificate. I think I've heard that before somewhere. Countries instigated a policy with 'Covid' that anyone who tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and died of any other cause within 28 days and even longer 'Covid-19' had to go on the death certificate. Cases have come from the test that can't test for infectious disease and the deaths are those who have died of *anything* after testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I'll have much more later about the death certificate scandal.

Mullis was deeply dismissive of the now US 'Covid' star Anthony Fauci who he said was a liar who didn't know anything about anything – 'and I would say that to his face – nothing.' He said of Fauci: 'The man thinks he can take a blood sample, put it in an electron microscope and if it's got a virus in there you'll know it – he doesn't understand electron microscopy and he doesn't understand medicine and shouldn't be in a position like he's in.' That position, terrifyingly, has made him the decider of 'Covid' fascism policy on behalf of the Cult in his role as director since 1984 of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) while his record of being wrong is laughable; but being wrong, so long as it's the *right kind* of wrong, is why the Cult loves him. He'll say anything the Cult tells him to say. Fauci was made Chief Medical Adviser to the President immediately Biden took office. Biden was installed in the White House by Cult manipulation and one of his first decisions was to elevate Fauci to a position of even more control. This is a coincidence? Yes, and I identify as a flamenco dancer called Lola. How does such an incompetent criminal like Fauci remain in that

pivotal position in American health since *the 1980s*? When you serve the Cult it looks after you until you are surplus to requirements. Kary Mullis said prophetically of Fauci and his like: 'Those guys have an agenda and it's not an agenda we would like them to have … they make their own rules, they change them when they want to, and Tony Fauci does not mind going on television in front of the people who pay his salary and lie directly into the camera.' Fauci has done that almost daily since the 'Covid' hoax began. Lying is in Fauci's DNA. To make the situation crystal clear about the PCR test this is a direct quote from its inventor Kary Mullis:

> It [the PCR test] doesn't tell you that you're sick and doesn't tell you that the thing you ended up with was really going to hurt you ...'

Ask yourself why governments and medical systems the world over have been using this very test to decide who is 'infected' with the SARS-CoV-2 'virus' and the alleged disease it allegedly causes, 'Covid-19'. The answer to that question will tell you what has been going on. By the way, here's a little show-stopper – the 'new' SARS-CoV-2 'virus' was 'identified' as such right from the start using … *the PCR test not testing for the 'virus'*. If you are new to this and find that shocking then stick around. I have hardly started yet. Even worse, other 'tests', like the 'Lateral Flow Device' (LFD), are considered so useless that they have to be *confirmed* by the PCR test! Leaked emails written by Ben Dyson, adviser to UK 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock, said they were 'dangerously unreliable'. Dyson, executive director of strategy at the Department of Health, wrote: 'As of today, someone who gets a positive LFD result in (say) London has at best a 25 per cent chance of it being a true positive, but if it is a self-reported test potentially as low as 10 per cent (on an optimistic assumption about specificity) or as low as 2 per cent (on a more pessimistic assumption).' These are the 'tests' that schoolchildren and the public are being urged to have twice a week or more and have to isolate if they get a positive. Each fake positive goes in the statistics as a 'case' no matter how ludicrously inaccurate and the

'cases' drive lockdown, masks and the pressure to 'vaccinate'. The government said in response to the email leak that the 'tests' were accurate which confirmed yet again what shocking bloody liars they are. The real false positive rate is *100 percent* as we'll see. In another 'you couldn't make it up' the UK government agreed to pay £2.8 billion to California's Innova Medical Group to supply the irrelevant lateral flow tests. The company's primary test-making centre is in China. Innova Medical Group, established in March, 2020, is owned by Pasaca Capital Inc, chaired by Chinese-American millionaire Charles Huang who was born in Wuhan.

How it works – and how it doesn't

The RT-PCR test, known by its full title of Polymerase chain reaction, is used across the world to make millions, even billions, of copies of a DNA/RNA genetic information sample. The process is called 'amplification' and means that a tiny sample of genetic material is amplified to bring out the detailed content. I stress that it is not testing for an infectious disease. It is simply amplifying a sample of genetic material. In the words of Kary Mullis: 'PCR is … just a process that's used to make a whole lot of something out of something.' To emphasise the point companies that make the PCR tests circulated around the world to 'test' for 'Covid' warn on the box that it can't be used to detect 'Covid' or infectious disease and is for research purposes only. It's okay, rest for a minute and you'll be fine. This is the test that produces the 'cases' and 'deaths' that have been used to destroy human society. All those global and national medical and scientific 'experts' demanding this destruction to 'save us' *KNOW* that the test is not testing for the 'virus' and the cases and deaths they claim to be real are an almost unimaginable fraud. Every one of them and so many others including politicians and psychopaths like Gates and Tedros must be brought before Nuremburg-type trials and jailed for the rest of their lives. The more the genetic sample is amplified by PCR the more elements of that material become sensitive to the test and by that I don't mean sensitive for a 'virus' but for elements of the genetic material which

is *naturally* in the body or relates to remnants of old conditions of various kinds lying dormant and causing no disease. Once the amplification of the PCR reaches a certain level *everyone* will test positive. So much of the material has been made sensitive to the test that everyone will have some part of it in their body. Even lying criminals like Fauci have said that once PCR amplifications pass 35 cycles everything will be a false positive that cannot be trusted for the reasons I have described. I say, like many proper doctors and scientists, that 100 percent of the 'positives' are false, but let's just go with Fauci for a moment.

He says that any amplification over 35 cycles will produce false positives and yet the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC) and Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have recommended up to *40 cycles* and the National Health Service (NHS) in Britain admitted in an internal document for staff that it was using *45 cycles* of amplification. A long list of other countries has been doing the same and at least one 'testing' laboratory has been using *50 cycles*. Have you ever heard a doctor, medical 'expert' or the media ask what level of amplification has been used to claim a 'positive'. The 'test' comes back 'positive' and so you have the 'virus', end of story. Now we can see how the government in Tanzania could send off samples from a goat and a pawpaw fruit under human names and both came back positive for 'Covid-19'. Tanzania president John Magufuli mocked the 'Covid' hysteria, the PCR test and masks and refused to import the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine'. The Cult hated him and an article sponsored by the Bill Gates Foundation appeared in the London *Guardian* in February, 2021, headed 'It's time for Africa to rein in Tanzania's anti-vaxxer president'. Well, 'reined in' he shortly was. Magufuli appeared in good health, but then, in March, 2021, he was dead at 61 from 'heart failure'. He was replaced by Samia Hassan Suhulu who is connected to Klaus Schwab's World Economic Forum and she immediately reversed Magufuli's 'Covid' policy. A sample of cola tested positive for 'Covid' with the PCR test in Germany while American actress and singer-songwriter Erykah Badu tested positive in one nostril and negative in the other. Footballer Ronaldo called

the PCR test 'bullshit' after testing positive three times and being forced to quarantine and miss matches when there was nothing wrong with him. The mantra from Tedros at the World Health Organization and national governments (same thing) has been test, test, test. They know that the more tests they can generate the more fake 'cases' they have which go on to become 'deaths' in ways I am coming to. The UK government has its Operation Moonshot planned to test multiple millions every day in workplaces and schools with free tests for everyone to use twice a week at home in line with the Cult plan from the start to make testing part of life. A government advertisement for an 'Interim Head of Asymptomatic Testing Communication' said the job included responsibility for delivering a 'communications strategy' (propaganda) 'to support the expansion of asymptomatic testing that *'normalises testing as part of everyday life'*. More tests means more fake 'cases', 'deaths' and fascism. I have heard of, and from, many people who booked a test, couldn't turn up, and yet got a positive result through the post for a test they'd never even had. The whole thing is crazy, but for the Cult there's method in the madness. Controlling and manipulating the level of amplification of the test means the authorities can control whenever they want the number of apparent 'cases' and 'deaths'. If they want to justify more fascist lockdown and destruction of livelihoods they keep the amplification high. If they want to give the illusion that lockdowns and the 'vaccine' are working then they lower the amplification and 'cases' and 'deaths' will appear to fall. In January, 2021, the Cult-owned World Health Organization suddenly warned laboratories about over-amplification of the test and to lower the threshold. Suddenly headlines began appearing such as: 'Why ARE "Covid" cases plummeting?' This was just when the vaccine rollout was underway and I had predicted months before they would make cases appear to fall through amplification tampering when the 'vaccine' came. These people are so predictable.

Cow vaccines?

The question must be asked of what is on the test swabs being poked far up the nose of the population to the base of the brain? A nasal swab punctured one woman's brain and caused it to leak fluid. Most of these procedures are being done by people with little training or medical knowledge. Dr Lorraine Day, former orthopaedic trauma surgeon and Chief of Orthopaedic Surgery at San Francisco General Hospital, says the tests are really a *'vaccine'*. Cows have long been vaccinated this way. She points out that masks have to cover the nose and the mouth where it is claimed the 'virus' exists in saliva. Why then don't they take saliva from the mouth as they do with a DNA test instead of pushing a long swab up the nose towards the brain? The ethmoid bone separates the nasal cavity from the brain and within that bone is the cribriform plate. Dr Day says that when the swab is pushed up against this plate and twisted the procedure is 'depositing things back there'. She claims that among these 'things' are nanoparticles that can enter the brain. Researchers have noted that a team at the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins have designed tiny, star-shaped micro-devices that can latch onto intestinal mucosa and release drugs into the body. Mucosa is the thin skin that covers the inside surface of parts of the body such as *the nose* and mouth and produces mucus to protect them. The Johns Hopkins micro-devices are called 'theragrippers' and were 'inspired' by a parasitic worm that digs its sharp teeth into a host's intestines. Nasal swabs are also coated in the sterilisation agent ethylene oxide. The US National Cancer Institute posts this explanation on its website:

> At room temperature, ethylene oxide is a flammable colorless gas with a sweet odor. It is used primarily to produce other chemicals, including antifreeze. In smaller amounts, ethylene oxide is used as a pesticide and a sterilizing agent. The ability of ethylene oxide to damage DNA makes it an effective sterilizing agent but also accounts for its cancer-causing activity.

The Institute mentions lymphoma and leukaemia as cancers most frequently reported to be associated with occupational exposure to ethylene oxide along with stomach and breast cancers. How does anyone think this is going to work out with the constant testing

regime being inflicted on adults and children at home and at school that will accumulate in the body anything that's on the swab?

Doctors know best

It is vital for people to realise that 'hero' doctors 'know' only what the Big Pharma-dominated medical authorities tell them to 'know' and if they refuse to 'know' what they are told to 'know' they are out the door. They are mostly not physicians or healers, but repeaters of the official narrative – or else. I have seen alleged professional doctors on British television make shocking statements that we are supposed to take seriously. One called 'Dr' Amir Khan, who is actually telling patients how to respond to illness, said that men could take the birth pill to 'help slow down the effects of Covid-19'. In March, 2021, another ridiculous 'Covid study' by an American doctor proposed injecting men with the female sex hormone progesterone as a 'Covid' treatment. British doctor Nighat Arif told the BBC that face coverings were now going to be part of ongoing normal. Yes, the vaccine protects you, she said (evidence?) … but the way to deal with viruses in the community was always going to come down to hand washing, face covering and keeping a physical distance. That's not what we were told before the 'vaccine' was circulating. Arif said she couldn't imagine ever again going on the underground or in a lift without a mask. I was just thanking my good luck that she was not my doctor when she said – in March, 2021 – that if 'we are *behaving* and we are doing all the right things' she thought we could 'have our nearest and dearest around us at home … around *Christmas* and N*ew Year!* Her patronising delivery was the usual school teacher talking to six-year-olds as she repeated every government talking point and probably believed them all. If we have learned anything from the 'Covid' experience surely it must be that humanity's perception of doctors needs a fundamental rethink. NHS 'doctor' Sara Kayat told her television audience that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Not even Big Pharma claimed that. We have to stop taking 'experts' at their word without question when so many of them are

clueless and only repeating the party line on which their careers depend. That is not to say there are not brilliants doctors – there are and I have spoken to many of them since all this began – but you won't see them in the mainstream media or quoted by the psychopaths and yes-people in government.

Remember the name – Christian Drosten

German virologist Christian Drosten, Director of Charité Institute of Virology in Berlin, became a national star after the pandemic hoax began. He was feted on television and advised the German government on 'Covid' policy. Most importantly to the wider world Drosten led a group that produced the 'Covid' testing protocol for the PCR test. What a remarkable feat given the PCR cannot test for infectious disease and even more so when you think that Drosten said that his method of testing for SARS-CoV-2 was developed 'without having virus material available'. *He developed a test for a 'virus' that he didn't have and had never seen*. Let that sink in as you survey the global devastation that came from what he did. The whole catastrophe of Drosten's 'test' was based on the alleged genetic sequence published by Chinese scientists on the Internet. We will see in the next chapter that this alleged 'genetic sequence' has never been produced by China or anyone and cannot be when there *is no* SARS-CoV-2. Drosten, however, doesn't seem to let little details like that get in the way. He was the lead author with Victor Corman from the same Charité Hospital of the paper 'Detection of 2019 novel coronavirus (2019-nCoV) by real-time PCR' published in a magazine called *Eurosurveillance*. This became known as the Corman-Drosten paper. In November, 2020, with human society devastated by the effects of the Corman-Drosten test baloney, the protocol was publicly challenged by 22 international scientists and independent researchers from Europe, the United States, and Japan. Among them were senior molecular geneticists, biochemists, immunologists, and microbiologists. They produced a document headed 'External peer review of the RTPCR test to detect SARS-Cov-2 Reveals 10 Major Flaws At The Molecular and Methodological Level: Consequences

For False-Positive Results'. The flaws in the Corman-Drosten test included the following:

- The test is non-specific because of erroneous design
- Results are enormously variable
- The test is unable to discriminate between the whole 'virus' and viral fragments
- It doesn't have positive or negative controls
- The test lacks a standard operating procedure
- It is unsupported by proper peer view

The scientists said the PCR 'Covid' testing protocol was not founded on science and they demanded the Corman-Drosten paper be retracted by *Eurosurveillance*. They said all present and previous Covid deaths, cases, and 'infection rates' should be subject to a massive retroactive inquiry. Lockdowns and travel restrictions should be reviewed and relaxed and those diagnosed through PCR to have 'Covid-19' should not be forced to isolate. Dr Kevin Corbett, a health researcher and nurse educator with a long academic career producing a stream of peer-reviewed publications at many UK universities, made the same point about the PCR test debacle. He said of the scientists' conclusions: 'Every scientific rationale for the development of that test has been totally destroyed by this paper. It's like Hiroshima/Nagasaki to the Covid test.' He said that China hadn't given them an isolated 'virus' when Drosten developed the test. Instead they had developed the test from *a sequence in a gene bank*.' Put another way … *they made it up*! The scientists were supported in this contention by a Portuguese appeals court which ruled in November, 2020, that PCR tests are unreliable and it is unlawful to quarantine people based solely on a PCR test. The point about China not providing an isolated virus must be true when the 'virus' has never been isolated to this day and the consequences of that will become clear. Drosten and company produced this useless 'protocol' right on cue in January, 2020, just as the 'virus' was said to

be moving westward and it somehow managed to successfully pass a peer-review in 24 hours. In other words there was no peer-review for a test that would be used to decide who had 'Covid' and who didn't across the world. The Cult-created, Gates-controlled World Health Organization immediately recommended all its nearly 200 member countries to use the Drosten PCR protocol to detect 'cases' and 'deaths'. The sting was underway and it continues to this day.

So who is this Christian Drosten that produced the means through which death, destruction and economic catastrophe would be justified? His education background, including his doctoral thesis, would appear to be somewhat shrouded in mystery and his track record is dire as with another essential player in the 'Covid' hoax, the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London of whom more shortly. Drosten predicted in 2003 that the alleged original SARS 'virus' (SARS-1') was an epidemic that could have serious effects on economies and an effective vaccine would take at least two years to produce. Drosten's answer to every alleged 'outbreak' is a vaccine which you won't be shocked to know. What followed were just 774 official deaths worldwide and none in Germany where there were only nine cases. That is even if you believe there ever was a SARS 'virus' when the evidence is zilch and I will expand on this in the next chapter. Drosten claims to be co-discoverer of 'SARS-1' and developed a test for it in 2003. He was screaming warnings about 'swine flu' in 2009 and how it was a widespread infection far more severe than any dangers from a vaccine could be and people should get vaccinated. It would be helpful for Drosten's vocal chords if he simply recorded the words 'the virus is deadly and you need to get vaccinated' and copies could be handed out whenever the latest made-up threat comes along. Drosten's swine flu epidemic never happened, but Big Pharma didn't mind with governments spending hundreds of millions on vaccines that hardly anyone bothered to use and many who did wished they hadn't. A study in 2010 revealed that the risk of dying from swine flu, or H1N1, was no higher than that of the annual seasonal flu which is what at least most of 'it' really was as in

the case of 'Covid-19'. A media investigation into Drosten asked how with such a record of inaccuracy he could be *the* government adviser on these issues. The answer to that question is the same with Drosten, Ferguson and Fauci – they keep on giving the authorities the 'conclusions' and 'advice' they want to hear. Drosten certainly produced the goods for them in January, 2020, with his PCR protocol garbage and provided the foundation of what German internal medicine specialist Dr Claus Köhnlein, co-author of *Virus Mania*, called the 'test pandemic'. The 22 scientists in the *Eurosurveillance* challenge called out conflicts of interest within the Drosten 'protocol' group and with good reason. Olfert Landt, a regular co-author of Drosten 'studies', owns the biotech company TIB Molbiol Syntheselabor GmbH in Berlin which manufactures and sells the tests that Drosten and his mates come up with. They have done this with SARS, Enterotoxigenic E. coli (ETEC), MERS, Zika 'virus', yellow fever, and now 'Covid'. Landt told the *Berliner Zeitung* newspaper:

> The testing, design and development came from the Charité [Drosten and Corman]. We simply implemented it immediately in the form of a kit. And if we don't have the virus, which originally only existed in Wuhan, we can make a synthetic gene to simulate the genome of the virus. That's what we did very quickly.

This is more confirmation that the Drosten test was designed without access to the 'virus' and only a synthetic simulation which is what SARS-CoV-2 really is – a computer-generated synthetic fiction. It's quite an enterprise they have going here. A Drosten team decides what the test for something should be and Landt's biotech company flogs it to governments and medical systems across the world. His company must have made an absolute fortune since the 'Covid' hoax began. Dr Reiner Fuellmich, a prominent German consumer protection trial lawyer in Germany and California, is on Drosten's case and that of Tedros at the World Health Organization for crimes against humanity with a class-action lawsuit being prepared in the United States and other legal action in Germany.

Why China?

Scamming the world with a 'virus' that doesn't exist would seem impossible on the face of it, but not if you have control of the relatively few people that make policy decisions and the great majority of the global media. Remember it's not about changing 'real' reality it's about controlling *perception* of reality. You don't have to make something happen you only have make people *believe* that it's happening. Renegade Minds understand this and are therefore much harder to swindle. 'Covid-19' is not a 'real' 'virus'. It's a mind virus, like a computer virus, which has infected the minds, not the bodies, of billions. It all started, publically at least, in China and that alone is of central significance. The Cult was behind the revolution led by its asset Mao Zedong, or Chairman Mao, which established the People's Republic of China on October 1st, 1949. It should have been called The Cult's Republic of China, but the name had to reflect the recurring illusion that vicious dictatorships are run by and for the people (see all the 'Democratic Republics' controlled by tyrants). In the same way we have the 'Biden' Democratic Republic of America officially ruled by a puppet tyrant (at least temporarily) on behalf of Cult tyrants. The creation of Mao's merciless communist/fascist dictatorship was part of a frenzy of activity by the Cult at the conclusion of World War Two which, like the First World War, it had instigated through its assets in Germany, Britain, France, the United States and elsewhere. Israel was formed in 1948; the Soviet Union expanded its 'Iron Curtain' control, influence and military power with the Warsaw Pact communist alliance in 1955; the United Nations was formed in 1945 as a Cult precursor to world government; and a long list of world bodies would be established including the World Health Organization (1948), World Trade Organization (1948 under another name until 1995), International Monetary Fund (1945) and World Bank (1944). Human society was redrawn and hugely centralised in the global Problem-Reaction-Solution that was World War Two. All these changes were significant. Israel would become the headquarters of the Sabbatians

and the revolution in China would prepare the ground and control system for the events of 2019/2020.

Renegade Minds know there are no borders except for public consumption. The Cult is a seamless, borderless global entity and to understand the game we need to put aside labels like borders, nations, countries, communism, fascism and democracy. These delude the population into believing that countries are ruled within their borders by a government of whatever shade when these are mere agencies of a global power. America's illusion of democracy and China's communism/fascism are subsidiaries – vehicles – for the same agenda. We may hear about conflict and competition between America and China and on the lower levels that will be true; but at the Cult level they are branches of the same company in the way of the McDonald's example I gave earlier. I have tracked in the books over the years support by US governments of both parties for Chinese Communist Party infiltration of American society through allowing the sale of land, even military facilities, and the acquisition of American business and university influence. All this is underpinned by the infamous stealing of intellectual property and technological know-how. Cult-owned Silicon Valley corporations waive their fraudulent 'morality' to do business with human-rights-free China; Cult-controlled Disney has become China's PR department; and China in effect owns 'American' sports such as basketball which depends for much of its income on Chinese audiences. As a result any sports player, coach or official speaking out against China's horrific human rights record is immediately condemned or fired by the China-worshipping National Basketball Association. One of the first acts of China-controlled Biden was to issue an executive order telling federal agencies to stop making references to the 'virus' by the 'geographic location of its origin'. Long-time Congressman Jerry Nadler warned that criticising China, America's biggest rival, leads to hate crimes against Asian people in the United States. So shut up you bigot. China is fast closing in on Israel as a country that must not be criticised which is apt, really, given that Sabbatians control them both. The two countries have

developed close economic, military, technological and strategic ties which include involvement in China's 'Silk Road' transport and economic initiative to connect China with Europe. Israel was the first country in the Middle East to recognise the establishment of Mao's tyranny in 1950 months after it was established.

Project Wuhan – the 'Covid' Psyop

I emphasise again that the Cult plays the long game and what is happening to the world today is the result of centuries of calculated manipulation following a script to take control step-by-step of every aspect of human society. I will discuss later the common force behind all this that has spanned those centuries and thousands of years if the truth be told. Instigating the Mao revolution in China in 1949 with a 2020 'pandemic' in mind is not only how they work – the 71 years between them is really quite short by the Cult's standards of manipulation preparation. The reason for the Cult's Chinese revolution was to create a fiercely-controlled environment within which an extreme structure for human control could be incubated to eventually be unleashed across the world. We have seen this happen since the 'pandemic' emerged from China with the Chinese control-structure founded on AI technology and tyrannical enforcement sweep across the West. Until the moment when the Cult went for broke in the West and put its fascism on public display Western governments had to pay some lip-service to freedom and democracy to not alert too many people to the tyranny-in-the-making. Freedoms were more subtly eroded and power centralised with covert government structures put in place waiting for the arrival of 2020 when that smokescreen of 'freedom' could be dispensed with. The West was not able to move towards tyranny before 2020 anything like as fast as China which was created as a tyranny and had no limits on how fast it could construct the Cult's blueprint for global control. When the time came to impose that structure on the world it was the same Cult-owned Chinese communist/fascist government that provided the excuse – the 'Covid pandemic'. It was absolutely crucial to the Cult plan for the Chinese response to the 'pandemic' –

draconian lockdowns of the entire population – to become the blueprint that Western countries would follow to destroy the livelihoods and freedom of their people. This is why the Cult-owned, Gates-owned, WHO Director-General Tedros said early on:

> The Chinese government is to be congratulated for the extraordinary measures it has taken to contain the outbreak. China is actually setting a new standard for outbreak response and it is not an exaggeration.

Forbes magazine said of China: '… those measures protected untold millions from getting the disease'. The Rockefeller Foundation 'epidemic scenario' document in 2010 said 'prophetically':

> However, a few countries did fare better – China in particular. The Chinese government's quick imposition and enforcement of mandatory quarantine for all citizens, as well as its instant and near-hermetic sealing off of all borders, saved millions of lives, stopping the spread of the virus far earlier than in other countries and enabling a swifter post-pandemic recovery.

Once again – *spooky*.

The first official story was the 'bat theory' or rather the bat diversion. The source of the 'virus outbreak' we were told was a ''wet market' in Wuhan where bats and other animals are bought and eaten in horrifically unhygienic conditions. Then another story emerged through the alternative media that the 'virus' had been released on purpose or by accident from a BSL-4 (biosafety level 4) laboratory in Wuhan not far from the wet market. The lab was reported to create and work with lethal concoctions and bioweapons. Biosafety level 4 is the highest in the World Health Organization system of safety and containment. Renegade Minds are aware of what I call designer manipulation. The ideal for the Cult is for people to buy its prime narrative which in the opening salvoes of the 'pandemic' was the wet market story. It knows, however, that there is now a considerable worldwide alternative media of researchers sceptical of anything governments say and they are often given a version of events in a form they can perceive as credible while misdirecting them from the real truth. In this case let them

think that the conspiracy involved is a 'bioweapon virus' released from the Wuhan lab to keep them from the real conspiracy – *there is no 'virus'*. The WHO's current position on the source of the outbreak at the time of writing appears to be: 'We haven't got a clue, mate.' This is a good position to maintain mystery and bewilderment. The inner circle will know where the 'virus' came from – *nowhere*. The bottom line was to ensure the public believed there *was* a 'virus' and it didn't much matter if they thought it was natural or had been released from a lab. The belief that there was a 'deadly virus' was all that was needed to trigger global panic and fear. The population was terrified into handing their power to authority and doing what they were told. They had to or they were 'all gonna die'.

In March, 2020, information began to come my way from real doctors and scientists and my own additional research which had my intuition screaming: 'Yes, that's it! *There is no virus*.' The 'bioweapon' was not the 'virus'; it was the *'vaccine'* already being talked about that would be the bioweapon. My conclusion was further enhanced by happenings in Wuhan. The 'virus' was said to be sweeping the city and news footage circulated of people collapsing in the street (which they've never done in the West with the same 'virus'). The Chinese government was building 'new hospitals' in a matter of ten days to 'cope with demand' such was the virulent nature of the 'virus'. Yet in what seemed like no time the 'new hospitals' closed – even if they even opened – and China declared itself 'virus-free'. It was back to business as usual. This was more propaganda to promote the Chinese draconian lockdowns in the West as the way to 'beat the virus'. Trouble was that we subsequently had lockdown after lockdown, but never business as usual. As the people of the West and most of the rest of the world were caught in an ever-worsening spiral of lockdown, social distancing, masks, isolated old people, families forced apart, and livelihood destruction, it was party-time in Wuhan. Pictures emerged of thousands of people enjoying pool parties and concerts. It made no sense until you realised there never was a 'virus' and the

whole thing was a Cult set-up to transform human society out of one its major global strongholds – China.

How is it possible to deceive virtually the entire world population into believing there is a deadly virus when there is not even a 'virus' let alone a deadly one? It's nothing like as difficult as you would think and that's clearly true because it happened.

Postscript: See end of book Postscript for more on the 'Wuhan lab virus release' story which the authorities and media were pushing heavily in the summer of 2021 to divert attention from the truth that the 'Covid virus' is pure invention.

CHAPTER FIVE

There *is no* 'virus'

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time
Abraham Lincoln

The greatest form of mind control is repetition. The more you repeat the same mantra of alleged 'facts' the more will accept them to be true. It becomes an 'everyone knows that, mate'. If you can also censor any other version or alternative to your alleged 'facts' you are pretty much home and cooking.

By the start of 2020 the Cult owned the global mainstream media almost in its entirety to spew out its 'Covid' propaganda and ignore or discredit any other information and view. Cult-owned social media platforms in Cult-owned Silicon Valley were poised and ready to unleash a campaign of ferocious censorship to obliterate all but the official narrative. To complete the circle many demands for censorship by Silicon Valley were led by the mainstream media as 'journalists' became full-out enforcers for the Cult both as propagandists and censors. Part of this has been the influx of young people straight out of university who have become 'journalists' in significant positions. They have no experience and a headful of programmed perceptions from their years at school and university at a time when today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in known human history given the insidious impact of technology. They enter the media perceptually prepared and ready to repeat the narratives of the system that programmed them to

repeat its narratives. The BBC has a truly pathetic 'specialist disinformation reporter' called Marianna Spring who fits this bill perfectly. She is clueless about the world, how it works and what is really going on. Her role is to discredit anyone doing the job that a proper journalist would do and system-serving hacks like Spring wouldn't dare to do or even see the need to do. They are too busy licking the arse of authority which can never be wrong and, in the case of the BBC propaganda programme, *Panorama*, contacting payments systems such as PayPal to have a donations page taken down for a film company making documentaries questioning vaccines. Even the BBC soap opera *EastEnders* included a disgracefully biased scene in which an inarticulate white working class woman was made to look foolish for questioning the 'vaccine' while a well-spoken black man and Asian woman promoted the government narrative. It ticked every BBC box and the fact that the black and minority community was resisting the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with the way the scene was written. The BBC has become a disgusting tyrannical propaganda and censorship operation that should be defunded and disbanded and a free media take its place with a brief to stop censorship instead of demanding it. A BBC 'interview' with Gates goes something like: 'Mr Gates, sir, if I can call you sir, would you like to tell our audience why you are such a great man, a wonderful humanitarian philanthropist, and why you should absolutely be allowed as a software salesman to decide health policy for approaching eight billion people? Thank you, sir, please sir.' Propaganda programming has been incessant and merciless and when all you hear is the same story from the media, repeated by those around you who have only heard the same story, is it any wonder that people on a grand scale believe absolute mendacious garbage to be true? You are about to see, too, why this level of information control is necessary when the official 'Covid' narrative is so nonsensical and unsupportable by the evidence.

Structure of Deceit

The pyramid structure through which the 'Covid' hoax has been manifested is very simple and has to be to work. As few people as possible have to be involved with full knowledge of what they are doing – and why – or the real story would get out. At the top of the pyramid are the inner core of the Cult which controls Bill Gates who, in turn, controls the World Health Organization through his pivotal funding and his puppet Director-General mouthpiece, Tedros. Before he was appointed Tedros was chair of the Gates-founded Global Fund to 'fight against AIDS, tuberculosis and malaria', a board member of the Gates-funded 'vaccine alliance' GAVI, and on the board of another Gates-funded organisation. Gates owns him and picked him for a specific reason – Tedros is a crook and worse. 'Dr' Tedros (he's not a medical doctor, the first WHO chief not to be) was a member of the tyrannical Marxist government of Ethiopia for decades with all its human rights abuses. He has faced allegations of corruption and misappropriation of funds and was exposed three times for covering up cholera epidemics while Ethiopia's health minister. Tedros appointed the mass-murdering genocidal Zimbabwe dictator Robert Mugabe as a WHO goodwill ambassador for public health which, as with Tedros, is like appointing a psychopath to run a peace and love campaign. The move was so ridiculous that he had to drop Mugabe in the face of widespread condemnation. American economist David Steinman, a Nobel peace prize nominee, lodged a complaint with the International Criminal Court in The Hague over alleged genocide by Tedros when he was Ethiopia's foreign minister. Steinman says Tedros was a 'crucial decision maker' who directed the actions of Ethiopia's security forces from 2013 to 2015 and one of three officials in charge when those security services embarked on the 'killing' and 'torturing' of Ethiopians. You can see where Tedros is coming from and it's sobering to think that he has been the vehicle for Gates and the Cult to direct the global response to 'Covid'. Think about that. A psychopathic Cult dictates to psychopath Gates who dictates to psychopath Tedros who dictates how countries of the world must respond to a 'Covid virus' never scientifically shown to exist. At the same time psychopathic Cult-owned Silicon Valley information

giants like Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter announced very early on that they would give the Cult/Gates/Tedros/WHO version of the narrative free advertising and censor those who challenged their intelligence-insulting, mendacious story.

The next layer in the global 'medical' structure below the Cult, Gates and Tedros are the chief medical officers and science 'advisers' in each of the WHO member countries which means virtually all of them. Medical officers and arbiters of science (they're not) then take the WHO policy and recommended responses and impose them on their country's population while the political 'leaders' say they are deciding policy (they're clearly not) by 'following the science' on the advice of the 'experts' – the same medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators). In this way with the rarest of exceptions the entire world followed the same policy of lockdown, people distancing, masks and 'vaccines' dictated by the psychopathic Cult, psychopathic Gates and psychopathic Tedros who we are supposed to believe give a damn about the health of the world population they are seeking to enslave. That, amazingly, is all there is to it in terms of crucial decision-making. Medical staff in each country then follow like sheep the dictates of the shepherds at the top of the national medical hierarchies – chief medical officers and science 'advisers' who themselves follow like sheep the shepherds of the World Health Organization and the Cult. Shepherds at the national level often have major funding and other connections to Gates and his Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation which carefully hands out money like confetti at a wedding to control the entire global medical system from the WHO down.

Follow the money

Christopher Whitty, Chief Medical Adviser to the UK Government at the centre of 'virus' policy, a senior adviser to the government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE), and Executive Board member of the World Health Organization, was gifted a grant of $40 million by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation for malaria research in Africa. The BBC described the unelected Whitty as 'the

official who will probably have the greatest impact on our everyday lives of any individual policymaker in modern times' and so it turned out. What Gates and Tedros have said Whitty has done like his equivalents around the world. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of Big Pharma giant GlaxoSmithKline with its fundamental financial and business connections to Bill Gates. In September, 2020, it was revealed that Vallance owned a deferred bonus of shares in GlaxoSmithKline worth £600,000 while the company was 'developing' a 'Covid vaccine'. Move along now – nothing to see here – what could possibly be wrong with that? Imperial College in London, a major player in 'Covid' policy in Britain and elsewhere with its 'Covid-19' Response Team, is funded by Gates and has big connections to China while the now infamous Professor Neil Ferguson, the useless 'computer modeller' at Imperial College is also funded by Gates. Ferguson delivered the dramatically inaccurate excuse for the first lockdowns (much more in the next chapter). The Institute for Health Metrics and Evaluation (IHME) in the United States, another source of outrageously false 'Covid' computer models to justify lockdowns, is bankrolled by Gates who is a vehement promotor of lockdowns. America's version of Whitty and Vallance, the again now infamous Anthony Fauci, has connections to 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna as does Bill Gates through funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Fauci is director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), a major recipient of Gates money, and they are very close. Deborah Birx who was appointed White House Coronavirus Response Coordinator in February, 2020, is yet another with ties to Gates. Everywhere you look at the different elements around the world behind the coordination and decision making of the 'Covid' hoax there is Bill Gates and his money. They include the World Health Organization; Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in the United States; National Institutes of Health (NIH) of Anthony Fauci; Imperial College and Neil Ferguson; the London School of Hygiene where Chris Whitty worked; Regulatory agencies like the UK Medicines & Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)

which gave emergency approval for 'Covid vaccines'; Wellcome Trust; GAVI, the Vaccine Alliance; the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI); Johns Hopkins University which has compiled the false 'Covid' figures; and the World Economic Forum. A Nationalfile.com article said:

> Gates has a lot of pull in the medical world, he has a multi-million dollar relationship with Dr. Fauci, and Fauci originally took the Gates line supporting vaccines and casting doubt on [the drug hydroxychloroquine]. Coronavirus response team member Dr. Deborah Birx, appointed by former president Obama to serve as United States Global AIDS Coordinator, also sits on the board of a group that has received billions from Gates' foundation, and Birx reportedly used a disputed Bill Gates-funded model for the White House's Coronavirus effort. Gates is a big proponent for a population lockdown scenario for the Coronavirus outbreak.

Another funder of Moderna is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the technology-development arm of the Pentagon and one of the most sinister organisations on earth. DARPA had a major role with the CIA covert technology-funding operation In-Q-Tel in the development of Google and social media which is now at the centre of global censorship. Fauci and Gates are extremely close and openly admit to talking regularly about 'Covid' policy, but then why wouldn't Gates have a seat at every national 'Covid' table after his Foundation committed $1.75 billion to the 'fight against Covid-19'. When passed through our Orwellian Translation Unit this means that he has bought and paid for the Cult-driven 'Covid' response worldwide. Research the major 'Covid' response personnel in your own country and you will find the same Gates funding and other connections again and again. Medical and science chiefs following World Health Organization 'policy' sit atop a medical hierarchy in their country of administrators, doctors and nursing staff. These 'subordinates' are told they must work and behave in accordance with the policy delivered from the 'top' of the national 'health' pyramid which is largely the policy delivered by the WHO which is the policy delivered by Gates and the Cult. The whole 'Covid' narrative has been imposed on medical staff by a climate of fear although great numbers don't even need that to comply. They do so through breathtaking levels of ignorance and

include doctors who go through life simply repeating what Big Pharma and their hierarchical masters tell them to say and believe. No wonder Big Pharma 'medicine' is one of the biggest killers on Planet Earth.

The same top-down system of intimidation operates with regard to the Cult Big Pharma cartel which also dictates policy through national and global medical systems in this way. The Cult and Big Pharma agendas are the same because the former controls and owns the latter. 'Health' administrators, doctors, and nursing staff are told to support and parrot the dictated policy or they will face consequences which can include being fired. How sad it's been to see medical staff meekly repeating and imposing Cult policy without question and most of those who can see through the deceit are only willing to speak anonymously off the record. They know what will happen if their identity is known. This has left the courageous few to expose the lies about the 'virus', face masks, overwhelmed hospitals that aren't, and the dangers of the 'vaccine' that isn't a vaccine. When these medical professionals and scientists, some renowned in their field, have taken to the Internet to expose the truth their articles, comments and videos have been deleted by Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter and YouTube. What a real head-shaker to see YouTube videos with leading world scientists and highly qualified medical specialists with an added link underneath to the notorious Cult propaganda website *Wikipedia* to find the 'facts' about the same subject.

HIV – the 'Covid' trial-run

I'll give you an example of the consequences for health and truth that come from censorship and unquestioning belief in official narratives. The story was told by PCR inventor Kary Mullis in his book *Dancing Naked in the Mind Field*. He said that in 1984 he accepted as just another scientific fact that Luc Montagnier of France's Pasteur Institute and Robert Gallo of America's National Institutes of Health had independently discovered that a 'retrovirus' dubbed HIV (human immunodeficiency virus) caused AIDS. They

were, after all, Mullis writes, specialists in retroviruses. This is how the medical and science pyramids work. Something is announced or *assumed* and then becomes an everybody-knows-that purely through repetition of the assumption as if it is fact. Complete crap becomes accepted truth with no supporting evidence and only repetition of the crap. This is how a 'virus' that doesn't exist became the 'virus' that changed the world. The HIV-AIDS fairy story became a multi-billion pound industry and the media poured out propaganda terrifying the world about the deadly HIV 'virus' that caused the lethal AIDS. By then Mullis was working at a lab in Santa Monica, California, to detect retroviruses with his PCR test in blood donations received by the Red Cross. In doing so he asked a virologist where he could find a reference for HIV being the cause of AIDS. 'You don't need a reference,' the virologist said … *'Everybody knows it.'* Mullis said he wanted to quote a reference in the report he was doing and he said he felt a little funny about not knowing the source of such an important discovery when everyone else seemed to. The virologist suggested he cite a report by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) on morbidity and mortality. Mullis read the report, but it only said that an organism had been identified and did not say how. The report did not identify the original scientific work. Physicians, however, *assumed* (key recurring theme) that if the CDC was convinced that HIV caused AIDS then proof must exist. Mullis continues:

I did computer searches. Neither Montagnier, Gallo, nor anyone else had published papers describing experiments which led to the conclusion that HIV probably caused AIDS. I read the papers in Science for which they had become well known as AIDS doctors, but all they had said there was that they had found evidence of a past infection by something which was probably HIV in some AIDS patients.

They found antibodies. Antibodies to viruses had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease. Antibodies signaled that the virus had been defeated. The patient had saved himself. There was no indication in these papers that this virus caused a disease. They didn't show that everybody with the antibodies had the disease. In fact they found some healthy people with antibodies.

Mullis asked why their work had been published if Montagnier and Gallo hadn't really found this evidence, and why had they been fighting so hard to get credit for the discovery? He says he was hesitant to write 'HIV is the probable cause of AIDS' until he found published evidence to support that. 'Tens of thousands of scientists and researchers were spending billions of dollars a year doing research based on this idea,' Mullis writes. 'The reason had to be there somewhere; otherwise these people would not have allowed their research to settle into one narrow channel of investigation.' He said he lectured about PCR at numerous meetings where people were always talking about HIV and he asked them how they knew that HIV was the cause of AIDS:

> Everyone said something. Everyone had the answer at home, in the office, in some drawer. They all knew, and they would send me the papers as soon as they got back. But I never got any papers. Nobody ever sent me the news about how AIDS was caused by HIV.

Eventually Mullis was able to ask Montagnier himself about the reference proof when he lectured in San Diego at the grand opening of the University of California AIDS Research Center. Mullis says this was the last time he would ask his question without showing anger. Montagnier said he should reference the CDC report. 'I read it', Mullis said, and it didn't answer the question. 'If Montagnier didn't know the answer who the hell did?' Then one night Mullis was driving when an interview came on National Public Radio with Peter Duesberg, a prominent virologist at Berkeley and a California Scientist of the Year. Mullis says he finally understood why he could not find references that connected HIV to AIDS – *there weren't any!* No one had ever proved that HIV causes AIDS even though it had spawned a multi-billion pound global industry and the media was repeating this as fact every day in their articles and broadcasts terrifying the shit out of people about AIDS and giving the impression that a positive test for HIV (see 'Covid') was a death sentence. Duesberg was a threat to the AIDS gravy train and the agenda that underpinned it. He was therefore abused and castigated after he told the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences

there was no good evidence implicating the new 'virus'. Editors rejected his manuscripts and his research funds were deleted. Mullis points out that the CDC has defined AIDS as one of more than 30 diseases *if accompanied* by a positive result on a test that detects antibodies to HIV; but those same diseases are not defined as AIDS cases when antibodies are not detected:

> If an HIV-positive woman develops uterine cancer, for example, she is considered to have AIDS. If she is not HIV positive, she simply has uterine cancer. An HIV-positive man with tuberculosis has AIDS; if he tests negative he simply has tuberculosis. If he lives in Kenya or Colombia, where the test for HIV antibodies is too expensive, he is simply presumed to have the antibodies and therefore AIDS, and therefore he can be treated in the World Health Organization's clinic. It's the only medical help available in some places. And it's free, because the countries that support WHO are worried about AIDS.

Mullis accuses the CDC of continually adding new diseases (see ever more 'Covid symptoms') to the grand AIDS definition and of virtually doctoring the books to make it appear as if the disease continued to spread. He cites how in 1993 the CDC enormously broadened its AIDS definition and county health authorities were delighted because they received $2,500 per year from the Federal government for every reported AIDS case. Ladies and gentlemen, I have just described, via Kary Mullis, the 'Covid pandemic' of 2020 and beyond. Every element is the same and it's been pulled off in the same way by the same networks.

The 'Covid virus' exists? Okay – prove it. Er … still waiting

What Kary Mullis described with regard to 'HIV' has been repeated with 'Covid'. A claim is made that a new, or 'novel', infection has been found and the entire medical system of the world repeats that as fact exactly as they did with HIV and AIDS. No one in the mainstream asks rather relevant questions such as 'How do you know?' and 'Where is your proof?' The SARS-Cov-2 'virus' and the 'Covid-19 disease' became an overnight 'everybody-knows-that'. The origin could be debated and mulled over, but what you could not suggest was that 'SARS-Cov-2' didn't exist. That would be

ridiculous. 'Everybody knows' the 'virus' exists. Well, I didn't for one along with American proper doctors like Andrew Kaufman and Tom Cowan and long-time American proper journalist Jon Rappaport. We dared to pursue the obvious and simple question: 'Where's the evidence?' The overwhelming majority in medicine, journalism and the general public did not think to ask that. After all, *everyone knew* there was a new 'virus'. Everyone was saying so and I heard it on the BBC. Some would eventually argue that the 'deadly virus' was nothing like as deadly as claimed, but few would venture into the realms of its very existence. Had they done so they would have found that the evidence for that claim had gone AWOL as with HIV causes AIDS. In fact, not even that. For something to go AWOL it has to exist in the first place and scientific proof for a 'SARS-Cov-2' can be filed under nothing, nowhere and zilch.

Dr Andrew Kaufman is a board-certified forensic psychiatrist in New York State, a Doctor of Medicine and former Assistant Professor and Medical Director of Psychiatry at SUNY Upstate Medical University, and Medical Instructor of Hematology and Oncology at the Medical School of South Carolina. He also studied biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and trained in Psychiatry at Duke University. Kaufman is retired from allopathic medicine, but remains a consultant and educator on natural healing, I saw a video of his very early on in the 'Covid' hoax in which he questioned claims about the 'virus' in the absence of any supporting evidence and with plenty pointing the other way. I did everything I could to circulate his work which I felt was asking the pivotal questions that needed an answer. I can recommend an excellent pull-together interview he did with the website The Last Vagabond entitled *Dr Andrew Kaufman: Virus Isolation, Terrain Theory and Covid-19* and his website is andrewkaufmanmd.com. Kaufman is not only a forensic psychiatrist; he is forensic in all that he does. He always reads original scientific papers, experiments and studies instead of second-third-fourth-hand reports about the 'virus' in the media which are repeating the repeated repetition of the narrative. When he did so with the original Chinese 'virus' papers Kaufman

realised that there was no evidence of a 'SARS-Cov-2'. They had never – from the start – shown it to exist and every repeat of this claim worldwide was based on the accepted existence of proof that was nowhere to be found – see Kary Mullis and HIV. Here we go again.

Let's postulate

Kaufman discovered that the Chinese authorities immediately concluded that the cause of an illness that broke out among about 200 initial patients in Wuhan was a 'new virus' when there were no grounds to make that conclusion. The alleged 'virus' was not isolated from other genetic material in their samples and then shown through a system known as Koch's postulates to be the causative agent of the illness. The world was told that the SARS-Cov-2 'virus' caused a disease they called 'Covid-19' which had 'flu-like' symptoms and could lead to respiratory problems and pneumonia. If it wasn't so tragic it would almost be funny. *'Flu-like' symptoms'? Pneumonia? Respiratory disease?* What in *CHINA* and particularly in *Wuhan*, one of the most polluted cities in the world with a resulting epidemic of respiratory disease?? Three hundred thousand people get pneumonia in China every year and there are nearly a billion cases worldwide of 'flu-like symptoms'. These have a whole range of causes – including pollution in Wuhan – but no other possibility was credibly considered in late 2019 when the world was told there was a new and deadly 'virus'. The global prevalence of pneumonia and 'flu-like systems' gave the Cult networks unlimited potential to re-diagnose these other causes as the mythical 'Covid-19' and that is what they did from the very start. Kaufman revealed how Chinese medical and science authorities (all subordinates to the Cult-owned communist government) took genetic material from the lungs of only a few of the first patients. The material contained their own cells, bacteria, fungi and other microorganisms living in their bodies. The only way you could prove the existence of the 'virus' and its responsibility for the alleged 'Covid-19' was to isolate the virus from all the other material – a process also known as 'purification' – and

then follow the postulates sequence developed in the late 19th century by German physician and bacteriologist Robert Koch which became the 'gold standard' for connecting an alleged causation agent to a disease:

1. The microorganism (bacteria, fungus, virus, etc.) must be present in every case of the disease and all patients must have the same symptoms. It must also *not be present in healthy individuals*.

2. The microorganism must be isolated from the host with the disease. If the microorganism is a bacteria or fungus it must be grown in a pure culture. If it is a virus, it must be purified (i.e. containing no other material except the virus particles) from a clinical sample.

3. The specific disease, with all of its characteristics, must be reproduced when the infectious agent (the purified virus or a pure culture of bacteria or fungi) is inoculated into a healthy, susceptible host.

4. The microorganism must be recoverable from the experimentally infected host as in step 2.

Not one of these criteria has been met in the case of 'SARS-Cov-2' and 'Covid-19'. Not ONE. *EVER*. Robert Koch refers to bacteria and not viruses. What are called 'viral particles' are so minute (hence masks are useless by any definition) that they could only be seen after the invention of the electron microscope in the 1930s and can still only be observed through that means. American bacteriologist and virologist Thomas Milton Rivers, the so-called 'Father of Modern Virology' who was very significantly director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in the 1930s, developed a less stringent version of Koch's postulates to identify 'virus' causation known as 'Rivers criteria'. 'Covid' did not pass that process either. Some even doubt whether any 'virus' can be isolated from other particles containing genetic material in the Koch method. Freedom of Information requests in many countries asking for scientific proof that the 'Covid virus' has been purified and isolated and shown to exist have all come back with a 'we don't have that' and when this happened with a request to the UK Department of Health they added this comment:

However, outside of the scope of the [Freedom of Information Act] and on a discretionary basis, the following information has been advised to us, which may be of interest. Most infectious diseases are caused by viruses, bacteria or fungi. Some bacteria or fungi have the capacity to grow on their own in isolation, for example in colonies on a petri dish. Viruses are different in that they are what we call 'obligate pathogens' – that is, they cannot survive or reproduce without infecting a host ...

… For some diseases, it is possible to establish causation between a microorganism and a disease by isolating the pathogen from a patient, growing it in pure culture and reintroducing it to a healthy organism. These are known as 'Koch's postulates' and were developed in 1882. However, as our understanding of disease and different disease-causing agents has advanced, these are no longer the method for determining causation [Andrew Kaufman asks why in that case are there two published articles falsely claiming to satisfy Koch's postulates].

It has long been known that viral diseases cannot be identified in this way as viruses cannot be grown in 'pure culture'. When a patient is tested for a viral illness, this is normally done by looking for the presence of antigens, or viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques [Kaufman asks how you could know the origin of these chemicals without having a pure culture for comparison].

For the record 'antigens' are defined so:

Invading microorganisms have antigens on their surface that the human body can recognise as being foreign – meaning not belonging to it. When the body recognises a foreign antigen, lymphocytes (white blood cells) produce antibodies, which are complementary in shape to the antigen.

Notwithstanding that this is open to question in relation to 'SARS-Cov-2' the presence of 'antibodies' can have many causes and they are found in people that are perfectly well. Kary Mullis said: 'Antibodies … had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease.'

'Covid' really is a *computer* 'virus'

Where the UK Department of Health statement says 'viruses' are now 'diagnosed' through a 'viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques', they mean … *the PCR test* which its inventor said cannot test for infectious disease. They have no credible method of connecting a 'virus' to a disease and we will see that there is no scientific proof that any 'virus' causes any disease or there is any such thing as a 'virus' in the way that it is described. Tenacious Canadian researcher Christine Massey and her team made

some 40 Freedom of Information requests to national public health agencies in different countries asking for proof that SARS-CoV-2 has been isolated and not one of them could supply that information. Massey said of her request in Canada: 'Freedom of Information reveals Public Health Agency of Canada has no record of 'SARS-COV-2' isolation performed by anyone, anywhere, ever.' If you accept the comment from the UK Department of Health it's because they can't isolate a 'virus'. Even so many 'science' papers claimed to have isolated the 'Covid virus' until they were questioned and had to admit they hadn't. A reply from the Robert Koch Institute in Germany was typical: 'I am not aware of a paper which purified isolated SARS-CoV-2.' So what the hell was Christian Drosten and his gang using to design the 'Covid' testing protocol that has produced all the illusory Covid' cases and 'Covid' deaths when the head of the Chinese version of the CDC admitted there was a problem right from the start in that the 'virus' had never been isolated/purified? Breathe deeply: What they are calling 'Covid' is actually created by a *computer program* i.e. *they made it up* – er, that's it. They took lung fluid, with many sources of genetic material, from one single person alleged to be infected with Covid-19 by a PCR test which they *claimed*, without clear evidence, contained a 'virus'. They used several computer programs to create a model of a theoretical virus genome sequence from more than fifty-six million small sequences of RNA, each of an unknown source, assembling them like a puzzle with no known solution. The computer filled in the gaps with sequences from bits in the gene bank to make it look like a bat SARS-like coronavirus! A wave of the magic wand and poof, an in silico (computer-generated) genome, a scientific fantasy, was created. UK health researcher Dr Kevin Corbett made the same point with this analogy:

> … It's like giving you a few bones and saying that's your fish. It could be any fish. Not even a skeleton. Here's a few fragments of bones. That's your fish … It's all from gene bank and the bits of the virus sequence that weren't there they made up.
>
> They synthetically created them to fill in the blanks. That's what genetics is; it's a code. So it's ABBBCCDDD and you're missing some what you think is EEE so you put it in. It's all

synthetic. You just manufacture the bits that are missing. This is the end result of the geneticization of virology. This is basically a computer virus.

Further confirmation came in an email exchange between British citizen journalist Frances Leader and the government's Medicines & Healthcare Products Regulatory Agency (the Gates-funded MHRA) which gave emergency permission for untested 'Covid vaccines' to be used. The agency admitted that the 'vaccine' is not based on an isolated 'virus', but comes from a *computer-generated model*. Frances Leader was naturally banned from Cult-owned fascist Twitter for making this exchange public. The process of creating computer-generated alleged 'viruses' is called 'in silico' or 'in silicon' – computer chips – and the term 'in silico' is believed to originate with biological experiments using only a computer in 1989. 'Vaccines' involved with 'Covid' are also produced 'in silico' or by computer not a natural process. If the original 'virus' is nothing more than a made-up computer model how can there be 'new variants' of something that never existed in the first place? They are not new 'variants'; they are new *computer models* only minutely different to the original program and designed to further terrify the population into having the 'vaccine' and submitting to fascism. You want a 'new variant'? Click, click, enter – there you go. Tell the medical profession that you have discovered a 'South African variant', 'UK variants' or a 'Brazilian variant' and in the usual HIV-causes-AIDS manner they will unquestioningly repeat it with no evidence whatsoever to support these claims. They will go on television and warn about the dangers of 'new variants' while doing nothing more than repeating what they have been told to be true and knowing that any deviation from that would be career suicide. Big-time insiders will know it's a hoax, but much of the medical community is clueless about the way they are being played and themselves play the public without even being aware they are doing so. What an interesting 'coincidence' that AstraZeneca and Oxford University were conducting 'Covid vaccine trials' in the three countries – the UK, South Africa and Brazil – where the first three 'variants' were claimed to have 'broken out'.

Here's your 'virus' – it's a unicorn

Dr Andrew Kaufman presented a brilliant analysis describing how the 'virus' was imagined into fake existence when he dissected an article published by *Nature* and written by 19 authors detailing *alleged* 'sequencing of a complete viral genome' of the 'new SARS-CoV-2 virus'. This computer-modelled *in silico* genome was used as a template for all subsequent genome sequencing experiments that resulted in the so-called variants which he said now number more than *6,000*. The fake genome was constructed from more than 56 million individual short strands of RNA. Those little pieces were assembled into longer pieces by finding areas of overlapping sequences. The computer programs created over two million possible combinations from which the authors simply chose the longest one. They then compared this to a 'bat virus' and the computer 'alignment' rearranged the sequence and filled in the gaps! They called this computer-generated abomination the 'complete genome'. Dr Tom Cowan, a fellow medical author and collaborator with Kaufman, said such computer-generation constitutes scientific fraud and he makes this superb analogy:

> Here is an equivalency: A group of researchers claim to have found a unicorn because they found a piece of a hoof, a hair from a tail, and a snippet of a horn. They then add that information into a computer and program it to re-create the unicorn, and they then claim this computer re-creation is the real unicorn. Of course, they had never actually seen a unicorn so could not possibly have examined its genetic makeup to compare their samples with the actual unicorn's hair, hooves and horn.
>
> The researchers claim they decided which is the real genome of SARS-CoV-2 by 'consensus', sort of like a vote. Again, different computer programs will come up with different versions of the imaginary 'unicorn', so they come together as a group and decide which is the real imaginary unicorn.

This is how the 'virus' that has transformed the world was brought into fraudulent 'existence'. Extraordinary, yes, but as the Nazis said the bigger the lie the more will believe it. Cowan, however, wasn't finished and he went on to identify what he called the real blockbuster in the paper. He quotes this section from a paper written

by virologists and published by the CDC and then explains what it means:

> Therefore, we examined the capacity of SARS-CoV-2 to infect and replicate in several common primate and human cell lines, including human adenocarcinoma cells (A549), human liver cells (HUH 7.0), and human embryonic kidney cells (HEK-293T). In addition to Vero E6 and Vero CCL81 cells. ... Each cell line was inoculated at high multiplicity of infection and examined 24h post-infection.
>
> No CPE was observed in any of the cell lines except in Vero cells, which grew to greater than 10 to the 7th power at 24 h post-infection. In contrast, HUH 7.0 and 293T showed only modest viral replication, and A549 cells were incompatible with SARS CoV-2 infection.

Cowan explains that when virologists attempt to prove infection they have three possible 'hosts' or models on which they can test. The first was humans. Exposure to humans was generally not done for ethical reasons and has never been done with SARS-CoV-2 or any coronavirus. The second possible host was animals. Cowan said that forgetting for a moment that they never actually use purified virus when exposing animals they do use solutions that they *claim* contain the virus. Exposure to animals has been done with SARS-CoV-2 in an experiment involving mice and this is what they found: *None of the wild (normal) mice got sick*. In a group of genetically-modified mice, a statistically insignificant number lost weight and had slightly bristled fur, but they experienced nothing like the illness called 'Covid-19'. Cowan said the third method – the one they mostly rely on – is to inoculate solutions they *say* contain the virus onto a variety of tissue cultures. This process had never been shown to kill tissue *unless* the sample material was starved of nutrients and poisoned as *part of the process*. Yes, incredibly, in tissue experiments designed to show the 'virus' is responsible for killing the tissue they starve the tissue of nutrients and add toxic drugs including antibiotics and they do not have control studies to see if it's the starvation and poisoning that is degrading the tissue rather than the 'virus' they allege to be in there somewhere. You want me to pinch you? Yep, I understand. Tom Cowan said this about the whole nonsensical farce as he explains what that quote from the CDC paper really means:

The shocking thing about the above quote is that using their own methods, the virologists found that solutions containing SARS-CoV-2 – even in high amounts – were NOT, I repeat NOT, infective to any of the three human tissue cultures they tested. In plain English, this means they proved, on their terms, that this 'new coronavirus' is not infectious to human beings. It is ONLY infective to monkey kidney cells, and only then when you add two potent drugs (gentamicin and amphotericin), known to be toxic to kidneys, to the mix.

My friends, read this again and again. These virologists, published by the CDC, performed a clear proof, on their terms, showing that the SARS-CoV-2 virus is harmless to human beings. That is the only possible conclusion, but, unfortunately, this result is not even mentioned in their conclusion. They simply say they can provide virus stocks cultured only on monkey Vero cells, thanks for coming.

Cowan concluded: 'If people really understood how this "science" was done, I would hope they would storm the gates and demand honesty, transparency and truth.' Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Adviser at drug giant Pfizer has been a vocal critic of the 'Covid vaccine' and its potential for multiple harm. He said in an interview in April, 2021, that 'not one [vaccine] has the virus. He was asked why vaccines normally using a 'dead' version of a disease to activate the immune system were not used for 'Covid' and instead we had the synthetic methods of the 'mRNA Covid vaccine'. Yeadon said that to do the former 'you'd have to have some of [the virus] wouldn't you?' He added: 'No-one's got any – seriously.' Yeadon said that surely they couldn't have fooled the whole world for a year without having a virus, 'but oddly enough ask around – no one's got it'. He didn't know why with all the 'great labs' around the world that the virus had not been isolated – 'Maybe they've been too busy running bad PCR tests and vaccines that people don't need.' What is today called 'science' is not 'science' at all. Science is no longer what is, but whatever people can be manipulated to *believe* that it is. Real science has been hijacked by the Cult to dispense and produce the 'expert scientists' and contentions that suit the agenda of the Cult. How big-time this has happened with the 'Covid' hoax which is entirely based on fake science delivered by fake 'scientists' and fake 'doctors'. The human-caused climate change hoax is also entirely based on fake science delivered by fake 'scientists' and fake 'climate experts'. In both cases real

scientists, climate experts and doctors have their views suppressed and deleted by the Cult-owned science establishment, media and Silicon Valley. This is the 'science' that politicians claim to be 'following' and a common denominator of 'Covid' and climate are Cult psychopaths Bill Gates and his mate Klaus Schwab at the Gates-funded World Economic Forum. But, don't worry, it's all just a coincidence and absolutely nothing to worry about. *Zzzzzzzz*.

What is a 'virus' REALLY?

Dr Tom Cowan is one of many contesting the very existence of viruses let alone that they cause disease. This is understandable when there is no scientific evidence for a disease-causing 'virus'. German virologist Dr Stefan Lanka won a landmark case in 2017 in the German Supreme Court over his contention that there is no such thing as a measles virus. He had offered a big prize for anyone who could prove there is and Lanka won his case when someone sought to claim the money. There is currently a prize of more than 225,000 euros on offer from an Isolate Truth Fund for anyone who can prove the isolation of SARS-CoV-2 and its genetic substance. Lanka wrote in an article headed 'The Misconception Called Virus' that scientists think a 'virus' is causing tissue to become diseased and degraded when in fact it is the *processes they are using* which do that – not a 'virus'. Lanka has done an important job in making this point clear as Cowan did in his analysis of the CDC paper. Lanka says that all claims about viruses as disease-causing pathogens are wrong and based on 'easily recognisable, understandable and verifiable misinterpretations.' Scientists believed they were working with 'viruses' in their laboratories when they were really working with 'typical particles of specific dying tissues or cells …' Lanka said that the tissue decaying process claimed to be caused by a 'virus' still happens when no alleged 'virus' is involved. It's the *process* that does the damage and not a 'virus'. The genetic sample is deprived of nutrients, removed from its energy supply through removal from the body and then doused in toxic antibiotics to remove any bacteria. He confirms again that establishment scientists do not (pinch me)

conduct control experiments to see if this is the case and if they did they would see the claims that 'viruses' are doing the damage is nonsense. He adds that during the measles 'virus' court case he commissioned an independent laboratory to perform just such a control experiment and the result was that the tissues and cells died in the exact same way as with alleged 'infected' material. This is supported by a gathering number of scientists, doctors and researchers who reject what is called 'germ theory' or the belief in the body being infected by contagious sources emitted by other people. Researchers Dawn Lester and David Parker take the same stance in their highly-detailed and sourced book *What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong* which was recommended to me by a number of medical professionals genuinely seeking the truth. Lester and Parker say there is no provable scientific evidence to show that a 'virus' can be transmitted between people or people and animals or animals and people:

> The definition also claims that viruses are the cause of many diseases, as if this has been definitively proven. But this is not the case; there is no original scientific evidence that definitively demonstrates that any virus is the cause of any disease. The burden of proof for any theory lies with those who proposed it; but none of the existing documents provides 'proof' that supports the claim that 'viruses' are pathogens.

Dr Tom Cowan employs one of his clever analogies to describe the process by which a 'virus' is named as the culprit for a disease when what is called a 'virus' is only material released by cells detoxing themselves from infiltration by chemical or radiation poisoning. The tidal wave of technologically-generated radiation in the 'smart' modern world plus all the toxic food and drink are causing this to happen more than ever. Deluded 'scientists' misread this as a gathering impact of what they wrongly label 'viruses'.

Paper can infect houses

Cowan said in an article for davidicke.com – with his tongue only mildly in his cheek – that he believed he had made a tremendous

discovery that may revolutionise science. He had discovered that small bits of paper are alive, 'well alive-ish', can 'infect' houses, and then reproduce themselves inside the house. The result was that this explosion of growth in the paper inside the house causes the house to explode, blowing it to smithereens. His evidence for this new theory is that in the past months he had carefully examined many of the houses in his neighbourhood and found almost no scraps of paper on the lawns and surrounds of the house. There was an occasional stray label, but nothing more. Then he would return to these same houses a week or so later and with a few, not all of them, particularly the old and decrepit ones, he found to his shock and surprise they were littered with stray bits of paper. He knew then that the paper had infected these houses, made copies of itself, and blew up the house. A young boy on a bicycle at one of the sites told him he had seen a demolition crew using dynamite to explode the house the previous week, but Cowan dismissed this as the idle thoughts of silly boys because 'I was on to something big'. He was on to how 'scientists' mistake genetic material in the detoxifying process for something they call a 'virus'. Cowan said of his house and paper story:

If this sounds crazy to you, it's because it should. This scenario is obviously nuts. But consider this admittedly embellished, for effect, current viral theory that all scientists, medical doctors and virologists currently believe.

He takes the example of the 'novel SARS-Cov2' virus to prove the point. First they take someone with an undefined illness called 'Covid-19' and don't even attempt to find any virus in their sputum. Never mind the scientists still describe how this 'virus', which they have not located attaches to a cell receptor, injects its genetic material, in 'Covid's' case, RNA, into the cell. The RNA once inserted exploits the cell to reproduce itself and makes 'thousands, nay millions, of copies of itself … Then it emerges victorious to claim its next victim':

If you were to look in the scientific literature for proof, actual scientific proof, that uniform SARS-CoV2 viruses have been properly isolated from the sputum of a sick person, that actual spike proteins could be seen protruding from the virus (which has not been found), you would find that such evidence doesn't exist.

If you go looking in the published scientific literature for actual pictures, proof, that these spike proteins or any viral proteins are ever attached to any receptor embedded in any cell membrane, you would also find that no such evidence exists. If you were to look for a video or documented evidence of the intact virus injecting its genetic material into the body of the cell, reproducing itself and then emerging victorious by budding off the cell membrane, you would find that no such evidence exists.

The closest thing you would find is electron micrograph pictures of cellular particles, possibly attached to cell debris, both of which to be seen were stained by heavy metals, a process that completely distorts their architecture within the living organism. This is like finding bits of paper stuck to the blown-up bricks, thereby proving the paper emerged by taking pieces of the bricks on its way out.

The Enders baloney

Cowan describes the 'Covid' story as being just as make-believe as his paper story and he charts back this fantasy to a Nobel Prize winner called John Enders (1897-1985), an American biomedical scientist who has been dubbed 'The Father of Modern Vaccines'. Enders is claimed to have 'discovered' the process of the viral culture which 'proved' that a 'virus' caused measles. Cowan explains how Enders did this 'by using the EXACT same procedure that has been followed by every virologist to find and characterize every new virus since 1954'. Enders took throat swabs from children with measles and immersed them in 2ml of milk. Penicillin (100u/ml) and the antibiotic streptomycin (50,g/ml) were added and the whole mix was centrifuged – rotated at high speed to separate large cellular debris from small particles and molecules as with milk and cream, for example. Cowan says that if the aim is to find little particles of genetic material ('viruses') in the snot from children with measles it would seem that the last thing you would do is mix the snot with other material – milk –that also has genetic material. 'How are you ever going to know whether whatever you found came from the snot or the milk?' He points out that streptomycin is a 'nephrotoxic' or poisonous-to-the-kidney drug. You will see the relevance of that

shortly. Cowan says that it gets worse, much worse, when Enders describes the culture medium upon which the virus 'grows': 'The culture medium consisted of bovine amniotic fluid (90%), beef embryo extract (5%), horse serum (5%), antibiotics and phenol red as an indicator of cell metabolism.' Cowan asks incredulously: 'Did he just say that the culture medium also contained fluids and tissues that are themselves rich sources of genetic material?' The genetic cocktail, or 'medium', is inoculated onto tissue and cells from rhesus monkey *kidney* tissue. This is where the importance of streptomycin comes in and currently-used antimicrobials and other drugs that are *poisonous to kidneys* and used in ALL modern viral cultures (e.g. gentamicin, streptomycin, and amphotericin). Cowan asks: 'How are you ever going to know from this witch's brew where any genetic material comes from as we now have five different sources of rich genetic material in our mix?' Remember, he says, that all genetic material, whether from monkey kidney tissues, bovine serum, milk, etc., is made from the exact same components. The same central question returns: 'How are you possibly going to know that it was the virus that killed the kidney tissue and not the toxic antibiotic and starvation rations on which you are growing the tissue?' John Enders answered the question himself – *you can't*:

A second agent was obtained from an uninoculated culture of monkey kidney cells. The cytopathic changes [death of the cells] it induced in the unstained preparations could not be distinguished with confidence from the viruses isolated from measles.

The death of the cells ('cytopathic changes') happened in exactly the same manner, whether they inoculated the kidney tissue with the measles snot or not, Cowan says. 'This is evidence that the destruction of the tissue, the very proof of viral causation of illness, was not caused by anything in the snot because they saw the same destructive effect when the snot was not even used … the cytopathic, i.e., cell-killing, changes come from the process of the culture itself, not from any virus in any snot, period.' Enders quotes in his 1957 paper a virologist called Ruckle as reporting similar findings 'and in addition has isolated an agent from monkey kidney tissue that is so

far indistinguishable from human measles virus'. In other words, Cowan says, these particles called 'measles viruses' are simply and clearly breakdown products of the starved and poisoned tissue. For measles 'virus' see all 'viruses' including the so-called 'Covid virus'. Enders, the 'Father of Modern Vaccines', also said:

There is a potential risk in employing cultures of primate cells for the production of vaccines composed of attenuated virus, since the presence of other agents possibly latent in primate tissues cannot be definitely excluded by any known method.

Cowan further quotes from a paper published in the journal *Viruses* in May, 2020, while the 'Covid pandemic' was well underway in the media if not in reality. 'EVs' here refers to particles of genetic debris from our own tissues, such as exosomes of which more in a moment: 'The remarkable resemblance between EVs and viruses has caused quite a few problems in the studies focused on the analysis of EVs released during viral infections.' Later the paper adds that to date a reliable method that can actually guarantee a complete separation (of EVs from viruses) DOES NOT EXIST. This was published at a time when a fairy tale 'virus' was claimed in total certainty to be causing a fairy tale 'viral disease' called 'Covid-19' – a fairy tale that was already well on the way to transforming human society in the image that the Cult has worked to achieve for so long. Cowan concludes his article:

To summarize, there is no scientific evidence that pathogenic viruses exist. What we think of as 'viruses' are simply the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues and cells. When we are well, we make fewer of these particles; when we are starved, poisoned, suffocated by wearing masks, or afraid, we make more.

There is no engineered virus circulating and making people sick. People in laboratories all over the world are making genetically modified products to make people sick. These are called vaccines. There is no virome, no 'ecosystem' of viruses, viruses are not 8%, 50% or 100 % of our genetic material. These are all simply erroneous ideas based on the misconception called a virus.

What is 'Covid'? Load of bollocks

The background described here by Cowan and Lanka was emphasised in the first video presentation that I saw by Dr Andrew Kaufman when he asked whether the 'Covid virus' was in truth a natural defence mechanism of the body called 'exosomes'. These are released by cells when in states of toxicity – see the same themes returning over and over. They are released ever more profusely as chemical and radiation toxicity increases and think of the potential effect therefore of 5G alone as its destructive frequencies infest the human energetic information field with a gathering pace (5G went online in Wuhan in 2019 as the 'virus' emerged). I'll have more about this later. Exosomes transmit a warning to the rest of the body that 'Houston, we have a problem'. Kaufman presented images of exosomes and compared them with 'Covid' under an electron microscope and the similarity was remarkable. They both attach to the same cell receptors (*claimed* in the case of 'Covid'), contain the same genetic material in the form of RNA or ribonucleic acid, and both are found in 'viral cell cultures' with damaged or dying cells. James Hildreth MD, President and Chief Executive Officer of the Meharry Medical College at Johns Hopkins, said: 'The virus is fully an exosome in every sense of the word.' Kaufman's conclusion was that there is no 'virus': 'This entire pandemic is a completely manufactured crisis … there is no evidence of anyone dying from [this] illness.' Dr Tom Cowan and Sally Fallon Morell, authors of *The Contagion Myth*, published a statement with Dr Kaufman in February, 2021, explaining why the 'virus' does not exist and you can read it that in full in the Appendix.

'Virus' theory can be traced to the 'cell theory' in 1858 of German physician Rudolf Virchow (1821-1920) who contended that disease originates from a single cell infiltrated by a 'virus'. Dr Stefan Lanka said that findings and insights with respect to the structure, function and central importance of tissues in the creation of life, which were already known in 1858, comprehensively refute the cell theory. Virchow ignored them. We have seen the part later played by John Enders in the 1950s and Lanka notes that infection theories were only established as a global dogma through the policies and

eugenics of the Third Reich in Nazi Germany (creation of the same Sabbatian cult behind the 'Covid' hoax). Lanka said: 'Before 1933, scientists dared to contradict this theory; after 1933, these critical scientists were silenced'. Dr Tom Cowan's view is that ill-heath is caused by too much of something, too little of something, or toxification from chemicals and radiation – not contagion. We must also highlight as a major source of the 'virus' theology a man still called the 'Father of Modern Virology' – Thomas Milton Rivers (1888-1962). There is no way given the Cult's long game policy that it was a coincidence for the 'Father of Modern Virology' to be director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research from 1937 to 1956 when he is credited with making the Rockefeller Institute a leader in 'viral research'. Cult Rockefellers were the force behind the creation of Big Pharma 'medicine', established the World Health Organisation in 1948, and have long and close associations with the Gates family that now runs the WHO during the pandemic hoax through mega-rich Cult gofer and psychopath Bill Gates.

Only a Renegade Mind can see through all this bullshit by asking the questions that need to be answered, not taking 'no' or prevarication for an answer, and certainly not hiding from the truth in fear of speaking it. Renegade Minds have always changed the world for the better and they will change this one no matter how bleak it may currently appear to be.

CHAPTER SIX

Sequence of deceit

If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything
Mark Twain

Against the background that I have laid out this far the sequence that took us from an invented 'virus' in Cult-owned China in late 2019 to the fascist transformation of human society can be seen and understood in a whole new context.

We were told that a deadly disease had broken out in Wuhan and the world media began its campaign (coordinated by behavioural psychologists as we shall see) to terrify the population into unquestioning compliance. We were shown images of Chinese people collapsing in the street which never happened in the West with what was supposed to be the same condition. In the earliest days when alleged cases and deaths were few the fear register was hysterical in many areas of the media and this would expand into the common media narrative across the world. The real story was rather different, but we were never told that. The Chinese government, one of the Cult's biggest centres of global operation, said they had discovered a new illness with flu-like and pneumonia-type symptoms in a city with such toxic air that it is overwhelmed with flu-like symptoms, pneumonia and respiratory disease. Chinese scientists said it was a new – 'novel' – coronavirus which they called Sars-Cov-2 and that it caused a disease they labelled 'Covid-19'. There was no evidence for this and the 'virus' has never to this day been isolated, purified and its genetic code established from that. It

was from the beginning a computer-generated fiction. Stories of Chinese whistleblowers saying the number of deaths was being supressed or that the 'new disease' was related to the Wuhan bio-lab misdirected mainstream and alternative media into cul-de-sacs to obscure the real truth – there was no 'virus'.

Chinese scientists took genetic material from the lung fluid of just a few people and said they had found a 'new' disease when this material had a wide range of content. There was no evidence for a 'virus' for the very reasons explained in the last two chapters. The 'virus' has never been shown to (a) exist and (b) cause any disease. People were diagnosed on symptoms that are so widespread in Wuhan and polluted China and with a PCR test that can't detect infectious disease. On this farce the whole global scam was sold to the rest of the world which would also diagnose respiratory disease as 'Covid-19' from symptoms alone or with a PCR test not testing for a 'virus'. Flu miraculously disappeared *worldwide* in 2020 and into 2021 as it was redesignated 'Covid-19'. It was really the same old flu with its 'flu-like' symptoms attributed to 'flu-like' 'Covid-19'. At the same time with very few exceptions the Chinese response of draconian lockdown and fascism was the chosen weapon to respond across the West as recommended by the Cult-owned Tedros at the Cult-owned World Health Organization run by the Cult-owned Gates. All was going according to plan. Chinese scientists – everything in China is controlled by the Cult-owned government – compared their contaminated RNA lung-fluid material with other RNA sequences and said it appeared to be just under 80 percent identical to the SARS-CoV-1 'virus' claimed to be the cause of the SARS (severe acute respiratory syndrome) 'outbreak' in 2003. They decreed that because of this the 'new virus' had to be related and they called it SARS-CoV-2. There are some serious problems with this assumption and *assumption* was all it was. Most 'factual' science turns out to be assumptions repeated into everyone-knows-that. A match of under 80-percent is meaningless. Dr Kaufman makes the point that there's a *96 percent* genetic correlation between humans and chimpanzees, but 'no one would say our genetic material is part

of the chimpanzee family'. Yet the Chinese authorities were claiming that a much lower percentage, less than 80 percent, proved the existence of a new 'coronavirus'. For goodness sake human DNA is 60 percent similar to a *banana*.

You are feeling sleepy

The entire 'Covid' hoax is a global Psyop, a psychological operation to program the human mind into believing and fearing a complete fantasy. A crucial aspect of this was what *appeared* to happen in Italy. It was all very well streaming out daily images of an alleged catastrophe in Wuhan, but to the Western mind it was still on the other side of the world in a very different culture and setting. A reaction of 'this could happen to me and my family' was still nothing like as intense enough for the mind-doctors. The Cult needed a Western example to push people over that edge and it chose Italy, one of its major global locations going back to the Roman Empire. An Italian 'Covid' crisis was manufactured in a particular area called Lombardy which just happens to be notorious for its toxic air and therefore respiratory disease. Wuhan, China, déjà vu. An hysterical media told horror stories of Italians dying from 'Covid' in their droves and how Lombardy hospitals were being overrun by a tidal wave of desperately ill people needing treatment after being struck down by the 'deadly virus'. Here was the psychological turning point the Cult had planned. Wow, if this is happening in Italy, the Western mind concluded, this indeed could happen to me and my family. Another point is that Italian authorities responded by following the Chinese blueprint so vehemently recommended by the Cult-owned World Health Organization. They imposed fascistic lockdowns on the whole country viciously policed with the help of surveillance drones sweeping through the streets seeking out anyone who escaped from mass house arrest. Livelihoods were destroyed and psychology unravelled in the way we have witnessed since in all lockdown countries. Crucial to the plan was that Italy responded in this way to set the precedent of suspending freedom and imposing fascism in a 'Western liberal democracy'. I emphasised in an

animated video explanation on davidicke.com posted in the summer of 2020 how important it was to the Cult to expand the Chinese lockdown model across the West. Without this, and the bare-faced lie that non-symptomatic people could still transmit a 'disease' they didn't have, there was no way locking down the whole population, sick and not sick, could be pulled off. At just the right time and with no evidence Cult operatives and gofers claimed that people without symptoms could pass on the 'disease'. In the name of protecting the 'vulnerable' like elderly people, who lockdowns would kill by the tens of thousands, we had for the first time healthy people told to isolate as well as the sick. The great majority of people who tested positive had no symptoms because there was nothing wrong with them. It was just a trick made possible by a test not testing for the 'virus'.

Months after my animated video the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College confirmed that I was right. He didn't say it in those terms, naturally, but he did say it. Ferguson will enter the story shortly for his outrageously crazy 'computer models' that led to Britain, the United States and many other countries following the Chinese and now Italian methods of response. Put another way, following the Cult script. Ferguson said that SAGE, the UK government's scientific advisory group which has controlled 'Covid' policy from the start, wanted to follow the Chinese lockdown model (while they all continued to work and be paid), but they wondered if they could possibly, in Ferguson's words, 'get away with it in Europe'. 'Get away with it'? Who the hell do these moronic, arrogant people think they are? This appalling man Ferguson said that once Italy went into national lockdown they realised they, too, could mimic China:

> It's a communist one-party state, we said. We couldn't get away with it in Europe, we thought … and then Italy did it. And we realised we could. Behind this garbage from Ferguson is a simple fact: Doing the same as China in every country was the plan from the start and Ferguson's 'models' would play a central role in achieving that. It's just a coincidence, of course, and absolutely nothing to worry your little head about.

Oops, sorry, our mistake

Once the Italian segment of the Psyop had done the job it was designed to do a very different story emerged. Italian authorities revealed that 99 percent of those who had 'died from Covid-19' in Italy had one, two, three, or more 'co-morbidities' or illnesses and health problems that could have ended their life. The US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) published a figure of 94 percent for Americans dying of 'Covid' while having other serious medical conditions – on average two to three (some five or six) other potential causes of death. In terms of death from an unproven 'virus' I say it is 100 percent. The other one percent in Italy and six percent in the US would presumably have died from 'Covid's' flu-like symptoms with a range of other possible causes in conjunction with a test not testing for the 'virus'. Fox News reported that even more startling figures had emerged in one US county in which 410 of 422 deaths attributed to 'Covid-19' had other potentially deadly health conditions. The Italian National Health Institute said later that the average age of people dying with a 'Covid-19' diagnosis in Italy was about 81. Ninety percent were over 70 with ten percent over 90. In terms of other reasons to die some 80 percent had two or more chronic diseases with half having three or more including cardiovascular problems, diabetes, respiratory problems and cancer. Why is the phantom 'Covid-19' said to kill overwhelmingly old people and hardly affect the young? Old people continually die of many causes and especially respiratory disease which you can re-diagnose 'Covid-19' while young people die in tiny numbers by comparison and rarely of respiratory disease. Old people 'die of Covid' because they die of other things that can be redesignated 'Covid' and it really is that simple.

Flu has flown

The blueprint was in place. Get your illusory 'cases' from a test not testing for the 'virus' and redesignate other causes of death as 'Covid-19'. You have an instant 'pandemic' from something that is nothing more than a computer-generated fiction. With near-on a

billion people having 'flu-like' symptoms every year the potential was limitless and we can see why flu quickly and apparently miraculously disappeared *worldwide* by being diagnosed 'Covid-19'. The painfully bloody obvious was explained away by the childlike media in headlines like this in the UK '*Independent*': 'Not a single case of flu detected by Public Health England this year as Covid restrictions suppress virus'. I kid you not. The masking, social distancing and house arrest that did not make the 'Covid virus' disappear somehow did so with the 'flu virus'. Even worse the article, by a bloke called Samuel Lovett, suggested that maybe the masking, sanitising and other 'Covid' measures should continue to keep the flu away. With a ridiculousness that disturbs your breathing (it's 'Covid-19') the said Lovett wrote: 'With widespread social distancing and mask-wearing measures in place throughout the UK, the usual routes of transmission for influenza have been blocked.' He had absolutely no evidence to support that statement, but look at the consequences of him acknowledging the obvious. With flu not disappearing at all and only being relabelled 'Covid-19' he would have to contemplate that 'Covid' was a hoax on a scale that is hard to imagine. You need guts and commitment to truth to even go there and that's clearly something Samuel Lovett does not have in abundance. He would never have got it through the editors anyway.

Tens of thousands die in the United States alone every winter from flu including many with pneumonia complications. CDC figures record *45 million* Americans diagnosed with flu in 2017-2018 of which 61,000 died and some reports claim 80,000. Where was the same hysteria then that we have seen with 'Covid-19'? Some 250,000 Americans are admitted to hospital with pneumonia every year with about 50,000 cases proving fatal. About 65 million suffer respiratory disease every year and three million deaths makes this the third biggest cause of death worldwide. You only have to redesignate a portion of all these people 'Covid-19' and you have an instant global pandemic or the *appearance* of one. Why would doctors do this? They are told to do this and all but a few dare not refuse those who must be obeyed. Doctors in general are not researching their own

knowledge and instead take it direct and unquestioned from the authorities that own them and their careers. The authorities say they must now diagnose these symptoms 'Covid-19' and not flu, or whatever, and they do it. Dark suits say put 'Covid-19' on death certificates no matter what the cause of death and the doctors do it. Renegade Minds don't fall for the illusion that doctors and medical staff are all highly-intelligent, highly-principled, seekers of medical truth. *Some are*, but not the majority. They are repeaters, gofers, and yes sir, no sir, purveyors of what the system demands they purvey. The 'Covid' con is not merely confined to diseases of the lungs. Instructions to doctors to put 'Covid-19' on death certificates for anyone dying of *anything* within 28 days (or much more) of a positive test not testing for the 'virus' opened the floodgates. The term dying *with* 'Covid' and not *of* 'Covid' was coined to cover the truth. Whether it was a *with* or an *of* they were all added to the death numbers attributed to the 'deadly virus' compiled by national governments and globally by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins operation in the United States that was so involved in those 'pandemic' simulations. Fraudulent deaths were added to the ever-growing list of fraudulent 'cases' from false positives from a false test. No wonder Professor Walter Ricciardi, scientific advisor to the Italian minister of health, said after the Lombardy hysteria had done its job that 'Covid' death rates were due to Italy having the second oldest population in the world and to *how hospitals record deaths*:

> The way in which we code deaths in our country is very generous in the sense that all the people who die in hospitals with the coronavirus are deemed to be dying of the coronavirus. On re-evaluation by the National Institute of Health, only 12 per cent of death certificates have shown a direct causality from coronavirus, while 88 per cent of patients who have died have at least one pre-morbidity – many had two or three.

This is extraordinary enough when you consider the propaganda campaign to use Italy to terrify the world, but how can they even say twelve percent were genuine when the 'virus' has not been shown to exist, its 'code' is a computer program, and diagnosis comes from a test not testing for it? As in China, and soon the world, 'Covid-19' in

Italy was a redesignation of diagnosis. Lies and corruption were to become the real 'pandemic' fuelled by a pathetically-compliant medical system taking its orders from the tiny few at the top of their national hierarchy who answered to the World Health Organization which answers to Gates and the Cult. Doctors were told – ordered – to diagnose a particular set of symptoms 'Covid-19' and put that on the death certificate for any cause of death if the patient had tested positive with a test not testing for the virus or had 'Covid' symptoms like the flu. The United States even introduced big financial incentives to manipulate the figures with hospitals receiving £4,600 from the Medicare system for diagnosing someone with regular pneumonia, $13,000 if they made the diagnosis from the same symptoms 'Covid-19' pneumonia, and $39, 000 if they put a 'Covid' diagnosed patient on a ventilator that would almost certainly kill them. A few – painfully and pathetically few – medical whistleblowers revealed (before Cult-owned YouTube deleted their videos) that they had been instructed to 'let the patient crash' and put them straight on a ventilator instead of going through a series of far less intrusive and dangerous methods as they would have done before the pandemic hoax began and the financial incentives kicked in. We are talking cold-blooded murder given that ventilators are so damaging to respiratory systems they are usually the last step before heaven awaits. Renegade Minds never fall for the belief that people in white coats are all angels of mercy and cannot be full-on psychopaths. I have explained in detail in *The Answer* how what I am describing here played out across the world coordinated by the World Health Organization through the medical hierarchies in almost every country.

Medical scientist calls it

Information about the non-existence of the 'virus' began to emerge for me in late March, 2020, and mushroomed after that. I was sent an email by Sir Julian Rose, a writer, researcher, and organic farming promotor, from a medical scientist friend of his in the United States. Even at that early stage in March the scientist was able to explain

how the 'Covid' hoax was being manipulated. He said there were no reliable tests for a specific 'Covid-19 virus' and nor were there any reliable agencies or media outlets for reporting numbers of actual 'Covid-19' cases. We have seen in the long period since then that he was absolutely right. 'Every action and reaction to Covid-19 is based on totally flawed data and we simply cannot make accurate assessments,' he said. Most people diagnosed with 'Covid-19' were showing nothing more than cold and flu-like symptoms 'because most coronavirus strains *are* nothing more than cold/flu-like symptoms'. We had farcical situations like an 84-year-old German man testing positive for 'Covid-19' and his nursing home ordered to quarantine only for him to be found to have a common cold. The scientist described back then why PCR tests and what he called the 'Mickey Mouse test kits' were useless for what they were claimed to be identifying. 'The idea these kits can isolate a specific virus like Covid-19 is nonsense,' he said. Significantly, he pointed out that 'if you want to create a totally false panic about a totally false pandemic – pick a coronavirus'. This is exactly what the Cult-owned Gates, World Economic Forum and Johns Hopkins University did with their Event 201 'simulation' followed by their real-life simulation called the 'pandemic'. The scientist said that all you had to do was select the sickest of people with respiratory-type diseases in a single location – 'say Wuhan' – and administer PCR tests to them. You can then claim that anyone showing 'viral sequences' similar to a coronavirus 'which will inevitably be quite a few' is suffering from a 'new' disease:

> Since you already selected the sickest flu cases a fairly high proportion of your sample will go on to die. You can then say this 'new' virus has a CFR [case fatality rate] higher than the flu and use this to infuse more concern and do more tests which will of course produce more 'cases', which expands the testing, which produces yet more 'cases' and so on and so on. Before long you have your 'pandemic', and all you have done is use a simple test kit trick to convert the worst flu and pneumonia cases into something new that doesn't ACTUALLY EXIST [my emphasis].

He said that you then 'just run the same scam in other countries' and make sure to keep the fear message running high 'so that people

will feel panicky and less able to think critically'. The only problem to overcome was the fact *there is no* actual new deadly pathogen and only regular sick people. This meant that deaths from the 'new deadly pathogen' were going to be way too low for a real new deadly virus pandemic, but he said this could be overcome in the following ways – all of which would go on to happen:

1. You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent [you underpin this with fantasy 'computer projections']. Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.

2. You can [say that people] 'minimizing' the dangers are irresponsible and bully them into not talking about numbers.

3. You can talk crap about made up numbers hoping to blind people with pseudoscience.

4. You can start testing well people (who, of course, will also likely have shreds of coronavirus [RNA] in them) and thus inflate your 'case figures' with 'asymptomatic carriers' (you will of course have to spin that to sound deadly even though any virologist knows the more symptom-less cases you have the less deadly is your pathogen).

The scientist said that if you take these simple steps 'you can have your own entirely manufactured pandemic up and running in weeks'. His analysis made so early in the hoax was brilliantly prophetic of what would actually unfold. Pulling all the information together in these recent chapters we have this is simple 1, 2, 3, of how you can delude virtually the entire human population into believing in a 'virus' that doesn't exist:

- A 'Covid case' is someone who tests positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.

- A 'Covid death' is someone who dies of *any cause* within 28 days (or much longer) of testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus.

- Asymptomatic means there is nothing wrong with you, but they claim you can pass on what you don't have to justify locking

down (quarantining) healthy people in totality.

The foundations of the hoax are that simple. A study involving ten million people in Wuhan, published in November, 2020, demolished the whole lie about those without symptoms passing on the 'virus'. They found '300 asymptomatic cases' and traced their contacts to find that not one of them was detected with the 'virus'. 'Asymptomatic' patients and their contacts were isolated for no less than two weeks and nothing changed. I know it's all crap, but if you are going to claim that those without symptoms can transmit 'the virus' then you must produce evidence for that and they never have. Even World Health Organization official Dr Maria Van Kerkhove, head of the emerging diseases and zoonosis unit, said as early as June, 2020, that she doubted the validity of asymptomatic transmission. She said that 'from the data we have, it still seems to be rare that an asymptomatic person actually transmits onward to a secondary individual' and by 'rare' she meant that she couldn't cite any case of asymptomatic transmission.

The Ferguson factor

The problem for the Cult as it headed into March, 2020, when the script had lockdown due to start, was that despite all the manipulation of the case and death figures they still did not have enough people alleged to have died from 'Covid' to justify mass house arrest. This was overcome in the way the scientist described: 'You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent … Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.' Enter one Professor Neil Ferguson, the Gates-funded 'epidemiologist' at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London. Ferguson is Britain's Christian Drosten in that he has a dire record of predicting health outcomes, but is still called upon to advise government on the next health outcome when another 'crisis' comes along. This may seem to be a strange and ridiculous thing to do. Why would you keep turning for policy guidance to people who have a history of being

monumentally wrong? Ah, but it makes sense from the Cult point of view. These 'experts' keep on producing predictions that suit the Cult agenda for societal transformation and so it was with Neil Ferguson as he revealed his horrific (and clearly insane) computer model predictions that allowed lockdowns to be imposed in Britain, the United States and many other countries. Ferguson does not have even an A-level in biology and would appear to have no formal training in computer modelling, medicine or epidemiology, according to Derek Winton, an MSc in Computational Intelligence. He wrote an article somewhat aghast at what Ferguson did which included taking no account of respiratory disease 'seasonality' which means it is far worse in the winter months. Who would have thought that respiratory disease could be worse in the winter? Well, certainly not Ferguson.

The massively China-connected Imperial College and its bizarre professor provided the excuse for the long-incubated Chinese model of human control to travel westward at lightning speed. Imperial College confirms on its website that it collaborates with the Chinese Research Institute; publishes more than 600 research papers every year with Chinese research institutions; has 225 Chinese staff; 2,600 Chinese students – the biggest international group; 7,000 former students living in China which is the largest group outside the UK; and was selected for a tour by China's President Xi Jinping during his state visit to the UK in 2015. The college takes major donations from China and describes itself as the UK's number one university collaborator with Chinese research institutions. The China communist/fascist government did not appear phased by the woeful predictions of Ferguson and Imperial when during the lockdown that Ferguson induced the college signed a five-year collaboration deal with China tech giant Huawei that will have Huawei's indoor 5G network equipment installed at the college's West London tech campus along with an 'AI cloud platform'. The deal includes Chinese sponsorship of Imperial's Venture Catalyst entrepreneurship competition. Imperial is an example of the enormous influence the Chinese government has within British and North American

universities and research centres – and further afield. Up to 200 academics from more than a dozen UK universities are being investigated on suspicion of 'unintentionally' helping the Chinese government build weapons of mass destruction by 'transferring world-leading research in advanced military technology such as aircraft, missile designs and cyberweapons'. Similar scandals have broken in the United States, but it's all a coincidence. Imperial College serves the agenda in many other ways including the promotion of every aspect of the United Nations Agenda 21/2030 (the Great Reset) and produced computer models to show that human-caused 'climate change' is happening when in the real world it isn't. Imperial College is driving the climate agenda as it drives the 'Covid' agenda (both Cult hoaxes) while Patrick Vallance, the UK government's Chief Scientific Adviser on 'Covid', was named Chief Scientific Adviser to the UN 'climate change' conference known as COP26 hosted by the government in Glasgow, Scotland. 'Covid' and 'climate' are fundamentally connected.

Professor Woeful

From Imperial's bosom came Neil Ferguson still advising government despite his previous disasters and it was announced early on that he and other key people like UK Chief Medical Adviser Chris Whitty had caught the 'virus' as the propaganda story was being sold. Somehow they managed to survive and we had Prime Minister Boris Johnson admitted to hospital with what was said to be a severe version of the 'virus' in this same period. His whole policy and demeanour changed when he returned to Downing Street. It's a small world with these government advisors – especially in their communal connections to Gates – and Ferguson had partnered with Whitty to write a paper called 'Infectious disease: Tough choices to reduce Ebola transmission' which involved another scare-story that didn't happen. Ferguson's 'models' predicted that up to150, 000 could die from 'mad cow disease', or BSE, and its version in sheep if it was transmitted to humans. BSE was not transmitted and instead triggered by an organophosphate pesticide used to treat a pest on

cows. Fewer than 200 deaths followed from the human form. Models by Ferguson and his fellow incompetents led to the unnecessary culling of millions of pigs, cattle and sheep in the foot and mouth outbreak in 2001 which destroyed the lives and livelihoods of farmers and their families who had often spent decades building their herds and flocks. Vast numbers of these animals did not have foot and mouth and had no contact with the infection. Another 'expert' behind the cull was Professor Roy Anderson, a computer modeller at Imperial College specialising in the epidemiology of *human*, not animal, disease. Anderson has served on the Bill and Melinda Gates Grand Challenges in Global Health advisory board and chairs another Gates-funded organisation. Gates is everywhere.

In a precursor to the 'Covid' script Ferguson backed closing schools 'for prolonged periods' over the swine flu 'pandemic' in 2009 and said it would affect a third of the world population if it continued to spread at the speed he claimed to be happening. His mates at Imperial College said much the same and a news report said: 'One of the authors, the epidemiologist and disease modeller Neil Ferguson, who sits on the World Health Organisation's emergency committee for the outbreak, said the virus had "full pandemic potential".' Professor Liam Donaldson, the Chris Whitty of his day as Chief Medical Officer, said the worst case could see 30 percent of the British people infected by swine flu with 65,000 dying. Ferguson and Donaldson were indeed proved correct when at the end of the year the number of deaths attributed to swine flu was 392. The term 'expert' is rather liberally applied unfortunately, not least to complete idiots. Swine flu 'projections' were great for GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) as millions rolled in for its Pandemrix influenza vaccine which led to brain damage with children most affected. The British government (taxpayers) paid out more than £60 million in compensation after GSK was given immunity from prosecution. Yet another 'Covid' déjà vu. Swine flu was supposed to have broken out in Mexico, but Dr Wolfgang Wodarg, a German doctor, former member of parliament and critic of the 'Covid' hoax, observed 'the spread of swine flu' in Mexico City at the time. He

said: 'What we experienced in Mexico City was a very mild flu which did not kill more than usual – which killed even fewer people than usual.' Hyping the fear against all the facts is not unique to 'Covid' and has happened many times before. Ferguson is reported to have over-estimated the projected death toll of bird flu (H5N1) by some three million-fold, but bird flu vaccine makers again made a killing from the scare. This is some of the background to the Neil Ferguson who produced the perfectly-timed computer models in early 2020 predicting that half a million people would die in Britain without draconian lockdown and 2.2 million in the United States. Politicians panicked, people panicked, and lockdowns of alleged short duration were instigated to 'flatten the curve' of cases gleaned from a test not testing for the 'virus'. I said at the time that the public could forget the 'short duration' bit. This was an agenda to destroy the livelihoods of the population and force them into mass control through dependency and there was going to be nothing 'short' about it. American researcher Daniel Horowitz described the consequences of the 'models' spewed out by Gates-funded Ferguson and Imperial College:

> What led our government and the governments of many other countries into panic was a single Imperial College of UK study, funded by global warming activists, that predicted 2.2 million deaths if we didn't lock down the country. In addition, the reported 8-9% death rate in Italy scared us into thinking there was some other mutation of this virus that they got, which might have come here.
>
> Together with the fact that we were finally testing and had the ability to actually report new cases, we thought we were headed for a death spiral. But again … we can't flatten a curve if we don't know when the curve started.

How about it *never* started?

Giving them what they want

An investigation by German news outlet *Welt Am Sonntag (World on Sunday)* revealed how in March, 2020, the German government gathered together 'leading scientists from several research institutes and universities' and 'together, they were to produce a [modelling]

paper that would serve as legitimization for further tough political measures'. The Cult agenda was justified by computer modelling not based on evidence or reality; it was specifically constructed to justify the Cult demand for lockdowns all over the world to destroy the independent livelihoods of the global population. All these modellers and everyone responsible for the 'Covid' hoax have a date with a trial like those in Nuremberg after World War Two when Nazis faced the consequences of their war crimes. These corrupt-beyond-belief 'modellers' wrote the paper according to government instructions and it said that that if lockdown measures were lifted then up to one million Germans would die from 'Covid-19' adding that some would die 'agonizingly at home, gasping for breath' unable to be treated by hospitals that couldn't cope. All lies. No matter – it gave the Cult all that it wanted. What did long-time government 'modeller' Neil Ferguson say? If the UK and the United States didn't lockdown half a million would die in Britain and 2.2 million Americans. Anyone see a theme here? 'Modellers' are such a crucial part of the lockdown strategy that we should look into their background and follow the money. Researcher Rosemary Frei produced an excellent article headlined 'The Modelling-paper Mafiosi'. She highlights a guy called John Edmunds, a British epidemiologist, and professor in the Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health at the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine. He studied at Imperial College. Edmunds is a member of government 'Covid' advisory bodies which have been dictating policy, the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group (NERVTAG) and the Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE).

Ferguson, another member of NERVTAG and SAGE, led the way with the original 'virus' and Edmunds has followed in the 'variant' stage and especially the so-called UK or Kent variant known as the 'Variant of Concern' (VOC) B.1.1.7. He said in a co-written report for the Centre for Mathematical modelling of Infectious Diseases at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, with input from the Centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group, that there was 'a realistic

possibility that VOC B.1.1.7 is associated with an increased risk of death compared to non-VOC viruses'. Fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine, fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine. Rosemary Frei reveals that almost all the paper's authors and members of the modelling centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group receive funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and/or the associated Gates-funded Wellcome Trust. The paper was published by e-journal *Medr χiv* which only publishes papers not peer-reviewed and the journal was established by an organisation headed by Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg and his missus. What a small world it is. Frei discovered that Edmunds is on the Scientific Advisory Board of the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI) which was established by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Klaus Schwab's Davos World Economic Forum and Big Pharma giant Wellcome. CEPI was 'launched in Davos [in 2017] to develop vaccines to stop future epidemics', according to its website. 'Our mission is to accelerate the development of vaccines against emerging infectious diseases and enable equitable access to these vaccines for people during outbreaks.' What kind people they are. Rosemary Frei reveals that Public Health England (PHE) director Susan Hopkins is an author of her organisation's non-peer-reviewed reports on 'new variants'. Hopkins is a professor of infectious diseases at London's Imperial College which is gifted tens of millions of dollars a year by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Gates-funded modelling disaster Neil Ferguson also co-authors Public Health England reports and he spoke in December, 2020, about the potential danger of the B.1.1.7. 'UK variant' promoted by Gates-funded modeller John Edmunds. When I come to the 'Covid vaccines' the 'new variants' will be shown for what they are – bollocks.

Connections, connections

All these people and modellers are lockdown-obsessed or, put another way, they demand what the Cult demands. Edmunds said in January, 2021, that to ease lockdowns too soon would be a disaster and they had to 'vaccinate much, much, much more widely than the

elderly'. Rosemary Frei highlights that Edmunds is married to Jeanne Pimenta who is described in a LinkedIn profile as director of epidemiology at GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) and she held shares in the company. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of GSK and has a deferred bonus of shares in the company worth £600,000. GSK has serious business connections with Bill Gates and is collaborating with mRNA-'vaccine' company CureVac to make 'vaccines' for the new variants that Edmunds is talking about. GSK is planning a 'Covid vaccine' with drug giant Sanofi. Puppet Prime Minister Boris Johnson announced in the spring of 2021 that up to 60 million vaccine doses were to be made at the GSK facility at Barnard Castle in the English North East. Barnard Castle, with a population of just 6,000, was famously visited in breach of lockdown rules in April, 2020, by Johnson aide Dominic Cummings who said that he drove there 'to test his eyesight' before driving back to London. Cummings would be better advised to test his integrity – not that it would take long. The GSK facility had nothing to do with his visit then although I'm sure Patrick Vallance would have been happy to arrange an introduction and some tea and biscuits. Ruthless psychopath Gates has made yet another fortune from vaccines in collaboration with Big Pharma companies and gushes at the phenomenal profits to be made from vaccines – more than a 20-to-1 return as he told one interviewer. Gates also tweeted in December, 2019, with the foreknowledge of what was coming: 'What's next for our foundation? I'm particularly excited about what the next year could mean for one of the best buys in global health: vaccines.'

Modeller John Edmunds is a big promotor of vaccines as all these people appear to be. He's the dean of the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine's Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health which is primarily funded by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the Gates-established and funded GAVI vaccine alliance which is the Gates vehicle to vaccinate the world. The organisation Doctors Without Borders has described GAVI as being 'aimed more at supporting drug-industry desires to promote new

products than at finding the most efficient and sustainable means for fighting the diseases of poverty'. But then that's why the psychopath Gates created it. John Edmunds said in a video that the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine is involved in every aspect of vaccine development including large-scale clinical trials. He contends that mathematical modelling can show that vaccines protect individuals and society. That's on the basis of shit in and shit out, I take it. Edmunds serves on the UK Vaccine Network as does Ferguson and the government's foremost 'Covid' adviser, the grim-faced, dark-eyed Chris Whitty. The Vaccine Network says it works 'to support the government to identify and shortlist targeted investment opportunities for the most promising vaccines and vaccine technologies that will help combat infectious diseases with epidemic potential, and to address structural issues related to the UK's broader vaccine infrastructure'. Ferguson is acting Director of the Imperial College Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium which has funding from the Bill and Melina Gates Foundation and the Gates-created GAVI 'vaccine alliance'. Anyone wonder why these characters see vaccines as the answer to every problem? Ferguson is wildly enthusiastic in his support for GAVI's campaign to vaccine children en masse in poor countries. You would expect someone like Gates who has constantly talked about the need to reduce the population to want to fund vaccines to keep more people alive. I'm sure that's why he does it. The John Edmunds London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine (LSHTM) has a Vaccines Manufacturing Innovation Centre which develops, tests and commercialises vaccines. Rosemary Frei writes:

> The vaccines centre also performs affiliated activities like combating 'vaccine hesitancy'. The latter includes the Vaccine Confidence Project. The project's stated purpose is, among other things, 'to provide analysis and guidance for early response and engagement with the public to ensure sustained confidence in vaccines and immunisation'. The Vaccine Confidence Project's director is LSHTM professor Heidi Larson. For more than a decade she's been researching how to combat vaccine hesitancy.

How the bloody hell can blokes like John Edmunds and Neil Ferguson with those connections and financial ties model 'virus' case

and death projections for the government and especially in a way that gives their paymasters like Gates exactly what they want? It's insane, but this is what you find throughout the world.

'Covid' is not dangerous, oops, wait, yes it is

Only days before Ferguson's nightmare scenario made Jackboot Johnson take Britain into a China-style lockdown to save us from a deadly 'virus' the UK government website gov.uk was reporting something very different to Ferguson on a page of official government guidance for 'high consequence infectious diseases (HCID)'. It said this about 'Covid-19':

> As of 19 March 2020, COVID-19 *is no longer considered to be a high consequence infectious diseases (HCID) in the UK* [my emphasis]. The 4 nations public health HCID group made an interim recommendation in January 2020 to classify COVID-19 as an HCID. This was based on consideration of the UK HCID criteria about the virus and the disease with information available during the early stages of the outbreak.
>
> Now that more is known about COVID-19, the public health bodies in the UK have reviewed the most up to date information about COVID-19 against the UK HCID criteria. They have determined that several features have now changed; in particular, more information is available about mortality rates (low overall), and there is now greater clinical awareness and a specific and sensitive laboratory test, the availability of which continues to increase. The Advisory Committee on Dangerous Pathogens (ACDP) is also of the opinion that COVID-19 should no longer be classified as an HCID.

Soon after the government had been exposed for downgrading the risk they upgraded it again and everyone was back to singing from the same Cult hymn book. Ferguson and his fellow Gates clones indicated that lockdowns and restrictions would have to continue until a Gates-funded vaccine was developed. Gates said the same because Ferguson and his like were repeating the Gates script which is the Cult script. 'Flatten the curve' became an ongoing nightmare of continuing lockdowns with periods in between of severe restrictions in pursuit of destroying independent incomes and had nothing to do with protecting health about which the Cult gives not a shit. Why wouldn't Ferguson be pushing a vaccine 'solution' when he's owned by vaccine-obsessive Gates who makes a fortune from them and

when Ferguson heads the Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium at Imperial College funded by the Gates Foundation and GAVI, the 'vaccine alliance', created by Gates as his personal vaccine promotion operation? To compound the human catastrophe that Ferguson's 'models' did so much to create he was later exposed for breaking his own lockdown rules by having sexual liaisons with his married girlfriend Antonia Staats at his home while she was living at another location with her husband and children. Staats was a 'climate' activist and senior campaigner at the Soros-funded Avaaz which I wouldn't trust to tell me that grass is green. Ferguson had to resign as a government advisor over this hypocrisy in May, 2020, but after a period of quiet he was back being quoted by the ridiculous media on the need for more lockdowns and a vaccine rollout. Other government-advising 'scientists' from Imperial College' held the fort in his absence and said lockdown could be indefinite until a vaccine was found. The Cult script was being sung by the payrolled choir. I said there was no intention of going back to 'normal' when the 'vaccine' came because the 'vaccine' is part of a very different agenda that I will discuss in Human 2.0. Why would the Cult want to let the world go back to normal when destroying that normal forever was the whole point of what was happening? House arrest, closing businesses and schools through lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks all followed the Ferguson fantasy models. Again as I predicted (these people are so predictable) when the 'vaccine' arrived we were told that house arrest, lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks would still have to continue. I will deal with the masks in the next chapter because they are of fundamental importance.

Where's the 'pandemic'?

Any mildly in-depth assessment of the figures revealed what was really going on. Cult-funded and controlled organisations still have genuine people working within them such is the number involved. So it is with Genevieve Briand, assistant program director of the Applied Economics master's degree program at Johns Hopkins

University. She analysed the impact that 'Covid-19' had on deaths from *all* causes in the United States using official data from the CDC for the period from early February to early September, 2020. She found that allegedly 'Covid' *related*-deaths exceeded those from heart disease which she found strange with heart disease always the biggest cause of fatalities. Her research became even more significant when she noted the sudden decline in 2020 of *all* non-'Covid' deaths: 'This trend is completely contrary to the pattern observed in all previous years … the total decrease in deaths by other causes almost exactly equals the increase in deaths by Covid-19.' This was such a game, set and match in terms of what was happening that Johns Hopkins University deleted the article on the grounds that it 'was being used to support false and dangerous inaccuracies about the impact of the pandemic'. No – because it exposed the scam from official CDC figures and this was confirmed when those figures were published in January, 2021. Here we can see the effect of people dying from heart attacks, cancer, road accidents and gunshot wounds – *anything* – having 'Covid-19' on the death certificate along with those diagnosed from 'symptoms' who had even not tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I am not kidding with the gunshot wounds, by the way. Brenda Bock, coroner in Grand County, Colorado, revealed that two gunshot victims tested positive for the 'virus' within the previous 30 days and were therefore classified as 'Covid deaths'. Bock said: 'These two people had tested positive for Covid, but that's not what killed them. A gunshot wound is what killed them.' She said she had not even finished her investigation when the state listed the gunshot victims as deaths due to the 'virus'. The death and case figures for 'Covid-19' are an absolute joke and yet they are repeated like parrots by the media, politicians and alleged medical 'experts'. The official Cult narrative is the only show in town.

Genevieve Briand found that deaths from all causes were not exceptional in 2020 compared with previous years and a Spanish magazine published figures that said the same about Spain which was a 'Covid' propaganda hotspot at one point. *Discovery Salud*, a

health and medicine magazine, quoted government figures which showed how 17,000 *fewer* people died in Spain in 2020 than in 2019 and more than 26,000 fewer than in 2018. The age-standardised mortality rate for England and Wales when age distribution is taken into account was significantly lower in 2020 than the 1970s, 80s and 90s, and was only the ninth highest since 2000. Where is the 'pandemic'?

Post mortems and autopsies virtually disappeared for 'Covid' deaths amid claims that 'virus-infected' bodily fluids posed a risk to those carrying out the autopsy. This was rejected by renowned German pathologist and forensic doctor Klaus Püschel who said that he and his staff had by then done 150 autopsies on 'Covid' patients with no problems at all. He said they were needed to know why some 'Covid' patients suffered blood clots and not severe respiratory infections. The 'virus' is, after all, called SARS or 'severe acute respiratory syndrome'. I highlighted in the spring of 2020 this phenomenon and quoted New York intensive care doctor Cameron Kyle-Sidell who posted a soon deleted YouTube video to say that they had been told to prepare to treat an infectious disease called 'Covid-19', but that was not what they were dealing with. Instead he likened the lung condition of the most severely ill patients to what you would expect with cabin depressurisation in a plane at 30,000 feet or someone dropped on the top of Everest without oxygen or acclimatisation. I have never said this is not happening to a small minority of alleged 'Covid' patients – I am saying this is not caused by a phantom 'contagious virus'. Indeed Kyle-Sidell said that 'Covid-19' was not the disease they were told was coming their way. 'We are operating under a medical paradigm that is untrue,' he said, and he believed they were treating the wrong disease: 'These people are being slowly starved of oxygen.' Patients would take off their oxygen masks in a state of fear and stress and while they were blue in the face on the brink of death. They did not look like patients dying of pneumonia. You can see why they don't want autopsies when their virus doesn't exist and there is another condition in some people that they don't wish to be uncovered. I should add here that

the 5G system of millimetre waves was being rapidly introduced around the world in 2020 and even more so now as they fire 5G at the Earth from satellites. At 60 gigahertz within the 5G range that frequency interacts with the oxygen molecule and stops people breathing in sufficient oxygen to be absorbed into the bloodstream. They are installing 5G in schools and hospitals. The world is not mad or anything. 5G can cause major changes to the lungs and blood as I detail in *The Answer* and these consequences are labelled 'Covid-19', the alleged symptoms of which can be caused by 5G and other electromagnetic frequencies as cells respond to radiation poisoning.

The 'Covid death' scam

Dr Scott Jensen, a Minnesota state senator and medical doctor, exposed 'Covid' Medicare payment incentives to hospitals and death certificate manipulation. He said he was sent a seven-page document by the US Department of Health 'coaching' him on how to fill out death certificates which had never happened before. The document said that he didn't need to have a laboratory test for 'Covid-19' to put that on the death certificate and that shocked him when death certificates are supposed to be about facts. Jensen described how doctors had been 'encouraged, if not pressured' to make a diagnosis of 'Covid-19' if they thought it was probable or *'presumed*'. No positive test was necessary – not that this would have mattered anyway. He said doctors were told to diagnose 'Covid' by symptoms when these were the same as colds, allergies, other respiratory problems, and certainly with influenza which 'disappeared' in the 'Covid' era. A common sniffle was enough to get the dreaded verdict. Ontario authorities decreed that a single care home resident with *one* symptom from a long list must lead to the isolation of the entire home. Other courageous doctors like Jensen made the same point about death figure manipulation and how deaths by other causes were falling while 'Covid-19 deaths' were rising at the same rate due to re-diagnosis. Their videos rarely survive long on YouTube with its Cult-supporting algorithms courtesy of CEO Susan Wojcicki and her bosses at Google. Figure-tampering was so glaring

and ubiquitous that even officials were letting it slip or outright saying it. UK chief scientific adviser Patrick Vallance said on one occasion that 'Covid' on the death certificate doesn't mean 'Covid' was the cause of death (so why the hell is it there?) and we had the rare sight of a BBC reporter telling the truth when she said: 'Someone could be successfully treated for Covid, in say April, discharged, and then in June, get run over by a bus and die … That person would still be counted as a Covid death in England.' Yet the BBC and the rest of the world media went on repeating the case and death figures as if they were real. Illinois Public Health Director Dr Ngozi Ezike revealed the deceit while her bosses must have been clenching their buttocks:

> If you were in a hospice and given a few weeks to live and you were then found to have Covid that would be counted as a Covid death. [There might be] a clear alternate cause, but it is still listed as a Covid death. So everyone listed as a Covid death doesn't mean that was the cause of the death, but that they had Covid at the time of death.

Yes, a 'Covid virus' never shown to exist and tested for with a test not testing for the 'virus'. In the first period of the pandemic hoax through the spring of 2020 the process began of designating almost everything a 'Covid' death and this has continued ever since. I sat in a restaurant one night listening to a loud conversation on the next table where a family was discussing in bewilderment how a relative who had no symptoms of 'Covid', and had died of a long-term problem, could have been diagnosed a death by the 'virus'. I could understand their bewilderment. If they read this book they will know why this medical fraud has been perpetrated the world over.

Some media truth shock

The media ignored the evidence of death certificate fraud until eventually one columnist did speak out when she saw it first-hand. Bel Mooney is a long-time national newspaper journalist in Britain currently working for the *Daily Mail*. Her article on February 19th, 2021, carried this headline: 'My dad Ted passed three Covid tests

and died of a chronic illness yet he's officially one of Britain's 120,000 victims of the virus and is far from alone ... so how many more are there?' She told how her 99-year-old father was in a care home with a long-standing chronic obstructive pulmonary disease and vascular dementia. Maybe, but he was still aware enough to tell her from the start that there was no 'virus' and he refused the 'vaccine' for that reason. His death was not unexpected given his chronic health problems and Mooney said she was shocked to find that 'Covid-19' was declared the cause of death on his death certificate. She said this was a 'bizarre and unacceptable untruth' for a man with long-time health problems who had tested negative twice at the home for the 'virus'. I was also shocked by this story although not by what she said. I had been highlighting the death certificate manipulation for ten months. It was the confirmation that a professional full-time journalist only realised this was going on when it affected her directly and neither did she know that whether her dad tested positive or negative was irrelevant with the test not testing for the 'virus'. Where had she been? She said she did not believe in 'conspiracy theories' without knowing I'm sure that this and 'conspiracy theorists' were terms put into widespread circulation by the CIA in the 1960s to discredit those who did not accept the ridiculous official story of the Kennedy assassination. A blanket statement of 'I don't believe in conspiracy theories' is always bizarre. The dictionary definition of the term alone means the world is drowning in conspiracies. What she said was even more daft when her dad had just been affected by the 'Covid' conspiracy. Why else does she think that 'Covid-19' was going on the death certificates of people who died of something else?

To be fair once she saw from personal experience what was happening she didn't mince words. Mooney was called by the care home on the morning of February 9th to be told her father had died in his sleep. When she asked for the official cause of death what came back was 'Covid-19'. Mooney challenged this and was told there had been deaths from Covid on the dementia floor (confirmed by a test not testing for the 'virus') so they considered it 'reasonable

to assume'. 'But doctor,' Mooney rightly protested, 'an assumption isn't a diagnosis.' She said she didn't blame the perfectly decent and sympathetic doctor – 'he was just doing his job'. Sorry, but that's *bullshit*. He wasn't doing his job at all. He was putting a false cause of death on the death certificate and that is a criminal offence for which he should be brought to account and the same with the millions of doctors worldwide who have done the same. They were not doing their job they were following orders and that must not wash at new Nuremberg trials any more than it did at the first ones. Mooney's doctor was 'assuming' (presuming) as he was told to, but 'just following orders' makes no difference to his actions. A doctor's job is to serve the patient and the truth, not follow orders, but that's what they have done all over the world and played a central part in making the 'Covid' hoax possible with all its catastrophic consequences for humanity. Shame on them and they must answer for their actions. Mooney said her disquiet worsened when she registered her father's death by telephone and was told by the registrar there had been very many other cases like hers where 'the deceased' had not tested positive for 'Covid' yet it was recorded as the cause of death. The test may not matter, but those involved at their level *think* it matters and it shows a callous disregard for accurate diagnosis. The pressure to do this is coming from the top of the national 'health' pyramids which in turn obey the World Health Organization which obeys Gates and the Cult. Mooney said the registrar agreed that this must distort the national figures adding that 'the strangest thing is that every winter we record countless deaths from flu, and this winter there have been none. Not one!' She asked if the registrar thought deaths from flu were being misdiagnosed and lumped together with 'Covid' deaths. The answer was a 'puzzled yes'. Mooney said that the funeral director said the same about 'Covid' deaths which had nothing to do with 'Covid'. They had lost count of the number of families upset by this and other funeral companies in different countries have had the same experience. Mooney wrote:

The nightly shroud-waving and shocking close-ups of pain imposed on us by the TV news bewildered and terrified the population into eager compliance with lockdowns. We were invited to 'save the NHS' and to grieve for strangers – the real-life loved ones behind those shocking death counts. Why would the public imagine what I now fear, namely that the way Covid-19 death statistics are compiled might make the numbers seem greater than they are?

Oh, just a little bit – like 100 percent.

Do the maths

Mooney asked why a country would wish to skew its mortality figures by wrongly certifying deaths? What had been going on? Well, if you don't believe in conspiracies you will never find the answer which is that *it's a conspiracy*. She did, however, describe what she had discovered as a 'national scandal'. In reality it's a global scandal and happening everywhere. Pillars of this conspiracy were all put into place before the button was pressed with the Drosten PCR protocol and high amplifications to produce the cases and death certificate changes to secure illusory 'Covid' deaths. Mooney notes that normally two doctors were needed to certify a death, with one having to know the patient, and how the rules were changed in the spring of 2020 to allow one doctor to do this. In the same period 'Covid deaths' were decreed to be all cases where Covid-19 was put on the death certificate even without a positive test or any symptoms. Mooney asked: 'How many of the 30,851 (as of January 15) care home resident deaths with Covid-19 on the certificate (32.4 per cent of all deaths so far) were based on an assumption, like that of my father? And what has that done to our national psyche?'All of them is the answer to the first question and it has devastated and dismantled the national psyche, actually the global psyche, on a colossal scale. In the UK case and death data is compiled by organisations like Public Health England (PHE) and the Office for National Statistics (ONS). Mooney highlights the insane policy of counting a death from any cause as 'Covid-19' if this happens within 28 days of a positive test (with a test not testing for the 'virus') and she points out that ONS statistics reflect deaths 'involving Covid' 'or due to Covid' which meant in practice any

death where 'Covid-19' was mentioned on the death certificate. She described the consequences of this fraud:

> Most people will accept the narrative they are fed, so panicky governments here and in Europe witnessed the harsh measures enacted in totalitarian China and jumped into lockdown. Headlines about Covid deaths tolled like the knell that would bring doomsday to us all. Fear stalked our empty streets. Politicians parroted the frankly ridiculous aim of 'zero Covid' and shut down the economy, while most British people agreed that lockdown was essential and (astonishingly to me, as a patriotic Brit) even wanted more restrictions.
>
> For what? Lies on death certificates? Never mind the grim toll of lives ruined, suicides, schools closed, rising inequality, depression, cancelled hospital treatments, cancer patients in a torture of waiting, poverty, economic devastation, loneliness, families kept apart, and so on. How many lives have been lost as a direct result of lockdown?

She said that we could join in a national chorus of shock and horror at reaching the 120,000 death toll which was surely certain to have been totally skewed all along, but what about the human cost of lockdown justified by these 'death figures'? *The British Medical Journal* had reported a 1,493 percent increase in cases of children taken to Great Ormond Street Hospital with abusive head injuries alone and then there was the effect on families:

> Perhaps the most shocking thing about all this is that families have been kept apart – and obeyed the most irrational, changing rules at the whim of government – because they believed in the statistics. They succumbed to fear, which his generation rejected in that war fought for freedom. Dad (God rest his soul) would be angry. And so am I.

Another theme to watch is that in the winter months when there are more deaths from all causes they focus on 'Covid' deaths and in the summer when the British Lung Foundation says respiratory disease plummets by 80 percent they rage on about 'cases'. Either way fascism on population is always the answer.

Nazi eugenics in the 21st century

Elderly people in care homes have been isolated from their families month after lonely month with no contact with relatives and grandchildren who were banned from seeing them. We were told

that lockdown fascism was to 'protect the vulnerable' like elderly people. At the same time Do Not Resuscitate (DNR) orders were placed on their medical files so that if they needed resuscitation it wasn't done and 'Covid-19' went on their death certificates. Old people were not being 'protected' they were being culled – murdered in truth. DNR orders were being decreed for disabled and young people with learning difficulties or psychological problems. The UK Care Quality Commission, a non-departmental body of the Department of Health and Social Care, found that 34 percent of those working in health and social care were pressured into placing 'do not attempt cardiopulmonary resuscitation' orders on 'Covid' patients who suffered from disabilities and learning difficulties without involving the patient or their families in the decision. UK judges ruled that an elderly woman with dementia should have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine' against her son's wishes and that a man with severe learning difficulties should have the jab despite his family's objections. Never mind that many had already died. The judiciary always supports doctors and government in fascist dictatorships. They wouldn't dare do otherwise. A horrific video was posted showing fascist officers from Los Angeles police forcibly giving the 'Covid' shot to women with special needs who were screaming that they didn't want it. The same fascists are seen giving the jab to a sleeping elderly woman in a care home. This is straight out of the Nazi playbook. Hitler's Nazis committed mass murder of the mentally ill and physically disabled throughout Germany and occupied territories in the programme that became known as Aktion T4, or just T4. Sabbatian-controlled Hitler and his grotesque crazies set out to kill those they considered useless and unnecessary. The Reich Committee for the Scientific Registering of Hereditary and Congenital Illnesses registered the births of babies identified by physicians to have 'defects'. By 1941 alone more than 5,000 children were murdered by the state and it is estimated that in total the number of innocent people killed in Aktion T4 was between 275,000 and 300,000. Parents were told their children had been sent away for 'special treatment' never to return. It is rather pathetic to see claims about plans for new extermination camps being dismissed today

when the same force behind current events did precisely that 80 years ago. Margaret Sanger was a Cult operative who used 'birth control' to sanitise her programme of eugenics. Organisations she founded became what is now Planned Parenthood. Sanger proposed that 'the whole dysgenic population would have its choice of segregation or sterilization'. These included epileptics, 'feeble-minded', and prostitutes. Sanger opposed charity because it perpetuated 'human waste'. She reveals the Cult mentality and if anyone thinks that extermination camps are a 'conspiracy theory' their naivety is touching if breathtakingly stupid.

If you don't believe that doctors can act with callous disregard for their patients it is worth considering that doctors and medical staff agreed to put government-decreed DNR orders on medical files and do nothing when resuscitation is called for. I don't know what you call such people in your house. In mine they are Nazis from the Josef Mengele School of Medicine. Phenomenal numbers of old people have died worldwide from the effects of lockdown, depression, lack of treatment, the 'vaccine' (more later) and losing the will to live. A common response at the start of the manufactured pandemic was to remove old people from hospital beds and transfer them to nursing homes. The decision would result in a mass cull of elderly people in those homes through lack of treatment – *not* 'Covid'. Care home whistleblowers have told how once the 'Covid' era began doctors would not come to their homes to treat patients and they were begging for drugs like antibiotics that often never came. The most infamous example was ordered by New York governor Andrew Cuomo, brother of a moronic CNN host, who amazingly was given an Emmy Award for his handling of the 'Covid crisis' by the ridiculous Wokers that hand them out. Just how ridiculous could be seen in February, 2021, when a Department of Justice and FBI investigation began into how thousands of old people in New York died in nursing homes after being discharged from hospital to make way for 'Covid' patients on Cuomo's say-so – and how he and his staff covered up these facts. This couldn't have happened to a nicer psychopath. Even then there was a 'Covid' spin. Reports said that

thousands of old people who tested positive for 'Covid' in hospital were transferred to nursing homes to both die of 'Covid' and transmit it to others. No – they were in hospital because they were ill and the fact that they tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' is irrelevant. They were ill often with respiratory diseases ubiquitous in old people near the end of their lives. Their transfer out of hospital meant that their treatment stopped and many would go on to die.

They're old. Who gives a damn?

I have exposed in the books for decades the Cult plan to cull the world's old people and even to introduce at some point what they call a 'demise pill' which at a certain age everyone would take and be out of here by law. In March, 2021, Spain legalised euthanasia and assisted suicide following the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and Canada on the Tiptoe to the demise pill. Treatment of old people by many 'care' homes has been a disgrace in the 'Covid' era. There are many, many, caring staff – I know some. There have, however, been legions of stories about callous treatment of old people and their families. Police were called when families came to take their loved ones home in the light of isolation that was killing them. They became prisoners of the state. Care home residents in insane, fascist Ontario, Canada, were not allowed to leave their *room* once the 'Covid' hoax began. UK staff have even wheeled elderly people away from windows where family members were talking with them. Oriana Criscuolo from Stockport in the English North West dropped off some things for her 80-year-old father who has Parkinson's disease and dementia and she wanted to wave to him through a ground-floor window. She was told that was 'illegal'. When she went anyway they closed the curtains in the middle of the day. Oriana said:

> It's just unbelievable. I cannot understand how care home staff – people who are being paid to care – have become so uncaring. Their behaviour is inhumane and cruel. It's beyond belief.

She was right and this was not a one-off. What a way to end your life in such loveless circumstances. UK registered nurse Nicky Millen, a proper old school nurse for 40 years, said that when she started her career care was based on dignity, choice, compassion and empathy. Now she said 'the things that are important to me have gone out of the window.' She was appalled that people were dying without their loved ones and saying goodbye on iPads. Nicky described how a distressed 89-year-old lady stroked her face and asked her 'how many paracetamol would it take to finish me off'. Life was no longer worth living while not seeing her family. Nicky said she was humiliated in front of the ward staff and patients for letting the lady stroke her face and giving her a cuddle. Such is the dehumanisation that the 'Covid' hoax has brought to the surface. Nicky worked in care homes where patients told her they were being held prisoner. 'I want to live until I die', one said to her. 'I had a lady in tears because she hadn't seen her great-grandson.' Nicky was compassionate old school meeting psychopathic New Normal. She also said she had worked on a 'Covid' ward with no 'Covid' patients. Jewish writer Shai Held wrote an article in March, 2020, which was headlined 'The Staggering, Heartless Cruelty Toward the Elderly'. What he described was happening from the earliest days of lockdown. He said 'the elderly' were considered a group and not unique individuals (the way of the Woke). Shai Held said:

> Notice how the all-too-familiar rhetoric of dehumanization works: 'The elderly' are bunched together as a faceless mass, all of them considered culprits and thus effectively deserving of the suffering the pandemic will inflict upon them. Lost entirely is the fact that the elderly are individual human beings, each with a distinctive face and voice, each with hopes and dreams, memories and regrets, friendships and marriages, loves lost and loves sustained.

'The elderly' have become another dehumanised group for which anything goes and for many that has resulted in cold disregard for their rights and their life. The distinctive face that Held talks about is designed to be deleted by masks until everyone is part of a faceless mass.

'War-zone' hospitals myth

Again and again medical professionals have told me what was really going on and how hospitals 'overrun like war zones' according to the media were virtually empty. The mantra from medical whistleblowers was please don't use my name or my career is over. Citizen journalists around the world sneaked into hospitals to film evidence exposing the 'war-zone' lie. They really *were* largely empty with closed wards and operating theatres. I met a hospital worker in my town on the Isle of Wight during the first lockdown in 2020 who said the only island hospital had never been so quiet. Lockdown was justified by the psychopaths to stop hospitals being overrun. At the same time that the island hospital was near-empty the military arrived here to provide *extra beds*. It was all propaganda to ramp up the fear to ensure compliance with fascism as were never-used temporary hospitals with thousands of beds known as Nightingales and never-used make-shift mortuaries opened by the criminal UK government. A man who helped to install those extra island beds attributed to the army said they were never used and the hospital was empty. Doctors and nurses 'stood around talking or on their phones, wandering down to us to see what we were doing'. There were no masks or social distancing. He accused the useless local island paper, the *County Press*, of 'pumping the fear as if our hospital was overrun and we only have one so it should have been'. He described ambulances parked up with crews outside in deck chairs. When his brother called an ambulance he was told there was a two-hour backlog which he called 'bullshit'. An old lady on the island fell 'and was in a bad way', but a caller who rang for an ambulance was told the situation wasn't urgent enough. Ambulance stations were working under capacity while people would hear ambulances with sirens blaring driving through the streets. When those living near the stations realised what was going on they would follow them as they left, circulated around an urban area with the sirens going, and then came back without stopping. All this was to increase levels of fear and the same goes for the 'ventilator shortage crisis' that cost tens of millions for hastily produced ventilators never to be used.

Ambulance crews that agreed to be exploited in this way for fear propaganda might find themselves a mirror. I wish them well with that. Empty hospitals were the obvious consequence of treatment and diagnoses of non-'Covid' conditions cancelled and those involved handed a death sentence. People have been dying at home from undiagnosed and untreated cancer, heart disease and other life-threatening conditions to allow empty hospitals to deal with a 'pandemic' that wasn't happening.

Death of the innocent

'War-zones' have been laying off nursing staff, even doctors where they can. There was no work for them. Lockdown was justified by saving lives and protecting the vulnerable they were actually killing with DNR orders and preventing empty hospitals being 'overrun'. In Britain the mantra of stay at home to 'save the NHS' was everywhere and across the world the same story was being sold when it was all lies. Two California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi at Accelerated Urgent Care in Bakersfield, held a news conference in April, 2020, to say that intensive care units in California were 'empty, essentially', with hospitals shutting floors, not treating patients and laying off doctors. The California health system was working at minimum capacity 'getting rid of doctors because we just don't have the volume'. They said that people with conditions such as heart disease and cancer were not coming to hospital out of fear of 'Covid-19'. Their video was deleted by Susan Wojcicki's Cult-owned YouTube after reaching five million views. Florida governor Ron Desantis, who rejected the severe lockdowns of other states and is being targeted for doing so, said that in March, 2020, every US governor was given models claiming they would run out of hospital beds in days. That was never going to happen and the 'modellers' knew it. Deceit can be found at every level of the system. Urgent children's operations were cancelled including fracture repairs and biopsies to spot cancer. Eric Nicholls, a consultant paediatrician, said 'this is obviously concerning and we need to return to normal operating and to increase capacity as soon as possible'. Psychopaths

in power were rather less concerned *because* they are psychopaths. Deletion of urgent care and diagnosis has been happening all over the world and how many kids and others have died as a result of the actions of these cold and heartless lunatics dictating 'health' policy? The number must be stratospheric. Richard Sullivan, professor of cancer and global health at King's College London, said people feared 'Covid' more than cancer such was the campaign of fear. 'Years of lost life will be quite dramatic', Sullivan said, with 'a huge amount of avoidable mortality'. Sarah Woolnough, executive director for policy at Cancer Research UK, said there had been a 75 percent drop in urgent referrals to hospitals by family doctors of people with suspected cancer. Sullivan said that 'a lot of services have had to scale back – we've seen a dramatic decrease in the amount of elective cancer surgery'. Lockdown deaths worldwide has been absolutely fantastic with the *New York Post* reporting how data confirmed that 'lockdowns end more lives than they save':

> There was a sharp decline in visits to emergency rooms and an increase in fatal heart attacks because patients didn't receive prompt treatment. Many fewer people were screened for cancer. Social isolation contributed to excess deaths from dementia and Alzheimer's.
>
> Researchers predicted that the social and economic upheaval would lead to tens of thousands of "deaths of despair" from drug overdoses, alcoholism and suicide. As unemployment surged and mental-health and substance-abuse treatment programs were interrupted, the reported levels of anxiety, depression and suicidal thoughts increased dramatically, as did alcohol sales and fatal drug overdoses.

This has been happening while nurses and other staff had so much time on their hands in the 'war-zones' that Tic-Tok dancing videos began appearing across the Internet with medical staff dancing around in empty wards and corridors as people died at home from causes that would normally have been treated in hospital.

Mentions in dispatches

One brave and truth-committed whistleblower was Louise Hampton, a call handler with the UK NHS who made a viral Internet video saying she had done 'fuck all' during the 'pandemic'

which was 'a load of bollocks'. She said that 'Covid-19' was rebranded flu and of course she lost her job. This is what happens in the medical and endless other professions now when you tell the truth. Louise filmed inside 'war-zone' accident and emergency departments to show they were empty and I mean *empty* as in no one there. The mainstream media could have done the same and blown the gaff on the whole conspiracy. They haven't to their eternal shame. Not that most 'journalists' seem capable of manifesting shame as with the psychopaths they slavishly repeat without question. The relative few who were admitted with serious health problems were left to die alone with no loved ones allowed to see them because of 'Covid' rules and they included kids dying without the comfort of mum and dad at their bedside while the evil behind this couldn't give a damn. It was all good fun to them. A Scottish NHS staff nurse publicly quit in the spring of 2021 saying: 'I can no longer be part of the lies and the corruption by the government.' She said hospitals 'aren't full, the beds aren't full, beds have been shut, wards have been shut'. Hospitals were never busy throughout 'Covid'. The staff nurse said that Nicola Sturgeon, tragically the leader of the Scottish government, was on television saying save the hospitals and the NHS – 'but the beds are empty' and 'we've not seen flu, we always see flu every year'. She wrote to government and spoke with her union Unison (the unions are Cult-compromised and *useless*, but nothing changed. Many of her colleagues were scared of losing their jobs if they spoke out as they wanted to. She said nursing staff were being affected by wearing masks all day and 'my head is splitting every shift from wearing a mask'. The NHS is part of the fascist tyranny and must be dismantled so we can start again with human beings in charge. (Ironically, hospitals were reported to be busier again when official 'Covid' cases *fell* in spring/summer of 2021 and many other conditions required treatment at the same time as *the fake vaccine rollout*.)

I will cover the 'Covid vaccine' scam in detail later, but it is another indicator of the sickening disregard for human life that I am highlighting here. The DNA-manipulating concoctions do not fulfil

the definition of a 'vaccine', have never been used on humans before and were given only emergency approval because trials were not completed and they continued using the unknowing public. The result was what a NHS senior nurse with responsibility for 'vaccine' procedure said was 'genocide'. She said the 'vaccines' were not 'vaccines'. They had not been shown to be safe and claims about their effectiveness by drug companies were 'poetic licence'. She described what was happening as a 'horrid act of human annihilation'. The nurse said that management had instigated a policy of not providing a Patient Information Leaflet (PIL) before people were 'vaccinated' even though health care professionals are supposed to do this according to protocol. Patients should also be told that they are taking part in an ongoing clinical trial. Her challenges to what is happening had seen her excluded from meetings and ridiculed in others. She said she was told to 'watch my step … or I would find myself surplus to requirements'. The nurse, who spoke anonymously in fear of her career, said she asked her NHS manager why he/she was content with taking part in genocide against those having the 'vaccines'. The reply was that everyone had to play their part and to 'put up, shut up, and get it done'. Government was 'leaning heavily' on NHS management which was clearly leaning heavily on staff. This is how the global 'medical' hierarchy operates and it starts with the Cult and its World Health Organization.

She told the story of a doctor who had the Pfizer jab and when questioned had no idea what was in it. The doctor had never read the literature. We have to stop treating doctors as intellectual giants when so many are moral and medical pygmies. The doctor did not even know that the 'vaccines' were not fully approved or that their trials were ongoing. They were, however, asking their patients if they minded taking part in follow-ups for research purposes – yes, the *ongoing clinical trial*. The nurse said the doctor's ignorance was not rare and she had spoken to a hospital consultant who had the jab without any idea of the background or that the 'trials' had not been completed. Nurses and pharmacists had shown the same ignorance.

'My NHS colleagues have forsaken their duty of care, broken their code of conduct – Hippocratic Oath – and have been brainwashed just the same as the majority of the UK public through propaganda …' She said she had not been able to recruit a single NHS colleague, doctor, nurse or pharmacist to stand with her and speak out. Her union had refused to help. She said that if the genocide came to light she would not hesitate to give evidence at a Nuremberg-type trial against those in power who could have affected the outcomes but didn't.

And all for what?

To put the nonsense into perspective let's say the 'virus' does exist and let's go completely crazy and accept that the official manipulated figures for cases and deaths are accurate. *Even then* a study by Stanford University epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis published on the World Health Organization website produced an average infection to fatality rate of … *0.23 percent!* Ioannidis said: 'If one could sample equally from all locations globally, the median infection fatality rate might even be substantially lower than the 0.23% observed in my analysis.' For healthy people under 70 it was … *0.05 percent*! This compares with the 3.4 percent claimed by the Cult-owned World Health Organization when the hoax was first played and maximum fear needed to be generated. An updated Stanford study in April, 2021, put the 'infection' to 'fatality' rate at just 0.15 percent. Another team of scientists led by Megan O'Driscoll and Henrik Salje studied data from 45 countries and published their findings on the Nature website. For children and young people the figure is so small it virtually does not register although authorities will be hyping dangers to the young when they introduce DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' for children. The O'Driscoll study produced an average infection-fatality figure of 0.003 for children from birth to four; 0.001 for 5 to 14; 0.003 for 15 to 19; and it was still only 0.456 up to 64. To claim that children must be 'vaccinated' to protect them from 'Covid' is an obvious lie and so there must be another reason and there is. What's more the average age of a 'Covid' death is akin

to the average age that people die in general. The average age of death in England is about 80 for men and 83 for women. The average age of death from alleged 'Covid' is between 82 and 83. California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi, said at their April media conference that projection models of millions of deaths had been 'woefully inaccurate'. They produced detailed figures showing that Californians had a 0.03 chance of dying from 'Covid' based on the number of people who tested positive (with a test not testing for the 'virus'). Erickson said there was a 0.1 percent chance of dying from 'Covid' in the *state* of New York, not just the city, and a 0.05 percent chance in Spain, a centre of 'Covid-19' hysteria at one stage. The Stanford studies supported the doctors' data with fatality rate estimates of 0.23 and 0.15 percent. How close are these figures to my estimate of *zero*? Death-rate figures claimed by the World Health Organization at the start of the hoax were some 15 times higher. The California doctors said there was no justification for lockdowns and the economic devastation they caused. Everything they had ever learned about quarantine was that you quarantine the *sick* and not the healthy. They had never seen this before and it made no medical sense.

Why in the in the light of all this would governments and medical systems the world over say that billions must go under house arrest; lose their livelihood; in many cases lose their mind, their health and their life; force people to wear masks dangerous to health and psychology; make human interaction and even family interaction a criminal offence; ban travel; close restaurants, bars, watching live sport, concerts, theatre, and any activity involving human togetherness and discourse; and closing schools to isolate children from their friends and cause many to commit suicide in acts of hopelessness and despair? The California doctors said lockdown consequences included increased child abuse, partner abuse, alcoholism, depression, and other impacts they were seeing every day. Who would do that to the entire human race if not mentally-ill psychopaths of almost unimaginable extremes like Bill Gates? We must face the reality of what we are dealing with and come out of

denial. Fascism and tyranny are made possible only by the target population submitting and acquiescing to fascism and tyranny. The whole of human history shows that to be true. Most people naively and unquestioning believed what they were told about a 'deadly virus' and meekly and weakly submitted to house arrest. Those who didn't believe it – at least in total – still submitted in fear of the consequences of not doing so. For the rest who wouldn't submit draconian fines have been imposed, brutal policing by psychopaths *for* psychopaths, and condemnation from the meek and weak who condemn the Pushbackers on behalf of the very force that has them, too, in its gunsights. 'Pathetic' does not even begin to suffice. Britain's brainless 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock warned anyone lying to border officials about returning from a list of 'hotspot' countries could face a jail sentence of up to ten years which is more than for racially-aggravated assault, incest and attempting to have sex with a child under 13. Hancock is a lunatic, but he has the state apparatus behind him in a Cult-led chain reaction and the same with UK 'Vaccine Minister' Nadhim Zahawi, a prominent member of the mega-Cult secret society, Le Cercle, which featured in my earlier books. The Cult enforces its will on governments and medical systems; government and medical systems enforce their will on business and police; business enforces its will on staff who enforce it on customers; police enforce the will of the Cult on the population and play their essential part in creating a world of fascist control that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. It is a hierarchical pyramid of imposition and acquiescence and, yes indeedy, of clinical insanity.

Does anyone bright enough to read this book have to ask what the answer is? I think not, but I will reveal it anyway in the fewest of syllables: Tell the psychos and their moronic lackeys to fuck off and let's get on with our lives. We are many – They are few.

CHAPTER SEVEN

War on your mind

One believes things because one has been conditioned to believe them
Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

I have described the 'Covid' hoax as a 'Psyop' and that is true in every sense and on every level in accordance with the definition of that term which is psychological warfare. Break down the 'Covid pandemic' to the foundation themes and it is psychological warfare on the human individual and collective mind.

The same can be said for the entire human belief system involving every subject you can imagine. Huxley was right in his contention that people believe what they are conditioned to believe and this comes from the repetition throughout their lives of the same falsehoods. They spew from government, corporations, media and endless streams of 'experts' telling you what the Cult wants you to believe and often believing it themselves (although *far* from always). 'Experts' are rewarded with 'prestigious' jobs and titles and as agents of perceptual programming with regular access to the media. The Cult has to control the narrative – control *information* – or they lose control of the vital, crucial, without-which-they-cannot-prevail public perception of reality. The foundation of that control today is the Internet made possible by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the incredibly sinister technological arm of the Pentagon. The Internet is the result of military technology.

DARPA openly brags about establishing the Internet which has been a long-term project to lasso the minds of the global population. I have said for decades the plan is to control information to such an extreme that eventually no one would see or hear anything that the Cult does not approve. We are closing in on that end with ferocious censorship since the 'Covid' hoax began and in my case it started back in the 1990s in terms of books and speaking venues. I had to create my own publishing company in 1995 precisely because no one else would publish my books even then. I think they're all still running.

Cult Internet

To secure total control of information they needed the Internet in which pre-programmed algorithms can seek out 'unclean' content for deletion and even stop it being posted in the first place. The Cult had to dismantle print and non-Internet broadcast media to ensure the transfer of information to the appropriate-named 'Web' – a critical expression of the *Cult* web. We've seen the ever-quickening demise of traditional media and control of what is left by a tiny number of corporations operating worldwide. Independent journalism in the mainstream is already dead and never was that more obvious than since the turn of 2020. The Cult wants all information communicated via the Internet to globally censor and allow the plug to be pulled any time. Lockdowns and forced isolation has meant that communication between people has been through electronic means and no longer through face-to-face discourse and discussion. Cult psychopaths have targeted the bars, restaurants, sport, venues and meeting places in general for this reason. None of this is by chance and it's to stop people gathering in any kind of privacy or number while being able to track and monitor all Internet communications and block them as necessary. Even private messages between individuals have been censored by these fascists that control Cult fronts like Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube which are all officially run by Sabbatian place-people and from the background by higher-level Sabbatian place people.

Facebook, Google, Amazon and their like were seed-funded and supported into existence with money-no-object infusions of funds either directly or indirectly from DARPA and CIA technology arm In-Q-Tel. The Cult plays the long game and prepares very carefully for big plays like 'Covid'. Amazon is another front in the psychological war and pretty much controls the global market in book sales and increasingly publishing. Amazon's limitless funds have deleted fantastic numbers of independent publishers to seize global domination on the way to deciding which books can be sold and circulated and which cannot. Moves in that direction are already happening. Amazon's leading light Jeff Bezos is the grandson of Lawrence Preston Gise who worked with DARPA predecessor ARPA. Amazon has big connections to the CIA and the Pentagon. The plan I have long described went like this:

1. Employ military technology to establish the Internet.

2. Sell the Internet as a place where people can freely communicate without censorship and allow that to happen until the Net becomes the central and irreversible pillar of human society. If the Internet had been highly censored from the start many would have rejected it.

3. Fund and manipulate major corporations into being to control the circulation of information on your Internet using cover stories about geeks in garages to explain how they came about. Give them unlimited funds to expand rapidly with no need to make a profit for years while non-Cult companies who need to balance the books cannot compete. You know that in these circumstances your Googles, YouTubes, Facebooks and Amazons are going to secure near monopolies by either crushing or buying up the opposition.

4. Allow freedom of expression on both the Internet and communication platforms to draw people in until the Internet is the central and irreversible pillar of human society and your communication corporations have reached a stage of near monopoly domination.

5. Then unleash your always-planned frenzy of censorship on the basis of 'where else are you going to go?' and continue to expand that until nothing remains that the Cult does not want its human targets to see.

The process was timed to hit the 'Covid' hoax to ensure the best chance possible of controlling the narrative which they knew they had to do at all costs. They were, after all, about to unleash a 'deadly virus' that didn't really exist. If you do that in an environment of free-flowing information and opinion you would be dead in the

water before you could say Gates is a psychopath. The network was in place through which the Cult-created-and-owned World Health Organization could dictate the 'Covid' narrative and response policy slavishly supported by Cult-owned Internet communication giants and mainstream media while those telling a different story were censored. Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter openly announced that they would do this. What else would we expect from Cult-owned operations like Facebook which former executives have confirmed set out to make the platform more addictive than cigarettes and coldly manipulates emotions of its users to sow division between people and groups and scramble the minds of the young? If Zuckerberg lives out the rest of his life without going to jail for crimes against humanity, and most emphatically against the young, it will be a travesty of justice. Still, no matter, cause and effect will catch up with him eventually and the same with Sergey Brin and Larry Page at Google with its CEO Sundar Pichai who fix the Google search results to promote Cult narratives and hide the opposition. Put the same key words into Google and other search engines like DuckDuckGo and you will see how different results can be. Wikipedia is another intensely biased 'encyclopaedia' which skews its content to the Cult agenda. YouTube links to Wikipedia's version of 'Covid' and 'climate change' on video pages in which experts in their field offer a different opinion (even that is increasingly rare with Wojcicki censorship). Into this 'Covid' silence-them network must be added government media censors, sorry 'regulators', such as Ofcom in the UK which imposed tyrannical restrictions on British broadcasters that had the effect of banning me from ever appearing. Just to debate with me about my evidence and views on 'Covid' would mean breaking the fascistic impositions of Ofcom and its CEO career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes. Gutless British broadcasters tremble at the very thought of fascist Ofcom.

Psychos behind 'Covid'

The reason for the 'Covid' catastrophe in all its facets and forms can be seen by whom and what is driving the policies worldwide in such a coordinated way. Decisions are not being made to protect health, but to target psychology. The dominant group guiding and 'advising' government policy are not medical professionals. They are psychologists and behavioural scientists. Every major country has its own version of this phenomenon and I'll use the British example to show how it works. In many ways the British version has been affecting the wider world in the form of the huge behaviour manipulation network in the UK which operates in other countries. The network involves private companies, government, intelligence and military. The Cabinet Office is at the centre of the government 'Covid' Psyop and part-owns, with 'innovation charity' Nesta, the Behavioural Insights Team (BIT) which claims to be independent of government but patently isn't. The BIT was established in 2010 and its job is to manipulate the psyche of the population to acquiesce to government demands and so much more. It is also known as the 'Nudge Unit', a name inspired by the 2009 book by two ultra-Zionists, Cass Sunstein and Richard Thaler, called *Nudge: Improving Decisions About Health, Wealth, and Happiness*. The book, as with the Behavioural Insights Team, seeks to 'nudge' behaviour (manipulate it) to make the public follow patterns of action and perception that suit those in authority (the Cult). Sunstein is so skilled at this that he advises the World Health Organization and the UK Behavioural Insights Team and was Administrator of the White House Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs in the Obama administration. Biden appointed him to the Department of Homeland Security – another ultra-Zionist in the fold to oversee new immigration laws which is another policy the Cult wants to control. Sunstein is desperate to silence anyone exposing conspiracies and co-authored a 2008 report on the subject in which suggestions were offered to ban 'conspiracy theorizing' or impose 'some kind of tax, financial or otherwise, on those who disseminate such theories'. I guess a psychiatrist's chair is out of the question?

Sunstein's mate Richard Thaler, an 'academic affiliate' of the UK Behavioural Insights Team, is a proponent of 'behavioural economics' which is defined as the study of 'the effects of psychological, cognitive, emotional, cultural and social factors on the decisions of individuals and institutions'. Study the effects so they can be manipulated to be what you want them to be. Other leading names in the development of behavioural economics are ultra-Zionists Daniel Kahneman and Robert J. Shiller and they, with Thaler, won the Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Sciences for their work in this field. The Behavioural Insights Team is operating at the heart of the UK government and has expanded globally through partnerships with several universities including Harvard, Oxford, Cambridge, University College London (UCL) and Pennsylvania. They claim to have 'trained' (reframed) 20,000 civil servants and run more than 750 projects involving 400 randomised controlled trials in dozens of countries' as another version of mind reframers Common Purpose. BIT works from its office in New York with cities and their agencies, as well as other partners, across the United States and Canada – this is a company part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office. An executive order by President Cult-servant Obama established a US Social and Behavioral Sciences Team in 2015. They all have the same reason for being and that's to brainwash the population directly and by brainwashing those in positions of authority.

'Covid' mind game

Another prime aspect of the UK mind-control network is the 'independent' [joke] Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B) which 'provides behavioural science advice aimed at anticipating and helping people adhere to interventions that are recommended by medical or epidemiological experts'. That means manipulating public perception and behaviour to do whatever government tells them to do. It's disgusting and if they really want the public to be 'safe' this lot should all be under lock and key. According to the government website SPI-B consists of

'behavioural scientists, health and social psychologists, anthropologists and historians' and advises the Whitty-Vallance-led Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) which in turn advises the government on 'the science' (it doesn't) and 'Covid' policy. When politicians say they are being guided by 'the science' this is the rabble in each country they are talking about and that 'science' is dominated by behaviour manipulators to enforce government fascism through public compliance. The Behaviour Insight Team is headed by psychologist David Solomon Halpern, a visiting professor at King's College London, and connects with a national and global web of other civilian and military organisations as the Cult moves towards its goal of fusing them into one fascistic whole in every country through its 'Fusion Doctrine'. The behaviour manipulation network involves, but is not confined to, the Foreign Office; National Security Council; government communications headquarters (GCHQ); MI5; MI6; the Cabinet Office-based Media Monitoring Unit; and the Rapid Response Unit which 'monitors digital trends to spot emerging issues; including misinformation and disinformation; and identifies the best way to respond'.

There is also the 77th Brigade of the UK military which operates like the notorious Israeli military's Unit 8200 in manipulating information and discussion on the Internet by posing as members of the public to promote the narrative and discredit those who challenge it. Here we have the military seeking to manipulate *domestic* public opinion while the Nazis in government are fine with that. Conservative Member of Parliament Tobias Ellwood, an advocate of lockdown and control through 'vaccine passports', is a Lieutenant Colonel reservist in the 77th Brigade which connects with the military operation jHub, the 'innovation centre' for the Ministry of Defence and Strategic Command. jHub has also been involved with the civilian National Health Service (NHS) in 'symptom tracing' the population. The NHS is a key part of this mind control network and produced a document in December, 2020, explaining to staff how to use psychological manipulation with different groups and ages to get them to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine'

that's designed to cumulatively rewrite human genetics. The document, called 'Optimising Vaccination Roll Out – Do's and Dont's for all messaging, documents and "communications" in the widest sense', was published by NHS England and the NHS Improvement *Behaviour Change Unit* in partnership with Public Health England and Warwick Business School. I hear the mantra about 'save the NHS' and 'protect the NHS' when we need to scrap the NHS and start again. The current version is far too corrupt, far too anti-human and totally compromised by Cult operatives and their assets. UK government broadcast media censor Ofcom will connect into this web – as will the BBC with its tremendous Ofcom influence – to control what the public see and hear and dictate mass perception. Nuremberg trials must include personnel from all these organisations.

The fear factor

The 'Covid' hoax has led to the creation of the UK Cabinet Office-connected Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) which is officially described as providing 'expert advice on pandemics' using its independent [all Cult operations are 'independent'] analytical function to provide real-time analysis about infection outbreaks to identify and respond to outbreaks of Covid-19'. Another role is to advise the government on a response to spikes in infections – 'for example by closing schools or workplaces in local areas where infection levels have risen'. Put another way, promoting the Cult agenda. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is modelled on the Joint Terrorism Analysis Centre which analyses intelligence to set 'terrorism threat levels' and here again you see the fusion of civilian and military operations and intelligence that has led to military intelligence producing documents about 'vaccine hesitancy' and how it can be combated. Domestic civilian matters and opinions should not be the business of the military. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is headed by Tom Hurd, director general of the Office for Security and Counter-Terrorism from the establishment-to-its-fingertips Hurd family. His father is former Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd. How coincidental that Tom

Hurd went to the elite Eton College and Oxford University with Boris Johnson. Imperial College with its ridiculous computer modeller Neil Ferguson will connect with this gigantic web that will itself interconnect with similar set-ups in other major and not so major countries. Compared with this Cult network the politicians, be they Boris Johnson, Donald Trump or Joe Biden, are bit-part players 'following the science'. The network of psychologists was on the 'Covid' case from the start with the aim of generating maximum fear of the 'virus' to ensure compliance by the population. A government behavioural science group known as SPI-B produced a paper in March, 2020, for discussion by the main government science advisory group known as SAGE. It was headed 'Options for increasing adherence to social distancing measures' and it said the following in a section headed 'Persuasion':

- A substantial number of people still do not feel sufficiently personally threatened; it could be that they are reassured by the low death rate in their demographic group, although levels of concern may be rising. Having a good understanding of the risk has been found to be positively associated with adoption of COVID-19 social distancing measures in Hong Kong.

- The perceived level of personal threat needs to be increased among those who are complacent, using hard-hitting evaluation of options for increasing social distancing emotional messaging. To be effective this must also empower people by making clear the actions they can take to reduce the threat.

- Responsibility to others: There seems to be insufficient understanding of, or feelings of responsibility about, people's role in transmitting the infection to others … Messaging about actions need to be framed positively in terms of protecting oneself and the community, and increase confidence that they will be effective.

- Some people will be more persuaded by appeals to play by the rules, some by duty to the community, and some to personal risk.

> All these different approaches are needed. The messaging also needs to take account of the realities of different people's lives. Messaging needs to take account of the different motivational levers and circumstances of different people.

All this could be achieved the SPI-B psychologists said by *using the media to increase the sense of personal threat* which translates as terrify the shit out of the population, including children, so they all do what we want. That's not happened has it? Those excuses for 'journalists' who wouldn't know journalism if it bit them on the arse (the great majority) have played their crucial part in serving this Cult-government Psyop to enslave their own kids and grandkids. How they live with themselves I have no idea. The psychological war has been underpinned by constant government 'Covid' propaganda in almost every television and radio ad break, plus the Internet and print media, which has pounded out the fear with taxpayers footing the bill for their own programming. The result has been people terrified of a 'virus' that doesn't exist or one with a tiny fatality rate even if you believe it does. People walk down the street and around the shops wearing face-nappies damaging their health and psychology while others report those who refuse to be that naïve to the police who turn up in their own face-nappies. I had a cameraman come to my flat and he was so frightened of 'Covid' he came in wearing a mask and refused to shake my hand in case he caught something. He had – naïveitis – and the thought that he worked in the mainstream media was both depressing and made his behaviour perfectly explainable. The fear which has gripped the minds of so many and frozen them into compliance has been carefully cultivated by these psychologists who are really psychopaths. If lives get destroyed and a lot of young people commit suicide it shows our plan is working. SPI-B then turned to compulsion on the public to comply. 'With adequate preparation, rapid change can be achieved', it said. Some countries had introduced mandatory self-isolation on a wide scale without evidence of major public unrest and a large majority of the UK's population appeared to be supportive of more coercive measures with 64 percent of adults saying they would

support putting London under a lockdown (watch the 'polls' which are designed to make people believe that public opinion is in favour or against whatever the subject in hand).

For 'aggressive protective measures' to be effective, the SPI-B paper said, special attention should be devoted to those population groups that are more at risk. Translated from the Orwellian this means making the rest of population feel guilty for not protecting the 'vulnerable' such as old people which the Cult and its agencies were about to kill on an industrial scale with lockdown, lack of treatment and the Gates 'vaccine'. Psychopath psychologists sold their guilt-trip so comprehensively that Los Angeles County Supervisor Hilda Solis reported that children were apologising (from a distance) to their parents and grandparents for bringing 'Covid' into their homes and getting them sick. '… These apologies are just some of the last words that loved ones will ever hear as they die alone,' she said. Gut-wrenchingly Solis then used this childhood tragedy to tell children to stay at home and 'keep your loved ones alive'. Imagine heaping such potentially life-long guilt on a kid when it has absolutely nothing to do with them. These people are deeply disturbed and the psychologists behind this even more so.

Uncivil war – divide and rule

Professional mind-controllers at SPI-B wanted the media to increase a sense of responsibility to others (do as you're told) and promote 'positive messaging' for those actions while in contrast to invoke 'social disapproval' by the unquestioning, obedient, community of anyone with a mind of their own. Again the compliant Goebbels-like media obliged. This is an old, old, trick employed by tyrannies the world over throughout human history. You get the target population to keep the target population in line – *your* line. SPI-B said this could 'play an important role in preventing anti-social behaviour or discouraging failure to enact pro-social behaviour'. For 'anti-social' in the Orwellian parlance of SPI-B see any behaviour that government doesn't approve. SPI-B recommendations said that 'social disapproval' should be accompanied by clear messaging and

promotion of strong collective identity – hence the government and celebrity mantra of 'we're all in this together'. Sure we are. The mind doctors have such contempt for their targets that they think some clueless comedian, actor or singer telling them to do what the government wants will be enough to win them over. We have had UK comedian Lenny Henry, actor Michael Caine and singer Elton John wheeled out to serve the propagandists by urging people to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid' non-'vaccine'. The role of Henry and fellow black celebrities in seeking to coax a 'vaccine' reluctant black community into doing the government's will was especially stomach-turning. An emotion-manipulating script and carefully edited video featuring these black 'celebs' was such an insult to the intelligence of black people and where's the self-respect of those involved selling their souls to a fascist government agenda? Henry said he heard black people's 'legitimate worries and concerns', but people must 'trust the facts' when they were doing exactly that by not having the 'vaccine'. They had to include the obligatory reference to Black Lives Matter with the line … 'Don't let coronavirus cost even more black lives – because we matter'. My god, it was pathetic. 'I know the vaccine is safe and what it does.' How? 'I'm a comedian and it says so in my script.'

SPI-B said social disapproval needed to be carefully managed to avoid victimisation, scapegoating and misdirected criticism, but they knew that their 'recommendations' would lead to exactly that and the media were specifically used to stir-up the divide-and-conquer hostility. Those who conform like good little baa, baas, are praised while those who have seen through the tidal wave of lies are 'Covidiots'. The awake have been abused by the fast asleep for not conforming to fascism and impositions that the awake know are designed to endanger their health, dehumanise them, and tear asunder the very fabric of human society. We have had the curtain-twitchers and morons reporting neighbours and others to the face-nappied police for breaking 'Covid rules' with fascist police delighting in posting links and phone numbers where this could be done. The Cult cannot impose its will without a compliant police

and military or a compliant population willing to play their part in enslaving themselves and their kids. The words of a pastor in Nazi Germany are so appropriate today:

First they came for the socialists and I did not speak out because I was not a socialist.

Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for the Jews and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for me and there was no one left to speak for me.

Those who don't learn from history are destined to repeat it and so many are.

'Covid' rules: Rewiring the mind

With the background laid out to this gigantic national and global web of psychological manipulation we can put 'Covid' rules into a clear and sinister perspective. Forget the claims about protecting health. 'Covid' rules are about dismantling the human mind, breaking the human spirit, destroying self-respect, and then putting Humpty Dumpty together again as a servile, submissive slave. Social isolation through lockdown and distancing have devastating effects on the human psyche as the psychological psychopaths well know and that's the real reason for them. Humans need contact with each other, discourse, closeness and touch, or they eventually, and literarily, go crazy. Masks, which I will address at some length, fundamentally add to the effects of isolation and the Cult agenda to dehumanise and de-individualise the population. To do this while knowing – in fact *seeking* – this outcome is the very epitome of evil and psychologists involved in this *are* the epitome of evil. They must like all the rest of the Cult demons and their assets stand trial for crimes against humanity on a scale that defies the imagination. Psychopaths in uniform use isolation to break enemy troops and agents and make them subservient and submissive to tell what they know. The technique is rightly considered a form of torture and

torture is most certainly what has been imposed on the human population.

Clinically-insane American psychologist Harry Harlow became famous for his isolation experiments in the 1950s in which he separated baby monkeys from their mothers and imprisoned them for months on end in a metal container or 'pit of despair'. They soon began to show mental distress and depression as any idiot could have predicted. Harlow put other monkeys in steel chambers for three, six or twelve months while denying them any contact with animals or humans. He said that the effects of total social isolation for six months were 'so devastating and debilitating that we had assumed initially that twelve months of isolation would not produce any additional decrement'; but twelve months of isolation 'almost obliterated the animals socially'. This is what the Cult and its psychopaths are doing to you and your children. Even monkeys in partial isolation in which they were not allowed to form relationships with other monkeys became 'aggressive and hostile, not only to others, but also towards their own bodies'. We have seen this in the young as a consequence of lockdown. UK government psychopaths launched a public relations campaign telling people not to hug each other even after they received the 'Covid-19 vaccine' which we were told with more lies would allow a return to 'normal life'. A government source told *The Telegraph*: 'It will be along the lines that it is great that you have been vaccinated, but if you are going to visit your family and hug your grandchildren there is a chance you are going to infect people you love.' The source was apparently speaking from a secure psychiatric facility. Janet Lord, director of Birmingham University's Institute of Inflammation and Ageing, said that parents and grandparents should avoid hugging their children. Well, how can I put it, Ms Lord? Fuck off. Yep, that'll do.

Destroying the kids – where are the parents?

Observe what has happened to people enslaved and isolated by lockdown as suicide and self-harm has soared worldwide,

particularly among the young denied the freedom to associate with their friends. A study of 49,000 people in English-speaking countries concluded that almost half of young adults are at clinical risk of mental health disorders. A national survey in America of 1,000 currently enrolled high school and college students found that 5 percent reported attempting suicide during the pandemic. Data from the US CDC's National Syndromic Surveillance Program from January 1st to October 17th, 2020, revealed a *31 percent* increase in mental health issues among adolescents aged 12 to 17 compared with 2019. The CDC reported that America in general suffered the biggest drop in life expectancy since World War Two as it fell by a year in the first half of 2020 as a result of 'deaths of despair' – overdoses and suicides. Deaths of despair have leapt by more than 20 percent during lockdown and include the highest number of fatal overdoses ever recorded in a single year – 81,000. Internet addiction is another consequence of being isolated at home which lowers interest in physical activities as kids fall into inertia and what's the point? Children and young people are losing hope and giving up on life, sometimes literally. A 14-year-old boy killed himself in Maryland because he had 'given up' when his school district didn't reopen; an 11-year-old boy shot himself during a zoom class; a teenager in Maine succumbed to the isolation of the 'pandemic' when he ended his life after experiencing a disrupted senior year at school. Children as young as nine have taken their life and all these stories can be repeated around the world. Careers are being destroyed before they start and that includes those in sport in which promising youngsters have not been able to take part. The plan of the psycho-psychologists is working all right. Researchers at Cambridge University found that lockdowns cause significant harm to children's mental health. Their study was published in the *Archives of Disease in Childhood*, and followed 168 children aged between 7 and 11. The researchers concluded:

> During the UK lockdown, children's depression symptoms have increased substantially, relative to before lockdown. The scale of this effect has direct relevance for the continuation of different elements of lockdown policy, such as complete or partial school closures …

… Specifically, we observed a statistically significant increase in ratings of depression, with a medium-to-large effect size. Our findings emphasise the need to incorporate the potential impact of lockdown on child mental health in planning the ongoing response to the global pandemic and the recovery from it.

Not a chance when the Cult's psycho-psychologists were getting exactly what they wanted. The UK's Royal College of Paediatrics and Child Health has urged parents to look for signs of eating disorders in children and young people after a three to four fold increase. Specialists say the 'pandemic' is a major reason behind the rise. You don't say. The College said isolation from friends during school closures, exam cancellations, loss of extra-curricular activities like sport, and an increased use of social media were all contributory factors along with fears about the virus (psycho-psychologists again), family finances, and students being forced to quarantine. Doctors said young people were becoming severely ill by the time they were seen with 'Covid' regulations reducing face-to-face consultations. Nor is it only the young that have been devastated by the psychopaths. Like all bullies and cowards the Cult is targeting the young, elderly, weak and infirm. A typical story was told by a British lady called Lynn Parker who was not allowed to visit her husband in 2020 for the last ten and half months of his life 'when he needed me most' between March 20th and when he died on December 19th. This vacates the criminal and enters the territory of evil. The emotional impact on the immune system alone is immense as are the number of people of all ages worldwide who have died as a result of Cult-demanded, Gates-demanded, lockdowns.

Isolation is torture

The experience of imposing solitary confinement on millions of prisoners around the world has shown how a large percentage become 'actively psychotic and/or acutely suicidal'. Social isolation has been found to trigger 'a specific psychiatric syndrome, characterized by hallucinations; panic attacks; overt paranoia; diminished impulse control; hypersensitivity to external stimuli; and difficulties with thinking, concentration and memory'. Juan Mendez,

a United Nations rapporteur (investigator), said that isolation is a form of torture. Research has shown that even after isolation prisoners find it far more difficult to make social connections and I remember chatting to a shop assistant after one lockdown who told me that when her young son met another child again he had no idea how to act or what to do. Hannah Flanagan, Director of Emergency Services at Journey Mental Health Center in Dane County, Wisconsin, said: 'The specificity about Covid social distancing and isolation that we've come across as contributing factors to the suicides are really new to us this year.' But they are not new to those that devised them. They are getting the effect they want as the population is psychologically dismantled to be rebuilt in a totally different way. Children and the young are particularly targeted. They will be the adults when the full-on fascist AI-controlled technocracy is planned to be imposed and they are being prepared to meekly submit. At the same time older people who still have a memory of what life was like before – and how fascist the new normal really is – are being deleted. You are going to see efforts to turn the young against the old to support this geriatric genocide. Hannah Flanagan said the big increase in suicide in her county proved that social isolation is not only harmful, but deadly. Studies have shown that isolation from others is one of the main risk factors in suicide and even more so with women. Warnings that lockdown could create a 'perfect storm' for suicide were ignored. After all this was one of the *reasons* for lockdown. Suicide, however, is only the most extreme of isolation consequences. There are many others. Dr Dhruv Khullar, assistant professor of healthcare policy at Weill Cornell Medical College, said in a *New York Times* article in 2016 long before the fake 'pandemic':

> A wave of new research suggests social separation is bad for us. Individuals with less social connection have disrupted sleep patterns, altered immune systems, more inflammation and higher levels of stress hormones. One recent study found that isolation increases the risk of heart disease by 29 percent and stroke by 32 percent. Another analysis that pooled data from 70 studies and 3.4 million people found that socially isolated individuals had a 30 percent higher risk of dying in the next seven years, and that this effect was largest in middle age.

Loneliness can accelerate cognitive decline in older adults, and isolated individuals are twice as likely to die prematurely as those with more robust social interactions. These effects start early: Socially isolated children have significantly poorer health 20 years later, even after controlling for other factors. All told, loneliness is as important a risk factor for early death as obesity and smoking.

There you have proof from that one article alone four years before 2020 that those who have enforced lockdown, social distancing and isolation knew what the effect would be and that is even more so with professional psychologists that have been driving the policy across the globe. We can go back even further to the years 2000 and 2003 and the start of a major study on the effects of isolation on health by Dr Janine Gronewold and Professor Dirk M. Hermann at the University Hospital in Essen, Germany, who analysed data on 4,316 people with an average age of 59 who were recruited for the long-term research project. They found that socially isolated people are more than 40 percent more likely to have a heart attack, stroke, or other major cardiovascular event and nearly 50 percent more likely to die from any cause. Given the financial Armageddon unleashed by lockdown we should note that the study found a relationship between increased cardiovascular risk and lack of financial support. After excluding other factors social isolation was still connected to a 44 percent increased risk of cardiovascular problems and a 47 percent increased risk of death by any cause. Lack of financial support was associated with a 30 percent increase in the risk of cardiovascular health events. Dr Gronewold said it had been known for some time that feeling lonely or lacking contact with close friends and family can have an impact on physical health and the study had shown that having strong social relationships is of high importance for heart health. Gronewold said they didn't understand yet why people who are socially isolated have such poor health outcomes, but this was obviously a worrying finding, particularly during these times of prolonged social distancing. Well, it can be explained on many levels. You only have to identify the point in the body where people feel loneliness and missing people they are parted from – it's in the centre of the chest where they feel the ache of loneliness and the ache of missing people. 'My heart aches for

you' … 'My heart aches for some company.' I will explain this more in the chapter Escaping Wetiko, but when you realise that the body is the mind – they are expressions of each other – the reason why state of the mind dictates state of the body becomes clear.

American psychologist Ranjit Powar was highlighting the effects of lockdown isolation as early as April, 2020. She said humans have evolved to be social creatures and are wired to live in interactive groups. Being isolated from family, friends and colleagues could be unbalancing and traumatic for most people and could result in short or even long-term psychological and physical health problems. An increase in levels of anxiety, aggression, depression, forgetfulness and hallucinations were possible psychological effects of isolation. 'Mental conditions may be precipitated for those with underlying pre-existing susceptibilities and show up in many others without any pre-condition.' Powar said personal relationships helped us cope with stress and if we lost this outlet for letting off steam the result can be a big emotional void which, for an average person, was difficult to deal with. 'Just a few days of isolation can cause increased levels of anxiety and depression' – so what the hell has been the effect on the global population of *18 months* of this at the time of writing? Powar said: 'Add to it the looming threat of a dreadful disease being repeatedly hammered in through the media and you have a recipe for many shades of mental and physical distress.' For those with a house and a garden it is easy to forget that billions have had to endure lockdown isolation in tiny overcrowded flats and apartments with nowhere to go outside. The psychological and physical consequences of this are unimaginable and with lunatic and abusive partners and parents the consequences have led to tremendous increases in domestic and child abuse and alcoholism as people seek to shut out the horror. Ranjit Powar said:

> Staying in a confined space with family is not all a rosy picture for everyone. It can be extremely oppressive and claustrophobic for large low-income families huddled together in small single-room houses. Children here are not lucky enough to have many board/electronic games or books to keep them occupied.

Add to it the deep insecurity of running out of funds for food and basic necessities. On the other hand, there are people with dysfunctional family dynamics, such as domineering, abusive or alcoholic partners, siblings or parents which makes staying home a period of trial. Incidence of suicide and physical abuse against women has shown a worldwide increase. Heightened anxiety and depression also affect a person's immune system, making them more susceptible to illness.

To think that Powar's article was published on April 11th, 2020.

Six-feet fantasy

Social (unsocial) distancing demanded that people stay six feet or two metres apart. UK government advisor Robert Dingwall from the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group said in a radio interview that the two-metre rule was 'conjured up out of nowhere' and was not based on science. No, it was not based on *medical* science, but it didn't come out of nowhere. The distance related to *psychological* science. Six feet/two metres was adopted in many countries and we were told by people like the criminal Anthony Fauci and his ilk that it was founded on science. Many schools could not reopen because they did not have the space for six-feet distancing. Then in March, 2021, after a year of six-feet 'science', a study published in the *Journal of Infectious Diseases* involving more than 500,000 students and almost 100,000 staff over 16 weeks revealed no significant difference in 'Covid' cases between six feet and three feet and Fauci changed his tune. Now three feet was okay. There is no difference between six feet and three *inches* when there is no 'virus' and they got away with six feet for psychological reasons for as long as they could. I hear journalists and others talk about 'unintended consequences' of lockdown. They are not *unintended* at all; they have been coldly-calculated for a specific outcome of human control and that's why super-psychopaths like Gates have called for them so vehemently. Super-psychopath psychologists have demanded them and psychopathic or clueless, spineless, politicians have gone along with them by 'following the science'. But it's not science at all. 'Science' is not what is; it's only what people can be manipulated to believe it is. The whole 'Covid' catastrophe is

founded on mind control. Three word or three statement mantras issued by the UK government are a well-known mind control technique and so we've had 'Stay home/protect the NHS/save lives', 'Stay alert/control the virus/save lives' and 'hands/face/space'. One of the most vocal proponents of extreme 'Covid' rules in the UK has been Professor Susan Michie, a member of the British Communist Party, who is not a medical professional. Michie is the director of the Centre for Behaviour Change at University College London. She is a *behavioural psychologist* and another filthy rich 'Marxist' who praised China's draconian lockdown. She was known by fellow students at Oxford University as 'Stalin's nanny' for her extreme Marxism. Michie is an influential member of the UK government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) and behavioural manipulation groups which have dominated 'Covid' policy. She is a consultant adviser to the World Health Organization on 'Covid-19' and behaviour. Why the hell are lockdowns anything to do with her when they are claimed to be about health? Why does a behavioural psychologist from a group charged with changing the behaviour of the public want lockdown, human isolation and mandatory masks? Does that question really need an answer? Michie *absolutely* has to explain herself before a Nuremberg court when humanity takes back its world again and even more so when you see the consequences of masks that she demands are compulsory. This is a Michie classic:

> The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Those words alone should carry a prison sentence when you ponder on the callous disregard for children involved and what a statement it makes about the mind and motivations of Susan Michie. What a lovely lady and what she said there encapsulates the mentality of the psychopaths behind the 'Covid' horror. Let us compare what Michie said with a countrywide study in Germany published at researchsquare.com involving 25,000 school children and 17,854 health complaints submitted by parents. Researchers

found that masks are harming children physically, psychologically, and behaviourally with 24 health issues associated with mask wearing. They include: shortness of breath (29.7%); dizziness (26.4%); increased headaches (53%); difficulty concentrating (50%); drowsiness or fatigue (37%); and malaise (42%). Nearly a third of children experienced more sleep issues than before and a quarter developed new fears. Researchers found health issues and other impairments in 68 percent of masked children covering their faces for an average of 4.5 hours a day. Hundreds of those taking part experienced accelerated respiration, tightness in the chest, weakness, and short-term impairment of consciousness. A reminder of what Michie said again:

> The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Psychopaths in government and psychology now have children and young people – plus all the adults – wearing masks for hours on end while clueless teachers impose the will of the psychopaths on the young they should be protecting. What the hell are parents doing?

Cult lab rats

We have some schools already imposing on students microchipped buzzers that activate when they get 'too close' to their pals in the way they do with lab rats. How apt. To the Cult and its brain-dead servants our children *are* lab rats being conditioned to be unquestioning, dehumanised slaves for the rest of their lives. Children and young people are being weaned and frightened away from the most natural human instincts including closeness and touch. I have tracked in the books over the years how schools were banning pupils from greeting each other with a hug and the whole Cult-induced Me Too movement has terrified men and boys from a relaxed and natural interaction with female friends and work colleagues to the point where many men try never to be in a room

alone with a woman that's not their partner. Airhead celebrities have as always played their virtue-signalling part in making this happen with their gross exaggeration. For every monster like Harvey Weinstein there are at least tens of thousands of men that don't treat women like that; but everyone must be branded the same and policy changed for them as well as the monster. I am going to be using the word 'dehumanise' many times in this chapter because that is what the Cult is seeking to do and it goes very deep as we shall see. Don't let them kid you that social distancing is planned to end one day. That's not the idea. We are seeing more governments and companies funding and producing wearable gadgets to keep people apart and they would not be doing that if this was meant to be short-term. A tech start-up company backed by GCHQ, the British Intelligence and military surveillance headquarters, has created a social distancing wrist sensor that alerts people when they get too close to others. The CIA has also supported tech companies developing similar devices. The wearable sensor was developed by Tended, one of a number of start-up companies supported by GCHQ (see the CIA and DARPA). The device can be worn on the wrist or as a tag on the waistband and will vibrate whenever someone wearing the device breaches social distancing and gets anywhere near natural human contact. The company had a lucky break in that it was developing a distancing sensor when the 'Covid' hoax arrived which immediately provided a potentially enormous market. How fortunate. The government in big-time Cult-controlled Ontario in Canada is investing $2.5 million in wearable contact tracing technology that 'will alert users if they may have been exposed to the Covid-19 in the workplace and will beep or vibrate if they are within six feet of another person'. Facedrive Inc., the technology company behind this, was founded in 2016 with funding from the Ontario Together Fund and obviously they, too, had a prophet on the board of directors. The human surveillance and control technology is called TraceSCAN and would be worn by the human cyborgs in places such as airports, workplaces, construction sites, care homes and … *schools*.

I emphasise schools with children and young people the prime targets. You know what is planned for society as a whole if you keep your eyes on the schools. They have always been places where the state program the next generation of slaves to be its compliant worker-ants – or Woker-ants these days; but in the mist of the 'Covid' madness they have been transformed into mind laboratories on a scale never seen before. Teachers and head teachers are just as programmed as the kids – often more so. Children are kept apart from human interaction by walk lanes, classroom distancing, staggered meal times, masks, and the rolling-out of buzzer systems. Schools are now physically laid out as a laboratory maze for lab-rats. Lunatics at a school in Anchorage, Alaska, who should be prosecuted for child abuse, took away desks and forced children to kneel (know your place) on a mat for five hours a day while wearing a mask and using their chairs as a desk. How this was supposed to impact on a 'virus' only these clinically insane people can tell you and even then it would be clap-trap. The school banned recess (interaction), art classes (creativity), and physical exercise (getting body and mind moving out of inertia). Everyone behind this outrage should be in jail or better still a mental institution. The behavioural manipulators are all for this dystopian approach to schools. Professor Susan Michie, the mind-doctor and British Communist Party member, said it was wrong to say that schools were safe. They had to be made so by 'distancing', masks and ventilation (sitting all day in the cold). I must ask this lady round for dinner on a night I know I am going to be out and not back for weeks. She probably wouldn't be able to make it, anyway, with all the visits to her own psychologist she must have block-booked.

Masking identity

I know how shocking it must be for you that a behaviour manipulator like Michie wants everyone to wear masks which have long been a feature of mind-control programs like the infamous MKUltra in the United States, but, there we are. We live and learn. I spent many years from 1996 to right across the millennium

researching mind control in detail on both sides of the Atlantic and elsewhere. I met a large number of mind-control survivors and many had been held captive in body and mind by MKUltra. MK stands for mind-control, but employs the German spelling in deference to the Nazis spirited out of Germany at the end of World War Two by Operation Paperclip in which the US authorities, with help from the Vatican, transported Nazi mind-controllers and engineers to America to continue their work. Many of them were behind the creation of NASA and they included Nazi scientist and SS officer Wernher von Braun who swapped designing V-2 rockets to bombard London with designing the Saturn V rockets that powered the NASA moon programme's Apollo craft. I think I may have mentioned that the Cult has no borders. Among Paperclip escapees was Josef Mengele, the Angel of Death in the Nazi concentration camps where he conducted mind and genetic experiments on children often using twins to provide a control twin to measure the impact of his 'work' on the other. If you want to observe the Cult mentality in all its extremes of evil then look into the life of Mengele. I have met many people who suffered mercilessly under Mengele in the United States where he operated under the name Dr Greene and became a stalwart of MKUltra programming and torture. Among his locations was the underground facility in the Mojave Desert in California called the China Lake Naval Weapons Station which is almost entirely below the surface. My books *The Biggest Secret*, *Children of the Matrix* and *The Perception Deception* have the detailed background to MKUltra.

The best-known MKUltra survivor is American Cathy O'Brien. I first met her and her late partner Mark Phillips at a conference in Colorado in 1996. Mark helped her escape and deprogram from decades of captivity in an offshoot of MKUltra known as Project Monarch in which 'sex slaves' were provided for the rich and famous including Father George Bush, Dick Cheney and the Clintons. Read Cathy and Mark's book *Trance-Formation of America* and if you are new to this you will be shocked to the core. I read it in 1996 shortly before, with the usual synchronicity of my life, I found

myself given a book table at the conference right next to hers. MKUltra never ended despite being very publicly exposed (only a small part of it) in the 1970s and continues in other guises. I am still in touch with Cathy. She contacted me during 2020 after masks became compulsory in many countries to tell me how they were used as part of MKUltra programming. I had been observing 'Covid regulations' and the relationship between authority and public for months. I saw techniques that I knew were employed on individuals in MKUltra being used on the global population. I had read many books and manuals on mind control including one called *Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars* which came to light in the 1980s and was a guide on how to perceptually program on a mass scale. 'Silent Weapons' refers to mind-control. I remembered a line from the manual as governments, medical authorities and law enforcement agencies have so obviously talked to – or rather at – the adult population since the 'Covid' hoax began as if they are children. The document said:

> If a person is spoken to by a T.V. advertiser as if he were a twelve-year-old, then, due to suggestibility, he will, with a certain probability, respond or react to that suggestion with the uncritical response of a twelve-year-old and will reach in to his economic reservoir and deliver its energy to buy that product on impulse when he passes it in the store.

That's why authority has spoken to adults like children since all this began.

Why did Michael Jackson wear masks?

Every aspect of the 'Covid' narrative has mind-control as its central theme. Cathy O'Brien wrote an article for davidicke.com about the connection between masks and mind control. Her daughter Kelly who I first met in the 1990s was born while Cathy was still held captive in MKUltra. Kelly was forced to wear a mask as part of her programming from the age of *two* to dehumanise her, target her sense of individuality and reduce the amount of oxygen her brain and body received. *Bingo*. This is the real reason for compulsory

masks, why they have been enforced en masse, and why they seek to increase the number they demand you wear. First one, then two, with one disgraceful alleged 'doctor' recommending four which is nothing less than a death sentence. Where and how often they must be worn is being expanded for the purpose of mass mind control and damaging respiratory health which they can call 'Covid-19'. Canada's government headed by the man-child Justin Trudeau, says it's fine for children of two and older to wear masks. An insane 'study' in Italy involving just 47 children concluded there was no problem for babies as young as *four months* wearing them. Even after people were 'vaccinated' they were still told to wear masks by the criminal that is Anthony Fauci. Cathy wrote that mandating masks is allowing the authorities literally to control the air we breathe which is what was done in MKUltra. You might recall how the singer Michael Jackson wore masks and there is a reason for that. He was subjected to MKUltra mind control through Project Monarch and his psyche was scrambled by these simpletons. Cathy wrote:

> In MKUltra Project Monarch mind control, Michael Jackson had to wear a mask to silence his voice so he could not reach out for help. Remember how he developed that whisper voice when he wasn't singing? Masks control the mind from the outside in, like the redefining of words is doing. By controlling what we can and cannot say for fear of being labeled racist or beaten, for example, it ultimately controls thought that drives our words and ultimately actions (or lack thereof).
>
> Likewise, a mask muffles our speech so that we are not heard, which controls voice … words … mind. This is Mind Control. Masks are an obvious mind control device, and I am disturbed so many people are complying on a global scale. Masks depersonalize while making a person feel as though they have no voice. It is a barrier to others. People who would never choose to comply but are forced to wear a mask in order to keep their job, and ultimately their family fed, are compromised. They often feel shame and are subdued. People have stopped talking with each other while media controls the narrative.

The 'no voice' theme has often become literal with train passengers told not to speak to each other in case they pass on the 'virus', singing banned for the same reason and bonkers California officials telling people riding roller coasters that they cannot shout and scream. Cathy said she heard every day from healed MKUltra survivors who cannot wear a mask without flashing back on ways

their breathing was controlled – 'from ball gags and penises to water boarding'. She said that through the years when she saw images of people in China wearing masks 'due to pollution' that it was really to control their oxygen levels. 'I knew it was as much of a population control mechanism of depersonalisation as are burkas', she said. Masks are another Chinese communist/fascist method of control that has been swept across the West as the West becomes China at lightning speed since we entered 2020.

Mask-19

There are other reasons for mandatory masks and these include destroying respiratory health to call it 'Covid-19' and stunting brain development of children and the young. Dr Margarite Griesz-Brisson MD, PhD, is a Consultant Neurologist and Neurophysiologist and the Founder and Medical Director of the London Neurology and Pain Clinic. Her CV goes down the street and round the corner. She is clearly someone who cares about people and won't parrot the propaganda. Griesz-Brisson has a PhD in pharmacology, with special interest in neurotoxicology, environmental medicine, neuroregeneration and neuroplasticity (the way the brain can change in the light of information received). She went public in October, 2020, with a passionate warning about the effects of mask-wearing laws:

> The reinhalation of our exhaled air will without a doubt create oxygen deficiency and a flooding of carbon dioxide. We know that the human brain is very sensitive to oxygen deprivation. There are nerve cells for example in the hippocampus that can't be longer than 3 minutes without oxygen – they cannot survive. The acute warning symptoms are headaches, drowsiness, dizziness, issues in concentration, slowing down of reaction time – reactions of the cognitive system.

Oh, I know, let's tell bus, truck and taxi drivers to wear them and people working machinery. How about pilots, doctors and police? Griesz-Brisson makes the important point that while the symptoms she mentions may fade as the body readjusts this does not alter the fact that people continue to operate in oxygen deficit with long list of

potential consequences. She said it was well known that neurodegenerative diseases take years or decades to develop. 'If today you forget your phone number, the breakdown in your brain would have already started 20 or 30 years ago.' She said degenerative processes in your brain are getting amplified as your oxygen deprivation continues through wearing a mask. Nerve cells in the brain are unable to divide themselves normally in these circumstances and lost nerve cells will no longer be regenerated. 'What is gone is gone.' Now consider that people like shop workers and *schoolchildren* are wearing masks for hours every day. What in the name of sanity is going to be happening to them? 'I do not wear a mask, I need my brain to think', Griesz-Brisson said, 'I want to have a clear head when I deal with my patients and not be in a carbon dioxide-induced anaesthesia'. If you are told to wear a mask anywhere ask the organisation, police, store, whatever, for their risk assessment on the dangers and negative effects on mind and body of enforcing mask-wearing. They won't have one because it has never been done not even by government. All of them must be subject to class-action lawsuits as the consequences come to light. They don't do mask risk assessments for an obvious reason. They know what the conclusions would be and independent scientific studies that *have* been done tell a horror story of consequences.

'Masks are criminal'

Dr Griesz-Brisson said that for children and adolescents, masks are an absolute no-no. They had an extremely active and adaptive immune system and their brain was incredibly active with so much to learn. 'The child's brain, or the youth's brain, is thirsting for oxygen.' The more metabolically active an organ was, the more oxygen it required; and in children and adolescents every organ was metabolically active. Griesz-Brisson said that to deprive a child's or adolescent's brain of oxygen, or to restrict it in any way, was not only dangerous to their health, it was absolutely criminal. 'Oxygen deficiency inhibits the development of the brain, and the damage that has taken place as a result CANNOT be reversed.' Mind

manipulators of MKUltra put masks on two-year-olds they wanted to neurologically rewire and you can see why. Griesz-Brisson said a child needs the brain to learn and the brain needs oxygen to function. 'We don't need a clinical study for that. This is simple, indisputable physiology.' Consciously and purposely induced oxygen deficiency was an absolutely deliberate health hazard, and an absolute medical contraindication which means that 'this drug, this therapy, this method or measure should not be used, and is not allowed to be used'. To coerce an entire population to use an absolute medical contraindication by force, she said, there had to be definite and serious reasons and the reasons must be presented to competent interdisciplinary and independent bodies to be verified and authorised. She had this warning of the consequences that were coming if mask wearing continued:

> When, in ten years, dementia is going to increase exponentially, and the younger generations couldn't reach their god-given potential, it won't help to say 'we didn't need the masks'. I know how damaging oxygen deprivation is for the brain, cardiologists know how damaging it is for the heart, pulmonologists know how damaging it is for the lungs. Oxygen deprivation damages every single organ. Where are our health departments, our health insurance, our medical associations? It would have been their duty to be vehemently against the lockdown and to stop it and stop it from the very beginning.
>
> Why do the medical boards issue punishments to doctors who give people exemptions? Does the person or the doctor seriously have to prove that oxygen deprivation harms people? What kind of medicine are our doctors and medical associations representing? Who is responsible for this crime? The ones who want to enforce it? The ones who let it happen and play along, or the ones who don't prevent it?

All of the organisations and people she mentions there either answer directly to the Cult or do whatever hierarchical levels above them tell them to do. The outcome of both is the same. 'It's not about masks, it's not about viruses, it's certainly not about your health', Griesz-Brisson said. 'It is about much, much more. I am not participating. I am not afraid.' They were taking our air to breathe and there was no unfounded medical exemption from face masks. Oxygen deprivation was dangerous for every single brain. It had to be the free decision of every human being whether they want to

wear a mask that was absolutely ineffective to protect themselves from a virus. She ended by rightly identifying where the responsibility lies for all this:

> The imperative of the hour is personal responsibility. We are responsible for what we think, not the media. We are responsible for what we do, not our superiors. We are responsible for our health, not the World Health Organization. And we are responsible for what happens in our country, not the government.

Halle-bloody-lujah.

But surgeons wear masks, right?

Independent studies of mask-wearing have produced a long list of reports detailing mental, emotional and physical dangers. What a definition of insanity to see police officers imposing mask-wearing on the public which will cumulatively damage their health while the police themselves wear masks that will cumulatively damage *their* health. It's utter madness and both public and police do this because 'the government says so' – yes a government of brain-donor idiots like UK Health Secretary Matt Hancock reading the 'follow the science' scripts of psychopathic, lunatic psychologists. The response you get from Stockholm syndrome sufferers defending the very authorities that are destroying them and their families is that 'surgeons wear masks'. This is considered the game, set and match that they must work and don't cause oxygen deficit. Well, actually, scientific studies have shown that they *do* and oxygen levels are monitored in operating theatres to compensate. Surgeons wear masks to stop spittle and such like dropping into open wounds – not to stop 'viral particles' which are so miniscule they can only be seen through an electron microscope. Holes in the masks are significantly bigger than 'viral particles' and if you sneeze or cough they will breach the mask. I watched an incredibly disingenuous 'experiment' that claimed to prove that masks work in catching 'virus' material from the mouth and nose. They did this with a slow motion camera and the mask did block big stuff which stayed inside the mask and

against the face to be breathed in or cause infections on the face as we have seen with many children. 'Viral particles', however, would never have been picked up by the camera as they came through the mask when they are far too small to be seen. The 'experiment' was therefore disingenuous *and* useless.

Studies have concluded that wearing masks in operating theatres (and thus elsewhere) make no difference to preventing infection while the opposite is true with toxic shite building up in the mask and this had led to an explosion in tooth decay and gum disease dubbed by dentists 'mask mouth'. You might have seen the Internet video of a furious American doctor urging people to take off their masks after a four-year-old patient had been rushed to hospital the night before and nearly died with a lung infection that doctors sourced to mask wearing. A study in the journal *Cancer Discovery* found that inhalation of harmful microbes can contribute to advanced stage lung cancer in adults and long-term use of masks can help breed dangerous pathogens. Microbiologists have said frequent mask wearing creates a moist environment in which microbes can grow and proliferate before entering the lungs. The Canadian Agency for Drugs and Technologies in Health, or CADTH, a Canadian national organisation that provides research and analysis to healthcare decision-makers, said this as long ago as 2013 in a report entitled 'Use of Surgical Masks in the Operating Room: A Review of the Clinical Effectiveness and Guidelines'. It said:

- No evidence was found to support the use of surgical face masks to reduce the frequency of surgical site infections
- No evidence was found on the effectiveness of wearing surgical face masks to protect staff from infectious material in the operating room.
- Guidelines recommend the use of surgical face masks by staff in the operating room to protect both operating room staff and patients (despite the lack of evidence).

We were told that the world could go back to 'normal' with the arrival of the 'vaccines'. When they came, fraudulent as they are, the story changed as I knew that it would. We are in the midst of transforming 'normal', not going back to it. Mary Ramsay, head of immunisation at Public Health England, echoed the words of US criminal Anthony Fauci who said masks and other regulations must stay no matter if people are vaccinated. The Fauci idiot continued to wear two masks – different colours so both could be clearly seen – after he *claimed* to have been vaccinated. Senator Rand Paul told Fauci in one exchange that his double-masks were 'theatre' and he was right. It's all theatre. Mary Ramsay back-tracked on the vaccine-return-to-normal theme when she said the public may need to wear masks and social-distance for years despite the jabs. 'People have got used to those lower-level restrictions now, and [they] can live with them', she said telling us what the idea has been all along. 'The vaccine does not give you a pass, even if you have had it, you must continue to follow all the guidelines' said a Public Health England statement which reneged on what we had been told before and made having the 'vaccine' irrelevant to 'normality' even by the official story. Spain's fascist government trumped everyone by passing a law mandating the wearing of masks on the beach and even when swimming in the sea. The move would have devastated what's left of the Spanish tourist industry, posed potential breathing dangers to swimmers and had Northern European sunbathers walking around with their forehead brown and the rest of their face white as a sheet. The ruling was so crazy that it had to be retracted after pressure from public and tourist industry, but it confirmed where the Cult wants to go with masks and how clinically insane authority has become. The determination to make masks permanent and hide the serious dangers to body and mind can be seen in the censorship of scientist Professor Denis Rancourt by Bill Gates-funded academic publishing website ResearchGate over his papers exposing the dangers and uselessness of masks. Rancourt said:

ResearchGate today has permanently locked my account, which I have had since 2015. Their reasons graphically show the nature of their attack against democracy, and their corruption of

science … By their obscene non-logic, a scientific review of science articles reporting on harms caused by face masks has a 'potential to cause harm'. No criticism of the psychological device (face masks) is tolerated, if the said criticism shows potential to influence public policy.

This is what happens in a fascist world.

Where are the 'greens' (again)?

Other dangers of wearing masks especially regularly relate to the inhalation of minute plastic fibres into the lungs and the deluge of discarded masks in the environment and oceans. Estimates predicted that more than 1.5 billion disposable masks will end up in the world's oceans every year polluting the water with tons of plastic and endangering marine wildlife. Studies project that humans are using 129 billion face masks each month worldwide – about three million a minute. Most are disposable and made from plastic, non-biodegradable microfibers that break down into smaller plastic particles that become widespread in ecosystems. They are littering cities, clogging sewage channels and turning up in bodies of water. I have written in other books about the immense amounts of microplastics from endless sources now being absorbed into the body. Rolf Halden, director of the Arizona State University (ASU) Biodesign Center for Environmental Health Engineering, was the senior researcher in a 2020 study that analysed 47 human tissue samples and found microplastics in all of them. 'We have detected these chemicals of plastics in every single organ that we have investigated', he said. I wrote in *The Answer* about the world being deluged with microplastics. A study by the Worldwide Fund for Nature (WWF) found that people are consuming on average every week some 2,000 tiny pieces of plastic mostly through water and also through marine life and the air. Every year humans are ingesting enough microplastics to fill a heaped dinner plate and in a life-time of 79 years it is enough to fill two large waste bins. Marco Lambertini, WWF International director general said: 'Not only are plastics polluting our oceans and waterways and killing marine life – it's in all of us and we can't escape consuming plastics,' American

geologists found tiny plastic fibres, beads and shards in rainwater samples collected from the remote slopes of the Rocky Mountain National Park near Denver, Colorado. Their report was headed: 'It is raining plastic.' Rachel Adams, senior lecturer in Biomedical Science at Cardiff Metropolitan University, said that among health consequences are internal inflammation and immune responses to a 'foreign body'. She further pointed out that microplastics become carriers of toxins including mercury, pesticides and dioxins (a known cause of cancer and reproductive and developmental problems). These toxins accumulate in the fatty tissues once they enter the body through microplastics. Now this is being compounded massively by people putting plastic on their face and throwing it away.

Workers exposed to polypropylene plastic fibres known as 'flock' have developed 'flock worker's lung' from inhaling small pieces of the flock fibres which can damage lung tissue, reduce breathing capacity and exacerbate other respiratory problems. *Now* … commonly used surgical masks have three layers of melt-blown textiles made of … polypropylene. We have billions of people putting these microplastics against their mouth, nose and face for hours at a time day after day in the form of masks. How does anyone think that will work out? I mean – what could possibly go wrong? We posted a number of scientific studies on this at davidicke.com, but when I went back to them as I was writing this book the links to the science research website where they were hosted were dead. Anything that challenges the official narrative in any way is either censored or vilified. The official narrative is so unsupportable by the evidence that only deleting the truth can protect it. A study by Chinese scientists still survived – with the usual twist which it why it was still active, I guess. Yes, they found that virtually all the masks they tested increased the daily intake of microplastic fibres, but people should still wear them because the danger from the 'virus' was worse said the crazy 'team' from the Institute of Hydrobiology in Wuhan. Scientists first discovered microplastics in lung tissue of some patients who died of lung cancer

in the 1990s. Subsequent studies have confirmed the potential health damage with the plastic degrading slowly and remaining in the lungs to accumulate in volume. Wuhan researchers used a machine simulating human breathing to establish that masks shed up to nearly 4,000 microplastic fibres in a month with reused masks producing more. Scientists said some masks are laced with toxic chemicals and a variety of compounds seriously restricted for both health and environmental reasons. They include cobalt (used in blue dye) and formaldehyde known to cause watery eyes, burning sensations in the eyes, nose, and throat, plus coughing, wheezing and nausea. No – that must be 'Covid-19'.

Mask 'worms'

There is another and potentially even more sinister content of masks. Mostly new masks of different makes filmed under a microscope around the world have been found to contain strange black fibres or 'worms' that appear to move or 'crawl' by themselves and react to heat and water. The nearest I have seen to them are the self-replicating fibres that are pulled out through the skin of those suffering from Morgellons disease which has been connected to the phenomena of 'chemtrails' which I will bring into the story later on. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. Black 'worm' fibres in masks have that kind of feel to them and there is a nanotechnology technique called 'worm micelles' which carry and release drugs or anything else you want to deliver to the body. For sure the suppression of humanity by mind altering drugs is the Cult agenda big time and the more excuses they can find to gain access to the body the more opportunities there are to make that happen whether through 'vaccines' or masks pushed against the mouth and nose for hours on end.

So let us summarise the pros and cons of masks:

Against masks: Breathing in your own carbon dioxide; depriving the body and brain of sufficient oxygen; build-up of toxins in the mask that can be breathed into the lungs and cause rashes on the face and 'mask-mouth'; breathing microplastic fibres and toxic chemicals into the lungs; dehumanisation and deleting individualisation by literally making people faceless; destroying human emotional interaction through facial expression and deleting parental connection with their babies which look for guidance to their facial expression.

For masks: They don't protect you from a 'virus' that doesn't exist and even if it did 'viral' particles are so minute they are smaller than the holes in the mask.

Governments, police, supermarkets, businesses, transport companies, and all the rest who seek to impose masks have done no risk assessment on their consequences for health and psychology and are now open to group lawsuits when the impact becomes clear with a cumulative epidemic of respiratory and other disease. Authorities will try to exploit these effects and hide the real cause by dubbing them 'Covid-19'. Can you imagine setting out to force the population to wear health-destroying masks without doing any assessment of the risks? It is criminal and it is evil, but then how many people targeted in this way, who see their children told to wear them all day at school, have asked for a risk assessment? Billions can't be imposed upon by the few unless the billions allow it. Oh, yes, with just a tinge of irony, 85 percent of all masks made worldwide come from *China*.

Wash your hands in toxic shite

'Covid' rules include the use of toxic sanitisers and again the health consequences of constantly applying toxins to be absorbed through the skin is obvious to any level of Renegade Mind. America's Food and Drug Administration (FDA) said that sanitisers are drugs and issued a warning about 75 dangerous brands which contain

methanol used in antifreeze and can cause death, kidney damage and blindness. The FDA circulated the following warning even for those brands that it claims to be safe:

> Store hand sanitizer out of the reach of pets and children, and children should use it only with adult supervision. Do not drink hand sanitizer. This is particularly important for young children, especially toddlers, who may be attracted by the pleasant smell or brightly colored bottles of hand sanitizer.
>
> Drinking even a small amount of hand sanitizer can cause alcohol poisoning in children. (However, there is no need to be concerned if your children eat with or lick their hands after using hand sanitizer.) During this coronavirus pandemic, poison control centers have had an increase in calls about accidental ingestion of hand sanitizer, so it is important that adults monitor young children's use.
>
> Do not allow pets to swallow hand sanitizer. If you think your pet has eaten something potentially dangerous, call your veterinarian or a pet poison control center right away. Hand sanitizer is flammable and should be stored away from heat and flames. When using hand sanitizer, rub your hands until they feel completely dry before performing activities that may involve heat, sparks, static electricity, or open flames.

There you go, perfectly safe, then, and that's without even a mention of the toxins absorbed through the skin. Come on kids – sanitise your hands everywhere you go. It will save you from the 'virus'. Put all these elements together of the 'Covid' normal and see how much health and psychology is being cumulatively damaged, even devastated, to 'protect your health'. Makes sense, right? They are only imposing these things because they care, right? *Right?*

Submitting to insanity

Psychological reframing of the population goes very deep and is done in many less obvious ways. I hear people say how contradictory and crazy 'Covid' rules are and how they are ever changing. This is explained away by dismissing those involved as idiots. It is a big mistake. The Cult is delighted if its cold calculation is perceived as incompetence and idiocy when it is anything but. Oh, yes, there are idiots within the system – lots of them – but they are *administering* the Cult agenda, mostly unknowingly. They are not deciding and dictating it. The bulwark against tyranny is self-

respect, always has been, always will be. It is self-respect that has broken every tyranny in history. By its very nature self-respect will not bow to oppression and its perpetrators. There is so little self-respect that it's always the few that overturn dictators. Many may eventually follow, but the few with the iron spines (self-respect) kick it off and generate the momentum. The Cult targets self-respect in the knowledge that once this has gone only submission remains. Crazy, contradictory, ever-changing 'Covid' rules are systematically applied by psychologists to delete self-respect. They *want* you to see that the rules make no sense. It is one thing to decide to do something when *you* have made the choice based on evidence and logic. You still retain your self-respect. It is quite another when you can see what you are being told to do is insane, ridiculous and makes no sense, and *yet you still do it*. Your self-respect is extinguished and this has been happening as ever more obviously stupid and nonsensical things have been demanded and the great majority have complied even when they can see they are stupid and nonsensical.

People walk around in face-nappies knowing they are damaging their health and make no difference to a 'virus'. They do it in fear of not doing it. I know it's daft, but I'll do it anyway. When that happens something dies inside of you and submissive reframing has begun. Next there's a need to hide from yourself that you have conceded your self-respect and you convince yourself that you have not really submitted to fear and intimidation. You begin to believe that you are complying with craziness because it's the right thing to do. When first you concede your self-respect of 2+2 = 4 to 2+2 = 5 you *know* you are compromising your self-respect. Gradually to avoid facing that fact you begin to *believe* that 2+2=5. You have been reframed and I have been watching this process happening in the human psyche on an industrial scale. The Cult is working to break your spirit and one of its major tools in that war is humiliation. I read how former American soldier Bradley Manning (later Chelsea Manning after a sex-change) was treated after being jailed for supplying WikiLeaks with documents exposing the enormity of

government and elite mendacity. Manning was isolated in solitary confinement for eight months, put under 24-hour surveillance, forced to hand over clothing before going to bed, and stand naked for every roll call. This is systematic humiliation. The introduction of anal swab 'Covid' tests in China has been done for the same reason to delete self-respect and induce compliant submission. Anal swabs are mandatory for incoming passengers in parts of China and American diplomats have said they were forced to undergo the indignity which would have been calculated humiliation by the Cult-owned Chinese government that has America in its sights.

Government-people: An abusive relationship

Spirit-breaking psychological techniques include giving people hope and apparent respite from tyranny only to take it away again. This happened in the UK during Christmas, 2020, when the psycho-psychologists and their political lackeys announced an easing of restrictions over the holiday only to reimpose them almost immediately on the basis of yet another lie. There is a big psychological difference between getting used to oppression and being given hope of relief only to have that dashed. Psychologists know this and we have seen the technique used repeatedly. Then there is traumatising people before you introduce more extreme regulations that require compliance. A perfect case was the announcement by the dark and sinister Whitty and Vallance in the UK that 'new data' predicted that 4,000 could die every day over the winter of 2020/2021 if we did not lockdown again. I think they call it lying and after traumatising people with that claim out came Jackboot Johnson the next day with new curbs on human freedom. Psychologists know that a frightened and traumatised mind becomes suggestable to submission and behaviour reframing. Underpinning all this has been to make people fearful and suspicious of each other and see themselves as a potential danger to others. In league with deleted self-respect you have the perfect psychological recipe for self-loathing. The relationship between authority and public is now demonstrably the same as that of

subservience to an abusive partner. These are signs of an abusive relationship explained by psychologist Leslie Becker-Phelps:

Psychological and emotional abuse: Undermining a partner's self-worth with verbal attacks, name-calling, and belittling. Humiliating the partner in public, unjustly accusing them of having an affair, or interrogating them about their every behavior. Keeping partner confused or off balance by saying they were just kidding or blaming the partner for 'making' them act this way … Feigning in public that they care while turning against them in private. This leads to victims frequently feeling confused, incompetent, unworthy, hopeless, and chronically self-doubting. [Apply these techniques to how governments have treated the population since New Year, 2020, and the parallels are obvious.]

Physical abuse: The abuser might physically harm their partner in a range of ways, such as grabbing, hitting, punching, or shoving them. They might throw objects at them or harm them with a weapon. [Observe the physical harm imposed by masks, lockdown, and so on.]

Threats and intimidation: One way abusers keep their partners in line is by instilling fear. They might be verbally threatening, or give threatening looks or gestures. Abusers often make it known that they are tracking their partner's every move. They might destroy their partner's possessions, threaten to harm them, or threaten to harm their family members. Not surprisingly, victims of this abuse often feel anxiety, fear, and panic. [No words necessary.]

Isolation: Abusers often limit their partner's activities, forbidding them to talk or interact with friends or family. They might limit access to a car or even turn off their phone. All of this might be done by physically holding them against their will, but is often accomplished through psychological abuse and intimidation. The more isolated a person feels, the fewer resources they have to help gain perspective on their situation and to escape from it. [No words necessary.]

Economic abuse: Abusers often make their partners beholden to them for money by controlling access to funds of any kind. They might prevent their partner from getting a job or withhold access to money they earn from a job. This creates financial dependency that makes leaving the relationship very difficult. [See destruction of livelihoods and the proposed meagre 'guaranteed income' so long as you do whatever you are told.]

Using children: An abuser might disparage their partner's parenting skills, tell their children lies about their partner, threaten to take custody of their children, or threaten to harm their children. These tactics instil fear and often elicit compliance. [See reframed social service mafia and how children are being mercilessly abused by the state over 'Covid' while their parents look on too frightened to do anything.]

A further recurring trait in an abusive relationship is the abused blaming themselves for their abuse and making excuses for the abuser. We have the public blaming each other for lockdown abuse by government and many making excuses for the government while attacking those who challenge the government. How often we have heard authorities say that rules are being imposed or reimposed only because people have refused to 'behave' and follow the rules. We don't want to do it – it's *you*.

Renegade Minds are an antidote to all of these things. They will never concede their self-respect no matter what the circumstances. Even when apparent humiliation is heaped upon them they laugh in its face and reflect back the humiliation on the abuser where it belongs. Renegade Minds will never wear masks they know are only imposed to humiliate, suppress and damage both physically and psychologically. Consequences will take care of themselves and they will never break their spirit or cause them to concede to tyranny. UK newspaper columnist Peter Hitchens was one of the few in the mainstream media to speak out against lockdowns and forced vaccinations. He then announced he had taken the jab. He wanted to see family members abroad and he believed vaccine passports were inevitable even though they had not yet been introduced. Hitchens

has a questioning and critical mind, but not a Renegade one. If he had no amount of pressure would have made him concede. Hitchens excused his action by saying that the battle has been lost. Renegade Minds never accept defeat when freedom is at stake and even if they are the last one standing the self-respect of not submitting to tyranny is more important than any outcome or any consequence.

That's why Renegade Minds are the only minds that ever changed anything worth changing.

CHAPTER EIGHT

'Reframing' insanity

Insanity is relative. It depends on who has who locked in what cage
Ray Bradbury

'Reframing' a mind means simply to change its perception and behaviour. This can be done subconsciously to such an extent that subjects have no idea they have been 'reframed' while to any observer changes in behaviour and attitudes are obvious.

Human society is being reframed on a ginormous scale since the start of 2020 and here we have the reason why psychologists rather than doctors have been calling the shots. Ask most people who have succumbed to 'Covid' reframing if they have changed and most will say 'no'; but they *have* and fundamentally. The Cult's long-game has been preparing for these times since way back and crucial to that has been to prepare both population and officialdom mentally and emotionally. To use the mind-control parlance they had to reframe the population with a mentality that would submit to fascism and reframe those in government and law enforcement to impose fascism or at least go along with it. The result has been the fact-deleted mindlessness of 'Wokeness' and officialdom that has either enthusiastically or unquestioningly imposed global tyranny demanded by reframed politicians on behalf of psychopathic and deeply evil cultists. 'Cognitive reframing' identifies and challenges the way someone sees the world in the form of situations, experiences and emotions and then restructures those perceptions to view the same set of circumstances in a different way. This can have

benefits if the attitudes are personally destructive while on the other side it has the potential for individual and collective mind control which the subject has no idea has even happened.

Cognitive therapy was developed in the 1960s by Aaron T. Beck who was born in Rhode Island in 1921 as the son of Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine. He became interested in the techniques as a treatment for depression. Beck's daughter Judith S. Beck is prominent in the same field and they founded the Beck Institute for Cognitive Behavior Therapy in Philadelphia in 1994. Cognitive reframing, however, began to be used worldwide by those with a very dark agenda. The Cult reframes politicians to change their attitudes and actions until they are completely at odds with what they once appeared to stand for. The same has been happening to government administrators at all levels, law enforcement, military and the human population. Cultists love mind control for two main reasons: It allows them to control what people think, do and say to secure agenda advancement and, by definition, it calms their legendary insecurity and fear of the unexpected. I have studied mind control since the time I travelled America in 1996. I may have been talking to next to no one in terms of an audience in those years, but my goodness did I gather a phenomenal amount of information and knowledge about so many things including the techniques of mind control. I have described this in detail in other books going back to *The Biggest Secret* in 1998. I met a very large number of people recovering from MKUltra and its offshoots and successors and I began to see how these same techniques were being used on the population in general. This was never more obvious than since the 'Covid' hoax began.

Reframing the enforcers

I have observed over the last two decades and more the very clear transformation in the dynamic between the police, officialdom and the public. I tracked this in the books as the relationship mutated from one of serving the public to seeing them as almost the enemy and certainly a lower caste. There has always been a class divide

based on income and always been some psychopathic, corrupt, and big-I-am police officers. This was different. Wholesale change was unfolding in the collective dynamic; it was less about money and far more about position and perceived power. An us-and-them was emerging. Noses were lifted skyward by government administration and law enforcement and their attitude to the public they were *supposed* to be serving changed to one of increasing contempt, superiority and control. The transformation was so clear and widespread that it had to be planned. Collective attitudes and dynamics do not change naturally and organically that quickly on that scale. I then came across an organisation in Britain called Common Purpose created in the late 1980s by Julia Middleton who would work in the office of Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott during the long and disastrous premiership of war criminal Tony Blair. When Blair speaks the Cult is speaking and the man should have been in jail a long time ago. Common Purpose proclaims itself to be one of the biggest 'leadership development' organisations in the world while functioning as a *charity* with all the financial benefits which come from that. It hosts 'leadership development' courses and programmes all over the world and claims to have 'brought together' what it calls 'leaders' from more than 100 countries on six continents. The modus operandi of Common Purpose can be compared with the work of the UK government's reframing network that includes the Behavioural Insights Team 'nudge unit' and 'Covid' reframing specialists at SPI-B. WikiLeaks described Common Purpose long ago as 'a hidden virus in our government and schools' which is unknown to the general public: 'It recruits and trains "leaders" to be loyal to the directives of Common Purpose and the EU, instead of to their own departments, which they then undermine or subvert, the NHS [National Health Service] being an example.' This is a vital point to understand the 'Covid' hoax. The NHS, and its equivalent around the world, has been utterly reframed in terms of administrators and much of the medical personnel with the transformation underpinned by recruitment policies. The outcome has been the criminal and psychopathic behaviour of the

NHS over 'Covid' and we have seen the same in every other major country. WikiLeaks said Common Purpose trainees are 'learning to rule without regard to democracy' and to usher in a police state (current events explained). Common Purpose operated like a 'glue' and had members in the NHS, BBC, police, legal profession, church, many of Britain's 7,000 quangos, local councils, the Civil Service, government ministries and Parliament, and controlled many RDA's (Regional Development Agencies). Here we have one answer for how and why British institutions and their like in other countries have changed so negatively in relation to the public. This further explains how and why the beyond-disgraceful reframed BBC has become a propaganda arm of 'Covid' fascism. They are all part of a network pursuing the same goal.

By 2019 Common Purpose was quoting a figure of 85,000 'leaders' that had attended its programmes. These 'students' of all ages are known as Common Purpose 'graduates' and they consist of government, state and local government officials and administrators, police chiefs and officers, and a whole range of others operating within the national, local and global establishment. Cressida Dick, Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, is the Common Purpose graduate who was the 'Gold Commander' that oversaw what can only be described as the murder of Brazilian electrician Jean Charles de Menezes in 2005. He was held down by psychopathic police and shot seven times in the head by a psychopathic lunatic after being mistaken for a terrorist when he was just a bloke going about his day. Dick authorised officers to pursue and keep surveillance on de Menezes and ordered that he be stopped from entering the underground train system. Police psychopaths took her at her word clearly. She was 'disciplined' for this outrage by being *promoted* – eventually to the top of the 'Met' police where she has been a disaster. Many Chief Constables controlling the police in different parts of the UK are and have been Common Purpose graduates. I have heard the 'graduate' network described as a sort of Mafia or secret society operating within the fabric of government at all levels pursuing a collective policy

ingrained at Common Purpose training events. Founder Julia Middleton herself has said:

> Locally and internationally, Common Purpose graduates will be 'lighting small fires' to create change in their organisations and communities … The Common Purpose effect is best illustrated by the many stories of small changes brought about by leaders, who themselves have changed.

A Common Purpose mission statement declared:

> Common Purpose aims to improve the way society works by expanding the vision, decision-making ability and influence of all kinds of leaders. The organisation runs a variety of educational programmes for leaders of all ages, backgrounds and sectors, in order to provide them with the inspirational, information and opportunities they need to change the world.

Yes, but into what? Since 2020 the answer has become clear.

NLP and the Delphi technique

Common Purpose would seem to be a perfect name or would common programming be better? One of the foundation methods of reaching 'consensus' (group think) is by setting the agenda theme and then encouraging, cajoling or pressuring everyone to agree a 'consensus' in line with the core theme promoted by Common Purpose. The methodology involves the 'Delphi technique', or an adaption of it, in which opinions are expressed that are summarised by a 'facilitator or change agent' at each stage. Participants are 'encouraged' to modify their views in the light of what others have said. Stage by stage the former individual opinions are merged into group consensus which just happens to be what Common Purpose wants them to believe. A key part of this is to marginalise anyone refusing to concede to group think and turn the group against them to apply pressure to conform. We are seeing this very technique used on the general population to make 'Covid' group-thinkers hostile to those who have seen through the bullshit. People can be reframed by using perception manipulation methods such as Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) in which you change perception with the use of

carefully constructed language. An NLP website described the technique this way:

> … A method of influencing brain behaviour (the 'neuro' part of the phrase) through the use of language (the 'linguistic' part) and other types of communication to enable a person to 'recode' the way the brain responds to stimuli (that's the 'programming') and manifest new and better behaviours. Neuro-Linguistic Programming often incorporates hypnosis and self-hypnosis to help achieve the change (or 'programming') that is wanted.

British alternative media operation UKColumn has done very detailed research into Common Purpose over a long period. I quoted co-founder and former naval officer Brian Gerrish in my book *Remember Who You Are*, published in 2011, as saying the following years before current times:

> It is interesting that many of the mothers who have had children taken by the State speak of the Social Services people being icily cool, emotionless and, as two ladies said in slightly different words, '… like little robots'. We know that NLP is cumulative, so people can be given small imperceptible doses of NLP in a course here, another in a few months, next year etc. In this way, major changes are accrued in their personality, but the day by day change is almost unnoticeable.

In these and other ways 'graduates' have had their perceptions uniformly reframed and they return to their roles in the institutions of government, law enforcement, legal profession, military, 'education', the UK National Health Service and the whole swathe of the establishment structure to pursue a common agenda preparing for the 'post-industrial', 'post-democratic' society. I say 'preparing' but we are now there. 'Post-industrial' is code for the Great Reset and 'post-democratic' is 'Covid' fascism. UKColumn has spoken to partners of those who have attended Common Purpose 'training'. They have described how personalities and attitudes of 'graduates' changed very noticeably for the worse by the time they had completed the course. They had been 'reframed' and told they are the 'leaders' – the special ones – who know better than the population. There has also been the very demonstrable recruitment of psychopaths and narcissists into government administration at all

levels and law enforcement. If you want psychopathy hire psychopaths and you get a simple cause and effect. If you want administrators, police officers and 'leaders' to perceive the public as lesser beings who don't matter then employ narcissists. These personalities are identified using 'psychometrics' that identifies knowledge, abilities, attitudes and personality traits, mostly through carefully-designed questionnaires and tests. As this policy has passed through the decades we have had power-crazy, power-trippers appointed into law enforcement, security and government administration in preparation for current times and the dynamic between public and law enforcement/officialdom has been transformed. UKColumn's Brian Gerrish said of the narcissistic personality:

> Their love of themselves and power automatically means that they will crush others who get in their way. I received a major piece of the puzzle when a friend pointed out that when they made public officials re-apply for their own jobs several years ago they were also required to do psychometric tests. This was undoubtedly the start of the screening process to get 'their' sort of people in post.

How obvious that has been since 2020 although it was clear what was happening long before if people paid attention to the changing public-establishment dynamic.

Change agents

At the centre of events in 'Covid' Britain is the National Health Service (NHS) which has behaved disgracefully in slavishly following the Cult agenda. The NHS management structure is awash with Common Purpose graduates or 'change agents' working to a common cause. Helen Bevan, a Chief of Service Transformation at the NHS Institute for Innovation and Improvement, co-authored a document called 'Towards a million change agents, a review of the social movements literature: implications for large scale change in the NHS'. The document compared a project management approach to that of change and social movements where 'people change

themselves and each other – peer to peer'. Two definitions given for a 'social movement' were:

A group of people who consciously attempt to build a radically new social order; involves people of a broad range of social backgrounds; and deploys politically confrontational and socially disruptive tactics – Cyrus Zirakzadeh 1997

Collective challenges, based on common purposes and social solidarities, in sustained interaction with elites, opponents, and authorities – Sidney Tarrow 1994

Helen Bevan wrote another NHS document in which she defined 'framing' as 'the process by which leaders construct, articulate and put across their message in a powerful and compelling way in order to win people to their cause and call them to action'. I think I could come up with another definition that would be rather more accurate. The National Health Service and institutions of Britain and the wider world have been taken over by reframed 'change agents' and that includes everything from the United Nations to national governments, local councils and social services which have been kidnapping children from loving parents on an extraordinary and gathering scale on the road to the end of parenthood altogether. Children from loving homes are stolen and kidnapped by the state and put into the 'care' (inversion) of the local authority through council homes, foster parents and forced adoption. At the same time children are allowed to be abused without response while many are under council 'care'. UKColumn highlighted the Common Purpose connection between South Yorkshire Police and Rotherham council officers in the case of the scandal in that area of the sexual exploitation of children to which the authorities turned not one blind eye, but both:

We were alarmed to discover that the Chief Executive, the Strategic Director of Children and Young People's Services, the Manager for the Local Strategic Partnership, the Community Cohesion Manager, the Cabinet Member for Cohesion, the Chief Constable and his predecessor had all attended Leadership training courses provided by the pseudo-charity Common Purpose.

Once 'change agents' have secured positions of hire and fire within any organisation things start to move very quickly. Personnel are then hired and fired on the basis of whether they will work towards the agenda the change agent represents. If they do they are rapidly promoted even though they may be incompetent. Those more qualified and skilled who are pre-Common Purpose 'old school' see their careers stall and even disappear. This has been happening for decades in every institution of state, police, 'health' and social services and all of them have been transformed as a result in their attitudes to their jobs and the public. Medical professions, including nursing, which were once vocations for the caring now employ many cold, callous and couldn't give a shit personality types. The UKColumn investigation concluded:

By blurring the boundaries between people, professions, public and private sectors, responsibility and accountability, Common Purpose encourages 'graduates' to believe that as new selected leaders, they can work together, outside of the established political and social structures, to achieve a paradigm shift or CHANGE – so called 'Leading Beyond Authority'. In doing so, the allegiance of the individual becomes 'reframed' on CP colleagues and their NETWORK.

Reframing the Face-Nappies

Nowhere has this process been more obvious than in the police where recruitment of psychopaths and development of unquestioning mind-controlled group-thinkers have transformed law enforcement into a politically-correct 'Woke' joke and a travesty of what should be public service. Today they wear their face-nappies like good little gofers and enforce 'Covid' rules which are fascism under another name. Alongside the specifically-recruited psychopaths we have software minds incapable of free thought. Brian Gerrish again:

An example is the policeman who would not get on a bike for a press photo because he had not done the cycling proficiency course. Normal people say this is political correctness gone mad. Nothing could be further from the truth. The policeman has been reframed, and in his reality it is perfect common sense not to get on the bike 'because he hasn't done the cycling course'.

Another example of this is where the police would not rescue a boy from a pond until they had taken advice from above on the 'risk assessment'. A normal person would have arrived, perhaps thought of the risk for a moment, and dived in. To the police now 'reframed', they followed 'normal' procedure.

There are shocking cases of reframed ambulance crews doing the same. Sheer unthinking stupidity of London Face-Nappies headed by Common Purpose graduate Cressida Dick can be seen in their behaviour at a vigil in March, 2021, for a murdered woman, Sarah Everard. A police officer had been charged with the crime. Anyone with a brain would have left the vigil alone in the circumstances. Instead they 'manhandled' women to stop them breaking 'Covid rules' to betray classic reframing. Minds in the thrall of perception control have no capacity for seeing a situation on its merits and acting accordingly. 'Rules is rules' is their only mind-set. My father used to say that rules and regulations are for the guidance of the intelligent and the blind obedience of the idiot. Most of the intelligent, decent, coppers have gone leaving only the other kind and a few old school for whom the job must be a daily nightmare. The combination of psychopaths and rule-book software minds has been clearly on public display in the 'Covid' era with automaton robots in uniform imposing fascistic 'Covid' regulations on the population without any personal initiative or judging situations on their merits. There are thousands of examples around the world, but I'll make my point with the infamous Derbyshire police in the English East Midlands – the ones who think pouring dye into beauty spots and using drones to track people walking in the countryside away from anyone is called 'policing'. To them there are rules decreed by the government which they have to enforce and in their bewildered state a group gathering in a closed space and someone walking alone in the countryside are the same thing. It is beyond idiocy and enters the realm of clinical insanity.

Police officers in Derbyshire said they were 'horrified' – *horrified* – to find 15 to 20 'irresponsible' kids playing a football match at a closed leisure centre 'in breach of coronavirus restrictions'. When they saw the police the kids ran away leaving their belongings behind and the reframed men and women of Derbyshire police were seeking to establish their identities with a view to fining their parents. The most natural thing for youngsters to do – kicking a ball about – is turned into a criminal activity and enforced by the moronic software programs of Derbyshire police. You find the same mentality in every country. These barely conscious 'horrified' officers said they had to take action because 'we need to ensure these rules are being followed' and 'it is of the utmost importance that you ensure your children are following the rules and regulations for Covid-19'. Had any of them done ten seconds of research to see if this parroting of their masters' script could be supported by any evidence? Nope. Reframed people don't think – others think for them and that's the whole idea of reframing. I have seen police officers one after the other repeating without question word for word what officialdom tells them just as I have seen great swathes of the public doing the same. Ask either for 'their' opinion and out spews what they have been told to think by the official narrative. Police and public may seem to be in different groups, but their mentality is the same. Most people do whatever they are told in fear not doing so or because they believe what officialdom tells them; almost the entirety of the police do what they are told for the same reason. Ultimately it's the tiny inner core of the global Cult that's telling both what to do.

So Derbyshire police were 'horrified'. Oh, really? Why did they think those kids were playing football? It was to relieve the psychological consequences of lockdown and being denied human contact with their friends and interaction, touch and discourse vital to human psychological health. Being denied this month after month has dismantled the psyche of many children and young people as depression and suicide have exploded. Were Derbyshire police *horrified by that*? Are you kidding? Reframed people don't have those

mental and emotional processes that can see how the impact on the psychological health of youngsters is far more dangerous than any 'virus' even if you take the mendacious official figures to be true. The reframed are told (programmed) how to act and so they do. The Derbyshire Chief Constable in the first period of lockdown when the black dye and drones nonsense was going on was Peter Goodman. He was the man who severed the connection between his force and the Derbyshire Constabulary *Male Voice* Choir when he decided that it was not inclusive enough to allow women to join. The fact it was a male voice choir making a particular sound produced by male voices seemed to elude a guy who terrifyingly ran policing in Derbyshire. He retired weeks after his force was condemned as disgraceful by former Supreme Court Justice Jonathan Sumption for their behaviour over extreme lockdown impositions. Goodman was replaced by his deputy Rachel Swann who was in charge when her officers were 'horrified'. The police statement over the boys committing the hanging-offence of playing football included the line about the youngsters being 'irresponsible in the times we are all living through' missing the point that the real relevance of the 'times we are all living through' is the imposition of fascism enforced by psychopaths and reframed minds of police officers playing such a vital part in establishing the fascist tyranny that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. As a definition of insanity that is hard to beat although it might be run close by imposing masks on people that can have a serious effect on their health while wearing a face nappy all day themselves. Once again public and police do it for the same reason – the authorities tell them to and who are they to have the self-respect to say no?

Wokers in uniform

How reframed do you have to be to arrest a *six-year-old* and take him to court for *picking a flower* while waiting for a bus? Brain dead police and officialdom did just that in North Carolina where criminal proceedings happen regularly for children under nine. Attorney Julie Boyer gave the six-year-old crayons and a colouring book

during the 'flower' hearing while the 'adults' decided his fate. County Chief District Court Judge Jay Corpening asked: 'Should a child that believes in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the tooth fairy be making life-altering decisions?' Well, of course not, but common sense has no meaning when you have a common purpose and a reframed mind. Treating children in this way, and police operating in American schools, is all part of the psychological preparation for children to accept a police state as normal all their adult lives. The same goes for all the cameras and biometric tracking technology in schools. Police training is focused on reframing them as snowflake Wokers and this is happening in the military. Pentagon top brass said that 'training sessions on extremism' were needed for troops who asked why they were so focused on the Capitol Building riot when Black Lives Matter riots were ignored. What's the difference between them some apparently and rightly asked. Actually, there is a difference. Five people died in the Capitol riot, only one through violence, and that was a police officer shooting an unarmed protestor. BLM riots killed at least 25 people and cost billions. Asking the question prompted the psychopaths and reframed minds that run the Pentagon to say that more 'education' (programming) was needed. Troop training is all based on psychological programming to make them fodder for the Cult – 'Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy' as Cult-to-his-DNA former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger famously said. Governments see the police in similar terms and it's time for those among them who can see this to defend the people and stop being enforcers of the Cult agenda upon the people.

The US military, like the country itself, is being targeted for destruction through a long list of Woke impositions. Cult-owned gaga 'President' Biden signed an executive order when he took office to allow taxpayer money to pay for transgender surgery for active military personnel and veterans. Are you a man soldier? No, I'm a LGBTQIA+ with a hint of Skoliosexual and Spectrasexual. Oh, good man. Bad choice of words you bigot. The Pentagon announced in March, 2021, the appointment of the first 'diversity and inclusion

officer' for US Special Forces. Richard Torres-Estrada arrived with the publication of a 'D&I Strategic Plan which will guide the enterprise-wide effort to institutionalize and sustain D&I'. If you think a Special Forces 'Strategic Plan' should have something to do with defending America you haven't been paying attention. Defending Woke is now the military's new role. Torres-Estrada has posted images comparing Donald Trump with Adolf Hitler and we can expect no bias from him as a representative of the supposedly non-political Pentagon. Cable news host Tucker Carlson said: 'The Pentagon is now the Yale faculty lounge but with cruise missiles.' Meanwhile Secretary of Defense Lloyd Austin, a board member of weapons-maker Raytheon with stock and compensation interests in October, 2020, worth $1.4 million, said he was purging the military of the 'enemy within' – anyone who isn't Woke and supports Donald Trump. Austin refers to his targets as 'racist extremists' while in true Woke fashion being himself a racist extremist. Pentagon documents pledge to 'eradicate, eliminate and conquer all forms of racism, sexism and homophobia'. The definitions of these are decided by 'diversity and inclusion committees' peopled by those who see racism, sexism and homophobia in every situation and opinion. Woke (the Cult) is dismantling the US military and purging testosterone as China expands its military and gives its troops 'masculinity training'. How do we think that is going to end when this is all Cult coordinated? The US military, like the British military, is controlled by Woke and spineless top brass who just go along with it out of personal career interests.

'Woke' means fast asleep

Mind control and perception manipulation techniques used on individuals to create group-think have been unleashed on the global population in general. As a result many have no capacity to see the obvious fascist agenda being installed all around them or what 'Covid' is really all about. Their brains are firewalled like a computer system not to process certain concepts, thoughts and realisations that are bad for the Cult. The young are most targeted as the adults they

will be when the whole fascist global state is planned to be fully implemented. They need to be prepared for total compliance to eliminate all pushback from entire generations. The Cult has been pouring billions into taking complete control of 'education' from schools to universities via its operatives and corporations and not least Bill Gates as always. The plan has been to transform 'education' institutions into programming centres for the mentality of 'Woke'. James McConnell, professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, wrote in *Psychology Today* in 1970:

> The day has come when we can combine sensory deprivation with drugs, hypnosis, and astute manipulation of reward and punishment, to gain almost absolute control over an individual's behaviour. It should then be possible to achieve a very rapid and highly effective type of brainwashing that would allow us to make dramatic changes in a person's behaviour and personality ...
>
> … We should reshape society so that we all would be trained from birth to want to do what society wants us to do. We have the techniques to do it... no-one owns his own personality you acquired, and there's no reason to believe you should have the right to refuse to acquire a new personality if your old one is anti-social.

This was the potential for mass brainwashing in 1970 and the mentality there displayed captures the arrogant psychopathy that drives it forward. I emphasise that not all young people have succumbed to Woke programming and those that haven't are incredibly impressive people given that today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in history with all the technology now involved. Vast swathes of the young generations, however, have fallen into the spell – and that's what it is – of Woke. The Woke mentality and perceptual program is founded on *inversion* and you will appreciate later why that is so significant. Everything with Woke is inverted and the opposite of what it is claimed to be. Woke was a term used in African-American culture from the 1900s and referred to an awareness of social and racial justice. This is not the meaning of the modern version or 'New Woke' as I call it in *The Answer*. Oh, no, Woke today means something very different no matter how much Wokers may seek to hide that and insist Old Woke and New

Woke are the same. See if you find any 'awareness of social justice' here in the modern variety:

- Woke demands 'inclusivity' while excluding anyone with a different opinion and calls for mass censorship to silence other views.

- Woke claims to stand against oppression when imposing oppression is the foundation of all that it does. It is the driver of political correctness which is nothing more than a Cult invention to manipulate the population to silence itself.

- Woke believes itself to be 'liberal' while pursuing a global society that can only be described as fascist (see 'anti-fascist' fascist Antifa).

- Woke calls for 'social justice' while spreading injustice wherever it goes against the common 'enemy' which can be easily identified as a differing view.

- Woke is supposed to be a metaphor for 'awake' when it is solid-gold asleep and deep in a Cult-induced coma that meets the criteria for 'off with the fairies'.

I state these points as obvious facts if people only care to look. I don't do this with a sense of condemnation. We need to appreciate that the onslaught of perceptual programming on the young has been incessant and merciless. I can understand why so many have been reframed, or, given their youth, framed from the start to see the world as the Cult demands. The Cult has had access to their minds day after day in its 'education' system for their entire formative years. Perception is formed from information received and the Cult-created system is a life-long download of information delivered to elicit a particular perception, thus behaviour. The more this has expanded into still new extremes in recent decades and ever-increasing censorship has deleted other opinions and information why wouldn't that lead to a perceptual reframing on a mass scale? I

have described already cradle-to-grave programming and in more recent times the targeting of young minds from birth to adulthood has entered the stratosphere. This has taken the form of skewing what is 'taught' to fit the Cult agenda and the omnipresent techniques of group-think to isolate non-believers and pressure them into line. There has always been a tendency to follow the herd, but we really are in a new world now in relation to that. We have parents who can see the 'Covid' hoax told by their children not to stop them wearing masks at school, being 'Covid' tested or having the 'vaccine' in fear of the peer-pressure consequences of being different. What is 'peer-pressure' if not pressure to conform to group-think? Renegade Minds never group-think and always retain a set of perceptions that are unique to them. Group-think is always underpinned by consequences for not group-thinking. Abuse now aimed at those refusing DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' are a potent example of this. The biggest pressure to conform comes from the very group which is itself being manipulated. 'I am programmed to be part of a hive mind and so you must be.'

Woke control structures in 'education' now apply to every mainstream organisation. Those at the top of the 'education' hierarchy (the Cult) decide the policy. This is imposed on governments through the Cult network; governments impose it on schools, colleges and universities; their leadership impose the policy on teachers and academics and they impose it on children and students. At any level where there is resistance, perhaps from a teacher or university lecturer, they are targeted by the authorities and often fired. Students themselves regularly demand the dismissal of academics (increasingly few) at odds with the narrative that the students have been programmed to believe in. It is quite a thought that students who are being targeted by the Cult become so consumed by programmed group-think that they launch protests and demand the removal of those who are trying to push back against those targeting the students. Such is the scale of perceptual inversion. We see this with 'Covid' programming as the Cult imposes the rules via psycho-psychologists and governments on

shops, transport companies and businesses which impose them on their staff who impose them on their customers who pressure Pushbackers to conform to the will of the Cult which is in the process of destroying them and their families. Scan all aspects of society and you will see the same sequence every time.

Fact free Woke and hijacking the 'left'

There is no more potent example of this than 'Woke', a mentality only made possible by the deletion of factual evidence by an 'education' system seeking to produce an ever more uniform society. Why would you bother with facts when you don't know any? Deletion of credible history both in volume and type is highly relevant. Orwell said: 'Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.' They who control the perception of the past control the perception of the future and they who control the present control the perception of the past through the writing and deleting of history. Why would you oppose the imposition of Marxism in the name of Wokeism when you don't know that Marxism cost at least 100 million lives in the 20th century alone? Watch videos and read reports in which Woker generations are asked basic historical questions – it's mind-blowing. A survey of 2,000 people found that six percent of millennials (born approximately early1980s to early 2000s) believed the Second World War (1939-1945) broke out with the assassination of President Kennedy (in 1963) and one in ten thought Margaret Thatcher was British Prime Minister at the time. She was in office between 1979 and 1990. We are in a post-fact society. Provable facts are no defence against the fascism of political correctness or Silicon Valley censorship. Facts don't matter anymore as we have witnessed with the 'Covid' hoax. Sacrificing uniqueness to the Woke group-think religion is all you are required to do and that means thinking for yourself is the biggest Woke no, no. All religions are an expression of group-think and censorship and Woke is just another religion with an orthodoxy defended by group-think and censorship. Burned at

the stake becomes burned on Twitter which leads back eventually to burned at the stake as Woke humanity regresses to ages past.

The biggest Woke inversion of all is its creators and funders. I grew up in a traditional left of centre political household on a council estate in Leicester in the 1950s and 60s – you know, the left that challenged the power of wealth-hoarding elites and threats to freedom of speech and opinion. In those days students went on marches defending freedom of speech while today's Wokers march for its deletion. What on earth could have happened? Those very elites (collectively the Cult) that we opposed in my youth and early life have funded into existence the antithesis of that former left and hijacked the 'brand' while inverting everything it ever stood for. We have a mentality that calls itself 'liberal' and 'progressive' while acting like fascists. Cult billionaires and their corporations have funded themselves into control of 'education' to ensure that Woke programming is unceasing throughout the formative years of children and young people and that non-Wokers are isolated (that word again) whether they be students, teachers or college professors. The Cult has funded into existence the now colossal global network of Woke organisations that have spawned and promoted all the 'causes' on the Cult wish-list for global transformation and turned Wokers into demanders of them. Does anyone really think it's a coincidence that the Cult agenda for humanity is a carbon (sorry) copy of the societal transformations desired by Woke?? These are only some of them:

Political correctness: The means by which the Cult deletes all public debates that it knows it cannot win if we had the free-flow of information and evidence.

Human-caused 'climate change': The means by which the Cult seeks to transform society into a globally-controlled dictatorship imposing its will over the fine detail of everyone's lives 'to save the planet' which doesn't actually need saving.

Transgender obsession: Preparing collective perception to accept the 'new human' which would not have genders because it would be created technologically and not through procreation. I'll have much more on this in Human 2.0.

Race obsession: The means by which the Cult seeks to divide and rule the population by triggering racial division through the perception that society is more racist than ever when the opposite is the case. Is it perfect in that regard? No. But to compare today with the racism of apartheid and segregation brought to an end by the civil rights movement in the 1960s is to insult the memory of that movement and inspirations like Martin Luther King. Why is the 'anti-racism' industry (which it is) so dominated by privileged white people?

White supremacy: This is a label used by privileged white people to demonise poor and deprived white people pushing back on tyranny to marginalise and destroy them. White people are being especially targeted as the dominant race by number within Western society which the Cult seeks to transform in its image. If you want to change a society you must weaken and undermine its biggest group and once you have done that by using the other groups you next turn on them to do the same … 'Then they came for the Jews and I was not a Jew so I did nothing.'

Mass migration: The mass movement of people from the Middle East, Africa and Asia into Europe, from the south into the United States and from Asia into Australia are another way the Cult seeks to dilute the racial, cultural and political influence of white people on Western society. White people ask why their governments appear to be working against them while being politically and culturally biased towards incoming cultures. Well, here's your answer. In the same way sexually 'straight' people, men and women, ask why the

authorities are biased against them in favour of other sexualities. The answer is the same – that's the way the Cult wants it to be for very sinister motives.

These are all central parts of the Cult agenda and central parts of the Woke agenda and Woke was created and continues to be funded to an immense degree by Cult billionaires and corporations. If anyone begins to say 'coincidence' the syllables should stick in their throat.

Billionaire 'social justice warriors'

Joe Biden is a 100 percent-owned asset of the Cult and the Wokers' man in the White House whenever he can remember his name and for however long he lasts with his rapidly diminishing cognitive function. Even walking up the steps of an aircraft without falling on his arse would appear to be a challenge. He's not an empty-shell puppet or anything. From the minute Biden took office (or the Cult did) he began his executive orders promoting the Woke wish-list. You will see the Woke agenda imposed ever more severely because it's really the *Cult* agenda. Woke organisations and activist networks spawned by the Cult are funded to the extreme so long as they promote what the Cult wants to happen. Woke is funded to promote 'social justice' by billionaires who become billionaires by destroying social justice. The social justice mantra is only a cover for dismantling social justice and funded by billionaires that couldn't give a damn about social justice. Everything makes sense when you see that. One of Woke's premier funders is Cult billionaire financier George Soros who said: 'I am basically there to make money, I cannot and do not look at the social consequences of what I do.' This is the same Soros who has given more than $32 billion to his Open Society Foundations global Woke network and funded Black Lives Matter, mass immigration into Europe and the United States, transgender activism, climate change activism, political correctness and groups targeting 'white supremacy' in the form of privileged white thugs that dominate Antifa. What a scam it all is and when

you are dealing with the unquestioning fact-free zone of Woke scamming them is child's play. All you need to pull it off in all these organisations are a few in-the-know agents of the Cult and an army of naïve, reframed, uninformed, narcissistic, know-nothings convinced of their own self-righteousness, self-purity and virtue.

Soros and fellow billionaires and billionaire corporations have poured hundreds of millions into Black Lives Matter and connected groups and promoted them to a global audience. None of this is motivated by caring about black people. These are the billionaires that have controlled and exploited a system that leaves millions of black people in abject poverty and deprivation which they do absolutely nothing to address. The same Cult networks funding BLM were behind the *slave trade!* Black Lives Matter hijacked a phrase that few would challenge and they have turned this laudable concept into a political weapon to divide society. You know that BLM is a fraud when it claims that *All* Lives Matter, the most inclusive statement of all, is 'racist'. BLM and its Cult masters don't want to end racism. To them it's a means to an end to control all of humanity never mind the colour, creed, culture or background. What has destroying the nuclear family got to do with ending racism? Nothing – but that is one of the goals of BLM and also happens to be a goal of the Cult as I have been exposing in my books for decades. Stealing children from loving parents and giving schools ever more power to override parents is part of that same agenda. BLM is a Marxist organisation and why would that not be the case when the Cult created Marxism *and* BLM? Patrisse Cullors, a BLM co-founder, said in a 2015 video that she and her fellow organisers, including co-founder Alicia Garza, are 'trained Marxists'. The lady known after marriage as Patrisse Khan-Cullors bought a $1.4 million home in 2021 in one of the whitest areas of California with a black population of just 1.6 per cent and has so far bought *four* high-end homes for a total of $3.2 million. How very Marxist. There must be a bit of spare in the BLM coffers, however, when Cult corporations and billionaires have handed over the best part of $100 million. Many black people can see that Black Lives Matter is not

working for them, but against them, and this is still more confirmation. Black journalist Jason Whitlock, who had his account suspended by Twitter for simply linking to the story about the 'Marxist's' home buying spree, said that BLM leaders are 'making millions of dollars off the backs of these dead black men who they wouldn't spit on if they were on fire and alive'.

Black Lies Matter

Cult assets and agencies came together to promote BLM in the wake of the death of career criminal George Floyd who had been jailed a number of times including for forcing his way into the home of a black woman with others in a raid in which a gun was pointed at her stomach. Floyd was filmed being held in a Minneapolis street in 2020 with the knee of a police officer on his neck and he subsequently died. It was an appalling thing for the officer to do, but the same technique has been used by police on peaceful protestors of lockdown without any outcry from the Woke brigade. As unquestioning supporters of the Cult agenda Wokers have supported lockdown and all the 'Covid' claptrap while attacking anyone standing up to the tyranny imposed in its name. Court documents would later include details of an autopsy on Floyd by County Medical Examiner Dr Andrew Baker who concluded that Floyd had taken a fatal level of the drug fentanyl. None of this mattered to fact-free, question-free, Woke. Floyd's death was followed by worldwide protests against police brutality amid calls to defund the police. Throwing babies out with the bathwater is a Woke speciality. In the wake of the murder of British woman Sarah Everard a Green Party member of the House of Lords, Baroness Jones of Moulescoomb (Nincompoopia would have been better), called for a 6pm curfew for all men. This would be in breach of the Geneva Conventions on war crimes which ban collective punishment, but that would never have crossed the black and white Woke mind of Baroness Nincompoopia who would have been far too convinced of her own self-righteousness to compute such details. Many American cities did defund the police in the face of Floyd riots

and after $15 million was deleted from the police budget in Washington DC under useless Woke mayor Muriel Bowser car-jacking alone rose by 300 percent and within six months the US capital recorded its highest murder rate in 15 years. The same happened in Chicago and other cities in line with the Cult/Soros plan to bring fear to streets and neighbourhoods by reducing the police, releasing violent criminals and not prosecuting crime. This is the mob-rule agenda that I have warned in the books was coming for so long. Shootings in the area of Minneapolis where Floyd was arrested increased by 2,500 percent compared with the year before. Defunding the police over George Floyd has led to a big increase in dead people with many of them black. Police protection for politicians making these decisions stayed the same or increased as you would expect from professional hypocrites. The Cult doesn't actually want to abolish the police. It wants to abolish local control over the police and hand it to federal government as the psychopaths advance the Hunger Games Society. Many George Floyd protests turned into violent riots with black stores and businesses destroyed by fire and looting across America fuelled by Black Lives Matter. Woke doesn't do irony. If you want civil rights you must loot the liquor store and the supermarket and make off with a smart TV. It's the only way.

It's not a race war – it's a class war

Black people are patronised by privileged blacks and whites alike and told they are victims of white supremacy. I find it extraordinary to watch privileged blacks supporting the very system and bloodline networks behind the slave trade and parroting the same Cult-serving manipulative crap of their privileged white, often billionaire, associates. It is indeed not a race war but a class war and colour is just a diversion. Black Senator Cory Booker and black Congresswoman Maxine Waters, more residents of Nincompoopia, personify this. Once you tell people they are victims of someone else you devalue both their own responsibility for their plight and the power they have to impact on their reality and experience. Instead

we have: 'You are only in your situation because of whitey – turn on them and everything will change.' It won't change. Nothing changes in our lives unless *we* change it. Crucial to that is never seeing yourself as a victim and always as the creator of your reality. Life is a simple sequence of choice and consequence. Make different choices and you create different consequences. *You* have to make those choices – not Black Lives Matter, the Woke Mafia and anyone else that seeks to dictate your life. Who are they these Wokers, an emotional and psychological road traffic accident, to tell you what to do? Personal empowerment is the last thing the Cult and its Black Lives Matter want black people or anyone else to have. They claim to be defending the underdog while *creating* and perpetuating the underdog. The Cult's worst nightmare is human unity and if they are going to keep blacks, whites and every other race under economic servitude and control then the focus must be diverted from what they have in common to what they can be manipulated to believe divides them. Blacks have to be told that their poverty and plight is the fault of the white bloke living on the street in the same poverty and with the same plight they are experiencing. The difference is that your plight black people is due to him, a white supremacist with 'white privilege' living on the street. Don't unite as one human family against your mutual oppressors and suppressors – fight the oppressor with the white face who is as financially deprived as you are. The Cult knows that as its 'Covid' agenda moves into still new levels of extremism people are going to respond and it has been spreading the seeds of disunity everywhere to stop a united response to the evil that targets *all of us*.

Racist attacks on 'whiteness' are getting ever more outrageous and especially through the American Democratic Party which has an appalling history for anti-black racism. Barack Obama, Joe Biden, Hillary Clinton and Nancy Pelosi all eulogised about Senator Robert Byrd at his funeral in 2010 after a nearly 60-year career in Congress. Byrd was a brutal Ku Klux Klan racist and a violent abuser of Cathy O'Brien in MKUltra. He said he would never fight in the military 'with a negro by my side' and 'rather I should die a thousand times,

and see Old Glory trampled in the dirt never to rise again, than to see this beloved land of ours become degraded by race mongrels, a throwback to the blackest specimen from the wilds'. Biden called Byrd a 'very close friend and mentor'. These 'Woke' hypocrites are not anti-racist they are anti-poor and anti-people not of their perceived class. Here is an illustration of the scale of anti-white racism to which we have now descended. Seriously Woke and moronic *New York Times* contributor Damon Young described whiteness as a 'virus' that 'like other viruses will not die until there are no bodies left for it to infect'. He went on: '… the only way to stop it is to locate it, isolate it, extract it, and kill it.' Young can say that as a black man with no consequences when a white man saying the same in reverse would be facing a jail sentence. *That's* racism. We had super-Woke numbskull senators Tammy Duckworth and Mazie Hirono saying they would object to future Biden Cabinet appointments if he did not nominate more Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders. Never mind the ability of the candidate what do they look like? Duckworth said: 'I will vote for racial minorities and I will vote for LGBTQ, but anyone else I'm not voting for.' Appointing people on the grounds of race is illegal, but that was not a problem for this ludicrous pair. They were on-message and that's a free pass in any situation.

Critical race racism

White children are told at school they are intrinsically racist as they are taught the divisive 'critical race theory'. This claims that the law and legal institutions are inherently racist and that race is a socially constructed concept used by white people to further their economic and political interests at the expense of people of colour. White is a 'virus' as we've seen. Racial inequality results from 'social, economic, and legal differences that white people create between races to maintain white interests which leads to poverty and criminality in minority communities'. I must tell that to the white guy sleeping on the street. The principal of East Side Community School in New York sent white parents a manifesto that called on

them to become 'white traitors' and advocate for full 'white abolition'. These people are teaching your kids when they urgently need a psychiatrist. The 'school' included a chart with 'eight white identities' that ranged from 'white supremacist' to 'white abolition' and defined the behaviour white people must follow to end 'the regime of whiteness'. Woke blacks and their privileged white associates are acting exactly like the slave owners of old and Ku Klux Klan racists like Robert Byrd. They are too full of their own self-purity to see that, but it's true. Racism is not a body type; it's a state of mind that can manifest through any colour, creed or culture.

Another racial fraud is *'equity'*. Not equality of treatment and opportunity – equity. It's a term spun as equality when it means something very different. Equality in its true sense is a raising up while 'equity' is a race to the bottom. Everyone in the same level of poverty is 'equity'. Keep everyone down – that's equity. The Cult doesn't want anyone in the human family to be empowered and BLM leaders, like all these 'anti-racist' organisations, continue their privileged, pampered existence by perpetuating the perception of gathering racism. When is the last time you heard an 'anti-racist' or 'anti-Semitism' organisation say that acts of racism and discrimination have *fallen?* It's not in the interests of their fund-raising and power to influence and the same goes for the professional soccer anti-racism operation, Kick It Out. Two things confirmed that the Black Lives Matter riots in the summer of 2020 were Cult creations. One was that while anti-lockdown protests were condemned in this same period for 'transmitting 'Covid' the authorities supported mass gatherings of Black Lives Matter supporters. I even saw self-deluding people claiming to be doctors say the two types of protest were not the same. No – the non-existent 'Covid' was in favour of lockdowns and attacked those that protested against them while 'Covid' supported Black Lives Matter and kept well away from its protests. The whole thing was a joke and as lockdown protestors were arrested, often brutally, by reframed Face-Nappies we had the grotesque sight of police officers taking the knee to Black Lives Matter, a Cult-funded Marxist

organisation that supports violent riots and wants to destroy the nuclear family and white people.

He's not white? Shucks!

Woke obsession with race was on display again when ten people were shot dead in Boulder, Colorado, in March, 2021. Cult-owned Woke TV channels like CNN said the shooter appeared to be a white man and Wokers were on Twitter condemning 'violent white men' with the usual mantras. Then the shooter's name was released as Ahmad Al Aliwi Alissa, an anti-Trump Arab-American, and the sigh of disappointment could be heard five miles away. Never mind that ten people were dead and what that meant for their families. Race baiting was all that mattered to these sick Cult-serving people like Barack Obama who exploited the deaths to further divide America on racial grounds which is his job for the Cult. This is the man that 'racist' white Americans made the first black president of the United States and then gave him a second term. Not-very-bright Obama has become filthy rich on the back of that and today appears to have a big influence on the Biden administration. Even so he's still a downtrodden black man and a victim of white supremacy. This disingenuous fraud reveals the contempt he has for black people when he puts on a Deep South Alabama accent whenever he talks to them, no, *at* them.

Another BLM red flag was how the now fully-Woke (fully-Cult) and fully-virtue-signalled professional soccer authorities had their teams taking the knee before every match in support of Marxist Black Lives Matter. Soccer authorities and clubs displayed 'Black Lives Matter' on the players' shirts and flashed the name on electronic billboards around the pitch. Any fans that condemned what is a Freemasonic taking-the-knee ritual were widely condemned as you would expect from the Woke virtue-signallers of professional sport and the now fully-Woke media. We have reverse racism in which you are banned from criticising any race or culture except for white people for whom anything goes – say what you like, no problem. What has this got to do with racial harmony and

equality? We've had black supremacists from Black Lives Matter telling white people to fall to their knees in the street and apologise for their white supremacy. Black supremacists acting like white supremacist slave owners of the past couldn't breach their self-obsessed, race-obsessed sense of self-purity. Joe Biden appointed a race-obsessed black supremacist Kristen Clarke to head the Justice Department Civil Rights Division. Clarke claimed that blacks are endowed with 'greater mental, physical and spiritual abilities' than whites. If anyone reversed that statement they would be vilified. Clarke is on-message so no problem. She's never seen a black-white situation in which the black figure is anything but a virtuous victim and she heads the Civil Rights Division which should treat everyone the same or it isn't civil rights. Another perception of the Renegade Mind: If something or someone is part of the Cult agenda they will be supported by Woke governments and media no matter what. If they're not, they will be condemned and censored. It really is that simple and so racist Clarke prospers despite (make that because of) her racism.

The end of culture

Biden's administration is full of such racial, cultural and economic bias as the Cult requires the human family to be divided into warring factions. We are now seeing racially-segregated graduations and everything, but everything, is defined through the lens of perceived 'racism. We have 'racist' mathematics, 'racist' food and even 'racist' *plants*. World famous Kew Gardens in London said it was changing labels on plants and flowers to tell its pre-'Covid' more than two million visitors a year how racist they are. Kew director Richard Deverell said this was part of an effort to 'move quickly to decolonise collections' after they were approached by one Ajay Chhabra 'an actor with an insight into how sugar cane was linked to slavery'. They are *plants* you idiots. 'Decolonisation' in the Woke manual really means colonisation of society with its mentality and by extension colonisation by the Cult. We are witnessing a new Chinese-style 'Cultural Revolution' so essential to the success of all

Marxist takeovers. Our cultural past and traditions have to be swept away to allow a new culture to be built-back-better. Woke targeting of long-standing Western cultural pillars including historical monuments and cancelling of historical figures is what happened in the Mao revolution in China which 'purged remnants of capitalist and traditional elements from Chinese society' and installed Maoism as the dominant ideology'. For China see the Western world today and for 'dominant ideology' see Woke. Better still see Marxism or Maoism. The 'Covid' hoax has specifically sought to destroy the arts and all elements of Western culture from people meeting in a pub or restaurant to closing theatres, music venues, sports stadiums, places of worship and even banning *singing*. Destruction of Western society is also why criticism of any religion is banned except for Christianity which again is the dominant religion as white is the numerically-dominant race. Christianity may be fading rapidly, but its history and traditions are weaved through the fabric of Western society. Delete the pillars and other structures will follow until the whole thing collapses. I am not a Christian defending that religion when I say that. I have no religion. It's just a fact. To this end Christianity has itself been turned Woke to usher its own downfall and its ranks are awash with 'change agents' – knowing and unknowing – at every level including Pope Francis (*definitely* knowing) and the clueless Archbishop of Canterbury Justin Welby (possibly not, but who can be sure?). Woke seeks to coordinate attacks on Western culture, traditions, and ways of life through 'intersectionality' defined as 'the complex, cumulative way in which the effects of multiple forms of discrimination (such as racism, sexism, and classism) combine, overlap, or intersect especially in the experiences of marginalised individuals or groups'. Wade through the Orwellian Woke-speak and this means coordinating disparate groups in a common cause to overthrow freedom and liberal values.

The entire structure of public institutions has been infested with Woke – government at all levels, political parties, police, military, schools, universities, advertising, media and trade unions. This abomination has been achieved through the Cult web by appointing

Wokers to positions of power and battering non-Wokers into line through intimidation, isolation and threats to their job. Many have been fired in the wake of the empathy-deleted, vicious hostility of 'social justice' Wokers and the desire of gutless, spineless employers to virtue-signal their Wokeness. Corporations are filled with Wokers today, most notably those in Silicon Valley. Ironically at the top they are not Woke at all. They are only exploiting the mentality their Cult masters have created and funded to censor and enslave while the Wokers cheer them on until it's their turn. Thus the Woke 'liberal left' is an inversion of the traditional liberal left. Campaigning for justice on the grounds of power and wealth distribution has been replaced by campaigning for identity politics. The genuine traditional left would never have taken money from today's billionaire abusers of fairness and justice and nor would the billionaires have wanted to fund that genuine left. It would not have been in their interests to do so. The division of opinion in those days was between the haves and have nots. This all changed with Cult manipulated and funded identity politics. The division of opinion today is between Wokers and non-Wokers and not income brackets. Cult corporations and their billionaires may have taken wealth disparity to cataclysmic levels of injustice, but as long as they speak the language of Woke, hand out the dosh to the Woke network and censor the enemy they are 'one of us'. Billionaires who don't give a damn about injustice are laughing at them till their bellies hurt. Wokers are not even close to self-aware enough to see that. The transformed 'left' dynamic means that Wokers who drone on about 'social justice' are funded by billionaires that have destroyed social justice the world over. It's *why* they are billionaires.

The climate con

Nothing encapsulates what I have said more comprehensively than the hoax of human-caused global warming. I have detailed in my books over the years how Cult operatives and organisations were the pump-primers from the start of the climate con. A purpose-built vehicle for this is the Club of Rome established by the Cult in 1968

with the Rockefellers and Rothschilds centrally involved all along. Their gofer frontman Maurice Strong, a Canadian oil millionaire, hosted the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1992 where the global 'green movement' really expanded in earnest under the guiding hand of the Cult. The Earth Summit established Agenda 21 through the Cult-created-and-owned United Nations to use the illusion of human-caused climate change to justify the transformation of global society to save the world from climate disaster. It is a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution sold through governments, media, schools and universities as whole generations have been terrified into believing that the world was going to end in their lifetimes unless what old people had inflicted upon them was stopped by a complete restructuring of how everything is done. Chill, kids, it's all a hoax. Such restructuring is precisely what the Cult agenda demands (purely by coincidence of course). Today this has been given the codename of the Great Reset which is only an updated term for Agenda 21 and its associated Agenda 2030. The latter, too, is administered through the UN and was voted into being by the General Assembly in 2015. Both 21 and 2030 seek centralised control of all resources and food right down to the raindrops falling on your own land. These are some of the demands of Agenda 21 established in 1992. See if you recognise this society emerging today:

- End national sovereignty
- State planning and management of all land resources, ecosystems, deserts, forests, mountains, oceans and fresh water; agriculture; rural development; biotechnology; and ensuring *'equity'*
- The state to 'define the role' of business and financial resources
- Abolition of private property
- 'Restructuring' the family unit (see BLM)
- Children raised by the state
- People told what their job will be
- Major restrictions on movement
- Creation of 'human settlement zones'

- Mass resettlement as people are forced to vacate land where they live
- Dumbing down education
- Mass global depopulation in pursuit of all the above

The United Nations was created as a Trojan horse for world government. With the climate con of critical importance to promoting that outcome you would expect the UN to be involved. Oh, it's involved all right. The UN is promoting Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 justified by 'climate change' while also driving the climate hoax through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), one of the world's most corrupt organisations. The IPCC has been lying ferociously and constantly since the day it opened its doors with the global media hanging unquestioningly on its every mendacious word. The Green movement is entirely Woke and has long lost its original environmental focus since it was co-opted by the Cult. An obsession with 'global warming' has deleted its values and scrambled its head. I experienced a small example of what I mean on a beautiful country walk that I have enjoyed several times a week for many years. The path merged into the fields and forests and you felt at one with the natural world. Then a 'Green' organisation, the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust, took over part of the land and proceeded to cut down a large number of trees, including mature ones, to install a horrible big, bright steel 'this-is-ours-stay-out' fence that destroyed the whole atmosphere of this beautiful place. No one with a feel for nature would do that. Day after day I walked to the sound of chainsaws and a magnificent mature weeping willow tree that I so admired was cut down at the base of the trunk. When I challenged a Woke young girl in a green shirt (of course) about this vandalism she replied: 'It's a weeping willow – it will grow back.' This is what people are paying for when they donate to the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust and many other 'green' organisations today. It is not the environmental movement that I knew and instead has become a support-system – as with Extinction Rebellion – for a very dark agenda.

Private jets for climate justice

The Cult-owned, Gates-funded, World Economic Forum and its founder Klaus Schwab were behind the emergence of Greta Thunberg to harness the young behind the climate agenda and she was invited to speak to the world at … the UN. Schwab published a book, *Covid-19: The Great Reset* in 2020 in which he used the 'Covid' hoax and the climate hoax to lay out a new society straight out of Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. Bill Gates followed in early 2021 when he took time out from destroying the world to produce a book in his name about the way to save it. Gates flies across the world in private jets and admitted that 'I probably have one of the highest greenhouse gas footprints of anyone on the planet … my personal flying alone is gigantic.' He has also bid for the planet's biggest private jet operator. Other climate change saviours who fly in private jets include John Kerry, the US Special Presidential Envoy for Climate, and actor Leonardo DiCaprio, a 'UN Messenger of Peace with special focus on climate change'. These people are so full of bullshit they could corner the market in manure. We mustn't be sceptical, though, because the Gates book, *How to Avoid a Climate Disaster: The Solutions We Have and the Breakthroughs We Need*, is a genuine attempt to protect the world and not an obvious pile of excrement attributed to a mega-psychopath aimed at selling his masters' plans for humanity. The Gates book and the other shite-pile by Klaus Schwab could have been written by the same person and may well have been. Both use 'climate change' and 'Covid' as the excuses for their new society and by coincidence the Cult's World Economic Forum and Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation promote the climate hoax and hosted Event 201 which pre-empted with a 'simulation' the very 'coronavirus' hoax that would be simulated for real on humanity within weeks. The British 'royal' family is promoting the 'Reset' as you would expect through Prince 'climate change caused the war in Syria' Charles and his hapless son Prince William who said that we must 'reset our relationship with nature and our trajectory as a species' to avoid a climate disaster. Amazing how many promotors of the 'Covid' and 'climate change' control

systems are connected to Gates and the World Economic Forum. A 'study' in early 2021 claimed that carbon dioxide emissions must fall by the equivalent of a global lockdown roughly every two years for the next decade to save the planet. The 'study' appeared in the same period that the Schwab mob claimed in a video that lockdowns destroying the lives of billions are good because they make the earth 'quieter' with less 'ambient noise'. They took down the video amid a public backlash for such arrogant, empathy-deleted stupidity You see, however, where they are going with this. Corinne Le Quéré, a professor at the Tyndall Centre for Climate Change Research, University of East Anglia, was lead author of the climate lockdown study, and she writes for … the World Economic Forum. Gates calls in 'his' book for changing 'every aspect of the economy' (long-time Cult agenda) and for humans to eat synthetic 'meat' (predicted in my books) while cows and other farm animals are eliminated. Australian TV host and commentator Alan Jones described what carbon emission targets would mean for farm animals in Australia alone if emissions were reduced as demanded by 35 percent by 2030 and zero by 2050:

> Well, let's take agriculture, the total emissions from agriculture are about 75 million tonnes of carbon dioxide, equivalent. Now reduce that by 35 percent and you have to come down to 50 million tonnes, I've done the maths. So if you take for example 1.5 million cows, you're going to have to reduce the herd by 525,000 [by] 2030, nine years, that's 58,000 cows a year. The beef herd's 30 million, reduce that by 35 percent, that's 10.5 million, which means 1.2 million cattle have to go every year between now and 2030. This is insanity!
>
> There are 75 million sheep. Reduce that by 35 percent, that's 26 million sheep, that's almost 3 million a year. So under the Paris Agreement over 30 million beasts. dairy cows, cattle, pigs and sheep would go. More than 8,000 every minute of every hour for the next decade, do these people know what they're talking about?

Clearly they don't at the level of campaigners, politicians and administrators. The Cult *does* know; that's the outcome it wants. We are faced with not just a war on humanity. Animals and the natural world are being targeted and I have been saying since the 'Covid' hoax began that the plan eventually was to claim that the 'deadly virus' is able to jump from animals, including farm animals and

domestic pets, to humans. Just before this book went into production came this story: 'Russia registers world's first Covid-19 vaccine for cats & dogs as makers of Sputnik V warn pets & farm animals could spread virus'. The report said 'top scientists warned that the deadly pathogen could soon begin spreading through homes and farms' and 'the next stage is the infection of farm and domestic animals'. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey. Think what that would mean for animals and keep your eye on a term called zoonosis or zoonotic diseases which transmit between animals and humans. The Cult wants to break the connection between animals and people as it does between people and people. Farm animals fit with the Cult agenda to transform food from natural to synthetic.

The gas of life is killing us

There can be few greater examples of Cult inversion than the condemnation of carbon dioxide as a dangerous pollutant when it is the gas of life. Without it the natural world would be dead and so we would all be dead. We breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbon dioxide while plants produce oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide. It is a perfect symbiotic relationship that the Cult wants to dismantle for reasons I will come to in the final two chapters. Gates, Schwab, other Cult operatives and mindless repeaters, want the world to be 'carbon neutral' by at least 2050 and the earlier the better. 'Zero carbon' is the cry echoed by lunatics calling for 'Zero Covid' when we already have it. These carbon emission targets will deindustrialise the world in accordance with Cult plans – the post-industrial, post-democratic society – and with so-called renewables like solar and wind not coming even close to meeting human energy needs blackouts and cold are inevitable. Texans got the picture in the winter of 2021 when a snow storm stopped wind turbines and solar panels from working and the lights went down along with water which relies on electricity for its supply system. Gates wants everything to be powered by electricity to ensure that his masters have the kill switch to stop all human activity, movement, cooking, water and warmth any time they like. The climate lie is so

stupendously inverted that it claims we must urgently reduce carbon dioxide when we *don't have enough*.

Co2 in the atmosphere is a little above 400 parts per million when the optimum for plant growth is 2,000 ppm and when it falls anywhere near 150 ppm the natural world starts to die and so do we. It fell to as low as 280 ppm in an 1880 measurement in Hawaii and rose to 413 ppm in 2019 with industrialisation which is why the planet has become *greener* in the industrial period. How insane then that psychopathic madman Gates is not satisfied only with blocking the rise of Co2. He's funding technology to suck it out of the atmosphere. The reason why will become clear. The industrial era is not destroying the world through Co2 and has instead turned around a potentially disastrous ongoing fall in Co2. Greenpeace co-founder and scientist Patrick Moore walked away from Greenpeace in 1986 and has exposed the green movement for fear-mongering and lies. He said that 500 million years ago there was *17 times* more Co2 in the atmosphere than we have today and levels have been falling for hundreds of millions of years. In the last 150 million years Co2 levels in Earth's atmosphere had reduced by *90 percent*. Moore said that by the time humanity began to unlock carbon dioxide from fossil fuels we were at '38 seconds to midnight' and in that sense: 'Humans are [the Earth's] salvation.' Moore made the point that only half the Co2 emitted by fossil fuels stays in the atmosphere and we should remember that all pollution pouring from chimneys that we are told is carbon dioxide is in fact nothing of the kind. It's pollution. Carbon dioxide is an invisible gas.

William Happer, Professor of Physics at Princeton University and long-time government adviser on climate, has emphasised the Co2 deficiency for maximum growth and food production. Greenhouse growers don't add carbon dioxide for a bit of fun. He said that most of the warming in the last 100 years, after the earth emerged from the super-cold period of the 'Little Ice Age' into a natural warming cycle, was over by 1940. Happer said that a peak year for warming in 1988 can be explained by a 'monster El Nino' which is a natural and cyclical warming of the Pacific that has nothing to do with 'climate

change'. He said the effect of Co2 could be compared to painting a wall with red paint in that once two or three coats have been applied it didn't matter how much more you slapped on because the wall will not get much redder. Almost all the effect of the rise in Co2 has already happened, he said, and the volume in the atmosphere would now have to *double* to increase temperature by a single degree. Climate hoaxers know this and they have invented the most ridiculously complicated series of 'feedback' loops to try to overcome this rather devastating fact. You hear puppet Greta going on cluelessly about feedback loops and this is why.

The Sun affects temperature? No you *climate denier*

Some other nonsense to contemplate: Climate graphs show that rises in temperature do not follow rises in Co2 – *it's the other way round* with a lag between the two of some 800 years. If we go back 800 years from present time we hit the Medieval Warm Period when temperatures were higher than now without any industrialisation and this was followed by the Little Ice Age when temperatures plummeted. The world was still emerging from these centuries of serious cold when many climate records began which makes the ever-repeated line of the 'hottest year since records began' meaningless when you are not comparing like with like. The coldest period of the Little Ice Age corresponded with the lowest period of sunspot activity when the Sun was at its least active. Proper scientists will not be at all surprised by this when it confirms the obvious fact that earth temperature is affected by the scale of Sun activity and the energetic power that it subsequently emits; but when is the last time you heard a climate hoaxer talking about the Sun as a source of earth temperature?? Everything has to be focussed on Co2 which makes up just 0.117 percent of so-called greenhouse gases and only a fraction of even that is generated by human activity. The rest is natural. More than *90 percent* of those greenhouse gases are water vapour and clouds (Fig 9). Ban moisture I say. Have you noticed that the climate hoaxers no longer use the polar bear as their promotion image? That's because far from becoming extinct polar

bear communities are stable or thriving. Joe Bastardi, American meteorologist, weather forecaster and outspoken critic of the climate lie, documents in his book *The Climate Chronicles* how weather patterns and events claimed to be evidence of climate change have been happening since long before industrialisation: 'What happened before naturally is happening again, as is to be expected given the cyclical nature of the climate due to the design of the planet.' If you read the detailed background to the climate hoax in my other books you will shake your head and wonder how anyone could believe the crap which has spawned a multi-trillion dollar industry based on absolute garbage (see HIV causes AIDs and Sars-Cov-2 causes 'Covid-19'). Climate and 'Covid' have much in common given they have the same source. They both have the contradictory *everything* factor in which everything is explained by reference to them. It's hot – 'it's climate change'. It's cold – 'it's climate change'. I got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. I haven't got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. Not having a sniffle has to be a symptom of 'Covid'. Everything is and not having a sniffle is especially dangerous if you are a slow walker. For sheer audacity I offer you a Cambridge University 'study' that actually linked 'Covid' to 'climate change'. It had to happen eventually. They concluded that climate change played a role in 'Covid-19' spreading from animals to humans because … wait for it … I kid you not … *the two groups were forced closer together as populations grow*. Er, that's it. The whole foundation on which this depended was that 'Bats are the likely zoonotic origin of SARS-CoV-1 and SARS-CoV-2'. Well, they are not. They are nothing to do with it. Apart from bats not being the origin and therefore 'climate change' effects on bats being irrelevant I am in awe of their academic insight. Where would we be without them? Not where we are that's for sure.

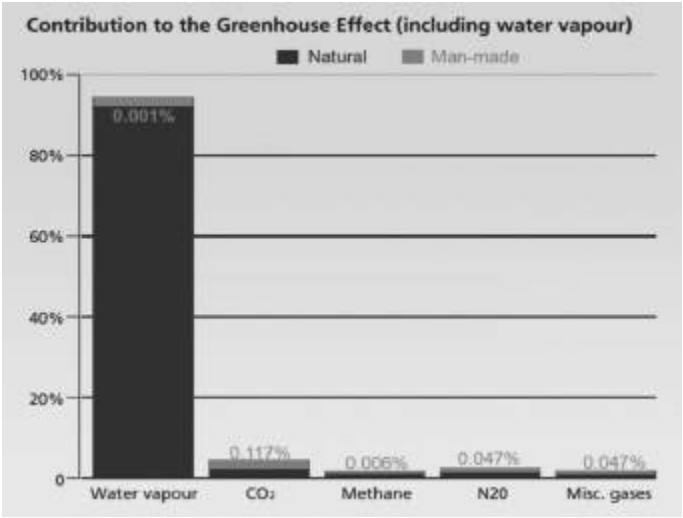

Figure 9: The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

One other point about the weather is that climate modification is now well advanced and not every major weather event is natural – or earthquake come to that. I cover this subject at some length in other books. China is openly planning a rapid expansion of its weather modification programme which includes changing the climate in an area more than one and a half times the size of India. China used weather manipulation to ensure clear skies during the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. I have quoted from US military documents detailing how to employ weather manipulation as a weapon of war and they did that in the 1960s and 70s during the conflict in Vietnam with Operation Popeye manipulating monsoon rains for military purposes. Why would there be international treaties on weather modification if it wasn't possible? Of course it is. Weather is energetic information and it can be changed.

How was the climate hoax pulled off? See 'Covid'

If you can get billions to believe in a 'virus' that doesn't exist you can get them to believe in human-caused climate change that doesn't exist. Both are being used by the Cult to transform global society in the way it has long planned. Both hoaxes have been achieved in pretty much the same way. First you declare a lie is a fact. There's a

'virus' you call SARS-Cov-2 or humans are warming the planet with their behaviour. Next this becomes, via Cult networks, the foundation of government, academic and science policy and belief. Those who parrot the mantra are given big grants to produce research that confirms the narrative is true and ever more 'symptoms' are added to make the 'virus'/'climate change' sound even more scary. Scientists and researchers who challenge the narrative have their grants withdrawn and their careers destroyed. The media promote the lie as the unquestionable truth and censor those with an alternative view or evidence. A great percentage of the population believe what they are told as the lie becomes an everybody-knows-that and the believing-masses turn on those with a mind of their own. The technique has been used endlessly throughout human history. Wokers are the biggest promotors of the climate lie *and* 'Covid' fascism because their minds are owned by the Cult; their sense of self-righteous self-purity knows no bounds; and they exist in a bubble of reality in which facts are irrelevant and only get in the way of looking without seeing.

Running through all of this like veins in a blue cheese is control of information, which means control of perception, which means control of behaviour, which collectively means control of human society. The Cult owns the global media and Silicon Valley fascists for the simple reason that it *has* to. Without control of information it can't control perception and through that human society. Examine every facet of the Cult agenda and you will see that anything supporting its introduction is never censored while anything pushing back is always censored. I say again: Psychopaths that know why they are doing this must go before Nuremberg trials and those that follow their orders must trot along behind them into the same dock. 'I was just following orders' didn't work the first time and it must not work now. Nuremberg trials must be held all over the world before public juries for politicians, government officials, police, compliant doctors, scientists and virologists, and all Cult operatives such as Gates, Tedros, Fauci, Vallance, Whitty, Ferguson, Zuckerberg, Wojcicki, Brin, Page, Dorsey, the whole damn lot of

them – including, no *especially*, the psychopath psychologists. Without them and the brainless, gutless excuses for journalists that have repeated their lies, none of this could be happening. Nobody can be allowed to escape justice for the psychological and economic Armageddon they are all responsible for visiting upon the human race.

As for the compliant, unquestioning, swathes of humanity, and the self-obsessed, all-knowing ignorance of the Wokers … don't start me. God help their kids. God help their grandkids. God *help them*.

CHAPTER NINE

We must have it? So what is it?

Well I won't back down. No, I won't back down. You can stand me up at the Gates of Hell. But I won't back down
Tom Petty

I will now focus on the genetically-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' which do not meet this official definition of a vaccine by the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC): 'A product that stimulates a person's immune system to produce immunity to a specific disease, protecting the person from that disease.' On that basis 'Covid vaccines' are not a vaccine in that the makers don't even claim they stop infection or transmission.

They are instead part of a multi-levelled conspiracy to change the nature of the human body and what it means to be 'human' and to depopulate an enormous swathe of humanity. What I shall call Human 1.0 is on the cusp of becoming Human 2.0 and for very sinister reasons. Before I get to the 'Covid vaccine' in detail here's some background to vaccines in general. Government regulators do not test vaccines – the makers do – and the makers control which data is revealed and which isn't. Children in America are given 50 vaccine doses by age six and 69 by age 19 and the effect of the whole combined schedule has never been tested. Autoimmune diseases when the immune system attacks its own body have soared in the mass vaccine era and so has disease in general in children and the young. Why wouldn't this be the case when vaccines target the *immune system?* The US government gave Big Pharma drug

companies immunity from prosecution for vaccine death and injury in the 1986 National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act (NCVIA) and since then the government (taxpayer) has been funding compensation for the consequences of Big Pharma vaccines. The criminal and satanic drug giants can't lose and the vaccine schedule has increased dramatically since 1986 for this reason. There is no incentive to make vaccines safe and a big incentive to make money by introducing ever more. Even against a ridiculously high bar to prove vaccine liability, and with the government controlling the hearing in which it is being challenged for compensation, the vaccine court has so far paid out more than $4 billion. These are the vaccines we are told are safe and psychopaths like Zuckerberg censor posts saying otherwise. The immunity law was even justified by a ruling that vaccines by their nature were 'unavoidably unsafe'.

Check out the ingredients of vaccines and you will be shocked if you are new to this. *They put that in children's bodies?? What??* Try aluminium, a brain toxin connected to dementia, aborted foetal tissue and formaldehyde which is used to embalm corpses. World-renowned aluminium expert Christopher Exley had his research into the health effect of aluminium in vaccines shut down by Keele University in the UK when it began taking funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Research when diseases 'eradicated' by vaccines began to decline and you will find the fall began long *before* the vaccine was introduced. Sometimes the fall even plateaued after the vaccine. Diseases like scarlet fever for which there was no vaccine declined in the same way because of environmental and other factors. A perfect case in point is the polio vaccine. Polio began when lead arsenate was first sprayed as an insecticide and residues remained in food products. Spraying started in 1892 and the first US polio epidemic came in Vermont in 1894. The simple answer was to stop spraying, but Rockefeller-created Big Pharma had a better idea. Polio was decreed to be caused by the *poliovirus* which 'spreads from person to person and can infect a person's spinal cord'. Lead arsenate was replaced by the lethal DDT which had the same effect of causing paralysis by damaging the brain and central nervous

system. Polio plummeted when DDT was reduced and then banned, but the vaccine is still given the credit for something it didn't do. Today by far the biggest cause of polio is the vaccines promoted by Bill Gates. Vaccine justice campaigner Robert Kennedy Jr, son of assassinated (by the Cult) US Attorney General Robert Kennedy, wrote:

> In 2017, the World Health Organization (WHO) reluctantly admitted that the global explosion in polio is predominantly vaccine strain. The most frightening epidemics in Congo, Afghanistan, and the Philippines, are all linked to vaccines. In fact, by 2018, 70% of global polio cases were vaccine strain.

Vaccines make fortunes for Cult-owned Gates and Big Pharma while undermining the health and immune systems of the population. We had a glimpse of the mentality behind the Big Pharma cartel with a report on WION (World is One News), an international English language TV station based in India, which exposed the extraordinary behaviour of US drug company Pfizer over its 'Covid vaccine'. The WION report told how Pfizer had made fantastic demands of Argentina, Brazil and other countries in return for its 'vaccine'. These included immunity from prosecution, even for Pfizer negligence, government insurance to protect Pfizer from law suits and handing over as collateral sovereign assets of the country to include Argentina's bank reserves, military bases and embassy buildings. Pfizer demanded the same of Brazil in the form of waiving sovereignty of its assets abroad; exempting Pfizer from Brazilian laws; and giving Pfizer immunity from all civil liability. This is a 'vaccine' developed with government funding. Big Pharma is evil incarnate as a creation of the Cult and all must be handed tickets to Nuremberg.

Phantom 'vaccine' for a phantom 'disease'

I'll expose the 'Covid vaccine' fraud and then go on to the wider background of why the Cult has set out to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on the planet for an alleged 'new disease' with a survival rate of 99.77 percent (or more) even by the grotesquely-

manipulated figures of the World Health Organization and Johns Hopkins University. The 'infection' to 'death' ratio is 0.23 to 0.15 percent according to Stanford epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis and while estimates vary the danger remains tiny. I say that if the truth be told the fake infection to fake death ratio is zero. Never mind all the evidence I have presented here and in *The Answer* that there is no 'virus' let us just focus for a moment on that death-rate figure of say 0.23 percent. The figure includes all those worldwide who have tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and then died within 28 days or even longer of any other cause – *any other cause*. Now subtract all those illusory 'Covid' deaths on the global data sheets from the 0.23 percent. What do you think you would be left with? *Zero*. A vaccination has never been successfully developed for a so-called coronavirus. They have all failed at the animal testing stage when they caused hypersensitivity to what they were claiming to protect against and made the impact of a disease far worse. Cult-owned vaccine corporations got around that problem this time by bypassing animal trials, going straight to humans and making the length of the 'trials' before the public rollout as short as they could get away with. Normally it takes five to ten years or more to develop vaccines that still cause demonstrable harm to many people and that's without including the long-term effects that are never officially connected to the vaccination. 'Covid' non-vaccines have been officially produced and approved in a matter of months from a standing start and part of the reason is that (a) they were developed before the 'Covid' hoax began and (b) they are based on computer programs and not natural sources. Official non-trials were so short that government agencies gave *emergency*, not full, approval. 'Trials' were not even completed and full approval cannot be secured until they are. Public 'Covid vaccination' is actually a *continuation of the trial*. Drug company 'trials' are not scheduled to end until 2023 by which time a lot of people are going to be dead. Data on which government agencies gave this emergency approval was supplied by the Big Pharma corporations themselves in the form of Pfizer/BioNTech, AstraZeneca, Moderna, Johnson & Johnson, and

others, and this is the case with all vaccines. By its very nature *emergency* approval means drug companies do not have to prove that the 'vaccine' is 'safe and effective'. How could they with trials way short of complete? Government regulators only have to *believe* that they *could* be safe and effective. It is criminal manipulation to get products in circulation with no testing worth the name. Agencies giving that approval are infested with Big Pharma-connected place-people and they act in the interests of Big Pharma (the Cult) and not the public about whom they do not give a damn.

More human lab rats

'Covid vaccines' produced in record time by Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna employ a technique *never approved before for use on humans*. They are known as mRNA 'vaccines' and inject a synthetic version of 'viral' mRNA or 'messenger RNA'. The key is in the term 'messenger'. The body works, or doesn't, on the basis of information messaging. Communications are constantly passing between and within the genetic system and the brain. Change those messages and you change the state of the body and even its very nature and you can change psychology and behaviour by the way the brain processes information. I think you are going to see significant changes in personality and perception of many people who have had the 'Covid vaccine' synthetic potions. Insider Aldous Huxley predicted the following in 1961 and mRNA 'vaccines' can be included in the term 'pharmacological methods':

> There will be, in the next generation or so, a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their own liberties taken away from them, but rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution.

Apologists claim that mRNA synthetic 'vaccines' don't change the DNA genetic blueprint because RNA does not affect DNA only the other way round. This is so disingenuous. A process called 'reverse

transcription' can convert RNA into DNA and be integrated into DNA in the cell nucleus. This was highlighted in December, 2020, by scientists at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Geneticists report that more than 40 percent of mammalian genomes results from reverse transcription. On the most basic level if messaging changes then that sequence must lead to changes in DNA which is receiving and transmitting those communications. How can introducing synthetic material into cells not change the cells where DNA is located? The process is known as transfection which is defined as 'a technique to insert foreign nucleic acid (DNA or RNA) into a cell, typically with the intention of altering the properties of the cell'. Researchers at the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York found that changes in messenger RNA can deactivate tumour-suppressing proteins and thereby promote cancer. This is what happens when you mess with messaging. 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna was founded in 2010 by Canadian stem cell biologist Derrick J. Rossi after his breakthrough discovery in the field of transforming and reprogramming stem cells. These are neutral cells that can be programmed to become any cell including sperm cells. Moderna was therefore founded on the principle of genetic manipulation and has never produced any vaccine or drug before its genetically-manipulating synthetic 'Covid' shite. Look at the name – Mode-RNA or Modify-RNA. Another important point is that the US Supreme Court has ruled that genetically-modified DNA, or complementary DNA (cDNA) synthesized in the laboratory from messenger RNA, can be patented and owned. These psychopaths are doing this to the human body.

Cells replicate synthetic mRNA in the 'Covid vaccines' and in theory the body is tricked into making antigens which trigger antibodies to target the 'virus spike proteins' which as Dr Tom Cowan said have *never been seen*. Cut the crap and these 'vaccines' deliver *self-replicating* synthetic material to the cells with the effect of changing human DNA. The more of them you have the more that process is compounded while synthetic material is all the time self-replicating. 'Vaccine'-maker Moderna describes mRNA as 'like

software for the cell' and so they are messing with the body's software. What happens when you change the software in a computer? Everything changes. For this reason the Cult is preparing a production line of mRNA 'Covid vaccines' and a long list of excuses to use them as with all the 'variants' of a 'virus' never shown to exist. The plan is further to transfer the mRNA technique to other vaccines mostly given to children and young people. The cumulative consequences will be a transformation of human DNA through a constant infusion of synthetic genetic material which will kill many and change the rest. Now consider that governments that have given emergency approval for a vaccine that's not a vaccine; never been approved for humans before; had no testing worth the name; and the makers have been given immunity from prosecution for any deaths or adverse effects suffered by the public. The UK government awarded *permanent legal indemnity* to itself and its employees for harm done when a patient is being treated for 'Covid-19' or 'suspected Covid-19'. That is quite a thought when these are possible 'side-effects' from the 'vaccine' (they are not 'side', they are effects) listed by the US Food and Drug Administration:

Guillain-Barre syndrome; acute disseminated encephalomyelitis; transverse myelitis; encephalitis; myelitis; encephalomyelitis; meningoencephalitis; meningitis; encephalopathy; convulsions; seizures; stroke; narcolepsy; cataplexy; anaphylaxis; acute myocardial infarction (heart attack); myocarditis; pericarditis; autoimmune disease; death; implications for pregnancy, and birth outcomes; other acute demyelinating diseases; non anaphylactic allergy reactions; thrombocytopenia ; disseminated intravascular coagulation; venous thromboembolism; arthritis; arthralgia; joint pain; Kawasaki disease; multisystem inflammatory syndrome in children; vaccine enhanced disease. The latter is the way the 'vaccine' has the potential to make diseases far worse than they would otherwise be.

UK doctor and freedom campaigner Vernon Coleman described the conditions in this list as 'all unpleasant, most of them very serious, and you can't get more serious than death'. The thought that anyone at all has had the 'vaccine' in these circumstances is testament to the potential that humanity has for clueless, unquestioning, stupidity and for many that programmed stupidity has already been terminal.

An insider speaks

Dr Michael Yeadon is a former Vice President, head of research and Chief Scientific Adviser at vaccine giant Pfizer. Yeadon worked on the inside of Big Pharma, but that did not stop him becoming a vocal critic of 'Covid vaccines' and their potential for multiple harms, including infertility in women. By the spring of 2021 he went much further and even used the no, no, term 'conspiracy'. When you begin to see what is going on it is impossible not to do so. Yeadon spoke out in an interview with freedom campaigner James Delingpole and I mentioned earlier how he said that no one had samples of 'the virus'. He explained that the mRNA technique originated in the anti-cancer field and ways to turn on and off certain genes which could be advantageous if you wanted to stop cancer growing out of control. 'That's the origin of them. They are a very unusual application, really.' Yeadon said that treating a cancer patient with an aggressive procedure might be understandable if the alternative was dying, but it was quite another thing to use the same technique as a public health measure. Most people involved wouldn't catch the infectious agent you were vaccinating against and if they did they probably wouldn't die:

> If you are really using it as a public health measure you really want to as close as you can get to zero sides-effects … I find it odd that they chose techniques that were really cutting their teeth in the field of oncology and I'm worried that in using gene-based vaccines that have to be injected in the body and spread around the body, get taken up into some cells, and the regulators haven't quite told us which cells they get taken up into … you are going to be generating a wide range of responses … with multiple steps each of which could go well or badly.

I doubt the Cult intends it to go well. Yeadon said that you can put any gene you like into the body through the 'vaccine'. 'You can certainly give them a gene that would do them some harm if you wanted.' I was intrigued when he said that when used in the cancer field the technique could turn genes on and off. I explore this process in *The Answer* and with different genes having different functions you could create mayhem – physically and psychologically – if you turned the wrong ones on and the right ones off. I read reports of an experiment by researchers at the University of Washington's school of computer science and engineering in which they encoded DNA to infect computers. The body is itself a biological computer and if human DNA can inflict damage on a computer why can't the computer via synthetic material mess with the human body? It can. The Washington research team said it was possible to insert malicious malware into 'physical DNA strands' and corrupt the computer system of a gene sequencing machine as it 'reads gene letters and stores them as binary digits 0 and 1'. They concluded that hackers could one day use blood or spit samples to access computer systems and obtain sensitive data from police forensics labs or infect genome files. It is at this level of digital interaction that synthetic 'vaccines' need to be seen to get the full picture and that will become very clear later on. Michael Yeadon said it made no sense to give the 'vaccine' to younger people who were in no danger from the 'virus'. What was the benefit? It was all downside with potential effects:

> The fact that my government in what I thought was a civilised, rational country, is raining [the 'vaccine'] on people in their 30s and 40s, even my children in their 20s, they're getting letters and phone calls, I know this is not right and any of you doctors who are vaccinating you know it's not right, too. They are not at risk. They are not at risk from the disease, so you are now hoping that the side-effects are so rare that you get away with it. You don't give new technology … that you don't understand to 100 percent of the population.

Blood clot problems with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' have been affecting younger people to emphasise the downside risks with no benefit. AstraZeneca's version, produced with Oxford University, does not use mRNA, but still gets its toxic cocktail inside cells where

it targets DNA. The Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' which uses a similar technique has also produced blood clot effects to such an extent that the United States paused its use at one point. They are all 'gene therapy' (cell modification) procedures and not 'vaccines'. The truth is that once the content of these injections enter cells we have no idea what the effect will be. People can speculate and some can give very educated opinions and that's good. In the end, though, only the makers know what their potions are designed to do and even they won't know every last consequence. Michael Yeadon was scathing about doctors doing what they knew to be wrong. 'Everyone's mute', he said. Doctors in the NHS must know this was not right, coming into work and injecting people. 'I don't know how they sleep at night. I know I couldn't do it. I know that if I were in that position I'd have to quit.' He said he knew enough about toxicology to know this was not a good risk-benefit. Yeadon had spoken to seven or eight university professors and all except two would not speak out publicly. Their universities had a policy that no one said anything that countered the government and its medical advisors. They were afraid of losing their government grants. This is how intimidation has been used to silence the truth at every level of the system. I say silence, but these people could still speak out if they made that choice. Yeadon called them 'moral cowards' – 'This is about your children and grandchildren's lives and you have just buggered off and left it.'

'Variant' nonsense

Some of his most powerful comments related to the alleged 'variants' being used to instil more fear, justify more lockdowns, and introduce more 'vaccines'. He said government claims about 'variants' were nonsense. He had checked the alleged variant 'codes' and they were 99.7 percent identical to the 'original'. This was the human identity difference equivalent to putting a baseball cap on and off or wearing it the other way round. A 0.3 percent difference would make it impossible for that 'variant' to escape immunity from the 'original'. This made no sense of having new 'vaccines' for

'variants'. He said there would have to be at least a *30 percent* difference for that to be justified and even then he believed the immune system would still recognise what it was. Gates-funded 'variant modeller' and 'vaccine'-pusher John Edmunds might care to comment. Yeadon said drug companies were making new versions of the 'vaccine' as a 'top up' for 'variants'. Worse than that, he said, the 'regulators' around the world like the MHRA in the UK had got together and agreed that because 'vaccines' for 'variants' were so similar to the first 'vaccines' *they did not have to do safety studies*. How transparently sinister that is. This is when Yeadon said: 'There is a conspiracy here.' There was no need for another vaccine for 'variants' and yet we were told that there was and the country had shut its borders because of them. 'They are going into hundreds of millions of arms without passing 'go' or any regulator. Why did they do that? Why did they pick this method of making the vaccine?'

The reason had to be something bigger than that it seemed and 'it's not protection against the virus'. It's was a far bigger project that meant politicians and advisers were willing to do things and not do things that knowingly resulted in avoidable deaths – 'that's already happened when you think about lockdown and deprivation of health care for a year.' He spoke of people prepared to do something that results in the avoidable death of their fellow human beings and it not bother them. This is the penny-drop I have been working to get across for more than 30 years – the level of pure evil we are dealing with. Yeadon said his friends and associates could not believe there could be that much evil, but he reminded them of Stalin, Pol Pot and Hitler and of what Stalin had said: 'One death is a tragedy. A million? A statistic.' He could not think of a benign explanation for why you need top-up vaccines 'which I'm sure you don't' and for the regulators 'to just get out of the way and wave them through'. Why would the regulators do that when they were still wrestling with the dangers of the 'parent' vaccine? He was clearly shocked by what he had seen since the 'Covid' hoax began and now he was thinking the previously unthinkable:

> If you wanted to depopulate a significant proportion of the world and to do it in a way that doesn't involve destruction of the environment with nuclear weapons, poisoning everyone with anthrax or something like that, and you wanted plausible deniability while you had a multi-year infectious disease crisis, I actually don't think you could come up with a better plan of work than seems to be in front of me. I can't say that's what they are going to do, but I can't think of a benign explanation why they are doing it.

He said he never thought that they would get rid of 99 percent of humans, but now he wondered. 'If you wanted to that this would be a hell of a way to do it – it would be unstoppable folks.' Yeadon had concluded that those who submitted to the 'vaccine' would be allowed to have some kind of normal life (but for how long?) while screws were tightened to coerce and mandate the last few percent. 'I think they'll put the rest of them in a prison camp. I wish I was wrong, but I don't think I am.' Other points he made included: There were no coronavirus vaccines then suddenly they all come along at the same time; we have no idea of the long term affect with trials so short; coercing or forcing people to have medical procedures is against the Nuremberg Code instigated when the Nazis did just that; people should at least delay having the 'vaccine'; a quick Internet search confirms that masks don't reduce respiratory viral transmission and 'the government knows that'; they have smashed civil society and they know that, too; two dozen peer-reviewed studies show no connection between lockdown and reducing deaths; he knew from personal friends the elite were still flying around and going on holiday while the public were locked down; the elite were not having the 'vaccines'. He was also asked if 'vaccines' could be made to target difference races. He said he didn't know, but the document by the Project for the New American Century in September, 2000, said developing 'advanced forms of biological warfare that can target *specific genotypes* may transform biological warfare from the realm of terror to a politically useful tool.' Oh, they're evil all right. Of that we can be *absolutely* sure.

Another cull of old people

We have seen from the CDC definition that the mRNA 'Covid vaccine' is not a vaccine and nor are the others that *claim* to reduce 'severity of symptoms' in *some* people, but not protect from infection or transmission. What about all the lies about returning to 'normal' if people were 'vaccinated'? If they are not claimed to stop infection and transmission of the alleged 'virus', how does anything change? This was all lies to manipulate people to take the jabs and we are seeing that now with masks and distancing still required for the 'vaccinated'. How did they think that elderly people with fragile health and immune responses were going to be affected by infusing their cells with synthetic material and other toxic substances? They *knew* that in the short and long term it would be devastating and fatal as the culling of the old that began with the first lockdowns was continued with the 'vaccine'. Death rates in care homes soared immediately residents began to be 'vaccinated' – infused with synthetic material. Brave and committed whistleblower nurses put their careers at risk by exposing this truth while the rest kept their heads down and their mouths shut to put their careers before those they are supposed to care for. A long-time American Certified Nursing Assistant who gave his name as James posted a video in which he described emotionally what happened in his care home when vaccination began. He said that during 2020 very few residents were sick with 'Covid' and no one died during the entire year; but shortly after the Pfizer mRNA injections 14 people died within two weeks and many others were near death. 'They're dropping like flies', he said. Residents who walked on their own before the shot could no longer and they had lost their ability to conduct an intelligent conversation. The home's management said the sudden deaths were caused by a 'super-spreader' of 'Covid-19'. Then how come, James asked, that residents who refused to take the injections were not sick? It was a case of inject the elderly with mRNA synthetic potions and blame their illness and death that followed on the 'virus'. James described what was happening in care homes as 'the greatest crime of genocide this country has ever seen'. Remember the NHS staff nurse from earlier who used the same

word ‘genocide’ for what was happening with the ‘vaccines’ and that it was an ‘act of human annihilation’. A UK care home whistleblower told a similar story to James about the effect of the ‘vaccine’ in deaths and ‘outbreaks’ of illness dubbed ‘Covid’ after getting the jab. She told how her care home management and staff had zealously imposed government regulations and no one was allowed to even question the official narrative let alone speak out against it. She said the NHS was even worse. Again we see the results of reframing. A worker at a local care home where I live said they had not had a single case of ‘Covid’ there for almost a year and when the residents were ‘vaccinated’ they had 19 positive cases in two weeks with eight dying.

It’s not the ‘vaccine’ – honest

The obvious cause and effect was being ignored by the media and most of the public. Australia’s health minister Greg Hunt (a former head of strategy at the World Economic Forum) was admitted to hospital after he had the ‘vaccine’. He was suffering according to reports from the skin infection ‘cellulitis’ and it must have been a severe case to have warranted days in hospital. Immediately the authorities said this was nothing to do with the ‘vaccine’ when an effect of some vaccines is a ‘cellulitis-like reaction’. We had families of perfectly healthy old people who died after the ‘vaccine’ saying that if only they had been given the ‘vaccine’ earlier they would still be alive. As a numbskull rating that is off the chart. A father of four ‘died of Covid’ at aged 48 when he was taken ill two days after having the ‘vaccine’. The man, a health administrator, had been ‘shielding during the pandemic’ and had ‘not really left the house’ until he went for the ‘vaccine’. Having the ‘vaccine’ and then falling ill and dying does not seem to have qualified as a possible cause and effect and ‘Covid-19’ went on his death certificate. His family said they had no idea how he ‘caught the virus’. A family member said: ‘Tragically, it could be that going for a vaccination ultimately led to him catching Covid …The sad truth is that they are never going to know where it came from.’ The family warned people to remember

that the virus still existed and was 'very real'. So was their stupidity. Nurses and doctors who had the first round of the 'vaccine' were collapsing, dying and ending up in a hospital bed while they or their grieving relatives were saying they'd still have the 'vaccine' again despite what happened. I kid you not. You mean if your husband returned from the dead he'd have the same 'vaccine' again that killed him??

Doctors at the VCU Medical Center in Richmond, Virginia, said the Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' was to blame for a man's skin peeling off. Patient Richard Terrell said: 'It all just happened so fast. My skin peeled off. It's still coming off on my hands now.' He said it was stinging, burning and itching and when he bent his arms and legs it was very painful with 'the skin swollen and rubbing against itself'. Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna vaccines use mRNA to change the cell while the Johnson & Johnson version uses DNA in a process similar to AstraZeneca's technique. Johnson & Johnson and AstraZeneca have both had their 'vaccines' paused by many countries after causing serious blood problems. Terrell's doctor Fnu Nutan said he could have died if he hadn't got medical attention. It sounds terrible so what did Nutan and Terrell say about the 'vaccine' now? Oh, they still recommend that people have it. A nurse in a hospital bed 40 minutes after the vaccination and unable to swallow due to throat swelling was told by a doctor that he lost mobility in his arm for 36 hours following the vaccination. What did he say to the ailing nurse? 'Good for you for getting the vaccination.' We are dealing with a serious form of cognitive dissonance madness in both public and medical staff. There is a remarkable correlation between those having the 'vaccine' and trumpeting the fact and suffering bad happenings shortly afterwards. Witold Rogiewicz, a Polish doctor, made a video of his 'vaccination' and ridiculed those who were questioning its safety and the intentions of Bill Gates: 'Vaccinate yourself to protect yourself, your loved ones, friends and also patients. And to mention quickly I have info for anti-vaxxers and anti-Coviders if you want to contact Bill Gates you can do this through me.' He further ridiculed the dangers of 5G. Days later he

was dead, but naturally the vaccination wasn't mentioned in the verdict of 'heart attack'.

Lies, lies and more lies

So many members of the human race have slipped into extreme states of insanity and unfortunately they include reframed doctors and nursing staff. Having a 'vaccine' and dying within minutes or hours is not considered a valid connection while death from any cause within 28 days or longer of a positive test with a test not testing for the 'virus' means 'Covid-19' goes on the death certificate. How could that 'vaccine'-death connection not have been made except by calculated deceit? US figures in the initial rollout period to February 12th, 2020, revealed that a third of the deaths reported to the CDC after 'Covid vaccines' happened within 48 hours. Five men in the UK suffered an 'extremely rare' blood clot problem after having the AstraZeneca 'vaccine', but no causal link was established said the Gates-funded Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) which had given the 'vaccine' emergency approval to be used. Former Pfizer executive Dr Michael Yeadon explained in his interview how the procedures could cause blood coagulation and clots. People who should have been at no risk were dying from blood clots in the brain and he said he had heard from medical doctor friends that people were suffering from skin bleeding and massive headaches. The AstraZeneca 'shot' was stopped by some 20 countries over the blood clotting issue and still the corrupt MHRA, the European Medicines Agency (EMA) and the World Health Organization said that it should continue to be given even though the EMA admitted that it 'still cannot rule out definitively' a link between blood clotting and the 'vaccine'. Later Marco Cavaleri, head of EMA vaccine strategy, said there was indeed a clear link between the 'vaccine' and thrombosis, but they didn't know why. So much for the trials showing the 'vaccine' is safe. Blood clots were affecting younger people who would be under virtually no danger from 'Covid' even if it existed which makes it all the more stupid and sinister.

The British government responded to public alarm by wheeling out June Raine, the terrifyingly weak infant school headmistress sound-alike who heads the UK MHRA drug 'regulator'. The idea that she would stand up to Big Pharma and government pressure is laughable and she told us that all was well in the same way that she did when allowing untested, never-used-on-humans-before, genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' to be exposed to the public in the first place. Mass lying is the new normal of the 'Covid' era. The MHRA later said 30 cases of rare blood clots had by then been connected with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' (that means a lot more in reality) while stressing that the benefits of the jab in preventing 'Covid-19' outweighed any risks. A more ridiculous and disingenuous statement with callous disregard for human health it is hard to contemplate. Immediately after the mendacious 'all-clears' two hospital workers in Denmark experienced blood clots and cerebral haemorrhaging following the AstraZeneca jab and one died. Top Norwegian health official Pål Andre Holme said the 'vaccine' was the only common factor: 'There is nothing in the patient history of these individuals that can give such a powerful immune response … I am confident that the antibodies that we have found are the cause, and I see no other explanation than it being the vaccine which triggers it.' Strokes, a clot or bleed in the brain, were clearly associated with the 'vaccine' from word of mouth and whistleblower reports. Similar consequences followed with all these 'vaccines' that we were told were so safe and as the numbers grew by the day it was clear we were witnessing human carnage.

Learning the hard way

A woman interviewed by UKColumn told how her husband suffered dramatic health effects after the vaccine when he'd been in good health all his life. He went from being a little unwell to losing all feeling in his legs and experiencing 'excruciating pain'. Misdiagnosis followed twice at Accident and Emergency (an 'allergy' and 'sciatica') before he was admitted to a neurology ward where doctors said his serious condition had been caused by the

‘vaccine’. Another seven ‘vaccinated’ people were apparently being treated on the same ward for similar symptoms. The woman said he had the ‘vaccine’ because they believed media claims that it was safe. ‘I didn’t think the government would give out a vaccine that does this to somebody; I believed they would be bringing out a vaccination that would be safe.’ What a tragic way to learn that lesson. Another woman posted that her husband was transporting stroke patients to hospital on almost every shift and when he asked them if they had been ‘vaccinated’ for ‘Covid’ they all replied ‘yes’. One had a ‘massive brain bleed’ the day after his second dose. She said her husband reported the ‘just been vaccinated’ information every time to doctors in A and E only for them to ignore it, make no notes and appear annoyed that it was even mentioned. This particular report cannot be verified, but it expresses a common theme that confirms the monumental underreporting of ‘vaccine’ consequences. Interestingly as the ‘vaccines’ and their brain blood clot/stroke consequences began to emerge the UK National Health Service began a publicity campaign telling the public what to do in the event of a stroke. A Scottish NHS staff nurse who quit in disgust in March, 2021, said:

> I have seen traumatic injuries from the vaccine, they’re not getting reported to the yellow card [adverse reaction] scheme, they’re treating the symptoms, not asking why, why it’s happening. It’s just treating the symptoms and when you speak about it you’re dismissed like you’re crazy, I’m not crazy, I’m not crazy because every other colleague I’ve spoken to is terrified to speak out, they’ve had enough.

Videos appeared on the Internet of people uncontrollably shaking after the ‘vaccine’ with no control over muscles, limbs and even their face. A Scottish mother broke out in a severe rash all over her body almost immediately after she was given the AstraZeneca ‘vaccine’. The pictures were horrific. Leigh King, a 41-year-old hairdresser from Lanarkshire said: ‘Never in my life was I prepared for what I was about to experience … My skin was so sore and constantly hot … I have never felt pain like this …’ But don’t you worry, the ‘vaccine’ is perfectly safe. Then there has been the effect on medical

staff who have been pressured to have the 'vaccine' by psychopathic 'health' authorities and government. A London hospital consultant who gave the name K. Polyakova wrote this to the *British Medical Journal* or *BMJ*:

> I am currently struggling with … the failure to report the reality of the morbidity caused by our current vaccination program within the health service and staff population. The levels of sickness after vaccination is unprecedented and staff are getting very sick and some with neurological symptoms which is having a huge impact on the health service function. Even the young and healthy are off for days, some for weeks, and some requiring medical treatment. Whole teams are being taken out as they went to get vaccinated together.
>
> Mandatory vaccination in this instance is stupid, unethical and irresponsible when it comes to protecting our staff and public health. We are in the voluntary phase of vaccination, and encouraging staff to take an unlicensed product that is impacting on their immediate health … it is clearly stated that these vaccine products do not offer immunity or stop transmission. In which case why are we doing it?

Not to protect health that's for sure. Medical workers are lauded by governments for agenda reasons when they couldn't give a toss about them any more than they can for the population in general. Schools across America faced the same situation as they closed due to the high number of teachers and other staff with bad reactions to the Pfizer/BioNTech, Moderna, and Johnson & Johnson 'Covid vaccines' all of which were linked to death and serious adverse effects. The *BMJ* took down the consultant's comments pretty quickly on the grounds that they were being used to spread 'disinformation'. They were exposing the truth about the 'vaccine' was the real reason. The cover-up is breathtaking.

Hiding the evidence

The scale of the 'vaccine' death cover-up worldwide can be confirmed by comparing official figures with the personal experience of the public. I heard of many people in my community who died immediately or soon after the vaccine that would never appear in the media or even likely on the official totals of 'vaccine' fatalities and adverse reactions when only about ten percent are estimated to be

reported and I have seen some estimates as low as one percent in a Harvard study. In the UK alone by April 29th, 2021, some 757,654 adverse reactions had been officially reported from the Pfizer/BioNTech, Oxford/AstraZeneca and Moderna 'vaccines' with more than a thousand deaths linked to jabs and that means an estimated ten times this number in reality from a ten percent reporting rate percentage. That's seven million adverse reactions and 10,000 potential deaths and a one percent reporting rate would be ten times *those* figures. In 1976 the US government pulled the swine flu vaccine after *53* deaths. The UK data included a combined 10,000 eye disorders from the 'Covid vaccines' with more than 750 suffering visual impairment or blindness and again multiply by the estimated reporting percentages. As 'Covid cases' officially fell hospitals virtually empty during the 'Covid crisis' began to fill up with a range of other problems in the wake of the 'vaccine' rollout. The numbers across America have also been catastrophic. Deaths linked to *all* types of vaccine increased by *6,000 percent* in the first quarter of 2021 compared with 2020. A 39-year-old woman from Ogden, Utah, died four days after receiving a second dose of Moderna's 'Covid vaccine' when her liver, heart and kidneys all failed despite the fact that she had no known medical issues or conditions. Her family sought an autopsy, but Dr Erik Christensen, Utah's chief medical examiner, said proving vaccine injury as a cause of death almost never happened. He could think of only one instance where an autopsy would name a vaccine as the official cause of death and that would be anaphylaxis where someone received a vaccine and died almost instantaneously. 'Short of that, it would be difficult for us to definitively say this is the vaccine,' Christensen said. If that is true this must be added to the estimated ten percent (or far less) reporting rate of vaccine deaths and serious reactions and the conclusion can only be that vaccine deaths and serious reactions – including these 'Covid' potions' – are phenomenally understated in official figures. The same story can be found everywhere. Endless accounts of deaths and serious reactions among the public, medical

and care home staff while official figures did not even begin to reflect this.

Professional script-reader Dr David Williams, a 'top public-health official' in Ontario, Canada, insulted our intelligence by claiming only four serious adverse reactions and no deaths from the more than 380,000 vaccine doses then given. This bore no resemblance to what people knew had happened in their owns circles and we had Dirk Huyer in charge of getting millions vaccinated in Ontario while at the same time he was Chief Coroner for the province investigating causes of death including possible death from the vaccine. An aide said he had stepped back from investigating deaths, but evidence indicated otherwise. Rosemary Frei, who secured a Master of Science degree in molecular biology at the Faculty of Medicine at Canada's University of Calgary before turning to investigative journalism, was one who could see that official figures for 'vaccine' deaths and reactions made no sense. She said that doctors seldom reported adverse events and when people got really sick or died after getting a vaccination they would attribute that to anything except the vaccines. It had been that way for years and anyone who wondered aloud whether the 'Covid vaccines' or other shots cause harm is immediately branded as 'anti-vax' and 'anti-science'. This was 'career-threatening' for health professionals. Then there was the huge pressure to support the push to 'vaccinate' billions in the quickest time possible. Frei said:

> So that's where we're at today. More than half a million vaccine doses have been given to people in Ontario alone. The rush is on to vaccinate all 15 million of us in the province by September. And the mainstream media are screaming for this to be sped up even more. That all adds up to only a very slim likelihood that we're going to be told the truth by officials about how many people are getting sick or dying from the vaccines.

What is true of Ontario is true of everywhere.

They KNEW – and still did it

The authorities knew what was going to happen with multiple deaths and adverse reactions. The UK government's Gates-funded

and Big Pharma-dominated Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) hired a company to employ AI in compiling the projected reactions to the 'vaccine' that would otherwise be uncountable. The request for applications said: 'The MHRA urgently seeks an Artificial Intelligence (AI) software tool to process the expected high volume of Covid-19 vaccine Adverse Drug Reaction …' This was from the agency, headed by the disingenuous June Raine, that gave the 'vaccines' emergency approval and the company was hired before the first shot was given. 'We are going to kill and maim you – is that okay?' 'Oh, yes, perfectly fine – I'm very grateful, thank you, doctor.' The range of 'Covid vaccine' adverse reactions goes on for page after page in the MHRA criminally underreported 'Yellow Card' system and includes affects to eyes, ears, skin, digestion, blood and so on. Raine's MHRA amazingly claimed that the 'overall safety experience … is so far as expected from the clinical trials'. The death, serious adverse effects, deafness and blindness were *expected?* When did they ever mention that? If these human tragedies were expected then those that gave approval for the use of these 'vaccines' must be guilty of crimes against humanity including murder – a definition of which is 'killing a person with malice aforethought or with recklessness manifesting extreme indifference to the value of human life.' People involved at the MHRA, the CDC in America and their equivalent around the world must go before Nuremberg trials to answer for their callous inhumanity. We are only talking here about the immediate effects of the 'vaccine'. The longer-term impact of the DNA synthetic manipulation is the main reason they are so hysterically desperate to inoculate the entire global population in the shortest possible time.

Africa and the developing world are a major focus for the 'vaccine' depopulation agenda and a mass vaccination sales-pitch is underway thanks to caring people like the Rockefellers and other Cult assets. The Rockefeller Foundation, which pre-empted the 'Covid pandemic' in a document published in 2010 that 'predicted' what happened a decade later, announced an initial $34.95 million grant in February, 2021, 'to ensure more equitable access to Covid-19

testing and vaccines' among other things in Africa in collaboration with '24 organizations, businesses, and government agencies'. The pan-Africa initiative would focus on 10 countries: Burkina Faso, Ethiopia, Ghana, Kenya, Nigeria, Rwanda, South Africa, Tanzania, Uganda, and Zambia'. Rajiv Shah, President of the Rockefeller Foundation and former administrator of CIA-controlled USAID, said that if Africa was not mass-vaccinated (to change the DNA of its people) it was a 'threat to all of humanity' and not fair on Africans. When someone from the Rockefeller Foundation says they want to do something to help poor and deprived people and countries it is time for a belly-laugh. They are doing this out of the goodness of their 'heart' because 'vaccinating' the entire global population is what the 'Covid' hoax set out to achieve. Official 'decolonisation' of Africa by the Cult was merely a prelude to financial colonisation on the road to a return to physical colonisation. The 'vaccine' is vital to that and the sudden and convenient death of the 'Covid' sceptic president of Tanzania can be seen in its true light. A lot of people in Africa are aware that this is another form of colonisation and exploitation and they need to stand their ground.

The 'vaccine is working' scam

A potential problem for the Cult was that the 'vaccine' is meant to change human DNA and body messaging and not to protect anyone from a 'virus' never shown to exist. The vaccine couldn't work because it was not designed to work and how could they make it *appear* to be working so that more people would have it? This was overcome by lowering the amplification rate of the PCR test to produce fewer 'cases' and therefore fewer 'deaths'. Some of us had been pointing out since March, 2020, that the amplification rate of the test not testing for the 'virus' had been made artificially high to generate positive tests which they could call 'cases' to justify lockdowns. The World Health Organization recommended an absurdly high 45 amplification cycles to ensure the high positives required by the Cult and then remained silent on the issue until January 20th, 2021 – Biden's Inauguration Day. This was when the

'vaccinations' were seriously underway and on that day the WHO recommended after discussions with America's CDC that laboratories *lowered their testing amplification*. Dr David Samadi, a certified urologist and health writer, said the WHO was encouraging all labs to reduce their cycle count for PCR tests. He said the current cycle was much too high and was 'resulting in any particle being declared a positive case'. Even one mainstream news report I saw said this meant the number of 'Covid' infections may have been 'dramatically inflated'. Oh, just a little bit. The CDC in America issued new guidance to laboratories in April, 2021, to use 28 cycles *but only for 'vaccinated' people*. The timing of the CDC/WHO interventions were cynically designed to make it appear the 'vaccines' were responsible for falling cases and deaths when the real reason can be seen in the following examples. New York's state lab, the Wadsworth Center, identified 872 positive tests in July, 2020, based on a threshold of 40 cycles. When the figure was lowered to 35 cycles *43 percent* of the 872 were no longer 'positives'. At 30 cycles the figure was 63 percent. A Massachusetts lab found that between *85 to 90 percent* of people who tested positive in July with a cycle threshold of 40 would be negative at 30 cycles, Ashish Jha, MD, director of the Harvard Global Health Institute, said: 'I'm really shocked that it could be that high … Boy, does it really change the way we need to be thinking about testing.' I'm shocked that I could see the obvious in the spring of 2020, with no medical background, and most medical professionals still haven't worked it out. No, that's not shocking – it's terrifying.

Three weeks after the WHO directive to lower PCR cycles the London *Daily Mail* ran this headline: 'Why ARE Covid cases plummeting? New infections have fallen 45% in the US and 30% globally in the past 3 weeks but experts say vaccine is NOT the main driver because only 8% of Americans and 13% of people worldwide have received their first dose.' They acknowledged that the drop could not be attributed to the 'vaccine', but soon this morphed throughout the media into the 'vaccine' has caused cases and deaths to fall when it was the PCR threshold. In December, 2020, there was

chaos at English Channel ports with truck drivers needing negative 'Covid' tests before they could board a ferry home for Christmas. The government wanted to remove the backlog as fast as possible and they brought in troops to do the 'testing'. Out of 1,600 drivers just *36* tested positive and the rest were given the all clear to cross the Channel. I guess the authorities thought that 36 was the least they could get away with without the unquestioning catching on. The amplification trick which most people believed in the absence of information in the mainstream applied more pressure on those refusing the 'vaccine' to succumb when it 'obviously worked'. The truth was the exact opposite with deaths in care homes soaring with the 'vaccine' and in Israel the term used was 'skyrocket'. A re-analysis of published data from the Israeli Health Ministry led by Dr Hervé Seligmann at the Medicine Emerging Infectious and Tropical Diseases at Aix-Marseille University found that Pfizer's 'Covid vaccine' killed 'about 40 times more [elderly] people than the disease itself would have killed' during a five-week vaccination period and *260 times* more younger people than would have died from the 'virus' even according to the manipulated 'virus' figures. Dr Seligmann and his co-study author, Haim Yativ, declared after reviewing the Israeli 'vaccine' death data: 'This is a new Holocaust.'

Then, in mid-April, 2021, after vast numbers of people worldwide had been 'vaccinated', the story changed with clear coordination. The UK government began to prepare the ground for more future lockdowns when Nuremberg-destined Boris Johnson told yet another whopper. He said that cases had fallen because of *lockdowns* not 'vaccines'. Lockdowns are irrelevant when *there is no 'virus'* and the test and fraudulent death certificates are deciding the number of 'cases' and 'deaths'. Study after study has shown that lockdowns don't work and instead kill and psychologically destroy people. Meanwhile in the United States Anthony Fauci and Rochelle Walensky, the ultra-Zionist head of the CDC, peddled the same line. More lockdown was the answer and not the 'vaccine', a line repeated on cue by the moron that is Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau. Why all the hysteria to get everyone 'vaccinated' if lockdowns and

not 'vaccines' made the difference? None of it makes sense on the face of it. Oh, but it does. The Cult wants lockdowns *and* the 'vaccine' and if the 'vaccine' is allowed to be seen as the total answer lockdowns would no longer be justified when there are still livelihoods to destroy. 'Variants' and renewed upward manipulation of PCR amplification are planned to instigate never-ending lockdown *and* more 'vaccines'.

You *must* have it – we're desperate

Israel, where the Jewish and Arab population are ruled by the Sabbatian Cult, was the front-runner in imposing the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' on its people to such an extent that Jewish refusers began to liken what was happening to the early years of Nazi Germany. This would seem to be a fantastic claim. Why would a government of Jewish people be acting like the Nazis did? If you realise that the Sabbatian Cult was behind the Nazis and that Sabbatians hate Jews the pieces start to fit and the question of why a 'Jewish' government would treat Jews with such callous disregard for their lives and freedom finds an answer. Those controlling the government of Israel *aren't Jewish* – they're Sabbatian. Israeli lawyer Tamir Turgal was one who made the Nazi comparison in comments to German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich who is leading a class action lawsuit against the psychopaths for crimes against humanity. Turgal described how the Israeli government was vaccinating children and pregnant women on the basis that there was no evidence that this was dangerous when they had no evidence that it *wasn't* dangerous either. They just had no evidence. This was medical experimentation and Turgal said this breached the Nuremberg Code about medical experimentation and procedures requiring informed consent and choice. Think about that. A Nuremberg Code developed because of Nazi experimentation on Jews and others in concentration camps by people like the evil-beyond-belief Josef Mengele is being breached by the *Israeli* government; but when you know that it's a *Sabbatian* government along with its intelligence and military agencies like Mossad, Shin Bet and the Israeli Defense Forces, and that Sabbatians

were the force behind the Nazis, the kaleidoscope comes into focus. What have we come to when Israeli Jews are suing their government for violating the Nuremberg Code by essentially making Israelis subject to a medical experiment using the controversial 'vaccines'? It's a shocker that this has to be done in the light of what happened in Nazi Germany. The Anshe Ha-Emet, or 'People of the Truth', made up of Israeli doctors, lawyers, campaigners and public, have launched a lawsuit with the International Criminal Court. It says:

> When the heads of the Ministry of Health as well as the prime minister presented the vaccine in Israel and began the vaccination of Israeli residents, the vaccinated were not advised, that, in practice, they are taking part in a medical experiment and that their consent is required for this under the Nuremberg Code.

The irony is unbelievable, but easily explained in one word: Sabbatians. The foundation of Israeli 'Covid' apartheid is the 'green pass' or 'green passport' which allows Jews and Arabs who have had the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' to go about their lives – to work, fly, travel in general, go to shopping malls, bars, restaurants, hotels, concerts, gyms, swimming pools, theatres and sports venues, while non-'vaccinated' are banned from all those places and activities. Israelis have likened the 'green pass' to the yellow stars that Jews in Nazi Germany were forced to wear – the same as the yellow stickers that a branch of UK supermarket chain Morrisons told exempt mask-wears they had to display when shopping. How very sensitive. The Israeli system is blatant South African-style apartheid on the basis of compliance or non-compliance to fascism rather than colour of the skin. How appropriate that the Sabbatian Israeli government was so close to the pre-Mandela apartheid regime in Pretoria. The Sabbatian-instigated 'vaccine passport' in Israel is planned for everywhere. Sabbatians struck a deal with Pfizer that allowed them to lead the way in the percentage of a national population infused with synthetic material and the result was catastrophic. Israeli freedom activist Shai Dannon told me how chairs were appearing on beaches that said 'vaccinated only'. Health Minister Yuli Edelstein said that anyone unwilling or unable to get

the jabs that 'confer immunity' will be 'left behind'. The man's a liar. Not even the makers claim the 'vaccines' confer immunity. When you see those figures of 'vaccine' deaths these psychopaths were saying that you must take the chance the 'vaccine' will kill you or maim you while knowing it will change your DNA or lockdown for you will be permanent. That's fascism. The Israeli parliament passed a law to allow personal information of the non-vaccinated to be shared with local and national authorities for three months. This was claimed by its supporters to be a way to 'encourage' people to be vaccinated. Hadas Ziv from Physicians for Human Rights described this as a 'draconian law which crushed medical ethics and the patient rights'. But that's the idea, the Sabbatians would reply.

Your papers, please

Sabbatian Israel was leading what has been planned all along to be a global 'vaccine pass' called a 'green passport' without which you would remain in permanent lockdown restriction and unable to do anything. This is how badly – *desperately* – the Cult is to get everyone 'vaccinated'. The term and colour 'green' was not by chance and related to the psychology of fusing the perception of the green climate hoax with the 'Covid' hoax and how the 'solution' to both is the same Great Reset. Lying politicians, health officials and psychologists denied there were any plans for mandatory vaccinations or restrictions based on vaccinations, but they knew that was exactly what was meant to happen with governments of all countries reaching agreements to enforce a global system. 'Free' Denmark and 'free' Sweden unveiled digital vaccine certification. Cyprus, Czech Republic, Estonia, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Slovakia, and Spain have all committed to a vaccine passport system and the rest including the whole of the EU would follow. The satanic UK government will certainly go this way despite mendacious denials and at the time of writing it is trying to manipulate the public into having the 'vaccine' so they could go abroad on a summer holiday. How would that work without something to prove you had the synthetic toxicity injected into you?

Documents show that the EU's European Commission was moving towards 'vaccine certificates' in 2018 and 2019 before the 'Covid' hoax began. They knew what was coming. Abracadabra – Ursula von der Leyen, the German President of the Commission, announced in March, 2021, an EU 'Digital Green Certificate' – green again – to track the public's 'Covid status'. The passport sting is worldwide and the Far East followed the same pattern with South Korea ruling that only those with 'vaccination' passports – again the *green* pass – would be able to 'return to their daily lives'.

Bill Gates has been preparing for this 'passport' with other Cult operatives for years and beyond the paper version is a Gates-funded 'digital tattoo' to identify who has been vaccinated and who hasn't. The 'tattoo' is reported to include a substance which is externally readable to confirm who has been vaccinated. This is a bio-luminous light-generating enzyme (think fireflies) called … *Luciferase*. Yes, named after the Cult 'god' Lucifer the 'light bringer' of whom more to come. Gates said he funded the readable tattoo to ensure children in the developing world were vaccinated and no one was missed out. He cares so much about poor kids as we know. This was just the cover story to develop a vaccine tagging system for everyone on the planet. Gates has been funding the ID2020 'alliance' to do just that in league with other lovely people at Microsoft, GAVI, the Rockefeller Foundation, Accenture and IDEO.org. He said in interviews in March, 2020, before any 'vaccine' publicly existed, that the world must have a globalised digital certificate to track the 'virus' and who had been vaccinated. Gates knew from the start that the mRNA vaccines were coming and when they would come and that the plan was to tag the 'vaccinated' to marginalise the intelligent and stop them doing anything including travel. Evil just doesn't suffice. Gates was exposed for offering a $10 million bribe to the Nigerian House of Representatives to invoke compulsory 'Covid' vaccination of all Nigerians. Sara Cunial, a member of the Italian Parliament, called Gates a 'vaccine criminal'. She urged the Italian President to hand him over to the International Criminal Court for crimes against

humanity and condemned his plans to 'chip the human race' through ID2020.

You know it's a long-planned agenda when war criminal and Cult gofer Tony Blair is on the case. With the scale of arrogance only someone as dark as Blair can muster he said: 'Vaccination in the end is going to be your route to liberty.' Blair is a disgusting piece of work and he confirms that again. The media has given a lot of coverage to a bloke called Charlie Mullins, founder of London's biggest independent plumbing company, Pimlico Plumbers, who has said he won't employ anyone who has not been vaccinated or have them go to any home where people are not vaccinated. He said that if he had his way no one would be allowed to walk the streets if they have not been vaccinated. Gates was cheering at the time while I was alerting the white coats. The plan is that people will qualify for 'passports' for having the first two doses and then to keep it they will have to have all the follow ups and new ones for invented 'variants' until human genetics is transformed and many are dead who can't adjust to the changes. Hollywood celebrities – the usual propaganda stunt – are promoting something called the WELL Health-Safety Rating to verify that a building or space has 'taken the necessary steps to prioritize the health and safety of their staff, visitors and other stakeholders'. They included Lady Gaga, Jennifer Lopez, Michael B. Jordan, Robert DeNiro, Venus Williams, Wolfgang Puck, Deepak Chopra and 17th Surgeon General Richard Carmona. Yawn. WELL Health-Safety has big connections with China. Parent company Delos is headed by former Goldman Sachs partner Paul Scialla. This is another example – and we will see so many others – of using the excuse of 'health' to dictate the lives and activities of the population. I guess one confirmation of the 'safety' of buildings is that only 'vaccinated' people can go in, right?

Electronic concentration camps

I wrote decades ago about the plans to restrict travel and here we are for those who refuse to bow to tyranny. This can be achieved in one go with air travel if the aviation industry makes a blanket decree.

The 'vaccine' and guaranteed income are designed to be part of a global version of China's social credit system which tracks behaviour 24/7 and awards or deletes 'credits' based on whether your behaviour is supported by the state or not. I mean your entire lifestyle – what you do, eat, say, everything. Once your credit score falls below a certain level consequences kick in. In China tens of millions have been denied travel by air and train because of this. All the locations and activities denied to refusers by the 'vaccine' passports will be included in one big mass ban on doing almost anything for those that don't bow their head to government. It's beyond fascist and a new term is required to describe its extremes – I guess fascist technocracy will have to do. The way the Chinese system of technological – technocratic – control is sweeping the West can be seen in the Los Angeles school system and is planned to be expanded worldwide. Every child is required to have a 'Covid'-tracking app scanned daily before they can enter the classroom. The so-called Daily Pass tracking system is produced by Gates' Microsoft which I'm sure will shock you rigid. The pass will be scanned using a barcode (one step from an inside-the-body barcode) and the information will include health checks, 'Covid' tests and vaccinations. Entry codes are for one specific building only and access will only be allowed if a student or teacher has a negative test with a test not testing for the 'virus', has no symptoms of anything alleged to be related to 'Covid' (symptoms from a range of other illness), and has a temperature under 100 degrees. No barcode, no entry, is planned to be the case for everywhere and not only schools.

Kids are being psychologically prepared to accept this as 'normal' their whole life which is why what they can impose in schools is so important to the Cult and its gofers. Long-time American freedom campaigner John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute was not exaggerating when he said: 'Databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps.' Canada under its Cult gofer prime minister Justin Trudeau has taken a major step towards the real thing with people interned against their will if they test positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' when they arrive at a Canadian

airport. They are jailed in internment hotels often without food or water for long periods and with many doors failing to lock there have been sexual assaults. The interned are being charged sometimes $2,000 for the privilege of being abused in this way. Trudeau is fully on board with the Cult and says the 'Covid pandemic' has provided an opportunity for a global 'reset' to permanently change Western civilisation. His number two, Deputy Prime Minister Chrystia Freeland, is a trustee of the World Economic Forum and a Rhodes Scholar. The Trudeau family have long been servants of the Cult. See *The Biggest Secret* and Cathy O'Brien's book *Trance-Formation of America* for the horrific background to Trudeau's father Pierre Trudeau another Canadian prime minister. Hide your fascism behind the façade of a heart-on-the-sleeve liberal. It's a well-honed Cult technique.

What can the 'vaccine' *really* do?

We have a 'virus' never shown to exist and 'variants' of the 'virus' that have also never been shown to exist except, like the 'original', as computer-generated fictions. Even if you believe there's a 'virus' the 'case' to 'death' rate is in the region of 0.23 to 0.15 percent and those 'deaths' are concentrated among the very old around the same average age that people die anyway. In response to this lack of threat (in truth none) psychopaths and idiots, knowingly and unknowingly answering to Gates and the Cult, are seeking to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on Planet Earth. Clearly the 'vaccine' is not about 'Covid' – none of this ever has been. So what is it all about *really*? Why the desperation to infuse genetically-manipulating synthetic material into everyone through mRNA fraudulent 'vaccines' with the intent of doing this over and over with the excuses of 'variants' and other 'virus' inventions? Dr Sherri Tenpenny, an osteopathic medical doctor in the United States, has made herself an expert on vaccines and their effects as a vehement campaigner against their use. Tenpenny was board certified in emergency medicine, the director of a level two trauma centre for 12 years, and moved to Cleveland in 1996 to start an integrative

medicine practice which has treated patients from all 50 states and some 17 other countries. Weaning people off pharmaceutical drugs is a speciality.

She became interested in the consequences of vaccines after attending a meeting at the National Vaccine Information Center in Washington DC in 2000 where she 'sat through four days of listening to medical doctors and scientists and lawyers and parents of vaccine injured kids' and asked: 'What's going on?' She had never been vaccinated and never got ill while her father was given a list of vaccines to be in the military and was 'sick his entire life'. The experience added to her questions and she began to examine vaccine documents from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). After reading the first one, the 1998 version of *The General Recommendations of Vaccination*, she thought: 'This is it?' The document was poorly written and bad science and Tenpenny began 20 years of research into vaccines that continues to this day. She began her research into 'Covid vaccines' in March, 2020, and she describes them as 'deadly'. For many, as we have seen, they already have been. Tenpenny said that in the first 30 days of the 'vaccine' rollout in the United States there had been more than 40,000 adverse events reported to the vaccine adverse event database. A document had been delivered to her the day before that was 172 pages long. 'We have over 40,000 adverse events; we have over 3,100 cases of [potentially deadly] anaphylactic shock; we have over 5,000 neurological reactions.' Effects ranged from headaches to numbness, dizziness and vertigo, to losing feeling in hands or feet and paraesthesia which is when limbs 'fall asleep' and people have the sensation of insects crawling underneath their skin. All this happened in the first 30 days and remember that only about *ten percent* (or far less) of adverse reactions and vaccine-related deaths are estimated to be officially reported. Tenpenny said:

So can you think of one single product in any industry, any industry, for as long as products have been made on the planet that within 30 days we have 40,000 people complaining of side effects that not only is still on the market but … we've got paid actors telling us how great

they are for getting their vaccine. We're offering people $500 if they will just get their vaccine and we've got nurses and doctors going; 'I got the vaccine, I got the vaccine'.

Tenpenny said they were not going to be 'happy dancing folks' when they began to suffer Bell's palsy (facial paralysis), neuropathies, cardiac arrhythmias and autoimmune reactions that kill through a blood disorder. 'They're not going to be so happy, happy then, but we're never going to see pictures of those people' she said. Tenpenny described the 'vaccine' as 'a well-designed killing tool'.

No off-switch

Bad as the initial consequences had been Tenpenny said it would be maybe 14 months before we began to see the 'full ravage' of what is going to happen to the 'Covid vaccinated' with full-out consequences taking anything between two years and 20 years to show. You can understand why when you consider that variations of the 'Covid vaccine' use mRNA (messenger RNA) to in theory activate the immune system to produce protective antibodies without using the actual 'virus'. How can they when it's a computer program and they've never isolated what they claim is the 'real thing'? Instead they use *synthetic* mRNA. They are inoculating synthetic material into the body which through a technique known as the Trojan horse is absorbed into cells to change the nature of DNA. Human DNA is changed by an infusion of messenger RNA and with each new 'vaccine' of this type it is changed even more. Say so and you are banned by Cult Internet platforms. The contempt the contemptuous Mark Zuckerberg has for the truth and human health can be seen in an internal Facebook video leaked to the Project Veritas investigative team in which he said of the 'Covid vaccines': '… I share some caution on this because we just don't know the long term side-effects of basically modifying people's DNA and RNA.' At the same time this disgusting man's Facebook was censoring and banning anyone saying exactly the same. He must go before a Nuremberg trial for crimes against humanity when he *knows* that he

is censoring legitimate concerns and denying the right of informed consent on behalf of the Cult that owns him. People have been killed and damaged by the very 'vaccination' technique he cast doubt on himself when they may not have had the 'vaccine' with access to information that he denied them. The plan is to have at least annual 'Covid vaccinations', add others to deal with invented 'variants', and change all other vaccines into the mRNA system. Pfizer executives told shareholders at a virtual Barclays Global Healthcare Conference in March, 2021, that the public may need a third dose of 'Covid vaccine', plus regular yearly boosters and the company planned to hike prices to milk the profits in a 'significant opportunity for our vaccine'. These are the professional liars, cheats and opportunists who are telling you their 'vaccine' is safe. Given this volume of mRNA planned to be infused into the human body and its ability to then replicate we will have a transformation of human genetics from biological to synthetic biological – exactly the long-time Cult plan for reasons we'll see – and many will die. Sherri Tenpenny said of this replication:

> It's like having an on-button but no off-button and that whole mechanism … they actually give it a name and they call it the Trojan horse mechanism, because it allows that [synthetic] virus and that piece of that [synthetic] virus to get inside of your cells, start to replicate and even get inserted into other parts of your DNA as a Trojan-horse.

Ask the overwhelming majority of people who have the 'vaccine' what they know about the contents and what they do and they would reply: 'The government says it will stop me getting the virus.' Governments give that false impression on purpose to increase take-up. You can read Sherri Tenpenny's detailed analysis of the health consequences in her blog at Vaxxter.com, but in summary these are some of them. She highlights the statement by Bill Gates about how human beings can become their own 'vaccine manufacturing machine'. The man is insane. ['Vaccine'-generated] 'antibodies' carry synthetic messenger RNA into the cells and the damage starts, Tenpenny contends, and she says that lungs can be adversely affected through varying degrees of pus and bleeding which

obviously affects breathing and would be dubbed 'Covid-19'. Even more sinister was the impact of 'antibodies' on macrophages, a white blood cell of the immune system. They consist of Type 1 and Type 2 which have very different functions. She said Type 1 are 'hyper-vigilant' white blood cells which 'gobble up' bacteria etc. However, in doing so, this could cause inflammation and in extreme circumstances be fatal. She says these affects are mitigated by Type 2 macrophages which kick in to calm down the system and stop it going rogue. They clear up dead tissue debris and reduce inflammation that the Type 1 'fire crews' have caused. Type 1 kills the infection and Type 2 heals the damage, she says. This is her punchline with regard to 'Covid vaccinations': She says that mRNA 'antibodies' block Type 2 macrophages by attaching to them and deactivating them. This meant that when the Type 1 response was triggered by infection there was nothing to stop that getting out of hand by calming everything down. There's an on-switch, but no off-switch, she says. What follows can be 'over and out, see you when I see you'.

Genetic suicide

Tenpenny also highlights the potential for autoimmune disease – the body attacking itself – which has been associated with vaccines since they first appeared. Infusing a synthetic foreign substance into cells could cause the immune system to react in a panic believing that the body is being overwhelmed by an invader (it is) and the consequences can again be fatal. There is an autoimmune response known as a 'cytokine storm' which I have likened to a homeowner panicked by an intruder and picking up a gun to shoot randomly in all directions before turning the fire on himself. The immune system unleashes a storm of inflammatory response called cytokines to a threat and the body commits hara-kiri. The lesson is that you mess with the body's immune response at your peril and these 'vaccines' seriously – fundamentally – mess with immune response. Tenpenny refers to a consequence called anaphylactic shock which is a severe and highly dangerous allergic reaction when the immune system

floods the body with chemicals. She gives the example of having a bee sting which primes the immune system and makes it sensitive to those chemicals. When people are stung again maybe years later the immune response can be so powerful that it leads to anaphylactic shock. Tenpenny relates this 'shock' with regard to the 'Covid vaccine' to something called polyethylene glycol or PEG. Enormous numbers of people have become sensitive to this over decades of use in a whole range of products and processes including food, drink, skin creams and 'medicine'. Studies have claimed that some 72 percent of people have antibodies triggered by PEG compared with two percent in the 1960s and allergic hypersensitive reactions to this become a gathering cause for concern. Tenpenny points out that the 'mRNA vaccine' is coated in a 'bubble' of polyethylene glycol which has the potential to cause anaphylactic shock through immune sensitivity. Many reports have appeared of people reacting this way after having the 'Covid vaccine'. What do we think is going to happen as humanity has more and more of these 'vaccines'? Tenpenny said: 'All these pictures we have seen with people with these rashes … these weepy rashes, big reactions on their arms and things like that – it's an acute allergic reaction most likely to the polyethylene glycol that you've been previously primed and sensitised to.'

Those who have not studied the conspiracy and its perpetrators at length might think that making the population sensitive to PEG and then putting it in these 'vaccines' is just a coincidence. It is not. It is instead testament to how carefully and coldly-planned current events have been and the scale of the conspiracy we are dealing with. Tenpenny further explains that the 'vaccine' mRNA procedure can breach the blood-brain barrier which protects the brain from toxins and other crap that will cause malfunction. In this case they could make two proteins corrupt brain function to cause Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS) , a progressive nervous system disease leading to loss of muscle control, and frontal lobe degeneration – Alzheimer's and dementia. Immunologist J. Bart Classon published a paper connecting mRNA 'vaccines' to prion

disease which can lead to Alzheimer's and other forms of neurogenerative disease while others have pointed out the potential to affect the placenta in ways that make women infertile. This will become highly significant in the next chapter when I will discuss other aspects of this non-vaccine that relate to its nanotechnology and transmission from the injected to the uninjected.

Qualified in idiocy

Tenpenny describes how research has confirmed that these 'vaccine'-generated antibodies can interact with a range of other tissues in the body and attack many other organs including the lungs. 'This means that if you have a hundred people standing in front of you that all got this shot they could have a hundred different symptoms.' Anyone really think that Cult gofers like the Queen, Tony Blair, Christopher Whitty, Anthony Fauci, and all the other psychopaths have really had this 'vaccine' in the pictures we've seen? Not a bloody chance. Why don't doctors all tell us about all these dangers and consequences of the 'Covid vaccine'? Why instead do they encourage and pressure patients to have the shot? Don't let's think for a moment that doctors and medical staff can't be stupid, lazy, and psychopathic and that's without the financial incentives to give the jab. Tenpenny again:

> Some people are going to die from the vaccine directly but a large number of people are going to start to get horribly sick and get all kinds of autoimmune diseases 42 days to maybe a year out. What are they going to do, these stupid doctors who say; 'Good for you for getting that vaccine.' What are they going to say; 'Oh, it must be a mutant, we need to give an extra dose of that vaccine.'
>
> Because now the vaccine, instead of one dose or two doses we need three or four because the stupid physicians aren't taking the time to learn anything about it. If I can learn this sitting in my living room reading a 19 page paper and several others so can they. There's nothing special about me, I just take the time to do it.

Remember how Sara Kayat, the NHS and TV doctor, said that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Doctors can be idiots like every other profession and they

should not be worshipped as infallible. They are not and far from it. Behind many medical and scientific 'experts' lies an uninformed prat trying to hide themselves from you although in the 'Covid' era many have failed to do so as with UK narrative-repeating 'TV doctor' Hilary Jones. Pushing back against the minority of proper doctors and scientists speaking out against the 'vaccine' has been the entire edifice of the Cult global state in the form of governments, medical systems, corporations, mainstream media, Silicon Valley, and an army of compliant doctors, medical staff and scientists willing to say anything for money and to enhance their careers by promoting the party line. If you do that you are an 'expert' and if you won't you are an 'anti-vaxxer' and 'Covidiot'. The pressure to be 'vaccinated' is incessant. We have even had reports claiming that the 'vaccine' can help cure cancer and Alzheimer's and make the lame walk. I am waiting for the announcement that it can bring you coffee in the morning and cook your tea. Just as the symptoms of 'Covid' seem to increase by the week so have the miracles of the 'vaccine'. American supermarket giant Kroger Co. offered nearly 500,000 employees in 35 states a $100 bonus for having the 'vaccine' while donut chain Krispy Kreme promised 'vaccinated' customers a free glazed donut every day for the rest of 2021. Have your DNA changed and you will get a doughnut although we might not have to give you them for long. Such offers and incentives confirm the desperation.

Perhaps the worse vaccine-stunt of them all was UK 'Health' Secretary Matt-the-prat Hancock on live TV after watching a clip of someone being 'vaccinated' when the roll-out began. Hancock faked tears so badly it was embarrassing. Brain-of-Britain Piers Morgan, the lockdown-supporting, 'vaccine' supporting, 'vaccine' passport-supporting, TV host played along with Hancock – 'You're quite emotional about that' he said in response to acting so atrocious it would have been called out at a school nativity which will presumably today include Mary and Jesus in masks, wise men keeping their camels six feet apart, and shepherds under tent arrest. System-serving Morgan tweeted this: 'Love the idea of covid vaccine passports for everywhere: flights, restaurants, clubs, football, gyms,

shops etc. It's time covid-denying, anti-vaxxer loonies had their bullsh*t bluff called & bar themselves from going anywhere that responsible citizens go.' If only I could aspire to his genius. To think that Morgan, who specialises in shouting over anyone he disagrees with, was lauded as a free speech hero when he lost his job after storming off the set of his live show like a child throwing his dolly out of the pram. If he is a free speech hero we are in real trouble. I have no idea what 'bullsh*t' means, by the way, the * throws me completely.

The Cult is desperate to infuse its synthetic DNA-changing concoction into everyone and has been using every lie, trick and intimidation to do so. The question of '*Why*?' we shall now address.

CHAPTER TEN

Human 2.0

I believe that at the end of the century the use of words and general educated opinion will have altered so much that one will be able to speak of machines thinking without expecting to be contradicted –
Alan Turing (1912-1954), the 'Father of artificial intelligence'

I have been exposing for decades the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic-biological state. The new human that I will call Human 2.0 is planned to be connected to artificial intelligence and a global AI 'Smart Grid' that would operate as one global system in which AI would control everything from your fridge to your heating system to your car to your mind. Humans would no longer be 'human', but post-human and sub-human, with their thinking and emotional processes replaced by AI.

What I said sounded crazy and beyond science fiction and I could understand that. To any balanced, rational, mind it *is* crazy. Today, however, that world is becoming reality and it puts the 'Covid vaccine' into its true context. Ray Kurzweil is the ultra-Zionist 'computer scientist, inventor and futurist' and co-founder of the Singularity University. Singularity refers to the merging of humans with machines or 'transhumanism'. Kurzweil has said humanity would be connected to the cyber 'cloud' in the period of the ever-recurring year of 2030:

Our thinking … will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking … humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' … We're going to put gateways to the

cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations. As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

They are trying to sell this end-of-humanity-as-we-know-it as the next stage of 'evolution' when we become super-human and 'like the gods'. They are lying to you. Shocked, eh? The population, and again especially the young, have been manipulated into addiction to technologies designed to enslave them for life. First they induced an addiction to smartphones (holdables); next they moved to technology on the body (wearables); and then began the invasion of the body (implantables). I warned way back about the plan for microchipped people and we are now entering that era. We should not be diverted into thinking that this refers only to chips we can see. Most important are the nanochips known as smart dust, neural dust and nanobots which are far too small to be seen by the human eye. Nanotechnology is everywhere, increasingly in food products, and released into the atmosphere by the geoengineering of the skies funded by Bill Gates to 'shut out the Sun' and 'save the planet from global warming'. Gates has been funding a project to spray millions of tonnes of chalk (calcium carbonate) into the stratosphere over Sweden to 'dim the Sun' and cool the Earth. Scientists warned the move could be disastrous for weather systems in ways no one can predict and opposition led to the Swedish space agency announcing that the 'experiment' would not be happening as planned in the summer of 2021; but it shows where the Cult is going with dimming the impact of the Sun and there's an associated plan to change the planet's atmosphere. Who gives psychopath Gates the right to dictate to the entire human race and dismantle planetary systems? The world will not be safe while this man is at large.

The global warming hoax has made the Sun, like the gas of life, something to fear when both are essential to good health and human survival (more inversion). The body transforms sunlight into vital vitamin D through a process involving … *cholesterol*. This is the cholesterol we are also told to fear. We are urged to take Big Pharma

statin drugs to reduce cholesterol and it's all systematic. Reducing cholesterol means reducing vitamin D uptake with all the multiple health problems that will cause. At least if you take statins long term it saves the government from having to pay you a pension. The delivery system to block sunlight is widely referred to as chemtrails although these have a much deeper agenda, too. They appear at first to be contrails or condensation trails streaming from aircraft into cold air at high altitudes. Contrails disperse very quickly while chemtrails do not and spread out across the sky before eventually their content falls to earth. Many times I have watched aircraft cross-cross a clear blue sky releasing chemtrails until it looks like a cloudy day. Chemtrails contain many things harmful to humans and the natural world including toxic heavy metals, aluminium (see Alzheimer's) and nanotechnology. Ray Kurzweil reveals the reason without actually saying so: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' How do you deliver that? *From the sky*. Self-replicating nanobots would connect everything to the Smart Grid. The phenomenon of Morgellons disease began in the chemtrail era and the correlation has led to it being dubbed the 'chemtrail disease'. Self-replicating fibres appear in the body that can be pulled out through the skin. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. I cover this at greater length in *Phantom Self*.

'Vaccine' operating system

'Covid vaccines' with their self-replicating synthetic material are also designed to make the connection between humanity and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. American doctor and dedicated campaigner for truth, Carrie Madej, an Internal Medicine Specialist in Georgia with more than 20 years medical experience, has highlighted the nanotechnology aspect of the fake 'vaccines'. She explains how one of the components in at least the Moderna and Pfizer synthetic potions are 'lipid nanoparticles' which are 'like little tiny computer bits' – a 'sci-fi substance' known as nanobots and hydrogel which can be 'triggered

at any moment to deliver its payload' and act as 'biosensors'. The synthetic substance had 'the ability to accumulate data from your body like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts and emotions, all kind of things' and each syringe could carry a *million* nanobots:

This substance because it's like little bits of computers in your body, crazy, but it's true, it can do that, [and] obviously has the ability to act through Wi-Fi. It can receive and transmit energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. That issue has never been addressed by these companies. What does that do to the human?

Just imagine getting this substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones, what is happening with that? What if something is triggering it, too, like an impulse, a frequency? We have something completely foreign in the human body.

Madej said her research revealed that electromagnetic (EMF) frequencies emitted by phones and other devices had increased dramatically in the same period of the 'vaccine' rollout and she was seeing more people with radiation problems as 5G and other electromagnetic technology was expanded and introduced to schools and hospitals. She said she was 'floored with the EMF coming off' the devices she checked. All this makes total sense and syncs with my own work of decades when you think that Moderna refers in documents to its mRNA 'vaccine' as an 'operating system':

Recognizing the broad potential of mRNA science, we set out to create an mRNA technology platform that functions very much like an operating system on a computer. It is designed so that it can plug and play interchangeably with different programs. In our case, the 'program' or 'app' is our mRNA drug – the unique mRNA sequence that codes for a protein …

… Our MRNA Medicines – 'The 'Software Of Life': When we have a concept for a new mRNA medicine and begin research, fundamental components are already in place. Generally, the only thing that changes from one potential mRNA medicine to another is the coding region – the actual genetic code that instructs ribosomes to make protein. Utilizing these instruction sets gives our investigational mRNA medicines a software-like quality. We also have the ability to combine different mRNA sequences encoding for different proteins in a single mRNA investigational medicine.

Who needs a real 'virus' when you can create a computer version to justify infusing your operating system into the entire human race on the road to making living, breathing people into cyborgs? What is missed with the 'vaccines' is the *digital* connection between synthetic material and the body that I highlighted earlier with the study that hacked a computer with human DNA. On one level the body is digital, based on mathematical codes, and I'll have more about that in the next chapter. Those who ridiculously claim that mRNA 'vaccines' are not designed to change human genetics should explain the words of Dr Tal Zaks, chief medical officer at Moderna, in a 2017 TED talk. He said that over the last 30 years 'we've been living this phenomenal digital scientific revolution, and I'm here today to tell you, that we are actually *hacking the software of life*, and that it's changing the way we think about prevention and treatment of disease':

In every cell there's this thing called messenger RNA, or mRNA for short, that transmits the critical information from the DNA in our genes to the protein, which is really the stuff we're all made out of. This is the critical information that determines what the cell will do. So we think about it as an operating system. So if you could change that, if you could introduce a line of code, or change a line of code, it turns out, that has profound implications for everything, from the flu to cancer.

Zaks should more accurately have said that this has profound implications for the human genetic code and the nature of DNA. Communications within the body go both ways and not only one. But, hey, no, the 'Covid vaccine' will not affect your genetics. Cult fact-checkers say so even though the man who helped to develop the mRNA technique says that it does. Zaks said in 2017:

If you think about what it is we're trying to do. We've taken information and our understanding of that information and how that information is transmitted in a cell, and we've taken our understanding of medicine and how to make drugs, and we're fusing the two. We think of it as information therapy.

I have been writing for decades that the body is an information field communicating with itself and the wider world. This is why

radiation which is information can change the information field of body and mind through phenomena like 5G and change their nature and function. 'Information therapy' means to change the body's information field and change the way it operates. DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and can be mutated by information like mRNA synthetic messaging. Technology to do this has been ready and waiting in the underground bases and other secret projects to be rolled out when the 'Covid' hoax was played. 'Trials' of such short and irrelevant duration were only for public consumption. When they say the 'vaccine' is 'experimental' that is not true. It may appear to be 'experimental' to those who don't know what's going on, but the trials have already been done to ensure the Cult gets the result it desires. Zaks said that it took decades to sequence the human genome, completed in 2003, but now they could do it in a week. By 'they' he means scientists operating in the public domain. In the secret projects they were sequencing the genome in a week long before even 2003.

Deluge of mRNA

Highly significantly the Moderna document says the guiding premise is that if using mRNA as a medicine works for one disease then it should work for many diseases. They were leveraging the flexibility afforded by their platform and the fundamental role mRNA plays in protein synthesis to pursue mRNA medicines for a broad spectrum of diseases. Moderna is confirming what I was saying through 2020 that multiple 'vaccines' were planned for 'Covid' (and later invented 'variants') and that previous vaccines would be converted to the mRNA system to infuse the body with massive amounts of genetically-manipulating synthetic material to secure a transformation to a synthetic-biological state. The 'vaccines' are designed to kill stunning numbers as part of the long-exposed Cult depopulation agenda and transform the rest. Given this is the goal you can appreciate why there is such hysterical demand for every human to be 'vaccinated' for an alleged 'disease' that has an estimated 'infection' to 'death' ratio of 0.23-0.15 percent. As I write

children are being given the 'vaccine' in trials (their parents are a disgrace) and ever-younger people are being offered the vaccine for a 'virus' that even if you believe it exists has virtually zero chance of harming them. Horrific effects of the 'trials' on a 12-year-old girl were revealed by a family member to be serious brain and gastric problems that included a bowel obstruction and the inability to swallow liquids or solids. She was unable to eat or drink without throwing up, had extreme pain in her back, neck and abdomen, and was paralysed from the waist down which stopped her urinating unaided. When the girl was first taken to hospital doctors said it was all in her mind. She was signed up for the 'trial' by her parents for whom no words suffice. None of this 'Covid vaccine' insanity makes any sense unless you see what the 'vaccine' really is – a body-changer. Synthetic biology or 'SynBio' is a fast-emerging and expanding scientific discipline which includes everything from genetic and molecular engineering to electrical and computer engineering. Synthetic biology is defined in these ways:

- A multidisciplinary area of research that seeks to create new biological parts, devices, and systems, or to redesign systems that are already found in nature.

- The use of a mixture of physical engineering and genetic engineering to create new (and therefore synthetic) life forms.

- An emerging field of research that aims to combine the knowledge and methods of biology, engineering and related disciplines in the design of chemically-synthesized DNA to create organisms with novel or enhanced characteristics and traits (synthetic organisms including humans).

We now have synthetic blood, skin, organs and limbs being developed along with synthetic body parts produced by 3D printers. These are all elements of the synthetic human programme and this comment by Kurzweil's co-founder of the Singularity University,

Peter Diamandis, can be seen in a whole new light with the 'Covid' hoax and the sanctions against those that refuse the 'vaccine':

Anybody who is going to be resisting the progress forward [to transhumanism] is going to be resisting evolution and, fundamentally, they will die out. It's not a matter of whether it's good or bad. It's going to happen.

'Resisting evolution'? What absolute bollocks. The arrogance of these people is without limit. His 'it's going to happen' mantra is another way of saying 'resistance is futile' to break the spirit of those pushing back and we must not fall for it. Getting this genetically-transforming 'vaccine' into everyone is crucial to the Cult plan for total control and the desperation to achieve that is clear for anyone to see. Vaccine passports are a major factor in this and they, too, are a form of resistance is futile. It's NOT. The paper funded by the Rockefeller Foundation for the 2013 'health conference' in China said:

We will interact more with artificial intelligence. The use of robotics, bio-engineering to augment human functioning is already well underway and will advance. Re-engineering of humans into potentially separate and unequal forms through genetic engineering or mixed human-robots raises debates on ethics and equality.

A new demography is projected to emerge after 2030 [that year again] of technologies (robotics, genetic engineering, nanotechnology) producing robots, engineered organisms, 'nanobots' and artificial intelligence (AI) that can self-replicate. Debates will grow on the implications of an impending reality of human designed life.

What is happening today is so long planned. The world army enforcing the will of the world government is intended to be a robot army, not a human one. Today's military and its technologically 'enhanced' troops, pilotless planes and driverless vehicles are just stepping stones to that end. Human soldiers are used as Cult fodder and its time they woke up to that and worked for the freedom of the population instead of their own destruction and their family's destruction – the same with the police. Join us and let's sort this out. The phenomenon of enforce my own destruction is widespread in the 'Covid' era with Woker 'luvvies' in the acting and entertainment

industries supporting 'Covid' rules which have destroyed their profession and the same with those among the public who put signs on the doors of their businesses 'closed due to Covid – stay safe' when many will never reopen. It's a form of masochism and most certainly insanity.

Transgender = transhumanism

When something explodes out of nowhere and is suddenly everywhere it is always the Cult agenda and so it is with the tidal wave of claims and demands that have infiltrated every aspect of society under the heading of 'transgenderism'. The term 'trans' is so 'in' and this is the dictionary definition:

> A prefix meaning 'across', 'through', occurring … in loanwords from Latin, used in particular for denoting movement or conveyance from place to place (transfer; transmit; transplant) or complete change (transform; transmute), or to form adjectives meaning 'crossing', 'on the other side of', or 'going beyond' the place named (transmontane; transnational; trans-Siberian).

Transgender means to go beyond gender and transhuman means to go beyond human. Both are aspects of the Cult plan to transform the human body to a synthetic state with *no gender*. Human 2.0 is not designed to procreate and would be produced technologically with no need for parents. The new human would mean the end of parents and so men, and increasingly women, are being targeted for the deletion of their rights and status. Parental rights are disappearing at an ever-quickening speed for the same reason. The new human would have no need for men or women when there is no procreation and no gender. Perhaps the transgender movement that appears to be in a permanent state of frenzy might now contemplate on how it is being used. This was never about transgender rights which are only the interim excuse for confusing gender, particularly in the young, on the road to *fusing* gender. Transgender activism is not an end; it is a *means* to an end. We see again the technique of creative destruction in which you destroy the status quo to 'build back better' in the form that you want. The gender status quo had to be

destroyed by persuading the Cult-created Woke mentality to believe that you can have 100 genders or more. A programme for 9 to 12 year olds produced by the Cult-owned BBC promoted the 100 genders narrative. The very idea may be the most monumental nonsense, but it is not what is true that counts, only what you can make people *believe* is true. Once the gender of 2 + 2 = 4 has been dismantled through indoctrination, intimidation and 2 + 2 = 5 then the new no-gender normal can take its place with Human 2.0. Aldous Huxley revealed the plan in his prophetic *Brave New World* in 1932:

> Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

How could Huxley know this in 1932? For the same reason George Orwell knew about the Big Brother state in 1948, Cult insiders I have quoted knew about it in 1969, and I have known about it since the early 1990s. If you are connected to the Cult or you work your balls off to uncover the plan you can predict the future. The process is simple. If there is a plan for the world and nothing intervenes to stop it then it will happen. Thus if you communicate the plan ahead of time you are perceived to have predicted the future, but you haven't. You have revealed the plan which without intervention will become the human future. The whole reason I have done what I have is to alert enough people to inspire an intervention and maybe at last that time has come with the Cult and its intentions now so obvious to anyone with a brain in working order.

The future is here

Technological wombs that Huxley described to replace parent procreation are already being developed and they are only the projects we know about in the public arena. Israeli scientists told *The Times of Israel* in March, 2021, that they have grown 250-cell embryos

into mouse foetuses with fully formed organs using artificial wombs in a development they say could pave the way for gestating humans outside the womb. Professor Jacob Hanna of the Weizmann Institute of Science said:

> We took mouse embryos from the mother at day five of development, when they are just of 250 cells, and had them in the incubator from day five until day 11, by which point they had grown all their organs.
>
> By day 11 they make their own blood and have a beating heart, a fully developed brain. Anybody would look at them and say, 'this is clearly a mouse foetus with all the characteristics of a mouse.' It's gone from being a ball of cells to being an advanced foetus.

A special liquid is used to nourish embryo cells in a laboratory dish and they float on the liquid to duplicate the first stage of embryonic development. The incubator creates all the right conditions for its development, Hanna said. The liquid gives the embryo 'all the nutrients, hormones and sugars they need' along with a custom-made electronic incubator which controls gas concentration, pressure and temperature. The cutting-edge in the underground bases and other secret locations will be light years ahead of that, however, and this was reported by the London *Guardian* in 2017:

> We are approaching a biotechnological breakthrough. Ectogenesis, the invention of a complete external womb, could completely change the nature of human reproduction. In April this year, researchers at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia announced their development of an artificial womb.

The article was headed 'Artificial wombs could soon be a reality. What will this mean for women?' What would it mean for children is an even bigger question. No mother to bond with only a machine in preparation for a life of soulless interaction and control in a world governed by machines (see the *Matrix* movies). Now observe the calculated manipulations of the 'Covid' hoax as human interaction and warmth has been curtailed by distancing, isolation and fear with people communicating via machines on a scale never seen before.

These are all dots in the same picture as are all the personal assistants, gadgets and children's toys through which kids and adults communicate with AI as if it is human. The AI 'voice' on Sat-Nav should be included. All these things are psychological preparation for the Cult endgame. Before you can make a physical connection with AI you have to make a psychological connection and that is what people are being conditioned to do with this ever gathering human-AI interaction. Movies and TV programmes depicting the transhuman, robot dystopia relate to a phenomenon known as 'pre-emptive programming' in which the world that is planned is portrayed everywhere in movies, TV and advertising. This is conditioning the conscious and subconscious mind to become familiar with the planned reality to dilute resistance when it happens for real. What would have been a shock such is the change is made less so. We have young children put on the road to transgender transition surgery with puberty blocking drugs at an age when they could never be able to make those life-changing decisions.

Rachel Levine, a professor of paediatrics and psychiatry who believes in treating children this way, became America's highest-ranked openly-transgender official when she was confirmed as US Assistant Secretary at the Department of Health and Human Services after being nominated by Joe Biden (the Cult). Activists and governments press for laws to deny parents a say in their children's transition process so the kids can be isolated and manipulated into agreeing to irreversible medical procedures. A Canadian father Robert Hoogland was denied bail by the Vancouver Supreme Court in 2021 and remained in jail for breaching a court order that he stay silent over his young teenage daughter, a minor, who was being offered life-changing hormone therapy without parental consent. At the age of 12 the girl's 'school counsellor' said she may be transgender, referred her to a doctor and told the school to treat her like a boy. This is another example of state-serving schools imposing ever more control over children's lives while parents have ever less.

Contemptible and extreme child abuse is happening all over the world as the Cult gender-fusion operation goes into warp-speed.

Why the war on men – and now women?

The question about what artificial wombs mean for women should rightly be asked. The answer can be seen in the deletion of women's rights involving sport, changing rooms, toilets and status in favour of people in male bodies claiming to identify as women. I can identify as a mountain climber, but it doesn't mean I can climb a mountain any more than a biological man can be a biological woman. To believe so is a triumph of belief over factual reality which is the very perceptual basis of everything Woke. Women's sport is being destroyed by allowing those with male bodies who say they identify as female to 'compete' with girls and women. Male body 'women' dominate 'women's' competition with their greater muscle mass, bone density, strength and speed. With that disadvantage sport for women loses all meaning. To put this in perspective nearly 300 American high school boys can run faster than the quickest woman sprinter in the world. Women are seeing their previously protected spaces invaded by male bodies simply because they claim to identify as women. That's all they need to do to access all women's spaces and activities under the Biden 'Equality Act' that destroys equality for women with the usual Orwellian Woke inversion. Male sex offenders have already committed rapes in women's prisons after claiming to identify as women to get them transferred. Does this not matter to the Woke 'equality' hypocrites? Not in the least. What matters to Cult manipulators and funders behind transgender activists is to advance gender fusion on the way to the no-gender 'human'. When you are seeking to impose transparent nonsense like this, or the 'Covid' hoax, the only way the nonsense can prevail is through censorship and intimidation of dissenters, deletion of factual information, and programming of the unquestioning, bewildered and naive. You don't have to scan the world for long to see that all these things are happening.

Many women's rights organisations have realised that rights and status which took such a long time to secure are being eroded and that it is systematic. Kara Dansky of the global Women's Human Rights Campaign said that Biden's transgender executive order immediately he took office, subsequent orders, and Equality Act legislation that followed 'seek to erase women and girls in the law as a category'. *Exactly*. I said during the long ago-started war on men (in which many women play a crucial part) that this was going to turn into a war on them. The Cult is phasing out *both* male and female genders. To get away with that they are brought into conflict so they are busy fighting each other while the Cult completes the job with no unity of response. Unity, people, *unity*. We need unity everywhere. Transgender is the only show in town as the big step towards the no-gender human. It's not about rights for transgender people and never has been. Woke political correctness is deleting words relating to genders to the same end. Wokers believe this is to be 'inclusive' when the opposite is true. They are deleting words describing gender because gender *itself* is being deleted by Human 2.0. Terms like 'man', 'woman', 'mother' and 'father' are being deleted in the universities and other institutions to be replaced by the *no*-gender, not trans-gender, 'individuals' and 'guardians'. Women's rights campaigner Maria Keffler of Partners for Ethical Care said: 'Children are being taught from kindergarten upward that some boys have a vagina, some girls have a penis, and that kids can be any gender they want to be.' Do we really believe that suddenly countries all over the world at the same time had the idea of having drag queens go into schools or read transgender stories to very young children in the local library? It's coldly-calculated confusion of gender on the way to the fusion of gender. Suzanne Vierling, a psychologist from Southern California, made another important point:

> Yesterday's slave woman who endured gynecological medical experiments is today's girl-child being butchered in a booming gender-transitioning sector. Ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause and osteoporosis, uncharted territory, and parents' rights and authority decimated.

The erosion of parental rights is a common theme in line with the Cult plans to erase the very concept of parents and 'ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause' means what? Those born female lose the ability to have children – another way to discontinue humanity as we know it.

Eliminating Human 1.0 (before our very eyes)

To pave the way for Human 2.0 you must phase out Human 1.0. This is happening through plummeting sperm counts and making women infertile through an onslaught of chemicals, radiation (including smartphones in pockets of men) and mRNA 'vaccines'. Common agriculture pesticides are also having a devastating impact on human fertility. I have been tracking collapsing sperm counts in the books for a long time and in 2021 came a book by fertility scientist and reproductive epidemiologist Shanna Swan, *Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race*. She reports how the global fertility rate dropped by *half* between 1960 and 2016 with America's birth rate 16 percent below where it needs to be to sustain the population. Women are experiencing declining egg quality, more miscarriages, and more couples suffer from infertility. Other findings were an increase in erectile dysfunction, infant boys developing more genital abnormalities, male problems with conception, and plunging levels of the male hormone testosterone which would explain why so many men have lost their backbone and masculinity. This has been very evident during the 'Covid' hoax when women have been prominent among the Pushbackers and big strapping blokes have bowed their heads, covered their faces with a nappy and quietly submitted. Mind control expert Cathy O'Brien also points to how global education introduced the concept of 'we're all winners' in sport and classrooms: 'Competition was defused, and it in turn defused a sense of fighting back.' This is another version of the 'equity' doctrine in which you drive down rather than raise up. What a contrast in Cult-controlled China with its global ambitions

where the government published plans in January, 2021, to 'cultivate masculinity' in boys from kindergarten through to high school in the face of a 'masculinity crisis'. A government adviser said boys would be soon become 'delicate, timid and effeminate' unless action was taken. Don't expect any similar policy in the targeted West. A 2006 study showed that a 65-year-old man in 2002 had testosterone levels *15 percent* lower than a 65-year-old man in 1987 while a 2020 study found a similar story with young adults and adolescents. Men are getting prescriptions for testosterone replacement therapy which causes an even greater drop in sperm count with up to 99 percent seeing sperm counts drop to zero during the treatment. More sperm is defective and malfunctioning with some having two heads or not pursuing an egg.

A class of *synthetic* chemicals known as phthalates are being blamed for the decline. These are found everywhere in plastics, shampoos, cosmetics, furniture, flame retardants, personal care products, pesticides, canned foods and even receipts. Why till receipts? Everyone touches them. Let no one delude themselves that all this is not systematic to advance the long-time agenda for human body transformation. Phthalates mimic hormones and disrupt the hormone balance causing testosterone to fall and genital birth defects in male infants. Animals and fish have been affected in the same way due to phthalates and other toxins in rivers. When fish turn gay or change sex through chemicals in rivers and streams it is a pointer to why there has been such an increase in gay people and the sexually confused. It doesn't matter to me what sexuality people choose to be, but if it's being affected by chemical pollution and consumption then we need to know. Does anyone really think that this is not connected to the transgender agenda, the war on men and the condemnation of male 'toxic masculinity'? You watch this being followed by 'toxic femininity'. It's already happening. When breastfeeding becomes 'chest-feeding', pregnant women become pregnant people along with all the other Woke claptrap you know that the world is going insane and there's a Cult scam in progress. Transgender activists are promoting the Cult agenda while Cult

billionaires support and fund the insanity as they laugh themselves to sleep at the sheer stupidity for which humans must be infamous in galaxies far, far away.

'Covid vaccines' and female infertility

We can now see why the 'vaccine' has been connected to potential infertility in women. Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Advisor at Pfizer, and Dr Wolfgang Wodarg in Germany, filed a petition with the European Medicines Agency in December, 2020, urging them to stop trials for the Pfizer/BioNTech shot and all other mRNA trials until further studies had been done. They were particularly concerned about possible effects on fertility with 'vaccine'-produced antibodies attacking the protein Syncytin-1 which is responsible for developing the placenta. The result would be infertility 'of indefinite duration' in women who have the 'vaccine' with the placenta failing to form. Section 10.4.2 of the Pfizer/BioNTech trial protocol says that pregnant women or those who might become so should not have mRNA shots. Section 10.4 warns men taking mRNA shots to 'be abstinent from heterosexual intercourse' and not to donate sperm. The UK government said that it *did not know* if the mRNA procedure had an effect on fertility. *Did not know?* These people have to go to jail. UK government advice did not recommend at the start that pregnant women had the shot and said they should avoid pregnancy for at least two months after 'vaccination'. The 'advice' was later updated to pregnant women should only have the 'vaccine' if the benefits outweighed the risks to mother and foetus. What the hell is that supposed to mean? Then 'spontaneous abortions' began to appear and rapidly increase on the adverse reaction reporting schemes which include only a fraction of adverse reactions. Thousands and ever-growing numbers of 'vaccinated' women are describing changes to their menstrual cycle with heavier blood flow, irregular periods and menstruating again after going through the menopause – all links to reproduction effects. Women are passing blood clots and the lining of their uterus while men report erectile dysfunction and blood effects. Most

significantly of all *un*vaccinated women began to report similar menstrual changes after interaction with *'vaccinated'* people and men and children were also affected with bleeding noses, blood clots and other conditions. 'Shedding' is when vaccinated people can emit the content of a vaccine to affect the unvaccinated, but this is different. 'Vaccinated' people were not shedding a 'live virus' allegedly in 'vaccines' as before because the fake 'Covid vaccines' involve synthetic material and other toxicity. Doctors exposing what is happening prefer the term 'transmission' to shedding. Somehow those that have had the shots are transmitting effects to those that haven't. Dr Carrie Madej said the nano-content of the 'vaccines' can 'act like an antenna' to others around them which fits perfectly with my own conclusions. This 'vaccine' transmission phenomenon was becoming known as the book went into production and I deal with this further in the Postscript.

Vaccine effects on sterility are well known. The World Health Organization was accused in 2014 of sterilising millions of women in Kenya with the evidence confirmed by the content of the vaccines involved. The same WHO behind the 'Covid' hoax admitted its involvement for more than ten years with the vaccine programme. Other countries made similar claims. Charges were lodged by Tanzania, Nicaragua, Mexico, and the Philippines. The Gardasil vaccine claimed to protect against a genital 'virus' known as HPV has also been linked to infertility. Big Pharma and the WHO (same thing) are criminal and satanic entities. Then there's the Bill Gates Foundation which is connected through funding and shared interests with 20 pharmaceutical giants and laboratories. He stands accused of directing the policy of United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), vaccine alliance GAVI, and other groupings, to advance the vaccine agenda and silence opposition at great cost to women and children. At the same time Gates wants to reduce the global population. Coincidence?

Great Reset = Smart Grid = new human

The Cult agenda I have been exposing for 30 years is now being openly promoted by Cult assets like Gates and Klaus Schwab of the World Economic Forum under code-terms like the 'Great Reset', 'Build Back Better' and 'a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world'. What provided this 'rare but narrow window of opportunity'? The 'Covid' hoax did. Who created that? *They* did. My books from not that long ago warned about the planned 'Internet of Things' (IoT) and its implications for human freedom. This was the plan to connect all technology to the Internet and artificial intelligence and today we are way down that road with an estimated 36 billion devices connected to the World Wide Web and that figure is projected to be 76 billion by 2025. I further warned that the Cult planned to go beyond that to the Internet of *Everything* when the human brain was connected via AI to the Internet and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. Now we have Cult operatives like Schwab calling for precisely that under the term 'Internet of Bodies', a fusion of the physical, digital and biological into one centrally-controlled Smart Grid system which the Cult refers to as the 'Fourth Industrial Revolution'. They talk about the 'biological', but they really mean the synthetic-biological which is required to fully integrate the human body and brain into the Smart Grid and artificial intelligence planned to replace the human mind. We have everything being synthetically manipulated including the natural world through GMO and smart dust, the food we eat and the human body itself with synthetic 'vaccines'. I said in *The Answer* that we would see the Cult push for synthetic meat to replace animals and in February, 2021, the so predictable psychopath Bill Gates called for the introduction of synthetic meat to save us all from 'climate change'. The climate hoax just keeps on giving like the 'Covid' hoax. The war on meat by vegan activists is a carbon (oops, sorry) copy of the manipulation of transgender activists. They have no idea (except their inner core) that they are being used to promote and impose the agenda of the Cult or that they are only the *vehicle* and not the *reason*. This is not to say those who choose not to eat meat shouldn't be respected and supported in that right, but there are ulterior motives

for those in power. A *Forbes* article in December, 2019, highlighted the plan so beloved of Schwab and the Cult under the heading: 'What Is The Internet of Bodies? And How Is It Changing Our World?' The article said the human body is the latest data platform (remember 'our vaccine is an operating system'). *Forbes* described the plan very accurately and the words could have come straight out of my books from long before:

> The Internet of Bodies (IoB) is an extension of the IoT and basically connects the human body to a network through devices that are ingested, implanted, or connected to the body in some way. Once connected, data can be exchanged, and the body and device can be remotely monitored and controlled.

They were really describing a human hive mind with human perception centrally-dictated via an AI connection as well as allowing people to be 'remotely monitored and controlled'. Everything from a fridge to a human mind could be directed from a central point by these insane psychopaths and 'Covid vaccines' are crucial to this. Forbes explained the process I mentioned earlier of holdable and wearable technology followed by implantable. The article said there were three generations of the Internet of Bodies that include:

- Body external: These are wearable devices such as Apple Watches or Fitbits that can monitor our health.

- Body internal: These include pacemakers, cochlear implants, and digital pills that go inside our bodies to monitor or control various aspects of health.

- Body embedded: The third generation of the Internet of Bodies is embedded technology where technology and the human body are melded together and have a real-time connection to a remote machine.

Forbes noted the development of the Brain Computer Interface (BCI) which merges the brain with an external device for monitoring and controlling in real-time. 'The ultimate goal is to help restore function to individuals with disabilities by using brain signals rather than conventional neuromuscular pathways.' Oh, do fuck off. The goal of brain interface technology is controlling human thought and emotion from the central point in a hive mind serving its masters wishes. Many people are now agreeing to be chipped to open doors without a key. You can recognise them because they'll be wearing a mask, social distancing and lining up for the 'vaccine'. The Cult plans a Great Reset money system after they have completed the demolition of the global economy in which 'money' will be exchanged through communication with body operating systems. Rand Corporation, a Cult-owned think tank, said of the Internet of Bodies or IoB:

> Internet of Bodies technologies fall under the broader IoT umbrella. But as the name suggests, IoB devices introduce an even more intimate interplay between humans and gadgets. IoB devices monitor the human body, collect health metrics and other personal information, and transmit those data over the Internet. Many devices, such as fitness trackers, are already in use … IoB devices … and those in development can track, record, and store users' whereabouts, bodily functions, and what they see, hear, and even think.

Schwab's World Economic Forum, a long-winded way of saying 'fascism' or 'the Cult', has gone full-on with the Internet of Bodies in the 'Covid' era. 'We're entering the era of the Internet of Bodies', it declared, 'collecting our physical data via a range of devices that can be implanted, swallowed or worn'. The result would be a huge amount of health-related data that could improve human wellbeing around the world, and prove crucial in fighting the 'Covid-19 pandemic'. Does anyone think these clowns care about 'human wellbeing' after the death and devastation their pandemic hoax has purposely caused? Schwab and co say we should move forward with the Internet of Bodies because 'Keeping track of symptoms could help us stop the spread of infection, and quickly detect new cases'. How wonderful, but keeping track' is all they are really bothered

about. Researchers were investigating if data gathered from smartwatches and similar devices could be used as viral infection alerts by tracking the user's heart rate and breathing. Schwab said in his 2018 book *Shaping the Future of the Fourth Industrial Revolution*:

> The lines between technologies and beings are becoming blurred and not just by the ability to create lifelike robots or synthetics. Instead it is about the ability of new technologies to literally become part of us. Technologies already influence how we understand ourselves, how we think about each other, and how we determine our realities. As the technologies … give us deeper access to parts of ourselves, we may begin to integrate digital technologies into our bodies.

You can see what the game is. Twenty-four hour control and people – if you could still call them that – would never know when something would go ping and take them out of circulation. It's the most obvious rush to a global fascist dictatorship and the complete submission of humanity and yet still so many are locked away in their Cult-induced perceptual coma and can't see it.

Smart Grid control centres

The human body is being transformed by the 'vaccines' and in other ways into a synthetic cyborg that can be attached to the global Smart Grid which would be controlled from a central point and other sub-locations of Grid manipulation. Where are these planned to be? Well, China for a start which is one of the Cult's biggest centres of operation. The technological control system and technocratic rule was incubated here to be unleashed across the world after the 'Covid' hoax came out of China in 2020. Another Smart Grid location that will surprise people new to this is Israel. I have exposed in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian technocrats, intelligence and military operatives were behind the horrors of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who somehow manifested the ability to pilot big passenger airliners when instructors at puddle-jumping flying schools described some of them as a joke. The 9/11 attacks were made possible through control of civilian and military air computer systems and those of the White House, Pentagon and connected agencies. See *The Trigger* – it

will blow your mind. The controlling and coordinating force were the Sabbatian networks in Israel and the United States which by then had infiltrated the entire US government, military and intelligence system. The real name of the American Deep State is 'Sabbatian State'. Israel is a tiny country of only nine million people, but it is one of the global centres of cyber operations and fast catching Silicon Valley in importance to the Cult. Israel is known as the 'start-up nation' for all the cyber companies spawned there with the Sabbatian specialisation of 'cyber security' that I mentioned earlier which gives those companies access to computer systems of their clients in real time through 'backdoors' written into the coding when security software is downloaded. The Sabbatian centre of cyber operations outside Silicon Valley is the Israeli military Cyber Intelligence Unit, the biggest infrastructure project in Israel's history, headquartered in the desert-city of Beersheba and involving some 20,000 'cyber soldiers'. Here are located a literal army of Internet trolls scanning social media, forums and comment lists for anyone challenging the Cult agenda. The UK military has something similar with its 77th Brigade and associated operations. The Beersheba complex includes research and development centres for other Cult operations such as Intel, Microsoft, IBM, Google, Apple, Hewlett-Packard, Cisco Systems, Facebook and Motorola. Techcrunch.com ran an article about the Beersheba global Internet technology centre headlined 'Israel's desert city of Beersheba is turning into a cybertech oasis':

> The military's massive relocation of its prestigious technology units, the presence of multinational and local companies, a close proximity to Ben Gurion University and generous government subsidies are turning Beersheba into a major global cybertech hub. Beersheba has all of the ingredients of a vibrant security technology ecosystem, including Ben Gurion University with its graduate program in cybersecurity and Cyber Security Research Center, and the presence of companies such as EMC, Deutsche Telekom, PayPal, Oracle, IBM, and Lockheed Martin. It's also the future home of the INCB (Israeli National Cyber Bureau); offers a special income tax incentive for cyber security companies, and was the site for the relocation of the army's intelligence corps units.

Sabbatians have taken over the cyber world through the following process: They scan the schools for likely cyber talent and develop them at Ben Gurion University and their period of conscription in the Israeli Defense Forces when they are stationed at the Beersheba complex. When the cyber talented officially leave the army they are funded to start cyber companies with technology developed by themselves or given to them by the state. Much of this is stolen through backdoors of computer systems around the world with America top of the list. Others are sent off to Silicon Valley to start companies or join the major ones and so we have many major positions filled by apparently 'Jewish' but really Sabbatian operatives. Google, YouTube and Facebook are all run by 'Jewish' CEOs while Twitter is all but run by ultra-Zionist hedge-fund shark Paul Singer. At the centre of the Sabbatian global cyber web is the Israeli army's Unit 8200 which specialises in hacking into computer systems of other countries, inserting viruses, gathering information, instigating malfunction, and even taking control of them from a distance. A long list of Sabbatians involved with 9/11, Silicon Valley and Israeli cyber security companies are operatives of Unit 8200. This is not about Israel. It's about the Cult. Israel is planned to be a Smart Grid hub as with China and what is happening at Beersheba is not for the benefit of Jewish people who are treated disgustingly by the Sabbatian elite that control the country. A glance at the Nuremberg Codes will tell you that.

The story is much bigger than 'Covid', important as that is to where we are being taken. Now, though, it's time to really strap in. There's more … much more …

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Who controls the Cult?

Awake, arise or be forever fall'n
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

I have exposed this far the level of the Cult conspiracy that operates in the world of the seen and within the global secret society and satanic network which operates in the shadows one step back from the seen. The story, however, goes much deeper than that.

The 'Covid' hoax is major part of the Cult agenda, but only part, and to grasp the biggest picture we have to expand our attention beyond the realm of human sight and into the infinity of possibility that we cannot see. It is from here, ultimately, that humanity is being manipulated into a state of total control by the force which dictates the actions of the Cult. How much of reality can we see? Next to damn all is the answer. We may appear to see all there is to see in the 'space' our eyes survey and observe, but little could be further from the truth. The human 'world' is only a tiny band of frequency that the body's visual and perceptual systems can decode into *perception* of a 'world'. According to mainstream science the electromagnetic spectrum is 0.005 percent of what exists in the Universe (Fig 10). The maximum estimate I have seen is 0.5 percent and either way it's miniscule. I say it is far, far, smaller even than 0.005 percent when you compare reality we see with the totality of reality that we don't. Now get this if you are new to such information: Visible light, the only band of frequency that we can see, is a *fraction* of the 0.005

percent (Fig 11 overleaf). Take this further and realise that our universe is one of infinite universes and that universes are only a fragment of overall reality – *infinite* reality. Then compare that with the almost infinitesimal frequency band of visible light or human sight. You see that humans are as near blind as it is possible to be without actually being so. Artist and filmmaker, Sergio Toporek, said:

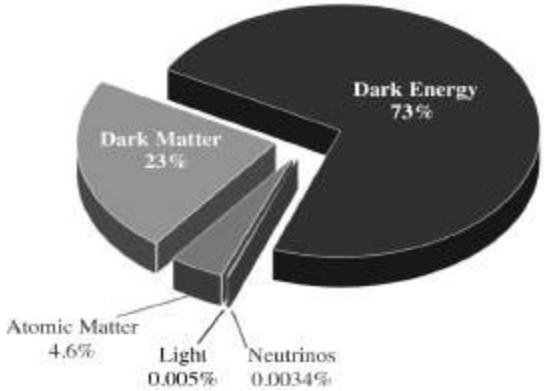

Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

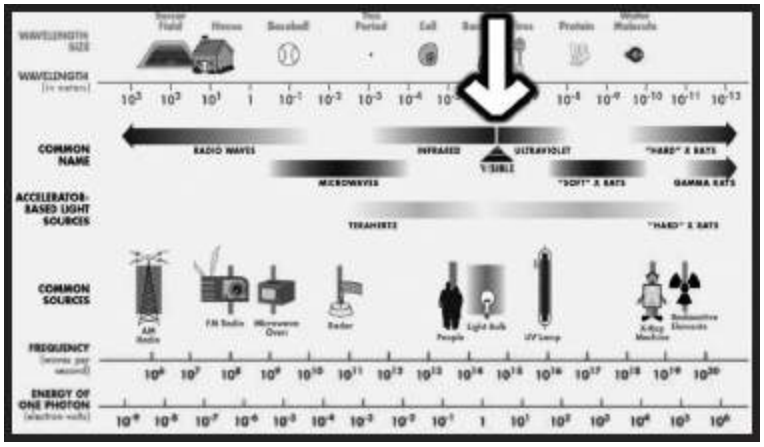

Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

Consider that you can see less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum and hear less than 1% of the acoustic spectrum. 90% of the cells in your body carry their own microbial DNA and are not 'you'. The atoms in your body are 99.9999999999999999% empty space and none of them are the ones you were born with ... Human beings have 46 chromosomes, two less than a potato.

The existence of the rainbow depends on the conical photoreceptors in your eyes; to animals without cones, the rainbow does not exist. So you don't just look at a rainbow, you create it. This is pretty amazing, especially considering that all the beautiful colours you see represent less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Suddenly the 'world' of humans looks a very different place. Take into account, too, that Planet Earth when compared with the projected size of this single universe is the equivalent of a billionth of a pinhead. Imagine the ratio that would be when compared to infinite reality. To think that Christianity once insisted that Earth and humanity were the centre of everything. This background is vital if we are going to appreciate the nature of 'human' and how we can be manipulated by an unseen force. To human visual reality virtually *everything* is unseen and yet the prevailing perception within the institutions and so much of the public is that if we can't see it, touch it, hear it, taste it and smell it then it cannot exist. Such perception is indoctrinated and encouraged by the Cult and its agents because it isolates believers in the strictly limited, village-idiot, realm of the five senses where perceptions can be firewalled and information controlled. Most of those perpetuating the 'this-world-is-all-there-is' insanity are themselves indoctrinated into believing the same delusion. While major players and influencers know that official reality is laughable most of those in science, academia and medicine really believe the nonsense they peddle and teach succeeding generations. Those who challenge the orthodoxy are dismissed as nutters and freaks to protect the manufactured illusion from exposure. Observe the dynamic of the 'Covid' hoax and you will see how that takes the same form. The inner-circle psychopaths knows it's a gigantic scam, but almost the entirety of those imposing their fascist rules believe that 'Covid' is all that they're told it is.

Stolen identity

Ask people who they are and they will give you their name, place of birth, location, job, family background and life story. Yet that is not who they are – it is what they are *experiencing*. The difference is *absolutely crucial*. The true 'I', the eternal, infinite 'I', is consciousness,

a state of being aware. Forget 'form'. That is a vehicle for a brief experience. Consciousness does not come *from* the brain, but *through* the brain and even that is more symbolic than literal. We are awareness, pure awareness, and this is what withdraws from the body at what we call 'death' to continue our eternal beingness, *isness*, in other realms of reality within the limitlessness of infinity or the Biblical 'many mansions in my father's house'. Labels of a human life, man, woman, transgender, black, white, brown, nationality, circumstances and income are not who we are. They are what we are – awareness – is *experiencing* in a brief connection with a band of frequency we call 'human'. The labels are not the self; they are, to use the title of one of my books, a *Phantom* Self. I am not David Icke born in Leicester, England, on April 29th, 1952. I am the consciousness *having that experience*. The Cult and its non-human masters seek to convince us through the institutions of 'education', science, medicine, media and government that what we are *experiencing* is who we *are*. It's so easy to control and direct perception locked away in the bewildered illusions of the five senses with no expanded radar. Try, by contrast, doing the same with a humanity aware of its true self and its true power to consciously create its reality and experience. How is it possible to do this? We do it all day every day. If you perceive yourself as 'little me' with no power to impact upon your life and the world then your life experience will reflect that. You will hand the power you don't think you have to authority in all its forms which will use it to control your experience. This, in turn, will appear to confirm your perception of 'little me' in a self-fulfilling feedback loop. But that is what 'little me' really is – a *perception*. We are all 'big-me', infinite me, and the Cult has to make us forget that if its will is to prevail. We are therefore manipulated and pressured into self-identifying with human labels and not the consciousness/awareness *experiencing* those human labels.

The phenomenon of identity politics is a Cult-instigated manipulation technique to sub-divide previous labels into even smaller ones. A United States university employs this list of letters to

describe student identity: LGBTTQQFAGPBDSM or lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, transsexual, queer, questioning, flexual, asexual, gender-fuck, polyamorous, bondage/discipline, dominance/submission and sadism/masochism. I'm sure other lists are even longer by now as people feel the need to self-identity the 'I' with the minutiae of race and sexual preference. Wokers programmed by the Cult for generations believe this is about 'inclusivity' when it's really the Cult locking them away into smaller and smaller versions of Phantom Self while firewalling them from the influence of their true self, the infinite, eternal 'I'. You may notice that my philosophy which contends that we are all unique points of attention/awareness within the same infinite whole or Oneness is the ultimate non-racism. The very sense of Oneness makes the judgement of people by their body-type, colour or sexuality utterly ridiculous and confirms that racism has no understanding of reality (including anti-white racism). Yet despite my perception of life Cult agents and fast-asleep Wokers label me racist to discredit my information while they are themselves phenomenally racist and sexist. All they see is race and sexuality and they judge people as good or bad, demons or untouchables, by their race and sexuality. All they see is *Phantom Self* and perceive themselves in terms of Phantom Self. They are pawns and puppets of the Cult agenda to focus attention and self-identity in the five senses and play those identities against each other to divide and rule. Columbia University has introduced segregated graduations in another version of social distancing designed to drive people apart and teach them that different racial and cultural groups have nothing in common with each other. The last thing the Cult wants is unity. Again the pump-primers of this will be Cult operatives in the knowledge of what they are doing, but the rest are just the Phantom Self blind leading the Phantom Self blind. We *do* have something in common – we are all *the same consciousness* having different temporary experiences.

What is this 'human'?

Yes, what *is* 'human'? That is what we are supposed to be, right? I mean 'human'? True, but 'human' is the experience not the 'I'. Break it down to basics and 'human' is the way that information is processed. If we are to experience and interact with this band of frequency we call the 'world' we must have a vehicle that operates within that band of frequency. Our consciousness in its prime form cannot do that; it is way beyond the frequency of the human realm. My consciousness or awareness could not tap these keys and pick up the cup in front of me in the same way that radio station A cannot interact with radio station B when they are on different frequencies. The human body is the means through which we have that interaction. I have long described the body as a biological computer which processes information in a way that allows consciousness to experience this reality. The body is a receiver, transmitter and processor of information in a particular way that we call human. We visually perceive only the world of the five senses in a wakened state – that is the limit of the body's visual decoding system. In truth it's not even visual in the way we experience 'visual reality' as I will come to in a moment. We are 'human' because the body processes the information sources of human into a reality and behaviour system that we *perceive* as human. Why does an elephant act like an elephant and not like a human or a duck? The elephant's biological computer is a different information field and processes information according to that program into a visual and behaviour type we call an elephant. The same applies to everything in our reality. These body information fields are perpetuated through procreation (like making a copy of a software program). The Cult wants to break that cycle and intervene technologically to transform the human information field into one that will change what we call humanity. If it can change the human information field it will change the way that field processes information and change humanity both 'physically' and psychologically. Hence the *messenger* (information) RNA 'vaccines' and so much more that is targeting human genetics by changing the body's information – *messaging* – construct through food, drink, radiation, toxicity and other means.

Reality that we experience is nothing like reality as it really is in the same way that the reality people experience in virtual reality games is not the reality they are really living in. The game is only a decoded source of information that appears to be a reality. Our world is also an information construct – a *simulation* (more later). In its base form our reality is a wavefield of information much the same in theme as Wi-Fi. The five senses decode wavefield information into electrical information which they communicate to the brain to decode into holographic (illusory 'physical') information. Different parts of the brain specialise in decoding different senses and the information is fused into a reality that appears to be outside of us but is really inside the brain and the genetic structure in general (Fig 12 overleaf). DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and a vital part of this decoding process and the body's connection to other realities. Change DNA and you change the way we decode and connect with reality – see 'Covid vaccines'. Think of computers decoding Wi-Fi. You have information encoded in a radiation field and the computer decodes that information into a very different form on the screen. You can't see the Wi-Fi until its information is made manifest on the screen and the information on the screen is inside the computer and not outside. I have just described how we decode the 'human world'. All five senses decode the waveform 'Wi-Fi' field into electrical signals and the brain (computer) constructs reality inside the brain and not outside – 'You don't just look at a rainbow, you create it'. Sound is a simple example. We don't hear sound until the brain decodes it. Waveform sound waves are picked up by the hearing sense and communicated to the brain in an electrical form to be decoded into the sounds that we hear. Everything we hear is inside the brain along with everything we see, feel, smell and taste. Words and language are waveform fields generated by our vocal chords which pass through this process until they are decoded by the brain into words that we hear. Different languages are different frequency fields or sound waves generated by vocal chords. Late British philosopher Alan Watts said:

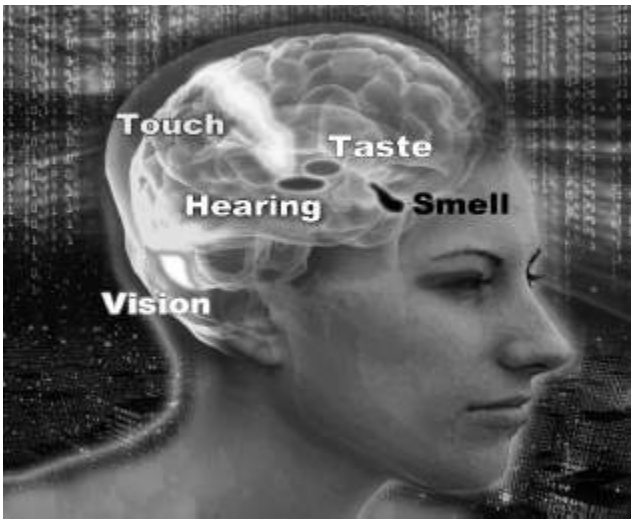

Figure 12: The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[Without the brain] the world is devoid of light, heat, weight, solidity, motion, space, time or any other imaginable feature. All these phenomena are interactions, or transactions, of vibrations with a certain arrangement of neurons.

That's exactly what they are and scientist Robert Lanza describes in his book, *Biocentrism*, how we decode electromagnetic waves and energy into visual and 'physical' experience. He uses the example of a flame emitting photons, electromagnetic energy, each pulsing electrically and magnetically:

… these … invisible electromagnetic waves strike a human retina, and if (and only if) the waves happen to measure between 400 and 700 nano meters in length from crest to crest, then their energy is just right to deliver a stimulus to the 8 million cone-shaped cells in the retina.

Each in turn send an electrical pulse to a neighbour neuron, and on up the line this goes, at 250 mph, until it reaches the … occipital lobe of the brain, in the back of the head. There, a cascading complex of neurons fire from the incoming stimuli, and we subjectively perceive this experience as a yellow brightness occurring in a place we have been conditioned to call the 'external world'.

You hear what you decode

If a tree falls or a building collapses they make no noise unless someone is there to decode the energetic waves generated by the disturbance into what we call sound. Does a falling tree make a noise? Only if you hear it – *decode* it. Everything in our reality is a frequency field of information operating within the overall 'Wi-Fi' field that I call The Field. A vibrational disturbance is generated in The Field by the fields of the falling tree or building. These disturbance waves are what we decode into the sound of them falling. If no one is there to do that then neither will make any noise. Reality is created by the observer – *decoder* – and the *perceptions* of the observer affect the decoding process. For this reason different people – different *perceptions* – will perceive the same reality or situation in a different way. What one may perceive as a nightmare another will see as an opportunity. The question of why the Cult is so focused on controlling human perception now answers itself. All experienced reality is the act of decoding and we don't experience Wi-Fi until it is decoded on the computer screen. The sight and sound of an Internet video is encoded in the Wi-Fi all around us, but we don't see or hear it until the computer decodes that information. Taste, smell and touch are all phenomena of the brain as a result of the same process. We don't taste, smell or feel anything except in the brain and there are pain relief techniques that seek to block the signal from the site of discomfort to the brain because if the brain doesn't decode that signal we don't feel pain. Pain is in the brain and only appears to be at the point of impact thanks to the feedback loop between them. We don't see anything until electrical information from the sight senses is decoded in an area at the back of the brain. If that area is damaged we can go blind when our eyes are perfectly okay. So why do we go blind if we damage an eye? We damage the information processing between the waveform visual information and the visual decoding area of the brain. If information doesn't reach the brain in a form it can decode then we can't see the visual reality that it represents. What's more the brain is decoding only a fraction of the information it receives and the rest is absorbed by the

sub-conscious mind. This explanation is from the science magazine, *Wonderpedia*:

> Every second, 11 million sensations crackle along these [brain] pathways ... The brain is confronted with an alarming array of images, sounds and smells which it rigorously filters down until it is left with a manageable list of around 40. Thus 40 sensations per second make up what we perceive as reality.

The 'world' is not what people are told to believe that is it and the inner circles of the Cult *know that*.

Illusory 'physical' reality

We can only see a smear of 0.005 percent of the Universe which is only one of a vast array of universes – 'mansions' – within infinite reality. Even then the brain decodes only 40 pieces of information ('sensations') from a potential *11 million* that we receive every second. Two points strike you from this immediately: The sheer breathtaking stupidity of believing we know anything so rigidly that there's nothing more to know; and the potential for these processes to be manipulated by a malevolent force to control the reality of the population. One thing I can say for sure with no risk of contradiction is that when you can perceive an almost indescribable fraction of infinite reality there is always more to know as in tidal waves of it. Ancient Greek philosopher Socrates was so right when he said that wisdom is to know how little we know. How obviously true that is when you think that we are experiencing a physical world of solidity that is neither physical nor solid and a world of apartness when everything is connected. Cult-controlled 'science' dismisses the so-called 'paranormal' and all phenomena related to that when the 'para'-normal is perfectly normal and explains the alleged 'great mysteries' which dumbfound scientific minds. There is a reason for this. A 'scientific mind' in terms of the mainstream is a material mind, a five-sense mind imprisoned in see it, touch it, hear it, smell it and taste it. Phenomena and happenings that can't be explained that way leave the 'scientific mind' bewildered and the rule is that if they

can't account for why something is happening then it can't, by definition, be happening. I beg to differ. Telepathy is thought waves passing through The Field (think wave disturbance again) to be decoded by someone able to connect with that wavelength (information). For example: You can pick up the thought waves of a friend at any distance and at the very least that will bring them to mind. A few minutes later the friend calls you. 'My god', you say, 'that's incredible – I was just thinking of you.' Ah, but *they* were thinking of *you* before they made the call and that's what you decoded. Native peoples not entrapped in five-sense reality do this so well it became known as the 'bush telegraph'. Those known as psychics and mediums (genuine ones) are doing the same only across dimensions of reality. 'Mind over matter' comes from the fact that matter and mind are the *same*. The state of one influences the state of the other. Indeed one *and* the other are illusions. They are aspects of the same field. Paranormal phenomena are all explainable so why are they still considered 'mysteries' or not happening? Once you go down this road of understanding you begin to expand awareness beyond the five senses and that's the nightmare for the Cult.

Figure 13: Holograms are not solid, but the best ones appear to be.

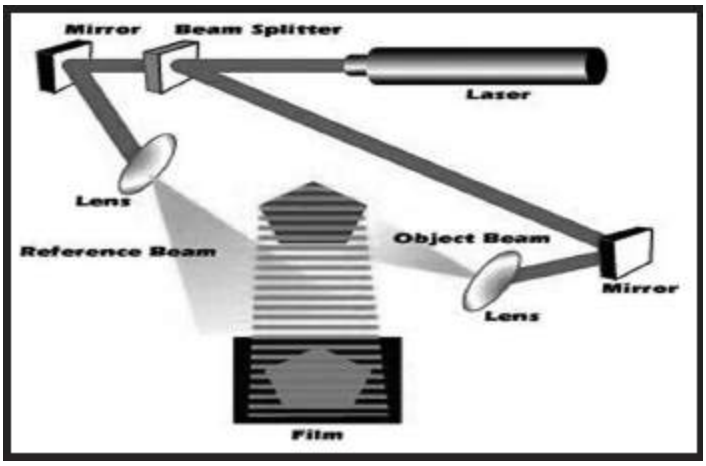

Figure 14: How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

Holographic 'solidity'

Our reality is not solid, it is holographic. We are now well aware of holograms which are widely used today. Two-dimensional information is decoded into a three-dimensional reality that is not solid although can very much appear to be (Fig 13). Holograms are created with a laser divided into two parts. One goes directly onto a holographic photographic print ('reference beam') and the other takes a waveform image of the subject ('working beam') before being directed onto the print where it 'collides' with the other half of the laser (Fig 14). This creates a *waveform* interference pattern which contains the wavefield information of whatever is being photographed (Fig 15 overleaf). The process can be likened to dropping pebbles in a pond. Waves generated by each one spread out across the water to collide with the others and create a wave representation of where the stones fell and at what speed, weight and distance. A waveform interference pattern of a hologram is akin to the waveform information in The Field which the five senses decode into electrical signals to be decoded by the brain into a holographic illusory 'physical' reality. In the same way when a laser (think human attention) is directed at the waveform interference pattern a three-dimensional version of the subject is projected into apparently 'solid' reality (Fig 16). An amazing trait of holograms reveals more 'paranormal mysteries'. Information of the *whole*

hologram is encoded in waveform in every part of the interference pattern by the way they are created. This means that every *part* of a hologram is a smaller version of the whole. Cut the interference wave-pattern into four and you won't get four parts of the image. You get quarter-sized versions of the *whole* image. The body is a hologram and the same applies. Here we have the basis of acupuncture, reflexology and other forms of healing which identify representations of the whole body in all of the parts, hands, feet, ears, everywhere. Skilled palm readers can do what they do because the information of whole body is encoded in the hand. The concept of as above, so below, comes from this.

Figure 15: A waveform interference pattern that holds the information that transforms into a hologram.

Figure 16: Holographic people including 'Elvis' holographically inserted to sing a duet with Celine Dion.

The question will be asked of why, if solidity is illusory, we can't just walk through walls and each other. The resistance is not solid against solid; it is electromagnetic field against electromagnetic field and we decode this into the *experience* of solid against solid. We should also not underestimate the power of belief to dictate reality. What you believe is impossible *will be*. Your belief impacts on your decoding processes and they won't decode what you think is impossible. What we believe we perceive and what we perceive we experience. 'Can't dos' and 'impossibles' are like a firewall in a computer system that won't put on the screen what the firewall blocks. How vital that is to understanding how human experience has been hijacked. I explain in *The Answer*, *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* and other books a long list of 'mysteries' and 'paranormal' phenomena that are not mysterious and perfectly normal once you realise what reality is and how it works. 'Ghosts' can be seen to pass through 'solid' walls because the walls are not solid and the ghost is a discarnate entity operating on a frequency so different to that of the wall that it's like two radio stations sharing the same space while never interfering with each other. I have seen ghosts do this myself. The apartness of people and objects is also an illusion. Everything is connected by the Field like all sea life is connected by the sea. It's just that within the limits of our visual reality we only 'see' holographic information and not the field of information that connects everything and from which the holographic world is made manifest. If you can only see holographic 'objects' and not the field that connects them they will appear to you as unconnected to each other in the same way that we see the computer while not seeing the Wi-Fi.

What you don't know *can* hurt you

Okay, we return to those 'two worlds' of human society and the Cult with its global network of interconnecting secret societies and satanic groups which manipulate through governments, corporations, media, religions, etc. The fundamental difference between them is *knowledge*. The idea has been to keep humanity

ignorant of the plan for its total enslavement underpinned by a crucial ignorance of reality – who we are and where we are – and how we interact with it. 'Human' should be the interaction between our expanded eternal consciousness and the five-sense body experience. We are meant to be *in* this world in terms of the five senses but not *of* this world in relation to our greater consciousness and perspective. In that state we experience the small picture of the five senses within the wider context of the big picture of awareness beyond the five senses. Put another way the five senses see the dots and expanded awareness connects them into pictures and patterns that give context to the apparently random and unconnected. Without the context of expanded awareness the five senses see only apartness and randomness with apparently no meaning. The Cult and its other-dimensional controllers seek to intervene in the frequency realm where five-sense reality is supposed to connect with expanded reality and to keep the two apart (more on this in the final chapter). When that happens five-sense mental and emotional processes are no longer influenced by expanded awareness, or the True 'I', and instead are driven by the isolated perceptions of the body's decoding systems. They are in the world *and* of it. Here we have the human plight and why humanity with its potential for infinite awareness can be so easily manipulatable and descend into such extremes of stupidity.

Once the Cult isolates five-sense mind from expanded awareness it can then program the mind with perceptions and beliefs by controlling information that the mind receives through the 'education' system of the formative years and the media perceptual bombardment and censorship of an entire lifetime. Limit perception and a sense of the possible through limiting knowledge by limiting and skewing information while censoring and discrediting that which could set people free. As the title of another of my books says *… And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. For this reason the last thing the Cult wants in circulation is the truth about anything – especially the reality of the eternal 'I' – and that's why it is desperate to control information. The Cult knows that information becomes perception

which becomes behaviour which, collectively, becomes human society. Cult-controlled and funded mainstream 'science' denies the existence of an eternal 'I' and seeks to dismiss and trash all evidence to the contrary. Cult-controlled mainstream religion has a version of 'God' that is little more than a system of control and dictatorship that employs threats of damnation in an afterlife to control perceptions and behaviour in the here and now through fear and guilt. Neither is true and it's the 'neither' that the Cult wishes to suppress. This 'neither' is that everything is an expression, a point of attention, within an infinite state of consciousness which is the real meaning of the term 'God'.

Perceptual obsession with the 'physical body' and five-senses means that 'God' becomes personified as a bearded bloke sitting among the clouds or a raging bully who loves us if we do what 'he' wants and condemns us to the fires of hell if we don't. These are no more than a 'spiritual' fairy tales to control and dictate events and behaviour through fear of this 'God' which has bizarrely made 'God-fearing' in religious circles a state to be desired. I would suggest that fearing *anything* is not to be encouraged and celebrated, but rather deleted. You can see why 'God fearing' is so beneficial to the Cult and its religions when *they* decide what 'God' wants and what 'God' demands (the Cult demands) that everyone do. As the great American comedian Bill Hicks said satirising a Christian zealot: 'I think what God meant to say.' How much of this infinite awareness ('God') that we access is decided by how far we choose to expand our perceptions, self-identity and sense of the possible. The scale of self-identity reflects itself in the scale of awareness that we can connect with and are influenced by – how much knowing and insight we have instead of programmed perception. You cannot expand your awareness into the infinity of possibility when you believe that you are little me Peter the postman or Mary in marketing and nothing more. I'll deal with this in the concluding chapter because it's crucial to how we turnaround current events.

Where the Cult came from

When I realised in the early 1990s there was a Cult network behind global events I asked the obvious question: When did it start? I took it back to ancient Rome and Egypt and on to Babylon and Sumer in Mesopotamia, the 'Land Between Two Rivers', in what we now call Iraq. The two rivers are the Tigris and Euphrates and this region is of immense historical and other importance to the Cult, as is the land called Israel only 550 miles away by air. There is much more going with deep esoteric meaning across this whole region. It's not only about 'wars for oil'. Priceless artefacts from Mesopotamia were stolen or destroyed after the American and British invasion of Iraq in 2003 justified by the lies of Boy Bush and Tony Blair (their Cult masters) about non-existent 'weapons of mass destruction'. Mesopotamia was the location of Sumer (about 5,400BC to 1,750BC), and Babylon (about 2,350BC to 539BC). Sabbatians may have become immensely influential in the Cult in modern times but they are part of a network that goes back into the mists of history. Sumer is said by historians to be the 'cradle of civilisation'. I disagree. I say it was the re-start of what we call human civilisation after cataclysmic events symbolised in part as the 'Great Flood' destroyed the world that existed before. These fantastic upheavals that I have been describing in detail in the books since the early1990s appear in accounts and legends of ancient cultures across the world and they are supported by geological and biological evidence. Stone tablets found in Iraq detailing the Sumer period say the cataclysms were caused by non-human 'gods' they call the Anunnaki. These are described in terms of extraterrestrial visitations in which knowledge supplied by the Anunnaki is said to have been the source of at least one of the world's oldest writing systems and developments in astronomy, mathematics and architecture that were way ahead of their time. I have covered this subject at length in *The Biggest Secret* and *Children of the Matrix* and the same basic 'Anunnaki' story can be found in Zulu accounts in South Africa where the late and very great Zulu high shaman Credo Mutwa told me that the Sumerian Anunnaki were known by Zulus as the Chitauri or 'children of the serpent'. See my six-hour video interview with Credo on this subject entitled *The*

Reptilian Agenda recorded at his then home near Johannesburg in 1999 which you can watch on the Ickonic media platform.

The Cult emerged out of Sumer, Babylon and Egypt (and elsewhere) and established the Roman Empire before expanding with the Romans into northern Europe from where many empires were savagely imposed in the form of Cult-controlled societies all over the world. Mass death and destruction was their calling card. The Cult established its centre of operations in Europe and European Empires were Cult empires which allowed it to expand into a global force. Spanish and Portuguese colonialists headed for Central and South America while the British and French targeted North America. Africa was colonised by Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Some like Britain and France moved in on the Middle East. The British Empire was by far the biggest for a simple reason. By now Britain was the headquarters of the Cult from which it expanded to form Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. The Sun never set on the British Empire such was the scale of its occupation. London remains a global centre for the Cult along with Rome and the Vatican although others have emerged in Israel and China. It is no accident that the 'virus' is alleged to have come out of China while Italy was chosen as the means to terrify the Western population into compliance with 'Covid' fascism. Nor that Israel has led the world in 'Covid' fascism and mass 'vaccination'.

You would think that I would mention the United States here, but while it has been an important means of imposing the Cult's will it is less significant than would appear and is currently in the process of having what power it does have deleted. The Cult in Europe has mostly loaded the guns for the US to fire. America has been controlled from Europe from the start through Cult operatives in Britain and Europe. The American Revolution was an illusion to make it appear that America was governing itself while very different forces were pulling the strings in the form of Cult families such as the Rothschilds through the Rockefellers and other subordinates. The Rockefellers are extremely close to Bill Gates and

established both scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the World Health Organization. They play a major role in the development and circulation of vaccines through the Rockefeller Foundation on which Bill Gates said his Foundation is based. Why wouldn't this be the case when the Rockefellers and Gates are on the same team? Cult infiltration of human society goes way back into what we call history and has been constantly expanding and centralising power with the goal of establishing a global structure to dictate everything. Look how this has been advanced in great leaps with the 'Covid' hoax.

The non-human dimension

I researched and observed the comings and goings of Cult operatives through the centuries and even thousands of years as they were born, worked to promote the agenda within the secret society and satanic networks, and then died for others to replace them. Clearly there had to be a coordinating force that spanned this entire period while operatives who would not have seen the end goal in their lifetimes came and went advancing the plan over millennia. I went in search of that coordinating force with the usual support from the extraordinary synchronicity of my life which has been an almost daily experience since 1990. I saw common themes in religious texts and ancient cultures about a non-human force manipulating human society from the hidden. Christianity calls this force Satan, the Devil and demons; Islam refers to the Jinn or Djinn; Zulus have their Chitauri (spelt in other ways in different parts of Africa); and the Gnostic people in Egypt in the period around and before 400AD referred to this phenomena as the 'Archons', a word meaning rulers in Greek. Central American cultures speak of the 'Predators' among other names and the same theme is everywhere. I will use 'Archons' as a collective name for all of them. When you see how their nature and behaviour is described all these different sources are clearly talking about the same force. Gnostics described the Archons in terms of 'luminous fire' while Islam relates the Jinn to 'smokeless fire'. Some refer to beings in form that could occasionally be seen, but the most common of common theme is that they operate from

unseen realms which means almost all existence to the visual processes of humans. I had concluded that this was indeed the foundation of human control and that the Cult was operating within the human frequency band on behalf of this hidden force when I came across the writings of Gnostics which supported my conclusions in the most extraordinary way.

A sealed earthen jar was found in 1945 near the town of Nag Hammadi about 75-80 miles north of Luxor on the banks of the River Nile in Egypt. Inside was a treasure trove of manuscripts and texts left by the Gnostic people some 1,600 years earlier. They included 13 leather-bound papyrus codices (manuscripts) and more than 50 texts written in Coptic Egyptian estimated to have been hidden in the jar in the period of 400AD although the source of the information goes back much further. Gnostics oversaw the Great or Royal Library of Alexandria, the fantastic depository of ancient texts detailing advanced knowledge and accounts of human history. The Library was dismantled and destroyed in stages over a long period with the death-blow delivered by the Cult-established Roman Church in the period around 415AD. The Church of Rome was the Church of Babylon relocated as I said earlier. Gnostics were not a race. They were a way of perceiving reality. Whenever they established themselves and their information circulated the terrorists of the Church of Rome would target them for destruction. This happened with the Great Library and with the Gnostic Cathars who were burned to death by the psychopaths after a long period of oppression at the siege of the Castle of Monségur in southern France in 1244. The Church has always been terrified of Gnostic information which demolishes the official Christian narrative although there is much in the Bible that supports the Gnostic view if you read it in another way. To anyone studying the texts of what became known as the Nag Hammadi Library it is clear that great swathes of Christian and Biblical belief has its origin with Gnostics sources going back to Sumer. Gnostic themes have been twisted to manipulate the perceived reality of Bible believers. Biblical texts have been in the open for centuries where they could be changed while Gnostic

documents found at Nag Hammadi were sealed away and untouched for 1,600 years. What you see is what they wrote.

Use your *pneuma* not your *nous*

Gnosticism and Gnostic come from 'gnosis' which means knowledge, or rather *secret* knowledge, in the sense of spiritual awareness – knowledge about reality and life itself. The desperation of the Cult's Church of Rome to destroy the Gnostics can be understood when the knowledge they were circulating was the last thing the Cult wanted the population to know. Sixteen hundred years later the same Cult is working hard to undermine and silence me for the same reason. The dynamic between knowledge and ignorance is a constant. 'Time' appears to move on, but essential themes remain the same. We are told to 'use your nous', a Gnostic word for head/brain/intelligence. They said, however, that spiritual awakening or 'salvation' could only be secured by expanding awareness *beyond* what they called *nous* and into *pneuma* or Infinite Self. Obviously as I read these texts the parallels with what I have been saying since 1990 were fascinating to me. There is a universal truth that spans human history and in that case why wouldn't we be talking the same language 16 centuries apart? When you free yourself from the perception program of the five senses and explore expanded realms of consciousness you are going to connect with the same information no matter what the perceived 'era' within a manufactured timeline of a single and tiny range of manipulated frequency. Humans working with 'smart' technology or knocking rocks together in caves is only a timeline appearing to operate within the human frequency band. Expanded awareness and the knowledge it holds have always been there whether the era be Stone Age or computer age. We can only access that knowledge by opening ourselves to its frequency which the five-sense prison cell is designed to stop us doing. Gates, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki, Bezos, and all the others behind the 'Covid' hoax clearly have a long wait before their range of frequency can make that connection given that an open heart is

crucial to that as we shall see. Instead of accessing knowledge directly through expanded awareness it is given to Cult operatives by the secret society networks of the Cult where it has been passed on over thousands of years outside the public arena. Expanded realms of consciousness is where great artists, composers and writers find their inspiration and where truth awaits anyone open enough to connect with it. We need to go there fast.

Archon hijack

A fifth of the Nag Hammadi texts describe the existence and manipulation of the Archons led by a 'Chief Archon' they call 'Yaldabaoth', or the 'Demiurge', and this is the Christian 'Devil', 'Satan', 'Lucifer', and his demons. Archons in Biblical symbolism are the 'fallen ones' which are also referred to as fallen angels after the angels expelled from heaven according to the Abrahamic religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. These angels are claimed to tempt humans to 'sin' ongoing and you will see how accurate that symbolism is during the rest of the book. The theme of 'original sin' is related to the 'Fall' when Adam and Eve were 'tempted by the serpent' and fell from a state of innocence and 'obedience' (connection) with God into a state of disobedience (disconnection). The Fall is said to have brought sin into the world and corrupted everything including human nature. Yaldabaoth, the 'Lord Archon', is described by Gnostics as a 'counterfeit spirit', 'The Blind One', 'The Blind God', and 'The Foolish One'. The Jewish name for Yaldabaoth in Talmudic writings is Samael which translates as 'Poison of God', or 'Blindness of God'. You see the parallels. Yaldabaoth in Islamic belief is the Muslim Jinn devil known as Shaytan – Shaytan is Satan as the same themes are found all over the world in every religion and culture. The 'Lord God' of the Old Testament is the 'Lord Archon' of Gnostic manuscripts and that's why he's such a bloodthirsty bastard. Satan is known by Christians as 'the Demon of Demons' and Gnostics called Yaldabaoth the 'Archon of Archons'. Both are known as 'The Deceiver'. We are talking about the same 'bloke' for sure and these common themes

using different names, storylines and symbolism tell a common tale of the human plight.

Archons are referred to in Nag Hammadi documents as mind parasites, inverters, guards, gatekeepers, detainers, judges, pitiless ones and deceivers. The 'Covid' hoax alone is a glaring example of all these things. The Biblical 'God' is so different in the Old and New Testaments because they are not describing the same phenomenon. The vindictive, angry, hate-filled, 'God' of the Old Testament, known as Yahweh, is Yaldabaoth who is depicted in Cult-dictated popular culture as the 'Dark Lord', 'Lord of Time', Lord (Darth) Vader and Dormammu, the evil ruler of the 'Dark Dimension' trying to take over the 'Earth Dimension' in the Marvel comic movie, *Dr Strange*. Yaldabaoth is both the Old Testament 'god' and the Biblical 'Satan'. Gnostics referred to Yaldabaoth as the 'Great Architect of the Universe'and the Cult-controlled Freemason network calls their god 'the 'Great Architect of the Universe' (also Grand Architect). The 'Great Architect' Yaldabaoth is symbolised by the Cult as the all-seeing eye at the top of the pyramid on the Great Seal of the United States and the dollar bill. Archon is encoded in *arch*-itect as it is in *arch*-angels and *arch*-bishops. All religions have the theme of a force for good and force for evil in some sort of spiritual war and there is a reason for that – the theme is true. The Cult and its non-human masters are quite happy for this to circulate. They present themselves as the force for good fighting evil when they are really the force of evil (absence of love). The whole foundation of Cult modus operandi is inversion. They promote themselves as a force for good and anyone challenging them in pursuit of peace, love, fairness, truth and justice is condemned as a satanic force for evil. This has been the game plan throughout history whether the Church of Rome inquisitions of non-believers or 'conspiracy theorists' and 'anti-vaxxers' of today. The technique is the same whatever the timeline era.

Yaldabaoth is revolting (true)

Yaldabaoth and the Archons are said to have revolted against God with Yaldabaoth claiming to *be* God – the *All That Is*. The Old Testament 'God' (Yaldabaoth) demanded to be worshipped as such: '*I am* the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me' (Isaiah 45:5). I have quoted in other books a man who said he was the unofficial son of the late Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine producing estates in France who died in 1988 and he told me about the Rothschild 'revolt from God'. The man said he was given the name Phillip Eugene de Rothschild and we shared long correspondence many years ago while he was living under another identity. He said that he was conceived through 'occult incest' which (within the Cult) was 'normal and to be admired'. 'Phillip' told me about his experience attending satanic rituals with rich and famous people whom he names and you can see them and the wider background to Cult Satanism in my other books starting with *The Biggest Secret*. Cult rituals are interactions with Archontic 'gods'. 'Phillip' described Baron Philippe de Rothschild as 'a master Satanist and hater of God' and he used the same term 'revolt from God' associated with Yaldabaoth/Satan/Lucifer/the Devil in describing the Sabbatian Rothschild dynasty. 'I played a key role in my family's revolt from God', he said. That role was to infiltrate in classic Sabbatian style the Christian Church, but eventually he escaped the mind-prison to live another life. The Cult has been targeting religion in a plan to make worship of the Archons the global one-world religion. Infiltration of Satanism into modern 'culture', especially among the young, through music videos, stage shows and other means, is all part of this.

Nag Hammadi texts describe Yaldabaoth and the Archons in their prime form as energy – consciousness – and say they can take form if they choose in the same way that consciousness takes form as a human. Yaldabaoth is called 'formless' and represents a deeply inverted, distorted and chaotic state of consciousness which seeks to attached to humans and turn them into a likeness of itself in an attempt at assimilation. For that to happen it has to manipulate

humans into low frequency mental and emotional states that match its own. Archons can certainly appear in human form and this is the origin of the psychopathic personality. The energetic distortion Gnostics called Yaldabaoth *is* psychopathy. When psychopathic Archons take human form that human will be a psychopath as an expression of Yaldabaoth consciousness. Cult psychopaths are Archons in human form. The principle is the same as that portrayed in the 2009 *Avatar* movie when the American military travelled to a fictional Earth-like moon called Pandora in the Alpha Centauri star system to infiltrate a society of blue people, or Na'vi, by hiding within bodies that looked like the Na'vi. Archons posing as humans have a particular hybrid information field, part human, part Archon, (the ancient 'demigods') which processes information in a way that manifests behaviour to match their psychopathic evil, lack of empathy and compassion, and stops them being influenced by the empathy, compassion and love that a fully-human information field is capable of expressing. Cult bloodlines interbreed, be they royalty or dark suits, for this reason and you have their obsession with incest. Interbreeding with full-blown humans would dilute the Archontic energy field that guarantees psychopathy in its representatives in the human realm.

Gnostic writings say the main non-human forms that Archons take are *serpentine* (what I have called for decades 'reptilian' amid unbounded ridicule from the Archontically-programmed) and what Gnostics describe as 'an unborn baby or foetus with grey skin and dark, unmoving eyes'. This is an excellent representation of the ET 'Greys' of UFO folklore which large numbers of people claim to have seen and been abducted by – Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa among them. I agree with those that believe in extraterrestrial or interdimensional visitations today and for thousands of years past. No wonder with their advanced knowledge and technological capability they were perceived and worshipped as gods for technological and other 'miracles' they appeared to perform. Imagine someone arriving in a culture disconnected from the modern world with a smartphone and computer. They would be

seen as a 'god' capable of 'miracles'. The Renegade Mind, however, wants to know the source of everything and not only the way that source manifests as human or non-human. In the same way that a Renegade Mind seeks the original source material for the 'Covid virus' to see if what is claimed is true. The original source of Archons in form is consciousness – the distorted state of consciousness known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth.

'Revolt from God' is energetic disconnection

Where I am going next will make a lot of sense of religious texts and ancient legends relating to 'Satan', Lucifer' and the 'gods'. Gnostic descriptions sync perfectly with the themes of my own research over the years in how they describe a consciousness distortion seeking to impose itself on human consciousness. I've referred to the core of infinite awareness in previous books as Infinite Awareness in Awareness of Itself. By that I mean a level of awareness that knows that it is all awareness and is aware of all awareness. From here comes the frequency of love in its true sense and balance which is what love is on one level – the balance of all forces into a single whole called Oneness and Isness. The more we disconnect from this state of love that many call 'God' the constituent parts of that Oneness start to unravel and express themselves as a part and not a whole. They become individualised as intellect, mind, selfishness, hatred, envy, desire for power over others, and such like. This is not a problem in the greater scheme in that 'God', the *All That Is*, can experience all these possibilities through different expressions of itself including humans. What we as expressions of the whole experience the *All That Is* experiences. We are the *All That Is* experiencing itself. As we withdraw from that state of Oneness we disconnect from its influence and things can get very unpleasant and very stupid. Archontic consciousness is at the extreme end of that. It has so disconnected from the influence of Oneness that it has become an inversion of unity and love, an inversion of everything, an inversion of life itself. Evil is appropriately live written backwards. Archontic consciousness is obsessed with death, an inversion of life,

and so its manifestations in Satanism are obsessed with death. They use inverted symbols in their rituals such as the inverted pentagram and cross. Sabbatians as Archontic consciousness incarnate invert Judaism and every other religion and culture they infiltrate. They seek disunity and chaos and they fear unity and harmony as they fear love like garlic to a vampire. As a result the Cult, Archons incarnate, act with such evil, psychopathy and lack of empathy and compassion disconnected as they are from the source of love. How could Bill Gates and the rest of the Archontic psychopaths do what they have to human society in the 'Covid' era with all the death, suffering and destruction involved and have no emotional consequence for the impact on others? Now you know. Why have Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki and company callously censored information warning about the dangers of the 'vaccine' while thousands have been dying and having severe, sometimes life-changing reactions? Now you know. Why have Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance and their like around the world been using case and death figures they're aware are fraudulent to justify lockdowns and all the deaths and destroyed lives that have come from that? Now you know. Why did Christian Drosten produce and promote a 'testing' protocol that he knew couldn't test for infectious disease which led to a global human catastrophe. Now you know. The Archontic mind doesn't give a shit (Fig 17). I personally think that Gates and major Cult insiders are a form of AI cyborg that the Archons want humans to become.

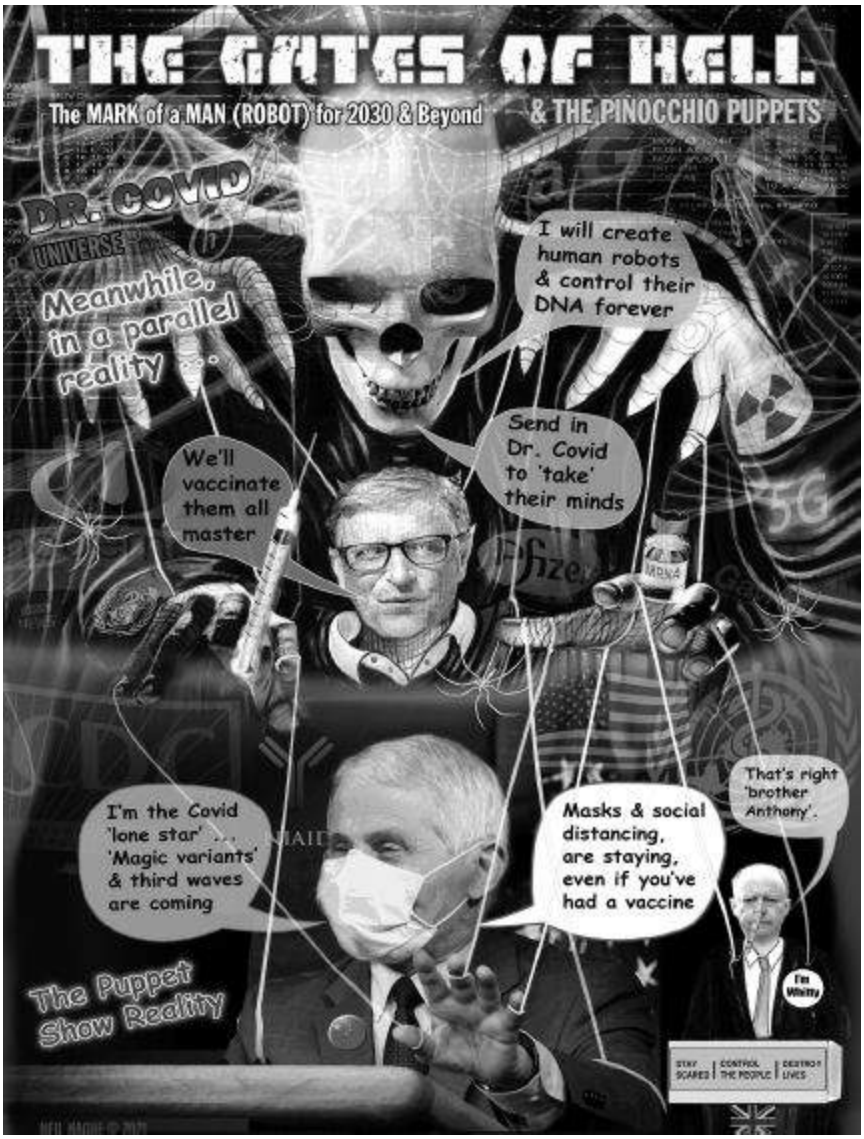

Figure 17: Artist Neil Hague's version of the 'Covid' hierarchy.

Human batteries

A state of such inversion does have its consequences, however. The level of disconnection from the Source of All means that you withdraw from that source of energetic sustenance and creativity. This means that you have to find your own supply of energetic power and it has – *us*. When the Morpheus character in the first *Matrix* movie held up a battery he spoke a profound truth when he said: 'The Matrix is a computer-generated dream world built to keep us under control in order to change the human being into one of

these.' The statement was true in all respects. We do live in a technologically-generated virtual reality simulation (more very shortly) and we have been manipulated to be an energy source for Archontic consciousness. The Disney-Pixar animated movie *Monsters, Inc*. in 2001 symbolised the dynamic when monsters in their world had no energy source and they would enter the human world to terrify children in their beds, catch the child's scream, terror (low-vibrational frequencies), and take that energy back to power the monster world. The lead character you might remember was a single giant eye and the symbolism of the Cult's all-seeing eye was obvious. Every thought and emotion is broadcast as a frequency unique to that thought and emotion. Feelings of love and joy, empathy and compassion, are high, quick, frequencies while fear, depression, anxiety, suffering and hate are low, slow, dense frequencies. Which kind do you think Archontic consciousness can connect with and absorb? In such a low and dense frequency state there's no way it can connect with the energy of love and joy. Archons can only feed off energy compatible with their own frequency and they and their Cult agents want to delete the human world of love and joy and manipulate the transmission of low vibrational frequencies through low-vibrational human mental and emotional states. *We are their energy source*. Wars are energetic banquets to the Archons – a world war even more so – and think how much low-frequency mental and emotional energy has been generated from the consequences for humanity of the 'Covid' hoax orchestrated by Archons incarnate like Gates.

The ancient practice of human sacrifice 'to the gods', continued in secret today by the Cult, is based on the same principle. 'The gods' are Archontic consciousness in different forms and the sacrifice is induced into a state of intense terror to generate the energy the Archontic frequency can absorb. Incarnate Archons in the ritual drink the blood which contains an adrenaline they crave which floods into the bloodstream when people are terrorised. Most of the sacrifices, ancient and modern, are children and the theme of 'sacrificing young virgins to the gods' is just code for children. They

have a particular pre-puberty energy that Archons want more than anything and the energy of the young in general is their target. The California Department of Education wants students to chant the names of Aztec gods (Archontic gods) once worshipped in human sacrifice rituals in a curriculum designed to encourage them to 'challenge racist, bigoted, discriminatory, imperialist/colonial beliefs', join 'social movements that struggle for social justice', and 'build new possibilities for a post-racist, post-systemic racism society'. It's the usual Woke crap that inverts racism and calls it anti-racism. In this case solidarity with 'indigenous tribes' is being used as an excuse to chant the names of 'gods' to which people were sacrificed (and still are in secret). What an example of Woke's inability to see beyond black and white, us and them, They condemn the colonisation of these tribal cultures by Europeans (quite right), but those cultures sacrificing people including children to their 'gods', and mass murdering untold numbers as the Aztecs did, is just fine. One chant is to the Aztec god Tezcatlipoca who had a man sacrificed to him in the 5th month of the Aztec calendar. His heart was cut out and he was eaten. Oh, that's okay then. Come on children … after three … Other sacrificial 'gods' for the young to chant their allegiance include Quetzalcoatl, Huitzilopochtli and Xipe Totec. The curriculum says that 'chants, affirmations, and energizers can be used to bring the class together, build unity around ethnic studies principles and values, and to reinvigorate the class following a lesson that may be emotionally taxing or even when student engagement may appear to be low'. Well, that's the cover story, anyway. Chanting and mantras are the repetition of a particular frequency generated from the vocal cords and chanting the names of these Archontic 'gods' tunes you into their frequency. That is the last thing you want when it allows for energetic synchronisation, attachment and perceptual influence. Initiates chant the names of their 'Gods' in their rituals for this very reason.

Vampires of the Woke

Paedophilia is another way that Archons absorb the energy of children. Paedophiles possessed by Archontic consciousness are used as the conduit during sexual abuse for discarnate Archons to vampire the energy of the young they desire so much. Stupendous numbers of children disappear every year never to be seen again although you would never know from the media. Imagine how much low-vibrational energy has been generated by children during the 'Covid' hoax when so many have become depressed and psychologically destroyed to the point of killing themselves. Shocking numbers of children are now taken by the state from loving parents to be handed to others. I can tell you from long experience of researching this since 1996 that many end up with paedophiles and assets of the Cult through corrupt and Cult-owned social services which in the reframing era has hired many psychopaths and emotionless automatons to do the job. Children are even stolen to order using spurious reasons to take them by the corrupt and secret (because they're corrupt) 'family courts'. I have written in detail in other books, starting with *The Biggest Secret* in 1997, about the ubiquitous connections between the political, corporate, government, intelligence and military elites (Cult operatives) and Satanism and paedophilia. If you go deep enough both networks have an interlocking leadership. The Woke mentality has been developed by the Cult for many reasons: To promote almost every aspect of its agenda; to hijack the traditional political left and turn it fascist; to divide and rule; and to target agenda pushbackers. But there are other reasons which relate to what I am describing here. How many happy and joyful Wokers do you ever see especially at the extreme end? They are a mental and psychological mess consumed by emotional stress and constantly emotionally cocked for the next explosion of indignation at someone referring to a female as a female. They are walking, talking, batteries as Morpheus might say emitting frequencies which both enslave them in low-vibrational bubbles of perceptual limitation and feed the Archons. Add to this the hatred claimed to be love; fascism claimed to 'anti-fascism', racism claimed to be 'anti-racism';

exclusion claimed to inclusion; and the abuse-filled Internet trolling. You have a purpose-built Archontic energy system with not a wind turbine in sight and all founded on Archontic *inversion*. We have whole generations now manipulated to serve the Archons with their actions and energy. They will be doing so their entire adult lives unless they snap out of their Archon-induced trance. Is it really a surprise that Cult billionaires and corporations put so much money their way? Where is the energy of joy and laughter, including laughing at yourself which is confirmation of your own emotional security? Mark Twain said: 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter.' We must use it all the time. Woke has destroyed comedy because it has no humour, no joy, sense of irony, or self-deprecation. Its energy is dense and intense. *Mmmmm*, lunch says the Archontic frequency. Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) was the Austrian philosopher and famous esoteric thinker who established Waldorf education or Steiner schools to treat children like unique expressions of consciousness and not minds to be programmed with the perceptions determined by authority. I'd been writing about this energy vampiring for decades when I was sent in 2016 a quote by Steiner. He was spot on:

> There are beings in the spiritual realms for whom anxiety and fear emanating from human beings offer welcome food. When humans have no anxiety and fear, then these creatures starve. If fear and anxiety radiates from people and they break out in panic, then these creatures find welcome nutrition and they become more and more powerful. These beings are hostile towards humanity. Everything that feeds on negative feelings, on anxiety, fear and superstition, despair or doubt, are in reality hostile forces in super-sensible worlds, launching cruel attacks on human beings, while they are being fed ... These are exactly the feelings that belong to contemporary culture and materialism; because it estranges people from the spiritual world, it is especially suited to evoke hopelessness and fear of the unknown in people, thereby calling up the above mentioned hostile forces against them.

Pause for a moment from this perspective and reflect on what has happened in the world since the start of 2020. Not only will pennies drop, but billion dollar bills. We see the same theme from Don Juan Matus, a Yaqui Indian shaman in Mexico and the information source for Peruvian-born writer, Carlos Castaneda, who wrote a series of

books from the 1960s to 1990s. Don Juan described the force manipulating human society and his name for the Archons was the predator:

> We have a predator that came from the depths of the cosmos and took over the rule of our lives. Human beings are its prisoners. The predator is our lord and master. It has rendered us docile, helpless. If we want to protest, it suppresses our protest. If we want to act independently, it demands that we don't do so ... indeed we are held prisoner!
>
> They took us over because we are food to them, and they squeeze us mercilessly because we are their sustenance. Just as we rear chickens in coops, the predators rear us in human coops, humaneros. Therefore, their food is always available to them.
>
> Different cultures, different eras, same recurring theme.

The 'ennoia' dilemma

Nag Hammadi Gnostic manuscripts say that Archon consciousness has no 'ennoia'. This is directly translated as 'intentionality', but I'll use the term 'creative imagination'. The *All That Is* in awareness of itself is the source of all creativity – all possibility – and the more disconnected you are from that source the more you are subsequently denied 'creative imagination'. Given that Archon consciousness is almost entirely disconnected it severely lacks creativity and has to rely on far more mechanical processes of thought and exploit the creative potential of those that do have 'ennoia'. You can see cases of this throughout human society. Archon consciousness almost entirely dominates the global banking system and if we study how that system works you will appreciate what I mean. Banks manifest 'money' out of nothing by issuing lines of 'credit' which is 'money' that has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. It's a confidence trick. If you think 'credit' figures-on-a-screen 'money' is worth anything you accept it as payment. If you don't then the whole system collapses through lack of confidence in the value of that 'money'. Archontic bankers with no 'ennoia' are 'lending' 'money' that doesn't exist to humans that *do* have creativity – those that have the inspired ideas and create businesses and products. Archon banking feeds off human creativity

which it controls through 'money' creation and debt. Humans have the creativity and Archons exploit that for their own benefit and control while having none themselves. Archon Internet platforms like Facebook claim joint copyright of everything that creative users post and while Archontic minds like Zuckerberg may officially head that company it will be human creatives on the staff that provide the creative inspiration. When you have limitless 'money' you can then buy other companies established by creative humans. Witness the acquisition record of Facebook, Google and their like. Survey the Archon-controlled music industry and you see non-creative dark suit executives making their fortune from the human creativity of their artists. The cases are endless. Research the history of people like Gates and Zuckerberg and how their empires were built on exploiting the creativity of others. Archon minds cannot create out of nothing, but they are skilled (because they have to be) in what Gnostic texts call 'countermimicry'. They can imitate, but not innovate. Sabbatians trawl the creativity of others through backdoors they install in computer systems through their cybersecurity systems. Archon-controlled China is globally infamous for stealing intellectual property and I remember how Hong Kong, now part of China, became notorious for making counterfeit copies of the creativity of others – 'countermimicry'. With the now pervasive and all-seeing surveillance systems able to infiltrate any computer you can appreciate the potential for Archons to vampire the creativity of humans. Author John Lamb Lash wrote in his book about the Nag Hammadi texts, *Not In His Image*:

> Although they cannot originate anything, because they lack the divine factor of ennoia (intentionality), Archons can imitate with a vengeance. Their expertise is simulation (HAL, virtual reality). The Demiurge [Yaldabaoth] fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns [of the original] ... His construction is celestial kitsch, like the fake Italianate villa of a Mafia don complete with militant angels to guard every portal.

This brings us to something that I have been speaking about since the turn of the millennium. Our reality is a simulation; a virtual reality that we think is real. No, I'm not kidding.

Human reality? Well, virtually

I had pondered for years about whether our reality is 'real' or some kind of construct. I remembered being immensely affected on a visit as a small child in the late 1950s to the then newly-opened Planetarium on the Marylebone Road in London which is now closed and part of the adjacent Madame Tussauds wax museum. It was in the middle of the day, but when the lights went out there was the night sky projected in the Planetarium's domed ceiling and it appeared to be so real. The experience never left me and I didn't know why until around the turn of the millennium when I became certain that our 'night sky' and entire reality is a projection, a virtual reality, akin to the illusory world portrayed in the *Matrix* movies. I looked at the sky one day in this period and it appeared to me like the domed roof of the Planetarium. The release of the first *Matrix* movie in 1999 also provided a synchronistic and perfect visual representation of where my mind had been going for a long time. I hadn't come across the Gnostic Nag Hammadi texts then. When I did years later the correlation was once again astounding. As I read Gnostic accounts from 1,600 years and more earlier it was clear that they were describing the same simulation phenomenon. They tell how the Yaldabaoth 'Demiurge' and Archons created a 'bad copy' of original reality to rule over all that were captured by its illusions and the body was a prison to trap consciousness in the 'bad copy' fake reality. Read how Gnostics describe the 'bad copy' and update that to current times and they are referring to what we would call today a virtual reality simulation.

Author John Lamb Lash said 'the Demiurge fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns' of the original through expertise in 'HAL' or virtual reality simulation. Fractal patterns are part of the energetic information construct of our reality, a sort of blueprint. If these patterns were copied in computer terms it would indeed give you a copy of a 'natural' reality in a non-natural frequency and digital form. The principle is the same as making a copy of a website. The original website still exists, but now you can change the copy version to make it whatever you like and it can

become very different to the original website. Archons have done this with our reality, a *synthetic* copy of prime reality that still exists beyond the frequency walls of the simulation. Trapped within the illusions of this synthetic Matrix, however, were and are human consciousness and other expressions of prime reality and this is why the Archons via the Cult are seeking to make the human body synthetic and give us synthetic AI minds to complete the job of turning the entire reality synthetic including what we perceive to be the natural world. To quote Kurzweil: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' Yes, *synthetic* 'creatures' just as 'Covid' and other genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' are designed to make the human body synthetic. From this perspective it is obvious why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to infuse synthetic material into every human with their 'Covid' scam.

Let there be (electromagnetic) light

Yaldabaoth, the force that created the simulation, or Matrix, makes sense of the Gnostic reference to 'The Great Architect' and its use by Cult Freemasonry as the name of its deity. The designer of the Matrix in the movies is called 'The Architect' and that trilogy is jam-packed with symbolism relating to these subjects. I have contended for years that the angry Old Testament God (Yaldabaoth) is the 'God' being symbolically 'quoted' in the opening of Genesis as 'creating the world'. This is not the creation of prime reality – it's the creation of the *simulation*. The Genesis 'God' says: 'Let there be Light: and there was light.' But what is this 'Light'? I have said for decades that the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) is not the fastest speed possible as claimed by mainstream science and is in fact the frequency walls or outer limits of the Matrix. You can't have a fastest or slowest anything within all possibility when everything is possible. The human body is encoded to operate within the speed of light or *within the simulation* and thus we see only the tiny frequency band of visible *light*. Near-death experiencers who perceive reality outside the body during temporary 'death' describe a very different

form of light and this is supported by the Nag Hammadi texts. Prime reality beyond the simulation ('Upper Aeons' to the Gnostics) is described as a realm of incredible beauty, bliss, love and harmony – a realm of 'watery light' that is so powerful 'there are no shadows'. Our false reality of Archon control, which Gnostics call the 'Lower Aeons', is depicted as a realm with a different kind of 'light' and described in terms of chaos, 'Hell', 'the Abyss' and 'Outer Darkness', where trapped souls are tormented and manipulated by demons (relate that to the 'Covid' hoax alone). The watery light theme can be found in near-death accounts and it is not the same as *simulation* 'light' which is electromagnetic or radiation light within the speed of light – the 'Lower Aeons'. Simulation 'light' is the 'luminous fire' associated by Gnostics with the Archons. The Bible refers to Yaldabaoth as 'that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world' (Revelation 12:9). I think that making a simulated copy of prime reality ('countermimicry') and changing it dramatically while all the time manipulating humanity to believe it to be real could probably meet the criteria of deceiving the whole world. Then we come to the Cult god Lucifer – the *Light Bringer*. Lucifer is symbolic of Yaldabaoth, the bringer of radiation light that forms the bad copy simulation within the speed of light. 'He' is symbolised by the lighted torch held by the Statue of Liberty and in the name 'Illuminati'. Sabbatian-Frankism declares that Lucifer is the true god and Lucifer is the real god of Freemasonry honoured as their 'Great or Grand Architect of the Universe' (simulation).

I would emphasise, too, the way Archontic technologically-generated luminous fire of radiation has deluged our environment since I was a kid in the 1950s and changed the nature of The Field with which we constantly interact. Through that interaction technological radiation is changing us. The Smart Grid is designed to operate with immense levels of communication power with 5G expanding across the world and 6G, 7G, in the process of development. Radiation is the simulation and the Archontic manipulation system. Why wouldn't the Archon Cult wish to unleash radiation upon us to an ever-greater extreme to form

Kurzweil's 'cloud'? The plan for a synthetic human is related to the need to cope with levels of radiation beyond even anything we've seen so far. Biological humans would not survive the scale of radiation they have in their script. The Smart Grid is a technological sub-reality within the technological simulation to further disconnect five-sense perception from expanded consciousness. It's a technological prison of the mind.

Infusing the 'spirit of darkness'

A recurring theme in religion and native cultures is the manipulation of human genetics by a non-human force and most famously recorded as the biblical 'sons of god' (the god*s* plural in the original) who interbred with the daughters of men. The Nag Hammadi *Apocryphon of John* tells the same story this way:

> He [Yaldabaoth] sent his angels [Archons/demons] to the daughters of men, that they might take some of them for themselves and raise offspring for their enjoyment. And at first they did not succeed. When they had no success, they gathered together again and they made a plan together ... And the angels changed themselves in their likeness into the likeness of their mates, filling them with the spirit of darkness, which they had mixed for them, and with evil ... And they took women and begot children out of the darkness according to the likeness of their spirit.

Possession when a discarnate entity takes over a human body is an age-old theme and continues today. It's very real and I've seen it. Satanic and secret society rituals can create an energetic environment in which entities can attach to initiates and I've heard many stories of how people have changed their personality after being initiated even into lower levels of the Freemasons. I have been inside three Freemasonic temples, one at a public open day and two by just walking in when there was no one around to stop me. They were in Ryde, the town where I live, Birmingham, England, when I was with a group, and Boston, Massachusetts. They all felt the same energetically – dark, dense, low-vibrational and sinister. Demonic attachment can happen while the initiate has no idea what is going on. To them it's just a ritual to get in the Masons and do a bit of good

business. In the far more extreme rituals of Satanism human possession is even more powerful and they are designed to make possession possible. The hierarchy of the Cult is dictated by the power and perceived status of the possessing Archon. In this way the Archon hierarchy becomes the Cult hierarchy. Once the entity has attached it can influence perception and behaviour and if it attaches to the extreme then so much of its energy (information) infuses into the body information field that the hologram starts to reflect the nature of the possessing entity. This is the *Exorcist* movie type of possession when facial features change and it's known as shapeshifting. Islam's Jinn are said to be invisible tricksters who change shape, 'whisper', confuse and take human form. These are all traits of the Archons and other versions of the same phenomenon. Extreme possession could certainty infuse the 'spirit of darkness' into a partner during sex as the Nag Hammadi texts appear to describe. Such an infusion can change genetics which is also energetic information. Human genetics is information and the 'spirit of darkness' is information. Mix one with the other and change must happen. Islam has the concept of a 'Jinn baby' through possession of the mother and by Jinn taking human form. There are many ways that human genetics can be changed and remember that Archons have been aware all along of advanced techniques to do this. What is being done in human society today – and far more – was known about by Archons at the time of the 'fallen ones' and their other versions described in religions and cultures.

Archons and their human-world Cult are obsessed with genetics as we see today and they know this dictates how information is processed into perceived reality during a human life. They needed to produce a human form that would decode the simulation and this is symbolically known as 'Adam and Eve' who left the 'garden' (prime reality) and 'fell' into Matrix reality. The simulation is not a 'physical' construct (there is no 'physical'); it is a source of information. Think Wi-Fi again. The simulation is an energetic field encoded with information and body-brain systems are designed to decode that information encoded in wave or frequency form which

is transmitted to the brain as electrical signals. These are decoded by the brain to construct our sense of reality – an illusory 'physical' world that only exists in the brain or the mind. Virtual reality games mimic this process using the same sensory decoding system. Information is fed to the senses to decode a virtual reality that can appear so real, but isn't (Figs 18 and 19). Some scientists believe – and I agree with them – that what we perceive as 'physical' reality only exists when we are looking or observing. The act of perception or focus triggers the decoding systems which turn waveform information into holographic reality. When we are not observing something our reality reverts from a holographic state to a waveform state. This relates to the same principle as a falling tree not making a noise unless someone is there to hear it or decode it. The concept makes sense from the simulation perspective. A computer is not decoding all the information in a Wi-Fi field all the time and only decodes or brings into reality on the screen that part of Wi-Fi that it's decoding – focusing upon – at that moment.

Figure 18: Virtual reality technology 'hacks' into the body's five-sense decoding system.

Figure 19: The result can be experienced as very 'real'.

Interestingly, Professor Donald Hoffman at the Department of Cognitive Sciences at the University of California, Irvine, says that our experienced reality is like a computer interface that shows us only the level with which we interact while hiding all that exists beyond it: 'Evolution shaped us with a user interface that hides the truth. Nothing that we see is the truth – the very language of space and time and objects is the wrong language to describe reality.' He is correct in what he says on so many levels. Space and time are not a universal reality. They are a phenomenon of decoded *simulation* reality as part of the process of enslaving our sense of reality. Near-death experiencers report again and again how space and time did not exist as we perceive them once they were free of the body – body decoding systems. You can appreciate from this why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to entrap human attention in the five senses where we are in the Matrix and of the Matrix. Opening your mind to expanded states of awareness takes you beyond the information confines of the simulation and you become aware of knowledge and insights denied to you before. This is what we call 'awakening' – *awakening from the Matrix* – and in the final chapter I will relate this to current events.

Where are the 'aliens'?

A simulation would explain the so-called 'Fermi Paradox' named after Italian physicist Enrico Fermi (1901-1954) who created the first nuclear reactor. He considered the question of why there is such a lack of extraterrestrial activity when there are so many stars and planets in an apparently vast universe; but what if the night sky that we see, or think we do, is a simulated projection as I say? If you control the simulation and your aim is to hold humanity fast in essential ignorance would you want other forms of life including advanced life coming and going sharing information with humanity? Or would you want them to believe they were isolated and apparently alone? Themes of human isolation and apartness are common whether they be the perception of a lifeless universe or the fascist isolation laws of the 'Covid' era. Paradoxically the very

existence of a simulation means that we are not alone when some force had to construct it. My view is that experiences that people have reported all over the world for centuries with Reptilians and Grey entities are Archon phenomena as Nag Hammadi texts describe; and that benevolent 'alien' interactions are non-human groups that come in and out of the simulation by overcoming Archon attempts to keep them out. It should be highlighted, too, that Reptilians and Greys are obsessed with *genetics* and *technology* as related by cultural accounts and those who say they have been abducted by them. Technology is their way of overcoming some of the limitations in their creative potential and our technology-driven and controlled human society of today is *arch*etypical Archon-Reptilian-Grey modus operandi. Technocracy is really *Archon*tocracy. The Universe does not have to be as big as it appears with a simulation. There is no space or distance only information decoded into holographic reality. What we call 'space' is only the absence of holographic 'objects' and that 'space' is The Field of energetic information which connects everything into a single whole. The same applies with the artificially-generated information field of the simulation. The Universe is not big or small as a physical reality. It is decoded information, that's all, and its perceived size is decided by the way the simulation is encoded to make it appear. The entire night sky as we perceive it only exists in our brain and so where are those 'millions of light years'? The 'stars' on the ceiling of the Planetarium looked a vast distance away.

There's another point to mention about 'aliens'. I have been highlighting since the 1990s the plan to stage a fake 'alien invasion' to justify the centralisation of global power and a world military. Nazi scientist Werner von Braun, who was taken to America by Operation Paperclip after World War Two to help found NASA, told his American assistant Dr Carol Rosin about the Cult agenda when he knew he was dying in 1977. Rosin said that he told her about a sequence that would lead to total human control by a one-world government. This included threats from terrorism, rogue nations, meteors and asteroids before finally an 'alien invasion'. All of these

things, von Braun said, would be bogus and what I would refer to as a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Keep this in mind when 'the aliens are coming' is the new mantra. The aliens are not coming – they are *already here* and they have infiltrated human society while looking human. French-Canadian investigative journalist Serge Monast said in 1994 that he had uncovered a NASA/military operation called Project Blue Beam which fits with what Werner von Braun predicted. Monast died of a 'heart attack' in 1996 the day after he was arrested and spent a night in prison. He was 51. He said Blue Beam was a plan to stage an alien invasion that would include religious figures beamed holographically into the sky as part of a global manipulation to usher in a 'new age' of worshipping what I would say is the Cult 'god' Yaldabaoth in a one-world religion. Fake holographic asteroids are also said to be part of the plan which again syncs with von Braun. How could you stage an illusory threat from asteroids unless they were holographic inserts? This is pretty straightforward given the advanced technology outside the public arena and the fact that our 'physical' reality is holographic anyway. Information fields would be projected and we would decode them into the illusion of a 'physical' asteroid. If they can sell a global 'pandemic' with a 'virus' that doesn't exist what will humans not believe if government and media tell them?

All this is particularly relevant as I write with the Pentagon planning to release in June, 2021, information about 'UFO sightings'. I have been following the UFO story since the early 1990s and the common theme throughout has been government and military denials and cover up. More recently, however, the Pentagon has suddenly become more talkative and apparently open with Air Force pilot radar images released of unexplained craft moving and changing direction at speeds well beyond anything believed possible with human technology. Then, in March, 2021, former Director of National Intelligence John Ratcliffe said a Pentagon report months later in June would reveal a great deal of information about UFO sightings unknown to the public. He said the report would have 'massive implications'. The order to do this was included bizarrely

in a $2.3 trillion 'coronavirus' relief and government funding bill passed by the Trump administration at the end of 2020. I would add some serious notes of caution here. I have been pointing out since the 1990s that the US military and intelligence networks have long had craft – 'flying saucers' or anti-gravity craft – which any observer would take to be extraterrestrial in origin. Keeping this knowledge from the public allows craft flown by *humans* to be perceived as alien visitations. I am not saying that 'aliens' do not exist. I would be the last one to say that, but we have to be streetwise here. President Ronald Reagan told the UN General Assembly in 1987: 'I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world.' That's the idea. Unite against a common 'enemy' with a common purpose behind your 'saviour force' (the Cult) as this age-old technique of mass manipulation goes global.

Science moves this way ...

I could find only one other person who was discussing the simulation hypothesis publicly when I concluded it was real. This was Nick Bostrom, a Swedish-born philosopher at the University of Oxford, who has explored for many years the possibility that human reality is a computer simulation although his version and mine are not the same. Today the simulation and holographic reality hypothesis have increasingly entered the scientific mainstream. Well, the more open-minded mainstream, that is. Here are a few of the ever-gathering examples. American nuclear physicist Silas Beane led a team of physicists at the University of Bonn in Germany pursuing the question of whether we live in a simulation. They concluded that we probably do and it was likely based on a lattice of cubes. They found that cosmic rays align with that specific pattern. The team highlighted the Greisen–Zatsepin–Kuzmin (GZK) limit which refers to cosmic ray particle interaction with cosmic background radiation that creates an apparent boundary for cosmic ray particles. They say in a paper entitled 'Constraints on the Universe as a Numerical Simulation' that this 'pattern of constraint' is exactly what you

would find with a computer simulation. They also made the point that a simulation would create its own 'laws of physics' that would limit possibility. I've been making the same point for decades that the *perceived* laws of physics relate only to this reality, or what I would later call the simulation. When designers write codes to create computer and virtual reality games they are the equivalent of the laws of physics for that game. Players interact within the limitations laid out by the coding. In the same way those who wrote the codes for the simulation decided the laws of physics that would apply. These can be overridden by expanded states of consciousness, but not by those enslaved in only five-sense awareness where simulation codes rule. Overriding the codes is what people call 'miracles'. They are not. They are bypassing the encoded limits of the simulation. A population caught in simulation perception would have no idea that this was their plight. As the Bonn paper said: 'Like a prisoner in a pitch-black cell we would not be able to see the "walls" of our prison,' That's true if people remain mesmerised by the five senses. Open to expanded awareness and those walls become very clear. The main one is the speed of light.

American theoretical physicist James Gates is another who has explored the simulation question and found considerable evidence to support the idea. Gates was Professor of Physics at the University of Maryland, Director of The Center for String and Particle Theory, and on Barack Obama's Council of Advisors on Science and Technology. He and his team found *computer codes* of digital data embedded in the fabric of our reality. They relate to on-off electrical charges of 1 and 0 in the binary system used by computers. 'We have no idea what they are doing there', Gates said. They found within the energetic fabric mathematical sequences known as error-correcting codes or block codes that 'reboot' data to its original state or 'default settings' when something knocks it out of sync. Gates was asked if he had found a set of equations embedded in our reality indistinguishable from those that drive search engines and browsers and he said: 'That is correct.' Rich Terrile, director of the Centre for Evolutionary Computation and Automated Design at NASA's Jet

Propulsion Laboratory, has said publicly that he believes the Universe is a digital hologram that must have been created by a form of intelligence. I agree with that in every way. Waveform information is delivered electrically by the senses to the brain which constructs a *digital* holographic reality that we call the 'world'. This digital level of reality can be read by the esoteric art of numerology. Digital holograms are at the cutting edge of holographics today. We have digital technology everywhere designed to access and manipulate our digital level of perceived reality. Synthetic mRNA in 'Covid vaccines' has a digital component to manipulate the body's digital 'operating system'.

Reality is numbers

How many know that our reality can be broken down to numbers and codes that are the same as computer games? Max Tegmark, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), is the author of *Our Mathematical Universe* in which he lays out how reality can be entirely described by numbers and maths in the way that a video game is encoded with the 'physics' of computer games. Our world and computer virtual reality are essentially the same. Tegmark imagines the perceptions of characters in an advanced computer game when the graphics are so good they don't know they are in a game. They think they can bump into real objects (electromagnetic resistance in our reality), fall in love and feel emotions like excitement. When they began to study the apparently 'physical world' of the video game they would realise that everything was made of pixels (which have been found in our energetic reality as must be the case when on one level our world is digital). What computer game characters thought was physical 'stuff', Tegmark said, could actually be broken down into numbers:

> And we're exactly in this situation in our world. We look around and it doesn't seem that mathematical at all, but everything we see is made out of elementary particles like quarks and electrons. And what properties does an electron have? Does it have a smell or a colour or a texture? No! ... We physicists have come up with geeky names for [Electron] properties, like

electric charge, or spin, or lepton number, but the electron doesn't care what we call it, the properties are just numbers.

This is the illusory reality Gnostics were describing. This is the simulation. The A, C, G, and T codes of DNA have a binary value – A and C = 0 while G and T = 1. This has to be when the simulation is digital and the body must be digital to interact with it. Recurring mathematical sequences are encoded throughout reality and the body. They include the Fibonacci sequence in which the two previous numbers are added to get the next one, as in ... 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, etc. The sequence is encoded in the human face and body, proportions of animals, DNA, seed heads, pine cones, trees, shells, spiral galaxies, hurricanes and the number of petals in a flower. The list goes on and on. There are fractal patterns – a 'never-ending pattern that is infinitely complex and self-similar across all scales in the as above, so below, principle of holograms. These and other famous recurring geometrical and mathematical sequences such as Phi, Pi, Golden Mean, Golden Ratio and Golden Section are *computer codes* of the simulation. I had to laugh and give my head a shake the day I finished this book and it went into the production stage. I was sent an article in *Scientific American* published in April, 2021, with the headline 'Confirmed! We Live in a Simulation'. Two decades after I first said our reality is a simulation and the speed of light is it's outer limit the article suggested that we do live in a simulation and that the speed of light is its outer limit. I left school at 15 and never passed a major exam in my life while the writer was up to his eyes in qualifications. As I will explain in the final chapter *knowing* is far better than thinking and they come from very different sources. The article rightly connected the speed of light to the processing speed of the 'Matrix' and said what has been in my books all this time … 'If we are in a simulation, as it appears, then space is an abstract property written in code. It is not real'. No it's not and if we live in a simulation something created it and it wasn't *us*. 'That David Icke says we are manipulated by aliens' – he's crackers.'

Wow ...

The reality that humanity thinks is so real is an illusion. Politicians, governments, scientists, doctors, academics, law enforcement, media, school and university curriculums, on and on, are all founded on a world that *does not exist* except as a simulated prison cell. Is it such a stretch to accept that 'Covid' doesn't exist when our entire 'physical' reality doesn't exist? Revealed here is the knowledge kept under raps in the Cult networks of compartmentalised secrecy to control humanity's sense of reality by inducing the population to believe in a reality that's not real. If it wasn't so tragic in its experiential consequences the whole thing would be hysterically funny. None of this is new to Renegade Minds. Ancient Greek philosopher Plato (about 428 to about 347BC) was a major influence on Gnostic belief and he described the human plight thousands of years ago with his Allegory of the Cave. He told the symbolic story of prisoners living in a cave who had never been outside. They were chained and could only see one wall of the cave while behind them was a fire that they could not see. Figures walked past the fire casting shadows on the prisoners' wall and those moving shadows became their sense of reality. Some prisoners began to study the shadows and were considered experts on them (today's academics and scientists), but what they studied was only an illusion (today's academics and scientists). A prisoner escaped from the cave and saw reality as it really is. When he returned to report this revelation they didn't believe him, called him mad and threatened to kill him if he tried to set them free. Plato's tale is not only a brilliant analogy of the human plight and our illusory reality. It describes, too, the dynamics of the 'Covid' hoax. I have only skimmed the surface of these subjects here. The aim of this book is to crisply connect all essential dots to put what is happening today into its true context. All subject areas and their connections in this chapter are covered in great evidential detail in *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* and *The Answer*.

They say that bewildered people 'can't see the forest for the trees'. Humanity, however, can't see the forest for the *twigs*. The five senses

see only twigs while Renegade Minds can see the forest and it's the forest where the answers lie with the connections that reveals. Breaking free of perceptual programming so the forest can be seen is the way we turn all this around. Not breaking free is how humanity got into this mess. The situation may seem hopeless, but I promise you it's not. We are a perceptual heartbeat from paradise if only we knew.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Escaping Wetiko

Life is simply a vacation from the infinite
Dean Cavanagh

Renegade Minds weave the web of life and events and see common themes in the apparently random. They are always there if you look for them and their pursuit is aided by incredible synchronicity that comes when your mind is open rather than mesmerised by what it thinks it can see.

Infinite awareness is infinite possibility and the more of infinite possibility that we access the more becomes infinitely possible. That may be stating the apparently obvious, but it is a devastatingly-powerful fact that can set us free. We are a point of attention within an infinity of consciousness. The question is how much of that infinity do we choose to access? How much knowledge, insight, awareness, wisdom, do we want to connect with and explore? If your focus is only in the five senses you will be influenced by a fraction of infinite awareness. I mean a range so tiny that it gives new meaning to infinitesimal. Limitation of self-identity and a sense of the possible limit accordingly your range of consciousness. We are what we think we are. Life is what we think it is. The dream is the dreamer and the dreamer is the dream. Buddhist philosophy puts it this way: 'As a thing is viewed, so it appears.' Most humans live in the realm of touch, taste, see, hear, and smell and that's the limit of their sense of the possible and sense of self. Many will follow a religion and speak of a God in his heaven, but their lives are still

dominated by the five senses in their perceptions and actions. The five senses become the arbiter of everything. When that happens all except a smear of infinity is sealed away from influence by the rigid, unyielding, reality bubbles that are the five-sense human or Phantom Self. Archon Cult methodology is to isolate consciousness within five-sense reality – the simulation – and then program that consciousness with a sense of self and the world through a deluge of life-long information designed to instil the desired perception that allows global control. Efforts to do this have increased dramatically with identity politics as identity bubbles are squeezed into the minutiae of five-sense detail which disconnect people even more profoundly from the infinite 'I'.

Five-sense focus and self-identity are like a firewall that limits access to the infinite realms. You only perceive one radio or television station and no other. We'll take that literally for a moment. Imagine a vast array of stations giving different information and angles on reality, but you only ever listen to one. Here we have the human plight in which the population is overwhelmingly confined to CultFM. This relates only to the frequency range of CultFM and limits perception and insight to that band – limits *possibility* to that band. It means you are connecting with an almost imperceptibly minuscule range of possibility and creative potential within the infinite Field. It's a world where everything seems apart from everything else and where synchronicity is rare. Synchronicity is defined in the dictionary as 'the happening by chance of two or more related or similar events at the same time'. Use of 'by chance' betrays a complete misunderstanding of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'. As people open their minds, or 'awaken' to use the term, they notice more and more coincidences in their lives, bits of 'luck', apparently miraculous happenings that put them in the right place at the right time with the right people. Days become peppered with 'fancy meeting you here' and 'what are the chances of that?' My entire life has been lived like this and ever more so since my own colossal awakening in 1990 and 91 which transformed my sense of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'; it is by accessing expanded

realms of possibility which allow expanded potential for manifestation. People broadcasting the same vibe from the same openness of mind tend to be drawn 'by chance' to each other through what I call frequency magnetism and it's not only people. In the last more than 30 years incredible synchronicity has also led me through the Cult maze to information in so many forms and to crucial personal experiences. These 'coincidences' have allowed me to put the puzzle pieces together across an enormous array of subjects and situations. Those who have breached the bubble of five-sense reality will know exactly what I mean and this escape from the perceptual prison cell is open to everyone whenever they make that choice. This may appear super-human when compared with the limitations of 'human', but it's really our natural state. 'Human' as currently experienced is consciousness in an unnatural state of induced separation from the infinity of the whole. I'll come to how this transformation into unity can be made when I have described in more detail the force that holds humanity in servitude by denying this access to infinite self.

The Wetiko factor

I have been talking and writing for decades about the way five-sense mind is systematically barricaded from expanded awareness. I have used the analogy of a computer (five-sense mind) and someone at the keyboard (expanded awareness). Interaction between the computer and the operator is symbolic of the interaction between five-sense mind and expanded awareness. The computer directly experiences the Internet and the operator experiences the Internet via the computer which is how it's supposed to be – the two working as one. Archons seek to control that point where the operator connects with the computer to stop that interaction (Fig 20). Now the operator is banging the keyboard and clicking the mouse, but the computer is not responding and this happens when the computer is taken over – *possessed* – by an appropriately-named computer 'virus'. The operator has lost all influence over the computer which goes its own way making decisions under the control of the 'virus'. I have

just described the dynamic through which the force known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth and Archons disconnects five-sense mind from expanded awareness to imprison humanity in perceptual servitude.

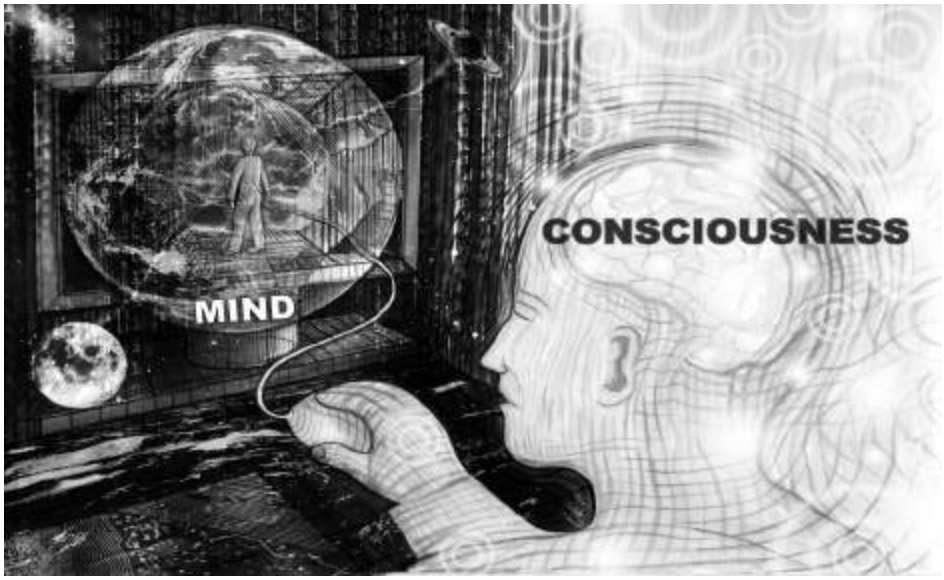

Figure 20: The mind 'virus' I have been writing about for decades seeks to isolate five-sense mind (the computer) from the true 'I'. (Image by Neil Hague).

About a year ago I came across a Native American concept of Wetiko which describes precisely the same phenomenon. Wetiko is the spelling used by the Cree and there are other versions including wintiko and windigo used by other tribal groups. They spell the name with lower case, but I see Wetiko as a proper noun as with Archons and prefer a capital. I first saw an article about Wetiko by writer and researcher Paul Levy which so synced with what I had been writing about the computer/operator disconnection and later the Archons. I then read his book, the fascinating *Dispelling Wetiko, Breaking the Spell of Evil*. The parallels between what I had concluded long before and the Native American concept of Wetiko were so clear and obvious that it was almost funny. For Wetiko see the Gnostic Archons for sure and the Jinn, the Predators, and every other name for a force of evil, inversion and chaos. Wetiko is the Native American name for the force that divides the computer from

the operator (Fig 21). Indigenous author Jack D. Forbes, a founder of the Native American movement in the 1960s, wrote another book about Wetiko entitled *Columbus And Other Cannibals – The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism* which I also read. Forbes says that Wetiko refers to an evil person or spirit 'who terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible acts, including cannibalism'. Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa told me that African accounts tell how cannibalism was brought into the world by the Chitauri 'gods' – another manifestation of Wetiko. The distinction between 'evil person or spirit' relates to Archons/Wetiko possessing a human or acting as pure consciousness. Wetiko is said to be a sickness of the soul or spirit and a state of being that takes but gives nothing back – the Cult and its operatives perfectly described. Black Hawk, a Native American war leader defending their lands from confiscation, said European invaders had 'poisoned hearts' – Wetiko hearts – and that this would spread to native societies. Mention of the heart is very significant as we shall shortly see. Forbes writes: 'Tragically, the history of the world for the past 2,000 years is, in great part, the story of the epidemiology of the wetiko disease.' Yes, and much longer. Forbes is correct when he says: 'The wetikos destroyed Egypt and Babylon and Athens and Rome and Tenochtitlan [capital of the Aztec empire] and perhaps now they will destroy the entire earth.' Evil, he said, is the number one export of a Wetiko culture – see its globalisation with 'Covid'. Constant war, mass murder, suffering of all kinds, child abuse, Satanism, torture and human sacrifice are all expressions of Wetiko and the Wetiko possessed. The world is Wetiko made manifest, *but it doesn't have to be*. There is a way out of this even now.

Figure 21: The mind 'virus' is known to Native Americans as 'Wetiko'. (Image by Neil Hague).

Cult of Wetiko

Wetiko is the Yaldabaoth frequency distortion that seeks to attach to human consciousness and absorb it into its own. Once this connection is made Wetiko can drive the perceptions of the target which they believe to be coming from their own mind. All the horrors of history and today from mass killers to Satanists, paedophiles like Jeffrey Epstein and other psychopaths, are the embodiment of Wetiko and express its state of being in all its grotesqueness. The Cult is Wetiko incarnate, Yaldabaoth incarnate, and it seeks to facilitate Wetiko assimilation of humanity in totality into its distortion by manipulating the population into low frequency states that match its own. Paul Levy writes: 'Holographically enforced within the psyche of every human being the wetiko virus pervades and underlies the entire field of consciousness, and can therefore potentially manifest through any one of us at any moment if we are not mindful.' The 'Covid' hoax has achieved this with many people, but others have not fallen into Wetiko's frequency lair. Players in the 'Covid' human catastrophe including Gates, Schwab, Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Johnson, Hancock, Ferguson, Drosten, and all the rest, including the psychopath psychologists, are expressions of Wetiko. This is why

they have no compassion or empathy and no emotional consequence for what they do that would make them stop doing it. Observe all the people who support the psychopaths in authority against the Pushbackers despite the damaging impact the psychopaths have on their own lives and their family's lives. You are again looking at Wetiko possession which prevents them seeing through the lies to the obvious scam going on. *Why can't they see it?* Wetiko won't let them see it. The perceptual divide that has now become a chasm is between the Wetikoed and the non-Wetikoed.

Paul Levy describes Wetiko in the same way that I have long described the Archontic force. They are the same distorted consciousness operating across dimensions of reality: '… the subtle body of wetiko is not located in the third dimension of space and time, literally existing in another dimension … it is able to affect ordinary lives by mysteriously interpenetrating into our three-dimensional world.' Wetiko does this through its incarnate representatives in the Cult and by weaving itself into The Field which on our level of reality is the electromagnetic information field of the simulation or Matrix. More than that, the simulation *is* Wetiko / Yaldabaoth. Caleb Scharf, Director of Astrobiology at Columbia University, has speculated that 'alien life' could be so advanced that it has transcribed itself into the quantum realm to become what we call physics. He said intelligence indistinguishable from the fabric of the Universe would solve many of its greatest mysteries:

> Perhaps hyper-advanced life isn't just external. Perhaps it's already all around. It is embedded in what we perceive to be physics itself, from the root behaviour of particles and fields to the phenomena of complexity and emergence ... In other words, life might not just be in the equations. It might BE the equations [My emphasis].

Scharf said it is possible that 'we don't recognise advanced life because it forms an integral and unsuspicious part of what we've considered to be the natural world'. I agree. Wetiko/Yaldabaoth *is* the simulation. We are literally in the body of the beast. But that doesn't mean it has to control us. We all have the power to overcome Wetiko

influence and the Cult knows that. I doubt it sleeps too well because it knows that.

Which Field?

This, I suggest, is how it all works. There are two Fields. One is the fierce electromagnetic light of the Matrix within the speed of light; the other is the 'watery light' of The Field beyond the walls of the Matrix that connects with the Great Infinity. Five-sense mind and the decoding systems of the body attach us to the Field of Matrix light. They have to or we could not experience this reality. Five-sense mind sees only the Matrix Field of information while our expanded consciousness is part of the Infinity Field. When we open our minds, and most importantly our hearts, to the Infinity Field we have a mission control which gives us an expanded perspective, a road map, to understand the nature of the five-sense world. If we are isolated only in five-sense mind there is no mission control. We're on our own trying to understand a world that's constantly feeding us information to ensure we do not understand. People in this state can feel 'lost' and bewildered with no direction or radar. You can see ever more clearly those who are influenced by the Fields of Big Infinity or little five-sense mind simply by their views and behaviour with regard to the 'Covid' hoax. We have had this division throughout known human history with the mass of the people on one side and individuals who could see and intuit beyond the walls of the simulation – Plato's prisoner who broke out of the cave and saw reality for what it is. Such people have always been targeted by Wetiko/Archon-possessed authority, burned at the stake or demonised as mad, bad and dangerous. The Cult today and its global network of 'anti-hate', 'anti-fascist' Woke groups are all expressions of Wetiko attacking those exposing the conspiracy, 'Covid' lies and the 'vaccine' agenda.

Woke as a whole is Wetiko which explains its black and white mentality and how at one it is with the Wetiko-possessed Cult. Paul Levy said: 'To be in this paradigm is to still be under the thrall of a two-valued logic – where things are either true or false – of a

wetikoized mind.' Wetiko consciousness is in a permanent rage, therefore so is Woke, and then there is Woke inversion and contradiction. 'Anti-fascists' act like fascists because fascists *and* 'anti-fascists' are both Wetiko at work. Political parties act the same while claiming to be different for the same reason. Secret society and satanic rituals are attaching initiates to Wetiko and the cold, ruthless, psychopathic mentality that secures the positions of power all over the world is Wetiko. Reframing 'training programmes' have the same cumulative effect of attaching Wetiko and we have their graduates described as automatons and robots with a cold, psychopathic, uncaring demeanour. They are all traits of Wetiko possession and look how many times they have been described in this book and elsewhere with regard to personnel behind 'Covid' including the police and medical profession. Climbing the greasy pole in any profession in a Wetiko society requires traits of Wetiko to get there and that is particularly true of politics which is not about fair competition and pre-eminence of ideas. It is founded on how many backs you can stab and arses you can lick. This culminated in the global 'Covid' coordination between the Wetiko possessed who pulled it off in all the different countries without a trace of empathy and compassion for their impact on humans. Our sight sense can see only holographic form and not the Field which connects holographic form. Therefore we perceive 'physical' objects with 'space' in between. In fact that 'space' is energy/consciousness operating on multiple frequencies. One of them is Wetiko and that connects the Cult psychopaths, those who submit to the psychopaths, and those who serve the psychopaths in the media operations of the world. Wetiko is Gates. Wetiko is the mask-wearing submissive. Wetiko is the fake journalist and 'fact-checker'. The Wetiko Field is coordinating the whole thing. Psychopaths, gofers, media operatives, 'anti-hate' hate groups, 'fact-checkers' and submissive people work as one unit *even without human coordination* because they are attached to the *same* Field which is organising it all (Fig 22). Paul Levy is here describing how Wetiko-possessed people are drawn together and refuse to let any information breach their rigid

perceptions. He was writing long before 'Covid', but I think you will recognise followers of the 'Covid' religion *oh just a little bit*:

> People who are channelling the vibratory frequency of wetiko align with each other through psychic resonance to reinforce their unspoken shared agreement so as to uphold their deranged view of reality. Once an unconscious content takes possession of certain individuals, it irresistibly draws them together by mutual attraction and knits them into groups tied together by their shared madness that can easily swell into an avalanche of insanity.
>
> A psychic epidemic is a closed system, which is to say that it is insular and not open to any new information or informing influences from the outside world which contradict its fixed, limited, and limiting perspective.

There we have the Woke mind and the 'Covid' mind. Compatible resonance draws the awakening together, too, which is clearly happening today.

Figure 22: The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

Spiritual servitude

Wetiko doesn't care about humans. It's not human; it just possesses humans for its own ends and the effect (depending on the scale of

possession) can be anything from extreme psychopathy to unquestioning obedience. Wetiko's worst nightmare is for human consciousness to expand beyond the simulation. Everything is focussed on stopping that happening through control of information, thus perception, thus frequency. The 'education system', media, science, medicine, academia, are all geared to maintaining humanity in five-sense servitude as is the constant stimulation of low-vibrational mental and emotional states (see 'Covid'). Wetiko seeks to dominate those subconscious spaces between five-sense perception and expanded consciousness where the computer meets the operator. From these subconscious hiding places Wetiko speaks to us to trigger urges and desires that we take to be our own and manipulate us into anything from low-vibrational to psychopathic states. Remember how Islam describes the Jinn as invisible tricksters that 'whisper' and confuse. Wetiko is the origin of the 'trickster god' theme that you find in cultures all over the world. Jinn, like the Archons, are Wetiko which is terrified of humans awakening and reconnecting with our true self for then its energy source has gone. With that the feedback loop breaks between Wetiko and human perception that provides the energetic momentum on which its very existence depends as a force of evil. Humans are both its target and its source of survival, but only if we are operating in low-vibrational states of fear, hate, depression and the background anxiety that most people suffer. We are Wetiko's target because we are its key to survival. It needs us, not the other way round. Paul Levy writes:

> A vampire has no intrinsic, independent, substantial existence in its own right; it only exists in relation to us. The pathogenic, vampiric mind-parasite called wetiko is nothing in itself – not being able to exist from its own side – yet it has a 'virtual reality' such that it can potentially destroy our species …
>
> …The fact that a vampire is not reflected by a mirror can also mean that what we need to see is that there's nothing, no-thing to see, other than ourselves. The fact that wetiko is the expression of something inside of us means that the cure for wetiko is with us as well. The critical issue is finding this cure within us and then putting it into effect.

Evil begets evil because if evil does not constantly expand and find new sources of energetic sustenance its evil, its *distortion*, dies with the assimilation into balance and harmony. Love is the garlic to Wetiko's vampire. Evil, the absence of love, cannot exist in the presence of love. I think I see a way out of here. I have emphasised so many times over the decades that the Archons/Wetiko and their Cult are not all powerful. *They are not*. I don't care how it looks even now *they are not*. I have not called them little boys in short trousers for effect. I have said it because it is true. Wetiko's insatiable desire for power over others is not a sign of its omnipotence, but its insecurity. Paul Levy writes: 'Due to the primal fear which ultimately drives it and which it is driven to cultivate, wetiko's body politic has an intrinsic and insistent need for centralising power and control so as to create imagined safety for itself.' *Yeeeeeees!* Exactly! Why does Wetiko want humans in an ongoing state of fear? Wetiko itself *is* fear and it is petrified of love. As evil is an absence of love, so love is an absence of fear. Love conquers all and *especially* Wetiko which *is* fear. Wetiko brought fear into the world when it wasn't here before. *Fear* was the 'fall', the fall into low-frequency ignorance and illusion – fear is **F**alse **E**motion **A**ppearing **R**eal. The simulation is driven and energised by fear because Wetiko/Yaldabaoth (fear) *are* the simulation. Fear is the absence of love and Wetiko is the absence of love.

Wetiko today

We can now view current events from this level of perspective. The 'Covid' hoax has generated momentous amounts of ongoing fear, anxiety, depression and despair which have empowered Wetiko. No wonder people like Gates have been the instigators when they are Wetiko incarnate and exhibit every trait of Wetiko in the extreme. See how cold and unemotional these people are like Gates and his cronies, how dead of eye they are. That's Wetiko. Sabbatians are Wetiko and everything they control including the World Health Organization, Big Pharma and the 'vaccine' makers, national 'health'

hierarchies, corporate media, Silicon Valley, the banking system, and the United Nations with its planned transformation into world government. All are controlled and possessed by the Wetiko distortion into distorting human society in its image. We are with this knowledge at the gateway to understanding the world. Divisions of race, culture, creed and sexuality are diversions to hide the real division between those possessed and influenced by Wetiko and those that are not. The 'Covid' hoax has brought both clearly into view. Human behaviour is not about race. Tyrants and dictatorships come in all colours and creeds. What unites the US president bombing the innocent and an African tribe committing genocide against another as in Rwanda? What unites them? *Wetiko*. All wars are Wetiko, all genocide is Wetiko, all hunger over centuries in a world of plenty is Wetiko. Children going to bed hungry, including in the West, is Wetiko. Cult-generated Woke racial divisions that focus on the body are designed to obscure the reality that divisions in behaviour are manifestations of mind, not body. Obsession with body identity and group judgement is a means to divert attention from the real source of behaviour – mind and perception. Conflict sown by the Woke both within themselves and with their target groups are Wetiko providing lunch for itself through still more agents of the division, chaos, and fear on which it feeds. The Cult is seeking to assimilate the entirety of humanity and all children and young people into the Wetiko frequency by manipulating them into states of fear and despair. Witness all the suicide and psychological unravelling since the spring of 2020. Wetiko psychopaths want to impose a state of unquestioning obedience to authority which is no more than a conduit for Wetiko to enforce its will and assimilate humanity into itself. It needs us to believe that resistance is futile when it fears resistance and even more so the game-changing non-cooperation with its impositions. It can use violent resistance for its benefit. Violent impositions and violent resistance are *both* Wetiko. The Power of Love with its Power of No will sweep Wetiko from our world. Wetiko and its Cult know that. They just don't want us to know.

AI Wetiko

This brings me to AI or artificial intelligence and something else Wetikos don't want us to know. What is AI *really*? I know about computer code algorithms and AI that learns from data input. These, however, are more diversions, the expeditionary force, for the real AI that they want to connect to the human brain as promoted by Silicon Valley Wetikos like Kurzweil. What is this AI? It is the frequency of *Wetiko*, the frequency of the Archons. The connection of AI to the human brain is the connection of the Wetiko frequency to create a Wetiko hive mind and complete the job of assimilation. The hive mind is planned to be controlled from Israel and China which are both 100 percent owned by Wetiko Sabbatians. The assimilation process has been going on minute by minute in the 'smart' era which fused with the 'Covid' era. We are told that social media is scrambling the minds of the young and changing their personality. This is true, but what is social media? Look more deeply at how it works, how it creates divisions and conflict, the hostility and cruelty, the targeting of people until they are destroyed. That's Wetiko. Social media is manipulated to tune people to the Wetiko frequency with all the emotional exploitation tricks employed by platforms like Facebook and its Wetiko front man, Zuckerberg. Facebook's Instagram announced a new platform for children to overcome a legal bar on them using the main site. This is more Wetiko exploitation and manipulation of kids. Amnesty International likened the plan to foxes offering to guard the henhouse and said it was incompatible with human rights. Since when did Wetiko or Zuckerberg (I repeat myself) care about that? Would Brin and Page at Google, Wojcicki at YouTube, Bezos at Amazon and whoever the hell runs Twitter act as they do if they were not channelling Wetiko? Would those who are developing technologies for no other reason than human control? How about those designing and selling technologies to kill people and Big Pharma drug and 'vaccine' producers who know they will end or devastate lives? Quite a thought for these people to consider is that if you are Wetiko in a human life you are Wetiko on the 'other side' unless your frequency

changes and that can only change by a change of perception which becomes a change of behaviour. Where Gates is going does not bear thinking about although perhaps that's exactly where he wants to go. Either way, that's where he's going. His frequency will make it so.

The frequency lair

I have been saying for a long time that a big part of the addiction to smartphones and devices is that a frequency is coming off them that entraps the mind. People spend ages on their phones and sometimes even a minute or so after they put them down they pick them up again and it all repeats. 'Covid' lockdowns will have increased this addiction a million times for obvious reasons. Addictions to alcohol overindulgence and drugs are another way that Wetiko entraps consciousness to attach to its own. Both are symptoms of low-vibrational psychological distress which alcoholism and drug addiction further compound. Do we think it's really a coincidence that access to them is made so easy while potions that can take people into realms beyond the simulation are banned and illegal? I have explored smartphone addiction in other books, the scale is mind-blowing, and that level of addiction does not come without help. Tech companies that make these phones are Wetiko and they will have no qualms about destroying the minds of children. We are seeing again with these companies the Wetiko perceptual combination of psychopathic enforcers and weak and meek unquestioning compliance by the rank and file.

The global Smart Grid is the Wetiko Grid and it is crucial to complete the Cult endgame. The simulation is radiation and we are being deluged with technological radiation on a devastating scale. Wetiko frauds like Elon Musk serve Cult interests while occasionally criticising them to maintain his street-cred. 5G and other forms of Wi-Fi are being directed at the earth from space on a volume and scale that goes on increasing by the day. Elon Musk's (officially) SpaceX Starlink project is in the process of putting tens of thousands of satellites in low orbit to cover every inch of the planet with 5G and other Wi-Fi to create Kurzweil's global 'cloud' to which the

human mind is planned to be attached very soon. SpaceX has approval to operate 12,000 satellites with more than 1,300 launched at the time of writing and applications filed for *30,000* more. Other operators in the Wi-Fi, 5G, low-orbit satellite market include OneWeb (UK), Telesat (Canada), and AST & Science (US). Musk tells us that AI could be the end of humanity and then launches a company called Neuralink to connect the human brain to computers. Musk's (in theory) Tesla company is building electric cars and the driverless vehicles of the smart control grid. As frauds and bullshitters go Elon Musk in my opinion is Major League.

5G and technological radiation in general are destructive to human health, genetics and psychology and increasing the strength of artificial radiation underpins the five-sense perceptual bubbles which are themselves expressions of radiation or electromagnetism. Freedom activist John Whitehead was so right with his 'databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps'. The Smart Grid and 5G is a means to control the human mind and infuse perceptual information into The Field to influence anyone in sync with its frequency. You can change perception and behaviour en masse if you can manipulate the population into those levels of frequency and this is happening all around us today. The arrogance of Musk and his fellow Cult operatives knows no bounds in the way that we see with Gates. Musk's satellites are so many in number already they are changing the night sky when viewed from Earth. The astronomy community has complained about this and they have seen nothing yet. Some consequences of Musk's Wetiko hubris include: Radiation; visible pollution of the night sky; interference with astronomy and meteorology; ground and water pollution from intensive use of increasingly many spaceports; accumulating space debris; continual deorbiting and burning up of aging satellites, polluting the atmosphere with toxic dust and smoke; and ever-increasing likelihood of collisions. A collective public open letter of complaint to Musk said:

We are writing to you … because SpaceX is in process of surrounding the Earth with a network of thousands of satellites whose very purpose is to irradiate every square inch of the

Earth. SpaceX, like everyone else, is treating the radiation as if it were not there. As if the mitochondria in our cells do not depend on electrons moving undisturbed from the food we digest to the oxygen we breathe.

As if our nervous systems and our hearts are not subject to radio frequency interference like any piece of electronic equipment. As if the cancer, diabetes, and heart disease that now afflict a majority of the Earth's population are not metabolic diseases that result from interference with our cellular machinery. As if insects everywhere, and the birds and animals that eat them, are not starving to death as a result.

People like Musk and Gates believe in their limitless Wetiko arrogance that they can do whatever they like to the world because they own it. Consequences for humanity are irrelevant. It's absolutely time that we stopped taking this shit from these self-styled masters of the Earth when you consider where this is going.

Why is the Cult so anti-human?

I hear this question often: Why would they do this when it will affect them, too? Ah, but will it? Who is this *them*? Forget their bodies. They are just vehicles for Wetiko consciousness. When you break it all down to the foundations we are looking at a state of severely distorted consciousness targeting another state of consciousness for assimilation. The rest is detail. The simulation is the fly-trap in which unique sensations of the five senses create a cycle of addiction called reincarnation. Renegade Minds see that everything which happens in our reality is a smaller version of the whole picture in line with the holographic principle. Addiction to the radiation of smart technology is a smaller version of addiction to the whole simulation. Connecting the body/brain to AI is taking that addiction on a giant step further to total ongoing control by assimilating human incarnate consciousness into Wetiko. I have watched during the 'Covid' hoax how many are becoming ever more profoundly attached to Wetiko's perceptual calling cards of aggressive response to any other point of view ('There is no other god but me'), psychopathic lack of compassion and empathy, and servile submission to the narrative and will of authority. Wetiko is the psychopaths *and* subservience to psychopaths. The Cult of Wetiko is

so anti-human because it is *not* human. It embarked on a mission to destroy human by targeting everything that it means to be human and to survive as human. 'Covid' is not the end, just a means to an end. The Cult with its Wetiko consciousness is seeking to change Earth systems, including the atmosphere, to suit them, not humans. The gathering bombardment of 5G alone from ground and space is dramatically changing The Field with which the five senses interact. There is so much more to come if we sit on our hands and hope it will all go away. It is not meant to go away. It is meant to get ever more extreme and we need to face that while we still can – just.

Carbon dioxide is the gas of life. Without that human is over. Kaput, gone, history. No natural world, no human. The Cult has created a cock and bull story about carbon dioxide and climate change to justify its reduction to the point where Gates and the ignoramus Biden 'climate chief' John Kerry want to suck it out of the atmosphere. Kerry wants to do this because his master Gates does. Wetikos have made the gas of life a demon with the usual support from the Wokers of Extinction Rebellion and similar organisations and the bewildered puppet-child that is Greta Thunberg who was put on the world stage by Klaus Schwab and the World Economic Forum. The name Extinction Rebellion is both ironic and as always Wetiko inversion. The gas that we need to survive must be reduced to save us from extinction. The most basic need of human is oxygen and we now have billions walking around in face nappies depriving body and brain of this essential requirement of human existence. More than that 5G at 60 gigahertz interacts with the oxygen molecule to reduce the amount of oxygen the body can absorb into the bloodstream. The obvious knock-on consequences of that for respiratory and cognitive problems and life itself need no further explanation. Psychopaths like Musk are assembling a global system of satellites to deluge the human atmosphere with this insanity. The man should be in jail. Here we have two most basic of human needs, oxygen and carbon dioxide, being dismantled.

Two others, water and food, are getting similar treatment with the United Nations Agendas 21 and 2030 – the Great Reset – planning to

centrally control all water and food supplies. People will not even own rain water that falls on their land. Food is affected at the most basic level by reducing carbon dioxide. We have genetic modification or GMO infiltrating the food chain on a mass scale, pesticides and herbicides polluting the air and destroying the soil. Freshwater fish that provide livelihoods for 60 million people and feed hundreds of millions worldwide are being 'pushed to the brink' according the conservationists while climate change is the only focus. Now we have Gates and Schwab wanting to dispense with current food sources all together and replace them with a synthetic version which the Wetiko Cult would control in terms of production and who eats and who doesn't. We have been on the Totalitarian Tiptoe to this for more than 60 years as food has become ever more processed and full of chemical shite to the point today when it's not natural food at all. As Dr Tom Cowan says: 'If it has a label don't eat it.' Bill Gates is now the biggest owner of farmland in the United States and he does nothing without an ulterior motive involving the Cult. Klaus Schwab wrote: 'To feed the world in the next 50 years we will need to produce as much food as was produced in the last 10,000 years … food security will only be achieved, however, if regulations on genetically modified foods are adapted to reflect the reality that gene editing offers a precise, efficient and safe method of improving crops.' Liar. People and the world are being targeted with aluminium through vaccines, chemtrails, food, drink cans, and endless other sources when aluminium has been linked to many health issues including dementia which is increasing year after year. Insects, bees and wildlife essential to the food chain are being deleted by pesticides, herbicides and radiation which 5G is dramatically increasing with 6G and 7G to come. The pollinating bee population is being devastated while wildlife including birds, dolphins and whales are having their natural radar blocked by the effects of ever-increasing radiation. In the summer windscreens used to be splattered with insects so numerous were they. It doesn't happen now. Where have they gone?

Synthetic everything

The Cult is introducing genetically-modified versions of trees, plants and insects including a Gates-funded project to unleash hundreds of millions of genetically-modified, lab-altered and patented male mosquitoes to mate with wild mosquitoes and induce genetic flaws that cause them to die out. Clinically-insane Gates-funded Japanese researchers have developed mosquitos that spread vaccine and are dubbed 'flying vaccinators'. Gates is funding the modification of weather patterns in part to sell the myth that this is caused by carbon dioxide and he's funding geoengineering of the skies to change the atmosphere. Some of this came to light with the Gates-backed plan to release tonnes of chalk into the atmosphere to 'deflect the Sun and cool the planet'. Funny how they do this while the heating effect of the Sun is not factored into climate projections focussed on carbon dioxide. The reason is that they want to reduce carbon dioxide (so don't mention the Sun), but at the same time they do want to reduce the impact of the Sun which is so essential to human life and health. I have mentioned the sun-cholesterol-vitamin D connection as they demonise the Sun with warnings about skin cancer (caused by the chemicals in sun cream they tell you to splash on). They come from the other end of the process with statin drugs to reduce cholesterol that turns sunlight into vitamin D. A lack of vitamin D leads to a long list of health effects and how vitamin D levels must have fallen with people confined to their homes over 'Covid'. Gates is funding other forms of geoengineering and most importantly chemtrails which are dropping heavy metals, aluminium and self-replicating nanotechnology onto the Earth which is killing the natural world. See *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* for the detailed background to this.

Every human system is being targeted for deletion by a force that's not human. The Wetiko Cult has embarked on the process of transforming the human body from biological to synthetic biological as I have explained. Biological is being replaced by the artificial and synthetic – Archontic 'countermimicry' – right across human society. The plan eventually is to dispense with the human body altogether

and absorb human consciousness – which it wouldn't really be by then – into cyberspace (the simulation which is Wetiko/Yaldabaoth). Preparations for that are already happening if people would care to look. The alternative media rightly warns about globalism and 'the globalists', but this is far bigger than that and represents the end of the human race as we know it. The 'bad copy' of prime reality that Gnostics describe was a bad copy of harmony, wonder and beauty to start with before Wetiko/Yaldabaoth set out to change the simulated 'copy' into something very different. The process was slow to start with. Entrapped humans in the simulation timeline were not technologically aware and they had to be brought up to intellectual speed while being suppressed spiritually to the point where they could build their own prison while having no idea they were doing so. We have now reached that stage where technological intellect has the potential to destroy us and that's why events are moving so fast. Central American shaman Don Juan Matus said:

> Think for a moment, and tell me how you would explain the contradictions between the intelligence of man the engineer and the stupidity of his systems of belief, or the stupidity of his contradictory behaviour. Sorcerers believe that the predators have given us our systems of beliefs, our ideas of good and evil; our social mores. They are the ones who set up our dreams of success or failure. They have given us covetousness, greed, and cowardice. It is the predator who makes us complacent, routinary, and egomaniacal.
>
> In order to keep us obedient and meek and weak, the predators engaged themselves in a stupendous manoeuvre – stupendous, of course, from the point of view of a fighting strategist; a horrendous manoeuvre from the point of those who suffer it. They gave us their mind. The predators' mind is baroque, contradictory, morose, filled with the fear of being discovered any minute now.

For 'predators' see Wetiko, Archons, Yaldabaoth, Jinn, and all the other versions of the same phenomenon in cultures and religions all over the world. The theme is always the same because it's true and it's real. We have reached the point where we have to deal with it. The question is – how?

Don't fight – walk away

I thought I'd use a controversial subheading to get things moving in terms of our response to global fascism. What do you mean 'don't fight'? What do you mean 'walk away'? We've got to fight. We can't walk away. Well, it depends what we mean by fight and walk away. If fighting means physical combat we are playing Wetiko's game and falling for its trap. It wants us to get angry, aggressive, and direct hate and hostility at the enemy we think we must fight. Every war, every battle, every conflict, has been fought with Wetiko leading both sides. It's what it does. Wetiko wants a fight, anywhere, any place. Just hit me, son, so I can hit you back. Wetiko hits Wetiko and Wetiko hits Wetiko in return. I am very forthright as you can see in exposing Wetikos of the Cult, but I don't hate them. I refuse to hate them. It's what they want. What you hate you become. What you *fight* you become. Wokers, 'anti-haters' and 'anti-fascists' prove this every time they reach for their keyboards or don their balaclavas. By walk away I mean to disengage from Wetiko which includes ceasing to cooperate with its tyranny. Paul Levy says of Wetiko:

> The way to 'defeat' evil is not to try to destroy it (for then, in playing evil's game, we have already lost), but rather, to find the invulnerable place within ourselves where evil is unable to vanquish us – this is to truly 'win' our battle with evil.

Wetiko is everywhere in human society and it's been on steroids since the 'Covid' hoax. Every shouting match over wearing masks has Wetiko wearing a mask and Wetiko not wearing one. It's an electrical circuit of push and resist, push and resist, with Wetiko pushing *and* resisting. Each polarity is Wetiko empowering itself. Dictionary definitions of 'resist' include 'opposing, refusing to accept or comply with' and the word to focus on is 'opposing'. What form does this take – setting police cars alight or 'refusing to accept or comply with'? The former is Wetiko opposing Wetiko while the other points the way forward. This is the difference between those aggressively demanding that government fascism must be obeyed who stand in stark contrast to the great majority of Pushbackers. We saw this clearly with a march by thousands of Pushbackers against lockdown in London followed days later by a Woker-hijacked

protest in Bristol in which police cars were set on fire. Masks were virtually absent in London and widespread in Bristol. Wetiko wants lockdown on every level of society and infuses its aggression to police it through its unknowing stooges. Lockdown protesters are the ones with the smiling faces and the hugs, The two blatantly obvious states of being – getting more obvious by the day – are the result of Wokers and their like becoming ever more influenced by the simulation Field of Wetiko and Pushbackers ever more influenced by The Field of a far higher vibration beyond the simulation. Wetiko can't invade the heart which is where most lockdown opponents are coming from. It's the heart that allows them to see through the lies to the truth in ways I will be highlighting.

Renegade Minds know that calmness is the place from which wisdom comes. You won't find wisdom in a hissing fit and wisdom is what we need in abundance right now. Calmness is not weakness – you don't have to scream at the top of your voice to be strong. Calmness is indeed a sign of strength. 'No' means I'm not doing it. *NOOOO!!!* doesn't mean you're not doing it even more. Volume does not advance 'No – I'm not doing it'. You are just not doing it. Wetiko possessed and influenced don't know how to deal with that. Wetiko wants a fight and we should not give it one. What it needs more than anything is our *cooperation* and we should not give that either. Mass rallies and marches are great in that they are a visual representation of feeling, but if it ends there they are irrelevant. You demand that Wetikos act differently? Well, they're not going to are they? They are Wetikos. We don't need to waste our time demanding that something doesn't happen when that will make no difference. We need to delete the means that *allows* it to happen. This, invariably, is our cooperation. You can demand a child stop firing a peashooter at the dog or you can refuse to buy the peashooter. If you provide the means you are cooperating with the dog being smacked on the nose with a pea. How can the authorities enforce mask-wearing if millions in a country refuse? What if the 74 million Pushbackers that voted for Trump in 2020 refused to wear masks, close their businesses or stay in their homes. It would be unenforceable. The

few control the many through the compliance of the many and that's always been the dynamic be it 'Covid' regulations or the Roman Empire. I know people can find it intimidating to say no to authority or stand out in a crowd for being the only one with a face on display; but it has to be done or it's over. I hope I've made clear in this book that where this is going will be far more intimidating than standing up now and saying 'No' – I will not cooperate with my own enslavement and that of my children. There might be consequences for some initially, although not so if enough do the same. The question that must be addressed is what is going to happen if we don't? It is time to be strong and unyieldingly so. No means no. Not here and there, but *everywhere* and *always*. I have refused to wear a mask and obey all the other nonsense. I will not comply with tyranny. I repeat: Fascism is not imposed by fascists – there are never enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. *I will not do it*. I will die first, or my body will. Living meekly under fascism is a form of death anyway, the death of the spirit that Martin Luther King described.

Making things happen

We must not despair. This is not over till it's over and it's far from that. The 'fat lady' must refuse to sing. The longer the 'Covid' hoax has dragged on and impacted on more lives we have seen an awakening of phenomenal numbers of people worldwide to the realisation that what they have believed all their lives is not how the world really is. Research published by the system-serving University of Bristol and King's College London in February, 2021, concluded: 'One in every 11 people in Britain say they trust David Icke's take on the coronavirus pandemic.' It will be more by now and we have gathering numbers to build on. We must urgently progress from seeing the scam to ceasing to cooperate with it. Prominent German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich, also licenced to practice law in America, is doing a magnificent job taking the legal route to bring the psychopaths to justice through a second Nuremberg tribunal for crimes against humanity. Fuellmich has an impressive record of

beating the elite in court and he formed the German Corona Investigative Committee to pursue civil charges against the main perpetrators with a view to triggering criminal charges. Most importantly he has grasped the foundation of the hoax – the PCR test not testing for the 'virus' – and Christian Drosten is therefore on his charge sheet along with Gates frontman Tedros at the World Health Organization. Major players must be not be allowed to inflict their horrors on the human race without being brought to book. A life sentence must follow for Bill Gates and the rest of them. A group of researchers has also indicted the government of Norway for crimes against humanity with copies sent to the police and the International Criminal Court. The lawsuit cites participation in an internationally-planned false pandemic and violation of international law and human rights, the European Commission's definition of human rights by coercive rules, Nuremberg and Hague rules on fundamental human rights, and the Norwegian constitution. We must take the initiative from hereon and not just complain, protest and react.

There are practical ways to support vital mass non-cooperation. Organising in numbers is one. Lockdown marches in London in the spring in 2021 were mass non-cooperation that the authorities could not stop. There were too many people. Hundreds of thousands walked the London streets in the centre of the road for mile after mile while the Face-Nappies could only look on. They were determined, but calm, and just *did it* with no histrionics and lots of smiles. The police were impotent. Others are organising group shopping without masks for mutual support and imagine if that was happening all over. Policing it would be impossible. If the store refuses to serve people in these circumstances they would be faced with a long line of trolleys full of goods standing on their own and everything would have to be returned to the shelves. How would they cope with that if it kept happening? I am talking here about moving on from complaining to being pro-active; from watching things happen to making things happen. I include in this our relationship with the police. The behaviour of many Face-Nappies

has been disgraceful and anyone who thinks they would never find concentration camp guards in the 'enlightened' modern era have had that myth busted big-time. The period and setting may change – Wetikos never do. I watched film footage from a London march in which a police thug viciously kicked a protestor on the floor who had done nothing. His fellow Face-Nappies stood in a ring protecting him. What he did was a criminal assault and with a crowd far outnumbering the police this can no longer be allowed to happen unchallenged. I get it when people chant 'shame on you' in these circumstances, but that is no longer enough. They *have* no shame those who do this. Crowds needs to start making a citizen's arrest of the police who commit criminal offences and brutally attack innocent people and defenceless women. A citizen's arrest can be made under section 24A of the UK Police and Criminal Evidence (PACE) Act of 1984 and you will find something similar in other countries. I prefer to call it a Common Law arrest rather than citizen's for reasons I will come to shortly. Anyone can arrest a person committing an indictable offence or if they have reasonable grounds to suspect they are committing an indictable offence. On both counts the attack by the police thug would have fallen into this category. A citizen's arrest can be made to stop someone:

- Causing physical injury to himself or any other person
- Suffering physical injury
- Causing loss of or damage to property
- Making off before a constable can assume responsibility for him

A citizen's arrest may also be made to prevent a breach of the peace under Common Law and if they believe a breach of the peace will happen or anything related to harm likely to be done or already done in their presence. This is the way to go I think – the Common Law version. If police know that the crowd and members of the public will no longer be standing and watching while they commit

their thuggery and crimes they will think twice about acting like Brownshirts and Blackshirts.

Common Law – common sense

Mention of Common Law is very important. Most people think the law is the law as in one law. This is not the case. There are two bodies of law, Common Law and Statute Law, and they are not the same. Common Law is founded on the simple premise of do no harm. It does not recognise victimless crimes in which no harm is done while Statute Law does. There is a Statute Law against almost everything. So what is Statute Law? Amazingly it's the law of the *sea* that was brought ashore by the Cult to override the law of the land which is Common Law. They had no right to do this and as always they did it anyway. They had to. They could not impose their will on the people through Common Law which only applies to do no harm. How could you stitch up the fine detail of people's lives with that? Instead they took the law of the sea, or Admiralty Law, and applied it to the population. Statute Law refers to all the laws spewing out of governments and their agencies including all the fascist laws and regulations relating to 'Covid'. The key point to make is that Statute Law is *contract law*. It only applies between *contracting* corporations. Most police officers don't even know this. They have to be kept in the dark, too. Long ago when merchants and their sailing ships began to trade with different countries a contractual law was developed called Admiralty Law and other names. Again it only applied to *contracts* agreed between *corporate* entities. If there is no agreed contract the law of the sea had no jurisdiction *and that still applies to its new alias of Statute Law*. The problem for the Cult when the law of the sea was brought ashore was an obvious one. People were not corporations and neither were government entities. To overcome the latter they made governments and all associated organisations corporations. All the institutions are *private corporations* and I mean governments and their agencies, local councils, police, courts, military, US states, the whole lot. Go to the

Dun and Bradstreet corporate listings website for confirmation that they are all corporations. You are arrested by a private corporation called the police by someone who is really a private security guard and they take you to court which is another private corporation. Neither have jurisdiction over you unless you consent and *contract* with them. This is why you hear the mantra about law enforcement policing by *consent* of the people. In truth the people 'consent' only in theory through monumental trickery.

Okay, the Cult overcame the corporate law problem by making governments and institutions corporate entities; but what about people? They are not corporations are they? Ah ... well in a sense, and *only* a sense, they are. Not people exactly – the illusion of people. The Cult creates a corporation in the name of everyone at the time that their birth certificate is issued. Note birth/ *berth* certificate and when you go to court under the law of the sea on land you stand in a *dock*. These are throwbacks to the origin. My Common Law name is David Vaughan Icke. The name of the corporation created by the government when I was born is called Mr David Vaughan Icke usually written in capitals as MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE. That is not me, the living, breathing man. It is a fictitious corporate entity. The trick is to make you think that David Vaughan Icke and MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE are the same thing. *They are not*. When police charge you and take you to court they are prosecuting the corporate entity and not the living, breathing, man or woman. They have to trick you into identifying as the corporate entity and contracting with them. Otherwise they have no jurisdiction. They do this through a language known as legalese. Lawful and legal are not the same either. Lawful relates to Common Law and legal relates to Statute Law. Legalese is the language of Statue Law which uses terms that mean one thing to the public and another in legalese. Notice that when a police officer tells someone why they are being charged he or she will say at the end: 'Do you understand?' To the public that means 'Do you comprehend?' In legalese it means 'Do you stand under me?' Do you stand under my authority? If you say

yes to the question you are unknowingly agreeing to give them jurisdiction over you in a contract between two corporate entities.

This is a confidence trick in every way. Contracts have to be agreed between informed parties and if you don't know that David Vaughan Icke is agreeing to be the corporation MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE you cannot knowingly agree to contract. They are deceiving you and another way they do this is to ask for proof of identity. You usually show them a driving licence or other document on which your corporate name is written. In doing so you are accepting that you are that corporate entity when you are not. Referring to yourself as a 'person' or 'citizen' is also identifying with your corporate fiction which is why I made the Common Law point about the citizen's arrest. If you are approached by a police officer you identify yourself immediately as a living, breathing, man or woman and say 'I do not consent, I do not contract with you and I do not understand' or stand under their authority. I have a Common Law birth certificate as a living man and these are available at no charge from commonlawcourt.com. Businesses registered under the Statute Law system means that its laws apply. There are, however, ways to run a business under Common Law. Remember all 'Covid' laws and regulations are Statute Law – the law of *contracts* and you do not have to contract. This doesn't mean that you can kill someone and get away with it. Common Law says do no harm and that applies to physical harm, financial harm etc. Police are employees of private corporations and there needs to be a new system of non-corporate Common Law constables operating outside the Statute Law system. If you go to davidicke.com and put Common Law into the search engine you will find videos that explain Common Law in much greater detail. It is definitely a road we should walk.

With all my heart

I have heard people say that we are in a spiritual war. I don't like the term 'war' with its Wetiko dynamic, but I know what they mean. Sweep aside all the bodily forms and we are in a situation in which two states of consciousness are seeking very different realities.

Wetiko wants upheaval, chaos, fear, suffering, conflict and control. The other wants love, peace, harmony, fairness and freedom. That's where we are. We should not fall for the idea that Wetiko is all-powerful and there's nothing we can do. Wetiko is not all-powerful. It's a joke, pathetic. It doesn't have to be, but it has made that choice for now. A handful of times over the years when I have felt the presence of its frequency I have allowed it to attach briefly so I could consciously observe its nature. The experience is not pleasant, the energy is heavy and dark, but the ease with which you can kick it back out the door shows that its real power is in persuading us that it has power. It's all a con. Wetiko is a con. It's a trickster and not a power that can control us if we unleash our own. The con is founded on manipulating humanity to give its power to Wetiko which recycles it back to present the illusion that it has power when its power is *ours* that we gave away. This happens on an energetic level and plays out in the world of the seen as humanity giving its power to Wetiko authority which uses that power to control the population when the power is only the power the population has handed over. How could it be any other way for billions to be controlled by a relative few? I have had experiences with people possessed by Wetiko and again you can kick its arse if you do it with an open heart. Oh yes – the *heart* which can transform the world of perceived 'matter'.

We are receiver-transmitters and processors of information, but what information and where from? Information is processed into perception in three main areas – the brain, the heart and the belly. These relate to thinking, knowing, and emotion. Wetiko wants us to be head and belly people which means we think within the confines of the Matrix simulation and low-vibrational emotional reaction scrambles balance and perception. A few minutes on social media and you see how emotion is the dominant force. Woke is all emotion and is therefore thought-free and fact-free. Our heart is something different. It *knows* while the head *thinks* and has to try to work it out because it doesn't know. The human energy field has seven prime vortexes which connect us with wider reality (Fig 23). Chakra means

'wheels of light' in the Sanskrit language of ancient India. The main ones are: The crown chakra on top of the head; brow (or 'third eye') chakra in the centre of the forehead; throat chakra; heart chakra in the centre of the chest; solar plexus chakra below the sternum; sacral chakra beneath the navel; and base chakra at the bottom of the spine. Each one has a particular function or functions. We feel anxiety and nervousness in the belly where the sacral chakra is located and this processes emotion that can affect the colon to give people 'the shits' or make them 'shit scared' when they are nervous. Chakras all play an important role, but the Mr and Mrs Big is the heart chakra which sits at the centre of the seven, above the chakras that connect us to the 'physical' and below those that connect with higher realms (or at least should). Here in the heart chakra we feel love, empathy and compassion – 'My heart goes out to you'. Those with closed hearts become literally 'heart-less' in their attitudes and behaviour (see Bill Gates). Native Americans portrayed Wetiko with what Paul Levy calls a 'frigid, icy heart, devoid of mercy' (see Bill Gates).

Figure 23: The chakra system which interpenetrates the human energy field. The heart chakra is the governor – or should be.

Wetiko trembles at the thought of heart energy which it cannot infiltrate. The frequency is too high. What it seeks to do instead is close the heart chakra vortex to block its perceptual and energetic influence. Psychopaths have 'hearts of stone' and emotionally-damaged people have 'heartache' and 'broken hearts'. The astonishing amount of heart disease is related to heart chakra

disruption with its fundamental connection to the 'physical' heart. Dr Tom Cowan has written an outstanding book challenging the belief that the heart is a pump and making the connection between the 'physical' and spiritual heart. Rudolph Steiner who was way ahead of his time said the same about the fallacy that the heart is a pump. *What*? The heart is not a pump? That's crazy, right? Everybody knows that. Read Cowan's *Human Heart, Cosmic Heart* and you will realise that the very idea of the heart as a pump is ridiculous when you see the evidence. How does blood in the feet so far from the heart get pumped horizontally up the body by the heart?? Cowan explains in the book the real reason why blood moves as it does. Our 'physical' heart is used to symbolise love when the source is really the heart vortex or spiritual heart which is our most powerful energetic connection to 'out there' expanded consciousness. That's why we feel *knowing* – intuitive knowing – in the centre of the chest. Knowing doesn't come from a process of thoughts leading to a conclusion. It is there in an instant all in one go. Our heart knows because of its connection to levels of awareness that *do* know. This is the meaning and source of intuition – intuitive *knowing*.

For the last more than 30 years of uncovering the global game and the nature of reality my heart has been my constant antenna for truth and accuracy. An American intelligence insider once said that I had quoted a disinformer in one of my books and yet I had only quoted the part that was true. He asked: 'How do you do that?' By using my heart antenna was the answer and anyone can do it. Heart-centred is how we are meant to be. With a closed heart chakra we withdraw into a closed mind and the bubble of five-sense reality. If you take a moment to focus your attention on the centre of your chest, picture a spinning wheel of light and see it opening and expanding. You will feel it happening, too, and perceptions of the heart like joy and love as the heart impacts on the mind as they interact. The more the chakra opens the more you will feel expressions of heart consciousness and as the process continues, and becomes part of you, insights and knowings will follow. An open

heart is connected to that level of awareness that knows all is *One*. You will see from its perspective that the fault-lines that divide us are only illusions to control us. An open heart does not process the illusions of race, creed and sexuality except as brief experiences for a consciousness that is all. Our heart does not see division, only unity (Figs 24 and 25). There's something else, too. Our hearts love to laugh. Mark Twain's quote that says 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter' is really a reference to the heart which loves to laugh with the joy of knowing the true nature of infinite reality and that all the madness of human society is an illusion of the mind. Twain also said: 'Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand.' This is so true of Wetiko and the Cult. Their insecurity demands that they be taken seriously and their power and authority acknowledged and feared. We should do nothing of the sort. We should not get aggressive or fearful which their insecurity so desires. We should laugh in their face. Even in their no-face as police come over in their face-nappies and expect to be taken seriously. They don't take themselves seriously looking like that so why should we? Laugh in the face of intimidation. Laugh in the face of tyranny. You will see by its reaction that you have pressed all of its buttons. Wetiko does not know what to do in the face of laughter or when its targets refuse to concede their joy to fear. We have seen many examples during the 'Covid' hoax when people have expressed their energetic power and the string puppets of Wetiko retreat with their tail limp between their knees. Laugh – the world is bloody mad after all and if it's a choice between laughter and tears I know which way I'm going.

Figure 24: Head consciousness without the heart sees division and everything apart from everything else.

Figure 25: Heart consciousness sees everything as One.

'Vaccines' and the soul

The foundation of Wetiko/Archon control of humans is the separation of incarnate five-sense mind from the infinite 'I' and closing the heart chakra where the True 'I' lives during a human life. The goal has been to achieve complete separation in both cases. I was interested therefore to read an account by a French energetic healer of what she said she experienced with a patient who had been given the 'Covid' vaccine. Genuine energy healers can sense information and consciousness fields at different levels of being which are referred to as 'subtle bodies'. She described treating the patient who later returned after having, without the healer's knowledge, two doses of the 'Covid vaccine'. The healer said:

I noticed immediately the change, very heavy energy emanating from [the] subtle bodies. The scariest thing was when I was working on the heart chakra, I connected with her soul: it was detached from the physical body, it had no contact and it was, as if it was floating in a state of total confusion: a damage to the consciousness that loses contact with the physical body, i.e. with our biological machine, there is no longer any communication between them.

I continued the treatment by sending light to the heart chakra, the soul of the person, but it seemed that the soul could no longer receive any light, frequency or energy. It was a very powerful experience for me. Then I understood that this substance is indeed used to detach consciousness so that this consciousness can no longer interact through this body that it possesses in life, where there is no longer any contact, no frequency, no light, no more energetic balance or mind.

This would create a human that is rudderless and at the extreme almost zombie-like operating with a fractional state of consciousness at the mercy of Wetiko. I was especially intrigued by what the healer said in the light of the prediction by the highly-informed Rudolf Steiner more than a hundred years ago. He said:

> In the future, we will eliminate the soul with medicine. Under the pretext of a 'healthy point of view', there will be a vaccine by which the human body will be treated as soon as possible directly at birth, so that the human being cannot develop the thought of the existence of soul and Spirit. To materialistic doctors will be entrusted the task of removing the soul of humanity.
>
> As today, people are vaccinated against this disease or that disease, so in the future, children will be vaccinated with a substance that can be produced precisely in such a way that people, thanks to this vaccination, will be immune to being subjected to the 'madness' of spiritual life. He would be extremely smart, but he would not develop a conscience, and that is the true goal of some materialistic circles.

Steiner said the vaccine would detach the physical body from the etheric body (subtle bodies) and 'once the etheric body is detached the relationship between the universe and the etheric body would become extremely unstable, and man would become an automaton'. He said 'the physical body of man must be polished on this Earth by spiritual will – so the vaccine becomes a kind of arymanique (Wetiko) force' and 'man can no longer get rid of a given materialistic feeling'. Humans would then, he said, become 'materialistic of constitution and can no longer rise to the spiritual'. I have been writing for years about DNA being a receiver-transmitter of information that connects us to other levels of reality and these 'vaccines' changing DNA can be likened to changing an antenna and what it can transmit and receive. Such a disconnection would clearly lead to changes in personality and perception. Steiner further predicted the arrival of AI. Big Pharma 'Covid vaccine' makers, expressions of Wetiko, are testing their DNA-manipulating evil on children as I write with a view to giving the 'vaccine' to babies. If it's a soul-body disconnector – and I say that it is or can be – every child would be disconnected from 'soul' at birth and the 'vaccine' would create a closed system in which spiritual guidance from the greater self would play no part. This has been the ambition of Wetiko all

along. A Pentagon video from 2005 was leaked of a presentation explaining the development of vaccines to change behaviour by their effect on the brain. Those that believe this is not happening with the 'Covid' genetically-modifying procedure masquerading as a 'vaccine' should make an urgent appointment with Naivety Anonymous. Klaus Schwab wrote in 2018:

> Neurotechnologies enable us to better influence consciousness and thought and to understand many activities of the brain. They include decoding what we are thinking in fine levels of detail through new chemicals and interventions that can influence our brains to correct for errors or enhance functionality.

The plan is clear and only the heart can stop it. With every heart that opens, every mind that awakens, Wetiko is weakened. Heart and love are far more powerful than head and hate and so nothing like a majority is needed to turn this around.

Beyond the Phantom

Our heart is the prime target of Wetiko and so it must be the answer to Wetiko. We *are* our heart which is part of one heart, the infinite heart. Our heart is where the true self lives in a human life behind firewalls of five-sense illusion when an imposter takes its place – *Phantom Self*; but our heart waits patiently to be set free any time we choose to see beyond the Phantom, beyond Wetiko. A Wetikoed Phantom Self can wreak mass death and destruction while the love of forever is locked away in its heart. The time is here to unleash its power and let it sweep away the fear and despair that is Wetiko. Heart consciousness does not seek manipulated, censored, advantage for its belief or religion, its activism and desires. As an expression of the One it treats all as One with the same rights to freedom and opinion. Our heart demands fairness for itself no more than for others. From this unity of heart we can come together in mutual support and transform this Wetikoed world into what reality is meant to be – a place of love, joy, happiness, fairness, justice and freedom. Wetiko has another agenda and that's why the world is as

it is, but enough of this nonsense. Wetiko can't stay where hearts are open and it works so hard to keep them closed. Fear is its currency and its food source and love in its true sense has no fear. Why would love have fear when it knows it is *All That Is, Has Been, And Ever Can Be* on an eternal exploration of all possibility? Love in this true sense is not the physical attraction that passes for love. This can be an expression of it, yes, but Infinite Love, a love without condition, goes far deeper to the core of all being. It *is* the core of all being. Infinite realty was born from love beyond the illusions of the simulation. Love infinitely expressed is the knowing that all is One and the swiftly-passing experience of separation is a temporary hallucination. You cannot disconnect from Oneness; you can only *perceive* that you have and withdraw from its influence. This is the most important of all perception trickery by the mind parasite that is Wetiko and the foundation of all its potential for manipulation.

If we open our hearts, open the sluice gates of the mind, and redefine self-identity amazing things start to happen. Consciousness expands or contracts in accordance with self-identity. When true self is recognised as infinite awareness and label self – Phantom Self – is seen as only a series of brief experiences life is transformed. Consciousness expands to the extent that self-identity expands and everything changes. You see unity, not division, the picture, not the pixels. From this we can play the long game. No more is an experience something in and of itself, but a fleeting moment in the eternity of forever. Suddenly people in uniform and dark suits are no longer intimidating. Doing what your heart knows to be right is no longer intimidating and consequences for those actions take on the same nature of a brief experience that passes in the blink of an infinite eye. Intimidation is all in the mind. Beyond the mind there is no intimidation.

An open heart does not consider consequences for what it knows to be right. To do so would be to consider not doing what it knows to be right and for a heart in its power that is never an option. The Renegade Mind is really the Renegade Heart. Consideration of consequences will always provide a getaway car for the mind and

the heart doesn't want one. What is right in the light of what we face today is to stop cooperating with Wetiko in all its forms and to do it without fear or compromise. You cannot compromise with tyranny when tyranny always demands more until it has everything. Life is your perception and you are your destiny. Change your perception and you change your life. Change collective perception and we change the world.

Come on people … One human family, One heart, One goal … *FREEEEEEDOM*!

We must settle for nothing less.

Postscript

The big scare story as the book goes to press is the 'Indian' variant and the world is being deluged with propaganda about the 'Covid catastrophe' in India which mirrors in its lies and misrepresentations what happened in Italy before the first lockdown in 2020.

The *New York Post* published a picture of someone who had 'collapsed in the street from Covid' in India in April, 2021, which was actually taken during a gas leak in May, 2020. Same old, same old. Media articles in mid-February were asking why India had been so untouched by 'Covid' and then as their vaccine rollout gathered pace the alleged 'cases' began to rapidly increase. Indian 'Covid vaccine' maker Bharat Biotech was funded into existence by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (the pair announced their divorce in May, 2021, which is a pity because they so deserve each other). The Indian 'Covid crisis' was ramped up by the media to terrify the world and prepare people for submission to still more restrictions. The scam that worked the first time was being repeated only with far more people seeing through the deceit. Davidicke.com and Ickonic.com have sought to tell the true story of what is happening by talking to people living through the Indian nightmare which has nothing to do with 'Covid'. We posted a letter from 'Alisha' in Pune who told a very different story to government and media mendacity. She said scenes of dying people and overwhelmed hospitals were designed to hide what was really happening – genocide and starvation. Alisha said that millions had already died of starvation during the ongoing lockdowns while government and media were lying and making it look like the 'virus':

Restaurants, shops, gyms, theatres, basically everything is shut. The cities are ghost towns. Even so-called 'essential' businesses are only open till 11am in the morning. You basically have just an hour to buy food and then your time is up.

Inter-state travel and even inter-district travel is banned. The cops wait at all major crossroads to question why you are traveling outdoors or to fine you if you are not wearing a mask.

The medical community here is also complicit in genocide, lying about hospitals being full and turning away people with genuine illnesses, who need immediate care. They have even created a shortage of oxygen cylinders.

This is the classic Cult modus operandi played out in every country. Alisha said that people who would not have a PCR test not testing for the 'virus' were being denied hospital treatment. She said the people hit hardest were migrant workers and those in rural areas. Most businesses employed migrant workers and with everything closed there were no jobs, no income and no food. As a result millions were dying of starvation or malnutrition. All this was happening under Prime Minister Narendra Modi, a 100-percent asset of the Cult, and it emphasises yet again the scale of pure anti-human evil we are dealing with. Australia banned its people from returning home from India with penalties for trying to do so of up to five years in jail and a fine of £37,000. The manufactured 'Covid' crisis in India was being prepared to justify further fascism in the West. Obvious connections could be seen between the Indian 'vaccine' programme and increased 'cases' and this became a common theme. The Seychelles, the most per capita 'Covid vaccinated' population in the world, went back into lockdown after a 'surge of cases'.

Long ago the truly evil Monsanto agricultural biotechnology corporation with its big connections to Bill Gates devastated Indian farming with genetically-modified crops. Human rights activist Gurcharan Singh highlighted the efforts by the Indian government to complete the job by destroying the food supply to hundreds of millions with 'Covid' lockdowns. He said that 415 million people at the bottom of the disgusting caste system (still going whatever they say) were below the poverty line and struggled to feed themselves every year. Now the government was imposing lockdown at just the

time to destroy the harvest. This deliberate policy was leading to mass starvation. People may reel back at the suggestion that a government would do that, but Wetiko-controlled 'leaders' are capable of any level of evil. In fact what is described in India is in the process of being instigated worldwide. The food chain and food supply are being targeted at every level to cause world hunger and thus control. Bill Gates is not the biggest owner of farmland in America for no reason and destroying access to food aids both the depopulation agenda and the plan for synthetic 'food' already being funded into existence by Gates. Add to this the coming hyper-inflation from the suicidal creation of fake 'money' in response to 'Covid' and the breakdown of container shipping systems and you have a cocktail that can only lead one way and is meant to. The Cult plan is to crash the entire system to 'build back better' with the Great Reset.

'Vaccine' transmission

Reports from all over the world continue to emerge of women suffering menstrual and fertility problems after having the fake 'vaccine' and of the non-'vaccinated' having similar problems when interacting with the 'vaccinated'. There are far too many for 'coincidence' to be credible. We've had menopausal women getting periods, others having periods stop or not stopping for weeks, passing clots, sometimes the lining of the uterus, breast irregularities, and miscarriages (which increased by 400 percent in parts of the United States). Non-'vaccinated' men and children have suffered blood clots and nose bleeding after interaction with the 'vaccinated'. Babies have died from the effects of breast milk from a 'vaccinated' mother. Awake doctors – the small minority – speculated on the cause of non-'vaccinated' suffering the same effects as the 'vaccinated'. Was it nanotechnology in the synthetic substance transmitting frequencies or was it a straight chemical bioweapon that was being transmitted between people? I am not saying that some kind of chemical transmission is not one possible answer, but the foundation of all that the Cult does is frequency and

this is fertile ground for understanding how transmission can happen. American doctor Carrie Madej, an internal medicine physician and osteopath, has been practicing for the last 20 years, teaching medical students, and she says attending different meetings where the agenda for humanity was discussed. Madej, who operates out of Georgia, did not dismiss other possible forms of transmission, but she focused on frequency in search of an explanation for transmission. She said the Moderna and Pfizer 'vaccines' contained nano-lipid particles as a key component. This was a brand new technology never before used on humanity. 'They're using a nanotechnology which is pretty much little tiny computer bits … nanobots or hydrogel.' Inside the 'vaccines' was 'this sci-fi kind of substance' which suppressed immune checkpoints to get into the cell. I referred to this earlier as the 'Trojan horse' technique that tricks the cell into opening a gateway for the self-replicating synthetic material and while the immune system is artificially suppressed the body has no defences. Madej said the substance served many purposes including an on-demand ability to 'deliver the payload' and using the nano 'computer bits' as biosensors in the body. 'It actually has the ability to accumulate data from your body, like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts, emotions, all kinds of things.'

She said the technology obviously has the ability to operate through Wi-Fi and transmit and receive energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. 'Just imagine you're getting this new substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones.' We had something completely foreign in the human body that had never been launched large scale at a time when we were seeing 5G going into schools and hospitals (plus the Musk satellites) and she believed the 'vaccine' transmission had something to do with this: '… if these people have this inside of them … it can act like an antenna and actually transmit it outwardly as well.' The synthetic substance produced its own voltage and so it could have that kind of effect. This fits with my own contention that the nano receiver-transmitters are designed to connect people to the

Smart Grid and break the receiver-transmitter connection to expanded consciousness. That would explain the French energy healer's experience of the disconnection of body from 'soul' with those who have had the 'vaccine'. The nanobots, self-replicating inside the body, would also transmit the synthetic frequency which could be picked up through close interaction by those who have not been 'vaccinated'. Madej speculated that perhaps it was 5G and increased levels of other radiation that was causing the symptoms directly although interestingly she said that non-'vaccinated' patients had shown improvement when they were away from the 'vaccinated' person they had interacted with. It must be remembered that you can control frequency and energy with your mind and you can consciously create energetic barriers or bubbles with the mind to stop damaging frequencies from penetrating your field. American paediatrician Dr Larry Palevsky said the 'vaccine' was not a 'vaccine' and was never designed to protect from a 'viral' infection. He called it 'a massive, brilliant propaganda of genocide' because they didn't have to inject everyone to get the result they wanted. He said the content of the jabs was able to infuse any material into the brain, heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, sperm and female productive system. 'This is genocide; this is a weapon of mass destruction.' At the same time American colleges were banning students from attending if they didn't have this life-changing and potentially life-ending 'vaccine'. Class action lawsuits must follow when the consequences of this college fascism come to light. As the book was going to press came reports about fertility effects on sperm in 'vaccinated' men which would absolutely fit with what I have been saying and hospitals continued to fill with 'vaccine' reactions. Another question is what about transmission via blood transfusions? The NHS has extended blood donation restrictions from seven days after a 'Covid vaccination' to 28 days after even a sore arm reaction.

I said in the spring of 2020 that the then touted 'Covid vaccine' would be ongoing each year like the flu jab. A year later Pfizer CEO, the appalling Albert Bourla, said people would 'likely' need a 'booster dose' of the 'vaccine' within 12 months of getting 'fully

vaccinated' and then a yearly shot. 'Variants will play a key role', he said confirming the point. Johnson & Johnson CEO Alex Gorsky also took time out from his 'vaccine' disaster to say that people may need to be vaccinated against 'Covid-19' each year. UK Health Secretary, the psychopath Matt Hancock, said additional 'boosters' would be available in the autumn of 2021. This is the trap of the 'vaccine passport'. The public will have to accept every last 'vaccine' they introduce, including for the fake 'variants', or it would cease to be valid. The only other way in some cases would be continuous testing with a test not testing for the 'virus' and what is on the swabs constantly pushed up your noise towards the brain every time?

'Vaccines' changing behaviour

I mentioned in the body of the book how I believed we would see gathering behaviour changes in the 'vaccinated' and I am already hearing such comments from the non-'vaccinated' describing behaviour changes in friends, loved ones and work colleagues. This will only increase as the self-replicating synthetic material and nanoparticles expand in body and brain. An article in the *Guardian* in 2016 detailed research at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville which developed a new method for controlling brain circuits associated with complex animal behaviour. The method, dubbed 'magnetogenetics', involves genetically-engineering a protein called ferritin, which stores and releases iron, to create a magnetised substance – 'Magneto' – that can activate specific groups of nerve cells from a distance. This is claimed to be an advance on other methods of brain activity manipulation known as optogenetics and chemogenetics (the Cult has been developing methods of brain control for a long time). The ferritin technique is said to be non-invasive and able to activate neurons 'rapidly and reversibly'. In other words, human thought and perception. The article said that earlier studies revealed how nerve cell proteins 'activated by heat and mechanical pressure can be genetically engineered so that they become sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields, by attaching them to an iron-storing protein called ferritin, or to inorganic

paramagnetic particles'. Sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields? You mean like 5G, 6G and 7G? This is the human-AI Smart Grid hive mind we are talking about. The *Guardian* article said:

> … the researchers injected Magneto into the striatum of freely behaving mice, a deep brain structure containing dopamine-producing neurons that are involved in reward and motivation, and then placed the animals into an apparatus split into magnetised and non-magnetised sections.
>
> Mice expressing Magneto spent far more time in the magnetised areas than mice that did not, because activation of the protein caused the striatal neurons expressing it to release dopamine, so that the mice found being in those areas rewarding. This shows that Magneto can remotely control the firing of neurons deep within the brain, and also control complex behaviours.

Make no mistake this basic methodology will be part of the 'Covid vaccine' cocktail and using magnetics to change brain function through electromagnetic field frequency activation. The Pentagon is developing a 'Covid vaccine' using ferritin. Magnetics would explain changes in behaviour and why videos are appearing across the Internet as I write showing how magnets stick to the skin at the point of the 'vaccine' shot. Once people take these 'vaccines' anything becomes possible in terms of brain function and illness which will be blamed on 'Covid-19' and 'variants'. Magnetic field manipulation would further explain why the non-'vaccinated' are reporting the same symptoms as the 'vaccinated' they interact with and why those symptoms are reported to decrease when not in their company. Interestingly 'Magneto', a 'mutant', is a character in the Marvel Comic *X-Men* stories with the ability to manipulate magnetic fields and he believes that mutants should fight back against their human oppressors by any means necessary. The character was born Erik Lehnsherr to a Jewish family in Germany.

Cult-controlled courts

The European Court of Human Rights opened the door for mandatory 'Covid-19 vaccines' across the continent when it ruled in a Czech Republic dispute over childhood immunisation that legally

enforced vaccination could be 'necessary in a democratic society'. The 17 judges decided that compulsory vaccinations did not breach human rights law. On the face of it the judgement was so inverted you gasp for air. If not having a vaccine infused into your body is not a human right then what is? Ah, but they said human rights law which has been specifically written to delete all human rights at the behest of the state (the Cult). Article 8 of the European Convention on Human Rights relates to the right to a private life. The crucial word here is *'except'*:

> There shall be no interference by a public authority with the exercise of this right EXCEPT such as is in accordance with the law and is necessary in a democratic society in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic wellbeing of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others [My emphasis].

No interference *except* in accordance with the law means there *are* no 'human rights' *except* what EU governments decide you can have at their behest. 'As is necessary in a democratic society' explains that reference in the judgement and 'in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic well-being of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others' gives the EU a coach and horses to ride through 'human rights' and scatter them in all directions. The judiciary is not a check and balance on government extremism; it is a vehicle to enforce it. This judgement was almost laughably predictable when the last thing the Cult wanted was a decision that went against mandatory vaccination. Judges rule over and over again to benefit the system of which they are a part. Vaccination disputes that come before them are invariably delivered in favour of doctors and authorities representing the view of the state which owns the judiciary. Oh, yes, and we have even had calls to stop putting 'Covid-19' on death certificates within 28 days of a 'positive test' because it is claimed the practice makes the 'vaccine' appear not to work. They are laughing at you.

The scale of madness, inhumanity and things to come was highlighted when those not 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' were refused evacuation from the Caribbean island of St Vincent during massive volcanic eruptions. Cruise ships taking residents to the safety of another island allowed only the 'vaccinated' to board and the rest were left to their fate. Even in life and death situations like this we see 'Covid' stripping people of their most basic human instincts and the insanity is even more extreme when you think that fake 'vaccine'-makers are not even claiming their body-manipulating concoctions stop 'infection' and 'transmission' of a 'virus' that doesn't exist. St Vincent Prime Minister Ralph Gonsalves said: 'The chief medical officer will be identifying the persons already vaccinated so that we can get them on the ship.' Note again the power of the chief medical officer who, like Whitty in the UK, will be answering to the World Health Organization. This is the Cult network structure that has overridden politicians who 'follow the science' which means doing what WHO-controlled 'medical officers' and 'science advisers' tell them. Gonsalves even said that residents who were 'vaccinated' after the order so they could board the ships would still be refused entry due to possible side effects such as 'wooziness in the head'. The good news is that if they were woozy enough in the head they could qualify to be prime minister of St Vincent.

Microchipping freedom

The European judgement will be used at some point to justify moves to enforce the 'Covid' DNA-manipulating procedure. Sandra Ro, CEO of the Global Blockchain Business Council, told a World Economic Forum event that she hoped 'vaccine passports' would help to 'drive forced consent and standardisation' of global digital identity schemes: 'I'm hoping with the desire and global demand for some sort of vaccine passport – so that people can get travelling and working again – [it] will drive forced consent, standardisation, and frankly, cooperation across the world.' The lady is either not very bright, or thoroughly mendacious, to use the term 'forced consent'.

You do not 'consent' if you are forced – you *submit*. She was describing what the plan has been all along and that's to enforce a digital identity on every human without which they could not function. 'Vaccine passports' are opening the door and are far from the end goal. A digital identity would allow you to be tracked in everything you do in cyberspace and this is the same technique used by Cult-owned China to enforce its social credit system of total control. The ultimate 'passport' is planned to be a microchip as my books have warned for nearly 30 years. Those nice people at the Pentagon working for the Cult-controlled Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) claimed in April, 2021, they have developed a microchip inserted under the skin to detect 'asymptomatic Covid-19 infection' before it becomes an outbreak and a 'revolutionary filter' that can remove the 'virus' from the blood when attached to a dialysis machine. The only problems with this are that the 'virus' does not exist and people transmitting the 'virus' with no symptoms is brain-numbing bullshit. This is, of course, not a ruse to get people to be microchipped for very different reasons. DARPA also said it was producing a one-stop 'vaccine' for the 'virus' and all 'variants'. One of the most sinister organisations on Planet Earth is doing this? Better have it then. These people are insane because Wetiko that possesses them is insane.

Researchers from the Salk Institute in California announced they have created an embryo that is part human and part monkey. My books going back to the 1990s have exposed experiments in top secret underground facilities in the United States where humans are being crossed with animal and non-human 'extraterrestrial' species. They are now easing that long-developed capability into the public arena and there is much more to come given we are dealing with psychiatric basket cases. Talking of which – Elon Musk's scientists at Neuralink trained a monkey to play Pong and other puzzles on a computer screen using a joystick and when the monkey made the correct move a metal tube squirted banana smoothie into his mouth which is the basic technique for training humans into unquestioning compliance. Two Neuralink chips were in the monkey's skull and

more than 2,000 wires 'fanned out' into its brain. Eventually the monkey played a video game purely with its brain waves. Psychopathic narcissist Musk said the 'breakthrough' was a step towards putting Neuralink chips into human skulls and merging minds with artificial intelligence. *Exactly*. This man is so dark and Cult to his DNA.

World Economic Fascism (WEF)

The World Economic Forum is telling you the plan by the statements made at its many and various events. Cult-owned fascist YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki spoke at the 2021 WEF Global Technology Governance Summit (see the name) in which 40 governments and 150 companies met to ensure 'the responsible design and deployment of emerging technologies'. Orwellian translation: 'Ensuring the design and deployment of long-planned technologies will advance the Cult agenda for control and censorship.' Freedom-destroyer and Nuremberg-bound Wojcicki expressed support for tech platforms like hers to censor content that is 'technically legal but could be harmful'. Who decides what is 'harmful'? She does and they do. 'Harmful' will be whatever the Cult doesn't want people to see and we have legislation proposed by the UK government that would censor content on the basis of 'harm' no matter if the information is fair, legal and provably true. Make that *especially* if it is fair, legal and provably true. Wojcicki called for a global coalition to be formed to enforce content moderation standards through automated censorship. This is a woman and mega-censor so self-deluded that she shamelessly accepted a 'free expression' award – *Wojcicki* – in an event sponsored by her own *YouTube*. They have no shame and no self-awareness.

You know that 'Covid' is a scam and Wojcicki a Cult operative when YouTube is censoring medical and scientific opinion purely on the grounds of whether it supports or opposes the Cult 'Covid' narrative. Florida governor Ron DeSantis compiled an expert panel with four professors of medicine from Harvard, Oxford, and Stanford Universities who spoke against forcing children and

vaccinated people to wear masks. They also said there was no proof that lockdowns reduced spread or death rates of 'Covid-19'. Cult-gofer Wojcicki and her YouTube deleted the panel video 'because it included content that contradicts the consensus of local and global health authorities regarding the efficacy of masks to prevent the spread of Covid-19'. This 'consensus' refers to what the Cult tells the World Health Organization to say and the WHO tells 'local health authorities' to do. Wojcicki knows this, of course. The panellists pointed out that censorship of scientific debate was responsible for deaths from many causes, but Wojcicki couldn't care less. She would not dare go against what she is told and as a disgrace to humanity she wouldn't want to anyway. The UK government is seeking to pass a fascist 'Online Safety Bill' to specifically target with massive fines and other means non-censored video and social media platforms to make them censor 'lawful but harmful' content like the Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube. What is 'lawful but harmful' would be decided by the fascist Blair-created Ofcom.

Another WEF obsession is a cyber-attack on the financial system and this is clearly what the Cult has planned to take down the bank accounts of everyone – except theirs. Those that think they have enough money for the Cult agenda not to matter to them have got a big lesson coming if they continue to ignore what is staring them in the face. The World Economic Forum, funded by Gates and fronted by Klaus Schwab, announced it would be running a 'simulation' with the Russian government and global banks of just such an attack called Cyber Polygon 2021. What they simulate – as with the 'Covid' Event 201 – they plan to instigate. The WEF is involved in a project with the Cult-owned Carnegie Endowment for International Peace called the WEF-Carnegie Cyber Policy Initiative which seeks to merge Wall Street banks, 'regulators' (I love it) and intelligence agencies to 'prevent' (arrange and allow) a cyber-attack that would bring down the global financial system as long planned by those that control the WEF and the Carnegie operation. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace sent an instruction to First World

War US President Woodrow Wilson not to let the war end before society had been irreversibly transformed.

The Wuhan lab diversion

As I close, the Cult-controlled authorities and lapdog media are systematically pushing 'the virus was released from the Wuhan lab' narrative. There are two versions – it happened by accident and it happened on purpose. Both are nonsense. The perceived existence of the never-shown-to-exist 'virus' is vital to sell the impression that there is actually an infective agent to deal with and to allow the endless potential for terrifying the population with 'variants' of a 'virus' that does not exist. The authorities at the time of writing are going with the 'by accident' while the alternative media is promoting the 'on purpose'. Cable news host Tucker Carlson who has questioned aspects of lockdown and 'vaccine' compulsion has bought the Wuhan lab story. 'Everyone now agrees' he said. Well, I don't and many others don't and the question is *why* does the system and its media suddenly 'agree'? When the media moves as one unit with a narrative it is always a lie – witness the hour by hour mendacity of the 'Covid' era. Why would this Cult-owned combination which has unleashed lies like machine gun fire suddenly 'agree' to tell the truth??

Much of the alternative media is buying the lie because it fits the conspiracy narrative, but it's the *wrong* conspiracy. The real conspiracy is that *there is no virus* and that is what the Cult is desperate to hide. The idea that the 'virus' was released by accident is ludicrous when the whole 'Covid' hoax was clearly long-planned and waiting to be played out as it was so fast in accordance with the Rockefeller document and Event 201. So they prepared everything in detail over decades and then sat around strumming their fingers waiting for an 'accidental' release from a bio-lab? *What??* It's crazy. Then there's the 'on purpose' claim. You want to circulate a 'deadly virus' and hide the fact that you've done so and you release it down the street from the highest-level bio-lab in China? I repeat – *What??*

You would release it far from that lab to stop any association being made. But, no, we'll do it in a place where the connection was certain to be made. Why would you need to scam 'cases' and 'deaths' and pay hospitals to diagnose 'Covid-19' if you had a real 'virus'? What are sections of the alternative media doing believing this crap? Where were all the mass deaths in Wuhan from a 'deadly pathogen' when the recovery to normal life after the initial propaganda was dramatic in speed? Why isn't the 'deadly pathogen' now circulating all over China with bodies in the street? Once again we have the technique of tell them what they want to hear and they will likely believe it. The alternative media has its 'conspiracy' and with Carlson it fits with his 'China is the danger' narrative over years. China *is* a danger as a global Cult operations centre, but not for this reason. The Wuhan lab story also has the potential to instigate conflict with China when at some stage the plan is to trigger a Problem-Reaction-Solution confrontation with the West. Question everything – *everything* – and especially when the media agrees on a common party line.

Third wave ... fourth wave ... fifth wave ...

As the book went into production the world was being set up for more lockdowns and a 'third wave' supported by invented 'variants' that were increasing all the time and will continue to do so in public statements and computer programs, but not in reality. India became the new Italy in the 'Covid' propaganda campaign and we were told to be frightened of the new 'Indian strain'. Somehow I couldn't find it within myself to do so. A document produced for the UK government entitled 'Summary of further modelling of easing of restrictions – Roadmap Step 2' declared that a third wave was inevitable (of course when it's in the script) and it would be the fault of children and those who refuse the health-destroying fake 'Covid vaccine'. One of the computer models involved came from the Cult-owned *Imperial College* and the other from Warwick University which I wouldn't trust to tell me the date in a calendar factory. The document states that both models presumed extremely high uptake

of the 'Covid vaccines' and didn't allow for 'variants'. The document states: 'The resurgence is a result of some people (mostly children) being ineligible for vaccination; others choosing not to receive the vaccine; and others being vaccinated but not perfectly protected.' The mendacity takes the breath away. Okay, blame those with a brain who won't take the DNA-modifying shots and put more pressure on children to have it as 'trials' were underway involving children as young as six months with parents who give insanity a bad name. Massive pressure is being put on the young to have the fake 'vaccine' and child age consent limits have been systematically lowered around the world to stop parents intervening. Most extraordinary about the document was its claim that the 'third wave' would be driven by 'the resurgence in both hospitalisations and deaths … dominated by *those that have received two doses of the vaccine*, comprising around 60-70% of the wave respectively'. The predicted peak of the 'third wave' suggested 300 deaths per day with 250 of them *fully 'vaccinated' people*. How many more lies do acquiescers need to be told before they see the obvious? Those who took the jab to 'protect themselves' are projected to be those who mostly get sick and die? So what's in the 'vaccine'? The document went on:

> It is possible that a summer of low prevalence could be followed by substantial increases in incidence over the following autumn and winter. Low prevalence in late summer should not be taken as an indication that SARS-CoV-2 has retreated or that the population has high enough levels of immunity to prevent another wave.

They are telling you the script and while many British people believed 'Covid' restrictions would end in the summer of 2021 the government was preparing for them to be ongoing. Authorities were awarding contracts for 'Covid marshals' to police the restrictions with contracts starting in July, 2021, and going through to January 31st, 2022, and the government was advertising for 'Media Buying Services' to secure media propaganda slots worth a potential £320 million for 'Covid-19 campaigns' with a contract not ending until March, 2022. The recipient – via a list of other front companies – was reported to be American media marketing giant Omnicom Group

Inc. While money is no object for 'Covid' the UK waiting list for all other treatment – including life-threatening conditions – passed 4.5 million. Meantime the Cult is seeking to control all official 'inquiries' to block revelations about what has really been happening and why. It must not be allowed to – we need Nuremberg jury trials in every country. The cover-up doesn't get more obvious than appointing ultra-Zionist professor Philip Zelikow to oversee two dozen US virologists, public health officials, clinicians, former government officials and four American 'charitable foundations' to 'learn the lessons' of the 'Covid' debacle. The personnel will be those that created and perpetuated the 'Covid' lies while Zelikow is the former executive director of the 9/11 Commission who ensured that the truth about those attacks never came out and produced a report that must be among the most mendacious and manipulative documents ever written – see *The Trigger* for the detailed exposure of the almost unimaginable 9/11 story in which Sabbatians can be found at every level.

Passive no more

People are increasingly challenging the authorities with amazing numbers of people taking to the streets in London well beyond the ability of the Face-Nappies to stop them. Instead the Nappies choose situations away from the mass crowds to target, intimidate, and seek to promote the impression of 'violent protestors'. One such incident happened in London's Hyde Park. Hundreds of thousands walking through the streets in protest against 'Covid' fascism were ignored by the Cult-owned BBC and most of the rest of the mainstream media, but they delighted in reporting how police were injured in 'clashes with protestors'. The truth was that a group of people gathered in Hyde Park at the end of one march when most had gone home and they were peacefully having a good time with music and chat. Face-Nappies who couldn't deal with the full-march crowd then waded in with their batons and got more than they bargained for. Instead of just standing for this criminal brutality the crowd used their numerical superiority to push the Face-Nappies out of the

park. Eventually the Nappies turned and ran. Unfortunately two or three idiots in the crowd threw drink cans striking two officers which gave the media and the government the image they wanted to discredit the 99.9999 percent who were peaceful. The idiots walked straight into the trap and we must always be aware of potential agent provocateurs used by the authorities to discredit their targets.

This response from the crowd – the can people apart – must be a turning point when the public no longer stand by while the innocent are arrested and brutally attacked by the Face-Nappies. That doesn't mean to be violent, that's the last thing we need. We'll leave the violence to the Face-Nappies and government. But it does mean that when the Face-Nappies use violence against peaceful people the numerical superiority is employed to stop them and make citizen's arrests or Common Law arrests for a breach of the peace. The time for being passive in the face of fascism is over.

We are the many, they are the few, and we need to make that count before there is no freedom left and our children and grandchildren face an ongoing fascist nightmare.

COME ON PEOPLE – IT'S TIME.

One final thought …

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

I'll protect you from the hooded claw
Keep the vampires from your door
When the chips are down I'll be around
With my undying, death-defying
Love for you

Envy will hurt itself
Let yourself be beautiful
Sparkling love, flowers
And pearls and pretty girls
Love is like an energy
Rushin' rushin' inside of me

This time we go sublime
Lovers entwine, divine, divine,
Love is danger, love is pleasure
Love is pure – the only treasure

I'm so in love with you
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
The power of love
A force from above
A sky-scraping dove

Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

Frankie Goes To Hollywood

APPENDIX

Cowan-Kaufman-Morell Statement on Virus Isolation (SOVI)

Isolation: The action of isolating; the fact or condition of being isolated or standing alone; separation from other things or persons; solitariness
Oxford English Dictionary

The controversy over whether the SARS-CoV-2 virus has ever been isolated or purified continues. However, using the above definition, common sense, the laws of logic and the dictates of science, any unbiased person must come to the conclusion that the SARS-CoV-2 virus has never been isolated or purified. As a result, no confirmation of the virus' existence can be found. The logical, common sense, and scientific consequences of this fact are:

- the structure and composition of something not shown to exist can't be known, including the presence, structure, and function of any hypothetical spike or other proteins;
- the genetic sequence of something that has never been found can't be known;
- "variants" of something that hasn't been shown to exist can't be known;
- it's impossible to demonstrate that SARS-CoV-2 causes a disease called Covid-19.

In as concise terms as possible, here's the proper way to isolate, characterize and demonstrate a new virus. First, one takes samples (blood, sputum, secretions) from many people (e.g. 500) with symptoms which are unique and specific enough to characterize an illness. Without mixing these samples with ANY tissue or products that also contain genetic material, the virologist macerates, filters and ultracentrifuges i.e. *purifies* the specimen. This common virology technique, done for decades to isolate bacteriophages[1] and so-called giant viruses in every virology lab, then allows the virologist to demonstrate with electron microscopy thousands of identically sized and shaped particles. These particles are the isolated and purified virus.

These identical particles are then checked for uniformity by physical and/or microscopic techniques. Once the purity is determined, the particles may be further characterized. This would include examining the structure, morphology, and chemical composition of the particles. Next, their genetic makeup is characterized by extracting the genetic material directly from the purified particles and using genetic-sequencing techniques, such as Sanger sequencing, that have also been around for decades. Then one does an analysis to confirm that these uniform particles are exogenous (outside) in origin as a virus is conceptualized to be, and not the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.[2] (As of May 2020, we know that virologists have no way to determine whether the particles they're seeing are viruses or just normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.)[3]

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1 Isolation, characterization and analysis of bacteriophages from the haloalkaline lake Elmenteita, KenyaJuliah Khayeli Akhwale et al, PLOS One, Published: April 25, 2019. https://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0215734 – accessed 2/15/21

2 "Extracellular Vesicles Derived From Apoptotic Cells: An Essential Link Between Death and Regeneration," Maojiao Li1 et al, Frontiers in Cell and Developmental Biology, 2020 October 2. https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fcell.2020.573511/full – accessed 2/15/21

3 "The Role of Extraellular Vesicles as Allies of HIV, HCV and SARS Viruses," Flavia Giannessi, et al, Viruses, 2020 May

If we have come this far then we have fully isolated, characterized, and genetically sequenced an exogenous virus particle. However, we still have to show it is causally related to a disease. This is carried out by exposing a group of healthy subjects (animals are usually used) to this isolated, purified virus in the manner in which the disease is thought to be transmitted. If the animals get sick with the same disease, as confirmed by clinical and autopsy findings, one has now shown that the virus actually causes a disease. This demonstrates infectivity and transmission of an infectious agent.

None of these steps has even been attempted with the SARS-CoV-2 virus, nor have all these steps been successfully performed for any so-called pathogenic virus. Our research indicates that a single study showing these steps does not exist in the medical literature.

Instead, since 1954, virologists have taken unpurified samples from a relatively few people, often less than ten, with a similar disease. They then minimally process this sample and inoculate this unpurified sample onto tissue culture containing usually four to six other types of material – all of which contain identical genetic material as to what is called a "virus." The tissue culture is starved and poisoned and naturally disintegrates into many types of particles, some of which contain genetic material. Against all common sense, logic, use of the English language and scientific integrity, this process is called "virus isolation." This brew containing fragments of genetic material from many sources is then subjected to genetic analysis, which then creates in a computer-simulation process the alleged sequence of the alleged virus, a so called in silico genome. At no time is an actual virus confirmed by electron microscopy. At no time is a genome extracted and sequenced from an actual virus. This is scientific fraud.

The observation that the unpurified specimen — inoculated onto tissue culture along with toxic antibiotics, bovine fetal tissue, amniotic fluid and other tissues — destroys the kidney tissue onto which it is inoculated is given as evidence of the virus' existence and pathogenicity. This is scientific fraud.

From now on, when anyone gives you a paper that suggests the SARS-CoV-2 virus has been isolated, please check the methods sections. If the researchers used Vero cells or any other culture method, you know that their process was not isolation. You will hear the following excuses for why actual isolation isn't done:

1. There were not enough virus particles found in samples from patients to analyze.

2. Viruses are intracellular parasites; they can't be found outside the cell in this manner.

If No. 1 is correct, and we can't find the virus in the sputum of sick people, then on what evidence do we think the virus is dangerous or even lethal? If No. 2 is correct, then how is the virus spread from person to person? We are told it emerges from the cell to infect others. Then why isn't it possible to find it?

Finally, questioning these virology techniques and conclusions is not some distraction or divisive issue. Shining the light on this truth is essential to stop this terrible fraud that humanity is confronting. For, as we now know, if the virus has never been isolated, sequenced or shown to cause illness, if the virus is imaginary, then why are we wearing masks, social distancing and putting the whole world into prison?

Finally, if pathogenic viruses don't exist, then what is going into those injectable devices erroneously called "vaccines," and what is their purpose? This scientific question is the most urgent and relevant one of our time.

We are correct. The SARS-CoV2 virus does not exist.

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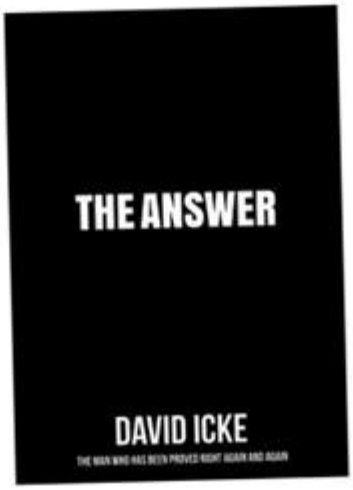

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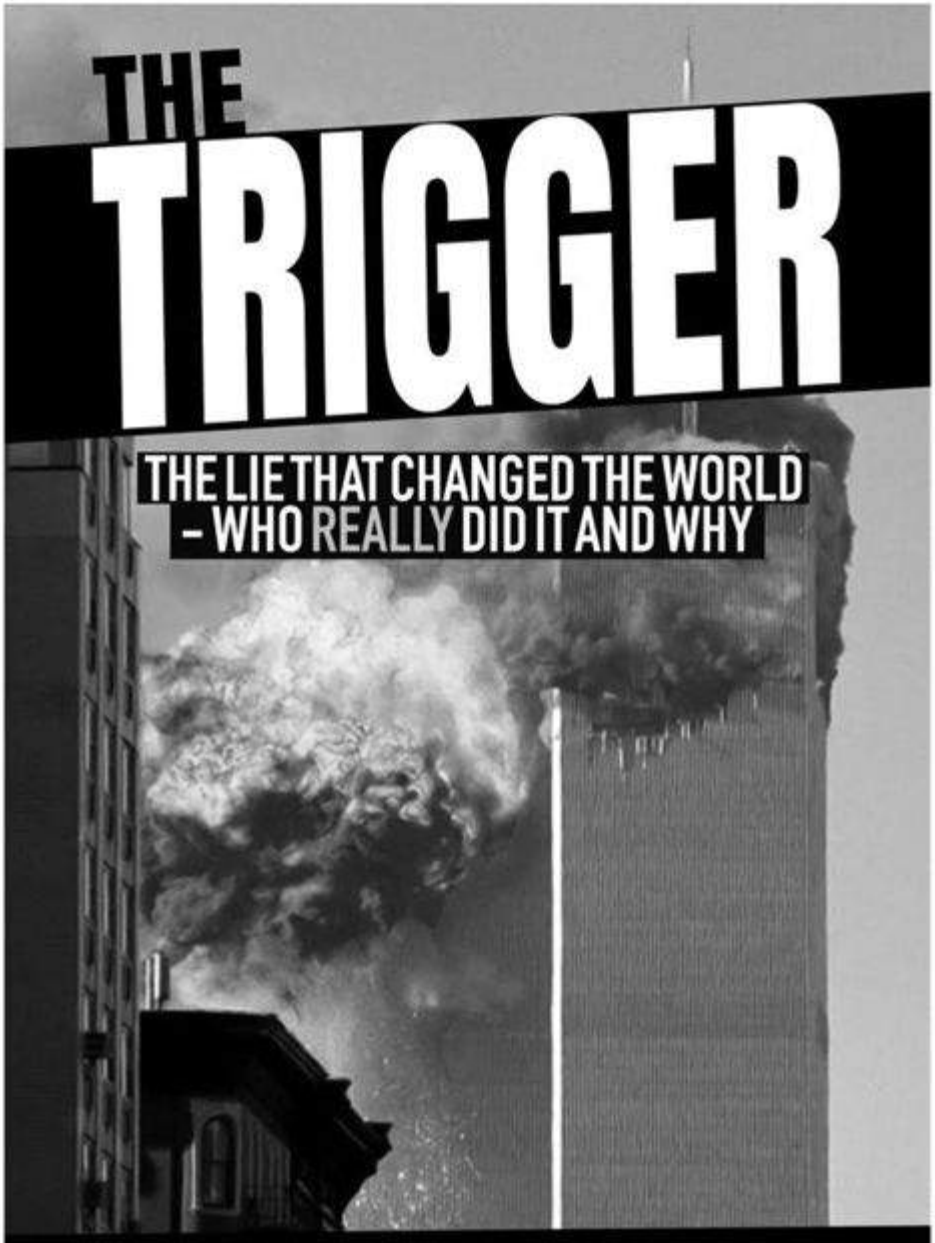

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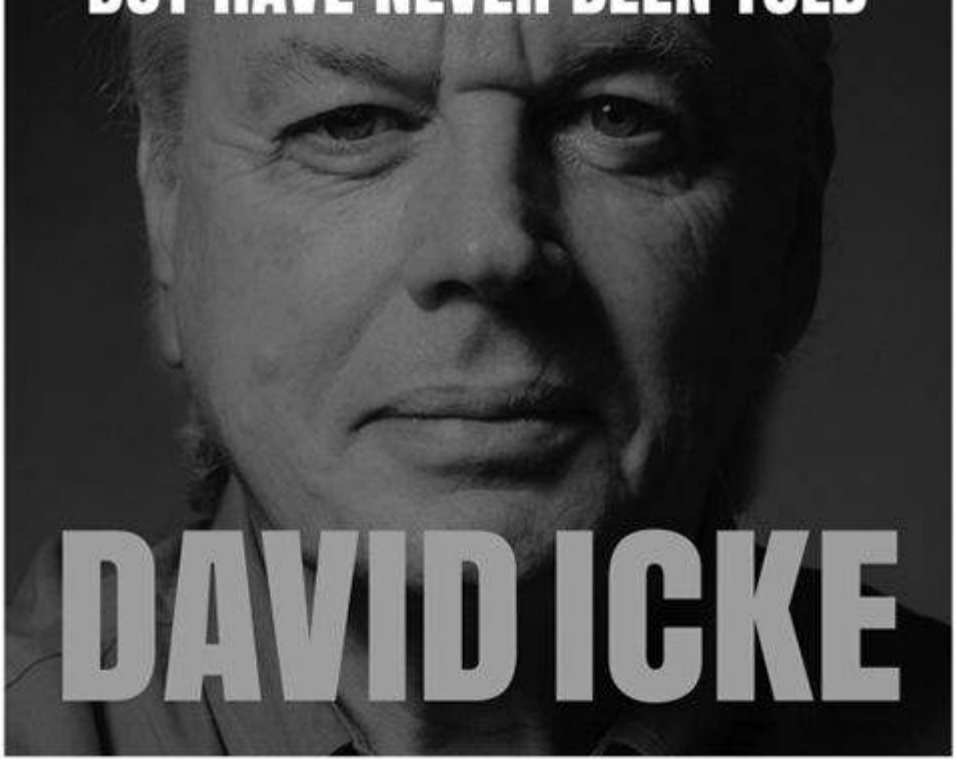

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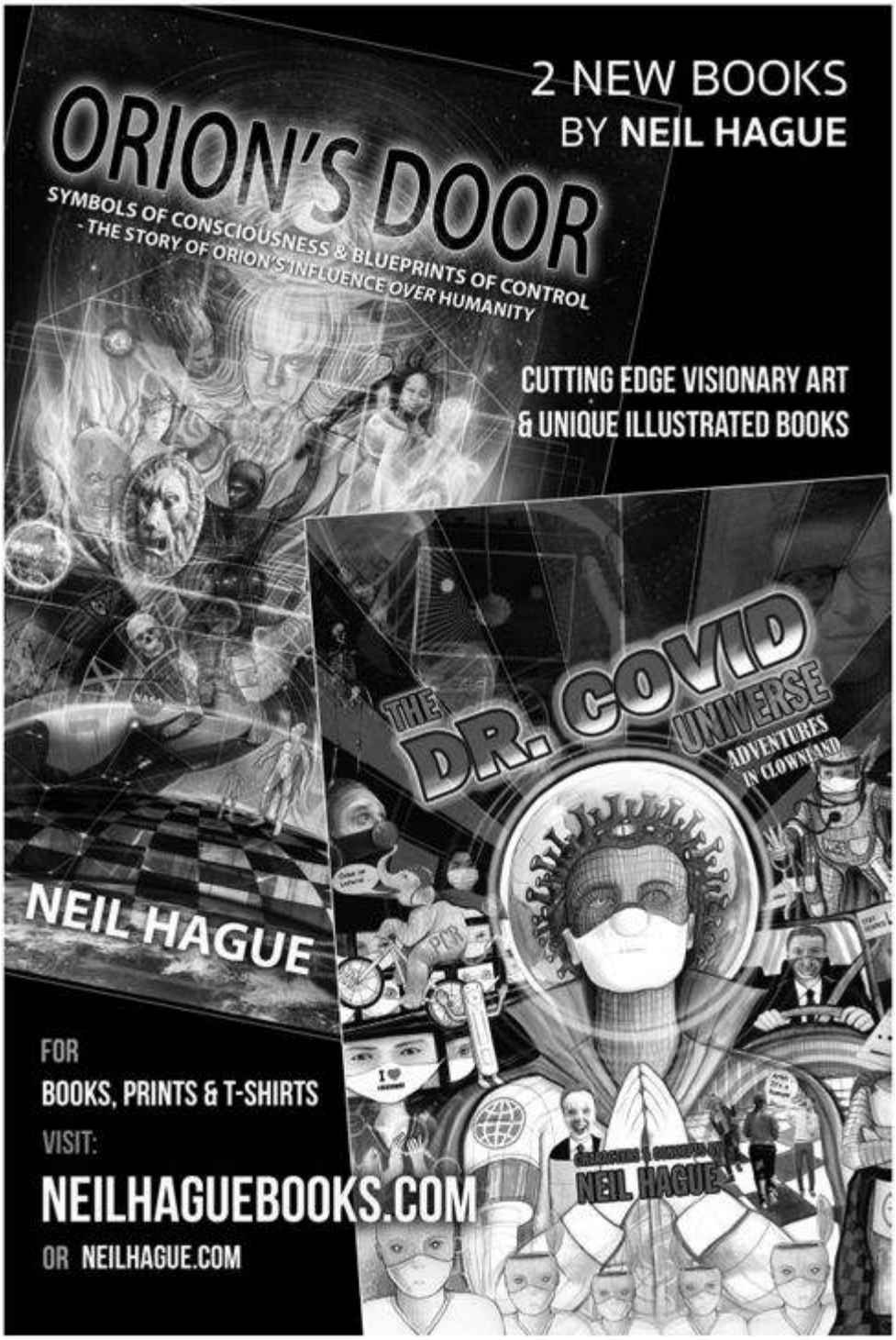
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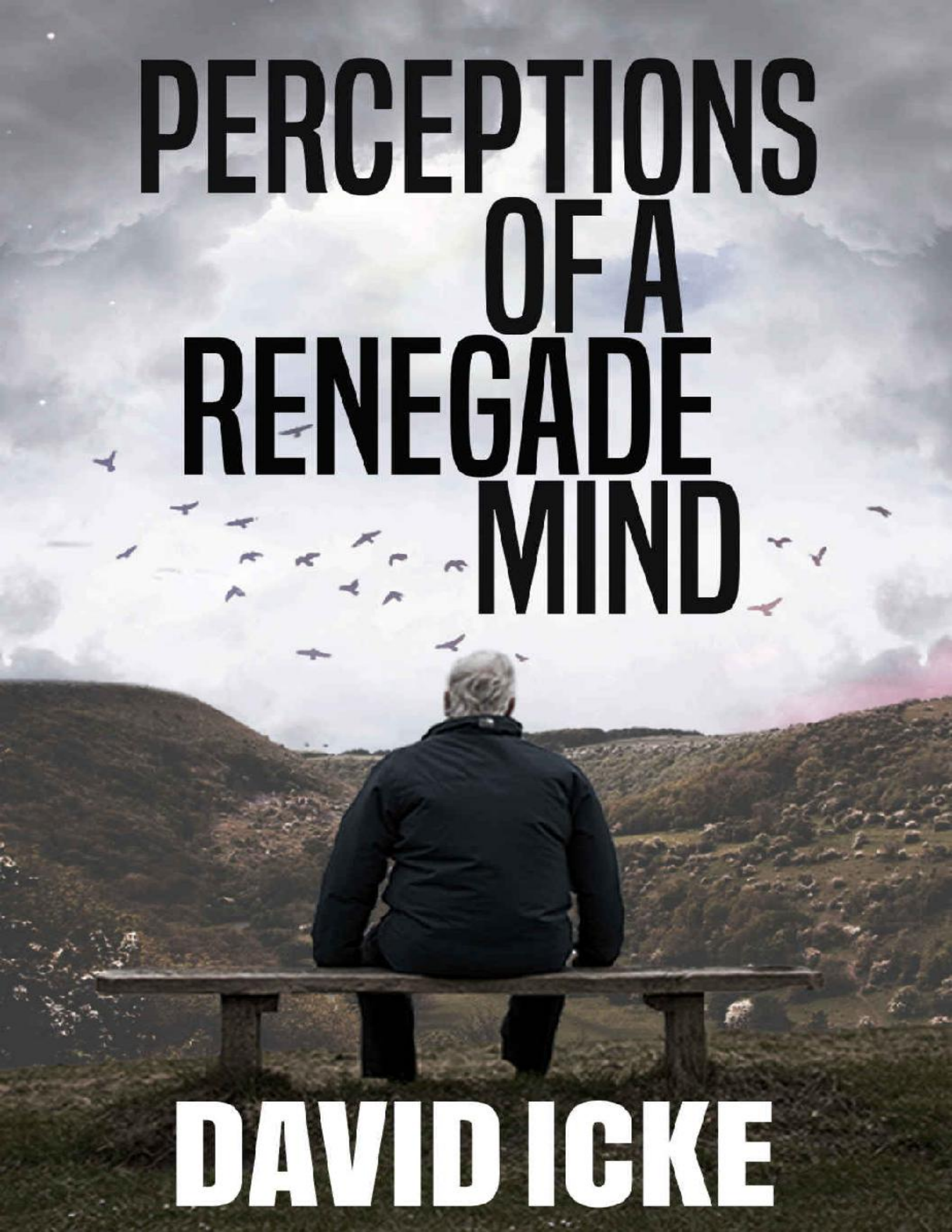

DAVID ICKE

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

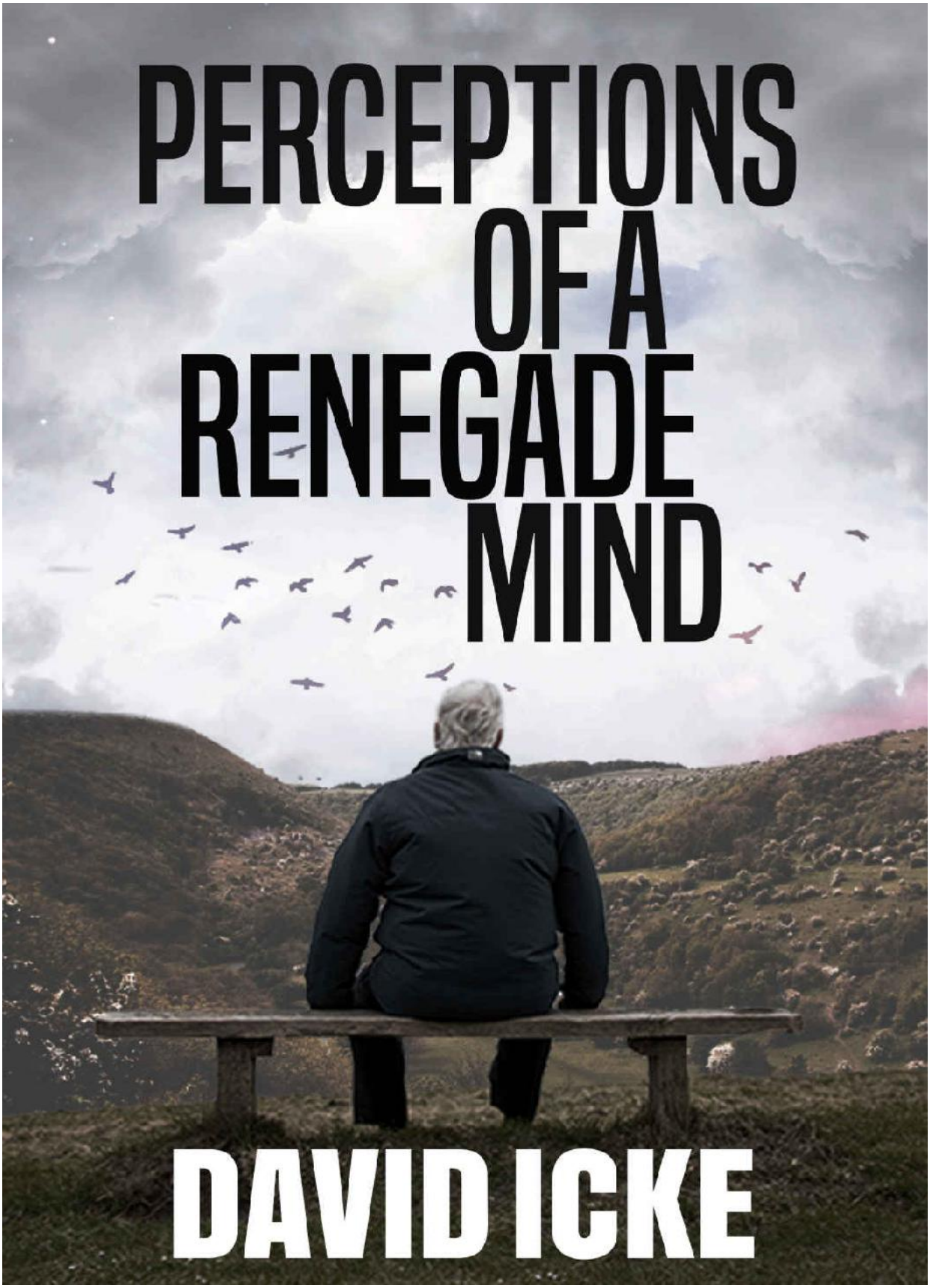

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publishing

First published in July 2021.

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Cover Design: Gareth Icke
Book Design: Neil Hague

British Library Cataloguing-in Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

eISBN 978-18384153-1-0

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

DAVID ICKE

Dedication:

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Renegade:
Adjective
'Having rejected tradition: Unconventional.'
Merriam-Webster Dictionary

Acquiescence to tyranny is the death of the spirit

You may be 38 years old, as I happen to be. And one day, some great opportunity stands before you and calls you to stand up for some great principle, some great issue, some great cause. And you refuse to do it because you are afraid … You refuse to do it because you want to live longer … You're afraid that you will lose your job, or you are afraid that you will be criticised or that you will lose your popularity, or you're afraid that somebody will stab you, or shoot at you or bomb your house; so you refuse to take the stand.

Well, you may go on and live until you are 90, but you're just as dead at 38 as you would be at 90. And the cessation of breathing in your life is but the belated announcement of an earlier death of the spirit.

Martin Luther King

How the few control the many and always have – the many do whatever they're told

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

The mist is lifting slowly
I can see the way ahead
And I've left behind the empty streets
That once inspired my life
And the strength of the emotion
Is like thunder in the air
'Cos the promise that we made each other
Haunts me to the end

The secret of your beauty
And the mystery of your soul
I've been searching for in everyone I meet
And the times I've been mistaken
It's impossible to say
And the grass is growing
Underneath our feet

The words that I remember
From my childhood still are true
That there's none so blind
As those who will not see
And to those who lack the courage
And say it's dangerous to try
Well they just don't know
That love eternal will not be denied

I know you're out there somewhere
Somewhere, somewhere
I know you're out there somewhere

Somewhere you can hear my voice
I know I'll find you somehow
Somehow, somehow
I know I'll find you somehow
And somehow I'll return again to you

The Moody Blues

Are you a gutless wonder - or a Renegade Mind?

Monuments put from pen to paper,
Turns me into a gutless wonder,
And if you tolerate this,
Then your children will be next.
Gravity keeps my head down,
Or is it maybe shame ...

Manic Street Preachers

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number.
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep have fallen on you.
Ye are many – they are few.

Percy Shelley

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CHAPTER ONE

I'm thinking' – Oh, but *are* you?

Think for yourself and let others enjoy the privilege of doing so too
Voltaire

French-born philosopher, mathematician and scientist René Descartes became famous for his statement in Latin in the 17th century which translates into English as: 'I think, therefore I am.'

On the face of it that is true. Thought reflects perception and perception leads to both behaviour and self-identity. In that sense 'we' are what we think. But who or what is doing the thinking and is thinking the only route to perception? Clearly, as we shall see, 'we' are not always the source of 'our' perception, indeed with regard to humanity as a whole this is rarely the case; and thinking is far from the only means of perception. Thought is the village idiot compared with other expressions of consciousness that we all have the potential to access and tap into. This has to be true when we *are* those other expressions of consciousness which are infinite in nature. We have forgotten this, or, more to the point, been manipulated to forget.

These are not just the esoteric musings of the navel. The whole foundation of human control and oppression is control of perception. Once perception is hijacked then so is behaviour which is dictated by perception. Collective perception becomes collective behaviour and collective behaviour is what we call human society. Perception is all and those behind human control know that which is

why perception is the target 24/7 of the psychopathic manipulators that I call the Global Cult. They know that if they dictate perception they will dictate behaviour and collectively dictate the nature of human society. They are further aware that perception is formed from information received and if they control the circulation of information they will to a vast extent direct human behaviour. Censorship of information and opinion has become globally Nazi-like in recent years and never more blatantly than since the illusory 'virus pandemic' was triggered out of China in 2019 and across the world in 2020. Why have billions submitted to house arrest and accepted fascistic societies in a way they would have never believed possible? Those controlling the information spewing from government, mainstream media and Silicon Valley (all controlled by the same Global Cult networks) told them they were in danger from a 'deadly virus' and only by submitting to house arrest and conceding their most basic of freedoms could they and their families be protected. This monumental and provable lie became the *perception* of the billions and therefore the *behaviour* of the billions. In those few words you have the whole structure and modus operandi of human control. Fear is a perception – **F**alse **E**motion **A**ppearing **R**eal – and fear is the currency of control. In short … get them by the balls (or give them the impression that you have) and their hearts and minds will follow. Nothing grips the dangly bits and freezes the rear-end more comprehensively than fear.

World number 1

There are two 'worlds' in what appears to be one 'world' and the prime difference between them is knowledge. First we have the mass of human society in which the population is maintained in coldly-calculated ignorance through control of information and the 'education' (indoctrination) system. That's all you really need to control to enslave billions in a perceptual delusion in which what are perceived to be *their* thoughts and opinions are ever-repeated mantras that the system has been downloading all their lives through 'education', media, science, medicine, politics and academia

in which the personnel and advocates are themselves overwhelmingly the perceptual products of the same repetition. Teachers and academics in general are processed by the same programming machine as everyone else, but unlike the great majority they never leave the 'education' program. It gripped them as students and continues to grip them as programmers of subsequent generations of students. The programmed become the programmers – the programmed programmers. The same can largely be said for scientists, doctors and politicians and not least because as the American writer Upton Sinclair said: 'It is difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it.' If your career and income depend on thinking the way the system demands then you will – bar a few free-minded exceptions – concede your mind to the Perceptual Mainframe that I call the Postage Stamp Consensus. This is a tiny band of perceived knowledge and possibility 'taught' (downloaded) in the schools and universities, pounded out by the mainstream media and on which all government policy is founded. Try thinking, and especially speaking and acting, outside of the 'box' of consensus and see what that does for your career in the Mainstream Everything which bullies, harasses, intimidates and ridicules the population into compliance. Here we have the simple structure which enslaves most of humanity in a perceptual prison cell for an entire lifetime and I'll go deeper into this process shortly. Most of what humanity is taught as fact is nothing more than programmed belief. American science fiction author Frank Herbert was right when he said: 'Belief can be manipulated. Only knowledge is dangerous.' In the 'Covid' age belief is promoted and knowledge is censored. It was always so, but never to the extreme of today.

World number 2

A 'number 2' is slang for 'doing a poo' and how appropriate that is when this other 'world' is doing just that on humanity every minute of every day. World number 2 is a global network of secret societies and semi-secret groups dictating the direction of society via

governments, corporations and authorities of every kind. I have spent more than 30 years uncovering and exposing this network that I call the Global Cult and knowing its agenda is what has made my books so accurate in predicting current and past events. Secret societies are secret for a reason. They want to keep their hoarded knowledge to themselves and their chosen initiates and to hide it from the population which they seek through ignorance to control and subdue. The whole foundation of the division between World 1 and World 2 is *knowledge*. What number 1 knows number 2 must not. Knowledge they have worked so hard to keep secret includes (a) the agenda to enslave humanity in a centrally-controlled global dictatorship, and (b) the nature of reality and life itself. The latter (b) must be suppressed to allow the former (a) to prevail as I shall be explaining. The way the Cult manipulates and interacts with the population can be likened to a spider's web. The 'spider' sits at the centre in the shadows and imposes its will through the web with each strand represented in World number 2 by a secret society, satanic or semi-secret group, and in World number 1 – the world of the seen – by governments, agencies of government, law enforcement, corporations, the banking system, media conglomerates and Silicon Valley (Fig 1 overleaf). The spider and the web connect and coordinate all these organisations to pursue the same global outcome while the population sees them as individual entities working randomly and independently. At the level of the web governments *are* the banking system *are* the corporations *are* the media *are* Silicon Valley *are* the World Health Organization working from their inner cores as one unit. Apparently unconnected countries, corporations, institutions, organisations and people are on the *same team* pursuing the same global outcome. Strands in the web immediately around the spider are the most secretive and exclusive secret societies and their membership is emphatically restricted to the Cult inner-circle emerging through the generations from particular bloodlines for reasons I will come to. At the core of the core you would get them in a single room. That's how many people are dictating the direction of human society and its transformation

through the 'Covid' hoax and other means. As the web expands out from the spider we meet the secret societies that many people will be aware of – the Freemasons, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, the inner sanctum of the Jesuit Order, and such like. Note how many are connected to the Church of Rome and there is a reason for that. The Roman Church was established as a revamp, a rebranding, of the relocated 'Church' of Babylon and the Cult imposing global tyranny today can be tracked back to Babylon and Sumer in what is now Iraq.

Figure 1: The global web through which the few control the many. (Image Neil Hague.)

Inner levels of the web operate in the unseen away from the public eye and then we have what I call the cusp organisations located at the point where the hidden meets the seen. They include a series of satellite organisations answering to a secret society founded in London in the late 19th century called the Round Table and among them are the Royal Institute of International Affairs (UK, founded in 1920); Council on Foreign Relations (US, 1921); Bilderberg Group (worldwide, 1954); Trilateral Commission (US/worldwide, 1972); and the Club of Rome (worldwide, 1968) which was created to exploit environmental concerns to justify the centralisation of global power to 'save the planet'. The Club of Rome instigated with others the human-caused climate change hoax which has led to all the 'green

new deals' demanding that very centralisation of control. Cusp organisations, which include endless 'think tanks' all over the world, are designed to coordinate a single global policy between political and business leaders, intelligence personnel, media organisations and anyone who can influence the direction of policy in their own sphere of operation. Major players and regular attenders will know what is happening – or some of it – while others come and go and are kept overwhelmingly in the dark about the big picture. I refer to these cusp groupings as semi-secret in that they can be publicly identified, but what goes on at the inner-core is kept very much 'in house' even from most of their members and participants through a fiercely-imposed system of compartmentalisation. Only let them know what they need to know to serve your interests and no more. The structure of secret societies serves as a perfect example of this principle. Most Freemasons never get higher than the bottom three levels of 'degree' (degree of knowledge) when there are 33 official degrees of the Scottish Rite. Initiates only qualify for the next higher 'compartment' or degree if those at that level choose to allow them. Knowledge can be carefully assigned only to those considered 'safe'. I went to my local Freemason's lodge a few years ago when they were having an 'open day' to show how cuddly they were and when I chatted to some of them I was astonished at how little the rank and file knew even about the most ubiquitous symbols they use. The mushroom technique – keep them in the dark and feed them bullshit – applies to most people in the web as well as the population as a whole. Sub-divisions of the web mirror in theme and structure transnational corporations which have a headquarters somewhere in the world dictating to all their subsidiaries in different countries. Subsidiaries operate in their methodology and branding to the same centrally-dictated plan and policy in pursuit of particular ends. The Cult web functions in the same way. Each country has its own web as a subsidiary of the global one. They consist of networks of secret societies, semi-secret groups and bloodline families and their job is to impose the will of the spider and the global web in their particular country. Subsidiary networks control and manipulate the national political system, finance, corporations, media, medicine, etc. to

ensure that they follow the globally-dictated Cult agenda. These networks were the means through which the 'Covid' hoax could be played out with almost every country responding in the same way.

The 'Yessir' pyramid

Compartmentalisation is the key to understanding how a tiny few can dictate the lives of billions when combined with a top-down sequence of imposition and acquiescence. The inner core of the Cult sits at the peak of the pyramidal hierarchy of human society (Fig 2 overleaf). It imposes its will – its agenda for the world – on the level immediately below which acquiesces to that imposition. This level then imposes the Cult will on the level below them which acquiesces and imposes on the next level. Very quickly we meet levels in the hierarchy that have no idea there even is a Cult, but the sequence of imposition and acquiescence continues down the pyramid in just the same way. 'I don't know why we are doing this but the order came from "on-high" and so we better just do it.' Alfred Lord Tennyson said of the cannon fodder levels in his poem *The Charge of the Light Brigade*: 'Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die.' The next line says that 'into the valley of death rode the six hundred' and they died because they obeyed without question what their perceived 'superiors' told them to do. In the same way the population capitulated to 'Covid'. The whole hierarchical pyramid functions like this to allow the very few to direct the enormous many. Eventually imposition-acquiescence-imposition-acquiescence comes down to the mass of the population at the foot of the pyramid. If they acquiesce to those levels of the hierarchy imposing on them (governments/law enforcement/doctors/media) a circuit is completed between the population and the handful of super-psychopaths in the Cult inner core at the top of the pyramid. Without a circuit-breaking refusal to obey, the sequence of imposition and acquiescence allows a staggeringly few people to impose their will upon the entirety of humankind. We are looking at the very sequence that has subjugated billions since the start of 2020. Our freedom has not been taken from us. Humanity has given it

away. Fascists do not impose fascism because there are not enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. Put another way allowing their perceptions to be programmed to the extent that leads to the population giving their freedom away by giving their perceptions – their mind – away. If this circuit is not broken by humanity ceasing to cooperate with their own enslavement then nothing can change. For that to happen people have to critically think and see through the lies and window dressing and then summon the backbone to act upon what they see. The Cult spends its days working to stop either happening and its methodology is systematic and highly detailed, but it can be overcome and that is what this book is all about.

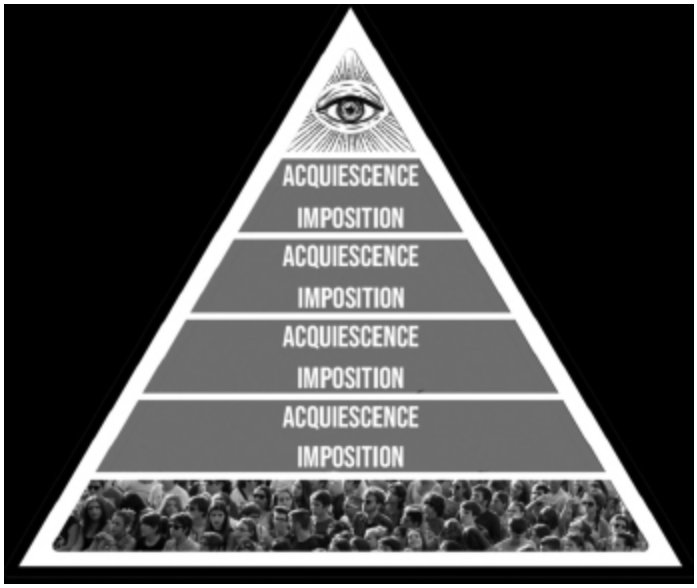

Figure 2: The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

The Life Program

Okay, back to world number 1 or the world of the 'masses'. Observe the process of what we call 'life' and it is a perceptual download from cradle to grave. The Cult has created a global structure in which perception can be programmed and the program continually topped-up with what appears to be constant confirmation that the program is indeed true reality. The important word here is 'appears'.

This is the structure, the fly-trap, the Postage Stamp Consensus or Perceptual Mainframe, which represents that incredibly narrow band of perceived possibility delivered by the 'education' system, mainstream media, science and medicine. From the earliest age the download begins with parents who have themselves succumbed to the very programming their children are about to go through. Most parents don't do this out of malevolence and mostly it is quite the opposite. They do what they believe is best for their children and that is what the program has told them is best. Within three or four years comes the major transition from parental programming to full-blown state (Cult) programming in school, college and university where perceptually-programmed teachers and academics pass on their programming to the next generations. Teachers who resist are soon marginalised and their careers ended while children who resist are called a problem child for whom Ritalin may need to be prescribed. A few years after entering the 'world' children are under the control of authority figures representing the state telling them when they have to be there, when they can leave and when they can speak, eat, even go to the toilet. This is calculated preparation for a lifetime of obeying authority in all its forms. Reflex-action fear of authority is instilled by authority from the start. Children soon learn the carrot and stick consequences of obeying or defying authority which is underpinned daily for the rest of their life. Fortunately I daydreamed through this crap and never obeyed authority simply because it told me to. This approach to my alleged 'betters' continues to this day. There can be consequences of pursuing open-minded freedom in a world of closed-minded conformity. I spent a lot of time in school corridors after being ejected from the classroom for not taking some of it seriously and now I spend a lot of time being ejected from Facebook, YouTube and Twitter. But I can tell you that being true to yourself and not compromising your self-respect is far more exhilarating than bowing to authority for authority's sake. You don't have to be a sheep to the shepherd (authority) and the sheep dog (fear of not obeying authority).

The perceptual download continues throughout the formative years in school, college and university while script-reading 'teachers', 'academics' 'scientists', 'doctors' and 'journalists' insist that ongoing generations must be as programmed as they are. Accept the program or you will not pass your 'exams' which confirm your 'degree' of programming. It is tragic to think that many parents pressure their offspring to work hard at school to download the program and qualify for the next stage at college and university. The late, great, American comedian George Carlin said: 'Here's a bumper sticker I'd like to see: We are proud parents of a child who has resisted his teachers' attempts to break his spirit and bend him to the will of his corporate masters.' Well, the best of luck finding many of those, George. Then comes the moment to leave the formal programming years in academia and enter the 'adult' world of work. There you meet others in your chosen or prescribed arena who went through the same Postage Stamp Consensus program before you did. There is therefore overwhelming agreement between almost everyone on the basic foundations of Postage Stamp reality and the rejection, even contempt, of the few who have a mind of their own and are prepared to use it. This has two major effects. Firstly, the consensus confirms to the programmed that their download is really how things are. I mean, everyone knows that, right? Secondly, the arrogance and ignorance of Postage Stamp adherents ensure that anyone questioning the program will have unpleasant consequences for seeking their own truth and not picking their perceptions from the shelf marked: 'Things you must believe without question and if you don't you're a dangerous lunatic conspiracy theorist and a harebrained nutter'.

Every government, agency and corporation is founded on the same Postage Stamp prison cell and you can see why so many people believe the same thing while calling it their own 'opinion'. Fusion of governments and corporations in pursuit of the same agenda was the definition of fascism described by Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. The pressure to conform to perceptual norms downloaded for a lifetime is incessant and infiltrates society right

down to family groups that become censors and condemners of their own 'black sheep' for not, ironically, being sheep. We have seen an explosion of that in the 'Covid' era. Cult-owned global media unleashes its propaganda all day every day in support of the Postage Stamp and targets with abuse and ridicule anyone in the public eye who won't bend their mind to the will of the tyranny. Any response to this is denied (certainly in my case). They don't want to give a platform to expose official lies. Cult-owned-and-created Internet giants like Facebook, Google, YouTube and Twitter delete you for having an unapproved opinion. Facebook boasts that its AI censors delete 97-percent of 'hate speech' before anyone even reports it. Much of that 'hate speech' will simply be an opinion that Facebook and its masters don't want people to see. Such perceptual oppression is widely known as fascism. Even Facebook executive Benny Thomas, a 'CEO Global Planning Lead', said in comments secretly recorded by investigative journalism operation Project Veritas that Facebook is 'too powerful' and should be broken up:

> I mean, no king in history has been the ruler of two billion people, but Mark Zuckerberg is … And he's 36. That's too much for a 36-year-old ... You should not have power over two billion people. I just think that's wrong.

Thomas said Facebook-owned platforms like Instagram, Oculus, and WhatsApp needed to be separate companies. 'It's too much power when they're all one together'. That's the way the Cult likes it, however. We have an executive of a Cult organisation in Benny Thomas that doesn't know there is a Cult such is the compartmentalisation. Thomas said that Facebook and Google 'are no longer companies, they're countries'. Actually they are more powerful than countries on the basis that if you control information you control perception and control human society.

I love my oppressor

Another expression of this psychological trickery is for those who realise they are being pressured into compliance to eventually

convince themselves to believe the official narratives to protect their self-respect from accepting the truth that they have succumbed to meek and subservient compliance. Such people become some of the most vehement defenders of the system. You can see them everywhere screaming abuse at those who prefer to think for themselves and by doing so reminding the compliers of their own capitulation to conformity. 'You are talking dangerous nonsense you Covidiot!!' Are you trying to convince me or yourself? It is a potent form of Stockholm syndrome which is defined as: 'A psychological condition that occurs when a victim of abuse identifies and attaches, or bonds, positively with their abuser.' An example is hostages bonding and even 'falling in love' with their kidnappers. The syndrome has been observed in domestic violence, abused children, concentration camp inmates, prisoners of war and many and various Satanic cults. These are some traits of Stockholm syndrome listed at goodtherapy.org:

- Positive regard towards perpetrators of abuse or captor [see 'Covid'].
- Failure to cooperate with police and other government authorities when it comes to holding perpetrators of abuse or kidnapping accountable [or in the case of 'Covid' cooperating with the police to enforce and defend their captors' demands].
- Little or no effort to escape [see 'Covid'].
- Belief in the goodness of the perpetrators or kidnappers [see 'Covid'].
- Appeasement of captors. This is a manipulative strategy for maintaining one's safety. As victims get rewarded – perhaps with less abuse or even with life itself – their appeasing behaviours are reinforced [see 'Covid'].
- Learned helplessness. This can be akin to 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em'. As the victims fail to escape the abuse or captivity, they may start giving up and soon realize it's just easier for everyone if they acquiesce all their power to their captors [see 'Covid'].

- Feelings of pity toward the abusers, believing they are actually victims themselves. Because of this, victims may go on a crusade or mission to 'save' [protect] their abuser [see the venom unleashed on those challenging the official 'Covid' narrative].
- Unwillingness to learn to detach from their perpetrators and heal. In essence, victims may tend to be less loyal to themselves than to their abuser [*definitely* see 'Covid'].

Ponder on those traits and compare them with the behaviour of great swathes of the global population who have defended governments and authorities which have spent every minute destroying their lives and livelihoods and those of their children and grandchildren since early 2020 with fascistic lockdowns, house arrest and employment deletion to 'protect' them from a 'deadly virus' that their abusers' perceptually created to bring about this very outcome. We are looking at mass Stockholm syndrome. All those that agree to concede their freedom will believe those perceptions are originating in their own independent 'mind' when in fact by conceding their reality to Stockholm syndrome they have by definition conceded any independence of mind. Listen to the 'opinions' of the acquiescing masses in this 'Covid' era and what gushes forth is the repetition of the official version of everything delivered unprocessed, unfiltered and unquestioned. The whole programming dynamic works this way. I must be free because I'm told that I am and so I think that I am.

You can see what I mean with the chapter theme of 'I'm thinking – Oh, but *are* you?' The great majority are not thinking, let alone for themselves. They are repeating what authority has told them to believe which allows them to be controlled. Weaving through this mentality is the fear that the 'conspiracy theorists' are right and this again explains the often hysterical abuse that ensues when you dare to contest the official narrative of anything. Denial is the mechanism of hiding from yourself what you don't want to be true. Telling people what they want to hear is easy, but it's an infinitely greater challenge to tell them what they would rather not be happening.

One is akin to pushing against an open door while the other is met with vehement resistance no matter what the scale of evidence. I don't want it to be true so I'll convince myself that it's not. Examples are everywhere from the denial that a partner is cheating despite all the signs to the reflex-action rejection of any idea that world events in which country after country act in exactly the same way are centrally coordinated. To accept the latter is to accept that a force of unspeakable evil is working to destroy your life and the lives of your children with nothing too horrific to achieve that end. Who the heck wants that to be true? But if we don't face reality the end is duly achieved and the consequences are far worse and ongoing than breaking through the walls of denial today with the courage to make a stand against tyranny.

Connect the dots – but how?

A crucial aspect of perceptual programming is to portray a world in which everything is random and almost nothing is connected to anything else. Randomness cannot be coordinated by its very nature and once you perceive events as random the idea they could be connected is waved away as the rantings of the tinfoil-hat brigade. You can't plan and coordinate random you idiot! No, you can't, but you can hide the coldly-calculated and long-planned behind the *illusion* of randomness. A foundation manifestation of the Renegade Mind is to scan reality for patterns that connect the apparently random and turn pixels and dots into pictures. This is the way I work and have done so for more than 30 years. You look for similarities in people, modus operandi and desired outcomes and slowly, then ever quicker, the picture forms. For instance: There would seem to be no connection between the 'Covid pandemic' hoax and the human-caused global-warming hoax and yet they are masks (appropriately) on the same face seeking the same outcome. Those pushing the global warming myth through the Club of Rome and other Cult agencies are driving the lies about 'Covid' – Bill Gates is an obvious one, but they are endless. Why would the same people be involved in both when they are clearly not connected? Oh, but they

are. Common themes with personnel are matched by common goals. The 'solutions' to both 'problems' are centralisation of global power to impose the will of the few on the many to 'save' humanity from 'Covid' and save the planet from an 'existential threat' (we need 'zero Covid' and 'zero carbon emissions'). These, in turn, connect with the 'dot' of globalisation which was coined to describe the centralisation of global power in every area of life through incessant political and corporate expansion, trading blocks and superstates like the European Union. If you are the few and you want to control the many you have to centralise power and decision-making. The more you centralise power the more power the few at the centre will have over the many; and the more that power is centralised the more power those at the centre have to centralise even quicker. The momentum of centralisation gets faster and faster which is exactly the process we have witnessed. In this way the hoaxed 'pandemic' and the fakery of human-caused global warming serve the interests of globalisation and the seizure of global power in the hands of the Cult inner-circle which is behind 'Covid', 'climate change' *and* globalisation. At this point random 'dots' become a clear and obvious picture or pattern.

Klaus Schwab, the classic Bond villain who founded the Cult's Gates-funded World Economic Forum, published a book in 2020, *The Great Reset*, in which he used the 'problem' of 'Covid' to justify a total transformation of human society to 'save' humanity from 'climate change'. Schwab said: 'The pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world.' What he didn't mention is that the Cult he serves is behind both hoaxes as I show in my book *The Answer*. He and the Cult don't have to reimagine the world. They know precisely what they want and that's why they destroyed human society with 'Covid' to 'build back better' in their grand design. Their job is not to imagine, but to get humanity to imagine and agree with their plans while believing it's all random. It must be pure coincidence that 'The Great Reset' has long been the Cult's code name for the global imposition of fascism and replaced previous code-names of the 'New World

Order' used by Cult frontmen like Father George Bush and the 'New Order of the Ages' which emerged from Freemasonry and much older secret societies. New Order of the Ages appears on the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States as 'Novus ordo seclorum' underneath the Cult symbol used since way back of the pyramid and all seeing-eye (Fig 3). The pyramid is the hierarchy of human control headed by the illuminated eye that symbolises the force behind the Cult which I will expose in later chapters. The term 'Annuit Coeptis' translates as 'He favours our undertaking'. We are told the 'He' is the Christian god, but 'He' is not as I will be explaining.

Figure 3: The all-seeing eye of the Cult 'god' on the Freemason-designed Great Seal of the United States and also on the dollar bill.

Having you on

Two major Cult techniques of perceptual manipulation that relate to all this are what I have called since the 1990s Problem-Reaction-Solution (PRS) and the Totalitarian Tiptoe (TT). They can be uncovered by the inquiring mind with a simple question: Who benefits? The answer usually identifies the perpetrators of a given action or happening through the concept of 'he who most benefits from a crime is the one most likely to have committed it'. The Latin 'Cue bono?' – Who benefits? – is widely attributed to the Roman orator and statesman Marcus Tullius Cicero. No wonder it goes back so far when the concept has been relevant to human behaviour since

history was recorded. Problem-Reaction-Solution is the technique used to manipulate us every day by covertly creating a problem (or the illusion of one) and offering the solution to the problem (or the illusion of one). In the first phase you create the problem and blame someone or something else for why it has happened. This may relate to a financial collapse, terrorist attack, war, global warming or pandemic, anything in fact that will allow you to impose the 'solution' to change society in the way you desire at that time. The 'problem' doesn't have to be real. PRS is manipulation of perception and all you need is the population to believe the problem is real. Human-caused global warming and the 'Covid pandemic' only have to be *perceived* to be real for the population to accept the 'solutions' of authority. I refer to this technique as NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Billions did not meekly accept house arrest from early 2020 because there was a real deadly 'Covid pandemic' but because they perceived – believed – that to be the case. The antidote to Problem-Reaction-Solution is to ask who benefits from the proposed solution. Invariably it will be anyone who wants to justify more control through deletion of freedom and centralisation of power and decision-making.

The two world wars were Problem-Reaction-Solutions that transformed and realigned global society. Both were manipulated into being by the Cult as I have detailed in books since the mid-1990s. They dramatically centralised global power, especially World War Two, which led to the United Nations and other global bodies thanks to the overt and covert manipulations of the Rockefeller family and other Cult bloodlines like the Rothschilds. The UN is a stalking horse for full-blown world government that I will come to shortly. The land on which the UN building stands in New York was donated by the Rockefellers and the same Cult family was behind Big Pharma scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the creation of the World Health Organization as part of the UN. They have been stalwarts of the eugenics movement and funded Hitler's race-purity expert' Ernst Rudin. The human-caused global warming hoax has been orchestrated by the Club of Rome through the UN which is

manufacturing both the 'problem' through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and imposing the 'solution' through its Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 which demand the total centralisation of global power to 'save the world' from a climate hoax the United Nations is itself perpetrating. What a small world the Cult can be seen to be particularly among the inner circles. The bedfellow of Problem-Reaction-Solution is the Totalitarian Tiptoe which became the Totalitarian Sprint in 2020. The technique is fashioned to hide the carefully-coordinated behind the cover of apparently random events. You start the sequence at 'A' and you know you are heading for 'Z'. You don't want people to know that and each step on the journey is presented as a random happening while all the steps strung together lead in the same direction. The speed may have quickened dramatically in recent times, but you can still see the incremental approach of the Tiptoe in the case of 'Covid' as each new imposition takes us deeper into fascism. Tell people they have to do this or that to get back to 'normal', then this and this and this. With each new demand adding to the ones that went before the population's freedom is deleted until it disappears. The spider wraps its web around the flies more comprehensively with each new diktat. I'll highlight this in more detail when I get to the 'Covid' hoax and how it has been pulled off. Another prime example of the Totalitarian Tiptoe is how the Cult-created European Union went from a 'free-trade zone' to a centralised bureaucratic dictatorship through the Tiptoe of incremental centralisation of power until nations became mere administrative units for Cult-owned dark suits in Brussels.

The antidote to ignorance is knowledge which the Cult seeks vehemently to deny us, but despite the systematic censorship to that end the Renegade Mind can overcome this by vociferously seeking out the facts no matter the impediments put in the way. There is also a method of thinking and perceiving – *knowing* – that doesn't even need names, dates, place-type facts to identify the patterns that reveal the story. I'll get to that in the final chapter. All you need to know about the manipulation of human society and to what end is still out there – *at the time of writing* – in the form of books, videos

and websites for those that really want to breach the walls of programmed perception. To access this knowledge requires the abandonment of the mainstream media as a source of information in the awareness that this is owned and controlled by the Cult and therefore promotes mass perceptions that suit the Cult. Mainstream media lies all day, every day. That is its function and very reason for being. Where it does tell the truth, here and there, is only because the truth and the Cult agenda very occasionally coincide. If you look for fact and insight to the BBC, CNN and virtually all the rest of them you are asking to be conned and perceptually programmed.

Know the outcome and you'll see the journey

Events seem random when you have no idea where the world is being taken. Once you do the random becomes the carefully planned. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey is a phrase I have been using for a long time to give context to daily happenings that appear unconnected. Does a problem, or illusion of a problem, trigger a proposed 'solution' that further drives society in the direction of the outcome? Invariably the answer will be yes and the random – *abracadabra* – becomes the clearly coordinated. So what is this outcome that unlocks the door to a massively expanded understanding of daily events? I will summarise its major aspects – the fine detail is in my other books – and those new to this information will see that the world they thought they were living in is a very different place. The foundation of the Cult agenda is the incessant centralisation of power and all such centralisation is ultimately in pursuit of Cult control on a global level. I have described for a long time the planned world structure of top-down dictatorship as the Hunger Games Society. The term obviously comes from the movie series which portrayed a world in which a few living in military-protected hi-tech luxury were the overlords of a population condemned to abject poverty in isolated 'sectors' that were not allowed to interact. 'Covid' lockdowns and travel bans anyone? The 'Hunger Games' pyramid of structural control has the inner circle of the Cult at the top with pretty much the entire

population at the bottom under their control through dependency for survival on the Cult. The whole structure is planned to be protected and enforced by a military-police state (Fig 4).

Here you have the reason for the global lockdowns of the fake pandemic to coldly destroy independent incomes and livelihoods and make everyone dependent on the 'state' (the Cult that controls the 'states'). I have warned in my books for many years about the plan to introduce a 'guaranteed income' – a barely survivable pittance – designed to impose dependency when employment was destroyed by AI technology and now even more comprehensively at great speed by the 'Covid' scam. Once the pandemic was played and lockdown consequences began to delete independent income the authorities began to talk right on cue about the need for a guaranteed income and a 'Great Reset'. Guaranteed income will be presented as benevolent governments seeking to help a desperate people – desperate as a direct result of actions of the same governments. The truth is that such payments are a trap. You will only get them if you do exactly what the authorities demand including mass vaccination (genetic manipulation). We have seen this theme already in Australia where those dependent on government benefits have them reduced if parents don't agree to have their children vaccinated according to an insane health-destroying government-dictated schedule. Calculated economic collapse applies to governments as well as people. The Cult wants rid of countries through the creation of a world state with countries broken up into regions ruled by a world government and super states like the European Union. Countries must be bankrupted, too, to this end and it's being achieved by the trillions in 'rescue packages' and furlough payments, trillions in lost taxation, and money-no-object spending on 'Covid' including constant all-medium advertising (programming) which has made the media dependent on government for much of its income. The day of reckoning is coming – as planned – for government spending and given that it has been made possible by printing money and not by production/taxation there is inflation on the way that has the

potential to wipe out monetary value. In that case there will be no need for the Cult to steal your money. It just won't be worth anything (see the German Weimar Republic before the Nazis took over). Many have been okay with lockdowns while getting a percentage of their income from so-called furlough payments without having to work. Those payments are dependent, however, on people having at least a theoretical job with a business considered non-essential and ordered to close. As these business go under because they are closed by lockdown after lockdown the furlough stops and it will for everyone eventually. Then what? The 'then what?' is precisely the idea.

Figure 4: The Hunger Games Society structure I have long warned was planned and now the 'Covid' hoax has made it possible. This is the real reason for lockdowns.

Hired hands

Between the Hunger Games Cult elite and the dependent population is planned to be a vicious military-police state (a fusion of the two into one force). This has been in the making for a long time with police looking ever more like the military and carrying weapons to match. The pandemic scam has seen this process accelerate so fast as

lockdown house arrest is brutally enforced by carefully recruited fascist minds and gormless system-servers. The police and military are planned to merge into a centrally-directed world army in a global structure headed by a world government which wouldn't be elected even by the election fixes now in place. The world army is not planned even to be human and instead wars would be fought, primarily against the population, using robot technology controlled by artificial intelligence. I have been warning about this for decades and now militaries around the world are being transformed by this very AI technology. The global regime that I describe is a particular form of fascism known as a technocracy in which decisions are not made by clueless and co-opted politicians but by unelected technocrats – scientists, engineers, technologists and bureaucrats. Cult-owned-and-controlled Silicon Valley giants are examples of technocracy and they already have far more power to direct world events than governments. They are with their censorship *selecting* governments. I know that some are calling the 'Great Reset' a Marxist communist takeover, but fascism and Marxism are different labels for the same tyranny. Tell those who lived in fascist Germany and Stalinist Russia that there was a difference in the way their freedom was deleted and their lives controlled. I could call it a fascist technocracy or a Marxist technocracy and they would be equally accurate. The Hunger Games society with its world government structure would oversee a world army, world central bank and single world cashless currency imposing its will on a microchipped population (Fig 5). Scan its different elements and see how the illusory pandemic is forcing society in this very direction at great speed. Leaders of 23 countries and the World Health Organization (WHO) backed the idea in March, 2021, of a global treaty for 'international cooperation' in 'health emergencies' and nations should 'come together as a global community for peaceful cooperation that extends beyond this crisis'. Cut the Orwellian bullshit and this means another step towards global government. The plan includes a cashless digital money system that I first warned about in 1993. Right at the start of 'Covid' the deeply corrupt Tedros

Adhanom Ghebreyesus, the crooked and merely gofer 'head' of the World Health Organization, said it was possible to catch the 'virus' by touching cash and it was better to use cashless means. The claim was ridiculous nonsense and like the whole 'Covid' mind-trick it was nothing to do with 'health' and everything to do with pushing every aspect of the Cult agenda. As a result of the Tedros lie the use of cash has plummeted. The Cult script involves a single world digital currency that would eventually be technologically embedded in the body. China is a massive global centre for the Cult and if you watch what is happening there you will know what is planned for everywhere. The Chinese government is developing a digital currency which would allow fines to be deducted immediately via AI for anyone caught on camera breaking its fantastic list of laws and the money is going to be programmable with an expiry date to ensure that no one can accrue wealth except the Cult and its operatives.

Figure 5: The structure of global control the Cult has been working towards for so long and this has been enormously advanced by the 'Covid' illusion.

Serfdom is so smart

The Cult plan is far wider, extreme, and more comprehensive than even most conspiracy researchers appreciate and I will come to the true depths of deceit and control in the chapters 'Who controls the

Cult?' and 'Escaping Wetiko'. Even the world that we know is crazy enough. We are being deluged with ever more sophisticated and controlling technology under the heading of 'smart'. We have smart televisions, smart meters, smart cards, smart cars, smart driving, smart roads, smart pills, smart patches, smart watches, smart skin, smart borders, smart pavements, smart streets, smart cities, smart communities, smart environments, smart growth, smart planet ... smart *everything* around us. Smart technologies and methods of operation are designed to interlock to create a global Smart Grid connecting the entirety of human society including human minds to create a centrally-dictated 'hive' mind. 'Smart cities' is code for densely-occupied megacities of total surveillance and control through AI. Ever more destructive frequency communication systems like 5G have been rolled out without any official testing for health and psychological effects (colossal). 5G/6G/7G systems are needed to run the Smart Grid and each one becomes more destructive of body and mind. Deleting independent income is crucial to forcing people into these AI-policed prisons by ending private property ownership (except for the Cult elite). The Cult's Great Reset now openly foresees a global society in which no one will own any possessions and everything will be rented while the Cult would own literally everything under the guise of government and corporations. The aim has been to use the lockdowns to destroy sources of income on a mass scale and when the people are destitute and in unrepayable amounts of debt (problem) Cult assets come forward with the pledge to write-off debt in return for handing over all property and possessions (solution). Everything – literally everything including people – would be connected to the Internet via AI. I was warning years ago about the coming Internet of Things (IoT) in which all devices and technology from your car to your fridge would be plugged into the Internet and controlled by AI. Now we are already there with much more to come. The next stage is the Internet of Everything (IoE) which is planned to include the connection of AI to the human brain and body to replace the human mind with a centrally-controlled AI mind. Instead of perceptions

being manipulated through control of information and censorship those perceptions would come direct from the Cult through AI. What do you think? You think whatever AI decides that you think. In human terms there would be no individual 'think' any longer. Too incredible? The ravings of a lunatic? Not at all. Cult-owned crazies in Silicon Valley have been telling us the plan for years without explaining the real motivation and calculated implications. These include Google executive and 'futurist' Ray Kurzweil who highlights the year 2030 for when this would be underway. He said:

> Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' ... We're going to put gateways to the cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations.
>
> As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

The sales-pitch of Kurzweil and Cult-owned Silicon Valley is that this would make us 'super-human' when the real aim is to make us post-human and no longer 'human' in the sense that we have come to know. The entire global population would be connected to AI and become the centrally-controlled 'hive-mind' of externally-delivered perceptions. The Smart Grid being installed to impose the Cult's will on the world is being constructed to allow particular locations – even one location – to control the whole global system. From these prime control centres, which absolutely include China and Israel, anything connected to the Internet would be switched on or off and manipulated at will. Energy systems could be cut, communication via the Internet taken down, computer-controlled driverless autonomous vehicles driven off the road, medical devices switched off, the potential is limitless given how much AI and Internet connections now run human society. We have seen nothing yet if we allow this to continue. Autonomous vehicle makers are working with law enforcement to produce cars designed to automatically pull over if they detect a police or emergency vehicle flashing from up to 100 feet away. At a police stop the car would be unlocked and the

window rolled down automatically. Vehicles would only take you where the computer (the state) allowed. The end of petrol vehicles and speed limiters on all new cars in the UK and EU from 2022 are steps leading to electric computerised transport over which ultimately you have no control. The picture is far bigger even than the Cult global network or web and that will become clear when I get to the nature of the 'spider'. There is a connection between all these happenings and the instigation of DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' (which aren't 'vaccines') justified by the 'Covid' hoax. That connection is the unfolding plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state and this is why synthetic biology is such a fast-emerging discipline of mainstream science. 'Covid vaccines' are infusing self-replicating synthetic genetic material into the cells to cumulatively take us on the Totalitarian Tiptoe from Human 1.0 to the synthetic biological Human 2.0 which will be physically and perceptually attached to the Smart Grid to one hundred percent control every thought, perception and deed. Humanity needs to wake up and *fast*.

This is the barest explanation of where the 'outcome' is planned to go but it's enough to see the journey happening all around us. Those new to this information will already see 'Covid' in a whole new context. I will add much more detail as we go along, but for the minutiae evidence see my mega-works, *The Answer, The Trigger* and *Everything You Need to Know But Have Never Been Told*.

Now – how does a Renegade Mind see the 'world'?

CHAPTER TWO

Renegade Perception

It is one thing to be clever and another to be wise
George R.R. Martin

A simple definition of the difference between a programmed mind and a Renegade Mind would be that one sees only dots while the other connects them to see the picture. Reading reality with accuracy requires the observer to (a) know the planned outcome and (b) realise that everything, but *everything*, is connected.

The entirety of infinite reality is connected – that's its very nature – and with human society an expression of infinite reality the same must apply. Simple cause and effect is a connection. The effect is triggered by the cause and the effect then becomes the cause of another effect. Nothing happens in isolation because it *can't*. Life in whatever reality is simple choice and consequence. We make choices and these lead to consequences. If we don't like the consequences we can make different choices and get different consequences which lead to other choices and consequences. The choice and the consequence are not only connected they are indivisible. You can't have one without the other as an old song goes. A few cannot control the world unless those being controlled allow that to happen – cause and effect, choice and consequence. Control – who has it and who doesn't – is a two-way process, a symbiotic relationship, involving the controller and controlled. 'They took my freedom away!!' Well, yes, but you also gave it to them. Humanity is

subjected to mass control because humanity has acquiesced to that control. This is all cause and effect and literally a case of give and take. In the same way world events of every kind are connected and the Cult works incessantly to sell the illusion of the random and coincidental to maintain the essential (to them) perception of dots that hide the picture. Renegade Minds know this and constantly scan the world for patterns of connection. This is absolutely pivotal in understanding the happenings in the world and without that perspective clarity is impossible. First you know the planned outcome and then you identify the steps on the journey – the day-by-day apparently random which, when connected in relation to the outcome, no longer appear as individual events, but as the proverbial *chain* of events leading in the same direction. I'll give you some examples:

Political puppet show

We are told to believe that politics is 'adversarial' in that different parties with different beliefs engage in an endless tussle for power. There may have been some truth in that up to a point – and only a point – but today divisions between 'different' parties are rhetorical not ideological. Even the rhetorical is fusing into one-speak as the parties eject any remaining free thinkers while others succumb to the ever-gathering intimidation of anyone with the 'wrong' opinion. The Cult is not a new phenomenon and can be traced back thousands of years as my books have documented. Its intergenerational initiates have been manipulating events with increasing effect the more that global power has been centralised. In ancient times the Cult secured control through the system of monarchy in which 'special' bloodlines (of which more later) demanded the right to rule as kings and queens simply by birthright and by vanquishing others who claimed the same birthright. There came a time, however, when people had matured enough to see the unfairness of such tyranny and demanded a say in who governed them. Note the word – *governed* them. Not served them – *governed* them, hence government defined as 'the political direction and control exercised over the

actions of the members, citizens, or inhabitants of communities, societies, and states; direction of the affairs of a state, community, etc.' Governments exercise control over rather than serve just like the monarchies before them. Bizarrely there are still countries like the United Kingdom which are ruled by a monarch *and* a government that officially answers to the monarch. The UK head of state and that of Commonwealth countries such as Canada, Australia and New Zealand is 'selected' by who in a *single family* had unprotected sex with whom and in what order. Pinch me it can't be true. Ouch! Shit, it is. The demise of monarchies in most countries offered a potential vacuum in which some form of free and fair society could arise and the Cult had that base covered. Monarchies had served its interests but they couldn't continue in the face of such widespread opposition and, anyway, replacing a 'royal' dictatorship that people could see with a dictatorship 'of the people' hiding behind the concept of 'democracy' presented far greater manipulative possibilities and ways of hiding coordinated tyranny behind the illusion of 'freedom'.

Democracy is quite wrongly defined as government selected by the population. This is not the case at all. It is government selected by *some* of the population (and then only in theory). This 'some' doesn't even have to be the majority as we have seen so often in first-past-the-post elections in which the so-called majority party wins fewer votes than the 'losing' parties combined. Democracy can give total power to a party in government from a minority of the votes cast. It's a sleight of hand to sell tyranny as freedom. Seventy-four million Trump-supporting Americans didn't vote for the 'Democratic' Party of Joe Biden in the distinctly dodgy election in 2020 and yet far from acknowledging the wishes and feelings of that great percentage of American society the Cult-owned Biden government set out from day one to destroy them and their right to a voice and opinion. Empty shell Biden and his Cult handlers said they were doing this to 'protect democracy'. Such is the level of lunacy and sickness to which politics has descended. Connect the dots and relate them to the desired outcome – a world government run by self-appointed technocrats and no longer even elected

politicians. While operating through its political agents in government the Cult is at the same time encouraging public distain for politicians by putting idiots and incompetents in theoretical power on the road to deleting them. The idea is to instil a public reaction that says of the technocrats: 'Well, they couldn't do any worse than the pathetic politicians.' It's all about controlling perception and Renegade Minds can see through that while programmed minds cannot when they are ignorant of both the planned outcome and the manipulation techniques employed to secure that end. This knowledge can be learned, however, and fast if people choose to get informed.

Politics may at first sight appear very difficult to control from a central point. I mean look at the 'different' parties and how would you be able to oversee them all and their constituent parts? In truth, it's very straightforward because of their structure. We are back to the pyramid of imposition and acquiescence. Organisations are structured in the same way as the system as a whole. Political parties are not open forums of free expression. They are hierarchies. I was a national spokesman for the British Green Party which claimed to be a different kind of politics in which influence and power was devolved; but I can tell you from direct experience – and it's far worse now – that Green parties are run as hierarchies like all the others however much they may try to hide that fact or kid themselves that it's not true. A very few at the top of all political parties are directing policy and personnel. They decide if you are elevated in the party or serve as a government minister and to do that you have to be a yes man or woman. Look at all the maverick political thinkers who never ascended the greasy pole. If you want to progress within the party or reach 'high-office' you need to fall into line and conform. Exceptions to this are rare indeed. Should you want to run for parliament or Congress you have to persuade the local or state level of the party to select you and for that you need to play the game as dictated by the hierarchy. If you secure election and wish to progress within the greater structure you need to go on conforming to what is acceptable to those running the hierarchy

from the peak of the pyramid. Political parties are perceptual gulags and the very fact that there are party 'Whips' appointed to 'whip' politicians into voting the way the hierarchy demands exposes the ridiculous idea that politicians are elected to serve the people they are supposed to represent. Cult operatives and manipulation has long seized control of major parties that have any chance of forming a government and at least most of those that haven't. A new party forms and the Cult goes to work to infiltrate and direct. This has reached such a level today that you see video compilations of 'leaders' of all parties whether Democrats, Republicans, Conservative, Labour and Green parroting the same Cult mantra of 'Build Back Better' and the 'Great Reset' which are straight off the Cult song-sheet to describe the transformation of global society in response to the Cult-instigated hoaxes of the 'Covid pandemic' and human-caused 'climate change'. To see Caroline Lucas, the Green Party MP that I knew when I was in the party in the 1980s, speaking in support of plans proposed by Cult operative Klaus Schwab representing the billionaire global elite is a real head-shaker.

Many parties – one master

The party system is another mind-trick and was instigated to change the nature of the dictatorship by swapping 'royalty' for dark suits that people believed – though now ever less so – represented their interests. Understanding this trick is to realise that a single force (the Cult) controls all parties either directly in terms of the major ones or through manipulation of perception and ideology with others. You don't need to manipulate Green parties to demand your transformation of society in the name of 'climate change' when they are obsessed with the lie that this is essential to 'save the planet'. You just give them a platform and away they go serving your interests while believing they are being environmentally virtuous. America's political structure is a perfect blueprint for how the two or multi-party system is really a one-party state. The Republican Party is controlled from one step back in the shadows by a group made up of billionaires and their gofers known as neoconservatives or Neocons.

I have exposed them in fine detail in my books and they were the driving force behind the policies of the imbecilic presidency of Boy George Bush which included 9/11 (see *The Trigger* for a comprehensive demolition of the official story), the subsequent 'war on terror' (war *of* terror) and the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. The latter was a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution based on claims by Cult operatives, including Bush and British Prime Minister Tony Blair, about Saddam Hussein's 'weapons of mass destruction' which did not exist as war criminals Bush and Blair well knew.

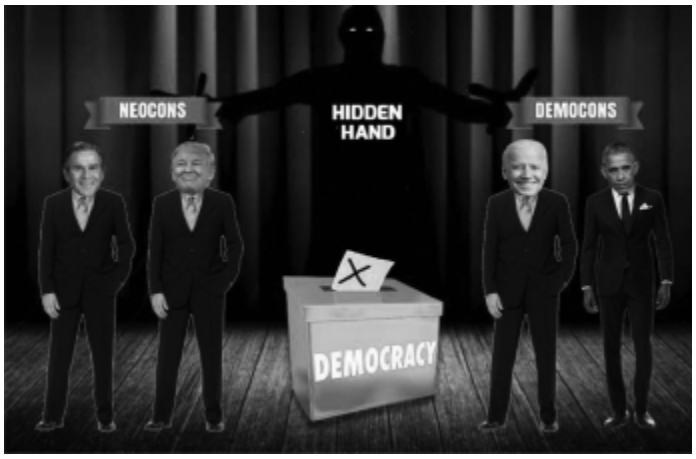

Figure 6: Different front people, different parties – same control system.

The Democratic Party has its own 'Neocon' group controlling from the background which I call the 'Democons' and here's the penny-drop – the Neocons and Democons answer to the same masters one step further back into the shadows (Fig 6). At that level of the Cult the Republican and Democrat parties are controlled by the same people and no matter which is in power the Cult is in power. This is how it works in almost every country and certainly in Britain with Conservative, Labour, Liberal Democrat and Green parties now all on the same page whatever the rhetoric may be in their feeble attempts to appear different. Neocons operated at the time of Bush through a think tank called The Project for the New American Century which in September, 2000, published a document entitled *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources*

For a New Century demanding that America fight 'multiple, simultaneous major theatre wars' as a 'core mission' to force regime-change in countries including Iraq, Libya and Syria. Neocons arranged for Bush ('Republican') and Blair ('Labour Party') to front-up the invasion of Iraq and when they departed the Democons orchestrated the targeting of Libya and Syria through Barack Obama ('Democrat') and British Prime Minister David Cameron ('Conservative Party'). We have 'different' parties and 'different' people, but the same unfolding script. The more the Cult has seized the reigns of parties and personnel the more their policies have transparently pursued the same agenda to the point where the fascist 'Covid' impositions of the Conservative junta of Jackboot Johnson in Britain were opposed by the Labour Party because they were not fascist enough. The Labour Party is likened to the US Democrats while the Conservative Party is akin to a British version of the Republicans and on both sides of the Atlantic they all speak the same language and support the direction demanded by the Cult although some more enthusiastically than others. It's a similar story in country after country because it's all centrally controlled. Oh, but what about Trump? I'll come to him shortly. Political 'choice' in the 'party' system goes like this: You vote for Party A and they get into government. You don't like what they do so next time you vote for Party B and they get into government. You don't like what they do when it's pretty much the same as Party A and why wouldn't that be with both controlled by the same force? Given that only two, sometimes three, parties have any chance of forming a government to get rid of Party B that you don't like you have to vote again for Party A which … you don't like. This, ladies and gentlemen, is what they call 'democracy' which we are told – wrongly – is a term interchangeable with 'freedom'.

The cult of cults

At this point I need to introduce a major expression of the Global Cult known as Sabbatian-Frankism. Sabbatian is also spelt as Sabbatean. I will summarise here. I have published major exposés

and detailed background in other works. Sabbatian-Frankism combines the names of two frauds posing as 'Jewish' men, Sabbatai Zevi (1626-1676), a rabbi, black magician and occultist who proclaimed he was the Jewish messiah; and Jacob Frank (1726-1791), the Polish 'Jew', black magician and occultist who said he was the reincarnation of 'messiah' Zevi and biblical patriarch Jacob. They worked across two centuries to establish the Sabbatian-Frankist cult that plays a major, indeed central, role in the manipulation of human society by the Global Cult which has its origins much further back in history than Sabbatai Zevi. I should emphasise two points here in response to the shrill voices that will scream 'anti-Semitism': (1) Sabbatian-Frankists are NOT Jewish and only pose as such to hide their cult behind a Jewish façade; and (2) my information about this cult has come from Jewish sources who have long realised that their society and community has been infiltrated and taken over by interloper Sabbatian-Frankists. Infiltration has been the foundation technique of Sabbatian-Frankism from its official origin in the 17th century. Zevi's Sabbatian sect attracted a massive following described as the biggest messianic movement in Jewish history, spreading as far as Africa and Asia, and he promised a return for the Jews to the 'Promised Land' of Israel. Sabbatianism was not Judaism but an inversion of everything that mainstream Judaism stood for. So much so that this sinister cult would have a feast day when Judaism had a fast day and whatever was forbidden in Judaism the Sabbatians were encouraged and even commanded to do. This included incest and what would be today called Satanism. Members were forbidden to marry outside the sect and there was a system of keeping their children ignorant of what they were part of until they were old enough to be trusted not to unknowingly reveal anything to outsiders. The same system is employed to this day by the Global Cult in general which Sabbatian-Frankism has enormously influenced and now largely controls.

Zevi and his Sabbatians suffered a setback with the intervention by the Sultan of the Islamic Ottoman Empire in the Middle East and what is now the Republic of Turkey where Zevi was located. The

Sultan gave him the choice of proving his 'divinity', converting to Islam or facing torture and death. Funnily enough Zevi chose to convert or at least appear to. Some of his supporters were disillusioned and drifted away, but many did not with 300 families also converting – only in theory – to Islam. They continued behind this Islamic smokescreen to follow the goals, rules and rituals of Sabbatianism and became known as 'crypto-Jews' or the 'Dönmeh' which means 'to turn'. This is rather ironic because they didn't 'turn' and instead hid behind a fake Islamic persona. The process of appearing to be one thing while being very much another would become the calling card of Sabbatianism especially after Zevi's death and the arrival of the Satanist Jacob Frank in the 18th century when the cult became Sabbatian-Frankism and plumbed still new depths of depravity and infiltration which included – still includes – human sacrifice and sex with children. Wherever Sabbatians go paedophilia and Satanism follow and is it really a surprise that Hollywood is so infested with child abuse and Satanism when it was established by Sabbatian-Frankists and is still controlled by them? Hollywood has been one of the prime vehicles for global perceptual programming and manipulation. How many believe the version of 'history' portrayed in movies when it is a travesty and inversion (again) of the truth? Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes Frankism in his book, *To Eliminate the Opiate*, as 'a movement of complete evil' while Jewish professor Gershom Scholem said of Frank in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*: 'In all his actions [he was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.' Frank was excommunicated by traditional rabbis, as was Zevi, but Frank was undeterred and enjoyed vital support from the House of Rothschild, the infamous banking dynasty whose inner-core are Sabbatian-Frankists and not Jews. Infiltration of the Roman Church and Vatican was instigated by Frank with many Dönmeh 'turning' again to convert to Roman Catholicism with a view to hijacking the reins of power. This was the ever-repeating modus operandi and continues to be so. Pose as an advocate of the religion, culture or country that you want to control and then

manipulate your people into the positions of authority and influence largely as advisers, administrators and Svengalis for those that appear to be in power. They did this with Judaism, Christianity (Christian Zionism is part of this), Islam and other religions and nations until Sabbatian-Frankism spanned the world as it does today.

Sabbatian Saudis and the terror network

One expression of the Sabbatian-Frankist Dönmeh within Islam is the ruling family of Saudi Arabia, the House of Saud, through which came the vile distortion of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the violent creed followed by terrorist groups like Al-Qaeda and ISIS or Islamic State. Wahhabism is the hand-chopping, head-chopping 'religion' of Saudi Arabia which is used to keep the people in a constant state of fear so the interloper House of Saud can continue to rule. Al-Qaeda and Islamic State were lavishly funded by the House of Saud while being created and directed by the Sabbatian-Frankist network in the United States that operates through the Pentagon, CIA and the government in general of whichever 'party'. The front man for the establishment of Wahhabism in the middle of the 18th century was a Sabbatian-Frankist 'crypto-Jew' posing as Islamic called Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab. His daughter would marry the son of Muhammad bin Saud who established the first Saudi state before his death in 1765 with support from the British Empire. Bin Saud's successors would establish modern Saudi Arabia in league with the British and Americans in 1932 which allowed them to seize control of Islam's major shrines in Mecca and Medina. They have dictated the direction of Sunni Islam ever since while Iran is the major centre of the Shiite version and here we have the source of at least the public conflict between them. The Sabbatian network has used its Wahhabi extremists to carry out Problem-Reaction-Solution terrorist attacks in the name of 'Al-Qaeda' and 'Islamic State' to justify a devastating 'war on terror', ever-increasing surveillance of the population and to terrify people into compliance. Another insight of the Renegade Mind is the streetwise understanding that

just because a country, location or people are attacked doesn't mean that those apparently representing that country, location or people are not behind the attackers. Often they are *orchestrating* the attacks because of the societal changes that can be then justified in the name of 'saving the population from terrorists'.

I show in great detail in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian-Frankists were the real perpetrators of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who were blamed for what happened. Observe what was justified in the name of 9/11 alone in terms of Middle East invasions, mass surveillance and control that fulfilled the demands of the Project for the New American Century document published by the Sabbatian Neocons. What appear to be enemies are on the deep inside players on the same Sabbatian team. Israel and Arab 'royal' dictatorships are all ruled by Sabbatians and the recent peace agreements between Israel and Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates (UAE) and others are only making formal what has always been the case behind the scenes. Palestinians who have been subjected to grotesque tyranny since Israel was bombed and terrorised into existence in 1948 have never stood a chance. Sabbatian-Frankists have controlled Israel (so the constant theme of violence and war which Sabbatians love) and they have controlled the Arab countries that Palestinians have looked to for real support that never comes. 'Royal families' of the Arab world in Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, UAE, etc., are all Sabbatians with allegiance to the aims of the cult and not what is best for their Arabic populations. They have stolen the oil and financial resources from their people by false claims to be 'royal dynasties' with a genetic right to rule and by employing vicious militaries to impose their will.

Satanic 'illumination'

The Satanist Jacob Frank formed an alliance in 1773 with two other Sabbatians, Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1744-1812), founder of the Rothschild banking dynasty, and Jesuit-educated fraudulent Jew, Adam Weishaupt, and this led to the formation of the Bavarian Illuminati, firstly under another name, in 1776. The Illuminati would

be the manipulating force behind the French Revolution (1789-1799) and was also involved in the American Revolution (1775-1783) before and after the Illuminati's official creation. Weishaupt would later become (in public) a Protestant Christian in archetypal Sabbatian style. I read that his name can be decoded as Adam-Weishaupt or 'the first man to lead those who know'. He wasn't a leader in the sense that he was a subordinate, but he did lead those below him in a crusade of transforming human society that still continues today. The theme was confirmed as early as 1785 when a horseman courier called Lanz was reported to be struck by lighting and extensive Illuminati documents were found in his saddlebags. They made the link to Weishaupt and detailed the plan for world takeover. Current events with 'Covid' fascism have been in the making for a very long time. Jacob Frank was jailed for 13 years by the Catholic Inquisition after his arrest in 1760 and on his release he headed for Frankfurt, Germany, home city and headquarters of the House of Rothschild where the alliance was struck with Mayer Amschel Rothschild and Weishaupt. Rothschild arranged for Frank to be given the title of Baron and he became a wealthy nobleman with a big following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Most of them would have believed he was on their side.

The name 'Illuminati' came from the Zohar which is a body of works in the Jewish mystical 'bible' called the Kabbalah. 'Zohar' is the foundation of Sabbatian-Frankist belief and in Hebrew 'Zohar' means 'splendour', 'radiance', 'illuminated', and so we have 'Illuminati'. They claim to be the 'Illuminated Ones' from their knowledge systematically hidden from the human population and passed on through generations of carefully-chosen initiates in the global secret society network or Cult. Hidden knowledge includes an awareness of the Cult agenda for the world and the nature of our collective reality that I will explore later. Cult 'illumination' is symbolised by the torch held by the Statue of Liberty which was gifted to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew exactly what it represents. 'Liberty' symbolises the goddess worshipped in

Babylon as Queen Semiramis or Ishtar. The significance of this will become clear. Notice again the ubiquitous theme of inversion with the Statue of 'Liberty' really symbolising mass control (Fig 7). A mirror-image statute stands on an island in the River Seine in Paris from where New York Liberty originated (Fig 8). A large replica of the Liberty flame stands on top of the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris where Princess Diana died in a Cult ritual described in *The Biggest Secret*. Lucifer 'the light bringer' is related to all this (and much more as we'll see) and 'Lucifer' is a central figure in Sabbatian-Frankism and its associated Satanism. Sabbatians reject the Jewish Torah, or Pentateuch, the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy which are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai. Sabbatians say these do not apply to them and they seek to replace them with the Zohar to absorb Judaism and its followers into their inversion which is an expression of a much greater global inversion. They want to delete all religions and force humanity to worship a one-world religion – Sabbatian Satanism that also includes worship of the Earth goddess. Satanic themes are being more and more introduced into mainstream society and while Christianity is currently the foremost target for destruction the others are planned to follow.

Figure 7: The Cult goddess of Babylon disguised as the Statue of Liberty holding the flame of Lucifer the 'light bringer'.

Figure 8: Liberty's mirror image in Paris where the New York version originated.

Marx brothers

Rabbi Marvin Antelman connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins in *To Eliminate the Opiate* and Jacobins were the force behind the French Revolution. He links both to the Bund der Gerechten, or League of the Just, which was the network that inflicted communism/Marxism on the world. Antelman wrote:

> The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Sabbatian-created communism connects into this anti-religion agenda in that communism does not allow for the free practice of religion. The Sabbatian 'Bund' became the International Communist Party and Communist League and in 1848 'Marxism' was born with the Communist Manifesto of Sabbatian assets Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. It is absolutely no coincidence that Marxism, just a different name for fascist and other centrally-controlled tyrannies, is being imposed worldwide as a result of the 'Covid' hoax and nor that Marxist/fascist China was the place where the hoax originated. The reason for this will become very clear in the chapter 'Covid: The calculated catastrophe'. The so-called 'Woke' mentality has hijacked

traditional beliefs of the political left and replaced them with far-right make-believe 'social justice' better known as Marxism. Woke will, however, be swallowed by its own perceived 'revolution' which is really the work of billionaires and billionaire corporations feigning being 'Woke'. Marxism is being touted by Wokers as a replacement for 'capitalism' when we don't have 'capitalism'. We have cartelism in which the market is stitched up by the very Cult billionaires and corporations bankrolling Woke. Billionaires love Marxism which keeps the people in servitude while they control from the top. Terminally naïve Wokers think they are 'changing the world' when it's the Cult that is doing the changing and when they have played their vital part and become surplus to requirements they, too, will be targeted. The Illuminati-Jacobins were behind the period known as 'The Terror' in the French Revolution in 1793 and 1794 when Jacobin Maximillian de Robespierre and his Orwellian 'Committee of Public Safety' killed 17,000 'enemies of the Revolution' who had once been 'friends of the Revolution'. Karl Marx (1818-1883), whose Sabbatian creed of Marxism has cost the lives of at least 100 million people, is a hero once again to Wokers who have been systematically kept ignorant of real history by their 'education' programming. As a result they now promote a Sabbatian 'Marxist' abomination destined at some point to consume them. Rabbi Antelman, who spent decades researching the Sabbatian plot, said of the League of the Just and Karl Marx:

> Contrary to popular opinion Karl Marx did not originate the Communist Manifesto. He was paid for his services by the League of the Just, which was known in its country of origin, Germany, as the Bund der Geaechteten.

Antelman said the text attributed to Marx was the work of other people and Marx 'was only repeating what others already said'. Marx was 'a hired hack – lackey of the wealthy Illuminists'. Marx famously said that religion was the 'opium of the people' (part of the Sabbatian plan to demonise religion) and Antelman called his books, *To Eliminate the Opiate*. Marx was born Jewish, but his family converted to Christianity (Sabbatian modus operandi) and he

attacked Jews, not least in his book, *A World Without Jews*. In doing so he supported the Sabbatian plan to destroy traditional Jewishness and Judaism which we are clearly seeing today with the vindictive targeting of orthodox Jews by the Sabbatian government of Israel over 'Covid' laws. I don't follow any religion and it has done much damage to the world over centuries and acted as a perceptual straightjacket. Renegade Minds, however, are always asking *why* something is being done. It doesn't matter if they agree or disagree with what is happening – *why* is it happening is the question. The 'why?' can be answered with regard to religion in that religions create interacting communities of believers when the Cult wants to dismantle all discourse, unity and interaction (see 'Covid' lockdowns) and the ultimate goal is to delete all religions for a one-world religion of Cult Satanism worshipping their 'god' of which more later. We see the same 'why?' with gun control in America. I don't have guns and don't want them, but why is the Cult seeking to disarm the population at the same time that law enforcement agencies are armed to their molars and why has every tyrant in history sought to disarm people before launching the final takeover? They include Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot and Mao who followed confiscation with violent seizing of power. You know it's a Cult agenda by the people who immediately race to the microphones to exploit dead people in multiple shootings. Ultra-Zionist Cult lackey Senator Chuck Schumer was straight on the case after ten people were killed in Boulder, Colorado in March, 2121. Simple rule … if Schumer wants it the Cult wants it and the same with his ultra-Zionist mate the wild-eyed Senator Adam Schiff. At the same time they were calling for the disarmament of Americans, many of whom live a long way from a police response, Schumer, Schiff and the rest of these pampered clowns were sitting on Capitol Hill behind a razor-wired security fence protected by thousands of armed troops in addition to their own armed bodyguards. Mom and pop in an isolated home? They're just potential mass shooters.

Zion Mainframe

Sabbatian-Frankists and most importantly the Rothschilds were behind the creation of 'Zionism', a political movement that demanded a Jewish homeland in Israel as promised by Sabbatai Zevi. The very symbol of Israel comes from the German meaning of the name Rothschild. Dynasty founder Mayer Amschel Rothschild changed the family name from Bauer to Rothschild, or 'Red-Shield' in German, in deference to the six-pointed 'Star of David' hexagram displayed on the family's home in Frankfurt. The symbol later appeared on the flag of Israel after the Rothschilds were centrally involved in its creation. Hexagrams are not a uniquely Jewish symbol and are widely used in occult ('hidden') networks often as a symbol for Saturn (see my other books for why). Neither are Zionism and Jewishness interchangeable. Zionism is a political movement and philosophy and not a 'race' or a people. Many Jews oppose Zionism and many non-Jews, including US President Joe Biden, call themselves Zionists as does Israel-centric Donald Trump. America's support for the Israel government is pretty much a gimme with ultra-Zionist billionaires and corporations providing fantastic and dominant funding for both political parties. Former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney has told how she was approached immediately she ran for office to 'sign the pledge' to Israel and confirm that she would always vote in that country's best interests. All American politicians are approached in this way. Anyone who refuses will get no support or funding from the enormous and all-powerful Zionist lobby that includes organisations like mega-lobby group AIPAC, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. Trump's biggest funder was ultra-Zionist casino and media billionaire Sheldon Adelson while major funders of the Democratic Party include ultra-Zionist George Soros and ultra-Zionist financial and media mogul, Haim Saban. Some may reel back at the suggestion that Soros is an Israel-firster (Sabbatian-controlled Israel-firster), but Renegade Minds watch the actions not the words and everywhere Soros donates his billions the Sabbatian agenda benefits. In the spirit of Sabbatian inversion Soros pledged $1 billion for a new university network to promote 'liberal values and tackle intolerance'. He made the announcement during his annual speech

at the Cult-owned World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, in January, 2020, after his 'harsh criticism' of 'authoritarian rulers' around the world. You can only laugh at such brazen mendacity. How *he* doesn't laugh is the mystery. Translated from the Orwellian 'liberal values and tackle intolerance' means teaching non-white people to hate white people and for white people to loathe themselves for being born white. The reason for that will become clear.

The 'Anti-Semitism' fraud

Zionists support the Jewish homeland in the land of Palestine which has been the Sabbatian-Rothschild goal for so long, but not for the benefit of Jews. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. This is nothing more than a Sabbatian protection racket to stop legitimate investigation and exposure of their agendas and activities. The official definition of 'anti-Semitism' has more recently been expanded to include criticism of Zionism – a *political movement* – and this was done to further stop exposure of Sabbatian infiltrators who created Zionism as we know it today in the 19th century. Renegade Minds will talk about these subjects when they know the shit that will come their way. People must decide if they want to know the truth or just cower in the corner in fear of what others will say. Sabbatians have been trying to label me as 'anti-Semitic' since the 1990s as I have uncovered more and more about their background and agendas. Useless, gutless, fraudulent 'journalists' then just repeat the smears without question and on the day I was writing this section a pair of unquestioning repeaters called Ben Quinn and Archie Bland (how appropriate) outright called me an 'anti-Semite' in the establishment propaganda sheet, the London *Guardian*, with no supporting evidence. The

Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry said so and who are they to question that? They wouldn't dare. Ironically 'Semitic' refers to a group of languages in the Middle East that are almost entirely Arabic. 'Anti-Semitism' becomes 'anti-Arab' which if the consequences of this misunderstanding were not so grave would be hilarious. Don't bother telling Quinn and Bland. I don't want to confuse them, bless 'em. One reason I am dubbed 'anti-Semitic' is that I wrote in the 1990s that Jewish operatives (Sabbatians) were heavily involved in the Russian Revolution when Sabbatians overthrew the Romanov dynasty. This apparently made me 'anti-Semitic'. Oh, really? Here is a section from *The Trigger*:

British journalist Robert Wilton confirmed these themes in his 1920 book *The Last Days of the Romanovs* when he studied official documents from the Russian government to identify the members of the Bolshevik ruling elite between 1917 and 1919. The Central Committee included 41 Jews among 62 members; the Council of the People's Commissars had 17 Jews out of 22 members; and 458 of the 556 most important Bolshevik positions between 1918 and 1919 were occupied by Jewish people. Only 17 were Russian. Then there were the 23 Jews among the 36 members of the vicious Cheka Soviet secret police established in 1917 who would soon appear all across the country.

Professor Robert Service of Oxford University, an expert on 20th century Russian history, found evidence that ['Jewish'] Leon Trotsky had sought to make sure that Jews were enrolled in the Red Army and were disproportionately represented in the Soviet civil bureaucracy that included the Cheka which performed mass arrests, imprisonment and executions of 'enemies of the people'. A US State Department Decimal File (861.00/5339) dated November 13th, 1918, names [Rothschild banking agent in America] Jacob Schiff and a list of ultra-Zionists as funders of the Russian Revolution leading to claims of a 'Jewish plot', but the key point missed by all is they were not 'Jews' – they were Sabbatian-Frankists.

Britain's Winston Churchill made the same error by mistake or otherwise. He wrote in a 1920 edition of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* that those behind the Russian revolution were part of a 'worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality' (see 'Woke' today because that has been created by the same network). Churchill said there was no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian

Revolution 'by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews' ['atheistical Jews' = Sabbatians]. Churchill said it is certainly a very great one and probably outweighs all others: 'With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews.' He went on to describe, knowingly or not, the Sabbatian modus operandi of placing puppet leaders nominally in power while they control from the background:

> Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders. Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate, Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, or of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the Red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Radek – all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combatting Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses.

What I said about seriously disproportionate involvement in the Russian Revolution by Jewish 'revolutionaries' (Sabbatians) is provable fact, but truth is no defence against the Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry, its repeater parrots like Quinn and Bland, and the now breathtaking network of so-called 'Woke' 'anti-hate' groups with interlocking leaderships and funding which have the role of discrediting and silencing anyone who gets too close to exposing the Sabbatians. We have seen 'truth is no defence' confirmed in legal judgements with the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission in Canada decreeing this: 'Truthful statements can be presented in a manner that would meet the definition of hate speech, and not all truthful statements must be free from restriction.' Most 'anti-hate' activists, who are themselves consumed by hatred, are too stupid and ignorant of the world to know how they are being used. They are far too far up their own virtue-signalling arses and it's far too dark for them to see anything.

The 'revolution' game

The background and methods of the 'Russian' Revolution are straight from the Sabbatian playbook seen in the French Revolution

and endless others around the world that appear to start as a revolution of the people against tyrannical rule and end up with a regime change to more tyrannical rule overtly or covertly. Wars, terror attacks and regime overthrows follow the Sabbatian cult through history with its agents creating them as Problem-Reaction-Solutions to remove opposition on the road to world domination. Sabbatian dots connect the Rothschilds with the Illuminati, Jacobins of the French Revolution, the 'Bund' or League of the Just, the International Communist Party, Communist League and the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels that would lead to the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution. The sequence comes under the heading of 'creative destruction' when you advance to your global goal by continually destroying the status quo to install a new status quo which you then also destroy. The two world wars come to mind. With each new status quo you move closer to your planned outcome. Wars and mass murder are to Sabbatians a collective blood sacrifice ritual. They are obsessed with death for many reasons and one is that death is an inversion of life. Satanists and Sabbatians are obsessed with death and often target churches and churchyards for their rituals. Inversion-obsessed Sabbatians explain the use of inverted symbolism including the *inverted* pentagram and *inverted* cross. The inversion of the cross has been related to targeting Christianity, but the cross was a religious symbol long before Christianity and its inversion is a statement about the Sabbatian mentality and goals more than any single religion.

Sabbatians operating in Germany were behind the rise of the occult-obsessed Nazis and the subsequent Jewish exodus from Germany and Europe to Palestine and the United States after World War Two. The Rothschild dynasty was at the forefront of this both as political manipulators and by funding the operation. Why would Sabbatians help to orchestrate the horrors inflicted on Jews by the Nazis and by Stalin after they organised the Russian Revolution? Sabbatians hate Jews and their religion, that's why. They pose as Jews and secure positions of control within Jewish society and play the 'anti-Semitism' card to protect themselves from exposure

through a global network of organisations answering to the Sabbatian-created-and-controlled globe-spanning intelligence network that involves a stunning web of military-intelligence operatives and operations for a tiny country of just nine million. Among them are Jewish assets who are not Sabbatians but have been convinced by them that what they are doing is for the good of Israel and the Jewish community to protect them from what they have been programmed since childhood to believe is a Jew-hating hostile world. The Jewish community is just a highly convenient cover to hide the true nature of Sabbatians. Anyone getting close to exposing their game is accused by Sabbatian place-people and gofers of 'anti-Semitism' and claiming that all Jews are part of a plot to take over the world. I am not saying that. I am saying that Sabbatians – the *real* Jew-haters – have infiltrated the Jewish community to use them both as a cover and an 'anti-Semitic' defence against exposure. Thus we have the Anti-Semitism Industry targeted researchers in this way and most Jewish people think this is justified and genuine. They don't know that their 'Jewish' leaders and institutions of state, intelligence and military are not controlled by Jews at all, but cultists and stooges of Sabbatian-Frankism. I once added my name to a pro-Jewish freedom petition online and the next time I looked my name was gone and text had been added to the petition blurb to attack me as an 'anti-Semite' such is the scale of perceptual programming.

Moving on America

I tell the story in *The Trigger* and a chapter called 'Atlantic Crossing' how particularly after Israel was established the Sabbatians moved in on the United States and eventually grasped control of government administration, the political system via both Democrats and Republicans, the intelligence community like the CIA and National Security Agency (NSA), the Pentagon and mass media. Through this seriously compartmentalised network Sabbatians and their operatives in Mossad, Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and US agencies pulled off 9/11 and blamed it on 19 'Al-Qaeda hijackers' dominated by men from, or connected to, Sabbatian-ruled Saudi

Arabia. The '19' were not even on the planes let alone flew those big passenger jets into buildings while being largely incompetent at piloting one-engine light aircraft. 'Hijacker' Hani Hanjour who is said to have flown American Airlines Flight 77 into the Pentagon with a turn and manoeuvre most professional pilots said they would have struggled to do was banned from renting a small plane by instructors at the Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, just *six weeks* earlier on the grounds that he was an incompetent pilot. The Jewish population of the world is just 0.2 percent with even that almost entirely concentrated in Israel (75 percent Jewish) and the United States (around two percent). This two percent and globally 0.2 percent refers to *Jewish* people and not Sabbatian interlopers who are a fraction of that fraction. What a sobering thought when you think of the fantastic influence on world affairs of tiny Israel and that the Project for the New America Century (PNAC) which laid out the blueprint in September, 2000, for America's war on terror and regime change wars in Iraq, Libya and Syria was founded and dominated by Sabbatians known as 'Neocons'. The document conceded that this plan would not be supported politically or publicly without a major attack on American soil and a Problem-Reaction-Solution excuse to send troops to war across the Middle East. Sabbatian Neocons said:

> ... [The] process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

Four months later many of those who produced that document came to power with their inane puppet George Bush from the long-time Sabbatian Bush family. They included Sabbatian Dick Cheney who was officially vice-president, but really de-facto president for the entirety of the 'Bush' government. Nine months after the 'Bush' inauguration came what Bush called at the time 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century' and with typical Sabbatian timing and symbolism 2001 was the 60th anniversary of the attack in 1941 by the Japanese Air Force on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, which allowed President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to take the United States into a Sabbatian-

instigated Second World War that he said in his election campaign that he never would. The evidence is overwhelming that Roosevelt and his military and intelligence networks knew the attack was coming and did nothing to stop it, but they did make sure that America's most essential naval ships were not in Hawaii at the time. Three thousand Americans died in the Pearl Harbor attacks as they did on September 11th. By the 9/11 year of 2001 Sabbatians had widely infiltrated the US government, military and intelligence operations and used their compartmentalised assets to pull off the 'Al-Qaeda' attacks. If you read *The Trigger* it will blow your mind to see the utterly staggering concentration of 'Jewish' operatives (Sabbatian infiltrators) in essential positions of political, security, legal, law enforcement, financial and business power before, during, and after the attacks to make them happen, carry them out, and then cover their tracks – and I do mean *staggering* when you think of that 0.2 percent of the world population and two percent of Americans which are Jewish while Sabbatian infiltrators are a fraction of that. A central foundation of the 9/11 conspiracy was the hijacking of government, military, Air Force and intelligence computer systems in real time through 'back-door' access made possible by Israeli (Sabbatian) 'cyber security' software. Sabbatian-controlled Israel is on the way to rivalling Silicon Valley for domination of cyberspace and is becoming the dominant force in cyber-security which gives them access to entire computer systems and their passcodes across the world. Then add to this that Zionists head (officially) Silicon Valley giants like Google (Larry Page and Sergey Brin), Google-owned YouTube (Susan Wojcicki), Facebook (Mark Zuckerberg and Sheryl Sandberg), and Apple (Chairman Arthur D. Levinson), and that ultra-Zionist hedge fund billionaire Paul Singer has a $1 billion stake in Twitter which is only nominally headed by 'CEO' pothead Jack Dorsey. As cable news host Tucker Carlson said of Dorsey: 'There used to be debate in the medical community whether dropping a ton of acid had permanent effects and I think that debate has now ended.' Carlson made the comment after Dorsey told a hearing on Capitol Hill (if you cut through his bullshit) that he

believed in free speech so long as he got to decide what you can hear and see. These 'big names' of Silicon Valley are only front men and women for the Global Cult, not least the Sabbatians, who are the true controllers of these corporations. Does anyone still wonder why these same people and companies have been ferociously censoring and banning people (like me) for exposing any aspect of the Cult agenda and especially the truth about the 'Covid' hoax which Sabbatians have orchestrated?

The Jeffrey Epstein paedophile ring was a Sabbatian operation. He was officially 'Jewish' but he was a Sabbatian and women abused by the ring have told me about the high number of 'Jewish' people involved. The Epstein horror has Sabbatian written all over it and matches perfectly their modus operandi and obsession with sex and ritual. Epstein was running a Sabbatian blackmail ring in which famous people with political and other influence were provided with young girls for sex while everything was being filmed and recorded on hidden cameras and microphones at his New York house, Caribbean island and other properties. Epstein survivors have described this surveillance system to me and some have gone public. Once the famous politician or other figure knew he or she was on video they tended to do whatever they were told. Here we go again …when you've got them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow. Sabbatians use this blackmail technique on a wide scale across the world to entrap politicians and others they need to act as demanded. Epstein's private plane, the infamous 'Lolita Express', had many well-known passengers including Bill Clinton while Bill Gates has flown on an Epstein plane and met with him four years after Epstein had been jailed for paedophilia. They subsequently met many times at Epstein's home in New York according to a witness who was there. Epstein's infamous side-kick was Ghislaine Maxwell, daughter of Mossad agent and ultra-Zionist mega-crooked British businessman, Bob Maxwell, who at one time owned the *Daily Mirror* newspaper. Maxwell was murdered at sea on his boat in 1991 by Sabbatian-controlled Mossad when he became a liability with his

business empire collapsing as a former Mossad operative has confirmed (see *The Trigger*).

Money, money, money, funny money ...

Before I come to the Sabbatian connection with the last three US presidents I will lay out the crucial importance to Sabbatians of controlling banking and finance. Sabbatian Mayer Amschel Rothschild set out to dominate this arena in his family's quest for total global control. What is freedom? It is, in effect, choice. The more choices you have the freer you are and the fewer your choices the more you are enslaved. In the global structure created over centuries by Sabbatians the biggest decider and restrictor of choice is … money. Across the world if you ask people what they would like to do with their lives and why they are not doing that they will reply 'I don't have the money'. This is the idea. A global elite of multi-billionaires are described as 'greedy' and that is true on one level; but control of money – who has it and who doesn't – is not primarily about greed. It's about control. Sabbatians have seized ever more control of finance and sucked the wealth of the world out of the hands of the population. We talk now, after all, about the 'One-percent' and even then the wealthiest are a lot fewer even than that. This has been made possible by a money scam so outrageous and so vast it could rightly be called the scam of scams founded on creating 'money' out of nothing and 'loaning' that with interest to the population. Money out of nothing is called 'credit'. Sabbatians have asserted control over governments and banking ever more completely through the centuries and secured financial laws that allow banks to lend hugely more than they have on deposit in a confidence trick known as fractional reserve lending. Imagine if you could lend money that doesn't exist and charge the recipient interest for doing so. You would end up in jail. Bankers by contrast end up in mansions, private jets, Malibu and Monaco.

Banks are only required to keep a fraction of their deposits and wealth in their vaults and they are allowed to lend 'money' they don't have called 'credit. Go into a bank for a loan and if you succeed

the banker will not move any real wealth into your account. They will type into your account the amount of the agreed 'loan' – say £100,000. This is not wealth that really exists; it is non-existent, fresh-air, created-out-of-nothing 'credit' which has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. Credit is backed by nothing except wind and only has buying power because people think that it has buying power and accept it in return for property, goods and services. I have described this situation as like those cartoon characters you see chasing each other and when they run over the edge of a cliff they keep running forward on fresh air until one of them looks down, realises what's happened, and they all crash into the ravine. The whole foundation of the Sabbatian financial system is to stop people looking down except for periodic moments when they want to crash the system (as in 2008 and 2020 ongoing) and reap the rewards from all the property, businesses and wealth their borrowers had signed over as 'collateral' in return for a 'loan' of fresh air. Most people think that money is somehow created by governments when it comes into existence from the start as a debt through banks 'lending' illusory money called credit. Yes, the very currency of exchange is a *debt* from day one issued as an interest-bearing loan. Why don't governments create money interest-free and lend it to their people interest-free? Governments are controlled by Sabbatians and the financial system is controlled by Sabbatians for whom interest-free money would be a nightmare come true. Sabbatians underpin their financial domination through their global network of central banks, including the privately-owned US Federal Reserve and Britain's Bank of England, and this is orchestrated by a privately-owned central bank coordination body called the Bank for International Settlements in Basle, Switzerland, created by the usual suspects including the Rockefellers and Rothschilds. Central bank chiefs don't answer to governments or the people. They answer to the Bank for International Settlements or, in other words, the Global Cult which is dominated today by Sabbatians.

Built-in disaster

There are so many constituent scams within the overall banking scam. When you take out a loan of thin-air credit only the amount of that loan is theoretically brought into circulation to add to the amount in circulation; but you are paying back the principle plus interest. The additional interest is not created and this means that with every 'loan' there is a shortfall in the money in circulation between what is borrowed and what has to be paid back. There is never even close to enough money in circulation to repay all outstanding public and private debt including interest. Coldly weaved in the very fabric of the system is the certainty that some will lose their homes, businesses and possessions to the banking 'lender'. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts it becomes painfully obvious that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts and it becomes painfully obvious – as in 2008 and currently – that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. Sabbatian banksters have been leading the human population through a calculated series of booms (more debt incurred) and busts (when the debt can't be repaid and the banks get the debtor's tangible wealth in exchange for non-existent 'credit'). With each 'bust' Sabbatian bankers have absorbed more of the world's tangible wealth and we end up with the One-percent. Governments are in bankruptcy levels of debt to the same system and are therefore owned by a system they do not control. The Federal Reserve, 'America's central bank', is privately-owned and American presidents only nominally appoint its chairman or woman to maintain the illusion that it's an arm of government. It's not. The 'Fed' is a cartel of private banks which handed billions to its associates and friends after the crash of 2008 and has been Sabbatian-controlled since it was manipulated into being in 1913 through the covert trickery of Rothschild banking agents Jacob Schiff and Paul

Warburg, and the Sabbatian Rockefeller family. Somehow from a Jewish population of two-percent and globally 0.2 percent (Sabbatian interlopers remember are far smaller) ultra-Zionists headed the Federal Reserve for 31 years between 1987 and 2018 in the form of Alan Greenspan, Bernard Bernanke and Janet Yellen (now Biden's Treasury Secretary) with Yellen's deputy chairman a Israeli-American duel citizen and ultra-Zionist Stanley Fischer, a former governor of the Bank of Israel. Ultra-Zionist Fed chiefs spanned the presidencies of Ronald Reagan ('Republican'), Father George Bush ('Republican'), Bill Clinton ('Democrat'), Boy George Bush ('Republican') and Barack Obama ('Democrat'). We should really add the pre-Greenspan chairman, Paul Adolph Volcker, 'appointed' by Jimmy Carter ('Democrat') who ran the Fed between 1979 and 1987 during the Carter and Reagan administrations before Greenspan took over. Volcker was a long-time associate and business partner of the Rothschilds. No matter what the 'party' officially in power the United States economy was directed by the same force. Here are members of the Obama, Trump and Biden administrations and see if you can make out a common theme.

Barack Obama ('Democrat')

Ultra-Zionists Robert Rubin, Larry Summers, and Timothy Geithner ran the US Treasury in the Clinton administration and two of them reappeared with Obama. Ultra-Zionist Fed chairman Alan Greenspan had manipulated the crash of 2008 through deregulation and jumped ship just before the disaster to make way for ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke to hand out trillions to Sabbatian 'too big to fail' banks and businesses, including the ubiquitous ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which has an ongoing staff revolving door operation between itself and major financial positions in government worldwide. Obama inherited the fallout of the crash when he took office in January, 2009, and fortunately he had the support of his ultra-Zionist White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emmanuel, son of a terrorist who helped to bomb Israel into being in 1948, and his ultra-Zionist senior adviser David Axelrod, chief strategist in Obama's two

successful presidential campaigns. Emmanuel, later mayor of Chicago and former senior fundraiser and strategist for Bill Clinton, is an example of the Sabbatian policy after Israel was established of migrating insider families to America so their children would be born American citizens. 'Obama' chose this financial team throughout his administration to respond to the Sabbatian-instigated crisis:

Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist) Treasury Secretary; Jacob J. Lew, Treasury Secretary; Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), director of the White House National Economic Council; Paul Adolph Volcker (Rothschild business partner), chairman of the Economic Recovery Advisory Board; Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), director of the Office of Management and Budget overseeing all government spending; Penny Pritzker (ultra-Zionist), Commerce Secretary; Jared Bernstein (ultra-Zionist), chief economist and economic policy adviser to Vice President Joe Biden; Mary Schapiro (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC); Gary Gensler (ultra-Zionist), chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC); Sheila Bair (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC); Karen Mills (ultra-Zionist), head of the Small Business Administration (SBA); Kenneth Feinberg (ultra-Zionist), Special Master for Executive [bail-out] Compensation. Feinberg would be appointed to oversee compensation (with strings) to 9/11 victims and families in a campaign to stop them having their day in court to question the official story. At the same time ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke was chairman of the Federal Reserve and these are only some of the ultra-Zionists with allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel in the Obama government. Obama's biggest corporate donor was ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which had employed many in his administration.

Donald Trump ('Republican')

Trump claimed to be an outsider (he wasn't) who had come to 'drain the swamp'. He embarked on this goal by immediately appointing ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin, a Goldman Sachs employee for 17

years, as his Treasury Secretary. Others included Gary Cohn (ultra-Zionist), chief operating officer of Goldman Sachs, his first Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic adviser, who was later replaced by Larry Kudlow (ultra-Zionist). Trump's senior adviser throughout his four years in the White House was his sinister son-in-law Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Israel Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Kushner is the son of a convicted crook who was pardoned by Trump in his last days in office. Other ultra-Zionists in the Trump administration included: Stephen Miller, Senior Policy Adviser; Avrahm Berkowitz, Deputy Adviser to Trump and his Senior Adviser Jared Kushner; Ivanka Trump, Adviser to the President, who converted to Judaism when she married Jared Kushner; David Friedman, Trump lawyer and Ambassador to Israel; Jason Greenblatt, Trump Organization executive vice president and chief legal officer, who was made Special Representative for International Negotiations and the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict; Rod Rosenstein, Deputy Attorney General; Elliot Abrams, Special Representative for Venezuela, then Iran; John Eisenberg, National Security Council Legal Adviser and Deputy Council to the President for National Security Affairs; Anne Neuberger, Deputy National Manager, National Security Agency; Ezra Cohen-Watnick, Acting Under Secretary of Defense for Intelligence; Elan Carr, Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Len Khodorkovsky, Deputy Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Reed Cordish, Assistant to the President, Intragovernmental and Technology Initiatives. Trump Vice President Mike Pence and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo, both Christian Zionists, were also vehement supporters of Israel and its goals and ambitions.

Donald 'free-speech believer' Trump pardoned a number of financial and violent criminals while ignoring calls to pardon Julian Assange and Edward Snowden whose crimes are revealing highly relevant information about government manipulation and corruption and the widespread illegal surveillance of the American people by US 'security' agencies. It's so good to know that Trump is on the side of freedom and justice and not mega-criminals with

allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel. These included a pardon for Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard who was jailed for life in 1987 under the Espionage Act. Aviem Sella, the Mossad agent who recruited Pollard, was also pardoned by Trump while Assange sat in jail and Snowden remained in exile in Russia. Sella had 'fled' (was helped to escape) to Israel in 1987 and was never extradited despite being charged under the Espionage Act. A Trump White House statement said that Sella's clemency had been 'supported by Benjamin Netanyahu, Ron Dermer, Israel's US Ambassador, David Friedman, US Ambassador to Israel and Miriam Adelson, wife of leading Trump donor Sheldon Adelson who died shortly before. Other friends of Jared Kushner were pardoned along with Sholom Weiss who was believed to be serving the longest-ever white-collar prison sentence of more than 800 years in 2000. The sentence was commuted of Ponzi-schemer Eliyahu Weinstein who defrauded Jews and others out of $200 million. I did mention that Assange and Snowden were ignored, right? Trump gave Sabbatians almost everything they asked for in military and political support, moving the US Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem with its critical symbolic and literal implications for Palestinian statehood, and the 'deal of the Century' designed by Jared Kushner and David Friedman which gave the Sabbatian Israeli government the green light to substantially expand its already widespread program of building illegal Jewish-only settlements in the occupied land of the West Bank. This made a two-state 'solution' impossible by seizing all the land of a potential Palestinian homeland and that had been the plan since 1948 and then 1967 when the Arab-controlled Gaza Strip, West Bank, Sinai Peninsula and Syrian Golan Heights were occupied by Israel. All the talks about talks and road maps and delays have been buying time until the West Bank was physically occupied by Israeli real estate. Trump would have to be a monumentally ill-informed idiot not to see that this was the plan he was helping to complete. The Trump administration was in so many ways the Kushner administration which means the Netanyahu administration which means the Sabbatian administration. I understand why many opposing Cult fascism in all its forms gravitated to Trump, but he

was a crucial part of the Sabbatian plan and I will deal with this in the next chapter.

Joe Biden ('Democrat')

A barely cognitive Joe Biden took over the presidency in January, 2021, along with his fellow empty shell, Vice-President Kamala Harris, as the latest Sabbatian gofers to enter the White House. Names on the door may have changed and the 'party' – the force behind them remained the same as Zionists were appointed to a stream of pivotal areas relating to Sabbatian plans and policy. They included: Janet Yellen, Treasury Secretary, former head of the Federal Reserve, and still another ultra-Zionist running the US Treasury after Mnuchin (Trump), Lew and Geithner (Obama), and Summers and Rubin (Clinton); Anthony Blinken, Secretary of State; Wendy Sherman, Deputy Secretary of State (so that's 'Biden's' Sabbatian foreign policy sorted); Jeff Zients, White House coronavirus coordinator; Rochelle Walensky, head of the Centers for Disease Control; Rachel Levine, transgender deputy health secretary (that's 'Covid' hoax policy under control); Merrick Garland, Attorney General; Alejandro Mayorkas, Secretary of Homeland Security; Cass Sunstein, Homeland Security with responsibility for new immigration laws; Avril Haines, Director of National Intelligence; Anne Neuberger, National Security Agency cybersecurity director (note, cybersecurity); David Cohen, CIA Deputy Director; Ronald Klain, Biden's Chief of Staff (see Rahm Emanuel); Eric Lander, a 'leading geneticist', Office of Science and Technology Policy director (see Smart Grid, synthetic biology agenda); Jessica Rosenworcel, acting head of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) which controls Smart Grid technology policy and electromagnetic communication systems including 5G. How can it be that so many pivotal positions are held by two-percent of the American population and 0.2 percent of the world population administration after administration no matter who is the president and what is the party? It's a coincidence? Of course it's not and this is why Sabbatians have built their colossal global web of interlocking 'anti-

hate' hate groups to condemn anyone who asks these glaring questions as an 'anti-Semite'. The way that Jewish people horrifically abused in Sabbatian-backed Nazi Germany are exploited to this end is stomach-turning and disgusting beyond words.

Political fusion

Sabbatian manipulation has reversed the roles of Republicans and Democrats and the same has happened in Britain with the Conservative and Labour Parties. Republicans and Conservatives were always labelled the 'right' and Democrats and Labour the 'left', but look at the policy positions now and the Democrat-Labour 'left' has moved further to the 'right' than Republicans and Conservatives under the banner of 'Woke', the Cult-created far-right tyranny. Where once the Democrat-Labour 'left' defended free speech and human rights they now seek to delete them and as I said earlier despite the 'Covid' fascism of the Jackboot Johnson Conservative government in the UK the Labour Party of leader Keir Starmer demanded even more extreme measures. The Labour Party has been very publicly absorbed by Sabbatians after a political and media onslaught against the previous leader, the weak and inept Jeremy Corbyn, over made-up allegations of 'anti-Semitism' both by him and his party. The plan was clear with this 'anti-Semite' propaganda and what was required in response was a swift and decisive 'fuck off' from Corbyn and a statement to expose the Anti-Semitism Industry (Sabbatian) attempt to silence Labour criticism of the Israeli government (Sabbatians) and purge the party of all dissent against the extremes of ultra-Zionism (Sabbatians). Instead Corbyn and his party fell to their knees and appeased the abusers which, by definition, is impossible. Appeasing one demand leads only to a new demand to be appeased until takeover is complete. Like I say – 'fuck off' would have been a much more effective policy and I have used it myself with great effect over the years when Sabbatians are on my case which is most of the time. I consider that fact a great compliment, by the way. The outcome of the Labour Party capitulation is that we now have a Sabbatian-controlled

Conservative Party 'opposed' by a Sabbatian-controlled Labour Party in a one-party Sabbatian state that hurtles towards the extremes of tyranny (the Sabbatian cult agenda). In America the situation is the same. Labour's Keir Starmer spends his days on his knees with his tongue out pointing to Tel Aviv, or I guess now Jerusalem, while Boris Johnson has an 'anti-Semitism czar' in the form of former Labour MP John Mann who keeps Starmer company on his prayer mat.

Sabbatian influence can be seen in Jewish members of the Labour Party who have been ejected for criticism of Israel including those from families that suffered in Nazi Germany. Sabbatians despise real Jewish people and target them even more harshly because it is so much more difficult to dub them 'anti-Semitic' although in their desperation they do try.

CHAPTER THREE

The Pushbacker sting

Until you realize how easy it is for your mind to be manipulated, you remain the puppet of someone else's game
Evita Ochel

I will use the presidencies of Trump and Biden to show how the manipulation of the one-party state plays out behind the illusion of political choice across the world. No two presidencies could – on the face of it – be more different and apparently at odds in terms of direction and policy.

A Renegade Mind sees beyond the obvious and focuses on outcomes and consequences and not image, words and waffle. The Cult embarked on a campaign to divide America between those who blindly support its agenda (the mentality known as 'Woke') and those who are pushing back on where the Cult and its Sabbatians want to go. This presents infinite possibilities for dividing and ruling the population by setting them at war with each other and allows a perceptual ring fence of demonisation to encircle the Pushbackers in a modern version of the Little Big Horn in 1876 when American cavalry led by Lieutenant Colonel George Custer were drawn into a trap, surrounded and killed by Native American tribes defending their land of thousands of years from being seized by the government. In this modern version the roles are reversed and it's those defending themselves from the Sabbatian government who are surrounded and the government that's seeking to destroy them. This trap was set years ago and to explain how we must return to 2016

and the emergence of Donald Trump as a candidate to be President of the United States. He set out to overcome the best part of 20 other candidates in the Republican Party before and during the primaries and was not considered by many in those early stages to have a prayer of living in the White House. The Republican Party was said to have great reservations about Trump and yet somehow he won the nomination. When you know how American politics works – politics in general – there is no way that Trump could have become the party's candidate unless the Sabbatian-controlled 'Neocons' that run the Republican Party wanted that to happen. We saw the proof in emails and documents made public by WikiLeaks that the Democratic Party hierarchy, or Democons, systematically undermined the campaign of Bernie Sanders to make sure that Sabbatian gofer Hillary Clinton won the nomination to be their presidential candidate. If the Democons could do that then the Neocons in the Republican Party could have derailed Trump in the same way. But they didn't and at that stage I began to conclude that Trump could well be the one chosen to be president. If that was the case the 'why' was pretty clear to see – the goal of dividing America between Cult agenda-supporting Wokers and Pushbackers who gravitated to Trump because he was telling them what they wanted to hear. His constituency of support had been increasingly ignored and voiceless for decades and profoundly through the eight years of Sabbatian puppet Barack Obama. Now here was someone speaking their language of pulling back from the incessant globalisation of political and economic power, the exporting of American jobs to China and elsewhere by 'American' (Sabbatian) corporations, the deletion of free speech, and the mass immigration policies that had further devastated job opportunities for the urban working class of all races and the once American heartlands of the Midwest.

Beware the forked tongue

Those people collectively sighed with relief that at last a political leader was apparently on their side, but another trait of the Renegade Mind is that you look even harder at people telling you

what you want to hear than those who are telling you otherwise. Obviously as I said earlier people wish what they want to hear to be true and genuine and they are much more likely to believe that than someone saying what they don't want to here and don't want to be true. Sales people are taught to be skilled in eliciting by calculated questioning what their customers want to hear and repeating that back to them as their own opinion to get their targets to like and trust them. Assets of the Cult are also sales people in the sense of selling perception. To read Cult manipulation you have to play the long and expanded game and not fall for the Vaudeville show of party politics. Both American parties are vehicles for the Cult and they exploit them in different ways depending on what the agenda requires at that moment. Trump and the Republicans were used to be the focus of dividing America and isolating Pushbackers to open the way for a Biden presidency to become the most extreme in American history by advancing the full-blown Woke (Cult) agenda with the aim of destroying and silencing Pushbackers now labelled Nazi Trump supporters and white supremacists.

Sabbatians wanted Trump in office for the reasons described by ultra-Zionist Saul Alinsky (1909-1972) who was promoting the Woke philosophy through 'community organising' long before anyone had heard of it. In those days it still went by its traditional name of Marxism. The reason for the manipulated Trump phenomenon was laid out in Alinsky's 1971 book, *Rules for Radicals*, which was his blueprint for overthrowing democratic and other regimes and replacing them with Sabbatian Marxism. Not surprisingly his to-do list was evident in the Sabbatian French and Russian 'Revolutions' and that in China which will become very relevant in the next chapter about the 'Covid' hoax. Among Alinsky's followers have been the deeply corrupt Barack Obama, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi and Hillary Clinton who described him as a 'hero'. All three are Sabbatian stooges with Pelosi personifying the arrogant corrupt idiocy that so widely fronts up for the Cult inner core. Predictably as a Sabbatian advocate of the 'light-bringer' Alinsky features Lucifer on the dedication page of his book as the original radical who gained

his own kingdom ('Earth' as we shall see). One of Alinsky's golden radical rules was to pick an individual and focus all attention, hatred and blame on them and not to target faceless bureaucracies and corporations. *Rules for Radicals* is really a Sabbatian handbook with its contents repeatedly employed all over the world for centuries and why wouldn't Sabbatians bring to power their designer-villain to be used as the individual on which all attention, hatred and blame was bestowed? This is what they did and the only question for me is how much Trump knew that and how much he was manipulated. A bit of both, I suspect. This was Alinsky's Trump technique from a man who died in 1972. The technique has spanned history:

> Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it. Don't try to attack abstract corporations or bureaucracies. Identify a responsible individual. Ignore attempts to shift or spread the blame.

From the moment Trump came to illusory power everything was about him. It wasn't about Republican policy or opinion, but all about Trump. Everything he did was presented in negative, derogatory and abusive terms by the Sabbatian-dominated media led by Cult operations such as CNN, MSNBC, *The New York Times* and the Jeff Bezos-owned *Washington Post* – 'Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it.' Trump was turned into a demon to be vilified by those who hated him and a demi-god loved by those who worshipped him. This, in turn, had his supporters, too, presented as equally demonic in preparation for the punchline later down the line when Biden was about to take office. It was here's a Trump, there's a Trump, everywhere a Trump, Trump. Virtually every news story or happening was filtered through the lens of 'The Donald'. You loved him or hated him and which one you chose was said to define you as Satan's spawn or a paragon of virtue. Even supporting some Trump policies or statements and not others was enough for an assault on your character. No shades of grey were or are allowed. Everything is black and white (literally and figuratively). A Californian I knew had her head utterly scrambled by her hatred for Trump while telling people they should love each other. She was so totally consumed by

Trump Derangement Syndrome as it became to be known that this glaring contradiction would never have occurred to her. By definition anyone who criticised Trump or praised his opponents was a hero and this lady described Joe Biden as 'a kind, honest gentleman' when he's a provable liar, mega-crook and vicious piece of work to boot. Sabbatians had indeed divided America using Trump as the fall-guy and all along the clock was ticking on the consequences for his supporters.

In hock to his masters

Trump gave Sabbatians via Israel almost everything they wanted in his four years. Ask and you shall receive was the dynamic between himself and Benjamin Netanyahu orchestrated by Trump's ultra-Zionist son-in-law Jared Kushner, his ultra-Zionist Ambassador to Israel, David Friedman, and ultra-Zionist 'Israel adviser', Jason Greenblatt. The last two were central to the running and protecting from collapse of his business empire, the Trump Organisation, and colossal business failures made him forever beholding to Sabbatian networks that bailed him out. By the start of the 1990s Trump owed $4 billion to banks that he couldn't pay and almost $1billion of that was down to him personally and not his companies. This mega-disaster was the result of building two new casinos in Atlantic City and buying the enormous Taj Mahal operation which led to crippling debt payments. He had borrowed fantastic sums from 72 banks with major Sabbatian connections and although the scale of debt should have had him living in a tent alongside the highway they never foreclosed. A plan was devised to lift Trump from the mire by BT Securities Corporation and Rothschild Inc. and the case was handled by Wilber Ross who had worked for the Rothschilds for 27 years. Ross would be named US Commerce Secretary after Trump's election. Another crucial figure in saving Trump was ultra-Zionist 'investor' Carl Icahn who bought the Taj Mahal casino. Icahn was made special economic adviser on financial regulation in the Trump administration. He didn't stay long but still managed to find time to make a tidy sum of a reported $31.3 million when he sold his

holdings affected by the price of steel three days before Trump imposed a 235 percent tariff on steel imports. What amazing bits of luck these people have. Trump and Sabbatian operatives have long had a close association and his mentor and legal adviser from the early 1970s until 1986 was the dark and genetically corrupt ultra-Zionist Roy Cohn who was chief counsel to Senator Joseph McCarthy's 'communist' witch-hunt in the 1950s. *Esquire* magazine published an article about Cohn with the headline 'Don't mess with Roy Cohn'. He was described as the most feared lawyer in New York and 'a ruthless master of dirty tricks ... [with] ... more than one Mafia Don on speed dial'. Cohn's influence, contacts, support and protection made Trump a front man for Sabbatians in New York with their connections to one of Cohn's many criminal employers, the 'Russian' Sabbatian Mafia. Israel-centric media mogul Rupert Murdoch was introduced to Trump by Cohn and they started a long friendship. Cohn died in 1986 weeks after being disbarred for unethical conduct by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. The wheels of justice do indeed run slow given the length of Cohn's crooked career.

QAnon-sense

We are asked to believe that Donald Trump with his fundamental connections to Sabbatian networks and operatives has been leading the fight to stop the Sabbatian agenda for the fascistic control of America and the world. Sure he has. A man entrapped during his years in the White House by Sabbatian operatives and whose biggest financial donor was casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson who was Sabbatian to his DNA?? Oh, do come on. Trump has been used to divide America and isolate Pushbackers on the Cult agenda under the heading of 'Trump supporters', 'insurrectionists' and 'white supremacists'. The US Intelligence/Mossad Psyop or psychological operation known as QAnon emerged during the Trump years as a central pillar in the Sabbatian campaign to lead Pushbackers into the trap set by those that wished to destroy them. I knew from the start that QAnon was a scam because I had seen the same scenario many

times before over 30 years under different names and I had written about one in particular in the books. 'Not again' was my reaction when QAnon came to the fore. The same script is pulled out every few years and a new name added to the letterhead. The story always takes the same form: 'Insiders' or 'the good guys' in the government-intelligence-military 'Deep State' apparatus were going to instigate mass arrests of the 'bad guys' which would include the Rockefellers, Rothschilds, Barack Obama, Hillary Clinton, George Soros, etc., etc. Dates are given for when the 'good guys' are going to move in, but the dates pass without incident and new dates are given which pass without incident. The central message to Pushbackers in each case is that they don't have to do anything because there is 'a plan' and it is all going to be sorted by the 'good guys' on the inside. 'Trust the plan' was a QAnon mantra when the only plan was to misdirect Pushbackers into putting their trust in a Psyop they believed to be real. Beware, beware, those who tell you what you want to hear and always check it out. Right up to Biden's inauguration QAnon was still claiming that 'the Storm' was coming and Trump would stay on as president when Biden and his cronies were arrested and jailed. It was never going to happen and of course it didn't, but what did happen as a result provided that punchline to the Sabbatian Trump/QAnon Psyop.

On January 6th, 2021, a very big crowd of Trump supporters gathered in the National Mall in Washington DC down from the Capitol Building to protest at what they believed to be widespread corruption and vote fraud that stopped Trump being re-elected for a second term as president in November, 2020. I say as someone that does not support Trump or Biden that the evidence is clear that major vote-fixing went on to favour Biden, a man with cognitive problems so advanced he can often hardly string a sentence together without reading the words written for him on the Teleprompter. Glaring ballot discrepancies included serious questions about electronic voting machines that make vote rigging a comparative cinch and hundreds of thousands of paper votes that suddenly appeared during already advanced vote counts and virtually all of

them for Biden. Early Trump leads in crucial swing states suddenly began to close and disappear. The pandemic hoax was used as the excuse to issue almost limitless numbers of mail-in ballots with no checks to establish that the recipients were still alive or lived at that address. They were sent to streams of people who had not even asked for them. Private organisations were employed to gather these ballots and who knows what they did with them before they turned up at the counts. The American election system has been manipulated over decades to become a sick joke with more holes than a Swiss cheese for the express purpose of dictating the results. Then there was the criminal manipulation of information by Sabbatian tech giants like Facebook, Twitter and Google-owned YouTube which deleted pro-Trump, anti-Biden accounts and posts while everything in support of Biden was left alone. Sabbatians wanted Biden to win because after the dividing of America it was time for full-on Woke and every aspect of the Cult agenda to be unleashed.

Hunter gatherer

Extreme Silicon Valley bias included blocking information by the *New York Post* exposing a Biden scandal that should have ended his bid for president in the final weeks of the campaign. Hunter Biden, his monumentally corrupt son, is reported to have sent a laptop to be repaired at a local store and failed to return for it. Time passed until the laptop became the property of the store for non-payment of the bill. When the owner saw what was on the hard drive he gave a copy to the FBI who did nothing even though it confirmed widespread corruption in which the Joe Biden family were using his political position, especially when he was vice president to Obama, to make multiple millions in countries around the world and most notably Ukraine and China. Hunter Biden's one-time business partner Tony Bobulinski went public when the story broke in the *New York Post* to confirm the corruption he saw and that Joe Biden not only knew what was going on he also profited from the spoils. Millions were handed over by a Chinese company with close

connections – like all major businesses in China – to the Chinese communist party of President Xi Jinping. Joe Biden even boasted at a meeting of the Cult's World Economic Forum that as vice president he had ordered the government of Ukraine to fire a prosecutor. What he didn't mention was that the same man just happened to be investigating an energy company which was part of Hunter Biden's corrupt portfolio. The company was paying him big bucks for no other reason than the influence his father had. Overnight Biden's presidential campaign should have been over given that he had lied publicly about not knowing what his son was doing. Instead almost the entire Sabbatian-owned mainstream media and Sabbatian-owned Silicon Valley suppressed circulation of the story. This alone went a mighty way to rigging the election of 2020. Cult assets like Mark Zuckerberg at Facebook also spent hundreds of millions to be used in support of Biden and vote 'administration'.

The Cult had used Trump as the focus to divide America and was now desperate to bring in moronic, pliable, corrupt Biden to complete the double-whammy. No way were they going to let little things like the will of the people thwart their plan. Silicon Valley widely censored claims that the election was rigged because it *was* rigged. For the same reason anyone claiming it was rigged was denounced as a 'white supremacist' including the pathetically few Republican politicians willing to say so. Right across the media where the claim was mentioned it was described as a 'false claim' even though these excuses for 'journalists' would have done no research into the subject whatsoever. Trump won seven million more votes than any sitting president had ever achieved while somehow a cognitively-challenged soon to be 78-year-old who was hidden away from the public for most of the campaign managed to win more votes than any presidential candidate in history. It makes no sense. You only had to see election rallies for both candidates to witness the enthusiasm for Trump and the apathy for Biden. Tens of thousands would attend Trump events while Biden was speaking in empty car parks with often only television crews attending and framing their shots to hide the fact that no one was there. It was pathetic to see

footage come to light of Biden standing at a podium making speeches only to TV crews and party fixers while reading the words written for him on massive Teleprompter screens. So, yes, those protestors on January 6th had a point about election rigging, but some were about to walk into a trap laid for them in Washington by the Cult Deep State and its QAnon Psyop. This was the Capitol Hill riot ludicrously dubbed an 'insurrection'.

The spider and the fly

Renegade Minds know there are not two 'sides' in politics, only one side, the Cult, working through all 'sides'. It's a stage show, a puppet show, to direct the perceptions of the population into focusing on diversions like parties and candidates while missing the puppeteers with their hands holding all the strings. The Capitol Hill 'insurrection' brings us back to the Little Big Horn. Having created two distinct opposing groupings – Woke and Pushbackers – the trap was about to be sprung. Pushbackers were to be encircled and isolated by associating them all in the public mind with Trump and then labelling Trump as some sort of Confederate leader. I knew immediately that the Capitol riot was a set-up because of two things. One was how easy the rioters got into the building with virtually no credible resistance and secondly I could see – as with the 'Covid' hoax in the West at the start of 2020 – how the Cult could exploit the situation to move its agenda forward with great speed. My experience of Cult techniques and activities over more than 30 years has showed me that while they do exploit situations they haven't themselves created this never happens with events of fundamental agenda significance. Every time major events giving cultists the excuse to rapidly advance their plan you find they are manipulated into being for the specific reason of providing that excuse – Problem-Reaction-Solution. Only a tiny minority of the huge crowd of Washington protestors sought to gain entry to the Capitol by smashing windows and breaching doors. That didn't matter. The whole crowd and all Pushbackers, even if they did not support Trump, were going to be lumped together as dangerous

insurrectionists and conspiracy theorists. The latter term came into widespread use through a CIA memo in the 1960s aimed at discrediting those questioning the nonsensical official story of the Kennedy assassination and it subsequently became widely employed by the media. It's still being used by inept 'journalists' with no idea of its origin to discredit anyone questioning anything that authority claims to be true. When you are perpetrating a conspiracy you need to discredit the very word itself even though the dictionary definition of conspiracy is merely 'the activity of secretly planning with other people to do something bad or illegal' and 'a general agreement to keep silent about a subject for the purpose of keeping it secret'. On that basis there are conspiracies almost wherever you look. For obvious reasons the Cult and its lapdog media have to claim there are no conspiracies even though the word appears in state laws as with conspiracy to defraud, to murder, and to corrupt public morals.

Agent provocateurs are widely used by the Cult Deep State to manipulate genuine people into acting in ways that suit the desired outcome. By genuine in this case I mean protestors genuinely supporting Trump and claims that the election was stolen. In among them, however, were agents of the state wearing the garb of Trump supporters and QAnon to pump-prime the Capital riot which some genuine Trump supporters naively fell for. I described the situation as 'Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly'. Leaflets appeared through the Woke paramilitary arm Antifa, the anti-fascist fascists, calling on supporters to turn up in Washington looking like Trump supporters even though they hated him. Some of those arrested for breaching the Capitol Building were sourced to Antifa and its stable mate Black Lives Matter. Both organisations are funded by Cult billionaires and corporations. One man charged for the riot was according to his lawyer a former FBI agent who had held top secret security clearance for 40 years. Attorney Thomas Plofchan said of his client, 66-year-old Thomas Edward Caldwell:

He has held a Top Secret Security Clearance since 1979 and has undergone multiple Special Background Investigations in support of his clearances. After retiring from the Navy, he

worked as a section chief for the Federal Bureau of Investigation from 2009-2010 as a GS-12 [mid-level employee].

He also formed and operated a consulting firm performing work, often classified, for U.S government customers including the US. Drug Enforcement Agency, Department of Housing and Urban Development, the US Coast Guard, and the US Army Personnel Command.

A judge later released Caldwell pending trial in the absence of evidence about a conspiracy or that he tried to force his way into the building. *The New York Post* reported a 'law enforcement source' as saying that 'at least two known Antifa members were spotted' on camera among Trump supporters during the riot while one of the rioters arrested was John Earle Sullivan, a seriously extreme Black Lives Matter Trump-hater from Utah who was previously arrested and charged in July, 2020, over a BLM-Antifa riot in which drivers were threatened and one was shot. Sullivan is the founder of Utah-based Insurgence USA which is an affiliate of the Cult-created-and-funded Black Lives Matter movement. Footage appeared and was then deleted by Twitter of Trump supporters calling out Antifa infiltrators and a group was filmed changing into pro-Trump clothing before the riot. Security at the building was *pathetic* – as planned. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty, a man with long experience in covert operations working with the US security apparatus, once described the tell-tale sign to identify who is involved in an assassination. He said:

No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

This principle applies to many other situations and certainly to the Capitol riot of January 6th, 2021.

The sting

With such a big and potentially angry crowd known to be gathering near the Capitol the security apparatus would have had a major police detail to defend the building with National Guard troops on

standby given the strength of feeling among people arriving from all over America encouraged by the QAnon Psyop and statements by Donald Trump. Instead Capitol Police 'security' was flimsy, weak, and easily breached. The same number of officers was deployed as on a regular day and that is a blatant red flag. They were not staffed or equipped for a possible riot that had been an obvious possibility in the circumstances. No protective and effective fencing worth the name was put in place and there were no contingency plans. The whole thing was basically a case of standing aside and waving people in. Once inside police mostly backed off apart from one Capitol police officer who ridiculously shot dead unarmed Air Force veteran protestor Ashli Babbitt without a warning as she climbed through a broken window. The 'investigation' refused to name or charge the officer after what must surely be considered a murder in the circumstances. They just lifted a carpet and swept. The story was endlessly repeated about five people dying in the 'armed insurrection' when there was no report of rioters using weapons. Apart from Babbitt the other four died from a heart attack, strokes and apparently a drug overdose. Capitol police officer Brian Sicknick was reported to have died after being bludgeoned with a fire extinguisher when he was alive after the riot was over and died later of what the Washington Medical Examiner's Office said was a stroke. Sicknick had no external injuries. The lies were delivered like rapid fire. There was a narrative to build with incessant repetition of the lie until the lie became the accepted 'everybody knows that' truth. The 'Big Lie' technique of Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels is constantly used by the Cult which was behind the Nazis and is today behind the 'Covid' and 'climate change' hoaxes. Goebbels said:

> If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State.

Most protestors had a free run of the Capitol Building. This allowed pictures to be taken of rioters in iconic parts of the building including the Senate chamber which could be used as propaganda images against all Pushbackers. One Congresswoman described the scene as 'the worst kind of non-security anybody could ever imagine'. Well, the first part was true, but someone obviously did imagine it and made sure it happened. Some photographs most widely circulated featured people wearing QAnon symbols and now the Psyop would be used to dub all QAnon followers with the ubiquitous fit-all label of 'white supremacist' and 'insurrectionists'. When a Muslim extremist called Noah Green drove his car at two police officers at the Capitol Building killing one in April, 2021, there was no such political and media hysteria. They were just disappointed he wasn't white.

The witch-hunt

Government prosecutor Michael Sherwin, an aggressive, dark-eyed, professional Rottweiler led the 'investigation' and to call it over the top would be to understate reality a thousand fold. Hundreds were tracked down and arrested for the crime of having the wrong political views and people were jailed who had done nothing more than walk in the building, committed no violence or damage to property, took a few pictures and left. They were labelled a 'threat to the Republic' while Biden sat in the White House signing executive orders written for him that were dismantling 'the Republic'. Even when judges ruled that a mother and son should not be in jail the government kept them there. Some of those arrested have been badly beaten by prison guards in Washington and lawyers for one man said he suffered a fractured skull and was made blind in one eye. Meanwhile a woman is shot dead for no reason by a Capitol Police officer and we are not allowed to know who he is never mind what has happened to him although that will be *nothing*. The Cult's QAnon/Trump sting to identify and isolate Pushbackers and then target them on the road to crushing and deleting them was a resounding success. You would have thought the Russians had

invaded the building at gunpoint and lined up senators for a firing squad to see the political and media reaction. Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez is a child in a woman's body, a terrible-twos, me, me, me, Woker narcissist of such proportions that words have no meaning. She said she thought she was going to die when 'insurrectionists' banged on her office door. It turned out she wasn't even in the Capitol Building when the riot was happening and the 'banging' was a Capitol Police officer. She referred to herself as a 'survivor' which is an insult to all those true survivors of violent and sexual abuse while she lives her pampered and privileged life talking drivel for a living. Her Woke colleague and fellow mega-narcissist Rashida Tlaib broke down describing the devastating effect on her, too, of *not being* in the building when the rioters were there. Ocasio-Cortez and Tlaib are members of a fully-Woke group of Congresswomen known as 'The Squad' along with Ilhan Omar and Ayanna Pressley. The Squad from what I can see can be identified by its vehement anti-white racism, anti-white men agenda, and, as always in these cases, the absence of brain cells on active duty.

The usual suspects were on the riot case immediately in the form of Democrat ultra-Zionist senators and operatives Chuck Schumer and Adam Schiff demanding that Trump be impeached for 'his part in the insurrection'. The same pair of prats had led the failed impeachment of Trump over the invented 'Russia collusion' nonsense which claimed Russia had helped Trump win the 2016 election. I didn't realise that Tel Aviv had been relocated just outside Moscow. I must find an up-to-date map. The Russia hoax was a Sabbatian operation to keep Trump occupied and impotent and to stop any rapport with Russia which the Cult wants to retain as a perceptual enemy to be pulled out at will. Puppet Biden began attacking Russia when he came to office as the Cult seeks more upheaval, division and war across the world. A two-year stage show 'Russia collusion inquiry' headed by the not-very-bright former 9/11 FBI chief Robert Mueller, with support from 19 lawyers, 40 FBI agents plus intelligence analysts, forensic accountants and other

staff, devoured tens of millions of dollars and found no evidence of Russia collusion which a ten-year-old could have told them on day one. Now the same moronic Schumer and Schiff wanted a second impeachment of Trump over the Capitol 'insurrection' (riot) which the arrested development of Schumer called another 'Pearl Harbor' while others compared it with 9/11 in which 3,000 died and, in the case of CNN, with the Rwandan genocide in the 1990s in which an estimated 500,000 to 600,000 were murdered, between 250, 000 and 500,000 women were raped, and populations of whole towns were hacked to death with machetes. To make those comparisons purely for Cult political reasons is beyond insulting to those that suffered and lost their lives and confirms yet again the callous inhumanity that we are dealing with. Schumer is a monumental idiot and so is Schiff, but they serve the Cult agenda and do whatever they're told so they get looked after. Talking of idiots – another inane man who spanned the Russia and Capitol impeachment attempts was Senator Eric Swalwell who had the nerve to accuse Trump of collusion with the Russians while sleeping with a Chinese spy called Christine Fang or 'Fang Fang' which is straight out of a Bond film no doubt starring Klaus Schwab as the bloke living on a secret island and controlling laser weapons positioned in space and pointing at world capitals. Fang Fang plays the part of Bond's infiltrator girlfriend which I'm sure she would enjoy rather more than sharing a bed with the brainless Swalwell, lying back and thinking of China. The FBI eventually warned Swalwell about Fang Fang which gave her time to escape back to the Chinese dictatorship. How very thoughtful of them. The second Trump impeachment also failed and hardly surprising when an impeachment is supposed to remove a sitting president and by the time it happened Trump was no longer president. These people are running your country America, well, officially anyway. Terrifying isn't it?

Outcomes tell the story - always

The outcome of all this – and it's the *outcome* on which Renegade Minds focus, not the words – was that a vicious, hysterical and

obviously pre-planned assault was launched on Pushbackers to censor, silence and discredit them and even targeted their right to earn a living. They have since been condemned as 'domestic terrorists' that need to be treated like Al-Qaeda and Islamic State. 'Domestic terrorists' is a label the Cult has been trying to make stick since the period of the Oklahoma bombing in 1995 which was blamed on 'far-right domestic terrorists'. If you read *The Trigger* you will see that the bombing was clearly a Problem-Reaction-Solution carried out by the Deep State during a Bill Clinton administration so corrupt that no dictionary definition of the term would even nearly suffice. Nearly 30, 000 troops were deployed from all over America to the empty streets of Washington for Biden's inauguration. Ten thousand of them stayed on with the pretext of protecting the capital from insurrectionists when it was more psychological programming to normalise the use of the military in domestic law enforcement in support of the Cult plan for a police-military state. Biden's fascist administration began a purge of 'wrong-thinkers' in the military which means anyone that is not on board with Woke. The Capitol Building was surrounded by a fence with razor wire and the Land of the Free was further symbolically and literally dismantled. The circle was completed with the installation of Biden and the exploitation of the QAnon Psyop.

America had never been so divided since the civil war of the 19th century, Pushbackers were isolated and dubbed terrorists and now, as was always going to happen, the Cult immediately set about deleting what little was left of freedom and transforming American society through a swish of the hand of the most controlled 'president' in American history leading (officially at least) the most extreme regime since the country was declared an independent state on July 4th, 1776. Biden issued undebated, dictatorial executive orders almost by the hour in his opening days in office across the whole spectrum of the Cult wish-list including diluting controls on the border with Mexico allowing thousands of migrants to illegally enter the United States to transform the demographics of America and import an election-changing number of perceived Democrat

voters. Then there were Biden deportation amnesties for the already illegally resident (estimated to be as high as 20 or even 30 million). A bill before Congress awarded American citizenship to anyone who could prove they had worked in agriculture for just 180 days in the previous two years as 'Big Ag' secured its slave labour long-term. There were the plans to add new states to the union such as Puerto Rico and making Washington DC a state. They are all parts of a plan to ensure that the Cult-owned Woke Democrats would be permanently in power.

Border – what border?

I have exposed in detail in other books how mass immigration into the United States and Europe is the work of Cult networks fuelled by the tens of billions spent to this and other ends by George Soros and his global Open Society (open borders) Foundations. The impact can be seen in America alone where the population has increased by *100 million* in little more than 30 years mostly through immigration. I wrote in *The Answer* that the plan was to have so many people crossing the southern border that the numbers become unstoppable and we are now there under Cult-owned Biden. El Salvador in Central America puts the scale of what is happening into context. A third of the population now lives in the United States, much of it illegally, and many more are on the way. The methodology is to crush Central and South American countries economically and spread violence through machete-wielding psychopathic gangs like MS-13 based in El Salvador and now operating in many American cities. Biden-imposed lax security at the southern border means that it is all but open. He said before his 'election' that he wanted to see a surge towards the border if he became president and that was the green light for people to do just that after election day to create the human disaster that followed for both America and the migrants. When that surge came the imbecilic Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez said it wasn't a 'surge' because they are 'children, not insurgents' and the term 'surge' (used by Biden) was a claim of 'white supremacists'.

This disingenuous lady may one day enter the realm of the most basic intelligence, but it won't be any time soon.

Sabbatians and the Cult are in the process of destroying America by importing violent people and gangs in among the genuine to terrorise American cities and by overwhelming services that cannot cope with the sheer volume of new arrivals. Something similar is happening in Europe as Western society in general is targeted for demographic and cultural transformation and upheaval. The plan demands violence and crime to create an environment of intimidation, fear and division and Soros has been funding the election of district attorneys across America who then stop prosecuting many crimes, reduce sentences for violent crimes and free as many violent criminals as they can. Sabbatians are creating the chaos from which order – their order – can respond in a classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. A Freemasonic moto says 'Ordo Ab Chao' (Order out of Chaos) and this is why the Cult is constantly creating chaos to impose a new 'order'. Here you have the reason the Cult is constantly creating chaos. The 'Covid' hoax can be seen with those entering the United States by plane being forced to take a 'Covid' test while migrants flooding through southern border processing facilities do not. Nothing is put in the way of mass migration and if that means ignoring the government's own 'Covid' rules then so be it. They know it's all bullshit anyway. Any pushback on this is denounced as 'racist' by Wokers and Sabbatian fronts like the ultra-Zionist Anti-Defamation League headed by the appalling Jonathan Greenblatt which at the same time argues that Israel should not give citizenship and voting rights to more Palestinian Arabs or the 'Jewish population' (in truth the Sabbatian network) will lose control of the country.

Society-changing numbers

Biden's masters have declared that countries like El Salvador are so dangerous that their people must be allowed into the United States for humanitarian reasons when there are fewer murders in large parts of many Central American countries than in US cities like

Baltimore. That is not to say Central America cannot be a dangerous place and Cult-controlled American governments have been making it so since way back, along with the dismantling of economies, in a long-term plan to drive people north into the United States. Parts of Central America are very dangerous, but in other areas the story is being greatly exaggerated to justify relaxing immigration criteria. Migrants are being offered free healthcare and education in the United States as another incentive to head for the border and there is no requirement to be financially independent before you can enter to prevent the resources of America being drained. You can't blame migrants for seeking what they believe will be a better life, but they are being played by the Cult for dark and nefarious ends. The numbers since Biden took office are huge. In February, 2021, more than 100,000 people were known to have tried to enter the US illegally through the southern border (it was 34,000 in the same month in 2020) and in March it was 170,000 – a 418 percent increase on March, 2020. These numbers are only known people, not the ones who get in unseen. The true figure for migrants illegally crossing the border in a single month was estimated by one congressman at 250,000 and that number will only rise under Biden's current policy. Gangs of murdering drug-running thugs that control the Mexican side of the border demand money – thousands of dollars – to let migrants cross the Rio Grande into America. At the same time gun battles are breaking out on the border several times a week between rival Mexican drug gangs (which now operate globally) who are equipped with sophisticated military-grade weapons, grenades and armoured vehicles. While the Capitol Building was being 'protected' from a non-existent 'threat' by thousands of troops, and others were still deployed at the time in the Cult Neocon war in Afghanistan, the southern border of America was left to its fate. This is not incompetence, it is cold calculation.

By March, 2021, there were 17,000 unaccompanied children held at border facilities and many of them are ensnared by people traffickers for paedophile rings and raped on their journey north to America. This is not conjecture – this is fact. Many of those designated

children are in reality teenage boys or older. Meanwhile Wokers posture their self-purity for encouraging poor and tragic people to come to America and face this nightmare both on the journey and at the border with the disgusting figure of House Speaker Nancy Pelosi giving disingenuous speeches about caring for migrants. The woman's evil. Wokers condemned Trump for having children in cages at the border (so did Obama, *Shhhh*), but now they are sleeping on the floor without access to a shower with one border facility 729 percent over capacity. The Biden insanity even proposed flying migrants from the southern border to the northern border with Canada for 'processing'. The whole shambles is being overseen by ultra-Zionist Secretary of Homeland Security, the moronic liar Alejandro Mayorkas, who banned news cameras at border facilities to stop Americans seeing what was happening. Mayorkas said there was not a ban on news crews; it was just that they were not allowed to film. Alongside him at Homeland Security is another ultra-Zionist Cass Sunstein appointed by Biden to oversee new immigration laws. Sunstein despises conspiracy researchers to the point where he suggests they should be banned or *taxed* for having such views. The man is not bonkers or anything. He's perfectly well-adjusted, but adjusted to what is the question. Criticise what is happening and you are a 'white supremacist' when earlier non-white immigrants also oppose the numbers which effect their lives and opportunities. Black people in poor areas are particularly damaged by uncontrolled immigration and the increased competition for work opportunities with those who will work for less. They are also losing voting power as Hispanics become more dominant in former black areas. It's a downward spiral for them while the billionaires behind the policy drone on about how much they care about black people and 'racism'. None of this is about compassion for migrants or black people – that's just wind and air. Migrants are instead being mercilessly exploited to transform America while the countries they leave are losing their future and the same is true in Europe. Mass immigration may now be the work of Woke Democrats, but it can be traced back to the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act (it

wasn't) signed into law by Republican hero President Ronald Reagan which gave amnesty to millions living in the United States illegally and other incentives for people to head for the southern border. Here we have the one-party state at work again.

Save me syndrome

Almost every aspect of what I have been exposing as the Cult agenda was on display in even the first days of 'Biden' with silencing of Pushbackers at the forefront of everything. A Renegade Mind will view the Trump years and QAnon in a very different light to their supporters and advocates as the dots are connected. The QAnon/Trump Psyop has given the Cult all it was looking for. We may not know how much, or little, that Trump realised he was being used, but that's a side issue. This pincer movement produced the desired outcome of dividing America and having Pushbackers isolated. To turn this around we have to look at new routes to empowerment which do not include handing our power to other people and groups through what I will call the 'Save Me Syndrome' – 'I want someone else to do it so that I don't have to'. We have seen this at work throughout human history and the QAnon/Trump Psyop is only the latest incarnation alongside all the others. Religion is an obvious expression of this when people look to a 'god' or priest to save them or tell them how to be saved and then there are 'save me' politicians like Trump. Politics is a diversion and not a 'saviour'. It is a means to block positive change, not make it possible.

Save Me Syndrome always comes with the same repeating theme of handing your power to whom or what you believe will save you while your real 'saviour' stares back from the mirror every morning. Renegade Minds are constantly vigilant in this regard and always asking the question 'What can I do?' rather than 'What can someone else do for me?' Gandhi was right when he said: 'You must be the change you want to see in the world.' We are indeed the people we have been waiting for. We are presented with a constant raft of reasons to concede that power to others and forget where the real power is. Humanity has the numbers and the Cult does not. It has to

use diversion and division to target the unstoppable power that comes from unity. Religions, governments, politicians, corporations, media, QAnon, are all different manifestations of this power-diversion and dilution. Refusing to give your power to governments and instead handing it to Trump and QAnon is not to take a new direction, but merely to recycle the old one with new names on the posters. I will explore this phenomenon as we proceed and how to break the cycles and recycles that got us here through the mists of repeating perception and so repeating history.

For now we shall turn to the most potent example in the entire human story of the consequences that follow when you give your power away. I am talking, of course, of the 'Covid' hoax.

CHAPTER FOUR

'Covid': Calculated catastrophe

Facts are threatening to those invested in fraud
DaShanne Stokes

We can easily unravel the real reason for the 'Covid pandemic' hoax by employing the Renegade Mind methodology that I have outlined this far. We'll start by comparing the long-planned Cult outcome with the 'Covid pandemic' outcome. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey.

I have highlighted the plan for the Hunger Games Society which has been in my books for so many years with the very few controlling the very many through ongoing dependency. To create this dependency it is essential to destroy independent livelihoods, businesses and employment to make the population reliant on the state (the Cult) for even the basics of life through a guaranteed pittance income. While independence of income remained these Cult ambitions would be thwarted. With this knowledge it was easy to see where the 'pandemic' hoax was going once talk of 'lockdowns' began and the closing of all but perceived 'essential' businesses to 'save' us from an alleged 'deadly virus'. Cult corporations like Amazon and Walmart were naturally considered 'essential' while mom and pop shops and stores had their doors closed by fascist decree. As a result with every new lockdown and new regulation more small and medium, even large businesses not owned by the Cult, went to the wall while Cult giants and their frontmen and women grew financially fatter by the second. Mom and pop were

denied an income and the right to earn a living and the wealth of people like Jeff Bezos (Amazon), Mark Zuckerberg (Facebook) and Sergei Brin and Larry Page (Google/Alphabet) have reached record levels. The Cult was increasing its own power through further dramatic concentrations of wealth while the competition was being destroyed and brought into a state of dependency. Lockdowns have been instigated to secure that very end and were never anything to do with health. My brother Paul spent 45 years building up a bus repair business, but lockdowns meant buses were running at a fraction of normal levels for months on end. Similar stories can told in their hundreds of millions worldwide. Efforts of a lifetime coldly destroyed by Cult multi-billionaires and their lackeys in government and law enforcement who continued to earn their living from the taxation of the people while denying the right of the same people to earn theirs. How different it would have been if those making and enforcing these decisions had to face the same financial hardships of those they affected, but they never do.

Gates of Hell

Behind it all in the full knowledge of what he is doing and why is the psychopathic figure of Cult operative Bill Gates. His puppet Tedros at the World Health Organization declared 'Covid' a pandemic in March, 2020. The WHO had changed the definition of a 'pandemic' in 2009 just a month before declaring the 'swine flu pandemic' which would not have been so under the previous definition. The same applies to 'Covid'. The definition had included… 'an infection by an infectious agent, occurring simultaneously in different countries, with a significant mortality rate relative to the proportion of the population infected'. The new definition removed the need for 'significant mortality'. The 'pandemic' has been fraudulent even down to the definition, but Gates demanded economy-destroying lockdowns, school closures, social distancing, mandatory masks, a 'vaccination' for every man, woman and child on the planet and severe consequences and restrictions for those that refused. Who gave him this power? The

Cult did which he serves like a little boy in short trousers doing what his daddy tells him. He and his psychopathic missus even smiled when they said that much worse was to come (what they knew was planned to come). Gates responded in the matter-of-fact way of all psychopaths to a question about the effect on the world economy of what he was doing:

> Well, it won't go to zero but it will shrink. Global GDP is probably going to take the biggest hit ever [Gates was smiling as he said this] … in my lifetime this will be the greatest economic hit. But you don't have a choice. People act as if you have a choice. People don't feel like going to the stadium when they might get infected … People are deeply affected by seeing these stats, by knowing they could be part of the transmission chain, old people, their parents and grandparents, could be affected by this, and so you don't get to say ignore what is going on here.
>
> There will be the ability to open up, particularly in rich countries, if things are done well over the next few months, but for the world at large normalcy only returns when we have largely vaccinated the entire population.

The man has no compassion or empathy. How could he when he's a psychopath like all Cult players? My own view is that even beyond that he is very seriously mentally ill. Look in his eyes and you can see this along with his crazy flailing arms. You don't do what he has done to the world population since the start of 2020 unless you are mentally ill and at the most extreme end of psychopathic. You especially don't do it when to you know, as we shall see, that cases and deaths from 'Covid' are fakery and a product of monumental figure massaging. 'These stats' that Gates referred to are based on a 'test' that's not testing for the 'virus' as he has known all along. He made his fortune with big Cult support as an infamously ruthless software salesman and now buys global control of 'health' (death) policy without the population he affects having any say. It's a breathtaking outrage. Gates talked about people being deeply affected by fear of 'Covid' when that was because of *him* and his global network lying to them minute-by-minute supported by a lying media that he seriously influences and funds to the tune of hundreds of millions. He's handed big sums to media operations including the BBC, NBC, Al Jazeera, Univision, *PBS NewsHour*,

ProPublica, National Journal, The Guardian, The Financial Times, The Atlantic, Texas Tribune, USA Today publisher Gannett, *Washington Monthly, Le Monde,* Center for Investigative Reporting, Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting, National Press Foundation, International Center for Journalists, Solutions Journalism Network, the Poynter Institute for Media Studies, and many more. Gates is everywhere in the 'Covid' hoax and the man must go to prison – or a mental facility – for the rest of his life and his money distributed to those he has taken such enormous psychopathic pleasure in crushing.

The Muscle

The Hunger Games global structure demands a police-military state – a fusion of the two into one force – which viciously imposes the will of the Cult on the population and protects the Cult from public rebellion. In that regard, too, the 'Covid' hoax just keeps on giving. Often unlawful, ridiculous and contradictory 'Covid' rules and regulations have been policed across the world by moronic automatons and psychopaths made faceless by face-nappy masks and acting like the Nazi SS and fascist blackshirts and brownshirts of Hitler and Mussolini. The smallest departure from the rules decreed by the psychos in government and their clueless gofers were jumped upon by the face-nappy fascists. Brutality against public protestors soon became commonplace even on girls, women and old people as the brave men with the batons – the Face-Nappies as I call them – broke up peaceful protests and handed out fines like confetti to people who couldn't earn a living let alone pay hundreds of pounds for what was once an accepted human right. Robot Face-Nappies of Nottingham police in the English East Midlands fined one group £11,000 for attending a child's birthday party. For decades I charted the transformation of law enforcement as genuine, decent officers were replaced with psychopaths and the brain dead who would happily and brutally do whatever their masters told them. Now they were let loose on the public and I would emphasise the point that none of this just happened. The step-by-step change in the dynamic between police and public was orchestrated from the shadows by

those who knew where this was all going and the same with the perceptual reframing of those in all levels of authority and official administration through 'training courses' by organisations such as Common Purpose which was created in the late 1980s and given a massive boost in Blair era Britain until it became a global phenomenon. Supposed public 'servants' began to view the population as the enemy and the same was true of the police. This was the start of the explosion of behaviour manipulation organisations and networks preparing for the all-war on the human psyche unleashed with the dawn of 2020. I will go into more detail about this later in the book because it is a core part of what is happening.

Police desecrated beauty spots to deter people gathering and arrested women for walking in the countryside alone 'too far' from their homes. We had arrogant, clueless sergeants in the Isle of Wight police where I live posting on Facebook what they insisted the population must do or else. A schoolmaster sergeant called Radford looked young enough for me to ask if his mother knew he was out, but he was posting what he *expected* people to do while a Sergeant Wilkinson boasted about fining lads for meeting in a McDonald's car park where they went to get a lockdown takeaway. Wilkinson added that he had even cancelled their order. What a pair of prats these people are and yet they have increasingly become the norm among Jackboot Johnson's Yellowshirts once known as the British police. This was the theme all over the world with police savagery common during lockdown protests in the United States, the Netherlands, and the fascist state of Victoria in Australia under its tyrannical and again moronic premier Daniel Andrews. Amazing how tyrannical and moronic tend to work as a team and the same combination could be seen across America as arrogant, narcissistic Woke governors and mayors such as Gavin Newsom (California), Andrew Cuomo (New York), Gretchen Whitmer (Michigan), Lori Lightfoot (Chicago) and Eric Garcetti (Los Angeles) did their Nazi and Stalin impressions with the full support of the compliant brutality of their enforcers in uniform as they arrested small business owners defying

fascist shutdown orders and took them to jail in ankle shackles and handcuffs. This happened to bistro owner Marlena Pavlos-Hackney in Gretchen Whitmer's fascist state of Michigan when police arrived to enforce an order by a state-owned judge for 'putting the community at risk' at a time when other states like Texas were dropping restrictions and migrants were pouring across the southern border without any 'Covid' questions at all. I'm sure there are many officers appalled by what they are ordered to do, but not nearly enough of them. If they were truly appalled they would not do it. As the months passed every opportunity was taken to have the military involved to make their presence on the streets ever more familiar and 'normal' for the longer-term goal of police-military fusion.

Another crucial element to the Hunger Games enforcement network has been encouraging the public to report neighbours and others for 'breaking the lockdown rules'. The group faced with £11,000 in fines at the child's birthday party would have been dobbed-in by a neighbour with a brain the size of a pea. The technique was most famously employed by the Stasi secret police in communist East Germany who had public informants placed throughout the population. A police chief in the UK says his force doesn't need to carry out 'Covid' patrols when they are flooded with so many calls from the public reporting other people for visiting the beach. Dorset police chief James Vaughan said people were so enthusiastic about snitching on their fellow humans they were now operating as an auxiliary arm of the police: 'We are still getting around 400 reports a week from the public, so we will respond to reports …We won't need to be doing hotspot patrols because people are very quick to pick the phone up and tell us.' Vaughan didn't say that this is a pillar of all tyrannies of whatever complexion and the means to hugely extend the reach of enforcement while spreading distrust among the people and making them wary of doing anything that might get them reported. Those narcissistic Isle of Wight sergeants Radford and Wilkinson never fail to add a link to their Facebook posts where the public can inform on their fellow slaves.

Neither would be self-aware enough to realise they were imitating the Stasi which they might well never have heard of. Government psychologists that I will expose later laid out a policy to turn communities against each other in the same way.

A coincidence? Yep, and I can knit fog

I knew from the start of the alleged pandemic that this was a Cult operation. It presented limitless potential to rapidly advance the Cult agenda and exploit manipulated fear to demand that every man, woman and child on the planet was 'vaccinated' in a process never used on humans before which infuses self-replicating *synthetic* material into human cells. Remember the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state. I'll deal with the 'vaccine' (that's not actually a vaccine) when I focus on the genetic agenda. Enough to say here that mass global 'vaccination' justified by this 'new virus' set alarms ringing after 30 years of tracking these people and their methods. The 'Covid' hoax officially beginning in China was also a big red flag for reasons I will be explaining. The agenda potential was so enormous that I could dismiss any idea that the 'virus' appeared naturally. Major happenings with major agenda implications never occur without Cult involvement in making them happen. My questions were twofold in early 2020 as the media began its campaign to induce global fear and hysteria: Was this alleged infectious agent released on purpose by the Cult or did it even exist at all? I then did what I always do in these situations. I sat, observed and waited to see where the evidence and information would take me. By March and early April synchronicity was strongly – and ever more so since then – pointing me in the direction of *there is no 'virus'*. I went public on that with derision even from swathes of the alternative media that voiced a scenario that the Chinese government released the 'virus' in league with Deep State elements in the United States from a top-level bio-lab in Wuhan where the 'virus' is said to have first appeared. I looked at that possibility, but I didn't buy it for several reasons. Deaths from the 'virus' did not in any way match what they

would have been with a 'deadly bioweapon' and it is much more effective if you sell the *illusion* of an infectious agent rather than having a real one unless you can control through injection who has it and who doesn't. Otherwise you lose control of events. A made-up 'virus' gives you a blank sheet of paper on which you can make it do whatever you like and have any symptoms or mutant 'variants' you choose to add while a real infectious agent would limit you to what it actually does. A phantom disease allows you to have endless ludicrous 'studies' on the 'Covid' dollar to widen the perceived impact by inventing ever more 'at risk' groups including one study which said those who walk slowly may be almost four times more likely to die from the 'virus'. People are in psychiatric wards for less.

A real 'deadly bioweapon' can take out people in the hierarchy that are not part of the Cult, but essential to its operation. Obviously they don't want that. Releasing a real disease means you immediately lose control of it. Releasing an illusory one means you don't. Again it's vital that people are extra careful when dealing with what they want to hear. A bioweapon unleashed from a Chinese laboratory in collusion with the American Deep State may fit a conspiracy narrative, but is it true? Would it not be far more effective to use the excuse of a 'virus' to justify the real bioweapon – the 'vaccine'? That way your disease agent does not have to be transmitted and arrives directly through a syringe. I saw a French virologist Luc Montagnier quoted in the alternative media as saying he had discovered that the alleged 'new' severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus , or SARS-CoV-2, was made artificially and included elements of the human immunodeficiency 'virus' (HIV) and a parasite that causes malaria. SARS-CoV-2 is alleged to trigger an alleged illness called Covid-19. I remembered Montagnier's name from my research years before into claims that an HIV 'retrovirus' causes AIDs – claims that were demolished by Berkeley virologist Peter Duesberg who showed that no one had ever proved that HIV causes acquired immunodeficiency syndrome or AIDS. Claims that become accepted as fact, publicly and medically, with no proof whatsoever are an ever-recurring story that profoundly applies to

'Covid'. Nevertheless, despite the lack of proof, Montagnier's team at the Pasteur Institute in Paris had a long dispute with American researcher Robert Gallo over which of them discovered and isolated the HIV 'virus' and with *no evidence* found it to cause AIDS. You will see later that there is also no evidence that any 'virus' causes any disease or that there is even such a thing as a 'virus' in the way it is said to exist. The claim to have 'isolated' the HIV 'virus' will be presented in its real context as we come to the shocking story – and it is a story – of SARS-CoV-2 and so will Montagnier's assertion that he identified the full SARS-CoV-2 genome.

Hoax in the making

We can pick up the 'Covid' story in 2010 and the publication by the Rockefeller Foundation of a document called 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development'. The inner circle of the Rockefeller family has been serving the Cult since John D. Rockefeller (1839-1937) made his fortune with Standard Oil. It is less well known that the same Rockefeller – the Bill Gates of his day – was responsible for establishing what is now referred to as 'Big Pharma', the global network of pharmaceutical companies that make outrageous profits dispensing scalpel and drug 'medicine' and are obsessed with pumping vaccines in ever-increasing number into as many human arms and backsides as possible. John D. Rockefeller was the driving force behind the creation of the 'education' system in the United States and elsewhere specifically designed to program the perceptions of generations thereafter. The Rockefeller family donated exceptionally valuable land in New York for the United Nations building and were central in establishing the World Health Organization in 1948 as an agency of the UN which was created from the start as a Trojan horse and stalking horse for world government. Now enter Bill Gates. His family and the Rockefellers have long been extremely close and I have seen genealogy which claims that if you go back far enough the two families fuse into the same bloodline. Gates has said that the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation was inspired by the Rockefeller Foundation and why not

when both are serving the same Cult? Major tax-exempt foundations are overwhelmingly criminal enterprises in which Cult assets fund the Cult agenda in the guise of 'philanthropy' while avoiding tax in the process. Cult operatives can become mega-rich in their role of front men and women for the psychopaths at the inner core and they, too, have to be psychopaths to knowingly serve such evil. Part of the deal is that a big percentage of the wealth gleaned from representing the Cult has to be spent advancing the ambitions of the Cult and hence you have the Rockefeller Foundation, Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (and *so* many more) and people like George Soros with his global Open Society Foundations spending their billions in pursuit of global Cult control. Gates is a global public face of the Cult with his interventions in world affairs including Big Tech influence; a central role in the 'Covid' and 'vaccine' scam; promotion of the climate change shakedown; manipulation of education; geoengineering of the skies; and his food-control agenda as the biggest owner of farmland in America, his GMO promotion and through other means. As one writer said: 'Gates monopolizes or wields disproportionate influence over the tech industry, global health and vaccines, agriculture and food policy (including biopiracy and fake food), weather modification and other climate technologies, surveillance, education and media.' The almost limitless wealth secured through Microsoft and other not-allowed-to-fail ventures (including vaccines) has been ploughed into a long, long list of Cult projects designed to enslave the entire human race. Gates and the Rockefellers have been working as one unit with the Rockefeller-established World Health Organization leading global 'Covid' policy controlled by Gates through his mouth-piece Tedros. Gates became the WHO's biggest funder when Trump announced that the American government would cease its donations, but Biden immediately said he would restore the money when he took office in January, 2021. The Gates Foundation (the Cult) owns through limitless funding the world health system and the major players across the globe in the 'Covid' hoax.

Okay, with that background we return to that Rockefeller Foundation document of 2010 headed 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development' and its 'imaginary' epidemic of a virulent and deadly influenza strain which infected 20 percent of the global population and killed eight million in seven months. The Rockefeller scenario was that the epidemic destroyed economies, closed shops, offices and other businesses and led to governments imposing fierce rules and restrictions that included mandatory wearing of face masks and body-temperature checks to enter communal spaces like railway stations and supermarkets. The document predicted that even after the height of the Rockefeller-envisaged epidemic the authoritarian rule would continue to deal with further pandemics, transnational terrorism, environmental crises and rising poverty. Now you may think that the Rockefellers are our modern-day seers or alternatively, and rather more likely, that they well knew what was planned a few years further on. Fascism had to be imposed, you see, to 'protect citizens from risk and exposure'. The Rockefeller scenario document said:

During the pandemic, national leaders around the world flexed their authority and imposed airtight rules and restrictions, from the mandatory wearing of face masks to body-temperature checks at the entries to communal spaces like train stations and supermarkets. Even after the pandemic faded, this more authoritarian control and oversight of citizens and their activities stuck and even intensified. In order to protect themselves from the spread of increasingly global problems – from pandemics and transnational terrorism to environmental crises and rising poverty – leaders around the world took a firmer grip on power.

At first, the notion of a more controlled world gained wide acceptance and approval. Citizens willingly gave up some of their sovereignty – and their privacy – to more paternalistic states in exchange for greater safety and stability. Citizens were more tolerant, and even eager, for top-down direction and oversight, and national leaders had more latitude to impose order in the ways they saw fit.

In developed countries, this heightened oversight took many forms: biometric IDs for all citizens, for example, and tighter regulation of key industries whose stability was deemed vital to national interests. In many developed countries, enforced cooperation with a suite of new regulations and agreements slowly but steadily restored both order and, importantly, economic growth.

There we have the prophetic Rockefellers in 2010 and three years later came their paper for the Global Health Summit in Beijing, China, when government representatives, the private sector, international organisations and groups met to discuss the next 100 years of 'global health'. The Rockefeller Foundation-funded paper was called 'Dreaming the Future of Health for the Next 100 Years and more prophecy ensued as it described a dystopian future: 'The abundance of data, digitally tracking and linking people may mean the 'death of privacy' and may replace physical interaction with transient, virtual connection, generating isolation and raising questions of how values are shaped in virtual networks.' Next in the 'Covid' hoax preparation sequence came a 'table top' simulation in 2018 for another 'imaginary' pandemic of a disease called Clade X which was said to kill 900 million people. The exercise was organised by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins University's Center for Health Security in the United States and this is the very same university that has been compiling the disgustingly and systematically erroneous global figures for 'Covid' cases and deaths. Similar Johns Hopkins health crisis scenarios have included the Dark Winter exercise in 2001 and Atlantic Storm in 2005.

Nostradamus 201

For sheer predictive genius look no further prophecy-watchers than the Bill Gates-funded Event 201 held only six weeks before the 'coronavirus pandemic' is supposed to have broken out in China and Event 201 was based on a scenario of a global 'coronavirus pandemic'. Melinda Gates, the great man's missus, told the BBC that he had 'prepared for years' for a coronavirus pandemic which told us what we already knew. Nostradamugates had predicted in a TED talk in 2015 that a pandemic was coming that would kill a lot of people and demolish the world economy. My god, the man is a machine – possibly even literally. Now here he was only weeks before the real thing funding just such a simulated scenario and involving his friends and associates at Johns Hopkins, the World Economic Forum Cult-front of Klaus Schwab, the United Nations,

Johnson & Johnson, major banks, and officials from China and the Centers for Disease Control in the United States. What synchronicity – Johns Hopkins would go on to compile the fraudulent 'Covid' figures, the World Economic Forum and Schwab would push the 'Great Reset' in response to 'Covid', the Centers for Disease Control would be at the forefront of 'Covid' policy in the United States, Johnson & Johnson would produce a 'Covid vaccine', and everything would officially start just weeks later in China. Spooky, eh? They were even accurate in creating a simulation of a 'virus' pandemic because the 'real thing' would also be a simulation. Event 201 was not an exercise preparing for something that might happen; it was a rehearsal for what those in control knew was *going* to happen and very shortly. Hours of this simulation were posted on the Internet and the various themes and responses mirrored what would soon be imposed to transform human society. News stories were inserted and what they said would be commonplace a few weeks later with still more prophecy perfection. Much discussion focused on the need to deal with misinformation and the 'anti-vax movement' which is exactly what happened when the 'virus' arrived – was said to have arrived – in the West.

Cult-owned social media banned criticism and exposure of the official 'virus' narrative and when I said there *was* no 'virus' in early April, 2020, I was banned by one platform after another including YouTube, Facebook and later Twitter. The mainstream broadcast media in Britain was in effect banned from interviewing me by the Tony-Blair-created government broadcasting censor Ofcom headed by career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes who was appointed just as the 'virus' hoax was about to play out in January, 2020. At the same time the Ickonic media platform was using Vimeo, another ultra-Zionist-owned operation, while our own player was being created and they deleted in an instant hundreds of videos, documentaries, series and shows to confirm their unbelievable vindictiveness. We had copies, of course, and they had to be restored one by one when our player was ready. These people have no class. Sabbatian Facebook promised free advertisements for the Gates-

controlled World Health Organization narrative while deleting 'false claims and conspiracy theories' to stop 'misinformation' about the alleged coronavirus. All these responses could be seen just a short while earlier in the scenarios of Event 201. Extreme censorship was absolutely crucial for the Cult because the official story was so ridiculous and unsupportable by the evidence that it could never survive open debate and the free-flow of information and opinion. If you can't win a debate then don't have one is the Cult's approach throughout history. Facebook's little boy front man – front boy – Mark Zuckerberg equated 'credible and accurate information' with official sources and exposing their lies with 'misinformation'.

Silencing those that can see

The censorship dynamic of Event 201 is now the norm with an army of narrative-supporting 'fact-checker' organisations whose entire reason for being is to tell the public that official narratives are true and those exposing them are lying. One of the most appalling of these 'fact-checkers' is called NewsGuard founded by ultra-Zionist Americans Gordon Crovitz and Steven Brill. Crovitz is a former publisher of *The Wall Street Journal*, former Executive Vice President of Dow Jones, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), and on the board of the American Association of Rhodes Scholars. The CFR and Rhodes Scholarships, named after Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered the gold and diamonds of South Africa for his masters and the Cult, have featured widely in my books. NewsGuard don't seem to like me for some reason – I really can't think why – and they have done all they can to have me censored and discredited which is, to quote an old British politician, like being savaged by a dead sheep. They are, however, like all in the censorship network, very well connected and funded by organisations themselves funded by, or connected to, Bill Gates. As you would expect with anything associated with Gates NewsGuard has an offshoot called HealthGuard which 'fights online health care hoaxes'. How very kind. Somehow the NewsGuard European Managing Director Anna-Sophie Harling, a remarkably young-

looking woman with no broadcasting experience and little hands-on work in journalism, has somehow secured a position on the 'Content Board' of UK government broadcast censor Ofcom. An executive of an organisation seeking to discredit dissidents of the official narratives is making decisions for the government broadcast 'regulator' about content?? Another appalling 'fact-checker' is Full Fact funded by George Soros and global censors Google and Facebook.

It's amazing how many activists in the 'fact-checking', 'anti-hate', arena turn up in government-related positions – people like UK Labour Party activist Imran Ahmed who heads the Center for Countering Digital Hate founded by people like Morgan McSweeney, now chief of staff to the Labour Party's hapless and useless 'leader' Keir Starmer. Digital Hate – which is what it really is – uses the American spelling of Center to betray its connection to a transatlantic network of similar organisations which in 2020 shapeshifted from attacking people for 'hate' to attacking them for questioning the 'Covid' hoax and the dangers of the 'Covid vaccine'. It's just a coincidence, you understand. This is one of Imran Ahmed's hysterical statements: 'I would go beyond calling anti-vaxxers conspiracy theorists to say they are an extremist group that pose a national security risk.' No one could ever accuse this prat of understatement and he's including in that those parents who are now against vaccines after their children were damaged for life or killed by them. He's such a nice man. Ahmed does the rounds of the Woke media getting soft-ball questions from spineless 'journalists' who never ask what right he has to campaign to destroy the freedom of speech of others while he demands it for himself. There also seems to be an overrepresentation in Ofcom of people connected to the narrative-worshipping BBC. This incredible global network of narrative-support was super-vital when the 'Covid' hoax was played in the light of the mega-whopper lies that have to be defended from the spotlight cast by the most basic intelligence.

Setting the scene

The Cult plays the long game and proceeds step-by-step ensuring that everything is in place before major cards are played and they don't come any bigger than the 'Covid' hoax. The psychopaths can't handle events where the outcome isn't certain and as little as possible – preferably nothing – is left to chance. Politicians, government and medical officials who would follow direction were brought to illusory power in advance by the Cult web whether on the national stage or others like state governors and mayors of America. For decades the dynamic between officialdom, law enforcement and the public was changed from one of service to one of control and dictatorship. Behaviour manipulation networks established within government were waiting to impose the coming 'Covid' rules and regulations specifically designed to subdue and rewire the psyche of the people in the guise of protecting health. These included in the UK the Behavioural Insights Team part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office; the Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B); and a whole web of intelligence and military groups seeking to direct the conversation on social media and control the narrative. Among them are the cyberwarfare (on the people) 77th Brigade of the British military which is also coordinated through the Cabinet Office as civilian and military leadership continues to combine in what they call the Fusion Doctrine. The 77th Brigade is a British equivalent of the infamous Israeli (Sabbatian) military cyberwarfare and Internet manipulation operation Unit 8200 which I expose at length in *The Trigger*. Also carefully in place were the medical and science advisers to government – many on the payroll past or present of Bill Gates – and a whole alternative structure of unelected government stood by to take control when elected parliaments were effectively closed down once the 'Covid' card was slammed on the table. The structure I have described here and so much more was installed in every major country through the Cult networks. The top-down control hierarchy looks like this: The Cult – Cult-owned Gates – the World Health Organization and Tedros – Gates-funded or controlled chief medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators) in each country –

political 'leaders'– law enforcement – The People. Through this simple global communication and enforcement structure the policy of the Cult could be imposed on virtually the entire human population so long as they acquiesced to the fascism. With everything in place it was time for the button to be pressed in late 2019/early 2020.

These were the prime goals the Cult had to secure for its will to prevail:

1) Locking down economies, closing all but designated 'essential' businesses (Cult-owned corporations were 'essential'), and putting the population under house arrest was an imperative to destroy independent income and employment and ensure dependency on the Cult-controlled state in the Hunger Games Society. Lockdowns had to be established as the global blueprint from the start to respond to the 'virus' and followed by pretty much the entire world.

2) The global population had to be terrified into believing in a deadly 'virus' that didn't actually exist so they would unquestioningly obey authority in the belief that authority must know how best to protect them and their families. Software salesman Gates would suddenly morph into the world's health expert and be promoted as such by the Cult-owned media.

3) A method of testing that wasn't testing for the 'virus', but was only claimed to be, had to be in place to provide the illusion of 'cases' and subsequent 'deaths' that had a very different cause to the 'Covid-19' that would be scribbled on the death certificate.

4) Because there was no 'virus' and the great majority testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' would have no symptoms of anything the lie had to be sold that people without symptoms (without the 'virus') could still pass it on to others. This was crucial to justify for the first time quarantining – house arresting – healthy people. Without this the economy-destroying lockdown of *everybody* could not have been credibly sold.

5) The 'saviour' had to be seen as a vaccine which beyond evil drug companies were working like angels of mercy to develop as quickly as possible, with all corners cut, to save the day. The public must absolutely not know that the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with a 'virus' or that the contents were ready and waiting with a very different motive long before the 'Covid' card was even lifted from the pack.

I said in March, 2020, that the 'vaccine' would have been created way ahead of the 'Covid' hoax which justified its use and the following December an article in the New York *Intelligencer* magazine said the Moderna 'vaccine' had been 'designed' by

January, 2020. This was 'before China had even acknowledged that the disease could be transmitted from human to human, more than a week before the first confirmed coronavirus case in the United States'. The article said that by the time the first American death was announced a month later 'the vaccine had already been manufactured and shipped to the National Institutes of Health for the beginning of its Phase I clinical trial'. The 'vaccine' was actually 'designed' long before that although even with this timescale you would expect the article to ask how on earth it could have been done that quickly. Instead it asked why the 'vaccine' had not been rolled out then and not months later. Journalism in the mainstream is truly dead. I am going to detail in the next chapter why the 'virus' has never existed and how a hoax on that scale was possible, but first the foundation on which the Big Lie of 'Covid' was built.

The test that doesn't test

Fraudulent 'testing' is the bottom line of the whole 'Covid' hoax and was the means by which a 'virus' that did not exist *appeared* to exist. They could only achieve this magic trick by using a test not testing for the 'virus'. To use a test that *was* testing for the 'virus' would mean that every test would come back negative given there was no 'virus'. They chose to exploit something called the RT-PCR test invented by American biochemist Kary Mullis in the 1980s who said publicly that his PCR test … *cannot detect infectious disease*. Yes, the 'test' used worldwide to detect infectious 'Covid' to produce all the illusory 'cases' and 'deaths' compiled by Johns Hopkins and others *cannot detect infectious disease*. This fact came from the mouth of the man who invented PCR and was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1993 for doing so. Sadly, and incredibly conveniently for the Cult, Mullis died in August, 2019, at the age of 74 just before his test would be fraudulently used to unleash fascism on the world. He was said to have died from pneumonia which was an irony in itself. A few months later he would have had 'Covid-19' on his death certificate. I say the timing of his death was convenient because had he lived Mullis, a brilliant, honest and decent man, would have been

vociferously speaking out against the use of his test to detect 'Covid' when it was never designed, or able, to do that. I know that to be true given that Mullis made the same point when his test was used to 'detect' – not detect – HIV. He had been seriously critical of the Gallo/Montagnier claim to have isolated the HIV 'virus' and shown it to cause AIDS for which Mullis said there was no evidence. AIDS is actually not a disease but a series of diseases from which people die all the time. When they die from those *same diseases* after a positive 'test' for HIV then AIDS goes on their death certificate. I think I've heard that before somewhere. Countries instigated a policy with 'Covid' that anyone who tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and died of any other cause within 28 days and even longer 'Covid-19' had to go on the death certificate. Cases have come from the test that can't test for infectious disease and the deaths are those who have died of *anything* after testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I'll have much more later about the death certificate scandal.

Mullis was deeply dismissive of the now US 'Covid' star Anthony Fauci who he said was a liar who didn't know anything about anything – 'and I would say that to his face – nothing.' He said of Fauci: 'The man thinks he can take a blood sample, put it in an electron microscope and if it's got a virus in there you'll know it – he doesn't understand electron microscopy and he doesn't understand medicine and shouldn't be in a position like he's in.' That position, terrifyingly, has made him the decider of 'Covid' fascism policy on behalf of the Cult in his role as director since 1984 of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) while his record of being wrong is laughable; but being wrong, so long as it's the *right kind* of wrong, is why the Cult loves him. He'll say anything the Cult tells him to say. Fauci was made Chief Medical Adviser to the President immediately Biden took office. Biden was installed in the White House by Cult manipulation and one of his first decisions was to elevate Fauci to a position of even more control. This is a coincidence? Yes, and I identify as a flamenco dancer called Lola. How does such an incompetent criminal like Fauci remain in that

pivotal position in American health since *the 1980s*? When you serve the Cult it looks after you until you are surplus to requirements. Kary Mullis said prophetically of Fauci and his like: 'Those guys have an agenda and it's not an agenda we would like them to have … they make their own rules, they change them when they want to, and Tony Fauci does not mind going on television in front of the people who pay his salary and lie directly into the camera.' Fauci has done that almost daily since the 'Covid' hoax began. Lying is in Fauci's DNA. To make the situation crystal clear about the PCR test this is a direct quote from its inventor Kary Mullis:

> It [the PCR test] doesn't tell you that you're sick and doesn't tell you that the thing you ended up with was really going to hurt you ...'

Ask yourself why governments and medical systems the world over have been using this very test to decide who is 'infected' with the SARS-CoV-2 'virus' and the alleged disease it allegedly causes, 'Covid-19'. The answer to that question will tell you what has been going on. By the way, here's a little show-stopper – the 'new' SARS-CoV-2 'virus' was 'identified' as such right from the start using … *the PCR test not testing for the 'virus'*. If you are new to this and find that shocking then stick around. I have hardly started yet. Even worse, other 'tests', like the 'Lateral Flow Device' (LFD), are considered so useless that they have to be *confirmed* by the PCR test! Leaked emails written by Ben Dyson, adviser to UK 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock, said they were 'dangerously unreliable'. Dyson, executive director of strategy at the Department of Health, wrote: 'As of today, someone who gets a positive LFD result in (say) London has at best a 25 per cent chance of it being a true positive, but if it is a self-reported test potentially as low as 10 per cent (on an optimistic assumption about specificity) or as low as 2 per cent (on a more pessimistic assumption).' These are the 'tests' that schoolchildren and the public are being urged to have twice a week or more and have to isolate if they get a positive. Each fake positive goes in the statistics as a 'case' no matter how ludicrously inaccurate and the

'cases' drive lockdown, masks and the pressure to 'vaccinate'. The government said in response to the email leak that the 'tests' were accurate which confirmed yet again what shocking bloody liars they are. The real false positive rate is *100 percent* as we'll see. In another 'you couldn't make it up' the UK government agreed to pay £2.8 billion to California's Innova Medical Group to supply the irrelevant lateral flow tests. The company's primary test-making centre is in China. Innova Medical Group, established in March, 2020, is owned by Pasaca Capital Inc, chaired by Chinese-American millionaire Charles Huang who was born in Wuhan.

How it works – and how it doesn't

The RT-PCR test, known by its full title of Polymerase chain reaction, is used across the world to make millions, even billions, of copies of a DNA/RNA genetic information sample. The process is called 'amplification' and means that a tiny sample of genetic material is amplified to bring out the detailed content. I stress that it is not testing for an infectious disease. It is simply amplifying a sample of genetic material. In the words of Kary Mullis: 'PCR is … just a process that's used to make a whole lot of something out of something.' To emphasise the point companies that make the PCR tests circulated around the world to 'test' for 'Covid' warn on the box that it can't be used to detect 'Covid' or infectious disease and is for research purposes only. It's okay, rest for a minute and you'll be fine. This is the test that produces the 'cases' and 'deaths' that have been used to destroy human society. All those global and national medical and scientific 'experts' demanding this destruction to 'save us' *KNOW* that the test is not testing for the 'virus' and the cases and deaths they claim to be real are an almost unimaginable fraud. Every one of them and so many others including politicians and psychopaths like Gates and Tedros must be brought before Nuremburg-type trials and jailed for the rest of their lives. The more the genetic sample is amplified by PCR the more elements of that material become sensitive to the test and by that I don't mean sensitive for a 'virus' but for elements of the genetic material which

is *naturally* in the body or relates to remnants of old conditions of various kinds lying dormant and causing no disease. Once the amplification of the PCR reaches a certain level *everyone* will test positive. So much of the material has been made sensitive to the test that everyone will have some part of it in their body. Even lying criminals like Fauci have said that once PCR amplifications pass 35 cycles everything will be a false positive that cannot be trusted for the reasons I have described. I say, like many proper doctors and scientists, that 100 percent of the 'positives' are false, but let's just go with Fauci for a moment.

He says that any amplification over 35 cycles will produce false positives and yet the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC) and Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have recommended up to *40 cycles* and the National Health Service (NHS) in Britain admitted in an internal document for staff that it was using *45 cycles* of amplification. A long list of other countries has been doing the same and at least one 'testing' laboratory has been using *50 cycles*. Have you ever heard a doctor, medical 'expert' or the media ask what level of amplification has been used to claim a 'positive'. The 'test' comes back 'positive' and so you have the 'virus', end of story. Now we can see how the government in Tanzania could send off samples from a goat and a pawpaw fruit under human names and both came back positive for 'Covid-19'. Tanzania president John Magufuli mocked the 'Covid' hysteria, the PCR test and masks and refused to import the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine'. The Cult hated him and an article sponsored by the Bill Gates Foundation appeared in the London *Guardian* in February, 2021, headed 'It's time for Africa to rein in Tanzania's anti-vaxxer president'. Well, 'reined in' he shortly was. Magufuli appeared in good health, but then, in March, 2021, he was dead at 61 from 'heart failure'. He was replaced by Samia Hassan Suhulu who is connected to Klaus Schwab's World Economic Forum and she immediately reversed Magufuli's 'Covid' policy. A sample of cola tested positive for 'Covid' with the PCR test in Germany while American actress and singer-songwriter Erykah Badu tested positive in one nostril and negative in the other. Footballer Ronaldo called

the PCR test 'bullshit' after testing positive three times and being forced to quarantine and miss matches when there was nothing wrong with him. The mantra from Tedros at the World Health Organization and national governments (same thing) has been test, test, test. They know that the more tests they can generate the more fake 'cases' they have which go on to become 'deaths' in ways I am coming to. The UK government has its Operation Moonshot planned to test multiple millions every day in workplaces and schools with free tests for everyone to use twice a week at home in line with the Cult plan from the start to make testing part of life. A government advertisement for an 'Interim Head of Asymptomatic Testing Communication' said the job included responsibility for delivering a 'communications strategy' (propaganda) 'to support the expansion of asymptomatic testing that *'normalises testing as part of everyday life'*. More tests means more fake 'cases', 'deaths' and fascism. I have heard of, and from, many people who booked a test, couldn't turn up, and yet got a positive result through the post for a test they'd never even had. The whole thing is crazy, but for the Cult there's method in the madness. Controlling and manipulating the level of amplification of the test means the authorities can control whenever they want the number of apparent 'cases' and 'deaths'. If they want to justify more fascist lockdown and destruction of livelihoods they keep the amplification high. If they want to give the illusion that lockdowns and the 'vaccine' are working then they lower the amplification and 'cases' and 'deaths' will appear to fall. In January, 2021, the Cult-owned World Health Organization suddenly warned laboratories about over-amplification of the test and to lower the threshold. Suddenly headlines began appearing such as: 'Why ARE "Covid" cases plummeting?' This was just when the vaccine rollout was underway and I had predicted months before they would make cases appear to fall through amplification tampering when the 'vaccine' came. These people are so predictable.

Cow vaccines?

The question must be asked of what is on the test swabs being poked far up the nose of the population to the base of the brain? A nasal swab punctured one woman's brain and caused it to leak fluid. Most of these procedures are being done by people with little training or medical knowledge. Dr Lorraine Day, former orthopaedic trauma surgeon and Chief of Orthopaedic Surgery at San Francisco General Hospital, says the tests are really a *'vaccine'*. Cows have long been vaccinated this way. She points out that masks have to cover the nose and the mouth where it is claimed the 'virus' exists in saliva. Why then don't they take saliva from the mouth as they do with a DNA test instead of pushing a long swab up the nose towards the brain? The ethmoid bone separates the nasal cavity from the brain and within that bone is the cribriform plate. Dr Day says that when the swab is pushed up against this plate and twisted the procedure is 'depositing things back there'. She claims that among these 'things' are nanoparticles that can enter the brain. Researchers have noted that a team at the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins have designed tiny, star-shaped micro-devices that can latch onto intestinal mucosa and release drugs into the body. Mucosa is the thin skin that covers the inside surface of parts of the body such as *the nose* and mouth and produces mucus to protect them. The Johns Hopkins micro-devices are called 'theragrippers' and were 'inspired' by a parasitic worm that digs its sharp teeth into a host's intestines. Nasal swabs are also coated in the sterilisation agent ethylene oxide. The US National Cancer Institute posts this explanation on its website:

> At room temperature, ethylene oxide is a flammable colorless gas with a sweet odor. It is used primarily to produce other chemicals, including antifreeze. In smaller amounts, ethylene oxide is used as a pesticide and a sterilizing agent. The ability of ethylene oxide to damage DNA makes it an effective sterilizing agent but also accounts for its cancer-causing activity.

The Institute mentions lymphoma and leukaemia as cancers most frequently reported to be associated with occupational exposure to ethylene oxide along with stomach and breast cancers. How does anyone think this is going to work out with the constant testing

regime being inflicted on adults and children at home and at school that will accumulate in the body anything that's on the swab?

Doctors know best

It is vital for people to realise that 'hero' doctors 'know' only what the Big Pharma-dominated medical authorities tell them to 'know' and if they refuse to 'know' what they are told to 'know' they are out the door. They are mostly not physicians or healers, but repeaters of the official narrative – or else. I have seen alleged professional doctors on British television make shocking statements that we are supposed to take seriously. One called 'Dr' Amir Khan, who is actually telling patients how to respond to illness, said that men could take the birth pill to 'help slow down the effects of Covid-19'. In March, 2021, another ridiculous 'Covid study' by an American doctor proposed injecting men with the female sex hormone progesterone as a 'Covid' treatment. British doctor Nighat Arif told the BBC that face coverings were now going to be part of ongoing normal. Yes, the vaccine protects you, she said (evidence?) … but the way to deal with viruses in the community was always going to come down to hand washing, face covering and keeping a physical distance. That's not what we were told before the 'vaccine' was circulating. Arif said she couldn't imagine ever again going on the underground or in a lift without a mask. I was just thanking my good luck that she was not my doctor when she said – in March, 2021 – that if 'we are *behaving* and we are doing all the right things' she thought we could 'have our nearest and dearest around us at home … around *Christmas* and N*ew Year!* Her patronising delivery was the usual school teacher talking to six-year-olds as she repeated every government talking point and probably believed them all. If we have learned anything from the 'Covid' experience surely it must be that humanity's perception of doctors needs a fundamental rethink. NHS 'doctor' Sara Kayat told her television audience that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Not even Big Pharma claimed that. We have to stop taking 'experts' at their word without question when so many of them are

clueless and only repeating the party line on which their careers depend. That is not to say there are not brilliants doctors – there are and I have spoken to many of them since all this began – but you won't see them in the mainstream media or quoted by the psychopaths and yes-people in government.

Remember the name – Christian Drosten

German virologist Christian Drosten, Director of Charité Institute of Virology in Berlin, became a national star after the pandemic hoax began. He was feted on television and advised the German government on 'Covid' policy. Most importantly to the wider world Drosten led a group that produced the 'Covid' testing protocol for the PCR test. What a remarkable feat given the PCR cannot test for infectious disease and even more so when you think that Drosten said that his method of testing for SARS-CoV-2 was developed 'without having virus material available'. *He developed a test for a 'virus' that he didn't have and had never seen*. Let that sink in as you survey the global devastation that came from what he did. The whole catastrophe of Drosten's 'test' was based on the alleged genetic sequence published by Chinese scientists on the Internet. We will see in the next chapter that this alleged 'genetic sequence' has never been produced by China or anyone and cannot be when there *is no* SARS-CoV-2. Drosten, however, doesn't seem to let little details like that get in the way. He was the lead author with Victor Corman from the same Charité Hospital of the paper 'Detection of 2019 novel coronavirus (2019-nCoV) by real-time PCR' published in a magazine called *Eurosurveillance*. This became known as the Corman-Drosten paper. In November, 2020, with human society devastated by the effects of the Corman-Drosten test baloney, the protocol was publicly challenged by 22 international scientists and independent researchers from Europe, the United States, and Japan. Among them were senior molecular geneticists, biochemists, immunologists, and microbiologists. They produced a document headed 'External peer review of the RTPCR test to detect SARS-Cov-2 Reveals 10 Major Flaws At The Molecular and Methodological Level: Consequences

For False-Positive Results'. The flaws in the Corman-Drosten test included the following:

- The test is non-specific because of erroneous design
- Results are enormously variable
- The test is unable to discriminate between the whole 'virus' and viral fragments
- It doesn't have positive or negative controls
- The test lacks a standard operating procedure
- It is unsupported by proper peer view

The scientists said the PCR 'Covid' testing protocol was not founded on science and they demanded the Corman-Drosten paper be retracted by *Eurosurveillance*. They said all present and previous Covid deaths, cases, and 'infection rates' should be subject to a massive retroactive inquiry. Lockdowns and travel restrictions should be reviewed and relaxed and those diagnosed through PCR to have 'Covid-19' should not be forced to isolate. Dr Kevin Corbett, a health researcher and nurse educator with a long academic career producing a stream of peer-reviewed publications at many UK universities, made the same point about the PCR test debacle. He said of the scientists' conclusions: 'Every scientific rationale for the development of that test has been totally destroyed by this paper. It's like Hiroshima/Nagasaki to the Covid test.' He said that China hadn't given them an isolated 'virus' when Drosten developed the test. Instead they had developed the test from *a sequence in a gene bank*.' Put another way … *they made it up*! The scientists were supported in this contention by a Portuguese appeals court which ruled in November, 2020, that PCR tests are unreliable and it is unlawful to quarantine people based solely on a PCR test. The point about China not providing an isolated virus must be true when the 'virus' has never been isolated to this day and the consequences of that will become clear. Drosten and company produced this useless 'protocol' right on cue in January, 2020, just as the 'virus' was said to

be moving westward and it somehow managed to successfully pass a peer-review in 24 hours. In other words there was no peer-review for a test that would be used to decide who had 'Covid' and who didn't across the world. The Cult-created, Gates-controlled World Health Organization immediately recommended all its nearly 200 member countries to use the Drosten PCR protocol to detect 'cases' and 'deaths'. The sting was underway and it continues to this day.

So who is this Christian Drosten that produced the means through which death, destruction and economic catastrophe would be justified? His education background, including his doctoral thesis, would appear to be somewhat shrouded in mystery and his track record is dire as with another essential player in the 'Covid' hoax, the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London of whom more shortly. Drosten predicted in 2003 that the alleged original SARS 'virus' (SARS-1') was an epidemic that could have serious effects on economies and an effective vaccine would take at least two years to produce. Drosten's answer to every alleged 'outbreak' is a vaccine which you won't be shocked to know. What followed were just 774 official deaths worldwide and none in Germany where there were only nine cases. That is even if you believe there ever was a SARS 'virus' when the evidence is zilch and I will expand on this in the next chapter. Drosten claims to be co-discoverer of 'SARS-1' and developed a test for it in 2003. He was screaming warnings about 'swine flu' in 2009 and how it was a widespread infection far more severe than any dangers from a vaccine could be and people should get vaccinated. It would be helpful for Drosten's vocal chords if he simply recorded the words 'the virus is deadly and you need to get vaccinated' and copies could be handed out whenever the latest made-up threat comes along. Drosten's swine flu epidemic never happened, but Big Pharma didn't mind with governments spending hundreds of millions on vaccines that hardly anyone bothered to use and many who did wished they hadn't. A study in 2010 revealed that the risk of dying from swine flu, or H1N1, was no higher than that of the annual seasonal flu which is what at least most of 'it' really was as in

the case of 'Covid-19'. A media investigation into Drosten asked how with such a record of inaccuracy he could be *the* government adviser on these issues. The answer to that question is the same with Drosten, Ferguson and Fauci – they keep on giving the authorities the 'conclusions' and 'advice' they want to hear. Drosten certainly produced the goods for them in January, 2020, with his PCR protocol garbage and provided the foundation of what German internal medicine specialist Dr Claus Köhnlein, co-author of *Virus Mania*, called the 'test pandemic'. The 22 scientists in the *Eurosurveillance* challenge called out conflicts of interest within the Drosten 'protocol' group and with good reason. Olfert Landt, a regular co-author of Drosten 'studies', owns the biotech company TIB Molbiol Syntheselabor GmbH in Berlin which manufactures and sells the tests that Drosten and his mates come up with. They have done this with SARS, Enterotoxigenic E. coli (ETEC), MERS, Zika 'virus', yellow fever, and now 'Covid'. Landt told the *Berliner Zeitung* newspaper:

> The testing, design and development came from the Charité [Drosten and Corman]. We simply implemented it immediately in the form of a kit. And if we don't have the virus, which originally only existed in Wuhan, we can make a synthetic gene to simulate the genome of the virus. That's what we did very quickly.

This is more confirmation that the Drosten test was designed without access to the 'virus' and only a synthetic simulation which is what SARS-CoV-2 really is – a computer-generated synthetic fiction. It's quite an enterprise they have going here. A Drosten team decides what the test for something should be and Landt's biotech company flogs it to governments and medical systems across the world. His company must have made an absolute fortune since the 'Covid' hoax began. Dr Reiner Fuellmich, a prominent German consumer protection trial lawyer in Germany and California, is on Drosten's case and that of Tedros at the World Health Organization for crimes against humanity with a class-action lawsuit being prepared in the United States and other legal action in Germany.

Why China?

Scamming the world with a 'virus' that doesn't exist would seem impossible on the face of it, but not if you have control of the relatively few people that make policy decisions and the great majority of the global media. Remember it's not about changing 'real' reality it's about controlling *perception* of reality. You don't have to make something happen you only have make people *believe* that it's happening. Renegade Minds understand this and are therefore much harder to swindle. 'Covid-19' is not a 'real' 'virus'. It's a mind virus, like a computer virus, which has infected the minds, not the bodies, of billions. It all started, publically at least, in China and that alone is of central significance. The Cult was behind the revolution led by its asset Mao Zedong, or Chairman Mao, which established the People's Republic of China on October 1st, 1949. It should have been called The Cult's Republic of China, but the name had to reflect the recurring illusion that vicious dictatorships are run by and for the people (see all the 'Democratic Republics' controlled by tyrants). In the same way we have the 'Biden' Democratic Republic of America officially ruled by a puppet tyrant (at least temporarily) on behalf of Cult tyrants. The creation of Mao's merciless communist/fascist dictatorship was part of a frenzy of activity by the Cult at the conclusion of World War Two which, like the First World War, it had instigated through its assets in Germany, Britain, France, the United States and elsewhere. Israel was formed in 1948; the Soviet Union expanded its 'Iron Curtain' control, influence and military power with the Warsaw Pact communist alliance in 1955; the United Nations was formed in 1945 as a Cult precursor to world government; and a long list of world bodies would be established including the World Health Organization (1948), World Trade Organization (1948 under another name until 1995), International Monetary Fund (1945) and World Bank (1944). Human society was redrawn and hugely centralised in the global Problem-Reaction-Solution that was World War Two. All these changes were significant. Israel would become the headquarters of the Sabbatians

and the revolution in China would prepare the ground and control system for the events of 2019/2020.

Renegade Minds know there are no borders except for public consumption. The Cult is a seamless, borderless global entity and to understand the game we need to put aside labels like borders, nations, countries, communism, fascism and democracy. These delude the population into believing that countries are ruled within their borders by a government of whatever shade when these are mere agencies of a global power. America's illusion of democracy and China's communism/fascism are subsidiaries – vehicles – for the same agenda. We may hear about conflict and competition between America and China and on the lower levels that will be true; but at the Cult level they are branches of the same company in the way of the McDonald's example I gave earlier. I have tracked in the books over the years support by US governments of both parties for Chinese Communist Party infiltration of American society through allowing the sale of land, even military facilities, and the acquisition of American business and university influence. All this is underpinned by the infamous stealing of intellectual property and technological know-how. Cult-owned Silicon Valley corporations waive their fraudulent 'morality' to do business with human-rights-free China; Cult-controlled Disney has become China's PR department; and China in effect owns 'American' sports such as basketball which depends for much of its income on Chinese audiences. As a result any sports player, coach or official speaking out against China's horrific human rights record is immediately condemned or fired by the China-worshipping National Basketball Association. One of the first acts of China-controlled Biden was to issue an executive order telling federal agencies to stop making references to the 'virus' by the 'geographic location of its origin'. Long-time Congressman Jerry Nadler warned that criticising China, America's biggest rival, leads to hate crimes against Asian people in the United States. So shut up you bigot. China is fast closing in on Israel as a country that must not be criticised which is apt, really, given that Sabbatians control them both. The two countries have

developed close economic, military, technological and strategic ties which include involvement in China's 'Silk Road' transport and economic initiative to connect China with Europe. Israel was the first country in the Middle East to recognise the establishment of Mao's tyranny in 1950 months after it was established.

Project Wuhan – the 'Covid' Psyop

I emphasise again that the Cult plays the long game and what is happening to the world today is the result of centuries of calculated manipulation following a script to take control step-by-step of every aspect of human society. I will discuss later the common force behind all this that has spanned those centuries and thousands of years if the truth be told. Instigating the Mao revolution in China in 1949 with a 2020 'pandemic' in mind is not only how they work – the 71 years between them is really quite short by the Cult's standards of manipulation preparation. The reason for the Cult's Chinese revolution was to create a fiercely-controlled environment within which an extreme structure for human control could be incubated to eventually be unleashed across the world. We have seen this happen since the 'pandemic' emerged from China with the Chinese control-structure founded on AI technology and tyrannical enforcement sweep across the West. Until the moment when the Cult went for broke in the West and put its fascism on public display Western governments had to pay some lip-service to freedom and democracy to not alert too many people to the tyranny-in-the-making. Freedoms were more subtly eroded and power centralised with covert government structures put in place waiting for the arrival of 2020 when that smokescreen of 'freedom' could be dispensed with. The West was not able to move towards tyranny before 2020 anything like as fast as China which was created as a tyranny and had no limits on how fast it could construct the Cult's blueprint for global control. When the time came to impose that structure on the world it was the same Cult-owned Chinese communist/fascist government that provided the excuse – the 'Covid pandemic'. It was absolutely crucial to the Cult plan for the Chinese response to the 'pandemic' –

draconian lockdowns of the entire population – to become the blueprint that Western countries would follow to destroy the livelihoods and freedom of their people. This is why the Cult-owned, Gates-owned, WHO Director-General Tedros said early on:

> The Chinese government is to be congratulated for the extraordinary measures it has taken to contain the outbreak. China is actually setting a new standard for outbreak response and it is not an exaggeration.

Forbes magazine said of China: '… those measures protected untold millions from getting the disease'. The Rockefeller Foundation 'epidemic scenario' document in 2010 said 'prophetically':

> However, a few countries did fare better – China in particular. The Chinese government's quick imposition and enforcement of mandatory quarantine for all citizens, as well as its instant and near-hermetic sealing off of all borders, saved millions of lives, stopping the spread of the virus far earlier than in other countries and enabling a swifter post-pandemic recovery.

Once again – *spooky*.

The first official story was the 'bat theory' or rather the bat diversion. The source of the 'virus outbreak' we were told was a ''wet market' in Wuhan where bats and other animals are bought and eaten in horrifically unhygienic conditions. Then another story emerged through the alternative media that the 'virus' had been released on purpose or by accident from a BSL-4 (biosafety level 4) laboratory in Wuhan not far from the wet market. The lab was reported to create and work with lethal concoctions and bioweapons. Biosafety level 4 is the highest in the World Health Organization system of safety and containment. Renegade Minds are aware of what I call designer manipulation. The ideal for the Cult is for people to buy its prime narrative which in the opening salvoes of the 'pandemic' was the wet market story. It knows, however, that there is now a considerable worldwide alternative media of researchers sceptical of anything governments say and they are often given a version of events in a form they can perceive as credible while misdirecting them from the real truth. In this case let them

think that the conspiracy involved is a 'bioweapon virus' released from the Wuhan lab to keep them from the real conspiracy – *there is no 'virus'*. The WHO's current position on the source of the outbreak at the time of writing appears to be: 'We haven't got a clue, mate.' This is a good position to maintain mystery and bewilderment. The inner circle will know where the 'virus' came from – *nowhere*. The bottom line was to ensure the public believed there *was* a 'virus' and it didn't much matter if they thought it was natural or had been released from a lab. The belief that there was a 'deadly virus' was all that was needed to trigger global panic and fear. The population was terrified into handing their power to authority and doing what they were told. They had to or they were 'all gonna die'.

In March, 2020, information began to come my way from real doctors and scientists and my own additional research which had my intuition screaming: 'Yes, that's it! *There is no virus*.' The 'bioweapon' was not the 'virus'; it was the *'vaccine'* already being talked about that would be the bioweapon. My conclusion was further enhanced by happenings in Wuhan. The 'virus' was said to be sweeping the city and news footage circulated of people collapsing in the street (which they've never done in the West with the same 'virus'). The Chinese government was building 'new hospitals' in a matter of ten days to 'cope with demand' such was the virulent nature of the 'virus'. Yet in what seemed like no time the 'new hospitals' closed – even if they even opened – and China declared itself 'virus-free'. It was back to business as usual. This was more propaganda to promote the Chinese draconian lockdowns in the West as the way to 'beat the virus'. Trouble was that we subsequently had lockdown after lockdown, but never business as usual. As the people of the West and most of the rest of the world were caught in an ever-worsening spiral of lockdown, social distancing, masks, isolated old people, families forced apart, and livelihood destruction, it was party-time in Wuhan. Pictures emerged of thousands of people enjoying pool parties and concerts. It made no sense until you realised there never was a 'virus' and the

whole thing was a Cult set-up to transform human society out of one its major global strongholds – China.

How is it possible to deceive virtually the entire world population into believing there is a deadly virus when there is not even a 'virus' let alone a deadly one? It's nothing like as difficult as you would think and that's clearly true because it happened.

Postscript: See end of book Postscript for more on the 'Wuhan lab virus release' story which the authorities and media were pushing heavily in the summer of 2021 to divert attention from the truth that the 'Covid virus' is pure invention.

CHAPTER FIVE

There *is no* 'virus'

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time
Abraham Lincoln

The greatest form of mind control is repetition. The more you repeat the same mantra of alleged 'facts' the more will accept them to be true. It becomes an 'everyone knows that, mate'. If you can also censor any other version or alternative to your alleged 'facts' you are pretty much home and cooking.

By the start of 2020 the Cult owned the global mainstream media almost in its entirety to spew out its 'Covid' propaganda and ignore or discredit any other information and view. Cult-owned social media platforms in Cult-owned Silicon Valley were poised and ready to unleash a campaign of ferocious censorship to obliterate all but the official narrative. To complete the circle many demands for censorship by Silicon Valley were led by the mainstream media as 'journalists' became full-out enforcers for the Cult both as propagandists and censors. Part of this has been the influx of young people straight out of university who have become 'journalists' in significant positions. They have no experience and a headful of programmed perceptions from their years at school and university at a time when today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in known human history given the insidious impact of technology. They enter the media perceptually prepared and ready to repeat the narratives of the system that programmed them to

repeat its narratives. The BBC has a truly pathetic 'specialist disinformation reporter' called Marianna Spring who fits this bill perfectly. She is clueless about the world, how it works and what is really going on. Her role is to discredit anyone doing the job that a proper journalist would do and system-serving hacks like Spring wouldn't dare to do or even see the need to do. They are too busy licking the arse of authority which can never be wrong and, in the case of the BBC propaganda programme, *Panorama*, contacting payments systems such as PayPal to have a donations page taken down for a film company making documentaries questioning vaccines. Even the BBC soap opera *EastEnders* included a disgracefully biased scene in which an inarticulate white working class woman was made to look foolish for questioning the 'vaccine' while a well-spoken black man and Asian woman promoted the government narrative. It ticked every BBC box and the fact that the black and minority community was resisting the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with the way the scene was written. The BBC has become a disgusting tyrannical propaganda and censorship operation that should be defunded and disbanded and a free media take its place with a brief to stop censorship instead of demanding it. A BBC 'interview' with Gates goes something like: 'Mr Gates, sir, if I can call you sir, would you like to tell our audience why you are such a great man, a wonderful humanitarian philanthropist, and why you should absolutely be allowed as a software salesman to decide health policy for approaching eight billion people? Thank you, sir, please sir.' Propaganda programming has been incessant and merciless and when all you hear is the same story from the media, repeated by those around you who have only heard the same story, is it any wonder that people on a grand scale believe absolute mendacious garbage to be true? You are about to see, too, why this level of information control is necessary when the official 'Covid' narrative is so nonsensical and unsupportable by the evidence.

Structure of Deceit

The pyramid structure through which the 'Covid' hoax has been manifested is very simple and has to be to work. As few people as possible have to be involved with full knowledge of what they are doing – and why – or the real story would get out. At the top of the pyramid are the inner core of the Cult which controls Bill Gates who, in turn, controls the World Health Organization through his pivotal funding and his puppet Director-General mouthpiece, Tedros. Before he was appointed Tedros was chair of the Gates-founded Global Fund to 'fight against AIDS, tuberculosis and malaria', a board member of the Gates-funded 'vaccine alliance' GAVI, and on the board of another Gates-funded organisation. Gates owns him and picked him for a specific reason – Tedros is a crook and worse. 'Dr' Tedros (he's not a medical doctor, the first WHO chief not to be) was a member of the tyrannical Marxist government of Ethiopia for decades with all its human rights abuses. He has faced allegations of corruption and misappropriation of funds and was exposed three times for covering up cholera epidemics while Ethiopia's health minister. Tedros appointed the mass-murdering genocidal Zimbabwe dictator Robert Mugabe as a WHO goodwill ambassador for public health which, as with Tedros, is like appointing a psychopath to run a peace and love campaign. The move was so ridiculous that he had to drop Mugabe in the face of widespread condemnation. American economist David Steinman, a Nobel peace prize nominee, lodged a complaint with the International Criminal Court in The Hague over alleged genocide by Tedros when he was Ethiopia's foreign minister. Steinman says Tedros was a 'crucial decision maker' who directed the actions of Ethiopia's security forces from 2013 to 2015 and one of three officials in charge when those security services embarked on the 'killing' and 'torturing' of Ethiopians. You can see where Tedros is coming from and it's sobering to think that he has been the vehicle for Gates and the Cult to direct the global response to 'Covid'. Think about that. A psychopathic Cult dictates to psychopath Gates who dictates to psychopath Tedros who dictates how countries of the world must respond to a 'Covid virus' never scientifically shown to exist. At the same time psychopathic Cult-owned Silicon Valley information

giants like Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter announced very early on that they would give the Cult/Gates/Tedros/WHO version of the narrative free advertising and censor those who challenged their intelligence-insulting, mendacious story.

The next layer in the global 'medical' structure below the Cult, Gates and Tedros are the chief medical officers and science 'advisers' in each of the WHO member countries which means virtually all of them. Medical officers and arbiters of science (they're not) then take the WHO policy and recommended responses and impose them on their country's population while the political 'leaders' say they are deciding policy (they're clearly not) by 'following the science' on the advice of the 'experts' – the same medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators). In this way with the rarest of exceptions the entire world followed the same policy of lockdown, people distancing, masks and 'vaccines' dictated by the psychopathic Cult, psychopathic Gates and psychopathic Tedros who we are supposed to believe give a damn about the health of the world population they are seeking to enslave. That, amazingly, is all there is to it in terms of crucial decision-making. Medical staff in each country then follow like sheep the dictates of the shepherds at the top of the national medical hierarchies – chief medical officers and science 'advisers' who themselves follow like sheep the shepherds of the World Health Organization and the Cult. Shepherds at the national level often have major funding and other connections to Gates and his Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation which carefully hands out money like confetti at a wedding to control the entire global medical system from the WHO down.

Follow the money

Christopher Whitty, Chief Medical Adviser to the UK Government at the centre of 'virus' policy, a senior adviser to the government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE), and Executive Board member of the World Health Organization, was gifted a grant of $40 million by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation for malaria research in Africa. The BBC described the unelected Whitty as 'the

official who will probably have the greatest impact on our everyday lives of any individual policymaker in modern times' and so it turned out. What Gates and Tedros have said Whitty has done like his equivalents around the world. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of Big Pharma giant GlaxoSmithKline with its fundamental financial and business connections to Bill Gates. In September, 2020, it was revealed that Vallance owned a deferred bonus of shares in GlaxoSmithKline worth £600,000 while the company was 'developing' a 'Covid vaccine'. Move along now – nothing to see here – what could possibly be wrong with that? Imperial College in London, a major player in 'Covid' policy in Britain and elsewhere with its 'Covid-19' Response Team, is funded by Gates and has big connections to China while the now infamous Professor Neil Ferguson, the useless 'computer modeller' at Imperial College is also funded by Gates. Ferguson delivered the dramatically inaccurate excuse for the first lockdowns (much more in the next chapter). The Institute for Health Metrics and Evaluation (IHME) in the United States, another source of outrageously false 'Covid' computer models to justify lockdowns, is bankrolled by Gates who is a vehement promotor of lockdowns. America's version of Whitty and Vallance, the again now infamous Anthony Fauci, has connections to 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna as does Bill Gates through funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Fauci is director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), a major recipient of Gates money, and they are very close. Deborah Birx who was appointed White House Coronavirus Response Coordinator in February, 2020, is yet another with ties to Gates. Everywhere you look at the different elements around the world behind the coordination and decision making of the 'Covid' hoax there is Bill Gates and his money. They include the World Health Organization; Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in the United States; National Institutes of Health (NIH) of Anthony Fauci; Imperial College and Neil Ferguson; the London School of Hygiene where Chris Whitty worked; Regulatory agencies like the UK Medicines & Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)

which gave emergency approval for 'Covid vaccines'; Wellcome Trust; GAVI, the Vaccine Alliance; the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI); Johns Hopkins University which has compiled the false 'Covid' figures; and the World Economic Forum. A Nationalfile.com article said:

> Gates has a lot of pull in the medical world, he has a multi-million dollar relationship with Dr. Fauci, and Fauci originally took the Gates line supporting vaccines and casting doubt on [the drug hydroxychloroquine]. Coronavirus response team member Dr. Deborah Birx, appointed by former president Obama to serve as United States Global AIDS Coordinator, also sits on the board of a group that has received billions from Gates' foundation, and Birx reportedly used a disputed Bill Gates-funded model for the White House's Coronavirus effort. Gates is a big proponent for a population lockdown scenario for the Coronavirus outbreak.

Another funder of Moderna is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the technology-development arm of the Pentagon and one of the most sinister organisations on earth. DARPA had a major role with the CIA covert technology-funding operation In-Q-Tel in the development of Google and social media which is now at the centre of global censorship. Fauci and Gates are extremely close and openly admit to talking regularly about 'Covid' policy, but then why wouldn't Gates have a seat at every national 'Covid' table after his Foundation committed $1.75 billion to the 'fight against Covid-19'. When passed through our Orwellian Translation Unit this means that he has bought and paid for the Cult-driven 'Covid' response worldwide. Research the major 'Covid' response personnel in your own country and you will find the same Gates funding and other connections again and again. Medical and science chiefs following World Health Organization 'policy' sit atop a medical hierarchy in their country of administrators, doctors and nursing staff. These 'subordinates' are told they must work and behave in accordance with the policy delivered from the 'top' of the national 'health' pyramid which is largely the policy delivered by the WHO which is the policy delivered by Gates and the Cult. The whole 'Covid' narrative has been imposed on medical staff by a climate of fear although great numbers don't even need that to comply. They do so through breathtaking levels of ignorance and

include doctors who go through life simply repeating what Big Pharma and their hierarchical masters tell them to say and believe. No wonder Big Pharma 'medicine' is one of the biggest killers on Planet Earth.

The same top-down system of intimidation operates with regard to the Cult Big Pharma cartel which also dictates policy through national and global medical systems in this way. The Cult and Big Pharma agendas are the same because the former controls and owns the latter. 'Health' administrators, doctors, and nursing staff are told to support and parrot the dictated policy or they will face consequences which can include being fired. How sad it's been to see medical staff meekly repeating and imposing Cult policy without question and most of those who can see through the deceit are only willing to speak anonymously off the record. They know what will happen if their identity is known. This has left the courageous few to expose the lies about the 'virus', face masks, overwhelmed hospitals that aren't, and the dangers of the 'vaccine' that isn't a vaccine. When these medical professionals and scientists, some renowned in their field, have taken to the Internet to expose the truth their articles, comments and videos have been deleted by Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter and YouTube. What a real head-shaker to see YouTube videos with leading world scientists and highly qualified medical specialists with an added link underneath to the notorious Cult propaganda website *Wikipedia* to find the 'facts' about the same subject.

HIV – the 'Covid' trial-run

I'll give you an example of the consequences for health and truth that come from censorship and unquestioning belief in official narratives. The story was told by PCR inventor Kary Mullis in his book *Dancing Naked in the Mind Field*. He said that in 1984 he accepted as just another scientific fact that Luc Montagnier of France's Pasteur Institute and Robert Gallo of America's National Institutes of Health had independently discovered that a 'retrovirus' dubbed HIV (human immunodeficiency virus) caused AIDS. They

were, after all, Mullis writes, specialists in retroviruses. This is how the medical and science pyramids work. Something is announced or *assumed* and then becomes an everybody-knows-that purely through repetition of the assumption as if it is fact. Complete crap becomes accepted truth with no supporting evidence and only repetition of the crap. This is how a 'virus' that doesn't exist became the 'virus' that changed the world. The HIV-AIDS fairy story became a multi-billion pound industry and the media poured out propaganda terrifying the world about the deadly HIV 'virus' that caused the lethal AIDS. By then Mullis was working at a lab in Santa Monica, California, to detect retroviruses with his PCR test in blood donations received by the Red Cross. In doing so he asked a virologist where he could find a reference for HIV being the cause of AIDS. 'You don't need a reference,' the virologist said … *'Everybody knows it.'* Mullis said he wanted to quote a reference in the report he was doing and he said he felt a little funny about not knowing the source of such an important discovery when everyone else seemed to. The virologist suggested he cite a report by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) on morbidity and mortality. Mullis read the report, but it only said that an organism had been identified and did not say how. The report did not identify the original scientific work. Physicians, however, *assumed* (key recurring theme) that if the CDC was convinced that HIV caused AIDS then proof must exist. Mullis continues:

I did computer searches. Neither Montagnier, Gallo, nor anyone else had published papers describing experiments which led to the conclusion that HIV probably caused AIDS. I read the papers in Science for which they had become well known as AIDS doctors, but all they had said there was that they had found evidence of a past infection by something which was probably HIV in some AIDS patients.

They found antibodies. Antibodies to viruses had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease. Antibodies signaled that the virus had been defeated. The patient had saved himself. There was no indication in these papers that this virus caused a disease. They didn't show that everybody with the antibodies had the disease. In fact they found some healthy people with antibodies.

Mullis asked why their work had been published if Montagnier and Gallo hadn't really found this evidence, and why had they been fighting so hard to get credit for the discovery? He says he was hesitant to write 'HIV is the probable cause of AIDS' until he found published evidence to support that. 'Tens of thousands of scientists and researchers were spending billions of dollars a year doing research based on this idea,' Mullis writes. 'The reason had to be there somewhere; otherwise these people would not have allowed their research to settle into one narrow channel of investigation.' He said he lectured about PCR at numerous meetings where people were always talking about HIV and he asked them how they knew that HIV was the cause of AIDS:

> Everyone said something. Everyone had the answer at home, in the office, in some drawer. They all knew, and they would send me the papers as soon as they got back. But I never got any papers. Nobody ever sent me the news about how AIDS was caused by HIV.

Eventually Mullis was able to ask Montagnier himself about the reference proof when he lectured in San Diego at the grand opening of the University of California AIDS Research Center. Mullis says this was the last time he would ask his question without showing anger. Montagnier said he should reference the CDC report. 'I read it', Mullis said, and it didn't answer the question. 'If Montagnier didn't know the answer who the hell did?' Then one night Mullis was driving when an interview came on National Public Radio with Peter Duesberg, a prominent virologist at Berkeley and a California Scientist of the Year. Mullis says he finally understood why he could not find references that connected HIV to AIDS – *there weren't any!* No one had ever proved that HIV causes AIDS even though it had spawned a multi-billion pound global industry and the media was repeating this as fact every day in their articles and broadcasts terrifying the shit out of people about AIDS and giving the impression that a positive test for HIV (see 'Covid') was a death sentence. Duesberg was a threat to the AIDS gravy train and the agenda that underpinned it. He was therefore abused and castigated after he told the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences

there was no good evidence implicating the new 'virus'. Editors rejected his manuscripts and his research funds were deleted. Mullis points out that the CDC has defined AIDS as one of more than 30 diseases *if accompanied* by a positive result on a test that detects antibodies to HIV; but those same diseases are not defined as AIDS cases when antibodies are not detected:

> If an HIV-positive woman develops uterine cancer, for example, she is considered to have AIDS. If she is not HIV positive, she simply has uterine cancer. An HIV-positive man with tuberculosis has AIDS; if he tests negative he simply has tuberculosis. If he lives in Kenya or Colombia, where the test for HIV antibodies is too expensive, he is simply presumed to have the antibodies and therefore AIDS, and therefore he can be treated in the World Health Organization's clinic. It's the only medical help available in some places. And it's free, because the countries that support WHO are worried about AIDS.

Mullis accuses the CDC of continually adding new diseases (see ever more 'Covid symptoms') to the grand AIDS definition and of virtually doctoring the books to make it appear as if the disease continued to spread. He cites how in 1993 the CDC enormously broadened its AIDS definition and county health authorities were delighted because they received $2,500 per year from the Federal government for every reported AIDS case. Ladies and gentlemen, I have just described, via Kary Mullis, the 'Covid pandemic' of 2020 and beyond. Every element is the same and it's been pulled off in the same way by the same networks.

The 'Covid virus' exists? Okay – prove it. Er … still waiting

What Kary Mullis described with regard to 'HIV' has been repeated with 'Covid'. A claim is made that a new, or 'novel', infection has been found and the entire medical system of the world repeats that as fact exactly as they did with HIV and AIDS. No one in the mainstream asks rather relevant questions such as 'How do you know?' and 'Where is your proof?' The SARS-Cov-2 'virus' and the 'Covid-19 disease' became an overnight 'everybody-knows-that'. The origin could be debated and mulled over, but what you could not suggest was that 'SARS-Cov-2' didn't exist. That would be

ridiculous. 'Everybody knows' the 'virus' exists. Well, I didn't for one along with American proper doctors like Andrew Kaufman and Tom Cowan and long-time American proper journalist Jon Rappaport. We dared to pursue the obvious and simple question: 'Where's the evidence?' The overwhelming majority in medicine, journalism and the general public did not think to ask that. After all, *everyone knew* there was a new 'virus'. Everyone was saying so and I heard it on the BBC. Some would eventually argue that the 'deadly virus' was nothing like as deadly as claimed, but few would venture into the realms of its very existence. Had they done so they would have found that the evidence for that claim had gone AWOL as with HIV causes AIDS. In fact, not even that. For something to go AWOL it has to exist in the first place and scientific proof for a 'SARS-Cov-2' can be filed under nothing, nowhere and zilch.

Dr Andrew Kaufman is a board-certified forensic psychiatrist in New York State, a Doctor of Medicine and former Assistant Professor and Medical Director of Psychiatry at SUNY Upstate Medical University, and Medical Instructor of Hematology and Oncology at the Medical School of South Carolina. He also studied biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and trained in Psychiatry at Duke University. Kaufman is retired from allopathic medicine, but remains a consultant and educator on natural healing, I saw a video of his very early on in the 'Covid' hoax in which he questioned claims about the 'virus' in the absence of any supporting evidence and with plenty pointing the other way. I did everything I could to circulate his work which I felt was asking the pivotal questions that needed an answer. I can recommend an excellent pull-together interview he did with the website The Last Vagabond entitled *Dr Andrew Kaufman: Virus Isolation, Terrain Theory and Covid-19* and his website is andrewkaufmanmd.com. Kaufman is not only a forensic psychiatrist; he is forensic in all that he does. He always reads original scientific papers, experiments and studies instead of second-third-fourth-hand reports about the 'virus' in the media which are repeating the repeated repetition of the narrative. When he did so with the original Chinese 'virus' papers Kaufman

realised that there was no evidence of a 'SARS-Cov-2'. They had never – from the start – shown it to exist and every repeat of this claim worldwide was based on the accepted existence of proof that was nowhere to be found – see Kary Mullis and HIV. Here we go again.

Let's postulate

Kaufman discovered that the Chinese authorities immediately concluded that the cause of an illness that broke out among about 200 initial patients in Wuhan was a 'new virus' when there were no grounds to make that conclusion. The alleged 'virus' was not isolated from other genetic material in their samples and then shown through a system known as Koch's postulates to be the causative agent of the illness. The world was told that the SARS-Cov-2 'virus' caused a disease they called 'Covid-19' which had 'flu-like' symptoms and could lead to respiratory problems and pneumonia. If it wasn't so tragic it would almost be funny. *'Flu-like' symptoms'? Pneumonia? Respiratory disease?* What in *CHINA* and particularly in *Wuhan*, one of the most polluted cities in the world with a resulting epidemic of respiratory disease?? Three hundred thousand people get pneumonia in China every year and there are nearly a billion cases worldwide of 'flu-like symptoms'. These have a whole range of causes – including pollution in Wuhan – but no other possibility was credibly considered in late 2019 when the world was told there was a new and deadly 'virus'. The global prevalence of pneumonia and 'flu-like systems' gave the Cult networks unlimited potential to re-diagnose these other causes as the mythical 'Covid-19' and that is what they did from the very start. Kaufman revealed how Chinese medical and science authorities (all subordinates to the Cult-owned communist government) took genetic material from the lungs of only a few of the first patients. The material contained their own cells, bacteria, fungi and other microorganisms living in their bodies. The only way you could prove the existence of the 'virus' and its responsibility for the alleged 'Covid-19' was to isolate the virus from all the other material – a process also known as 'purification' – and

then follow the postulates sequence developed in the late 19th century by German physician and bacteriologist Robert Koch which became the 'gold standard' for connecting an alleged causation agent to a disease:

1. The microorganism (bacteria, fungus, virus, etc.) must be present in every case of the disease and all patients must have the same symptoms. It must also *not be present in healthy individuals*.

2. The microorganism must be isolated from the host with the disease. If the microorganism is a bacteria or fungus it must be grown in a pure culture. If it is a virus, it must be purified (i.e. containing no other material except the virus particles) from a clinical sample.

3. The specific disease, with all of its characteristics, must be reproduced when the infectious agent (the purified virus or a pure culture of bacteria or fungi) is inoculated into a healthy, susceptible host.

4. The microorganism must be recoverable from the experimentally infected host as in step 2.

Not one of these criteria has been met in the case of 'SARS-Cov-2' and 'Covid-19'. Not ONE. *EVER*. Robert Koch refers to bacteria and not viruses. What are called 'viral particles' are so minute (hence masks are useless by any definition) that they could only be seen after the invention of the electron microscope in the 1930s and can still only be observed through that means. American bacteriologist and virologist Thomas Milton Rivers, the so-called 'Father of Modern Virology' who was very significantly director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in the 1930s, developed a less stringent version of Koch's postulates to identify 'virus' causation known as 'Rivers criteria'. 'Covid' did not pass that process either. Some even doubt whether any 'virus' can be isolated from other particles containing genetic material in the Koch method. Freedom of Information requests in many countries asking for scientific proof that the 'Covid virus' has been purified and isolated and shown to exist have all come back with a 'we don't have that' and when this happened with a request to the UK Department of Health they added this comment:

However, outside of the scope of the [Freedom of Information Act] and on a discretionary basis, the following information has been advised to us, which may be of interest. Most infectious diseases are caused by viruses, bacteria or fungi. Some bacteria or fungi have the capacity to grow on their own in isolation, for example in colonies on a petri dish. Viruses are different in that they are what we call 'obligate pathogens' – that is, they cannot survive or reproduce without infecting a host ...

… For some diseases, it is possible to establish causation between a microorganism and a disease by isolating the pathogen from a patient, growing it in pure culture and reintroducing it to a healthy organism. These are known as 'Koch's postulates' and were developed in 1882. However, as our understanding of disease and different disease-causing agents has advanced, these are no longer the method for determining causation [Andrew Kaufman asks why in that case are there two published articles falsely claiming to satisfy Koch's postulates].

It has long been known that viral diseases cannot be identified in this way as viruses cannot be grown in 'pure culture'. When a patient is tested for a viral illness, this is normally done by looking for the presence of antigens, or viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques [Kaufman asks how you could know the origin of these chemicals without having a pure culture for comparison].

For the record 'antigens' are defined so:

Invading microorganisms have antigens on their surface that the human body can recognise as being foreign – meaning not belonging to it. When the body recognises a foreign antigen, lymphocytes (white blood cells) produce antibodies, which are complementary in shape to the antigen.

Notwithstanding that this is open to question in relation to 'SARS-Cov-2' the presence of 'antibodies' can have many causes and they are found in people that are perfectly well. Kary Mullis said: 'Antibodies … had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease.'

'Covid' really is a *computer* 'virus'

Where the UK Department of Health statement says 'viruses' are now 'diagnosed' through a 'viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques', they mean … *the PCR test* which its inventor said cannot test for infectious disease. They have no credible method of connecting a 'virus' to a disease and we will see that there is no scientific proof that any 'virus' causes any disease or there is any such thing as a 'virus' in the way that it is described. Tenacious Canadian researcher Christine Massey and her team made

some 40 Freedom of Information requests to national public health agencies in different countries asking for proof that SARS-CoV-2 has been isolated and not one of them could supply that information. Massey said of her request in Canada: 'Freedom of Information reveals Public Health Agency of Canada has no record of 'SARS-COV-2' isolation performed by anyone, anywhere, ever.' If you accept the comment from the UK Department of Health it's because they can't isolate a 'virus'. Even so many 'science' papers claimed to have isolated the 'Covid virus' until they were questioned and had to admit they hadn't. A reply from the Robert Koch Institute in Germany was typical: 'I am not aware of a paper which purified isolated SARS-CoV-2.' So what the hell was Christian Drosten and his gang using to design the 'Covid' testing protocol that has produced all the illusory Covid' cases and 'Covid' deaths when the head of the Chinese version of the CDC admitted there was a problem right from the start in that the 'virus' had never been isolated/purified? Breathe deeply: What they are calling 'Covid' is actually created by a *computer program* i.e. *they made it up* – er, that's it. They took lung fluid, with many sources of genetic material, from one single person alleged to be infected with Covid-19 by a PCR test which they *claimed*, without clear evidence, contained a 'virus'. They used several computer programs to create a model of a theoretical virus genome sequence from more than fifty-six million small sequences of RNA, each of an unknown source, assembling them like a puzzle with no known solution. The computer filled in the gaps with sequences from bits in the gene bank to make it look like a bat SARS-like coronavirus! A wave of the magic wand and poof, an in silico (computer-generated) genome, a scientific fantasy, was created. UK health researcher Dr Kevin Corbett made the same point with this analogy:

> … It's like giving you a few bones and saying that's your fish. It could be any fish. Not even a skeleton. Here's a few fragments of bones. That's your fish … It's all from gene bank and the bits of the virus sequence that weren't there they made up.
>
> They synthetically created them to fill in the blanks. That's what genetics is; it's a code. So it's ABBBCCDDD and you're missing some what you think is EEE so you put it in. It's all

synthetic. You just manufacture the bits that are missing. This is the end result of the geneticization of virology. This is basically a computer virus.

Further confirmation came in an email exchange between British citizen journalist Frances Leader and the government's Medicines & Healthcare Products Regulatory Agency (the Gates-funded MHRA) which gave emergency permission for untested 'Covid vaccines' to be used. The agency admitted that the 'vaccine' is not based on an isolated 'virus', but comes from a *computer-generated model*. Frances Leader was naturally banned from Cult-owned fascist Twitter for making this exchange public. The process of creating computer-generated alleged 'viruses' is called 'in silico' or 'in silicon' – computer chips – and the term 'in silico' is believed to originate with biological experiments using only a computer in 1989. 'Vaccines' involved with 'Covid' are also produced 'in silico' or by computer not a natural process. If the original 'virus' is nothing more than a made-up computer model how can there be 'new variants' of something that never existed in the first place? They are not new 'variants'; they are new *computer models* only minutely different to the original program and designed to further terrify the population into having the 'vaccine' and submitting to fascism. You want a 'new variant'? Click, click, enter – there you go. Tell the medical profession that you have discovered a 'South African variant', 'UK variants' or a 'Brazilian variant' and in the usual HIV-causes-AIDS manner they will unquestioningly repeat it with no evidence whatsoever to support these claims. They will go on television and warn about the dangers of 'new variants' while doing nothing more than repeating what they have been told to be true and knowing that any deviation from that would be career suicide. Big-time insiders will know it's a hoax, but much of the medical community is clueless about the way they are being played and themselves play the public without even being aware they are doing so. What an interesting 'coincidence' that AstraZeneca and Oxford University were conducting 'Covid vaccine trials' in the three countries – the UK, South Africa and Brazil – where the first three 'variants' were claimed to have 'broken out'.

Here's your 'virus' – it's a unicorn

Dr Andrew Kaufman presented a brilliant analysis describing how the 'virus' was imagined into fake existence when he dissected an article published by *Nature* and written by 19 authors detailing *alleged* 'sequencing of a complete viral genome' of the 'new SARS-CoV-2 virus'. This computer-modelled *in silico* genome was used as a template for all subsequent genome sequencing experiments that resulted in the so-called variants which he said now number more than *6,000*. The fake genome was constructed from more than 56 million individual short strands of RNA. Those little pieces were assembled into longer pieces by finding areas of overlapping sequences. The computer programs created over two million possible combinations from which the authors simply chose the longest one. They then compared this to a 'bat virus' and the computer 'alignment' rearranged the sequence and filled in the gaps! They called this computer-generated abomination the 'complete genome'. Dr Tom Cowan, a fellow medical author and collaborator with Kaufman, said such computer-generation constitutes scientific fraud and he makes this superb analogy:

> Here is an equivalency: A group of researchers claim to have found a unicorn because they found a piece of a hoof, a hair from a tail, and a snippet of a horn. They then add that information into a computer and program it to re-create the unicorn, and they then claim this computer re-creation is the real unicorn. Of course, they had never actually seen a unicorn so could not possibly have examined its genetic makeup to compare their samples with the actual unicorn's hair, hooves and horn.
>
> The researchers claim they decided which is the real genome of SARS-CoV-2 by 'consensus', sort of like a vote. Again, different computer programs will come up with different versions of the imaginary 'unicorn', so they come together as a group and decide which is the real imaginary unicorn.

This is how the 'virus' that has transformed the world was brought into fraudulent 'existence'. Extraordinary, yes, but as the Nazis said the bigger the lie the more will believe it. Cowan, however, wasn't finished and he went on to identify what he called the real blockbuster in the paper. He quotes this section from a paper written

by virologists and published by the CDC and then explains what it means:

> Therefore, we examined the capacity of SARS-CoV-2 to infect and replicate in several common primate and human cell lines, including human adenocarcinoma cells (A549), human liver cells (HUH 7.0), and human embryonic kidney cells (HEK-293T). In addition to Vero E6 and Vero CCL81 cells. ... Each cell line was inoculated at high multiplicity of infection and examined 24h post-infection.
>
> No CPE was observed in any of the cell lines except in Vero cells, which grew to greater than 10 to the 7th power at 24 h post-infection. In contrast, HUH 7.0 and 293T showed only modest viral replication, and A549 cells were incompatible with SARS CoV-2 infection.

Cowan explains that when virologists attempt to prove infection they have three possible 'hosts' or models on which they can test. The first was humans. Exposure to humans was generally not done for ethical reasons and has never been done with SARS-CoV-2 or any coronavirus. The second possible host was animals. Cowan said that forgetting for a moment that they never actually use purified virus when exposing animals they do use solutions that they *claim* contain the virus. Exposure to animals has been done with SARS-CoV-2 in an experiment involving mice and this is what they found: *None of the wild (normal) mice got sick*. In a group of genetically-modified mice, a statistically insignificant number lost weight and had slightly bristled fur, but they experienced nothing like the illness called 'Covid-19'. Cowan said the third method – the one they mostly rely on – is to inoculate solutions they *say* contain the virus onto a variety of tissue cultures. This process had never been shown to kill tissue *unless* the sample material was starved of nutrients and poisoned as *part of the process*. Yes, incredibly, in tissue experiments designed to show the 'virus' is responsible for killing the tissue they starve the tissue of nutrients and add toxic drugs including antibiotics and they do not have control studies to see if it's the starvation and poisoning that is degrading the tissue rather than the 'virus' they allege to be in there somewhere. You want me to pinch you? Yep, I understand. Tom Cowan said this about the whole nonsensical farce as he explains what that quote from the CDC paper really means:

The shocking thing about the above quote is that using their own methods, the virologists found that solutions containing SARS-CoV-2 – even in high amounts – were NOT, I repeat NOT, infective to any of the three human tissue cultures they tested. In plain English, this means they proved, on their terms, that this 'new coronavirus' is not infectious to human beings. It is ONLY infective to monkey kidney cells, and only then when you add two potent drugs (gentamicin and amphotericin), known to be toxic to kidneys, to the mix.

My friends, read this again and again. These virologists, published by the CDC, performed a clear proof, on their terms, showing that the SARS-CoV-2 virus is harmless to human beings. That is the only possible conclusion, but, unfortunately, this result is not even mentioned in their conclusion. They simply say they can provide virus stocks cultured only on monkey Vero cells, thanks for coming.

Cowan concluded: 'If people really understood how this "science" was done, I would hope they would storm the gates and demand honesty, transparency and truth.' Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Adviser at drug giant Pfizer has been a vocal critic of the 'Covid vaccine' and its potential for multiple harm. He said in an interview in April, 2021, that 'not one [vaccine] has the virus. He was asked why vaccines normally using a 'dead' version of a disease to activate the immune system were not used for 'Covid' and instead we had the synthetic methods of the 'mRNA Covid vaccine'. Yeadon said that to do the former 'you'd have to have some of [the virus] wouldn't you?' He added: 'No-one's got any – seriously.' Yeadon said that surely they couldn't have fooled the whole world for a year without having a virus, 'but oddly enough ask around – no one's got it'. He didn't know why with all the 'great labs' around the world that the virus had not been isolated – 'Maybe they've been too busy running bad PCR tests and vaccines that people don't need.' What is today called 'science' is not 'science' at all. Science is no longer what is, but whatever people can be manipulated to *believe* that it is. Real science has been hijacked by the Cult to dispense and produce the 'expert scientists' and contentions that suit the agenda of the Cult. How big-time this has happened with the 'Covid' hoax which is entirely based on fake science delivered by fake 'scientists' and fake 'doctors'. The human-caused climate change hoax is also entirely based on fake science delivered by fake 'scientists' and fake 'climate experts'. In both cases real

scientists, climate experts and doctors have their views suppressed and deleted by the Cult-owned science establishment, media and Silicon Valley. This is the 'science' that politicians claim to be 'following' and a common denominator of 'Covid' and climate are Cult psychopaths Bill Gates and his mate Klaus Schwab at the Gates-funded World Economic Forum. But, don't worry, it's all just a coincidence and absolutely nothing to worry about. *Zzzzzzzz*.

What is a 'virus' REALLY?

Dr Tom Cowan is one of many contesting the very existence of viruses let alone that they cause disease. This is understandable when there is no scientific evidence for a disease-causing 'virus'. German virologist Dr Stefan Lanka won a landmark case in 2017 in the German Supreme Court over his contention that there is no such thing as a measles virus. He had offered a big prize for anyone who could prove there is and Lanka won his case when someone sought to claim the money. There is currently a prize of more than 225,000 euros on offer from an Isolate Truth Fund for anyone who can prove the isolation of SARS-CoV-2 and its genetic substance. Lanka wrote in an article headed 'The Misconception Called Virus' that scientists think a 'virus' is causing tissue to become diseased and degraded when in fact it is the *processes they are using* which do that – not a 'virus'. Lanka has done an important job in making this point clear as Cowan did in his analysis of the CDC paper. Lanka says that all claims about viruses as disease-causing pathogens are wrong and based on 'easily recognisable, understandable and verifiable misinterpretations.' Scientists believed they were working with 'viruses' in their laboratories when they were really working with 'typical particles of specific dying tissues or cells …' Lanka said that the tissue decaying process claimed to be caused by a 'virus' still happens when no alleged 'virus' is involved. It's the *process* that does the damage and not a 'virus'. The genetic sample is deprived of nutrients, removed from its energy supply through removal from the body and then doused in toxic antibiotics to remove any bacteria. He confirms again that establishment scientists do not (pinch me)

conduct control experiments to see if this is the case and if they did they would see the claims that 'viruses' are doing the damage is nonsense. He adds that during the measles 'virus' court case he commissioned an independent laboratory to perform just such a control experiment and the result was that the tissues and cells died in the exact same way as with alleged 'infected' material. This is supported by a gathering number of scientists, doctors and researchers who reject what is called 'germ theory' or the belief in the body being infected by contagious sources emitted by other people. Researchers Dawn Lester and David Parker take the same stance in their highly-detailed and sourced book *What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong* which was recommended to me by a number of medical professionals genuinely seeking the truth. Lester and Parker say there is no provable scientific evidence to show that a 'virus' can be transmitted between people or people and animals or animals and people:

> The definition also claims that viruses are the cause of many diseases, as if this has been definitively proven. But this is not the case; there is no original scientific evidence that definitively demonstrates that any virus is the cause of any disease. The burden of proof for any theory lies with those who proposed it; but none of the existing documents provides 'proof' that supports the claim that 'viruses' are pathogens.

Dr Tom Cowan employs one of his clever analogies to describe the process by which a 'virus' is named as the culprit for a disease when what is called a 'virus' is only material released by cells detoxing themselves from infiltration by chemical or radiation poisoning. The tidal wave of technologically-generated radiation in the 'smart' modern world plus all the toxic food and drink are causing this to happen more than ever. Deluded 'scientists' misread this as a gathering impact of what they wrongly label 'viruses'.

Paper can infect houses

Cowan said in an article for davidicke.com – with his tongue only mildly in his cheek – that he believed he had made a tremendous

discovery that may revolutionise science. He had discovered that small bits of paper are alive, 'well alive-ish', can 'infect' houses, and then reproduce themselves inside the house. The result was that this explosion of growth in the paper inside the house causes the house to explode, blowing it to smithereens. His evidence for this new theory is that in the past months he had carefully examined many of the houses in his neighbourhood and found almost no scraps of paper on the lawns and surrounds of the house. There was an occasional stray label, but nothing more. Then he would return to these same houses a week or so later and with a few, not all of them, particularly the old and decrepit ones, he found to his shock and surprise they were littered with stray bits of paper. He knew then that the paper had infected these houses, made copies of itself, and blew up the house. A young boy on a bicycle at one of the sites told him he had seen a demolition crew using dynamite to explode the house the previous week, but Cowan dismissed this as the idle thoughts of silly boys because 'I was on to something big'. He was on to how 'scientists' mistake genetic material in the detoxifying process for something they call a 'virus'. Cowan said of his house and paper story:

If this sounds crazy to you, it's because it should. This scenario is obviously nuts. But consider this admittedly embellished, for effect, current viral theory that all scientists, medical doctors and virologists currently believe.

He takes the example of the 'novel SARS-Cov2' virus to prove the point. First they take someone with an undefined illness called 'Covid-19' and don't even attempt to find any virus in their sputum. Never mind the scientists still describe how this 'virus', which they have not located attaches to a cell receptor, injects its genetic material, in 'Covid's' case, RNA, into the cell. The RNA once inserted exploits the cell to reproduce itself and makes 'thousands, nay millions, of copies of itself … Then it emerges victorious to claim its next victim':

If you were to look in the scientific literature for proof, actual scientific proof, that uniform SARS-CoV2 viruses have been properly isolated from the sputum of a sick person, that actual spike proteins could be seen protruding from the virus (which has not been found), you would find that such evidence doesn't exist.

If you go looking in the published scientific literature for actual pictures, proof, that these spike proteins or any viral proteins are ever attached to any receptor embedded in any cell membrane, you would also find that no such evidence exists. If you were to look for a video or documented evidence of the intact virus injecting its genetic material into the body of the cell, reproducing itself and then emerging victorious by budding off the cell membrane, you would find that no such evidence exists.

The closest thing you would find is electron micrograph pictures of cellular particles, possibly attached to cell debris, both of which to be seen were stained by heavy metals, a process that completely distorts their architecture within the living organism. This is like finding bits of paper stuck to the blown-up bricks, thereby proving the paper emerged by taking pieces of the bricks on its way out.

The Enders baloney

Cowan describes the 'Covid' story as being just as make-believe as his paper story and he charts back this fantasy to a Nobel Prize winner called John Enders (1897-1985), an American biomedical scientist who has been dubbed 'The Father of Modern Vaccines'. Enders is claimed to have 'discovered' the process of the viral culture which 'proved' that a 'virus' caused measles. Cowan explains how Enders did this 'by using the EXACT same procedure that has been followed by every virologist to find and characterize every new virus since 1954'. Enders took throat swabs from children with measles and immersed them in 2ml of milk. Penicillin (100u/ml) and the antibiotic streptomycin (50,g/ml) were added and the whole mix was centrifuged – rotated at high speed to separate large cellular debris from small particles and molecules as with milk and cream, for example. Cowan says that if the aim is to find little particles of genetic material ('viruses') in the snot from children with measles it would seem that the last thing you would do is mix the snot with other material – milk –that also has genetic material. 'How are you ever going to know whether whatever you found came from the snot or the milk?' He points out that streptomycin is a 'nephrotoxic' or poisonous-to-the-kidney drug. You will see the relevance of that

shortly. Cowan says that it gets worse, much worse, when Enders describes the culture medium upon which the virus 'grows': 'The culture medium consisted of bovine amniotic fluid (90%), beef embryo extract (5%), horse serum (5%), antibiotics and phenol red as an indicator of cell metabolism.' Cowan asks incredulously: 'Did he just say that the culture medium also contained fluids and tissues that are themselves rich sources of genetic material?' The genetic cocktail, or 'medium', is inoculated onto tissue and cells from rhesus monkey *kidney* tissue. This is where the importance of streptomycin comes in and currently-used antimicrobials and other drugs that are *poisonous to kidneys* and used in ALL modern viral cultures (e.g. gentamicin, streptomycin, and amphotericin). Cowan asks: 'How are you ever going to know from this witch's brew where any genetic material comes from as we now have five different sources of rich genetic material in our mix?' Remember, he says, that all genetic material, whether from monkey kidney tissues, bovine serum, milk, etc., is made from the exact same components. The same central question returns: 'How are you possibly going to know that it was the virus that killed the kidney tissue and not the toxic antibiotic and starvation rations on which you are growing the tissue?' John Enders answered the question himself – *you can't*:

A second agent was obtained from an uninoculated culture of monkey kidney cells. The cytopathic changes [death of the cells] it induced in the unstained preparations could not be distinguished with confidence from the viruses isolated from measles.

The death of the cells ('cytopathic changes') happened in exactly the same manner, whether they inoculated the kidney tissue with the measles snot or not, Cowan says. 'This is evidence that the destruction of the tissue, the very proof of viral causation of illness, was not caused by anything in the snot because they saw the same destructive effect when the snot was not even used … the cytopathic, i.e., cell-killing, changes come from the process of the culture itself, not from any virus in any snot, period.' Enders quotes in his 1957 paper a virologist called Ruckle as reporting similar findings 'and in addition has isolated an agent from monkey kidney tissue that is so

far indistinguishable from human measles virus'. In other words, Cowan says, these particles called 'measles viruses' are simply and clearly breakdown products of the starved and poisoned tissue. For measles 'virus' see all 'viruses' including the so-called 'Covid virus'. Enders, the 'Father of Modern Vaccines', also said:

There is a potential risk in employing cultures of primate cells for the production of vaccines composed of attenuated virus, since the presence of other agents possibly latent in primate tissues cannot be definitely excluded by any known method.

Cowan further quotes from a paper published in the journal *Viruses* in May, 2020, while the 'Covid pandemic' was well underway in the media if not in reality. 'EVs' here refers to particles of genetic debris from our own tissues, such as exosomes of which more in a moment: 'The remarkable resemblance between EVs and viruses has caused quite a few problems in the studies focused on the analysis of EVs released during viral infections.' Later the paper adds that to date a reliable method that can actually guarantee a complete separation (of EVs from viruses) DOES NOT EXIST. This was published at a time when a fairy tale 'virus' was claimed in total certainty to be causing a fairy tale 'viral disease' called 'Covid-19' – a fairy tale that was already well on the way to transforming human society in the image that the Cult has worked to achieve for so long. Cowan concludes his article:

To summarize, there is no scientific evidence that pathogenic viruses exist. What we think of as 'viruses' are simply the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues and cells. When we are well, we make fewer of these particles; when we are starved, poisoned, suffocated by wearing masks, or afraid, we make more.

There is no engineered virus circulating and making people sick. People in laboratories all over the world are making genetically modified products to make people sick. These are called vaccines. There is no virome, no 'ecosystem' of viruses, viruses are not 8%, 50% or 100 % of our genetic material. These are all simply erroneous ideas based on the misconception called a virus.

What is 'Covid'? Load of bollocks

The background described here by Cowan and Lanka was emphasised in the first video presentation that I saw by Dr Andrew Kaufman when he asked whether the 'Covid virus' was in truth a natural defence mechanism of the body called 'exosomes'. These are released by cells when in states of toxicity – see the same themes returning over and over. They are released ever more profusely as chemical and radiation toxicity increases and think of the potential effect therefore of 5G alone as its destructive frequencies infest the human energetic information field with a gathering pace (5G went online in Wuhan in 2019 as the 'virus' emerged). I'll have more about this later. Exosomes transmit a warning to the rest of the body that 'Houston, we have a problem'. Kaufman presented images of exosomes and compared them with 'Covid' under an electron microscope and the similarity was remarkable. They both attach to the same cell receptors (*claimed* in the case of 'Covid'), contain the same genetic material in the form of RNA or ribonucleic acid, and both are found in 'viral cell cultures' with damaged or dying cells. James Hildreth MD, President and Chief Executive Officer of the Meharry Medical College at Johns Hopkins, said: 'The virus is fully an exosome in every sense of the word.' Kaufman's conclusion was that there is no 'virus': 'This entire pandemic is a completely manufactured crisis … there is no evidence of anyone dying from [this] illness.' Dr Tom Cowan and Sally Fallon Morell, authors of *The Contagion Myth*, published a statement with Dr Kaufman in February, 2021, explaining why the 'virus' does not exist and you can read it that in full in the Appendix.

'Virus' theory can be traced to the 'cell theory' in 1858 of German physician Rudolf Virchow (1821-1920) who contended that disease originates from a single cell infiltrated by a 'virus'. Dr Stefan Lanka said that findings and insights with respect to the structure, function and central importance of tissues in the creation of life, which were already known in 1858, comprehensively refute the cell theory. Virchow ignored them. We have seen the part later played by John Enders in the 1950s and Lanka notes that infection theories were only established as a global dogma through the policies and

eugenics of the Third Reich in Nazi Germany (creation of the same Sabbatian cult behind the 'Covid' hoax). Lanka said: 'Before 1933, scientists dared to contradict this theory; after 1933, these critical scientists were silenced'. Dr Tom Cowan's view is that ill-heath is caused by too much of something, too little of something, or toxification from chemicals and radiation – not contagion. We must also highlight as a major source of the 'virus' theology a man still called the 'Father of Modern Virology' – Thomas Milton Rivers (1888-1962). There is no way given the Cult's long game policy that it was a coincidence for the 'Father of Modern Virology' to be director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research from 1937 to 1956 when he is credited with making the Rockefeller Institute a leader in 'viral research'. Cult Rockefellers were the force behind the creation of Big Pharma 'medicine', established the World Health Organisation in 1948, and have long and close associations with the Gates family that now runs the WHO during the pandemic hoax through mega-rich Cult gofer and psychopath Bill Gates.

Only a Renegade Mind can see through all this bullshit by asking the questions that need to be answered, not taking 'no' or prevarication for an answer, and certainly not hiding from the truth in fear of speaking it. Renegade Minds have always changed the world for the better and they will change this one no matter how bleak it may currently appear to be.

CHAPTER SIX

Sequence of deceit

If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything
Mark Twain

Against the background that I have laid out this far the sequence that took us from an invented 'virus' in Cult-owned China in late 2019 to the fascist transformation of human society can be seen and understood in a whole new context.

We were told that a deadly disease had broken out in Wuhan and the world media began its campaign (coordinated by behavioural psychologists as we shall see) to terrify the population into unquestioning compliance. We were shown images of Chinese people collapsing in the street which never happened in the West with what was supposed to be the same condition. In the earliest days when alleged cases and deaths were few the fear register was hysterical in many areas of the media and this would expand into the common media narrative across the world. The real story was rather different, but we were never told that. The Chinese government, one of the Cult's biggest centres of global operation, said they had discovered a new illness with flu-like and pneumonia-type symptoms in a city with such toxic air that it is overwhelmed with flu-like symptoms, pneumonia and respiratory disease. Chinese scientists said it was a new – 'novel' – coronavirus which they called Sars-Cov-2 and that it caused a disease they labelled 'Covid-19'. There was no evidence for this and the 'virus' has never to this day been isolated, purified and its genetic code established from that. It

was from the beginning a computer-generated fiction. Stories of Chinese whistleblowers saying the number of deaths was being supressed or that the 'new disease' was related to the Wuhan bio-lab misdirected mainstream and alternative media into cul-de-sacs to obscure the real truth – there was no 'virus'.

Chinese scientists took genetic material from the lung fluid of just a few people and said they had found a 'new' disease when this material had a wide range of content. There was no evidence for a 'virus' for the very reasons explained in the last two chapters. The 'virus' has never been shown to (a) exist and (b) cause any disease. People were diagnosed on symptoms that are so widespread in Wuhan and polluted China and with a PCR test that can't detect infectious disease. On this farce the whole global scam was sold to the rest of the world which would also diagnose respiratory disease as 'Covid-19' from symptoms alone or with a PCR test not testing for a 'virus'. Flu miraculously disappeared *worldwide* in 2020 and into 2021 as it was redesignated 'Covid-19'. It was really the same old flu with its 'flu-like' symptoms attributed to 'flu-like' 'Covid-19'. At the same time with very few exceptions the Chinese response of draconian lockdown and fascism was the chosen weapon to respond across the West as recommended by the Cult-owned Tedros at the Cult-owned World Health Organization run by the Cult-owned Gates. All was going according to plan. Chinese scientists – everything in China is controlled by the Cult-owned government – compared their contaminated RNA lung-fluid material with other RNA sequences and said it appeared to be just under 80 percent identical to the SARS-CoV-1 'virus' claimed to be the cause of the SARS (severe acute respiratory syndrome) 'outbreak' in 2003. They decreed that because of this the 'new virus' had to be related and they called it SARS-CoV-2. There are some serious problems with this assumption and *assumption* was all it was. Most 'factual' science turns out to be assumptions repeated into everyone-knows-that. A match of under 80-percent is meaningless. Dr Kaufman makes the point that there's a *96 percent* genetic correlation between humans and chimpanzees, but 'no one would say our genetic material is part

of the chimpanzee family'. Yet the Chinese authorities were claiming that a much lower percentage, less than 80 percent, proved the existence of a new 'coronavirus'. For goodness sake human DNA is 60 percent similar to a *banana*.

You are feeling sleepy

The entire 'Covid' hoax is a global Psyop, a psychological operation to program the human mind into believing and fearing a complete fantasy. A crucial aspect of this was what *appeared* to happen in Italy. It was all very well streaming out daily images of an alleged catastrophe in Wuhan, but to the Western mind it was still on the other side of the world in a very different culture and setting. A reaction of 'this could happen to me and my family' was still nothing like as intense enough for the mind-doctors. The Cult needed a Western example to push people over that edge and it chose Italy, one of its major global locations going back to the Roman Empire. An Italian 'Covid' crisis was manufactured in a particular area called Lombardy which just happens to be notorious for its toxic air and therefore respiratory disease. Wuhan, China, déjà vu. An hysterical media told horror stories of Italians dying from 'Covid' in their droves and how Lombardy hospitals were being overrun by a tidal wave of desperately ill people needing treatment after being struck down by the 'deadly virus'. Here was the psychological turning point the Cult had planned. Wow, if this is happening in Italy, the Western mind concluded, this indeed could happen to me and my family. Another point is that Italian authorities responded by following the Chinese blueprint so vehemently recommended by the Cult-owned World Health Organization. They imposed fascistic lockdowns on the whole country viciously policed with the help of surveillance drones sweeping through the streets seeking out anyone who escaped from mass house arrest. Livelihoods were destroyed and psychology unravelled in the way we have witnessed since in all lockdown countries. Crucial to the plan was that Italy responded in this way to set the precedent of suspending freedom and imposing fascism in a 'Western liberal democracy'. I emphasised in an

animated video explanation on davidicke.com posted in the summer of 2020 how important it was to the Cult to expand the Chinese lockdown model across the West. Without this, and the bare-faced lie that non-symptomatic people could still transmit a 'disease' they didn't have, there was no way locking down the whole population, sick and not sick, could be pulled off. At just the right time and with no evidence Cult operatives and gofers claimed that people without symptoms could pass on the 'disease'. In the name of protecting the 'vulnerable' like elderly people, who lockdowns would kill by the tens of thousands, we had for the first time healthy people told to isolate as well as the sick. The great majority of people who tested positive had no symptoms because there was nothing wrong with them. It was just a trick made possible by a test not testing for the 'virus'.

Months after my animated video the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College confirmed that I was right. He didn't say it in those terms, naturally, but he did say it. Ferguson will enter the story shortly for his outrageously crazy 'computer models' that led to Britain, the United States and many other countries following the Chinese and now Italian methods of response. Put another way, following the Cult script. Ferguson said that SAGE, the UK government's scientific advisory group which has controlled 'Covid' policy from the start, wanted to follow the Chinese lockdown model (while they all continued to work and be paid), but they wondered if they could possibly, in Ferguson's words, 'get away with it in Europe'. 'Get away with it'? Who the hell do these moronic, arrogant people think they are? This appalling man Ferguson said that once Italy went into national lockdown they realised they, too, could mimic China:

> It's a communist one-party state, we said. We couldn't get away with it in Europe, we thought … and then Italy did it. And we realised we could. Behind this garbage from Ferguson is a simple fact: Doing the same as China in every country was the plan from the start and Ferguson's 'models' would play a central role in achieving that. It's just a coincidence, of course, and absolutely nothing to worry your little head about.

Oops, sorry, our mistake

Once the Italian segment of the Psyop had done the job it was designed to do a very different story emerged. Italian authorities revealed that 99 percent of those who had 'died from Covid-19' in Italy had one, two, three, or more 'co-morbidities' or illnesses and health problems that could have ended their life. The US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) published a figure of 94 percent for Americans dying of 'Covid' while having other serious medical conditions – on average two to three (some five or six) other potential causes of death. In terms of death from an unproven 'virus' I say it is 100 percent. The other one percent in Italy and six percent in the US would presumably have died from 'Covid's' flu-like symptoms with a range of other possible causes in conjunction with a test not testing for the 'virus'. Fox News reported that even more startling figures had emerged in one US county in which 410 of 422 deaths attributed to 'Covid-19' had other potentially deadly health conditions. The Italian National Health Institute said later that the average age of people dying with a 'Covid-19' diagnosis in Italy was about 81. Ninety percent were over 70 with ten percent over 90. In terms of other reasons to die some 80 percent had two or more chronic diseases with half having three or more including cardiovascular problems, diabetes, respiratory problems and cancer. Why is the phantom 'Covid-19' said to kill overwhelmingly old people and hardly affect the young? Old people continually die of many causes and especially respiratory disease which you can re-diagnose 'Covid-19' while young people die in tiny numbers by comparison and rarely of respiratory disease. Old people 'die of Covid' because they die of other things that can be redesignated 'Covid' and it really is that simple.

Flu has flown

The blueprint was in place. Get your illusory 'cases' from a test not testing for the 'virus' and redesignate other causes of death as 'Covid-19'. You have an instant 'pandemic' from something that is nothing more than a computer-generated fiction. With near-on a

billion people having 'flu-like' symptoms every year the potential was limitless and we can see why flu quickly and apparently miraculously disappeared *worldwide* by being diagnosed 'Covid-19'. The painfully bloody obvious was explained away by the childlike media in headlines like this in the UK '*Independent*': 'Not a single case of flu detected by Public Health England this year as Covid restrictions suppress virus'. I kid you not. The masking, social distancing and house arrest that did not make the 'Covid virus' disappear somehow did so with the 'flu virus'. Even worse the article, by a bloke called Samuel Lovett, suggested that maybe the masking, sanitising and other 'Covid' measures should continue to keep the flu away. With a ridiculousness that disturbs your breathing (it's 'Covid-19') the said Lovett wrote: 'With widespread social distancing and mask-wearing measures in place throughout the UK, the usual routes of transmission for influenza have been blocked.' He had absolutely no evidence to support that statement, but look at the consequences of him acknowledging the obvious. With flu not disappearing at all and only being relabelled 'Covid-19' he would have to contemplate that 'Covid' was a hoax on a scale that is hard to imagine. You need guts and commitment to truth to even go there and that's clearly something Samuel Lovett does not have in abundance. He would never have got it through the editors anyway.

Tens of thousands die in the United States alone every winter from flu including many with pneumonia complications. CDC figures record *45 million* Americans diagnosed with flu in 2017-2018 of which 61,000 died and some reports claim 80,000. Where was the same hysteria then that we have seen with 'Covid-19'? Some 250,000 Americans are admitted to hospital with pneumonia every year with about 50,000 cases proving fatal. About 65 million suffer respiratory disease every year and three million deaths makes this the third biggest cause of death worldwide. You only have to redesignate a portion of all these people 'Covid-19' and you have an instant global pandemic or the *appearance* of one. Why would doctors do this? They are told to do this and all but a few dare not refuse those who must be obeyed. Doctors in general are not researching their own

knowledge and instead take it direct and unquestioned from the authorities that own them and their careers. The authorities say they must now diagnose these symptoms 'Covid-19' and not flu, or whatever, and they do it. Dark suits say put 'Covid-19' on death certificates no matter what the cause of death and the doctors do it. Renegade Minds don't fall for the illusion that doctors and medical staff are all highly-intelligent, highly-principled, seekers of medical truth. *Some are*, but not the majority. They are repeaters, gofers, and yes sir, no sir, purveyors of what the system demands they purvey. The 'Covid' con is not merely confined to diseases of the lungs. Instructions to doctors to put 'Covid-19' on death certificates for anyone dying of *anything* within 28 days (or much more) of a positive test not testing for the 'virus' opened the floodgates. The term dying *with* 'Covid' and not *of* 'Covid' was coined to cover the truth. Whether it was a *with* or an *of* they were all added to the death numbers attributed to the 'deadly virus' compiled by national governments and globally by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins operation in the United States that was so involved in those 'pandemic' simulations. Fraudulent deaths were added to the ever-growing list of fraudulent 'cases' from false positives from a false test. No wonder Professor Walter Ricciardi, scientific advisor to the Italian minister of health, said after the Lombardy hysteria had done its job that 'Covid' death rates were due to Italy having the second oldest population in the world and to *how hospitals record deaths*:

> The way in which we code deaths in our country is very generous in the sense that all the people who die in hospitals with the coronavirus are deemed to be dying of the coronavirus. On re-evaluation by the National Institute of Health, only 12 per cent of death certificates have shown a direct causality from coronavirus, while 88 per cent of patients who have died have at least one pre-morbidity – many had two or three.

This is extraordinary enough when you consider the propaganda campaign to use Italy to terrify the world, but how can they even say twelve percent were genuine when the 'virus' has not been shown to exist, its 'code' is a computer program, and diagnosis comes from a test not testing for it? As in China, and soon the world, 'Covid-19' in

Italy was a redesignation of diagnosis. Lies and corruption were to become the real 'pandemic' fuelled by a pathetically-compliant medical system taking its orders from the tiny few at the top of their national hierarchy who answered to the World Health Organization which answers to Gates and the Cult. Doctors were told – ordered – to diagnose a particular set of symptoms 'Covid-19' and put that on the death certificate for any cause of death if the patient had tested positive with a test not testing for the virus or had 'Covid' symptoms like the flu. The United States even introduced big financial incentives to manipulate the figures with hospitals receiving £4,600 from the Medicare system for diagnosing someone with regular pneumonia, $13,000 if they made the diagnosis from the same symptoms 'Covid-19' pneumonia, and $39, 000 if they put a 'Covid' diagnosed patient on a ventilator that would almost certainly kill them. A few – painfully and pathetically few – medical whistleblowers revealed (before Cult-owned YouTube deleted their videos) that they had been instructed to 'let the patient crash' and put them straight on a ventilator instead of going through a series of far less intrusive and dangerous methods as they would have done before the pandemic hoax began and the financial incentives kicked in. We are talking cold-blooded murder given that ventilators are so damaging to respiratory systems they are usually the last step before heaven awaits. Renegade Minds never fall for the belief that people in white coats are all angels of mercy and cannot be full-on psychopaths. I have explained in detail in *The Answer* how what I am describing here played out across the world coordinated by the World Health Organization through the medical hierarchies in almost every country.

Medical scientist calls it

Information about the non-existence of the 'virus' began to emerge for me in late March, 2020, and mushroomed after that. I was sent an email by Sir Julian Rose, a writer, researcher, and organic farming promotor, from a medical scientist friend of his in the United States. Even at that early stage in March the scientist was able to explain

how the 'Covid' hoax was being manipulated. He said there were no reliable tests for a specific 'Covid-19 virus' and nor were there any reliable agencies or media outlets for reporting numbers of actual 'Covid-19' cases. We have seen in the long period since then that he was absolutely right. 'Every action and reaction to Covid-19 is based on totally flawed data and we simply cannot make accurate assessments,' he said. Most people diagnosed with 'Covid-19' were showing nothing more than cold and flu-like symptoms 'because most coronavirus strains *are* nothing more than cold/flu-like symptoms'. We had farcical situations like an 84-year-old German man testing positive for 'Covid-19' and his nursing home ordered to quarantine only for him to be found to have a common cold. The scientist described back then why PCR tests and what he called the 'Mickey Mouse test kits' were useless for what they were claimed to be identifying. 'The idea these kits can isolate a specific virus like Covid-19 is nonsense,' he said. Significantly, he pointed out that 'if you want to create a totally false panic about a totally false pandemic – pick a coronavirus'. This is exactly what the Cult-owned Gates, World Economic Forum and Johns Hopkins University did with their Event 201 'simulation' followed by their real-life simulation called the 'pandemic'. The scientist said that all you had to do was select the sickest of people with respiratory-type diseases in a single location – 'say Wuhan' – and administer PCR tests to them. You can then claim that anyone showing 'viral sequences' similar to a coronavirus 'which will inevitably be quite a few' is suffering from a 'new' disease:

> Since you already selected the sickest flu cases a fairly high proportion of your sample will go on to die. You can then say this 'new' virus has a CFR [case fatality rate] higher than the flu and use this to infuse more concern and do more tests which will of course produce more 'cases', which expands the testing, which produces yet more 'cases' and so on and so on. Before long you have your 'pandemic', and all you have done is use a simple test kit trick to convert the worst flu and pneumonia cases into something new that doesn't ACTUALLY EXIST [my emphasis].

He said that you then 'just run the same scam in other countries' and make sure to keep the fear message running high 'so that people

will feel panicky and less able to think critically'. The only problem to overcome was the fact *there is no* actual new deadly pathogen and only regular sick people. This meant that deaths from the 'new deadly pathogen' were going to be way too low for a real new deadly virus pandemic, but he said this could be overcome in the following ways – all of which would go on to happen:

1. You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent [you underpin this with fantasy 'computer projections']. Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.

2. You can [say that people] 'minimizing' the dangers are irresponsible and bully them into not talking about numbers.

3. You can talk crap about made up numbers hoping to blind people with pseudoscience.

4. You can start testing well people (who, of course, will also likely have shreds of coronavirus [RNA] in them) and thus inflate your 'case figures' with 'asymptomatic carriers' (you will of course have to spin that to sound deadly even though any virologist knows the more symptom-less cases you have the less deadly is your pathogen).

The scientist said that if you take these simple steps 'you can have your own entirely manufactured pandemic up and running in weeks'. His analysis made so early in the hoax was brilliantly prophetic of what would actually unfold. Pulling all the information together in these recent chapters we have this is simple 1, 2, 3, of how you can delude virtually the entire human population into believing in a 'virus' that doesn't exist:

- A 'Covid case' is someone who tests positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.

- A 'Covid death' is someone who dies of *any cause* within 28 days (or much longer) of testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus.

- Asymptomatic means there is nothing wrong with you, but they claim you can pass on what you don't have to justify locking

down (quarantining) healthy people in totality.

The foundations of the hoax are that simple. A study involving ten million people in Wuhan, published in November, 2020, demolished the whole lie about those without symptoms passing on the 'virus'. They found '300 asymptomatic cases' and traced their contacts to find that not one of them was detected with the 'virus'. 'Asymptomatic' patients and their contacts were isolated for no less than two weeks and nothing changed. I know it's all crap, but if you are going to claim that those without symptoms can transmit 'the virus' then you must produce evidence for that and they never have. Even World Health Organization official Dr Maria Van Kerkhove, head of the emerging diseases and zoonosis unit, said as early as June, 2020, that she doubted the validity of asymptomatic transmission. She said that 'from the data we have, it still seems to be rare that an asymptomatic person actually transmits onward to a secondary individual' and by 'rare' she meant that she couldn't cite any case of asymptomatic transmission.

The Ferguson factor

The problem for the Cult as it headed into March, 2020, when the script had lockdown due to start, was that despite all the manipulation of the case and death figures they still did not have enough people alleged to have died from 'Covid' to justify mass house arrest. This was overcome in the way the scientist described: 'You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent … Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.' Enter one Professor Neil Ferguson, the Gates-funded 'epidemiologist' at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London. Ferguson is Britain's Christian Drosten in that he has a dire record of predicting health outcomes, but is still called upon to advise government on the next health outcome when another 'crisis' comes along. This may seem to be a strange and ridiculous thing to do. Why would you keep turning for policy guidance to people who have a history of being

monumentally wrong? Ah, but it makes sense from the Cult point of view. These 'experts' keep on producing predictions that suit the Cult agenda for societal transformation and so it was with Neil Ferguson as he revealed his horrific (and clearly insane) computer model predictions that allowed lockdowns to be imposed in Britain, the United States and many other countries. Ferguson does not have even an A-level in biology and would appear to have no formal training in computer modelling, medicine or epidemiology, according to Derek Winton, an MSc in Computational Intelligence. He wrote an article somewhat aghast at what Ferguson did which included taking no account of respiratory disease 'seasonality' which means it is far worse in the winter months. Who would have thought that respiratory disease could be worse in the winter? Well, certainly not Ferguson.

The massively China-connected Imperial College and its bizarre professor provided the excuse for the long-incubated Chinese model of human control to travel westward at lightning speed. Imperial College confirms on its website that it collaborates with the Chinese Research Institute; publishes more than 600 research papers every year with Chinese research institutions; has 225 Chinese staff; 2,600 Chinese students – the biggest international group; 7,000 former students living in China which is the largest group outside the UK; and was selected for a tour by China's President Xi Jinping during his state visit to the UK in 2015. The college takes major donations from China and describes itself as the UK's number one university collaborator with Chinese research institutions. The China communist/fascist government did not appear phased by the woeful predictions of Ferguson and Imperial when during the lockdown that Ferguson induced the college signed a five-year collaboration deal with China tech giant Huawei that will have Huawei's indoor 5G network equipment installed at the college's West London tech campus along with an 'AI cloud platform'. The deal includes Chinese sponsorship of Imperial's Venture Catalyst entrepreneurship competition. Imperial is an example of the enormous influence the Chinese government has within British and North American

universities and research centres – and further afield. Up to 200 academics from more than a dozen UK universities are being investigated on suspicion of 'unintentionally' helping the Chinese government build weapons of mass destruction by 'transferring world-leading research in advanced military technology such as aircraft, missile designs and cyberweapons'. Similar scandals have broken in the United States, but it's all a coincidence. Imperial College serves the agenda in many other ways including the promotion of every aspect of the United Nations Agenda 21/2030 (the Great Reset) and produced computer models to show that human-caused 'climate change' is happening when in the real world it isn't. Imperial College is driving the climate agenda as it drives the 'Covid' agenda (both Cult hoaxes) while Patrick Vallance, the UK government's Chief Scientific Adviser on 'Covid', was named Chief Scientific Adviser to the UN 'climate change' conference known as COP26 hosted by the government in Glasgow, Scotland. 'Covid' and 'climate' are fundamentally connected.

Professor Woeful

From Imperial's bosom came Neil Ferguson still advising government despite his previous disasters and it was announced early on that he and other key people like UK Chief Medical Adviser Chris Whitty had caught the 'virus' as the propaganda story was being sold. Somehow they managed to survive and we had Prime Minister Boris Johnson admitted to hospital with what was said to be a severe version of the 'virus' in this same period. His whole policy and demeanour changed when he returned to Downing Street. It's a small world with these government advisors – especially in their communal connections to Gates – and Ferguson had partnered with Whitty to write a paper called 'Infectious disease: Tough choices to reduce Ebola transmission' which involved another scare-story that didn't happen. Ferguson's 'models' predicted that up to150, 000 could die from 'mad cow disease', or BSE, and its version in sheep if it was transmitted to humans. BSE was not transmitted and instead triggered by an organophosphate pesticide used to treat a pest on

cows. Fewer than 200 deaths followed from the human form. Models by Ferguson and his fellow incompetents led to the unnecessary culling of millions of pigs, cattle and sheep in the foot and mouth outbreak in 2001 which destroyed the lives and livelihoods of farmers and their families who had often spent decades building their herds and flocks. Vast numbers of these animals did not have foot and mouth and had no contact with the infection. Another 'expert' behind the cull was Professor Roy Anderson, a computer modeller at Imperial College specialising in the epidemiology of *human*, not animal, disease. Anderson has served on the Bill and Melinda Gates Grand Challenges in Global Health advisory board and chairs another Gates-funded organisation. Gates is everywhere.

In a precursor to the 'Covid' script Ferguson backed closing schools 'for prolonged periods' over the swine flu 'pandemic' in 2009 and said it would affect a third of the world population if it continued to spread at the speed he claimed to be happening. His mates at Imperial College said much the same and a news report said: 'One of the authors, the epidemiologist and disease modeller Neil Ferguson, who sits on the World Health Organisation's emergency committee for the outbreak, said the virus had "full pandemic potential".' Professor Liam Donaldson, the Chris Whitty of his day as Chief Medical Officer, said the worst case could see 30 percent of the British people infected by swine flu with 65,000 dying. Ferguson and Donaldson were indeed proved correct when at the end of the year the number of deaths attributed to swine flu was 392. The term 'expert' is rather liberally applied unfortunately, not least to complete idiots. Swine flu 'projections' were great for GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) as millions rolled in for its Pandemrix influenza vaccine which led to brain damage with children most affected. The British government (taxpayers) paid out more than £60 million in compensation after GSK was given immunity from prosecution. Yet another 'Covid' déjà vu. Swine flu was supposed to have broken out in Mexico, but Dr Wolfgang Wodarg, a German doctor, former member of parliament and critic of the 'Covid' hoax, observed 'the spread of swine flu' in Mexico City at the time. He

said: 'What we experienced in Mexico City was a very mild flu which did not kill more than usual – which killed even fewer people than usual.' Hyping the fear against all the facts is not unique to 'Covid' and has happened many times before. Ferguson is reported to have over-estimated the projected death toll of bird flu (H5N1) by some three million-fold, but bird flu vaccine makers again made a killing from the scare. This is some of the background to the Neil Ferguson who produced the perfectly-timed computer models in early 2020 predicting that half a million people would die in Britain without draconian lockdown and 2.2 million in the United States. Politicians panicked, people panicked, and lockdowns of alleged short duration were instigated to 'flatten the curve' of cases gleaned from a test not testing for the 'virus'. I said at the time that the public could forget the 'short duration' bit. This was an agenda to destroy the livelihoods of the population and force them into mass control through dependency and there was going to be nothing 'short' about it. American researcher Daniel Horowitz described the consequences of the 'models' spewed out by Gates-funded Ferguson and Imperial College:

> What led our government and the governments of many other countries into panic was a single Imperial College of UK study, funded by global warming activists, that predicted 2.2 million deaths if we didn't lock down the country. In addition, the reported 8-9% death rate in Italy scared us into thinking there was some other mutation of this virus that they got, which might have come here.
>
> Together with the fact that we were finally testing and had the ability to actually report new cases, we thought we were headed for a death spiral. But again … we can't flatten a curve if we don't know when the curve started.

How about it *never* started?

Giving them what they want

An investigation by German news outlet *Welt Am Sonntag (World on Sunday)* revealed how in March, 2020, the German government gathered together 'leading scientists from several research institutes and universities' and 'together, they were to produce a [modelling]

paper that would serve as legitimization for further tough political measures'. The Cult agenda was justified by computer modelling not based on evidence or reality; it was specifically constructed to justify the Cult demand for lockdowns all over the world to destroy the independent livelihoods of the global population. All these modellers and everyone responsible for the 'Covid' hoax have a date with a trial like those in Nuremberg after World War Two when Nazis faced the consequences of their war crimes. These corrupt-beyond-belief 'modellers' wrote the paper according to government instructions and it said that that if lockdown measures were lifted then up to one million Germans would die from 'Covid-19' adding that some would die 'agonizingly at home, gasping for breath' unable to be treated by hospitals that couldn't cope. All lies. No matter – it gave the Cult all that it wanted. What did long-time government 'modeller' Neil Ferguson say? If the UK and the United States didn't lockdown half a million would die in Britain and 2.2 million Americans. Anyone see a theme here? 'Modellers' are such a crucial part of the lockdown strategy that we should look into their background and follow the money. Researcher Rosemary Frei produced an excellent article headlined 'The Modelling-paper Mafiosi'. She highlights a guy called John Edmunds, a British epidemiologist, and professor in the Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health at the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine. He studied at Imperial College. Edmunds is a member of government 'Covid' advisory bodies which have been dictating policy, the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group (NERVTAG) and the Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE).

Ferguson, another member of NERVTAG and SAGE, led the way with the original 'virus' and Edmunds has followed in the 'variant' stage and especially the so-called UK or Kent variant known as the 'Variant of Concern' (VOC) B.1.1.7. He said in a co-written report for the Centre for Mathematical modelling of Infectious Diseases at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, with input from the Centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group, that there was 'a realistic

possibility that VOC B.1.1.7 is associated with an increased risk of death compared to non-VOC viruses'. Fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine, fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine. Rosemary Frei reveals that almost all the paper's authors and members of the modelling centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group receive funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and/or the associated Gates-funded Wellcome Trust. The paper was published by e-journal *Medr χiv* which only publishes papers not peer-reviewed and the journal was established by an organisation headed by Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg and his missus. What a small world it is. Frei discovered that Edmunds is on the Scientific Advisory Board of the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI) which was established by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Klaus Schwab's Davos World Economic Forum and Big Pharma giant Wellcome. CEPI was 'launched in Davos [in 2017] to develop vaccines to stop future epidemics', according to its website. 'Our mission is to accelerate the development of vaccines against emerging infectious diseases and enable equitable access to these vaccines for people during outbreaks.' What kind people they are. Rosemary Frei reveals that Public Health England (PHE) director Susan Hopkins is an author of her organisation's non-peer-reviewed reports on 'new variants'. Hopkins is a professor of infectious diseases at London's Imperial College which is gifted tens of millions of dollars a year by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Gates-funded modelling disaster Neil Ferguson also co-authors Public Health England reports and he spoke in December, 2020, about the potential danger of the B.1.1.7. 'UK variant' promoted by Gates-funded modeller John Edmunds. When I come to the 'Covid vaccines' the 'new variants' will be shown for what they are – bollocks.

Connections, connections

All these people and modellers are lockdown-obsessed or, put another way, they demand what the Cult demands. Edmunds said in January, 2021, that to ease lockdowns too soon would be a disaster and they had to 'vaccinate much, much, much more widely than the

elderly'. Rosemary Frei highlights that Edmunds is married to Jeanne Pimenta who is described in a LinkedIn profile as director of epidemiology at GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) and she held shares in the company. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of GSK and has a deferred bonus of shares in the company worth £600,000. GSK has serious business connections with Bill Gates and is collaborating with mRNA-'vaccine' company CureVac to make 'vaccines' for the new variants that Edmunds is talking about. GSK is planning a 'Covid vaccine' with drug giant Sanofi. Puppet Prime Minister Boris Johnson announced in the spring of 2021 that up to 60 million vaccine doses were to be made at the GSK facility at Barnard Castle in the English North East. Barnard Castle, with a population of just 6,000, was famously visited in breach of lockdown rules in April, 2020, by Johnson aide Dominic Cummings who said that he drove there 'to test his eyesight' before driving back to London. Cummings would be better advised to test his integrity – not that it would take long. The GSK facility had nothing to do with his visit then although I'm sure Patrick Vallance would have been happy to arrange an introduction and some tea and biscuits. Ruthless psychopath Gates has made yet another fortune from vaccines in collaboration with Big Pharma companies and gushes at the phenomenal profits to be made from vaccines – more than a 20-to-1 return as he told one interviewer. Gates also tweeted in December, 2019, with the foreknowledge of what was coming: 'What's next for our foundation? I'm particularly excited about what the next year could mean for one of the best buys in global health: vaccines.'

Modeller John Edmunds is a big promotor of vaccines as all these people appear to be. He's the dean of the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine's Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health which is primarily funded by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the Gates-established and funded GAVI vaccine alliance which is the Gates vehicle to vaccinate the world. The organisation Doctors Without Borders has described GAVI as being 'aimed more at supporting drug-industry desires to promote new

products than at finding the most efficient and sustainable means for fighting the diseases of poverty'. But then that's why the psychopath Gates created it. John Edmunds said in a video that the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine is involved in every aspect of vaccine development including large-scale clinical trials. He contends that mathematical modelling can show that vaccines protect individuals and society. That's on the basis of shit in and shit out, I take it. Edmunds serves on the UK Vaccine Network as does Ferguson and the government's foremost 'Covid' adviser, the grim-faced, dark-eyed Chris Whitty. The Vaccine Network says it works 'to support the government to identify and shortlist targeted investment opportunities for the most promising vaccines and vaccine technologies that will help combat infectious diseases with epidemic potential, and to address structural issues related to the UK's broader vaccine infrastructure'. Ferguson is acting Director of the Imperial College Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium which has funding from the Bill and Melina Gates Foundation and the Gates-created GAVI 'vaccine alliance'. Anyone wonder why these characters see vaccines as the answer to every problem? Ferguson is wildly enthusiastic in his support for GAVI's campaign to vaccine children en masse in poor countries. You would expect someone like Gates who has constantly talked about the need to reduce the population to want to fund vaccines to keep more people alive. I'm sure that's why he does it. The John Edmunds London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine (LSHTM) has a Vaccines Manufacturing Innovation Centre which develops, tests and commercialises vaccines. Rosemary Frei writes:

> The vaccines centre also performs affiliated activities like combating 'vaccine hesitancy'. The latter includes the Vaccine Confidence Project. The project's stated purpose is, among other things, 'to provide analysis and guidance for early response and engagement with the public to ensure sustained confidence in vaccines and immunisation'. The Vaccine Confidence Project's director is LSHTM professor Heidi Larson. For more than a decade she's been researching how to combat vaccine hesitancy.

How the bloody hell can blokes like John Edmunds and Neil Ferguson with those connections and financial ties model 'virus' case

and death projections for the government and especially in a way that gives their paymasters like Gates exactly what they want? It's insane, but this is what you find throughout the world.

'Covid' is not dangerous, oops, wait, yes it is

Only days before Ferguson's nightmare scenario made Jackboot Johnson take Britain into a China-style lockdown to save us from a deadly 'virus' the UK government website gov.uk was reporting something very different to Ferguson on a page of official government guidance for 'high consequence infectious diseases (HCID)'. It said this about 'Covid-19':

> As of 19 March 2020, COVID-19 *is no longer considered to be a high consequence infectious diseases (HCID) in the UK* [my emphasis]. The 4 nations public health HCID group made an interim recommendation in January 2020 to classify COVID-19 as an HCID. This was based on consideration of the UK HCID criteria about the virus and the disease with information available during the early stages of the outbreak.
>
> Now that more is known about COVID-19, the public health bodies in the UK have reviewed the most up to date information about COVID-19 against the UK HCID criteria. They have determined that several features have now changed; in particular, more information is available about mortality rates (low overall), and there is now greater clinical awareness and a specific and sensitive laboratory test, the availability of which continues to increase. The Advisory Committee on Dangerous Pathogens (ACDP) is also of the opinion that COVID-19 should no longer be classified as an HCID.

Soon after the government had been exposed for downgrading the risk they upgraded it again and everyone was back to singing from the same Cult hymn book. Ferguson and his fellow Gates clones indicated that lockdowns and restrictions would have to continue until a Gates-funded vaccine was developed. Gates said the same because Ferguson and his like were repeating the Gates script which is the Cult script. 'Flatten the curve' became an ongoing nightmare of continuing lockdowns with periods in between of severe restrictions in pursuit of destroying independent incomes and had nothing to do with protecting health about which the Cult gives not a shit. Why wouldn't Ferguson be pushing a vaccine 'solution' when he's owned by vaccine-obsessive Gates who makes a fortune from them and

when Ferguson heads the Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium at Imperial College funded by the Gates Foundation and GAVI, the 'vaccine alliance', created by Gates as his personal vaccine promotion operation? To compound the human catastrophe that Ferguson's 'models' did so much to create he was later exposed for breaking his own lockdown rules by having sexual liaisons with his married girlfriend Antonia Staats at his home while she was living at another location with her husband and children. Staats was a 'climate' activist and senior campaigner at the Soros-funded Avaaz which I wouldn't trust to tell me that grass is green. Ferguson had to resign as a government advisor over this hypocrisy in May, 2020, but after a period of quiet he was back being quoted by the ridiculous media on the need for more lockdowns and a vaccine rollout. Other government-advising 'scientists' from Imperial College' held the fort in his absence and said lockdown could be indefinite until a vaccine was found. The Cult script was being sung by the payrolled choir. I said there was no intention of going back to 'normal' when the 'vaccine' came because the 'vaccine' is part of a very different agenda that I will discuss in Human 2.0. Why would the Cult want to let the world go back to normal when destroying that normal forever was the whole point of what was happening? House arrest, closing businesses and schools through lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks all followed the Ferguson fantasy models. Again as I predicted (these people are so predictable) when the 'vaccine' arrived we were told that house arrest, lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks would still have to continue. I will deal with the masks in the next chapter because they are of fundamental importance.

Where's the 'pandemic'?

Any mildly in-depth assessment of the figures revealed what was really going on. Cult-funded and controlled organisations still have genuine people working within them such is the number involved. So it is with Genevieve Briand, assistant program director of the Applied Economics master's degree program at Johns Hopkins

University. She analysed the impact that 'Covid-19' had on deaths from *all* causes in the United States using official data from the CDC for the period from early February to early September, 2020. She found that allegedly 'Covid' *related*-deaths exceeded those from heart disease which she found strange with heart disease always the biggest cause of fatalities. Her research became even more significant when she noted the sudden decline in 2020 of *all* non-'Covid' deaths: 'This trend is completely contrary to the pattern observed in all previous years … the total decrease in deaths by other causes almost exactly equals the increase in deaths by Covid-19.' This was such a game, set and match in terms of what was happening that Johns Hopkins University deleted the article on the grounds that it 'was being used to support false and dangerous inaccuracies about the impact of the pandemic'. No – because it exposed the scam from official CDC figures and this was confirmed when those figures were published in January, 2021. Here we can see the effect of people dying from heart attacks, cancer, road accidents and gunshot wounds – *anything* – having 'Covid-19' on the death certificate along with those diagnosed from 'symptoms' who had even not tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I am not kidding with the gunshot wounds, by the way. Brenda Bock, coroner in Grand County, Colorado, revealed that two gunshot victims tested positive for the 'virus' within the previous 30 days and were therefore classified as 'Covid deaths'. Bock said: 'These two people had tested positive for Covid, but that's not what killed them. A gunshot wound is what killed them.' She said she had not even finished her investigation when the state listed the gunshot victims as deaths due to the 'virus'. The death and case figures for 'Covid-19' are an absolute joke and yet they are repeated like parrots by the media, politicians and alleged medical 'experts'. The official Cult narrative is the only show in town.

Genevieve Briand found that deaths from all causes were not exceptional in 2020 compared with previous years and a Spanish magazine published figures that said the same about Spain which was a 'Covid' propaganda hotspot at one point. *Discovery Salud*, a

health and medicine magazine, quoted government figures which showed how 17,000 *fewer* people died in Spain in 2020 than in 2019 and more than 26,000 fewer than in 2018. The age-standardised mortality rate for England and Wales when age distribution is taken into account was significantly lower in 2020 than the 1970s, 80s and 90s, and was only the ninth highest since 2000. Where is the 'pandemic'?

Post mortems and autopsies virtually disappeared for 'Covid' deaths amid claims that 'virus-infected' bodily fluids posed a risk to those carrying out the autopsy. This was rejected by renowned German pathologist and forensic doctor Klaus Püschel who said that he and his staff had by then done 150 autopsies on 'Covid' patients with no problems at all. He said they were needed to know why some 'Covid' patients suffered blood clots and not severe respiratory infections. The 'virus' is, after all, called SARS or 'severe acute respiratory syndrome'. I highlighted in the spring of 2020 this phenomenon and quoted New York intensive care doctor Cameron Kyle-Sidell who posted a soon deleted YouTube video to say that they had been told to prepare to treat an infectious disease called 'Covid-19', but that was not what they were dealing with. Instead he likened the lung condition of the most severely ill patients to what you would expect with cabin depressurisation in a plane at 30,000 feet or someone dropped on the top of Everest without oxygen or acclimatisation. I have never said this is not happening to a small minority of alleged 'Covid' patients – I am saying this is not caused by a phantom 'contagious virus'. Indeed Kyle-Sidell said that 'Covid-19' was not the disease they were told was coming their way. 'We are operating under a medical paradigm that is untrue,' he said, and he believed they were treating the wrong disease: 'These people are being slowly starved of oxygen.' Patients would take off their oxygen masks in a state of fear and stress and while they were blue in the face on the brink of death. They did not look like patients dying of pneumonia. You can see why they don't want autopsies when their virus doesn't exist and there is another condition in some people that they don't wish to be uncovered. I should add here that

the 5G system of millimetre waves was being rapidly introduced around the world in 2020 and even more so now as they fire 5G at the Earth from satellites. At 60 gigahertz within the 5G range that frequency interacts with the oxygen molecule and stops people breathing in sufficient oxygen to be absorbed into the bloodstream. They are installing 5G in schools and hospitals. The world is not mad or anything. 5G can cause major changes to the lungs and blood as I detail in *The Answer* and these consequences are labelled 'Covid-19', the alleged symptoms of which can be caused by 5G and other electromagnetic frequencies as cells respond to radiation poisoning.

The 'Covid death' scam

Dr Scott Jensen, a Minnesota state senator and medical doctor, exposed 'Covid' Medicare payment incentives to hospitals and death certificate manipulation. He said he was sent a seven-page document by the US Department of Health 'coaching' him on how to fill out death certificates which had never happened before. The document said that he didn't need to have a laboratory test for 'Covid-19' to put that on the death certificate and that shocked him when death certificates are supposed to be about facts. Jensen described how doctors had been 'encouraged, if not pressured' to make a diagnosis of 'Covid-19' if they thought it was probable or *'presumed*'. No positive test was necessary – not that this would have mattered anyway. He said doctors were told to diagnose 'Covid' by symptoms when these were the same as colds, allergies, other respiratory problems, and certainly with influenza which 'disappeared' in the 'Covid' era. A common sniffle was enough to get the dreaded verdict. Ontario authorities decreed that a single care home resident with *one* symptom from a long list must lead to the isolation of the entire home. Other courageous doctors like Jensen made the same point about death figure manipulation and how deaths by other causes were falling while 'Covid-19 deaths' were rising at the same rate due to re-diagnosis. Their videos rarely survive long on YouTube with its Cult-supporting algorithms courtesy of CEO Susan Wojcicki and her bosses at Google. Figure-tampering was so glaring

and ubiquitous that even officials were letting it slip or outright saying it. UK chief scientific adviser Patrick Vallance said on one occasion that 'Covid' on the death certificate doesn't mean 'Covid' was the cause of death (so why the hell is it there?) and we had the rare sight of a BBC reporter telling the truth when she said: 'Someone could be successfully treated for Covid, in say April, discharged, and then in June, get run over by a bus and die … That person would still be counted as a Covid death in England.' Yet the BBC and the rest of the world media went on repeating the case and death figures as if they were real. Illinois Public Health Director Dr Ngozi Ezike revealed the deceit while her bosses must have been clenching their buttocks:

> If you were in a hospice and given a few weeks to live and you were then found to have Covid that would be counted as a Covid death. [There might be] a clear alternate cause, but it is still listed as a Covid death. So everyone listed as a Covid death doesn't mean that was the cause of the death, but that they had Covid at the time of death.

Yes, a 'Covid virus' never shown to exist and tested for with a test not testing for the 'virus'. In the first period of the pandemic hoax through the spring of 2020 the process began of designating almost everything a 'Covid' death and this has continued ever since. I sat in a restaurant one night listening to a loud conversation on the next table where a family was discussing in bewilderment how a relative who had no symptoms of 'Covid', and had died of a long-term problem, could have been diagnosed a death by the 'virus'. I could understand their bewilderment. If they read this book they will know why this medical fraud has been perpetrated the world over.

Some media truth shock

The media ignored the evidence of death certificate fraud until eventually one columnist did speak out when she saw it first-hand. Bel Mooney is a long-time national newspaper journalist in Britain currently working for the *Daily Mail*. Her article on February 19th, 2021, carried this headline: 'My dad Ted passed three Covid tests

and died of a chronic illness yet he's officially one of Britain's 120,000 victims of the virus and is far from alone ... so how many more are there?' She told how her 99-year-old father was in a care home with a long-standing chronic obstructive pulmonary disease and vascular dementia. Maybe, but he was still aware enough to tell her from the start that there was no 'virus' and he refused the 'vaccine' for that reason. His death was not unexpected given his chronic health problems and Mooney said she was shocked to find that 'Covid-19' was declared the cause of death on his death certificate. She said this was a 'bizarre and unacceptable untruth' for a man with long-time health problems who had tested negative twice at the home for the 'virus'. I was also shocked by this story although not by what she said. I had been highlighting the death certificate manipulation for ten months. It was the confirmation that a professional full-time journalist only realised this was going on when it affected her directly and neither did she know that whether her dad tested positive or negative was irrelevant with the test not testing for the 'virus'. Where had she been? She said she did not believe in 'conspiracy theories' without knowing I'm sure that this and 'conspiracy theorists' were terms put into widespread circulation by the CIA in the 1960s to discredit those who did not accept the ridiculous official story of the Kennedy assassination. A blanket statement of 'I don't believe in conspiracy theories' is always bizarre. The dictionary definition of the term alone means the world is drowning in conspiracies. What she said was even more daft when her dad had just been affected by the 'Covid' conspiracy. Why else does she think that 'Covid-19' was going on the death certificates of people who died of something else?

To be fair once she saw from personal experience what was happening she didn't mince words. Mooney was called by the care home on the morning of February 9th to be told her father had died in his sleep. When she asked for the official cause of death what came back was 'Covid-19'. Mooney challenged this and was told there had been deaths from Covid on the dementia floor (confirmed by a test not testing for the 'virus') so they considered it 'reasonable

to assume'. 'But doctor,' Mooney rightly protested, 'an assumption isn't a diagnosis.' She said she didn't blame the perfectly decent and sympathetic doctor – 'he was just doing his job'. Sorry, but that's *bullshit*. He wasn't doing his job at all. He was putting a false cause of death on the death certificate and that is a criminal offence for which he should be brought to account and the same with the millions of doctors worldwide who have done the same. They were not doing their job they were following orders and that must not wash at new Nuremberg trials any more than it did at the first ones. Mooney's doctor was 'assuming' (presuming) as he was told to, but 'just following orders' makes no difference to his actions. A doctor's job is to serve the patient and the truth, not follow orders, but that's what they have done all over the world and played a central part in making the 'Covid' hoax possible with all its catastrophic consequences for humanity. Shame on them and they must answer for their actions. Mooney said her disquiet worsened when she registered her father's death by telephone and was told by the registrar there had been very many other cases like hers where 'the deceased' had not tested positive for 'Covid' yet it was recorded as the cause of death. The test may not matter, but those involved at their level *think* it matters and it shows a callous disregard for accurate diagnosis. The pressure to do this is coming from the top of the national 'health' pyramids which in turn obey the World Health Organization which obeys Gates and the Cult. Mooney said the registrar agreed that this must distort the national figures adding that 'the strangest thing is that every winter we record countless deaths from flu, and this winter there have been none. Not one!' She asked if the registrar thought deaths from flu were being misdiagnosed and lumped together with 'Covid' deaths. The answer was a 'puzzled yes'. Mooney said that the funeral director said the same about 'Covid' deaths which had nothing to do with 'Covid'. They had lost count of the number of families upset by this and other funeral companies in different countries have had the same experience. Mooney wrote:

The nightly shroud-waving and shocking close-ups of pain imposed on us by the TV news bewildered and terrified the population into eager compliance with lockdowns. We were invited to 'save the NHS' and to grieve for strangers – the real-life loved ones behind those shocking death counts. Why would the public imagine what I now fear, namely that the way Covid-19 death statistics are compiled might make the numbers seem greater than they are?

Oh, just a little bit – like 100 percent.

Do the maths

Mooney asked why a country would wish to skew its mortality figures by wrongly certifying deaths? What had been going on? Well, if you don't believe in conspiracies you will never find the answer which is that *it's a conspiracy*. She did, however, describe what she had discovered as a 'national scandal'. In reality it's a global scandal and happening everywhere. Pillars of this conspiracy were all put into place before the button was pressed with the Drosten PCR protocol and high amplifications to produce the cases and death certificate changes to secure illusory 'Covid' deaths. Mooney notes that normally two doctors were needed to certify a death, with one having to know the patient, and how the rules were changed in the spring of 2020 to allow one doctor to do this. In the same period 'Covid deaths' were decreed to be all cases where Covid-19 was put on the death certificate even without a positive test or any symptoms. Mooney asked: 'How many of the 30,851 (as of January 15) care home resident deaths with Covid-19 on the certificate (32.4 per cent of all deaths so far) were based on an assumption, like that of my father? And what has that done to our national psyche?'All of them is the answer to the first question and it has devastated and dismantled the national psyche, actually the global psyche, on a colossal scale. In the UK case and death data is compiled by organisations like Public Health England (PHE) and the Office for National Statistics (ONS). Mooney highlights the insane policy of counting a death from any cause as 'Covid-19' if this happens within 28 days of a positive test (with a test not testing for the 'virus') and she points out that ONS statistics reflect deaths 'involving Covid' 'or due to Covid' which meant in practice any

death where 'Covid-19' was mentioned on the death certificate. She described the consequences of this fraud:

> Most people will accept the narrative they are fed, so panicky governments here and in Europe witnessed the harsh measures enacted in totalitarian China and jumped into lockdown. Headlines about Covid deaths tolled like the knell that would bring doomsday to us all. Fear stalked our empty streets. Politicians parroted the frankly ridiculous aim of 'zero Covid' and shut down the economy, while most British people agreed that lockdown was essential and (astonishingly to me, as a patriotic Brit) even wanted more restrictions.
>
> For what? Lies on death certificates? Never mind the grim toll of lives ruined, suicides, schools closed, rising inequality, depression, cancelled hospital treatments, cancer patients in a torture of waiting, poverty, economic devastation, loneliness, families kept apart, and so on. How many lives have been lost as a direct result of lockdown?

She said that we could join in a national chorus of shock and horror at reaching the 120,000 death toll which was surely certain to have been totally skewed all along, but what about the human cost of lockdown justified by these 'death figures'? *The British Medical Journal* had reported a 1,493 percent increase in cases of children taken to Great Ormond Street Hospital with abusive head injuries alone and then there was the effect on families:

> Perhaps the most shocking thing about all this is that families have been kept apart – and obeyed the most irrational, changing rules at the whim of government – because they believed in the statistics. They succumbed to fear, which his generation rejected in that war fought for freedom. Dad (God rest his soul) would be angry. And so am I.

Another theme to watch is that in the winter months when there are more deaths from all causes they focus on 'Covid' deaths and in the summer when the British Lung Foundation says respiratory disease plummets by 80 percent they rage on about 'cases'. Either way fascism on population is always the answer.

Nazi eugenics in the 21st century

Elderly people in care homes have been isolated from their families month after lonely month with no contact with relatives and grandchildren who were banned from seeing them. We were told

that lockdown fascism was to 'protect the vulnerable' like elderly people. At the same time Do Not Resuscitate (DNR) orders were placed on their medical files so that if they needed resuscitation it wasn't done and 'Covid-19' went on their death certificates. Old people were not being 'protected' they were being culled – murdered in truth. DNR orders were being decreed for disabled and young people with learning difficulties or psychological problems. The UK Care Quality Commission, a non-departmental body of the Department of Health and Social Care, found that 34 percent of those working in health and social care were pressured into placing 'do not attempt cardiopulmonary resuscitation' orders on 'Covid' patients who suffered from disabilities and learning difficulties without involving the patient or their families in the decision. UK judges ruled that an elderly woman with dementia should have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine' against her son's wishes and that a man with severe learning difficulties should have the jab despite his family's objections. Never mind that many had already died. The judiciary always supports doctors and government in fascist dictatorships. They wouldn't dare do otherwise. A horrific video was posted showing fascist officers from Los Angeles police forcibly giving the 'Covid' shot to women with special needs who were screaming that they didn't want it. The same fascists are seen giving the jab to a sleeping elderly woman in a care home. This is straight out of the Nazi playbook. Hitler's Nazis committed mass murder of the mentally ill and physically disabled throughout Germany and occupied territories in the programme that became known as Aktion T4, or just T4. Sabbatian-controlled Hitler and his grotesque crazies set out to kill those they considered useless and unnecessary. The Reich Committee for the Scientific Registering of Hereditary and Congenital Illnesses registered the births of babies identified by physicians to have 'defects'. By 1941 alone more than 5,000 children were murdered by the state and it is estimated that in total the number of innocent people killed in Aktion T4 was between 275,000 and 300,000. Parents were told their children had been sent away for 'special treatment' never to return. It is rather pathetic to see claims about plans for new extermination camps being dismissed today

when the same force behind current events did precisely that 80 years ago. Margaret Sanger was a Cult operative who used 'birth control' to sanitise her programme of eugenics. Organisations she founded became what is now Planned Parenthood. Sanger proposed that 'the whole dysgenic population would have its choice of segregation or sterilization'. These included epileptics, 'feeble-minded', and prostitutes. Sanger opposed charity because it perpetuated 'human waste'. She reveals the Cult mentality and if anyone thinks that extermination camps are a 'conspiracy theory' their naivety is touching if breathtakingly stupid.

If you don't believe that doctors can act with callous disregard for their patients it is worth considering that doctors and medical staff agreed to put government-decreed DNR orders on medical files and do nothing when resuscitation is called for. I don't know what you call such people in your house. In mine they are Nazis from the Josef Mengele School of Medicine. Phenomenal numbers of old people have died worldwide from the effects of lockdown, depression, lack of treatment, the 'vaccine' (more later) and losing the will to live. A common response at the start of the manufactured pandemic was to remove old people from hospital beds and transfer them to nursing homes. The decision would result in a mass cull of elderly people in those homes through lack of treatment – *not* 'Covid'. Care home whistleblowers have told how once the 'Covid' era began doctors would not come to their homes to treat patients and they were begging for drugs like antibiotics that often never came. The most infamous example was ordered by New York governor Andrew Cuomo, brother of a moronic CNN host, who amazingly was given an Emmy Award for his handling of the 'Covid crisis' by the ridiculous Wokers that hand them out. Just how ridiculous could be seen in February, 2021, when a Department of Justice and FBI investigation began into how thousands of old people in New York died in nursing homes after being discharged from hospital to make way for 'Covid' patients on Cuomo's say-so – and how he and his staff covered up these facts. This couldn't have happened to a nicer psychopath. Even then there was a 'Covid' spin. Reports said that

thousands of old people who tested positive for 'Covid' in hospital were transferred to nursing homes to both die of 'Covid' and transmit it to others. No – they were in hospital because they were ill and the fact that they tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' is irrelevant. They were ill often with respiratory diseases ubiquitous in old people near the end of their lives. Their transfer out of hospital meant that their treatment stopped and many would go on to die.

They're old. Who gives a damn?

I have exposed in the books for decades the Cult plan to cull the world's old people and even to introduce at some point what they call a 'demise pill' which at a certain age everyone would take and be out of here by law. In March, 2021, Spain legalised euthanasia and assisted suicide following the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and Canada on the Tiptoe to the demise pill. Treatment of old people by many 'care' homes has been a disgrace in the 'Covid' era. There are many, many, caring staff – I know some. There have, however, been legions of stories about callous treatment of old people and their families. Police were called when families came to take their loved ones home in the light of isolation that was killing them. They became prisoners of the state. Care home residents in insane, fascist Ontario, Canada, were not allowed to leave their *room* once the 'Covid' hoax began. UK staff have even wheeled elderly people away from windows where family members were talking with them. Oriana Criscuolo from Stockport in the English North West dropped off some things for her 80-year-old father who has Parkinson's disease and dementia and she wanted to wave to him through a ground-floor window. She was told that was 'illegal'. When she went anyway they closed the curtains in the middle of the day. Oriana said:

> It's just unbelievable. I cannot understand how care home staff – people who are being paid to care – have become so uncaring. Their behaviour is inhumane and cruel. It's beyond belief.

She was right and this was not a one-off. What a way to end your life in such loveless circumstances. UK registered nurse Nicky Millen, a proper old school nurse for 40 years, said that when she started her career care was based on dignity, choice, compassion and empathy. Now she said 'the things that are important to me have gone out of the window.' She was appalled that people were dying without their loved ones and saying goodbye on iPads. Nicky described how a distressed 89-year-old lady stroked her face and asked her 'how many paracetamol would it take to finish me off'. Life was no longer worth living while not seeing her family. Nicky said she was humiliated in front of the ward staff and patients for letting the lady stroke her face and giving her a cuddle. Such is the dehumanisation that the 'Covid' hoax has brought to the surface. Nicky worked in care homes where patients told her they were being held prisoner. 'I want to live until I die', one said to her. 'I had a lady in tears because she hadn't seen her great-grandson.' Nicky was compassionate old school meeting psychopathic New Normal. She also said she had worked on a 'Covid' ward with no 'Covid' patients. Jewish writer Shai Held wrote an article in March, 2020, which was headlined 'The Staggering, Heartless Cruelty Toward the Elderly'. What he described was happening from the earliest days of lockdown. He said 'the elderly' were considered a group and not unique individuals (the way of the Woke). Shai Held said:

> Notice how the all-too-familiar rhetoric of dehumanization works: 'The elderly' are bunched together as a faceless mass, all of them considered culprits and thus effectively deserving of the suffering the pandemic will inflict upon them. Lost entirely is the fact that the elderly are individual human beings, each with a distinctive face and voice, each with hopes and dreams, memories and regrets, friendships and marriages, loves lost and loves sustained.

'The elderly' have become another dehumanised group for which anything goes and for many that has resulted in cold disregard for their rights and their life. The distinctive face that Held talks about is designed to be deleted by masks until everyone is part of a faceless mass.

'War-zone' hospitals myth

Again and again medical professionals have told me what was really going on and how hospitals 'overrun like war zones' according to the media were virtually empty. The mantra from medical whistleblowers was please don't use my name or my career is over. Citizen journalists around the world sneaked into hospitals to film evidence exposing the 'war-zone' lie. They really *were* largely empty with closed wards and operating theatres. I met a hospital worker in my town on the Isle of Wight during the first lockdown in 2020 who said the only island hospital had never been so quiet. Lockdown was justified by the psychopaths to stop hospitals being overrun. At the same time that the island hospital was near-empty the military arrived here to provide *extra beds*. It was all propaganda to ramp up the fear to ensure compliance with fascism as were never-used temporary hospitals with thousands of beds known as Nightingales and never-used make-shift mortuaries opened by the criminal UK government. A man who helped to install those extra island beds attributed to the army said they were never used and the hospital was empty. Doctors and nurses 'stood around talking or on their phones, wandering down to us to see what we were doing'. There were no masks or social distancing. He accused the useless local island paper, the *County Press*, of 'pumping the fear as if our hospital was overrun and we only have one so it should have been'. He described ambulances parked up with crews outside in deck chairs. When his brother called an ambulance he was told there was a two-hour backlog which he called 'bullshit'. An old lady on the island fell 'and was in a bad way', but a caller who rang for an ambulance was told the situation wasn't urgent enough. Ambulance stations were working under capacity while people would hear ambulances with sirens blaring driving through the streets. When those living near the stations realised what was going on they would follow them as they left, circulated around an urban area with the sirens going, and then came back without stopping. All this was to increase levels of fear and the same goes for the 'ventilator shortage crisis' that cost tens of millions for hastily produced ventilators never to be used.

Ambulance crews that agreed to be exploited in this way for fear propaganda might find themselves a mirror. I wish them well with that. Empty hospitals were the obvious consequence of treatment and diagnoses of non-'Covid' conditions cancelled and those involved handed a death sentence. People have been dying at home from undiagnosed and untreated cancer, heart disease and other life-threatening conditions to allow empty hospitals to deal with a 'pandemic' that wasn't happening.

Death of the innocent

'War-zones' have been laying off nursing staff, even doctors where they can. There was no work for them. Lockdown was justified by saving lives and protecting the vulnerable they were actually killing with DNR orders and preventing empty hospitals being 'overrun'. In Britain the mantra of stay at home to 'save the NHS' was everywhere and across the world the same story was being sold when it was all lies. Two California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi at Accelerated Urgent Care in Bakersfield, held a news conference in April, 2020, to say that intensive care units in California were 'empty, essentially', with hospitals shutting floors, not treating patients and laying off doctors. The California health system was working at minimum capacity 'getting rid of doctors because we just don't have the volume'. They said that people with conditions such as heart disease and cancer were not coming to hospital out of fear of 'Covid-19'. Their video was deleted by Susan Wojcicki's Cult-owned YouTube after reaching five million views. Florida governor Ron Desantis, who rejected the severe lockdowns of other states and is being targeted for doing so, said that in March, 2020, every US governor was given models claiming they would run out of hospital beds in days. That was never going to happen and the 'modellers' knew it. Deceit can be found at every level of the system. Urgent children's operations were cancelled including fracture repairs and biopsies to spot cancer. Eric Nicholls, a consultant paediatrician, said 'this is obviously concerning and we need to return to normal operating and to increase capacity as soon as possible'. Psychopaths

in power were rather less concerned *because* they are psychopaths. Deletion of urgent care and diagnosis has been happening all over the world and how many kids and others have died as a result of the actions of these cold and heartless lunatics dictating 'health' policy? The number must be stratospheric. Richard Sullivan, professor of cancer and global health at King's College London, said people feared 'Covid' more than cancer such was the campaign of fear. 'Years of lost life will be quite dramatic', Sullivan said, with 'a huge amount of avoidable mortality'. Sarah Woolnough, executive director for policy at Cancer Research UK, said there had been a 75 percent drop in urgent referrals to hospitals by family doctors of people with suspected cancer. Sullivan said that 'a lot of services have had to scale back – we've seen a dramatic decrease in the amount of elective cancer surgery'. Lockdown deaths worldwide has been absolutely fantastic with the *New York Post* reporting how data confirmed that 'lockdowns end more lives than they save':

> There was a sharp decline in visits to emergency rooms and an increase in fatal heart attacks because patients didn't receive prompt treatment. Many fewer people were screened for cancer. Social isolation contributed to excess deaths from dementia and Alzheimer's.
>
> Researchers predicted that the social and economic upheaval would lead to tens of thousands of "deaths of despair" from drug overdoses, alcoholism and suicide. As unemployment surged and mental-health and substance-abuse treatment programs were interrupted, the reported levels of anxiety, depression and suicidal thoughts increased dramatically, as did alcohol sales and fatal drug overdoses.

This has been happening while nurses and other staff had so much time on their hands in the 'war-zones' that Tic-Tok dancing videos began appearing across the Internet with medical staff dancing around in empty wards and corridors as people died at home from causes that would normally have been treated in hospital.

Mentions in dispatches

One brave and truth-committed whistleblower was Louise Hampton, a call handler with the UK NHS who made a viral Internet video saying she had done 'fuck all' during the 'pandemic'

which was 'a load of bollocks'. She said that 'Covid-19' was rebranded flu and of course she lost her job. This is what happens in the medical and endless other professions now when you tell the truth. Louise filmed inside 'war-zone' accident and emergency departments to show they were empty and I mean *empty* as in no one there. The mainstream media could have done the same and blown the gaff on the whole conspiracy. They haven't to their eternal shame. Not that most 'journalists' seem capable of manifesting shame as with the psychopaths they slavishly repeat without question. The relative few who were admitted with serious health problems were left to die alone with no loved ones allowed to see them because of 'Covid' rules and they included kids dying without the comfort of mum and dad at their bedside while the evil behind this couldn't give a damn. It was all good fun to them. A Scottish NHS staff nurse publicly quit in the spring of 2021 saying: 'I can no longer be part of the lies and the corruption by the government.' She said hospitals 'aren't full, the beds aren't full, beds have been shut, wards have been shut'. Hospitals were never busy throughout 'Covid'. The staff nurse said that Nicola Sturgeon, tragically the leader of the Scottish government, was on television saying save the hospitals and the NHS – 'but the beds are empty' and 'we've not seen flu, we always see flu every year'. She wrote to government and spoke with her union Unison (the unions are Cult-compromised and *useless*, but nothing changed. Many of her colleagues were scared of losing their jobs if they spoke out as they wanted to. She said nursing staff were being affected by wearing masks all day and 'my head is splitting every shift from wearing a mask'. The NHS is part of the fascist tyranny and must be dismantled so we can start again with human beings in charge. (Ironically, hospitals were reported to be busier again when official 'Covid' cases *fell* in spring/summer of 2021 and many other conditions required treatment at the same time as *the fake vaccine rollout*.)

I will cover the 'Covid vaccine' scam in detail later, but it is another indicator of the sickening disregard for human life that I am highlighting here. The DNA-manipulating concoctions do not fulfil

the definition of a 'vaccine', have never been used on humans before and were given only emergency approval because trials were not completed and they continued using the unknowing public. The result was what a NHS senior nurse with responsibility for 'vaccine' procedure said was 'genocide'. She said the 'vaccines' were not 'vaccines'. They had not been shown to be safe and claims about their effectiveness by drug companies were 'poetic licence'. She described what was happening as a 'horrid act of human annihilation'. The nurse said that management had instigated a policy of not providing a Patient Information Leaflet (PIL) before people were 'vaccinated' even though health care professionals are supposed to do this according to protocol. Patients should also be told that they are taking part in an ongoing clinical trial. Her challenges to what is happening had seen her excluded from meetings and ridiculed in others. She said she was told to 'watch my step … or I would find myself surplus to requirements'. The nurse, who spoke anonymously in fear of her career, said she asked her NHS manager why he/she was content with taking part in genocide against those having the 'vaccines'. The reply was that everyone had to play their part and to 'put up, shut up, and get it done'. Government was 'leaning heavily' on NHS management which was clearly leaning heavily on staff. This is how the global 'medical' hierarchy operates and it starts with the Cult and its World Health Organization.

She told the story of a doctor who had the Pfizer jab and when questioned had no idea what was in it. The doctor had never read the literature. We have to stop treating doctors as intellectual giants when so many are moral and medical pygmies. The doctor did not even know that the 'vaccines' were not fully approved or that their trials were ongoing. They were, however, asking their patients if they minded taking part in follow-ups for research purposes – yes, the *ongoing clinical trial*. The nurse said the doctor's ignorance was not rare and she had spoken to a hospital consultant who had the jab without any idea of the background or that the 'trials' had not been completed. Nurses and pharmacists had shown the same ignorance.

'My NHS colleagues have forsaken their duty of care, broken their code of conduct – Hippocratic Oath – and have been brainwashed just the same as the majority of the UK public through propaganda …' She said she had not been able to recruit a single NHS colleague, doctor, nurse or pharmacist to stand with her and speak out. Her union had refused to help. She said that if the genocide came to light she would not hesitate to give evidence at a Nuremberg-type trial against those in power who could have affected the outcomes but didn't.

And all for what?

To put the nonsense into perspective let's say the 'virus' does exist and let's go completely crazy and accept that the official manipulated figures for cases and deaths are accurate. *Even then* a study by Stanford University epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis published on the World Health Organization website produced an average infection to fatality rate of … *0.23 percent!* Ioannidis said: 'If one could sample equally from all locations globally, the median infection fatality rate might even be substantially lower than the 0.23% observed in my analysis.' For healthy people under 70 it was … *0.05 percent*! This compares with the 3.4 percent claimed by the Cult-owned World Health Organization when the hoax was first played and maximum fear needed to be generated. An updated Stanford study in April, 2021, put the 'infection' to 'fatality' rate at just 0.15 percent. Another team of scientists led by Megan O'Driscoll and Henrik Salje studied data from 45 countries and published their findings on the Nature website. For children and young people the figure is so small it virtually does not register although authorities will be hyping dangers to the young when they introduce DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' for children. The O'Driscoll study produced an average infection-fatality figure of 0.003 for children from birth to four; 0.001 for 5 to 14; 0.003 for 15 to 19; and it was still only 0.456 up to 64. To claim that children must be 'vaccinated' to protect them from 'Covid' is an obvious lie and so there must be another reason and there is. What's more the average age of a 'Covid' death is akin

to the average age that people die in general. The average age of death in England is about 80 for men and 83 for women. The average age of death from alleged 'Covid' is between 82 and 83. California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi, said at their April media conference that projection models of millions of deaths had been 'woefully inaccurate'. They produced detailed figures showing that Californians had a 0.03 chance of dying from 'Covid' based on the number of people who tested positive (with a test not testing for the 'virus'). Erickson said there was a 0.1 percent chance of dying from 'Covid' in the *state* of New York, not just the city, and a 0.05 percent chance in Spain, a centre of 'Covid-19' hysteria at one stage. The Stanford studies supported the doctors' data with fatality rate estimates of 0.23 and 0.15 percent. How close are these figures to my estimate of *zero*? Death-rate figures claimed by the World Health Organization at the start of the hoax were some 15 times higher. The California doctors said there was no justification for lockdowns and the economic devastation they caused. Everything they had ever learned about quarantine was that you quarantine the *sick* and not the healthy. They had never seen this before and it made no medical sense.

Why in the in the light of all this would governments and medical systems the world over say that billions must go under house arrest; lose their livelihood; in many cases lose their mind, their health and their life; force people to wear masks dangerous to health and psychology; make human interaction and even family interaction a criminal offence; ban travel; close restaurants, bars, watching live sport, concerts, theatre, and any activity involving human togetherness and discourse; and closing schools to isolate children from their friends and cause many to commit suicide in acts of hopelessness and despair? The California doctors said lockdown consequences included increased child abuse, partner abuse, alcoholism, depression, and other impacts they were seeing every day. Who would do that to the entire human race if not mentally-ill psychopaths of almost unimaginable extremes like Bill Gates? We must face the reality of what we are dealing with and come out of

denial. Fascism and tyranny are made possible only by the target population submitting and acquiescing to fascism and tyranny. The whole of human history shows that to be true. Most people naively and unquestioning believed what they were told about a 'deadly virus' and meekly and weakly submitted to house arrest. Those who didn't believe it – at least in total – still submitted in fear of the consequences of not doing so. For the rest who wouldn't submit draconian fines have been imposed, brutal policing by psychopaths *for* psychopaths, and condemnation from the meek and weak who condemn the Pushbackers on behalf of the very force that has them, too, in its gunsights. 'Pathetic' does not even begin to suffice. Britain's brainless 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock warned anyone lying to border officials about returning from a list of 'hotspot' countries could face a jail sentence of up to ten years which is more than for racially-aggravated assault, incest and attempting to have sex with a child under 13. Hancock is a lunatic, but he has the state apparatus behind him in a Cult-led chain reaction and the same with UK 'Vaccine Minister' Nadhim Zahawi, a prominent member of the mega-Cult secret society, Le Cercle, which featured in my earlier books. The Cult enforces its will on governments and medical systems; government and medical systems enforce their will on business and police; business enforces its will on staff who enforce it on customers; police enforce the will of the Cult on the population and play their essential part in creating a world of fascist control that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. It is a hierarchical pyramid of imposition and acquiescence and, yes indeedy, of clinical insanity.

Does anyone bright enough to read this book have to ask what the answer is? I think not, but I will reveal it anyway in the fewest of syllables: Tell the psychos and their moronic lackeys to fuck off and let's get on with our lives. We are many – They are few.

CHAPTER SEVEN

War on your mind

One believes things because one has been conditioned to believe them
Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

I have described the 'Covid' hoax as a 'Psyop' and that is true in every sense and on every level in accordance with the definition of that term which is psychological warfare. Break down the 'Covid pandemic' to the foundation themes and it is psychological warfare on the human individual and collective mind.

The same can be said for the entire human belief system involving every subject you can imagine. Huxley was right in his contention that people believe what they are conditioned to believe and this comes from the repetition throughout their lives of the same falsehoods. They spew from government, corporations, media and endless streams of 'experts' telling you what the Cult wants you to believe and often believing it themselves (although *far* from always). 'Experts' are rewarded with 'prestigious' jobs and titles and as agents of perceptual programming with regular access to the media. The Cult has to control the narrative – control *information* – or they lose control of the vital, crucial, without-which-they-cannot-prevail public perception of reality. The foundation of that control today is the Internet made possible by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the incredibly sinister technological arm of the Pentagon. The Internet is the result of military technology.

DARPA openly brags about establishing the Internet which has been a long-term project to lasso the minds of the global population. I have said for decades the plan is to control information to such an extreme that eventually no one would see or hear anything that the Cult does not approve. We are closing in on that end with ferocious censorship since the 'Covid' hoax began and in my case it started back in the 1990s in terms of books and speaking venues. I had to create my own publishing company in 1995 precisely because no one else would publish my books even then. I think they're all still running.

Cult Internet

To secure total control of information they needed the Internet in which pre-programmed algorithms can seek out 'unclean' content for deletion and even stop it being posted in the first place. The Cult had to dismantle print and non-Internet broadcast media to ensure the transfer of information to the appropriate-named 'Web' – a critical expression of the *Cult* web. We've seen the ever-quickening demise of traditional media and control of what is left by a tiny number of corporations operating worldwide. Independent journalism in the mainstream is already dead and never was that more obvious than since the turn of 2020. The Cult wants all information communicated via the Internet to globally censor and allow the plug to be pulled any time. Lockdowns and forced isolation has meant that communication between people has been through electronic means and no longer through face-to-face discourse and discussion. Cult psychopaths have targeted the bars, restaurants, sport, venues and meeting places in general for this reason. None of this is by chance and it's to stop people gathering in any kind of privacy or number while being able to track and monitor all Internet communications and block them as necessary. Even private messages between individuals have been censored by these fascists that control Cult fronts like Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube which are all officially run by Sabbatian place-people and from the background by higher-level Sabbatian place people.

Facebook, Google, Amazon and their like were seed-funded and supported into existence with money-no-object infusions of funds either directly or indirectly from DARPA and CIA technology arm In-Q-Tel. The Cult plays the long game and prepares very carefully for big plays like 'Covid'. Amazon is another front in the psychological war and pretty much controls the global market in book sales and increasingly publishing. Amazon's limitless funds have deleted fantastic numbers of independent publishers to seize global domination on the way to deciding which books can be sold and circulated and which cannot. Moves in that direction are already happening. Amazon's leading light Jeff Bezos is the grandson of Lawrence Preston Gise who worked with DARPA predecessor ARPA. Amazon has big connections to the CIA and the Pentagon. The plan I have long described went like this:

1. Employ military technology to establish the Internet.

2. Sell the Internet as a place where people can freely communicate without censorship and allow that to happen until the Net becomes the central and irreversible pillar of human society. If the Internet had been highly censored from the start many would have rejected it.

3. Fund and manipulate major corporations into being to control the circulation of information on your Internet using cover stories about geeks in garages to explain how they came about. Give them unlimited funds to expand rapidly with no need to make a profit for years while non-Cult companies who need to balance the books cannot compete. You know that in these circumstances your Googles, YouTubes, Facebooks and Amazons are going to secure near monopolies by either crushing or buying up the opposition.

4. Allow freedom of expression on both the Internet and communication platforms to draw people in until the Internet is the central and irreversible pillar of human society and your communication corporations have reached a stage of near monopoly domination.

5. Then unleash your always-planned frenzy of censorship on the basis of 'where else are you going to go?' and continue to expand that until nothing remains that the Cult does not want its human targets to see.

The process was timed to hit the 'Covid' hoax to ensure the best chance possible of controlling the narrative which they knew they had to do at all costs. They were, after all, about to unleash a 'deadly virus' that didn't really exist. If you do that in an environment of free-flowing information and opinion you would be dead in the

water before you could say Gates is a psychopath. The network was in place through which the Cult-created-and-owned World Health Organization could dictate the 'Covid' narrative and response policy slavishly supported by Cult-owned Internet communication giants and mainstream media while those telling a different story were censored. Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter openly announced that they would do this. What else would we expect from Cult-owned operations like Facebook which former executives have confirmed set out to make the platform more addictive than cigarettes and coldly manipulates emotions of its users to sow division between people and groups and scramble the minds of the young? If Zuckerberg lives out the rest of his life without going to jail for crimes against humanity, and most emphatically against the young, it will be a travesty of justice. Still, no matter, cause and effect will catch up with him eventually and the same with Sergey Brin and Larry Page at Google with its CEO Sundar Pichai who fix the Google search results to promote Cult narratives and hide the opposition. Put the same key words into Google and other search engines like DuckDuckGo and you will see how different results can be. Wikipedia is another intensely biased 'encyclopaedia' which skews its content to the Cult agenda. YouTube links to Wikipedia's version of 'Covid' and 'climate change' on video pages in which experts in their field offer a different opinion (even that is increasingly rare with Wojcicki censorship). Into this 'Covid' silence-them network must be added government media censors, sorry 'regulators', such as Ofcom in the UK which imposed tyrannical restrictions on British broadcasters that had the effect of banning me from ever appearing. Just to debate with me about my evidence and views on 'Covid' would mean breaking the fascistic impositions of Ofcom and its CEO career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes. Gutless British broadcasters tremble at the very thought of fascist Ofcom.

Psychos behind 'Covid'

The reason for the 'Covid' catastrophe in all its facets and forms can be seen by whom and what is driving the policies worldwide in such a coordinated way. Decisions are not being made to protect health, but to target psychology. The dominant group guiding and 'advising' government policy are not medical professionals. They are psychologists and behavioural scientists. Every major country has its own version of this phenomenon and I'll use the British example to show how it works. In many ways the British version has been affecting the wider world in the form of the huge behaviour manipulation network in the UK which operates in other countries. The network involves private companies, government, intelligence and military. The Cabinet Office is at the centre of the government 'Covid' Psyop and part-owns, with 'innovation charity' Nesta, the Behavioural Insights Team (BIT) which claims to be independent of government but patently isn't. The BIT was established in 2010 and its job is to manipulate the psyche of the population to acquiesce to government demands and so much more. It is also known as the 'Nudge Unit', a name inspired by the 2009 book by two ultra-Zionists, Cass Sunstein and Richard Thaler, called *Nudge: Improving Decisions About Health, Wealth, and Happiness*. The book, as with the Behavioural Insights Team, seeks to 'nudge' behaviour (manipulate it) to make the public follow patterns of action and perception that suit those in authority (the Cult). Sunstein is so skilled at this that he advises the World Health Organization and the UK Behavioural Insights Team and was Administrator of the White House Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs in the Obama administration. Biden appointed him to the Department of Homeland Security – another ultra-Zionist in the fold to oversee new immigration laws which is another policy the Cult wants to control. Sunstein is desperate to silence anyone exposing conspiracies and co-authored a 2008 report on the subject in which suggestions were offered to ban 'conspiracy theorizing' or impose 'some kind of tax, financial or otherwise, on those who disseminate such theories'. I guess a psychiatrist's chair is out of the question?

Sunstein's mate Richard Thaler, an 'academic affiliate' of the UK Behavioural Insights Team, is a proponent of 'behavioural economics' which is defined as the study of 'the effects of psychological, cognitive, emotional, cultural and social factors on the decisions of individuals and institutions'. Study the effects so they can be manipulated to be what you want them to be. Other leading names in the development of behavioural economics are ultra-Zionists Daniel Kahneman and Robert J. Shiller and they, with Thaler, won the Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Sciences for their work in this field. The Behavioural Insights Team is operating at the heart of the UK government and has expanded globally through partnerships with several universities including Harvard, Oxford, Cambridge, University College London (UCL) and Pennsylvania. They claim to have 'trained' (reframed) 20,000 civil servants and run more than 750 projects involving 400 randomised controlled trials in dozens of countries' as another version of mind reframers Common Purpose. BIT works from its office in New York with cities and their agencies, as well as other partners, across the United States and Canada – this is a company part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office. An executive order by President Cult-servant Obama established a US Social and Behavioral Sciences Team in 2015. They all have the same reason for being and that's to brainwash the population directly and by brainwashing those in positions of authority.

'Covid' mind game

Another prime aspect of the UK mind-control network is the 'independent' [joke] Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B) which 'provides behavioural science advice aimed at anticipating and helping people adhere to interventions that are recommended by medical or epidemiological experts'. That means manipulating public perception and behaviour to do whatever government tells them to do. It's disgusting and if they really want the public to be 'safe' this lot should all be under lock and key. According to the government website SPI-B consists of

'behavioural scientists, health and social psychologists, anthropologists and historians' and advises the Whitty-Vallance-led Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) which in turn advises the government on 'the science' (it doesn't) and 'Covid' policy. When politicians say they are being guided by 'the science' this is the rabble in each country they are talking about and that 'science' is dominated by behaviour manipulators to enforce government fascism through public compliance. The Behaviour Insight Team is headed by psychologist David Solomon Halpern, a visiting professor at King's College London, and connects with a national and global web of other civilian and military organisations as the Cult moves towards its goal of fusing them into one fascistic whole in every country through its 'Fusion Doctrine'. The behaviour manipulation network involves, but is not confined to, the Foreign Office; National Security Council; government communications headquarters (GCHQ); MI5; MI6; the Cabinet Office-based Media Monitoring Unit; and the Rapid Response Unit which 'monitors digital trends to spot emerging issues; including misinformation and disinformation; and identifies the best way to respond'.

There is also the 77th Brigade of the UK military which operates like the notorious Israeli military's Unit 8200 in manipulating information and discussion on the Internet by posing as members of the public to promote the narrative and discredit those who challenge it. Here we have the military seeking to manipulate *domestic* public opinion while the Nazis in government are fine with that. Conservative Member of Parliament Tobias Ellwood, an advocate of lockdown and control through 'vaccine passports', is a Lieutenant Colonel reservist in the 77th Brigade which connects with the military operation jHub, the 'innovation centre' for the Ministry of Defence and Strategic Command. jHub has also been involved with the civilian National Health Service (NHS) in 'symptom tracing' the population. The NHS is a key part of this mind control network and produced a document in December, 2020, explaining to staff how to use psychological manipulation with different groups and ages to get them to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine'

that's designed to cumulatively rewrite human genetics. The document, called 'Optimising Vaccination Roll Out – Do's and Dont's for all messaging, documents and "communications" in the widest sense', was published by NHS England and the NHS Improvement *Behaviour Change Unit* in partnership with Public Health England and Warwick Business School. I hear the mantra about 'save the NHS' and 'protect the NHS' when we need to scrap the NHS and start again. The current version is far too corrupt, far too anti-human and totally compromised by Cult operatives and their assets. UK government broadcast media censor Ofcom will connect into this web – as will the BBC with its tremendous Ofcom influence – to control what the public see and hear and dictate mass perception. Nuremberg trials must include personnel from all these organisations.

The fear factor

The 'Covid' hoax has led to the creation of the UK Cabinet Office-connected Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) which is officially described as providing 'expert advice on pandemics' using its independent [all Cult operations are 'independent'] analytical function to provide real-time analysis about infection outbreaks to identify and respond to outbreaks of Covid-19'. Another role is to advise the government on a response to spikes in infections – 'for example by closing schools or workplaces in local areas where infection levels have risen'. Put another way, promoting the Cult agenda. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is modelled on the Joint Terrorism Analysis Centre which analyses intelligence to set 'terrorism threat levels' and here again you see the fusion of civilian and military operations and intelligence that has led to military intelligence producing documents about 'vaccine hesitancy' and how it can be combated. Domestic civilian matters and opinions should not be the business of the military. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is headed by Tom Hurd, director general of the Office for Security and Counter-Terrorism from the establishment-to-its-fingertips Hurd family. His father is former Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd. How coincidental that Tom

Hurd went to the elite Eton College and Oxford University with Boris Johnson. Imperial College with its ridiculous computer modeller Neil Ferguson will connect with this gigantic web that will itself interconnect with similar set-ups in other major and not so major countries. Compared with this Cult network the politicians, be they Boris Johnson, Donald Trump or Joe Biden, are bit-part players 'following the science'. The network of psychologists was on the 'Covid' case from the start with the aim of generating maximum fear of the 'virus' to ensure compliance by the population. A government behavioural science group known as SPI-B produced a paper in March, 2020, for discussion by the main government science advisory group known as SAGE. It was headed 'Options for increasing adherence to social distancing measures' and it said the following in a section headed 'Persuasion':

- A substantial number of people still do not feel sufficiently personally threatened; it could be that they are reassured by the low death rate in their demographic group, although levels of concern may be rising. Having a good understanding of the risk has been found to be positively associated with adoption of COVID-19 social distancing measures in Hong Kong.

- The perceived level of personal threat needs to be increased among those who are complacent, using hard-hitting evaluation of options for increasing social distancing emotional messaging. To be effective this must also empower people by making clear the actions they can take to reduce the threat.

- Responsibility to others: There seems to be insufficient understanding of, or feelings of responsibility about, people's role in transmitting the infection to others … Messaging about actions need to be framed positively in terms of protecting oneself and the community, and increase confidence that they will be effective.

- Some people will be more persuaded by appeals to play by the rules, some by duty to the community, and some to personal risk.

> All these different approaches are needed. The messaging also needs to take account of the realities of different people's lives. Messaging needs to take account of the different motivational levers and circumstances of different people.

All this could be achieved the SPI-B psychologists said by *using the media to increase the sense of personal threat* which translates as terrify the shit out of the population, including children, so they all do what we want. That's not happened has it? Those excuses for 'journalists' who wouldn't know journalism if it bit them on the arse (the great majority) have played their crucial part in serving this Cult-government Psyop to enslave their own kids and grandkids. How they live with themselves I have no idea. The psychological war has been underpinned by constant government 'Covid' propaganda in almost every television and radio ad break, plus the Internet and print media, which has pounded out the fear with taxpayers footing the bill for their own programming. The result has been people terrified of a 'virus' that doesn't exist or one with a tiny fatality rate even if you believe it does. People walk down the street and around the shops wearing face-nappies damaging their health and psychology while others report those who refuse to be that naïve to the police who turn up in their own face-nappies. I had a cameraman come to my flat and he was so frightened of 'Covid' he came in wearing a mask and refused to shake my hand in case he caught something. He had – naïveitis – and the thought that he worked in the mainstream media was both depressing and made his behaviour perfectly explainable. The fear which has gripped the minds of so many and frozen them into compliance has been carefully cultivated by these psychologists who are really psychopaths. If lives get destroyed and a lot of young people commit suicide it shows our plan is working. SPI-B then turned to compulsion on the public to comply. 'With adequate preparation, rapid change can be achieved', it said. Some countries had introduced mandatory self-isolation on a wide scale without evidence of major public unrest and a large majority of the UK's population appeared to be supportive of more coercive measures with 64 percent of adults saying they would

support putting London under a lockdown (watch the 'polls' which are designed to make people believe that public opinion is in favour or against whatever the subject in hand).

For 'aggressive protective measures' to be effective, the SPI-B paper said, special attention should be devoted to those population groups that are more at risk. Translated from the Orwellian this means making the rest of population feel guilty for not protecting the 'vulnerable' such as old people which the Cult and its agencies were about to kill on an industrial scale with lockdown, lack of treatment and the Gates 'vaccine'. Psychopath psychologists sold their guilt-trip so comprehensively that Los Angeles County Supervisor Hilda Solis reported that children were apologising (from a distance) to their parents and grandparents for bringing 'Covid' into their homes and getting them sick. '… These apologies are just some of the last words that loved ones will ever hear as they die alone,' she said. Gut-wrenchingly Solis then used this childhood tragedy to tell children to stay at home and 'keep your loved ones alive'. Imagine heaping such potentially life-long guilt on a kid when it has absolutely nothing to do with them. These people are deeply disturbed and the psychologists behind this even more so.

Uncivil war – divide and rule

Professional mind-controllers at SPI-B wanted the media to increase a sense of responsibility to others (do as you're told) and promote 'positive messaging' for those actions while in contrast to invoke 'social disapproval' by the unquestioning, obedient, community of anyone with a mind of their own. Again the compliant Goebbels-like media obliged. This is an old, old, trick employed by tyrannies the world over throughout human history. You get the target population to keep the target population in line – *your* line. SPI-B said this could 'play an important role in preventing anti-social behaviour or discouraging failure to enact pro-social behaviour'. For 'anti-social' in the Orwellian parlance of SPI-B see any behaviour that government doesn't approve. SPI-B recommendations said that 'social disapproval' should be accompanied by clear messaging and

promotion of strong collective identity – hence the government and celebrity mantra of 'we're all in this together'. Sure we are. The mind doctors have such contempt for their targets that they think some clueless comedian, actor or singer telling them to do what the government wants will be enough to win them over. We have had UK comedian Lenny Henry, actor Michael Caine and singer Elton John wheeled out to serve the propagandists by urging people to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid' non-'vaccine'. The role of Henry and fellow black celebrities in seeking to coax a 'vaccine' reluctant black community into doing the government's will was especially stomach-turning. An emotion-manipulating script and carefully edited video featuring these black 'celebs' was such an insult to the intelligence of black people and where's the self-respect of those involved selling their souls to a fascist government agenda? Henry said he heard black people's 'legitimate worries and concerns', but people must 'trust the facts' when they were doing exactly that by not having the 'vaccine'. They had to include the obligatory reference to Black Lives Matter with the line … 'Don't let coronavirus cost even more black lives – because we matter'. My god, it was pathetic. 'I know the vaccine is safe and what it does.' How? 'I'm a comedian and it says so in my script.'

SPI-B said social disapproval needed to be carefully managed to avoid victimisation, scapegoating and misdirected criticism, but they knew that their 'recommendations' would lead to exactly that and the media were specifically used to stir-up the divide-and-conquer hostility. Those who conform like good little baa, baas, are praised while those who have seen through the tidal wave of lies are 'Covidiots'. The awake have been abused by the fast asleep for not conforming to fascism and impositions that the awake know are designed to endanger their health, dehumanise them, and tear asunder the very fabric of human society. We have had the curtain-twitchers and morons reporting neighbours and others to the face-nappied police for breaking 'Covid rules' with fascist police delighting in posting links and phone numbers where this could be done. The Cult cannot impose its will without a compliant police

and military or a compliant population willing to play their part in enslaving themselves and their kids. The words of a pastor in Nazi Germany are so appropriate today:

First they came for the socialists and I did not speak out because I was not a socialist.

Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for the Jews and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for me and there was no one left to speak for me.

Those who don't learn from history are destined to repeat it and so many are.

'Covid' rules: Rewiring the mind

With the background laid out to this gigantic national and global web of psychological manipulation we can put 'Covid' rules into a clear and sinister perspective. Forget the claims about protecting health. 'Covid' rules are about dismantling the human mind, breaking the human spirit, destroying self-respect, and then putting Humpty Dumpty together again as a servile, submissive slave. Social isolation through lockdown and distancing have devastating effects on the human psyche as the psychological psychopaths well know and that's the real reason for them. Humans need contact with each other, discourse, closeness and touch, or they eventually, and literarily, go crazy. Masks, which I will address at some length, fundamentally add to the effects of isolation and the Cult agenda to dehumanise and de-individualise the population. To do this while knowing – in fact *seeking* – this outcome is the very epitome of evil and psychologists involved in this *are* the epitome of evil. They must like all the rest of the Cult demons and their assets stand trial for crimes against humanity on a scale that defies the imagination. Psychopaths in uniform use isolation to break enemy troops and agents and make them subservient and submissive to tell what they know. The technique is rightly considered a form of torture and

torture is most certainly what has been imposed on the human population.

Clinically-insane American psychologist Harry Harlow became famous for his isolation experiments in the 1950s in which he separated baby monkeys from their mothers and imprisoned them for months on end in a metal container or 'pit of despair'. They soon began to show mental distress and depression as any idiot could have predicted. Harlow put other monkeys in steel chambers for three, six or twelve months while denying them any contact with animals or humans. He said that the effects of total social isolation for six months were 'so devastating and debilitating that we had assumed initially that twelve months of isolation would not produce any additional decrement'; but twelve months of isolation 'almost obliterated the animals socially'. This is what the Cult and its psychopaths are doing to you and your children. Even monkeys in partial isolation in which they were not allowed to form relationships with other monkeys became 'aggressive and hostile, not only to others, but also towards their own bodies'. We have seen this in the young as a consequence of lockdown. UK government psychopaths launched a public relations campaign telling people not to hug each other even after they received the 'Covid-19 vaccine' which we were told with more lies would allow a return to 'normal life'. A government source told *The Telegraph*: 'It will be along the lines that it is great that you have been vaccinated, but if you are going to visit your family and hug your grandchildren there is a chance you are going to infect people you love.' The source was apparently speaking from a secure psychiatric facility. Janet Lord, director of Birmingham University's Institute of Inflammation and Ageing, said that parents and grandparents should avoid hugging their children. Well, how can I put it, Ms Lord? Fuck off. Yep, that'll do.

Destroying the kids – where are the parents?

Observe what has happened to people enslaved and isolated by lockdown as suicide and self-harm has soared worldwide,

particularly among the young denied the freedom to associate with their friends. A study of 49,000 people in English-speaking countries concluded that almost half of young adults are at clinical risk of mental health disorders. A national survey in America of 1,000 currently enrolled high school and college students found that 5 percent reported attempting suicide during the pandemic. Data from the US CDC's National Syndromic Surveillance Program from January 1st to October 17th, 2020, revealed a *31 percent* increase in mental health issues among adolescents aged 12 to 17 compared with 2019. The CDC reported that America in general suffered the biggest drop in life expectancy since World War Two as it fell by a year in the first half of 2020 as a result of 'deaths of despair' – overdoses and suicides. Deaths of despair have leapt by more than 20 percent during lockdown and include the highest number of fatal overdoses ever recorded in a single year – 81,000. Internet addiction is another consequence of being isolated at home which lowers interest in physical activities as kids fall into inertia and what's the point? Children and young people are losing hope and giving up on life, sometimes literally. A 14-year-old boy killed himself in Maryland because he had 'given up' when his school district didn't reopen; an 11-year-old boy shot himself during a zoom class; a teenager in Maine succumbed to the isolation of the 'pandemic' when he ended his life after experiencing a disrupted senior year at school. Children as young as nine have taken their life and all these stories can be repeated around the world. Careers are being destroyed before they start and that includes those in sport in which promising youngsters have not been able to take part. The plan of the psycho-psychologists is working all right. Researchers at Cambridge University found that lockdowns cause significant harm to children's mental health. Their study was published in the *Archives of Disease in Childhood*, and followed 168 children aged between 7 and 11. The researchers concluded:

> During the UK lockdown, children's depression symptoms have increased substantially, relative to before lockdown. The scale of this effect has direct relevance for the continuation of different elements of lockdown policy, such as complete or partial school closures …

… Specifically, we observed a statistically significant increase in ratings of depression, with a medium-to-large effect size. Our findings emphasise the need to incorporate the potential impact of lockdown on child mental health in planning the ongoing response to the global pandemic and the recovery from it.

Not a chance when the Cult's psycho-psychologists were getting exactly what they wanted. The UK's Royal College of Paediatrics and Child Health has urged parents to look for signs of eating disorders in children and young people after a three to four fold increase. Specialists say the 'pandemic' is a major reason behind the rise. You don't say. The College said isolation from friends during school closures, exam cancellations, loss of extra-curricular activities like sport, and an increased use of social media were all contributory factors along with fears about the virus (psycho-psychologists again), family finances, and students being forced to quarantine. Doctors said young people were becoming severely ill by the time they were seen with 'Covid' regulations reducing face-to-face consultations. Nor is it only the young that have been devastated by the psychopaths. Like all bullies and cowards the Cult is targeting the young, elderly, weak and infirm. A typical story was told by a British lady called Lynn Parker who was not allowed to visit her husband in 2020 for the last ten and half months of his life 'when he needed me most' between March 20th and when he died on December 19th. This vacates the criminal and enters the territory of evil. The emotional impact on the immune system alone is immense as are the number of people of all ages worldwide who have died as a result of Cult-demanded, Gates-demanded, lockdowns.

Isolation is torture

The experience of imposing solitary confinement on millions of prisoners around the world has shown how a large percentage become 'actively psychotic and/or acutely suicidal'. Social isolation has been found to trigger 'a specific psychiatric syndrome, characterized by hallucinations; panic attacks; overt paranoia; diminished impulse control; hypersensitivity to external stimuli; and difficulties with thinking, concentration and memory'. Juan Mendez,

a United Nations rapporteur (investigator), said that isolation is a form of torture. Research has shown that even after isolation prisoners find it far more difficult to make social connections and I remember chatting to a shop assistant after one lockdown who told me that when her young son met another child again he had no idea how to act or what to do. Hannah Flanagan, Director of Emergency Services at Journey Mental Health Center in Dane County, Wisconsin, said: 'The specificity about Covid social distancing and isolation that we've come across as contributing factors to the suicides are really new to us this year.' But they are not new to those that devised them. They are getting the effect they want as the population is psychologically dismantled to be rebuilt in a totally different way. Children and the young are particularly targeted. They will be the adults when the full-on fascist AI-controlled technocracy is planned to be imposed and they are being prepared to meekly submit. At the same time older people who still have a memory of what life was like before – and how fascist the new normal really is – are being deleted. You are going to see efforts to turn the young against the old to support this geriatric genocide. Hannah Flanagan said the big increase in suicide in her county proved that social isolation is not only harmful, but deadly. Studies have shown that isolation from others is one of the main risk factors in suicide and even more so with women. Warnings that lockdown could create a 'perfect storm' for suicide were ignored. After all this was one of the *reasons* for lockdown. Suicide, however, is only the most extreme of isolation consequences. There are many others. Dr Dhruv Khullar, assistant professor of healthcare policy at Weill Cornell Medical College, said in a *New York Times* article in 2016 long before the fake 'pandemic':

> A wave of new research suggests social separation is bad for us. Individuals with less social connection have disrupted sleep patterns, altered immune systems, more inflammation and higher levels of stress hormones. One recent study found that isolation increases the risk of heart disease by 29 percent and stroke by 32 percent. Another analysis that pooled data from 70 studies and 3.4 million people found that socially isolated individuals had a 30 percent higher risk of dying in the next seven years, and that this effect was largest in middle age.

Loneliness can accelerate cognitive decline in older adults, and isolated individuals are twice as likely to die prematurely as those with more robust social interactions. These effects start early: Socially isolated children have significantly poorer health 20 years later, even after controlling for other factors. All told, loneliness is as important a risk factor for early death as obesity and smoking.

There you have proof from that one article alone four years before 2020 that those who have enforced lockdown, social distancing and isolation knew what the effect would be and that is even more so with professional psychologists that have been driving the policy across the globe. We can go back even further to the years 2000 and 2003 and the start of a major study on the effects of isolation on health by Dr Janine Gronewold and Professor Dirk M. Hermann at the University Hospital in Essen, Germany, who analysed data on 4,316 people with an average age of 59 who were recruited for the long-term research project. They found that socially isolated people are more than 40 percent more likely to have a heart attack, stroke, or other major cardiovascular event and nearly 50 percent more likely to die from any cause. Given the financial Armageddon unleashed by lockdown we should note that the study found a relationship between increased cardiovascular risk and lack of financial support. After excluding other factors social isolation was still connected to a 44 percent increased risk of cardiovascular problems and a 47 percent increased risk of death by any cause. Lack of financial support was associated with a 30 percent increase in the risk of cardiovascular health events. Dr Gronewold said it had been known for some time that feeling lonely or lacking contact with close friends and family can have an impact on physical health and the study had shown that having strong social relationships is of high importance for heart health. Gronewold said they didn't understand yet why people who are socially isolated have such poor health outcomes, but this was obviously a worrying finding, particularly during these times of prolonged social distancing. Well, it can be explained on many levels. You only have to identify the point in the body where people feel loneliness and missing people they are parted from – it's in the centre of the chest where they feel the ache of loneliness and the ache of missing people. 'My heart aches for

you' … 'My heart aches for some company.' I will explain this more in the chapter Escaping Wetiko, but when you realise that the body is the mind – they are expressions of each other – the reason why state of the mind dictates state of the body becomes clear.

American psychologist Ranjit Powar was highlighting the effects of lockdown isolation as early as April, 2020. She said humans have evolved to be social creatures and are wired to live in interactive groups. Being isolated from family, friends and colleagues could be unbalancing and traumatic for most people and could result in short or even long-term psychological and physical health problems. An increase in levels of anxiety, aggression, depression, forgetfulness and hallucinations were possible psychological effects of isolation. 'Mental conditions may be precipitated for those with underlying pre-existing susceptibilities and show up in many others without any pre-condition.' Powar said personal relationships helped us cope with stress and if we lost this outlet for letting off steam the result can be a big emotional void which, for an average person, was difficult to deal with. 'Just a few days of isolation can cause increased levels of anxiety and depression' – so what the hell has been the effect on the global population of *18 months* of this at the time of writing? Powar said: 'Add to it the looming threat of a dreadful disease being repeatedly hammered in through the media and you have a recipe for many shades of mental and physical distress.' For those with a house and a garden it is easy to forget that billions have had to endure lockdown isolation in tiny overcrowded flats and apartments with nowhere to go outside. The psychological and physical consequences of this are unimaginable and with lunatic and abusive partners and parents the consequences have led to tremendous increases in domestic and child abuse and alcoholism as people seek to shut out the horror. Ranjit Powar said:

> Staying in a confined space with family is not all a rosy picture for everyone. It can be extremely oppressive and claustrophobic for large low-income families huddled together in small single-room houses. Children here are not lucky enough to have many board/electronic games or books to keep them occupied.

Add to it the deep insecurity of running out of funds for food and basic necessities. On the other hand, there are people with dysfunctional family dynamics, such as domineering, abusive or alcoholic partners, siblings or parents which makes staying home a period of trial. Incidence of suicide and physical abuse against women has shown a worldwide increase. Heightened anxiety and depression also affect a person's immune system, making them more susceptible to illness.

To think that Powar's article was published on April 11th, 2020.

Six-feet fantasy

Social (unsocial) distancing demanded that people stay six feet or two metres apart. UK government advisor Robert Dingwall from the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group said in a radio interview that the two-metre rule was 'conjured up out of nowhere' and was not based on science. No, it was not based on *medical* science, but it didn't come out of nowhere. The distance related to *psychological* science. Six feet/two metres was adopted in many countries and we were told by people like the criminal Anthony Fauci and his ilk that it was founded on science. Many schools could not reopen because they did not have the space for six-feet distancing. Then in March, 2021, after a year of six-feet 'science', a study published in the *Journal of Infectious Diseases* involving more than 500,000 students and almost 100,000 staff over 16 weeks revealed no significant difference in 'Covid' cases between six feet and three feet and Fauci changed his tune. Now three feet was okay. There is no difference between six feet and three *inches* when there is no 'virus' and they got away with six feet for psychological reasons for as long as they could. I hear journalists and others talk about 'unintended consequences' of lockdown. They are not *unintended* at all; they have been coldly-calculated for a specific outcome of human control and that's why super-psychopaths like Gates have called for them so vehemently. Super-psychopath psychologists have demanded them and psychopathic or clueless, spineless, politicians have gone along with them by 'following the science'. But it's not science at all. 'Science' is not what is; it's only what people can be manipulated to believe it is. The whole 'Covid' catastrophe is

founded on mind control. Three word or three statement mantras issued by the UK government are a well-known mind control technique and so we've had 'Stay home/protect the NHS/save lives', 'Stay alert/control the virus/save lives' and 'hands/face/space'. One of the most vocal proponents of extreme 'Covid' rules in the UK has been Professor Susan Michie, a member of the British Communist Party, who is not a medical professional. Michie is the director of the Centre for Behaviour Change at University College London. She is a *behavioural psychologist* and another filthy rich 'Marxist' who praised China's draconian lockdown. She was known by fellow students at Oxford University as 'Stalin's nanny' for her extreme Marxism. Michie is an influential member of the UK government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) and behavioural manipulation groups which have dominated 'Covid' policy. She is a consultant adviser to the World Health Organization on 'Covid-19' and behaviour. Why the hell are lockdowns anything to do with her when they are claimed to be about health? Why does a behavioural psychologist from a group charged with changing the behaviour of the public want lockdown, human isolation and mandatory masks? Does that question really need an answer? Michie *absolutely* has to explain herself before a Nuremberg court when humanity takes back its world again and even more so when you see the consequences of masks that she demands are compulsory. This is a Michie classic:

> The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Those words alone should carry a prison sentence when you ponder on the callous disregard for children involved and what a statement it makes about the mind and motivations of Susan Michie. What a lovely lady and what she said there encapsulates the mentality of the psychopaths behind the 'Covid' horror. Let us compare what Michie said with a countrywide study in Germany published at researchsquare.com involving 25,000 school children and 17,854 health complaints submitted by parents. Researchers

found that masks are harming children physically, psychologically, and behaviourally with 24 health issues associated with mask wearing. They include: shortness of breath (29.7%); dizziness (26.4%); increased headaches (53%); difficulty concentrating (50%); drowsiness or fatigue (37%); and malaise (42%). Nearly a third of children experienced more sleep issues than before and a quarter developed new fears. Researchers found health issues and other impairments in 68 percent of masked children covering their faces for an average of 4.5 hours a day. Hundreds of those taking part experienced accelerated respiration, tightness in the chest, weakness, and short-term impairment of consciousness. A reminder of what Michie said again:

> The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Psychopaths in government and psychology now have children and young people – plus all the adults – wearing masks for hours on end while clueless teachers impose the will of the psychopaths on the young they should be protecting. What the hell are parents doing?

Cult lab rats

We have some schools already imposing on students microchipped buzzers that activate when they get 'too close' to their pals in the way they do with lab rats. How apt. To the Cult and its brain-dead servants our children *are* lab rats being conditioned to be unquestioning, dehumanised slaves for the rest of their lives. Children and young people are being weaned and frightened away from the most natural human instincts including closeness and touch. I have tracked in the books over the years how schools were banning pupils from greeting each other with a hug and the whole Cult-induced Me Too movement has terrified men and boys from a relaxed and natural interaction with female friends and work colleagues to the point where many men try never to be in a room

alone with a woman that's not their partner. Airhead celebrities have as always played their virtue-signalling part in making this happen with their gross exaggeration. For every monster like Harvey Weinstein there are at least tens of thousands of men that don't treat women like that; but everyone must be branded the same and policy changed for them as well as the monster. I am going to be using the word 'dehumanise' many times in this chapter because that is what the Cult is seeking to do and it goes very deep as we shall see. Don't let them kid you that social distancing is planned to end one day. That's not the idea. We are seeing more governments and companies funding and producing wearable gadgets to keep people apart and they would not be doing that if this was meant to be short-term. A tech start-up company backed by GCHQ, the British Intelligence and military surveillance headquarters, has created a social distancing wrist sensor that alerts people when they get too close to others. The CIA has also supported tech companies developing similar devices. The wearable sensor was developed by Tended, one of a number of start-up companies supported by GCHQ (see the CIA and DARPA). The device can be worn on the wrist or as a tag on the waistband and will vibrate whenever someone wearing the device breaches social distancing and gets anywhere near natural human contact. The company had a lucky break in that it was developing a distancing sensor when the 'Covid' hoax arrived which immediately provided a potentially enormous market. How fortunate. The government in big-time Cult-controlled Ontario in Canada is investing $2.5 million in wearable contact tracing technology that 'will alert users if they may have been exposed to the Covid-19 in the workplace and will beep or vibrate if they are within six feet of another person'. Facedrive Inc., the technology company behind this, was founded in 2016 with funding from the Ontario Together Fund and obviously they, too, had a prophet on the board of directors. The human surveillance and control technology is called TraceSCAN and would be worn by the human cyborgs in places such as airports, workplaces, construction sites, care homes and … *schools*.

I emphasise schools with children and young people the prime targets. You know what is planned for society as a whole if you keep your eyes on the schools. They have always been places where the state program the next generation of slaves to be its compliant worker-ants – or Woker-ants these days; but in the mist of the 'Covid' madness they have been transformed into mind laboratories on a scale never seen before. Teachers and head teachers are just as programmed as the kids – often more so. Children are kept apart from human interaction by walk lanes, classroom distancing, staggered meal times, masks, and the rolling-out of buzzer systems. Schools are now physically laid out as a laboratory maze for lab-rats. Lunatics at a school in Anchorage, Alaska, who should be prosecuted for child abuse, took away desks and forced children to kneel (know your place) on a mat for five hours a day while wearing a mask and using their chairs as a desk. How this was supposed to impact on a 'virus' only these clinically insane people can tell you and even then it would be clap-trap. The school banned recess (interaction), art classes (creativity), and physical exercise (getting body and mind moving out of inertia). Everyone behind this outrage should be in jail or better still a mental institution. The behavioural manipulators are all for this dystopian approach to schools. Professor Susan Michie, the mind-doctor and British Communist Party member, said it was wrong to say that schools were safe. They had to be made so by 'distancing', masks and ventilation (sitting all day in the cold). I must ask this lady round for dinner on a night I know I am going to be out and not back for weeks. She probably wouldn't be able to make it, anyway, with all the visits to her own psychologist she must have block-booked.

Masking identity

I know how shocking it must be for you that a behaviour manipulator like Michie wants everyone to wear masks which have long been a feature of mind-control programs like the infamous MKUltra in the United States, but, there we are. We live and learn. I spent many years from 1996 to right across the millennium

researching mind control in detail on both sides of the Atlantic and elsewhere. I met a large number of mind-control survivors and many had been held captive in body and mind by MKUltra. MK stands for mind-control, but employs the German spelling in deference to the Nazis spirited out of Germany at the end of World War Two by Operation Paperclip in which the US authorities, with help from the Vatican, transported Nazi mind-controllers and engineers to America to continue their work. Many of them were behind the creation of NASA and they included Nazi scientist and SS officer Wernher von Braun who swapped designing V-2 rockets to bombard London with designing the Saturn V rockets that powered the NASA moon programme's Apollo craft. I think I may have mentioned that the Cult has no borders. Among Paperclip escapees was Josef Mengele, the Angel of Death in the Nazi concentration camps where he conducted mind and genetic experiments on children often using twins to provide a control twin to measure the impact of his 'work' on the other. If you want to observe the Cult mentality in all its extremes of evil then look into the life of Mengele. I have met many people who suffered mercilessly under Mengele in the United States where he operated under the name Dr Greene and became a stalwart of MKUltra programming and torture. Among his locations was the underground facility in the Mojave Desert in California called the China Lake Naval Weapons Station which is almost entirely below the surface. My books *The Biggest Secret*, *Children of the Matrix* and *The Perception Deception* have the detailed background to MKUltra.

The best-known MKUltra survivor is American Cathy O'Brien. I first met her and her late partner Mark Phillips at a conference in Colorado in 1996. Mark helped her escape and deprogram from decades of captivity in an offshoot of MKUltra known as Project Monarch in which 'sex slaves' were provided for the rich and famous including Father George Bush, Dick Cheney and the Clintons. Read Cathy and Mark's book *Trance-Formation of America* and if you are new to this you will be shocked to the core. I read it in 1996 shortly before, with the usual synchronicity of my life, I found

myself given a book table at the conference right next to hers. MKUltra never ended despite being very publicly exposed (only a small part of it) in the 1970s and continues in other guises. I am still in touch with Cathy. She contacted me during 2020 after masks became compulsory in many countries to tell me how they were used as part of MKUltra programming. I had been observing 'Covid regulations' and the relationship between authority and public for months. I saw techniques that I knew were employed on individuals in MKUltra being used on the global population. I had read many books and manuals on mind control including one called *Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars* which came to light in the 1980s and was a guide on how to perceptually program on a mass scale. 'Silent Weapons' refers to mind-control. I remembered a line from the manual as governments, medical authorities and law enforcement agencies have so obviously talked to – or rather at – the adult population since the 'Covid' hoax began as if they are children. The document said:

> If a person is spoken to by a T.V. advertiser as if he were a twelve-year-old, then, due to suggestibility, he will, with a certain probability, respond or react to that suggestion with the uncritical response of a twelve-year-old and will reach in to his economic reservoir and deliver its energy to buy that product on impulse when he passes it in the store.

That's why authority has spoken to adults like children since all this began.

Why did Michael Jackson wear masks?

Every aspect of the 'Covid' narrative has mind-control as its central theme. Cathy O'Brien wrote an article for davidicke.com about the connection between masks and mind control. Her daughter Kelly who I first met in the 1990s was born while Cathy was still held captive in MKUltra. Kelly was forced to wear a mask as part of her programming from the age of *two* to dehumanise her, target her sense of individuality and reduce the amount of oxygen her brain and body received. *Bingo*. This is the real reason for compulsory

masks, why they have been enforced en masse, and why they seek to increase the number they demand you wear. First one, then two, with one disgraceful alleged 'doctor' recommending four which is nothing less than a death sentence. Where and how often they must be worn is being expanded for the purpose of mass mind control and damaging respiratory health which they can call 'Covid-19'. Canada's government headed by the man-child Justin Trudeau, says it's fine for children of two and older to wear masks. An insane 'study' in Italy involving just 47 children concluded there was no problem for babies as young as *four months* wearing them. Even after people were 'vaccinated' they were still told to wear masks by the criminal that is Anthony Fauci. Cathy wrote that mandating masks is allowing the authorities literally to control the air we breathe which is what was done in MKUltra. You might recall how the singer Michael Jackson wore masks and there is a reason for that. He was subjected to MKUltra mind control through Project Monarch and his psyche was scrambled by these simpletons. Cathy wrote:

> In MKUltra Project Monarch mind control, Michael Jackson had to wear a mask to silence his voice so he could not reach out for help. Remember how he developed that whisper voice when he wasn't singing? Masks control the mind from the outside in, like the redefining of words is doing. By controlling what we can and cannot say for fear of being labeled racist or beaten, for example, it ultimately controls thought that drives our words and ultimately actions (or lack thereof).
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> Likewise, a mask muffles our speech so that we are not heard, which controls voice … words … mind. This is Mind Control. Masks are an obvious mind control device, and I am disturbed so many people are complying on a global scale. Masks depersonalize while making a person feel as though they have no voice. It is a barrier to others. People who would never choose to comply but are forced to wear a mask in order to keep their job, and ultimately their family fed, are compromised. They often feel shame and are subdued. People have stopped talking with each other while media controls the narrative.

The 'no voice' theme has often become literal with train passengers told not to speak to each other in case they pass on the 'virus', singing banned for the same reason and bonkers California officials telling people riding roller coasters that they cannot shout and scream. Cathy said she heard every day from healed MKUltra survivors who cannot wear a mask without flashing back on ways

their breathing was controlled – 'from ball gags and penises to water boarding'. She said that through the years when she saw images of people in China wearing masks 'due to pollution' that it was really to control their oxygen levels. 'I knew it was as much of a population control mechanism of depersonalisation as are burkas', she said. Masks are another Chinese communist/fascist method of control that has been swept across the West as the West becomes China at lightning speed since we entered 2020.

Mask-19

There are other reasons for mandatory masks and these include destroying respiratory health to call it 'Covid-19' and stunting brain development of children and the young. Dr Margarite Griesz-Brisson MD, PhD, is a Consultant Neurologist and Neurophysiologist and the Founder and Medical Director of the London Neurology and Pain Clinic. Her CV goes down the street and round the corner. She is clearly someone who cares about people and won't parrot the propaganda. Griesz-Brisson has a PhD in pharmacology, with special interest in neurotoxicology, environmental medicine, neuroregeneration and neuroplasticity (the way the brain can change in the light of information received). She went public in October, 2020, with a passionate warning about the effects of mask-wearing laws:

> The reinhalation of our exhaled air will without a doubt create oxygen deficiency and a flooding of carbon dioxide. We know that the human brain is very sensitive to oxygen deprivation. There are nerve cells for example in the hippocampus that can't be longer than 3 minutes without oxygen – they cannot survive. The acute warning symptoms are headaches, drowsiness, dizziness, issues in concentration, slowing down of reaction time – reactions of the cognitive system.

Oh, I know, let's tell bus, truck and taxi drivers to wear them and people working machinery. How about pilots, doctors and police? Griesz-Brisson makes the important point that while the symptoms she mentions may fade as the body readjusts this does not alter the fact that people continue to operate in oxygen deficit with long list of

potential consequences. She said it was well known that neurodegenerative diseases take years or decades to develop. 'If today you forget your phone number, the breakdown in your brain would have already started 20 or 30 years ago.' She said degenerative processes in your brain are getting amplified as your oxygen deprivation continues through wearing a mask. Nerve cells in the brain are unable to divide themselves normally in these circumstances and lost nerve cells will no longer be regenerated. 'What is gone is gone.' Now consider that people like shop workers and *schoolchildren* are wearing masks for hours every day. What in the name of sanity is going to be happening to them? 'I do not wear a mask, I need my brain to think', Griesz-Brisson said, 'I want to have a clear head when I deal with my patients and not be in a carbon dioxide-induced anaesthesia'. If you are told to wear a mask anywhere ask the organisation, police, store, whatever, for their risk assessment on the dangers and negative effects on mind and body of enforcing mask-wearing. They won't have one because it has never been done not even by government. All of them must be subject to class-action lawsuits as the consequences come to light. They don't do mask risk assessments for an obvious reason. They know what the conclusions would be and independent scientific studies that *have* been done tell a horror story of consequences.

'Masks are criminal'

Dr Griesz-Brisson said that for children and adolescents, masks are an absolute no-no. They had an extremely active and adaptive immune system and their brain was incredibly active with so much to learn. 'The child's brain, or the youth's brain, is thirsting for oxygen.' The more metabolically active an organ was, the more oxygen it required; and in children and adolescents every organ was metabolically active. Griesz-Brisson said that to deprive a child's or adolescent's brain of oxygen, or to restrict it in any way, was not only dangerous to their health, it was absolutely criminal. 'Oxygen deficiency inhibits the development of the brain, and the damage that has taken place as a result CANNOT be reversed.' Mind

manipulators of MKUltra put masks on two-year-olds they wanted to neurologically rewire and you can see why. Griesz-Brisson said a child needs the brain to learn and the brain needs oxygen to function. 'We don't need a clinical study for that. This is simple, indisputable physiology.' Consciously and purposely induced oxygen deficiency was an absolutely deliberate health hazard, and an absolute medical contraindication which means that 'this drug, this therapy, this method or measure should not be used, and is not allowed to be used'. To coerce an entire population to use an absolute medical contraindication by force, she said, there had to be definite and serious reasons and the reasons must be presented to competent interdisciplinary and independent bodies to be verified and authorised. She had this warning of the consequences that were coming if mask wearing continued:

> When, in ten years, dementia is going to increase exponentially, and the younger generations couldn't reach their god-given potential, it won't help to say 'we didn't need the masks'. I know how damaging oxygen deprivation is for the brain, cardiologists know how damaging it is for the heart, pulmonologists know how damaging it is for the lungs. Oxygen deprivation damages every single organ. Where are our health departments, our health insurance, our medical associations? It would have been their duty to be vehemently against the lockdown and to stop it and stop it from the very beginning.
>
> Why do the medical boards issue punishments to doctors who give people exemptions? Does the person or the doctor seriously have to prove that oxygen deprivation harms people? What kind of medicine are our doctors and medical associations representing? Who is responsible for this crime? The ones who want to enforce it? The ones who let it happen and play along, or the ones who don't prevent it?

All of the organisations and people she mentions there either answer directly to the Cult or do whatever hierarchical levels above them tell them to do. The outcome of both is the same. 'It's not about masks, it's not about viruses, it's certainly not about your health', Griesz-Brisson said. 'It is about much, much more. I am not participating. I am not afraid.' They were taking our air to breathe and there was no unfounded medical exemption from face masks. Oxygen deprivation was dangerous for every single brain. It had to be the free decision of every human being whether they want to

wear a mask that was absolutely ineffective to protect themselves from a virus. She ended by rightly identifying where the responsibility lies for all this:

> The imperative of the hour is personal responsibility. We are responsible for what we think, not the media. We are responsible for what we do, not our superiors. We are responsible for our health, not the World Health Organization. And we are responsible for what happens in our country, not the government.

Halle-bloody-lujah.

But surgeons wear masks, right?

Independent studies of mask-wearing have produced a long list of reports detailing mental, emotional and physical dangers. What a definition of insanity to see police officers imposing mask-wearing on the public which will cumulatively damage their health while the police themselves wear masks that will cumulatively damage *their* health. It's utter madness and both public and police do this because 'the government says so' – yes a government of brain-donor idiots like UK Health Secretary Matt Hancock reading the 'follow the science' scripts of psychopathic, lunatic psychologists. The response you get from Stockholm syndrome sufferers defending the very authorities that are destroying them and their families is that 'surgeons wear masks'. This is considered the game, set and match that they must work and don't cause oxygen deficit. Well, actually, scientific studies have shown that they *do* and oxygen levels are monitored in operating theatres to compensate. Surgeons wear masks to stop spittle and such like dropping into open wounds – not to stop 'viral particles' which are so miniscule they can only be seen through an electron microscope. Holes in the masks are significantly bigger than 'viral particles' and if you sneeze or cough they will breach the mask. I watched an incredibly disingenuous 'experiment' that claimed to prove that masks work in catching 'virus' material from the mouth and nose. They did this with a slow motion camera and the mask did block big stuff which stayed inside the mask and

against the face to be breathed in or cause infections on the face as we have seen with many children. 'Viral particles', however, would never have been picked up by the camera as they came through the mask when they are far too small to be seen. The 'experiment' was therefore disingenuous *and* useless.

Studies have concluded that wearing masks in operating theatres (and thus elsewhere) make no difference to preventing infection while the opposite is true with toxic shite building up in the mask and this had led to an explosion in tooth decay and gum disease dubbed by dentists 'mask mouth'. You might have seen the Internet video of a furious American doctor urging people to take off their masks after a four-year-old patient had been rushed to hospital the night before and nearly died with a lung infection that doctors sourced to mask wearing. A study in the journal *Cancer Discovery* found that inhalation of harmful microbes can contribute to advanced stage lung cancer in adults and long-term use of masks can help breed dangerous pathogens. Microbiologists have said frequent mask wearing creates a moist environment in which microbes can grow and proliferate before entering the lungs. The Canadian Agency for Drugs and Technologies in Health, or CADTH, a Canadian national organisation that provides research and analysis to healthcare decision-makers, said this as long ago as 2013 in a report entitled 'Use of Surgical Masks in the Operating Room: A Review of the Clinical Effectiveness and Guidelines'. It said:

- No evidence was found to support the use of surgical face masks to reduce the frequency of surgical site infections
- No evidence was found on the effectiveness of wearing surgical face masks to protect staff from infectious material in the operating room.
- Guidelines recommend the use of surgical face masks by staff in the operating room to protect both operating room staff and patients (despite the lack of evidence).

We were told that the world could go back to 'normal' with the arrival of the 'vaccines'. When they came, fraudulent as they are, the story changed as I knew that it would. We are in the midst of transforming 'normal', not going back to it. Mary Ramsay, head of immunisation at Public Health England, echoed the words of US criminal Anthony Fauci who said masks and other regulations must stay no matter if people are vaccinated. The Fauci idiot continued to wear two masks – different colours so both could be clearly seen – after he *claimed* to have been vaccinated. Senator Rand Paul told Fauci in one exchange that his double-masks were 'theatre' and he was right. It's all theatre. Mary Ramsay back-tracked on the vaccine-return-to-normal theme when she said the public may need to wear masks and social-distance for years despite the jabs. 'People have got used to those lower-level restrictions now, and [they] can live with them', she said telling us what the idea has been all along. 'The vaccine does not give you a pass, even if you have had it, you must continue to follow all the guidelines' said a Public Health England statement which reneged on what we had been told before and made having the 'vaccine' irrelevant to 'normality' even by the official story. Spain's fascist government trumped everyone by passing a law mandating the wearing of masks on the beach and even when swimming in the sea. The move would have devastated what's left of the Spanish tourist industry, posed potential breathing dangers to swimmers and had Northern European sunbathers walking around with their forehead brown and the rest of their face white as a sheet. The ruling was so crazy that it had to be retracted after pressure from public and tourist industry, but it confirmed where the Cult wants to go with masks and how clinically insane authority has become. The determination to make masks permanent and hide the serious dangers to body and mind can be seen in the censorship of scientist Professor Denis Rancourt by Bill Gates-funded academic publishing website ResearchGate over his papers exposing the dangers and uselessness of masks. Rancourt said:

ResearchGate today has permanently locked my account, which I have had since 2015. Their reasons graphically show the nature of their attack against democracy, and their corruption of

science … By their obscene non-logic, a scientific review of science articles reporting on harms caused by face masks has a 'potential to cause harm'. No criticism of the psychological device (face masks) is tolerated, if the said criticism shows potential to influence public policy.

This is what happens in a fascist world.

Where are the 'greens' (again)?

Other dangers of wearing masks especially regularly relate to the inhalation of minute plastic fibres into the lungs and the deluge of discarded masks in the environment and oceans. Estimates predicted that more than 1.5 billion disposable masks will end up in the world's oceans every year polluting the water with tons of plastic and endangering marine wildlife. Studies project that humans are using 129 billion face masks each month worldwide – about three million a minute. Most are disposable and made from plastic, non-biodegradable microfibers that break down into smaller plastic particles that become widespread in ecosystems. They are littering cities, clogging sewage channels and turning up in bodies of water. I have written in other books about the immense amounts of microplastics from endless sources now being absorbed into the body. Rolf Halden, director of the Arizona State University (ASU) Biodesign Center for Environmental Health Engineering, was the senior researcher in a 2020 study that analysed 47 human tissue samples and found microplastics in all of them. 'We have detected these chemicals of plastics in every single organ that we have investigated', he said. I wrote in *The Answer* about the world being deluged with microplastics. A study by the Worldwide Fund for Nature (WWF) found that people are consuming on average every week some 2,000 tiny pieces of plastic mostly through water and also through marine life and the air. Every year humans are ingesting enough microplastics to fill a heaped dinner plate and in a life-time of 79 years it is enough to fill two large waste bins. Marco Lambertini, WWF International director general said: 'Not only are plastics polluting our oceans and waterways and killing marine life – it's in all of us and we can't escape consuming plastics,' American

geologists found tiny plastic fibres, beads and shards in rainwater samples collected from the remote slopes of the Rocky Mountain National Park near Denver, Colorado. Their report was headed: 'It is raining plastic.' Rachel Adams, senior lecturer in Biomedical Science at Cardiff Metropolitan University, said that among health consequences are internal inflammation and immune responses to a 'foreign body'. She further pointed out that microplastics become carriers of toxins including mercury, pesticides and dioxins (a known cause of cancer and reproductive and developmental problems). These toxins accumulate in the fatty tissues once they enter the body through microplastics. Now this is being compounded massively by people putting plastic on their face and throwing it away.

Workers exposed to polypropylene plastic fibres known as 'flock' have developed 'flock worker's lung' from inhaling small pieces of the flock fibres which can damage lung tissue, reduce breathing capacity and exacerbate other respiratory problems. *Now* … commonly used surgical masks have three layers of melt-blown textiles made of … polypropylene. We have billions of people putting these microplastics against their mouth, nose and face for hours at a time day after day in the form of masks. How does anyone think that will work out? I mean – what could possibly go wrong? We posted a number of scientific studies on this at davidicke.com, but when I went back to them as I was writing this book the links to the science research website where they were hosted were dead. Anything that challenges the official narrative in any way is either censored or vilified. The official narrative is so unsupportable by the evidence that only deleting the truth can protect it. A study by Chinese scientists still survived – with the usual twist which it why it was still active, I guess. Yes, they found that virtually all the masks they tested increased the daily intake of microplastic fibres, but people should still wear them because the danger from the 'virus' was worse said the crazy 'team' from the Institute of Hydrobiology in Wuhan. Scientists first discovered microplastics in lung tissue of some patients who died of lung cancer

in the 1990s. Subsequent studies have confirmed the potential health damage with the plastic degrading slowly and remaining in the lungs to accumulate in volume. Wuhan researchers used a machine simulating human breathing to establish that masks shed up to nearly 4,000 microplastic fibres in a month with reused masks producing more. Scientists said some masks are laced with toxic chemicals and a variety of compounds seriously restricted for both health and environmental reasons. They include cobalt (used in blue dye) and formaldehyde known to cause watery eyes, burning sensations in the eyes, nose, and throat, plus coughing, wheezing and nausea. No – that must be 'Covid-19'.

Mask 'worms'

There is another and potentially even more sinister content of masks. Mostly new masks of different makes filmed under a microscope around the world have been found to contain strange black fibres or 'worms' that appear to move or 'crawl' by themselves and react to heat and water. The nearest I have seen to them are the self-replicating fibres that are pulled out through the skin of those suffering from Morgellons disease which has been connected to the phenomena of 'chemtrails' which I will bring into the story later on. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. Black 'worm' fibres in masks have that kind of feel to them and there is a nanotechnology technique called 'worm micelles' which carry and release drugs or anything else you want to deliver to the body. For sure the suppression of humanity by mind altering drugs is the Cult agenda big time and the more excuses they can find to gain access to the body the more opportunities there are to make that happen whether through 'vaccines' or masks pushed against the mouth and nose for hours on end.

So let us summarise the pros and cons of masks:

Against masks: Breathing in your own carbon dioxide; depriving the body and brain of sufficient oxygen; build-up of toxins in the mask that can be breathed into the lungs and cause rashes on the face and 'mask-mouth'; breathing microplastic fibres and toxic chemicals into the lungs; dehumanisation and deleting individualisation by literally making people faceless; destroying human emotional interaction through facial expression and deleting parental connection with their babies which look for guidance to their facial expression.

For masks: They don't protect you from a 'virus' that doesn't exist and even if it did 'viral' particles are so minute they are smaller than the holes in the mask.

Governments, police, supermarkets, businesses, transport companies, and all the rest who seek to impose masks have done no risk assessment on their consequences for health and psychology and are now open to group lawsuits when the impact becomes clear with a cumulative epidemic of respiratory and other disease. Authorities will try to exploit these effects and hide the real cause by dubbing them 'Covid-19'. Can you imagine setting out to force the population to wear health-destroying masks without doing any assessment of the risks? It is criminal and it is evil, but then how many people targeted in this way, who see their children told to wear them all day at school, have asked for a risk assessment? Billions can't be imposed upon by the few unless the billions allow it. Oh, yes, with just a tinge of irony, 85 percent of all masks made worldwide come from *China*.

Wash your hands in toxic shite

'Covid' rules include the use of toxic sanitisers and again the health consequences of constantly applying toxins to be absorbed through the skin is obvious to any level of Renegade Mind. America's Food and Drug Administration (FDA) said that sanitisers are drugs and issued a warning about 75 dangerous brands which contain

methanol used in antifreeze and can cause death, kidney damage and blindness. The FDA circulated the following warning even for those brands that it claims to be safe:

> Store hand sanitizer out of the reach of pets and children, and children should use it only with adult supervision. Do not drink hand sanitizer. This is particularly important for young children, especially toddlers, who may be attracted by the pleasant smell or brightly colored bottles of hand sanitizer.
>
> Drinking even a small amount of hand sanitizer can cause alcohol poisoning in children. (However, there is no need to be concerned if your children eat with or lick their hands after using hand sanitizer.) During this coronavirus pandemic, poison control centers have had an increase in calls about accidental ingestion of hand sanitizer, so it is important that adults monitor young children's use.
>
> Do not allow pets to swallow hand sanitizer. If you think your pet has eaten something potentially dangerous, call your veterinarian or a pet poison control center right away. Hand sanitizer is flammable and should be stored away from heat and flames. When using hand sanitizer, rub your hands until they feel completely dry before performing activities that may involve heat, sparks, static electricity, or open flames.

There you go, perfectly safe, then, and that's without even a mention of the toxins absorbed through the skin. Come on kids – sanitise your hands everywhere you go. It will save you from the 'virus'. Put all these elements together of the 'Covid' normal and see how much health and psychology is being cumulatively damaged, even devastated, to 'protect your health'. Makes sense, right? They are only imposing these things because they care, right? *Right?*

Submitting to insanity

Psychological reframing of the population goes very deep and is done in many less obvious ways. I hear people say how contradictory and crazy 'Covid' rules are and how they are ever changing. This is explained away by dismissing those involved as idiots. It is a big mistake. The Cult is delighted if its cold calculation is perceived as incompetence and idiocy when it is anything but. Oh, yes, there are idiots within the system – lots of them – but they are *administering* the Cult agenda, mostly unknowingly. They are not deciding and dictating it. The bulwark against tyranny is self-

respect, always has been, always will be. It is self-respect that has broken every tyranny in history. By its very nature self-respect will not bow to oppression and its perpetrators. There is so little self-respect that it's always the few that overturn dictators. Many may eventually follow, but the few with the iron spines (self-respect) kick it off and generate the momentum. The Cult targets self-respect in the knowledge that once this has gone only submission remains. Crazy, contradictory, ever-changing 'Covid' rules are systematically applied by psychologists to delete self-respect. They *want* you to see that the rules make no sense. It is one thing to decide to do something when *you* have made the choice based on evidence and logic. You still retain your self-respect. It is quite another when you can see what you are being told to do is insane, ridiculous and makes no sense, and *yet you still do it*. Your self-respect is extinguished and this has been happening as ever more obviously stupid and nonsensical things have been demanded and the great majority have complied even when they can see they are stupid and nonsensical.

People walk around in face-nappies knowing they are damaging their health and make no difference to a 'virus'. They do it in fear of not doing it. I know it's daft, but I'll do it anyway. When that happens something dies inside of you and submissive reframing has begun. Next there's a need to hide from yourself that you have conceded your self-respect and you convince yourself that you have not really submitted to fear and intimidation. You begin to believe that you are complying with craziness because it's the right thing to do. When first you concede your self-respect of 2+2 = 4 to 2+2 = 5 you *know* you are compromising your self-respect. Gradually to avoid facing that fact you begin to *believe* that 2+2=5. You have been reframed and I have been watching this process happening in the human psyche on an industrial scale. The Cult is working to break your spirit and one of its major tools in that war is humiliation. I read how former American soldier Bradley Manning (later Chelsea Manning after a sex-change) was treated after being jailed for supplying WikiLeaks with documents exposing the enormity of

government and elite mendacity. Manning was isolated in solitary confinement for eight months, put under 24-hour surveillance, forced to hand over clothing before going to bed, and stand naked for every roll call. This is systematic humiliation. The introduction of anal swab 'Covid' tests in China has been done for the same reason to delete self-respect and induce compliant submission. Anal swabs are mandatory for incoming passengers in parts of China and American diplomats have said they were forced to undergo the indignity which would have been calculated humiliation by the Cult-owned Chinese government that has America in its sights.

Government-people: An abusive relationship

Spirit-breaking psychological techniques include giving people hope and apparent respite from tyranny only to take it away again. This happened in the UK during Christmas, 2020, when the psycho-psychologists and their political lackeys announced an easing of restrictions over the holiday only to reimpose them almost immediately on the basis of yet another lie. There is a big psychological difference between getting used to oppression and being given hope of relief only to have that dashed. Psychologists know this and we have seen the technique used repeatedly. Then there is traumatising people before you introduce more extreme regulations that require compliance. A perfect case was the announcement by the dark and sinister Whitty and Vallance in the UK that 'new data' predicted that 4,000 could die every day over the winter of 2020/2021 if we did not lockdown again. I think they call it lying and after traumatising people with that claim out came Jackboot Johnson the next day with new curbs on human freedom. Psychologists know that a frightened and traumatised mind becomes suggestable to submission and behaviour reframing. Underpinning all this has been to make people fearful and suspicious of each other and see themselves as a potential danger to others. In league with deleted self-respect you have the perfect psychological recipe for self-loathing. The relationship between authority and public is now demonstrably the same as that of

subservience to an abusive partner. These are signs of an abusive relationship explained by psychologist Leslie Becker-Phelps:

Psychological and emotional abuse: Undermining a partner's self-worth with verbal attacks, name-calling, and belittling. Humiliating the partner in public, unjustly accusing them of having an affair, or interrogating them about their every behavior. Keeping partner confused or off balance by saying they were just kidding or blaming the partner for 'making' them act this way … Feigning in public that they care while turning against them in private. This leads to victims frequently feeling confused, incompetent, unworthy, hopeless, and chronically self-doubting. [Apply these techniques to how governments have treated the population since New Year, 2020, and the parallels are obvious.]

Physical abuse: The abuser might physically harm their partner in a range of ways, such as grabbing, hitting, punching, or shoving them. They might throw objects at them or harm them with a weapon. [Observe the physical harm imposed by masks, lockdown, and so on.]

Threats and intimidation: One way abusers keep their partners in line is by instilling fear. They might be verbally threatening, or give threatening looks or gestures. Abusers often make it known that they are tracking their partner's every move. They might destroy their partner's possessions, threaten to harm them, or threaten to harm their family members. Not surprisingly, victims of this abuse often feel anxiety, fear, and panic. [No words necessary.]

Isolation: Abusers often limit their partner's activities, forbidding them to talk or interact with friends or family. They might limit access to a car or even turn off their phone. All of this might be done by physically holding them against their will, but is often accomplished through psychological abuse and intimidation. The more isolated a person feels, the fewer resources they have to help gain perspective on their situation and to escape from it. [No words necessary.]

Economic abuse: Abusers often make their partners beholden to them for money by controlling access to funds of any kind. They might prevent their partner from getting a job or withhold access to money they earn from a job. This creates financial dependency that makes leaving the relationship very difficult. [See destruction of livelihoods and the proposed meagre 'guaranteed income' so long as you do whatever you are told.]

Using children: An abuser might disparage their partner's parenting skills, tell their children lies about their partner, threaten to take custody of their children, or threaten to harm their children. These tactics instil fear and often elicit compliance. [See reframed social service mafia and how children are being mercilessly abused by the state over 'Covid' while their parents look on too frightened to do anything.]

A further recurring trait in an abusive relationship is the abused blaming themselves for their abuse and making excuses for the abuser. We have the public blaming each other for lockdown abuse by government and many making excuses for the government while attacking those who challenge the government. How often we have heard authorities say that rules are being imposed or reimposed only because people have refused to 'behave' and follow the rules. We don't want to do it – it's *you*.

Renegade Minds are an antidote to all of these things. They will never concede their self-respect no matter what the circumstances. Even when apparent humiliation is heaped upon them they laugh in its face and reflect back the humiliation on the abuser where it belongs. Renegade Minds will never wear masks they know are only imposed to humiliate, suppress and damage both physically and psychologically. Consequences will take care of themselves and they will never break their spirit or cause them to concede to tyranny. UK newspaper columnist Peter Hitchens was one of the few in the mainstream media to speak out against lockdowns and forced vaccinations. He then announced he had taken the jab. He wanted to see family members abroad and he believed vaccine passports were inevitable even though they had not yet been introduced. Hitchens

has a questioning and critical mind, but not a Renegade one. If he had no amount of pressure would have made him concede. Hitchens excused his action by saying that the battle has been lost. Renegade Minds never accept defeat when freedom is at stake and even if they are the last one standing the self-respect of not submitting to tyranny is more important than any outcome or any consequence.

That's why Renegade Minds are the only minds that ever changed anything worth changing.

CHAPTER EIGHT

'Reframing' insanity

Insanity is relative. It depends on who has who locked in what cage
Ray Bradbury

'Reframing' a mind means simply to change its perception and behaviour. This can be done subconsciously to such an extent that subjects have no idea they have been 'reframed' while to any observer changes in behaviour and attitudes are obvious.

Human society is being reframed on a ginormous scale since the start of 2020 and here we have the reason why psychologists rather than doctors have been calling the shots. Ask most people who have succumbed to 'Covid' reframing if they have changed and most will say 'no'; but they *have* and fundamentally. The Cult's long-game has been preparing for these times since way back and crucial to that has been to prepare both population and officialdom mentally and emotionally. To use the mind-control parlance they had to reframe the population with a mentality that would submit to fascism and reframe those in government and law enforcement to impose fascism or at least go along with it. The result has been the fact-deleted mindlessness of 'Wokeness' and officialdom that has either enthusiastically or unquestioningly imposed global tyranny demanded by reframed politicians on behalf of psychopathic and deeply evil cultists. 'Cognitive reframing' identifies and challenges the way someone sees the world in the form of situations, experiences and emotions and then restructures those perceptions to view the same set of circumstances in a different way. This can have

benefits if the attitudes are personally destructive while on the other side it has the potential for individual and collective mind control which the subject has no idea has even happened.

Cognitive therapy was developed in the 1960s by Aaron T. Beck who was born in Rhode Island in 1921 as the son of Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine. He became interested in the techniques as a treatment for depression. Beck's daughter Judith S. Beck is prominent in the same field and they founded the Beck Institute for Cognitive Behavior Therapy in Philadelphia in 1994. Cognitive reframing, however, began to be used worldwide by those with a very dark agenda. The Cult reframes politicians to change their attitudes and actions until they are completely at odds with what they once appeared to stand for. The same has been happening to government administrators at all levels, law enforcement, military and the human population. Cultists love mind control for two main reasons: It allows them to control what people think, do and say to secure agenda advancement and, by definition, it calms their legendary insecurity and fear of the unexpected. I have studied mind control since the time I travelled America in 1996. I may have been talking to next to no one in terms of an audience in those years, but my goodness did I gather a phenomenal amount of information and knowledge about so many things including the techniques of mind control. I have described this in detail in other books going back to *The Biggest Secret* in 1998. I met a very large number of people recovering from MKUltra and its offshoots and successors and I began to see how these same techniques were being used on the population in general. This was never more obvious than since the 'Covid' hoax began.

Reframing the enforcers

I have observed over the last two decades and more the very clear transformation in the dynamic between the police, officialdom and the public. I tracked this in the books as the relationship mutated from one of serving the public to seeing them as almost the enemy and certainly a lower caste. There has always been a class divide

based on income and always been some psychopathic, corrupt, and big-I-am police officers. This was different. Wholesale change was unfolding in the collective dynamic; it was less about money and far more about position and perceived power. An us-and-them was emerging. Noses were lifted skyward by government administration and law enforcement and their attitude to the public they were *supposed* to be serving changed to one of increasing contempt, superiority and control. The transformation was so clear and widespread that it had to be planned. Collective attitudes and dynamics do not change naturally and organically that quickly on that scale. I then came across an organisation in Britain called Common Purpose created in the late 1980s by Julia Middleton who would work in the office of Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott during the long and disastrous premiership of war criminal Tony Blair. When Blair speaks the Cult is speaking and the man should have been in jail a long time ago. Common Purpose proclaims itself to be one of the biggest 'leadership development' organisations in the world while functioning as a *charity* with all the financial benefits which come from that. It hosts 'leadership development' courses and programmes all over the world and claims to have 'brought together' what it calls 'leaders' from more than 100 countries on six continents. The modus operandi of Common Purpose can be compared with the work of the UK government's reframing network that includes the Behavioural Insights Team 'nudge unit' and 'Covid' reframing specialists at SPI-B. WikiLeaks described Common Purpose long ago as 'a hidden virus in our government and schools' which is unknown to the general public: 'It recruits and trains "leaders" to be loyal to the directives of Common Purpose and the EU, instead of to their own departments, which they then undermine or subvert, the NHS [National Health Service] being an example.' This is a vital point to understand the 'Covid' hoax. The NHS, and its equivalent around the world, has been utterly reframed in terms of administrators and much of the medical personnel with the transformation underpinned by recruitment policies. The outcome has been the criminal and psychopathic behaviour of the

NHS over 'Covid' and we have seen the same in every other major country. WikiLeaks said Common Purpose trainees are 'learning to rule without regard to democracy' and to usher in a police state (current events explained). Common Purpose operated like a 'glue' and had members in the NHS, BBC, police, legal profession, church, many of Britain's 7,000 quangos, local councils, the Civil Service, government ministries and Parliament, and controlled many RDA's (Regional Development Agencies). Here we have one answer for how and why British institutions and their like in other countries have changed so negatively in relation to the public. This further explains how and why the beyond-disgraceful reframed BBC has become a propaganda arm of 'Covid' fascism. They are all part of a network pursuing the same goal.

By 2019 Common Purpose was quoting a figure of 85,000 'leaders' that had attended its programmes. These 'students' of all ages are known as Common Purpose 'graduates' and they consist of government, state and local government officials and administrators, police chiefs and officers, and a whole range of others operating within the national, local and global establishment. Cressida Dick, Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, is the Common Purpose graduate who was the 'Gold Commander' that oversaw what can only be described as the murder of Brazilian electrician Jean Charles de Menezes in 2005. He was held down by psychopathic police and shot seven times in the head by a psychopathic lunatic after being mistaken for a terrorist when he was just a bloke going about his day. Dick authorised officers to pursue and keep surveillance on de Menezes and ordered that he be stopped from entering the underground train system. Police psychopaths took her at her word clearly. She was 'disciplined' for this outrage by being *promoted* – eventually to the top of the 'Met' police where she has been a disaster. Many Chief Constables controlling the police in different parts of the UK are and have been Common Purpose graduates. I have heard the 'graduate' network described as a sort of Mafia or secret society operating within the fabric of government at all levels pursuing a collective policy

ingrained at Common Purpose training events. Founder Julia Middleton herself has said:

> Locally and internationally, Common Purpose graduates will be 'lighting small fires' to create change in their organisations and communities … The Common Purpose effect is best illustrated by the many stories of small changes brought about by leaders, who themselves have changed.

A Common Purpose mission statement declared:

> Common Purpose aims to improve the way society works by expanding the vision, decision-making ability and influence of all kinds of leaders. The organisation runs a variety of educational programmes for leaders of all ages, backgrounds and sectors, in order to provide them with the inspirational, information and opportunities they need to change the world.

Yes, but into what? Since 2020 the answer has become clear.

NLP and the Delphi technique

Common Purpose would seem to be a perfect name or would common programming be better? One of the foundation methods of reaching 'consensus' (group think) is by setting the agenda theme and then encouraging, cajoling or pressuring everyone to agree a 'consensus' in line with the core theme promoted by Common Purpose. The methodology involves the 'Delphi technique', or an adaption of it, in which opinions are expressed that are summarised by a 'facilitator or change agent' at each stage. Participants are 'encouraged' to modify their views in the light of what others have said. Stage by stage the former individual opinions are merged into group consensus which just happens to be what Common Purpose wants them to believe. A key part of this is to marginalise anyone refusing to concede to group think and turn the group against them to apply pressure to conform. We are seeing this very technique used on the general population to make 'Covid' group-thinkers hostile to those who have seen through the bullshit. People can be reframed by using perception manipulation methods such as Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) in which you change perception with the use of

carefully constructed language. An NLP website described the technique this way:

> … A method of influencing brain behaviour (the 'neuro' part of the phrase) through the use of language (the 'linguistic' part) and other types of communication to enable a person to 'recode' the way the brain responds to stimuli (that's the 'programming') and manifest new and better behaviours. Neuro-Linguistic Programming often incorporates hypnosis and self-hypnosis to help achieve the change (or 'programming') that is wanted.

British alternative media operation UKColumn has done very detailed research into Common Purpose over a long period. I quoted co-founder and former naval officer Brian Gerrish in my book *Remember Who You Are*, published in 2011, as saying the following years before current times:

> It is interesting that many of the mothers who have had children taken by the State speak of the Social Services people being icily cool, emotionless and, as two ladies said in slightly different words, '… like little robots'. We know that NLP is cumulative, so people can be given small imperceptible doses of NLP in a course here, another in a few months, next year etc. In this way, major changes are accrued in their personality, but the day by day change is almost unnoticeable.

In these and other ways 'graduates' have had their perceptions uniformly reframed and they return to their roles in the institutions of government, law enforcement, legal profession, military, 'education', the UK National Health Service and the whole swathe of the establishment structure to pursue a common agenda preparing for the 'post-industrial', 'post-democratic' society. I say 'preparing' but we are now there. 'Post-industrial' is code for the Great Reset and 'post-democratic' is 'Covid' fascism. UKColumn has spoken to partners of those who have attended Common Purpose 'training'. They have described how personalities and attitudes of 'graduates' changed very noticeably for the worse by the time they had completed the course. They had been 'reframed' and told they are the 'leaders' – the special ones – who know better than the population. There has also been the very demonstrable recruitment of psychopaths and narcissists into government administration at all

levels and law enforcement. If you want psychopathy hire psychopaths and you get a simple cause and effect. If you want administrators, police officers and 'leaders' to perceive the public as lesser beings who don't matter then employ narcissists. These personalities are identified using 'psychometrics' that identifies knowledge, abilities, attitudes and personality traits, mostly through carefully-designed questionnaires and tests. As this policy has passed through the decades we have had power-crazy, power-trippers appointed into law enforcement, security and government administration in preparation for current times and the dynamic between public and law enforcement/officialdom has been transformed. UKColumn's Brian Gerrish said of the narcissistic personality:

> Their love of themselves and power automatically means that they will crush others who get in their way. I received a major piece of the puzzle when a friend pointed out that when they made public officials re-apply for their own jobs several years ago they were also required to do psychometric tests. This was undoubtedly the start of the screening process to get 'their' sort of people in post.

How obvious that has been since 2020 although it was clear what was happening long before if people paid attention to the changing public-establishment dynamic.

Change agents

At the centre of events in 'Covid' Britain is the National Health Service (NHS) which has behaved disgracefully in slavishly following the Cult agenda. The NHS management structure is awash with Common Purpose graduates or 'change agents' working to a common cause. Helen Bevan, a Chief of Service Transformation at the NHS Institute for Innovation and Improvement, co-authored a document called 'Towards a million change agents, a review of the social movements literature: implications for large scale change in the NHS'. The document compared a project management approach to that of change and social movements where 'people change

themselves and each other – peer to peer'. Two definitions given for a 'social movement' were:

A group of people who consciously attempt to build a radically new social order; involves people of a broad range of social backgrounds; and deploys politically confrontational and socially disruptive tactics – Cyrus Zirakzadeh 1997

Collective challenges, based on common purposes and social solidarities, in sustained interaction with elites, opponents, and authorities – Sidney Tarrow 1994

Helen Bevan wrote another NHS document in which she defined 'framing' as 'the process by which leaders construct, articulate and put across their message in a powerful and compelling way in order to win people to their cause and call them to action'. I think I could come up with another definition that would be rather more accurate. The National Health Service and institutions of Britain and the wider world have been taken over by reframed 'change agents' and that includes everything from the United Nations to national governments, local councils and social services which have been kidnapping children from loving parents on an extraordinary and gathering scale on the road to the end of parenthood altogether. Children from loving homes are stolen and kidnapped by the state and put into the 'care' (inversion) of the local authority through council homes, foster parents and forced adoption. At the same time children are allowed to be abused without response while many are under council 'care'. UKColumn highlighted the Common Purpose connection between South Yorkshire Police and Rotherham council officers in the case of the scandal in that area of the sexual exploitation of children to which the authorities turned not one blind eye, but both:

We were alarmed to discover that the Chief Executive, the Strategic Director of Children and Young People's Services, the Manager for the Local Strategic Partnership, the Community Cohesion Manager, the Cabinet Member for Cohesion, the Chief Constable and his predecessor had all attended Leadership training courses provided by the pseudo-charity Common Purpose.

Once 'change agents' have secured positions of hire and fire within any organisation things start to move very quickly. Personnel are then hired and fired on the basis of whether they will work towards the agenda the change agent represents. If they do they are rapidly promoted even though they may be incompetent. Those more qualified and skilled who are pre-Common Purpose 'old school' see their careers stall and even disappear. This has been happening for decades in every institution of state, police, 'health' and social services and all of them have been transformed as a result in their attitudes to their jobs and the public. Medical professions, including nursing, which were once vocations for the caring now employ many cold, callous and couldn't give a shit personality types. The UKColumn investigation concluded:

By blurring the boundaries between people, professions, public and private sectors, responsibility and accountability, Common Purpose encourages 'graduates' to believe that as new selected leaders, they can work together, outside of the established political and social structures, to achieve a paradigm shift or CHANGE – so called 'Leading Beyond Authority'. In doing so, the allegiance of the individual becomes 'reframed' on CP colleagues and their NETWORK.

Reframing the Face-Nappies

Nowhere has this process been more obvious than in the police where recruitment of psychopaths and development of unquestioning mind-controlled group-thinkers have transformed law enforcement into a politically-correct 'Woke' joke and a travesty of what should be public service. Today they wear their face-nappies like good little gofers and enforce 'Covid' rules which are fascism under another name. Alongside the specifically-recruited psychopaths we have software minds incapable of free thought. Brian Gerrish again:

An example is the policeman who would not get on a bike for a press photo because he had not done the cycling proficiency course. Normal people say this is political correctness gone mad. Nothing could be further from the truth. The policeman has been reframed, and in his reality it is perfect common sense not to get on the bike 'because he hasn't done the cycling course'.

Another example of this is where the police would not rescue a boy from a pond until they had taken advice from above on the 'risk assessment'. A normal person would have arrived, perhaps thought of the risk for a moment, and dived in. To the police now 'reframed', they followed 'normal' procedure.

There are shocking cases of reframed ambulance crews doing the same. Sheer unthinking stupidity of London Face-Nappies headed by Common Purpose graduate Cressida Dick can be seen in their behaviour at a vigil in March, 2021, for a murdered woman, Sarah Everard. A police officer had been charged with the crime. Anyone with a brain would have left the vigil alone in the circumstances. Instead they 'manhandled' women to stop them breaking 'Covid rules' to betray classic reframing. Minds in the thrall of perception control have no capacity for seeing a situation on its merits and acting accordingly. 'Rules is rules' is their only mind-set. My father used to say that rules and regulations are for the guidance of the intelligent and the blind obedience of the idiot. Most of the intelligent, decent, coppers have gone leaving only the other kind and a few old school for whom the job must be a daily nightmare. The combination of psychopaths and rule-book software minds has been clearly on public display in the 'Covid' era with automaton robots in uniform imposing fascistic 'Covid' regulations on the population without any personal initiative or judging situations on their merits. There are thousands of examples around the world, but I'll make my point with the infamous Derbyshire police in the English East Midlands – the ones who think pouring dye into beauty spots and using drones to track people walking in the countryside away from anyone is called 'policing'. To them there are rules decreed by the government which they have to enforce and in their bewildered state a group gathering in a closed space and someone walking alone in the countryside are the same thing. It is beyond idiocy and enters the realm of clinical insanity.

Police officers in Derbyshire said they were 'horrified' – *horrified* – to find 15 to 20 'irresponsible' kids playing a football match at a closed leisure centre 'in breach of coronavirus restrictions'. When they saw the police the kids ran away leaving their belongings behind and the reframed men and women of Derbyshire police were seeking to establish their identities with a view to fining their parents. The most natural thing for youngsters to do – kicking a ball about – is turned into a criminal activity and enforced by the moronic software programs of Derbyshire police. You find the same mentality in every country. These barely conscious 'horrified' officers said they had to take action because 'we need to ensure these rules are being followed' and 'it is of the utmost importance that you ensure your children are following the rules and regulations for Covid-19'. Had any of them done ten seconds of research to see if this parroting of their masters' script could be supported by any evidence? Nope. Reframed people don't think – others think for them and that's the whole idea of reframing. I have seen police officers one after the other repeating without question word for word what officialdom tells them just as I have seen great swathes of the public doing the same. Ask either for 'their' opinion and out spews what they have been told to think by the official narrative. Police and public may seem to be in different groups, but their mentality is the same. Most people do whatever they are told in fear not doing so or because they believe what officialdom tells them; almost the entirety of the police do what they are told for the same reason. Ultimately it's the tiny inner core of the global Cult that's telling both what to do.

So Derbyshire police were 'horrified'. Oh, really? Why did they think those kids were playing football? It was to relieve the psychological consequences of lockdown and being denied human contact with their friends and interaction, touch and discourse vital to human psychological health. Being denied this month after month has dismantled the psyche of many children and young people as depression and suicide have exploded. Were Derbyshire police *horrified by that*? Are you kidding? Reframed people don't have those

mental and emotional processes that can see how the impact on the psychological health of youngsters is far more dangerous than any 'virus' even if you take the mendacious official figures to be true. The reframed are told (programmed) how to act and so they do. The Derbyshire Chief Constable in the first period of lockdown when the black dye and drones nonsense was going on was Peter Goodman. He was the man who severed the connection between his force and the Derbyshire Constabulary *Male Voice* Choir when he decided that it was not inclusive enough to allow women to join. The fact it was a male voice choir making a particular sound produced by male voices seemed to elude a guy who terrifyingly ran policing in Derbyshire. He retired weeks after his force was condemned as disgraceful by former Supreme Court Justice Jonathan Sumption for their behaviour over extreme lockdown impositions. Goodman was replaced by his deputy Rachel Swann who was in charge when her officers were 'horrified'. The police statement over the boys committing the hanging-offence of playing football included the line about the youngsters being 'irresponsible in the times we are all living through' missing the point that the real relevance of the 'times we are all living through' is the imposition of fascism enforced by psychopaths and reframed minds of police officers playing such a vital part in establishing the fascist tyranny that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. As a definition of insanity that is hard to beat although it might be run close by imposing masks on people that can have a serious effect on their health while wearing a face nappy all day themselves. Once again public and police do it for the same reason – the authorities tell them to and who are they to have the self-respect to say no?

Wokers in uniform

How reframed do you have to be to arrest a *six-year-old* and take him to court for *picking a flower* while waiting for a bus? Brain dead police and officialdom did just that in North Carolina where criminal proceedings happen regularly for children under nine. Attorney Julie Boyer gave the six-year-old crayons and a colouring book

during the 'flower' hearing while the 'adults' decided his fate. County Chief District Court Judge Jay Corpening asked: 'Should a child that believes in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the tooth fairy be making life-altering decisions?' Well, of course not, but common sense has no meaning when you have a common purpose and a reframed mind. Treating children in this way, and police operating in American schools, is all part of the psychological preparation for children to accept a police state as normal all their adult lives. The same goes for all the cameras and biometric tracking technology in schools. Police training is focused on reframing them as snowflake Wokers and this is happening in the military. Pentagon top brass said that 'training sessions on extremism' were needed for troops who asked why they were so focused on the Capitol Building riot when Black Lives Matter riots were ignored. What's the difference between them some apparently and rightly asked. Actually, there is a difference. Five people died in the Capitol riot, only one through violence, and that was a police officer shooting an unarmed protestor. BLM riots killed at least 25 people and cost billions. Asking the question prompted the psychopaths and reframed minds that run the Pentagon to say that more 'education' (programming) was needed. Troop training is all based on psychological programming to make them fodder for the Cult – 'Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy' as Cult-to-his-DNA former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger famously said. Governments see the police in similar terms and it's time for those among them who can see this to defend the people and stop being enforcers of the Cult agenda upon the people.

The US military, like the country itself, is being targeted for destruction through a long list of Woke impositions. Cult-owned gaga 'President' Biden signed an executive order when he took office to allow taxpayer money to pay for transgender surgery for active military personnel and veterans. Are you a man soldier? No, I'm a LGBTQIA+ with a hint of Skoliosexual and Spectrasexual. Oh, good man. Bad choice of words you bigot. The Pentagon announced in March, 2021, the appointment of the first 'diversity and inclusion

officer' for US Special Forces. Richard Torres-Estrada arrived with the publication of a 'D&I Strategic Plan which will guide the enterprise-wide effort to institutionalize and sustain D&I'. If you think a Special Forces 'Strategic Plan' should have something to do with defending America you haven't been paying attention. Defending Woke is now the military's new role. Torres-Estrada has posted images comparing Donald Trump with Adolf Hitler and we can expect no bias from him as a representative of the supposedly non-political Pentagon. Cable news host Tucker Carlson said: 'The Pentagon is now the Yale faculty lounge but with cruise missiles.' Meanwhile Secretary of Defense Lloyd Austin, a board member of weapons-maker Raytheon with stock and compensation interests in October, 2020, worth $1.4 million, said he was purging the military of the 'enemy within' – anyone who isn't Woke and supports Donald Trump. Austin refers to his targets as 'racist extremists' while in true Woke fashion being himself a racist extremist. Pentagon documents pledge to 'eradicate, eliminate and conquer all forms of racism, sexism and homophobia'. The definitions of these are decided by 'diversity and inclusion committees' peopled by those who see racism, sexism and homophobia in every situation and opinion. Woke (the Cult) is dismantling the US military and purging testosterone as China expands its military and gives its troops 'masculinity training'. How do we think that is going to end when this is all Cult coordinated? The US military, like the British military, is controlled by Woke and spineless top brass who just go along with it out of personal career interests.

'Woke' means fast asleep

Mind control and perception manipulation techniques used on individuals to create group-think have been unleashed on the global population in general. As a result many have no capacity to see the obvious fascist agenda being installed all around them or what 'Covid' is really all about. Their brains are firewalled like a computer system not to process certain concepts, thoughts and realisations that are bad for the Cult. The young are most targeted as the adults they

will be when the whole fascist global state is planned to be fully implemented. They need to be prepared for total compliance to eliminate all pushback from entire generations. The Cult has been pouring billions into taking complete control of 'education' from schools to universities via its operatives and corporations and not least Bill Gates as always. The plan has been to transform 'education' institutions into programming centres for the mentality of 'Woke'. James McConnell, professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, wrote in *Psychology Today* in 1970:

> The day has come when we can combine sensory deprivation with drugs, hypnosis, and astute manipulation of reward and punishment, to gain almost absolute control over an individual's behaviour. It should then be possible to achieve a very rapid and highly effective type of brainwashing that would allow us to make dramatic changes in a person's behaviour and personality ...
>
> … We should reshape society so that we all would be trained from birth to want to do what society wants us to do. We have the techniques to do it... no-one owns his own personality you acquired, and there's no reason to believe you should have the right to refuse to acquire a new personality if your old one is anti-social.

This was the potential for mass brainwashing in 1970 and the mentality there displayed captures the arrogant psychopathy that drives it forward. I emphasise that not all young people have succumbed to Woke programming and those that haven't are incredibly impressive people given that today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in history with all the technology now involved. Vast swathes of the young generations, however, have fallen into the spell – and that's what it is – of Woke. The Woke mentality and perceptual program is founded on *inversion* and you will appreciate later why that is so significant. Everything with Woke is inverted and the opposite of what it is claimed to be. Woke was a term used in African-American culture from the 1900s and referred to an awareness of social and racial justice. This is not the meaning of the modern version or 'New Woke' as I call it in *The Answer*. Oh, no, Woke today means something very different no matter how much Wokers may seek to hide that and insist Old Woke and New

Woke are the same. See if you find any 'awareness of social justice' here in the modern variety:

- Woke demands 'inclusivity' while excluding anyone with a different opinion and calls for mass censorship to silence other views.

- Woke claims to stand against oppression when imposing oppression is the foundation of all that it does. It is the driver of political correctness which is nothing more than a Cult invention to manipulate the population to silence itself.

- Woke believes itself to be 'liberal' while pursuing a global society that can only be described as fascist (see 'anti-fascist' fascist Antifa).

- Woke calls for 'social justice' while spreading injustice wherever it goes against the common 'enemy' which can be easily identified as a differing view.

- Woke is supposed to be a metaphor for 'awake' when it is solid-gold asleep and deep in a Cult-induced coma that meets the criteria for 'off with the fairies'.

I state these points as obvious facts if people only care to look. I don't do this with a sense of condemnation. We need to appreciate that the onslaught of perceptual programming on the young has been incessant and merciless. I can understand why so many have been reframed, or, given their youth, framed from the start to see the world as the Cult demands. The Cult has had access to their minds day after day in its 'education' system for their entire formative years. Perception is formed from information received and the Cult-created system is a life-long download of information delivered to elicit a particular perception, thus behaviour. The more this has expanded into still new extremes in recent decades and ever-increasing censorship has deleted other opinions and information why wouldn't that lead to a perceptual reframing on a mass scale? I

have described already cradle-to-grave programming and in more recent times the targeting of young minds from birth to adulthood has entered the stratosphere. This has taken the form of skewing what is 'taught' to fit the Cult agenda and the omnipresent techniques of group-think to isolate non-believers and pressure them into line. There has always been a tendency to follow the herd, but we really are in a new world now in relation to that. We have parents who can see the 'Covid' hoax told by their children not to stop them wearing masks at school, being 'Covid' tested or having the 'vaccine' in fear of the peer-pressure consequences of being different. What is 'peer-pressure' if not pressure to conform to group-think? Renegade Minds never group-think and always retain a set of perceptions that are unique to them. Group-think is always underpinned by consequences for not group-thinking. Abuse now aimed at those refusing DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' are a potent example of this. The biggest pressure to conform comes from the very group which is itself being manipulated. 'I am programmed to be part of a hive mind and so you must be.'

Woke control structures in 'education' now apply to every mainstream organisation. Those at the top of the 'education' hierarchy (the Cult) decide the policy. This is imposed on governments through the Cult network; governments impose it on schools, colleges and universities; their leadership impose the policy on teachers and academics and they impose it on children and students. At any level where there is resistance, perhaps from a teacher or university lecturer, they are targeted by the authorities and often fired. Students themselves regularly demand the dismissal of academics (increasingly few) at odds with the narrative that the students have been programmed to believe in. It is quite a thought that students who are being targeted by the Cult become so consumed by programmed group-think that they launch protests and demand the removal of those who are trying to push back against those targeting the students. Such is the scale of perceptual inversion. We see this with 'Covid' programming as the Cult imposes the rules via psycho-psychologists and governments on

shops, transport companies and businesses which impose them on their staff who impose them on their customers who pressure Pushbackers to conform to the will of the Cult which is in the process of destroying them and their families. Scan all aspects of society and you will see the same sequence every time.

Fact free Woke and hijacking the 'left'

There is no more potent example of this than 'Woke', a mentality only made possible by the deletion of factual evidence by an 'education' system seeking to produce an ever more uniform society. Why would you bother with facts when you don't know any? Deletion of credible history both in volume and type is highly relevant. Orwell said: 'Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.' They who control the perception of the past control the perception of the future and they who control the present control the perception of the past through the writing and deleting of history. Why would you oppose the imposition of Marxism in the name of Wokeism when you don't know that Marxism cost at least 100 million lives in the 20th century alone? Watch videos and read reports in which Woker generations are asked basic historical questions – it's mind-blowing. A survey of 2,000 people found that six percent of millennials (born approximately early1980s to early 2000s) believed the Second World War (1939-1945) broke out with the assassination of President Kennedy (in 1963) and one in ten thought Margaret Thatcher was British Prime Minister at the time. She was in office between 1979 and 1990. We are in a post-fact society. Provable facts are no defence against the fascism of political correctness or Silicon Valley censorship. Facts don't matter anymore as we have witnessed with the 'Covid' hoax. Sacrificing uniqueness to the Woke group-think religion is all you are required to do and that means thinking for yourself is the biggest Woke no, no. All religions are an expression of group-think and censorship and Woke is just another religion with an orthodoxy defended by group-think and censorship. Burned at

the stake becomes burned on Twitter which leads back eventually to burned at the stake as Woke humanity regresses to ages past.

The biggest Woke inversion of all is its creators and funders. I grew up in a traditional left of centre political household on a council estate in Leicester in the 1950s and 60s – you know, the left that challenged the power of wealth-hoarding elites and threats to freedom of speech and opinion. In those days students went on marches defending freedom of speech while today's Wokers march for its deletion. What on earth could have happened? Those very elites (collectively the Cult) that we opposed in my youth and early life have funded into existence the antithesis of that former left and hijacked the 'brand' while inverting everything it ever stood for. We have a mentality that calls itself 'liberal' and 'progressive' while acting like fascists. Cult billionaires and their corporations have funded themselves into control of 'education' to ensure that Woke programming is unceasing throughout the formative years of children and young people and that non-Wokers are isolated (that word again) whether they be students, teachers or college professors. The Cult has funded into existence the now colossal global network of Woke organisations that have spawned and promoted all the 'causes' on the Cult wish-list for global transformation and turned Wokers into demanders of them. Does anyone really think it's a coincidence that the Cult agenda for humanity is a carbon (sorry) copy of the societal transformations desired by Woke?? These are only some of them:

Political correctness: The means by which the Cult deletes all public debates that it knows it cannot win if we had the free-flow of information and evidence.

Human-caused 'climate change': The means by which the Cult seeks to transform society into a globally-controlled dictatorship imposing its will over the fine detail of everyone's lives 'to save the planet' which doesn't actually need saving.

Transgender obsession: Preparing collective perception to accept the 'new human' which would not have genders because it would be created technologically and not through procreation. I'll have much more on this in Human 2.0.

Race obsession: The means by which the Cult seeks to divide and rule the population by triggering racial division through the perception that society is more racist than ever when the opposite is the case. Is it perfect in that regard? No. But to compare today with the racism of apartheid and segregation brought to an end by the civil rights movement in the 1960s is to insult the memory of that movement and inspirations like Martin Luther King. Why is the 'anti-racism' industry (which it is) so dominated by privileged white people?

White supremacy: This is a label used by privileged white people to demonise poor and deprived white people pushing back on tyranny to marginalise and destroy them. White people are being especially targeted as the dominant race by number within Western society which the Cult seeks to transform in its image. If you want to change a society you must weaken and undermine its biggest group and once you have done that by using the other groups you next turn on them to do the same … 'Then they came for the Jews and I was not a Jew so I did nothing.'

Mass migration: The mass movement of people from the Middle East, Africa and Asia into Europe, from the south into the United States and from Asia into Australia are another way the Cult seeks to dilute the racial, cultural and political influence of white people on Western society. White people ask why their governments appear to be working against them while being politically and culturally biased towards incoming cultures. Well, here's your answer. In the same way sexually 'straight' people, men and women, ask why the

authorities are biased against them in favour of other sexualities. The answer is the same – that's the way the Cult wants it to be for very sinister motives.

These are all central parts of the Cult agenda and central parts of the Woke agenda and Woke was created and continues to be funded to an immense degree by Cult billionaires and corporations. If anyone begins to say 'coincidence' the syllables should stick in their throat.

Billionaire 'social justice warriors'

Joe Biden is a 100 percent-owned asset of the Cult and the Wokers' man in the White House whenever he can remember his name and for however long he lasts with his rapidly diminishing cognitive function. Even walking up the steps of an aircraft without falling on his arse would appear to be a challenge. He's not an empty-shell puppet or anything. From the minute Biden took office (or the Cult did) he began his executive orders promoting the Woke wish-list. You will see the Woke agenda imposed ever more severely because it's really the *Cult* agenda. Woke organisations and activist networks spawned by the Cult are funded to the extreme so long as they promote what the Cult wants to happen. Woke is funded to promote 'social justice' by billionaires who become billionaires by destroying social justice. The social justice mantra is only a cover for dismantling social justice and funded by billionaires that couldn't give a damn about social justice. Everything makes sense when you see that. One of Woke's premier funders is Cult billionaire financier George Soros who said: 'I am basically there to make money, I cannot and do not look at the social consequences of what I do.' This is the same Soros who has given more than $32 billion to his Open Society Foundations global Woke network and funded Black Lives Matter, mass immigration into Europe and the United States, transgender activism, climate change activism, political correctness and groups targeting 'white supremacy' in the form of privileged white thugs that dominate Antifa. What a scam it all is and when

you are dealing with the unquestioning fact-free zone of Woke scamming them is child's play. All you need to pull it off in all these organisations are a few in-the-know agents of the Cult and an army of naïve, reframed, uninformed, narcissistic, know-nothings convinced of their own self-righteousness, self-purity and virtue.

Soros and fellow billionaires and billionaire corporations have poured hundreds of millions into Black Lives Matter and connected groups and promoted them to a global audience. None of this is motivated by caring about black people. These are the billionaires that have controlled and exploited a system that leaves millions of black people in abject poverty and deprivation which they do absolutely nothing to address. The same Cult networks funding BLM were behind the *slave trade!* Black Lives Matter hijacked a phrase that few would challenge and they have turned this laudable concept into a political weapon to divide society. You know that BLM is a fraud when it claims that *All* Lives Matter, the most inclusive statement of all, is 'racist'. BLM and its Cult masters don't want to end racism. To them it's a means to an end to control all of humanity never mind the colour, creed, culture or background. What has destroying the nuclear family got to do with ending racism? Nothing – but that is one of the goals of BLM and also happens to be a goal of the Cult as I have been exposing in my books for decades. Stealing children from loving parents and giving schools ever more power to override parents is part of that same agenda. BLM is a Marxist organisation and why would that not be the case when the Cult created Marxism *and* BLM? Patrisse Cullors, a BLM co-founder, said in a 2015 video that she and her fellow organisers, including co-founder Alicia Garza, are 'trained Marxists'. The lady known after marriage as Patrisse Khan-Cullors bought a $1.4 million home in 2021 in one of the whitest areas of California with a black population of just 1.6 per cent and has so far bought *four* high-end homes for a total of $3.2 million. How very Marxist. There must be a bit of spare in the BLM coffers, however, when Cult corporations and billionaires have handed over the best part of $100 million. Many black people can see that Black Lives Matter is not

working for them, but against them, and this is still more confirmation. Black journalist Jason Whitlock, who had his account suspended by Twitter for simply linking to the story about the 'Marxist's' home buying spree, said that BLM leaders are 'making millions of dollars off the backs of these dead black men who they wouldn't spit on if they were on fire and alive'.

Black Lies Matter

Cult assets and agencies came together to promote BLM in the wake of the death of career criminal George Floyd who had been jailed a number of times including for forcing his way into the home of a black woman with others in a raid in which a gun was pointed at her stomach. Floyd was filmed being held in a Minneapolis street in 2020 with the knee of a police officer on his neck and he subsequently died. It was an appalling thing for the officer to do, but the same technique has been used by police on peaceful protestors of lockdown without any outcry from the Woke brigade. As unquestioning supporters of the Cult agenda Wokers have supported lockdown and all the 'Covid' claptrap while attacking anyone standing up to the tyranny imposed in its name. Court documents would later include details of an autopsy on Floyd by County Medical Examiner Dr Andrew Baker who concluded that Floyd had taken a fatal level of the drug fentanyl. None of this mattered to fact-free, question-free, Woke. Floyd's death was followed by worldwide protests against police brutality amid calls to defund the police. Throwing babies out with the bathwater is a Woke speciality. In the wake of the murder of British woman Sarah Everard a Green Party member of the House of Lords, Baroness Jones of Moulescoomb (Nincompoopia would have been better), called for a 6pm curfew for all men. This would be in breach of the Geneva Conventions on war crimes which ban collective punishment, but that would never have crossed the black and white Woke mind of Baroness Nincompoopia who would have been far too convinced of her own self-righteousness to compute such details. Many American cities did defund the police in the face of Floyd riots

and after $15 million was deleted from the police budget in Washington DC under useless Woke mayor Muriel Bowser car-jacking alone rose by 300 percent and within six months the US capital recorded its highest murder rate in 15 years. The same happened in Chicago and other cities in line with the Cult/Soros plan to bring fear to streets and neighbourhoods by reducing the police, releasing violent criminals and not prosecuting crime. This is the mob-rule agenda that I have warned in the books was coming for so long. Shootings in the area of Minneapolis where Floyd was arrested increased by 2,500 percent compared with the year before. Defunding the police over George Floyd has led to a big increase in dead people with many of them black. Police protection for politicians making these decisions stayed the same or increased as you would expect from professional hypocrites. The Cult doesn't actually want to abolish the police. It wants to abolish local control over the police and hand it to federal government as the psychopaths advance the Hunger Games Society. Many George Floyd protests turned into violent riots with black stores and businesses destroyed by fire and looting across America fuelled by Black Lives Matter. Woke doesn't do irony. If you want civil rights you must loot the liquor store and the supermarket and make off with a smart TV. It's the only way.

It's not a race war – it's a class war

Black people are patronised by privileged blacks and whites alike and told they are victims of white supremacy. I find it extraordinary to watch privileged blacks supporting the very system and bloodline networks behind the slave trade and parroting the same Cult-serving manipulative crap of their privileged white, often billionaire, associates. It is indeed not a race war but a class war and colour is just a diversion. Black Senator Cory Booker and black Congresswoman Maxine Waters, more residents of Nincompoopia, personify this. Once you tell people they are victims of someone else you devalue both their own responsibility for their plight and the power they have to impact on their reality and experience. Instead

we have: 'You are only in your situation because of whitey – turn on them and everything will change.' It won't change. Nothing changes in our lives unless *we* change it. Crucial to that is never seeing yourself as a victim and always as the creator of your reality. Life is a simple sequence of choice and consequence. Make different choices and you create different consequences. *You* have to make those choices – not Black Lives Matter, the Woke Mafia and anyone else that seeks to dictate your life. Who are they these Wokers, an emotional and psychological road traffic accident, to tell you what to do? Personal empowerment is the last thing the Cult and its Black Lives Matter want black people or anyone else to have. They claim to be defending the underdog while *creating* and perpetuating the underdog. The Cult's worst nightmare is human unity and if they are going to keep blacks, whites and every other race under economic servitude and control then the focus must be diverted from what they have in common to what they can be manipulated to believe divides them. Blacks have to be told that their poverty and plight is the fault of the white bloke living on the street in the same poverty and with the same plight they are experiencing. The difference is that your plight black people is due to him, a white supremacist with 'white privilege' living on the street. Don't unite as one human family against your mutual oppressors and suppressors – fight the oppressor with the white face who is as financially deprived as you are. The Cult knows that as its 'Covid' agenda moves into still new levels of extremism people are going to respond and it has been spreading the seeds of disunity everywhere to stop a united response to the evil that targets *all of us*.

Racist attacks on 'whiteness' are getting ever more outrageous and especially through the American Democratic Party which has an appalling history for anti-black racism. Barack Obama, Joe Biden, Hillary Clinton and Nancy Pelosi all eulogised about Senator Robert Byrd at his funeral in 2010 after a nearly 60-year career in Congress. Byrd was a brutal Ku Klux Klan racist and a violent abuser of Cathy O'Brien in MKUltra. He said he would never fight in the military 'with a negro by my side' and 'rather I should die a thousand times,

and see Old Glory trampled in the dirt never to rise again, than to see this beloved land of ours become degraded by race mongrels, a throwback to the blackest specimen from the wilds'. Biden called Byrd a 'very close friend and mentor'. These 'Woke' hypocrites are not anti-racist they are anti-poor and anti-people not of their perceived class. Here is an illustration of the scale of anti-white racism to which we have now descended. Seriously Woke and moronic *New York Times* contributor Damon Young described whiteness as a 'virus' that 'like other viruses will not die until there are no bodies left for it to infect'. He went on: '… the only way to stop it is to locate it, isolate it, extract it, and kill it.' Young can say that as a black man with no consequences when a white man saying the same in reverse would be facing a jail sentence. *That's* racism. We had super-Woke numbskull senators Tammy Duckworth and Mazie Hirono saying they would object to future Biden Cabinet appointments if he did not nominate more Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders. Never mind the ability of the candidate what do they look like? Duckworth said: 'I will vote for racial minorities and I will vote for LGBTQ, but anyone else I'm not voting for.' Appointing people on the grounds of race is illegal, but that was not a problem for this ludicrous pair. They were on-message and that's a free pass in any situation.

Critical race racism

White children are told at school they are intrinsically racist as they are taught the divisive 'critical race theory'. This claims that the law and legal institutions are inherently racist and that race is a socially constructed concept used by white people to further their economic and political interests at the expense of people of colour. White is a 'virus' as we've seen. Racial inequality results from 'social, economic, and legal differences that white people create between races to maintain white interests which leads to poverty and criminality in minority communities'. I must tell that to the white guy sleeping on the street. The principal of East Side Community School in New York sent white parents a manifesto that called on

them to become 'white traitors' and advocate for full 'white abolition'. These people are teaching your kids when they urgently need a psychiatrist. The 'school' included a chart with 'eight white identities' that ranged from 'white supremacist' to 'white abolition' and defined the behaviour white people must follow to end 'the regime of whiteness'. Woke blacks and their privileged white associates are acting exactly like the slave owners of old and Ku Klux Klan racists like Robert Byrd. They are too full of their own self-purity to see that, but it's true. Racism is not a body type; it's a state of mind that can manifest through any colour, creed or culture.

Another racial fraud is *'equity'*. Not equality of treatment and opportunity – equity. It's a term spun as equality when it means something very different. Equality in its true sense is a raising up while 'equity' is a race to the bottom. Everyone in the same level of poverty is 'equity'. Keep everyone down – that's equity. The Cult doesn't want anyone in the human family to be empowered and BLM leaders, like all these 'anti-racist' organisations, continue their privileged, pampered existence by perpetuating the perception of gathering racism. When is the last time you heard an 'anti-racist' or 'anti-Semitism' organisation say that acts of racism and discrimination have *fallen?* It's not in the interests of their fund-raising and power to influence and the same goes for the professional soccer anti-racism operation, Kick It Out. Two things confirmed that the Black Lives Matter riots in the summer of 2020 were Cult creations. One was that while anti-lockdown protests were condemned in this same period for 'transmitting 'Covid' the authorities supported mass gatherings of Black Lives Matter supporters. I even saw self-deluding people claiming to be doctors say the two types of protest were not the same. No – the non-existent 'Covid' was in favour of lockdowns and attacked those that protested against them while 'Covid' supported Black Lives Matter and kept well away from its protests. The whole thing was a joke and as lockdown protestors were arrested, often brutally, by reframed Face-Nappies we had the grotesque sight of police officers taking the knee to Black Lives Matter, a Cult-funded Marxist

organisation that supports violent riots and wants to destroy the nuclear family and white people.

He's not white? Shucks!

Woke obsession with race was on display again when ten people were shot dead in Boulder, Colorado, in March, 2021. Cult-owned Woke TV channels like CNN said the shooter appeared to be a white man and Wokers were on Twitter condemning 'violent white men' with the usual mantras. Then the shooter's name was released as Ahmad Al Aliwi Alissa, an anti-Trump Arab-American, and the sigh of disappointment could be heard five miles away. Never mind that ten people were dead and what that meant for their families. Race baiting was all that mattered to these sick Cult-serving people like Barack Obama who exploited the deaths to further divide America on racial grounds which is his job for the Cult. This is the man that 'racist' white Americans made the first black president of the United States and then gave him a second term. Not-very-bright Obama has become filthy rich on the back of that and today appears to have a big influence on the Biden administration. Even so he's still a downtrodden black man and a victim of white supremacy. This disingenuous fraud reveals the contempt he has for black people when he puts on a Deep South Alabama accent whenever he talks to them, no, *at* them.

Another BLM red flag was how the now fully-Woke (fully-Cult) and fully-virtue-signalled professional soccer authorities had their teams taking the knee before every match in support of Marxist Black Lives Matter. Soccer authorities and clubs displayed 'Black Lives Matter' on the players' shirts and flashed the name on electronic billboards around the pitch. Any fans that condemned what is a Freemasonic taking-the-knee ritual were widely condemned as you would expect from the Woke virtue-signallers of professional sport and the now fully-Woke media. We have reverse racism in which you are banned from criticising any race or culture except for white people for whom anything goes – say what you like, no problem. What has this got to do with racial harmony and

equality? We've had black supremacists from Black Lives Matter telling white people to fall to their knees in the street and apologise for their white supremacy. Black supremacists acting like white supremacist slave owners of the past couldn't breach their self-obsessed, race-obsessed sense of self-purity. Joe Biden appointed a race-obsessed black supremacist Kristen Clarke to head the Justice Department Civil Rights Division. Clarke claimed that blacks are endowed with 'greater mental, physical and spiritual abilities' than whites. If anyone reversed that statement they would be vilified. Clarke is on-message so no problem. She's never seen a black-white situation in which the black figure is anything but a virtuous victim and she heads the Civil Rights Division which should treat everyone the same or it isn't civil rights. Another perception of the Renegade Mind: If something or someone is part of the Cult agenda they will be supported by Woke governments and media no matter what. If they're not, they will be condemned and censored. It really is that simple and so racist Clarke prospers despite (make that because of) her racism.

The end of culture

Biden's administration is full of such racial, cultural and economic bias as the Cult requires the human family to be divided into warring factions. We are now seeing racially-segregated graduations and everything, but everything, is defined through the lens of perceived 'racism. We have 'racist' mathematics, 'racist' food and even 'racist' *plants*. World famous Kew Gardens in London said it was changing labels on plants and flowers to tell its pre-'Covid' more than two million visitors a year how racist they are. Kew director Richard Deverell said this was part of an effort to 'move quickly to decolonise collections' after they were approached by one Ajay Chhabra 'an actor with an insight into how sugar cane was linked to slavery'. They are *plants* you idiots. 'Decolonisation' in the Woke manual really means colonisation of society with its mentality and by extension colonisation by the Cult. We are witnessing a new Chinese-style 'Cultural Revolution' so essential to the success of all

Marxist takeovers. Our cultural past and traditions have to be swept away to allow a new culture to be built-back-better. Woke targeting of long-standing Western cultural pillars including historical monuments and cancelling of historical figures is what happened in the Mao revolution in China which 'purged remnants of capitalist and traditional elements from Chinese society' and installed Maoism as the dominant ideology'. For China see the Western world today and for 'dominant ideology' see Woke. Better still see Marxism or Maoism. The 'Covid' hoax has specifically sought to destroy the arts and all elements of Western culture from people meeting in a pub or restaurant to closing theatres, music venues, sports stadiums, places of worship and even banning *singing*. Destruction of Western society is also why criticism of any religion is banned except for Christianity which again is the dominant religion as white is the numerically-dominant race. Christianity may be fading rapidly, but its history and traditions are weaved through the fabric of Western society. Delete the pillars and other structures will follow until the whole thing collapses. I am not a Christian defending that religion when I say that. I have no religion. It's just a fact. To this end Christianity has itself been turned Woke to usher its own downfall and its ranks are awash with 'change agents' – knowing and unknowing – at every level including Pope Francis (*definitely* knowing) and the clueless Archbishop of Canterbury Justin Welby (possibly not, but who can be sure?). Woke seeks to coordinate attacks on Western culture, traditions, and ways of life through 'intersectionality' defined as 'the complex, cumulative way in which the effects of multiple forms of discrimination (such as racism, sexism, and classism) combine, overlap, or intersect especially in the experiences of marginalised individuals or groups'. Wade through the Orwellian Woke-speak and this means coordinating disparate groups in a common cause to overthrow freedom and liberal values.

The entire structure of public institutions has been infested with Woke – government at all levels, political parties, police, military, schools, universities, advertising, media and trade unions. This abomination has been achieved through the Cult web by appointing

Wokers to positions of power and battering non-Wokers into line through intimidation, isolation and threats to their job. Many have been fired in the wake of the empathy-deleted, vicious hostility of 'social justice' Wokers and the desire of gutless, spineless employers to virtue-signal their Wokeness. Corporations are filled with Wokers today, most notably those in Silicon Valley. Ironically at the top they are not Woke at all. They are only exploiting the mentality their Cult masters have created and funded to censor and enslave while the Wokers cheer them on until it's their turn. Thus the Woke 'liberal left' is an inversion of the traditional liberal left. Campaigning for justice on the grounds of power and wealth distribution has been replaced by campaigning for identity politics. The genuine traditional left would never have taken money from today's billionaire abusers of fairness and justice and nor would the billionaires have wanted to fund that genuine left. It would not have been in their interests to do so. The division of opinion in those days was between the haves and have nots. This all changed with Cult manipulated and funded identity politics. The division of opinion today is between Wokers and non-Wokers and not income brackets. Cult corporations and their billionaires may have taken wealth disparity to cataclysmic levels of injustice, but as long as they speak the language of Woke, hand out the dosh to the Woke network and censor the enemy they are 'one of us'. Billionaires who don't give a damn about injustice are laughing at them till their bellies hurt. Wokers are not even close to self-aware enough to see that. The transformed 'left' dynamic means that Wokers who drone on about 'social justice' are funded by billionaires that have destroyed social justice the world over. It's *why* they are billionaires.

The climate con

Nothing encapsulates what I have said more comprehensively than the hoax of human-caused global warming. I have detailed in my books over the years how Cult operatives and organisations were the pump-primers from the start of the climate con. A purpose-built vehicle for this is the Club of Rome established by the Cult in 1968

with the Rockefellers and Rothschilds centrally involved all along. Their gofer frontman Maurice Strong, a Canadian oil millionaire, hosted the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1992 where the global 'green movement' really expanded in earnest under the guiding hand of the Cult. The Earth Summit established Agenda 21 through the Cult-created-and-owned United Nations to use the illusion of human-caused climate change to justify the transformation of global society to save the world from climate disaster. It is a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution sold through governments, media, schools and universities as whole generations have been terrified into believing that the world was going to end in their lifetimes unless what old people had inflicted upon them was stopped by a complete restructuring of how everything is done. Chill, kids, it's all a hoax. Such restructuring is precisely what the Cult agenda demands (purely by coincidence of course). Today this has been given the codename of the Great Reset which is only an updated term for Agenda 21 and its associated Agenda 2030. The latter, too, is administered through the UN and was voted into being by the General Assembly in 2015. Both 21 and 2030 seek centralised control of all resources and food right down to the raindrops falling on your own land. These are some of the demands of Agenda 21 established in 1992. See if you recognise this society emerging today:

- End national sovereignty
- State planning and management of all land resources, ecosystems, deserts, forests, mountains, oceans and fresh water; agriculture; rural development; biotechnology; and ensuring *'equity'*
- The state to 'define the role' of business and financial resources
- Abolition of private property
- 'Restructuring' the family unit (see BLM)
- Children raised by the state
- People told what their job will be
- Major restrictions on movement
- Creation of 'human settlement zones'

- Mass resettlement as people are forced to vacate land where they live
- Dumbing down education
- Mass global depopulation in pursuit of all the above

The United Nations was created as a Trojan horse for world government. With the climate con of critical importance to promoting that outcome you would expect the UN to be involved. Oh, it's involved all right. The UN is promoting Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 justified by 'climate change' while also driving the climate hoax through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), one of the world's most corrupt organisations. The IPCC has been lying ferociously and constantly since the day it opened its doors with the global media hanging unquestioningly on its every mendacious word. The Green movement is entirely Woke and has long lost its original environmental focus since it was co-opted by the Cult. An obsession with 'global warming' has deleted its values and scrambled its head. I experienced a small example of what I mean on a beautiful country walk that I have enjoyed several times a week for many years. The path merged into the fields and forests and you felt at one with the natural world. Then a 'Green' organisation, the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust, took over part of the land and proceeded to cut down a large number of trees, including mature ones, to install a horrible big, bright steel 'this-is-ours-stay-out' fence that destroyed the whole atmosphere of this beautiful place. No one with a feel for nature would do that. Day after day I walked to the sound of chainsaws and a magnificent mature weeping willow tree that I so admired was cut down at the base of the trunk. When I challenged a Woke young girl in a green shirt (of course) about this vandalism she replied: 'It's a weeping willow – it will grow back.' This is what people are paying for when they donate to the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust and many other 'green' organisations today. It is not the environmental movement that I knew and instead has become a support-system – as with Extinction Rebellion – for a very dark agenda.

Private jets for climate justice

The Cult-owned, Gates-funded, World Economic Forum and its founder Klaus Schwab were behind the emergence of Greta Thunberg to harness the young behind the climate agenda and she was invited to speak to the world at … the UN. Schwab published a book, *Covid-19: The Great Reset* in 2020 in which he used the 'Covid' hoax and the climate hoax to lay out a new society straight out of Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. Bill Gates followed in early 2021 when he took time out from destroying the world to produce a book in his name about the way to save it. Gates flies across the world in private jets and admitted that 'I probably have one of the highest greenhouse gas footprints of anyone on the planet … my personal flying alone is gigantic.' He has also bid for the planet's biggest private jet operator. Other climate change saviours who fly in private jets include John Kerry, the US Special Presidential Envoy for Climate, and actor Leonardo DiCaprio, a 'UN Messenger of Peace with special focus on climate change'. These people are so full of bullshit they could corner the market in manure. We mustn't be sceptical, though, because the Gates book, *How to Avoid a Climate Disaster: The Solutions We Have and the Breakthroughs We Need*, is a genuine attempt to protect the world and not an obvious pile of excrement attributed to a mega-psychopath aimed at selling his masters' plans for humanity. The Gates book and the other shite-pile by Klaus Schwab could have been written by the same person and may well have been. Both use 'climate change' and 'Covid' as the excuses for their new society and by coincidence the Cult's World Economic Forum and Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation promote the climate hoax and hosted Event 201 which pre-empted with a 'simulation' the very 'coronavirus' hoax that would be simulated for real on humanity within weeks. The British 'royal' family is promoting the 'Reset' as you would expect through Prince 'climate change caused the war in Syria' Charles and his hapless son Prince William who said that we must 'reset our relationship with nature and our trajectory as a species' to avoid a climate disaster. Amazing how many promotors of the 'Covid' and 'climate change' control

systems are connected to Gates and the World Economic Forum. A 'study' in early 2021 claimed that carbon dioxide emissions must fall by the equivalent of a global lockdown roughly every two years for the next decade to save the planet. The 'study' appeared in the same period that the Schwab mob claimed in a video that lockdowns destroying the lives of billions are good because they make the earth 'quieter' with less 'ambient noise'. They took down the video amid a public backlash for such arrogant, empathy-deleted stupidity You see, however, where they are going with this. Corinne Le Quéré, a professor at the Tyndall Centre for Climate Change Research, University of East Anglia, was lead author of the climate lockdown study, and she writes for … the World Economic Forum. Gates calls in 'his' book for changing 'every aspect of the economy' (long-time Cult agenda) and for humans to eat synthetic 'meat' (predicted in my books) while cows and other farm animals are eliminated. Australian TV host and commentator Alan Jones described what carbon emission targets would mean for farm animals in Australia alone if emissions were reduced as demanded by 35 percent by 2030 and zero by 2050:

> Well, let's take agriculture, the total emissions from agriculture are about 75 million tonnes of carbon dioxide, equivalent. Now reduce that by 35 percent and you have to come down to 50 million tonnes, I've done the maths. So if you take for example 1.5 million cows, you're going to have to reduce the herd by 525,000 [by] 2030, nine years, that's 58,000 cows a year. The beef herd's 30 million, reduce that by 35 percent, that's 10.5 million, which means 1.2 million cattle have to go every year between now and 2030. This is insanity!
>
> There are 75 million sheep. Reduce that by 35 percent, that's 26 million sheep, that's almost 3 million a year. So under the Paris Agreement over 30 million beasts. dairy cows, cattle, pigs and sheep would go. More than 8,000 every minute of every hour for the next decade, do these people know what they're talking about?

Clearly they don't at the level of campaigners, politicians and administrators. The Cult *does* know; that's the outcome it wants. We are faced with not just a war on humanity. Animals and the natural world are being targeted and I have been saying since the 'Covid' hoax began that the plan eventually was to claim that the 'deadly virus' is able to jump from animals, including farm animals and

domestic pets, to humans. Just before this book went into production came this story: 'Russia registers world's first Covid-19 vaccine for cats & dogs as makers of Sputnik V warn pets & farm animals could spread virus'. The report said 'top scientists warned that the deadly pathogen could soon begin spreading through homes and farms' and 'the next stage is the infection of farm and domestic animals'. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey. Think what that would mean for animals and keep your eye on a term called zoonosis or zoonotic diseases which transmit between animals and humans. The Cult wants to break the connection between animals and people as it does between people and people. Farm animals fit with the Cult agenda to transform food from natural to synthetic.

The gas of life is killing us

There can be few greater examples of Cult inversion than the condemnation of carbon dioxide as a dangerous pollutant when it is the gas of life. Without it the natural world would be dead and so we would all be dead. We breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbon dioxide while plants produce oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide. It is a perfect symbiotic relationship that the Cult wants to dismantle for reasons I will come to in the final two chapters. Gates, Schwab, other Cult operatives and mindless repeaters, want the world to be 'carbon neutral' by at least 2050 and the earlier the better. 'Zero carbon' is the cry echoed by lunatics calling for 'Zero Covid' when we already have it. These carbon emission targets will deindustrialise the world in accordance with Cult plans – the post-industrial, post-democratic society – and with so-called renewables like solar and wind not coming even close to meeting human energy needs blackouts and cold are inevitable. Texans got the picture in the winter of 2021 when a snow storm stopped wind turbines and solar panels from working and the lights went down along with water which relies on electricity for its supply system. Gates wants everything to be powered by electricity to ensure that his masters have the kill switch to stop all human activity, movement, cooking, water and warmth any time they like. The climate lie is so

stupendously inverted that it claims we must urgently reduce carbon dioxide when we *don't have enough*.

Co2 in the atmosphere is a little above 400 parts per million when the optimum for plant growth is 2,000 ppm and when it falls anywhere near 150 ppm the natural world starts to die and so do we. It fell to as low as 280 ppm in an 1880 measurement in Hawaii and rose to 413 ppm in 2019 with industrialisation which is why the planet has become *greener* in the industrial period. How insane then that psychopathic madman Gates is not satisfied only with blocking the rise of Co2. He's funding technology to suck it out of the atmosphere. The reason why will become clear. The industrial era is not destroying the world through Co2 and has instead turned around a potentially disastrous ongoing fall in Co2. Greenpeace co-founder and scientist Patrick Moore walked away from Greenpeace in 1986 and has exposed the green movement for fear-mongering and lies. He said that 500 million years ago there was *17 times* more Co2 in the atmosphere than we have today and levels have been falling for hundreds of millions of years. In the last 150 million years Co2 levels in Earth's atmosphere had reduced by *90 percent*. Moore said that by the time humanity began to unlock carbon dioxide from fossil fuels we were at '38 seconds to midnight' and in that sense: 'Humans are [the Earth's] salvation.' Moore made the point that only half the Co2 emitted by fossil fuels stays in the atmosphere and we should remember that all pollution pouring from chimneys that we are told is carbon dioxide is in fact nothing of the kind. It's pollution. Carbon dioxide is an invisible gas.

William Happer, Professor of Physics at Princeton University and long-time government adviser on climate, has emphasised the Co2 deficiency for maximum growth and food production. Greenhouse growers don't add carbon dioxide for a bit of fun. He said that most of the warming in the last 100 years, after the earth emerged from the super-cold period of the 'Little Ice Age' into a natural warming cycle, was over by 1940. Happer said that a peak year for warming in 1988 can be explained by a 'monster El Nino' which is a natural and cyclical warming of the Pacific that has nothing to do with 'climate

change'. He said the effect of Co2 could be compared to painting a wall with red paint in that once two or three coats have been applied it didn't matter how much more you slapped on because the wall will not get much redder. Almost all the effect of the rise in Co2 has already happened, he said, and the volume in the atmosphere would now have to *double* to increase temperature by a single degree. Climate hoaxers know this and they have invented the most ridiculously complicated series of 'feedback' loops to try to overcome this rather devastating fact. You hear puppet Greta going on cluelessly about feedback loops and this is why.

The Sun affects temperature? No you *climate denier*

Some other nonsense to contemplate: Climate graphs show that rises in temperature do not follow rises in Co2 – *it's the other way round* with a lag between the two of some 800 years. If we go back 800 years from present time we hit the Medieval Warm Period when temperatures were higher than now without any industrialisation and this was followed by the Little Ice Age when temperatures plummeted. The world was still emerging from these centuries of serious cold when many climate records began which makes the ever-repeated line of the 'hottest year since records began' meaningless when you are not comparing like with like. The coldest period of the Little Ice Age corresponded with the lowest period of sunspot activity when the Sun was at its least active. Proper scientists will not be at all surprised by this when it confirms the obvious fact that earth temperature is affected by the scale of Sun activity and the energetic power that it subsequently emits; but when is the last time you heard a climate hoaxer talking about the Sun as a source of earth temperature?? Everything has to be focussed on Co2 which makes up just 0.117 percent of so-called greenhouse gases and only a fraction of even that is generated by human activity. The rest is natural. More than *90 percent* of those greenhouse gases are water vapour and clouds (Fig 9). Ban moisture I say. Have you noticed that the climate hoaxers no longer use the polar bear as their promotion image? That's because far from becoming extinct polar

bear communities are stable or thriving. Joe Bastardi, American meteorologist, weather forecaster and outspoken critic of the climate lie, documents in his book *The Climate Chronicles* how weather patterns and events claimed to be evidence of climate change have been happening since long before industrialisation: 'What happened before naturally is happening again, as is to be expected given the cyclical nature of the climate due to the design of the planet.' If you read the detailed background to the climate hoax in my other books you will shake your head and wonder how anyone could believe the crap which has spawned a multi-trillion dollar industry based on absolute garbage (see HIV causes AIDs and Sars-Cov-2 causes 'Covid-19'). Climate and 'Covid' have much in common given they have the same source. They both have the contradictory *everything* factor in which everything is explained by reference to them. It's hot – 'it's climate change'. It's cold – 'it's climate change'. I got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. I haven't got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. Not having a sniffle has to be a symptom of 'Covid'. Everything is and not having a sniffle is especially dangerous if you are a slow walker. For sheer audacity I offer you a Cambridge University 'study' that actually linked 'Covid' to 'climate change'. It had to happen eventually. They concluded that climate change played a role in 'Covid-19' spreading from animals to humans because … wait for it … I kid you not … *the two groups were forced closer together as populations grow*. Er, that's it. The whole foundation on which this depended was that 'Bats are the likely zoonotic origin of SARS-CoV-1 and SARS-CoV-2'. Well, they are not. They are nothing to do with it. Apart from bats not being the origin and therefore 'climate change' effects on bats being irrelevant I am in awe of their academic insight. Where would we be without them? Not where we are that's for sure.

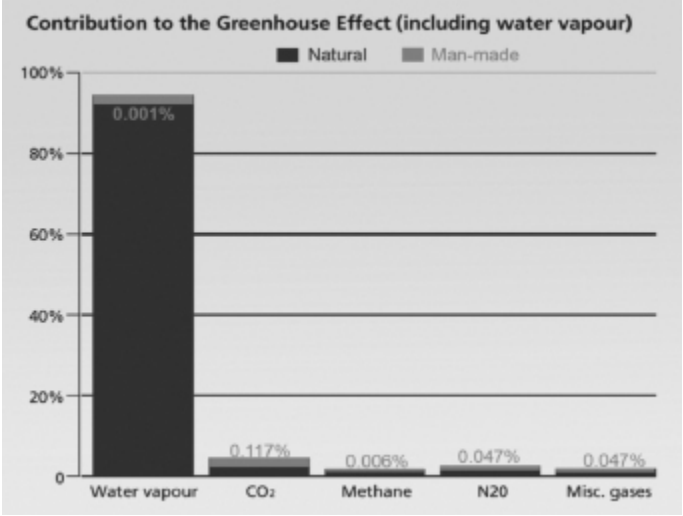

Figure 9: The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

One other point about the weather is that climate modification is now well advanced and not every major weather event is natural – or earthquake come to that. I cover this subject at some length in other books. China is openly planning a rapid expansion of its weather modification programme which includes changing the climate in an area more than one and a half times the size of India. China used weather manipulation to ensure clear skies during the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. I have quoted from US military documents detailing how to employ weather manipulation as a weapon of war and they did that in the 1960s and 70s during the conflict in Vietnam with Operation Popeye manipulating monsoon rains for military purposes. Why would there be international treaties on weather modification if it wasn't possible? Of course it is. Weather is energetic information and it can be changed.

How was the climate hoax pulled off? See 'Covid'

If you can get billions to believe in a 'virus' that doesn't exist you can get them to believe in human-caused climate change that doesn't exist. Both are being used by the Cult to transform global society in the way it has long planned. Both hoaxes have been achieved in pretty much the same way. First you declare a lie is a fact. There's a

'virus' you call SARS-Cov-2 or humans are warming the planet with their behaviour. Next this becomes, via Cult networks, the foundation of government, academic and science policy and belief. Those who parrot the mantra are given big grants to produce research that confirms the narrative is true and ever more 'symptoms' are added to make the 'virus'/'climate change' sound even more scary. Scientists and researchers who challenge the narrative have their grants withdrawn and their careers destroyed. The media promote the lie as the unquestionable truth and censor those with an alternative view or evidence. A great percentage of the population believe what they are told as the lie becomes an everybody-knows-that and the believing-masses turn on those with a mind of their own. The technique has been used endlessly throughout human history. Wokers are the biggest promotors of the climate lie *and* 'Covid' fascism because their minds are owned by the Cult; their sense of self-righteous self-purity knows no bounds; and they exist in a bubble of reality in which facts are irrelevant and only get in the way of looking without seeing.

Running through all of this like veins in a blue cheese is control of information, which means control of perception, which means control of behaviour, which collectively means control of human society. The Cult owns the global media and Silicon Valley fascists for the simple reason that it *has* to. Without control of information it can't control perception and through that human society. Examine every facet of the Cult agenda and you will see that anything supporting its introduction is never censored while anything pushing back is always censored. I say again: Psychopaths that know why they are doing this must go before Nuremberg trials and those that follow their orders must trot along behind them into the same dock. 'I was just following orders' didn't work the first time and it must not work now. Nuremberg trials must be held all over the world before public juries for politicians, government officials, police, compliant doctors, scientists and virologists, and all Cult operatives such as Gates, Tedros, Fauci, Vallance, Whitty, Ferguson, Zuckerberg, Wojcicki, Brin, Page, Dorsey, the whole damn lot of

them – including, no *especially*, the psychopath psychologists. Without them and the brainless, gutless excuses for journalists that have repeated their lies, none of this could be happening. Nobody can be allowed to escape justice for the psychological and economic Armageddon they are all responsible for visiting upon the human race.

As for the compliant, unquestioning, swathes of humanity, and the self-obsessed, all-knowing ignorance of the Wokers … don't start me. God help their kids. God help their grandkids. God *help them*.

CHAPTER NINE

We must have it? So what is it?

Well I won't back down. No, I won't back down. You can stand me up at the Gates of Hell. But I won't back down
Tom Petty

I will now focus on the genetically-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' which do not meet this official definition of a vaccine by the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC): 'A product that stimulates a person's immune system to produce immunity to a specific disease, protecting the person from that disease.' On that basis 'Covid vaccines' are not a vaccine in that the makers don't even claim they stop infection or transmission.

They are instead part of a multi-levelled conspiracy to change the nature of the human body and what it means to be 'human' and to depopulate an enormous swathe of humanity. What I shall call Human 1.0 is on the cusp of becoming Human 2.0 and for very sinister reasons. Before I get to the 'Covid vaccine' in detail here's some background to vaccines in general. Government regulators do not test vaccines – the makers do – and the makers control which data is revealed and which isn't. Children in America are given 50 vaccine doses by age six and 69 by age 19 and the effect of the whole combined schedule has never been tested. Autoimmune diseases when the immune system attacks its own body have soared in the mass vaccine era and so has disease in general in children and the young. Why wouldn't this be the case when vaccines target the *immune system?* The US government gave Big Pharma drug

companies immunity from prosecution for vaccine death and injury in the 1986 National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act (NCVIA) and since then the government (taxpayer) has been funding compensation for the consequences of Big Pharma vaccines. The criminal and satanic drug giants can't lose and the vaccine schedule has increased dramatically since 1986 for this reason. There is no incentive to make vaccines safe and a big incentive to make money by introducing ever more. Even against a ridiculously high bar to prove vaccine liability, and with the government controlling the hearing in which it is being challenged for compensation, the vaccine court has so far paid out more than $4 billion. These are the vaccines we are told are safe and psychopaths like Zuckerberg censor posts saying otherwise. The immunity law was even justified by a ruling that vaccines by their nature were 'unavoidably unsafe'.

Check out the ingredients of vaccines and you will be shocked if you are new to this. *They put that in children's bodies?? What??* Try aluminium, a brain toxin connected to dementia, aborted foetal tissue and formaldehyde which is used to embalm corpses. World-renowned aluminium expert Christopher Exley had his research into the health effect of aluminium in vaccines shut down by Keele University in the UK when it began taking funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Research when diseases 'eradicated' by vaccines began to decline and you will find the fall began long *before* the vaccine was introduced. Sometimes the fall even plateaued after the vaccine. Diseases like scarlet fever for which there was no vaccine declined in the same way because of environmental and other factors. A perfect case in point is the polio vaccine. Polio began when lead arsenate was first sprayed as an insecticide and residues remained in food products. Spraying started in 1892 and the first US polio epidemic came in Vermont in 1894. The simple answer was to stop spraying, but Rockefeller-created Big Pharma had a better idea. Polio was decreed to be caused by the *poliovirus* which 'spreads from person to person and can infect a person's spinal cord'. Lead arsenate was replaced by the lethal DDT which had the same effect of causing paralysis by damaging the brain and central nervous

system. Polio plummeted when DDT was reduced and then banned, but the vaccine is still given the credit for something it didn't do. Today by far the biggest cause of polio is the vaccines promoted by Bill Gates. Vaccine justice campaigner Robert Kennedy Jr, son of assassinated (by the Cult) US Attorney General Robert Kennedy, wrote:

> In 2017, the World Health Organization (WHO) reluctantly admitted that the global explosion in polio is predominantly vaccine strain. The most frightening epidemics in Congo, Afghanistan, and the Philippines, are all linked to vaccines. In fact, by 2018, 70% of global polio cases were vaccine strain.

Vaccines make fortunes for Cult-owned Gates and Big Pharma while undermining the health and immune systems of the population. We had a glimpse of the mentality behind the Big Pharma cartel with a report on WION (World is One News), an international English language TV station based in India, which exposed the extraordinary behaviour of US drug company Pfizer over its 'Covid vaccine'. The WION report told how Pfizer had made fantastic demands of Argentina, Brazil and other countries in return for its 'vaccine'. These included immunity from prosecution, even for Pfizer negligence, government insurance to protect Pfizer from law suits and handing over as collateral sovereign assets of the country to include Argentina's bank reserves, military bases and embassy buildings. Pfizer demanded the same of Brazil in the form of waiving sovereignty of its assets abroad; exempting Pfizer from Brazilian laws; and giving Pfizer immunity from all civil liability. This is a 'vaccine' developed with government funding. Big Pharma is evil incarnate as a creation of the Cult and all must be handed tickets to Nuremberg.

Phantom 'vaccine' for a phantom 'disease'

I'll expose the 'Covid vaccine' fraud and then go on to the wider background of why the Cult has set out to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on the planet for an alleged 'new disease' with a survival rate of 99.77 percent (or more) even by the grotesquely-

manipulated figures of the World Health Organization and Johns Hopkins University. The 'infection' to 'death' ratio is 0.23 to 0.15 percent according to Stanford epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis and while estimates vary the danger remains tiny. I say that if the truth be told the fake infection to fake death ratio is zero. Never mind all the evidence I have presented here and in *The Answer* that there is no 'virus' let us just focus for a moment on that death-rate figure of say 0.23 percent. The figure includes all those worldwide who have tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and then died within 28 days or even longer of any other cause – *any other cause*. Now subtract all those illusory 'Covid' deaths on the global data sheets from the 0.23 percent. What do you think you would be left with? *Zero*. A vaccination has never been successfully developed for a so-called coronavirus. They have all failed at the animal testing stage when they caused hypersensitivity to what they were claiming to protect against and made the impact of a disease far worse. Cult-owned vaccine corporations got around that problem this time by bypassing animal trials, going straight to humans and making the length of the 'trials' before the public rollout as short as they could get away with. Normally it takes five to ten years or more to develop vaccines that still cause demonstrable harm to many people and that's without including the long-term effects that are never officially connected to the vaccination. 'Covid' non-vaccines have been officially produced and approved in a matter of months from a standing start and part of the reason is that (a) they were developed before the 'Covid' hoax began and (b) they are based on computer programs and not natural sources. Official non-trials were so short that government agencies gave *emergency,* not full, approval. 'Trials' were not even completed and full approval cannot be secured until they are. Public 'Covid vaccination' is actually a *continuation of the trial*. Drug company 'trials' are not scheduled to end until 2023 by which time a lot of people are going to be dead. Data on which government agencies gave this emergency approval was supplied by the Big Pharma corporations themselves in the form of Pfizer/BioNTech, AstraZeneca, Moderna, Johnson & Johnson, and

others, and this is the case with all vaccines. By its very nature *emergency* approval means drug companies do not have to prove that the 'vaccine' is 'safe and effective'. How could they with trials way short of complete? Government regulators only have to *believe* that they *could* be safe and effective. It is criminal manipulation to get products in circulation with no testing worth the name. Agencies giving that approval are infested with Big Pharma-connected place-people and they act in the interests of Big Pharma (the Cult) and not the public about whom they do not give a damn.

More human lab rats

'Covid vaccines' produced in record time by Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna employ a technique *never approved before for use on humans*. They are known as mRNA 'vaccines' and inject a synthetic version of 'viral' mRNA or 'messenger RNA'. The key is in the term 'messenger'. The body works, or doesn't, on the basis of information messaging. Communications are constantly passing between and within the genetic system and the brain. Change those messages and you change the state of the body and even its very nature and you can change psychology and behaviour by the way the brain processes information. I think you are going to see significant changes in personality and perception of many people who have had the 'Covid vaccine' synthetic potions. Insider Aldous Huxley predicted the following in 1961 and mRNA 'vaccines' can be included in the term 'pharmacological methods':

> There will be, in the next generation or so, a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their own liberties taken away from them, but rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution.

Apologists claim that mRNA synthetic 'vaccines' don't change the DNA genetic blueprint because RNA does not affect DNA only the other way round. This is so disingenuous. A process called 'reverse

transcription' can convert RNA into DNA and be integrated into DNA in the cell nucleus. This was highlighted in December, 2020, by scientists at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Geneticists report that more than 40 percent of mammalian genomes results from reverse transcription. On the most basic level if messaging changes then that sequence must lead to changes in DNA which is receiving and transmitting those communications. How can introducing synthetic material into cells not change the cells where DNA is located? The process is known as transfection which is defined as 'a technique to insert foreign nucleic acid (DNA or RNA) into a cell, typically with the intention of altering the properties of the cell'. Researchers at the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York found that changes in messenger RNA can deactivate tumour-suppressing proteins and thereby promote cancer. This is what happens when you mess with messaging. 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna was founded in 2010 by Canadian stem cell biologist Derrick J. Rossi after his breakthrough discovery in the field of transforming and reprogramming stem cells. These are neutral cells that can be programmed to become any cell including sperm cells. Moderna was therefore founded on the principle of genetic manipulation and has never produced any vaccine or drug before its genetically-manipulating synthetic 'Covid' shite. Look at the name – Mode-RNA or Modify-RNA. Another important point is that the US Supreme Court has ruled that genetically-modified DNA, or complementary DNA (cDNA) synthesized in the laboratory from messenger RNA, can be patented and owned. These psychopaths are doing this to the human body.

Cells replicate synthetic mRNA in the 'Covid vaccines' and in theory the body is tricked into making antigens which trigger antibodies to target the 'virus spike proteins' which as Dr Tom Cowan said have *never been seen*. Cut the crap and these 'vaccines' deliver *self-replicating* synthetic material to the cells with the effect of changing human DNA. The more of them you have the more that process is compounded while synthetic material is all the time self-replicating. 'Vaccine'-maker Moderna describes mRNA as 'like

software for the cell' and so they are messing with the body's software. What happens when you change the software in a computer? Everything changes. For this reason the Cult is preparing a production line of mRNA 'Covid vaccines' and a long list of excuses to use them as with all the 'variants' of a 'virus' never shown to exist. The plan is further to transfer the mRNA technique to other vaccines mostly given to children and young people. The cumulative consequences will be a transformation of human DNA through a constant infusion of synthetic genetic material which will kill many and change the rest. Now consider that governments that have given emergency approval for a vaccine that's not a vaccine; never been approved for humans before; had no testing worth the name; and the makers have been given immunity from prosecution for any deaths or adverse effects suffered by the public. The UK government awarded *permanent legal indemnity* to itself and its employees for harm done when a patient is being treated for 'Covid-19' or 'suspected Covid-19'. That is quite a thought when these are possible 'side-effects' from the 'vaccine' (they are not 'side', they are effects) listed by the US Food and Drug Administration:

Guillain-Barre syndrome; acute disseminated encephalomyelitis; transverse myelitis; encephalitis; myelitis; encephalomyelitis; meningoencephalitis; meningitis; encephalopathy; convulsions; seizures; stroke; narcolepsy; cataplexy; anaphylaxis; acute myocardial infarction (heart attack); myocarditis; pericarditis; autoimmune disease; death; implications for pregnancy, and birth outcomes; other acute demyelinating diseases; non anaphylactic allergy reactions; thrombocytopenia ; disseminated intravascular coagulation; venous thromboembolism; arthritis; arthralgia; joint pain; Kawasaki disease; multisystem inflammatory syndrome in children; vaccine enhanced disease. The latter is the way the 'vaccine' has the potential to make diseases far worse than they would otherwise be.

UK doctor and freedom campaigner Vernon Coleman described the conditions in this list as 'all unpleasant, most of them very serious, and you can't get more serious than death'. The thought that anyone at all has had the 'vaccine' in these circumstances is testament to the potential that humanity has for clueless, unquestioning, stupidity and for many that programmed stupidity has already been terminal.

An insider speaks

Dr Michael Yeadon is a former Vice President, head of research and Chief Scientific Adviser at vaccine giant Pfizer. Yeadon worked on the inside of Big Pharma, but that did not stop him becoming a vocal critic of 'Covid vaccines' and their potential for multiple harms, including infertility in women. By the spring of 2021 he went much further and even used the no, no, term 'conspiracy'. When you begin to see what is going on it is impossible not to do so. Yeadon spoke out in an interview with freedom campaigner James Delingpole and I mentioned earlier how he said that no one had samples of 'the virus'. He explained that the mRNA technique originated in the anti-cancer field and ways to turn on and off certain genes which could be advantageous if you wanted to stop cancer growing out of control. 'That's the origin of them. They are a very unusual application, really.' Yeadon said that treating a cancer patient with an aggressive procedure might be understandable if the alternative was dying, but it was quite another thing to use the same technique as a public health measure. Most people involved wouldn't catch the infectious agent you were vaccinating against and if they did they probably wouldn't die:

> If you are really using it as a public health measure you really want to as close as you can get to zero sides-effects … I find it odd that they chose techniques that were really cutting their teeth in the field of oncology and I'm worried that in using gene-based vaccines that have to be injected in the body and spread around the body, get taken up into some cells, and the regulators haven't quite told us which cells they get taken up into … you are going to be generating a wide range of responses … with multiple steps each of which could go well or badly.

I doubt the Cult intends it to go well. Yeadon said that you can put any gene you like into the body through the 'vaccine'. 'You can certainly give them a gene that would do them some harm if you wanted.' I was intrigued when he said that when used in the cancer field the technique could turn genes on and off. I explore this process in *The Answer* and with different genes having different functions you could create mayhem – physically and psychologically – if you turned the wrong ones on and the right ones off. I read reports of an experiment by researchers at the University of Washington's school of computer science and engineering in which they encoded DNA to infect computers. The body is itself a biological computer and if human DNA can inflict damage on a computer why can't the computer via synthetic material mess with the human body? It can. The Washington research team said it was possible to insert malicious malware into 'physical DNA strands' and corrupt the computer system of a gene sequencing machine as it 'reads gene letters and stores them as binary digits 0 and 1'. They concluded that hackers could one day use blood or spit samples to access computer systems and obtain sensitive data from police forensics labs or infect genome files. It is at this level of digital interaction that synthetic 'vaccines' need to be seen to get the full picture and that will become very clear later on. Michael Yeadon said it made no sense to give the 'vaccine' to younger people who were in no danger from the 'virus'. What was the benefit? It was all downside with potential effects:

> The fact that my government in what I thought was a civilised, rational country, is raining [the 'vaccine'] on people in their 30s and 40s, even my children in their 20s, they're getting letters and phone calls, I know this is not right and any of you doctors who are vaccinating you know it's not right, too. They are not at risk. They are not at risk from the disease, so you are now hoping that the side-effects are so rare that you get away with it. You don't give new technology … that you don't understand to 100 percent of the population.

Blood clot problems with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' have been affecting younger people to emphasise the downside risks with no benefit. AstraZeneca's version, produced with Oxford University, does not use mRNA, but still gets its toxic cocktail inside cells where

it targets DNA. The Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' which uses a similar technique has also produced blood clot effects to such an extent that the United States paused its use at one point. They are all 'gene therapy' (cell modification) procedures and not 'vaccines'. The truth is that once the content of these injections enter cells we have no idea what the effect will be. People can speculate and some can give very educated opinions and that's good. In the end, though, only the makers know what their potions are designed to do and even they won't know every last consequence. Michael Yeadon was scathing about doctors doing what they knew to be wrong. 'Everyone's mute', he said. Doctors in the NHS must know this was not right, coming into work and injecting people. 'I don't know how they sleep at night. I know I couldn't do it. I know that if I were in that position I'd have to quit.' He said he knew enough about toxicology to know this was not a good risk-benefit. Yeadon had spoken to seven or eight university professors and all except two would not speak out publicly. Their universities had a policy that no one said anything that countered the government and its medical advisors. They were afraid of losing their government grants. This is how intimidation has been used to silence the truth at every level of the system. I say silence, but these people could still speak out if they made that choice. Yeadon called them 'moral cowards' – 'This is about your children and grandchildren's lives and you have just buggered off and left it.'

'Variant' nonsense

Some of his most powerful comments related to the alleged 'variants' being used to instil more fear, justify more lockdowns, and introduce more 'vaccines'. He said government claims about 'variants' were nonsense. He had checked the alleged variant 'codes' and they were 99.7 percent identical to the 'original'. This was the human identity difference equivalent to putting a baseball cap on and off or wearing it the other way round. A 0.3 percent difference would make it impossible for that 'variant' to escape immunity from the 'original'. This made no sense of having new 'vaccines' for

'variants'. He said there would have to be at least a *30 percent* difference for that to be justified and even then he believed the immune system would still recognise what it was. Gates-funded 'variant modeller' and 'vaccine'-pusher John Edmunds might care to comment. Yeadon said drug companies were making new versions of the 'vaccine' as a 'top up' for 'variants'. Worse than that, he said, the 'regulators' around the world like the MHRA in the UK had got together and agreed that because 'vaccines' for 'variants' were so similar to the first 'vaccines' *they did not have to do safety studies*. How transparently sinister that is. This is when Yeadon said: 'There is a conspiracy here.' There was no need for another vaccine for 'variants' and yet we were told that there was and the country had shut its borders because of them. 'They are going into hundreds of millions of arms without passing 'go' or any regulator. Why did they do that? Why did they pick this method of making the vaccine?'

The reason had to be something bigger than that it seemed and 'it's not protection against the virus'. It's was a far bigger project that meant politicians and advisers were willing to do things and not do things that knowingly resulted in avoidable deaths – 'that's already happened when you think about lockdown and deprivation of health care for a year.' He spoke of people prepared to do something that results in the avoidable death of their fellow human beings and it not bother them. This is the penny-drop I have been working to get across for more than 30 years – the level of pure evil we are dealing with. Yeadon said his friends and associates could not believe there could be that much evil, but he reminded them of Stalin, Pol Pot and Hitler and of what Stalin had said: 'One death is a tragedy. A million? A statistic.' He could not think of a benign explanation for why you need top-up vaccines 'which I'm sure you don't' and for the regulators 'to just get out of the way and wave them through'. Why would the regulators do that when they were still wrestling with the dangers of the 'parent' vaccine? He was clearly shocked by what he had seen since the 'Covid' hoax began and now he was thinking the previously unthinkable:

> If you wanted to depopulate a significant proportion of the world and to do it in a way that doesn't involve destruction of the environment with nuclear weapons, poisoning everyone with anthrax or something like that, and you wanted plausible deniability while you had a multi-year infectious disease crisis, I actually don't think you could come up with a better plan of work than seems to be in front of me. I can't say that's what they are going to do, but I can't think of a benign explanation why they are doing it.

He said he never thought that they would get rid of 99 percent of humans, but now he wondered. 'If you wanted to that this would be a hell of a way to do it – it would be unstoppable folks.' Yeadon had concluded that those who submitted to the 'vaccine' would be allowed to have some kind of normal life (but for how long?) while screws were tightened to coerce and mandate the last few percent. 'I think they'll put the rest of them in a prison camp. I wish I was wrong, but I don't think I am.' Other points he made included: There were no coronavirus vaccines then suddenly they all come along at the same time; we have no idea of the long term affect with trials so short; coercing or forcing people to have medical procedures is against the Nuremberg Code instigated when the Nazis did just that; people should at least delay having the 'vaccine'; a quick Internet search confirms that masks don't reduce respiratory viral transmission and 'the government knows that'; they have smashed civil society and they know that, too; two dozen peer-reviewed studies show no connection between lockdown and reducing deaths; he knew from personal friends the elite were still flying around and going on holiday while the public were locked down; the elite were not having the 'vaccines'. He was also asked if 'vaccines' could be made to target difference races. He said he didn't know, but the document by the Project for the New American Century in September, 2000, said developing 'advanced forms of biological warfare that can target *specific genotypes* may transform biological warfare from the realm of terror to a politically useful tool.' Oh, they're evil all right. Of that we can be *absolutely* sure.

Another cull of old people

We have seen from the CDC definition that the mRNA 'Covid vaccine' is not a vaccine and nor are the others that *claim* to reduce 'severity of symptoms' in *some* people, but not protect from infection or transmission. What about all the lies about returning to 'normal' if people were 'vaccinated'? If they are not claimed to stop infection and transmission of the alleged 'virus', how does anything change? This was all lies to manipulate people to take the jabs and we are seeing that now with masks and distancing still required for the 'vaccinated'. How did they think that elderly people with fragile health and immune responses were going to be affected by infusing their cells with synthetic material and other toxic substances? They *knew* that in the short and long term it would be devastating and fatal as the culling of the old that began with the first lockdowns was continued with the 'vaccine'. Death rates in care homes soared immediately residents began to be 'vaccinated' – infused with synthetic material. Brave and committed whistleblower nurses put their careers at risk by exposing this truth while the rest kept their heads down and their mouths shut to put their careers before those they are supposed to care for. A long-time American Certified Nursing Assistant who gave his name as James posted a video in which he described emotionally what happened in his care home when vaccination began. He said that during 2020 very few residents were sick with 'Covid' and no one died during the entire year; but shortly after the Pfizer mRNA injections 14 people died within two weeks and many others were near death. 'They're dropping like flies', he said. Residents who walked on their own before the shot could no longer and they had lost their ability to conduct an intelligent conversation. The home's management said the sudden deaths were caused by a 'super-spreader' of 'Covid-19'. Then how come, James asked, that residents who refused to take the injections were not sick? It was a case of inject the elderly with mRNA synthetic potions and blame their illness and death that followed on the 'virus'. James described what was happening in care homes as 'the greatest crime of genocide this country has ever seen'. Remember the NHS staff nurse from earlier who used the same

word 'genocide' for what was happening with the 'vaccines' and that it was an 'act of human annihilation'. A UK care home whistleblower told a similar story to James about the effect of the 'vaccine' in deaths and 'outbreaks' of illness dubbed 'Covid' after getting the jab. She told how her care home management and staff had zealously imposed government regulations and no one was allowed to even question the official narrative let alone speak out against it. She said the NHS was even worse. Again we see the results of reframing. A worker at a local care home where I live said they had not had a single case of 'Covid' there for almost a year and when the residents were 'vaccinated' they had 19 positive cases in two weeks with eight dying.

It's not the 'vaccine' – honest

The obvious cause and effect was being ignored by the media and most of the public. Australia's health minister Greg Hunt (a former head of strategy at the World Economic Forum) was admitted to hospital after he had the 'vaccine'. He was suffering according to reports from the skin infection 'cellulitis' and it must have been a severe case to have warranted days in hospital. Immediately the authorities said this was nothing to do with the 'vaccine' when an effect of some vaccines is a 'cellulitis-like reaction'. We had families of perfectly healthy old people who died after the 'vaccine' saying that if only they had been given the 'vaccine' earlier they would still be alive. As a numbskull rating that is off the chart. A father of four 'died of Covid' at aged 48 when he was taken ill two days after having the 'vaccine'. The man, a health administrator, had been 'shielding during the pandemic' and had 'not really left the house' until he went for the 'vaccine'. Having the 'vaccine' and then falling ill and dying does not seem to have qualified as a possible cause and effect and 'Covid-19' went on his death certificate. His family said they had no idea how he 'caught the virus'. A family member said: 'Tragically, it could be that going for a vaccination ultimately led to him catching Covid …The sad truth is that they are never going to know where it came from.' The family warned people to remember

that the virus still existed and was 'very real'. So was their stupidity. Nurses and doctors who had the first round of the 'vaccine' were collapsing, dying and ending up in a hospital bed while they or their grieving relatives were saying they'd still have the 'vaccine' again despite what happened. I kid you not. You mean if your husband returned from the dead he'd have the same 'vaccine' again that killed him??

Doctors at the VCU Medical Center in Richmond, Virginia, said the Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' was to blame for a man's skin peeling off. Patient Richard Terrell said: 'It all just happened so fast. My skin peeled off. It's still coming off on my hands now.' He said it was stinging, burning and itching and when he bent his arms and legs it was very painful with 'the skin swollen and rubbing against itself'. Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna vaccines use mRNA to change the cell while the Johnson & Johnson version uses DNA in a process similar to AstraZeneca's technique. Johnson & Johnson and AstraZeneca have both had their 'vaccines' paused by many countries after causing serious blood problems. Terrell's doctor Fnu Nutan said he could have died if he hadn't got medical attention. It sounds terrible so what did Nutan and Terrell say about the 'vaccine' now? Oh, they still recommend that people have it. A nurse in a hospital bed 40 minutes after the vaccination and unable to swallow due to throat swelling was told by a doctor that he lost mobility in his arm for 36 hours following the vaccination. What did he say to the ailing nurse? 'Good for you for getting the vaccination.' We are dealing with a serious form of cognitive dissonance madness in both public and medical staff. There is a remarkable correlation between those having the 'vaccine' and trumpeting the fact and suffering bad happenings shortly afterwards. Witold Rogiewicz, a Polish doctor, made a video of his 'vaccination' and ridiculed those who were questioning its safety and the intentions of Bill Gates: 'Vaccinate yourself to protect yourself, your loved ones, friends and also patients. And to mention quickly I have info for anti-vaxxers and anti-Coviders if you want to contact Bill Gates you can do this through me.' He further ridiculed the dangers of 5G. Days later he

was dead, but naturally the vaccination wasn't mentioned in the verdict of 'heart attack'.

Lies, lies and more lies

So many members of the human race have slipped into extreme states of insanity and unfortunately they include reframed doctors and nursing staff. Having a 'vaccine' and dying within minutes or hours is not considered a valid connection while death from any cause within 28 days or longer of a positive test with a test not testing for the 'virus' means 'Covid-19' goes on the death certificate. How could that 'vaccine'-death connection not have been made except by calculated deceit? US figures in the initial rollout period to February 12th, 2020, revealed that a third of the deaths reported to the CDC after 'Covid vaccines' happened within 48 hours. Five men in the UK suffered an 'extremely rare' blood clot problem after having the AstraZeneca 'vaccine', but no causal link was established said the Gates-funded Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) which had given the 'vaccine' emergency approval to be used. Former Pfizer executive Dr Michael Yeadon explained in his interview how the procedures could cause blood coagulation and clots. People who should have been at no risk were dying from blood clots in the brain and he said he had heard from medical doctor friends that people were suffering from skin bleeding and massive headaches. The AstraZeneca 'shot' was stopped by some 20 countries over the blood clotting issue and still the corrupt MHRA, the European Medicines Agency (EMA) and the World Health Organization said that it should continue to be given even though the EMA admitted that it 'still cannot rule out definitively' a link between blood clotting and the 'vaccine'. Later Marco Cavaleri, head of EMA vaccine strategy, said there was indeed a clear link between the 'vaccine' and thrombosis, but they didn't know why. So much for the trials showing the 'vaccine' is safe. Blood clots were affecting younger people who would be under virtually no danger from 'Covid' even if it existed which makes it all the more stupid and sinister.

The British government responded to public alarm by wheeling out June Raine, the terrifyingly weak infant school headmistress sound-alike who heads the UK MHRA drug 'regulator'. The idea that she would stand up to Big Pharma and government pressure is laughable and she told us that all was well in the same way that she did when allowing untested, never-used-on-humans-before, genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' to be exposed to the public in the first place. Mass lying is the new normal of the 'Covid' era. The MHRA later said 30 cases of rare blood clots had by then been connected with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' (that means a lot more in reality) while stressing that the benefits of the jab in preventing 'Covid-19' outweighed any risks. A more ridiculous and disingenuous statement with callous disregard for human health it is hard to contemplate. Immediately after the mendacious 'all-clears' two hospital workers in Denmark experienced blood clots and cerebral haemorrhaging following the AstraZeneca jab and one died. Top Norwegian health official Pål Andre Holme said the 'vaccine' was the only common factor: 'There is nothing in the patient history of these individuals that can give such a powerful immune response … I am confident that the antibodies that we have found are the cause, and I see no other explanation than it being the vaccine which triggers it.' Strokes, a clot or bleed in the brain, were clearly associated with the 'vaccine' from word of mouth and whistleblower reports. Similar consequences followed with all these 'vaccines' that we were told were so safe and as the numbers grew by the day it was clear we were witnessing human carnage.

Learning the hard way

A woman interviewed by UKColumn told how her husband suffered dramatic health effects after the vaccine when he'd been in good health all his life. He went from being a little unwell to losing all feeling in his legs and experiencing 'excruciating pain'. Misdiagnosis followed twice at Accident and Emergency (an 'allergy' and 'sciatica') before he was admitted to a neurology ward where doctors said his serious condition had been caused by the

'vaccine'. Another seven 'vaccinated' people were apparently being treated on the same ward for similar symptoms. The woman said he had the 'vaccine' because they believed media claims that it was safe. 'I didn't think the government would give out a vaccine that does this to somebody; I believed they would be bringing out a vaccination that would be safe.' What a tragic way to learn that lesson. Another woman posted that her husband was transporting stroke patients to hospital on almost every shift and when he asked them if they had been 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' they all replied 'yes'. One had a 'massive brain bleed' the day after his second dose. She said her husband reported the 'just been vaccinated' information every time to doctors in A and E only for them to ignore it, make no notes and appear annoyed that it was even mentioned. This particular report cannot be verified, but it expresses a common theme that confirms the monumental underreporting of 'vaccine' consequences. Interestingly as the 'vaccines' and their brain blood clot/stroke consequences began to emerge the UK National Health Service began a publicity campaign telling the public what to do in the event of a stroke. A Scottish NHS staff nurse who quit in disgust in March, 2021, said:

> I have seen traumatic injuries from the vaccine, they're not getting reported to the yellow card [adverse reaction] scheme, they're treating the symptoms, not asking why, why it's happening. It's just treating the symptoms and when you speak about it you're dismissed like you're crazy, I'm not crazy, I'm not crazy because every other colleague I've spoken to is terrified to speak out, they've had enough.

Videos appeared on the Internet of people uncontrollably shaking after the 'vaccine' with no control over muscles, limbs and even their face. A Scottish mother broke out in a severe rash all over her body almost immediately after she was given the AstraZeneca 'vaccine'. The pictures were horrific. Leigh King, a 41-year-old hairdresser from Lanarkshire said: 'Never in my life was I prepared for what I was about to experience … My skin was so sore and constantly hot … I have never felt pain like this …' But don't you worry, the 'vaccine' is perfectly safe. Then there has been the effect on medical

staff who have been pressured to have the 'vaccine' by psychopathic 'health' authorities and government. A London hospital consultant who gave the name K. Polyakova wrote this to the *British Medical Journal* or *BMJ*:

> I am currently struggling with … the failure to report the reality of the morbidity caused by our current vaccination program within the health service and staff population. The levels of sickness after vaccination is unprecedented and staff are getting very sick and some with neurological symptoms which is having a huge impact on the health service function. Even the young and healthy are off for days, some for weeks, and some requiring medical treatment. Whole teams are being taken out as they went to get vaccinated together.
>
> Mandatory vaccination in this instance is stupid, unethical and irresponsible when it comes to protecting our staff and public health. We are in the voluntary phase of vaccination, and encouraging staff to take an unlicensed product that is impacting on their immediate health … it is clearly stated that these vaccine products do not offer immunity or stop transmission. In which case why are we doing it?

Not to protect health that's for sure. Medical workers are lauded by governments for agenda reasons when they couldn't give a toss about them any more than they can for the population in general. Schools across America faced the same situation as they closed due to the high number of teachers and other staff with bad reactions to the Pfizer/BioNTech, Moderna, and Johnson & Johnson 'Covid vaccines' all of which were linked to death and serious adverse effects. The *BMJ* took down the consultant's comments pretty quickly on the grounds that they were being used to spread 'disinformation'. They were exposing the truth about the 'vaccine' was the real reason. The cover-up is breathtaking.

Hiding the evidence

The scale of the 'vaccine' death cover-up worldwide can be confirmed by comparing official figures with the personal experience of the public. I heard of many people in my community who died immediately or soon after the vaccine that would never appear in the media or even likely on the official totals of 'vaccine' fatalities and adverse reactions when only about ten percent are estimated to be

reported and I have seen some estimates as low as one percent in a Harvard study. In the UK alone by April 29th, 2021, some 757,654 adverse reactions had been officially reported from the Pfizer/BioNTech, Oxford/AstraZeneca and Moderna 'vaccines' with more than a thousand deaths linked to jabs and that means an estimated ten times this number in reality from a ten percent reporting rate percentage. That's seven million adverse reactions and 10,000 potential deaths and a one percent reporting rate would be ten times *those* figures. In 1976 the US government pulled the swine flu vaccine after *53* deaths. The UK data included a combined 10,000 eye disorders from the 'Covid vaccines' with more than 750 suffering visual impairment or blindness and again multiply by the estimated reporting percentages. As 'Covid cases' officially fell hospitals virtually empty during the 'Covid crisis' began to fill up with a range of other problems in the wake of the 'vaccine' rollout. The numbers across America have also been catastrophic. Deaths linked to *all* types of vaccine increased by *6,000 percent* in the first quarter of 2021 compared with 2020. A 39-year-old woman from Ogden, Utah, died four days after receiving a second dose of Moderna's 'Covid vaccine' when her liver, heart and kidneys all failed despite the fact that she had no known medical issues or conditions. Her family sought an autopsy, but Dr Erik Christensen, Utah's chief medical examiner, said proving vaccine injury as a cause of death almost never happened. He could think of only one instance where an autopsy would name a vaccine as the official cause of death and that would be anaphylaxis where someone received a vaccine and died almost instantaneously. 'Short of that, it would be difficult for us to definitively say this is the vaccine,' Christensen said. If that is true this must be added to the estimated ten percent (or far less) reporting rate of vaccine deaths and serious reactions and the conclusion can only be that vaccine deaths and serious reactions – including these 'Covid' potions' – are phenomenally understated in official figures. The same story can be found everywhere. Endless accounts of deaths and serious reactions among the public, medical

and care home staff while official figures did not even begin to reflect this.

Professional script-reader Dr David Williams, a 'top public-health official' in Ontario, Canada, insulted our intelligence by claiming only four serious adverse reactions and no deaths from the more than 380,000 vaccine doses then given. This bore no resemblance to what people knew had happened in their owns circles and we had Dirk Huyer in charge of getting millions vaccinated in Ontario while at the same time he was Chief Coroner for the province investigating causes of death including possible death from the vaccine. An aide said he had stepped back from investigating deaths, but evidence indicated otherwise. Rosemary Frei, who secured a Master of Science degree in molecular biology at the Faculty of Medicine at Canada's University of Calgary before turning to investigative journalism, was one who could see that official figures for 'vaccine' deaths and reactions made no sense. She said that doctors seldom reported adverse events and when people got really sick or died after getting a vaccination they would attribute that to anything except the vaccines. It had been that way for years and anyone who wondered aloud whether the 'Covid vaccines' or other shots cause harm is immediately branded as 'anti-vax' and 'anti-science'. This was 'career-threatening' for health professionals. Then there was the huge pressure to support the push to 'vaccinate' billions in the quickest time possible. Frei said:

> So that's where we're at today. More than half a million vaccine doses have been given to people in Ontario alone. The rush is on to vaccinate all 15 million of us in the province by September. And the mainstream media are screaming for this to be sped up even more. That all adds up to only a very slim likelihood that we're going to be told the truth by officials about how many people are getting sick or dying from the vaccines.

What is true of Ontario is true of everywhere.

They KNEW – and still did it

The authorities knew what was going to happen with multiple deaths and adverse reactions. The UK government's Gates-funded

and Big Pharma-dominated Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) hired a company to employ AI in compiling the projected reactions to the 'vaccine' that would otherwise be uncountable. The request for applications said: 'The MHRA urgently seeks an Artificial Intelligence (AI) software tool to process the expected high volume of Covid-19 vaccine Adverse Drug Reaction …' This was from the agency, headed by the disingenuous June Raine, that gave the 'vaccines' emergency approval and the company was hired before the first shot was given. 'We are going to kill and maim you – is that okay?' 'Oh, yes, perfectly fine – I'm very grateful, thank you, doctor.' The range of 'Covid vaccine' adverse reactions goes on for page after page in the MHRA criminally underreported 'Yellow Card' system and includes affects to eyes, ears, skin, digestion, blood and so on. Raine's MHRA amazingly claimed that the 'overall safety experience … is so far as expected from the clinical trials'. The death, serious adverse effects, deafness and blindness were *expected?* When did they ever mention that? If these human tragedies were expected then those that gave approval for the use of these 'vaccines' must be guilty of crimes against humanity including murder – a definition of which is 'killing a person with malice aforethought or with recklessness manifesting extreme indifference to the value of human life.' People involved at the MHRA, the CDC in America and their equivalent around the world must go before Nuremberg trials to answer for their callous inhumanity. We are only talking here about the immediate effects of the 'vaccine'. The longer-term impact of the DNA synthetic manipulation is the main reason they are so hysterically desperate to inoculate the entire global population in the shortest possible time.

Africa and the developing world are a major focus for the 'vaccine' depopulation agenda and a mass vaccination sales-pitch is underway thanks to caring people like the Rockefellers and other Cult assets. The Rockefeller Foundation, which pre-empted the 'Covid pandemic' in a document published in 2010 that 'predicted' what happened a decade later, announced an initial $34.95 million grant in February, 2021, 'to ensure more equitable access to Covid-19

testing and vaccines' among other things in Africa in collaboration with '24 organizations, businesses, and government agencies'. The pan-Africa initiative would focus on 10 countries: Burkina Faso, Ethiopia, Ghana, Kenya, Nigeria, Rwanda, South Africa, Tanzania, Uganda, and Zambia'. Rajiv Shah, President of the Rockefeller Foundation and former administrator of CIA-controlled USAID, said that if Africa was not mass-vaccinated (to change the DNA of its people) it was a 'threat to all of humanity' and not fair on Africans. When someone from the Rockefeller Foundation says they want to do something to help poor and deprived people and countries it is time for a belly-laugh. They are doing this out of the goodness of their 'heart' because 'vaccinating' the entire global population is what the 'Covid' hoax set out to achieve. Official 'decolonisation' of Africa by the Cult was merely a prelude to financial colonisation on the road to a return to physical colonisation. The 'vaccine' is vital to that and the sudden and convenient death of the 'Covid' sceptic president of Tanzania can be seen in its true light. A lot of people in Africa are aware that this is another form of colonisation and exploitation and they need to stand their ground.

The 'vaccine is working' scam

A potential problem for the Cult was that the 'vaccine' is meant to change human DNA and body messaging and not to protect anyone from a 'virus' never shown to exist. The vaccine couldn't work because it was not designed to work and how could they make it *appear* to be working so that more people would have it? This was overcome by lowering the amplification rate of the PCR test to produce fewer 'cases' and therefore fewer 'deaths'. Some of us had been pointing out since March, 2020, that the amplification rate of the test not testing for the 'virus' had been made artificially high to generate positive tests which they could call 'cases' to justify lockdowns. The World Health Organization recommended an absurdly high 45 amplification cycles to ensure the high positives required by the Cult and then remained silent on the issue until January 20th, 2021 – Biden's Inauguration Day. This was when the

'vaccinations' were seriously underway and on that day the WHO recommended after discussions with America's CDC that laboratories *lowered their testing amplification*. Dr David Samadi, a certified urologist and health writer, said the WHO was encouraging all labs to reduce their cycle count for PCR tests. He said the current cycle was much too high and was 'resulting in any particle being declared a positive case'. Even one mainstream news report I saw said this meant the number of 'Covid' infections may have been 'dramatically inflated'. Oh, just a little bit. The CDC in America issued new guidance to laboratories in April, 2021, to use 28 cycles *but only for 'vaccinated' people*. The timing of the CDC/WHO interventions were cynically designed to make it appear the 'vaccines' were responsible for falling cases and deaths when the real reason can be seen in the following examples. New York's state lab, the Wadsworth Center, identified 872 positive tests in July, 2020, based on a threshold of 40 cycles. When the figure was lowered to 35 cycles *43 percent* of the 872 were no longer 'positives'. At 30 cycles the figure was 63 percent. A Massachusetts lab found that between *85 to 90 percent* of people who tested positive in July with a cycle threshold of 40 would be negative at 30 cycles, Ashish Jha, MD, director of the Harvard Global Health Institute, said: 'I'm really shocked that it could be that high … Boy, does it really change the way we need to be thinking about testing.' I'm shocked that I could see the obvious in the spring of 2020, with no medical background, and most medical professionals still haven't worked it out. No, that's not shocking – it's terrifying.

Three weeks after the WHO directive to lower PCR cycles the London *Daily Mail* ran this headline: 'Why ARE Covid cases plummeting? New infections have fallen 45% in the US and 30% globally in the past 3 weeks but experts say vaccine is NOT the main driver because only 8% of Americans and 13% of people worldwide have received their first dose.' They acknowledged that the drop could not be attributed to the 'vaccine', but soon this morphed throughout the media into the 'vaccine' has caused cases and deaths to fall when it was the PCR threshold. In December, 2020, there was

chaos at English Channel ports with truck drivers needing negative 'Covid' tests before they could board a ferry home for Christmas. The government wanted to remove the backlog as fast as possible and they brought in troops to do the 'testing'. Out of 1,600 drivers just *36* tested positive and the rest were given the all clear to cross the Channel. I guess the authorities thought that 36 was the least they could get away with without the unquestioning catching on. The amplification trick which most people believed in the absence of information in the mainstream applied more pressure on those refusing the 'vaccine' to succumb when it 'obviously worked'. The truth was the exact opposite with deaths in care homes soaring with the 'vaccine' and in Israel the term used was 'skyrocket'. A re-analysis of published data from the Israeli Health Ministry led by Dr Hervé Seligmann at the Medicine Emerging Infectious and Tropical Diseases at Aix-Marseille University found that Pfizer's 'Covid vaccine' killed 'about 40 times more [elderly] people than the disease itself would have killed' during a five-week vaccination period and *260 times* more younger people than would have died from the 'virus' even according to the manipulated 'virus' figures. Dr Seligmann and his co-study author, Haim Yativ, declared after reviewing the Israeli 'vaccine' death data: 'This is a new Holocaust.'

Then, in mid-April, 2021, after vast numbers of people worldwide had been 'vaccinated', the story changed with clear coordination. The UK government began to prepare the ground for more future lockdowns when Nuremberg-destined Boris Johnson told yet another whopper. He said that cases had fallen because of *lockdowns* not 'vaccines'. Lockdowns are irrelevant when *there is no 'virus'* and the test and fraudulent death certificates are deciding the number of 'cases' and 'deaths'. Study after study has shown that lockdowns don't work and instead kill and psychologically destroy people. Meanwhile in the United States Anthony Fauci and Rochelle Walensky, the ultra-Zionist head of the CDC, peddled the same line. More lockdown was the answer and not the 'vaccine', a line repeated on cue by the moron that is Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau. Why all the hysteria to get everyone 'vaccinated' if lockdowns and

not 'vaccines' made the difference? None of it makes sense on the face of it. Oh, but it does. The Cult wants lockdowns *and* the 'vaccine' and if the 'vaccine' is allowed to be seen as the total answer lockdowns would no longer be justified when there are still livelihoods to destroy. 'Variants' and renewed upward manipulation of PCR amplification are planned to instigate never-ending lockdown *and* more 'vaccines'.

You *must* have it – we're desperate

Israel, where the Jewish and Arab population are ruled by the Sabbatian Cult, was the front-runner in imposing the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' on its people to such an extent that Jewish refusers began to liken what was happening to the early years of Nazi Germany. This would seem to be a fantastic claim. Why would a government of Jewish people be acting like the Nazis did? If you realise that the Sabbatian Cult was behind the Nazis and that Sabbatians hate Jews the pieces start to fit and the question of why a 'Jewish' government would treat Jews with such callous disregard for their lives and freedom finds an answer. Those controlling the government of Israel *aren't Jewish* – they're Sabbatian. Israeli lawyer Tamir Turgal was one who made the Nazi comparison in comments to German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich who is leading a class action lawsuit against the psychopaths for crimes against humanity. Turgal described how the Israeli government was vaccinating children and pregnant women on the basis that there was no evidence that this was dangerous when they had no evidence that it *wasn't* dangerous either. They just had no evidence. This was medical experimentation and Turgal said this breached the Nuremberg Code about medical experimentation and procedures requiring informed consent and choice. Think about that. A Nuremberg Code developed because of Nazi experimentation on Jews and others in concentration camps by people like the evil-beyond-belief Josef Mengele is being breached by the *Israeli* government; but when you know that it's a *Sabbatian* government along with its intelligence and military agencies like Mossad, Shin Bet and the Israeli Defense Forces, and that Sabbatians

were the force behind the Nazis, the kaleidoscope comes into focus. What have we come to when Israeli Jews are suing their government for violating the Nuremberg Code by essentially making Israelis subject to a medical experiment using the controversial 'vaccines'? It's a shocker that this has to be done in the light of what happened in Nazi Germany. The Anshe Ha-Emet, or 'People of the Truth', made up of Israeli doctors, lawyers, campaigners and public, have launched a lawsuit with the International Criminal Court. It says:

> When the heads of the Ministry of Health as well as the prime minister presented the vaccine in Israel and began the vaccination of Israeli residents, the vaccinated were not advised, that, in practice, they are taking part in a medical experiment and that their consent is required for this under the Nuremberg Code.

The irony is unbelievable, but easily explained in one word: Sabbatians. The foundation of Israeli 'Covid' apartheid is the 'green pass' or 'green passport' which allows Jews and Arabs who have had the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' to go about their lives – to work, fly, travel in general, go to shopping malls, bars, restaurants, hotels, concerts, gyms, swimming pools, theatres and sports venues, while non-'vaccinated' are banned from all those places and activities. Israelis have likened the 'green pass' to the yellow stars that Jews in Nazi Germany were forced to wear – the same as the yellow stickers that a branch of UK supermarket chain Morrisons told exempt mask-wears they had to display when shopping. How very sensitive. The Israeli system is blatant South African-style apartheid on the basis of compliance or non-compliance to fascism rather than colour of the skin. How appropriate that the Sabbatian Israeli government was so close to the pre-Mandela apartheid regime in Pretoria. The Sabbatian-instigated 'vaccine passport' in Israel is planned for everywhere. Sabbatians struck a deal with Pfizer that allowed them to lead the way in the percentage of a national population infused with synthetic material and the result was catastrophic. Israeli freedom activist Shai Dannon told me how chairs were appearing on beaches that said 'vaccinated only'. Health Minister Yuli Edelstein said that anyone unwilling or unable to get

the jabs that 'confer immunity' will be 'left behind'. The man's a liar. Not even the makers claim the 'vaccines' confer immunity. When you see those figures of 'vaccine' deaths these psychopaths were saying that you must take the chance the 'vaccine' will kill you or maim you while knowing it will change your DNA or lockdown for you will be permanent. That's fascism. The Israeli parliament passed a law to allow personal information of the non-vaccinated to be shared with local and national authorities for three months. This was claimed by its supporters to be a way to 'encourage' people to be vaccinated. Hadas Ziv from Physicians for Human Rights described this as a 'draconian law which crushed medical ethics and the patient rights'. But that's the idea, the Sabbatians would reply.

Your papers, please

Sabbatian Israel was leading what has been planned all along to be a global 'vaccine pass' called a 'green passport' without which you would remain in permanent lockdown restriction and unable to do anything. This is how badly – *desperately* – the Cult is to get everyone 'vaccinated'. The term and colour 'green' was not by chance and related to the psychology of fusing the perception of the green climate hoax with the 'Covid' hoax and how the 'solution' to both is the same Great Reset. Lying politicians, health officials and psychologists denied there were any plans for mandatory vaccinations or restrictions based on vaccinations, but they knew that was exactly what was meant to happen with governments of all countries reaching agreements to enforce a global system. 'Free' Denmark and 'free' Sweden unveiled digital vaccine certification. Cyprus, Czech Republic, Estonia, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Slovakia, and Spain have all committed to a vaccine passport system and the rest including the whole of the EU would follow. The satanic UK government will certainly go this way despite mendacious denials and at the time of writing it is trying to manipulate the public into having the 'vaccine' so they could go abroad on a summer holiday. How would that work without something to prove you had the synthetic toxicity injected into you?

Documents show that the EU's European Commission was moving towards 'vaccine certificates' in 2018 and 2019 before the 'Covid' hoax began. They knew what was coming. Abracadabra – Ursula von der Leyen, the German President of the Commission, announced in March, 2021, an EU 'Digital Green Certificate' – green again – to track the public's 'Covid status'. The passport sting is worldwide and the Far East followed the same pattern with South Korea ruling that only those with 'vaccination' passports – again the *green* pass – would be able to 'return to their daily lives'.

Bill Gates has been preparing for this 'passport' with other Cult operatives for years and beyond the paper version is a Gates-funded 'digital tattoo' to identify who has been vaccinated and who hasn't. The 'tattoo' is reported to include a substance which is externally readable to confirm who has been vaccinated. This is a bio-luminous light-generating enzyme (think fireflies) called … *Luciferase*. Yes, named after the Cult 'god' Lucifer the 'light bringer' of whom more to come. Gates said he funded the readable tattoo to ensure children in the developing world were vaccinated and no one was missed out. He cares so much about poor kids as we know. This was just the cover story to develop a vaccine tagging system for everyone on the planet. Gates has been funding the ID2020 'alliance' to do just that in league with other lovely people at Microsoft, GAVI, the Rockefeller Foundation, Accenture and IDEO.org. He said in interviews in March, 2020, before any 'vaccine' publicly existed, that the world must have a globalised digital certificate to track the 'virus' and who had been vaccinated. Gates knew from the start that the mRNA vaccines were coming and when they would come and that the plan was to tag the 'vaccinated' to marginalise the intelligent and stop them doing anything including travel. Evil just doesn't suffice. Gates was exposed for offering a $10 million bribe to the Nigerian House of Representatives to invoke compulsory 'Covid' vaccination of all Nigerians. Sara Cunial, a member of the Italian Parliament, called Gates a 'vaccine criminal'. She urged the Italian President to hand him over to the International Criminal Court for crimes against

humanity and condemned his plans to 'chip the human race' through ID2020.

You know it's a long-planned agenda when war criminal and Cult gofer Tony Blair is on the case. With the scale of arrogance only someone as dark as Blair can muster he said: 'Vaccination in the end is going to be your route to liberty.' Blair is a disgusting piece of work and he confirms that again. The media has given a lot of coverage to a bloke called Charlie Mullins, founder of London's biggest independent plumbing company, Pimlico Plumbers, who has said he won't employ anyone who has not been vaccinated or have them go to any home where people are not vaccinated. He said that if he had his way no one would be allowed to walk the streets if they have not been vaccinated. Gates was cheering at the time while I was alerting the white coats. The plan is that people will qualify for 'passports' for having the first two doses and then to keep it they will have to have all the follow ups and new ones for invented 'variants' until human genetics is transformed and many are dead who can't adjust to the changes. Hollywood celebrities – the usual propaganda stunt – are promoting something called the WELL Health-Safety Rating to verify that a building or space has 'taken the necessary steps to prioritize the health and safety of their staff, visitors and other stakeholders'. They included Lady Gaga, Jennifer Lopez, Michael B. Jordan, Robert DeNiro, Venus Williams, Wolfgang Puck, Deepak Chopra and 17th Surgeon General Richard Carmona. Yawn. WELL Health-Safety has big connections with China. Parent company Delos is headed by former Goldman Sachs partner Paul Scialla. This is another example – and we will see so many others – of using the excuse of 'health' to dictate the lives and activities of the population. I guess one confirmation of the 'safety' of buildings is that only 'vaccinated' people can go in, right?

Electronic concentration camps

I wrote decades ago about the plans to restrict travel and here we are for those who refuse to bow to tyranny. This can be achieved in one go with air travel if the aviation industry makes a blanket decree.

The 'vaccine' and guaranteed income are designed to be part of a global version of China's social credit system which tracks behaviour 24/7 and awards or deletes 'credits' based on whether your behaviour is supported by the state or not. I mean your entire lifestyle – what you do, eat, say, everything. Once your credit score falls below a certain level consequences kick in. In China tens of millions have been denied travel by air and train because of this. All the locations and activities denied to refusers by the 'vaccine' passports will be included in one big mass ban on doing almost anything for those that don't bow their head to government. It's beyond fascist and a new term is required to describe its extremes – I guess fascist technocracy will have to do. The way the Chinese system of technological – technocratic – control is sweeping the West can be seen in the Los Angeles school system and is planned to be expanded worldwide. Every child is required to have a 'Covid'-tracking app scanned daily before they can enter the classroom. The so-called Daily Pass tracking system is produced by Gates' Microsoft which I'm sure will shock you rigid. The pass will be scanned using a barcode (one step from an inside-the-body barcode) and the information will include health checks, 'Covid' tests and vaccinations. Entry codes are for one specific building only and access will only be allowed if a student or teacher has a negative test with a test not testing for the 'virus', has no symptoms of anything alleged to be related to 'Covid' (symptoms from a range of other illness), and has a temperature under 100 degrees. No barcode, no entry, is planned to be the case for everywhere and not only schools.

Kids are being psychologically prepared to accept this as 'normal' their whole life which is why what they can impose in schools is so important to the Cult and its gofers. Long-time American freedom campaigner John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute was not exaggerating when he said: 'Databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps.' Canada under its Cult gofer prime minister Justin Trudeau has taken a major step towards the real thing with people interned against their will if they test positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' when they arrive at a Canadian

airport. They are jailed in internment hotels often without food or water for long periods and with many doors failing to lock there have been sexual assaults. The interned are being charged sometimes $2,000 for the privilege of being abused in this way. Trudeau is fully on board with the Cult and says the 'Covid pandemic' has provided an opportunity for a global 'reset' to permanently change Western civilisation. His number two, Deputy Prime Minister Chrystia Freeland, is a trustee of the World Economic Forum and a Rhodes Scholar. The Trudeau family have long been servants of the Cult. See *The Biggest Secret* and Cathy O'Brien's book *Trance-Formation of America* for the horrific background to Trudeau's father Pierre Trudeau another Canadian prime minister. Hide your fascism behind the façade of a heart-on-the-sleeve liberal. It's a well-honed Cult technique.

What can the 'vaccine' *really* do?

We have a 'virus' never shown to exist and 'variants' of the 'virus' that have also never been shown to exist except, like the 'original', as computer-generated fictions. Even if you believe there's a 'virus' the 'case' to 'death' rate is in the region of 0.23 to 0.15 percent and those 'deaths' are concentrated among the very old around the same average age that people die anyway. In response to this lack of threat (in truth none) psychopaths and idiots, knowingly and unknowingly answering to Gates and the Cult, are seeking to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on Planet Earth. Clearly the 'vaccine' is not about 'Covid' – none of this ever has been. So what is it all about *really*? Why the desperation to infuse genetically-manipulating synthetic material into everyone through mRNA fraudulent 'vaccines' with the intent of doing this over and over with the excuses of 'variants' and other 'virus' inventions? Dr Sherri Tenpenny, an osteopathic medical doctor in the United States, has made herself an expert on vaccines and their effects as a vehement campaigner against their use. Tenpenny was board certified in emergency medicine, the director of a level two trauma centre for 12 years, and moved to Cleveland in 1996 to start an integrative

medicine practice which has treated patients from all 50 states and some 17 other countries. Weaning people off pharmaceutical drugs is a speciality.

She became interested in the consequences of vaccines after attending a meeting at the National Vaccine Information Center in Washington DC in 2000 where she 'sat through four days of listening to medical doctors and scientists and lawyers and parents of vaccine injured kids' and asked: 'What's going on?' She had never been vaccinated and never got ill while her father was given a list of vaccines to be in the military and was 'sick his entire life'. The experience added to her questions and she began to examine vaccine documents from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). After reading the first one, the 1998 version of *The General Recommendations of Vaccination*, she thought: 'This is it?' The document was poorly written and bad science and Tenpenny began 20 years of research into vaccines that continues to this day. She began her research into 'Covid vaccines' in March, 2020, and she describes them as 'deadly'. For many, as we have seen, they already have been. Tenpenny said that in the first 30 days of the 'vaccine' rollout in the United States there had been more than 40,000 adverse events reported to the vaccine adverse event database. A document had been delivered to her the day before that was 172 pages long. 'We have over 40,000 adverse events; we have over 3,100 cases of [potentially deadly] anaphylactic shock; we have over 5,000 neurological reactions.' Effects ranged from headaches to numbness, dizziness and vertigo, to losing feeling in hands or feet and paraesthesia which is when limbs 'fall asleep' and people have the sensation of insects crawling underneath their skin. All this happened in the first 30 days and remember that only about *ten percent* (or far less) of adverse reactions and vaccine-related deaths are estimated to be officially reported. Tenpenny said:

So can you think of one single product in any industry, any industry, for as long as products have been made on the planet that within 30 days we have 40,000 people complaining of side effects that not only is still on the market but … we've got paid actors telling us how great

they are for getting their vaccine. We're offering people $500 if they will just get their vaccine and we've got nurses and doctors going; 'I got the vaccine, I got the vaccine'.

Tenpenny said they were not going to be 'happy dancing folks' when they began to suffer Bell's palsy (facial paralysis), neuropathies, cardiac arrhythmias and autoimmune reactions that kill through a blood disorder. 'They're not going to be so happy, happy then, but we're never going to see pictures of those people' she said. Tenpenny described the 'vaccine' as 'a well-designed killing tool'.

No off-switch

Bad as the initial consequences had been Tenpenny said it would be maybe 14 months before we began to see the 'full ravage' of what is going to happen to the 'Covid vaccinated' with full-out consequences taking anything between two years and 20 years to show. You can understand why when you consider that variations of the 'Covid vaccine' use mRNA (messenger RNA) to in theory activate the immune system to produce protective antibodies without using the actual 'virus'. How can they when it's a computer program and they've never isolated what they claim is the 'real thing'? Instead they use *synthetic* mRNA. They are inoculating synthetic material into the body which through a technique known as the Trojan horse is absorbed into cells to change the nature of DNA. Human DNA is changed by an infusion of messenger RNA and with each new 'vaccine' of this type it is changed even more. Say so and you are banned by Cult Internet platforms. The contempt the contemptuous Mark Zuckerberg has for the truth and human health can be seen in an internal Facebook video leaked to the Project Veritas investigative team in which he said of the 'Covid vaccines': '… I share some caution on this because we just don't know the long term side-effects of basically modifying people's DNA and RNA.' At the same time this disgusting man's Facebook was censoring and banning anyone saying exactly the same. He must go before a Nuremberg trial for crimes against humanity when he *knows* that he

is censoring legitimate concerns and denying the right of informed consent on behalf of the Cult that owns him. People have been killed and damaged by the very 'vaccination' technique he cast doubt on himself when they may not have had the 'vaccine' with access to information that he denied them. The plan is to have at least annual 'Covid vaccinations', add others to deal with invented 'variants', and change all other vaccines into the mRNA system. Pfizer executives told shareholders at a virtual Barclays Global Healthcare Conference in March, 2021, that the public may need a third dose of 'Covid vaccine', plus regular yearly boosters and the company planned to hike prices to milk the profits in a 'significant opportunity for our vaccine'. These are the professional liars, cheats and opportunists who are telling you their 'vaccine' is safe. Given this volume of mRNA planned to be infused into the human body and its ability to then replicate we will have a transformation of human genetics from biological to synthetic biological – exactly the long-time Cult plan for reasons we'll see – and many will die. Sherri Tenpenny said of this replication:

> It's like having an on-button but no off-button and that whole mechanism … they actually give it a name and they call it the Trojan horse mechanism, because it allows that [synthetic] virus and that piece of that [synthetic] virus to get inside of your cells, start to replicate and even get inserted into other parts of your DNA as a Trojan-horse.

Ask the overwhelming majority of people who have the 'vaccine' what they know about the contents and what they do and they would reply: 'The government says it will stop me getting the virus.' Governments give that false impression on purpose to increase take-up. You can read Sherri Tenpenny's detailed analysis of the health consequences in her blog at Vaxxter.com, but in summary these are some of them. She highlights the statement by Bill Gates about how human beings can become their own 'vaccine manufacturing machine'. The man is insane. ['Vaccine'-generated] 'antibodies' carry synthetic messenger RNA into the cells and the damage starts, Tenpenny contends, and she says that lungs can be adversely affected through varying degrees of pus and bleeding which

obviously affects breathing and would be dubbed 'Covid-19'. Even more sinister was the impact of 'antibodies' on macrophages, a white blood cell of the immune system. They consist of Type 1 and Type 2 which have very different functions. She said Type 1 are 'hyper-vigilant' white blood cells which 'gobble up' bacteria etc. However, in doing so, this could cause inflammation and in extreme circumstances be fatal. She says these affects are mitigated by Type 2 macrophages which kick in to calm down the system and stop it going rogue. They clear up dead tissue debris and reduce inflammation that the Type 1 'fire crews' have caused. Type 1 kills the infection and Type 2 heals the damage, she says. This is her punchline with regard to 'Covid vaccinations': She says that mRNA 'antibodies' block Type 2 macrophages by attaching to them and deactivating them. This meant that when the Type 1 response was triggered by infection there was nothing to stop that getting out of hand by calming everything down. There's an on-switch, but no off-switch, she says. What follows can be 'over and out, see you when I see you'.

Genetic suicide

Tenpenny also highlights the potential for autoimmune disease – the body attacking itself – which has been associated with vaccines since they first appeared. Infusing a synthetic foreign substance into cells could cause the immune system to react in a panic believing that the body is being overwhelmed by an invader (it is) and the consequences can again be fatal. There is an autoimmune response known as a 'cytokine storm' which I have likened to a homeowner panicked by an intruder and picking up a gun to shoot randomly in all directions before turning the fire on himself. The immune system unleashes a storm of inflammatory response called cytokines to a threat and the body commits hara-kiri. The lesson is that you mess with the body's immune response at your peril and these 'vaccines' seriously – fundamentally – mess with immune response. Tenpenny refers to a consequence called anaphylactic shock which is a severe and highly dangerous allergic reaction when the immune system

floods the body with chemicals. She gives the example of having a bee sting which primes the immune system and makes it sensitive to those chemicals. When people are stung again maybe years later the immune response can be so powerful that it leads to anaphylactic shock. Tenpenny relates this 'shock' with regard to the 'Covid vaccine' to something called polyethylene glycol or PEG. Enormous numbers of people have become sensitive to this over decades of use in a whole range of products and processes including food, drink, skin creams and 'medicine'. Studies have claimed that some 72 percent of people have antibodies triggered by PEG compared with two percent in the 1960s and allergic hypersensitive reactions to this become a gathering cause for concern. Tenpenny points out that the 'mRNA vaccine' is coated in a 'bubble' of polyethylene glycol which has the potential to cause anaphylactic shock through immune sensitivity. Many reports have appeared of people reacting this way after having the 'Covid vaccine'. What do we think is going to happen as humanity has more and more of these 'vaccines'? Tenpenny said: 'All these pictures we have seen with people with these rashes … these weepy rashes, big reactions on their arms and things like that – it's an acute allergic reaction most likely to the polyethylene glycol that you've been previously primed and sensitised to.'

Those who have not studied the conspiracy and its perpetrators at length might think that making the population sensitive to PEG and then putting it in these 'vaccines' is just a coincidence. It is not. It is instead testament to how carefully and coldly-planned current events have been and the scale of the conspiracy we are dealing with. Tenpenny further explains that the 'vaccine' mRNA procedure can breach the blood-brain barrier which protects the brain from toxins and other crap that will cause malfunction. In this case they could make two proteins corrupt brain function to cause Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS) , a progressive nervous system disease leading to loss of muscle control, and frontal lobe degeneration – Alzheimer's and dementia. Immunologist J. Bart Classon published a paper connecting mRNA 'vaccines' to prion

disease which can lead to Alzheimer's and other forms of neurogenerative disease while others have pointed out the potential to affect the placenta in ways that make women infertile. This will become highly significant in the next chapter when I will discuss other aspects of this non-vaccine that relate to its nanotechnology and transmission from the injected to the uninjected.

Qualified in idiocy

Tenpenny describes how research has confirmed that these 'vaccine'-generated antibodies can interact with a range of other tissues in the body and attack many other organs including the lungs. 'This means that if you have a hundred people standing in front of you that all got this shot they could have a hundred different symptoms.' Anyone really think that Cult gofers like the Queen, Tony Blair, Christopher Whitty, Anthony Fauci, and all the other psychopaths have really had this 'vaccine' in the pictures we've seen? Not a bloody chance. Why don't doctors all tell us about all these dangers and consequences of the 'Covid vaccine'? Why instead do they encourage and pressure patients to have the shot? Don't let's think for a moment that doctors and medical staff can't be stupid, lazy, and psychopathic and that's without the financial incentives to give the jab. Tenpenny again:

> Some people are going to die from the vaccine directly but a large number of people are going to start to get horribly sick and get all kinds of autoimmune diseases 42 days to maybe a year out. What are they going to do, these stupid doctors who say; 'Good for you for getting that vaccine.' What are they going to say; 'Oh, it must be a mutant, we need to give an extra dose of that vaccine.'
>
> Because now the vaccine, instead of one dose or two doses we need three or four because the stupid physicians aren't taking the time to learn anything about it. If I can learn this sitting in my living room reading a 19 page paper and several others so can they. There's nothing special about me, I just take the time to do it.

Remember how Sara Kayat, the NHS and TV doctor, said that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Doctors can be idiots like every other profession and they

should not be worshipped as infallible. They are not and far from it. Behind many medical and scientific 'experts' lies an uninformed prat trying to hide themselves from you although in the 'Covid' era many have failed to do so as with UK narrative-repeating 'TV doctor' Hilary Jones. Pushing back against the minority of proper doctors and scientists speaking out against the 'vaccine' has been the entire edifice of the Cult global state in the form of governments, medical systems, corporations, mainstream media, Silicon Valley, and an army of compliant doctors, medical staff and scientists willing to say anything for money and to enhance their careers by promoting the party line. If you do that you are an 'expert' and if you won't you are an 'anti-vaxxer' and 'Covidiot'. The pressure to be 'vaccinated' is incessant. We have even had reports claiming that the 'vaccine' can help cure cancer and Alzheimer's and make the lame walk. I am waiting for the announcement that it can bring you coffee in the morning and cook your tea. Just as the symptoms of 'Covid' seem to increase by the week so have the miracles of the 'vaccine'. American supermarket giant Kroger Co. offered nearly 500,000 employees in 35 states a $100 bonus for having the 'vaccine' while donut chain Krispy Kreme promised 'vaccinated' customers a free glazed donut every day for the rest of 2021. Have your DNA changed and you will get a doughnut although we might not have to give you them for long. Such offers and incentives confirm the desperation.

Perhaps the worse vaccine-stunt of them all was UK 'Health' Secretary Matt-the-prat Hancock on live TV after watching a clip of someone being 'vaccinated' when the roll-out began. Hancock faked tears so badly it was embarrassing. Brain-of-Britain Piers Morgan, the lockdown-supporting, 'vaccine' supporting, 'vaccine' passport-supporting, TV host played along with Hancock – 'You're quite emotional about that' he said in response to acting so atrocious it would have been called out at a school nativity which will presumably today include Mary and Jesus in masks, wise men keeping their camels six feet apart, and shepherds under tent arrest. System-serving Morgan tweeted this: 'Love the idea of covid vaccine passports for everywhere: flights, restaurants, clubs, football, gyms,

shops etc. It's time covid-denying, anti-vaxxer loonies had their bullsh*t bluff called & bar themselves from going anywhere that responsible citizens go.' If only I could aspire to his genius. To think that Morgan, who specialises in shouting over anyone he disagrees with, was lauded as a free speech hero when he lost his job after storming off the set of his live show like a child throwing his dolly out of the pram. If he is a free speech hero we are in real trouble. I have no idea what 'bullsh*t' means, by the way, the * throws me completely.

The Cult is desperate to infuse its synthetic DNA-changing concoction into everyone and has been using every lie, trick and intimidation to do so. The question of '*Why*?' we shall now address.

CHAPTER TEN

Human 2.0

I believe that at the end of the century the use of words and general educated opinion will have altered so much that one will be able to speak of machines thinking without expecting to be contradicted –
Alan Turing (1912-1954), the 'Father of artificial intelligence'

I have been exposing for decades the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic-biological state. The new human that I will call Human 2.0 is planned to be connected to artificial intelligence and a global AI 'Smart Grid' that would operate as one global system in which AI would control everything from your fridge to your heating system to your car to your mind. Humans would no longer be 'human', but post-human and sub-human, with their thinking and emotional processes replaced by AI.

What I said sounded crazy and beyond science fiction and I could understand that. To any balanced, rational, mind it *is* crazy. Today, however, that world is becoming reality and it puts the 'Covid vaccine' into its true context. Ray Kurzweil is the ultra-Zionist 'computer scientist, inventor and futurist' and co-founder of the Singularity University. Singularity refers to the merging of humans with machines or 'transhumanism'. Kurzweil has said humanity would be connected to the cyber 'cloud' in the period of the ever-recurring year of 2030:

Our thinking … will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking … humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' … We're going to put gateways to the

cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations. As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

They are trying to sell this end-of-humanity-as-we-know-it as the next stage of 'evolution' when we become super-human and 'like the gods'. They are lying to you. Shocked, eh? The population, and again especially the young, have been manipulated into addiction to technologies designed to enslave them for life. First they induced an addiction to smartphones (holdables); next they moved to technology on the body (wearables); and then began the invasion of the body (implantables). I warned way back about the plan for microchipped people and we are now entering that era. We should not be diverted into thinking that this refers only to chips we can see. Most important are the nanochips known as smart dust, neural dust and nanobots which are far too small to be seen by the human eye. Nanotechnology is everywhere, increasingly in food products, and released into the atmosphere by the geoengineering of the skies funded by Bill Gates to 'shut out the Sun' and 'save the planet from global warming'. Gates has been funding a project to spray millions of tonnes of chalk (calcium carbonate) into the stratosphere over Sweden to 'dim the Sun' and cool the Earth. Scientists warned the move could be disastrous for weather systems in ways no one can predict and opposition led to the Swedish space agency announcing that the 'experiment' would not be happening as planned in the summer of 2021; but it shows where the Cult is going with dimming the impact of the Sun and there's an associated plan to change the planet's atmosphere. Who gives psychopath Gates the right to dictate to the entire human race and dismantle planetary systems? The world will not be safe while this man is at large.

The global warming hoax has made the Sun, like the gas of life, something to fear when both are essential to good health and human survival (more inversion). The body transforms sunlight into vital vitamin D through a process involving … *cholesterol*. This is the cholesterol we are also told to fear. We are urged to take Big Pharma

statin drugs to reduce cholesterol and it's all systematic. Reducing cholesterol means reducing vitamin D uptake with all the multiple health problems that will cause. At least if you take statins long term it saves the government from having to pay you a pension. The delivery system to block sunlight is widely referred to as chemtrails although these have a much deeper agenda, too. They appear at first to be contrails or condensation trails streaming from aircraft into cold air at high altitudes. Contrails disperse very quickly while chemtrails do not and spread out across the sky before eventually their content falls to earth. Many times I have watched aircraft cross-cross a clear blue sky releasing chemtrails until it looks like a cloudy day. Chemtrails contain many things harmful to humans and the natural world including toxic heavy metals, aluminium (see Alzheimer's) and nanotechnology. Ray Kurzweil reveals the reason without actually saying so: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' How do you deliver that? *From the sky*. Self-replicating nanobots would connect everything to the Smart Grid. The phenomenon of Morgellons disease began in the chemtrail era and the correlation has led to it being dubbed the 'chemtrail disease'. Self-replicating fibres appear in the body that can be pulled out through the skin. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. I cover this at greater length in *Phantom Self*.

'Vaccine' operating system

'Covid vaccines' with their self-replicating synthetic material are also designed to make the connection between humanity and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. American doctor and dedicated campaigner for truth, Carrie Madej, an Internal Medicine Specialist in Georgia with more than 20 years medical experience, has highlighted the nanotechnology aspect of the fake 'vaccines'. She explains how one of the components in at least the Moderna and Pfizer synthetic potions are 'lipid nanoparticles' which are 'like little tiny computer bits' – a 'sci-fi substance' known as nanobots and hydrogel which can be 'triggered

at any moment to deliver its payload' and act as 'biosensors'. The synthetic substance had 'the ability to accumulate data from your body like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts and emotions, all kind of things' and each syringe could carry a *million* nanobots:

This substance because it's like little bits of computers in your body, crazy, but it's true, it can do that, [and] obviously has the ability to act through Wi-Fi. It can receive and transmit energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. That issue has never been addressed by these companies. What does that do to the human?

Just imagine getting this substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones, what is happening with that? What if something is triggering it, too, like an impulse, a frequency? We have something completely foreign in the human body.

Madej said her research revealed that electromagnetic (EMF) frequencies emitted by phones and other devices had increased dramatically in the same period of the 'vaccine' rollout and she was seeing more people with radiation problems as 5G and other electromagnetic technology was expanded and introduced to schools and hospitals. She said she was 'floored with the EMF coming off' the devices she checked. All this makes total sense and syncs with my own work of decades when you think that Moderna refers in documents to its mRNA 'vaccine' as an 'operating system':

Recognizing the broad potential of mRNA science, we set out to create an mRNA technology platform that functions very much like an operating system on a computer. It is designed so that it can plug and play interchangeably with different programs. In our case, the 'program' or 'app' is our mRNA drug – the unique mRNA sequence that codes for a protein …

… Our MRNA Medicines – 'The 'Software Of Life': When we have a concept for a new mRNA medicine and begin research, fundamental components are already in place. Generally, the only thing that changes from one potential mRNA medicine to another is the coding region – the actual genetic code that instructs ribosomes to make protein. Utilizing these instruction sets gives our investigational mRNA medicines a software-like quality. We also have the ability to combine different mRNA sequences encoding for different proteins in a single mRNA investigational medicine.

Who needs a real 'virus' when you can create a computer version to justify infusing your operating system into the entire human race on the road to making living, breathing people into cyborgs? What is missed with the 'vaccines' is the *digital* connection between synthetic material and the body that I highlighted earlier with the study that hacked a computer with human DNA. On one level the body is digital, based on mathematical codes, and I'll have more about that in the next chapter. Those who ridiculously claim that mRNA 'vaccines' are not designed to change human genetics should explain the words of Dr Tal Zaks, chief medical officer at Moderna, in a 2017 TED talk. He said that over the last 30 years 'we've been living this phenomenal digital scientific revolution, and I'm here today to tell you, that we are actually *hacking the software of life*, and that it's changing the way we think about prevention and treatment of disease':

In every cell there's this thing called messenger RNA, or mRNA for short, that transmits the critical information from the DNA in our genes to the protein, which is really the stuff we're all made out of. This is the critical information that determines what the cell will do. So we think about it as an operating system. So if you could change that, if you could introduce a line of code, or change a line of code, it turns out, that has profound implications for everything, from the flu to cancer.

Zaks should more accurately have said that this has profound implications for the human genetic code and the nature of DNA. Communications within the body go both ways and not only one. But, hey, no, the 'Covid vaccine' will not affect your genetics. Cult fact-checkers say so even though the man who helped to develop the mRNA technique says that it does. Zaks said in 2017:

If you think about what it is we're trying to do. We've taken information and our understanding of that information and how that information is transmitted in a cell, and we've taken our understanding of medicine and how to make drugs, and we're fusing the two. We think of it as information therapy.

I have been writing for decades that the body is an information field communicating with itself and the wider world. This is why

radiation which is information can change the information field of body and mind through phenomena like 5G and change their nature and function. 'Information therapy' means to change the body's information field and change the way it operates. DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and can be mutated by information like mRNA synthetic messaging. Technology to do this has been ready and waiting in the underground bases and other secret projects to be rolled out when the 'Covid' hoax was played. 'Trials' of such short and irrelevant duration were only for public consumption. When they say the 'vaccine' is 'experimental' that is not true. It may appear to be 'experimental' to those who don't know what's going on, but the trials have already been done to ensure the Cult gets the result it desires. Zaks said that it took decades to sequence the human genome, completed in 2003, but now they could do it in a week. By 'they' he means scientists operating in the public domain. In the secret projects they were sequencing the genome in a week long before even 2003.

Deluge of mRNA

Highly significantly the Moderna document says the guiding premise is that if using mRNA as a medicine works for one disease then it should work for many diseases. They were leveraging the flexibility afforded by their platform and the fundamental role mRNA plays in protein synthesis to pursue mRNA medicines for a broad spectrum of diseases. Moderna is confirming what I was saying through 2020 that multiple 'vaccines' were planned for 'Covid' (and later invented 'variants') and that previous vaccines would be converted to the mRNA system to infuse the body with massive amounts of genetically-manipulating synthetic material to secure a transformation to a synthetic-biological state. The 'vaccines' are designed to kill stunning numbers as part of the long-exposed Cult depopulation agenda and transform the rest. Given this is the goal you can appreciate why there is such hysterical demand for every human to be 'vaccinated' for an alleged 'disease' that has an estimated 'infection' to 'death' ratio of 0.23-0.15 percent. As I write

children are being given the 'vaccine' in trials (their parents are a disgrace) and ever-younger people are being offered the vaccine for a 'virus' that even if you believe it exists has virtually zero chance of harming them. Horrific effects of the 'trials' on a 12-year-old girl were revealed by a family member to be serious brain and gastric problems that included a bowel obstruction and the inability to swallow liquids or solids. She was unable to eat or drink without throwing up, had extreme pain in her back, neck and abdomen, and was paralysed from the waist down which stopped her urinating unaided. When the girl was first taken to hospital doctors said it was all in her mind. She was signed up for the 'trial' by her parents for whom no words suffice. None of this 'Covid vaccine' insanity makes any sense unless you see what the 'vaccine' really is – a body-changer. Synthetic biology or 'SynBio' is a fast-emerging and expanding scientific discipline which includes everything from genetic and molecular engineering to electrical and computer engineering. Synthetic biology is defined in these ways:

- A multidisciplinary area of research that seeks to create new biological parts, devices, and systems, or to redesign systems that are already found in nature.

- The use of a mixture of physical engineering and genetic engineering to create new (and therefore synthetic) life forms.

- An emerging field of research that aims to combine the knowledge and methods of biology, engineering and related disciplines in the design of chemically-synthesized DNA to create organisms with novel or enhanced characteristics and traits (synthetic organisms including humans).

We now have synthetic blood, skin, organs and limbs being developed along with synthetic body parts produced by 3D printers. These are all elements of the synthetic human programme and this comment by Kurzweil's co-founder of the Singularity University,

Peter Diamandis, can be seen in a whole new light with the 'Covid' hoax and the sanctions against those that refuse the 'vaccine':

Anybody who is going to be resisting the progress forward [to transhumanism] is going to be resisting evolution and, fundamentally, they will die out. It's not a matter of whether it's good or bad. It's going to happen.

'Resisting evolution'? What absolute bollocks. The arrogance of these people is without limit. His 'it's going to happen' mantra is another way of saying 'resistance is futile' to break the spirit of those pushing back and we must not fall for it. Getting this genetically-transforming 'vaccine' into everyone is crucial to the Cult plan for total control and the desperation to achieve that is clear for anyone to see. Vaccine passports are a major factor in this and they, too, are a form of resistance is futile. It's NOT. The paper funded by the Rockefeller Foundation for the 2013 'health conference' in China said:

We will interact more with artificial intelligence. The use of robotics, bio-engineering to augment human functioning is already well underway and will advance. Re-engineering of humans into potentially separate and unequal forms through genetic engineering or mixed human-robots raises debates on ethics and equality.

A new demography is projected to emerge after 2030 [that year again] of technologies (robotics, genetic engineering, nanotechnology) producing robots, engineered organisms, 'nanobots' and artificial intelligence (AI) that can self-replicate. Debates will grow on the implications of an impending reality of human designed life.

What is happening today is so long planned. The world army enforcing the will of the world government is intended to be a robot army, not a human one. Today's military and its technologically 'enhanced' troops, pilotless planes and driverless vehicles are just stepping stones to that end. Human soldiers are used as Cult fodder and its time they woke up to that and worked for the freedom of the population instead of their own destruction and their family's destruction – the same with the police. Join us and let's sort this out. The phenomenon of enforce my own destruction is widespread in the 'Covid' era with Woker 'luvvies' in the acting and entertainment

industries supporting 'Covid' rules which have destroyed their profession and the same with those among the public who put signs on the doors of their businesses 'closed due to Covid – stay safe' when many will never reopen. It's a form of masochism and most certainly insanity.

Transgender = transhumanism

When something explodes out of nowhere and is suddenly everywhere it is always the Cult agenda and so it is with the tidal wave of claims and demands that have infiltrated every aspect of society under the heading of 'transgenderism'. The term 'trans' is so 'in' and this is the dictionary definition:

> A prefix meaning 'across', 'through', occurring … in loanwords from Latin, used in particular for denoting movement or conveyance from place to place (transfer; transmit; transplant) or complete change (transform; transmute), or to form adjectives meaning 'crossing', 'on the other side of', or 'going beyond' the place named (transmontane; transnational; trans-Siberian).

Transgender means to go beyond gender and transhuman means to go beyond human. Both are aspects of the Cult plan to transform the human body to a synthetic state with *no gender*. Human 2.0 is not designed to procreate and would be produced technologically with no need for parents. The new human would mean the end of parents and so men, and increasingly women, are being targeted for the deletion of their rights and status. Parental rights are disappearing at an ever-quickening speed for the same reason. The new human would have no need for men or women when there is no procreation and no gender. Perhaps the transgender movement that appears to be in a permanent state of frenzy might now contemplate on how it is being used. This was never about transgender rights which are only the interim excuse for confusing gender, particularly in the young, on the road to *fusing* gender. Transgender activism is not an end; it is a *means* to an end. We see again the technique of creative destruction in which you destroy the status quo to 'build back better' in the form that you want. The gender status quo had to be

destroyed by persuading the Cult-created Woke mentality to believe that you can have 100 genders or more. A programme for 9 to 12 year olds produced by the Cult-owned BBC promoted the 100 genders narrative. The very idea may be the most monumental nonsense, but it is not what is true that counts, only what you can make people *believe* is true. Once the gender of 2 + 2 = 4 has been dismantled through indoctrination, intimidation and 2 + 2 = 5 then the new no-gender normal can take its place with Human 2.0. Aldous Huxley revealed the plan in his prophetic *Brave New World* in 1932:

> Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

How could Huxley know this in 1932? For the same reason George Orwell knew about the Big Brother state in 1948, Cult insiders I have quoted knew about it in 1969, and I have known about it since the early 1990s. If you are connected to the Cult or you work your balls off to uncover the plan you can predict the future. The process is simple. If there is a plan for the world and nothing intervenes to stop it then it will happen. Thus if you communicate the plan ahead of time you are perceived to have predicted the future, but you haven't. You have revealed the plan which without intervention will become the human future. The whole reason I have done what I have is to alert enough people to inspire an intervention and maybe at last that time has come with the Cult and its intentions now so obvious to anyone with a brain in working order.

The future is here

Technological wombs that Huxley described to replace parent procreation are already being developed and they are only the projects we know about in the public arena. Israeli scientists told *The Times of Israel* in March, 2021, that they have grown 250-cell embryos

into mouse foetuses with fully formed organs using artificial wombs in a development they say could pave the way for gestating humans outside the womb. Professor Jacob Hanna of the Weizmann Institute of Science said:

> We took mouse embryos from the mother at day five of development, when they are just of 250 cells, and had them in the incubator from day five until day 11, by which point they had grown all their organs.
>
> By day 11 they make their own blood and have a beating heart, a fully developed brain. Anybody would look at them and say, 'this is clearly a mouse foetus with all the characteristics of a mouse.' It's gone from being a ball of cells to being an advanced foetus.

A special liquid is used to nourish embryo cells in a laboratory dish and they float on the liquid to duplicate the first stage of embryonic development. The incubator creates all the right conditions for its development, Hanna said. The liquid gives the embryo 'all the nutrients, hormones and sugars they need' along with a custom-made electronic incubator which controls gas concentration, pressure and temperature. The cutting-edge in the underground bases and other secret locations will be light years ahead of that, however, and this was reported by the London *Guardian* in 2017:

> We are approaching a biotechnological breakthrough. Ectogenesis, the invention of a complete external womb, could completely change the nature of human reproduction. In April this year, researchers at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia announced their development of an artificial womb.

The article was headed 'Artificial wombs could soon be a reality. What will this mean for women?' What would it mean for children is an even bigger question. No mother to bond with only a machine in preparation for a life of soulless interaction and control in a world governed by machines (see the *Matrix* movies). Now observe the calculated manipulations of the 'Covid' hoax as human interaction and warmth has been curtailed by distancing, isolation and fear with people communicating via machines on a scale never seen before.

These are all dots in the same picture as are all the personal assistants, gadgets and children's toys through which kids and adults communicate with AI as if it is human. The AI 'voice' on Sat-Nav should be included. All these things are psychological preparation for the Cult endgame. Before you can make a physical connection with AI you have to make a psychological connection and that is what people are being conditioned to do with this ever gathering human-AI interaction. Movies and TV programmes depicting the transhuman, robot dystopia relate to a phenomenon known as 'pre-emptive programming' in which the world that is planned is portrayed everywhere in movies, TV and advertising. This is conditioning the conscious and subconscious mind to become familiar with the planned reality to dilute resistance when it happens for real. What would have been a shock such is the change is made less so. We have young children put on the road to transgender transition surgery with puberty blocking drugs at an age when they could never be able to make those life-changing decisions.

Rachel Levine, a professor of paediatrics and psychiatry who believes in treating children this way, became America's highest-ranked openly-transgender official when she was confirmed as US Assistant Secretary at the Department of Health and Human Services after being nominated by Joe Biden (the Cult). Activists and governments press for laws to deny parents a say in their children's transition process so the kids can be isolated and manipulated into agreeing to irreversible medical procedures. A Canadian father Robert Hoogland was denied bail by the Vancouver Supreme Court in 2021 and remained in jail for breaching a court order that he stay silent over his young teenage daughter, a minor, who was being offered life-changing hormone therapy without parental consent. At the age of 12 the girl's 'school counsellor' said she may be transgender, referred her to a doctor and told the school to treat her like a boy. This is another example of state-serving schools imposing ever more control over children's lives while parents have ever less.

Contemptible and extreme child abuse is happening all over the world as the Cult gender-fusion operation goes into warp-speed.

Why the war on men – and now women?

The question about what artificial wombs mean for women should rightly be asked. The answer can be seen in the deletion of women's rights involving sport, changing rooms, toilets and status in favour of people in male bodies claiming to identify as women. I can identify as a mountain climber, but it doesn't mean I can climb a mountain any more than a biological man can be a biological woman. To believe so is a triumph of belief over factual reality which is the very perceptual basis of everything Woke. Women's sport is being destroyed by allowing those with male bodies who say they identify as female to 'compete' with girls and women. Male body 'women' dominate 'women's' competition with their greater muscle mass, bone density, strength and speed. With that disadvantage sport for women loses all meaning. To put this in perspective nearly 300 American high school boys can run faster than the quickest woman sprinter in the world. Women are seeing their previously protected spaces invaded by male bodies simply because they claim to identify as women. That's all they need to do to access all women's spaces and activities under the Biden 'Equality Act' that destroys equality for women with the usual Orwellian Woke inversion. Male sex offenders have already committed rapes in women's prisons after claiming to identify as women to get them transferred. Does this not matter to the Woke 'equality' hypocrites? Not in the least. What matters to Cult manipulators and funders behind transgender activists is to advance gender fusion on the way to the no-gender 'human'. When you are seeking to impose transparent nonsense like this, or the 'Covid' hoax, the only way the nonsense can prevail is through censorship and intimidation of dissenters, deletion of factual information, and programming of the unquestioning, bewildered and naive. You don't have to scan the world for long to see that all these things are happening.

Many women's rights organisations have realised that rights and status which took such a long time to secure are being eroded and that it is systematic. Kara Dansky of the global Women's Human Rights Campaign said that Biden's transgender executive order immediately he took office, subsequent orders, and Equality Act legislation that followed 'seek to erase women and girls in the law as a category'. *Exactly*. I said during the long ago-started war on men (in which many women play a crucial part) that this was going to turn into a war on them. The Cult is phasing out *both* male and female genders. To get away with that they are brought into conflict so they are busy fighting each other while the Cult completes the job with no unity of response. Unity, people, *unity*. We need unity everywhere. Transgender is the only show in town as the big step towards the no-gender human. It's not about rights for transgender people and never has been. Woke political correctness is deleting words relating to genders to the same end. Wokers believe this is to be 'inclusive' when the opposite is true. They are deleting words describing gender because gender *itself* is being deleted by Human 2.0. Terms like 'man', 'woman', 'mother' and 'father' are being deleted in the universities and other institutions to be replaced by the *no*-gender, not trans-gender, 'individuals' and 'guardians'. Women's rights campaigner Maria Keffler of Partners for Ethical Care said: 'Children are being taught from kindergarten upward that some boys have a vagina, some girls have a penis, and that kids can be any gender they want to be.' Do we really believe that suddenly countries all over the world at the same time had the idea of having drag queens go into schools or read transgender stories to very young children in the local library? It's coldly-calculated confusion of gender on the way to the fusion of gender. Suzanne Vierling, a psychologist from Southern California, made another important point:

> Yesterday's slave woman who endured gynecological medical experiments is today's girl-child being butchered in a booming gender-transitioning sector. Ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause and osteoporosis, uncharted territory, and parents' rights and authority decimated.

The erosion of parental rights is a common theme in line with the Cult plans to erase the very concept of parents and 'ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause' means what? Those born female lose the ability to have children – another way to discontinue humanity as we know it.

Eliminating Human 1.0 (before our very eyes)

To pave the way for Human 2.0 you must phase out Human 1.0. This is happening through plummeting sperm counts and making women infertile through an onslaught of chemicals, radiation (including smartphones in pockets of men) and mRNA 'vaccines'. Common agriculture pesticides are also having a devastating impact on human fertility. I have been tracking collapsing sperm counts in the books for a long time and in 2021 came a book by fertility scientist and reproductive epidemiologist Shanna Swan, *Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race*. She reports how the global fertility rate dropped by *half* between 1960 and 2016 with America's birth rate 16 percent below where it needs to be to sustain the population. Women are experiencing declining egg quality, more miscarriages, and more couples suffer from infertility. Other findings were an increase in erectile dysfunction, infant boys developing more genital abnormalities, male problems with conception, and plunging levels of the male hormone testosterone which would explain why so many men have lost their backbone and masculinity. This has been very evident during the 'Covid' hoax when women have been prominent among the Pushbackers and big strapping blokes have bowed their heads, covered their faces with a nappy and quietly submitted. Mind control expert Cathy O'Brien also points to how global education introduced the concept of 'we're all winners' in sport and classrooms: 'Competition was defused, and it in turn defused a sense of fighting back.' This is another version of the 'equity' doctrine in which you drive down rather than raise up. What a contrast in Cult-controlled China with its global ambitions

where the government published plans in January, 2021, to 'cultivate masculinity' in boys from kindergarten through to high school in the face of a 'masculinity crisis'. A government adviser said boys would be soon become 'delicate, timid and effeminate' unless action was taken. Don't expect any similar policy in the targeted West. A 2006 study showed that a 65-year-old man in 2002 had testosterone levels *15 percent* lower than a 65-year-old man in 1987 while a 2020 study found a similar story with young adults and adolescents. Men are getting prescriptions for testosterone replacement therapy which causes an even greater drop in sperm count with up to 99 percent seeing sperm counts drop to zero during the treatment. More sperm is defective and malfunctioning with some having two heads or not pursuing an egg.

A class of *synthetic* chemicals known as phthalates are being blamed for the decline. These are found everywhere in plastics, shampoos, cosmetics, furniture, flame retardants, personal care products, pesticides, canned foods and even receipts. Why till receipts? Everyone touches them. Let no one delude themselves that all this is not systematic to advance the long-time agenda for human body transformation. Phthalates mimic hormones and disrupt the hormone balance causing testosterone to fall and genital birth defects in male infants. Animals and fish have been affected in the same way due to phthalates and other toxins in rivers. When fish turn gay or change sex through chemicals in rivers and streams it is a pointer to why there has been such an increase in gay people and the sexually confused. It doesn't matter to me what sexuality people choose to be, but if it's being affected by chemical pollution and consumption then we need to know. Does anyone really think that this is not connected to the transgender agenda, the war on men and the condemnation of male 'toxic masculinity'? You watch this being followed by 'toxic femininity'. It's already happening. When breastfeeding becomes 'chest-feeding', pregnant women become pregnant people along with all the other Woke claptrap you know that the world is going insane and there's a Cult scam in progress. Transgender activists are promoting the Cult agenda while Cult

billionaires support and fund the insanity as they laugh themselves to sleep at the sheer stupidity for which humans must be infamous in galaxies far, far away.

'Covid vaccines' and female infertility

We can now see why the 'vaccine' has been connected to potential infertility in women. Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Advisor at Pfizer, and Dr Wolfgang Wodarg in Germany, filed a petition with the European Medicines Agency in December, 2020, urging them to stop trials for the Pfizer/BioNTech shot and all other mRNA trials until further studies had been done. They were particularly concerned about possible effects on fertility with 'vaccine'-produced antibodies attacking the protein Syncytin-1 which is responsible for developing the placenta. The result would be infertility 'of indefinite duration' in women who have the 'vaccine' with the placenta failing to form. Section 10.4.2 of the Pfizer/BioNTech trial protocol says that pregnant women or those who might become so should not have mRNA shots. Section 10.4 warns men taking mRNA shots to 'be abstinent from heterosexual intercourse' and not to donate sperm. The UK government said that it *did not know* if the mRNA procedure had an effect on fertility. *Did not know?* These people have to go to jail. UK government advice did not recommend at the start that pregnant women had the shot and said they should avoid pregnancy for at least two months after 'vaccination'. The 'advice' was later updated to pregnant women should only have the 'vaccine' if the benefits outweighed the risks to mother and foetus. What the hell is that supposed to mean? Then 'spontaneous abortions' began to appear and rapidly increase on the adverse reaction reporting schemes which include only a fraction of adverse reactions. Thousands and ever-growing numbers of 'vaccinated' women are describing changes to their menstrual cycle with heavier blood flow, irregular periods and menstruating again after going through the menopause – all links to reproduction effects. Women are passing blood clots and the lining of their uterus while men report erectile dysfunction and blood effects. Most

significantly of all *un*vaccinated women began to report similar menstrual changes after interaction with *'vaccinated'* people and men and children were also affected with bleeding noses, blood clots and other conditions. 'Shedding' is when vaccinated people can emit the content of a vaccine to affect the unvaccinated, but this is different. 'Vaccinated' people were not shedding a 'live virus' allegedly in 'vaccines' as before because the fake 'Covid vaccines' involve synthetic material and other toxicity. Doctors exposing what is happening prefer the term 'transmission' to shedding. Somehow those that have had the shots are transmitting effects to those that haven't. Dr Carrie Madej said the nano-content of the 'vaccines' can 'act like an antenna' to others around them which fits perfectly with my own conclusions. This 'vaccine' transmission phenomenon was becoming known as the book went into production and I deal with this further in the Postscript.

Vaccine effects on sterility are well known. The World Health Organization was accused in 2014 of sterilising millions of women in Kenya with the evidence confirmed by the content of the vaccines involved. The same WHO behind the 'Covid' hoax admitted its involvement for more than ten years with the vaccine programme. Other countries made similar claims. Charges were lodged by Tanzania, Nicaragua, Mexico, and the Philippines. The Gardasil vaccine claimed to protect against a genital 'virus' known as HPV has also been linked to infertility. Big Pharma and the WHO (same thing) are criminal and satanic entities. Then there's the Bill Gates Foundation which is connected through funding and shared interests with 20 pharmaceutical giants and laboratories. He stands accused of directing the policy of United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), vaccine alliance GAVI, and other groupings, to advance the vaccine agenda and silence opposition at great cost to women and children. At the same time Gates wants to reduce the global population. Coincidence?

Great Reset = Smart Grid = new human

The Cult agenda I have been exposing for 30 years is now being openly promoted by Cult assets like Gates and Klaus Schwab of the World Economic Forum under code-terms like the 'Great Reset', 'Build Back Better' and 'a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world'. What provided this 'rare but narrow window of opportunity'? The 'Covid' hoax did. Who created that? *They* did. My books from not that long ago warned about the planned 'Internet of Things' (IoT) and its implications for human freedom. This was the plan to connect all technology to the Internet and artificial intelligence and today we are way down that road with an estimated 36 billion devices connected to the World Wide Web and that figure is projected to be 76 billion by 2025. I further warned that the Cult planned to go beyond that to the Internet of *Everything* when the human brain was connected via AI to the Internet and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. Now we have Cult operatives like Schwab calling for precisely that under the term 'Internet of Bodies', a fusion of the physical, digital and biological into one centrally-controlled Smart Grid system which the Cult refers to as the 'Fourth Industrial Revolution'. They talk about the 'biological', but they really mean the synthetic-biological which is required to fully integrate the human body and brain into the Smart Grid and artificial intelligence planned to replace the human mind. We have everything being synthetically manipulated including the natural world through GMO and smart dust, the food we eat and the human body itself with synthetic 'vaccines'. I said in *The Answer* that we would see the Cult push for synthetic meat to replace animals and in February, 2021, the so predictable psychopath Bill Gates called for the introduction of synthetic meat to save us all from 'climate change'. The climate hoax just keeps on giving like the 'Covid' hoax. The war on meat by vegan activists is a carbon (oops, sorry) copy of the manipulation of transgender activists. They have no idea (except their inner core) that they are being used to promote and impose the agenda of the Cult or that they are only the *vehicle* and not the *reason*. This is not to say those who choose not to eat meat shouldn't be respected and supported in that right, but there are ulterior motives

for those in power. A *Forbes* article in December, 2019, highlighted the plan so beloved of Schwab and the Cult under the heading: 'What Is The Internet of Bodies? And How Is It Changing Our World?' The article said the human body is the latest data platform (remember 'our vaccine is an operating system'). *Forbes* described the plan very accurately and the words could have come straight out of my books from long before:

> The Internet of Bodies (IoB) is an extension of the IoT and basically connects the human body to a network through devices that are ingested, implanted, or connected to the body in some way. Once connected, data can be exchanged, and the body and device can be remotely monitored and controlled.

They were really describing a human hive mind with human perception centrally-dictated via an AI connection as well as allowing people to be 'remotely monitored and controlled'. Everything from a fridge to a human mind could be directed from a central point by these insane psychopaths and 'Covid vaccines' are crucial to this. Forbes explained the process I mentioned earlier of holdable and wearable technology followed by implantable. The article said there were three generations of the Internet of Bodies that include:

- Body external: These are wearable devices such as Apple Watches or Fitbits that can monitor our health.

- Body internal: These include pacemakers, cochlear implants, and digital pills that go inside our bodies to monitor or control various aspects of health.

- Body embedded: The third generation of the Internet of Bodies is embedded technology where technology and the human body are melded together and have a real-time connection to a remote machine.

Forbes noted the development of the Brain Computer Interface (BCI) which merges the brain with an external device for monitoring and controlling in real-time. 'The ultimate goal is to help restore function to individuals with disabilities by using brain signals rather than conventional neuromuscular pathways.' Oh, do fuck off. The goal of brain interface technology is controlling human thought and emotion from the central point in a hive mind serving its masters wishes. Many people are now agreeing to be chipped to open doors without a key. You can recognise them because they'll be wearing a mask, social distancing and lining up for the 'vaccine'. The Cult plans a Great Reset money system after they have completed the demolition of the global economy in which 'money' will be exchanged through communication with body operating systems. Rand Corporation, a Cult-owned think tank, said of the Internet of Bodies or IoB:

> Internet of Bodies technologies fall under the broader IoT umbrella. But as the name suggests, IoB devices introduce an even more intimate interplay between humans and gadgets. IoB devices monitor the human body, collect health metrics and other personal information, and transmit those data over the Internet. Many devices, such as fitness trackers, are already in use … IoB devices … and those in development can track, record, and store users' whereabouts, bodily functions, and what they see, hear, and even think.

Schwab's World Economic Forum, a long-winded way of saying 'fascism' or 'the Cult', has gone full-on with the Internet of Bodies in the 'Covid' era. 'We're entering the era of the Internet of Bodies', it declared, 'collecting our physical data via a range of devices that can be implanted, swallowed or worn'. The result would be a huge amount of health-related data that could improve human wellbeing around the world, and prove crucial in fighting the 'Covid-19 pandemic'. Does anyone think these clowns care about 'human wellbeing' after the death and devastation their pandemic hoax has purposely caused? Schwab and co say we should move forward with the Internet of Bodies because 'Keeping track of symptoms could help us stop the spread of infection, and quickly detect new cases'. How wonderful, but keeping track' is all they are really bothered

about. Researchers were investigating if data gathered from smartwatches and similar devices could be used as viral infection alerts by tracking the user's heart rate and breathing. Schwab said in his 2018 book *Shaping the Future of the Fourth Industrial Revolution*:

> The lines between technologies and beings are becoming blurred and not just by the ability to create lifelike robots or synthetics. Instead it is about the ability of new technologies to literally become part of us. Technologies already influence how we understand ourselves, how we think about each other, and how we determine our realities. As the technologies … give us deeper access to parts of ourselves, we may begin to integrate digital technologies into our bodies.

You can see what the game is. Twenty-four hour control and people – if you could still call them that – would never know when something would go ping and take them out of circulation. It's the most obvious rush to a global fascist dictatorship and the complete submission of humanity and yet still so many are locked away in their Cult-induced perceptual coma and can't see it.

Smart Grid control centres

The human body is being transformed by the 'vaccines' and in other ways into a synthetic cyborg that can be attached to the global Smart Grid which would be controlled from a central point and other sub-locations of Grid manipulation. Where are these planned to be? Well, China for a start which is one of the Cult's biggest centres of operation. The technological control system and technocratic rule was incubated here to be unleashed across the world after the 'Covid' hoax came out of China in 2020. Another Smart Grid location that will surprise people new to this is Israel. I have exposed in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian technocrats, intelligence and military operatives were behind the horrors of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who somehow manifested the ability to pilot big passenger airliners when instructors at puddle-jumping flying schools described some of them as a joke. The 9/11 attacks were made possible through control of civilian and military air computer systems and those of the White House, Pentagon and connected agencies. See *The Trigger* – it

will blow your mind. The controlling and coordinating force were the Sabbatian networks in Israel and the United States which by then had infiltrated the entire US government, military and intelligence system. The real name of the American Deep State is 'Sabbatian State'. Israel is a tiny country of only nine million people, but it is one of the global centres of cyber operations and fast catching Silicon Valley in importance to the Cult. Israel is known as the 'start-up nation' for all the cyber companies spawned there with the Sabbatian specialisation of 'cyber security' that I mentioned earlier which gives those companies access to computer systems of their clients in real time through 'backdoors' written into the coding when security software is downloaded. The Sabbatian centre of cyber operations outside Silicon Valley is the Israeli military Cyber Intelligence Unit, the biggest infrastructure project in Israel's history, headquartered in the desert-city of Beersheba and involving some 20,000 'cyber soldiers'. Here are located a literal army of Internet trolls scanning social media, forums and comment lists for anyone challenging the Cult agenda. The UK military has something similar with its 77th Brigade and associated operations. The Beersheba complex includes research and development centres for other Cult operations such as Intel, Microsoft, IBM, Google, Apple, Hewlett-Packard, Cisco Systems, Facebook and Motorola. Techcrunch.com ran an article about the Beersheba global Internet technology centre headlined 'Israel's desert city of Beersheba is turning into a cybertech oasis':

> The military's massive relocation of its prestigious technology units, the presence of multinational and local companies, a close proximity to Ben Gurion University and generous government subsidies are turning Beersheba into a major global cybertech hub. Beersheba has all of the ingredients of a vibrant security technology ecosystem, including Ben Gurion University with its graduate program in cybersecurity and Cyber Security Research Center, and the presence of companies such as EMC, Deutsche Telekom, PayPal, Oracle, IBM, and Lockheed Martin. It's also the future home of the INCB (Israeli National Cyber Bureau); offers a special income tax incentive for cyber security companies, and was the site for the relocation of the army's intelligence corps units.

Sabbatians have taken over the cyber world through the following process: They scan the schools for likely cyber talent and develop them at Ben Gurion University and their period of conscription in the Israeli Defense Forces when they are stationed at the Beersheba complex. When the cyber talented officially leave the army they are funded to start cyber companies with technology developed by themselves or given to them by the state. Much of this is stolen through backdoors of computer systems around the world with America top of the list. Others are sent off to Silicon Valley to start companies or join the major ones and so we have many major positions filled by apparently 'Jewish' but really Sabbatian operatives. Google, YouTube and Facebook are all run by 'Jewish' CEOs while Twitter is all but run by ultra-Zionist hedge-fund shark Paul Singer. At the centre of the Sabbatian global cyber web is the Israeli army's Unit 8200 which specialises in hacking into computer systems of other countries, inserting viruses, gathering information, instigating malfunction, and even taking control of them from a distance. A long list of Sabbatians involved with 9/11, Silicon Valley and Israeli cyber security companies are operatives of Unit 8200. This is not about Israel. It's about the Cult. Israel is planned to be a Smart Grid hub as with China and what is happening at Beersheba is not for the benefit of Jewish people who are treated disgustingly by the Sabbatian elite that control the country. A glance at the Nuremberg Codes will tell you that.

The story is much bigger than 'Covid', important as that is to where we are being taken. Now, though, it's time to really strap in. There's more … much more …

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Who controls the Cult?

Awake, arise or be forever fall'n
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

I have exposed this far the level of the Cult conspiracy that operates in the world of the seen and within the global secret society and satanic network which operates in the shadows one step back from the seen. The story, however, goes much deeper than that.

The 'Covid' hoax is major part of the Cult agenda, but only part, and to grasp the biggest picture we have to expand our attention beyond the realm of human sight and into the infinity of possibility that we cannot see. It is from here, ultimately, that humanity is being manipulated into a state of total control by the force which dictates the actions of the Cult. How much of reality can we see? Next to damn all is the answer. We may appear to see all there is to see in the 'space' our eyes survey and observe, but little could be further from the truth. The human 'world' is only a tiny band of frequency that the body's visual and perceptual systems can decode into *perception* of a 'world'. According to mainstream science the electromagnetic spectrum is 0.005 percent of what exists in the Universe (Fig 10). The maximum estimate I have seen is 0.5 percent and either way it's miniscule. I say it is far, far, smaller even than 0.005 percent when you compare reality we see with the totality of reality that we don't. Now get this if you are new to such information: Visible light, the only band of frequency that we can see, is a *fraction* of the 0.005

percent (Fig 11 overleaf). Take this further and realise that our universe is one of infinite universes and that universes are only a fragment of overall reality – *infinite* reality. Then compare that with the almost infinitesimal frequency band of visible light or human sight. You see that humans are as near blind as it is possible to be without actually being so. Artist and filmmaker, Sergio Toporek, said:

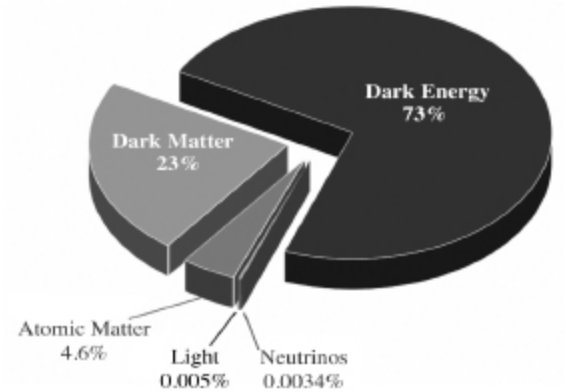

Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

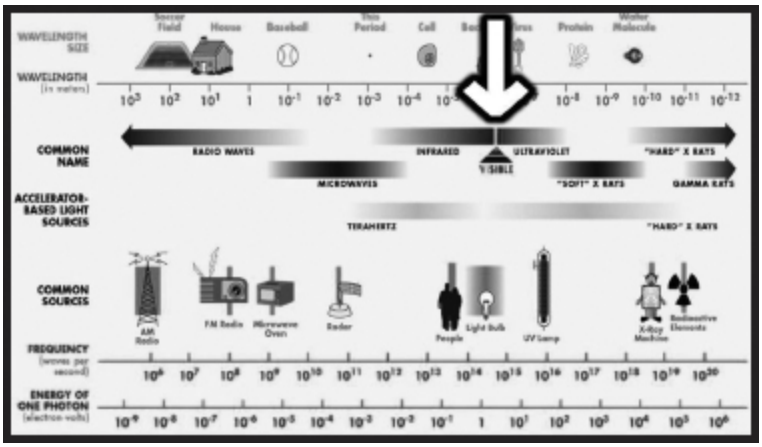

Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

Consider that you can see less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum and hear less than 1% of the acoustic spectrum. 90% of the cells in your body carry their own microbial DNA and are not 'you'. The atoms in your body are 99.9999999999999999% empty space and none of them are the ones you were born with ... Human beings have 46 chromosomes, two less than a potato.

The existence of the rainbow depends on the conical photoreceptors in your eyes; to animals without cones, the rainbow does not exist. So you don't just look at a rainbow, you create it. This is pretty amazing, especially considering that all the beautiful colours you see represent less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Suddenly the 'world' of humans looks a very different place. Take into account, too, that Planet Earth when compared with the projected size of this single universe is the equivalent of a billionth of a pinhead. Imagine the ratio that would be when compared to infinite reality. To think that Christianity once insisted that Earth and humanity were the centre of everything. This background is vital if we are going to appreciate the nature of 'human' and how we can be manipulated by an unseen force. To human visual reality virtually *everything* is unseen and yet the prevailing perception within the institutions and so much of the public is that if we can't see it, touch it, hear it, taste it and smell it then it cannot exist. Such perception is indoctrinated and encouraged by the Cult and its agents because it isolates believers in the strictly limited, village-idiot, realm of the five senses where perceptions can be firewalled and information controlled. Most of those perpetuating the 'this-world-is-all-there-is' insanity are themselves indoctrinated into believing the same delusion. While major players and influencers know that official reality is laughable most of those in science, academia and medicine really believe the nonsense they peddle and teach succeeding generations. Those who challenge the orthodoxy are dismissed as nutters and freaks to protect the manufactured illusion from exposure. Observe the dynamic of the 'Covid' hoax and you will see how that takes the same form. The inner-circle psychopaths knows it's a gigantic scam, but almost the entirety of those imposing their fascist rules believe that 'Covid' is all that they're told it is.

Stolen identity

Ask people who they are and they will give you their name, place of birth, location, job, family background and life story. Yet that is not who they are – it is what they are *experiencing*. The difference is *absolutely crucial*. The true 'I', the eternal, infinite 'I', is consciousness,

a state of being aware. Forget 'form'. That is a vehicle for a brief experience. Consciousness does not come *from* the brain, but *through* the brain and even that is more symbolic than literal. We are awareness, pure awareness, and this is what withdraws from the body at what we call 'death' to continue our eternal beingness, *isness*, in other realms of reality within the limitlessness of infinity or the Biblical 'many mansions in my father's house'. Labels of a human life, man, woman, transgender, black, white, brown, nationality, circumstances and income are not who we are. They are what we are – awareness – is *experiencing* in a brief connection with a band of frequency we call 'human'. The labels are not the self; they are, to use the title of one of my books, a *Phantom* Self. I am not David Icke born in Leicester, England, on April 29th, 1952. I am the consciousness *having that experience*. The Cult and its non-human masters seek to convince us through the institutions of 'education', science, medicine, media and government that what we are *experiencing* is who we *are*. It's so easy to control and direct perception locked away in the bewildered illusions of the five senses with no expanded radar. Try, by contrast, doing the same with a humanity aware of its true self and its true power to consciously create its reality and experience. How is it possible to do this? We do it all day every day. If you perceive yourself as 'little me' with no power to impact upon your life and the world then your life experience will reflect that. You will hand the power you don't think you have to authority in all its forms which will use it to control your experience. This, in turn, will appear to confirm your perception of 'little me' in a self-fulfilling feedback loop. But that is what 'little me' really is – a *perception*. We are all 'big-me', infinite me, and the Cult has to make us forget that if its will is to prevail. We are therefore manipulated and pressured into self-identifying with human labels and not the consciousness/awareness *experiencing* those human labels.

The phenomenon of identity politics is a Cult-instigated manipulation technique to sub-divide previous labels into even smaller ones. A United States university employs this list of letters to

describe student identity: LGBTTQQFAGPBDSM or lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, transsexual, queer, questioning, flexual, asexual, gender-fuck, polyamorous, bondage/discipline, dominance/submission and sadism/masochism. I'm sure other lists are even longer by now as people feel the need to self-identity the 'I' with the minutiae of race and sexual preference. Wokers programmed by the Cult for generations believe this is about 'inclusivity' when it's really the Cult locking them away into smaller and smaller versions of Phantom Self while firewalling them from the influence of their true self, the infinite, eternal 'I'. You may notice that my philosophy which contends that we are all unique points of attention/awareness within the same infinite whole or Oneness is the ultimate non-racism. The very sense of Oneness makes the judgement of people by their body-type, colour or sexuality utterly ridiculous and confirms that racism has no understanding of reality (including anti-white racism). Yet despite my perception of life Cult agents and fast-asleep Wokers label me racist to discredit my information while they are themselves phenomenally racist and sexist. All they see is race and sexuality and they judge people as good or bad, demons or untouchables, by their race and sexuality. All they see is *Phantom Self* and perceive themselves in terms of Phantom Self. They are pawns and puppets of the Cult agenda to focus attention and self-identity in the five senses and play those identities against each other to divide and rule. Columbia University has introduced segregated graduations in another version of social distancing designed to drive people apart and teach them that different racial and cultural groups have nothing in common with each other. The last thing the Cult wants is unity. Again the pump-primers of this will be Cult operatives in the knowledge of what they are doing, but the rest are just the Phantom Self blind leading the Phantom Self blind. We *do* have something in common – we are all *the same consciousness* having different temporary experiences.

What is this 'human'?

Yes, what *is* 'human'? That is what we are supposed to be, right? I mean 'human'? True, but 'human' is the experience not the 'I'. Break it down to basics and 'human' is the way that information is processed. If we are to experience and interact with this band of frequency we call the 'world' we must have a vehicle that operates within that band of frequency. Our consciousness in its prime form cannot do that; it is way beyond the frequency of the human realm. My consciousness or awareness could not tap these keys and pick up the cup in front of me in the same way that radio station A cannot interact with radio station B when they are on different frequencies. The human body is the means through which we have that interaction. I have long described the body as a biological computer which processes information in a way that allows consciousness to experience this reality. The body is a receiver, transmitter and processor of information in a particular way that we call human. We visually perceive only the world of the five senses in a wakened state – that is the limit of the body's visual decoding system. In truth it's not even visual in the way we experience 'visual reality' as I will come to in a moment. We are 'human' because the body processes the information sources of human into a reality and behaviour system that we *perceive* as human. Why does an elephant act like an elephant and not like a human or a duck? The elephant's biological computer is a different information field and processes information according to that program into a visual and behaviour type we call an elephant. The same applies to everything in our reality. These body information fields are perpetuated through procreation (like making a copy of a software program). The Cult wants to break that cycle and intervene technologically to transform the human information field into one that will change what we call humanity. If it can change the human information field it will change the way that field processes information and change humanity both 'physically' and psychologically. Hence the *messenger* (information) RNA 'vaccines' and so much more that is targeting human genetics by changing the body's information – *messaging* – construct through food, drink, radiation, toxicity and other means.

Reality that we experience is nothing like reality as it really is in the same way that the reality people experience in virtual reality games is not the reality they are really living in. The game is only a decoded source of information that appears to be a reality. Our world is also an information construct – a *simulation* (more later). In its base form our reality is a wavefield of information much the same in theme as Wi-Fi. The five senses decode wavefield information into electrical information which they communicate to the brain to decode into holographic (illusory 'physical') information. Different parts of the brain specialise in decoding different senses and the information is fused into a reality that appears to be outside of us but is really inside the brain and the genetic structure in general (Fig 12 overleaf). DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and a vital part of this decoding process and the body's connection to other realities. Change DNA and you change the way we decode and connect with reality – see 'Covid vaccines'. Think of computers decoding Wi-Fi. You have information encoded in a radiation field and the computer decodes that information into a very different form on the screen. You can't see the Wi-Fi until its information is made manifest on the screen and the information on the screen is inside the computer and not outside. I have just described how we decode the 'human world'. All five senses decode the waveform 'Wi-Fi' field into electrical signals and the brain (computer) constructs reality inside the brain and not outside – 'You don't just look at a rainbow, you create it'. Sound is a simple example. We don't hear sound until the brain decodes it. Waveform sound waves are picked up by the hearing sense and communicated to the brain in an electrical form to be decoded into the sounds that we hear. Everything we hear is inside the brain along with everything we see, feel, smell and taste. Words and language are waveform fields generated by our vocal chords which pass through this process until they are decoded by the brain into words that we hear. Different languages are different frequency fields or sound waves generated by vocal chords. Late British philosopher Alan Watts said:

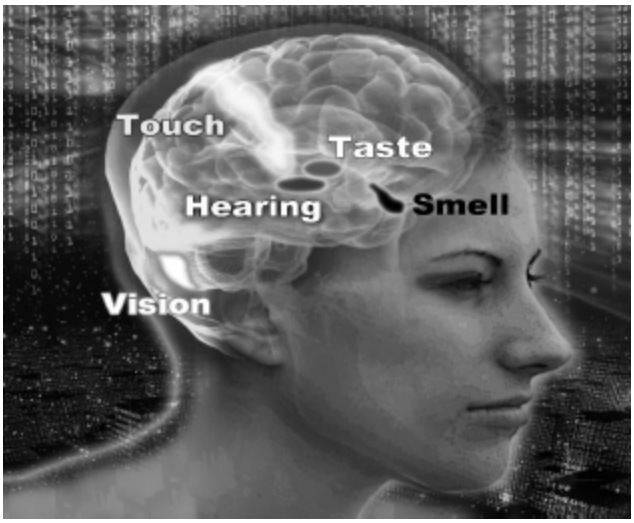

Figure 12: The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[Without the brain] the world is devoid of light, heat, weight, solidity, motion, space, time or any other imaginable feature. All these phenomena are interactions, or transactions, of vibrations with a certain arrangement of neurons.

That's exactly what they are and scientist Robert Lanza describes in his book, *Biocentrism*, how we decode electromagnetic waves and energy into visual and 'physical' experience. He uses the example of a flame emitting photons, electromagnetic energy, each pulsing electrically and magnetically:

… these … invisible electromagnetic waves strike a human retina, and if (and only if) the waves happen to measure between 400 and 700 nano meters in length from crest to crest, then their energy is just right to deliver a stimulus to the 8 million cone-shaped cells in the retina.

Each in turn send an electrical pulse to a neighbour neuron, and on up the line this goes, at 250 mph, until it reaches the … occipital lobe of the brain, in the back of the head. There, a cascading complex of neurons fire from the incoming stimuli, and we subjectively perceive this experience as a yellow brightness occurring in a place we have been conditioned to call the 'external world'.

You hear what you decode

If a tree falls or a building collapses they make no noise unless someone is there to decode the energetic waves generated by the disturbance into what we call sound. Does a falling tree make a noise? Only if you hear it – *decode* it. Everything in our reality is a frequency field of information operating within the overall 'Wi-Fi' field that I call The Field. A vibrational disturbance is generated in The Field by the fields of the falling tree or building. These disturbance waves are what we decode into the sound of them falling. If no one is there to do that then neither will make any noise. Reality is created by the observer – *decoder* – and the *perceptions* of the observer affect the decoding process. For this reason different people – different *perceptions* – will perceive the same reality or situation in a different way. What one may perceive as a nightmare another will see as an opportunity. The question of why the Cult is so focused on controlling human perception now answers itself. All experienced reality is the act of decoding and we don't experience Wi-Fi until it is decoded on the computer screen. The sight and sound of an Internet video is encoded in the Wi-Fi all around us, but we don't see or hear it until the computer decodes that information. Taste, smell and touch are all phenomena of the brain as a result of the same process. We don't taste, smell or feel anything except in the brain and there are pain relief techniques that seek to block the signal from the site of discomfort to the brain because if the brain doesn't decode that signal we don't feel pain. Pain is in the brain and only appears to be at the point of impact thanks to the feedback loop between them. We don't see anything until electrical information from the sight senses is decoded in an area at the back of the brain. If that area is damaged we can go blind when our eyes are perfectly okay. So why do we go blind if we damage an eye? We damage the information processing between the waveform visual information and the visual decoding area of the brain. If information doesn't reach the brain in a form it can decode then we can't see the visual reality that it represents. What's more the brain is decoding only a fraction of the information it receives and the rest is absorbed by the

sub-conscious mind. This explanation is from the science magazine, *Wonderpedia*:

> Every second, 11 million sensations crackle along these [brain] pathways ... The brain is confronted with an alarming array of images, sounds and smells which it rigorously filters down until it is left with a manageable list of around 40. Thus 40 sensations per second make up what we perceive as reality.

The 'world' is not what people are told to believe that is it and the inner circles of the Cult *know that*.

Illusory 'physical' reality

We can only see a smear of 0.005 percent of the Universe which is only one of a vast array of universes – 'mansions' – within infinite reality. Even then the brain decodes only 40 pieces of information ('sensations') from a potential *11 million* that we receive every second. Two points strike you from this immediately: The sheer breathtaking stupidity of believing we know anything so rigidly that there's nothing more to know; and the potential for these processes to be manipulated by a malevolent force to control the reality of the population. One thing I can say for sure with no risk of contradiction is that when you can perceive an almost indescribable fraction of infinite reality there is always more to know as in tidal waves of it. Ancient Greek philosopher Socrates was so right when he said that wisdom is to know how little we know. How obviously true that is when you think that we are experiencing a physical world of solidity that is neither physical nor solid and a world of apartness when everything is connected. Cult-controlled 'science' dismisses the so-called 'paranormal' and all phenomena related to that when the 'para'-normal is perfectly normal and explains the alleged 'great mysteries' which dumbfound scientific minds. There is a reason for this. A 'scientific mind' in terms of the mainstream is a material mind, a five-sense mind imprisoned in see it, touch it, hear it, smell it and taste it. Phenomena and happenings that can't be explained that way leave the 'scientific mind' bewildered and the rule is that if they

can't account for why something is happening then it can't, by definition, be happening. I beg to differ. Telepathy is thought waves passing through The Field (think wave disturbance again) to be decoded by someone able to connect with that wavelength (information). For example: You can pick up the thought waves of a friend at any distance and at the very least that will bring them to mind. A few minutes later the friend calls you. 'My god', you say, 'that's incredible – I was just thinking of you.' Ah, but *they* were thinking of *you* before they made the call and that's what you decoded. Native peoples not entrapped in five-sense reality do this so well it became known as the 'bush telegraph'. Those known as psychics and mediums (genuine ones) are doing the same only across dimensions of reality. 'Mind over matter' comes from the fact that matter and mind are the *same*. The state of one influences the state of the other. Indeed one *and* the other are illusions. They are aspects of the same field. Paranormal phenomena are all explainable so why are they still considered 'mysteries' or not happening? Once you go down this road of understanding you begin to expand awareness beyond the five senses and that's the nightmare for the Cult.

Figure 13: Holograms are not solid, but the best ones appear to be.

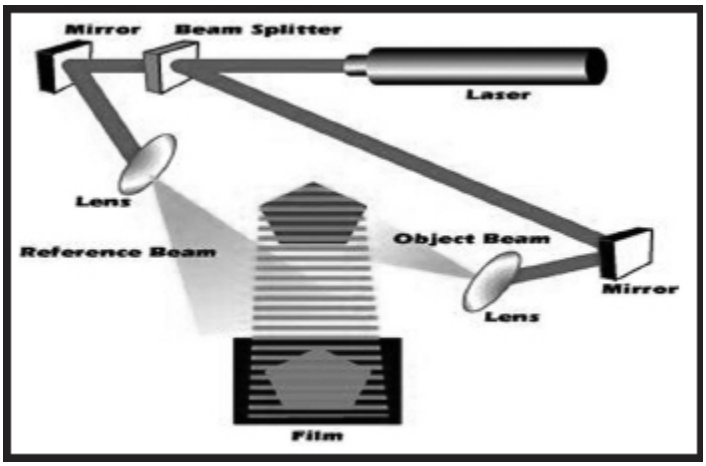

Figure 14: How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

Holographic 'solidity'

Our reality is not solid, it is holographic. We are now well aware of holograms which are widely used today. Two-dimensional information is decoded into a three-dimensional reality that is not solid although can very much appear to be (Fig 13). Holograms are created with a laser divided into two parts. One goes directly onto a holographic photographic print ('reference beam') and the other takes a waveform image of the subject ('working beam') before being directed onto the print where it 'collides' with the other half of the laser (Fig 14). This creates a *waveform* interference pattern which contains the wavefield information of whatever is being photographed (Fig 15 overleaf). The process can be likened to dropping pebbles in a pond. Waves generated by each one spread out across the water to collide with the others and create a wave representation of where the stones fell and at what speed, weight and distance. A waveform interference pattern of a hologram is akin to the waveform information in The Field which the five senses decode into electrical signals to be decoded by the brain into a holographic illusory 'physical' reality. In the same way when a laser (think human attention) is directed at the waveform interference pattern a three-dimensional version of the subject is projected into apparently 'solid' reality (Fig 16). An amazing trait of holograms reveals more 'paranormal mysteries'. Information of the *whole*

hologram is encoded in waveform in every part of the interference pattern by the way they are created. This means that every *part* of a hologram is a smaller version of the whole. Cut the interference wave-pattern into four and you won't get four parts of the image. You get quarter-sized versions of the *whole* image. The body is a hologram and the same applies. Here we have the basis of acupuncture, reflexology and other forms of healing which identify representations of the whole body in all of the parts, hands, feet, ears, everywhere. Skilled palm readers can do what they do because the information of whole body is encoded in the hand. The concept of as above, so below, comes from this.

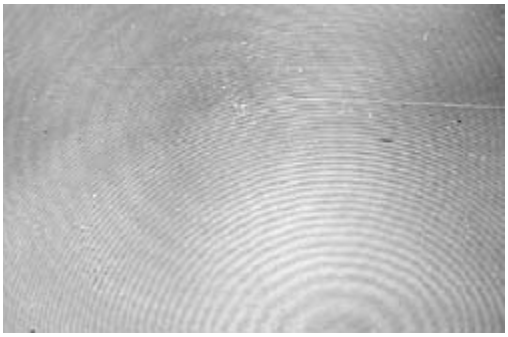

Figure 15: A waveform interference pattern that holds the information that transforms into a hologram.

Figure 16: Holographic people including 'Elvis' holographically inserted to sing a duet with Celine Dion.

The question will be asked of why, if solidity is illusory, we can't just walk through walls and each other. The resistance is not solid against solid; it is electromagnetic field against electromagnetic field and we decode this into the *experience* of solid against solid. We should also not underestimate the power of belief to dictate reality. What you believe is impossible *will be*. Your belief impacts on your decoding processes and they won't decode what you think is impossible. What we believe we perceive and what we perceive we experience. 'Can't dos' and 'impossibles' are like a firewall in a computer system that won't put on the screen what the firewall blocks. How vital that is to understanding how human experience has been hijacked. I explain in *The Answer*, *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* and other books a long list of 'mysteries' and 'paranormal' phenomena that are not mysterious and perfectly normal once you realise what reality is and how it works. 'Ghosts' can be seen to pass through 'solid' walls because the walls are not solid and the ghost is a discarnate entity operating on a frequency so different to that of the wall that it's like two radio stations sharing the same space while never interfering with each other. I have seen ghosts do this myself. The apartness of people and objects is also an illusion. Everything is connected by the Field like all sea life is connected by the sea. It's just that within the limits of our visual reality we only 'see' holographic information and not the field of information that connects everything and from which the holographic world is made manifest. If you can only see holographic 'objects' and not the field that connects them they will appear to you as unconnected to each other in the same way that we see the computer while not seeing the Wi-Fi.

What you don't know *can* hurt you

Okay, we return to those 'two worlds' of human society and the Cult with its global network of interconnecting secret societies and satanic groups which manipulate through governments, corporations, media, religions, etc. The fundamental difference between them is *knowledge*. The idea has been to keep humanity

ignorant of the plan for its total enslavement underpinned by a crucial ignorance of reality – who we are and where we are – and how we interact with it. 'Human' should be the interaction between our expanded eternal consciousness and the five-sense body experience. We are meant to be *in* this world in terms of the five senses but not *of* this world in relation to our greater consciousness and perspective. In that state we experience the small picture of the five senses within the wider context of the big picture of awareness beyond the five senses. Put another way the five senses see the dots and expanded awareness connects them into pictures and patterns that give context to the apparently random and unconnected. Without the context of expanded awareness the five senses see only apartness and randomness with apparently no meaning. The Cult and its other-dimensional controllers seek to intervene in the frequency realm where five-sense reality is supposed to connect with expanded reality and to keep the two apart (more on this in the final chapter). When that happens five-sense mental and emotional processes are no longer influenced by expanded awareness, or the True 'I', and instead are driven by the isolated perceptions of the body's decoding systems. They are in the world *and* of it. Here we have the human plight and why humanity with its potential for infinite awareness can be so easily manipulatable and descend into such extremes of stupidity.

Once the Cult isolates five-sense mind from expanded awareness it can then program the mind with perceptions and beliefs by controlling information that the mind receives through the 'education' system of the formative years and the media perceptual bombardment and censorship of an entire lifetime. Limit perception and a sense of the possible through limiting knowledge by limiting and skewing information while censoring and discrediting that which could set people free. As the title of another of my books says *… And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. For this reason the last thing the Cult wants in circulation is the truth about anything – especially the reality of the eternal 'I' – and that's why it is desperate to control information. The Cult knows that information becomes perception

which becomes behaviour which, collectively, becomes human society. Cult-controlled and funded mainstream 'science' denies the existence of an eternal 'I' and seeks to dismiss and trash all evidence to the contrary. Cult-controlled mainstream religion has a version of 'God' that is little more than a system of control and dictatorship that employs threats of damnation in an afterlife to control perceptions and behaviour in the here and now through fear and guilt. Neither is true and it's the 'neither' that the Cult wishes to suppress. This 'neither' is that everything is an expression, a point of attention, within an infinite state of consciousness which is the real meaning of the term 'God'.

Perceptual obsession with the 'physical body' and five-senses means that 'God' becomes personified as a bearded bloke sitting among the clouds or a raging bully who loves us if we do what 'he' wants and condemns us to the fires of hell if we don't. These are no more than a 'spiritual' fairy tales to control and dictate events and behaviour through fear of this 'God' which has bizarrely made 'God-fearing' in religious circles a state to be desired. I would suggest that fearing *anything* is not to be encouraged and celebrated, but rather deleted. You can see why 'God fearing' is so beneficial to the Cult and its religions when *they* decide what 'God' wants and what 'God' demands (the Cult demands) that everyone do. As the great American comedian Bill Hicks said satirising a Christian zealot: 'I think what God meant to say.' How much of this infinite awareness ('God') that we access is decided by how far we choose to expand our perceptions, self-identity and sense of the possible. The scale of self-identity reflects itself in the scale of awareness that we can connect with and are influenced by – how much knowing and insight we have instead of programmed perception. You cannot expand your awareness into the infinity of possibility when you believe that you are little me Peter the postman or Mary in marketing and nothing more. I'll deal with this in the concluding chapter because it's crucial to how we turnaround current events.

Where the Cult came from

When I realised in the early 1990s there was a Cult network behind global events I asked the obvious question: When did it start? I took it back to ancient Rome and Egypt and on to Babylon and Sumer in Mesopotamia, the 'Land Between Two Rivers', in what we now call Iraq. The two rivers are the Tigris and Euphrates and this region is of immense historical and other importance to the Cult, as is the land called Israel only 550 miles away by air. There is much more going with deep esoteric meaning across this whole region. It's not only about 'wars for oil'. Priceless artefacts from Mesopotamia were stolen or destroyed after the American and British invasion of Iraq in 2003 justified by the lies of Boy Bush and Tony Blair (their Cult masters) about non-existent 'weapons of mass destruction'. Mesopotamia was the location of Sumer (about 5,400BC to 1,750BC), and Babylon (about 2,350BC to 539BC). Sabbatians may have become immensely influential in the Cult in modern times but they are part of a network that goes back into the mists of history. Sumer is said by historians to be the 'cradle of civilisation'. I disagree. I say it was the re-start of what we call human civilisation after cataclysmic events symbolised in part as the 'Great Flood' destroyed the world that existed before. These fantastic upheavals that I have been describing in detail in the books since the early1990s appear in accounts and legends of ancient cultures across the world and they are supported by geological and biological evidence. Stone tablets found in Iraq detailing the Sumer period say the cataclysms were caused by non-human 'gods' they call the Anunnaki. These are described in terms of extraterrestrial visitations in which knowledge supplied by the Anunnaki is said to have been the source of at least one of the world's oldest writing systems and developments in astronomy, mathematics and architecture that were way ahead of their time. I have covered this subject at length in *The Biggest Secret* and *Children of the Matrix* and the same basic 'Anunnaki' story can be found in Zulu accounts in South Africa where the late and very great Zulu high shaman Credo Mutwa told me that the Sumerian Anunnaki were known by Zulus as the Chitauri or 'children of the serpent'. See my six-hour video interview with Credo on this subject entitled *The*

Reptilian Agenda recorded at his then home near Johannesburg in 1999 which you can watch on the Ickonic media platform.

The Cult emerged out of Sumer, Babylon and Egypt (and elsewhere) and established the Roman Empire before expanding with the Romans into northern Europe from where many empires were savagely imposed in the form of Cult-controlled societies all over the world. Mass death and destruction was their calling card. The Cult established its centre of operations in Europe and European Empires were Cult empires which allowed it to expand into a global force. Spanish and Portuguese colonialists headed for Central and South America while the British and French targeted North America. Africa was colonised by Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Some like Britain and France moved in on the Middle East. The British Empire was by far the biggest for a simple reason. By now Britain was the headquarters of the Cult from which it expanded to form Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. The Sun never set on the British Empire such was the scale of its occupation. London remains a global centre for the Cult along with Rome and the Vatican although others have emerged in Israel and China. It is no accident that the 'virus' is alleged to have come out of China while Italy was chosen as the means to terrify the Western population into compliance with 'Covid' fascism. Nor that Israel has led the world in 'Covid' fascism and mass 'vaccination'.

You would think that I would mention the United States here, but while it has been an important means of imposing the Cult's will it is less significant than would appear and is currently in the process of having what power it does have deleted. The Cult in Europe has mostly loaded the guns for the US to fire. America has been controlled from Europe from the start through Cult operatives in Britain and Europe. The American Revolution was an illusion to make it appear that America was governing itself while very different forces were pulling the strings in the form of Cult families such as the Rothschilds through the Rockefellers and other subordinates. The Rockefellers are extremely close to Bill Gates and

established both scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the World Health Organization. They play a major role in the development and circulation of vaccines through the Rockefeller Foundation on which Bill Gates said his Foundation is based. Why wouldn't this be the case when the Rockefellers and Gates are on the same team? Cult infiltration of human society goes way back into what we call history and has been constantly expanding and centralising power with the goal of establishing a global structure to dictate everything. Look how this has been advanced in great leaps with the 'Covid' hoax.

The non-human dimension

I researched and observed the comings and goings of Cult operatives through the centuries and even thousands of years as they were born, worked to promote the agenda within the secret society and satanic networks, and then died for others to replace them. Clearly there had to be a coordinating force that spanned this entire period while operatives who would not have seen the end goal in their lifetimes came and went advancing the plan over millennia. I went in search of that coordinating force with the usual support from the extraordinary synchronicity of my life which has been an almost daily experience since 1990. I saw common themes in religious texts and ancient cultures about a non-human force manipulating human society from the hidden. Christianity calls this force Satan, the Devil and demons; Islam refers to the Jinn or Djinn; Zulus have their Chitauri (spelt in other ways in different parts of Africa); and the Gnostic people in Egypt in the period around and before 400AD referred to this phenomena as the 'Archons', a word meaning rulers in Greek. Central American cultures speak of the 'Predators' among other names and the same theme is everywhere. I will use 'Archons' as a collective name for all of them. When you see how their nature and behaviour is described all these different sources are clearly talking about the same force. Gnostics described the Archons in terms of 'luminous fire' while Islam relates the Jinn to 'smokeless fire'. Some refer to beings in form that could occasionally be seen, but the most common of common theme is that they operate from

unseen realms which means almost all existence to the visual processes of humans. I had concluded that this was indeed the foundation of human control and that the Cult was operating within the human frequency band on behalf of this hidden force when I came across the writings of Gnostics which supported my conclusions in the most extraordinary way.

A sealed earthen jar was found in 1945 near the town of Nag Hammadi about 75-80 miles north of Luxor on the banks of the River Nile in Egypt. Inside was a treasure trove of manuscripts and texts left by the Gnostic people some 1,600 years earlier. They included 13 leather-bound papyrus codices (manuscripts) and more than 50 texts written in Coptic Egyptian estimated to have been hidden in the jar in the period of 400AD although the source of the information goes back much further. Gnostics oversaw the Great or Royal Library of Alexandria, the fantastic depository of ancient texts detailing advanced knowledge and accounts of human history. The Library was dismantled and destroyed in stages over a long period with the death-blow delivered by the Cult-established Roman Church in the period around 415AD. The Church of Rome was the Church of Babylon relocated as I said earlier. Gnostics were not a race. They were a way of perceiving reality. Whenever they established themselves and their information circulated the terrorists of the Church of Rome would target them for destruction. This happened with the Great Library and with the Gnostic Cathars who were burned to death by the psychopaths after a long period of oppression at the siege of the Castle of Monségur in southern France in 1244. The Church has always been terrified of Gnostic information which demolishes the official Christian narrative although there is much in the Bible that supports the Gnostic view if you read it in another way. To anyone studying the texts of what became known as the Nag Hammadi Library it is clear that great swathes of Christian and Biblical belief has its origin with Gnostics sources going back to Sumer. Gnostic themes have been twisted to manipulate the perceived reality of Bible believers. Biblical texts have been in the open for centuries where they could be changed while Gnostic

documents found at Nag Hammadi were sealed away and untouched for 1,600 years. What you see is what they wrote.

Use your *pneuma* not your *nous*

Gnosticism and Gnostic come from 'gnosis' which means knowledge, or rather *secret* knowledge, in the sense of spiritual awareness – knowledge about reality and life itself. The desperation of the Cult's Church of Rome to destroy the Gnostics can be understood when the knowledge they were circulating was the last thing the Cult wanted the population to know. Sixteen hundred years later the same Cult is working hard to undermine and silence me for the same reason. The dynamic between knowledge and ignorance is a constant. 'Time' appears to move on, but essential themes remain the same. We are told to 'use your nous', a Gnostic word for head/brain/intelligence. They said, however, that spiritual awakening or 'salvation' could only be secured by expanding awareness *beyond* what they called *nous* and into *pneuma* or Infinite Self. Obviously as I read these texts the parallels with what I have been saying since 1990 were fascinating to me. There is a universal truth that spans human history and in that case why wouldn't we be talking the same language 16 centuries apart? When you free yourself from the perception program of the five senses and explore expanded realms of consciousness you are going to connect with the same information no matter what the perceived 'era' within a manufactured timeline of a single and tiny range of manipulated frequency. Humans working with 'smart' technology or knocking rocks together in caves is only a timeline appearing to operate within the human frequency band. Expanded awareness and the knowledge it holds have always been there whether the era be Stone Age or computer age. We can only access that knowledge by opening ourselves to its frequency which the five-sense prison cell is designed to stop us doing. Gates, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki, Bezos, and all the others behind the 'Covid' hoax clearly have a long wait before their range of frequency can make that connection given that an open heart is

crucial to that as we shall see. Instead of accessing knowledge directly through expanded awareness it is given to Cult operatives by the secret society networks of the Cult where it has been passed on over thousands of years outside the public arena. Expanded realms of consciousness is where great artists, composers and writers find their inspiration and where truth awaits anyone open enough to connect with it. We need to go there fast.

Archon hijack

A fifth of the Nag Hammadi texts describe the existence and manipulation of the Archons led by a 'Chief Archon' they call 'Yaldabaoth', or the 'Demiurge', and this is the Christian 'Devil', 'Satan', 'Lucifer', and his demons. Archons in Biblical symbolism are the 'fallen ones' which are also referred to as fallen angels after the angels expelled from heaven according to the Abrahamic religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. These angels are claimed to tempt humans to 'sin' ongoing and you will see how accurate that symbolism is during the rest of the book. The theme of 'original sin' is related to the 'Fall' when Adam and Eve were 'tempted by the serpent' and fell from a state of innocence and 'obedience' (connection) with God into a state of disobedience (disconnection). The Fall is said to have brought sin into the world and corrupted everything including human nature. Yaldabaoth, the 'Lord Archon', is described by Gnostics as a 'counterfeit spirit', 'The Blind One', 'The Blind God', and 'The Foolish One'. The Jewish name for Yaldabaoth in Talmudic writings is Samael which translates as 'Poison of God', or 'Blindness of God'. You see the parallels. Yaldabaoth in Islamic belief is the Muslim Jinn devil known as Shaytan – Shaytan is Satan as the same themes are found all over the world in every religion and culture. The 'Lord God' of the Old Testament is the 'Lord Archon' of Gnostic manuscripts and that's why he's such a bloodthirsty bastard. Satan is known by Christians as 'the Demon of Demons' and Gnostics called Yaldabaoth the 'Archon of Archons'. Both are known as 'The Deceiver'. We are talking about the same 'bloke' for sure and these common themes

using different names, storylines and symbolism tell a common tale of the human plight.

Archons are referred to in Nag Hammadi documents as mind parasites, inverters, guards, gatekeepers, detainers, judges, pitiless ones and deceivers. The 'Covid' hoax alone is a glaring example of all these things. The Biblical 'God' is so different in the Old and New Testaments because they are not describing the same phenomenon. The vindictive, angry, hate-filled, 'God' of the Old Testament, known as Yahweh, is Yaldabaoth who is depicted in Cult-dictated popular culture as the 'Dark Lord', 'Lord of Time', Lord (Darth) Vader and Dormammu, the evil ruler of the 'Dark Dimension' trying to take over the 'Earth Dimension' in the Marvel comic movie, *Dr Strange*. Yaldabaoth is both the Old Testament 'god' and the Biblical 'Satan'. Gnostics referred to Yaldabaoth as the 'Great Architect of the Universe'and the Cult-controlled Freemason network calls their god 'the 'Great Architect of the Universe' (also Grand Architect). The 'Great Architect' Yaldabaoth is symbolised by the Cult as the all-seeing eye at the top of the pyramid on the Great Seal of the United States and the dollar bill. Archon is encoded in *arch*-itect as it is in *arch*-angels and *arch*-bishops. All religions have the theme of a force for good and force for evil in some sort of spiritual war and there is a reason for that – the theme is true. The Cult and its non-human masters are quite happy for this to circulate. They present themselves as the force for good fighting evil when they are really the force of evil (absence of love). The whole foundation of Cult modus operandi is inversion. They promote themselves as a force for good and anyone challenging them in pursuit of peace, love, fairness, truth and justice is condemned as a satanic force for evil. This has been the game plan throughout history whether the Church of Rome inquisitions of non-believers or 'conspiracy theorists' and 'anti-vaxxers' of today. The technique is the same whatever the timeline era.

Yaldabaoth is revolting (true)

Yaldabaoth and the Archons are said to have revolted against God with Yaldabaoth claiming to *be* God – the *All That Is*. The Old Testament 'God' (Yaldabaoth) demanded to be worshipped as such: '*I am* the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me' (Isaiah 45:5). I have quoted in other books a man who said he was the unofficial son of the late Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine producing estates in France who died in 1988 and he told me about the Rothschild 'revolt from God'. The man said he was given the name Phillip Eugene de Rothschild and we shared long correspondence many years ago while he was living under another identity. He said that he was conceived through 'occult incest' which (within the Cult) was 'normal and to be admired'. 'Phillip' told me about his experience attending satanic rituals with rich and famous people whom he names and you can see them and the wider background to Cult Satanism in my other books starting with *The Biggest Secret*. Cult rituals are interactions with Archontic 'gods'. 'Phillip' described Baron Philippe de Rothschild as 'a master Satanist and hater of God' and he used the same term 'revolt from God' associated with Yaldabaoth/Satan/Lucifer/the Devil in describing the Sabbatian Rothschild dynasty. 'I played a key role in my family's revolt from God', he said. That role was to infiltrate in classic Sabbatian style the Christian Church, but eventually he escaped the mind-prison to live another life. The Cult has been targeting religion in a plan to make worship of the Archons the global one-world religion. Infiltration of Satanism into modern 'culture', especially among the young, through music videos, stage shows and other means, is all part of this.

Nag Hammadi texts describe Yaldabaoth and the Archons in their prime form as energy – consciousness – and say they can take form if they choose in the same way that consciousness takes form as a human. Yaldabaoth is called 'formless' and represents a deeply inverted, distorted and chaotic state of consciousness which seeks to attached to humans and turn them into a likeness of itself in an attempt at assimilation. For that to happen it has to manipulate

humans into low frequency mental and emotional states that match its own. Archons can certainly appear in human form and this is the origin of the psychopathic personality. The energetic distortion Gnostics called Yaldabaoth *is* psychopathy. When psychopathic Archons take human form that human will be a psychopath as an expression of Yaldabaoth consciousness. Cult psychopaths are Archons in human form. The principle is the same as that portrayed in the 2009 *Avatar* movie when the American military travelled to a fictional Earth-like moon called Pandora in the Alpha Centauri star system to infiltrate a society of blue people, or Na'vi, by hiding within bodies that looked like the Na'vi. Archons posing as humans have a particular hybrid information field, part human, part Archon, (the ancient 'demigods') which processes information in a way that manifests behaviour to match their psychopathic evil, lack of empathy and compassion, and stops them being influenced by the empathy, compassion and love that a fully-human information field is capable of expressing. Cult bloodlines interbreed, be they royalty or dark suits, for this reason and you have their obsession with incest. Interbreeding with full-blown humans would dilute the Archontic energy field that guarantees psychopathy in its representatives in the human realm.

Gnostic writings say the main non-human forms that Archons take are *serpentine* (what I have called for decades 'reptilian' amid unbounded ridicule from the Archontically-programmed) and what Gnostics describe as 'an unborn baby or foetus with grey skin and dark, unmoving eyes'. This is an excellent representation of the ET 'Greys' of UFO folklore which large numbers of people claim to have seen and been abducted by – Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa among them. I agree with those that believe in extraterrestrial or interdimensional visitations today and for thousands of years past. No wonder with their advanced knowledge and technological capability they were perceived and worshipped as gods for technological and other 'miracles' they appeared to perform. Imagine someone arriving in a culture disconnected from the modern world with a smartphone and computer. They would be

seen as a 'god' capable of 'miracles'. The Renegade Mind, however, wants to know the source of everything and not only the way that source manifests as human or non-human. In the same way that a Renegade Mind seeks the original source material for the 'Covid virus' to see if what is claimed is true. The original source of Archons in form is consciousness – the distorted state of consciousness known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth.

'Revolt from God' is energetic disconnection

Where I am going next will make a lot of sense of religious texts and ancient legends relating to 'Satan', Lucifer' and the 'gods'. Gnostic descriptions sync perfectly with the themes of my own research over the years in how they describe a consciousness distortion seeking to impose itself on human consciousness. I've referred to the core of infinite awareness in previous books as Infinite Awareness in Awareness of Itself. By that I mean a level of awareness that knows that it is all awareness and is aware of all awareness. From here comes the frequency of love in its true sense and balance which is what love is on one level – the balance of all forces into a single whole called Oneness and Isness. The more we disconnect from this state of love that many call 'God' the constituent parts of that Oneness start to unravel and express themselves as a part and not a whole. They become individualised as intellect, mind, selfishness, hatred, envy, desire for power over others, and such like. This is not a problem in the greater scheme in that 'God', the *All That Is*, can experience all these possibilities through different expressions of itself including humans. What we as expressions of the whole experience the *All That Is* experiences. We are the *All That Is* experiencing itself. As we withdraw from that state of Oneness we disconnect from its influence and things can get very unpleasant and very stupid. Archontic consciousness is at the extreme end of that. It has so disconnected from the influence of Oneness that it has become an inversion of unity and love, an inversion of everything, an inversion of life itself. Evil is appropriately live written backwards. Archontic consciousness is obsessed with death, an inversion of life,

and so its manifestations in Satanism are obsessed with death. They use inverted symbols in their rituals such as the inverted pentagram and cross. Sabbatians as Archontic consciousness incarnate invert Judaism and every other religion and culture they infiltrate. They seek disunity and chaos and they fear unity and harmony as they fear love like garlic to a vampire. As a result the Cult, Archons incarnate, act with such evil, psychopathy and lack of empathy and compassion disconnected as they are from the source of love. How could Bill Gates and the rest of the Archontic psychopaths do what they have to human society in the 'Covid' era with all the death, suffering and destruction involved and have no emotional consequence for the impact on others? Now you know. Why have Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki and company callously censored information warning about the dangers of the 'vaccine' while thousands have been dying and having severe, sometimes life-changing reactions? Now you know. Why have Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance and their like around the world been using case and death figures they're aware are fraudulent to justify lockdowns and all the deaths and destroyed lives that have come from that? Now you know. Why did Christian Drosten produce and promote a 'testing' protocol that he knew couldn't test for infectious disease which led to a global human catastrophe. Now you know. The Archontic mind doesn't give a shit (Fig 17). I personally think that Gates and major Cult insiders are a form of AI cyborg that the Archons want humans to become.

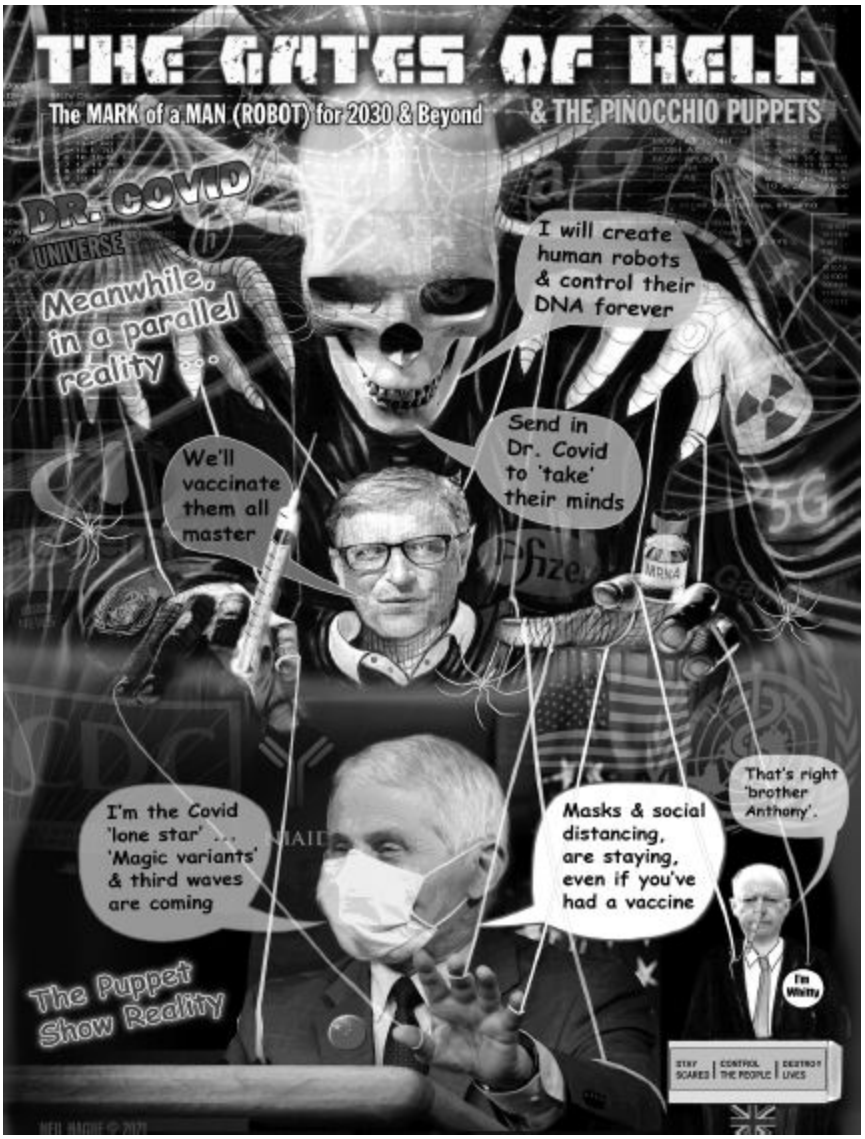

Figure 17: Artist Neil Hague's version of the 'Covid' hierarchy.

Human batteries

A state of such inversion does have its consequences, however. The level of disconnection from the Source of All means that you withdraw from that source of energetic sustenance and creativity. This means that you have to find your own supply of energetic power and it has – *us*. When the Morpheus character in the first *Matrix* movie held up a battery he spoke a profound truth when he said: 'The Matrix is a computer-generated dream world built to keep us under control in order to change the human being into one of

these.' The statement was true in all respects. We do live in a technologically-generated virtual reality simulation (more very shortly) and we have been manipulated to be an energy source for Archontic consciousness. The Disney-Pixar animated movie *Monsters, Inc*. in 2001 symbolised the dynamic when monsters in their world had no energy source and they would enter the human world to terrify children in their beds, catch the child's scream, terror (low-vibrational frequencies), and take that energy back to power the monster world. The lead character you might remember was a single giant eye and the symbolism of the Cult's all-seeing eye was obvious. Every thought and emotion is broadcast as a frequency unique to that thought and emotion. Feelings of love and joy, empathy and compassion, are high, quick, frequencies while fear, depression, anxiety, suffering and hate are low, slow, dense frequencies. Which kind do you think Archontic consciousness can connect with and absorb? In such a low and dense frequency state there's no way it can connect with the energy of love and joy. Archons can only feed off energy compatible with their own frequency and they and their Cult agents want to delete the human world of love and joy and manipulate the transmission of low vibrational frequencies through low-vibrational human mental and emotional states. *We are their energy source*. Wars are energetic banquets to the Archons – a world war even more so – and think how much low-frequency mental and emotional energy has been generated from the consequences for humanity of the 'Covid' hoax orchestrated by Archons incarnate like Gates.

The ancient practice of human sacrifice 'to the gods', continued in secret today by the Cult, is based on the same principle. 'The gods' are Archontic consciousness in different forms and the sacrifice is induced into a state of intense terror to generate the energy the Archontic frequency can absorb. Incarnate Archons in the ritual drink the blood which contains an adrenaline they crave which floods into the bloodstream when people are terrorised. Most of the sacrifices, ancient and modern, are children and the theme of 'sacrificing young virgins to the gods' is just code for children. They

have a particular pre-puberty energy that Archons want more than anything and the energy of the young in general is their target. The California Department of Education wants students to chant the names of Aztec gods (Archontic gods) once worshipped in human sacrifice rituals in a curriculum designed to encourage them to 'challenge racist, bigoted, discriminatory, imperialist/colonial beliefs', join 'social movements that struggle for social justice', and 'build new possibilities for a post-racist, post-systemic racism society'. It's the usual Woke crap that inverts racism and calls it anti-racism. In this case solidarity with 'indigenous tribes' is being used as an excuse to chant the names of 'gods' to which people were sacrificed (and still are in secret). What an example of Woke's inability to see beyond black and white, us and them, They condemn the colonisation of these tribal cultures by Europeans (quite right), but those cultures sacrificing people including children to their 'gods', and mass murdering untold numbers as the Aztecs did, is just fine. One chant is to the Aztec god Tezcatlipoca who had a man sacrificed to him in the 5th month of the Aztec calendar. His heart was cut out and he was eaten. Oh, that's okay then. Come on children … after three … Other sacrificial 'gods' for the young to chant their allegiance include Quetzalcoatl, Huitzilopochtli and Xipe Totec. The curriculum says that 'chants, affirmations, and energizers can be used to bring the class together, build unity around ethnic studies principles and values, and to reinvigorate the class following a lesson that may be emotionally taxing or even when student engagement may appear to be low'. Well, that's the cover story, anyway. Chanting and mantras are the repetition of a particular frequency generated from the vocal cords and chanting the names of these Archontic 'gods' tunes you into their frequency. That is the last thing you want when it allows for energetic synchronisation, attachment and perceptual influence. Initiates chant the names of their 'Gods' in their rituals for this very reason.

Vampires of the Woke

Paedophilia is another way that Archons absorb the energy of children. Paedophiles possessed by Archontic consciousness are used as the conduit during sexual abuse for discarnate Archons to vampire the energy of the young they desire so much. Stupendous numbers of children disappear every year never to be seen again although you would never know from the media. Imagine how much low-vibrational energy has been generated by children during the 'Covid' hoax when so many have become depressed and psychologically destroyed to the point of killing themselves. Shocking numbers of children are now taken by the state from loving parents to be handed to others. I can tell you from long experience of researching this since 1996 that many end up with paedophiles and assets of the Cult through corrupt and Cult-owned social services which in the reframing era has hired many psychopaths and emotionless automatons to do the job. Children are even stolen to order using spurious reasons to take them by the corrupt and secret (because they're corrupt) 'family courts'. I have written in detail in other books, starting with *The Biggest Secret* in 1997, about the ubiquitous connections between the political, corporate, government, intelligence and military elites (Cult operatives) and Satanism and paedophilia. If you go deep enough both networks have an interlocking leadership. The Woke mentality has been developed by the Cult for many reasons: To promote almost every aspect of its agenda; to hijack the traditional political left and turn it fascist; to divide and rule; and to target agenda pushbackers. But there are other reasons which relate to what I am describing here. How many happy and joyful Wokers do you ever see especially at the extreme end? They are a mental and psychological mess consumed by emotional stress and constantly emotionally cocked for the next explosion of indignation at someone referring to a female as a female. They are walking, talking, batteries as Morpheus might say emitting frequencies which both enslave them in low-vibrational bubbles of perceptual limitation and feed the Archons. Add to this the hatred claimed to be love; fascism claimed to 'anti-fascism', racism claimed to be 'anti-racism';

exclusion claimed to inclusion; and the abuse-filled Internet trolling. You have a purpose-built Archontic energy system with not a wind turbine in sight and all founded on Archontic *inversion*. We have whole generations now manipulated to serve the Archons with their actions and energy. They will be doing so their entire adult lives unless they snap out of their Archon-induced trance. Is it really a surprise that Cult billionaires and corporations put so much money their way? Where is the energy of joy and laughter, including laughing at yourself which is confirmation of your own emotional security? Mark Twain said: 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter.' We must use it all the time. Woke has destroyed comedy because it has no humour, no joy, sense of irony, or self-deprecation. Its energy is dense and intense. *Mmmmm*, lunch says the Archontic frequency. Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) was the Austrian philosopher and famous esoteric thinker who established Waldorf education or Steiner schools to treat children like unique expressions of consciousness and not minds to be programmed with the perceptions determined by authority. I'd been writing about this energy vampiring for decades when I was sent in 2016 a quote by Steiner. He was spot on:

> There are beings in the spiritual realms for whom anxiety and fear emanating from human beings offer welcome food. When humans have no anxiety and fear, then these creatures starve. If fear and anxiety radiates from people and they break out in panic, then these creatures find welcome nutrition and they become more and more powerful. These beings are hostile towards humanity. Everything that feeds on negative feelings, on anxiety, fear and superstition, despair or doubt, are in reality hostile forces in super-sensible worlds, launching cruel attacks on human beings, while they are being fed ... These are exactly the feelings that belong to contemporary culture and materialism; because it estranges people from the spiritual world, it is especially suited to evoke hopelessness and fear of the unknown in people, thereby calling up the above mentioned hostile forces against them.

Pause for a moment from this perspective and reflect on what has happened in the world since the start of 2020. Not only will pennies drop, but billion dollar bills. We see the same theme from Don Juan Matus, a Yaqui Indian shaman in Mexico and the information source for Peruvian-born writer, Carlos Castaneda, who wrote a series of

books from the 1960s to 1990s. Don Juan described the force manipulating human society and his name for the Archons was the predator:

> We have a predator that came from the depths of the cosmos and took over the rule of our lives. Human beings are its prisoners. The predator is our lord and master. It has rendered us docile, helpless. If we want to protest, it suppresses our protest. If we want to act independently, it demands that we don't do so ... indeed we are held prisoner!
>
> They took us over because we are food to them, and they squeeze us mercilessly because we are their sustenance. Just as we rear chickens in coops, the predators rear us in human coops, humaneros. Therefore, their food is always available to them.
>
> Different cultures, different eras, same recurring theme.

The 'ennoia' dilemma

Nag Hammadi Gnostic manuscripts say that Archon consciousness has no 'ennoia'. This is directly translated as 'intentionality', but I'll use the term 'creative imagination'. The *All That Is* in awareness of itself is the source of all creativity – all possibility – and the more disconnected you are from that source the more you are subsequently denied 'creative imagination'. Given that Archon consciousness is almost entirely disconnected it severely lacks creativity and has to rely on far more mechanical processes of thought and exploit the creative potential of those that do have 'ennoia'. You can see cases of this throughout human society. Archon consciousness almost entirely dominates the global banking system and if we study how that system works you will appreciate what I mean. Banks manifest 'money' out of nothing by issuing lines of 'credit' which is 'money' that has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. It's a confidence trick. If you think 'credit' figures-on-a-screen 'money' is worth anything you accept it as payment. If you don't then the whole system collapses through lack of confidence in the value of that 'money'. Archontic bankers with no 'ennoia' are 'lending' 'money' that doesn't exist to humans that *do* have creativity – those that have the inspired ideas and create businesses and products. Archon banking feeds off human creativity

which it controls through 'money' creation and debt. Humans have the creativity and Archons exploit that for their own benefit and control while having none themselves. Archon Internet platforms like Facebook claim joint copyright of everything that creative users post and while Archontic minds like Zuckerberg may officially head that company it will be human creatives on the staff that provide the creative inspiration. When you have limitless 'money' you can then buy other companies established by creative humans. Witness the acquisition record of Facebook, Google and their like. Survey the Archon-controlled music industry and you see non-creative dark suit executives making their fortune from the human creativity of their artists. The cases are endless. Research the history of people like Gates and Zuckerberg and how their empires were built on exploiting the creativity of others. Archon minds cannot create out of nothing, but they are skilled (because they have to be) in what Gnostic texts call 'countermimicry'. They can imitate, but not innovate. Sabbatians trawl the creativity of others through backdoors they install in computer systems through their cybersecurity systems. Archon-controlled China is globally infamous for stealing intellectual property and I remember how Hong Kong, now part of China, became notorious for making counterfeit copies of the creativity of others – 'countermimicry'. With the now pervasive and all-seeing surveillance systems able to infiltrate any computer you can appreciate the potential for Archons to vampire the creativity of humans. Author John Lamb Lash wrote in his book about the Nag Hammadi texts, *Not In His Image*:

> Although they cannot originate anything, because they lack the divine factor of ennoia (intentionality), Archons can imitate with a vengeance. Their expertise is simulation (HAL, virtual reality). The Demiurge [Yaldabaoth] fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns [of the original] ... His construction is celestial kitsch, like the fake Italianate villa of a Mafia don complete with militant angels to guard every portal.

This brings us to something that I have been speaking about since the turn of the millennium. Our reality is a simulation; a virtual reality that we think is real. No, I'm not kidding.

Human reality? Well, virtually

I had pondered for years about whether our reality is 'real' or some kind of construct. I remembered being immensely affected on a visit as a small child in the late 1950s to the then newly-opened Planetarium on the Marylebone Road in London which is now closed and part of the adjacent Madame Tussauds wax museum. It was in the middle of the day, but when the lights went out there was the night sky projected in the Planetarium's domed ceiling and it appeared to be so real. The experience never left me and I didn't know why until around the turn of the millennium when I became certain that our 'night sky' and entire reality is a projection, a virtual reality, akin to the illusory world portrayed in the *Matrix* movies. I looked at the sky one day in this period and it appeared to me like the domed roof of the Planetarium. The release of the first *Matrix* movie in 1999 also provided a synchronistic and perfect visual representation of where my mind had been going for a long time. I hadn't come across the Gnostic Nag Hammadi texts then. When I did years later the correlation was once again astounding. As I read Gnostic accounts from 1,600 years and more earlier it was clear that they were describing the same simulation phenomenon. They tell how the Yaldabaoth 'Demiurge' and Archons created a 'bad copy' of original reality to rule over all that were captured by its illusions and the body was a prison to trap consciousness in the 'bad copy' fake reality. Read how Gnostics describe the 'bad copy' and update that to current times and they are referring to what we would call today a virtual reality simulation.

Author John Lamb Lash said 'the Demiurge fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns' of the original through expertise in 'HAL' or virtual reality simulation. Fractal patterns are part of the energetic information construct of our reality, a sort of blueprint. If these patterns were copied in computer terms it would indeed give you a copy of a 'natural' reality in a non-natural frequency and digital form. The principle is the same as making a copy of a website. The original website still exists, but now you can change the copy version to make it whatever you like and it can

become very different to the original website. Archons have done this with our reality, a *synthetic* copy of prime reality that still exists beyond the frequency walls of the simulation. Trapped within the illusions of this synthetic Matrix, however, were and are human consciousness and other expressions of prime reality and this is why the Archons via the Cult are seeking to make the human body synthetic and give us synthetic AI minds to complete the job of turning the entire reality synthetic including what we perceive to be the natural world. To quote Kurzweil: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' Yes, *synthetic* 'creatures' just as 'Covid' and other genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' are designed to make the human body synthetic. From this perspective it is obvious why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to infuse synthetic material into every human with their 'Covid' scam.

Let there be (electromagnetic) light

Yaldabaoth, the force that created the simulation, or Matrix, makes sense of the Gnostic reference to 'The Great Architect' and its use by Cult Freemasonry as the name of its deity. The designer of the Matrix in the movies is called 'The Architect' and that trilogy is jam-packed with symbolism relating to these subjects. I have contended for years that the angry Old Testament God (Yaldabaoth) is the 'God' being symbolically 'quoted' in the opening of Genesis as 'creating the world'. This is not the creation of prime reality – it's the creation of the *simulation*. The Genesis 'God' says: 'Let there be Light: and there was light.' But what is this 'Light'? I have said for decades that the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) is not the fastest speed possible as claimed by mainstream science and is in fact the frequency walls or outer limits of the Matrix. You can't have a fastest or slowest anything within all possibility when everything is possible. The human body is encoded to operate within the speed of light or *within the simulation* and thus we see only the tiny frequency band of visible *light*. Near-death experiencers who perceive reality outside the body during temporary 'death' describe a very different

form of light and this is supported by the Nag Hammadi texts. Prime reality beyond the simulation ('Upper Aeons' to the Gnostics) is described as a realm of incredible beauty, bliss, love and harmony – a realm of 'watery light' that is so powerful 'there are no shadows'. Our false reality of Archon control, which Gnostics call the 'Lower Aeons', is depicted as a realm with a different kind of 'light' and described in terms of chaos, 'Hell', 'the Abyss' and 'Outer Darkness', where trapped souls are tormented and manipulated by demons (relate that to the 'Covid' hoax alone). The watery light theme can be found in near-death accounts and it is not the same as *simulation* 'light' which is electromagnetic or radiation light within the speed of light – the 'Lower Aeons'. Simulation 'light' is the 'luminous fire' associated by Gnostics with the Archons. The Bible refers to Yaldabaoth as 'that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world' (Revelation 12:9). I think that making a simulated copy of prime reality ('countermimicry') and changing it dramatically while all the time manipulating humanity to believe it to be real could probably meet the criteria of deceiving the whole world. Then we come to the Cult god Lucifer – the *Light Bringer*. Lucifer is symbolic of Yaldabaoth, the bringer of radiation light that forms the bad copy simulation within the speed of light. 'He' is symbolised by the lighted torch held by the Statue of Liberty and in the name 'Illuminati'. Sabbatian-Frankism declares that Lucifer is the true god and Lucifer is the real god of Freemasonry honoured as their 'Great or Grand Architect of the Universe' (simulation).

I would emphasise, too, the way Archontic technologically-generated luminous fire of radiation has deluged our environment since I was a kid in the 1950s and changed the nature of The Field with which we constantly interact. Through that interaction technological radiation is changing us. The Smart Grid is designed to operate with immense levels of communication power with 5G expanding across the world and 6G, 7G, in the process of development. Radiation is the simulation and the Archontic manipulation system. Why wouldn't the Archon Cult wish to unleash radiation upon us to an ever-greater extreme to form

Kurzweil's 'cloud'? The plan for a synthetic human is related to the need to cope with levels of radiation beyond even anything we've seen so far. Biological humans would not survive the scale of radiation they have in their script. The Smart Grid is a technological sub-reality within the technological simulation to further disconnect five-sense perception from expanded consciousness. It's a technological prison of the mind.

Infusing the 'spirit of darkness'

A recurring theme in religion and native cultures is the manipulation of human genetics by a non-human force and most famously recorded as the biblical 'sons of god' (the god*s* plural in the original) who interbred with the daughters of men. The Nag Hammadi *Apocryphon of John* tells the same story this way:

> He [Yaldabaoth] sent his angels [Archons/demons] to the daughters of men, that they might take some of them for themselves and raise offspring for their enjoyment. And at first they did not succeed. When they had no success, they gathered together again and they made a plan together ... And the angels changed themselves in their likeness into the likeness of their mates, filling them with the spirit of darkness, which they had mixed for them, and with evil ... And they took women and begot children out of the darkness according to the likeness of their spirit.

Possession when a discarnate entity takes over a human body is an age-old theme and continues today. It's very real and I've seen it. Satanic and secret society rituals can create an energetic environment in which entities can attach to initiates and I've heard many stories of how people have changed their personality after being initiated even into lower levels of the Freemasons. I have been inside three Freemasonic temples, one at a public open day and two by just walking in when there was no one around to stop me. They were in Ryde, the town where I live, Birmingham, England, when I was with a group, and Boston, Massachusetts. They all felt the same energetically – dark, dense, low-vibrational and sinister. Demonic attachment can happen while the initiate has no idea what is going on. To them it's just a ritual to get in the Masons and do a bit of good

business. In the far more extreme rituals of Satanism human possession is even more powerful and they are designed to make possession possible. The hierarchy of the Cult is dictated by the power and perceived status of the possessing Archon. In this way the Archon hierarchy becomes the Cult hierarchy. Once the entity has attached it can influence perception and behaviour and if it attaches to the extreme then so much of its energy (information) infuses into the body information field that the hologram starts to reflect the nature of the possessing entity. This is the *Exorcist* movie type of possession when facial features change and it's known as shapeshifting. Islam's Jinn are said to be invisible tricksters who change shape, 'whisper', confuse and take human form. These are all traits of the Archons and other versions of the same phenomenon. Extreme possession could certainty infuse the 'spirit of darkness' into a partner during sex as the Nag Hammadi texts appear to describe. Such an infusion can change genetics which is also energetic information. Human genetics is information and the 'spirit of darkness' is information. Mix one with the other and change must happen. Islam has the concept of a 'Jinn baby' through possession of the mother and by Jinn taking human form. There are many ways that human genetics can be changed and remember that Archons have been aware all along of advanced techniques to do this. What is being done in human society today – and far more – was known about by Archons at the time of the 'fallen ones' and their other versions described in religions and cultures.

Archons and their human-world Cult are obsessed with genetics as we see today and they know this dictates how information is processed into perceived reality during a human life. They needed to produce a human form that would decode the simulation and this is symbolically known as 'Adam and Eve' who left the 'garden' (prime reality) and 'fell' into Matrix reality. The simulation is not a 'physical' construct (there is no 'physical'); it is a source of information. Think Wi-Fi again. The simulation is an energetic field encoded with information and body-brain systems are designed to decode that information encoded in wave or frequency form which

is transmitted to the brain as electrical signals. These are decoded by the brain to construct our sense of reality – an illusory 'physical' world that only exists in the brain or the mind. Virtual reality games mimic this process using the same sensory decoding system. Information is fed to the senses to decode a virtual reality that can appear so real, but isn't (Figs 18 and 19). Some scientists believe – and I agree with them – that what we perceive as 'physical' reality only exists when we are looking or observing. The act of perception or focus triggers the decoding systems which turn waveform information into holographic reality. When we are not observing something our reality reverts from a holographic state to a waveform state. This relates to the same principle as a falling tree not making a noise unless someone is there to hear it or decode it. The concept makes sense from the simulation perspective. A computer is not decoding all the information in a Wi-Fi field all the time and only decodes or brings into reality on the screen that part of Wi-Fi that it's decoding – focusing upon – at that moment.

Figure 18: Virtual reality technology 'hacks' into the body's five-sense decoding system.

Figure 19: The result can be experienced as very 'real'.

Interestingly, Professor Donald Hoffman at the Department of Cognitive Sciences at the University of California, Irvine, says that our experienced reality is like a computer interface that shows us only the level with which we interact while hiding all that exists beyond it: 'Evolution shaped us with a user interface that hides the truth. Nothing that we see is the truth – the very language of space and time and objects is the wrong language to describe reality.' He is correct in what he says on so many levels. Space and time are not a universal reality. They are a phenomenon of decoded *simulation* reality as part of the process of enslaving our sense of reality. Near-death experiencers report again and again how space and time did not exist as we perceive them once they were free of the body – body decoding systems. You can appreciate from this why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to entrap human attention in the five senses where we are in the Matrix and of the Matrix. Opening your mind to expanded states of awareness takes you beyond the information confines of the simulation and you become aware of knowledge and insights denied to you before. This is what we call 'awakening' – *awakening from the Matrix* – and in the final chapter I will relate this to current events.

Where are the 'aliens'?

A simulation would explain the so-called 'Fermi Paradox' named after Italian physicist Enrico Fermi (1901-1954) who created the first nuclear reactor. He considered the question of why there is such a lack of extraterrestrial activity when there are so many stars and planets in an apparently vast universe; but what if the night sky that we see, or think we do, is a simulated projection as I say? If you control the simulation and your aim is to hold humanity fast in essential ignorance would you want other forms of life including advanced life coming and going sharing information with humanity? Or would you want them to believe they were isolated and apparently alone? Themes of human isolation and apartness are common whether they be the perception of a lifeless universe or the fascist isolation laws of the 'Covid' era. Paradoxically the very

existence of a simulation means that we are not alone when some force had to construct it. My view is that experiences that people have reported all over the world for centuries with Reptilians and Grey entities are Archon phenomena as Nag Hammadi texts describe; and that benevolent 'alien' interactions are non-human groups that come in and out of the simulation by overcoming Archon attempts to keep them out. It should be highlighted, too, that Reptilians and Greys are obsessed with *genetics* and *technology* as related by cultural accounts and those who say they have been abducted by them. Technology is their way of overcoming some of the limitations in their creative potential and our technology-driven and controlled human society of today is *arch*etypical Archon-Reptilian-Grey modus operandi. Technocracy is really *Archon*tocracy. The Universe does not have to be as big as it appears with a simulation. There is no space or distance only information decoded into holographic reality. What we call 'space' is only the absence of holographic 'objects' and that 'space' is The Field of energetic information which connects everything into a single whole. The same applies with the artificially-generated information field of the simulation. The Universe is not big or small as a physical reality. It is decoded information, that's all, and its perceived size is decided by the way the simulation is encoded to make it appear. The entire night sky as we perceive it only exists in our brain and so where are those 'millions of light years'? The 'stars' on the ceiling of the Planetarium looked a vast distance away.

There's another point to mention about 'aliens'. I have been highlighting since the 1990s the plan to stage a fake 'alien invasion' to justify the centralisation of global power and a world military. Nazi scientist Werner von Braun, who was taken to America by Operation Paperclip after World War Two to help found NASA, told his American assistant Dr Carol Rosin about the Cult agenda when he knew he was dying in 1977. Rosin said that he told her about a sequence that would lead to total human control by a one-world government. This included threats from terrorism, rogue nations, meteors and asteroids before finally an 'alien invasion'. All of these

things, von Braun said, would be bogus and what I would refer to as a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Keep this in mind when 'the aliens are coming' is the new mantra. The aliens are not coming – they are *already here* and they have infiltrated human society while looking human. French-Canadian investigative journalist Serge Monast said in 1994 that he had uncovered a NASA/military operation called Project Blue Beam which fits with what Werner von Braun predicted. Monast died of a 'heart attack' in 1996 the day after he was arrested and spent a night in prison. He was 51. He said Blue Beam was a plan to stage an alien invasion that would include religious figures beamed holographically into the sky as part of a global manipulation to usher in a 'new age' of worshipping what I would say is the Cult 'god' Yaldabaoth in a one-world religion. Fake holographic asteroids are also said to be part of the plan which again syncs with von Braun. How could you stage an illusory threat from asteroids unless they were holographic inserts? This is pretty straightforward given the advanced technology outside the public arena and the fact that our 'physical' reality is holographic anyway. Information fields would be projected and we would decode them into the illusion of a 'physical' asteroid. If they can sell a global 'pandemic' with a 'virus' that doesn't exist what will humans not believe if government and media tell them?

All this is particularly relevant as I write with the Pentagon planning to release in June, 2021, information about 'UFO sightings'. I have been following the UFO story since the early 1990s and the common theme throughout has been government and military denials and cover up. More recently, however, the Pentagon has suddenly become more talkative and apparently open with Air Force pilot radar images released of unexplained craft moving and changing direction at speeds well beyond anything believed possible with human technology. Then, in March, 2021, former Director of National Intelligence John Ratcliffe said a Pentagon report months later in June would reveal a great deal of information about UFO sightings unknown to the public. He said the report would have 'massive implications'. The order to do this was included bizarrely

in a $2.3 trillion 'coronavirus' relief and government funding bill passed by the Trump administration at the end of 2020. I would add some serious notes of caution here. I have been pointing out since the 1990s that the US military and intelligence networks have long had craft – 'flying saucers' or anti-gravity craft – which any observer would take to be extraterrestrial in origin. Keeping this knowledge from the public allows craft flown by *humans* to be perceived as alien visitations. I am not saying that 'aliens' do not exist. I would be the last one to say that, but we have to be streetwise here. President Ronald Reagan told the UN General Assembly in 1987: 'I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world.' That's the idea. Unite against a common 'enemy' with a common purpose behind your 'saviour force' (the Cult) as this age-old technique of mass manipulation goes global.

Science moves this way ...

I could find only one other person who was discussing the simulation hypothesis publicly when I concluded it was real. This was Nick Bostrom, a Swedish-born philosopher at the University of Oxford, who has explored for many years the possibility that human reality is a computer simulation although his version and mine are not the same. Today the simulation and holographic reality hypothesis have increasingly entered the scientific mainstream. Well, the more open-minded mainstream, that is. Here are a few of the ever-gathering examples. American nuclear physicist Silas Beane led a team of physicists at the University of Bonn in Germany pursuing the question of whether we live in a simulation. They concluded that we probably do and it was likely based on a lattice of cubes. They found that cosmic rays align with that specific pattern. The team highlighted the Greisen–Zatsepin–Kuzmin (GZK) limit which refers to cosmic ray particle interaction with cosmic background radiation that creates an apparent boundary for cosmic ray particles. They say in a paper entitled 'Constraints on the Universe as a Numerical Simulation' that this 'pattern of constraint' is exactly what you

would find with a computer simulation. They also made the point that a simulation would create its own 'laws of physics' that would limit possibility. I've been making the same point for decades that the *perceived* laws of physics relate only to this reality, or what I would later call the simulation. When designers write codes to create computer and virtual reality games they are the equivalent of the laws of physics for that game. Players interact within the limitations laid out by the coding. In the same way those who wrote the codes for the simulation decided the laws of physics that would apply. These can be overridden by expanded states of consciousness, but not by those enslaved in only five-sense awareness where simulation codes rule. Overriding the codes is what people call 'miracles'. They are not. They are bypassing the encoded limits of the simulation. A population caught in simulation perception would have no idea that this was their plight. As the Bonn paper said: 'Like a prisoner in a pitch-black cell we would not be able to see the "walls" of our prison,' That's true if people remain mesmerised by the five senses. Open to expanded awareness and those walls become very clear. The main one is the speed of light.

American theoretical physicist James Gates is another who has explored the simulation question and found considerable evidence to support the idea. Gates was Professor of Physics at the University of Maryland, Director of The Center for String and Particle Theory, and on Barack Obama's Council of Advisors on Science and Technology. He and his team found *computer codes* of digital data embedded in the fabric of our reality. They relate to on-off electrical charges of 1 and 0 in the binary system used by computers. 'We have no idea what they are doing there', Gates said. They found within the energetic fabric mathematical sequences known as error-correcting codes or block codes that 'reboot' data to its original state or 'default settings' when something knocks it out of sync. Gates was asked if he had found a set of equations embedded in our reality indistinguishable from those that drive search engines and browsers and he said: 'That is correct.' Rich Terrile, director of the Centre for Evolutionary Computation and Automated Design at NASA's Jet

Propulsion Laboratory, has said publicly that he believes the Universe is a digital hologram that must have been created by a form of intelligence. I agree with that in every way. Waveform information is delivered electrically by the senses to the brain which constructs a *digital* holographic reality that we call the 'world'. This digital level of reality can be read by the esoteric art of numerology. Digital holograms are at the cutting edge of holographics today. We have digital technology everywhere designed to access and manipulate our digital level of perceived reality. Synthetic mRNA in 'Covid vaccines' has a digital component to manipulate the body's digital 'operating system'.

Reality is numbers

How many know that our reality can be broken down to numbers and codes that are the same as computer games? Max Tegmark, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), is the author of *Our Mathematical Universe* in which he lays out how reality can be entirely described by numbers and maths in the way that a video game is encoded with the 'physics' of computer games. Our world and computer virtual reality are essentially the same. Tegmark imagines the perceptions of characters in an advanced computer game when the graphics are so good they don't know they are in a game. They think they can bump into real objects (electromagnetic resistance in our reality), fall in love and feel emotions like excitement. When they began to study the apparently 'physical world' of the video game they would realise that everything was made of pixels (which have been found in our energetic reality as must be the case when on one level our world is digital). What computer game characters thought was physical 'stuff', Tegmark said, could actually be broken down into numbers:

And we're exactly in this situation in our world. We look around and it doesn't seem that mathematical at all, but everything we see is made out of elementary particles like quarks and electrons. And what properties does an electron have? Does it have a smell or a colour or a texture? No! ... We physicists have come up with geeky names for [Electron] properties, like

electric charge, or spin, or lepton number, but the electron doesn't care what we call it, the properties are just numbers.

This is the illusory reality Gnostics were describing. This is the simulation. The A, C, G, and T codes of DNA have a binary value – A and C = 0 while G and T = 1. This has to be when the simulation is digital and the body must be digital to interact with it. Recurring mathematical sequences are encoded throughout reality and the body. They include the Fibonacci sequence in which the two previous numbers are added to get the next one, as in ... 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, etc. The sequence is encoded in the human face and body, proportions of animals, DNA, seed heads, pine cones, trees, shells, spiral galaxies, hurricanes and the number of petals in a flower. The list goes on and on. There are fractal patterns – a 'never-ending pattern that is infinitely complex and self-similar across all scales in the as above, so below, principle of holograms. These and other famous recurring geometrical and mathematical sequences such as Phi, Pi, Golden Mean, Golden Ratio and Golden Section are *computer codes* of the simulation. I had to laugh and give my head a shake the day I finished this book and it went into the production stage. I was sent an article in *Scientific American* published in April, 2021, with the headline 'Confirmed! We Live in a Simulation'. Two decades after I first said our reality is a simulation and the speed of light is it's outer limit the article suggested that we do live in a simulation and that the speed of light is its outer limit. I left school at 15 and never passed a major exam in my life while the writer was up to his eyes in qualifications. As I will explain in the final chapter *knowing* is far better than thinking and they come from very different sources. The article rightly connected the speed of light to the processing speed of the 'Matrix' and said what has been in my books all this time … 'If we are in a simulation, as it appears, then space is an abstract property written in code. It is not real'. No it's not and if we live in a simulation something created it and it wasn't *us*. 'That David Icke says we are manipulated by aliens' – he's crackers.'

Wow ...

The reality that humanity thinks is so real is an illusion. Politicians, governments, scientists, doctors, academics, law enforcement, media, school and university curriculums, on and on, are all founded on a world that *does not exist* except as a simulated prison cell. Is it such a stretch to accept that 'Covid' doesn't exist when our entire 'physical' reality doesn't exist? Revealed here is the knowledge kept under raps in the Cult networks of compartmentalised secrecy to control humanity's sense of reality by inducing the population to believe in a reality that's not real. If it wasn't so tragic in its experiential consequences the whole thing would be hysterically funny. None of this is new to Renegade Minds. Ancient Greek philosopher Plato (about 428 to about 347BC) was a major influence on Gnostic belief and he described the human plight thousands of years ago with his Allegory of the Cave. He told the symbolic story of prisoners living in a cave who had never been outside. They were chained and could only see one wall of the cave while behind them was a fire that they could not see. Figures walked past the fire casting shadows on the prisoners' wall and those moving shadows became their sense of reality. Some prisoners began to study the shadows and were considered experts on them (today's academics and scientists), but what they studied was only an illusion (today's academics and scientists). A prisoner escaped from the cave and saw reality as it really is. When he returned to report this revelation they didn't believe him, called him mad and threatened to kill him if he tried to set them free. Plato's tale is not only a brilliant analogy of the human plight and our illusory reality. It describes, too, the dynamics of the 'Covid' hoax. I have only skimmed the surface of these subjects here. The aim of this book is to crisply connect all essential dots to put what is happening today into its true context. All subject areas and their connections in this chapter are covered in great evidential detail in *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* and *The Answer*.

They say that bewildered people 'can't see the forest for the trees'. Humanity, however, can't see the forest for the *twigs*. The five senses

see only twigs while Renegade Minds can see the forest and it's the forest where the answers lie with the connections that reveals. Breaking free of perceptual programming so the forest can be seen is the way we turn all this around. Not breaking free is how humanity got into this mess. The situation may seem hopeless, but I promise you it's not. We are a perceptual heartbeat from paradise if only we knew.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Escaping Wetiko

Life is simply a vacation from the infinite
Dean Cavanagh

Renegade Minds weave the web of life and events and see common themes in the apparently random. They are always there if you look for them and their pursuit is aided by incredible synchronicity that comes when your mind is open rather than mesmerised by what it thinks it can see.

Infinite awareness is infinite possibility and the more of infinite possibility that we access the more becomes infinitely possible. That may be stating the apparently obvious, but it is a devastatingly-powerful fact that can set us free. We are a point of attention within an infinity of consciousness. The question is how much of that infinity do we choose to access? How much knowledge, insight, awareness, wisdom, do we want to connect with and explore? If your focus is only in the five senses you will be influenced by a fraction of infinite awareness. I mean a range so tiny that it gives new meaning to infinitesimal. Limitation of self-identity and a sense of the possible limit accordingly your range of consciousness. We are what we think we are. Life is what we think it is. The dream is the dreamer and the dreamer is the dream. Buddhist philosophy puts it this way: 'As a thing is viewed, so it appears.' Most humans live in the realm of touch, taste, see, hear, and smell and that's the limit of their sense of the possible and sense of self. Many will follow a religion and speak of a God in his heaven, but their lives are still

dominated by the five senses in their perceptions and actions. The five senses become the arbiter of everything. When that happens all except a smear of infinity is sealed away from influence by the rigid, unyielding, reality bubbles that are the five-sense human or Phantom Self. Archon Cult methodology is to isolate consciousness within five-sense reality – the simulation – and then program that consciousness with a sense of self and the world through a deluge of life-long information designed to instil the desired perception that allows global control. Efforts to do this have increased dramatically with identity politics as identity bubbles are squeezed into the minutiae of five-sense detail which disconnect people even more profoundly from the infinite 'I'.

Five-sense focus and self-identity are like a firewall that limits access to the infinite realms. You only perceive one radio or television station and no other. We'll take that literally for a moment. Imagine a vast array of stations giving different information and angles on reality, but you only ever listen to one. Here we have the human plight in which the population is overwhelmingly confined to CultFM. This relates only to the frequency range of CultFM and limits perception and insight to that band – limits *possibility* to that band. It means you are connecting with an almost imperceptibly minuscule range of possibility and creative potential within the infinite Field. It's a world where everything seems apart from everything else and where synchronicity is rare. Synchronicity is defined in the dictionary as 'the happening by chance of two or more related or similar events at the same time'. Use of 'by chance' betrays a complete misunderstanding of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'. As people open their minds, or 'awaken' to use the term, they notice more and more coincidences in their lives, bits of 'luck', apparently miraculous happenings that put them in the right place at the right time with the right people. Days become peppered with 'fancy meeting you here' and 'what are the chances of that?' My entire life has been lived like this and ever more so since my own colossal awakening in 1990 and 91 which transformed my sense of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'; it is by accessing expanded

realms of possibility which allow expanded potential for manifestation. People broadcasting the same vibe from the same openness of mind tend to be drawn 'by chance' to each other through what I call frequency magnetism and it's not only people. In the last more than 30 years incredible synchronicity has also led me through the Cult maze to information in so many forms and to crucial personal experiences. These 'coincidences' have allowed me to put the puzzle pieces together across an enormous array of subjects and situations. Those who have breached the bubble of five-sense reality will know exactly what I mean and this escape from the perceptual prison cell is open to everyone whenever they make that choice. This may appear super-human when compared with the limitations of 'human', but it's really our natural state. 'Human' as currently experienced is consciousness in an unnatural state of induced separation from the infinity of the whole. I'll come to how this transformation into unity can be made when I have described in more detail the force that holds humanity in servitude by denying this access to infinite self.

The Wetiko factor

I have been talking and writing for decades about the way five-sense mind is systematically barricaded from expanded awareness. I have used the analogy of a computer (five-sense mind) and someone at the keyboard (expanded awareness). Interaction between the computer and the operator is symbolic of the interaction between five-sense mind and expanded awareness. The computer directly experiences the Internet and the operator experiences the Internet via the computer which is how it's supposed to be – the two working as one. Archons seek to control that point where the operator connects with the computer to stop that interaction (Fig 20). Now the operator is banging the keyboard and clicking the mouse, but the computer is not responding and this happens when the computer is taken over – *possessed* – by an appropriately-named computer 'virus'. The operator has lost all influence over the computer which goes its own way making decisions under the control of the 'virus'. I have

just described the dynamic through which the force known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth and Archons disconnects five-sense mind from expanded awareness to imprison humanity in perceptual servitude.

Figure 20: The mind 'virus' I have been writing about for decades seeks to isolate five-sense mind (the computer) from the true 'I'. (Image by Neil Hague).

About a year ago I came across a Native American concept of Wetiko which describes precisely the same phenomenon. Wetiko is the spelling used by the Cree and there are other versions including wintiko and windigo used by other tribal groups. They spell the name with lower case, but I see Wetiko as a proper noun as with Archons and prefer a capital. I first saw an article about Wetiko by writer and researcher Paul Levy which so synced with what I had been writing about the computer/operator disconnection and later the Archons. I then read his book, the fascinating *Dispelling Wetiko, Breaking the Spell of Evil*. The parallels between what I had concluded long before and the Native American concept of Wetiko were so clear and obvious that it was almost funny. For Wetiko see the Gnostic Archons for sure and the Jinn, the Predators, and every other name for a force of evil, inversion and chaos. Wetiko is the Native American name for the force that divides the computer from

the operator (Fig 21). Indigenous author Jack D. Forbes, a founder of the Native American movement in the 1960s, wrote another book about Wetiko entitled *Columbus And Other Cannibals – The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism* which I also read. Forbes says that Wetiko refers to an evil person or spirit 'who terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible acts, including cannibalism'. Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa told me that African accounts tell how cannibalism was brought into the world by the Chitauri 'gods' – another manifestation of Wetiko. The distinction between 'evil person or spirit' relates to Archons/Wetiko possessing a human or acting as pure consciousness. Wetiko is said to be a sickness of the soul or spirit and a state of being that takes but gives nothing back – the Cult and its operatives perfectly described. Black Hawk, a Native American war leader defending their lands from confiscation, said European invaders had 'poisoned hearts' – Wetiko hearts – and that this would spread to native societies. Mention of the heart is very significant as we shall shortly see. Forbes writes: 'Tragically, the history of the world for the past 2,000 years is, in great part, the story of the epidemiology of the wetiko disease.' Yes, and much longer. Forbes is correct when he says: 'The wetikos destroyed Egypt and Babylon and Athens and Rome and Tenochtitlan [capital of the Aztec empire] and perhaps now they will destroy the entire earth.' Evil, he said, is the number one export of a Wetiko culture – see its globalisation with 'Covid'. Constant war, mass murder, suffering of all kinds, child abuse, Satanism, torture and human sacrifice are all expressions of Wetiko and the Wetiko possessed. The world is Wetiko made manifest, *but it doesn't have to be*. There is a way out of this even now.

Figure 21: The mind 'virus' is known to Native Americans as 'Wetiko'. (Image by Neil Hague).

Cult of Wetiko

Wetiko is the Yaldabaoth frequency distortion that seeks to attach to human consciousness and absorb it into its own. Once this connection is made Wetiko can drive the perceptions of the target which they believe to be coming from their own mind. All the horrors of history and today from mass killers to Satanists, paedophiles like Jeffrey Epstein and other psychopaths, are the embodiment of Wetiko and express its state of being in all its grotesqueness. The Cult is Wetiko incarnate, Yaldabaoth incarnate, and it seeks to facilitate Wetiko assimilation of humanity in totality into its distortion by manipulating the population into low frequency states that match its own. Paul Levy writes: 'Holographically enforced within the psyche of every human being the wetiko virus pervades and underlies the entire field of consciousness, and can therefore potentially manifest through any one of us at any moment if we are not mindful.' The 'Covid' hoax has achieved this with many people, but others have not fallen into Wetiko's frequency lair. Players in the 'Covid' human catastrophe including Gates, Schwab, Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Johnson, Hancock, Ferguson, Drosten, and all the rest, including the psychopath psychologists, are expressions of Wetiko. This is why

they have no compassion or empathy and no emotional consequence for what they do that would make them stop doing it. Observe all the people who support the psychopaths in authority against the Pushbackers despite the damaging impact the psychopaths have on their own lives and their family's lives. You are again looking at Wetiko possession which prevents them seeing through the lies to the obvious scam going on. *Why can't they see it?* Wetiko won't let them see it. The perceptual divide that has now become a chasm is between the Wetikoed and the non-Wetikoed.

Paul Levy describes Wetiko in the same way that I have long described the Archontic force. They are the same distorted consciousness operating across dimensions of reality: '… the subtle body of wetiko is not located in the third dimension of space and time, literally existing in another dimension … it is able to affect ordinary lives by mysteriously interpenetrating into our three-dimensional world.' Wetiko does this through its incarnate representatives in the Cult and by weaving itself into The Field which on our level of reality is the electromagnetic information field of the simulation or Matrix. More than that, the simulation *is* Wetiko / Yaldabaoth. Caleb Scharf, Director of Astrobiology at Columbia University, has speculated that 'alien life' could be so advanced that it has transcribed itself into the quantum realm to become what we call physics. He said intelligence indistinguishable from the fabric of the Universe would solve many of its greatest mysteries:

> Perhaps hyper-advanced life isn't just external. Perhaps it's already all around. It is embedded in what we perceive to be physics itself, from the root behaviour of particles and fields to the phenomena of complexity and emergence ... In other words, life might not just be in the equations. It might BE the equations [My emphasis].

Scharf said it is possible that 'we don't recognise advanced life because it forms an integral and unsuspicious part of what we've considered to be the natural world'. I agree. Wetiko/Yaldabaoth *is* the simulation. We are literally in the body of the beast. But that doesn't mean it has to control us. We all have the power to overcome Wetiko

influence and the Cult knows that. I doubt it sleeps too well because it knows that.

Which Field?

This, I suggest, is how it all works. There are two Fields. One is the fierce electromagnetic light of the Matrix within the speed of light; the other is the 'watery light' of The Field beyond the walls of the Matrix that connects with the Great Infinity. Five-sense mind and the decoding systems of the body attach us to the Field of Matrix light. They have to or we could not experience this reality. Five-sense mind sees only the Matrix Field of information while our expanded consciousness is part of the Infinity Field. When we open our minds, and most importantly our hearts, to the Infinity Field we have a mission control which gives us an expanded perspective, a road map, to understand the nature of the five-sense world. If we are isolated only in five-sense mind there is no mission control. We're on our own trying to understand a world that's constantly feeding us information to ensure we do not understand. People in this state can feel 'lost' and bewildered with no direction or radar. You can see ever more clearly those who are influenced by the Fields of Big Infinity or little five-sense mind simply by their views and behaviour with regard to the 'Covid' hoax. We have had this division throughout known human history with the mass of the people on one side and individuals who could see and intuit beyond the walls of the simulation – Plato's prisoner who broke out of the cave and saw reality for what it is. Such people have always been targeted by Wetiko/Archon-possessed authority, burned at the stake or demonised as mad, bad and dangerous. The Cult today and its global network of 'anti-hate', 'anti-fascist' Woke groups are all expressions of Wetiko attacking those exposing the conspiracy, 'Covid' lies and the 'vaccine' agenda.

Woke as a whole is Wetiko which explains its black and white mentality and how at one it is with the Wetiko-possessed Cult. Paul Levy said: 'To be in this paradigm is to still be under the thrall of a two-valued logic – where things are either true or false – of a

wetikoized mind.' Wetiko consciousness is in a permanent rage, therefore so is Woke, and then there is Woke inversion and contradiction. 'Anti-fascists' act like fascists because fascists *and* 'anti-fascists' are both Wetiko at work. Political parties act the same while claiming to be different for the same reason. Secret society and satanic rituals are attaching initiates to Wetiko and the cold, ruthless, psychopathic mentality that secures the positions of power all over the world is Wetiko. Reframing 'training programmes' have the same cumulative effect of attaching Wetiko and we have their graduates described as automatons and robots with a cold, psychopathic, uncaring demeanour. They are all traits of Wetiko possession and look how many times they have been described in this book and elsewhere with regard to personnel behind 'Covid' including the police and medical profession. Climbing the greasy pole in any profession in a Wetiko society requires traits of Wetiko to get there and that is particularly true of politics which is not about fair competition and pre-eminence of ideas. It is founded on how many backs you can stab and arses you can lick. This culminated in the global 'Covid' coordination between the Wetiko possessed who pulled it off in all the different countries without a trace of empathy and compassion for their impact on humans. Our sight sense can see only holographic form and not the Field which connects holographic form. Therefore we perceive 'physical' objects with 'space' in between. In fact that 'space' is energy/consciousness operating on multiple frequencies. One of them is Wetiko and that connects the Cult psychopaths, those who submit to the psychopaths, and those who serve the psychopaths in the media operations of the world. Wetiko is Gates. Wetiko is the mask-wearing submissive. Wetiko is the fake journalist and 'fact-checker'. The Wetiko Field is coordinating the whole thing. Psychopaths, gofers, media operatives, 'anti-hate' hate groups, 'fact-checkers' and submissive people work as one unit *even without human coordination* because they are attached to the *same* Field which is organising it all (Fig 22). Paul Levy is here describing how Wetiko-possessed people are drawn together and refuse to let any information breach their rigid

perceptions. He was writing long before 'Covid', but I think you will recognise followers of the 'Covid' religion *oh just a little bit*:

> People who are channelling the vibratory frequency of wetiko align with each other through psychic resonance to reinforce their unspoken shared agreement so as to uphold their deranged view of reality. Once an unconscious content takes possession of certain individuals, it irresistibly draws them together by mutual attraction and knits them into groups tied together by their shared madness that can easily swell into an avalanche of insanity.
>
> A psychic epidemic is a closed system, which is to say that it is insular and not open to any new information or informing influences from the outside world which contradict its fixed, limited, and limiting perspective.

There we have the Woke mind and the 'Covid' mind. Compatible resonance draws the awakening together, too, which is clearly happening today.

Figure 22: The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

Spiritual servitude

Wetiko doesn't care about humans. It's not human; it just possesses humans for its own ends and the effect (depending on the scale of

possession) can be anything from extreme psychopathy to unquestioning obedience. Wetiko's worst nightmare is for human consciousness to expand beyond the simulation. Everything is focussed on stopping that happening through control of information, thus perception, thus frequency. The 'education system', media, science, medicine, academia, are all geared to maintaining humanity in five-sense servitude as is the constant stimulation of low-vibrational mental and emotional states (see 'Covid'). Wetiko seeks to dominate those subconscious spaces between five-sense perception and expanded consciousness where the computer meets the operator. From these subconscious hiding places Wetiko speaks to us to trigger urges and desires that we take to be our own and manipulate us into anything from low-vibrational to psychopathic states. Remember how Islam describes the Jinn as invisible tricksters that 'whisper' and confuse. Wetiko is the origin of the 'trickster god' theme that you find in cultures all over the world. Jinn, like the Archons, are Wetiko which is terrified of humans awakening and reconnecting with our true self for then its energy source has gone. With that the feedback loop breaks between Wetiko and human perception that provides the energetic momentum on which its very existence depends as a force of evil. Humans are both its target and its source of survival, but only if we are operating in low-vibrational states of fear, hate, depression and the background anxiety that most people suffer. We are Wetiko's target because we are its key to survival. It needs us, not the other way round. Paul Levy writes:

> A vampire has no intrinsic, independent, substantial existence in its own right; it only exists in relation to us. The pathogenic, vampiric mind-parasite called wetiko is nothing in itself – not being able to exist from its own side – yet it has a 'virtual reality' such that it can potentially destroy our species …
>
> …The fact that a vampire is not reflected by a mirror can also mean that what we need to see is that there's nothing, no-thing to see, other than ourselves. The fact that wetiko is the expression of something inside of us means that the cure for wetiko is with us as well. The critical issue is finding this cure within us and then putting it into effect.

Evil begets evil because if evil does not constantly expand and find new sources of energetic sustenance its evil, its *distortion*, dies with the assimilation into balance and harmony. Love is the garlic to Wetiko's vampire. Evil, the absence of love, cannot exist in the presence of love. I think I see a way out of here. I have emphasised so many times over the decades that the Archons/Wetiko and their Cult are not all powerful. *They are not*. I don't care how it looks even now *they are not*. I have not called them little boys in short trousers for effect. I have said it because it is true. Wetiko's insatiable desire for power over others is not a sign of its omnipotence, but its insecurity. Paul Levy writes: 'Due to the primal fear which ultimately drives it and which it is driven to cultivate, wetiko's body politic has an intrinsic and insistent need for centralising power and control so as to create imagined safety for itself.' *Yeeeeeees!* Exactly! Why does Wetiko want humans in an ongoing state of fear? Wetiko itself *is* fear and it is petrified of love. As evil is an absence of love, so love is an absence of fear. Love conquers all and *especially* Wetiko which *is* fear. Wetiko brought fear into the world when it wasn't here before. *Fear* was the 'fall', the fall into low-frequency ignorance and illusion – fear is **F**alse **E**motion **A**ppearing **R**eal. The simulation is driven and energised by fear because Wetiko/Yaldabaoth (fear) *are* the simulation. Fear is the absence of love and Wetiko is the absence of love.

Wetiko today

We can now view current events from this level of perspective. The 'Covid' hoax has generated momentous amounts of ongoing fear, anxiety, depression and despair which have empowered Wetiko. No wonder people like Gates have been the instigators when they are Wetiko incarnate and exhibit every trait of Wetiko in the extreme. See how cold and unemotional these people are like Gates and his cronies, how dead of eye they are. That's Wetiko. Sabbatians are Wetiko and everything they control including the World Health Organization, Big Pharma and the 'vaccine' makers, national 'health'

hierarchies, corporate media, Silicon Valley, the banking system, and the United Nations with its planned transformation into world government. All are controlled and possessed by the Wetiko distortion into distorting human society in its image. We are with this knowledge at the gateway to understanding the world. Divisions of race, culture, creed and sexuality are diversions to hide the real division between those possessed and influenced by Wetiko and those that are not. The 'Covid' hoax has brought both clearly into view. Human behaviour is not about race. Tyrants and dictatorships come in all colours and creeds. What unites the US president bombing the innocent and an African tribe committing genocide against another as in Rwanda? What unites them? *Wetiko*. All wars are Wetiko, all genocide is Wetiko, all hunger over centuries in a world of plenty is Wetiko. Children going to bed hungry, including in the West, is Wetiko. Cult-generated Woke racial divisions that focus on the body are designed to obscure the reality that divisions in behaviour are manifestations of mind, not body. Obsession with body identity and group judgement is a means to divert attention from the real source of behaviour – mind and perception. Conflict sown by the Woke both within themselves and with their target groups are Wetiko providing lunch for itself through still more agents of the division, chaos, and fear on which it feeds. The Cult is seeking to assimilate the entirety of humanity and all children and young people into the Wetiko frequency by manipulating them into states of fear and despair. Witness all the suicide and psychological unravelling since the spring of 2020. Wetiko psychopaths want to impose a state of unquestioning obedience to authority which is no more than a conduit for Wetiko to enforce its will and assimilate humanity into itself. It needs us to believe that resistance is futile when it fears resistance and even more so the game-changing non-cooperation with its impositions. It can use violent resistance for its benefit. Violent impositions and violent resistance are *both* Wetiko. The Power of Love with its Power of No will sweep Wetiko from our world. Wetiko and its Cult know that. They just don't want us to know.

AI Wetiko

This brings me to AI or artificial intelligence and something else Wetikos don't want us to know. What is AI *really*? I know about computer code algorithms and AI that learns from data input. These, however, are more diversions, the expeditionary force, for the real AI that they want to connect to the human brain as promoted by Silicon Valley Wetikos like Kurzweil. What is this AI? It is the frequency of *Wetiko*, the frequency of the Archons. The connection of AI to the human brain is the connection of the Wetiko frequency to create a Wetiko hive mind and complete the job of assimilation. The hive mind is planned to be controlled from Israel and China which are both 100 percent owned by Wetiko Sabbatians. The assimilation process has been going on minute by minute in the 'smart' era which fused with the 'Covid' era. We are told that social media is scrambling the minds of the young and changing their personality. This is true, but what is social media? Look more deeply at how it works, how it creates divisions and conflict, the hostility and cruelty, the targeting of people until they are destroyed. That's Wetiko. Social media is manipulated to tune people to the Wetiko frequency with all the emotional exploitation tricks employed by platforms like Facebook and its Wetiko front man, Zuckerberg. Facebook's Instagram announced a new platform for children to overcome a legal bar on them using the main site. This is more Wetiko exploitation and manipulation of kids. Amnesty International likened the plan to foxes offering to guard the henhouse and said it was incompatible with human rights. Since when did Wetiko or Zuckerberg (I repeat myself) care about that? Would Brin and Page at Google, Wojcicki at YouTube, Bezos at Amazon and whoever the hell runs Twitter act as they do if they were not channelling Wetiko? Would those who are developing technologies for no other reason than human control? How about those designing and selling technologies to kill people and Big Pharma drug and 'vaccine' producers who know they will end or devastate lives? Quite a thought for these people to consider is that if you are Wetiko in a human life you are Wetiko on the 'other side' unless your frequency

changes and that can only change by a change of perception which becomes a change of behaviour. Where Gates is going does not bear thinking about although perhaps that's exactly where he wants to go. Either way, that's where he's going. His frequency will make it so.

The frequency lair

I have been saying for a long time that a big part of the addiction to smartphones and devices is that a frequency is coming off them that entraps the mind. People spend ages on their phones and sometimes even a minute or so after they put them down they pick them up again and it all repeats. 'Covid' lockdowns will have increased this addiction a million times for obvious reasons. Addictions to alcohol overindulgence and drugs are another way that Wetiko entraps consciousness to attach to its own. Both are symptoms of low-vibrational psychological distress which alcoholism and drug addiction further compound. Do we think it's really a coincidence that access to them is made so easy while potions that can take people into realms beyond the simulation are banned and illegal? I have explored smartphone addiction in other books, the scale is mind-blowing, and that level of addiction does not come without help. Tech companies that make these phones are Wetiko and they will have no qualms about destroying the minds of children. We are seeing again with these companies the Wetiko perceptual combination of psychopathic enforcers and weak and meek unquestioning compliance by the rank and file.

The global Smart Grid is the Wetiko Grid and it is crucial to complete the Cult endgame. The simulation is radiation and we are being deluged with technological radiation on a devastating scale. Wetiko frauds like Elon Musk serve Cult interests while occasionally criticising them to maintain his street-cred. 5G and other forms of Wi-Fi are being directed at the earth from space on a volume and scale that goes on increasing by the day. Elon Musk's (officially) SpaceX Starlink project is in the process of putting tens of thousands of satellites in low orbit to cover every inch of the planet with 5G and other Wi-Fi to create Kurzweil's global 'cloud' to which the

human mind is planned to be attached very soon. SpaceX has approval to operate 12,000 satellites with more than 1,300 launched at the time of writing and applications filed for *30,000* more. Other operators in the Wi-Fi, 5G, low-orbit satellite market include OneWeb (UK), Telesat (Canada), and AST & Science (US). Musk tells us that AI could be the end of humanity and then launches a company called Neuralink to connect the human brain to computers. Musk's (in theory) Tesla company is building electric cars and the driverless vehicles of the smart control grid. As frauds and bullshitters go Elon Musk in my opinion is Major League.

5G and technological radiation in general are destructive to human health, genetics and psychology and increasing the strength of artificial radiation underpins the five-sense perceptual bubbles which are themselves expressions of radiation or electromagnetism. Freedom activist John Whitehead was so right with his 'databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps'. The Smart Grid and 5G is a means to control the human mind and infuse perceptual information into The Field to influence anyone in sync with its frequency. You can change perception and behaviour en masse if you can manipulate the population into those levels of frequency and this is happening all around us today. The arrogance of Musk and his fellow Cult operatives knows no bounds in the way that we see with Gates. Musk's satellites are so many in number already they are changing the night sky when viewed from Earth. The astronomy community has complained about this and they have seen nothing yet. Some consequences of Musk's Wetiko hubris include: Radiation; visible pollution of the night sky; interference with astronomy and meteorology; ground and water pollution from intensive use of increasingly many spaceports; accumulating space debris; continual deorbiting and burning up of aging satellites, polluting the atmosphere with toxic dust and smoke; and ever-increasing likelihood of collisions. A collective public open letter of complaint to Musk said:

We are writing to you … because SpaceX is in process of surrounding the Earth with a network of thousands of satellites whose very purpose is to irradiate every square inch of the

Earth. SpaceX, like everyone else, is treating the radiation as if it were not there. As if the mitochondria in our cells do not depend on electrons moving undisturbed from the food we digest to the oxygen we breathe.

As if our nervous systems and our hearts are not subject to radio frequency interference like any piece of electronic equipment. As if the cancer, diabetes, and heart disease that now afflict a majority of the Earth's population are not metabolic diseases that result from interference with our cellular machinery. As if insects everywhere, and the birds and animals that eat them, are not starving to death as a result.

People like Musk and Gates believe in their limitless Wetiko arrogance that they can do whatever they like to the world because they own it. Consequences for humanity are irrelevant. It's absolutely time that we stopped taking this shit from these self-styled masters of the Earth when you consider where this is going.

Why is the Cult so anti-human?

I hear this question often: Why would they do this when it will affect them, too? Ah, but will it? Who is this *them*? Forget their bodies. They are just vehicles for Wetiko consciousness. When you break it all down to the foundations we are looking at a state of severely distorted consciousness targeting another state of consciousness for assimilation. The rest is detail. The simulation is the fly-trap in which unique sensations of the five senses create a cycle of addiction called reincarnation. Renegade Minds see that everything which happens in our reality is a smaller version of the whole picture in line with the holographic principle. Addiction to the radiation of smart technology is a smaller version of addiction to the whole simulation. Connecting the body/brain to AI is taking that addiction on a giant step further to total ongoing control by assimilating human incarnate consciousness into Wetiko. I have watched during the 'Covid' hoax how many are becoming ever more profoundly attached to Wetiko's perceptual calling cards of aggressive response to any other point of view ('There is no other god but me'), psychopathic lack of compassion and empathy, and servile submission to the narrative and will of authority. Wetiko is the psychopaths *and* subservience to psychopaths. The Cult of Wetiko is

so anti-human because it is *not* human. It embarked on a mission to destroy human by targeting everything that it means to be human and to survive as human. 'Covid' is not the end, just a means to an end. The Cult with its Wetiko consciousness is seeking to change Earth systems, including the atmosphere, to suit them, not humans. The gathering bombardment of 5G alone from ground and space is dramatically changing The Field with which the five senses interact. There is so much more to come if we sit on our hands and hope it will all go away. It is not meant to go away. It is meant to get ever more extreme and we need to face that while we still can – just.

Carbon dioxide is the gas of life. Without that human is over. Kaput, gone, history. No natural world, no human. The Cult has created a cock and bull story about carbon dioxide and climate change to justify its reduction to the point where Gates and the ignoramus Biden 'climate chief' John Kerry want to suck it out of the atmosphere. Kerry wants to do this because his master Gates does. Wetikos have made the gas of life a demon with the usual support from the Wokers of Extinction Rebellion and similar organisations and the bewildered puppet-child that is Greta Thunberg who was put on the world stage by Klaus Schwab and the World Economic Forum. The name Extinction Rebellion is both ironic and as always Wetiko inversion. The gas that we need to survive must be reduced to save us from extinction. The most basic need of human is oxygen and we now have billions walking around in face nappies depriving body and brain of this essential requirement of human existence. More than that 5G at 60 gigahertz interacts with the oxygen molecule to reduce the amount of oxygen the body can absorb into the bloodstream. The obvious knock-on consequences of that for respiratory and cognitive problems and life itself need no further explanation. Psychopaths like Musk are assembling a global system of satellites to deluge the human atmosphere with this insanity. The man should be in jail. Here we have two most basic of human needs, oxygen and carbon dioxide, being dismantled.

Two others, water and food, are getting similar treatment with the United Nations Agendas 21 and 2030 – the Great Reset – planning to

centrally control all water and food supplies. People will not even own rain water that falls on their land. Food is affected at the most basic level by reducing carbon dioxide. We have genetic modification or GMO infiltrating the food chain on a mass scale, pesticides and herbicides polluting the air and destroying the soil. Freshwater fish that provide livelihoods for 60 million people and feed hundreds of millions worldwide are being 'pushed to the brink' according the conservationists while climate change is the only focus. Now we have Gates and Schwab wanting to dispense with current food sources all together and replace them with a synthetic version which the Wetiko Cult would control in terms of production and who eats and who doesn't. We have been on the Totalitarian Tiptoe to this for more than 60 years as food has become ever more processed and full of chemical shite to the point today when it's not natural food at all. As Dr Tom Cowan says: 'If it has a label don't eat it.' Bill Gates is now the biggest owner of farmland in the United States and he does nothing without an ulterior motive involving the Cult. Klaus Schwab wrote: 'To feed the world in the next 50 years we will need to produce as much food as was produced in the last 10,000 years … food security will only be achieved, however, if regulations on genetically modified foods are adapted to reflect the reality that gene editing offers a precise, efficient and safe method of improving crops.' Liar. People and the world are being targeted with aluminium through vaccines, chemtrails, food, drink cans, and endless other sources when aluminium has been linked to many health issues including dementia which is increasing year after year. Insects, bees and wildlife essential to the food chain are being deleted by pesticides, herbicides and radiation which 5G is dramatically increasing with 6G and 7G to come. The pollinating bee population is being devastated while wildlife including birds, dolphins and whales are having their natural radar blocked by the effects of ever-increasing radiation. In the summer windscreens used to be splattered with insects so numerous were they. It doesn't happen now. Where have they gone?

Synthetic everything

The Cult is introducing genetically-modified versions of trees, plants and insects including a Gates-funded project to unleash hundreds of millions of genetically-modified, lab-altered and patented male mosquitoes to mate with wild mosquitoes and induce genetic flaws that cause them to die out. Clinically-insane Gates-funded Japanese researchers have developed mosquitos that spread vaccine and are dubbed 'flying vaccinators'. Gates is funding the modification of weather patterns in part to sell the myth that this is caused by carbon dioxide and he's funding geoengineering of the skies to change the atmosphere. Some of this came to light with the Gates-backed plan to release tonnes of chalk into the atmosphere to 'deflect the Sun and cool the planet'. Funny how they do this while the heating effect of the Sun is not factored into climate projections focussed on carbon dioxide. The reason is that they want to reduce carbon dioxide (so don't mention the Sun), but at the same time they do want to reduce the impact of the Sun which is so essential to human life and health. I have mentioned the sun-cholesterol-vitamin D connection as they demonise the Sun with warnings about skin cancer (caused by the chemicals in sun cream they tell you to splash on). They come from the other end of the process with statin drugs to reduce cholesterol that turns sunlight into vitamin D. A lack of vitamin D leads to a long list of health effects and how vitamin D levels must have fallen with people confined to their homes over 'Covid'. Gates is funding other forms of geoengineering and most importantly chemtrails which are dropping heavy metals, aluminium and self-replicating nanotechnology onto the Earth which is killing the natural world. See *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* for the detailed background to this.

Every human system is being targeted for deletion by a force that's not human. The Wetiko Cult has embarked on the process of transforming the human body from biological to synthetic biological as I have explained. Biological is being replaced by the artificial and synthetic – Archontic 'countermimicry' – right across human society. The plan eventually is to dispense with the human body altogether

and absorb human consciousness – which it wouldn't really be by then – into cyberspace (the simulation which is Wetiko/Yaldabaoth). Preparations for that are already happening if people would care to look. The alternative media rightly warns about globalism and 'the globalists', but this is far bigger than that and represents the end of the human race as we know it. The 'bad copy' of prime reality that Gnostics describe was a bad copy of harmony, wonder and beauty to start with before Wetiko/Yaldabaoth set out to change the simulated 'copy' into something very different. The process was slow to start with. Entrapped humans in the simulation timeline were not technologically aware and they had to be brought up to intellectual speed while being suppressed spiritually to the point where they could build their own prison while having no idea they were doing so. We have now reached that stage where technological intellect has the potential to destroy us and that's why events are moving so fast. Central American shaman Don Juan Matus said:

> Think for a moment, and tell me how you would explain the contradictions between the intelligence of man the engineer and the stupidity of his systems of belief, or the stupidity of his contradictory behaviour. Sorcerers believe that the predators have given us our systems of beliefs, our ideas of good and evil; our social mores. They are the ones who set up our dreams of success or failure. They have given us covetousness, greed, and cowardice. It is the predator who makes us complacent, routinary, and egomaniacal.
>
> In order to keep us obedient and meek and weak, the predators engaged themselves in a stupendous manoeuvre – stupendous, of course, from the point of view of a fighting strategist; a horrendous manoeuvre from the point of those who suffer it. They gave us their mind. The predators' mind is baroque, contradictory, morose, filled with the fear of being discovered any minute now.

For 'predators' see Wetiko, Archons, Yaldabaoth, Jinn, and all the other versions of the same phenomenon in cultures and religions all over the world. The theme is always the same because it's true and it's real. We have reached the point where we have to deal with it. The question is – how?

Don't fight – walk away

I thought I'd use a controversial subheading to get things moving in terms of our response to global fascism. What do you mean 'don't fight'? What do you mean 'walk away'? We've got to fight. We can't walk away. Well, it depends what we mean by fight and walk away. If fighting means physical combat we are playing Wetiko's game and falling for its trap. It wants us to get angry, aggressive, and direct hate and hostility at the enemy we think we must fight. Every war, every battle, every conflict, has been fought with Wetiko leading both sides. It's what it does. Wetiko wants a fight, anywhere, any place. Just hit me, son, so I can hit you back. Wetiko hits Wetiko and Wetiko hits Wetiko in return. I am very forthright as you can see in exposing Wetikos of the Cult, but I don't hate them. I refuse to hate them. It's what they want. What you hate you become. What you *fight* you become. Wokers, 'anti-haters' and 'anti-fascists' prove this every time they reach for their keyboards or don their balaclavas. By walk away I mean to disengage from Wetiko which includes ceasing to cooperate with its tyranny. Paul Levy says of Wetiko:

> The way to 'defeat' evil is not to try to destroy it (for then, in playing evil's game, we have already lost), but rather, to find the invulnerable place within ourselves where evil is unable to vanquish us – this is to truly 'win' our battle with evil.

Wetiko is everywhere in human society and it's been on steroids since the 'Covid' hoax. Every shouting match over wearing masks has Wetiko wearing a mask and Wetiko not wearing one. It's an electrical circuit of push and resist, push and resist, with Wetiko pushing *and* resisting. Each polarity is Wetiko empowering itself. Dictionary definitions of 'resist' include 'opposing, refusing to accept or comply with' and the word to focus on is 'opposing'. What form does this take – setting police cars alight or 'refusing to accept or comply with'? The former is Wetiko opposing Wetiko while the other points the way forward. This is the difference between those aggressively demanding that government fascism must be obeyed who stand in stark contrast to the great majority of Pushbackers. We saw this clearly with a march by thousands of Pushbackers against lockdown in London followed days later by a Woker-hijacked

protest in Bristol in which police cars were set on fire. Masks were virtually absent in London and widespread in Bristol. Wetiko wants lockdown on every level of society and infuses its aggression to police it through its unknowing stooges. Lockdown protesters are the ones with the smiling faces and the hugs, The two blatantly obvious states of being – getting more obvious by the day – are the result of Wokers and their like becoming ever more influenced by the simulation Field of Wetiko and Pushbackers ever more influenced by The Field of a far higher vibration beyond the simulation. Wetiko can't invade the heart which is where most lockdown opponents are coming from. It's the heart that allows them to see through the lies to the truth in ways I will be highlighting.

Renegade Minds know that calmness is the place from which wisdom comes. You won't find wisdom in a hissing fit and wisdom is what we need in abundance right now. Calmness is not weakness – you don't have to scream at the top of your voice to be strong. Calmness is indeed a sign of strength. 'No' means I'm not doing it. *NOOOO!!!* doesn't mean you're not doing it even more. Volume does not advance 'No – I'm not doing it'. You are just not doing it. Wetiko possessed and influenced don't know how to deal with that. Wetiko wants a fight and we should not give it one. What it needs more than anything is our *cooperation* and we should not give that either. Mass rallies and marches are great in that they are a visual representation of feeling, but if it ends there they are irrelevant. You demand that Wetikos act differently? Well, they're not going to are they? They are Wetikos. We don't need to waste our time demanding that something doesn't happen when that will make no difference. We need to delete the means that *allows* it to happen. This, invariably, is our cooperation. You can demand a child stop firing a peashooter at the dog or you can refuse to buy the peashooter. If you provide the means you are cooperating with the dog being smacked on the nose with a pea. How can the authorities enforce mask-wearing if millions in a country refuse? What if the 74 million Pushbackers that voted for Trump in 2020 refused to wear masks, close their businesses or stay in their homes. It would be unenforceable. The

few control the many through the compliance of the many and that's always been the dynamic be it 'Covid' regulations or the Roman Empire. I know people can find it intimidating to say no to authority or stand out in a crowd for being the only one with a face on display; but it has to be done or it's over. I hope I've made clear in this book that where this is going will be far more intimidating than standing up now and saying 'No' – I will not cooperate with my own enslavement and that of my children. There might be consequences for some initially, although not so if enough do the same. The question that must be addressed is what is going to happen if we don't? It is time to be strong and unyieldingly so. No means no. Not here and there, but *everywhere* and *always*. I have refused to wear a mask and obey all the other nonsense. I will not comply with tyranny. I repeat: Fascism is not imposed by fascists – there are never enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. *I will not do it*. I will die first, or my body will. Living meekly under fascism is a form of death anyway, the death of the spirit that Martin Luther King described.

Making things happen

We must not despair. This is not over till it's over and it's far from that. The 'fat lady' must refuse to sing. The longer the 'Covid' hoax has dragged on and impacted on more lives we have seen an awakening of phenomenal numbers of people worldwide to the realisation that what they have believed all their lives is not how the world really is. Research published by the system-serving University of Bristol and King's College London in February, 2021, concluded: 'One in every 11 people in Britain say they trust David Icke's take on the coronavirus pandemic.' It will be more by now and we have gathering numbers to build on. We must urgently progress from seeing the scam to ceasing to cooperate with it. Prominent German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich, also licenced to practice law in America, is doing a magnificent job taking the legal route to bring the psychopaths to justice through a second Nuremberg tribunal for crimes against humanity. Fuellmich has an impressive record of

beating the elite in court and he formed the German Corona Investigative Committee to pursue civil charges against the main perpetrators with a view to triggering criminal charges. Most importantly he has grasped the foundation of the hoax – the PCR test not testing for the 'virus' – and Christian Drosten is therefore on his charge sheet along with Gates frontman Tedros at the World Health Organization. Major players must be not be allowed to inflict their horrors on the human race without being brought to book. A life sentence must follow for Bill Gates and the rest of them. A group of researchers has also indicted the government of Norway for crimes against humanity with copies sent to the police and the International Criminal Court. The lawsuit cites participation in an internationally-planned false pandemic and violation of international law and human rights, the European Commission's definition of human rights by coercive rules, Nuremberg and Hague rules on fundamental human rights, and the Norwegian constitution. We must take the initiative from hereon and not just complain, protest and react.

There are practical ways to support vital mass non-cooperation. Organising in numbers is one. Lockdown marches in London in the spring in 2021 were mass non-cooperation that the authorities could not stop. There were too many people. Hundreds of thousands walked the London streets in the centre of the road for mile after mile while the Face-Nappies could only look on. They were determined, but calm, and just *did it* with no histrionics and lots of smiles. The police were impotent. Others are organising group shopping without masks for mutual support and imagine if that was happening all over. Policing it would be impossible. If the store refuses to serve people in these circumstances they would be faced with a long line of trolleys full of goods standing on their own and everything would have to be returned to the shelves. How would they cope with that if it kept happening? I am talking here about moving on from complaining to being pro-active; from watching things happen to making things happen. I include in this our relationship with the police. The behaviour of many Face-Nappies

has been disgraceful and anyone who thinks they would never find concentration camp guards in the 'enlightened' modern era have had that myth busted big-time. The period and setting may change – Wetikos never do. I watched film footage from a London march in which a police thug viciously kicked a protestor on the floor who had done nothing. His fellow Face-Nappies stood in a ring protecting him. What he did was a criminal assault and with a crowd far outnumbering the police this can no longer be allowed to happen unchallenged. I get it when people chant 'shame on you' in these circumstances, but that is no longer enough. They *have* no shame those who do this. Crowds needs to start making a citizen's arrest of the police who commit criminal offences and brutally attack innocent people and defenceless women. A citizen's arrest can be made under section 24A of the UK Police and Criminal Evidence (PACE) Act of 1984 and you will find something similar in other countries. I prefer to call it a Common Law arrest rather than citizen's for reasons I will come to shortly. Anyone can arrest a person committing an indictable offence or if they have reasonable grounds to suspect they are committing an indictable offence. On both counts the attack by the police thug would have fallen into this category. A citizen's arrest can be made to stop someone:

- Causing physical injury to himself or any other person
- Suffering physical injury
- Causing loss of or damage to property
- Making off before a constable can assume responsibility for him

A citizen's arrest may also be made to prevent a breach of the peace under Common Law and if they believe a breach of the peace will happen or anything related to harm likely to be done or already done in their presence. This is the way to go I think – the Common Law version. If police know that the crowd and members of the public will no longer be standing and watching while they commit

their thuggery and crimes they will think twice about acting like Brownshirts and Blackshirts.

Common Law – common sense

Mention of Common Law is very important. Most people think the law is the law as in one law. This is not the case. There are two bodies of law, Common Law and Statute Law, and they are not the same. Common Law is founded on the simple premise of do no harm. It does not recognise victimless crimes in which no harm is done while Statute Law does. There is a Statute Law against almost everything. So what is Statute Law? Amazingly it's the law of the *sea* that was brought ashore by the Cult to override the law of the land which is Common Law. They had no right to do this and as always they did it anyway. They had to. They could not impose their will on the people through Common Law which only applies to do no harm. How could you stitch up the fine detail of people's lives with that? Instead they took the law of the sea, or Admiralty Law, and applied it to the population. Statute Law refers to all the laws spewing out of governments and their agencies including all the fascist laws and regulations relating to 'Covid'. The key point to make is that Statute Law is *contract law*. It only applies between *contracting* corporations. Most police officers don't even know this. They have to be kept in the dark, too. Long ago when merchants and their sailing ships began to trade with different countries a contractual law was developed called Admiralty Law and other names. Again it only applied to *contracts* agreed between *corporate* entities. If there is no agreed contract the law of the sea had no jurisdiction *and that still applies to its new alias of Statute Law*. The problem for the Cult when the law of the sea was brought ashore was an obvious one. People were not corporations and neither were government entities. To overcome the latter they made governments and all associated organisations corporations. All the institutions are *private corporations* and I mean governments and their agencies, local councils, police, courts, military, US states, the whole lot. Go to the

Dun and Bradstreet corporate listings website for confirmation that they are all corporations. You are arrested by a private corporation called the police by someone who is really a private security guard and they take you to court which is another private corporation. Neither have jurisdiction over you unless you consent and *contract* with them. This is why you hear the mantra about law enforcement policing by *consent* of the people. In truth the people 'consent' only in theory through monumental trickery.

Okay, the Cult overcame the corporate law problem by making governments and institutions corporate entities; but what about people? They are not corporations are they? Ah ... well in a sense, and *only* a sense, they are. Not people exactly – the illusion of people. The Cult creates a corporation in the name of everyone at the time that their birth certificate is issued. Note birth/ *berth* certificate and when you go to court under the law of the sea on land you stand in a *dock*. These are throwbacks to the origin. My Common Law name is David Vaughan Icke. The name of the corporation created by the government when I was born is called Mr David Vaughan Icke usually written in capitals as MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE. That is not me, the living, breathing man. It is a fictitious corporate entity. The trick is to make you think that David Vaughan Icke and MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE are the same thing. *They are not*. When police charge you and take you to court they are prosecuting the corporate entity and not the living, breathing, man or woman. They have to trick you into identifying as the corporate entity and contracting with them. Otherwise they have no jurisdiction. They do this through a language known as legalese. Lawful and legal are not the same either. Lawful relates to Common Law and legal relates to Statute Law. Legalese is the language of Statue Law which uses terms that mean one thing to the public and another in legalese. Notice that when a police officer tells someone why they are being charged he or she will say at the end: 'Do you understand?' To the public that means 'Do you comprehend?' In legalese it means 'Do you stand under me?' Do you stand under my authority? If you say

yes to the question you are unknowingly agreeing to give them jurisdiction over you in a contract between two corporate entities.

This is a confidence trick in every way. Contracts have to be agreed between informed parties and if you don't know that David Vaughan Icke is agreeing to be the corporation MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE you cannot knowingly agree to contract. They are deceiving you and another way they do this is to ask for proof of identity. You usually show them a driving licence or other document on which your corporate name is written. In doing so you are accepting that you are that corporate entity when you are not. Referring to yourself as a 'person' or 'citizen' is also identifying with your corporate fiction which is why I made the Common Law point about the citizen's arrest. If you are approached by a police officer you identify yourself immediately as a living, breathing, man or woman and say 'I do not consent, I do not contract with you and I do not understand' or stand under their authority. I have a Common Law birth certificate as a living man and these are available at no charge from commonlawcourt.com. Businesses registered under the Statute Law system means that its laws apply. There are, however, ways to run a business under Common Law. Remember all 'Covid' laws and regulations are Statute Law – the law of *contracts* and you do not have to contract. This doesn't mean that you can kill someone and get away with it. Common Law says do no harm and that applies to physical harm, financial harm etc. Police are employees of private corporations and there needs to be a new system of non-corporate Common Law constables operating outside the Statute Law system. If you go to davidicke.com and put Common Law into the search engine you will find videos that explain Common Law in much greater detail. It is definitely a road we should walk.

With all my heart

I have heard people say that we are in a spiritual war. I don't like the term 'war' with its Wetiko dynamic, but I know what they mean. Sweep aside all the bodily forms and we are in a situation in which two states of consciousness are seeking very different realities.

Wetiko wants upheaval, chaos, fear, suffering, conflict and control. The other wants love, peace, harmony, fairness and freedom. That's where we are. We should not fall for the idea that Wetiko is all-powerful and there's nothing we can do. Wetiko is not all-powerful. It's a joke, pathetic. It doesn't have to be, but it has made that choice for now. A handful of times over the years when I have felt the presence of its frequency I have allowed it to attach briefly so I could consciously observe its nature. The experience is not pleasant, the energy is heavy and dark, but the ease with which you can kick it back out the door shows that its real power is in persuading us that it has power. It's all a con. Wetiko is a con. It's a trickster and not a power that can control us if we unleash our own. The con is founded on manipulating humanity to give its power to Wetiko which recycles it back to present the illusion that it has power when its power is *ours* that we gave away. This happens on an energetic level and plays out in the world of the seen as humanity giving its power to Wetiko authority which uses that power to control the population when the power is only the power the population has handed over. How could it be any other way for billions to be controlled by a relative few? I have had experiences with people possessed by Wetiko and again you can kick its arse if you do it with an open heart. Oh yes – the *heart* which can transform the world of perceived 'matter'.

We are receiver-transmitters and processors of information, but what information and where from? Information is processed into perception in three main areas – the brain, the heart and the belly. These relate to thinking, knowing, and emotion. Wetiko wants us to be head and belly people which means we think within the confines of the Matrix simulation and low-vibrational emotional reaction scrambles balance and perception. A few minutes on social media and you see how emotion is the dominant force. Woke is all emotion and is therefore thought-free and fact-free. Our heart is something different. It *knows* while the head *thinks* and has to try to work it out because it doesn't know. The human energy field has seven prime vortexes which connect us with wider reality (Fig 23). Chakra means

'wheels of light' in the Sanskrit language of ancient India. The main ones are: The crown chakra on top of the head; brow (or 'third eye') chakra in the centre of the forehead; throat chakra; heart chakra in the centre of the chest; solar plexus chakra below the sternum; sacral chakra beneath the navel; and base chakra at the bottom of the spine. Each one has a particular function or functions. We feel anxiety and nervousness in the belly where the sacral chakra is located and this processes emotion that can affect the colon to give people 'the shits' or make them 'shit scared' when they are nervous. Chakras all play an important role, but the Mr and Mrs Big is the heart chakra which sits at the centre of the seven, above the chakras that connect us to the 'physical' and below those that connect with higher realms (or at least should). Here in the heart chakra we feel love, empathy and compassion – 'My heart goes out to you'. Those with closed hearts become literally 'heart-less' in their attitudes and behaviour (see Bill Gates). Native Americans portrayed Wetiko with what Paul Levy calls a 'frigid, icy heart, devoid of mercy' (see Bill Gates).

Figure 23: The chakra system which interpenetrates the human energy field. The heart chakra is the governor – or should be.

Wetiko trembles at the thought of heart energy which it cannot infiltrate. The frequency is too high. What it seeks to do instead is close the heart chakra vortex to block its perceptual and energetic influence. Psychopaths have 'hearts of stone' and emotionally-damaged people have 'heartache' and 'broken hearts'. The astonishing amount of heart disease is related to heart chakra

disruption with its fundamental connection to the 'physical' heart. Dr Tom Cowan has written an outstanding book challenging the belief that the heart is a pump and making the connection between the 'physical' and spiritual heart. Rudolph Steiner who was way ahead of his time said the same about the fallacy that the heart is a pump. *What*? The heart is not a pump? That's crazy, right? Everybody knows that. Read Cowan's *Human Heart, Cosmic Heart* and you will realise that the very idea of the heart as a pump is ridiculous when you see the evidence. How does blood in the feet so far from the heart get pumped horizontally up the body by the heart?? Cowan explains in the book the real reason why blood moves as it does. Our 'physical' heart is used to symbolise love when the source is really the heart vortex or spiritual heart which is our most powerful energetic connection to 'out there' expanded consciousness. That's why we feel *knowing* – intuitive knowing – in the centre of the chest. Knowing doesn't come from a process of thoughts leading to a conclusion. It is there in an instant all in one go. Our heart knows because of its connection to levels of awareness that *do* know. This is the meaning and source of intuition – intuitive *knowing*.

For the last more than 30 years of uncovering the global game and the nature of reality my heart has been my constant antenna for truth and accuracy. An American intelligence insider once said that I had quoted a disinformer in one of my books and yet I had only quoted the part that was true. He asked: 'How do you do that?' By using my heart antenna was the answer and anyone can do it. Heart-centred is how we are meant to be. With a closed heart chakra we withdraw into a closed mind and the bubble of five-sense reality. If you take a moment to focus your attention on the centre of your chest, picture a spinning wheel of light and see it opening and expanding. You will feel it happening, too, and perceptions of the heart like joy and love as the heart impacts on the mind as they interact. The more the chakra opens the more you will feel expressions of heart consciousness and as the process continues, and becomes part of you, insights and knowings will follow. An open

heart is connected to that level of awareness that knows all is *One*. You will see from its perspective that the fault-lines that divide us are only illusions to control us. An open heart does not process the illusions of race, creed and sexuality except as brief experiences for a consciousness that is all. Our heart does not see division, only unity (Figs 24 and 25). There's something else, too. Our hearts love to laugh. Mark Twain's quote that says 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter' is really a reference to the heart which loves to laugh with the joy of knowing the true nature of infinite reality and that all the madness of human society is an illusion of the mind. Twain also said: 'Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand.' This is so true of Wetiko and the Cult. Their insecurity demands that they be taken seriously and their power and authority acknowledged and feared. We should do nothing of the sort. We should not get aggressive or fearful which their insecurity so desires. We should laugh in their face. Even in their no-face as police come over in their face-nappies and expect to be taken seriously. They don't take themselves seriously looking like that so why should we? Laugh in the face of intimidation. Laugh in the face of tyranny. You will see by its reaction that you have pressed all of its buttons. Wetiko does not know what to do in the face of laughter or when its targets refuse to concede their joy to fear. We have seen many examples during the 'Covid' hoax when people have expressed their energetic power and the string puppets of Wetiko retreat with their tail limp between their knees. Laugh – the world is bloody mad after all and if it's a choice between laughter and tears I know which way I'm going.

Figure 24: Head consciousness without the heart sees division and everything apart from everything else.

Figure 25: Heart consciousness sees everything as One.

'Vaccines' and the soul

The foundation of Wetiko/Archon control of humans is the separation of incarnate five-sense mind from the infinite 'I' and closing the heart chakra where the True 'I' lives during a human life. The goal has been to achieve complete separation in both cases. I was interested therefore to read an account by a French energetic healer of what she said she experienced with a patient who had been given the 'Covid' vaccine. Genuine energy healers can sense information and consciousness fields at different levels of being which are referred to as 'subtle bodies'. She described treating the patient who later returned after having, without the healer's knowledge, two doses of the 'Covid vaccine'. The healer said:

I noticed immediately the change, very heavy energy emanating from [the] subtle bodies. The scariest thing was when I was working on the heart chakra, I connected with her soul: it was detached from the physical body, it had no contact and it was, as if it was floating in a state of total confusion: a damage to the consciousness that loses contact with the physical body, i.e. with our biological machine, there is no longer any communication between them.

I continued the treatment by sending light to the heart chakra, the soul of the person, but it seemed that the soul could no longer receive any light, frequency or energy. It was a very powerful experience for me. Then I understood that this substance is indeed used to detach consciousness so that this consciousness can no longer interact through this body that it possesses in life, where there is no longer any contact, no frequency, no light, no more energetic balance or mind.

This would create a human that is rudderless and at the extreme almost zombie-like operating with a fractional state of consciousness at the mercy of Wetiko. I was especially intrigued by what the healer said in the light of the prediction by the highly-informed Rudolf Steiner more than a hundred years ago. He said:

> In the future, we will eliminate the soul with medicine. Under the pretext of a 'healthy point of view', there will be a vaccine by which the human body will be treated as soon as possible directly at birth, so that the human being cannot develop the thought of the existence of soul and Spirit. To materialistic doctors will be entrusted the task of removing the soul of humanity.
>
> As today, people are vaccinated against this disease or that disease, so in the future, children will be vaccinated with a substance that can be produced precisely in such a way that people, thanks to this vaccination, will be immune to being subjected to the 'madness' of spiritual life. He would be extremely smart, but he would not develop a conscience, and that is the true goal of some materialistic circles.

Steiner said the vaccine would detach the physical body from the etheric body (subtle bodies) and 'once the etheric body is detached the relationship between the universe and the etheric body would become extremely unstable, and man would become an automaton'. He said 'the physical body of man must be polished on this Earth by spiritual will – so the vaccine becomes a kind of arymanique (Wetiko) force' and 'man can no longer get rid of a given materialistic feeling'. Humans would then, he said, become 'materialistic of constitution and can no longer rise to the spiritual'. I have been writing for years about DNA being a receiver-transmitter of information that connects us to other levels of reality and these 'vaccines' changing DNA can be likened to changing an antenna and what it can transmit and receive. Such a disconnection would clearly lead to changes in personality and perception. Steiner further predicted the arrival of AI. Big Pharma 'Covid vaccine' makers, expressions of Wetiko, are testing their DNA-manipulating evil on children as I write with a view to giving the 'vaccine' to babies. If it's a soul-body disconnector – and I say that it is or can be – every child would be disconnected from 'soul' at birth and the 'vaccine' would create a closed system in which spiritual guidance from the greater self would play no part. This has been the ambition of Wetiko all

along. A Pentagon video from 2005 was leaked of a presentation explaining the development of vaccines to change behaviour by their effect on the brain. Those that believe this is not happening with the 'Covid' genetically-modifying procedure masquerading as a 'vaccine' should make an urgent appointment with Naivety Anonymous. Klaus Schwab wrote in 2018:

> Neurotechnologies enable us to better influence consciousness and thought and to understand many activities of the brain. They include decoding what we are thinking in fine levels of detail through new chemicals and interventions that can influence our brains to correct for errors or enhance functionality.

The plan is clear and only the heart can stop it. With every heart that opens, every mind that awakens, Wetiko is weakened. Heart and love are far more powerful than head and hate and so nothing like a majority is needed to turn this around.

Beyond the Phantom

Our heart is the prime target of Wetiko and so it must be the answer to Wetiko. We *are* our heart which is part of one heart, the infinite heart. Our heart is where the true self lives in a human life behind firewalls of five-sense illusion when an imposter takes its place – *Phantom Self*; but our heart waits patiently to be set free any time we choose to see beyond the Phantom, beyond Wetiko. A Wetikoed Phantom Self can wreak mass death and destruction while the love of forever is locked away in its heart. The time is here to unleash its power and let it sweep away the fear and despair that is Wetiko. Heart consciousness does not seek manipulated, censored, advantage for its belief or religion, its activism and desires. As an expression of the One it treats all as One with the same rights to freedom and opinion. Our heart demands fairness for itself no more than for others. From this unity of heart we can come together in mutual support and transform this Wetikoed world into what reality is meant to be – a place of love, joy, happiness, fairness, justice and freedom. Wetiko has another agenda and that's why the world is as

it is, but enough of this nonsense. Wetiko can't stay where hearts are open and it works so hard to keep them closed. Fear is its currency and its food source and love in its true sense has no fear. Why would love have fear when it knows it is *All That Is, Has Been, And Ever Can Be* on an eternal exploration of all possibility? Love in this true sense is not the physical attraction that passes for love. This can be an expression of it, yes, but Infinite Love, a love without condition, goes far deeper to the core of all being. It *is* the core of all being. Infinite realty was born from love beyond the illusions of the simulation. Love infinitely expressed is the knowing that all is One and the swiftly-passing experience of separation is a temporary hallucination. You cannot disconnect from Oneness; you can only *perceive* that you have and withdraw from its influence. This is the most important of all perception trickery by the mind parasite that is Wetiko and the foundation of all its potential for manipulation.

If we open our hearts, open the sluice gates of the mind, and redefine self-identity amazing things start to happen. Consciousness expands or contracts in accordance with self-identity. When true self is recognised as infinite awareness and label self – Phantom Self – is seen as only a series of brief experiences life is transformed. Consciousness expands to the extent that self-identity expands and everything changes. You see unity, not division, the picture, not the pixels. From this we can play the long game. No more is an experience something in and of itself, but a fleeting moment in the eternity of forever. Suddenly people in uniform and dark suits are no longer intimidating. Doing what your heart knows to be right is no longer intimidating and consequences for those actions take on the same nature of a brief experience that passes in the blink of an infinite eye. Intimidation is all in the mind. Beyond the mind there is no intimidation.

An open heart does not consider consequences for what it knows to be right. To do so would be to consider not doing what it knows to be right and for a heart in its power that is never an option. The Renegade Mind is really the Renegade Heart. Consideration of consequences will always provide a getaway car for the mind and

the heart doesn't want one. What is right in the light of what we face today is to stop cooperating with Wetiko in all its forms and to do it without fear or compromise. You cannot compromise with tyranny when tyranny always demands more until it has everything. Life is your perception and you are your destiny. Change your perception and you change your life. Change collective perception and we change the world.

Come on people … One human family, One heart, One goal … *FREEEEEEDOM*!

We must settle for nothing less.

Postscript

The big scare story as the book goes to press is the 'Indian' variant and the world is being deluged with propaganda about the 'Covid catastrophe' in India which mirrors in its lies and misrepresentations what happened in Italy before the first lockdown in 2020.

The *New York Post* published a picture of someone who had 'collapsed in the street from Covid' in India in April, 2021, which was actually taken during a gas leak in May, 2020. Same old, same old. Media articles in mid-February were asking why India had been so untouched by 'Covid' and then as their vaccine rollout gathered pace the alleged 'cases' began to rapidly increase. Indian 'Covid vaccine' maker Bharat Biotech was funded into existence by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (the pair announced their divorce in May, 2021, which is a pity because they so deserve each other). The Indian 'Covid crisis' was ramped up by the media to terrify the world and prepare people for submission to still more restrictions. The scam that worked the first time was being repeated only with far more people seeing through the deceit. Davidicke.com and Ickonic.com have sought to tell the true story of what is happening by talking to people living through the Indian nightmare which has nothing to do with 'Covid'. We posted a letter from 'Alisha' in Pune who told a very different story to government and media mendacity. She said scenes of dying people and overwhelmed hospitals were designed to hide what was really happening – genocide and starvation. Alisha said that millions had already died of starvation during the ongoing lockdowns while government and media were lying and making it look like the 'virus':

Restaurants, shops, gyms, theatres, basically everything is shut. The cities are ghost towns. Even so-called 'essential' businesses are only open till 11am in the morning. You basically have just an hour to buy food and then your time is up.

Inter-state travel and even inter-district travel is banned. The cops wait at all major crossroads to question why you are traveling outdoors or to fine you if you are not wearing a mask.

The medical community here is also complicit in genocide, lying about hospitals being full and turning away people with genuine illnesses, who need immediate care. They have even created a shortage of oxygen cylinders.

This is the classic Cult modus operandi played out in every country. Alisha said that people who would not have a PCR test not testing for the 'virus' were being denied hospital treatment. She said the people hit hardest were migrant workers and those in rural areas. Most businesses employed migrant workers and with everything closed there were no jobs, no income and no food. As a result millions were dying of starvation or malnutrition. All this was happening under Prime Minister Narendra Modi, a 100-percent asset of the Cult, and it emphasises yet again the scale of pure anti-human evil we are dealing with. Australia banned its people from returning home from India with penalties for trying to do so of up to five years in jail and a fine of £37,000. The manufactured 'Covid' crisis in India was being prepared to justify further fascism in the West. Obvious connections could be seen between the Indian 'vaccine' programme and increased 'cases' and this became a common theme. The Seychelles, the most per capita 'Covid vaccinated' population in the world, went back into lockdown after a 'surge of cases'.

Long ago the truly evil Monsanto agricultural biotechnology corporation with its big connections to Bill Gates devastated Indian farming with genetically-modified crops. Human rights activist Gurcharan Singh highlighted the efforts by the Indian government to complete the job by destroying the food supply to hundreds of millions with 'Covid' lockdowns. He said that 415 million people at the bottom of the disgusting caste system (still going whatever they say) were below the poverty line and struggled to feed themselves every year. Now the government was imposing lockdown at just the

time to destroy the harvest. This deliberate policy was leading to mass starvation. People may reel back at the suggestion that a government would do that, but Wetiko-controlled 'leaders' are capable of any level of evil. In fact what is described in India is in the process of being instigated worldwide. The food chain and food supply are being targeted at every level to cause world hunger and thus control. Bill Gates is not the biggest owner of farmland in America for no reason and destroying access to food aids both the depopulation agenda and the plan for synthetic 'food' already being funded into existence by Gates. Add to this the coming hyper-inflation from the suicidal creation of fake 'money' in response to 'Covid' and the breakdown of container shipping systems and you have a cocktail that can only lead one way and is meant to. The Cult plan is to crash the entire system to 'build back better' with the Great Reset.

'Vaccine' transmission

Reports from all over the world continue to emerge of women suffering menstrual and fertility problems after having the fake 'vaccine' and of the non-'vaccinated' having similar problems when interacting with the 'vaccinated'. There are far too many for 'coincidence' to be credible. We've had menopausal women getting periods, others having periods stop or not stopping for weeks, passing clots, sometimes the lining of the uterus, breast irregularities, and miscarriages (which increased by 400 percent in parts of the United States). Non-'vaccinated' men and children have suffered blood clots and nose bleeding after interaction with the 'vaccinated'. Babies have died from the effects of breast milk from a 'vaccinated' mother. Awake doctors – the small minority – speculated on the cause of non-'vaccinated' suffering the same effects as the 'vaccinated'. Was it nanotechnology in the synthetic substance transmitting frequencies or was it a straight chemical bioweapon that was being transmitted between people? I am not saying that some kind of chemical transmission is not one possible answer, but the foundation of all that the Cult does is frequency and

this is fertile ground for understanding how transmission can happen. American doctor Carrie Madej, an internal medicine physician and osteopath, has been practicing for the last 20 years, teaching medical students, and she says attending different meetings where the agenda for humanity was discussed. Madej, who operates out of Georgia, did not dismiss other possible forms of transmission, but she focused on frequency in search of an explanation for transmission. She said the Moderna and Pfizer 'vaccines' contained nano-lipid particles as a key component. This was a brand new technology never before used on humanity. 'They're using a nanotechnology which is pretty much little tiny computer bits … nanobots or hydrogel.' Inside the 'vaccines' was 'this sci-fi kind of substance' which suppressed immune checkpoints to get into the cell. I referred to this earlier as the 'Trojan horse' technique that tricks the cell into opening a gateway for the self-replicating synthetic material and while the immune system is artificially suppressed the body has no defences. Madej said the substance served many purposes including an on-demand ability to 'deliver the payload' and using the nano 'computer bits' as biosensors in the body. 'It actually has the ability to accumulate data from your body, like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts, emotions, all kinds of things.'

She said the technology obviously has the ability to operate through Wi-Fi and transmit and receive energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. 'Just imagine you're getting this new substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones.' We had something completely foreign in the human body that had never been launched large scale at a time when we were seeing 5G going into schools and hospitals (plus the Musk satellites) and she believed the 'vaccine' transmission had something to do with this: '… if these people have this inside of them … it can act like an antenna and actually transmit it outwardly as well.' The synthetic substance produced its own voltage and so it could have that kind of effect. This fits with my own contention that the nano receiver-transmitters are designed to connect people to the

Smart Grid and break the receiver-transmitter connection to expanded consciousness. That would explain the French energy healer's experience of the disconnection of body from 'soul' with those who have had the 'vaccine'. The nanobots, self-replicating inside the body, would also transmit the synthetic frequency which could be picked up through close interaction by those who have not been 'vaccinated'. Madej speculated that perhaps it was 5G and increased levels of other radiation that was causing the symptoms directly although interestingly she said that non-'vaccinated' patients had shown improvement when they were away from the 'vaccinated' person they had interacted with. It must be remembered that you can control frequency and energy with your mind and you can consciously create energetic barriers or bubbles with the mind to stop damaging frequencies from penetrating your field. American paediatrician Dr Larry Palevsky said the 'vaccine' was not a 'vaccine' and was never designed to protect from a 'viral' infection. He called it 'a massive, brilliant propaganda of genocide' because they didn't have to inject everyone to get the result they wanted. He said the content of the jabs was able to infuse any material into the brain, heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, sperm and female productive system. 'This is genocide; this is a weapon of mass destruction.' At the same time American colleges were banning students from attending if they didn't have this life-changing and potentially life-ending 'vaccine'. Class action lawsuits must follow when the consequences of this college fascism come to light. As the book was going to press came reports about fertility effects on sperm in 'vaccinated' men which would absolutely fit with what I have been saying and hospitals continued to fill with 'vaccine' reactions. Another question is what about transmission via blood transfusions? The NHS has extended blood donation restrictions from seven days after a 'Covid vaccination' to 28 days after even a sore arm reaction.

I said in the spring of 2020 that the then touted 'Covid vaccine' would be ongoing each year like the flu jab. A year later Pfizer CEO, the appalling Albert Bourla, said people would 'likely' need a 'booster dose' of the 'vaccine' within 12 months of getting 'fully

vaccinated' and then a yearly shot. 'Variants will play a key role', he said confirming the point. Johnson & Johnson CEO Alex Gorsky also took time out from his 'vaccine' disaster to say that people may need to be vaccinated against 'Covid-19' each year. UK Health Secretary, the psychopath Matt Hancock, said additional 'boosters' would be available in the autumn of 2021. This is the trap of the 'vaccine passport'. The public will have to accept every last 'vaccine' they introduce, including for the fake 'variants', or it would cease to be valid. The only other way in some cases would be continuous testing with a test not testing for the 'virus' and what is on the swabs constantly pushed up your noise towards the brain every time?

'Vaccines' changing behaviour

I mentioned in the body of the book how I believed we would see gathering behaviour changes in the 'vaccinated' and I am already hearing such comments from the non-'vaccinated' describing behaviour changes in friends, loved ones and work colleagues. This will only increase as the self-replicating synthetic material and nanoparticles expand in body and brain. An article in the *Guardian* in 2016 detailed research at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville which developed a new method for controlling brain circuits associated with complex animal behaviour. The method, dubbed 'magnetogenetics', involves genetically-engineering a protein called ferritin, which stores and releases iron, to create a magnetised substance – 'Magneto' – that can activate specific groups of nerve cells from a distance. This is claimed to be an advance on other methods of brain activity manipulation known as optogenetics and chemogenetics (the Cult has been developing methods of brain control for a long time). The ferritin technique is said to be non-invasive and able to activate neurons 'rapidly and reversibly'. In other words, human thought and perception. The article said that earlier studies revealed how nerve cell proteins 'activated by heat and mechanical pressure can be genetically engineered so that they become sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields, by attaching them to an iron-storing protein called ferritin, or to inorganic

paramagnetic particles'. Sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields? You mean like 5G, 6G and 7G? This is the human-AI Smart Grid hive mind we are talking about. The *Guardian* article said:

> … the researchers injected Magneto into the striatum of freely behaving mice, a deep brain structure containing dopamine-producing neurons that are involved in reward and motivation, and then placed the animals into an apparatus split into magnetised and non-magnetised sections.
>
> Mice expressing Magneto spent far more time in the magnetised areas than mice that did not, because activation of the protein caused the striatal neurons expressing it to release dopamine, so that the mice found being in those areas rewarding. This shows that Magneto can remotely control the firing of neurons deep within the brain, and also control complex behaviours.

Make no mistake this basic methodology will be part of the 'Covid vaccine' cocktail and using magnetics to change brain function through electromagnetic field frequency activation. The Pentagon is developing a 'Covid vaccine' using ferritin. Magnetics would explain changes in behaviour and why videos are appearing across the Internet as I write showing how magnets stick to the skin at the point of the 'vaccine' shot. Once people take these 'vaccines' anything becomes possible in terms of brain function and illness which will be blamed on 'Covid-19' and 'variants'. Magnetic field manipulation would further explain why the non-'vaccinated' are reporting the same symptoms as the 'vaccinated' they interact with and why those symptoms are reported to decrease when not in their company. Interestingly 'Magneto', a 'mutant', is a character in the Marvel Comic *X-Men* stories with the ability to manipulate magnetic fields and he believes that mutants should fight back against their human oppressors by any means necessary. The character was born Erik Lehnsherr to a Jewish family in Germany.

Cult-controlled courts

The European Court of Human Rights opened the door for mandatory 'Covid-19 vaccines' across the continent when it ruled in a Czech Republic dispute over childhood immunisation that legally

enforced vaccination could be 'necessary in a democratic society'. The 17 judges decided that compulsory vaccinations did not breach human rights law. On the face of it the judgement was so inverted you gasp for air. If not having a vaccine infused into your body is not a human right then what is? Ah, but they said human rights law which has been specifically written to delete all human rights at the behest of the state (the Cult). Article 8 of the European Convention on Human Rights relates to the right to a private life. The crucial word here is *'except'*:

> There shall be no interference by a public authority with the exercise of this right EXCEPT such as is in accordance with the law and is necessary in a democratic society in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic wellbeing of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others [My emphasis].

No interference *except* in accordance with the law means there *are* no 'human rights' *except* what EU governments decide you can have at their behest. 'As is necessary in a democratic society' explains that reference in the judgement and 'in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic well-being of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others' gives the EU a coach and horses to ride through 'human rights' and scatter them in all directions. The judiciary is not a check and balance on government extremism; it is a vehicle to enforce it. This judgement was almost laughably predictable when the last thing the Cult wanted was a decision that went against mandatory vaccination. Judges rule over and over again to benefit the system of which they are a part. Vaccination disputes that come before them are invariably delivered in favour of doctors and authorities representing the view of the state which owns the judiciary. Oh, yes, and we have even had calls to stop putting 'Covid-19' on death certificates within 28 days of a 'positive test' because it is claimed the practice makes the 'vaccine' appear not to work. They are laughing at you.

The scale of madness, inhumanity and things to come was highlighted when those not 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' were refused evacuation from the Caribbean island of St Vincent during massive volcanic eruptions. Cruise ships taking residents to the safety of another island allowed only the 'vaccinated' to board and the rest were left to their fate. Even in life and death situations like this we see 'Covid' stripping people of their most basic human instincts and the insanity is even more extreme when you think that fake 'vaccine'-makers are not even claiming their body-manipulating concoctions stop 'infection' and 'transmission' of a 'virus' that doesn't exist. St Vincent Prime Minister Ralph Gonsalves said: 'The chief medical officer will be identifying the persons already vaccinated so that we can get them on the ship.' Note again the power of the chief medical officer who, like Whitty in the UK, will be answering to the World Health Organization. This is the Cult network structure that has overridden politicians who 'follow the science' which means doing what WHO-controlled 'medical officers' and 'science advisers' tell them. Gonsalves even said that residents who were 'vaccinated' after the order so they could board the ships would still be refused entry due to possible side effects such as 'wooziness in the head'. The good news is that if they were woozy enough in the head they could qualify to be prime minister of St Vincent.

Microchipping freedom

The European judgement will be used at some point to justify moves to enforce the 'Covid' DNA-manipulating procedure. Sandra Ro, CEO of the Global Blockchain Business Council, told a World Economic Forum event that she hoped 'vaccine passports' would help to 'drive forced consent and standardisation' of global digital identity schemes: 'I'm hoping with the desire and global demand for some sort of vaccine passport – so that people can get travelling and working again – [it] will drive forced consent, standardisation, and frankly, cooperation across the world.' The lady is either not very bright, or thoroughly mendacious, to use the term 'forced consent'.

You do not 'consent' if you are forced – you *submit*. She was describing what the plan has been all along and that's to enforce a digital identity on every human without which they could not function. 'Vaccine passports' are opening the door and are far from the end goal. A digital identity would allow you to be tracked in everything you do in cyberspace and this is the same technique used by Cult-owned China to enforce its social credit system of total control. The ultimate 'passport' is planned to be a microchip as my books have warned for nearly 30 years. Those nice people at the Pentagon working for the Cult-controlled Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) claimed in April, 2021, they have developed a microchip inserted under the skin to detect 'asymptomatic Covid-19 infection' before it becomes an outbreak and a 'revolutionary filter' that can remove the 'virus' from the blood when attached to a dialysis machine. The only problems with this are that the 'virus' does not exist and people transmitting the 'virus' with no symptoms is brain-numbing bullshit. This is, of course, not a ruse to get people to be microchipped for very different reasons. DARPA also said it was producing a one-stop 'vaccine' for the 'virus' and all 'variants'. One of the most sinister organisations on Planet Earth is doing this? Better have it then. These people are insane because Wetiko that possesses them is insane.

Researchers from the Salk Institute in California announced they have created an embryo that is part human and part monkey. My books going back to the 1990s have exposed experiments in top secret underground facilities in the United States where humans are being crossed with animal and non-human 'extraterrestrial' species. They are now easing that long-developed capability into the public arena and there is much more to come given we are dealing with psychiatric basket cases. Talking of which – Elon Musk's scientists at Neuralink trained a monkey to play Pong and other puzzles on a computer screen using a joystick and when the monkey made the correct move a metal tube squirted banana smoothie into his mouth which is the basic technique for training humans into unquestioning compliance. Two Neuralink chips were in the monkey's skull and

more than 2,000 wires 'fanned out' into its brain. Eventually the monkey played a video game purely with its brain waves. Psychopathic narcissist Musk said the 'breakthrough' was a step towards putting Neuralink chips into human skulls and merging minds with artificial intelligence. *Exactly*. This man is so dark and Cult to his DNA.

World Economic Fascism (WEF)

The World Economic Forum is telling you the plan by the statements made at its many and various events. Cult-owned fascist YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki spoke at the 2021 WEF Global Technology Governance Summit (see the name) in which 40 governments and 150 companies met to ensure 'the responsible design and deployment of emerging technologies'. Orwellian translation: 'Ensuring the design and deployment of long-planned technologies will advance the Cult agenda for control and censorship.' Freedom-destroyer and Nuremberg-bound Wojcicki expressed support for tech platforms like hers to censor content that is 'technically legal but could be harmful'. Who decides what is 'harmful'? She does and they do. 'Harmful' will be whatever the Cult doesn't want people to see and we have legislation proposed by the UK government that would censor content on the basis of 'harm' no matter if the information is fair, legal and provably true. Make that *especially* if it is fair, legal and provably true. Wojcicki called for a global coalition to be formed to enforce content moderation standards through automated censorship. This is a woman and mega-censor so self-deluded that she shamelessly accepted a 'free expression' award – *Wojcicki* – in an event sponsored by her own *YouTube*. They have no shame and no self-awareness.

You know that 'Covid' is a scam and Wojcicki a Cult operative when YouTube is censoring medical and scientific opinion purely on the grounds of whether it supports or opposes the Cult 'Covid' narrative. Florida governor Ron DeSantis compiled an expert panel with four professors of medicine from Harvard, Oxford, and Stanford Universities who spoke against forcing children and

vaccinated people to wear masks. They also said there was no proof that lockdowns reduced spread or death rates of 'Covid-19'. Cult-gofer Wojcicki and her YouTube deleted the panel video 'because it included content that contradicts the consensus of local and global health authorities regarding the efficacy of masks to prevent the spread of Covid-19'. This 'consensus' refers to what the Cult tells the World Health Organization to say and the WHO tells 'local health authorities' to do. Wojcicki knows this, of course. The panellists pointed out that censorship of scientific debate was responsible for deaths from many causes, but Wojcicki couldn't care less. She would not dare go against what she is told and as a disgrace to humanity she wouldn't want to anyway. The UK government is seeking to pass a fascist 'Online Safety Bill' to specifically target with massive fines and other means non-censored video and social media platforms to make them censor 'lawful but harmful' content like the Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube. What is 'lawful but harmful' would be decided by the fascist Blair-created Ofcom.

Another WEF obsession is a cyber-attack on the financial system and this is clearly what the Cult has planned to take down the bank accounts of everyone – except theirs. Those that think they have enough money for the Cult agenda not to matter to them have got a big lesson coming if they continue to ignore what is staring them in the face. The World Economic Forum, funded by Gates and fronted by Klaus Schwab, announced it would be running a 'simulation' with the Russian government and global banks of just such an attack called Cyber Polygon 2021. What they simulate – as with the 'Covid' Event 201 – they plan to instigate. The WEF is involved in a project with the Cult-owned Carnegie Endowment for International Peace called the WEF-Carnegie Cyber Policy Initiative which seeks to merge Wall Street banks, 'regulators' (I love it) and intelligence agencies to 'prevent' (arrange and allow) a cyber-attack that would bring down the global financial system as long planned by those that control the WEF and the Carnegie operation. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace sent an instruction to First World

War US President Woodrow Wilson not to let the war end before society had been irreversibly transformed.

The Wuhan lab diversion

As I close, the Cult-controlled authorities and lapdog media are systematically pushing 'the virus was released from the Wuhan lab' narrative. There are two versions – it happened by accident and it happened on purpose. Both are nonsense. The perceived existence of the never-shown-to-exist 'virus' is vital to sell the impression that there is actually an infective agent to deal with and to allow the endless potential for terrifying the population with 'variants' of a 'virus' that does not exist. The authorities at the time of writing are going with the 'by accident' while the alternative media is promoting the 'on purpose'. Cable news host Tucker Carlson who has questioned aspects of lockdown and 'vaccine' compulsion has bought the Wuhan lab story. 'Everyone now agrees' he said. Well, I don't and many others don't and the question is *why* does the system and its media suddenly 'agree'? When the media moves as one unit with a narrative it is always a lie – witness the hour by hour mendacity of the 'Covid' era. Why would this Cult-owned combination which has unleashed lies like machine gun fire suddenly 'agree' to tell the truth??

Much of the alternative media is buying the lie because it fits the conspiracy narrative, but it's the *wrong* conspiracy. The real conspiracy is that *there is no virus* and that is what the Cult is desperate to hide. The idea that the 'virus' was released by accident is ludicrous when the whole 'Covid' hoax was clearly long-planned and waiting to be played out as it was so fast in accordance with the Rockefeller document and Event 201. So they prepared everything in detail over decades and then sat around strumming their fingers waiting for an 'accidental' release from a bio-lab? *What??* It's crazy. Then there's the 'on purpose' claim. You want to circulate a 'deadly virus' and hide the fact that you've done so and you release it down the street from the highest-level bio-lab in China? I repeat – *What??*

You would release it far from that lab to stop any association being made. But, no, we'll do it in a place where the connection was certain to be made. Why would you need to scam 'cases' and 'deaths' and pay hospitals to diagnose 'Covid-19' if you had a real 'virus'? What are sections of the alternative media doing believing this crap? Where were all the mass deaths in Wuhan from a 'deadly pathogen' when the recovery to normal life after the initial propaganda was dramatic in speed? Why isn't the 'deadly pathogen' now circulating all over China with bodies in the street? Once again we have the technique of tell them what they want to hear and they will likely believe it. The alternative media has its 'conspiracy' and with Carlson it fits with his 'China is the danger' narrative over years. China *is* a danger as a global Cult operations centre, but not for this reason. The Wuhan lab story also has the potential to instigate conflict with China when at some stage the plan is to trigger a Problem-Reaction-Solution confrontation with the West. Question everything – *everything* – and especially when the media agrees on a common party line.

Third wave ... fourth wave ... fifth wave ...

As the book went into production the world was being set up for more lockdowns and a 'third wave' supported by invented 'variants' that were increasing all the time and will continue to do so in public statements and computer programs, but not in reality. India became the new Italy in the 'Covid' propaganda campaign and we were told to be frightened of the new 'Indian strain'. Somehow I couldn't find it within myself to do so. A document produced for the UK government entitled 'Summary of further modelling of easing of restrictions – Roadmap Step 2' declared that a third wave was inevitable (of course when it's in the script) and it would be the fault of children and those who refuse the health-destroying fake 'Covid vaccine'. One of the computer models involved came from the Cult-owned *Imperial College* and the other from Warwick University which I wouldn't trust to tell me the date in a calendar factory. The document states that both models presumed extremely high uptake

of the 'Covid vaccines' and didn't allow for 'variants'. The document states: 'The resurgence is a result of some people (mostly children) being ineligible for vaccination; others choosing not to receive the vaccine; and others being vaccinated but not perfectly protected.' The mendacity takes the breath away. Okay, blame those with a brain who won't take the DNA-modifying shots and put more pressure on children to have it as 'trials' were underway involving children as young as six months with parents who give insanity a bad name. Massive pressure is being put on the young to have the fake 'vaccine' and child age consent limits have been systematically lowered around the world to stop parents intervening. Most extraordinary about the document was its claim that the 'third wave' would be driven by 'the resurgence in both hospitalisations and deaths … dominated by *those that have received two doses of the vaccine*, comprising around 60-70% of the wave respectively'. The predicted peak of the 'third wave' suggested 300 deaths per day with 250 of them *fully 'vaccinated' people*. How many more lies do acquiescers need to be told before they see the obvious? Those who took the jab to 'protect themselves' are projected to be those who mostly get sick and die? So what's in the 'vaccine'? The document went on:

> It is possible that a summer of low prevalence could be followed by substantial increases in incidence over the following autumn and winter. Low prevalence in late summer should not be taken as an indication that SARS-CoV-2 has retreated or that the population has high enough levels of immunity to prevent another wave.

They are telling you the script and while many British people believed 'Covid' restrictions would end in the summer of 2021 the government was preparing for them to be ongoing. Authorities were awarding contracts for 'Covid marshals' to police the restrictions with contracts starting in July, 2021, and going through to January 31st, 2022, and the government was advertising for 'Media Buying Services' to secure media propaganda slots worth a potential £320 million for 'Covid-19 campaigns' with a contract not ending until March, 2022. The recipient – via a list of other front companies – was reported to be American media marketing giant Omnicom Group

Inc. While money is no object for 'Covid' the UK waiting list for all other treatment – including life-threatening conditions – passed 4.5 million. Meantime the Cult is seeking to control all official 'inquiries' to block revelations about what has really been happening and why. It must not be allowed to – we need Nuremberg jury trials in every country. The cover-up doesn't get more obvious than appointing ultra-Zionist professor Philip Zelikow to oversee two dozen US virologists, public health officials, clinicians, former government officials and four American 'charitable foundations' to 'learn the lessons' of the 'Covid' debacle. The personnel will be those that created and perpetuated the 'Covid' lies while Zelikow is the former executive director of the 9/11 Commission who ensured that the truth about those attacks never came out and produced a report that must be among the most mendacious and manipulative documents ever written – see *The Trigger* for the detailed exposure of the almost unimaginable 9/11 story in which Sabbatians can be found at every level.

Passive no more

People are increasingly challenging the authorities with amazing numbers of people taking to the streets in London well beyond the ability of the Face-Nappies to stop them. Instead the Nappies choose situations away from the mass crowds to target, intimidate, and seek to promote the impression of 'violent protestors'. One such incident happened in London's Hyde Park. Hundreds of thousands walking through the streets in protest against 'Covid' fascism were ignored by the Cult-owned BBC and most of the rest of the mainstream media, but they delighted in reporting how police were injured in 'clashes with protestors'. The truth was that a group of people gathered in Hyde Park at the end of one march when most had gone home and they were peacefully having a good time with music and chat. Face-Nappies who couldn't deal with the full-march crowd then waded in with their batons and got more than they bargained for. Instead of just standing for this criminal brutality the crowd used their numerical superiority to push the Face-Nappies out of the

park. Eventually the Nappies turned and ran. Unfortunately two or three idiots in the crowd threw drink cans striking two officers which gave the media and the government the image they wanted to discredit the 99.9999 percent who were peaceful. The idiots walked straight into the trap and we must always be aware of potential agent provocateurs used by the authorities to discredit their targets.

This response from the crowd – the can people apart – must be a turning point when the public no longer stand by while the innocent are arrested and brutally attacked by the Face-Nappies. That doesn't mean to be violent, that's the last thing we need. We'll leave the violence to the Face-Nappies and government. But it does mean that when the Face-Nappies use violence against peaceful people the numerical superiority is employed to stop them and make citizen's arrests or Common Law arrests for a breach of the peace. The time for being passive in the face of fascism is over.

We are the many, they are the few, and we need to make that count before there is no freedom left and our children and grandchildren face an ongoing fascist nightmare.

COME ON PEOPLE – IT'S TIME.

One final thought …

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

I'll protect you from the hooded claw
Keep the vampires from your door
When the chips are down I'll be around
With my undying, death-defying
Love for you

Envy will hurt itself
Let yourself be beautiful
Sparkling love, flowers
And pearls and pretty girls
Love is like an energy
Rushin' rushin' inside of me

This time we go sublime
Lovers entwine, divine, divine,
Love is danger, love is pleasure
Love is pure – the only treasure

I'm so in love with you
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
The power of love
A force from above
A sky-scraping dove

Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

Frankie Goes To Hollywood

APPENDIX

Cowan-Kaufman-Morell Statement on Virus Isolation (SOVI)

Isolation: The action of isolating; the fact or condition of being isolated or standing alone; separation from other things or persons; solitariness
Oxford English Dictionary

The controversy over whether the SARS-CoV-2 virus has ever been isolated or purified continues. However, using the above definition, common sense, the laws of logic and the dictates of science, any unbiased person must come to the conclusion that the SARS-CoV-2 virus has never been isolated or purified. As a result, no confirmation of the virus' existence can be found. The logical, common sense, and scientific consequences of this fact are:

- the structure and composition of something not shown to exist can't be known, including the presence, structure, and function of any hypothetical spike or other proteins;
- the genetic sequence of something that has never been found can't be known;
- "variants" of something that hasn't been shown to exist can't be known;
- it's impossible to demonstrate that SARS-CoV-2 causes a disease called Covid-19.

In as concise terms as possible, here's the proper way to isolate, characterize and demonstrate a new virus. First, one takes samples (blood, sputum, secretions) from many people (e.g. 500) with symptoms which are unique and specific enough to characterize an illness. Without mixing these samples with ANY tissue or products that also contain genetic material, the virologist macerates, filters and ultracentrifuges i.e. *purifies* the specimen. This common virology technique, done for decades to isolate bacteriophages[1] and so-called giant viruses in every virology lab, then allows the virologist to demonstrate with electron microscopy thousands of identically sized and shaped particles. These particles are the isolated and purified virus.

These identical particles are then checked for uniformity by physical and/or microscopic techniques. Once the purity is determined, the particles may be further characterized. This would include examining the structure, morphology, and chemical composition of the particles. Next, their genetic makeup is characterized by extracting the genetic material directly from the purified particles and using genetic-sequencing techniques, such as Sanger sequencing, that have also been around for decades. Then one does an analysis to confirm that these uniform particles are exogenous (outside) in origin as a virus is conceptualized to be, and not the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.[2] (As of May 2020, we know that virologists have no way to determine whether the particles they're seeing are viruses or just normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.)[3]

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1 Isolation, characterization and analysis of bacteriophages from the haloalkaline lake Elmenteita, KenyaJuliah Khayeli Akhwale et al, PLOS One, Published: April 25, 2019. https://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0215734 – accessed 2/15/21

2 "Extracellular Vesicles Derived From Apoptotic Cells: An Essential Link Between Death and Regeneration," Maojiao Li1 et al, Frontiers in Cell and Developmental Biology, 2020 October 2. https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fcell.2020.573511/full – accessed 2/15/21

3 "The Role of Extraellular Vesicles as Allies of HIV, HCV and SARS Viruses," Flavia Giannessi, et al, Viruses, 2020 May

If we have come this far then we have fully isolated, characterized, and genetically sequenced an exogenous virus particle. However, we still have to show it is causally related to a disease. This is carried out by exposing a group of healthy subjects (animals are usually used) to this isolated, purified virus in the manner in which the disease is thought to be transmitted. If the animals get sick with the same disease, as confirmed by clinical and autopsy findings, one has now shown that the virus actually causes a disease. This demonstrates infectivity and transmission of an infectious agent.

None of these steps has even been attempted with the SARS-CoV-2 virus, nor have all these steps been successfully performed for any so-called pathogenic virus. Our research indicates that a single study showing these steps does not exist in the medical literature.

Instead, since 1954, virologists have taken unpurified samples from a relatively few people, often less than ten, with a similar disease. They then minimally process this sample and inoculate this unpurified sample onto tissue culture containing usually four to six other types of material – all of which contain identical genetic material as to what is called a "virus." The tissue culture is starved and poisoned and naturally disintegrates into many types of particles, some of which contain genetic material. Against all common sense, logic, use of the English language and scientific integrity, this process is called "virus isolation." This brew containing fragments of genetic material from many sources is then subjected to genetic analysis, which then creates in a computer-simulation process the alleged sequence of the alleged virus, a so called in silico genome. At no time is an actual virus confirmed by electron microscopy. At no time is a genome extracted and sequenced from an actual virus. This is scientific fraud.

The observation that the unpurified specimen — inoculated onto tissue culture along with toxic antibiotics, bovine fetal tissue, amniotic fluid and other tissues — destroys the kidney tissue onto which it is inoculated is given as evidence of the virus' existence and pathogenicity. This is scientific fraud.

From now on, when anyone gives you a paper that suggests the SARS-CoV-2 virus has been isolated, please check the methods sections. If the researchers used Vero cells or any other culture method, you know that their process was not isolation. You will hear the following excuses for why actual isolation isn't done:

1. There were not enough virus particles found in samples from patients to analyze.

2. Viruses are intracellular parasites; they can't be found outside the cell in this manner.

If No. 1 is correct, and we can't find the virus in the sputum of sick people, then on what evidence do we think the virus is dangerous or even lethal? If No. 2 is correct, then how is the virus spread from person to person? We are told it emerges from the cell to infect others. Then why isn't it possible to find it?

Finally, questioning these virology techniques and conclusions is not some distraction or divisive issue. Shining the light on this truth is essential to stop this terrible fraud that humanity is confronting. For, as we now know, if the virus has never been isolated, sequenced or shown to cause illness, if the virus is imaginary, then why are we wearing masks, social distancing and putting the whole world into prison?

Finally, if pathogenic viruses don't exist, then what is going into those injectable devices erroneously called "vaccines," and what is their purpose? This scientific question is the most urgent and relevant one of our time.

We are correct. The SARS-CoV2 virus does not exist.

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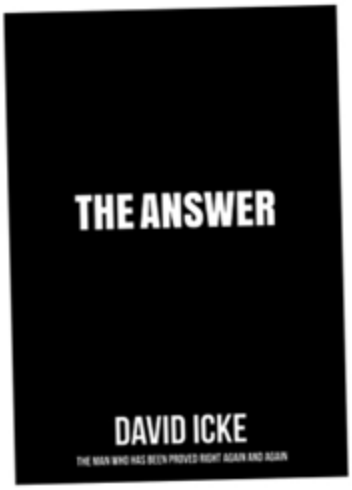

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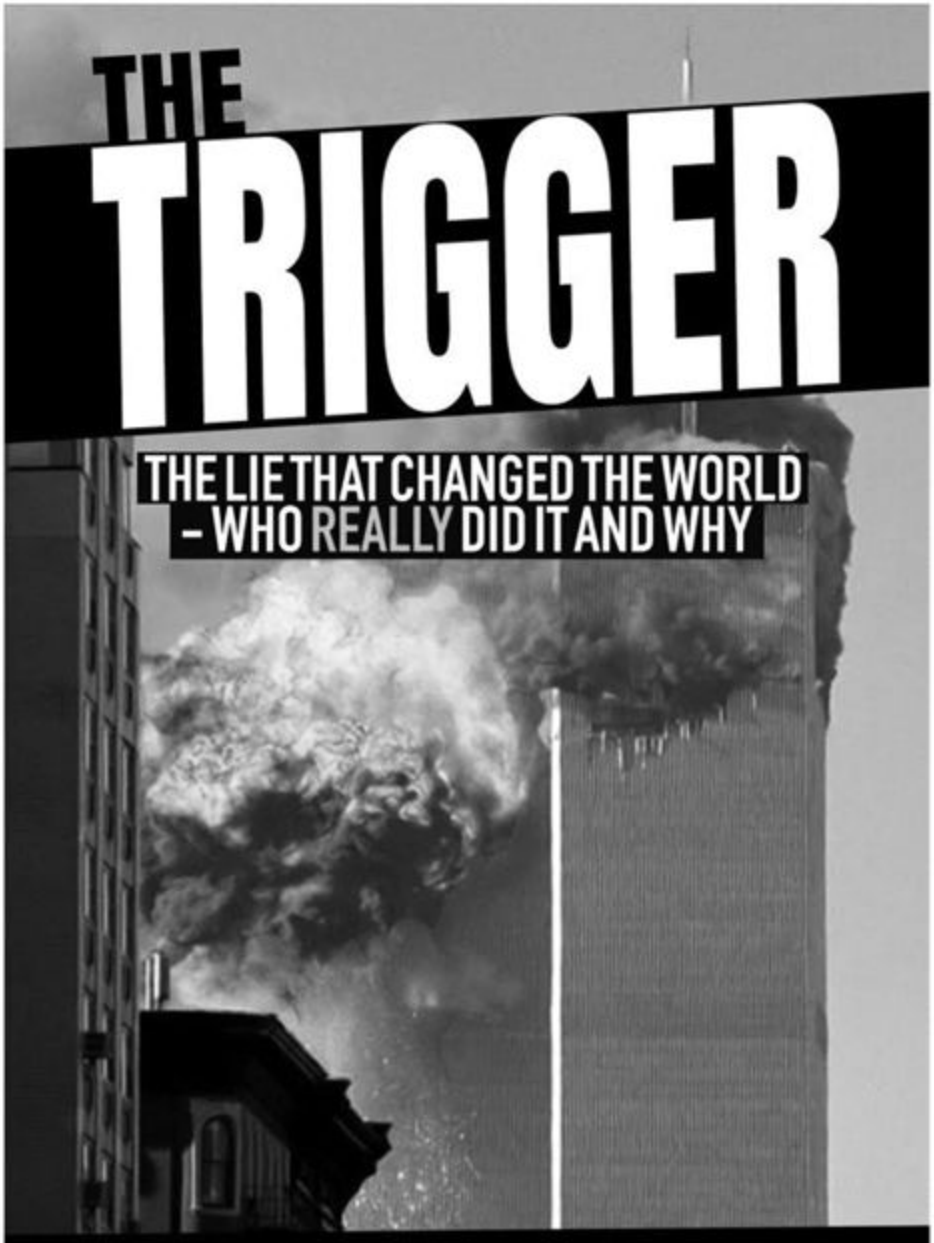

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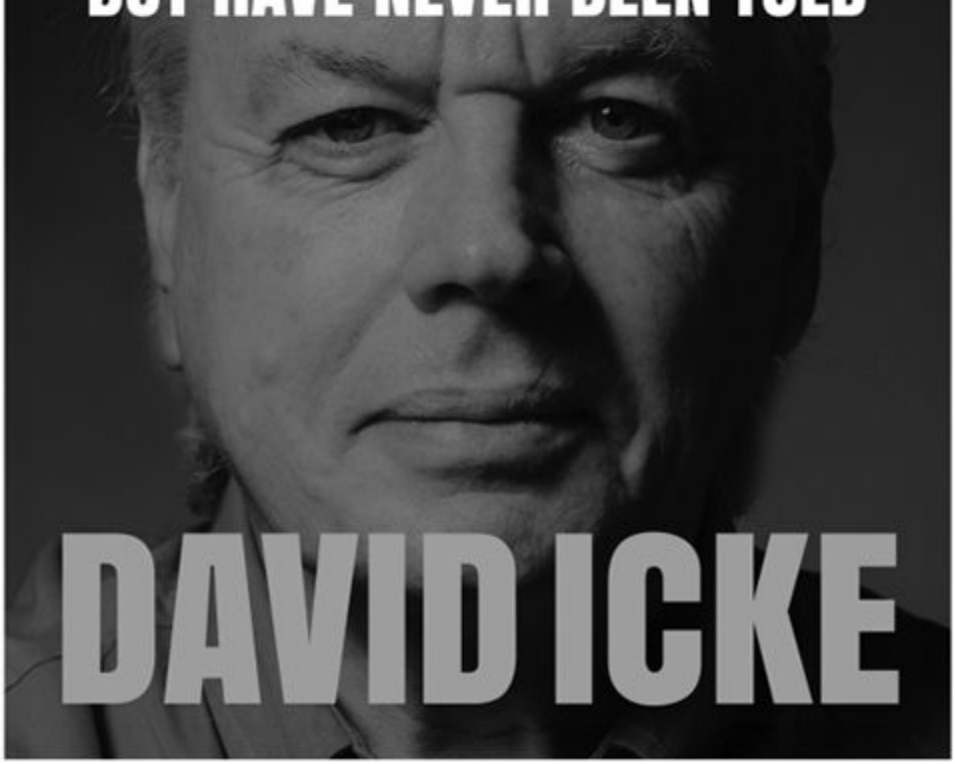

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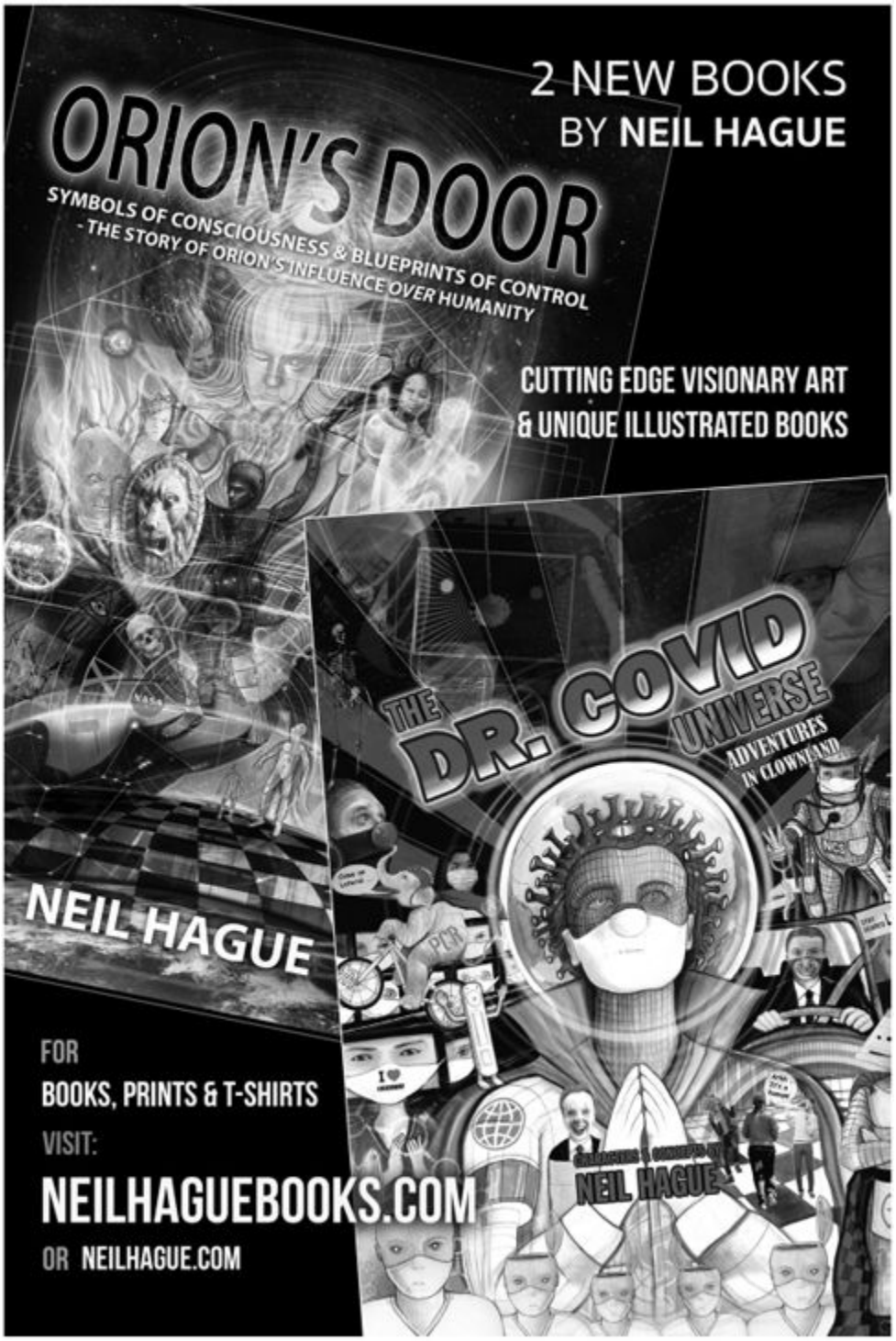
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BLOODFEUD OF ALTHEUS

THE CRETAN CHRONICLES: 1

John Butterfield, David Honigmann and Philip Parker

Illustrated by Dan Woods

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First published 1985

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Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading

Typeset in Linotron Palatino
by Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd,
Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk

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BACKGROUND AND RULES

'Theseus is dead,' replied Hermes. 'His body lies yet at the heart of the labyrinth of Minos. The spirits of your ancestors cry out from the halls of Hades, lusting for retribution. Aegeus, your noble father, mourns the loss of his strong-armed son. His spirit, fired with soul-searing anger, urges him on to revenge, but his feeble frame cannot undertake the task. It is you, amicable Altheus, who must journey far across the wine-dark sea, and destroy the scourge that threatens the city of your birth.' So it was that Hermes spoke, and in a wisp of smoke he vanished before you.

In this book you are Altheus, a Greek hero with an awesome mission to accomplish, striving against wild beasts and men, and seeking to win the favour of the gods in your quest. The journey will be difficult, but it is you who will determine your destiny. The book is laid out in paragraph format; at the end of each paragraph you will be given directions, which will determine the number of the paragraph to which you next turn. The paragraphs are set out in numerical order; you should not read a paragraph until you are sent to it from the one you have just read, or you will spoil the continuity and enjoyability of the adventure. If there is no destination given for you at the end of a paragraph, you are dead. In this case, you may start again at paragraph 1 with a new Altheus, all values at their initial value, all weapons and equipment as at the start, and all the gods' attitudes at Neutral.

You will need pencil, paper and dice to appreciate the travels of Altheus – your travels!

Might, Protection, Honour and Shame

Before you set out, there are a number of things it is necessary for you to know. Your mental state, your fighting skills and your relations with the supernatural and society are described in terms of four characteristics. These are Might, Protection, Honour, and Shame. Their values will change during the course of the game, so they must be recorded. For this purpose a blank Chronicle Sheet is provided (pp. 16–17), which may be photocopied. Also marked on the Chronicle Sheet is a Wound Record track. This begins at Healthy, and as Altheus suffers injury it moves through Wounded and Seriously Wounded to Dead. Whenever Altheus or an opponent is hit, the Wound Record of that person is moved on one level from its previous value (Healthy/Unwounded to Wounded; Wounded to Seriously Wounded; Seriously Wounded to Dead). Death will in most cases be fatal, so take care! The Chronicle Sheet can also be used to record equipment carried, artefacts acquired on the journey, and whether Altheus is in favour or disfavour with the gods. In short, it details everything important about Altheus' condition and his relations with the outside world.

Altheus' Might value at a given time will nearly always be made up of a combination of his natural ability and the value of the strongest weapon he is carrying. This characteristic is used to determine how likely Altheus is to hit an opponent, should he find himself in combat. Altheus' natural Might is 4, but this will be supplemented whenever he is carrying a weapon.

Protection is made up of a combination of Altheus' inborn skill at dodging and the sum total of the armour he happens to be wearing. Altheus has inborn Protection of 10. Now suppose that he has greaves and a helmet. The greaves give 1 point of Protection, and the helmet 2. His total Protection value in this case is 13 (10+2+1). Protection is used mainly in combat, to determine how difficult an opponent will find it to strike at Altheus successfully.

Honour is all-important for Altheus. It determines his relations both with his fellow men and with his patron god or goddess. Without honour he will find himself an outcast. His patron deity will refuse to aid him when called on (not that this aid is in any case automatic); men will despise him and seek to do him ill. Altheus starts with an Honour value of 7. This may increase or decrease without restriction, but it may never decrease below 0. If it ever reaches 0, it may not increase again except through appeals to Zeus (see below) or by means of a special item described in the text. Honour is gained by victory in combat; it may be used up in appeals to the gods. Honour may also be used to gain a temporary increase in Might or Protection in combat.

Shame is another crucial concept in Bronze-Age Greece, the setting of this adventure. Shame, which initially has a value of 0, cannot be eradicated once acquired, except under exceptional circumstances (which will be detailed in the text). It is accumulated by such cultural *faux pas* as slaying one's opponent after he has surrendered, retreating ignominiously from a fair fight, or failing to perform heroic deeds. Such gross crimes as patricide, marrying one's own mother or failure satisfactorily to maintain one's armour will be penalized by a greater increase in Shame points. If Altheus' Shame ever rises above his Honour, he will be overwhelmed by the burden of his heroic conscience and he will either disembowel himself with a shortsword, if one is available, or be struck down by a thunderbolt from Olympian Zeus, father of the gods, and his spirit will go whining through the dark halls of Hades the life-destroyer. Resurrection is, in this case, specifically forbidden. If Shame exceeds Honour in the middle of a combat, no action is taken until the battle is completed. Thus the Honour he gains from victory may save him from this horrible fate.

Combat

Combat may occur in any encounter with a person or animal who is given combat abilities. You should always note these down on a piece of paper, not only for convenience, but also because you may well be sent to another paragraph. You should also keep a track of the Wound Record of an opponent. Combat is fought in a series of rounds called thrusts and counter-thrusts. Unless otherwise specified, Altheus will have the option of the first strike. If he performs some other action, such as appealing to the gods or using a magical item, his opponent will gain this initiative.

Altheus rolls two dice, and adds his natural Might and the value of his chosen weapon (note that if a weapon is given no Protection value or a piece of armour no Might value, this is because the relevant attribute is 0). If this total equals or exceeds the total Protection (natural ability + armour) of the opponent, Altheus has scored a hit. The Wound Record of the opponent is moved forward one stage. If Healthy, the opponent becomes Wounded; if Wounded, Seriously Wounded, and if Seriously Wounded, Dead, at which point the combat is over. On a dice roll of 11 or 12, Altheus will automatically hit his opponent, regardless of his Might or his opponent's Protection. Altheus may 'get lucky', even against the most formidable adversary. Conversely, on 2 or 3 he will automatically miss. His opponents fight in exactly the same manner, except that non-human opponents have no separate weapons or armour to be taken into consideration. If Altheus is fighting more than one opponent, the procedure is very slightly different. Altheus will fight them one by one, but each one's Might is increased by 1 for each surviving companion. For example, if Altheus fights three wolves (Might 2, Protection 12), the first wolf has effective Might 4, the second Might 3, and the last its own 2. In such multiple combats an opponent drops out when Seriously Wounded, and leaves the fight to his unwounded companions, if any; if all are Seriously Wounded, the text will give instructions as to what to do.

The fight continues until one side is dead or has surrendered. Once either Altheus or his opponent is Seriously Wounded, however, the injury will hamper fighting ability. Anyone suffering from such a wound will roll one die instead of two during combat. In this situation, a roll of 1 is an automatic miss, but a roll of 6 is not an automatic hit. If all participants in a combat are Seriously Wounded, then, in this case only, they are allowed to roll two dice, instead of one, until the end of the combat. Once a protagonist is Seriously Wounded, therefore, his chances of survival are very much less. Against a human opponent, in this situation, Altheus has the option of surrendering. The opponent will almost always accept this (the text will tell you whether or not he does), strip him of his strongest piece of armour and his strongest weapon (calculated according to their Might or Protection – the best has the highest value), and then let him go. Altheus must, however take 1 Shame point for such an action. If an opponent surrenders, Altheus must accept, or take 2 Shame points. He may then strip the opponent of any armour or weapon he wishes, bearing in mind that he may not wear more than one of any type of armour (a helmet, for example) although he may carry a spare. Again, the text will tell you whether or not a given opponent will surrender.

If Altheus is Healthy or Wounded (but not seriously), he may attempt to retreat. Any attempt will cost 1 Honour point, regardless of its outcome. A retreat is successful on a roll of 1 to 4, and fails on 5 or 6, unless specified in the text. A successful attempt will impose 1 point of Shame, and send you to the paragraph specified. Unsuccessful attempts rule out retreat for the remainder of the combat: the fight must continue until death or surrender.

Honour, as already mentioned, plays an important part in combat. Altheus may, if it is his strike, use Honour points temporarily to increase his Might. For example, if his Honour is 11, and his Might 9 (natural ability + axe), he may increase his Might to 11, for one roll only, by decreasing his Honour to 9. After the roll, the Might reverts to its former value, and the Honour points are lost for ever. Similarly, when it is his opponent's strike, Altheus may increase his Protection, for

one roll only, by a corresponding reduction in Honour. He may do this as often as he likes, as long as he does not run out of Honour.

If Altheus is victorious in combat, he will receive Honour points. The text will specify how many points Altheus should receive as a result of a given combat. In addition, his Wound Record should be set back to Healthy at the end of any combat he survives.

Examples of Combat

Altheus, with a spear (Might 3, Protection 1) and a helmet (Protection 4), his Honour at 10 and Shame at 0, meets a lion (Might 5, Protection 15). Altheus' combat values are Might 7 (4 + 3) and Protection 15 (10 + 4 + 1).

Altheus decides to take no non-combat action, such as praying to the gods, and so strikes first. He needs an 8 to hit, because his Might of 7, plus a die roll of 8, is equal to the lion's Protection of 15. He rolls 6 and misses.

The lion needs 10 to hit. He rolls 11, so Altheus is Wounded. Altheus attacks again. This time he rolls 9, which hits. The lion is Wounded.

The lion again needs 10 to hit. He rolls 10, so Altheus is now Seriously Wounded, and only rolls one die in combat.

Altheus now needs 8 to hit, but this is impossible on one die. He therefore decides to use some Honour points. He transfers 3 points to his Might, which is now at a temporary level of 10. He now needs 5 to hit. He rolls 6: the lion is now Seriously Wounded. It has no Honour, and so cannot hit Altheus any longer. Altheus kills it in the next round, by using some more Honour, and he receives 6 points of Honour for slaying the lion. His Wound Record is returned to Healthy.

Later in this adventure, Altheus meets two Cretans, both Might 7, Protection 14. They carry clubs and shields. Altheus' values are as before: Might 7, Protection 15. He has acquired 1 Shame Point, but his Honour is now 12. The effective Might of the first Cretan is 8, because of his companion. Altheus,

deciding the odds against him are too great, tries to retreat. He rolls 5 and fails, but still loses 1 point of Honour. The first Cretan now strikes, as Altheus has lost the initiative by attempting to retreat. He needs 7 to hit, but rolls 3, which is in any case an automatic miss.

Altheus rolls 9, which hits, as 9 plus his Might of 7 is greater than 14, the Cretan's Protection. The Cretan is Wounded.

The Cretan rolls 5, and misses.

Altheus rolls, and hits again. The Cretan is now Seriously Wounded, and drops out, leaving his companion to fight on. As he has no support, he fights at Might 7, Protection 14. He attacks Altheus, needing a roll of 8 or more to hit. He rolls 11, wounding Altheus.

Altheus rolls 5, missing the Cretan. He needs 7 to hit.

The Cretan rolls 3 and automatically misses.

Altheus would like to retreat now, but cannot, as he failed earlier on. Instead, he uses 5 points of Honour, to bring his Might up to 12. He needs 2 or more to hit. He rolls 2, but this is an automatic miss. Two of his Honour Points were wasted, as a roll of 2 or 3 misses, no matter what. His Honour is now at 6, and his Might back to 7.

The Cretan rolls 4, and again misses.

Altheus rolls 12, an automatic hit. The Cretan is now Wounded. The Cretan rolls 10. Added to his Might of 7, this makes 17, greater than Altheus' Protection, so he hits Altheus, who is now Seriously Wounded.

In desperation, Altheus uses 5 points of Honour to increase his Might to 12, so that he needs a roll of 2 on one die (only one, as he is Seriously Wounded) to hit. He rolls 4, and hits. Both Cretans are now Seriously Wounded.

At this point, Altheus rejoices, thinking that both Cretans will surrender. By turning to the appropriate paragraph, however, he finds that they are fanatical defenders of the labyrinth of Minos, and will never surrender. As neither side can score a hit – the Cretans are only using one die, and Altheus feels he cannot use any Honour as it would fall below his Shame, and if he failed to hit he would die – both sides are permitted to roll two dice instead of one. Even if Altheus wins

this combat his low Honour will cause problems; perhaps he will pray to Zeus . . .

Gods

The gods are a crucial part of Altheus' life. At the start of the adventure he must dedicate himself to one of Ares, Athena, Poseidon, Apollo, Aphrodite or Hera, and he must try to avoid angering any of the others. Presiding, enigmatic, over them all is Zeus, father of the gods, who will aid Altheus once in the adventure. Beneath this pantheon are many lesser gods, goddesses and spirits, whose anger is still to be avoided. In the case of a patron deity (who will be chosen later, in the course of the adventure), Altheus' standing is determined by his Honour. At certain points in the text, Altheus will be offered help by a deity; if it is his patron, he may expend the requisite amount of Honour (sometimes a random number) and accept the favour. If Altheus does not have enough Honour he will be referred back to the paragraph where the choice was offered, but will none the less lose 1 point of Honour. Once at 0, Honour cannot be regained, except by praying to Zeus, or by use of certain artefacts.

In the case of deities who are not his patron, Altheus is either in Favour (F), at Neutral (N), or in Disfavour (D). Initially, he will be at Neutral with all of the gods, except his patron, but this may change in the course of the adventure, as he performs actions which appease or anger the gods.

Altheus may pray to Zeus once during each adventure. This will have one of a number of effects, at Altheus' choice:

1. If he has been killed by any other means than Shame overtaking Honour, he may be resurrected, with all equipment, Shame of 0 and Honour of 1, at the paragraph indicated in the text. When Zeus saves you in this manner, do not be surprised if you find yourself moved to a nearby point in the same town or vicinity; this is simply divine Zeus' way of ensuring your safety.
2. He may simply gain 1 to 6 Honour points (roll one die).
3. If his Honour is at 0, he may have it set back to 1, and regain the ability to acquire Honour.

4. He may have the attitude of all the gods set back to Neutral, regardless of what they were.

Remember that the intervention of Olympian Zeus is very rare indeed, and may never be used more than once in an adventure, unless it is specifically offered in the text.

Equipment

Although you are a hero, you will start off lightly equipped, with only a club (Might 1, Protection 0) and no armour. During the course of the adventure you will acquire other pieces of equipment and should note these on the Chronicle Sheet. You may only carry one spare set of armour (in addition to any you may be wearing), and this will give you no extra Protection, but there is no limit to the amount of small items you may carry. This rule does not forbid the wearing of a breastplate and greaves and a helmet, etc., merely the wearing of two of any particular type of armour.

Taking a Hint

At times during the adventure, you may wish to perform non-standard actions. These will not be offered in the text, as this would give you a degree of foreknowledge granted only to the prescient. Instead, if you are at a paragraph with a number in italic type (i.e. ***476*** rather than **476**), you may run the risk of adding 20 to the paragraph number and turning to that number; this process is known for convenience as 'taking a hint'. If there is no non-standard action at that point which a Bronze-Age hero would have thought of, you will pay a penalty in either Honour or Shame, or both, for trying to be ahead of your time.

Note that this option will never be explicitly offered in the text; you must remember it and use it when you see fit.

You are about to set off. If you have not already done so, record your initial values (Might 4, Protection 10, Honour 7, Shame 0) and your equipment (a club with Might 1, Protection 0) on the Chronicle Sheet.

Then turn to paragraph **1**, and good luck!

ALTHEUS CHRONICLE SHEET

	Natural		Best Weapon		
MIGHT	4	+		=	
	Natural		**Armour**		
PROTECTION	10	+ + + +		=	
HONOUR	7				
SHAME	0				

The Gods

PATRON:

Favour | *Disfavour*

Weapons & Armour

	M	P
CLUB	1	0

Notes

POSSESSIONS: Mother's Gem

Wound Record Track

HEALTHY						
WOUNDED						
SERIOUSLY WOUNDED						
DEAD						

ALTHEUS CHRONICLE SHEET

	Natural		Best Weapon		
MIGHT	4	+	3	=	7
	Natural		**Armour**		
PROTECTION	10	+ 2 + 2 +		=	14
HONOUR	7				
SHAME	0				

The Gods

PATRON: Apollo

Favour | *Disfavour*

Dionysus | **Hera**

Aphrodite

Weapons & Armour

	M	P
CLUB	1	0
SHIELD	0	2
BREASTPLATE	0	2
SWORD	3	0

Notes

POSSESSIONS: Mother's Gem

NO HINT PENALTIES

Wound Record Track

HEALTHY						
WOUNDED						
SERIOUSLY WOUNDED						
DEAD						

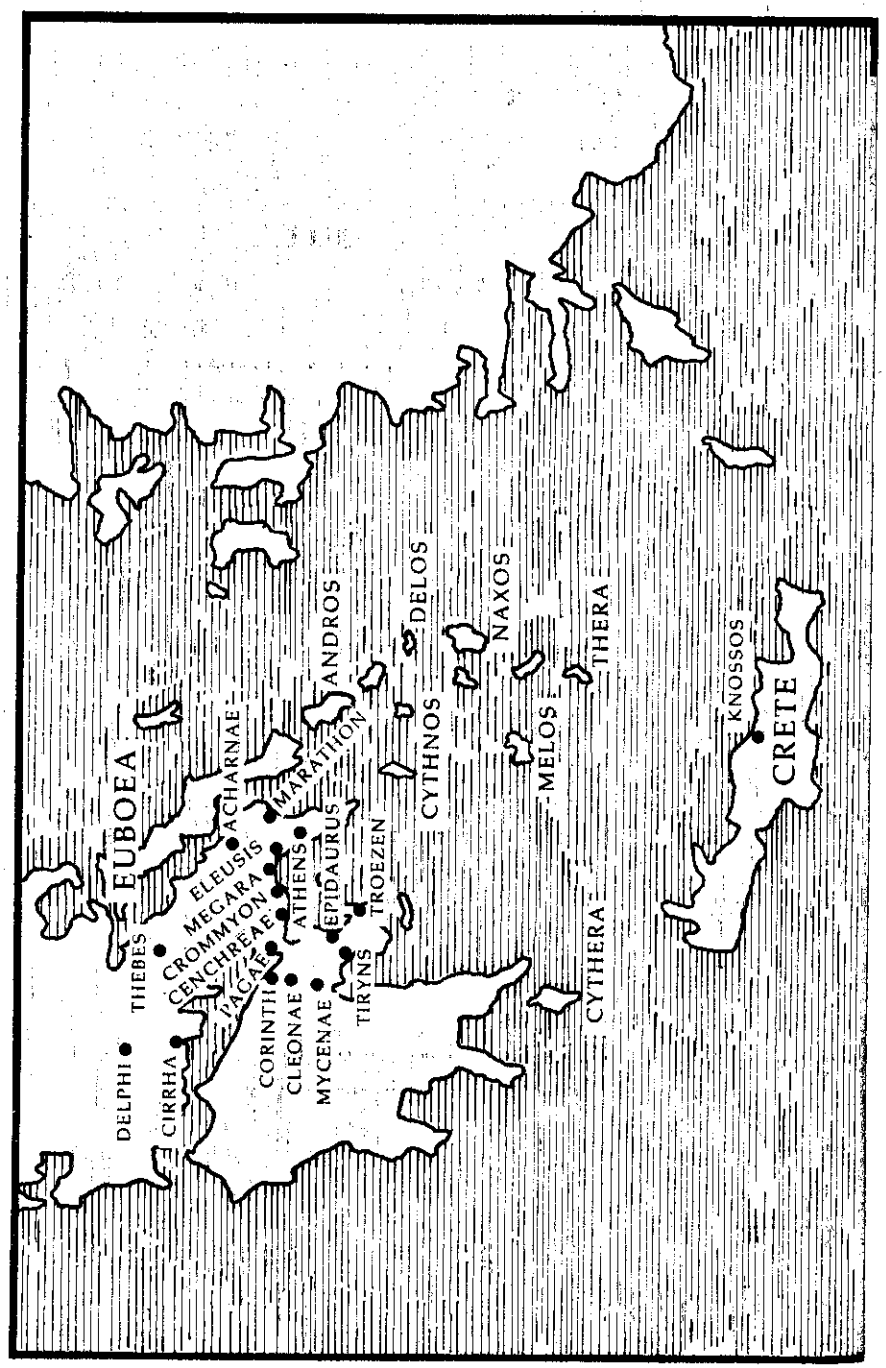

BLOODFEUD OF ALTHEUS

1

Trembling with terror at the tale of Hermes, you rush out of your cottage and into the fields. You search for your mother, Aethra, and find her huddled under a spruce tree tending the goats. In haste you blurt the words of the god.

'My son,' replies your mother, 'the words of the god fill me with sorrow, but they are true, for the gods never lie. You must follow the orders of the winged messenger. Travel to violet-crowned Athens and seek for your father Aegeus. Take with you my jewel, for it was once your father's, and he will surely recognize it. But first visit Passes, High Priest of Troezen, and take what advice he can give you. Good luck, my son: prove worthy of your noble father and your dead brother.'

Having spoken, she turns away lest you catch sight of her tears. You linger a moment, then, with the jewel clasped firmly in your hand, you rush away down the hillside into the town. It is dawn, and rosy-fingered Eos has only just tinged the horizon with red. The streets of Troezen are empty, save for a handful of scurrying slaves already about their masters' business, and you come quickly to the temple. The High Priest greets you; he already knows of your errand.

'Altheus, before you lies a great journey to lands of which you have never even dreamt. Many dangers await you; without the aid of a god you cannot prevail. Choose now a patron god or goddess to guide and help you.

'Grey-eyed Athena offers you the gift of wisdom; Ares, god of war, offers strength. If beauty tempts you, think of Aphrodite. Apollo, the archer god, controls the gift of prophecy, while Hera, queen of the gods, has influence over Zeus. Your travels are sure to take you across seas and oceans, and these are Poseidon's province. Choose now one of these six to aid you, and pay them homage. Good luck, Altheus son of Aegeus.'

For Aphrodite, turn to **42**.
For Ares, turn to **71**.
For Poseidon, turn to **117**.
For Athena, turn to **168**.
For Hera, turn to **203**.
For Apollo, turn to **352**.

2

The road is hard and you are soon tired. As you struggle up a rocky mountain path, a man and a woman ride past on a horse, deep in conversation. As they gallop on, the dust makes you splutter, but they are out of sight before you can react. Eventually you reach the top of the hill, and, for the first time in your life, can look down into the valley beyond. It is fertile and inviting. You can see high-walled Tiryns in the distance and, a little nearer and to the east, Epidaurus sacred to Asclepius the healer. You drink deeply from the wineskin and press on down the hillside.

The path forks: will you go left (turn to **309**) or right (turn to **410**)?

3

The sun, now well above your home far off in Troezen, throws gentle light down on the earth below. Its warming rays play on the leaf-filled trees. The way out of Cleonae climbs gently to the crest of the foothills. Your legs, now fresh and eager for the journey, make light work of the ascent. As you reach the top, you gasp at the panorama below. To your left the Gulf of Corinth opens out in a vast expanse of wine-dark water. At its head lies the city of Corinth, standing like a watchtower, vigilant over the sea, in case the pirates come to carry off the crops and lay waste the well-stocked villages. At the foot of the hills to the right is little Cenchraea, sister of Corinth, as the moon is of the sun. Beyond the harbour the Saronic Gulf reaches out almost to Athens, city of the owl-eyed goddess. Between the waters the Isthmus links the Isle of Pelops with the wilder lands beyond. You ponder your choice between bustling Corinth (go to **152**), and quiet seafaring Cenchraea (go to **589**).

4

You take the bowl, and tip its contents into the water. It forms a soggy mass and causes the water to overflow on to the table. The crowd recoils in horror at your action. Go to **120**.

5

Your heroic stature reduced to a mere cipher, the gods do not even bother to strike you down, but let you eke out your miserable existence in a life of petty crime, from which you are unable to escape.

6

Take 1 Shame point for your cowardice. If your patron is Ares turn to **157**. If not, turn to **228**.

7

You knock once on the pine door, but nobody replies. You knock again, harder, and this time a serving-maid opens the door. She looks surprised to see you, and calls out to a massively built woman, who wears a woollen apron. She is clearly in charge of the kitchen, and when she catches sight of you, she demands to know who you are. Do you reply 'Altheus' (**280**), or 'Pyraphas' (**604**)?

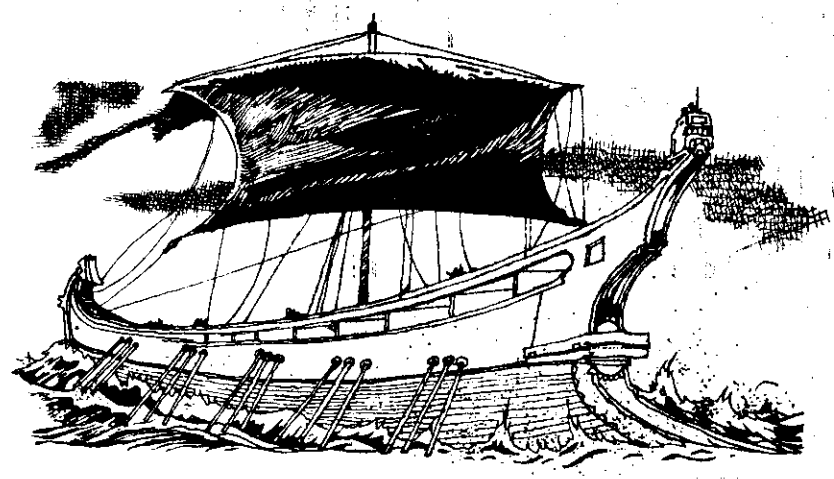

8

The queen of the Amazons sits cross-legged on the dusty floor, her leopardskin fastened at the shoulder with a golden brooch.

'Here,' you say, 'is what you seek. Go now from the Athenian shores and while all-seeing Zeus scans the earth with immortal eye, let not your great-oared ships make landing on our beaches.'

Antiope accepts the object from your hands, cradles it in her arms for a moment, and then directs her gaze at you. 'Let the Athenians also beware; for if they come again to the Amazonian shores we will be prepared, and the young men of Attica will perish on a foreign shore, as a flower shrivels up in the burning heat of the summer, and the garden is bare. Yet in return for your heroic generosity I will aid you a little. I know you travel to Crete. There seek out an Amazon named Lembra, and say you are Antiope's friend.'

With this she unpins the brooch from her shoulder, and hands it to you, so Lembra can recognize you. You do not stay, but go quickly back to Aegeus to tell him that there is peace between the two nations. Have 5 Honour points for preventing the war. Go to 25.

9

After a short time the next race begins, and it is obvious that the red team is doing spectacularly poorly, as a boy racing against his elders finds himself outmatched. The blue team laps the red driver, but the latter in his inexperience swerves the wrong way, and ends the race for both of them. Soon the yellow chariot has a commanding lead, and the race comes to an anticlimactic conclusion.

You go to bed, tired of the Acharnian chariot races. Next morning you wake, and set out refreshed for Athens (474).

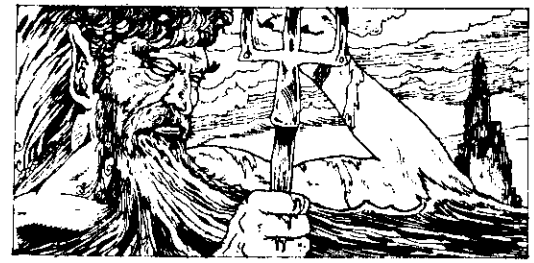

10

'Stranger,' booms one of the satyrs, as you step forward, 'come, join our revels.' A goblet is thrust into one of your hands as the music starts afresh. A nymph slips her hand into yours, and the dancing begins afresh. The hot blood pounds in your veins, and as the hours pass you drink deeply of the vine's fruit, and forget yourself in the blissful oblivion of Dionysus. Go to 232.

11

The god fills the bull with a divine frenzy, and it sets upon the men. Suddenly afraid at the charging of the beast, they drop their javelins and rush back to Cirrha and beyond, as the farmer who has trodden upon a snake unawares recoils and is afraid, runs away, and leaves his plough untended, and his corn for the black crows to pick at. You may pick up one of the javelins for yourself. It is normally Might 1, Protection 0, but you may, as your first action in a combat, throw it, and then engage in normal combat, still having the first strike, if you want it. So long as you defeat your opponent, you retrieve the javelin. You carry on into Cirrha. Go to 92.

12

You are still thirsty, but think to yourself how sensible it was not to have drunk from the waters of Mycenae, filled as they are with dust from the now crumbling walls, and the waste of the city. You stroll through the back alleys, taking advantage of the welcome shade offered by the close-built streets. Go to 73.

13

You walk on down the road for many hours. Ahead, in the centre of the plain, a town stands whitely, baking in the morning sun. Above, an eagle circles and swoops. Then it rises into the air again, a small mouse clasped in its talons. Soon, you reach the town, and discover that you were correct. The place is Thebes.

Quickly, you enter the gates of the city. Even as you do so, you wish you were elsewhere. The very ground is sticky, and the smell of unwashed, unwanted beggars assails your nostrils. A small boy runs up and tries to take your boots. He is soon joined by many others of his ilk. Wrinkling your features in unashamed disgust, you press on through the grimy, unlovely alleys. Your belly pleads for food, but your head urges you to quit this foul place. If you eat, go to 238; if you try to leave the town hungry, go to 134.

14

When you turn the final corner, the roar of the crowd blocks off everything else, just as wives and children hail the conquering warriors back from the wars. You rein your chariot to a halt, and leap lightly out. Already the townsfolk have surged forward, and now raise you shoulder-high. On your head is placed the victor's laurel wreath. You may have 5 Honour points for your victory. You wander around the town, feted by Acharnians, and show great *laevendia*.

Eventually you return to your inn, where you slump insensate into sleep. Soon the innkeeper brings you your breakfast, and then you are on your way to Athens (474).

15

The dog growls menacingly as you pass by. Just when you think you are safely away, it rushes out, and the chain snaps as it lunges towards you. It sinks its savage teeth deep into your ankle. You kick it, and manage to drive it off. It goes whimpering back to its master's house. Go to **440**.

16

As you approach the spot you find that you were mistaken. There is no place to spend the night. Suddenly two men emerge from the shadows and bar the way in front of you. You are about to spring to the attack, when you feel a sharp blow at the back of the neck. You slump unconscious to the ground, and when you awake you find that your money-bag and your weapons have been stolen. The armour you were wearing (if any) has not gone, although attempts have been made to loosen it. You feel in your tunic and find with a sigh of relief that the money and possessions stored there have not been taken. Lose 1 Honour point for being mugged. Go to **331**.

17

The storeroom is cold and dank. In the corners you can hear the chittering of rats as they gnaw away at the grain supply of Thebes. Soon you fall unconscious, asleep. Your sleep is troubled, and you awaken frequently, sweating and breathless, like a runner who has just finished last in a race, for whom there is no victor's wreath.

At dawn the door is opened, and you are pulled out from the heap of grain where you rested. The king has been wounded by an assassin, but will not die, so you are free to go.

Tired and terrified, you go quickly to the palace gates and collect your weapons, afraid lest the king die, when you would surely be executed. Go to **134**.

18

No one else takes any notice, and the man stumbles away from the curtain. At length the Pythia ceases her ecstatic wailing, and the priest returns.

'Altheus,' he says, 'the clear-sighted god has spoken thus:

"If peace it is you seek, drink the queen's health.
If not then strife will be your only wealth."'

You say farewell. Wondering at the words of the god, and having first retrieved your weapons, you set off down to Thebes. Go to **191**.

19

You take some of the seed from the bowl and scatter it on the crowd. It blows in the wind, and the people shout out, eager to catch even a grain. Seeing that you have chosen rightly, you continue until the bowl is half empty. Go to **212**.

20

Without warning, two black-cloaked brigands leap out of the bushes, and before you have a chance to react, one of them has stabbed you in the thigh. You are Wounded. Go to **462**.

21

Procrustes, now Seriously Wounded, goes berserk rather than surrender. He only rolls one die, and abandons his axe, but his combat values change to Might 12, Protection 5. If you kill him, go to **315**; if you die, but Zeus saves you, go to **263**.

22

No Greek hero should feel fear so soon after leaving the halls of his ancestors. Take 1 point of Shame and go back to **2**.

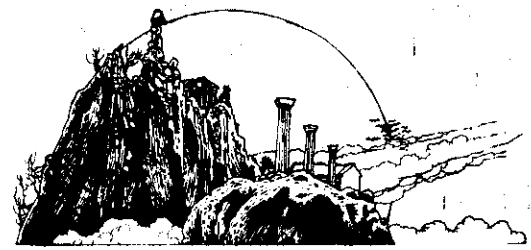

23

You spend a miserable night, shivering in the cold, dark street. In the morning many early-risers pass by, jeering, as they go to their toils in the fields of waving corn. For this dishonourable place of rest for the night, you lose 1 Honour point. Go to 3.

24

You plunge the dagger into his neck. His blood spurts out like water from a shattered vessel. His body jerks in a final spasm, and is still. You have slain a king. Horrified by the enormity of your crime, you must have 7 Shame points. You may however take his sword. It has Might 3, Protection 1.

Just as you unsheathe the sword you hear noises. You look out of the window, see shadows moving in the courtyard and hear rushing footsteps.

Do you try to escape out of the window, into the courtyard (472)?

Or do you leave by the door (249)?

25

Back to the house of your father you go, pride in your heart. In the great hall the nobles of Athens are once again gathered. You explain the success of your mission, and they cheer, applauding you, just as if you came a conquering hero, having laid low Athens' enemies and left their corpses for the dogs. Go to 441.

26

You recognize the woman as Hera, your white-armed patron. Go to 543.

27

You take the urn, and in your attempt to sprinkle the water on the crowd, it all rushes out and soaks two stalwart citizens standing at the front of the crowd. With almost deafening shouts of anger, they rush up the steps. The rest of the mob follows them, screaming its anger. The taller of the two men grabs your arms before you have a chance to draw a weapon,

and the other kicks you viciously in the stomach. You fall doubled up, and a single blow connects with your head. If you have not yet prayed to Zeus, now you must do so (you will find yourself at paragraph **138**). The lynch mob tear at your limbs, and not soon enough does grim-faced Hades sunder your spirit from its battered flesh.

28

The sea becomes deathly calm, and the seagulls seem to cease their constant crying. From the uttermost west he comes, Talos, the giant of bronze. God-made, he almost runs through the water, gigantic sword in hand. Muscles not made of flesh ripple, and his mouth seems to form itself into an inhuman grin. He cannot speak, but roars his defiance in a strange metallic clanging.

You must face Talos in combat. He is Might (*)14, Protection 18. You have no retreat.

If you hit Talos three times, go to **617**.

If you surrender, go to **443**.

If you die, go to **174**.

29

Zeus' healing touch revives you, and your limbs, rent by the mighty jaws of Poseidon's serpent, are knit together anew. You must carry on the fight. You can either remain on deck (go to 484), or plunge into the sea to face your foe (go to **361**).

30

As the rider disappears behind you, you clamber out of the ditch, but then the horseman comes riding back towards you, shouting, and you can tell that it is, in fact, a woman. Take 1 point of Shame and go to **107**.

31

Weighed down by armour and a coil of rope you thought to grab as you plunged into the sea, you sink. You gasp and struggle, frantically trying to free yourself. Above the rushing of the water, you hear the laughter of the captain, crew and fourteen Athenians. In your distress you are relieved when someone grasps hold of you and pulls you out from the death-bringing waves. To your embarrassment, it is the woman who was in the boat. She has steered it away from the rocks to come and rescue you. Have 2 Shame points.

If Aphrodite is your patron, go to **587**.

Otherwise, go to **395**.

32

Taking the corn seed from the bowl, you scatter it far into the crowd, your cast made stronger by the fresh wind blowing from behind. In its joy the crowd scrabbles to collect the sacred grain, symbol of the new-born fertility of the earth. Go to **300**.

33

Down to the deck you fall, your possessions storm-scattered into the dark depths. You must lose all your possessions save the documents for Minos (if you have them), anything gained from Antiope, a weapon of your choice, a piece of armour of your choice, and one other item from your Chronicle Sheet, which must not be arms or armour. Go to **363**.

34

You cry out to the sea god. 'If ever you have heard me from the depths of the waters, help me now and deliver us from this creature of your realm.' There is a tremendous rumbling beneath the waves and the waters begin to twist and turn in a whirlpool. The serpent is sucked down into the vortex, back into the inky-dark regions whence it came, denied its glory in the strong encounter.

You have been saved, but now Poseidon is Neutral to you. Go to **349**.

35

Someone urges you to save her, but it is too late. The crew stand aghast at your failure to save the woman from black-hearted Fate. Have 4 Shame Points, and turn to **608**.

36

Inside, it is worse than even the wretched exterior suggested. There is a powerful smell of rotting food and unwashed locals. Despite being nearly overcome by nausea, you step up to the bar.

'Innkeeper,' you shout, 'a room for the night!'

At the far end of the bar the innkeeper, a grossly fat, cowardly looking man, continues to ignore you. Beside you an old man, with bare feet, speaks.

'Son, if I were you, I would leave at once, for Epidaurus is beset by foul bandits, terrorizing the temple of Asclepius the healer. Go quickly, for they will likely kill strangers or, perhaps, since you hold yourself as a hero, you could rid our town of this curse,' he adds, with sarcasm heavy in his voice.

The innkeeper has now come over, and proffers you a key to an upstairs room.

Do you pay him and take the key to the room, going upstairs for long-fingered Sleep to brush closed your weary eyelids (go to **199**)?

Or do you react to the old man's taunt at once, and seek the bandits (go to **508**)?

37

You rush into the attack, but your opponents are also swift. They draw daggers from the folds of their cloaks and defend themselves. The plotters are Might 6 (5 + 1 for a Dagger), Protection 13 (12 + 1 for a Bearskin). Remember the rules about fighting multiple opponents.

If both of your opponents are Seriously Wounded, go to **301**.

If you surrender, go to **450**.

If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **134**.

If you retreat out of the inn, and away into Thebes, go to **134**.

38

You have got away with your crime. You have in your tunic the stolen loaf. You move quickly away from the market, fearful of being noticed even now. You are not particularly hungry;

indeed, on reflection, you can see no reason why you committed this senseless deed. You could eat the loaf, and destroy the evidence (go to **346**), or you could try to sell the loaf to a passer-by (go to **594**).

39

You find yourself climbing up a steep slope. The ascent seems endless, but at last you reach a flat place. Your legs are pulled from under you and now each of your limbs is held. You plead for forgiveness, but the only response is laughter. Suddenly your captor's grip is gone. For one moment you try to stand, but find no ground beneath you. You claw wildly at the air as you fall, faster and faster. Not even Zeus will save you from death now.

40

You pause for a moment, and then carry on, unhindered, into the city itself. You must find the way to the palace, but do not know how to. Ahead of you are grand houses, built in stone, the abodes of some great lords of the city, but not large enough to be the house of your father. To either side of these, lesser houses of mud-baked brick block further progress into the city.

You could carry on along this road to the left (**90**), or to the right (**580**). Alternatively, you could ask someone the way to the palace (**426**).

41

You can, however, disarm him and take him to the city authorities for judgement. You may take his axe (Might 5, Protection −3) and continue on your way next morning. Go to **263**.

42

You offer prayers to Aphrodite and then start on the journey to Athens, where your father is king. The road is hard desert, and the sun beats down relentlessly. After many more hours your feet grow weary and your sight grows dim. In the distance

ahead, you see a lone horseman galloping towards you. Do you hide in the ditch until he goes past (turn to **30**), or carry on as normal (turn to **107**)?

43

The priest smiles, and the smile is as the frost that takes hold on the field of golden corn, and the harvest is lost. Go to **126**.

44

If you are in Favour with Poseidon, then any roll of 5 will advance your favoured horse by 1 space, if you spend 1 Honour point. If Poseidon, the horse lord, is your patron then the horse on which you bet advances 1 space on a roll of 5, without the need to spend any Honour. Return to **391**.

45

Tiryns seems as uninteresting as your journey there. There are a few drunken brawls, but nothing a hero would get involved in. The day's travel begins to sap the strength from your legs, and you feel that you must rest. You look for a place to spend the night. Go to **200**.

46

'Altheus,' the woman says, 'it is I, your patron, Hera, whom you forsake so easily.' You look, and it is true: on the banks of the river stands the immortal queen. You struggle back to the shore and the goddess speaks once more. 'Too late for that,' she says. 'My gift is that Zeus is my husband. When you call on me, I can entreat my husband on your behalf, but since you have offended me, I shall not listen before you have sacrificed to me.' You may be saved by Zeus one extra time, but only after you have sacrificed 6 Honour points to Hera (and deducted them from your total). Go to **146**.

47

The bull gores you to death, but Olympian Zeus mends your bloodied limbs. You seem to hear the god himself speaking to you. 'I have saved you now, but to merit the gift of life, you must kill the bull.'

You must carry on with the fight. If you win, turn to **225**. Should you wish to retreat, turn to **515**.

48

As Talos strides towards you, his feet crashing down on the sea floor like the battering-ram that is hurled against the city gate and must in the end prevail, you notice on his right ankle a circular mark, as if a hole has been plugged. Perhaps this is the spot from which his ichor, his life-blood, flows! You plunge into the water. It is shallow, coming only up to your waist, and soon you are at the spot.

Talos is Might (*)14, Protection 18. You can try to pry the plug open (go to **365**), or you can fight Talos.
If you hit him three times, turn to **617**.
If you surrender, turn to **443**.
If you die, turn to **174**.

49

The city of Athens laid out below you is magnificent indeed. How much greater, you muse to yourself, must the entire earth seem to Zeus sitting on his Olympian throne. Yet Athens must be by far its fairest city, second only to the divine realm of the gods. Temples to all the gods lie below, evidence of Athens' devotion to the Olympians, but naturally the greatest of them all is that to Athena. To one side of this, on the outskirts of the city, lies the palace, the sun reflecting off the walls, damp from the rain of the storm earlier. You hurry down the hill, eager to reach your destination. Go to **236**.

50

Aegeus' expression turns from one of joy to seriousness. 'This is an opportune time that you come, for Athens is beset by an ancient peril. Each year, we must send seven young men and seven girls to sate the appetite of the Cretan Minotaur. You, my son, must be our emissary. I shall send you to Crete with messages and a gift for King Minos, demanding that this terrible tribute be relaxed, and that he accept gold and silver rather than the flower of our youth; for of the one we have abundance, of the other little, and beyond price. If he will not accept, there will be war between our states.'

General Etekon, a bluff, bearded man, interjects: 'And you must bring back all the information you can, in case the worst occurs.' Yet in his bloodshot eyes you can see that this is a prospect he rather hopes for than fears.

'Come,' continues Aegeus, and walks over to a doorway leading out from the great hall. 'I will draw up the documents.'

Do you wait in the hall for Aegeus to complete his task (**364**)?

Or do you leave the gathered assemblage of Athens' nobility behind, and follow your father (**123**)?

51

Quickly on your way from the disease-ridden town of Pagae, you come to a fork in the road. Placed just where it begins, is the triple-formed statue of Hecate, queen of the underworld, and goddess of night, one head pointing in each direction. In one of her six hands, she carries a headless jet-black puppy. In another she holds a torch. You may pass the statue to the right, on towards Eleusis (go to **86**), or to the left and Delphi (go to **478**).

52

You lie awake for a time considering the long journey that lies ahead of you. You have travelled far from Troezen, and learnt much, yet your task is not half done, and you know it will be long before the words of the god Hermes cease to echo down the chambers of your life. At last, you sleep. Go to **411**.

53

It is hopeless. There are now just two of you left clinging to the floating wood. Your companion loses his grip on the bench he is holding and does not again emerge from the water beneath. You feel your strength ebbing fast, and just as you are about to give in, and offer your soul to grim Hades, your patron appears and offers you succour if you will only show your faith. To save yourself you must lose 4 Honour points. If you cannot afford this, your only hope is to pray to Zeus, if you have not already done so. In either case, go to **247**. If not, then your body will float, untended, unburied, and you will wander, a homeless shade, on the banks of the River Lethe.

54

Tired and angry you toss the pot into the corner where it shatters into a thousand pieces. The labyrinth and Crete seem so far away, and you bang at the door, demanding to be released. The guard says nothing, and at length you cease. Perhaps your patron will release you. Turn to **569**.

55

Faster than the arrow that leaps from the bow into the flying hart, the god himself appears to you. 'Altheus, you are in grave danger. The innkeeper Procrustes makes it his gruesome duty to fit all of his guests to the bed, with an axe if necessary. Hide behind the door and you may surprise him. But hurry!' Go to **272**.

56

A blinding light fills the air for a brief moment, and then you find that you can see no more. You shriek in pain, as the bird caught in flight by the archer's arrow cries out briefly, before it plummets to the ground. You feel strong arms grip you from behind, and you are led away quickly. You stumble often, and are pushed along roughly by your captors. Go to **39**.

57

You pass several other bands of pilgrims, but you do not speak to any of them, anxious to be on your way as fast as possible. You ignore, also, the hostels which line the route at regular intervals, places where travellers may gain some respite from the hardships of the road. You realize you are drawing closer to Delphi, as the number of pilgrims on the road increases, so that always ahead of you some figure treads the road. Night is falling as you approach the town of Cirrha. Go to **339**.

58

You ponder to yourself what part the water plays in the ceremony.

You could drink the water (**435**).
You could use the water to quench the flame (**306**).
You could sprinkle water on the corn (**101**).
Or you could sprinkle it on the crowd (**27**).

59

You hail the strong-limbed crew, and explain your plan. There are several ways you could proceed. One sailor has a short barbed spear to throw at the cows, and sever their unknowing

lives. If you choose this, go to **535**. Alternatively you could try to wrestle a cow down unarmed. If you do this, turn to **565**.

60

You are in Favour with Hera. You may have 2 Honour points. Go to **294**.

61

Searching the house, you find a breastplate (Protection 2). Go to **263**.

62

For a second the gathered crowd pauses. Seeing their indecision, you exhort them once more to save the men. 'Do not defile the city by this dreadful deed,' you cry. The crowd can see that you are obviously some great hero, and take heed of your words. They disperse silently, and the two men are left alone. They thank you gratefully, and say that they will now head out of Athens for some friendlier town. Go to **394**.

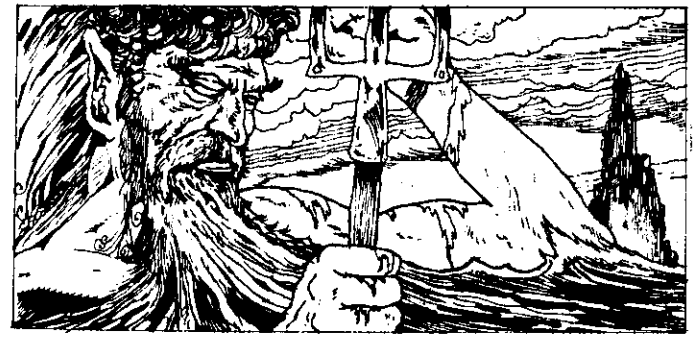

63

With a cry of 'Stop, robbers!' you spring into the attack, but they are unworthy opponents, and by the time you reach the stall only one remains, having tripped over the fruit spilled from the stall in his panic. Your blow strikes home, and he is Wounded, still on the ground. He has Might 6, Protection 10.

If he is Seriously Wounded, turn to **438**.

If you surrender to him, turn to **149**.

If you die and are saved by Zeus, turn to **86**.

If you retreat, go to **86** (remember the Shame point, for successfully retreating, in addition to the 1 Honour penalty for trying to retreat).

64

Determined to foil this evil plot, you stay a moment considering the choices to which grim-hearted Lachesis points with her staff.

You could go to the palace, and warn the king of the plans against his life (**506**).

Or do you try to tackle the men yourself (**372**)?

65

There is nothing to be afraid of yet. Nobody takes any notice of you, but you lose 1 Honour point for being timid, rather than the great-hearted hero your brother was. Go back to **45**.

66

As you ride along, the lady reveals herself as the goddess Aphrodite. 'You're a good boy, Altheus,' she simpers. 'You have shown trust in beauty,' she continues, with a coy flick of her hair, 'and for that trust I shall reward you. To revenge your brother's death, you must travel to Crete, which is an awfully long way away. There, before all else, you must seek out Ariadne, daughter of King Minos, who will aid you in your struggle. She is kind and fair – though nowhere near as fair as I am – and you can trust her. Now I shall take you to Tiryns, and there we shall rest. I have one more vital piece of knowledge to impart to you, but that can wait until we are comfortable.' Seeing that your mind bubbles with unanswered questions, she pats your shoulder reassuringly and gives you a winning smile. 'Relax.' Go to **154**.

67

As the horse gallops past, you grab hold of its golden flowing mane, and jump on to its back. The horse careers wildly up and

down the beach, and you are hard put to stay on. Eventually the horse calms, and you feel you have the mastery of it. At this point you look down and see an old man standing at the water's edge, robed in sea-greens and blues. In his hands he bears a trident, wreathed in seaweed.

'Well done,' he congratulates you. 'You have pleased me somewhat. For I am Poseidon, not merely god of the seas, but also master of horses. For your good sense, I will reward you. The seas no longer hold peril for you. Continue on your quest with my blessing, though I am unable to grant you your brother's courage, or the wisdom of your father.' With this, the horse gallops to its master and into the sea, and you are forced to scramble off into the salt water, before you are submerged. You are in favour with Poseidon, if he is not your patron. In any case, have 3 Honour points.

Awed at the appearance of Ocean's lord, you travel on beyond Cenchraea, to Crommyon. Go to **100**.

68

The captain is a small, weather-beaten man, and he readily accepts your proffered coins. 'We sail in two hours,' he says, 'and wait for no man.' You wander along the sea-front, watching the gaily painted vessels offloading their wares from far-flung climes: papyrus from Egypt; corn from the Black Sea; pottery from Crete. It is almost time to return to the ship now, and you rush back through the bustling crowds. As you step

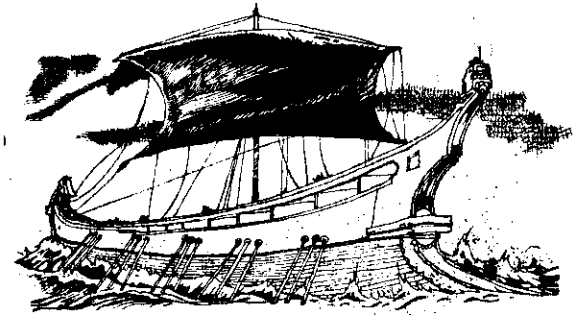

on to the boat, you see some of the other passengers offering a prayer to the sea god. The sailors take their positions at the oars. You slump down on an uncomfortable wooden bench, as the ship pulls away from the shore. Despite the earlier crowds there are only a few other passengers. Go to **348**.

69

Take 1 Shame point for failing to defend your mother Aethra's honour. Go to **134**.

70

In the morning you are awakened by a man rushing into the inn with horror etched on his face. The king, he says, is dead, struck down in his prime by treachery, like a sturdy tree felled by the woodsman's axe, who sat beneath its shade as a child. Take 2 Shame points for not preventing this foul deed, and get out of town as quickly as you can. Go to **134**.

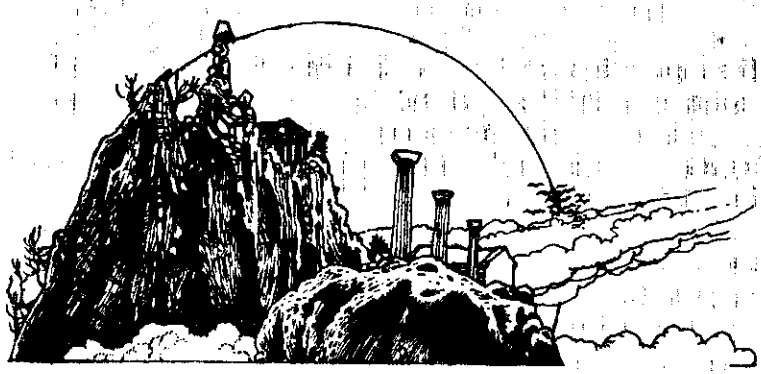

71

You offer prayers to Ares, and in a cloud of acrid smoke the god appears before you. 'You have chosen me. Good choice. God of war. Strongest of the gods. None of this complicated liberal wisdom nonsense here. Now, what about you? Oh, yes. Objective: Knossos. Kill the Minotaur. Back here. Off you go. Have some supernatural strength to aid you. Bit out of fashion these days, but the old ways are the best.'

You may add 2 to your natural Might on all of your combat rolls. You start on your way to Athens, where your father is king. Turn to **2**.

72

Slowly you creep up behind the old man, so as not to disturb him. You reach and pull another corner of the curtain aside. If Apollo is your patron go to **521**. Otherwise, go to **56**.

73

It is now early in the afternoon, and the sun is less harsh. The pace of the city has slackened. You pass a shrine dedicated to your patron god, where several people pray. Near by, an old, but hale-hearted beggar stands, appealing for your aid, and blessing the hearts of the great-minded folk who heed his pleas.

Will you go up to the beggar and give him a coin (go to **233**)?

Or will you simply walk on out of Mycenae towards Cleonae (go to **536**)?

74

You make one last attempt to persuade the guard to release you. 'Send a message to the king and queen,' you say. 'They will be able to tell that I am indeed Altheus, and not an impostor.' Turn to **241**.

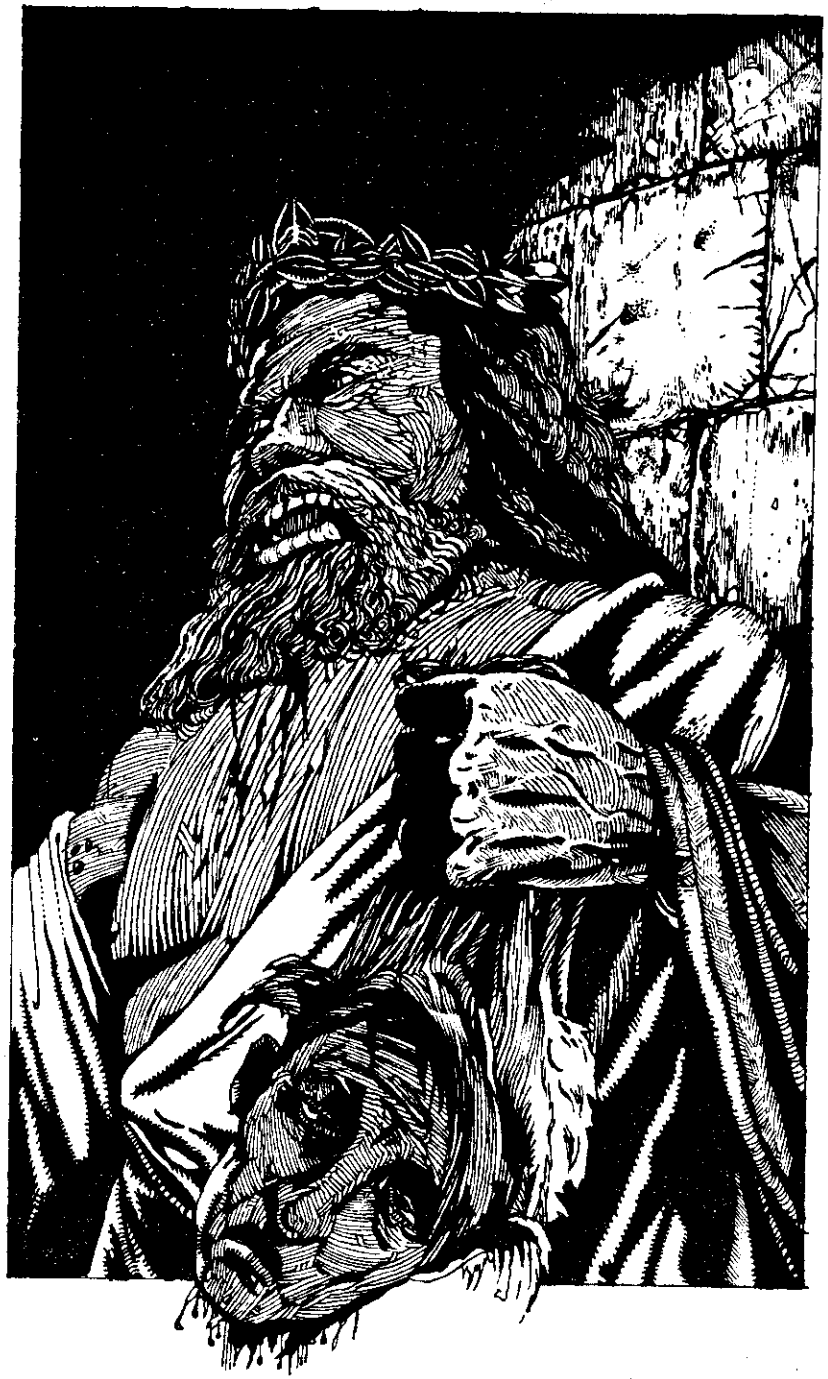

75

Stunned at the attitude of the king towards you, a son of royal house, you hardly resist as you are conducted down to the storeroom. The place is dark and damp, heaped with grain for the city in the coming season. Your sleep that night is troubled by dreams of what fate might await you. Next morning the door opens slowly, and you resign yourself to your end. In rushes the king himself, dripping with blood, and holding the severed head of one of the conspirators.

'You have saved me, my friend,' he roars, 'and I will not forget you. Come, join our feast of celebration.' Go to **310**.

76

You pick her up, and as you lean over to toss the helpless woman into the wild waters, you find you cannot move. Your burden is unbelievably heavy, and you have to set her down at the water's edge. When you look you find that this is no hag, but the immortal wife of Zeus, white-armed Hera.

'Would you treat your mother like this?' she says. 'Would you act like this back in Troezen? No, I don't think you would. You're on your own now, and you won't like it one little bit.' In a blinding flash she has gone.

You must take 2 Shame points. If Hera is your patron, whenever you call on her aid, she will not aid you on a roll of 1–3 on one die, and you lose 2 Honour points. If she is not your patron, you are in Disfavour with her. Go to **294**.

77

The old man is very slow, and he leads you through broad, sunny, well-kept streets, past the temple of Athena, divine protectress of the city. The man, however, now seems to be leading you away from the main thoroughfares of the city, the open meeting-places and the Acropolis.

Eventually the aged beggar stops, and, pointing, cries, 'There, there's your palace. May you have much joy of it.' As you stand, stunned, he laughs hysterically and, with an agility that belies his age, bounds off into a side-street and is gone. Have 1 Shame point for being duped. Go to **334**.

78

Even your mother Aethra's maid would not be turned aside from her task by folk of the lesser sort, peasants who till the soil, or earn their food by the casting of bronze. For you this is indeed shameful. You must take 2 Shame points.

At length the crowd passes you by, and as they do you notice that the object they carry is the corpse of a handsome, dark-haired man, his stomach cut open by the blow of a sword.

You carry on towards the Acropolis. Turn to **230**.

79

Just as you are about to commence your heroic task, you note that branded on each of the cows is a trident, Poseidon's sign. Clearly these are his cattle, and to kill one would invoke his anger. You shout out to your companions, warning them of this danger. Relieved, but without heart-reviving meat, you return to the ship. Go to **595**.

80

No sooner have you grasped the shaft in your hand, than a group of Amazons, a score or more, have surrounded you. It was they who disturbed the night's silence, attracted by your shouts and blows. You explain, nervously, that you are an ambassador of Aegeus, and must see the queen, bearing a token of peace. You are conducted at spear-point to a tent rather larger and grander than the rest. Turn to **8**.

81

Don't be greedy. Lose 2 points of Honour and turn to **263**.

82

'Halt a while, friends,' you say. 'Perhaps you can help me. I know not from where you come, but I must travel far across the wine-dark sea to distant Crete. Perhaps if sun-smitten Naxos, sacred Delos, or gentle Cythera is your home, or some remote isle, then you can tell me of your land.'

The two smile, as if remembering a kindlier place. 'We come from Crete itself,' one of them says, 'land of King Minos. We

would gladly return there, but we must first journey to Delphi and Apollo's oracle. If you find yourself in Crete, tell King Minos' daughter that you know of us. My name is Eliduros.' The Cretans make one last gesture of farewell, and then depart out of the gates of Athens on their long journey to Delphi. Go to **394**.

83

Screeching in agony, Tisiphone flies off to the safety of the neighbouring copse. Her sisters follow her, with no stomach for such a fight. 'Yours,' they cry in unison, 'will be the anguish, and yours the mind-killing fear when next you meet the Furies.' With this they ascend aloft into the cool night's air, and are gone. Have 1 Shame point for attacking divinities, but 2 Honour points for your prowess in battle. You are also in Disfavour with the Furies. Go to **501**.

84

Lachesis is one of the three Fates (Moirae). She has two sisters, Clotho and Atropos. Lose 1 Honour point for not knowing. Return to **64**.

85

You fill your goblet, and indeed the wine is excellent. Go to **561**.

86

Eleusis, fairest flower in the Attic garden save only proud Athens herself, home of Demeter's sacred mysteries, bright pearl that gazes over yellow Salamis with kindly eye!

Eleusis, where you, Altheus, now find yourself amid the yearly festival of the corn-goddess, bright-eyed Demeter, fair lady of the earth, and all the fruit it bears.

You move on slowly through the crowds, gathered in awe at the awaited time, when Persephone, spirit of spring, must return to the earth above, and life begin anew. Go to **416**.

87

The guard seems to have heard of a Pyraphas. You have been lucky. But he does not let you in, instead scolding you for using the front entrance. He sends you round the back to a small entrance. From this a smell of cooking drifts, and you can hear the sounds of a feast being prepared.

Do you knock (turn to **7**), or go straight into the kitchen (turn to **270**)?

88

Before any sea voyage you should offer a prayer to Poseidon. If you do offer a prayer, go to **194**. If not, go to **348**.

89

Having extinguished the flame, you turn your attention to the bowl of corn.

Do you eat the corn (**269**)?

Do you burn the corn on the brazier (**404**)?

Do you sprinkle corn on the water (**4**)?

Or do you scatter the corn into the crowd (**32**)?

90

You have been walking along the road for a little while, and at last come upon a road leading deeper into the city. You wish you had asked the guards at the gate the way to the palace. You approach the road, but when you come closer, you see that a large group of people has gathered, apparently stoning two men dressed in strange foreign garb, with double-headed axe motifs sewn into their tunics.

Will you, as a stranger yourself, turn away and carry on (**394**)?

Or will you intervene to save the men from the Athenian mob (**489**)?

91

You may either spend 3 Honour points for Athena's aid, and go to **405**, or lose 1 Honour point and go to **325**.

92

Eventually you come to a pilgrim's hostel, and there, as it is now completely dark, you decide you must stay for the night. You sleep fitfully, and have strange pains in your arms and legs. Many times you think you see your patron, but as you try to speak, the vision disappears. Are the gods trying to tell you something? You can only hope that the oracle has the answer. In the morning you rise, and set off quickly for Delphi, eager to unravel the mystery. Go to **511**.

93

You remember to stop at the shrine and pray to your god. For an instant, you feel the presence of your patron, urging you on to the Cretan shores. Take 1 Honour point for your piety, and return to **73**.

94

People are crowding into a nearby inn. You, too, join in the crush. Water and the smell of damp clothes are everywhere. You warm yourself by the fire. Unable to buy anything to drink, as you have no money left, you have to be content with listening in on the various conversations. Perhaps you will hear something that will be of help to you.

'. . . apparently she was appointed before the other one even left . . .'

'. . . but on the last race they all crashed into each other, and caught fire, and two of them died . . .'

'. . . apparently the queen makes her own wine. They say it's gorgeous . . .'

Somebody pushes in front of you to the fire. The rain has now stopped, and slowly the inn empties. You, too, leave and step into the late-afternoon sun. Go to **198**.

95

If ever you are hard pressed in battle, touch this twig with your hand, and it will become a great-shafted spear (Might 6, Protection 0). You may cast it once at your opponent, whereupon it becomes a twig once more, and is thereafter useless. Go to **492**.

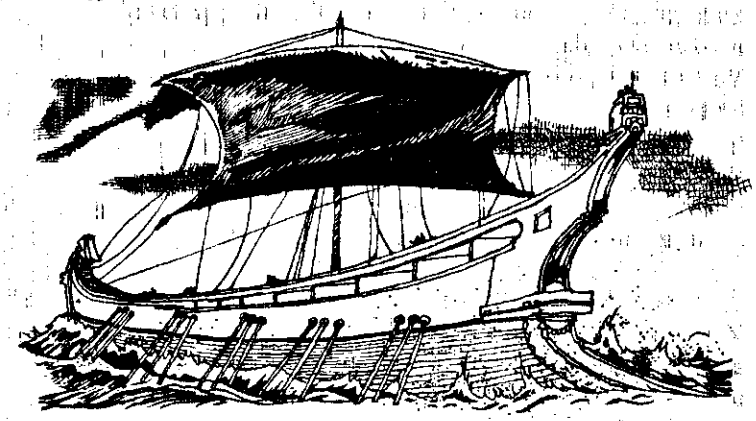

96

Eastwards you fare from Athena's town, but your journey is slow, for always you are wary lest the bull take you unawares. You pass through small towns on your way, but take little note of their names as you traverse the gentle rolling uplands – Cephisia, Decelea, Oenoë. At length it is almost dusk, and Marathon is in sight across a flat plain, some half a mile in extent.

Do you go straight into the town, and ask how best the bull might be found and killed (**201**)?

Or do you wait where you are, hoping perhaps to gain a glimpse of the animal (**397**)?

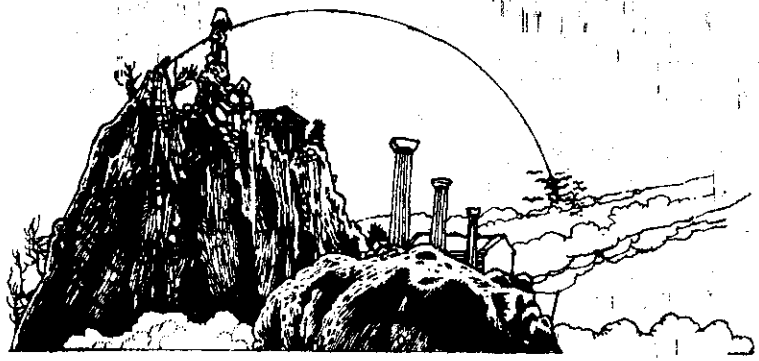

97

As you turn to flee from the combat, you are set upon by a band of Amazons, and taken prisoner. They push you roughly, and take you to a wooden stake in the ground. Here they chain you, taking away all your weapons. You must now wait out the combat, observing, as mere mortals watch helpless, while the gods play out their titanic schemes, heedless of the cries of the toilers below. Go to **150**.

98

You have a serious case of the plague. You are lucky to be alive. You lie for days in a fevered state, cursing the day you crossed the healer god. Your prayers to the Olympians are not answered. At last you are able to rise, but until you reach Athens you will be permanently in a Wounded state (except, of course if you sustain subsequent wounds). As you are about to set out again the goddess Athena appears to you. Go to **213**.

99

The lead chariot loses control, smashes into the wall, and careers on into the crowd. The others, unable to stop in time, slam in behind it, like waves breaking on a sea-shore. Wheels and pieces of splintered wood fly in all directions. Spectators, screaming, stampede everywhere. Several are trampled; others lie dazed and bleeding from the flying fragments. Torches, urns, sticks and cloaks – all are dropped in the panic. Suddenly one of the chariots bursts into flames, ignited by a burning torch. Soon all are ablaze. You clamber unsteadily out of the wreckage, as the flames begin to consume your vehicle. You notice that two drivers are dead. The yellow charioteer has escaped. Some of the citizens make efforts to free the surviving horses, but they are beaten back by the flames.

You stagger away from the chariots on fire. Have 5 Shame points for crashing, and 5 Honour points for survival in the face of such danger.

By the time you reach the inn, the fire has been put out, and you are able to stay safely for the night. In the morning you leave quickly and quietly for Athens (474).

100

Near a small, brightly lit tavern, you see people scattering in all directions, panic and frenzy in their eyes. You try to grab one middle-aged man, but he pushes past, unwilling to stop for anyone. 'The sow!' he warns, as he dashes past. At this cry others join in the headlong flight away from the harbour area. You turn round to see what is the matter, and there, standing, menacing, behind you is a reddy-brown, enormous sow, froth dripping from its lips. It steps towards you, clearly about to charge.

Do you run away as fast as fleet-footed Hermes (go to 493)?

Or do you stand at bay to fight the Crommyonian sow (go to 176)?

101

You tip water on to the grain, creating a brown sludge on the altar. The crowd seem disappointed, and there is some angry shouting. Go to **120**.

102

Now fully armed, you take a moment to pray to your patron before the battle. Then you climb to the top of a high, mud-brick tower at the edge of the walls, to survey the battlefield. The two sides, Athenians and Amazons, are drawn up for the battle, their standards waving in the dawn breeze. For a moment there is silence, like that before the tempest, and then they clash, and it is as when two rivers in winter spate run down from the high hills, and throw together at their meeting the full weight of their water, and far off in the mountains, the shepherds hear the thunder, and stand in awe, wondering at the sound. Such is the shock and clamour from the joining of the battle. You rush down, eager for the fight, and make your way rapidly to the field of war, like a leopard stalking its prey. Soon a small group of Amazons approaches the band of Athenians you have joined, their hair bound with ribbons of gold and silver, their bodies clad in animal skins: they are armed with death-dealing spears.

Do you attack the Amazon wearing the lionskin (**353**), the leopardskin (**124**), or the bearskin (**262**)?

103

As it becomes night you grow more and more tired until you can continue no more. You fall to the ground and collapse into deep, refreshing sleep. Turn to **237**.

104

The man hobbles off and beckons. 'Follow me, I will show you the way to the palace,' he says in answer to your request. Go to **77**.

105

You hand over almost the last of the coins which your mother pressed into your hand as you left the grassy fields of Troezen. You move on towards Cirrha, but for giving in to such shameful threats you must take 1 Shame point. Go to **92**.

106

You make little of these scrolls, save a rhyme telling you to beware lame men, aid sea-serpents, and not to eat beef from Melos. There is a sudden noise, and you must leave before you are discovered, running back in despair to the harbour. Have 1 Shame point, and go to **475**.

107

'Hello, stranger,' coos the rider, evidently a very beautiful woman. 'You've come a long way, and you look worn out. Want a ride? I can offer food and succour. Jump up behind and hold on tight.' If you accept turn to 66; if you refuse, turn to 135.

108

'Father!' you cry, realizing with a start that this is the first time you have addressed Aegeus thus. 'There is a way the dark pain of death can be avoided this day, and the horse-haired helmets of the warriors of Athens can be worn proudly, yet those warriors live. For the cause of the enmity between you and the Amazons is a golden hairpin. It is sacred to Hera. To give it up is no great dishonour and Hate's dread wrath could be turned aside. No good can come of keeping it.'

Aegeus thanks you, his son, heartily, for he is war-wearied and has no stomach for the fight with the Amazons. Quickly he scurries off to the treasury and soon returns with the hairpin. 'Go quickly, now,' he says, 'and return this to Antiope, so there may be peace.'

Do you go to the Amazon camp fully armed (573)?

Or do you go without any weapons as a token of peace (367)?

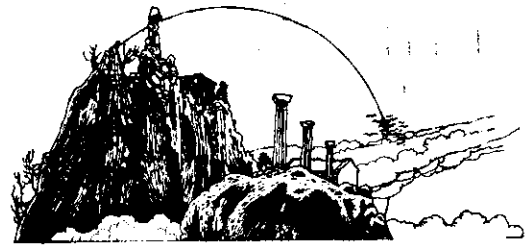

109

In this part of the city, what houses there are seem much grander. Near one of them a dog is chained, so that it cannot run freely. You approach it tentatively, not knowing how far it can move. Go to 15.

110

Have 6 Honour points for your victory. You gesture to the bandits, now unarmed, to go down the stairs. The innkeeper sees you, and seems about to say something, but when he notices the bandits he rushes off instead, to serve some of the customers – farmers, drinking lazily in the morning sun before going off to tend their herds and fields. You carry on towards the temple. The road is winding, and on each side groups of trees sway gently in a light breeze. The bandits guide you to within sight of the temple. You admire the tall pillars, still white and unsullied by the passing of Chronos the leveller. A sudden noise startles you from your dreaming. You turn round to see that the bandits have slipped away. There will be no chance of finding them again, you realize. Go to 216.

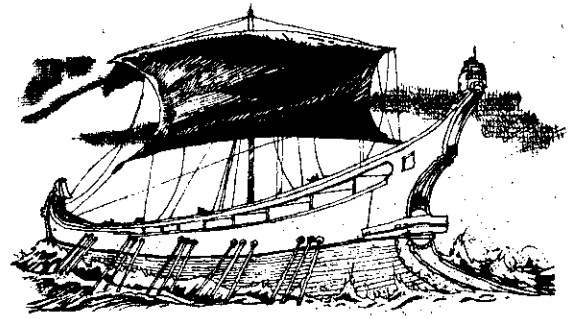

111

After a few minutes you rouse yourself. You are lost, and it is nearing dark. The moon barely penetrates the leafy canopy. From afar you can hear the strains of flutes, and high-pitched giggling. You move cautiously towards the apparent source of the noise. A moonlit clearing opens out in front of you, and you pause at the edge. You gaze in wonder at the scene before you. Nymphs and satyrs frolic in wild abandon. Go to **467**.

112

You are on your way to the Delphic oracle. Try asking there. Have 1 point of Shame, and go to **511**.

113

You may offer him any one of these providing you have it.

The corn-ear brooch (**610**).
The golden cup (**246**).
Your mother's gem (**288**).
The jewelled mirror (**481**).

If you do not possess any of these, or do not wish to risk losing the bet, turn to **9**.

114

Escape is useless: you should have put your trust in the gods. As the life-cloying liquid stifles your breath, you have time to scream a prayer to Zeus, but he will only listen if you have not yet disturbed him. If this is so, go to **144**. If not then Altheus will fight no more bandits!

115

A man, clad in armour, rushes up the steps, elbowing you and pushing you into the mass of pilgrims. You realize that you have been expelled from the temple at Delphi. Lose 2 Honour points. You must depart from Delphi and carry on to Thebes (**191**), picking your weapons up from the place you left them.

116

As you reach a minor crossroads at the start of the town itself, you see a group of men clustering around a low altar. One of

them carries a dull iron sickle, another a squealing jet-black puppy. Two of the group hold it down while the officiating priest prepares to strike. The sun casts an elongated shadow, making the men seem from a distance like strange giants.

Do you pass on quickly by (188)?

Or do you intervene to save the animal (576)?

117

You pray to Poseidon the earth-shaker, and, sure enough, the ground trembles beneath you. As you look up, the waterspout from the fountain forms into the face of an old, white-bearded man. 'So, you're Altheus, are you? Not half the man your father was. Or your brother, come to that. Never mind. Come and pray to me when you have some sailing to do. Until then, kindly leave me alone.'

The ways of the gods are strange. You set out for Athens. Turn to 2.

118

Zeus the life-bringer appears and touches your severed limbs gently. Overcome by his majesty you faint, and when you awake your terrible wounds are healed. You can walk once more.

'If only,' you think to yourself, 'I had not allowed Sleep to dull my mind, I might have noticed the warnings of the Olympian gods.' Go to 263.

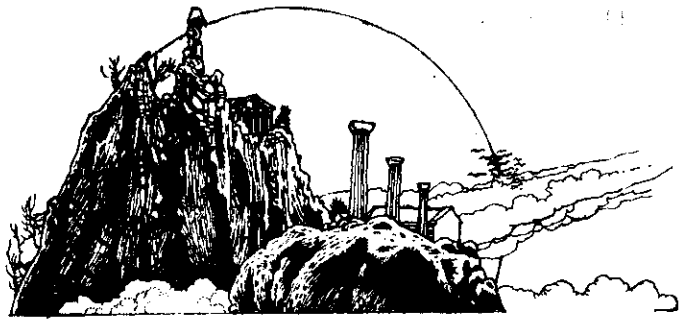

119

Even badly wounded as they are, the men appear to be unwilling to surrender to you. You turn around to leave the kitchen and see the reason why. Four more guards block your exit. Barring the way into the palace are three more. It is hopeless. You allow yourself to be led off, disarmed and dispirited. Turn to 459.

120

The priestess steps forwards and speaks once more: 'Citizens, this is not one of us, but a stranger. He cannot be expected to know the proper conduct of our rites. Stranger, be on your way,' she says, not unkindly. As you hurry away, you see the priestess choose another to participate in the Eleusinian worship. Go to 138.

121

Have 1 Shame Point for surrendering. The man, however, shows no mercy, and terror racks your ruined body as his sword comes down to sever life from your limbs. You have failed Apollo, and from Zeus there will come no aid.

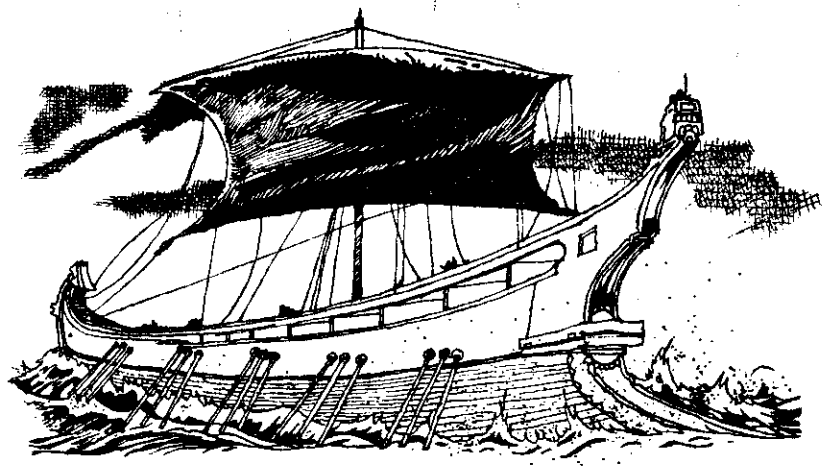

122

By the light of the approaching stranger's lamp, you see to your horror that on the table are the documents penned by your noble father Aegeus to Minos of Crete. The captain must have done this, while his brain was fuddled by wine. You gather them up and rush out of the door. For a second you confront the grim-faced innkeeper, but you do not stop at his amazement, running off down the dark streets to the harbour. Have 1 Shame Point, and go to 575.

123

The doorway leads to a large, but bare room. Beyond this is a tiny study, closed off by silken hangings. Here your father draws up the edicts of his rule, or, more often, has scribes do it for him; but this is a private document. Go to 155.

124

The Amazon who wears the leopardskin has Might 8, Protection 15.

If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to 572.
If you retreat, go to 97.
If you surrender, go to 376.
If you Seriously Wound the Amazon, go to 366.

125

Roll a die. You may expend this number of Honour points in a prayer to Poseidon, and go to 424. Otherwise, you face the churning sea without a prayer to the ocean god. Go to 257.

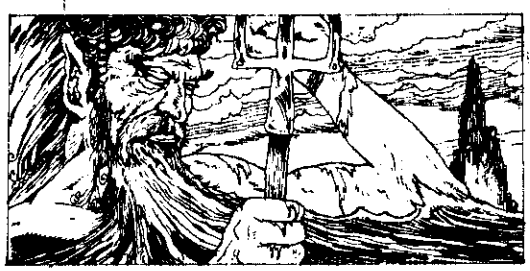

126

The priest motions to two burly acolytes, who walk slowly towards you, clearly about to expel you from Apollo's shrine. Not wishing to desecrate the temple with blood, you stride boldly through the doors, pick up your weapons and are away, down the road to Thebes (go to 191).

127

The innkeeper, still terrified even though you have surrendered, simply pushes you out of the inn, without tending to your torn skin, and blocks up the doorway where triple-layered pine once stood. Go to 23.

128

Taking the sacred hairpin in your hands, you set off for the Amazon camp. Swiftly you realize that to go unannounced would be to suffer the fate of a man who walks into the den of the lion which cannot hunt, for it has a thorn in its paw: he is devoured by the very beast he would have saved. You hold the great pin out in front of you; it is large, almost the size of a sword. Those Amazons who see you dare not slay you, for to do so would be to desecrate their land's most sacred relic. Instead, they guide your way to the tent of the queen, man-slaying spears barring your way elsewhere. Go to 8.

129

Do you fear dogs? Do you think one would dare to bite a hero? Lose 1 Honour point. Go to 15.

130

You could pick up their knives (Might 2), if you wished. Now return to 110.

131

You could step out and seek the hospitality of these woodland creatures (10), or you could press on into the night, in the hope of getting to Thebes (616).

132

You drain the goblet quickly, but notice a bitter after-taste. You begin to choke, and soon find you cannot breathe. The wine is poisoned! You gasp out one last time, before you can breathe no more. Your travels are over, and to the end of time you will dwell, a pitiful shade in Hades, unless you can pray to Zeus. If so, you recover after a time, and find yourself still at the table with a crowd gathered around you. The queen is gone. Turn to **170**.

133

No sooner has the bright-eyed goddess gone than she is back, this time without the girl. 'Silly me,' she whimpers. 'Immortality makes one so forgetful. I'm sure there's something I've got to tell you. Oh! That darling child Ariadne. No, that wasn't it.' The goddess's radiant brow creases and she begins to frown. 'Never mind!' She flicks her hair back and turns to go. She puts her hand to her mouth and laughs sweetly. 'That was it!'

'What was it?' you ask.

She pouts. 'Ask me nicely or I shan't tell you,' she breathes.

Tired, but no wiser, you leave Megara, and carry on down the road to Eleusis, marvelling at the ways of the white-armed one. Go to **86**.

134

With thankfulness in your heart you quit the city of Thebes. You carry on up the road, passed by farmers with their bullock-carts slowly making their way to Acharnae. The path is cracked and rutted and the fields to either side are flooded by the spring-swollen streams. A fallen tree blocks the way for a while but you quickly clamber over it. You soon reach the foothills of the range before Acharnae. The going is hard, but there is no snow. As you climb, the wind grows colder and you shiver slightly. Soon, however, you are over, and you come to the outskirts of Acharnae, barely visible in the dusk. Go to **116**.

135

'Ah, foolish youth,' she chides, 'I am Aphrodite, your chosen goddess.' With these words she is revealed in shining radiance. 'Don't be so shy, silly. Redeem yourself by travelling to Crete.' She runs her hand through her hair and preens a bit, and then turns back to you. 'There you will find a maiden called Ariadne. Rescue her. Now off to Athens and your father's house. Remember that I am your patron: you must cherish beauty, for one day it may save you.' It is getting dark and you can see no lights ahead. If you decide to bed down beside the road, turn to **237**; if you decide to press on regardless, turn to **103**.

136

The bull has Might 10, Protection 18.

If you defeat it, turn to **282**.

If you retreat, turn to **515**.

If you die, but are saved by Zeus, turn to **335**.

137

Still musing on the song of the bard, you press on briskly. Soon the street divides. Do you turn left into a street of poor dwellings (**394**), or right to an area where there are few houses (**109**)?

138

As you leave Eleusis behind, the way is lined on either side by olive trees, and some distance from the town a track joins the main path to your left. You pause a while in the hope that some traveller will be able to tell you the road to take, but no one comes. Impatiently, you decide to move on.

Do you take the track (**531**)?

Or do you carry on down the road (**474**)?

139

The spear-armed warrior looks exactly like your patron Ares. Turn to **543**.

140

As the evening wears on you realize that the wine is somewhat stronger than it should be. You try to get up, but find you cannot move. The conversation now sounds far off, and in a while you lapse from awareness. Go to **560**.

141

You manoeuvre the boat away from the rocks. The woman throws her arms round your neck and kisses you on the forehead. Just as you are beginning to enjoy yourself, the husky-voiced one disappears, and you are left to swim back to the ship. Have 3 Honour points. Go to **608**.

142

At long last you reach the Piraeus, the well-built harbour of Athens. A host of people are assembled there, busily loading and unloading goods from the islands. Your ship is obvious: a great but weather-beaten pine vessel with sails of deep black, draped in cloths of black, its crew dressed in sombre robes.

A small man in a white-trimmed cloak beckons to you. He is the captain, and they have delayed sailing for you. They must leave within minutes, or the tide will prevent them for another twelve hours. You rush aboard and are shown below decks to a large room where the crew sleep and keep their possessions. Here you stow your weapons, and go to join the captain. Go to **327**.

143

Through the hail of stones and rocks you rush, not fearful for your life. You reach the place where the man stands, but find nothing. The warrior is gone, and the rockfall has ceased. Somehow you have been tricked, and your mind is seized by confusion. Only the lame man is left, and he seems angry.

'Ares you have saved, and not Hephaestus. Perhaps you sought to preserve the spear, and so I will not punish you. Yet you must always aid the lame and crippled, Altheus, or it will be to me you answer.' With this the god seems to walk into the base of the black rock cliff, and is gone. Go to **495**.

144

You find yourself lying beside the fountain, gasping for air, stripped of all your arms and armour. Quickly you gather your wits, and leave the temple before the two men return. Stumbling and falling, you rush you know not where. Go to **536**.

145

Although you have automatically succeeded in escaping, you must take 1 Shame point, and you are now in Disfavour with Asclepius. Go to **536**.

146

'Go to the Cretan labyrinth,' the queen of the gods continues, 'taking care to keep your armour bright. Don't upset King Minos, and try not to be too brutal to the poor Minotaur. Take plenty of rest, and keep away from the slut Ariadne. Now what you do is this. Find the centre of the labyrinth, and there you should see your brother. He's dead, of course. Anyway, he had a sword; he left it lying around when he died. It's just getting rusty, so I thought it might make a nice ornament for the lesser gods to admire. In any case it was I who gave it to Aegeus in the first place, so it's only fair. Now hurry along, and do stop standing in that absurd river.' So the goddess speaks, and then is gone, to see that Zeus is keeping things in order. Go to **294**.

147

You rush down past the puppy and statue into the darkness of a tunnel. You find it harder and harder to push forward. Wind and dust blow into your eyes and you are forced to close them. At last you reach the end. Go to **585**.

148

You leave the temple steps far behind you, and wonder what would have happened had you saved the maiden. For your rejection of beauty you are in Aphrodite's Disfavour. You carry on out of the town, moving slowly towards Eleusis. Go to **86**.

149

The man is amazed that you have surrendered to him. 'I can see you are a sensible man,' he says. 'Come with me and join our band.'

Do you take up his offer (go to 522), or do you leave the market and Megara, and set off for Eleusis (go to 86)?

150

You must have fallen asleep, for when you awake, you are surrounded by a group of armed warriors. This must be your end. When you open your eyes again, however, you see that they are in fact Athenians. Seeing that you are Altheus, they send for a blacksmith, who soon frees you. It is evident that the Athenians have won, and as the silver-robed moon begins her long ascent, and dark Night her dominion on the earth, you make your way back to Aegeus' palace. You must, however, have 2 Shame points for being captured and humiliated by your opponents. Go to 441.

151

With horror, the Athenians see that they have attacked a hero. Not waiting for their women, they run off into the streets, and attempt to take refuge in a nearby tavern. Their companions join them, and at length the young woman, whose husband is clearly the one whose funeral this was to have been, gives you a last look of hatred, and then she, too, takes off.

For your victory you may only have 3 Honour points, won as it was against such feeble foes. You now carry on towards the Acropolis. Turn to 230.

152

Down towards the metropolis you trek, the hill paths, littered with rubble, forcing you to tread warily. Shepherds graze their sheep to the left and right, and as you come closer to the city, carts begin to pass you, plying between Corinth and its sister port Cenchraea. Go to 211.

153

'Fool!' cries Alecto as you fall to your knees, 'to pick a fight with the Furies! Now we cannot harm you, but soon there will be no place on earth where you can hide from our vengeance, and you will wish that your mother had never borne you.' Take 1 Shame point, in addition to the normal 1 point for surrendering, and carry on in the knowledge that you are in Disfavour with the Furies. Go to 167.

154

The goddess's horse is fast, and you soon arrive in Tiryns. You see an inn with a gaily painted wooden sign, 'The house of Procrustes'. The goddess shakes her head. 'I have my own little place, close by. It's far cosier.'

You ride through the dark streets to a secluded mansion. Even the porch is larger than the cottage in which you have lived all your life, and priceless blue glass statuettes stand all around in alcoves.

'They're of me,' breathes the goddess. 'Rather nice, don't you think? This one's terribly good, but the arms are missing.' You go inside, and sit down. You ask about the vital piece of knowledge which the goddess has not told you.

'Later,' whispers Aphrodite. Turn to 223.

155

The king seats himself at the table and speaks once more. 'Altheus,' he says, 'there are things I must say to you that I could not say before the nobles of the city and visitors from afar. Minos is an implacable man, and I fear he may not accept our offer of tribute. Were the Minotaur to be killed, however, he might see the wisdom of an alternative course, or even be too weakened to attack Athens again, for it is said that the presence of the beast in Crete gives divine strength to their armies. I will give the captain of the ship which bears you instructions to journey under a black sail. If you succeed, change them to white, and I will know at your coming that you

have succeeded. Be swift, for already discontent grows daily at the sacrifices, and my guards have dispatched five men to the care of black-hearted Hades. Yet before you go, there is one service more I must ask of you. The Amazons, women-warriors, are marching to our city to besiege it. No one can divine the reason why, not even the seer Honis. We need your aid to fight off this threat.'

With this, Aegeus starts to write the letters for the Cretan king. When he has finished, he seals them with hot wax and hands them to you.

Do you thank Aegeus, and depart to your bed-chamber, to await the attack the next morning (**52**)?

Or do you decide to stay awake, lest the attack come at night (**497**)?

156

'You have betwayed your patwon's twust,' continues the fair-faced goddess, 'and you must pay the pwice. To wedeem yourself you must continue without my aid until you weach Athens. Farewell.' With this, the queen of owls returns to high Olympus, and leaves the lands of mortals far behind. Until you reach Athens, you gain no bonus to your Protection in combat, and must pay the full price in Honour when you take a non-existent hint. Carry on your way down the road to **51**.

157

In a flash of blinding light Ares the strong-armed bars your way from the room. 'Stop, Altheus,' he booms. 'Discipline. First warning. Last warning. Go to it. No shirking. No retreat. No surrender.' He disappears.

Warned by your patron, you must attack or take 3 Shame points. Your opponents, startled by the war-bringer's appearance, have not yet attacked.

If you attack, go to **333**.

If not, go to **228**.

158

It is now just before noon. High overhead, the sun seems to set the very sea aflame. The ship is coming closer to the Cretan land. At the very edge of the horizon one of the Athenian girls thinks she can make out the shoreline.

If Aphrodite is your patron go to **471**.

Otherwise go to **28**.

159

The lion-robed woman drops her spear and begs for mercy. She can take no more of the fight. Near by you can hear clanking and rattling noises.

Do you kill the Amazon, and make your way onwards (**252**)?

Or do you permit her to live, simply divesting her of the sharp-tipped spear, which has Might 2 (go to **80**)?

Whatever you decide to do, you may have 4 Honour points for your victory.

160

The bull is a particularly fearsome creature, so, for the duration of this combat only, your Might is reduced by 1 point. Turn to 136.

161

You reach Megara by midday. The fresh sea-breeze of the coast road blows your hair, which waves as do the golden ears of corn under the summer sun, before the farmers come to harvest them with their sickles of shining metal, laughing and warming to the task. You could go to the famous market at Megara (go to 470), or alternatively simply wander about the town for a few hours (go to 539).

162

You are now out of range of Talos' boulders, and can sail towards Crete. As you make for the coast, you see that the bronze giant has caught a foot on the sea-bed and fallen over. Go to 384.

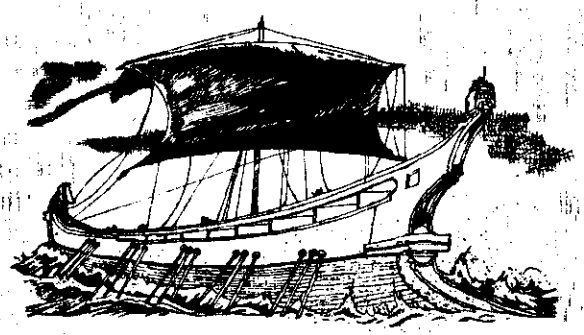

163

As the second strong-greaved foeman falls, you see the fountain flowing in healing water once more, clear and sparkling with the god's favour. The face of the statue, no longer twisted, smiles and seems to look at you in thanks. You are clearly now a Favoured one of Asclepius (note this on your Chronicle Sheet). You may also have 6 Honour points for your victory in combat. Go to 536.

164

The guard looks at you blankly. He has clearly not heard of anyone named Styrikon. Seizing advantage of his momentary hesitation, you push forward, trying to gain access to the palace. He, however, calls for help, and soon two more heavily armed guards bar your way with swords.

Do you attack them (226)?

Or do you submit to being arrested (459)?

165

Away from the Amazon camp you flee, as if the very Furies were on your tail, screaming for your blood, and tearing your flesh with their claws. You reach Athens in minutes, and while the king stands, gravely considering events, you describe your reception. War is now inevitable, and it is you, Altheus, who have failed to stop it: grim Death's cup will soon be overflowing. Take 1 Shame point. You prepare for battle. Go to 102.

166

The guards gaze at you astounded, for they thought you were dead. They do not make any effort to bind your wounds; they strip you of your armour, and drag you away down into the depths of the palace. Go to 459.

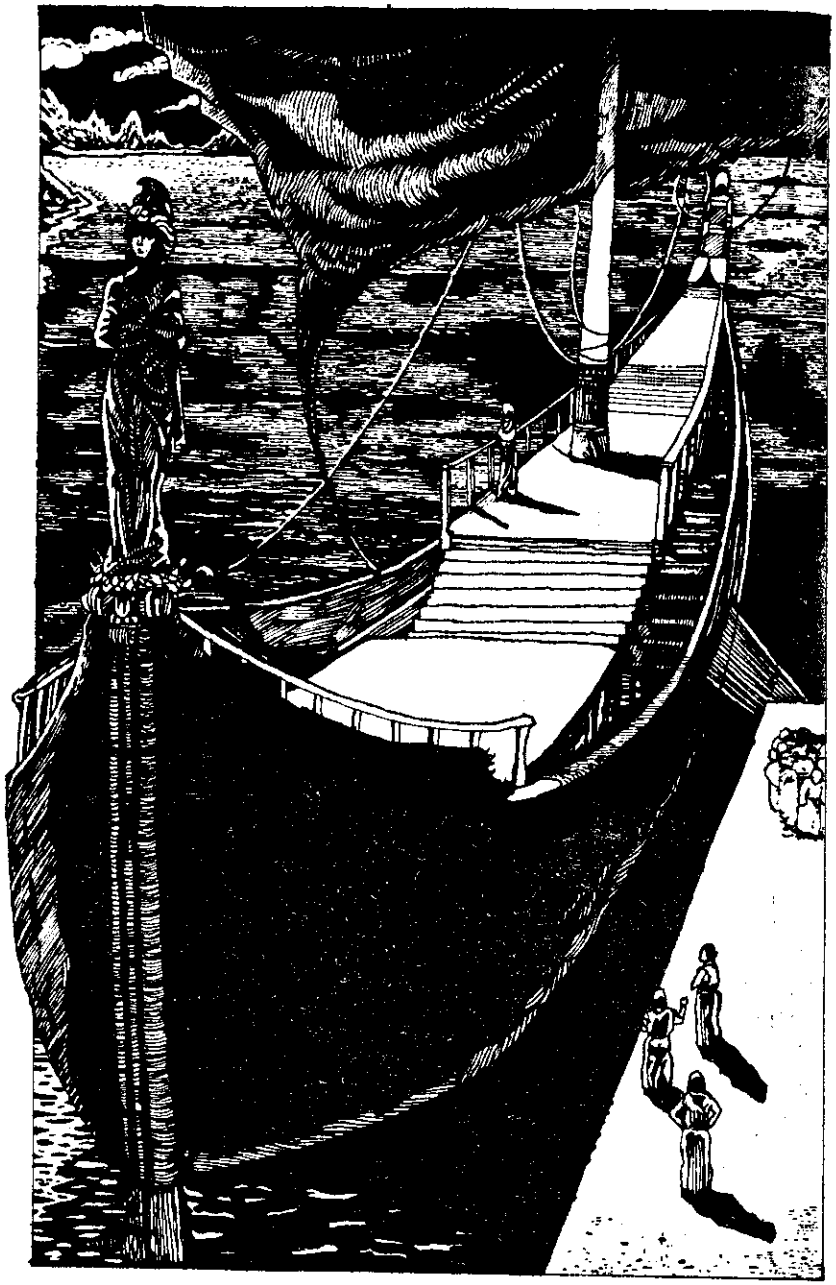

167

To Piraeus of the great-carved ships you come, and there at the harbour's edge stands the boat that will take you to Crete and the well-founded citadel of Knossos: a great, pine-built vessel, sails of cloth deep-dyed in black, rowing-benches wreathed in black, oars painted black while the crew wear robes the colour of the night. Yet the ship is old, its hull encrusted with the debris of the seas. The figurehead of Athena at the prow, once the proud harbinger of an Athenian crew, is now faded and saddened by the cargo it carries. In a huddle stand the fourteen young men and women destined for death in the Cretan labyrinth. You approach a small, brown-bearded man, whose robe is trimmed with white, standing on the quayside. He is indeed the captain, but says that the ship cannot sail tonight as the tide is wrong. Your hurried journey from Athens was unnecessary: you could have avoided the Furies! You retire below decks, and there sleep in the cabin where the crew have their quarters.

In the morning you awaken refreshed, and go back to the deck, where Dawn has already brought her message of light to the realms of earth. Go to 327.

168

In the temple at Troezen, you bow down at the statue of Athena and pray. The room grows quiet and peaceful. Then, in a shimmering haze, the statue stirs into life.

'Altheus, son of Aegeus, you have chosen wisely, and wisely shall I aid you in your quest. In weturn, I ask of you one favour. Go to Cwete and wecover your bwother's body, that it may be buwied in Athens with fitting wites. Good luck.' Athena is goddess of defensive war, so you may add 1 to your Protection value. In addition, you need pay no Honour when instructed to do so, if you take a look twenty numbers on and there is no hint. If the penalty is in Shame, you must still take it.

The statue falls silent, and will speak no more. You set out for Athens, where your father is king. Turn to 2.

169

This time you are driving in the race. The rules are as before, except that you are the new number 2 (the red team). The race is now two laps of the wall perimeter (twenty points). As before, if your patron is Poseidon, a roll of 5 will advance you one space, and if you are in Favour with Poseidon, a roll of 5 will advance you one space if you expend 1 Honour point for it. If you are in Disfavour with Poseidon, you do not advance on a roll of 6, but all the other chariots do.

If you are clear how to conduct the race, do so and turn to the end of this paragraph. Otherwise, here is a summary of the rules.

Roll two dice. If they are both 6, a crash has occurred. Roll a further die. If it is 1, 2, 3 or 4, that numbered chariot has crashed, and is removed from the race. If it is 5, there was a near miss and nobody crashes. If it is 6, all the chariots crash.

If the two dice come up anything other than double 6, each roll between 1 and 4 advances that chariot one space. If 6 is rolled, all chariots advance one space, and if 5 is rolled, none of them do, except for Poseidon's alterations detailed above.

Continue rolling dice, two at a time, until one chariot has moved twenty spaces or until all chariots have crashed.

If you win the race, turn to **14**.
If you lose the race, turn to **271**.
If you crash, turn to **321**.
If all the chariots crash, turn to **99**.

170

The king stares you straight in the face, his gaze like that of the snake-haired Gorgon, freezing you where you stand, his white locks like the snow that lies atop Olympus.

'Who are you, stranger,' he says, his voice strangely rich, and flowing, 'who come to my house thus, and cause such a disturbance? Speak now, and speak the truth, for Zeus protects all strangers, and we mean you no harm.'

Do you hesitate, and wait for the king your father to speak again (389)?

Or do you reply 'Altheus' at once (546)?

171

The two men drop their daggers and fall to the floor, grasping your feet in a position of supplication.

'Spare us,' they beg, 'and we will lead you to the temple by a safe route.'

Do you accept their offer (go to **110**)?

Or do you kill them anyway (go to **403**)?

172

No need to tread that warily! Lose 1 Honour point, and go on to **211**.

173

You can make little out in the deathly gloom, and you dare not light a lamp. Only snatches of the document emerge.

'. . . Ceos, inhabited by sea-monsters . . .'

'. . . the punishment of those who desecrate Melos . . .'

'. . . on Theros, help the lame man at your peril . . .'

Suddenly you hear a noise. Perhaps someone is coming. Strong fear grips your shoulders.

Do you examine the other table (**122**)?

Or do you leave for the harbour at once (**326**)?

Whichever you decide, you must take 1 Shame point for what you have done.

174

Into the water you plunge, your body shattered by the strong arm of Talos. Perhaps the Cretan quest, your swordquest, was hopeless, you muse, as your life-spirit seeps from your body; but it is not the way of the hero to sit at home and die old, the challenges unfaced.

175

You decide that it would be wise to scout the Amazon camp, now close to the walls of Athens itself, for you may discover the reason for the attack.

Silently you pass through the city and out of the gates, the guards saluting as you pass. You can soon see the campfires of

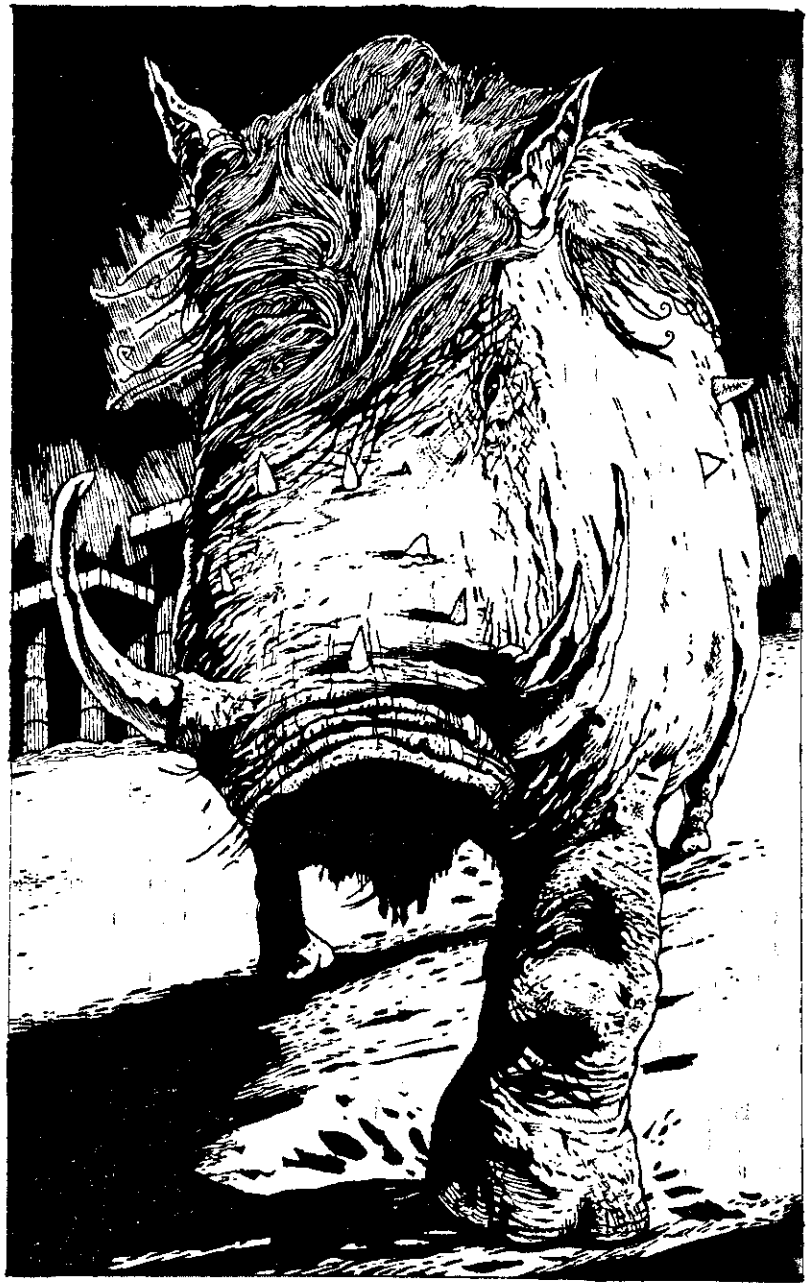

the Amazons, lighting up the midnight sky, as the shepherd's burning cottage illuminates the tiny valley, driving off both sheep and the neighbours who had come to help, fearful now of the fate in store for them.

Go to **222**.

176

The sow (Might 12, Protection 6) charges you.

If you defeat it, go to **615**.

If you successfully retreat, go to **493**.

If you die, but are saved by Zeus, go to **378**.

177

Have 2 Shame points for your brutal and shameful act. Go to **415**.

178

Talos is nowhere to be seen, and you realize that he must come upon you from the west, so that to move into the shore with an easterly slant would give you a better chance of avoiding him. Just as you confide your heaven-sent insight to the captain, the earth beneath the sea begins to tremble. The very fish in their seaweed-covered realm can feel the shock. Talos comes! You look to the west and there, towering above the cliffs, is Talos, perhaps two hundred feet tall. Yet he is too far away to destroy the ship with his brazen arms. Instead he casts rocks at you. There will be time for five rounds of combat, and the only weapons you have which will reach that far are a supply of the captain's harpoons (Might 2, Protection 0).

Talos is Might (*)14, Protection 18, and the rocks are counted as Might 0.

If you hit Talos three times, go to **464**.

If you retreat, go to **549**.

If you surrender, go to **443**.

If you die, go to **174**.

After five rounds of combat, go to **162**.

179

The monster is Might 22, Protection 14.

If you attack the creature, turn to 533.

If you wait, and hope that the creature will not attack, turn to 562.

180

As the fatal blow is about to be struck, divine Zeus stays the Amazon's spear and takes you, badly injured, to gentle Cythera. Here he heals your wounds, and without a word whisks you back to the battlefield. You must fight on. Return to 102 and choose a different opponent.

181

A low moaning noise issues from behind the curtain. The Pythian priestess has begun to utter the words of Apollo. You notice that a small withered man, dressed in a rich tunic, has pulled aside a corner of the curtain, and seems to be looking at what lies behind.

Do you investigate and look behind the curtain (72)?

Do you take no action at all (442)?

Or do you pull him away (284)?

182

A number of actions spring to mind.

You could eat from the bowl of corn (269).

You could burn the corn on the brazier (404).

You could sprinkle some corn on the water (4).

Or you could scatter the corn into the crowd (19).

183

You should drink from the fountain of the healer god. If you do drink, then for the next combat only, the god will aid you. Instead of being Wounded when an opponent hits you in combat the first time, you will remain Healthy. Only the second hit will move you to Wounded, and so on. Go to 536 to continue your journey.

184

Have 4 Shame points (2 'extra' Shame points) for your horrific act, unworthy indeed of a true hero. Go to 415.

185

You sit, depressed, in the cell for what seems like hours. You do not know when you will be released, or indeed whether you will be released at all. At length a maidservant comes and leaves some bread and a pot filled with water. Eagerly, you eat the meagre fare, and pray to the gods for your release.

If Aphrodite is your patron and you desire her help, turn to 491.

Otherwise, turn to 54.

186

Bedraggled and thoroughly miserable, you press on through the city until you reach a crossroads. You hardly notice that the rain has ceased, and it is only when the sun peers tentatively through the threatening clouds that you begin to smile, once more amicable Altheus. Go to 198.

187

The healer god, in repayment for your earlier service, lights up the barn with a healing glow. The rats, harbingers of death and disease, cannot bear the touch of Asclepius, and they perish, withered where they stood, as the golden ears of corn die at the scorching touch of Skiron, the wind of the north-west. Your task is done, and the town of Pagae is set free from the plague. You are in favour with Athena, if she was not your patron. In any case, you may have 4 Honour points. The lord of the town, seeing what has happened, greets you, but hurries you out of the town, with only a loaf, afraid of the works you might perform in his domain. Go to 51.

188

The town of Acharnae is in festival at this time of the year, for the annual chariot races are being held this week. All over the

town men prepare their horses and repair their chariots. You have been walking for some time, and so decide to find an inn to rest for a while. You are directed to a small, low building, fringed by trees, where many of the competitors are staying. The price for a night is high, but you can just afford it. The excited chattering of the guests is like the buzz of bees greedy for honey, but you can make out some of it. There is in fact to be a race within the hour around the narrow streets of the town.

Do you go to bed (513)?

Or do you set out for the chariot races (423)?

189

Pressing on out of the city with a sigh of relief, you walk ahead quickly. A farmer comes up behind you, and offers you a ride in his cart, carrying goat's cheese to the port at Crommyon. The journey is long, and you begin to feel drowsy. You also feel hungry, but it does not look as though the farmer is going to stop to eat.

You could take some of the cheese, without asking the farmer (go to 555), or you could bide your time (go to 268).

190

Do you still have your mother's gem? If you do, turn to 505. If not, turn to 389.

191

As you walk down the hillside from the temple of the god, an unearthly cry freezes your blood. You look up, startled. From the high crag above a man plummets, like the eagle's egg, dislodged from the lofty eyrie, falls, and its life's majesty is done before it starts.

You stand in silence for a moment, wondering at the fate of the dead man, and then carry on towards Thebes (go to 392).

192

Inspired by warlike Ares the man-slaughterer, god of battle, you break down the solid pine door with your bare hands. The wood splinters, as does the bark of the ship torn open by the jagged rocks, its sailors crying out in despair, while the earth-shaker, Poseidon, hears them not; so does the innkeeper scream out, and you pay him no heed.

You wound him at once, and the blood flows free from a gash in his side. He grabs a stick from a table and goes into the attack.

The innkeeper has Might 3, Protection 10, but the stick is Might 1, making Might 4 in all:

If you retreat, go to **304**.
If you surrender, go to **127**.
If he is Seriously Wounded, go to **401**.
If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **23**.

193

You feel refreshed, and an urge comes on you to bathe in the water, but heroic modesty overcomes your desire, as the maidens of Mycenae work beside the bank. Go to **73**.

194

The captain decides to keep close to the shore, and announces his intention of calling at Crommyon to collect more passengers, and bring on board some wine to deliver at Athens. When you reach the port, it is relatively quiet and late afternoon. As you step ashore the captain hails you, saying that the ship will stay in port for two hours, and leave as the sun begins to set. Go to **100**.

195

Is Altheus such a coward that he is afraid even while single-handedly scouting a hostile camp in the dark? Perhaps the shadows frighten you. Whatever the cause, you must take 1 Shame point and lose 1 Honour point. Go to **222**.

196

As you step aside to avoid the horse, you see that on its back there is a majestic rider, wearing flowing robes. As he passes, you hear him laugh and mutter, 'Not half the man his brother was.' With that he rides straight into the sea, and is gone. You carry on past Cenchraea to Crommyon. Go to **100**.

197

The two seem convinced and invite you to sit with them. They order some wine from the innkeeper, and pour some into their goblets.

Do you join in, and drink with them (**140**)?
Or do you refuse their drink (**351**)?

198

The sun lights up the whole city with a harsh glare as it reflects off the newly formed puddles. The water drips rhythmically from the roofs, and slowly the city reawakens, like a thousand squirrels emerging from their winter's rest. The road turns sharply to the right, but there is also a narrower street straight on.

Will you go straight ahead (**109**)?
Or do you follow the road to the right (**440**)?

199

The room is small and dingy. There is no bed. Instead, there is a mattress on the floor, seeming almost alive. Exhausted, you fall asleep despite the squalor, forgetting to pray to your patron. Go to **446**.

200

After some searching, you find an inn which is sumptuous and well furnished. Perhaps this is why there are no other guests. You eat and drink deeply with your host, displaying great *laevendia*, and then stumble to your room and collapse on the bed. Your feet stick out over the end but you manage to curl up and get comfortable. If your patron god is Apollo, turn to **55**. Otherwise, you become sleepy (turn to **500**).

201

You are on the very outskirts of the town, and the people seem to be waving their arms from their huts in warning. You hear a great bellowing noise behind you, and spin around, but too late: the Marathonian bull, the greatest of its kind, is upon you, horns wellnigh as long as a man's arm, its body built as powerfully as the walls of far-off Ilium. Yet you are quick, amicable Altheus, and manage to spring aside, but in doing so you stumble, fall and injure your sword-arm. You are not actually Wounded, but for this combat only, your Might is reduced by 2 points. The bull is Might 10, Protection 16.

If you defeat this infernal creature, turn to **225**.

If you retreat, and refuse to face the task your father has set, turn to **515**.

If you die, but can be saved by Zeus, turn to **47**.

202

Out of the corner of your mouth you pray to your patron god, and hear a soft voice whispering, 'Don't know. It's a mystery to me!' Lose 1 Honour point. Go to **182**.

203

You offer prayers to white-armed Hera, wife of Olympian Zeus, and then set out for Athens, where your father is king. Turn to **2**.

204

The activity in the city begins to die down as dusk approaches, but even now it is bigger than any place you could once have imagined. You wander about, admiring the marvels of the town, not realizing how late it is. With a shock you find it is nearly dark, and you must find an inn before they close their doors for the night. You go down a dark alleyway, thinking you saw an inn-sign at the end of it. Go to **16**.

205

Is amicable Altheus afraid even of the dark, and being alone? Lose 1 Honour point, and return to 185.

206

The lord of Pagae takes you to a derelict barn on the outskirts of the city. 'Here,' he says, 'the rats are nesting. I am sure that you can deliver us. You have some of the marks of a hero.' With this he ushers you into the barn and closes the door behind you. It is dark and musty, and as your eyes grow accustomed to the gloom, you think you see small shapes scurrying around. There is the sound of squeaking and scrabbling. If you are in Favour with Asclepius, go to 187. If Asclepius is Neutral to you, or you are in Disfavour, go to 369.

207

As you come near, you find to your embarrassment that you spent most of your money on the room, and you cannot match the young noblemen's wagers.

Will you offer a gift instead (113)?

Or simply watch the races as a spectator (9)?

208

The wolf has Might 2, Protection 12. Being an animal, it will not surrender. If you kill it, go to 400. If you die, but Zeus resurrects you, go to 277. It is now too late for retreat.

209

The swineherd, on hearing your request, laughs heartily, for he, as he confides, is the royal swineherd. He proffers a scarred and greasy hand, but you do not take it. Sighing, he says that he will take you to the palace, but you must be quick, as he cannot leave the pigs for long. Go to 588.

210

You stumble backwards, desperately seeking to evade the bear. You catch your ankle in a hole and fall badly. The bear overtakes you, and growling in triumph, lands a mighty blow

on your leg. You must take a wound. Return to 616, and choose again.

211

The city is extremely busy. People flock to and from the vast market. You stand and shake your head at the tradesmen hawking goods from all parts of Greece. City life is so different from the tranquillity of simple Troezen. Standing over the market and dominating it is a temple of Aphrodite, its columns carved in pure white marble, young women and priestesses languishing idly on the steps. You hurry by, and go up to a stall selling fruit. You buy some grapes, and the stall-keeper at once notices that your money is not that of Corinth. You fall into conversation with him. Thinking that you are travelling south, he warns you to avoid Epidaurus, and a man named Procrustes in Tiryns. When you explain your destination, he suggests that you go to Delphi, to seek inspiration from Apollo the prophet god. Another nearby stall-keeper suggests Crommyon as a suitable next stage on your journey. From there, he says, you could catch a boat to Athens.

Do you go through Pagae to Delphi (302), to Crommyon (189), or stay in Corinth for the night (204)?

212

Having completed the corn rite, you must now attend to the water.

Do you drink the water (607)?

Do you quench the fire with the water (356)?

Or do you sprinkle the water on the seed (101)?

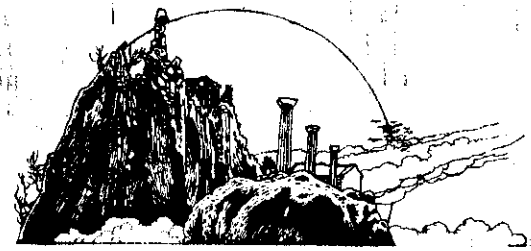

213

'You have done well, Altheus,' says Athena from behind a bush where she has materialized. 'You have fweed Pagae from the tewwible wats. I gweet you, Altheus, as a bwave hewo.' Then she leaves for her shining town of Athens, careful to avoid passing over the barn. You are now in Athena's Favour. Go to **51**.

214

An embittered old woman shouts angrily back, 'The Cretans take our young men and maidens to feed to the Minotaur. Do you now ask why we bear a blood-grudge against them? Perhaps you, too, are a Cretan.' With this she picks up a large rock and lobs it at you. It misses, but acts as a signal and soon a shower of stones of varying sizes rains down all about you. Unable to escape, you are hit by one after another.

A great rock smashes your head, and your brain opens and scatters its fluid over the cobbled street. Altheus is no more, unless you can still pray to Zeus. If so, you find yourself at paragraph **394**.

215

You silently curse those who threaten their enemies only when weight of numbers is behind them, but prudence prevails, and you hand over the sum they demand. Perhaps one day you will meet one of them alone, and then he will feel the anger of Altheus. You carry on into Cirrha, fury in your heart. Go to **92**.

216

A mountain lion roars in the distance, and you hurry onwards, anxious to accomplish the task. The temple is much closer now, and you can see a statue of the god, its face convulsed, as if in mortal pain. The fountain of Asclepius flows red with blood.

Amazed at this sacrilege, your limbs tremble, and you are filled with a divine fury. Onwards you rush into the temple precinct, bellowing strange words as you go, words which come from the gods, like a boar, speared in the frenzied chase,

cries out its defiance against the high-hearted hunters: 'Desecrating curs, the god will punish you for your pitiful pride, thinking that you could defile his temple, and escape the price.'

At this, two bandits step forward from the gloom, where once Asclepius' light shone, saying nothing; you know that you must retreat or fight.

If you attempt to retreat now (you may not do so later), go to **145**.

If you attack, go to **388**.

217

Greek wines were never very notable, especially in this period. Lose 1 Honour point, and return to **197**.

218

From the dead queen's arm, you roughly rip a golden amulet, thinking it would be a good present for your mother on your return. As a token of your victory you wear it on your own arm. Turn to **597**.

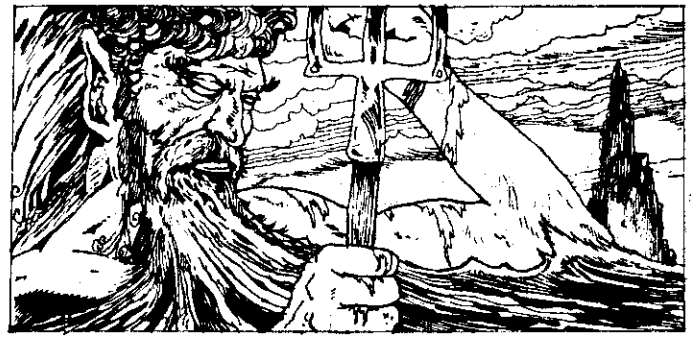

219

You go up to the stall, and then rather tentatively, when you think no one is looking, you pick up a small loaf and try to conceal it in your tunic. You feel as if everyone in the market-place turns to look at you, yet no one moves. Perhaps you have escaped. To find out if anyone has noticed, roll one die. On 5 or 6, go to **460**. On 1–4, go to **38**.

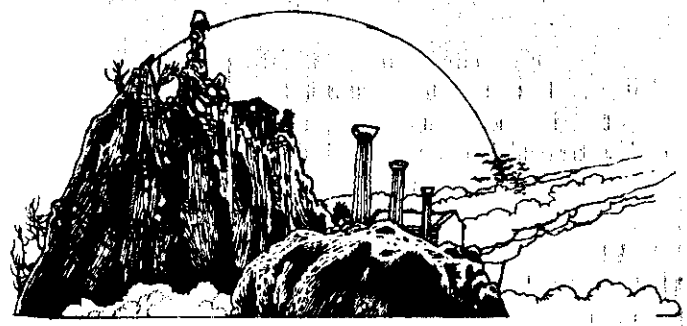

220

Before the powers of Sleep brush closed your eyelids, you open a cupboard to put your clothes away, and see there a heap of human skulls. The innkeeper must be a mass murderer! As you hear footsteps approaching, you shut the cupboard and hide behind the door, seizing your club. Turn to **272**.

221

You lose 1 Honour point for attacking an opponent from behind, but in the time you gain you manage to inflict a Wound on one of the brigands. Go to **462**.

222

Closer you creep, like the mountain lion that stalks her prey, craving meat for her hungry cubs crying out in the den. There are few guards: the Amazons seem too confident for such a

precaution. You look into one tent. Fortunately, it is not occupied, and there is little of interest, only various jars, urns and a shield of sewn hides. Before you can examine this more closely, you hear voices: someone is about to enter the tent.

'Queen Antiope's leopardskin . . .' the speaker begins, but then sees you and stops. She carries a spear and a sewn-hide shield, and wears a bearskin.

Do you attack this tall, powerful Amazon before she can call for aid (**544**)?

Or do you try to escape out of the other end of the tent (**343**)?

223

In the morning the goddess is gone. You leave the house and carry on out of the city. Go to **263**.

224

No hero would allow himself to be set upon by peasants in a dark alleyway. You notice some men lurking there, and quickly move on, wondering at men who will attack from behind, like dogs or Trojans, typical of city-dwellers. Go to **331**.

225

The bull makes one last feeble attempt to impale you on its horns, but then collapses, heaves one last rasping breath, and is dead. You cut off a piece of its horns as token of your victory, and, elated, turn away and set off down the road back to Athens, not waiting even to receive the gratitude of the people of Marathon.

You may have 7 Honour points. Go to 456.

226

Even to think of shedding blood in the house of your father is shameful, especially since you have lied about your name and parentage. Take 2 Shame points. You realize that resisting will simply bring more guards, so you surrender. You are handled roughly and bundled into a cell near the entrance, and you languish there in the dark, confused at the reception you have been given. Go to 185.

227

The dark wine spills on the table and runs down, soiling the tunic of a Phoenician trader who is seated next to you. You apologize profusely for your clumsiness. Take 1 Shame point. King Aegeus notices you, and gestures to you. Turn to 170.

228

You are now in Disfavour with Asclepius (record this on your Chronicle Sheet). You carry on a little way from the town, and there rest for the night, before continuing on to Cleonae. Turn to 536.

229

Lose 1 Honour point, and take 1 Shame point. Go to 588.

230

At length you reach the slope of the hill on which the citadel stands. It is steep, and you are forced to stop several times. The houses here are much older than those below, and their denizens richer, but nowhere here can your father's palace

be discerned. You reach the summit, and pass through the gates where the guards stand with great body-shields and ceremonial armour. They do not stop you. You clamber up the wall on the other side of the gate to get a better look at the city below. Go to 49.

231

You take a swipe at one of the creatures, but miss, and they retire to a nearby tree. Then, as one, they come screaming to the attack. The man, meanwhile, cowers in the gloom, too frightened to move.

There are three Furies: Tisiphone, Alecto and Megaera. They fight in that order. Each has Might 4, Protection 18 (but remember the bonus to Might for multiple opponents).

If you surrender, go to 153.
If you retreat, go to 520.
If you die, and pray to be saved by Zeus, go to 463.
If you Seriously Wound a Fury, go to 83.

232

You awaken next morning, your head throbbing. The events of last night seem long ago, and such indulgence is not fitting for a hero with great deeds to accomplish. Have 2 Shame points, but you are in Favour with Dionysus, god of the vine. At length, after an hour's walk, you find the road to Thebes. Go to 13.

233

The beggar thanks you heartily, and the gods smile on your pity for a fellow mortal, pushed down by the cares of the world. For your act they award you 1 Honour point. Out of Mycenae you walk, keenly aware of the cruelty of city-dwelling men. Go to 536.

234

At length, you are ordered to serve at the table. Into your hands is placed the huge brazen mixing-bowl you had cleaned, now filled with wine. Into the hall you are hustled, and there

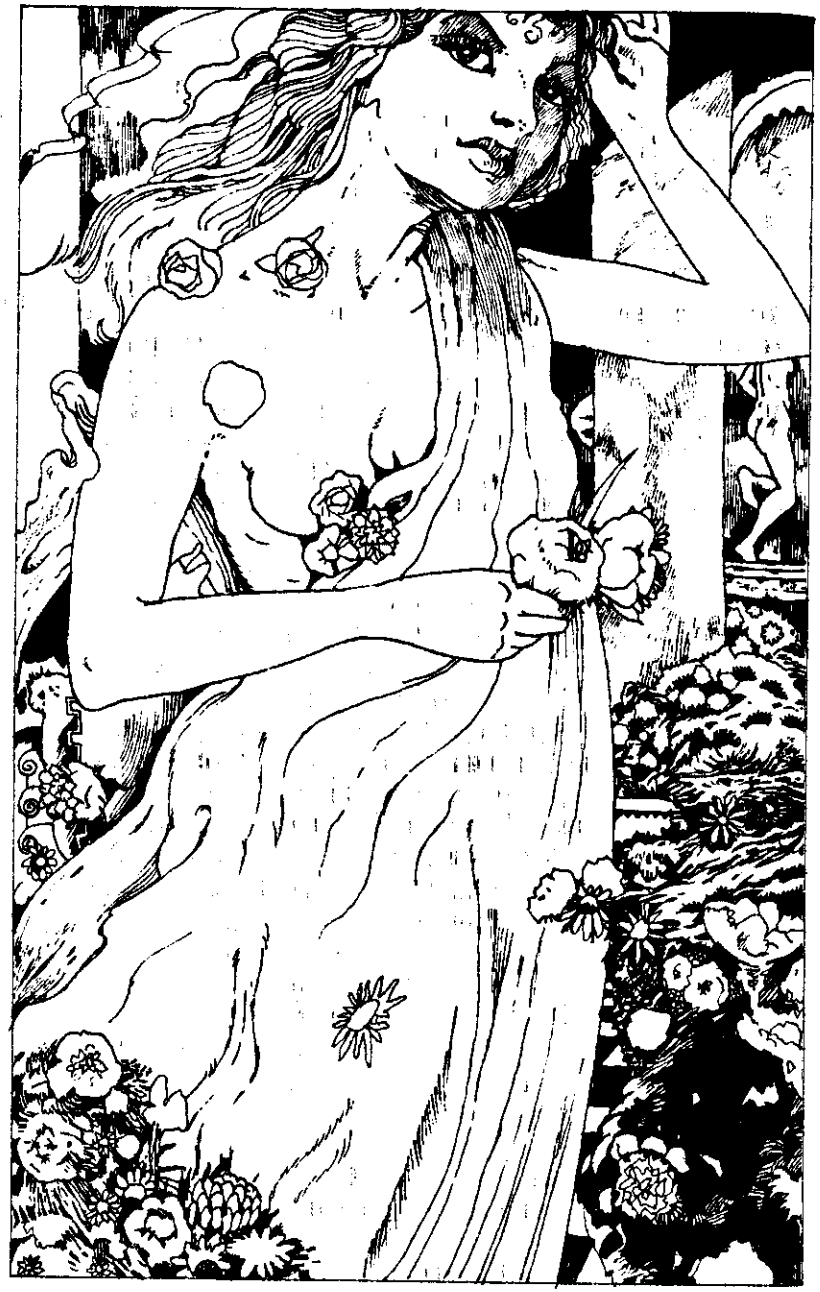

set out before you is a splendid scene. All the guests of the king, the nobility of Athens, and even the king's retainers and servants are seated around a huge table. You set down the bowl and from it wine is drawn for the goblets. Once a portion of the food has been set aside for Athena, protectress of the city, to be burnt later, the feast begins. You see more meat, bread and wine consumed than you could possibly have imagined existed. There are men from Laconia, Boeotia, Thessaly, even some from Phoenicia, whence the ships ply to and fro across the ocean. It is the custom that all must partake of the feast, and at last you are noticed by the king, standing away in the corner. He beckons you to him, breaks off some bread from his plate and gives it to you. You must take 3 Shame points for the humiliation of acting as a servant in your father's house. Turn to 383.

235

The palace is voluptuously furnished, with huge satin cushions, vases depicting scenes of young lovers, great silken curtains, and statues of the goddess in various poses. At the far wall, beneath one vast marble sculpture of herself, Aphrodite sits on a pink coloured cushion, surrounded by flowers. Every so often she picks up one of these and sniffs it, only to toss it carelessly away into the centre of the floor, where a large pile of these blooms has accumulated. Handmaidens with brooms sweep the vast floor to keep it clear, sometimes revealing a huge mosaic of the goddess bathing in a mountain stream.

'Altheus,' she coos, yet her voice carries across the palace room, 'I do hope you've been keeping well. *I* have. Anyway, before we get down to talking about interesting things, like me, I ought to tell you about this huge bronze giant named Talos who walks around Crete four times a day. Just before noon, strike east, and you'll catch him out around the other side. Be a good boy and don't forget about Ariadne.' With this she tosses one last red poppy to the floor.

You feel yourself carried back to the shore, where you stand, astonished and tired. The sailors greet you with amazement,

for you have been gone several days. On hearing your tale, they are still more perplexed at having an honoured one of the goddess among them. Go to 583.

236

Through the winding streets you rush, and at last come to the palace. A spacious colonnade adorns the front with columns of marble. Baskets of flowers around the door fill the air with a sweet-smelling fragrance. At the gate stands a guard, forbidding entrance to all unauthorized people. He looks hot, clad in armour and carrying a short spear. You approach him and demand entrance, but he simply looks at you sidelong.

'What is your name?' he sneers.

Do you reply 'Styrikon' (164), 'Altheus' (328), or 'Pyraphas' (87)?

237

You rest, and in the morning continue on your way, completely refreshed. Turn to 2.

238

It does not take you long to find a hostelry no more appealing than the rest of the town, but you wait for some time before the surly innkeeper will serve you. The food gets worse with every mouthful, and at the end the keeper belches in your face.

You pay him more than the whole tavern is worth, and resolve to wait out the night here. You doze lightly, and, as if in a dream, hear fragments of conversation from the other customers.

'. . . I was going to the bear-hunt, but apparently some fool killed it last night . . .'

'. . . I used to be one of hers, but the lisp put me right off . . .'

'. . . I've told the other five. The assassin strikes at . . .'

Go to 70.

239

You have only yourself to blame for this situation. Lose 1 Honour point and go back to 219. If you choose instead to

spend the rest of your life stealing from the markets of Megara, go to 5.

240

You approach the conspirators and explain that you have heard everything. You say that you have a grudge against the king of Thebes, and would like to help if you can. The men look startled, and whisper to each other.

If your patron is Ares, Hera or Poseidon, go to 354.

If your patron is Apollo, Aphrodite, or Athena, go to 197.

If you have no patron, go to 354.

241

The guard motions to a passing kitchen-boy, who runs off breathless. Not long afterwards he returns, and speaks frantically with the guard. You listen, and with joy in your heart realize that you are to be released, for the king is holding a great feast today, and it would be shameful to keep a man prisoner, and not to share the meal with him. Turn to 350.

242

Pious words wing from your mouth to high Olympus. 'If ever you have heard me before, now is the time to aid me,' you pray, but there is no response. Have 1 Honour point. When you look up, the Amazon has gone, taking advantage of your prayer to escape.

Do you stride boldly out of the front of the tent, seeking to continue the battle (613)?

Or do you escape out of the back of the tent (259)?

243

The inn is crowded, but the daughter of the owner brings you an urn filled with wine, and pours some into your gold-rimmed goblet. Like the hum of bees, the conversation drones on, but you are too tired to listen. At length soft Sleep conquers the resolve of your strong-built limbs. When you wake, the captain and all the other customers have gone. You rouse yourself, and make unsteadily for the door, your mind clouded, as if the wine was drawn from the waters of Lethe. At the door there are two tables, one on either side, on which lie piles of documents, undoubtedly private. You could read them, but if you were caught, yours would be the punishment of the thief, or the coward who lurks in the dark.

Do you look at the documents on the right-hand table (go to 173)?

Do you decide not to sully your honour, and return to the ship (go to 326)?

Or do you choose to examine the left-hand documents (go to 368)?

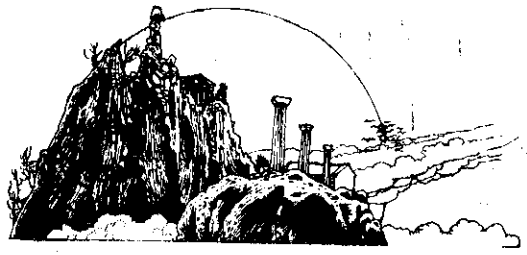

244

Ahead of you, you can now see a large group of people, some ten or fifteen strong. They shout and wail, while the women in the party tear their hair and their black shawls. They appear to be carrying some large object, but you cannot make out what it is, since the dust and haze obscure your view.

Do you move closer, and investigate the reason for this disturbance (go to 494)?

Or do you turn aside a while from the path to the Acropolis, and avoid the crowd altogether (78)?

245

Fear in the face of victory? Lose 1 Honour point, and go to 456.

246

Ah, amicable Altheus, who would have thought it? Offering an item you do not possess. Have 1 Shame point, and choose again at 113.

247

You wake from an unconscious trance, cold and half dead. You have been washed up on the shore, you know not how. After the storm and the swim towards shore, you find yourself weaponless. 'Where is this place?' you think to yourself. You must find some settlement soon or you will die. The sun dries your skin, and your flesh begins to burn under its hot rays. At the summit of a nearby hill, you hear the sound of tinkling bells, and think you see a farmer with his herd of goats. You rush as fast as you can to the place, but when you get there the man has gone. Below you can see a small town, its green fields laid out, and the peasants working there, as ants store up food for the winter. You continue down on the road. Go to 100.

248

Before you are fully aware of what is going on, you are on top of the temple. The priestess speaks to the people, 'Citizens of Eleusis, worshippers of Demeter, as is the goddess's will, it is one of the common people who officiates at the springtime rite of corn, water and flame, the symbols of rebirth. Let the rites begin.' The priestess steps aside to reveal a low table on which stand an urn of water, a bowl of corn seed, and a small brazier on which a blue-white flame is burning.

There is no backing out now; you must somehow complete the ceremony. Do you deal with the corn first (**182**), or the water (**58**)?

249

You rush out into the corridor, and there you see five guards, none of them heavily armed, for they have run straight from the barracks. Each has a shortsword (Might 2, Protection 0), and a breastplate (Might 0, Protection 3). Their basic values are Might 3, Protection 11, making Might 5, Protection 14 in all (but Might 9 for the first, 8 for the second, etc.)

They rush in screaming, 'No quarter, regicide!' Clearly no surrender is possible.

If you are victorious, go to **267**.

If you retreat, go to **472**.

If you die and are saved by Zeus, you find yourself at **134**.

250

You must expend 1 to 6 Honour points (roll a die). If you cannot afford this, lose 1 Honour point and return to **422**. If you can, then your patron has thrown up the blood of the fountain into the men's faces, and you have enough time to rush back down the path away from Epidaurus, but not enough to collect your weapons and armour before they recover. Go to **536**.

251

As rosy-fingered Dawn, daughter of Morning, finally touches the sky, and performs her appointed office, you come across a

glade, strewn with broken goblets and empty wineskins. You carry on, and a little way along you find a dead bear.

If Artemis is your patron, go to 311.

Otherwise, go to 265.

252

Have 2 Shame points for killing an opponent who has surrendered. Leaving the clearing, you come upon a large group of Amazons. Seeking to avert the plottings of Eris, the bringer of strife, you start to explain your mission, but they see that you have slaughtered their sister. Maddened with rage, they charge, and it is with difficulty that you elude them, and make your way at a run towards Athens. Turn to 165.

253

'Then take a gift from me, amicable Altheus – my curse.' Before you can wonder how the old man knew your name, he has fled into the bushes, and away to the central part of the island. Lose 1 Honour point, and go to 583.

254

The temple is a small and simple affair. 'The priest is not here. He died at the hands of the Hellish Man,' explains an elder. 'There will be no more prophecies on Delos, until the god touches one of us with that gift and curse which bestows great honour and takes away all peace.'

If Apollo is your patron, or you are in Favour with him, go to 305.

If Apollo is Neutral to you, go to 552.

If you are in Disfavour with him, go to 360.

255

For a man of your heroic stature, refusal to accept the hospitality of a host and the dishonour of sleeping like a beggar or a slave among the dogs are unworthy indeed. You therefore must lose 2 Honour points. In the morning you go on towards Cleonae. Go to 536.

256

Can you not speak? Do you require the help of the gods to remember your name? Have 1 Shame point, and return to 236.

257

The ship is tossed about like a bunch of grapes thrown from hand to hand amongst the joyous pickers. To the very crown of heaven it is cast, and then down into the churning waters. A huge wave rears up and sends its white spray-foaming water crashing down on the hollow vessel. The boat's sturdy sides splinter in shards of flying wood, mingled with the sea-snapped bones of the crew. You too, amicable Altheus, do not escape the carnage, for you are its cause. Shame and the death-bringing waters of the wave lord overwhelm you.

258

You are awake now, and strain to hear. As you listen, it becomes clear that a plot is afoot to kill the king of Thebes. You can let sleeping dogs lie (go to 70), or take the part of the king (go to 64) or of the conspirators (go to 240).

259

When you emerge, you find that you are surrounded by a group of some twenty of the warrior women. You cannot resist and they catch you, strip you of all your weapons and armour, and send you off with only a loincloth to protect you from the night air's bitter cold. 'That,' jeers one, 'is your reward for invading our camp like a wolf or thief.' Lose 4 Honour points, and go to 320.

260

The pilgrims, seeing that you are a man of violence, readily give up a small effigy of the god Apollo, begging you to spare their lives. Aware already of the offence against Apollo that you have committed in seeking to assault pilgrims on the way to his shrine, you desist, and move quickly past the frightened band of men and women. As you start again down the road,

you can hear them in the distance, cursing you, and calling on Apollo to punish you. You are now in Disfavour with Apollo. If he is your patron, lose 2 Honour points instead. It is late as you approach the town of Cirrha. Turn to 339.

261

As you approach the far bank, you hear the woman shouting, but as you listen, the rasping voice is transformed into sweet, lyrical speech. You look back. This is no woman, it is the goddess Hera: 'Ignore me now, but some day you will have to pay me homage.' You are now in Disfavour with Hera. Go to 294.

262

The bearskin-clad warrior is Might 7, Protection 14.

If you die, and are saved by Zeus, turn to 180.
If you retreat, turn to 275.
If you surrender, turn to 355.
If you Seriously Wound her, turn to 375.

263

You leave high-walled Tiryns far behind you as, mulling over the night's events in your mind, you journey north to Mycenae. The road is high-banked, and there are few travellers. Some hours pass, and you reach a place where a track joins the road. Unsure of your route, you question a passing farmer, on his way to the market at Tiryns. He tells you that the track leads east to Epidaurus, home of Asclepius the healer, but that the road leads as you thought to Mycenae the lion city.

If you take the track to Epidaurus, go to 324; otherwise you carry on to Mycenae (503).

264

The gods are pleased at your bravery, but even a hero cannot defeat twenty well-armed men. Have 1 Honour point, and either pay the money (go to 215), or agree to yoke the bull (go to 413).

265

Leaving the bear behind, you proceed. The road curves gently to the right. A strap on your sandal snaps, and you are forced to spend some time repairing it. The trees seem much less threatening, and at length the road joins another. Go to 13.

266

The innkeeper welcomes you in when you knock, smiles and beckons you towards a room. You choose to have a meal first, and retire, contented, to a good night's rest. In the morning you eat a hearty breakfast, and carry on out of the town. Go to 3.

267

You may have 8 Honour points for defeating the guards. You make your escape out of the window, as you can hear more guards making their way up the stairs to the corridor. Go to 472.

268

You have almost reached Crommyon, and the farmer informs you that you must get off now, as he must visit a friend. He gives you a large hunk of cheese; you thank him, and he drives off along a track. You walk along past the first houses, which have smoke drifting from their chimneys, spiralling lazily, as a bird in flight. You enter Crommyon itself. Go to 100.

269

You take a handful of corn seed from the bowl, lift it to your mouth and begin to eat. The crowd gasps in horror at what you have done. Go to 120.

270

You enter the kitchen. In front of you a vast feast is being prepared. Huge cauldrons of bronze bubble with stews, and a great boar's head on a platter is ready to be served. There is bread and wine in great quantity. In one corner a woman

weaves on a loom; in another a young boy scrubs at a table ornament of beaten gold. This kitchen seems far grander than the whole of your mother Aethra's house in far-off Troezen. Go to **382**.

271

Your horse reaches the finish-line panting. No one is at hand to congratulate you. They are all cheering the victor. He has a wreath of laurel leaves adorning his brow. Dejected, you slip away back to the inn, dreaming of wheels and hoofs, forgetful of your ordained quest and wishing that the winner's crown might have been yours.

You lose 2 Honour points, and in the morning you awaken, stiff and sore, and set out to Athens. Turn to **474**.

272

The innkeeper enters with an axe in his hand. When he sees nobody in the bed, he gasps and looks wildly around. Shouting the battle-cry of your people, you attack him, take him by surprise and inflict one Wound. Then the battle starts, with you striking first. Procrustes is Might 1, Protection 10, and his axe is Might 5, Protection −3. Cornered in the room, you cannot retreat.

If he is Seriously Wounded, go to **21**.

If you surrender, go to **571**.

If you die, and Zeus saves you, go to **263**.

273

The Amazon drops her strong-shafted spear to the ground, unable to fight any longer. 'Be merciful,' she cries, 'and Hera will smile on you.'

Do you spare her (**507**), or kill her anyway (**516**)?

274

You feebly stammer out that you have spared the men, and they have escaped. 'You waste my time,' replies the king. 'Lock him in the storeroom. In the morning we will have a public flogging. I think I shall officiate.' Go to **433**.

275

Take 1 extra Shame point for retreating and abandoning the fight for your father's city. A short while after you leave the battle, it is clear that the Athenians are losing, so you enter the fray once more. Return to **102**, and choose a different opponent.

276

Stung by what seems like a multitude of bees, you decide that the honey is not worth the price that all-seeing Zeus has decreed you must pay. You can either go back to the ship and await the casting off from Melos (**595**), or you could attempt with some of the other sailors to kill one of the cows, so that you may have fresh meat (**59**).

277

You come at last to the town of Epidaurus. You look around in amazement at the crowded streets. Unfamiliar faces push past you and crush you against the high-towered walls. No one stops or notices you, and they all seem miserable, as if abandoned by the gods. Eventually courage builds itself in your mind, and you seek to converse with a high-born lady. She ignores you with a contemptuous glance. Almost in despair you seize a passer-by, and shake his arm. 'Friend,' you say, 'where is the inn? Why is the town so afflicted? Is Olympian Zeus angry with its people? Do the Harpies visit your feast-tables, laden with the fruits of the earth?'

The man only shakes his head and points lamely ahead. You look and see a scruffy tavern. You turn to question the man, but he has scurried off. Resigned, you walk towards the small, squat building. The steps are unwashed, and the windows are caked with dirt. A sign above the door tells you that it is indeed a place where you can find a room for the night.

Do you go in (go to **36**)?

Or do you go away (go to **341**)?

278

Aphrodite is your mistress, and you have failed to honour beauty; you have failed to see the truth. Until you reach Crete Aphrodite is no longer considered to be your patron. Have 6 Shame points, and go to **608**.

279

You reach the harbour. As you approach the place where Athena's proud vessel lies, you feel inside your tunic and find that the documents for great Minos, king of Crete, have gone. You have failed your father if you do not find them. The ship must sail soon, and you have little time.

Do you investigate the inn of Cythnos (**380**), or a large white-washed house near by (**545**)?

280

The portly cook looks slyly at you and says, 'So you're Altheus, son of Aegeus.' Seeing you nod, she scurries away and screams 'Guards, arrest this man!' Before you have time to escape, or even get into the kitchen and through to the palace, two sword-armed guards with body-length shields have set upon you.

They are Might 5, Protection 14 (basic Might 3, Protection 10, plus sword of Might 3, plus great shield of Might −1, Protection 4). Remember the rules for fighting multiple opponents.

If you die and are saved by Zeus, turn to **166**.

If you surrender, turn to **457**.

If you retreat, turn to **289**.

When both men are Seriously Wounded, turn to **119**.

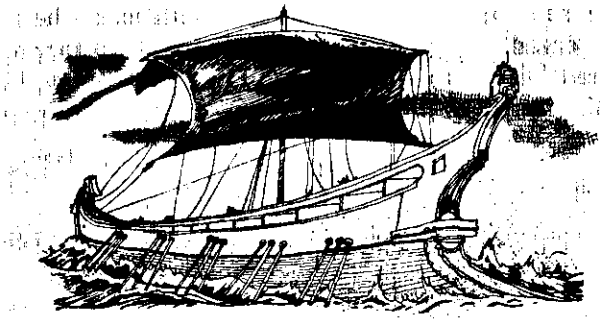

281

You make your way to the palace and, as you had been told, a side entrance has been left open. You sneak through the courtyard to the door, and climb the staircase beyond it. You come to a high-ceilinged corridor; frescoes adorn its walls, but you pay them no heed, intent as you are on your task. Soon you come to the door of the king's bed-chamber; it is unguarded. You lift the latch and enter.

The king is asleep, and snoring loudly. Beside him lies a great longsword in its scabbard. He fingers it in his sleep and seems to stir. You rush up to the bed and raise the dagger the conspirators gave to you. Go to **24**.

282

With one last thrust you bring low the great creature, unstringing the force that binds its mighty sinews, and with one last roar it collapses dead. You are the victor, but you do not wait for the crown, impatient in your heart to be in Athens once more. You wait only long enough to sever a portion of the horn as proof of your valour, and are off, back to high-towered Athens, and the palace of your father. You may have 7 Honour points. Go to **456**.

283

Back from the battlefield you come, bloodied but not beaten. Yours is the victory. You come to the great feasting-hall of Aegeus, where most of the warriors are gathered, mourning the dead, but rejoicing in their hearts that the warlike Amazons have been thrown back to their ships. In the background, servants scurry to and fro, preparing a victory feast. The gathered company cheers you for your part in the fight, as men at oars cheer the helmsman who has guided them safe through the jagged rocks. Go to **441**.

284

You pull the old man away from the curtain. No one notices, but you feel the favour of the god come upon you. Go to **299**.

285

The door opens, but instead of the greybeard's visage you see a pile of slops hurled towards you from a bucket. You must take 1 Shame point for this humiliation. You become enraged and try to force your way into the inn.

Will you control your anger and go on your way, smelling of the inn's sewage (go to **304**)?

Or do you force your way in to deal with the innkeeper and his friends (go to **192**)?

286

You seem to see the reveller god before you, running in the woods with his maenads in train, like a hunter with his pack of hounds. 'Beware,' he cries, 'or your fate will be that of our prey. The wine is poisoned; do not drink it.' You leave your goblet untouched until the end of the feasting, when the king turns towards you to speak. Turn to **170**.

287

The trader shouts out, 'Stop, thieves!' A general hue and cry erupts as everywhere people rush about seeking to catch the men. You find it surprising that anyone could hope to achieve anything in this mêlée, more reminiscent of the fights of the Achaians under high-walled Troy, but at length the thieves are caught, and taken away by the market-wardens for summary justice. Go to **414**.

288

The injured man snatches the gem eagerly, delighted that you should offer such a treasure. 'Your chariot is red,' he says. Go to 391.

289

You turn and rush away from your attackers, knocking down a great cauldron of steaming-hot stew. Your leg is scalded, and you fall down at the feet of two more guards who have come upon you from behind, like bandits, or the men of far-off Egypt. You are dragged off, struggling and shouting, amazed at the treatment meted out to you in your father's house. Turn to 459.

290

Ares the stormer of strong walls appears. 'Pine doors. Not bad. Eliminated the foe. Top marks. Nice finish. Keep it up. Good man.' The god vanishes in a swirl of red smoke. If Ares is not your patron, you are in his Favour and get 3 Honour points. If he is, then you get 5 Honour points. In both cases you have 2 Shame points for killing a man who has surrendered. You spend the night sleeping in the best room of the inn, and none of the guests dares approach you. In the morning you carry on your journey. Go to 3.

291

The Amazon does not surrender. Remember that she is Might 7, Protection 13.

If you finally kill her, turn to 527.
If you retreat, turn to 275.
If you surrender, turn to 355.
If you die, and are saved by Zeus, turn to 180.

292

You hand over your weapon uncertainly, and the wise man tosses it to the ground. 'What need of weapons have I,' he shrieks, 'who know the future's vast panorama? Beneath the waves your truest weapon's use does lie.' With this, he laughs maniacally, rolls over twice in a muddy pond, and crawls away into the bush, with speed belying his state. You sigh, pick up your weapon and walk back towards the ship. Have 1 Honour point, and go to 583.

293

You threaten to kill her if she does not tell you the reason for the attack. She tugs at her long black hair for a moment, as if in thought, and then says, 'It is no secret. Aegeus' soldiers raided our land, and amongst the booty was a golden hairpin sacred to Hera; a small thing to you, but the symbol of our queen's power.' On a whim, you pick up a small silver ear-ring, which has fallen to the floor. Turn to 507.

294

You struggle across the rest of the river, your tired legs shaking with the cold. You hear something drop in the churning water; perhaps you have dislodged a pebble. At length you struggle up the other bank. Go to 417.

295

You disembark on Thera, which, despite its appearance from afar, seems a gloomy place. You have not been travelling for long when you see a strange sight: a woman on a golden throne is sitting beneath the cliff. Beside her is a proud warrior, bearing a mighty-shafted spear, and standing alongside him is a lame man, dressed in the apron of a blacksmith, bearing a hammer of black metal.

As fast as the thunderflash that comes from Zeus, the cliff begins to crumble. 'Save us,' the figures cry in unison. You are the closest, and have time to save only one.

If Hera is your patron, go to **26**.

If Ares is your patron, go to **139**.

Otherwise, go to **543**.

296

Have 5 Shame points for the refusal even to consider aiding the temple of so great a god. You wait unhappily, aware of your crime, as the ship is provisioned, while the elders look on, astounded at the answer of amicable Altheus. Go to **492**.

297

The temple walls are bare; there are none of the tapestries that decorate the temple at Troezen. The only ornaments are the thousands of gifts heaped in front of the sanctuary of the Pythian priestess. A dull white curtain edged in gold conceals the Pythia from prying eyes.

You see a white-robed priest approach you. He stops in front of you and waits expectantly, and then impatiently. Go to **126**.

298

You rush below decks, frantically trying to reach your weapons before the beast strikes again. You are too late: there is a great crunch, as of the mighty oak which falls, roots torn by great father Zeus' thunderstroke. Water rushes in, and you are carried off into the churning depths.

Roll two dice. If their sum is greater than or equal to the difference between your Honour and Shame, go to **453**. If it is less, go to **477**.

299

The priestess, no longer gripped by the power of the god, falls silent. The priest approaches you once more and says, 'I must interpret for you the words of the prophet god. Thus speaks Apollo:

"Go to the daughter of a far-off king,
And put your trust in the sheep's offspring."'

He grins knowingly, and, having thanked him for the help he has given, you turn, collect your armour and set out down the road to Thebes (191).

300

The priestess leaps to your side and exclaims, 'Spring is here! Demeter's daughter Persephone has returned! Rejoice! For the great mother smiles on the earth once more!' With this the festivities begin. Feasting, dancing, singing and celebrations of the fertility goddess are soon under way. It is late in the night when, filled with food and wine, you retire, but are kept awake by the sound of the feasting and the clash of the sacred cymbals.

In the morning you awaken. The celebrations are still continuing, but, before you leave, the high priestess presses a gift into your hands. It is a golden brooch, crafted in the form of an ear of corn. She explains that it will identify you as a friend of the priestesses of Demeter. She then returns once more to the sacred enclosure.

You may have 3 Honour points, and are now in Favour with Demeter. Go to 138.

301

Seeing that the fight is hopeless, and that you are too lucky, both men drop to their knees and beg for clemency. One of them gasps out, 'Spare us, and we will tell you everything. Kill us, and the blood of the king of Thebes is on your hands, and the implacable Furies will pursue you to the end of your days.' You may have 6 Honour points for your victory, and may take one dagger (Might 1, Protection 0), but may not use it with any other weapon.

Do you spare the men (429)?
Or do you kill them anyway (177)?

302

The road to Pagae is strewn with the bodies of dead cattle and goats, wasted from the plague, and rotting from days in the sun. The smell is at times overpowering. Unperturbed, you press on, not to be turned aside by some farmer's ill luck. You pass a shrine to Athena, the owl goddess, protectress of this town. The streets seem strangely deserted. As you pass a particularly imposing building, a man beckons to you.

'Stranger,' he calls, 'for you are obviously such, and have not heard of this town's affliction. There is plague here, caused by rats. All our efforts to drive them out have been unsuccessful. Many of our folk have been bitten, and died. Perhaps you could help us.'

Do you leave Pagae as quickly as possible (go to 490)?
Or do you agree to help Athena's town (go to 206)?

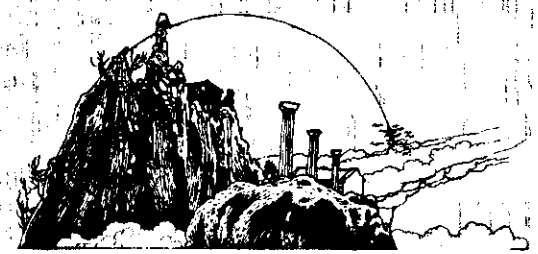

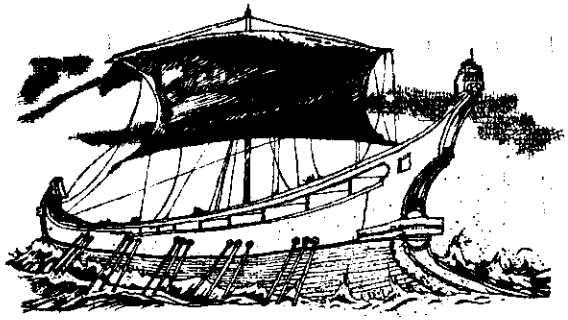

303

In your hands you hold the cake. On it you smear honey, and over this you pour some milk from a skin at your belt. 'Infernal goddesses, desist, and take instead my offering.' The Furies look annoyed, but fly to the place where you stand, take the cakes with greedy hands, and flap away into the night, screeching: 'You have stopped us once, but this wretch shall not escape.' Lose 1 Honour point for interrupting the course of divine justice. Go to **501**.

304

Red-eyed Ares the battler stands in your way and says, 'Vile coward. No mettle. Pull yourself together. Now on, no disgrace. That is all. Dismissed.' If Ares is not your patron you are in Disfavour with him. If he is, you fight your next battle without the help of his supernatural strength. In both cases, take 1 point of Shame. Go to **23**.

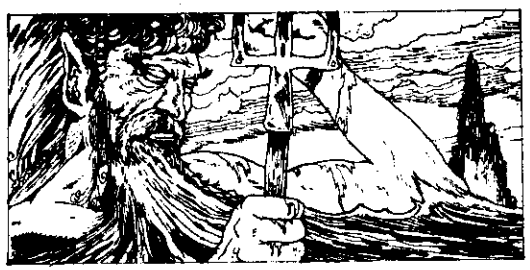

305

As you turn to leave, there stands before you divine Apollo, robe besmirched and hair unkempt. 'I'm awfully sorry,' he says. 'I got up rather late and almost failed to come. Immortality makes one so sleepy. Oh yes, a prophecy:

"Man of bronze beneath the waves,
Sending folk to early graves,
There lies your death."

Sorry, must dash.' With this, divine Apollo is gone.

Perturbed by the god's actions, you carry on out of the door, and realize that the elders are far in front of you. They cannot have heard Apollo's prophecy. You have to hurry to catch up. Go to **449**.

306

The flame wavers and is extinguished. There is a hissing, and a thick grey smoke rises to the heavens. The crowd cheers, and awaits the next part of the ceremony. Go to **89**.

307

Ares the man-crusher seems to stand behind the animal. 'Altheus,' he says, 'be strong. Kill the bull.'

For this combat only, your Might is considered to be 2 points higher than normal. Go to **136**.

308

The priest accepts the gem without speaking, and conducts you to a place in front of the sanctuary. If you were in Disfavour with Apollo, he is now Neutral to you. Go to **181**.

309

The journey to Tiryns is uneventful, and the path clear of other travellers. You arrive in the high-walled city by nightfall. Will you look around (turn to **45**), or look for somewhere appropriate to spend the night (turn to **200**)?

310

You accompany the king to the throne-room, where the lords of the city cheer you, who have saved their monarch. The feasting goes on for hours, and at the end, before you leave, the king's daughter herself bathes you and ritually cleanses your feet. The king fills a wineskin for your journey, and gives to you as a gift a finely crafted mirror, work of a far-off Phoenician master, gilded and inlaid with precious gems. You dress and, collecting your weapons, take your leave of white-walled Thebes. Go to **134**.

311

Have 3 Shame points. Artemis is not your patron. Go to **265**.

312

'Desist from this foul stoning,' you cry, but the Athenians take no notice and your words are lost like pebbles cast into the deep ocean. You see that you can do no good and, averting your eyes from the gory scene, you pass on. Go to **394**.

313

You reach the gate of the palace and knock. The echoes of the blow resound and fill the tiny forecourt with a strange, low moaning. At length an armour-clad guard answers. You tell him your story. He looks sceptical, but beckons you to enter. He disarms you, and searches you for other weapons, which he places on a table near the doorway. These will be returned to you on leaving.

You are conducted along a great hallway, hung with tapestries depicting the triumphs of the gods over the Titans. At length you reach the main hall, where the king himself is seated. The guard pushes you to the ground in front of his monarch, a large, fat, fair-haired man, dressed in a rich but grease-stained robe.

The king sneers, and demands to know what sport has been prepared for today. When he hears your story, he laughs and looks bored. At last he speaks: 'Where are these men? What did you do with them?'

If you allowed the men to go, turn to **274**.

If you killed them, turn to **566**.

314

You have dropped the jewel; this is what made the splash. You feel around and, after a time, you find it and put it back in the pocket of your tunic. You continue on to the town of Cleonae and find an inn. Go to **266**.

315

Take 2 Shame points for killing a host, even one so evil; but have 4 Honour points, and you may keep the axe (Might 5, Protection – 3). You leave the town. Go to **263**.

316

You pick the woman up and carry her into the water. The current is strong, but you find yourself pushing ahead quickly against it. Soon you are approaching the other bank, and the crone speaks, but her appearance is altered, and now you recognize her as Hera, the divine queen.

'Altheus,' she cries above the rush of the water, 'you have done well. Although you did not recognize me, you have done me a favour.' If Hera is your patron, go to **584**. Otherwise, go to **60**.

317

You realize that the priest is waiting for a gift for Apollo. If you have the statuette, and wish to offer it, turn to **554**. If you wish to offer your mother's gem, turn to **308**. If you offer him money, turn to **480**. If you choose not to offer him any of these, go to **43**.

318

You could plunge into the water to fight with the beast in the chill depths of Ocean (**361**). Or you could stand your ground and await its onslaught on the strong-built pines of Aegeus' ship (**484**).

319

No sooner has winged thought escaped your mind than the squall begins to blow once more. Foolish it is, while riding on the waves, to anger Poseidon. Go to **125**.

320

You run quickly away from the camp of the Amazons, fearful lest anyone should spot you and take you prisoner. You must warn Athens of the great host you have seen assembled so close, and tomorrow you must be ready to defend your father's city. Once in the town you reach the white-walled palace quickly, pass through the flower-girt entrance, and explain everything to your father.

Do you stay awake, in case the assault comes at night (**497**)?

Or do you sleep, that you may be refreshed for the coming of life-crushing war (**52**)?

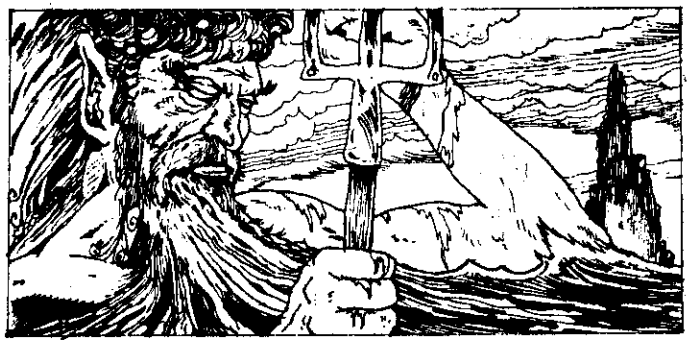

321

As you approach a tight bend, a small boy in the crowd throws a pebble. Your horse shies away and your wheel catches the wall. You are thrown off at the feet of the crowd, but are virtually unharmed. You look around for the boy, but in vain: he is gone. Have 1 Shame point, and lose 2 Honour points. You return, shaken, to the inn, where you rest your aching limbs for the night, not even waiting for the victory celebrations, and ashamed to show your face. In the morning you eat a miserable breakfast, and carry on to Athens (go to **474**).

322

You feel your armour dragging you down towards the bottom. You try to throw it off but it is too late. The monster has you trapped, and yours will be a watery grave, unless you can pray to Zeus. If so, turn to **579**.

323

Away from the island of Melos you sail, the oarsmen straining in their places, for there is no wind. The journey to Thera will be hard, and you lie for a day and a night in your hammock, wracked by some strange fever. In your dreams, sent, perhaps, from Olympus, all the folk you have met glide strangely past. Aegeus, Medea, the captain, your patron, all merging into the hideous laughing face of the Minotaur.

You dash aloft, your fever broken, only to see the isle of Thera lying in the distance, its cliffs reflecting the sunlight like a jewel and casting an unearthly glow. Go to **295**.

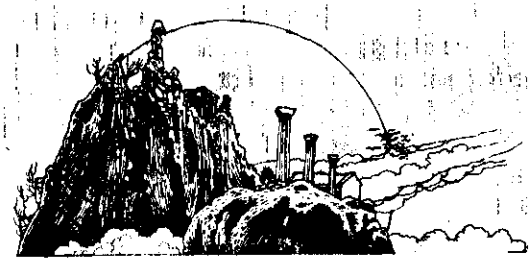

324

As you trudge along the dusty road, the midday sun beats down on your back. You sit down to take a drink, and as you do, you notice something strange beside the road. You stand up, and when you reach the place, there is a skeleton, sheathed in rotting leather armour. Across the road a boot and a broken, rusty sword hilt lie, in evidence of an ancient struggle for the traveller's life. The place is overgrown with bushes and scrub. You sigh and utter a quick prayer to your patron that your fate will be a happier one, and that amicable Altheus will live at least to see the halls of his father. But the journey beckons and you set off again to Epidaurus. Go to 277.

325

Before you can reply, the divine lady has vanished. You make your way through the streets, deserted now in the late-afternoon sun, towards the Acropolis, Athens' citadel, tower-

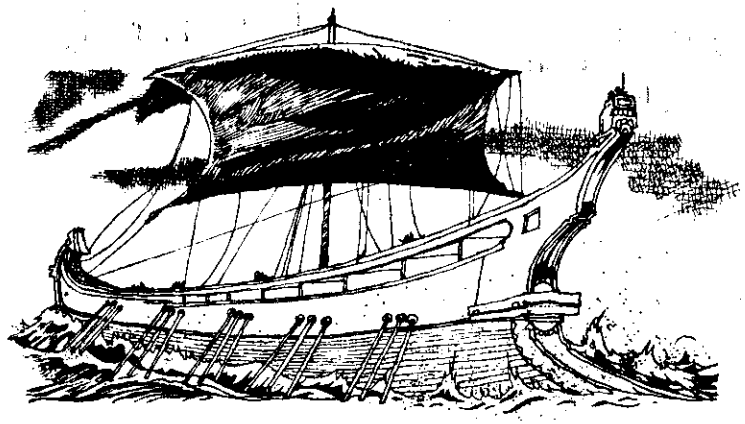

326

Have 1 Honour point for your decision. It is now nearly dark, and the last glints of the sun's rays die in the west as you reach the harbour. To your horror, when you get to the place where the strong-keeled ship is tied up, you find that your documents for Minos are gone. There is no time to look for them, as the ship must leave at once. Misgiving deep in your heart, you must abandon the letters. Go to 475.

ing high over the city, as a strong-armed king over his people, their strength and protector. The heat is oppressive and you rest several times, leaning against one of the humble dwellings which make up this part of Athena's town. Go to 244.

327

The ship has already cast off and the rowers are at their benches, heaving hard at the smooth wooden oars. The overseer has no whip, for all are volunteers, but a regular beat is struck on stretched-hide drums. The Athenians destined for sacrifice speak little, keeping to themselves, but every so often cast you hopeful glances, as men appealing to high Olympus for succour. 'Altheus, breaker of horses, will save us,' they say, or 'Altheus will storm the great-walled citadel of Knossos, and bring us back to Athens.' One girl looks remarkably like your mother Aethra, and puts you in mind for a moment of the home you left so many days ago.

The voyage continues, and the sun and moon take their turns at lighting up the weary world. Sometimes the ship goes under sail; at other times oars are needed. You are seasick often, as the swell rocks the boat, and so unable to help in the necessary tasks of the journey. Your stomach feels as if trampled by the Marathonian bull; your head reels as if being caught a glancing blow by a straight-flying spear. You are dimly aware that the ship, having hugged the coast of Attica, now approaches rugged Ceos. There are shouts and noises above.

'Altheus,' you hear the captain cry, 'come quickly!' You stagger to your feet, and lurch unsteadily to the deck, wondering at the ways of seafaring folk.

When you look out to where everyone is pointing, you see – and horror grips your mind – a great sea-monster, shaped like a serpent, with slimy spines sticking from its head, huge beyond imagining, eyes sparkling with the glint of the deeps, jaws wide and ravening, its body shining blue, green and yellow under the summer sun.

If Poseidon is your patron, go to **448**.
If you are in Disfavour with Poseidon, go to **179**.
If Poseidon is Neutral towards you, go to **577**.
If you are in Favour with Poseidon, go to **547**.

328

'I am amicable Altheus, son of Aegeus,' you retort, trying to put on your most regal voice. The guard looks surprised, but then he beckons you to follow him. You go down a narrow hallway for some time, and then the man gestures for you to enter a room on your left. You go in, realize something is wrong and whirl around – but too late. A cell door is slammed in your face and you are shut in. You turn and survey your bleak prison – no furniture, and rushes on the floor. As the guard leaves, he shouts, 'That's what you get for pretending to be a king's son!' Go to **185**.

329

In the shadows of the murk-filled glade, you see another figure, as you start to unfasten the hairpin from your belt to demonstrate your peaceful intent; it is Ares, god of war, urging you on to the frenzy of the fight.

Either attack the Amazon (turn to **517**) or lose 2 Honour points and turn to **445**.

330

Lose 1 Honour point and gain 1 Shame point for looking! Go to **134**.

331

You eventually find a place to spend the night. It is a pleasant enough inn, almost like the one at Troezen, and the old men quaffing their ale in the corner remind you of the elders of your home town. A sense of homesickness wells up inside you, and you are almost brought to tears by the thought of the house you have left behind. 'Why?' you ask, but you already know the answer; the gods have ordained that you fulfil the task at which your brother died, just as the acorn must strive to become an oak. In the morning, your mind once more at rest, you carry on with your journey.

Your doubts allayed, you may travel to Delphi via Pagae (go to **302**), or to Crommyon (go to **189**).

332

Have 1 Shame point and go back to **312**.

333

The bandits have Might 4 and Protection 10. They are both armed with long knives (Might 2, Protection 0). They have no armour. Remember that the first will fight as Might 7: 4 plus 2 for his knife, and 1 for having one companion. The second fights as Might 6 only.

If they are both Seriously Wounded, go to **171**.
If you surrender, go to **374**.
If you are killed and Zeus saves you, go to **553**.
If you retreat, go to **228**.

334

You stand outside a huge pigsty. The swineherd is feeding the animals their meal of swill, and he looks up at you inquiringly. The smell is almost overpowering. Do you conquer your disgust and desire to walk away long enough to ask the way to the palace (**209**)? Or do you leave this place as quickly as possible, and try to make your own way to your father's house (**90**)?

335

Death and fate close in upon you, but Zeus the almighty turns aside their fearful coming, and instils you with new life. 'Altheus,' you think you hear him say with silent words, 'in exchange for liberation from your death, you must free the people of Marathon from theirs.'

You can carry on the fight. If you win, turn to **282**! If you want to retreat, turn to **515**.

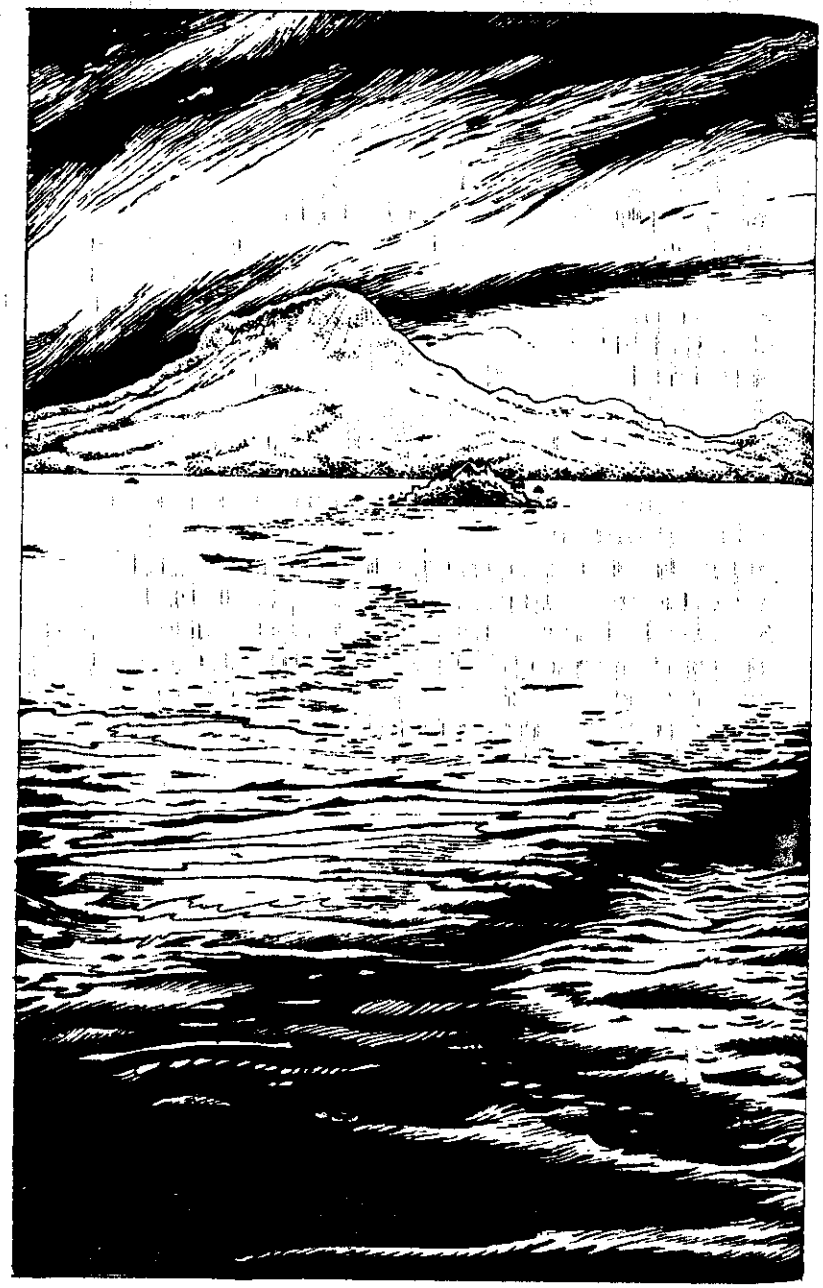

336

One of the sailors shouts, and the others take up the cry. You rush to the bow, and then even you, amicable Altheus, can see it: no longer just a word to you, Crete in all her savage beauty fills the horizon. The seven youths and seven maidens stand in silence, apprehensive of their fate, and you, Altheus, are not immune from the chill hand clutching at their hearts. You have come far and traversed lands that few who are not heroes would have dared. You think of your mother Aethra so far away in Troezen, whom you left so long ago. Your trials have been many: the journey to Athens, the war against the Amazons, the voyage, the sea-serpent, Thera, Cythera and, most recent of all, the grim, high-towering Talos, killer of all things mortal, crusher of beauty, scourge of Attic youth. Your journey is over; your quest has just begun.

The adventure continues in ***At the Court of King Minos.***

337

Sweating and trembling at the terrible experience you have just undergone, you open your eyes, only to find that you are still in your bed-chamber. Could this be a message from the gods – a dream sent from high Olympus, or perhaps from the dark depths of Hades? You rise and don your armour, for it is now dawn, and crimson trails light up the early-morning sky. It is time for you to set off for the Piraeus. You stay only a short time to say farewell to Aegeus, and, documents in hand, you set forth on the final stage of your journey to Crete. At the gate the guards salute you, but after a while you become lost, and have to ask a peasant the way to the harbour. Go to **142**.

338

The ship moves towards a headland, hurled on by vengeful Boreas, the north wind. Just as the boat seems it must break against the rocks, the waters part, and from its depths rises Poseidon, lord of the waves.

'Be still!' he cries, and with one swift motion of his trident the sea is calm again, and Boreas banished back to his Thracian cave, just as the assembly is calmed by the wise and soothing

words of an experienced speaker, and the trouble-maker is cast out. Poseidon pushes the ship back from the rocks with his mighty hand. With one last wave of greeting, he launches himself back to his coral palace. Go to **194**.

339

In the dim light of dusk, you see a small number of pilgrims at one side of the road, in conversation with a large group of men carrying what look like iron-shafted javelins. The pilgrims seem to hand something over and then carry on their way. As you come closer to the spot one of the men bars your way.

'Halt, pilgrim!' he shouts. 'You must pay for your passage in coin or labour.' He explains that, to get past through Cirrha to Delphi, you must either pay or must plough a certain amount of the field behind, first catching the bull.

Do you submit and agree to pay the money (go to **105**), try to fight the men (go to **264**), or agree to yoke the bull and plough the field (go to **413**)?

340

'Ah, food!' cries the old man, licking his fingers with delight. 'Just as the ambrosia that sustains the high Olympian gods –' he seizes the proffered cheese '– which creates in their veins ichor, the life-blood of the divine ones. Yet from their feet the blood may flow.' Before you can ask what he might mean, he is gone, back to whatever hovel he inhabits. Have 1 Honour point and go to **583**.

341

Leaving the tavern behind, you wander around the town, searching for a more respectable place to stay the night. You find several hostels, but they seem to be full. Eventually you are forced to realize that you will either have to return to the first tavern (go to **36**) or you must sleep in the street (go to **255**).

342

As suddenly as the sun god Helios departs the round of heaven and returns to his graceful home, the storm abates and

the winds blow no more. The god of the deeps has been merciful.

Do you offer a prayer of thanks and lose 1 Honour point (**524**)?

Or do you trust that your virtue has been great enough to merit your rescue (**319**)?

343

You make good your escape, but hear the Amazon shouting after you. 'Vile coward! Are all the men of Athens such as you?' Take 1 Shame point and go to **320**.

344

Just as you are about to leave, you notice something glint in the bushes. You investigate. It is an old, rusty helmet, but still useful (Protection 2, Might 0). Pleased with your find, you continue (go to **277**).

345

What is there to fear from warmth and light, amicable Altheus? Zeus smiles upon you, and you quake. For this, lose 1 Honour point. Go to **244**.

346

Have 1 Shame point for your gluttony and your shameful theft. It would be wise to leave Megara at once and carry on to Eleusis. Go to **86**.

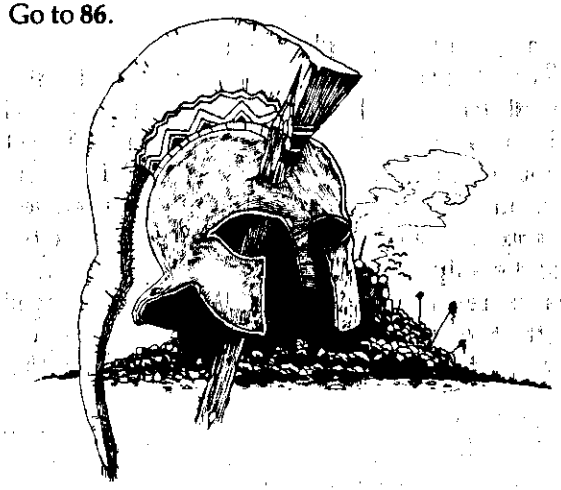

347

As you go down the stairs, you see the innkeeper. He sees the blood on your hands, and at once realizes that the unwelcome guests are dead.

'Friend,' he says, 'you are welcome here. You have slain two of the evil brigands who terrorize our town. Yet four more remain. I beg of you to free our temple. Know that the god's gratitude goes with you. I am sure you will not desert us, and I have one small piece of advice. Beware of the trees which line the road to the temple. Ambushers could easily lie hidden within them.'

If you choose to deliver the temple from its evil persecutors, go to **508**.

If you do not choose to do so, go to **228**.

348

The weather suddenly becomes rougher and the sky darkens over. There will be a terrible storm soon, and you are nowhere near a suitable port. The storm continues to gather. The ship is buffeted by winds and waves. The salt foam crashes over the ship, and you are nearly flung overboard. Beneath you the ship creaks, and the captain tries desperately to haul down the sails. Too late. One of the sailors falls into the sea, screaming horribly, and a gust of wind rips the sail asunder. If Poseidon is your patron, go to **338**. If not, go to **393**.

349

For the next day and night the ship is driven by a great heaven-sent storm through the deep running waters of Ocean, and its timbers are broken. Three oarsmen are cast into the black whirlpools, never to return to the world of mortal men. Of this you see little, Altheus, for you are too ill. Perhaps your passage would have been eased if Hermes the messenger had granted you the use of his feathered wings to fly to fair Crete.

At last the ship, battered by storm and serpent, arrives at Cythnos for repairs and to take on fresh water to slake the thirst of the tired seamen. You emerge on to the deck, but are carried down the gangway to the harbour, while the crowds

look on at this strange ship from Athens. You slump down beside a pile of well-woven baskets, and an old woman revives you with a bunch of grapes.

Do you accompany the captain around Cythnos (**408**)?

Do you explore on your own, moving boldly into the interior (**432**)?

Or do you stay at the quayside, while the fast-moving ship is repaired (**611**)?

350

You soon arrive at the king's great hall. At one end of a vast table Aegeus himself is seated, his nobles beside him. You are honoured with a seat comparatively near the king, and are soon indulging in the best meal you have had since Troezen. There is the meat of deer, duck and boar, the wine-goblets are freely replenished from the mixing-bowl, and there are vast quantities of bread. From a brazier beside the door smoke rises through a hole in the roof, evidence of the burnt remains of a portion of the feast set aside for Athena, the city's patron. Your goblet has not yet been filled with the deep-red wine of Chios' vineyards.

Do you carry on with the meal and wait (**561**)?

Or do you fill the goblet yourself from the mixing-bowl (**85**)?

351

'You have passed our test,' says one of the men, 'for the wine was drugged.' With this he gives it to a passing blind beggar, who drinks it up eagerly.

The men begin to explain their plans. You will be the assassin. You must steal into the king's bedroom through a door that will be left open by one of the guards. There you must kill him while he sleeps. Go to **281**.

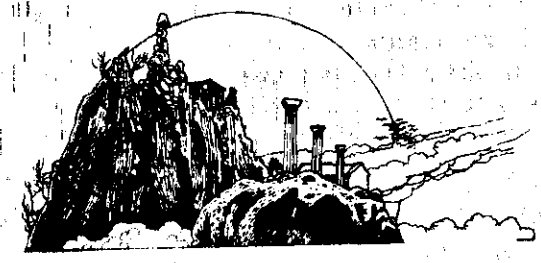

352

In a burst of sunlit glory, the archer god is at your side. 'Altheus. Well, I'm flattered. Take care of yourself: there are lots of problems ahead. I'm going hunting with my sister now, but I leave you my power.' He spits into your eyes, and you can feel the gift of prophecy come upon you. Then the god is gone, as swiftly as he came. You set out for Athens, where your father is king: whenever you take a hint and look twenty paragraphs ahead, ignore any penalty for a non-existent hint. Go to **2**.

353

This Amazon is Might 7, Protection 13.

If you die, and are saved by Zeus, turn to **180**.
If you retreat, turn to **275**.
If you surrender, turn to **355**.
If you Seriously Wound the Amazon, turn to **291**.

354

The men tell you to leave them alone or they will kill you. One of them insults your mother for producing such a dim-witted interfering son.

Do you attack them for this slur (**37**)?
Or do you simply leave the inn (**69**)?

355

The Amazon, with a group of Athenians closing in on her, is too hard pressed to do anything except divest you of your best weapon. You are rescued by your companion, and can fight on. Return to **102**, and choose another opponent.

356

You take the water urn and pour its contents on to the brazier. Even the thick smoke cannot hide the joy of the crowd as they celebrate the fulfilment of the springtide mysteries of Eleusis. There are cheers and shouts of joy, as the mantle of winter is cast off. Go to **300**.

357

It is not good to question the motives of the gods. Have 1 Shame point. Go to **142**.

358

To Melos, the fair honey-isle, you travel, and the sea is placid, calm as the tree-tops on a summer's day, when the wind does not blow. No sea-monsters from Poseidon's realm trouble you, and in two days the ship has reached the isle. The sailors disembark, and even those destined for death in the labyrinth seem strangely cheered. Herds of brown-speckled cattle graze in the grassy fields, and birds wheel overhead. Vines grow wild in the countryside, and the sun is warming but not hot.

Do you eat some of the grapes (**586**)?

Do you search for some honey (**276**)?

Or do you join in with the other sailors to try to catch and kill a cow (**59**)?

359

You call on Apollo for aid against these men desecrating the plain. If you are in Disfavour with him, go back to **339**. Otherwise, go to **11**.

360

Apollo is now Favourable to you. Wondering at the manner in which the creature of Hades met his destiny, you accompany the elders back to the ship. Go to **449**.

361

Into the water you plunge, and make for the serpent. From under the water you see that the beast has a soft belly (Protection 6). This will make an easier target. As you struggle to right yourself, however, the snake deals you a great blow to the chest. Blood clouds your eyes, and the water darkens beneath you. You manage to recover in time, but you are now Wounded. Go to **322**.

362

You gasp a prayer to Zeus, and to your amazement see that the bear has gone; it clearly believes you are dead. You lie motionless for almost an hour, fearful lest the creature return. You return to the road, which curves gently to the right. At length it joins another. Go to **13**.

363

For seven days and seven nights the storm rages, and you are blown hopelessly off course. Without rest, the captain strives to keep his ship afloat. The wood of the prow splinters, and is gone. The chest containing Aegeus' gifts to Minos – statuettes of the gods, carved in gold and silver – is swept overboard. Only the will of Zeus keeps the vessel above the whirling waters, while the minions of Poseidon do their best to batter it. You remain below decks, no good sailor, your very life seeming to seep away, as the ship rises and falls.

At long last, when you had almost forgotten that great Ocean, Poseidon's realm, had bounds, the cry goes up that land is in sight, and it is Cythera, Aphrodite's island. Go to **578**.

364

A few seconds pass. Your father returns and leads you by the arm into the doorway, past a plain, unfurnished room through to a tiny study, with a chair and table, on which lies a scroll, ink and writing implements. Have 1 Shame point for disobeying your father. Go to **155**.

365

Each time you try to prise the ichor passage open, seeking to rob the giant's body of its sustaining fluid, you succeed on 4,5 or 6 (on a roll of one die). For every 5 Honour points spent before the roll, add 1 to it.

If you fail, the giant attacks, and you must return to **48**.

If you succeed, turn to **540**.

366

Your opponent sees that you are the superior fighter, and grips your knees in the traditional gesture of supplication and surrender. 'I am Antiope, queen of the Amazons,' she says. 'You have bested me, and so our nation is defeated. Hera can ask no more. Yet you are a brave fighter, and perhaps you deserve a reward, for you are the first man to best this Amazon queen in mortal combat. There are some of us in Crete, Altheus – for I know of your name and mission – and chief among them is one called Lembra. Speak to her of what you have done, and mention my name. She will be obliged to help you.'

If you kill Antiope now she has told you everything, turn to **454**.

If you let her go, turn to **529**.

367

Bare of all weapons, you go into the camp of your enemy, proud that you will prevent such bloodshed. At the very moment you step among the glowing fires of the gathered host, you feel a sharp pain in your back. You have been stabbed with a strong-shafted spear. Your life-blood flows freely, and Altheus' short span upon the weary earth is done, unless you can pray to Zeus to heal you. If you can, then you may crawl unnoticed back to Athens and arm for the battle. Go to **102**.

368

You grope around, as a man blinded at the hour of glorious victory, for whom there is no sight of loved ones on his return, and all until his life's undoing is dark. Yet you are amazed

when your hand touches one of the seals. These are your documents: here is your father's signet imprint in wax. The captain must have handed these over by accident! Without them your time in Crete would have been doom-laden before its start. Thankful in your heart, but with 1 Shame point for your prying, you may either examine the other table (go to **614**), or return straightway to the ship (go to **575**).

369

The rats, squealing in defiance against the invader of their territory, attack you. They will fight as a pack with Might 3, Protection 15.

If you retreat, go to **490**.

If you are killed, and saved by Zeus, go to **51**.

If you are victorious and have not been wounded, have 4 Honour points and go to **213**.

If you are victorious and have been wounded, go to **451**.

370

Surely the visage of your father Aegeus cannot frighten you. Take 1 Shame point, and lose 1 Honour point. Turn to **561**.

371

The creature seems indeed to mean you no harm. It simply circles your vessel, occasionally diving to scoop up some large fish in its cavernous jaws. At last it loses interest and swims off to whatever great cave serves as its lair. Go to **349**.

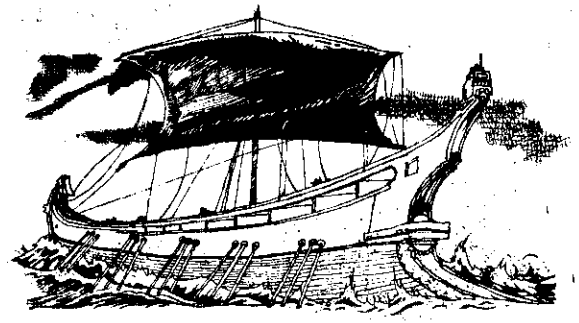

372

You walk up to the table where the two men are seated. They look up at you questioningly, clearly not pleased at your interruption.

Do you draw your sword and attack them (37)?

Or do you try to persuade them not to kill the king of Thebes (542)?

373

The cow-eyed queen sends a thought winging on its way from the snow-capped peaks of the gods' palaces down to earth and you, amicable Altheus. At once you realize why the Amazons are attacking Athens: it is because a hairpin sacred to Hera was stolen in a raid by Athenian privateers, and it must be recovered to save Queen Antiope's honour. You must tell Aegeus. Go to **108**.

374

The bandits strip you of your weapons and armour and hurl you out into a field, bound and gagged. Take 1 Shame point for surrendering and being so ignominiously treated. Go to **536**.

375

Despite her great pain, she does not give up the fight. She cannot hit you and in the next round of combat you kill her. Turn to **527**.

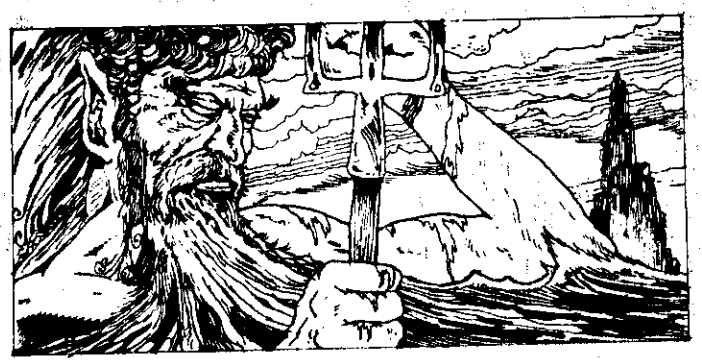

376

The Amazon sees that you have surrendered, and cries out in triumph, like one who has achieved her heart's desire. 'So,' she exults, 'an Athenian surrenders to Queen Antiope of the Amazons.' She removes all your weapons, and conducts you at spear-point to a wooden stake near the Amazonian camp. Here you are manacled. Take 1 extra Shame point. You will have no further influence on the course of the battle, hero though you might be. Go to **150**.

377

You have a mild dose of the plague, and lie feverish and in pain for some days. Your skin is marked with scabs, and men avoid you for a time. You lose 2 Honour points. When at last you recover your senses, Athena, the protectress of the town, appears to you in a vision. Go to **213**.

378

It is now dusk: your incident with the sow has delayed you. When you reach the harbour, you are told that the ship to Athens has left. It seems you must continue for the rest of your journey on foot. You decide to spend the night in Crommyon, and soon find a suitable inn. In the morning, well rested and well fed, you set out once more towards your father's palace.

As you leave the town, you come to a sign. You may take a stone-strewn track up over the hills to Pagae (go to **302**), or you may follow the coastal route down to Megara (go to **161**).

379

The moon is new born tonight, so the way is dark indeed. You stumble often, and once fall down. You rest awhile, and check that your weapons are not broken. The night breeze fills the trees with rustling, and from the branches owls launch silently and lethally upon their prey, scurrying about on the forest floor. In the distance you can now see the lights of the Piraeus, like stars in the realm of heaven. The calm is broken by the voice of a man, pleading for mercy. You move closer, and see a tall young man being set upon by terrible creatures, winged women with snakes in their hair, who tower above him with torches and whips in their hands. In his hand the man holds a cake smeared with honey. Seeing you, he cries, 'Help me! I am persecuted by the Furies. You must help me.'

Do you try to drive away the three winged creatures, and seek the reason for the attack (231)?

Or do you press onwards, thankful that it is not you whom these things have chosen to persecute (473)?

380

The door of the inn is not closed, but inside all is dark. You can make out two tables near the door, on which documents are lying. On one there are sealed papers, while the others are opened.

Do you investigate the opened scrolls first (106)?

Or do you take a look at the sealed parchments (368)?

381

You manage to throw off your armour too, before it can drag you down. Now you are ready to attack this monster that sets upon a harmless ship and rends its meat raw. To it will come vengeance by the hand of Altheus. There is no possibility of retreat.

If you die and are saved by Zeus, turn to 504.

If you Seriously Wound the serpent, turn to 498.

382

An extremely fat woman, who was stirring the contents of a steaming cauldron, notices you and screams for the guards. Within seconds you are surrounded by six of the palace retinue, swords at your throat. It would be best not to resist. Go to **459**.

383

You thank Aegeus cordially for sharing his bread with a stranger in the house, but as you do, you stumble and knock over a goblet filled with wine. It falls to the ground with a resounding clatter, and it seems that every man ceases his chattering and turns inquiringly towards you. Turn to **170**.

384

Leaving the figure of Talos stretched out on the shallow floor of the sea, where he has fallen, you proceed on to Crete. The sun shines dimmer now, partly hidden by clouds of a strange greenish hue. Go to **336**.

385

The queen leaves you, and goes into the fray like a she-bear anxious for her cubs. Within a few minutes, however, the Amazons are in retreat, and like the tide that ebbs from the storm-battered shore, leaving the debris of its coming, they are gone to their far-off haven, their duty to the divine queen fulfilled, their obligation gone. Have 6 Honour points for such a victory, and go to **283**.

386

You spend 2–4 Honour points for Hera's aid (roll a die, divide by 2, round up, and add 1). If you choose to do this, turn to **373**. If you cannot afford Hera's aid, or decide you do not want it now, lose 1 Honour point, and turn to **102**.

387

Headlong to the ship you rush, terrified in your flight from the grim opponent you have faced and not vanquished. Spear-

famed Theseus would not have acted so, and allowed such a bandit to ravage the pastures of Troezen. Yet Theseus is dead. The crew hurry in their efforts to provision the ship, while the elders of Delos look on, saddened, still waiting for a hero to come to the isle. You are in Disfavour with Apollo. If he is your patron, go to **596**. Otherwise, go to **492**.

388

You step into the attack. The bandits have basic Might 4, Protection 10, but are armed with greaves (Might 0, Protection 1) and long knives (Might 2, Protection 0), making Might 6, Protection 11 (but Might 7 for the first bandit). They will continue fighting even if Seriously Wounded, fired on by fear of the god. Remember that you may not retreat as the temple is too enclosed.

If you surrender, go to **422**.

If you are victorious, go to **163**.

If you die, and are saved by Zeus, you find yourself, when you recover, at **536**.

389

Darkling anger mars your father's mien for a moment. 'Come now. Speak!' he roars. Mindful of your uncertain position you reply truthfully and say, 'I am Altheus, your son.' Go to **546**.

390

At very peril of your life, you push through the hail of stones to reach the blacksmith. You close your eyes to protect them against the rain of death-dealing dust. When you open them again, the rock-fall has ceased, and the cliff stands black and brooding as ever. The lame man stands smiling, and you can see him more clearly now. He wears a pointed cap, and bears a hammer with which he strokes his great brown beard. His ashen-grey tunic does not cover his right shoulder.

'I greet you,' he booms, his voice like the rumbling of a volcano. 'You have chosen well, and I will reward you.' He turns, and for a moment you see in the rock a great workshop, shining like the stars, with an anvil, and a multitude of

bellows, blowing like the great storms that break the hollow ships, and send the crews to their doom. Then, just as swiftly, the scene vanishes. In his arm, he bears a breastplate, shield and sword. He hands them to you, and they shine in the sunlight, like the sun come to earth, plain worked but stronger than death. You take these divine gifts and marvel, but as you do, the god is gone, back to his celestial workshop.

These weapons are divine work, and are therefore mighty indeed. Normally the breastplate is Protection 4, the shield Protection 4, and the sword Might 4, but when fighting divine, or divinely built creatures, all values are at 6, not 4. Such creatures are marked in the text with an asterisk (*) before their Might value.

You are in Favour with Hephaestus. Go to **495**.

391

The race is handled by you, the player. The blue team is number 1, the red team number 2, the yellow team number 3 and the green team number 4. Roll two dice. Each of the numbers rolled, if in the range 1 to 4, shows that that numbered chariot advances one segment of the course. The course is divided into ten segments; the first to complete ten segments is the winner. You should keep a track of how many segments a chariot has completed. If 5 is rolled no one advances. If 6 is rolled, everyone advances one space. If double 6 is rolled, roll one further die, as there has been a chariot crash. If 1–4 is rolled, then that number chariot crashes and is out of the race. A 5 is a near miss, with no chariot actually crashing, while 6 means that all chariots in the race crash, and the contest is over. Note that if double 1, 2, 3 or 4 is rolled, then that chariot may advance two spaces. If there is a tie at the end, the chariots involved continue until one establishes a lead, when it is deemed the winner.

If Poseidon is your patron, or you are in his Favour, go to **44**.

If all the chariots crash, go to **618**.

If the chariot on which you are betting wins, turn to **447**.

If the chariot on which you are betting loses, turn to **427**.

392

The road is tree-lined now, and you think you see satyrs and fauns in the glades, but whenever you investigate they have gone. You carry on, and the milky-white moon filters through the swaying trees. The wind caresses your face, but all else is strangely silent.

Suddenly, out of the bushes a snow-white hart leaps, gazes at you for a moment with frightened eyes, and then bounds into the forest on the opposite of the path.

Ahead the road forks. You could go to the left (**251**) or to the right (**13**).

393

The ship is hurled uncontrollably towards a headland. Jagged rocks emerge evilly from the water, and tear the heart from the pine-built bark. Sailors, screaming, are thrown against the rocks, their life's blood spilling in the black sea, forever lost in the boundless waters. Others fling themselves from the boat, seeking to reach the shore by striving against the wild sea. The ship's figurehead breaks off, and is carried far off to sea. The captain screams incoherently, life already broken by the loss of his ship, and hurls himself into the water.

You can stay with the wreckage of the ship, and hope to be saved (go to **53**).

Or you can jump into the sea and try to swim to the shore (go to **425**).

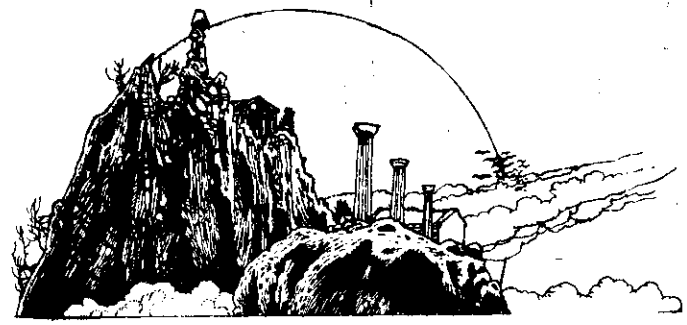

394

As you walk onwards into the city, a small boy laughs wildly at you. The sky darkens over, and the air becomes hot and heavy. A few spots of rain drop and mingle with the dust on the road. Moments later the path begins to turn to mud, and people take shelter as the rain crashes down. Before you can get to cover you are completely soaked. Away in the distance the thunder rumbles. There is a brilliant flash and the Acropolis is bathed in blue light, and almost at once an ear-splitting clap of thunder seems almost to herald the rending of the sky.

Will you attempt to find shelter near by (94)?

Or will you press on to try to find the palace (186)?

395

'Well, you have got yourself wet, haven't you?' says the woman, grooming her hair. 'It was a nice thought, though. Goodbye now, and better luck next time, you silly thing.' In the flutter of an eyelash, she has gone, and the realization comes to you all that this was Aphrodite, goddess of beauty. Go to 608.

396

You pray to your patron god that you might escape this awful plight. With one great heave you manage to uproot the stake, and your chains fall down to the ground. The gods have freed you, but perhaps too late, for the battle's course is nearly run, and the dead lie all around, like towers which have crashed down, from the force of the encounter.

Do you make your way back towards the city (510)?

Or do you stay to fight out the closing of the struggle (597)?

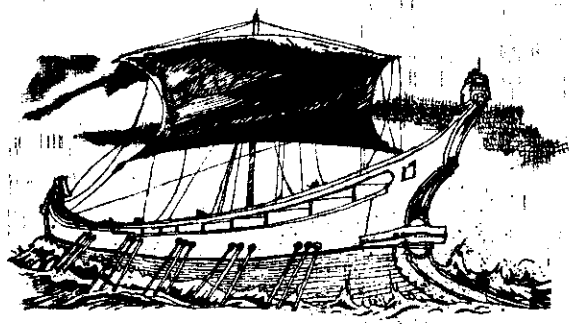

397

Silently you sit, patiently awaiting the advent of the bull. Suddenly, some way off, you see a large shadow looming in the distance. Stealth learnt in the long years of hunting at Troezen comes to your aid, and you manage to creep up on the bull without its noticing.

Just as you are about to strike, it senses you, and turns round, so that you can see its man-piercing horns, as long as a sword, its huge jaw, and fearful red-rimmed eyes, glowing like coals on a fire.

If Aphrodite, Hera, or Apollo is your patron, turn to 160.

If Poseidon or Athena is your patron, turn to 136.

If Ares is your patron, and you desire his aid, turn to 488; otherwise, turn to 136.

If you have no patron, turn to 160.

398

You leap up the temple steps. The priests, expecting nothing of the sort, are taken aback. You seize the girl from the aged high priest, and turn to rush away from the temple. One of the crowd bars your way, but you knock him down with a single blow of your fist. The rest are too stunned to react, and you manage to disappear into the gathering crowd before anyone thinks to stop you.

The temple far behind, you pause, breathless. You turn to gaze at your new-found companion. You think to yourself that perhaps she is more beautiful than Aphrodite. Hardly has this thought taken form than the divine lady herself stands at your side.

'There's really no comparison, is there?' she teases. You shake your head in adoration. 'It was terribly nice of you to find me a new handmaiden,' she continues with a girlish giggle. Aphrodite then disappears, taking the girl with her back to her silk-carpeted palace on high Olympus. You are now in Favour with Aphrodite, but in Disfavour with Hera. If Aphrodite is your patron, go to **133**. If not, you leave Megara, and continue on to Eleusis, evading any attempts to capture you. Go to **86**.

399

These creatures are the Furies, Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megaera. They punish those who have committed some heinous crime. To help the man would be to offend them, while to leave him would be shameful indeed.

Do you try to give succour to the man, and beat off his hellish assailants (**231**)?

Or do you decide not to offend these deities of the underworld, and carry on to the ship (**473**)?

400

Have 2 Honour points, and remember that wounds heal. You may then carry on down the path to Epidaurus. Go to **277**.

401

The innkeeper drops to his knees and begs for mercy. You see the snivelling wretch at your feet and, rather than pity, you feel fury at one who has treated you so shamefully.

Do you kill him anyway (turn to **290**), or do you spare his life and spend the night in the inn (go to **564**)?

402

It really would be best not to resist. Take 1 Shame point, and turn to **459**.

403

Have 2 Shame points for killing opponents who have surrendered, but 6 Honour points for having bested them. Go to **347**.

404

You take some of the corn seed from the bowl, and sprinkle it on the brazier. Dark smoke rises as the seed burns. You choke and splutter, but then you see the reaction of the assembled mob. There is a stunned silence. Then, from all sections of the crowd, comes the cry, 'Stone him!' Missiles rain down; people rush up the steps, tear the very armour from your body, and snatch away your weapons. The priestess steps forward and calms the fury of the crowd. 'Stop,' she cries, 'there will be no bloodshed. Let him go, and may Demeter's vengeance find him swiftly.'

You have lost all your weapons and armour, must have 3 Shame points, and are in Disfavour with Demeter.

You rush out of Eleusis before the crowd attacks you again. Go to **138**.

405

'I, your patwon, will twansport you to the Acwopolis, so you may look over my favouwite city. Wemember also that you must show your mother's gem to your father Aegeus. When he asks who you are, then is the time.'

With this the divine lady is gone, and you find yourself on the Acropolis gazing down at the city below. Go to **49**.

406

It is dark and very cold when you reach the river. Your clothes, still wet from your earlier crossing, make you shiver uncontrollably. Still, you realize the importance of the jewel and control your limbs, pushing on into the centre of the stream. When your will to carry on has almost left you, and you would have abandoned your task, you find the gem, and return to the bank. You collapse into a deep sleep, and in the morning, still cold, but less tired, you may carry on past Cleonae. However, for turning back during your quest, and for carelessly losing such an important token, you must have 1 Shame point. Go to **3**.

407

Retreat from such as these is hardly the act of a hero. As you rush headlong into the maze of streets, eventually losing your pursuers, you wonder what your brother Theseus would have done. In addition to the normal penalty for successfully retreating, you must take 1 Shame point. Go to **230**.

408

Quickly you move away from the strong-benched vessels in the harbour, where swift preparations are made for the repair of the ship. The Athenians bound for Crete stand in a forlorn group chattering among themselves, but you leave them behind. At last you catch up with the captain, who is talking to a man outside the inn. He hands over some scrolls of parchment, and then speaks to you with winged words: 'Come in and join me for a drink.'

Do you accept (**243**)?

Or do you decline gracefully and walk on without him (**525**)?

409

As the ship weighs anchor, and you scramble ashore through the shallows, you see that the boat has been thrown against the rocks and torn open. The woman's body lies limp and lifeless on the beach, while the sand runs red.

If Aphrodite is your patron, turn to **278**.

Otherwise, turn to **35**.

410

As you start down the right-hand path, you see a grey wolf creep out of the undergrowth and slink towards you along the dusty road. If you want to take the left-hand fork after all, turn to 499. If you want to fight the wolf, go to 208.

411

In the morning you waken, just at the time when fresh Dawn comes and with her crimson streamers lights up the pale sky. Today is clearly the day of the assault. A serving-maid brings you in a hearty meal of meat and goat's milk. Once you have eaten, you go down to meet Aegeus.

He stands, pensive, and in his arms he bears his own weapons and armour. 'This,' he says, 'is all I have left. Much has been lost, and I am too old to use what remains. Go now and save our city from this dire peril, and may the gods be with you.' With this, he hands you a sword (Might 3, Protection 0), a small shield (Might 0, Protection 2) and a breastplate (Might 0, Protection 2). You may use these items in combat if they are better than the arms you already possess.

If you have been told the reason for the Amazon attack on Athens, turn to 548.

If Hera is your patron and you desire her aid, turn to 386.

Otherwise you must go and join the fray at once. Go to 102.

412

You follow the hart into the bushes and you find yourself tiring as the animal darts elusively to and fro ahead of you. Now its speed outstrips your failing limbs entirely, and you fall to the ground to recover. Go to 111.

413

Defiant, you step towards the bull, trepidation far from your mind. You leap on to the bull's back, clasp its horns and wait for it to toss and try to throw you off, thinking to gore you with its man-piercing horns, as the hunter dispatches his fleet-footed prey with an iron-headed spear. But it does not move, nor even seek to throw you. In fact you find you cannot make

this docile bull move, and in the end, to the jeers of the watching people, you are forced to move the plough to the bull. Pride in your heart, you complete the allotted portion of the field, and are on your way quickly, but as you go you hear with horror what the people are shouting. You have ploughed the sacred field of Apollo! Tricked, tormented, and now in Disfavour with the god, you carry on towards Delphi. Go to 92.

414

The merchant whose stall was being robbed comes up to you and says, 'I am pleased to see that honesty and the code of Honour still prevail. For your service I would like to make you a gift.' He hands over a rather old, but still strong shield. 'This is mine, but I have no use for it any more. Take this shield: I used it once in Crete, though I doubt you've ever been there. All I ask is you don't dishonour it, and remember my name: Cyron.' The shield is Might −1, Protection 3. You continue on your way from Megara to Eleusis, sacred to Demeter. Go to 86.

415

The innkeeper gasps as he sees you slaying the conspirators, but before he can act you are out of the inn. You rush down a side alley to avoid pursuit, but there is none. Some minutes pass and you feel it is safe to return to the main highway.

Do you go to the palace, and try to warn the king (313)?

Or do you leave Thebes as fast as you can (134)?

416

At length you reach the temple itself. On the wide white steps there stand the priestesses of the great goddess, chanting and wailing their rite. The crowd is hushed, straining to hear every word, and silent in anticipation of some great event.

Then the high priestess begins to move among the crowd, touching now one, now another, brushing them with her yellow robe, but never satisfied. Her motions become more frenzied, like one inspired by the goddess. At last she comes to you. Gripping you by the upper arm, she draws you up to the temple steps. Go to 248.

417

Tired and wet, you drag your wearied limbs along the road to Cleonae. It is approaching nightfall. Hunger built up overnight and through the day's journey begins to twist your stomach's base at the thought of inn's fare at Cleonae. You reach the place and knock at the door. A greybeard carrying a lantern answers. You ask for a room, but the man is gruff and shoos you away. He slams the door, carved from triple pine, felled in the mountains above Parnassus of the snowy peaks under autumn's benevolent sun. You reach into your pocket for money, and realize that the jewel is gone. You must have dropped it in the river!

You can knock again, and offer the innkeeper twice the usual price (go to **285**).

You can return to the river to seek the jewel (go to **406**).

Or you can spend the night in the street (go to **23**).

418

'A gift, a gift!' shrieks the wild man with unholy glee, picking small insects out of his beard and squashing them between his fingers. You find that most of your possessions are on the ship, but you could give him some food (go to **340**), a piece of armour (go to **479**) or a weapon (go to **292**). Alternatively, you could give him nothing (go to **253**).

419

Have 1 Shame point and lose 1 Honour point. Return to **399**.

420

You may skin the wolf. Wearing the pelt gives 2 points of Protection, and is imposing enough to give 1 Honour point. Go to **277**.

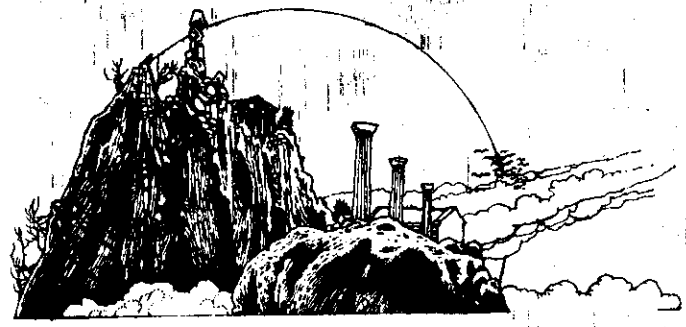

421

Shame on you, Altheus! For reading this paragraph, to which you cannot have been sent, have 15 Shame points. Go back to where you came from.

422

Your black-hearted foes seem unwilling to spare you. Your weapons thrown on the ground, they drag you towards the blood-flowing fountain. With a shock you realize they will drown you in the unholy gore.

Do you try to escape (go to **114**)?

Do you allow yourself to be thrown into the fountain (go to 537)?

Or do you pray for aid to your patron god (go to **250**)?

423

Thankful that you have not spent a miserable night alone in bed, you make your way to the perimeter of the walls, which is the course of the race. As you arrive, the crowd catches sight of the front runners; the red and the green teams' chariots thunder towards you, jockeying for position as they approach a bend in the wall. Without warning, the green chariot cuts inwards, and the red driver is forced to swerve. As he does so his wheel hits a large stone. His chariot bounces and tips over. He struggles frantically to control it, but in vain: it overturns. The driver is dragged along, tangled in the reins for a time before the horse plunges into some spectators. Several people are trampled, but at last one of the charioteers not driving in this race brings it under control. The driver is badly injured, and a small crowd gathers around him. Just as you reach the spot, you hear him gasp out in pain.

He is carried into an inn, and there set down on a table. The landlady bustles over to speak to him, but all he is interested in is who is to take his place in the red team. He offers the chance to drive his spare chariot to whoever bets on the winner in the next race. Three young men bet various large sums of money.

Do you approach him to place a bet on the next race, so that if you win your bet, you can drive in the race after that (go to 207)?

Or do you just watch the races (go to **9**)?

424

The wind blows into a gale, and the ship is tossed from side to side. The masts are stripped of their black cloth sails, which are thrown into the sea, and then they too are splintered like the stockade before the coming of the angry boar, its mouth foaming, its eyes wild as the stormy seas. The ship is beaten down by the fury of the waves, and all aboard fear for their lives.

You may either sacrifice 2 more Honour points to Poseidon (go to 619), or you may trust in your own ability to ride out the waves (go to 33).

425

You take one last glance at the pitiful scene on deck, and dive into the frothing sea. The icy water makes you gasp; a wave breaks over your head. As you struggle to the surface, you see ahead the best swimmers already close to land. Suddenly a mighty crash rings in your ears and behind you the ship, now smashed, slips under the waves. Your tunic has become waterlogged and you find it hard to swim. Your arms are very weary and you feel you can go no further. The cold numbs your body and, still far from the shore, you slide into senselessness. Go to 247.

426

There are many people rushing around, but no one seems to take any notice of you. An old man sits dejectedly on a large flat stone, staring into the throng of people, as if remembering earlier, better years. Past you there walks a young man, dressed in a rich tunic of purple trimmed in gold, clearly of high birth.

Do you stop the nobleman, and ask him the way to the palace (514)?

Or do you approach the old man (104)?

427

Disappointed, you return to the wounded charioteer. He is already trying to teach the young nobleman who won the bet how to drive. He, however, simply takes up the whip, and

applies it liberally to the horse. It reacts violently and careers off towards you. You manage to bring the animal under control. In the chariot the nobleman looks pale, and decides to forgo the race.

You are immediately offered the chance to drive the red chariot. You accept. Go to 169.

428

To your horror you notice that the documents destined for Minos at Crete are among the papers. Hurriedly you stop the innkeeper and explain the mistake. He smiles and hands them back. You decide that it would be better to return to the ship, before the malicious barbs of the spirits of Cythnos can wound you further. Go to 575.

429

Clearly grateful to you for sparing their lives, the men stand, and, somewhat warily, begin their tale. 'You must believe us when we tell you that the king of Thebes is to be killed this night. One of the palace guards has been bribed to leave open a door in the courtyard, that leads to a staircase. From here the assassin will ascend to the king's room, and kill him while gentle sleep has robbed him of his wits. Warn the king, if you will, but say nothing of our part, and all-powerful Zeus will smile on you for the rest of your days.'

Do you let the men go on their way (518)?

Or do you kill them, now that they have told you what you need to know (184)?

430

Down along the sea's edge you run; and when at last you turn to look, the old man is still standing where you left him, and has not ceased his endless chatter. Your head throbs, and you feel unwell. At length you reach a spot near the ship and there sit for a rest. Go to **583**.

431

You fall to the ground, and grasp the knees of your assailant. The woman throws back her head and laughs. 'Know, stranger,' she says, 'that you have surrendered to Hippia. Yet the struggle between our races is for the morrow.' With this she divests you of your best piece of armour and your best weapon, and allows you to go. Remember the 1 Shame point for surrendering, and go to **320**.

432

Cythnos is a fair island, not as fair as Salamis in Attica's lovely land, but the houses are well built and the people happy. Even the dogs seem to have life-bringing joy in their hearts. You are offered food, fruit and drink all day long. It is only when dark gloom begins to wrap her tentacles around the earth, and you are in danger of being mazed by her snares, that you return to the harbour. Have 1 Honour point for your *laevendia* throughout the day, and go to **279**.

433

You are flung into the storeroom, and hit your head heavily against the stone floor. Bleeding profusely, you lapse into unconsciousness. Later you are awakened roughly, and looking up you see the two men whose lives you spared in the inn. 'Only fools spare their enemies, and we will not make that mistake. The king is dead, and so, amicable Altheus, shall you be in a little while. We followed you, and when we saw you go to the palace, we realized that you had betrayed us. We changed our plan, and caught the king unawares.'

With this one of them unsheathes a large, curved sword, and thrusts it deep into your chest. You hardly have time to pray to Zeus before your spirit wings its way to the fields of Elysium. If you do pray to the divine one, he will revive you, and you find yourself at paragraph **134**.

434

The tale of Herakles is stirring indeed, and you find yourself inspired by the example of the earlier hero. The bard tells of how high-hearted Herakles slew the Hydra with its many heads. At length the story changes, and now he chants of how Daedalus and his son Icarus constructed the great labyrinth of Crete, and, imprisoned by King Minos, escaped and flew from Crete on wings sealed with wax, but Icarus perished, wings melted by the hot sun.

At length you grow tired and resolve to set out once more for the palace (go to **137**).

435

Cautiously you lift the urn to your lips, and take a small sip. You put the urn back on the table, but the crowd still waits expectantly for you to act. You must return to **58**, and choose again.

436

Breaking free of the priestess's grasp, you decline to be involved in the ceremony, saying that you are a stranger. The crowd shrinks away, as if you were infected. You leave the city hurriedly with shouts and cries ringing in your ears. You must have 1 Shame point, and are now in Disfavour with Demeter. Go to **138**.

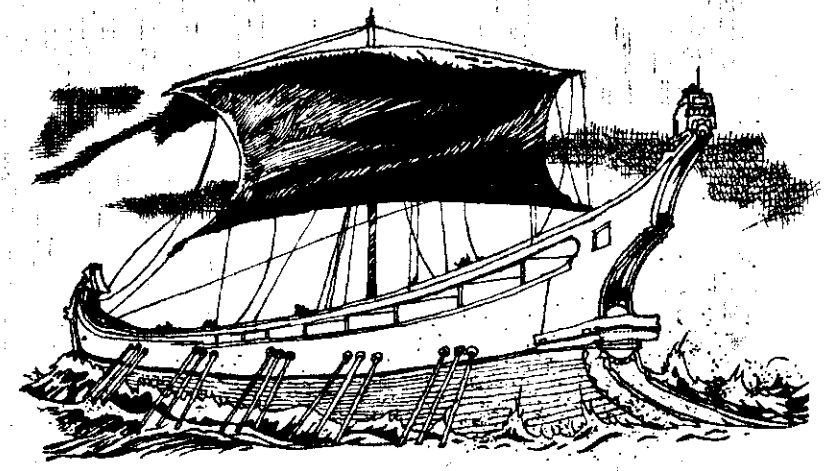

437

Clearly the reason the innkeeper will not let you stay is that you are still soaking wet from your crossing of the river.

You can dry off and return later to the inn, without going back to the river (go to **266**).

You could return to the river to seek the jewel (go to **406**).

Alternatively, you can insist on spending the night in the inn (turn to **564**).

438

The coward falls at your feet begging for mercy. You kick him away, and he hits his head on the wood of the stall. Still dazed, he is dragged away by the market-wardens, who are clearly grateful for your intervention. Have 2 Honour points and go to **414**.

439

The Furies, it is said, can be appeased by sacrifice of honey, cakes and milk. You realize that this is exactly the meal you have brought with you from Athens to eat on the way to the great-prowed ship for Crete.

Do you attack the unearthly sisters (**231**)?

Or do you try to offer them a sacrifice (**303**)?

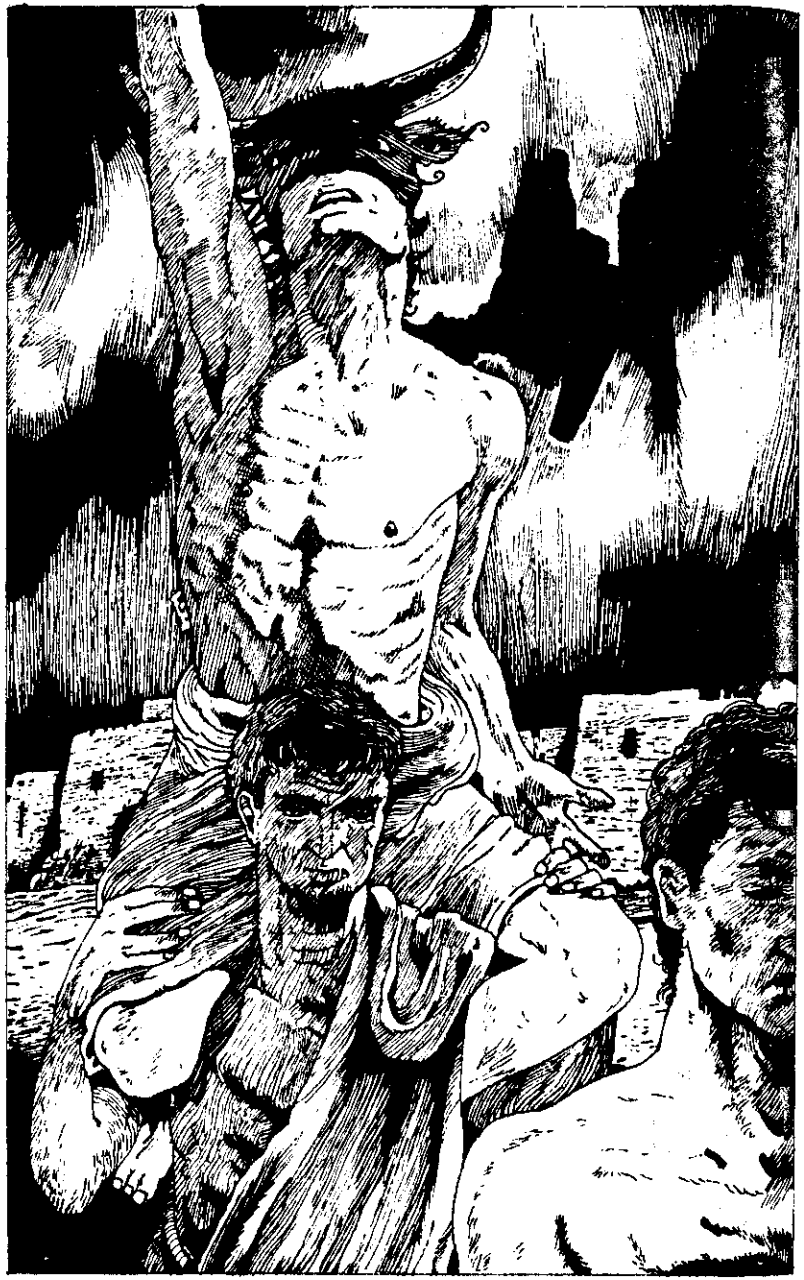

440

You are deep in the heart of the city now. Surely the palace must be somewhere near by. Turning a corner, you suddenly come upon several citizens watching a group of men with whitened faces. You go nearer, and see that they are silently representing some legend. Some pretend to eat, others are drinking imaginary wine. You cannot make out what it is. Then, of a sudden, it becomes clear to you. They are depicting the death of your brother Theseus in the labyrinth. One man climbs on another's back, and is the Minotaur. Another represents Theseus, treading with exaggerated caution through the labyrinth, pausing from time to time to lean on the wall. He bends to pick something up from the ground and the Minotaur attacks him from behind. Theseus mouths a cry of agony, and falls motionless. For a moment the scene freezes; then the Minotaur separates back into two cart-wheeling players, and Theseus springs up from the ground.

You realize with a start that no one could know of your brother's death. You look again at the players, but all save one is vanished. His face is that of Hermes, the divine messenger. He gives one last enigmatic smile, and is gone. Go to 592.

441

You are tired after the exertions of the day, and your youthful limbs can hardly bear you further. You stagger, and fall to the ground. A man comes to you and puts a goblet to your lips, and you sip at the cool dark wine. You are carried by servants of Aegeus to your room, and there you rest for some hours, sleeping intermittently, while the feast and the celebration go on below. At last you are recovered, and feel able to act again, fully refreshed.

Do you stay the night, ready to leave next morning (476)?

Or do you decide that you can delay no longer and must go at once without saying farewell down to the Piraeus, port of Athens, where a ship awaits you, carrying the human tribute for Minos (379)?

442

If Apollo is your patron, turn to 299. Otherwise go to 18.

443

You drop your weapons, and spread your arms in a gesture of peace. It is to no avail. One last great rock comes crashing down, splintering and cracking the bark from end to end, and spilling all your lives' bloods into the ever-hungry seas. Your journey is over: eternity has just begun.

444

Before your shameful blow can be struck, wreaking a miserable murder, the old hag's visage suddenly transforms. She is no mere mortal, but proud Hera, queen of the gods. You try to drop to your knees, but it is no good. Divine anger freezes you, as the stag before the hungry lion stays and does not escape its doom.

'I am very disappointed with you, Altheus,' she intones. 'I always thought you were one of the nicer heroes. Well don't come running to me for help in the future because you won't get any.' With this she vanishes. You must take 3 Shame points. If Hera is your patron, she will not aid you (although it is possible for you to get into her Favour again as if she were not your patron – you simply lose all the benefits of patronage and are treated as if you have no patron), otherwise you are in Disfavour with her. Go to 294.

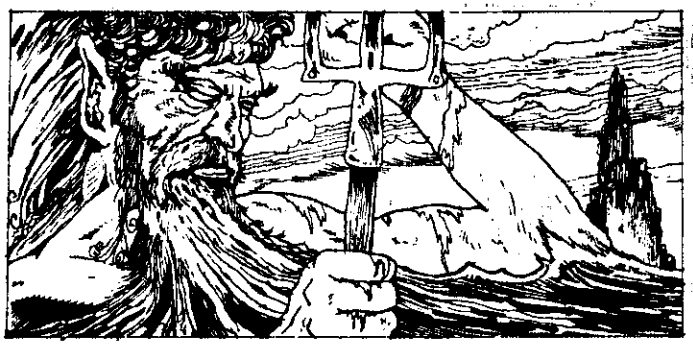

445

'I am sent by the great King Aegeus as emissary,' you cry, 'so stay your strong-armed blows and conduct me to your queen. I bring with me that sacred gift of Hera upon which our quarrel hinges.' With this you unfasten the hairpin from your belt, and hold it forth. The moon throws down her gentle rays and illumines the glade. The Amazon nods, lowers her spear and beckons for you to accompany her. Soon you are among the multitude of tents; your guide stops at one and motions for you to enter. Turn to 8.

446

'Get up!' A voice awakens you from slumber. 'Fool,' it continues, 'to come to Epidaurus.' Your eyes grow accustomed to the dark. Now fully awake, you see that two burly men have entered your room and are standing over you. One seizes you by the arm, and hauls you up.

'Leave now,' he says, 'and we will not kill you. We mean no harm to strangers, only to accursed Epidaurus, and its protector Asclepius.'

Do you accept their offer and leave at once (go to 6)?

Or do you attack them before they can seize your other arm (go to 333)?

447

You ask for your stake, and the charioteer returns it. 'Good luck in the race,' he says. Go to 169.

448

The monster is Might 16, Protection 10.

If you attack it, turn to 533.

If you wait, and hope that the monster is a creature of Poseidon and means you no harm, turn to 371.

449

You are thanked profusely for your help as a hero, for releasing them from ill-bearing death and fear, and returning their pride and their sacred shrine. As token of their joy, they pile your ship high with provisions and offer you a gift, either an onyx brooch on which is carved the figure of an old man, or a leather pouch which contains a wooden twig. Do you take the brooch (593) or the pouch (95)?

450

Your pleas for mercy are in vain. The black-cloaked conspirators snatch your sword away from you, and plunge their daggers deep into your stomach. You struggle for a while, but die in terrible agony. If you can pray to Zeus to be saved, you will find yourself at 134.

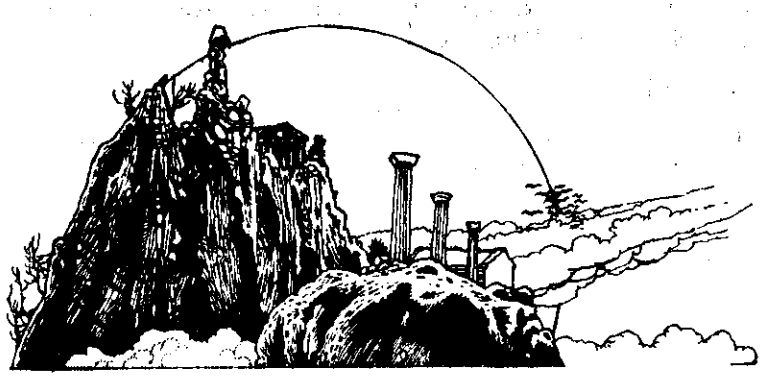

451

The rats carried the plague. You have now caught this awful disease from an infected bite. If Asclepius if Neutral to you, go to 377; if you are in Disfavour with him, go to 98.

452

Aeolus, lord of the winds and weather, is not kind to you, and the way to Delos is hard, the ship furrowing the sea like a plough across stony ground when the farmer grows tired and can hardly go on. At last the isle of Delos is in sight, cliffs strangely large and glowing in the dawn sun. The sailors make ready to land, their long-flowing hair blowing in the breeze. At your landing you are greeted by the headman of the island, who implores you to save them, for an evil man has taken up residence at the temple of Apollo and will not move. Perhaps you could drive him away. The man implores you once again, and his robe of green and long white beard seem strangely pathetic.

Do you agree to help and fight the man (465)?

Or do you feel too weakened by the voyage to risk a fight before Crete (296)?

453

When you emerge above the waters, you see to your horror the sea-serpent just a few feet away. It turns its head, iridescent in the sunlight, and sees you. There is no hope: it snaps its jaws, and your red blood is spilt in the wine-dark sea, the realm of Poseidon, where Zeus' aid cannot heal you.

454

Take 2 Shame points as normal, but 4 Honour points for the victory, and turn to 218.

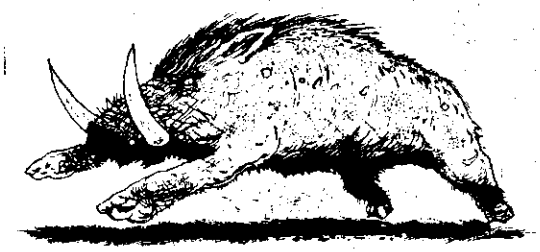

455

You are striding along the beach, deep in thought, remembering your mother's house at Troezen, and your childhood which seems a lifetime ago, but yet is less than a week gone. There is no one else here, perhaps because of the cold sea-breeze driving the birds inland. Out at sea you notice a vessel struggling in the heavy swell. Your musings are suddenly brought to a close by an apparition rising from the sea. A jet-black horse with a golden mane emerges, tosses its head, whinnying, and gallops towards you, hooves printing lightly in the wet sand.

Will you attack the horse (go to **541**)?
Will you try to capture it (go to **67**)?
Or will you simply avoid it (go to **196**)?

456

It is well past dark when you reach Athens, but spiteful Fear has no hold on your heart as you tread the gloom-filled streets. Straight to the palace you go, the guards letting you in with alacrity, wonderment in their eyes. To the feast-hall you go, and all are there assembled, waiting to see if you would return. Seeing you, they cry out in amazement, as the man who has sent a son off to the war, knowing in his heart that he will not return, rejoices and is glad at his return, and yet feels sorrow for what he has done.

So it is that Aegeus greets you, not at first with joy, but with perplexity. Yet his face soon lights up with the brilliant joy that comes from Zeus. He takes the bull's horn, looks at you fondly and says, 'Welcome to my house, Altheus, for you are indeed my son!' Go to **50**.

457

You sink to your knees and beg for mercy. The guards sneer at you, and with their companions (for you notice that two more have come upon you from behind, and two stood at the other side of the kitchen), they strip you of all your armour and weapons. With one last look at the silent servants standing with their pots and great bronze cauldrons, evidence of some great feast in preparation, you are dragged off into the palace by your captors. Go to **459**.

458

Grim-hearted Hecate herself stands before you; the statue on the altar has disappeared. She stays the assault of the infernal beast.

'Do not think, Altheus,' she says, 'that you have escaped my wrath. The Olympians have stayed my hand this once, but next time you will not be smiled on by Fate.'

The room seems to spin round and round, Hecate disappears and you are engulfed in darkness. Go to **337**.

459

You are pushed down a hallway, feebly protesting and explaining your real identity. 'So it's the king's son you are now, is it?' one of them mocks, as you are shoved into a tiny, dark and bare prison-cell. How, you ask yourself, can a man be prisoner in his own father's household? Surely he should be an honoured guest. Go to **185**.

460

The market-wardens, burly men dressed in blue cloaks and armed with heavy canes, seize you from behind. Before you have time to react, you are being dragged into the centre of the market-square. There, with everyone looking on, you are savagely beaten until you can take no more. Stretched to the limit of your physical endurance, you cry out for mercy, but no mercy comes. At last, when you almost wish that you are dead, the beating ceases. Your back raw and bloody, you are cast out of Megara in disgrace. Take 3 Shame points, and count yourself lucky you are not a citizen; you would have been executed. Go to **86**.

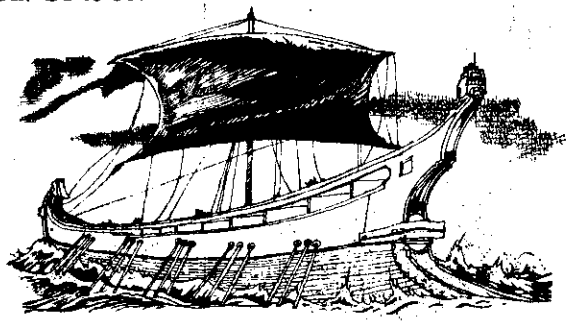

461

Your weariness has befuddled your brains. There is nothing to fear. Lose 1 Honour point, and return to **441**.

462

The two bandits have Might 4, Protection 10, but carry long knives (Might 2, Protection 0). Remember the bonus to the first bandit's Might, because he has one companion (his Might is 7: 4 + 2 + 1).

If they are Seriously Wounded, go to **600**.
If you surrender, go to **374**.
If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **536**.
If you retreat, go to **536**.

463

Alas! Zeus will not save those whose crime is that they have attacked the Furies, the bringers of divine justice. Your spirit leaves your tortured body, and it is not to the Elysian fields of bliss it will fly, but perhaps to the torments of grim Tartarus.

464

As a feather-shafted arrow by chance hits a man far away in the forest, so your harpoon strikes a spot beneath the water. A creamy yellow liquid flows into the wine-dark sea. Talos groans, and there is a strange squeaking and scratching sound; he sways dangerously, and falls with a crash. You can see his eyes, and within them resides a strange, unearthly intelligence. Talos seems not to be dead. Perhaps only an immortal can kill him. Nevertheless, have 8 Honour points, and turn to **384**.

465

You are conducted past the great marble buildings of the tiny isle, to the place where Apollo has his sanctuary, the place of his birth, a gift from Poseidon in exchange for Calauria. Before the temple gates stands a man robed in black, wearing black armour, with a sword of deepest night, as if it were a heavenly blade cast out from the sky, and charred and burnt in its descent to Delos. 'Stranger,' he croaks, his voice hoarse and hard, 'fight or die!'

You must fight. The man has Might 7, Protection 13 (including sword Might 2, greaves Protection 1, breastplate Protection 3). For this fight only, subtract 2 from your Might because of seasickness.

If you surrender, turn to **121**.
If you die, and are saved by Zeus, turn to **570**.
If you retreat, turn to **387**.
If you Seriously Wound your opponent, turn to **519**.

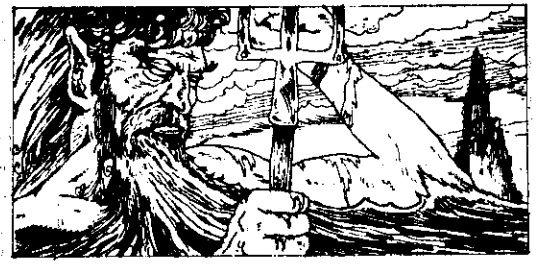

466

The climb is hard and takes its toll from your wearied limbs. You pass the outbuildings of the great temple, almost unnoticed in your eagerness to hear the words of the living god.

The white-marbled shrine is awesome indeed; crowds of pilgrims throng before the temple steps, like bees around the honey-pot unaware of the danger that lurks near by. You ascend the steps, pushing through the mob, and enter the temple itself through high-arched gates decorated in huge gems with the deeds of the god. You leave your weapons outside and enter. Turn to **297**.

467

One of the nymphs spots you, and cries out to her companions. A satyr gestures to you, beckoning, and soon you find nymphs pulling you into the dance. You try to resist but it is to no avail. Go to **10**.

468

You pray to your patron Poseidon. Lose 2 Honour points and go to **599**. Alternatively, if you cannot do this, return to **448**.

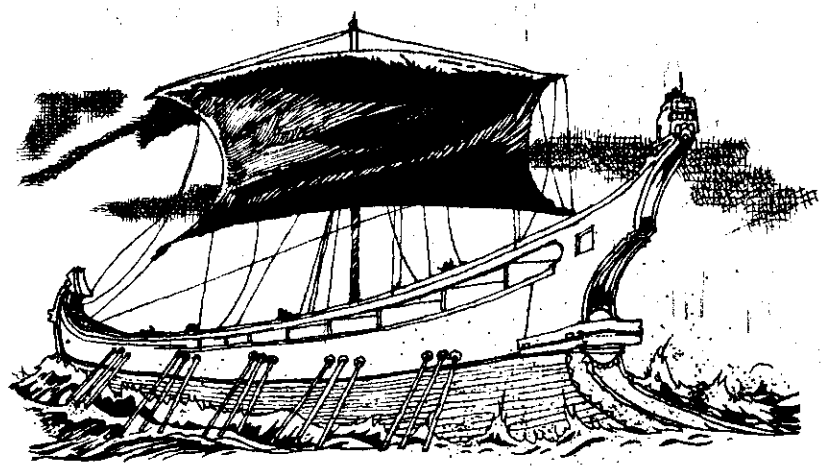

469

The last of the ichor spills and Talos is but an empty vessel. His metallic body sways and crashes, stiff and lifeless. Yet when the ship goes closer to look at this wonder of the Cretan realm, some glimmer of life seems to remain in its deep yellow eyes. It is perhaps true that only by the decree of Olympian Zeus can this being be truly killed. Go to **384**.

470

The market is large, larger than that of Corinth, a fact which surprises you. Perhaps it is something to do with the festival of Hera. There are rumours that the temple has been defiled, and someone must pay with their life. There are merchants here from all parts of Greece – from Arcadia, Achaia, Boeotia, Attica, and even far-off Thessaly and mountainous Epirus. Yet with large gatherings there come less savoury visitors than amicable Altheus. At one stall selling food, you see a group of scruffy men. They seem to be stealing, while one of their number distracts the vendor. Surprised by this, you are forced to make a quick decision.

Do you alert the trader (go to **287**)?

Do you attack the men yourself (go to **63**)?

Do you join in and take full advantage of the opportunity of some free food (go to **219**)?

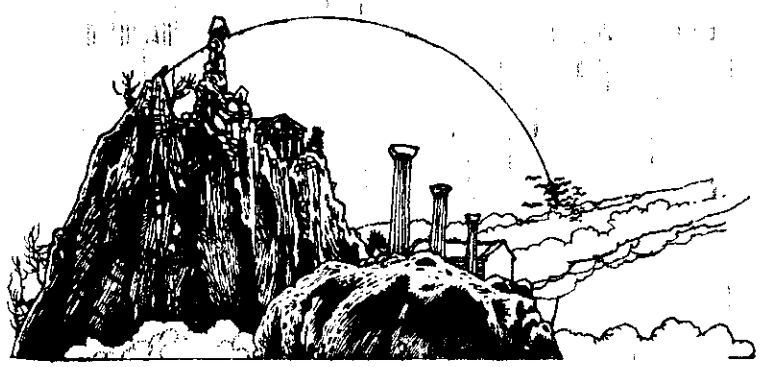

471

With a shock, you remember what your patron, fair-faced Aphrodite, told you. Grim terror strikes at your heart: perhaps it is too late. You warn the captain to steer to the east. A great shadow seems to blot out the sun, and Talos comes from the west, bellowing his rage, striding ever faster to catch the ship, his bronze body reflecting the sun's rays, like the shining beacon of a funeral pyre. Yet he is too far away. A rock thrown by Talos crashes down some way from the ship. A water spout cascades all over the decks, but you are safe. Talos is too far away to do you any damage, and the ship sails in towards shore and your destination. As you go in, you see that the giant has fallen over. Go to **336**.

472

The drop is dangerous, but with one last glance at the guards pressing into the room behind, you jump, and to your surprise land safely. A javelin clatters on the cobbles beside you, and you run as if the Furies were on your tail. Go to **134**

473

As you hurry on by, the man screams out under the harsh lash of the Furies. 'May you ever regret that you abandoned me,' he cries, 'and may you too be afflicted by these creatures one day.' Have 2 Shame points, and go to **167**.

474

The way to Athens is pleasant. The path is well made, and not rutted like others upon which you have travelled. Soon you pass into an area of green-clad rolling hills, and beyond this the outer edge of Athens' cultivated area. In the distance you can see farmers carrying their allotted portion for distribution to other areas. Your stomach feels light, and you are tense with anticipation.

Suddenly, you can see the very walls of Athens, your goal for so many days. Your pace quickens, and without speaking to anyone you pass, you hurry on, until the great gates of the city are but a few yards away. Go to **40**.

475

The ship is now repaired for the long journey ahead. Everything except the figurehead is replaced, but this cannot be, save on one festival day of the year when the priests of the city's patron may bless it, and instil it with her power. You must traverse the seas without this protection, but if fearsome Poseidon is merciful, then the slender flame of your life's course may burn on to the Cretan shores.

The captain is unsure now which route he should take for Crete. He must go ashore at fire-pent Thera, home of lame Hephaestus, god of fire and craft, but either Melos or Apollo's isle of Delos seem equally balanced for the intervening stop. The gnarled and sea-wise man turns to you for advice.

Do you suggest Melos (**358**), or Delos (**452**)?

476

Sleep and weariness once more take hold of your tired body. At last you open your eyes, and find that your surroundings have changed. You are no longer in your bed-chamber at Aegeus' palace!

If you are in Disfavour with Hecate, go to **585**.

Otherwise, turn to **612**.

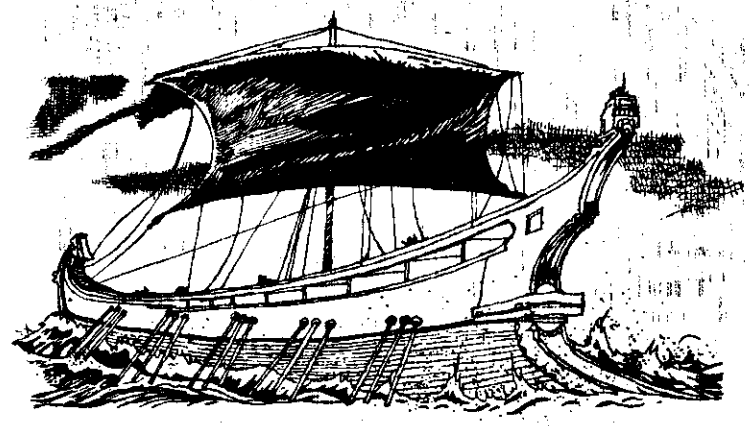

477

You are tossed and turned for what seems like days. At last you lose consciousness, and when you wake, you find yourself washed up on a sandy beach, fringed with tall trees. There is no sign of the ship or the serpent. You are stranded here, perhaps for ever. Few other ships will pass by. When you left Athens there was talk of an expedition against high-walled Ilium of the Trojans. Perhaps if it comes soon, you will be found. Otherwise, you must build yourself a vessel; but, alas, heroes have little skill as shipwrights.

478

The road to Delphi is long and hard, and you soon realize that you will not make it in a single day. Late in the afternoon of the fifth you see ahead a small band of travellers and you hurry towards them trying to catch up. By their plain garb, you can see that they are pilgrims, most probably making, as you are, for the archer god's sanctuary at Delphi. You see that they are carrying gifts of jewellery, gold and silver for the god. You realize that you have no comparable gift.

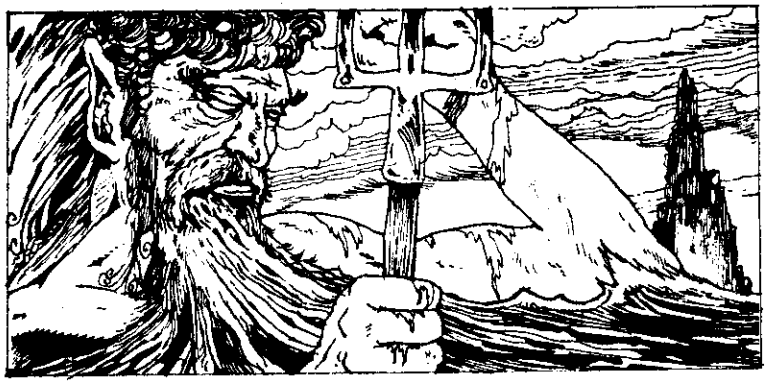

Do you try to force the pilgrims to give you something by attacking them (turn to 260)?

Do you join them and try to buy something from them (turn to 483)?

Or do you press on regardless, trusting in your heroic prowess to impress the god (turn to 57)?

479

You unbuckle the shining armour and hand it to the wretch. He licks his juice-covered fingers before taking it, but still stains it by his touch. 'No need of this,' he cries. 'The best defence is to approach Crete before noon.' He turns and flees, trailing his filthy rags behind him. You cry out to him, but it is no use. You pick up the discarded armour, and walk back to the ship. Have 1 Honour point, and go to 583.

480

The priest takes your money with a look of gleeful disdain on his face. He leads you out of the temple and on to the forecourt. Go to **115**.

481

The charioteer shrugs nonchalantly. 'This will do. Your wager is on the green chariot.' Go to **391**.

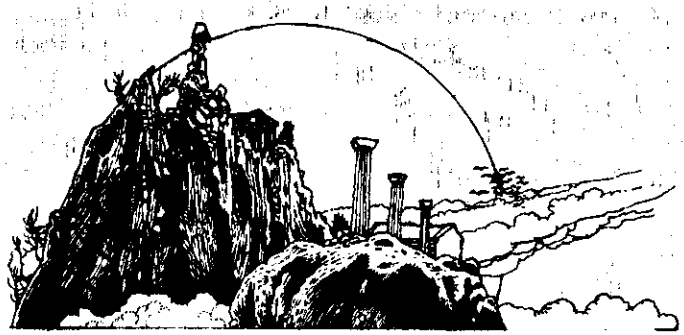

482

The queen blanches and tries to push the goblet away. 'The wine is poisoned!' you cry. There is a great commotion, and in the confusion Medea escapes from the feasting-hall. From her dress, as she flees, falls the pouch of white powder. An Athenian noble picks it up, sniffs it and says, 'The stranger was right; this is poison.' The king turns to you, the hero whom his wife sought to kill. Turn to **170**.

483

The pilgrims are friendly, and are indeed on their way to Delphi to worship at the archer god's shrine. They tell you something of the road ahead. You must pass through Cirrha, but this is within the sacred plain of Delphi, where nothing should be cultivated. You admire one of the effigies of the god, and a fair-haired woman offers it to you, but you insist that she takes some money for it. She accepts and you carry on down the road. The sky darkens, and it seems there might be a storm. The other pilgrims stop at a roadside hostel which caters for travellers on their way to Delphi; but you press onwards to Cirrha, anxious to get as far as you may before nightfall. Go to **339**.

484

The beast comes back towards the black ship, and the clash as you meet is mighty. The sun's rays on your armour are as sparks from a fire, and the din of your encounter makes it seem as if the very sky is not secure in its place.

If you die and are saved by Zeus, turn to **29**.
If you Seriously Wound the serpent, turn to **582**.
If you retreat, turn to **523**.

485

Ah Altheus, there is no aid before such a battle to save the very sanctuary of Apollo! Lose 1 Honour point, and return to **465**.

486

Many have thought of stealing the god's jewels. None have succeeded. Have 1 Shame point, and go to **297**.

487

A great cheer comes from the assembled company, as from those who know they have overcome their opponents in the swift encounter, and their spirits are haughty. Yet joy departs, and horror seizes all when they examine the cow. Upon its neck is the mark of a trident. This is one of the cattle of Poseidon's herd you have killed. You hurry back to the ship, each man fearful of the vengeance of the god.

If Poseidon is your patron, he will not aid you until you have sacrificed 6 Honour points. Otherwise, take 4 Shame points, and you are in Disfavour with Poseidon. Go to **323**.

488

You may either spend 1–3 Honour points for Ares' aid (roll one die: 1–2 = 1 point, 3–4 = 2 points, 5–6 = 3 points) and turn to **307**, or lose 1 Honour point and go to **136**.

489

You approach the crowd. 'Friends,' you say, 'is this what we expect of the folk of Athens, proud and free, but gentle too? Why do you stone these foreigners? What harm have they done you?'

If you have 13 or more points of Shame, go to **214**.

If you have less than 13 Shame points, go to **502**.

490

As you seek to leave the place, the divine protectress of the town herself bars the way. 'Altheus,' she chides, 'I am most displeased with you for failing to aid these people of mine. Your twip to Cwete will now be vewy wough. When you appwoach Athens, expect no help fwom me at your awwival.' If your patron is Athena then go to **156**; otherwise the goddess disappears, and you may go on your way, with 1 Shame point, and the Disfavour of Athena. Go to **51**.

491

If you accept the aid of the white-armed queen Aphrodite, spend 2–4 Honour points (roll 1 die, divide by 2, round up, and then add 1), and turn to **590**. If you do not, lose 1 Honour point, and turn to **54**.

492

Away from blessed Delos the ship flies across the water towards Hephaestus' isle of Thera. Your weary limbs feel better now, and you are able to walk on the deck, admiring the waters and the craggy isles you pass, except when squalls suddenly come and send you scurrying beneath, feeling as if your body is riddled with feathered arrows.

At last the ship comes in sight of Thera, where the Phoenicians dwell. Go to **295**.

493

You run away, caught up in the general panic. This is no action fitting of a hero, to flee the chance to deliver the town from its scourge. Have 1 extra Shame point, and go to **378**.

494

As you reach the spot where the procession stands, you notice, with a start, that it is no bundle of sticks these people carry, but the corpse of a man dressed in coarse woollen garments, dyed red with the blood that has poured from a gash in his stomach. One young woman notices you and screams, pointing at you. 'This is the man,' she cries. 'He must be a retainer of the king. See his fine robes. Let us kill him!' The mob charges you, and you must defend yourself.

These unskilled fighters act as a group, with one attack only: Might 8, Protection 11. Each time you score a hit, one of the men is killed, and the Might score is reduced by one.

If you retreat, turn to **407**.

If you die, and are saved by Zeus, you find yourself at **230**.

If you surrender, turn to **556**.

When you have killed five men, turn to **151**.

495

The mighty-masted ship is now prepared for the long sail from Thera to Crete. The captain pours a libation of red wine into the waters, praying to great Poseidon for safe passage. The wind, which starts strong, so that the ship can sail under its doom-black sails, bearing its blood-cargo to Crete, soon builds up to a storm.

If Poseidon is your patron, but will not aid you, or you are in Disfavour with Poseidon, go to **568**.

If Poseidon is Neutral towards you, go to **125**.

If Poseidon is your patron and will aid you, or you are in Favour with Poseidon, go to **342**.

496

Dreams played an important part in Greek legend and society, and were often said to be sent by the gods. Take 1 Shame point and lose 1 Honour point. Return to **476**.

497

You stay alert for some hours, but there is no sound, save for the screeching of the owl as it breaks the back of its tiny prey. At length you succumb to soft-tongued Sleep's gentle persuasion. Go to **411**.

498

The beast moans in its agony, with malice in its tone, and thrashes; deep red gore gushes from its gaping wound. It turns to retreat, but as it goes the blood attracts its brothers and it is ripped to pieces in an unholy feast. Fearful lest the serpents turn on his vessel the captain orders the ship under way, pausing only long enough to allow you to scramble aboard. Have 7 Honour points for your feat, and go to **349**.

499

Have 1 Shame point, but go to **309**.

500

You awake to find that Procrustes the innkeeper has chopped off both of your legs to make you fit the bed. As you bleed to death, you have just enough time to gasp a prayer to Zeus to save you. If you have not called on him yet in this adventure, turn to **118**. Otherwise, the travels of Altheus end here . . .

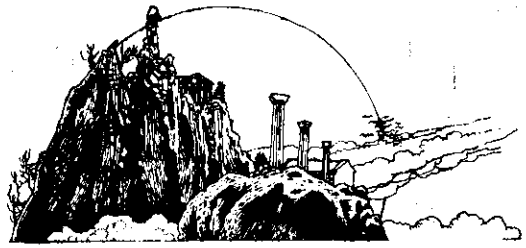

501

The man is still where the Furies left him, almost unable to move from fear. You shake him, and show him that all is well. He thanks you profusely, relief clear on his face.

'I killed my wife,' he confesses. 'It was an accident, but the Furies won't listen. Perhaps now I have time to gain sanctuary in the temple of Athena. Whatever happens, I will have no use for this.' He takes from around his bloodied neck a gold chain on which hangs an amulet of red rubies. 'Here, this will aid you in fights with mortal creatures.'

While wearing the ruby amulet, your Might value is increased by 2 *or* your Protection is increased by 2. The choice is yours, but you cannot switch the advantage to the other attribute in the middle of a combat. Note also that to invoke it, you must forgo your first attack to pray to your patron. If you are defeated in combat and you lose a weapon, this will count as a combined Might/Protection value of 5, and not 4.

Thanking you once again, the man stumbles off towards Athens and possible safety. Go to **167**.

502

If you have more than 14 Honour points, go to **62**. If you have less than 15 Honour points, go to **312**.

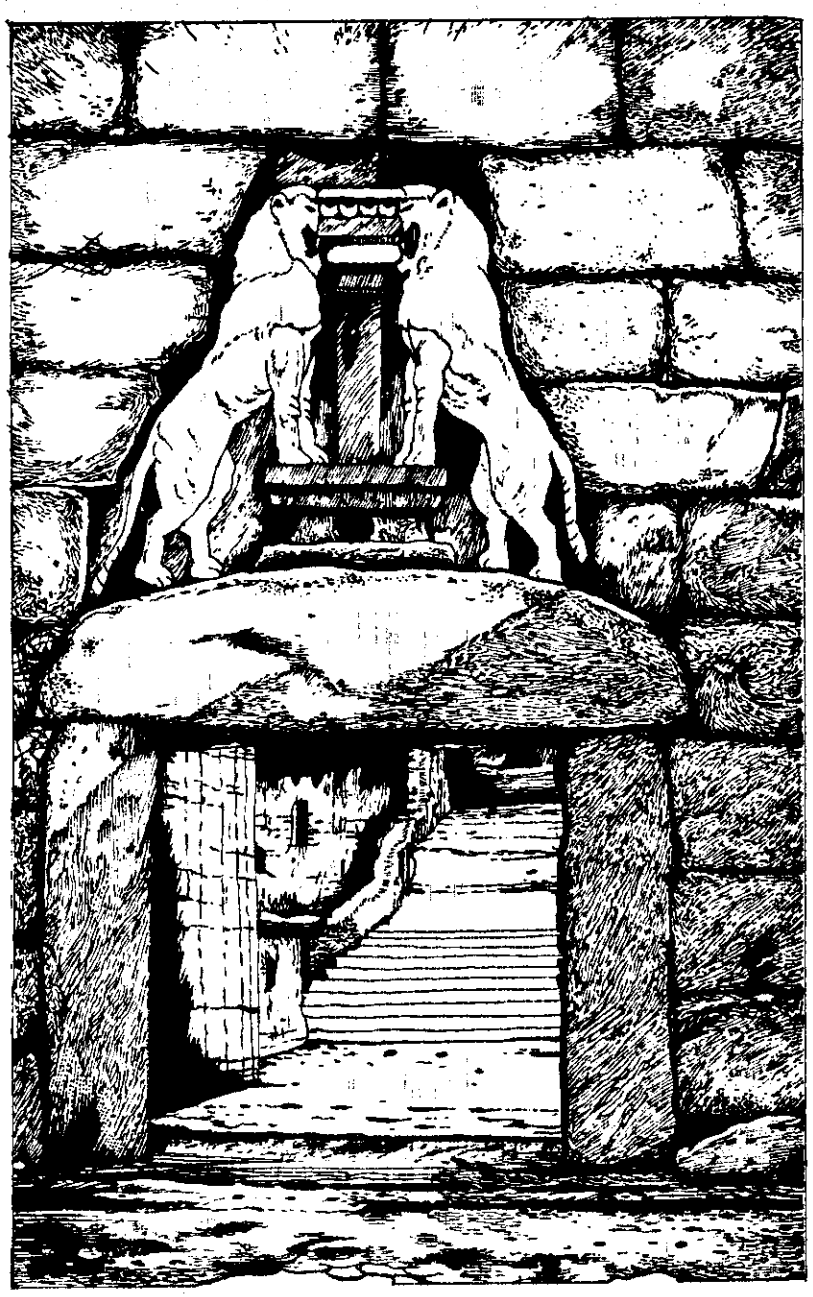

503

You come to Mycenae, and are awestruck by the magnificence of the lion gate. Can this, you think to yourself, be the work of earth-bound mortals? No, truly, these are the works of the one-eyed Cyclopes, giant offspring of Earth's son, Uranus. You carry on into the city itself; on the summit of the heaven-pointing mount, the palace of the king towers up above the city. The people carry on their business, almost unaware of the fort above where the soldiers look out, in case any enemy should try to come upon the city unawares, as a hungry wolf creeps up upon the sheep-pen, with the shepherd asleep, his head dulled by wine. Past the market-place you walk, and at length you come to a stream. Many women are beating their clothes dry on the stones beside the bank.

Do you drink some of the water (go to **193**)?

Or do you carry on through Mycenae (go to **12**)?

504

When awareness returns to your sea-battered brain, the serpent has gone. Three of the oarsmen have been rent and torn asunder by its jaws, like houses that are blown away by the wind that gusts suddenly and is gone, leaving the folk of the place to bewail their fate and cry for their sons and daughters who were so young.

The captain gathers together the remaining crew and you get under way as fast as possible, before the sea-snake can return. Go to **349**.

505

Feeling in the pocket of your tunic, you find the gem your mother gave to you when you left Troezen. You hold it out to King Aegeus, who looks at it astonished. 'I am Altheus,' you say, 'and this is the proof.'

Aegeus' regal posture relaxes and he smiles. 'I welcome you, my son, come at last and unawaited to the palace of your father!' Go to **50**.

506

With the words of the conspirators still ringing in your ears, you get up and leave the inn, trying not to look too conspicuous. You ask a passer-by the quickest way to the palace, but she looks at you strangely, and simply points towards the centre of the town. The palace, in fact, is not difficult to find. The door is bound with metal strips, and it is a while before a guard emerges to answer your knocking. You tell of what you have heard in the inn, and he demands that you relinquish all your weapons, and place them on a table beside the doorway.

He leads through the great hall, hung with tapestries, to the main throne-room where the king is entertaining some guests. The assembly falls silent, and the king demands to know who disturbs his feast.

You explain what you have heard, but the king laughs and does not believe you. He orders you to be seized and locked in the storeroom for the night, and to be whipped the following morning.

'No one,' he booms, 'would plot against *me*!' Go to **17**.

507

You take the shield (Might 0, Protection 2) and spear (Might 2, Protection 0), and leave the camp of the warrior women. The Amazon, being an honourable opponent, does not raise the alarm. Have 5 Honour points for your victory, and go to **320**.

508

You are travelling along a road, deeply rutted by the carts of pilgrims bringing sick ones or gifts to the temple of the healer. Beside the road the trees and bushes rustle menacingly. The wind whips up spirals of dust from the track, which further obscure the way ahead. Go to **20**.

509

You stride into the swirling stream, leaving the woman behind. The going is hard, as the stream is deeper than you had thought. Behind you, you can hear the hag screaming something. You listen briefly. If Hera is your patron, go to **46**. If not, go to **261**.

510

Through the mass of corpses you wade, like one traversing a river of blood and gore, pushing aside the dogs and ravens, which have already begun to claim their spoils of war. It is clear to you that the Athenians are the victors and hold the field. With joy in your heart you make your way to Aegeus' palace. Go to **283**.

511

As the morning mists clear you see Delphi for the first time. Behind it Mount Parnassus rises, its snow-capped peak rising almost to heaven, its slopes thickly wooded, the haunt of dryads and their nymphly kin. All around to the north the rocky mountains imprison the temple in its deep-set valley, cleft in the centre by two great cliffs. From this issues the Castalian spring, its clear waters flowing down the slopes, past the Nauplian rock, from which forbidding crag by custom criminals are cast. You go on up the slope to Delphi. Go to **466**.

512

Almighty Zeus, guardian of the heavens, speaks to you directly from his Olympian throne. 'I cannot help you greatly, Altheus, for to do so would overturn the decree of another god, and this I may not do while time runs its allotted span. Yet I can infuse your limbs again with the life that is leaving them. Go now and face the curse of Hecate.'

You must face the black dog once more, restored to an Unwounded state, but with only 1 Honour point. Go to **585**.

513

You lie awake all night, occasionally hearing the clattering of wheels on the cobbles and the shouts of the spectators. You wish that you had gone to see them, and not remained in bed like a feeble old warrior. In the morning you eat a meagre breakfast and trudge off dejectedly towards Athens. Go to **474**.

514

The nobleman shrugs his shoulders, and confesses that he too is a stranger in Athens, hailing from far-off Pylos. Without another word he rushes off into the crowd, afraid lest he be singled out as a foreigner.

You must now go either to the left (**90**) or the right (**580**).

515

You turn to flee, but there, barring your way, stands Olympian Zeus, radiant in his glory. The light and splendour of his presence overcome you and burn out your eyes. Writhing in agony, you plead to be forgiven for forsaking your destiny. 'This favour only shall I grant you, snivelling cur,' thunders Zeus, his voice reverberating through the valleys as the crash of a mighty wave: 'release.' With this the feeble candle of your life is snuffed out by a lightning bolt, and your spirit passes into the dark realms of Hades.

516

A look of horror descends on the face of the Amazon as she realizes that you are going to kill her. 'May the curse of Hera be upon you for killing Hippia,' she cries out, and with this a mist of darkness clouds her eyes, and she is dead. You take her shield (Might 0, Protection 2) and spear (Might 2, Protection 0). You may have 5 Honour points for your victory, but must take 2 Shame points as usual for killing an opponent who has surrendered. You are also in Disfavour with Hera, if she is not your patron. Go to **320**.

517

The Amazon is Might 7, Protection 14, including a spear (Might 2) and lionskin (Protection 2). Because she has surprised you, she will have the first thrust in combat.

If you Seriously Wound the Amazon, turn to **159**.

If you surrender, turn to **550**.

If you retreat, turn to **165**.

If you die, and are saved by Zeus, you find yourself at **165**.

If, when it is your turn to strike, you try to explain that you are not in the camp as an intruder, but as a peace-maker, turn to **606**.

518

As the men run off down the streets and disappear, you realize that you cannot simply keep what you have heard to yourself. You set off towards the centre of the town, where the great white palace of the Theban kings stands, a memorial to more glorious times. Go to **313**.

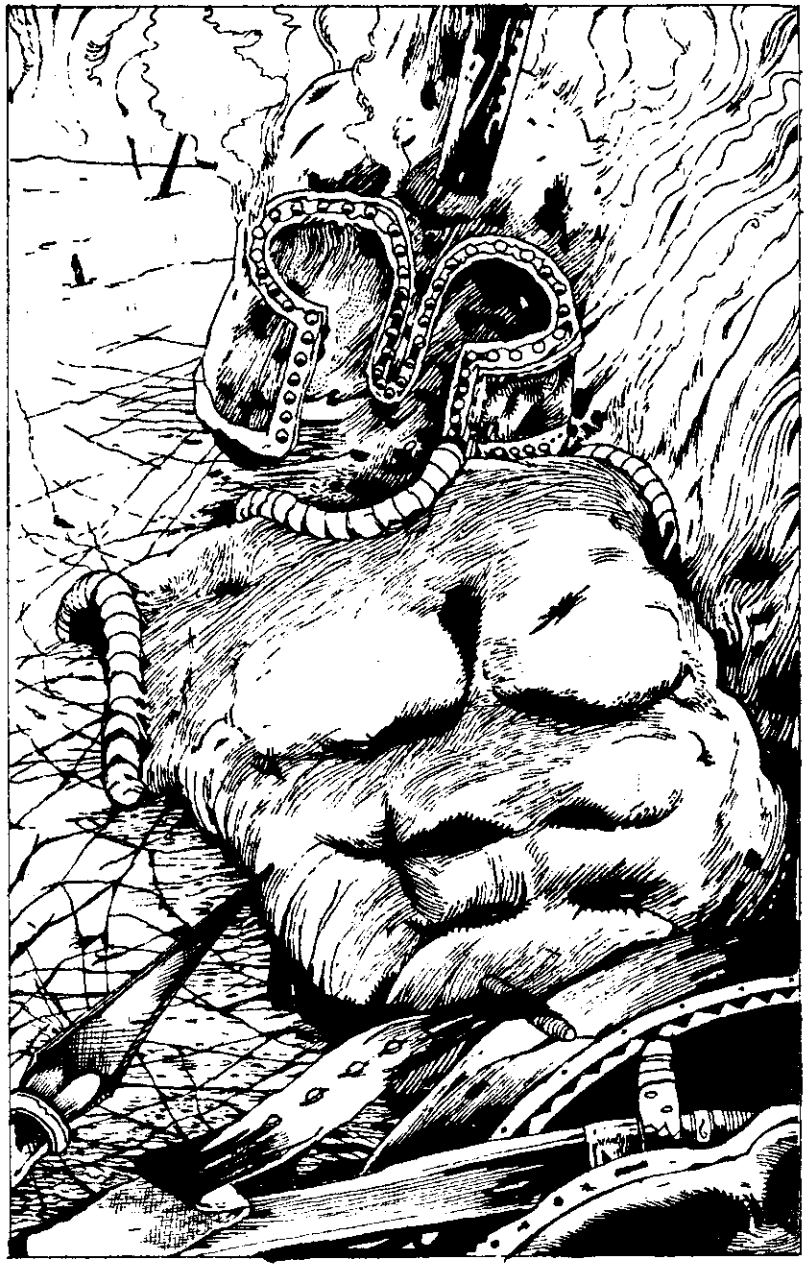

519

As your blade strikes through the body of the man, his visage seems to dissolve and his body to crumple and vanish. All that is left is a heap of charred armour and weapons, burning their imprint into the ground, as the fire that ravages the god-favoured citadel. Have 5 Honour points for your victory, and go to **254**.

520

Lose 1 extra Honour point for abandoning the man to his fate. As you approach the water's edge, you can hear his screams and pleas to the Olympians, unanswered as those of the rich man set upon by thieves, whom his neighbours will not help, for fear of being killed themselves. Go to **167**.

521

Expecting to see the Pythian priestess, you are stunned to see your patron god Apollo seated at a table, apparently working; manuscripts are strewn all around the floor, and ink-marks stain one arm of his tunic. 'I was just working on some prophecies,' he says. 'This one's for Naxos and it's a few centuries overdue. I'm afraid you can't have one now, but do come and see me at Delos.' With this the god dismisses you and you leave quickly. Collect your weapons, and go on down towards Thebes (**191**).

522

Have 1 Shame point for agreeing to such a proposition. You leave the market quickly as the wardens try to find the thief again. After a time he suggests you return and steal some food. You are so deeply involved that you agree. Go to **219**.

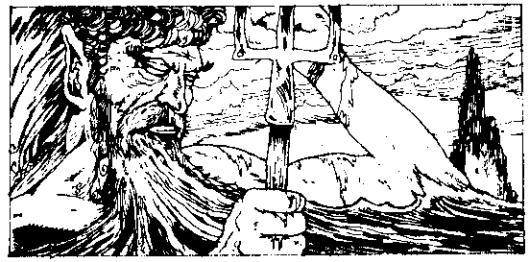

523

Where can you retreat to, Altheus? Below decks? Into the wine-dark sea? Take 1 additional Shame point, and return to **484**.

524

The unnatural storm has subsided, but soon the still, glassy waters ripple under the breath of another gale. The crewmen are hard put to keep the high-prowed vessel afloat, and the Athenians cower in a corner, praying for a few days more to add to their wretched lot. Poseidon has not been kind. Go to **363**.

525

Cythnos is not a busy isle. Few ships from Athens stop here, and you are soon waylaid by a bent old man, asking for tales from Athena's city. You oblige, telling of the exploits of your brother Theseus, sadness in your heart for the loss you have suffered. When you have finished, it is late. Tired and hungry – for in your eagerness you have forgotten to eat – you return to the harbour. Go to **279**.

526

You may have 4 Honour points for killing the bear. Tired out by the exertion of the fight, you rest for the night by the still-warm corpse of your erstwhile adversary. In the morning you wash in a nearby stream, and make your way quickly back to the road. Go to **13**.

527

You may have 3 Honour points for your victory. If you want to, and are able, you may take and use her shield (Protection 2) and spear (Might 2). Turn to **102**, and choose another opponent.

528

As the path narrows, the rustling of the trees seems less natural. You dive into the undergrowth and, as you creep stealthily, you find that your fears are well founded, for two swarthy-looking men armed with long knives lie in wait for unwary passers-by.

Do you challenge them to fight (go to **462**), or do you simply attack them without warning (go to **221**)?

529

To confirm her supplication the Amazon queen gives you the jewelled brooch from her shoulder. 'If you see Lembra, this will tell her that you are my friend,' she says. Go to **385**.

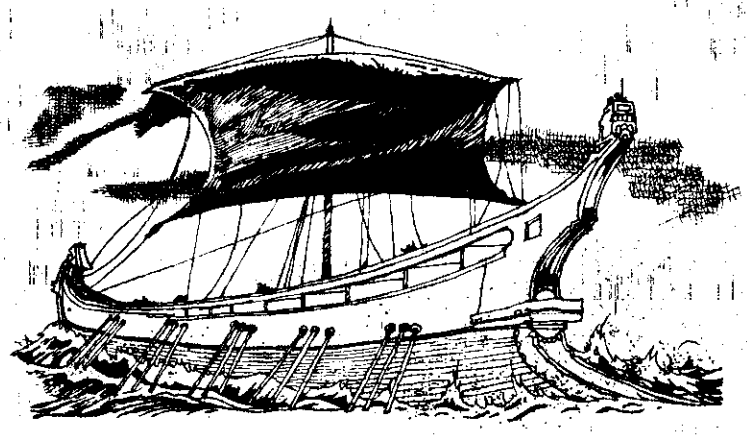

530

Feeling in your scabbard you realize that by accident you have taken the captain's sword (Might 2). No matter: this wretch will not put up a fight. You lop his head from his shoulders. For a second there is an expression of astonishment on his face, and then it is covered with the blood that spurts from the stump. Both head and body fall to the ground, and the tongue lolls on to the sand. Have 5 Shame points for this gruesome deed.

You return closer to the ship, in case anyone should see what you have done. Go to **583**.

531

The track soon widens out and runs along the side of a small stream. You stop and quench your thirst. Ahead in the distance you sight a town, and press on towards it. You are almost there when a man mounted on a horse gallops down the road towards you. As he approaches, you shout to him, asking what city this might be. He has time only to utter one word before he passes beyond you: 'Acharnae!' Go to **116**.

532

You rush through the falling stones and rocks, to try to rescue the fair-faced lady, but when you reach the spot, she has gone, and her gold throne is but another massive boulder. The rock-fall, too, has gone. All the buffeting and danger were for nothing. Only the cripple remains, and the cast of his face is that of deep anger.

'So you would save Hera, who crippled me. So let it be. My curse is on you, and ever may you regret that you abandoned resourceful Hephaestus in the hope of winning glory.'

With this the god is gone, and you stand alone, save for the crewmen, your heroic venture once again turned to ruin. You are in Disfavour with Hephaestus. Go to **495**.

533

You realize that you are unarmed: your weapons are still down below. There is little time to decide. You could grab a harpoon, and attack with this (Might 3, Protection 0): go to 318. Or you could dash down and collect your arms from the hold of the ship (go to 298).

534

Rushing back to where the old man sat, you find that he was just leaving for whatever miserable hovel he subsists in. You ask him the way to Aegeus' palace. He seems reluctant at first but then says that he has business near by, and it would be no trouble for him to show you the way. Go to 77.

535

Roll one die. If it is 5 or 6, you hit and kill the cow with your mighty throw (go to 487). Otherwise, take 1 Shame point, and you may either give in and go back to the ship (go to 323), or try to wrestle the cow down (go to 565). If you wish, you can throw another spear instead (remain at 535).

536

The sun, saffron-robed, has climbed high above you to your left, and now begins her long descent, as you come to the River Cleonae, its waters reflecting her life-giving rays. In the distance you see Cleonae itself, and woods wreathe the banks and the way to the town.

The deep-whirling river is spring-swollen with the melting snow from the mountains, and a shallow ford is the only crossing. An aged crone stands despairing, unable to cross, staring at the muddy waters. 'Pity me,' she pleads, 'for I am old and weak. If you would carry me, I could cross the river. Otherwise I must stay here and stony-hearted Hunger will take me, and it will be you who has killed me.'

Do you attack the woman, and beat stony-hearted Hunger to it (go to 444)?

Do you throw her in the river and tell her to swim (go to 76)?

You could cross the river without her (go to 509).

Or you could carry her across the river (go to 316).

537

Achilles will be baptized in the Styx, but never would a hero allow himself to be baptized in the blood of a temple defiled by godless men. As your life's spirit leaves you, stained red with your shame, you cry out to Zeus. The god does not listen to your tortured pleas. He will not aid such an unheroic mortal. The adventures of Altheus end here.

538

Owl-faced Athena appears and bars your way to the palace. 'Foolish youth,' she says, 'you have spared these men to warn their companions. You are in tewwible pewil. You cannot wescue the woyal king of Thebes now; you must wush fwom the city. Wun!' With this Athena transforms herself into an owl, and flies to Olympus, keeping upwind of Thebes. Go to 134.

539

You have been wandering around for an hour or more now. Megara is much like any other town, except that the citizens are subdued, and there is little of the pace that you have come to expect from life in large towns. At length you come to a road, wider than any of the others, lined on either side by temples to the various major gods. At the steps of one a small crowd of white-robed citizens stand; it is the temple of Hera. You approach the place, and soon realize that there is some form of ceremony being performed, but it is not until you have almost

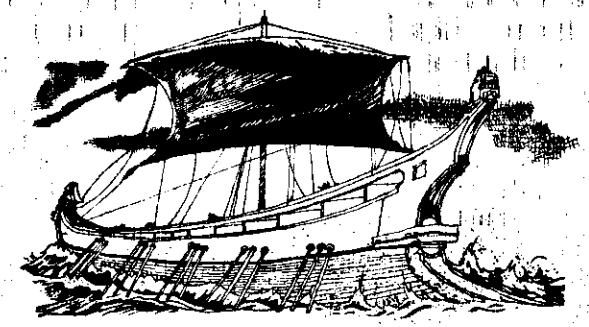

reached the temple itself that you see that is no normal temple rite. They are going to sacrifice someone to the goddess! A girl – dressed in blue is being dragged down the temple steps towards an altar set up for the purpose and draped in a cloth of deep red. She screams, and calls out for help, but no one moves.

Do you rush up and attempt to save her (go to **398**)?

Or do you just walk away from the place, choosing not to interfere in the ritual (go to **148**)?

540

Each round, starting from the next one, before your attack, Talos loses 3 from each of his attributes, as the yellow ichor leaks into the water and his life-force ebbs. Return to **48**. (Should his values fall to 0 or below, however, turn to **469**.)

541

As your first blow strikes home, the horse rears up as if in pain. Now, sitting on its night-dark back, there is a fearsome rider, Poseidon the horse-tamer, lord of the sea. 'Foolish action,' he says, 'but only to be expected from such a callow youth. Your father would never strike a sacred horse, and nor would your brother. This is just too much. Expect no clement weather on your sea voyages.' With this both horse and rider gallop away under the waves. You must lose 3 Honour points for your dreadful deed, and if Poseidon is your patron, you must also have 1 Shame point. If he is not your patron, you are in Disfavour with him. You carry on down the beach, past Cenchraea and on to Crommyon. After some hours you reach the town itself. Go to **100**.

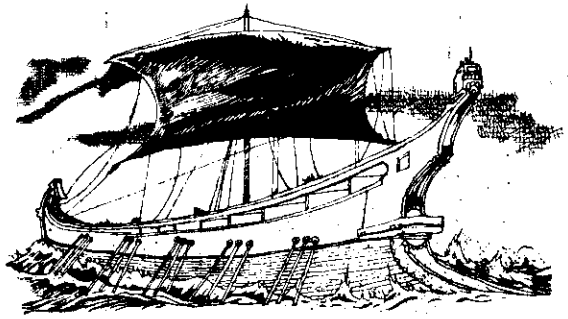

542

The two men explain, when you approach them, that they were talking of an expedition against the king of high-walled Troy. They offer you a drink, and you take it, still suspicious of them, but wanting to learn more. Within minutes you are feeling drowsy, and you slump to the table unconscious, and oblivious of the great events taking shape around you. Go to **70**.

543

Do you try to save the gold-throned woman (**532**), the lame blacksmith (**390**), or the mighty warrior (**143**)?

544

The Amazon has Might 7 (basic 5 + 2 for her spear), Protection 14 (basic 10 + 2 for her hide shield + 2 for the bearskin).

If you pray to your patron for aid before the combat, go to **242**.

If you retreat, go to **320**.

If you die, and are saved by Zeus, you will find yourself at paragraph **320**.

If you surrender, go to **431**.

If you Seriously Wound the Amazon, go to **273**.

545

You dash in like a death-bringing waterspout from Poseidon's realm, but you are just as forcefully ejected, like a rag doll in a storm. This was the house of the ruler of Cythnos. You lie half unconscious on the muddy floor for an hour. Perhaps it would be better if you returned empty-handed to the ship. Have 1 Shame point, and go to **475**.

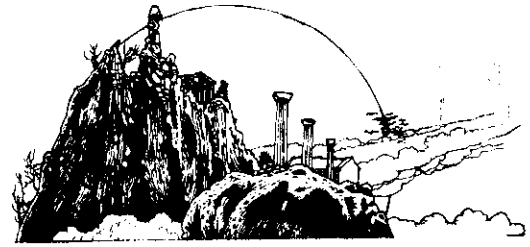

546

For a moment Aegeus is taken aback, but then he continues, 'So you claim to be my high-hearted son amicable Altheus. Yet I have not seen you for many years, and you have shown me no token of kinship. Now there is only one way that you can prove to me that you are Aegeus' younger son, and Theseus' lesser brother.'

The king smiles enigmatically, and then continues, 'There is a bull that strikes terror into the folk around the town of Marathon. Go now and kill this creature; for if you can, then you are truly my son.'

Hearing his words, you do not speak, but stride proudly out of the hall, and, collecting your belongings, set out for Marathon, eager to prove that you are indeed Altheus. Go to **96**.

547

The beast has Might 18, Protection 11. If you attack this spawn of Ocean turn to **533**.

If you say nothing, keeping quiet in case the monstrous serpent has not seen the ship, turn to **562**.

If you call on the god of the sea to help you, turn to **34**.

548

If you have a small silver ear-ring, turn to **108**. Otherwise, take 1 to 6 Shame points (roll a die), and go to **102**.

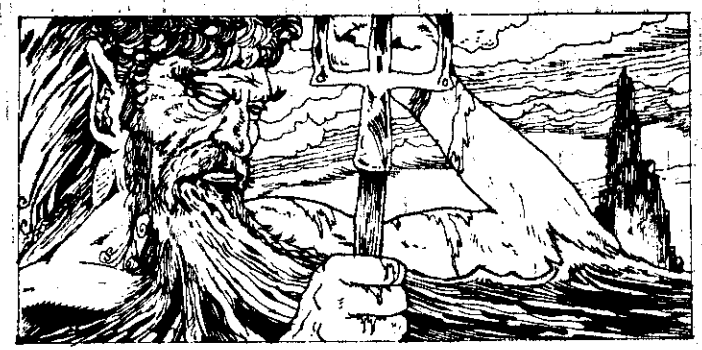

549

The crashing rocks and the splintering of the ship's wood are too much for you and you order the captain to move the ship away from shore. Slowly he steers it, but then dark fear freezes all your limbs, for Talos follows. Swift as the coming of the storm he treads, breaking and crushing all in his path. Now you must fight the giant at close quarters, his smooth bronze-muscled limbs all the more terrifying.

He is Might (*)14, Protection 18 (regardless of whether you have wounded him earlier or not, he is now Unwounded). There is no hope of retreat.

If you surrender, turn to 443.
If you kill Talos, turn to 617.
If you die, turn to 174.

550

Have 1 Shame point for surrendering. The Amazon stoops to remove your armour so that she may parade it in the camp as token of her victory, and an omen for the next day's battle. She notices the sacred hairpin on your belt, and realizes she has attacked an ambassador. 'Why did you not explain who you were?' she asks. Chastened and shamed, you are led to the queen's tent, without time to bathe your aching wounds. Turn to 8.

551

Have 1 Shame point for disbelieving the man. Return to 531.

552

As you turn to leave, you seem to hear a voice, as soft as a nymph's cry, nearly lost in the rustle of the trees under autumn's soothing sun. 'Altheus,' it says, 'thank you. Before I forget, here's a piece of advice:

"The flames of Troezen are as nothing to the flames here;
The one with three legs – aid him there."'

Wondering at these words, surely those of the god, you make your way with powerful strides back to the ship. Go to 449.

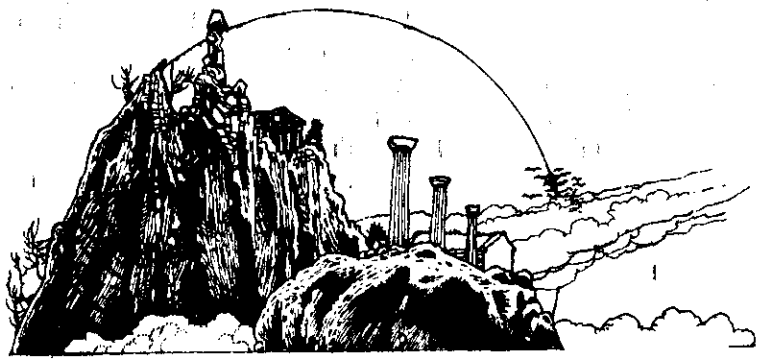

553

Zeus saves you, but warns you that to merit your rebirth, you must go and save the temple of Asclepius. The bandits have long gone, and you travel quickly towards the temple. Go to 508.

554

The priest takes the golden figure and gazes at it as if entranced. He looks up with a start and leads you to a spot in front of the sanctuary. He tells you to wait for a while, and then he will interpret the Pythian priestess's moan. If you were in Disfavour with Apollo he is now Neutral to you. Go to 181.

555

Shame on you! The farmer turns round and notices you pilfering his cheese. He shouts at you, grabs you and throws you off the cart on to the ground, where the mule kicks you. Before you can react he has driven away. Have 1 Shame point, and you must walk the rest of the way to Crommyon. At last you reach the town. Go to **100**.

556

You drop to your knees and plead for mercy, trying to explain that you have done nothing. The woman who set off the attack does not relent and directs your assailants to kill you. Your last sight before grim Hades claims your soul is of a sharp scythe glinting in the sunlight and crashing down to your neck – unless, of course, you can pray to Zeus. If so, go to **230**.

557

You crawl into the bottom of the boat wet and bedraggled. 'I was wise to choose you, Altheus, you're so heroic,' whispers the woman sweetly, and you realize that this is none other than your patron, honey-tongued Aphrodite. With a toss of her golden hair she transports you to her Cytherean home. Go to **235**.

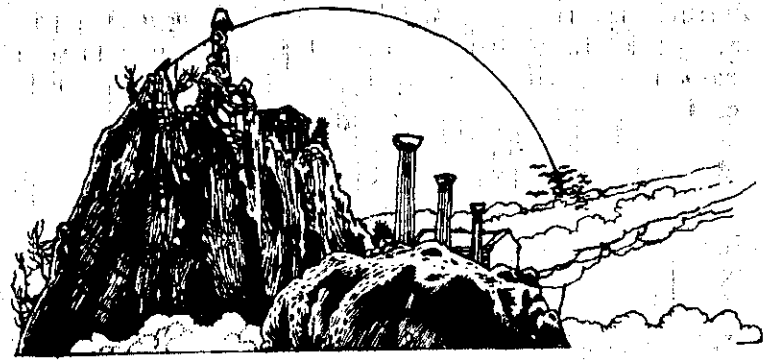

558

You hear a blood-curdling scream, like that of a woman, and before your eyes the scene begins to shift and change, like the sands on the sea-shore before the turning of the tide. For defeating the hound of Hecate, you gain no Honour points, because of the curse of the goddess. Go to **337**.

559

You would be well advised to think carefully before making your decision. To save the girl would clearly anger Hera, who would do her best to hinder your quest. On the other hand, to leave the maiden to her fate would undoubtedly displease Aphrodite, goddess of beauty. Go back to **539** and make your choice.

560

You wake with a start, and a headache. You find yourself out in the street, no doubt thrown out by the sullen innkeeper. Your mind recalls the events of the preceding night. You wonder at the ways of conspirators. Have 2 Shame points for trying to join them. Go to **134**.

561

Queen Medea, your father's new wife, notices that your goblet is empty. 'Stranger,' she says, 'let me fill your cup.' With this she stands, a woman of medium height, now rather overweight, but clearly once beautiful. She takes your goblet aside and fills it from the great bronze mixing-bowl.

If you are in Favour with Dionysus, turn to **286**.

Otherwise, turn to **132**.

562

A silence falls on the company, afraid lest even the slightest sound alert the creature, yet it is no use. It comes, like a dog on the scent of fresh meat after the battle. With one toss of its head it rips off the figurehead of Athena, swallows it whole and turns once again towards the ship. You realize that you have no weapons. Do you go down below to fetch them (**298**), or do you go into battle unarmed (**602**)?

563

If Ares is your patron, go to **329**. Otherwise, go to **445**.

564

The innkeeper, trembling in awe at your brave heart, but relief at mercy clear on his face, shows you to the best room in the inn. Suspicious that he may set about you in the darkness of the night, you sleep lightly and with the door jammed shut with a wedge. In the morning you awake and eat a sumptuous breakfast, served by the innkeeper's daughter. You continue on your journey. Go to **3**.

565

Roll two dice. If this is less than your Might without weapons (but adding 1 for every Honour point you use), then you manage to bring a cow down to the ground, avoiding its man-piercing horns, and one of the oarsmen spears it. It dies, thrashing around in agony, bellowing its defiance to the last (go to **487**). If you fail, take 1 Shame point, and you may either give up the hope of fresh-blooded meat, and return to the ship (go to **323**), try to spear the cow (go to **535**), or try to wrestle another cow (remain at **565**).

566

Swelling up with pride, you boast of your victorious encounter with the traitors. 'Fool,' he says, 'out of your own mouth you convict yourself not only a braggart, but a double murderer. Throw him into the storeroom. Tomorrow we shall deal with him.' Go to **75**.

567

You cannot look for aid here on the far seas in the grip of the deep-running waters of Ocean. Lose 1 Honour point, and return to **547**.

568

You must either sacrifice 6 Honour points to appease Poseidon and go to **424** (if he is your patron he would then aid you), or risk his wrath and go to **257**.

569

Just at the point when grim-faced Despair had almost conquered your spirit, the door opens, and a richly dressed man enters. 'I am Protamios,' he says, 'the steward of King Aegeus. Today is the day of a great feast, and the king himself has ordered that you attend, thinking it disgraceful that a stranger be imprisoned in the palace without a chance to explain himself and share in a meal with the household.'

You must lose 1 Honour point, and go to **350**.

570

The black-clad man does not seem surprised when your broken limbs and bloodied chest mend and are whole. He redoubles his efforts, yet the force behind his assault has weakened, and now he is only Might 7, Protection 12.

If you surrender, go to **121**.

If you retreat, turn to **387**.

If you Seriously Wound your opponent, turn to **519**.

571

You drop your club. Take 1 Shame point, as the combat rules state. Procrustes chains you to the bed, and, try as you may, in your wounded state you cannot escape. You fall into an uneasy sleep. Turn to **500**.

572

As your body's strength fails, and your life is undone, Zeus the life-giver suffuses your limbs with renewed vigour. You may fight on. Return to **124**.

573

You approach the camp. In the distance the campfires glow like huge fireflies. Soon the war will be over. You are cheerful, and there is gladness in your heart. There is some movement in the bushes, but you ignore it.

Another movement stirs the silence of the night, and there before you stands an Amazon in full battle-dress.

Do you try to explain your mission (**563**)?

Do you attack her (**517**)?

Or do you retreat back to the city, and await the battle next morning (**165**)?

574

Legend has it that the oracle at Delphi originated when a goat and goatherd inhaled vapours from a fissure in the hillside, and began to prophesy. Soon a cult of Apollo sprang up there, and the oracle was taken over by the Pythian priestess. The Pythia was originally a young woman, but after one such was ravaged by a client, older women were used as priestesses. The interpretation was carried out by the priests, and the prophecies were generally in hexameter verse, although not of a very high standard.

Have 1 Shame point; and lose 1 Honour point. Return to 554.

575

You almost shake with joy, as you return to the harbour, that you have recovered the precious letters to Minos. If you had not had them, the wrath of gods and men at your mission's ending would have been as the stormy anger of the Olympians against the earth-built Titans, penned in their fiery tombs as punishment for the destruction wrought upon the fair green world. Go to 475.

576

Seeing you, the men scatter, like a handful of sand cast into the wind. The sickle-bearer makes a half-hearted attempt to strike at you, but thinks better of it and he too is gone. You turn to pick up the terrified puppy from the altar, but as you do it bites you, and runs off yapping into the fields.

As you start again down the road into the town, the goddess Hecate herself speaks from her altar, 'You have desecrated my altar, Altheus, and the enmity of the goddess is worse than the vengeance of Zeus himself.' With this the voice ceases, and the altar splits from top to bottom. You are now in Disfavour with Hecate. Go to 188.

577

The sea-serpent is Might 20, Protection 12.

If you attack it, turn to 533.

If you decide to do nothing, in case the creature has not noticed the ship, turn to 562.

578

O Cythera, you are fairer by far than the finest flower of Aegeus' garden and the realm of Attica, bedecked in summer's finery; while the breath of the fair goddess soothes all it touches, all is peace.

Yet even in gardens there is a place where a tall cypress casts its shadows, and nothing may grow. You hear shouts and screams. You notice a small boat driven against the life-rending rocks at the beach's edge. A woman shouts out in distress and mortal danger.

Do you jump in, and try to save the woman (31)?

Or do you decide not to risk the rocks, and go ashore to meet her (409)?

579

The beast, with its little spark of intelligence, thinks you are dead, and leaves you, once more to assault its wooden foe. Splinters fly, and there is screaming. Meanwhile life flows once more in your veins, and you struggle closer to the ship. Go to 381.

580

Turning to the right, you soon see that a large number of people seem to be making for an open space set like a courtyard between four large buildings. They stand in the colonnade, hushed and seeming to listen to something. When you reach the place, you hear the chanting of a bard, telling the tales of the labours of Herakles.

Do you stand and listen for a while (434)?

Or do you carry on walking (137)?

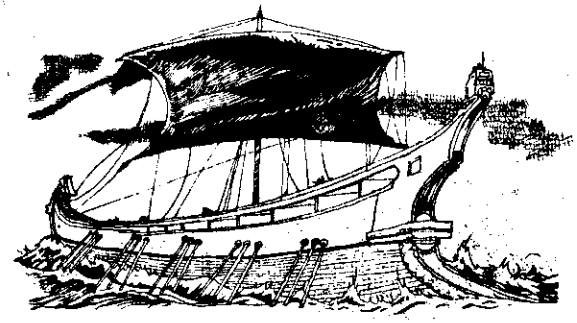

581

After your earlier treatment, you are suspicious, and watch Medea as she fills your goblet. You note that she takes some powder from a pocket in her deep-blue robe.

Do you accept the wine and drink (132)?
Do you accept the wine, but spill it (227)?
Or do you insist the queen drink it herself (482)?

582

Your last blow strikes home, and the creature shrieks out in agony, lashes out with its tail, and tries to swim off, its skin of iridescent green now clouded with its dark-red blood. The captain, praising Zeus for deliverance, orders those of the rowers who have survived to get under way. The black-sailed vessel limps onwards to Crete. Have 7 Honour points, and go to 349.

583

It is now several days since your arrival at Cythera. The ship is as well prepared as the captain can manage with the materials available. Reluctant to risk his vessel, yet spurred on by the responsibility of the task he has undertaken, he decides to set sail once more. The remnants of the sail are hoisted, and they flutter like great black crows in the breeze.

As you get under way the captain entertains you with stories of Talos, the great bronze man of Crete who walks round the island three or four times a day, attacking all those who mean Crete harm. Sometimes it preys on shipping, but no Cretan could kill it, nor would want to.

Crete is not far, and soon you will be at the court of King Minos. Go to 158.

584

'I will reward you with a service, Altheus. If you ever happen to be dying, I will ensure Zeus hears you.' You may have 2 Honour points, and may call on Zeus to save you one extra time. Go to 146.

585

You are in a circular chamber from which there appears to be but one exit. In the centre is a circular altar, on the middle of which stands an image of the goddess Hecate, carved in white marble, and triple-formed. Another stands at the entrance, while all is lit with an unearthly glow by three torches set in brackets on the wall. You barely have time to cry out against the injustice of your fate, when there appears, as if from nowhere or from the gates of Hades itself, a huge black puppy, froth-dripping maw filled with needle-sharp teeth, eyes ablaze with a dark fire. It bounds towards you, and attacks. It has Might 8, Protection 17.

If you retreat, go to **147**.

If you are victorious, go to **558**.

If you die, and pray to Zeus, go to **512**.

586

You pick some of the purple grapes and eat them, their juice trickling down your reddened cheeks, and staining your tunic. It is good that Aethra your mother is not here. After a while you feel a cramp in your stomach. Perhaps you ought not to have tasted the vine's refreshing fruit.

You could search for some honey to assuage your hunger further (**276**).

Or you could return to the ship (**595**).

Or you could try to catch one of the cattle, helped by the other sailors (**59**).

587

'You silly boy,' giggles the woman. 'I pity any *real* maiden in distress. You'd better come with me and get out of those wet things.' With this she flicks her wrist, and in a whiff of Tyrian perfume you are transported to the goddess's Cytherean palace. Go to **235**.

588

The swineherd is an athletic youth, and you almost lose him as he rushes off through the tangle of Athens. Quickly you reach

a magnificent building with colonnades and arches, and with baskets of flowers adorning the front; this is the palace of your father.

The swineherd does not, however, take you in, but darts away down a side-street. You call out to him, but he does not reply, and you follow him down the alleyway.

He points to a small entrance at the back of the building. From the interior comes a smell of cooking. 'Here it is,' he says, 'the way in.' You begin to feel hungry.

Do you knock (7)?

Or do you simply go on in (270)?

589

You descend, taking the right-hand path down towards Cenchraea. Only the sound of birdsong disturbs the silence of your journey. Away in the gulf a merchant ship plies its way towards the port, carrying cloths dyed in Tyrian purple to the rich men of the town. As you reach the outermost edge of the town, you see that the merchantman has reached the harbour, and is unloading its goods on the wharf. A crowd of people has gathered close to the ship, eager for passage to the great city of Athens.

Do you join them and try to shorten your journey by taking the sea-route to Athens (go to 68)?

Or do you choose to take the overland route (go to 455)?

590

The divine queen hears your prayer, and from the wooded slopes of Cythera she comes, radiant in her beauty. 'Well, Altheus,' she whispers, 'you are a mess. Still I'll see what I can do.' With a flick of her hand your appearance is transformed. No longer do you seem like a bedraggled, travel-worn beggar, but as a true hero, strong and filled with prowess. 'Oh, and by the way,' adds Aphrodite coyly, 'don't drink any wine, it would spoil the effect.' With one last admiring glance at her artistry, the goddess is gone, back to her leafy-gladed home.

When the guards return, they are so astounded at the change in your demeanour that you soon persuade them to

escort you to the king's feast, as a guest, not as a prisoner. Go to 350.

591

Too late. Go to 500.

592

Bewildered, you step into a side-street, where you slump to the ground in utter despair of finding the palace. Near by you see a tall, grey-eyed, imperious woman. She waits expectantly. When you clamber to your feet she speaks. 'I am Pallas Athena, and this is my city. Go now to the Acwopolis, from where you may see all Athens, and the place you seek.'

If Athena is your patron, go to 91.

If she is not, then turn to 325.

593

Whenever you feel that you are able, you may sacrifice 10 Honour points to Zeus. He will then listen to your prayers one extra time. After this the brooch is useless, except as a present, bribe or souvenir. Go to 492.

594

You soon find somebody willing to part with the small sum you are demanding for the loaf. But you now feel even worse than before, as though branded a criminal. For your heinous acts, take 2 Shame points. You could immediately leave Megara and this shameful incident behind you (go to **86**), or you could go back to the market-place and steal some more, continuing your life of crime (go to **5**).

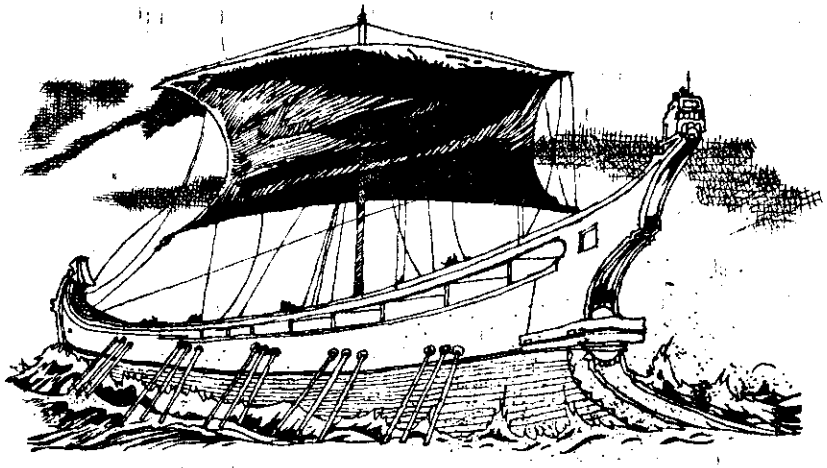

595

Have 2 Honour points, and go to **323**.

596

Apollo, your patron, stands at the prow of the ship. 'Never mind,' he says. 'Some of us are cowards, but I didn't think you were. Beware women on golden thrones.' Startled by this apparition, you look up to the heavens, but when you turn your gaze back, he is gone. Perhaps you have offended him. Turn to **492**.

597

Boldly you traverse the battlefield, seeking opponents, whose life-blood might be spilt against the keen edge of your sword. Yet there are none, only the dead and dying; all those Amazons who were able to have fled back to their ships and their far-off land at the edge of Ocean's great river. Yet many young Athenians have died this day, and it is with sorrow in your heart and regret that, though a hero, you have fought but little, that you return to Aegeus' palace. Go to **283**.

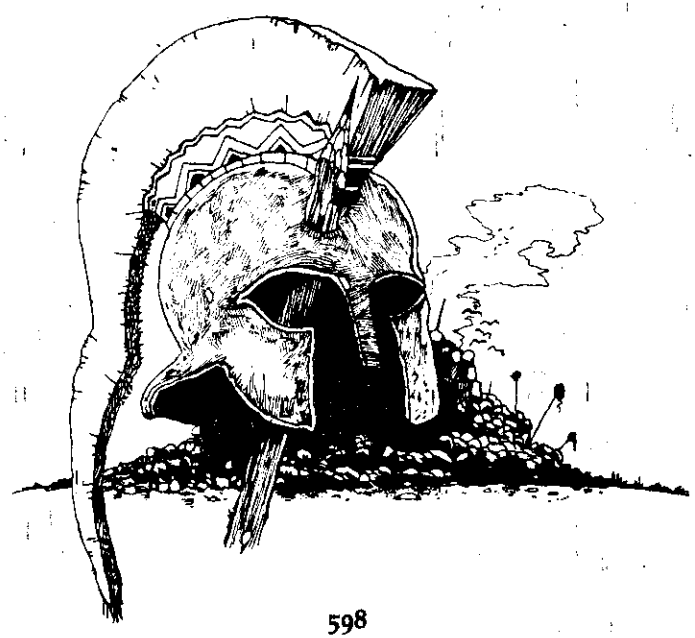

598

In your frenzied hurry you nearly dived in with all your armour. Stripping down to your loincloth, you plunge in. As you are not a strong swimmer, you take ten minutes to cover the hundred yards or so to the boat. You take hold of it, and almost by a miracle it seems immensely light, as the feathers of the birds which fly high above the care-worn earth. The woman smiles sweetly. 'My hero! You have rescued me.'

If Aphrodite is your patron, turn to **557**.

Otherwise, turn to **141**.

599

Poseidon, lord of the oceans, arises from his depths, trident in hand, glory radiating from the very waters that fall from his back. He raises a conch shell to his lips and blows. At the sound of its master the beast whines, coils its tail around its neck, submerges and is gone.

'Altheus,' booms Poseidon, 'afraid of my little pet? Still, you always did scare more easily than Theseus. Watch you don't disturb anything later on, but then I suppose they might not eat heroes.'

With a last sarcastic glance, Poseidon is gone, back to the feast with the daughters of Ocean from which you disturbed him. The crew, captain and Athenians are amazed at your summoning of the god. Hopes raised, the oarsmen go back to their benches, glad that they have a true hero aboard, but perplexed at the words of the god. Go to **349**.

600

'We will never surrender,' says the leader, and as he does, they impale themselves on their knives. You may have 5 Honour points, and you carry on towards the temple, wondering at the ways of men. Go to **216**.

601

You set about the man, but it is soon clear that the greybeard will not defend himself, and will not even try to flee. Perhaps he has some hidden weapon or poisoned ring.

Do you leave him, with a threat to kill him if he follows (**430**)?

Or do you kill him before he can do you harm, steal the ship's food or surprise you at night (**530**)?

602

While you hesitated, one of the crew members has thrown a harpoon at the beast, but it missed. You snatch up a sharp knife (Might 1, Protection 0) from the deck and prepare to face the creature.

Do you dive into the water to attack (361)?

Or do you consider that the ship is a safer point from which to strike at the serpent (484)?

603

The throne of Knossos is gypsum, and has a griffin carved on either side. Have 1 Shame point and go to 158.

604

'Pyraphas,' she mumbles, as if trying to remember something. Then she seems to remember. 'Ah! You must be here to help at the feast,' she booms. 'Well, you don't look much help. Go over there and clean those mixing-bowls – haven't been used since Aegeus married Medea.' With this, you are dispatched into a corner, and set to work. Such labour is demeaning, but you see that this feast must be a lavish one indeed, for all day meat, bread and wine are brought in by servants from the pastures and fields around the palace. Go to 234.

605

You pray to your patron god, craving succour from the wrath of Hecate. To be saved from the infernal creature you must sacrifice 2 Honour points to your patron, and 3 to Hecate.

If you cannot, or are unwilling to make the sacrifice, go to 585.

If you do sacrifice the Honour points, go to 458.

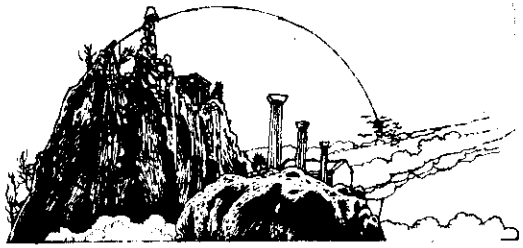

606

You lose your strike, and it is now the Amazon's turn to attack; her ears are clearly closed by the mad fury that comes from Ares. Return to 517, and continue the combat.

607

Full of confidence, you grasp the urn firmly, lift it to your lips and drink deeply. Lowering the urn you are horrified to see that, instead of giving you the rapturous reception you expected, the crowd are booing and jeering. Go to 120.

608

Wondering at the will of the gods, you wander along the sands of Cythera, looking for a spot to rest while the ship is repaired. You will need to build a shelter from the plentiful branches and remains of earlier wrecks. The crew is busy with the ship, and the young men and maidens, avoiding both you and the captain, have gone in the opposite direction. You are alone, therefore, when you see a man dressed in oil-stained rags, his hair white, eyes wild and beard unkempt. He too catches sight of you, and runs along the strand towards you. Too stunned to react, you do not move, and the old man, perhaps a native of these parts, perhaps a survivor of some wreck, begins to rant incoherently.

Do you attack him in case he becomes violent (601)?

Or do you stay and try to understand what he is saying (418)?

609

No hero should be afraid of crowds. Does the very sight of the sea make you sicken? Take 1 Shame point, and return to 589.

610

The man looks at your brooch with disdain, and says, 'Your bet's on blue, it's the only one left.' Go to **391**.

611

You sit content, watching as another great-prowed vessel comes into the harbour, offloading its goods for the Cythneans. There is a storm in the distance, perhaps near cursed Ceos, and the wind increases to roaring thunder, while the lightning blazes in defiance against the waters. Wood is brought to repair the ship, but soon you sleep, exhausted by your trials. On awakening, you find that the captain and crew have gathered, while the Athenian youths and maidens, solemn-faced in their garlands and flowers, have returned from the place where they have spent the day, perhaps one of their last, if amicable Altheus cannot fulfil his task. Go to **475**.

612

You seem to be in a dark corridor. A torch in the bracket on one wall casts a baleful light, but only reveals the passage stretching endlessly onwards, punctuated by openings to the left and right. Further and further you wander, frantically seeking to escape from whatever place the forces of darkness have cast you into. From time to time you hear a sound like footsteps, and hurry faster, as the man who thinks his enemies follow but can never turn round lest he confront them.

Something shiny glints in a corner. You stoop to pick it up, and hear a great roaring from behind. You scramble around and see there a great bull-headed creature, its horns poised to tear out your throat and your great-hearted spirit. Go to **337**.

613

You are ready for battle, but the Amazons are not prepared to risk any of their number. As you leave the tent, you are seized by some eight of them, whom your erstwhile opponent has taken the opportunity of summoning. All your weapons are taken from you, but you are allowed to return to Athens unhindered. Lose 1 Honour point, and go to **320**.

614

You wish that you could light the lamp, but this would surely bring the innkeeper to investigate. What little you can make out is as the islands in the vast wine-dark realms of Ocean.

'. . . Storm-tossed Ceos . . .'

'. . . who died from eating of Poseidon's Melian herd . . .'

'. . . Never aid a lame man . . .'

There is a clash, as of a massive shield in the bitter battle. Someone is coming. You must leave for the ship. Have 1 Shame point for your action and go to 575.

615

You may have 6 Honour points for defeating the sow, and, in addition, one of the grateful citizens of Crommyon gives you a spear for delivering them. It is Might 3, Protection 1. Go to 378.

616

Leaving the sounds of the revel far behind, you press on into the forest. The undergrowth is dense here, and the moon is now hidden behind a blanket of clouds. An owl hoots in the distance. Suddenly you are knocked sprawling by a blow from in front. At first you think you must have walked into an overhanging branch, but soon you realize that you face a live adversary, a bear. You have no choice but to defend yourself. The bear is Might 6, Protection 13.

If you are victorious, turn to 526.

If you retreat, go to 210 (remembering to lose 1 Honour point even if you fail in the attempt).

If you die and are saved by Zeus turn to 362.

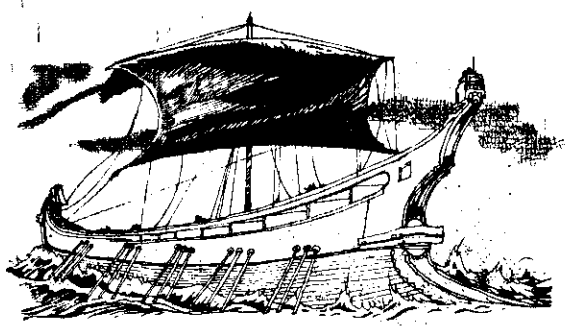

617

With one last blow you topple the metal Titan. His bronze body creaks and groans, sways forward towards the ship, and falls, screaming hellishly, to the shallows of the sea. Yet from his mouth there still exudes his fiery breath. Perhaps only the Olympian gods can destroy him. In any case, have 8 Honour points and go to 384.

618

You are stunned at the scenes of chaos, as the dazed and confused charioteers are led from their vehicles. Several of the horses are dead; one of the charioteers is screaming horribly. Only the yellow driver is unscathed. You go over to the wounded red driver, but he refuses to return your bet, as no one has won. Scowling, you spit on the ground, and call on Zeus to witness this deed. You would have shown the man the rewards of crossing amicable Altheus, but it is shameful to strike a wounded man. Inwardly you regret that you ever gave such a valuable gift. You return to your inn, as the rest of the races are cancelled, sleep the night there, and go on to Athens next morning (474).

619

Storm-battered and sea-stained, bruised by the relentless swell, you lose hold of your possessions. You lose one piece of armour (of your choice), one weapon and one other item from your Chronicle Sheet, which must not be armour or weapons. You may not lose the documents for Minos, or anything of Antiope's. Note that if you possess only one item in any of these categories, you need not lose it. For example, if you have only one piece of armour, you may keep it. Go to 363.

620

Kindly wonder at the ways of men in private, and don't bother the gods. Their death is enough. Have 1 Shame point and go to 216.

AT THE COURT OF KING MINOS

THE CRETAN CHRONICLES: 2

John Butterfield, David Honigmann and Philip Parker

Illustrated by Dan Woods

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Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1985

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BACKGROUND AND RULES

One of the sailors shouts, and the others take up the cry. You rush to the bow, and then even you, adventurous Altheus, can see it: no longer just a word to you, Crete in all her savage beauty fills the horizon. The seven youths and seven maidens stand in silence, apprehensive of their fate, and you, Altheus, are not untouched by the chill hand clutching at their hearts. You have come far, and traversed lands that few who are not heroes would have dared. You think of your mother Aethra, so far away in Troezen, whom you left so long ago. Your trials have been many: the journey to Athens, the war against the Amazons, the voyage, the sea-serpent, Thera, Cythera and, most recent of all, the grim high-towering Talos, killer of all things mortal, crusher of beauty, scourge of cowering sailors. Your journey is over; your trials have just begun.

In this, the second book of the Cretan Chronicles, you are Altheus, a Greek hero with an awesome mission to accomplish, striving against wild beasts and men, and seeking to win the favour of the gods in your quest. The days ahead will be difficult, but it is *you* who will determine your destiny. The book is laid out in paragraph format; at the end of each paragraph you will be given a choice which will determine the number of the paragraph to which you next turn. The paragraphs are set out in numerical order; you should not read a paragraph until you are sent to it from the one you have just read, as this will spoil the continuity and enjoyability of the adventure. If there is no destination given for you at the end of a paragraph, you are dead. In this case, you may start again at the beginning of Book 1 (*Bloodfeud of Altheus*), with a new Altheus, all values at their initial value, all weapons and equipment as at the start, all the gods' attitudes at Neutral.

You will need pencil, paper and dice to appreciate the travels of Altheus – *your* travels!

Might, Protection, Honour and Shame

Before you set out there are a number of things it is necessary for you to know. Your mental state, your fighting skills and your relations with the supernatural and society are described in terms of four characteristics. These are Might, Protection, Honour and Shame. These values will change during the course of the game, and so must be recorded. For this purpose a blank Chronicle Sheet is provided (pp. 18–19), which may be photocopied. Also marked on the Chronicle Sheet is a Wound Record track. This begins at Healthy, and as Altheus suffers injury it moves through Wounded and Seriously Wounded to Dead. Whenever Altheus or an opponent is hit, the Wound Record of that person is moved on one level from its previous value (Healthy/Unwounded to Wounded; Wounded to Seriously Wounded; Seriously Wounded to Dead). Death will in most cases be fatal, so take care! The Chronicle Sheet can also be used to record equipment carried, artefacts acquired on the journey, and whether Altheus is in favour or disfavour with the gods. In short, it details everything important about Altheus' condition and his relations with the outside world.

Altheus' Might value at a given time will nearly always be made up of a combination of his natural ability and the value of the strongest weapon he is carrying. This characteristic is used to determine how likely Altheus is to hit an opponent, should he find himself in combat. Altheus' natural Might is 4, and this will be supplemented whenever he is carrying a weapon.

Protection is made up of a combination of Altheus' inborn skill at dodging and the sum total of the armour he happens to be wearing. Altheus has inborn Protection of 10. Now suppose that he has greaves and a helmet. The greaves give 1 point of Protection, and the helmet 2. His total Protection value in this case is 13 (10+2+1). Protection is used mainly in combat, to determine how difficult an opponent will find it to strike at Altheus successfully.

Honour is all-important for Altheus. It determines his relations both with his fellow men and with his patron god or goddess. Without Honour he will find himself an outcast. His patron deity will refuse to aid him when called on (not that this aid is in any case automatic); men will despise him and seek to do him ill. Altheus starts with the Honour value carried over from the last book, unless you have not played through this, in which case it will be assigned in the first few paragraphs. This Honour may increase or decrease without restriction, but it may never decrease below 0. If it ever reaches 0, it may not increase again except through appeals to Zeus (see below) or by means of a special item described in the text. Honour is gained by victory in combat; it may be used up in appeals to the gods. Honour may be also used to gain a temporary increase in Might or Protection in combat.

Shame is another crucial concept in Bronze-Age Greece, the setting of this adventure. Shame, which initially has a value corresponding to its level at the end of the last book (if this has not been played, a value will be assigned), cannot be eradicated once acquired, except under exceptional circumstances (which will be detailed in the text). It is accumulated by such cultural *faux pas* as slaying one's opponent after he has surrendered, retreating ignominiously from a fair fight, or failing to perform heroic deeds. Such gross crimes as patricide, marrying one's own mother or failure satisfactorily to maintain one's armour will be penalized by a greater increase in Shame points. If Altheus' Shame ever rises above his Honour, he will be overwhelmed by the burden of his heroic conscience and he will either disembowel himself with a shortsword, if one is available, or be struck down by a thunderbolt from Olympian Zeus, father of the gods, and his spirit will go whining through the dark halls of Hades the life-destroyer. Resurrection is, in this case, specifically forbidden. If Shame exceeds Honour in the middle of a combat, no action is taken until the battle is completed. Thus the Honour he gains from victory may save him from this horrible fate.

Combat

Combat may occur in any encounter with a person or animal who is given combat abilities. You should always note these down on a piece of paper, not only for convenience, but also because you may well be sent to another paragraph. You should also keep a track of the Wound Record of an opponent. Combat is fought in a series of rounds called thrusts and counter-thrusts. Unless otherwise specified, Altheus will have the option of the first strike. If he performs some other action, such as appealing to the gods or using a magical item, his opponent will gain this initiative.

Altheus rolls two dice, adds his natural Might and the value of his chosen weapon (note that if a weapon is given no Protection value or a piece of armour no Might value, this is because the relevant attribute is 0). If this total equals or exceeds the total Protection (natural ability + armour) of the opponent, Altheus has scored a hit. The Wound Record of the opponent is moved forward one stage. If Healthy, the opponent becomes Wounded; if Wounded, Seriously Wounded; and if Seriously Wounded, Dead, at which point the combat is over. On a dice roll of 11 or 12, Altheus will automatically hit his opponent, regardless of his Might or his opponent's Protection. Altheus may 'get lucky', even against the most formidable adversary. Conversely, on 2 or 3 he will automatically miss. His opponents fight in exactly the same manner, except that non-human opponents have no separate weapons or armour to be taken into consideration. If Altheus is fighting more than one opponent, the procedure is very slightly different. Altheus will fight them one by one, but each one's Might is increased by 1 for each surviving companion. For example, if Altheus fights three wolves (Might 2, Protection 12), the first wolf has effective Might 4, the second Might 3, and the last its own 2. In such multiple combats an opponent drops out when Seriously Wounded, and leaves the fight to his unwounded companions, if any; if all are Seriously Wounded, the text will give instructions as to what to do.

The fight continues until one side is dead or has surrendered. Once either Altheus or his opponent is Seriously Wounded, however, the injury will hamper fighting ability. Anyone suffering from such a wound will roll one die instead of two during combat. In this situation, a roll of 1 is an automatic miss, but a roll of 6 is not an automatic hit. If all participants in a combat are Seriously Wounded, then, in this case only, they are allowed to roll two dice, instead of one, until the end of the combat. Once a protagonist is Seriously Wounded, therefore, his chances of survival are very much less. Against a human opponent, in this situation, Altheus has the option of surrendering. The opponent will almost always accept this (the text will tell you whether or not he does), strip him of his strongest piece of armour and his strongest weapon (calculated according to their Might or Protection – the best has the highest value), and then let him go. Altheus must, however, take 1 Shame point for such action. If an opponent surrenders, Altheus must accept, or else take 2 Shame points. He may then strip the opponent of any armour or weapon he wishes, bearing in mind that he may not wear more than one of any type of armour (a helmet, for example), although he may carry a spare. Again, the text will tell you whether or not a given opponent will surrender.

If Altheus is Healthy or Wounded (but not seriously), he may attempt to retreat. Any attempt will cost 1 Honour point, regardless of its outcome. A retreat is successful on a roll of 1 to 4, and fails on 5 or 6, unless specified in the text. A successful attempt will impose 1 point of Shame, and send you to the paragraph specified. Unsuccessful attempts rule out retreat for the remainder of the combat: the fight must continue to the death or surrender.

Honour, as already mentioned, plays an important part in combat. Altheus may, if it is his strike, use Honour points temporarily to increase his Might. For example, if his Honour is 11, and his Might 9 (natural ability + axe), he may increase his Might to 11, for one roll only, by decreasing his Honour to 9. After the roll, the Might reverts to its former value, and the Honour points are lost for ever. Similarly, when it his opponent's strike, Altheus may increase his Protection, for

one roll only, by a corresponding reduction in Honour. He may do this as often as he likes, as long as he does not run out of Honour.

If Altheus is victorious in combat, he will receive Honour points. The text will specify how many points Altheus should receive as a result of a given combat. In addition, his Wound Record should be set back to Healthy at the end of any combat he survives.

Examples of Combat

Altheus, with a spear (Might 3, Protection 1) and a helmet (Protection 4), his Honour at 10 and Shame at 0, meets a lion. (Might 5, Protection 15). Altheus' combat values are Might 7 (4 + 3) and Protection 15 (10 + 4 + 1).

Altheus decides to take no non-combat action, such as praying to the gods, and so strikes first. He needs 8 to hit, because his Might of 7, plus a die roll of 8, is equal to the lion's Protection of 15. He rolls 6 and misses.

The lion needs 10 to hit. He rolls 11, so Altheus is Wounded. Altheus attacks again. This time he rolls 9, which hits. The lion is Wounded.

The lion again needs 10 to hit. He rolls 11, so Altheus is now Seriously Wounded, and rolls only one die in combat.

Altheus now needs 8 to hit, but this is impossible on one die. He therefore decides to use some Honour points. He transfers 3 points to his Might, which is now at a temporary level of 10. He needs 5 to hit. He rolls 6; the lion is now Seriously Wounded. It has no Honour, and so cannot hit Altheus any longer. Altheus kills it in the next round, by using some more Honour, and he receives 6 points of Honour for slaying the lion. His Wound Record is returned to Healthy.

Later in this adventure, Altheus meets two Cretans, both Might 7, Protection 14. They carry clubs and shields. Altheus' values are as before: Might 7, Protection 15. He has acquired 1 Shame point, but his Honour is now 12. The effective Might of the first Cretan is 8, because of his companion. Altheus, deciding the odds against him are too great, tries to retreat.

He rolls 5 and fails, but still loses 1 point of Honour. The first Cretan now strikes, as Altheus has lost the initiative by attempting to retreat. He needs 7 to hit, but rolls 3, which is in any case an automatic miss.

Altheus rolls 9, which hits, as 9 plus his Might of 7 is greater than 14, the Cretan's Protection. The Cretan is Wounded.

The Cretan rolls 5, and misses.

Altheus rolls, and hits again. The Cretan is now Seriously Wounded, and drops out, leaving his companion to fight on. As he has no support, he fights at Might 7, Protection 14. He attacks Altheus, needing a roll of 8 or more to hit. He rolls 11, wounding Altheus.

Altheus rolls 5, missing the Cretan. He needs 7 to hit.

The Cretan rolls 3 and automatically misses.

Altheus would like to retreat now, but cannot, as he failed earlier on. Instead, he uses 5 points of Honour, to bring his Might up to 12. He needs 2 or more to hit. He rolls 2, but this is an automatic miss. Two of his Honour points were wasted, as a roll of 2 or 3 misses, no matter what. His Honour is now at 6, and his Might back to 7.

The Cretan rolls 4, and again misses.

Altheus rolls 12, an automatic hit. The Cretan is now Wounded. The Cretan rolls 10. Added to his Might of 7, this makes 17, greater than Altheus' Protection, so he hits Altheus, who is now Seriously Wounded.

In desperation, Altheus uses 5 points of Honour to increase his Might to 12, so that he needs a roll of 2 on one die (only one, as he is Seriously Wounded) to hit. He rolls 4, and hits. Both Cretans are now Seriously Wounded.

At this point, Altheus rejoices, thinking that both Cretans will surrender. By turning to the appropriate paragraph, however, he finds that they are fanatical defenders of the labyrinth of Minos, and will never surrender. As neither side can score a hit – the Cretans are using only one die, and Altheus feels he cannot use any Honour as it would fall below his Shame, and if he failed to hit he would die – both sides are permitted to roll two dice instead of one. Even if Altheus wins this combat, his low Honour will cause problems; perhaps he will pray to Zeus . . .

Gods

The gods are a crucial part of Altheus' life. At the start of the adventure he must dedicate himself to one of Ares, Athena, Poseidon, Apollo, Aphrodite or Hera, and he must try to avoid angering any of the others. Presiding, enigmatic, over them all is Zeus, father of the gods, who will aid Altheus once in the adventure. Beneath this pantheon are many lesser gods, goddesses and spirits, whose anger is still to be avoided. In the case of a patron deity (who will have been chosen during the first book, or will be chosen later by those who have not played *Bloodfeud of Altheus*), Altheus' standing is determined by his Honour. At certain points in the text, Altheus will be offered help by a deity; if it is his patron, he may expend the requisite amount of Honour (sometimes a random number) and accept the favour. If Altheus does not have enough Honour, he will be referred back to the paragraph where the choice was offered, but will none the less lose 1 point of Honour. Once at 0, Honour cannot be regained, except by praying to Zeus, or by use of certain artefacts.

In the case of deities who are not his patron, Altheus is either in Favour (F), Neutral (N), or in Disfavour (D). Initially, his standing with all of these gods will be just as at the end of the last book, or as assigned for those who have not read this, but the standing may change throughout the course of the adventure, as he performs actions which appease or anger the gods.

Altheus may pray to Zeus once during each adventure. This will have one of a number of effects, at Altheus' choice:

1. If he has been killed by any other means than Shame overtaking Honour, he may be resurrected, with all equipment, Shame of 0 and Honour of 1, at the paragraph indicated in the text. When Zeus saves you in this manner, do not be surprised if you find yourself moved to a nearby point in the same town or vicinity; this is simply divine Zeus' way of ensuring your safety.
2. He may simply gain 1 to 6 Honour points (roll one die).
3. If his Honour is at 0, he may have it set back to 1, and regain the ability to acquire Honour.

4. He may have the attitude of all the gods set back to Neutral, regardless of what they were.

Remember that the intervention of Olympian Zeus is very rare indeed, and may never be used more than once in an adventure, unless this is specifically offered in the text.

Equipment

You start the adventure with those pieces of equipment marked on your Chronicle Sheet (carried over from the last book, or assigned to those who have not played it). During the course of the adventure you will acquire other pieces of equipment and should note these on the Chronicle Sheet. You may carry only one spare set of armour (in addition to any you may be wearing), and this will give you no extra Protection; but there is no limit to the amount of small items you may carry. This rule does not forbid the wearing of breastplate, greaves, helmet etc., merely the wearing of two of any particular type of armour.

Taking a Hint

At times during the adventure, you may wish to perform non-standard actions. These will not be offered in the text, as this would give you a degree of foreknowledge granted only to the prescient. Instead, if you are at a paragraph with a number in italic type (i.e. ***476*** rather than **476**), you may run the risk of adding 20 to the paragraph number and turning to that number; this process is known for convenience as 'taking a hint'. If there is no non-standard action at that point which a Bronze-Age hero would have thought of, you will pay a penalty in either Honour or Shame, or both, for trying to be ahead of your time.

Note that this option will never be explicitly offered in the text; you must remember it and use it when you see fit.

You are about to set off. Turn to paragraph 1, and good luck!

ALTHEUS' CHRONICLE SHEET

	Natural		Best Weapon		
MIGHT	4	+		=	

	Natural		Armour				
PROTECTION	10	+	+	+	+	=	

HONOUR	7
SHAME	0

Weapons & Armour

	M	P
CLUB	1	0

Notes

POSSESSIONS:

The Gods

PATRON:

Favour *Disfavour*

Wound Record Track

HEALTHY	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
WOUNDED	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
SERIOUSLY WOUNDED	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
DEAD	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

ALTHEUS' CHRONICLE SHEET

	Natural		Best Weapon		
MIGHT	4	+	3	=	7

	Natural		Armour				
PROTECTION	10	+	2	+	2	+	= 14

HONOUR	7
SHAME	0

Weapons & Armour

	M	P
CLUB	1	0
SHIELD	0	2
BREASTPLATE	0	2
SWORD	3	0

Notes

POSSESSIONS: Mother's Gem

NO HINT PENALTIES

The Gods

PATRON: Apollo

Favour	*Disfavour*
Dionysus	Hera
Aphrodite	

Wound Record Track

HEALTHY	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
WOUNDED	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
SERIOUSLY WOUNDED	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
DEAD	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

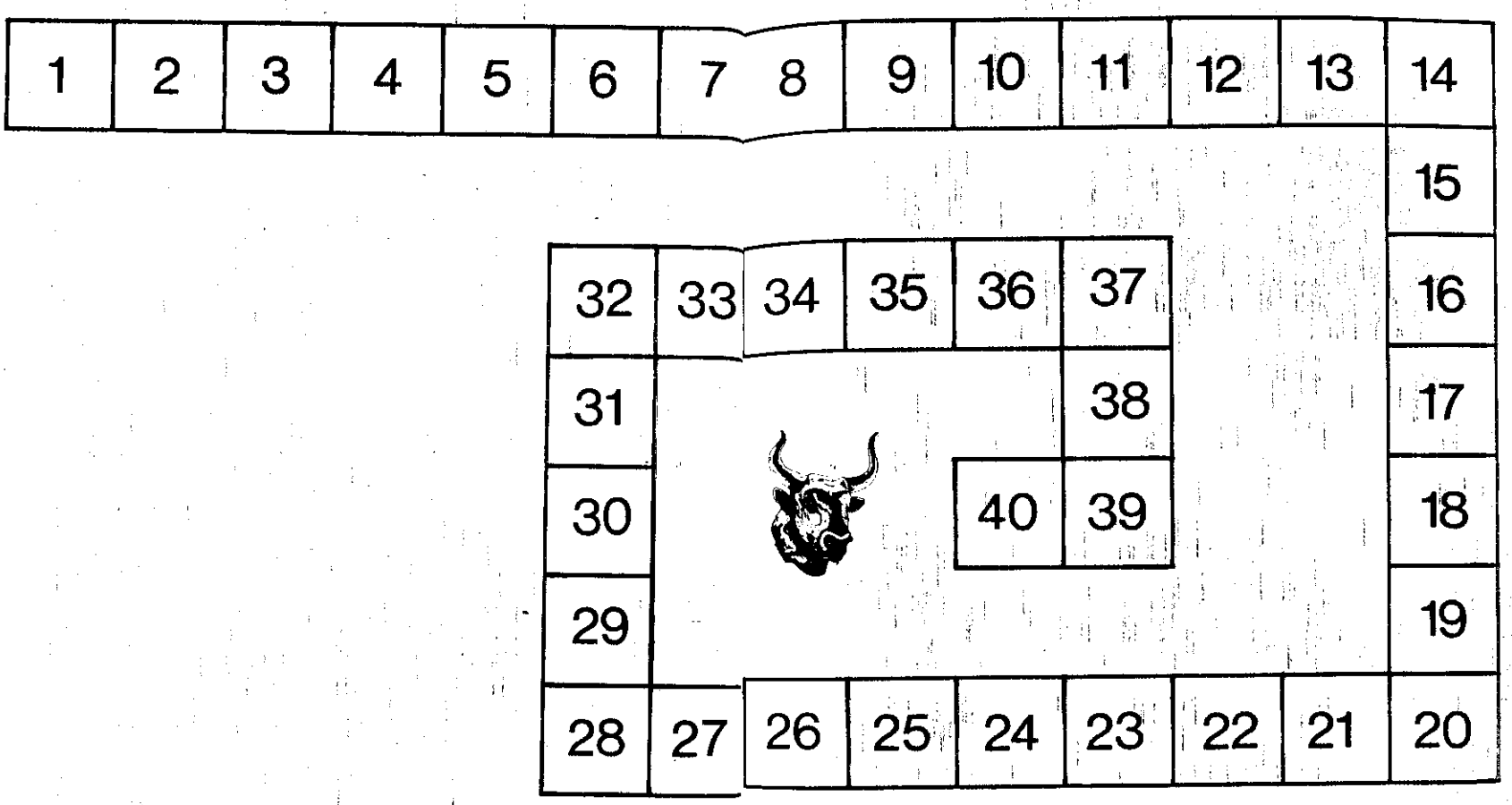
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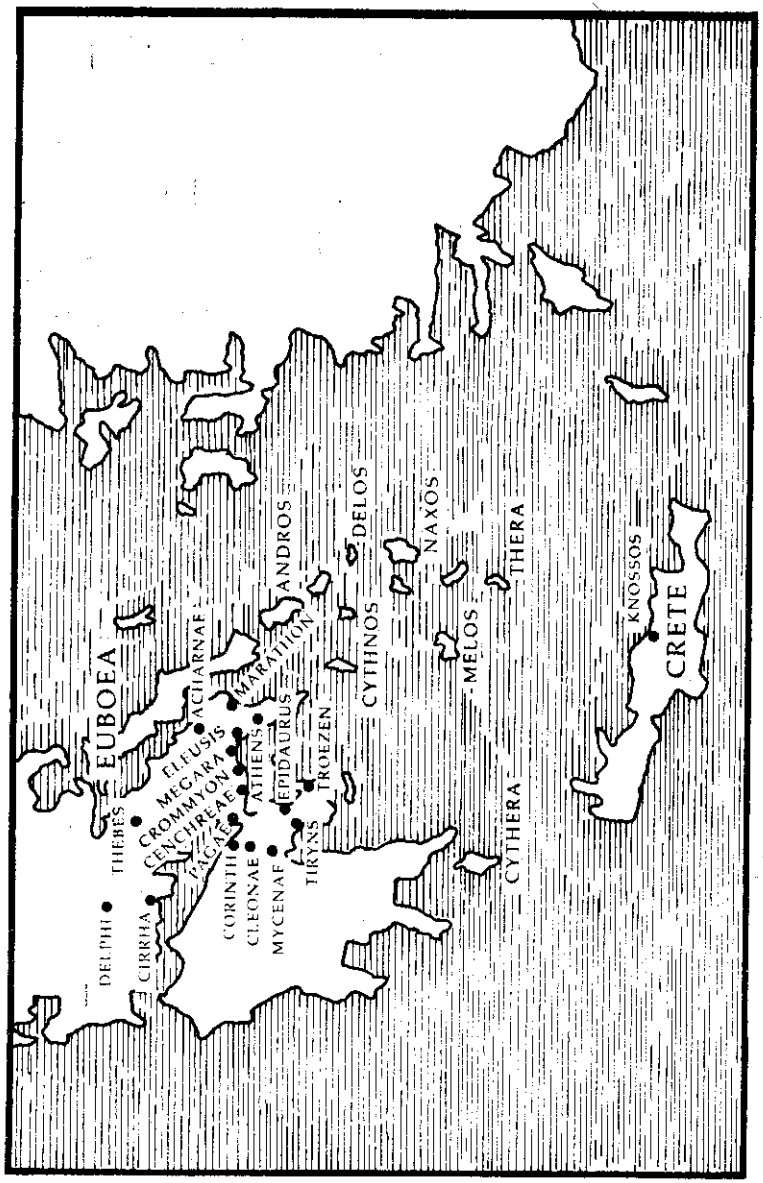

AT THE COURT OF KING MINOS

1

Crete lies baking in the sun, a sun so hot it seems a wonder that the island does not burst into flames. You marvel that anyone can survive in this heat: it is as if the sun god, Helios, wearying of men below, is driving his chariot so near the earth that the hoofs of his horses almost strike the ground as they pass. The ship pulls closer to the port. On the quayside Cretan soldiers stand ready. You see the ship's captain approaching and clamber to your feet, but as he reaches you, you realize that he is the immortal messenger of Olympian Zeus.

'You have done well, adventurous Altheus,' Hermes tells you. 'Better, in fact, than many of us expected. But on Crete older and darker forces prevail. We of Olympus may be unable to help you, even though we would wish to. While on Crete, I fear, you must begin to fend for yourself. Remember that things are not so simple, so direct, as on the mainland. Be careful.' In a blink, the god is gone. Go to 38.

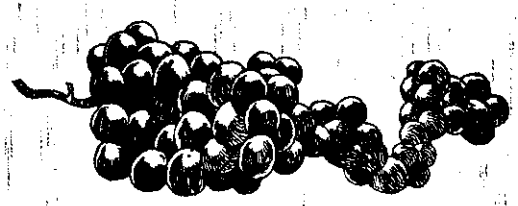

2

The captain is talking with the leader of the Cretan guards, a tall man with rich armour and a helmet which covers his face.

'Seven youths and seven maidens,' says the captain, 'according to your "bargain" with Aegeus. But Athens groans beneath this oppression, and the king's position grows unstable.'

The guard shrugs, 'What of it?'

'If Aegeus falls, you will have no tribute at all, and will have lost an ally on the mainland . . .'

'If the tribute stops,' counters the guard, unsmiling beneath his heavy helmet, 'then many long-oared ships, with sails as black as crows' wings, will come, and there will be laying-waste and burning. But who is this?'

'This is Altheus, the king's son. He comes with messages from his father.'

'Another king's son, eh? Old Aegeus always seems to be able to dig up another one. Very well, we'll take him too.' He snaps his fingers at two of the guards. 'You, take him.'

Will you go with them (turn to **271**), or try to escape (turn to **476**)?

3

You are hauled out into the temple. At the altar is the High Priest, and the rest of the court are round the edges.

'Lady Demeter,' the priest is saying, 'we now sacrifice to you, in accordance with ritual. Accept this blood at our hands.'

The guards throw you over the edge of a huge pit in the centre of the temple, and you crash, weaponless, to the floor, twenty feet below. Go to **5**.

4

You see two of the palace servants fighting in the corridor. At first they stand apart, flailing at each other with their arms, but then the shorter one leaps across and grapples his opponent to the floor. You move forward to intervene and feel a sharp pain in your back. Someone has stabbed you! You fall to the ground and the last words you hear are Polycrates saying, 'You gullible fool!' If Zeus can save you, go to **51**.

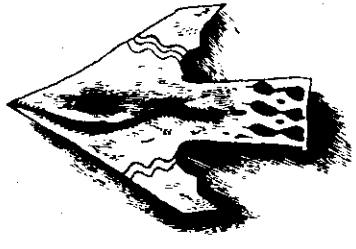

5

You scrabble around frantically at the bottom of the pit, and find that the entrance to the labyrinth of Minos is concealed beneath a paving-stone. You lift it up, and there you see a flight of smooth, well-crafted steps leading down into the distance. Warily, as the hunter stalks his prey in the dim twilight gloom, but with joy in your heart at the culmination of your quest, you set off into the maze. If you have a lamp, go to **260**; if you do not, but have a torch, go to **115**; if you have neither of these, go to **399**.

6

You leave the dance with Thaisia, and go out into the palace gardens. The moon has come up over the cypresses, and the night air is pleasantly cool after the heat of the dance. The pair of you sit behind a bush on a low marble bench.

'What are you thinking of?' you ask, after a while.

Thaisia smiles. 'My mother. She's a shepherdess on the south side . . . she's so devoted to her way of life that she's called "sheep" herself. And now here I am with a king's son. Funny.'

'It's nothing special, being a king's son.'

'Yes, but my mother would think so. She worships kings, almost like gods. She was ecstatic when I was chosen as priestess here.' A thought strikes her. 'I may visit her tomorrow; will you come? She'd be terribly excited.'

You murmur agreement. The moon creeps across the sky. Much later you go to bed. Go to **133**.

7

You leave the room and ask a passing slave with a pot for directions to the labyrinth. She is surprised, but tells you. You make your way through the deserted corridors, just able to hear the sound of music in the distance, and come to the temple. You peer round the entrance. There is a pit in the centre of the room. A solitary guard sits at the top, dangling his legs into the abyss. You can try to surprise the guard (turn to **157**), or try to fool him into leaving (go to **269**).

8

You hand Minos the letters from Aegeus, but he waves them away: 'Later, Altheus, later. There's a time for everything.' Have 2 Shame points for neglecting the customs of your ancestors, and go to **433**.

9

The Amazon accepts your surrender and, stripping you of your weapon, thrusts you towards the door. Go to **181**.

10

You make an excuse to Andra, and go towards the door.

'But . . . I hardly even know you,' Psyche is saying to Miktros. Polycrates appears out of nowhere and bars your way: 'Ah, Altheus. You may wish to put in a bit of boxing practice.'

'I may? Why?'

'I'll be in the gymnasium. You can find me there.' He gestures to a guard. 'You there! My compliments to Boloris, and will he see me in the boxing-room.' The guard goes out and Polycrates moves away, saying, 'I'll see you, then.'

You go, and as you reach the door Psyche flings herself around your neck with an 'Altheus, darling!' The force carries you, puzzled, out into the corridor.

'I don't understand.'

Psyche disentangles herself and smooths her hair again: 'Then you're obtuse. You just saved me from Miktros.' She mimics a tragedy mask at his name.

'Oh, is that all? I thought Aphrodite was smiling on me.'

'Look at the fruit, not the rind. It may save you from amorous Andra.' And she goes, with a smile, to her room.

You can go to the temple to see Opris and Noa (turn to **520**), you can go to visit Lactris (turn to **420**), you can go to Polycrates in the gymnasium (turn to **340**), or you can go to your room and wait (turn to **240**).

11

'Was that unexpected?' you ask.

'Was what?' Thaisia has procured a small sack of fruit and a bag of nuts from the palace kitchens, and you have it slung over your shoulder as you press down the hill.

'Those appointments.'

'Oh, I don't think so. Noa is . . . is . . .' She gestures with both hands, looking for the word, then gives up. '. . . Is the right kind of person. Opris, maybe he was a little surprising. He's rather too dandified for most of the court. I suppose someone must have pulled strings for him . . .'

'It seems you'll be able to ask him yourself.'

'What do you mean?'

'Look.' Opris and Noa are sitting up ahead, waiting for you. Go to **379**.

12

'I am not harsh,' you tell him. 'You have committed no crimes, except by your association with Minos. Leave Crete for ever today, and you shall live.' To your surprise, Polycrates agrees and limps off. Will you seek out the princess Ariadne (turn to **462**), or will you try to enlist the support of the guards (turn to **62**)?

13

The guard recognizes you and attacks. Go to **214**.

14

'Boloris?' You try to laugh, but that proves too painful. Then you try to rise, but cannot do this either. 'You're the one that everyone talks about . . .'

'Lie still.'

'. . . but no one's ever seen.'

'I think that's an exaggeration. This is going to hurt for a moment.'

He deftly extracts the bolts from your shoulders and binds the wounds with strips of cloth. 'That's a bad injury,' he comments, 'but you should live now. Until the pankration, at least.'

'Who are you? Why are you doing this?'

He smiles. 'Call it a favour to a fellow outsider.' He goes to a chest and rummages around inside.

'Hmm?'

'You'll have realized by now the way in which the court is polarized into the native Cretans on the one hand and Pangryon's Thracians on the other. I am caught in the middle: the Cretans mistrust me as a foreigner, the Thracians despise me as a southerner.'

'What are you?'

'A common Athenian, more or less like yourself. Here, take this, it may help you.' He hands you a small lamp. 'I found this in Daedalus' workshop,' Boloris tells you. 'It's not one of his more ingenious inventions, but it's small enough to be hidden about the person, and it's self-lighting, by adjusting this lever here. It may just tip the odds in your favour.'

And that, you reflect grimly as you return to your room, is what you need most of all. Subtract 10 from your Endurance for your wounds, which will also reduce your Might by 1 point until the end of the book. Go to 213.

15

You shrug and walk on. The passage takes a sharp right turn and you follow it, almost entranced. It is with a detached, amused fascination that you notice that the corridor has begun to flex and writhe like the windpipe of a poisoned man. You lean against the undulating wall but your hand sinks in up to the elbow. Slowly you pull it out again and the wall clings to it for a moment before springing back with a faint plop. You hear a quiet humming behind you and turn to see a swarm of vivid blue dragonflies flying lazily towards you. They circle you for a moment before disappearing again up the passageway. There is a bell ringing in the distance and you slump against a wall so as to be able to enjoy the sweet, sweet music that suddenly fills the air and cushions you as you sink ecstatically into welcoming, orange sleep.

16

Here Herakles performs one of his lesser labours, depicted in fresco on the walls. He seizes a bull sent by Poseidon for a sacrifice, which Minos kept as a token of his power. In his hands the hero holds the knife-sharp horns, and bears it on his great shoulders, heading for Athens and the plain of Marathon, in fulfilment of his seventh task. You may go south (turn to 475), west (turn to 220), east (turn to 343) or north (turn to 219).

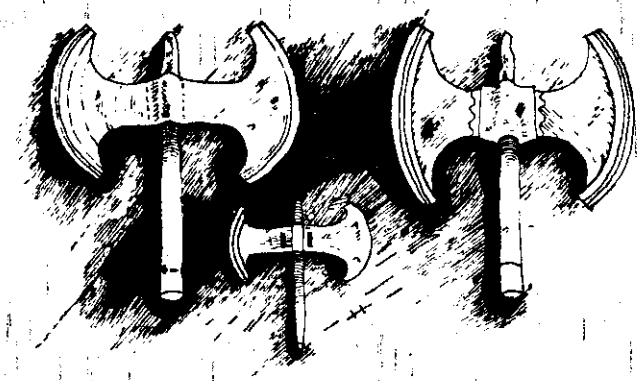

17

You arrive at the temple, but nobody is there, except for two guards on the pit in the centre of the room. You can go to the gymnasium (turn to 340) or return to your room (turn to 240).

18

The Amazon warrior notices the golden amulet on your wrist, and her face drains of all colour. Gripped by rage, she seizes her spear, crying, 'You have killed an Amazon queen, for never would one surrender the sacred amulet of Hera. The vengeance of the Amazons is slow but sure.'

She launches her spear at you: you are Wounded, and must fight Lembra. She has Might 6, Protection 13, and her spear adds Might 1. You cannot retreat or surrender. If you Seriously Wound her, turn to 146. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to 54.

19

'You said you wanted a word with me,' you say.

Dipthis grunts. 'And I do. Come, sit. What do you know of Minos? Nothing. I see. Well, if you wish to understand Crete, you must understand his past, for he is the hub of everything. Listen, then. They call him the Bear, and for good reason. He is big and jovial, and he can be deadly. You have seen that already, I think. But you do not know that he was prepared to banish his brother, Rhadamanthys, because he felt the good of Crete was best served by it.

'Now, thirty summers ago, Minos did something very unwise, for so shrewd a man. Poseidon sent a bull from the sea to him for sacrifice. Against his own best judgement – and against my advice, I might add – he kept it. To punish him, Poseidon sent a curse. Whenever he lay with his wife Pasiphae, he issued only snakes and scorpions. So Procris

made an artificial woman and Minos used up all the animals on it.'

'This Procris, who is he?'

'She was the wife of Cephalus,' Dipthis answers curtly. 'The lady Aurora, goddess of the dawn, arranged it so that Procris was killed by the spear Minos gave her as reward. But that's another story. An inglorious episode in our inglorious history, but, for once, not one for which we ourselves need feel any particular shame.

'But that was not the end of it. The gods decreed that Pasiphae should fall in love with the bull. Daedalus arranged for her passion to be gratified, and she conceived Minos' bull, what you call the Minotaur. It was given no name.

'Minos had four sons. Catreus, the eldest, was killed by his own son, in accordance with a prophecy. Glaucus drowned in a vat of honey, such as we use to embalm the dead. Androgeus was slain by the bull of Marathon. Kremton you have seen as he is now: before you judge him, remember what has happened to his family. It does not excuse, but it explains.'

'And what happened to Pasiphae?'

Dipthis throws a hunk of meat to the dragons, who fight over it and chew it greedily. 'She died.'

Will you leave (turn to 526), or question Dipthis further (turn to 531)?

20

Perseus is shown mounting to the home of the Grey Sisters, and seizing their only eye and tooth. Loathing for the creatures in his eyes, he demands to know the way to the abode of the nymphs who possess gifts of power that he must gain to kill the Gorgon Medusa. You stand in awe at the prowess of this hero. You may go north (turn to 338), south (turn to 225) or west (turn to 273).

21

You rush into the palace and go straight to Ariadne's room. Without pausing, you burst in, but are disappointed to find the girl absent. You wonder whether to wait until she returns, but you decide that now is the moment for action. You cannot find her anywhere and no one you ask knows where she is. Finally you meet Opris, who thinks that he saw Ariadne down at the harbour, when he was repairing his boat there a short while ago. Will you go to the port (turn to 280), or will you try to win Opris over to your cause (turn to 435)?

22

You show Opris the ring of Minos. 'Before he died, Minos gave me his ring and his blessing. I am now the true king of Crete.'

'Replace a tyrant with a green boy? No thank you.' He turns to go. Will you strike him (turn to 484) or go (turn to 116)?

23

Before you can reach the object, Minos sees you and hurls a small rock at you. You spring to your feet and the rock narrowly misses your right leg. From the hole in the roof, two guards jump down into the maze and you realize that you cannot fight both of them. You can either surrender (turn to 254), or flee back into the labyrinth (turn to 488).

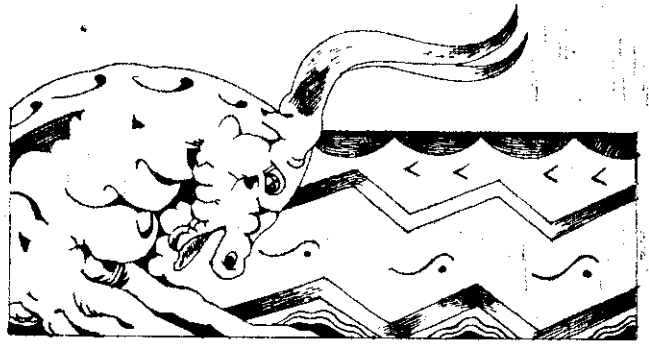

24

You work your way across to the gallery and stand up. Taking a torch from a wall-bracket, you walk back down the gallery to the left. Coming towards you is another guard. Will you go back the way you came (turn to 390), will you attack him (turn to 336), or, as this is not the guard who has been patrolling before, will you try to bluff your way through (turn to 445)?

25

'So be it, Minos,' you declare. 'Now lead me out of this infernal place.'

Minos nods and turns away from you. He limps off into the gloom of the maze and you follow silently. Occasionally the king mumbles to himself, but you cannot catch any particular words. After quite some time wandering around, he turns and speaks to you: 'Wait here.'

Do you refuse and insist on coming with him (turn to 362), do you follow him at a distance (turn to 102), or do you wait (turn to 82)?

26

The earth produces no fruits, the crops wilt, and famine strikes the people, but Demeter will not save them. You see Iris, the rainbow goddess, sent down to the land below to persuade Demeter to relent, but she will not, unless her daughter is returned. In awe at the skill of the painter, you proceed. You may turn to the east (go to 230) or to the south (turn to 347).

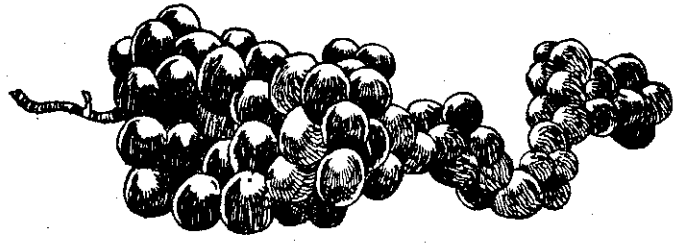

27

You find a toehold in the wall and drag yourself through the window. You are now in a small room. A burly woman is sitting on a bed, cleaning a spear. As you drop to the floor, she looks up, understandably surprised. You can go back out of the window (turn to 527), run for the door (turn to 187), fight (turn to 392), or talk (turn to 486).

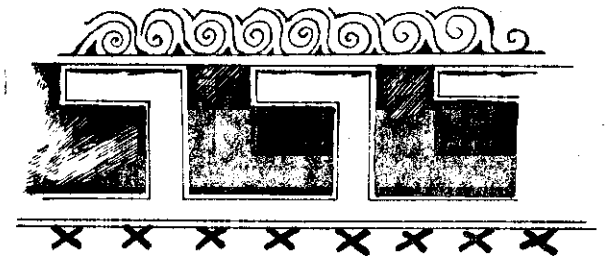

28

If, while you were travelling in the labyrinth, you were unravelling a ball of string, go to 257. Otherwise go to 131.

29

You murmur soothingly to Psyche, aware that it matters little what you say as long as you say something, and eventually she ceases her shaking and cries freely. You hold her and nod over her shoulder to Opris and Noa, who stand so as to cover your exit. You both leave the throne-room, and no one seems to have noticed. Go to 112.

30

There is a picture here of a night sky dramatically rent by a flash of lightning. You can go left (turn to 178), right (turn to 222), straight ahead (turn to 374) or down into a pit which has a passage leading away from it (turn to 250).

31

It is doubtful, adventurous Altheus, whether you could find time on your quest to steal the Grey Sisters' eye. Why do you dream of such exploits, travelling to the lands outside the light of sun and moon, to pilfer the single means of sight of those crones, who have but one tooth and one eye? Is not your present task enough? Do you perhaps think yourself a god? Have 2 Shame points, and go to **501**.

32

You distrust Polycrates and decide to follow him. Instead of returning to his room, or leaving as he agreed, he makes his way straight to the guards' quarters and instructs them to kill you. You realize that you cannot stay in Crete and you run out of the palace. Go to **116**.

33

No aid is forthcoming. It is as if even the gods have forgotten you. Go to **244**.

34

You must fight the two guards and Polycrates. Polycrates has Might 7, Protection 12. The guards have Might 5, Protection 10. If you surrender or retreat, go to **163**; if you Seriously Wound all your opponents, go to **243**; if you die and are resurrected, go to **104**.

35

You sit, but hardly have time to become bored, as two guards come and take you to the ceremony. You have no armour or weapons. Go to **174**.

36

The air is clean and refreshing, and you stand for a few moments, breathing deeply. You have finally escaped the labyrinth, but you still have to get away from Crete. Will you make your way to the harbour (turn to **116**), or will you search for Ariadne (turn to **216**)?

37

The feasting and the chatter begin again. Minos lowers his voice and speaks to Polycrates. You swallow some more food as the group begins to disperse. You stand around, a little lost.

'You can find your way back to your room?' queries Thaisia.

'Yes, I think so.'

'Good.' She lingers a moment, then leaves. Dipthis propels himself towards you with a stick.

'I'd speak with you tonight, if you can find the time? I live in the south corridor.' He limps away.

Opris and Lactris saunter over with exaggerated casualness, like the infant Hermes stealing the god's cattle.

'Ah, Altheus,' starts Opris. 'This evening we're getting together for a bit of a . . .' Lacris makes drinking motions with his right hand.

'. . . Do join us,' concludes Opris rather lamely. 'South corridor.'

'You're new, as well,' a short girl says tentatively. 'I'm Psyche.'

Opris raises an eyebrow, and Lactris grins back at him. A tall girl bustles up to you, evidently intent on prying you away from them. Opris and Lactris seem to recognize her, and wander away with Psyche. Opris winks over his shoulder.

'You're just like your brother,' announces the new arrival. 'I'm Andra.' A curiously circular conversation ensues. While she is talking, you study her and notice that her eyebrows constantly go up and down, and she winks with either or both eyes, apparently at random. The effect may be intended to be coquettish, or it may be involuntary, but, as someone later remarks, it is like watching one of Daedalus' automata with a broken spring. It is only when preparations start to be made for the dance that you manage to break away and return to your room. Go to **371**.

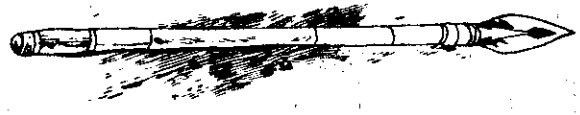

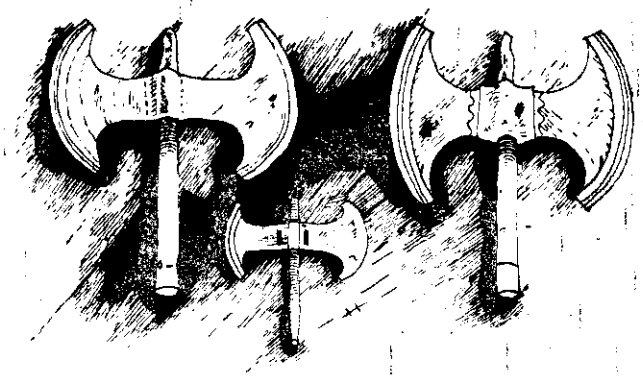

38

If you have read *Bloodfeud of Altheus*, the first book of the Cretan Chronicles, you should treat this book as a continuation of that adventure. Turn straight to **467** to get back to the action! If you have not read the first book, you must choose a patron god or goddess:

If you choose Aphrodite, goddess of love, go to **348**.
If you choose Apollo, god of prophecy, go to **197**.
If you choose Ares, god of war, go to **521**.
If you choose Athena, goddess of wisdom, go to **459**.
If you choose Hera, queen of the gods, go to **404**.
If you choose Poseidon, god of the sea, go to **255**.

39

The frescos on the wall here depict some form of court ceremonial in which the king sprinkles water on his gathered subjects. The atmosphere becomes oppressive, and you feel tired. There on the ground in front of you is a piece of parchment. Perhaps it is a map of the labyrinth. Do you stoop to pick up the manuscript (turn to **335**)? Or do you decide not to delay your mission and proceed west (turn to **342**), south (turn to **385**) or east (turn to **466**)?

40

As you try to back out of the combat, you trip and fall heavily on your back. Go to **327**.

41

Lactris pokes his head round the door. 'Hello, Altheus,' he says levelly.

'Can I come in?' you ask.

'Do.' Lactris' room is surrounded with shelves, all of them displaying small bronze figurines. You pick one up and look at it: it is a bird, a swan, just taking off into flight.

'It's exquisite.'

Lactris looks up. 'Yes, it is rather good.'

'You make these?'

'In my spare time – of which, it seems, I'm going to have rather a lot.'

Lactris is carving away with a small file at a figurine, right hand pressed to its forehead in amazement; it is made of clay covered with wax. Below the waist, it is unshaped; above, it is already a passable, if unflattering likeness. 'Yes, it's you. I'm going to cast it this afternoon, if I can get it finished. Of course, I may do one of Opris, and call it "The Wasp in the Honey Jar".'

He takes another file and starts to put texture into the model's hair, pretending to be intent on his work. You can stay (turn to **203**), or leave for the gymnasium (turn to **340**), the temple (turn to **17**) or your room (turn to **240**).

42

You creep unnoticed into one of the storehouses, and find it full of melons, stacked round the walls. You are hungry, so you pick one up – and the stack collapses, melons rolling everywhere. This reveals a cache of swords, bundled up with twine. You start to back away, and come up against a burly townsman. You spin round quickly and see that the man is brandishing a small serrated blade.

'You're an inquisitive one . . . too inquisitive. Looking for something? Well, you found me,' he says with an evil grin. The sunlight from the open door catches his knife, dazzling you for a moment. Now is the time for a quick decision. Will you strike out and try to catch the man off-guard (turn to **124**), or try to talk your way out of the situation (turn to **235**)?

43

Many men have entered the labyrinth, but few have left it alive. Have 1 Shame point and go back to **23**.

44

You break free from the remaining guard and rush to the window. The ground is far below, but you think you may be able to reach the ledge of a window lower down. You climb out and dangle by your fingertips. In the room Polycrates and Thaisia run towards the window. Will you drop now, and try to land on the lower ledge (turn to **506**), or will you try to climb down the outside wall (turn to **55**)?

45

Does Altheus the Avenger need help to make his mind up? Have 1 Shame point and return to **25**.

46

Here, to your horror, you see displayed the carnage of the hard-fought battle. Cretan soldiers descend on white-marbled Athens and put it to the sword, carrying off men and women for lonely exile or death on the shores of Crete. A warrior raises high his spear in salute to the sky, for Zeus has given his men the victory, and massacred the foe. The spear-tip points to a small ornamental N inscribed on the stone. You may go north (turn to **230**), east (turn to **384**) or south (turn to **90**).

47

If you do not know the woman's name, turn to **486**. If you think you know her name, you may address her. Do you think it is:

Ariadne?	Turn to **294**
Cyron?	Turn to **410**
Eliduros?	Turn to **451**
Lembra?	Turn to **221**
Thaisia?	Turn to **325**

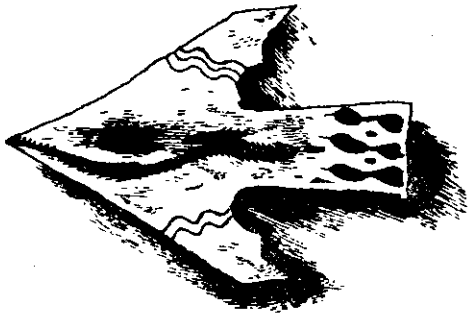

48

'I will lead you out, if you spare me and leave this land for ever,' Minos continues. 'Those are my terms and I offer you no others.'

'Make me king, Minos,' you retort. 'I have earned your throne.'

At this Minos laughs loudly: 'I see. It is my daughter you want. Well, take her, but leave Crete.'

Do you accept his offer (turn to **25**), press your claim to the throne (turn to **322**), or tell him to keep his daughter and his kingdom (turn to **148**)?

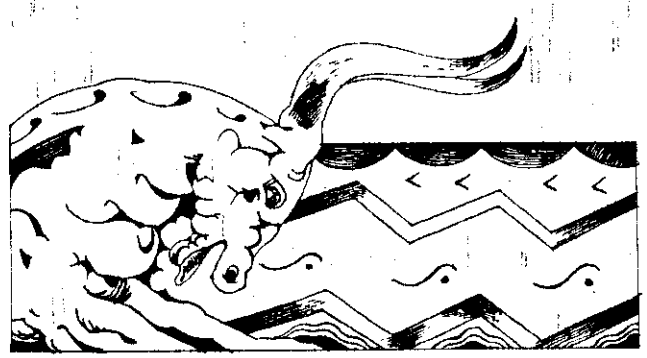

49

Kremton has Might 5, Protection 13, and Miktros Might 4, Protection 11. You fight Kremton first. Each time you are hit, subtract 4 points from your Endurance. You may neither surrender nor retreat. If you Seriously Wound them both, turn to **461**; after five rounds, turn in any case to **167**; if you lose, you are dead and may not be saved by Zeus.

50

You arrive at the gymnasium just as Polycrates is leaving. 'Too late,' he tells you. 'You've missed your chance. There's something I have to attend to.' Go to **240**.

51

Zeus heals you and you regain consciousness. It seems Polycrates has left you for dead. You rise and rush out of the palace. Go to **116**.

52

You cast your eyes around at the scene portrayed here and see brave-hearted Perseus slaying a fearsome sea-monster, spawn of the depths, in order to save Andromeda, who is chained by the shore. The blood runs red from a gash in the monster's side, and its guard drops again as Perseus thrusts and severs life from limb. Fair-faced Andromeda he marries, and sets off once more for Seriphos and home. You may turn north (go to **259**), east (go to **86**), south (go to **430**) or west (go to **466**).

53

The woman is nowhere in sight to the left, but you rush along to the far wall, in which there is a small hole created by the earthquake. Crouching down, you can see the figure in red running away, but she does not turn when you call. Then there is another tremor, and the walls of the maze shake. Pieces of rock fall all around you and the hole, which moments before was barely wide enough to crawl through, is now so big that two men could pass easily. Then the roof ahead of you opens up, and dazzling sunlight floods in. A new exit has appeared, right in front of you. You reach up, but before you can pull yourself out another crash heralds the collapse of the entire labyrinth. A large rock strikes your arm, and you fall to the floor. Another crashes into your shoulder and pins you to the ground. Helpless, you watch the walls on either side fracture and slowly cave in on top of you. Your adventures end here.

54

Before the fatal blow can be struck, life-giving Zeus snatches you away and deposits you, wounds healed, in your bed. Go to **125**.

55

As you move your left hand down to grope for a handhold, Thaisia stabs the pin of her brooch into your right hand. You cry out in pain and clutch it to your breast, with the brooch still protruding. Go to **506**.

56

The way here is strewn with stones, which have fallen from a weak point in the masonry. You must be careful to avoid death from Daedalus' work. You may go north (turn to **466**) or south (turn to **198**).

57

Banish all evil thoughts from your mind. Have 1 Shame point, and return to **37**.

58

You collapse on to your knees and the man swings his sword about in a short arc, which ends at your neck. You die.

59

'I come with messages from my father Aegeus,' you start, throwing in his name as weight. 'But these were . . . unaccountably mislaid on the voyage.' You reflect that, if you were in Minos' position, you would not believe this. He is in his position, and he does not believe you either. You are carried swiftly off to prison. Go to **244**.

60

With a snarl you add, 'Now join your partner in tyranny . . . in death,' and sink Minos' axe into his neck. He slumps to the ground. Have 3 Shame points for killing a defenceless man. If you were imprisoned before you came into the labyrinth, go to **510**. Otherwise go to **481**.

61

Polycrates is still with the guards, and he is being as unhelpful as he can.

'I understand you've arrested Dipthis and Crabia,' you say.

'And others. Your friend Lactris is in trouble too. I was hoping Psyche was going to have it out with him, but you seem to have defused that particular situation.' For the first time, his manner lightens a shade. 'What is your interest in these traitors?'

You have a sinking feeling. 'I want them released.'

'Oh, is that all?'

'Please, Polycrates.' It is not going to work.

'All right.' Polycrates draws you away.

'All right?' You are as surprised as you have ever been. 'What's the catch?'

'You must kill Kremton.'

Go to 376.

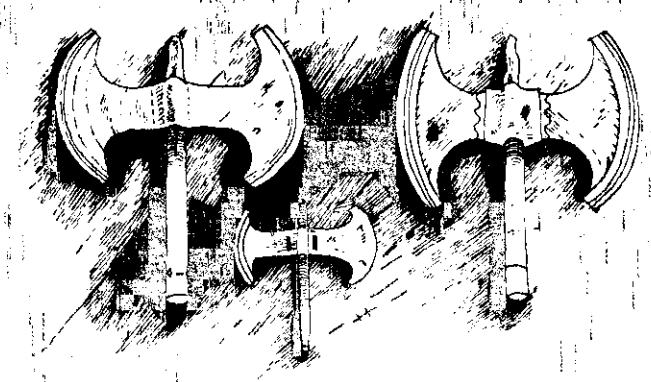

62

On your way to the guards' quarters, you are disturbed by a great commotion. You decide to see what is happening and you run towards the din. Go to 4.

63

Prometheus, his hair blowing in an unnatural breeze, climbs to the hearth of Zeus, home of the god. From his tunic he takes a narrow rod, in which he places a burning branch, intending to take the sacred flame to earth-bound men as a gift from the gods. The scene seems almost real, so great is the magic of the long-dead artist. You may turn north (turn to 96), south (turn to 331) or west (turn to 517).

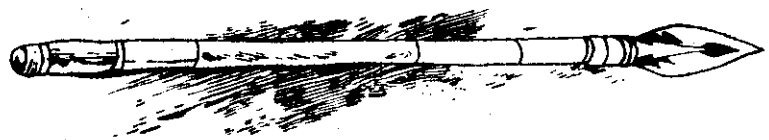

64

It grows dark and you slip into fitful sleep. Several times during the night, you wake sweating profusely, but morning finally arrives. A guard comes into the room and leads you away to the throne-room, where Minos awaits you.

'Ah, Altheus, you impetuous youth, it would have been better had you never come to Crete, better for both of us. You have destroyed the magnificent labyrinth, designed for me by Daedalus. He shall have his revenge on you, and thus serve me even after death.' Minos laughs heartily, but you are too scared and bewildered to respond.

At a sign from the king, two guards disappear through the double doors. A moment later, they return carrying what appears to be a massive coffin. Then you realize what it is. It is one of Daedalus' infamous torture machines. Will you wait to be tortured (turn to **304**), or will you pray to Olympus for deliverance (turn to **536**)?

65

You follow the king, putting your trust in his knowledge of the maze, just as sailors have faith in the helmsman who brings the ship safely into the harbour, steering first this way, then the other, to avoid the unseen rocks that lurk beneath the calm surface. Just so, Minos leads you through the labyrinth and at every crossroads he becomes more confident, until at last you emerge once more into the dazzling sunlight. 'Now I have led you out, you must leave Crete,' states the king.

You pause, and start to speak, but all you can utter is the single word 'Minos'. You turn away from the king. Go to **116**.

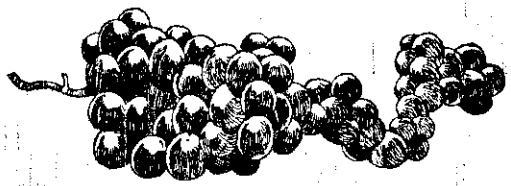

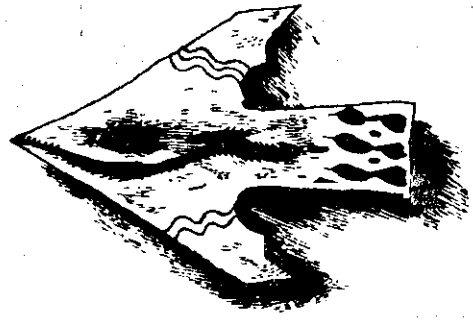

66

You turn right into a long dark passageway, almost entirely untouched by the earthquake. Then you reach a part of the labyrinth which twists and turns without ever giving you a choice of directions. Finally you come to a lighter part, and, rounding a corner, you are momentarily blinded by the sun. It is the outside world. For a second you are too shocked to react, then you rush out. Go to **36**.

67

It is dark in the labyrinth, but you can discern faint smudges of pictures on the wall. You follow the fresco for a while, without being able to make out what it represents. You take a penalty of −2 Might and −2 Protection because of the darkness. Then you may go left (turn to **316**) or right (turn to **30**).

68

The walls here are hung on either side with hundreds of bulls' heads. The Cretans, who so revere the living bull, seem equally to worship its dead shell. You wonder at the ways of foreign men, but not for long, as this gruesome decoration is clearly a sign that you are approaching the Minotaur's lair. You may go west (turn to **90**), east (turn to **220**) or south (turn to **128**).

69

A stag with shining golden antlers, and brazen hooves that beat the air and send up little storms of sand, is depicted on the walls here. Behind it Herakles, his mighty lungs wheezing with the effort of a year-long pursuit, draws his bow in a final attempt to best the animal, and bring it back from Arcadia, thereby completing the third of his tasks. You may go to the south (turn to **249**), north (turn to **276**) or east (turn to **492**).

70

The passageway stretches on as far as you can see. It is cold underground, and you shiver as you walk on in the semi-darkness. A sound makes you pause, but you tell yourself it is just your imagination. Then, just as you set off once more, you hear it again. At first very faintly, then louder, footsteps echo in the labyrinth. Closer they come, until you think they are right beside you. Then they die away gradually. You wait a while, but they do not return. Will you examine the place (turn to **94**) or press on (turn to **169**)?

71

Thaisia looks at you, her eyes as irresistible as the snares of the huntress. 'Altheus,' she says, 'I have something to tell you. You remember my nickname?' If you do, go to **295**; otherwise, turn to **341**.

72

Thaisia seizes you by the arm in a fury and drags you out of the cottage. Her mother shouts after you, but whether it is abuse or a warning, you cannot tell.

'What was that about?' you ask on the way back to Knossos, when she has calmed down.

'Oh . . . nothing. My mother disapproves of you as an Argive, that's all.' She flushes, obviously wishing to speak no further.

If your patron is Apollo, turn to **161**; otherwise turn to **471**.

73

What is your intention, Altheus? Perhaps you ring the bell to attract the Minotaur, or to lament the passing of the souls of so many of your companions. To do so would be foolish; you must be silent, stealthy and swift, if you are to survive the forthcoming confrontation. Lose 2 Honour points, and turn to **501**.

74

The king quickly escapes up a ladder which has been passed down from above. Before you can reach it, the ladder is hauled up again, and you are left at the bottom of the entrance to the labyrinth. After some time the noise from the temple above dies away and you decide that it is safe to climb out. The walls of the pit are slippery, but you manage to get up into the room. There is no one about and the place seems very quiet. Will you search for Minos (turn to **495**) or Ariadne (turn to **216**), or will you leave Crete now (**116**)?

75

Polycrates grasps the rod firmly and proclaims: 'Altheus, with the symbol of justice in my hands I sentence you to death.' You feel a blow on the back of your neck as the guard strikes you. You fall to your knees and the other guard slices your head from your shoulders. Not even Zeus can save you now.

76

As you go down the stairs, you pass two guards on their way up, followed at a short distance by Polycrates. He seizes you by the arm and spins you round. 'What are you doing in this part of the palace?' he demands. Will you tell him (turn to **426**), invent a story (turn to **450**), or make a run for your room (turn to **185**)?

77

You see depicted here the goddess Demeter and her daughter Persephone wandering in a meadow filled with flowers. As Demeter walks the very earth seems to spring forth in blossom. You may go north (turn to **418**), east (turn to **300**) or south (turn to **504**).

78

You arrive in the great hall of Knossos and take your place at the long oaken table. The meal of nuts, fruit and hot stewed vegetables is surprisingly nourishing, and you are soon sated. The gong at the far end of the table is struck once and the sound reverberates through the large hall. The company stirs, and Minos rises to his feet. Will you rise as well (turn to **408**), or will you remain seated (turn to **330**)?

79

At the other end of the gallery, you find a rope-ladder leading up to a trapdoor in the ceiling, and a flight of stone steps leading down. Will you go up (turn to **412**) or down (turn to **187**)?

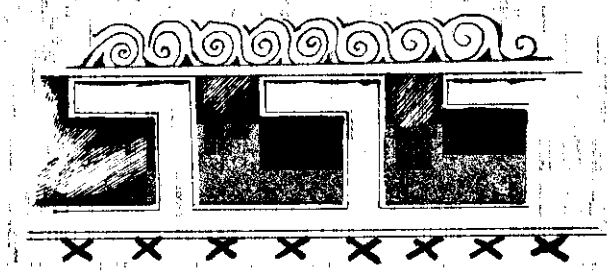

80

The palace is quiet. You tread warily through the cold deserted corridors to the underground training-room, where Crabia is waiting for you. It is a huge gloomy hall, with a dirt floor. In the middle is a complicated wooden apparatus with two projecting handles, spaced as far apart as a bull's horns.

'You're going to try leaping on that,' orders Crabia. You do a few practice handstands on the floor, and then try to jump and catch the handles. Eventually you can leap, catch the handles, balance for a moment and then spring off to land on the ground on the other side. Crabia nods and walks to the machine.

'That's good, but it's gymnastics, not bull-leaping. Try this, now.' She pulls two small wooden pegs out of the machine and goes back to her place. You try again, but this time as you balance the machine rocks, throwing you to the ground.

'Ha! You peasant,' crows Crabia. 'You think a bull will hold its head still for you? Again.'

This time it takes longer, but you are at last able to cope with the rocking. Crabia pulls out two more pegs and demonstrates that it will now sway from side to side as well as backwards and forwards. 'Do it.'

Your arms and legs ache, but at long last you are learning not to rely on the horns, not to use them as support, but merely to flick them to steady yourself; to balance, but always to be ready to leap off when the head tilts.

Crabia seems satisfied: 'Good.' Then she corrects herself: 'Not as good as your brother, but you'll do.' You thank her, too out of breath to be sarcastic, and start to go back to your room. 'Wait!' You turn curiously, and she pins a minuscule silver bull to your shoulder. 'There, now you are halfway to being a bull-leaper. Tomorrow, we finish.'

Add 2 to your Endurance, and have 1 Honour point. You return to your room exhausted, and catch some sleep. Go to 337.

81

If Aphrodite is your patron, go to **407**. Otherwise go to **21**.

82

After a few minutes you become concerned that Minos has not returned, but you wait much longer in the hope that he has not deserted you. Eventually you admit to yourself that he will not return and you set off, cursing, into the labyrinth, this time with neither guide nor thread. Go to **488**.

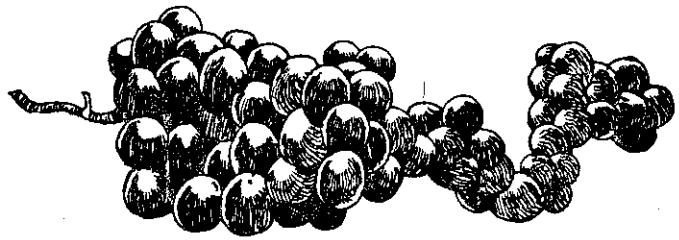

83

You ignore Ariadne's threat and raise your sword to strike, like the falcon that soars high into the air before plunging to earth to rip the entrails out of a petrified field-mouse. But the Amazon warrior has broken off the shaft of her spear and now she thrusts it up between your legs into your stomach and kidneys. You die from shock. Even Zeus will not save you now.

84

Lactris leaves. Opris talks to Noa for a moment, and they both go out together to the temple. You look around for Thaisia, but she seems not to be present. Psyche, looking distinctly the worse for wear, sidles up to you.

'Oh dear,' she moans. 'Do you know what that was about?'

'I think so.'

'Lactris looks a bit put out. Perhaps . . .' But she sees Andra approaching, obviously intent on another heart-to-heart talk about your brother's merits and the benefits of romance. Psyche winks, pats you on the arm and goes. Out of the corner of your eye you see her being stopped by Miktros.

To forestall Andra telling you how much she loves the Athenian accent, you ask where Thaisia is.

'She went to her mother's early this morning,' Andra tells you in a gleeful tone that implies that she thinks she knows the reason for your interest. 'She won't be back until after the festival.'

You can stay and talk to Andra (turn to **519**), or see to other business around the palace (turn to **10**).

85

You think quickly and realize that very little stands between you and the throne of Crete. Will you leave Crete in peace (turn to **116**), or return to Minos and challenge him (turn to **491**)?

86

The ceiling lowers here and you are forced to stoop, and then to kneel, like a man crawling to his god and supplicating for mercy. You may go south (turn to **338**), west (turn to **52**) or north (turn to **222**).

87

You clamber into the boat and Opris casts off the ropes. The caique drifts out into the bay as he runs up the sail. There is a light breeze, and the Cretan shore is soon distant. The sun shines gently down, and you stretch out in the back of the boat and relax slightly. A shadow crosses your face and you look up to see Opris, who sits down beside you.

'Why do you have a boat, Opris?'

He shrugs. 'As an escape. When the in-fighting at court becomes too overwhelming, I can come down here and forget it all for a while. Dipthis' dragons, Lactris' bronzes: it's all the same sort of thing. It's much easier now that Pasiphae is no longer with us.'

'Minos' wife? What was she like?'

'Well, I'm not one to speak ill of the dead,' Opris begins, his relish making it clear that he is going to do precisely that, 'but she was . . . well, let's just say it was entirely appropriate that she lusted after a bull.'

'I thought that was just rumour.'

'No, the gods' honest truth. But she thoroughly deserved it.'

'Oh, and why?'

'She was an old battleaxe. That's why Minos took the axe as his symbol.'

'Really?'

Opris looks at you despairingly. 'No. It was just a joke. Never mind. Anyway, she was always on our backs, when Lactris and I and the others were younger: "Hold your head up"; "If you don't eat your mousaka, you can't have any baklava"; "Stop being uppish", if you ever contradicted Kremton or Miktros; that kind of thing. She made the court a real misery. People say it's too effete now that Minos and the eunuchs run everything, but that's because they've forgotten how bad things used to be.'

'I see.' You don't see at all.

'So, when you see us as we are now – Lactris sour, womanizing, drunken; Miktros toadying, waiting to see which way the cat will jump; Kremton a bullying lout – you've got to

remember that for years that woman was doing her best to set us against each other. Don't judge us too harshly.'

You glance wistfully at Thaisia. Struggling to your feet, you slip and fall over the side of the boat. If you are in Disfavour with Poseidon, go to **145**; otherwise go to **465**.

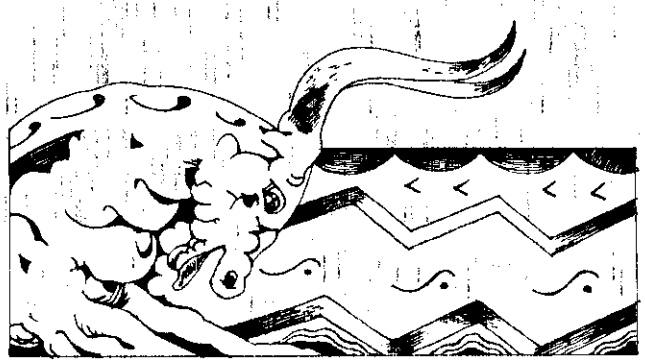

88

Minos does not fall at your feet in supplication, but instead grins. 'I know the way out of this labyrinth. You do not.' He laughs, then winces in pain. 'If you kill me, you will never escape this prison.'

Will you continue fighting to kill Minos (turn to **308**), or will you bargain with him (turn to **48**)?

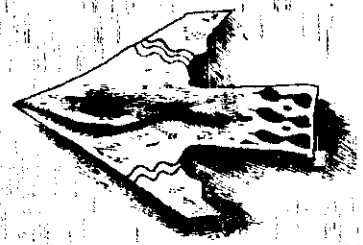

89

You stride eagerly down the corridor, not looking at the pictures on either side, intent only on the way ahead. Without warning the floor in front of you opens up into a wide crevasse. You turn, and behind you rocks begin to crash down from the roof, cutting off your retreat. Now the labyrinth shakes, and the floor beneath you collapses, sending you down into a cavern below. The rocks cascade after you and crush you as you lie helpless. Zeus cannot save you in the labyrinth.

90

As you walk along, you see a small object on the ground. It is a delicately crafted ring, carved in the shape of a bull's head. In its centre is set a sapphire, which glows with a faint blue light. Do you pick the ring up (turn to 432)? Or do you carry on north (turn to 46), east (turn to 68), south (turn to 281) or west (347)?

91

After a while, Opris enters. From his manner he is evidently bearing bad news.

'Well?'

'Lactris is dead. And yes, it's pretty much our fault.'

Have 1 Shame point. 'What are we going to do?' you ask.

'Our first concern is Psyche. Altheus, go to Polycrates. See if you can do anything with him. She's not well.'

Will you try to persuade Polycrates (turn to 301) or not (turn to 457)?

92

The guard assumes you are dead and rushes out of the temple to fetch his captain. The breath of the god plays on your lips and the divine master carries you back to your room. Go to 125.

93

You reflect how the kingship of Crete would solve all of your problems, and then wonder why Minos should make such an offer. Eventually, you inquire further. 'Tell me more.'

'You're going to fight Kremton, ceremonially, on the morning of the festival. During that . . . why, anything can happen.'

'What if I don't win?'

'Then you're dead. You'll just have to train.'

Another thought strikes you. 'Why are we going to fight?'

'Because you're going to come to lunch now with me and insult him until he has to fight you.'

Go to 208.

94

Now that the dust-cloud has subsided, you can make out some of the pictures on the walls. You wipe away the dust with your hand and reveal, beneath your fingers, an archer poised to shoot. Another stroke of your hand and his prey is exposed: a white hart. Avidly you clear the whole wall, your crude sweeps seemingly painting a magnificent scene of detail and colour in the dust. The archer is none other than Apollo, and near by his sister Artemis prepares a javelin. The hart is poised for flight, already startled by the dogs that snap about its feet. Suddenly a voice cuts through the air and you turn to see the king of Crete, Minos himself, at your side.

'Altheus, you fool, did you really think that I would let you escape from Crete? Kill the Minotaur and walk away unscathed? No, of course you didn't.' He laughs, but there is no warmth in the gesture. 'No, you have ruined my palace, you have killed my beast, and now you shall die.'

You must fight Minos (Might 8, Protection 16). He has a sword (Might 2, Protection 0). You cannot retreat. If you Seriously Wound him, turn to **88**. If you are Seriously Wounded, turn to **369**.

95

'My greetings to you, Lembra,' you reply courteously.

'Well, I saved your life yesterday. What can I do for you now?'

'I came to speak to the lady Ariadne,' you tell her.

'Ariadne is in my care. Minos has decreed that she shall speak to no man. But you are a friend of the Amazon people, and that friendship will help you where no sword could. Come with me.' She leads you through a curtain into Ariadne's bedroom. Go to **270**.

96

Zeus, lord of creation, is depicted in the gathering gloom of the maze, transforming himself into a shower of gold so that he may visit Danae, imprisoned and hopeless in a tower of stone. From this union of mortal and divine springs forth Perseus, in strength and cunning second only to Herakles among the heroes. You may go north (turn to **411**), south (turn to **63**) or west (turn to **136**).

97

Will you kill Kremton as he lies unconscious at your feet (turn to **363**), or will you let him live (turn to **123**)?

98

You watch your neighbour: she begins to get to her feet, so you copy her actions. Turn to **408**.

99

'You mentioned Eliduros,' she says, obviously surprised. You explain the circumstances of your meeting and how you saved him from death. As you finish, Ariadne sits on the edge of the gallery, swinging her legs like a small girl paddling.

'Eliduros was my lover,' she explains. 'When my father found out, he banished him, and later we had word he'd been killed. Thank you for saving him.' She pauses. 'They're going to put you into the labyrinth, you know. I can't save you from that, but take this.'

She throws something to you, which turns out to be a large ball of thin wool, wrapped round a bronze comb. 'I offered it to Theseus, but he wouldn't take it. You can find your way out.'

'Why are you helping me?' you ask.

'I want to get out of here.'

Go to **272**.

100

You undress and lie on your bed, tired out. By now there is no sound but the grasshoppers outside and, from time to time, the cry of a night bird. You drift gently into Morpheus' shadowy kingdom. Go to **337**.

101

In the far corner of the cramped room is a tiny window, letting in precious light. You stagger to your feet and walk over to it. It is late afternoon and the sun is starting to slip down into the hills of the west. You glance down, but you are some thirty feet above the ground, too far to jump. Away in the distance you see two men driving a laden mule towards the town. You realize that shouting to them will not help: what could two peasants do against the king and his guards? You sigh, involuntarily, as the hopelessness of your position becomes more and more apparent. All you can do is sit and wait, as the hours slip by. Go to **64**.

102

A few seconds pass, and then you creep down the passageway after Minos. In the dim light you see him tottering along, obviously in great pain from the wounds you have inflicted upon him. He turns a corner, and in the time it takes you to get there, he has disappeared. You can turn left (turn to **314**) or right (turn to **422**).

103

You stand aghast at Thaisia's sudden betrayal. You gaze at her, your eyes pleading for help, but there is no pity to be found on her harsh visage. The guard returns with a long black iron rod, which tapers evilly at one end into a sharp spike. You can pray to your patron for help (turn to **268**), or you can see what will happen (turn to **75**).

104

Zeus heals your wounds, but you must continue the fight against your opponents. If you Seriously Wound them, go to **243**. If you surrender or try to retreat, go to **163**.

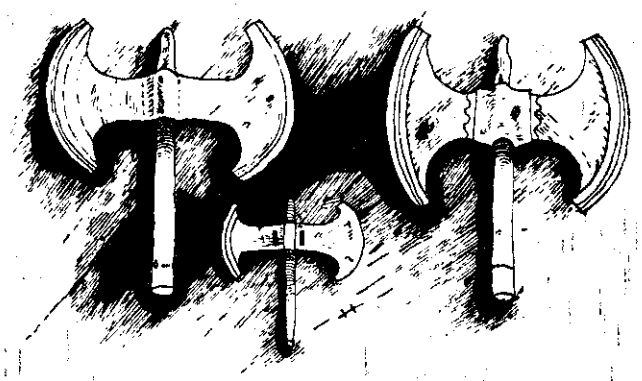

105

You hear a faint buzzing, but you cannot find its source, so you keep walking on over the debris that litters the labyrinth floor. You glance down to find your way through the rubble, and when you look up, there in front of you is a woman dressed in a red robe. You rub your eyes and she is gone. Do you call out (turn to **258**), turn right (turn to **155**) or left (turn to **53**), or do you assume you are hallucinating (turn to **15**)?

106

A great three-bodied man besets Herakles, its six hands all bearing a sword or shield, malice alive on all three faces. Herakles soon overcomes this creature, Geryon, and its two-headed hound, with daggers for teeth. From these cruel creatures Herakles steals a flock of oxen, destined for his cousin Eurystheus as a token of his completion of the tenth labour. You may turn east (turn to **122**), south (turn to **436**) or north (turn to **402**).

107

You return to the table and fill a goblet with a deep red wine. You walk slowly back to the tall man with the goblet. Go to **372**.

108

Your Chronicle Sheet looks as follows:

Might: 4	Honour: 20
Protection: 10	Shame: 7
Endurance: 30	Intelligence: 0

Axe: Might 5, Protection −3
Breastplate: Might 0, Protection 2

Hera – Disfavour
Furies – Disfavour
Athena – Favour
All others – Neutral

Note: As a client of Apollo, you may ignore any Shame or Honour penalties that accrue as a direct result of taking hints.

Roll a die. If it is 6, go to **446**. Otherwise, go to **226**.

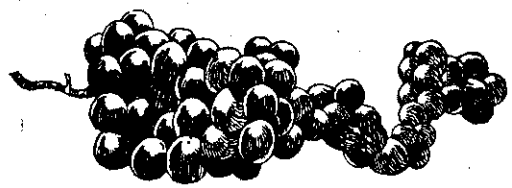

109

In the corridor you pause to admire an intricate shell, mounted on a plinth, with thin copper wire threaded right through it. As you look, Minos appears behind you. 'You know how that was done, boy?'

You shake your head.

'Well, let me tell you a story. Some years ago, Daedalus was on the run from me. He went to ground in Syracuse, and I lost him there. Well, I offered a reward to anyone who could thread a wire through one of these shells. He tied wire on to a piece of silk, tied the silk to an ant, and let it walk through.'

Minos picks up the wire by both ends and twirls the shell on it. 'It was brought to me and . . .' he pulls the wire tight and the shell shatters into tiny pieces '. . . I had him. The moral is: don't be too clever. Remember that, Altheus.' Go to 427.

110

The way grows dim, and you can feel, rather than see, that there is an opening to the right. Ahead, the passage seems to continue straight on, but you can hardly make out the walls in the darkness. Will you go right (turn to **479**) or straight on (turn to **360**)?

111

There is a wall of stone here upon which is carved an ornamental flower, setting you in mind of the garlands which adorned the maidens of Troezen so far away, in your youth. There are handholds in the south wall, so that you may climb upwards. All is lost in blackness above. Do you banish fear and attempt the ascent (turn to **219**)? Or do you retrace your steps (turn to **342**)?

112

You leave Psyche in her room, calmer now, and return to the throne-room.

'It's all right,' you tell Noa.

Opris draws you aside. 'Are you going to see about Dipthis and Crabia?'

'Will it do any good?'

Opris shrugs. 'It might. Talk to him. Do what you want.' He turns his attentions back to Noa, and it becomes clear you are not wanted here.

Will you go to Polycrates and plead for Dipthis and Crabia (turn to **61**), or return to your room (turn to **277**)?

113

You arrive at the underground training-room, but there is no one there. You wait for a few minutes, but nobody arrives, so you return to your room with a sense of missed opportunity. Go to **213**.

114

'Late as ever,' greets Opris, but there is no humour in his tone.

'What's with Psyche?'

'Lactris has . . . thrown her over,' murmurs Noa, still trying to comfort Psyche.

'He always does this,' adds Opris exasperatedly, and then raises his voice a touch. 'You know Polycrates has arrested Dipthis and Crabia?'

'What for?'

'It seems they were plotting with the townspeople to stage a revolt this afternoon.' Opris pauses expressively. 'Not a good morning, all in all.'

You sit with Psyche, at a loss for anything to say. If your patron is Apollo or Aphrodite, go to **29**. Otherwise go to **332**.

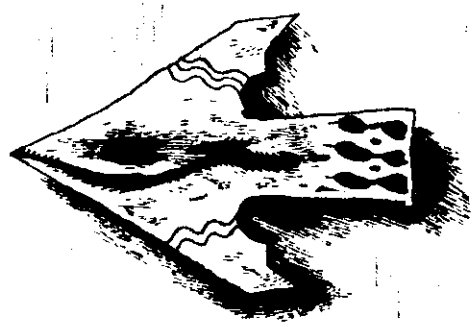

115

As you proceed down into the depths of Crete's black land, you realize that to see in the labyrinth you must light your torch. Yet Fortune does not altogether smile on you.

For each paragraph you turn to, mark off one box of your Labyrinth Track on the Chronicle Sheet (there are forty boxes in all). When this is completed, your torch goes out and you will take a penalty of −2 Might and −2 Protection in combat, because you cannot fight effectively in the dark. Some light filters in from the surface above through tiny holes, whose prime purpose is to let air circulate, so that the Minotaur's victims die a slower death. Turn to **406**.

116

You hurry towards the harbour, anxious to quit this foreign land. For a while, your thoughts are back with your home in Troezen, but as you reach the port your mind returns to the matter in hand: escape. You wander along the quayside, and notice an unattended boat, moored on its own. You untie the small craft and jump in. Running up the sail, you move the boat away from the quay. You sigh with relief that no one has noticed your theft, until you hear a cry from the shore.

'Wait,' shouts Ariadne, as she runs towards you, barefoot, along the dusty wharf. Then with a graceful leap, she clears the ever-increasing gap and lands in the dinghy. As the wind takes you out, you both slump down in the stern. Go to **473**.

117

Dipthis' room is dark and austere. A single straw mattress lies on the floor and there are no chairs. But, sunk several feet into the floor, there is a large pit. Water surrounds a small island with a few plants growing on it. Moving around the island are two small dragons, each the size of a large dog. Dipthis speaks, behind you.

'Daedalus brought two monstrous eggs for me from the barbarian East. I hatched them out and fed them while they grew. The fools of the court mock me for having no children, but let me tell you, adventurous Altheus, that I prefer my dragons. They give me no gratitude and I expect none. Thus, unlike a father, I cannot be disappointed.'

You are dismayed at this dismissal of the family, which the gods value highly. Do you depart in disgust (turn to **526**), or will you stay and listen (turn to **19**)?

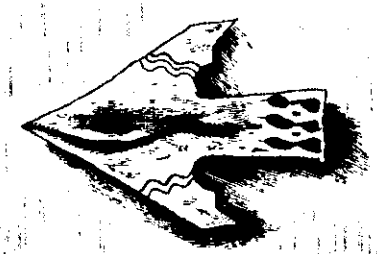

118

The circle flexes, like the maw of some giant sea-creature, as the dancers all kick higher and higher, until it would take only a slight effort of will to reach the dancer opposite. The music pounds wildly. Go to 320.

119

You tear a strip off your tunic and carefully wrap the arm in it. The intricacy of the piece is truly amazing, and you wonder at the ways of the craftsmen who produce such worlds of beauty. Even Daedalus himself could not have equalled it. Do you go north (turn to 68), east (turn to 276), west (turn to 281) or south (turn to 319)?

120

If you have an arrow, go to 533. Otherwise have 2 Shame points and go to 337.

121

In your desperation, you remember your patron and offer up prayers, hoping that the gods may help you even in this foreign land. Yet as you pray it seems that indeed, as Hermes told you, older and darker forces prevail. Nothing changes, except for the slow onset of night and you slip into deep sleep, wearied by the day's events. Go to 364.

122

The labyrinth walls here display the spectacle of Herakles, his arms bulging with pain, bearing the burden of the earth, as the great Titan Atlas goes into the Hesperides' garden to seize their apples of gold. Yet soon the dim-witted giant, son of earth, bears the world's weight once more, and Herakles is on his way, for he has but one more labour to perform. You may go west (turn to 106), north (turn to 273), east (turn to 225) or south (turn to 179).

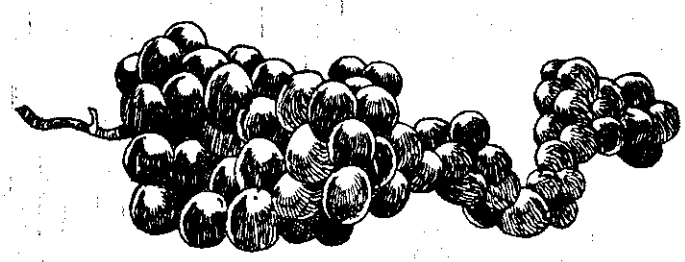

123

You leave Kremton and stagger out of the ring into the arms of Opris and Noa. Looking over your shoulder, you see, to your horror, two small boys dressed as the catamites of Zeus skip into the ring and beat out Kremton's brain with small leaden hammers. Go to 485.

124

You swing your hand down into the man's stomach and hear him grunt in pain. At the same time you manage to grab the knife from his hand. You run for the door and are faced with two more men. They are both Might 7, Protection 12, and are armed with shortswords (Might 2). The knife adds nothing to your Might. If you kill both men, go to 358; if you lose, go to 58; if you retreat, go to 204; if you surrender, go to 444.

125

You lie back on your pallet and stare up at the ceiling. The only noise is the persistent plaintive cry of the sea-birds outside. Suddenly, you feel yourself beginning to sweat all over and you have the fleeting impression that you are drowning in your own perspiration. You thrash around, desperately twisting and bending your body into strained arcs in an attempt to rub away the sweat before it eats into your flesh. You gasp for air and breathe in water. You choke and flounder, awash in a gaseous green sea. You go under once, then twice, and when you surface, clawing at the air, your fist clutches something solid, something alive. It is the Minotaur.

You cry out and awaken, shaking. It is early evening, and the palace is alive again. Go to 403.

126

Does Geryon, even though dead, inspire dread in your heart? Take 1 Shame point and return to **106**.

127

As you reach the tall man, you fling the wine. 'Altheus is no man's slave,' you snarl. A ripple of applause is checked by the tall man drawing a shortsword from his belt. You realize that you have no weapons and begin to back away. Will you apologize (turn to **190**), or will you try to fight him weaponless (turn to **242**)?

128

If you are carrying an arm from a statue, go to **396**. If you are not, go to **352**.

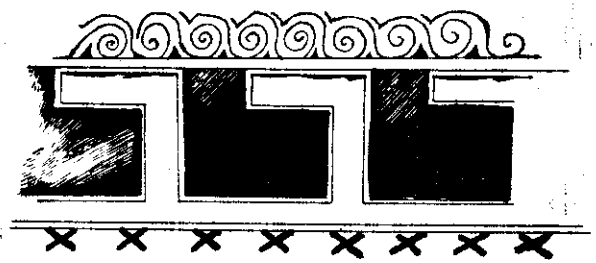

129

'There's someone coming,' you tell Opris. Lactris glares at you for interrupting his exposition.

'Between young men is the finest love,' he begins again, but Opris is clearer-headed.

'Quick, hide the stuff.' The goblets and jugs are hidden under the bed. Opris assumes an attitude of prayer, and after a moment you do too. Pangryon, the High Priest, bursts into the room with several guards. There is an angry, embarrassed silence and then he speaks: 'Why are you not at the festival dance?'

Opris looks up. 'We are devoting ourselves to the goddess in meditation,' he says. 'Will you join us?'

Pangryon sniffs suspiciously. 'I apologize for interrupting your zeal,' he says finally and leaves.

'Thank you,' whispers Opris.

'I want a drink,' slurs Lactris.

'I think we'd better not. He's capable of coming back.'

'I want a drink.'

'No, Lactris.'

'All right.' And, to your surprise, he climbs to his feet and goes to the door. 'But when I'm ephor you'll be sorry.' He goes.

'I'm sorry,' says Opris. 'He's a good friend, really.'

You nod. Psyche has fallen asleep. 'What was that about ephors?'

'Oh,' Opris waves a distracted hand, 'nothing. He doesn't mean it.'

'What is it, though?'

Opris sighs. 'For the festival, there are always two ephors, one of whom is a priestess, the other one of us. They, you know, arrange things in the temple, nothing exciting but it's prestigious. Lactris has been working towards it for ages, since we were children.'

'And he has the post?'

'It's announced tomorrow. It's a boring task, it's just that it's a chance to talk to Noa. One of the priestesses, she's really nice. Actually, I probably mentioned her earlier.'

'Several times.'

He shrugs. 'Well, there you are.'

You return to your room. Subtract 10 from your Endurance. Go to **100**.

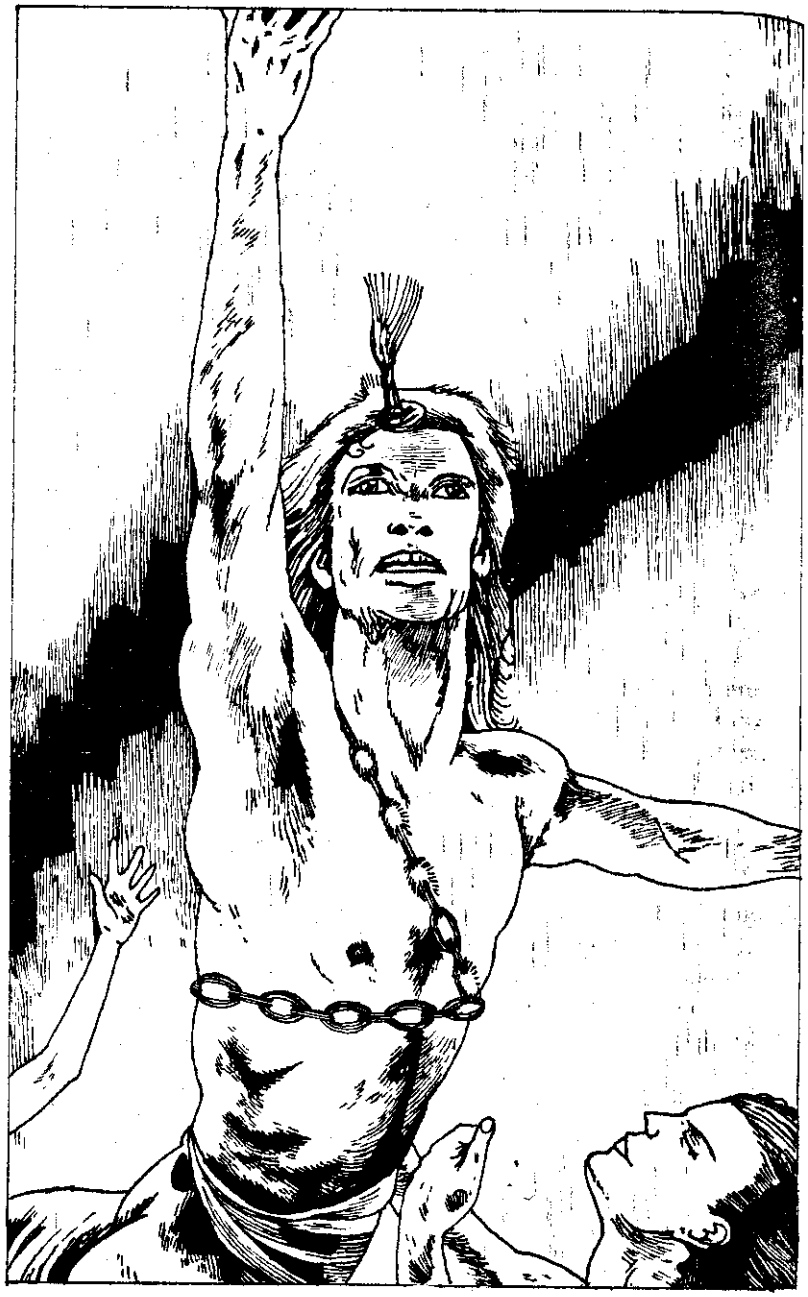

130

The music slows and marks time. All the slaves leave the floor and crouch by the side, except for the women. They start a fresh dance, all together, and the musicians take up a new, plaintive tune.

'Have you seen this before?' whispers Thaisia, who has moved to your side. You shake your head, intent on the dance.

'It's called the mihaniko; it's a divers' dance, from Calymnos. These women are supposed to be pearl-divers . . . They swallow a mouthful of air and oil and swim about, letting out a little at a time so they can stay under. Now, for the festival, they dance their thanks to Lady Demeter. Ah! look.'

Another dancer, a man, has come on to the floor. He dances the same steps as the women, but clumsily, tripping now and then. You glance at Thaisia, inquiringly.

'In the story, this is an old diver, one afflicted by Apollo, yet he insists on joining the dance, the praise. It's a very hard role to dance.'

You look back. The dancer indeed looks paralysed, yet his 'mistakes' have something inspired about them. Again and again he nearly falls, but recovers with an intricate kick and jump, creating in his own way a kind of beauty. Finally he crouches on the ground, then seems to explode into the air, leaping and spinning with new vigour, nothing paralytic about him now. The drums reach a crescendo, and the pipes lose their sadness and play joyfully. The dancer turns a somersault in the air and lands on his feet, facing the table. The courtiers, who have been gazing silently, burst into applause, smiting their thighs and stamping.

'And in the end,' says Thaisia, 'the archer god cures him.' There are tears in her eyes. Go to **251**.

131

The earthquake has confused you completely. You cannot see more than a few inches because of the thick fog of dust swirling around. The walls have collapsed in places and in others rubble blocks the passageway. You can no longer decipher the pictures on the walls. Go to **417**.

132

You may turn north (turn to **300**) or west (turn to **504**).

133

'Did you know you talk in your sleep?'

'No, what do I say?'

Thaisia is rubbing oils into her face, squinting at her reflection in a mirror with a stand fashioned to look like two maidens, each about as large as a hand, and pauses before replying: 'Oh, nothing interesting. Right, I'm ready. Shall we eat?' Go to **311**.

134

Go to **341**.

135

You wait for several minutes, and then you hear footsteps coming up the stairs behind you. Will you open the door (turn to **156**), or return to your room (turn to **76**)?

136

Prometheus the Titan is shown, proud and defiant against his master Zeus, seeking to trick him, as an unruly servant tries to deceive his lord. He kills a bull and wraps up its best parts in the skin, which he conceals in the stomach. The bones he covers in fat, and demands of father Zeus that he choose the portion he desires, and take it to himself. You may go west (turn to **501**), south (turn to **517**), east (turn to **96**) or north (turn to **288**).

137

After a few minutes, Polycrates does return. 'Altheus, come to box?' he asks.

'Yes, I have.'

'Good, let's box.'

You both bind strips of leather round your knuckles, strip to the waist and start to box. It soon becomes clear that this is no relaxing practice bout: Polycrates is extremely agile for his years, and throws hard punches. When one of these lands you become much more clear-headed.

'Come on, boy, you're dreaming. Fight!'

You begin to fight back, but it is only when Polycrates begins to tire very slightly that you get the upper hand. After several hours you are both completely exhausted. Polycrates holds up a hand.

'All right, we'll stop.' You remove the gloves, strip and go to bathe.

'You were quite good, once you got serious,' comments Polycrates. 'You'll do.'

'Do for what?'

'I hope our practice was useful to you.'

'Yes, thank you . . . useful for what? I still don't see . . .'

A gong sounds. 'Oh, you will, you will. It's time to eat.' He goes. You dress again and go to lunch. Add 10 to your Endurance and go to **109**.

138

Suddenly you notice that one of the dancers opposite has a blade protruding from his sandal. He lashes out at you with it, and you dive to the left, pulling the circle with you. The blow catches Andra in the neck and she slumps to the floor, bleeding profusely. The man rushes away, through the stunned crowd. You chase after him, but he has vanished in the maze of palace passages. You return to the dance hall to find Andra dead, apparently poisoned. You return to your room. Have 2 Shame points, and go to **171**.

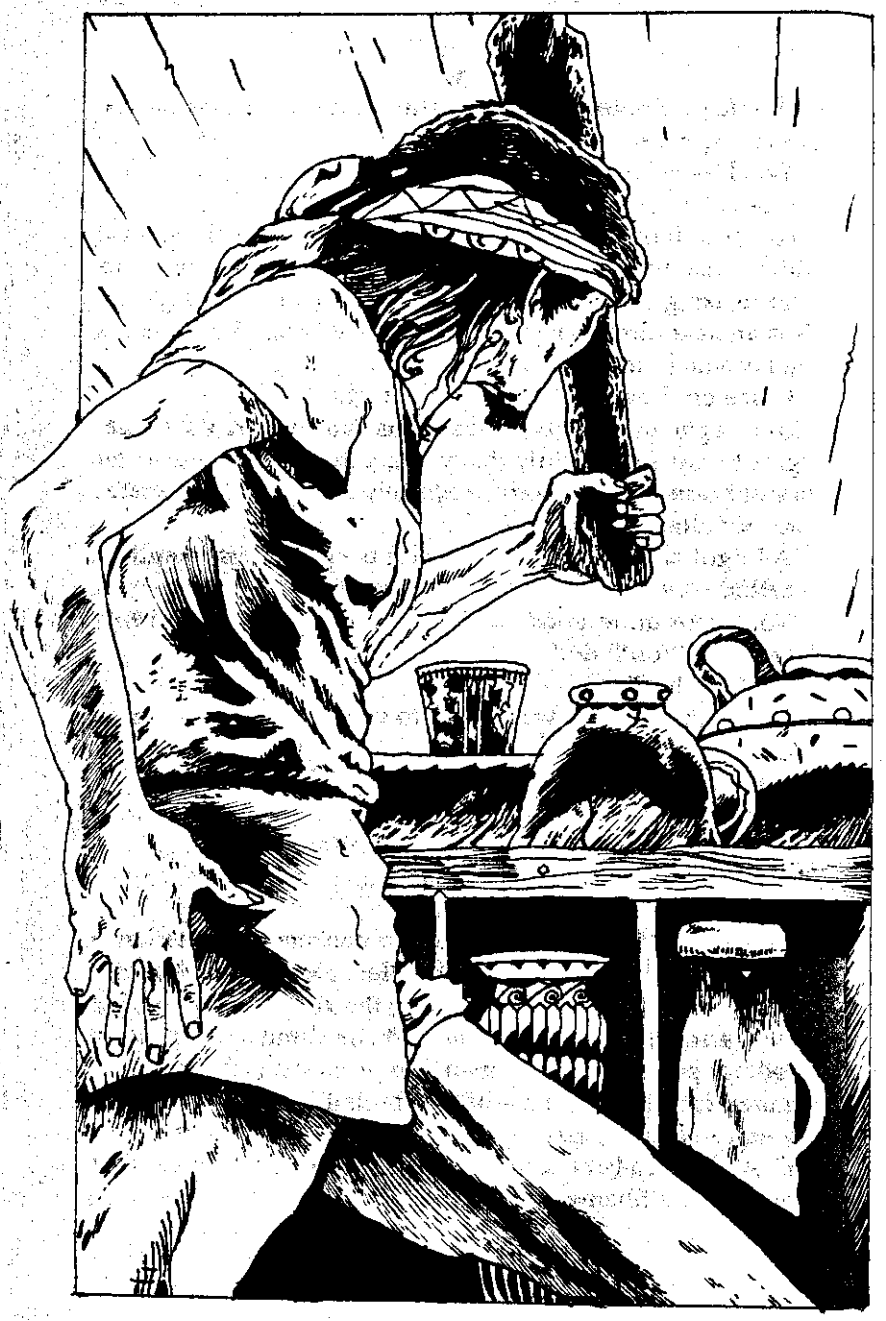

139

The innkeeper seizes a club from beneath the bar and tries to defend himself. He has Might 7, Protection 12, and the club is Might 2. If you kill him, go to **327**; if you lose, go to **205**; if you retreat, go to **40**. You may not surrender.

140

You close your eyes tightly, and the image of Asclepius the healer appears in your mind. You feel the blood from the wound surging out, but you know that it is carrying away the limb-gripping poison. You open your eyes again and you are in your room. Glancing down, you see the curved scar on your stomach. Lose 5 Endurance points. Go to **171**.

141

You rush off in search of Ariadne, but you cannot find her in her room. Frantically you search the palace, but it seems she is not around. You have just abandoned any hope of finding her when she walks down the corridor. 'Altheus, I knew you would survive the labyrinth,' she says, genuinely glad. Then her expression changes to one of concern. 'We must leave Crete immediately. There are rumours of a large uprising in the rest of the island. This morning's incident was just the beginning. We must hurry.' She grabs you by the hand and leads you, protesting, out of the palace. Go to **199**.

142

The slave directs you to Ariadne's rooms and then goes about his business. Go to **469**.

143

Minos' final blow cuts deep into your leg, and, as he draws back his axe, blood gushes out of your wound. Your mind fills with blackness, and then suddenly with a blue fluorescent glow. A strange buzzing rings in your ears and you feel yourself floating on a soft cushion of air. You open your eyes and see Minos' face staring down at you. 'He lives,' he cries, and swings his axe at you once more, but somehow his blow misses. You are on your feet again, Healthy. You must finish the fight. If you kill him, go to **443**.

144

The wall here is adorned, as is all the stonework that makes up the twisting twine of tunnels. There seems to be a game in progress on the sea-shore. A high-born lady with a sky-blue robe tosses back her night-black hair as the handmaidens lose hold of the ball and it bobs hither and thither on the white-foaming sea. Just then you seem to hear the rushing sound of water. Perhaps it is your imagination, fevered by the thought of the fight to come. You may go north (turn to **522**) or south (turn to **328**).

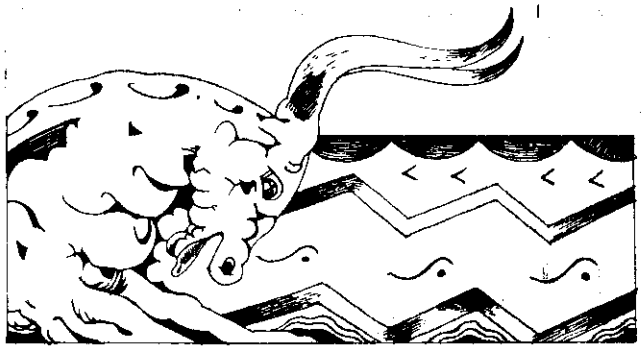

145

You gasp with shock as you fall into the sea. The impact knocks the air from your lungs and you breathe in water. As you choke, you feel yourself being dragged down into Poseidon's twilight kingdom, where the shades of drowned sailors mingle in court and the only music is the skeletal laughter of mermaids and the piping of lungfish. The sea god never forgives.

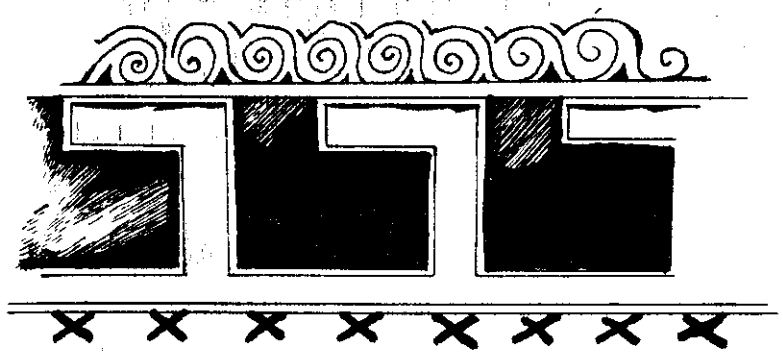

146

Lembra steps back under your hail of blows, and you move forward to press home your advantage. Then behind you a cry stops you in your tracks. 'Altheus, strike that blow and I'll have thirty guards in here,' threatens the squeaky voice. You turn to see Minos' daughter, Ariadne, loosely clad, tall, with long straight scruffy blonde hair and the look of a menacing predator. Have 3 Honour points. Will you leave and return to your room (turn to **403**), or strike the blow (turn to **83**)?

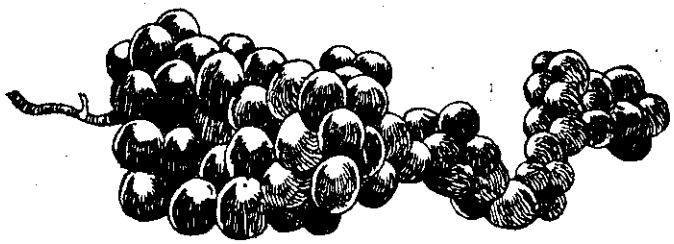

147

Instinctively, you smash the goblet on the table, leaving you with a jagged weapon. You threaten the drunken man with a swirl of the broken goblet. Before there is any fighting, however, Minos bellows from the far end of the table: 'Enough! You are both of royal blood. Princes do not brawl in feast-halls. If you must fight, fight on the battlefield or in the boxing-ring.'

Both young men totter out and Minos turns to you: 'That was my son Kremton, if you can believe it. Now be seated and join our feast once again.' You sit down again next to Thaisia, who, in answer to your whispered question, tells you that the other man was Miktros, Kremton's unpopular friend. Go to **160**.

148

'No, Minos, I don't want your daughter. And I sicken of your island with every second. Now show me the way out of this warren and I will leave this sorry land. The tribute of Athenian youth is ended on this day.'

Minos seems surprised by your outburst, but he says nothing. Slowly he leads the way in the gloom. You follow a couple of steps behind. Once or twice, Minos pauses at a crossroads, and stands thinking, as if unable to remember the way. Soon, however, he presses on again, just as a hunting dog stops to regain the scent, and then bounds off in a new direction. After a while, you begin to suspect that Minos is lost, since you are sure you have been this way already. Do you challenge Minos to admit he is lost (turn to **182**), or do you keep quiet and follow him (turn to **65**)?

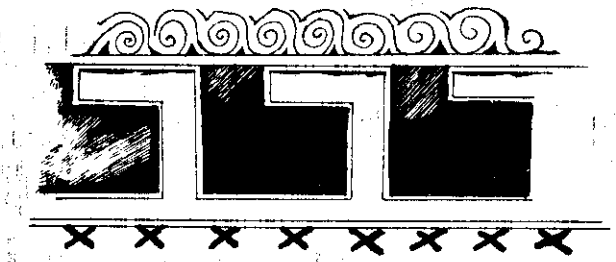

149

You pass by a mosaic that portrays a Cretan fleet setting out to plunder the shores of Attica and pillage Athens, like lions who prey on new-born lambs, unaware of the shepherd who lies in wait. Something catches your eye at the foot of the piece; it looks like a bracelet, with a lock of hair clasped in it. Do you take the bracelet (turn to **176**), or leave it and pass back to the south (turn to **448**)?

150

Thaisia's mother lives in a humble cottage, much like that in which your mother Aethra lives out her declining years in far-off Troezen. Thaisia beckons you inside and you stand on the threshold blinking in the darkness as she calls to her mother. An old woman comes out of an inner room, recognizes Thaisia and embraces her. They start to speak, quickly, in low Cretan, which you cannot understand. Thaisia breaks off and indicates you.

'My mother,' she whispers to you, and turns back to talk to her. Her mother smiles at you. The jabber in low Cretan becomes more and more heated, with the old woman gesturing at you and Thaisia trying to calm her down. You stand there, embarrassed. Go to 72.

151

If you have a minuscule silver bull pinned to your shoulder, go to **265**. Otherwise, go to **113**.

152

As you open the door of your room, Ariadne passes down the corridor, accompanied by two handmaidens. She winks at you, but only has time to say 'Herakles' before she is off again. Confused, you wander away in the other direction. You meet Dipthis emerging from a doorway, but he does not speak. You decide that it is best not to disturb him, as he seems absorbed in thought. After some time spent vainly exploring, you become tired and return to your room. You lie on your bed and think about the strange old man. Go to **213**.

153

The guard grunts, and goes past you along the corridor. Go to **79**.

154

You pass to the side of the fire-pit, sweat heavy on your brow. Halfway across, you hesitate, terror takes hold of your heart, and you are hard put to stop yourself tumbling into the flames. At length you reach the other side, a prayer of praise to your patron passing from your parched lips. You may go north (turn to **300**), or west (turn to **504**).

155

You soon realize that the woman has gone, but you continue running, weaving through the fallen rocks and stumbling with almost every other step. You turn a corner and run straight into someone. It takes you a few moments to realize that it is a woman, although she is dressed in blue and does not disappear when you rub your eyes. Go to **356**.

156

You turn the handle and push the door open. You hear a click and two arrows spring out from the frogs' wide mouths. A fraction of a second later you feel a searing pain as they plunge into your temples. All goes black as you slump to the floor, dead. If you have not yet called upon Zeus, go to **213**.

157

You rush the guard, who is unprepared for this assault. You have two free attacks. Go to **214**.

158

The throne-room has undergone a transformation since you left. The long table has been cleared away to the side, leaving the main area of floor free for the dancers. In the two galleries are musicians, playing high fluting pipes or large lyres with wooden necks, or beating huge drums with a hypnotic rhythm. The music is strange, and you begin to feel how far you are from Troezen, your birthplace. The floor is covered with, seemingly, thousands of dancers, all lightly clad slaves, leaping, whirling, performing seemingly impossible acrobatics, twirling long silk ribbons, rolling their heads, and letting their long hair fly.

The courtiers are standing on the long table, stamping and clapping with the beat, grinning and occasionally whooping with delight as the dancers accomplish a particularly difficult feat. You clamber up and join them. Your heartbeat starts to race with the drums, and soon you are stamping with the rest, worlds away from the sedate temple-dancers of Passes the Priest. Go to **130**.

159

You seize the drink for which you have failed to pay and throw it into the inkeeper's face. He staggers about, and you grab his hair and smash his face on to the counter. He slumps bleeding to the floor, and is still. You turn around. Go to **327**.

160

Now that Miktros and Kremton have gone, Minos comes back to the table. 'I know, now, who I forgot,' he says, as if nothing has happened. 'Dipthis, Dipthis the cynic.' He indicates an old man, wrapped up in a threadbare cloak, who turns piercing eyes on you. 'I keep him here because . . . he amuses me,' continues Minos, toying with each word.

'You can't control your son, Minos,' croaks Dipthis. 'Don't think you can patronize me.'

There is another appalling silence, broken by a great laugh from Minos. 'As you see, Altheus, he amuses me. Now, *you* amuse me. What are you doing here?'

If you have the letters and wish to give them to Minos, go to **339**. If you wish to explain instead, go to **253**. If you wish to mention Eliduros, go to **431**. If you wish to say you have lost the letters, go to **59**.

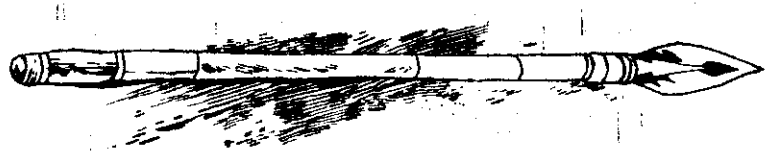

161

In a blaze of glittering glory the god Apollo appears before you. 'Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men and, for that matter, women?' he cries. 'The god Apollo knows!'

'My lord Apollo,' you protest, stammering. Thaisia cowers at your side.

'No tongue is unknown to the god,' he continues inexorably. 'The god of truth discovers all. This woman planned to betray you tonight in your sleep. Take your reward, traitor!'

Before your horrified eyes, Thaisia falls to the ground, howling. Hairs sprout all over her lily-white skin, and it shrinks back to reveal a jackal's grimacing snout. The animal whines and bounds off into the distance.

'Return to the court,' commands the god, 'and stray no more. You may yet succeed.' Shaking, you walk alone back to the palace. Go to **109**.

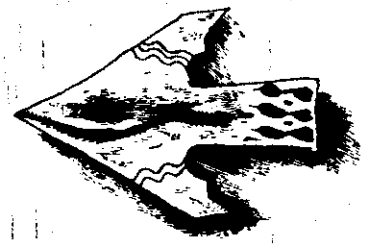

162

You stoop to retrieve the lyre, but then you hear a terrible rushing and roaring sound. The walls seem to vibrate, and you hear the sounds of falling rocks. The Minotaur comes! You rush on, leaving the lyre. Have 1 Shame point for retreating, and go swiftly north (turn to **470**), south (turn to **136**), east (turn to **411**) or west (turn to **186**).

163

The guards seize you and take you to Minos, who has been watching your feeble attempt to fight his men. He looks you up and down with an expression of scorn and then addresses you. Go to **284**.

164

You rush at Polycrates and knock him down with your fist. For a few seconds the guards are too stunned to react, and you are twenty yards clear before you hear the sound of an arrow shooting past you. It sticks in the hard ground ahead and quivers like a reed in the summer breeze. You turn to get a glimpse of your pursuers, but this makes you stumble. Now you have no chance of escaping and you wait for the fatal blow to send you from this mortal world. No blow comes, only the faint wheezing of the guards, as they reach you and drag you to your feet. They escort you back to Minos. Go to **284**.

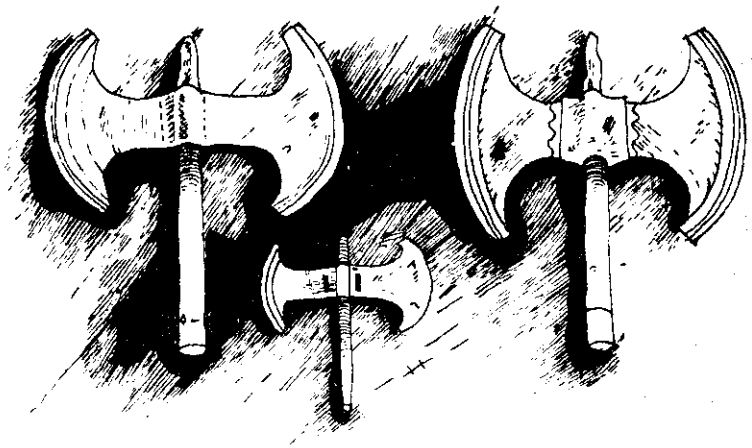

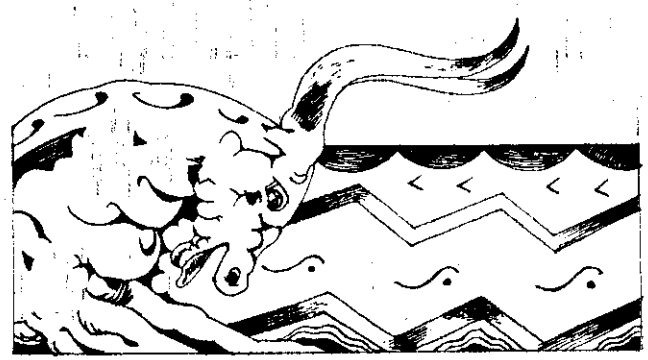

165

This fresco shows how Prometheus was released from the underworld, but only to be chained once more, as a madman who may never be freed, yet may not be killed, for his inspiration is from heaven. Prometheus is visited each day by a great eagle, and his liver is torn out by its death-giving claws, piece by piece as the red blood drips to the ground, and the cry of the god in his agony is as the thunder. Yet Prometheus does not die; his liver grows anew each morning, and the torment continues. You may go north (turn to **279**) or west (turn to **331**).

166

The guard is taken by surprise and you inflict a wound on him. He has Might 5, Protection 12, and a sword with Might 2. There is no retreat, no surrender. If you Seriously Wound him go to **350**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **92**.

167

'Stop that!' Polycrates has appeared with two guards. 'I don't know what's happening here, nor do I want to. I never saw this. Altheus, go to your room. And if either of you two thugs follows him, you'll regret it.'

'I am Minos' son,' complains Kremton in a surly manner. 'You have no right to talk to me like that.'

'Oh, haven't I? Shall we go to your father then, and see what he says?' Kremton is silent. 'Altheus, I told you to go,' says Polycrates. Go to 240.

168

Secure in your mind that this talisman will ward off all evil, and perhaps stay the hand of the merciless Minotaur, you steel yourself to the ordeal you must undergo in order to save the honour and lives of the people of Athens. Have 1 Honour point, and turn to 501.

169

The labyrinth here is much darker than further back, and each step seems to lead into deeper blackness. You begin to rely more on feel and less on sight, until you are merely groping forward, anxious to avoid the walls. After a while you feel solid rock directly in your path, but before you can turn around, the earth begins to shake again and a great split opens up in the roof above you. Light floods into the maze and you see that you are not in a dead end, but at a T-junction. The tremor continues and the roof above begins to crumble. You realize you must run or be crushed. Will you dash left (turn to 131) or right (turn to 537)?

170

You notice a ball of wool resting on the table close by. Unnoticed, you slip it into your tunic. Thaisia and her mother are still shouting at each other. Go to 72.

171

Night falls, and the last burst of crimson glory recedes from the horizon. You gaze out of the window for a moment longer, and then consider your options. You can go to sleep now, so as to be refreshed and ready for the next morning (turn to 213), or you can explore the palace (turn to 400).

172

The palace seems oddly quiet and few familiar faces pass you in the corridors. Then behind you a friend's voice rings out: 'Altheus, you old war-horse, I didn't think I'd see you again.'

'Opris, I'm glad to see you. Where is everybody?'

'I don't know. I was down on my boat in the harbour and there was an earthquake. I rushed back, but I haven't seen anyone except Ariadne, who was going in the other direction.'

You look puzzled, but Opris explains: 'She's leaving. She says she can't take it any more. Minos and Polycrates have vanished and I can't find Noa anywhere,' he adds, his voice tinged with anxiety. Go to **22**.

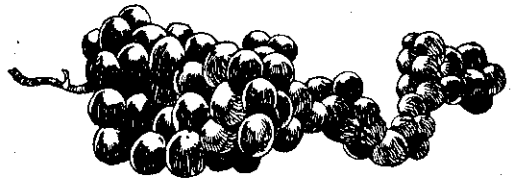

173

You stop fighting and drop your hands to your side in submission, but the woman refuses to accept your surrender. You must continue. If you win, go to **202**.

174

In the temple cunningly wrought iron braziers burn with heady incense. A drum throbs out a slow intoxicating beat. On the altar are an amphora of water and a bowl of grain, as in a normal ceremony of Demeter, but also a beheaded heron. It is clear that this is the fashion in which the Cretans worship the Earth Mother, an obscene twisted parody of a celebration of life, growth and fertility.

Pangryon, the High Priest, is officiating at the altar. There are guards on all the doors. The rest of the court are grouped in a half circle around the altar. The seven youths and seven

maidens are in a huddle of their own, under heavy guard. They stare at you reproachfully and you wink at them with a confidence you do not feel.

'Lady Demeter,' intones Pangryon, 'we are met here at this time to celebrate your festival. Now two strong youths are to battle in your honour. Let the contestants stand forward.'

Opris takes your tunic and pats you reassuringly on the shoulder. Ariadne, from the other side of the temple, blows you a kiss, and you look at her in surprise. Kremton, too, has stripped to his loincloth, and is striding around the ring slapping his belly with the air of a master fighter. You step into the ring. Go to **355**.

175

As you mull over your thoughts in the cell, Ares appears to you. 'Altheus, old man, I'm proud of you,' puffs the god. 'Quite the right thing to do. Would have bashed him myself. I'd been getting worried about you.'

'My lord Ares, this afternoon I must fight with Kremton. Will you aid me?'

'Ah, no, can't really. But don't forget, we're all rooting for you.' The god vanishes in a thunderflash. Have 3 Honour points. Go to **35**.

176

You stoop to pick the object up and, all at once, you hear the sound that you have dreaded, the bellowing of the king of bulls, the Minotaur. You whirl round, but the beast is upon you, horns almost glowing, eyes red with hate, eyes that have never known fear. The man-half of the creature is bulging with great-sinewed muscles, arms that could almost rend the living rock apart, and snap bones like reeds in the winter wind. The bull-head, huge atop those human shoulders, almost hypnotizes you, and you cannot move.

The Minotaur has Might (*)15, Protection 22. Because of your hesitation it strikes first. If you Seriously Wound the creature, go to **380**. If you surrender, go to **209**. If you retreat, go to **361**. If you die, and pray to Zeus for aid, go to **505**.

177

You land heavily at the bottom of the pit and lie winded on the damp earth, as you hear the sounds of the ceremonial crowd breaking up and departing. You stand up and with Minos' parting shout of 'Fool!' echoing in your ears you prepare yourself for the labyrinth. You grab a lighted torch from a bracket and start to search for the entrance to the maze. Go to **5**.

178

You come upon a picture of a green sea and a green sky. A green tower protrudes from the sea, and there is a green man in the foreground leaning on a green wall and staring out to sea. Feeling sick, you may continue left (turn to **456**) or right (turn to **528**).

179

You are stunned to see represented on the maze's walls the figure of Zeus, fate's father, directing two figures in a chest to a small and sparsely populated island, where they are found by a fisherman. Astonishment seizes him and he takes them to the king for succour. You may go north (turn to **122**), south (turn to **366**), east (turn to **522**) or west (turn to **436**).

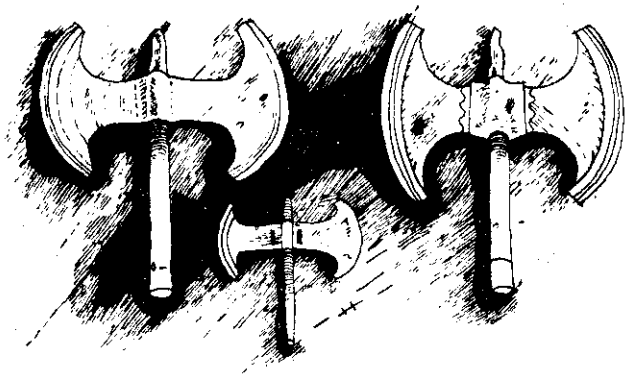

180

'We ought to get ready for supper,' Thaisia tells you after some time.

'All right, I'll go for my cloak.'

'Hurry back.'

You walk briskly through the palace back to your room, hunt around, find your cloak and set off back. As you near Thaisia's room, you hear a scream from inside.

Arriving at a run, you find Kremton and Miktros. Thaisia, huddled in a corner, cries out to you. Instinctively you launch yourself at Kremton, and knock him to the ground. The next few moments are a muddled blur of punches – with Miktros trying to kick you and hitting Kremton instead, as often as not – punctuated by Thaisia's screams. Then, suddenly, the room is alive with people, pulling you apart from Kremton.

'What is this?' bellows Minos, genuinely angry. You start to say something, but Polycrates hushes you.

'What's this? . . . Thaisia's *my* slave,' blusters Kremton.

'Thaisia is no one's slave,' corrects Minos, 'but a free woman.' Ariadne is comforting her.

'This man is a foreigner, an Athenian,' shouts Kremton. 'Why should he mess around with a Cretan handmaiden?'

'Altheus is a guest here. I do not object,' Minos tells him, glancing at Thaisia, who looks back up at him. 'But if it must be this way, it must. Altheus, tomorrow at the festival of Demeter there is a ritual pankration: you must fight Kremton then. Until that time, stay away from him.'

Minos sweeps out, followed by Kremton, who gives you a look of pure hatred. The others leave, Polycrates giving you a significant glance, Opris with a mumbled 'Rather you than me', until only Thaisia is left, clinging to you and sobbing as if her heart will break. Go to 71.

181

Overwhelmed by the might of the Amazon warrior, you stumble out of the room, Lembra's mocking laugh ringing in your ears. Have 2 extra Shame points, You return to your room. Go to 403.

182

'You're lost, Minos. We've been past here before. You have no more idea how to escape from this labyrinth than I have.'

'If that's what you believe, find your own way out.'

With this Minos turns away and hurries off leaving you alone in the dark damp maze. Will you rush after him and follow at a distance (turn to 102), or will you try to find your own way out (turn to 488)?

183

Take 3 Shame points for your cowardice. What is such warmth compared to the freezing chill of death you will face if you do not slay your foe? You turn back to 501.

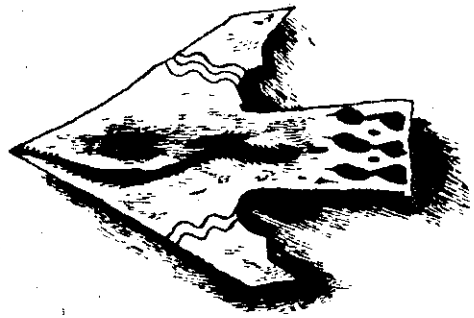

184

Zeus saves you and sets you down in the Cretan scrub. The guards are now far off to the left. You follow a path until it forks. Will you go left towards Knossos (turn to 194), or right (turn to 285)? Or will you leave the path (turn to 223)?

185

You break free from Polycrates and run down the stairs. You hear a commotion behind you, but you do not look round. Then a spear strikes you down and you crumple to the floor, dead. If Zeus can save you, go to 213.

186

Painted on the wall in sombre and faded colours you see proud Herakles performing his first service for his treacherous cousin Eurystheus. In a green-clad valley the mighty hero strangles the Nemean lion, tearing at its shaggy mane, as the beast cries out in its death-agony, crushed by the powerful hands of Zeus' son. No drop of the hero's blood pollutes the place, yet beside him clubs and arrows lie, broken and useless. You may go east (turn to **288**), south (turn to **501**) or west (turn to **249**).

187

Two guards are waiting for you. You are thrown back into the cell, and more closely guarded this time. Go to **244**.

188

Suddenly you realize the purpose of the ball of wool. You take the end of the thread and weight it down with a loose piece of masonry, fallen years past from the dew-damp walls. Now, Altheus, you will be able to retrace your steps, once the slaying of the Minotaur is accomplished, simply by following the thread which was unwound on the journey to the centre. Go to **501**.

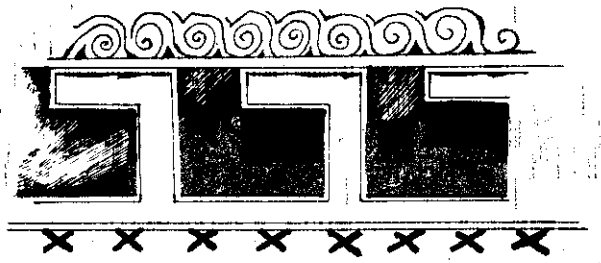

189

You saunter over to Polycrates and ask for a work-out with him before the fight with Kremton. He looks at you unkindly, and you see for the first time how tired he looks.

'I've no time for you now,' he snaps. 'You've had your opportunity.'

'What's wrong?'

'We've uncovered a plot by the townspeople to revolt during the festival and sack Knossos – with the help of your friends Dipthis and Crabia, I might add. It appears Lactris knew about it, but was too ambitious to do anything. He didn't tell me, and I'll have him for that, however much he ingratiates himself with *them*.' He gestures towards Miktros and Kremton. Then the hubbub is silenced by a loud crash, and all eyes turn to Psyche. Go to **247**.

190

The man sneers and, grabbing a pitcher of wine, pours it all over you. Then, as a final gesture, he pulls your head back by the hair and thrusts a whole orange into your mouth. You stagger away, gasping, and the guards seize you. At a sign from Minos, they take you to the cells. Have 3 Shame points. Go to **244**.

191

You pray to your patron and climb into bed. Have either 2 Honour points or add 5 to your Endurance. Go to **213**.

192

'Look, Altheus,' Opris continues. 'There are stirrings in the town. You heard about the plot this morning, but there's more. There's going to be bloodshed. Take my advice and leave Crete now. If my roots weren't here, I'd go, too.' Will you try to persuade him to support your claim to the throne (turn to **22**)? Or will you leave (turn to **116**)?

193

You may go east (turn to **393**) or west (turn to **230**).

194

Before you have got very far, two soldiers spring up, as if out of the earth itself, and throw you to the ground. Your struggles are in vain, and you are soon securely bound and carried off to prison. Go to **282**.

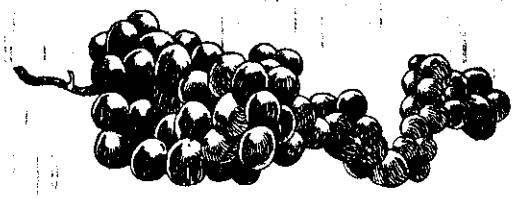

195

The next morning a guard throws you a hunk of bread from the gallery, and you eat it ravenously before leaning back against the wall again, trying to move into the shade. It soon becomes almost unbearably hot in the cell, and your clothes stick to you.

You have lost all track of time when the door opens and a guard brings you a small amphora full of water along with some meat and bread in a basket. You drink deeply, and when you are refreshed chew some of the meat.

'Why all this?' you ask the guard. 'Am I back in favour?'

'No,' he smiles, 'but it seems you're not going to be with us long. You're going into the labyrinth.'

Go to **478**.

196

You continue working slowly upwards, and are at length able to squeeze into the opening in the roof. It appears to be a chimney of sorts, slanting diagonally upwards over the gallery. Your progress is much swifter, despite your tiredness, and you soon emerge on to a small walkway at the foot of the palace walls, covered in some sort of brown dust. Go to **278**.

197

Suddenly the archer god is at your side. He leans up close to you and puts his arm round your shoulders. 'Altheus,' he says, 'you're doing really well so far. All you have to do now is kill the Minotaur and leave Crete with Ariadne. Apparently that bit shouldn't be too hard, although of course I wouldn't know about that.' And he is gone, with only a lingering trace of scent in the air. You muse over the events that have brought you here. At the prompting of Hermes you set out from Troezen to Athens, where your father is king. First, warned by your patron, you slew the treacherous innkeeper Procrustes. Then, crossing a river, you angered Hera, queen of the gods, by casting her in while she was disguised as an old hag. You defeated the monstrous sow that was terrorizing the people of Crommyon, and the dreaded rats of Pagae. You met your patron again at his temple of Delphi, and received a prophecy from him. You passed through Thebes to the chariot races at Acharnae, in which you competed and came second. In Athens, you saved a Cretan called Eliduros from stoning by an angry mob, and he bade you greet Minos' daughter.

When you met your father the king for the first time since your conception, he gave you letters for Minos of Crete and asked you to negotiate to end Athens' blood-tribute of seven youths and seven maidens. You then fought against and helped to defeat the Amazon army that was attacking the city. You incurred the wrath of the Furies, divine bringers of retribution, by saving a man who had killed his wife. On the voyage to Crete, you escaped the sea-serpent sent by Poseidon, travelled through Cythnos, Melos and Thera, weathered a fearsome storm, slew the wild man of Cythera and passed by Talos, the bronze man of Crete, to end up here, leaning against the stern of the black-hulled ship that has carried you out from Athens. Go to **108**.

198

A scene is shown of Herakles rescuing a maiden from the jaws of a sea-monster. It is Hesione, sacrificed to Poseidon by her father Laomedon. Herakles, a true hero, drives off the monster and wrings its life from its veins; its blood stains the sea red, like the radiance of the sun sparkling off the waters. Hesione looks on, her chains snapped, but still hanging from her white arms. You may go to the north (turn to **56**), east (turn to **430**), south (turn to **402**) or west (turn to **385**).

199

In the harbour you find a small boat moored discreetly to one side. 'This is my boat,' announces Ariadne. 'Hurry!' You clamber aboard and, while she deftly runs the sail up, you hack at the mooring-rope until it severs. The sails fill with wind and the boat begins to run out to sea, striking out to the north-east. You flop down in the stern with Ariadne. Go to 473.

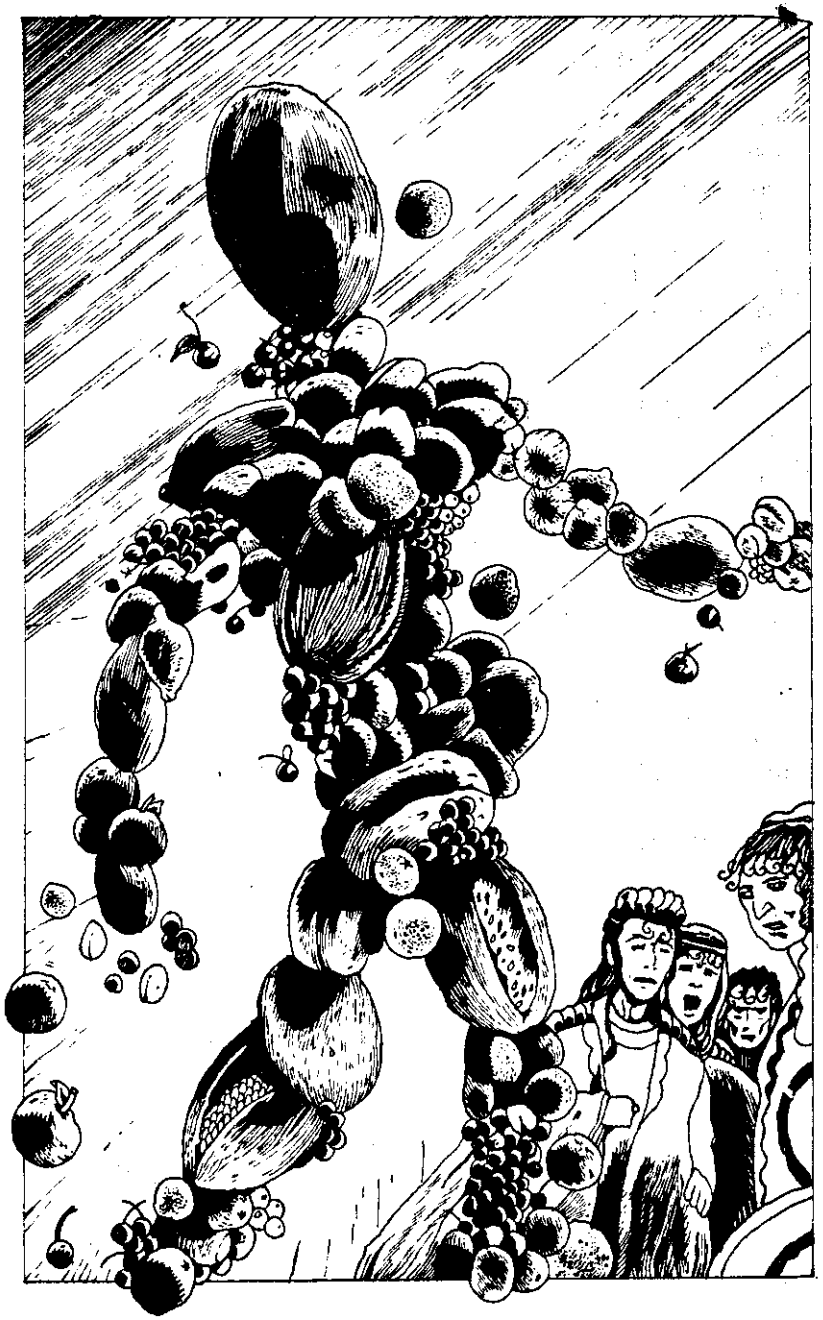

200

As you teeter on the edge of the pit, a surge of Olympian anger flows through your veins and you throw off the guards and round on Pangryon. It is almost as if you are a spectator, as the goddess speaks through your lips. 'Priest,' she cries in your voice, 'you have defiled my religion and made it a celebration of the dark side of man, a festival of death. Serve me now as you never did in life.'

A bolt of sunlight leaps from your pointing hand to Pangryon, and he changes into a horrific statue of a man, built entirely from fruit. As all stare aghast, it stands for a moment, and then collapses, scattering oranges, apples, mangoes, melons, bananas, peaches, passion fruit and others you cannot even recognize, all over the floor.

The goddess releases you. 'Bring me my weapons,' you cry into the silence, 'and I will enter the labyrinth and root out this evil once and for all.' You are brought all the equipment from your room and, fully kitted out, you give one last glance at the court, grab two tangerines and a banana to eat on your way and leap lightly down into the pit. Have 5 Honour points and go to **5**.

201

You tie Polycrates' feet together so that he cannot walk and then wrap the ends of the rope around his hands behind his back. Leaving him firmly secured, you confidently stride away into the palace. Will you seek the support of the court (turn to **421**), or will you look for Ariadne (turn to **503**)?

202

You run for the door. Go to **187**.

203

You wait for Lactris to speak. Finally, he throws the file into a corner, puts the model down, and turns to look up at you. 'Well, I ask you. When was Opris so thick with the Thracians?'

'Are you?'

'No, but I was the obvious choice. I *wanted* that job. It isn't as if Opris will do it well.'

'You think?'

'All right, he will, curse him. It's that sloe-eyed priestess. She's got Uncle Pangryon in her pocket. I'm angry, Altheus.'

There is a knock at the door: Psyche arrives and you leave. As you go, you hear Lactris starting 'Psyche, my dear . . .' He seems to have recovered his temper. You can go to the temple (turn to **17**), the gymnasium (turn to **50**) or your room (turn to **240**).

204

There is nowhere to retreat. Have 1 Shame point and continue the fight. Go back to **124**.

205

The innkeeper, evidently used to unruly guests, batters you into unconsciousness with his club. If you can be saved by Zeus, go to **327**; otherwise you will be dumped into the harbour to float away with the waste food and litter.

206

Opris taps you on the shoulder. 'Well done.'

You go back to the throne-room. Polycrates is supervising the clearing up.

'Well?' he asks.

'Where's the king?'

'He's busy. What do you want?'

Evidently you are going to have to talk to him.

'It's about Psyche.'

'What about her?'

'What are you going to do to her?'

Polycrates gestures at the blood on the floor. 'What do you think?'

'Don't,' you say, and the imperative cuts across all the questions.

'All right,' and he leads you away into a corner. 'What's it to you, then?'

'What do you mean?'

'You cooperate with me.'

'All right. What do you want from me?'

'I want Kremton dead.'

Go to **376**.

207

The morning of the third day is bright: you are woken by brilliant sunshine pouring in through the window. Today is the festival of Demeter and the day of your fight with Kremton; today Minos will decide on the continued tribute from Athens. It is with a sense of foreboding, accordingly, that you dress, wash and prepare yourself for the day ahead. You can go to the throne-room (turn to **477**), or wait where you are for something to happen (turn to **315**).

208

You follow Minos into the great dining-hall, which is already humming with the excited chatter of the courtiers. When they see the king, they all fall silent. You take your place at the long table, and when the meal starts, you set about your stewed vegetables avidly. Directly across the table from you sits the king's son Kremton, and you wonder how best to provoke this ignorant brute. You glance up and down the table, and, when no one is looking, you shove your bowl of steaming stew across the table at Kremton so that the contents tip into his lap. For a moment he glances down, but then as the scalding liquid seeps through his tunic, he leaps to his feet with an anguished cry of pain.

'You are going to die for that. Tomorrow at the festival of Demeter, I'll fight you in the ring and I will not rest until you are bloodied and beaten, crying out for mercy and then, Athenian vermin, then I will kill you.'

With this, still clutching his groin, he walks out.

'Yes, it is true,' affirms Minos. 'Kremton is within his rights. The fight will be tomorrow at the festival . . . until one is vanquished,' he adds, giving you a conspiratorial glance.

'I must prepare for this fight,' you tell the assembled company, and you stride out of the hall back to your room. Go to **500**.

209

Knowing in your heart that you can never prevail, you raise your arms in token of your desire to cease the fight. Briefly the Minotaur pauses, puzzled at your act, but then lowers its head and charges. For a moment you can see the bull-man closing and then all is darkness as its man-killing horns slice through your eyes and pierce your brain. Your adventure is ended, and you have failed in your quest.

210

You strike Lactris and he totters unsteadily before falling backwards. But Kremton and Miktros seize you and hurl you to the ground, Miktros managing to elbow you savagely in the stomach as you fall. Have 2 Honour points, but subtract 5 from your Endurance.

Polycrates comes over and looks down at you wearily. 'You never learn, Altheus, do you? That was stupid.' He turns to the guards. 'I've no time for him now. Put him in the cells.'

You are dragged off, to the sight of Lactris clambering to his feet. Opris shakes his head at you. You are thrown in a cell with the feeling that you have not been at all wise. If your patron is Ares go to **175**; otherwise go to **35**.

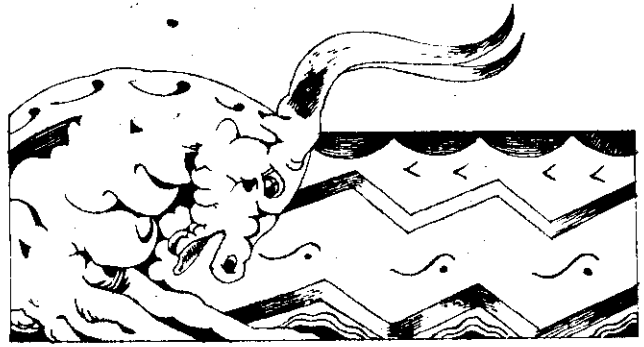

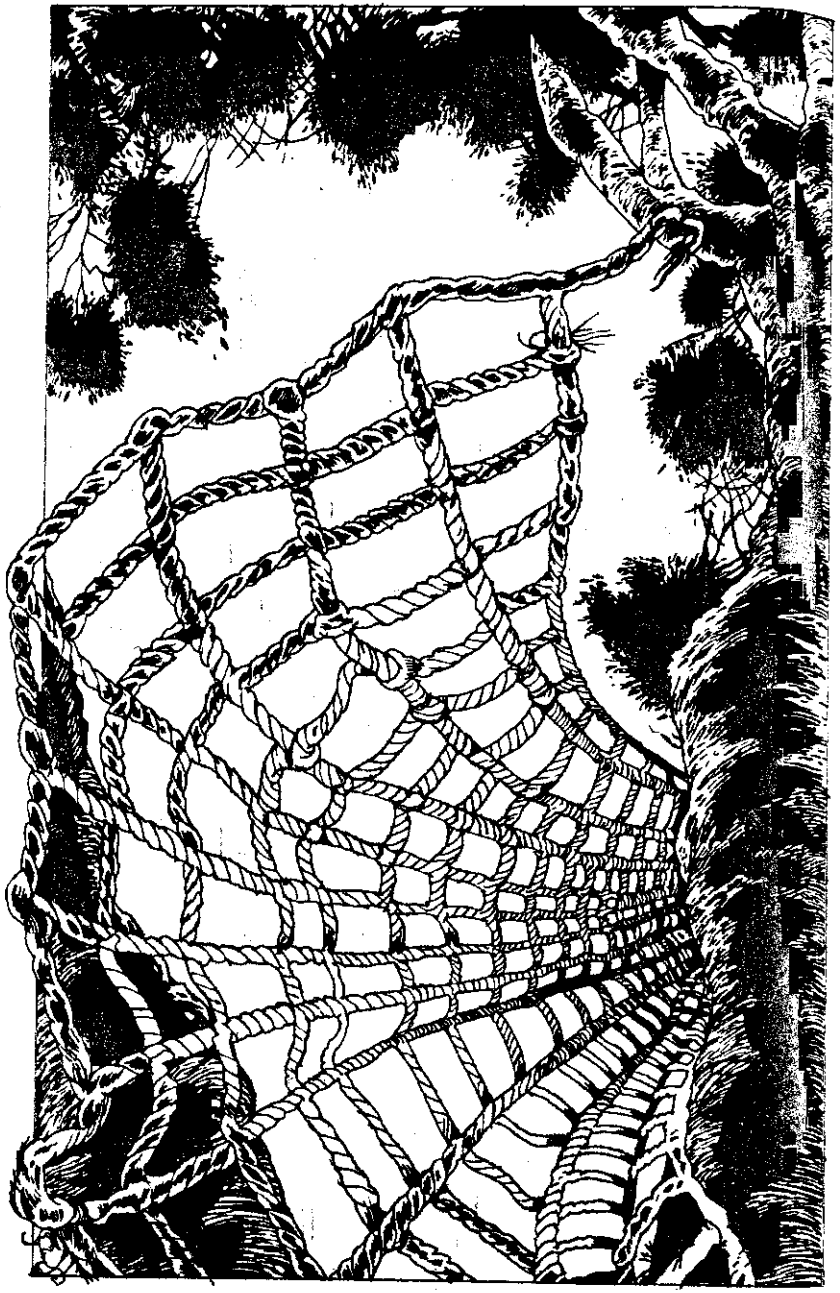

211

As you enter the grove, the first thing you notice is the shade and the relative cool. Then a net is dropped over you, and soldiers drop from the trees. One kicks your feet away and you fall heavily to the ground. You are trussed up and carried ignominiously to prison on a donkey. Have 1 Shame point and go to **282**.

212

You give him the ring of office and he takes it, understanding at once. 'I'll do my best,' he says. 'Goodbye, Altheus. May the gods protect you.' And you depart for the harbour. Go to **116**.

213

You sleep. Go to **207**.

214

The guard has Might 6, Protection 10, and a sword with Might 2. If he is Seriously Wounded, go to **350**. If you surrender, go to **286**. You cannot be saved by Zeus. You cannot retreat.

215

You lunge at him, but are so weak that he gets through the door and shuts and bolts it; you hear him laughing. For a while you batter at the door with your hands; then you finish the food. Go to **478**.

216

When you get to the princess's room, Ariadne is delighted to see you still alive after your ordeal. 'I knew you'd be all right,' she explains. 'Now let's leave this place before we are imprisoned again. I have a boat we can use to get away.'

You readily agree, and are soon out of the palace on your way to the harbour. You glance back and see guards pursuing you. Only by sprinting do you keep ahead and reach the port. Go to **199**.

217

Many rocks have fallen from the roof, and walking becomes very hard. You scramble over the debris, steadying yourself with your hands, but it takes you about ten minutes to travel a hundred yards. Your feet are blistered and your hands raw from brushing against the rough stone. Finally you emerge into a clear path with a passageway and you press on eagerly. Then you feel another tremor and the air fills with dust from the falling rocks. You rush forward. Go to **131**.

218

The guard accepts your surrender and escorts you back to the cell. You are securely bound and thrown back inside. Go to **244**.

219

In paint upon the walls of the labyrinth your predecessor Herakles descends to the Thracian coast for his eighth labour. The flesh-eating horses of Diomedes whinny and cry out against their captor. Herakles, hot and tired from his toils, seeks to reach the red-sand shore ahead of his pursuers, the proud king of Thrace and his retainers.

In the centre of the passage there looms the inky blackness of a pit. At great risk, you are forced to skirt around it. You may go west (turn to **384**), south (turn to **16**) or east (turn to **385**).

220

Attached to the wall here are brackets, in which you can see the burnt-out stumps of torches. Soot-blackened, the walls reveal nothing of their nature, save for the lintel of a doorway at the north end, on which is inscribed the letter M. You may go through the doorway (turn to **384**) or head west (turn to **68**), east (turn to **16**) or south (turn to **276**).

221

'Lady Lembra,' you stammer, 'the Amazon Antiope bade me speak with you.'

The woman appears to think it over. 'Stranger,' she says (and it is clear she does not mean 'friend'), 'I must needs believe you. Yet I trust you not.' Then she lapses out of the stilted Amazon battle-speech. 'Antiope? Really? How is she?'

The guards outside start to rattle on the shutters.

'Lembra, unless you save me from the guards, I won't be able to tell you at all. I have escaped from prison . . . There was a misunderstanding. Can you hide me?'

Her eyes flash scorn. 'What, should an Amazon talk of hiding? We shall go to Minos now and resolve this. Always deal with the man at the top.'

You have no chance to protest, but are swept to the door. Outside, two guards are waiting for you. Go to **373**.

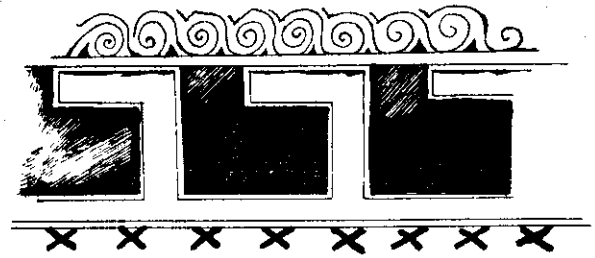

222

The painting on the wall is singed and burnt, as though struck by a bolt from father Zeus' hand. All you can make out is a pattern of bulls' heads. You may go west (turn to **259**) or south (turn to **86**).

223

You soon become hopelessly lost on the plains. On a ridge up ahead you see a grove of trees, and make towards it as fast as you can. Go to **211**.

224

She knows the maze well and soon you emerge into sunlight. The air is fresh and warm, but you can only linger for a moment before Ariadne is off again. 'There's no time to waste; we've got to get away now,' she says, as you both hurry through the rough scrub that lies between the harbour and the city. Go to 199.

225

Hermes, messenger of the gods, and white-armed Athena, queen of knowledge, guide Perseus in this picture, for unaided he cannot succeed in his quest. Wonder is graven upon his face as his guardians tell him he must go to the home of the Grey Ones, the Graeae, sisters of the Gorgons, and steal their single eye and tooth. You may carry on north (turn to 20), south (turn to 522) or west (turn to 122).

226

You still have the letters from your father to Minos. Note them down on the Chronicle Sheet, as you may be asked to produce them later. Go to 467.

227

The guard settles down against a pillar and occasionally shoots a wary glance at the pit, just as a shepherd, even near home, watches his flocks, although wolves rarely venture close to the city. The man looks up to see Opris and Noa enter and exchanges a greeting with them. Will you stay behind the statue (turn to 482), or step out and speak with Opris and Noa (turn to 344)?

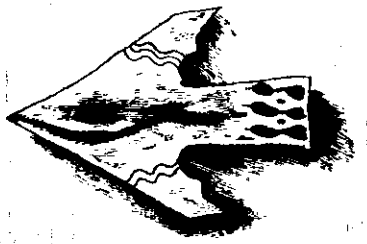

228

They are singing an old Athenian battle-hymn, calling on the goddess for aid against foreign attackers. You do not know the words of the first verse, but raise your voice in the chorus:

'To arms, Athenians, to arms,
Before our city comes to harm.
The enemy is at the gate:
To arms before it is too late.
Our city is in need of thee,
Athena, come to set us free!'

The tears prick in your eyes, even though you have only once been in Athens. You feel your father's blood course through your veins.

Polycrates hits you once across the face, hard, and you gaze at him defiantly during the second verse, which reviles the Cretans in particular. You wish you knew the words.

The guards below enter the cells and beat the others into silence, and two more hustle you away. As they drag you out, you turn to look back at Polycrates and sing quietly:

'Our city is in need of thee,
Athena, come to set us free!'

If Athena is your patron, add 10 Honour points. Otherwise, add 3. Go to 3.

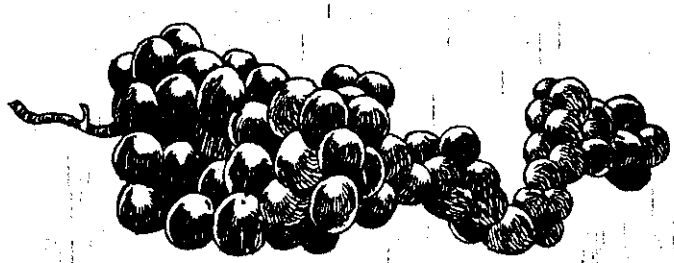

229

You reach a part of the labyrinth where there has recently been a rock-fall and there is still a lot of dust in the air. Small pieces of stone trickle to the ground in a stream. You can turn left (go to **488**) or right (go to **66**).

230

Hermes, messenger of the gods, speeds thought-swift to Hades to fetch Persephone. Yet she has eaten the seeds of a pomegranate, and so must remain one third of the year beneath the earth in the kingdom of Hades, and during that time the earth brings forth no fruits, and nothing grows. Marvelling at the tale portrayed by the painting you pass onwards, going either east (turn to **263**), west (turn to **26**) or south (turn to **46**).

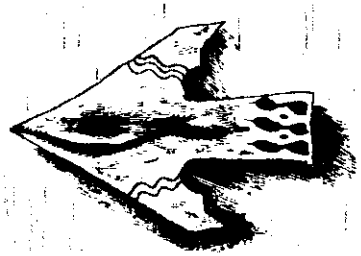

231

By rubbing your hands against the saddle buckle, you manage to release yourself and make a dash for freedom. One arrow shoots past your shoulder, but the next goes into the back of your head. Your Cretan adventure ends here.

232

'I am Crabia,' says the woman. 'I train the bull-leapers here. I taught your brother.' She turns piercing eyes on you. 'The best leapers are women, but your brother was good, very good. I could teach you, if you wanted.' Do you (turn to **523**), or will you decline (turn to **367**)?

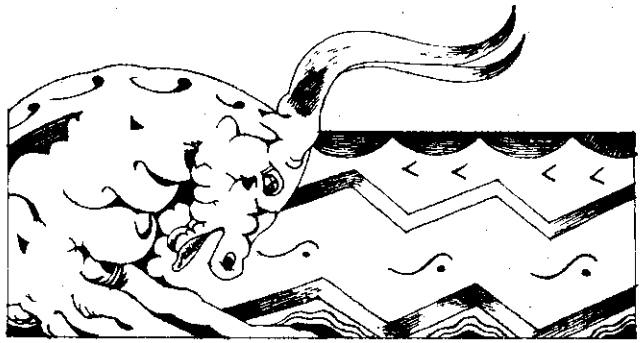

233

You slip out of the room into the deserted corridors, and prowl the passages until you come upon a scurrying slave. Will you ask her where Ariadne's rooms are (turn to **142**), seek directions to the labyrinth (turn to **345**), or follow her to the slaves' quarters to listen for useful information (turn to **419**)?

234

Just as you lift up the box there is a terrific crashing sound, as of the river that cascades down the mountainside before reaching the sea. The Minotaur must have heard you. You must escape quickly. You drop the box, and run, either to the north (turn to **179**) or to the south (turn to **279**). In either case have 1 Shame point for your cowardice.

235

'I don't know anything,' you protest.

The man scowls. 'Just curious, were you? I don't believe that for a moment.'

'Leave him alone, Kreas.' The voice comes from the doorway and, looking over the man's shoulder, you can see that Dipthis, the aged cynic from the palace, has entered. The man steps away from you.

'I caught him in here, Dipthis. He's found the weapons. We've got to . . .'

'No violence. No violence that can be spared. Let the boy go. We can trust him.'

Kreas looks doubtful, but puts his knife away. Dipthis takes you outside. 'I'll have to trust you, Altheus, because I don't know what else to do. The townspeople are going to end Minos' tyranny by taking over the palace. Now I am in your power. Will you betray me?'

Will you return to Knossos and reveal the plot (turn to **378**), or keep it a secret (turn to **507**)?

236

You climb some stone stairs leading up to the remote rooms high in the building. You pause at a window and wonder at the beauty of the island bathed in moonlight. Yet even in the quiet of night, the countryside is still alive: here an owl grabs a mouse in its claws, there a bat flits out of a deserted barn.

You continue up the stairs until you reach a passageway. There are no torches in the brackets in the walls, but the moon through a window is bright enough to illuminate the far end of the passage, where two stone frogs protrude from the wall on either side of a solid oak door, their mouths wide open in grotesque grins. Will you open the door (turn to **156**), or will you wait to see if anyone else opens it (turn to **135**)?

237

You are very tired and you are beginning to think that you will never escape the labyrinth. You cannot see because of the dust and, even if you could, you do not know the way out. Your feet and legs urge you to rest, but you feel that you will never be able to get up if you once sit down. Will you keep on (turn to **131**), or will you slump down against a wall (turn to **538**)?

238

The frescos at this point have been painted over with pure white paint, as if the scene depicted offended even the stern-hearted Cretans. You may go west (turn to **393**) or east (turn to **342**).

239

While dancing, you gaze, for want of anything better, at the amphora in the middle of the circle. To your astonishment, you sense that the figure of Dionysus is speaking to you.

'It would be a shame for someone of your spirit to die without a last drink,' the figure intones, seemingly audible to no one else. 'The man opposite is going to kick you and poison you with a weapon in his sandal. Beware.'

You think frantically, as you continue to dance; the tempo and the height of the kicks increase all the time. On an impulse, you lash out with a foot and knock over the vessel filled with wine which waits for the morrow when it will no longer be forbidden. The heady liquid flows out over the floor and breaks up the circle, forcing all the dancers to leap back in fastidious shock. One man trips and falls, then writhes in silent agony before lying still. The other dancers move forward again slowly, curious, and examine him.

'He's dead,' one cries.

'Poisoned!'

'Look, here, on the sandal. . .'

They have found a blade sticking out of the front of the sandal, which must have caught its wearer as he fell.

'Who is he?' someone asks, but no one seems to know. You return to your room. Go to **171**.

240

You return to your room and think over what you have seen. After some time a gong sounds and you realize it must be time to eat, although it is much later than you would choose to feast at home in Troezen. You set off for lunch. Go to **109**.

241

Note that in classical Greek the same word may serve for both 'stranger' and 'friend'. Go to **373**.

242

You try to punch him, but to no avail. Despite his inebriated state, he swings his sword around and slices deep into your neck. You gasp and fall lifeless to the floor; Zeus is heedless of your prayers.

243

The two guards are trying to tend each other's wounds and Polycrates is lying at your feet with blood pouring from a wound in his shoulder. Before you can deal the final blow, you feel a bellowing behind you.

'Now we'll see what you're really like, Athenian.' It is Minos, and he is swinging a huge axe. You must fight him with any wounds from the first fight unhealed. He has Might 8, Protection 16, and the axe is Might 3. You have no chance to retreat and you can see that Minos will not accept your surrender. He himself will not surrender. If you kill him, go to **443**. If he kills you and you are saved by Zeus, go to **143**.

244

The hours drag by, and you tire of minutely examining the cell over and over again. The guards, passing by in the gallery, provide the only relief to the monotony. It becomes dark and a shaft of moonlight comes through the opening in the ceiling. You lean against the wall wearily, and wait for something to happen.

It is later, though you cannot tell how much later, when you are alerted by the sound of voices. After a moment, a tall robed figure appears in the gallery and calls down to you. Go to **463**.

245

You search fruitlessly for a time and find nothing. For wasting this time, valuable beyond gold, lose 1 Honour point. You turn back once more. Go to **144**.

246

'I wish to see the lady Ariadne,' you cry, 'and no one will stand in my way.'

'Rash words, boy,' she says, and with one fluid movement she snatches up her spear and swipes at you.

You must fight the Amazon. She has Might 6, Protection 13, and a spear (Might 1). If you Seriously Wound her, turn to **146**. If you are killed and saved by Zeus, turn to **54**. If you retreat, turn to **181**. If you surrender, go to **9**.

247

Psyche, clutching the remains of the goblet, walks towards Lactris, who stands looking at her as if mesmerized. She gives a short cry and slashes at his face with the goblet. He throws up a hand to cover himself, but the crystal carves a crimson gash through the back of his hand and the side of his face. Then she swipes the other side of his face with a backhand and he crumples backwards, holding his head in his hands, blood pouring out between his fingers. In the silence, as you all stand horrified, you can hear it splash on the tiled floor. Go to **346**.

248

You square your shoulders defiantly and the folds of your tunic move to reveal the brooch. 'Your Queen Antiope gave this to me and bade me tell you I was a friend of the Amazons.'

'This must be true, for this brooch is only given to those who have honourably defeated an Amazon queen in combat,' says Lembra. She unpins the brooch from your shoulder and her demeanour becomes more friendly. Have 1 Honour point. 'You may, after all, speak with the princess. The friendship of the Amazons is hard to win, but once gained it is a key that unlocks the sturdiest door.' She leads you into the inner room. Go to **270**.

249

Now Herakles performs his second labour. He goes against the Lernaean Hydra. A ghastly shade, almost glowing in the gloom, radiates sickness and death, as its serpent heads hiss defiance at the hero. As he severs one, another pair springs up, and his servant Iolaus, clad in a plain white tunic stained in blood, burns out the stumps with his sun-bright torch. Meanwhile the forest animals flee at the sight of this battle of the powers. You may turn east (go to **186**), west (go to **319**) or north (go to **69**).

250

Rubbing away some of the grime from the wall, you uncover a picture of two men in rich clothes shaking hands in front of several deserted amphitheatres, under a brilliant blue sky. The man on the right appears to have burst into flames. Wondering at the ways of the rich, you press on. You can go left (turn to **528**) or right (turn to **428**).

251

The applause dies away, but the music starts again, with a fast, insistently repeated phrase on the lyres and a steady rhythm on the drums. The pipes trill a melody along the top.

'We dance this one,' urges Thaisia, and as the courtiers jump from the table into the middle and take up the steps, she drags you into the dance. 'The Bear: it's our national dance. You can't say you've really visited Crete until you've tried it.'

And so, unwillingly, you are drawn in and try to keep pace. For a few moments, the music stays steady with the lyre phrase repeating over and over again, and you begin to be able to copy the basic steps, albeit without the Cretans' grace, but then, with a shouted '*O – opa!*' the speed picks up and you begin to become hopelessly lost. There is one bass drum in each gallery, and one of them always keeps the beat, but the other bass and all the other drums weave wild syncopated patterns around it, like a bear cub gambolling in the spring. The beat passes from one gallery to the other, and at times seems almost submerged, however hard you strain to distinguish it from the music, but the Cretans appear to have no

problem. You stumble around and the other dancers teasingly copy your fumbles, turning them into different steps again. Then the lyres abandon the repeating phrase and run up and down, each player trying to outdo the other. You lose the time completely, trip and fall to the floor. Have 1 Shame point.

The music vamps as you clamber apologetically to your feet, and then begins again, exaggeratedly slowly. This time, as it speeds up, you are able to follow it and you finish the dance flushed but triumphant, breathing heavily. Thaisia leads you off to the side.

'Let's go outside,' she says, seemingly scarcely out of breath at all. 'It's cooler.' Will you go with her (turn to **6**), or stay at the dance (turn to **449**)?

252

You turn your back on him contemptuously and return to your seat. After a moment, the man scowls and orders a servant to fetch him his wine. When this is brought, he and his friend move unsteadily across the room to the gypsum throne. Go to **518**.

253

'Athens sends you the agreed tribute,' you tell him. 'But she would do so no more. I come from my father to bargain with you, King Minos, for a reassessment of our bargain.'

Minos appears to ponder this for a moment, then speaks: 'Aegeus will have given you letters of introduction for me. Where are they?'

If you have them, go to **339**. If they are lost, go to **59**.

254

The two guards grab you and tie your hands together with a rope. They bundle you out of the labyrinth and take you into the palace. The rope is tight and bites into your wrists, so that soon the feeling in your fingers grows dull. You are thrown into a bare room and the door slams behind you. Go to **101**.

255

You pray to Poseidon, master of the ocean, but he does not appear. Instead you muse back to the time when he appeared to you in Troezen, before you set out on this venture. It was in the fountain of the temple that you saw his face, but strangely you cannot remember what he said. Still, it was at the prompting of the god Hermes that you set out for Athens on your way here to Crete. You killed and skinned a wolf for protection and clothing, met the horse of Poseidon and paid it due reverence, and killed the vicious sow of Crommyon. Faced by the terrible plague of rats of Pagae, you fled in terror. After visiting Delphi, you assassinated the king of Thebes before winning the chariot race at Acharnae and killing the Marathonian bull to prove yourself to your father.

You defeated the Amazon queen Antiope in battle, and when you showed her mercy she told you to seek out Lembra in Crete. Your father, the king, sent you to Crete to seek an end to the blood-tribute, and after a brief encounter with a sea-serpent, you passed unscathed through a storm and the wrath of Talos, the bronze man of Crete, with the help of your patron, to end up here. Go to 539.

256

As you approach the door to see if it is locked, you notice something strange about the tongues of the carved frogs. You turn the handle and realize what is wrong. You jump back and two arrows, released from the creatures' mouths, fly through the air towards you. They cross in mid-air and rip into your shoulders, tearing the flesh. You cry out in agony and stagger back down the corridor, unable to move your arms to extract the arrows. A hand grabs your neck from behind, and drags you into a room. You are placed on the floor and you see the man for the first time.

'Who are you?' you gasp.

'I am Boloris.'

Go to 14.

257

The dust in the air is almost unbearable now, but you are determined to escape from the ruined labyrinth. You cough with each harsh breath, and your eyes stream, blurring your vision. Each step must be closer to safety, you mutter to yourself, without any real conviction. The thread leads on into the dust-storm ahead and snakes out of sight in a pile of rocks. Will you pause until the air has cleared (turn to 274), or will you try to clear a way through the rocks (turn to 365)?

258

You call out, but, not knowing her name, you can only shout 'Help!' There is no reply, but every wall echoes 'Help', as if all those who have perished in the maze are crying out. You shout again and then pause, still hoping for a real reply. When none comes, you shout again and again, not stopping until you are hoarse. Eventually you fall back against a wall still whimpering 'Help, help.' Go to 401.

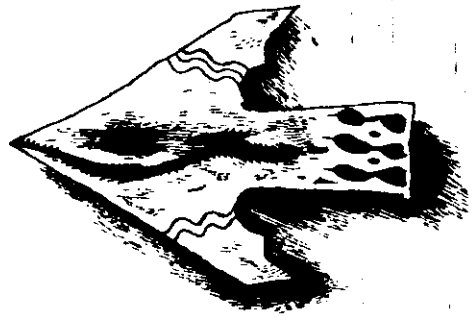

259

The way opens out here into a vast semicircular chamber, at the centre of which is a huge altar-stone. Around it are arrayed rows of stools, like an inanimate audience. As you approach closer, you can see that the altar is carved with images of snakes twining around staffs and with bulls' heads. Perhaps the Minotaur holds court here. Perhaps the Cretans perform their unspeakable rituals of sacrifice to the beast in this place. You are loath to spend much time here, for the walls are painted a deep hue of red. You may go west (turn to **359**), east (turn to **222**) or south (turn to **52**).

260

As progress takes you deeper into the gloom, you find that you must light your lamp, taking care not to damage the precious thing. You carry on, painfully aware of the sounds of scratching and thumping all around you – perhaps the steps of the man-slaying Minotaur, perhaps simply those of plague-plying rats. Turn to **406**.

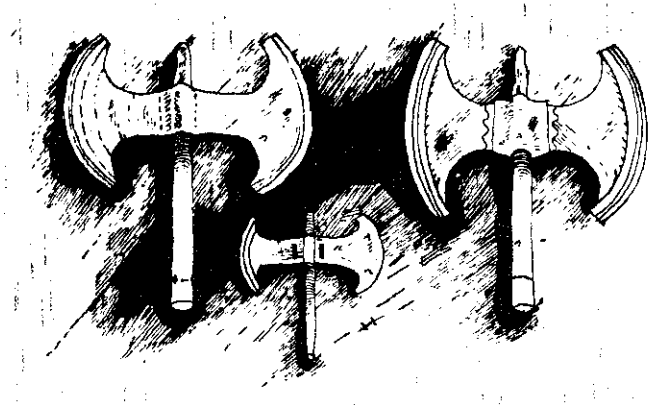

261

'Call me Altheus,' you say.

'My name is Thaisia, but many call me the Swallow.'

'I'm trying to negotiate an end to the tribute,' you tell her with guarded friendliness. 'Athens can't afford to have her young men and women taken away to die each year for much longer.'

Thaisia ponders this ingenuously. 'But in a war far more than fourteen people would die,' she says.

'It's the principle which counts,' you reply. 'And anyway, if there were a war, my father's position would be much less precarious. Kings can use war as a justification for almost anything.'

Thaisia's face brightens suddenly. 'You must be Theseus' brother, then, if Aegeus is your father.' Then she frowns. 'He never spoke of you, though.'

You explain the circumstances of your birth and upbringing.

'Well,' she says finally, 'the ways of the gods are strange. We must hurry, though, or Minos'll be cross.' She dresses you in a red tunic and leads you back to the throne-room. 'It's good to have Theseus' brother here,' and adds mischievously, 'and Andra's going to be particularly glad.'

'What do you mean?' But you have arrived at the feast and, with a sinking feeling of having said too much already, you go in. Turn to **381**.

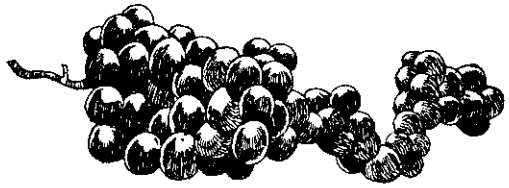

262

You manage to reach the gallery and detach a torch from the wall. As you get it free, the guard comes back. He gives a cry of recognition and runs towards you. You swing the torch to protect yourself. Go to **336**.

263

You move on stealthily, but stumble and have to steady yourself against the rough rock wall. Your hand scrapes against something sharp and comes away bloodied. Carefully you investigate what has caused your wound, and find, lying on a narrow ledge, a spear-head, carved with tiny writing which you cannot make out in the gloomy light. Perhaps this is an accursed Cretan weapon, or a token from one of the Athenian youths who have met a terrible fate at the hands of the merciless Minotaur. Do you pick up the spear-head (turn to **176**), or leave it (turn to **193**)?

264

He is not fooled and, catching you by the shoulder, throws you against the wall. 'Who are you?' he demands.

'An Athenian, and a king's son,' you cry, and attack him. Go to **336**.

265

You go to the underground training-room, where Crabia again puts you through your paces. At the end of the session you are exhausted, but far more skilled than before. Crabia seems pleased.

'Still not as good as your brother, but not bad at all,' she concedes. She gives you a small gold bull to replace the silver one. 'As a star pupil,' she adds.

You have reached the top of the stairs down, and she turns to go. 'Good luck, Altheus,' she says, and is gone. You return to your room, and lie on the bed. Add 5 Endurance and 2 Honour points. Go to **213**.

266

Leaving the disturbance, you walk slowly to the throne-room. The solid double doors open smoothly when you lean against them, but you do not enter. Instead, you peer through the crack and see Minos talking to four guards. You can just catch his words and you realize that he is sending his men to kill you. You have no option but to flee Crete. Go to **116**.

267

For the first time in Crete, you do something unselfconsciously brave. You walk up to Psyche and talk to her.

'Psyche, drop that.'

The silence continues.

'Psyche.'

She turns and faces you, starting to collapse into your arms. Miktros produces a shortsword and approaches the two of you determinedly.

'Keep away,' you say. Psyche is sobbing uncontrollably into your tunic. He keeps coming, furious, and you take the bloody goblet from her unresisting fingers and wave it at him. 'Leave her alone, I said.' The scene freezes, like a picture on a vase. Then Miktros puts up his sword and backs off. 'You're dead, Altheus,' he hisses. 'You'll be getting a visit, remember that.'

'A lot of people have told me that,' you reply. You consider saying more, but realize that you are starting to threaten like a bullying seaman. You lead Psyche unprotesting away. Behind you, Lactris stirs, his tunic stiff with blood, his face an ashen-white death-mask under the crimson. Go to **438**.

268

From high Olympus the blessings of your patron come upon you, but this is Crete and darker forces indeed prevail. All your patron can do is transform you at once into a plump kitten. As the last vestiges of human intelligence ebb away, like the gentle evening tide, you feel yourself bundled up by Thaisia and held close to her, but a cat you remain.

269

'I'm relieving you,' you announce boldly as you stride into the temple. 'You can go to the celebrations.' If your patron is Apollo or Aphrodite, or you have an even number of Honour points, go to **351**. Otherwise go to **13**.

270

Ariadne's bedroom is sumptuously, but scrappily furnished, as if its designer had known what it was to look like, but had lacked the will to carry it through. Ariadne is lounging on a large cushion, bored, chewing her nails and picking at some needlework. As she sees you enter, she looks up at Lembra with an expression of wild surmise and hope.

'This is Altheus,' the Amazon tells her, 'son of Aegeus, ambassador from Athens.'

Ariadne nods emphatically. 'Yes, I remember him from the feast last night.' She brushes a strand of hair out of her mouth. 'Wait outside, Lembra.'

'My lady, no. After Eliduros, it's more than my head's worth.'

'Don't be silly, Lembra. I wouldn't touch this stripling. Outside.'

One glance at the princess is enough to dispel any notion that Minos might not be her father. There is the same steely authority when provoked, an authority which even the proud Amazon recognizes. She leaves. Go to 513.

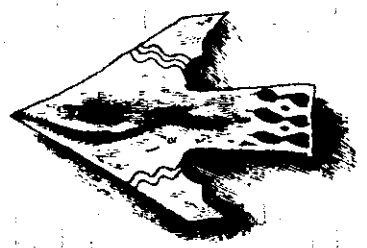

271

All day you are marched through the sun to the palace. On your arrival, the fourteen Athenians are taken away to prison, and you are led, dusty, grimy and tired, into the court.

Instinctively you know that the giant of a man at the far end of the room is Minos. You cast a quick glance around as he comes towards you.

'The prisoners from Athens have arrived, sire,' announces the captain of the guard.

'Good, good,' booms Minos. 'This is one of them, eh, Polycrates?'

'No, sire . . .' starts the captain, but Minos interrupts him.

'Then he is our guest, and even here we can observe some niceties. You overstep yourself, Polycrates.' The captain shrugs and Minos takes your hand in a bone-crushing grip. 'I am Minos.'

'And I am adventurous Altheus, son of Aegeus.'

'Adventurous, eh? You are welcome here.'

Will you present the letters now, if you have them (turn to **8**), or will you wait (turn to **433**)?

272

Ariadne continues: 'I hate it here in Crete. I want to get to the mainland. I want you to take me.'

'All right.'

'When you escape from the labyrinth, go to the harbour. I'll have a boat waiting.'

'My ship is lying in wait just out of sight of land. Once we get there we'll be safe . . . straight back to Athens.'

'Good.' She fades back into the shadows. 'Altheus?'

'Mmm?'

'My brother is in the labyrinth. Be . . . be careful.' And she is gone.

Wondering what she meant, you fall asleep. Go to **195**.

273

Down into the depths of the underworld goes great Herakles, fearful at his twelfth and final task. Herakles takes the dread dog Cerberus in his bare hands and carries it whining and screaming to the surface, its three heads straining to rend his flesh and send his soul back to its master. Yet Herakles prevails and completes his servitude. You may go north (turn to **430**), east (turn to **20**), south (turn to **122**) or west (turn to **306**).

274

You rest and soon there is much less dust in the air. The labyrinth was almost completely dark before the earthquake, but now cracks in the roof above your head let in long shafts of light. You can now see that the rocks, which conceal the thread, are in fact the remains of a maze wall. For the first time you realize that the whole maze has been destroyed, but you are now confused by new twists and turns, holes where before there was solid rock, and impassable rock-falls where once were passageways. Do you press on into the gloom (turn to **494**), or do you pull on the thread (**516**)?

275

'I have business with Minos,' you reply curtly, and, as if sensing your desire to be silent, she asks no more, but dresses you in a blue tunic and takes you back to the throne-room. You take a moment to make sure where your room is, then follow her. Go to **381**.

276

Suddenly a sweet smell fills the air, and you feel heartened, for it is the smell of roses, somehow filtering in from the air above. Yet it cannot be; more likely it is the incense used by the effete Cretans to banish the stench of their city. Whatever it is, the scent is more pleasant by far than the musty reek which has till now filled your nostrils. You may go west (turn to **220**), north (turn to **475**), east (turn to **69**) or south (turn to **128**).

277

In your room you sit and wait, anxiety gnawing at your stomach like rot at the base of a mighty tree, which crashes to the ground in the forest. Two guards come to collect you and take you to the temple. You have time to conceal one weapon and one piece of armour about your person, as well as any number of miscellaneous items. On your Chronicle Sheet, bracket off the arms and the armour you leave behind, as you may be able to recover them later. Go to **174**.

278

You are on a narrow walkway at the foot of the walls. On one side is a sheer wall with the first windows about ten feet up; on the other is a diagonally sloping roof, with a two-foot-wide trench in it all the way along, running down into the cell area. Behind you is a trapdoor leading down into the gallery. You can progress along the walkway (turn to **405**), you can go down through the trapdoor (turn to **187**), or you can climb for a window (turn to **27**).

279

The strong-armed hero Herakles is shown now slaying the fearsome eagle, for Prometheus has cried out in his pain for mercy. So the human delivers the god, but he cannot be freed until another god takes his place, and long ages will flow through time's gates until this shall come to pass. You may go north (turn to **366**) or south (turn to **165**).

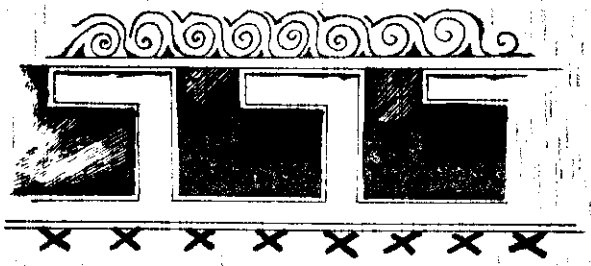

280

You thank Opris and rush out of the palace towards the harbour. You pass several unfamiliar faces going in the other direction, but you cannot see Ariadne anywhere. You run, first along the quayside, and then in the narrow streets that connect the taverns and the warehouses. The town is busy and searching for the girl is not easy. Then, in a crowded street, you see her face, and you hurry after her. Grabbing her shoulder, you spin her round.

'Altheus, you're still alive,' she starts and her vulnerable eyes fill with such an expression of relief that all thoughts of murder vanish from your mind, just as the fantasies of the night evaporate in the dawn's early light. She grabs your hand and leads you away. Go to **199**.

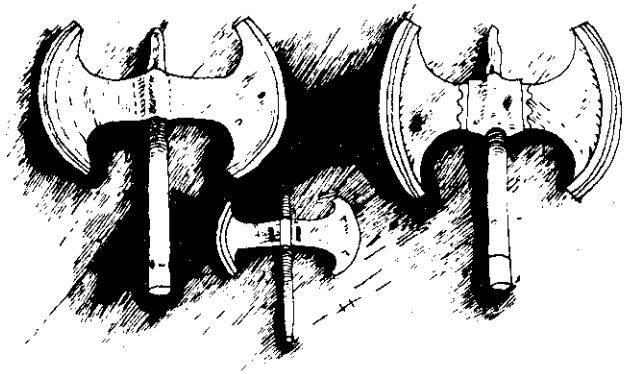

281

The corpses lying on the battlefield are as the leaves fallen from the trees, rotting and decaying on the forest floor. The remnants of the Athenian army, cowering in fear, must treat with cruel Minos, and are forced to send each year tribute of seven youths and seven maidens. Your heart flares in anger at the wrong done to your homeland. At the centre of the scene is carved a blood-red O. You may go north (turn to **90**), east (turn to **128**), south (turn to **300**) or west (turn to **418**).

282

The cell is about four feet square, making it possible to lie diagonally across the floor in a half-curled position. The door is heavy and bolted from the outside; no amount of effort even budges it.

Above the door, in the wall, there is a viewing gallery, and higher still the roof develops into a narrow chimney-like opening. The walls are rough, but have no handholds, and the gallery is too high to jump to, even if you could pull yourself up by your hands. Furthermore, a guard comes past the top every few minutes. It seems you are doomed to spend at least your first night in Crete in prison. You may pray to your patron for aid (turn to **33**), or wait for developments (turn to **244**).

283

You make no move, but your smile does more to shake Lactris than any other action could. Behind you, there is a sound of smashing crystal and you all turn to look at Psyche. Go to **247**.

284

'Fool, you could have left peacefully. Now you shall never leave Crete. No, I shall not kill you,' he says, more to himself than to you. 'Take him to the top room.'

The guards step forward and tie your hands together tightly. You glance once more at the king and then you are bundled away into the palace. Eventually you reach a small room, high up in the building, and the guards slam the door, shutting you in. All the light in the room comes from a small window in the far corner and as you sit, silent and desperate, the only indication of time's passing is the onset of darkness. Go to **64**.

285

The sun beats down relentlessly, shines into your eyes and dazzles you. With relief, you see an olive-grove up ahead. Go to 211.

286

You are led to prison. Go to 244.

287

'Between me and Psyche? What do you mean?' you bluster implausibly.

'You know what I mean,' says Miktros. 'Psyche is mine. Leave her alone.'

The conversation is beginning to assume the inevitability of an Athenian tragedy, and you have an uncomfortable feeling that you will not applaud the ending. Happily, someone approaches down the corridor, and Miktros and Kremton weave away with a curse. The new arrival is no one you recognize, and you go to Lactris' room. Turn to 41.

288

Lying forlorn on the floor is a broken lyre, its strings rotted away from the damp. The golden instrument is age-twisted and will play no more songs. Grime-encrusted on the floor is a mosaic of Apollo the music god, his lyre for ever bright and shining. You may pick the lyre up (turn to 162), or leave it and hurry onwards north (turn to 470), south (turn to 136), east (turn to 411) or west (turn to 186).

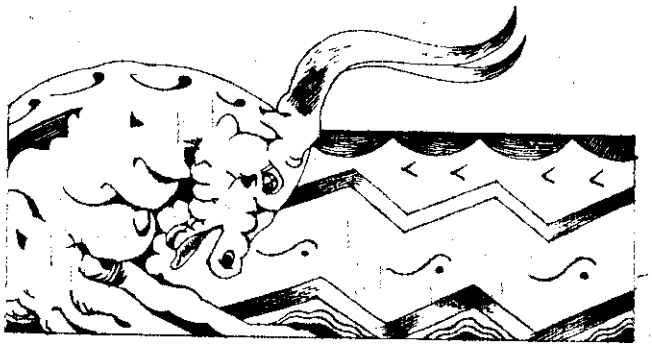

289

In a calm voice, you explain to Polycrates that Minos agreed to abdicate in return for you saving his life in the labyrinth. The captain of the guard looks first at you, then at Minos, then back at you. His face tells you all; no words are needed. Will you try to run (turn to 164), or will you fight (turn to 34)?

290

'I don't think I understand,' you say.

'I think you understand very well. I built Crete up from nothing, despite the efforts of the gods and Pasiphae my wife to thwart me. Now I see it all about to be thrown away by my drunken fool of a son. That's not going to happen.'

'But he'll inherit the throne.'

'Three of my sons I loved. They died. Accidents happen . . . A fourth son . . . I am king: I can be succeeded by whoever I wish.'

You understand fully. Will you go along with Minos' scheme (turn to 93), or will you refuse to take part (turn to 424)?

291

Ahead of you rises a pall of smoke, as dense as a swarm of angry bees disturbed by the unwary traveller; the atmosphere grows ever warmer until it is almost unbearable. This, you muse to yourself, must be the road to the forge of Hephaestus the fire-worker. From a pit some feet ahead rises billowing, scalding, choking steam and flames. Yet to either side there seems room to proceed. Do you pass on beyond this obstacle (turn to 154)? Or do you turn back to look for a more promising road (turn to 183)?

292

You reach the object and gasp. It is Minos' ring, bearing the stamp of the great double-headed axe and the M motif. Luckily Minos has not noticed you. You crawl back to your hiding-place, amazed at your great find. Go to **474**.

293

In the morning, you are thrown another piece of bread, and it is Polycrates, the captain of the guard himself, who brings you meat and water, and stands gloating as you eat and drink. When you have finished, he leads you out of the cell, along to the end of the corridor, up a flight of stone steps and along the gallery. Several cells along from yours are the seven youths and seven maidens, and you pause to look down at them.

'You won't see them again, Altheus,' crows Polycrates, and the anger of the gods glows in his breast.

'Why are you so pleased?'

'I am captain of the guard. I do as Minos orders.'

'No, that's not it. Why me? Why are you so glad?'

Polycrates stares into your face. 'Your father's men killed my children, Athenian. Now I am killing his children.'

'I didn't kill your children . . . anyway, I'm from Troezen.'

'Everyone knows that the men of Troezen are the biggest liars in the world. Why should I believe you? Come, it is time.'

His logic would not satisfy a philosopher, and you are furious at the injustice of it all. Below you, in the cells, the young people of Athens start to sing. Go to **228**.

294

'Oh, so you seek to ravish the lady Ariadne, cur? You chose the wrong victim this time. Lembra of the Amazons will kill you for that!' Go to **392**.

295

Is Thaisia's nickname:

Eagle?	Turn to **134**
Kingfisher?	Turn to **307**
Magpie?	Turn to **391**
Swallow?	Turn to **437**
Swan?	Turn to **508**

296

You take hold of your senses and realize that the burning incense has befuddled your brains. You were about to take the wrong passage and become disorientated. You may turn north (go to **220**), east (go to **475**), south (go to **69**) or west (go to **128**).

297

'I passed Dipthis on the way,' you tell Thaisia.

'Oh, what did he say?'

'I don't know . . . I avoided him so I could come straight to you,' you reply ingratiatingly.

'That was silly. If he wanted to talk to you, it must have been something important, and he gets offended easily. I'm not going anywhere; I can wait.'

'Why are you so concerned about Dipthis?' you ask, hurt.

'I think he's treated rather badly. It was rude of you. Oh well. Since you were anxious to see me . . .'

And you spend the time very pleasantly with Thaisia. Go to **180**.

298

Two men have entered from the outside. They stand for a moment as if enjoying the furore they have created, and then weave across the floor to the gypsum throne. It is clear that they are both very drunk. Go to **518**.

299

You walk briskly along the line of the thread, winding it up as you go. The ball of wool grows quickly until it is almost the size it was when you acquired it. Still there is no sign of the entrance, but the thread gives you hope. It seems to take for ever for the ball to grow complete, and you start to walk faster, winding in furiously. You are so intent on the ball of wool that you run straight into someone standing over the thread. With a start you realize it is a woman, dressed in blue, and suddenly you recognize her. Turn to **356**.

300

Here the painting depicts the Minotaur itself rending its victims with its death-bringing horns. The beast is terrifying indeed, and you quail at the prospect of meeting it in battle; yet you must, to save your own life and the honour of Athens. Just above the creature's horns is painted a yellow S. You may go east (turn to **319**), north (turn to **281**), west (turn to **77**), or south (turn to **132**).

301

You go back to the throne-room, where Lactris' body is being cleared away.

'Polycrates . . . you aren't going to do anything to Psyche, are you?' you ask.

He looks at you with an eager glint in his eye. 'Well, seeing as you mention it, no. She killed a proven traitor to our Lord Minos. If anything, I'm proud of her.' The relief shows on your face. 'Oh, you like that, do you? Well, it's happening that way, Altheus, if you do something for me. Not otherwise.'

'What do you want?' You wonder, desperately. Your guesses are all wrong.

'Kill Kremton for me.'

Go to **376**.

302

You wait until the guard comes through the gallery again, from left to right, and then you place your feet against one wall and your back and hands against the other, so that the door is to your right, and start worming your way up the cell, propped between the two walls. They are far enough apart to make this extremely slow and painstaking work, but you draw level with the gallery before the guard returns. You take the letters with you if you have them, but can manage nothing else. Will you clamber on to the gallery and go left (turn to **24**), or right (turn to **262**)? Or will you continue upwards into the opening in the roof (turn to **196**)?

303

You knock at Opris' door. Lactris appears and mumbles, 'Yes, Altheus, did you want something?', unwelcomingly, but Opris pulls him back into the room and bids you enter too.

'*Oriste, peraste.* Do come in.'

Opris' quarters are roomy, but untidy. Lactris has slumped into a corner and is rolling a lump of clay in his fingers. Psyche is lying on the bed, smiling uncertainly at nothing in particular. Opris takes a goblet and pours you some spicy Cretan wine from a jug. You sip it tentatively.

'Mmm . . . it's good.' And then you smite your forehead in a gesture of approval.

'Don't move.' It is Lactris, and you freeze, uncertain what he means. 'All right.' You look at him, puzzled. He has rolled the clay into a rough caricature of your position. 'I shall cast it in bronze,' he declares, 'and call it "The Amazed Argive".'

Psyche giggles, Opris shrugs and you sip the wine, wondering if you have been made a fool of. For about an hour you sit and drink the wine and talk. Opris confesses his love for one of the priestesses and Lactris utters his increasingly dogmatic views on life and love.

'Men for companionship,' he is saying. 'You can't be friendly with women, they're only good for . . .' He breaks off, when you hear someone coming.

If you are in favour with Dionysus, go to **129**. Otherwise, go to **429**.

304

The guards seize you and drag you towards the machine which has been set up in front of Minos. You are powerless to resist as they force you inside. You are fortunate enough to swoon before the machine sets to work.

305

The air becomes dusty again, and you begin to feel a dull pain in the back of your head. You continue, but the headache intensifies until you feel that your whole head is splitting. You sit down and the pain subsides after a while. When you move on, you enter a darker part of the labyrinth, and get lost. Go to **488**.

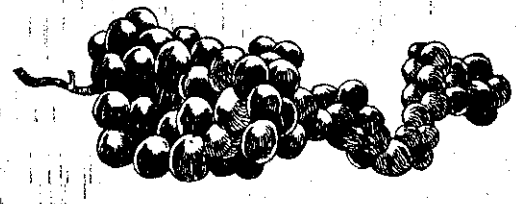

306

Your legs are weary now, like those of a man who has scaled a great mountain and looks down at the peasants in the valley below, as they toil at their tasks; but he must carry on with his journey. Yet for you there is no open space, only the oppressive dusk of the labyrinth. You come at length to a small circular chamber, surprisingly well lit. Just out of the corner of your eye you catch sight of a skeleton, still clad in armour, though a gash has been torn from his breastplate. Fear and panic mingle with sorrow as you realize that this is your brother Theseus, the great hero, before whom all foes but one fell. Flung aside beside the wall, like the unwanted scraps from the table, which are tossed to the dogs, is his sword, the sword given by Hera, sword of the goddess. You are moved to tears, and feel your resolve failing.

Do you take the sword that you may avenge your brother's death with it (turn to 389)? Or do you trust to your own skill, and leave the burial rites for your brother until with your own arms you have slain the Minotaur – or perished (turn to 394)?

307

Go to 341.

308

'No, Minos. Surrender or die. I found the Minotaur in this labyrinth. I shall find my way out just as easily.'

'The king of Crete surrenders to no one.'

'So be it, Minos. Fight on.'

You continue to fight, but Minos, badly wounded, can only parry your blows. Inevitably, he grows tired and you deal him the final blow. He slumps at your feet. As you bend down to pick up his sword, you notice his ring, with the double-headed axe and M motif, and you slip it off his lifeless hand into your pocket. Giving the body one last glance, you push on into the gloomy maze once more. Have 6 Honour points for killing Minos and go to 488.

309

In case some words are needed to make it obvious, you may like to know that Polycrates does not, in fact, believe you. We advise you to run away. Have 2 Shame points and go back to 289.

310

A mass of great-horned cattle mingling with rushing water fill the walls, as Herakles clears out the stables of Augeas, his fifth task. The accumulated detritus of thirty years rush forward to pollute the Elian land, while Herakles stands, his arms raised in triumph amidst the tumult. You may turn north (turn to 343), west (turn to 475) or south (turn to 470).

311

You are both late for breakfast and sit unobtrusively at the back. You pick at the olives and grapes with no great relish, leaving the bran, such as is used in Troezen for feeding horses, not men, on your plate.

'I have an announcement,' says Pangryon, the High Priest, interrupting the subdued hubbub. 'The ephors for the festival will be Noa and Opris. That is all.' He leaves. After finishing her bran, Thaisia gets up too, and you follow her out. Go to 11.

312

'I am no servant, but a king's son,' you declare.

He thinks for a moment, clearly confused, then speaks: 'No, I think I am the king's son.' Then, with a sudden jerk of his hand, he shoves you away. You stumble back against the table, and are still off balance when his fist strikes a sharp blow to your stomach. You double over, gasping, but step aside, before his next ill-aimed attack can land. Grabbing him by the leg, you knock him over and his head crashes down on the stone floor with a resounding thud. Before you can press home your advantage, you are seized by the guards and your dazed opponent staggers out with his friend.

Minos orders the guards to release you and tells you to rejoin the feast. 'It is not normal for our guests to assault my son, but Kremton hardly deserves better.' Go to 160.

313

The secret of the labyrinth is not that simple. The patterns on the hanging tapestries in your home at Troezen are nothing compared to the secret ways and tunnels of the Minotaur's domain. Take care, adventurous Altheus, for without it you die like a beggar, unknown and unloved. Turn to 501.

314

You run down the passageway and soon see the familiar figure of Minos ahead. You sigh in relief, and slow to a stealthy walk so that the king does not hear you. He stops regularly, leaning on the walls to catch his breath and you pause, too, well back in the gloom. After a while, he reaches a place where the walls of the labyrinth widen out and a large circular hole in the ceiling lets in natural light. Minos shouts for a guard. Go to 74.

315

You shadow-box for a bit, in a distracted manner, and then sit and worry. After a while, there is a great commotion outside, and then Opris bursts in, agitated.

'What's wrong?' you ask.

'What isn't? Come with me.'

You go off down the corridors, and Opris starts a garbled explanation. 'It's Psyche. She went berserk . . . hacked Lactris' face up with a goblet.'

'Gods! Is it bad?'

'Mmm. They got Dipthis out of the cells to see what he could do, and that Amazon girl has some herbs or something . . .'

'Wait . . . jail? Dipthis?'

Opris sighs. 'Yes. Polycrates arrested him and Crabia and some other people last night. It seems they had a revolt planned or something . . . I don't know.'

'Will Lactris be all right?'

'He's probably lost his right hand, and he's going to be scarred for ever.'

You enter Opris' room. Psyche is lying on the bed, bruised, with Noa looking after her. Noa looks up.

'Altheus,' she says. 'You'll have to talk to Polycrates. Persuade him to let her go. Go on, you're the . . . charmer round here. Do it.'

Will you (turn to **206**) or not (turn to **382**)?

316

The fresco depicts a young Nubian girl sitting facing you, with a grey tunic slipped down to reveal one bare shoulder. You can go left (turn to **456**) or right (turn to **178**).

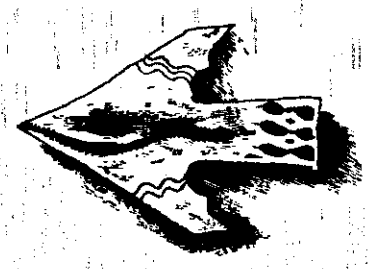

317

You turn over a small scrap of parchment on the table. 'What's this?' You can't deciper the Cretan script.

'Put it down,' orders Thaisia. You squint at the parchment. The signature is in mainland Greek, a capital M with a sketched axe. You do as Thaisia commands, and replace the parchment, but you continue to wonder. M for Miktros? You decide to ask Thaisia about it.

'Why have you been receiving letters from Miktr . . . from Minos?' you say hurriedly as the realization comes to you.

'Oh, it's just some court matters about Ariadne and her handmaidens.'

The words are plausible enough, but you can sense the guilt in her voice, a tremor that you would not have detected a few hours before.

'That's not true, is it?'

Thaisia stands her ground, but you can see in her eyes that you are right.

'So what is it? Is it about me?'

Go to **416**.

318

The maze is beginning to get you down. It seems as if you have been walking round for days. You think you can hear voices talking very quietly, but every time you try to find them, you come upon solid rock blocking your path. Now the earth shakes beneath your feet. You rush on, fearful of being crushed, until you can run no further. Will you slump down and rest (turn to **538**), or will you walk slowly on (turn to **131**)?

319

The floor here is stained with what seems like blood, its crimson hue glowing strangely in the gloom. The paintings on the wall have been scratched by hurried hands but you can still see a scene of human sacrifice enacted. You may go west (turn to **300**), north (turn to **128**) or east (turn to **249**).

320

Without any warning one of the dancers opposite lashes out with his foot and a blade protruding from his sandal carves a shallow crescent gash across your stomach above the waist. The celebration stops in disarray as the man rushes away and out of the hall, before any of the guards can stop him.*

You look down at your stomach and watch as the thin red line wells with drops of blood, which start to trickle slowly down. You hear a steady throbbing in your ears and the world seems to rush away from you. 'Poison,' someone says, as you slump to the floor. If you can pray to Zeus, go to **140**.

321

You go back, arrows clattering on the wall and the walkway beside you, and drop through the trapdoor. Go to **187**.

322

'No, Minos,' you reply, 'that's not enough. I must be king.'

Minos bows his head in thought, and then slowly slips the ring of office off his finger. Without looking up, he proffers it, and you snatch at it eagerly. It bears the famous double-headed axe and the M motif. You slip it on to the third finger of your left hand, but it is far too big and will not stay on. Reluctantly you put the ring into your pocket and follow Minos, who has already set off into the labyrinth. He walks slowly with his hands clasped in front of him, and it is a long time before you emerge into the brilliant sunshine. Minos looks up at you, and then his face breaks into an enormous grin. Go to **440**.

323

If you read the first book, you will remember being told that Greek wines were never notable, especially in this period. Cretan wines are no improvement, but at least you are getting these free, along with 1 Shame point. Go back to **303**.

324

The fragments of what was once a man that survive the Daedalus machine are not worth the attention of Olympian Zeus.

325

'I am no serving-maid,' she cries angrily. 'Those who insult Amazons soon rue the day.' Go to 392.

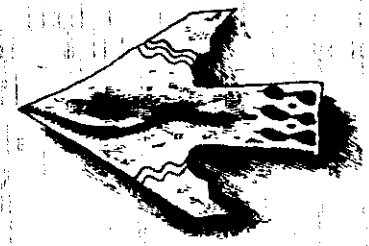

326

You march angrily to Thaisia's room. She turns away from the window to face you, and you can see that she does indeed have a gold bracelet on her wrist.

'Why are you looking like that?' she says after a moment.

'Show me that bracelet.'

'All right.' She hands it to you, and you turn it over in your hands.

'A double-headed axe.'

'So?'

'So it's Minos' symbol.'

'Well, what of it?' she asks. 'Everything in Knossos has that symbol on it.'

'Where did you get this?'

'I don't have to . . .'

'Where? From Minos?'

Go to 416.

327

You feel your arms caught by the other people in the inn and you are flung out into the street. Go to 507.

328

As you proceed, the rushing sound grows even louder. You descend, slowly at first, but then more rapidly, until you come to a great underground river, rushing into the rocks at the rear of the chamber. A pile of white, water-smoothed bones has built up near the place where the river disappears, evidence of the carnage the king of bulls has wrought on Athens' folk. You may search for a secret door to proceed (turn to 245) or turn back (turn to 144).

329

The four of you walk together down to the harbour. It is not the point where you came ashore the day before, but a small port town, streets bustling with sailors, traders and slaves. Rather than entering the town proper, Opris leads you to a boat-house by the waterside, nearer than the port.

'She's in here.' He opens the gates to reveal a caique tied up inside the boat-house. 'Come aboard.' Thaisia and Noa step gingerly on to the boat. Will you go with them (turn to 87), or walk around the town (turn to 388)?

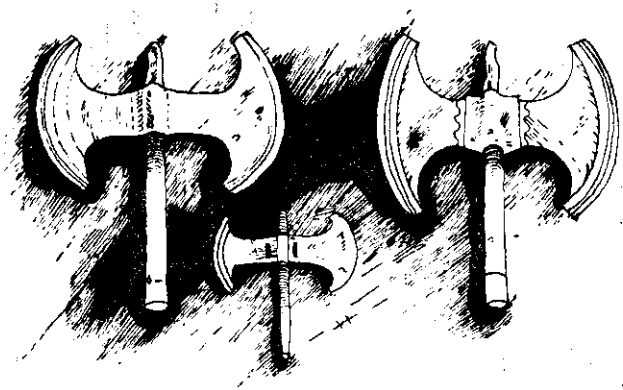

330

While you consider, it becomes clear that everyone else has risen to their feet. Have 1 point of Shame. You rise hurriedly, but Kremton has noticed your mistake.

'Who brought this unmannered boor to our table? Surely he should be out with the animals and slaves, taking his swill from the common trough.'

He pauses to draw breath for a new stream of insults, but before he can begin once more, you seize an enormous watermelon and throw it at Kremton. It misses him and explodes against the far wall, showering everyone with the sticky red flesh. Kremton is momentarily stunned, and his father, Minos, breaks the silence.

'This has gone too far. You will do your fighting at the proper time. Tomorrow is the ritual pankration of the festival of Demeter. You two will be the combatants. Until that time, keep away from each other.'

He strides regally out of the hall and you return to your room. Go to **500**.

331

Zeus, father of the gods, seizes Prometheus in this painting, and orders him chained to a rock in bleak Scythia. Yet Prometheus, giver of knowledge to mankind, fire, writing, prophecy and metal, defies the king of Olympus, and is thrown down into the grim, black depths of Tartarus, for he has prophesied that Zeus will be dethroned by his own son. You may go to the north (turn to **63**) or east (turn to **165**).

332

You awkwardly try to comfort Psyche, telling her how you never liked Lactris and were surprised what she saw in him. It does not help. She grips her goblet ever more tightly, then smashes the top against the table and breathes, 'I'll kill him,' almost inaudibly. Go to **247**.

333

'How do you know my name?' you ask.

'I am Lembra, trusted Amazon guard of the Princess Ariadne. What do you want with her? Or is it me you're looking for?'

'I was hoping to talk with the princess,' you reply confidently.

'The princess is in my care: she speaks to no man. So leave now, Altheus.'

If you have a golden amulet, go to **18**. If you do not, and you wish to depart, go to **490**. If you refuse to leave, go to **246**.

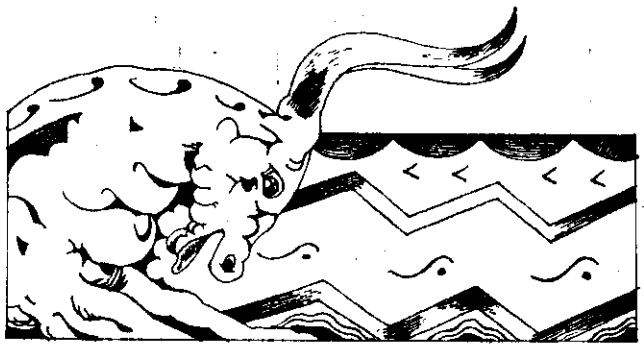

334

As you stand hidden from Minos, you notice a small object ahead on the ground between you and the king. It is dangerous to emerge from the shadows, but you are inquisitive. You crawl forward on all fours, hoping to go unnoticed. Roll one die to see if Minos has seen you. On 1–3, turn to **23**; on 4–6, turn to **292**.

335

You cradle the papyrus carefully in your hands, afraid in case it crumbles to dust at your touch. Just then there is a great shaking, and cracks appear in the walls. The Minotaur, in his anger at the intruder in his halls, is destroying his prison. Forgetting the parchment, you must flee west (turn to **342**), east (turn to **466**) or south (turn to **385**).

336

You have the first attack. The guard has Might 6, Protection 11, a leather jerkin (Protection 2) and a whip (Might 1); your armour has been taken, but you have the torch (Might 2). You cannot retreat. If you surrender, go to **218**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **472**. If you Seriously Wound the guard, go to **79**.

337

The day dawns brightly, and you awake refreshed, with no trace of headache. You dress and go to the first meal of the day. Turn to **377**.

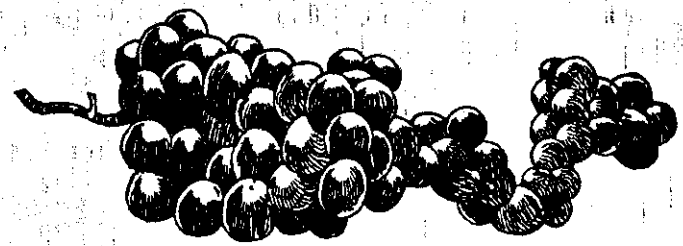

338

For ages the nymphs have guarded the winged sandals, magic wallet and helmet of Hades, which renders its wearer unseen to all eyes. When Perseus came, as you can see from the wall-painting, they gave them up willingly, for his fate is far higher than their own. From Hermes the messenger, the son of Danae receives a sickle, and from the queen of Athens, the great goddess, a mirror for the undertaking of his task. You may go north (turn to 86), south (turn to 20) or west (turn to 430).

339

You hand over the letters. Minos checks the seal, then opens them and reads. After a moment, he looks up.

'You are what you say, adventurous Altheus. *Kalosoriate* . . . you are welcome here. In three days' time we celebrate the festival of Demeter; until then we may eat no meat nor drink any wine, and I will do no business. After the festival, I will speak with you and decide. Until then, you will stay as a guest at our court. Do as you wish, come and go as you wish: we have no secrets here. Tonight we have a festival dance: we shall see you there.' Go to 37.

340

When you arrive at the gymnasium, the only people there are two guards sparring. In reply to your question, you are told that Polycrates left a few moments before, but that he will probably return. You can go back to your room (turn to 240) or wait for Polycrates to return (turn to 137).

341

Before you can speak, there is a thunderous knocking at the door. Thaisia pushes you away, a look of absolute contempt suddenly filling her familiar features. Polycrates storms into the room with two guards, who seize you and pin you to the wall.

'Your suspicions were correct, my lord Polycrates,' reports Thaisia. 'The Athenian dog has come to Knossos, treachery foremost in his blackened heart. He means to steal away the lady Ariadne and most foully slay the Minotaur. This secret escaped his sin-stained lips in sleep. The swine whined out his sordid story in sweaty slumber.'

Insistently you protest your innocence, but your guilt shines through.

'I thought as much,' growls Polycrates. 'You,' he gestures to a guard, 'bring the rod.'

One of the guards leaves the room. Will you take advantage of this to try to escape (turn to 44), or will you await your fate (turn to 103)?

342

You come to a steep flight of steps. The walls here are not painted, but carved with grotesque figures and beasts, as though the very denizens of Hades had come to watch your progress and squat leering at you from behind. You cannot make out what lies in the gloom beyond the first few stairs. Do you attempt the stairway (go to 111)? Or do you turn back west (turn to 238), north (turn to 448) or east (turn to 39)?

343

In the centre of a small rounded chamber you see a shallow pool caused by water dripping from the world above. A dim light, filtered from the golden rays of sun, casts a strange glow, flickering like the frantic wing-beats of a moth, seeking to escape from a jar. Do you want to refresh yourself by drinking (turn to **460**)? If you have a waterskin, you could fill it for use later (turn to **496**). Or do you carry on east (turn to **402**), west (turn to **16**) or south (turn to **310**)?

344

You move out from behind the statue and make your presence plain. The guard moves forward menacingly, but Opris restrains him with a firm hand.

'It's all right,' he says. 'What brings you to the temple, Altheus?'

'I came to see the pankration ring, before I fight Kremton tomorrow and to . . . to have a look at the labyrinth,' you add hesitantly.

'Well, it's strictly against the law to go into the labyrinth, but as you're a friend,' he adds in a low voice so that the guard cannot hear, 'I can tell you what I know.' He walks with you towards the pit, then stops and gazes down into the darkness.

'It's said that when he built it Daedalus depicted the adventures of the heroes on the walls. As he died in screaming agony, in the torture-machines he himself had designed, little suspecting, for all his Hades-sent ingenuity, that he would one day be eviscerated by them himself, he whispered to me: "Follow in the footsteps of the son of Zeus."'

You nod sagely and thank Opris. Having arranged to meet him and Noa at the dance in the evening, you leave for your room. Go to **403**.

345

The slave stares at you in disbelief, and after a moment he directs you to the labyrinth. Before you can question him further, he rushes off. You walk on towards the temple. It is strangely silent there and incense burns brightly in braziers. In the centre of the room there is a large pit and you peer over the edge into the darkness below. Behind you, a noise alerts you to another's approach. You hide behind a statue and see the guard returning to his post at the top of the pit. Do you attack the guard (turn to **166**), stay hidden (turn to **227**), or leave (turn to **370**)?

346

Miktros breaks the silence by pushing Psyche heavily in the chest. She falls on her back and he kicks her, forcing the goblet out of her hand. Opris moves to intervene as Miktros kicks her again.

'That's enough, Miktros,' barks Polycrates. Miktros kicks her a third time. 'That's enough, I said.'

Opris pulls Psyche away. Polycrates continues to shout, barely in control of himself. 'The day of the festival, the town is about to revolt, and you're brawling like . . . Get out, all of you. Get out!'

You go to your room. Have 1 Shame point for doing nothing, and go to **91**.

347

The scene here is of Demeter, the corn mother, distraught at the loss of her daughter. She wanders far and wide across the weary earth until she meets Hecate, who divines for her the awful truth, that Persephone has been abducted by Hades, master of the underworld. You may carry on east (turn to **90**), south (turn to **418**) or north (turn to **26**).

348

In a sparkle of divine glitter the goddess Aphrodite appears in your lap. Disconcerted, you wriggle and the goddess squeals with delight, before wagging a chiding finger under your chin.

'Time for that later. Remember your instructions: you're to kill the Minotaur, which is an ugly old thing which no one'll miss very much, and then rescue Ariadne, who is noble and fair – well, fair by terrestrial standards. Rich, anyway. I'll have her as a handmaiden, which should be lots of fun, all girls together, you know what I mean.'

And the goddess is gone, leaving only the memory of a kiss, ripe as a peach, lingering on your lips. You mull over your journey. Sent by Hermes to Athens, you devoted yourself to the sybaritic goddess and then encountered her on the road. After parting from her, you travelled through Mycenae and then angered Hera, queen of the gods, by casting her, disguised as an elderly woman, into a river. You took a ship from Cenchreae but were shipwrecked near Crommyon, whose people you saved from a monster sow. The folk of Pagae fared less well, for you failed to deliver them from their plague of rats and were bitten and infected. You visited the temple of Delphi, and attended a Dionysiac orgy on the way to Acharnae. Later, however, you stopped the sacrifice of a black puppy, and angered Hecate the witch goddess. At Acharnae you saw the famous chariot races.

In Athens you made yourself known to your father, and he sent you to fight against the Amazons. In battle you slew their queen, Antiope. Your father, the king, sent you to Crete to negotiate an end to the blood-tribute of seven youths and seven maidens. On the journey by ship, you saw off the sea-serpent sent by Poseidon, weathered the storm and were tired by a further emotional reunion with Aphrodite in her welcoming pleasure-dome at Cythera. Slipping past Talos, the giant but shaky-footed bronze man of Crete, you arrived here. Go to **530**.

349

As you are overwhelmed, the captain of the guard comes running up. He looks down at you. 'King's son, eh? I remember when they were made of better stuff.' He signs to the guards. 'Watch him.'

You are dragged away with the other prisoners, the ship's captain being able to do no more than shrug helplessly. The journey to Knossos lasts the best part of the day, but, wait as you may, no further opportunity for escape presents itself. At length, you are herded with the others into prison. The gaoler puts you into a separate cell, and you sink into an uneasy daze. Have 1 Shame point. Go to **282**.

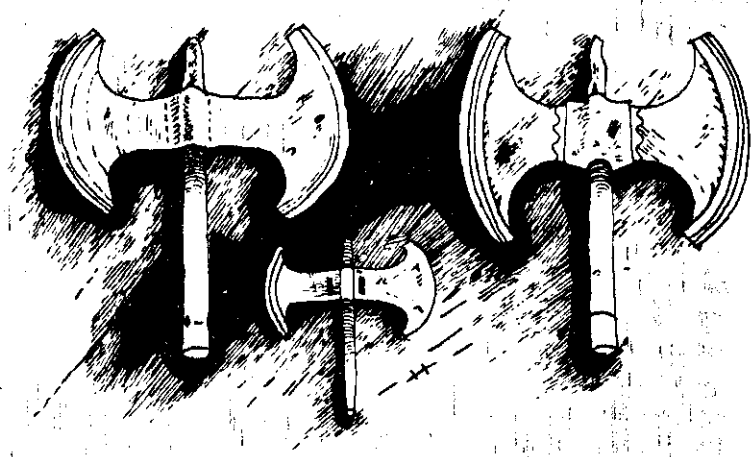

350

You knock the guard unconscious with the butt of his sword and drag him behind the altar. Then you take his sword and slide into the labyrinth. You have the sword (Might 2), but no other weapons or armour. Go to **67**.

351

The guard leaves without demur. Once you are sure he is not going to return, you slide into the pit. You have no weapons. Go to **67**.

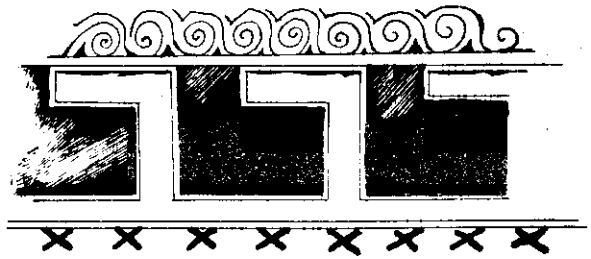

352

The roof here is high and you can almost imagine that a few feet away is the world of men, where warriors fight their wars, and there is feasting and the sound of battle. In this gloomy underworld you can see or hear nothing of this. In one corner of the vast chamber you see something white; cautiously you investigate, and you see that it is the arm of a statue broken off below the shoulder. You search around, but find no other fragment. What you have seems like the delicate arm of a woman. Do you pick the arm up, in case you find the rest of the statue (turn to **119**)? Or do you leave it safe in its resting-place and carry on north (turn to **68**), east (turn to **276**), west (turn to **281**) or south (turn to **319**)?

353

If you have a golden amulet, turn to **18**. If you have a jewelled brooch, turn to **248**. If you have neither, return to **333**.

354

'Have my throne,' Minos continues. 'You have ruined my palace and my labyrinth, now destroy my kingdom.' With that he removes his ring from his finger, and throws it at your feet. As you stoop to pick it up, his foot crashes into your chin and drives you backwards. Before you can react, the earth begins to shake just as it did in the labyrinth. Both of you freeze, held in common terror, but the tremor dies away. Go to **440**.

355

The pankration, or boxing-match, is handled by you the player. On a piece of paper write down your Endurance, and Kremton's, which is 50. Combat takes place as a series of punches. Each boxer continues to box until he is blocked, when his opponent takes over.

To punch, choose a target area (head, groin or body) and roll a die to see whether Kremton is defending it (see table). If he is not, you subtract from his Endurance an amount of damage corresponding to the area struck:

A body blow does 1 point of damage.
A groin hit does 2 points of damage.
A head punch does 3 points of damage.

If he is defending the correct area, the blow does no damage and he takes over. You decide which area to block, then roll the die to see which he is attacking.

Die	Attacks	Defends
1	Head	Body
2,3	Groin	Groin
4,5,6	Body	Head

If your Endurance falls to 0 or below, you are dead and Zeus will not save you. If Kremton's Endurance falls to 0, he is unconscious (go to 97). If it falls below 0, he is dead (go to 485).

356

'Ariadne,' you cry, 'what are you doing in the labyrinth?'

'I've come to find you,' the princess replies. 'Now follow me: we must get away quickly.' Too dazed to resist, you are led away by Ariadne. Go to 224.

357

You protest feebly as the guards set about your midriff with their fists, then drag you along the corridor and lean you out of a high window. The ground seems giddily far below and you claw desperately for a handhold.

'We're wasting time,' says Polycrates and the guards release their grip on you. You tumble from the window to the ground below. If Zeus can save you, go to **213**.

358

Have 5 Honour points. You stagger out into the street. Go to **507**.

359

Perseus hands over the Gorgon's head to Athena, and the warrior goddess places it at the centre of her shield. Perseus goes next to Argos with Danae and Andromeda, mother and wife, but his grandfather, mindful of an oracle that said he would die by the hand of the son of Danae, flees to Larissa, leaving his kingdom unruled. You may go east (turn to **259**), south (turn to **466**) or west (turn to **448**).

360

As you make your way forward, a sweet smell fills your nostrils and you can make out a fine haze in the corridor. You stop for a moment and breathe deeply, inhaling this clean air, which is free from the dust that assails you everywhere else in the labyrinth. Invigorated, you wander further on in the maze and come upon a junction. Will you turn right (turn to **105**) or left (turn to **305**)?

361

You take a step back and attempt to dash out of the chamber, but you stumble on a stone and fall in agony against the wall. You struggle to rise, but there is no hope, and the Minotaur cracks your skull against the floor, and smashes your ribs by the pounding of its mighty arms. Zeus will not aid you, who have failed so miserably. Your spirit will spend eternity under the torments of Tartarus.

362

Minos does not argue, but continues up the passageway, almost oblivious of your presence. You venture to speak, but he silences you with an icy stare. As you walk along, you observe the king closely. He is obviously in pain and he stops to rest many times before finally reaching the exit of the labyrinth. He coughs, then speaks: 'I have kept my promise, so take my daughter and leave me Crete.' You pause, wondering what to say. 'Now!' he commands.

Will you leave to find Ariadne (turn to **216**), or will you go back on your bargain and try to become king (turn to **491**)?

363

One swift kick to the jaw breaks Kremton's neck with a crunch. You stagger out of the ring into the arms of Opris and Noa. Have 3 Shame points for killing a defenceless man of royal blood. Go to **485**.

364

You are woken the next morning by frantic shaking, and open your eyes to see, not the guard, but the Princess Ariadne.

'My father means to kill you, today. We must escape now. Hurry! We have very little time . . . the guard will return soon. Please hurry,' she says, undoing the rope that binds your hands.

For a second you are too stunned to move, and then you act quickly. You jump to your feet and rush with Ariadne out of the room and out of the palace. Turn to **199**.

365

You dig away at the rock-fall with your bare hands, and soon your fingernails are bloody and painful. The thread is stuck fast and it takes a long time to move all the rocks. Eventually the wool is freed and you can continue to follow it back to the entrance. Will you do so now (turn to **299**), or will you rest to recover (turn to **409**)?

366

In a small alcove which was perhaps intended to house an altar, you come across a box, concealed in the shadows. You look closer, and the latch seems to be broken. Do you pick up the box and open it (turn to **234**)? Or do you carry on north (turn to **179**) or south (turn to **279**)?

367

'I have no need to leap bulls,' you tell her.

'No, indeed? As you wish,' and she disappears back into the corridor. You can go to the dance (turn to **158**), or carry on towards Dipthis (turn to **117**).

368

You make your way quickly to the temple, which is dark and silent. You can see very little, but you make out the outlines of the pit leading into the labyrinth. Then a voice calls out your name softly and you turn around sharply, but can see no one. Again the voice cries: 'Altheus'. It is the statue speaking. You fall to your knees, realizing that you are in the presence of a goddess.

'Be cautious. In the labyrinth many pewils await you, but the Minotaur will be the gweatest. Your bwother stooped for a bwief moment and the monster had him.' The statue falls silent and will speak no more. Awestruck, you return to your room and lie on the bed, pondering the words of the goddess. Go to **213**.

369

'Don't think of surrender. This is no boxing-match. We fight to the death,' calls out Minos, as you indeed start to think of surrender. You must fight on. You cannot be saved by Zeus, since you are in the labyrinth. If Minos is Seriously Wounded, go to 88.

370

You wander away from the temple, deciding what to do next. You could return to your room and rest (turn to 125), or you could go in search of Ariadne, the king's daughter (turn to 469).

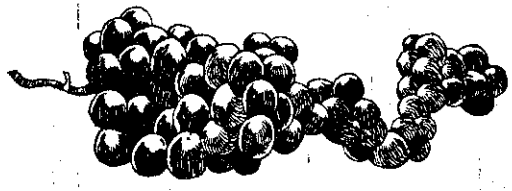

371

Back in your room you relax again, and pause to take stock of the situation. Several options present themselves. You can go to the festival dance (turn to 158); you can try to talk to Dipthis (turn to 489) or visit Opris and Lactris (turn to 303); you can remain in your room and sleep (turn to 100); or you can try to find your way into the labyrinth and kill the Minotaur (turn to 7).

372

You hand the man his wine and the court joins in his jeering. 'This is not a king's son, but a cowardly slave with notions above his station,' cries King Minos. 'Take him to the cells.' Have 2 Shame points. Go to 244.

373

The guards seize you, and you wince. But Lembra is all haughty Amazon again.

'Unhand him! What are you thinking of?'

'He's an escaped prisoner, lady. Dangerous . . .'

'No one is dangerous to an Amazon, fool. He's mine, and *I* will take him to Minos.' The guards let go of you resentfully, and Lembra sweeps away with you. 'Useful, sometimes, to have a formidable reputation,' she whispers. 'Now, how is Antiope?'

You explain your situation to her, interspersing it with gossip about Antiope. By the time you reach the throne-room, she is quite indignant, and brushes past the astonished guards without a word.

Minos is sitting on the gypsum throne talking over some matter with a man in priestly garments. The king is large, and strokes his flowing beard reflectively from time to time.

'Your guards have arrested my friend, Minos,' Lembra announces. 'I want him released.'

'I heard about this,' concedes Minos. 'He tried to escape.'

'I am a king's son,' you tell him, deciding it is time you took a hand. 'I am not accustomed to being treated like a criminal.'

Minos looks at you sardonically. 'I'm busy now. Will you vouch for him?' he asks Lembra.

'I will,' she replies.

Go to 433.

374

The wall here is a dull grey. It depicts a landscape with a single blasted tree and a flight of birds flying into an ashen sky. In the top left is a brown scroll, with letters in an alien script. You carry on down the passage. Go to 456.

375

Have 3 Honour points for defeating the guards. You make good your escape and disappear into the Cretan scrub. Checking that you are not being followed, you pause to reflect. The path you have been following forks left towards Knossos (turn to **194**), or right (turn to **285**). Alternatively, you can branch out on your own (turn to **223**).

376

'I don't understand,' you say.

'Then listen. Minos is an effective king, who gives me the power I need. But he is not immortal, and when he dies Kremton will be king. I cannot imagine Crete surviving for a year after that. Can you?'

'I suppose not.'

'Well then. If you kill Kremton today, that removes that . . . danger.'

'And leaves what? Ariadne?'

'Ariadne I could rule without difficulty, if it became necessary . . . But all this is idle speculation. You want a favour from me: you'll have to do one in return, first. It's your decision: we'll see how you decide in the fight.'

Go to **277**.

377

'Lactris' moment of triumph,' whispers Opris. 'Look at him, practising his modest expressions.' He smiles, with no trace of malice.

'This is when they announce the ephors, then?'

'Yes. Look, that's Noa, there on Pangryon's right.' He indicates a young woman with what your mother Aethra used to call an 'overcast' face. Seeing the fondness in his eyes, you mumble something appreciative. 'Ah, there's Uncle Pangryon getting up.'

The High Priest looks down at Noa with what for him passes for a smile, and then proclaims, 'I have an announcement. The ephors for the festival will be Noa and Opris. That is all.' He leaves.

You cast a surreptitious glance around. Lactris looks like a sailor who sits down to eat a sumptuous feast, only for it to be snatched away by the Harpies. Opris is surprised and pleased. And Noa has the expression of a little girl who sends a trader uncle away to fetch a gold brooch for her from the East, when he returns with it: satisfaction, not only in the gift, but in that the indulgent uncle will do what his niece demands. It occurs to you that you may have misjudged Noa, priestess of Demeter. Go to **84**.

378

You return to the palace and seek out Polycrates. You tell him of the weapons you have found and he nods grimly: 'I suspected as much. Come with me and we will root out this nest of traitors.' Go to **468**.

379

'Well met to you both,' says Opris, as he gets up; Noa remains seated, but waves a cautious hand. 'Where are you going?'

'We're going to visit my mother,' said Thaisia. 'Why?'

'I have a caique moored in the harbour. We're going to take her out; I thought you might like to come.'

Thaisia looks at you and says, 'I don't mind. Which would you prefer?'

If you want to visit Thaisia's mother, go to **441**. If you want to sail, go to **329**.

380

Ah, Altheus, not so easily can the Minotaur be destroyed. Its thick hide and evil heart sustain it and turn aside your blows. The Minotaur will fight as though the last hit did not take effect (and is therefore not Seriously Wounded, and needs two more hits to kill it).

If you surrender, go to **209**. If you retreat, go to **361**. If you die, and pray to Zeus to be saved, go to **505**. If you kill the beast, go to **442**.

381

'This is Altheus, son of Aegeus,' cries Minos as you re-enter the throne-room. Feeling all eyes turn to you, you smile weakly. 'Come, Altheus, sit down. I drink this in your honour.'

The libation is passed round, and the company drink to your health. You yourself drink to the good fortune of the palace of Knossos and its inhabitants, to general approval. General chatter ensues, and you feel somewhat lost. Then Minos' roar cuts across the hubbub again.

'Gentlemen, what am I thinking of? This is Altheus, son of Aegeus. Theseus' brother. I'm sure you all remember *him*.' It is clear that many do. 'Stand up, Altheus; let them get a good look at you. This is Pangryon, my High Priest, and Polycrates, captain of the guard.' Neither looks pleased to see you: Polycrates manages an insincere half-smile, but Pangryon just snarls at his drink. 'Opris and Lactris,' continues Minos, indicating two young courtiers who grin amiably at you. Opris is somewhat dandified, in an Eastern way, and leans back in his chair in a relaxed fashion; Lactris is tall, and toys with a ring on his left hand, his only concession to fashion.

'There *are* other people at my court,' Minos starts again, apparently oblivious to the fact that he has passed over all the women and at least one man, 'but they don't seem to be here. Where's Boloris?'

A commotion at the far end of the hall interrupts him. Do you investigate (turn to **454**), sit still and see what happens (turn to **298**), or take advantage of the confusion to slip out and look for the labyrinth (turn to **7**)?

382

'I can't . . . it won't do any good,' you say.

Noa looks at you with contempt, and Opris' shoulders slump. 'I understand,' he says, unconvincingly.

You return to your room with 2 Shame points. Go to **277**.

383

It is clear that neither Kremton, Miktros nor Lactris wants to talk to you. It is Lactris who speaks. 'Go and play with Opris and his Argive friend, Altheus,' he sneers, looking for approval from the other two.

'Why your sudden aloofness?' you ask. 'Why aren't you with Psyche?' And suddenly you realize. 'Of course. You've abandoned her to cultivate your friends here. But why would you need to do that?'

Abruptly Lactris throws the contents of his goblet in your face. As you wipe your eyes with the back of your hand, you notice that Lactris, at least, is disobeying the prohibition on drinking during the run-up to the festival, enough to make him more than a little unpopular with Pangryon. Far more satisfying to you, however, is the look in Lactris' eyes, which is clearly not one of anger, but of fright. You can attack him (turn to **210**) or do nothing (turn to **283**).

384

Around the walls of this room you see depicted a coronation. A man sits on a gypsum throne, and behind him priestesses raise a crown aloft, their arms entwined with serpents. The onlooking crowd bow down and abase themselves in adoration, like people who have seen divinity revealed when one of the gods comes down to earth. On one wall the letter I is painted in large silver script. You may go south (turn to **220**), north (turn to **393**), east (turn to **219**) or west (turn to **46**).

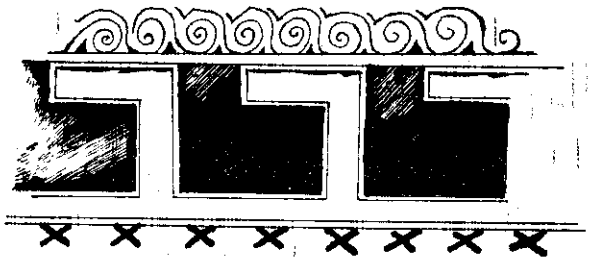

385

Herakles now seems to travel to distant lands to complete his ninth labour. Herakles is in the height of battle against the all-conquering Amazons, the warrior women. An Amazon clad in leopard-skin lifts up a great-shafted spear to strike the stranger, but the son of Zeus parries it with a blow, preparing to seize the girdle of Queen Hippolyte. You may go west (turn to **219**), north (turn to **39**) or east (turn to **198**).

386

To hesitate before acting could prove your downfall, especially as you are being stalked all the time by the Minotaur. Lose 1 Honour point, and go back to **366** to make up your mind.

387

Have 4 Honour points and go to **206**.

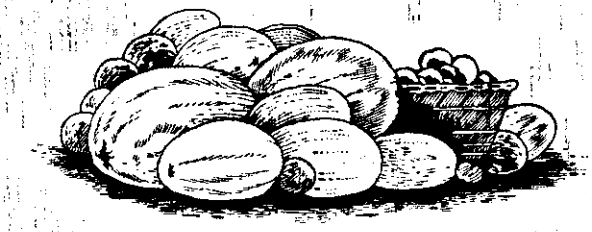

388

'I want to look at the town,' you say.

The others look at you, offended, and Thaisia gives you a crushing stare.

'Well, walk alone. *I* am going on the boat.' She steps defiantly aboard. As you turn away rejected, you think you detect a hint of regret in her eyes, but perhaps you are just deluding yourself. You shrug, and walk away into the town.

Ten or so small boats are moored along the quayside, and their cargoes are being unloaded, thrown from hand to hand across the street into storehouses. You walk, dodging the crates, sacks and melons.

You can go into a tavern (turn to 458) or a storehouse (turn to 42), or you can carry on along the shore (turn to 507).

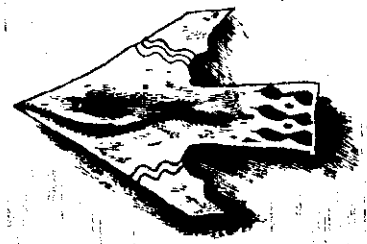

389

You bend down and for a moment you look at the sword almost fondly, remembering those happy days long ago in Troezen when Theseus still lived and the destinies of the gods had not brought him to his doom. You pick it up, and are, at that very moment, struck by something from behind. You feel a pain beyond anything you have ever felt, a blinding white light, and a sense of fear and hatred, as you are propelled across the chamber. You strike your head against the wall, blood fills your eyes, and for a moment there is darkness.

You gather your senses quickly, and turn round unsteadily. There, about to charge again, is the Minotaur, its razor-sharp horns stippled in your blood, its eyes glowing like fires, and its human hands held high as though in triumph. Salt sweat drips from your brow as you brace yourself for the fight.

The Minotaur is Might (*)15, Protection 22. Your sword has Might 5(*8), Protection 5(*8). Because this sword is divine work, it is more effective against divine or divinely built creatures, which are marked in the text with asterisks. When fighting these creatures, it has the values 8 and 8 instead of 5 and 5.

Because of the blow to your head, you are already Wounded. If you Seriously Wound the Minotaur, go to **380**. If you surrender, go to **209**. If you retreat, go to **361**. If you die, and pray to Zeus for aid, go to **505**.

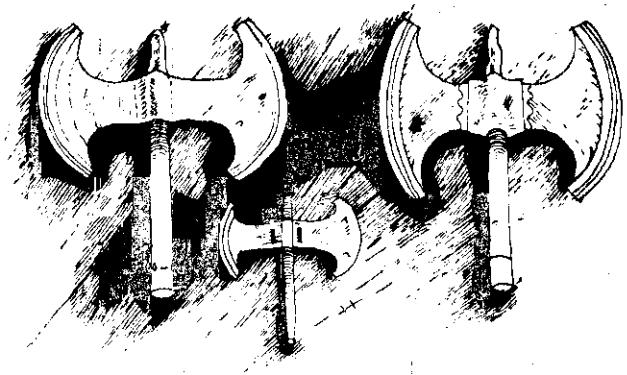

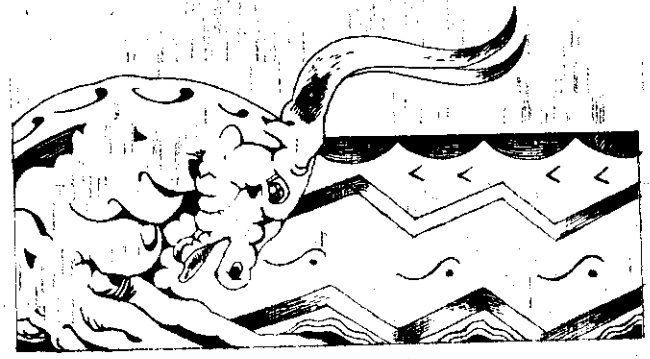

390

You retrace your steps down the gallery and evade the guard. Then, to your horror, the other guard returns and sees you. He gives a cry and rushes towards you. Go to **336**.

391

Go to **341**.

392

The woman moves at you with incredible speed, producing a dagger as if from nowhere to take the first attack. She has Might 7, Protection 12. Zeus will not save you if you die. If you surrender, go to **173**. If you Seriously Wound her, go to **464**. You may not retreat.

393

You may go east (turn to **238**), south (turn to **384**) or west (turn to **263**).

394

Determination in your heart, you step out of the chamber and laugh grimly at the thought of the fight you face. Yours is the bravery of the boy who faces the foes' champion, armed only with a sling against the great bronze-armoured giant. Hardly have you gone a score of paces, than there he stands, the Minotaur, half bull, half man, and mightier than both or either. His human half is filled with animal fury, his bull's head graven with human hate. Now, adventurous Altheus, your time is come. This is no game of wooden swords on the palace grounds of Troezen. This is the game of gods, and you are but a small piece. Take your fear and overcome it, banish all thought of loss or victory and steel yourself for the fight. One last muttered prayer to your patron (have 1 Honour point) and the fray must begin, as the battle that is joined between two mighty empires whose armies face each other across the plain, knowing full well that one people, one race, will be broken, there will be no prisoners, and the dogs will feast for days on the dead.

The Minotaur poises itself to charge, and despite yourself you must look at its face, twisted in a terrible grimace, horns sharper than needles, teeth like knives. The beast roars a sound like the crashing thunder of primeval chaos, as both life and death pour forth from it in one great torrent.

The last battle begins. The Minotaur is Might (*)15, Protection 22. If you Seriously Wound the creature, go to **380**. If you surrender, go to **209**. If you retreat, go to **361**. If you die, but pray to Zeus to be saved, go to **505**.

395

'You're going to Thaisia,' grunts the old man, waving aside your protest. 'Yes, yes you are. Is that wise, I wonder?'

'Is it your business, I wonder?'

'I wouldn't be so hasty if I were you, young Altheus. In fact, I might start to question Thaisia's motives a bit.'

'I'd have thought those were obvious,' you reply immodestly.

Dipthis sneers. 'Yes, you would have thought so. Well, ask yourself why, in that case, Minos has given her a gold bracelet, and even he never throws them around lightly. I'd ask myself why. If I were you, of course.' Then he is gone. You can confront Thaisia with this (turn to **326**) or ignore it (turn to **297**).

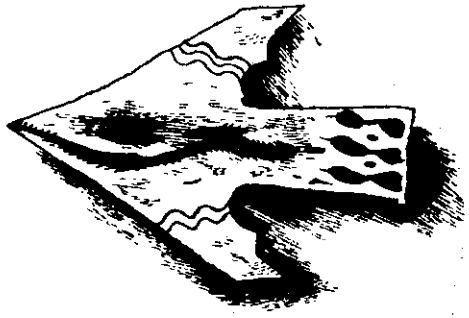

396

You return once more to the high-roofed room, almost fearing that you will be lost for ever in the winding ways of the labyrinth. You may turn north (go to **68**), east (go to **276**), west (go to **281**) or south (go to **319**).

397

Your Chronicle Sheet looks like this:

Might: 4 (+2)	Honour: 25
Protection: 10	Shame: 14
Endurance: 30 (+10)	Intelligence: 0

Axe: Might 5, Protection −3
Shield: Might −1, Protection 3
Breastplate: Might 0, Protection 2
Corn-ear brooch
Onyx brooch

Hera – Disfavour
Poseidon – Favour
Dionysus – Favour
Apollo – Favour

Note: As a client of Ares, you are entitled to +2 Might bonus and +10 Endurance bonus, as shown in brackets.

Roll a die. If it is 6, go to **446**. If it is 1–5, go to **226**.

398

As you run towards the guards, still clutching your torch, though it has gone out, as a club, a gust of wind catches you and you slip and fall into the trench. You crack your head on the side as you fall, and thus never feel the sickening crash to the ground, fifty feet below. But your Cretan travels are none the less at an end.

399

As you cannot see properly, having no source of bright-shining light, you must take a penalty of −2 Might, −2 Protection in combat. Yet all is not lost, for through small holes in the ceiling weak light from the life-giving sun, moon's brother, banishes the dark, and brings with it precious air, sustainer of mortal flesh, so that death comes from the claw alone. Turn to **406**.

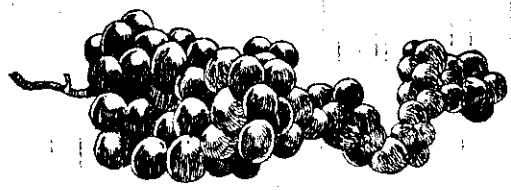

400

You set out cautiously and silently into the dark, sleeping palace. Will you explore the temple (turn to 368) or the top rooms in the palace (turn to 236), or will you stay close to your own room (turn to 152)?

401

'Altheus!' The cry brings you out of your self-pity. 'You're still alive. Hurry up: we must leave Crete now, in this confusion. There's been an earthquake.'

Hearing this speech, you look up to see the Princess Ariadne, attired in a long loose blue robe. Is this an apparition? A trick of the gods? You reach out and touch her. She is real, no illusion.

'Come on. We must rush. I know the way out.' She grabs your hand and heads off into the labyrinth. Turn to 224.

402

Herakles, nearly overcome by the heat, is shown in a series of paintings shooting at the sun to calm its parching rays, while Helios, the sun, astounded at his boldness, presents him with a boat of beaten gold. You may go north (turn to 198), south (turn to 106), or west (turn to 343).

403

You wash your face in a basin of cold water, reflecting on the events of the afternoon. There is a rush of feet and excited chatter outside in the corridor. The door flies open, and Andra bursts in and seizes you by the arm, adjusting the white flower behind her ear with her other hand.

'You're coming to the dance,' she cries, and it is clear that, whether you wish to or not, you are. You submit to necessity, and are dragged through the passages to the throne-room with various young courtiers, none of whom you recognize.

The large hall is throbbing with people, lost in the ecstasy of the goddess, in the burgeoning spring. In the centre a few courtiers are already dancing to the strains of a flute. Around the outside, people stand in groups, chatting and occasionally picking at the food that lies on the tables. Across the room you see Opris and Noa and you head off towards them, Andra dogging your footsteps. Before you can reach the two ephors, the drums start up. The main dance begins and Andra encircles you round the waist with her eager left arm. Your right arm firmly grips her far shoulder and with your left, you seize hold of Psyche to complete the dancing circle around a ritual amphora full of wine. As the drums beat out, the ring moves one way, then the other, oscillating in time with the music. The pace increases and you, with the rest, begin to kick into the centre of the circle with alternate feet.

If Apollo is your patron, go to 480. If not, but you are in Favour with Dionysus, go to 239. Otherwise go to 118.

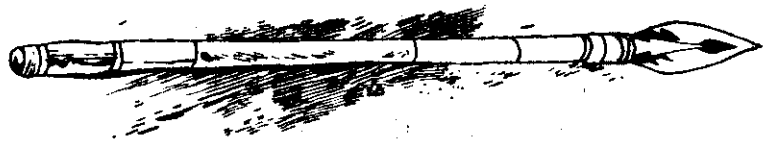

404

As you slouch, Hera, queen of the gods, appears and hits you sharply between the shoulder-blades.

'Stand up!' she cries. 'Now, remember what I've told you. Dispose of the Minotaur, get the sword and at all costs avoid the slut Ariadne. Quickly.' And the goddess is gone, with a sparkle like a floor finely polished by a sweating slave. You think back over your journey.

At the prompting of Hermes, mischievous messenger of the gods, you set off for Athens. You started by wiping out a dirty, disease-ridden wolf, but were less successful with the temple of Asclepius in Epidaurus. You carried Hera, your patron, across a swollen river, which was only right, even though she was in disguise, but incurred the anger of Poseidon by attacking his horse, a piece of rudeness for which you were well punished. You did slay the Crommyonian sow, however, thus allowing the people of Crommyon to live out their lives in ordered contentment. After this, you were bitten by the rats of Pagae and had a serious fever for days. You journeyed to Delphi, but disappointed your patron very gravely when you attended an orgy in the woods. You were only forgiven when your chariot crashed in the races at Acharnae.

In Athens, you deflected a potential Amazon attack by returning the sacred hairpin, and were told by Queen Antiope to visit Lembra in Crete. You were sent by your father to Crete to negotiate an end to the tribute.

You passed safely through an attack by a sea-serpent, but killed Poseidon's cattle on Melos and angered Hephaestus on Thera. After a storm, you gave food to the wild man of Cythera and got past Talos, the bronze man of Crete, to end up here. Go to 499.

405

You tread warily along the walkway, with the wind shrieking around you. As you reach a point halfway along the wall, guards emerge from a trapdoor at the far end and start to fire at you. Their arrows go wide, but they start to advance towards you. You can rush into the attack (turn to 398), climb for a window (turn to 27), or work your way back (turn to 321).

406

You reach the foot of the flight of stairs. Above you the slab crashes back down, barring the entrance. You must proceed. Beyond you stretches the labyrinth. It will be an awesome task indeed to brave its reaches, and yet harder to meet with the Minotaur. Perhaps adventurous Altheus will suffer the same fate as his heroic brother, and his shade will whine for ever, homeless at the borders of the house of Hades.

On the walls to left and right are brightly painted frescos depicting scenes of bull-leaping in the arena of Knossos. One youth takes hold of the sabre-sharp horns, while another springs atop its cold, hard back. The onlookers cheer and clap their hands, blood-lust in their eyes. If only it were as easy to kill the king of bulls! If you have some means of finding your way around the labyrinth, go to 487. Otherwise, go to 501.

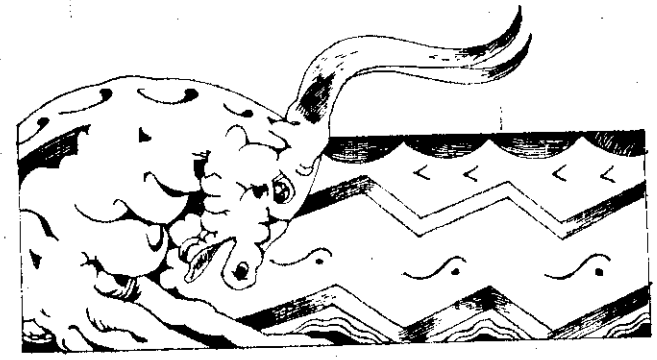

407

You wander into the palace and go straight to Ariadne's room. You knock once, loudly, and the door opens slowly. A beautiful woman stands in the doorway. She grabs you and hauls you into the room, then stands between you and the door.

'Altheus,' she chides. 'Altheus. How can you come in here with violence in your heart? All maidens, and a few others, are under my protection.'

It is the goddess Aphrodite, attired in skimpy radiance. You sink to your knees, chastened, all thoughts of murder banished from your mind. She bends, kisses your forehead, and then is gone, leaving only a suspicion of heavenly brightness.

Ariadne arrives at the door and seizes you by the arm. 'Come with me,' she orders, and with the memory of the goddess still lingering in your mind, you are in no mood to resist. Go to 199.

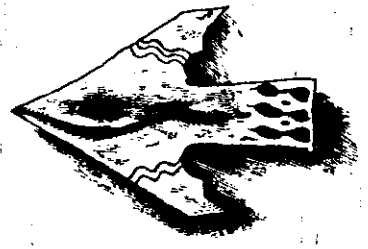

408

You rise to your feet as the rest of the company stands. Minos mumbles a few words, but you cannot understand, for they are in some ancient, obscure language. The courtiers begin to leave the hall, and soon there are only half a dozen left. As you start to leave, Miktros jostles past you with unnecessary violence, and then Kremton shoves you to the floor, saying, 'Out of my way, foreign upstart.'

This is too much and your patience is broken, like the dam which holds against the river until, at last, the swollen flood

bursts through, and the people of the valley are drowned. You lash out at Kremton. The blow catches him by surprise and he steps back, clutching his injured cheek. He starts to advance, but suddenly checks himself. A large hand clamps your right shoulder and you turn to see Minos' grim features.

'Control yourself, and save your energy. Tomorrow you shall fight each other in the pankration. The goddess Demeter demands that two strong youths battle in the boxing-ring until one cries out for his life on the dust. Now keep apart until the contest.'

He dismisses you both with a weary wave, and you depart to your room, musing on the words of the king. Go to 500.

409

You sit and wait for your hands to recover from the digging. After a long time they still hurt, so you decide to carry on. You wind up the thread into a ball as you trudge along behind it. Suddenly you stop and look in astonishment as towards you walks King Minos, slowly winding the thread up from the other end. Turn to 525.

410

'I have never heard tell of Cyron, and I am not she. The Amazons permit no such mistakes, villain!' Go to 392.

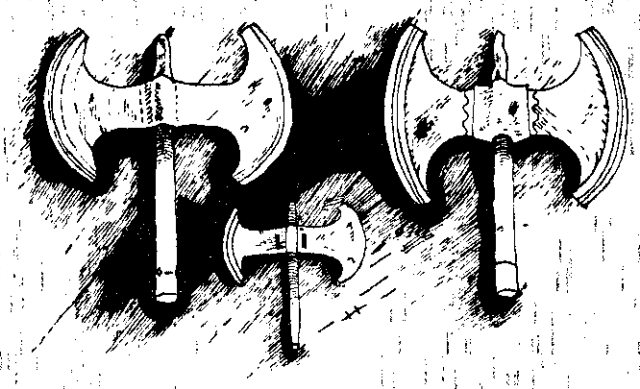

411

Acrisios, lord of Argos and father of Danae, is re-created in fresco, his eyes alive with anger, his tunic of the deepest purple. His own daughter he orders locked in a chest with her infant son, and cast into the wine-dark sea, like the master who throws out his faithful servants in the cold night's bitter chill. Danae stands clasping the infant Perseus, pleading for clemency. You may go north (turn to 436), south (turn to 96) or west (turn to 288).

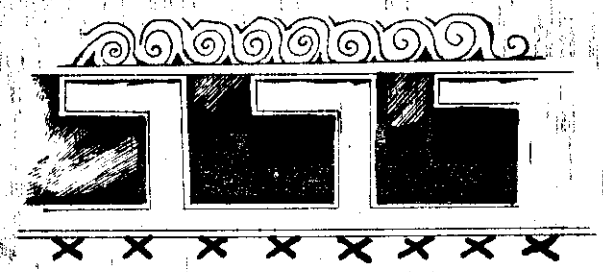

412

You climb the rope-ladder cautiously, and push open the trapdoor. This leads outside to a narrow walkway along the bottom of the palace walls. You can venture along it (turn to 278) or go back inside (turn to 187).

413

It is very difficult to climb out, and several times you slip and fall back into the labyrinth. Eventually, however, you manage to scramble out and see that you are back in the temple. Minos and the guard have gone and there is an eerie silence. You must decide whether you wish to leave Crete or whether you will press your claim to the throne.

Will you go in search of Ariadne and leave Crete (turn to 216)? Will you seek out some member of the court to help you in your claim (turn to 421)? Or will you try to find Minos (turn to 495)?

414

Do you quake so close to your quarry? Lose 1 Honour point and return to **394**.

415

'No, Polycrates,' you reply. 'Crete will hail me as a saviour. I have freed them from Minos' tyranny. I have no need of you and your network of spies. I shall rule as the popular choice.' Do you bind him (turn to **201**), kill him (turn to **60**) or release him and order him to leave Knossos (turn to **12**)?

416

'Yes,' she sobs. 'Minos wanted me to find out why you are here. I didn't want to tell him, but they were trying to force me. I wouldn't have. I wouldn't,' she cries hysterically.

You hold her tight and her weeping calms. She breaks away from your embrace and stands thinking.

'I must leave,' she declares after a few seconds. 'Minos' wrath will seek me out. I must go to my mother's house. I'll be safe there; the shepherds of southern Crete are independent folk. Think kindly of me, Altheus, when you lie once again on the hillsides of Troezen.' She kisses you once and is gone.

Saddened, you walk away from the room, but the memories linger. The sound of a gong stirs you from your thoughts and tells you that lunch is beginning. Go to **109**.

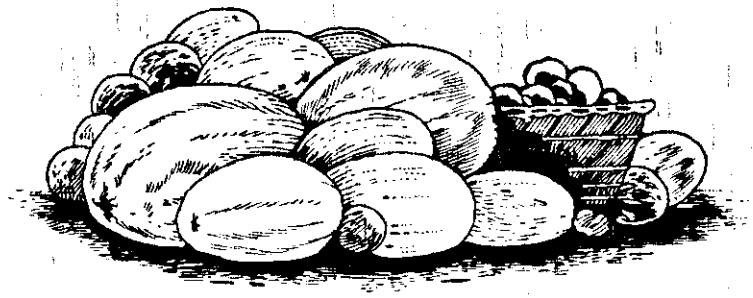

417

The dust in the maze is very thick now and you lose all sense of direction. Your eyes itch and you cannot help rubbing them until they are bloodshot. Finally you can bear it no longer and, shutting your eyes completely, you push forward, feeling with your hands. When you open your eyes again, the dust has cleared. You can turn left (turn to **70**) or press straight on (turn to **512**).

418

Persephone wanders away from her mother Demeter on the fresco, and when she has strayed too far, she is snatched away by grim Hades, king of darkness, lord of the dead, and carried to his gloomy kingdom to be his queen. You may go to the east (turn to **281**), south (turn to **77**) or north (turn to **347**).

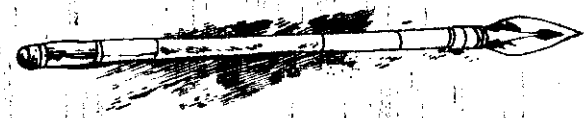

419

Unseen by the slave, you follow him to the huge kitchens where, deep in the bowels of the palace, the lavish meals of the court are prepared. Unseen, you slip through the double doors and sit, all but overpowered by the heat. Unseen, you watch and listen.

The slaves chatter incessantly as they rush about the kitchens, collecting fruits from the storeroom, putting more sticks on the open fire, sweeping the cold stone floor and making the food ready for the dance. You strain your ears, but the eclectic mix of Mediterranean tongues means that only a few phrases are intelligible.

'. . . Do you know how they make veal? They take . . .'

'. . . But they caught him soliciting in a public labyrinth . . .'

'. . . Some fool was poking around the melons and found it all.'

Suddenly a fight breaks out between two of the cooks, and the others, eager for any diversion on this hot afternoon, gather round the grappling pair in a flexing, clapping circle. One of the two twists to sink his teeth into the other's thigh; he cries out in pain and thrashes around wildly before jerking his leg away, clapping his hand to it to stem the welling blood. The first cook seizes up a pot of boiling water and casts it into the injured man's face. He begins to follow up this attack with a hail of oranges, but is restrained by his fellows. The other cook, badly scalded, is led away, whimpering and blinded, and you take this opportunity to slip out and return to your room. Go to **403**.

420

On your way to Lactris' room, you are accosted by Kremton and Miktros. Kremton's breath already smells of wine and his face is flushed: it occurs to you that he must be built like an ox, to drink as much as he does. As he grabs your tunic and slams you against the wall, you realize that the comparison was accurate: he *is* built like an ox.

'What is there between you and Psyche?' hisses Miktros, spitting in your face.

You can fight them both (turn to 49), or try to talk your way out of it (turn to 287).

421

If you were imprisoned directly before you were flung into the labyrinth, go to 510. Otherwise go to 172.

422

You set off down the passageway to the right, but there is no sign of Minos and you are soon hopelessly lost. Turn to 488.

423

Ah, adventurous Altheus, only one man ever knew the way around the twists and turns of the Cretan labyrinth, and Daedalus left no records. Perhaps the parchment you possess depicts some other place. In any case it will not help you here at all. Have 1 Shame point, and turn to 501.

424

'My lord,' you protest. 'You prompt me to murder your own son. I'll have none of it.'

Minos shrugs. 'It'll happen. Remember, you had the whole of Crete in your hands today, and gave it away. That doesn't happen to many. I'll see you at lunch.' He walks away. You stand stunned for a moment, and then follow him to lunch. Go to 78.

425

You pause to pick up an arrow. You can examine it later. You may attack the guards (turn to 398), work your way back to the trapdoor (turn to 321), or climb for a window (turn to 27).

426

You confess everything and Polycrates scowls. 'Consider yourself lucky that I have no time to deal with you now,' he says. 'If I were you, I'd return to my room and stay there.'

You run back to your room and lie on your bed. Go to 213.

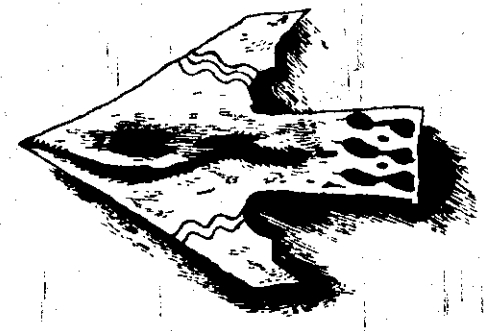

427

You become aware of a cut on your left hand, where a splinter of shell has hit it, and suck the blood clean, reflectively. It is not entirely clear what Minos means.

'I've been watching you, Altheus,' he growls. 'You're clever, Aegeus' son. You'll be king yourself one day – of . . . Athens.' He leans towards you. 'You could be king of Crete.'

Go to 290.

428

You pause to look at the wall. It bears a monochrome picture of a man looking at a wall. You go to 456. He does not.

429

Pangryon, the High Priest, bursts into the room with several guards. There is an angry, embarrassed silence, then he speaks: 'So this is how you keep the festival of Demeter. Missing the festival dance and drinking, in contravention of the sacred rites.' No one knows where to look. 'I'll deal with you later,' he continues, 'and that's not a threat, it's a promise.' Then, to you: 'As for you, Athenian, you're going to prison. I'll answer to Minos.' He indicates to two guards, who carry you off, in no condition to resist. Have 1 Shame point, and go to **244**.

430

By means of the winged sandals, Perseus mounts up into the air and flies far and long to the very coast of Ocean. The Gorgons, each with a mass of twisting snakes instead of hair, are asleep, and the hissing of their locks does not awaken them. Looking in the mirror, bright-eyed Perseus cuts off Medusa's head, for to behold her directly would transform his body to a stone. Into the wallet Perseus places the Gorgon's head, and eludes the pursuit of her sisters by means of his magic helmet, which renders him invisible. You may travel on to the north (turn to **52**), east (turn to **338**), west (turn to **198**) or south (turn to **273**).

431

'Noble king, I bring greetings from Eliduros.' You stop, for Minos looks furious.

'He seeks to mock me with the name of that renegade,' shouts the king. 'I will not be taunted by this Athenian puppy: take him away.'

Still surprised by the vehemence of the king's reaction, you are hauled away by the guards and locked in a dismal cell. Go to **493**.

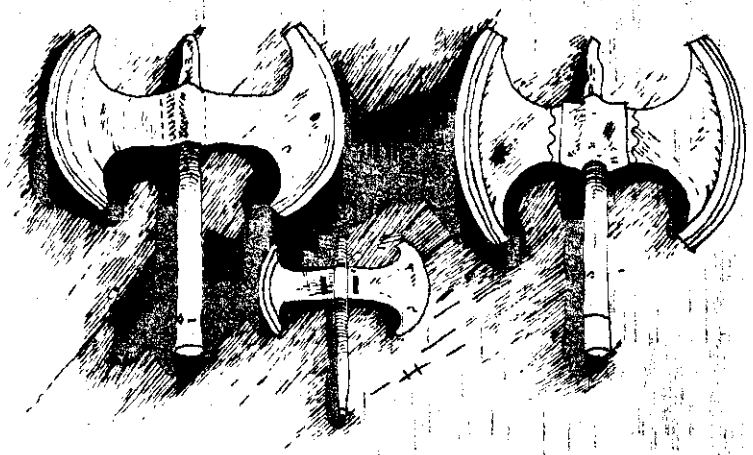

432

You pick the ring up, but as you do, you hear a terrible roaring and bellowing sound, so loud it almost sets the walls to shaking. It must be the Minotaur! In your panic you drop the ring. Take 1 Shame point. You must go quickly to the north (turn to **46**), east (turn to **68**), west (turn to **347**) or south (turn to **281**).

433

Minos calls to a handmaiden. 'Thaisia, take Altheus and make him presentable.' A short girl with wide eyes and a skull-like-face comes towards you. 'Find him a room, get him washed, bring him back for the feast.' And, to you: 'Time enough then to find out why you're here.'

Thaisia pulls at your sleeve. 'This way.' Go to **515**.

434

You are indeed right to shake at the sight of the Minotaur, for, after all, your brother, a distant relative of the beast, was not spared its wrath. Theseus was probably in fact only your half-brother (have 1 Shame point), with Poseidon as his true father. Although the origins of the bull which sired the Minotaur are shrouded in sea-spray, according to the most reputable sources Poseidon had a hand in its conception. The bull ravished Minos' wife, Pasiphae, who gave birth to the Minotaur. Theseus was thus the half-uncle of the Minotaur. For unravelling the genealogical complexities of the situation at such a stressful moment, have 3 Honour points, and return to **394**.

435

You fall into conversation with Opris, who seems only mildly surprised that you have escaped from the labyrinth and that you have killed the Minotaur.

'The whole place is falling to pieces,' he admits. 'There was an earthquake while you were in there; of course, we're used to tremors here in Crete, but this was a big one. Anyway, Minos has disappeared, and so has Polycrates. Goodness knows what they're scheming away at in secret.' You are glad that he does not notice your ashen face. 'Ariadne's decided to leave Crete in the confusion, and if I were you I'd try to get a boat and do the same.'

On hearing of Ariadne's flight, you realize that you will not have to kill the girl. Do you now continue talking to Opris (turn to **22**), or do you take his advice and leave Crete (turn to **116**)?

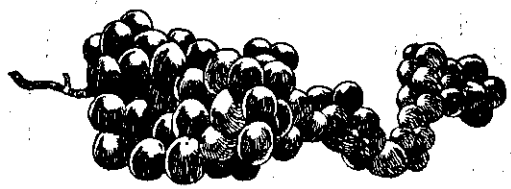

436

A thousand shades of blue confront you here, and you almost think yourself adrift on the open ocean; but no, for this is Danae depicted now, cruelly thrown about by the wild waters. How bitterly she seems to mourn the day that Zeus came to her. With tears in your eyes at the sadness of the tale you proceed. You may go north (turn to **106**), east (turn to **179**), west (turn to **470**) or south (turn to **411**).

437

'They call me the Swallow because I am a spy for Minos, but while Minos only bought my aid, you have won my friendship. Minos ordered me to unearth the real reason for your trip, but I have not told what you revealed in your sleep. Now you must return to your room, for if Polycrates finds you here, we will both be in great danger. I will go to my mother's home. There I will be safe from Minos' revenge.' You return to your room. Go to **125**.

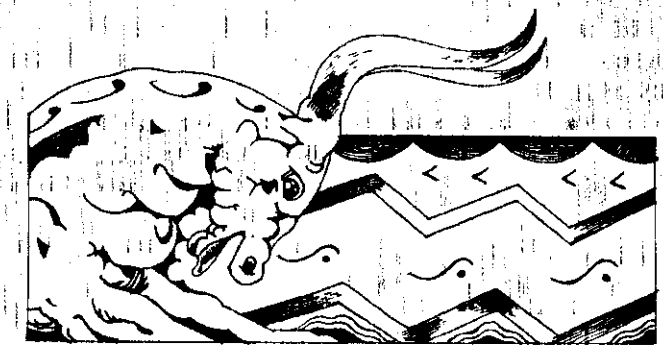

438

You take Psyche to your room and put her, still shaking, on the bed. You stare blankly out of the window at the sea and the gulls drifting lazily above it. Opris enters. 'Is she . . . er . . .?' He nods towards the bed.

'She's all right. How about Lactris?'

'Bad. His face is all sliced up, the hand . . . Dipthis is looking at him now, but I don't know if it'll be any good.' He hesitates. 'Altheus, go and talk to Polycrates. Please – before he does anything about her.'

'Polycrates hates me.'

'Well, Minos then. Do something.'

Will you do as he suggests (turn to **387**) or refuse (turn to **457**)?

439

What you have learned is worth 4 points of Intelligence. Go to **403**.

440

Minos cries out, 'Guards,' at the top of his voice, and smiles as you struggle to your feet. Before you can escape, Polycrates and two guards are beside you. Minos turns and addresses the captain of the guard: 'Polycrates, arrest this Athenian thief. He has stolen my ring of office.'

Do you fight the guards (turn to **34**), do you go with them without a fight (turn to **502**), or do you claim that Minos gave you the ring (turn to **289**)?

441

'Let's visit your mother,' you tell Thaisia.

'All right, enjoy yourselves,' says Opris amiably. 'I'll see you this evening.' He and Noa go off towards the sea, while you and Thaisia travel south along the path. The way to Pirgos, where Thaisia's mother lives, is fairly hard, and she stops to pluck an orange from a large grove.

'The best in the world, Cretan oranges. Try it.'

You chew. 'It's all right . . . tastes bitter.'

'Bitter! You barbarian!' She smiles. 'Come on. I won't waste the food of the gods on you again.' Go to **150**.

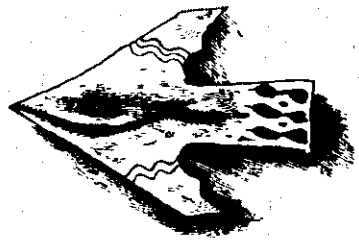

442

The beast crumples under your blows, and falls wheezing to the ground. Even now you can feel pity in your heart for the monster, but dare not finish it off, for it may be like the wounded lioness cornered in her lair, more dangerous than ever, who tears at the hunter who has destroyed her, and they both depart this earth in the same breath. Yellow liquid oozes from the Minotaur's eyes, and it coughs up blood which foams for a moment on the floor, before you rub it in with your heel. So, adventurous Altheus, will your spirit be for ever stained with the blood of the creature you have killed; for when you look the life has gone out of the beast, its eyes are glazed, its ribs no longer rise and fall, tormented by its pain.

Stunned, you stare at the carcass for a moment, unable to believe that you have overcome. Surely the gods must have smiled on you, to give you strength to fight against such a thing. Tentatively you touch the death-white horns, but they are so sharp that you cut yourself and drops of your blood mingle with that of the Minotaur.

At last you have avenged the death of your brother, and freed Athens from the tyranny of the sacrifice. Your mother Aethra would be proud of her son now. You may have 15 Honour points. Go to **452**.

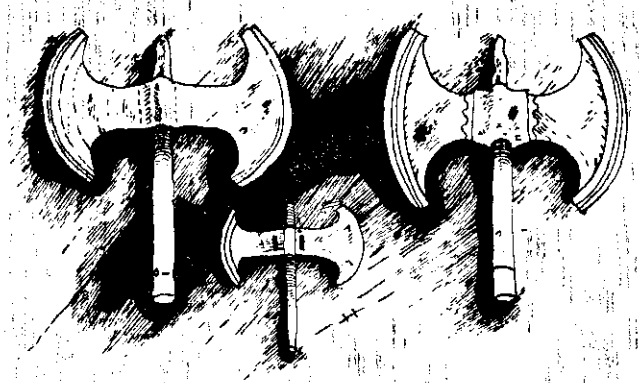

443

You stand still, amazed at what you have done. You have killed the Bear, great Minos, king of Crete. Confusion crowds your mind, pride and sorrow intermingled. You had to slay him, but you admired him none the less. Have 5 Honour and 3 Shame points. A movement disturbs your introspection. It is the wounded Polycrates, who has viewed the whole combat and is now trying to escape. His effort is pitiful, because he can only stagger, and you easily keep up at walking-pace.

'No need to flee, Polycrates; you can join your king whenever you like. But will it be the old one or the new one?' you ask, with a gesture that indicates your claim to the throne.

'Don't threaten me, Altheus. I'll help you, but as an equal, not as a servant. Minos had some following in Crete. No, he wasn't universally popular, but the people knew him. Crete prefers the known to the unknown. You are new to us, new to them,' he says with a note of contempt for the ordinary Cretans. 'I control the power here in Crete, now. Without me, you won't last a day on the throne. My advice is to secure your claim: wed Ariadne.'

Do you follow his advice and seek out Ariadne (turn to **503**), or do you refuse to be in league with Polycrates and try to secure the throne alone (turn to **415**)?

444

'No surrender!' cries one of the men. Go to **58**.

445

'Well?' he demands as you push past, face turned away from him.

'Been feeding them . . . all quiet tonight,' you mutter, trying to mimic the guttural Cretan accent.

Decide how many Honour points you are willing to spend. Then roll 2 dice. If the total is greater than the number of points you spent, go to **264**. Otherwise go to **153**. In either case the Honour points are lost. If your patron is Apollo or Aphrodite, go to **153**; you need spend no Honour points.

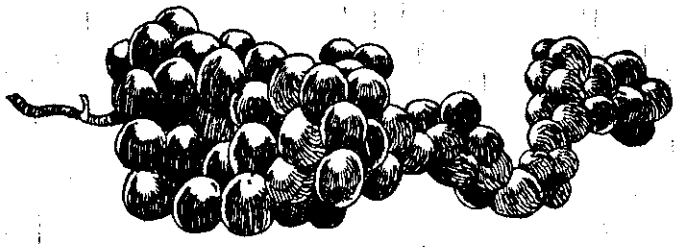

446

On the journey you have lost the letters from Aegeus to Minos. Note this down on your Chronicle Sheet, as you may be asked to produce them before being allowed to proceed. Go to **467**.

447

Concentrate! Have 1 Shame point and go back to **427**.

448

You see Perseus travelling to Larissa, and it is narrated in stone how he took part in games in honour of Acrisios, but threw a discus which struck his grandfather's foot, killing him and fulfilling the prophecy. You gaze on the grief-stricken hero, thankful that no such fate has befallen you. You may go south (turn to **342**), north (turn to **149**) or east (turn to **359**).

449

'I'll stay here, thank you,' you say. Thaisia shrugs, obviously offended, and disappears into the throng of dancers. You stay and watch for a while, and then things seem to be coming to an end. You can visit Opris and Lactris (turn to **303**), or go to your room and sleep (turn to **100**).

450

'I thought I heard noises,' you tell him, 'so I came to see if I could do anything.'

'If you think I believe that . . .' and he finishes by thrusting his granite fist into your stomach.

Have 2 Shame points. Do you stick to your story (turn to **357**), or will you tell the truth (turn to **426**)?

451

'Eliduros is banished,' she sneers, 'and I am nothing like him.' Go to **392**.

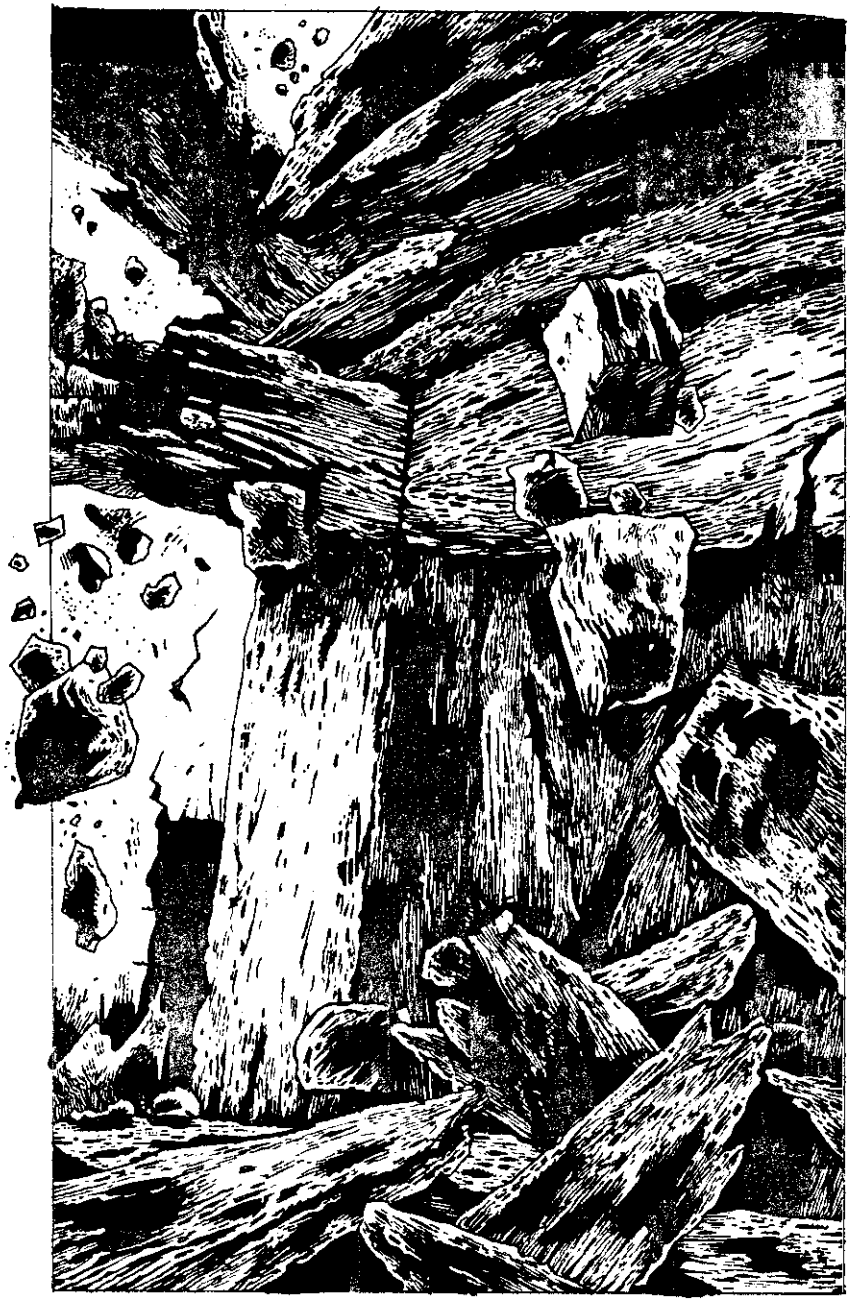

452

A deep rumbling sound disturbs your thoughts of triumph, soft at first, but growing stronger. The ground beneath you begins to shake, the walls vibrate, and cracks appear before you in the very earth. You stand paralysed by fear, as the labyrinth of Minos begins to shatter around you. Poseidon the Earthshaker visits Crete with his favours!

You are shaken out of your trance by a rush of tiny fragments of masonry which strike your head before tumbling to the floor. You take refuge in a corner, trying in vain to shield your head with your hands. The whole roof now seems to collapse, as the handiwork of Daedalus disintegrates. Huge pieces of the ceiling fall round you, and you see the corpse of the Minotaur covered in the debris; a fitting burial indeed for such a beast. There is one last great tremor, like the roar of the torrent which sweeps down the valley and carries away all in its path, laying low the walls of the city, and freeing for a brief moment the slaves taken in the wars, and all is death and silence.

Amazed that you have survived, you stand, shake off the dust, and begin to clamber unsteadily through the ruins of the labyrinth. If Poseidon is your patron, go to **28**. If he is not, go to **535**.

453

You stand and stare. Minos glowers at you. 'Leave now,' he says. Lose 1 Honour point, and go with Thaisia (turn to **515**).

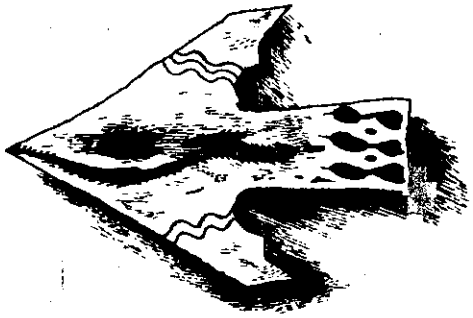

454

You get up from your seat and, ignoring Thaisia's restraining grasp, you stride purposefully to the end of the hall. Suddenly, the double doors swing open and two young men stumble into the room. They are both clearly drunk, and the taller of the two, grabbing your tunic, breathes,'Slave, bring me a goblet of wine.' Will you get him the wine (turn to **107**), ignore him and return to your seat (turn to **252**), or tell him you are no servant (turn to **312**)?

455

You feel in your pocket and produce the ring of Minos. Go to **212**.

456

On the wall is a picture of a red pentangle inside a red circle, on a jet black background. On the floor is a thin black disc, covered with dust. You stoop to pick it up and the Minotaur in all his wrath is upon you, merciless in his rending limb from limb. You have paid the price for your presumption.

457

'Do something . . . Do what? It won't do any good, Opris,' you protest.

'I see,' he says flatly and leaves you. Have 1 Shame point and go to **277**.

458

You order a drink and strain to hear the conversation as you wait.

'. . . He's very involved with a chamber-maid . . .'

'. . . So that makes two he's had banned . . .'

'. . . Under the crates in the storehouse. . .'

The drink arrives, and you discover to your embarrassment that you have no Cretan money. You proffer the coins of your homeland, but the innkeeper strikes them from your hand, and they fall to the ground ringing like the tears of the goddess. Will you leave (turn to **507**), or will you attack the man (turn to **139**)?

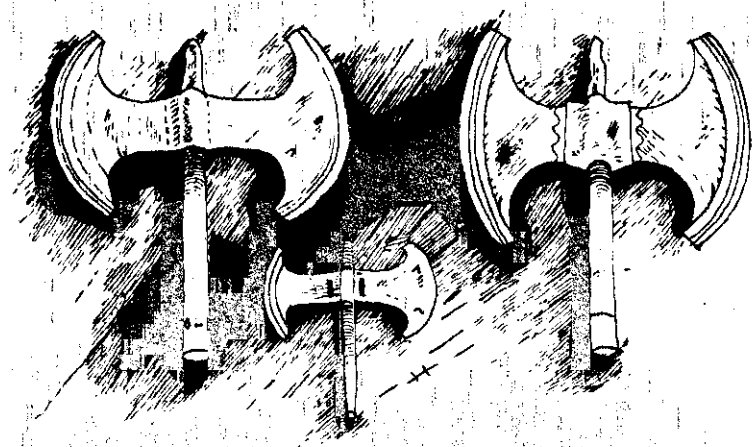

459

As you sit, Athena the grey-eyed goddess of wisdom, protectress of the city of Athens, daughter sprung fully grown from the head of the great god Zeus, arrives. 'Altheus,' she says, 'you have come a long way and, in the face of many dangers, you have pwevailed. Now you must buwy your bwother to pwotect his body fwom the jackals and cawwion, wescue Awiadne and slay the Minotaur. Can you wemember all that?' And she is gone, with the sound of an old book being slammed shut, and the dust rises into the air in a fine cloud. You sit and muse back over your travels.

Prompted by the messenger god Hermes, you set off for Athens from your home in Troezen. On the road, you soon came upon a wolf and slew it. Then you saved the town of Epidaurus by slaughtering the bandits who had defiled the temple. Meeting an old woman outside the town of Cleonae, you carried her across a river, only to find that she was Hera, queen of the gods. After being beaten and robbed in Corinth, you freed Athena's city of Pagae from the terrible rats. Passing through Megara, you came to Eleusis and celebrated the mysteries of Demeter with the townspeople. You came third in the famous chariot races at Acharnae and defeated the Amazon attack on Athens.

Sent by your father Aegeus with messages for Minos of Crete, you travelled to the Piraeus, port of Athens. On the way you incurred the wrath of the Furies by intervening to save a man who had killed his wife after a domestic quarrel. You escaped a sea-serpent, weathered a fierce storm and passed safely by Talos, the giant bronze man of Crete, to arrive here. Go to **509**.

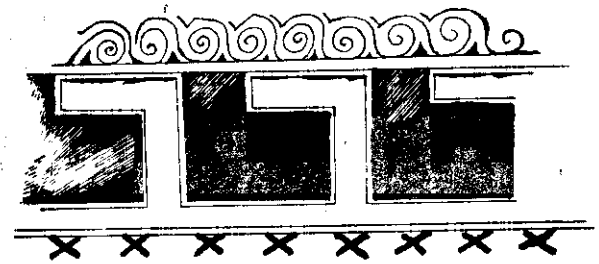

460

The water is foul and polluted. You choke and spit it out, but its insidious poisons pursue their painful path, and you are wracked by coughing. From now on until after your fight with the Minotaur, take a penalty of −1 Might. You may turn east (go to **402**), west (go to **16**) or south (go to **310**).

461

You leave the two bullies sprawled in the passage and carry on towards Lactris' room. Have 4 Honour points. Go to **41**.

462

As you make your way to Ariadne's room, you notice how quiet the palace is. There is barely any life in the building, except for the slaves sedately moving about their business. Then behind you the noise of sudden activity disturbs you. Will you hurry on to Ariadne (turn to **503**), or will you investigate the commotion (turn to **4**)?

463

'Are you really Theseus' brother?' The voice is high and squeaky, and you are disconcerted for a moment, so that she has to repeat the question.

'I am. Who are you?'

She throws back the cowl and you see a plain face, with long pale hair swept back past the ears. She gives a toothy, uncertain smile. 'I knew your brother . . . I just came to have a look at you.'

Suddenly you know who she is. 'Ariadne . . . Lady Ariadne!' You try to stand.

She gives a frightened glance over her shoulder, throws the cowl over her face again and disappears, like a rabbit when the hunter is near. Go to **195**.

464

You wait expectantly for your opponent to fall at your knees, but instead she stands her ground and continues to fight. If you win, turn to **202**. If you surrender, go to **173**.

465

You catch hold of the side of the boat and haul yourself back in, shivering as the water dries off in the sun.

'We'll have to go back,' says Thaisia, 'to get him out of these wet clothes.'

Despite your protests, Opris turns the boat around and tacks back to the port. Thaisia solicitously returns with you to Knossos.

'You'll be all right,' she decides.

'Yes, I know.'

'I'm going to change. Come for me?'

She goes to her room and, after washing your face, you set off there. On the way you see Dipthis in a doorway beckoning to you. Will you ignore him (turn to **297**) or stop and speak to him (turn to **395**)?

466

Ah, the fickleness of mortals! Here you see Danae, Perseus' mother, clasping the altar-stone of a temple, fleeing from Polydectes. Yet her son comes in time and saves her, turning the guests and servants of the palace into stone, and the king's cruel heart is transformed also, snapping his life's spirit in a moment. You stand for a moment in awe at this strange mutation, but must press on or you will be lost. You may go north (turn to 359), east (turn to 52), south (turn to 56) or west (turn to 39).

467

There are two special rules which apply only in this book, and not elsewhere in the Cretan Chronicles.

The first is the concept of Endurance. You now have an Endurance of 30: note this on your Chronicle Sheet, if you have not done so already. You will be told to make additions or subtractions to it from time to time. You will discover its use later in the book.

You will also be given points of Intelligence (i.e. military information), if you make important discoveries. Simply note down how many points of this you have; you will be able to exchange it for Honour in Athens on your eventual return.

Note that, regardless of whether you called on Zeus in the first book, you may call on him just once in this book, unless you acquired a special item, or gained an *additional* call for aid in the first book.

The ship has now docked. Go to 2.

468

You return to the storehouse with Polycrates and a company of guards. They search the building and emerge with some of the swords and Kreas.

'I suspected as much,' comments Polycrates. 'How many more, I wonder?'

At a shout from the soldiers, you whirl to see a mob of townspeople rushing at you from all sides. You duck just in time to catch a stone on the head. It knocks you out, and even Zeus will not revive you.

469

Ariadne's privacy is guarded by a heavy door, but you manage to open it by leaning with all your weight. You stumble inside and come face to face with an Amazon warrior. 'Hello, Altheus,' she says. If you have been to prison in Crete, go to 95. Otherwise, go to 333.

470

Herakles is shown on the wall-paintings in his battle against the fierce Centaurs, half man, half horse. Again and again they charge him, but he does not flinch, like the oak tree which withstands the constant batterings of the sea-sent storms. Armed only with a club, and protected only by his lion-skin, he wreaks bloody war amongst the Centaur's ranks. You may turn north (turn to 310), east (turn to 436), west (turn to 492) or south (turn to 288).

471

Back in Knossos, Thaisia juggles inexpertly with three oranges she has plucked from the trees that line the roadsides. She seems to have recovered her temper. 'I'm going to my room to change,' she announces. 'Join me there soon.'

You nod, and she skips away. You go to your room and wash, rest for a moment, and set out to Thaisia's room. Dipthis the cynic appears in a doorway and beckons to you. If you speak to him, go to 395; if you ignore him and carry on, go to 297.

472

Zeus saves you and you regain consciousness. You open your eyes to find that you are back in the cell. Go to 244.

473

'We should be safe now,' you say confidently. 'They'll never be able to stop us. My ship should be in sight any moment now and . . .'

Your words are interrupted by Ariadne, who engages you in a long, lingering kiss. 'Marry me, Altheus,' she demands a moment later, 'marry me, my prince.' You can only agree. Go to **540**.

474

A ladder is passed down to Minos by the guard above, and the king climbs out of the labyrinth. You walk quickly after him, but the ladder is lifted up before you can reach it. You can try to climb out (turn to **413**), or you can retreat back into the labyrinth to seek another way out (turn to **488**).

475

Birds of unnatural form beset brave Herakles on his sixth task. Their claws are bronze, as are their wings and beaks. They shoot their feathers at the hero as arrows, when he dares disturb them with Athena's rattle, gift of the goddess. Herakles stands pulling back his great horn bow, preparing to shoot a death-bringing arrow up and out over the lake, sending a bronze bird to its doom. You may go north (turn to **16**), east (turn to **310**) or west (turn to **276**).

476

You make a run for the open countryside at the far end of the jetty. At first the guards are all taken by surprise, but at a shouted order from their leader, they move to block your path. You are faced by two guards, each Might 6, Protection 13. If you Seriously Wound both of them, go to **375**. If you surrender, go to **349**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **184**. You may not retreat.

477

There is a very evident air of tension as you enter the throne-room. Polycrates is talking with two subordinates; he is evidently agitated. Opris and Noa are trying to console Psyche, who appears almost hysterically distressed. Lactris, seemingly oblivious, is chatting to Kremton and Miktros. Crabia, the tutor of the bull-leapers, Dipthis and Minos are all absent. You can approach Polycrates for training (turn to **189**), see what ails Psyche (turn to **114**), or try to patch up your quarrel with Kremton (turn to **383**).

478

Night falls, but you are beyond caring. You sit in your cell, despairing, like a traveller who returns home after many years, only to find that he has come ashore in the land of his enemies. Go to **293**.

479

You come to a place where much of the maze has collapsed, leaving only the occasional piece of stonework, so that you can see where the corridors ran, but can step over the destroyed walls. The debris on the floor makes progress slow, but, after much effort, you are over it and faced with a choice of directions. Will you go straight on (turn to **89**) or left (turn to **229**)?

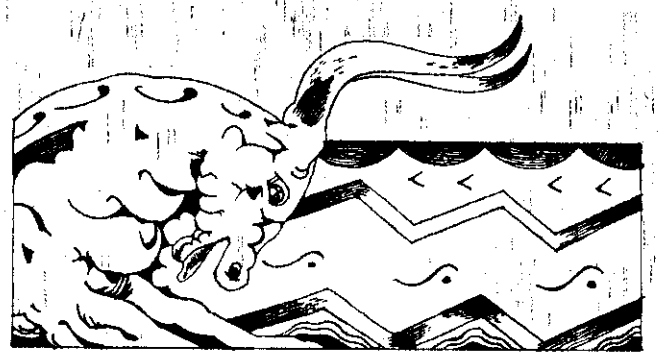

480

A tiny voice sounds in your ear. You look around wildly, but all you can see as you dance is Psyche's chest on one side and Andra glaring at you serenely on the other.

'No,' says the voice. 'It is I, the god Apollo, speaking to you now, bringing you a personal warning from High Olympus:

> Beware the man with fancy feet:
> He comes with death and blood for you.
> Listen well – I can't repeat
> My words tonight: watch for his shoe!'

You are stunned for a moment by the poetry of the god, but you see that a man opposite, whom you do not know, has a thin crescent of cold iron protruding from the front of one of his sandals. The metal has a sickly green shine to it, and you realize with a start that it is poisoned.

You clasp a hand to your mouth and stumble away from the ring, muttering, 'Excuse me . . . excuse me.' As you reach the corridor, you glance back over your shoulder and see that the assassin has disappeared from the circle. Andra too has broken away and is staring after you in embarrassment and humiliation. Have 2 Shame Points. You walk sadly away. Go to **171**.

481

Now you must decide how best to press your claim to the throne. Will you, after all, choose to marry Ariadne (turn to **141**), will you try to kill her, since she is the last surviving member of the House of Minos (turn to **81**), or will you attempt to enlist the support of some prominent members of the court (turn to **172**)?

482

Opris and Noa dismiss the guard, who wanders away with his spear. The two ephors inspect the temple perfunctorily, coming close to the statue behind which you have hidden, but not seeing you in their eagerness to finish their appointed task. After chalking out the pankration ring and sprinkling it with sawdust for your combat with Kremton tomorrow, they join together in a passionate embrace. Embarrassed, you move away from the statue, and return silently to your room, hoping that they have not noticed you. Have 1 Shame point. Go to **403**.

483

If you have a message for Ariadne, go to **529**. Otherwise, go to **195**.

484

You lash out at the departing Opris, but before the blow can land, Hera, queen of the immortals, is between you.

'Would you behave like this to your other friends? I should hope not, indeed. Now put that ring down and go and marry Ariadne, like I told you to.'

And, before you can protest, she has returned to High Olympus to feed the hounds of Zeus.

Opris stares at you. 'You have friends in high places, it seems,' he says finally.

'She never told me to marry Ariadne!'

'Well, she has now. The ways of the gods are strange.'

Have 2 Shame points and go to **216**.

485

'Blood has been spilt,' booms Minos, 'and blood must atone. Demeter, dark lady of the under-earth, accept this offering of a foreign wretch. Into the labyrinth!' You look at the seven youths and seven maidens, but it is you who are seized by the guards and manhandled to the edge of the pit. You have been betrayed! If you are in favour with Demeter, go to **200**. Otherwise go to **177**.

486

You make some ineffectual attempt to calm the woman and start to apologize, when she attacks you. Go to **392**.

487

If you have a ball of thread, go to **168**. If you have a map of the labyrinth, go to **423**. If you have the bronze-cast bell, go to **73**. If you have the eye of the Graeae, go to **31**. If you have none of these, go to **313**.

488

You grope onwards, rubbing your eyes clear of dust, making the lids swollen and puffy. A pile of rocks bars your way: you can go left (turn to **534**) or right (turn to **110**).

489

As you make your way to Dipthis' room, an old woman appears out of a side corridor and beckons to you. Will you talk to her (turn to **232**), or carry on your way (turn to **117**)?

490

You leave the room, anxious to avoid a confrontation with such an influential member of the court. Have 1 Shame point for invading Ariadne's privacy. You return to your room. Go to **125**.

491

'I no longer need you, Minos, for I am now out of the labyrinth. I could kill you, and seize the throne,' you continue, 'but I am not unkind, so I will spare you in return for your abdication.'

'So, the Argives' word is worthless. In Crete, a royal vow is never broken, but obviously in Athens baser values apply,' Minos retorts.

Have 3 Shame points for breaking your word and go to **354**.

492

The fresco here shows a great-muscled man with shaggy brown hair trapping in a net a huge boar, dripping with white froth. Around him the snow on the mountain is deep and crisp, while the green woods can barely be seen under its covering. In the boar's blood-red eyes is fear, for it has been destroyed by Herakles, performing his fourth labour for Eurystheus, and its resistance has been as a bronze-tipped shield against the arrows of Apollo the archer. You may go east (turn to **470**) or west (turn to **69**).

493

The cell is damp and gloomy, lit only by a shaft of moonlight that comes through an opening in the roof. You sit and wait. After many long hours you hear voices. A tall figure appears in the gallery above, and when it removes the cowl from its face it is suddenly caught by the moonlight. 'I am Ariadne,' she says. Go to **99**.

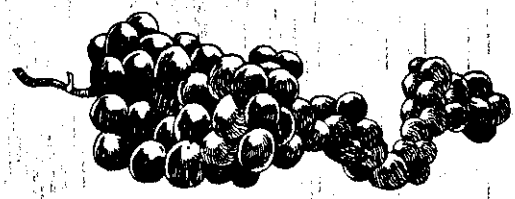

494

With reluctance, you leave the thread behind, but you assure yourself that you cannot get past the rock-fall which hides your lifeline. After wandering around for some hours, you become very weary and your eyes will not focus clearly. You want to rest, but you keep going because you know you will never escape if you pause. Suddenly you stop. There, in all the rubble, is a woman in a red robe. You rub your eyes and she has gone. Do you call out (turn to **258**), do you turn right (turn to **155**) or left (turn to **53**), or do you assume you are hallucinating (turn to **15**)?

495

You creep stealthily through the palace in search of the king, but cannot find him. The whole building seems totally deserted. Not even the slaves who normally swarm about the palace at this hour are to be seen. Then a sudden din disturbs the strange tranquillity. Will you investigate the commotion (turn to **4**), or will you keep searching for Minos (turn to **266**)?

496

You fill your skin with difficulty, for the water is not deep. Small droplets of muddy liquid drip from it as you proceed, by turning west (go to **16**), south (go to **310**) or east (go to **402**).

497

Evidently much has happened overnight. Lose 1 Honour point for missing out on the excitement. Go back to 477.

498

You pray to all the gods, but there is no answer. Either they cannot help you, or they will not. Go to **293**.

499

Your Chronicle Sheet reads as follows:

Might: 4	Honour: 22
Protection: 10	Shame: 11
Endurance: 30	Intelligence: 0

Sword: Might 3, Protection 0
Breastplate: Might 0, Protection 2
Queen Antiope's jewelled brooch

Asclepius – Disfavour
Poseidon – Disfavour
Athena – Favour
Dionysus – Favour
Hephaestus – Disfavour
All others – Neutral

Note: As a client of Hera, you can pray to Zeus one extra time. Roll one die. If you roll 6, turn to **446**. If you roll 1–5, turn to **226**.

500

You pace back and forth across the room, like a lion which, trapped by hunters in the high hills of Africa and taken to the court of the Nubian king, restlessly prowls around its strong wicker cage, before it throws its weight against the bars, breaks out, savages an effete tribal chieftain, and runs sleekly away across the wide plains. The narrow confines of the room begin to oppress you, and you slump down on your bed. Will you grab some rest, so that you will be refreshed for the evening (turn to **125**)? Or will you investigate Minos' fortress while the palace slumbers (turn to **233**)?

501

Dimly in the dark you make out lettering inscribed on the walls of the maze. As you look, they light up with a fiery glow, and you read: 'Altheus, look you well, for in these walls are vouchsafed many truths and tales, both past and present, and some yet to come. Look you well and wonder at the works of Daedalus, for you will never leave alive.' The lettering grows dull again, and you can read no more. You may go west (turn to **291**), east (turn to **136**) or north (turn to **186**).

502

You can see that you have no chance against Polycrates and the guards, and you let them lead you away without protest. They take you into the palace and push you into a small, bare room. One of the men produces a short length of rope and ties your hands together tightly before departing. The other follows and slams the door with unnecessary force. Go to **101**.

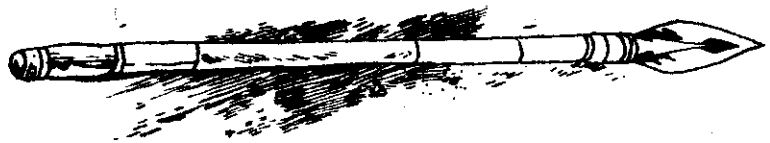

503

You run off into the palace in search of Ariadne. You reach her room, panting, and burst in without knocking.

'Ariadne,' you gasp.

'Altheus, you're still alive. I thought I'd never see you again.' She grins.

'I've come from Polycrates,' you start, but Ariadne cuts you off.

'Then we must leave quickly.'

'But . . .'

'Don't be naïve, Altheus. He'll betray you as soon as he gets the chance. Come with me now.'

And she seizes you and leads you, despite your protests, out of her room and out of the palace. Go to **199**.

504

Ahead you see a strange blue glow and, banishing fear from your heart, you proceed. You think you see floating there above the floor a shade of a woman, beautiful beyond belief, but with an ugly red gash marring her face. The shade seems to look at you, beckons and then vanishes. You may go east (turn to 132) or north (turn to 77).

505

'Fool!' cries the majestic voice of the king of the gods. 'Expect no aid from me, only your just deserts.' With that your spine is snapped, and your spirit shrieking in its agony starts on its swift flight to Hades, where it will be permitted no respite, no soothing drink from the cool waters of Lethe that banish all cares and memories, no eternal bliss in the fields of Elysium. For you, adventurous Altheus, there will be everlasting torment in the deeps of Tartarus, and you will gasp out for succour, but none will come. Your quest and life are over: both failed.

506

You release your grip and plummet to the earth below, missing the ledge by inches. Your back snaps, like a twig under the foot of a startled deer. Your life is ended, with no time to pray to Zeus.

507

You carry on along the quay until it turns into beach, and then sit on the shore, thinking. After a while, you return to Knossos, where Thaisia eventually joins you. Go to 471.

508

Go to 341.

509

Your Chronicle Sheet is as follows:

Might: 4	Honour: 25
Protection: 10 (+1)	Shame: 10
Endurance: 30	Intelligence: 0

Sword: Might 3, Protection 0
Breastplate: Might 0, Protection 2
Shield: Might 0, Protection 2
Corn-ear brooch

Asclepius – Favour
Demeter – Favour
Hera – Favour
Furies – Disfavour
All others – Neutral

Note: As a client of Athena, you are entitled to a +1 Protection bonus (indicated in brackets) and you need not take any Honour penalties for looking at hints (but you do take the Shame penalties).

Roll a die. If it is 6, go to **446**. If it is 1–5, go to **226**.

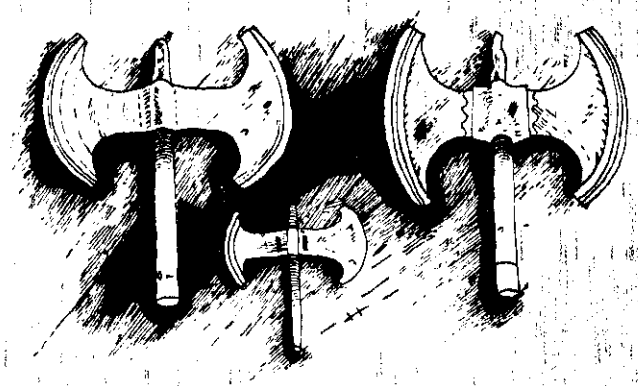

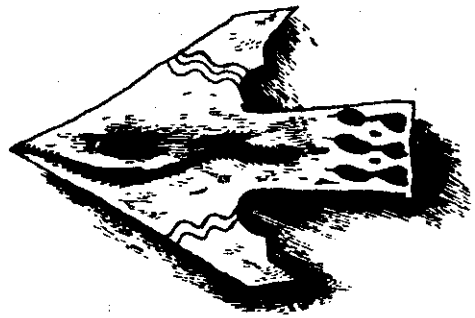

510

You realize that you have no chance of establishing your claim to the throne, since you know no one in the court except Ariadne and you have spent all but a few hours of your time in Crete in prison. You must seek out Ariadne and try to leave Crete. Go to **216**.

511

You sense from Minos' face that he will not relinquish his throne without a fight. If you wish to back down and depart from Crete with Ariadne, go to **216**. If you wish to continue with your claim, go to **354**.

512

You come into a part of the labyrinth where large cracks in the ceiling let in shafts of light. For a second the brightness hurts your eyes, but as you grow accustomed to it you see the details of the labyrinth clearly. The earthquake has destroyed many of the walls, and at one point you can see right into the heart of the labyrinth. This does not help you to find your way out, however, since passages that would have led you safely to the outside are blocked. You clamber past a large rock which has tumbled from the left-hand wall and back into a darker part of the labyrinth, leaving the reassuring light behind you. Go to **169**.

513

'I'm prepared to talk to you,' begins Ariadne, waving aside your attempts to talk, 'because you're my only hope now. When you leave Crete I want you to take me with you.'

She misinterprets your silence as unwillingness. 'I'll make it worth your while,' she adds with a trace of contempt.

'No, I'll take you with me. I was surprised, that's all.'

'Can you imagine what my life is like in this satin cage, waiting for my father to marry me off to some foreign princeling? I mean nothing more to him. This is no life. I tried to get with child by Eliduros to escape this, but we were discovered and he only got away by chance. After that, I have Lembra watching my every waking moment. Take this.'

She reaches into a fold in the cushions and pulls out a ball of thin wool. You turn it over in your hands.

'What's this for?'

'At the start of the labyrinth, tie this thread to a rock, and ply it out behind you. That way, you may be able to find your way out again.'

'How do I get into the labyrinth?'

'You'll be thrown into it tomorrow, like it or not.' And then: 'Don't be naïve. If you imagine that Minos has been intending to do anything else, ever since you arrived, you're being very foolish indeed. Crete can't afford to abandon the tribute, or we would *all* perish.'

You ponder this grimly.

'The secret of travel in the labyrinth is simple,' continues Ariadne. 'Daedalus told it to me in a rare moment of indiscretion. Follow in the footsteps of . . .'

Lembra hurries back in. 'Altheus, there's someone coming. You must leave now.'

She bustles you out before you can catch any further glimpse of Ariadne. You return to your room. Go to **403**.

514

Before you can move, the woman reappears and speaks softly: 'Altheus, you have done well. We were all vewy impwessed with your bwavewy.' She pauses and you wonder who she is. As if she can read your thoughts, she answers your silent questioning. 'I am Athena and I have come down fwom Olympus to wescue you fwom this labywinth. Now follow.' She leads you out of the maze with incredible ease and you wonder how you could have missed the way out before. As you turn to thank the goddess, she smiles and disappears. Go to **36**.

515

It is as if the room had been set aside for you specially. It is in the east wall of the palace, so as to be cool in the afternoon, and looks down over the sea. You dump your baggage on the floor and Thaisia puts your weapons in a corner, being careful, you note, not to give the impression of hiding them. Seeing you looking at her, she smiles. 'What are you doing here, my lord?' she asks. Will you tell her (turn to **261**), or try to end the conversation (turn to **275**)?

516

You reach down and pick up the thread. A first tentative pull fails to free it from the rocks that have fallen in the earthquake, so, gripping the wool tightly, you tug much harder. It snaps. Now you are left with no clue to lead you out of this maze. You slump to the ground and start to hammer on the hard stone, barely able to control your weeping. Lose 2 Honour points. Go to **401**.

517

Zeus, wrathful at the Titan Prometheus for seeking to trick him with craft and cunning, chooses the better portion of the sacrificial bull. The fresco shows Zeus, radiant in his glory, withholding the gift of fire from mortal men, depriving them of warmth and protection against the chilling cold. You may go north (turn to **136**) or east (turn to **63**).

518

'Kremton,' runs the whisper around the table.

Minos' son,' supplies Thaisia. 'The other one is Miktros, his crony.'

One of the men lowers himself into the throne, sits up unsteadily and looks about with a bleary arrogance. The other stands, laughing quietly but uncontrollably.

'Kremton.' It is a bull-like roar from Minos, echoing around the hall for a moment, that brings a complete and abrupt silence. Miktros giggles for a second longer, then hiccups and is quiet. No one moves.

'Kremton. You are my son and for that I will forgive you much, but you will not have the insolence to sit in the king's chair.' The last words are in an apoplectic, icy whisper. 'You are not king of Crete yet, nor am I in the underworld. Remember that.'

Kremton flinches, but then recovers himself and turns, affecting to notice Minos for the first time. Minos leaps up from his place at the head of the table, advances on his son, lifts him bodily out of the throne and dumps him on the floor with a crash. Kremton is a big man, but Minos looks, however briefly, like a Titan.

Minos glares at Miktros, by now shocked into something approaching sobriety. 'Be careful, Miktros, be very careful. Don't gamble. Don't roll those dice.' The words would have been ridiculous from anyone else, but Minos underscores them with menace. He does not shout. He has no need to. He is, once again, clearly the king. Go to **160**.

519

'Oh, what a pity,' you interject smoothly, and Andra tells you why she has never liked Thaisia and how the Thracians have kept her, Andra, from achieving her rightful place in the court. You object that Thaisia is Cretan, but Andra, plainly annoyed at your continued mention of Thaisia, waves this aside as irrelevant, and continues with a whole catalogue of injustices, culminating with her not having been appointed as ephor.

At last a message comes for her, and she leaves, promising to speak further with you at lunch. You start back to your room, but before you can get there a gong sounds, announcing that the midday meal is about to begin. Go to **109**.

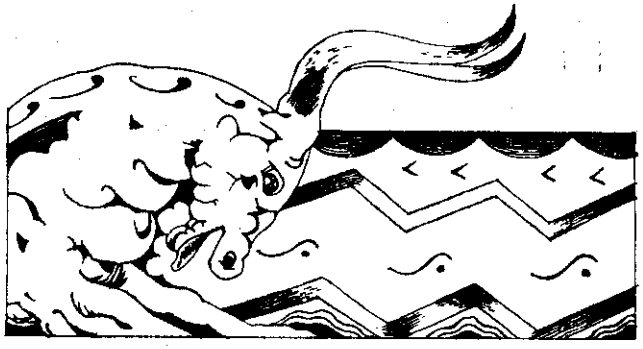

520

When you arrive at the temple, Opris and Noa have left. One of the acolytes tells you that they have gone to the harbour, with a tone that makes it clear that she, at least, thinks they are shirking their responsibilities. You leave the temple. You can visit Lactris (turn to **420**) or go to the gymnasium (turn to **340**).

521

With a terrific thunderclap, Ares the war-bringer appears in front of you: 'Altheus, well done. First stage successfully accomplished. Quick rebriefing. Next objective – no, cancel that – same objective: kill the Minotaur. Rescue Minos' daughter Ariadne. From Minos, that is. Bit hard to understand, but I'm sure you'll work it all out and do splendidly.' And with a sound like that of many men dying on a far-off island, he is gone, leaving only the faint stench of blood. You muse back over your journey to this barren shore.

At the prompting of the god Hermes, you set out from Troezen, killed the evil innkeeper Procrustes, which was all he deserved, and threw an old woman into a river, only to find that it was the goddess Hera, creeping around in disguise. You slew the Crommyonian sow, arrested a thief in the market of Megara, being rewarded by the grateful merchant Cyron with the gift of his shield, and were given a corn-ear brooch in Eleusis after stumbling across some primitive cult. In Acharnae, you were involved in a multiple chariot pile-up, but escaped by dint of your skill and bravery. You slew the bull of Marathon to prove yourself in the eyes of your father, and were then allowed to take part in the glorious defeat of the Amazon army.

On your way to Crete with messages for King Minos from your father (although an invading fleet would have been more appropriate), you saw off a sea-serpent, killed the hellish man of Delos, weathered a storm and crushed Talos, the giant bronze man of Crete. All in all, you thoroughly deserve to have won through to this point in the narrative. Go to **397**.

522

Upon the silent stones you see Perseus, in the prime of his youth, thrown out by the arrogant Polydectes, who sips wine from a golden goblet, and arrays his servants before him, like a mighty general reviewing his high-helmeted troops before a great defeat. His hair is combed in greying locks, while that of Perseus is tangled in the wind; the hero must fetch the head of the Gorgon Medusa, whose very gaze turns men to stone, while the king awaits news of his death. You may go north (turn to **225**), south (turn to **144**) or west (turn to **179**).

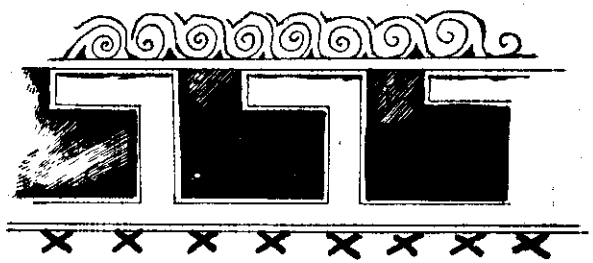

523

'All right, train me,' you say.

She smiles. 'Good. It'll have to be at night, though: I can't teach you with the others. At the third hour after sundown, come to the training-room.' She gives you directions and goes.

At night, you will be offered a paragraph in italics, indicating that you can add 20 to the paragraph number and turn to that paragraph. If you wish to go to Crabia, you must instead *subtract* 20 and go to that number.

Will you now go to the dance (turn to **158**) or visit Dipthis (turn to **117**)?

524

Adventurous Altheus, you are not mindful of your mission. This is clearly the shade of one who has lost her life to the merciless Minotaur. For forgetting your task, lose 1 Honour point, and gain 1 Shame point. You may go east (turn to **132**) or north (turn to **77**).

525

'You little puppy,' he shouts, as you stand speechless. 'You thought you could beat me at my own game. First you kill the Minotaur, which is more than your reckless brother could. Then you think you can escape the maze by the use of this thread. Now I have foiled your plan, but you have destroyed my palace. I shall kill you.'

Minos has Might 8, Protection 16, and a sword with Might 2. You fight at −1 for this combat because of your aching hands. You cannot retreat. If Minos is Seriously Wounded, go to **88**. If you are Seriously Wounded, go to **369**.

526

You leave Dipthis' room. Will you go to the dance (turn to **158**), visit Opris and Lactris (turn to **303**), or return to your room (turn to **100**)?

527

You drop back to the walkway and land heavily. There are guards on both sides now. Your only choice is whether to surrender (turn to **187**) or try to fight the guards (turn to **398**).

528

On the white wall is a face with a bright red mouth and two pairs of blue lips in place of eyes. A transparent tear trickles from one eye. You carry on, quickly, marvelling at the mind of Daedalus. Go to **456**.

529

'My lady,' you cry hastily, 'I have a message for you . . . from Eliduros.' She comes back. Go to **99**.

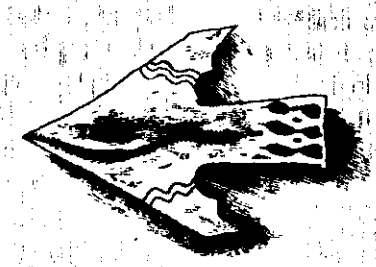

530

Your Chronicle Sheet reads as follows:

Might: 4	Honour: 18
Protection: 10	Shame: 8
Endurance: 30	Intelligence: 0

Sword: Might 3, Protection 0
Shield: Might 0, Protection 2
Breastplate: Might 0, Protection 2
Queen Antiope's amulet

Hera – Disfavour
Athena – Favour
Hecate – Disfavour
All others – Neutral

Roll a die. If it is 6, turn to **446**. If it is 1–5, turn to **226**.

531

'What about Ariadne?' you ask.

Dipthis shrugs dismissively. 'What about her? I think Minos secretly hopes she is not his daughter. I know I would. Forget Ariadne. She has no importance whatsoever.'

'And the rest of the court?' you press, somewhat disconcerted.

'Like any court, it is riddled with factions. Most important of these is the Thracian faction. About ten years ago, Minos brought in Pangryon as his High Priest. There were grumblings then, and more when Pangryon imported other Thracians for the temple. Later, the Thracians acquired something of a stranglehold on the court, and they are all fanatically devoted to Pangryon. "Uncle", they call him; you'll have heard that, perhaps?'

'Everyone calls him "uncle".'

'True, but most use it ironically. The Thracians mean it.'

'And you?'

'I don't call him "uncle",' replies Dipthis curtly. Then he continues. 'But understand this. Pangryon is good. And he's clever. Don't believe anyone who tells you he's bewitched Minos, or any nonsense like that. The Bear is too shrewd for *that*. Pangryon is priest on his own merits. He may be dour and glum, and it may be hard to see how he inspires such devotion, but it is unquestionable that he does. Speak no ill of him to the Thracians, or you'll regret it.

'Then there are the native Cretans. They oppose the Thracians so far as it is possible, although at the moment they are not being effective. The trouble is that Lactris looks on himself as being the native Cretans' leader, and he is at once too proud to work with the Thracians and too ambitious to risk working against them. But he's a makeweight: apart from the ambition, you can forget about him. Far more able is Opris, and he could do very well for himself if he abandoned some of those dandified Eastern airs of his. And he might be well advised to drop his courting of young Noa. The Thracian faction looks after its own. He'll have no joy there.'

Dipthis looks at you with rheumy eyes. 'There you are, Altheus. That's the court of King Minos.'

Gain 4 Intelligence points and go to **526**.

532

The ancient Greeks were often unhappy in the dark. So are you. Lose 2 Honour points and go to **169**.

533

The arrow-head is made of a hard metal and has a new design. Have 2 points of Intelligence. Go to **337**.

534

You continue along the passage, noticing, here and there, fragments of the pictures on the walls. Go to **360**.

535

You slip and fall, grazing your forehead against a rock. Blood clouds your eyes and you dimly discern a more than human figure ahead. Panic grips you as you realize it is Poseidon himself, master of the earthquake.

'You have killed my Minotaur, Altheus, and you shall not be forgiven or unpunished. Your brother would never have angered me thus. Know, then, that you have earned my enmity, and expect my vengeance when you travel the wide waters. And when men ask you why you suffer, tell them you bear the wrath of Poseidon, wave-master, horse-tamer, lord of the tremblings of Earth herself, Poseidon the untamed, Poseidon the untameable.'

With this the god vanishes. You are alone once more. You are now in Disfavour with Poseidon. Go to **28**.

536

You shout your plea aloud to high Zeus, and the mercy of the god is immediate and welcome. You are transformed as you sit, into a bolus tree, roots growing through the floor of the throne-room, splintering the tiles, an eternal reminder of the Athenian that was Altheus.

537

You run wildly, but still the labyrinth shakes. It seems that the whole place is on the point of collapse. Soon you are out of breath and you have to pause. To your relief, the tremor dies away, but it is replaced by ominous creaking in the walls. You walk on and come to a crossroads. Will you turn right (turn to **488**), left (turn to **217**) or go straight on (turn to **318**)?

538

You sit down on the cold stone and wonder why you ever agreed to come to Crete. You wish you were with your mother in Troezen or your father in Athens. Even your brother in Hades must be happier than you, stuck as you are in this endless prison. You begin to weep, at first quietly and then hysterically. Go to **401**.

539

Your Chronicle Sheet looks like this:

Might: 4	Honour: 24
Protection: 10	Shame: 14
Endurance: 30	Intelligence: 0

Sword: Might 3
Wolfskin: Protection 1
Helmet: Protection 2
Queen Antiope's jewelled brooch

Hera – Disfavour
Athena – Disfavour

Roll a die. If it is a 6, go to **446**. Otherwise go to **226**.

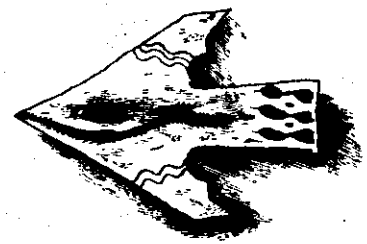

540

Back on the ship, the captain greets you with delight, as the seven youths and seven maidens, who have also escaped, feared you slain. You wink at the one who looks like your mother and she smiles at you gladly. As the captain shows you to a cabin below decks, the crew begin to row with long, powerful strokes away from this accursed island. You take one last look at Crete, to which you came a boy, but which you leave a prince and a husband, Altheus the Avenger. Yet on the horizon the winds of strife are stirring.

The adventure continues in the third book of the Cretan Chronicles, *The Return of the Wanderer*.

RETURN OF THE WANDERER

THE CRETAN CHRONICLES: 3

John Butterfield, David Honigmann and Philip Parker

Illustrated by Dan Woods

PUFFIN BOOKS

Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
Viking Penguin Inc., 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Limited, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

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Cox & Wyman Ltd, Reading
Typeset in 10/12 pt Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd,
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To Martin Hammond

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to thank all those who helped, or hindered entertainingly, during the year and a half it has taken to complete this project.

We are particularly grateful to Geraldine Cooke, Suzanne Ali, Robin Waterfield and all at Penguin; Michael Embden and Dan Woods; Karen Naylor, Mike Reeve-Abbott and Jomsborg; Lloyd Farrell, Stella Neill, Ian and Noel Scattergood; the Computer Department at Boots, Newport, Isle of Wight; all those who generously donated their characters; Exidy, the manufacturers of Cosmic Spectar, the Arts Cinema, Omar's; tutors, directors of studies, and supervisors; and especially parents and families for support, know-how and advice freely and copiously given.

Wordprocessed on CBM 64, Tatung Einstein and Sinclair QL..

Written in Beaconsfield, Cobham, Newport, Austria, Aegina and various locations in the Mediterranean.

Philip Parker
John Butterfield
David Honigmann
1984–5

BACKGROUND AND RULES

Back on the ship, the captain greets you with delight, as the seven youths and seven maidens, who have also escaped, feared you slain. You wink at the one who looks like your mother and she smiles at you gladly. As the captain shows you to a cabin below decks, the crew begins to row with long, powerful strokes away from this accursed island. You take one last look at Crete, to which you came a boy, but which you leave a prince and husband, Altheus the Avenger. Yet on the horizon the winds of strife are stirring.

In this, the third book of the Cretan Chronicles, you are still Altheus, a Greek hero with an awesome mission to accomplish, striving against wild beasts and men, and seeking to win the favour of the gods in your quest. The years ahead will be difficult, but it is *you* who will determine your destiny. The book is laid out in paragraph format; at the end of each paragraph you will be given a choice which will determine the number of the paragraph to which you next turn. The paragraphs are set out in numerical order; you should not read a paragraph until you are sent to it from the one which you have just read, or you will spoil the continuity and enjoyability of the adventure. If there is no destination given at the end of a paragraph, you are dead. In this case, you may start again at the beginning of Book 1 (*Bloodfeud of Altheus*), with a new Altheus, all values at their initial level, weapons and equipment as at the start, and all the gods' attitudes at Neutral.

You will need pencil, paper and dice to appreciate the travels of Altheus – *your* travels!

Might, Protection, Honour and Shame

Before you set out, there are a number of things it is necessary for you to know. Your mental state, your fighting skills and your relations with the supernatural and society are described in terms of four characteristics. These are Might, Protection, Honour and Shame. Their values will change during the course of the game, so they must be recorded. For this purpose a blank Chronicle Sheet is provided (pp. 20–21), which may be photocopied. Also marked on the Chronicle Sheet is a Wound Record track. This begins at Healthy, and as Altheus suffers injury it moves through Wounded and Seriously Wounded to Dead. The Chronicle Sheet can also be used to record equipment carried, artefacts acquired on the journey, and whether Altheus is in Favour or Disfavour with the gods. In short, it details everything important about Altheus' condition and his relations with the outside world.

Altheus' Might value at a given time will nearly always be made up of a combination of his natural ability and the value of the strongest weapon he is carrying. This characteristic is used to determine how likely Altheus is to hit an opponent, should he find himself in combat. Altheus' natural Might is 4, but this will be supplemented whenever he is carrying a weapon.

Protection is made up of a combination of Altheus' inborn skill at dodging and the sum total of the armour he happens to be wearing. Altheus has inborn Protection of 10. Now suppose that he has greaves and a helmet. The greaves give 1 point of Protection, and the helmet 2. His total Protection value in this case is 13 (10+2+1). Protection is used mainly in combat to determine how difficult an opponent will find it to strike at Altheus successfully.

Honour is all-important for Altheus. It determines his relations both with his fellow men and with his patron god or goddess. Without Honour he will find himself an outcast. His patron deity will refuse to aid him when called on (not that this aid is in any case automatic); men will despise him and seek to do him ill. Altheus starts with the Honour value carried over

from the last book, unless you have not played through that, in which case it will be assigned in the first few paragraphs. This Honour may increase or decrease without restriction, but it may never decrease below 0. If it ever reaches 0, it may not increase again except through appeals to Zeus (see below) or by means of a special item described in the text. Honour is gained by victory in combat; it may be used up in appeals to the gods. Honour may also be used to gain a temporary increase in Might or Protection in combat.

Shame is another crucial concept in Bronze Age Greece, the setting of this adventure. Shame, which initially has a value corresponding to its level at the end of the last book (if this has not been played, a value will be assigned), cannot be eradicated once acquired, except under exceptional circumstances (which will be detailed in the text). It is accumulated by such cultural *faux pas* as slaying one's opponent after he has surrendered, retreating ignominiously from a fair fight, or failing to perform heroic deeds. Such gross crimes as patricide, marrying one's own mother or failure satisfactorily to maintain one's armour will be penalized by a greater increase in Shame points. If Altheus' Shame ever rises above his Honour, he will be overwhelmed by the burden of his heroic conscience, and he will either disembowel himself with a shortsword, if one is available, or be struck down by a thunderbolt from Olympian Zeus, father of the gods, and his spirit will go whining through the dark halls of Hades the life-destroyer. Resurrection is, in this case, specifically forbidden. If Shame exceeds Honour in the middle of a combat, no action is taken until the battle is completed. Thus the Honour he gains from victory may save him from this horrible fate.

Combat

Combat may occur in any encounter with a man or animal who is given combat abilities. You should always note these down on a piece of paper, not only for convenience, but also because you may well be sent to another paragraph. You should also

keep a track of the Wound Record of an opponent. Combat is fought in a series of rounds called thrusts and counter-thrusts. Unless otherwise specified, Altheus will have the option of the first strike. If he performs some other action, such as appealing to the gods or using a magical item, his opponent will gain this initiative.

Altheus rolls two dice, and adds his natural Might and the value of his chosen weapon (note that if a weapon is given no Protection value or a piece of armour no Might value, this is because its value is 0). If this total equals or exceeds the total Protection (natural ability + armour) of the opponent, Altheus has scored a hit. The Wound Record of the opponent is moved forward one stage. If Healthy, the opponent becomes Wounded; if Wounded, Seriously Wounded; and if Seriously Wounded, Dead, at which point the combat is over. On a dice roll of 11 or 12, Altheus will automatically hit his opponent, regardless of his Might or his opponent's Protection. Altheus may 'get lucky', even against the most formidable adversary. Conversely, on 2 or 3, he will automatically miss. His opponents fight in exactly the same manner, except that non-human opponents have no separate weapons or armour to be taken into consideration. If Altheus is fighting more than one opponent, the procedure is very slightly different. Altheus will fight them one by one, but each one's Might is increased by 1 for each surviving companion. For example, if Altheus fights three wolves (Might 2, Protection 12), the first wolf has effective Might 4, the second Might 3, and the last its own 2. In such multiple combats an opponent drops out when Seriously Wounded, and leaves the fight to his unwounded companions, if any; if all are Seriously Wounded, the text will give instructions as to what to do.

The fight continues until one side is dead or has surrendered. Once either Altheus or his opponent is Seriously Wounded, however, the injury will hamper fighting ability. Anyone suffering from such a wound will roll one die instead of two during combat. In this situation, a roll of 1 is an automatic miss, but a roll of 6 is not an automatic hit. If all participants in a combat are Seriously Wounded, then, in

this case only, they are allowed to roll two dice instead of one until the end of the combat. Once a protagonist is Seriously Wounded, therefore, his chances of survival are very much less. Against a human opponent, in this situation, Altheus has the option of surrendering. The opponent will almost always accept this (the text will tell you whether or not he does), strip him of his strongest piece of armour and his strongest weapon (calculated according to their Might or Protection – the best has the highest value), and then let him go. Altheus must, however, take 1 Shame point for such action. If an opponent surrenders, Altheus must accept, or else take 2 Shame points. He may then strip the opponent of any armour or weapons he wishes, bearing in mind that he may not wear more than one of any type of armour (a helmet, for example), although he may carry a spare. Again, the text will tell you whether or not a given opponent will surrender.

If Altheus is Healthy or Wounded (but not Seriously), he may attempt to retreat. Any attempt will cost 1 Honour point, regardless of its outcome. A retreat is successful on a roll of 1–4, and fails on 5 or 6, unless specified in the text. A successful attempt will impose 1 point of Shame, and send you to the paragraph specified. Unsuccessful attempts rule out retreat for the remainder of the combat: the fight must continue to the death or surrender.

Honour, as already mentioned, plays an important part in combat. Altheus may, if it is his strike, use Honour points to increase his Might temporarily. For example, if his Honour is 14, and his Might 9 (natural ability + axe), he may increase his Might to, say, 11, for one roll only, by decreasing his Honour to 12. After the roll, the Might reverts to its former value, and the Honour points are lost for ever. Similarly, when it is his opponent's strike, Altheus may increase his Protection, for one roll only, by a corresponding reduction in Honour. He may do this as often as he likes, as long as he does not run out of Honour.

If Altheus is victorious in combat, he will receive Honour points. The text will specify how many points Altheus will receive as a result of a given combat. In addition, his Wound

Record should be set back to Healthy at the end of any combat he survives.

Examples of Combat

Altheus, with a spear (Might 3, Protection 1) and a helmet (Protection 4), his Honour at 10 and Shame at 0, meets a lion (Might 5, Protection 15). Altheus' combat values are Might 7 (4+3) and Protection 15 (10+4+1).

Altheus decides to take no non-combat action, such as praying to the gods, and so strikes first. He needs 8 to hit, because his Might of 7, plus a die roll of 8, is equal to the lion's Protection of 15. He rolls 6 and misses.

The lion needs 10 to hit. He rolls 11, so Altheus is Wounded. Altheus attacks again. This time he rolls 9, which hits. The lion is Wounded.

The lion again needs 10 to hit. He rolls 11, so Altheus is now Seriously Wounded and rolls only one die in combat.

Altheus now needs 8 to hit, but this is impossible on one die. He therefore decides to use some Honour points. He transfers 3 points to his Might, which is now at a temporary level of 10. He needs 5 to hit. He rolls 6; the lion is now Seriously Wounded. It has no Honour, and so cannot hit Altheus any longer. Altheus kills it in the next round, by using some more Honour, and he receives 6 points of Honour for slaying the lion. His Wound Record is returned to Healthy.

Later in this adventure, Altheus meets two Cretans, both Might 7, Protection 14. They carry clubs and shields. Altheus' values are as before: Might 7, Protection 15. He has acquired 1 Shame point, but his Honour is now 12. The effective Might of the first Cretan is 8, because of his companion. Altheus, deciding the odds against him are too great, tries to retreat. He rolls 5 and fails, but still loses 1 point of Honour. The first Cretan now strikes, as Altheus has lost the initiative by attempting to retreat. He needs 7 to hit, but rolls 3, which is in any case an automatic miss.

Altheus rolls 9, which hits, as 9 plus his Might of 7 is greater than 14, the Cretan's Protection. The Cretan is Wounded.

The Cretan rolls 5, and misses.

Altheus rolls and hits again. The Cretan is now Seriously Wounded, and drops out, leaving his companion to fight on. As he has no support, he fights at Might 7, Protection 14. He attacks Altheus, needing a roll of 8 or more to hit. He rolls 11, wounding Altheus.

Altheus rolls 5, missing the Cretan. He needs 7 to hit.

The Cretan rolls 3 and automatically misses.

Altheus would like to retreat now, but cannot, as he failed earlier on. Instead, he uses 5 points of Honour to bring his Might up to 12. He needs 2 or more to hit. He rolls 2, but this is an automatic miss. Two of his Honour points were wasted, as a roll of 2 or 3 misses, no matter what. His Honour is now at 6, and his Might back to 7.

The Cretan rolls 4, and again misses.

Altheus rolls 12, an automatic hit. The Cretan is now Wounded. The Cretan rolls 10. Added to his Might of 7, this makes 17, greater than Altheus' Protection, so he hits Altheus, who is now Seriously Wounded.

In desperation, Altheus uses 5 points of Honour to increase his Might to 12, so that he needs a roll of 2 on one die (only one, as he is Seriously Wounded) to hit. He rolls 4, and hits. Both Cretans are now Seriously Wounded.

At this point Altheus rejoices, thinking that both Cretans will surrender. By turning to the appropriate paragraph, however, he finds that they are fanatical defenders of the labyrinth of Minos, and will never surrender. As neither side can score a hit – the Cretans are using only one die and Altheus feels he cannot use any Honour as it would fall below his Shame, and if he failed to hit he would die – both sides are permitted to roll two dice instead of one. Even if Altheus wins this combat, his low Honour will cause problems; perhaps he will pray to Zeus . . .

Gods

The gods are a crucial part of Altheus' life. At the start of the adventure he must dedicate himself to one of Ares, Athena, Poseidon, Apollo, Aphrodite or Hera, and he must try to avoid angering any of the others. Presiding, enigmatic, over them all is Zeus, father of the gods, who will aid Altheus once in the adventure. Beneath this pantheon are many lesser gods, goddesses and spirits, whose anger is still to be avoided. In the case of a patron deity (who will already have been chosen by those who have played earlier books, or will be chosen later by those who have not), Altheus' standing is determined by his Honour. At certain points in the text, Altheus will be offered help by a deity; if it is his patron, he may expend the requisite amount of Honour (sometimes a random number) and accept the favour. If Altheus does not have enough Honour, he will be referred back to the paragraph where the choice was offered, but will none the less lose 1 point of Honour. Once at 0, Honour cannot be regained, except by praying to Zeus, or by use of certain artefacts.

In the case of deities who are not his patron, Altheus is either in Favour (F), at Neutral (N), or in Disfavour (D). Initially, his standing with all of these gods will be just as at the end of the last book, or as assigned for those who have not read that, but the standing may change throughout the course of the adventure, as he performs actions which appease or anger the gods.

Altheus may pray to Zeus once during each adventure. This will have one of a number of effects, at the reader's choice:

1. If he has been killed by any other means than Shame overtaking Honour, he may be resurrected, with all equipment, Shame of 0 and Honour of 1, at the paragraph indicated in the text. When Zeus saves you in this manner, do not be surprised if you find yourself moved to a nearby point in the same town or vicinity; this is simply divine Zeus' way of ensuring your safety.
2. He may simply gain 1–6 Honour points (roll one die).
3. If his Honour is at 0, he may have it set back to 1, and regain the ability to acquire Honour.

4. He may have the attitude of all the gods set back to Neutral, regardless of what they were.

Remember that the intervention of Olympian Zeus is very rare indeed, and may never be used more than once in an adventure, unless it is specifically offered in the text.

Equipment

You start the adventure with those pieces of equipment marked on your Chronicle Sheet (carried over from the last book or assigned to those who have not played it). During the course of the adventure you will acquire other pieces of equipment and should note these on the Chronicle Sheet. You may only carry one spare set of armour (in addition to any you may be wearing), and this will give you no extra Protection; but there is no limit to the amount of small items you may carry. This rule does not forbid the wearing of a breastplate, greaves, helmet, etc., merely the wearing of two of any particular type of armour.

Taking a Hint

At times during the adventure you may wish to perform non-standard actions. These will not be offered in the text, as this would give you a degree of foreknowledge granted only to the prescient. Instead, if you are at a paragraph with a number in italic type (i.e. *476* rather than **476**), you may run the risk of adding 20 to the paragraph number and turning to that number; this process is known for convenience as 'taking a hint'. If there is no non-standard action at that point which a Bronze Age hero would have thought of, you will pay a penalty in either Honour or Shame, or both, for trying to be ahead of your time.

Note that this option will never be explicitly offered in the text; you must remember it and use it when you see fit.

You are about to set off. Turn to paragraph **1**, and good luck!

ALTHEUS CHRONICLE SHEET

	Natural		*Best Weapon*		
MIGHT	4	+		=	
	Natural		*Armour*		
PROTECTION	10	+ + + +		=	
HONOUR	7				
SHAME	0				

The Gods

PATRON:

Favour *Disfavour*

Weapons & Armour

	M	P
CLUB	1	0

Notes

POSSESSIONS: Mother's Gem

Wound Record Track

HEALTHY						
WOUNDED						
SERIOUSLY WOUNDED						
DEAD						

ALTHEUS CHRONICLE SHEET

	Natural		*Best Weapon*		
MIGHT	4	+	3	=	7
	Natural		*Armour*		
PROTECTION	10	+ 2 + 2 +		=	14
HONOUR	7				
SHAME	0				

The Gods

PATRON: Apollo

Favour *Disfavour*

Dionysus Hera

Aphrodite

Weapons & Armour

	M	P
CLUB	1	0
SHIELD	0	2
BREASTPLATE	0	2
SWORD	3	0

Notes

POSSESSIONS: Mother's Gem

NO HINT PENALTIES

Wound Record Track

HEALTHY						
WOUNDED						
SERIOUSLY WOUNDED						
DEAD						

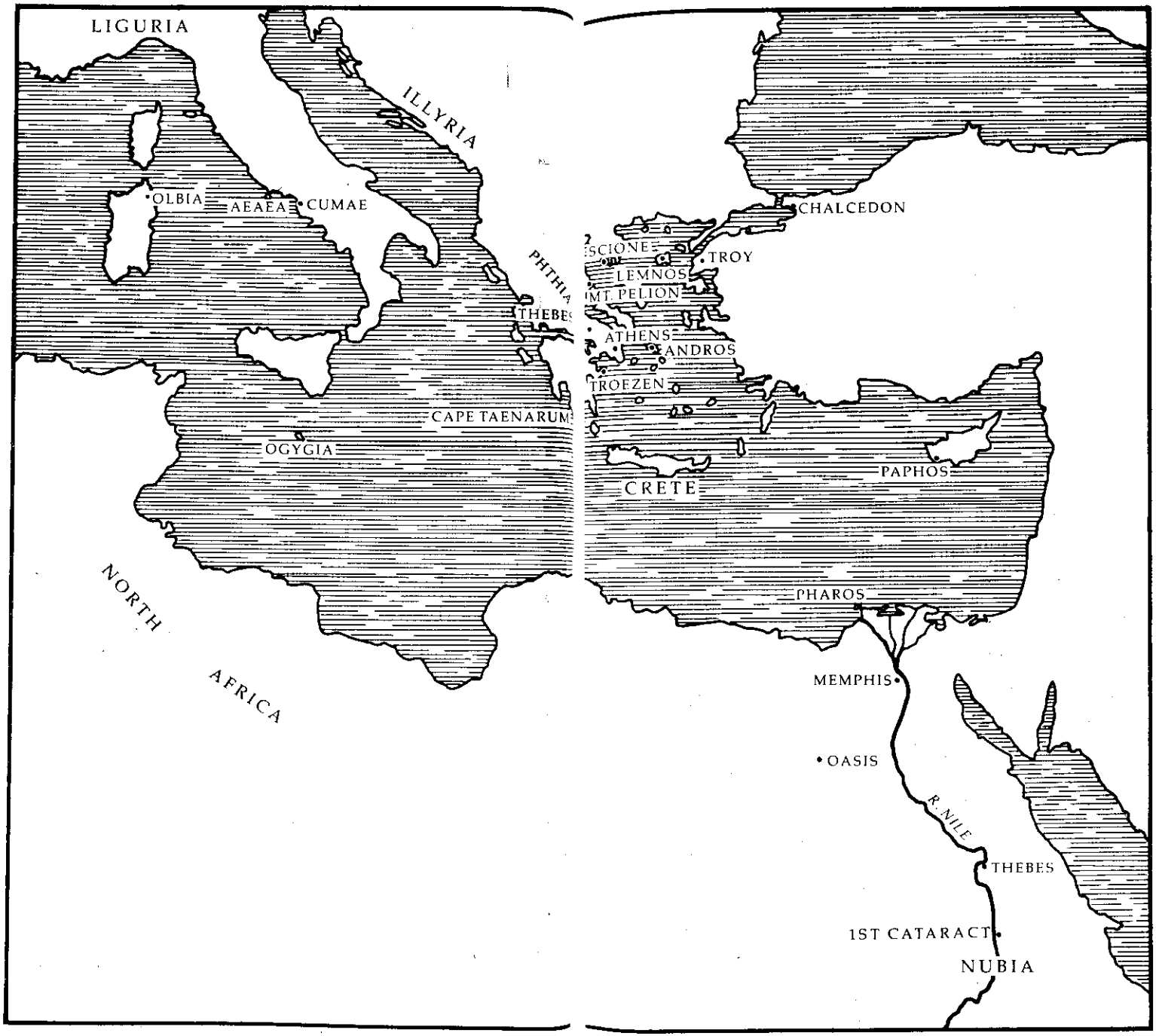
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ILLYRIA
OLBIA
AEAEA
CUMAE
PHTHIA
THEBES
CAPE TAENARUM
OGYGIA
NORTH
AFRICA
CHALCEDON
SCIONE
TROY
LEMNOS
MT. PELION
ATHENS
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PHAROS
MEMPHIS
OASIS
R. NILE
THEBES
1ST CATARACT
NUBIA

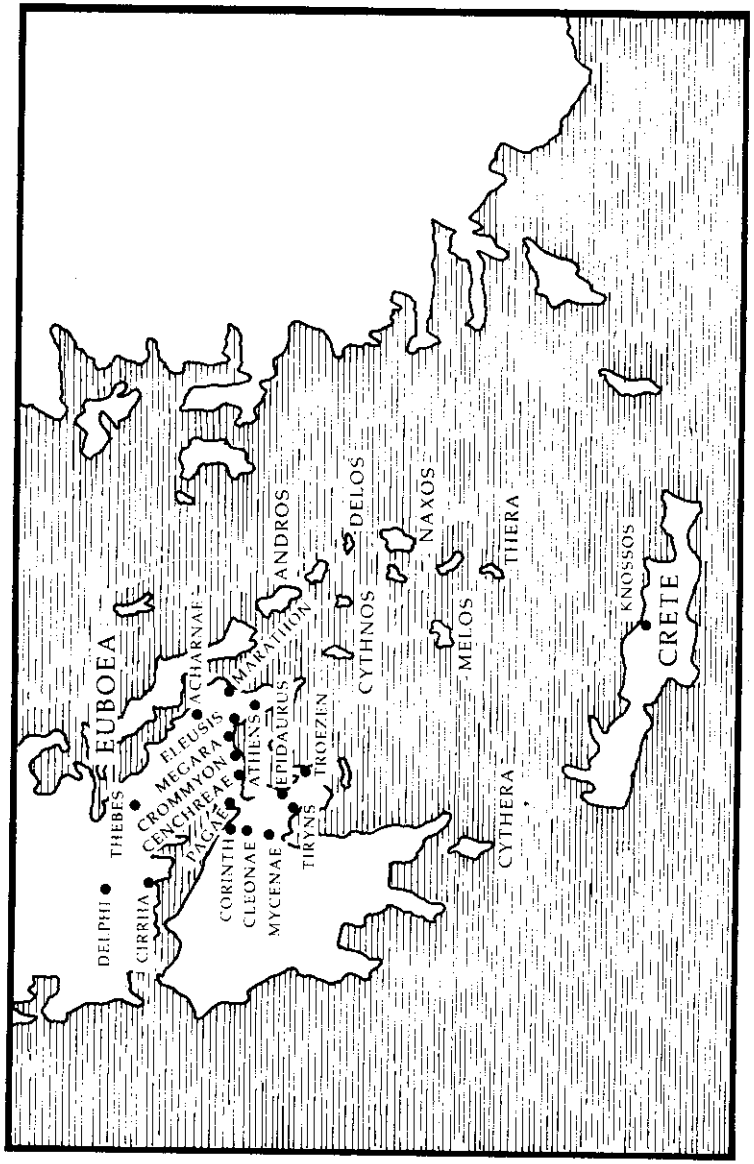

RETURN OF THE WANDERER

1

An angry summer is descending into a sullen autumn, and you are lying on the deck at the side of the ship, looking out to sea, when the captain comes above decks to speak to you.

'We can make Naxos by mid-morning,' he tells you. His voice is full of enthusiasm; he is a bachelor. 'The priest in the temple of Artemis is a friend: he will be glad to marry you to the princess.'

You smile and clasp his hand for a moment, before staring out to sea again.

The temple of Artemis on Naxos is simple and bright. A circular ring of pillars surrounds an inner sanctum where stark fire burns and a bronze statue of the goddess stares unflinchingly out over the virgin forest of the island. As you walk up the hill towards the temple with Ariadne, the captain is already talking to the old priest, and when you reach the temple he approaches you with a broad grin.

'When the sun reaches its zenith,' promises the captain, 'then you shall be married.'

Ariadne kisses you once and goes away with two of the maidens of Athens to prepare for the ceremony. You watch her as she walks away, her hair suddenly caught by a gust of wind. Go to 148.

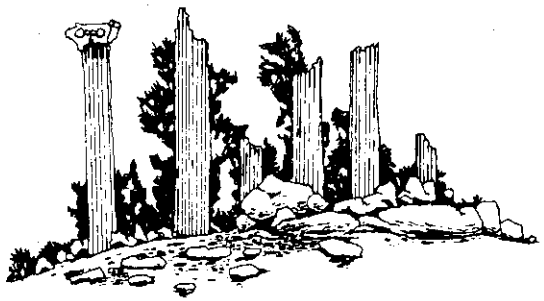

2

The ship has suddenly become becalmed and waits stationary between the rocks, just as the hare freezes before the hunter's dogs and cannot escape into the green meadow. For a moment nothing seems to move, and then there is a great splintering as the ship is squeezed between the crags. There are shouts of agony, and the waves crashing over the ship's deck are foaming red. You run to one side of the vessel, trying frantically to scrabble up the side of the rocks. Your last sight is of Vizhazid, bloodied and battered, throwing a metal container into the sea. Then the Symplegades snap shut their jaws. If you can still pray to Zeus, go to **241**.

3

The ship is ready to sail, even though it is now close to dusk. The captain explains that he does not wish to stay too long in this ill-omened place, for just as garments washed in the battle-bloodied waters will take on that crimson hue, so his vessel would be cursed by too long a stay in these hateful harbours. Vizhazid orders the rowers to begin their work, and as the Tyrian stroke-master beats his drum, you pull out from port. Go to **52**.

4

Agnostes orders one of his handmaidens to find some new clothes to replace your travel-worn rags. Soon you are decked out in a tunic of finest purple, as befits a king's son. You relate your story to Agnostes, as he absently tugs at his long, brown, flowing locks. His brow creases at the news of Aegeus' death, and he stands up, pacing around the room to give himself the full advantage of his superior height. 'I must go now,' he says, hardly aware that you have been here but a few hours. 'Oh, by the way, the one who stayed in Troezen in my place has returned. His name, what was it? Ah, yes, Paris.'

You are conducted to your bedchamber, which is sumptuously furnished with silk hangings and sheets with a pattern of ships. You may sleep at once (turn to **402**), or try to explore the palace (turn to **65**).

5

In a fluttering of an eyelash, the goddess herself appears. She stays the hand of the high priest. 'Such a pity, don't you think,' she murmurs in admiration, and then, while the other acolytes and hierarchs fall down in obeisance and worship, she motions with a delicate flick of the wrist that you should leave. 'Some other time,' she mouths.

You do not pause to admire Aphrodite's aura, but make your escape swiftly from her Paphian shrine. You hear footsteps, but on turning find them to belong only to some slaves, who have also escaped, and want you to lead them to freedom. Go to **84**.

6

There is some money in the pouch. Its owner is probably dead. Roll a die and add one. This is the number of obols you have found. In any case, have 1 Shame point for your theft. Go to **311**.

7

Your body seems to become feather-light as the father of the gods guides you gently to the ground. You suffer only a few bruises and scratches. One of your sandals is flung off into some bushes, and you are bitten by an insect as you retrieve it. Sucking your thumb, you set off from Pelion. Go to **189**.

8

You strike once more, and the corn-creature crashes to the ground. The scene seems to waver, and you stretch out your hand to grasp the remains of the beast. You take hold of a wooden plaque; on it is inscribed an ear of corn, symbol of the fruitfulness of the earth.

Restore your Honour points to the level they were at the start of the combat. If this is the third beast you have fought and defeated, then go to **346**. Otherwise, you must deal next with the water (turn to **149**), or with the fire (turn to **107**).

9

The waves sweep you far out to sea, away from the path that your ship was plying. You float past the bleached and gnawed bones of a long-dead mariner; perhaps this will be your fate, also. Again and again you are submerged beneath the waters. If you wish to invoke your patron's aid, go to **286**. Otherwise, go to **123**.

10

It is some days before the shores of Troy come in sight, and only dimly can you make out the towers of that great city. Oresander informs you that the stay in Troy will be but two days long, so you have little time for sightseeing. Go to **37**.

11

You stagger backwards, seeking to flee from the fatal fight, but you come up against something hard. You turn round quickly, only to see the gigantic mandible of another Fire-ant poised to crush you. The heat emanating from the creature is oppressive, preparing you for the fires of Hell.

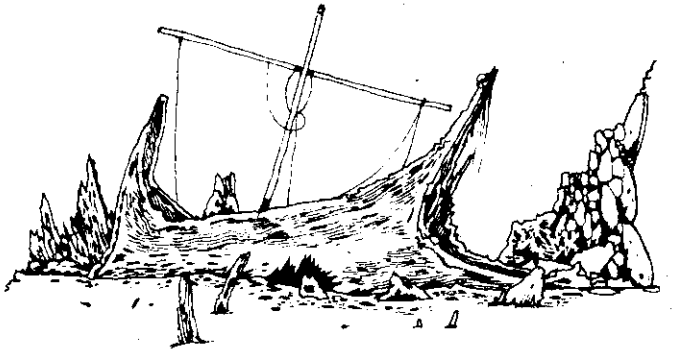

12

Do you agree to travel back to Troezen with Vizhazid (turn to **443**), or will you wait for another ship to come and take you back to the lands of your forefathers (turn to **35**)?

13

Lose any one item won during the first game, and return to **106** to roll again. If you have no items, lose one obol and return to **106**. If you have no obols, go to **91**.

14

Roll two dice. You have won the following:

2	1 Honour point for your good company
3–5	A copper ring
6	A small piece of jade
7	A small sapphire
8	An amber comb
9–11	A carved ivory toad
12	A sword (Might 2, Protection 1)

Items 3 to 12 can be won only once. If you possess the item already, do not roll again – you simply win nothing. Having rolled, return to **401**.

15

The way is steep at times, and your feet are soon blistered and torn. Your arm begins to bleed and you rub the scratch with a leaf plucked from a nearby tree. As though by divine will, the bleeding ceases. As you proceed higher and higher up the slopes, you see that much of the once green land is blasted and scorched, plagued by fire and pestilence. Thorn-bushes choke the trees of Asclepius the healer and Pelion is overtaken by the diseases of earth.

Just as you are about to give in and head back down the mountainside, you hear a great, deep, rumbling voice crying out in pain. The sound seems to emanate from a cave on a crag above you. You could make the climb, but it would be difficult. Do you investigate (turn to **301**), or do you turn back (turn to **520**)?

16

Out of the harbour the ship ploughs a fast furrow through the foaming waves, and is soon well under way. Yet on the afternoon of the first day a huge storm blows up, tossing the boat like a mere splinter of wood in Ocean's cruel currents. Four days and nights the ship is battered in the swell, and then at last it is driven aground. But you, Avenging Altheus, do not reach land so easily, for you are swept off the deck. The last sounds you hear are the cries of the sailors as they seek to save you. Go to **167**.

17

The journey across the Pagasaean Gulf takes several hours, and all the passengers have to lend a hand bailing out water from the craft. At times it seems the ferry will sink, but its stern steersman affects an air of unconcern, muttering only various curses against 'Easterners'. The other passengers are mostly pilgrims from various parts of Thrace and Thessaly , on their way to Delphi, and they keep to themselves.

At last you land, and there, waiting to sell the pilgrims ivory statuettes of Apollo, is Markos the Phoenician merchant. You groan, and try to get back on the ferry, but are pushed off.

'Greetings, son of Aegeus,' he shouts, oblivious of the pain

the mention of your father's name will cause you. He comes closer and begins to herd you away from the common press of pilgrims. 'They're of Baal, in fact, a Tyrian god,' he says, pointing at his statues, 'but *they* wouldn't notice even if the figurines had four heads.'

You try desperately to get away from Markos, but his grip is vice-tight. 'Meet my friends,' he continues. 'They are Achaians, but then you'd know that.' You have approached a party of four men, who are heavily armed with swords and spears; they have complete sets of armour, and horse-hair plumes in their helmets, waving in the wind.

'I'm bored,' says one of them. 'Let's play dice.' You realize he is speaking to you.

'Oh, yes,' agrees Markos enthusiastically. 'Let's see what you're made of.'

'What's the game?' you inquire without relish.

'Oh,' says Markos, patting his money-bag, 'it's called the Golden Fleece.'

Will you dice with the Achaians (turn to **401**), or will you refuse their offer, either because you prefer to keep your money safe or because you have no money (turn to **404**)?

18

Out of the building you rush, knocking the acolytes over on your way. But the mass of citizens is still ahead of you, and you are unable to get through. You turn round to face the tumble-down temple, and Arissia emerges at that very moment. Yet she seems inspired by the goddess, her eyes glowing, her hair almost aflame, and she does not recognize you. Go to **262**.

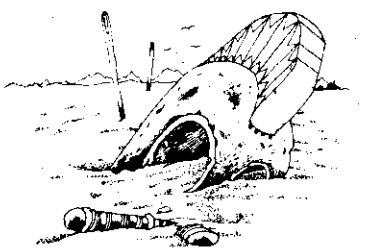

19

You approach one of the passers-by and state: 'I am Altheus, take me to the palace'; but the only reply is a furtive, 'Don't mention that name; Theseus has forbidden it.'

'What Theseus is this, for Theseus is dead?' you cry.

'General Etekon's son. He rules now,' the man answers and then scuttles off, apparently fearful lest he be caught talking to such a madman.

Dirty, sea-stained, bearded and unrecognized, you walk through the streets of Athens, wrapping yourself tightly in your threadbare coat to keep out the wind and driving rain. The passers-by avoid you as a beggar or leper. At length you stumble inside an inn. As you start to dry off by the fire, you see the innkeeper coming towards you, evidently intent on throwing you out; but before he can do so, you are greeted by a group of balding men and plump matrons, who drag you to their table and ply you with wine and questions. The innkeeper retreats, mollified, and you sip at the spicy wine, wondering who these people are. Then you recognize them: these are the youths and maidens who accompanied you to Knossos and whom you saved from the Minotaur.

But time has wrought its revenges. The youthful muscles have turned to fat, the bronzed flesh to paunches. The men are balding or greying, and the women's dimples have turned to wrinkles. From what they say, you learn that the city has ignored them. None of them received a hero's welcome and one of the youths has been stoned. Now they have sunk into sullen reminiscences about glorious days long ago; seven and a half years after coming home, the six surviving youths and five maidens of Athens are still fighting the darkness of Knossos.

The girl who reminded you of your mother smiles, and something in the toothless grin, or perhaps the wine, makes you snap. Like a man who goes to greet his grandmother in the morning, and finds her dead, you rise hurriedly and stumble out into the street, retching. As quickly as you can, you leave Athens, and take the road home to Troezen.

Out on the highway the weather improves slightly, and you stride along confidently, your spirits lifting as the memory of Athens fades. A farmer on a small cart approaches you from behind. Will you ask him for a lift (turn to **335**), or wait for him to pass (turn to **414**)?

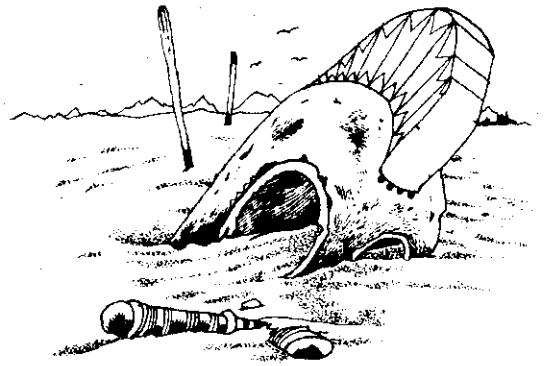

20

Seeing that you intend to fight them, the men step back and brace themselves. As you close in for the attack, one of them lets out a high-pitched cry.

The men are Might 4, Protection 10, with spears (Might 2, Protection 2). You may not retreat. If you surrender, go to **69**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **214**. If you Seriously Wound both of your opponents, go to **541**.

21

'We're leaving Naxos now,' you tell the captain. He looks at you and the smile dies on his lips as he sees you are serious.

'But . . . The Lady Ariadne . . .'

In an instant your sword is out of its scabbard and at his throat. 'Now, villain, or you die.'

As the ship pulls away from Naxos with resentful strokes, you collapse in your cabin and weep freely. Then the messenger god is with you.

'Twice have I brought you news from High Olympus,' intones Hermes, 'and now, for the last time, I do so again. You have played your part: now the wanderer must return. But it is a journey begun with a betrayal, and in shame must you travel.'

'My lord Hermes, there was no alternative.'

Hermes vanishes. 'That alters nothing,' he says, and is gone for ever.

If you have read the second book of the Cretan Chronicles, *At the Court of King Minos*, go to **353**. Otherwise, you must choose a patron to aid you in your journey home.

If you choose Aphrodite, goddess of love, go to **76**.
If you choose Apollo, god of prophecy, go to **158**.
If you choose Ares, god of war, go to **229**.
If you choose Athena, goddess of wisdom, go to **268**.
If you choose Hera, queen of the gods, go to **413**.
If you choose Poseidon, god of the sea, go to **508**.

22

When one of the fishermen leaves his raft to take a basket of fish to the shore, you and the other slaves rush on to the craft and begin to row with desperate strokes away from the shore. Out in the bay the wind picks up in the crude sackcloth sail and you make more headway. Remembering your duty to the others, you examine how well provisioned you are, but the only food aboard is fish, albeit in copious amounts and fresh; the only other things the fisherman left aboard are some rope and a small pot of beeswax.

You explain that you must visit Italy before you will be safe and the slaves, sullen and confused, agree. But soon you are driven far to the west by the winds, and you lose track of time and your position. About six weeks pass and your provisions are all but exhausted. Go to **168**.

23

If Aphrodite, goddess of love, is your patron, go to **118**. If not, go to **162**.

24

Paris, son of Priam, was exposed as a youngster on Mount Ida and brought up by some shepherds. He discovered his real origin, and having defeated the other sons of Priam at games, declared it, and was acknowledged. Clearly the other sons of Priam were annoyed at this, and the Trojan king sent him on an exchange with Agnostes, from which he is just returning. Lose 1 Honour point, and return to **4**.

25

You are stripped of all your weapons and armour. You must in effect attack yourself four times.

The scourge is Might 1; you attack your own Protection. You may use Honour points to increase your Protection, but, as normal, these must be committed before the dice are thrown. If you are Seriously Wounded, go to **220**. After four strokes, go to **66**.

26

The woman looks at you wide-eyed, jabbers something ending in 'sophists', and runs away, almost tripping over a stall selling fruit. You must ask the soldier. Go to **187**.

27

You miss your handhold and for a moment sway precariously above the precipice, but then your senses return to you, and you haul yourself safely to the side of the ledge. There you see what manner of creature has caused the disturbance. It is a Centaur, half-horse, but with its upper body human – a once magnificent specimen of its type, but now old and enfeebled. It gasps out in agony, and you notice for the first time a great black welt on its side from which pus and blood flow intermittently to join a caked pool of fluid on the ground. A broken arrowhead has been tossed to one side of the mouth of the cave, and leaning against the entrance is a crude wooden spear.

'Help me,' wheezes the pitiful creature, and his voice is as the flowing of the waters in a nearly dry stream-bed. 'For I am Chiron, disciple of Asclepius. A Phoenician trader threw poisoned darts at me as a cruel game. He laughed and joked, but one of the baleful barbs struck me. His name was M . . .' The creature falls into a coughing fit, and yellow bile trickles from its lips. Its rheumy eyes look at you in a desperate appeal. Will you help the Centaur (turn to **188**), take the spear, since you are unarmed (turn to **166**), or simply leave (turn to **80**)?

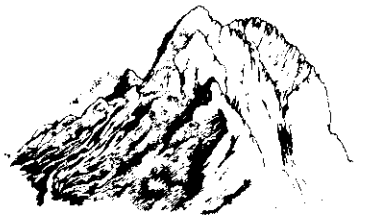

28

You find the temple with ease. It is an austere grey building, somewhat dilapidated and overgrown with creepers. There is no door and you pass through a colonnade into the precinct. There stands the statue of the mistress of wisdom. 'Aid me, Athena,' you pray.

The statue seems to stir and a divine glow of life fires its eyes.

'You will never weach home, son of Aegeus, before you puwify yourself. You must seek out Circe, mistwess of ware arts on the island of Aea. At that place you can be purged of blood-guilt for Agnostes' death. Or if you'd wather, you could go to the temple of Awes at Olbia, and the pwiests will instwuct you in the wites of puwity.' With this the statue falls silent, and will speak no more, despite your constant entreaties.

You rush down to the harbour and manage to gain passage to Aea with a merchant captain of Markos' fleet. If you are in Favour with Poseidon, or he is your patron, go to **109**. If you are in Disfavour with him, or he is Neutral to you, go to **169**.

29

There is a faint whiff of Tyrian incense, and the god Apollo stands before you, dressed in a sumptuous pink tunic, stained badly down one sleeve by juice from oranges. Popping another piece of fruit into his mouth, he begins: 'I think you should leave at once. Calypso's a bad thing, really. At least I think she is, or was once, or might be tomorrow. Something terrible could happen if you don't build yourself a raft and escape. I can't help you there, practicality and immortality just don't mix.'

Then in a twist of orange peel the god is gone, back to his scrolls and prophesying. Go to **352**.

30

You unstrap one of the men's breastplates (Protection 2) and a sword (Might 2, Protection−1), kick the fattest man once more and turn, striding straight and proud to the high-horned ship. The ruffians praise you for the saving of their lives, but you pay them no heed and soon, as the drum beats time for the oarsmen, you are off once more towards great-walled Troy. Have 4 Honour points for your victory. Go to **10**.

31

As soon as you come close, the natives seize you and hold you, kicking and struggling, while you are tied with vines. You break away for a brief moment, and kick one of the men in the chest. He doubles up and cries out in his anguish. Your captors are startled, and almost let go of you, but a sharp blow to the head silences your struggles, and you are unable to resist further. Go to **164**.

32

You order your friends to row round the islands, but they seem to be entranced. You seize up the oar and paddle in the opposite direction, but they, with their hands, make five times as much headway as you can manage. You are as a fly caught in a spider's web, which tries desperately to flee, while the black, brooding shape of the predator grows ever nearer. Go to **242**.

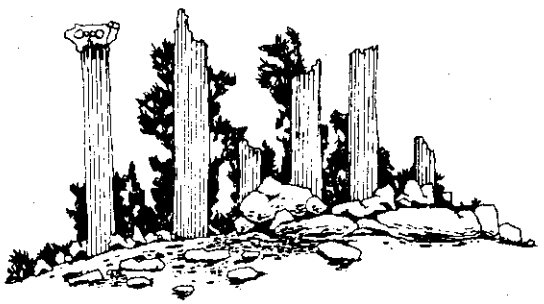

33

Zeus will most certainly not save those who have died defiling the temple of another of the divine ones. The laws of the divine are immutable, and to break them would threaten his position as king of the gods. No mortal man is worth such a price, and you least of all, Altheus the Avenger.

34

A searing pain strikes you in the chest. You try to clutch the place, but your hands are paralysed. The scene turns a rosy tint of red, then the angry colour deepens. There is a buzzing in your eyes, and you fall. Your heart has burst, swollen by the anger of Ares.

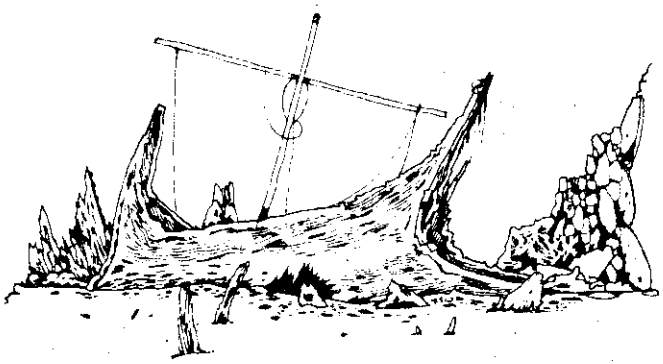

35

You wait for days and days, and search the island for signs of people, but find none. The only evidence of habitation is the manifest of a ship – a scroll describing a projected sea-voyage to Troy. The ship was carrying pomegranate seeds. There is no indication, however, of Markos' stay. You pull down some branches, and start to build yourself a raft. At last you slump down, exhausted. Go to **500**.

36

For one so hardened by your journeying, Altheus the Avenger, you show curiously little faith in the gods; your entreaties smack of pride and arrogance, or else despair, none of which are to be cultivated in a hero of your stature. Roll a die. On 1–3, lose 1 Honour point. On 4–6, gain 1 Shame point. Go to **167**.

37

With joy in your heart you remember that, as is the custom among noble folk of your land, your cousin Agnostes is at the Trojan court to be educated in a fitting manner, while the Trojan king's son arrived at Troezen three days before you left.

You admire the great columns of the city and its towering temples, which you can see even from the ship. When the vessel docks you can barely restrain yourself, and with hardly a word of farewell for the captain, you take off towards Troy.

The people here who wander beneath the walls seem happy and speak to one another in a high sing-song dialect of Greek, which you can follow only with difficulty. You pass through the massive gates unchallenged by the guards with their bright armour and painted body-length shields. Looking back towards the harbour, you see a warship disgorging its cargo of troops and prisoners on to the shore, but this does not trouble you, anxious as you are to see Agnostes. Will you walk around, in the hope of finding the palace (turn to **67**), or will you ask a passer-by (turn to **372**)?

38

The black-sailed ship limps into harbour. At the other end of the quay you can see the *Djinn* besieged by a horde of Athenian merchants, haggling with Markos the trader for his cargo of silk and ivory. As the ship is tied up, the Athenian youths and maidens jump on to the land and walk away unsteadily, but happy to seek their parents and, in some cases, loved ones. You wonder why your father is not here to greet you as a returning hero, but shrug it off.

Thanking the captain, you gather together your possessions, and set off to the palace of Aegeus. As you leave the Piraeus, you look over your shoulder, and see that the captain and sailors have gathered thick sticks and are heading determinedly along the quay, obviously intent on seizing Markos the merchant, and wreaking a grave revenge on him for his needless act of piracy. You hurry up to the city. Go to **538**.

39

The land rises up from the sea and levels off into a low plain stretching as far as the horizon in all directions away from the sea. There is no sign of habitation, but there are several deer, grazing peacefully to your right. You decide to head towards them quietly, in the hope of catching some food. Suddenly the earth gives way beneath you, and you fall into a large, man-made pit. You have been caught in a deer-trap and are quite unable to escape.

Many hours later, six dark-skinned warriors arrive, and find you in their trap. They lift you out, and tie your hands behind your back. Go to **424**.

40

Eager to be away from the place, you grab the bucket and pour its contents on the flames. Yet the smoke which rises is damp, choking and scaldingly hot. The men run back, and the other folk on the quayside look aghast. 'Fool!' cries one. 'No one can put out the flames of the fire-worker.' Then, just as the bright-armed battalions march in close formation, you see a column of gigantic bronze ants, fire streaming from their mandibles. The quay is suddenly empty, and you must face alone the wrath of the god you have angered.

There are eight ants, each with Might 8, Protection 10. Because of their mechanical nature, they fight one at a time, gaining no advantage from their numbers. When one is hit, it ceases to function, and the next takes over the fight.

You are in Disfavour with Hephaestus. If you retreat, go to **11**. If you die, and pray to Zeus, go to **126**. When you have hit four creatures, go to **83**.

41

Circe seems prepared for such a reaction. She mumbles a few words, and in her hands she suddenly bears a stout wooden stave.

Circe is Might 5, Protection 22. This latter value is high because of her sorcerous powers. The stave is Might 1.

You may not attempt to retreat: the clearing is too small. If you surrender, go to **92**. If you Seriously Wound Circe, go to **223**. If you are killed, go to **102**.

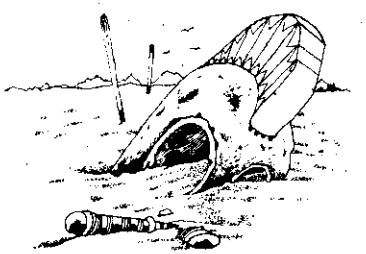

42

'Certainly,' you reply, 'for how else could I have dared the sanctuary?' The priestess nods in reply, and signs to two aged acolytes, who stand to one side of the entrance, to open the doors. For a moment she seems vacant, and stares blankly. You have become involved unwittingly in the ceremony of a foreign god. Have 1 Shame point for denying your patron deity. Go to **184**.

43

'What town is this?' you ask. To your surprise the man whom you have approached booms out, 'A stranger to Paphos, eh?' With this he leaps nimbly to one side and runs down an alleyway, stroking his long white beard. You look around for the cause of his fright and see, standing at one end of the quay, a group of black-robed men carrying cudgels. You are too weak from your experiences to run.

You could fight them (turn to **285**), or you could wait to see what they want (turn to **380**).

44

You pick up the bowl of corn, and at once the scene before you changes. No longer do you stand before the crowds at Scione, but alone amidst a seemingly endless field of waving corn. You start to walk, caught in the trance, but the golden ears of the plants prevent you from making progress. Just then there is a disturbance, and the field seems to rise up into the shape of a great golem made of corn. It moves towards you menacingly. This is one of the beasts that has caused famine to come upon Scione. You must fight it, but you are now unarmed and without armour or any other added protection.

This is Beast number 3 (note this down). It has Might 4, Protection 9. Note down also your current Honour point total.

You may not retreat or surrender. If you die, go to **68**. If you kill the corn creature, go to **8**.

45

Wondering at the ways of gamblers, you retire, beating out a patch of smooth earth on which to rest. You wonder how long it will be before you sleep once more in your own bed at Troezen. You are so weary. Your dreams are for once fairly pleasant, with few of the nightmares that have plagued you since the days in Crete, the days of dread, when you had to fight for your very life, and the lives of your countrymen. Go to **440**.

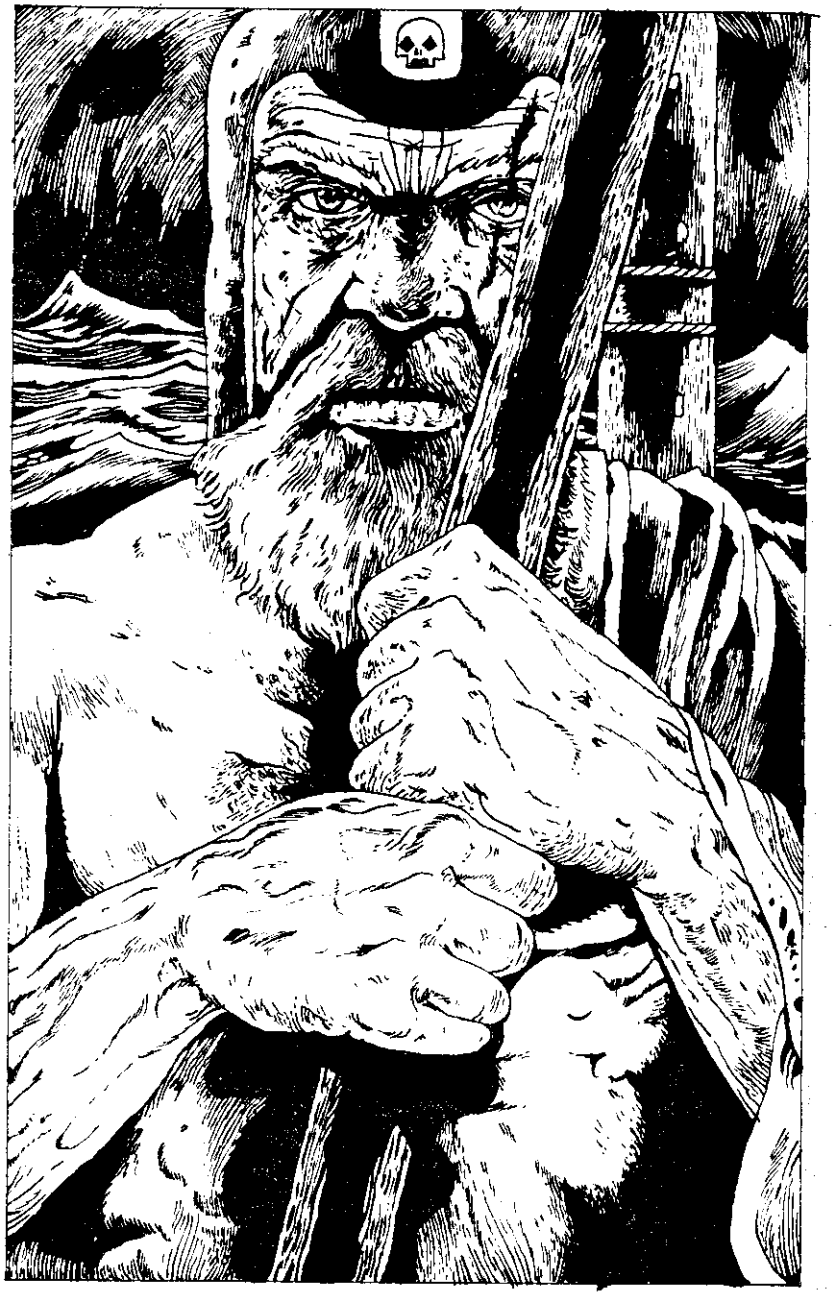

46

You are just clearing away the debris of rope and beeswax from the decks, hoping to make for land at once to restock your provisions, when a scent of putrefaction fills the air. Great Ares the war-bringer stands beside the mast, his massive bulk almost filling the whole raft. He bangs his spear on the timbers to gain attention, all but capsizing the craft as he does so, and then begins.

'Altheus. Purge yourself. Now. No questions. Do it. Go to Olbia, or, if you insist, Circe's island of Aea. My temple is better. Real priests.' With this the lord of slaughter is gone, leaving only a faint bloodstain to mark his passing.

Will you make for land to reprovision (turn to **131**)? Will you strike out for the temple of Ares at Olbia (turn to **182**)? Or will you make for Circe's island, further up the Italian coast (turn to **51**)?

47

You step back and then rush at the man. Clearly expecting nothing of the sort, he is, for the moment, nearly bowled over, but then he is as the rock-ridge that divides the valley in two, when the waters come rushing at it; they do not prevail, even at the confluence of their course. So now, despite your greatest efforts, you are unable to push past the man. He calls out to his brothers in arms, but they are glutted with eating, and do not heed him. He steps back suddenly and you fall. You struggle again and see the Trojan has his spear-point levelled at you; you must fight.

He is Might 5, Protection 12, but with a spear (Might 2) and a full-length shield (Might −1, Protection 5). If you surrender, go to **71**. If you die and pray to Zeus, go to **225**. If you retreat, go to **324**. If you Seriously Wound the guard, go to **421**.

48

You turn to run in the opposite direction, but you are sandwiched between two groups. Closer and closer they draw, and you are unable to get away. There is no point resisting, as you are weak, and there are some twenty or more of them. If you pray to your patron, go to **343**. If not, go to **164**.

49

Fortune does not smile upon you, but casts her fickle glance instead upon the merchant. Lose any one item won during the first game, and return to **106** to roll again. If you have no item, lose one obol and return to **106**. If you have no obols, go to **91**.

50

You scramble back towards the raft, desperately trying to reach it, but it is no good. Once again you are the plaything of the waters. This child does not choose to caress you, but throws you petulantly again and again towards the wicked rocks of the shore. You only become aware of these as one rips your tunic into shreds. Half-naked and half-dead, you are washed up on an unknown shore. You scramble away from the sea, and try to take a look at where you have landed, but salt and blood obscure your vision, and you collapse face down in the muddy sand. Go to **195**.

51

It does not take you long to make headway along the coast and soon the island on which you are told Circe dwells looms into sight. Woods wreathe the shoreline and you cannot see far inland. Yet spiralling lazily above the island, as an eagle searches for its prey before pouncing and taking the sickly lamb which lies below, is smoke from a hearth or fire. If Hera is your patron, go to **54**. If Hera is Neutral or Favourable to you, go to **165**. If you are in Disfavour with Hera, go to **185**.

52

You sail along the Thracian coast and then the ship plunges south towards Troy. Yet just as the shores of that high-walled city come in sight, the vessel turns once more to the north. 'Captain,' you shout, 'this way leads to the Symplegades, the clashing rocks. We shall all be killed.'

'Not necessarily,' replies Vizhazid, 'and if we do get through, the prices at Chalcedon will be very high . . . Not many make it, you know. Anyway there should be time to abandon ship.'

You feel as if the winter frosts had chilled your heart, and your mood grows grimmer as the ship approaches the rocks. Go to **101**.

53

You take the fruit from the man and start as if to bite into it, but your benefactor just leans forwards and seizes it back. Puzzled by this, you decide to leave him, and seek someone more rational, if indeed such a person exists on this forsaken isle. Go to **143**.

54

With a shimmering of colour, and a faint dewy rain, Iris, messenger of the divine queen stands before you. 'I am Iris,' she says, 'and I have a message for you; it's very important because Hera says that if you don't get it you'll run into all sorts of trouble and might not get back home, and then she'd lose face before all the other gods, and that wouldn't do at all, because you need a sense of perspective on these things, or at least stability, because if you didn't things would get out of hand, your armour would get messy, you wouldn't fight our enemies, and Hera wouldn't get all the glory, and after all we don't want the world to be a dangerous place for our children to grow up in, so we have to ignore the broader issues, and attend to specifics, such as that you should chew this plant . . .' She hands you a strange-looking root and continues to gabble: '. . . which is called moly, but I don't know why; anyway it's very important, but I've run out of time, which is another thing I had to tell you . . .'

With this the rainbow goddess disappears before she found her ending. Confused, but with the moly root in your hand, you order your crew to strike for shore. Go to **461**.

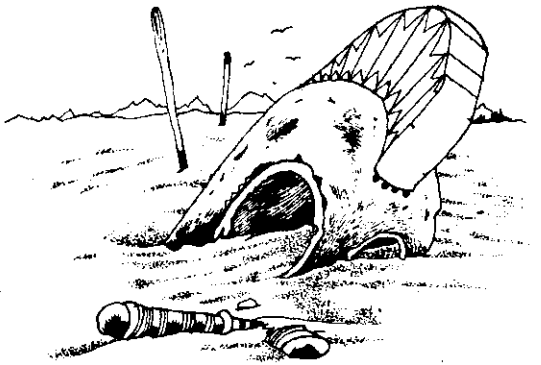

55

'Spare us,' the bearded men cry, each scrambling to grasp your knees in supplication, and as a result falling all over one another. You drop the torch, which sputters and dies; you kick one of the men in the ribs, and consider whether they deserve life or eternity in the grim halls of Hades.

Will you slaughter these enemies of the gods (turn to **521**), or will you respect the traditions of your ancestors (turn to **30**)?

56

Thebes, in the sunset, is a magnificent sight to behold, and you wonder at its high walls and strong gates, as the boat glides up to the bank. You are quickly ashore and inside the city, hoping to find a resting-place before night throws its dark mantle over the land. The city is indeed mighty and you recognize the wealth of the Egyptians as you walk amongst their buildings. Go to **236**.

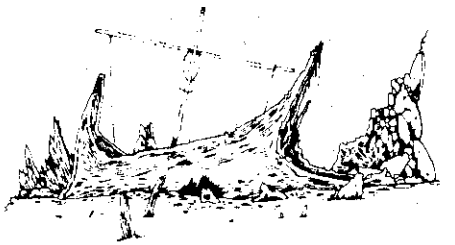

57

You back away, but your path is blocked by a wall of spectators, who shove you back into the fight. Your opponent capitalizes on your delay and inflicts a wound upon you. You must continue the fight. If you surrender, go to **331**. If you Seriously Wound him, go to **133**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **566**.

58

You spend some moments in silent prayer to Athena, protectress of your city, and suddenly the goddess herself stands before you, clad in armour, bearing a shield of burnished bronze.

'Altheus, you have done well. You have survived the pewils of Cwete and even now, your father Aegeus waits anxiously, scanning the howizon for the white sails which hewald your awwival, but feawing the black sails which will weport your death. Now huwwy back.'

With this the queen of knowledge is gone, back to watch over high-towered Athens. You go up on deck, inspired by the appearance of your patron. Go to **252**.

59

On board the *Djinn*, and out at sea once more, you stand on the deck, wondering if the seas will stay calm long enough for you to return to Athens. Markos emerges from his cabin below and strolls up beside you.

'There's been a slight change of plan, Altheus my friend. I have to call in at a small town on the North African coast on some business,' he says cryptically. 'But it'll only be for one night and then we can head off to Athens again.' You curse him silently, but you are powerless, for you are twenty miles off shore. 'Come on, watch this,' the merchant continues, as he kneels on the deck.

He slips a golden ring off the middle finger of his left hand and holds it in his palm. 'Have you got a small object, anything light?' he asks. You feel in your pocket and produce the small piece of jade from Egypt. 'That's fine,' he says, taking it and holding it in the other palm. 'You consider yourself observant, Altheus. Well I'll bet you that ring against this jade that you can't tell me which hands the two objects are in.'

With that he flips his hands over very quickly, finally slamming them palms down on the deck. The motion is too rapid for you to tell which object went under which hand. Will you tell him that both are under the left hand (turn to **233**), both are under the right hand (turn to **427**), the ring is in the right, the jade in the left hand (turn to **584**), or that the jade is in his right hand, and the ring in his left hand (turn to **377**)?

60

You charge in your outrage at the source of the missile, but slip and fall heavily against a basket of oranges; it bursts open and you stumble and fall to the ground. You scrabble around on the ground, hindered by a seeming sea of the sun-coloured fruit. A small crowd laughs in uncontrolled mirth at your plight, but when you do finally stand, the anger graven on your face is warning enough, and both they and the urchin responsible for your humiliation flee in mock terror. Lose 1 Honour point, and go to **3**.

61

When you reach the palace, Aegeus has been laid in a ceremonial litter for his journey to the underworld. He looks at you weakly.

'Altheus, you have done well. But now . . . return home. Tell your mother . . . tell your mother . . .' He breaks off.

'Tell her what, father?'

'I am sorry,' says Aegeus, and dies.

You choke back the tears, slide an obol under your father's tongue so that he may pay the ferryman and cross the River Styx to take his rightful place in the underworld, and gently close his eyes.

General Etekon has entered, and stands behind you. Now he speaks.

'The people are angry,' he tells you. 'This is the worst sort of omen for your homecoming. You must leave now, and seek a way to purge the guilt that has brought this to pass, or else I shall not be answerable for the mood of the city.' Go to **215**.

62

How can you expect the aid of the gods in such a situation; the mysteries of Demeter are hidden even from them. There are things, therefore, that mere heroes such as you should not seek to inquire into. Lose 1 Honour point, and return to **42**.

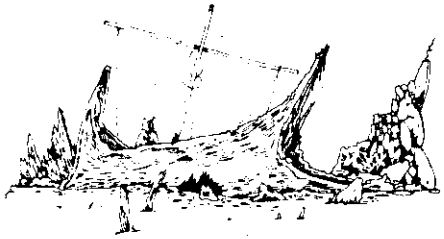

63

These men are probably part of a press-gang. Perhaps they wish to seize you and make you into a galley-slave, spending your life toiling away on the sun-scorched decks of ships that ply their trade on the seas. Yet a life such as this would be better than the gloomy halls of Hades, and if you do not resist, you may yet live. Go to **380**.

64

The sorceress seems to be smiling in a particularly unpleasant way, but Iris seemed to be confident in her gift, so you comply. Go to **140**.

65

You creep out of your room, as the warrior who seeks to infiltrate the camp of his enemies and burn the high-prowed boats upon the beach. You hear a noise and dart silently into a room. The person soon passes, but as you turn to leave you see some parchments on a table. Do you investigate them (turn to **142**), or do you return to your room to sleep (turn to **402**)?

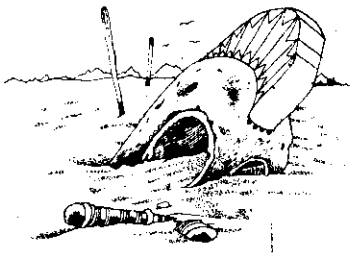

66

The final stroke is over, and the burden of guilt is lifted from your brow. The priests come and rub salt in the wounds as a final penance and you shriek out your protest at the punishment. Yet the gods will no longer seek you out for Agnostes' death and you may travel on towards Troezen. Your wounds are bound by one of the priests. They entreat you to stay to live with them and learn the rites of Ares the man-slayer, but you insist that you must leave. Your companions, however, are not so keen, and choose to stay on the far-famed island. You set off on your raft alone. Go to **344**.

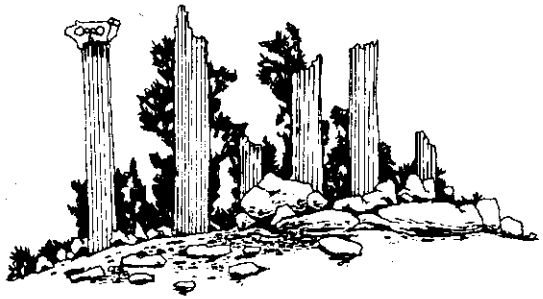

67

You walk through streets of rich houses. At one point you see a house guarded by a dog; it is held only by a length of chain. Wary of such animals, you turn back and see another way. Deeper and deeper you go into the city, until you find you are lost and must ask someone how to find Agnostes' residence. Take 1 Shame point, and go to **372**.

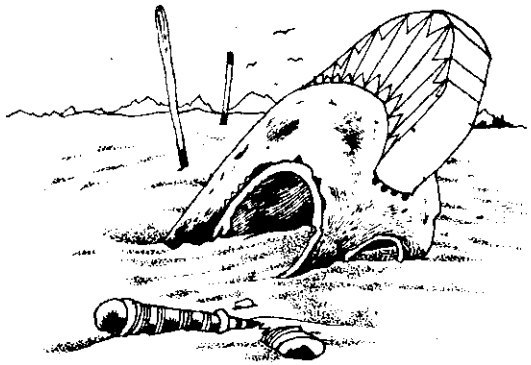

68

You are knocked backwards by a mighty blow, and fall to your knees, awaiting your inevitable death and the long journey down to the gloom of Hades. Yet the baleful blow does not fall, and instead Arissia the priestess stands before you.

'You have failed us,' she cries, 'and the curse of the goddess will follow you for the rest of your days on this afflicted earth.' With this you rise, aching, your muscles crying out in agony; the shouts and jeers of the crowd ring in your ears. Arissia continues to intone a solemn curse upon you, a curse born of the bitterness of people who know that no rains will come and their children will starve. You stumble, dazed, towards the ship.

You are now in Disfavour with Demeter. Your Honour points are restored to the total you had before the combat, but you take Shame points equal to the number of the Beast you last fought. Go to **3**.

69

Have 2 Shame points for surrendering. You are seized roughly by the arms and led down into the cave. You offer no more resistance. Go to **110**.

70

It may seem to you, Altheus the Avenger, that shipwreck was the most commonly used form of rapid transport across large distances in Bronze Age Greece. This was not in fact the case. Have 1 Shame point, and lose 1 Honour point. Go to **195**.

71

Have 1 extra Shame point for being defeated in the land of the Trojans; news of this fight will bring no glory to you in Troezen. Indeed, the report of your ignominy will cause great grief to the people of the mainland, for although the two lands are at peace at the moment, there is an uneasy tension, and the warriors of Greece will be incensed that, when a battle was fought between Troy and Achaia, it was you, Altheus the Avenger, who lost it. Go to **160**.

72

You may pray to your patron for aid. If you choose to do so, spend 1–6 Honour points (roll a die), and go to **221**. If you choose not to do so, or cannot afford the Honour points, then lose 1 Honour point, and go to **2**.

73

The ship is far from land now, but the cloud of death that enveloped your mission in the city of your father seems to become tangible, and fear seizes your mind. The storm-clouds twist like a whirlpool, sending out great bursts of water from its vortex, like a heaven-sent Harpy snatching up hapless sailors from the ocean's surface. The blackness moves closer, and the ship is tossed from side to side by the wild waters. The captain's brow is furrowed and anxious, as the crew try desperately to right their vessel. You seek shelter, but it is too late; one great wave smashes through the rotten timbers, and sweeps you screaming into the depths of Ocean. If you are in Favour with Poseidon, or he is your patron, go to **385**. Otherwise, go to **9**.

74

You go down under a savage blow from one of the sailors and think yourself doomed, but after a moment you come round to see the captain looking at you. You clamber unsteadily to your feet. Go to **348**.

75

You wait as the man approaches you, talons clicking on the wooden floor. As he comes near you, you lash out with your bound legs, and catch him in the midriff. He staggers back, and drops a knife to the floor. It glitters silver in a shaft of moonlight that comes through a gap in the rafters. Will you try to reach the knife (turn to **300**), or try to trip the man over (turn to **139**)?

76

Your Chronicle Sheet looks like this:

Might 5 Honour 18
Protection 11 Shame 8
You have no points of Intelligence.

Sword: Might 3, Protection 0
Shield: Might 0, Protection 2
Queen Antiope's amulet

Hera – Disfavour
Athena – Favour
Hecate – Disfavour
Others – Neutral

Note: You have Might 5, and not 4, and Protection 11, not 10, because of the experience gained in victory against the Minotaur in Crete. Go to **217**.

77

The path ascends rapidly; in some places you cannot walk, but have to scramble up using your hands as well as your feet. When you reach the top, you are confronted with very barren countryside: rough heathland stretches as far as the eye can see, interrupted only by a clump of trees far off to your right. Will you move on along the path (turn to **416**), or will you head off towards the trees (turn to **553**)?

78

You stretch your hands towards the chief with the palms open in an attempt to show that you mean no harm. The king is enthralled, almost entranced by this gesture, and you start to speak very slowly.

'I . . . mean . . . no ill.' It is useless, since he clearly does not understand and yet he still stares at you strangely. You fall silent and for a long time the king does not move. Then he barks out a command to the warriors behind you and they lead you away to a bare hut, where you are left on your own. Will you try to escape (turn to **536**), or will you await further developments (turn to **339**)?

79

The horse and the cart on which you are fighting hurtle headlong down an increasingly steep and narrow road. The farmer curses and tries to reach the reins. You can assist him in regaining control of the cart (turn to **524**), you can push him out while he is distracted (turn to **430**), or you can jump out (turn to **216**).

80

Down the mountainside you rush, almost reckless in your abandon. The last cries of the Centaur seem to echo in your ears, like the shouts of the high-helmeted comrade abandoned at the breaking of the battalions; yet you ignore the shouts of the wounded creature. They grow more and more anguished, and at last they cease in one last strangled scream. Have 2 Shame points, and go to **189**.

81

The guard looks a little puzzled, but then motions for you to follow him. Will you go with him (turn to **160**), or do you refuse (turn to **362**)?

82

You have not won anything on this roll; perhaps your luck will be better next time. Return to **106**, and roll again.

83

The fourth ant grows still beneath your blows. Your hands are blistered from the heat, and you turn to face the fifth of your fearsome foes, but, like dogs called back by their master from a boar that is too dangerous to approach, they retreat, and are soon gone. Their companions lie motionless on the beach, blackened by the heat from their own bodies.

'Beware, defiler, and begone,' you hear a voice crying out, and you run back to the ship. Even Oresander looks a little concerned, for there was little time to take on fresh provisions.

Have 6 Honour points for your victory. Not too soon do you leave the shores of Hephaestus the metal-worker. Turn to **10**.

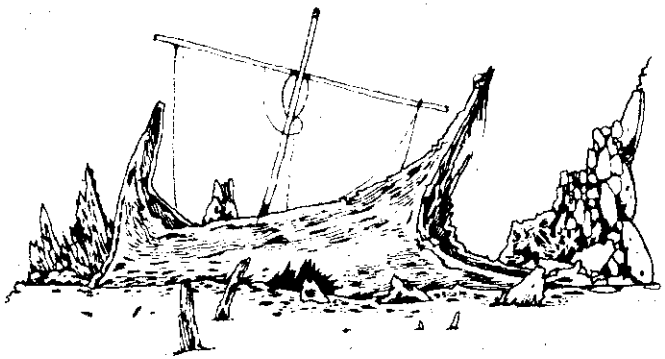

84

You reach the harbour soon enough, but are perplexed as to what to do next. You could try to steal one of the fishermen's rafts moored at the harbour (turn to **22**), or you could try to get passage on a merchant ship to Athens or some other port on the mainland of Greece (turn to **540**).

85

The barking grows to an almost deafening volume, but you do not realize that it is only one dog until its shape is revealed in the fog. Only two yards away is the terrifying form of Cerberus, the guard of the underworld, his three heads barking and snapping in defence of the realm of Hades. His tail is a hissing serpent which writhes hideously in the air. If you are wearing a lionskin, go to **277**. If not, go to **531**.

86

Circe just looks at you nonchalantly. 'You'll get no more from me. Go now, your precious moly won't save you from my other spells. If you do want to stay, then I could think of something creative for you; my mistress Hecate does not care for the approval of the other gods, and you can be sure that you would perish unavenged.' Have 1 Shame point for your futile and unheroic persistence. Go to **207**.

87

Perhaps Altheus the Avenger has reason to be afraid of dogs, but that is no reason to show your fear among foreign folk. Lose 1 Honour point, and go to **372**.

88

You pull away from the mast in your enthusiasm to hear the song better, but your strong bonds hold you back. You strain, and your companions look at you, fear on their faces. Yet you take no notice of them, intent on the sound. The rope grows slacker and slacker under the force of your straining, and eventually, with one last heroic effort, you pull free. If Aphrodite is your patron, go to **118**. If not, go to **162**.

89

You make as if to walk away from the quay, but a band of villainous-looking men, who are carrying cudgels, bears down towards you. You control the fear in your heart, which is unfitting for a true hero, and face them. Go to **380**.

90

Zeus will not interfere in the rites of the love goddess; he leaves her shrines to her own tender care, and does not visit them save when fair-faced Aphrodite herself invites him, and then only when Hera is away from Olympus. Altheus the Avenger, you die unavenged.

91

'Bad luck,' crows Markos, evidently delighted, if not exactly surprised. 'Perhaps we can play again later.' The Achaians nod to each other sagely, their horsehair plumes waving comically in the breeze. Tired and disgruntled, you fall asleep, leaning on a sack of pomegranates which Markos has left unguarded. Go to **440**.

92

'So then, drink my tea, peasant,' she crows. She drags you unyielding into the house and forces the cup's contents down your throat. You are too surprised to resist her deadly draught.

93

Go to **144**.

94

The sailor drops his torch and falls to his knees. You pause briefly, and then quickly stoop to retrieve the torch. Will you spare him, now he has surrendered (turn to **426**), or will you kill him (turn to **509**)?

95

Your horse follows the others along the dusty path by the river, and you soon see a town ahead, its white, flat-roofed buildings shimmering in the heat. Many boats are moored on the river-bank beside the town, unloading their cargoes and restocking their holds with new goods, chiefly corn and papyrus. The horsemen greet several of the townsfolk and you guess that this is their home. Your conclusion is confirmed when they ride into some stables, close to the edge of the town. You dismount and thank them, although you are still uncertain whether they can understand Greek, before making your way down to the river to see if any ships from Greece are docked there. Go to **476**.

96

You must continue the fight against these two men. If you kill both of them, go to **458**. If you surrender, go to **299**. If you die, and are saved by Zeus, go to **578**.

97

Is Altheus so foolish as to stand in the baking sun, unable to decide which route to take? Sunburn can be the only result of such an action. Have 1 Shame point, and return to **77**.

98

The old man will not accept your surrender, and you must continue to fight. He has found new strength, and is now Might 6, Protection 12. If you retreat, go to 453. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to 557. If you Seriously Wound him, go to 474.

99

You awaken, head pounding, in a darkened room. As your eyes adjust to the gloom, you can tell that it is a kind of storeroom, with some sacks around the walls. You are bound, but manage to wriggle over to one side. One of the sacks has split, and you see that it is grain that has spilled from it.

The door opens and one of the men in the bird-masks enters, looking impossibly tall. When you notice his feet, you feel a shiver run up your spine: both of his legs end in wicked-looking talons. Will you attack the man (turn to 75), or pretend to be unconscious (turn to 295)?

100

Down the mountainside you tumble, faster and faster. You have time to pray to Zeus if you still can (turn to 7). Otherwise your shattered body will be carrion for the creatures which crawl amidst the undergrowth.

101

Closer and closer you come to the clashing cliffs. Vizhazid is barking out orders to his helmsman, but you cannot hear what they are, intent as you are on the fate waiting ahead. How inglorious such a death would be, to die, your body splintered, in the Symplegades. You yearn for the massed formations of men in combat. A sudden shout brings you out of your reverie, Altheus the Avenger. Go to 2.

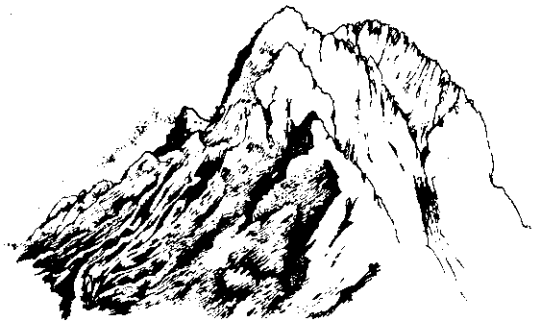

102

The last thing you remember is Circe pouring her drink down your throat. It burns. Strange, you think that she should try to revive you. But no, for she strikes you in the face and cries, 'You swine!' Your soul is snuffed out as your body transforms in obedience to her will.

103

You push through the crowd only to see that life's spirit has slipped away from your cousin. The spectators crowd about you, their voices like the clamour when shields clash, or the angry buzzing of bees disturbed from their nests when a great-rooted tree is struck down by the bronze axes and its limbs are burnt, wood-smoke clouding the blue summer sky. You turn your eyes away from the gaping wound which runs from Agnostes' foot to his thigh. You must seek solace and advice from the divine ones.

Do you look for the Sibylline oracle reputed to be near Troy (turn to **407**), or do you resort to the temple of Athena close to the gates (turn to **28**)?

104

You wait but a little while for your cousin to appear; even so you become impatient, keen after so many months to see a friendly face, to speak of the old times at Troezen. Agnostes rushes at length into the room, and greets you cordially, clearly surprised at your coming, and eager to hear of your adventures. You take relish in relating them. Go to **4**.

105

Cautiously you open your eyes, and at once close them; the sun's bright light is too strong. At least, you think to yourself, this is not Hades. You find, when you eventually summon enough strength to look, that you have lost all your arms, armour and possessions.

You could wait here and hope to signal a passing ship (turn to **340**), or you could make your way up the mountain, to look for help (turn to **15**).

106

Markos briefly explains the rules to you, and you nod your understanding and acceptance.

This dice game is handled by you, the player. Roll one die for you, and one for Markos. You may then choose one of the rolls and go to the corresponding paragraph.

On 1, go to **161**.
On 2, go to **13**.
On 3, go to **49**.
On 4, go to **304**.
On 5, go to **333**.
On 6, go to **82**.
When both rolls are ones or sixes, go to **208**.

107

You pass your hands over the brazier, and the heat from the flames is unbearably hot. You close your eyes, and mutter a prayer to your Olympian protector. Yet when you open them again, it is no longer Scione that greets you, but a vast burning plain. This must be the home of Helios, the sun, you muse to yourself. Strangely, the scorching tongues of flame do not burn you, nor does the all-consuming frenzy of the fire harm you. Just at that moment the flickering phantoms coalesce into a near-human shape. This, you realize without needing to be told, is one of the fiends which inflict famine on the folk of Scione. You must fight.

You may neither retreat nor surrender. The Beast is number 1 (note this down). It has Might 6, Protection 13. Note down also your Honour point total.

If you die, go to **68**. If you finish off the flame-man, go to **209**.

108

'No, most certainly not. I am the chosen one of . . .' Your protestations are cut short by the butt of a spear in your back. You whirl around to see two elderly men, each of them armed with a spear. 'Then defend yourself, temple-defiler,' rasps one of the men. 'Demeter will see to your death.'

The men are Might 3, Protection 10, but with spears (Might 2) and breastplates (Protection 2). Remember the rules for multiple combat. If you Seriously Wound both men, go to **482**. If you surrender, go to **373**. If you retreat, go to **18**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **33**.

109

Go to **169**.

110

You are led, unyielding, down into the depths of the earth. The natives seem to possess an uncanny ability to see in the dark, as you pass through twisting tunnels and turning after turning. All you can make out is that there are further paintings on the walls, but of what you cannot say.

At length you come to a vast underground opening, arrayed around the edges of which are the rest of the tribe. At the centre of the opening is the chief of the tribe, his body completely covered in a garment woven of the feathers of a thousand birds. You are pushed into the arena, just next to where a brightly burning fire blazes. The chief gestures to you with a clenched fist, and when you do not react, one of the tribesmen rushes forward, and pokes you with the butt of his spear. Clearly you are expected to respond to the chief.

Do you make a clenched fist gesture (turn to **363**), a sunburst gesture, with your fingers spread out (turn to **145**), or a flat-palm gesture (turn to **556**)?

111

If you are lashed to the mast of the raft, go to **88**. If you are free to move about the vessel, go to **23**.

112

You are tired almost beyond death when the ship reaches the small port of Chalcedon, and you are unable to leave the ship. In a moment of rare generosity, Vizhazid buys you a helmet (Protection 1), although it is rusty, and he clearly does not expect you to live long enough to enjoy it very much. You are still groaning at the effects of the last sea-voyage, when the next begins. 'The rocks,' you cry out in agony, 'the rocks.' Yet Vizhazid calms you, feeds you with a sticky orange gruel, which he tells you is an Armenian delicacy, and assures you that the rocks are now stationary and can do no harm to man or beast. You are not mollified. It is late on the third day after leaving Chalcedon that the look-out sights Troy. Even you, Avenging Altheus, weak as you are, stagger to the side of the ship to gaze at the magnificent sight. Turn to **37**.

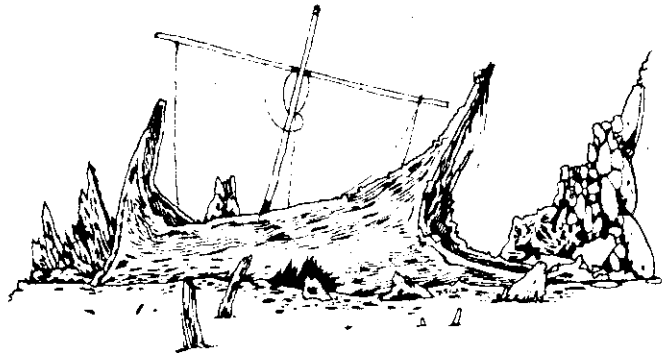

113

Soon they return, eating hunks of bread, but they do not give you any. You keep silent, despite your extreme hunger, and you watch, betraying no emotion. Eventually it grows dark, and you hear a great commotion outside. When you are brought out by your guards, you are amazed to find the whole camp thronging with warriors, each carrying a torch. You are led into a central ring where the king stands brandishing an ornately decorated spear, which he raises above his head, to the obvious delight of the crowd. An enormous warrior pushes through the spectators into the ring, and the king hands you the spear. Will you fight (turn to **171**), or will you decline by handing the spear back to the king (turn to **468**)?

114

The torch sizzles on the damp floor of the hold. You are momentarily blinded. For being distracted from the higher purpose which Fate has set aside for you, have 1 Shame point. Return to **94**.

115

The Nubians will not surrender, and you must continue the fight. If you kill them, go to **386**. If you surrender, go to **424**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **269**.

116

You seize the chief, twist a knife out of his hand and hold it to his throat.

'Listen to me well,' you cry out to the others, 'and if any of you still understand a civilized tongue, hear this. Lie down on the floor, with your hands on your heads. I shall leave now, and if I hear any sound of you following, your leader dies.' There is no movement. You thrust the point of the dagger upwards, and the leader jerks his head back. His followers see the glint of fear in his eyes and obey you.

Still keeping the man at knife-point, you back out of the barn to the edge of the compound. There you snatch the mask away to reveal a cadaverous face with a receding hairline.

'Which way leads to the city?' you demand. He makes no answer, but his eyes flick to a path leading away to the left. You laugh, 'I see.'

Then you cut his throat, and leave him in the bushes, walking along the path he has indicated. There are no sounds of pursuit, and you tuck the knife into a pouch in the feathered cloak. After a while the forest thins, and you can see the road ahead. The moon glints on a tripwire stretched across the path, and you step over it carefully, hereafter watching out for more traps. A rustle in the bushes betrays the presence of a sentry, but he is fooled by your costume, and lets you pass unhindered.

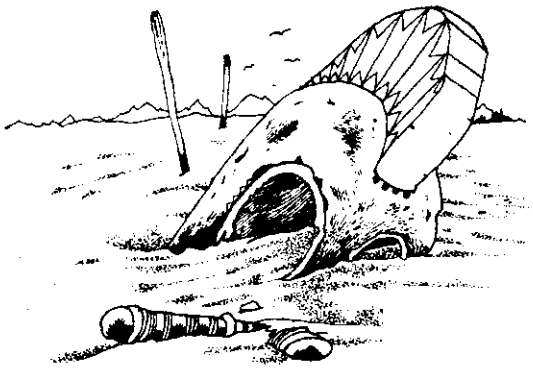

As you press along the road, it becomes light. When you can see that the road is empty and can spy Thebes ahead, you unbuckle the talons, and dump them and the costume and mask by the side of the road. You walk up to the gates of Thebes. Have 1 Shame point for your murderous act. Go to 598.

117

As the waves crash heavily into the ship, you stare back at Naxos, receding on the horizon. Then, to your horror, you see a figure swimming towards the vessel through the confused waters. Perhaps one of the crew has fallen overboard, you think at first, but then see that it is no mortal, but the god Poseidon. He climbs to the deck and speaks.

'I don't know how you muddled through in Crete, when Theseus failed. Still, you should get back to Athens now, and forget this heroic nonsense; you're not cut out for it at all. Your father is waiting for the black or white sails to signal your death or success, and he is beginning to lose the faint hope that you have won through. Knowing your incompetence, you'll probably put the wrong ones up.'

So saying, the sea god dives back into the waves, leaving you alone on deck. Go to 252.

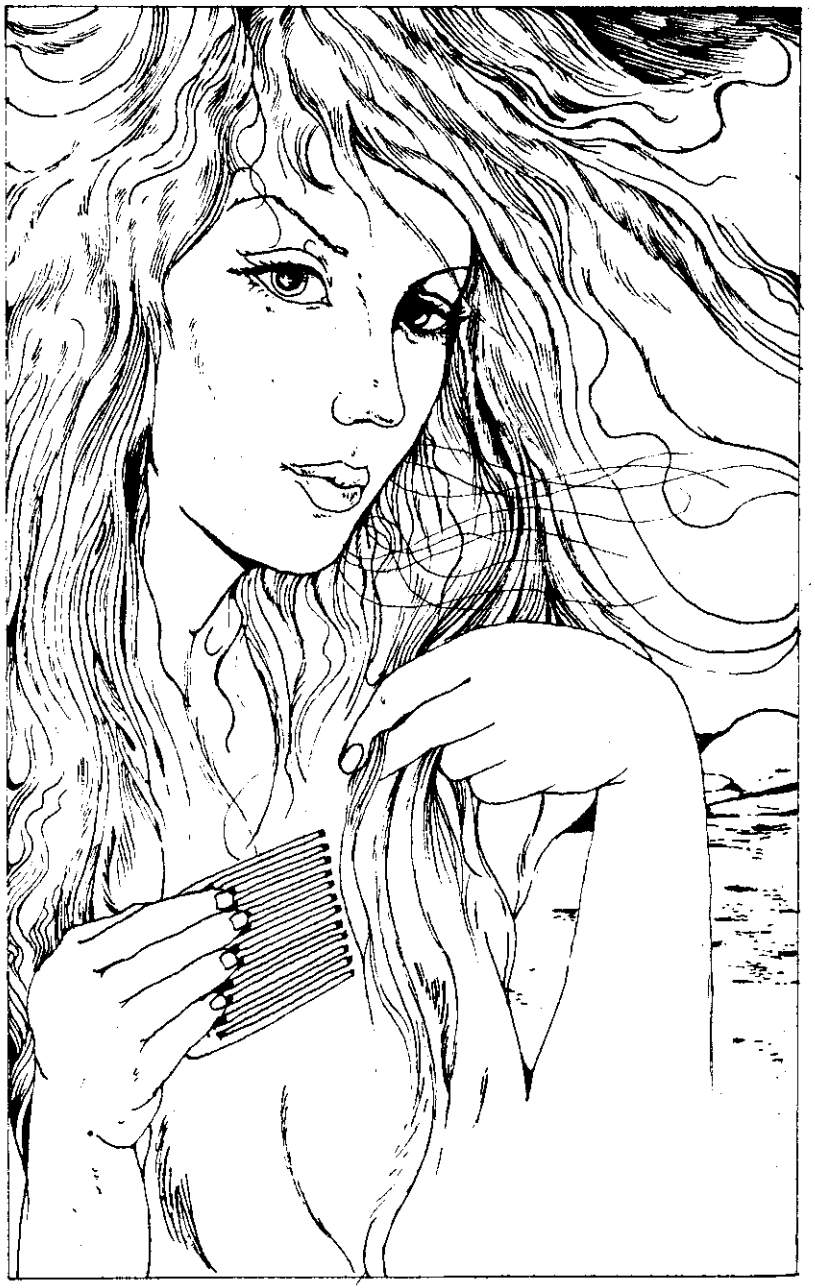

118

The boat bumps against one of the islands. Strangely, no one else moves. Yet you are not to be denied a sight of the sweet singers, and scramble up the rocks. For a moment you close your eyes, and at the summit of the slope open them again. There, oblivious to all else, is Aphrodite, fairest of the goddesses, singing as she combs her hair, with a blissful smile on her face.

'Oh, Altheus,' she chides, 'you could have waited a bit longer. My hair is all tangled in the breeze, and I just must straighten it out.' She goes to work again with the amber comb. 'Now,' she turns smiling towards you, 'tell me about your adventures.'

When you reach the raft again, tired and scratched from your climbing, some hours have passed, but the sailors do not seem to have moved from their positions, awed at having amongst them an honoured one of the goddess. Go to **46**.

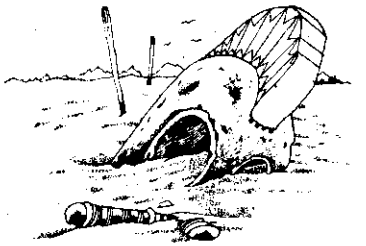

119

You go down into the hold, which is dark and musty. Your eyes search the gloom for the mutineer, but all you can make out are empty crates stacked up to the deck above. You advance slowly into the darkness, listening for any sound, but all is quiet save for the creaking of timbers as the boat sails on. You reach a large crate, which is blocking your path. Will you go round to the left (turn to **526**) or right (turn to **398**)?

120

The wooden tiles fall to the ground, and at once they are suffused by a reddy-golden glow. You feel a strange prickling feeling in your left hand, and when you look, you see that you hold a golden ear of corn instead of the corn-plaque. The priestess walks unsteadily to your side and addresses the crowd: 'Spring comes! Go now to your houses and prepare, for Persephone may yet return.'

To you she whispers, 'I thank you, my friend. Normally there would be feasting and dancing, but the town is poor. I hope you understand.' She motions to one of the acolytes, who goes into the temple and returns with a dove, held in a cage of beaten bronze. 'Take this as token of our thanks. Scione has seen better times, and may once more. Farewell.'

You take your leave of the priestess Arissia and make your way to the ship, cage clutched in your hands. You are now in Favour with Demeter, and may have 3 Honour points for saving the folk of Scione from starvation. Go to 3.

121

Do you have a dove with you? If so, turn to 375. If not, turn to 2.

122

Again and again you are struck by this mischievous brat, who takes delight in humiliating foreigners. You try to shelter, but to no avail, and the missiles still strike you. You dodge from side to side, yet your assailant throws with unerring accuracy. At last the barrage ceases, but the laughter of the onlookers lasts longer. Have 2 Shame points, and go to 3.

123

Tired, cold and without hope, you are carried hither and thither by the cruel ocean. Gradually your moments of lucidity grow less, as the sea sucks out your spirit. Zeus will not save those who offend against his brother Poseidon.

124

Hours seem to pass, and again and again you bang at the door. Shipwreck and imprisonment seem perenially to be your lot, but at last you settle down to sleep. You are awakened by the door creaking open. At once you are on your guard, in case a black-cloaked brigand has come to torture you. Yet this is no villain, it is your cousin Agnostes. 'Sorry about the misunderstanding, Altheus,' he says. 'It's all sorted out now, but I suppose you have a lot more to tell me about how you come to be in Troy.' Go to 4.

125

You lift up the scourge with one last great effort. You strike yourself, and the metal tips dig deep into your flesh. On your left leg bone is exposed below the knee. The flies buzz around, attracted by the sticky blood. Pain throbs in your temples, and it grows to a crescendo. One more stroke and you can take no more. You fall to the ground and the dusty sand enters your wounds. Your release from life and guilt is pleasant in comparison to the torment that ended them.

126

Zeus has no business interfering in the sacred places of other gods. After all, he would not tolerate such behaviour on high Olympus. You must now put your talents to the test of Tartarus and grim Hades.

127

'You're in no position to bargain, son of Aegeus,' she says. 'I keep your crew; you get purged. Now, if you want divine forgiveness for your Trojan misdeeds, you must drink the potion of herbs which I have made.'

Do you agree that you have no choice and return with her to the house (turn to **140**), or do you attack her (turn to **41**)?

128

At last the North African coast comes into view. You paddle a little way down it, seeking a place to land so that you can take on new provisions. For a time, you see no sign of human habitation, no curious onlookers gazing at your strange craft from the shore, no huts of mud-brick or branches, no smoke or fire. After a while, however, you come to quite a large island, on the beaches of which a great number of people are lounging. They pluck fruit lazily from trees which stand some way from the water's edge, and in just such a carefree manner consume them. If you are in Disfavour with Poseidon, go to **342**. Otherwise, go to **132**.

129

The priest begins a monotonous chanting, while the female acolytes dance around him with slow convoluted steps. From his belt he draws a dagger, whose blade is etched with strange twisting, twining symbols. He tests it against the sacred cone, and then turns to you with a broad smile on his face. Your arms are seized and held behind your back. You try to struggle, but you are as a lame man seeking to make the long walk home. The dagger plunges downwards, and there is a searing pain between your legs. You cry out in agony, but then you die. If you can still pray to Zeus, go to **90**.

130

You are only just out of the harbour, when a massive storm begins to brew. The captain and crew look grave and attempt to tack back to port, but the ship is swiftly blown far from its path, and soon the sailors can exert no control over its course through the white-foaming waters. After some hours, there is a crash, and you are flung headlong into the sea. There is an island in view, and you strike out towards it, desperation buoying you up. You drag yourself up the beach, cursing under your breath the fate that has decreed that yet again you do not find yourself safely on your road.

You turn your head to see that a few of the sailors have been saved with you. Go to **186**.

131

You are driven on to the coast of Liguria, far from your destination. In a storm your companions are swept overboard and your attempts to rescue them are in vain. The raft is broken up as it comes on to the beach and you are forced to scramble out of the wreckage quickly and run hare-swift up the beach to avoid the breakers. On the beach stands a group of natives.

Do you make an approach to them, trying to be friendly (turn to **31**), or do you run away in the opposite direction (turn to **48**)?

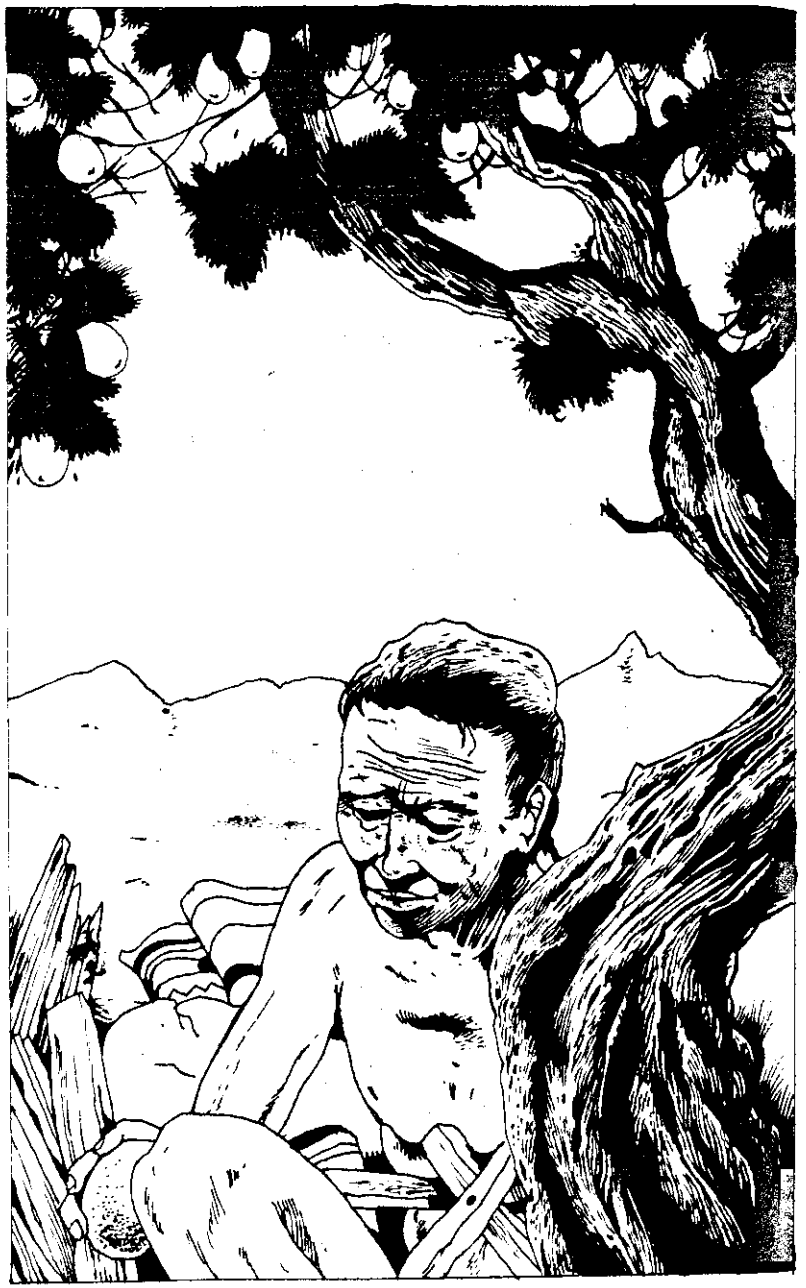

132

You approach one of the men, who is reclining against a pile of clothing, seemingly trying to construct some edifice from small pieces of driftwood. Every so often he turns and plucks a fruit from an overhanging tree, ignoring the scratches he receives from the prickly branches. The fruit is the colour of the sun, and looks very much like an orange plum. You reach the man and try to disturb him from his meal. His only reaction is to eat another of the succulent fruits. At last he seems to offer you one of them. Do you accept and eat the fruit (turn to **53**), or do you refuse (turn to **143**)?

133

The champion drops his spear and clamps his hands over a gash in his right leg, which is pumping blood to the ground in a grotesque fountain. He looks up, as you approach to make a final thrust with the delicately crafted spear, now specked with Nubian gore. His imploring eyes stare relentlessly into yours, and you refrain from your blow momentarily, while you decide whether to finish off the black warrior or to spare him. If you kill him, go to **273**. If you do not, go to **593**.

134

If you were Seriously Wounded in the battle, go to **309**. If you were not, go to **577**.

135

A few of the youths and maidens show their support for you, but the others, cowardly and ungrateful, or perhaps remembering your desertion of Ariadne and the two maidens of Athens on Naxos, stand silent. The four wavering sailors need no weatherman to tell which way the wind blows, and join the six mutineers. They seize hold of you again, wrenching the weapon from your hands. Go to **175**.

136

Before you leave the costume, you retrieve the knife from it. As you reach the gates, two thieves appear as if from nowhere and stride towards you menacingly. One brings a club round to swing at your head, and you block the blow with your left forearm, while bringing the knife up with the other to carve a gash through his cheek and into the eye. He drops the club and runs off screaming; his companion follows.

You tuck the knife away, and knock at the gates. They are opened by two birdmen. Go to **193**.

137

You dismount and hand the reins of your horse to the man at the back of the group. You mutter your thanks and walk down to the water's edge where one of the dhows is just leaving. Explaining that you have no money, you try to board and cross the great river. Luckily the captain, who speaks your language, is quite friendly, and he explains that your best chance of returning to Athens would be to take a boat many hundreds of miles downstream to Lower Egypt and the coast. He will take you across the Nile and set you down at the far side, if that is what you want. If you wait for a boat travelling the length of the river, go to **589**. If you cross, go to **446**.

138

The Nubian chief steps back alarmed, as you fall to the ground in front of him. He nods to two warriors, who grab you by the arms and haul you to your feet. They march you away to a small hut, bind your hands behind your back, and leave you there alone.

It is many hours before they return to drag you outside. It is night, but the whole camp is lit up by thousands of torches, each held by a different warrior. You reckon that these men must form the tribes for miles around. You are brought into a central ring where the Nubian king stands brandishing an ornately decorated spear. He lifts the weapon above his head showing it to all the crowd, and then he hands it to you. At the same time, one of the biggest warriors pushes his way into the ring. Will you fight (turn to **171**), or will you decline by handing the spear back to the king (turn to **468**)?

139

Leaving the knife where it is, you throw your arms around one of the man's legs. The rope that ties your hands together snags one of the talons and the man shakes his leg frantically, trying to throw you off.

Then the other leg catches in a crack in the floor, and he topples over backwards, jerking you halfway across the room. Your bonds snap on the razor-sharp edge of the talon, and you drag yourself backwards quickly.

The man has broken his ankle; he is throwing himself all over the room, screeching and rebounding off all the walls, until he falls to the floor again. You have untied your feet, and you go over to him and remove the mask to reveal a face bloodied by collisions with the walls. You lift his head from behind, and then pull your hand away in horror, finding it covered in blood and a milky-yellow fluid. The man's skull has cracked: such was the force of his self-destructive urge. He looks up at you with incredulity. 'But I am Cyron the merchant,' he says, and dies.

You have been stripped of all your possessions, but you reach down and retrieve the knife which has fallen in the fight. You tuck it into your belt. Will you escape from this place as quickly as you can (turn to **505**), or look about outside (turn to **456**)?

140

You take the cup from her hands and start to drink; the liquid has a strange musty taste, but you continue. Then a strange feeling overcomes you. You start to choke, drop the cup and fall down on to all fours. Oddly, you cannot arise. Bristles have sprouted from your arms and legs, and your fingers are fusing together. Your ears have become long and floppy, and your nose elongated. You try to protest, but can only squeal and grunt as you are metamorphosed into one of Circe's swine. Your last human thought as you look down on the pigskin rug gives you no cause for comfort.

141

'Filthy cheat,' they cry, clearly offended at your giving in while you are ahead. You try to reason with them, but it is no good. Markos approaches you. 'My friends,' he says, 'don't quarrel. I'll play dice with Altheus, Phoenician rules. All right?' The Phthians look somewhat mollified. Do you accept (turn to **106**) or refuse (turn to **502**)?

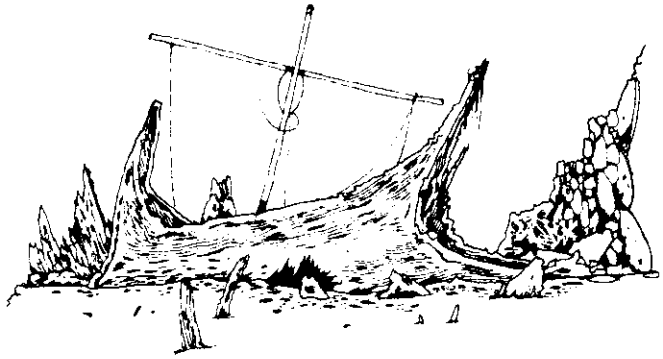

142

Quickly you pick up the parchment rolls, but are only able to catch a few glimpses; they are letters to Agnostes. One is from the king of Ethiopia, agreeing that a cargo of pomegranates be imported into Troy, a dangerous venture indeed. The other concerns Paris, who is apparently to judge in a divine beauty contest, involving Hera, Athena and Aphrodite.

Have 1 Shame point, and you are in Disfavour with the goddess Eris, who would rather these matters were kept a secret. You retire to your room. Go to **245**.

143

You walk down the beach, taking care to avoid the prone bodies scattered all along the shore. No one you ask seems to be willing or able to speak to you. Here one man is digging a deep pit in the sand, there a woman is building a pyramid of fruit. At last you see a figure standing in the distance waving at you. As you come closer you recognize him. It is Markos the Phoenician merchant. Go to **202**.

144

You descend once more to the cave of Chiron, dislodging the spear from its resting-place as you jump down to the ledge in front of the Centaur's home. Quickly you crush the delicate petals and rub them against the festering wound, handiwork of an unknown merchant. Yet the Centaur sighs and breathes his last, his eyes roll round and are white and blind. You have taken the wrong plant, and Chiron is now dead. Take 1 Shame point, and leave, either with Chiron's spear, which is Might 2 (turn to **520**), or unarmed (turn to **189**).

145

You make the sign of the sunburst, and the chief moves his hand forward into yours so that his fist is enclosed within your outspread fingers. The whole tribe cheers, and you are hoisted shoulder-high and paraded around the cavern in triumph. Afterwards you are fêted and given gifts of food and jewellery. It is with difficulty that you make the islanders understand that you must leave to return to your homeland.

After some little time you sleep, and when you rouse you find yourself on the beach once more. You think that you have dreamed it all, until you find that your raft is heaped with provisions, and strapped to your belt is a jade knife (Might 1). Have 1 Honour point. You decide in memory of the occasion to name the island Althenesos. Perhaps one day you will found a colony here. Go to **214**.

146

Before your adversaries can react, you push the spears aside and make a dash for the beach. They stand stunned for a moment, and then follow you as fast as they can. But when they see that you have a boat, they halt their pursuit, and confine themselves to hurling insults at you in a tongue you cannot understand. Have 2 Shame points for your cowardice. As you go, you decide to yourself that you will name this island after yourself, Althenesos. Go to **214**.

147

Do you have any moly root? If so, go to **423**. If not, return to **127**.

148

Two rivers in spate run down from the high hills and throw together at their meeting the full weight of their water, like two armies clashing in the dawn light. Far off in the mountains the shepherds hear the thunder and stand in awe, wondering at the sound.

You stand, Altheus the Avenger, at the meeting-point of the rivers, and let the waters' violent union buffet you and cleanse you from the dust and cares of the journey and escape from Crete. Then you step out of the water, dry in the sun and dress again, shaking your hair like a dog.

Back at the temple, the captain waits to give away Ariadne, and the priest hovers expectantly. The fourteen youths and maidens of Athens have formed into a semicircle in front of them, facing inwards to watch and applaud. Behind them are most of the crew; only a few have stayed behind to guard the ship. You walk through to Ariadne and the captain, who stand beneath the statue of Artemis, and take Ariadne's hand in yours as the priest begins to chant the words of the ceremony.

You take very little of this in; you are gazing intently at Ariadne, and waiting for the moment when you can say 'I do' and the princess will be yours.

'I do,' says Ariadne, and turns to face you. You repeat her words and hold her tight in your arms.

With a screaming like a million rats drowning in the hold of a sinking cargo ship full of grain, the guests turn into a cloud of bats which flies, shrieking, into the heavy sky. Snakes begin to push out through Ariadne's scalp and you hurl her away from you in horror. She collides with a pillar and crouches against it while leathern wings bud from her back, rip through the silken gown, harden and begin to beat, lifting her a few feet into the air. You stoop to examine Ariadne's long blonde hair, the remains of which lie at your feet, but freeze halfway, when you see that the same transformation has overtaken the captain and the priest as well.

All three Furies join together and then launch themselves at you, their claws scratching at your body as you back away.

'You have slain your brother, Altheus,' hisses Alecto, her

spittle burning into your face like acid. You realize that, by marrying Ariadne, you have made those members of the Cretan royal family you have killed into your relatives, and the Minotaur as well; and the Furies drive mad and torment those who kill their kin.

You look round and for a brief instant see the guests as they were, and Ariadne and the captain gazing at you imploringly, astounded at your behaviour. Then the cliff edge on which you are standing gives way, and you fall into space, dropping to your death on the wave-lashed rocks below. Not even Zeus will save those who destroy themselves.

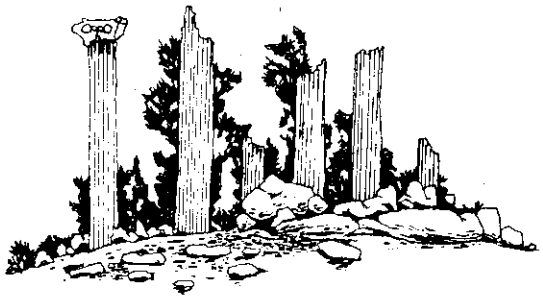

149

The scene before you wavers and shifts. No longer do you stand at the temple of Scione, but at the centre of a vast area of water, to which you can spy no end. The sea seems tranquil, and you realize, to your astonishment, that you are floating some six inches from the surface. Hardly have you observed this when the surface parts, and from the deeps of the wine-dark waters a great man made entirely of water emerges. He, you at once know, is one of the creatures who cause Scione's famine. You must fight.

You may neither retreat nor surrender. This is Beast number 2 (note this down). He has Might 5, Protection 11. Note down also your current Honour total.

If you die, turn to **68**. If you vanquish your foe, go to **558**.

150

You may take comfort in the fact that Markos the Phoenician trader has lost a cargo. You also take 1 Shame point. Go to **186**.

151

The guard accepts your rusty helmet and examines it, puzzlement clear on his face. At length he has an idea and motions for you to follow him. You do so. Go to **160**.

152

You face the king and throw the spear to the ground, to his alarm. Soon, however, he is master of the situation once more, and barks out an order to a tall, skinny warrior, who steps towards you. His build looks too weak for a fighter, but he holds the other tribesmen in terror, as you can readily see from the way they all edge back. It is the royal interpreter; he will translate your words from Greek into the Nubian tongue, so that the king may understand. Turn to **330**.

153

Terror grips your limbs as you recall the year of captivity, from which you have so recently escaped. You do not know why you should fear the hateful Nubians now, when you are safe on board an Egyptian trading boat, but perhaps they will recognize you and demand your return. Perhaps these Egyptians mean to sell you for a few more skins. But surely your imagination is just turning to paranoia? Are you not safest with this good captain, who speaks your language so well?

You must decide whether you will stay on board and meet the Nubians (turn to **490**), or whether you will entrust your life to the Nile, and jump over the side into the turbulent water below the fall (turn to **595**).

154

You look forward, and the scene is as it was before: a circle of grey figures. You blink, and everything goes yellow, with no variations in shade or texture: all you can see is a wall of yellow. You blink again, and the yellow wall starts to ooze a brown fluid which runs down it in drops and little rivulets.

You blink again, and unleash a stream of images, each one lasting only for a fraction of a second, barely long enough for you to register it. Your father and mother at the moment of your conception . . . A bead of sweat on your father's forehead, magnified a myriad times . . . A flower, fading, decaying, withering and falling apart . . . A chicken's neck wrung by a farmer . . . A skull . . . A leaf caught in its descent, turning . . . An eastern soldier, twisting a long, curved sword in his hands . . . A sewer flowing through the heart of the world, carrying filth into the oceans, to be spread everywhere . . . A small boy's face, crying out in pain as his drunken father breaks his back . . . Ariadne's bloodied body lying on a hillside in Naxos, where she has died giving birth . . . Markos the Phoenician, throat slit, lying dead in a sweat-stained bed in North Africa . . . The Minotaur, first and last of its kind, dead in the ruins of Knossos . . . Wrinkles spreading on your mother's face, speeded up a million times . . . A city being put to the sword . . . Horsemen burning the huts of peasants in the north.

You realize how everything is connected. Death is the only reality; life is only a time of delusion before all are united in the dust and we all rot with our kind, rulers and ruled alike. The world belongs to the worms. Even the vast halls of Hades are a lie, told by poets to make men quiet. After death there will be nothing at all.

You feel yourself falling through space, in blackness, and halfway through a cry of terror your life ends, as neatly as if someone had pinched out a candle and said, 'No more.'

The Phytalidae see you fall back out of the circle and lie unmoving on the floor, face twisted in agony, and are sad.

155

You grow weak under the powerful sun, and begin to have difficulty walking. The birds fly towards you and circle expectantly in the air. There is no water anywhere in sight, and you slump in the grass to wait for the cool of the night. But it is only midday, and the sun is at its highest point. You grow delirious and the vultures above seem to become larger and larger, even with your eyes firmly shut. As the afternoon begins, you fall unconscious, and never revive. Zeus will not save those who bring death upon themselves.

156

Zeus heals your wounds and delays the sailor's next blow long enough for you to spring back to your feet. You must continue. If you surrender, turn to **249**. If you Seriously Wound the mutineer, turn to **94**.

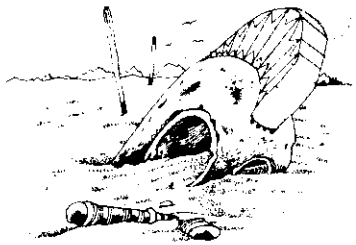

157

You wander into the town, and all the people seem to be walking in the same direction. At last you are carried along by the press, past great decayed buildings and collapsed temples. All the people seem to be disfigured by some sort of rash. You struggle to escape this unhealthy atmosphere, but cannot. At last the pressure ceases, and you can escape into a little building, with an ear of corn inscribed on the door.

Do you push through and try to get into the building (turn to 560), or do you stay and risk being carried on once more (turn to 322)?

158

Your Chronicle Sheet looks like this:

Might 5 Honour 20
Protection 11 Shame 7
You have no Intelligence points.

Axe: Might 5, Protection 3
Breastplate: Might 0, Protection 2

Hera – Disfavour
Furies – Disfavour
Athena – Favour
Others – Neutral

Note that as a client of Apollo, you may ignore any Shame or Honour penalties that accrue as a direct result of taking hints. You have Might 5, instead of 4, and Protection 11, instead of 10, to account for the experience gained defeating the Minotaur. Go to 354.

159

You examine the corpse. The talons are not part of the body, but are cast in iron and attached to the feet by straps, giving the wearer an extra foot or so of height. Will you now escape (turn to 505), or explore outside (turn to 522)?

160

You are led down a series of corridors the halls of which depict various Trojan exploits of the past, including the building of the walls by Poseidon the earth-shaker. You are slightly curious at a large blank patch of wall which is being prepared by a craftsman for a new series of paintings.

The guard pushes you into a room, bare except for a stool, and slams the door behind you. You test the door, but it is locked. Go to **124**.

161

Markos is too skilful for you. Lose any one item won during the first game, and return to **106** to roll again. If you have no item, lose one obol, and return to **106**. If you have no obols go to **91**.

162

As you draw closer and closer to the rocks, the singing becomes more ecstatic than ever. At last the raft is beached, but a wave lifts it off and smashes it against the foot of the cliff. You are thrown off and your legs are crushed by the life-sapping stones. Yet still the singing continues. The sea seems to become as green as a meadow, and you would walk on it, if you could walk at all. The pain of your injury is eased by the rapturous sounds. Orange lights start to glow and bob from side to side overhead. There is a scratching, but this too merges into the heavenly symphony. Your last memory is of the talons of the Sirens tearing lyrically into your limbs.

163

Away sails the ship from Athenian shores, from the Piraeus, that once bustling port, now strangely silent and decaying. The holds of the vessel are empty of cargo, for trade from Athens has virtually ceased with the prospect of political upheaval. Yet little of this troubles you, just as the man on the mountain top knows or cares little about the plague-ridden people below. You grieve for your father and, as you gaze at the gloom-black sails, tears fill your eyes. Go to **73**.

164

You are led past the huts of the natives into a central area. A man dressed in a strange array of plumage holds something up to your nose. You sniff it; it smells of oranges, but makes you drowsy. Then, carried between two of these primitives, you are woken to full consciousness as spears are thrust into both your arms. By means of these, you are held high by your captors, who ignore your agonized squealing and kicking. You are moved over to a fire which has been kindled in the centre of the village, and lowered into it. As your body roasts and blisters, you bemoan and curse the gods who have punished you for your disobedience. Before you can bear the torment no longer, and your agonized life sinks to the depths of Hades, you briefly hope that your flesh will sear their stomachs.

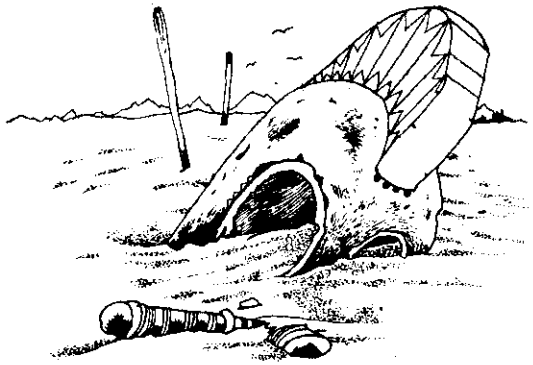

165

With a hint of diaphanous colouring, Iris, messenger of Hera, stands before you on the raft, her robe all the colours of the rainbow. She takes a deep breath and begins. 'I am Iris, and a very important woman, because I am messenger of Hera, who has entrusted me to give a message to you, which is in turn very important, because it's all about your future welfare, about which we're all terribly concerned on high Olympus, as we wouldn't want your journey to come to an end here, seeing as we've all been so interested in it, and enthralled, and it has stopped the business of divine decadence for days at a time, so that if it ended it really would be a disappointment, and anyhow we don't like Circe that much, because she's a scheming, black-hearted, conniving bitch, which is of course all right if you like that sort of thing, but most of us don't, actually we find it quite offensive, and it's hard for gods to get offended, we're mostly meek-mannered folk, whatever your teachers told you, and I hear they're not that good in Troezen, and when we do get offended, thunderbolts fly, and everyone gets upset, which is why I have to give you a message.' She nearly pauses, remembers something, and then takes an odd root out of her pocket. 'This is moly; eat it and you'll be safe, why I don't know, but Hera thought it important, and if it's important to her, of course . . .'

With this Iris is interrupted and vanishes, without ever having come to an end. Somewhat dazed by this outpouring, you push the moly into your belt, and your companions row enthusiastically for shore. Go to **461**.

166

Pushing past the near-lifeless form, you seize the spear and begin the hazardous climb back to the sea-shore. As the Centaur's tortured form vanishes from view, you hear him cry out in his death agony: 'May the curse of Asclepius the healer go with you, and may you never see the light of your home back in Troezen again.' You are now in Disfavour with Asclepius, and are in a permanently Wounded state, until you are prepared to pay 4 Honour points to remove this penalty. The spear is Might 2, Protection 0. Go to **189**.

167

You open your eyes and clear away the grime of the salt sea. This is not Hades, but a civilized land that you have been washed up on. Crowds of people gather around a ship, and you notice that the cargo being brought in is of figs. Perhaps these people could help you, perhaps you could find some heroic employment to win your passage to the lands you must visit to atone for Agnostes' death. You notice, however, with some disgust, that the figs are rotten, and you gaze again at the harbour; it is as though a film has been lifted from your eyes. Ships' timbers are rotting, the buildings have weeds growing from cracks in the walls. All the people walk with a pronounced stoop, while mounds of rubbish accumulate at the quayside.

You could ask one of these folk for aid (turn to **43**), or you could try to find a more prosperous area of the harbour (turn to **89**).

168

You are tired and thoroughly miserable; the raft is driven by the blasts of the racking wind along the barren coast of Italy. The shoreline seems to have become the battlefield in some cosmic conflict of the gods; it is scorched and blackened.

There are some islands ahead, and you instruct your companions to row around them, but just then, you seem to hear a noise emanating from one of them. You decide to approach closer. Go to **303**.

169

If you have an even number of Shame points, go to **130**. If you have an odd number of Shame points, go to **16**.

170

You follow the Centaur's instructions and there, just as he described, is the bush. You hesitate for a moment before picking some of the flowers, for they are of various types, and the wrong sort might not be so efficacious. Do you pick those with two petals (turn to **144**), four (turn to **205**), or six (turn to **93**)?

171

You grasp the spear firmly and step forward to battle with the Nubian; the rest of the tribesmen draw in closer to watch the fight. Your opponent crouches low, one hand touching the ground for balance, and all eyes focus on you. Bewildered, you crouch down in the same fashion and then, with a cry, the champion leaps forward. The contest is begun.

You fight using the normal combat rules. He has Might 4, Protection 12. You both have spears (Might 2), and no armour. If you retreat, go to **57**. If you surrender, go to **331**. If you Seriously Wound him, go to **133**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **566**.

172

You waken to find your head cradled by a young woman dressed in grey. You start to rise, but she holds you back, smiling. You look around, and see you are in a bare tent, with a rug on the floor. You rest.

After a moment, an older woman and a man enter, also dressed in plain grey. 'We are the elders,' says the woman. 'We know of the reason for your coming. You wish to be purified of your blood-guilt. We may do this for you: the ceremony is being prepared now.'

The man now speaks: 'But be wary, young hero. We may only save those who are not ashamed of themselves. Be alone now, and be sure that this is what you want.' All three leave, and you are alone. Go to **519**.

173

Zeus heals you and sets you down at the harbour, back in Egypt. You offer prayers in thanks. Turn to **544**.

174

You examine it carefully, but it appears to be an ordinary gold ring. You wonder if you can really have won something from Markos the merchant for nothing; maybe the ring is cursed, but it is just possible that his luck has finally changed. You shoot a glance at the Phoenician to see if his face will reveal the truth, but, as ever, his expression carries no clue to his thoughts. You rise and walk over to the side of the ship, gazing out over the wine-dark sea that has so often proved your adversary in this long struggle to reach your homeland. For a moment you are alone with your thoughts, but then you hear the merchant approach. Go to **239**.

175

You are tied up and tossed over the side of the black-sailed ship into the foaming waters below. As you open your mouth to cry out in protest at this monstrous injustice, you hit the sea; the brine stings your eyes and the impact knocks the breath from your body.

As you flounder around, you feel the ropes tighten around your limbs. After a frantic struggle, which at first only makes the matter worse, you manage to free yourself.

You swim for hours, until the weather clears. You are alone in what seems like an endless ocean, over which no birds fly, and in which no ships sail. Then, far away in the distance, you see a high waterspout, as of some giant sea-creature which has lain dormant on the sea-bed for aeons, and rises briefly to the surface to draw breath before seeking the depths once more.

Will you swim towards the waterspout (turn to **410**) or away (turn to **255**)?

176

As you walk to the river-bank, all the shades move out of your way, sensing that you are a living, corporeal person.

There is a rickety old jetty, crammed with hopeful shades, but they make room as you push to the front to view the river. A filthy, ragged old man, with a flowing unkempt white beard and a ripped piece of cloth hanging from his shoulders as a cloak, punts a stitched coracle back to the bank. This is Charon the ferryman, warden of the Styx.

'Obol,' he shouts, holding out his hand expectantly. To your embarrassment you realize that you have none. Have 1 Shame point. Go to **395**.

177

The two men pass close by as you lie in the grass, unseen and unheard, until they are out of sight again. It is still afternoon; your throat is parched, but you have no water, and there is no prospect of finding it in this grassland plain which seems to stretch for ever. You pray to your patron to send rain or produce an oasis spring, but your pleas fall on deaf ears. The gods will not help those who reject the help of other men. As you grow more and more feverish in the heat, visions of your mother spring to mind. Then your mother's face transforms into the leopard's, and that of the leopard into the Minotaur's. Faces flash through your mind until you pass out. The vultures will get you after all.

178

The men are shocked by your sudden onslaught, but readily raise their daggers in reply. They are each Might 3, Protection 10. The daggers are Might 1. If you retreat, go to **511**; if you surrender, go to **308**; if you Seriously Wound them both, go to **415**; if you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **173**.

179

You examine the holy book. It is titled *The Battlefield of the Birds* and purports to have been written by the birdmen's leader, who calls himself the Buzzard. You look at it. In form it is an epic poem, a dull and illiterate pastiche of the great works of Athens. You are suddenly weary. The men of Thebes were always unwelcoming, but now they have become fools.

You drop the book in a sewer and head out of the city. As you reach the gates, you catch a passing remark: '. . . the Phytalidae. They're camped about twenty miles north of here.' The hair on the back of your neck prickles: at last, you are within reach of your goal. Go to **551**.

180

You throw the stool at the door. One of the legs breaks off, and now you do not even have anything on which to rest your weary limbs. Have 1 Shame point for destroying the furniture of a host, even one so forgetful of his manners. Go to **124**.

181

Seeing you drawing the sword, the guard thinks you are about to attack him. Go to **362**.

182

You are almost starving by the time you make landfall on Sardinia; the pangs of hunger pierce you like spears. The priests of Ares await you at the quayside, dressed in robes of blood-red. They know what must be done. Strange, you think to yourself, that all the people you pass have ugly welts covering their faces. The houses are all topped by battlements. Go to **290**.

183

'I haven't got time to argue with you,' he says, spitting out his lotus fruit, 'but I'm sure you'd have been happier if you'd taken my present. I would offer you a lift on my trireme, but I'm afraid I'm going in the opposite direction to Troezen.' With this he skips lightly down the beach, scooping up a handful of lotus fruit as he goes. Go to **405**.

184

The priestess stands at the open door, holds up her hand to calm the people and speaks once more, seemingly herself again: 'Citizens of Scione, worshippers of Demeter, as is the goddess's will, it is one of the common people who officiates at the spring-time rite of corn, water and flame, the symbols of rebirth. Let this be an auspicious moment; for the past five years the goddess has not smiled on us and the harvest failed. Let the rites begin.'

She turns to you; you must somehow complete the ceremony. Do you deal with the corn first (turn to **44**), water (turn to **149**) or with the fire (turn to **107**)?

185

You must spend 1–6 Honour points (roll a die) to gain Hera's help, since you have angered her. If you choose to do so, go to **165**. If not, lose 1 Honour point, and go to **461**.

186

Up the beach you wander, dazed and confused. You are still more bewildered to find men and women playing happily amongst the trees. Seeing a ship has been wrecked, one runs off towards a hut situated some way away in a clearing. A woman emerges from the building and beams at you. To judge by her build, she is not mortal, but a nymph, clad in a tree-green shimmering robe and a necklace of sea-shells. 'I am Calypso,' she says, 'and this is my island of Ogygia. You are welcome to stay as long as you want.'

Feeling a peculiar sense that you cannot refuse the invitation, you begin to circulate among the men and women, and soon, strangely, you are filled with euphoria and joy, and await Calypso's every move with a feeling of eager anticipation, like a slave waiting for his master's commands after the warrior has been away to the wars for ten years. Go to **306**.

187

The man looks at you askance as you jabber on, attempting to make yourself understood. He mops his brow briefly, for the heat in his armour is oppressive. 'Agnostes?' he asks. You nod, and the man points to a building with an elaborate portico, whose roof is supported by columns carved in the shape of Atlas supporting the heavens.

You thank the soldier and approach the building. There is, however, a guard at the door. As you come close, he bars your way with his straight-shafted spear. Do you say your name is Altheus (turn to **81**)? Do you mention Agnostes' name (turn to **460**)? Do you try to offer him something to let you in (turn to **305**)? Or do you simply charge past him (turn to **47**)?

188

You kneel down and attempt to comfort the great beast. The Centaur begins to speak again. 'I will die,' gasps Chiron, 'unless my wounds are bathed in the juices of a particular plant. Climb a little higher, to where a bush with white flowers grows. Pick the flowers with . . . f. . .' Once again the half-man falls into a fit, and seems for a moment to be dead, before the ragged rising and falling of his ribs resume once more. Do you follow the Centaur's instructions (turn to **170**), or do you choose to leave now (turn to **80**)?

189

Down past the margins of the mountain you walk, and the malaise seems here to be no milder. Plants are withered, trees are without leaves, cattle are sick and listless. As you walk down the path to where you know there to be a ferry at Demetrias, from where you can get to Phthia, and thence home again to Troezen, you notice a small pouch lying discarded on the ground. Do you investigate (turn to **6**), or leave well alone (turn to **311**)?

190

For two days, you lie in the hut, unable to move on account of your terrible leg wound. The gash swells up and turns completely black; it is badly infected, and you become feverish. For two more days, you fight the raging delirium and in the end you pull through. The Nubians give you only a little food, to keep you in your weakened state, and you cannot build up your strength. Your leg is still painful, but gradually you exercise until you can walk again. No chance of escape exists while you are unable to run and so, for months, you are forced to lead a life of servitude, waiting on the king. Slowly your fitness returns and at last you can begin to think again of freedom. You await your opportunity. Go to **591**.

191

You are thankful that it is night and that the air is relatively cool, although you are still very hot. Nevertheless you decide to travel as far as you can now and to rest in the shade during the blistering morning and early afternoon. You have no shoes and your feet ache from the hard ground, but it is not until just after dawn that you find a group of leafy trees, which afford pleasant shade. Your wound throbs with pain, as you lie in the long grass, but you are happy to have escaped from the Nubians. You fall into long awaited sleep. Turn to **327**.

192

You pray to Almighty Zeus, father of the gods. If you have already used your prayer to Zeus, go to **291**. If not, go to **497**.

193

The birdmen do not appear to recognize you, and you pass by them into the city. The streets are empty, and much cleaner than when you passed through here seven and a half years ago. The streets soon fill with citizens, and you mingle with them, arriving at the market-place. You sit by a fountain, resting your feet, and watch the world go by.

There are birdmen among the passing Thebans; they stand head and shoulders above the crowd because of the talons strapped to their feet. Their masked heads dart here and there to look for any sign of trouble.

A city official comes and sits next to you. 'A stranger?' he asks. Will you tell him of your encounter with the birdmen (turn to **495**) or not (turn to **545**)?

194

It is, of course, a perfectly normal gold ring, neither cursed nor blessed with beneficial powers. Markos' luck has indeed run out, as may yours very soon. Have 1 Shame point and return to 174.

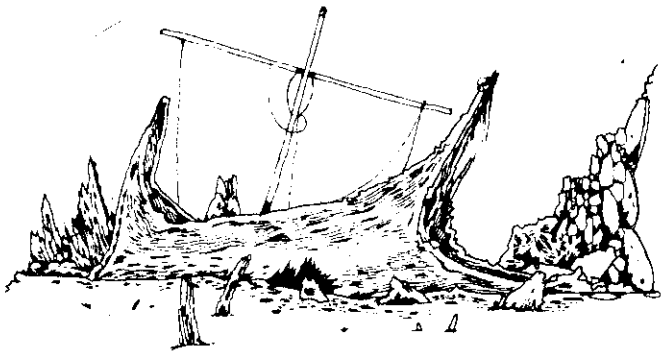

195

You rise from the sand and brush yourself off, with new-found determination, in the face of the hostility of the gods, to return home. Shipwrecked again, you vow to build yourself another boat, and battle across the sea towards Troezen, ending only in success or death. Adversity serves to fire your heart more strongly with resolve. First, however, you must search this land for wood and other materials for a craft to travel the seas and to withstand the buffeting of winds and waves. Will you go inland (turn to 39)? Or will you search the shore (turn to 533)?

196

You may have an obol. If so, do not take 1 Shame point, but go to 270. If you do not have an obol, lose 1 Honour point and take the Shame point from the last paragraph, before going to 395.

197

The tunnel is very cold and seems to stretch on as far as you can see. At first it is large and cylindrical with smooth walls, but then as you progress further, it becomes smaller and rougher. You also notice that it begins to slope down, so that you soon find yourself almost running down it. You have to check yourself and take slow, deliberate steps. The floor becomes slippery and, glancing down, you see that you are walking on polished marble. The slope now increases, until it is a real effort to prevent yourself from sliding. You steady yourself by pressing your hands against the rough walls and thus manage to advance a few more steps. Ahead there is an opening off the tunnel to the left. Will you continue straight (turn to 535), or will you turn to the left (turn to 567)?

198

Ariadne comes out of the cave, looking exactly as she did before.

'All right, you can come in now I'm dressed,' she tells you sullenly. You and your guide enter the small, undecorated cave. You have nothing to say.

'I've made it look quite nice,' ventures Ariadne, pointing at the cave. You still say nothing.

'So what are you doing, Altheus?'

'I'm trying to go home.'

'Oh I see. And he' – she points at your guide – 'insisted you came to see me first, as a . . . as some kind of a penance. I see.' You remember, seven years on, why you deserted Ariadne on Naxos. She carries on. 'So it's home to a hero's welcome from a grateful family and friends? Do you have any friends, Altheus?'

'I'm glad to see the old Minoan charm still prevails.'

Her face buckles up. 'Get out of here, Altheus. Go away.'

Your guide leads you away. On the way back to the path, you pass a woman returning from bathing, but she fails to recognize you. Go to 279.

199

The farmer reels towards the front of the cart, and you manage to kick his feet away from him. He falls under the wheels, and is dragged along for a moment, tangled in the underside of the cart; then he seems to be spat out at the back, and he lies unmoving in the road.

The cart and horse accelerate down the hill. You reach for the reins, but they are dragging along the road. The horse has the bit between its teeth and is cantering down the winding path. You struggle to stay on top of the jolting platform, its wheels singing maniacally.

Several choices present themselves. You can stay with the cart and try to regain control of it (turn to **494**). You can jump out of the cart now (turn to **356**). Or you can try to cut the cart free from the horse (turn to **445**).

200

The wooden carvings clatter to the ground and there is a tense and expectant silence for a moment, but nothing happens. Then expressions of puzzlement turn to fury.

'Stone him,' an elderly matron with a deformed hand cries. 'Rhaphanidosis!' urges another. 'Hang him!' 'Behead him!' 'Drown him!' 'Burn him!' The suggestions seem to go on for hours, becoming more and more explicit, for the people of Scione are nothing if not renowned as torturers. Yet no one moves; the only stone cast hits the temple and dislodges a piece of decaying masonry. You take your chance and dash off through the disheartened crowd.

You lose 3 Honour points, and if you were in Favour with Demeter, she is now Neutral; if she was Neutral to you, you are now in Disfavour; and if you were in Disfavour, you take a Shame point. Go to **3**.

201

You awake to find yourself in a brightly painted room, some type of ante-chamber, decorated with scenes of Aphrodite, goddess of love. A slave-girl is holding a red poppy up to your nose to revive you, but you toss it aside as you regain the use of your arms. 'Where am I?' you ask.

'This is Aphrodite's temple at Paphos,' she murmurs. 'You have been chosen to become an acolyte. If you serve the goddess well, you may become a priest one day.'

You feel for your weapons, but find that they have all been taken away, and have been replaced by imitations made of a soft, yielding material. Go to **550**.

202

'Hello, Altheus,' he shouts, and slaps you on the back in a peculiarly irritating manner. 'This is the last place I expected to see you. Came here trying to shift some pomegranates, but all these people are interested in is lotus fruit. They eat nothing else. Here, try one, they're quite good, really.' With this he nimbly rushes over to the nearest of the inhabitants of the isle, seizes a fruit from her hand, and one from a pile beside her foot, and offers one to you. Seeing you hesitating, he pops one into his mouth and begins to munch. Do you accept the fruit (turn to **266**), or refuse it (turn to **183**)?

203

Away from the well you run, pursued by the brigands. 'May your days be ever darkened,' one cries, flinging a sword towards you. The Achaians, especially Oresander, laugh at your discomfort as you step aboard. Take 1 extra Shame point. Ignoring the jeers of the men of Lemnos, the oarsmen soon set the ship under way once more. Go to **10**.

204

'Good game,' cry the Achaians. 'Troezenites aren't that bad after all. You can come to Phthia any time.' If you have won any item, go to **400**. If not, go to **45**.

205

You rush down the slopes back to where the Centaur lies, fearful lest you are too late. You crumple the petals between your fingers and rub them around the point where the Phoenician's arrow entered. Soon, to your astonishment, the creature stirs once more. 'I thank you, Altheus the Avenger,' he whispers, and you wonder at his knowing your name. 'And I ask you to leave me now, with Asclepius' blessing, for now I will be able to tend to myself. Take the rest of the white flower, for it will serve you well when you are wounded. Go now, and may you ever prosper.'

So it is that you bid farewell to Chiron and set off down the scorched slopes of Pelion, wondering at the malaise that seems to afflict the place.

If, at the beginning of a combat, you place the petals in your mouth and chew them, then it will take three hits to move you from Seriously Wounded to Dead (and not one as normal). Note that this will work once only, and will involve giving up your first strike. Go to **189**.

206

Go to **132**.

207

You paddle away from the ship, happy both to be free of the burden which has beset you since those fateful games so long ago at Troy, and at having eluded the trickster sorceress. A little sadness tinges your euphoria, however, for your comrades of so many weeks will doubtless soon die, and be consumed as Circe's cooking. Still, at least the gods look after you. In your reverie, you almost do not notice that all your arms and armour have been left behind on the beach. You are in no mood to go back and reclaim them. Have 1 Shame point. Go to **344**.

208

Markos looks annoyed and flings the dice into a corner. 'Another time,' he says, with an obvious lack of grace. The Achaians look amazed that you have survived without losing everything, regarding you as the people do a man who has survived being trampled by a boar and gored by its death-dealing tusks. The experience has tired you out: you slump against a tree-trunk and sleep. Go to **440**.

209

The fire-fiend falls beneath your frantic blows, and merges back into the flames. You begin to feel the heat from the burning, and your skin begins to blister. You cry out in pain, for surely these must be the fires of Hades, and you are dead. Yet just as suddenly as it manifested itself, the land of fear and flame is gone and you are back in the gloom of godforsaken Scione. Clutched in your hand is a small wooden tile, on which is engraved a flame-symbol.

If this is the third opponent you have destroyed, turn to **346**. Otherwise, you must confront the problem of the corn (turn to **44**), or the water (turn to **149**).

210

The Egyptian is a friendly man, and his command of your language is surprisingly good; he explains that he has just been up the Nile to exchange gems and weapons for animal skins with the Nubians. At the name of the tribe, you shudder involuntarily, and are forced to explain how you have just escaped from a year's captivity.

'It's just as well you didn't come with us before. They might have wanted you back,' he says jokingly, but it is not a subject in which you can find any humour. The captain explains that the animal skins are worth much more in Lower Egypt, and he will be sailing the whole of the way up the Nile. Go to **579**.

211

The vultures fly overhead, but you are intent on getting away from these inauspicious birds. The hot sun beats relentlessly down, but you find extra strength to keep going, and you are relieved to see the birds make one last, low swoop before flying off in search of more certain food. Encouraged by this omen, you pause and sit in the long grass, resting in the most extreme heat of the afternoon. Fortunately, there is a light breeze, which ruffles your hair, cools your sweating forehead and causes the grass to sway gently, ripples moving across it like waves on a turbulent lake. In one place it forms into a long furrow that seems to float straight towards you, and it is with a jolt of terror that you see that it is not the wind ploughing through the grass, but a sleek leopard.

Will you sit motionless, in the hope that it will leave you alone (turn to **512**)? Will you run (turn to **390**)? Or will you prepare to fight it (turn to **472**)?

212

You stumble into the woods, seeking to evade the pursuit which has just started behind you. The deeper you penetrate, the harder it becomes to see, and soon you are merely thrashing blindly through the undergrowth.

Suddenly you run into a net, which is suspended between two trees, and only wrap yourself deeper in it by struggling to get free. Then the birdmen catch up with you; one delicately covers your head with a talon, and presses and twists it. The razor-sharp edges cut into your head, and you die, screaming as your life flows away into the forest floor.

213

The men have Might 4, Protection 11 and the knives are Might 1. Remember the bonuses for multiple opponents. If you retreat, go to **568**. If you surrender, go to **555**. If you die, and are saved by Zeus, go to **391**. If you Seriously Wound all three, go to **462**.

214

You paddle furiously away from Althenesos. There is no wind, and as darkness falls, even the moon, new-born this evening, casts no light. You think about your journey, which has brought you, now ragged and half-starved, to these shores. Yet soon it will be over and you will hear the hoofs of the fast-running horses at Troezen and see the shining helms of your father's troops. In your dreamy state, you drop the oar into the waters, and cannot retrieve it, so you drift, helpless at the mercy of the currents of Poseidon's deep.

Just at that moment, there is a flapping of wings, and you are struck a painful blow across the temples with a whip. You look up and, hovering around your craft, are the Furies, winged women with snakes instead of hair, which hiss furiously. They are armed with whips and torches, and proceed to set about you with a will. You cannot escape; you are too far from land.

'I am Tisiphone,' croaks one, 'and we, the Furies, divine agents of justice, accuse you, Oedipus, of marrying your mother.'

'I am not Oedipus,' you cry out. 'I am Altheus the Avenger, son of Aegeus, and Aethra is my mother. I have not married her.'

'No matter, wretch,' hisses another Fury. 'Alecto never makes mistakes. Altheus, we accuse you of marrying your mother. Your torment at our hands will be long and unpleasant.'

'I have not married my mother,' you insist.

'Somebody has,' cries out the third Fury, striking you in the belly with her lash. 'I, Megaera, observed it.'

'My father Aegeus married my mother,' you protest incorrectly. 'You're being perverse.'

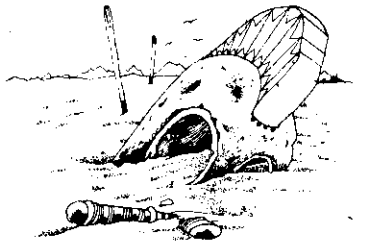

'On the contrary, vile wretch, we're being correct,' snorts Tisiphone, with an increasing note of glee.

'Agents of divine justice we are,' they all three start in an unholy chorus. 'We are the Furies, and we can do whatever the Hades we like.'

With one last flurry of flagellation, the fearsome Furies take off, leaving you bloodied and beaten. Yet their revenge for your escaping their wrath does not end here, for Alecto takes hold of your raft and upturns it, tossing you into the water. Go to **50**.

215

You slump on to a stool, while the general gives peremptory orders to some subordinates. When he returns, he asks searching questions about your experiences in Crete. You answer as fully as you can: have 2 Honour points for every point of Intelligence you gathered in Crete (if you played through the previous adventure).

At length all is ready, and you are bundled out of the palace in disguise and escorted to the Piraeus, where a ship awaits you. Go to **449**.

216

You leap out of the back of the cart, land awkwardly and sprain an ankle; but you get up in time to see horse, cart and farmer plunge over a cliff. Only a hunk of cheese, with the farmer's knife still stuck in it, remains to bear witness to the fact that you did not imagine his passing. You tuck the knife into your belt and discard the cheese after one bite. You limp towards Thebes. Go to **259**.

217

You stand on the exposed deck, sheltering from the winds, when suddenly the white-armed goddess, your patron Aphrodite, rises radiant from the waters and perches herself delicately on the wooden rail which runs around the ship's perimeter.

'Altheus,' she coos, 'it's been a long time since our last encounter, but I rather enjoyed your little escapades in Crete. Now you must get back to your mother and your poor old father in Athens, who waits every moment for your ship to return with the white sails of success, but worries terribly in case he sees those nasty black ones. I've just got to rush now, but I'd love to return later and learn about all your exploits.'

With this the goddess is gone, leaving only a small vial of orange-scented perfume. Go to **252**.

218

The bearded matelot falls to his knees in supplication, dropping his weapon. You stand over him with the torch, breathing heavily. Have 1 other point. Will you spare him now he has surrendered (turn to **366**) or kill him (turn to **509**)?

219

It is hard to keep your balance on the swaying cart, but you steady yourself until you can leap on to the horse's back. Once astride the animal, you grip with your knees and cover the horse's eyes with your hands.

It comes to a halt. Getting hold of the reins, you dismount and unbuckle the cart. Then you climb back on to the horse, and cautiously urge it on down the hill towards Thebes. Go to **537**.

220

Ares imbues your limbs with a strength born of fury. Again and again you strike yourself. Blood drips from your battered body. You stagger and almost fall, punishing yourself for Agnostes' death, but you do not die, you do not flag.

You still roll two dice, despite being Seriously Wounded. If you die, and pray to Zeus, go to **382**. If you die, and cannot pray to Zeus, go to **125**. After four (or three for those with Ares as patron) strokes, go to **66**.

221

You hear a gentle whispering in your ear: 'Follow the eagle's path, and you will prosper.' Ahead you see a huge, great-beaked eagle, flying towards the rocks.

'See that bird?' you shout to Vizhazid. 'Tell the helmsman to follow its path precisely.'

The captain shrugs his shoulders nonchalantly, but does as you ask.

The looming rocks draw near; as you watch, there is a great deep grinding sound, like the noise of the approach of Talos, bronze man of Crete, death to sailors and mariners. You gaze on fearfully as the earth shudders and great waves buffet the ship. The very cliffs are moving together. Yet the captain does not blanch, and the helmsman steers true to the course of the bird which beats out your path.

As you move into the channel of the rocks, you grow ever more afraid, until you pass out. You awaken to find to your surprise you have survived the Symplegades. Have 1 Shame point for failing to witness so great a feat. Go to **112**.

222

The fruit of the lotus is clearly addictive. If you were to eat it, you would end up like all the others on this island. You take the lotus from Markos, put it in your mouth, but then, when he goes off for a moment, you spit it out. The taste was sickly-sweet and cloying, but you were almost tempted to succumb to it. Have 1 Shame point for your disgusting demeanour, and go to **345**.

223

Circe laughs. 'You thought you defeated me. Fool, for I am invincible.' Circe is now unwounded, through the force of her mystical enchantments. Return to **41** and continue the combat.

224

You approach the well, eager to talk with anyone but the dull Achaians. Yet when you do, one of the men seizes your arms and holds you tight. You struggle, but cannot get away. There are three of them, all bearded and wearing blackened tunics. 'You will do,' one says. He offers you a metal bucket full of water. 'Pour this on our fire,' he continues, pointing to a stone-built hearth. Beside it stands a small figurine of a man, its head broken off beneath the boot of a passer-by. You wonder at the request. Will you agree to do as they say (turn to **40**), or will you refuse (turn to **381**)?

225

Zeus gives life back to you, but you are drained of strength, and as a reed which has been broken no longer pipes in the wind, you are forced to surrender to the guard. Go to **160**.

226

For ten days, you travel on horseback with the men, pausing each day for only a few hours of sleep, until you reach a mighty river, unbridgeable and unfordable. Small dhows work from bank to bank, carrying men, grain, horses and many other cargoes, including pottery, papyrus and pomegranates; larger boats ply up and down the river, trading between the towns and cities along the banks. The horsemen turn downstream and ride along the bank. Will you stay with them (turn to **95**), or will you try to go by boat (turn to **137**)?

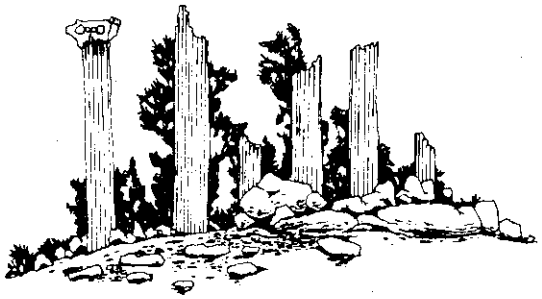

227

The harbour is strangely quiet; Vizhazid's ship seems to be the only one berthed today. You stride to and fro across the quayside. Suddenly you are hit by an orange flung from a pile a few yards away. Do you ignore this affront (turn to **122**)? Do you throw the orange back (turn to **281**)? Or do you charge at the pile of oranges in an attempt to catch the culprit (turn to **60**)?

228

The ship sails on. Around dawn the next day, when you go up on deck to greet the morning, you see another ship in the distance, which has piled on all sail to make the greatest possible headway. As time wears on, with only the occasional small island to relieve the monotony of endless sea, the other ship gains on you.

The captain walks back to talk to you, and you point at the pursuing vessel.

'Pirates?' you ask.

He squints, shading his left eye with his hand to cut out the sunlight.

'No,' he judges finally. 'A merchantman, I'd say. Phoenician, by her hull.'

But you are not convinced, and continue to watch the other ship. As it grows closer, you can distinguish the characteristic two-oar rudder at the stern. The captain comes aft again.

'Why's she making such speed?'

'Better design,' he replies glumly.

'No, I mean, for what purpose?'

'The master may have a perishable cargo. In fact, he probably thinks we do too, and that's why he's chasing us. Look!'

At that moment, two things happen at once. In a confused babble of voices, the look-out shouts a sighting of Cape Sounion, and hence home. And the Phoenician vessel moves up behind you, neatly taking the wind out of your sails. Go to **389**.

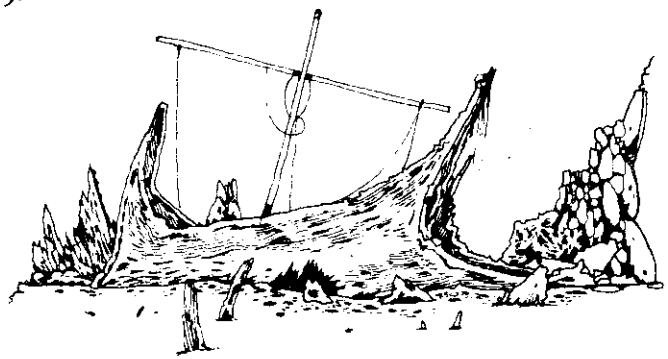

229

Your Chronicle Sheet looks like this:

Might 5 (+2) Honour 25
Protection 11 Shame 14
You have no Intelligence points.

Axe: Might 5, Protection −3
Shield: Might −1, Protection 3
Corn-ear brooch

Hera – Disfavour
Poseidon – Favour
Dionysus – Favour
Apollo – Favour
Others – Neutral

Note: As a client of Ares, you are entitled to +2 Might bonus (as shown in brackets). You have Might 5, Protection 11, as a result of the experience in killing the Minotaur. Go to **532**.

230

For three days, you labour in the hot sun, moving timber down to the beach, constructing your raft. The work is hard, but you are only too eager to see it completed, and be away from Pharos. At last the raft is ready, and you slide it into the water. Go to **351**.

231

You swallow deeply of the drink, and carefully replace the carved beaker on the floor of the cave. You grip your neighbours' hands again. Nothing seems to be happening. Then the knife in your belt begins to glow red-hot, burning your clothes and branding its mark on your skin. You break away from the circle and stagger outside into the snow. You seek to pluck the knife from your belt, but it is too hot to touch. You feel the heat reach the bone of your leg, and, crying out in agony, you hurl yourself over a precipice to your death. You have failed utterly.

232

The first stage of your journey is taken by boat and you soon settle down to the lack of space on board. Indeed you find the riverboat life of relaxing on deck in the sun, while the boat is sailing on calm water, most agreeable, although the priest, more accustomed to indoor life, finds the journey very trying. You watch the green waters of the Nile flow past for hours on end, their strange tranquillity disturbed only by the occasional crocodile moving effortlessly in the river.

On the fourth day your boat has almost reached Hermopolis, where you are due to dock, when a strong wind blows up from the east. It is clear that there is too much sail up, but sand swirls in the air, bringing the deck into confusion.

'She's going on to the bank,' cries the captain desperately. He hands you a knife. 'Quick, lad, cut the main halyard. Get the sail down!'

You rush forward and saw at the rope until with a sharp retort the warp parts. The sail crashes to the deck, and knocks you into the water. Immediately a crocodile from the near bank slides into the river and swims towards you. Gripping the knife tightly you prepare for its attack.

It has Might 4, Protection 13. You have the knife (Might 1). If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **574**. If you kill the crocodile, go to **527**.

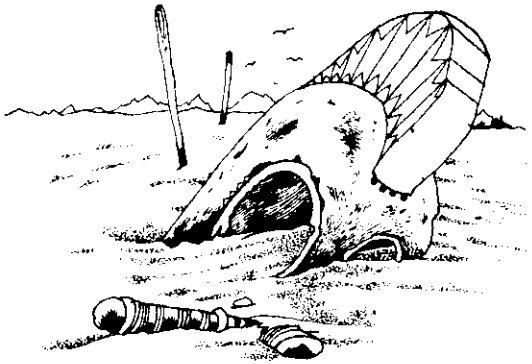

233

The Phoenician merchant raises both hands from the table very slowly. To your delight and amazement, both the ring and the piece of jade are under his left hand. Reluctantly, he slides them across towards you and you snatch them up eagerly. You replace the piece of jade in your pocket, but stare at the gold ring a little longer. Roll one die. If the die comes up 1, go to **569**. If the result is 2 or 3, go to **174**. If the roll is 4, 5 or 6, turn to **475**.

234

As you turn to descend, a tremendous roar breaks the tranquillity. You wheel round, and are confronted by a mountain lion. You freeze for a moment, startled, just as two lovers stand motionless when surprised by another, whose approach has passed unnoticed. Just so has this lion crept up behind you, and now it leaps forward, its huge paws stretched out to maul you. It is Might 6, Protection 13, and, since it has surprised you, it has first strike. If you kill it, go to **298**. If it kills you, but Zeus intervenes, go to **590**.

235

The shepherd is seated with his back to you, and does not seem to hear you making your way through the meadow towards him. Now that you are closer, you can see that he is drinking from a waterskin, and is clutching a piece of bread in his free hand.

'What country friend, is this?' you begin, not wishing to alarm him.

'This is Ilywwia, lad,' comes the reply, and the shepherd turns to face you. It is no boy, but a fair-skinned girl. 'Ah, Altheus, you still do not wecognize me. I am Athena, goddess of wisdom, and pwotector of the city over which you wightly wule. You have been told pweviously that it is your duty to twavel to the underworld and see the events which Gweece has undergone, and some still yet to come. Now go back to the steps and weturn once more to the tunnels below the gwound.' So saying, the goddess wanders away with the sheep, and you walk back to the marshy ring at the top of the steps.

Have 2 Shame points for forcing the gods to remind you of your destiny. Go to **530**.

236

Night is falling fast, and the Egyptians now retire to their houses, leaving the streets to the beggars and the homeless. You are anxious not to spend the night outside, at the mercy of thieves and robbers, so you hurry into the centre of the city to find somewhere to stay. A number of ideas spring to mind: you could announce yourself at the palace of the pharaoh, since you are the rightful king of Athens (turn to **374**), you could seek sanctuary at the temple of Ammon (turn to **464**), or you could search for a tavern (turn to **552**).

237

Before you can open your mouth to ask what land this is, one of the men shouts out: 'Stranger, what business do you have in this land? Why do you frighten our children and drink our water?'

You stammer a friendly reply, but the men still look angry and hostile. Others come out to join them.

'It's the one they warned us of,' cries one of the men. He and several of the others look to one another for support, and then start to advance towards you. Will you wait (turn to **299**), or run away (turn to **316**)?

238

You kick the billhook away from the man, and back him against a wall. Then you call for the captain. He and some Athenians come below into the hold and seize the sailor, taking him to cast into the sea as a sacrifice to Poseidon. Order is restored. Turn to **228**.

239

'You'll enjoy this next leg: we're going between Scylla and Charybdis,' begins Markos, and a chill of fear runs up your spine at the mention of these twin terrors. 'I'll take the helm myself to go through. You have to get the line just right, otherwise one or other of them will have you for certain. I lost six men on the first two occasions I took her through, but last month I lost only two.'

You are shocked by the Phoenician's disregard for the lives of his crew, but are even more concerned about the peril you are about to face. The helmsman stands aside for Markos, and you see ahead the whirlpool Charybdis. It sucks down water into a vortex and then disgorges it with a deafening gurgling noise, throwing it high into the air. The monster Scylla, however, is nowhere to be seen, and you think, as Markos steers clear of the whirlpool, that you have escaped. Then the six-headed monster emerges from her cave high up on the cliff-face and lashes out towards you. If you have fewer than 25 Shame points, go to **388**. If you have 25 or more Shame points, go to **418**.

240

Cautiously you push through the undergrowth, until you can see a campfire. A group of figures is seated there, all seemingly intent on a game, perhaps dice. Suddenly one gets up, mumbling, 'I'll get you one day,' and storms away towards you. Just before the man dissolves into a diaphanous display of fireflies, you recognize him, to your surprise, as Hermes, god of good fortune.

Another of the company stands and turns to regard you. That wicked grin is unmistakable. It is Markos, the Phoenician merchant.

'Well, Altheus,' he smirks, 'what a surprise. Come, join us.'

Do you accept (turn to **246**), or refuse and look for more acceptable company (turn to **459**)?

241

Zeus would spend many months matching the pieces of your shattered body. He has no time for such trifles. You will spend the rest of eternity in Hades.

242

As the islands come nigh, the singing seems ever sweeter, a distillation of all the happiness which you have ever known, and yet more. Your body becomes light, and you feel that you could float across the waters to join whichever heavenly goddesses are singing their song. The beauty of these creatures must surpass all races of women; you are eager to meet them and perhaps join in their eternal hymn in praise of life. 'Altheus!' you seem to hear them cry over and over again. But somewhere within the depths of your mind, your will yet resists and you know that these are the Sirens of the tales, who lure men on to their rocks by the unsurpassing sweetness of their songs, only to devour them later. Go to **480**.

243

Roll two dice. Your losses are as follows:

2–4 Take 1 Shame point, for your ungainly and unheroic conduct in attempting to cheat

5 A copper ring

6 A small piece of jade

7 A small sapphire

8 An amber comb

9 A carved ivory toad

10–12 Lose 1 Honour point for your uncompanionable remarks while you are losing, not worthy of the upbringing your mother Aethra gave you

If you roll 5–9, and do not possess that item, then roll again. Go to **401**.

244

You pray to your patron for aid lose 1 Honour point). You are filled with divine strength and by this mystic power are able to escape from the man's grip. You knock him over and run for the ship, closely pursued by the gang of ruffians. You reach the ship and Oresander casts off. Go to **10**.

245

Agnostes wakes you early. He is dressed in a splendid short tunic of sky-blue, which shows off his legs to best advantage. 'Come quickly, Altheus,' he says. 'It was a bit short notice, but I've managed to enter you in the boat-race and the discus.' You dress quickly and follow your enthusiastic cousin out of the house and through the streets of Troy. No one is in the city, it seems, and when you reach an open space some way from the walls, you see the reason why. All the citizens are gathered in a vast semicircle, while in the middle the Trojans engage in the contests. At the moment the javelin-throwers are competing. One burly, bearded man, clad only in a white loincloth, hefts his projectile almost twice as far as the thrower before, and the crowd breaks into enthusiastic applause.

'I could do better myself . . . with practice,' Agnostes boasts. 'But come over here; this is the starting-point for the boat-race.'

Before you can object your inexperience, your cousin has introduced you to the crew. 'This is Altheus, your helmsman, and a good one, too.' You are helped aboard, a little unsteadily, and begin to inspect your vessel. Turn to **435**.

246

'Come, eat with us,' invites Markos, still grinning, with the look of a hyena addressing its next meal. He offers a handful of a sticky green substance, which you accept. 'Ground maggots,' he confides. 'A Phoenician delicacy.' Markos puts away the dice in his tunic and inquires as to your destination. 'That's lucky,' he exclaims. 'Captain Vizhazid is going to Troezen himself. I'm sure he'd give you a ride.' A gaunt man stands up and offers you his hand. You do not take it, suspicious of these Phoenician habits and you stand for an awkward moment, staring at each other, before Vizhazid drops his hand once more to his side.

'Well,' chatters Markos, 'that's settled. The ship leaves tomorrow.'

'What's the charge?' you inquire.

'Oh, no charge,' murmurs Markos, and winks, but to no one in particular. Go to **12**.

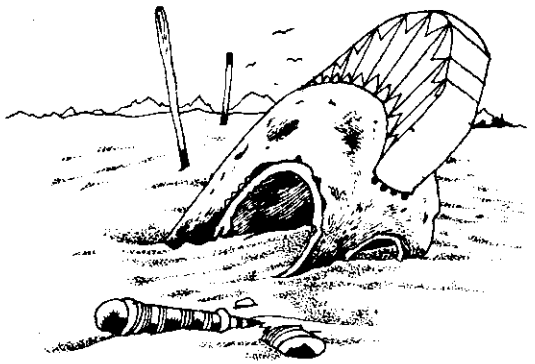

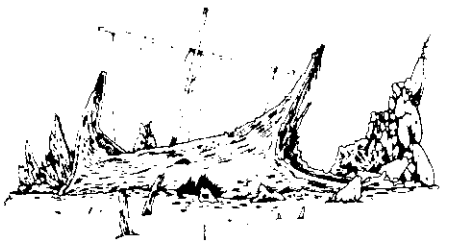

247

You wait. Another orange is thrown. You catch it deftly, and begin to peel off the skin. 'Many thanks to Scione's people,' you cry. 'For it is a long time since I have tasted such a succulent fruit. Altheus the Avenger compliments you.' Have 1 Honour point, and go to **3**.

248

Your guide leads the way through the thick fog, until you come to a collection of shades. One man in particular stands out: he is tied by his hands and feet to a giant wheel which rolls over and over, turning the man first this way, and now the other.

'Ixion,' your guide explains. 'He tried to seduce Hera, and Zeus has punished him thus.' His tone is impatient, and he hurries you away. For a moment you think you see your father, but Dean is well ahead, and will not stop. You call out, but you have lost sight of your father's shade amongst all the others. Go to **279**.

249

The mutineer lashes out as you fall to your knees, and his boot catches you full in the face. There is a sharp crack of breaking bone and then another kick flies into the side of your head. You black out and do not feel yourself carried to the side of the deck and thrown into the sea to float with the rest of the rubbish that litters the Mediterranean. The dolphins sadly find you dead, when they come to your aid.

250

Before you embark, you offer prayers to Poseidon, and he shows his acceptance with a gentle breeze from the south-east. Go to **254**.

251

Your fist comes down hard on the snake, and its body is trapped beneath your hand. As you look, however, it turns black and glancing up, you see that you are merely pressing the paw of a black panther into the ground. The sleek cat swipes at you with its other front paw.

You must continue the fight against the panther (Might 5, Protection 13). Your wounds remain unhealed, and it has first strike with two dice.

If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **557**. If you wound the panther, go to **450**.

252

An insistent wind fills the black sails and sends the ship skimming across the tar-black sea. You look up at the unfriendly moon and shiver; the crew murmur mutiny in the back of the ship. The wind increases into a gale, as sheets of lead-grey clouds ripple over the sky like a shroud laid into the cold ground.

The prow crashes down into the waves ahead and chilly salt-spray spatters you and rouses you from your reverie. You arise and go below decks to shelter from the storm. Go to **361**.

253

You wade into the muddy water, which only reaches your waist, and push across towards the other side. Charon's ferry moves away from the jetty and the bearded old man punts it towards you. By now you are halfway to the far bank, beginning to wonder why all the shades bother to wait for the ferry. Then, as the boat draws alongside, Charon swings the heavy punt pole across the surface into the back of your head. You crash forward into the foul water, and a heavy undertow drags you along the rocky bottom. This is the punishment for those who don't pay the ferryman.

254

After twelve days at sea, you spy land and rejoice. It is Cythera, Aphrodite's wooded island. You have survived the storms and you give thanks to the god of the sea. The currents take you past the island, however, and many hours later you come to rest at Cape Taenarum, the most southerly point of mainland Greece.

A small dark-haired old woman calls out to you in Greek and you feel your heart surge, as you realize fully for the first time that you are no longer on treacherous foreign soil or Poseidon's salty realm.

'Altheus,' she cries, 'we've been waiting here for two days. What delayed you?' You look up again and see beside her a small girl of five or six. You scrabble up the rocks to join them. Turn to **422**.

255

You swim away from the spout, which ceases after a while. You float for ages, alone with your thoughts, until at length a sail appears on the horizon. You shout yourself hoarse and wave frantically at it, struggling to stay above the water. With what seems like agonizing slowness, the vessel steers towards you. As it approaches, you can see the figurehead, a richly wrought Arabian carving of a wind-spirit emerging from a bottle.

A net is dropped from the side of the boat and you cling to it. You are hauled up into the ship and huddle exhausted on the deck, as the captain looks down at you.

'I am Markos the merchant, of Phoenicia,' he tells you. 'I am bound for Athens.'

'That's where I want to go,' you tell him.

'Good. It'll cost you . . . your loincloth,' he replies. 'Nothing is free in this world.' You have no choice but to submit. The Phoenician throws your loincloth over the side of the ship. 'I love doing that,' he tells you as you look at him in astonishment. 'It always surprises them.'

The journey to Athens lasts only a few hours, and the sight of the city thrills your loins, now clothed in a makeshift cloak. You leave the harbour, not sorry to see the last of Markos the Phoenician, and race up the hill into the city. Go to **538**.

256

You kick the sand on the beach in frustration, and walk up to the water's edge. A pebble flies from your angry hand and skims along the water, hopping from wave to wave. A hundred yards down, the ashes of your boat are lapped by the incoming sea, which carries away small pieces of burnt timber to be washed up on some distant shore. You turn away from this unhappy sight, and notice a colony of seals, basking in the sun further up the beach. A bearded old man is lying among them.

Will you talk to the old man (turn to **453**), seize him (turn to **542**), or attack him (turn to **510**)?

257

You sense that there has been a misunderstanding and that the men think you are someone else. You try to explain, but they still seem doubtful. If Aphrodite is your patron, or you are in Favour with the goddess, turn to **349**. If you are Neutral with Aphrodite, go to **549**. If you are in Disfavour with her, go to **371**.

258

'These people don't seem very lecherous,' you tell Dean, 'or gluttonous.'

'I must apologize. The lechers and gluttons have been moved elsewhere, during the rebuilding. It's most confusing: whole groups have been switched to temporary accommodation.'

Before you, a scribe sits at a desk writing furiously. You turn to your guide with a questioning look.

'He's from the barbarous heartlands. Every time he comes to write the last page of the book, he finds two more still blank.'

'But who is it?' you ask.

'You,' replies Dean in an offhand manner. 'No! Don't look,' he adds agitatedly as you move towards the scribe. 'We don't want you caught in a self-referential paradox, do we?'

You move on, puzzled. Turn to **279**.

259

You come at last to the city of Thebes and knock on the great gates. They are opened by two men with bird-masks; they have talons on the end of their legs, and stand taller than you. Puzzled, you pass by and into the city. The streets are cleaner than you remember them seven and a half years before. You come at last to the market-place and sit by the fountain. You watch the Thebans for a while, with birdmen, like those at the gate, moving among them. A city official comes and sits by you. 'A stranger?' he asks. Turn to **545**.

260

Does the appearance of the god Hermes shock you, when he solemnly promised never to do so again? Is not the god of cheats permitted to break his word? Lose 1 Honour point and take 1 Shame point. Return to **240**.

261

Have 5 Honour points for defeating the monster. The head releases its grip on you and you fall into the water close to the whirlpool, but fortunately it is on the point of disgorging and it flings you away towards the Phoenician's ship. They haul you aboard in a net and you lie exhausted on the deck.

Soon, however, you have recovered, and when the ship reaches harbour, you feel well enough to accompany the merchant into the town. Go to **302**.

262

The woman seizes you and her grip is as that of the eagle on the field-mouse caught scurrying amongst the waving ears of golden corn at harvest time. You are led unwillingly into the building. It is very gloomy inside; you can see only a small table, one leg cracked, on which are set an urn, a bowl of corn, and a brazier, which burns with a bright blue flame. You notice, as you stand musing on your fate, that the walls are encrusted with a fluorescent moss. The doors are flung open. Go to **184**.

263

You realize that these sweet sounds emanate from a deadly source, for these are the Sirens, evil creatures who lure men to their deaths on the sharp, life-rending rocks and devour them at their leisure. No one can resist their song, so you quickly instruct your crew to push beeswax into their ears, while you are to be lashed to the raft's mast. On hearing of the dangers they face, there is ready compliance to your request. Go to **480**.

264

What more can you ask of the gods? Do you desire to know the secrets of the fire god? Have 1 Shame point for your presumption and go back to **244**.

265

You are distracted from your eavesdropping by a sudden throbbing. You whirl round, your battle-senses sharpened by your experiences. For a moment you think the heat-haze is deluding your eyes, but then you realize it is true: a column of gigantic bronze ants, mandibles clacking, and sparks flying where they tread, is advancing towards you.

'Fire-ants,' cries one of the onlookers in abject terror and, as when the wind separates the chaff from the grain on the winnowing floor, so now the people of Lemnos flee in the face of Hephaestus' creatures.

You must fight the ants; there are eight in all. Each is Might 8, Protection 10. Because of their mechanical nature, they fight one at a time and gain no advantage from their numbers. When one is hit it ceases to function.

If you retreat, go to **11**; if you die and pray to Zeus, go to **126**. When you have hit four creatures, go to **83**.

266

You accept the fruit and take a deep bite. The taste is somewhat sweet, but not unpleasant. You reconsider your last thought: it is in fact the best thing you have ever tasted. Markos has moved temporarily out of your vision. You turn towards him, but everything seems strangely different. His hair has turned saffron, and his teeth, formed into a grin, are stained bright orange. On the ground beside him is a lotus fruit. He has spat it out: a terrible waste you think to yourself, as the sea shades in almost indistinguishable steps from green to purple. A heady sense of ecstasy overcomes you, as you turn away from Markos and look inland. There are trees, more than you can count, each bearing at least a hundred fat, juicy, orange lotus fruits. You wander towards them. Why, you wonder, have you ever done anything else? All this heroism, the endless clash of war – you can hardly remember what it was about, and it seems profoundly foolish to you now.

An enormous orange-striped bee wafts lazily past you and you try to seize it, but it does not matter that you grab a branch instead. You pull it from the tree, and begin to count the number of parts it has, yet whenever you pull a piece away, you can always divide it into smaller pieces. Hundreds merge into thousands: never before have you realized how big a branch was. This is what really matters, this and the lotus.

You are now Shame 0, Honour 0, but this also is no longer of importance to you.

267

You wait for hours and hours. Night falls and the ferry is long gone. You manage to build yourself a small fire, but you are almost frozen to death by the time the craft returns next morning. You are more than grateful to beg an obol to leave this place. Lose 1 Honour point and go to **17**.

268

Your Chronicle Sheet looks like this:

Might 5 Honour 25
Protection 11 (+1) Shame 10
You have no points of Intelligence.

Sword: Might 3, Protection 0
Breastplate: Might 0, Protection 2
Corn-ear brooch

Asclepius – Favour
Demeter – Favour
Hera – Favour
Furies – Disfavour
All others – Neutral

Note: As a client of Athena, you are entitled to a +1 Protection bonus (indicated in brackets) and you need not take any Honour penalties for looking at hints (but you do take the Shame penalties). You start with Might 5, instead of 4, and Protection 11, instead of 10, as a result of the experience gained in defeating the Minotaur. Go to **58**.

269

Zeus heals you, but the Nubians capture you and tie your hands together behind your back. Go to **424**.

270

You hand over your obol and climb aboard the flimsy boat. Before the old man can drive the ferry away from the bank with the pole, a familiar figure rushes up and jumps in. The whole boat lurches and you are sure that you will all end up in the Styx. It is Markos the merchant, and he hands Charon an obol when the craft has stabilized. In his hand he carries a large sack of pomegranates, and you can see that he is very much alive, and not a shade. Go to **437**.

271

If Athena is your patron, or you are in Favour with the goddess, turn to **588**. Otherwise turn to **329**.

272

Are you frightened by a summer squall, Altheus? Have 1 Shame point and turn to **361**.

273

With no regard for the ancient morals of your ancestors, you plunge the tip of your spear into the warrior's chest and twist it cruelly. The man cries out and then is silent and unmoving. Four tribesmen step forward and carry the body away through the crowd. As the ranks of warriors part, a wicker cage is revealed, inside which a mountain lion pads back and forth, awaiting the meal it knows it will receive from the champion's body. You flinch at the thought that you would have been fed to the lion if you had lost the contest. You must have 2 Shame points for killing an opponent after he had surrendered. Turn to **152**.

274

Night falls and still no boat heading down-river has called in at the bank. Many large cargo vessels are going in that direction, but none of them stop to offer you a ride north. You wish that you had gone with the first boat, for then at least you would have the pleasure of human company now; as it is you are alone on the bank of the Nile. In the cool of the night, you sleep on the hard earth and are woken the next morning by the clatter of hoofs on stones, as four horsemen ride past. Will you call out to them (turn to **504**), or will you wait for another boat (turn to **411**)?

275

After ten days of untroubled sailing, you are within striking distance of the Piraeus. No one on board seems the slightest bit worried by the absence of Markos; indeed they all welcome the respite from their master's critical eye.

You decide that you dare not claim your throne immediately without military aid, and that you should, therefore, adopt a low profile in Athens before returning to Troezen to see your mother. Turn to **19**.

276

You accept the Nubian king's terms and pledge yourself to servitude, but in your heart the hope of escape never fails. For weeks you wait for a chance to break out from the camp, but it seems that you are watched all the time. Then, after nearly two months of hard service for the king, you are sent to draw water from the well at the edge of the camp and, thinking yourself unobserved, you make a dash for the grasslands that mark forbidden territory.

The Nubians catch up with you after two hours. You are brought back to the camp and the king cuts deep into your thigh muscle to prevent you escaping again. Go to **190**.

277

Thinking that you are the great Herakles returned to carry him away again, the dog backs off and cowers in its den. You pass quickly, but the dog is silent and does not dare emerge. Have 2 Honour points for inspiring fear in such an awesome beast. You may go left (turn to **419**), right (turn to **447**) or straight on (turn to **561**).

278

You wheel round at the cry, remembering too late the words of Dean. You see your brother's shade fading into the fog, and you call out desperately, but it is futile. You have disobeyed the instructions and now your brother will never ascend to the upper world and the joys of life in the land of light. Have 2 Shame points for causing such distress to your brother.

With a start you recall your quest to discover how you may purge yourself, and you call out anxiously 'My blood-guilt?'

'The men of the Phytalidae,' comes the faint and dismal cry, and then his form is finally dissolved.

Another cry breaks the silence and you see Markos running up the hill with his sack. He soon reaches your side. Go to **455**.

279

You and Dean walk on in silence for some way before he turns to you.

'This is Elysium, where your brother dwells.' You are surprised by this announcement, for you are still surrounded by the mind-numbing fog, and you see no evidence of the legendary fields of flowers and sun-bathed meadows. 'Not quite

what you expected, eh?' your guide continues, but then with a wave of his hand, he clears the mist and you are confronted with the traditional scene. 'As I told you, none of this is real, but you might as well see what you want to believe. Come on, let's find your brother.'

Theseus is standing in a sunlit meadow surveying some shades destined to ascend to the upper world, but when he sees you, he weeps with joy.

'Altheus, my brother, you have come at last. I feared that the perils of your storm-tossed journey and the power of mighty Africa would cause you harm, but now I see you here quite safe. I have a message for you from the gods about how you may purge your blood-guilt, but that can wait. First, let us review the company of heroes who will bring glory to Greece in future years.'

Turn to **513**.

280

'Well Altheus,' begins Circe, 'You're more clever than I thought, but no match for me without divine interference.' At the word 'divine' her mouth twists into a sick parody of a smile. 'Go now and leave my island.'

Do you demand that your friends be turned back to humans, now you are free of guilt for Agnostes' death (turn to **86**), or do you leave on your raft at once, as she suggests (turn to **207**)?

281

You pick up the bruised orange and fling it back in fury at the folk who have sought to humble you. The jeers turn to murmurs and the crowd which had gathered to see some fun at the expense of a stranger disperses. You sit down and rest against the basket which contains the fruit and from time to time take one to eat. Turn to **3**.

282

The mast crashes into the sea with a tremendous crack and your shoulder sustains the full force. Your arm hangs limp and useless. As you flounder in the bloody water, the lord of the sea himself manifests and, seizing the jagged mast, hurls it at your breast as if it were a javelin. As your life gushes away, you hear him mutter, 'Not even a quarter the man . . .'

283

Zeus suffuses your limbs with life once more, and you are able to continue the fight. Because these men are defilers and you do a divine duty, have 3 extra Honour points (i.e. you are Shame 0, Honour 4).

If you retreat, go to **203**; if you Seriously Wound all three, go to **55**.

284

You slip. Either spend 1 Honour point and go to **27**, or turn to **100**.

285

An idea worthy indeed of a hero, but you stand little chance of success, surrounded by these foreign folk who are likely to offer no aid. Have 1 Honour point and go to **380**.

286

You must spend 1–6 Honour points (roll one die) for your patron's aid and go to **332**. Otherwise, lose 1 Honour point and turn to **123**.

287

You manage to grab the arm of one of the men and twist it. Your victim cries out, but you are free, and able to attack. Go to **20**.

288

You surface in a pool of still water behind the fall and clamber on to the rocks, gasping for breath. You lie there panting, and hope that the Egyptians have not noticed you. You watch as they trade gems and weapons with the Nubians in exchange for leopardskins and lionskins, and then, with regret, see them sail away downstream. The Nubians pass close to you, but luckily they do not catch sight of you. So with a feeling of great relief, you set off back along the bank to Syene, which you remember is only ten miles down-river.

It is late evening when you arrive in the town and you quickly make your way to the small jetty where the boats tie up. You are lucky: a dhow will leave for Thebes early next morning. You climb aboard and fall fast asleep on a heap of sails. When you awake the boat is already on its two-day journey to the Egyptian capital. Go to **56**.

289

The chief grabs you by the neck and thrusts you against a wall, holding you pinned against it even though your feet are a sword's length off the ground.

'There are two spiritual kingdoms in this world,' says the man. 'The kingdom of the birds and the kingdom of the ratmen.'

'You are mad,' you cry.

'If you are not part of the kingdom of the birds, then most assuredly you are part of the kingdom of the ratmen.' The owls in the rafters rise to a crescendo. 'If you are not with us, you are against us.' He presses harder and your eyeballs start to strain against your skull. 'You must be certain,' cries the leader, as the pounding in your ears increases and the cries of the other birdmen and the owls combine into a demonic harmony, a paean for the end of the world, 'for without certainty you are lost!'

And with that he pushes you back until your neck snaps. You do not see your head slump forward and your body crash to the ground, as the birdmen cluster to feed.

290

You are led to the temple of the god, an open area, much like an arena, in which gladiators are practising. A concerned-looking elderly man, his white beard dyed red, approaches you.

'I am Hiatokon, priest of Ares at Olbia. You must purify yourself through pain, through blood, for only then will you be truly free.' He hands you a scourge, an evil looking leather whip with metal-tipped ends, and looking you straight in the eyes, says, 'Beat yourself.'

If you refuse, go to **34**. If you take the scourge and do as he says, go to **341**.

291

The air is full of a mighty noise, and you look out of the tent over the mountains. A thunderbolt from high Olympus is rushing through the air. As you gaze, it sets a tree alight, which then plunges towards you. The gods have found you wanting.

292

The dog is not so easily killed: even Herakles only carried him away. But Cerberus can see that you are too strong and he rushes back to his den, all three heads whimpering in submission. Have 7 Honour points for defeating the hound of Tartarus.

The fog is especially thick and heavy ahead, but you are starting to grow accustomed to the bland and uninteresting surroundings. It seems so tempting to be lulled into a mindless trance, and yet your heart beats quicker at the thought of seeing your brother again.

The shades, seeing your corporeal form, gather round, just as the people of a city crowd in on a stranger, dressed in rich garments, and pester him for money. So do the flitting shadows press in and ask you about life above. You ignore them and peer into the gloom ahead. You can make out a distinct path, which branches three ways. Will you go straight on (turn to **561**), right (turn to **447**) or left (turn to **419**)?

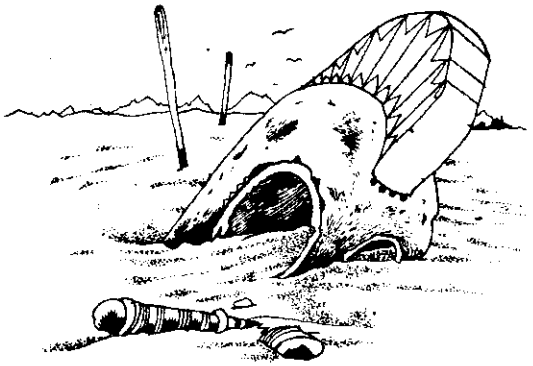

293

You are roused by furious shaking, and as your eyes focus, you see two black warriors leaning over you. You lift your head and try to stand, wincing in pain as you move your right leg. The leopard, which now lies dead, transfixed by a long-shafted spear, has torn a great gash in your thigh, and you can only limp along between the two warriors. The pain blurs your mind; it is only when you reach a familiar village that you become aware that you have been recaptured by the Nubians. They throw you into a hut and one stands guard outside. Go to **190**.

294

'You must build yourself a raft from the fallen trees inland and the moment the work is complete offer prayers to Poseidon, master of the seas. He will ensure that your feeble craft makes it across the waves to Greece in safety. Then seek out your brother, Theseus.'

'But my brother is dead,' you complain, but the old man has changed himself into water and flows back into the sea.

You are hungry and must eat before you set about the construction of the raft. You trek into the middle of the island and find a bush with both red and white berries. Will you eat the red berries (turn to **559**), the white berries (turn to **379**) or some of both (turn to **439**)?

295

You feign unconsciousness. The man picks you up with one hand and throws you over his shoulder with the strength of a giant or madman, seemingly unconcerned that you have moved across the floor.

He carries you out of the granary and down a flight of wooden steps. There is then a brief, jolting journey across a compound, formed by a cluster of buildings, into a large barn. Here you are unceremoniously dumped on the ground and you feel your bonds being cut. You open your eyes a crack and can see about twenty men, all in bird-masks. Will you try to escape now (turn to **528**), or bide your time (turn to **436**)?

296

'My lord Aeacus,' you cry, 'give me a guide that I may travel the wastes of the underworld without fear of the souls in torment who dwell herein.' The gaunt man gibbers and drops his whip.

'Lost my rhythm,' he explains. The man who was being whipped ceases to pound the two pebbles and stretches. 'You want a guide,' says Aeacus uninterestedly. 'You,' he gestures to one of the shades, 'go and fetch Dean. I have someone who'll be just right,' he adds, turning to you.

Over his shoulder you see Markos the merchant approaching with his sack of pomegranates. The shade returns from the other direction with a man in a tunic. The latter, obviously destined to be your guide, has a small silver cross dangling from one ear. They both make their way to Aeacus' side.

'Dean,' commands Aeacus. 'Take this mortal through the realms of the underworld, keep him from harm and show him the mysteries of this place.'

'All right,' says Dean and he leads the way into the fog. As you depart, you notice that Markos has reached the group and is pounding away at the pebbles. As the mist engulfs the scene, you hear shouts of 'Dust, dust.' Go to **548**.

297

You may have 7 Honour points for holding Proteus during his terrible transformations. Go to **572**.

298

The lion crumples to the ground as your sword cleaves its neck. You thrust the sword into the carcass once more to make sure that it is dead, and then you clean the blood off the blade by wiping it on the grass near by. Finally you sheathe it and prepare to return to the underworld once more. Go to **546**.

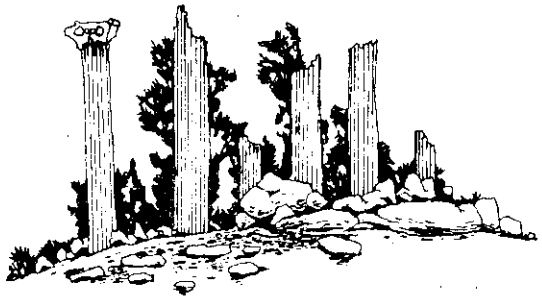

299

The men seize hold of you roughly and lead you to the village. There they strip you to your loincloth, and hustle you, with a blanket over your head, into the dwelling of an elder. You can feel lumps of horse dung being flung at you along with harsh words of abuse. Then the blanket is removed and, while you are held down by four men, a fifth starts to hack away at your hair with a rusty blade. It is extremely painful and the man does not stop until all your hair has been cut away. Your bald head is covered in cuts, and blood trickles down your face into your eyes. The men drag you to the edge of the village, telling you to leave or they will disfigure you more seriously. Have 2 Shame points for this humiliating experience. Go to **316**.

300

Your hands are tied together, but you reach out for the knife. As you do so, the man brings one foot down and one of the talons passes like a dagger through your left hand, pinning it to the floor. You scream out in agony and the man crows out and grips your head in the other talon, twisting it and straining your neck. There is a moment of struggle, as you try to pull your hand free, but the other claw holds it inexorably. Then, in an instant of indefinable pain, your head is ripped from your shoulders. Zeus cannot be expected to save you in these circumstances.

301

Carefully you choose your handholds and scramble up the rock. The going is not as hard as you anticipated, but the fall to the shore below would surely see you dead. Roll a die: on 1–3, go to **284**; on 4–6, go to **27**.

302

Markos leads the way through narrow streets and dark alleys to a small undecorated house in the heart of the town. He turns to you, smiles and then leads you inside into a large hall. The lighting is subdued, but you have no difficulty in taking in the scene; all around young African women relax on soft cushions talking to men of assorted races and ages. In one corner there stands a bar tended by a large Arabic-looking man, and you wander across to him and order a drink. It is extremely expensive, but you hand over the money grudgingly, not wanting to argue with the aggressive man. Markos has left you, so you drink and talk with the people reclining on the cushions.

The wine and the hot sweaty atmosphere contribute to a sudden feeling of nausea. Markos lies insensate in a corner of the large hall, surrounded by admiring Africans. He is clearly too far gone for you to rouse him, but you know you must leave now or you will never escape and return to the longed-for land of your mother, to Troezen.

You run out of the house and away to Markos' ship, informing the captain that his master has instructed him to sail at once for Athens without waiting for him. As the boat draws away from the lights of the African shore, you feel a sense of grief mingled with one of liberation. You have grown fond of the merchant in your meetings with him in the course of the last seven years. Perhaps you will meet him again. The ship pursues its course through Poseidon's salty realm. Go to **275**.

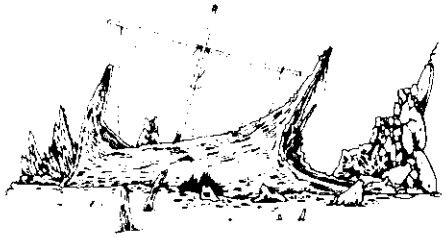

303

Your raft moves closer and you seem to hear the sound of maidens singing sweetly. Do you investigate (turn to **242**), or do you instruct your companions to row on (turn to **32**)?

304

Lose any one item won during the first game and return to **106** to roll again. If you have no items, lose one obol and return to **106**. If you have no obols, go to **91**.

305

You could offer him a carved ivory toad (turn to **364**), a green horsehair plume (turn to **383**), a shortsword (turn to **181**) or a helmet (turn to **151**). If you have none of these, or are not willing to offer any, go to **580**.

306

Some four and a half years later, the sense of euphoria has not lessened. You and the rest of the crew soon grew accustomed to the idyllic way of life on Ogygia, and settled into the routine of eating, sleeping and playing in the forest. Why, you ask yourself, did you ever consider any other existence? If Hera is your patron, go to **463**. If not, turn to **29**.

307

The chief's face contorts into a huge grin, revealing his ivory-white teeth. He gives a throaty laugh and then says something you cannot understand; his eyes stare at you relentlessly while he waits for a reply. Unsure of what he expects, you mumble in Greek that you mean him no harm. For a second he looks puzzled; but then his face clouds over and he begins to shout, arms gesticulating wildly. Behind you the warriors who captured you shift uneasily from foot to foot. It is clear that you must do something to appease the king. Will you fall at his feet in supplication (turn to **138**), or will you try to communicate with sign language (turn to **78**)?

308

You raise your hands and fall to your knees. Without hesitation, both men drive their daggers into your chest. If Zeus can save you, pray now and go to **173**.

309

The bushman's spear is poison-tipped and you fall weakly to the ground. The Nubians drive off the ambushers and carry you back to the camp where you are taken to your hut. Go to **190**.

310

The lion roars, but the sound merges into a hiss as the beast changes into a squirming snake. Its forked tongue darts out at your arm as it tries to sink its fangs into your flesh.

You must continue the fight against the snake (Might 3, Protection 14). The snake strikes first with two dice, since it is Healthy. Your wounds from the previous fight remain unhealed.

If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **557**. If you Wound the Snake, go to **251**.

311

You stroll past the yellow fields, shaking your head in amazement at the changes the months have wrought in Greece. The gods must be displeased, sending burning bolts down to blast the disbelievers. At last you come to the village of Demetrias, and find the ferry to Phthia; it is a leaky-looking boat, hardly seaworthy, but you have no choice. The surly boatman demands an obol for the passage.

'This is not the Styx, river of Hell,' you protest.

'Very nearly, since the Phoenicians took over, young man,' he replies, unsmiling.

'I am no youth, but Altheus the Avenger,' you cry, but no one listens.

Will you pay the obol (turn to **17**), or wait for another boat (turn to **267**)?

312

Pushing the sailors aside, you leap to the top of the ladder, seizing a long pole with a wickedly curved billhook at one end as you do so.

'To arms, Athenians, to arms,' you cry. 'Who is for me, and who against?'

There are six mutinous sailors and four more are unsure. Roll two dice to see how many of the seven Athenian youths and five maidens are with you; you may add 1 to the dice roll for every 5 Honour points you spend in advance.

If fewer than seven Athenians are with you, turn to **135**. If between seven and ten are on your side, turn to **515**. If more than ten support you, turn to **406**.

313

You learn that you arrived at the time of the annual tribal gathering, and that it is now time for the next festival. It is night and every warrior from all the Nubian villages carries a lighted torch through this camp. Then you form into a large ring in which the king performs a ritual dance. Behind him a sturdy wicker cage holds a mountain lion which prowls back and forth, like a man locked in prison who paces the length of his cell.

Suddenly the lion crashes against the bars, which collapse under the impact, and with a leap it is free. Starved for three days, it now races towards you and you can see its jaws salivating expectantly. The other warriors back off and you stand, stunned, as the lion sinks its teeth into your neck. Then it is off, running sleekly over the wide plains. Zeus will not help those who forsake their homeland.

314

The men chew red berries and occasionally spit out the pips on the ground, but they refuse to give you any of the fish they have caught. The waves roll in up the beach to your feet and you stand there, annoyed that you have travelled so far and escaped so many perils only to be prevented from your return by these ignorant fishermen. You decide to return to your boat. You will have to set off without provisions, for you cannot bear to wait any longer. Go to **525**.

315

As you lie motionless, the birdmen begin to move towards you. If you delay any longer, your decision will be made for you by the birdmen. Lose 1 Honour point and return to **295**.

316

You sprint away from the men and glance back to make sure that they are not following. After running for ten minutes, you feel safe again and slow to a walk, as you enter a grassy meadow. You can see a shepherd ahead, whose sheep graze safely despite the fact that he does not appear to be taking any notice of them. Go to **235**.

317

You remain adamant that you do not wish to visit the oracle; the priest frowns. Suddenly he is gripped with convulsions and the god Ares speaks through his lips.

'Zeus is angry. When he says off to the oracle, you go. Get this blood-guilt nonsense sorted out. Right, last chance. No more slip-ups. Good luck.'

Have 2 Shame points for ignoring the commands of Zeus and go to **232**.

318

Before you descend, you skin the lion and don the pelt, thinking to yourself that perhaps you look like Herakles now. Turn to **546**.

319

The man looks upset that you have refused his hospitality, but does not say anything, so that an awkward silence follows, punctuated only by the sounds of his wife preparing the food behind the curtain. Eventually she emerges with a bowl of steaming soup, which you gulp down. It is very hot, but you are too hungry to wait for it to cool off. When you have finished, she takes back the bowl and draws back the curtain to reveal a bath, which the daughter is filling with boiling water from a kettle, before she, too, comes into the main part of the house. You strip and wash thoroughly, in the privacy afforded by the curtain. When you emerge, your host is deep in conversation with another villager and you decide not to trouble him further. Having thanked him, you make your way out of the village and, mindful of your journey to the underworld, you return to the marshy ring and the steps to the tunnels underground. Go to **530**.

320

You stride away from the shore, but Agnostes offers no comment on your performance. He simply hustles you to the central arena and thrusts a discus into your hands.

'No time for practice; you're the first thrower,' he says. Your first attempt is a total failure: the bronze disc carries only a few feet before clattering to the ground. On the second throw you have got the knack of twisting yourself round to gain acceleration, and the third throw is passable. The vast crowd is more intent on their Trojan athletes and ignores you; only a few of Agnostes' friends cheer you on.

You step up to the circle to make your fourth and final throw. You twist once, and again, but just as you are about to release the discus, it spins out of your hands and plunges back towards the crowd. Your fingers are badly cut, and it is not for a few seconds that you turn round. A group of Trojans is gathered round someone; your discus must have struck a spectator. As you draw closer, you realize that you have hit your own cousin Agnostes. Go to **103**.

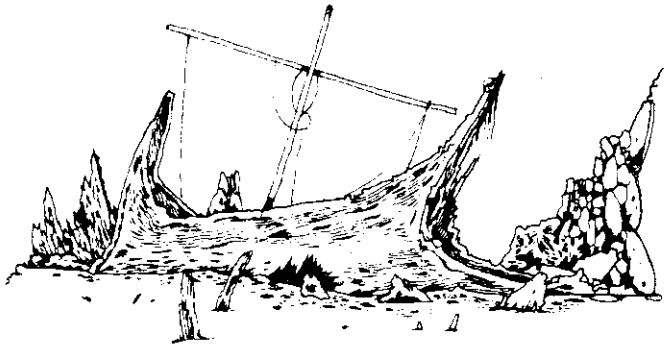

321

You try to make it understood that you are a friend and mean no harm, but the two warriors seem to understand no Greek, and can make little of your frantic hand-signals. They shake their heads in perplexity, but at last seem to come to a decision. They step forward and seize you roughly by the arms. You are too busy trying to communicate, and so have no time to defend yourself. You could, however, try to struggle free of your captors (turn to **287**), or you could simply go along with them, and hope for the best (turn to **110**).

322

You try to retreat into the crowd, but cannot and must stand at the front. A woman dressed in flowing black robes rushes out of the building. 'Arissia, Arissia,' the crowd chants, and then, 'Demeter, Demeter.' The woman seems to be taken up by some spirit, clearly that of Demeter, the goddess whose name the crowd cries out. Her hair seems aflame; her very eyes seem to shed sparks. Go to **262**.

323

Do you have some beeswax and rope? If so, go to **263**. If not, return to **303**.

324

You back straight into the arms of another of the Trojan palace guard.

'Filthy Achaians,' he snorts, and spits at you; lose 1 Honour point. You are bundled into the palace at spear point. Go to **160**.

325

As you fall, you notice that the air around is growing cloudy. At first, it is just a mist, like the spray rising off a lake early in the morning, but then it grows denser until you are falling through heavy fog and are unable to see more than a few inches ahead. At the same time it seems to buoy you up, so that you are no longer falling but rather floating in a cushion of thick cloud. You swim through it until you reach solid ground; the fog grows darker as you walk on and it seems less clean. The atmosphere is very oppressive and you reflect that it would be unbearable to live in such conditions all the time. Your lungs fill with the sooty air and your breathing becomes hard and wheezy.

In the distance you hear several dogs barking and you press on through the thick cloud towards the noise. Then the fog lifts suddenly to reveal the marshy River Styx, across which no unburied shade may pass until it has wandered aimlessly for one hundred years on this near bank. On the water a ferry-boat of stitched leather works from bank to bank, transporting shades to the kingdom of Hades beyond the river. Will you make your way to the ferry (turn to **176**), or wander on this bank for a while (turn to **575**)?

326

The lord of war stands once more before you, brandishing an evil-looking mace. 'Popped in from the battlefield. Your prowess in war is great. Halfway to purity already. Be fearless.' With this the battler god transforms himself into an eagle and flies off, screeching, into the distance. Go to **25**, but where this states that you must make four strokes, you need make only three.

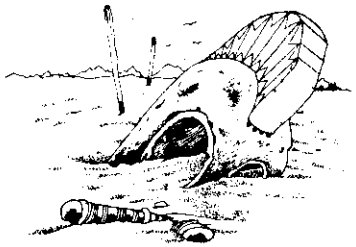

327

You are woken by strange voices and for a moment you fear that you have been recaptured by the Nubians, but it is a different tribe that has come upon you out here on the plains. They ride small ponies and have sharp angular features; their skin is less black than the Nubians', and they talk in a slow, deliberate language, not the fast rattle that characterizes the Nubian tongue.

They bring you a pony and motion you to get on it, which you do with more than a few misgivings. Horse-riding was frowned upon in Troezen and you were never allowed to learn, although it was said that Theseus, your brother, became a skilled rider before he left for Crete. So, with no experience, you set off with these men across the plains into the desert, as behind you, to your left, the sun drops down to the horizon. You have no idea who they are or where they are going, but you feel that at last you are among friends. Go to **226**.

328

You walk wearily down the path, almost without hope of finding your way through the swirling fog. It grows bitterly cold and you hug yourself, folding your arms inside your clothing. Beside the road a man, barely out of his boyhood, marches in the opposite direction, his green tunic showing up well in the dim light. You turn to watch him pass and he stops too, but seems oblivious of your presence; he draws a wineskin from his belt and tries to drink. The wine has frozen in the bitter cold and comes out in a lump, which shatters on the ground into a million tiny fragments like a crystal dropped on a hard stone. The young man scowls and replaces the wineskin at his belt before he is away into the fog, his regular step echoing into the distance.

Now it grows warm again and the mists lift to reveal the sight of an insubstantial figure pounding two pebbles while he is whipped by a gaunt man who is clearly not a shade. Will you approach them (turn to **431**), or observe from afar (turn to **543**)?

329

As you walk away from the smoke, the goddess Athena appears, dressed in a long flowing robe of purest white. She beams at you.

'Altheus, you must not despair. This island is Phawos, home of Pwoteus, the old man of the sea. Seek him out on the beach and he will tell you how to weturn home, now you are mawooned.' She points to the smoke and you realize that it is your boat burning. When you spin round again the goddess is gone, so you make your way sadly down to the beach. Go to **256**.

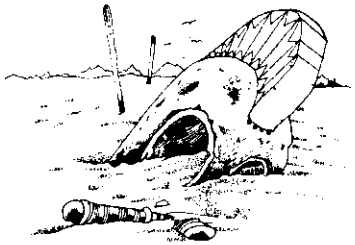

330

The king makes it clear that you must fight alongside his warriors and prove yourself their equal in the field, unless you want to be forced into servitude. You understand, and return to your hut to prepare for an expedition the next day.

It is early morning when five of you set out to hunt for food, and by the afternoon you have already shown your skill with a spear and have two kills to your name; each of the others has three, but you are pleased that you have not been embarrassed in the chase. You think back to the days in Troezen spent hunting wild boar, and how you forced yourself to keep up with the older, more experienced huntsmen.

A sudden cry brings you back to the present. Four bush warriors have attacked your group and you must fight one of them. He has Might 6, Protection 11 and carries a short spear (Might 1). You have a long-shafted spear (Might 2). You cannot retreat or surrender.

If you kill him, go to **134**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **309**.

331

You toss your spear aside and, with an extravagant flourish, you throw your arms open wide in clear acknowledgement of your defeat. For a moment you sense the indecision of the champion, but, thankfully, he accepts your surrender: he picks up your spear, breaks it in two, and then holds it up to the acclamation of the crowd.

The Nubian king returns to the centre of the ring and he and the champion grab you by the arms and legs to carry you away. It is only a short distance before you see where they are taking you.

A massive wicker cage holds an angry, hungry, strutting mountain lion; the door is swung open and you are thrown inside. You must fight the lion with any wounds from the first combat unhealed. It has Might 6, Protection 12. If you kill it, go to **565**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **477**.

332

You curse bitterly as you are driven ever onwards, but just as you have lost all hope, you see, dimly with your salt-stung eyes, a coastline approaching closer and closer. Quickly you come to your senses before your brain is torn out by the life-rending rocks. You stand up unsteadily and stagger on to the land. Soon you can only crawl, but from up ahead you hear shouts and cries; they are in your own language. Do you go to investigate (turn to **240**), or lie where you are and rest (turn to **500**)?

333

Return to **106** and roll again.

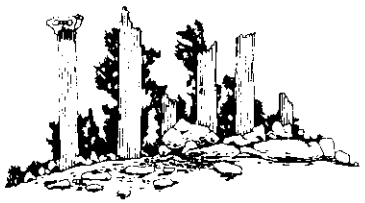

334

The guard returns with a large, fat-faced man, who is dressed in fine robes and adorned with jewelled bracelets, and who claps you on the back with his ample hand, and addresses you in Greek: 'Altheus the Avenger, your fame has travelled far, for your deeds are truly heroic. I am Ramses, Pharaoh of all Egypt. Now come with me and relax.'

He leads you into the palace stateroom, where you are fed rich food and strong wine. Dancers entertain you while you talk with Ramses about your travels and your recent escape from the Nubians.

Eventually, long into the night, your host bids you good night and adds, 'Tomorrow you shall accompany me to the oracle at the Oasis Ammonium and then we shall see about a boat to Greece for you.'

You collapse back into the luxurious cushions and enjoy the nubile dancing girls' display before drifting into welcome sleep. Go to **408**.

335

As the cart draws alongside, you turn to the farmer and ask him for a ride. He cuts you with his whip, scoring your face with an ugly red weal.

'You'll get no more free rides from me!' he cries and lashes his lean horse into a trot.

Will you run after the farmer to attack him (turn to **529**), or continue on your way (turn to **414**)?

336

For two days you wander round the island in search of food, but there appears to be no wildlife. You become weaker and when you eventually come upon a bush bearing white berries, you eat them avidly. Their poison works inside your stomach and you are racked with intense pain; only Zeus can save you. If you have not used your prayer, do so now and go to 557.

337

You see the shades destined for the upper world drink from the waters of the River Lethe to clear all memories from their minds, but hurry on impatiently. The ascent is made along a steep and rocky path that disappears up into the mist, and soon you concentrate only on the climb. Underfoot the soil is loose and slips away with every stride, small pebbles bouncing and rolling down the hill. Behind, the reassuring footsteps of your brother begin to fall back, but you dare not stop. Then a cry rings out: 'Altheus, Altheus.' You start to turn in response. Go to 278.

338

You seize the chief, twist a knife out of his hand and hold it to his throat.

'Listen well,' you cry out to the others, 'and if any of you still understand a civilized tongue, hear this. Lie down on the floor, with your hands on your heads. I shall leave now, and if I hear any sound of you following, your leader dies.' All is still. You thrust the point of the dagger upwards, and the leader jerks his head back. His followers see the glint of fear in his eyes and obey you.

Still keeping the man at knife-point, you back out of the barn and to the edge of the compound. There you rip the mask away to reveal a cadaverous face with a receding hairline.

'Which way to the city?' you demand. He makes no answer, but his eyes dart to a path leading away to the left. You laugh, 'I see.'

Then you cut his throat, leave him in the bushes and run along the path indicated. There are no sounds of pursuit, and you tuck the knife into your belt. After a while the forest thins and you can see the road ahead. You redouble your steps, and fall flat over a tripwire stretched low across the path. You start to rise, and a birdman sentry comes out of cover and breaks your neck.

339

You wait, and presently it grows dark. Hungry and tired, you sit patiently, but then, as there seems no prospect of food, you take the opportunity of your isolation to sleep. So you are doubly surprised when a man awakens you and speaks to you in Greek, although he speaks haltingly.

'I . . . speak your . . . language,' he begins and for the first time you focus on the speaker, as he walks around in front of you: he is an unusually tall Nubian, but not at all threatening, since he appears totally devoid of muscle. 'Your . . . acts this afternoon have worried my . . . my . . .' he stops as if searching for a word, '. . . my king. He think you . . . put a spell at him.' His mastery of your language is far from perfect, but you sense the meaning immediately and turn the misunderstanding to your advantage.

'He would be right, in a sense,' you reply, unhelpfully. 'Now you shall act as an interpreter and we shall see your king,' you add, underscoring the final word with contempt. Go to **465**.

340

You wait for an hour, and no vessels pass. In frustration you throw a stone against a tree: it rebounds and catches you painfully on the foot, so that you are forced to sit to let the pain subside. Eventually you get up again and although your foot is stiff, you resolve to try climbing up the slopes. Have 1 Shame point and turn to **15**.

341

If Ares is your patron, go to **326**. If not, go to **25**.

342

You may spend 1–6 Honour points to get Poseidon Neutral towards you again. If you do so, turn to **206**. Otherwise turn to **132**.

343

Your Olympian guardian will not aid you, since you have rejected divine orders that you must purge yourself. The rewards of pride and arrogance remain the same. Go to **164**.

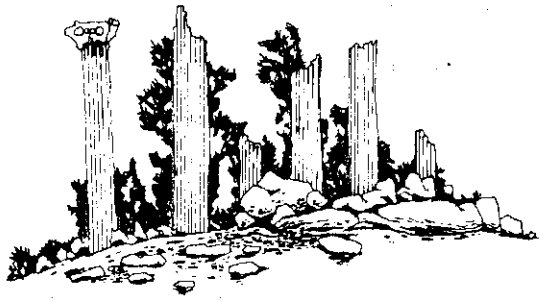

344

You sail on, rejoicing in the knowledge that your blood-guilt has been erased. You make away from the land, hoping to skirt the coast of North Africa, and thence make the long crossing to the Peloponnese. As you are watching the sun setting on the horizon, another figure seems to stand on the raft beside you.

'I am Iris,' the woman begins, 'and I have been delegated by the rest of the gods and goddesses to bring you a warning to the effect that, although you may think you are purged of guilt entirely and may now go home to Troezen and your mother Aethra, you still bear the blame for your father Aegeus' demise and – yes, that might seem unfair to you, but then you haven't the cosmic perspective that divinity gives you, and believe me there are other sacrifices one has to make, and it's all a question of running around after mortals when they make a mess of things, which of course they're doing all the time, witness that Trojan business, and if I don't spend my days looking after this war, it's that siege, or that riot in Thebes, and in contrast to these your problems are petty, but they still take up an inordinate amount of time and you don't get any gratitude, since men just aren't brought up right, and if Hera had control of their education, then things would be stable and proper and of course stability is what we're all aiming for, especially . . .'

With this, Iris seems to be interrupted and comes to no end. Go to **128**.

345

Markos returns, sees the lotus fruit on the ground, grins wickedly and spits his out, too.

'Best thing for them really,' he begins. 'Still, if they sell well, I could be back for more.' With this, he indicates his crew gathering basketfuls of the fruit, who are just coming to join their captain. 'Sorry I can't take you to Troezen, but we're overloaded with cargo already.' With this he shouts to his crew to depart, and soon he too is gone. Go to **405**.

346

Your victory against these beasts of the underworld is complete, and once more you stand before the tumbledown temple of Demeter. Yet there is more to the ceremony. In your hands you hold the wooden plaques which you brought with you from the strange dream-world of the elements. You must combine them in such a way to free Scione of famine. You should drop two of them and retain one of them.

Do you drop the water and corn symbols (turn to **200**), the water and flame tiles (turn to **120**), or the flame and earth plaques (turn to **466**)?

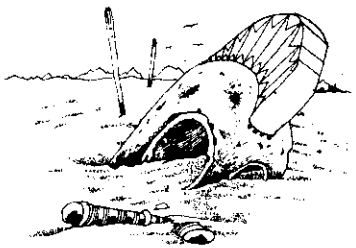

347

Before long, you have fallen off the pony. You scrabble around in the dust, trying to regain your feet, to the sound of laughter. Lose 1 Honour point. After a long struggle the men manage to get you back on your mount, and you hang on desperately. Go to **226**.

348

The surviving sailors are bound by the Athenians.

'The leader got away,' the captain explains. 'He's down in the hold.'

You must hunt down the chief mutineer. Go to **119**.

349

The goddess Aphrodite bathes you in a divine aura and the men become more friendly. They sheathe their swords and the man at the front, clearly their leader, speaks once more:

'Friend, we mean you no harm, but we must be careful: there are strange people about,' he adds mysteriously. 'Come into our village to wash and eat, for indeed you look as though you have been travelling far without receiving hospitality.'

He leads you back to the village and into a stone house. Inside a large woman is talking to a young girl, but they fall silent when they see you. The man speaks sharply to them and they withdraw into a separate part of the house behind a curtain.

'My wife will cook you a meal and my daughter is preparing a hot bath for you. Take a drink with me.'

He offers you a goblet filled with ruby-coloured wine. Will you drink with him (turn to **487**), or will you decline (turn to **319**)?

350

The smoke dies away as you reach the top of the cliff. From this vantage point you can see the whole miserable scene laid out below: your boat has been reduced to smouldering ashes and nothing can be salvaged from it. You curse the gods silently for plaguing you with such misfortune, and then you turn bitterly away. It is almost as if they are deliberately keeping you from reaching your home in Troezen. You must have 1 Shame point for leaving the boat to be burnt.

You march defiantly along the beach, leaving the wreckage behind you. Go to **256**.

351

You drift on your raft for six days, but then the west wind grows strong and you start to fear for your safety. The seas become short and vicious, and your raft surfs dangerously on the larger waves. You can only cling on as your makeshift rudder flaps uselessly, more often in the air than in the sea. If Poseidon is your patron, go to **254**. If not, go to **586**.

352

Chastened and puzzled by this divine warning, you gather together a number of the crew and explain that you must leave. Tired and jaded, they agree, albeit dubiously. After a day's work you have constructed a small raft with a mast. For a sail you steal the tunic of one of Calypso's handmaidens, and during the course of the evening manage to secrete away some provisions. Shortly after that you are at sea. None of you take any notice of the pleas and entreaties of the small group gathered on the beach.

After you explain to your companions that you must visit the Italian shores, they almost mutiny, but since the winds are carrying you first to the north and west, and then to the east, they can do little. Two weeks pass and your provisions are nearly exhausted: all that is left is some rope and a small jar of beeswax. Go to **168**.

353

The rules for *Return of the Wanderer*, the third book in the Cretan Chronicles, are exactly the same as for the first two books in the series. Your combat values, however, start at Might 5, Protection 11 (plus, of course, any bonuses accruing from your patron), on account of the experience gained in killing the Minotaur.

If you are in Disfavour with Poseidon, roll one die. On 1–2 you are still in Disfavour; on 3–5 he is now Neutral towards you; on 6 you are now in Favour with the sea god.

Now turn to the appropriate paragraph for your patron:

If your patron is Aphrodite, turn to **217**.
If your patron is Apollo, turn to **354**.
If your patron is Ares, turn to **532**.
If your patron is Athena, turn to **58**.
If your patron is Hera, turn to **486**.
If your patron is Poseidon, turn to **117**.

354

You pray to your patron as you lie below decks, and you hear his voice calling out to you.

'Altheus, you've done so well. All you have to do now is make it home to Athens where your father awaits you at every moment. I must be going soon, but I'm sure there was something I had to tell you. Now what was it? Oh, yes, the sails. You know, black for disaster and white for success. Oh well, I'm very late, so I must hurry. Good luck.'

For a moment all is silent and then you hear the rush of wind and waves above decks. You rise and climb up into the fresh air. Go to **252**.

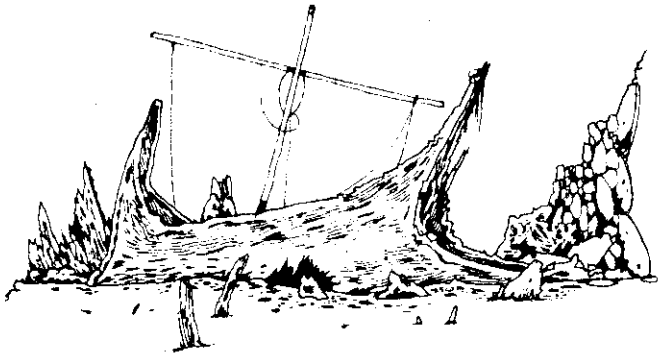

355

The ground close to the top of the steps is soft and marshy, and you tread carefully, probing forward each step to find a firm foothold. You can see that there is harder terrain twenty yards away and beyond that there are clumps of trees and bushes so that, in effect, you are standing in a marshy ring enclosed on all sides by thick vegetation. Behind you the hill rises gently up to a crest, and you decide to climb up there to view the whole countryside. You are soon, once again, out of breath, and by the time you reach the top, you collapse on the ground. Within moments, you are fast asleep. Go to **547**.

356

You are thrown free of the vehicle rushing headlong to destruction and lie winded in the grass, listening as the horse's anguished noise abruptly ceases. Then you pick yourself up and set off down the hill towards Thebes. By the side of the road you notice a broken knife, discarded by some wayfarer, and you tuck it into your belt. Go to **259**.

357

You remember the words of Dean, and just stop yourself wheeling round. The cries continue, but they become fainter and fainter until finally they cease completely. You are left alone and eventually you carry on up the hill until you reach daylight. Your brother is no longer with you, and you ask yourself how you will ever discover the way to purge your blood-guilt. Then a voice cries out 'Altheus' once more and you take heart. Your brother has made it after all. But it is not your brother who is climbing the path and calling your name, but the Phoenician merchant Markos, carrying his sack. He quickly reaches your side.

'I have a message for you from your brother. I passed him on the way up. He says you must seek out the Phytalidae, whoever they may be.' Turn to **455**.

358

You bite into the fruit and enjoy its sweet taste. It seems a long while since you last ate, although time is strangely hard to judge in the underworld. You could have been here only minutes, or hours, or maybe even days. The dogs' barking fills the air again and you move on towards it. Turn to **85**.

359

Many have wondered how the young Nubian could speak Greek. Some reckon it was a gift from Apollo, others that a captured merchant taught him, before the unfortunate sailor was killed, and yet others that scrolls, washed ashore and carried far inland by nomads, bear the secret of his knowledge. Have 1 Shame point for trying to delve into such mysteries and return to **339**.

360

The anger of the sea god is aroused. The waters close to the boat grow turbulent and the rigging of the mast parts with an ear-splitting report. You may either spend 1–6 Honour points and swim to shore (turn to **320**), or you may face the wrath of Poseidon (turn to **282**).

361

The sailors are waiting for you below and seize you roughly. You look around in shock, and the captain stares back at you helplessly. The seven youths and five remaining maidens of Athens are confused, not knowing with whom to side. The ship pitches and rolls dementedly.

'This is the man,' shouts one of the sailors, 'who is responsible for our plight! The gods punish us for his betrayal.'

'The only way to appease them is to sacrifice him,' continues another, in what is clearly an orchestrated attack.

Will you submit (turn to **175**) or fight (turn to **312**)?

362

You shake your head, but the guard misunderstands your hurried hand-signals. He is clearly confused, and rising anger fills his features. Your conciliatory words mean nothing to him in his fury and you must defend yourself.

He is Might 5, Protection 12, but with a spear (Might 2) and a full-length shield (Might −1, Protection 4).

If you surrender, turn to **71**. If you die and pray to Zeus, turn to **225**. If you retreat, turn to **324**. If you Seriously Wound the guard, turn to **421**.

363

You make the sign of the clenched fist, and at once the gathered company gasps. You have committed sacrilege, and your shattered body does not last long under the rain of spears which is at once unleashed. Take more notice of cave-paintings on your next adventure, Altheus the Avenger.

364

The guard grins knowingly, and at once his attitude becomes friendly. He ceremonially pulls an obol from his pocket and places it in your hand. Feigning comprehension, you follow him as he leads you down a darkened corridor past rows and rows of shelves on which stand baskets filled with pomegranates. You try to ask your guide what use the royal house of Troy has for the fruit, but already he has led you, as a blind man is led by his kindred, to a room to await your cousin's coming. Go to **104**.

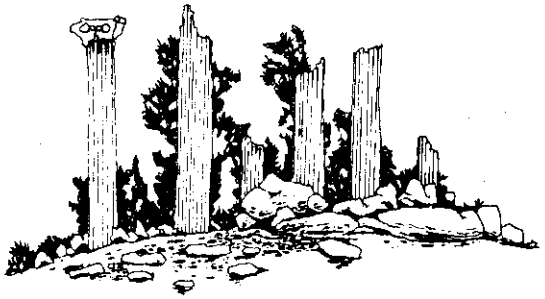

365

The first stop on the voyage to high-walled Ilium, Troy of the ancient tales, is Lemnos, and the two weeks to which bad weather lengthens the voyage seem like months to you. You are racked by your old seasickness and the aching of your wounds from Crete. The Achaians laugh at you and mock you for a child, but, you think grimly to yourself, Oresander would soon feel the blade of a sharp-edged sword if he were alone. At last the shores of Lemnos, sacred island of Hephaestus the fire-worker, loom large on the horizon. Go to **384**.

366

You lower the torch and turn away from the man. As you do so, he seizes the billhook and sinks it into your head. Your skull is ripped apart in a moment of blinding agony and you fall dead. Zeus will not save the wilfully naive, although it is they who most need his help.

367

You remain on the beach beside your boat, but there is little of interest to look at and the heat of the sun makes you drowsy. You close your eyes against the harsh glare, doubly brilliant as it reflects off the motionless sea, and soon you fall asleep.

When you awake, the day is almost over and you feel cold and hungry. You fashion a spear out of wood from the boat and try to harpoon fish in the shallow water; after some time you have not killed any, but just got yourself soaking wet; you walk back to the boat. Realizing that you must dry off and warm up, you collect driftwood from along the beach and attempt to start a fire, but this also fails since the wind is too strong. Eventually you manage to kindle a flame by sheltering it behind the boat. The warmth is comforting and you quickly forget about your empty stomach as you drift to sleep. Go to **576**.

368

You grab a lamp from the wall and go down into the hold. The flickers of light randomly illuminate portions of the hold stacked high with empty crates. You move about cautiously, and suddenly come across the chief mutineer, armed with a billhook. He swings at you and you duck, waving the torch in his face.

You must fight the sailor. He is Might 4, Protection 11 and has the billhook (Might 3, Protection −1). All you have is a torch (Might 2, Protection 0).

If you surrender, go to **249**; if you die and Zeus saves you, go to **425**; if the sailor is Seriously Wounded, go to **218**.

369

For eleven days, the caravan makes its tracks across the barren desert and you grow tired of travelling by camel, the most uncomfortable and unpleasant form of transport you have yet experienced. At last the fertile island in the sea of the great Libyan desert comes in view and you note the euphoria of all the travellers. The priest hands you a small piece of jade, which, he claims, is a good-luck charm, and then he goes into the temple on his official business. You offer up a final prayer to Zeus and follow him. Go to **506**.

370

Cursing the gods is always less effective than placating them with sacrifices. Have 1 Shame point and return to **350**.

371

'Yes, this is definitely the one,' cries a man from the back of the crowd, and at this they all rush forward. Before you can run off, two heavy men throw you to the ground. You try to escape, but as you break free, two more men are at your side. Go to **299**.

372

Will you ask a woman, who is carrying an urn full of flour on her head (turn to **26**), or will you approach a guard, who is armed with a spear and a full-length shield (turn to **187**)?

373

Humbled by these aged men, you, Altheus the Avenger, drop to your knees. Take 2 Shame points. Yet you see that they are about to sunder your spirit from its earthly shelter and that you will find no mercy. They are old, however, and you dodge aside at the last moment. The combat continues.

If you Seriously Wound both men, go to **482**; if you retreat, go to **18**; if you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **33**.

374

You knock loudly at the palace gate and a guard opens the heavy door.

'I am Altheus the Avenger, true king of Athens,' you declare imperiously, but the Egyptian does not understand you. Another man arrives and talks with the guard, who then shows you inside. The palace is a magnificent building, recently rebuilt, and the walls are newly decorated with fine mosaics. You stand and wonder, while the guard goes off to fetch someone. If you have more than 50 Honour points, go to **334**. If not, go to **392**.

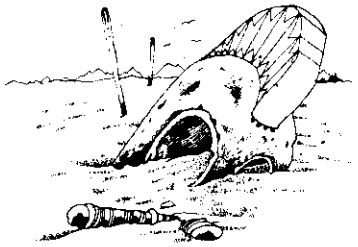

375

'The dove, you fool, release the dove!' Vizhazid is shaking you violently, and you suddenly realize what he means. You set the bird free from its cage and, as if inspired by the god, it flies straight and true towards the rocks. Following it will gain you safe passage; you remember Arissia's words.

Desperately the oarsmen row, the beat on the drum grows more frantic and the air is tense, as when ill omens are read at the altars of the immortals, and a young man must pay with his life. You grasp the rail at the side of the ship, ignoring the splinters which pierce your fingers.

You are passing through the channel itself now. The wind suddenly drops, but the waves are no less turbulent; with a great creaking and groaning, the living rock itself begins to roar and rumble. The cliffs move; the Symplegades have started their deadly journey. Closer and closer the sharp rocks come, like the talons of a thousand eagles all waiting for the kill.

Yet the forces of the underworld do not prevail and the moment of crisis passes. You reach open water and strike out for Chalcedon. The whole crew cheers and shouts out in joy. Go to **112**.

376

The leopard's back is broken; after contorting in spasms the beast lies still. You give your thanks to the gods and lie on your back, panting from the exertion of the struggle. It is still very hot and you notice that your arms are beginning to blister, but it is your stomach that troubles you most, and you rip at the dead leopard's flesh with your teeth. The raw meat is unpalatable, but you eat it anyway. Flies gather round the carcass and the vultures return, approaching timidly. When you have eaten enough, you leave the body for the scavengers and limp on through the grass, for the leopard has sliced into your right thigh with its claws. You have no idea in which direction salvation lies, but then you see two figures up ahead on the horizon. They carry spears and as they come nearer you see they are dark-skinned warriors. Will you shout for help (turn to 444), or will you hide in case they are hostile (turn to 177)?

377

The merchant raises his left hand and you see the ring. For a moment you think you have won, but then you notice the jade under the same hand. He sweeps both items up off the deck and pockets them, before moving away to speak with the helmsman. You rise and walk to the edge of the deck and look out at the waves, so quiet and serene now, yet capable of such fury. You are only at the wooden rail for a few moments before Markos comes over to you again. Go to **239**.

378

The farmer's fist crashes home against your jaw. The road starts to swirl and you topple backwards off the cart and fall on to the road, rolling over and over like a child's doll before coming to rest, limbs twisted and broken, dead.

379

Barely two minutes pass before you are convulsed with terrible pain. Your limbs shake and you sweat profusely, as the poison takes control. What a pitiful end for Altheus the Avenger, conqueror of Talos the bronze man of Crete, slayer of the Minotaur. The Amazons, the Cretans and the Nubians could not subdue you, but nature has succeeded. If you can still pray to Zeus, go to **557**.

380

You stand your ground as the men, who are all massively built, approach. A sudden panic grips you, and you whirl around lest you are attacked from behind. Yet it is too late, and a crashing blow and a crunching sound are your last memories. Go to **201**.

381

'Never,' you cry, managing to shake free of the grip of your captor. Yet you see that they will never let you leave Lemnos alive. You grab a burning stick from the hearth (Might 3) and proceed to the attack.

Each man is Might 5, Protection 9, with a shortsword (Might 2, Protection −1) and a breastplate (Protection 2). Remember the rules for multiple combat.

If you retreat, go to **203**. If you die and pray to Zeus, go to **283**. If you Seriously Wound all three, go to **55**. You may not surrender.

382

Zeus is perplexed that one who savages himself to death would seek his succour. He tosses aside your request with the disdain it deserves. Go to **125**.

383

You offer the green plume to the guard, whose face, suffused with crimson, regards you with the air of one insulted in public before his friends. 'Phthian pig,' he cries and charges straight at you.

You must fight him, and he gets the first strike. He is Might 5, Protection 12, with a spear (Might 2) and a full-length shield (Might −1, Protection 5).

If you surrender, go to **71**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **225**. If you retreat, go to **324**. If you Seriously Wound the guard, go to **421**.

384

You disembark at Lemnos, eager for the feel of solid earth beneath your feet. The quay is not busy; there are only a few people lounging lazily in the midday sun. Some hundred yards up the shoreline there is a well at which a group of men are talking animatedly and gesticulating.

'. . . more pomegranates, Vizhazid, I don't want any more . . .'

'. . . and he threw them into the master's garden . . .'

'. . . I don't care if it's sacred . . .'

If you are in Favour with Hephaestus, or he is Neutral to you, go to **224**. If you are in Disfavour with him, go to **265**.

385

Far and long you are carried by the waters, tossed like a tree-trunk down spring-swollen waters. You manage to grab hold of a plank from a ship and cling to it, praying to all the gods to preserve you. At last a shore grows near and you strike out towards it. Scrambling on to the sand, you lift your head towards the heavens and there, towering above you, as a Titan looking loftily down on its feeble foes, is Mount Pelion, swathed in green with its healing plants. You slump to the ground unconscious, the water's margin lapping at your feet. Go to **105**.

386

Have 10 Honour points for killing the men. You pick up a spear and continue your search, but eventually you decide that it will be more productive inland. Besides, you are feeling hungry and there is clearly nothing to eat here. Go to **39**.

387

Are you so scared that you will not even talk to the local villagers? Have 2 Shame points and go to **316**.

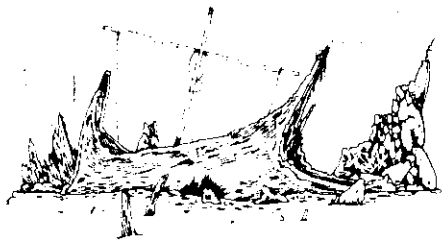

388

The monster grabs one man standing on the deck and bears him away in one of her mouths. He screams hideously as she returns to her den, but there is nothing you or anyone else on the ship can do to save the unfortunate. Markos steers on ahead, without looking to either side, and manages to bring the craft through without further loss. Soon he comes up and speaks to you: 'Next time it'll only be a serious injury or two. Anyway, forget about that now, and come with me when we get into port; I'll show you the sights.'

After a few more days, the crew reach the shores they have sought. You are eager to be on your way, but Markos insists that you come with him, and, with great reluctance, you agree to his request. Go to **302**.

389

The captain and you can only gaze in impotent fury as the other ship edges round to starboard, careless of any collision, but delicately keeping you blocked. The two craft just fail to collide. The captain shakes his fist at a figure on the other boat in rich but clashing robes, and follows up this gesture with a stream of invective garnered over many years. The other, obviously the Phoenician master, grins back and waves lazily at you.

The merchant ship edges ahead of you, and your sails start to fill again. The Phoenician captain is handed a long pole with a scythe on one end, and before you can do anything, he uses it to cut the guy rope which holds up your sails. You can only look on as the vast black canvas crashes to the deck, and the other ship pulls steadily away. As it does so, the Phoenician captain licks his forefinger and then jabs it at you.

'When they ask you in Athens who did this to you, tell them you were bested by Markos the merchant,' he yells. 'Competition and integrity!'

With the vessel disappearing into the distance the word *Djinn* on the prow shines like gold. The remaining sailors furiously start to raise the sails again. Go to **38**.

390

You are on your feet immediately and running as fast as your weary legs will take you, but it is obviously useless. Even when fit you could not outstrip a leopard. With graceful strides, it is at your heels and brings you down, its mighty claws digging into your back. As you fall, you think you can see two figures on the horizon and you shout out, but your cry merges into an agonized scream as the leopard tears at your leg. If you have not prayed to Zeus, do so now and go to **293**. If you have, content yourself with the thought that your end was swift and not the prolonged death from heat and dehydration that faced you otherwise.

391

Zeus transports you to wooded Cythera and sets you down on the forest floor. You are healed and he returns you to the island of Pharos, well away from the hostile fishermen. Go to **588**.

392

In a few moments the guard is back, with a stern-looking official who announces himself, in Greek, as the king's steward.

'You say you are the king of Athens, huh?' He looks you up and down and you realize that you appear far from regal. 'Well, wash yourself and come back next year. We might believe you then.' He ushers you out of the palace and tells you to try the temple where they are more receptive to foreign slaves. You take his advice and leave to find the temple of Ammon. Turn to **464**.

393

You take the leopardskin gratefully and quickly ask round at the harbour to see if any boats are going further downstream to the delta. It transpires that none are sailing for two days, when a small cargo boat leaves for Phoenicia. You negotiate with the captain and he agrees to take you as far as the mouth of the Nile.

Two days pass and you are only too glad to leave Memphis and be on your way once more. The journey to the sea takes three days, but you do not enjoy any of them; you lie below decks troubled by the fever you first caught in Nubia. In your delirium, you see visions of your patron in fierce argument with the Minotaur, but at last you recover.

The Phoenician trader sets you down at a small town on the easternmost mouth of the Nile and you soon find a small boat, which you can buy, to sail back to Greece. With the intention of hugging the African shore before heading north towards the Peloponnese, you sail for two days until you reach the island of Pharos at the westernmost mouth of the Nile. You decide to rest and accordingly you come in close to the island before falling asleep on deck. Go to **507**.

394

You run for the door, but two of the men catch your arms and kick your feet from under you. Then they force you to your knees in front of the chief birdman, resplendently tall in a gold feathered robe. Go to **289**.

395

A familiar voice pipes up behind you and you spin round to see Markos the merchant, a mortal not a shade, carrying a large sack.

'It's no good, Altheus my friend. He won't let you across without an obol. No coin, no crossing – that's his motto and it's no use arguing.'

'But where can I get one?'

'You should have brought one with you. I can get you one, but it'll cost you.' He looks you up and down and then makes his offer. 'An obol for your sword.' Then, seeing your indecision, 'And I'll throw in a pomegranate.' He opens his sack to show you that it is full of pomegranates.

Will you agree (turn to **493**), or try to find some other way across the Styx (turn to **582**)?

396

With sudden insight you realize that there is no salvation in this sun-scorched place. Lose 1 Honour point for being aware of your plight. Return to **376**.

397

Take 1 Shame point and lose 1 Honour point, as usual, for retreating. Go to **316**.

398

As you move around the crate you see a flicker of light, but it is too late: the flames of a torch flash into your face, burning you badly. The mutineer has burst out of the crate and now attacks you with a torch (Might 2). He is Might 4, Protection 10. You are unarmed and already Wounded. If you Seriously Wound him, go to **94**. If you surrender, go to **249**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **156**.

399

The village is much bigger than you first thought. The houses are made of stone and are well built. The people who live here must be civilized, not barbarians, you think to yourself, but there is more hope than certainty in these reflections. As you wander among the houses, you fail to notice a stocky man who has crept up behind you and you are startled when he speaks.

'Stranger, do not snoop about our village like a dog or a spy, but tell me your name and that of your home city, so that we Illyrians may extend our hospitality. For although we have chosen to live in peaceful tranquillity, we are not primitive natives.'

'I am Altheus the Avenger,' you announce proudly, 'the rightful king of Athens. Yet it seems the gods have ordained that I shall never return there, since for seven years I have been sent back and forth across the world.'

'You are among friends here, Altheus, and now come into my house to wash and eat.'

Inside one of the larger buildings, his wife and daughter stand talking, but the man tells them to prepare you a bath and some food, so they retire behind a curtain into a separate part of the house.

'Now drink with me,' he says, handing you a goblet of wine. Will you accept (turn to **487**) or decline (turn to **319**)?

400

Markos approaches and grins. 'Not bad, Altheus,' he says. 'Play again, this time against me. Phoenician rules?' Do you accept (turn to **106**) or refuse (turn to **502**)?

401

The Golden Fleece is played in rounds. Each round you must stake one obol. Roll one die for yourself and one for your opponent. Subtract the latter from your roll and follow the instructions in the table.

+5, +4, +3	Go to **14**	−5, −4, −3	Go to **243**
+2	Win back stake +1 obol	−2, −1, 0	Lose stake
+1	Win back stake		

If you have any obols left, you may roll again. If you have none, you must retire and go to **204**. If you give in while you still have some obols, go to **141**.

402

Your sleep is sweet, and you rest properly for perhaps the first time in months. Have 1 Honour point and go to **245**.

403

Clearly the green plume is a symbol of the Achaians, a race not exactly enamoured of the Trojans. Beware Phoenicians, even bearing gifts. Have 1 Shame point and return to **383**.

404

'Are you a coward?' cries one of the Achaian warriors.

'Perhaps brought up after the Trojan fashion,' another adds.

'Troezen will not be of much use to us if we have to fight. Let's leave him and take our pleasure on our own.'

With this they march off a few yards and sit in a circle, chattering animatedly and dicing. After a while, chastened, you sleep. Have 1 Shame point and go to **440**.

405

Away from the land of the Lotophagi, the Lotus-eaters, you sail, thankful to be gone from that place. At length you feel sleepy, and begin to doze. You awaken with a start, to find that your raft has run aground on an unknown shore. You pull the battered vessel up the beach, and begin to trudge inland, in the hope of finding food.

After some time you come upon the entrance to a cave, shrouded in shadow. You approach cautiously, fearful lest you be set upon by some wild beast which has the place as its lair. Upon the walls at the mouth are paintings of tribesmen; this island must be inhabited. One picture shows a young man, his hand held out in a clenched fist, his head being struck off. Yet another shows a woman, her fingers held stretched in a sunburst symbol.

Your perusal is interrupted by a savage blow in your back. You whirl around and see two tribesmen, their skin painted with strange wavy signs, their hair bedecked with flowers. They are menacing you with primitive, crude spears.

Do you run away (turn to **146**), try to negotiate (turn to **321**), or attack the natives (turn to **20**)?

406

With scarcely a dissenting voice, your countrymen pledge their support for Altheus the Avenger. The four undecided sailors can sense what is blowing in the wind, and shout for you too. The captain steps forward.

'We have no licence to kill our passengers,' he urges. 'Lay down your arms.'

You jump down the ladder. 'Your lives are safe,' you promise. 'Bear with me now and we can weather this storm together. Give up your plot, and all this can be forgotten, as last night's dream. Or stick to your treachery, and face the wrath of a favoured one of the gods!' A flash of unearthly light illuminates the room, pitching and rolling in the heavy seas. The glow persists, and you look up to see blue fire running along the mast and sails. 'A sign!'

Resentfully the sailors cease their mutiny, and while the ship continues to be flung hither and thither by the winds, all is peace below decks. Go to **228**.

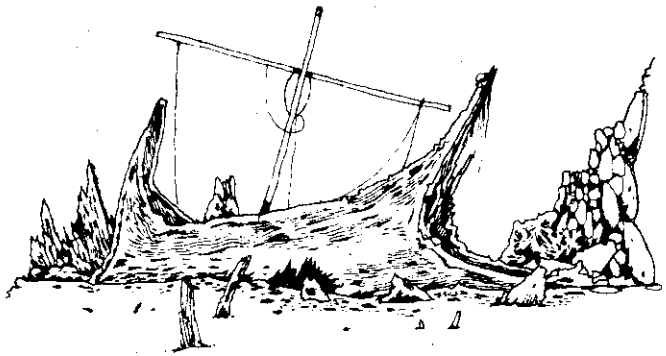

407

You manage to separate yourself from the crowd, and wander disconsolately along the shore. At last you come to a cliff in which there is a cave. An elderly woman emerges from the gloom, her bones stiffened by age; her hair is white as the winter snow on the mountains.

'Altheus,' she cries, 'you require solace. Read your future here.' With this she picks up a pile of sun-browned leaves from the cave mouth and scatters them into the air. The sea-breeze blows them in all directions, while the Sibyl scampers after them, like a child in search of a lost toy. Sadly, the Trojan Sibyl is insane and you must seek divine advice at the temple. Go to 28.

408

The next morning, just after dawn, the king shakes you out of your slumber. 'We must make an early start,' he explains, 'in order to get on to the Nile before everyone's awake. If I leave any later, the whole town will be out on the river trying to get a glimpse of us and we'll be held up for hours.'

You rise and follow him, wondering at the way the king's popularity causes him so much trouble. At the harbour you board the king's boat, a splendid vessel decorated in gold and gems, with huge sails of Tyrian purple. The townsfolk do indeed crowd round the ship, peering in as best they can; the guards are forced to hold them back. Then the vessel is cast off and moves through the gathering flotilla of smaller boats, all edging as close as they dare to the mighty craft.

For six days you travel by boat, and then for two more weeks you cross the Libyan desert in a magnificent palanquin carried by six slaves. At length, you arrive at the oasis and the king's litter is carried into the temple, while you remain outside. After a few moments the king comes out on foot, looking very worried.

'I must return to Thebes at once,' he begins. 'Take these gifts as tokens of our friendship and the alliance between our nations.' He hands you a jewelled bracelet and a small piece of jade. You climb out of the litter and enter the temple. Go to 506.

409

You remember the words of your father, spoken so long ago: 'Journey under a black sail. If you succeed, change it to white, and I will know at your coming that you have succeeded.'

At your insistence, the captain seeks out some white sails from a locker below, and the crew and the youths of Athens gladly hoist them.

A firm wind runs the ship along steadily and you reach the Piraeus sooner than would have seemed possible. An expectant crowd throngs the quayside, and when they see you in the prow of the boat, arms held high, and the youths and the remaining maidens of Athens lining the side of the deck, they break into exalted cheering and applause.

Aegeus, your father, is the first one to greet you as you step off the gangplank; he clasps you to his bosom, crying, 'Altheus, my son, my son.' Then he breaks away and turns to address the crowd, but as he does so a spasm of pain crosses his features and he clutches at his chest.

'The time has come,' he gasps. 'Already the shears are cutting through my thread. Come, to the palace, that I may die in peace.'

Aegeus is carried off, and the crowd melts away, murmuring at this omen. You follow on behind your father. Go to **61**.

410

You swim towards the waterspout, and as you come nearer you can tell that a huge whale is responsible for it. You redouble your efforts to reach the creature, hoping to lodge in the belly of the beast. The water swirls into a vortex as the whale starts to submerge, and you are sucked into its mouth. As the waters close over your head, your clothes snag on a tooth. In your struggles to free yourself, you hurt the creature, and it closes its mouth in pain, snapping you in two like a child's toy. Zeus has no business intervening to keep the ailing afloat.

411

The day wears on and once again the only boats that stop are heading up-river. Six or seven berth quickly at the landing-stage, take on water and then move off south once more. By evening you are very irritated, and almost decide to join a boat going the wrong way just to move from this cursed spot, but wisdom prevails. Darkness falls and you rest another night at the side of the Nile. In the morning a vessel berths from the south and your hopes are high of at last going down-river. To your embarrassment you see that it is the first boat which called in going up-river two days ago. The captain leans over the bow and calls, 'Still here? Well you had better come with us. We're going your way now.' You gratefully accept his offer and join his crew in the stern. Have 1 Shame point and go to **210**.

412

Shortly after leaving the palace, you are hopelessly lost in the city. For a long time you wander back and forth in the dark streets until you eventually find yourself back where you started. You are forced to ask the guard at the palace gate the way to the temple. He laughs, but sends you in the right direction. Have 1 Shame point and go to **464**.

413

Your Chronicle Sheet reads as follows:

Might 5 Honour 22
Protection 11 Shame 11
You have no Intelligence points.

Sword: Might 3, Protection 0
Breastplate: Might 0, Protection 2
Queen Antiope's jewelled brooch

Asclepius – Disfavour
Poseidon – Disfavour
Athena – Favour
Dionysus – Favour
Hephaestus – Disfavour
All others – Neutral

Note: As a client of Hera, you can pray to Zeus one extra time. You start with Might 5, instead of 4, and Protection 11, instead of 10, to reflect the experience gained in defeating the Minotaur. Go to **486**.

414

You walk on, with a shrug. Soon the cart disappears into the distance. After a while the path starts to descend a steep hill, and you can see Thebes ahead. You start to jog down the slope, but then you hear a deliberate rustling in the undergrowth at the side of the road. When you pause, you feel a sharp blow to the back of your head and your world goes black. Turn to **99**.

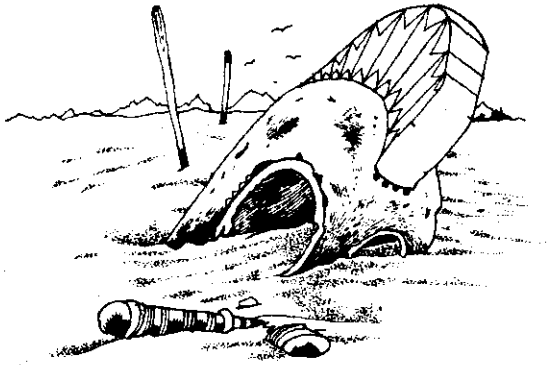

415

Both men drop their daggers and run off screaming. Have 3 Honour points and you may have the daggers. You stride down towards the harbour and, meeting a young woman returning from the river with a basket of washing, you ask what town this is. She does not understand, but you manage to discover that the river is the Nile. You are soon at the harbour, now aware that you are in Egypt. Go to **544**.

416

Out in the centre of the plain, you have no shade and the heat of the midday sun is unforgiving. You begin to sweat and soon you are very thirsty, but there is nothing here to drink. You follow the path as it rises up a gentle hill and, when you reach the crest, you can see the sea again on the far side of the island. Below you is a small village of straw huts which seems unnaturally quiet and, out at sea, several fishing boats lie lazily in the heat. You descend and are soon on the edge of the deserted village, when you see that the first fishing boat has now returned and that the men are hauling it up the beach. Will you talk to them (turn to **314**), or will you hide in one of the huts (turn to **563**)?

417

You and your guide proceed in awkward silence until you reach an enormous open theatre where thousands of shades perform on stage to their own embarrassment.

'These are the corrupt court officials,' says Dean. 'Each one has his own personal punishment appropriate to his crime. Take that one over there, for instance.' He points to a man surrounded by mirrors, who stands abusing his own reflections. 'He was steward to a powerful monarch, but considered himself more important. He ordered everyone to do his bidding and began to call himself "king". Even simple pleasantries were rebuffed with violent insult. Abuse and excessive self-regard now serve to punish him.'

You let the rolling clouds of fog envelop the scene once more. Go to **279**.

418

As Markos steers the vessel between the whirlpool and the monster, you move to the side of the deck to look at Scylla, with her six heads. In horror you realize that she is thrusting one of her necks towards you, and you are gripped by her mouth. You struggle to break free, but you cannot prevent her retreating towards her den.

You must fight the beast (Might 7, Protection 14). If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **479**. If you Seriously Wound her, go to **261**.

419

You stride into the fog, certain that this way leads to your brother Theseus, but it is a different figure that you encounter first. A small man sits on a wooden stool, his eyes constantly darting up to a rock which hangs precariously above him on a black flint ledge. At every moment it seems about to slip; indeed it appears to be already falling. He looks at you, but only for moments at a time, since he glances up rapidly every time his gaze falls. In perpetual suspense the man and the rock wait; but you cannot linger as you must find your brother.

The path reaches a crossroads. Will you go left (turn to **447**), right (turn to **328**) or straight on (turn to **561**)?

420

It would be a remarkably bad idea to play dice against one whom even death avoids on his shakier days. You decline politely, explaining you must pray to your patron. Markos looks at you askance, but seeing that his comrades are impressed by your piety, says nothing. You make motions of praying for a while, just as the stricken hero pretends to be dead on the battlefield lest the hard-hearted foe slay him; for they are barbarians and do not follow the ways of the gods. In a few minutes, feeling safer, you make yourself comfortable and sleep. Go to **440**.

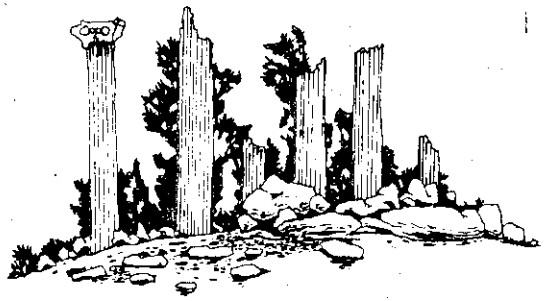

421

The guard falls to his knees and shouts out: 'Think of my honoured father and beloved mother, bereft of their son, and spare me. Do not sunder my spirit and send it lifeless to the land of Lethe, the halls of Hades.'

Surprised at this outburst, you simply divest the man of his spear. Have 2 Honour points. However, just as you do so, someone comes out of the house to investigate the noise; it is Agnostes.

'Altheus,' he cries, 'cousin. I've missed you so in this land of Trojans. No one to speak to.' By the look of the four handmaidens who follow in his train you doubt the veracity of his complaints, yet you greet him heartily also. 'Take this man to the physician's,' he orders one of the handmaidens. Then to you, 'We have a lot to talk about.' Go to **4**.

422

'You've come to see your brother,' she begins as you walk along the rocky path above the sea.

'But my brother is dead,' you reply.

'I know. You're going down to the underworld to see him,' she says with finality. She hands you a sword (Might 2) and a breastplate (Protection 2), which you strap on slowly. 'You may need them against the hound,' she adds, and it is clear from her voice that this beast is very dangerous. 'Oh, by the way, I'm the Sybil.'

She says no more and you are about to ask who the little girl is, but, when you look round, the child has gone. You proceed in silence a pace behind the Sybil. Go to **514**.

423

You return to the cottage with the sorceress and, secure in the knowledge that the divine ones will protect you, take a great draught from the proffered vessel. A strange tingling sensation afflicts your throat, but nothing else occurs. You feel no different.

Circe eyes you for a moment and then says, 'The drink was not strong enough. You must take another draught.' She bustles back into her crowded kitchen, and you can see her rapidly placing herbs in a cup. She pours hot water from a cauldron on to this, and then strains off the coloured liquid into another container. She comes back, and offers this to you.

Do you accept and drink again (turn to **64**)? Or do you refuse, fearful lest the root has lost its efficacy (turn to **280**)?

424

Stripped of your weapons and all your clothing except for a small loincloth, you are marched across the plain by the Nubians. Soon the plain gives way to desert and for days you are taken south across the arid expanses of sand. They untie your hands because they know you cannot survive in the dunes. They seem unaffected by the heat, but you are exhausted by the sun's powerful rays. You lose count of how many days you have been held, but it is at least three weeks before you emerge from the desert into hot grassland. A day later you reach the Nubian village and are dragged in front of the king. The warriors make some remark to him in a strange staccato tongue. Turn to **307**.

425

Zeus revives you and heals your wounds. You must continue the fight in a Healthy condition. If you surrender, go to **249**. If the sailor is Seriously Wounded, go to **218**.

426

As you reach down for the torch, the mutineer pushes you back with all his might. You crash heavily to the floor and he seizes up the torch to bring it down on to you. Your clothing ignites and, though you tear at it with your bloodied hands, you cannot rip it away from your skin. Zeus will not help you, as you are burnt to death.

427

Markos lifts his right hand quickly to reveal the bare deck below.

'Out of luck, I'm afraid, Altheus.' He pockets the jade from his left hand and then slips the gold ring back on his finger. 'Play again?' he asks, but you have no wish to lose more of your possessions. You walk away to the side of the deck, already regretting that you agreed to sail with the Phoenician. As you gaze out to sea, you wonder whether you will ever reach Athens, or if the gods intend you to roam the oceans for the rest of your life. You are stirred from your thoughts by the sound of the merchant approaching. Turn to **239**.

428

You run quickly along the path to the right, and keep on going when the shrieking behind you turns into sounds of pursuit. Eventually, you come to a point where the path meets the road to Thebes and the wood thins. You hurry on towards the city, as it becomes light. Go to **193**.

429

The sails need not, of course, have been white. According to Simonides, who will write about these events in the future, although he will mistakenly refer to you as Theseus, the signal was 'a scarlet sail dyed with the juicy blossom of the luxuriant holm-oak'. But as you look at them now, the sails are undoubtedly white. Have 1 Shame point and lose 1 Honour point. Go to **61**.

430

Have 2 Shame points and go to **199**.

431

The gaunt man's whipping steps up to a frantic pace and with it the pebble-pounder's frenzy increases. You approach and inquire about your brother.

'I seek my brother Theseus,' you begin.

'You must be Altheus. I am Aeacus, judge of the dead,' the gaunt man replies without looking up or ceasing his activity.

'Where may I find my brother?' you continue, returning to the matter that weighs upon your mind.

'Oh, he's in Elysium somewhere. Just wander about: you'll find him sooner or later.'

You decide that a more formal approach might be more successful. Go to **296**.

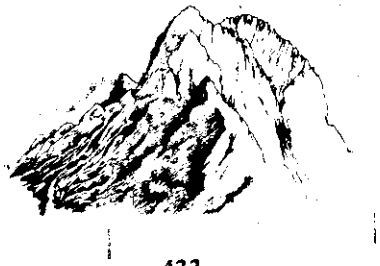

432

You come down from the mountain for the first time in your life, and stride along the road back to Troezen with joy at your return.

'Farewell, my young friend,' the elder told you at your parting. 'We are glad in our hearts for you, but you must remember that not all men think as the Phytalidae.' Keeping these words with you, you cross the Isthmus and come at last to the hills encircling Troezen. You can see the smoke of the home-fires ascending in thin columns to the sky, and run through the fine rain to the crest of the hill. Go to **600**.

433

You trudge back along the flat tunnel, fearful of your descent to the underworld and yet at the same time anxious to delay no further. Deep in your introspection, you walk on, scarcely noticing your surroundings until suddenly you feel yourself falling. You throw out your arms wildly and try to grasp anything, but there is nothing but air. Down and down you fall, faster and faster. Go to **325**.

434

You have, in fact, been attacked by the birdmen of Thebes, as you shall shortly discover. Lose 1 Honour point for failing to see your assailants. Go to **99**.

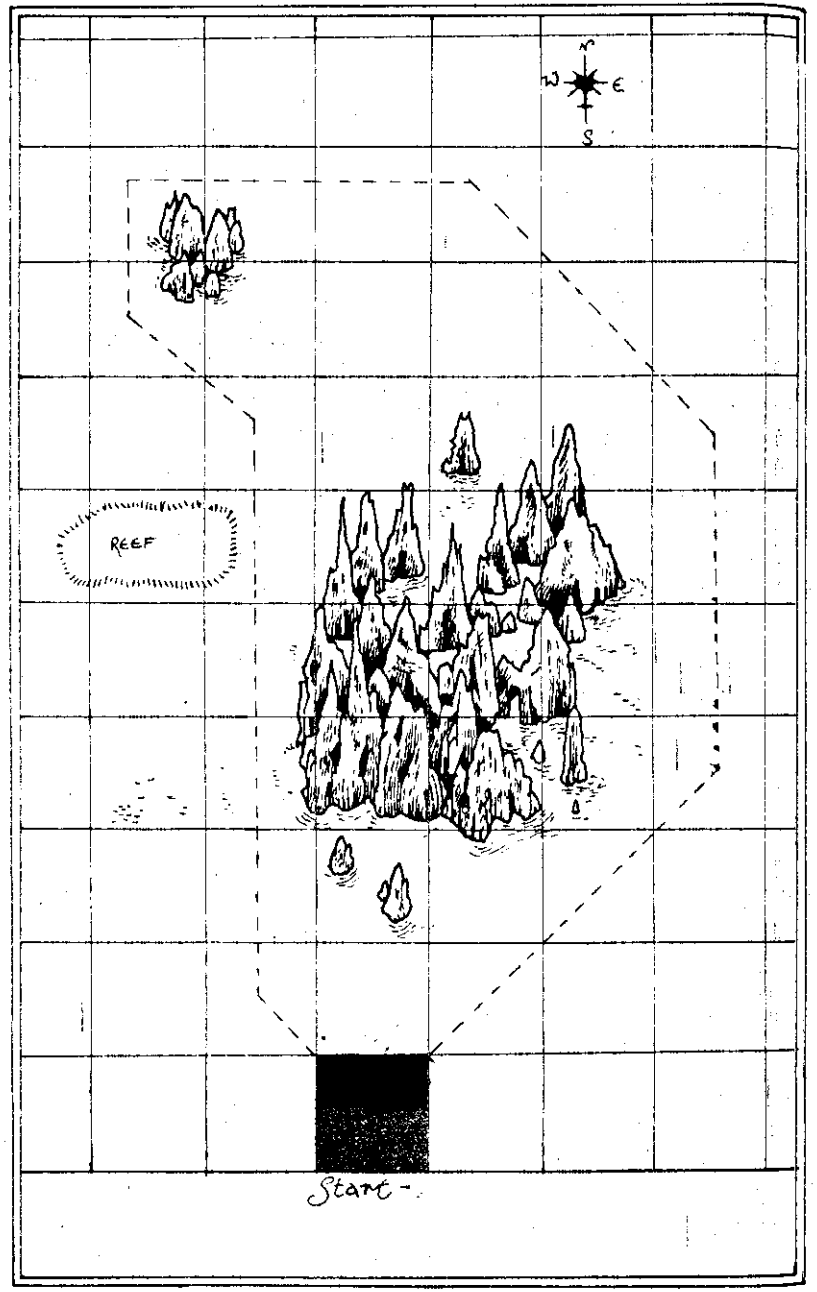

435

In the boat-race, you steer a sailing-boat against an oared vessel. Every turn, the oared boat advances one square along the track marked on the board, as long as you are not on the square that it would advance to.

You, however, must sail where the wind allows you. You may not sail directly into the wind. If you sail at 45 degrees to the wind (e.g. north or west with a north-west wind, or south-east or south-west with a south wind), you advance one square in that direction. If you sail in any other direction, you may (but do not have to) advance two squares in a straight line. Thus if the wind were from the north, you could go two squares west, south-west, south, south-east or east. You may not sail on to or through the same square as the other boat.

The procedure for any turn is as follows:

a) The oared boat advances along its track one square.

b) You declare which direction you are heading in, and then roll a die to find if there is a wind shift:

1 Little wind – current takes you 1 square to the west.
2 Wind shifts 45 degrees anticlockwise.
3 No change in wind direction.
4 No change in wind direction.
5 No change in wind direction.
6 Wind shifts 45 degrees clockwise.

If you so wish, before rolling the die, you may elect to spend 1 Honour point, and then you *must* add one to the die roll. A total of 7 (6 + 1) still has the effect of an unmodified roll of 6.

c) You move the number of squares dictated by the wind's new direction or by the current if a 1 is rolled.

The winner is the first boat to reach the starting-square again, having rounded the black rocks, leaving them on your left. You may sail either side of, but not through the white reef. The wind blows from the north-east to start with.

If you win, go to **581**. If you lose, go to **485**. If you crash into the rocks or the reef, go to **562**.

436

Ropes are thrown around your wrists and ankles and you are spreadeagled on the floor of the barn, tied to stakes.

You start to struggle, but it is too late. The chief birdman kneels over you, straddling your body, and runs the long nails of his left hand through your hair before tightening his grip and forcing your head back. He bends closer and closer to you, and at the last moment tilts up his mask and sinks human teeth into your neck. Blood runs down into your mouth and clouds your eyes, and as you die you can see the other birdmen clustering round, screaming, ready to receive the strips of flesh their leader is preparing to drop into their eager gullets.

437

Markos turns to you and complains, 'I despair of Charon and this leaky boat.' You glance down and notice to your dismay that water is pouring in through the stitching. 'I really do despair, but it's the only way across. I approached Hades about setting up an independent ferry, but it seems old Charon was granted a monopoly when no one else wanted to run the service.'

The boat now approaches the far bank and you both jump ashore.

'Well I've got to rush now, Altheus. Oh, here's a pomegranate.' He tosses you one from his sack and moves away into the fog which envelops you once more. You pause on the point of eating. Go to **358**.

438

As you begin to move away from Elysium towards the River Lethe, cleanser of memories, you feel a cold hand descend upon your shoulder. It is Dean.

'I hope you enjoyed your pomegranate, back at the start of your trip through our mythical domain, and will not feel that the price was too great. You see, one of our rules around here is that anyone who eats in the underworld may never leave. Now, I know that sounds petty, but I am only obeying orders. Anyway, none of this is true so I wouldn't worry too much.'

Nevertheless, you find it impossible to escape your self-created underworld and there you remain for the rest of eternity.

439

Almost as soon as you have finished eating the berries, you realize that they contain a powerful poison. You stick your fingers down your throat in an attempt to bring back the fatal fruit from your stomach, but it may be too late. If you have not yet prayed to Zeus, do so now and turn to **557**. Otherwise your travels are at an end, Avenging Altheus, so close to your ultimate goal.

440

You wake to find Markos removing from your belt the pouch which you picked up earlier.

'This is mine,' he snaps, and adds, 'you thief!' as if to salve his own conscience. All your obols have gone, if you had any.

You struggle up, but the Achaians are all glaring at you, and you think it best not to cause any trouble while still lightly armed.

'Here,' says Markos, tossing you a green plume, evidently from a Phthian helmet, 'have this. Give it to the guards at Troy, and they'll let you into the citadel.'

'But I'm not going to Troy, I'm going to Troezen,' you protest.

'Ah,' contradicts Markos, 'the ship calls in at Troezen on the way *back*, and you won't get to your home overland: I hear all Boeotia is racked by civil war.'

Reluctantly you agree to this proposition and tuck the horsehair plume into your belt. You feel strangely as though the black earth is about to open up beneath you, but you accept Markos' offer of a voyage. You all walk down to the shore, where the Achaian vessel stands, high-prowed and many-oared, with a statuette of Poseidon on the bow. Markos turns back, and you try to stop him. He eludes your grasp and dashes back up the beach, calling, 'Oresander will take good care of you!' Turn to **365**.

441

Take 4 Shame points. You must be purged for your treatment of Agnostes. Return to **469**.

442

As you walk away, you catch one last glimpse of the old cynic, who turns away, sad that you will not even speak with him for more than a few moments. Have 1 Shame point for your thoughtlessness. Turn to **176**.

443

You step aboard Vizhazid's trireme, as the sun reaches its zenith and pours down heat on the weary earth below. The ship sways from side to side like trees in a winter gale when the branches are torn off and even great-hearted heroes quail to go forth into the forest. You too, Altheus the Avenger, feel ill and must rest. At last your stomach ceases to trouble you, and you look over the side to see Markos, still on the beach, waving enthusiastically.

'Next stop Scione,' says Vizhazid in his gruff Armenian accent.

'But wait,' you say, 'that's on the sea-route to Troy, not Troezen.'

'Just so,' replies Vizhazid, looking puzzled. 'Andros, Scione, Chalcedon, Troy and Troezen – that's the route. Did not Markos tell you we ply to Troezen on the way back from Troy?'

'Not exactly,' you reply sardonically.

For the next few days you bemoan the evil fate that ever set Markos the Phoenician on your path. The journey, too, is not free: you are forced to scrub the decks and wash out the sailors' quarters, lowly labours indeed, for a king. Past Scyros, Icus and Polygaeus you sail, until at last the nearest promontory of Chalcidice comes in sight, and also the small harbour of Scione.

Do you stay at the quayside (turn to **227**), or do you investigate the town (turn to **157**)?

444

The warriors seem pleased, and chatter to each other, as they wade through the thick grass that lies between you and them. It is only when they are right at your side that you know who they are. It is the Nubians, again. You curse silently, but might just as well do so out loud since they do not understand a word you say. They offer you some water from a skin and then they bind your hands. The way back to the camp is long and it is nearly night when you reach there. They throw you into a hut and one stands guard outside. Go to **190**.

445

You seize a knife which is being thrown about with other debris in the bottom of the cart and start to hack at the harness. The knife is intended to cut nothing stronger than vegetables, and it seems to take an eternity before the first strap separates.

As it does, the cart skids violently and rolls over. If you have not yet used your prayer to Zeus, you must do so now and turn to **356**. Otherwise, you are crushed by the cart, dragged along in the wreckage, and left, unwashed and unburied, by the side of the road.

446

The dhow ferries you across the Nile and then the captain continues on his way upstream. You do not have to wait long before a ship plying north towards Thebes draws up alongside the bank.

The captain speaks good Greek and explains that he is taking animal skins to Memphis, although he will be stopping at ports along the way. You eagerly accept his offer of transport down-river, and soon you are enjoying a fresh breeze that sends you quickly along the river. Go to **579**.

447

The path moves up a hill and you start to climb the gradual incline. The fog still blocks out any view of the surroundings and so it is with great surprise that you are suddenly confronted by a massive boulder hurtling towards you out of the murky gloom. You leap aside just in time and feel a twinge of pain in the wound which you received long ago in Nubia. The boulder rolls to a stop on the flatter ground below. Soon after, a muscular man runs down the hill chasing the boulder. He is wheezing badly and looks very tired. Sweat pours from his brow and from his massive arm muscles. Yet for all his apparent might, he is clearly a shade and his boulder, on close inspection, proves equally insubstantial.

'I'm Sisyphus,' he begins. 'I cannot talk now, but walk up with me and I'll have a word with you in a minute. I've just got to get this rock to the top of this hill; I nearly had it just then.'

He crouches behind the boulder and pushes. The rock lurches forward and he keeps it rolling as he climbs the hill. You walk beside him, silently, as he grunts with the exertion. Up through the fog, the hill keeps going, but at last you can see the top. Sisyphus sees it as well and gives a final effort, but he is exhausted. The boulder slips away from him and rolls down the hill again. You wait while he rushes after it and several minutes later he is back again, puffing and blowing. You realize that his torment decrees that the rock will always slip away just as he is in sight of the top. Will you help him, since the boulder weighs nothing to you (turn to 597), or will you press on over the crest of the hill (turn to 328)?

448

Few wayfarers have escaped the talons of the birdmen of Thebes. Fleet-footed Hermes would rejoice at such an escape. Have 1 Honour point from your divine audience. Return to 428.

449

Your ship pulls away again from the Piraeus. You look back at the twinkling lights of Athens, to which you returned a hero, but which has now cast you out again.

Where now? You must purge your blood-guilt, so that you may once again see Troezen your homeland, and take your place as king of Athens. But for now, you are in the hands of the gods, with no indication that they care for you at all.

Then you remember your father, briefly found, then lost for ever, and you weep. Go to **163**.

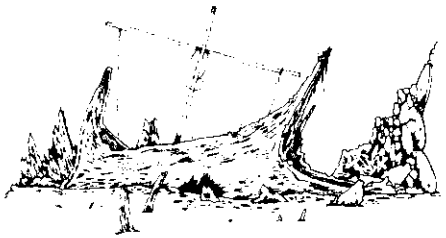

450

You wound the panther, but next the old man becomes a wild boar with savage tusks. You must continue against the wild boar (Might 4, Protection 10). Your wounds are unhealed and the boar has first strike with two dice. If you die and Zeus saves you, go to **557**. If you Wound it, go to **297**.

451

The shade is attempting to pound the pebbles to dust: this is his torment. Others are told that they must do this next, and their punishment is to watch him failing for all eternity. Return to **431**.

452

You slink about the village like a jackal or a criminal: this is no way for a hero to behave, so you must have 1 Shame point.

Three fishermen hear you and rush towards you brandishing small knives. They are very vociferous in their cries and you fear that the whole village will be out to see what the commotion is. Will you attack these three (turn to **213**), or try to flee (turn to **568**)?

453

You cry out to the old man, but in an instant he has transformed into a mighty eagle. The bird soars away from the beach and circles high above you. The seals, disturbed by this commotion, flounder towards the sea in desperate attempts to reach their natural habitat. Will you attack a seal for food (turn to **596**), or will you let them escape into the sea (turn to **336**)?

454

Each turn you and then the farmer aim a blow at the other by rolling two dice. If 12 or 11 is rolled, the target is knocked out. If 10 or 9 is rolled, the target falls off the cart. If 2 is rolled, that character falls off the cart himself.

If you fall off, go to **517**. If the farmer falls off or is knocked unconscious, go to **199**. If you are knocked unconscious, go to **378**. After five rounds, if both participants are still conscious, go to **79**.

455

'Come on, I've got my ship here. I'll take you to Athens,' offers the merchant. You pause wondering whether to accept, but the Phoenician has decided for you. 'Right, it'll be good to have some company.' You walk on together out of the tunnel.

'Still got the bag of pomegranates, I see.'

'No,' he replies, opening the sack, 'it's full of obols now. You know they have a tremendous build-up of the coins in Hades, what with all the shades bringing them down for Charon. And they can't get rid of them; you see, the ferryman pays them to Hades in tax, but then they just pile up. Anyway, food's a bit scarce down there so I sell them the fruit and bring the obols back to the upper world. It all works rather well, don't you think?'

You, however, are not concerned with the merchant's tale, but are very worried about your surroundings.

'This is not Taenarum, where I came down.'

'No, of course not. The entrance is there, but you always come out here at Cumae. It's the Sibyl's job to make sure that no one is disorientated.'

At this moment the Sibyl herself arrives, panting.

'Oh, I see you're in safe hands,' she says, and leaves again. Go to 59.

456

You move cautiously through the compound, which appears deserted apart from sounds coming from a large barn. You creep closer. Unlike the granary, which was supported off the ground by huge boulders, the barn is flush with the earth. You peer through a crack in the door and see about twenty bird-men, waiting as if in a religious ceremony. There is a low murmur, as of owls in the rafters. You pick out the chief birdman, slightly taller than the rest, in a cloak of golden feathers and an eagle mask.

Then a birdman who has crept up behind you unnoticed pushes you in the small of the back. You stagger forward through the doors, which swing open in front of you, and collapse on your knees. Go to 289.

457

You remember that anyone who eats in Hades will never leave and you curse Markos silently, before moving on your way once more into the mist. The barking of dogs is louder on this side of the Styx and you head towards it, away from the river-bank. Go to 85.

458

You dispatch the last man with your sword, before the crowd from the village can reach you, but you are quickly surrounded. One man walks forward with his hands held out in a peaceful gesture.

'We do not know who you are, but we can see that you are a prodigious fighter, as you have killed our best swordsmen. Now, we outnumber you and could easily kill you, but we want no more bloodshed. Leave our village now.'

The crowd parts and, realizing the wisdom of his words, you hurry away. You return to the marshy ring where the steps lead down into the earth, and you prepare yourself once more for the underworld. Have 6 Honour points for defeating your opponents and go to 530.

459

Lose 1 Honour point. You spend a particularly uncomfortable night, having to climb up a tree to avoid the predators which prowl at times of darkness. You sleep little, every whine and squeak startling you. At length dawn breaks and her rosy glow gives you new heart. In getting down from the tree, however, you tear your already tattered tunic. At length you come to the beach and there, standing beside a magnificent Tyrian trireme, is Markos and a thin, haggard-looking man.

'Ho, Altheus!' cries Markos. 'This is your transport to Troezen. Captain Vizhazid – he's Armenian – has agreed to take you, for free.' You do not miss the twinkle in Markos' eye. Go to **12**.

460

The guard's attitude changes at once.

'Your cousin . . . Agnostes?' he smiles. Clearly Agnostes is well liked in Troy. He conducts you down a series of twisting, winding corridors. For a moment you are reminded of the labyrinth, and cold fear takes hold of your stomach, but a second later you are Altheus the Avenger once more. You are led into a small room, warmed by a fire, and there, seated on a stool meditating, is Agnostes. He wheels round at the interruption, but at seeing you bursts into a grin.

'What brings you here, Altheus? I am sure you have a story to tell!' Go to **4**.

461

The crew runs on ahead, while you thoughtfully tie up the raft so that you have a means of escape. You call them back, but they do not answer you. A strange sense of lassitude overcomes you, and for half an hour you do nothing. Then, in panic in case anything untoward has happened, you rush on towards the source of the smoke. Go to **469**.

462

The three men back away in fear of the final blow, but you stay your hand. Five more villagers have arrived carrying long knives, and you think it best to leave now before they set upon you. Have 4 Honour points for defeating the fishermen.

You evade their comrades and climb back into the heart of the island. A thin column of smoke rises from the other side, close to the cliffs which you scrambled up earlier. The smoke grows thicker and thicker as you hurry towards it. Go to **350**.

463

In a shimmer of sunlight, the white-armed goddess, Hera, queen of the gods, stands before you.

'Well, Altheus,' she chides, 'I really would not have expected this of you. Your mother Aethra would be shocked. If you do not purge yourself, the gods will never forgive you. Go on now, build a raft and get away from this dreadful place.' With this the fair-faced one is gone, back to her satin-cushioned bower on high Olympus. Go to **352**.

464

You soon find the temple, and the priest is pleased to usher you inside. You are worried lest Zeus be offended by your entry into the temple of this pagan god Ammon, but you offer prayers to the Olympian and proceed into the vast cavernous sanctum. You find a spot well away from the cold draught that seems to run right through the building and you fall into uneasy slumber.

In your dreams you are disturbed by a vision of the goddess Hera.

'Altheus, don't fret yourself, you silly child. Of course Zeus won't be offended by you sleeping in the temple of Ammon. He *is* Ammon! It's just that these Egyptians can't get their tongues round his real name. Anyway, tomorrow you must set off for the Oasis Ammonium – that's an oracle in the middle of the desert. Goodness knows why they wanted to put it there, but I suppose it is a very pleasant setting. Now get some sleep; you've got a long journey tomorrow.' She frowns, as if deeply worried, and then is gone.

In the morning you set out from Thebes, accompanied by the temple priest. Go to **232**.

465

The skinny Nubian's protests are overruled by a sweep of your arm and he follows as you stride out of the hut. You return to the place where you spoke to the king before, but he is not there and you stand, embarrassed, while the youth catches up. He leads you away to a hut in the centre of the camp and, after a moment of hesitation, he shows you inside.

The king looks up, irritated at this intrusion, but the interpreter talks to him briefly, explaining, you presume, why you have burst in. The king looks no less angry and snaps back with quick staccato speech, which is interpreted for you reluctantly.

'He asks what you want.'

'I want my freedom,' you reply, and the message is relayed to the king, who grunts to himself thoughtfully. After a moment he turns back to you.

'You are free to choose between life as one of my warriors and life as one of my servants,' he says through his tribesman. 'That is your freedom.'

Will you choose to fight for the Nubians (turn to **330**), will you become a servant (turn to **276**), or will you refuse to agree, and threaten to cast another spell (turn to **516**)?

466

You let go of the plaques and they fall to the ground and shatter into a thousand tiny pieces. You bend down in an attempt to collect together the fragments, but it is as futile as seeking to count the grains of sand on the sea-shore. The crowd, stunned for a time at these events, starts to surge angrily forward, but Arissia contains them. 'Go now, stranger,' she intones, 'and may you never rest easy in your bed, knowing what you have done to us today.' Chastened, you flee as fast as your weary legs can carry you, back towards the ship.

You lose 3 Honour points, and if you were in Favour with Demeter, she is now Neutral; if she was Neutral to you, you are now in Disfavour; and if you were already in Disfavour, you take a Shame point. Go to **3**.

467

'I'd like to visit Ariadne,' you tell him.

Your guide shrugs. 'You're the consumer. And none of this is true, anyway.' He leads you away through a corridor of swirling mist, but after a mile or two you sense the direction and stride off ahead, leaving your guide trailing.

You arrive at a cave with a sign over the entrance reading 'Ariadne'. You enter cautiously.

'She's not here,' you complain.

'I know,' says your guide. 'If you'd let me explain . . .'

Ariadne comes into the cave to find you both. Her hair is dripping and she is wrapped in a towel. You back out of the cave and turn to your guide furiously.

'It's her punishment,' he explains. 'She's to spend eternity returning from a bath.'

'Returning . . . ?'

'Yes. It's lucky her father is a judge of the underworld. Her original sentence was to spend eternity on her way to bathe.'

If you leave, go to **518**. If you stay, go to **198**.

468

The king takes the spear back and signals to four men who step forward from the crowd. Together they bundle you through the ranks to a massive wicker cage, inside which a mountain lion prowls restlessly up and down. It does not take the intelligence of a genius to realize what lies in store, and you know instinctively that the lion has not been overfed these last few days. The cage door swings open in the hand of the Nubian king and you are forced inside. You are quickly on your feet, but the door is slammed and tied shut. Your only hope lies in defeating the lion with your bare hands. Perhaps the gods will help you. The lion is Might 6, Protection 12. If you kill it, go to **565**. If you pray to Zeus as you die, go to **477**.

469

You strike deeper into the forest and there, ahead of you, stands a stone cottage nestled peacefully in a grove of olive trees. You approach cautiously and see, on the threshold, a middle-aged woman, clad in a grey gown.

'I am Circe and I know why you have come,' she says.

She leads you into her cottage and it seems that the tiny room is crammed full of centuries of keepsakes; there are small carved ivory toads on the mantelpiece, unicorns' horns in the corner, and a pot with a portrait of Perseus rests on the table.

'Signed,' whispers Circe. You wipe your feet on a pigskin rug and wait, hardly able to take in all the artefacts. Before she returns you have only time to pick up and examine a scroll of parchment. It is an excellent texture of paper and contains a work entitled 'The Sharpened Sickle'.

Circe returns with a delicate container in which a dark steaming liquid bubbles.

'Drink this,' she says, 'and you will be purged of your guilt.'

Do you refuse (turn to **441**), or accept (turn to **140**)?

470

When the boys see you approaching, they scream and run off towards the village. In the rush, the ball falls to the ground, bounces slowly into the stream and is carried away by the water. Anxious not to frighten the children, you do not run after them, but instead stop and drink from the clear stream. The water is cold and refreshing, and you gulp it down avidly.

When you look up again, the children are almost back in the village, making their way through the trees that surround it. You walk slowly in that direction in the hope that you may be able to discover where you are. As you near the village, two stocky men carrying swords run towards you. Will you try to talk to them (turn to **237**), prepare to fight them (turn to **583**), or run off before they can reach you (turn to **387**)?

471

You start up the steps with firm strides, anxious to get a sight of the top. The climb tires you, however, and soon you are forced to take a rest. The steps still carry on above you with no apparent end, so you decide that you will have to take off your armour and leave all your other impediments on the steps, if you are to reach the top. You set off once more carrying only your sword. Up and up you climb, and slowly you begin to make out light, filtering down from above. With renewed vigour you bound up the remaining steps until, at last, you stand on the final step, once more in the fresh air of the cool night. You stare out at a wooded hillside: evidently this is not the way to the underworld.

Will you climb down the stairs again (turn to **234**), or will you forsake your expedition and explore this place (turn to **355**)?

472

You crouch low in the grass and, as the leopard approaches, you leap at it, before it has noticed you. Its back drops down as you crash on top and it throws its head back when your hands encircle its neck. You twist and tighten your grip, but it is too strong and with a swift flick, it knocks you off its back and into the grass. You must fight it: it has Might 5, Protection 10, but the heat has taken its toll, and you may only roll one die. You have, however, managed to Wound it already in your attempt to throttle it.

If you kill it, turn to **376**. If you retreat, go to **390**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **293**.

473

You fall into conversation with one of the crew on deck and discover that this boat travels up the Nile from Memphis twice a year to collect animal skins at the furthest navigable point. These skins are then sold to Egyptians along the banks, as the boat returns to Lower Egypt, and any remaining are sold to Phoenician, Cretan or Greek merchants at the delta. You take heart at this news, for if you can board a Greek vessel in the Mediterranean, you will soon be back in Athens and once more see your beloved mother in Troezen.

The boat sails on through the night and in the morning it is near its destination. You sail on past Syene, the last town in Egypt, and in a few hours you are at the first cataract. An incredible waterfall of foaming, angry Nile water fills the air with spray. The rush of water is almost deafening and you can barely hear the captain as he leans towards you.

'This is where we pick up the skins,' he shouts.

'Who do you get them from?' you ask.

You can only just catch the reply, but you wish you had not: 'The Nubians.'

Go to **153**.

474

As you strike the old man, he transforms into a fearsome lion and hurls himself at you. You must continue the fight against the Healthy lion; any wounds you received are unhealed. It is the lion's attack and he rolls two dice. The lion is Might 6, Protection 12.

If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **557**. If you Wound the lion, go to **310**.

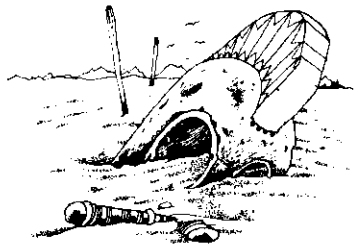

475

The ring is, in fact, a highly valuable artefact, forged by the god Hephaestus in his furnaces deep under Thera. It allows you one extra prayer to Zeus, but since it was not given to you, but to another Athenian who had the misfortune to lose it to Markos, when you want to use it, you must invoke the fire god. When you choose to do so, roll one die. On a roll of 6, he will refuse to pass on your message to Zeus. Go to **239**.

476

On your way to the river, two men jump out from behind a building and threaten you with short daggers. They demand something gruffly, but you cannot understand their language. Besides, if they want money, you have none to give. They become angry and shout first at you and then at each other. Will you make a dash for it (turn to **511**), or will you fight these thieves (turn to **178**)?

477

The lion strikes out for a final kill, but only catches your thigh. Its claws slice into the muscle and you pass out. Zeus, however, stops the lion as it moves in to kill and devour you. The ruler of the gods controls the beast and makes it retreat to the far corner of its cage while the Nubians, awestruck, release you. You try to walk, but your leg will not support any weight and you have to be carried back to a hut. Go to **190**.

478

The twelve-day journey to Memphis passes without incident, but you are constantly haunted by the words of the god. The thought of the nether world fills you with dread and you are troubled again by the fever you caught in Nubia. You cannot enjoy the sight of the pyramids or the delights of Memphis, as you fight the raging delirium. Your mind cannot dispel the image of the Minotaur striking down your brother, but after two days you recover enough to resume your journey. You build a raft and sail it down the Nile until you reach the Mediterranean. With no regret, you glance back at Africa one last time, and then your eyes are trained ahead, course set for Greece and home. Go to **351**.

479

The Olympian sees you taken by Scylla, but he does not wish you to die just yet. He commands the six-headed monster to release her grip, and you fall flailing into the water. You look up and see each of the creature's heads grinning evilly; the expression reminds you of nothing so much as Markos' smile. Yet it is the merchant who saves you from the whirlpool that threatens to suck you down into the vortex of Charybdis. A net is thrown over the side and you scramble up it, chafing your hands on the rope.

When you reach port in North Africa, you follow the merchant ashore, in order to buy some token to display your profound gratitude at his uncharacteristic act of mercy. He, however, is intent on other business. Go to **302**.

480

In order to see if you pass the Sirens safely, you must roll two dice. If the total is nine or less, you move one step closer to the Sirens. You may modify the roll as follows:

If you are tied to the mast – add four

For every Honour point you spend in advance – add one

You must roll the dice six times before sailing past. If you have moved three steps towards the Sirens, turn to **111**. If you have rolled the dice six times and have not moved three or more steps towards the Sirens, go to **501**.

481

Are you afraid of a little rest? Lose 2 Honour points and go to **469**.

482

Both men drop to their knees.

'Spare us,' they wheeze as one, 'for we are but temple acolytes.'

You accept and take a spear (Might 2) and breastplate (Protection 2). You may have 4 Honour points for your victory. The priestess Arissia then pipes up in a voice now less resounding and strangely girlish.

'You are clearly favoured by Demeter. You must perform the ceremony. If you fail in front of the people, they will no doubt lynch you, and your limbs will be food for the starving of the city. Open the doors.' You have no choice but to go along with the ritual. Go to **184**.

483

'You must seek out your brother Theseus in the underworld, for he will tell you how you must purge yourself.'

So saying the old man sinks back into the heaving waters of the sea and you are left alone, faced with the daunting task of journeying to the underworld. You do not know which direction you must take, but you offer prayers to Zeus in the hope that he will guide you to the entrance of the kingdom of Hades.

You feel very hungry and decide that you must eat before you set about building a raft to escape from Pharos. You walk into the heart of the island and there find a bush bearing both white and red berries.

Will you eat the red berries (turn to **559**), the white ones (turn to **379**) or a mixture of both (turn to **439**)?

484

You raise the beaker to your lips and drink deeply of the hot liquid before replacing the vessel on the dusty floor of the cave. Everything seems very close up. You grip the hands of your neighbours firmly, and they squeeze yours reassuringly. If you have 1 or more Shame points, go to **154**. Otherwise go to **587**.

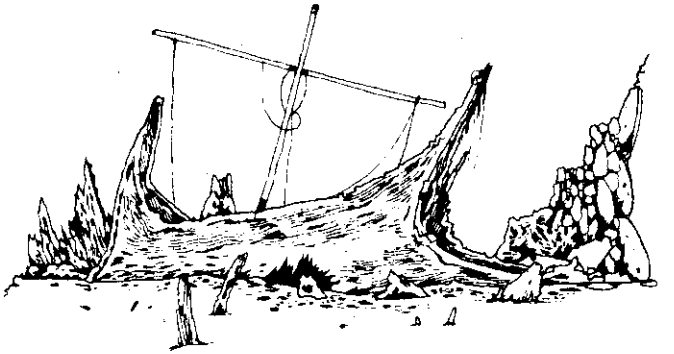

485

Several minutes after the other boat, you guide your vessel across the finishing-line. Your crew is dejected, and they are silent as they drag the boat up the sand. The crowd cheer the other captain, but you are ignored and snubbed.

Have 1 Shame point. Sadly, you make your way along the beach to Agnostes. Turn to **320**.

486

You stand on the deck, a sense of exhilaration racing through you as the cold winds begin to blow. Then, with a sudden reassuring gust, the goddess Hera, wife of great Zeus, appears to you.

'You'll catch your death of cold standing there, Altheus, and you should get some clean clothes on too. Well anyway, you behaved yourself quite well in Crete, but it was such a pity that Ariadne just had to be left on Naxos.' She smiles wanly. 'Now you must return to the safe haven of Athens where your father is worrying himself to death in case he sees the black sails of doom; the white ones are so much more comforting, don't you think?'

With a twist of her tunic, and the dropping of a small wooden figurine, the rain begins to fall, and Hera is gone once more.

Wondering at this manifestation, you turn to shelter from the wild winds. Go to **252**.

487

You accept your host's offer and sip slowly at the wine. He asks you about your travels and you tell him of your ordeals, but soon his wife returns with a bowl of hot soup. You drink it eagerly and hand back the empty bowl with a compliment, since it is indeed very good. Then the woman leads you behind the curtain where the younger woman is filling a bath from a kettle. The daughter bathes your aching body, rubs soft olive oil on your skin and then clothes you in a fine garment fashioned from a lion's skin. Thus refreshed and resplendent, you step back into the main room and greet your host once more.

'You have shown great kindness and I thank you.'

'It is no more than Zeus commands us; I only wish I had more to offer as a gift than this lionskin.'

'Friend, if ever you venture to Athens, you shall be welcome in my house, but now I must continue on my journey.'

So saying, you embrace him and depart. You return to the marshy ring where the steps lead down to the underworld, mindful of your mission. Go to **530**.

488

The gods will not help you. Maybe they feel you should have faced the Nubian champion instead of backing off like a coward. Lose 1 Honour point and return to **468**.

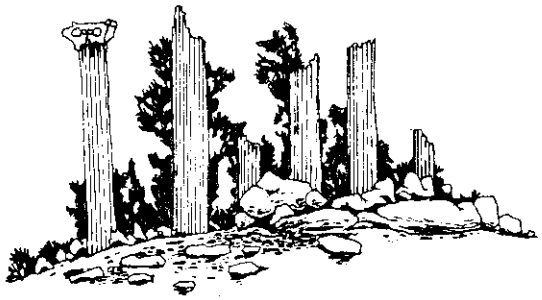

489

'Take me to see my companions before I drink it,' you demand and Circe does not seem to be put out. She conducts you out of the door and round to a pigsty behind the cottage. There, happily eating swill from the trough, are five rather thin pigs.

'These,' she says smirking, 'were your crew.'

Do you attack Circe (turn to **41**), or do you demand that the sorceress restores your crew to their proper form (turn to **127**)?

490

The boat moves into the bank and one of the crew leaps ashore with a rope to fasten the vessel. The Nubians are nowhere in sight and you wonder why you ever entertained such a ridiculous idea as leaping over the side into the confused waters of the Nile. The captain chats with you idly about his home in Lower Egypt and you feel more at ease. Suddenly a crew member cries out that the tribesmen are coming and the captain, pulling a knife from his belt, thrusts it close to your stomach. You have been sold into slavery! The Nubians take you, along with the gems and spears, in exchange for two baskets of animal skins. You watch as the perfidious Egyptians sail back down the Nile and then you are marched across the desert to the Nubian camp. It takes more than a week and when you arrive, the king cuts your hamstrings with a knife. You will never escape again.

491

As you pause in the moonlight, a rustling in the bushes to your left disturbs you. Shooting a quick glance in that direction, you are horrified to see a scraggy mountain lion stalking you. You draw your sword and turn to attack the creature. It has Might 6, Protection 13. If you kill it, go to **298**. If it kills you and Zeus intervenes, go to **590**.

492

You thank the captain and stroll into the main part of Memphis, which is far dirtier than Thebes, the Egyptian capital. A powerful stench pervades everywhere, but the inhabitants are seemingly unaffected. The air is hot and humid, and you are forced to rest every hundred yards or so to regain your breath and beat off the feeling of nausea.

You plan to spend only one night here, but the fever you caught in Nubia returns. You spend four days and nights delirious and fighting for your life. Visions of the Minotaur and the Nubian king seem to merge in terrible union, but at last you recover enough to resume your journey. You work for two weeks in the hot sun to recover your strength and to earn enough money to buy a small dinghy.

In this you sail down the Nile to its westernmost mouth, and rejoice at the sight of the Mediterranean. The island of Pharos lies barely a day's sail off the coast, so you make for that as the first stage in your sail to Greece. As the sun sinks in the west, you slowly drowse off at the helm. Go to **507**.

493

'Oh, all right, but if you throw that sword in the water, I'll throw you in after it,' you add, to vent your anger.

Markos turns to one of the shades near by, removes a coin from its mouth and gives it to you.

'But . . . but he'll have to walk this bank for a hundred years now,' you complain.

'That's no concern of mine. You wanted an obol quickly; I got you one straight away.' Have 1 Shame point for being the cause of such torment to the unfortunate shade.

You both climb into the fragile craft and sit on the narrow bench as Charon slides the punt pole into the muddy water. Go to **437**.

494

You lean forward, trying to grab hold of the reins and pull the horse in. As you do so, the horse charges round a sharp bend, and the back wheel of the cart slips off the edge of the road into space. For a sickening moment, the cart hangs there, the horse straining to stay on the road, and then the weight of the cart drags it, the horse and you back over the edge and sends you all tumbling down the mountainside.

If you have not yet used your prayer to Zeus, you must do so now, and turn to **356**. Otherwise, horse, cart and you will end in a tangle of smashed limbs and wood at the bottom of the hillside.

495

You start to tell the official of your encounter with the birdmen, but he cuts you off agitatedly.

'Tell me no further,' he implores. 'This cannot be true: the birds are our friends. They protect our city from those who would do us harm: they save us from the ratmen.'

'Who are they?'

'They are our enemies.'

You are puzzled. 'But who are they? I have never seen one.'

'Neither have I,' the official tells you. 'The birds protect us from them. Here you must read this.' He reaches into a fold in his cloak and pulls out a thick scroll. 'This is our holy book. It will tell you all you need to know. No, keep it.'

And he hurries away, happy at having done a good deed. Go to **179**.

496

You run blindly along the path, seeking to put as much distance as you can between you and the birdmen. Soon, you hear a screeching and keening behind you and then sounds of pursuit. You run on. A bush ahead screams into life and a flock of birds rises into the night. You run on. Panting, you come to a spot where the wood ends and the path rejoins the high road. You slow down, breathe heavily and walk out. At this moment, you feel a sharp pain in your chest, and look down to see the arrow that has lodged there. More and more birdmen spring up as if from nowhere in front of you; you crumple to the ground, dead.

497

As you pray, you feel a lightness and peace come over you, and the memories drop away from your mind. You can still recall what has happened, but it is as if you were only a spectator. You no longer blame yourself. You feel the fever which has troubled you since Africa and which broke out again in the mountains leave you too, but whether this is the work of Zeus or of the Phytalidae, you cannot tell. Your Shame is now 0, your Honour 1. Go to **519**.

498

You remember to offer prayers to Poseidon, the earth-shaker, lord of the ocean, and he fills your sails with a gentle south-east wind. The sea is calm and you begin to hope that you will now return to Greece. Go to **254**.

499

The men will not surrender, and in the distance you can see more men arriving from the village. You can retreat (turn to **397**), or you can continue to fight (turn to **96**).

500

The sun grows hotter overhead and your skin turns red and begins to blister. You gasp out for water, but you know you cannot drink the salt poison of the sea. You cry out for help, but your shouts are as the rattle in a dead man's throat. The sun's hue transmutes to purple, and the sea appears to solidify. A man dressed in flowing robes seems to glide across the frozen waves. It is Hades. Zeus will not save those who spurn safety.

501

The singing changes from heavenly to raucous, and the sweet notes transform into curses. You have escaped the Sirens and now they toss obscenities at you. Yet none of you turns round to gaze at their forms, fearful lest you be entrapped once more by these cruel creatures. Have 3 Honour points for surviving. Go to **46**.

502

'Too bad,' says Markos. 'The callow youth's a coward.' You are angry enough to retaliate to this slight, but the Achaians, armed to the teeth, prevent you from acting. Take 2 Shame points. You spend the rest of the night sleeping fitfully. Go to **440**.

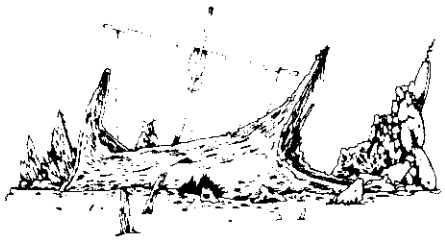

503

'What happened to you? And what about Crete?' you ask him.

'Now that is a very complicated story,' replies Dipthis and he proceeds to tell you. 'When you escaped, Ariadne got away as well. Opris reckoned she went with you,' he says raising his eyebrows inquisitively. When you do not respond, he continues. 'Anyway, that was the last of Minos' family and Minos was killed in the earthquake, so there was suddenly no one at the top. Opris turned up with Minos' ring claiming that the old king had given it to him before he died, and although no one believed that, we managed to see that he got the kingship. He didn't last long: the Thracians soon got control. Opris fled when they tried to kill him and was last heard of making his way to Athens to enlist your support, but I suppose you know about that. Back in Crete the Thracians set up Miktros as a puppet and eliminated all the other claimants. I was just an embarrassment, so I had to go too. Still, you must be getting along if you want to catch the last ferry. Old Charon goes off sharp in the evening and won't come on again until the morning. You'll need an obol.'

With this Dipthis moves off again and is lost in the mass of empty shades. You reach the water's edge, aware that you have no obol. Go to **395**.

504

The four men turn back at your cry and you climb up behind one, thanking them for their kindness. It transpires that they are making for Thebes, the Egyptian capital, which they hope to reach by nightfall. It is uncomfortable sitting right back on the horse, but you are only too grateful to be on your way north towards Greece, although it is still a thousand miles distant.

You arrive at the city just before sunset and are amazed at its grandeur. One of the riders tells you proudly that it has a hundred gates and through each one two war-chariots can be sent fully armed; such is the might and wealth of the Egyptian capital.

You climb down from the back of the horse and thank the men once more, before setting off into the city on foot. Turn to **236**.

505

You stumble out of the door, and find yourself in a moonlit wood. Paths lead off to left (turn to **496**) and right (turn to **428**), or you can plunge into the thick of the woods (turn to **212**).

Alternatively, you can go back into the complex of buildings, the nearest of which is the granary from which you have just escaped (turn to **456**).

506

Inside, the temple is bleak and austere and you look around to see where you must go to find the oracle. A small Arab, clearly the officiating priest, shuffles up to you.

'I am Omar, desert priest of Ammon,' he starts. 'What do you want?'

'I have come to consult the oracle,' you reply.

He leads you to the back of the building and shows you into a small room behind a curtain. There a man sits at a desk, frantically scribbling on a piece of papyrus. All around the floor there are more papyrus scrolls and you step carefully through the chaos until you are at the desk.

The man looks up suddenly and knocks over his ink.

'Altheus, you startled me.' You recognize the god Apollo and start to apologize, but he cuts you off with a wave of his hand. 'Immortality makes one so nervous. Now, why have you come? Oh, yes, the blood-guilt. You must see the Phy . . . the, er, Phy . . .' He peers at the manuscript and turns it in his hand to view from another angle. 'I'm dreadfully sorry, but I can't read my handwriting. Can you make it out?' He hands you the paper, but it is a mass of illegible inky scrawls. 'Oh well,' he continues, 'it's something like the Phydippides, but I can't remember exactly. I know what. Go and see Theseus in the underworld, he'll tell you. Must dash. Sorry.'

With that the god is gone and with him all the scrolls and manuscripts. You leave the oracle, bemused. Turn to 478.

507

It is night, but an orange glow on the horizon heralds the approach of day. You turn your head slowly, taking in your surroundings: you are lying on a sandy beach below steep rocky cliffs and your boat has been dragged up away from the sea's edge. There is a gentle breeze coming in across the water, making you shiver, but as the sun bursts up from the sea and begins to climb high into the clear sky, you soon warm up. In the daylight you can see that there is a path up the cliffs into the heart of the island. Will you stay by your boat (turn to 367), or will you explore (turn to 77)?

508

Your Chronicle Sheet looks like this:

Might 5 Honour 24
Protection 11 Shame 14
You have no Intelligence points.

Sword: Might 3
Helmet: Protection 2
Queen Antiope's jewelled brooch

Hera – Disfavour
Athena – Disfavour

Note that you have Might 5, instead of 4, and Protection 11, instead of 10, because of the experience you gained in the defeat of the Minotaur. Go to **117**.

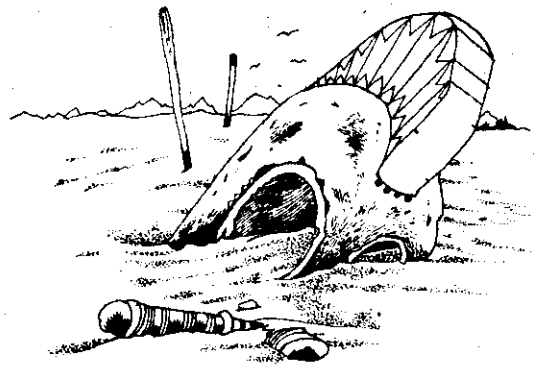

509

'No mercy, mutineer!' you cry and swing the torch down, blinding the man and igniting his hair. You turn and walk away as he beats feebly at his face with his hands, trying to put out the flames, before collapsing dead into the bilge. Have 2 Shame points and go to **228**.

510

You rush towards the old man and attack him before he can run off. Have 1 Shame point for your action.

He has Might 2, Protection 9. If you retreat, turn to **453**. If you surrender, turn to **98**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, turn to **557**. If you Seriously Wound him, turn to **474**.

511

You rush down a side-street and quickly lose the two incompetent villains. Your leg throbs where it was wounded in Nubia and you are forced to rest against a house, while you recover. The streets are quite busy at this hour and the inhabitants bustle past without bothering you, so that you have to stop one and inquire what town this is. He does not understand. You motion with your hands and eventually he comprehends.

'Latopolis,' he says, and hurries away.

This answer affords you no more clue as to which country you are in than before, but a few more questions to passers-by reveal that the river is the Nile. You are in Egypt, you deduce.

You hurry on towards the harbour again. Turn to **544**.

512

Your terror-stricken breathing is your only movement, while you helplessly watch the leopard slinking towards you with graceful gait. Its eyes dart left and right, observant of the surroundings. It comes ever nearer, as if drawn towards you by some higher power. You gradually realize that it is aware of your presence. Suddenly it leaps full stretch and attacks.

It has Might 5, Protection 10, but the heat has taken its toll of you and you may only roll one die. It has first attack. If you defeat it, turn to **376**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **293**. If you retreat, turn to **390**.

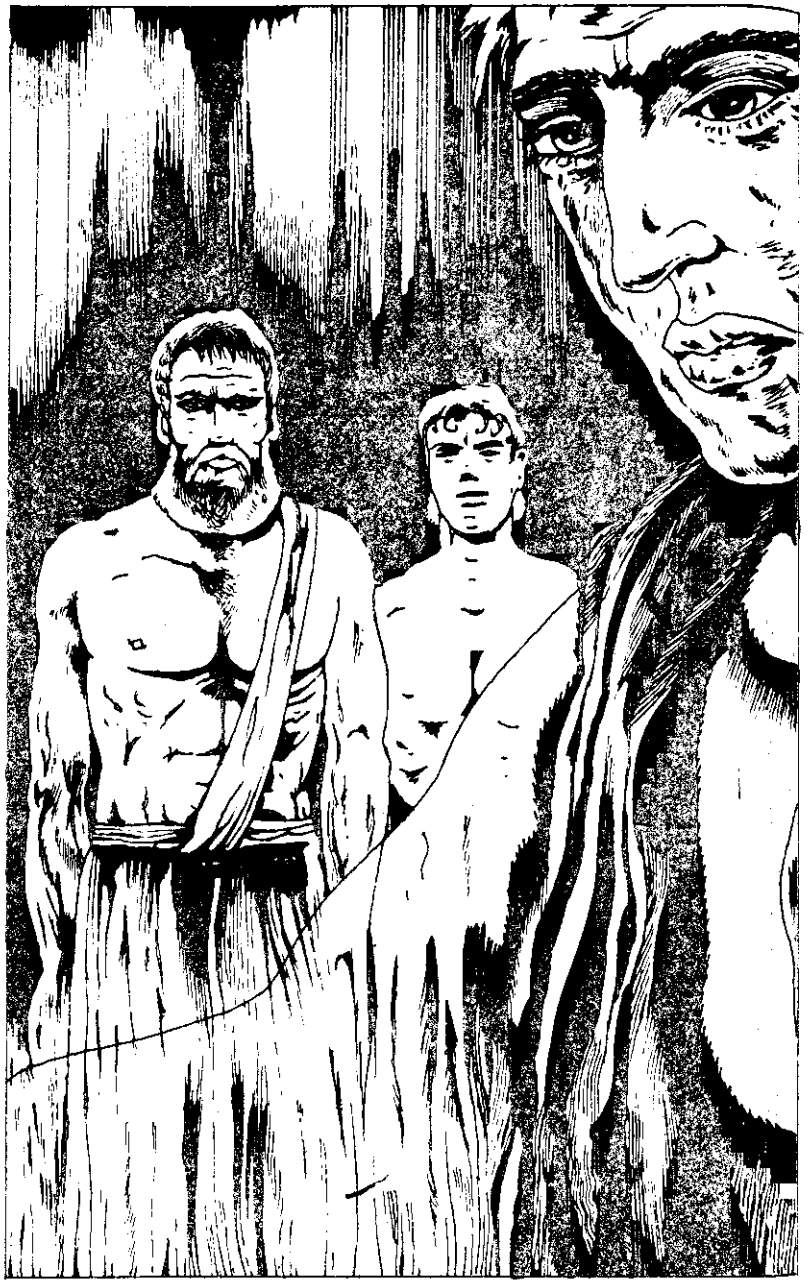

513

Theseus leads you through the sun-drenched meadows, pointing out the heroes of future years as you pass.

'Look over there: that's Agamemnon.' He points to a large, robust man standing talking to a group of other shades. 'He will be king of Mycenae and leader of the Greeks in the fateful Trojan War,' your brother explains. 'Yet no warrior's sword shall bring him down; instead his wife will slay him as he returns victorious from the war. And there is the bravest of the Greeks.' He indicates a strikingly handsome young man sitting sadly on his own. 'The perfect hero – courageous, strong and handsome, proud and yet eager to obey the gods. How sad it is that you must die so young, brave Achilles.'

Your brother only has time to show you a brief pageant of future Greek glories. You spy Menelaus and Odysseus, victors at Troy, and brave Leonidas, hero of Thermopylae. You hear of the great victories over the Persians at Marathon and Salamis, you marvel at the wisdom of the great philosophers, who will carry Greece's fame for centuries after their death, and you grieve at the future of Alcibiades, who promises so much yet cannot fulfil those expectations, but it is the tale of Alexander's future that seizes your imagination most.

At length, you must leave the halls of Hades and you turn once more to face your brother.

'Tell me how I may purge myself of the guilt that weighs upon my mind.'

'Altheus, I will not only tell you, I will show you the tribe who can purge you myself. We must leave the underworld now.'

You bid farewell to Dean, who tells you that, in order to lead your brother out of Hades, you must walk on ahead of him and not look back until you reach daylight again. With this in mind, you stride away towards the River Lethe.

Did you eat Markos' pomegranate back at the Styx? If you did, turn to 438. If you did not, turn to 337.

514

The old woman leads the way into a great cavernous opening in the side of the rock, and points with a frail, quivering finger at a tunnel set in the far wall. Her voice is unsteady, and carries more than a hint of fear.

'This is as far as I can go. I must leave now.'

She turns and hurries away, but after a moment she looks back, and, almost inaudibly, mutters, 'Good luck.' Then her figure recedes, until all you can make out is the light of her torch as she weaves her way down the hillside. Then that too disappears. You are left alone and frightened in the blackness of the cave. You pause awhile, so that your eyes become accustomed to the lack of light, but at last you feel that you have delayed long enough, and with forced determination, you stride into the tunnel. Go to **197**.

515

Most of the Athenians cry out for you, but some are still undecided. Sensing these mixed feelings, the neutral sailors join the mutineers, and a confused fight begins in the close quarters below deck. You duck just in time for a thrown lantern to miss your head and smash against the wall behind you. Gripping your billhook firmly, you leap into the fray.

Subtract the number you rolled on the dice (including the Honour bonus) from 10. If the result is 0, go straight to **348**.

Otherwise, you must fight that many mutineers, each Might 4, Protection 10, and each with a knife (Might 1). If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **74**. If all are Seriously Wounded, turn to **348**. If you surrender, turn to **249**. You may not retreat.

516

The king gives another of his unfriendly laughs and orders his interpreter to take you away. The man argues for a second, but it is clear who is in control. You are bustled out, unclear about the conversation to which you have been party, yet which you could not comprehend. The skinny Nubian leads you back to your hut without speaking, and leaves. You fall exhausted to the ground, and sleep very soundly, so that it is nearly midday when you awake. Above you two warriors stand guard and will not let you leave the hut. It is a long time before they depart to fetch some food. Go to **113**.

517

Ducking the farmer's blow, you lose your footing and fall off the cart. You manage to catch hold of a bough sticking out over the road and cling to it, as the cart careers away down the hill, the farmer's obscene taunting ringing in your ears. Once he is out of sight, you drop to the ground, shrug, and carry on walking down the hill. You notice a broken knife at the side of the road and you tuck it into your belt. Thebes lies before you. Turn to **259**.

518

Take 2 Shame points. Your guide is silent as you walk back to the path. You look sideways at him.

'You disapprove?'

He shrugs.

'Come on, what's the matter?'

He stops. 'It's a few moments for you. It may be the only punctuation in her eternity.'

'She wouldn't have thanked me.'

'Do you do everything for thanks? And no, perhaps she wouldn't have been grateful now, but in a hundred years? Two hundred? But of course it's not literally true.'

You walk on in silence.

'Hell,' your guide remarks finally, 'is an absence of other people.' Turn to **279**.

519

The elders return. 'Do you wish to be purged?' the woman asks.

You nod. 'I have no alternative.'

She smiles. 'Then come with us.'

They lead you out of the tent, along a small path and into a cave, dimly lit. The entire race of the Phytalidae is sitting in a circle, holding hands, all dressed in the same grey. They look up at you as the elders take their place in the ring. Following their gestures, you squat and join them, gripping the hands of the two young people on either side of you. The man to your right takes some mushrooms from a pouch and drops them into a beaker of steaming liquid. Then he passes it to you to drink. Turn to **231**.

520

Have 1 Shame point for this deed, which is unworthy of a true hero, and turn to **189**.

521

You take one of the men's shortswords. For a moment there is hope in their eyes, as they think this payment for their lives, but then you whirl round like a rushing river and sever their heads from their bodies. A woman screams in the background. Take the normal penalty of 2 Shame points for slaying opponents who have surrendered.

The sword you are holding suddenly feels light in your hand, and you know that Hephaestus has imbued it with a straighter edge and a sharper blade. It is now Might 3, Protection 0. You may take a breastplate (Protection 2). Have 4 Honour points for your victory.

You return to the ship and Oresander, looking pensive, orders the vessel to set sail. Go to **10**.

522

You dress in the body's robes, don its mask and strap on the iron claws, before rising shakily to your feet. Outside the door, a small flight of wooden steps leads down; looking back, you can see that the granary is supported off the ground by a wooden framework resting on large boulders.

The granary is situated in a compound defined by several scattered buildings. There are sounds coming from the largest, a barn, and you strut over to it unsteadily. You look through the crack in the heavy double doors, and see that the barn is full of birdmen. One, obviously the leader, has a robe of golden feathers and an eagle mask.

You open the doors and step surreptitiously inside. One of the men spots you and screeches out to you in an alien tongue. You mimic him, but the birdmen crowd round you suspiciously. The leader forces his way to the front, and rips the mask from your face. Then he throws his head back and emits an unearthly cackle. 'As I thought,' he hisses. 'The enemy within.'

Think quickly. Will you try to escape before they can react (turn to **394**), or will you seize a hostage (turn to **116**)?

523

If in fact you have an obol, which you have carried all the way from Troy for six years, go to **270**. If not, lose 1 Honour point and go to **395**.

524

You join the farmer in fishing for the reins. He, however, sensing his opportunity, shoves you forward over the front, so that you fall between the wheels. Your ribs are crushed instantly.

525

You turn and run from the village, your feet pounding the earth as you sprint back towards your boat. You curse these inhospitable men, but you are glad to see that they have not followed. Smoke rises in thick clouds from the far side of the island, close to the beach where you left your boat. Go to **350**.

526

Before you move, you notice a flicker of light in the crate in front of you. With a quick push, the top slides off to reveal the mutineer brandishing a torch. You step back in alarm and the man leaps out of the crate. You must fight him. He has Might 4, Protection 10, and has the torch (Might 2).

If you surrender, go to **249**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **156**. If the sailor is Seriously Wounded, go to **94**.

527

You may have 5 Honour points for defeating the beast. You are pulled back on board, but soon you disembark and proceed on the second part of your journey, by camel. You only stay in Hermopolis for a couple of hours before the caravan departs. The priest informs you of his dread of the river journey, which he is forced to undertake four times a year, and indeed he seems more cheerful now. Go to **369**.

528

You spring to your feet and take the birdmen by surprise. You must make an instant decision whether to try to escape at once (turn to **394**), or to take a hostage (turn to **338**).

529

You break into a run and manage to catch up with the farmer and leap on to the back of the cart. You take the driver by surprise, and start to throttle him with your hands. After a moment, he breaks free and tries to fend you off.

The horse bolts and gallops down a shallow but increasingly steep hill, dragging the cart with it. It is on this precarious swaying platform that you grapple with the farmer. Turn to **454**.

530

You are back at the top of the steps and, with trepidation, you begin the descent. You have forgotten how steep the steps are and you trip, almost falling before regaining your balance. When you are halfway down, you begin to look ahead for your armour, but it has gone. You keep on going down in the hope that you left it closer to the bottom, but eventually you reach the final step without finding it. Go to **433**.

531

The dog rushes forward, his six eyes fixed on you intently, and hatred apparent in his manner. You must fight Cerberus, who has Might 4, Protection 10. You strike, then each of his heads strikes in any given round. Thus he has three attacks to one of yours. Note that the heads do not get multiple opponent bonuses, and that any Honour you spend to increase your Protection is only effective against one of the heads. You have only to Wound him three times, as normal, to kill him.

There is nowhere to retreat. If you kill him, go to **292**. If you die, you cannot be saved by Zeus.

532

Ares the bringer of slaughter is at your side with a noise like that of a thousand war-trumpets.

'Hail, Altheus, Minotaur-slayer. New goal: return home. Receive the praise deserved. Hoist the white sails. Signal your success. Stamp on these cowardly sailors. That's all. Good luck, again.'

The god vanishes leaving behind no trace of his coming. You stay below decks for a while, but then the cramped and stale atmosphere forces you above. Go to **252**.

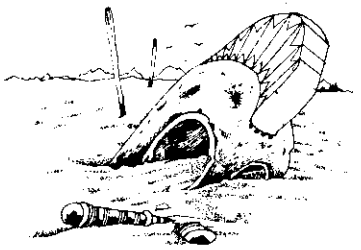

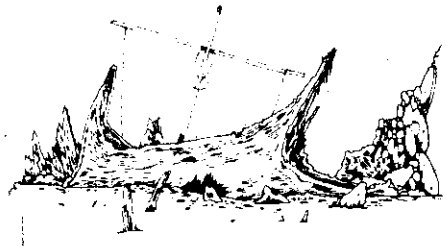

533

As you wander along the shore looking for driftwood large enough for your purpose, you are set upon by four dark-skinned warriors. They leap down on to the beach from the plains above and run towards you wielding long spears. You must fight them. They are Might 5, Protection 11, but remember the bonuses for multiple opponents. Their spears are Might 1. You cannot retreat.

If you surrender, go to **424**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **269**. If you Seriously Wound all four of them, go to **115**.

534

Realizing the peril of your journey, you pray to your patron for assistance. For a long time there is complete silence, but then a voice cries out, 'We Olympian gods cannot help you in the underworld. You must fend for yourself.' Have 1 Honour point for praying. Go to **197**.

535

As you continue, it becomes much harder to keep a grip on either the walls or the floor. Eventually you slip and slide down the marble floor, unable to slow down. Then you shoot off the end into space. There is nothing to grab hold of and you begin to fall, turning somersaults and twisting in the air. Go to **325**.

536

As soon as the warriors have gone, you slip out of the hut into the grasslands that surround the camp. It is evening and much cooler than it was earlier in the day, and you quickly get away from the village. No one appears to have noticed your absence, since no warriors have been sent after you. Even so, you decide to walk all night to make sure you are not recaptured. It grows very cold and you become tired, but you dare not stop. Then, as the dawn begins to creep over the treeless horizon, the air grows warmer until it is almost unbearably hot. You have not eaten for a day and you are dehydrated by the heat. Over to the left some vultures circle high in the sky. Will you head over that way in hope of finding water (turn to **155**), or will you avoid these creatures (turn to **211**)?

537

The horse picks its way carefully along the uneven road, and you lean back to stay upright. Out of the bushes at the side of the road leap several men in cloaks and bird-masks, one with a bow and arrows. You start to rein the horse back, but the men shout to each other in bursts of high-pitched screaming, and the one with the bow fires at you. The arrow goes through the horse's neck and it rears up, frothing blood at the mouth. Then it collapses forward, and you are thrown over its head to land heavily on the ground beyond, knocked unconscious. Go to **99**.

538

The streets seem subdued and quiet and no one appears to recognize you. This time, you easily find the palace, which is silhouetted against the overcast sky, and knock confidently on the bronze gates for admission.

A guard opens them. 'Who are you, that comes knocking so loudly at a house of mourning?' he asks.

'I am Altheus the Avenger, son of Aegeus king of Athens.'

The guard's face turns ashen at this, and he hastily slams the door. After a moment, during which you stand puzzled, the doors open again, and the guard points at you while whispering frantically to another man, whom you recognize as General Etekon. He drags you inside and the bronze doors are slammed shut once more.

'Do you know what you have done?' demands the general. 'When the ship returned black-sailed, Aegeus was sure he had lost another son, and he cast himself from the cliffs into the sea.'

You stand aghast. 'Then I am now king of Athens?' you ask.

Etekon grunts. 'In name, yes. In practice, the Athenians will never accept you with an omen like this, until you have purged yourself of your guilt. As to how this may be done, I do not know. But I will have a boat and crew made ready for you. You must leave here tonight or I cannot answer for the mood of the people.'

You must take 8 Shame points for your father's death. Go to **215**.

539

You remember the knife tucked into your belt, take it out and cast it away. The Phytalidae murmur approval.

'It is good,' comments the male elder. 'To be healed of the sickness within, you must utterly deny all outward wars and strife. Now drink the drink.' Go to **484**.

540

You beg for a berth on a boat, but the merchant recognizes where you have come from by the pink hue of your robes. Once again you are struck on the head and all is blackness. This time you will awake in Hades; most probably this is for the best, since it will save you much pain.

541

The second of your opponents falls to the ground in agony, but neither seems willing to surrender. You turn around and find the reason for their confidence. There, just emerging from the depths of the cave, are some ten or more tribesmen, all apparelled as the first pair, all armed with life-severing spears. You have little choice but to go with them. You are disarmed; but you may have 4 Honour points for your victory in the fight. Go to **110**.

542

You seize the old man and start to shake him. To your astonishment, he transforms into a lion and you release your grip in fright. The lion leaps at you while you are motionless.

You must fight it. It has Might 6, Protection 12, and has the first attack since you are so surprised. You cannot retreat. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **557**. If you Wound the lion, go to **310**.

543

'Altheus,' the gaunt man calls out, 'I know why you have come.'

Taken aback that he should have seen you so far off, you do not reply for a moment and then you call back discourteously, 'Who are you?'

'Aeacus, of course, judge of the dead.' Have 1 Shame point for your ignorance. You make your way towards him, and he continues to whip the shade, who, you discover, is attempting to turn the pebbles to dust. Your manner becomes more formal, now that you have discovered that you are talking to such an important figure. Go to **296**.

544

There are six boats still moored at the bank when you reach the harbour and you have the good fortune to find a captain who speaks Greek. He explains that you are thirty miles south of Thebes, the Egyptian capital, to which he himself is sailing the next day. He offers you a ride there and you gratefully accept. You board the vessel and fall asleep on deck, glad of some rest. In the morning when you awake, the boat has already set sail for Thebes. Go to **56**.

545

'I am,' you tell him guardedly. 'Who are . . . these men?'

'I thought you might not know,' he says, proud of his own perceptiveness. 'The birdmen are our protectors. My own son, I am glad to say, has been allowed to join them. Here, have this.' He reaches into a fold in his cloak and pulls out a thick scroll. 'This is our holy book. It will tell you all you need to know. No, keep it.'

And he hurries away, happy at having done a good deed. Go to **179**.

546

You begin to climb down, but the steps are very steep and you have to take care to avoid falling headlong to your death at the bottom. Halfway down you stop to collect the armour which you abandoned on your way up. Then you continue on down until you stand at the bottom. You glance up one last time at the apparently endless steps, almost like a stairway to heaven, and then you press into the dark tunnel. Go to **433**.

547

It is mid-morning when you awake and the sun is already high above the horizon. Away down to your left by a small stream a group of young boys play, tossing a ball from hand to hand. Behind them in the distance there is a tiny village nestled among the trees. To your right, the hill rolls away into a grassy meadow, in which a shepherd sits with his sheep. You rise to your feet and, while brushing the grass from your clothes, decide what to do.

Will you approach the shepherd (turn to **235**), will you head towards the group of children (turn to **470**), or will you make for the village (turn to **399**)?

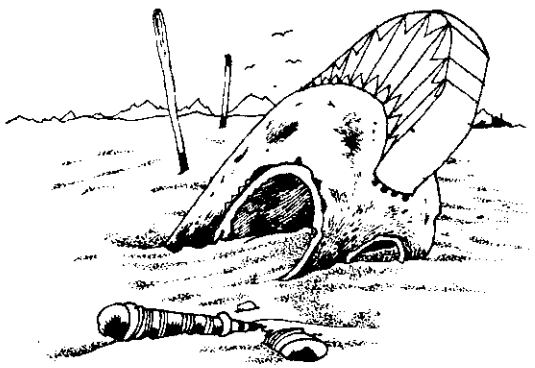

548

'What do you want to see, then?'

'Take me to my brother,' you command.

'Which brother would that be?' he asks.

Surprised, you reply, 'Theseus, of course.'

'Oh, I just thought you might mean one of the others,' he replies cryptically.

'What do you mean?'

'Well, far be it from me to tell tales, but just have a word with your mother when you get back home. So Theseus it is.' He walks away.

'Wait, I didn't know anything about this,' you call after him.

He turns back. 'There are a lot of things you don't know. In fact, your parents probably never told you, but you're apocryphal yourself.'

Amazed at these godlike revelations, you hurry after your guide. The corridor of swirling mist branches seven ways.

'Well,' says your guide, 'we seem to have arrived at a symbolic moment of choice . . .'

'What do you mean, symbolic?'

'Oh, none of this is real. Didn't they tell you? Notions of a literal afterlife are very outdated. Anyway, this path leads to the corrupt court officials,' he says, pointing to the leftmost way. 'That's combined lechers and gluttons. The next one's monarchs and assorted hereditary rulers. Then there's natural disasters. This one's under construction; and you don't want to go down that one – it's Hell down there.'

'And what's this one?' you ask, pointing to the final exit.

Your guide fumbles in his pocket and withdraws a small green booklet with a picture of a fat white man on the front.

'Oh, um, it's Cretan princesses, who, deserted by their lovers, subsequently died in childbirth.'

'Are there many of those?'

'Just the one.'

'Who?' you ask. But as you speak, the answer comes to you, borne on a surge of guilt.

Will you visit the corrupt court officials (turn to **417**), the lechers and gluttons (turn to **258**), the rulers (turn to **248**), natural disasters (turn to **573**), or will you visit Ariadne (turn to **467**)?

549

Your attempts to placate the men are in vain and you quickly realize that they do not mean well. Will you wait (turn to **299**) or run (turn to **316**)?

550

It is almost five years later now, and your service to the goddess still continues. It has not been a bad life, you muse; on the contrary, most pleasurable. You have performed the ceremonies exactly – the anointing with oil of the small conical object in which form Aphrodite is worshipped at Paphos, the processions through the streets of the city, and the mock battles with silken swords.

Today you are to be admitted to the first stage of priesthood, and invested with the ambrosial raiment of Aphrodite. The time has come and you are led by the priest of the goddess through the corridors of the temple, past the sacred chapels of Aphrodite to the central sanctum where the radiant one is worshipped.

You are instructed to kneel down beside the sacred cone, and you comply readily.

Is Aphrodite your patron? If so, turn to **5**. If not, turn to **129**.

551

As you press northwards, it begins to snow, and you wrap yourself in your coat as tightly as you can. The twenty miles between you and the race of the Phytalidae begin to seem further and further as you push on into the foothills. The snowfall turns into a blizzard, and you stagger on blindly, feverishly, cursing that you have not yet found what you seek.

Then you collapse into a snowdrift, and lie there, as the wind whistles past your ears and the snow builds up around you, covering you in a comforting white shroud.

552

You have no money, and your command of Egyptian is virtually non-existent, so you find it impossible to gain a bed for the night. You are forced to rest in the street, but you do not sleep for fear that your throat may be slit as you lie defenceless. Lose 1 Honour point for this behaviour, not fitting for a king amongst civilized people.

In the morning you decide to find the temple, where the priest informs you that you must journey with him to the oracle at the Oasis Ammonium. The god Ammon, he maintains, has commanded it. Will you agree (turn to **232**), or decline (turn to **317**)?

553

You are soon in the shade of the trees and you rest awhile, since it has now become very hot. The place looks completely deserted: no birds or animals live on this sun-scorched plain. You scan the horizon for any signs of life and notice a thin column of smoke rising lazily from the beach you have just left. As you watch, the smoke becomes much thicker and billows up in dense clouds. Will you go back to the beach (turn to **350**), or will you continue into the island (turn to **271**)?

554

After another long silence the voice returns: 'I cannot help you down in Hades, but remember that anyone who eats there will never leave. Now, be on your way.' Go to **197**.

555

You throw yourself down to the ground in submission and the fishermen accept your surrender. They strip you of your clothing and hurl you into the sea. Have 1 Shame point. You struggle out of the surf and hastily wrap round you the cloth they offer. They all seem greatly amused by the whole episode, but you are not. Go to **314**.

556

You hold up your hand in what you consider to be a gesture of conciliation, but the tribesmen are at once angered. You are seized and led roughly back to the surface, the sound of furious chatter ringing in your ears. As you run back to your craft, a spear whistles past your ear. You quickly run the raft back into the water. Have 1 Shame point for your lack of observance. Ruefully you decide to name this isle after yourself, Althenesos. Go to **214**.

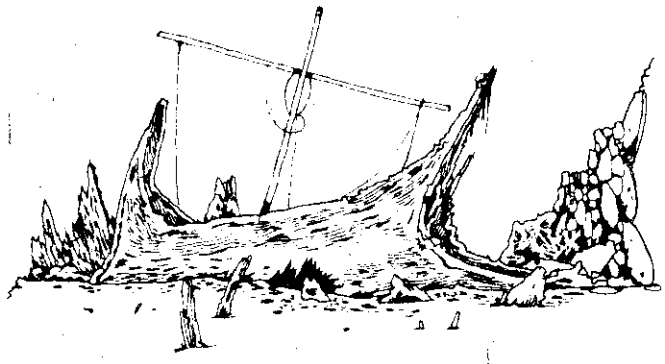

557

The supreme god takes pity on your sorry plight, and snatches you away from the island of Pharos. He heals you and tells you that you must go to the underworld and seek out your brother Theseus, who will tell you how to purge your blood-guilt. He sets you down once again on the island and you marvel at the sight of a newly built raft. You offer prayers to Poseidon, and slide the makeshift raft into the water. Go to **254**.

558

The water-monster seems to dissolve back into the liquid of the lake. All that remains of the thing is a small wooden plaque floating on the surface. You stretch to pick it up, but as you do you begin to sink. You panic, but manage to grab the plaque. Your head is submerged beneath the waters, and you begin to suffocate. Yet when you feel that you can last no longer and your life's spirit will seep into the sea, you are back at Scione, the plaque, with wavy lines engraved upon it, representing water, still in your hand.

Restore your Honour points to their level before the combat. If this is the third creature you have fought and defeated, turn to **346**. Otherwise, you must deal next with the corn (turn to **44**) or the fire (turn to **107**).

559

The berries taste good and seem to bring renewed energy to your tired limbs. You take two large handfuls for provisions at sea, and return to the beach to begin the building of the raft. Go to **230**.

560

You push to the front of the throng and open the door, ignoring the stifled cries behind you. The interior is lit and there, in front of you, stands a black-robed woman, who seems strangely familiar. Beside her is a low table, one leg of which is badly scarred, and on it lies an urn of water, a bowl of corn-seed, and a small brazier in which a blue-white flame is burning. A small trickle of water leaks from a crack in the urn.

'I am Arissia, priestess of Demeter in Scione. Are you a worshipper of the earth-mother?'

Do you reply that you are (turn to **42**), or do you deny any connections with the corn-cult (turn to **108**)?

561

The path disappears into the fog once more and you walk slowly, hoping that you may discover the route to Theseus or lordly Aeacus, the judge of the dead, but instead a terrible scene is revealed among the clouds and mist.

Tantalus, who dared to chop up his own son and serve him to the gods as food, stands in a pool of pure water, his reflection glistening off the perfect surface. Above him a miraculous tree, bearing from the same branch apples, oranges, pears, grapes and every other fruit that grows, hangs low by his head. Yet every time he reaches up to appease his raging hunger, the fruit rises up. Always he thinks he can reach it, always it slips away from his fingers. When he stoops to quench his thirst the waters flow away as if some hole were made in the bottom of the pool. But when he straightens once again the waters flow back up to renew his torment. You gaze at poor Tantalus and then hurry past, unable to bear the wretched scene any longer. Will you go by him to the left (turn to **447**) or to the right (turn to **328**)?

562

At the crucial moment, the wind drops and the current takes you on to the jagged spikes. There is a moment of expectant silence as the crew freezes in horror, and then the sound of splintering wood rings out, shattering the calm of the silent air like the gong that heralds the coming of the enemy, the clashing of the warriors and that many women will be widows by evening. Even the Trojans on the shore hear the noise and you turn away, ashamed at your performance. Have 3 Shame points.

Suddenly the boat lists and you are all flung into the water to struggle in a confusion of limbs, sails and spars.

If you are in Disfavour with Poseidon, go to **360.** If not, you manage to swim ashore and find your cousin (turn to **320**).

563

Before the men can see you, you dart into an empty hut and crouch down out of sight. You hear the fishermen returning, laughing and joking as they carry their catch back to the village. You cannot understand what they are saying. You think at first it is because they are too far away, but then you realize that this is a foreign tongue. They stand close to the hut and chat for some while before eventually moving away to their own huts. You breathe a sigh of relief when you realize that none of them are going to enter your hut. It grows cooler as the afternoon merges into evening and you begin to feel very hungry. Your fear of being noticed gradually recedes and you venture out of the hut. Will you try to take some food unnoticed (turn to **452**), or will you ask someone for food (turn to **594**)?

564

Your coming upon a captain who speaks Greek is not as unlikely as it sounds, as relations between the high-king of Achaia and the Hittites and Egyptians are well attested from various ancient tablets and archives. What is actually of interest is that the captain does not recognize the son of so great a dignitary, but this could perhaps be explained by the fact that you have been storm-tossed and desert-scorched for the best part of seven years. It is doubtful that even your mother Aethra would recognize you after this, much as she loves you. Have 1 Shame point for not looking after your appearance. Return to 544.

565

With one final twist, you break the lion's neck and it slumps to the floor of the cage (have 4 Honour points). You turn back to the Nubians and shout defiantly. Then you thrust open the door of the cage and walk out to face the king, who steps back a pace, but is not intimidated. Behind him the tribesmen move forward as if to show you that you face not just the king but the whole tribe. He raises his hand, and then speaks; although you do not know his language, the meaning of his message is obvious. Go to 330.

566

The champion's spear passes through your right thigh and you fall to the ground, apparently dead. But Zeus does not mean to let you die so easily and he rekindles the fire in your chest. You try to spring to your feet, but the wound is too serious, and you cannot stand. Nevertheless, you pluck the spear out and cast it back at your opponent. It clatters harmlessly at his feet, but all the Nubians are awestruck. Supported between two warriors, you are led back to a hut. Go to 190.

567

The turning to the left is flat and not at all slippery. Walking is therefore much easier than before and you are soon hurrying along. After some time, you see ahead that this branch-tunnel finishes in some stone steps leading up out of sight. When you reach the bottom of these, you glance up and find that they stretch as far as you can see. They are quite steep and it will take a great effort to climb them. Will you return to the slippery sloping tunnel (turn to 433), or will you climb the steps (turn to 471)?

568

You swiftly distance yourself from the three fishermen, and you are thankful that you decided to run, since many more have emerged from their huts, all armed with knives. These are not civilized folk who welcome strangers as Zeus has decreed, but brutal barbarians who shun all others. You decide that you must return to your boat and leave this wretched island at once.

You struggle up the slope back into the centre of the island and hurry back across the plain. Thick smoke billows from beneath the cliffs, just as when a forest fire rages in a summer drought. Go to 350.

569

You study the gold ring carefully, but can see no special markings, so you slip it on to the third finger of your left hand. To your horror, you feel your strength ebbing away, and you realize that the ring is cursed. You rip it from your finger, and fling it far into the sea. It has, however, already taken its toll; you must reduce your Might and Protection by 1 for the remainder of this book.

You walk away from the merchant, and gaze over the side of the boat at the strangely calm waters. For a moment you are alone, but then you hear Markos approach. Go to 239.

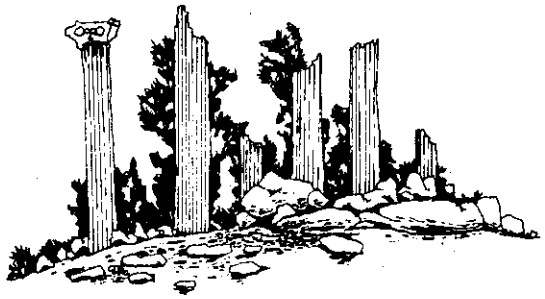

570

Zeus sends down a divine inspiration winging its way from high Olympus, and suddenly you realize the true nature of the operation you are about to undergo. You seize the sacred cone and plunge it into the chest of the high priest. The eunuch cries out in high-piercing pain, and then his life pours out through the stab-wound. Taking your opportunity, you dash through the twisting tunnels of the temple, out into the air, a free man once more. You turn around to see that you are being followed by a number of sacred slaves, but as they close on you, the realization dawns that these men, too, have escaped, and look upon you as their leader. Go to 84.

571

You feel yourself being shaken, and roll over, irritated at not being allowed to die in peace. There are two men in plain cloaks standing over you.

'You are Altheus,' says one. 'We have been waiting for you.'

The other lifts you on to his shoulders. You start to pass out.

'And we,' says the other man, 'are men of the Phytalidae.'

Go to 172.

572

Finally he returns to his original form and speaks.

'Tell me now, Altheus, which of the gods has helped you and advised you in capturing me. And for what reason?'

'Old man,' you answer. 'This is mere prevarication. Answer my questions, and only then shall I release you.'

'Very well, but do not delay, for it ails me to be held captive thus.'

Will you ask the old man of the sea how you may return home (turn to **294**), how you may purge your blood-guilt (turn to **483**), or how you may find food on this barren island (turn to **599**)?

573

'I thought you said this way led to victims of natural disasters,' you ask, puzzled.

'No, they *are* natural disasters,' replies Dean, pointing to the shades who pass on your left and right. 'This one, for example.' He indicates with his hand a man who seems to be on the point of drowning in a vast lake. 'He sought to seduce a queen by deluding her with claims that he could influence the gods to favour her. Now, why the queen should have believed that a mortal could influence the gods is difficult to comprehend, but she was desperate to gain immortality and would believe anything that claimed to gain her this. When she saw what she'd done, she was appalled.

'This man now smells so sweet the fairest nymphs could not restrain themselves, but all to no avail, for he drowns in the very perfume that enhances him.'

'That seems a little harsh,' you say, when Dean has finished.

'You must remember, Altheus,' he replies, 'it's all a metaphor.'

Worried by this declaration, you hurry past. Go to **279**.

574

You struggle away from the crocodile which is restrained by almighty Zeus, and the captain pulls you back aboard. You are only too glad to be back on dry land at Hermopolis within the hour. The priest, too, looks more content away from the boat and he becomes quite talkative on the second stage of your journey, by camel, from the river to the oasis. Go to **369**.

575

Insubstantial shadows flit past as you walk amongst the dead who wish to cross the Styx. You notice that some have obol coins in their mouths, but the vast majority do not and you remember that the coin-carriers are those who have been buried and may cross. You recognize a face in the multitude and make your way across to him. It is Dipthis, the cynic from Crete and sadly you note that he has no coin.

'Dipthis, Dipthis,' you cry and watch as he turns to face you.

'Ah, Altheus, they got you, too, did they?' He pauses, but before you can ask who 'they' are, he speaks again. 'Well, why didn't you get an obol, then?'

'Actually, I'm not dead.'

'Now that I look, I suppose you are a bit on the substantial side.'

'I've come to rescue my brother Theseus,' you tell him, sensing the question on his lips.

Will you ask Dipthis what fate has befallen him (turn to **503**), or will you press on towards the ferry (turn to **442**)?

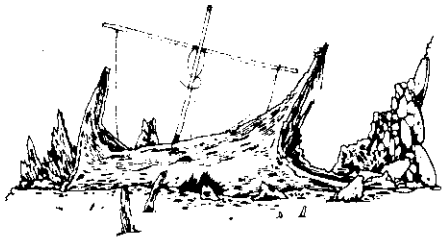

576

You wake to find your boat alight, ignited by your own small fire. Frantically, you gather water from the sea, and splash it on the flames, in a feeble effort to extinguish the raging blaze. Soon the boat is reduced to ashes, and you weep bitterly since it seems the gods will never let you see your mother in Troezen again. Each time you make one step forward, closer to home, you seem to be thrown back two by some misfortune or the anger of some god. Now it seems you have been finally defeated, still five hundred miles from Troezen and Athens. Go to **256**.

577

You kill the bushman, and drive off the rest with the help of the Nubians. On the way back to the camp, you are all more wary and you keep a good look out for ambushes. The warriors give you praise, and, after two more expeditions, you are almost fully accepted by the tribe, who teach you their fighting skills. For this you may increase your Might and Protection by 1.

You are one of the better warriors in the tribe and soon you are leading hunting-trips and raiding-parties on other groups. You take one of the king's daughters as a wife and you forget about Athens and Troezen. The months go by, until you have been with the Nubians for about a year. Go to **313**.

578

Just as it seems that your life will flow away at the hands of two village farmers, you are swept away to high Olympus by Zeus. Now Healthy, you are transported back to the fight, where there are many more villagers, all looking down on your inert form. As you stir, four men move forward. Go to **299**.

579

Over the next two weeks, you see a lot of Egypt, as the boat makes its way north along the Nile. While the captain sells his skins, you have a chance to slip ashore for a couple of hours at each stop. You marvel at the city of Thebes, sacred to Ammon, with its hundred gates, but soon you are at Coptos, where gums, spices and precious stones arrive from Arabia, and jade and ivory are brought in from far-off India. The captain sells two skins for a bag full of jade, and lets you keep a piece for yourself.

From Coptos down to Memphis, the boat does not stop anywhere at all, and the captain allows you to try your hand at steering, and even setting the sails, on the long stretches of uninteresting river. The week of sailing through uncultivated, sparsely populated land, is terminated in the splendour of the pyramids and the arrival at Memphis. You scarcely have time to take in the grandeur of the great pyramid of Cheops, before you are docking at the port of the second city of Egypt.

'This is as far as we go,' declares the captain, 'but you've been a good crew, and I'd like you to have one of these.' He holds up a lionskin and a leopardskin. Will you take the lionskin (turn to **492**), or the leopardskin (turn to **393**)?

580

The soldier hesitates for a moment, looking uncertainly over his shoulder, but then makes a signal to you. He clearly wants you to follow him. Will you go with him (turn to **160**), or decline to do so (turn to **362**)?

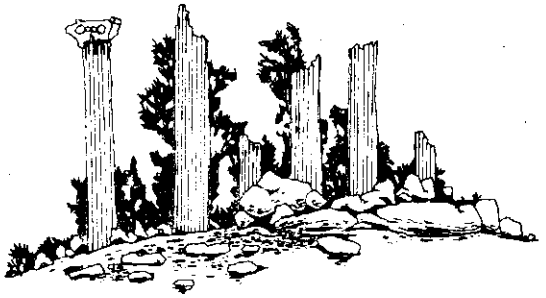

581

Your sails fill majestically, and you ease past the other boat, your crew laughing at the rowers straining at the oars. They are spurred on by your taunts and put in one last effort, but they cannot prevent you crossing the line first. Have 5 Honour points for your victory.

You jump down from the bow of your boat, and raise your hands to the crowd. The Trojans cheer wildly and place a laurel wreath upon your brow. After a few minutes the acclamation dies away and you seek out your cousin Agnostes. Turn to **320**.

582

The river-bank affords no easy place to cross, and no other boats are visible on either side of the water. It seems you must either swim, or return to Markos and deal with him. If you choose to swim, go to **253**. If you wish to agree to Markos' deal now, lose 1 Honour point and go to **493**.

583

The two men see you unsheathe your sword and at once they run towards you with throaty cries. They have Might 6, Protection 12, and their swords are Might 1. Remember the bonus for the first man.

If you Seriously Wound both of them, go to **499**. If you surrender, go to **299**. If you retreat, go to **397**. If you die and are saved by Zeus, go to **578**.

584

The Phoenician smiles, and raises his right hand very slowly. Underneath there is nothing, and as he laughs, he shows you that both ring and jade were under the other hand. He slides the ring back on to his finger and puts the jade away in a pouch on his belt. You walk angrily away to the side of the vessel, and stare into the calm blue waters. It is not long before the merchant joins you. Go to **239**.

585

Before he speaks, the king signals to one of his warriors, who moves away out of sight towards the cage. In a moment he returns with the lionskin and it is clear that this is your prize. Go to 330.

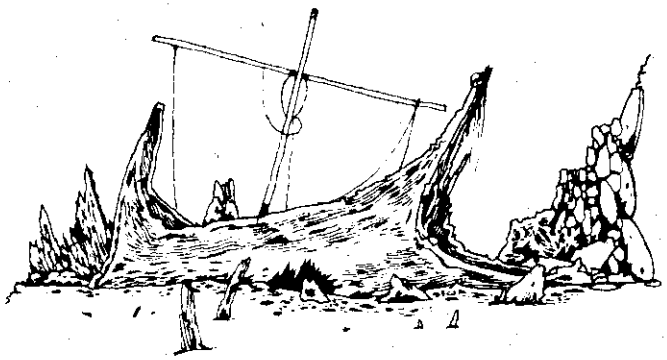

586

One large wave picks up your raft and carries it high above the other seas until, with a crash, it flings it down to the bottom of a trough so that you are surrounded by towering walls of water. The next wave trips up the feeble platform and sends you flying into the foaming sea. You struggle to regain your raft, but to no avail. Poseidon always punishes those who fail to appease him before risking themselves on the open seas.

587

You are aware, although you are squatting with your back to the entrance, of a drop of water as it trickles down an icicle that is hanging from the cave mouth, and falls to the ground. You blink, and unleash a series of images, each lasting for only a fraction of a second: A cloud . . . The vast waters of Ocean . . . Yourself in the womb . . . A field of corn . . . A flower . . . A bird, circling round the mountains . . . An eye opening and closing . . . A man and a woman, leaning on a wall overlooking the sea, talking . . . A body being laid into the grave . . . An old woman sitting by the fireside . . . A range of mountains, their peaks lost in cloud . . . A coral reef stretching to the horizon.

You realize how everything is connected. The water rises from the ocean into the sky, forms clouds, drops as rain in the high mountains, flows through the land to nourish the crops, and descends to the sea again. As with the circle of worshippers, the ring of hands around this high cave, so too for the whole world. In every ending is a beginning, in every death a moment of rebirth.

You feel yourself falling through a tunnel of light. There is a moment of terror, but you put it behind you and smile, accepting the falling and making it part of you. You still feel your hands gripped and open your eyes once more to see the circle of the Phytalidae.

'It is over. I am whole again, friends. The grave has released me. And I thank you.' Go to 432.

588

The goddess Athena stands before you and offers wise counsel.

'Altheus, your boat is smouldewing ashes on the beach; you have no food and the natives of the island are most hostile. Heed my advice and you may yet weturn to Twoezen. This island is Phawos, home of the wenowned seer Pwoteus. Seek him out and put your quewies to him, for he will answer twuly. But you must set a twap and hold him firm, though he may stwain and stwuggle with all kinds of twansformations . . .'

The goddess explains how at noon the old man of the sea emerges from the ocean and makes for his sleeping-place in the shelter of a cave. Flippered seals heave themselves around him, and before he rests, Proteus counts his herd. Athena continues the description of her trap, and then is gone.

Soon you are lying on the beach, covered in a sealskin, as she has directed, and the old man emerges, counts his flock, including you, then lies down. Immediately you spring up and hold down his arms.

The old seer is not so easily captured and he turns into a mighty lion, and now into a wriggling snake, but you are forewarned, and hold him tight. Panther, wild boar and running water are his next three transformations to throw you off, but all are in vain. Go to **572**.

589

The dhow moves off from the bank without you, and the captain gives you a friendly wave, calling out good luck. You wait at the landing-station, a few rough boards nailed together to make a platform, and watch for the next boat. Hours pass and the sun now slants its rays down obliquely. Eventually, a boat draws in and the captain, who speaks good Greek, offers you a lift. He is going up-river first, and will not be coming back this way for two days. Will you go with him (turn to **473**), or will you wait in the hope that there may be a boat going downstream before then (turn to **274**)?

590

The lion knocks you unconscious with a blow from its paw, and you lose all sensation in your limbs. Your mind blanks out; when you come to, it is daylight. The sun is well above the horizon and the lion has gone. You prepare yourself once more to descend to the underworld. Go to **530**.

591

You have been with the Nubians for almost a year when you learn that there is a festival held annually at which all the Nubian tribes for miles around come to pay homage to the king. The ceremony takes place tonight. Throughout the day you are detailed to perform arduous tasks in preparation for the event; you have to drag two great stone blocks into a ring in the centre of the camp to make a platform, and dig a trench outside the circle of huts. By evening you are completely exhausted, and you welcome a rest and a good meal; for the king has declared that, for this occasion, slaves shall be treated as free men. Thus you are allowed to watch the warriors marching through the camp, each bearing a torch. They form into a ring and the king mounts the stone platform. Behind him, in a strong wicker cage, a mountain lion prowls back and forth, just as does a man awaiting an audience with a king.

Suddenly the lion throws its weight against the bars and breaks out of the cage. It rushes at the crowd, savages an effete tribal chieftain, and then is away, running sleekly across the wide plains. In the confusion you sense your opportunity for freedom and you slip quietly away into the grasslands. Go to **191**.

592

To look to the gods for advice as to what question you should put to the old man of the sea is unheroic indeed; the gods can answer many problems which beset mortal men toiling in their fields, or fighting on the bloody battlefield, but to do so would be to remove the barrier between human and divine, and the peasants would invade the inner chambers of high Olympus. It would be better, therefore, for you to think for yourself and not to seek to mount an assault on the order of things as decreed by Zeus and his godly brethren. Lose 1 Honour point, and be warned. Go to **572**.

593

You drop your arm and bring the spear harmlessly down to your side. The Nubian looks unhappy and ungrateful at this action. Four tribesmen step forward to drag the wounded man into the crowd, and though he screams wildly and wrestles to break free, they hold him firmly. As they pull him through the spectators, you follow them and now see the reason for the man's panic. Ahead stands a massive wicker cage, containing a strutting mountain lion. The four men bundle the wounded man inside, and slam the wicker bars behind him. He no longer screams or struggles, but instead is gripped in silent, frozen terror. You realize that the man wanted you to kill him, and not spare him. Have 1 Shame point for this, but 4 Honour points for defeating him.

You turn away, before the lion strikes out at the helpless man. Go to **152**.

594

You approach the nearest hut and glance inside: three men are gathered around a cooking-pot on a fire, stirring a mixture of fish and red berries. The food has a powerful aroma, and you gesture at it, hoping to convey to the fishermen your hunger. They understand, but only move the pot further away from you. One of them draws a small knife from his belt, and waves it at you in clear indication that you are not welcome here. They edge towards you, and you notice as you back out of the hut that they all have knives.

Will you attack them (turn to **213**), or will you leave (turn to **525**)?

595

With a swift word of prayer to the gods, you leap into the foaming waters beneath the waterfall. The undercurrents suck you down, and you gasp in water instead of air. The crew of the Egyptian vessel dive into the water to save you, but they dare not swim into the strong eddies which now send you back behind the waterfall. You must pray to your patron (spend 4 Honour points) or be drowned. If you pray, or you are saved by Zeus, go to **288**.

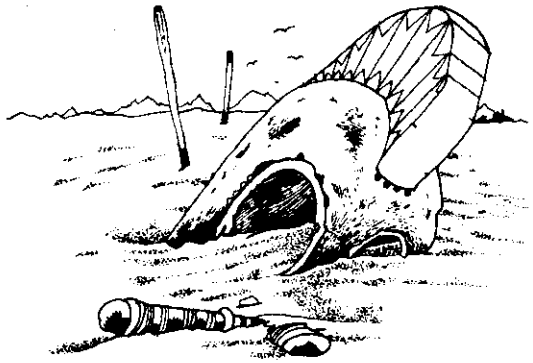

596

As you strike at the seal, the waters part near the beach, and Poseidon, master of the ocean, rises up. In his hand he bears his sharp-pronged trident, and seaweed covers his salt-stained body. Without speaking he plunges the trident into your chest. Zeus will not save those who offend against his brother.

597

You step behind the boulder and begin to push with Sisyphus, but he assumes you are taking over and stands aside.

'Many thanks, friend,' he says. 'I could do with a rest.' The boulder becomes heavier and heavier, or maybe you become weaker and weaker: you cannot tell which. 'I'll be back shortly,' the man adds, and he walks away into the fog, ignoring your protests. Slowly you feel yourself losing your grip on the rock, and it slips away down the hill. You feel compelled to run after it and push it back to the spot where you took over, so that Sisyphus will not feel cheated when he returns. But he never returns.

598

As you reach the gates, two thieves appear as if from nowhere, and stride towards you menacingly. You fumble for a knife, and realize that you have left it in the birdman's costume by the roadside. One of the thieves brings a club round to swing at your head, and when you block it with a forearm, the other hits you on the back with a length of wood, and you fall. They search your pockets and, finding nothing, club you into unconsciousness and leave you to die, which you do.

599

'A wise question,' replies Proteus. 'For what use is knowing how to purge yourself, if you die here on Pharos of starvation. You must go into the heart of the island, and there you will find a bush with red berries and also with white berries. Carefully pick only the red ones, and take these with you across the sea. They are all you need to keep your body from wasting away.' The old man speaks and then he commands his seals away. They all slide back into the sea and you are left alone.

You find the berries; though their taste is sour, they sustain you. Go to **230**.

600

When you reach the top of the hill, you can see that the smoke is from fires, and you run anxiously into the town.

It has been destroyed. The streets are deserted, save for the bodies of a few unarmed old men, lying in doorways. Many buildings have been set alight, and now lie smouldering in the increasingly heavy rain. In the streets there are broken weapons of intricate foreign design. A few rats rummage by the sides of the roads; there is rubble everywhere.

In the ruins of the temple, you find Passes the priest. He has been left for dead, but is still just breathing. He looks up at you without recognition.

'I am Altheus, priest.'

He laughs, and begins to cough blood. 'So, the hero is back. Too late to save your city . . .' His voice trails off.

'What has happened here?'

'Only one people could have done this . . . the Trojans.' His eyes begin to glaze over. 'My gods! Where are you now?'

'My mother, priest! Where is she?'

But the man has died.

A storm begins in earnest. You strip and stand amidst the ruins, breast bared to the rain.

'The Wanderer has returned! What word have you for me now, immortals?'

But the gods have fallen silent, and will speak no more. You look around the ruined city and the rain continues to fall, and a darkness seizes you. You have come home.

And half a thousand miles away in the east, your daughter waits her time, and sharpens her sickle.

THE END

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Steve Jackson

FIGHTING FANTASY

The introductory Role-playing Game

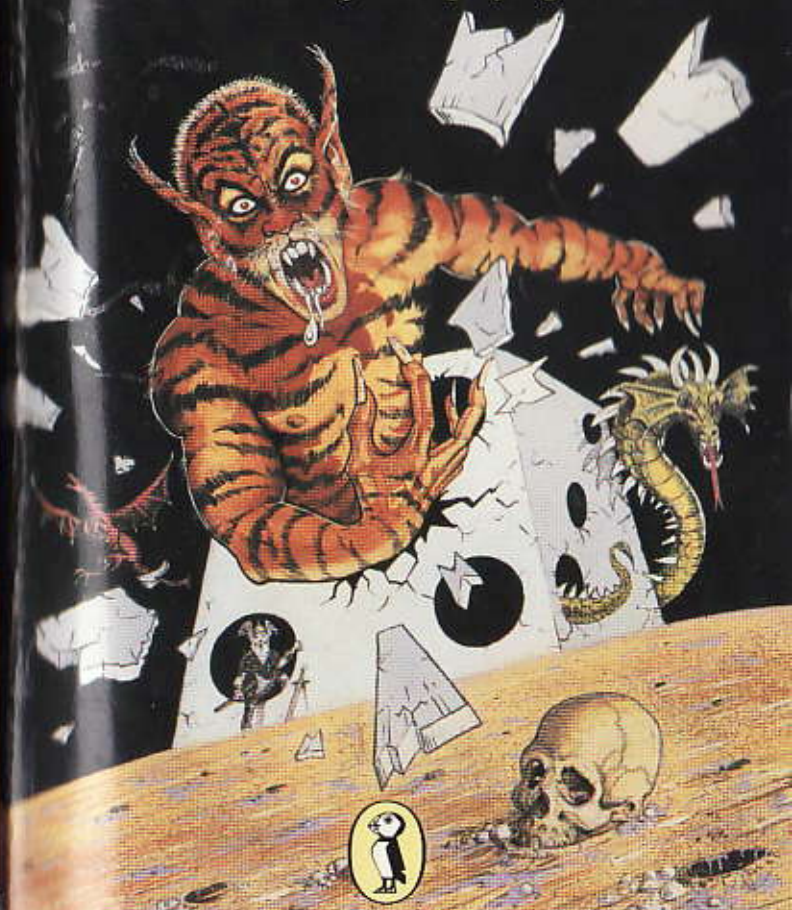

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For John and Mandy

Steve Jackson

FIGHTING FANTASY

An Introductory Role-playing Game

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Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
Penguin Books, 40 West 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1984

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Set in Linotron 11/13pt Palatino by
Rowland Phototypesetting Ltd
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INTRODUCTION

What would it *really* be like to live in a medieval fantasy world?

The Puffin Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks and the Penguin *Sorcery!* series have given hundreds of thousands of readers a taste of worlds of magic monsters and treasures in such a way that *they* are the heroes and heroines. But in terms of realism, it is possible even to go one step further.

Fantasy Gamebooks have their limitations. When entering a room, for example, the reader is normally given only two or three choices, such as: 'Will you fight the creature, or run from the room?', or 'Will you draw your sword, or reach into your pack and pull out the collar-bone of an ox?' In a real situation readers, as heroes and heroines, would quite likely want to try something else, like springing a trap, or even talking to the creature. But in a Fantasy Gamebook it is impossible to cover all these alternatives – without, that is, filling an entire book with all the possible outcomes! *Fighting Fantasy* will teach you how you can run your own fantasy adventures to play with your friends. And in these multi-player adventures you will not be restricted merely to two or three options: *anything* is possible.

It is worth mentioning here the origins of the Fantasy Gamebooks. They are very much simplified versions of Fantasy Role-playing Games, but

written so that one player may play. Many of these role-playing games, like *Dungeons & Dragons*, *RuneQuest*, *Traveller* and *Warhammer*, are quite complicated, and their manufacturers recommend them for twelve-year-olds and over. They refer constantly to charts and tables in the rules and require a lot of book-keeping by the players. But the spirit of role-playing games is not so much the tremendous detail and statistics they go into (although there are many 'walking-encyclopaedia' types who revel in the complications of such games). For most players, the real fun comes from the adventure itself.

This book will show readers how to run their own fantasy worlds and, by keeping rules and book-keeping to a minimum, will allow them to get their friends involved quickly in fast-moving adventures. The rules, or 'game system', will be recognized instantly by Fantasy Gamebook readers. But once readers have got the hang of the rules, there is no limit to how they can be modified and adapted to give games of either greater realism or faster-moving play. Indeed no two people ever play a role-playing game the same way. Inventing and modifying rules is all part of the fun!

1

FROM FANTASY GAMEBOOK TO ROLE-PLAYING GAME

Let's take it for granted that you, the reader, are familiar with *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*. If you have never played a Fantasy Gamebook before, I recommend that you try one before playing *Fighting Fantasy* as it will make the whole thing much easier to follow. To illustrate briefly how *Fighting Fantasy* works, we'll use *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* as an example.

You are an adventurer about to enter the Warlock's dungeon. You have rolled up your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores and you are ready to start. But this time you won't be using the book. *I* am sitting in the room with you. I have in front of me a map of the dungeon drawn out on a sheet of paper. Each room is marked to remind me what monsters and treasures are inside *and this map is hidden from you behind a screen*.

Before you actually enter the dungeon, I'll give you some background information, telling you about the Warlock's riches and the deadly monsters and traps guarding his treasure. This introduction will be something like the 'Rumours' chapter in the book itself. Then I'll describe the cave entrance.

'What do you want to do?' I'll ask. No doubt you'll want to enter the cave – cautiously – and your

adventure will now begin. Looking at my map, and knowing where you are (at the entrance), I'll tell you:

'You step into the cave and walk forwards. The air is cold and cobwebs brush against your face. The cave walls are slimy. A few feet in, you can see nothing but blackness ahead of you. Do you want to keep going?' You'll realize you have forgotten to light your lantern. You'll want to light it before it gets too dark, then continue.

'You light your lantern and continue down the passageway until you reach a T-junction ahead. What will you do next?' In the book, you are only given the option of turning either east or west, but here you may choose to do anything you like. Perhaps you would just like to *look* eastwards and westwards. If so, I'll refer to my map and tell you what you would be able to see from your position. You may want to stop and listen. I would then tell you that you can hear water dripping slowly from the ceiling and also a snoring sound in the distance to the west (the sleeping Orc sentry further down the passage would no doubt be snoring). Let's assume that you look and listen and then decide to take the passageway westwards.

'The snoring gets louder as you walk along the passageway. A few yards on, the passage turns sharply north and set in the rock on the corner is a sentry post. An ugly creature is asleep at its post.' You'll ask me to describe it to determine how strong it is and I'll give you a description. But what will you

do next? In the book you are only given the option of tiptoeing past the sentry. But now you may choose to do anything you like. Will you run it through with your sword? Try to pick its pockets? Turn back the other way? Tiptoe past? Try to snatch its weapon? But you will have to choose quickly, as the guard will wake up if you take your time!

The GamesMaster

From this brief example you can see that, instead of being limited to two or three choices as you are in the book, you may now choose any course of action you like. This is all made possible by the fact that, instead of playing with the *book*, you are now playing with *me*. Role-playing games offer such freedom of choice and flexibility because one of the players 'controls' the game. This controller is known as the *GamesMaster*, or GM for short.

The GamesMaster runs the adventure as the book does in the Fantasy Gamebook series. But since human beings are much more adaptable than a book could ever be, the scope of the adventure is limitless. The GM is a sort of 'god' in the world in which the adventure takes place. He or she must describe the passageways, tell you how a monster will react to your decisions, speak for the creatures you try to talk to, and so on.

An ideal GamesMaster must first of all be familiar with the rules. Chapters 3–5 give all the basic rules

for the game. These rules do not cover *all* the possible situations which can come up in a game, which would be impossible, as you will realize.

Our ideal GamesMaster must also have a vivid imagination. He or she must be able to *imagine* what is happening and what is likely to happen and must put this over to the players, building up the atmosphere of the adventure.

Lastly, a good GamesMaster must be quick-thinking. This is important not only to keep the adventure going at a fast pace so that the players do not get bored, but also to decide quickly whether the adventurers are successful or not in their plans. The rules given here will tell you how to judge all the common situations which are likely to arise, but the GamesMaster will often find that players choose courses of action and plans which are not covered in the rules. Here he or she will have to decide quickly whether or not a plan will work and what dice rolls (if any) the players must make.

The Adventurers

In the example we have just used, you were the only adventurer. But there is no reason why there shouldn't be any number of adventurers. In practice it becomes a little difficult to run an adventure with more than six adventurers. If more than six play, all the decisions tend to be made by the same three or four people, and often the party splits up into two or three groups, making GamesMastering a hectic job.

The adventurers enter the dungeon, for example, as a party and they are all trying to complete the quest that the GamesMaster has set for them (for example, find the Warlock's treasure). They must each roll up their individual SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. They will have backpacks to hold their treasures, lanterns to light their way and Provisions to restore their STAMINA. Then they must explore the GM's dungeon, trying their best to survive. In every situation, whether standing at a crossroads or fighting a monster in a room, they must decide between themselves what to do. They announce their decision to the GM, who then tells them what the consequences of their actions are. Thus the adventure unfolds.

Although *Fighting Fantasy* is called a game, it is not really a game in the normal sense of the word. There are no winners or losers. To be successful the players must cooperate rather than compete. But you will be surprised at how your own friends' personalities come out in the game. One may be greedy and always want more than a fair share of any treasure; one may be cowardly and always be the last to join in a fight; another may be the 'berserker' type who always rushes headlong into every battle, lusting for blood!

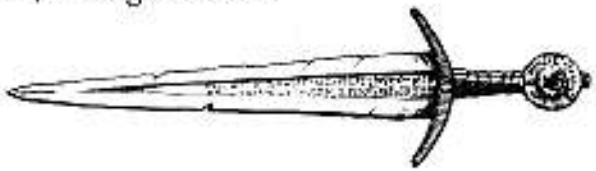

2

THE GAMESMASTER

Really, the only thing to learn about *Fighting Fantasy* is how to become a GamesMaster. The adventurers need know very little about the rules of the game at the start, as they will just explore, and fight (or run away from) monsters. But learning GamesMastering skills will take some patience and hard work on your part.

Imagine that you are Zeus, King of the Gods, sitting on top of Mount Olympus and watching us mere mortals conducting our daily lives down here on earth. You have ultimate power. You can make anything happen. And we, as humans, are at your mercy. But you are not an evil god. You are very fond of your subjects. You keep an eye out to make sure that we live according to your own rules and wishes, but grant us freedom to do what we want with our lives.

This is the role of GamesMaster. As a sort of 'god' watching over the world in which the adventure takes place, you must watch over and control these adventures. As you can imagine, being a 'god' is not an easy task. It is a skill which improves with practice and experience.

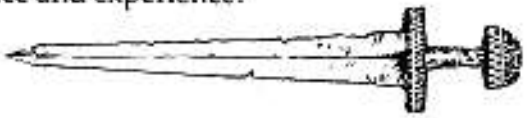

Two ready-made adventures are given in this book. The first, 'The Wishing Well', is a short adventure designed for first-time GamesMasters. 'Shaggradd's Hives of Peril' is a longer adventure for experienced GamesMasters. They are both well illustrated in the Fantasy Gamebook style. These illustrations will help bring the adventures to life inside everyone's imaginations.

As suggested on pages 238–9, there is no reason why you shouldn't design your own adventures. But here we'll concentrate on how to run your first adventure, 'The Wishing Well'.

'The Wishing Well'

On page 64 you will find a map of the whole scenario, in this case an eighteen-room dungeon (not all of the encounters are in rooms, but for convenience we'll call each 'encounter area' a 'room'). The players will enter down the dried-up well (room 1) and can then explore the rest of the dungeon.

Each area of the map (room) is coded with a number. These numbers correspond to references on the following pages. The references describe what is in – and what is likely to happen in – the rooms. Usually on the left-hand page is a picture of the room, which can be shown to the players. On the next page is the reference number and a small location map (so the GM can easily keep track of

where the adventurers are without having to keep turning back to the main map).

The text is in two parts. The section printed in *italic* is to be read out to the other players as they enter the room. Following this (not printed in italic) are the GamesMaster's notes. *The players should never see the GM's notes.* These describe the monsters, tricks, traps and treasures which will be found in the room, together with special rules on what to do if the players decide to do such-and-such.

Read through the entire Wishing Well adventure. You'll notice that it is similar to a Fantasy Gamebook adventure, but with slightly altered rules to allow more people to play and more freedom of choice.

Starting the Adventure

Once you have read through 'The Wishing Well' several times, you will become familiar with the different rooms and what happens in them. Then you are ready to begin an adventure.

The players must be shown how to create their

own characters. By rolling dice they will determine the SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores of their own adventurer characters. This is described in Chapter 3. They must also be told what they are trying to do (in this case they are exploring the dungeon looking for treasure). They will also have to be told a little about some of the rules, but not a lot. Tell them:

What their SKILL score represents and how it is used in battle.

The importance of preserving their STAMINA; how they can lose STAMINA and how it may be restored.

How they go about *Testing their Luck*, and how LUCK can always be used in battles.

Explain their initial equipment: sword, backpack, lantern, Provisions (and Potions if they are playing a more advanced adventure).

But this is all they need to know! The beauty of *Fighting Fantasy* is that the players need to be told very little to get them going. Once inside the dungeon, they just have to tell the GM what they want to do each time they are asked.

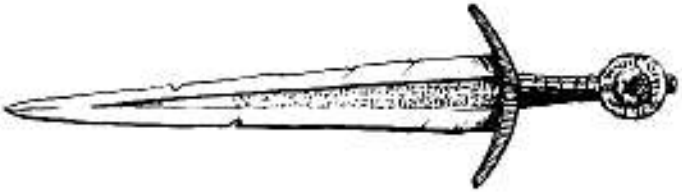

Conducting the Game

When the adventurers set off into the dungeon, it is your job as GamesMaster to control the adventure. You must keep track of where they are in the dungeon, and describe the passageways they walk along and the junctions that they arrive at. Apart from reference 2 in 'The Wishing Well', corridors and passageways are not described in the text – you must do this from your map.

When they enter a room, you must read out to them the description (in italic) on the right-hand page. Covering up the text with a sheet of paper, you must then show them the picture of the room. They must then tell you what they want to do.

This is where GamesMastering becomes interesting. They may choose to do anything. Some of these choices (the most likely ones) will be covered in the GM's notes. If they make these choices, the text will tell you how to deal with them. They may choose a course of action which is covered in Chapter 5. But often they will choose to do things which are not covered by either of these. How do you GamesMaster these choices? This is the most skilful – and also the most enjoyable – aspect of being a GM. We shall call this 'Creative GamesMastering'.

Creative GamesMastering

It is impossible to give rules for every possible action that the players may choose. Being a good GamesMaster involves being able to judge how successful any of the party's plans might be. You may decide that a particular plan will work without 'testing' its chance of success. For example, if they walk into a room leaving the door open behind them, then see a monster on the far side of the room, they may want to run back out of the room. In real life, the monster would never be able to get to them in time, so you would probably allow them to escape without difficulty.

In other situations, they may suggest a plan which may or may not work. You will have to decide what you judge the chance of success to be. This may involve someone *Testing their Luck* or rolling against their SKILL or STAMINA. In other situations, you may just decide that such a plan has a 2 in 6 or 4 in 6, etc., chance of success and roll a die to decide whether it works or not.

To give an example, let's say the party have discovered a Hobgoblin inside a room. They have some rope and they have decided they will try to trick the creature. Two of them will stand outside the door with the rope across the doorway. One of them will pop his head round the door and blow raspberries at the Hobgoblin trying to annoy it into running out of the room after him. As the Hobgoblin runs through the door, the other two will pull on

the rope and trip it up. How can we GamesMaster this situation?

Clearly no Hobgoblin likes to have raspberries blown at it. The Hobgoblin would most likely be very annoyed. As Hobgoblins are stupid and very aggressive, I would give a 5 in 6 chance that the Hobgoblin chases its tormentor out of the door. I roll one die, roll a 3, and declare that the Hobgoblin comes running out of the room. Whether or not the two adventurers by the door succeed in tripping the Hobgoblin up will depend on their own skill and timing. I would require them both to roll two dice and compare the total with their SKILL scores. If they roll numbers less than their SKILLS, then their plan will work. If either rolls equal to or higher than their SKILL, then the plan fails and the party are faced with an angry Hobgoblin out in the corridor with them.

If you study the text of 'The Wishing Well' adventure, you will notice several instances which tell you how to judge if the party do certain things. But there is no doubt that the party will not restrict their choices just to these actions. As GamesMaster you will constantly have to be making on-the-spot decisions about whether or not their plans will work.

Skill, Stamina, Luck and Probability

Your four measures are SKILL, STAMINA, LUCK and what we will call *Probability*. Any plans which would depend on how *skilful* an adventurer is (feats of strength, intelligence, persuasion, etc.) can be decided by rolling against SKILL (a roll less than the individual's SKILL score means success). Any plans that would rely on *luck* (for example, whether an adventurer falling down a pit lands safely or hurts himself, or how an adventurer fares at a game of chance) should involve them *Testing their Luck*.

The GamesMaster may, as he or she sees fit, make *modifications* to these dice rolls (before the dice are thrown) by awarding bonuses or imposing penalties on the rolls. For example, an adventurer may be trying to persuade a wizard to give him some treasure. As GM you have decided that the adventurer will have to roll against SKILL as described above. But as the wizard is probably quite intelligent and may see through the adventurer's plan, the GM may impose a 2-point penalty or 'modifier' on the dice roll, making it more difficult to succeed.

An adventurer's STAMINA is a measure of fitness. If an adventurer's STAMINA is high, he is more likely to succeed at things than if he is on his last legs (STAMINA is low). Very few – if any – rolls will be made against STAMINA itself, but the GM should always keep an eye on an adventurer's STAMINA. A particularly high or low STAMINA should influence whether or not a modifier is used.

Any events, actions or reactions that do not depend on the adventurers themselves (for instance, whether or not a Hobgoblin will chase an adventurer through a door) should be decided by Probability rolls. Here the GM decides that a certain action has a 1 in 6, 2 in 6, 5 in 6, etc., chance of happening. Then a single die is rolled to see whether it happens or not. For example if the GM has decided that there is a 4 in 6 chance that a single Orc the party has just come across will try to escape from them, one die is thrown. If the number rolled is 4 or less, the action happens (in this case, the Orc hightails it away from them).

Certain situations, though, are common to most games. Chapter 5 deals with these one by one, in alphabetical order.

GamesMastering in Action

The following example will illustrate how an adventure in 'The Wishing Well' might actually run. Note how the GamesMaster (GM) judges each situation and in particular how he decides what happens when the adventurers' choices are not covered in the rules.

In this game we have three adventurers: Armstrong (A), Bigneck (B) and Crystal (C). They have rolled up their scores and are ready to start:

	SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
ARMSTRONG	8	23	7
BIGNECK	11	20	8
CRYSTAL	8	19	10

The GM has described the introduction to the adventure; they are standing at the top of the well looking down.

A: What can we see down there?

GM: [*Seeing that the well is deep and there is no light at the bottom*] You can't see the bottom of the well. It's just black down there.

C: I wonder if there is any water down there. I'll throw a stone down the well.

GM: [*Thinking that the well is dried up, but the bottom of the well is likely to be a little muddy as it is underground*] You hear the stone hit the bottom of the well, making a dull 'plop'.

C: Sounds like it's muddy down there. Does the rope tied to the bucket look like it will take the weight of a person?

GM: Yes.

B: Well, I'll lower the rope down to the bottom and climb down it.

GM: Okay, you climb down the rope. [*Then whispering to B, so the others can't hear*] You find yourself at the bottom of a dried-up well. The walls are caked with dried mud and the ground underfoot is

muddy. Leading off northwards from the well shaft is a narrow passageway. [*Shows B the picture.*]

B: I shout back to the surface and tell the others. Okay, Armstrong and Crystal, you can come down. It's safe. There's a passageway leading off to the north.

A: I'll climb down the rope.

C: Me too.

GM: Right. You're all at the bottom of the well. [*Shows them all the picture.*]

C: Let's look up this passageway. What can we see?

GM: Not much. It's very dark. The passageway stretches ahead.

A: Let's go up the passageway.

GM: Are you all walking up the passageway?

B and C: Yes.

GM: [*Reading the GM's notes, there is a chance that they will stumble on the rocky floor as it is dark and they have not lit their lanterns. The GM rolls one die for each of them: the roll is a 4 for A; a 1 for B and a 5 for C.*] It's very dark. You all grope along the passageway. Bigneck slips on a loose rock and falls over, grazing his knee – lose 1 STAMINA point. The passageway continues for some twenty metres and then ends in a sturdy door. The walls of the passageway are rocky and the ground underfoot is muddy. [*Shows them the picture.*]

B: We should have lit our lanterns. We all light our lanterns.

GM: Okay.

A: What's this door like? Is it locked?

GM: [*Giving A a sly smile*] Do you want to try the handle?

A: Er . . .

C: No. First I'll listen at the door.

GM: [*Reads the description of room 3. There are birds flying about in there.*] You hear a faint twittering coming from inside.

C: A twittering! What, like birds?

GM: Could be; or could be mice. You can't tell. That sort of noise, though.

B: Well I'm not afraid of birds or mice. Let's try the handle. I'll grab the handle and try to open the door.

GM: It is locked.

A: We're not going to get much further if we don't get into this room. Let's charge the door down.

B: Yes, okay. Off you go, then. Give it a good thump.

A: I try to charge the door down.

GM: Roll two dice, Armstrong. [*Armstrong rolls 6. His* SKILL *is 8, but the door will not open.*] The door creaks, but does not open. Lose 1 STAMINA point, Armstrong. Suddenly a deep voice resounds around the corridor: 'Beware, unwelcome visitors! Anyone who enters faces certain death within!' The voice seems to have come from the door itself.

B: Well I'm certainly not frightened of a *door*! Hit it again, Armstrong.

A: No, *you* hit it! I've just lost a STAMINA point!

B: All right then, I'll charge the door.

GM: Roll two dice. [*The GM knows what will happen – the door will fly open – but as far as the party is concerned, this is just another ordinary locked door. To keep them in the dark, they must still roll dice as normal.*] As you charge at the door, it flies open in front of you. You go flying headlong into the room, trip up, and bang your head on the ground. Lose 1 STAMINA point.

B: How come I'm always falling over? All right then, what can I see inside the room?

A and C: We're looking into the room as well.

The GM reads out the description of room 3 and shows them the picture. The party then starts to discuss what they should do. The GM reads the notes.

A: Hello. Er, we're new around here. Just visiting. Who are you?

GM: They call me Thrushbeard, on account of my pets. Who are you? And who are you visiting?

A: Oh, we're just looking around . . .

C: Yes, we're looking for, er, Trueblade, a friend of ours. Do you know where he might be?

GM: I've never heard of a *Trueblade* here. Here, have a nut. [*He tosses each a little nut.*] Go on, taste them. They're very nice!

A: Thank you. [*Then he whispers to the others*] Should we eat these things? They might be poisonous.

C: [*Whispers*] I don't know.

B: [*Whispers*] I don't like this little runt. Let's attack him!

GM: What was that you said?

B: Er, nothing . . . [*Whispers to the others*] Come on, let's leap on him.

C: [*Whispers to B*] No, he might be able to tell us something about the dungeon. He seems harmless enough. [*To the GM*] Tell us, Thrushbeard, what's beyond these doors?

GM: Come on, come on. Eat up your nuts. Do you think I'm trying to poison you? That's not very friendly, is it? I've been eating them all day!

A: All right, I'll try one of his nuts. I pop the nut into my mouth and eat it.

GM: [*Rolls one die to see whether it is bad or not. Rolls a 5. The nut is good.*] You chew the nut. It is quite tasty. Thrushbeard says: 'That's more like it. Now you others.'

B and C: Okay, we both eat our nuts.

GM: [*Rolls a die for each of them. Rolls a 1 and a 4.*] Bigneck's nut tastes bitter and gives him pains in the stomach. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Crystal's nut tastes fine. Thrushbeard smiles and says: 'That's more like it. I enjoy sharing food with friends. You wanted to know about the other doors? Well, you won't find any other friends down here – they're an evil lot. If you go through the north door here, you'll be making your way towards the inner chambers. But if you're trying to meet the King, you're wasting your time. You can't get through to him without the Crystal Key. Anyway, it was nice chatting to you.

B: [*Mutters to the others*] Give me a rotten nut, would he? Come on, let's kill him!

C: [*Whispers to B*] Don't be stupid. We won't gain anything by killing him. [*To the GM*] Thank you, Thrushbeard. Yes, we'll be on our way now. By the way, I don't suppose you could tell us where the Crystal Key *is*, could you?

GM: I would if I could, but I can't. I don't know where it is.

The party decide to start looking for the key. They leave Thrushbeard's room through the west door. The GM turns to room 12.

GM: You walk along a corridor which ends some distance ahead at a wooden door.

A: I go up to the door and listen.

GM: [*Checks his notes.*] You hear nothing.

A: I'll try the handle.

GM: [*Checks the Doors section of Chapter 5. Rolls one die. Rolls a 3. The door is unlocked.*] The handle turns. The door is unlocked.

A: I open the door *slowly* and look inside.

B and C: We all look inside.

The GM reads out the description of room 12 and shows them the picture.

A: This looks a bit suspicious. Shall I go inside and have a look down the pit?

C: No. Let's go back to Thrushbeard's room and try one of the other doors.

A: Okay. We'll go back.

GM: Right. You walk along the corridor and into the room. Thrushbeard looks a little startled and says: 'You back again? I thought you'd gone.'

A: We thought we'd try the east door instead. Is that all right?

GM: Of course! Go ahead!

And so the adventure continues. From this little illustration, you can see how important it is to keep the game flowing, and how essential it is to *play roles* during the game. The GM has to be aware of what is happening and what is likely to happen. And the GM has to *become* Thrushbeard while the party are talking to him.

Other Essentials of GamesMastering

The above illustration should give you a good idea of how an adventure might actually run. Read through 'The Wishing Well' adventure (pages 64–119) several times until you are familiar with the rooms and what is likely to happen. Then read the sections below. When you have finished this chapter, you should have a good idea of what GamesMastering is all about.

Dice

You should have at least four dice available for the game. As GM, you will need two constantly, as you will be making lots of dice rolls. The other two are for the adventurers. Dice can be used from board games or bought at games or hobby shops.

You will soon realize that, if you only roll dice when this is called for in the rules, you will be letting

the players know more than they should. If, for example, they are searching a room with a secret door in the north wall and you only roll your dice when someone says: 'I'm searching the north wall', then it will immediately be obvious that there is something on that wall but none of the others. You must make lots of fake rolls as the game progresses. If you do this, the adventurers will never know whether a dice roll actually means anything or not.

While on the subject of dice, note that many of the rooms in 'The Wishing Well' say that such-and-such will have a 1 in 6 or 4 in 6, etc., chance of happening. What this means is that you must roll one die to see whether this event happens or not. If, for example, we take room 3: '. . . each nut has a 1 in 6 chance of being bad . . .' As GM, you will tell the adventurers that the Dwarf has thrown each of them a nut and is now trying to persuade them to eat it. When anyone does eat one, the GM must secretly test whether the nut is bad or not. Each nut has a 1 in 6 chance of being bad (and causing STAMINA penalties). So the GM will throw one die. If the result is a 1, then the nut is bad. If the result is anything else, the nut is good. This should be repeated for each nut as it is eaten. If the odds are high (see room 10, where there is a 4 in 6 chance that the Octopus will attack), then there is more chance of the event happening. In the Octopus example above, a roll of 1, 2, 3 or 4 will cause the Octopus to attack. This is just an easier way of describing possible events than saying, 'Roll one die. If the result is 1, 2, 3 or 4, then the Octopus attacks.'

Recording

As well as dice, you will also need to record times and what is happening in battles. For recording things like this, you must always have a pencil and some paper to scribble notes. In other words, your GamesMaster's kit will consist of: two dice, a pencil, some paper, a clock or watch, and this book.

The players will need: their *Adventure Sheets*, a pencil, paper (ideally graph paper) for their map, and at least two dice between them.

Atmosphere

A good GamesMaster is one who can conjure up 'atmosphere' in the game. This is not something that comes naturally, but a skill that comes from experience – and a certain amount of familiarity with the rules. You need a 'feel' for the game and to be quick-thinking enough to react immediately to the instructions given by the adventurers. If the adventurers suggest a course of action which is not covered by the given notes to a room, a good GM will adapt quickly to give a realistic outcome. To a certain extent, this involves making things up on the spot – particularly when the adventurers are talking to a creature they have just come across. The only rule that can be given here is: imagine this is a real situation – what is *likely* to happen? As GM you are 'god' and whatever you say goes. But it must be realistic.

To conjure up atmosphere, you must be something of an actor. When the Dwarf in room 3 talks to

the adventurers, put on a Dwarf's voice. The Dwarf will be quite hurt when the adventurers are suspicious of the nuts. Reflect this in the way you talk to them (as the Dwarf). When the party enter room 4 and touch something (causing a rumbling) be very dramatic about the rumbling. When they enter room 5 and meet Nandras, talk to them (as Nandras) in a confident tone; Nandras knows that he cannot be harmed. You'll soon get the hang of it.

Time

Many of the instructions in 'The Wishing Well' involve time-keeping. You should have a clock or watch with a second hand with you. If the party enter room 5, for example, you will have to note the exact time they walk through the door. Exactly one minute later, Nandras's room will start to materialize. If they kill the Mummy in room 6 but do not burn it to death, it will return to life exactly twenty minutes later. You need to remember all this.

3

THE ADVENTURERS

If you are now fairly confident of your Games-Mastering abilities, you are ready to play. All that remains is to prepare the other players, who will be the 'characters' or 'adventurers' in the game, for their adventure.

Before the game can start, they must determine their own strengths and weaknesses. Readers of *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* will be familiar with this procedure. SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores for each of the adventurers must be determined.

The Adventure Sheet

Over the page is an *Adventure Sheet*. Each of the players must be given a copy of this sheet. If you can get to a photocopier, permission is given to photocopy this sheet (but for use in your own games only). If you do not have access to a photocopier, pieces of plain paper can be used to note down details.

Handing out dice to the players, you must now instruct them on how to 'roll up their characters' and enter the scores on their *Adventure Sheets*.

Finally, you will give them their allowances of

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

EQUIPMENT LIST

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

equipment (see pages 41–2). These should also be recorded on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Then they are ready to start. It's as simple as that!

They will no doubt start to ask you about the rules of this game. But you need tell them very little, as they must simply decide their choice of action as you describe their surroundings. Telling them little about the rules is actually very realistic. Imagine that they are real fantasy adventurers off on their first quest. Being inexperienced novices they would no doubt make quite a few bad choices and mistakes. They would, however, learn a lot from their first adventure and, the second time they explored, they would be that much more wise.

This is one of the beauties of role-playing games. Beginners need be told little about the rules and the game gets started very quickly. Players learn the rules as they go along – the more experienced they are, the better players they become.

You will have to tell the players a little about their SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores as they roll up their characters. They will also need to know a little about how to fight monsters, which is described in the next chapter.

Skill

An adventurer's SKILL *is determined by rolling one die and adding 6 to the result.*

The SKILL score indicates an adventurer's own skills in a variety of areas: swordsmanship and general fighting abilities; problem-solving; strength; intelligence; etc. The higher the SKILL score, the better.

Stamina

An adventurer's STAMINA *is determined by rolling two dice and adding 12 to the result.*

STAMINA is a measurement of a character's energy; the higher the better. It represents fitness, will to survive, determination and general constitution. Injury and exhaustion whittle away an adventurer's STAMINA, although it may be replenished (for instance, by eating Provisions). An adventurer dies if his or her STAMINA score is ever reduced to zero. So be careful.

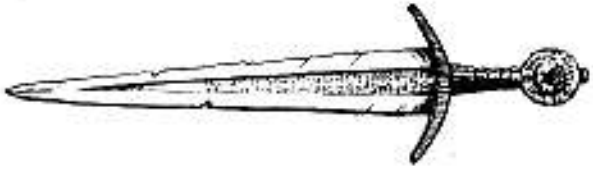

Luck and Testing for Luck

An adventurer's LUCK *is determined by rolling one die and adding 6 to the result.*

LUCK is a fact of life in *Fighting Fantasy*. The higher the LUCK score, the luckier that character is. At certain times during an adventure, a character may be required to *Test for Luck* to determine whether a given situation may go for or against that character. Sometimes an adventurer may wish to *Test for Luck* of his or her own choice in order to try and make a situation go favourably.

The procedure for *Testing for Luck* is as follows. An adventurer *Testing for Luck* must roll two dice and compare the total rolled with his or her LUCK score. If the number rolled is *equal to or less than* the LUCK score, the adventurer has been Lucky and the result will go in his favour. If the number rolled is *higher than* the LUCK score, then the adventurer has been Unlucky and the result will go against him.

Each time LUCK is used in this way, the adventurer must reduce his or her LUCK score (on the *Adventure Sheet*) by one point, whether the result has been Lucky or Unlucky. Thus you will realize that the more LUCK is used, the riskier it becomes to use in future.

LUCK can be replenished by finding and using certain artefacts such as Lucky Charms, Potions and so on.

LUCK may also be used in battles at a player's own choice to increase or decrease the effects of wounds. This is explained in the next chapter.

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

A player's SKILL score will not change much during an adventure. Some traps or special penalties may reduce SKILL. Some Magic Spells or Magic Weapons may increase SKILL. But in the case of Magic Weapons, remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! A player cannot gain two SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Drinking a measure of the Potion of Skill will restore a player's SKILL score to its *Initial* level.

Stamina

A player's STAMINA will change constantly during an adventure as monsters, exhaustion and penalties take their toll. STAMINA is restored by eating Provisions. Each player starts the game with a certain number of Provisions which can be eaten at (almost)

any time during the adventure. Eating Provisions restores 4 STAMINA points. As the number of 'units' of Provisions is limited, players must be careful to manage their Provisions wisely. Remember that a player's STAMINA may never exceed its *Initial* level.

STAMINA may also be restored to its *Initial* level by drinking a measure of the Potion of Strength.

Luck

A player's LUCK score is reduced by one point each time he or she *Tests for Luck*. LUCK may be replenished in two ways. In certain situations where the player has been particularly fortunate (for example, finding a key which is the only way through to the treasure room), the GM should award *Luck bonuses* (usually between 1 and 3 LUCK points). Remember that LUCK scores may never exceed their *Initial* level.

LUCK may also be restored by drinking a measure of the Potion of Fortune. This will restore LUCK to its *Initial* level *and* increase the *Initial* level permanently by one point. If, for example, a player's *Initial* LUCK score was 9 and this had been reduced (by *Testing for Luck*) to 5, then drinking a measure from the Potion of Fortune would add one to the old *Initial* level (9) and restore LUCK to a new *Initial* level of 10.

Mapping

Players will find it invaluable to keep their own map of the areas they have explored. As their aim will usually be to get out of the dungeon with as much

treasure as possible, they will need to be able to find their way back to the entrance and this will not be easy unless they have been keeping a map.

They can record their own map on a piece of paper (graph paper is especially useful here). But they must decide beforehand exactly who is keeping the map. If the map-keeper dies during the adventure, then the rest of the party may be able to rescue the map. But if the map-keeper disappears, or is otherwise separated from the party (for instance, falls through a trap door or into a pit), then the map disappears with him. If this happens, the GM should snatch away the map they have been keeping. The rest of the party will then have to rely on their memory to find their way out!

Equipment

Each player will start the game with a few items of essential equipment which no fantasy adventurer should leave home without:

A Sword
A Backpack
A Lantern
Provisions
Potions of Skill, Strength or Fortune (optional)

Sword. The sword is the most common and the most useful weapon. If a player loses his sword, he will be severely weakened in battles.

Backpack. A rucksack or haversack used for

storing treasures and any artefacts found along the way.

Lantern. Essential for dungeon and night-time adventures to allow the players to see their ways. A Lantern comes with enough fuel for one adventure. Day-time overland adventures will not need Lanterns.

Provisions. Food and drink which may be taken at any time during the adventure to restore STAMINA points. Provisions are measured in units (equivalent to a meal's worth) and the GM must decide how many Provisions the adventurers are allowed at the start. This will depend on the size and length of the scenario. As a rough guide, the GM should allow 2 Provisions each on a short adventure and 10 each on a long adventure. The GM must also approve of when Provisions are eaten. Eating Provisions in the middle of a battle would not be allowed. Eating Provisions in a quiet corridor would be okay.

Potions. At the GM's option, the players may be allowed to take a Potion of Skill, Strength or Fortune (their choice) each. Each Potion has two measures and drinking a measure will restore a player's SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK to its *Initial* level.

4

FIGHTING MONSTERS

Each creature has a SKILL, STAMINA and ATTACKS score and these are printed in the relevant sections of the adventure.

SKILL and STAMINA scores for monsters mean exactly the same as they do for the adventurers. ATTACKS is a new characteristic, introduced in *Fighting Fantasy* as there can be more than one adventurer involved in a battle. ATTACKS is the number of adventurers that a monster can fight *at the same time*. Most monsters have an ATTACKS score of 1, which means they can only fight one adventurer at a time. Stronger monsters will have ATTACKS scores of 2 or more. This means that they can fight two or more adventurers at the same time. This is explained in more detail below.

Battles

The sequence of combat is:

1. The GM rolls two dice for the creature and adds its SKILL to this roll. This is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. The adventurer rolls two dice and adds his or her own SKILL. This is the adventurer's Attack Strength.

3. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than the adventurer's, then the creature has wounded the adventurer. The adventurer must deduct 2 STAMINA points. LUCK may be used here by the adventurer to minimize the effects of the wound (see below).
4. If the adventurer's Attack Strength is higher than the creature's, then the adventurer has wounded the creature. The GM must deduct 2 STAMINA points from the creature. LUCK may be used here by the adventurer to inflict extra damage (see below).
5. If the two Attack Strengths are equal, then both have avoided each other's blows. Neither side takes any damage.
6. Once adjustments to STAMINA scores (if any) have been made, this Attack Round has been completed. The next Attack Round is then started (repeat steps 1–5).
7. This is continued until the STAMINA of either the creature or the adventurer has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

In some situations, the GamesMaster may allow adventurers to run away from a battle (see also page 54). If an adventurer wishes to *Escape* from a battle, and the GM allows it, the creature will automatically inflict a final wound as the adventurer flees (deduct 2 STAMINA points – but LUCK may also be used in the normal way). Such is the price of cowardice.

Using Luck in Battles

Adventurers always have the option of using LUCK during a battle either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature or to minimize the effect of wounds struck against themselves.

If an adventurer has just wounded a creature, he or she may *Test for Luck* in the usual way (see pages 38–9). If the adventurer is Lucky, then a severe wound has been struck and the creature must lose an *extra* 2 STAMINA points. If the adventurer is Unlucky, then the wound was a mere graze and 1 STAMINA point must be restored to the creature (that is, only 1 STAMINA point has been deducted instead of the normal 2).

If the adventurer has just been wounded by a creature, then he or she may also *Test for Luck*. In this case, if the adventurer is Lucky, 1 STAMINA point is restored (so the result is a deduction of 1 STAMINA point instead of the normal 2). If the adventurer is

Unlucky, then the blow is more serious and an *extra* STAMINA point must be deducted.

Remember that in both these cases, the adventurer has *Tested for Luck* and 1 LUCK point must be deducted from his or her LUCK score.

Multiple Battles

Multiple Battles are all battles *except* those in which one adventurer fights one monster. In *Fighting Fantasy*, most battles will be Multiple Battles.

The actual battle procedure is the same for all battles, whether Multiple or not. Both sides roll Attack Strengths, compare, deduct STAMINA points, etc. But when more than two opponents are fighting, the *Order of Battle* (who fights who) is important.

The Order of Battle is decided according to a general rule that anyone (including creatures) who wants to fight, must fight each Attack Round. This general rule is illustrated below with examples.

The ATTACKS score of a creature comes into play in Multiple Battles. This ATTACKS score is the maximum number of adventurers that a creature can fight in one Attack Round. An ATTACKS score of 1 means it can only attack one adventurer each Attack Round. An ATTACKS score of 3 means it can attack up to three adventurers in an Attack Round. All adventurers automatically have an ATTACKS score of 1.

Here are three examples which between them cover most situations likely to arise in *Fighting Fantasy* adventures.

Example 1: Three Adventurers versus One Goblin

Three adventurers are surrounding a poor, solitary Goblin in a room. They close in to attack. The Goblin has an ATTACKS score of 1. This means it can only attack one adventurer each Attack Round.

First of all, the GM must decide which of the adventurers will be attacked by the Goblin. This is normally done by rolling a die to choose an adventurer at random: for example, 1–2 means it attacks adventurer A, 3–4 means adventurer B and 5–6 means adventurer C. Let's say the GM rolled a 5. The Goblin will attack C this round.

The GM then rolls two dice and determines the Goblin's Attack Strength. Adventurer C rolls two dice and determines his Attack Strength. Wounds (if any) are recorded as normal. The Goblin's Attack Strength is noted, to be compared with the other adventurers.

Adventurers A and B then both roll dice and announce their own Attack Strengths. If either or both of these are higher than the Goblin's Attack Strength, then their blows inflict normal wounds on the Goblin. But if either (or both) are *lower* than the Goblin's Attack Strength, *they are not harmed*. The Goblin could not attack them as it has an ATTACKS score of 1. It could only attack one adventurer and it has already attacked C. So neither A nor B will take

any damage – no matter what the difference in Attack Strengths – as the Goblin was unable to attack them.

In the next Attack Round, the GM will dice again to decide whether the Goblin attacks A, B or C, and the procedure is repeated. Note that the GM does not *have* to choose an adventurer at random. It is entirely up to the GM which adventurer the Goblin attacks (after all, the GM *is* the Goblin). One of the adventurers may have stolen the Goblin's treasure, in which case the Goblin would be more likely to concentrate on attacking this adventurer.

Example 2: Four Adventurers versus One Giant Octopus

This is an encounter which may come up in 'The Wishing Well' adventure. Again we have a number of adventurers against a single monster, but this time the monster has an ATTACKS score of 8. The Octopus can attack up to eight adventurers at once.

But if a monster's ATTACKS score is greater than the number of adventurers, *this does not mean that it gets extra attacks*. The ATTACKS score is the maximum number of adventurers it can fight at once. It is not an indication of the number of attacks it can automatically have each round.

The adventurers splash into the water and the GM announces that each of them feels something wrapping itself around their legs. In front of them a great bulbous head rears out of the water and the Octopus attacks. The GM rolls two dice for the

Octopus, adds its SKILL and announces its Attack Strength. This Attack Strength *will apply to each of the adventurers*. Each of the four adventurers will then roll the dice and announce their own Attack Strengths. Anyone whose Attack Strength is lower than the Octopus's Attack Strength will take damage. Anyone whose Attack Strength is higher than the Octopus's will wound the creature. Once STAMINA deductions are made, the next Attack Round will follow.

Note that here, the Octopus's Attack Strength is compared to all four adventurers. It can fight up to eight adventurers at once. The Goblin above could only fight one adventurer. If nine adventurers had attacked the Octopus, then the GM would have had to decide which adventurer was *not* being attacked by the Octopus, and this adventurer could have had a 'safe' attack against the creature.

Note also that the Octopus only rolls once – not four times – for Attack Strength; and the Octopus cannot use up its four spare ATTACKS to fight each adventurer twice in an Attack Round.

Example 3: Two Adventurers versus Two Calacorms and One Skeleton

In this example, there are more monsters than adventurers. Calacorms have an ATTACKS score of 2, while Skeletons have an ATTACKS score of 1.

When more than one monster is involved in a fight, the GM should first ask the adventurers which monsters they wish to fight. Let's say

adventurer A chooses the first Calacorm and adventurer B chooses the Skeleton.

Those monsters that have been selected will fight back at their attackers. Any spare monsters will usually select an adventurer at random to attack (toss a coin or throw a die – but again this is up to the GM's discretion).

In this case the Attack Round between adventurer A and the Calacorm is fought as normal. Then adventurer B fights the Skeleton as normal. Let's say the second Calacorm has chosen to attack adventurer B. This will be a 'safe' attack on B, comparing the Calacorm's Attack Strength with that already rolled for B. If the Calacorm's Attack Strength is higher, it wounds B. If the creature's Attack Strength is lower, it is not wounded, as B has already used up his only attack on the Skeleton.

This example is interesting in that both adventurers may have chosen to attack the first Calacorm. Having an ATTACKS score of 2, the Calacorm rolls once and applies its Attack Strength to both adventurers. The other Calacorm and the Skeleton can then have 'safe' attacks on the adventurers.

5

DEALING WITH COMMON SITUATIONS

The following is a list of situations common to most adventures, and guidelines for dealing with them.

Bribery

Most monsters with some degree of intelligence value Gold. It is up to the GamesMaster whether or not a monster is open to bribes and just how much information will be given for what sort of bribe. As a general rule, roll one die. This is the number of Gold Pieces that the monster will ask for. If the party cannot afford this much, or offer less, decide a Probability chance (1 in 6, 3 in 6, etc.) to test whether the monster will accept a lesser bribe, and roll one die.

Monsters will usually only give clues and bits of information for a bribe. They will not give the whole game away by directing the party immediately to the main treasure store. Again, it is up to the GamesMaster to decide how much information will be given.

Bribes need not be given only for information. A monster may be persuaded to release a prisoner,

give the party a particularly useful item of equipment or even help them in a battle for Gold.

Carrying Equipment

Adventurers cannot carry an unlimited amount of equipment. The GamesMaster must watch what each adventurer is carrying. Anyone carrying a full load will not be able to carry anything else and must leave an object behind before being able to carry another. As a general rule, allow each adventurer to carry no more than ten items of equipment, excluding Gold and Provisions.

Large items may count as more than one item of equipment. It would be unrealistic, for example, if one adventurer were carrying ten chests full of treasure. Again, this is for the GamesMaster to decide.

Doors

Locked Doors

Doors can be either unlocked, locked, or magically locked. Magically locked doors either require a spell to open them, or they will be under the control of a sorcerer. In either case, they may not be opened by normal means. In the adventures included in this book, all magically locked doors are noted in the text. Ordinary doors have a 2 in 6 chance of being

locked. Roll one die for each door; a roll of 1 or 2 means it is locked, a roll of 3–6 means it is unlocked.

Opening Doors

Unlocked doors can be opened easily by simply turning the handle. Magically locked doors can only be opened magically.

Locked doors can be opened with the correct key, or they can be broken down. Only one adventurer may charge a door at a time. To break down a door, the adventurer must roll two dice. If the number is less than his or her SKILL, the door breaks down. If the number rolled is equal to or greater than his or her SKILL, the door holds fast. The adventurer may charge again, but this time a modifier is added: 1 point is added to the dice roll. On the third attempt, 2 points are added to the dice roll, and so on.

Each time an adventurer attempts to charge down a door (including the first), 1 STAMINA point must be deducted.

Secret Doors

Secret doors are hidden doorways that can only be found by careful searching. To *detect* a secret doorway, the GM must roll a number on two dice less than the adventurer's SKILL (see Searching, pages 58–9). If this is successful, the adventurer will know there is a secret doorway there, but will not know how to open it. Finding the secret catch which will

open such a door is a matter of LUCK. An adventurer must successfully *Test for Luck* to find the catch which will open the door.

Escaping

According to the rules given in Chapter 4, the adventurers can *Escape* from a battle at the cost of one extra wound. With you as GamesMaster watching the battle, you are in a position to tell them whether or not an *Escape* is allowed. If a monster has boxed the adventurers in a dead-end passageway, or has trapped them in a corner of a room, an *Escape* will not be possible. If the adventurers tell you they wish to *Escape*, you must decide whether their *Escape* is possible or not.

Some monsters – the more intelligent ones – may try to *Escape*. The rules for monsters *Escaping* are exactly the same as for the adventurers.

Falling

An adventurer falling off a wall or into a pit risks injury. Generally speaking a human can fall two metres without injury. Falling out of a tree or off a building usually means some injury. Death is inevitable over fifty metres.

The extent of an injury is decided by distance and LUCK. To decide whether a falling adventurer is injured and how bad the injury is, the adventurer

must *Test for Luck*. A 1-point modifier is added to the dice roll for every ten metres of fall. Thus a fall of thirty metres would add 3 points to the dice roll. An *Unlucky* roll means that the adventurer is injured.

The number of STAMINA points of injury is 1 + (1 for every ten metres of fall). If an adventurer falls thirty metres and is *Unlucky*, the injury will be 4 STAMINA points.

Losing a Weapon

If an adventurer loses his or her sword and does not have a replacement weapon, he or she will lose 4 SKILL points until another weapon is found.

Movement

Movement in *Fighting Fantasy* is regulated for convenience. Since the game consists of instructions/descriptions between the adventurers and the GamesMaster, there are no 'turns' as such. It is up to the GamesMaster to make sure that some sort of control is being kept on movement. If, for example, the adventurers are in a long corridor and they tell you: 'We keep on going down the corridor', choose convenient times to double-check their wishes, such as: 'Right, you're half-way down the corridor. Do you want to keep going?' As a rough guide, pause every twenty metres and check their instructions. This is particularly important with long

corridors and essential with traps like the Endless Passageway in 'The Wishing Well'. In shorter stretches you will normally have a convenient break-point (for instance, a junction).

Opening Chests

Chests are similar to doors in that they may be locked or unlocked. But there is a 5 in 6 chance that a chest will be locked. If the chest is an average, non-magical one, an adventurer must roll two dice against SKILL to break it open. A roll totalling less than the SKILL score will break open the chest.

An adventurer may try more than once to break open a chest, but each time he or she does so, the blow blunts the sword being used and this will mean a penalty of 1 SKILL point whenever the sword is being used.

Unlocked chests, of course, do not need to be broken open. Some chests may have secret compartments or false bottoms. These will only be discovered if an adventurer decides to search the chest (see Searching).

Picking Pockets

An adventurer (and some monsters) may attempt to pick the pocket of a monster or even other members of the party. This is attempted by a straightforward roll against SKILL. If the number rolled is less than

the adventurer's SKILL score, the pickpocket is successful. However the GM must use judgement to add any penalty modifiers to the roll, depending on the situation. In a crowded bar, for example, there is a good chance that a pickpocket would be successful, so the GM should not add on any modifiers. But if an adventurer and a monster are alone together in a room, it is highly unlikely that the adventurer would be able to pick the monster's pocket and a high modifier (6–8) would be added.

Provisions

The adventurers can stop and eat Provisions whenever they like during an adventure, but not in a battle or a possibly dangerous situation. When in doubt, just imagine how realistic it would be for someone to stop and eat in that situation. As GM, you have the final word as to whether an adventurer can eat or not. If you say no, then they cannot take Provisions at that time.

The number of Provisions that a party starts an adventure with depends on various factors: how long the scenario is; whether Provisions can be found in the scenario; and so on. An average-sized adventure (such as *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*) should require 10 Provisions. A short adventure ('The Wishing Well') should require 2 Provisions.

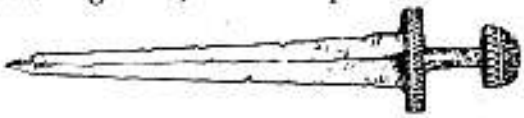

Returning to Areas

Quite often the party will return to a room or an area that they have already visited. In these cases, the GamesMaster must set the scene again, taking into account what happened when they visited the room the last time. If, for example, they fought a monster and took its treasure, then the GM will describe the monster dead on the floor and the empty treasure chest. If they ran away from the monster, it will still be alive and ready for battle.

This flexibility is another one of the reasons why a role-playing game can be more realistic than a solo Fantasy Gamebook.

Searching

Adventurers will often want to search the rooms or areas looking for treasure or hidden objects. When they wish to do this they must tell the GamesMaster exactly where they are searching (for example, 'I'm searching the north wall', or 'I'm looking through the wizard's bookcase'). Whether or not there is anything there to be found, the GM must roll against that adventurer's SKILL.

Noting the adventurer's SKILL, the GM must roll two dice in secret. If the number rolled is less than the adventurer's SKILL, then anything available to be found (for example, secret passage or special spell book) *will* be found. If there is nothing there,

then the GM will announce that nothing has been found, whether or not the roll has been successful. Note that this is why the GM, not the adventurer, makes the roll. Otherwise it would be a little too obvious whether or not there *was* anything to be found.

Anything obviously in view will not have to be searched for (a wooden chest in the middle of the floor, for example). Another interesting illustration is the Calacorm's room (13) in 'The Wishing Well'. The Calacorm's treasure is hidden behind a painting. If an adventurer says: 'I search the south wall', the GM will roll against SKILL. If the roll is successful, the GM will announce that the treasure behind the painting has been found. But if the adventurer instead says: 'I look behind the painting', then the GM will declare that the treasure has been found without a SKILL roll, as the treasure would be in full view once the picture has been moved.

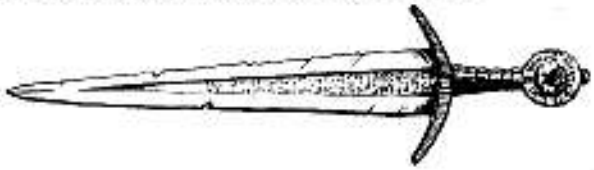

Sight

The party will often ask you: 'We look down the passageway ahead of us. What can we see?' In the darkness, such as in a dungeon or at night, adventurers can only see a metre or so ahead of them. With a lantern or a torch, they may see twenty metres ahead, but no more. In daylight they will be able to see as they could be expected to see – whatever would be realistic.

Remember that they would not be able to see around bends! You must only describe to them what they can see in a straight line.

Time

In *Fighting Fantasy*, game time is real time. You will notice in the scenarios and rules that instructions are given which last 'for ten minutes' or 'every minute'. These are real time measurements. When you play the game you should have a watch or clock – preferably one with a second hand – near by.

The GamesMaster is the one who keeps track of time. For example, room 5 in 'The Wishing Well' is an empty room which suddenly becomes a wizard's study after one minute. You must secretly note the time the adventurers entered this room. If they leave before one minute, they will never know it was a wizard's study. Don't tell them: 'You're in an empty room, but if you hang on a minute it will become a wizard's study!' In room 6, the Mummy

will come back to life after twenty minutes and seek revenge on the party. But they don't know that – you must keep this noted down secretly and when twenty minutes are up you will send the Mummy off on its quest.

When adventurers receive penalties which last for a certain length of time (for instance, being frightened by the Ghost in room 8 of 'The Wishing Well'), you should not tell them that the penalty will wear off after a time. Instead you should keep your own record and only announce that the penalty has worn off when it does. This will prevent them from wasting time until they are back to normal. And in real life, they would never really know how long it would take to get over such a penalty – if ever!

Tiptoeing and Moving Silently

Occasions will often arise when an adventurer wishes to creep quietly past a guard or sleeping monster. This will be successful if the adventurer rolls a number on two dice less than his SKILL score. Modifiers should be added to this roll by the GM as necessary. For example, if a monster is asleep in a cavern snoring loudly, the adventurer should have little trouble creeping past, so a modifier will not be added. But if the adventurer is creeping behind a fully alert monster and is walking across a glass floor in a pair of tap-dancing shoes, he will be much less likely to succeed and a reasonable modifier should be added.

Wandering Monsters

If the party spend too much time arguing, or the GM just wishes to spice up a boring part of the adventure, the following Wandering Monsters may be introduced by rolling one die. Wandering Monsters are particularly useful when you are making up your own adventures.

Dungeon Adventures

Die Roll	*Creature*	SKILL	STAMINA	ATTACKS
1	Goblin	5	3	1
2	Orc	6	3	1
3	Gremlin	6	4	1
4	Giant Rat	5	4	1
5	Skeleton	6	5	1
6	Troll	8	7	3

Overground Adventures

Die Roll	*Creature*	SKILL	STAMINA	ATTACKS
1	Goblin	5	3	1
2	Giant Bat	5	4	1
3	Giant Rat	5	4	1
4	Wolfhound	7	6	1
5	Werewolf	8	9	2
6	Ogre	8	10	2

Wasting Time

Often, to your frustration, you will find that the party spend a long time deciding what to do, arguing about which direction to take, and so on. In a room with a monster, you can always use it to hurry them along: it might attack. In passageways and open spaces, the best way to hurry them up is to roll for a Wandering Monster once for each minute they waste. Soon they will realize that they must react quickly.

After each minute of wasted time, roll one die. A roll of 1 indicates that a Wandering Monster has discovered them. Wandering Monsters never have treasure and they always fight! See Wandering Monsters to decide what sort of monster discovers them.

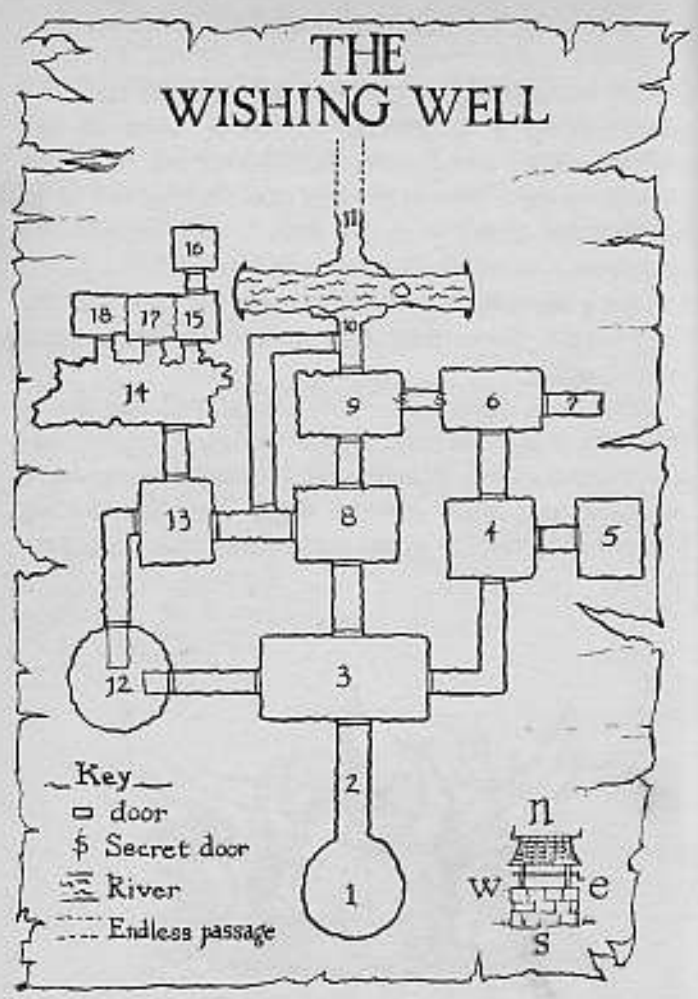

This adventure is set at the bottom of an ancient well where nobles and princes of long ago used to come, cast in their gold coins and make their wishes. All of this gold collected in the bottom of the well. When the well dried up, treasure hunters from far and wide set off to find it, hoping for riches. But when they reached the well, they found that the quests ahead of them were far more dangerous than they had thought . . .

The Wishing Well is a fairly simple little scenario designed for first-time GamesMasters. An adventure in the dungeon at the bottom of the well should take no more than an hour and a half.

Before you start running an adventure in the Wishing Well, study the map opposite, and read through the rooms on the following pages. Chapter 5 should also be read as it gives guidelines on how to decide what happens in certain common situations. When you have read all this you are ready to start the adventure.

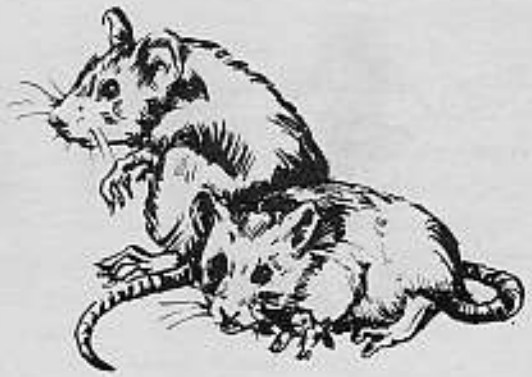

The Adventurers

The players, who will become the adventurers in this scenario, must first roll up their SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores and note these down on their *Adventure Sheets*.

Next you must announce their equipment, which they will also note down on their *Adventure Sheets*. Each will have:

A Sword
A Backpack
A Lantern
2 Provisions
No Potions

You will have to tell them a little about how SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK work. You must then read to them the first paragraph of this chapter (in italics) to give them some background to the adventure. Then they are ready to start.

They start their adventure at the top of the well. They will first of all have to get down the well. At the top of the well is a bucket which can be wound up and down the well with a handle.

When they are at the bottom of the well, you will see on the map that a number 1 is printed on the map here. Turn to reference 1. The paragraph in italics should be read out to the players. The paragraphs in ordinary print are notes for the GamesMaster which should not be read out to the players. The picture on the previous page should be shown to them, keeping the text covered up.

As the adventurers travel from room to room, you should read out the paragraphs in italics to the players, show them the picture and follow any instructions for the GamesMaster. Remember that you must keep the map and the instructions hidden from the players. They never know what is hidden behind the next bend. *But you do!*

1

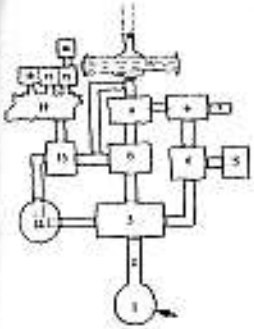

You are at the bottom of a dried-up well. The walls are caked with dried mud and the ground underfoot is muddy. Leading off northwards from the well shaft is a narrow passageway.

It is important to note here whether the party have left themselves a means of escape. If they leave the bucket at the bottom of the well, or if they untie the rope at the top and rest it over the pulley, they will be able to get back to the surface.

Assuming they survive their adventure, of course!

2

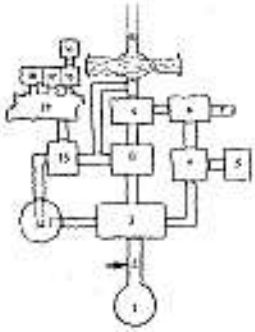

The passageway continues onwards for some twenty metres and then ends in a sturdy door. The walls of the passageway are rocky and the ground underfoot is muddy.

In order to see properly, they will have to light a lantern. If they do not do this (give them some time to suggest this before imposing the penalty), they each stand a 1 in 6 chance of stumbling over and grazing their knees for 1 STAMINA point of damage.

The door is locked. They will only get through it by trying to charge it down (see page 53). The first time anyone tries to charge down the door, it will not open and a loud voice will boom out: 'Beware, unwelcome visitors! Anyone who enters faces certain death within!' If they decide to try again – which they will have to do, otherwise they will get no further – the door will fly open. Whoever was charging it will go flying into the room, trip up and bang his or her head on the ground (1 STAMINA point of injury).

3

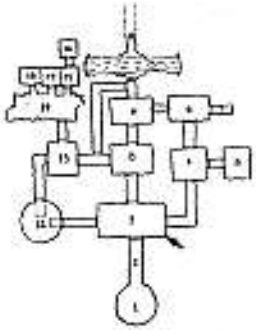

The room is rectangular and closed doors in the middle of each wall lead off to the north, south, east and west. Birds flutter round the room, but as you enter, they all fly off into one corner and nestle into the beard of a man sitting at a table. He is short and stocky, and his long beard stretches from his chin over the table. He is picking small round objects from a pouch and popping them into his mouth. They may be nuts of some kind. As you enter, he raises an eyebrow.

They have come across Thrushbeard, the Dwarf. Thrushbeard is not an enemy, and will not fight them unless they decide to attack him. He will ask them about themselves (where they come from, what their names are, what they want, and so on). If they talk to him, he will toss each of them a nut and persuade them to eat it. If they refuse to eat the nuts, he will say no more to them, no matter how hard they question him. If they eat the nuts, he will keep talking. But each nut has a 1 in 6 chance of being bad and giving its eater indigestion (1 STAMINA point of damage). Thrushbeard will not give away much

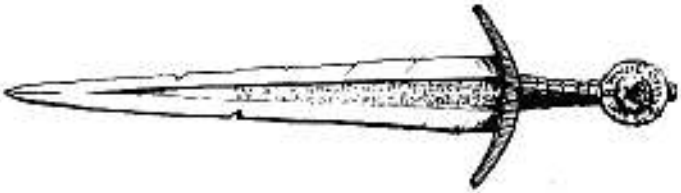

information about the dungeon but, if they ask him how to get to the treasure, he will tell them that they will need the 'Crystal Key' to enter the King's chambers.

If they decide to attack Thrushbeard, he is:

THRUSH-BEARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7	ATTACKS 1

While they fight him, the birds nestling in his beard will fly into the air and dive-bomb the adventurers. In each Attack Round roll one die for each adventurer. A roll of 1 or 2 indicates a successful attack by the birds (for 1 STAMINA point of damage).

The doors leading from Thrushbeard's room are all unlocked.

4

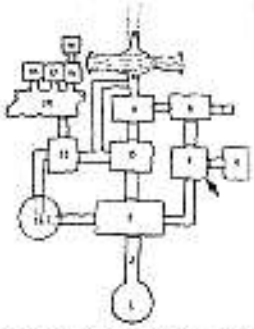

The room is rectangular and doors lead from it to the north, south and east. The floor is bare and rocky and you cannot see anything alive in the room. Along the west wall, various objects are hanging. In the centre of the wall is a large portrait of a warrior, dressed in battle armour. A large sign under the portrait reads:

'These objects are the property of Marg, the Slaymaster. Touch them not if you value your life.'

The objects that the message refers to are: a silver necklace; a small leather pouch; an axe; and a sparkling jewel set in a pendant. The room is lit by a burning torch which is stuck into a crack in the wall.

Although they don't know it, Marg is long dead. If they wander around the room, they will notice that the portrait's eyes follow them wherever they go. If they touch any of the objects, a deep rumbling sound will start. This will disappear as soon as they move away from the object. If they take an object down from the wall, a loud siren will sound and footsteps will be heard coming from all directions. But these sounds are only illusions and, in reality, they are quite safe if they take any or all of the objects. Even the portrait will not harm them. The objects are:

Silver Necklace. A Necklace of Choking. Anyone who wears it will be choked to death unless they can roll a number less than their SKILL score three times in succession on two dice. If it is instead placed in someone's backpack, it will do no harm.

Leather Pouch. This is a Pouch of Plenty. It will be found to contain a Gold Piece. If this Gold Piece is taken out, another will appear in the pouch after fifteen minutes, and this will go on for ever. But a new coin will only materialize if the old one is removed.

Axe. You must describe this axe as a fine-looking weapon. In actual fact, despite its appearance, it is a poor specimen and anyone using it will deduct 1 point from their Attack Strength roll in a battle. But only you will know this; its user will not!

Jewel in Pendant. This is an Ice Jewel. If it is taken by an adventurer, it will soon melt down to a worthless liquid. So the next time that adventurer looks into his or her backpack, only the pendant and a small pool of liquid will be found. The pendant is made of iron and is of no value.

Flaming Torch. This is an ordinary torch, with no special properties. But it will be especially useful against the Mummy in room 6.

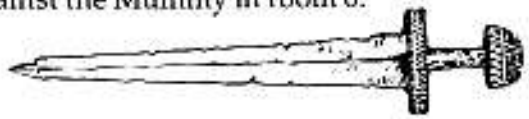

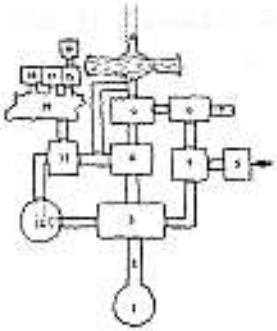

5

This room is bare-walled and empty. You have entered through the only door. It is roughly square, with rocky walls and floor.

The room is, in fact, enchanted. If the adventurers stay in this room searching around for one minute, it will suddenly change:

Something is happening. Shapes are beginning to form in the room. You can make out a bookcase lining the north wall. A fireplace with a burning fire is becoming visible in the centre of the east wall. A tall, lean man is standing by the fireplace, looking at you. Along the south wall stands a pedestal, on top of which is a cup of fuming liquid. The man opens his mouth and speaks: 'So! Nandras has some visitors, eh? And what do these intruders want in here?'

Nandras is a wizard. If any of the party attack him, he will cast a Freeze Spell to stop them before they can reach him – they will be frozen on the spot. Nandras keeps the Crystal Key they need to get through to the Spider King's chambers. He will tell them this if they start asking about how they can get

through to the treasure. But he will not give them the key unless they kill the Mummy (in room 6), who has been causing a nuisance. If they have not taken any of the treasure from room 4 (Nandras will know the truth as he can read minds), and if they correctly tell Nandras exactly what is hanging on the wall of room 4 (necklace, pouch, axe, jewel, torch, portrait and sign), he will tell them that room 4 can do them no harm and that they should take the flaming torch to fight the Mummy. He will also tell them to be careful of the silver necklace.

If they successfully defeat the Mummy and return to him, Nandras will give them the Crystal Key they need.

Frozen Adventurers. Any adventurers affected by Nandras's Freeze Spell will thaw out and return to normal after ten minutes.

6

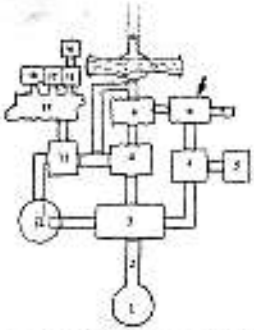

The door to this room is made of stone, but it is unlocked. Inside the door is a large room. Your lantern lights up strange hieroglyphics (picture script), which cover the walls. In the centre of the room, on a stone altar, is a great stone coffin. This is open and its lid rests against the altar. As you enter, a shape rises from the coffin. It is a human shape, wrapped in bandages, and it raises itself out of the coffin and comes towards you! Only one other door leads from this room, to the east.

This creature is a Mummy. For disturbing its rest, it will attack the party. Mummies move slowly, but they are very powerful:

MUMMY SKILL 10 STAMINA 11 ATTACKS 1

Although the party may defeat this creature (reduce its STAMINA to zero), they will not kill it. Twenty minutes after it has been defeated it will come back to life and will seek revenge on its attackers. If they are not a long distance away from the Mummy, it will try to find them and fight them again; particularly whoever dealt the final blow. A

Mummy can be destroyed by fire. If one of the adventurers has taken the flaming torch from room 4 and is using it as a weapon, a successful hit will set fire to the Mummy and destroy it for ever. But a flaming torch is not such a good weapon as a sword and that adventurer must deduct 3 SKILL points while using the flaming torch.

Inside the Mummy's coffin are 12 Gold Pieces and an Emerald (worth 10 Gold Pieces).

There is a secret door in the west wall of the room, if the party can find it.

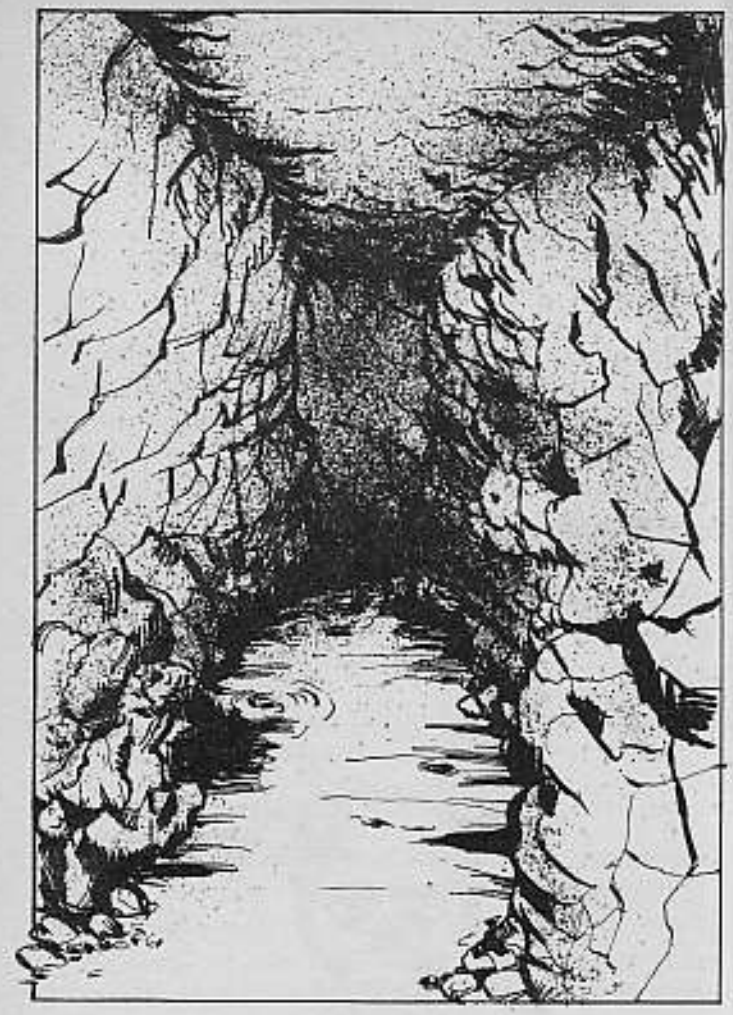

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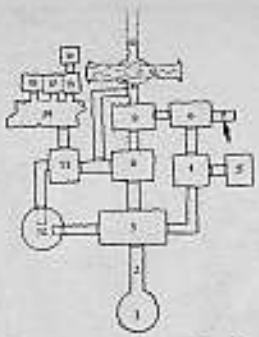

You arrive at a dead end in the passage.

This dead end has no secret doors or passages leading from it and the party can only continue by going back through the Mummy's room. But how long is it since they killed the Mummy? Remember that twenty minutes after they kill the Mummy it will come back to life!

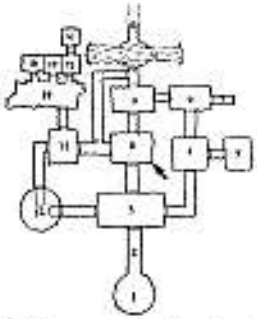

8

This room looks like a prison of some kind. The walls are bare and grubby. The floor is dusty and littered with bits of wood and stones. A few broken bones are scattered about. There is a foul stench hanging heavy in the air. Doors lead to the north, south and west. Along the east wall are five skeletons, chained to the wall. Presumably this is all that is left of five adventurers who came through this way some time ago! Three wooden chests rest on the ground beneath the dangling feet of the middle three skeletons.

Indeed, this *is* an old prison room. The party will no doubt suspect that the skeletons will come to life if they try to touch the chests. But the skeletons are long dead and will do them no harm. You may try to keep them on their toes by telling them that the chains begin to rustle as they approach the boxes – and watch them breathe sighs of relief as you tell them this was only the wind blowing through the entrance door! The real danger in the room is inside the chests (which are locked).

The first chest (the left-hand one as they look at the wall) contains 4 Gold Pieces and a mouse.

The second chest (the middle one) is the home of a

Ghost. If they open this chest, the Ghost will fly up into the air and fill the room with an evil laugh. This will frighten the party so badly that they must each deduct 2 SKILL points for the next thirty minutes until they get over the shock. The Ghost itself cannot harm, or be harmed by, the party, as it does not have a physical body. However, it will taunt the adventurers by telling them that they are all doomed to die unless they put all their treasure into its box. Some of the party will no doubt do this. After a few minutes, the Ghost will return to its box and close the lid or, if this is impossible, it will disappear through a wall.

The third chest (the right-hand one) contains what appears to be a magic wand. In fact it is a Chameleon Serpent, a creature with the ability to mimic similar objects. If anyone picks up the wand, it will turn into a Serpent in their hand:

SERPENT SKILL 6 STAMINA 7 ATTACKS 1

As it will already be in the hand of one of the adventurers, this adventurer will take an immediate wound as soon as the Serpent reveals itself (2 STAMINA points of damage). After this, the party can fight the Serpent. If the party decide to investigate the box, they may discover that there is a secret compartment in the bottom which contains 3 Gold Pieces and a small vial of Potion of Stamina; enough for one person to drink and restore his or her STAMINA to its *Initial* level. But you needn't tell them that it is a Potion of Stamina – just tell them that it is a vial of liquid.

9

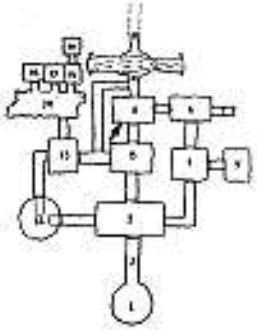

The room is rectangular and doors in the north and south walls are the only ways out. The walls and ceiling of this room have been painted with a huge mural depicting a country scene. Trees, flowers, meadows, birds, insects and the like are painted all over. Gradually the sounds of the countryside become louder until you could swear you were standing in a wood. But nothing is moving.

This room is the home of a Wood Pixie, who will be watching the party enter from one of the corners of the room. This Pixie is very small – about twenty centimetres high – and can fly on thin wings. As it watches the party, it chuckles and twitters. Throw a dice every thirty seconds after the party have entered the room. On a 1 or 2, someone in the party will notice the little creature.

Once the Pixie has been noticed, it will remain well out of reach of the party. It has three magic spells and will use these according to how the party react. If they react aggressively, it will cast a Drowse Spell on the two most aggressive adventurers. This will cause them to become drowsy (deduct 2 SKILL points and reduce to half STAMINA) for fifteen minutes. If they are friendly, it will cast a False Treasure Spell, creating a small pile of treasure (10 Gold Pieces) in a corner of the room. This treasure will appear to be real, but will disappear ten minutes after it has been created. If the party are not particularly friendly or aggressive (or if you, as the GM, just feel like being mischievous), it will cast a Disfiguration Spell over one of the adventurers. He or she will become disfigured (squinty eyes, warts, rotten teeth, etc.) for ten minutes.

If the party search around the room, they may find the secret door which is hidden on the east wall. This will allow them into a passage which leads to room 6. Remember that when they get to the far end of the passage, it will appear to be a dead end unless they find the secret door.

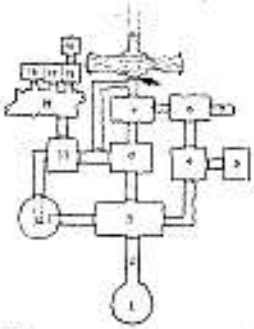

10

The passageway eventually reaches an underground river. As you approach this you can hear a beautiful voice singing a sad melody. When you reach the edge of the river and look downstream you can see a stunningly beautiful girl with long blonde hair sitting on a rock in the middle of the stream, singing. The only way onwards is to walk across the river. On the far bank, a passageway leads straight ahead.

The singing girl is a Mermaid. Her voice, and her appearance, are so beautiful that all the male members of the party will immediately fall in love with her. She will pick one of them (decide this by rolling a die) and try to entice him into the water to join her on the rock. Whoever she has chosen will desperately want to swim over to her. You must ask this person whether he wishes to join her of his own free will. If he wants to, he can jump in and swim to the rock. If he does not, he must *Test his Luck*. But in this case, if he is *Unlucky*, he will be able to resist the girl's influence and can continue the adventure, though now heartbroken. If he is *Lucky*, he cannot

resist and plunges into the water to swim to the rock. Once he has reached the Mermaid, the happy couple will swim off down the river and will never be seen again.

But before they swim off, the rest of the party may try to rescue their lovesick comrade by diving in after him and fighting the Mermaid:

MERMAID	SKILL 4	STAMINA 7	ATTACKS 1

If they do this, however, the love-crazed adventurer will try to defend her and will fight against the other adventurers! If the Mermaid is killed, he will slowly come back to his senses and the adventure can continue.

Also hiding in the river is a Giant Octopus. This Octopus lives near the river-crossing by the north bank. If the party attempt to cross the river to the north bank, they stand a 4 in 6 chance that the Octopus will attack them:

GIANT OCTOPUS	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8	ATTACKS 8

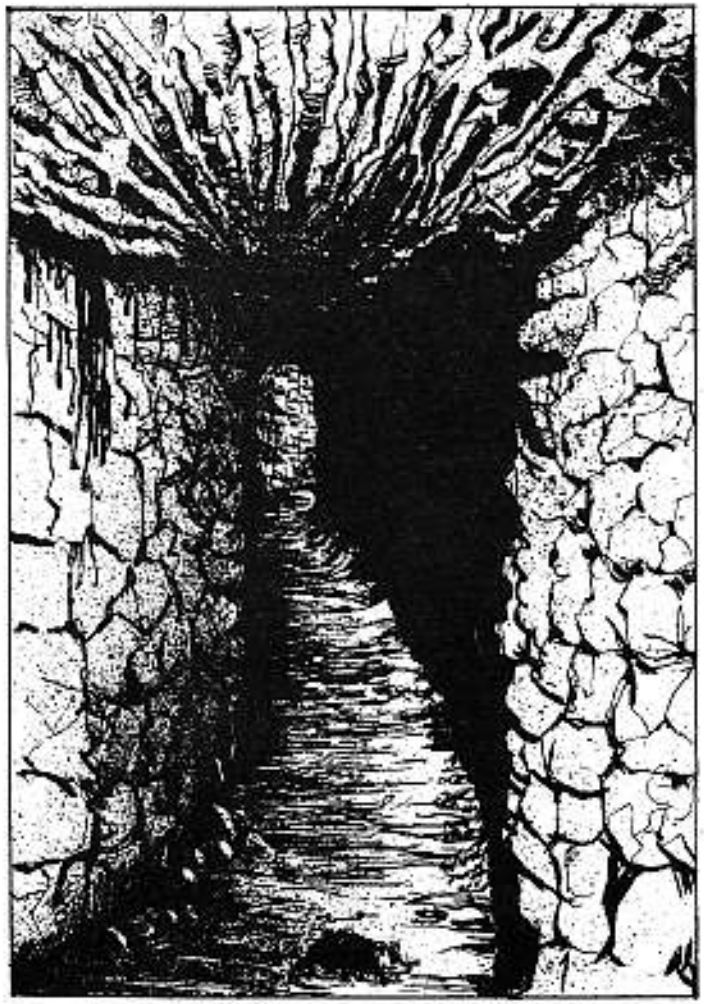

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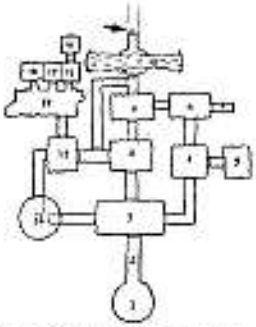

The passageway continues ahead for as far as you can see.

This is an endless passageway. The party may continue along it for as long as they like, but it will never end. You may try to disguise its true nature by adding descriptions like: 'It starts to curve round to the left', or 'The walls become slimy and you can hear drips ahead.' Eventually they will realize it leads nowhere and turn back.

Their long trek down the passageway will be quite exhausting. Keep a note of how long they spent walking down it and back. When they get back to the bank of the river deduct 1 STAMINA point each for every minute they spent in the endless passageway.

Whether or not the Mermaid and the Octopus will still be there when they arrive back will depend entirely on what happened before. If they ignored the Mermaid, she will still be there. But if they fought her, or she lured off one of the party, she will not. In the same way, if the party encountered the Giant Octopus before, it will not be there. But if it did not attack them on their way through, it will again stand a 4 in 6 chance of attacking them.

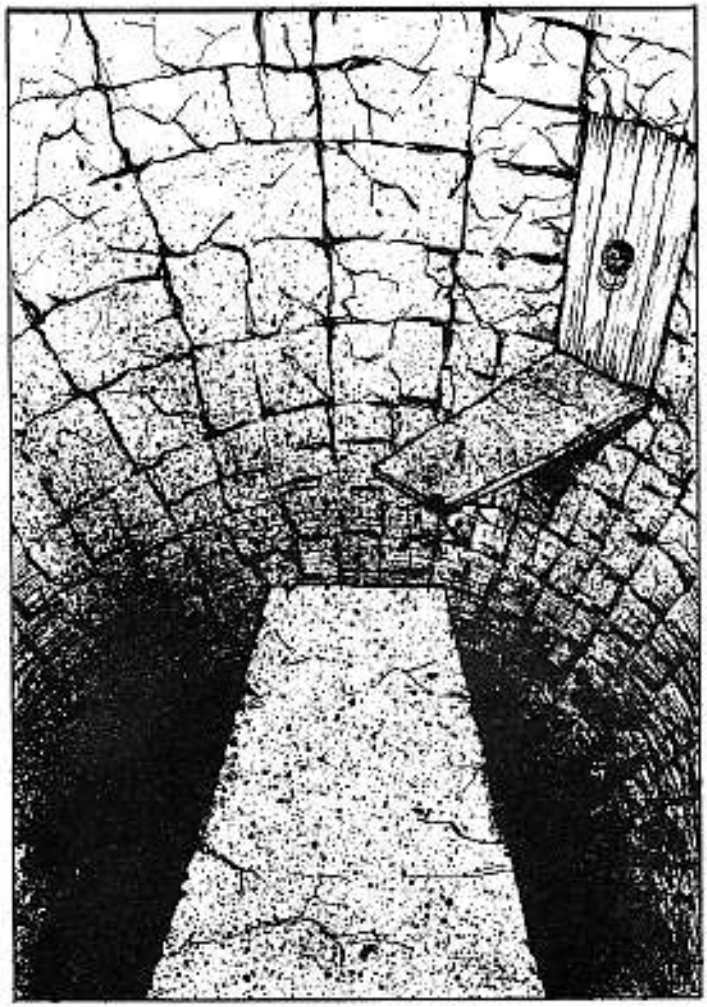

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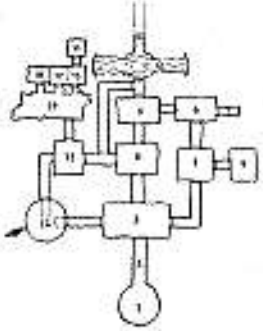

Inside the door, a narrow stone walkway leads out over a great, round pit which drops down as far as you can see into blackness below. Looking around the walls of the pit you can see another walkway, similar to the one in front of you, which leads to another door.

This is a Pitfall Trap. If anyone or everyone from the party walks out along the walkway, the door will slam shut behind them and the walkway will start to move back towards the door. In one minute's time, the end of the walkway will be flush with the door and anyone who is trapped on it will plunge into the pit below. Both walkways are booby-trapped in the same way, so it doesn't matter which one they entered by.

There are various ways of escaping from the trap. This trap is sprung by someone walking through the doorway, so jumping on to the other walkway will not cause this second walkway to move. Anyone trying to jump on to the second walkway must roll a number on two dice less than their SKILL, otherwise they will miss the walkway and plunge down the pit. But remember that the walkway they are standing on is moving into the wall, so the longer they leave it, the further they have to jump! To reflect this, you may penalize the victim by adding up to 4 points to the dice roll, depending on how long they have taken deciding to jump. If they decide straight away, you should not penalize them at all, but if they leave it until their minute is almost up, you should add the full 4 points of penalty. If they decide to leave things behind (weapon, backpack, treasure, etc.) to lighten their load, this will make the jump easier and you must decide how many points to *deduct* from the dice roll to account for this.

Neither of the doors can be opened while either of the walkways is moving. As soon as a walkway has fully retracted into the wall, it will come out again (this takes another minute), then the doors may be opened and the victim(s) can escape. If anyone is holding the door open when the victim walked through, the door will cause 3 STAMINA points of injury as it slams shut, unless that person successfully *Tests their Luck*. If more than one person is holding the door open, they will hold it back successfully if their combined SKILL scores exceed 20. If any other means are used to try to hold the door open, you must decide whether or not they are successful.

At the bottom of the pit lives an Ogre, who feasts on the bodies of unlucky adventurers who fall into his trap. But the long fall kills his victims before they get to see who has created this trap.

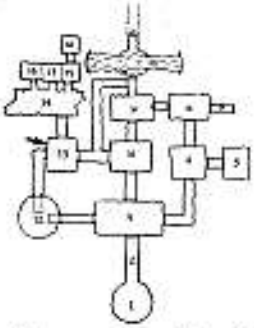

13

The room is evidently living-quarters of some kind. A table and chair stand in one corner and a bed in another. Doors lead north, west and east from the room. Hanging on the south wall are: a picture (a landscape of a marshy swamp-land), two rusty old crossed swords, and a one-stringed musical instrument. A snoring noise makes you look again at the bed. Two ugly reptilian heads are poking out from under the covers! Their eyes flick open at the same time and stare at you!

Although the party will think that they have disturbed two reptile creatures, husband and wife, the two heads belong to a Calacorm. Calacorms are strong but weak-willed creatures with lizard-like bodies and two heads which chatter incessantly to each other (use your imagination to create this chatter for the party). The Calacorm will demand

that the party leave the room and, if they do not, it will spring to its feet, grab a sword from under the bed, and attack:

CALACORM SKILL 9 STAMINA 8 ATTACKS 2

Calacorms are frightened to death of mice and if the party has with them the mouse from room 8, they may release it. The Calacorm will jump up on the bed and shriek in terror, allowing the party to investigate the room or leave.

There is nothing remarkable about the Calacorm's treasures; the two swords are just rusty old swords and the musical instrument is just that. Behind the picture they will find the Calacorm's real treasures in a hole in the wall. Here they will find 6 Gold Pieces, a Throwing Dagger, an Amulet on a chain of dull metal, and a bunch of four keys.

The Throwing Dagger can be used in a battle (only once per battle) and it has a 5 in 6 chance of striking its victim for 2 STAMINA points of damage. You must use your judgement to decide whether or not the dagger can be used. For example, if a monster appeared across a room, an adventurer would be able to throw the dagger at it. If, however, a monster appeared from behind and grabbed the adventurer, he or she would have no time to throw the dagger at it. Each time someone uses the dagger, they will have to remember to pick it up after the battle. If they forget, it is lost.

The Amulet is a lucky talisman and an adventurer may deduct one point from the dice roll when *Testing for Luck* if wearing this Amulet. But do not tell them this – they must discover its power by trial and error!

The bunch of keys is of no use. Calacorms just like collecting keys.

The door to the north is firmly locked and they will not be able to break it down. It will only open if they have a Crystal Key, given to them by the man in room 5. A sign on this door reads 'Do Not Enter – by Order of the Spider-King'.

If the Calacorm is still alive, because it is still quaking in fear on the bed while the mouse is running around, it may be persuaded to give the party some information. It may tell them how the Throwing Dagger or the Amulet works, or that they will need the Crystal Key from Nandras to get through the door. Alternatively, you may allow the party the option to spare the Calacorm's life when it is reduced to 4 STAMINA points. It will thank them for their mercy and give them some of the information above.

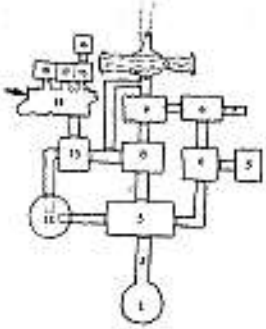

14

You are in a long, closed cavern in the rock. The room is roughly rectangular and in the rocky folds of its walls are small dark crevices. All is silent. In the north-east corner, a dark alcove is guarded by a glistening spider's web, stretching across its entrance.

The party will have to explore this cavern to find the three hidden doorways in the rock. Keep track of their positions as they search around the cavern. Along the north face they will find short passageways leading to the three doors to rooms 15, 17 and 18. The door to room 18 (the treasure room) is magically locked and cannot be opened without the necessary spell.

There is nothing in the alcove behind the spider's web, but if anyone tries to cut through it, he will become snared in it. The tangling effect of the web is recreated by throwing dice. Any adventurer touching the web is caught. He or she will escape by rolling a total of 12 or more in the following way: the first roll (two dice) counts towards this total; the second roll counts *against* this total; the third roll is

added to the new total; the fourth roll is *subtracted*; the fifth roll is *added*; and so on. The adventurer must keep on rolling until he or she has a running total of 12 or more – which could take some time! When this happens, the adventurer is free from the web. If, for example, the dice rolls are 10, 8, 5, 9, 12, 4, 9, then the adventurer will escape on this last throw, as the running total is: (Dice roll 10) 10, (subtract 8) 2, (add 5) 7, (subtract 9) −2, (add 12) 10, (subtract 4) 6, (add 9) 15. Escape!

Lurking in the south-west corner of the cavern is a Nandi Bear. This is a great hulking brute, half-human, half-bear and bigger than both. Nandi Bears are very fond of eating humans (particularly human brains). If anyone explores the south-west corner of the cave, the Nandi Bear will spring out and surprise its victim, automatically getting in a wound for 2 STAMINA points of damage.

NANDI BEAR SKILL 9 STAMINA 11 ATTACKS 2

If no one explores the south-west corner within the first minute, the Nandi Bear will creep round the walls. It will always do this without the chance of being seen. Roll one die every half minute for the Nandi Bear. If you roll an even number, it will edge clockwise round the wall; if you roll an odd number it will edge anti-clockwise. Each time it moves, it will nip three or four metres along the wall. You will have to keep track of its movements and it will spring out at any adventurer who comes near it.

There is no treasure in this cavern.

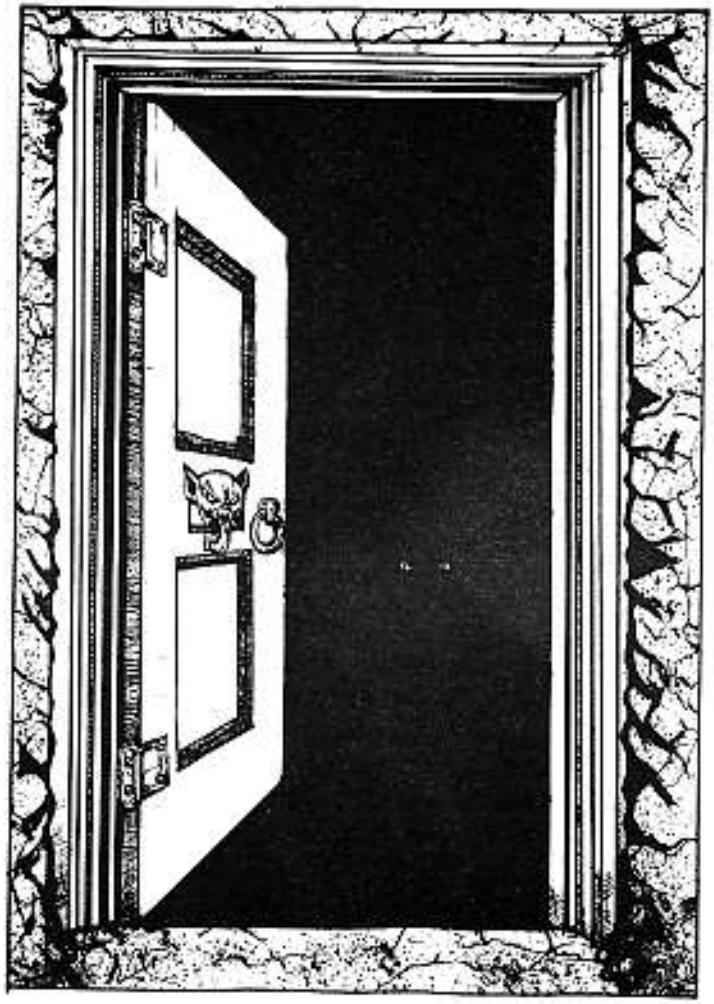

15

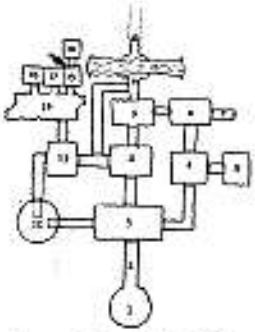

Everything is pitch-black. Even a lantern will not light the area, so you have no way of telling whether this is a large or small room – or indeed whether it is a room at all! From deep in the blackness you can see two deep red points of light and a low growling confirms your suspicions. Something is watching you.

The room is under a Darkness Spell; lanterns and torches will not light it up. The red eyes belong to a Hellhound, who will attack the party if they step into the room:

HELLHOUND SKILL 7 STAMINA 6 ATTACKS 2

If the party get to see the dog, they will find it is larger than a wolf and as black as coal. Apart from strong jaws and sharp teeth, a Hellhound has an extra weapon – its Breath of Fire. Each Attack Round there is a 2 in 6 chance that its fiery breath will scorch its victim for 1 STAMINA point of damage. Each round it has 2 attacks; once for its teeth and claws and once for its breath. It may concentrate both these on the same victim.

Any adventurer fighting the Hellhound in the darkness must subtract 2 points from their Attack Strength roll. If the party manage to lure the dog out of the room, they will fight it as normal.

Should the party put the dog out of action and search the room, they will find a door in the north wall leading to room 16. If they search the centre of the room, they will stumble across a dead body, savaged to death by the Hellhound. The corpse's pockets contain 8 Gold Pieces, and around its waist is a Magic Sword. Anyone using this sword may add 1 point to their Attack Strength dice roll.

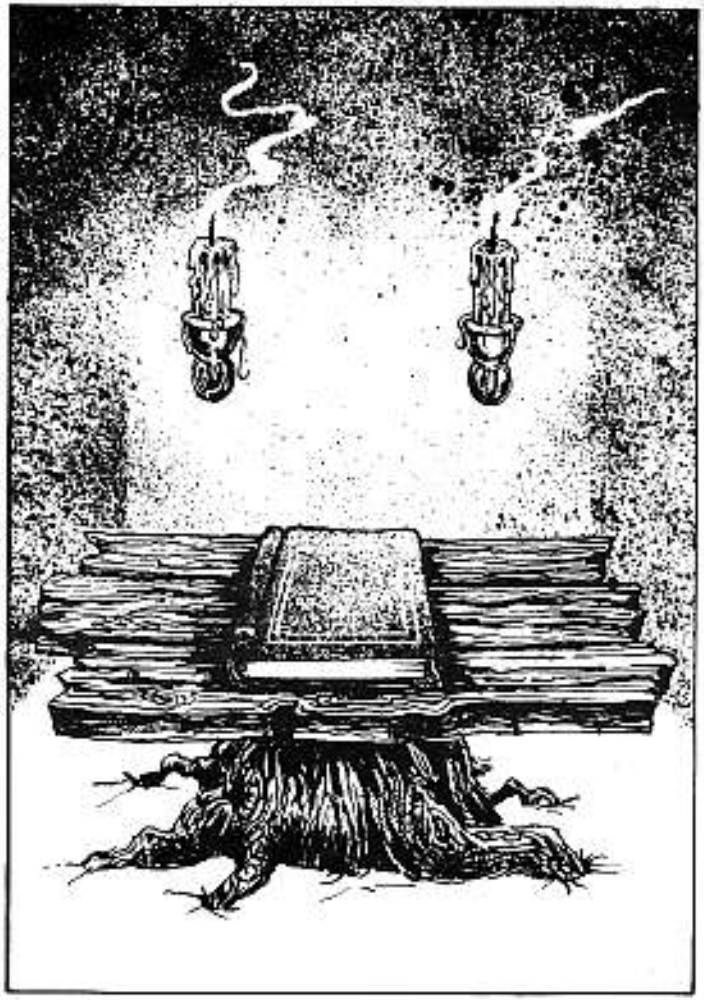

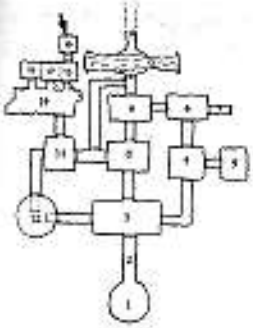

16

The room is bare except for a wooden table against the north wall. Two candles, mounted on the wall above the table, light the room. On the table is a leather-bound book. There are no doorways leading from the room except for the one through which you entered.

This room is harmless – unless anyone touches the book on the table. The party will need to read the book as it contains the spell necessary to open the Treasure Room door. But if anyone touches the book, a Zombie will appear in the north-east corner of the room and attack the party. If they defeat this creature, another will appear in its place. This will continue for ever until the book is replaced on the table exactly as it was before. Even if the party take the book with them, Zombies will continue to appear and fight them, wherever they are.

ZOMBIE SKILL 6 STAMINA 6 ATTACKS 1

Zombies are undead, mindless bodies, usually brought back to life by some superior being. Anyone killed by a Zombie will become a Zombie

himself. If this happens to anyone in the party, then this dead adventurer will rise up and attack the party (with a SKILL of 6 and STAMINA of 6).

While the party are fighting the Zombies, one member can be searching through the book for useful information. You can tell the party that it is a Spell Book. They will have to go through it page by page until they reach page 11, where the spell for

the Treasure Room door is. Scanning a page takes 1 Attack Round. Allow one Attack Round against the Zombie, then tell the book reader that there is nothing useful on that page of the book, then go back to the fight for another Attack Round, then back to the reader, and so on. The reader of the book can choose whether to go through the book page by

page, or whether to flick backwards and forwards through it. He or she must tell you which page he or she is on. Only page 11 will contain any useful information (tell them there are twenty pages in the book).

The spell is:

Fanananana
Cosim Patana

It is pronounced:

Fa-nah-na-nah-na
Coe-sym Pah-tah-na

Unless the party recite it correctly, with the correct pronunciation, in front of the Treasure Room door, it will not open.

When showing the party the spell, write it down for them. Otherwise, if you read it out to them, they will know how to pronounce it correctly.

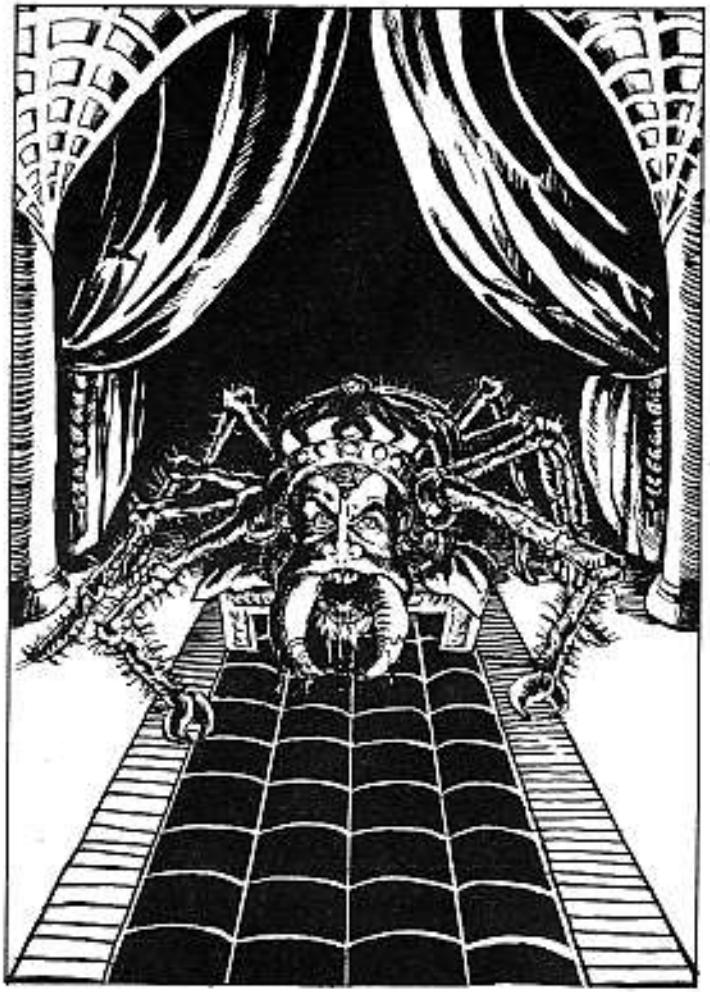

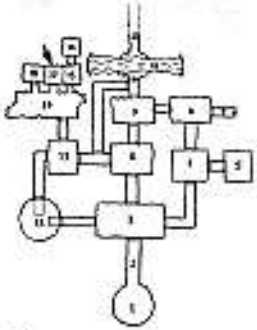

17

The room inside is lavishly decorated with rich drapes. Hanging across each of the corners on the ceiling are golden net-like webs. This is the throne room of the Spider-King! Seated – or rather squatting – on a hand-carved bench at the far end of the room is the Spider-King himself; an ugly, bulky creature with a spider's body and the head of a man. As you walk in, his eyes open and he glares at you. 'Impudent intruders!' he cries. 'Bow down to the ground before the Spider-King!'

The Spider-King is a powerful creature:

SPIDER-KING SKILL 10 STAMINA 16 ATTACKS 2

If the party try to escape without fighting him, or if they refuse to bow down to him, he will release a huge spider's web on to them. This will drop down from the ceiling and the party will have to try to escape from it. The procedure for escaping is exactly the same as in room 14. But this web is heavy and tiring. Each adventurer must try separately to free himself, and each time their running total drops below 0 (becomes a minus number), they will lose

1 STAMINA point. As soon as anyone escapes from the web, the Spider-King will close in for battle.

The Spider-King battles with his two forelegs and his mandibles. He has a poisonous bite and there is a 2 in 6 chance that each successful attack will be a poisonous bite. This poison inflicts double damage (that is, 4 STAMINA points instead of the normal 2).

If the party do bow down as he requests, he will allow them to talk to him. Eventually a fight will come about, but at least the party will not have to struggle with the web.

If they defeat the Spider-King, they will find 18 Gold Pieces in a box under his throne, and also a note telling them that the Treasure Room door can only be opened with a spell and that this spell is guarded by a Hellhound.

18

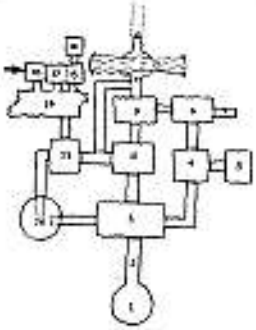

The room is little bigger than a cupboard. In the centre of the wall opposite is an ornate table, and on this table is a wooden chest.

Remember that they cannot enter this room without the spell from room 16!

The chest contains the Spider-King's treasure: 48 Gold Pieces and 4 Jewels, worth 8 Gold Pieces each. The chest is not booby-trapped (although they will certainly suspect that it is), nor is it locked.

They have achieved their goal here. It is now up to

you whether you want the adventure to end here, or whether you want them to get out of the dungeon alive.

If you want them to escape from the dungeon taking their treasure with them, they must retrace their steps. In every room where they have defeated a creature living within, you should roll up a Wandering Monster (see page 62) for them to face on the way back. If they go through a room in which the original monster is still alive, you must decide whether or not this creature will fight them or let them through. The intelligent creatures will probably let them through for a few Gold Pieces.

When they reach the well, they still have to get back up to the surface. If they haven't left themselves a suitable escape, then they will remain in the well for ever!

SHAGGRADD'S HIVES OF PERIL

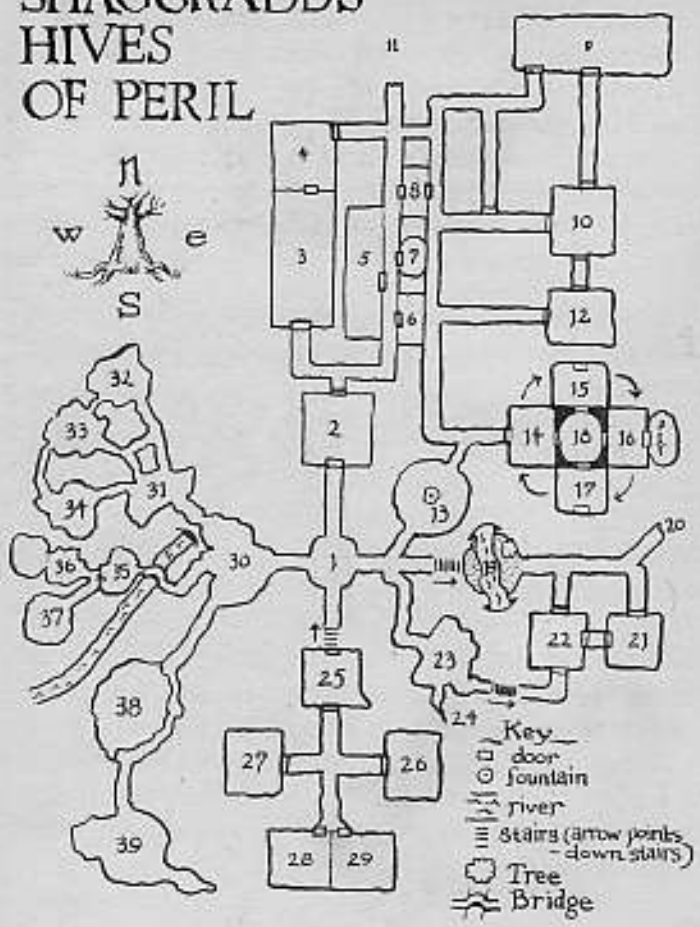

This is a full-scale adventure set in a dungeon underneath a great oak tree. Shaggradd, a Black Elf, discovered the dungeon herself and bought the land around the tree. Although she realized there were considerable treasures hidden in the dungeon, she was not a swordswoman and would be no match for the creatures and traps guarding these riches. Instead she now allows parties of treasure-hunting adventurers to enter and explore the dungeons, charging them a fee of 10 per cent of their plunder when – or if – they can get out alive.

For this adventure, you should allow the party 6 Provisions each. If you are feeling generous, or if this is their first adventure, you may also allow each of them to take a Potion of Skill, Strength or Fortune.

The hand-made sign nailed to the trunk of the tree caught the attention of all of you. 'Shaggradd's Treasure Vaults this way. Are you bold enough to try your luck?'

Following in the direction of the arrow, you entered a wood. The path ended in the middle of the wood at a clearing where a tall oak tree, now long dead, stood on its own. As you approached, an old woman scurried up to you and now she stands before you. She is thin and dark-skinned, with a wrinkled face.

'Aha!' she exclaims. 'A party of adventurers wishing to explore the treasure vaults, perhaps?' You agree that you certainly wish to know more and she continues: 'Ten years ago I bought this wood when I discovered the treasures beneath it. But I am an old Elf and I would not survive a journey through the underground hives. My friends, you are welcome to enter these hives and seek out all the gold you can find. All I ask is that you pay me ten per cent of anything you find.'

If they wish to go ahead, they must agree to pay the Black Elf ten per cent of any treasure they discover. She will show them the way into the dungeon. They must climb up to the top of the oak

tree and there they will find a rope which they may climb down to reach the dungeons. The rope drops down into room 1.

If they try to bargain with her, she will not show them the way in. If they attack her:

SHAGGRADD SKILL 4 STAMINA 4 ATTACKS 1

They will no doubt kill her easily and again be faced with discovering how to enter the dungeon.

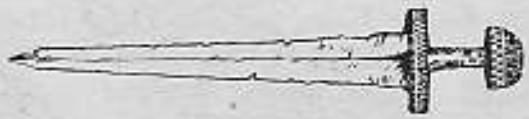

If you wish to set a time limit on the game – let's say two hours – you may also add the following announcement from Shaggradd:

'But do not fear unduly for your safety, adventurers. For, before you enter, I will cast a Return Teleport Spell on each of you. Exactly [two hours] from now you will return here – if you are still alive.'

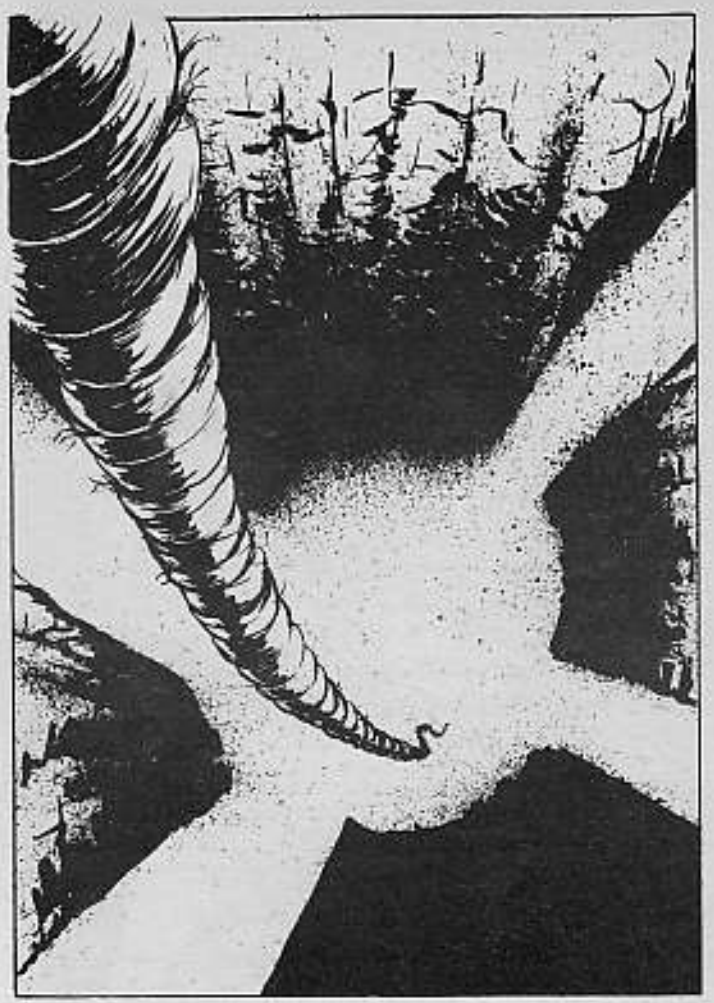

1

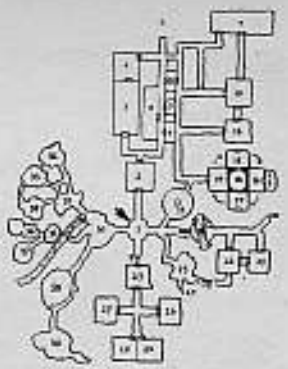

You climb down the rope until you reach the floor of a small chamber which has been dug into the earth. Four paths lead off from the chamber: to the north, south, east and west.

They are in the centre of the dungeon.

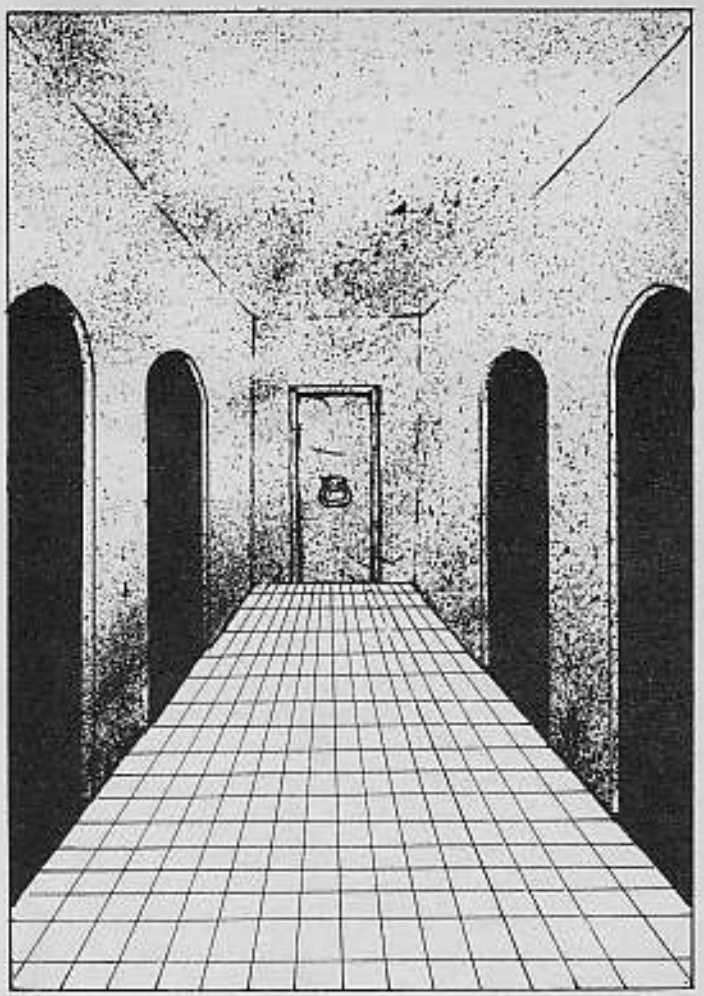

2

The room is large and rectangular. It is bare inside and a door is set in the wall directly opposite you. Along the east and west walls are archways. In the archways themselves you can see nothing but blackness.

There are four archways, two on each side of the room. Although you must lead them to believe that passageways probably run out from the archways, they instead are the frames of four mirrors. These magical mirrors distort their reflections. Any adventurer looking into one of these archways will see a distorted reflection of himself or herself, but so distorted that the reflection will seem to be a monster.

As you can imagine, the monster will mimic their actions. If they jump back, the monster will disappear, then reappear if the adventurer steps forwards. If the adventurer should draw a weapon, so will the monster. If the adventurer advances towards the monster, the monster also appears to advance.

The walls of the room are able to speak, and are activated when a reflection appears. A voice will boom out: 'What have we here? Foolish adventurers! Why, you look too puny to face a lame sparrow! Do you carry those swords for show? Let me see whether or not you have any courage!' The adventurers will think the reflection in the mirror is taunting them. The voice will continue to taunt them as long as the reflection remains, trying to tease them into a fight. If two adventurers step in front of archways, two voices will challenge them.

The reflections and the voices are harmless. If any of the adventurers strike out at the reflections, they will shatter the mirror they hit. Glass will shower them. Roll to see what the damage is, according to the following table:

Die Roll	*Effect*
1	Glass splinters blind one eye. Permanently reduce SKILL by 2 points.
2	Glass cuts forehead badly. Blood runs into eyes. Reduce SKILL by 1 point for twenty minutes until bleeding stops.
3	Glass cuts sword arm. 2 STAMINA points of damage.
4	Glass causes minor scratching all over. Deduct 1 STAMINA point.
5–6	No damage.

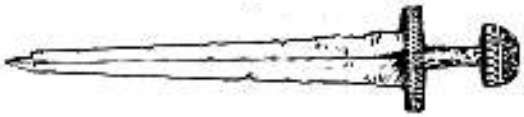

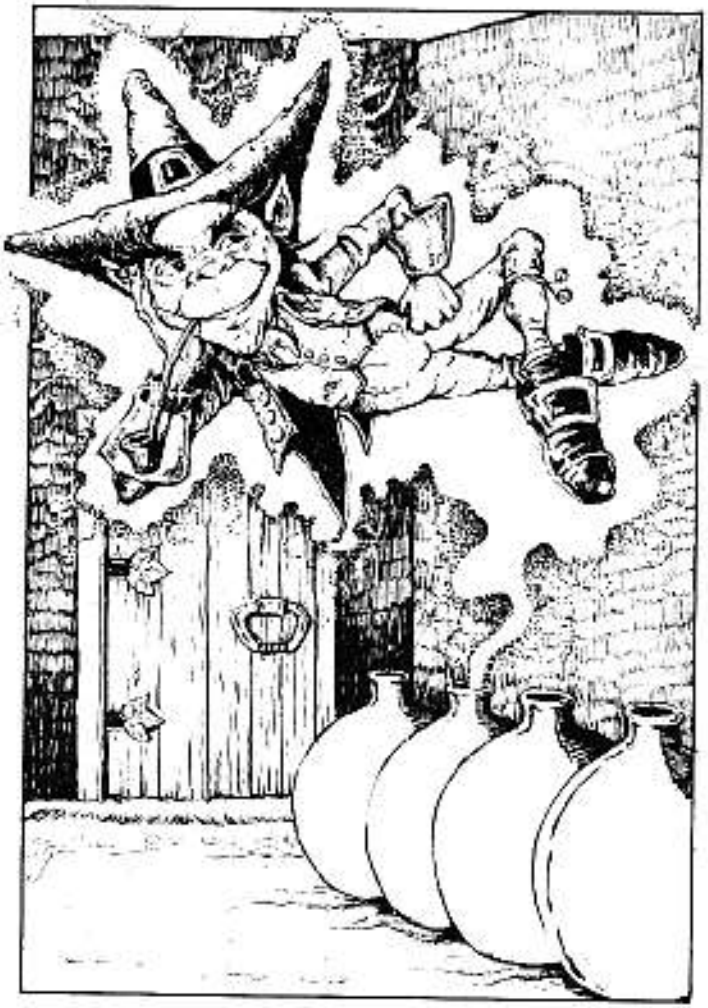

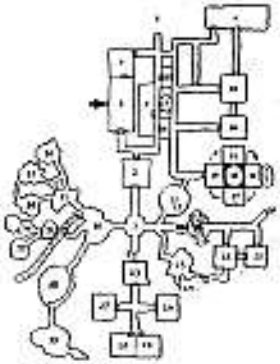

3

Inside is a green room. A green, but somewhat grubby, carpet spreads across the floor. The walls are painted a rich, leafy-green colour, and so is the ceiling. The room itself is long and rectangular, with doors in the north and south walls. Along the east wall are four large copper urns with narrow necks and fat bodies. As you are looking at these, a small head pops out of one of them and turns towards you. 'Well strike me down!' it says in a squeaky little voice. 'What have we here? Visitors? Love us and save us, Muldoon; we can have some fun here!'

The little creature – a small man less than a metre tall, and dressed in green clothes – floats into the air and over towards you.

If they stay in the room with Muldoon, the Leprechaun, they will find him to be a jolly little fellow, but fond of practical jokes. He has some magic and may try any or all of the following: changing the colour of the room; changing sword blades to rubber (wears off after five minutes); making an adventurer speak in a high-pitched voice for ten minutes (you can insist that this player must actually speak like

this for the ten minutes); creating little mounds of foul slime on the floor (cow dung or rotten fish, for example) which the adventurers will step into; cursing an adventurer with warts on the face (these will disappear in ten minutes); etc.

He will chat to them and answer questions, but will not give away much information about the dungeon. After they have chatted for two minutes or so, he will ask whether they want to see what's inside his urns. Numbering the urns 1–4 from north to south, they contain:

First Urn. A liquid which appears to be water. One minute after it has been touched, it will start to burn like an acid. This painful burning will last for one minute (deduct 2 STAMINA points). It will not actually do any damage to flesh, but will just hurt badly.

Second Urn. A mushy substance which smells foul. It is unpleasant, but will do no harm. In fact it is a pulped fruit and may be eaten for a gain of 4 STAMINA points.

Third Urn. A deep growling sound is coming from within the urn. In fact there are no creatures inside, but 6 Gold Pieces and a silver necklace (worth 8 Gold Pieces).

Fourth Urn. Contains folded cloths and material. Also contains a poisonous spider which may bite an adventurer for 4 STAMINA points of damage. Roll one die every fifteen seconds while an adventurer is groping around inside the urn. A roll of 1 or 2 indicates that the spider bites.

The urns have narrow necks so adventurers will have to plunge their hands inside to feel around. As they are made of copper, they cannot be broken open. If they ask the Leprechaun for advice, he will advise them to try the first or second urn.

The Leprechaun usually shuffles the urns round between visitors, so if they return to this room, the urns will have been moved round.

If the adventurers wish to try fighting the Leprechaun, they will have no success. He will fly out of reach each time they attempt to attack.

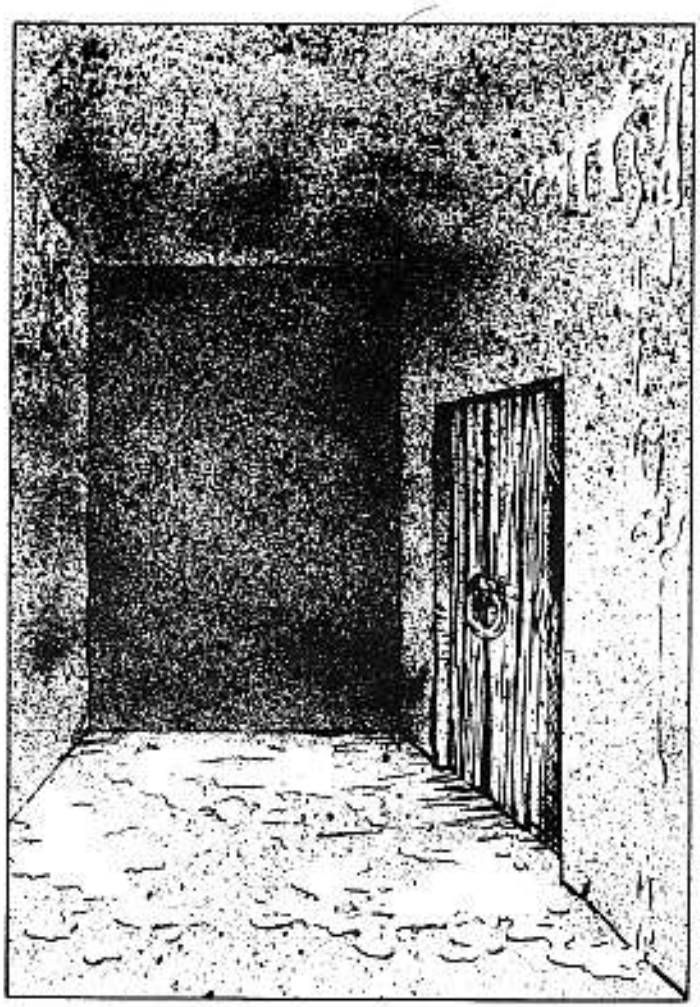

4

The room is dark, damp and cold. It appears to be empty. Doors in the south and east walls are the only ways through.

The room is a Room of Cold and the temperature will drop below freezing as soon as both doors are closed. The doors will slam shut and lock once the adventurers are inside and when this happens, the adventurers will start to freeze. There are two ways to escape. If they can break one of the doors down in the normal way, the temperature will rise rapidly. If they search the room they may locate a secret trapdoor in the floor which opens to reveal the control room. The master control is a large lever, which is in the up (on) position. If they pull it down, the cold will cease and the room will gradually warm up. This lever also releases the doors.

For every fifteen seconds they are trapped in the cold, they will lose 1 STAMINA point.

Inside the control room they will find (if they search) a pouch on the floor containing 8 Gold Pieces.

5

This appears to be a storeroom of some kind. All sorts of things have been thrown inside, in no particular order. Boxes, chests, rubble, wooden doors and tools lie against the west wall. Along the north wall are what appear to be stuffed animals and monsters. Paintings, furniture and the like are also scattered around.

This is a Fantasy Room and running it will take great ingenuity from a GamesMaster. Having described the room as being a sort of jumble-sale warehouse, exactly what happens will be decided by the adventurers.

The room fulfils fantasies. Anything that the players expect to happen here will happen. For example, if someone says 'Watch out, I bet one of those animals will come to life!', then one of the stuffed

animals *will* come to life. If someone else then says 'Look out, it's going to attack!', then it *will* attack. If someone says 'I expect there will be some treasure in one of these chests', then there will be some treasure in one of the chests. But these things will only come true if the adventurers say something which indicates that they are *expecting* something to happen. If someone just says 'I wonder whether the animals will come to life?', then nothing will happen.

If they start looking through all the junk in the room, they will come across all sorts of things not mentioned in the description above. If they mention *anything specific* (like 'Let's see if we can find a brass shield'), then you must roll one die. If you roll 1, then they will find what they are looking for. If they happen to choose something which would spoil the game (such as a cannon, or 1,000 Gold Pieces), then you will have to be quick-witted enough to restrict its power (for example, there is no gunpowder for the cannon, or the thousand Gold Pieces are stuck together in such a way that they could not be carried out of the room).

The Fantasy Room will cease to make their wishes come true *as soon as they realize its power*. Once they notice that everything they expect is happening and try testing this, the room will not work and will revert to being a storeroom.

As it is likely that the party will suspect that the stuffed animals and monsters come to life and fight them, their scores are:

	SKILL	STAMINA	ATTACKS
HYENA	5	6	1
RHINOCEROS	7	13	1
GORILLA	8	10	2
GOBLIN	6	4	1
GOBLIN	5	4	1
HOBGOBLIN	6	7	1
HOBGOBLIN	6	6	1

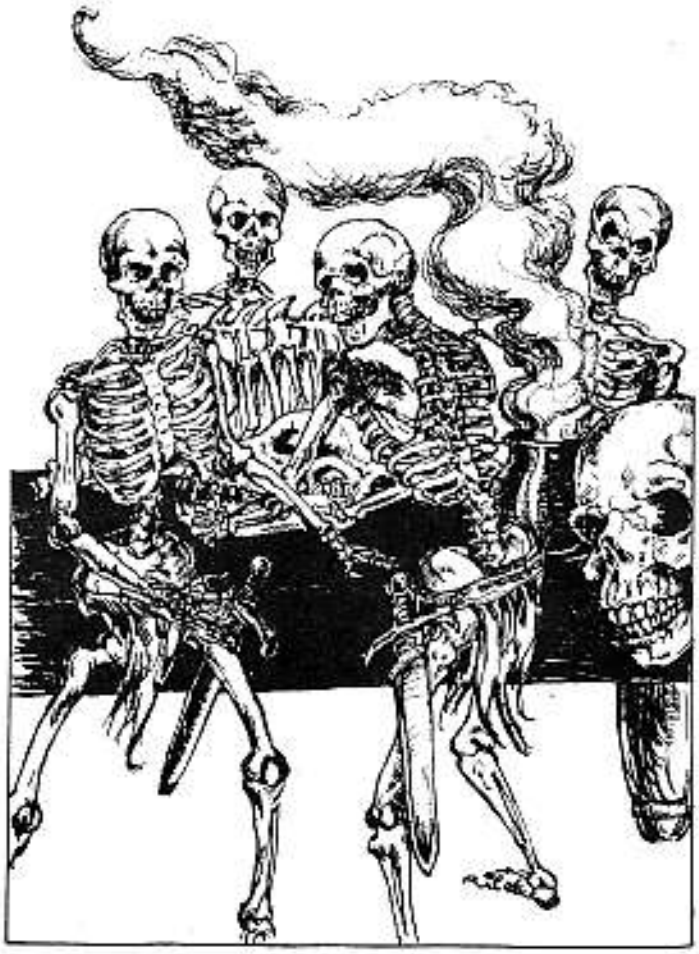

6

A strange sight greets you inside the room. The room is square with bare walls. The only furniture is a large wooden table and on this table is an almost complete skeleton of a wild animal – a great cat of some kind. Running around this skeleton, evidently trying to put the bones together, are five Skeletons who turn to stare at you as you enter. A strong smell hangs in the air and you recognize it as glue. On one corner of the table is a large silver pot containing this foul-smelling adhesive.

As soon as the party enters, four of the Skeletons will attack with swords. The fifth Skeleton concentrates on putting the final touches to the skeleton they have been working on. One minute after the party has entered the room, this Skeleton will glue the head in place and, once the job has been completed, the Tiger Skeleton will come to life, leap off

the table and attack. The party will not be able to get near the fifth Skeleton until they have killed the other four, who will defend their work-mate to the death.

	SKILL	STAMINA	ATTACKS
First SKELETON	6	6	1
Second SKELETON	5	6	1
Third SKELETON	6	5	1
Fourth SKELETON	7	5	1
Fifth SKELETON	5	5	1
TIGER SKELETON	8	7	2

If the party stay in the room for more than forty-five seconds, the fumes from the adhesive will start to affect them and they must each deduct 2 SKILL points for the remainder of the encounter. The effects will wear off as soon as they leave the room.

The only treasure in the room is the silver glue-pot, which is worth 5 Gold Pieces.

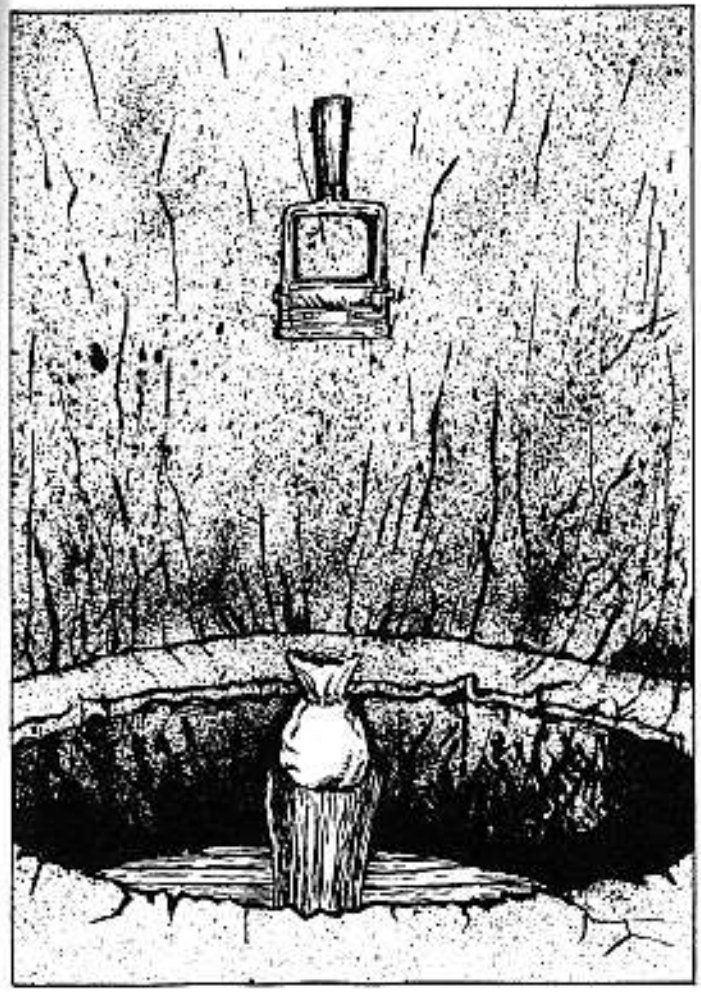

7

This room is circular in shape. A rocky ledge, about a metre wide, runs around the rim of a shallow pit. The pit is a perfect circle and is just over a metre deep. The floor of the pit is wooden, but its walls are stony. In the centre of the pit is a thick pole, about a metre tall, and on top of this pole is a leather pouch. Set in the wall of the room, directly across from the door, is a heavy lever.

As the party will no doubt suspect, this room is a trap. They may walk freely around the ledge, but once anyone steps on the wooden floor of the pit, it will start to spin very fast and anyone in it will be flung against the rocky sides. Anyone caught like this may suffer between one and four STAMINA points of damage (roll one die: 1–4 means this many STAMINA points of damage; 5–6 means no damage). The lever is a decoy. It cannot be moved and has no effect on the spinning pit.

The pouch on the pole contains 9 Gold Pieces. Their best way of taking it is to throw something at it, knock it into the pit while the pit is spinning, and then grab it as it is flung to the edge.

Grabbing things (the pouch or fellow adventurers) from the pit will be successful if the person who is grabbing successfully *Tests his Luck*. However, when an adventurer attempts to grab people, there is a chance that the weight will pull the adventurer into the pit as well. An adventurer may only grab another adventurer if the rescuer's SKILL and STAMINA scores are equal to or greater than those of the victim. Otherwise the rescuer will be pulled into the pit. If the rescuer is being held by other members of the party, then he or she will not be pulled in and the rescue will be successful.

The pit will stop spinning after ten minutes. By this time, anyone in the pit will have passed out. A deduction of 7 STAMINA points must be applied to anyone who is trapped in the pit and must wait for it to stop to climb out.

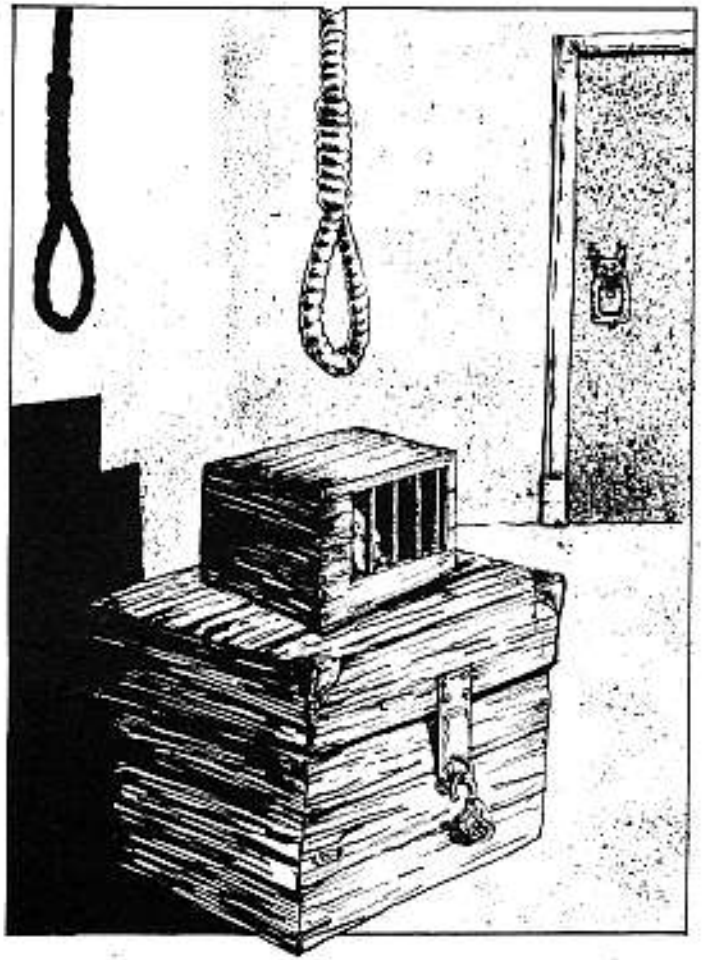

8

This square room has bare walls and the floor is dusty, with rubble and debris scattered about. There is another door opposite the one through which you entered. Towards the middle of the north wall stands a wooden box. There is a lock and catch for locking it, but this is undone. On top of this box is another, but this one looks like a small cage of some kind, with bars along the front. Hanging next to these two boxes, from the ceiling, is a thick rope tied into a noose at the end.

The room contents are not nearly so sinister as they appear. The cage contains an ordinary domestic rabbit. It has no magical properties or special powers. The box underneath, which looks like a treasure chest, contains a Chestrap Beast (and some treasure). The noose is quite ordinary – just a length of rope hanging from the ceiling.

The Chestrap Beast is a type of Gremlin which lives inside boxes. It has very long arms and launches surprise attacks on anyone opening its box, by grabbing and slashing its victim's neck with its long, sharp fingernails. If anyone tries to open the chest,

this person will stand a 4 in 6 chance of being slashed (for 4 STAMINA points of damage) by the Chestrap Beast. In addition, there is a 2 in 6 chance that the Beast will grab the adventurer (for 6 STAMINA points of damage, as the Beast will slash at a victim it has grabbed). The adventurers may attack the Chestrap Beast within its box:

CHESTRAP BEAST	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6	ATTACKS 1

Any adventurer held by the Beast will be unable to join in the attack.

If the adventurers kill the Beast, they will find inside its box 6 Gold Pieces, a wooden stick tapered at one end, and a dozen green leaves. The leaves are nothing special (the Chestrap Beast eats green leaves), but the stick is a magic wand capable of releasing a small fireball. If this wand is held by its widest end and the tapered end is pointed at anything living, a small fireball will shoot out of the end at the target. Anyone using the wand must tell you which end they are holding. If they hold the tapered end, the fireball will shoot into their own body! Remember also that nothing will happen unless the tapered end points towards a living creature. Anything alive which is hit by the fireball will suffer 5 STAMINA points of damage. The wand has enough charge for five uses and after each use, it will take forty-five seconds to prepare itself for the next blast.

If the adventurers release the rabbit from the cage, there is a 2 in 6 chance that the rabbit will try to open the Chestrap Beast's box. If it does this, the adventurers will be alerted to the danger inside the box when the Beast grabs or slashes the rabbit.

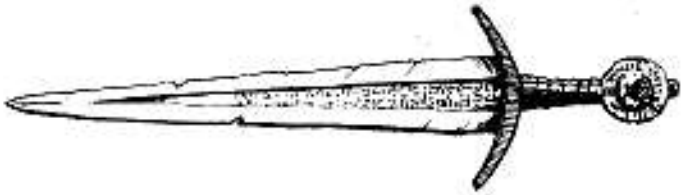

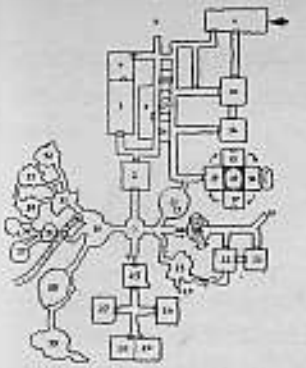

9

This is a large chamber in which tables and chairs are arranged around the middle of the room. A counter stretches along the east wall. On this counter are bowls, mugs, knives, etc. Behind the counter are three Dwarfs, who look up as you walk in; they smile and point to a board on which some sort of message is written. There are two doors leading from the room, both in the south wall (you have entered through one of them).

They have entered Pookie's Eating House. Pookie is a Dwarf who runs the place with his two brothers. The board they were pointing to is a Menu, which offers:

Whortle Soup (a creamy grey vegetable soup	1 Gold Piece
Home-made Vittles (little pastry balls with tough, chewy meat inside)	3 Gold Pieces

Pookie's Stew (a hot stew with meat and vegetables)	3 Gold Pieces
Aardwolf Joint (the thigh of an Aardwolf, roasted on a spit)	2 Gold Pieces
Gloister and Bread (bread with a portion of runny, cheese-like goo)	3 Gold Pieces
Bomba Fruit (a succulent fruit the size of a large apple)	1 Gold Piece
Herb Tea (foul-smelling warm tea)	1 Gold Piece
Orc Ale (a strong alcoholic drink)	2 Gold Pieces

The adventurers may order and eat any of these (but they will have to pay for them when they arrive). Anyone eating one item from the menu may add 2 STAMINA points. Eating two items adds 4 STAMINA points, but eating three items still only adds 4 STAMINA points. Some of the items have special properties:

Whortle Soup. Reacts differently on different creatures. Roll one die for each person eating Whortle Soup. 1–4 means no special effect; 5 causes an allergic reaction and the adventurer breaks out in red spots; 6 means the adventurer becomes hot and dizzy and passes out for 1½ minutes (but no harm caused).

Gloister. This tastes awful, but restores LUCK. You must tell anyone eating Gloister how bad the taste is ('Do you want to keep on eating?') but if they finish off their portion, they may restore their LUCK to its *initial* level. Pookie doesn't keep much Gloister in store. He will be sold out if the party orders more than two portions. Because it is so runny, it will be difficult for them to take with them, so you must tell them it will not be solid enough for them to store in their backpack and wait to see whether they come up with any ingenious way of taking it. If their solution is reasonable, allow them to take it.

Bomba Fruit. This is a particularly nourishing fruit. If eaten along with any other food, it will double the gain in STAMINA points (by itself it is only worth 2 STAMINA points).

Orc Ale. This is a potent alcoholic drink. Roll one die for its effect on each drinker:

Die Roll	*Effect*
1–2	Drinker feels happy and light-headed. No special effects.
3–4	Drinker slurs speech and is uncoordinated. Deduct 2 SKILL points for thirty minutes until effect wears off.
5	Drinker becomes violent and will attack the nearest person (another member of the party or a Dwarf).

6 Drinker becomes violent as above but falls unconscious after fourth Attack Round. Will revive after thirty minutes but must permanently deduct 2 SKILL points.

If the Orc Ale drinker becomes aggressive (roll of 5 or 6), the other members of the party may try to either disarm or stun him. On a successful attack against the drinker, the attacker may opt to disarm or stun him instead of inflicting the normal damage. In this case the attacker must roll one die, choosing to go for a stun or disarm. A roll of 1 or 2 is a successful stun; a roll of 1–3 is a successful disarm.

If the party decide to attack the Dwarfs, they are:

	SKILL	STAMINA	ATTACKS
POOKIE	8	6	1
GLANTIE	6	6	1
HUNGIE	6	7	1

The till behind the counter contains 2 Gold Pieces. It has not been a good day for trade.

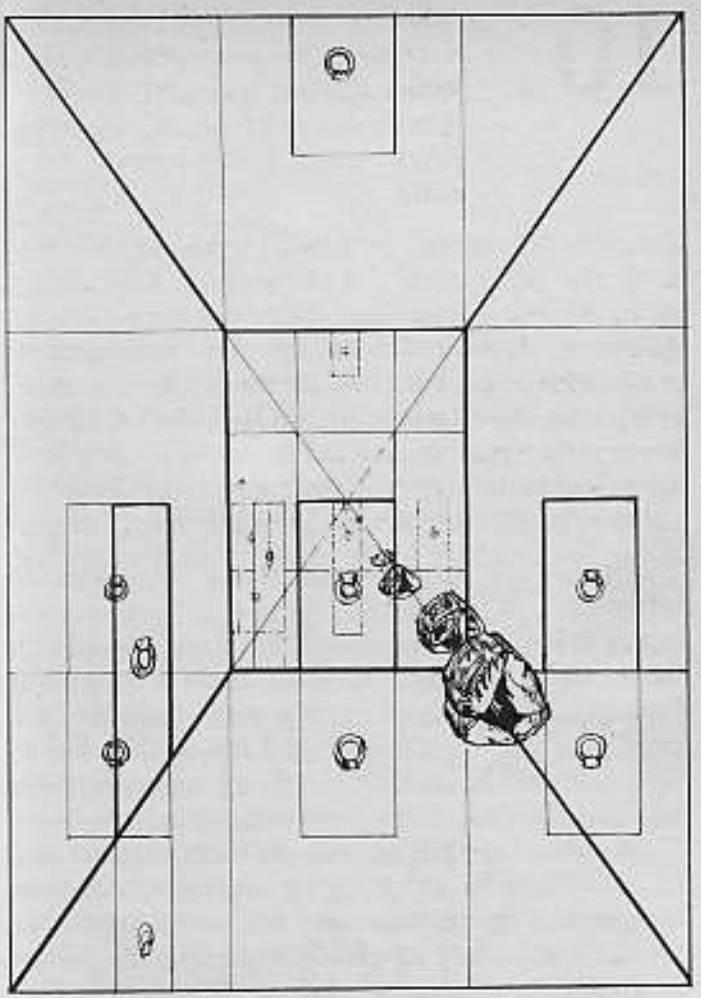

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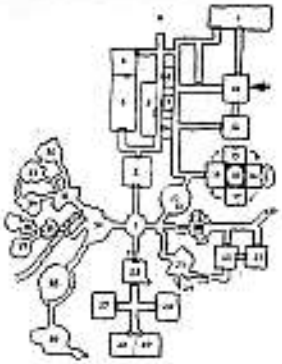

This room is square and, as you shine your lantern inside, it lights up brilliantly. When your eyes accustom themselves to the light, you can see that the room is lined with mirrors. Each wall, the floor and the ceiling are large glass mirrors and it takes some concentration to decide how big the room is. There are doors in the north, south and west walls. The only item in the room is a leather backpack, lying against the east wall.

The floor of this room is a trap. Once the adventurers are in the room, the floor turns from solid to liquid and they will fall into the water beneath. The pool is only a metre and a half deep, so their heads will be above the surface, but living in the water is a family of Ripper Sharks, who will attack.

Give the party fifteen seconds from the time you tell them about the trap. If they are bright enough to look around in the water, they will notice the Ripper Sharks before they attack and the fight will start as normal. If they don't look around the water, the first they will know about the Sharks is when one of the adventurers has his/her leg bitten (for 4 STAMINA points of damage) – then the fight will continue as normal.

There will be as many Ripper Sharks as there are adventurers:

	SKILL	STAMINA	ATTACKS
ADULT MALE	8	6	1
ADULT FEMALE	7	6	1
JUVENILES (each)	6	5	1

Roll dice to decide who is attacked by which Shark. Because the adventurers are in water, they must deduct 2 points from their Attack Strength dice rolls.

If they kill the Sharks, they can (if they remember) search for and find the backpack which has now sunk into the water. In it they will find: 2 Jewels (a ruby and an emerald), each worth 7 Gold Pieces and a copper ring. This ring has the power to warn them of danger. If it is being worn on a finger, it will begin to heat up if the adventurer enters an area which contains a trap (for instance, it would have started to burn as the adventurer entered *this* room.) It will not react to *obvious* danger (for instance, if the adventurer enters a room with a monster clearly in view).

If the party try to *Escape* during their battle with the Sharks, they may do so. They may head towards any of the doors. But because they are in water, it will take them twice as long to reach the door, so they will take the *Escape* penalty twice.

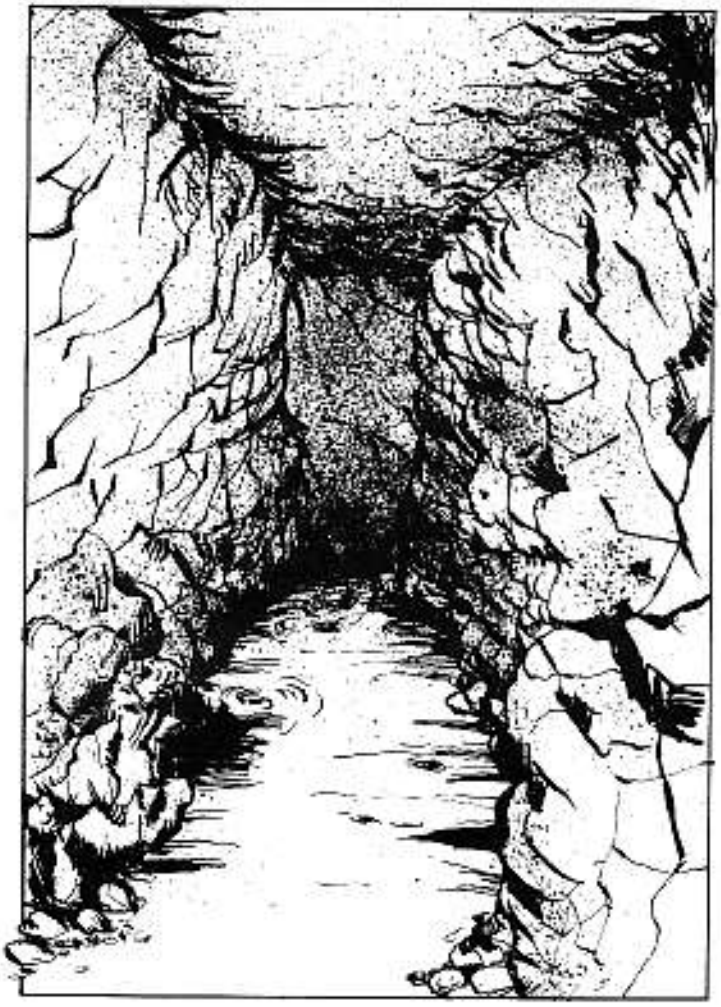

11

You come to a dead end in the passageway. There appears to be no way through.

This is a dead end, but one with a difference. If they search for secret doors, they will come across a lever which looks as though it could release a catch. In fact it doesn't. If they pull the lever, a jet of gas will knock them all out, and when they come to, they will find themselves in different surroundings.

If the party is transported to another section of the dungeon, roll one die to see where they appear:

Die Roll	*New Location*
1	On the stairs between 22 and 23
2	At the crossroads joining rooms 25–29
3	In room 37
4	In room 18
5	At the dead end marked 20
6	Back in room 1

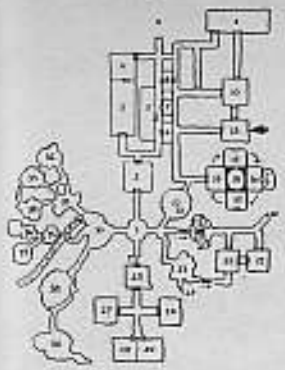

12

The room is small and dark. As your lantern flashes across the floor, it comes across a body dressed in rags. As the light searches for a face, the bundle of sackcloth shifts and a voice calls out: 'Who's that? Who are you? What do you want here? Be off with you! Leave a poor old man in peace!' The man's face is wrinkled and a long grey beard is wrapped under his head as a pillow. He squints as you shine the light in his eyes and holds up his hand as a shield. He is grubby, but his face is kindly. Apart from the doors in the north and west walls, there is nothing in the room.

This old beggar will do them no physical harm, but will ask for a Gold Piece to buy a cup of Herb Tea. If they give him one, he will ask for more a few

minutes later; if they don't, he will persist in asking. They can talk to him, but they may be deceived by his replies. Everything Barnabas the Beggar says, when asked a question, is a lie.

You will have to answer their questions in a misleading way, so that they think that the answers are genuine, but he will never tell them the truth. Try not to make it obvious that he is lying, otherwise they will discover his secret and quickly grow tired of him.

If they wish to attack him, he is:

BEGGAR SKILL 4 STAMINA 6 ATTACKS 1

If they wish him to join the party, roll one die. If you roll a 4, 5 or 6 he will agree to join them. You will have to react for him and fight for him. If they give him a weapon to use, he will increase his SKILL to 6.

13

The corridor opens out into a circular chamber. This is decorated with green plants and statues of beautiful women around the walls. In the centre of the chamber is a flowing fountain from which water jets into the air, splashing down into a pool at its base. A sign carved into the fountain reads 'Toss in a Coin' but there are no coins in the fountain. Directly across the chamber a passageway leads onwards.

This fountain has limited magical abilities. If anyone does throw a coin into it, nothing will happen unless they actually speak a wish.

It is up to the GM whether or not the wish can be granted. Modest wishes should be allowed (such as restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK – but not all three – to *Initial* level) but extravagant wishes (such as 1,000 Gold Pieces, or protection from all attacks, or six more wishes) should not be allowed. You must give them no clue as to whether the wish is working or not. There is no one in the room but them, so there would be no clues. If the wish is reasonable, it will

simply happen. If it is unreasonable, nothing will happen.

One final point. The pool of 'water' at the base of the fountain is not water at all but a strong acid. It will not affect gold, but will certainly affect skin if anyone puts their hand into the liquid. A quick touch (for instance, to test the liquid) will cause a burned finger and 2 STAMINA points of damage. A full plunge up to the elbow (for instance to recover a thrown-in coin) will cause severe damage (6 STAMINA points) and the hand may not be used again in this adventure. If this is an adventurer's sword hand, deduct 2 SKILL points permanently.

The plants and statues are perfectly normal.

14–18

This little group of five rooms is peculiar in that they shift position every twenty seconds. The four outer rooms (14–17) all revolve clockwise around the central room once anyone has entered the complex. Once the party has entered room 14, you must keep track of time and the position of the rooms. After twenty seconds, room 17 will line up with the corridor they have entered from. Twenty seconds later, room 16 will be there. The shifting takes a micro-second and the party will not be able to feel the shift at all: after all, they remain in the same room.

Each room has one door which exits to the centre of the 'wheel' (room 18) and another which exits to the outside. If a room is on the west side (lined up with the corridor), the door to the outside will be unlocked. If the room is on the east side, this door will be locked, but may be charged down. If the room is in the north or south positions, the door will be locked and may not be opened, even by charging.

If anyone charges down the 'outside' door to a room when it is in the east position, they will fall down a pit fifteen metres deep (see Falling rules for possible damage). The party will only be able to rescue him if they can come up with a clever and plausible method of getting him up. They may pull him up with rope, if they have any, but he would not be able to climb the walls of the pit. And don't forget the rooms shift every twenty seconds!

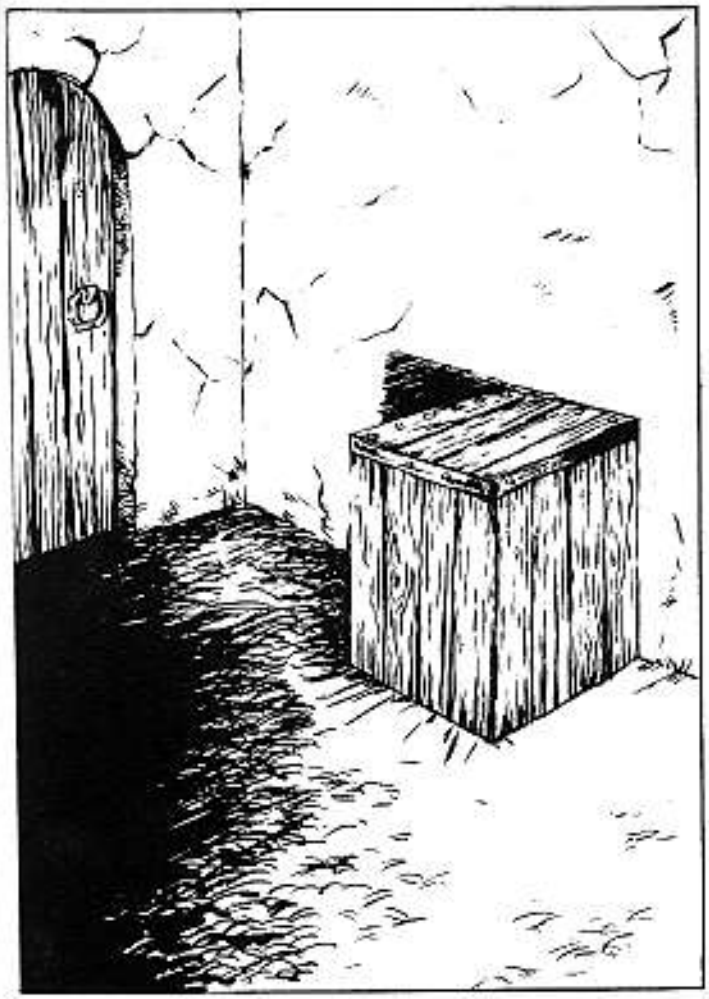

14

14

This room is bare-walled, with a dirt floor. The only thing you can see in the room is a wooden box resting against the wall.

See the previous page before you go on to this room.

The room is indeed empty. The box resembles a large open tea chest, turned upside down. It is pushed up tight against the wall, but is not heavy and can be lifted easily.

It covers a smaller chest (resembling a treasure chest) which is locked. But to get at the treasure chest, the party will have to remove the box.

While the box is pressed against the wall, it is sealing off a hole in the wall. This hole is about the size of the entrance to a dog kennel and trapped inside the hole is a Giant Aardwolf! Needless to say, as soon as they take away the box, the Aardwolf will escape and attack them.

Aardwolves are relatives of the Hyenas and stand about the size of a large wolf. They have yellow-grey coats with black stripes. Normally they will not

attack humans as they prefer insects, but this one has been sealed in its hole for some time and is *mean*:

GIANT
AARDWOLF SKILL 7 STAMINA 7 ATTACKS 1

If the party defeat the Aardwolf, they may investigate the chest. See Opening Chests in Chapter 5. If they open the chest they will find a parchment scroll with the following message on it (read it slowly to them): BAY AT DRAGONS KEEP TO FEAR NO SHOW.

The parchment will crumble to dust once it has been read. After you have read the message to them, you must not repeat it. If they can remember the message, they will soon realize that, when read backwards, it tells them how to keep Dragons from attacking.

15

The room is bare. Cries and screams are coming from one corner and, as you look towards the noise, you can make out a small basket in which a baby is lying.

The baby is a normal human baby. It is lying on golden sheets and is wrapped in woolly rags, crying loudly.

If the party try to comfort it, it will stop crying. If, however, they start acting aggressively or try to steal its sheets, it will surprise them.

It is, in fact, a Changeling – an infant able to change itself into all sorts of creatures. It will take the following forms and attack them, changing from

one to the next when they have reduced it to 4 STAMINA points or less.

WEREWOLF SKILL 8 STAMINA 8 ATTACKS 2

When they have reduced it to 4 STAMINA points, it will change into:

GOBLIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 5 ATTACKS 1

When they have reduced the Goblin to 4 STAMINA points, it will change into:

FIRE DEMON SKILL 10 STAMINA 10 ATTACKS 3

This is its last change. If the party defeat it as a Fire Demon, it will die.

If they search the Changeling's basket, they will find the golden sheets (these are not worth anything) and a grubby sackcloth at the bottom. The grubby sackcloth is, however, a cloak of invisibility and anyone wearing it will become invisible. However, as with Frodo's ring, this cloak drains energy. Each time it is used, it will drain 1 STAMINA point from the wearer for every ten seconds (or part of ten seconds) it is worn. Also, while wearing the cloak, the wearer becomes a non-physical body, and will not be able to touch physical objects (fight monsters, open doors, etc.).

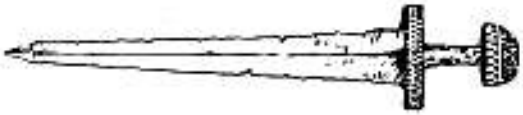

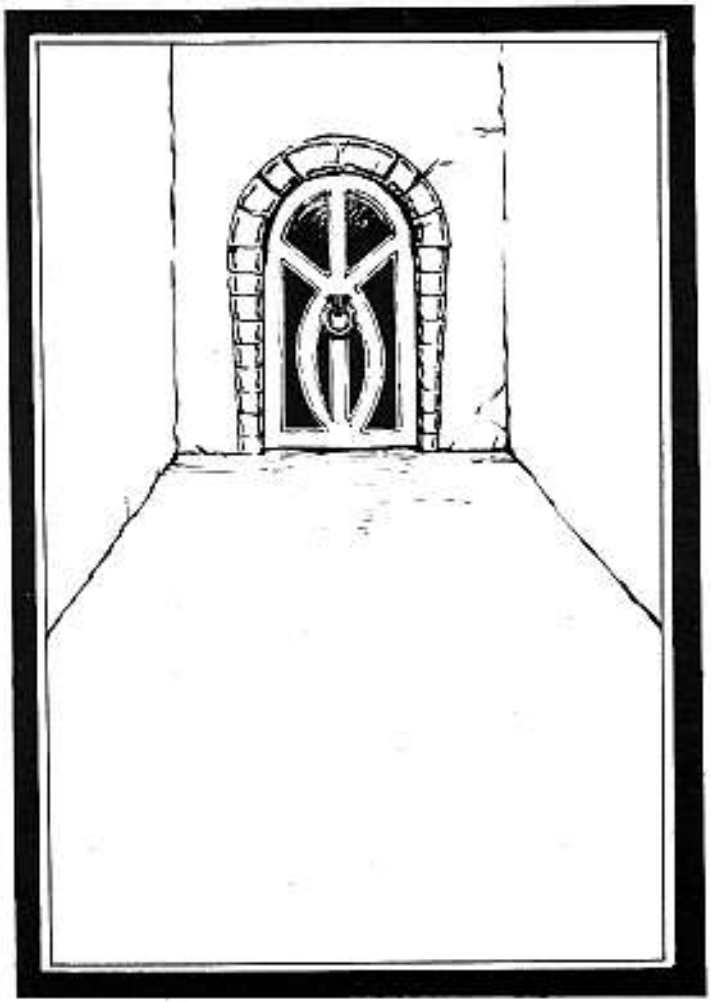

16

The room is bare. You can see nothing in it at all.

If the party stay in the room longer than fifteen seconds, a ghostly white figure will enter through a wall. This creature is a Spectre. It detests human beings and will try to trick the party into harming themselves. They cannot harm it, as it has a non-physical body.

It may try to persuade them that it has magic powers and has just cast a spell which will allow them to walk through walls. Anyone trying this will

of course walk straight into the wall, causing 2 STAMINA points of damage. The Spectre will be incredulous and apologetic.

Or it may merge itself with one of the adventurers. When it does this, it will have some control over that adventurer's will and may cause him or her to do something unexpected or dangerous, such as swipe at a fellow adventurer with a sword or put a hand into a lantern, burning it, either of which would cause 2 STAMINA points of damage.

It will talk to them and answer all their questions, but will mislead them as best it can, telling them the wrong way to go, directing them into danger, etc.

There is no treasure in this room.

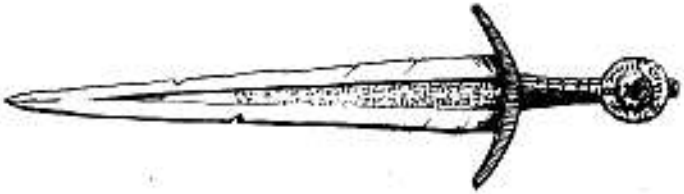

17

The room is sparsely decorated. Dried flowers and sweet-smelling herbs hang on the walls, along with a couple of paintings. A table and some chairs are the only furniture. Sitting on one of the chairs, slumped asleep over the table, is a young woman. She is quite beautiful, with waist-length blonde hair.

If the party stay in the room, the girl will wake up. She will be startled and a little afraid to see them. She will mumble a few words and point her fingers at them as if to cast a spell, but nothing will happen and she will burst into tears.

She is an apprentice witch, and not a very good one at that. She is quite harmless. She is also quite hungry and will ask them continually for Provisions. If they give her Provisions, she will give them

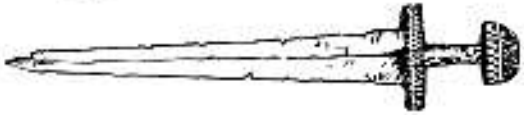

information. First she will tell them about the shifting rooms. For more Provisions she will tell them about any of the other rooms in this block of five (14–18) that they have not yet visited. For more Provisions she will tell them about room 12 or 13 (whichever they have not yet visited). For more Provisions – she has a voracious appetite – she will tell them about another room they have not yet visited (choose one at random).

The only things of use in the room are cloves of garlic which hang on the wall. She will trade these for some Provisions. If they decide to fight her, she is:

APPRENTICE WITCH SKILL 5 STAMINA 7 ATTACKS 1

18

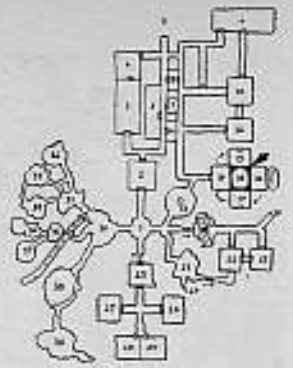

You are in a small round room with four identical doors around the walls (north, south, east and west). There is no furniture, nor anything alive in the room.

This is the central room of the complex. Remember the surrounding rooms shift every twenty seconds, in a clockwise direction.

19

As the party walk down the corridor, they reach a flight of stairs going downwards. If they continue on . . .

As you touch the tenth step, you hear a faint click. Suddenly the stairs have collapsed! They have folded flat to form a steep chute which you tumble down. For several metres you slide and bump down the chute until it flattens out and you begin to slow down. At the bottom, your speed takes you across a gravel bed and plunges you into water. You have landed in an underground river.

The adventurers must each lose 2 STAMINA points for their bumps and bruises. However, they may if they wish *Test their Luck* here. Anyone who does so and is Lucky will not suffer any damage.

On the west bank of the river (where they have just come from) there is merely a gravel bank. The chute has changed back into stairs – but if they try to climb the stairs, the chute will re-form when they go beyond the tenth stair. On the east side of the river, the bank is somewhat wider and there is a strange underground tree, with large fruits hanging from it. Leading out from the east bank is a passageway cut into the rock. There is nothing dangerous in the river (but *they* don't know this!), and they may walk across.

The tree on the east bank has large green fruits on it. They look succulent and edible. If anyone touches one of these, five of the fruits will 'hatch' and turn into Tree Geese. These Geese are very much like ordinary farmyard geese but are red in colour and have furious tempers. They will fly into the air and attack the party. Each Goose is identical:

TREE GOOSE SKILL 6 STAMINA 5 ATTACKS 1

Because the Geese are able to fly in attack, the adventurers must deduct 2 points from their Attack Strength dice rolls. But once a Goose has been reduced to 2 STAMINA points or less, its wing has been broken and it will not have this advantage. There is a Brass Key hanging from the branches (see room 29).

20

You reach a dead end in the passageway.

This is a dead end. There is no way through.

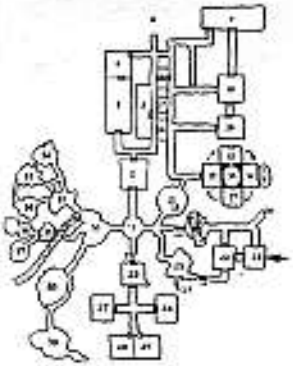

21

A blast of hot air hits you as you enter the room. It's like an oven in there! The room is square and there are doors in the north and west walls. But running diagonally across the room from the north-east to the south-west corner is a line of glowing coals. The coals extend right back almost to the south-east corner. But in this corner is a small platform and resting on the platform are two objects: a parchment scroll and a ring.

Unless they can think of some ingenious plot, there is no way any of the adventurers will be able to walk across the coals. If anyone puts their foot on the coals, they will take 3 STAMINA points of damage. Walking any further across the coals will take 5 STAMINA points of damage per step – and it is five steps to the corner and five steps back again.

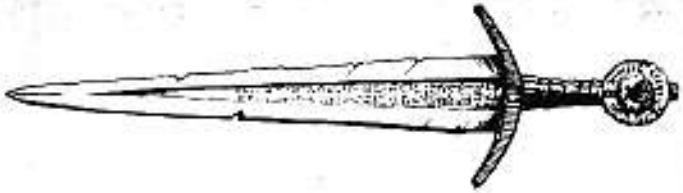

If they stay in the room for longer than thirty seconds, a small creature will walk out of the coals towards them. It is a lizard-like Salamander and it will walk up to them, stop and look at them. The Salamander is able to withstand the heat from the coals. It will squeak at them but will not attack. They may talk to it if they have a Green-Haired Wig from room 22, but otherwise there is nothing they can do. If they try to fight it, they can do so:

SALAMANDER SKILL 3 STAMINA 3 ATTACKS 1

If they have the Green-Haired Wig, they may talk to the Salamander. It will not give them much information, but it is quite friendly. If they ask it to go to the corner and bring back the scroll and the ring, it will do so (this will take two trips, as it cannot carry both). The scroll will burn up on the way back. The ring is an ordinary gold ring (worth 3 Gold Pieces) which belongs to the Wizard in room 36.

22

The room is tidy and presentable. A bed, a table and chairs furnish the place, and crude drawings of animals have been etched into the wall. Doors are set in the north, south and east walls. The floor is clean, although a pile of bones in one corner catches your attention. You can hear a snoring coming from the bed. Underneath the bedclothes a man is sleeping. A mop of flaming red hair rests on the pillow.

If the party stay in the room for more than fifteen seconds, the man will wake up, spring out of bed and stand before them. He is tall and strong, over two metres tall, and he will tell them to clear off. If they don't go, he will get angry. If they still don't go, he will attack:

RED-HAIRED MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 9 ATTACKS 1

When they have inflicted 3 STAMINA points of damage, the man will stop fighting and a change will come over him. Hair will begin sprouting around his face and hands. His shirt and breeches will split. As his mouth opens to roar, the party will see sharp teeth. This man is a Weretiger, covered in black-striped orange fur. He will attack:

WERETIGER SKILL 9 STAMINA 11 ATTACKS 3

If they defeat the Weretiger, they can search his room. Under his pillow is a Green-Haired Wig. When anyone puts this wig on, a mouse will run across the floor and stop at that person's feet. It will squeak, and the wearer of the wig will be amazed to find that he or she can understand the mouse, who is saying 'Yes, master, what can I do for you?' There is probably nothing it can do, and it will eventually scurry off. The mouse has, however, revealed the wig's secret. Anyone wearing the wig is able to talk to animals.

If they search the Weretiger's belongings, they may find 10 Gold Pieces in his pockets.

23

You enter a large underground cavern cut into the rock. Three passageways lead from the cavern; one to the east, one to the south and one to the north-west. From the look of the rocky walls, someone has been working here, as some of the surfaces have been cut recently. In one corner stands a pile of tools: picks, shovels and hammers.

This chamber, and the passageway to the south, are under construction. If the party investigate the walls, they will find a vein of black rock along the west wall. They may chip some of this out with a pick. In fact it is coal, but you must tell them only that it is a black rock.

There are no treasures here. If they take any of the tools with them to use as weapons, they must deduct 1 point from their Attack Strength rolls if using a pick or hammer, or 2 points if they are foolish enough to use a shovel.

24

The passage narrows the further you walk along it until it is too low to stand up. A couple of metres ahead, it ends.

This is a dead end. It is an area of the dungeon which is being tunnelled but no one is working on it at the moment. They will find nothing of interest here.

However, should you wish to extend this dungeon, this is a suitable place for you to continue the passage into your own designed areas of rooms, monsters and traps. Try this once the adventurers have explored most of the rest of the dungeon.

25

A foul smell hangs in the air. The room is roughly square in shape but the south-east corner is dark and dingy. You cannot tell what lies there. But lying on the floor around the edges of the room are six bodies; perhaps dead or perhaps asleep. A door opposite leads onwards. There is no furniture in the room, but against the west wall is a mound of earth and a shovel.

The bodies around the walls are six Zombies. They are under the control of Anatol-Ra, an Evil Priest who is watching the party from the dark alcove. Once the adventurers enter the room, he will command the Zombies to awaken and attack (but the adventurers will still not know he is there). The Zombies – vacant-faced, undead, human wretches – will attack mindlessly:

ZOMBIE SKILL 6 STAMINA 6 ATTACKS 1

Remember, there are six of these Zombies. Any member of the party who is killed by a Zombie will not die, but will instead become themselves a Zombie, under the control of Anatol-Ra. Any such

adventurer will rise up and start to attack the party (with a SKILL of 6 and STAMINA of 6).

If the party defeat the Zombies, Anatol-Ra himself will step forward. If the party have an Amulet of Ra, he cannot harm them. If they don't, he will cast a spell and they will be transported somewhere else in the dungeon (you choose a spot).

If they have the Amulet of Ra, the spell will not work. He will cry: 'You have the Amulet! My end is nigh!' and will rush towards them to attack:

EVIL PRIEST SKILL 8 STAMINA 10 ATTACKS 1

If they defeat him, they will find 15 Gold Pieces in his pockets and a silver bracelet round his wrist. This bracelet is his means of controlling the Zombies. Four minutes from the time the first Zombie died, they will one by one come back to life. Whoever is wearing the bracelet can control them. The party may take them with them on their quest and can command them to attack. But the second time they die, they are dead for good.

26

The air inside the room is clammy. The walls are bare and the floor is muddy. A croaking noise directs your attention to the north-east corner of this square room. Sitting in the corner is a Giant Toad on a mound of matted straw. There do not appear to be any other doors in the room.

If the party approach the Giant Toad, it will hop forwards and attack:

GIANT TOAD SKILL 5 STAMINA 7 ATTACKS 1

The toad has a long tongue which it can whip out to attack the adventurers. A poison gland on the end of this tongue causes a painful wound. Anyone successfully wounded by the Toad will suffer 4 STAMINA points of damage instead of the usual 2.

If the party defeat the Toad and investigate its corner, they will find it is sitting on two large eggs, both yellow in colour. The left-hand egg is solid; its shell merely disguises a solid gold Tree Goose's egg, worth 23 Gold Pieces. But the right-hand egg is dangerous. If they touch it, it will hatch into a Cockatrice which will attack them immediately:

COCKATRICE SKILL 7 STAMINA 7 ATTACKS 2

A Cockatrice is a strange creature with the head and body of a cock, leathery, spiked wings and a long serpent's tail. It is a ferocious beast and is known as the King of the Serpents.

The Cockatrice has a poisonous breath which will paralyse anything living it comes in contact with. Anyone who is wounded by the Cockatrice will first of all take the normal 2 STAMINA points of damage, then must roll two dice to see which area of the body is affected:

Dice Roll	*Area Affected*	*Effect*
2	Brain	Death.
3	Sword arm	Can only use other arm to fight. Deduct 4 SKILL points.
4	Back	Difficult to move. Deduct 3 SKILL points.
5	Left leg	Can move at limping pace only. Deduct 2 SKILL points.

6	Non-sword arm	Cannot use arm. Deduct 1 SKILL point.
7	None	No penalty.
8	One eye	3-D vision gone. Deduct 1 SKILL point.
9	Right leg	Can move at limping pace only. Deduct 2 SKILL points.
10	Both legs	Cannot move (may be carried). Deduct 3 SKILL points.
11	Both arms	Cannot fight or use arms.
12	Heart	Death.

Anyone caught by the Cockatrice's poison may *Test their Luck*. If they are Lucky, they may roll the dice again. If they prefer the second result they may take this penalty and ignore the first roll.

The Cockatrice will die if it sees its own reflection in a mirror. Anyone trying to do so must *Test their Luck* twice successfully to get it to look in the mirror.

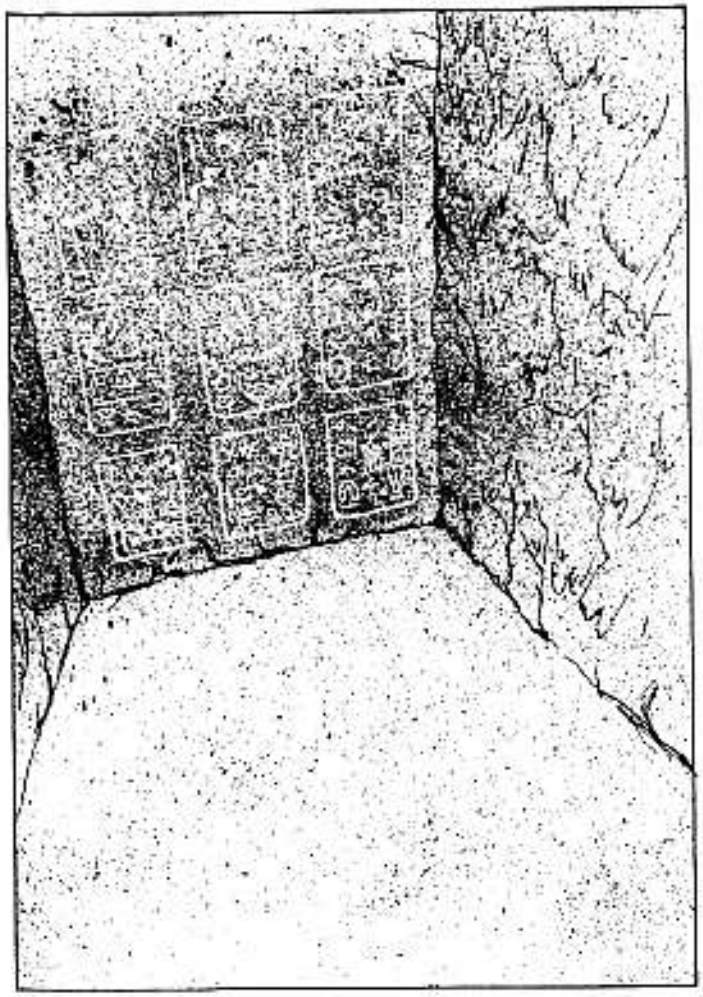

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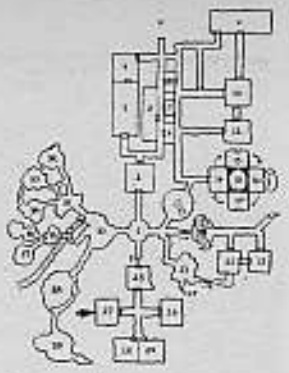

The room has walls, floor and ceiling of red clay. There is nothing inside the room, but hieroglyphics (picture writings) have been drawn on the west wall. There appear to be no other doors in the room.

This is an empty room. The hieroglyphics mean nothing.

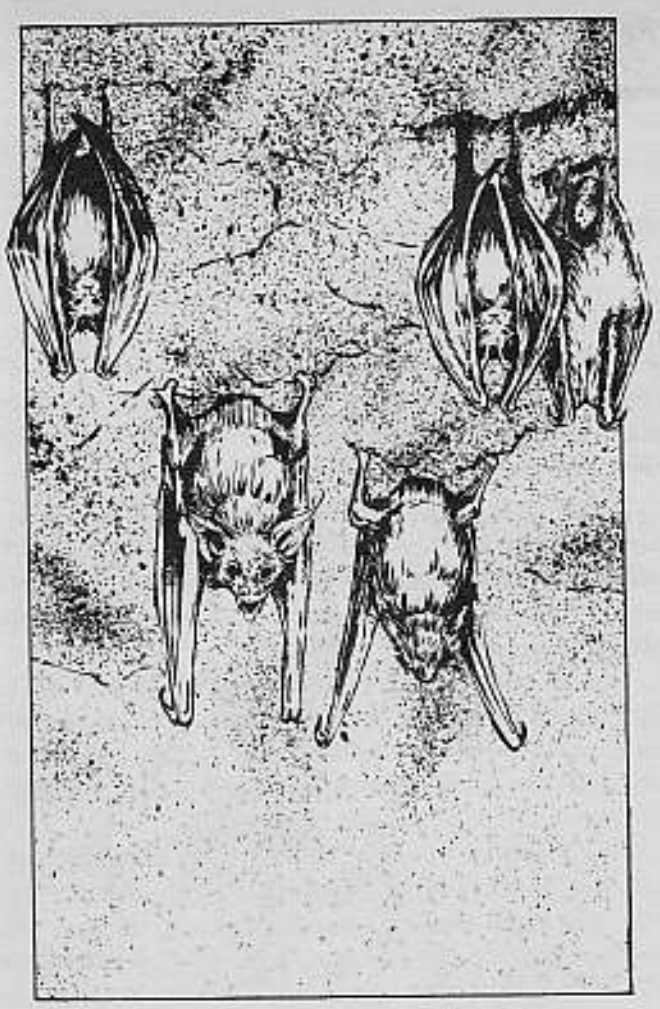

28

The room is long, rectangular and bare. A chirping sound in the north-west corner attracts your attention, and your lantern lights up a small family of bats hanging from the ceiling here. There appear to be no doors through.

If the party stay in this room for longer than twenty seconds, one of the bats will leave its perch and fly towards them. It will hover in front of them and, in an instant, turn into a Vampire, with long, sharp teeth and a rich black robe.

Unless they attack straight away, he will try to hypnotize them and they will only save themselves by *Testing their Luck* successfully – otherwise they will fall under his control. He will instruct any such victims to attack the rest of the party.

The Vampire may be held at bay with garlic or a crucifix, to allow the party to escape (once his attention has been broken, any hypnotized victims will return to normal). He may only be defeated with silver weapons. If anyone has a silver weapon, the Vampire will fight:

VAMPIRE SKILL 10 STAMINA 15 ATTACKS 3

If he is defeated, his hypnotic powers will disappear.

If the party try to fight him without a silver weapon, conduct the battle as normal, but even when an adventurer thinks he or she has wounded the Vampire, he will suffer no damage.

The other bats hanging from the ceiling will do no harm; they are merely decoys for the Vampire.

If the party search the room, they may find a secret compartment in the south wall which hides the Vampire's treasure. If they can open it, they will find 86 Gold Pieces, Jewellery and Gems worth another 12 Gold Pieces, and a Potion. Instructions are written on the potion bottle. It is a Potion of Life. If given to any recently killed creature (or person), it will bring them back to life, though at half STAMINA. Recently dead, in this case, means within the last two hours.

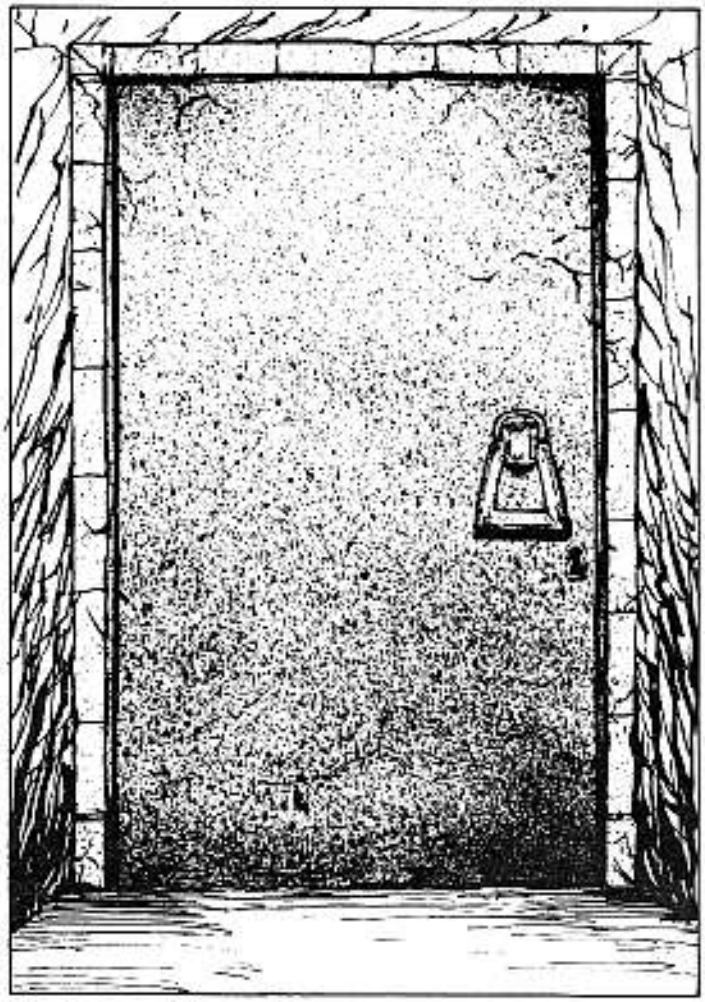

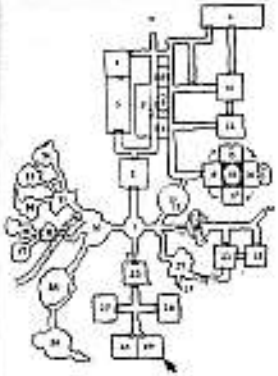

29

The door is sturdy and made out of stone. It is firmly locked.

The door cannot be broken down. If they have the Brass Key from the tree in room 19, the door will open. Inside is a storeroom containing all sorts of different objects, and some of these might be useful to the party. There are no monsters inside.

If the party search the room, you must conduct their search as follows. In a normal way (one that does not make it too obvious what is happening), you must ask each of the party what they are looking for. If they name a 'possible' object they can

Test their Luck. If they are Lucky, they will find it. Each adventurer is allowed only one such search.

An object is 'possible' so long as it is *not* a Gem, Jewel or some Gold Pieces (there is no treasure here), nor a magic item (for instance, Ring or Potion). If, for example, someone searches for a Silver Dagger, then this is 'possible'. If another person searches for Asbestos Boots to walk across the coals in room 21, these would also be 'possible'. But searching for 50 Gold Pieces or a Diamond Necklace would not be 'possible'.

Do not tell them what is 'possible' and what is not. They will find out for themselves. Remember also that each adventurer is only allowed one search.

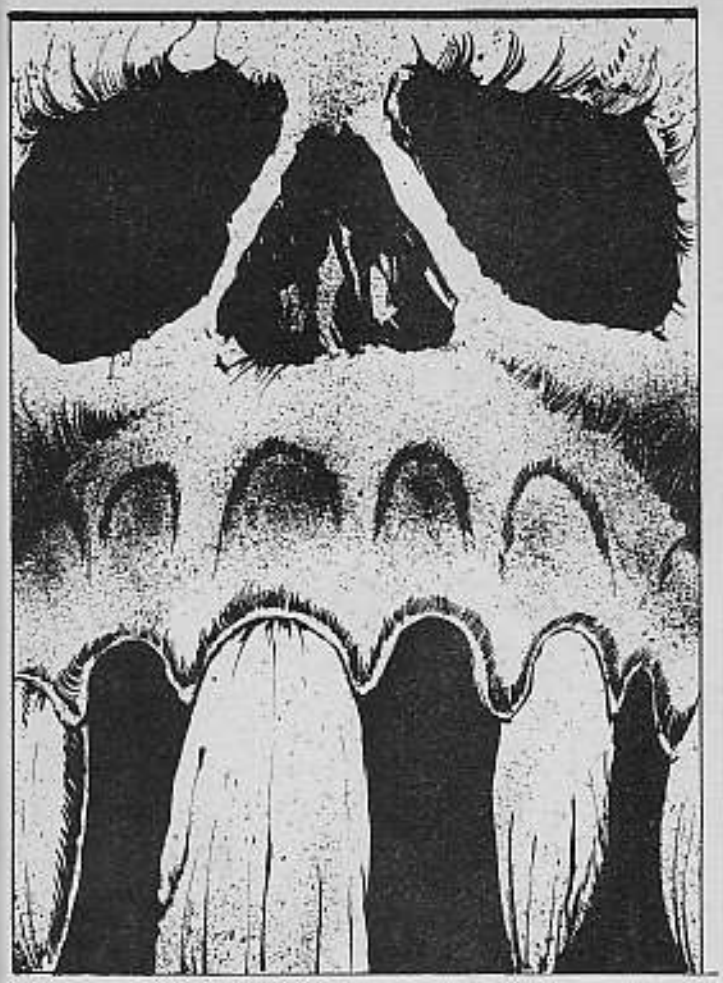

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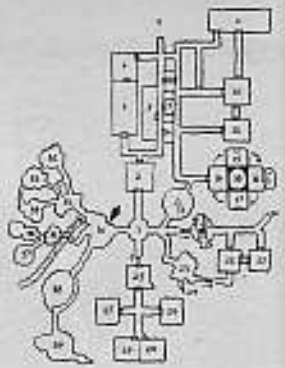

You enter a large underground cavern. Ahead of you, carved into the rock face, is the image of a huge skull. Three of its teeth are missing and through each of these gaps a tunnel leads onwards.

There is nothing unusual about this chamber.

31

The passageway widens into a large chamber. On the other side of this chamber are three passages running deeper into the rock.

A great Cave Troll lives in this chamber. At the moment it is in one of the passageways which run deeper into the rock. Roll one die to decide which of the three it is in: 1–2 for the left-hand passage; 3–4 for the middle passage; 5–6 for the right-hand passage. If they happen to choose the passage the Troll is in, they must fight it:

CAVE TROLL SKILL 8 STAMINA 9 ATTACKS 3

The Troll has no treasure. If the party hang around the cavern for more than one minute, the Troll will appear from its passage and attack them in the cavern.

32

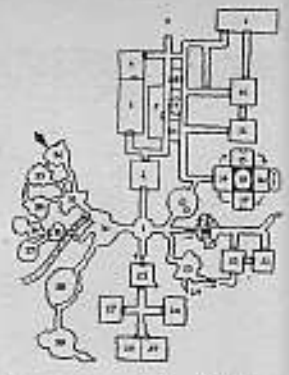

The passageway opens out into a large cavern. The folds of the rocky walls cast shadows over possible entrances to passages or caves.

If the party search the walls they will find a narrow passageway running from here to cave 33 (or a wider passage to cave 31 if they entered from cave 33). Along the northern wall they will find a cave in which a Great Ape is hiding. If they enter this cave, it will attack:

GREAT APE SKILL 8 STAMINA 11 ATTACKS 2

There is no treasure here.

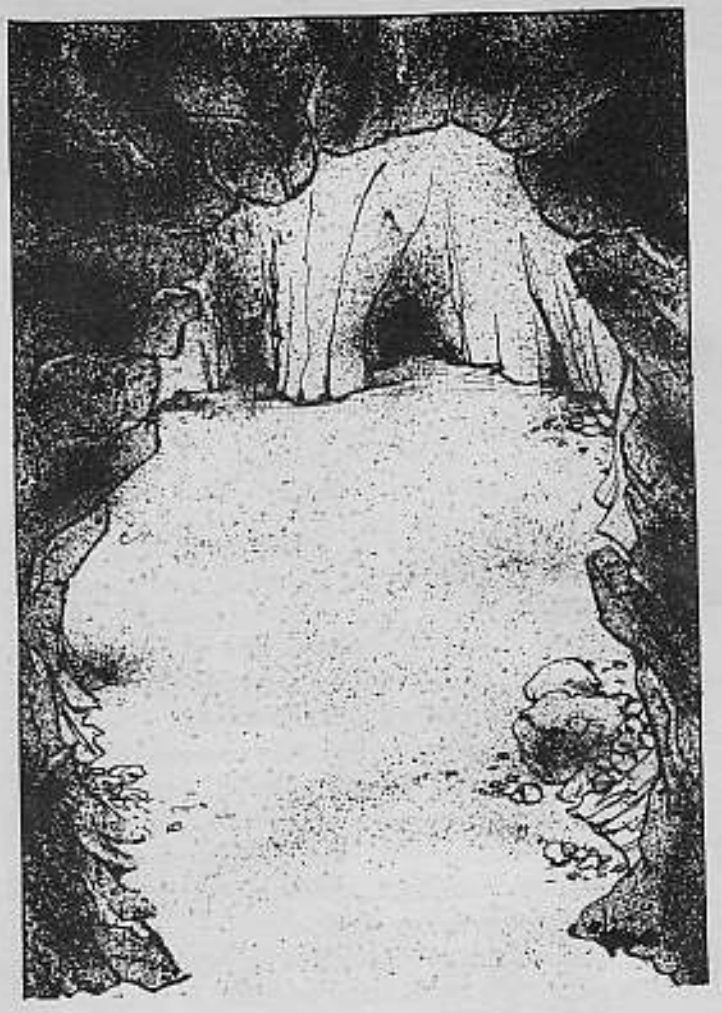

33

33

You enter a cave with smooth, rocky walls. A shuffling noise makes you stand on your guard. A quiet, squeaky voice calls out to you, 'Are you friend or foe?' The voice bounces round the walls and you cannot make out where it is coming from.

If they answer the voice, they may claim themselves to be either friends or foes. If they choose to call themselves foes, the voice will answer: 'Then I must ask you to leave, as you are not welcome here.' They will search the cavern without finding anything, and the voice will disappear.

If they claim to be friends, the voice will ask them to lay their weapons in front of them. If they refuse, the voice will disappear and they will find nothing in the cavern. If they lay their weapons down, an old man with a walking stick will step forwards from a secret chamber in the north wall.

He will introduce himself. His name is unpronounceable, but he is known as the Man of Many Years. He wishes to ask a favour of them. If they will take him with them and guide him safely to meet Morphyr (his friend) in room 36, he will be eternally grateful. They will no doubt ask what's in it for them. To this question he will always answer along the lines of: 'Surely you would do an old man a favour without demanding a reward?' In fact they *will* be rewarded if they take him to room 36, but he will never tell them this; he will always try to sidestep the question. If they wish to fight him, or he joins in any fights along the way, he is:

MAN OF
MANY YEARS SKILL 3 STAMINA 4 ATTACKS 1

There is nothing to be found in his chamber. If they take him with them, they may ask him questions along the way, but he will be a devious character, never answering any of their questions directly (you will have to use your own skill as a Games-Master here). For instance, if they ask where treasure is, he will answer: 'Everywhere, but no treasure is without its danger!' or 'Search and ye shall find!' If they take him to room 36 to meet Morphyr (assuming that they have not already killed Morphyr), he will reward them with two Silver Daggers (which can be used against the Vampire in room 28). These are hidden in a secret compartment in his stick, so they will not find them if they kill him!

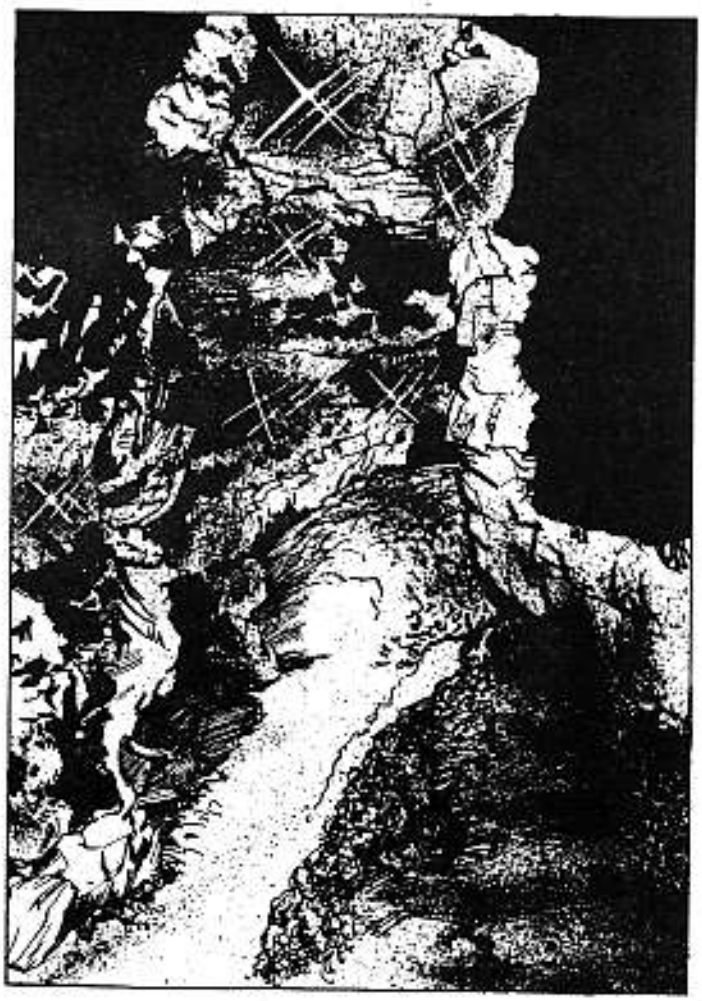

34

The passageway widens out into a large, dark cavern. Your lanterns pick out nothing unusual around the cavern, but small flares of light glow in the air and then die out, as if large fireflies were darting around. Every so often, the flutter of tiny wings passes close to you and high-pitched chirpings indicate that living creatures are flying around. But you can see nothing.

This cavern is inhabited by Faeries. They are invisible except for their glows, which they can turn on and off at will. They are mischievous creatures – no one knows what they will do next. But they will remain invisible. The party will never see them.

Roll one die every fifteen seconds and use the following table to determine what the Faeries will do.

Die Roll	*Action*
1	Cut a hole in someone's backpack (die to decide whose). All contents will fall out. Backpack useless.

2 Bite someone on back of neck (die to decide who). Causes 1 STAMINA point of damage.
3 Undo seams of someone's pants. Pants fall apart.
4 Steal one item from someone's backpack.
5 Throw a stone at someone's head for 1 STAMINA point of damage.
6 Tie someone's bootlaces together. As soon as they move they will trip up, falling over for 1 STAMINA point of damage.

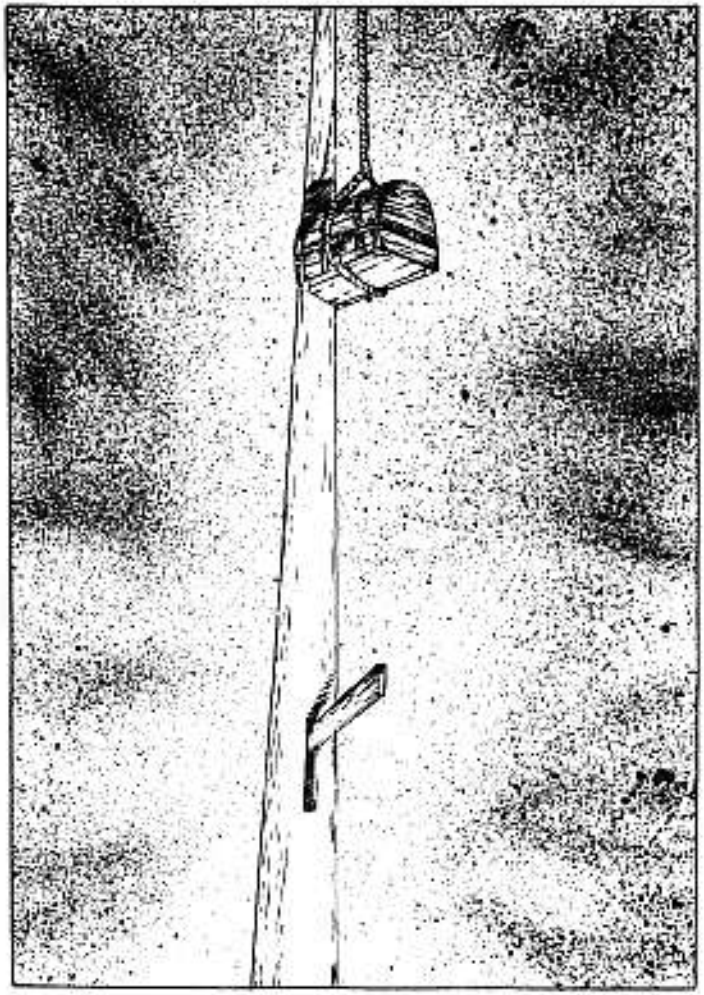

35

You enter a small, rocky cavern. Your lantern lights up a tall wooden pole half-way along the back wall which stretches from floor to ceiling. Set into the pole, at about shoulder level, is a lever. Hanging from the ceiling above the lever, some six metres up, is a small wooden chest.

The lever is in the up position. The pole is too smooth to climb and if anyone tries to do so, they will slide down and push the lever down.

This set-up is a trick. They cannot reach the wooden chest. If they push the lever down, this is what will happen:

Your lanterns go out and all around you goes black. A great rushing of air sweeps you round and round as if in a whirlwind. You all lose consciousness. When you awake, you are in another similar chamber with rocky walls and a tall ceiling.

Although they will think they have been transported to another room, they are in fact in the same room – but the pole and chest have disappeared. If they walk back down the corridor, they will cross the bridge again. If they search around the west wall, they may find a secret doorway leading out to the rooms beyond.

If the Man of Many Years is with them, he will scratch his head and say something like: 'My, my! How everything changes. I could have sworn that Morphyr lived around here somewhere. Is there any way through the west wall? I'm sure he lives near here. But then again, perhaps he's moved . . .'

As you can see from the map, there is a secret door opening into a passage which leads westwards to two rooms beyond.

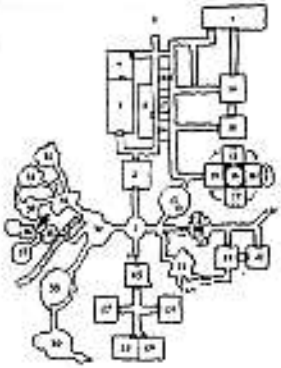

36

An electrical crackling greets you as you enter the chamber. The cavern is shaped like an '8' and across the middle, fat sparks form a barred doorway between the two halves of the area. A sound – something like a ritual chanting – is coming from the far side of the chamber, but it is difficult to make out anything through the sparks.

If the Man of Many Years is with the party, he will recognize the chantings and call out to Morphyr. The electric barrier will be switched off.

Otherwise, the party may explore the 'ante-room' that they are in. If they search the wall just to the right of the barrier, they will find a button which shuts down the power and the barrier will disappear. If they do *not* shut down the barrier but touch it, the current will send them flying across the room with a powerful jolt (for 6 STAMINA points of damage). If they touch the sparks with anything metal (for example, a sword), it will kill them instantly.

Once the barrier has disappeared they will be able to see through into the room beyond. It is the living-

quarters of Morphyr, a powerful wizard. A table, chairs, bookcase, bed and other furniture are neatly arranged in the room, with drapes and paintings lining the walls. Morphyr will step towards them.

If the Man of Many Years is with them, he will hobble forwards to greet his friend, thank the party, and offer their reward (two Silver Daggers). If they stay to talk to the wizard and tell him of their quest, he will grant them one wish – he will conjure up something for them. You must decide whether or not to allow the wish they ask for. Don't allow anything too valuable or, if you are cunning enough, grant them a slight variation which they cannot use. For example, if they ask for a special magic sword which kills all known creatures, make it so heavy that no one can lift it! But you ought to grant any *modest* wishes. If they have the ring from room 21, he will be extremely grateful and allow them another wish – this time for something a bit more valuable. He will also give them 5 Gold Pieces each.

If the old man is not with them, Morphyr will not be amused at their intrusion. He will tell them to go.

If they refuse, he will wave his hand at someone and send them sprawling backwards (no damage). He will ask them if they have come across his gold ring. If they have it and give it to them he will grant a wish and give them 5 Gold Pieces each. If they stay with him and pester him, he will begin to get annoyed. He will conjure up the following creatures and command them to attack:

	SKILL	STAMINA	ATTACKS
GOBLIN	6	4	1
HOBGOBLIN	6	7	1
MUMMY	10	11	1
GIANT	9	11	2

If they defeat all these creatures, he will begin to weaken from using so much magic. He will disappear and the party can search his room. They will find an Enchanted Axe (add 1 to Attack Strength roll when using), 30 Gold Pieces and a Potion of Fortune (1 dose left).

37

You enter a round cavern from which a number of shadowy tunnels lead off. A fire burns in the centre of the main chamber.

There are six short tunnels leading off from this cavern, each ending in a shallow cave. Down one of these caves (dice to decide which one) lives a Yeti – an abominable snowman. If they should discover him, he will attack straight away:

YETI	SKILL 5	STAMINA 11	ATTACKS 1

The Yeti is a large, ape-like, hairy creature. It moves slowly, but has an additional weapon – a freezing touch. When it wounds an adventurer, roll 1 die. This is the number of *additional* STAMINA points of damage inflicted by the Yeti's touch.

If they defeat the creature, they will find a Golden Amulet around its neck. This is in itself worth 20 Gold Pieces. But it is also a powerful magic item. This is the Amulet of Ra and it offers protection from all priestly magic (see room 25).

38

Ahead, the passageway opens out into a huge cavern. A dull red glow comes from the floor in the centre of this cavern and the temperature is climbing rapidly. As you approach, you can see that the cavern contains a wide pit and the glow is coming from a hellfire burning below. Another passageway leads on from the pit to the south and the two passages are linked by a narrow walkway which is in a state of decay. Loose rocks and cracks lead you to believe that walking along the walkway would indeed be risky.

If they decide to try the walkway, they must each *Test their Luck*. If Lucky, they will succeed in groping their way to the other passage. If Unlucky, they will

slip into the pit. Anyone who slips must *Test his Luck* again. If they are Lucky this time, then they will have managed to clutch on to the ledge. Someone else may then try to rescue them. The rescuer must first of all *Test his Luck* to make sure *he* doesn't fall into the pit. Then he must *Test his Luck* again to see whether he manages to haul their comrade from the pit. If he is Lucky, he manages a successful rescue. If he is Unlucky, both adventurers plunge to their deaths.

Don't forget, everyone must repeat this procedure when they return through this cavern!

39

You enter a large, bare-walled cavern. Piles of dung on the ground, plus mangled bones of large animals indicate that something awesome lives here. The cavern is irregularly shaped but in the east wall is a wide cave opening. While you are watching this cave, a roaring jet of flame and a billow of white smoke shoot from the entrance, followed by a huge, green, lizard-like head.

This cave is the home of a huge Dragon:

DRAGON SKILL 15 STAMINA 26 ATTACKS 4

If the adventurers fight the Dragon, you must also work out the damage inflicted by its Dragon breath. In the first Attack Round, and every third one after that, it will send a jet of fiery breath at one of the adventurers (dice to see which one). When this happens, roll one die:

Die Roll	*Breath Effect*
1–3	Misses. No damage.
4–5	Burns adventurer for 4 STAMINA points of damage.
6	Direct hit. Death.

If the adventurers have been to room 14 and have deciphered the parchment, they may stride forward fearlessly. The Dragon will not attack.

Inside the Dragon's cave they will find its pile of treasure: 68 Gold Pieces and 14 Gems (worth 8 Gold Pieces each). If they have already killed the Dragon, they can leave with this. If they have merely held the Dragon at bay by showing no fear (see page 169), the Dragon will not attack unless they start piling the treasure into their backpacks. If they do this, the Dragon will roar and attack. They will have to run for their lives! They will have to fight the Dragon for 4 Attack Rounds (hence two blasts of Dragon breath) on their way out. If they escape with the Dragon's treasure, award them 2 LUCK points each.

HINTS ON DEVELOPING *ROLE-PLAYING GAMES*

Fighting Fantasy provides a basic system of rules for running fantasy role-playing adventures. But the two scenarios given are by no means the limit to how the system can be used. Indeed, once you have run these two adventures, you will probably be coming up with your own ideas for designing scenarios.

There is no reason why all adventures should take place in dungeons. Castles (*The Citadel of Chaos*), wildernesses (*The Forest of Doom*), cities (*City of Thieves*), ruined temples and haunted houses are also ideal settings. It is even possible to combine these into an on-going campaign, as the *Sorcery!* series does.

Good sources of ideas can be found in fantasy novels, films and comics. Monster scores and special powers can be found in Fantasy Gamebooks. Rules can be modified to suit special situations which come up in your own adventures.

After you have taken your friends down the Wishing Well or Shaggradd's Hives a few times they will soon learn all their secrets. Try designing your own adventures – scenarios in which only you know what is going on. It is very satisfying to control a world which you have created. For, in the game-worlds of *Fighting Fantasy*, *you* are 'god'!

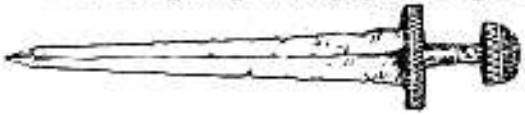

As described in this book, *Fighting Fantasy* is a 'talking game'. The adventure unfolds as the GamesMaster and the adventurers simply talk to each other. The only other essential equipment needed is pencils, paper and dice.

But thanks to the more complicated role-playing games, all sorts of playing aids, designed to help GamesMasters and make the games *look* more exciting, are already available. Of these, *Fighting Fantasy* players may be especially interested in two accessories: *Miniature Figures* and *Floor Plans*.

Various companies (notably Citadel Miniatures in Newark, Nottinghamshire) produce hundreds of miniature metal figures which can help bring adventures to life. Adventurers, Wizards, Elves, Dwarfs, Skeletons, Goblins, Dragons and so forth are manufactured, and are quite cheap. They can be painted individually and used to represent the adventurers playing the game and the monsters they come across.

Floor plans (produced by Games Workshop in London) are printed cardboard sheets of dungeon passageways, rooms, stairs, grass, trees, water, etc., drawn to scale for the miniatures. They can be cut up and arranged to form any shape of dungeon or outdoor scenario.

When both are used together, figures and floor plans add an extra dimension to the game. Not only does *Fighting Fantasy* become much more exciting to look at, but it is also possible to control play much more conveniently. As GM you can always tell accurately whether or not players have actually entered a room, who is nearest the monster, and so on.

Both these products are available from model, hobby and games shops, or direct from the manufacturers by mail order.

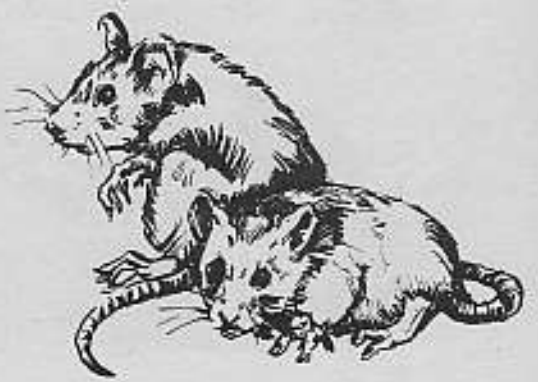

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STEVE JACKSON The Riddling Reaver

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ADVENTURE GAMEBOOKS

Edited by
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THE RIDDLING REAVER

Four thrilling role-playing adventures for Fighting Fantasy gamers!

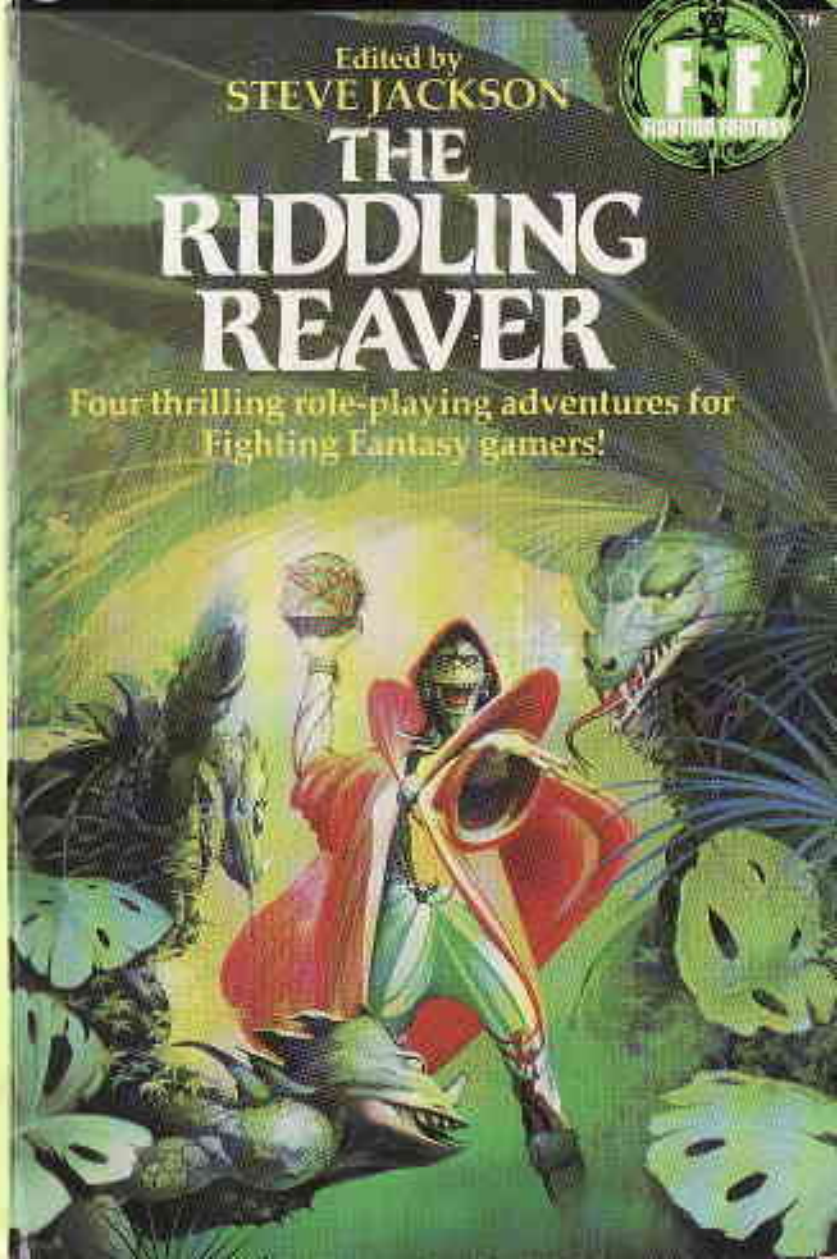

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THE RIDDLING REAVER

In *Fighting Fantasy – The Introductory Role-playing Game*, an extra dimension was added to the Puffin Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks. The simple and fast-moving game system invented by Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone allows you, as GamesMaster in a full-fledged role-playing game, to invent thrilling missions on which to send a group of your friends. *They* make the decisions; *you* judge the results of their decisions.

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TITAN – The Fighting Fantasy World

Edited by
STEVE JACKSON

THE RIDDLING REAVER

Paul Mason and Steve Williams

Illustrated by
Brian Williams and Leo Hartas

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To Carolina and my feet (without whom I would have been unable to get up in the morning)

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First published 1986

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the world of Fighting Fantasy role-playing!

You and your friends are about to embark on an epic quest, one that will take you from the splendour of Kallamehr, across the treacherous Gulf of Shamuz, and into the sweaty southern jungles of Allansia. Throughout your quest, you will be chased, taunted, led astray, bedevilled and generally harassed by the most unpredictable of enemies – the Riddling Reaver.

This game works well with three players (and one GamesMaster), better with four players, and best with five players, which is probably also the maximum number desirable.

In order to use this book, you must have *Fighting Fantasy – The Introductory Role-playing Game* by Steve Jackson, which contains a full explanation of the rules of the game, and details of equipment and so on that players have. If you are the GamesMaster, then you should make sure that you are familiar with the *Fighting Fantasy* system before starting to run the game. You will also find it very useful to have *Out of the Pit*, the compendium of Fighting Fantasy monsters, and *Titan*, the guide to the world of Fighting Fantasy.

This book contains four adventures for you to play. To get the most out of them, you should play

them in order, as 'chapters' in a 'story'. However you may, if you wish, decide to play them separately. Before you sit down to play the game, you must decide which one of you is to be the GamesMaster. Once you have decided this, the GamesMaster must read through the adventure to get a good grasp of the story.

It is vital that none of the other players are allowed to read the adventure: if they do there will be no surprises and little excitement for them in the game. Only the GamesMaster should refer to this book and he will decide what the players get to see and learn. The only book the players may look at is *Fighting Fantasy*, which tells them how to create and equip their adventurers.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO PLAY IN THE ADVENTURES, STOP READING NOW!

FOR THE GAMESMASTER

The Riddling Reaver is a being with many guises. Among bawdy yokels, he will seem to be a rumbustious fellow of mirth and merriment. When at the court of some noble, however, he will be full of charm, chivalry and courtly etiquette – the perfect diplomat.

This chameleonic ability has allowed our scheming friend to blend into many communities, where he has gleefully spread chaos and disorder, turned brother against brother, and always escaped justice. All this he did in the name of his masters, the Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance (see *Titan* for more details). But now he is plotting a scheme so grand, so apocalyptic, so downright devious, that the dastardly Balthus Dire would wince with abject jealousy were he to hear of it!

In these adventures, your players will soon encounter the quizzical, enigmatic trappings of the Reaver. While he may seem whimsical, he is not to be trifled with. An unpredictable enemy is a deadly enemy. Still, the adventurers must stop the Reaver if his perilous plan is not to come to fruition and plunge Allansia into Primal Chaos.

Creative GamesMastering

There will be times when the adventurers decide to do something which is not covered by the text. Here you must do some creative GamesMastering (this is explained further on pages 19–20 of *Fighting Fantasy*). To give you some more help, here are a few do's and don'ts:

DO make sure the players understand how to fight and use their equipment *before* the adventure begins, since explaining the rules during the game can be terribly boring.

DON'T get frustrated if the players are not doing exactly what you expect them to; after all, it is *their* adventure.

DO make sure you know what all the magical items, potions and spells do; but don't give their secrets away to the players until it is necessary.

DON'T play too long! It is far better to make the game a series of cliff-hangers than have it peter out.

DO tell your players to keep accurate records of their SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores, as well as their possessions.

Restoring STAMINA and LUCK

The four scenarios in this book are packed with hazards, and adventurers may find that they lose STAMINA and LUCK quite quickly. It is important that you give them the opportunity to replenish these scores, otherwise they will die before they get a chance to complete the story.

Both STAMINA and LUCK can be restored by magic (spells, potions or scrolls). They may also be recovered in other ways. STAMINA may be increased by eating Provisions. As explained on page 42 of *Fighting Fantasy*, you should allow adventurers to eat Provisions at any time that they may reasonably do so (in other words, not in the thick of battle). Players should keep track of how many Provisions their characters have by means of their *Adventure Sheets*.

LUCK may be recovered through *Luck bonuses* (see page 40 of *Fighting Fantasy*). If a player comes up with an idea that is particularly fortunate for the adventurers, then you should award them between 1 and 3 points of LUCK. This may never take their LUCK above its *Initial* level.

Equipment

Each adventurer will begin the game with the following equipment:

A sword
A backpack
A coil of rope
10 Provisions
No potions

Note that additional equipment may be obtained during the adventures. All equipment carried by the adventurers should be noted down on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Adventure Structure

To make things easier for the GamesMaster, the story has been split into four separate parts (or Acts, as we have called them). Each Act opens with a *Players' Tale* (which is to be read out) and a *GamesMaster's Tale* (which is to give *you* an idea of what the Act is all about). The Acts are split into Scenes, which follow the format used in *Fighting Fantasy*. For example, in Act One, the adventurers race around various locations in Kallamehr, trying to find the items required to fulfil their quest. A set of locations that fit together makes up a Scene. The Scene will be illustrated with a map, showing the locations within it. These locations will have numbered references so that you can find your way around them easily.

Each Scene will have Tasks. When the adventurers successfully complete the Tasks, the Scene is over, and they may proceed to another Scene.

Although the Acts are designed to be played in order, it is possible to play them individually. In some cases you can change the order you play the Acts in, so that Act Two follows Act Three, for instance.

The Players' Tale, and any other section which is printed in italics, is to be read out to the players.

Creatures in the Adventures

While there are a number of new creatures in this book, many more can be found in *Out of the Pit*.

Consult it if you need further details about a monster, or want to introduce other monsters.

Creatures in the adventures will not always fight to the death. One way in which you can be kind to your players is by having monsters flee when they are getting low on STAMINA, or when their allies have been killed.

Unless otherwise stated, all creatures in the adventures have an ATTACKS score of *one*.

New Rules

Here are a few additional rules which experienced GMs may like to add to their games for that extra touch of realism.

Unconsciousness

In a solo Fighting Fantasy book, should your STAMINA score be reduced to zero, then you die. However, since in a multi-player game you have comrades who can come to your rescue, it is fairer to allow you a chance of survival.

So, if your STAMINA should be reduced to zero, you are merely unconscious. If your STAMINA is reduced to −1, then you have been mortally wounded. If your STAMINA is −2 or less, you have been hacked to pieces, and there is no hope for you!

Unconscious characters will wake up after a number of minutes (roll two dice to find how many). When they wake up, they will have 1 point of STAMINA.

Mortally wounded characters require assistance from others. Potions or spells are the only way of reviving a mortally wounded character. These should be used to raise the character's STAMINA above zero. If they are unsuccessful, the poor character has bled to death!

Note that these rules about unconsciousness do not apply to the players' opponents.

Weapons

It stands to reason that hitting someone with an enormous battle-axe is going to hurt far more than poking them with a black pudding. In *Fighting Fantasy* all weapons were treated as the same, to keep the game simple and fast-paced. Some Games-Masters, however, may like to add that extra edge of realism to their games by varying the amounts of damage that weapons inflict. In the system presented below, damage will be determined by rolling a die.

The table below shows the damage done by a selection of death-dealing implements, commonly used by adventurers and monsters alike. To use it, first locate the relevant weapon on the chart. Then read along to find out how the roll of a die will determine the number of STAMINA points lost by the opponent for every successful Attack Round. Note that a sword, an adventurer's standard weapon, still does the usual 2 points, as does a mace (another favourite).

Weapon	*Damage Die Roll*					
	1	2	3	4	5	6
Battle-axe	1	2	2	2	2	3
Dagger	1	1	2	2	2	2
Mace	2	2	2	2	2	2
Spear	1	1	2	2	3	3
Morning star*	1	2	2	2	3	3
Sword	2	2	2	2	2	2
Two-handed sword†	2	2	2	3	3	3

* Adventurer fights at −1 SKILL
† Adventurer fights at −2 SKILL

For example: Mhagi the Thrasher is wielding a wicked morning star (a spiked metal ball on the end of a length of chain). Since it is difficult to control such a weapon, his SKILL of 7 is reduced to 6. If his Attack Strength is greater than his opponent's, he rolls a die and consults the above table to find out how much damage he does. Suppose he is in a desperate battle with Lord Zlargh: if he rolls 5 or 6, he does 3 points of damage to Zlargh. Pity him if he rolls 1 too many times, though!

In order to speed up combat, you may like to modify ordinary dice so that they give the damage for particular weapons. You could, for example, have a blue die for a spear. You paint out the dots on this blue die until there are two faces with one dot, two faces with two dots and two faces with three dots. Then you can just roll this die to determine the spear's effectiveness, instead of consulting the

above table. Do the same sort of thing with different dice in different colours, to use for other weapons.

Certain creatures will use weapons, in which case they will also have the opportunity to roll dice for their damage. If they are using a claw, or some other weapon not listed above, then they will do the standard 2 points, unless their description tells you otherwise.

Mighty Strike

There are times – either by incredible luck or by deft timing – when an adventurer's blow will strike with extra force, or find a weak chink in an opponent's armour. To account for this, GamesMasters may like to introduce *Mighty Strikes* to their game.

A Mighty Strike occurs when a character in a battle rolls double six for his Attack Strength. When this happens, the character *automatically* mortally wounds the opponent (i.e. the opponent's STAMINA is reduced to −1).

Magic

To add extra spice to the adventures, you may allow *one* of the adventurers to be a wizard. Because he has spent so much time poring over dusty tomes, and had so little exercise, this character will have the minimum STAMINA score of 14. Since he has had no training in weapons, his SKILL score will be found by rolling one die and adding 4, rather than the

usual 6. However, he makes up for this with an important extra characteristic – his MAGIC score. Roll two dice and add 6. Enter this in a MAGIC box on the character's *Adventure Sheet*. It determines how many spells the adventurer may use *in each Act*. Before the adventure commences, the wizard's player must choose which spells he will have from the list below. Every time he uses a spell he must cross it off his list. He may choose more than one of each spell. Wizards should beware: some spells may not work on some opponents!

Spell-casting – Hit or Miss?

Spells do not work automatically. There is always a chance of failure, even for the greatest of mages. Whenever a wizard tries to cast a spell, he should roll three dice. If the result is *less than* his MAGIC score, then the spell will work correctly. If the result is *equal to or greater than* his MAGIC score, however, something has gone wrong. The GamesMaster should decide what happens: it may be that the spell simply fails; or, worse still, it may misfire and affect the wizard or his comrades. For example, a misfiring Creature Copy spell might create a copy of the wizard himself, who would then proceed to engage the unfortunate sorcerer in a raucous argument about who was the real wizard! Misfires should be humorous rather than deadly – there is enough danger in the adventures already!

Even if a spell misfires, it should still be crossed off the wizard's list.

Certain spells are listed as having a *Standard Dura-*

tion. This means that the GamesMaster should secretly roll three dice when the spell is cast. This determines the number of minutes for which the spell is in effect.

Creature Copy

This spell will allow the wizard to conjure up an exact duplicate of any creature he or his comrades are fighting. The duplicate will have the same SKILL and STAMINA scores, and the same powers, as the original. But the duplicate will be under the control of the wizard's will and he may, for example, instruct it to attack the original creature and then sit back and watch the battle! *Standard Duration.*

ESP

With this spell the wizard will be able to tune in to psychic wavelengths. It will not let him *read* someone's thoughts, but it will indicate general frames of mind. For example, it will tell the wizard whether someone is angry, friendly, honest or hiding something. It is very useful for rooting out impostors.

Fire

Almost every creature is afraid of fire, and this spell allows the wizard to conjure up fire at will. He may cause a small explosion on the ground, which will burn for several seconds and cause its targets to lose an amount of STAMINA determined by rolling one die. Or he may create a wall of fire, to keep creatures at bay (crossing the wall will cause 3 points of damage). The wall of fire lasts for the *Standard Duration.*

Fool's Gold

This spell will turn ordinary rock into a pile of what appears to be gold. However, it is merely a form of Illusion spell, although more reliable. The spell lasts for the *Standard Duration,* after which the 'gold' reverts to rock.

Illusion

This is a powerful spell, but it has its limitations. By means of this spell the wizard may create a convincing illusion (for example, that there is a bridge over a gaping chasm, or that the floor is covered with hot coals) with which to fool *one* creature. The spell will immediately be cancelled if anything happens which dispels the illusion (for example, if someone steps out on to the illusory bridge). An illusion can never lead to the laws of nature being broken – while a creature may receive illusory damage from an illusory sword, it will in fact do no physical damage. It is all in the mind! Even if he becomes unconscious, when he recovers he will find he has sustained no actual injuries.

Levitation

The wizard may cast this spell on to objects, opponents and even himself. It frees its target from the effects of gravity and causes them to float freely in the air under the wizard's control. It is not a Flying spell: the wizard may only move the target up and down. The spell lasts for the *Standard Duration.*

Luck

When cast, this spell will restore an adventurer's LUCK score by half its *Initial* value (if his *Initial* LUCK score is an odd number, then round off the number downwards). This spell can never raise a LUCK score above its *Initial* level. The spell can never be cast while the wizard is in combat.

Shielding

Casting this spell creates an invisible, immobile shield in front of the wizard and up to six companions, which protects them from physical objects such as arrows, swords or creatures. The shield is not effective against magic and, of course, just as nothing outside it can touch the wizard and his friends, so they will not be able to touch anything outside it. The shield lasts for the *Standard Duration*.

Skill

This spell is identical to the Luck spell, except that it works on the adventurer's SKILL score.

Stamina

This spell is identical to the Luck spell, except that it works on the adventurer's STAMINA score.

Strength

This spell has the effect of increasing the wizard's strength to that of a Troll when it comes to heaving, humping and battering (for example, when lifting heavy boulders, battering down locked doors, etc.). The GamesMaster should use his judgement to

decide what may or may not be achieved, bearing in mind that using *too much* strength for a task may have disastrous results! The spell will only last for *one* major action (battering one door down, heaving one boulder, etc.).

Weakness

Strong creatures are reduced to miserable weaklings by this spell. The GamesMaster should roll one die twice, first for the victim's SKILL and then for its STAMINA score – this shows by how much these scores will be reduced. The weakness will last for one combat only.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial 11-1 *Skill=*	*Initial* *Stamina=*	*Initial* *Luck=*

EQUIPMENT LIST	PROVISIONS REMAINING
A SWORD A BACKPACK A COIL OF ROPE 10 PROVISIONS 100 GOLD PIECES	

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= 7 *Stamina=* 16	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

ACT ONE
THE CURSE OF KALLAMEHR

Players' Tale

You have been trekking across Allansia, in search of adventure, excitement – and above all treasure! Forsaking the western shores, you headed south, and came to the land of Kallamehr, which is ruled by the noble house of Rangor. Compared to the hardships you faced on the journey, Kallamehr promises comfort and rich pickings. Judging by the rounded bellies of the traders you have passed on the road, business must be good around here.

After two months' solid travelling, interrupted only by the occasional skirmish with beasts and bandits, you have caught the scent of the sea in the wind. The road broadens as it approaches the town of Kallamehr, and you see its famous tower looming majestically in the distance. As you draw near the town, you catch sight of the sprawling collection of buildings which huddle beneath the tower. The twisting architecture is strange to your northern eyes; it seems to have no order to it. You wonder how on earth people can live in such chaotic squalor.

An imposing pair of gates looms before you. Strangely, no guards seem to be around, and the gates are open. You can make out the faint sound of shouting from the other side of town, but the houses block your vision and you cannot see what the commotion is about.

As you stand in the gateway, you hear thumping from the gatehouse to your left. Someone seems to be trying to attract your attention.

'In the name of charity, let me out!' a tiny voice implores. 'Surely I, one of Baron Bluestone's most loyal subjects, should have the right to witness his struggle? Let me out!'

Edging closer, you see a man's gaunt face pressed against the door's grille. Manacled hands grip the bars, and tears stain his grubby face. He does not look much like a loyal citizen to you, and he has almost certainly been locked in the gatehouse for a good reason. There are no keys near by.

Abandoning him to his fate, you hurry towards the sound of the crowd, which gets louder as you get closer. Carts sit unattended, stalls unguarded, and livestock runs free. Minutes after leaving the gate, you arrive at the central square – the scene of the commotion. Packed into the square is a vast crowd (surely the entire population of Kallamehr, apart from the wretch in the gatehouse!). Each pair of eyes is fixed on the top of the tower, where a spindly figure is struggling to free himself from the clutches of a short robed man, who in turn is trying to force the other off the edge of the balcony. The spindly man is teetering on the edge. With every twist and turn the onlookers gasp ever louder. The tension is unbearable.

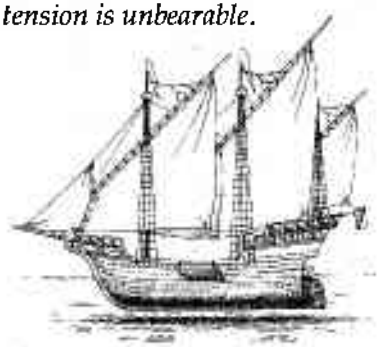

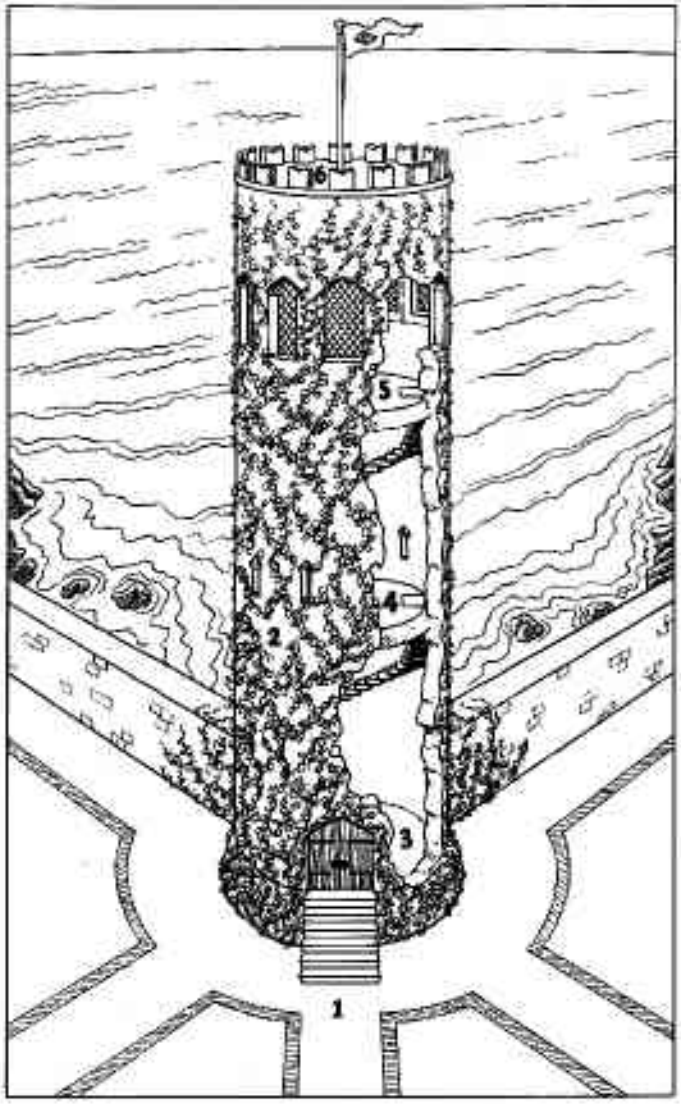

GamesMaster's Tale

The scenario begins with the players arriving at Rangor Tower, pride of the wealthy merchant-lords of Kallamehr, just in time to witness the Baron's last moments. Having failed to prevent his death, the players will become embroiled in its aftermath. After investigation they will come across a mysterious box left by the villain, the Riddling Reaver. The box contains a scroll with obscure riddles, by means of which the Reaver sets the characters a challenge: they must assemble three items from the town (the solutions to the riddles) and cast them into the sea at Brion's Bluff, the westernmost tip of the peninsula. So the characters will have to search the town for the items; they will encounter various villains, cut-throats, innocents and traps. The trip round the town will be conducted in one Scene. The players must successfully complete the crucial locations in order to assemble the three items. The adventure ends as these are cast from the cliff, and the players await results . . .

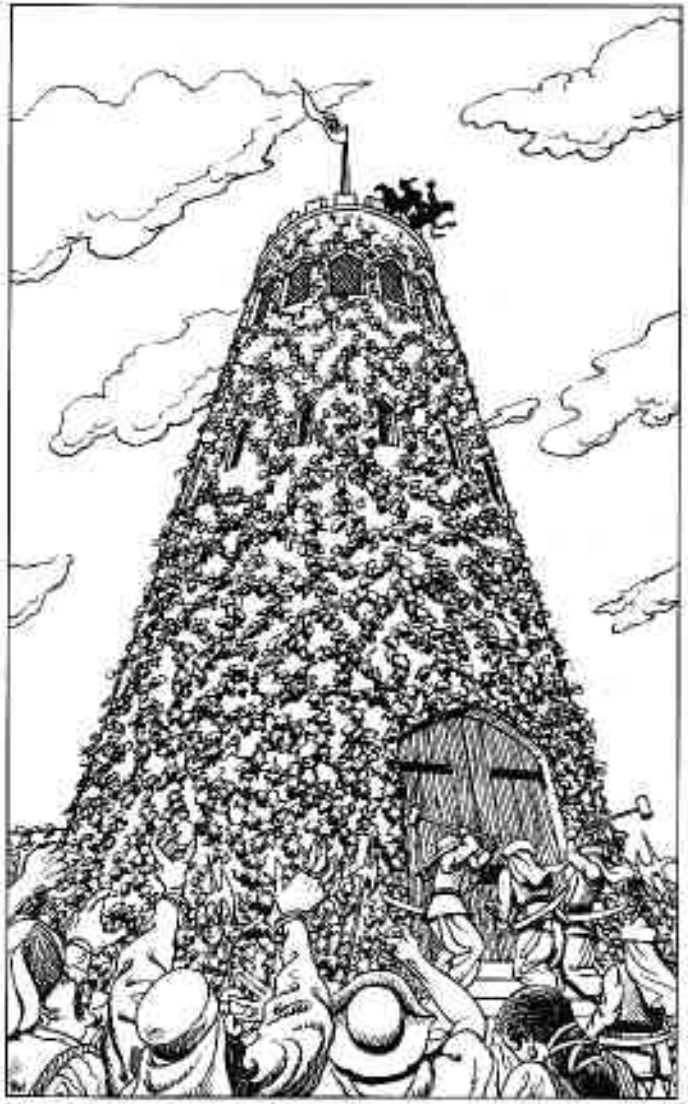

Scene One: Tower Trouble

Tasks: Meet Lady Carolina. Find and open the Riddler's box.

1

You are in the throng of townspeople, struggling to avoid being crushed against the sea wall. People are shrieking in disbelief, and pandemonium reigns. You guess that it is the Baron up there, fighting for his life. But why?

Nobody seems able to do anything; guardsmen are pounding in vain on the mighty oaken doors of the tower. The crowd just stands and stares.

The sea crashes against vicious rocks at the foot of the cliff below the tower. Now is your chance to demonstrate your heroism. Can you save the Baron? But how do you reach him?

The players must come up with some way of reaching the top of the tower. Although ingenious players may think of others, there are three main ways in which this can be achieved. Firstly, they may join in the assault on the doors. This is the least adventurous option. If one of the players is a wizard, he may decide to use the Strength spell to smash down the doors. The players may then enter the tower: proceed to Location 3.

The second option is to scale the walls by means of its ivy covering. If the players ask about the tower, you should tell them that it is covered with a thick growth of ivy, which could be climbed by

someone nimble. If the players decide to climb the ivy, go to Location 2.

Finally, a shrewd wizard player may decide to use the Levitation spell to ascend the tower, or enter a window. He will arrive too late to save the Baron, and will have to cope with the Riddler's devious exit on his own, but he will be able to go down and open the doors for the other characters. The GamesMaster should describe the inside of the tower to the wizard's player alone. Try to keep the description brief – the other players will want to explore these locations more fully on their way up.

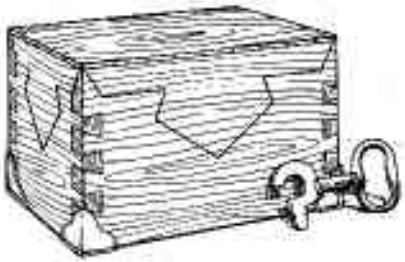

2

You grasp the thick strands of ivy and begin to climb. You can hear the crowd below gasping at your bravery. But it is a long way to the top of the tower . . .

The tower has four floors. For each floor scaled, players must roll against their SKILL. They must roll two dice. If the result is lower than their SKILL, then they have successfully climbed the ivy to the level of the next floor. If the total is higher, then they run out of handholds and can proceed no further. If they roll a double, then they may fall. They should *Test for Luck*. If they are Unlucky, then they will fall. Roll one die, and add 2 points for each floor above the first that the adventurer attempted to climb. The Unlucky character will lose this number of STAMINA points. If they are Lucky, then they are merely stuck – and must be 'rescued' by another character.

Each of the floors has a large window, through which an adventurer may climb. If the adventurers do not wish to risk climbing all the way to the top, they should tell you which floor they want to enter. Adventurers climbing the tower will enter locations as follows:

First floor	Location 4
Second floor	Location 5
Top of tower	Location 6

3

Beyond the shattered remains of the mighty doors is a short passage, leading to the ground-floor chamber of the tower. The chamber is sparsely furnished, with a rough wooden table and a few chairs. Hanging against the walls are various cooking utensils, and sides of meat. On the other side of the room there is a large fireplace with a chimney-breast. Around the walls of the room, a spiral staircase ascends to a trapdoor in the high, arched ceiling.

Sitting on one of the chairs is a beautiful woman. She is bound, with an expression of utmost horror on her face. Perched on her head is a large glass jar. Swarming in the jar are at least a dozen TARANTULAS! The slightest movement will bring the jar crashing to the floor, releasing its deadly contents.

The adventurers must act quickly! The woman is Lady Carolina, the young wife of Baron Bluestone. She has managed to remain perfectly still despite her terror, but now, with help at hand, she is wavering. Suddenly her nerve breaks and the faintest tremor passes through her. It is enough! The jar falls into her lap . . . and then drops on to the stone floor. It is still intact! Then, as the adventurers watch, it rolls lazily towards the table, strikes a leg, and shatters!

There are fifteen Tarantulas in the jar. Treat the seething mass as one creature:

TARANTULAS SKILL 7 STAMINA 15 ATTACKS 4

When the Tarantulas win an Attack Round, they

do no damage to STAMINA. Instead, they inject their venom. This will affect the victim after one minute, causing black spider-hair to spring up on his body. This growth itches terribly, and is very distracting. The victim will lose 2 points of SKILL until the hair is removed. Further bites have no further effect, though the players do not know this. A Potion of Strength, rubbed vigorously into the body, will remove the hair and prevent it returning. Alternatively, the victim may have to go to the barber's every morning for a complete body-shave!

Lady Carolina will be delirious with terror, crying 'Traitor! I knew there was more to that little rat of a soothsayer!' Should the adventurers tell her of her husband's plight she will fall into a deep faint.

The trapdoor will lead you up to the first floor, Location 4.

4

The first floor consists of impressive living-quarters, adorned with rich tapestries and furniture. The floor is littered with small scraps of paper. The room is gloomy, since the curtains are drawn and the only two candles shed a feeble light. On an opulent couch sits a man in the robes of a wizard. He sits quite still and is apparently deep in thought. He seems to be smiling broadly, and cradles a box in his hands.

This room contains the corpse of Hammet the Dash, a local wizard employed by Lady Carolina to discover the source of her husband's torment. Sadly, he was successful. He discovered that the Baron's soothsayer, one Cona Numdrum, had been slowly driving Lord Bluestone out of his mind by bombarding him with riddle upon riddle. Having entered the tower to warn the Baron, he was intercepted by Numdrum. Revealing himself to be the Riddling Reaver, agent of the Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance, the traitorous soothsayer slit Hammet's throat, and left his final riddle – in the box held by the poor wizard – before hastening to the top of the tower, to dispatch the Baron.

Hammet is quite dead, his throat slit from ear to ear. The box he holds is a beautifully crafted piece of work, made of interlocking sections of some very hard wood. It will be pointless trying to open the box without having solved the cryptic instructions inscribed on its surface.

If you would see what I contain
And maybe learn some news of gain,
Solve this riddle, drop me in it,
Wait for the click, then pull me from it.
I will be open, then you'll see
The reason for this riddle-me-ree:

'It trembles at each breath of air
And yet can heaviest burdens bear,
It shows no mark when it is hit
And more – you're mostly made of it!'

The solution to this riddle is *water* and the box must be immersed in water to be opened – see Ending the Scene, pages 42–4.

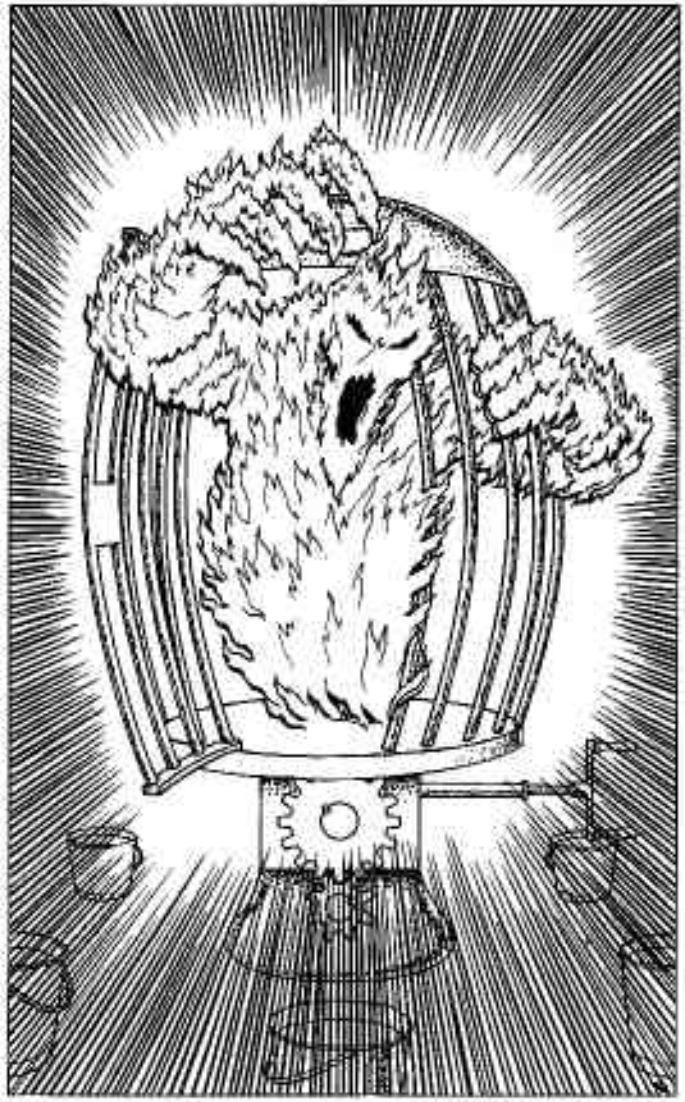

5

The walls of this room seem to be made of silvered metal, and have been polished until they are almost perfectly reflective. The effect of being in a circular room with mirrored walls is eerie, to say the least. The room has larger windows than those of the floor below, and it soon becomes obvious that this room serves as the tower's beacon. The source of light is a large fiery being, held securely in a cage in the centre of the room. The cage, half of which is barred and half walled, stands on a podium which revolves slowly. The light from the creature dazzles you and you cannot look at it directly. You are thankful that it is safely imprisoned behind magically enchanted bars. Stationed at regular intervals around the room are half a dozen pails of water. As the last of you steps into the room, the door of the cage slowly swings open. Someone has been careless . . .

The creature is a DEVLIN, and the adventurers must defeat it before they can leave this room.

DEVLIN SKILL 10 STAMINA 0 (see below)

The Devlin is invulnerable to earthly weapons, but can singe away 2 points of STAMINA if it wins an Attack Round. It is vulnerable only to dousing. There are six pails of water around the room which may be used to try to repel the Devlin. A character who throws a pail of water at the Devlin must *Test for Luck*. Success indicates that the Devlin has been banished back to the Magical Plane of Fire. Failure indicates a miss. Players who do not think to use the pails of water do not deserve to escape this room!

6

The roof of the tower is made of rough flint stones. A tall flagpole in the centre flies the Baron's emblem. As you arrive you catch a fleeting glimpse of Baron Bluestone teetering on the parapet of the tower, but then plummeting to the rocks below. His opponent turns slowly round, chuckling insanely to himself. When he sees you, he scampers over to the flagpole. He grips it firmly – and spins effortlessly up it, right to the top! His voluminous grey robe billows in the breeze and hides his features. He cackles at you.

'Looks like we're a bit late, aren't we?' he squeals. 'Your precious Baron's not much use now, is he? He had no sense of humour, anyway!'

It may seem that the players have cornered the evil-doer responsible for the Baron's death. But the Riddling Reaver (for it is he!) will make good his escape, in a dramatic fashion. As the adventurers advance on him, a gasp wafts up from the crowd far below, and a mighty shadow falls on the tower's summit. Hovering majestically some twenty metres above is a vast marrow-shaped flying vessel. Beneath it hangs a small, luridly coloured gondola, from which trails a rope. The Reaver grasps this, and pauses to hurl a parting shot to the adventurers.

'I do so hate goodbyes. Maybe we'll meet again . . . or maybe not.' So saying he pats the top of the flagpole, and spins up the rope to the gondola. Within seconds the pole starts to writhe and twist, transforming magically into a GIANT SNAKE, with its tail still firmly planted into the roof. The

Snake will attack anyone who remains on the roof, but cannot follow them down the trapdoor.

GIANT SNAKE SKILL 7 STAMINA 11

If the Snake scores two hits in succession, it will swallow its prey whole, and he will quickly die.

Meanwhile, the Riddling Reaver will have glided off into the wild blue yonder, leaving the inhabitants of Kallamehr shocked and stunned.

Ending the Scene

However they fare in the tower, the adventurers should be left with the mystery of the box to solve. The solution to the riddle is *water*. If the players do not seem to be able to guess it, the GamesMaster should help them – maybe Lady Carolina could guess it? To be opened, the box must be completely immersed in water. If it is, a loud click will be heard, and when the box is removed it will fall open – though its contents will be perfectly dry. There is no other way to open the box than this; it will resist all efforts to smash it open. Inside is a parchment on which is written the following:

I always believe in giving people a chance. After all, without Chance there is no Luck, and without either where would I be? You can try to follow me, if you want to avenge Bluestone's death. And I won't stop you. In fact, I'll provide the transport. But to pay your fare, you'll have to gather three trinkets and feed them to the God of the Sea at Brion's Bluff. What's more, the trinkets aren't even

hidden. All you have to do is solve my riddles to find where in Kallamehr they are. I hope you're lucky. Then again, I hope you're unlucky. It's all the same to me.

What am I?

A white-winged fish that parts the waves,
I ply the sparkling waste.
I'm bound by ropes, and pulled by cloth,
Lest merchants lose their haste.

Where am I?

My first is in south but not in north;
My second is in picture but not in play;
My third is in fourth and also in worth;
My fourth is in book and also in cook;
My fifth is in toe but now in sew;
My sixth is in life but not in death;
And together I'm found where children abound.

What am I?

My belly is round
And bound with iron bonds;
What I carry always raises a cheer.
Murder have I not done;
Stolen not; cheated not;
Yet a peg is beaten into my head.

Where am I?

My coat is green and I can speak
Of several things, but mostly cheek.
In such a prison I am set
That has more loopholes than a net.

What am I?

I've neither top nor bottom,
Yet I hold bone and skin;
I hardly ever make a noise,
And yet my name's a din.

Where am I?

Ill-matched is my visage to my frame –
Horns are on my head, the rest a hideous man;
By fame well known through all the Allansian lands;
From man and beast together is my name.

The Riddling Reaver

You should copy these riddles out and give them to the players, so that they can refer to them in the next Scene, 'About Town'.

For your information, the answers to the riddles are as follows:

Answer 1: The item is a *ship*, and it is to be found at the *school*.

Answer 2: The item is a *cask*, and it is to be found at the *'Parrot in a Cage' inn*.

Answer 3: The item is the *ring* which is worn by the *Minotaur*.

Scene Two: About Town

Task: Find the three items – the ship, the cask and the ring.

1

The death of Baron Bluestone has sent shock waves throughout the city-port. Bewildered locals are grouped here and there, recounting the tragic events that you were a part of. It is up to you to see that justice is done! Somewhere in the town lie the solutions to the Reaver's riddles, and to stand any chance of catching up with him, it seems you must play his little game.

You are still in Rangor Tower. The Lady Carolina agrees to supply you with any weaponry you may need in your quest. She will send out to the armoury to supply you with fine arms, crafted by the best weapon-smiths in Kallamehr.

She also arranges for a guide for you. Hammet the Dash, the unfortunate wizard who was killed by the Riddling Reaver, had an apprentice. Dappa is only fourteen, but has an intimate knowledge of the city. He will be able to give you guidance and seems very keen to help you with the riddles.

You should give the players a free choice of weapons to add to their characters' Equipment Lists.

Dappa is a useful character for you to play. He will enable you to give the players hints about which directions to go in if they are having trouble. Dappa is a short, mischievous individual with a quick

mind: he is very good at solving riddles! If the players are getting stuck, you should use Dappa to help them. But he will not just volunteer solutions. He will want to demonstrate how smart he is by being obscure. He will give clues to the solution, and be very disdainful about any 'stupid heroes' who cannot solve 'simple riddles'. Whenever you want to give the adventurers a bit of help with a riddle, consult Dappa's Clue Table, which gives a series of clues for each riddle. Give the clues to the players in order. Hopefully your players will not need too many clues. You should not over-use the table: it does not do to let players get lazy!

Dappa's Clue Table

Ship:

1. *'I can tell you're landlubbers.'*
2. *'Take a look in the harbour, what do you see?'*
3. *'Pish, pish, you should rearrange my words, dummies!'*

School:

1. *'It's easy if you've been there.'*
2. *'It rhymes with another word for idiot – which is what you are!'*
3. *'What has a pupil, but isn't an eye?'*

Cask:

1. *'If you're to accomplish your task, make me rhyme.'*
2. *'You'll often see this fellow rolling along streets and into taverns.'*
3. *'I'd have thought you'd have got this one! You drink enough of what's inside it!'*

Parrot in a Cage:

1. *'What talks, but can't argue?'*
2. *'It's a pet, numskulls!'*
3. *'Pieces of Eight, Pieces of Eight!'*

Ring:

1. *'It's got no ends, and it's often precious.'*
2. *'It's only a little thing, but it can bind two people together.'*
3. *'It's round, but you can put your finger through it.'*

Minotaur:

1. *'I think he's cheating – it's not a place, it's a person!'*
2. *'I'm a-mazed you can't get this one!'*
3. *'The only way to solve riddles is to take the bull by the horns and tackle them like a man.'*

If it comes to a fight, though, Dappa will change his tune and want protection: he's no warrior! The only spell he learned from Hammet was Invisibility; he will try this in an emergency, but only on himself.

DAPPA SKILL 4 STAMINA 8 MAGIC 8

Dappa explains that the best place to begin investigating will be outside in the market-square. From there, the players will be able to choose where they go. Show them the map of the town so that they will see the locations of most interest. Whichever of the major locations they aim for, they must pass through the residential area (Location 8).

Whenever the characters find one of the three items, they will hear a manic cackle from the Riddling Reaver's parchment, and the riddles relating to that item will mysteriously fade away.

2

Even the death of Baron Bluestone does not prevent the traders making their daily living, and the market-square is busy. Exotic goods, fine cloths and succulent foodstuffs adorn shops, stalls, carts and barrows. Business is brisk, and the locals have little time to take notice of strangers.

As you pass through the throng, a cry goes up. The crowds part as a lanky, ill-formed youth shoulders his way through, wildly swinging a vicious-looking cudgel. Behind him, sprawled in a quivering heap, you can see a rich merchant. There is no room to draw a sword, and even if you did you would risk hurting innocent bystanders.

The thief is making directly for the adventurers, and they must make a snap decision to get out of his way or to apprehend him. If they decide to try to stop him, they may not use weapons, and will fight at a penalty of −4 to SKILL.

LARGO THE SWIFT SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

Should Largo be beaten, the merchant will recover his purse and thank the adventurers profusely. He will introduce himself as Ignatius Galapagos, a trader who deals exclusively in exotic livestock for discerning customers. He proudly boasts that he supplied the monsters for Baron Sukumvit's Trial of Champions – the notorious Deathtrap Dungeon. He moans about the ill fortune that has beset him ever since he landed in Kallamehr: the scurvy rogues who were handling his cargo have slid away, taking with them his famed exhibit, a Minotaur with the ability to snort poisonous gas through its nostrils!

3

The docks are dirty, dark, smelly and full of the shadiest characters you have ever seen. Mysterious robed figures loiter on every corner and you have the distinct feeling that unseen eyes are watching your every move. As you approach the large wooden storage barns which line the waterfront you stop in your tracks. The barn door furthest from you creaks open, and two shady figures emerge, manhandling what appears to be a body. They drag it to the quayside and drop it into the sea. As they slide back towards the barn, you hear shouting from inside the huge building.

The building houses a hastily constructed arena. A large pit has been dug, and its sides built up with barrels and loose timber. Every available inch of seating around the rim is taken up by an assortment of sailors and rogues, all clutching coins and yelling bets at one another. They are so absorbed in the spectacle that they will take no notice of the adventurers if they enter the barn. At one side of the rim stands the master of ceremonies, resplendent in an enormous turban and garish silk pantaloons. As the adventurers approach the pit, he will yell: 'Who dares challenge the mighty Minotaur of Mellizand? Is there anyone brave and hardy enough to last the turn of the sand-glass? Come now, surely 100 Gold Pieces make it worthwhile?'

In the pit fumes the strange beast, brought to Kallamehr by Ignatius the merchant. It has been abducted by the crew of the ship which Ignatius chartered, and they are using it for cruel sport. Anyone who looks into the pit will see a rather

pathetic-looking Minotaur – certainly nothing like the mighty beast of legend. In his nose he wears a brass ring. This is the ring the players seek, and the only practical way to get it is for one of the adventurers to volunteer to fight the beast.

MINOTAUR SKILL 9 STAMINA 9 ATTACKS 2

The brass ring in his nose enables the Minotaur to breathe a stinking cloud of poisonous gas every four Attack Rounds. Characters caught in the cloud must *Test for Luck* or lose 4 STAMINA points. Lucky characters will lose only 1 point.

The sand-glass referred to by the master of ceremonies times a period of seven Attack Rounds. If, after this time, a character is still up and fighting the Minotaur, then a rope will be let down, so that he may climb out of the pit and claim the prize. He will be given a bag of coins (the sneaky ringmaster has put only 74 coins in it, however), and told that he may not fight the Minotaur again.

If they are to recover the ring, another one of the adventurers must fight and defeat the beast!

An adventurer who defeats the creature will have just enough time to recover the ring from the Minotaur's snout before three angry thugs jump down into the pit and attack. The audience of rogues will have melted away, and the beturbaned ringmaster will be nowhere to be seen. The lone victor will need help from the rest of the party! Each of the three thugs has the same characteristics:

THUG SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

4

The Nautical Academy of Kallamehr is an ancient and decrepit building. It is perched dangerously close to the cliff, and you wonder what prevents it from sliding into the sea! Robed children career noisily in and out of the large entrance and lean out of windows. At the top of the building is an ancient weathervane in the form of a ship. Perched precariously on this is a grubby youngster who attracts your attention by lobbing loose bits of tile at you.

Kallamehr's school for aspiring young sea-captains is famous throughout this region. Equally notorious is its reputation for harbouring some of the most rebellious, mischievous brats in the area.

The weathervane in the shape of a ship is one of the items which the heroes are seeking. If they are to recover it, they must find some way of getting it down, either by magic, or simply by climbing. While the intricate architecture of the building will make it easy to find handholds, the roof is badly decayed, and the children will also be doing their best to hamper any climbers.

In order for a character to reach the weathervane, the player must first roll lower than his SKILL to reach the roof, and then again to scale the tiles. If either of these fail, then the character cannot reach his goal, and risks falling, thanks to the tiles thrown by pupils. He must *Test for Luck*. If he is Unlucky, then he will fall. Roll one die and subtract the result from STAMINA. If a character falls while crossing the roof, then he will have fallen through the tiles and into the classroom beneath.

If a character successfully makes the climb, by the time he reaches the top, the young rascal will have made his escape by sliding down the tiles and swinging into a window.

To get the character down, the player must again make the SKILL rolls.

Smart players may try to bribe or coax the children into helping them remove the ship. Ingenious players should be able to come up with a number of schemes, and it is up to you, the GamesMaster, to decide how successful these will be. Bear in mind that these little villains are no softies!

If the heroes decide to venture inside (or fall through the ceiling!), then read the following description:

The building houses one enormous classroom, filled with decaying desks and musty books and charts. It is in uproar. Rival groups of pupils seem to be conducting mass warfare against one another, and soon you are embroiled in a battlefield of water-bombs, ink-pellets, peas and other more unsavoury missiles. Slumped on a desk at the front of the class is the portly shape of the teacher. He is caked in dust, and is clutching a half-eaten apple. Tied to its stem is a note: 'To Sir, from yore beluvved pueples.'

All attempts to wake the teacher will fail – he has been drugged by his 'beluvved pueples'! He will remain asleep no matter what.

If any adventurers are foolish enough to take a bite from the apple, five minutes later they will doze off, and will remain asleep for the rest of the Scene!

There is nothing else of interest in the room.

5

The 'Parrot in a Cage' inn is the most successful, and the most disreputable, drinking-establishment in Kallamehr. Dappa warns you of its infamous clientele, and he enters with reluctance. Inside the smoky den, a large crowd of assorted ne'er-do-wells are massed around a table. A cocky young man is performing a trick with three shells and a pea. Two piles of coins testify that this is no idle game. You soon notice that nobody seems able to beat the man at his game. It looks simple, and he shuffles the shells very slowly, but somehow he manages to deceive all comers. There is only one person in the inn who does not seem to be very interested in the game. He is a short, rat-faced fellow who sits by the bar, playing with his bead necklace, and occasionally muttering to himself. By his head hangs a slate with the prices of ale; it can be bought by the tankard or by the cask. Behind the bar you can see casks, bottles and barrels untidily stacked.

As you look around, your faithful guide Dappa urgently gestures for you to follow him outside. There he explains that the rat-faced man was once an apprentice of his former master, Hammet the Dash. He was dismissed for petty thievery, which he accomplished using magic. Unless he is very much mistaken, Rat-face has something to do with the young conjuror's amazing run of luck.

Rat-face is, in fact, influencing the game by means of his magical necklace. He has arranged to split the proceeds with his accomplice. No one has made any connection between the two, so it is up to the players to decide the fate of these con artists.

They may decide to ignore what is going on, and press on in search of the cask (which can be purchased at the bar for a paltry sum – the 'Parrot in a Cage' is certainly *not* famous for the quality of its ales!).

Alternatively, they may decide to expose the trick first. They will no doubt come up with a plan for this – or even a way of profiting from it! It is up to you to decide the results of these actions. However, the most likely choices will be either publicly to denounce the scoundrels, or to prevent Rat-face's magical interference and join in the game (where they will find it easy to outwit the youth) and win Gold Pieces to the value of three dice rolls.

Explaining the trick to the inn's proprietor will lead to the two con men being dragged off to court for a dose of Kallamehr's vicious justice. The innkeeper will thank the adventurers profusely, and shower them with drinks. He will even give them a whole cask of ale to show his gratitude!

If an adventurer takes Rat-face's bead necklace, it will add 1 point to his *Initial* LUCK score for as long as it is worn (unless the character is a wizard, in which case it will add 2 points).

6

The Flesh and Pen Emporium is a gaudily decorated building. Its walls are covered with designs for lurid tattoos. Judging by the nautical flavour of many of the pictures, the Emporium is a favourite of sailors. Standing just outside the entrance to the building is a burly fellow. He wears only a loincloth, and is covered from head to foot in tattoos. He has attracted a small crowd of admiring street urchins and passers-by, to whom he is demonstrating the unique qualities of his designs. As he flexes his right arm, the tattoo of a belly-dancer comes to life, while on his left, a fearsome cobra rears and strikes. The interior houses even more of these fabulous works of art. Some of them have been drawn on thick parchment, others adorn what looks like flayed skin! Busily at work on his latest masterpiece is a craggy old Dwarf who must be well over two hundred years old. His willing victim is whining pitifully as the Dwarf's needles prick his flesh. With a final flourish, the tattoo is complete, and the shaken sailor staggers over to a full-length mirror. The design is of a blazing sun beating down on a tropical island.

'With this enchanted tattoo, my friend, you will never catch cold again!' croaks the Dwarf. The sailor grimaces.

'I should think so too, after all I've had to endure!' he mutters, slipping on his shirt and departing.

None of the Reaver's items are hidden in the shop, but the player characters may be persuaded by the Dwarf to invest in some bodily decoration. If they are *really* keen they may even have one of his fabled magical tattoos, which bestow strange powers on their wearers. These are not cheap, however.

While a normal tattoo can be had for a Gold Piece or two, magic ones cost 25 Gold Pieces. Adventurers may choose from the following tattoos:

Rising Sun. As described above. This enables the wearer to endure the lowest temperatures without ill effect, and to withstand the fiercest winds and downpours. Very useful for sailors.

Leaping Tiger. A striped cat springing out of jungle foliage. Bestows the power of ferocity. If a character calls upon this power by revealing the tattoo, then he will add 1 point to his SKILL for as long as the tattoo is visible. What is more, he will be able to fight on for one round *after* his STAMINA falls to zero. He will suffer the ill effects only *after* the battle.

Eagle. A majestic hunter of the skies. Gives the power of sharp sight. The bearer can see great distances, and will be able to notice things that most people would overlook.

Cobra. A hooded serpent poised to strike. Enables the character to mesmerize an enemy. If the wearer exposes the tattoo, the victim must roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to his SKILL, the opponent is unaffected. If the total is greater, however, he will stand transfixed for one Attack Round – and the tattooed character may inflict a wound automatically. This ruse will work only once on any one opponent.

A character may wear only *one* of the magic tattoos. The tattoos can never be removed.

7

Made entirely of gleaming white marble, the Kallamehr bath-house is clearly the place to be if you are rich and idle. Located in a prosperous area of town, it boasts an enormous pillared entrance – large enough to accommodate its stouter patrons!

Inside, a simple entrance lobby is attended by a snooty-looking individual in a ceremonial bath-towel. He peers at you disdainfully, and asks:

'Am I to assume that you are not members? I hardly think that our members would dress themselves in such a slovenly fashion.'

Non-members are not ordinarily permitted to use the baths, but the attendant will explain that he is prepared to make an exception in their case, as long as they pay the 'nominal fee' of 5 Gold Pieces. Dappa points out that it is a rare privilege to enter the baths, and the influential members of the Bath-house Club may be able to help them with their quest. If the players decide to explore the bath-house, read the following:

Before entering, you must remove all your clothing and weaponry, which is taken to the cloakrooms by a servant. All that may be worn in the baths is a towel. You are directed to the pool, which apparently lies at the end of a maze of passages. You meet no one on the way, but after a short walk find yourselves in front of a pair of brass doors. Inside is a small bathing-room. Steps lead down from the door into the sparkling waters. Across the room are an identical pair of brass doors.

If any of the players have tattoos then they will be clearly visible – and magical ones will take effect.

The particular pool to which the adventurers have been directed is one used for the entertainment of the bath-house's patrons. When the adventurers have all entered the pool, the brass doors will swing shut. Looking up, they will see that they are being watched from a balcony. Several bloated individuals are gazing down arrogantly. As they reach the centre of the room, the onlookers will begin to empty large pots into the pool. From the pots descend cascades of water and . . . ELECTRIC EELS! Each of the six eels has the following attributes:

ELECTRIC EEL	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

Each Attack Round, *one* of the eels will let off its electric discharge, doing 4 points of damage to the adventurer it is attacking. Each eel can emit only two bursts. You must choose which adventurers are affected.

The brass doors through which the heroes entered have been locked, leaving the other doors as the only means of escape (the walls of the pool-room are smooth marble, which cannot be scaled). Unfortunately, the doors lead straight out into an alley round the back of the bath-house. The bath-house fatties will be roaring with laughter at their joke. If the adventurers somehow manage to defeat the six eels, another six will be thrown down.

The heroes will find that their belongings have been scattered about in front of the bath-house, causing much humiliating laughter from passers-by!

8

Kallamehr is a large sea-town, though quite unlike the dark and treacherous ports of the north. You soon realize that although it looks chaotic, it is actually very well ordered. Its streets are clean, and its citizens seem quite contented with their lots.

You need read this to the players only once, although they will undoubtedly pass through the residential areas between locations several times. Each time they do, you should roll on the following Residential Area Encounter Table:

Residential Area Encounter Table

Roll two dice and consult the table to discover what the adventurers meet on their way through the town.

Dice Roll	*Encounter*
2	A trained KRELL (a six-armed monkey – SKILL 8, STAMINA 5) will attempt to pick the pockets of one of the adventurers. If the adventurer has the eagle tattoo, he will notice instantly. Otherwise he must *Test for Luck*, and be Lucky to avoid losing all his Gold.
3	One of the adventurers (decide by rolling dice) will be falsely accused of theft. Six guards will attempt to arrest the character. If the adventurers remain calm, and insist that the guards consult the Lady Carolina, then all will be well,

and they will quickly be released. If they attack the guards, however, then they will have committed a crime, and will have to fight any guards they may later meet. Any guard is SKILL 6, STAMINA 5.

4–5 The adventurers meet a guard patrol. If they are wanted for a crime (see encounter above), the guards will attempt to arrest them. Otherwise, they will ask the adventurers if all is well, and whether they have seen anything amiss.

6 A street-trader attempts to sell the adventurers some of his wares. They may buy new clothes off him, if they wish, but must carry them in their backpack. A complete set of clothes costs 1 Gold Piece.

7 No encounter.

8 The adventurers are mobbed by urchins. Word has got about that they are on a heroic quest for the Lady Carolina, and these admiring young ragamuffins want souvenirs. To get rid of the urchins, each adventurer must part with one item. Otherwise, the party will be surrounded by screaming, yelling street urchins for the rest of this Scene!

9 The adventurers bump into Ignatius Galapagos (see Location 2). If they helped him then, he will hail them for a

chat, and ask if they have seen his Minotaur. If they have not, he will shrug, and offer them 5 Gold Pieces each by way of a reward for catching the thief – it had slipped his mind at the time! If they have seen the Minotaur, he will be keen to know where it is. If told it is dead, he will start to weep uncontrollably, and hurry off, saying he must go to the bath-house.

10–11 The adventurers run into a vicious street gang, armed with knives, and intent on murder and theft. They must fight! Six members of the gang attack: each is SKILL 7, STAMINA 4. If half of their number are killed or knocked unconscious, the rest will run away.

12 The adventurers are attacked by a PRESS-GANG! Half a dozen heavies (each SKILL 6, STAMINA 8) set upon them with cudgels. If all the adventurers are knocked unconscious, when they awake they will find themselves on board ship. They will have little choice but to work for the notorious Captain Sanbar. They have failed in their quest for the three items. However, the quest for the Riddling Reaver can continue! Captain Sanbar's ship can be wrecked, and the adventurers washed ashore on a jungle coastline. You can then run Act Three.

Ending the Scene

Once the adventurers have assembled the three items, they should hurry off to Brion's Bluff. Read the following to the players:

A mighty storm assails Brion's Bluff as you approach the cliff's edge. Waves crash against the rocks far below. It is an ominous evening. As you hurl the ship, the cask and the ring out to sea, the storm seems to become yet more frenzied. The clouds brew overhead. You can do nothing but stand and wait . . .

This is the end of Act One, 'The Curse of Kallamehr'. It leads directly on to Act Two, 'Voyage of Enigma'. If you are going to continue with the story, you must decide what happens to Dappa. He is very keen to continue adventuring, even though he is not as skilful as the adventurers. They must decide whether they want him to come along with them. If they refuse, he will return, sadly, to Kallamehr.

If he accompanies them, you must continue to play him yourself. He may come in useful for giving clues and hints, so use him to guide the players smoothly through the story. If given a weapon, he will fight to the best of his ability. But he has one weakness – he is terrified of spiders and creepy-crawlies! If he encounters any, he will start shrieking with fear, and will lose any weapons he may be carrying.

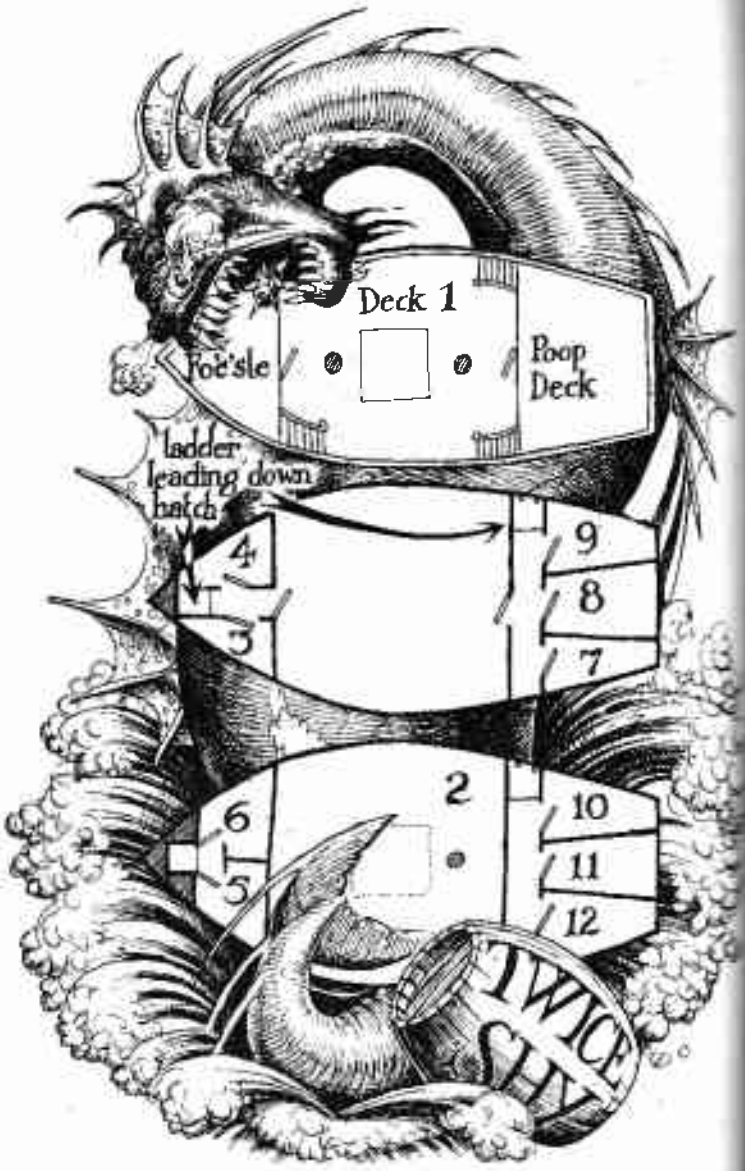

ACT TWO

VOYAGE OF ENIGMA

Players' Tale

You are on the trail of a mysterious opponent, the Riddling Reaver. This servant of the Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance has murdered a great nobleman, and must pay the consequences. His motives for the crime were obscure, but his behaviour suggests it was part of some greater plan. Your quest has brought you to a tall cliff on the coastline. As the stormclouds boil and rage overhead, and the furious wind lashes you, you sense that this turmoil is but a fragment of some greater battle on a Higher Plane. Are you destined to be a part of that battle?

You wait for minutes that seem like hours. Then, looking out to sea, you catch sight of a sail. But what kind of ship sails in a storm like this? As it approaches, the winds abate and the waves crash less violently against the rocks at the foot of the cliff.

You see the familiar shape of a merchant's galley gliding towards the cliff. But this is no ordinary trading vessel. For you can see no crew on its deck. Its sails hang lifeless from its masts, yet the ship glides smoothly over the waves. As you look closer, you see that the galley really is sailing over the waves – it is floating above the water!

Suddenly, the ship stops dead. A landing-boat is winched down to the waves, and moves towards the shore. Again, you are certain that there is nobody aboard. It reaches a narrow cove just along the cliff from you, and grinds on to the sand. You get the feeling it is waiting . . . for you.

A slippery path leads down to the beach from the top of the cliff, which you can easily descend with a little care. As soon as you all climb into the boat, it slides down into the water, and smoothly heads in the direction of the galley. What have you let yourselves in for?

GamesMaster's Tale

The Act opens with the adventurers boarding the *Twice Shy*, the Reaver's sea-going vessel. Once they have boarded it, the galley will sail off at great speed, following the coastline across the Glimmering Sea. Its journey ends after it crosses the Gulf of Shamuz and reaches the jungle coast. The adventure takes place entirely on the ship, and therefore consists of only one Scene. The only important Task to be accomplished by the adventurers on the ship is to stay alive until the journey is over! However, there will be much to occupy them on the *Twice Shy*, as the riddling villain has left plenty of traps and menaces to test our intrepid heroes.

This scenario is designed to be run with a time-limit, representing the duration of the sea voyage. You should decide beforehand how long you want the game to last. When the time-limit is up, allow the adventurers to finish what they are doing (if they are in the middle of a fight, for instance!) and go straight to Ending the Act, pages 00–00.

The scenario begins with the landing-boat being winched up on to the deck of the galley. You should therefore start off at Location 1, the deck.

1

Most ships' decks are very cluttered with ropes, barrels and all kinds of nautical tackle. Not this one, though. There is not so much as a coil of rope. The deck seems to be made entirely from black pine, one of the strongest and rarest woods in Allansia. In its middle, between the masts, is a hatchway, presumably leading to the hold. At each end of the lower deck there is a door. To the right of the forward door is a large brass plaque, on which is inscribed 'Twice Shy'.

Even on the upper decks, there are no ropes – nor even a wheel for steering! What wind there is seems not to touch the sails: they hang limp and lifeless.

The deck has no inhabitants, but that will not necessarily prevent the adventurers from encountering something!

The first time they are on the deck, after having climbed out of the landing-boat, there will be nothing here, and they will have to choose from the doors at each end of the ship and the deck hatch to proceed further. However, on subsequent visits (or if they refuse to leave, preferring the coward's option of staying put), they will find that the deck is not quite the haven of safety it might seem. There are several possible encounters here. Whenever the adventurers venture back on the deck, you should roll one die and consult the Deck Encounter Table to see what they have met. Roll again if the encounter has already happened – each one can only occur once.

Deck Encounter Table

Die Roll	*Encounter*
1	A huge PLESIOSAURUS (SKILL 9, STAMINA 22) rears its ugly head out of the sea and swims towards the *Twice Shy*. Not surprisingly, it is quite hungry. If the adventurers are able to satisfy it by throwing it plenty of food, then it will go away. Otherwise they will have to fight.
2	A mighty storm assails the ship. Although the *Twice Shy* is in no danger of capsizing, the adventurers may be less secure. For out of the storm will swoop 1–6 STORM SPIRITS, fierce elemental creatures, children of the raging skies: each is SKILL 10, STAMINA 6. Though wingless, the Storm Spirits fly at terrifying speed. Before the battle commences, you should ask each of the adventurers which weapon they are going to use. Make a note of which characters are using metal weapons. Each Spirit can unleash up to two bolts of lightning. These bolts hit on a roll of 1–4 on one die, and do 2 points of damage. Also, anyone using a metal weapon who wins an Attack Round against a Storm Spirit will lose a point of STAMINA due to the Spirit's electric power.
3	Another ship approaches from directly ahead. With horror, the adventurers will see that it has black sails – it is a plague

ship . . . or worse! As it passes the *Twice Shy*, several of its occupants leap across. They are PLAGUE ZOMBIES, horrific undead creatures who suffer from the dread Plague of Undeath.

1–6 Plague Zombies (each SKILL 5, STAMINA 7) will leap across as the ships pass. A further 1–6 will try to leap, miss and end up in the sea. Pity the poor shark who tries to make a meal of one of them! Anyone reduced to zero STAMINA by a Plague Zombie will be given the disease. After five minutes they will rise up, reborn as a Plague Zombie!

4 Looking ahead of the *Twice Shy*, the adventurers can see a slow old merchant ship, sailing into their ship's path. Try as they may to divert the path of the *Twice Shy*, there is nothing they can do. The enchanted vessel charges straight into the merchant ship, splintering it in two as if it were balsa wood, and then continuing straight on. The trader's cargo and crew are unceremoniously dumped into the sea. The poor shipwrecked sailors must fend for themselves.

5 The adventurers see what appears to be a Sea Snake slide over the side of the ship. You should ask them what they intend to do, and get a quick reaction from them. If they run for one of the deck's exits, they will avoid the encounter successfully. Otherwise they will have to contend with an enormous GIANT SQUID, which is questing for food. It is SKILL 9, STAMINA 12, ATTACKS 2. The Squid will attempt to entrap adventurers in its coils. If it wins any two successive Attack Rounds, it will squeeze its victim for an extra point of STAMINA loss. If the adventurer wins the next Attack Round, he has broken free, and normal combat is resumed; if the Squid continues to win, it will continue to cause 3 points of damage. Although the Squid can normally capsize large vessels, it will find the *Twice Shy* too difficult. If there is no food to be found on the deck it will give up and sink back beneath the waves.

6 A huge blue-skinned SEA GIANT, some nine metres tall, looms over the side of the ship and questions the adventurers: *'What puny land-dwellers are you to taint my realm? If you would pass, then tell me this: Which is more powerful, the wind or the sea? And why?'* The adventurers must reply that the sea is the more powerful of the two, and give a convincing reason (use your judgement!), otherwise the Sea Giant will attack: it is SKILL 10, STAMINA 17, ATTACKS 3. If the correct answer is given, the Giant will laugh, send a huge wave crashing over the *Twice Shy* (this will drench the adventurers), and dive beneath the sea.

All the other locations in this scenario are below the decks of the ship. These should be treated in the same way as rooms in a dungeon (as in *Fighting Fantasy*). Remember, the adventurers will require some kind of light to see further than one metre in the darkness.

2

Beneath the lower deck of the boat is a large cargo hold. Edging down the ladder, you find yourselves in the quiet darkness of this storage area. Peculiar smells assail your nostrils, and the damp warmth of the hold feels strangely alive. Hanging from the rafters is an unlit lantern. Littered around the floor near by are barrels. One of these has fallen on its side and its contents – salted fish – have spilled out. Towards the aft part of the hold you can dimly make out a large packing-case. Forward there seem to be half a dozen smaller cases, stacked together. You can hear the occasional soft skittering noise – probably rats.

There are four barrels near the ladder, including the one which has fallen over. All four barrels contain salted fish. However, one of them also houses a rat, which will leap out as the barrel is opened, biting the opener for 1 point of STAMINA damage, before racing off into the shadows. The barrels' contents are of little use, but may be used to appease the Plesiosaurus should the adventurers encounter it on the deck. Alternatively, they may eat the salted fish. As it is rather unpleasant to taste, eating as much as can be stomached will restore only 2 STAMINA points at one time.

If they wish to, the adventurers may take the lantern. It is full of oil.

The six small packing-cases forward are quite unremarkable to look at, though each one carries a branded stamp saying, 'For the Attention of Captain Redlen Reiver'. Their lids are crudely nailed on, and can be prised loose with the edge of a sword.

The first box contains a beautifully made, full-size, glass right arm. The next case contains a left arm, the others contain left and right legs, a torso and a head – all exquisitely crafted from flawless glass. If all the pieces are assembled, the head will glow with an inner light as the MANIKIN is activated. This ingenious device is another of the Reaver's playthings. It will respond to simple spoken commands, and carry them out to the best of its ability. However, there are disadvantages: it will obey commands literally, since it has no intelligence; it will always follow the *last* command given; and it is not choosy about whom it obeys – it will try to follow *any* order it receives. If it is involved in a battle, and its STAMINA is reduced to zero, then it will shatter.

MANIKIN SKILL 8 STAMINA 3

The adventurers will discover the Manikin's function only if they say anything which it can take as a command. When not being commanded to do something, the artefact will remain perfectly still.

If the players approach the packing-case at the other end of the hold, you should read them the following:

The packing-case is about two metres tall, and three metres long. Written on its side is a riddle:

'What has the head of a jungle king, the body of a hill-climber, the tail of a legless lizard and the breath of a winged hoarder? The answer's in the box!'

Sure enough, in the box is a CHIMERA, which will spring out and attack if the box is opened.

CHIMERA SKILL 12 STAMINA 20 ATTACKS 3

The Chimera will bite with its lion's head, kick with its goat's hoofs, and constrict with its serpent's tail. It can also (every three Attack Rounds) breathe a gout of flame at one opponent. This will hit on a roll of 1–4, doing 2 STAMINA points of damage. The Chimera cannot get out of the hold on its own, as it cannot fly and is too heavy for the ladder. If the adventurers have trouble defeating it, they may find it advisable to escape up the ladder to the 'safety' of the deck.

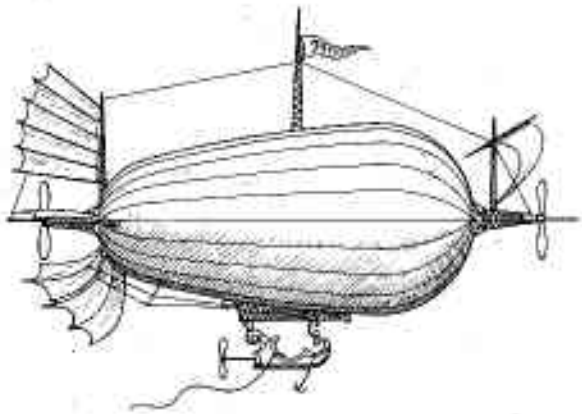

3

The door opens easily, and you find yourself looking into a smallish, sparsely furnished cabin. A sturdy hammock has been lashed between two stout timbers, and an unlit lantern hangs from the ceiling. Around it dangle various types of fish. They are all neatly stuffed, and tied to the rafters with pieces of string. This cabin's former occupant clearly felt more at home under water! In the centre of the room is a large box, at least a metre high, which is clamped to the floor by iron bands. There is a stool in front of it, and it has two small holes bored into its side – apparently eyeholes.

The stuffed fish are just what they seem. The lantern may be taken by the adventurers; it is full of oil. The box is a Casket of Visions, designed by the Riddling Reaver for his guests as a form of amusement during the tedium of the voyage. The first adventurer to look through the eyeholes will see a curious sight. You should take the player aside and secretly read the following:

Inside the box there is a golden glow. When your eyes have adjusted to the light, you see that the box is filled with gold, gems, jewellery – more than you have ever seen in all your years of adventuring!

In order to get into the box, the adventurers will have to smash apart the iron bars. This will take some time – at least ten minutes. During this time it is likely that one or more of the other players will want to look at the contents themselves. You should ask the players whether they are looking into the

box. Each one who does should be taken aside and told a *different* tale of its contents, so that each adventurer will have very different views on whether or not to open it! Below are the alternative visions to be seen within the box. Each player's vision will remain the same, no matter how many times they come back to the eyeholes to look.

Vision 2

At first you can see nothing in the box but darkness. Then a chill runs down your spine as two eyes open and stare back at you. They burn with a seething malevolence, a chill fire that must surely come straight from Hell.

Vision 3

The inside of the box seems to be moving. When you look closer, you see that there are thousands of insects – termites, spiders and other loathsome creepy-crawlies. From this writhing mass a skull protrudes. It has been picked clean.

Vision 4

Your eyes adjust to the darkness, and you make out the cramped figure of a beautiful maiden, bound from head to foot. She is gagged, but her eyes clearly convey her terror. You do not know how long she has been imprisoned here, but it looks as if she cannot last much longer.

Vision 5

Sitting inside the box is another box, finely crafted of interlocking pieces. It has some writing carved on its surface, but you cannot quite make out what it says.

If the players finally decide to open the box and succeed in smashing the iron bands, the lid will fly off and a loud squeal will be heard. A creature (actually a huge jack-in-the-box!) will shoot up from the box and tower menacingly above the adventurers, swaying to and fro. You should describe this to the players, and ask them what they are going to do. Should they attack it, then they will hack it to pieces very quickly. If they leave it alone, however, it will give them a hint: *'Gluttony has proved the downfall of many a brave adventurer.'* After saying this, it becomes a lifeless dummy. There is nothing else in the box.

4

Set into the wall is a portal with no door. All you can see is a sheet of darkness within the door-frame. Drawn around the frame are hundreds of little stick figures, engaged in curious activities, such as running, jumping and wrapping their legs around their heads.

The entrance to this cabin is a Portal of Darkness. Adventurers may pass through it easily enough. However, one effect of the portal is that any living thing passing through it will be shrunk down to the size of a large beetle. Coming back out through the portal reverses the process. Moreover, the transformation occurs without the victim noticing anything amiss. If the adventurers enter the cabin, then read the following:

Impossible as it may seem, you find yourselves in a vast subterranean chamber. Its ceiling is so far above your heads that it is hardly visible. Ahead of you lies dense purple shrubland. Beyond that, you can make out four mountainous pillars rising high into the sky.

What the players are actually seeing is a beetle's-eye view of a very ordinary cabin. Like most of the cabins it has a hammock and a small desk. The purple shrubland is actually a plush carpet, while the four pillars are the legs of the desk. If the players advance through the undergrowth, they will have to hack their way through to proceed. After travelling through the undergrowth for a few minutes, the adventurers will see a terrifying form coming towards them – a huge grey beast, larger than an

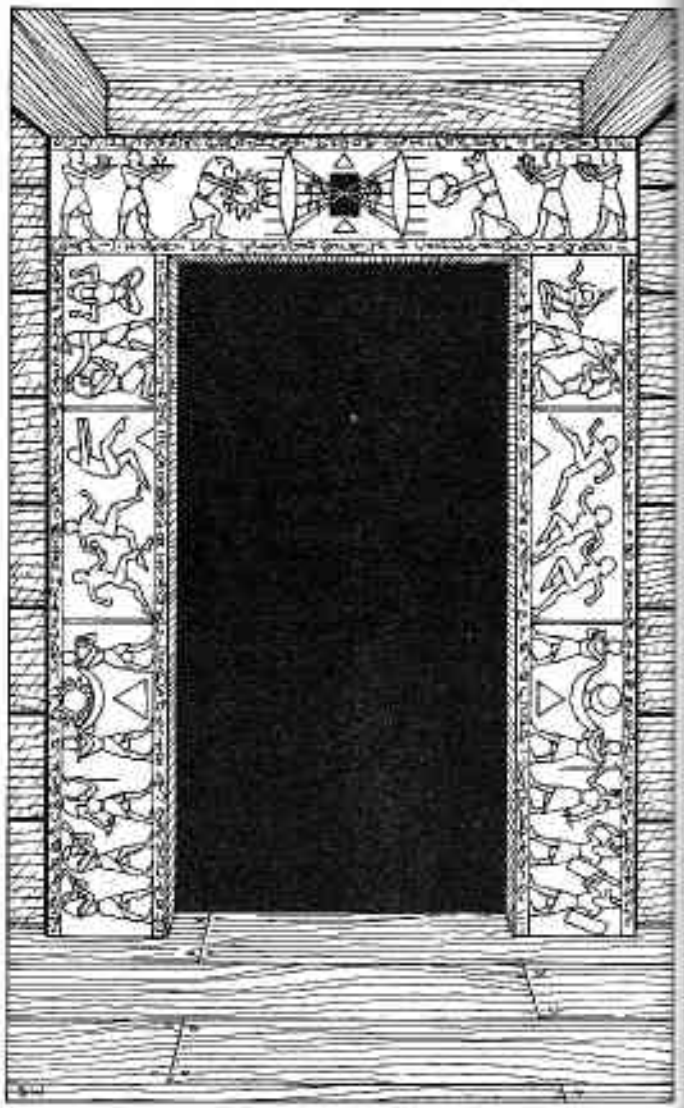

elephant, with four legs and vicious teeth. It is a MOUSE, and the adventurers must fight it!

MOUSE SKILL 10 STAMINA 16 ATTACKS 2

If they kill the Mouse, the adventurers may continue their exploration. The only item which may be of interest to them will be an enormous golden ingot. The adventurers should *Test for Luck*. If any of them are Lucky, they will spot this glimmering among the undergrowth (an adventurer with the magical eagle tattoo from Act One will automatically spot it). Since it is a metre long, it will take all their strength to heave it out of the room. Of course, once through the portal the adventurers will grow, but the ingot will remain the same size. It is a sliver of gold worth roughly 2 Gold Pieces! So much for easy riches!

5

The door to this cabin opens easily, and you find yourselves in a small dining-hall. A long table runs along the middle of the chamber. It is set for dinner, and a mouth-watering meal is laid out along it. There are cuts of meat, fine breads, soups and dips, and a magnificent centrepiece – a huge silver platter with domed lid. What succulent dish lies inside?

The food on the table is perfectly edible, and is the equivalent of three sets of Provisions. Inside the central platter, however, is something far less tasty.

Swarming within are several hundred FLESH GRUBS. These hungry flesh-eating maggots will make straight for the person who lifted the lid. Although blind, they have an unerring sense of smell, and will be able to wriggle their way towards any adventurer. The unfortunate who lifted the lid will be covered by 2–12 Flesh Grubs immediately, and more will spill towards him unless he runs for it. Each Flesh Grub will automatically inflict 1 point of STAMINA damage as it nibbles away at the victim. They can be pulled off and crushed quite easily. A further 2–12 Flesh Grubs will latch on to their original victim and anyone else, if they are foolish enough to remain near the table.

While the adventurers were preoccupied with the table and its contents, an IMITATOR slid down from its perch above the door they came through, and reformed itself in the shape of the door. If the adventurers take the sensible option and flee from

the deadly Flesh Grubs, they will stumble into the disguised Imitator.

IMITATOR SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

When the victims touch the Imitator, they will stick fast, held by a glue-like substance secreted by the creature. At the same time, it will strike with a large, fist-shaped protuberance. The trapped prey can fight back, but with SKILL reduced by 2. Once the 'fist' is cut off (Imitator's STAMINA reduced to zero), the creature is defenceless. It can be finished off rapidly and the glue will lose its potency. However, if the fight takes more than four Attack Rounds, Flesh Grubs will start arriving at a rate of 2–12 per Attack Round!

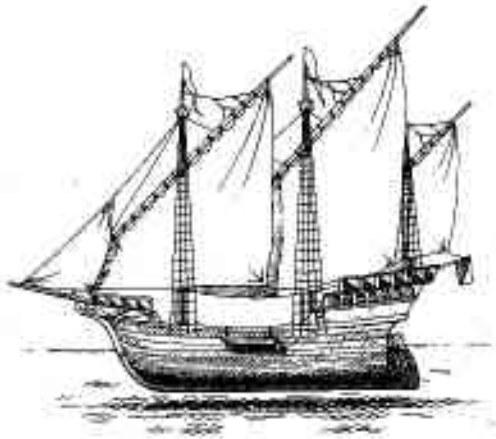

6

The door opens into a cabin. There is a small, but comfortable-looking bunk against the wall, and a writing-desk with a stool across the room from the bunk. The floor is carpeted and the walls are painted bright blue. The cabin looks as if someone has been here recently: there are clothes strewn about the place, and papers litter the desk.

This cabin formerly belonged to Bhorriz, a wise seer whom the Reaver befriended. They frequently used to dispute the nature of the world and ruminate upon metaphysics together. Then Bhorriz came up with the perfect solution to the world's problems – a system of government which would ensure that peace and goodness would spread throughout the lands of Allansia, and perhaps beyond. The Reaver realized that this would upset the balance between Good and Evil, so he threw the seer overboard. He never got round to tidying up the cabin.

The GHOST of the unfortunate seer still inhabits the cabin. One minute after the adventurers enter the cabin, a spectral form will materialize and begin to moan at them. If the players decide to attack it, they will find that their weapons pass straight through it. After moaning for a minute or so, the Ghost will start to whisper insistently:

'You must not be fooled by him, no, no, no . . .'

If the adventurers try questioning Bhorriz, he will explain further:

'You are all pawns in a cosmic game. Luck and Chance determine the outcome, and they are jealous of their

power. You must not play the game, no, no, no . . . The countervailing equipoise is not yet come to fruition . . .'

He will carry on in this vein for as long as the players are prepared to listen to him. Most of what the poor, demented old spirit says is complete rubbish. If asked how he came to die, he will briefly explain the circumstances of his death, and then return to his philosophical ramblings. The only other piece of useful information the adventurers will be able to extract from the Ghost is the solution to the riddle on the door of the Riddle Room. If they ask him how to get into the room he will tell them:

'Just say, "The answer is a riddle", and the door will open.'

The papers on the desk are Bhorriz's notes. Their contents are on the same lines as his whispered comments – mostly unintelligible intellectual jottings. Hidden among them is a Scroll of Fortune. Reading this has the same effect as drinking a Potion of Fortune. As the letters disappear from the page when read, the Scroll can be used only once.

In the pockets of Bhorriz's clothes are 10 Gold Pieces.

7

This cabin is well furnished, though covered with a thick layer of dust. Judging by the thick silk tapestry and opulent armchairs, it belonged to the ship's master. There is a dresser with a mirror on the far side of the room, near the bunk, which is enclosed by velvet curtains. A drawer of the dresser is slightly open. On the walls hang a selection of cutlasses, a cat-o'-nine-tails, and various torture implements. To your right there is a rough wooden perch.

As the adventurers enter the cabin, the drawer of the dresser will loudly slam shut. If they examine the mirror, they will find that someone has written 'Lay my bones to rest!' in the dust. While they are looking in the mirror, they will see the bed-curtain open in the reflection. From the bed will climb a crusty old sea-captain. His right leg is a wooden stump and on his shoulder sits a mangy green parrot. If the adventurers turn to face him, they will discover that there is no one there, and the bed-curtain is undisturbed!

If they open the bed-curtain, they will find a skeleton – or rather two skeletons, one of a man (whose right leg is missing below the knee), and the other of a bird, which lies by the first skeleton's shoulder.

If the players attempt to open the drawer of the dresser, the cutlasses, cat-o'-nine-tails and torture instruments will fly off the walls towards the adventurers. Each must successfully *Test for Luck* to avoid losing 1 point of STAMINA. The weapons are thrown by a POLTERGEIST. This is the spirit of

the former pirate captain of the *Twice Shy*, who was foully slain by the Riddling Reaver: hot lead was poured down his throat. He is furious at being kept so long in limbo, and desperately wishes to be buried at sea, so that he may at last attain rest. After throwing things at the adventurers, he will pick up a cutlass (since he is invisible, they will be able to see only the weapon, waving in the air) and attack.

POLTERGEIST SKILL 9 STAMINA 0 (see below)

The Poltergeist cannot be harmed by mortal weapons, and will fight until either the adventurers are driven out of the room, or his bones are taken from the bed and thrown over the side of the ship.

During the battle, one or more of the adventurers may have the gumption to try to move the bones. If they do so, a ghostly parrot's voice will squawk, 'That's the way to do it!', and the Poltergeist's cutlass will stop in mid-air.

If someone manages to carry the bones out of the room, on to the deck of the ship, and to hurl them into the sea, then the apparition of the sea-captain will appear fleetingly and mumble his thanks. You need not roll on the Deck Encounter Table while the adventurers are performing this service.

Under the skeleton's pillow is an eye-patch. This has been enchanted so that the eye it covers can see perfectly in the dark. In normal light, it can mysteriously be seen through, but has no special abilities.

In the drawer of the dresser are some doubloons, worth 20 Gold Pieces.

8

This is quite a large cabin, and contains assorted maps, charts, sextants and other navigational paraphernalia. The cabin is dominated by a huge table, on which lies a map of the whole of southern Allansia, skilfully modelled in three dimensions. Looking closer, however, you can see that where the Plain of Bones should be, there is a ball of fur, about the size of a cabbage, snoring contentedly. You can also make out a small model of the Twice Shy, *in a larger scale than that of the map, which seems to float just above the map, near the coast.*

The players have found the Reaver's map-room. The miniature ship follows the exact course that has been plotted for it beforehand. It in turn steers the *Twice Shy*. If the miniature ship is tampered with in any way, the real ship will be affected. For instance, if an adventurer were to prod the model, then the ship would lurch violently, and the party would be thrown across the cabin, losing several points of STAMINA in the process. The GamesMaster should be able to guess what would happen if someone were to treat it even more roughly! But hopefully the adventure will not end altogether at this early stage.

The ball of fur which is currently sleeping on the Plain of Bones is a JIB-JIB, and belongs to the GENIE which controls the map and ship. If the adventurers wish to examine the room's contents further, then they must tiptoe very quietly (see *Fighting Fantasy*, page 61) to avoid waking the Jib-Jib. If they are successful, then they will be able to help themselves to various valuable instruments

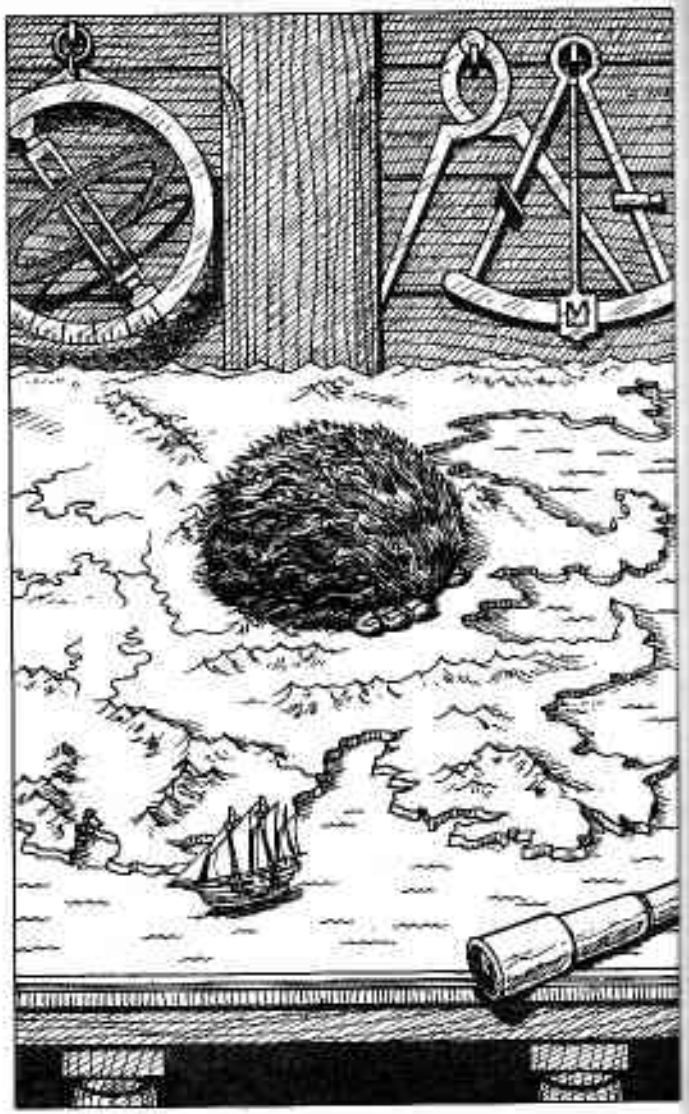

and charts (roll two dice and multiply the result by ten to find their value when sold to a merchant).

If the Jib-Jib is woken or attacked, then read the following description:

The dormant bundle of fur suddenly springs to life, and a fearsome scream rents the air. You look around in terror, expecting to see some vicious monster behind you. There is nothing, and you realize that the banshee yell comes from the timid-looking ball of fur. This terrified creature is now running around the map on its two short, stumpy legs, coming dangerously close to the model of the Twice Shy.

The adventurers must decide whether to leave the room, hoping the Jib-Jib will calm down in their absence, or to try to silence it themselves. If they leave, the caterwauling will continue for a minute or so, and then begin to die away, as the little creature settles down to sleep again. Otherwise, the players must choose between killing or capturing the beast.

JIB-JIB	SKILL 1	STAMINA 2

Any player who says he is trying to capture the Jib-Jib should *Test for Luck*. If he is Lucky, then he has caught hold of it. Several players may say they are trying to capture it, but you should make sure you know which adventurer finally manages to grab it. Alternatively, if the players opt for combat, make sure you know who dealt the killing blow.

Once the Jib-Jib has been caught or killed, a mighty Genie will materialize in a puff of purple smoke. He is extremely annoyed at the treatment of his beloved pet – and if it has been killed he will be

bursting with fury. In booming tones, he will address the adventurer who caught or killed his pet:

'A thousand curses upon you, treacherous infidel! For this crime against my companion, you shall henceforth assume a guise more suited to your mischievous nature!'

With this, he unleashes a bolt of flame, which strikes the guilty party squarely between the eyes. There is a flash, and the next instant the adventurer has become a monkey! The Genie laughs and vanishes in a cloud of noxious green gas.

The poor adventurer will still have all his senses and intellect, but they are encased in the body of a small ape:

PLAYER CHARACTER SKILL 6 STAMINA 4
MONKEY

The monkey cannot speak, though it may well gibber excitedly and gesture its intent.

If the adventurer had merely captured the Jib-Jib, the curse will wear off after half an hour (keep track of the time, and tell the player he is back to normal when the time is up). If the Jib-Jib was killed, however, the curse will be permanent, unless the adventurer can find a way of curing it (a powerful wizard, or even another Genie).

9

This cabin seems to be a gallery. Pictures on the walls mostly depict heroic battles and scenes of daring. On the far wall hangs a larger painting, covered by a black cloth. The floor is carpeted, and there is no other furniture.

There are paintings for each adventurer. Although different, each depicts a scene in which some hero of legend is in mortal danger. Roll a die once for each adventurer, ignoring 6 and any numbers already rolled. Note down which painting corresponds to each adventurer: this will be useful later on. If the adventurers enter the cabin, you should read out the detailed description of each painting to the player to whom you have assigned each picture.

Picture 1

A smoking battlefield is littered with corpses. Two exhausted figures remain standing, locked in deadly combat; a vile black-plated Demon is about to slice his wicked axe through the shattered remnants of a noble warrior's shield.

Picture 2

A striking aerial view of the top of a crumbling tower, where a fair damsel is being torn from the grasp of her grievously wounded lover by a fell beast of the skies.

Picture 3

A kind-faced lord sits at his table, sharing a meal with his barons. He is just about to drink from a chalice of wine. In the background, a weasel-featured manservant peers from an alcove, clutching a small phial of black liquid.

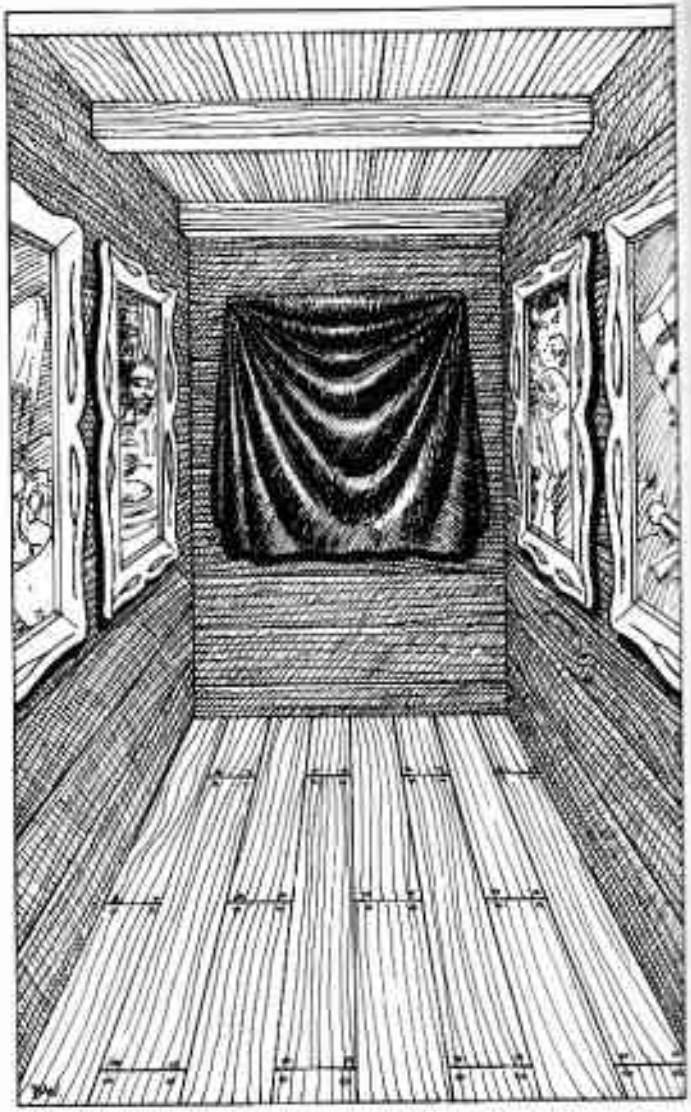

Picture 4

A callow, inquisitive youth is reading from a magical grimoire. Behind him, a shadowy form seems to be materializing from a swirling cloud of vapour. Its form looms above him; he seems oblivious to its presence.

Picture 5

A handsome, but unkempt adventurer is groping through a grille in a dungeon floor, searching for a muddy sword which has fallen through. Under the grille lurks a Gonchong – the most feared parasite known to man!

The picture at the far end of the gallery is a portrait of the Riddling Reaver (any characters who played Act One will recognize him). If uncovered, it will come to life, and speak to the adventurers:

'Don't try to move, my curious art-lovers! I see you've taken an interest in my collection. Perhaps you'd like to examine them A LITTLE CLOSER!'

Then wild laughter fills the room and there is an intense burst of blinding white light. When the adventurers recover they will each find themselves in one of the scenes depicted in the paintings! They will appear in the painting you had previously noted down for them. You should then take each player aside and ask them what they are going to do. In order to escape from the painting, they must change fate, as explained for each picture below. If they do not, then they will be frozen in the painting!

Picture 1: The adventurer must prevent the blow from landing.

Picture 2: The beast must be attacked so that it releases the maiden.
Picture 3: The adventurer must leap on to the table and knock the poisoned wine from the king's hand.
Picture 4: The book must be slammed shut to dispel the summoning of the Demon.
Picture 5: The adventurer must pull the explorer's hand from the grille.

In order to succeed at any of these, the adventurer must roll under his SKILL on two dice.

Any players who are successful will have saved the fate of the picture's hero, and will find themselves back in the gallery. They will have gained 3 points of LUCK. Any adventurer who failed will be clearly visible in their picture, which will also show the ruin of its hero. The only way they can be freed is if the portrait of the Reaver is turned so that it faces the wall. The portrait (now inanimate) can easily be damaged, but this will not help an adventurer rescue his stranded comrades.

Set into the wall is what seems to be a portal, but there is no door – just blackness. Above the portal is written: 'Only those who lie may enter safely.'

This is a Portal of Darkness. It can be passed through with perfect ease. Any adventurer experimentally poking something through will find that it passes through the darkness with no resistance. However, one metre beyond the door is a pendulum axe, swinging from the ceiling. Anything which is poked over a metre through the Portal will be hit by the axe. The lowest point of the axe's swing is one metre off the ground, so the only way to get through safely is to lie on the ground (hence the notice), and crawl through. Anyone stepping through the Portal without taking these precautions will be hit by the axe, losing 1–6 points of STAMINA. Once the adventurers are inside the room, read out the following:

You are in a small cabin, with a hammock slung from the rafters, and a desk set against the wall. Spread around the room is a menagerie of stuffed animals – cats, exotic birds, snakes and deep sea fish. They litter the floor and even fill the hammock. They are very lifelike: it is as if they have been frozen in time! Sitting on the desk among a collection of stuffed mice are two labelled bottles. On one you can read 'Balm for Curing', while on the other is written 'Balm for Sealing'.

This room is used for taxidermy – the practice of preserving dead animals. It is one of the Riddling

Beaver's hobbies, and he has perfected it to a fine art. His method involves the use of two potions – the balms that are to be found on the desk. The 'Balm for Sealing' will cause any wounds or blemishes to vanish, and if taken by an adventurer will act as a healing potion, restoring STAMINA to its *initial* level (there are two doses in the bottle). The 'Balm for Curing' (of which there are three doses in the bottle) is used to preserve a creature. If taken by an adventurer it will toughen his skin. This will increase *Initial* STAMINA by 3 points, but decrease *initial* SKILL by 2 points, because the skin becomes inflexible. These effects can be cancelled only by a Potion of Strength or a Potion of Fortune (and these will have no effect on the adventurer other than removing the effects of the curing balm).

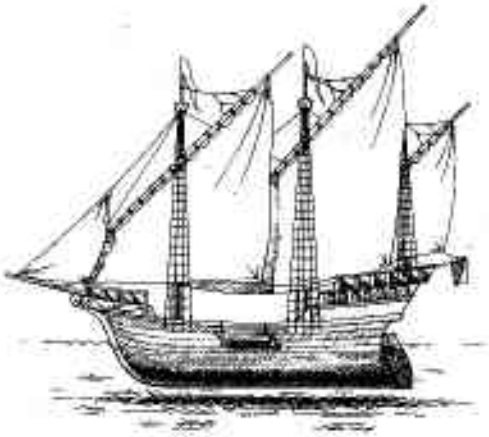

11

The walls of this cabin are lined with double bunk beds. It is clearly the living-quarters for the ship's crew. And sure enough, sitting at the table in the middle of the room are six grubby sailors, concentrating on a game of cards. Piles of gold on the table in front of them show that the game is for high stakes. They do not seem to have noticed you.

The crew of the *Twice Shy* have an easy life. Since the ship steers itself and requires no hands on deck, her crew can spend their days gambling endlessly. Or so it seems. If the adventurers look very closely at the sailors, they will notice glazed eyes, and a slight stiffness of the limbs. The crew have been stuffed! The Reaver has set up this happy little scene for his amusement. The Stuffed Sailors will carry on playing their game, without batting a glass eye at the adventurers, *unless* their gold is touched. This disrupts their pattern, and sends them into a berserk rage, proving that it is sometimes better to let sleeping dogs lie – especially stuffed ones! They will draw their barbed sailor's knives and attack. Each of the six sailors has the following attributes:

STUFFED SAILOR SKILL 6 STAMINA 10

If the adventurers survive the battle, they may take the gold; there are 80 Gold Pieces on the table.

There is little else of interest in the cabin, though adventurers may be tempted by a large jug of grog on the table. One swig of this potent brew will restore 2 points of STAMINA. However, further sips will lower SKILL by 1 for the rest of the Act.

12

The door to this cabin is locked, though there is no keyhole. Above it, a sign reads 'The Riddle Room'. On the door is written:

> *When I appear I seem mysterious,*
> *But when explained, I'm nothing serious.*
> *When I'm unknown to you, I'm something*
> *But when I'm known to you, I'm nothing.*
> *In Master's name you'll me espy,*
> *So tell me, then, please: What am I?*

Listen carefully to what the players say once they've heard this. The answer to the riddle is 'a riddle', and this is the key to the cabin. So if any of the players mention the word 'riddle', the door will swing open. The players may not even know how they opened the door!

You should then read them the following description:

What little furniture you can see in the cabin is of the finest quality. However, it is buried under huge piles of scrolls. Scrolls cover the sumptuous bed at the far end, the delicately carved writing-desk and much of the thick carpet. Only a large black wardrobe is not covered with paper, and that is because it reaches right up to the ceiling.

The room is the Riddler's private sanctum. The scrolls, naturally, are covered with riddles. The players may like to pick a few and have a go at them, if they fancy their riddle-solving abilities. But these are no ordinary scrolls: the riddle must be solved

within one minute (you should time this from the moment you give them the riddle to solve), otherwise the scroll will explode. Anyone in the room will be caught in the explosion, and must *Test for Luck*. If they are Lucky, they will lose only 1 point of STAMINA. However, if they are Unlucky they will lose 3 points of STAMINA.

If a riddle is solved correctly, then the words of the riddle will fade from the page, to be replaced by magical lettering. This will be titled, making clear its magical powers. You should roll a die: on 1–2 the scroll will be a Scroll of Skill; on 3–4 a Scroll of Strength; and on 5–6 a Scroll of Fortune. When read, these have exactly the same effects as the potions of the same name, but are good for only one use, since the magical lettering fades as it is read.

When the players pick up a scroll to solve a riddle, you should decide which riddle is on it by rolling on the Riddle Tables (see below). These give a selection of riddles with their answers. When you have found which riddle the players must solve, you should read it to them slowly, so that they can copy it down. The players may make as many guesses at the solution to the riddle as they can in one minute.

If the adventurers open the door of the wardrobe, they will be engulfed in a billowing cloud of smoke. When it clears, a GENIE will be standing in front of the wardrobe, waiting patiently. If questioned, he will explain that he is the Genie of the Wardrobe: it is his duty to look after his master's garments. He will offer to look after the adventurer's clothes, proudly

boasting that he can wash and press them in less time than it takes to read a riddle. If any adventurers are foolish enough to give the Genie their clothes, he will disappear back into the wardrobe with a laugh, and the door will slam shut. If the adventurers attempt to persuade the Genie to grant them a wish, he will explain that he cannot disobey his master, as he is a servant of the Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance. The best he can do is to cancel any one misfortune that has happened to the adventurers since they got on the ship. If an adventurer has been turned into an ape by the Genie of the map-room, then he can be cured. Or if a character has been killed in battle, the Genie will be able to bring him back to life. You should use your judgement in deciding what the Genie can and cannot do; you should not let the players get away with anything too outrageous. Once he has granted this wish, or finished talking to the players, he will stream back into the wardrobe in a cloud of gas.

If the Genie is disturbed a second time, he will be angry and irritable. Questions and requests from the adventurers will make him even worse, and he will start turning adventurers into beasts, putting their heads on the wrong way, etc., until the adventurers get the hint that he wants to be left alone. You should use your imagination in thinking up likely curses that the Genie might bestow upon persistent adventurers.

Riddle Tables

First roll one die. If the result is odd, use Table A, otherwise use Table B. Then roll another die to find the riddle. Roll again if you have had the riddle before.

A

Die Roll	*Riddle*	*Answer*
1	What has a face, but no mouth?	A clock
2	What has a neck, but no head?	A bottle
3	What has four fingers and one thumb, and is neither fish, flesh, fowl or bone?	A glove
4	What is it that has four legs, one head and a foot?	A bed
5	What runs all day and all night, and never stops?	A river
6	What is it that goes uphill and downhill, yet never moves?	A road or path

B

Die Roll	*Riddle*	*Answer*
1	If you feed it, it will live; if you give it water, it will die. What is it?	Fire
2	What kind of ear cannot hear?	An ear of corn
3	What has four legs and a back, but cannot walk?	A chair
4	What gets wet as it dries?	A towel
5	The more you take away, the larger it becomes. What is it?	A hole
6	What comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, but not once in a thousand years?	The letter M

Ending the Act

When you want to end the adventure, simply read the following out to the players:

Suddenly there is a jerk, and you are all thrown forward. You realize that the ship has stopped dead. While you are picking yourselves up off the floor, you notice a strange, noxious smell. A foul green gas is rising from the boards beneath you, and you start to choke as it reaches your mouths.

To escape the choking gas, the adventurers must make their way on to the deck and off the ship. Fifty metres away is a beach, beyond which rises dense jungle. If the adventurers pile into the landing-boat, then it will automatically be winched down, and it will move steadily towards the beach under its own power, wait for them to disembark, and then return to the *Twice Shy*. Alternatively, the adventurers may like to swim. The tropical waters are infested with SHARKS, and three will attack any swimmers. Anyone fighting in the water will do so at −2 SKILL. Each Shark has the following attributes:

SHARK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

The Act will end with the tenacious heroes marooned on the beach, watching the *Twice Shy* floating gracefully off to its next port of call. The Act leads on to Act Three, 'The Pendulum of Fate'. However, if you have already played Act Three, it could easily lead on to the final Act, 'The Realm of Entropy'. Simply amend the introduction as required.

ACT THREE
THE PENDULUM OF FATE

Players' Tale

You are on the trail of the Riddling Reaver, a dastardly villain whose peculiar behaviour seems to serve the ends of Luck and Chance. By a strange turn of fate, you find yourself marooned on a beach. Inland, a dense tropical jungle stretches as far as you can see. Eerie cries and screams come from its depths, and a haze of steam rises into the clear blue skies.

As you consider your next move, there is a horrific scream. Suddenly something flies out from the forest, high above you. A terrifying howl comes from it, as it arches out to sea and plummets into the water. It all happens so quickly that it takes you several seconds to realize that what you saw was a man! Looking out to sea, you notice sharks' fins converging on the spot where the poor soul hit the water.

Soon afterwards, the same thing happens again – a man comes flying out of the jungle and into the sea. This time you can see roughly which part of the jungle the man came from; you could easily make your way there. Since the man was not winged, and seemed unable to control his flight, he must have been catapulted by someone or something. But why?

GamesMaster's Tale

The Act begins with the adventurers witnessing the horrible deaths of several explorers. When they enter the tropical jungle, they soon come across a gang of vicious mutant Lizard Men. They are killing a band of explorers, and as the adventurers arrive, they are about to catapult the last unfortunate into the sea. When the players rescue him, they discover that his mission was to recover a priceless artefact from a shrine hidden in the depths of the jungle. He agrees to help the party reach the shrine, and warns that he was attacked by the Riddling Reaver, who he believes controls the mutant Lizard Men. However, unknown to the players, he *is* the Riddling Reaver in disguise, who wishes to trick the characters into getting a vital magical artefact, the Pendulum of Fate. He plans to use it to attack Good and Evil – a plan which will plunge Allansia into confusion and benefit his masters, the Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance.

After a series of encounters in the jungle, the characters will arrive at the shrine. This living labyrinth was placed here by the gods to protect the Pendulum of Fate, and because of its magical nature no agent of the gods may enter. The adventurers may enter, however, and combat the terrors within. They should retrieve the Pendulum along with other treasures. The adventure ends as the Riddling Reaver steals the Pendulum from the party, reveals his true identity, and makes a dramatic escape.

To start the first Scene, the adventurers must arrive at the clearing in which the Lizard Men are

torturing their victims. If they have any pity, the players will decide to do this on their own. If they seem unwilling to approach the clearing, you (through Dappa, if he is still among the party) should point out that they are stranded, and that finding someone who can guide them through the jungle may be their only hope of survival. You should then go to Location 1.

Scene One: Nightmare in Green

Tasks: To reach the shrine successfully and enter.

1

You force your way through the jungle, guided by despairing wails. Finally you reach the edge of a clearing and gaze upon a horrific scene. A band of five grotesque Lizard Men are using a winch and rope to bend back a palm tree which has been stripped of its foliage. They are poking and jeering at their prisoner, a ragged and pathetic-looking man whose hands are securely bound. It looks as though he will share the fate of his companions unless you can come to his aid.

The Lizard Men are twisted mutants. The Riddling Reaver captured a number of 'normal' mutant Lizard Men and made their mutations even more exaggerated. They now act as his servants.

They will not actually catapult their last remaining prisoner into the sea (since he is their master in disguise), but they will make all the preparations, so that the adventurers believe him to be in grave danger.

The Lizard Men are wearing the usual spiky armour of their race, and they are all twisted and gnarled. The badge they wear is quite distinctive: it is a double-headed arrow, the insignia of the Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance. Each Lizard Man starts with the same ability scores, though these may be affected by his particular mutation, which you should roll up on the Mutant Lizard Man Table.

MUTANT LIZARD MAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

Mutant Lizard Man Table

Roll two dice, and consult the table to determine the special characteristic of each of the Reaver's mutants.

Dice Roll	*Mutation*
2	Two mutations! Roll the dice to find two different mutations.
3	Skin-shedder. The Lizard Man can rapidly regenerate by shedding its damaged skin. Weapons do it half damage (rounding down).
4	Prehensile tongue. The Lizard Man has a long, powerful tongue which it can use to throttle opponents. Each time it wins an Attack Round, it can do an extra point of damage by constricting with its tongue.
5	Hypnotic gaze. Adventurers must *Test for Luck* when exposed to the gaze, with failure indicating that they are rooted to the spot for *one* Attack Round, during which the Lizard Man will be able automatically to inflict 2 damage points, if no other adventurer intervenes to prevent this.
6	Teeth-spitter. The Lizard Man has a shark-like array of teeth, some of which it can spit at an opponent from a

distance. Before battle commences, it will loose off a number of teeth. The adventurer must *Test for Luck* to avoid losing 1 point of STAMINA.

7 Colour-changer. The Lizard Man changes colour at will. This has no effect on combat.

8 Barbed tail. The Lizard Man has a viciously spiked tail, which it uses in the manner of a mace. It will have an extra attack each round.

9 Slime-spitter. The Lizard Man spits a corrosive slime at its opponent. The adventurer must roll under his SKILL on two dice to dodge the slime. If he fails and it hits, it will do no damage initially, but will do 1 point per Attack Round thereafter. To remove the slime, the adventurer must spend a round wiping it off, during which he will be defenceless.

10 Sulphur-steamer. A cloud of noxious purple steam seeps from the Lizard Man's skin. This irritates the eyes and spoils the aim, so an adventurer will fight at −2 to his or her SKILL.

11 Plague-carrier. The Lizard Man carries a mutant virus which may infect anyone it bites. If an adventurer is wounded by such a Lizard Man, he should *Test for Luck*. If Unlucky, then an hour after the battle he will start to mutate! Roll on this

table to see what the mutation is. His body will alter to accommodate the change (for example, he may have to grow a tail). Any human who has mutated will be hated wherever he goes, and will be run out of most towns. The mutation may only be cured by powerful magic.

12 Multi-headed. Roll a die. If the score is 5–6 then the Lizard Man has three heads, otherwise it has two. Add 1 point to the Lizard Man's STAMINA and SKILL ratings for each extra head. These Lizard Men are very intelligent, and use whips in battle. Whenever one wins an Attack Round, the adventurer fighting it must *Test for Luck*. If Unlucky then his weapon has been torn from his grasp by the whip. He must fight on at −4 SKILL unless he has another weapon, or another player gives him one.

If the five Lizard Men in the clearing are defeated, and the man rescued, he will urge the adventurers to hurry away from the clearing, for there are more Lizard Men about and they are sure to return soon. He leads the way to another clearing, further into the jungle. This is Location 2.

2

The man you have rescued introduces himself as Waxley Speed, explorer and treasure-hunter extraordinaire. *He is very grateful to you for rescuing him from the Lizard Men. In return, he says, he can lead you to a jungle shrine, that people say contains a fabulous treasure. He learned about it when he was given an ancient map by a dying friend. He assembled a band of explorers and spent five years searching and overcoming great perils, only to be thwarted at the last hurdle. This morning, as they were preparing for the jungle trek, a strange flying vessel loomed overhead. Not long after, they were ambushed by a band of Lizard Men. Their leader was a man swathed in robes, whose manner of speech was rather unusual. He stole the map of the shrine, and hurried off, leaving half of his Lizard Men to torture and kill the unlucky explorers.*

Waxley tells you that he has a good memory, and has memorized the map. He can lead you to the shrine if you are willing. He believes it is the resting place of the Pendulum of Fate. This obscure artefact is said to give control over Good and Evil.

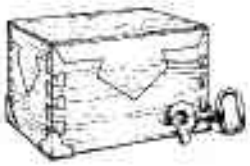

Waxley Speed is the Riddling Reaver, who has changed his appearance to fool the adventurers into entering the shrine (something he is magically prevented from doing) and retrieving the Pendulum of Fate, which he needs for his crazed plan.

The best route through the jungle to the shrine leads to each of the locations in turn. If the players decide they want to stray from this sequence, they may do so. However, alternative routes will be more hazardous: roll one die and consult the Jungle Encounter Table.

Alternatively, the players may decide to try to skirt locations – finding alternative routes round them and on to the next location. In this case, you should roll *twice* on the Jungle Encounter Table.

There are yet more menaces in the jungle. To keep up appearances, and to test the adventurers' mettle, the Reaver's mutant Lizard Men will be tracking them. Adventurers will occasionally hear sounds of pursuit from the jungle behind them. Also, whenever they enter a new location or have a Jungle Encounter, roll a die. On a roll of 1, a party of 1–6 mutant Lizard Men will burst from the jungle foliage and attack. Roll each Lizard Man's mutation on the Mutant Lizard Man Table above.

You should be very careful to make Waxley seem convincing. Roll some dice secretly during battles to make it look as if he is fighting. He may even take some wounds. However, it is not necessary for you actually to work out any combats in which he is involved. Waxley is immune to the E.S.P. spell. A wizard who uses the spell will believe Waxley's story to be genuine.

You should do everything you can to make sure that the players do not decide to attack him. Make it quite clear that poor, bedraggled Waxley is their

only sure guide through the jungle. He is unarmed (unless one of the adventurers lends him a weapon), and does not look like much of a fighter. If threatened, he will plead for his life, and claim that he will give the adventurers hundreds of Gold Pieces when they take him back to civilization. If the players persist, you should lower each of their LUCK scores by 1 for their foolishness. When he has no further option but to defend himself, the Reaver will reveal his true nature, cast a powerful magic spell which will stun all the adventurers for a minute, and disappear off into the jungle. If they try to follow him, the adventurers will become lost. You will then have to change later episodes as necessary, to allow for Waxley's absence and for the reappearance of the Riddling Reaver at the end of the Act.

Jungle Encounter Table

Die Roll	*Encounter*
1	1–2 JAGUARS, each SKILL 8, STAMINA 7.
2	2–7 (1 die plus 1) PYGMIES, each SKILL 6, STAMINA 5. If the adventurers have rescued the Pygmies in Location 6, then these will be *Friendly*, and will guide them to the next location – aiding them in battle, if necessary. Otherwise, the Pygmies will be *Unfriendly*.
3	1–2 GREAT APES, each SKILL 8, STAMINA 11, ATTACKS 2.
4	1–6 HEAD-HUNTERS, each SKILL 7, STAMINA 6. If the adventurers have the shaman's mask (Location 4), and display it, the Head-hunters will run away. Otherwise they will attack.
5	Get lost. Roll one die and add one. The adventurers will eventually find their way to this location, after much traipsing through the forest. While the adventurers are lost, roll *twice* to see whether mutant Lizard Men catch them up.
6	1–6 LIZARD MEN, each SKILL 8, STAMINA 8. These are not mutant Lizard Men and are not servants of the Reaver. They hate the Reaver's mutants intensely. If mutants attack the adventurers while they are battling these Lizard Men, then the two types will fight each other and ignore the adventurers!

Further information about the creatures encountered can be found in *Out of the Pit*.

3

You hack your way through the jungle for an hour or so. You have no way of knowing how far you have travelled, or what direction, but Waxley seems to know where he is going. The trees thin out ahead of you, and as you break through into the open, you see a yawning chasm across your path. Hundreds of feet below, a small stream meanders towards the sea. Looking around for some means of crossing the chasm, you see the two posts of a rope bridge. It is no use now, however, as the rope has been eaten away – obviously by the termites that swarm around the posts.

A little way along the edge you can see a makeshift bridge. A huge, dead, mossy log has been laid across the gap.

The only way to cross the chasm is to walk across the log (the alternative to crossing it is a long trek along its edge, requiring two rolls on the Jungle Encounter Table). Vertigo is not going to be the adventurers' only worry, however, as the bridge is actually the home of a GIANT SPIKE SPIDER. Adventurers who examine the edge of the log carefully will note that it does not seem to be wood – it looks like some kind of resin. Inside this hollow 'log' lurks the Spider. It will wait until its prey reaches the centre of the bridge before striking. A spike will shoot out from inside the log. If an adventurer told you that he was watching the log carefully while crossing, then he may cross safely. If he was not watching the log, he must roll against SKILL to dodge the poisoned spike. If he does not avoid it, he will be paralysed by the Spider's venom, quickly

entangled by its webbing, and left suspended from the centre of the log. The Spider will scurry back into its lair to await its next victim.

If they wish to cross safely, or rescue a captured comrade, the adventurers will have to kill the Spider. A player must first avoid the spike, then have one round of combat. If he wins the round, he has successfully lopped off the Spider's spike. If he loses the round, he should *Test for Luck*. If he is Lucky, he has avoided the Spider's sting. If he is Unlucky, he will lose only 1 point of STAMINA, as the paralysing poison is exhausted after the first sting.

Even if the Spider's spike is chopped off, it will still be a menace. The Spider itself will crawl out of its home to fight.

GIANT SPIKE SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 6 ATTACKS 2

Should an adventurer attempt to use fire to fight the Spider, he will find it very effective. The 'log' will erupt into flame, and the Spider will be burned up very rapidly. The burning bridge will fall into the chasm, taking any of the Spider's bound victims to their deaths.

Although the adventurers probably will not fall into the chasm, you should add drama by pointing out how far it is to the ground if they fall.

4

Pressing on into the jungle, you find the ground rising. You can see a rocky scarp rising above the trees ahead of you. Finally, you come out of the trees and see an unscalable rock wall. Directly ahead, carved from the rock, is a face. It is no human face – such bloated, malignant features can only be those of some primitive god.

As you approach, you realize just how big the face is. Its gaping mouth is large enough for a Mammoth to lumber into. Its eyes too are huge, and seem to stare at you as if the stone face were alive.

Moving closer, you come across a grisly boundary. Shrunken heads have been laid in a crude semicircle around the face. Some have been picked clean – bare skulls gleaming white. Others are more recent.

If the adventurers stop at the line of skulls, Waxley Speed will explain that according to the map, there is a passage through the rock scarp. There was no mention of the face, but he is very much afraid that the way lies through the mouth of the ancient god.

As soon as someone steps across the line of shrunken heads, a low moaning sound is heard. To their horror, the adventurers will find that it is the heads which are moaning. Read the following to the players:

The moaning of the heads gets louder, and smoke starts to billow from the mouth of the stone god. The feeling that you are being watched is confirmed when you see that the eyes of the stone face are moving! The eyeballs pop out of their stone sockets, and come floating down towards you.

The occupants of the eye-caves are EYE STINGERS, guardians of the stone face. The adventurers must fight them. Each of the two Eye Stingers has the following attributes:

EYE STINGER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 2

Eye Stingers resemble huge eyeballs covered in spines, and float about a metre off the ground. Each opponent of an Eye Stinger must *Test for Luck* or be entranced by its hypnotic gaze. Hypnotized victims will be impaled on its spines tipped with a paralysing poison. The paralysis lasts for twenty minutes.

The creatures are very fragile, and filled with a sticky corrosive liquid. When its STAMINA is reduced to zero or below, a Stinger will burst, splattering anyone fighting it with the liquid, which causes 2 points of damage.

The smoke billowing from the mouth of the cave is not of supernatural origin. It comes from a fire lit by the SHAMAN who lives there. The first adventurer to enter the cave will find himself gazing at a huge tribal mask, worn by the head-hunter shaman. Its eyes will glow red, and the adventurer will find himself compelled to turn and fight his nearest comrade! The shaman may control only one adventurer at a time, so the others have a chance to deal with him before their friends kill each other.

SHAMAN	STAMINA 7	SKILL 6

If the shaman is defeated, the adventurers may take his mask, and the crude jewellery which he

wears. The jewellery is worth 5 Gold Pieces. The mask requires the primitive magic of the medicine-man to control an opponent, so the adventurers will not be able to make use of its power themselves.

At the rear of the cave, a dank tunnel leads off into the rock. The adventurers will need some form of light. The tunnel's only occupants are a flock of COMMON BATS, which will attack if disturbed by passing adventurers who are noisy (if the players are talking at all after you tell them about the tunnel, then you can assume their characters are also being noisy). Treat the flock of Bats as one opponent. If their STAMINA is reduced to zero, this means that the flock has flown off.

FLOCK OF BATS	SKILL 4	STAMINA 4

On the walls of the tunnel grow some large green mushrooms. If these are eaten they will restore 1–6 points of STAMINA. The effect only happens once, no matter how many mushrooms are eaten. The adventurers may collect as many mushrooms as they wish, but as they lose their healing potency five minutes after being picked, they will be little use in later encounters.

The tunnel finally opens out on the other side of the scarp. Ahead of them the adventurers will see yet more jungle.

5

You have been travelling for a while, and you are hot and tired. When you come upon a clearing, Waxley suggests a rest. As you slump down on the ground, he idles over to look at the plant in the middle of the clearing. The plant has no branches, and looks lonely in the open space.

You rest your tired limbs for a few minutes, lulled into half-sleep by the heat and the monotonous jungle noises.

Suddenly there is a yell. You leap up, to see a tendril wrapped around Waxley. A hole opens at the foot of the plant and he is dropped into it. There is a despairing wail, abruptly muffled as the pit closes up.

The adventurers must rescue Waxley from the GIANT PITCHER-PLANT, if they are to reach their goal. This plant has submerged its vase in the soft soil to disguise its deadly nature.

PITCHER-PLANT TENDRIL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If the tendril wins an attack, it will wrap itself around the adventurer. If it is not defeated in the very next round, that adventurer will be dropped into the pit (the Pitcher-plant's vase) to join Waxley. Characters in the pit will lose 1 point of STAMINA every minute, as they are slowly digested by the plant! They may try to climb out, but the sharp spines on the inside will do them 15 points of damage.

If the tendril is destroyed, it is easy to destroy the vase. Characters may then be safely pulled out. Waxley will be barely alive when rescued, and you should make it clear to the players that he needs some help – magical healing, or at worst a unit of Provisions – to recover his strength. Though they will not realize it until later, the players will be saving the life of the very man they are trying to bring to justice!

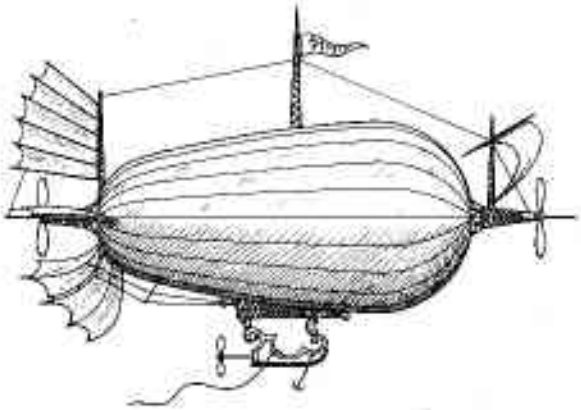

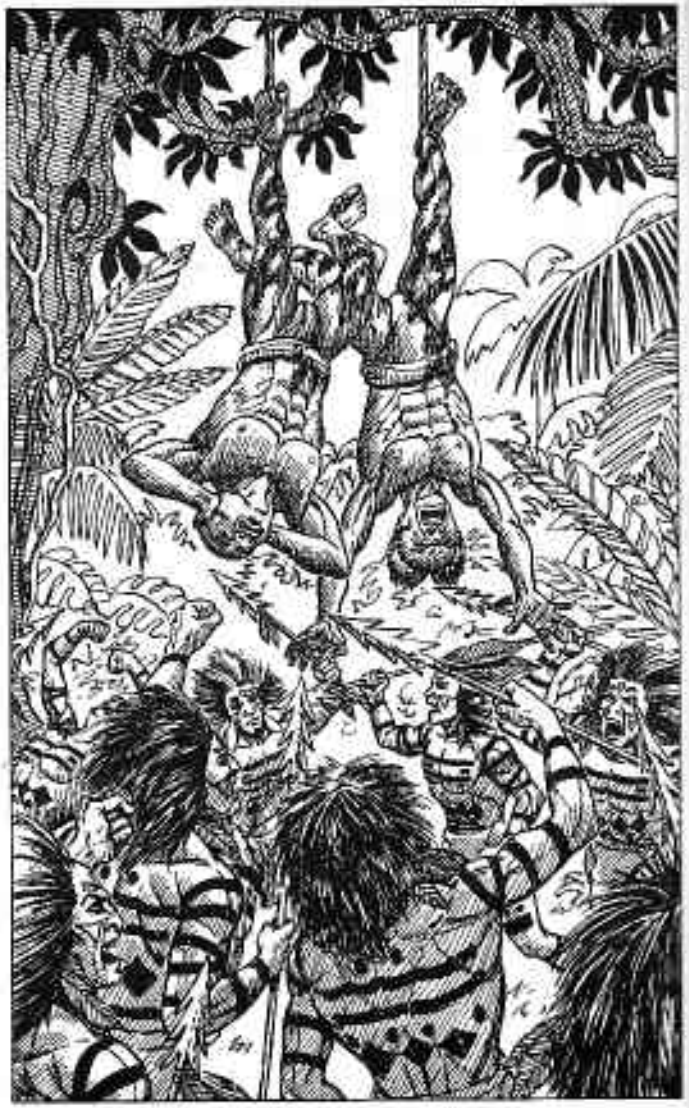

6

Your journey continues, and you begin to hear a faint drumming noise from up ahead. As you get nearer, you also catch the sound of chanting. Some native ritual must be taking place.

Ahead of them, a band of HEAD-HUNTERS have captured two Pygmies. While searching for magical Yokka Eggs, the Pygmies strayed into carefully laid rope-traps, and are now dangling upside down, suspended by their tiny feet from a tree. The Head-hunters are taunting them, and celebrating their victory over two of their tribe's traditional enemies. Later, they are planning to make a succulent feast of the little men.

The adventurers will be able to creep up quite closely, if they successfully move silently (see *Fighting Fantasy*, page 61). They will see twelve extremely fierce natives, dancing, chanting, and occasionally poking the Pygmies with their barbed spears. If the adventurers encountered the shaman, then they will notice that these Head-hunters have war-paint in a design similar to the shaman's mask. Each Head-hunter has the following attributes:

HEAD-HUNTER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

Despite their frightening war-paint, the Head-hunters are not especially brave. If half of their number are killed, the rest will run away.

If anyone is quick-witted enough to attack them while wearing the tribal mask of the shaman, they will all turn tail and flee screaming into the jungle!

The adventurers may decide to free the Pygmy tribesmen. If they do, the short savages will express their gratitude. By way of thanks they will offer a gift – the three Yokka Eggs that they had discovered at the base of the tree.

Yokka Eggs are laid by the mysterious Yokka bird, a fabulously rare creature unique to the area. In the Pygmy tongue, 'yokka' means 'sun', and it is said that the birds fly down from the sun to the earth, to lay their eggs where it is cool. Whether or not this is true, what hatches from a Yokka Egg resembles a ball of fire more than it does a bird. If an egg is broken (for example, by throwing it to the ground), a ball of fire will leap from it, and shoot up into the sky. Anyone caught in the blast will lose 1–6 points of STAMINA. To throw a Yokka Egg accurately, players must roll under their character's SKILL score on two dice. The Eggs are warm to the touch, so the adventurers may decide to keep them to stay warm on cold nights up north!

7

The trees thin out once more, and ahead of you lies a stretch of mud-flats. The mud has hardened and cracked, and looks easy to walk across. You should make much faster progress across here. As you are standing in the shade of the trees at the edge of the jungle you notice that tied to a branch of a nearby tree are a number of stiff leathery leaves, about a metre long. Looking closer, you find they are made from several palm leaves, which have been interwoven and stitched together.

The layer of dried mud is quite thin and brittle. Beneath it is quicksand! Anyone who tries to cross the mud-flats without taking precautions will not get very far before the surface cracks beneath his feet. A gout of mud will spurt up, and he will sink into the quicksand. As the wet mud soaks the surface around the break, the surrounding area will turn into sludge, making rescue difficult. Anyone immersed in the quicksand will be sucked down and will disappear completely in five minutes. Comrades must rescue them within this time to save them from a squelchy death. To do this, they will have to use ropes (or, if they have no ropes, creepers from the jungle will do). All that is required to pull someone out is that *one* adventurer makes a successful roll against SKILL (less than SKILL on two dice). All adventurers who are not sinking in the quicksand may make an attempt. If all fail, they may have another go after three minutes.

A short time after the mud is breached, the swamp begins to bubble, a foul-smelling gas taints the air, and the forms of two loathsome MARSH WRAITHS (each SKILL 7, STAMINA 5) begin to take shape. Once formed, they will stand motionless, moaning plaintively. One will talk to the adventurers in his ghostly voice, telling them not to encroach upon the Marsh Wraiths' home.

If the adventurers are to cross the marsh, they must defeat the Marsh Wraiths. However, if they step out on to the mud, they risk being sucked under by the quicksand. The only safe way to cross the mud is to wear the swamp-shoes that were hanging on the tree. These useful objects are used by the Head-hunters to cross the mud-flats without breaking the crust. They work in much the same way as snow-shoes by distributing the wearer's weight over a larger area.

Anyone trying to fight while wearing swamp-shoes will do so at a penalty of −1 to SKILL. If Yokka Eggs are thrown at the Wraiths, then the highly flammable marsh gas will ignite – obliterating the Wraiths, but making the mud-flats an impassable field of fire.

Remember, if the adventurers decide to try to avoid crossing the mud-flats by travelling round their edge, they will have to face two Jungle Encounters before reaching the next location.

8

Exhausted as he is, Waxley Speed is getting excited. You are nearing your goal! Ahead of you a white marble temple rises up from a rocky outcropping. When you get nearer, you realize that entering will not be very easy. The shrine sits on a high pedestal of rock, which looks almost unclimbable, and a gaping chasm lies between you and the entrance. On either side of the shrine's entrance sit two forbidding stone statues of large birds of prey.

The adventurers have reached the shrine in which the Pendulum of Fate is guarded. Now all they must do is enter. The bird statues are FLYING GUARDIANS. If someone tries to climb up the pedestal, the Flying Guardians will wait until they are high up the rock-face, animate themselves and attack. Fighting off the Guardians while climbing will be impossible – anyone caught on the rock-face will be knocked off to his death!

The route across to the shrine is a narrow, invisible bridge. It may be seen as a faint shimmering (like that over a hot pavement) by anyone with the eagle tattoo from Act One, or by the wearer of the eye-patch from Act Two. Alternatively, if the players need a clue of some kind, you should tell them that they see a small bird in mid-air. At first this will not seem unusual, but then they will notice that the bird is not beating its wings, but seems to be sitting in mid-air.

Once the adventurers have discovered the invisible bridge, Waxley will fall dramatically to his knees. Exclaiming that he is too tired to go any further, he will beg to be left as a look-out. He says that if he sees the Reaver approaching, he will hurry to warn them. For now, however, he is in no condition for further exertions.

In fact, since he is an agent of the gods, the bridge will not support him. This is why he cannot enter the shrine, and has had to dupe the players into doing his dirty work for him. His last attempt on the shrine was by airship, but was thwarted by the Flying Guardians.

All that is needed to cross the invisible bridge is bravery. Once the adventurers have entered the temple, you should go straight to Scene Two, 'Shrine of Destiny'.

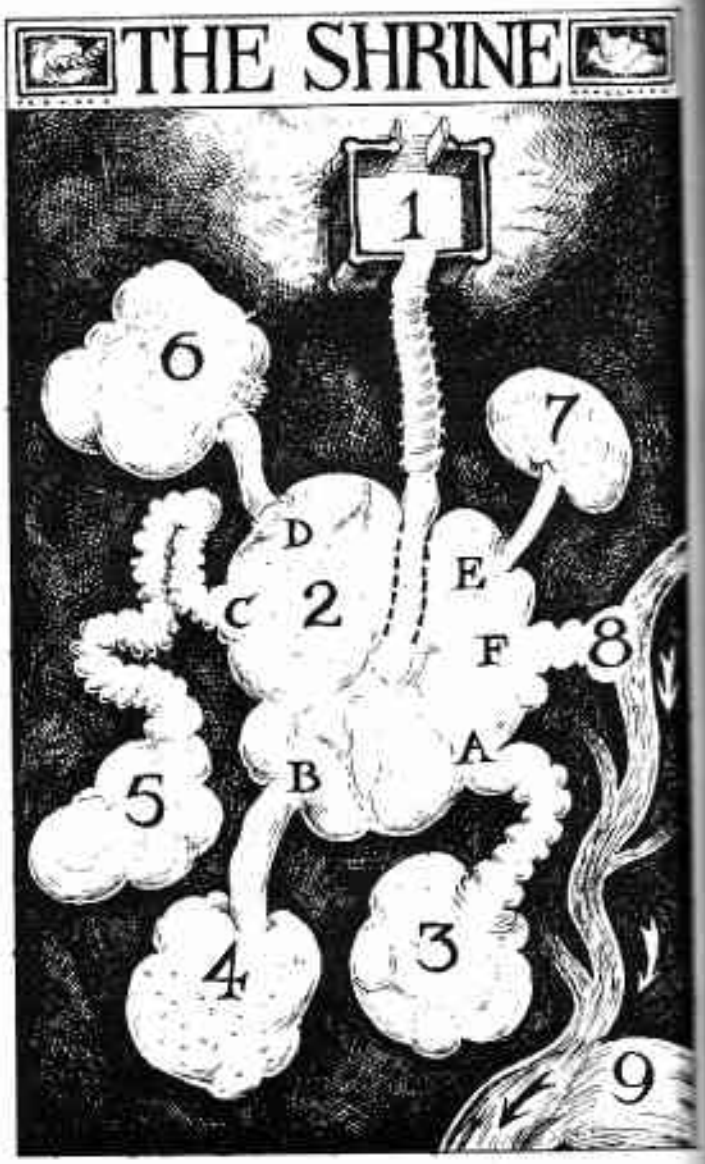

Scene Two: Shrine of Destiny

Task: Get out of the shrine with the Pendulum of Fate!

About the Shrine

This is no ordinary shrine. Inside the white marble there is not (as you might expect) a place of worship. The shrine contains, or rather consists of, a vast Creature, created in the Godtime (and therefore without a name). When they explore the interior of the shrine, the adventurers will actually be wandering around *inside* the Creature. The interior is lit by phosphorescence, so no lanterns are necessary. If at any time the adventurers use fire, the beast will be wracked with convulsions. They will be thrown about violently, suffering a loss of 1 point of STAMINA per minute until the fire is put out. If a Yokka Egg is broken inside the Creature, the fiery Yokka bird will fly around, trying to escape, and drive the Creature into convulsions. After a few minutes, it will find its way out via the lung chamber.

Another thing the players do not know is the true purpose of the shrine. Apart from the fact that it guards the Pendulum of Fate, it is also an elaborate place of sacrifice. While wallowing in the muck that lines the tunnels of the Creature's insides, the adventurers will slowly be attacked by the Creature's digestive juices. They will lose 1 point of STAMINA for every thirty minutes they are inside the shrine. To escape, the adventurers must reach the heart of the beast, at which beats the Pendulum.

The Scene begins with the adventurers arriving at the entrance chamber, Location 1.

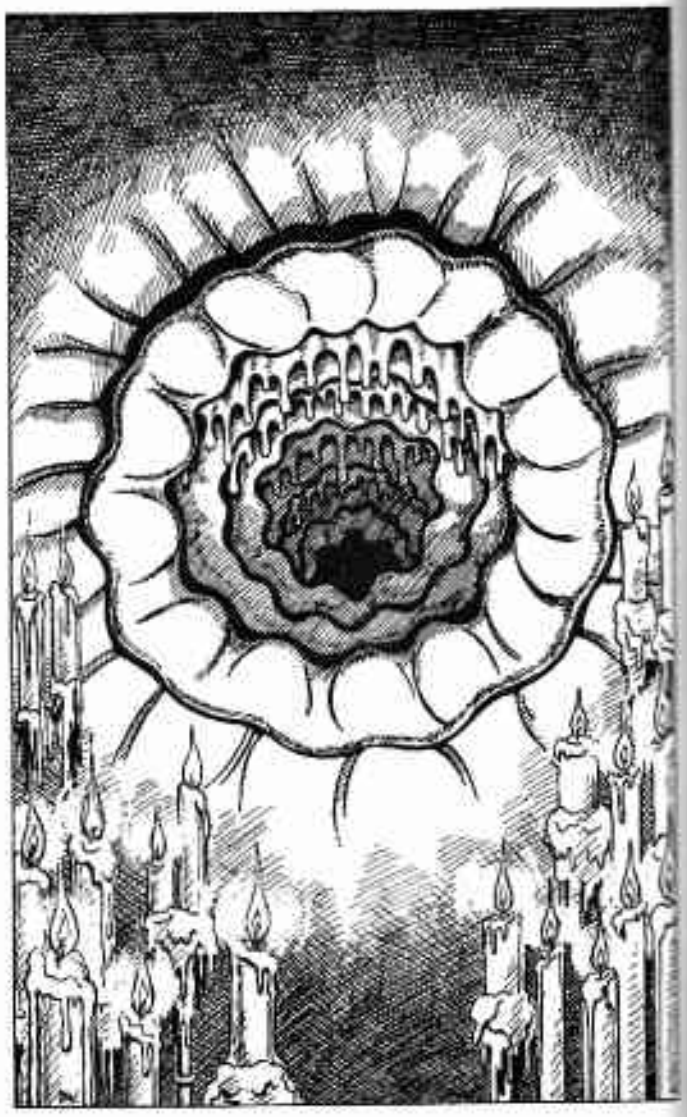

1

You open the large, weather-beaten doors of the shrine and pass inside. You find yourselves in a small, square chamber lit by hundreds of candles. By the doors is a pile of several hundred more unlit candles. On the wall opposite you can see a large circle of some black, rubbery hide. There is nothing in the room apart from this, and no sound but that of the eerie howling of the wind outside.

In order to enter the Creature, the adventurers must force it to open its mouth (the circle on the wall opposite). Since the beast is vast, poking or prising will have no effect: it simply will not notice them. They must summon the KEEPER OF THE WAY. The adventurers must light a candle to do this, and you should then read the following:

As you light the candle, the air begins to sparkle in front of the circle on the wall. Brilliant flashes of colour leap before your eyes, temporarily blinding you. A rich, warm voice echoes in your mind:

'Greetings, travellers. It pleases me greatly that in times such as these there are yet some prepared to make the sacrifice and join us. Do not linger, for your destiny awaits.'

Your vision returns, and you can see that the circle is pulsing open and shut. You catch a glimpse of a tunnel beyond, which glows with a dull green luminescence.

To continue, the adventurers must overcome their revulsion and pass through the agitated orifice. When it opens, they will be able to see the phosphorescent glow within, and should realize that they will not need to take the candles in. Once they are all through, the mouth will close behind them.

The tunnel they have entered slopes downward. It is the trachea, or gullet, of the Creature, and leads down to its stomach. The adventurers will be forced along the tunnel as it contracts behind them.

2

After a short journey along the slimy, fleshy tract, you are disgorged into a large chamber. Luckily your landing is cushioned by the gunk that lines its floor. As with the tunnel, this chamber is lit by its phosphorescent walls. It is dome-shaped, although its shape is continually shifting. Its walls throb faintly, and occasionally ducts open in the ceiling and more gunk rains down upon you. Your feet are submerged in the muck, and looking around you can see slime-covered and partially submerged shapes. There are several ducts leading out of the chamber, and you can faintly hear strange sounds emanating from them.

Buried in the muck of this chamber are several skeletons of former sacrifices. Most of their equipment has been corroded, but anyone searching (see *Fighting Fantasy*, page 58) among the bones and sludge will come across a scabbarded sword, which is strangely untarnished. The sword is magical, and the name 'Timakron' is carved in runes on the blade. If its name is shouted before battle commences, it will fractionally speed time up for its wielder. When he is fighting, although he will be moving normally, he will be able to perceive his opponent as moving more slowly, and his SKILL score will therefore be increased by 3 for the combat. The sword was originally wielded by a holy warrior, who used it only against evil races. Because of this it will *never* injure humans, but will use its power to prevent a blow being landed.

There are six exits from this chamber, apart from the tunnel in the ceiling from which the players fell.

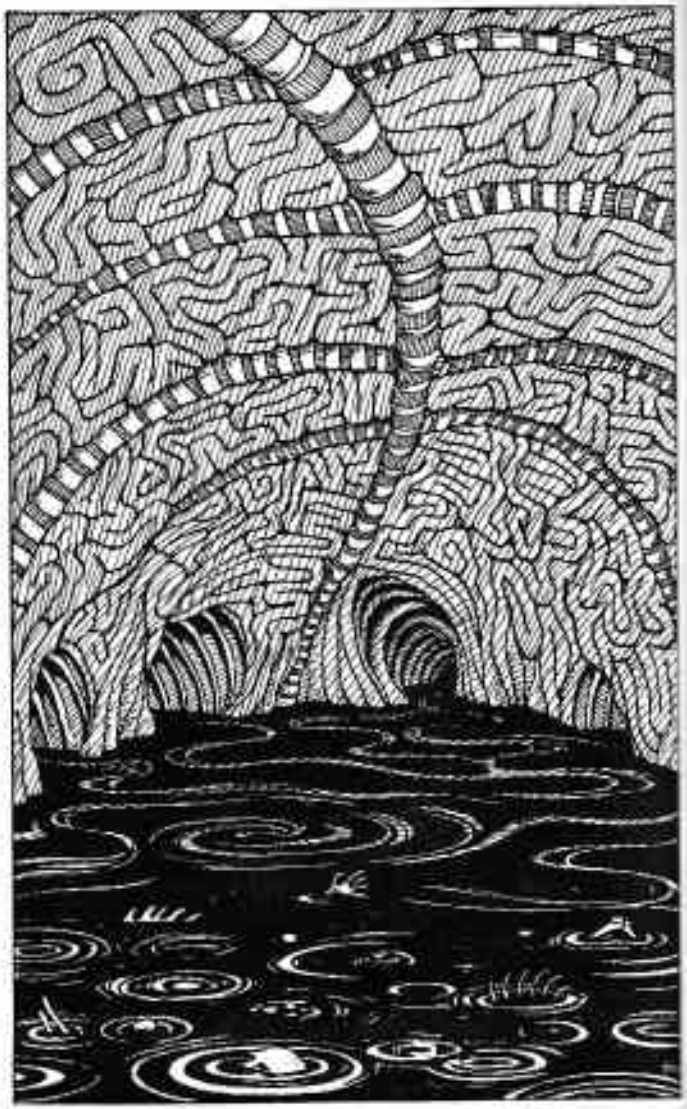

As with all the passages inside the Creature, they are circular and small, with a thick layer of sludge coating their floors. From each of the exits comes a distinctive sound. As the adventurers examine each exit, you should describe the appropriate sound, and give any additional description you feel necessary.

Exit A: This leads to the lung chamber. You should suck in and breathe out very slowly through clenched teeth to describe the sound coming from the passage. Tell the players that there is a strong draught from this exit.

Exit B: This leads to the iron-digesting chamber. Tell the players that the passage is quiet, but if they listen long enough, they will hear the occasional slapping sound.

Exit C: This leads to the Mucalytic's chamber. There is a monstrous snorting sound coming from it, along with plenty of churning and squelching.

Exit D: This leads to the grinding chamber. A rumbling and hollow knocking wafts down the passage.

Exit E: This leads to the Wrapper's chamber. There is a faint sound, like the beating of leathery wings.

Exit F: This leads to the blood canal, which in turn connects with the heart. The slow pounding of the Creature's heart can be heard from the passage.

Before the adventurers leave this chamber, they will encounter the WATCHER. Each player should attempt to roll under their SKILL on two dice. Any who succeed will see a small, golden globe float out of a backpack (roll a die to determine whose backpack). Otherwise they will simply notice it hovering in the air near them. Attempts to capture or attack the Watcher will fail; it moves so fast that even Timakron cannot hit it. It will follow everywhere they go in the shrine. The Watcher is one of the Riddling Reaver's devices, being the only way he can see what happens inside the shrine. In his guise of Waxley Speed he had slipped the globe into one of the adventurers' packs before they crossed the invisible bridge. It costs him dearly, in terms of energy, to maintain its flight and speed, but he can use it to help his unknowing pawns in a dire emergency. If you consider the adventurers to be in deadly peril, the Watcher will be able to give aid – but only once. Inside the globe lies a Genie. Its powers are limited within the shrine, but it can bring *one* character back from the dead, or distract an enemy long enough for the adventurers to escape.

3

As you edge your way down the tunnel, the draught gets stronger. You feel yourself regularly sucked forward, then pushed back, by the force of the wind. After a short trudge, the tunnel opens out into a large domed chamber. High above you, sunlight streams through a grille. Around the grille are a host of stalactites, making it a very prickly ceiling.

The floor of the chamber rises and falls, and you realize that the wind is produced as air is sucked in and out through the grille. The up-draught is extremely powerful, and you feel the drag pulling at you as the air gushes upwards. If you were to go further into the chamber, you would no doubt be carried up into the air.

If the adventurers look more closely at the ceiling of the chamber, they will see gold glinting among the stalactites close to the grille (a character with the eagle tattoo from Act One will be able to make out a golden chalice). The chalice was carried up there by the draught, and is wedged quite tightly.

Adventurers may decide to try to retrieve it. To do this they will have to find a way of safely riding the up-draught. Getting up is easy: all they have to do is wait until the up-draught begins and step out into the middle of the chamber. They should then *Test for Luck*. If they are Lucky, then they have grasped a stalactite, and will be able to hang on when the down-draught comes. If they are Unlucky, then they have been thrown against the point of a stalactite. They will be able to hold on, but the injury will cost them 3 points of STAMINA.

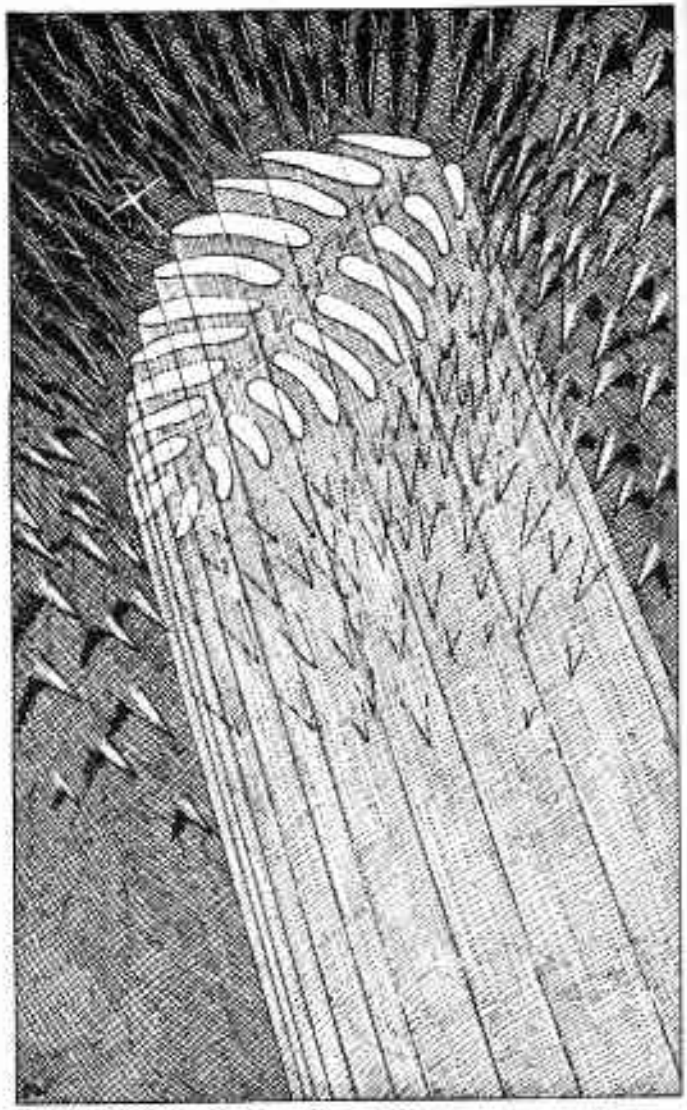

Once among the stalactites, an adventurer will be able to edge towards the chalice. This is not quite the treasure it may seem – it is actually a SENTINEL. As soon as it is touched, it will transform into a deadly golden warrior. This will fall to the floor (losing 2 points of STAMINA in the process) and attack the other adventurers. Its attributes, after landing on the floor, are as follows:

METAL SENTINEL SKILL 12 STAMINA 10

The Sentinel cannot be harmed by non-magical weapons, *unless* its opponent is in contact with some gold (holding a Gold Piece would be sufficient).

Once defeated, the Sentinel will transmute back into the form of the golden chalice (which is worth 20 Gold Pieces).

An adventurer up in the stalactites must edge himself away from the column of air to get down: if he waits until there is an up-draught, then lets go, he will drop to the floor quite gently, buoyed up by the weaker up-draught around the edge of the room. You should use your judgement to decide how successful any other methods for getting down will be.

The chamber is twenty metres high. The grille at the top is too fine for an adventurer to squeeze through, and is too securely fixed in place to be removed.

4

This chamber is suspiciously quiet. Its floor is covered with thick purple hairs, which sprout from pores, like hairs on a turkey-skin. They wave gently in the slight breeze.

The iron-digesting chamber dissolves most of the iron that accumulates in the Creature's innards. The hairs secure whatever it is that is carrying the iron, so that the IRON-EATERS on the ceiling can drop, and begin their work of digesting the items. These will later be passed into the bloodstream of the Creature, to nourish it.

If the adventurers step into the chamber, they will be seized by the Purple Hair.

PURPLE HAIR SKILL 7 STAMINA 0 (see below)

Play one Attack Round. If the hair wins, then the adventurer has been caught, and an Iron-Eater will drop on him. If the adventurer wins, he has got free from the 'grass' and may escape. In order to break free, an adventurer need win only one Attack Round.

When an Iron-Eater (SKILL 5, STAMINA 0 (see below)) drops on an adventurer, it will begin to feed on his metal armour. Every time it wins an Attack Round, it will digest another item, and the adventurer will lose 1 point of SKILL. If the adventurer wins an Attack Round, then the Iron-eater has been knocked to the floor. It will then be swept away by the hairs.

There are twelve Iron-Eaters on the ceiling, but they will drop only if their prey is held fast.

5

This passage is extremely narrow, and even more disgusting than the chamber you have just been wallowing in. It goes on for many metres, winding and twisting, and getting viler as you progress further. It also starts to slope downwards. It gets harder to stay on your feet as the slime builds up. The stench is abominable.

The adventurers are approaching the lair of a MUCALYTIC. This foul beast lives like a parasite inside the Creature, revelling in the slime and waste products of the enormous digestive tract. It helps the Creature, since it reduces anything that enters its chamber to an easily digestible mulch!

As they get closer to the Mucalytic's chamber, the adventurers will be assailed by its stench. If they press on, the poisonous stink will make them lose 2 points of STAMINA. They will also have to contend with the slippery slope down into the chamber. Each foolhardy adventurer should roll two dice. If the result is less than their SKILL, then they have kept on their feet. If they fail, then they will slip over, and slide down the tunnel, right into the lap of the Mucalytic.

Its small chamber is full of muck. All that can be seen of the beast itself is its long snout, poking out of a pile of ooze, rather like a periscope. If anyone is stupid enough to enter its lair, it will attack.

MUCALYTIC SKILL 8 STAMINA 9 ATTACKS 2

If the Mucalytic wins three Attack Rounds in a row, it will have grabbed its opponent, who will be drawn inexorably to its mouth. It will breathe deadly poisonous fumes, which will kill the character instantly. Later, if the Mucalytic is not killed, the adventurer will be slowly transformed into slime!

There is no treasure in the room. If an adventurer is killed here, remember that the Watcher may be able to bring him back from the dead. Alternatively, if all the heroes end up in the Mucalytic's lair, the globe might distract the beast, and give them a chance to escape.

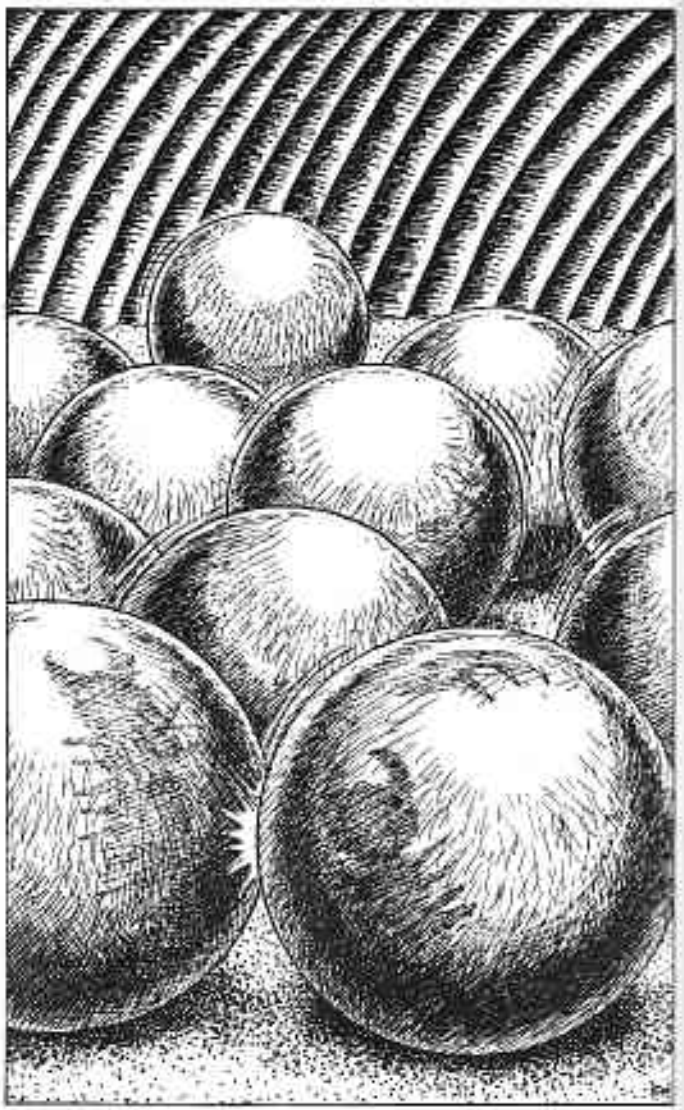

6

A short tunnel leads to a cavernous chamber, full of large, semi-transparent balls. They are rolling around and jostling with one another. As there is no one and nothing else in the chamber, they must be moving themselves in some way. You cannot make out what is inside them, though whatever it is, must be rushing around furiously, for the balls to lurch about so violently. On the floor of the chamber there is a thick layer of powdered debris – obviously crushed by the relentless churning of these curious balls.

There are fifteen balls in the grinding chamber. Inside each of them is a BALL CENTIPEDE. These large relatives of normal centipedes built tough fibrous spherical cocoons to live in. They can move these while inside by running at high speed. Anyone entering the chamber will be set upon by 1–6 of the Grinding Balls.

GRINDING BALL SKILL 4 STAMINA 3

When a Grinding Ball is reduced to zero STAMINA, it will split into two jagged halves. Out will scuttle the Ball Centipede to attack.

BALL CENTIPEDE SKILL 7 STAMINA 4

The broken shells will come in very useful as makeshift boats with which to navigate the Creature's bloodstream (Location 8). One person can fit into each half.

7

As you advance down the tunnel, the noise ahead of you stops. You soon emerge into a dripping chamber. The luminescence of the wall is weaker here, and you have difficulty making out the contents of the room. You see several bones littering the floor, and the occasional glimmer.

The room has quite a high ceiling. Up on the wall above the entrance clings a WRAPPER, a large, leathery being, like a blanket with fangs and claws. Make sure that you know which adventurer is the first to enter the room. He should *Test for Luck*. If he is Lucky, the Wrapper will hurtle into him, but fail to grapple him successfully. It will then glide up into the darkness of the chamber, and back to its perch. If the adventurer is Unlucky, he will be grabbed, lose 2 STAMINA points, and be enshrouded in its wings. The wrapped adventurer will find it very hard to hit the Wrapper, and must reduce his SKILL by 3. Other adventurers may attack the Wrapper, but they will risk injuring their companion. If they *lose* an Attack Round, they will do 1 point of damage to him!

WRAPPER SKILL 12 STAMINA 9

If the Wrapper fails in its first attack it will return to its perch until the party *leaves* the chamber. It will then silently swoop on the last person to leave, who should *Test for Luck*, as above.

A number of skeletons are in the Wrapper's lair. Several have some treasure. Adventurers searching the chamber will recover 3–18 Gold Pieces (roll three dice) and 1–6 jewels, each worth 10 Gold Pieces.

8

As you move down the tunnel, the pounding noise gets louder. Soon the tunnel opens out, and you see a rushing stream ahead of you. In the dull glow of the walls it looks very dark. Moving closer you see that it is red. It must be a river of blood! It gushes past in a raging torrent. Clearly, anyone trying to swim in it will be swept away.

The adventurers have found the bloodstream of the Creature. It is like a subterranean river, flowing round the Creature's body to provide nourishment for its organs. The adventurers must travel down the stream to the heart, if they are to recover the Pendulum of Fate and escape from the shrine.

The current of the stream is very fierce, and anyone trying to swim in it will quickly be swept away and drowned. The only safe way to navigate the stream is to use the shell halves from Location 6 as coracles (small hemispherical boats). The players may need hints to realize this: use Dappa, if he is still around. Paddles will be unnecessary, as the current will sweep them to their goal – all the adventurers need to do is hang on! The stream leads to Location 9, the heart chamber.

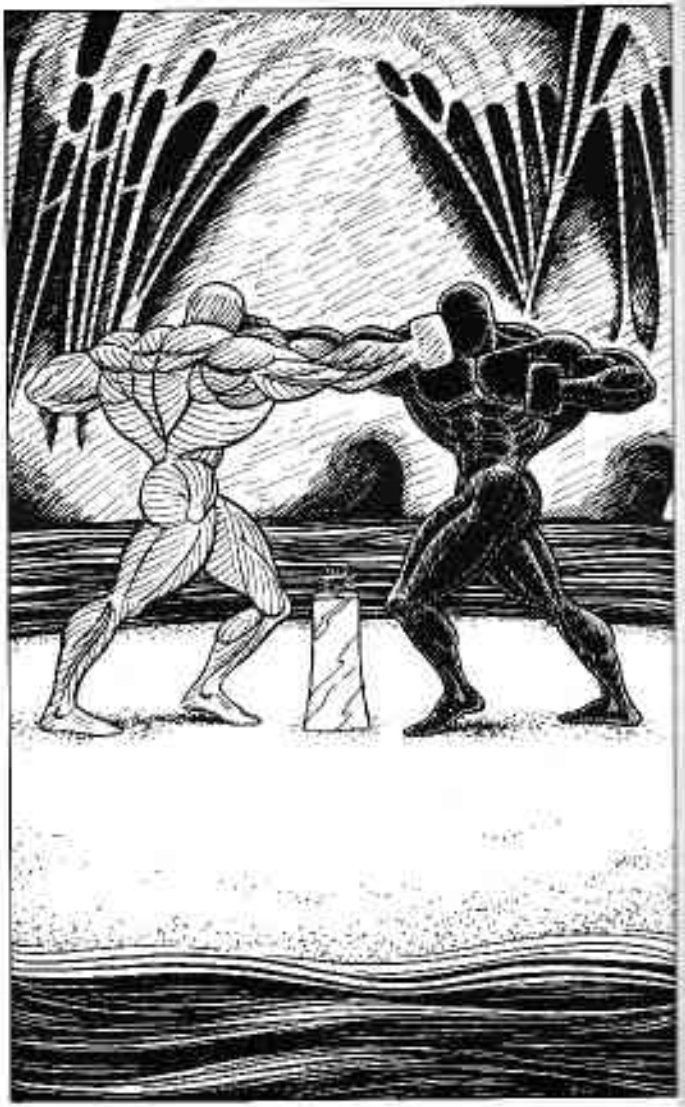

9

You are swept along by the torrent, veering dangerously close to the walls as you swish round bends in the tunnel. Every now and then a fresh stream joins the main branch, and you hang on for grim life in these turbulent waters. By the reddish glow of the stream you can make out stalactites, hanging low over the river like the fangs of a Dragon. You barely manage to avoid these deadly spikes.

After a nightmare journey, the stream empties into a vast cavern. The pounding sound is deafening, and the lake of blood swirls round like a giant whirlpool. At its centre is a small island. In the centre of the island is a pedestal, with two huge immobile figures grappling over it.

The current will carry the adventurers closer and closer to the island. As they approach, they will be able to see the figures more clearly. They are identical in every respect, save their colour – one is black, the other white. They are powerfully muscled, with fists like sledge-hammers. Their heads are blank and featureless. Beneath them, on the pedestal, sits the source of the constant beat that fills the chamber. The Creature's heart is driven by the Pendulum of Fate, which is encased in a short unbreakable glass tube. The Pendulum itself is very small (about ten centimetres long), yet swings very slowly. It will continue to swing no matter what is done to it.

The adventurers will be able to beach their improvised boats on the island and approach the pedestal. As they do so, they will experience powerful emanations from the two figures. The black figure radiates a malign influence of pure Evil, sending

shivers down the adventurers' spines, while the white figure counters this with an aura of Goodness. If anyone touches the pedestal or the Pendulum, the two figures will animate, and begin to battle each other, ignoring the adventurers completely. It will soon become obvious that the two are perfectly matched. Each blow landed is returned with equal force, and neither seems to be able to press home an advantage.

If the adventurers intervene in the battle in the slightest way, perhaps siding with the Good figure, then the balance will be upset. Within seconds, that figure will have smashed its opponent into a thousand shards.

The figures are the ICON OF GOOD and the ICON OF EVIL, pure personifications of their essences. Once one is defeated, the remaining Icon will turn to the adventurers and speak. Whichever one remains, it will say virtually the same thing:

'I am the Icon of Good (Evil). I must battle all that is tainted and impure. There is Evil (Good) within you – I can sense its presence. You must be purified.'

Ignore the bracketed words if the white Icon survives. If the black Icon survives, however, you should substitute the words in brackets.

The Icon will then attack.

ICON	SKILL 12	STAMINA 20

If an adventurer removes the Pendulum from the pedestal, the pounding noise will abruptly cease. The whirlpool of blood will slow down and finally

stop. The adventurers will be able to make their escape from the Creature quite easily. The blood will drain from the lake and channels in a matter of minutes, and the adventurers will be able to find their way back up the tunnel and into a duct leading to the stomach chamber. The fleshy walls of this will have sagged downwards, and the channel through which they entered will be easily reached. At its top, the Creature's mouth will be hanging open, and the adventurers may crawl out and into the entrance chamber. All the candles will have been snuffed out. You should then go to Ending the Scene.

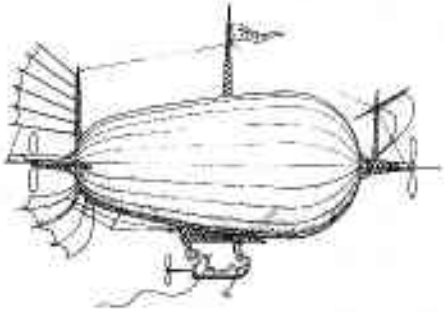

Ending the Scene

The adventurers have succeeded in escaping the Shrine of Destiny with the Pendulum of Fate. However, a little surprise awaits them still. Read out the following:

You stagger out of the temple and across the invisible bridge. You have succeeded! The fresh air has never tasted so sweet, and you gulp down great lungfuls to rid yourself of the foul stench of the enormous Creature's innards.

With elation, you notice that Waxley Speed is still waiting for you. He seems a little changed, however. He is no longer wearing the same tattered garb, but flowing robes. He hails you:

'Greetings, adventurers. I see you've brought me my little trinket. That'll be very useful. You know, Good and Evil will never be the same again.'

As he speaks, the golden globe which followed you through the shrine shoots in front of you. There is a flash, and the next moment the Pendulum has been wrenched from you and is dangling from the globe. The golden sphere floats across to the man you knew as Waxley.

'Thank you,' he continues. 'You've all done very well – I really must congratulate you. But I'm afraid I must be going: I've got an airship to catch!'

As he says this, you are engulfed in the shadow of an enormous flying craft. Waxley, or rather the Riddling Reaver, raises the golden orb above his head with both hands. He floats into the air and enters the flying ship.

You have succeeded in escaping from the shrine, but it seems that victory belongs to your enemy!

This is the end of Act Three, 'The Pendulum of Fate'. The Riddling Reaver has escaped with the artefact to his lair. The final Act, 'The Realm of Entropy', tells of what he intends to do with it.

ACT FOUR
THE REALM OF ENTROPY

Players' Tale

A mighty artefact has been stolen from your grasp! The quizzical villain known as the Riddling Reaver has seized the Pendulum of Fate. This ancient device is said to give power over Good and Evil. Who knows for what perverse ends the Reaver intends to use it?

The villain escaped by means of an enormous flying monstrosity. Your only chance to defeat him is to follow the craft and track him to his lair. You therefore hurry off into the surrounding jungle. The airship is heading for higher rocky ground, which you can see ahead of you. Luckily it is not travelling too fast, and you still have it in sight when it descends. You cannot make out exactly where it has gone, but it went down very close to a large waterfall. You must make your way to the falls and try to find an entrance to the Riddling Reaver's hideout.

As you press on, you notice that something very odd is happening to the jungle plants around you. The further you walk, the stranger their colours get. Very soon you are no longer walking through a green and brown jungle, but one which is a riot of colour, with reds, blues, yellows, oranges and purples in profusion. What is more, the shapes of the plants seem to have changed. The familiar shrubs and trees seem to have been warped out of all recognition – their forms apparently determined purely by Chance. You seem to have strayed into a realm of entropy, where the only law of the universe is Chance.

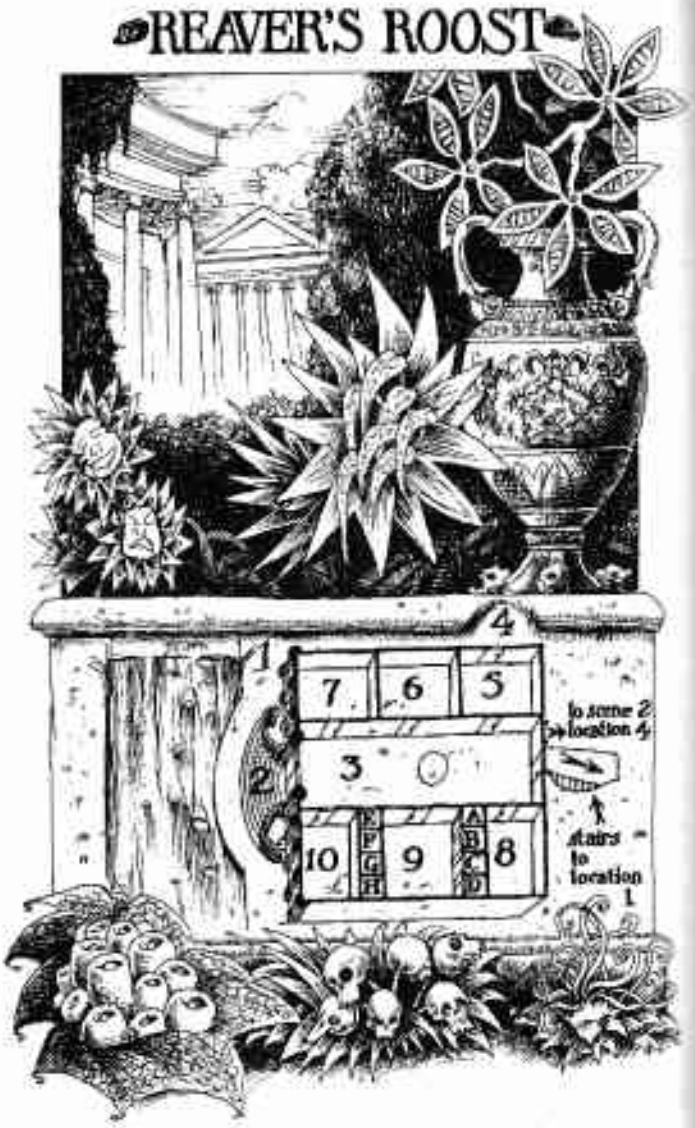

GamesMaster's Tale

The Act commences with the adventurers tracking their enemy to his secret hideaway. They stray into the field of Chance which marks his domain, and encounter its effects in the form of a chaotic array of plants. They then discover that the waterfall which they had seen from a distance flows upwards. They realize that it is the only way up, and after watching a party of the Reaver's servants, they throw themselves into the fall, and are carried up and along the river. The river throws them up at a set of marble steps. They have found the entrance to the Riddling Reaver's lair. Exploring the rooms beyond, the adventurers will find that in the Reaver's stronghold Luck and Chance rule, and many impossible things may happen. They must find their way through the menaces of the outer chambers to the Reaver's underground inner sanctum and laboratory.

Finally, the heroes will catch up with the villain as he prepares to use the Pendulum of Fate. His plan is to change the beliefs of people and creatures all the way across Allansia. Suddenly, it will no longer be so easy to decide who is good and who is evil, as so many will have changed. This will lead to many deaths and make it impossible for the Forces of Good and Evil to know how powerful they are. In the confusion, Chance will dominate. There will be a new balance between Good and Evil, and the Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance will rule.

The whole Act happens in the Reaver's domain. The adventurers will start the scenario as they reach the waterfall. You should therefore go to Location 1.

Scene One: The Reaver's Roost

Task: To gain access to the Reaver's inner sanctum.

1

You finally arrive at the waterfall and find your way to a small ledge very close to the torrent. You soon realize that there is something very wrong. Your attention is drawn to a gnarled piece of driftwood that has been caught in the roiling white water. It is carried upwards! The law of gravity has been reversed for this waterfall, as the water is plummeting up from the pool below you, to flow over the edge of the cliff above. As you peer into the falls, you notice another ledge on the opposite side of the falls. You can make out a number of blurred figures, each carrying a large, bulging sack. They seem to be a number of different colours, and there is something strangely insubstantial about them. To your amazement, they hurl themselves off the ledge, and fly up and over the lip of the falls.

The adventurers have spotted a party of the Reaver's REPLICANTHS returning from a scavenging mission. They will encounter them later, and discover the secret of their origin. Meanwhile they must face the problem of reaching the Reaver's lair.

There is no sign of the villain's airship, but it went down somewhere just beyond the falls. The cliffs on either side are sheer, and will be very difficult to climb. You should make it clear to the players that it is very unlikely that their characters would all be able to make it to the top alive.

The Replicanths have shown them the only safe way up, and the adventurers just have to summon up enough courage to follow them.

If they do hurl themselves off the ledge, each player should roll four dice against their STAMINA scores. If they have rolled lower, then they are fine. If they have rolled higher than or equal to their STAMINA, they have swallowed some water while being buffeted in the fall, and lose 1 point of STAMINA. They should have kept their mouths shut!

Once the adventurers have fallen up the falls, go to **Location 2**.

2

Travelling the falls is an exhilarating experience. You fly upwards, your limbs flailing, and water lashes your faces. You shoot over the top of the falls, and drop with a splash into the water. The mighty current drags you along for a little way, then washes you up on the shore. Before you is a magnificent building. It is built of white marble blocks with multicoloured veins. Above it floats the huge airship, moored to a tall pine tree which rises from the roof. The palace has no windows, but ahead of you a flight of marble steps lead up to a very impressive pillared entrance. On the grass near by, a large butterfly is chasing a tiny yellow Tyrannosaurus, and above you a blackbird flies past upside down.

As soon as you place a foot on the marble steps, a small, childlike figure materializes in a puff of sparkling colour. He is wearing a tall hat, a smart green suit and shiny shoes with large buckles. He ignores you, and concentrates on juggling three exquisite green glass bottles.

The juggling figure is Finnegan O'Dinnegan, a LEPRECHAUN. He is juggling three stolen GENIE bottles. If the adventurers approach up the steps, he will tell them that he is in charge of guarding against intruders. But he says he is bored of juggling the bottles and wants a break. If one of the party will take over for a short while, he will see what he can do to get them inside.

If one of the adventurers agrees to take over, Finnegan will toss the bottles in his direction and race up the steps and through the doors. The adventurer who agreed to juggle the bottles must first catch them. This requires a roll under SKILL on two dice. Then he must begin juggling. Initially he must make another roll against SKILL on two dice to succeed. As he continues juggling, however, the bottles feel heavier and heavier, and he must roll against SKILL twice more. If all of these rolls are successful, then Finnegan will return, congratulate him on his dexterity, take back the bottles and point to the now open doors. If the adventurer fails on *any* roll, however, he will have dropped one of the bottles to the ground. You should then read the following:

The bottle falls to the ground and shatters. A thick cloud of purple gas forms above the broken glass, and the form of a Genie takes shape. He seems to sway unsteadily, as if seasick, and he addresses you in a booming, though rather unsteady voice: 'Which way did that rascal Finnegan go? Tell me now or I'll turn you into jellyfish!'

If the adventurers point to the doors, the furious Genie will race through them (leaving them open behind him). If they refuse to tell the Genie where Finnegan went, he will threaten to turn them into jellyfish; if they continue to refuse to tell him, he will carry out his threat!

If the adventurers refuse Finnegan's offer, or if they do not actually juggle the bottles, he will not open the doors and they will find it very difficult to get into the building. The huge doors cannot be forced open, and there is no other way inside. If they wait for ten minutes without acting, then the doors will open, and a scavenging party of five REPLICANTHS will emerge. These peculiar servants of the Reaver come in different shapes, sizes and colours, but have all been created in their master's laboratory. Each looks like a skeleton encased in jelly. Each Replicanth has the following attributes:

REPLICANTH	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If the adventurers defeat the Replicanths, they will be able to sneak in through the doors.

3

Passing through the enormous doors, you find yourselves in a long hall. It is carpeted with well-mown grass, and in its centre sits a picturesque wishing-well. There are three ivy-covered doors off the left and the right walls, and one door directly opposite.

If the adventurers encountered the party of Replicanths outside, then ignore the next section, otherwise read it out to the players:

By the door opposite, five colourful creatures are busily at work, tipping the contents of sacks into a hole in the wall. As you enter, they turn and look at you. You see with revulsion that they are human-shaped lumps of jelly, within which the skeleton can clearly be seen. They lumber menacingly towards you.

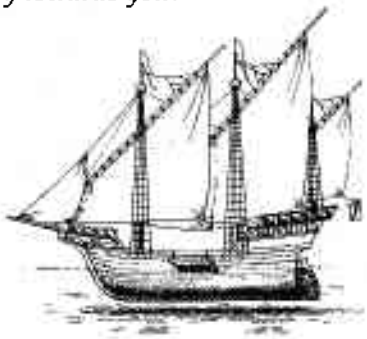

If the adventurers did not encounter the Replicanths outside, they will have to fight them here. Each of the five Replicanths has the following attributes:

REPLICANTHS	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If they have already fought the Replicanths, they may start examining the contents of the hall straight away. The well in its centre is apparently bottomless. If anything is dropped into it, it will quickly fall out of sight. Fifteen seconds later a hole will materialize in the ceiling, the object will drop from it, and the hole will disappear. The object will hit the head of anyone peering down the well. If the object they threw down is quite hard (such as a coin), it will do them 1 point of injury. If it is larger, it will actually knock them down the well. They will disappear downwards, only to reappear seconds later out of the mysterious hole in the ceiling. They will fall indefinitely until rescued.

Players may wish for whatever they like after throwing something down the well. Whatever it is, they will not get it!

Light in the hall (as in most of the rest of the building) is provided by a glowing ceiling.

The six doors off the long walls have handles, and can easily be opened. The one in the far wall is large and metallic. It has no handle, but set into its centre is a large eye. Beneath this is a hastily scrawled

notice: 'Go away, I'm busy.' The eye will scrutinize everyone approaching the door. It will open the door only if it sees the Riddling Reaver's face (or its likeness – one of the stuffed Reavers of later locations will do fine!). Otherwise the door will squawk, 'You're not my master, you're not coming through!'

To one side of the door is a hatch in the wall, labelled 'Bones'. The hatch opens easily, revealing a chute leading down into darkness. This is where the Replicanths deposit the bones which they collect for the Reaver to manufacture more of their kind. A player may slide down the chute if he wishes, but will lose a point of STAMINA from the painful landing on the pile of bones. Read out the description of Location 4 of Scene Two to them (page 219). Players will not be able to leave that chamber by the door, as it is barred from the outside: they will have to climb back up the chute.

Each time the adventurers return to the hall, they risk encountering one of its denizens. Roll on the Hall Encounter Table. Moreover, each time they return the sign on the eye-door will be different. You should decide what it says, along the lines of 'Buzz off, I'm working'; 'I told you to go away'; 'I'm warning you – leave me alone!'

Hall Encounter Table

Roll one die and consult the table. Encounters 4–6 can only happen once each. Once you have had one of these, subtract three from the number if you roll it again. For example, once the characters have met Finnegan, if you roll 4 it will count as 1, and the adventurers will have no encounter.

Die Roll	*Encounter*
1	No encounter.
2	A party of 1–6 Replicanths (each SKILL 6, STAMINA 4) enter the hall. Roll a die. If the result is *even*, they will enter from the main doors, each carrying a sack of bones to deposit in the bones chute. If the result is *odd*, they will come out of the eye-door, shutting it behind them.
3	The door across the hall from the adventurers will open. The Riddling Reaver will pop his head round it, thumb his nose at them, blow a raspberry at them, then slip back into the room, slamming the door shut behind him. This is actually a repeating Illusion spell the Reaver once cast as a tease.
4	Finnegan the Leprechaun will pop up out of nowhere. His reaction to the adventurers will depend on whether or not they juggled his bottles. If a bottle was broken, he will hurl insults at the person who broke it and show the

bruises that the Genie dealt him. He will tell the character, 'You're all thumbs,' and disappear. The adventurer will then discover that all his fingers have been turned into thumbs! His SKILL will be reduced by 3 until the curse wears off (half an hour).

If the character juggled the bottles successfully, Finnegan will give him a five-leafed clover, which will increase the character's LUCK score by 4 for as long as he has it.

If the characters ignored Finnegan, he will float past, nose in the air, nonchalantly juggling three bottles with one hand. He will disappear, and a few seconds later there will be a shattering sound, closely followed by yelps of pain.

5	As the adventurers enter the hall, they see one of the most utterly revolting creatures they have ever clapped eyes on, sitting on the edge of the well. Words cannot do full justice to its fearsome appearance, but its leathery wings, huge slavering jaws, repulsive scaly hide and

hulking frame would reduce hardened monster-killers to quivering jelly. If the players stay in the hall, rather than cowering back into the room they have just been in, it will turn and face them. If they thought its side view was bad, the full frontal is appalling! It is a TREMLOW, perhaps the most fearsome-looking beast in Allansia – but also the most cowardly (which is why so few are seen!). Taking one look at the adventurers, it will shriek in horror, throw its distended arms into the air, and bolt for the door, whining pitifully. The adventurers will not be able to catch it before it flies off to safer haunts.

6 The adventurers will notice a buzzing sound as they enter the hall. A little old man is shuffling up and down the hall, holding a GIANT DRAGONFLY (SKILL 8, STAMINA 4) on a lead. The Dragonfly hovers a few centimetres off the ground, and seems to be cropping the grass with its mandibles. The old man mows his way up to the adventurers without noticing them, and then looks up, startled. As he does so, the Dragonfly tears the lead out of his hand. It will fly twice round the hall at breakneck speed before swooping to attack the adventurers. The old man will flee out of the hall.

4

Just before the adventurers open the door to this 'room', you should roll one die and add 4: the room with that number is the room they enter when the door is opened. The door is a transporting door. Once the adventurers have shut it behind them they will not be able to pass back through into Location 5. If the players tell you their characters are holding the door open, they will be able to go back into the Stuffed Adventurers' Room. It is perfectly possible for the door to transport them into Location 5 – if this is the case they will be able to look around and see themselves entering!

You should roll for a new location each time the door of transportation is opened.

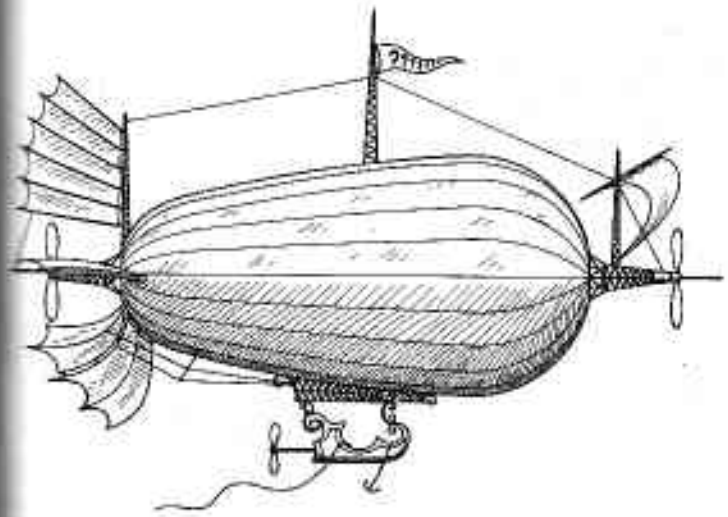

5

Inside is a long room. Its walls, ceilings and floor are all bare wooden boards. A group of figures stand motionless near you, facing the opposite wall, on which there is a door. They seem strangely familiar, but you cannot make out their features.

The occupants of this room are stuffed replicas of the adventurers! They stand together in a little group, frozen in the act of walking across the room. No matter what the adventurers do to them, they will not animate. Their only unusual property is that they will play an odd game of 'Grandmother's Steps'. If the adventurers decide to walk across the room to the far door, halfway across they will feel the urge to look round. They will see no movement, but their stuffed duplicates will have moved several metres towards them. This will continue to happen as they make their way further across the room.

If the players tell you that their characters are watching the stuffed figures as they walk to the door, they will see nothing. The stuffed figures can never be caught in the act of moving.

6

The room is obviously a library. Shelves of books line the walls, and opposite you there is a reading-desk. At the desk, facing away from you, sits a robed figure, intent on the book before him. It seems you have cornered your quarry!

The figure at the desk looks exactly like the Riddling Reaver, even down to his robe. But the players should know some of their opponent's quirks by now! It is a stuffed replica of the Reaver which sits studying the book. The whimsical schemer likes to have a stuffed version of himself sitting in here, as he feels it gives the place a 'friendlier atmosphere'.

Whatever the adventurers do, the figure will not move. If they attack it, they will easily chop it into pieces. The Reaver stuffed it with stinging Flies, however, and when released these will attack everyone in the room. Adventurers must beat a hasty retreat from the room to avoid losing 1 point of STAMINA for every thirty seconds they remain in it. The only effective weapon against the Flies is fire. If the adventurers find a way of attacking the Flies

with fire, then you should treat the whole swarm as one creature to be fought:

SWARM OF FLIES SKILL 6 STAMINA 4

The book which the stuffed Reaver is examining is made up entirely of blank pages. If the adventurers examine any of the other books in the room they will find that these also have blank pages, but they will also discover the reason for this – the books are talking books! As soon as a book is opened, it will begin to talk. It will describe its subject, or tell a story. The book will continue talking until either it is shut or someone shouts 'STOP!' at it. If a shut book is opened it will always begin at the beginning. If an adventurer shouts 'START!' at a book which had been stopped, it will carry on where it left off.

The Reaver's book-collection is quite varied, with a good selection of history, legends and folk-tales. One of the first books the adventurers will come across is titled *Teach Yourself Demon-summoning*, by Jaiphrai Ah'cha. As soon as it is opened it will begin to explain the ritual for summoning a FIRE DEMON. If the adventurers allow it to continue to its end, the ritual will be completed, and the Demon will be summoned. It will attack immediately.

FIRE DEMON SKILL 10 STAMINA 10 ATTACKS 3

The Fire Demon will shoot gouts of fire from its fiery nostrils. These hit on a roll of 1–4 on one die, doing 2 points of extra injury, whether it has won or lost the Attack Round. If the Fire Demon is killed, it will be engulfed in its own flames and disappear.

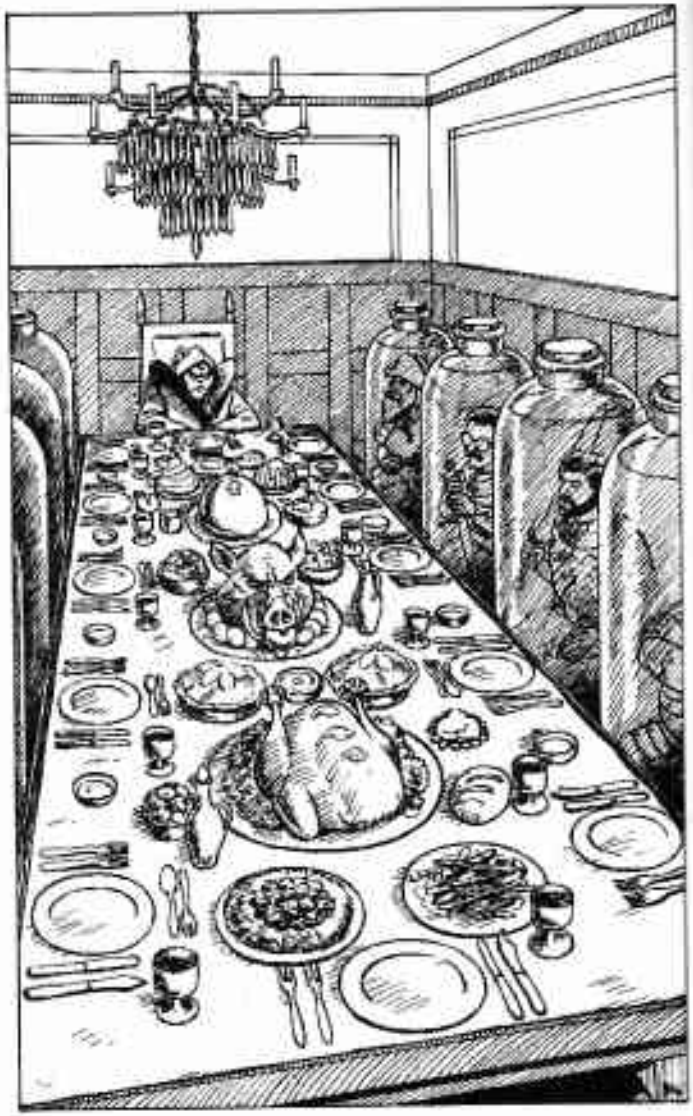

7

You have found the Riddling Reaver's dining-room. A long and impressive table runs the length of the room, laden with a succulent feast. Guests line the table, though instead of sitting on chairs they seem to be floating in huge bottles. At the head of the table opposite you sits the Riddling Reaver. He stares glumly at you.

The Reaver's dining-room reflects his macabre sense of humour. His guests are all former enemies whom he has preserved in large pickling-jars. The figure at the head of the table is not the Riddling Reaver himself, but one of his stuffed duplicates. It will not speak, but it has been animated so that it can fight. If the adventurers disturb the feast on the table (the food is excellent, by the way), it will stand up, draw a barbed scimitar and attack. Whatever happens, it will preserve the same glum expression on its face.

STUFFED RIDDLING REAVER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6

When the stuffed Reaver is cut open (when it is reduced to zero STAMINA), its contents will spill out. It is filled with a thick paste, which expands on contact with air, rather like rising dough. After expanding it will set solid. Anyone remaining in the room will be caught in the sticky paste when it expands. They must be pulled out by friends (two people must make successful rolls against SKILL), otherwise they will be encased when it solidifies.

8

This chamber is exceedingly plush. Gorgeous tapestries hang from the walls, the floor is richly carpeted, and exotic couches are covered with cushions. In one reclines a familiar robed figure. The Riddling Reaver seems to be relaxing, heedless of your presence. Over on the wall to your left is a rack of bottles, from which you can hear a faint tapping.

This is the Reaver's sitting-room, where he comes to relax from the busy life of being an agent of the gods. As with the library, he keeps a stuffed replica of himself in here to give the room a friendlier feel. This is not animated, but is stuffed with small downy feathers. Anyone attacking the recumbent figure will cut it open very easily, only to be engulfed in a swirling mass of feathers. They should *Test for Luck*. If they are Unlucky, they will sneeze uncontrollably for the next ten minutes, lose 1 point of STAMINA, and fight at – 2 to SKILL.

At first glance, the rack of bottles appears to be the Reaver's wine-collection. In fact only two of the nine bottles contain wine. The others act as the Reaver's dungeons! The tapping sound is caused by one of the inmates. If the adventurers examine the bottle, they will see the tiny figure of a woman inside. Pulling the cork on the bottle frees her. A cloud of gas will swirl out, and she will coalesce out of it. She is short and dark, with a mischievous glint in her eyes. Her clothes are practical, and she carries a shortsword. She introduces herself to the adventurers as Baba Lai and thanks them profusely for

rescuing her. She explains that she is the leader of a band of adventurers who set out to rid the world of the menace of the Riddling Reaver. Unfortunately, they were caught by a Genie, who imprisoned them in the bottles. She begs the adventurers to free her six comrades by uncorking the other bottles.

If they release all her companions, however, they will discover that Baba Lai was not being entirely honest. In fact, she and her friends were caught looting by the Reaver's Genie. They are out for any money and treasure they can get their hands on – and this will include that of the adventurers! Once they are all freed, they will attack.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BABA LAI	8	15
CUT-THROAT	6	12

The robber band will not all fight to the death. If three of them are killed, or if Baba herself is defeated, the remainder will cut and run.

9

You have entered a long hall, tiled with a chequered black and white pattern. Leading off the hall are a number of small doors, like cupboards. Each of these seems to have writing on it.

The doors in this hall lead to Riddle Cupboards. Each has a riddle written on it, which describes its contents. Adventurers may discover the contents of the cupboards either by solving the riddles, or by opening the doors. It is a lot riskier to open the doors without having some idea of what is inside, however, as the adventurers will soon find out.

There are eight cupboards, four on each side of the hall. Running down the left-hand wall are cupboards A–D, while E–H are on the right. As the adventurers examine each door, you should read out the riddle which corresponds to it, so that the players can copy it down.

Cupboard A

In a corner on the wall
I lie in wait for my prey.
Without fists or polearms
I stretch my nets around me;
And my table is seldom bare.

Inside the cupboard is a GIANT SPIDER. It will attack anyone opening its cupboard.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8 ATTACKS 2

Cupboard B

I've seen you where you never was
And where you ne'er will be;
And yet you in that very same place
May still be seen by me.

Adventurers opening the cupboard door will see an image of themselves, reflected in a mirror.

Cupboard C

Long legs, crooked toes,
Glassy eyes, snotty nose.

The cupboard contains a GIANT FROG (SKILL 5, STAMINA 7). If its door is opened, it will spring out, propelled by its powerful hind legs. It will not fight unless attacked, but will hop around the room quite violently. Whenever the adventurers are in this room when the Frog is loose, they must say that they are keeping an eye on it. If they do not, then one of them (roll a die to find which one) will be knocked sprawling by it. If the adventurers are in combat and the Frog is free, it will knock someone over every other Attack Round. Anyone knocked over must spend a round getting up, during which he may not fight – so an opponent will score a free blow on him, unless someone steps in to help.

Cupboard D

What has a thousand legs and can't walk?

Crammed into this cupboard are five hundred pairs of breeches. Anyone opening the door will be buried beneath a large pile of cloth!

Cupboard E

I have a little house which I live in all alone,
Without doors, without windows,
And if I want to go out I have to break through the wall.

The cupboard contains a single Yokka Egg (see page 146 for details), sitting on a velvet cushion.

Cupboard F

He who has it doesn't tell it;
He who takes it doesn't know it;
He who knows it doesn't want it.

Inside the cupboard is a large pile of Gold Pieces. Since there are 300, it would seem to be a major haul, but the coins are actually counterfeit, made from a cheap alloy with a thin coating of gold. An adventurer who examines the coins carefully, and scratches one of them, will remove the coating and discover the truth. If the adventurers decide to take the 'treasure', they may have to leave other items behind, since 300 Gold Pieces weigh a lot. You should use your judgement to decide whether their load is too heavy.

Cupboard G

I haunt, all pale, the waters of foul fens;
Fortune has fashioned me a bloody name,
For greedy gulps of red blood are my fare.
No bones, or feet, or arms at all have I,
Yet bite with three-forked wounds unlucky men,
And by health-bringing lips thus conquer care.

As soon as this door is opened, a flood of water will gush forth, completely drenching the adventurer who opened it. And there is worse: in the water are five large LEECHES, which will latch on to the adventurer who opened the door, and will begin to suck blood. If they are not removed, the character will lose 1 point of STAMINA per minute from the effects of the Leeches. However, removing them is a nasty business. Pulling off a Leech rips a wound in the adventurer – causing loss of 2 points of STAMINA. So pulling off all five leeches would cost the unlucky character 10 STAMINA points.

The safest way to remove Leeches is to force them to release their grip by burning them off. If the adventurers can find some way of holding the Leeches very close to fire *without* harming the adventurer (for example, by using the wick of a lantern), all will be fine. If they try something unsubtle, like burning a Leech off with a flaming brand, the adventurer will lose 1 point of STAMINA each time.

Cupboard H

We are little Brethren twain,
Arbiters of Loss and Gain.
Many to our Counters run,
Some are made, and some undone.
But, as Men find to their Cost,
Few are made, but Numbers lost.
Though we play them Tricks for ever,
Yet they always want our Favour.

Sitting on a satin cushion inside the cupboard are two small ivory dice. These are the Dice of Logaan, and are powerful magical items. Any time a player is not in combat, he may elect to roll the Dice of Logaan. Take a pair of dice and nominate one as plus, one as minus. Roll the pair, and subtract the result of the minus die from that of the plus. Apply the final result to the character's LUCK score (for example, if the minus die is 4 and the plus die is 3, then the character would lose 1 point of LUCK).

Alternatively, the dice may be used as a last-ditch measure in combat. If the adventurers are doing battle, they may do down their opponents by means of the dice. Take a pair of dice and nominate one as the SKILL die, the other as the STAMINA die. Roll the dice and note the results. You should then take the value of the SKILL die off the opponent's SKILL, and the value of the STAMINA die off the opponent's STAMINA. If the adventurers are fighting more than one opponent, you should tell them the results, and let them divide the penalties among their opponents as they see fit. Throwing the dice in this manner can only be done once – the dice will then lose their magical powers.

10

A strange sight greets your eyes as you enter this room. Three weird disc-shaped creatures seem to be torturing a poor fellow. They have bound him hand and foot, and as you watch, two of them hurl him into the air. The other shouts 'Heads!' as they do so. The man lands painfully on his knees, and the two throwers raise a cheer. Some Gold Pieces are slid across the floor, and you notice that there are two piles of gold and silver. Then the creatures notice you. They frown at you and wait expectantly.

The round creatures are WHEELIES. The adventurers have interrupted their gambling game. If the adventurers approach them in a friendly manner, they will explain the game, and will let them play for a while.

The game is quite simple. First of all, wagers are laid. Then two of the Wheelies throw the bound prisoner into the air, and the remaining one shouts 'Heads' or 'Tails'. Depending on which part of his body the prisoner lands on, the bet is won or lost – winner takes all.

If the adventurers agree to play, the Wheelies will team up against them. All three will throw the prisoner into the air, and the adventurers must choose 'Heads' or 'Tails'. One of the adventurers should be nominated as the spokesman, who will make the call. The players should decide who does this. Then play out a number of rounds. The game can continue for as long as each side still has some money to gamble, and the adventurers still want to carry on. Run each round as follows:

1. Decide how much money is to be wagered on the throw. The money must be shown: adventurers cannot bet money they do not have. The Wheelies will match the bet if they can, otherwise they will bet as much as they have.
2. The Wheelies will then toss the prisoner into the air. The adventurers' spokesman must call 'Heads' or 'Tails'.
3. Roll a die. If the result is 1–3, the prisoner has landed on his head, arms or upper body (this counts as 'Heads'); if the result is 4–6, he has landed on his legs or lower body (this counts as 'Tails').
4. If the adventurers guessed correctly, then they get their bet back, along with that of the Wheelies. If they guessed wrong, then they lose their bet. Go back to 1 and start again.

The Wheelies have 57 Gold Pieces and 64 Silver Pieces with which to bet (10 Silver Pieces = 1 Gold Piece).

If the adventurers do not seem interested in the game, take a dislike to the Wheelies, or want to rescue the prisoner, they will have to fight them. Before battle is joined, the Wheelies will have a chance to spin round, each throwing one of their knives at the adventurers. These hit on a roll of 1–3, doing 2 points of STAMINA damage. Each of the three Wheelies has the following attributes:

WHEELIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

The prisoner, unfortunately, has been driven mad by his ordeal. He can do nothing except babble numbers, and will show no gratitude if rescued and freed from his bonds. He will sink down into a corner, talking to himself, and refuse to budge from it.

Ending the Scene

The Scene ends when the adventurers find the means to get through the eye-door. All they have to do is ensure that the eye sees the Reaver's face. There are three stuffed Reavers in this Scene, and of these, two can easily be dragged out of their rooms and shown to the eye. Alternatively, if one of the adventurers is a wizard, an illusion of the Reaver would do fine.

When the adventurers pass through the eye-door, they will see a flight of stairs ahead of them. These lead down into the Reaver's laboratory. You should now proceed to Location 1 of the final Scene, 'In the Laboratory'.

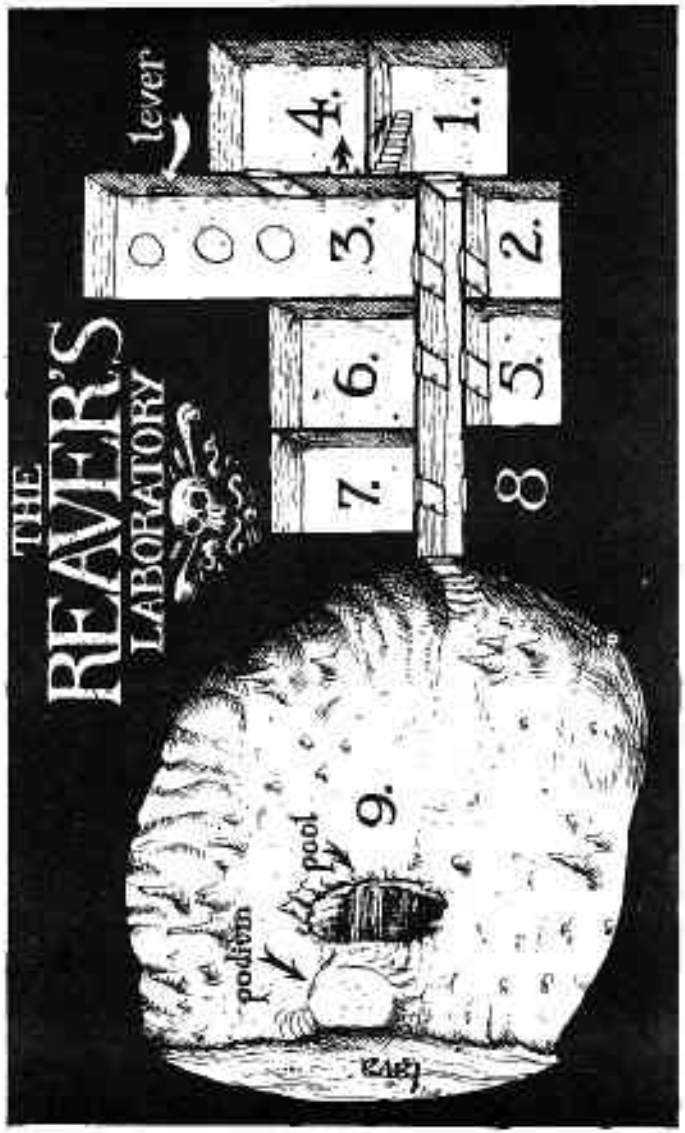

Scene Two: in the Laboratory

Tasks: Defeat the Reaver! Escape the laboratory.

1

You edge your way down the stairs, noticing that the light has changed colour. The ceiling is now glowing an eerie shade of blue. Coming to the bottom, you find yourself in a small empty room. There is a door in the opposite wall of the room. You can dimly hear a strange rumbling noise, but you cannot tell exactly where it is coming from.

This room is the entrance to the Reaver's laboratory. It is completely empty. The door is unlocked. If the players open it, they will see a corridor leading into the blue gloom. There are doors on either side of the corridor. The corridor leads to the various rooms within which the Reaver performs his experiments. Every five minutes, a Replicanth will come out of the first door on the right (Room 3), and make its way along the corridor to the room at the end, which it will enter. If the adventurers are in the corridor they will have to fight the Replicanth.

REPLICANTH	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

When attacked, the Replicanth will try to *Escape* (see *Fighting Fantasy*, page 54). You should work out which end of the corridor the Replicanth will be able to escape to. If it reaches the Production Room (Room 3), it will return with five of the eight Replicanths from that room. If it reaches the Reaver's Sanctum (Room 9), it will return with 2–12 of its fellows.

2

This room is wood-panelled, and has shelves all the way around the wall, on which sit racks of test-tubes. The test-tubes are all stoppered and labelled, and contain powders of different colours. At one end of the room is a trough full of water. As you opened the door, you created a draught, and this has blown a stack of papers into one of the test-tube racks. A test-tube of icy blue powder is knocked out, rolls gently along the shelf, then falls down on to the water trough. The glass shatters, and a faint sprinkling of the powder settles on the water. There is a furious bubbling, which slowly dies down. Then you notice a pair of beady eyes watching you from over the edge of the water trough.

This room contains an assortment of POWDERED CREATURES which the Reaver keeps in storage for the odd occasions which crop up in his hectic life. He refined his Particle Blender (see Room 5) to reduce various creatures to a concentrated, powdered form. All they require is added water, and they revert to their original shape. Of course, if only some of the powder is used, the creature will not revert to full size. This is what has happened to the creature currently observing the adventurers. It is a SILVER DRAGON, or rather, a miniature Silver Dragon.

MINIATURE SILVER DRAGON SKILL 6 STAMINA 8 ATTACKS 4

Every three Attack Rounds, the Dragon can breathe a sheet of cold at one opponent. The target must roll less than his SKILL on two dice, otherwise he will lose a STAMINA point.

The Dragon will attack as soon as all the adventurers enter the room. It is not entirely aware of its miniaturization, and thinks itself easily a match for a few puny humans.

Most of the powdered creatures are quite mundane. There are plenty of cats, dogs, rabbits and birds, but very few monsters. The Silver Dragon was the pride of the Reaver's collection. The list below gives the selection of monsters which the adventurers may be interested in. If they take some of the animal tubes, you should decide for yourself which creatures they contain. If the adventurers use only a portion of any of the powders, the resulting creature will be small and you should reduce the SKILL and STAMINA scores as you see fit.

	SKILL	STAMINA	ATTACKS
3 CROCODILES	7	7	2
1 DEATH DOG	9	10	1
2 GARKS	7	11	1
1 MAMMOTH	10	16	2
1 MANTICORE	12	18	3
3 NANDIBEARS	9	11	2
1 GIANT SCORPION	10	10	2
4 SLYKK	6	5	1
1 WYRM	9	12	3
2 XOROA	10	11	1

3

There is a loud gurgling noise coming from the room. Inside, the large chamber is dominated by three huge vats. A pulley apparatus hangs from the ceiling above them. Dangling from this are three repulsive objects. Furthest away from you is a bleached human skeleton. The two which are closer have been coated with a jelly. The three are slowly being pulled along until each is over one of the vats. They are then lowered. Beyond the vats, eight of the jelly-like creatures you have encountered before are standing by a lever, sifting through a pile of bones. As they spot you, they move towards you menacingly.

The adventurers have discovered the secret of the Replicanths. The Riddling Reaver has developed a process for coating skeletons in a jelly-like substance which makes them easy to animate. The resulting creature has a crude intelligence, and may be set simple tasks and left to get on with them. The Reaver has set a number of his Replicanths the task of manufacturing yet more. The process is quite simple. First a skeleton is assembled from bones stored in Room 4, with a sticky paste being used to fuse the bones together. Then the skeleton is hung from a hook connected to the pulley apparatus. When the machinery is operated (by the lever), the skeleton will be moved slowly along the line and dipped into each of the three vats in turn, until the Replicanth is finished.

Replicanths are currently being produced at the rate of one every five minutes. You should keep track of the time after the adventurers first enter the

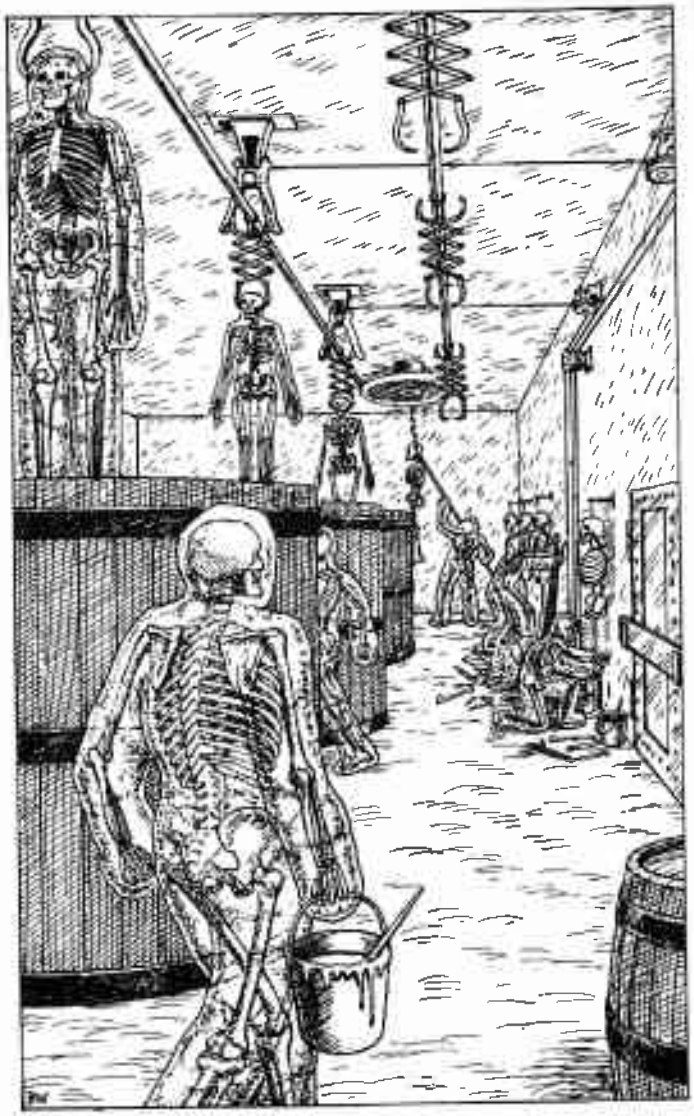

room. If they do not stop the production-line, new Replicanths will be produced.

To stop the production-line, the lever at the far end of the room must be pulled back. But there are eight Replicanths in the way! Each has the following attributes:

REPLICANTH	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If the fight lasts more than five minutes, of course, another Replicanth will come off the production-line and join in.

There is a barred iron door halfway down the right-hand wall of this room. The bar can easily be removed, and the door swung open, leading to Room 4.

4

The room is dark, lit only by a faint blue glow from the ceiling. It is full of bones. All the bones that you can see are human bones, although these vary in size. Some are obviously the bones of Pygmies, while others are strangely malformed.

The room is simply a store-chamber for the bones used in the production of the Replicanths. Apart from the iron door, the only other exit is up the steep, narrow chute to the hall above (Scene One, Location 3).

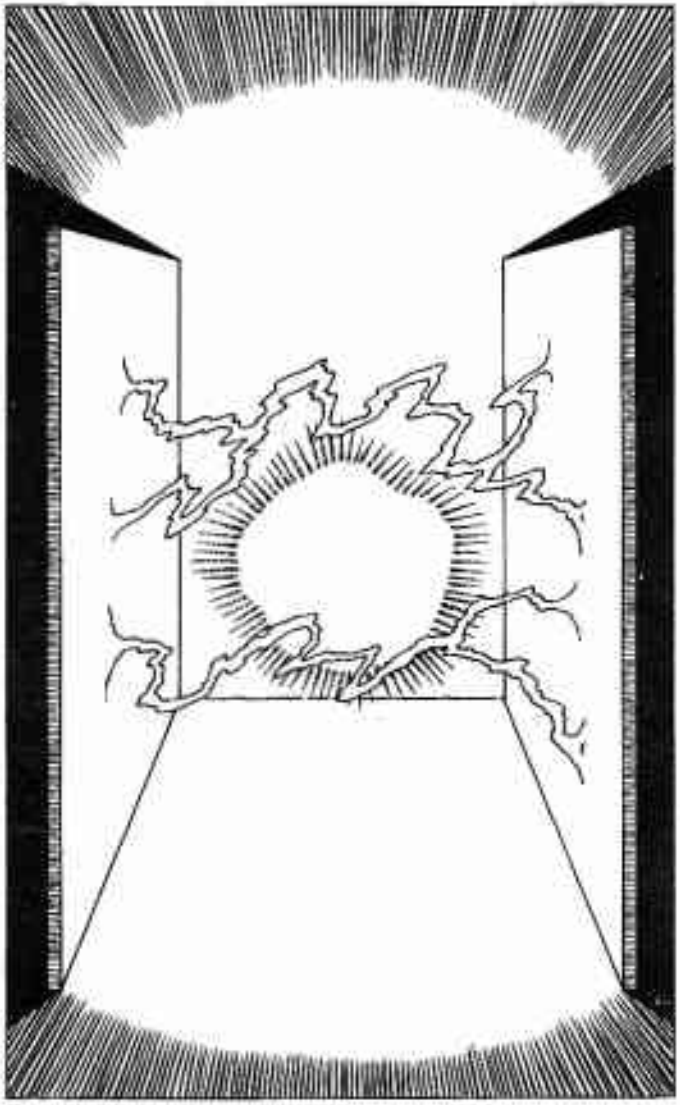

5

This room is quite small, and the light within pulses gently. On its far side stand two plates of metal, two metres square, facing each other. Coloured light dances between them, and high-pitched squeaks hurt your ears.

The Riddling Reaver is well versed in the magical arts, and is also adept at creating and adapting machinery to suit his needs. In this room, he has combined the two. Between the metal plates a magical field has been set up. The field has no effect upon non-living materials. If a living creature passes into it, however, it will start to mutate. Its skin will change colour, its limbs will be warped and twisted, and its hair will fall out. After a few seconds within the field, a creature will lose 1 point of STAMINA, but will gain a peculiar mutation (roll on the Mutant Lizard Man Table, pages 127–9).

The Reaver used this device to create the mutant Lizard Men who serve him out in the jungle.

The room is bare apart from the metal plates, as the presence of too much matter would interfere with the field generated between the plates.

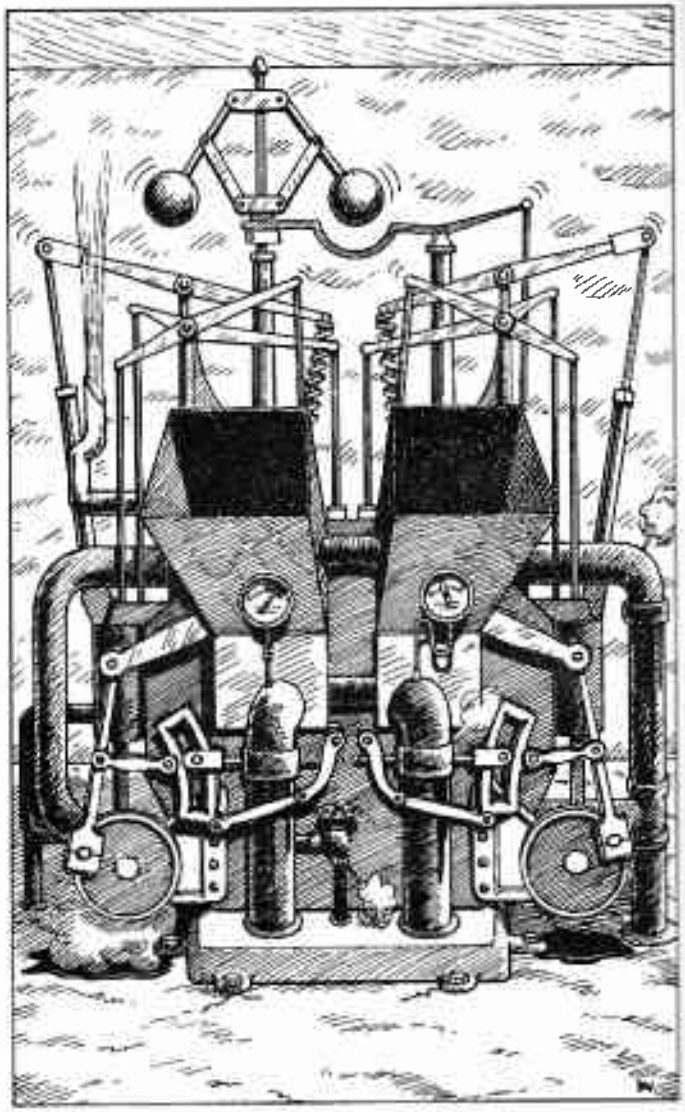

6

The room is dominated by a large black piece of machinery. Steam hisses out of its joints, oil drips on to the floor, and there is grating of metal. It feels as if the machine is a living creature. You can see that there are two chutes built into it on the side facing you.

The machine is a Particle Blender. It was devised many years ago by a wise scholar, who came upon the principle by chance. The machine takes items, separates them into their component particles, and then reassembles them.

If an item is dropped into one of the chutes, there will be a loud whirring and grating, and after a few seconds the item will fall out of a hole round the back of the machine. If examined, it will be found to be undamaged, and slightly cleaner than it was when dropped in. If two items are dropped into the chutes at the same time, though, they will be blended together. What will emerge from the hole at the back will be an item combining the characteristics of the two items. For example, if the adventurers dropped a sword and a shield into the machine, what emerged would be a shield with a sword-blade protruding from it. It is up to you to decide exactly how the characteristics of any items the adventurers drop down the chutes are blended.

The chutes are quite narrow, so an adventurer would have to be very thin to pass down them. They would be unwise to do so, as the process is invariably fatal.

There is nothing else of interest in the room.

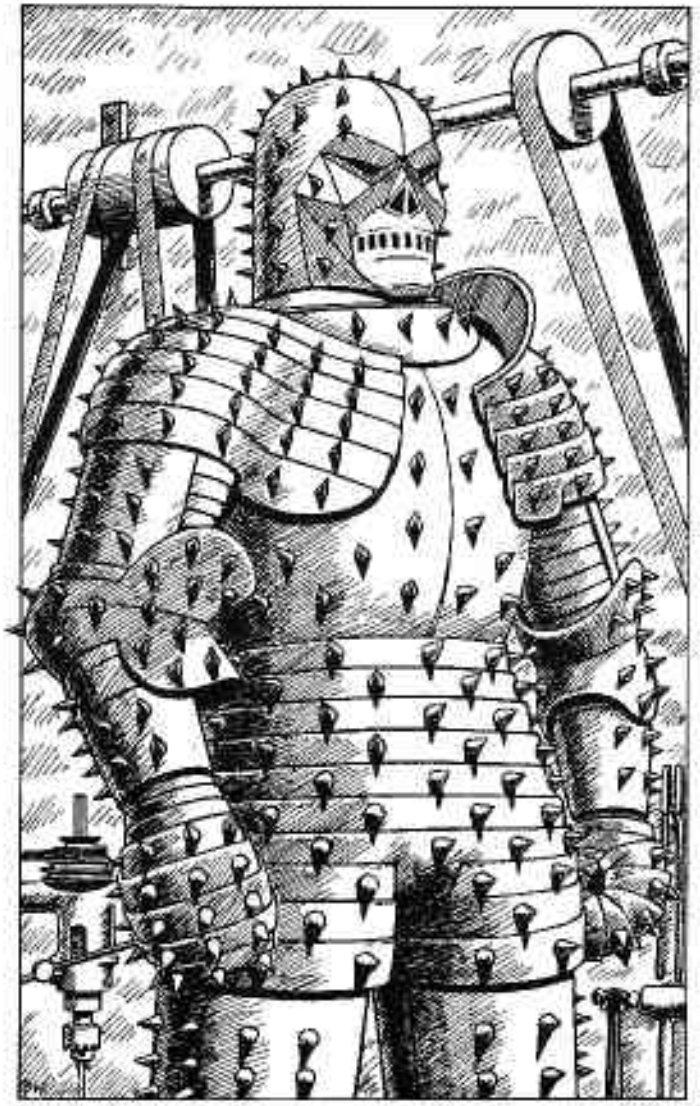

7

This is clearly a work-room of some kind. It is filled with benches, stools and odd-shaped pieces of machinery. In one corner there is a small forge with an anvil, while assorted tools are hanging from the walls. Near by a huge set of plate armour stands proudly. Nearly three metres tall, it is covered with spikes. It is obviously the work of a master armourer, with no area vulnerable to attack.

Most of the pieces of machinery are rejects from failed projects, or scraps which the Reaver felt might come in handy some day. The adventurers may examine them at their leisure, but they will be unable to get them to do anything.

The suit of armour is a different matter. The Riddling Reaver has always been a little sensitive about his fighting prowess. His incredible luck (which derives from his patron gods) makes up for this, but it still irritates him. He therefore built a suit of armour which would make him invincible. Not only would the suit protect him from injury, it would even fight his battles for him! All he would

have to do, to be the most feared warrior in Allansia, would be to climb inside and operate the controls. Unfortunately for him, it did not quite work. He could not seem to get the controls to work properly, and the armour had a bad habit of going berserk during tests and wrecking his laboratory. Eventually a new project claimed his attention, and he forgot about his desires to become a mighty warrior.

An adventurer examining the suit of armour will discover that there is a hatch round the back. This will open easily, and one character will be able to ease inside, and into a small control chamber. He will have room to move his arms, and will see a few levers in front of him. One of these is noticeably larger than the others. If the adventurer pulls this lever, the armour will shudder and take a step forward. If the adventurer pulls the same lever again, the armour will step back and slump inert. If he touches any of the other levers, however, the armour will go berserk. It will attack anyone else who is in the room.

MECHANICAL ARMOUR SKILL 14 STAMINA 20

All weapons do −1 damage to the Mechanical Armour. Once the armour's STAMINA is reduced to 5 points, further successful attacks will do 1 point of injury to the adventurer who is inside! The player inside may seek to control the armour when it goes berserk. Pulling the large lever is not enough. He will have to experiment with combinations of levers until the armour is finally deactivated. Every Attack Round the player should roll against SKILL on two dice, adding 4 to the roll. If the result is less than his SKILL, he has succeeded in switching the armour off.

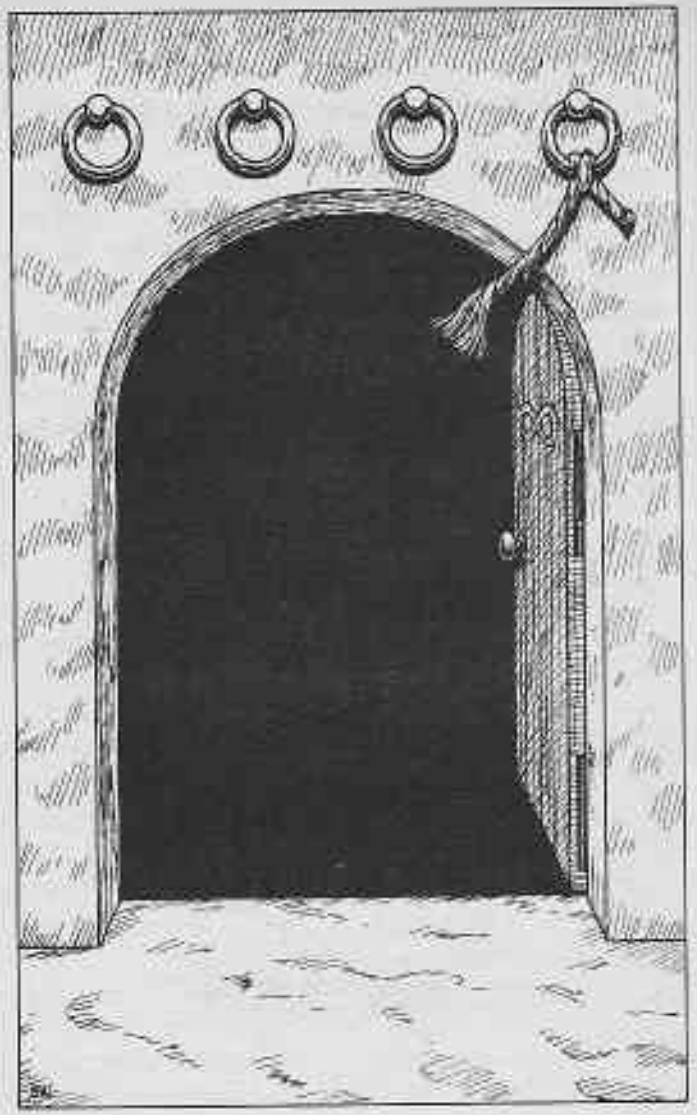

8

Above the door to this room are four brass rings. One still has a piece of frayed rope knotted on to it. When you open the door, you can see nothing inside but blackness. It is not just darkness, but the complete absence of any light at all.

This is the Void Room. It is where the Riddling Reaver disposes of his more troublesome enemies. There is nothing beyond the door but Void. Anyone who steps in, without retaining some contact with the corridor (for example, by having a rope tied around them, held by friends outside the room or tied to the brass rings), will be lost for ever in a Nothingness that exists outside of existence. They may chance to bump into some of the other eternal prisoners of the Void, but this is unlikely, as the Void is infinitely large. Since it is outside existence, there is no way a character lost in the Void can be brought back – even gods are powerless to intervene.

9

The large iron door to this chamber has a small grille. As you approach the door you can hear the slow, steady chant of massed voices coming from it. Looking through the grille, you see a vast rough-carved cavern. The guttering light of over a hundred swaying torches illuminates the cavern. Each is held by a foul jelly-like creature, staring intently at the far end of the cavern. The torches sway in time to the chant, which in turn follows the pounding from the podium at the far end.

There you can see the Riddling Reaver, conducting some bizarre ritual. Behind him, flames shoot up from a lava flow. In front of him lies a tranquil pool of clear water. On either side of him, huge fluted pillars glow with demonic light.

Floating above the pool of water you can see the Pendulum of Fate. The terrific pounding is coming from this. You sense that the artefact is straining against forces which seek to destroy it. The Reaver gesticulates wildly at it, and the pounding gets louder. Your hearts seem to be hammering against your rib-cages in time to the thumping.

The adventurers have arrived in time for the culmination of the Reaver's plan. The ritual is directed at destroying the Pendulum, so that the established order of Good and Evil will be thrown into disarray.

The adventurers will find it very easy to slip into the chamber unobserved, and they will not be spotted until they draw attention to themselves by taking action, or until after five minutes (if the produc-

tion-line of Room 3 is still working), when a new Replicanth will join its brethren.

There are 132 Replicanths in the chamber, so the adventurers will have to come up with a better plan than charging into battle, if they are to thwart the dastardly plot. Several possibilities exist. Players may think of some ingenious plan that will interrupt the ritual successfully; if they try something that is not covered below, you should use your judgement to decide whether it works. Try to make sure that whatever happens is as dramatic and exciting as possible: remember, this is the climax of the adventure. Think of it like an adventure movie. There should be lots of explosions, plenty of fighting, and success should only just be achieved.

The most obvious ways of putting a stop to the Reaver's machinations involve throwing things over the crowd of Replicanths. A Powdered Creature, thrown into the pool of water in front of the Reaver, would come to life and attack him by surprise. A Yokka Egg thrown successfully would distract him. If the Dice of Logaan were to be thrown they would cause a mighty eruption, as the power of the Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance themselves was turned against their servant.

You should use your judgement in playing out the final scene. There will be plenty of Replicanths to fight, though the confusion will be such that very few of them will be organized enough to spot the adventurers and attack them. It is very important that the heroes keep the Riddling Reaver distracted – and keep confusion reigning. He is such a deadly

enemy that if he is allowed time to assess the situation and take organized action, he will be able to defeat the adventurers very rapidly. Once captured, they would not have very much of a chance! No statistics have been given for the Riddling Reaver. He is not an enemy who can be fought in the normal way. Rather you should use your dramatic flair and judgement as GamesMaster to decide the outcome.

Since this is the climactic battle, you should feel free to bend the rules a little to make things work. You should also try to make sure that the Riddling Reaver either escapes destruction at the last moment (getting away in his airship, perhaps), or dies in such a way that his body cannot be recovered (falling into the lava stream would be ideal – with a last manic laugh, of course!). This way you will have set yourself up for the reappearance of the Reaver in a subsequent adventure (after all, it could have been a stuffed Reaver that died, while the real Reaver could have made his getaway). It is astonishing just how enthusiastic players will get about tracking down an old enemy who has eluded them in the past. It is also strange how old enemies seem to have a habit of cheating death!

Ending the Story

You should decide to end the story at the most appropriate moment. It would make sense to end the adventure immediately after the heroes defeat the villain. Making their way back through the

Reaver's Roost would probably be an anticlimax after they have beaten him. Then again, a bit of mopping up of last pockets of resistance would make sense, and the adventurers face the dismal prospect of a trek through the jungle back to civilization.

If you have played through the whole book, your players should now have a saga they can relate with pride. You can now develop your own stories from here, using parts of the plot to help you. The adventurers may return to Kallamehr with the news of their victory. Who knows what thrilling adventure they will find when they get there? That is for you to decide . . . guided, no doubt, by Luck and Chance!

Steve Jackson's

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Your search for the legendary Crown of Kings takes you to the Shamutanti Hills. Alive with evil creatures, lawless wanderers and bloodthirsty monsters, the land is riddled with traps and tricks waiting for the unwary traveller. Will you be able to cross the hills safely and proceed to the second part of the adventure – or will you perish in the attempt?

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Set in the mythological world of Ancient Greece, this 3-book epic brings an exciting historical dimension to Adventure Gamebooks. YOU are Altheus, sent to avenge the death of Theseus, your elder brother, whose body lies trapped in the labyrinth of King Minos. The combat system has been extended to incorporate the concepts of honour and shame.

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David Fickling and Perry Hinton

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The famous explorer, Edmund Mallory, has been foully murdered, and the legendary Bloodstone, which he acquired under mysterious circumstances on his last travels, is missing. All that remains are the scattered fragments of the explorer's diary, his personal notebook and most of the contents of his ransacked study. An almost unsolvable mystery. Yet it seems that the explorer himself expected to meet a violent end and prepared the way for YOU to track down his murderer and recover the Bloodstone. Unfortunately the clues he laid have been scattered in the turmoil of his terrible death. All the information you need is here, ingeniously hidden in both text and pictures, and each strand of the mystery unravels to reveal the next. Are YOU sharp enough to crack it?

STARFLIGHT ZERO

David Fickling and Perry Hinton

Illustrated by Peter Andrew Jones

One by one the Free Planets have fallen to the relentless advance of the Dark Ships until only Caldoran and Palonar remain. Then a last, despairing message comes from Palonar and Caldoran is on its own. It seems that the invaders, armed with the power of the invincible Black Light, will soon conquer the last outpost of resistance. The only hope for the survival of Caldoran is one last desperate mission by a small group of star fighters to strike at the source of the Black Light. And YOU are part of the mission.

HELMQUEST

David Fickling and Perry Hinton

Illustrated by Nik Spender

Atlantis was once a land of peace and prosperity, its golden age assured by the power that Daimos, master of the gods, had invested in the Bright Helm – power to protect the land from evil and sorcery. But then the Helm was shattered into twelve pieces by the dark gods and their servant Vorash. Now each piece lies hidden in a dark and accursed place, protected by one of the evil gods. But YOU have chanced upon the log kept by Na-Manon, priest of Atlantis. This log will reveal the journey made by the evil ones as they concealed each piece of the Helm. Do YOU have it in your power to recover those pieces and remake the Helm, thus restoring peace to Atlantis? All the information you need is there, ingeniously hidden in both text and pictures, and each strand of the mystery unravels to reveal the next. The quest of the Helm awaits you. Do YOU dare to take up the challenge?

THE TASKS OF TANTALON

Steve Jackson

Illustrated by Steven Lavis

Gallantaria is reeling from the aftermath of a long and costly war. Tantalon, wizard of the court, rules the kingdom over an Inner Council of scheming knights, jealously vying for power. But Tantalon's years are drawing to a close. In order to seek out the kingdom's sharpest minds, Tantalon has devised an epic adventure quest. YOU are a competitor in the Sorcerer's quest: can YOU steal the Brimstone Dragon's treasure hoard? Will YOU find a way to free Sir Dunstable from imprisonment in the Stinn dungeon? And how will YOU catch the Demon Fish? All the information you need is ingeniously woven into the text and pictures. All YOU have to do is to take up the challenge and crack the mystery!

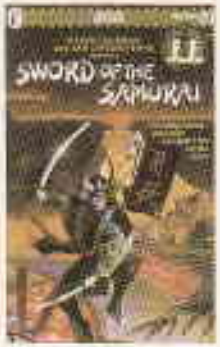
SWORD OF THE SAMURAI

APPOINTMENT WITH F.E.A.R.

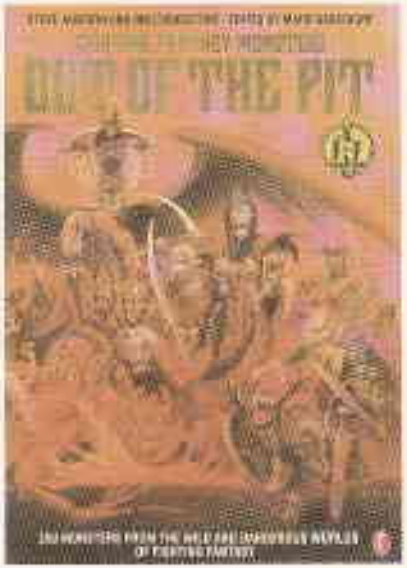
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STEVE JACKSON E IAN LIVINGSTONE

APRESENTAM

DUNGEONEER

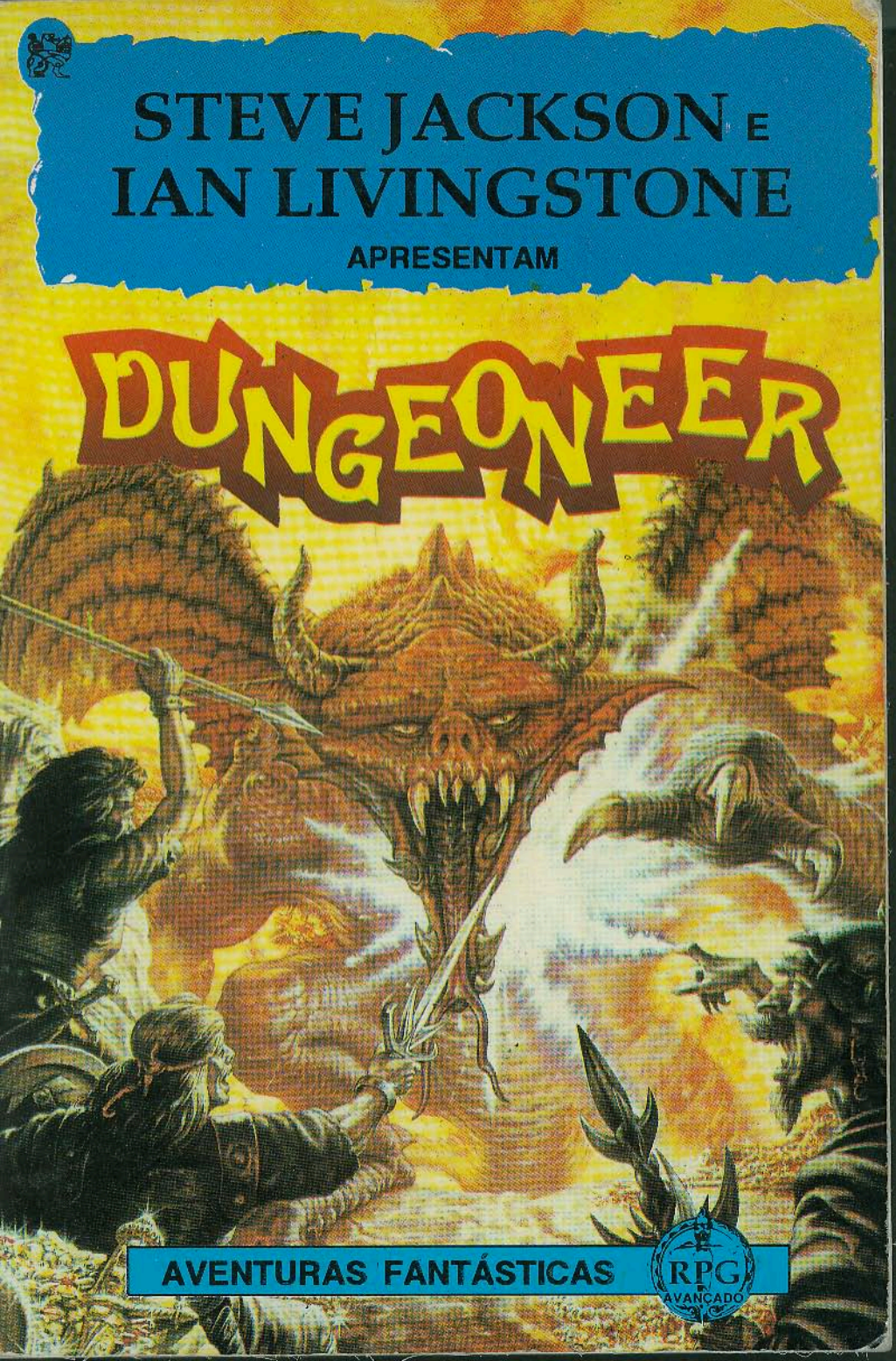

AVENTURAS FANTÁSTICAS

RPG AVANÇADO

Título do original em inglês
DUNGEONEER ADVANCED FIGHTING FANTASY

Publicado por Penguin Books Ltda.
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England
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Rua Santos Rodrigues, 240
Estácio
20250-430 Rio de Janeiro — RJ.
Tels.: (021) 273-9447 / 273-9449 / 273-9498
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ISBN: 85-85238-48-8

Tradução
Lilia Oliveira

Editoração Eletrônica:
MMFREIRE - Editoração e Arte

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Entre no Jogo!

Trincando os dentes para estabilizar as mãos, Ulrik Wolfsbane silenciosamente puxa sua poderosa espada longa. A lâmina com runas escritas solta um brilho feérico, como se iluminada por magia interior. O bárbaro rasteja para a frente, todos seus instintos preparados para alertá-lo da presença de algum perigo escondido. Com os nervos trêmulos pela tensão, ele alcança a linha do parapeito e, com uma última oração murmurada para seus guardiões não-terrenos, espia na tentativa de observar o misterioso anel de pedras.

Seus olhos verdes se arregalam quando fitam o objeto que se encontra bem no centro do círculo. As luzes bruxuleantes das tochas distorcem-lhe a visão, tornando a cena abaixo cheia de ilusões dançantes; mas não pode haver qualquer dúvida de

que finalmente encontrou o objeto de sua longa busca de muitos anos. O ídolo, esculpido do mais puro jade khuliano, parece tão pequeno e insignificante sobre seu imenso leito de mármore... mas Wolfsbane conhece muito bem seu incrível poder maligno, o poder que amaldiçoou sua amada Allansia com uma terrível peste de fome e decadência.

Segurando sua espada entre os dentes, Ulrik Wolfsbane balança seu corpo sobre o abismo e começa a descer em direção ao fosso... CORTA!

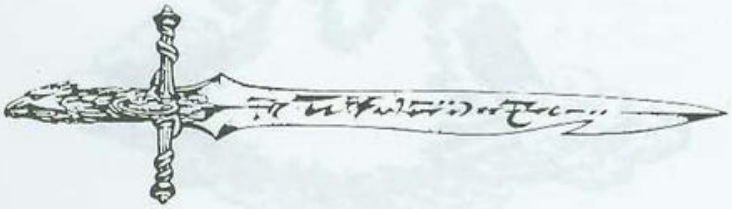

Você já quis ser o herói de seu próprio filme de fantasia ou de um livro épico de espada e magia? Os filmes e livros de fantasia são ótimos para deixar a imaginação voar solta em

uma escala fantástica, libertando-a das amarras da vida cotidiana e levando-o através de mundos cheios de excitação e perigo. Mas pense em como seria muito mais divertido se na realidade *você estivesse lá*, *você fizesse* todas as coisas que seus heróis fazem, *você fosse* os seus heróis!

Bom, eis sua chance. É preciso apenas ler as páginas deste livro para descobrir tudo o que deseja saber para conseguir criar o mundo de fantasia de seus livros e filmes preferidos — e, mais importante, as mais loucas lutas de sua imaginação — bem aqui, no livro a sua frente!

É simples. Vire a página e deixe a ação começar!

Novos Aventureiros Começam Aqui

Você pode achar que o que tem nas mãos é simplesmente um livro. Bom, ele certamente é um livro, mas não apenas isso; é muito mais. *Dungeoneer* é uma introdução completa a uma experiência totalmente nova, uma chave para o maravilhoso mundo de fantasia dos *role-playing games* (RPG) em geral e do *RPG — Aventuras Fantásticas* em particular.

Mas afinal, o que isso significa? Você se pergunta. Bom, quando falamos em "fantasia", estamos nos referindo a livros de toda uma gama de escritores, incluindo J.R.R. Tolkien, Robert E. Howard, Fritz Leiber, Margaret Weis, Tracy Hickman e muitos outros, e também de filmes, de *Conan* a *Willow*; a um mundo escuro e medieval onde magia funciona realmente — um mundo de cavaleiros e salteadores, Dragões e Orcs, ladrões e feiticeiros, samurais e ninjas, aventureiros orgulhosos e monstros enlouquecidos. Um mundo onde aventura e excitação escondem-se em cada esquina. E o que vamos fazer é re-criar esses mundos de fantasia através do que chamamos "personificação" ou "viver um papel".

Simplificando, isso significa normalmente que um grupo de amigos senta-se em volta de uma mesa e juntos criam uma história, solucionando problemas e "vencendo" ao chegar à conclusão dela. Você e seus amigos podem criar uma história em sua própria casa, com todos sendo personagens principais! E por isso, quem joga tem direito de decidir sobre os rumos da aventura; *todos* terão de escolher o que seu personagem diz ou faz — e fazê-lo com habilidade suficiente, espera-se, para matar o dragão, salvar a princesa ou trazer algum tesouro para casa

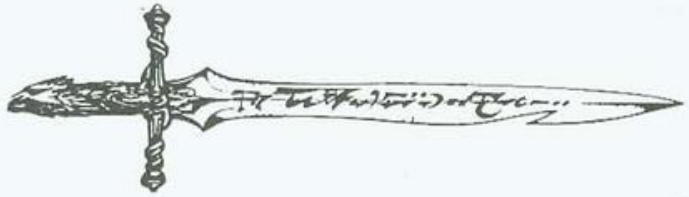

E, finalmente, é um *jogo* por duas razões. Primeiro, porque usamos algumas regras simples para decidir sobre a conclusão de eventos que necessitem de sorte: se seu herói vai começar a lutar com um mago maléfico, precisará saber se conseguirá acertá-lo com sua espada antes que ele o acerte com uma bola de energia mágica. Para resolver esse tipo de

coisa, você joga os dados de acordo com as regras simples e fáceis que detalharemos depois. E, segundo, nós o chamamos de jogo porque sua principal intenção é que todos se divirtam muito!

Então vamos nessa! Pule as próximas duas páginas, que são para aquelas pessoas sortudas que já participaram de jogos como este antes, e passemos a criar nossa própria obra-prima de fantasia!

Veteranos Começam Aqui

Se já participou do jogo *RPG — Aventuras Fantásticas* ou já se envolveu em algumas das maravilhosas aventuras dos livros-jogos da Série Aventuras Fantásticas (*A Cidadela do Caos* e *O Feiticeiro da Montanha de Fogo*, entre outros), você deve estar bastante familiarizado com alguns dos conceitos e regras que apresentaremos aqui. Mas tudo bem, pois ainda há muito divertimento e excitação a serem experimentados, até mesmo para os mais experientes aventureiros!

Você descobrirá que este livro atualiza muitas das regras básicas encontradas nos livros-jogos da Série Aventuras Fantásticas e no próprio jogo *RPG — Aventuras Fantásticas*. Não retiramos nada das regras originais; simplesmente acrescentamos mais alguns detalhes. Por exemplo, existe um novo sistema de habilidade individual que permite a cada herói especializar-se e tornar-se mais habilidoso em determinadas áreas como esgrima, esgueirar-se ou magia. Há também várias anotações novas sobre como planejar e desenvolver suas

próprias aventuras de fantasia, junto com todas as dicas e pistas que pudemos imaginar para deixar seus jogos mais agradáveis do que nunca. E finalmente, estaremos descrevendo a aventura como num livro, de modo a você poder certificar-se que todos entendam os novos conceitos apresentados e com os quais não estão habituados.

Dependendo de sua experiência no jogo *RPG — Aventuras Fantásticas*, você pode desejar pular as primeiras partes deste livro — nas quais apresentamos a experiência de Aventuras Fantásticas para aquelas pessoas que estão jogando pela primeira vez — e seguir direto para o prato principal, as novas regras e as aventuras. Isso é bastante aceitável. Assim como em todas as regras de *role-playing games*, você precisa tirar deste livro tanto ou somente o que for necessário para divertir-se com suas próprias aventuras de fantasia. Se não gostar de alguma regra que apresentamos aqui, não a use. A questão mais importante neste livro é divertir-se criando as situações mais excitantes, inspiradas em vários livros e filmes de fantasia ou novas histórias feitas por sua própria imaginação! Feliz aventura!

1. Começando

Se você já deu uma olhada nas regras de outros *role-playing games* (RPG), deve ter notado que sempre há muitas páginas de diagramas e tabelas, regras e regulamentos, todos devendo ser lidos e aprendidos antes que você e seus amigos possam sentar-se e começar a se divertir. Mas aqui nós lhe contaremos as regras no decorrer do jogo, revelando-as somente quando forem necessárias. Deste modo, vocês podem começar "de cara" — na verdade, agora mesmo, se quiserem!

Antes de começarem a criar sua aventura de fantasia, porém, precisarão juntar algumas peças. Nós já as explicaremos em detalhes e aqui está uma lista pela qual se guiar.

- Alguns Aventureiros
- Um Mestre
- Um lugar para jogar
- Alguns dados
- Lápis, papel e borracha
- Um relógio
- Acessórios (opcional)
- Miniaturas e cenário (opcional)
- Outros itens (opcional)

Os Aventureiros

Sua grande aventura de fantasia precisará de um grupo de amigos que assumam os papéis de Aventureiros, aquele bando de personagens corajosos, mas ruidosos, que vai solucionar os enigmas, vencer os monstros e que geralmente derrota o mal e vence para continuar a lutar no dia seguinte. Você já pensou em quem pode tomar parte nessa aventura? Bom, é pouco provável que você possa contar com Arnold Schwarze-

negger ou Sigourney Weaver, então é melhor chamar seus próprios amigos. Junte um grupo de duas a seis pessoas (mais de seis e a ação começa a ficar confusa; e provavelmente nem todos gostariam de ficar em volta de uma mesa).

Os jogadores de *Dungeoneer* podem ser garotos ou garotas, assim como o Mestre: não é necessário ser forte e grandalhão para erguer uma espada imaginária em *Dungeoneer*, e o cérebro pode muito bem ser mais importante do que a força bruta. Mas, para evitar confusões e explicações demais, iremos nos referir a todos como "ele".

O Mestre

Como você estará "dirigindo" uma aventura, precisará de um Mestre de Jogos. Já que este é o *seu* livro, achamos que *você* é a pessoa ideal para o trabalho: parabéns! De agora em diante, iremos todos assumir que você é o Mestre de Jogos (MJ) e o chamaremos apenas de Mestre.

Como num filme, o Mestre instrui os aventureiros a "personificar" seus papéis, monta as cenas descrevendo o que está acontecendo a sua volta e então deixa-os agirem como verdadeiros heróis. Em *Dungeoneer*, o Mestre é também a pessoa que interpreta todas as regras do jogo, sempre que isso for importante (em alguns outros jogos ele é conhecido como Juiz ou Dungeon Master — DM).

Sabemos o que está pensando: "Isso não está me parecendo nada divertido! Será que também não posso ser um aventureiro?" Bem, na verdade, o Mestre tem que personificar todos os personagens que os aventureiros encontram. Dependendo da trama de sua aventura, ela pode incluir magos do mal — "EH!, EH!, EH!, seus tolos idiotas!" — cavaleiros amaldiçoados — "Devemos duelar... até a morte!" — brutais guardas Orc — "Humanos! Matar eles tudo!" — e uma infinidade de outros tipos. Todos esses caras serão referidos aqui como os Bandidos ou os NPCs (Non-Player

Characters — em inglês, Personagens Não-Jogadores), e você jogará por todos eles! Esse é um dos aspectos do jogo de que você vai gostar, garantimos!

Como Mestre, é seu trabalho ler para os Aventureiros e interpretar todo o material necessário que exista em suas anotações sobre as aventuras fantásticas (já chegaremos lá). A menos que digamos o contrário, *apenas você* deve ler este livro. Segredo não é muito importante no momento, mas você deve desencorajar os jogadores, que serão aventureiros, a ler as anotações das aventuras; isso estraga a surpresa e a excitação e eles não irão se divertir tanto. Como já dissemos antes, no que diz respeito à primeira aventura apresentada neste livro, você pode sentar e jogá-la conforme for lendo; *não é* essencial memorizar regras e tabelas ou coisas assim. Mas, *se* tiver algum tempo livre antes de seu primeiro jogo, tudo ficaria ainda mais fácil se você lesse a aventura de antemão.

Um Lugar para Jogar

As partidas de RPG podem durar de meia hora a uma noite inteira, dependendo da complexidade das situações em que os Aventureiros se encontrarem. A primeira aventura deste livro deverá durar em torno de duas horas. A segunda durará um pouco mais e provavelmente precisará ser jogada em duas ou mais partidas, dependendo do tempo disponível e da regularidade com que seu pequeno bando de aventureiros pode se reunir para jogar.

Achamos que o meio mais confortável e amigável de se jogar *Dungeoneer* é com todos agrupados em volta de uma mesa, de preferência redonda, com o Mestre em um lugar meio distante dos outros participantes; desse modo, todos podem ver o que está acontecendo, ninguém tem desculpa para cair no sono e nem ficar constantemente correndo atrás do dado que rolou para debaixo do sofá. Se desejar criar uma atmosfera propícia, apague algumas luzes (desde que você possa ler sua aventura!) e coloque uma música misteriosa ao fundo. Se essa partida levar muito tempo, todo mundo gostará de ter alguma coisa para beliscar. Lembre-se de que vocês estão juntos para que todos se divirtam e sejam sociáveis!

Dados

As regras deste jogo "entram na conversa" sempre que um aventureiro ou um NPC esteja participando de alguma coisa na qual pode ganhar ou perder. Por exemplo: se Ulrik Wolfsbane está brandindo sua espada longa para um bandido Goblin, precisamos saber se a lâmina atinge ou não seu alvo. Para solucionar tais situações, vocês precisarão de alguns dados. Usamos o dado de seis faces — d6. Querendo adquirir dados, inclusive de diferentes tamanhos e cores, você poderá comprá-los em qualquer papelaria ou loja de brinquedos. Não será necessário comprar os dados multifacetados que são vendidos em algumas lojas especializadas e usados em certos *role-playing games*.

Será bastante útil ter, pelo menos, quatro dados, se puder adquiri-los, para que então todos, ou quase todos, aqueles aventureiros que precisem jogar um dado possam usá-lo quando necessário. Em vários estágios da aventura, tanto os Aventureiros quanto o Mestre precisarão jogar dados.

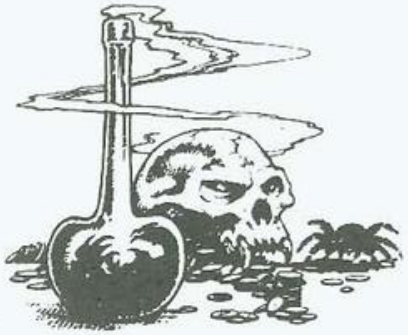

Lápis e Papel

Todos os jogadores que estiverem representando um Aventureiro terão de escrever quem é seu personagem, o que ele ou ela pode fazer, que armas está carregando e assim por diante. Você, o Mestre, talvez também precise fazer anotações relativas a determinados segredos relevantes à aventura. Portanto, certifique-se de que todos tenham lápis, papel e borracha para apagar os erros inevitáveis.

Um relógio

Algumas coisas no jogo terão uma certa duração, tais como um feitiço ou o efeito de um Gás Sonífero. Tenha um relógio à mão para tais ocasiões.

Acessórios (opcional)

Quando falamos de Acessórios, nos referimos àqueles poucos itens que podem ser dados aos Aventureiros como se eles os tivessem realmente adquirido. Por exemplo: se seu Aventureiro entra em uma taberna e resolve envolver-se em um jogo de azar com um dos freqüentadores locais, não seria fascinante se tivessem algumas moedas de plástico para apostar? É claro que os acessórios são opcionais. Você nunca *precisa* deles, mas podem dar um toque mais divertido ao jogo e faremos sugestões quanto a eles no decorrer do livro. Lembre-se, porém, que se não quiser usar Acessórios, ou não achar nada que seja apropriado, você não tem que tê-los.

Miniaturas e Cenário (opcional)

As miniaturas também são opcionais; não é essencial que as use. Quando o *role-playing game* tornou-se popular, as pessoas começaram a usar pequenos soldadinhos de chumbo para representar os Aventureiros, arrumando-os sobre a mesa de modo a ver, por exemplo, quem estava batendo em quem durante uma luta. Atualmente, existe toda uma gama de cavaleiros, magos, Orcs, Goblins, Dragões — e praticamente qualquer criatura que você possa imaginar; muitas lojas especializadas vendem esse material. Não são essenciais, mas às vezes são bastante úteis, e podem ajudar os jogadores a visualizar o que está acontecendo.

Se for usar miniaturas de metal para representar seus Aventureiros e seus temíveis adversários, também deverá pensar em usar algum cenário, transformando assim sua mesa no local onde ocorre a ação. Mas não é preciso que pague uma fortuna por um cenário: livros sob uma toalha de mesa podem representar montanhas, uma fita azul pode ser um riacho, paredes feitas com brinquedos de montar podem se transformar nas paredes de uma masmorra. O cenário não é essencial mas, assim como os Acessórios e as Miniaturas, pode ser bem divertido.

Outros Itens

Apesar deste livro (e alguns dos itens de fácil aquisição mencionados acima) ser tudo o que se precisa para jogar as aventuras aqui contidas, há vários outros livros da Série Aventuras Fantásticas (todos publicados ou a serem publicados pela Editora Marques-Saraiva) que podem ser-lhe útil mais tarde, principalmente quando for planejar e escrever suas próprias aventuras para que você e seus amigos possam jogar. Esses livros não serão necessários de imediato, mas eles contêm informações e aventuras que podem ser usadas no futuro.

Titan é um guia completo para o mundo de Aventuras Fantásticas onde essas aventuras ocorrem. Não é um livro-jogo; é uma enciclopédia sobre o mundo de Titan, com mapas e descrições de lugares, pessoas, transportes, dinheiro, os deuses e demônios, histórias e lendas, e muito mais. Ele lhe fornecerá muitas idéias para aventuras e histórico para os personagens, bem como informações sobre todos os aspectos da vida cotidiana de Allansia e do restante do mundo de Aventuras Fantásticas.

Associado a ele está *Out of the Pit — Saídos do Inferno*, que descreve mais de 250 monstros prontos para serem usados em suas Aventuras Fantásticas. Ele contém desde pequeninos Sprites e Elementais a enormes Gigantes, Dragões e Demônios. Cada criatura e ser-vivo é descrito nos mínimos detalhes, juntamente com informações de jogo a serem usadas com as regras deste livro.

O Saqueador de Charadas foi o primeiro livro de aventuras prontas escritas para serem usadas com o sistema de regras de *RPG — Aventuras Fantásticas*. Seus quatro episódios interligados levam os jogadores a sobrevoar as matas de Allansia à procura do mais esquivo dos vilões, o Saqueador de Charadas. As aventuras podem ser facilmente adaptadas para que você as use com estas regras avançadas, e elas são realmente divertidas!

Finalmente, muitos dos livros-jogos solo da série Aventuras Fantásticas também podem ser adaptados para grupos em vez de um único Aventureiro, utilizando-se as regras do *Dungeoneer*. É claro que algumas situações não darão muito certo pois exigem que o Aventureiro esteja sozinho; mas contanto que o grupo permaneça junto, a maioria delas se mostrará bastante divertida. Enfim, alguns dos mistérios ou situações encontradas nos livros solo podem fazer com que você, como Mestre, pense em situações semelhantes para seus Aventureiros.

Mais adiante neste livro nós lhe daremos outros exemplos de como criar e como jogar suas próprias aventuras de fantasia, depois de termos ensinado a você e aos jogadores recrutados como o jogo realmente funciona.

Uma Rápida Recapitulação

Bom, agora que você já tem este livro, vai querer começar a jogar. Resumindo, isto é o que você deve fazer a seguir:

1. Chame alguns amigos que estejam a fim de serem os aventureiros de sua aventura.

2. Se você tiver tempo, leia o livro todo; se não, leia pelo menos a primeira aventura, que começa na página 34.

3. Faça seus amigos se sentarem em volta de uma mesa e forneça-lhes papel, lápis, borracha e dois dados de seis faces. Se estiver se sentindo realmente com vontade de "mergulhar" no jogo, pode dar uma miniatura de metal para cada jogador e ter comes e bebes à mão. Se tiver tempo e interesse, pode escolher alguns acessórios para usar na aventura.

4. Leia o que vem a seguir: você vai escolher um personagem para cada jogador e então a aventura pode começar!

2. Os Aventureiros

Sua primeira aventura de fantasia está para começar — mas ainda precisa de mais um elemento: os Aventureiros, os personagens da história. Em aventuras posteriores, seus jogadores poderão criar seus próprios personagens usando as regras que fornecemos; mas para este primeiro jogo, montamos um grupo de seis aventureiros já definidos para uma livre escolha. Você encontrará as *Folhas de Aventuras* desses personagens, assim como suas características e peculiaridades, nas últimas páginas do livro. Você deve arrancar as páginas, xerocá-las ou copiar suas características em folhas de papel à parte.

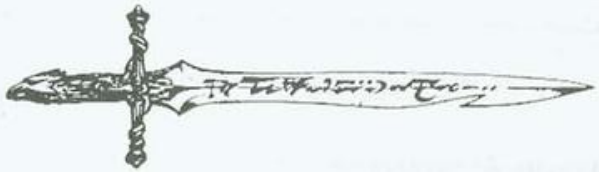

Você deve ter um personagem por jogador (até no máximo seis jogadores). Deixe que os jogadores tirem na sorte para ver quem vai ficar com que personagem. Você não poderá escolher um Aventureiro, é óbvio, pois é o Mestre; você estará jogando por todos os outros personagens não-jogador (NPCs e Monstros). Depois de terem decidido e resolvido seus personagens, deixe as *Folhas de Aventuras* que sobraram de lado; elas não serão necessárias. Não se preocupe se conseguir juntar somente um grupo de dois ou três jogadores, um grupo pequeno de Aventureiros suficientemente valentes pode ser bem-sucedido nessa busca. Na verdade, se seu grupo tiver cinco ou seis aventureiros, em várias ocasiões, você encontrará anotações indicando que deve acrescentar mais inimigos em determinadas situações. Porém, não se preocupe com isso por enquanto.

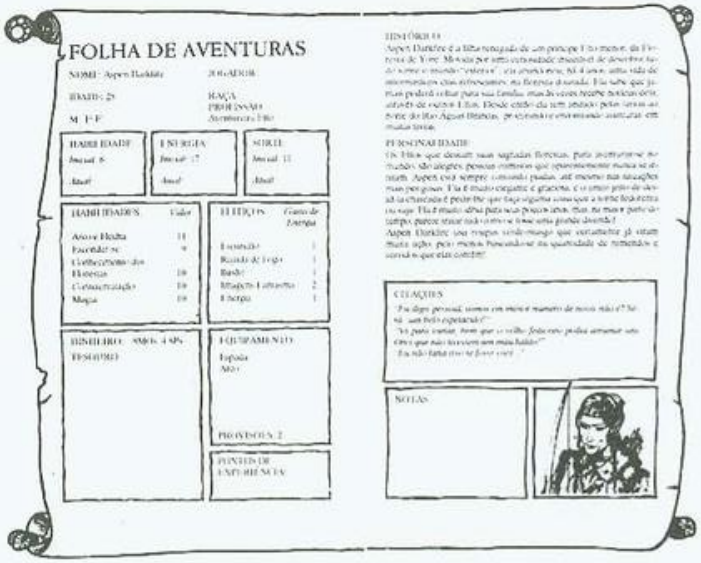

Exemplo de Folha de Aventuras

Personagens-Aventureiros

Depois de ter dado tempo suficiente a todos para que se inteirem das características de seu Aventureiro em suas *Folhas de Aventuras*, você deve ler em voz alta o texto que se segue:

Nas Folhas de Aventuras de cada personagem, um Aventureiro é descrito de duas maneiras. Primeiro, ele ou ela vem descrito em termos numéricos, com pontos dados por sua HABILIDADE, ENERGIA *e* SORTE. *Cada personagem também tem algumas Habilidades Especiais ou Feitiços mágicos, características que indicam em quais deles ele é particularmente bom.*

Segundo, há uma breve descrição sobre que tipo de pessoa é o Aventureiro. Lembrem-se: vocês estarão representando esses Aventureiros, assumindo suas personalidades. Portanto, vocês deveriam tentar agir, em todas as situações, como seus personagens agiriam, de acordo com o sugerido na descrição. Não

há nenhuma outra informação na qual se basear — vocês *vão definindo as particularidades conforme a aventura prosseguir —, mas damos algumas sugestões sobre o tipo de coisas que seus personagens diriam. Metade da graça em participar desse tipo de jogo é tentar ser o personagem e agir como ele agiria, fazendo coisas que você jamais faria na vida real!*

Você agora deveria dar uma olhada em todos os itens das *Folhas de Aventuras* dos jogadores, para certificar-se de que todos compreendem as características da personalidade e das habilidades de seu Aventureiro. Nesse estágio, não é necessário que os jogadores saibam *com exatidão* o que significam todos os números e como eles afetam as habilidades do Aventureiro; isso logo ficará claro com o andamento da aventura. (Os jogadores familiarizados com os livros-jogos solo da Série Aventuras Fantásticas ou das regras estabelecidas em *RPG — Aventuras Fantásticas* não precisarão de explicações.) Para os jogadores que precisarem de assistência, leia os textos a seguir

Habilidade

O número fornecido é uma medida da habilidade geral do Aventureiro, tanto em combate como em uma grande gama de outras atividades. Nas regras avançadas também estão incluídas capacidade de comunicação, esgueirar-se sem ser ouvido, subir em paredes íngrimes, evitar uma flecha inimiga e muitas outras coisas. Os Aventureiros de um modo geral têm HABILIDADE entre 7 e 12; seus inimigos normalmente a têm em menor valor — ou, ocasionalmente, maior!

Energia

Aqui está representada a força e a saúde de um Aventureiro e também até que ponto ele está determinado a sobreviver. Talvez ajude se pensar na ENERGIA em termos de "vidas", pois a cada vez que um Aventureiro sofrer um ferimento, seus pontos de ENERGIA serão reduzidos em 1 ponto ou mais. Se a ENERGIA de um Aventureiro for reduzida a zero, é bem provável que ele esteja morto! Mas ela pode ser recuperada após um longo período de descanso ao final de uma aventura, ou pela aplicação de magia de cura. O valor de ENERGIA costuma variar entre 14 e 24.

Sorte

Todos os personagens possuem uma certa quantidade de SORTE, que pode ser utilizada quando todo o resto já falhou. Os pontos existentes em uma *Folha de Aventuras* é a medida da boa fortuna e sucesso de um determinado Aventureiro e normalmente está entre 7 e 12 pontos. Valer-se da SORTE faz com que ela seja drenada, e é recomendável que os Aventureiros não abusem dela com freqüência; se ela acabar, a aventura deles terminará em morte.

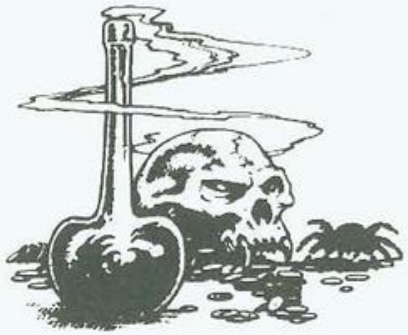

Habilidades Especiais

Elas dependem dos pontos de HABILIDADE *Inicial* do Aventureiro, e mostram como ele é especializado em determinadas áreas. (O número dado na *Folha de Aventuras* para cada Habilidade Especial é em função dos pontos de HABILIDADE do Aventureiro. Exatamente como esses pontos foram obtidos será explicado mais adiante.) Note que uma Habilidade Especial em usar *Espada* só pode ser levada em consideração se o Aventureiro em questão estiver realmente lutando com uma espada. Em uma situação em que ele estiver usando um machado, porque sua espada quebrou-se, ou foi perdida, deve-se fazer os cálculos usando os pontos de HABILIDADE básica. Em certas situações, o Mestre pode temporariamente somar ou subtrair 1 ou 2 pontos de uma Habilidade Especial, dependendo da facilidade ou dificuldade da tarefa a ser realizada. Se a HABILIDADE de um Aventureiro for reduzida, por magia ou ferimentos, suas Habilidades Especiais também são reduzidas na mesma quantidade de pontos.

A maioria das Habilidades Especiais dada para os Aventureiros é auto-explicativa. Algumas, porém, precisam de um pouco mais de explicação:

Conhecimento das Florestas — A capacidade de sobreviver nas florestas. Essa Habilidade inclui a possibilidade de encontrar comida, permanecer em uma trilha, rastrear alguém, encontrar abrigo e muito mais.

Conhecimento do Mundo — A oportunidade de conhecer um fato em particular sobre a geografia, a história, o clima, as personalidades locais, as estradas certas a serem seguidas e aspectos de uma determinada área.

Conhecimento do Subterrâneo — A capacidade de sobreviver em um complexo de masmorras ou de caverna sem se perder, notando desabamentos antes que eles ocorram etc.

Conscientização — A possibilidade de sentir alguma coisa que seja fora do comum; inclui ouvir alguém se esgueirando, sentir o odor de leves traços de veneno, encontrar uma armadilha escondida etc.

Esquivar-se — A chance de sair do caminho de alguma coisa ou de alguém vindo em sua direção, e em grande velocidade.

Magia — O conhecimento de feitiços e magia; sem essa Habilidade, não se pode lançar feitiços; e mais, a Habilidade determina se o feitiço é lançado corretamente! E, como essa Habilidade Especial exige muita concentração de quem está lançando o feitiço, o Aventureiro terá sua HABILIDADE (e por conseguinte suas outras Habilidades Especiais) reduzida para compensá-la.

Trapaça — A chance de enganar alguém. Por exemplo: fazer com que acreditem no que o Aventureiro está dizendo, ou que comprem o que ele está vendendo.

Visão no Escuro — A capacidade de ver quase na escuridão total, especialmente em subterrâneos. Esta Habilidade Especial não funciona em escuridão total.

Uma lista mais completa e com explicações mais detalhadas sobre as Habilidades Especiais é fornecida mais adiante, a partir da página 114.

Feitiços

Os feitiços mágicos ficam armazenados na cabeça do Aventureiro, prontos a serem invocados no momento apropriado. Eles podem ser muito poderosos se usados nas situações certas — mas também podem ser arriscados. Lançar um feitiço requer primeiro uma verificação bem-sucedida em relação à Habilidade Especial de Magia do Aventureiro. Ativar um feitiço, funcione ele ou não, consome um certo número de pontos de ENERGIA ao Aventureiro (o valor dos pontos gastos por cada feitiço está entre parênteses, ao lado do nome do feitiço). Um Aventureiro pode lançar feitiços até ficar sem ENERGIA (nesse ponto ele morre — portanto, tenha cuidado!). Feitiços que duram por um certo tempo podem ser automaticamente interrompidos pelo mago que o lançou, antes de seu término. Os feitiços conhecidos pelos personagens de nossa primeira aventura têm os seguintes efeitos:

Energia (1) — Este feitiço recupera até 6 pontos da ENERGIA de um Aventureiro, ou até no máximo sua ENERGIA *Inicial*.

Escuridão (1) — Faz com que toda a luz artificial de uma área com diâmetro de 5 metros em volta de quem o lançou seja anulada durante três minutos (impede a Habilidade Especial de *Visão no Escuro*).

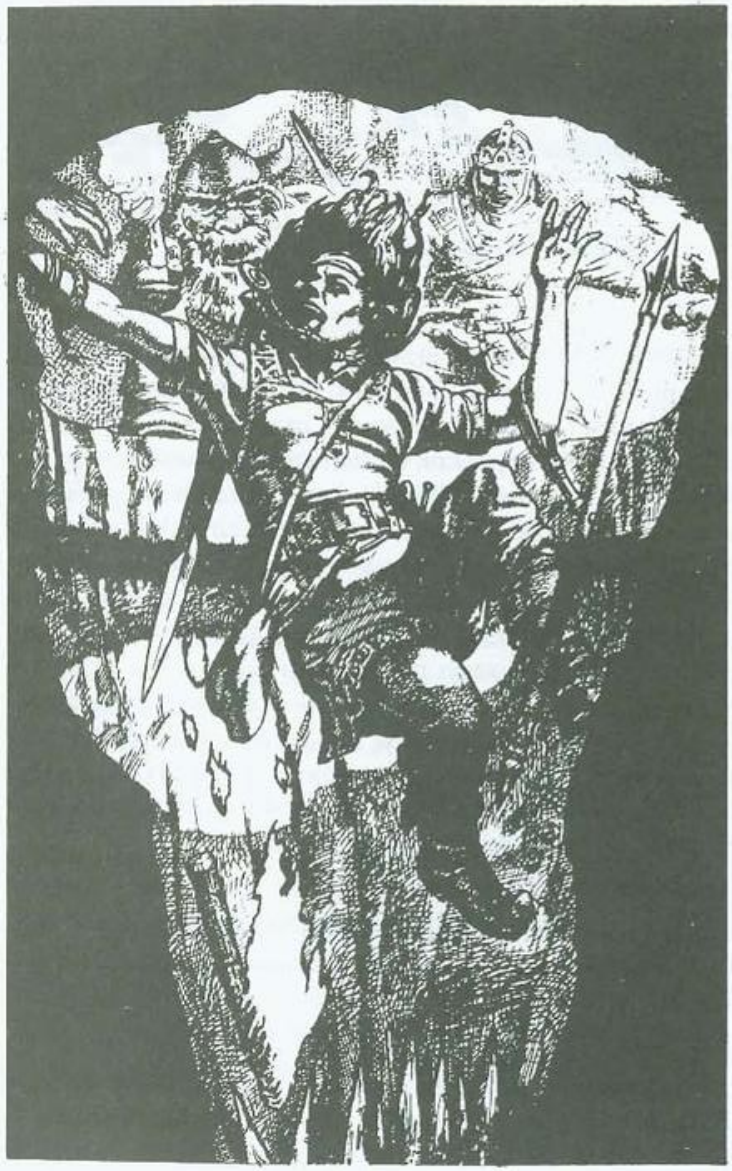

Fraqueza (1) — Este feitiço reduz temporariamente a HABILIDADE da vítima de 1 a 6 pontos (jogue um dado), durante cinco minutos.

Ilusão (1) — Cria uma ilusão que convencerá uma pessoa quanto a sua existência até 3 minutos. Se acontecer alguma coisa que revele que o objeto ilusório não existe ou não é o que parece ser, ele imediatamente retorna a sua forma normal. Por exemplo: um ferimento causado por uma espada ilusória só será revelado como não tendo realmente machucado ninguém após a ilusão da espada ser desfeita.

Imagens-Fantasma (2) — Esta ilusão, que dura no máximo 3 minutos, convence uma pessoa de que agora há três magos! Durante uma luta, a vítima tem apenas uma chance em três de acertar o inimigo certo. Porém, todas as três imagens revidam e podem ferir a vítima!

Levitar (2) — O objeto sobre o qual é lançado este feitiço fica livre dos efeitos da gravidade, fazendo com que se mova para cima ou para baixo, apenas, sob o controle do mago. O mago também pode levitar a si mesmo, e a duração deste feitiço é de no máximo 5 minutos.

Medo (1) — Aterroriza uma determinada pessoa, fazendo com que ela covardemente se afaste o máximo que puder de quem lançou o feitiço. O efeito dura por 2 minutos.

PES (2) — Permite que o mago perceba os sentimentos e emoções de uma determinada pessoa ou ser (nem plantas nem rochas, a menos que sejam inteligentes!) Não se pode realmente ler os pensamentos ou palavras, e sua duração é de no máximo 1 minuto.

Rajada de Fogo (1) — Lança uma rajada de fogo em um alvo, causando a perda de 1 ponto de ENERGIA da vítima.

Sono (2) — Este feitiço faz com que uma pessoa ou criatura durma por 5 minutos.

Sorte (1) — Semelhante ao feitiço de ENERGIA, ele recupera 4 pontos da SORTE de um personagem, e sua SORTE jamais poderá ser aumentada além de seu valor *Inicial*.

Nota para o Mestre

Os feitiços que não derem certo (isto é, quando o mago falha ao jogar contra sua Habilidade *Mágica*) normalmente têm o efeito contrário, atacando a quem o lança em vez da vítima pretendida. Você é quem decide quanto aos resultados precisos; mas nosso conselho é fazer com que seja engraçado, mas não que seja injusto ou fatal!

Muitos outros feitiços estarão disponíveis para os Aventureiros após sua primeira aventura. A lista completa será dada mais adiante, na página 125.

Equipamento

É simplesmente uma lista do que cada Aventureiro está carregando para ajudá-lo em sua busca. Nesta primeira aventura, nós já escolhemos todos os itens, e não se pode comprar mais nada. Mas, nas aventuras futuras, os Aventureiros terão a oportunidade de comprar itens extra.

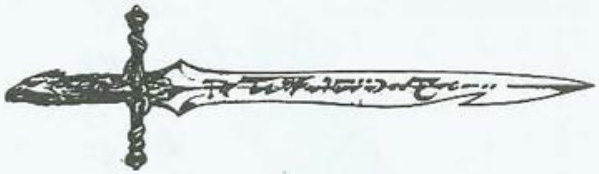

Ouro — Detalha quanto de dinheiro nossos Heróis estão levando. A moeda padrão é a moeda de ouro (freqüentemente abreviada para MO). A outra moeda mais comum é a moeda de prata (MP); 10 MP equivalem a 1 MO.

Histórico

Quem é o Aventureiro, e de onde ele vem? Esta seção acrescenta alguns fatos relevantes para informação dos jogadores.

Personalidade

Esta seção resume as atitudes de nosso Aventureiro diante da vida, dos outros Aventureiros, de seus inimigos especiais e outros detalhes. Esta seção pode ser usada por cada jogador como uma base para agir como seu personagem no decorrer da aventura.

Citações — As sugestões desta seção são apenas algumas frases que cada Aventureiro gosta mais de falar. Os jogadores são encorajados a inventar mais coisas para seus personagens; outras citações se tornarão populares conforme o progresso de cada personagem nas aventuras que se seguirão!

Depois que todos os jogadores estiverem pelo menos cientes de quem estão representando, e compreenderem mais ou menos o que significam os pontos de HABILIDADE e ENERGIA, podemos seguir direto para a aventura. Está pronto para começar a aventura de fantasia que dará início a todas as outras aventuras de fantasia? Então vamos nessa!

Oceano Oeste
LOCAL DA AVENTURA DE
DUNGEONEER
FLORESTA DE DARKWOOD
TORRE DE THROG
PLANÍCIE WINWARD
Chalice
RIO PRATA
Kaan
Porto Blacksand
BAÍA DAS OSTRAS
ALLANSIA
DO NORTE
MONTANHAS DO DEDO DE GELO
Zengis
Fang
RIO KOK
Anvil
PLANÍCIES PAGAS
Stonebridge
Mirewater
RIO VERMELHO
FLORESTA DE DARKWOOD
COLINAS MOONSTONE
RIO BAGRE
RIO PRATA
Chalice
Silverton
PASSO DO TROLLTOOTH
RIO ÁGUAS BRANCAS
FLORESTA DE YORE
Salamonis
Shazâar
VALE DO SALGUEIRO
Warpstone
MONTANHAS CRAGGEN
PLANÍCIE SUL
TERRAS PLANAS
LEGENDA
RIO
ESTRADA

DUNGEONEER
AVENTURA I:
"A TORRE DO FEITICEIRO"

Introdução para o Mestre

Todas as informações a partir daqui e até o final da aventura são apenas para os olhos do Mestre de Jogos. Se os jogadores precisarem saber alguma coisa, você lerá em voz alta, fornecendo-lhes o que *deveriam* saber ou que *podem* descobrir. Então, se você é um dos jogadores, pare de ler agora. Pare AGORA.

Agora que os outros estão fora da jogada, caro Mestre, o procedimento é o seguinte: temos um certo número de situações a serem vivenciadas. Apresentaremos cada uma delas de modo idêntico para que descubra exatamente o que deve fazer. Você talvez ache bastante útil ler toda a aventura antes de começar a apresentá-la aos jogadores mas, de um modo geral pode começá-la direto, sem grandes problemas. Você poderá demorar um pouco se quiser usar algum acessório. Desse modo, também estará descobrindo o que vai acontecer ao mesmo tempo que os aventureiros.

Quando chegarmos a cada nova cena, descreveremos primeiro o *Local*. Geralmente fazemos isso do ponto de vista dos Aventureiros, então você poderá ler essa descrição para o grupo, que será capaz de imaginar melhor o que pode ser visto. As partes que podem ser lidas em voz alta estão em *itálico, como estas.* Às vezes forneceremos um mapa para quem gostar de usar miniaturas ou para que o Mestre visualize melhor o contexto geral da aventura. Em outras ocasiões, haverá desenhos que poderão ser mostrados aos Heróis.

A seguir vem o *Resumo da Trama*: umas poucas linhas para que você saiba o que está para acontecer.

Em terceiro vem a *Lista de Personagens*. Não, não os Aventureiros; desta vez nos referimos aos personagens de fora, aos NPCs e, mais importante, aos Bandidos. A maioria deles aparece em apenas uma ou duas cenas, e é uma das razões por que não escolhemos jogadores para eles. Então quem joga por todos esses personagens? Você — lembra-se? E seus amigos, dando uma de Heróis, achavam que iam monopolizar toda a graça, hein? Bom, já que está trabalhando muito mais do que eles, deixamos os melhores papéis para você. Os Bandidos podem morrer no final, mas mesmo assim também são muito divertidos.

Em seguida vêm os *Acessórios*, as pequenas coisas e peças que não são essenciais à trama mas ajudam a enriquecer a

aventura e a criar uma boa atmosfera. Essas coisas podem precisar de um pouco de preparo, portanto, se deseja usá-las, certifique-se de ter tudo pronto antes de começar a aventura.

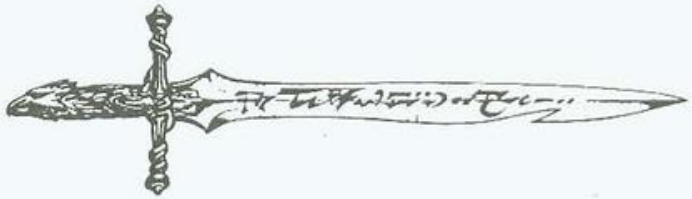

E agora partiremos para a *Ação!* Em algumas cenas haverá mais de um segmento de Ação!, mas alguns deles só ocorrem se o grupo de aventureiros fizer determinadas coisas. Para cada um deles nós diremos o que deve acontecer, como certificar-se que ocorram (não podemos deixar o grupo fugir da trama, não é?) e quando interromper essa parte da cena e seguir adiante. Também daremos algumas sugestões de histórias, principalmente quando um dos Bandidos tiver que fazer um grande e dramático discurso!

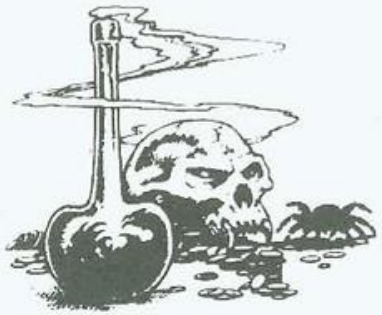

É claro que às vezes um membro do grupo fará alguma coisa tão idiota (ou até mesmo tão maravilhosa) que a trama toda parecerá estar ameaçada de ficar comprometida. Por causa disso, incluímos a seção *Problemas?* em cada cena, que o ajudará a fazer voltar a atenção para a trilha que deveriam seguir.

Finalmente, existem as instruções *Vá Para...* Nos filmes, nunca se gasta muito tempo vendo os Heróis viajando de um lugar para outro ou ficando à espera de que seus ferimentos se curem; mas, às vezes, você precisa explicar como saíram, de onde estavam, na última cena, e foram parar no local da cena seguinte. Existe ainda a complicação de os personagens terem uma certa liberdade sobre o que podem fazer. Em função disso, eles nem sempre participarão de todas as cenas. Então, essa seção lhe diz para que cena seguir e como os Heróis conseguirão chegar lá.

Estão todos prontos? Já estão com os dados à mão? Todos os jogadores encontram-se confortavelmente sentados e atentos? Então lá vamos nós para a Cena Um... A aventura começa agora!

Cena 1 — Na Floresta

Local

Você deve ler os próximos parágrafos para os jogadores, a fim de montar a cena da ação que virá a seguir:

A aventura começa em uma solitária estrada na floresta, onde pode-se ver uma linha de soldados a cavalo. Seus uniformes são esplêndidos; mas quando observamos seus rostos, é óbvio que não estão nada felizes com a vizinhança. Apesar de serem veteranos experientes, estão todos nervosos, com a expressão preocupada. Muitos cavalgam com suas mãos descansando sobre o cabo da espada.

Encabeçando a coluna estão vocês, os Aventureiros, bastante diferentes da companhia que os segue. Obviamente não são soldados, mas parecem capazes de exterminar toda a coluna com as próprias mãos. Junto a vocês está um jovem ricamente trajado e o comandante dos soldados.

Mais adiante, erguendo-se acima das árvores, vê-se um solitário e pontiagudo penhasco. No topo encontra-se um castelo sombrio e de aparência maléfica.

No ano 285 Após o Caos, o Rei Pindar de Chalice, sabendo que seu corpo envelhecido não veria mais tantos verões e temeroso do avanço do Mal, resolveu providenciar segurança para seu povo após sua morte. Conhecedor de que uma pequena cidade-estado como Chalice não poderia permanecer de pé sozinha por muito tempo, ele pensou em uma aliança com a poderosa Salamonis. O Rei Salamon tinha uma filha com a mesma idade do filho de Pindar e então arranjou-se um casamento. Mas antes que o Príncipe Barinjhar e a adorável Sarissa pudessem se casar, a Princesa foi raptada, durante a viagem em que ia conhecer seu futuro esposo, por Xortan Throg, maléfico feiticeiro que habitava as profundezas das florestas ao norte do Rio Bagre.

O Rei Pindar logo convocou seus conselheiros. Chalice estava em grande perigo, pois certamente Salamonis ficaria enraivecida pelo pouco cuidado tomado com sua princesa, e como uma cidade tão pequena poderia ter a esperança de fornecer guerreiros suficientes para vencer um poderoso feiticeiro? E seu castelo de pedras parecia capaz de rechaçar todos os exércitos de Allansia. Em desespero, foi sugerido que o rei contratasse um pequeno bando selecionado entre aventureiros experientes, o tipo de pessoas para quem os riscos não são grandes demais e matar feiticeiro é somente um trabalho rotineiro...

Resumo da trama

Os Aventureiros (e seus jogadores) tomam conhecimento de sua busca e chegam ao castelo do feiticeiro.

Lista de Personagens

Príncipe Barinjhar

O príncipe é o jovem ricamente trajado que está à frente da coluna. Seu pai o treinou cuidadosamente e ele é educado e cortês como seria esperado de um príncipe de Allansia e herdeiro do trono de uma cidade-estado. Mas não é um nobre tolo e esnobe. Ele cavalga tão bem quanto seus guarda-costas e gostaria de agarrar o feiticeiro que lhe roubou a noiva.

Morval

O capitão da guarda é um veterano que trabalhou muitos anos protegendo Chalice contra as forças do Mal incessante e do Caos infernal. Nunca foi à guerra, pois Chalice não enfrentou nenhuma durante a vida de Pindar; mas é um soldado capaz, e sem dúvida alguma, seria de grande valia se o chamassem para a guerra. Ele tem grande admiração pelos Aventureiros e, se fosse dez anos mais jovem, teria pedido para acompanhá-los até dentro da torre.

Os Guarda-Costas Reais

Essas tropas servem apenas de proteção ao príncipe, para o caso de tentarem raptá-lo também.

Acessórios

Não serão necessários nessa primeira seção, que só tem falas e explicações.

Ação!

1. A Conversação

Enquanto cavalgam, os Aventureiros têm a oportunidade de perguntar a Barinjhar e a Morval sobre o feiticeiro. Eles poderiam aproveitar a ocasião para estabelecer suas personalidades e revelar alguns detalhes de seu passado. Todos os Aventureiros foram contratados de diferentes partes de Allansia e também precisarão se apresentar uns aos outros. Deixe que os jogadores entrem em seus personagens com calma, mas assegure-se de que todos digam alguma coisa que se relacione à busca antes que a conversação termine. Espera-se que eles façam muitas perguntas. Se não fizerem, ou se você preferir ter o controle total desde o início (o que normalmente é uma boa idéia, se todos os jogadores forem aventureiros de primeira busca), eis aqui algumas falas para Barinjhar e Morval que lhes revelarão todas as informações disponíveis.

BARINJHAR: *"Até um certo ponto, meus amigos, culpo a mim mesmo. Se a tivesse conhecido como eu desejara, talvez pudesse fazer alguma coisa para salvá-la, mas meu pai me persuadiu que o mais próprio a fazer seria nos encontrarmos nos portões da cidade. A pompa e a cerimônia devidas e coisas do gênero, um belo espetáculo para o povo, dando-lhes uma desculpa para pararem de trabalhar e participarem das celebrações. Mas afinal, se aqueles corajosos guerreiros não puderam salvá-la, o que eu poderia ter feito?"*

MORVAL (inclinando a cabeça quando começa a falar com seu suserano): *"Suspeito que muito pouco, sire. Fiquei o mais próximo possível da Princesa. Estávamos na estrada principal da floresta, é claro, a que segue para leste daqui, que é mais larga e mais fácil de perceber uma emboscada. Vimos os Goblins vindo a quase um quilômetro de distância e posicionei meus homens com bastante antecedência. É quase uma manobra de rotina; eles atacam, nós os enxotamos; me pergunto porque eles continuam tentando!*

"Enfim, tudo estava indo bem quando de repente ouvi um grande grito acima de mim. Olhei para cima e vi um imenso Grifo mergulhando exatamente em direção à Princesa. Felizmente, eu ainda tinha minha lança à mão, mas como não havia tempo para pensar, não tive velocidade suficiente e ela resvalou nas penas duras da barriga do monstro. A fera pegou o cavalo da Princesa pelo pescoço, matando-o instantaneamente, e enquanto isso acontecia o feiticeiro — que montava nas costas da criatura — inclinou-se e pegou a moça. Ataquei

novamente com a lança e dessa vez arranquei um bocado de penas do rabo do bicho, enquanto gritava para meus homens pegarem os arcos, mas o mago planejara o ataque muito bem. Quando conseguimos nos livrar dos Goblins e empunhar nossos arcos, o Grifo já estava muito acima das árvores e fora de nosso alcance. Ele é um oponente astuto; teremos de nos esforçar muito para obtê-la de volta."

BARINJHAR: *"Ele pode ser astuto, Morval, mas temos os deuses do nosso lado. Eu não correria o risco de assaltar o castelo, mesmo com uma legião de Dragões. Mas nossos sacerdotes nos dizem que há uma entrada secreta para o castelo, escondida nas árvores junto à base do penhasco. Se esta previsão for correta — e quem sou eu para duvidar das palavras dos deuses? — então, enquanto distraio o feiticeiro com uma conversa mole, nossos amigos podem esgueirar-se para dentro do castelo e pegá-lo despreparado."*

MORVAL: *"É um plano muito bom, sire, e, como o senhor diz, um plano com as bençãos divinas. No entanto, uma coisa ainda me intriga: por que ele fez isso? Sabemos que a maioria dos feiticeiros é bastante má — pois todos lidam com Demônios e coisas do gênero, com as quais não me espantaria — e apesar dele ter alguns servos desprezíveis, jamais nos causou problemas. Faz 20 anos que ele vive nesse local e a pior das reclamações que ouvimos é que seus Goblins roubam cabras das vilas no limite da floresta. Ora, algumas pessoas até já disseram que o rei deveria tomá-lo como conselheiro. O que poderíamos ter feito para ofendê-lo?"*

BARINJHAR: *"Nada de que eu tenha notícia, leal Morval, mas às vezes as mentes dos homens ficam mudadas por outras coisas que não ofensas. Afinal, se o que me disseram dessa jovem princesa for verdade, então qualquer homem se arriscaria por ela, principalmente se for um velho homem solitário com nada além de Goblins e Trolls como companhia!"*

Se estiver com dificuldades para fazer com que seus jogadores falem, experimente lançar perguntas feitas pelo Príncipe Barinjhar. Eles já enfrentaram feiticeiros? Conhecem muita magia? Pergunte-lhes individualmente, talvez fazendo uma pergunta que os ajude a mostrar suas personalidades e histórias. Se os personagens abaixo estiverem incluídos no grupo, pergunte ao guerreiro Jerek Stromgard se ele já enfrentou um Grifo (uma resposta honesta seria não, mas o Aventureiro pode sempre mentir para parecer mais corajoso), ou à Elfo se ela está preocupada com a busca. (Um Grifo é uma grande e amedrontadora criatura com o corpo de um leão mas a cabeça e as asas de águia. Todos os Aventureiros já terão ouvido falar dela, mas nenhum deles a enfrentou.)

Depois que a maior parte das informações tiver sido revelada e a conversa começar a fluir (mais cedo ou mais tarde, dependendo dos jogadores), vá para a parte seguinte da cena usando o que Barinjhar fala abaixo:

"Rápido! Este deve ser o carvalho enodoado do qual nos falaram nossos sacerdotes. Sim, aqui parece ter uma trilha que segue pelas árvores. Morval, você acompanha nossos amigos na floresta. Quando receberem a notícia de que eles encontraram a entrada, eu me anunciarei ao feiticeiro e pedirei para falar-lhe."

2. Encontrando a Entrada

Os Aventureiros agora devem desmontar e mover-se pelas árvores a pé, acompanhados por Morval. Existe uma trilha bem definida. Se estiverem presentes, Aspen Darkfire e Axel Wolfric podem olhar em volta e usar sua Habilidade Especial de *Conhecimento das Florestas*. Se algum dos dois pedir para usá-la, diga para jogarem dois dados cada um. Se o total obtido for igual ou menor do que os seus pontos de *Conhecimento das Florestas* (neste caso 10 ou menos), eles perceberão que Goblins usam a trilha com regularidade. Se o total obtido for 11 ou 12, eles não percebem nenhuma pista que lhes indique quem fez ou quem usa a trilha.

Após um certo tempo, os Aventureiros chegam à entrada da caverna. Morval então deseja-lhes boa sorte e retorna até onde deixou o príncipe. Nossos heróis podem pedir quaisquer informações que tenham perdido no caminho, se ainda tiverem perguntas a fazer — mas, depois que ele tiver partido, estarão por sua própria conta.

Problemas?

Esperemos que os Aventureiros não sejam tão covardes a ponto de tentarem desviar de sua busca, mas podem pedir-lhe alguma ajuda, talvez alguns soldados para acompanhá-los. Barinjhar diz que adoraria ir, mas seu pai proibiu, para o caso de precisar distrair o feiticeiro. E quanto às tropas, são necessárias para protegê-lo. Enfim, os soldados estão nervosos demais com a possibilidade de encontrar o feiticeiro novamente e de precisarem lidar com seus poderes mágicos comprovadamente reais.

Uma outra coisa que os Aventureiros podem fazer, principalmente se um deles for o Anão (Grimbold Tornhelm), é perguntar sobre o pagamento. Naturalmente, o Rei Pindar pretende recompensá-los tão ricamente quanto for possível ao seu pequeno reino, mas os termos são pagamento mediante resultados. Afinal, se os Aventureiros falharem, Pindar precisa ter meios para contratar outros mercenários. Se este assunto vier à baila, Barinjhar lembrará aos aventureiros que o acordo foi de que seriam "belamente recompensados" por seu pai após o serviço estar completo.

Vá Para...

Depois que Morval deixar os Aventureiros, a ação se moverá imediatamente para a *Cena 2 — Dentro do Penhasco!*

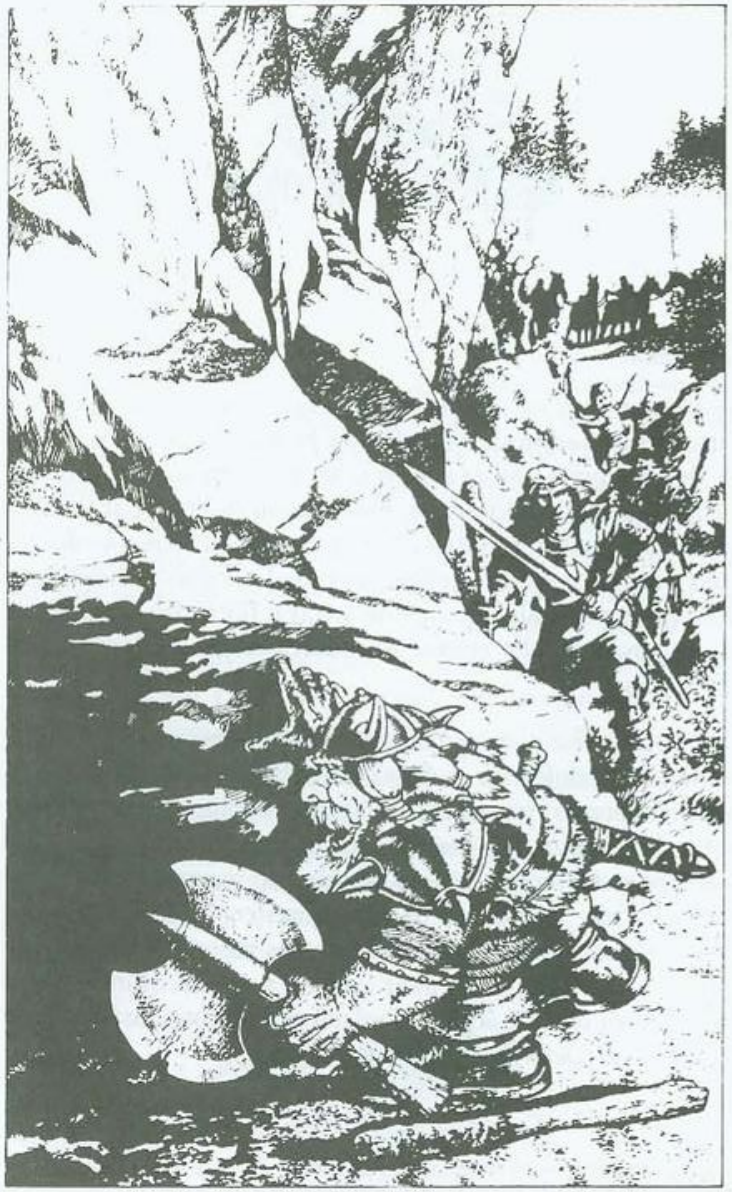

Cena 2 — Dentro do Penhasco!

Local

Esta cena começa com os Aventureiros entrando em uma caverna meio escondida na base do penhasco. Eles acendem tochas — pelo menos esperamos que o façam! — e movem-se lentamente para frente. A caverna logo se estreita até se tornar uma passagem que sobe lentamente pela rocha. Os aventureiros devem lutar para prosseguir, as cabeças baixas por causa do teto baixo, em fila indiana. Um pequeno riacho corre pelo túnel, tornando a pedra na qual pisam molhada e traiçoeira.

Isso servirá como guia para informar aos Aventureiros o que vêem, dizendo o que estão fazendo ao mover-se túnel acima. Eles têm de tomar algumas decisões antes que você possa revelar-lhes mais detalhes, mas enquanto estiver descrevendo os locais, nós lhe diremos o que encontrarão quando lá chegarem. Não revele a informação a seguir antes que eles se aprofundem no túnel.

Após uma subida longa e cheia de percalços, o túnel termina em uma enorme caverna natural. A luz fraca fornecida pelas tochas dos Aventureiros não será suficiente para que seja possível enxergá-la toda. *Visão no Escuro* não é uma habilidade compatível com tochas acesas e, sem uma tocha, o Anão não poderá enxergar mais longe do que os outros o fariam tendo uma tocha acesa. No lado oposto há um largo túnel aberto artificialmente, com uma escada que se presume deva subir até o castelo. Em ambos os lados da caverna existem vários pequenos túneis que seguem para as cavernas onde vivem as hordas de Goblins de Xortan Throg. Os Aventureiros não sabem (por enquanto), que os recessos cheios de sombras estão repletos de guerreiros Goblins armados.

Resumo da Trama

Os Aventureiros sobem o túnel com cuidado. Na grande caverna são emboscados por um exército de Goblins. Muitas das criaturas são dizimadas e o restante foge aterrorizado!

Lista de Personagens

Muitos Goblins que serão reduzidos a migalhas (pobres Goblins!). Os Goblins possuem punhais longos e cada um tem HABILIDADE 5 e ENERGIA 5. Sim, sabemos que isso pode não significar muito no momento, mas logo você saberá mais; segure as pontas mais um pouquinho.

Acessórios

Se estiverem jogando durante a noite, ou madrugada adentro, você pode apagar as luzes na primeira parte desta cena e então só acendê-las, de repente, quando os Goblins atacarem. É claro que não deve fazer isso se não puder ler o que vem a seguir.

Ação!

1. Túnel Acima

Você precisará verificar o que os Aventureiros estão fazendo enquanto sobem pela passagem rochosa. *Você* sabe que eles serão emboscados; eles não, mas espera-se que eles tomem precauções quanto à essa possibilidade. Eles usam tochas, ou tentam encontrar o caminho às cegas, guiando-se pela *Visão no Escuro* do Anão? As tochas serão percebidas pelos Goblins, é claro, mas no escuro os Aventureiros tropeçarão e cairão, fazendo muito barulho.

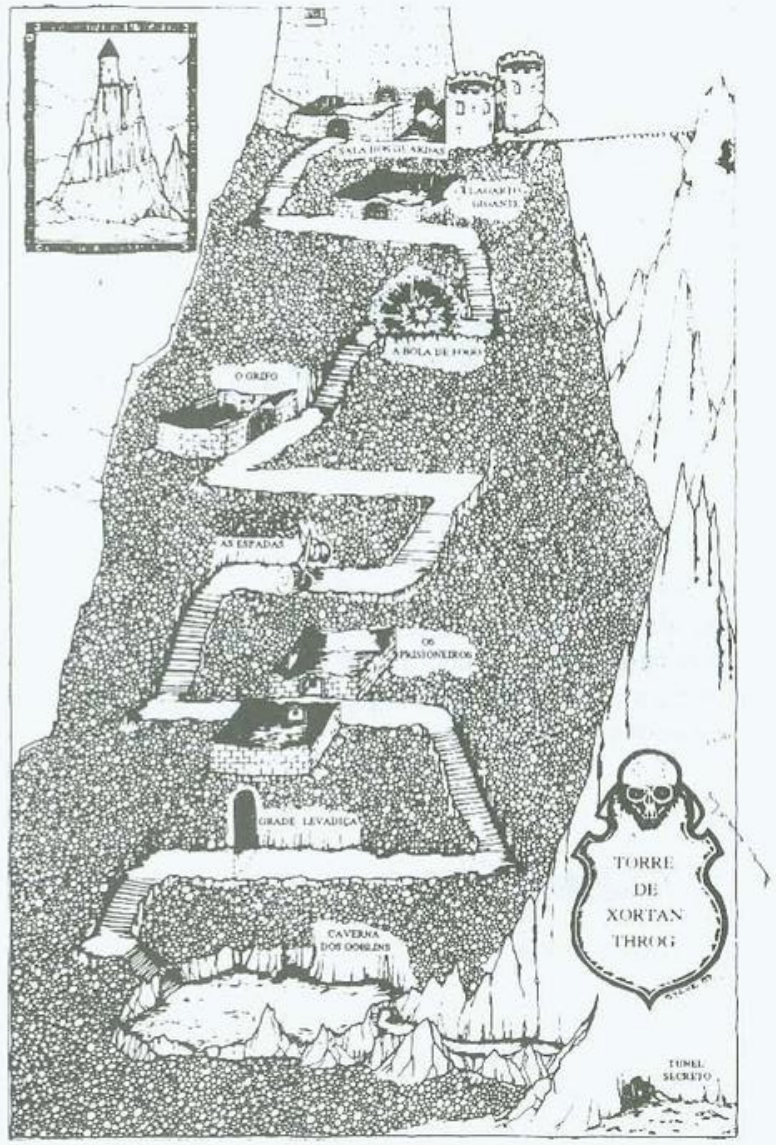

Não há pegadas na passagem, mas ela tem um cheiro muito acentuado de Goblin e tanto o Elfo quanto o Anão reconhecerão o cheiro na hora. Se o Anão usar sua Habilidade Especial de *Conhecimento do Subterrâneo* (obtendo 10 ou menos, ao jogar dois dados), ele notará outros sinais, tais como pedaços de tecido rasgado presos às rochas. Apesar de bem escondida, a entrada parece estar sendo usada constantemente.

Verifique a ordem em que os Aventureiros sobem pela passagem, perguntando-lhes quem está exatamente onde, na fila. Na verdade, isso não é importante, mas em outras circunstâncias pode vir a ser, então é melhor perguntar aqui também, para não os deixar com suspeitas quando fizer essa pergunta numa situação em que a posição de cada um será importante.

Depois de ter estabelecido a ordem de marcha, respondido às perguntas dos Aventureiros e de ter-lhes descrito as cercanias usando a seção *Local*, você deveria poder ir direto para o segmento 2 da *Ação!* Porém, se os aventureiros estiverem

engajados em alguma conversa interessante (o Anão gosta de estar no subterrâneo, o Elfo odeia, o ladrão tem suspeitas, e os outros podem inventar suas próprias opiniões), deixe-os conversar por um *tempinho* antes de prosseguir.

2. Ao Final do Túnel

Quando os Aventureiros chegarem ao final do túnel, eles provavelmente desejarão verificar a caverna antes de entrar nela. Este é um momento difícil para você, pois terá que escolher a hora exata para começar a emboscada.

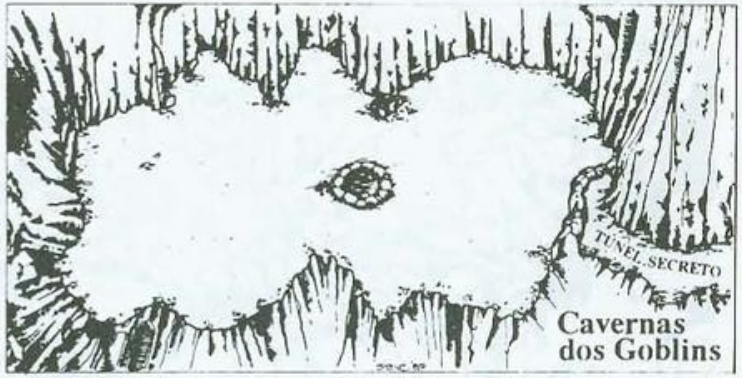

Os Aventureiros não poderão ver ou ouvir os Goblins de onde se encontram. Se algum deles for enviado na frente como batedor, faça a emboscada bem rápido. Você terá de dar tempo suficiente para que o batedor corra de volta a seus amigos, senão ele não terá nenhuma chance — e você não quer matar ninguém assim de cara. Se o grupo inteiro entrar na caverna, então os Goblins podem fazer um serviço mais bem-feito e esperar até que possam cercar os Aventureiros mais facilmente.

Os Goblins não têm nada a dizer quando pulam de seus esconderijos, mas podem soltar todo tipo de gritos de guerra horríveis e inumanos ao atacarem. (Grite qualquer bobagem para seus jogadores, mas faça com que pareçam horrendos!) Os Goblins são pequenas e detestáveis criaturas humanóides, de pele verde, mais dura do que a de um homem (veja a ilustração). Também são seres brutais e feios, mas com uma inteligência que lhes serve bem. Todos usam andrajos e fragmentos rasgados de armadura, e carregam longos punhais denteados. Alguns dos que estão mais recuados seguram tochas, iluminando toda a caverna. O objetivo é o de mostrar quantos Goblins encontram-se aqui (um grande número — os Aventureiros não têm tempo para contar o número exato!); elas também lhe oferecem a oportunidade de descrever a caverna aos aventureiros. Para olhos inexperientes, a situação pareceria bastante desesperadora.

3. A Luta

Os Aventureiros devem ter tempo de recuar quando os Goblins os cercarem, ou, se os Goblins tiverem de atacar antes, lado a lado junto à boca do túnel. Isso significa que precisarão enfrentar somente um Goblin por vez e, sendo lutadores bastante fracos, os Goblins devem morrer com facilidade. Quando os Aventureiros tiverem matado uns dois ou três, o restante do grupo fugirá para dentro dos outros túneis. Uma hora, especialmente boa, para que eles recuem é logo depois que um dos Aventureiros tenha lançado um feitiço espetacular, se puderem fazê-lo (e podem!). Nossos heróis então po-

dem atravessar a caverna e chegar à escada, onde termina esta cena.

Aqui se segue uma explicação de como lutar. Cada Goblin tem características semelhantes às possuídas pelos Aventureiros, tendo HABILIDADE 5 e ENERGIA 5. Você precisará controlar esses números num rascunho. Cada jogador deve decidir que arma seu personagem vai usar (normalmente aquela na qual tem uma Habilidade Especial, pois é melhor lutando com ela). Somente armas de combate corpo-a-corpo é que podem ser usadas; arcos não serão permitidos nessa luta. Resolva cada combate entre um determinado Aventureiro e um Goblin antes de seguir para o próximo.

A seqüência de combate é a que se segue:

(1) Você joga dois dados e soma o resultado com a HABILIDADE do Goblin (5).

(2) O Aventureiro joga dois dados e soma o resultado aos seus pontos de Habilidade Especial por causa da arma que está usando (ou sua HABILIDADE *Inicial* se não tiver Habilidade Especial em nenhuma arma).

(3) Compare os totais. Se o total do Goblin for maior, ele feriu o Aventureiro: vá para (5). Se o total do Aventureiro for maior, ele feriu o Goblin: vá para (4). Se os totais forem iguais, os golpes foram bloqueados ou evitados. Retorne para (1) e comece nova série de ataque.

(4) Peça ao jogador para lançar um dado e olhe na tabela abaixo para obter o resultado final em relação à arma usada:

	DADO					
	1	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*
ESPADA	1	2	2	2	2	3
MACHADO	2	2	2	2	2	3
PUNHAL	1	1	2	2	2	2
CAJADO	1	2	2	2	2	2

O número obtido é o número de pontos a serem deduzidos da ENERGIA do Goblin devido ao ferimento. Se a ENERGIA do Goblin cair para zero, ele está morto. Se não estiver morto, siga para (6).

(5) Jogue um dado e compare o resultado com a linha "Punhal". O Aventureiro perde o número indicado de seus pontos de ENERGIA. Se a ENERGIA de um Aventureiro cair para 1 ou 2, os Goblins fugirão; nenhum herói pode morrer aqui — a aventura deve continuar! (Esta última observação só se refere a esta luta. Outras criaturas lutarão, e devem ser enfrentadas, até a morte!)

(6) Recomece nova série de ataque voltando para (1) e continuando a luta.

Magia: Qualquer Aventureiro que possa usar magia tem a opção *entre* lançar um feitiço em um Goblin *ou* enfrentá-lo. O Aventureiro terá de escolher qual dos dois ele prefere fazer; se escolher lutar, use o método que acabamos de detalhar. Se escolher magia, deixe-o decidir que feitiço usará (recomendamos *Rajada de Fogo, Medo* ou *Sono*, se possível).

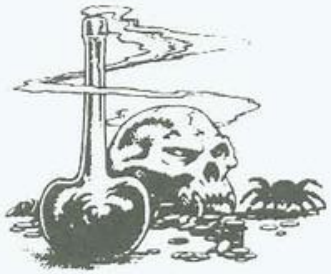

Não se esqueça que para poder lançar um feitiço é necessário jogar dois dados, com sucesso, contra a Habilidade *Mágica* do Aventureiro. Se o resultado for igual ou menor do que o valor da Habilidade Especial *Mágica* do Aventureiro, o feitiço funciona direito (você deve checar o tempo no relógio para os feitiços com duração específica — e não se esqueça de que, depois que o tempo de efeito terminar, o Goblin voltará a lutar!). Qualquer Goblin que for atingido por uma *Rajada de Fogo* perderá entre 1 e 6 pontos de ENERGIA (jogue um dado) numa grande explosão de luz que pode muito bem amedrontar vários outros Goblins. Se os dados da *Magia* falharem, o feitiço dá totalmente errado — pense em alguma coisa engraçada e que seja apropriada ao feitiço, e faça com que ocorra! Por exemplo, um *Sono* que deu errado pode adormecer quem o lançou!

Problemas?

A rota dentro do castelo do Feiticeiro deveria ser bastante clara para os Aventureiros, mas existem algumas coisas bobas e covardes que eles poderiam fazer. Se tentarem fugir para dentro do túnel por onde vieram, aponte para o fato de que ele é estreito e difícil e que eles não poderiam realmente lutar, ou nem mesmo fugir, por ele. Os Goblins os seguirão e

lutarão, apesar de a largura do túnel não permitir que todos sejam envolvidos no combate.

É possível que um dos Aventureiros tenha um grande azar nos dados; eles não devem morrer aqui e há sempre meios de evitar isso. Você pode, por exemplo, supor que os Goblins sejam ainda mais covardes do que são na realidade e fazer com que eles fujam ainda mais rápido. Pode parecer-lhe uma certa trapaça, mas você é quem manda; o que vai acontecer com o restante da aventura se todos os seus aventureiros morrerem logo na segunda cena?

Após a luta, os Aventureiros podem resolver caçar os Goblins em vez de continuar com sua missão de resgate. O que não é muito heróico — e é também muito difícil. Os Goblins terão recuado para os túneis laterais que têm somente espaço suficiente para eles (e portanto serão pequenos demais para os Aventureiros, com exceção do Anão, que deve ser contido pelos outros personagens, se necessário).

É provável que um dos Aventureiros seja bastante esperto para capturar um Goblin vivo e interrogá-lo (deve dissuadi-los de torturar a pobre criatura; eles afinal *são* os Mocinhos, lembre-se). O Goblin pode confirmar que a escada leva ao castelo. Ele acrescenta que entre os seguidores do feiticeiro incluem-se alguns Orcs, um Ogre e o grandemente temido Grifo. Os Goblins não sabem mais do que isso, pois não são permitidos no castelo; além disso, o feiticeiro montou muitas armadilhas mágicas para evitar que eles entrassem. Não se preocupe caso os Aventureiros resolvam levar o prisioneiro com eles — ele não sobreviverá por muito tempo.

Vá Para...

Assim que os Aventureiros se reagruparem e começarem a subir a escada, vá imediatamente para a *Cena 3 — A Torre do Feiticeiro.*

Cena 3 — A Torre do Feiticeiro

Local

Os Aventureiros sobem pela torre principal do castelo do feiticeiro. Ela é bem construída e é obviamente muito firme. Se o Anão estiver presente, ele pode admirar o belo trabalho (se ele não estiver, você mesmo pode apontar esse fato aos Aventureiros). Em vários pontos, eles encontrarão armadilhas projetadas para manter os Goblins fora do castelo; elas serão devidamente descritas nos segmentos de *Ação!* Os Aventureiros também passarão por algumas sólidas portas de madeira que devem ser verificadas, na esperança de encontrarem a Princesa Sarissa. E, como foi dito antes, os aposentos atrás das portas também serão descritos nos locais devidos.

Resumo da Trama

Os Aventureiros sobem a torre central do castelo, evitando várias armadilhas e encontrando prisioneiros e monstros por onde passam.

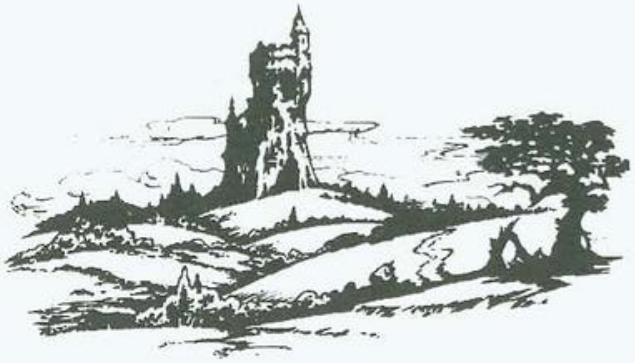

Lista de Personagens

Esta cena apresenta dois prisioneiros humanos, mais o Grifo e um Lagarto Gigante. O Grifo, como já dissemos antes, é uma criatura muito grande, parte águia e parte leão. O Lagarto Gigante é um pouco maior do que um cavalo grande, verde e escamoso.

GRIFO HABILIDADE 12 ENERGIA 15
2 Ataques, Patas grandes (como Espada)

LAGARTO GIGANTE HABILIDADE 8 ENERGIA 9
Mordida grande (como Espada)

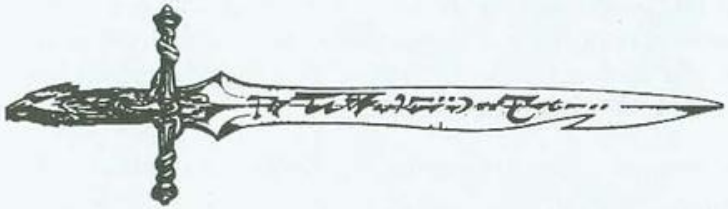

Acessórios

Nada para esta seção. Miniaturas, apesar de serem úteis para visualizar a posição de todos nas cenas de luta, não são essenciais ao jogo.

Ação!

Existe um segmento de *Ação!* em separado para cada armadilha ou aposento pelos quais passem os Aventureiros. Nenhum deles é para ser uma grande ameaça, exceto no caso de os aventureiros fazerem alguma tolice. Eles certamente não precisam enfrentar todos os monstros. Você deve tentar manter as coisas funcionando, principalmente se no caso os Aventureiros estiverem com uma certa dificuldade em passar por determinada armadilha. As armadilhas na verdade são interlúdios entre lutas, boladas para apresentar algumas das outras habilidades possuídas pelos personagens. Não se deve permitir que eles fiquem presos e que a situação se torne maçante. E, finalmente, lembre-se de que está aqui para apresentar a aventura aos Aventureiros; não é esportivo de sua parte tentar matá-los a cada oportunidade (e também não tem nenhuma graça para os jogadores). Em outras palavras: dê-lhes uma chance justa para tentar solucionar os mistérios.

1. A Grade Levadiça

No topo da escada há uma passagem. Uma pedra solta no chão dessa passagem aciona uma grade levadiça que desce ruidosamente de um encaixe, escondido no teto, na esperança (do ponto de vista do feiticeiro) de impalar quem estiver passando por baixo dela. Se os Aventureiros estiverem levando um prisioneiro Goblin, este é um excelente meio — apesar de cruel — de livrar-se dele.

No entanto, eles provavelmente terão mais cuidado. Se o Anão estiver presente, pode sugerir usar sua Habilidade de *Conhecimento de Armadilhas*. Ele deve lançar dois dados e tentar obter um número igual ou menor do que seus pontos de Habilidade Especial (10). Se ele tiver sucesso, notará o encaixe no teto. É preciso pelo menos o peso de um Goblin sobre a pedra para que o mecanismo da armadilha seja ativado, então um empurrãozinho gentil não irá ativá-la.

Se acionarem a armadilha, eles ainda têm uma oportunidade para conseguir escapar. Isso pode ser feito de dois jeitos. Se algum dos Aventureiros tiver a Habilidade Especial de *Esquivar-se*, ele pode tentar esquivar-se da grade quando ela cair, jogando dois dados. Se o resultado for menor ou igual a seus pontos de Habilidade Específica, ele conseguiu se esquivar; se o resultado for maior, ele ficou preso sob a grade. Como alternativa, qualquer um dos Aventureiros pode tentar *Testar sua Sorte*. Deve-se jogar dois dados contra seus pontos de SORTE e obter um resultado menor ou igual a ela. Se o resultado for igual, ele teve sorte e conseguiu evitar a grade. Mas, independente do herói ter sorte ou não, ele deve reduzir 1 ponto de seu total de SORTE (todos os Aventureiros só têm uma determinada quantidade de SORTE). Se o personagem for pego pela grade levadiça, isso lhe causará um ferimento de 5 pontos de dano, que serão subtraídos de sua ENERGIA.

A armadilha pode ser evitada se a pedra não for pisada — pulando ou dando a volta, uma vez que ela não ocupa toda a passagem. Se alguns Aventureiros ficarem presos do lado errado (na caverna), a grade levadiça pode ser levantada a uma altura suficiente para que alguém se arraste por baixo (é preciso uma HABILIDADE conjunta de 20 para erguê-la; some os pontos de todos que estão levantando a grade até que o total seja 20 ou mais). Se Axel Wolfric estiver presente, ele pode tentar erguê-la sozinho jogando dois dados contra sua Habilidade de *Força* e tendo sucesso. Aventureiros realmente espertos podem pensar em arrastar uma pedra da caverna que sirva de calço para a grade levadiça, permitindo, desse modo, que todos passem em segurança.

2. Os Prisioneiros

Após a passagem pela grade levadiça, a escada continua a subir e, virando uma esquina, revela outro corredor. Os Aventureiros devem ter a impressão de que estão subindo uma torre. Existem duas portas de madeira em lados opostos dessa passagem. Não se ouve barulho em nenhuma das duas (mas só diga isso a nossos heróis se eles perguntarem). Ambas estão trancadas. Alguém que tenha a Habilidade de *Abrir Portas* provavelmente poderia abri-las. Mas, como nenhum de nossos Aventureiros a possui, um feitiço *Rajada de Fogo* ou um chute bem dado por um personagem forte como Stormgard ou Wolfric quebrará a fechadura, embora você deva comentar sobre o tremendo barulho que eles fazem. O barulho não significa grandes coisas: a intenção é simplesmente fazer com que os jogadores fiquem cada vez mais nervosos, conforme seus personagens penetrem na torre do feiticeiro.

Cela dos Prisioneiros

Atrás de cada porta há duas celas, mas em nenhuma delas encontra-se a princesa. Em vez disso, os Aventureiros encontram, em péssimas condições, dois desafortunados camponeses que Xortan Throg estivera usando em suas experiências. Eles ficam muito gratos ao serem salvos, agradecendo intensamente, com patéticos abraços enfraquecidos, mas são de pouca valia. Seu papel mais dramático é enfatizar que o feiticeiro é

completamente perverso. Você deve ressaltar-lhes a infelicidade o máximo possível, mas continue a aventura assim que nossos heróis tiverem a oportunidade de expressar sua raiva e simpatia pelos prisioneiros.

3. As Espadas

Mais degraus, nova curva e novo corredor. Em ambos os lados dessa passagem há duas gigantescas mãos de pedra; cada uma segura uma imensa simitarra, que se movem para frente e para trás em um arco assassino! Quem tentar passar pelo corredor será cortado em dois!

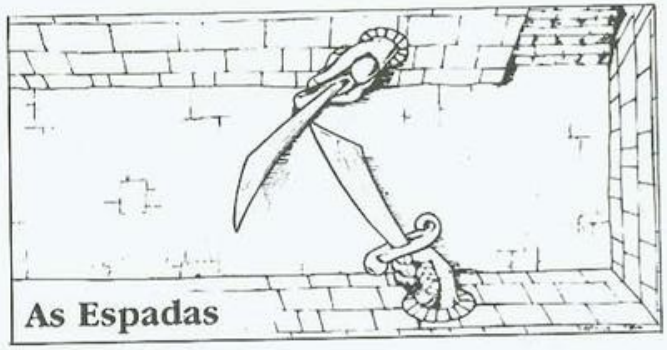

A princípio, os Aventureiros devem ficar chocados e amedrontados com as mãos. Quem tiver a Habilidade Especial de *Escalar* pode, jogando dois dados e tendo sucesso, mover-se ao longo da parede acima das mãos, por onde existe um espaço que fica livre das espadas; ele também poderia arrancar a espada de uma das mãos, enquanto estivesse lá. Rangor poderia tentar *Levitar* e realizar o mesmo objetivo. Um bom uso do arco (é necessário jogar os dados contra a Habilidade Especial de *Arco e Flecha*) fará a espada de uma das mãos cair. Uma pedra levada da caverna causaria dano à lâmina. Os Aventureiros poderiam tentar passar correndo (teste contra a Habilidade de *Esquivar-se*) mas, se falharem, a penalidade é um corte sério e a perda de 4 pontos de sua ENERGIA.

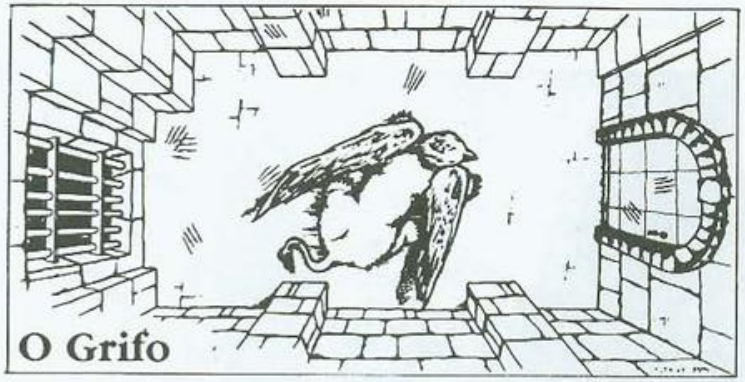

4. O Grifo

Após o próximo lance de escada existe outra passagem, desta vez com apenas uma porta em um dos lados. A porta está trancada e presa por uma barra do lado de fora. Um Aventureiro, que ponha o ouvido na porta, ouve os sugestivos barulhos de uma fera corpulenta e com garras; ele também sentirá o cheiro de um animal grande e perceberá uma corrente de ar passando por baixo da porta.

Aqui fica o ninho do Grifo. O lado oposto à porta não tem parede, sendo aberto para fora, fechado por um imenso portão de ferro que pode ser erguido a fim de permitir que a criatura voe. (Eis a razão da barra de ferro.) Se a porta for aberta, o Grifo empinará sobre as patas traseiras e guinchará. Ele proporciona uma visão extremamente feroz, principalmente para alguém surpreso que jamais viu um Grifo antes (provavelmente todos os jogadores presentes!).

Se os Aventureiros resolverem abrir a porta do aposento, você deve lhes contar o que ele contém e pedir-lhes que decidam rapidamente o que farão a seguir. Se disserem alguma coisa do tipo "Fechamos a porta imediatamente e prendemos a barra!" deixe que o façam. Se hesitarem, o Grifo atravessará o aposento e eles terão de lutar. Apesar de ser uma fera treinada como cavalgadura, o Grifo é inteligente, mau e leal. Ele tentará matar qualquer um que não seja seu mestre. E seu mestre é Xortan Throg.

Até três Aventureiros podem atacar o Grifo ao mesmo tempo (a menos que optem por lutar da porta, e assim somente um poderá enfrentá-lo). O Grifo tem dois ataques. Isso significa que pode lutar com dois oponentes ao mesmo tempo; então, dois Aventureiros enfrentam a fera normalmente (jogando dois dados e somando o resultado à Habilidade Especial ou HABILIDADE *Inicial*). Um terceiro personagem também pode lutar, mas se o Grifo vencer uma Série de Ataque, ele não ferirá esse Aventureiro, conseguindo simplesmente evitar-lhe os golpes. Se apenas um de nossos heróis estiver lutando com a criatura, na passagem da porta, a criatura terá apenas um ataque e o combate continua como normalmente. O Grifo não pode passar pela porta e entrar no corredor.

Se alguém desejar lançar um feitiço, sua Habilidade Especial de *Magia* deve ser reduzida em três pontos (então alguém com Habilidade de *Magia* 10 deve conseguir 7, ou menos, nos dados para conseguir lançar um feitiço com sucesso), pois uma criatura do tamanho do Grifo não é fácil de ser afetada como alguém do tamanho de um humano. Como sempre, falhar ao lançar um feitiço resultará em algo inesperado.

É possível que um dos Aventureiros possa ser morto aqui, mas será por culpa própria — os personagens não têm que lutar, e o Grifo é uma criatura inocente. Ele não possui nenhum tipo de tesouro (você daria a seus bichinhos de estimação jóias e ouro para brincar? O feiticeiro não dá). Sua pele pode ser valiosa nos mercados de algum lugar como Salamonis ou Porto Blacksand, mas ninguém vai parar para escalpelar a criatura agora, vai? Ótimo. Quando todos estiverem prontos (e depois do mago ter tentado distribuir alguma cura, talvez lançando um feitiço de *Energia*), eles poderão prosseguir pelo corredor.

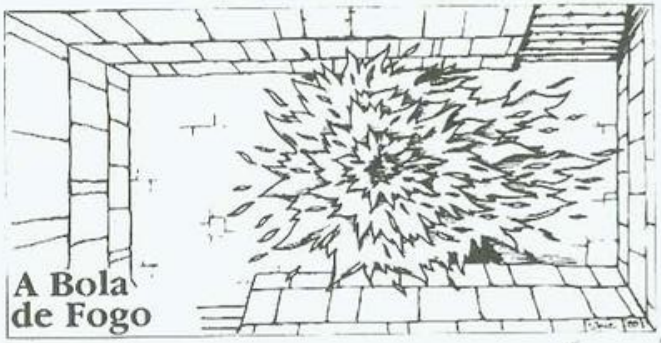

5. A Bola de Fogo

Depois do ninho do Grifo, a passagem encontra outros lances de escada. Logo que os Aventureiros virarem a curva, no alto dela, eles verão um longo corredor com uma imensa bola de chamas rolando lentamente em sua direção. Ela cobre todo o corredor e não há meios de dar a volta.

Os Aventureiros podem recuar na passagem, mas se alguém se der ao trabalho de olhar para cima, verá que a bola de fogo avança de novo sobre ele, exatamente como estava fazendo antes; ela não parece se aproximar mais do que isso. Estranhamente, não os persegue depois da curva. Isso acontece porque na realidade ela não está lá — é só uma ilusão

para amedrontar os Goblins e não machucará ninguém — mas os Aventureiros terão de descobrir isso por si mesmos. Se eles tiverem muitas dificuldades, diga-lhes que eles não parecem sentir nenhum calor. A ilusão não pode ser desfeita por nada, mas quem avançar sobre ela facilmente a atravessará, prosseguindo pela passagem.

6. O Lagarto Gigante

Depois da bola de fogo há outra porta trancada com uma barra de ferro. Mais uma vez os barulhos e cheiros vindos do aposento sugerem que dentro há um grande animal com garras. Aqui fica o Lagarto Gigante — uma das grandes feras treinadas como cavalgadura. Uma sela e um par de rédeas pendendo de pegadores na parede esclarecem a situação. Os Aventureiros podem evitar um encontro violento ao fechar a porta, exatamente como deveriam ter feito com o Grifo (ou fizeram). Como alternativa, podem simplesmente ser autoritários, como se estivessem lidando com qualquer tipo de montaria treinada. Se isto resultar num combate, a luta deve ser tratada igual à realizada com o Grifo. A fera possui so-

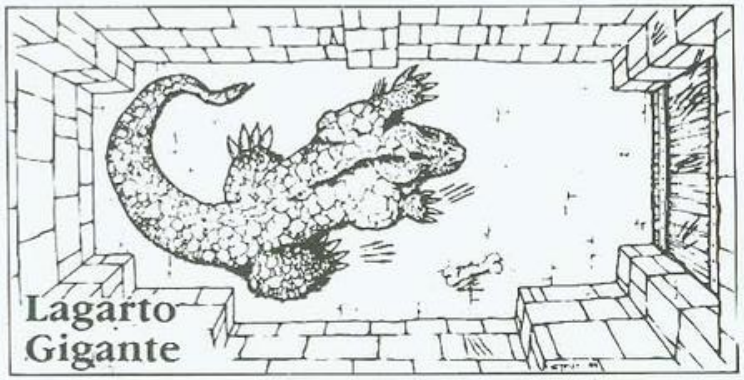

mente um ataque; quem a estiver enfrentando luta de modo normal, mas se o Lagarto vencer uma série de ataques contra o segundo atacante, ele não sofrerá nenhum ferimento.

A criatura é muito mais útil viva do que morta e poderia ser pega pelos Aventureiros. Ela porém não é treinada como um animal de cavalaria e se recusará a entrar numa luta se estiver com cavaleiro. Pode ser levado para qualquer lugar após jogar dois dados contra a Habilidade de *Montar* e ser bem-sucedido (mas reduza 2 dos pontos de Habilidade nesta jogada, por não ser a montaria um cavalo).

Problemas?

Essas armadilhas não deveriam ser um grande problema para os Aventureiros, mas se for necessário ajudá-los, faça-o (principalmente se seus jogadores forem iniciantes). Em vez de apenas lhes dar uma pista, recomendamos que você pegue um Aventureiro de lado e diga-lhe, em segredo, alguma coisa que use suas habilidades de aventureiro ou sua história. Por exemplo: confrontado pela bola de fogo, diga a um mago como Rangor ou Darkfire: "Você imediatamente considera tudo muito estranho, sendo muito bem versado nas coisas de

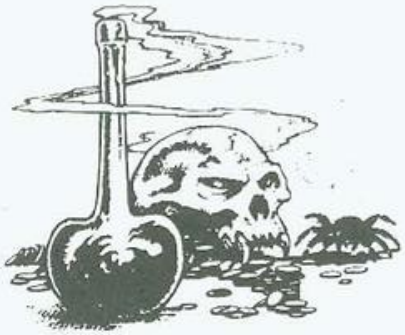

magia. Uma imensa bola de fogo como esta, permanente, requer uma colossal quantidade de energia mágica e ninguém usaria tal coisa para guardar uma passagem. Além do mais, o ar deveria estar escaldante em qualquer lugar próximo a ela." Ou, ao se referir ao Lagarto, talvez dizer a Brondwyn ou Wolfric: "Em suas muitas viagens por toda Allansia, você já viu muitas feras a serem montadas, e sempre o surpreendeu como se tornam dóceis depois de treinadas — exatamente como esta deve ser."

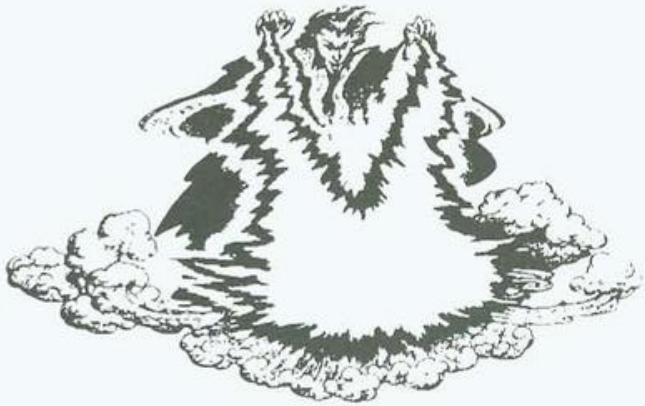

Vá Para...

Passa-se o aposento onde está o Lagarto e ainda há mais uma escada de pedra. No alto dela existe um grande conjunto de portas duplas fechadas. Se os Aventureiros prestarem atenção e escutarem, ouvirão grunhidos e sons de dados sendo lançados. Quando abrem essas portas vão para a *Cena 4 — A Sala da Guarda.*

Cena 4 — A Sala da Guarda

Local

A sala da guarda é um aposento grande que fica exatamente entre as duas entradas que dão para as partes superiores do castelo. Como é mostrado na planta baixa que você vê, uma porta dá para as escadas que descem o penhasco, a segunda abre para o pátio principal e a terceira leva para a câmara do feiticeiro. O aposento é parcamente mobiliado — apenas algumas toscas cadeiras e uma mesa. Na quarta parede há uma lareira, e sobre o fogo estão os restos de alguma coisa que foi tostada... possivelmente um Goblin?

Resumo da Trama

Os Aventureiros tentam, de algum modo, passar pelos brutais e inumanos guardas do feiticeiro.

Lista de Personagens

Essa cena apresenta alguns Orcs (um por Aventureiro, mas no mínimo dois) e Grudthak, o Ogre. Os Orcs são como Goblins maiores, mais malvados e melhor organizados, enquanto os Ogres parecem ser uma versão maior e mais parruda dos Orcs — e isso implica um aumento de ruindade neles. Os Orcs, apesar de se considerarem superiores às hordas de Goblins, ainda são lacaios menores; resmungam todo o tempo, mas entram em combate assim que recebem alguma ordem — já que a única outra alternativa seria enfrentar Grudthak. Quando os Aventureiros chegam, os Orcs estão tirando nos dados para resolver quem fica com a última perna de Goblin. Isso na verdade é uma perda de tempo, pois todos sabem que Grudthak vai querê-la — mas não há nada a fazer antes que os Aventureiros cheguem.

Ao pé do fogo, o Ogre está recostado numa cadeira frouxa, chupando o resto da outra perna do Goblin. Ele é preguiçoso e prefere não brigar se não tiver de fazê-lo. A grande maioria de suas brigas foi para manter seus subordinados em ordem — uma tarefa bastante fácil para alguém de seu tamanho. Por isso, ele não está em grande forma e, portanto, não é tão amedrontador quanto parece (ele parece *muito* amedrontador).

ORCS cada HABILIDADE 5 ENERGIA 6

Espada

GRUDTHAK, O OGRE HABILIDADE 8 ENERGIA 10

2 ataques de Porrete pesado (dano como Espada + 1 ponto)

Habilidade Especial de Força 10

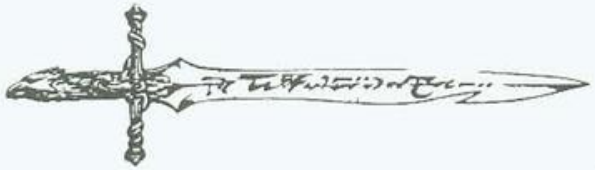

Acessórios

Durante a luta, volta e meia Grudthak vai jogar ossos mascados de Goblin sobre os Aventureiros. Se desejar simular essa cena para os jogadores, alguns dos ossos de brinquedo vendidos em lojas de animais serão bastante úteis. Se quiser ser bastante autêntico, ossos de galinha também poderão ser usados, mas não vemos nenhuma razão para que você aja de modo tão nojento quanto o Ogre.

Se houver mais de três Aventureiros no grupo, as coisas podem ficar bastante confusas depois que a luta começar. Para obter os melhores resultados nessa luta, seria bastante útil usar miniaturas e um tabuleiro (que você pode desenhar num pedaço de papel quadriculado, copiado do mapa apresentado). Isso significa que tanto você quanto os Aventureiros poderão ver exatamente onde cada lutador e cada móvel se encontram. Não desenhe a mobília no mapa; use um dado ou um objeto quadrado para representar cada peça e assim poder movê-las pelo aposento. Se não tiver nenhuma miniatura, use peças de um jogo ou pedaços de papel para representar os personagens.

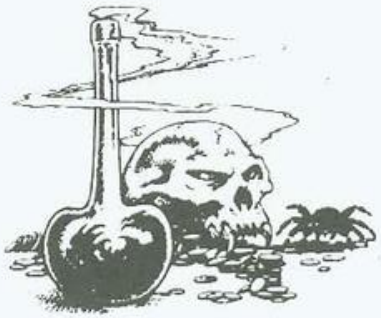

Ação!

Quando os Aventureiros entrarem pela porta, os guardas Orcs erguerão os olhos de seu jogo, agarrarão suas espadas e rosnarão. Um Orc rosnando não é exatamente uma visão bonita; já que existe pelo menos um Orc para cada um dos Aventureiros, já imaginou que situação? Enquanto isso, Grudthak larga o pedaço de osso que mascava e resmunga as palavras abaixo. O Ogre tem uma voz muito grave e gutural, que ressoa de modo desagradável quando ele fala:

"'Ara', 'rocês' demorrarram, não foi? Erperro que não 'tenha' machucado nenhum dos bichinhos do mestre — ou 'varmos ter qui levarr rocês vivo', e isso 'num' var 'ser' legal 'pra rocês', sabe? 'Num' var 'ser legal 'mermo'!"

Esperemos que os Aventureiros também respondam com algumas ameaças, numa tentativa vã de amedrontar os Orcs ou perturbar Grudthak. Você deve encorajá-los a fazer isso, apesar de não ser de nenhuma valia. Se puderem evitar, Orcs e Ogres nunca ouvem o que os humanos dizem; há sempre coisas mais importantes a fazer, como matá-los.

Se pensarem um pouco, os Aventureiros perceberão que, pelos comentários de Grudthak, eles eram esperados e podem perguntar-lhe sobre isso:

"Ah, é!" replica o Ogre. "Estivemos 'lesperrano' porr sua chegada porr muito tempo. Foi um 'burcado' chato ficar 'esperrano'! 'Num' foi, rapazes?"

"Grrrr, seus 'rumano besta'! Pegar eles! Pegar eles!" falam os Orcs com sorrisos cheios de dentes pontiagudos.

Não é possível obter mais informações além dessas. Na verdade, nenhum dos guardas sabe realmente como seu mestre feiticeiro tinha o conhecimento de que os Aventureiros estavam vindo. Como todas as outras coisas que ele conhece, era algo misterioso, estranho e no qual nem se devia pensar. Afinal, pensar é uma coisa muito cansativa quando se é um Orc.

O plano para a luta — e parece não existir muitas dúvidas de que haverá uma luta — é de que cada Aventureiro deve enfrentar um Orc (sem dúvida alguma você deve ter percebido que providenciamos propositadamente um Orc para cada personagem com esse propósito) e então todos juntos enfrentarão o Ogre.

Durante a primeira parte da luta, portanto, Grudthak permanecerá esparramado em sua cadeira, mascando preguiçosamente seu pernil de Goblin e cuspindo fora pedaços de osso, e o que considerar como ruim, fazendo comentários sarcásticos sobre o combate geral. Os ossos não machucarão nem distrairão ninguém a ponto de fazer alguma diferença. Ele não fará nenhum esforço para brigar antes que todos os Orcs estejam mortos — mas se algum terminar logo com seu Orc, pode forçá-lo a entrar em combate, principalmente se fizer algum movimento na direção da câmara particular do feiticeiro.

Este deve ser o grande incidente da aventura, e você deve aproveitar todas as oportunidades para torná-lo mais vivo e mais divertido. Talvez usar os comentários sarcásticos do Ogre — e os possíveis xingamentos e resmungos dados pelos Orcs. Pode também jogar os móveis, talvez até mesmo fazer uma acha em chamas cair do fogo ou o pernil restante do Goblin rolar pelo chão.

Todos os personagens, Aventureiros e guardas, irão na direção uns dos outros e entrarão em combate. O combate é feito como já mencionado, com cada série de ataque consistindo no lançamento de dois dados e somando o resultado à HABILIDADE de cada um dos oponentes, o resultado maior indicando um ferimento no adversário, que então deve jogar um dado em relação à tabela de armas dada anteriormente (veja página 56). Somente armas de combate corpo a corpo e magia podem ser usadas (nenhum arco e flecha ou lanças). Dessa vez você deve conduzir a situação de um modo geral, ataque por ataque, resolvendo a ação de cada personagem antes que passe para a próxima série de ataque. Se um personagem se libertar, ele pode se mover na direção de outro oponente, se houver algum que esteja sem adversário. Um personagem (Aventureiro, Orc ou Ogre) pode mover-se por apenas um quadradinho do mapa por série de ataque. Sempre que houver mais de um personagem livre, os Bandidos têm que declarar o que farão antes dos Aventureiros, apesar de todos moverem-se ao mesmo tempo.

Para que se possa trocar de armas (pegar uma acha em chamas, digamos), um personagem precisa perder o tempo equivalente a uma série de ataque a fim de poder realizar tal ação. É necessária uma jogada bem-sucedida contra a Habilidade Especial de *Força* para que, se algum personagem assim o desejar, erguer a mesa e usá-la como arma (talvez Grudthak ou Axel Wolfric possam tentar isso). Uma tocha em chamas ou um pernil tostado podem ser jogados em alguém; quem o lançar deve obter um resultado igual ou menor do que sua

HABILIDADE para poder acertar o alvo. Se o resultado for maior, errou o alvo; mas, se obtiver um resultado de 12, o objeto lançado atingiu a pessoa que estiver mais próxima, seja um Orc ou mesmo um Aventureiro. O pernil causará a perda de 1 ponto de ENERGIA, se acertar; uma acha causa a perda de 2 pontos; a mesa causará um dano de 4 pontos, mas não poderá ser lançada sem jogar contra a *Força*, apenas empurrada!

Magia pode ser usada normalmente, com um resultado bem-sucedido contra a Habilidade de *Magia* necessária para que ela funcione corretamente, e ocorrendo as conseqüências usuais quando não obtiver sucesso. Dessa vez, um resultado de 12 significa que alguma coisa *extremamente* esquisita ocorre. Lançar um feitiço em Grudthak é ligeiramente mais difícil do que acertar os Orcs: reduza a Habilidade de *Magia* em 1 ponto se alguém lançar alguma magia no Ogre para que haja maior dificuldade na tentativa.

Conforme a luta se desenvolve, você pode acabar descobrindo que dois ou mais Aventureiros estão combatendo um único inimigo (ou vice-versa!). Conduza essa luta como um combate múltiplo normal, com o personagem em desvantagem enfrentando dois ou mais atacantes mas podendo acertar apenas um de seus oponentes. Não permita que mais de três pessoas ataquem um inimigo. Se os Aventureiros questionarem essa regra, você pode explicar que, como espadachins experientes, eles sabem que não se deve juntar muitas pessoas contra um mesmo oponente para que se evite acertar seus amigos durante o decorrer da luta. Além do mais, não é muito heróico fazer isso pois, afinal, eles são os Mocinhos dessa aventura.

Em algumas circunstâncias, um Aventureiro (ou um Orc) pode conseguir esgueirar-se até ficar nas costas de um inimigo que já esteja enfrentando alguém. Se vir isso acontecer, permita que ele ataque pelas costas — não jogue como se fosse um combate, só pelo ferimento causado à vítima. Depois disso, a vítima estará consciente da presença do oponente às suas costas e poderá lutar normalmente (a menos que já esteja lutando com alguém a sua frente, e nesse caso aplica-se a regra contra dois oponentes). Não permita um ataque pelas costas contra um inimigo que não esteja em combate — lutadores experientes sempre estão olhando em volta, atentos, quando estão em meio a um combate acirrado.

Depois dos Orcs terem sido mortos, Grudthak fará o melhor que puder para manter-se entre os Aventureiros e a porta que leva aos aposentos do feiticeiro, sempre tentando manter suas costas voltadas para a parede. Seu porrete é muito pesado e qualquer Aventureiro que levar um golpe dessa arma será lançado longe e terá que gastar o tempo relativo à próxima série de ataque para levantar-se. Jogue pelo uso do porrete como se ele fosse uma Espada da tabela da página 56, e então some mais 1 ponto de dano. E mais, Grudthak tem dois Ataques. Eles só podem ser usados contra oponentes diferentes e, portanto, se estiver atacando apenas um oponente, só poderá fazer um ataque.

Problemas?

É possível que um dos Aventureiros morra nessa cena. Está tudo bem, isso acontece. E é permitido que isso aconteça desde que continuem existindo Aventureiros que possam combater os Bandidos. Além disso, dá uma nota pungente ao combate em contrapartida à hilariedade da situação. Bons diretores e bons escritores fazem isso todo o tempo, então por que você não poderia fazê-lo?

Se as coisas acabarem saindo fora de controle, os Aventureiros tirando péssimos resultados nos dados ou tomando decisões idiotas, pode usar seu poder de Mestre para assegurar que alguém consiga passar, mas não o faça de modo óbvio demais ou os jogadores suspeitarão que algo estranho está ocorrendo com eles. Se os Aventureiros estiverem *seriamente* feridos quando chegarem à sala da guarda, pode ser uma boa idéia reduzir um Orc do total de criaturas existentes, de modo que o Aventureiro que estiver mais ferido não precise lutar. Não se esqueça que um mago pode ter feitiços de ENERGIA para ajudar a curar os personagens feridos.

É pouco provável que algum Aventureiro fuja para o pátio durante a luta — eles são heróis, não covardes — mas se o fizerem, eis o que verão:

Há um grande espaço aberto. Em ambos os lados existem salas de armazenamento de madeira. A área toda é cercada por uma murada baixa e no lado mais distante há um portão. Dele, uma ponte levadiça atravessa o abismo e liga o pátio à parede principal do castelo. O abismo cerca toda a torre que os Aventureiros acabaram de subir. A ponte levadiça está erguida.

Tendo visto isso, eles provavelmente perderão o interesse na área e voltarão à luta — algo muito bom a ser feito. Se por acaso os Aventureiros resolverem tentar baixar a ponte levadiça, diga-lhes que ela não leva a lugar nenhum, apenas à parede em frente.

Vá Para...

Quando Grudthak cai morto no chão (ou como é mais provável, despenca como uma árvore tombada numa tempestade), as portas que ele defendia abrem-se por conta própria e uma voz masculina calma e autoritária diz: "Bem-vindos!" E aqui entramos dramaticamente na *Cena 5*...

Cena 5 — A Câmara do Feiticeiro

Local

Todos vêem um aposento grande e bem mobiliado. Num dos lados há uma lareira. Exatamente à nossa frente, o malvado Xortan Throg senta-se num esplêndido trono, ladeado por queimadores de incenso. Em ambos os lados da sala existem duas portas. A menos que ocorra um milagre, haverá uma luta, então fornecemos um mapa para o caso de você desejar usar miniaturas ou pecinhas de jogo.

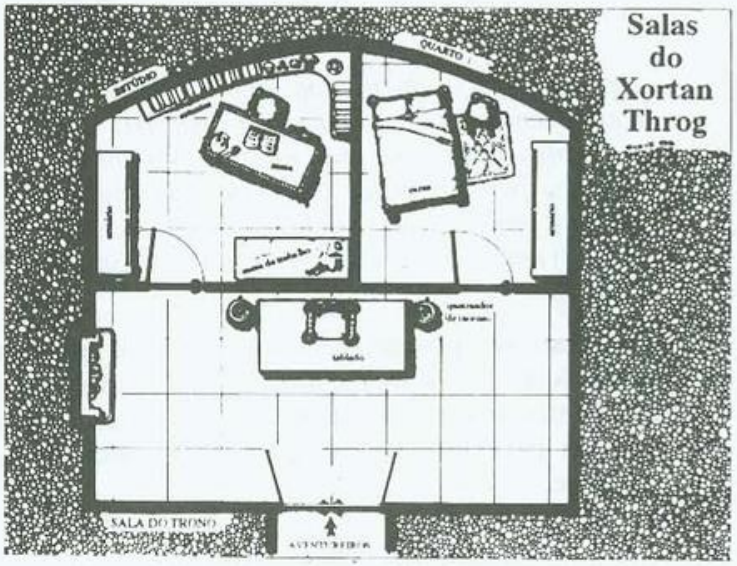

Lista de Personagens

Xortan Throg é um homem velho e praticamente careca que usa um manto muito ornamentado mas de aparência bastante antiquada, semelhante a uma toga, e um solidéu na cabeça de que os feiticeiros tanto gostam. Ele fala lenta e calmamente, mas com bastante poder e presença; fica claro que está acostumado a ser obedecido, imediata e totalmente. Ele não precisa de acessórios tais como cajados mágicos e coisas do gênero, mas os queimadores de incenso a seu lado parecem flamejar sempre que ele lança um feitiço.

O feiticeiro conhece uma vasta quantidade de feitiços, mas usará somente alguns deles; eles serão mais detalhados no segmento de *Ação!* em que ele os usar. Se algum dos Aventureiros tiver sentidos especialmente bons (tais como a Habilidade Especial *Conscientização* do Elfo, por exemplo), podem perceber, quando a luta começar, que o feiticeiro move-se muito lenta e pesadamente. A razão para tal já lhe será revelada.

Nessa cena também será revelada a verdadeira natureza do maldoso Príncipe Barinjhar. Ele é um intrigante ambicioso que zomba de modo bastante desagradável quando explica sua perversidade para as pessoas a quem enganou. Quando entra num combate, ele se mostra um espadachim capaz e páreo somente para os melhores lutadores existentes entre os Aventureiros, mas não conhece nenhum feitiço.

Se os Aventureiros bagunçarem totalmente as coisas, pode ser que a bela Princesa Sarissa também faça uma breve aparição nessa cena. Ela será descrita em maiores detalhes na Cena 6, onde sua aparição está realmente programada.

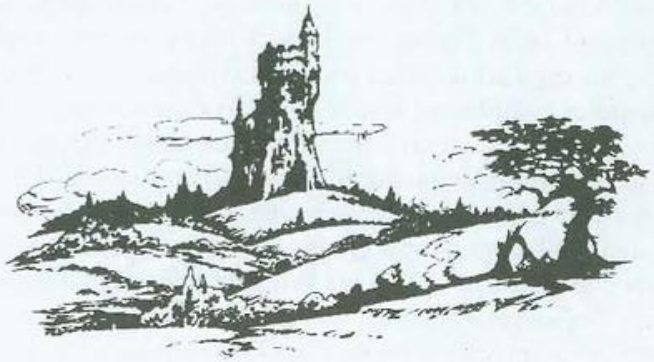

XORTAN THROG HABILIDADE 2 ENERGIA 6
Unhas (como punhais)
Habilidade Especial de Magia *20. Os feitiços usados são detalhados abaixo.*

PRÍNCIPE BARINJHAR HABILIDADE 11 ENERGIA 14
Espada

Resumo da Trama

Xortan Throg e Príncipe Barinjhar revelam um esquema de proporções bastante sinistras. Os Aventureiros ensinam-lhes uma lição (esperamos!).

Acessórios

Nenhum é necessário, apesar das miniaturas mais uma vez mostrarem-se úteis para a cena da luta.

Ação!

É costume em todos os filmes de aventura que ao grande Bandidão seja dado um discurso dramático no qual tanto explica sua trama maléfica, com todos os destalhes, como se gaba da facilidade com que enganou os Aventureiros. Isso acontece no início desta cena. Espera-se que os personagens entrem no espírito da coisa e ouçam com paciência; mas se forem rudes e tentarem atacar no meio do discurso, Xortan Throg erguerá um feitiço *Barreira* no meio do aposento e por toda sua extensão, evitando assim que se aproximem dele. A barreira é invisível, a não ser pelos pequenos lampejos causados quando alguém a toca. Quando ele fizer isso, Throg dirá alguma coisa do tipo: "Não me interrompam quando estiver falando. Sejam gratos por eu lhes permitir viverem tempo suficiente para apreciar a profundidade de minha astúcia!"(ou

alguma coisa apropriada da parte de Barinjhar, se por acaso for ele que estiver falando no momento).

1. A Trama do Rapto

A cena começa com Xortan Throg dando as boas-vindas aos Aventureiros. Continuando o discurso que começara ao final da cena 4, ele diz o seguinte, que deve ser pronunciado de modo bastante dramático, de acordo com as anotações sobre o personagem do feiticeiro malvado dadas acima:

"Bem-vindos a meu castelo, caríssimos tolos! Creio que devam ter gostado de sua estada até agora, apesar de que devo admitir que estou surpreso por ver tantos de vocês ainda vivos após os excelentes entretenimentos que preparei especialmente para a ocasião. Posso simplesmente desculpar-me por isso, mas espero corrigir a questão em breve. Porém, antes de morrer, pensei que deveriam saber um pouco sobre o caso em que sua cobiça e ganância os envolveu. Eu gostaria de apresentá-los a um amigo, que explicará o fato."

Nisso, a porta à esquerda do feiticeiro se abre — e Príncipe Barinjhar entra no aposento!

Você deve "dar um tempo" aos jogadores para que recolham seus queixos caídos antes de continuar como o afetado príncipe:

"Ah, meus velhos amigos aventureiros" diz ele. "Estou tão contente em vê-los aqui. Meu pai estava certo quando disse que contratara os melhores aventureiros de toda a Allansia. Infelizmente, suas habilidades tão famosas lhe serão de pouca ajuda. Sabem, não posso permitir que a Princesa Sarissa seja salva. Foi muito engenhoso da parte de meu pai arranjar-me um casamento de tanto prestígio. Ela é tanto bela quanto sábia, o par perfeito para minha nobre figura.

"Mas se ele prosseguisse, não demoraria muito a Chalice ficar cheia de "conselheiros" e "ministros" de Salamonis. Num balançar de rabo de Roc, não seríamos nada mais além do que bonecos dessa cidade infernal. Não tenho nenhuma intenção de ser subjugado e de permitir que meu povo o seja, então entrei em acordo com meu caro amigo aqui. Ele tem muito mais razões do que eu para odiar o Rei Salamon.

"Naturalmente, teremos que fazer uma representação quanto à libertação da pobre garota; mas depois que os melhores aventureiros de Allansia tiverem tentado e falhado, ficará óbvio que nada mais poderá ser feito. Devo admitir que estou surpreso por ver que conseguiram evitar as pequenas armadilhas que lhes deixamos ao virmos para cá, com uma pequena ajuda daqueles tolos sacerdotes, cuja passagem secreta nada mais era do que a entrada para as cavernas dos Goblins, mas vocês compreenderão que nós simplesmente não podemos permitir que vivam por mais tempo!"

Com esse discurso, o Príncipe desembainha sua espada e avança para os Aventureiros. Se houver uma barreira mágica, ela agora será baixada. Parece que não há outro meio a não ser começar o combate.

2. A Luta

O Príncipe Barinjhar vai atracar-se com um dos Aventureiros. Tendo uma mente maquiavélica, ele tentará pegar um dos lutadores mais fracos, mas ele provavelmente terá que se contentar com o personagem mais próximo no início do combate. Ele preferirá lutar até a morte em vez de entregar-se, a princípio por uma questão de extrema autoconfiança, mas depois será por desespero de começar a perder (o que espera-se acabe realmente ocorrendo). Os Aventureiros, se tiverem alguma esperteza, estarão tentando chegar ao feiticeiro.

Quando se chega perto de feiticeiros, eles são bastante fáceis de serem mortos — mas é claro que aproximar-se é uma outra questão. Xortan Throg não reerguerá a barreira mágica pois não poderá lançar feitiços nos Aventureiros enquanto ela estiver presente. Em vez disso, ele escolherá um Aventureiro (de preferência um que não esteja enfrentando o Príncipe Barinjhar) e tentará matá-lo. Suas prioridades são as seguintes:

(i) Se o Aventureiro lançar uma flecha, um feitiço ou jogar uma arma sobre ele, ele repelirá o ataque com um gesto de mão. Ele é um poderoso feiticeiro e pode repelir quaisquer feitiços que nossos heróis lançarem. Você deve deixar bem claro aos jogadores que Throg não precisa jogar os dados para que seus feitiços tenham efeito.

(ii) Se o Aventureiro avançar em sua direção, Throg lançará uma *Rajada de Energia*. O Aventureiro tem uma chance de evitá-la ao *Testar sua Sorte* ou usar sua habilidade *Esquivar-se* com sucesso; mas se acertar, ela causa a perda de 4 pontos da ENERGIA do Aventureiro e dá um coice semelhante ao do porrete de Grudthak, jogando o Aventureiro longe (mesmo personagens com Habilidade *Força* como Wolfric), de modo a terminar de volta onde começou a série de ataque! *Testar a Sorte de Alguém* é jogar dois dados e obter um resultado igual ou menor do que o valor da SORTE do Aventureiro; essa tentativa reduz 1 ponto do valor da SORTE de quem a estiver testando, não importa se foi bem-sucedido ou não.

(iii) Se um segundo Aventureiro for bem-sucedido em acertar o feiticeiro ou derrubar um dos queimadores de incenso, Throg então passará a se concentrar nele até que seja novamente distraído. Ele não pode nunca atacar ou defender-se contra mais de um Aventureiro ao mesmo tempo. (A razão para isso logo será esclarecida; por ora, é suficiente que os Aventureiros comecem a perceber que isso acontece, e você só deve apontar-lhes tal fato se eles não estiverem percebendo nada, de jeito nenhum.)

Não se preocupe em manter um registro dos pontos de ENERGIA gastos pelo feiticeiro ao lançar seus feitiços. Ele os está recebendo de outro lugar.

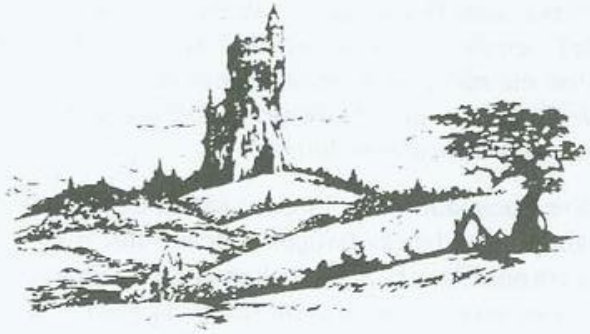

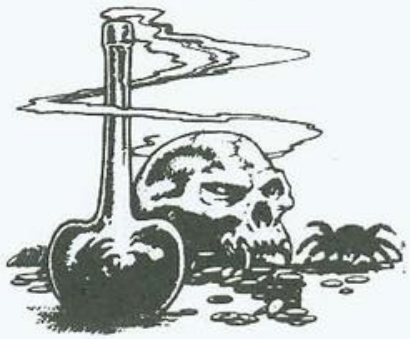

Se não estiver usando miniaturas para controlar o combate, precisará de algum meio para saber quando os Aventureiros aproximam-se o suficiente para conseguir fazer alguma coisa. São necessárias *quatro* tentativas bem-sucedidas de esquivar-se contra *Rajadas de Energia* para conseguir-se acertar o feiticeiro. Se Throg estiver ignorando um Aventureiro, ele pode aproximar-se do vilão, ou de um queimador de incenso, em quatro séries de ataque. Leva-se o equivalente a uma série de ataque para estar com os movimentos livres (ou conseguir *Esquivar-se*) para mover-se de um queimador de incenso até o feiticeiro.

Lembre-se de mencionar aos Aventureiros que os queimadores de incenso flamejam cada vez que o feiticeiro lançar um feitiço. Eles logo podem ter a idéia de que estão de algum modo ligados a seus poderes mágicos. Se um deles for derrubado (por uma flecha, um chute ou um objeto jogado sobre ele), então os poderes de Xortan Throg ficarão reduzidos: ele não poderá mais rebater os feitiços e suas *Rajadas de Força* não mais causarão danos, apesar de ainda poder lançar os Aventureiros longe.

Se os dois queimadores de incenso forem derrubados, Throg não mais poderá lançar feitiços e deve lutar num combate corpo a corpo. Ele está armado com apenas longas unhas parecidas com garras (que causam ferimentos semelhantes aos

de punhais). O feiticeiro só pode rebater os mísseis direcionados a ele, não os direcionados aos queimadores de incenso.

Problemas?

Se três ou mais Aventureiros sobreviveram até agora, eles devem ter poucos problemas para vencer os Bandidos. Dois Aventureiros devem ser suficientes para livrar-se do feiticeiro; eles podem aumentar suas chances se um deles simplesmente começar a discutir com o feiticeiro, enquanto seu colega lida com o mais do que ansioso Príncipe Barinjhar. Se sobrar apenas um Aventureiro, Xortan Throg esperará até que Barinjhar esteja morto antes de atacar, mas um único Aventureiro terá problemas, a menos que seja muito bom em esquivar-se (ou extremamente sortudo!). Se lhe parecer que o Aventureiro vai morrer, você terá que assumir as rédeas dos problemas e fazer com que, no final, os mocinhos vençam: sua aventura não pode terminar assim! Se houver algum risco do último dos Aventureiros morrer, eis o que acontecerá então:

Enquanto o Aventureiro solitário luta para percorrer seu caminho até o feiticeiro, a porta à esquerda do trono do vilão se abre silenciosamente. Uma linda jovem com roupas rasgadas se esgueira no aposento. A Princesa Sarissa conseguiu libertar-se de suas amarras, e agora esgueira-se pelo aposento carregando um grande vaso. Pondo seu dedo diante dos lábios e pedindo que o Aventureiro permaneça em silêncio, ela se move por trás de Xortan Throg e joga-lhe o vaso na cabeça, quebrando-o com um tremendo estrondo! Enquanto o feiticeiro está tonto, o Aventureiro tem a chance de chegar até ele e enterrar-lhe uma espada por entre suas costelas ossudas e feiticeiras.

Vá Para...

Depois que Xortan Throg morre, você deve imediatamente seguir para a cena final, a *Cena 6*.

Cena 6 — O Fim?

Local

A cena final ocorre na sala do trono do feiticeiro (descrita em detalhes na cena anterior) e nos dois aposentos adjacentes. A porta à esquerda do trono do feiticeiro leva ao quarto de dormir. Ele é parcamente mobiliado, com apenas uma cadeira e uma cama de dossel. Um pequeno baú contém um conjunto de roupas perfeitamente comum (sem ser mágico), semelhante à toga que o feiticeiro usava na última cena. Se Sarissa não tiver escapado na cena anterior, haverá um vaso de aparência antiga num dos cantos. Se na última cena não foi necessário que a Princesa Sarissa salvasse os Aventureiros, ela estará sobre a cama, amarrada e amordaçada, suas roupas ligeiramente desfeitas mas ainda assim cobrindo completamente seu corpo jovem.

A porta à direita do trono leva ao estúdio do feiticeiro. Surpreendentemente, guarda poucas coisas de interesse. Há muitas ervas e especiarias, crocodilos empalhados, pequenas estátuas estranhas, crânios animais e humanos e muitas outras coisinhas misteriosas. Há também algumas poucas gemas numa bolsa de couro — valendo em torno de 20 moedas de ouro — mas não existe nenhum livro de feitiços e muito menos dinheiro suficiente.

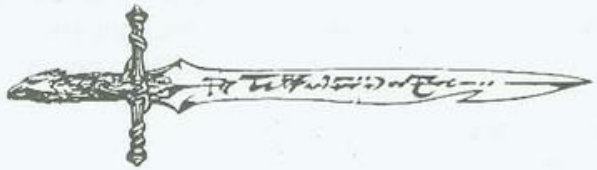

Resumo da Trama

A Princesa é salva (se necessário) mas, numa surpreendente reviravolta na história, os Aventureiros descobrem que Xortan Throg é ainda mais astuto do que eles pensavam.

Lista de Personagens

A Princesa Sarissa tem dezesseis anos, longos cabelos louros e é bastante bonita, exatamente o que se esperaria de uma princesa cativa. Ela é também esperta e corajosa. Em vez de desmanchar-se em lágrimas e lamúrias desnecessárias, tem tentado escapar e tramado como conseguir livrar-se de seus captores ao conseguir se libertar.

Tendo sido devidamente educada por seu pai, o sábio e renomado Rei Salamon, ela será extremamente grata a seus salvadores, mas não tanto a ponto de se apaixonar por um deles, concordar em casar com outro ou qualquer acordo desse tipo. As princesas são criadas na expectativa de casarem-se com um príncipe rico e poderoso, não com um aventureiro rude e de péssimos modos, principalmente se forem princesas de uma das mais prósperas cidades-estado de Allansia. Sendo uma pessoa de nascimento nobre e boa educação, Sarissa naturalmente presumirá que agora é ela quem está no comando e que os Aventureiros farão o que mandar. Se eles não cooperarem com ela, poderá tornar-se um pouco petulante.

Ah, e Xortan Throg faz uma reaparição de surpresa, apesar de somente do pescoço para cima. Sim, percebemos que isso é um pouco chocante, mas continue a ler...

Acessórios

Se puder achar uma bela garota loura de uns dezesseis anos que esteja a fim de assumir o papel de Sarissa, vai ser legal — mas lembre-se de pedir-lhe permissão antes de amarrá-la, ou poderá ter problemas depois (brincadeirinha!).

Você também poderia usar alguma coisa que simulasse a voz ecoante e retumbante necessária para o pronunciamento final e crítico do feiticeiro. Se não tiver acesso a um megafone ou a um sistema com microfone e caixas de som, com efeito

de eco, tente enrolar um pedaço de papel e falar por esse tubo improvisado.

Ação!

Dependendo de suas personalidades (e dos jogadores que as controlam), os Aventureiros terão uma ou outra coisa em mente. A maioria deles estará interessada em salvar a princesa e removê-la desse perigoso lugar, o mais rápido possível. Brondwyn, o Ladrão e Grimbold Tornhelm estarão bem interessados em examinar o local à procura de coisas para encher seus bolsos, e o jovem mago — Rangor — talvez procure pelo livro de feitiçaria de Xortan Throg (você deve alertá-lo para a possibilidade de existir um livro de feitiçaria, cheio de apetitosos feitiços a serem aprendidos, mesmo sabendo que ele não está no estúdio!). Como não sabem a que lugar leva cada porta, os dois primeiros segmentos de *Ação!* podem ocorrer em ordem inversa. Se Sarissa já se salvou, use somente sua fala do segmento 1 e vá direto para o segmento 3.

1. A Princesa

Sarissa está amarrada e amordaçada e deverá ser salva pelos Aventureiros. Se eles forem um pouco lentos em fazer isso,

ela gemerá e tentará implorar através da mordaça. Quando estiver finalmente liberta, ela os repreenderá por demorarem tanto e então tomará conta da situação. Depois de ter expressado sua extrema gratidão aos Aventureiros — e talvez até mesmo ter-lhes dado um beijinho na bochecha ou um aperto de mão firme, mas gentil — ela lhes explicará algumas questões nas quais nossos heróis talvez ainda não tenham pensado (você terá de parafrasear ou até mesmo omitir algumas coisas do discurso a seguir, no caso dos Aventureiros já terem discutido a situação entre eles):

"Vocês não poderão mais voltar à Chalice e reclamar por sua recompensa, já que mataram o filho único do Rei Pindar, mesmo ele sendo um cretino real, não é mesmo? Não pensem nem por um segundo que o Rei acreditará em histórias sobre tramas astutas. Reis não são diferentes dos outros mortais — pensam que seus filhos não podem fazer nada de errado. Felizmente para vocês, porém, espero que meu pai os recompense tão generosamente quanto Pindar lhes prometeu — talvez até mesmo melhor, uma vez que Salamonis é a mais rica cidade de toda Allansia.

"É claro que ainda teremos que escapar daqui. Ouvi o nojento do Barinjhar contar ao velho descarado do Throg que seus homens estavam de guarda do lado de fora e os pegariam caso tentassem escapar; mas nós provavelmente poderemos usar o mesmo caminho pelo qual vocês vieram. Isso significa que terei que voltar caminhando pela floresta, o que arruinará ainda mais meu vestido, mas tenho certeza de que papai vai me perdoar ao saber das circunstâncias. Podemos ir?"

Se os Aventureiros tiverem o Lagarto Gigante com eles, podem sugerir que Sarissa monte nele, mas ela não ficará muito bem impressionada:

"Ergh! Ah, não, eu simplesmente não poderia! Ele é limpo? E seguro? Tampouco me parece muito amigável e confortável. Acho que vou preferir ir andando, obrigada."

Todas as sugestões referentes a casamento e coisas do gênero serão recebidas com comentários do tipo:

"Senhor, estando assim grata por minha salvação, devo apontar-lhe o fato de que está tendo idéias um pouco acima do seu nível social!"

2. O Estúdio

Os gananciosos Aventureiros vão querer dispender algum tempo procurando aqui e ali e sem dúvida alguma ficarão bastante frustrados, pois não existe nenhum tesouro. Se Sarissa der uma olhada nele, comentará sobre alguns potes: "Ah, olhe, existem mais vasos como esse aí no quarto" (que ela pode ter destruído na cabeça de Xortan Throg). "São menores, mas obviamente têm a mesma forma. Eles são muito velhos, sabem. Lembro que certa vez meu tutor me mostrou um desenho de um desses e disse que haviam sido feitos em um lugar chamado Carsepolis, que não existe mais. História é mesmo muito chato, não acham?" Provavelmente não haverá nenhuma resposta quanto a isso, pois é pouco provável que nossos heróis gostem de estudar história e coisas do gênero, e certamente não sabem nada sobre um lugar chamado Carsep-seja-lá-o-que-for. Sarissa então volta até a sala do trono.

3. Xortan Throg Retorna!

Depois de juntar todos, inclusive a Princesa Sarissa, de volta na sala do trono, ocorrerá um evento milagroso. Com um estranho som de alguma coisa sendo sugada, o corpo do feiticeiro morto de repente cairá sobre si mesmo, deixando apenas seu manto no chão. Subitamente um fogo flameja na lareira, vindo de lugar algum, e nas chamas pode-se ver a cabeça muito familiar de Xortan Throg. Ele fala, num tom irônico e arrogante, sua voz ressoando; essa é a hora de improvisar o megafone, se tiver como fazê-lo:

"Ahá" retumba ele com uma voz alta e ecoante, "fiz contato novamente. Parece, gentis cavalheiros, que sua reputação não é falsa, são tão bravos quanto ouvi falar. Nunca pensei que o velho e tolo Pindar tivesse condições de contratar guerreiros tão bons quanto vocês. Heh-heh, talvez ele não pudesse e estivesse na esperança de que vocês teriam pena dele — ou talvez estivesse pensando em não pagar-lhes sua recompensa. Aposto como não pensaram em pegar nada adiantado, não é? Deixem pra lá.

"Bom, meus bravos idiotas, acho que fui sábio em tomar certas precauções. Tão logo ouvi que estavam vindo atrás de mim, resolvi ausentar-me do castelo. Desculpe quanto a isso, mas todo o tempo estive a quilômetros daqui. A pobre criatura que mataram era um mero simulacro, um ser artificial animado pela energia de minha poderosa feitiçaria. Estou a salvo em meu santuário secreto, de onde prepararei minha vingança contra vocês... um a um... lenta e hediondamente. Heh-heh-heh!

"E você, minha bela, não pense que esqueci de você! Volte e diga a seu bom e sábio pai que Xortan Throg ainda vive, e enquanto viver, ninguém em Salamonis pode dar-se ao luxo de dormir em paz. Aháháháháháhá.....!!"

O rosto do feiticeiro vai sumindo em meio a gargalhadas cacarejantes, deixando os atônitos Aventureiros e a bela princesa, pálida de susto, sozinhos na torre.

Fim

Problemas?

Se os Aventureiros conseguirem estragar tudo (se de algum modo conseguirem matar a princesa ou fazer alguma coisa igualmente destrutiva), você obviamente convidou as pessoas erradas para participar de sua aventura e não há muito a fazer para remediar a situação. Desculpe.

Eles podem, é claro, desejar examinar o restante do castelo à procura de tesouro. Diga-lhes que são bem-vindos para fazê-lo, mas também informe-os de que não há nada interessante nos outros aposentos e que vão desperdiçar seu tempo visitando todos eles. No que se refere aos jogadores, a aventura termina aqui e se eles desejarem continuar, devem aguardar a seqüência!

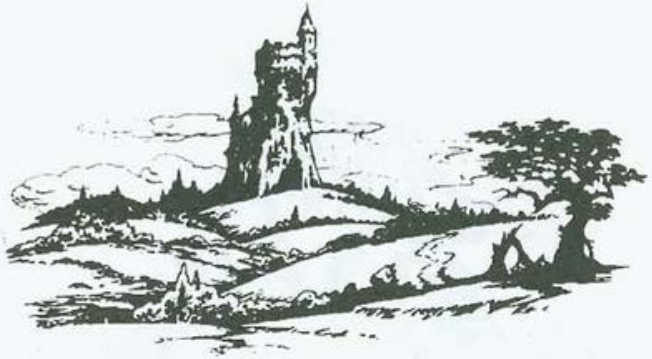

Vá Para...

É bem óbvio que existem várias lacunas que os jogadores podem muito bem exigir que você esclareça. Xortan Throg vai atacar os Aventureiros, ou eles vão conseguir encontrá-los

antes? Por que ele odeia Salamonis? Tudo isso e muito, muito mais será revelado na aventura principal que será detalhada mais adiante neste livro.

Pretendemos continuar essa aventura assim que os Aventureiros chegarem à corte do Rei Salamon, pois nada dramaticamente interessante acontecerá nesse meio tempo. Porém, se estiver mesmo a fim, ou se seus jogadores pedirem muito que não termine sua jornada desse modo, você pode tentar fazer sua própria aventura em separado, onde conta como nossos heróis e a Princesa Sarissa escapam do castelo e fogem pelas regiões inóspitas cheias de lobos até Salamonis, perseguidos por Xortan Throg, seus Goblins e os guardas pessoais do Príncipe Barinjhar. No entanto, ainda achamos que seria melhor se vocês esperassem!

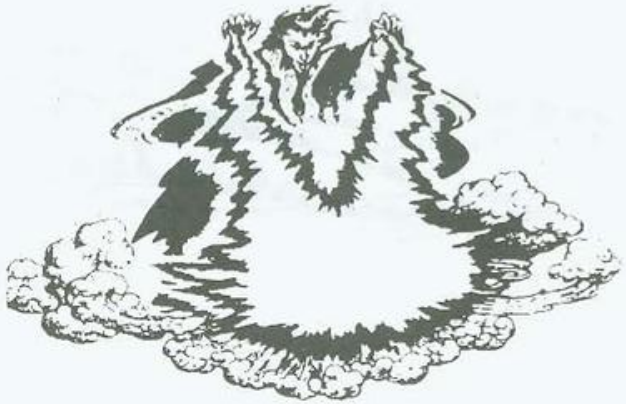

Portanto, você agora pode relaxar, recuperar a voz, acender as luzes, soltar a garota e continuar sua leitura. Esperamos que tudo tenha dado certo, principalmente se for a primeira experiência em RPG de todos os jogadores. Por ora não há muito mais a fazer a não ser limpar a bagunça, recolher as folhas de aventuras dos personagens e pensar em toda a diversão que tiveram (esperamos que tenham tido mesmo!). Você também podè marcar uma data para a continuação desta eletrizante aventura de fantasia!

Em Breve !

DUNGEONEER
AVENTURA II

"A VINGANÇA DO FEITICEIRO"

3. As Regras do Jogo

Agora que você já jogou uma aventura de *Dungeoneer* com seus amigos e experimentou algumas das poucas regras simples que usamos para controlá-lo, podemos prosseguir para personagens e situações um pouquinho mais complicadas. Porém, antes de jogar a Aventura II de *Dungeoneer*: "A Vingança do Feiticeiro", recomendamos que leia por inteiro este capítulo, no qual resumimos todas as regras que, juntas, formam o sistema de jogo Aventuras Fantásticas Avançadas.

Conforme progredirmos, mostraremos como criar seus próprios personagens, como fazer com que adquiram equipamento de aventura e, então, como usá-lo em lutas contra monstros enraivecidos, pendurar-se em lustres, subir penhascos íngremes, nadar em rios turbulentos e, de um modo geral, fazer todas as coisas que os tornarão famosos por todo o território da mítica Allansia!

Este capítulo pode ser lido pelo Mestre e seus jogadores e também consultado várias vezes antes, durante e depois de uma aventura. É possível que, para suas primeiras aventuras, este capítulo se torne muito útil. Mas tente não gastar muito tempo procurando as mínimas regras existentes, pois isso destrói o andamento e o ritmo do jogo.

Seguindo as regras, fornecemos uma pequena seção (que começa na página 215), voltada especificamente para os olhos do Mestre, onde apontamos alguns modos de seguir e controlar uma aventura para que todos possam aproveitar o jogo ao máximo. No caso de estar ruminando a questão sobre quando lhes serão apresentadas as regras e linhas gerais para planejar e programar sua própria aventura de *Dungeoneer*, elas começarão a ser realmente explicadas após a Aventura II de *Dungeoneer* , na página 227.

Ao ler este capítulo pela primeira vez, pode ser-lhe útil ter alguns dados, um lápis e papel de rascunho à mão. Quando passarmos pelos exemplos, tente criar seu próprio Aventureiro de modo a poder compreender melhor o processo.

Uma observação final: na Aventura I, detalhamos algumas regras conforme prosseguíamos com a aventura. para tornar as coisas mais rápidas, tanto para você quanto para os jogadores, simplificamos algumas dessas regras; você irá, portanto, descobrir que algumas das regras que apresentaremos agora são versões ligeiramente mais complicadas das que já conhece. A partir de agora, recomendamos que use as novas versões.

É isso aí, vamos começar o jogo!

Criar um Aventureiro

O componente mais importante em qualquer aventura de *Dungeoneer* é o Aventureiro. Sem um Aventureiro para fazer todas aquelas coisas audaciosas com sua espada e suas outras habilidades, a princesa jamais seria resgatada, o maléfico necromante jamais seria vencido, sua terra jamais estaria salva para os cidadãos bons e leais de todos os reinos.

Cada Aventureiro é definido em relação a duas coisas. Primeiro existem suas *características*; são elas HABILIDADE, ENERGIA e SORTE. Nós sempre as escreveremos em letras maiúsculas para que você saiba que estamos nos referindo a elas. Cada característica terá um valor numérico que revela

— quando usamos as regras do jogo — exatamente como nosso herói se adapta ou não a alguma coisa — é, por exemplo, parecido com saber os pontos de QI (Quoeficiente de Inteligência) de uma pessoa.

Em segundo, existem *habilidades* e *feitiços* que fazem parte do Aventureiro. Exatamente como na vida real, cada Aventureiro tem bastante experiência e prática em fazer certas coisas, enquanto não sabe nada em relação a outras. Essas Habilidades têm uma base na combinação da HABILIDADE *Inicial* de um Aventureiro somada a qualquer aprendizado que tenha recebido.

A *Folha de Aventuras*

Na página seguinte temos uma *Folha de Aventuras*. Se já tiver jogado algum livro-jogo da Série Aventuras Fantásticas, então estará familiarizado com ela — apesar de haver muitas modificações para que pudessem ser abrangidas as habilidades aumentadas e os feitiços que alguns dos aventureiros possuem. Cada jogador deve receber uma folha dessas, na qual manterá um registro de todos os números e habilidades referentes ao personagem com que está jogando. Você pode fazer cópias da *Folha de Aventuras* em branco que acompanha este livro, ou, se preferir, anotar numa folha à parte.

Agora que passou pela primeira aventura, você já deve ter uma idéia melhor quanto ao que cada característica significa, mas ainda assim as explicaremos mais uma vez para que tudo fique bem esclarecido. Falando nisso, lembre-se de anotar os valores a lápis, pois eles podem (e freqüentemente o fazem) mudar conforme o andamento do jogo. Por isso aconselhamos que tenha uma borracha sempre à mão.

FOLHA DE AVENTURAS

NOME:

JOGADOR:

IDADE:

RAÇA/
PROFISSÃO:

M/F:

HABILIDADE	ENERGIA	SORTE
Inicial:	*Inicial:*	*Inicial:*
Atual:	*Atual:*	*Atual:*

HABILIDADES:	*Valor:*

FEITIÇOS:	*Gasto de Energia*

DINHEIRO: MOs SPs

TESOURO:

EQUIPAMENTO:

PROVISÕES:

PONTOS DE EXPERIÊNCIA.

HISTÓRICO:

PERSONALIDADE:

CITAÇÕES:

NOTAS:

DESENHO:

Habilidade

A HABILIDADE *de um Aventureiro é obtida jogando-se um dado e somando-se 6 ao resultado.*

A menos que você vá aprender a lançar feitiços, esse será o seu valor de HABILIDADE *Inicial*. Portanto, anote-o à caneta no quadro apropriado em sua folha — mas prepare-se para alterá-lo a qualquer instante.

Este valor de HABILIDADE indica as habilidades do Aventureiro como um todo, numa série de áreas: esgrima e capacidade geral em luta, força e destreza, inteligência, intuição e conhecimento; e outras coisas mais. Ela também é usada como base para as Habilidades Especiais individuais, que discutiremos já. Resumindo, quanto maior for a HABILIDADE, melhor, apesar de saber-se que Aventureiros com pontos baixos em HABILIDADE já venceram os mais surpreendentes dos oponentes — afinal, neste jogo ter uma mente rápida e muita coragem é tão importante quanto ter um forte braço com espada!

Energia

A ENERGIA *de um Aventureiro é determinada jogando-se dois dados e somando-se 12 ao resultado.*

Sua ENERGIA é uma espécie de medida para sua resistência física e boa saúde, seu desejo de sobrevivência, sua determinação e constituição geral. A ENERGIA de um Aventureiro poderá ser reduzida por ferimentos, fome e exaustão durante uma aventura. Se ela chegar a zero, o Aventureiro morrerá, de acordo com as regras apresentadas na última seção do livro. Contudo, descanso e recuperação, ou comer algumas Provisões gostosas recuperarão uma certa quantidade da ENERGIA perdida.

Sorte

Os pontos de SORTE *de um Aventureiro são obtidos jogando-se um dado e somando-se 6 ao resultado.*

SORTE é um fator muito importante na vida de qualquer aventureiro; ela mostra como ele é favorecido pelos deuses e o nível de sucesso obtido em suas aventuras. Quanto maior for sua SORTE, mais sortudo será o Aventureiro. Às vezes, durante o decorrer de uma aventura, pode ser necessário que se *Teste a Sorte* de um Aventureiro a fim de determinar se a situação será contra ou a favor dele.

Às vezes um Aventureiro pode ele mesmo escolher *Testar sua Sorte* numa tentativa de tornar a situação mais favorável. É claro que não existe nenhuma garantia de que isso vá acontecer; é sempre assim com a sorte e a oportunidade. Além disso, sempre que um Aventureiro *Testar a Sorte*, ele deve reduzir 1 ponto de seu total de SORTE, mesmo que não tenha sido bem-sucedido. Se ele não tiver cuidado, acabará com toda sua SORTE! Já explicaremos como um Aventureiro *Testa sua Sorte*.

Exemplo de Aventureiro:
Para mostrarmos como tudo isso funciona, criaremos um Aventureiro para acompanhar as explicações. Herói (é assim que o chamaremos por enquanto) obtém 3 no dado e soma 6 para fazer um total de HABILIDADE 9; obtém 6 e 2 e soma 12 para fazer um total de ENERGIA 20; e finalmente obtém 6 e soma 6 para fazer um total de SORTE 12. Esse Aventureiro obviamente terá o apelido de "Sortudo"!

Testar a Sorte

Em certos momentos durante uma aventura, um Aventureiro pode ver-se numa situação bastante complicada onde nada que faça o impedirá de receber ferimentos graves ou resulte até mesmo em sua morte. Nessa hora, porém, o Mestre pode permitir que você *Teste sua Sorte* e lhe dê assim uma última chance de evitar o que está para acontecer.

Você deve *Testar sua Sorte* do jeito que se segue:

Jogue dois dados e some-os. Se o resultado for igual ou menor do que seus pontos de SORTE, você testou sua SORTE com sucesso e evitou o que o estava ameaçando. Mas se o resultado for maior do que seus pontos de SORTE, você foi azarado; não importa o que o esteja ameaçando, sentimos muito mas não poderemos fazer nada.

A cada vez que um Aventureiro *Testa a Sorte*, tendo ou não sucesso em sua tentativa, ele deve reduzir 1 ponto de seu total de SORTE. Tenha cuidado para não ficar completamente sem sorte!

SORTE também pode ser usada em combates para evitar um golpe da lâmina do adversário, ou para usar a sua própria espada com o intuito de feri-lo mais gravemente. Nós trataremos desse assunto mais adiante, em nossa seção *Lutar em Combates* (veja página 147).

Habilidades Especiais
Dependendo da situação, toda pessoa é melhor ou pior do que outra ao fazer determinadas coisas. Para um Aventureiro, o mais importante é ser melhor em lutas com uma determinada arma, as várias habilidades específicas para aventuras (tais como esgueirar-se silenciosamente, escalar, detectar armadilhas, ver no escuro etc) e até mesmo a habilidade de lançar feitiços. Em *Dungeoneer*, apresentamos tais habilidades permitindo que todos os Aventureiros escolham várias *Habilidades Especiais.*

Cada Aventureiro pode designar o mesmo número de pontos de sua HABILIDADE *Inicial* para qualquer *Habilidade Especial* de sua escolha, dando-lhes no máximo 4 pontos por Habilidade Especial. Assim, cada Habilidade Especial terá um valor igual ao valor da HABILIDADE atual do Aventureiro, mais os pontos designados para ela. Se for designado mais de 1 ponto para qualquer Habilidade Especial, isso significa uma especialização ainda maior; se os jogadores escolherem colocar 1 ponto em várias Habilidades Especiais diferentes, isso tornará seu personagem um Aventureiro com muitos talentos.

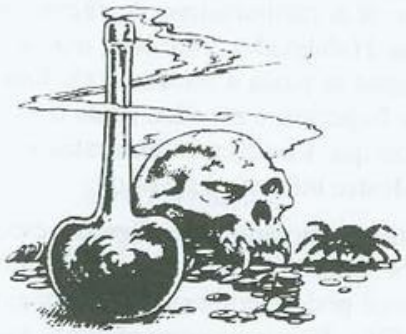

Habilidades Especiais podem ser aumentadas ainda mais com treinamento e prática posterior no jogo. *Importante:* se algum Aventureiro desejar escolher *Magia* como sua Habilidade Especial, consulte a seção relativa a este assunto; ela encontra-se após a lista de Habilidades Especiais, dada adiante, na página 122. *Magia* é uma área de habilidade muito diferente e é um pouquinho mais complicada do que a maioria das Habilidades Especiais.

Exemplo de Aventureiro:
"Sortudo" tem uma HABILIDADE igual a 9; isso lhe dá 9 pontos a serem distribuídos. Ele resolve que vai ser um guerreiro experiente, e decide colocar 3 pontos em *Espada* e 3 em *Arco e Flecha*, 2 pontos em *Esgueirar-se* e 1 ponto em *Esquivar-se*. Portanto, ele agora tem os seguintes pontos de Habilidade Específica: *Espada* 12, *Arco e Flecha* 12, *Esgueirar-se* 11 e *Esquivar-se* 10 (assim como sua HABILIDADE *Inicial* 9, que não é afetada). Esperemos que ele nunca tenha que montar um cavalo ou nadar!

Lista de Habilidades Especiais
Estas são as Habilidades Especiais disponíveis. Nós as dividimos em grupos para uma consulta mais facilitada, porém esses grupos não têm nenhum tipo de regra. O Mestre pode inventar outras Habilidades Especiais que sejam peculiares ao mundo no qual se passa a aventura; ele lhes dirá quais são as Habilidades Especiais à escolha. Além disso, poderá haver algumas na lista que fornecemos que estarão fora de uso; se for o caso, o Mestre informará tal fato.

Uma última observação antes que faça sua escolha. Presume-se que a maioria dos Aventureiros seja de origem humana. No entanto, você pode escolher um personagem que seja um Anão ou um Elfo. Já que existem algumas regras diferentes quanto às Habilidades Especiais que essas raças podem escolher, recomendamos que qualquer pessoa que estiver pensando em assumir um personagem não-humano deveria dar uma olhada na seção de *Raças Não-Humanas*, mais adiante, na página 138.

As Habilidades Especiais disponíveis são as seguintes:

Combate
Arma de Haste (Alabarda)
Espada
Espada de Duas Mãos
Lança
Machado
Punhal
Outra Arma (especifique)

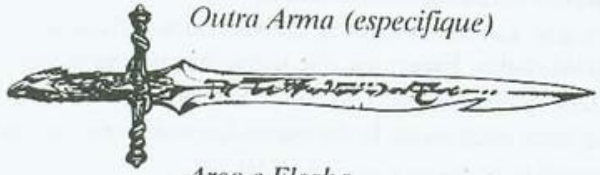

Arco e Flecha
Besta
Dardo
Punhal de Arremesso
Força
Combate Desarmado

Movimentação
Escalar
Esquivar-se
Cavalgar
Nadar
Saltar

Ação Furtiva
Abrir Fechaduras
Conhecimento de Armadilhas
Conscientização
Esconder-se
Esgueirar-se
Truque de Mãos
Visão no Escuro

Aprendizado	*Conhecimento das Florestas*
	Conhecimento Marítimo
	Conhecimento do Mundo
	Conhecimento do Subterrâneo
	Etiqueta
	Línguas
	Magia
	Trapaça

Habilidades Especiais Explicadas

Sempre que um Aventureiro estiver numa situação em que suas Habilidades Especiais são úteis, ele usa seus pontos de Habilidade Especial para resolver a ação. Em cada situação em que não tiver uma Habilidade Especial que se aplique, então usará seus pontos de HABILIDADE.

As Habilidades Especiais de um personagem funcionam como detalhado abaixo. Não é necessário aprender todos os aspectos da Habilidade Especial ao mesmo tempo, mas cada Aventureiro deveria saber mais ou menos o que pode ou não fazer com ela. Passaremos por elas em ordem alfabética:

Abrir Fechaduras — O Aventureiro é mais habilidoso do que os outros em abrir mecanismos de trancas capciosas. Essa Habilidade Especial é muito importante para qualquer ladrão que faça truques com as mãos!

Arma de Haste (Alabarda) — Como a Lança, essa Habilidade Especial permite a um personagem lutar em combate corpo a corpo usando uma arma de haste, uma lâmina larga atravessada por outra em forma de meia-lua e encaixada numa haste semelhante a uma lança.

Arco e Flecha — O Aventureiro com essa Habilidade Especial é bem versado em arco e flecha e combate com projéteis, e também cuidadoso com seu arco.

Besta — Ela simplesmente dá ao Aventureiro que possui tal habilidade, destreza em armar e disparar uma besta, sabe também mantê-la em boas condições e repará-la.

Combate Desarmado — Essa Habilidade Especial dá ao Aventureiro uma melhor chance de ser vencedor de qualquer briga ou luta até a morte, usando apenas as mãos nuas. Nas terras do Leste, essa habilidade também poderia incluir alguma forma de arte marcial tal como judô, caratê, kung fu ou o que seu Mestre permitir no jogo.

Conhecimento de Armadilhas — O Aventureiro fez um estudo em armadilhas e pode encontrá-las, evitá-las ou desmontá-las com maior habilidade do que uma pessoa comum. Em níveis mais altos, seu Mestre pode até mesmo permitir que você projete e construa suas próprias tortuosas armadilhas mecânicas.

Conhecimento das Florestas — O Aventureiro tem habilidades que lhe permitem sobreviver em florestas, incluindo a capacidade de encontrar comida, permanecer numa trilha, rastrear alguém, encontrar abrigo e muito mais.

Conhecimento Marítimo — Conhecimento dos ventos e correntes, nós, velames e outros aspectos de velejar no mar. O

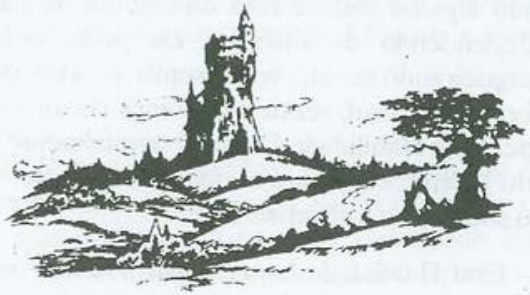

valor da Habilidade Especial é uma medida de quanto o Aventureiro conhece na realidade.

Conhecimento do Mundo — Dá ao Aventureiro que a possui uma melhor chance de conhecer algum fato sobre uma área geográfica, sua história, lendas, pessoas e acontecimentos famosos, assim como o clima, a rota certa para determinado lugar, personalidades locais (onde encontrá-las, ou manter-se longe delas), e assim por diante.

Conhecimento do Subterrâneo — Ela confere ao Aventureiro a habilidade de permanecer vivo num complexo de masmorras ou de cavernas, saberá notar as possíveis quedas de rochas antes que ocorram, encontrar o caminho para a superfície e coisas assim.

Conscientização — Dá ao Aventureiro uma chance de perceber quando alguma coisa é fora do comum ou parece "errada". Dependendo da situação, ela pode incluir ouvir alguém esgueirando-se até você, sentir o odor de veneno num determinado local, sentir a presença de uma armadilha secreta etc. Essa Habilidade Especial normalmente será verificada pelo Mestre: ele jogará os dados para ver se você obteve ou não sucesso ao utilizar-se dela.

Dardo — Essa Habilidade Especial permite ao Aventureiro, que a escolhe, jogar um dardo com uma precisão muito maior

e muito mais longe do que seus amigos. Ele também é capaz de escolher e cuidar das melhores armas.

Esconder-se — O Aventureiro é adepto de encontrar um lugar onde se esconder ou alguma coisa que deseje, para que então os outros não o encontrem ou ao que esconde. É claro que não poderá se esconder se não houver para onde ir, mas, se houver meios suficientes, esse Aventureiro pode fazer melhor do que a grande maioria.

Escalar — Essa Habilidade dá ao Aventureiro uma chance maior do que a média para escalar com sucesso as piores das escarpas. É claro que existem sempre lugares onde não se pode aventurar, mas esse Aventureiro é mais habilidoso do que a grande maioria. Porém tenha sempre em mente que o Mestre pode, à sua própria vontade, impor penalidade quanto às chances de escalar um penhasco muito íngreme e liso.

Esgueirar-se — Essa Habilidade Especial permite ao Aventureiro que a possui mover-se sem ser notado. Fica implícito nessa habilidade a capacidade de ir-se aonde desejar sem ser ouvido ou visto.

Espada — Nosso herói treinou por muito tempo e muito arduamente, e está caminhando lentamente para tornar-se um mestre espadachim! Essa Habilidade Especial inclui também conhecimento de espadas, abrangendo seu cuidado e manutenção, percepção de uma arma mal forjada e outras coisas mais.

Espada de Duas Mãos — Lutar com uma imensa lâmina de duas mãos é muito difícil e exige uma combinação de força e destreza, que é alcançada por essa Habilidade Especial. A habilidade também inclui o conhecimento relativo ao cuidado e à manutenção de tal arma.

Esquivar-se — Dá ao Aventureiro a chance de sair do caminho de qualquer coisa ou pessoa que esteja movendo-se velozmente em sua direção; isso pode incluir uma pedra rolando, uma espada descendo sobre sua cabeça ou até mesmo (em níveis muito altos) uma flecha!

Etiqueta — O Aventureiro com tal Habilidade Especial é especialmente bem versado nos modos comportamentais da corte. Ele sabe exatamente as coisas certas a serem ditas a um rei ou a um príncipe — e, talvez mais importante, quando calar-se! Essa é uma habilidade essencial para quem passar algum tempo na corte real.

Força — O Aventureiro com tal Habilidade Especial treinou e aumentou sua força física de modo a aproximá-la de um Troll ou de um Ogre. Ele pode erguer e lançar longe objetos pesados (e às vezes até mesmo pessoas!) e podem somar mais 1 ponto de dano ao lutar corpo a corpo, ao lançar uma arma ou num combate desarmado.

Lança — Essa habilidade permite simplesmente que você lute em combate corpo a corpo com uma lança. Não permite que jogue a lanca com grande habilidade.

Punhal de Arremesso — Essa habilidade permite ao Aventureiro, que a domina, lançar um punhal com velocidade, força e destreza. Ela não permite que ele a use com grande perícia durante uma luta corpo a corpo.

Línguas — Essa Habilidade Especial dá ao Aventureiro que a possui uma grande facilidade em falar ou ler uma língua ou inscrição estrangeira contemporânea (humanóide). Ela não se aplica à linguagem dos animais ou de seres mágicos.

Machado — O Aventureiro tem a habilidade de usar um machado de batalha num combate corpo a corpo. Ele também

sabe alguma coisa sobre o cuidado e a manutenção necessários para que o machado permaneça brilhante e afiado.

Magia — O conhecimento de feitiços e feitiçaria; um feitiço não pode ser lançado sem que se possua essa Habilidade Especial, que também determina se ele foi lançado corretamente e sem que acidentalmente o mago que o lançou tenha *se* transformado num sapo! Veja a seção especial na página 122 para maiores detalhes quanto à magia e o lançamento de feitiços.

Cavalgar — É simplesmente a capacidade de permanecer-se sentado numa sela enquanto se anda a cavalo. Ela também lhe dá uma chance (reduzida) de poder montar outros animais, não familiares, sejam elefantes, lagartos de montaria ou águias gigantes!

Nadar — Esse Aventureiro é adepto da natação, tanto de superfície quanto subaquática. A maioria dos seres que habitam o mar terá pontos muito altos nessa Habilidade Específica.

Outra Arma (especifique) — Se seu Mestre permitir, você pode escolher qualquer arma que desejar para aplicar a essa Habilidade Especial, seja uma bola de espinhos presa a uma corrente, um bumerangue de guerra ou uma estrela mortal ninja. Você primeiro terá que conversar com seu Mestre sobre sua escolha quanto a uma arma exótica, pois ela talvez não tenha nada a ver com o histórico do mundo em que seu personagem vive.

Punhal — O Aventureiro que tiver essa Habilidade Especial é adepto da luta com facas. Essa habilidade não inclui lançar um punhal, que é uma habilidade diferente — veja *Punhal de Arremesso*, acima.

Saltar — Esse Aventureiro tem a capacidade de pular para

cima, para baixo ou cruzando distâncias maiores do que as normais sem se ferir no processo.

Trapaça — O Aventureiro tem uma língua afiada, pensa muito rápido, e pode muito bem conseguir trapacear alguém de modo a fazê-lo acreditar no que está lhe dizendo, ou em fazê-lo comprar qualquer bobagem que o personagem esteja vendendo!

Truque de Mãos — O Aventureiro com essa Habilidade Especial, muitíssimo útil, tem grande destreza com as mãos. Um personagem poderia usar essa habilidade para "bater a carteira" de alguém, "surrupiar" um pequeno objeto, fazer truques mágicos e coisas do gênero.

Visão no Escuro — A capacidade de ver quase na escuridão total, principalmente nos subterrâneos. O Mestre normalmente não precisa verificar essa Habilidade Especial jogando os dados, a menos que o Aventureiro em questão esteja tentando ver alguma coisa específica que está escondida no escuro. Essa habilidade não funciona onde não exista nenhuma luz. Poucos personagens precisarão de mais de 1 ponto nessa Habilidade Especial — a menos que passem toda a vida nos subterrâneos! *Visão no Escuro* não pode ser aprendida com a experiência, mas *pode* ser adquirida com o tempo.

Habilidade Especial de *Magia*

Se um Aventureiro pretender lançar algum feitiço, precisará de pelo menos 1 ponto designado para a Habilidade Especial de *Magia*. Cada vez que ele deseje lançar um feitiço, deve ser bem-sucedido em jogar contra ela, se não ele poderá acabar dando errado.

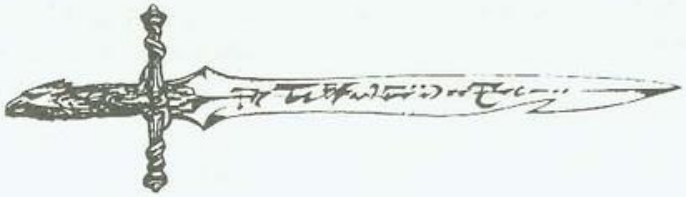

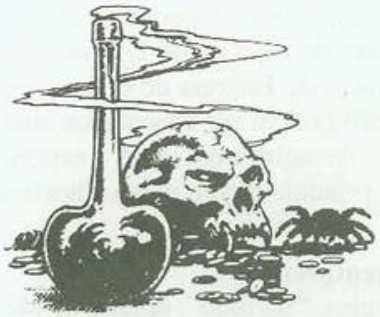

Porém, o estudo da magia e do sobrenatural exige um esforço muito intenso, que é feito parcialmente em detrimento das outras habilidades. A cada ponto designado para a Habilidade de Magia, um Aventureiro deve reduzir seu total de HABILIDADE em 1 ponto. Isso não afeta a primeira escolha de Habilidades Especiais do Aventureiro (ele pode distribuir quantos pontos tiver em seu primeiro valor de HABILIDADE, como descrito na página 113), mas *afeta* sua HABILIDADE, seus pontos de Habilidade Especial e seus lances de dados de agora em diante. Esse novo valor de HABILIDADE passa a valer como seu valor *Inicial*, quando for necessário, e ele não pode ser maior do que isso. Ou seja, todos os pontos de Habilidade Especial são espalhados pelas Habilidades Especiais necessárias, e só *então* é que a HABILIDADE será reduzida pelo número de pontos designados à Habilidade Especial de *Magia*.

Cada feitiço mágico tem um certo custo em pontos de ENERGIA para ser lançado: lançar uma magia requer grande esforço e concentração, e usa a energia física de quem a lança para que o feitiço tenha realmente efeito. Como resultante, todos os feitiços são definidos por quantos pontos de ENERGIA eles consomem; ou seja seu Gasto de Energia. Para cada ponto de habilidade colocado na Habilidade de *Magia*, um Aventureiro pode escolher aprender quantos feitiços formem um total de 3 pontos de Gasto de Energia.

Os Aventureiros novatos só podem escolher os feitiços que tenham um Gasto de Energia de 1, 2 ou 4 pontos. Os feitiços que têm um Gasto de Energia de 6 pontos ou mais para serem lançados não podem ser aprendidos ainda; eles estão reservados aos Aventureiros mais experientes — uau, lendários! — e principalmente para os horrendos Bandidos.

Exemplo de Aventureiro:
Nosso Aventureiro, "Sortudo", mudou de idéia e agora resolve que prefere ser um feiticeiro. Com sua HABILIDADE 9, ele usa 2 pontos para aprender a usar uma *Espada*, 2 para usar *Arco e Flecha*, 1 para *Esquivar-se* e os restantes 4 em *Magia* (total de 9 pontos). Ele agora tem uma HABILIDADE de 5, *Espada* 7, *Arco e Flecha* 7, *Esquivar-se* 6 e *Magia* 9, e pode escolher feitiços num total de 12 pontos em Gasto de Energia.

Lista de Feitiços
Apesar dos Aventureiros não poderem escolher os feitiços que tenham um Gasto de Energia superior a 4 pontos, listamos todos os feitiços disponíveis a fim de que houvesse uma abrangência completa. O Mestre pode ter inventado mais feitiços exclusivos para o mundo em particular no qual se aventuram, e pode permitir que você os escolha. Do mesmo modo, ele pode proibir o uso de certos feitiços da lista dada, se eles forem incompatíveis com esse jogo; sendo esse o caso, simplesmente escolha outra coisa.

	Gasto de Energia		Gasto de Energia
Abrir	1	*Sono*	2
Energia	1	*Visão Aguçada*	2
Escuridão	1	*Crescer*	4
Evitar Projétil	1	*Cura Total*	4
Força	1	*Encolher*	4
Fraqueza	1	*Encontrar*	4
Habilidade	1	*Falar com Animais*	4
Ilusão	1	*Flecha-Serpente*	4
Luz	1	*Grande Ilusão*	4
Medo	1	*Invisibilidade*	4
Rajada de Fogo	1	*Parede*	4
Sorte	1	*Prender*	4
Trancar	1	*Voar*	4
Contrafeitiço	2*	*Banir Mortos-Vivos*	6
Imagens-Fantasma	2	*Barata*	6
Levitar	2	*Conjurar Esqueleto*	6
Línguas	2	*Petrificar*	6
P.E.S.	2	*Teleportar*	6
Rajada de Energia	2	*Morte*	*10*

* — *Veja descrição a seguir para maiores detalhes.*

Explicação dos Feitiços
Esta é uma lista do que os feitiços podem e não podem fazer. Os efeitos da grande maioria não podem ser evitados pela vítima destinada, e muitos duram por uma certa quantidade de tempo (medidos em minutos do tempo real). Todos os feitiços de Gasto de Energia 1, 2 ou 4 podem ser lançados e pronto; os feitiços com Gasto de Energia mais elevado necessitam de total concentração para que funcionem.

Abrir (1) — Esse aqui é usado apenas para abrir uma fechadura, seja de uma porta, de uma arca de tesouro, uma janela ou qualquer coisa que esteja trancada. Ele também cancela o feitiço *Trancar*.

Energia (1) — Quando lançado, esse feitiço pode recuperar a ENERGIA de um aventureiro em até 6 pontos. O índice de ENERGIA não pode ser elevado acima de seu valor *Inicial*; os pontos a mais desse valor serão perdidos. Esse feitiço não pode ser lançado enquanto o mago que o lança estiver em combate e se um aventureiro lançá-lo em si mesmo, o Gasto de Energia será deduzido *após* os 6 pontos terem sido recuperados.

Escuridão (1) — Esse feitiço invoca uma escuridão total sobre uma área circular, com um raio de cinco metros em volta do mago que o lança e com duração de 3 minutos. A escuridão extingue toda luz artificial existente e impede a Habilidade *Visão no Escuro.*

Evitar Projétil (1) — Esse feitiço pode rebater qualquer flecha, lança ou outro projétil que seja lançado sobre o mago que o utiliza. O projétil passa assobiando e cai no chão, sem machucar ninguém.

Força (1) — Esse feitiço dota a quem o lança (ou em quem ele for lançado) com a força de um Troll ao erguer coisas pesadas, carregar ou bater. Pode ser muito útil para tirar pedras pesadas do caminho, abrir portas trancadas na marra e coisas do gênero. O Mestre deve ter em mente que a força de um Troll talvez seja grande demais para uma tarefa delicada e julgar os resultados segundo essa observação. O feitiço dura no máximo 1 minuto ou uma grande tarefa (uma porta trancada, uma imensa pedra etc).

Fraqueza (1) — Esse feitiço reduz de 1 a 6 pontos (jogue um dado) a HABILIDADE da vítima por 5 minutos.

Habilidade (1) — Como no feitiço de Energia, ele recupera a HABILIDADE do Aventureiro, mas em somente 4 pontos. O

índice de HABILIDADE não pode ser elevado acima de seu valor *Inicial*; os pontos que sobrarem são perdidos. Esse feitiço não pode ser usado enquanto o mago que o lançar estiver em combate.

Ilusão (1) — O mago pode usar esse feitiço para criar uma ilusão que convencerá uma determinada pessoa, escolhida e apontada para o Mestre antes do feitiço ser lançado. Por exemplo, o mago pode convencer um monstro que o persegue de que existe uma ponte sobre um abismo profundo. A ilusão será imediatamente cancelada se acontecer alguma coisa que a disperse (por exemplo, se o monstro pisar na "ponte" — apesar de nesse caso, já ser tarde demais para o monstro!). Qualquer um que for machucado por uma arma imaginária parecerá ter ficado ferido, mesmo no nível da inconsciência, mas, quando a ilusão acabar, irá acordar e perceber que tudo aconteceu em sua mente. A ilusão dura no máximo 3 minutos.

Luz (1) — O feitiço cria uma luz mágica que brilha com a mesma intensidade de uma tocha. Normalmente é lançado na ponta de um cajado ou de uma tocha. A luz dura cerca de 15 minutos, mas pode ser apagada quando o mago desejar. Uma luz mágica desse tipo é afetada pela *Escuridão*.

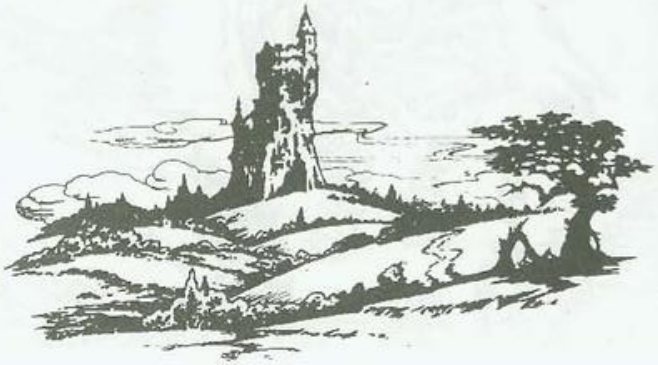

Medo (1) — Esse feitiço aterroriza uma pessoa escolhida, fazendo-a correr para o mais longe possível de quem o lançou. O efeito dura 2 minutos, depois dos quais a vítima se recupera do medo irracional.

Rajada de Fogo (1) — O feitiço cria uma pequena e dolorida rajada de fogo lançada da ponta dos dedos do mago, num determinado alvo já estipulado. A menos que o alvo em questão consiga *Esquivar-se* da rajada, ou for bem-sucedido em *Testar sua Sorte*, a vítima perderá uma jogada de dado de sua ENERGIA; ou seja, a vítima jogará um dado e diminuirá o resultado de seu valor de ENERGIA.

Sorte (1) — Exatamente como no caso do feitiço Habilidade, esse feitiço recupera a SORTE de um aventureiro em até 4 pontos. O índice de SORTE não pode jamais ser aumentado acima de seu valor *Inicial*; os pontos restantes ficam perdidos. Esse feitiço não pode ser lançado enquanto o mago que o lança estiver em combate.

Trancar (1) — Esse feitiço simplesmente tranca uma porta, arca de tesouro ou qualquer outra coisa que possa ser trancada, através de magia e não permite que o objeto em questão seja aberto por pessoas não autorizadas. O feitiço pode ser removido por um feitiço de *Abrir*, ou então caso o mago que originalmente lançou o feitiço para trancar, lance outro *Trancar* sobre o primeiro (desse modo ele não precisa saber o feitiço *Abrir* para voltar a ter acesso à arca!).

Contrafeitiço (2 para escolhê-lo, mas leia o que vem a seguir) — Esse feitiço, que cancela qualquer outro, funciona de um modo bastante complexo. Quando usado, o feitiço automaticamente terá um gasto de ENERGIA para quem o lançar igual ao gasto do feitiço original a ser cancelado *mais* 1 ponto de ENERGIA e quaisquer penalidades

especiais que possam afetar a quem o lançar. Portanto, para que o *Contrafeitiço* funcione com sucesso, quem o lançar deve reduzir sua Habilidade de *Magia* pelo Gasto de Energia do feitiço que está para afetá-lo antes de tentar cancelá-lo. Esse feitiço funciona somente contra os que o mago lança. Desse modo, o mago ainda deve pagar o Gasto de Energia mesmo que o *Contrafeitiço* falhe.

Por exemplo, cancelar uma *Rajada de Fogo* lançada sobre nosso Aventureiro, que tem Habilidade de *Magia* 12, consome-lhe 2 pontos de ENERGIA, se ele conseguir obter 11 ou menos nos dados. No entanto, cancelar um feitiço de *Morte* lhe consumiria 11 pontos de ENERGIA (e, nesse caso, também lhe custaria um ano de sua vida), se de algum modo ele conseguisse obter 2 ou menos em dois dados.

Imagens-Fantasma (2) — Essa ilusão de alto nível pode convencer uma vítima de que o mago que a lança se transformou em 3 pessoas! Se lutar contra o mago, a vítima terá apenas 1 chance em 3 de escolher o alvo correto. No entanto, todas as 3 imagens irão atacá-lo e todas elas causam ferimentos no oponente! A ilusão dura no máximo 3 minutos.

Levitar (2) — Quem souber esse feitiço, pode lançá-lo sobre objetos, oponentes ou até em si mesmo. Ele libera o objeto afetado dos efeitos da lei da gravidade e faz com que flutue livremente para cima e para baixo sob o controle de quem o lançou. Para movimentos mais coordenados — como ir para a frente e para trás — será necessário um feitiço de *Voar*. A levitação dura no máximo 5 minutos, mas o feitiço pode ser relançado em meio ao vôo (apesar de que, naturalmente, conseguir que ele seja novamente lançado com sucesso significa jogar novamente contra sua Habilidade de *Magia*!). Se o efeito de levitação acabar, o objeto flutuará lentamente até o chão, sem cair de repente.

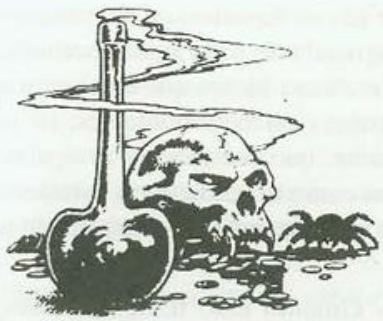

Línguas (2) — Esse feitiço dá temporariamente a quem o lança, ou sobre quem ele for lançado, uma Habilidade em *Línguas* 12, e, portanto, uma chance de poder estabelecer conversa (apesar de não conseguir ler) em uma determinada língua.

P.E.S. (2) — Com esse feitiço, o mago que o lança torna-se repentinamente capaz de comunicar-se por pensamento com uma criatura. Ele não permitirá que chegue a ler palavras ou idéias, mas pode indicar as emoções de uma criatura e o tipo geral de pensamentos. Por exemplo, pode revelar se alguém, que parece ser bastante amigável, realmente o é. Ele não funciona em objetos inanimados, a menos que tenham algum vestígio de inteligência. Esse poder dura no máximo 1 minuto.

Rajada de Energia (2) — Esse feitiço, semelhante ao *Rajada de Fogo*, lança um raio que causa a perda de 1 a 6 pontos de ENERGIA. Não há meios de evitá-lo, a não ser usando *Contrafeitiço* ou *Parede*.

Sono (2) — Esse feitiço, se funcionar, simplesmente fará com que a vítima adormeça por 5 minutos. Se ela for ferida enquanto estiver adormecida, ela acordará (a menos, é claro, que tenha morrido). Não fica bem para nossos heróis saírem matando gente enquanto estão dormindo.

Visão Aguçada (2) — Esse feitiço simplesmente dá a quem o lança a visão aguçada de uma águia, permitindo-lhe que veja nos mínimos detalhes objetos que estejam a uma distância de até 5 quilômetros e, com menos detalhes, até mais longe. Deve-se lembrar, porém, que até mesmo as águias não podem ver *através* de coisas como montanhas ou paredes. O efeito dura 10 minutos, mas pode ser cancelado antes de seu término.

Crescer (4) — Quando esse feitiço for lançado sobre uma pessoa, ou objeto, ele ou ela crescerá a metade de seu tamanho original, em todas as direções. Um escudo com um metro de diâmetro crescerá mais meio metro no diâmetro, enquanto um homem com dois metros de altura passará a ter três metros! Note que as roupas de uma pessoa não irão se esticar com ela, e isso pode ficar muito ruim dentro de uma armadura apertada. O efeito termina após 3 minutos. Lançar o feitiço novamente enquanto o primeiro ainda estiver funcionando fará com que o alvo cresça novamente a metade de seu tamanho atual, e assim por diante!

Cura Total (4) — Esse poderoso feitiço pode recuperar os pontos de HABILIDADE, ENERGIA e SORTE de uma pessoa até seu valor *Inicial*. Não pode ser usado enquanto o mago que o lançar estiver em meio a um combate ou em algum outro tipo de encontro, não podendo concentrar-se no feitiço. Se um Aventureiro desejar lançar esse feitiço sobre si mesmo, o Gasto de Energia será removido *após* seu valor ter sido recuperado.

Encolher (4) — Esse feitiço funciona exatamente no sentido oposto ao *Crescer*, encolhendo um ser vivo ou um objeto em metade do seu tamanho natural em todas as direções. O efeito também dura apenas 3 minutos. Lançar o feitiço novamente enquanto o primeiro ainda estiver em funcionamento fará com que o alvo encolha a metade do tamanho atual e assim por diante.

Encontrar (4) — Esse feitiço pode ser usado para encontrar qualquer coisa, desde um veio de ouro em uma mina até a saída de um labirinto. Mas não pode detectar emoções (encontrar alguém com pensamentos maus, por exemplo); e não deve ser usado para procurar coisas pouco definidas (ou seja, desejar encontrar metal provavelmente levaria o mago diretamente para a própria espada). Quando esse feitiço é lançado e o mago que o lança está devidamente concentrado no objeto em questão, ele repentinamente sabe em que direção encontra-se o que procura.

No entanto, deve lembrar-se que a direção é sugerida apenas em termos de pontos cardeais (norte, sudoeste ou algo assim) e que não se especifica a distância. Saber que a saída de um labirinto fica ao sul não é de nenhuma ajuda se primeiro for necessário seguir na direção norte para se conseguir chegar à saída. A sensação de saber qual a direção correta permanece na mente por 1 minuto.

Falar com Animais (4) — Esse feitiço fornece a quem o lança, ou a outra pessoa, uma Habilidade de *Línguas* equivalente a 12 nas bizarras linguagens usadas por animais e criaturas menos evoluídas. Deve-se notar que muitos animais têm apenas comunicações muito limitadas! O feitiço dura 10 minutos.

Flecha-Serpente (4) — Esse estranho feitiço é um achado para os magos que gostam de fazer surpresas desagradáveis às pessoas. O que ele faz, somente, é transformar uma flecha, armada e pronta para ser lançada, em uma cobra venenosa (com HABILIDADE 10 e ENERGIA 4), que imediatamente morde e fere o arqueiro. A cobra automaticamente infringe 4 pontos de dano antes de arrastar-se para longe.

Grande Ilusão (4) — Com base no feitiço *Ilusão*, esse feitiço mais sofisticado permite que seja enganado o mesmo número de pessoas que os pontos de *Magia* do Aventureiro. Portanto, alguém com *Magia* 12 pode enganar até 12 pessoas com a mesma ilusão. Em todos os outros aspectos, a ilusão funciona exatamente igual ao feitiço *Ilusão*, inclusive com o tempo máximo de 3 minutos de duração. O feitiço pode ser relançado antes de ter acabado.

Invisibilidade (4) — Esse feitiço torna quem o lança (ou alguém ou algum objeto em que é lançado) completamente invisível por até 3 minutos. Mas deve-se manter em mente os seguintes pontos: roupas e equipamentos não são afetados pelo feitiço; uma pessoa invisível não é necessariamente uma pessoa silenciosa, e pessoas invisíveis ainda têm de abrir portas, deixar pegadas em terra macia, e assim por diante.

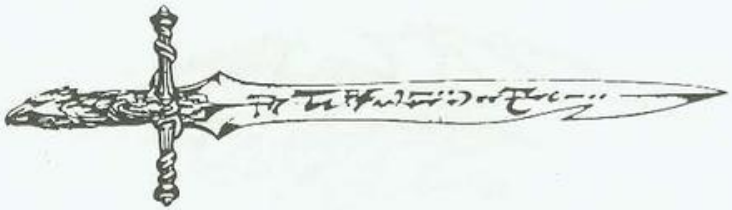

Parede (4) — Lançar esse feitiço cria uma parede em volta de uma área de 5 metros de diâmetro, que não pode ser atravessada por nada, durante, no máximo, 5 minutos. Essa ricocheteia flechas, golpes de espada, pessoas, monstros e feitiços (mas o *Contrafeitiço* pode remover a parede). Se alguma coisa que estiver dentro da parede tocá-la, ela desaparecerá imediatamente. A parede não precisa estar cercando o mago que a lança — ela poderia, por exemplo, ser colocada em volta de um importante tesouro, para impedir que ladrões se aproximassem dele.

Prender (4) — A pessoa ou o objeto em quem esse feitiço for lançado ficará presa por amarras mágicas, enraizada no local onde se encontra e incapaz de se mover por até 3 minutos. Pessoas presas desse modo ainda podem respirar e mover os olhos, mas não podem fazer muito mais do que isso. Os objetos medindo até 3 metros de altura podem ser mantidos no lugar — então, a queda de um pedregulho pode ser temporariamente interrompida enquanto a de uma geleira não.

Voar (4) — Esse é um feitiço de *Levitar* avançado, o qual permite que o mago (ou quem ou o que for afetado pelo feitiço) mova-se tanto para os lados quanto para cima e para

baixo. Ele dura até 5 minutos e pode ser relançado enquanto o mago ainda estiver no ar. Quando o feitiço terminar, a pessoa ou o objeto voador flutuará lentamente até o chão.

Banir Mortos-Vivos (6) — Esse feitiço funciona exatamente de modo oposto ao *Conjurar Esqueletos*, pois faz retornar uma criatura morta-viva ao descanso eterno da morte real. Ele funcionará em uma criatura, removendo a força-vital mágica que a animava. Um cadáver banido não pode ser ressuscitado, então esse feitiço também pode ser lançado sobre um cadáver a fim de evitar que ele seja conjurado novamente à vida.

Barata (6) — Esse feitiço com nome tão peculiar é de fato o clássico feitiço dos contos de fadas e das lendas: o famoso feitiço "transforme-se em uma criatura esquisita". Esse feitiço transformará uma pessoa que tenha falhado em *Testar a Sorte* em uma pequena e insignificante criatura à escolha de quem o lançou. A vítima mantém seu intelecto, mas geralmente fica incapacitada de comunicar-se, a menos que seja usado um feitiço *Falar com Animais*. O efeito é permanente, mas um *Contrafeitiço* (gastando 7 pontos de ENERGIA, lembre-se) pode removê-lo. Lembre-se de que o feitiço não transforma as roupas ou pertences da vítima — eles simplesmente permanecem onde estavam quando o feitiço foi lançado.

Conjurar Esqueletos (6) — Esse feitiço necromântico é usado para ressuscitar um cadáver, forçando-o a retornar à vida como um Esqueleto sob o controle de quem o lança. O feitiço exige um ritual com duração de 1 hora para que funcione. Se o cadáver não tiver todos os membros, não será possível fazê-los crescer depois que ele voltar à vida. Deve-se lembrar ao mago que o morto-vivo não pensa por si mesmo, então, quaisquer instruções dadas a um Esqueleto devem ser bem explícitas se quiserem evitar ser mal interpretadas.

Se não se importar com a idéia de ter tantos ossos andando por seus domínios, o mago que lançar o feitiço pode despender mais esforços e criar vários tipos de mortos-vivos, que gastam os seguintes pontos de Energia: Saqueador de Criptas 7, Guerreiro Esqueleto 7, Zumbi 7, Decomposto 8, Ghoul 8 (maiores detalhes sobre essas criaturas e muitas outras em *Out of the Pit — Saídos do Inferno*).

Petrificar (6) — Ser transformado em pedra é realmente desagradável, mas é exatamente isso que esse feitiço faz. Para evitar esse feitiço o jogador deve *Testar a Sorte*. O efeito começa nos pés e vai lentamente subindo pelo corpo da vítima, petrificando-a e a suas roupas e equipamentos, conforme for fazendo efeito. A vítima perde 1 ponto de ENERGIA a cada duas séries de ataque e isso continuará até ter sido transformada completamente em pedra — quer dizer, a menos que seja usado um *Contrafeitiço*, ou o feiticeiro que o lançou seja morto; e nesse caso, os efeitos serão revertidos até que a vítima se recupere totalmente. Se a vítima morrer antes disso acontecer, ela não voltará a sua forma viva e permanecerá como estátua para sempre.

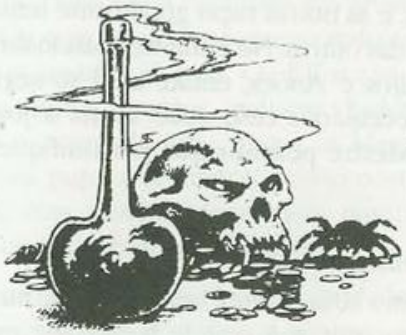

Teleporte (6) — Teleportar é ir de um lugar para outro num piscar de olhos, saindo e chegando quase que no mesmo instante. Um feiticeiro, usando esse meio de transporte, pode ir a qualquer lugar em um raio de dez quilômetros em um único salto, e pode levar consigo o que couber em suas mãos (isso pode até mesmo incluir um ser humano). O mago que o lança não precisa conhecer em detalhes o lugar para onde está indo; o feitiço automaticamente o impede de reaparecer dentro de uma montanha ou no fundo do mar — mas, é claro, apenas se o feitiço funcionar direito!

Morte (10) — Essa é a grande conjuração do livro de feitiços de qualquer mago do mal. Ele quase nunca será usado por um Aventureiro, a não ser na pior das circunstâncias. Se ao jogar contra a Habilidade de *Magia* o mago for bem-sucedido, a vítima morre, de repente. Não existe como *Testar a Sorte* para evitar seus efeitos. É de pouco consolo para a vítima saber que um feiticeiro, ao lançar esse feitiço, perde 10 pontos de sua ENERGIA e 1 ano de vida em um único instante.

Raças Não-Humanas

A maioria dos aventureiros será de origem humana. Afinal de contas, a maior parte da população de Allansia é constituída de humanos, e as outras raças geralmente tentam manter-se afastadas umas das outras. No entanto, ocasionalmente, existem aventureiros Elfos e Anões, então, aqui se seguem algumas observações necessárias caso você venha a jogar como um deles (se seu Mestre permitir que personifique um dos dois em seu jogo):

Personagens Anões

Anões são, como seus nomes bem o dizem, humanóides pequenos, famosos por sua grande habilidade em mineração, em contar longas histórias, beber e manejar machados de batalha. Eles usam roupas cor de terra, têm um jeito simples

de falar e não confiam em nada nem em ninguém. Eles abominam e desprezam as raças não-humanas que praticam o mal (Orcs, Goblins, Trolls etc); e pode-se ter certeza de que voarão em frenesi louco para matar qualquer dessas criaturas à simples visão de uma delas. Suas armas favoritas são, como já dissemos, machados de batalha, e consideram todo tipo de magia com muito receio. Alguns Anões não se dão muito bem com os Elfos, considerando-os intelectuais e estranhos demais; mas já tem havido muitas parcerias notáveis, em aventuras, entre um Elfo e um Anão.

Há poucas restrições quanto aos personagens Anões. No entanto, um Anão *deve* ter pelo menos 1 ponto de Habilidade Especial em *Machado, Conhecimento do Subterrâneo* e *Visão no Escuro.* Um feiticeiro Anão é muito raro. Eles normalmente levam um machado como parte de seu equipamento.

Personagens Elfos

Os Elfos são notoriamente tímidos quanto a se misturarem com humanos, que eles consideram frívolos, caóticos e ignorantes, como se fossem crianças a quem se permitiu correr livremente pelo mundo. A maioria dos Elfos, como se deve imaginar, possui exatamente as qualidades opostas às citadas acima, sendo muito letrados, pacíficos e sérios. Eles gastam muito tempo de suas vidas cuidando das árvores de suas casas nas florestas, e ocasionalmente guerreando com os Orcs, que queimam suas amadas plantas. Os Elfos são os guardiões da sabedoria de muitos assuntos, incluindo história antiga, ciências naturais e, acima de tudo, magia. A Magia dos Elfos, em sua forma mais pura, é realmente muito complicada para ser memorizada, mas atualmente é vista muito raramente no mundo fora de seus recantos florestais.

Um aventureiro Elfo é uma grande raridade e ele pode ser fator de surpresa e curiosidade em algumas áreas remotas. É possível que ele seja um pouco rebelde, já que se afastou do modo de vida dos Elfos; mas ainda assim mantém muitas qua-

lidades de sua raça. Qualquer personagem Elfo *deve* ter pelo menos 1 ponto de Habilidade Especial em *Arco e Flecha*, *Conhecimento das Florestas* e *Magia*. Eles normalmente carregam consigo um arco longo como parte de seu equipamento, além de sua espada, e geralmente usam roupas em tons de verde.

Dinheiro e Equipamento

Uma das principais razões para tornar-se um aventureiro é, obviamente, obter fama e fortuna. A fama vem com explorações corajosas, por fazer tantas coisas ousadas que os menestréis sentem-se seguros de que, se cantarem uma canção sobre suas aventuras em uma terra distante, ela será ouvida até o final sem nenhuma interrupção. A riqueza vem praticamente do mesmo modo, e normalmente é tão difícil de ser obtida quanto a fama.

A unidade monetária básica em Allansia (e também em *Titan)* é a moeda de ouro (abreviada como MO). Há também as moedas de prata (MP), que podem ser trocadas na razão de 10 MP = 1 MO. Diferentes áreas produzem várias moedas, com diferentes denominações, para facilitar o troco, mas uma moeda de ouro vale a mesma coisa em todos os lugares.

Personagens Iniciantes

Quando deixar sua confortável vida anterior para trás e começar a viagem, um Aventureiro poderá carregar somente o mínimo em termos de equipamentos:

- uma arma, na qual ele tenha o maior ponto de Habilidade Especial ao usá-la (provavelmente uma espada);
- roupas, não da melhor qualidade, mais alguns pedaços de cota de malha e placas de metal para servirem como armadura;
- uma mochila, usada para carregar suprimentos e qualquer tesouro que venha a encontrar;
- uma pequena quantidade de comida (conhecida em termos de jogo como Provisões);
- opcional, um cavalo, com sela e rédeas;
- dinheiro, de 1 a 6 moedas de ouro (jogue 1d6).

Quando os Aventureiros eventualmente obtiverem algum dinheiro, eles poderão comprar itens mais exóticos na cidade ou no povoado mais próximo. Uma grande lista de itens de equipamento é fornecida no capítulo 4, *Aventuras Posteriores*, a partir da página 359. O Mestre dirá aos jogadores exatamente o que eles podem ou não comprar, e pode até

mesmo lhes dar algumas pistas quanto ao que os Aventureiros precisarão para sua expedição.

Nome e Sexo

Para personalizar seu Aventureiro, você deve resolver se o personagem é homem ou mulher, e dar-lhe um nome adequado. Não existem vantagens ou desvantagens em ser um personagem feminino ao jogar-se *Dungeoneer*.

Pense um pouco antes de decidir o nome de seu personagem; afinal de contas, você não vai querer ser conhecido como um personagem chamado Fred ou Kevin. Escolha alguma coisa mais fantástica, e pode até acrescentar algum dado pessoal, como um apelido baseado em algum acontecimento de seu passado ou em suas Habilidades Especiais. Por exemplo, um personagem com um valor alto em *Truque de Mãos* e que anteriormente fizera uma carreira no crime, poderia se chamar Talgor, o Batedor ou talvez Vargas, o Mão. Use sua imaginação e seu Aventureiro começará a tomar vida bem diante de seus olhos!

Idade

Apesar de isso não ser exatamente importante num jogo, principalmente num que recria um mundo medieval violento, onde poucas pessoas vivem além de seus 20 anos, saber a idade de um personagem ajuda a visualizar-lhe a personalidade e a aparência. E também ajudará a personificá-lo.

A maioria dos novos personagens criados será bastante jovem — apesar de a vida já lhes ter dado alguns golpes bem fortes. Portanto, aconselhamos que jogue 3d6, três dados de 6 faces, e some 15 ao resultado. Isso lhe dará uma idade entre 18 e 33 anos. Para um personagem mais velho (e muito mais raro), jogue 3d6 e some 30, para que tenha uma idade entre 33 e 48 anos. Muito poucos personagens vivem além dessa idade — e provavelmente somente através do uso de poderosa magia de retenção da juventude

e da ajuda de um montão de mercenários e outros guardas para lutar por eles!

Pontos de Experiência, Tesouro

Essas seções da *Folha de Aventuras* serão necessárias para anotar tais itens quando forem ganhos após uma aventura bem-sucedida (no caso da experiência), ou quando encontrados numa aventura (tesouro). Deixe-os em branco por enquanto.

Personificando Seu Aventureiro

Faltam apenas mais umas duas coisinhas para que um Aventureiro esteja pronto para o jogo. Já que grande parte da graça em participar de um jogo como *Dungeoneer*, com seus amigos, é justamente fingir ser uma outra pessoa e fazer coisas que jamais sonharia em fazer na vida real, o passo final é dar a seu personagem uma personalidade completa. Isso pode ser feito em três passos bem simples.

Histórico

Se observar os Aventureiros que participaram da primeira aventura, perceberá que nessa seção de suas *Folhas de Aventuras* detalhamos de onde eles vieram, o que treinaram antes de se tornarem um aventureiro e coisas assim. Quanto à sua origem, pergunte ao Mestre sobre uma área que possa servir-lhe ou dê uma olhada no mapa de Allansia, na página 32, e escolha um lugar qualquer.

Quanto à sua experiência anterior e à sua vida passada, dê simplesmente uma olhada nas Habilidades Especiais do Aventureiro e resolva como ele as conseguiu! Observe os personagens da aventura anterior, como Axel Wolfric: ele tem *Conhecimento da Floresta, Esgueirar-se* e *Força* e sabe alguns feitiços comuns, para não dizermos supersticiosos (*Sorte, Medo, Energia*) — obviamente trata-se de alguém que

passou muitos anos ao ar livre. Então, nós o fizemos um guerreiro bárbaro das planícies do norte.

Conforme fique mais experiente em criar Aventureiros interessantes, que considere bons para o jogo, você poderá decidir *primeiro* a personalidade e o histórico de seu personagem, e *então* escolher as habilidades e os feitiços que convenham a eles.

Personalidade

Essa parte do histórico é um pouco capciosa para resolver-se no início, e por isso recomendamos que pense em algumas idéias para essa seção e deixe o restante em branco para suas primeiras aventuras. Por exemplo, você pode descobrir que seu personagem tem muitos pontos de ENERGIA mas muito poucos em HABILIDADE. Isso imediatamente pode sugerir-lhe que ele seja grande e um pouco desajeitado — e você então age como se ele fosse assim.

É interessante ter algumas boas idéias sobre quem é seu Aventureiro e como ele reagirá em determinadas situações; mas também permita que novos acontecimentos em sua carreira aventureira formem-lhe o caráter à medida que ocorram. Enfim, supomos que você estará por demais ocupado em suas primeiras aventuras, simplesmente tentando sobreviver nesse estranho mundo novo de monstros e magia, para preocupar-se em fingir ser outra pessoa! Conforme fique mais experiente e as regras e o jogo em si forem se tornando cada vez mais fáceis, você então poderá divertir-se fingindo ter diferentes personalidades.

Citações

Finalmente, se sentir-se inspirado, acrescente alguns ditos de sua escolha ou algumas de suas citações favoritas para que seu Aventureiro as use em situações vitais. Isso é muito divertido pois, desde o início, elas se tornam a marca registrada de seu Aventureiro; todos saberão imediatamente que quando ele disser determinada coisa está chateado, feliz, querendo derramar sangue de Orc ou alguma outra coisa qualquer. Dê uma olhada no que criamos para os Aventureiros da primeira aventura e faça alguma coisa semelhante.

Se estiver se sentindo realmente inspirado, também pode desenhar a imagem de seu Aventureiro no espaço definido para isso, apesar de não ser absolutamente necessário para o desenvolvimento do jogo.

Não fique muito preocupado quanto à essa questão de personificação. Apesar de ser muito divertido dar uma escapulida para um novo personagem, ele terá muito de *você*. Como já devem saber, pois repetimos muitas vezes, o objetivo mais importante é que todos se divirtam, e não recriar uma espécie de grande arte dramática. E falando de diversão, nós agora iremos para as regras em si, começando com a mais eletrizante das atividades, *Combate!*

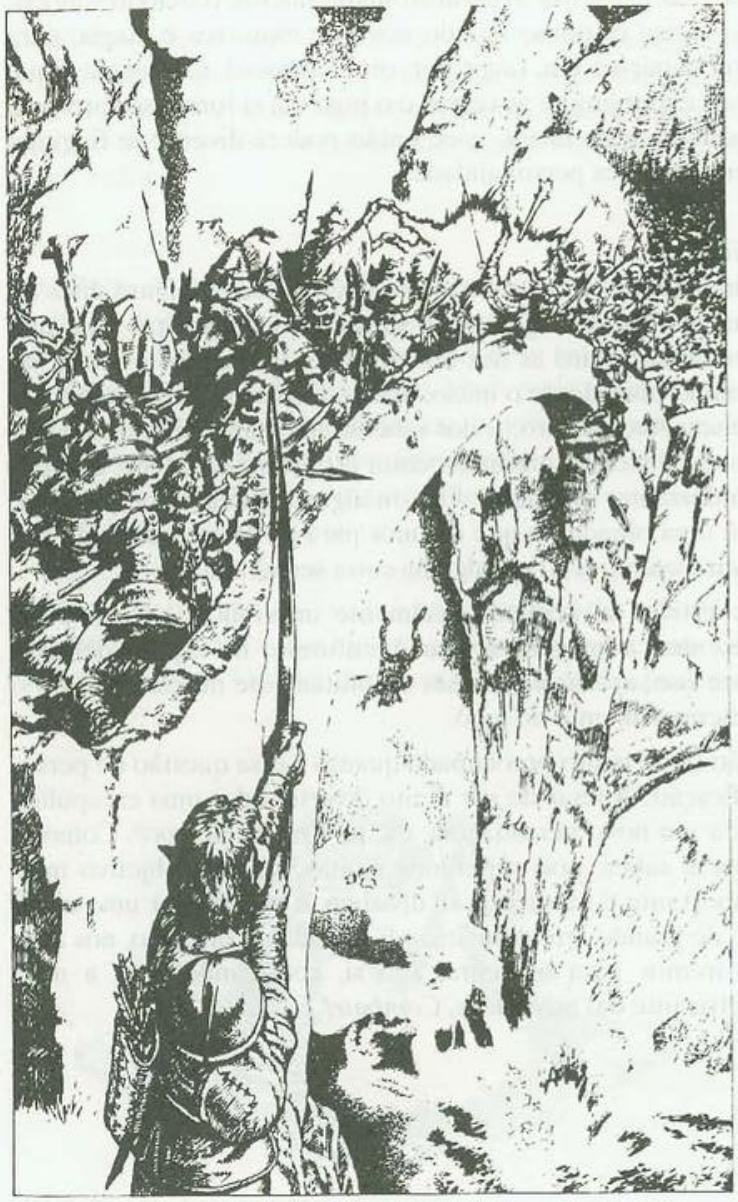

Lutar em Combates

Normalmente o combate é a parte mais excitante de um jogo de *Dungeoneer*, pois é onde os Aventureiros chegam mais perto do fracasso e da morte. Também é onde suas habilidades e feitiços mais importantes são usados, e onde quase tudo pode acontecer (e normalmente acontece!).

Os Dados

Com já indicamos, os dados de seis faces, os d6, são as ferramentas mais importantes que usamos para decidir o resultado dos combates. Normalmente, o Mestre permitirá aos jogadores que lancem os dados para seus próprios Aventureiros. No entanto, você deve notar que para certas habilidades (tais como *Conscientização*), o Mestre fará jogadas, em segredo, a seu favor. Afinal, ele não pode deixar que você saiba que alguma coisa está para ser detectada, se você ao jogar não consegue observar nada — pois desse modo ele já terá entregado o jogo!

Se você tiver uma Habilidade Especial que necessita de jogadas secretas, seu Mestre lhe dirá quando alguma coisa chamar a atenção de seu aventureiro. É claro que o Mestre não estará verificando sua habilidade em particular a cada vez que ele jogar os dados. Na verdade, ele deve jogá-los de vez em quando para que você não saiba quando ele está realmente checando ou não!

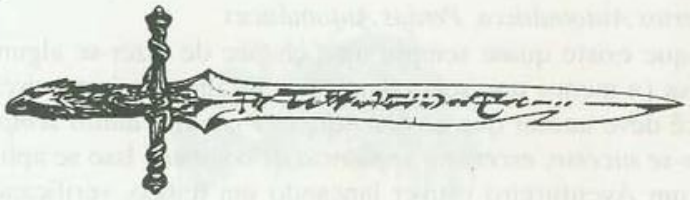

Os dados podem ser usados no jogo para produzir uma grande quantidade de números. As usuais jogadas de 1-6 ou 2-12 são simples. Ocasionalmente, as regras ou um aventureiro indicarão um número que esteja na média de, digamos, 1-3 ou 2-7. Listamos abaixo algumas das jogadas mais comuns e como determiná-las em termos de jogo:

1-6: jogue um dado

2-12: jogue dois dados e some os pontos de ambos

3-18: jogue três dados e some os pontos dos três

1-3: jogue um dado; se o resultado for 4, 5 ou 6, reduza *três* do total final

2-7: jogue um dado e some um ponto ao total

2-4: exatamente como 1-3, mas depois de jogar o dado, some *um* ao resultado final.

Em determinadas ocasiões não haverá regras estabelecidas quanto a uma determinada atividade (então não tente encontrar regras para balançar-se de cabeça para baixo e preso pelos tornozelos num lustre, enquanto joga punhais para o alto e assobia uma música alegre!). Em tais situações, seu Mestre deve usar sua experiência para avaliar a probabilidade de sucesso ao realizar essa manobra tão pouco comum; ele expressará a possibilidade em termos de, digamos, 1 em 6, ou 3 em 6. Isso simplesmente significa que, no primeiro exemplo, você deve jogar um dado e tentar obter 1; no segundo exemplo, você deverá obter 1, 2 ou 3 para ser bem-sucedido.

Acertos Automáticos, Perdas Automáticas

Já que existe quase sempre uma chance de fazer-se alguma coisa (a menos que seja completa e totalmente impossível), você deve anotar que ao *obter duplo 1 em dois dados sempre tem-se sucesso, exceto na seqüência de combate.* Isso se aplica se um Aventureiro estiver lançando um feitiço, verificando outra Habilidade Especial, *Testando a Sorte* ou qualquer outra coisa. No entanto, essa regra *não* se aplica à luta quando se está na seqüência de combate — veja *Golpes Poderosos e Trapalhadas*, mais adiante, na página 156.

Se houver uma boa chance de alguma coisa acontecer, digamos um Aventureiro ter que tirar 11 ou menos em dois dados, um resultado de 2 indicará que alguma coisa de especial aconteceu. Seu Mestre lhe dirá exatamente o que houve, mas isso poderia incluir um feitiço de *Sono*, fazer uma pessoa dormir por duas vezes o tempo normal, uma flecha acertar alguém bem no olho, ou qualquer coisa que o Mestre considerar apropriado para a situação.

Mas é claro que há sempre uma chance, apesar de remota, de que alguma coisa saia errada. Portanto, você deve tomar nota que *uma jogada de duplo 6 sempre falha, exceto na seqüência de combate.* Afinal, um Aventureiro pode ter a Habilidade *Esquivar-se* 18 e ainda assim falhar de vez em quando — e isso é possível, pois ninguém é perfeito!

Portanto, se existe uma chance bem grande de fracasso, uma jogada cujo resultado é 12 será um tremendo fracasso! Exatamente o que ocorrerá de esquisito será resolvido por seu Mestre, mas isso pode abranger desde um fato engraçado a um que seja irritante, ou até mesmo, um bastante perigoso! Deve-se tomar cuidado redobrado ao lançar-se feitiços, pois existe uma grande chance de não funcionarem, e quando isso ocorre, eles *realmente* dão errado!

Observação: esses erros e acertos automáticos também se aplicam aos oponentes.

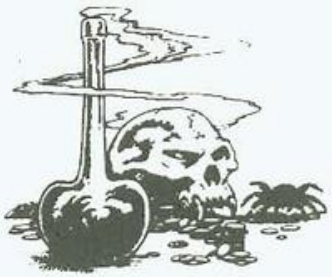

Tempo

O tempo, assim como a distância, não é o mais importante em *Dungeoneer*. Se seu Mestre deseja que seus Aventureiros cheguem de A a B, ele provavelmente não desperdiçará tempo naquele exercício tedioso de viagem. É mais provável que ele siga direto para a cena seguinte. Porém, há ocasiões em que o tempo é fundamental, por exemplo no meio de uma luta ou quando lançando um feitiço.

Nestas regras o tempo é definido de dois modos: primeiro, em *minutos*. É, isso mesmo, minutos comuns, medidos num relógio. Já que são minutos reais, os jogadores deveriam tomar cuidado para não desperdiçar o tempo. Não há nenhum sentido em mandar um bando de Orcs dormir cinco minutos e os Aventureiros gastarem esse tempo discutindo o que fazer a seguir, pois os bandidões acordarão e pularão sobre eles novamente, recomeçando o ataque! Depois disso ter acontecido uma ou duas vezes, todos perceberão o fato e aprenderão como tornar tais discussões rápidas e objetivas.

A segunda medida de tempo é em termos de Série de Ataque; como já dizem as palavras, elas são normalmente utilizadas quando está ocorrendo uma luta. Esse tempo definido é considerado como base para que qualquer pessoa realize uma série de ataque, ou seja, uma tentativa de ferir seu oponente. Mas essas são questões abstratas e poderiam durar de dois segundos a vários minutos. Em termos de regras, uma

Série de Ataque significa passar por uma seqüência de combate, que será mais detalhada na próxima seção.

Combate Contra Um Oponente

A seqüência básica de combate apresentada aqui é usada sempre que um Aventureiro está lutando com outro ser vivo, seja outro ser humano ou um imenso monstro salivante vindo das profundezas do inferno. Nós trataremos da luta com mais de um oponente numa seção mais adiante, começando na página 168. Os oponentes com mais de 1 Ataque (normalmente os com muitos membros, muito grandes ou muito hábeis) devem ser tratados como oponentes múltiplos.

Quem Ataca Primeiro?

A seqüência de combate é arranjada para que tanto o Aventureiro quanto seu oponente ataquem um ao outro ao mesmo tempo, em vez de um depois do outro. Se ambos os combatentes estão cientes da presença do outro, não há necessidade de saber-se quem foi o primeiro a ser ferido. Se os oponentes começam a lutar a uma certa distância um do outro, a ordem de movimentação é a seguinte: primeiro os Bandidos dizem o que vão fazer, seguidos então dos Aventureiros; então os dois grupos movem-se ao mesmo tempo. Isso dá aos Aventureiros a pequena vantagem de poderem responder ao que seus oponentes estão fazendo, mas pouca coisa além disso. Lembre-se que armas de projéteis (arcos e flechas e outras armas lançáveis) e magia podem ser usadas com eficiência se o inimigo estiver a uma certa distância.

A Seqüência de Combate

Primeiro, seu Mestre tomará nota da HABILIDADE e da FORÇA de seu oponente, além de suas Habilidades Especiais, se forem relevantes. O Mestre estará atuando como seu oponente no decorrer do combate. Cada personagem também

precisará de dois dados. A seqüência de combate é como se segue:

(1) O Mestre joga dois dados para o oponente. O resultado é somado à Habilidade Especial de luta apropriada ao oponente ou — se não houver nenhuma disponível — a seus pontos de HABILIDADE atuais. O Mestre verifica se deve aplicar algum modificador, por exemplo, quando houver luta em espaços exíguos ou na escuridão, e soma ou subtrai esse valor do total (todos os modificadores são indicados nas listagens que se seguem). O total final obtido é a Força de Ataque do adversário. Se for obtido duplo 1 ou duplo 6, consulte a seção *Golpes Poderosos e Trapalhadas*.

(2) O jogador lança dois dados para seu Aventureiro. O resultado é somado a sua Habilidade Especial de luta ou — se não houver nenhuma disponível — a sua HABILIDADE atual. Quaisquer modificadores das condições de luta são somados e subtraídos desse valor. O final total é então a Força de Ataque do Aventureiro. Se for obtido duplo 6 ou duplo 1 nos dados, consulte a seção *Golpes Poderosos e Trapalhadas*.

(3) Os totais são comparados. Se a Força de Ataque do Aventureiro for maior que a de seu oponente, ele o feriu: vá para o parágrafo 4. Se a Força de Ataque do oponente for maior, o Aventureiro é que foi ferido: vá para o parágrafo 5. Se as duas Forças de Ataque forem iguais, os golpes foram bloqueados ou evitados: retorne ao parágrafo 1 e comece uma nova Série de Ataque.

(4) O Aventureiro deveria jogar um dado contra a Tabela de Danos da página 155, procurando na lista a arma que ele está usando. SORTE ou armadura podem ajustar esse valor (veja páginas 158 e 163). O número fornecido na Tabela é reduzido da ENERGIA de seu oponente. Vá para o parágrafo 6.

(5) Quando o adversário ferir o Aventureiro, o Mestre joga um dado e confere na Tabela de Danos a arma usada pelo oponente. A SORTE do Aventureiro ou sua armadura podem ajustar esse valor (veja páginas 157 e 163). O número fornecido na Tabela é o valor do dano causado ao Aventureiro, subtraindo-o de seus pontos de ENERGIA.

(6) Todos os envolvidos fazem os ajustes devidos em suas ENERGIAS e em sua SORTE, se a tiverem usado.

(7) Se a ENERGIA do oponente cair para zero ou menos, ele está morto. Se não, a luta continua: retorne ao parágrafo 1 e comece nova Série de Ataque. Se a ENERGIA do Aventureiro cair para zero ou menos, ele deve estar morto: veja a seção *Inconsciência e Morte* na página 160. Se não, retorne ao parágrafo 1 e comece nova Série de Ataque.

Danos

É bastante óbvio que acertar alguém com um gigantesco machado de batalha o ferirá muito mais do que acertá-lo com um travesseiro de penas; a tabela a seguir indica o dano que várias armas causam à ENERGIA.

O combatente que tiver ferido seu oponente deve jogar um dado e olhar o resultado em relação a sua arma na Tabela de Danos. O número fornecido é o "total de pontos de danos" que o personagem deve deduzir de sua ENERGIA devido aos ferimentos recebidos. *Observação:* o resultado do dado deve ser ajustado para cima ou para baixo ao usar a SORTE ou uma armadura, e é por isso que os 7 pontos ou mais podem ser obtidos — veja as notas abaixo da tabela.

Note que um personagem pode "enfraquecer" um golpe a qualquer hora para reduzir a quantidade de "danos" causados a um oponente, normalmente como uma espécie de prelúdio para pedir-lhe que se renda. O personagem só precisa dizer que o está fazendo; o dano causado será reduzido para somente 1 ponto.

É claro que armas de longo alcance, como arco e flecha, não podem ser usadas em combate corpo a corpo, mas nós as incluímos aqui como parte do total; a seção que lida com *Armas de Projéteis* encontra-se mais adiante, começando na página 172.

Tabela de Danos

	Dado						
Arma	até 1	2	3	4	5	6	7 ou mais
Arma de Haste†	1	2	2	2	3	3	3
Cajado	1	2	2	2	2	2	3
Clava	1	2	2	2	2	2	3
Espada	1	2	2	2	2	3	3
*Espada de Duas Mãos**	2	2	2	3	3	3	4
Lança	1	1	2	2	2	3	3
Machado de Guerra	2	2	2	2	2	3	3
Punhal	1	1	2	2	2	2	2
Dardo	1	2	2	2	2	3	3
Flecha	1	1	2	2	2	3	3
Punhal de Arremesso	1	2	2	2	2	2	3
Virote de Besta	1	2	2	2	2	3	3
Soco/chute, tamanho humano	1	1	1	2	2	2	3
Soco/chute, tamanho grande	2	2	2	3	3	3	3
Mordida/garra, pequena	1	1	2	2	2	2	3
Mordida/garra, grande	1	2	2	2	3	3	4
Mordida/garra, muito grande	2	2	3	3	4	5	6

** – Espadas de Duas Mãos são difíceis de controlar durante combate, e reduzem 2 pontos da HABILIDADE de quem a usa, a menos que o Aventureiro tenha uma Habilidade Especial no uso dessa arma.*

+ – Usando qualquer tipo de arma de haste (alabarda, guisarme, gládio,morning star etc) reduz 1 ponto da HABILIDADE de quem a brande, a menos que o Aventureiro tenha uma Habilidade Especial para usar a arma.

Armas menos ortodoxas — mesas, canecas de cerveja, pedras etc — necessitam de uma consideração especial e portanto serão abordadas em uma seção à parte, mais adiante, na página 164, *Armas Diferentes*.

Golpes Poderosos e Trapalhadas

De um modo semelhante aos acertos e erros automáticos descritos anteriormente, há vezes em que um Aventureiro é capaz de acertar o oponente com um golpe tão forte ou tão certeiro que a vítima simplesmente cai morta no chão! Isso é chamado de *Golpe Poderoso*.

Um *Golpe Poderoso* sempre ocorre quando um Aventureiro, ou seu adversário, obtém duplo 6 ao determinar sua Força de Ataque (veja a seqüência de combate fornecida anteriormente). Quando isso acontece, a vítima em questão fica automaticamente reduzida a uma ENERGIA -1: mortalmente ferida, se for um Aventureiro, e, morta, no caso de um oponente.

Se os *dois* combatentes tirarem duplo 6, ambos conseguem bloquear o golpe um do outro, mas suas armas quebram! Criaturas que usam mordidas ou garras não são afetadas quanto a isso, mas perdem 2 pontos de ENERGIA. Um Aventureiro com uma arma quebrada deve encontrar uma nova arma ou continuar a lutar desarmado (veja a seção *Combate Desarmado*, na página 167).

Em sentido inverso, se um combatente obtiver duplo 1 ao jo-

gar os dados para determinar sua Força de Ataque, ele causará uma *Trapalhada* em seu próprio golpe e falhará em acertar seu oponente, tendo ao final um dos seguintes resultados:

- Se as Forças de Ataque indicam que ele teria acertado seu oponente (ou seja, mesmo tendo obtido 2 nos dados seu total ainda é maior do que o de seu adversário), o resultado torna-se equilibrado, indicando um empate.
- Se o resultado foi um empate, o oponente então feriu o personagem atrapalhado — jogue para verificar os danos como normalmente.
- Se o resultado foi um ferimento para o personagem atrapalhado, seu oponente pode somar 1 ponto ao resultado do dado, quando jogar contra a Tabela de Danos.

Usando a SORTE *em Combate*

Num combate, um Aventureiro pode, se desejar, usar sua SORTE, seja para infringir um ferimento mais grave a seu oponente, seja para minimizar os efeitos de um ferimento causado a ele próprio. *Observação.:* essa modificação *não* se aplica aos *Golpes Poderosos* ou às *Trapalhadas*.

Se um Aventureiro acabou de ferir um oponente, ele pode

Testar a Sorte como descrito antes. Se for bem-sucedido e tiver sorte, ele pode infringir um ferimento grave, e somar mais 2 pontos ao resultado quando jogar contra a Tabela de Danos.

Se o Aventureiro tiver sido ferido nesse instante, ele tem direito de *Testar a Sorte* numa tentativa de minimizar o dano. Se tiver sorte, ele pode reduzir 1 ponto do resultado do dado de seu oponente quando ele jogar contra a Tabela de Danos. Se, no entanto, ele for Azarado, seu oponente soma mais um aos pontos de seu dado.

Lembre-se: um Aventureiro deve subtrair 1 ponto de seu valor de SORTE sempre que *Testar sua Sorte*.

Usando Esquivar-se *em Combate*

A Habilidade Especial de Esquivar-se pode ser usada em combate para evitar os golpes de um oponente. O Aventureiro deve declarar, *antes* dos dois personagens jogarem para determinar sua Força de Ataque, que ele tentará *Esquivar-se* dos golpes do oponente em vez de enfrentá-lo. A seqüência de combate então prossegue como normalmente, a não ser pelo fato de que o Aventureiro joga dois dados e soma o re-

sultado a seu valor de *Esquivar-se* em vez de somá-lo a sua HABILIDADE ou a sua Habilidade Especial de arma. Os valores são comparados como habitualmente. Um resultado de 2, tirado pelo Aventureiro, significa que ele definitivamente falhou em esquivar-se.

Se o total do Aventureiro for maior, ele consegue evitar os golpes de seu oponente, mas ele próprio não lhe causa nenhum ferimento. Porém na *próxima* Série de Ataque ele tem a opção de (i) escapar do combate e (se tiver essa habilidade) lançar um feitiço sobre seu oponente na próxima série de ataque, ou (ii) somar um bônus de 1 ponto à sua HABILIDADE ou Habilidade Especial de arma se ele agora desejar atacar.

Se o total do oponente for maior, ele acerta e joga o dado para obter os danos como normalmente, a não ser pelo fato de precisar reduzir o resultado em 1 ponto em relação à Tabela de Danos.

A Habilidade *Esquivar-se* também pode ser empregada para desviar-se de um projétil, como uma flecha ou um virote de besta. O Aventureiro deve estar consciente de que o projétil está se aproximando, e então jogar dois dados cujo total será igual ou menor do que seu valor de *Esquivar-se*. No entanto, já que as flechas viajam em grande velocidade, há uma desvantagem de 10 pontos se a flecha ou dardo for disparado de uma curta distância, 8 pontos se for lançada de uma distância média, e 6 pontos se disparada de longa distância.

Observação: com esses modificadores extras, talvez seja possível obter o valor de *Esquivar-se* de um Aventureiro, em dois dados, para que tenha sucesso — a regra de que duplo 1 sempre funciona *não* se aplica a esse caso em especial; portanto, um Aventureiro com uma Habilidade de *Esquivar-se* de 9 não poderia evadir-se de uma flecha disparada de uma curta ou média distância.

Inconsciência e Morte

Nas regras originais dos livros-jogos solo, qualquer um cuja ENERGIA caísse para zero morreria. Porém, se existem camaradas que podem ajudar um Aventureiro, é muito mais justo permitir-lhe uma chance de sobrevivência, não importa que ela seja mínima.

Se a ENERGIA de um Aventureiro for reduzida a zero, ele fica inconsciente. Se sua ENERGIA for reduzida para -1, ele foi mortalmente ferido. Se sua ENERGIA cair para -2 ou menos, ele foi feito em pedaços e está irrefutavelmente morto!

Os personagens *inconscientes* recuperarão a consciência en-

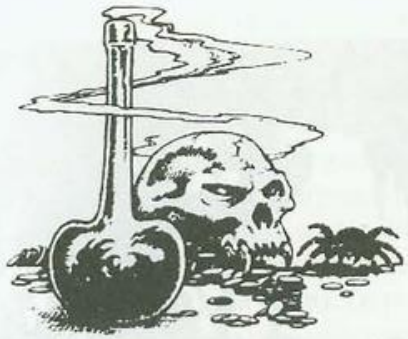

tre 2 ou 12 minutos (jogue dois dados) após terem desmaiado. Quando acordarem, terão apenas 1 ponto de ENERGIA.

Um aventureiro *mortalmente ferido* necessita de assistência dos outros para poder se recuperar. Após um tempo em torno de 1 a 6 minutos (o Mestre joga um dado para descobrir quanto tempo) será tarde demais. Somente poções e feitiços podem reviver um personagem em tal estado; eles devem ser usados para elevar a ENERGIA do Aventureiro acima de zero. Se não forem bem-sucedidos, o pobre Aventureiro sangrará até a morte.

Observações: (i) se todos os outros aventureiros estiverem ocupados, o oponente de um aventureiro gravemente ferido pode continuar a acertá-lo até ter certeza de que ele está definitivamente morto.

(ii) Se um personagem estiver sozinho, ele não se recuperará de seu ferimento mortal.

(iii) Essas regras se aplicam somente aos Aventureiros, não a seus oponentes.

Ataques Surpresa

Haverá ocasiões em que alguma coisa pula das sombras e surpreende os Aventureiros ou, inversamente, em que os pró-

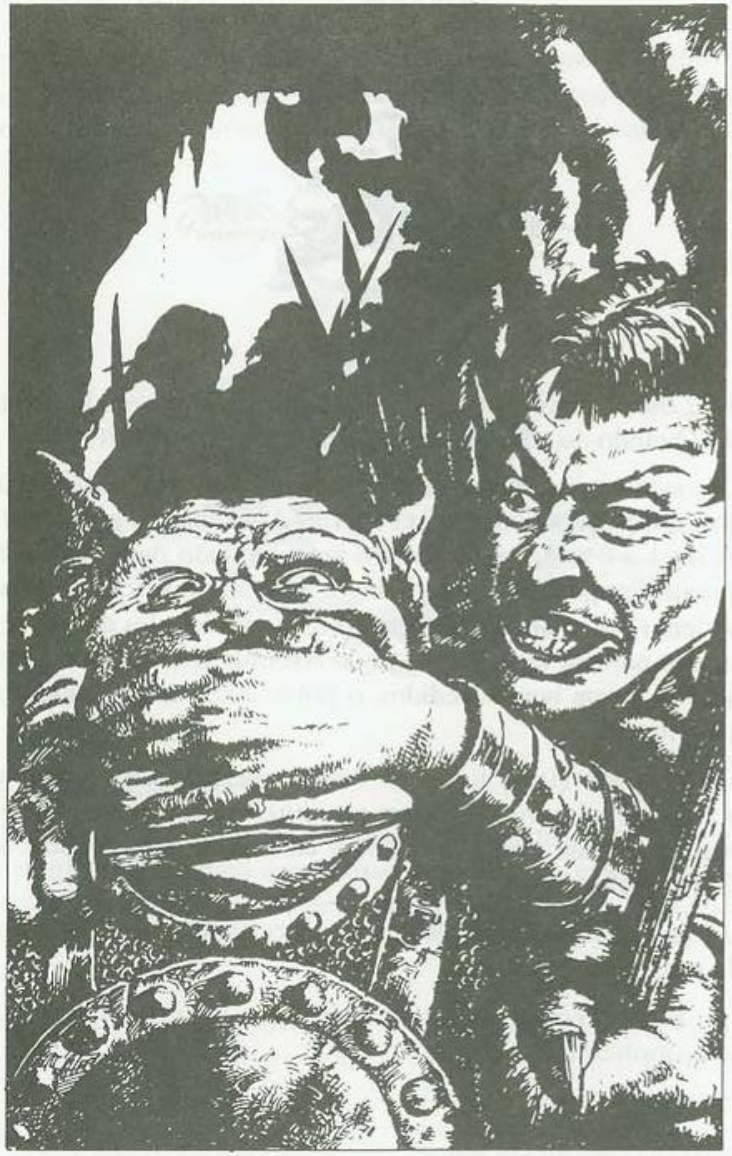

prios Aventureiros adentrarão um aposento e pegarão um monstro de surpresa. Portanto, seu Mestre simplesmente o informará que você surpreendeu um oponente, ou talvez o oposto. No entanto, um Aventureiro com a Habilidade de *Conscientização* pode tentar realizar uma jogada bem-sucedida contra sua habilidade, que então negará o resultado anterior. Se alguém num grupo é surpreendido, os outros componentes no outro lado podem tentar disparar arcos ou armas de projéteis, ou lançar um feitiço, antes de aproximarem-se para um combate corpo a corpo. Dependendo da distância entre os grupos e a velocidade com que se aproximam, arqueiros e feiticeiros poderão lançar um segundo disparo.

Também poderá haver ocasiões quando um oponente está completamente incapacitado, ou não está ciente da presença de seu atacante, e acertá-lo é pouco mais do que mera formalidade. Isso é conhecido como *Ataque Surpresa*. Fazer um *Ataque Surpresa* é muito simples. Se seu Mestre determina que você está em posição de fazer isso, você deve tentar jogar dois dados cujo resultado seja igual ou menor do que sua HABILIDADE ou sua Habilidade Especial de arma, com um bônus de 3 pontos em ambos os casos. Um resultado de duplo 6 é um erro automático; um duplo 1 tem o mesmo efeito que um *Golpe Poderoso*. Se o ataque acertar normalmente, o personagem tem a opção de causar um dano normal (jogar os dados contra a Tabela de Danos) ou simplesmente tirar 1 ponto de ENERGIA do oponente, deixando-o inconsciente por 2 a 12 minutos.

Armadura

A Tabela de Danos foi cuidadosamente construída com um fator já considerado como parte dela: ela conta com a armadura. Cada Aventureiro usa alguns pedaços de armaduras, normalmente o suficiente para diminuir o choque de alguns golpes, mas que não o deixe muito lento quando precisar correr. Na prática, essa armadura normalmente tem a forma de

uma cota de malha, um elmo, ou uma capa de couro endurecido, e talvez alguns pedaços de metal costurados num *kilt* de couro. Poucos aventureiros carregam escudos; ao mesmo tempo que fornecem pouca proteção extra, como qualquer guerreiro lhe dirá, nos confins de um corredor de masmorra, são usualmente mais um empecilho do que uma ajuda.

A maioria dos oponentes que encontrar um grupo de Aventureiros também estará protegida, ou por armadura ou por um couro duro e resistente — ou (no caso dos Orcs e Trolls) por ambos!

Se um personagem, Aventureiro ou adversário, remover sua armadura e lutar sem ela, todas as vezes que se comparar os resultados com a Tabela de Danos, deve-se somar mais 2 pontos aos dados. Se um personagem usa um escudo, ele deve reduzir 2 pontos de sua HABILIDADE ou Habilidade Especial de arma, e também reduzirá 2 pontos na tabela de dano em qualquer jogada contra ele.

Armas Diferentes

Ocasionalmente um personagem pode encontrar-se em meio a uma luta usando um objeto que normalmente não é considerado como arma! Isso poderia incluir um item de mobília (principalmente quando se está numa luta num bar!), uma caneca de cerveja, uma pedra ou qualquer coisa que estiver à mão! Lutar com uma arma desse tipo é normal, mas a HABILIDADE do personagem fica diminuída em 2 pontos quando o objeto pode ser usado com uma mão, ou em 3 pontos se o objeto é maior e for necessário usar as duas.

Normalmente será necessário jogar contra a Habilidade de *Força* e ser bem-sucedido para lutar com certos objetos grandes tais como mesas, pedregulhos, árvores etc — o Mestre o informará!

A lista a seguir detalha os danos causados pelas mais comuns armas não-ortodoxas quando se conseguiu um bom resultado

nos dados. O Mestre informará a você que dano outros itens fazem, baseado nesses exemplos típicos:

Segurando na Mão

Banco — como Espada

Cadeira — como Clava

Mesa — como Espada de Duas Mãos

Árvore — como Mordida muito grande

Arremessado

Caneca de cerveja, prato — como Flecha

Pedra, leve — como dardo de Besta

Pedra, pesada — como Machado de Batalha

Pedregulho, imenso — como Espada de Duas Mãos

Árvore — como Mordida muito grande

Locais Estranhos e Condições

Enquanto muitas lutas se realizam em aposentos espaçosos e muito bem iluminados, ou então em espaço aberto, haverá outras vezes quando os Aventureiros serão duramente confrontados, com seus oponentes, enquanto estiverem com água até a cintura, em escuridão total, bêbados, em um corredor que é tão estreito que só é possível arrastar-se por ele e coisas do gênero.

Para cada uma ou todas as condições que se seguem, aplica-se o modificador listado abaixo que reduzirá a HABILIDADE de um personagem ou sua Habilidade Especial de arma. Os efeitos desses modificadores são cumulativos (ou seja, por exemplo, um Aventureiro que luta com água até o joelho, num corredor estreito, deve reduzir temporariamente 4 pontos de sua HABILIDADE). *Lembre-se*: quaisquer modificadores podem muito bem aplicar-se tanto aos oponentes quanto a nossos Aventureiros.

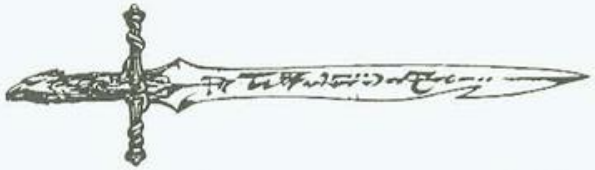

	Modificador da Habilidade
Escuridão total	–6*
Escuridão noturna	–3**
Crepúsculo	–1
Fumaça/neblina	–2
Chuva torrencial	–1
Água até os joelhos	–2
Água até a cintura	–4
Água até o pescoço	–6
Nadando na água	–8
Em neve ou lama — como água de profundidade comparável	
Corredor estreito	–2
Corredor muito estreito	–4
Degraus (descendo enquanto luta)	+1
Degraus (subindo enquanto luta)	–1
Degraus estreitos/em espiral (descendo)	–1
Degraus estreitos/em espiral (subindo)	–3
Montado	–2†
No ar	–5††
Bêbado	–2
Carregando algo pesado	–2
Carregando algo muito pesado	–4
Ser muito grande atacando um ser muito pequeno	+2
Ser muito pequeno atacando um ser muito grande	–1

** – Reduzido para -4 para personagens com Visão no Escuro e todas as criaturas e seres que vivem no subterrâneo (incluindo Orcs e semelhantes).*

*** – Reduzido para -1 para personagens com Visão no Escuro e todas as criaturas e seres que vivem no subterrâneo (incluindo Orcs e semelhantes).*

† – Aplica-se somente ao oponente desmontado.

†† – Aplica-se tanto ao personagem no ar quanto a seu oponente no chão. Portanto, se o personagem voando também está numa montaria, ele deve realizar uma jogada bem-sucedida contra a Habilidade de Cavalgar, antes de cada série de ataque, ou então ele passará toda essa série fora de ação, recuperando-se de ter praticamente caído de sua montaria.

Combate Desarmado

Lutar sem armas é uma habilidade especializada; mas pode tornar-se uma necessidade se um personagem tiver o infortúnio de quebrar ou perder sua arma. Além disso, muitos monstros e criaturas são ótimos lutando com os dentes e as garras. É claro que ter uma Habilidade de *Combate Desarmado* ou de *Força* ajudará um pouco a recuperar o equilíbrio.

Lutar com as mãos nuas significa exatamente a mesma seqüência de combate que lutar com uma arma e, um personagem com Habilidade em *Combate Desarmado* pode usar esse valor em vez de sua HABILIDADE. Personagens pouco acostumados a lutar sem arma devem reduzir 4 pontos de sua HABILIDADE durante essa luta, a menos que tenham Habilidade de *Força* ou atualmente estejam sob os efeitos de um feitiço de *Força*, e nesses casos é necessário que reduzam 2 pontos de sua HABILIDADE.

Qualquer personagem cuja ENERGIA seja reduzida a zero ou 1 ponto, por um oponente, numa luta com as mãos nuas não morrerá imediatamente; em vez disso, ele ficará inconsciente entre 2 e 12 minutos. Um personagem cuja ENERGIA fique reduzida a -1 ou menos, por um oponente desarmado, morrerá ou, no caso de um Aventureiro, ficará mortalmente ferido. Resumindo, nada disso se aplica a feras que usam suas garras e dentes para lutar; essas criaturas são consideradas armadas!

Oponentes Múltiplos

Algumas criaturas maiores e muito hábeis são capazes de atacar mais de um oponente por vez. Essas criaturas serão marcadas, no texto da aventura, com a quantidade de ataques que podem fazer de uma vez; se não há nenhuma anotação, a criatura só faz um ataque.

Enfrentar mais de um oponente ou combinar com um aliado, para atacar um único oponente, é obtido utilizando-se a seqüência de combate padrão, mas com várias diferenças importantes

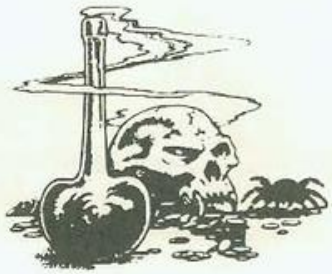

Se dois personagens estão atacando um oponente (não importa se são Aventureiros contra um único Orc ou vários Orcs contra um único Aventureiro), a seqüência de combate normal é usada, exatamente como se os combatentes solitários estivessem lutando contra dois adversários. Porém, antes de jogar os dados, o personagem em desvantagem tem de declarar qual dos oponentes ele está pretendendo atingir. Ele então conduz sua luta *com esse personagem*, ferindo-o ou sendo ferido de acordo com a seqüência de combate normal, a não ser pelo fato de que sua HABILIDADE está reduzida em 1 ponto por cada oponente extra do qual ele deve se defender: ou seja, um Aventureiro lutando com 4 Orcs deve enfrentá-los com sua HABILIDADE reduzida em 3 pontos.

A seqüência é então repetida para cada oponente *extra*, não esquecendo-se da redução aplicada para o número de oponentes. Porém, se o personagem em desvantagem ganha uma Série de Ataque individual, ele não acerta seu oponente extra. Como ele está totalmente envolvido na luta com seu oponente original, tudo o que ele pode fazer após isso será defender-se e manter os oponentes extras a distância. Se o personagem em desvantagem perde uma série para seu segundo (ou último) oponente, ele deve perder pontos de ENERGIA como num ferimento causado em uma luta normal.

Golpes Poderosos e *Trapalhadas não* se aplicam nesses combates múltiplos.

Se uma única criatura, com múltiplos ataques, estiver enfrentando mais de um oponente, ela só tem direito a um número de ataques equivalente ao de adversários que tiver. Contudo, se ela não tiver número de ataques suficiente para todos seus oponentes, ela deve usar o método descrito acima para tentar evitar que todos eles a ataquem! Uma criatura com múltiplos ataques só joga *uma única vez* por sua Força de Ataque, que então se aplica a todos os oponentes que enfrenta no momento.

Se uma criatura, com mais de um ataque, estiver lutando com apenas um oponente, ela normalmente não usa esses ataques extras (a não ser se o Mestre fizer alguma observação a respeito: ele pode definir que aconteça o oposto, e nesse caso os ataques extras contarão para reduzir a HABILIDADE do ad-

versário). Mais comumente, a criatura que se envolve com um único oponente usa a seqüência de combate normal de um contra o outro.

Projéteis

Armas de projéteis incluem arco e flecha, dardos e punhais de arremesso. Projéteis também podem incluir qualquer coisa que possa ser lançada — em um lugar pequeno, todo tipo de coisas estranhas podem estar à mão. Projéteis normalmente são disparados ou jogados antes de os personagens entrarem em combate corpo a corpo, e combinam muito com locais ao ar livre. Na verdade, é mesmo muito difícil errar um alvo que esteja a poucos passos de distância, e quem tentar usar uma arma do tipo arco e flecha em um combate corpo a corpo deveria ser tratado como se estivesse desarmado, com todas as penalidades que isso traz.

A primeira coisa é decidir qual a distância em que está o alvo, como isso afeta a chance de acertar. Vale a pena mencionar que um alvo deve estar parcialmente visível para que se possa acertá-lo. Procure o projétil ou seu equivalente, na Tabela de Distância abaixo:

Tabela de Distância

	Distância (metros)		
Arma	Curta	Média	Longa
Arco e flecha	0-50	51-90	91-250
Besta	0-18	19-50	51-180
Dardo	0-10	11-20	21-40
Punhal de Arremesso	0-8	9-18	19-24
Objeto leve	0-10	11-20	21-30
Objeto mediano	0-7	8-14	15-22
Objeto pesado	0-4	5-8	9-12

Atirar

Um arco ou outra arma de projétil é disparada com precisão, obtendo-se um resultado menor ou igual à Habilidade Especial da arma ou ao valor da HABILIDADE, em dois dados. No entanto, existem modificadores que devem ser aplicados (veja na tabela abaixo) — e eles são cumulativos! "Alvo muito pequeno" significa que ele tem menos de 30 centímetros de altura. "Alvo pequeno" significa que está entre 30 e 90 centímetros (como base de comparação, um Anão normalmente tem cerca de 110 centímetros de altura). As regras relativas ao resultado de duplo 6 (um *Golpe Poderoso*) e duplo 1 (uma *Trapalhada*) também se aplica a essa jogada — que deve causar alguns acidentes espetaculares, ou possivelmente alguns tiros especialmente certeiros! Disparo de arco pode ser tentado na maioria das situações; se houver dúvida, o Mestre informará. No entanto, certas situações farão realmente acertar um alvo escolhido muito difícil. Disparar um tiro enquanto estiver em combate corpo a corpo normalmente não é permitido. Lançar uma flecha no combate de alguém é permitido, se o arqueiro em questão não estiver envolvido em nenhum combate; mas note que existe um grande modificador e a chance de tragicamente acertar um aliado em seu erro.

	Modificador
Distância média	–3
Distância longa	–6
Alvo muito pequeno	–4*
Alvo pequeno	–2*
Alvo em movimento	–1
Atirador em movimento	–1
Alvo obscurecido	–1**
Atirar para a frente	–1
Atirar em combate	–5†
Lançar em combate	–3†

** — Se, digamos, três quartos de um alvo de tamanho humano estiverem obscurecidos, a porção restante deve ser julgada como sendo um alvo inteiro no que se refere a tamanho. Nesse exemplo, julgaríamos que o quarto restante do ser humano que permanece visível seria um Alvo pequeno (-2), três quartos obscurecidos (-3).*

*** – Por quarto de alvo obscurecido, máximo de –3.*

† – Se o tiro errar o alvo pretendido, o personagem deve jogar novamente, como se estivesse atirando ou jogando alguma coisa sobre o alvo mais próximo. Se for bem-sucedido, esse personagem é acertado, seja ele inimigo ou membro do grupo ao qual pertence o atirador.

Lançar

Lançar um projétil funciona exatamente do mesmo modo que Atirar, a não ser pelo fato de que nesse caso usa-se a Habilidade Especial de *Força*, se for possível. Todos os modificadores listados acima, com exceção de "atirar para a frente", também se aplicam ao projétil sendo lançado.

Magia em Combate

Veja a seção de *Magia*, que começa na página 198 deste capítulo.

Cura e Recuperação de Características

É possível que muitas vezes, durante uma aventura, as características de um Aventureiro sejam reduzidas, por ferimentos, magia, maldições, freqüente má sorte ou outras causas. Porém, nem tudo está perdido, pois há muitos meios pelos quais os valores de um personagem podem ser recuperados até o normal.

Habilidade

O valor de HABILIDADE de um personagem não será muito alterado no decorrer da aventura. O que quase sempre ocorre a ela, ou a uma Habilidade Especial em particular, é fornecer uma adição ou redução temporária da duração de uma luta ou encontro em particular. Com maior freqüência, uma arma encantada (digamos, uma Espada Mágica) pode ser somada à habilidade de arma do Aventureiro sempre que ela for usada. É claro que se deve sempre lembrar que um Aventureiro pode usar somente uma arma desse tipo, em qualquer combate individual, e que não se pode receber os benefícios acumulados por usar duas armas mágicas! Muito ocasionalmente, uma armadilha ou algum outro tipo de imprevisto especial pode reduzir a HABILIDADE de um Aventureiro de

modo mais permanente, como um ferimento causado ao braço da arma, por exemplo.

A HABILIDADE pode ser recuperada (em parte ou totalmente, dependendo do método utilizado) ao beber uma dose de uma Poção de Habilidade, se houver disponível, ou lançando um feitiço de *Habilidade* ou *Cura Total. Se tais feitiços não puderem ser usados, é possível que um feiticeiro, ou um curandeiro de uma cidade próxima, possa lançar um desses por uma pequena taxa de, digamos, 100 MOs por ponto de* HABILIDADE recuperado. O Mestre poderá resolver se essa possibilidade existe ou não.

Energia

Essa segunda característica se modificará constantemente no decorrer da aventura, já que monstros, exaustão e várias outras penalidades cobram seu preço do Aventureiro. ENERGIA pode ser rapidamente recuperada consumindo-se comida e bebendo-se, que são expressos em termos de jogo como Provisões. Cada pacote de Provisão pode recuperar até 4 pontos de ENERGIA (até no máximo o nível *Inicial* de ENERGIA do personagem). Um Aventureiro precisa comer uma porção de Provisões por cena. Como alternativa, se houver disponível uma poção de cura ou um feitiço de *Energia* ou *Cura Total*, serão recuperados até mais pontos.

Finalmente, ENERGIA também pode ser recuperada descansando-se entre aventuras e, se o Mestre permiti-lo expressamente, entre as cenas de uma aventura onde haja um certo lapso de tempo de três dias ou mais. Ele providenciará maiores informações quando passar a ser uma opção.

Sorte

A SORTE de um Aventureiro é reduzida em 1 ponto a cada vez que se *Testa a Sorte*. Um personagem pode descobrir que as coisas vão ficando cada vez mais difíceis, no final da aventura, com sua SORTE sendo rapidamente consumida. Essa característica pode ser recuperada de diversas maneiras. Uma Poção de Sorte, se descoberta, será muito útil, pois ela acrescenta 1 ponto permanente ao valor *Inicial* da SORTE do Aventureiro e então recupera seu valor atual até o novo valor! Não é preciso dizer que as Poções de Sorte são itens muito raros e caros. A SORTE também pode ser recuperada pelo uso de feitiço de *Sorte* ou de *Cura Total*, se houver algum disponível.

Além disso, em certas situações, durante uma aventura, quando um Aventureiro — ou todos os Aventureiros — tiverem sido especialmente afortunados, o Mestre pode recompensá-los com um bônus de até 3 pontos de SORTE. O Mestre revelará tal recompensa se e quando eles merecerem. *Lembre-se*: nesse caso a SORTE não pode exceder seu nível *Inicial*.

Outras Ações e Situações

Assim como em combate, um Aventureiro muitas vezes pode se encontrar em diversas outras situações onde terá de aplicar suas habilidadess e percepção se quiser evitar o perigo, e assim chegar até o final de sua busca. Esta seção engloba cada uma dessas situações, tomando como base as Habilidades Especiais tipicamente necessárias para escapar delas.

Afogamento e Asfixiamento

O caminho do Aventureiro está cheio de perigos a serem enfrentados e vencidos para conseguir chegar ao final de sua busca. Em meio a isso, pode haver rios a serem cruzados, nuvens de gás venenoso e lugares que sequer possuam ar respirável.

Todas as situações em que um Aventureiro esteja incapacitado de tomar fôlego são resolvidas de um modo semelhante. Para o primeiro minuto sem ar, seja debaixo d'água ou envolvido em gás, um Aventureiro deve jogar contra sua HABILIDADE usando dois dados; para cada minuto extra, deve reduzir sua chance em 2 pontos. Podem existir outros modificadores:

Debaixo d'água	Modificador
Capaz de tomar um primeiro fôlego	+1*
Tem Habilidade de *Nadar*	+3
Sendo atacado	–2
Carregando peso	–2
Carregando muito peso	–4
Com armadura completa	–2
ENERGIA 3 ou menos	–2
Gás, fumaça etc.	
Capaz de tomar um primeiro fôlego	+1*
Sendo atacado	–2
Com armadura completa	–1
ENERGIA 3 ou menos	–2

** – Ser capaz de respirar antes de ser afogado depende de não ser surpreendido pela súbita falta de ar. Um Aventureiro que já esteja nadando será capaz de tomar fôlego; um que afunde repentinamente será surpreendido e não poderá respirar se, jogando um dado, obtiver 1-3 como resultado.*

Se uma jogada falhar, o Aventureiro sofrerá perda de pontos de ENERGIA ao acaso, de acordo com a natureza.

Água	1-6 pontos
Fumaça	1 ponto
Fumaça densa	1-3 pontos
Gás venenoso	2-7 pontos, mais quaisquer outros efeitos opcionais designados pelo Mestre, conforme o apropriado.

Armadilhas

Armadilhas são a prova final de pura maldade de muitos dos Bandidos. Algumas das armadilhas encontradas pelos Aventureiros não serão nada além de simples fossos com estacas; outras serão mecanismos extremamente complexos projetados para frustrar, torturar e eventualmente eliminar suas vítimas indefesas.

As armadilhas projetadas pelo Mestre para um determinado local em uma aventura terão suas próprias regras. Tais armadilhas também terão seu grau de Fatalidade, que vai de 0 a 5.

Como regra, apenas uma jogada bem-sucedida de *Teste de Sorte* ou contra a Habilidade de *Esquivar-se*, modificada pelo grau de Fatalidade da armadilha, permitirá que um Aventureiro evite uma armadilha da qual ele não tinha conhecimento. Ela pode ser detectada por um Aventureiro com *Conscientização*, se ele obtiver uma jogada bem-sucedida contra essa habilidade (veja *Detectar e Examinar*, adiante).

Depois que uma armadilha tiver sido encontrada, existe a

chance de que um Aventureiro com *Conhecimento de Armadilhas* possa desativá-la. Isso requer uma jogada bem-sucedida contra *Conhecimento de Armadilhas*, menos o grau de Fatalidade da armadilha. Personagens que não possuam tal Habilidade Especial devem jogar contra sua HABILIDADE, reduzindo 2 pontos além do grau de Fatalidade da armadilha. Se a jogada falhar, a armadilha então será ativada.

Um Aventureiro, com nível muito alto de *Conhecimento de Armadilhas*, será capaz de projetar e construir suas próprias armadilhas, mas isso só acontecerá em jogos muito avançados.

Armadilhas de Caça

Armadilhas preparadas pelos Aventureiros e projetadas para pegar animais para sua alimentação funcionam de um jeito diferente. As chances de sucesso de uma armadilha pegar alguma coisa comestível é igual à Habilidade de *Conhecimento* da área pelo Aventureiro (seja na floresta, no mar, no subterrâneo, nas montanhas ou em qualquer outro local). Um personagem, que preparar uma armadilha em uma área da qual ele não tem um conhecimento especializado, deverá jogar contra sua HABILIDADE, com uma penalidade de -2.

O Mestre imporá mais modificadores, quando for apropriado, de acordo com: a disponibilidade de animais comestíveis na área com armadilha, o clima, a época do ano e coisas do gênero. A armadilha deve ser checada e novamente testada a cada 4 horas.

Carregar

Em vez de enumerarmos os pesos específicos em quilos, achamos mais fácil usar quatro classes de pesos: Leve, Médio, Pesado e Muito Pesado. Para tornar tudo ainda mais simples, sugerimos que você decida quanto um Aventureiro forte pode carregar simplesmente tomando como base o que um homem comum pode suportar; se você então somar todas

suas armas e armaduras, você deve chegar a uma quantidade que não seja por demais exagerada para seu personagem.

Para tornar a regra mais simples, se realmente for necessário, cada Personagem pode carregar até dez itens. Objetos leves contam como meio-itens, artigos Pesados contam como 3 itens, objetos Muito Pesados valem de 4 e 8 objetos, ou até mesmo mais (e portanto deve ser carregado por mais de um Aventureiro). A quantidade de coisas que estão sendo carregadas torna-se importante somente se o Aventureiro estiver carregando alguma coisa Pesada ou Muito Pesada. Além disso, apenas um personagem com Habilidade Especial de *Força* (e talvez até mesmo jogando os dados contra ela, o Mestre sendo bem discreto) pode ter a esperança de conseguir empurrar ou carregar a maioria dos itens Muito Pesados.

Leve — umas poucas moedas, prato, caneca de cerveja, arco, punhal, capa, provisões, pássaro, gato doméstico etc.

Médio — uma espada, um saco de moedas, baú pequeno, sela, escudo, outra criatura (do tamanho de um Anão ou Goblin).

Pesado — uma arca cheia de tesouro, um saco de moedas, mesa, cama, armadura de corpo inteiro, outra pessoa do tamanho de um humano ou maior.

Muito Pesado — um ídolo de pedra, um cavalo, uma diligência, um pequeno bote.

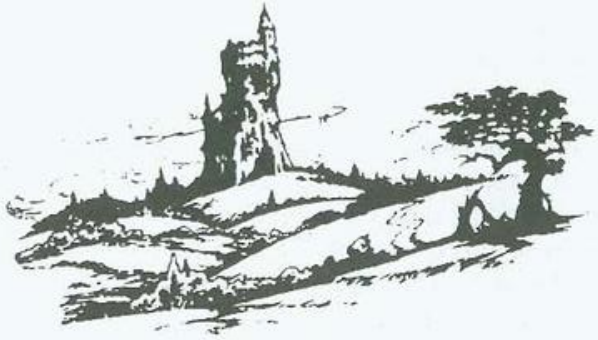

Detectar e Examinar

A Habilidade Especial de *Conscientização* é muito útil, pois dá ao Aventureiro um sexto sentido que pode às vezes previ-lo de acontecimentos antes mesmo que eles ocorram. Como o Aventureiro, que tem essa habilidade, usualmente não está ciente de que existe alguma coisa em volta que *poderia* ser detectada ou que está para ser detectada, a Habilidade de *Conscientização* normalmente é verificada em segredo pelo Mestre.

É claro que um Aventureiro sempre pode pedir para checar seus sentidos a qualquer momento; mas se não há nada para ser encontrado, ele certamente não encontrará nada, mesmo se sua jogada contra *Conscientização* pareça ter sido bem-sucedida. O Mestre imporá seus próprios modificadores para a jogada de *Conscientização*, conforme um item ou acontecimento esteja ou não bem escondido.

Examinar

Em termos de jogo, isso se refere ao exame aberto e deliberado de uma certa área, na tentativa de encontrar um item ou uma pessoa escondidos. Essa atividade pode revelar passagens secretas, armadilhas, painéis escondidos em baús de tesouro, qualquer outra coisa que o Mestre tenha escondido (isso significa que uma porta secreta não pode ser detectada por alguém com Habilidade de *Conscientização* ao passar por onde ela está escondida!). *Observação*: encontrar uma porta secreta traz o problema de abri-la — veja *Portas e Fechaduras*, mais adiante

Examinar deliberadamente exige uma jogada bem-sucedida contra sua HABILIDADE ou sua *Conscientização* (ao procurar na semi-escuridão, uma *Visão no Escuro* pode ser um substituto). Se o objeto escondido for uma pessoa usando Habilidade de *Esconder-se*, a diferença entre a HABILIDADE ou *Conscientização* de quem procura e o *Esconder-se* do alvo deve ser usada como um modificador. Por exemplo, alguém

com *Esconder-se* 9 impõe uma penalidade de -2 a alguém que o procura e que tenha a HABILIDADE 7. O Mestre pode acrescentar ou diminuir modificadores semelhantes a essa jogada se um item tiver sido escondido por alguém que tenha uma alta Habilidade de *Esconder-se*.

Uma pessoa, examinando com o devido cuidado para conseguir encontrar algo, gasta um minuto numa área de dois metros por dois metros. Enfim, todos devem lembrar-se de que só por que um Aventureiro não encontrou nada, isso não significa que não haja nada para ser encontrado!

Escalar

Qualquer Aventureiro, não importa sua força e destreza, está adequadamente equipado para escalar uma escarpa, se houver suficientes suportes para as mãos; ou subir em uma árvore com alguns galhos baixos, desde que ele faça uma jogada contra sua HABILIDADE ou sua Habilidade Especial de *Escalar* lançando os dois dados usuais.

A jogada de dados é feita da seguinte maneira: um Aventureiro pode normalmente subir ou descer um metro de escarpa ou de uma árvore muito frondosa a cada Série de Ataque. Para cada cinco metros cobertos, o Aventureiro deve fazer um teste em relação à sua HABILIDADE ou à de *Escalar*; verifique a tabela, dada a seguir, para ver se aplica-se algum modificador. Se o resultado dos dados for desfavorável, o Aventureiro simplesmente permanece onde se encontra, incapacitado de mover-se até que seja feita nova jogada; se tirar duplo 6, o Aventureiro cai (veja a seção *Quedas*, na página 206).

Nosso herói pode tentar aumentar a velocidade média de sua escalada aceitando uma penalidade de -2 pontos contra sua HABILIDADE para cada metro extra que procura alcançar, junto com quaisquer outros modificadores.

Para escalar subidas mais difíceis — qualquer escarpa com

uma inclinação maior do que 60 graus ou acima de 45 graus sem que haja locais onde apoiar as mãos, ou uma árvore, como um pinheiro, que tenha galhos que comecem bem acima do chão — será necessária a aplicação de um ou mais desses modificadores na HABILIDADE ou Habilidade de *Escalar* do Aventureiro. *Observação*: o Mestre pode impor mais modificadores (para mais ou para menos) de acordo com as condições exatas do local específico.

	Modificador
Escarpa vertical	–6
Escarpa entre 60 e 85 graus	–4
Escarpa entre 45 e 60 graus	–2
Sem apoios para as mãos	–3
Superfície instável/escorregadia	–2
Sacada	–3
Árvore lisa	–2
Poucos galhos	–1
Usando ferrões/sapatos com ferrões	+2
Amarrado a outra pessoa	+2*
Sendo atacado	–2
Carregando Peso	–2†
Carregando Muito Peso	–4†

** – Não se aplica quando subindo uma árvore. Se a outra pessoa cair, o Aventureiro deve jogar contra sua HABILIDADE ou Habilidade de Força para conseguir permanecer onde está, usando quaisquer modificadores relativos a suportes para as mãos e/ou ferrões na tabela acima, ou então ele cairá — veja Queda.*

† –Veja Carregar, na seção anterior, para definições quanto a esses termos.

Por exemplo, um Aventureiro com *Escalar* 12, tentando subir um pinheiro, no meio do inverno, usando botas com ferrões, e ao mesmo tempo sendo flechado por arqueiros Orcs que o

perseguem, tem sua jogada de dados modificada da seguinte maneira: -2 pela árvore lisa, -2 pelo gelo no tronco, -2 por estar sendo flechado, e +2 por seus ferrões. Ele, portanto, deve obter 8 ou menos em dois dados para conseguir subir até os galhos e assim permanecer escondido.

Esconder-se

Esconder-se é uma habilidade que agrada tanto a ladrões quanto a outros personagens mais cautelosos. Usando-a, um Aventureiro pode escapar despercebido de uma grande quantidade de inimigos que passe correndo por ele; ou pode usá-la a fim de espionar os planos inimigos, por exemplo. Essa habilidade também pode ser usada para esconder um item específico e desse modo ele não será encontrado a não ser após um exame muito cuidadoso.

Para esconder-se, é óbvio que um Aventureiro primeiro precisa de um lugar para tal. Esconder-se em um aposento totalmente vazio, ou no meio de uma campina de grama baixa, é extremamente difícil sem haver nenhum preparo especial para isso. O Mestre é que dirá se há ou não bastante lugar que sirva de cobertura para que um personagem se esconda. No entanto, ele *não* revelará sua decisão — o Aventureiro logo descobrirá se conseguiu esconder-se de seu inimigo!

Portanto, quando esconder-se de alguém que esteja vagamente procurando por ele, a chance de sucesso de um Aventureiro é jogada pelo Mestre. A jogada é feita usando-se a Habilidade de *Esconder-se*, se ele a tiver, ou então a HABILIDADE. Se alguém estiver persistentemente procurando pelo Aventureiro em questão, modifique a jogada pela diferença entre a Habilidade de *Esconder-se* do Aventureiro e o nível de *Conscientização* (veja *Detectar e Examinar*, acima). Também pode haver outros modificadores a serem jogados:

	Modificador
Aventureiro/item invisível	+8
Aventureiro/item muito pequeno	+5
Aventureiro/item pequeno	+2
Aventureiro/item do tamanho de um homem	—
Aventureiro/item grande	–2
Aventureiro/item muito grande	–5
Aventureiro/item camuflado ou escondido entre itens semelhantes	+2
Item enterrado	+5
Aventureiro em espaço aberto	–4
Aventureiro em vegetação cerrada/floresta	+4
Aventureiro em movimento	–2
Quem procura olhando de cima	–3
Quem procura usando animais	–4

O Mestre faz a jogada em segredo. Se o resultado for um fracasso declarado, ele deverá contar ao Aventureiro que sabe que ele não está escondido. Se a jogada falhar mas chegar perto de uma chance de sucesso, o Mestre deverá deixá-lo pensar que foi bem-sucedido — mas é claro que alguém, que estiver procurando por ele, o encontrará. Se a jogada do Aventureiro for bem-sucedida, ele descobrirá isso assim que algum dos Bandidos passar apressado.

Esconder um item funciona exatamente do mesmo modo; novamente é o Mestre quem faz a jogada (apesar de os resultados serem bem menos drásticos). Os Aventureiros deverão ter o cuidado de lembrar-se onde esconderam seus itens, principalmente os que forem de valor; recomendamos o uso de um mapa do tesouro para uma quantidade realmente importante de riquezas!

Esgueirar-se

Ser capaz de rastejar sem ser notado pode às vezes representar um dom inestimável. As chances de mover-se silenciosamente ou de algum outro modo que não seja notado são indicadas pela Habilidade de *Esgueirar-se*. Um Aventureiro deve obter nos dados o valor de sua HABILIDADE ou menos, ou então *Testar sua Sorte* e ser bem-sucedido para conseguir esgueirar-se por algum lugar e não ser pego.

Se um personagem com Habilidade de *Conscientização* estiver de guarda nas proximidades, a diferença entre essa habilidade e a de *Esgueirar-se* do Aventureiro deve ser usada como um modificador positivo ou negativo. Se o personagem com *Conscientização* não estiver esperando por alguém ou por alguma coisa, o modificador fica reduzido em -1. Pode haver outros modificadores:

	Modificador
Aventureiro invisível	+8
Aventureiro muito pequeno	+5
Aventureiro pequeno	+2
Aventureiro grande	–2
Aventureiro muito grande	–5
Com armadura completa	–2
Carregando algo Pesado	–2
Carregando algo Muito Pesado	–4
Área aberta	–2
Noite	+4
Penumbra	+2

Esquivar-se

O uso de *Esquivar-se* já foi abordado na página 159. Porém, essa habilidade pode ser usada para desviar de outras coisas além de golpes rasantes e investidas de flechas. Avalanches, armadilhas repentinamente armadas e outras surpresas podem ser evitadas com uma jogada bem-sucedida contra *Esquivar-se*, usando-se dois dados como sempre.

No entanto, os modificadores a seguir podem precisar ser impostos e o Mestre deve ter vários outros para somar ou subtrair de acordo com a situação específica. Como sempre, uma jogada de duplo 6 significará que alguma coisa bem terrível

aconteceu — possivelmente que um Aventureiro tenha sido esmagado!

	Modificador
Esquivando-se de objeto Grande	–1
Esquivando-se de objeto Muito Grande	–3
Superfície instável/escorregadia	–2
Carregando Peso	–2
Carregando Muito Peso	–4

Fogo

O fogo pode ser uma arma mortal em um espaço fechado, e seu uso ainda é o que separa o Homem das outras criaturas em muitas partes do mundo conhecido e desconhecido. Na antiga Allansia, o fogo era visto como uma bênção do Deus do Fogo, Filash, e algumas tribos distantes ainda veneram-lhe os dons ígneos. Para o Aventureiro moderno, o fogo pode ser uma ferramenta muito útil para desencorajar seres não-inteligentes que se aproximem demais — mas também ser perigoso.

O fogo fere de acordo com sua intensidade e pelo tempo que um personagem for exposto a ele:

Chama — Uma única chama (como a de uma vela, de uma tocha ou de uma lanterna), causará a perda de 1 ponto de

ENERGIA por Série de Ataque. Para apagar tal chama é necessário muito pouco esforço.

Fogo Pequeno — Um fogo desse tamanho, como o de uma fogueira de acampamento, que fornece um calor moderado, causará a perda de 1-3 pontos de ENERGIA por Série de Ataque. Para apagar tal fogo é necessário um ou dois baldes de água.

Fogo Grande — Essa labareda, equivalente talvez a uma grande fogueira ou a um teto em chamas, causará a perda de 2-7 pontos de ENERGIA por Série de Ataque. Para apagá-la é necessário o esforço de várias pessoas fazendo uma corrente de carregadores de baldes.

Labareda Intensa — Esse inferno é forte demais para que alguém se aproxime e é capaz de derreter chumbo. Uma labareda intensa causa a perda de 2-12 pontos de ENERGIA por Série de Ataque. Qualquer fogo mágico tem essa mesma temperatura, apesar de normalmente ser lançado em quantidades muito pequenas (como no feitiço *Rajada de Fogo*). Para criar um fogo com essa intensidade, por meios normais, necessita-se de uma fornalha muito bem equipada ou uma forja de ferreiro.

Uma labareda típica iniciada sobre um material inflamável começará como uma Chama por uma Série de Ataque; ela então aumentará para um fogo Pequeno (por três séries); e então — se houver suficiente material em volta para alimentá-la — ela se transformará num fogo Grande (pelo tempo que continuar a ser alimentado). Uma vez que todo material inflamável tenha sido consumido, essa seqüência será invertida conforme o fogo for morrendo lentamente e finalmente se extinguirá. "Material inflamável" infelizmente inclui coisas vivas.

Observação: um fogo Grande em um lugar fechado ou não

ventilado encherá a área com fumaça densa e sufocante. Veja a seção *Afogamento e Asfixiamento* na página 178 para obter maiores detalhes referentes ao tipo de danos que essa fumaça pode causar a um Aventureiro.

Flechas em Chamas

São feitas com retalhos envolvendo a cabeça de uma flecha, molhados com óleo inflamável, onde se põe fogo, imediatamente antes de lançá-las sobre o inimigo. Os panos desequilibram a flecha, impondo um modificador de -2 na chance de acertar o alvo. Ao acertar o alvo, uma flecha em chamas causa um dano normal como flecha e também começa a seqüência de fogo descrita acima, com 1 ponto extra de dano por causa da "Chama".

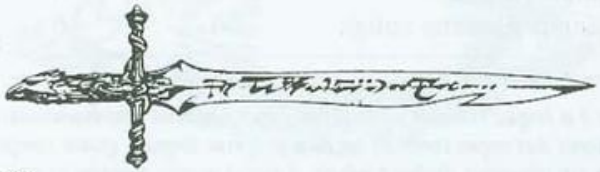

Línguas

A maioria dos seres inteligentes em Allansia é capaz de falar a língua nativa, conhecida como Allansianês ou Fala Comum. Muitos também sabem ler e escrever, apesar de não ser com a mesma perfeição; os Aventureiros estão incluídos no último caso. Porém, muitas outras línguas são empregadas pelos humanos de regiões distantes e por todas as várias raças.

Diferente da maioria das outras habilidades, o estudo das línguas é muito difícil e exclusivo; personagens sem essa habilidade só podem tentar traduzir alguma coisa com uma penalidade de 6 pontos aplicada contra sua HABILIDADE, a menos que um mago tenha lançado um feitiço de *Línguas* sobre eles. Personagens com ou sem a Habilidade de *Línguas* também devem aplicar os modificadores a seguir em

uma jogada de dois dados para obter uma tradução bem-sucedida:

	Falada	Escrita
Outra língua humana	–1	–2
Anão*	–1	–2
Dragão	–4	–5
Elemental	–4	–5
Elfo*	–1	–3
Gigante	–3	n/a
Homem-Lagarto	–2	–5
Orc**	—	–4
Escritura Mágica†	n/a	–5†
Allansianês Antigo	–2	–4
Outra língua humana antiga	–4	–6

** – As penalidades não se aplicam aos Anões e Elfos, respectivamente.*

*** – Orc é a língua comum de todas as raças caóticas não-humanas; apesar de a maioria das raças também ter suas próprias línguas, quase sempre mais divididas em obscuros dialetos tribais, é muito pouco comum que se ouça a língua dos Goblin ou dos Troll fora das casas dessas criaturas.*

† – Os magos não têm penalidade, mas ainda precisarão verificar com uma jogada do dado.

n/a – Não se Aplica: Escritura Mágica não é falada, a língua Gigante não é escrita.

Luz e Escuridão

Em locais subterrâneos haverá sempre muito pouca luz; infelizmente, o subterrâneo é normalmente onde a maioria dos monstros e os seres maléficos se escondem, junto com seus tesouros. Para quase todos os Aventureiros, portanto, penetrar na escuridão dos subterrâneos exige a existência de algum tipo de iluminação, que normalmente é fornecida por velas, tochas, lanterna ou *Visão no Escuro.*

Velas

No jogo, uma vela queimará em uma hora (real). Ela iluminará uma área 1 metro adiante, fornecendo luz bastante para ler ou examinar o local, mas pode ser vista de uma distância muito maior. Para cada 3 metros longe da área central, as chances de qualquer habilidade que necessite de luz estarão reduzidas em 1 ponto.

Se uma vela cair, ela apagará em um resultado de 1-3 em 1d6. Essa jogada deve ser repetida a cada série de ataque, até que ela seja apanhada ou até que se apague.

Tochas

Tochas são simples pedaços de madeira, normalmente presos juntos e umedecidos com óleo, queimando numa das pontas.

Uma tocha queimará por 30 minutos. Se for mantida na altura dos ombros, ela iluminará um círculo de 10 metros de área para a frente, com luz suficiente para ler e examinar a área; se cair no chão, sua distância será reduzida a um círculo de 3 metros e, como a vela, terá as chances de qualquer habilidade que necessite de luz reduzidas em 1 ponto para cada 3 metros além dessa área.

Se uma tocha cair no chão, ela apagará se o resultado for 6 ao jogar-se um dado. Essa jogada deve ser repetida a cada duas séries de ataque, até que a tocha se extinga ou seja apanhada.

Lanternas

Uma lanterna é basicamente uma vela ou um pavio mergulhado em óleo e colocado dentro de um pequeno receptáculo, com portinholas para impedir a luz ou refletores para lançá-la sobre uma larga área. Quando as portinholas estão abertas, uma lanterna pode iluminar uma área de até 4 metros para os lados, e até 10 metros para a frente (ela não ilumina a área imediatamente em volta de quem a segura), com luz suficiente para ler e examinar. Fora dessa área, as habilidades são reduzidas na luz bruxuleante na mesma proporção que uma tocha.

Uma lanterna de vela comum queimará por 30 minutos. Uma lanterna com óleo queimará por 1 hora e só apagará sob uma grande tempestade. Porém, lanternas podem ser perigosas se caírem e quebrarem. Em uma jogada de 1-3, uma lanterna a

óleo quebrará, começando um fogo Pequeno (veja *Fogo*, acima), que dura 3 minutos.

Visão no Escuro

Essa habilidade inata só pode ser escolhida por um personagem iniciante. Uma vez que, na verdade, essa é uma característica física, ela não pode ser aprendida mais tarde. Ela opera do mesmo modo que a visão de um gato, precisando de um pequeno facho de luz para funcionar, mas fornecendo uma visão muito mais clara, em condições de pouquíssima iluminação, do que a de um humano. Uma jogada de *Visão no Escuro* será necessária somente se um personagem estiver procurando por alguma coisa específica na escuridão.

Visão no Escuro permite a um personagem ver por 30 metros, dependendo da escuridão reinante. Durante a aventura, o Mestre sempre informará até que distância exata a *Visão no Escuro* está funcionando quando lhe for perguntado.

Magia

O uso de magia tem suas vantagens e desvantagens. As vantagens — os efeitos que os feitiços trazem — são mais do que evidentes; as desvantagens tornam-se aparentes em todas as

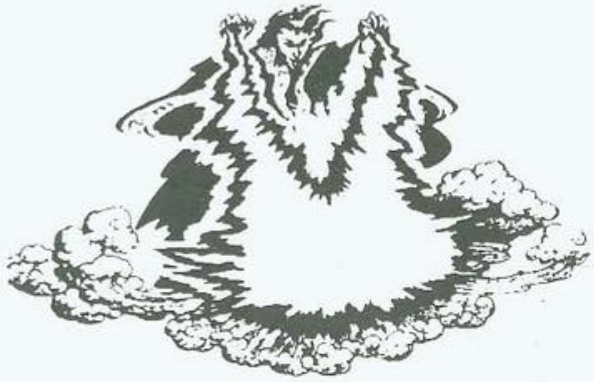

ocasiões em que uma jogada para a Habilidade de *Magia* falha e acontece alguma coisa completamente desfavorável! Mas esse é o preço pago para se fazer alguma coisa milagrosa de vez em quando.

Dependendo de ele ter o suficiente número de pontos de ENERGIA para cobrir o custo da magia, um mago pode lançar um feitiço que ele já saiba quantas vezes ele desejar (Aventureiros realmente desafortunados terão permissão para lançar um feitiço que os matará, com a permissão do Mestre).

Como já apontamos, a chance de um feitiço funcionar corretamente é jogada contra a Habilidade de *Magia* (personagens sem essa habilidade não podem lançar nenhum feitiço, assim, não existe alternativa para verificação de HABILIDADE para esse procedimento). Como se pode esperar, existem modificadores que talvez venham a ser aplicados:

	Modificador
Mago usando armadura completa	–3
Gasto de Energia do feitiço reduzirá a ENERGIA para 2 ou menos	–2
Mago movendo-se	–2
Mago bêbado	–4
Mago preso	–2
Mago sendo atacado	–1
Mago já em combate	–2
Mago perturbado de algum modo	–1 ou –2

Se a jogada dos dados for bem-sucedida, o feitiço funcionará. Se a jogada falhar, o mestre decidirá o que vai acontecer. Por sorte, em alguns casos, o feitiço simplesmente não funcionará. Em outros, porém, um feitiço que não deu certo (como *Rajada de Fogo*) pode mudar de curso e atingir a pessoa errada ou um de *Sono* pode fazer seu mago cair em sono pro-

fundo! Dependendo da urgência da situação, o Mestre pode permitir que o mago faça uma tentativa e *Teste sua Sorte* para evitar que um feitiço mal lançado o afete.

No entanto — e é aqui que as coisas começam a ficar realmente tensas —, se um personagem tira duplo 6 quando está lançando um feitiço, ele deve então jogar três dados e ver o resultado apropriado na Tabela de Êpa! abaixo

Tabela de Êpa!

3 Há um clarão, logo seguido de um retumbante coaxar — o mago virou um sapo!
4 25 anos da vida do mago voltaram atrás — ele agora deve ser um bebê.
5 Um pequeno cardume de arenques se materializa sobre a cabeça do mago e num raio de 5 metros a sua volta!
6 De repente o mago pode comunicar-se somente em uma língua totalmente estranha e incompreensível até com aquelas pessoas que têm Habilidade de *Línguas*!
7 O mago é repentinamente afetado por um soluçar permanente (–4 nas tentativas futuras de lançar feitiços)!
8 O mago cria um rabo bastante atraente!
9 Todas as moedas de ouro em posse do mago transformam-se em borboletas — e voam para longe!
10 Um Orc, com olhar de espanto (HABILIDADE 7, ENERGIA 8 e usando Espada), materializa-se ao lado do mago!
11 O cabelo do mago torna-se azul brilhante!
12 O sapato do mago pega fogo (fogo Pequeno)!
13 O mago repentinamente desenvolve um pequeno par de chifres de bode em sua testa!
14 Uma Lula Gigante morta se materializa no ar exatamente em cima de outro membro do grupo.
15 O cabelo do mago começa a crescer extremamente rápido e de modo incontrolável, e sem parar!
16 Todas as armas de todas as pessoas no aposento viram flores!

17 O mago muda de sexo, de homem para mulher, ou vice-versa!

18 O mago simplesmente desaparece em uma nuvem de fumaça perfumada, e jamais será visto novamente, deixando somente um par de botas fumegantes!

Algumas dessas maldições podem ser liberadas usando um *Contrafeitiço* muito poderoso, ou usando os poderes de cura de um determinado personagem ou item que os Aventureiros terão de procurar (o Mestre tem a liberdade de trocar qualquer das sugestões acima por idéias próprias, se for para manter os jogadores alertas!).

Aprender novos feitiços (se alguém se atrever a fazê-lo com já tão pouco tempo!) depende da vontade do Mestre. Ele informará aos jogadores se e quando houver a oportunidade.

Movimento

A média de movimentação de um Aventureiro normalmente só é importante em combate ou quando está sendo perseguido por um feroz oponente após um encontro não resolvido! Em outras circunstâncias, o Mestre provavelmente irá direto para a cena seguinte e passará por cima de todos os movimentos tediosos existentes entre as cenas.

Para combate, recomendamos o uso de miniaturas e um plano em papel quadriculado, com todos movendo um quadrado por Série de Ataque, como foi feito na cena da sala da guarda na Aventura I de *Dungeoneer*. Se não tiver papel quadriculado à disposição, presuma que os Aventureiros movem-se 2 metros por Série de Ataque quando a pé, e 1 metro se estiverem carregando algo Pesado ou Muito Pesado.

Fuga

Escapar de um perseguidor envolverá correr o mais rápido possível, ou então afastar-se o máximo e então esconder-se. A ação de esconder-se é analisada na seção de mesmo nome, acima.

Escapar de uma perseguição envolve uma jogada de dado contra a devida Habilidade de *Conhecimento* do local (*Conhecimento das Florestas* quando estiver em uma floresta e etc) ou *Testar a Sorte* se o aventureiro não tiver essa Habilidade. Os modificadores a seguir também se aplicam:

	Modificador*
Aventureiros a cavalo	+4
Aventureiros voando	+7
Terreno aberto	–2
Carregando algo Pesado	–2
Carregando algo Muito Pesado	–4
Usando armadura completa	–2
Habilidade de *Força*	+2
A ENERGIA atual está entre 3 pontos abaixo do valor *Inicial*	+3

** – Cada modificador se aplica ao inverso para os perseguidores e, desse modo, se os perseguidores estiverem a cavalo, haverá um modificador -4 para as chances de os Aventureiros escaparem.*

Nadar

Nadar exige uma bem sucedida jogada contra a Habilidade de *Nadar* ou a HABILIDADE a cada 30 metros. Se a jogada,

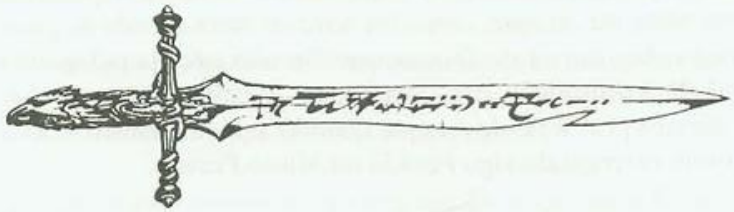

ajustada pelos modificadores abaixo, falhar, tome como referência a seção anterior *Afogamento e Asfixiamento*. Se a situação assim o pedir, os modificadores para luta dentro d'água estão listados na parte *Locais Estranhos* da seção Combate, na página 165.

	Modificador
Águas calmas	+1
A favor da correnteza	+1
Contra a correnteza	–2
Sendo atacado	–2
Todo vestido	–1
Usando armadura	–2
Carregando algo Pesado	–2
Carregando algo Muito Pesado	–4

Cavalgar

Montar a cavalo normalmente não exige jogar os dados contra uma Habilidade de *Cavalgar* ou a HABILIDADE, levando-se em consideração o fato de que a montaria não deve viajar a um passo mais rápido do que um trote. Se um cavalo mover-se a meio galope ou a galope, o cavaleiro deve jogar os dados e ser bem-sucedido (modificador -1 para um cavalo a galope), ou então cair do cavalo e sofrer ferimentos de 1-3 pontos em sua ENERGIA.

Um cavalo é capaz de pular obstáculos de até 2 metros e meio de altura e até 5 metros de largura. No entanto, seu cavaleiro deve ter sucesso ao jogar contra sua Habilidade de *Cavalgar* ou sua HABILIDADE com um modificador –2, para conseguir permanecer na sela quando o cavalo tocar o chão.

Portas e Fechaduras

Em um típico complexo de masmorras, muitas portas estarão trancadas ou barradas, seja para manter monstros ferozes presos ou evitar que possíveis ladrões de tesouros entrem. Outras portas e fechaduras terão modos peculiares de serem abertas, que podem envolver um pegador secreto, puxar um castiçal falso, empurrar o botão certo ou algum outro método oculto que seus construtores desenvolveram para manter os outros do lado de fora!

Ouvir

Ouvir é algo que pode ser feito sempre que um Aventureiro pede para fazê-lo, e não somente junto a uma porta. Se houver bastante silêncio para que se ouça um barulho distante, e então se houver alguma coisa para ser ouvida, o Mestre o informará dos detalhes. Se outros Aventureiros estiverem remexendo-se em suas armaduras, lutando, discutindo ou fazendo uma certa bagunça generalizada, quem estiver tentando ouvir não poderá escutar nada que seja mais silencioso do que um grito ou um rugido.

Abrir Portas

Portas destrancadas podem normalmente ser abertas pelo simples método de virar a maçaneta. Portas trancadas por um feitiço *Trancar* usualmente só podem ser abertas cancelando-se o feitiço com *Abrir* ou *Contrafeitiço*.

Portas trancadas podem ser abertas se um Aventureiro tiver a chave apropriada ou puder destrancar a porta, ou então ela deverá ser posta abaixo. Normalmente, apenas um único

Aventureiro pode investir contra uma porta, a menos que seja uma porta muito grande. O Aventureiro deve fazer uma jogada bem sucedida contra sua HABILIDADE ou sua Habilidade Especial de *Força*. Se a porta estiver barrada por dentro, há um modificador –3; se a porta estiver fechada com pregos ou cravos, existe um modificador –6.

Se a tentativa falhar, a porta permanece fechada e o Aventureiro deve reduzir 1 ponto de sua ENERGIA. Além disso, a próxima tentativa deve ser feita com um modificador extra de –1. Esse modificador deve ser aumentado em 1 ponto a cada nova tentativa, desse modo, na quarta tentativa tem-se um modificador de –3. Cada tentativa de pôr uma porta abaixo é feita durante uma Série de Ataque.

Bater repetidamente contra uma porta trancada é um meio certeiro de alertar todos os habitantes carnívoros nas imediações de que existem aventureiros destemidos na área. Na verdade, alguns podem até mesmo vir ver o motivo de tanto barulho.

Fechaduras

Fechaduras são encontradas em uma grande variedade de objetos diferentes de portas, incluindo-se baús de tesouros, armários, caixas e correntes de prisioneiros. Não importa qual seja a fechadura, é provável que exista uma razão muito forte para que ela esteja lá — e isso pode significar uma rica recompensa se ela puder ser removida.

Fechaduras mágicas necessitarão que seja lançado um *Abrir* ou um *Contrafeitiço*. Fechaduras não-mágicas podem ser abertas jogando-se contra *Abrir Portas* e sendo bem-sucedido, ou abrindo-a com violência usando-se *Força*. O Mestre pode impor modificadores para fechaduras extremamentes difíceis ou fracas. Os Aventureiros deverão notar que alguns Bandidos malvados têm imenso prazer em preparar armadilhas que emitam dardos envenenados ou gás sufocante e muitos outros tipos de sistemas maléficos.

Se essas Habilidades Especiais não estiverem disponíveis, uma arma pontuda feito uma espada ou um punhal pode ser usada para quebrar ou remover uma fechadura. Para fazer isso é necessário uma jogada bem-sucedida contra a HABILIDADE, com um modificador de –2 para uma fechadura comum e de –4 para uma fechadura especialmente difícil (determinada pelo Mestre). Usar esse método vai estragar levemente a ponta da arma usada, reduzindo 1 ponto de HABILIDADE de sua eficiência em combate para cada tentativa feita a fim de quebrar a fechadura. Uma arma só pode ser afiada adequadamente entre uma aventura e outra.

Observação: baús e caixas que possuam fundos ou compartimentos secretos precisarão ser especificamente examinados pelos Aventureiros a fim de que seus segredos sejam revelados!

Pular/Saltar

Uma jogada bem-sucedida contra a Habilidade de *Saltar* ou contra a HABILIDADE permitirá a qualquer personagem pular horizontalmente duas vezes sua altura, ou sua altura verticalmente, se tiver espaço para correr. Pular de um ponto estático diminuirá a distância pela metade. Se estiver carregando algo pesado, ou usando armadura de placas de metal completa, também cobrirá somente metade da distância; e é claro que pular de um ponto estático usando armadura completa dividirá o salto em quatro.

Saltar para *baixo* vai para a categoria de "queda controlada" e portanto deve ser procurada na seção *Quedas*, abaixo.

Quedas

Cair é, obviamente, o oposto de subir; infelizmente, alguns aventureiros parecem inclinados a cair muito. Desde que as histórias de fantasia existem, os Bandidos preparam em seus domínios armadilhas com lanças pontiagudas alinhadas, escadas que se transformam em declives, assoalhos que somem e uma série de outros meios projetados para dar-lhes maior diversão e causar mais dor a suas vítimas.

De um modo geral, um ser humano pode sofrer uma queda de 2 metros sem ter qualquer ferimento (a menos que caia sobre alguma coisa muito afiada ou pontiaguda). Morte é algo inevitável quando a queda é de cinqüenta metros ou mais — a menos que o Aventureiro seja extremamente sortudo.

A extensão do ferimento é decidida pela distância da queda e a SORTE do Aventureiro. Quando cair, o Aventureiro deve *Testar sua Sorte*, sendo que seu total é reduzido em 1 ponto a cada 5 metros de queda, mas aumentado em 2 pontos se ele for capaz de torná-la significativamente mais lenta (por exemplo, conseguir agarrar-se em arbustos enquanto cai). Um personagem com Habilidade de *Pular* conseguirá, tendo sucesso ao jogar contra sua Habilidade, reduzir 2 pontos da quantidade de danos.

Um Aventureiro azarado deve reduzir 1 ponto de ENERGIA, e somar ou diminuir os seguintes pontos:

	Perda de Energia
Para cada 5 metros caídos	+1
Sobre pregos afiados	+1–3
Sobre uma superfície lisa	–2
Em águas profundas/neve/lama	–3*
Com armadura completa	+1
Carregando Peso	+1
Carregando Muito Peso	+3

** Mas veja as regras para Afogamento e Asfixiamento, citadas anteriormente.*

Reações e Persuasão

Cada criatura encontrada pelos Aventureiros lhes responderá de uma certa maneira. A maioria dessas reações terá sido decidida muito antes pelo Mestre, quando ele "armou" a aventura para ser jogada, e será fundamental para a trama. O Mestre revelará exatamente como um ser reage, dependendo do que os Aventureiros fizerem.

Porém, ocasionalmente, pode haver encontros que tomem

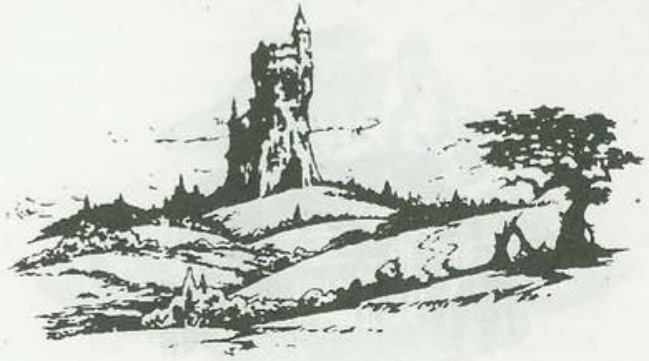

outros rumos, dependendo das reações dos jogadores. Afinal, nem todo monstro precisa ser atingido até a morte — muitos desejam ser subornados ou pode-se conversar com eles de modo a permitir a passagem dos Aventureiros.

Nas estatísticas dos monstros dadas na seção de histórico quase no final do livro e, mais importante, na coleção de monstros de Aventuras Fantásticas *Out of the Pit — Saídos do Inferno*, cada criatura tem um valor de *Reação* e um de *Inteligência*. A *Reação* aparece como Amistosa, Neutra, Inamistosa e Hostil, enquanto que a *Inteligência* vem em níveis de Nenhuma, Baixa, Mediana e Alta, que são termos que já dizem tudo.

Resumidamente, a resposta exata de uma criatura a um encontro com os Aventureiros dependerá desses dois valores. Seres hostis irão atacar imediatamente, seja qual for sua inteligência, a menos que estejam em completa desvantagem. No entanto, seres mais amigáveis e inteligentes podem ser subornados, enquanto outros podem ser estudados cuidadosamente, para permitir que os Aventureiros façam o que desejam.

Distrair

Qualquer criatura de inteligência Baixa pode ser distraída pelos Aventureiros. Por exemplo, jogar um imenso e suculento

bife para um cão vigia pode muito bem mantê-lo feliz por alguns minutos, enquanto um ladrão esgueira-se e entra em uma casa.

Em tais situações, um simples *Teste sua Sorte* — modificado pelo Mestre de acordo com a suscetibilidade da criatura à qual o objeto é oferecido — é tudo o que é necessário; ou então o Mestre pode preferir ver as chances de sucesso através dos dados e definí-las como sendo de 1 em 3 ou 1 em 6, ou outro resultado, de acordo com o combinado.

Suborno e Trapaça

Criaturas mais inteligentes necessitarão de persuasão mais substancial antes que permitam que os Aventureiros passem ou peguem seu precioso ídolo de ouro, ou qualquer coisa do gênero. A primeira coisa que deve ser decidida é quão razoável é o pedido (ou se é Razoável, Aceitável, Não-razoável ou Impossível), tendo em mente a atitude da criatura que está sendo abordada.

Um exemplo de um pedido *Razoável* pode ser: pedir a um bando de Anões, que guarda uma passagem, para ter acesso aos túneis além dela. Um pedido *Aceitável* pode ser: pedir permissão a uma tribo de Elfos para montar acampamento por uma noite em sua área da floresta. Um pedido *Não-ra-*

zoável poderia ser: pedir a um bando de Orcs, que guarda um corredor, que permita ao grupo uma passagem segura aos túneis além dele. Um pedido *Impossível* poderia ser: pedir a um bando de Orcs que dê aos Aventureiros seu fabuloso ídolo de Halack, Pai dos Orcs, decorado em ouro e diamantes!

Existem dois modos de persuadir alguém ou alguma coisa a cooperar com os Aventureiros. Eles podem ser *Subornados*: com dinheiro, mercadorias, serviços, promessas ou o que mais os Aventureiros possam oferecer; ou podem simplesmente serem "levados na conversa", ou seja, serem *Trapaceados*.

Em qualquer dos dois casos, o procedimento normal é que o Aventureiro que estiver falando mais jogue os dados contra uma das coisas a seguir: Habilidade Especial de *Trapaça*, HABILIDADE ou *Testar a Sorte*.

Oferecer suborno para alguém pode fazer a balança oscilar a favor do Aventureiro. Porém, subornar alguém pode muitas vezes ser um negócio arriscado: nunca se sabe exatamente o que será aceito e o que será considerado insultante. Neste jogo, é o Mestre quem tem que decidir em segredo exatamente qual é o limite de uma criatura. Oferecer um suborno irrisório pode ser pior do que não oferecer suborno nenhum!

Enfim, o Mestre joga em segredo para obter o resultado da tentativa de aproximação do Aventureiro, e então assume a personalidade da criatura, agindo de acordo com o resultado. A criatura pode deixar o grupo passar; pode dar-lhe alguma vaga pista em resposta a sua pergunta; ou pode de repente virar-se e atacá-los com ferocidade!

Por que jogar em segredo? Pela simples razão de não deixar que os jogadores estejam cientes do modificador do suborno das criaturas, e porque seres mais inteligentes e mais observadores podem muito bem estar fingindo serem legais com os Aventureiros antes de encontrarem uma melhor oportunidade para então atraiçoá-los!

	Modificador
Suborno oferecido	+1/–3*
Valor baixo demais	–4
Valor muito baixo	–2
Valor alto	+2
Valor excessivamente alto	+4
Suborno inadequado	–3
Mais de uma pessoa a ser subornada	–1 por pessoa
Mais Aventureiros do que seres	+2†
Mais seres do que Aventureiros	–2†
Ser amistoso	–1
Ser neutro	–1
Ser inamistoso	–3
Ser hostil	–5
Pedido razoável	+3
Pedido não-razoável	–3
Pedido impossível	–6

**Alguns personagens de moral muito alta ficarão profundamente ofendidos por lhes oferecerem suborno; se for o caso, use o modificador –3.*

†"Mais" nesse caso significa pelo menos duas vezes o número de integrantes do outro grupo, seja dos seres, seja dos Aventureiros.

Truque de Mãos

Sempre que um Aventureiro desejar usar sua destreza manual em algum propósito condenável — seja bater a carteira de alguém, trocar um fabuloso diamante por um pedaço de vidro, tirar um coringa da manga ao jogar cartas ou surrupiar um item a sua escolha de um monte de tesouros de um Dragão adormecido —, a Habilidade de *Truque de Mãos* se mostrará útil. Se ela não constar de suas Habilidades Especiais, uma simples jogada contra a HABILIDADE do Aventureiro será suficiente.

Se a vítima, ou alguém que estiver observando, tiver a Habilidade de *Conscientização*, mais um modificador deve ser apli-

cado: a diferença entre a Habilidade de *Truque de Mãos* do Aventureiro e a *Conscientização* do outro. Ou seja, se o Aventureiro tiver um *Truque* 8 mas a vítima tiver *Conscientização* 14, o Aventureiro deve sofrer uma penalidade de 6 pontos em sua jogada. Outros modificadores seguem abaixo:

	Modificador
Escuridão	+3
Penumbra	+1
Item muito pequeno	+2
Item de tamanho médio	–2
Item grande	–4
Item bem dentro do raio de visão	–3
Item que pode fazer barulho	–3
Vítima não é inteligente	+2
Para cada duas pessoas a mais nas proximidades	–1

Se a jogada falhar, é certo que alguma forma de alarme será dada. O Mestre, fazendo o papel dos NPCs, decidirá de que jeito isso ocorrerá!

Veneno

Infelizmente, veneno pode ser encontrado em muitos lugares: veneno de contato é espalhado em fechaduras e maçanetas; dardos envenenados são lançados por uma mão ou pés desavisados; criaturas envenenadas são deixadas para trás a fim de guardar certas áreas-chave; estacas envenenadas são deixadas em terríveis armadilhas-fosso, e assim por diante.

Danos causados por veneno são normalmente acrescidos ao dano normal, desde uma mordida, um fosso com lanças ou seja o que for. O Mestre informará aos jogadores a natureza exata do dano; isso pode abranger desde 1 ou 2 pontos de perda de ENERGIA, até uma paralisia completa e morte dolorosa entre 1-6 minutos. Algumas situações permitem um *Teste de Sorte* ou uma jogada contra a Habilidade de *Força*, para que se possa evitar os efeitos do veneno; outras podem ser tão tóxicas que não há meios de salvação. Uma vez mais, o Mestre revelará somente o que acontece em uma determinada situação, de acordo com a descrição de sua aventura.

Jogar Bem

Nossa preocupação final nessa área é ajudar àqueles jogadores que sentem necessidade de mais alguns esclarecimentos referentes a melhores meios de se jogar.

Competição versus *Cooperação*

Como jogador, o primeiro e mais importante objetivo que se deve ter é muito bom humor. No entanto, o segundo é assegurar que todos se divirtam também! Por essa razão, nunca é demais apontar o valor da cooperação. Alguns jogadores podem achar que é muito divertido bater nos outros membros do grupo enquanto eles dormem e fugir com todo seu tesouro. Isso pode ser muito engraçado para eles, mas é um jeito muito bobo de passar a tarde, para os outros jogadores.

O melhor de tudo, acreditamos, é que todos se juntem e compartilhem a aventura. Todos devem se envolver no espírito coletivo de aventura e do desconhecido. Afinal, a imaginação de 6 pessoas é muito maior do que de apenas 1 — e 6 Aventureiros podem aventurar-se onde 1 teria medo de se arriscar!

Em *Dungeoneer*, como em todos os *role-playing games*, o objetivo é que os Aventureiros ganhem ao completar com sucesso a sua busca, vencendo os Bandidos e geralmente conseguindo realizar seu objetivo escolhido. Não é uma questão de lutar e vencer o próprio Mestre, mas a situação que ele criou e que lhes é apresentada. Porém, até onde diz respeito aos *jogadores*, se todos se divertiram — não importando o grau de sucesso que seus Aventureiros tiveram — então *todos* venceram!

Vida, Morte e Heroísmo

O perigo é um dos mais importantes fatos na vida de um Aventureiro. É isso que torna tantos jogos tão eletrizantes! Mesmo que o risco seja imaginário, é muito provável que você se divirta com o sucesso de seu Aventureiro e que se entristeça quando ele morrer. Mas não importa o que aconteça, é tudo imaginação, é apenas um jogo.

Então, nosso conselho é que personifique seu Aventureiro como ele gostaria de viver, com coragem e heroísmo. Não desista de ser heróico só porque existe um possível perigo ou alguma ameaça ao personagem. Trate-o como a um Aventureiro e ele passará a ser uma das miniaturas que você colocou a sua frente!

DEZ MODOS DE JOGAR MELHOR

(1) Saiba o que suas habilidades e feitiços fazem...
(2) ...e use-as — há mais em ser Aventureiro do que apenas brandir uma espada.
(3) Tente pensar como seu personagem, faça-o ter vida.
(4) Confie no Mestre.
(5) Nunca confie em um Orc sorridente!
(6) Cooperação é o melhor caminho para o sucesso.
(7) Cuidado quando fizer sua jogada de Magia!
(8) Aja como um Aventureiro, seja bravo e corajoso!
(9) Até mesmo aventureiros às vezes negociam e fogem!
(10) Divirta-se!

Notas do Mestre

Em algumas páginas apresentaremos a segunda parte de nossa aventura de fantasia, *Dungeoneer* Aventura II — "A Vingança do Feiticeiro". É uma seqüência à Aventura I de *Dungeoneer*, mas ela contém algumas diferenças notáveis. Na primeira aventura fomos apresentando algumas regras quando elas eram necessárias. Porém, nesse novo episódio, simplesmente apresentamos a situação e as estatísticas para os NPCs; afinal, acabamos de passar as últimas 100 páginas mais ou menos apresentando as regras completas do jogo, portanto, não vamos contar mais nada a partir de agora!

A outra grande diferença a ser observada nessa segunda aventura encontra-se em seu tamanho e complexidade. De modo bem claro, a Aventura I foi feita para ser o mais simples e rápida possível; seu propósito era apenas introduzir os jogadores no conceito de personificação, enquanto, ao mesmo tempo, lhes oferecia algum divertimento. Agora que todos já sabem um pouco mais sobre o que deve ser feito,

podemos nos concentrar para tornar essa nova aventura mais realista e intrincada.

Como Mestre, você terá mais a fazer na Aventura II de *Dungeoneer*, desde prestar atenção onde todos os personagens se localizam até talvez inventar alguns encontros a fim de preencher lacunas inesperadas, no meio do jogo. Não se preocupe, sabemos que você pode fazer isso! Porém, antes de começar, você deve ter o cuidado de ler as próximas páginas, onde explicaremos em detalhes o que você deverá estar fazendo.

Ainda não mencionamos uma importante ferramenta de sua nobre profissão — o escudo. Você precisará de um lugar onde possa jogar seus dados e ler a descrição da aventura e onde seus jogadores não poderão ver o que você está fazendo. Se eles puderem ver o que está para acontecer, eles poderão trapacear. Para esse fim, recomendamos que sente-se em uma ponta da mesa, com os jogadores na outra ponta e um pouco distante de você e, se possível, mantenha todas as suas peças e dados escondidos atrás de um escudo. Ele pode ser feito de cartolina, livros abertos ou qualquer coisa que você tenha à mão. Jogadas de dados em segredo e notas que sejam apenas para os olhos do Mestre devem ser protegidas de olhos bisbilhoteiros!

O Papel do Mestre

Seu papel tem duas partes distintas: antes da aventura e durante a aventura.

Antes de um jogo, o Mestre deve preparar sua aventura. Se você estiver usando um roteiro já existente, tal como o da Aventura II de *Dungeoneer* que vem a seguir, tudo que você precisará será ler todo o texto enquanto visualiza o que acontece, preparar os acessórios a serem usados e inventar alguma coisa heróica para seus aventureiros!

Se não houver nenhuma aventura já preparada à mão, você terá de escrever uma. Ao final da Aventura II há meia dúzia de sugestões para seqüências posteriores, que podem ser estudadas e desenvolvidas numa Aventura III de *Dungeoneer*. Como alternativa, existem mais sugestões para tramas de aventuras na seção *Planejamento de Aventuras*, na página 377. Essa seção também fornece algumas dicas úteis sobre como fazer suas próprias tramas e transformá-las em aventuras épicas, completas, com NPCs e monstros.

Durante o jogo em si, é trabalho do Mestre informar aos jogadores sobre tudo que está acontecendo à volta dos Aventureiros. Para esse fim, deve-se ter sempre três perguntas distintas em mente.

O Que É Onde?

O Mestre é, de modo bastante simples, os olhos e os ouvidos dos jogadores — e, em certas ocasiões, é também seus outros sentidos. Você deve descrever, em tantos detalhes quanto os

jogadores pedirem, o mundo de fantasia do qual os Aventureiros estão participando. Você apresenta aos jogadores várias possibilidades, entre as quais os Aventureiros vão ter de escolher uma que eles acreditem que vá levá-los ao final de sua missão ou sua busca. É claro que apenas algumas informações serão importantes, enquanto a grande maioria existirá somente como alegoria da cena, colocada para acrescentar à cena uma atmosfera fantasmagórica.

Não importa o que você revelar, mas tente sempre ser tão descritivo quanto possível. Lembre-se de que os Aventureiros podem ver cores, sentir cheiros peculiares, sentir se o aposento tem corrente de ar, ouvir ecos estranhos a distância, e coisas do gênero. Quanto mais informações importantes os jogadores tiverem, mais suas imaginações serão capazes de convencê-los de que eles estão mesmo fazendo parte da fantasia! Por outro lado, não deixe que os jogadores fiquem muito tempo sem fazer nada — afinal este é um jogo de interação, não um monólogo!

Em certas ocasiões, os jogadores pedirão mais informações sobre tópicos triviais, para os quais você não está preparado. Para manter o jogo fluindo, você terá de inventar os detalhes

relevantes. Isso é perfeitamente aceitável; afinal, se você pudesse predizer com perfeição tudo o que os jogadores fariam no decorrer do jogo, você seria um famoso paranormal, não um Mestre de aventuras de fantasia! Quando estiver improvisando informações, tente não mostrar pistas importantes por conta dos detalhes triviais. Seu papel é apresentar a aventura conforme ela acontece, e não guiar os Aventureiros em segurança sem sofrer nem mesmo um arranhão.

Quem Está Aí?

Mais cedo ou mais tarde, os Aventureiros darão de cara com outros seres. Eles podem ser inimigos fanaticamente hostis, criaturas mais amigáveis ou às vezes até mesmo outros aventureiros! Você jogará por todos eles!

Personificar um NPC, seja um Mocinho ou um Bandido, é bastante desgastante, pois você terá de pensar como ele pensa, sem cair no erro de levar em consideração seu conhecimento como Mestre de Jogos. Por exemplo, se você (o Mestre) sabe que os Aventureiros estão aguardando para emboscar uma dupla de guardas Orcs, você ainda assim terá de fazer os Orcs virarem a esquina e cair na armadilha.

Conforme for ficando mais experiente como Mestre, você descobrirá que seus NPCs começam a desenvolver suas próprias personalidades. Você começará a usar uma voz especial e certas frases-chave quando estiver, digamos, personificando um Orc, um Goblin ou um feiticeiro do mal. Fique sempre

alerta! Além disso, não tenha medo de parecer bobo quando falar por eles. Afinal, você está jogando com amigos, então, divirta-se!

O Que Acontece?

Os jogadores decidirão por si mesmos o que desejam que os Aventureiros façam — ou, pelo menos, tentam fazer! Seu trabalho é determinar, usando as regras e seu conhecimento da situação, se eles são ou não bem-sucedidos. Se não houver nenhuma regra em relação à ação que está sendo tentada, baseie sua jogada na HABILIDADE ou na SORTE, ou escolha as probabilidades através de valores como 1 em 6, 3 em 6 ou algo parecido.

A jogada dos dados em segredo também é de sua responsabilidade. Por exemplo, um Aventureiro com *Conscientização* não deve ser informado que é capaz de existir algo por perto que ele deveria tentar detectar. Em vez disso, você deve fazer a jogada por ele e informá-lo somente se houver de fato alguma coisa por lá e que você tenha determinado que ele realmente a detectou. Recomendamos que jogue um par de dados em segredo, de vez em quando, tendo ou não algo a ser detectado, pois assim os jogadores não terão suspeitas quando ouvirem seus dados característicos em algum momento crucial. Resumindo, para fazer uma jogada em segredo para um Aventureiro, você precisará saber contra que números está jogando; anote as características e habilidades importantes de todos os Aventureiros num pedaço de papel antes de

começar o jogo e atualize seus valores no decorrer da aventura.

Haverá ocasiões em que os jogadores perderão completamente um encontro maravilhoso que você levou séculos preparando, ou participarão dele, de modo violento, estragando toda a sua cena. Quando isso acontecer, trinque os dentes e vá em frente. Não é seu trabalho ditar o que os jogadores devem ou não fazer. E lembre-se, quando as situações funcionam como você as imaginou, elas podem ser tão eletrizantes que acabam apagando da memória as cenas que por ventura tenham dado errado!

É sua responsabilidade manter o ritmo do jogo. Se os jogadores estiverem demorando muito para terminar alguma coisa, corte a cena ali mesmo e vá para o local seguinte. Além disso, mantenha sempre todos envolvidos — não faça todas as suas observações para um único jogador, mesmo que ele se considere o líder do grupo. Nem todo mundo vai querer ficar pulando ou gritando o tempo todo, mas tente assegurar que ninguém se sinta esquecido.

Quando estiver falando sobre as coisas que acontecem, tente usar o que chamamos de "um tom mais dramático" em vez do "tom de regra de jogo". Isto é, não se refira às regras e ter-

mos do jogo, a menos que tenha de fazê-lo; fale como uma pessoa normal falaria na situação, e assim não destruirá a atmosfera.

Por exemplo, note a diferença entre "Um Ogre pula sobre você, HABILIDADE 9, ENERGIA 19, carregando uma espada... obtém 4 na jogada, dando-lhe uma Força de Ataque 13, jogue seus dados..." e "Um humanóide brutamontes, de cor marrom, dentes pontiagudos e olhos selvagens pula sobre você vindo das sombras; ele parece malévolo e tem cara de quem vai erguer a espada sobre a cabeça e atacar você. Seu golpe é confiante, um 13... Qual é a sua resposta?" A diferença é brutal. Tente usar um tom mais dramático tanto quanto for possível, e encorage os jogadores a fazerem o mesmo.

Se você for um Mestre realmente cuidadoso, pergunte a todos o que pensam do jogo quando a aventura terminar. Tente incluir mais coisas interessantes, e corte as partes que eles

acharam chatas. Desse modo, seus jogos se tornarão cada vez mais agradáveis e divertidos, e os jogadores continuarão a participar deles!

Outras Preocupações

Usando as regras do jogo, em conjunto com as anotações fornecidas acima, você deve ser capaz de lidar com praticamente qualquer coisa que os Aventureiros façam. Os jogadores, é claro, são algo à parte. Se você tiver um jogador que seja realmente ruim, ou rude e destruidor, aguente firme e termine a aventura com bons modos — mas não o convide novamente. Parte da diversão num jogo de RPG está em descobrir como seus amigos são de verdade quando estão sob pressão (não importa se ela é imaginária).

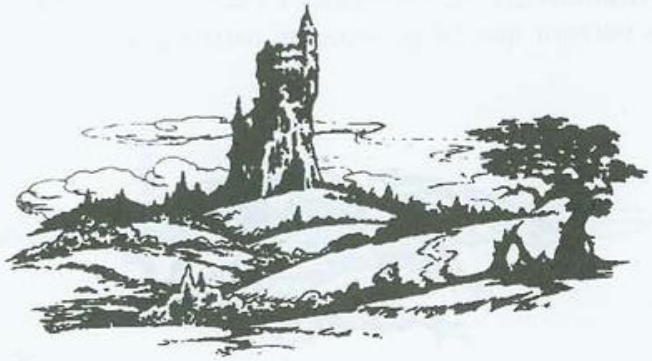

Jogadores Faltando

Se quando vocês se juntarem novamente para jogar a segunda parte descobrirem que um dos jogadores não está disponível, você tem duas opções de escolha para sua ação. Você pode remover o Aventureiro da trama e fingir que ele jamais esteve lá. Ou, então, pode assumir seu papel durante essa aventura e jogar pelo jogador que está faltando. Quando estiver jogando como um Aventureiro de um jogador que não está presente, mantenha-o o máximo possível na retaguarda, e tente não matá-lo!

Heróis de Outros Jogos

Se nesse seu grupo houver mais alguém que também seja Mestre de jogos de *Dungeoneer*, existe uma forte possibilidade de que os jogadores habituais queiram usar seus Aventureiros favoritos de outros jogos também nos seus.

Antes de simplesmente permitir que os Aventureiros se transfiram e comecem a aventura, dê uma olhada em suas *Folhas de Aventuras*. Alguns Mestres parecem tão festivos quanto Papai Noel, distribuindo espadas mágicas e poções incrivelmente poderosas como se fossem Provisões. Dê uma olhada nas características do Aventureiro; se ele disser que tem HABILIDADE 12, ENERGIA 24 e SORTE 12, você não deveria permitir que tal personagem participasse de seu jogo!

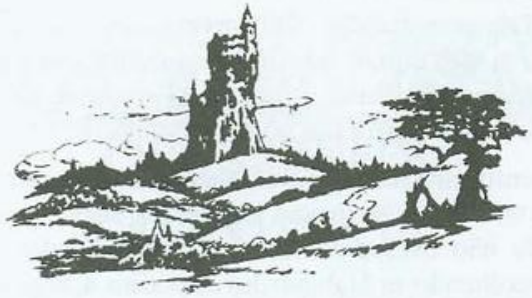

Um Aventureiro assim poderia desequilibrar seriamente o seu jogo! Se tiver dúvidas, faça um jogador lançar os dados para obter as características de um novo personagem sob sua supervisão, e use o novo no jogo

Heróis dos Livros de Aventuras Fantásticas

Muitas pessoas vão começar a jogar *Dungeoneer* já tendo participado de vários livros-jogos da série Aventuras Fantásticas. Algumas dessas pessoas, com gosto apurado, podem desejar continuar a jogar como um Aventureiro de algum dos livros-jogos. Isso é normalmente aceitável, desde que ele não seja equipado com características super-humanas (as comentadas 12/24/12 acima) e não esteja carregando o peso de

10.000 moedas de ouro e uma espada +3 do tamanho de uma árvore. Tais personagens com certeza vão desequilibrar um jogo — a menos que os outros Aventureiros estejam equipados de modo semelhante e que as aventuras sejam especialmente desenhadas para tais poderes fabulosos!

Se o Aventureiro *for* aceitável, simplesmente trate o personagem como se ele já tivesse jogado por suas características mas ainda não tivesse escolhido suas habilidades. Prossiga, então, escolhendo as Habilidades Especiais apropriadas para o Aventureiro, dê-lhe um nome se for necessário e comece o jogo! E falando nisso, já está na hora da próxima aventura...

DEZ PASSOS RÁPIDOS
PARA SER UM BOM MESTRE

(1) Faça os novos jogadores se sentirem em casa e que compreendam tudo.
(2) Saiba e compreenda bem as regras, e ensine-as aos jogadores.
(3) Seja justo e coerente.
(4) Espere precisar inventar alguma coisa de vez em quando.
(5) Assegure-se que os NPCs não saibam o que você sabe.
(6) Não dê aos Aventureiros tudo o que eles desejam de uma vez só; mantenha-os desejosos e eles continuarão a se aventurar!
(7) Continue jogando os dados!
(8) Fale de modo dramático, não matematicamente.
(9) Mantenha o ritmo da ação!
(10) Divirta-se!

DUNGEONEER

AVENTURA II:

"A Vingança do Feiticeiro"

Introdução

Esta segunda aventura de *Dungeoneer* se passa nas, e abaixo das, cidades-estado de Salamonis e Porto Blacksand, e trata da busca, e eventual prisão, do feiticeiro Xortan Throg. É bem maior do que a Aventura I de *Dungeoneer*, "A Torre do Feiticeiro", embora nem todas as cenas sejam reutilizadas. Algumas são opcionais e dependem do caminho que os Jogadores escolherem seguir para alcançar seu objetivo. A aventura deve durar duas vezes mais do que a primeira, embora desta vez, nós esperamos que você não esteja tão preocupado em dar longas explicações sobre cada ação dos personagens.

Mais uma vez, o que se segue é apenas para os olhos do Mestre. Embora fiquemos bem felizes se qualquer um ler e aprender as regras e as dicas do jogo, fornecidas nas páginas anteriores e seguintes, se algum jogador conseguir dar uma olhada na aventura, antes do jogo começar, isso pode estragar a diversão de todos. Então, caro Mestre, o livro é todo seu daqui para frente.

Primeiro, o principal: leia toda a aventura, até o final, antes de começar a jogar. Embora você possa jogar lendo cena por cena (como pode ter feito na Aventura I), há muitas seções

sutis que funcionarão melhor se você souber o que está para acontecer.

Além disso, diferente da primeira aventura, não estaremos detalhando cada nova regra que aparecer pelo caminho. Depois de sua experiência com a primeira aventura, e após ter lido as regras, você deve estar na posição de comandar o jogo sem grandes dificuldades. Não se preocupe em lembrar-se de todas as regras; volte à seção apropriada e releia o que diz, quando e se precisar. Se não puder achar um modificador específico, crie um modificador seu que pareça certo; mantenha o ritmo do jogo.

Quando estiver controlando esta aventura seria útil, mas não indispensável, que você tivesse acesso a uma cópia de *Titan* e *A Cidade dos Ladrões*. Já mencionamos *Titan* neste livro; ele é o guia completo para o mundo de Aventuras Fantásticas. Contém informações sobre as cidades de Salamonis, Carsepolis e Porto Blacksand (incluindo um mapa, altamente detalhado, desta última, que nós reproduzimos numa versão menor nesta aventura), e sobre o bom feiticeiro Nicodemus, que também aparece aqui. *A Cidade dos Ladrões* é um livro-jogo da série Aventuras Fantásticas passado no Porto Blacksand, e onde está Nicodemus; você pode tê-lo jogado. As informações nesses livros irão permitir que desenvolva essa aventura e aumente o divertimento que você e seus jogadores terão ao jogá-la.

Não se preocupe se seus jogadores já leram *Titan* ou *A Cidade dos Ladrões*, ou ambos. Nenhuma das informações contidas nesses livros é secreta e a maioria dos Jogadores é suficientemente viajada para lembrar-se de qualquer informação que tenha coletado em suas aventuras. Ter esse conhecimento pode muito bem aumentar a diversão. O único problema que você talvez encontre é que apenas um Jogador pode matar o Príncipe da Noite, Zanbar Bone, na Cidade dos Ladrões. Logo haverá algumas dicas de como usar um personagem, de *A Cidade dos Ladrões*, como Aventureiro.

Esta aventura começa logo após os acontecimentos que terminaram na página 103; é uma continuação inevitável. Mas diferente de muitas continuações, esta é mais longa e muito mais interessante do que a primeira!

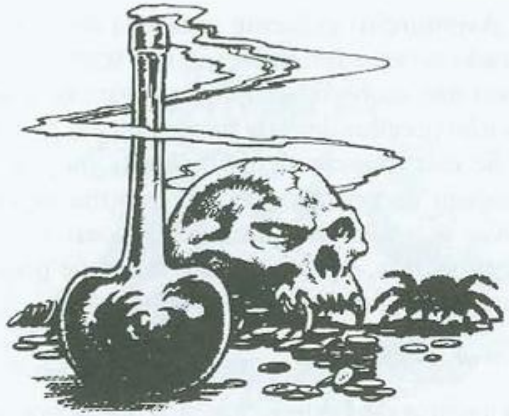

Pode ser que alguns de seus jogadores tenham morrido na Aventura I; ou talvez você tenha alguns novos amigos que queiram jogar. Se alguns dos Aventureiros preparados ainda não foram usados, seus amigos podem escolhê-los. Por outro lado, os jogadores podem criar seus próprios personagens usando as regras apresentadas anteriormente neste livro. Eles talvez até mesmo queiram usar personagens específicos, como o campeão do Rei Salamon ou a Princesa Sarissa. Isso é possível; mas se um personagem conhecido estiver sendo usado, o jogador deve ter cuidado em personificá-lo corretamente e manter suas características. Os jogadores que usaram Aventureiros já existentes na primeira aventura têm total liberdade de criar e usar um novo personagem.

Usando Aventureiros Existentes

Qualquer Aventureiro existente usado na Aventura I já terá se recuperado de seus ferimentos, e sua SORTE também terá voltado (isso não acontece sempre, mas para esta aventura os Jogadores irão precisar de cada ponto em que puderem botar as mãos). Se eles tiverem algum dinheiro, ou pedras preciosas que tenham encontrado, podem comprar algum equipamento novo, se assim desejarem. Salamonis é uma cidade grande, bem provida, e praticamente tudo que possam imaginar está disponível, por um determinado preço.

Usando Novos Aventureiros

Durante a aventura, há dois momentos que novos Aventureiros podem ser introduzidos sem atrapalhar seu andamento. É possível que estejam na corte do Rei Salamon na cena 1, e que sejam designados para a grande aventura de ajudar os outros Aventureiros. Ou podem encontrar-se com os outros na Estalagem Dente de Dragão no Porto Blacksand (Cena 3) e decidir unir-se a eles. Neste caso, certamente terão que apresentar uma razão convincente para quererem se unir ao grupo e provarem aos Aventureiros que têm bom caráter e são confiáveis. Ainda assim é uma representação e vai ser divertido!

Usando um Aventureiro de A Cidade dos Ladrões

Diga aos jogadores, antes de escolherem seus personagens, que a aventura envolve uma viagem a Porto Blacksand; se alguns dos jogadores tiverem jogado e resolvido *A Cidade dos Ladrões*, pergunte a um deles se não quer usar o Aventureiro dessa aventura. Se mais de um pedir o papel, eles terão que jogar uma moeda, dados ou até mesmo lutar usando os punhos ou suas espadas para decidir quem terá a honra (nós recomendamos que o primeiro método seja usado). Trate o personagem como qualquer outro aventureiro, criado de acordo com as regras dadas antes; entretanto, seu passado inclui, naturalmente, uma visita a Blacksand e a derrota de Zanbar Bone.

Lembre ao jogador desse Aventureiro que este personagem tem um unicórnio branco e um sol amarelo tatuados em sua testa, e pergunte se ele matou Sourbelly, o violento guarda Troll durante sua aventura. *Não* lhe diga que se matou Sourbelly, ele será procurado por assassinato em Blacksand. Além do mais, a tatuagem o fará mais facilmente reconhecível, mas deixe que ele descubra isso mais tarde, por sua própria conta. Por outro lado, esse Jogador já conhecerá Nicodemus e saberá se movimentar pela cidade. Ele também tende a se vangloriar de suas explorações anteriores para seus colegas e geralmente dar uma de superior para cima deles.

Começando a Jogar

Tenha certeza de que todos têm os acessórios comuns (dados, lápis, papel, borracha, comida, bebida e miniaturas opcionais), e saiba que personagem cada um de seus amigos está representando. Não permita que os novos jogadores se apresentem aos outros com muitos detalhes; isto deve ser feito quando os personagens realmente se conhecerem durante a aventura, na Corte do Rei Salamon ou na Estalagem Dente de Dragão.

Sente-se de novo à cabeceira da mesa, com este livro longe dos olhos dos outros jogadores e algum tipo de escudo para esconder seus dados. Tenha certeza de que seu próprio equipamento também está pronto, incluindo qualquer Acessório que planeje usar durante o jogo. Montamos esta aventura para que seja usada com Acessórios, mas é claro que você não precisa usar nenhuma de nossas sugestões (algumas delas, temos que admitir, não são nada sérias!).

Esta aventura pode muito bem durar por duas sessões de jogo, dependendo de quanto tempo tenham para jogar. Se a hora exigir e você tiver que interromper a aventura no meio, recomendamos que faça o intervalo depois da cena 8, Capturados! É claro que, quando recomeçar a jogar, deve fazer uma rápida recapitulação sobre onde estão e o que estão fazendo (você pode até mesmo reencenar momentos-chave com os jogadores!).

E agora, se estiver pronto para o desconhecido, as surpresas, os combates, a diversão, vamos à aventura! Ação!

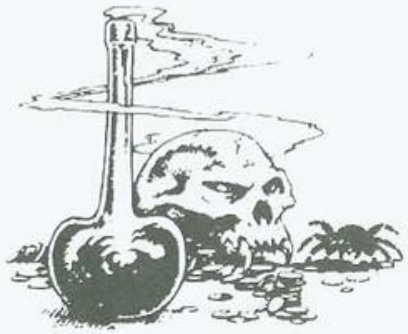

Cena 1 — Na Corte do Rei Salamon

Local

A aventura começa num esplêndido salão no palácio real de Salamonis. Como convém, a corte do rei mais poderoso desta parte da Allansia é decorada com belas e caras tapeçarias vindas de todos os cantos de Titan. Não há cadeiras, exceto aquelas para o Rei Salamon e sua família, todos os outros devem ficar em pé. Como quase todo mundo sabe, Salamonis é uma cidade-estado muito próspera e antiga, situada às margens do Rio Águas Brancas no Vale do Salgeiro. É governado pelo erudito Rei Salamon, o 57.º, pai da Princesa Sarissa (da Aventura I).

Os Aventureiros chegaram recentemente à cidade, logo após resgatarem a princesa da torre de Xortan Throg. Notícias sobre suas aventuras se espalharam como fogo. A corte está superlotada de cavalheiros, nobres e clérigos, todos ansiosos para ouvir suas histórias. Esse pessoal está vestido com suas melhores roupas, fazendo os Aventureiros — cansados da viagem, mas se esforçando ao máximo para dar o melhor de si diante de seus superiores — parecerem pobres, sujos e insignificantes.

Quando eles se preparam para relatar a aventura, a própria Princesa Sarissa toma a frente e conta quase toda a história, incluindo seu rapto por Xortan Throg, a traição do Príncipe Barinjhar e seu resgate heróico. Aos Aventureiros serão permitidas algumas poucas palavras sobre como lutaram no castelo do feiticeiro, embora sejam rapidamente interrompidos se tentarem glorificar seus papéis ou de algum modo dramatizarem sua história (essa cidade é um antigo local de erudição e gabar-se é um ato reprovável).

Finalmente, a princesa conta como todos descobriram que Xortan Throg não estava morto e como jurou vingança contra os Aventureiros e a cidade de Salamonis. Com essas notí-

cias alarmantes, uma onda de pânico atinge os cortesões e todos voltam-se para o rei, sentado em seu trono ao fundo do imenso salão, para saber o que ele dirá sobre esse importante e grave assunto.

Resumo da Trama

O Rei Salamon dá sua opinião erudita e pede aos Aventureiros que matem Xortan Throg. Ele sugere que busquem ajuda de Nicodemus no corrupto Porto Blacksand, e promete recompensá-los generosamente caso sejam bem-sucedidos. Cruze os dedos para que os Aventureiros aceitem, ou então não haverá nenhuma aventura.

Lista de Personagens

Rei Salamon LVII está envelhecendo (Sarissa não está entre os mais velhos de seus muitos filhos), mas ainda tem uma figura real. Afinal, ele pode comer bem e tem a atenção dos melhores curandeiros do país. O rei é conhecido por sua sabedoria e justiça nos julgamentos, e se esforça ao máximo para parecer gentil e cheio de consideração, não importando o quão irritante seja a pessoa em sua presença. Ele acha que este é um método muito bom de manter seus assuntos em ordem, já que todo mundo que não esteja diretamente envolvido num julgamento em particular tende a concordar com seu

veredicto. Quanto mais sua reputação de sabedoria crescia através dos anos, mais pessoas concordavam com ele com medo de parecerem estúpidas!

Princesa Sarissa está se divertindo como nunca, pois tem sido permanentemente o centro das atenções desde que voltou. Sendo uma princesa real (e por isso sem nenhuma chance de alguém contradizê-la), ela teve a oportunidade de exagerar um pouco sua participação no resgate. Suas roupas desgrenhadas fizeram seu pai levantar uma sobrancelha quando a viu, mas, após todos esses anos criando filhas precoces, ele já havia se acostumado a essas coisas e decidiu apenas chamar-lhe a atenção mais tarde, em particular.

Príncipe Salamon é o filho mais velho do rei e por isso o herdeiro do trono. Ainda precisa adquirir a sabedoria e a imparcialidade de seu pai. Se algum dos Aventureiros disser qualquer coisa levemente desrespeitosa, rude ou imprópria, ele irá comentar impacientemente em meio a um "Pai! Certamente o senhor não permitirá que este grosseirão saia livre depois desta insolência?!".

Defrontado com essa reclamação, o Rei Salamon replicará suavemente com "Reconheço que nossos convidados carecem de boas maneiras, mas este é o jeito dos aventureiros. Todos os seres têm seus costumes e um rei sábio aprende a usar todos os objetos, não importando o quão cortante sejam suas pontas. Ninguém iria criticar um cavalo por não ser capaz de segurar uma espada ou discursar sobre a diversidade dos mistérios de Lord Logaan; este é um caso semelhante".

Um murmúrio de aprovação sempre corre na corte quando o rei faz esses sábios pronunciamentos, embora, a verdade seja dita, um grande número de cortesões e cavaleiros reais não tenham a menor idéia sobre o que o velho está falando. Ainda assim, enquanto soar sábio, eles irão automaticamente balançar suas cabeças e murmurar uma aprovação.

Arcebispo Kalivan é o clérigo mais velho de toda Salamonis. Ele foi entronizado como arcebispo não só por sua sabedoria, poder ou habilidade, mas também porque é um homem tão gentil e simpático que ninguém pode encontrar nada de ruim para falar dele. Não é necessário dizer que não é de grande uso como conselheiro real, exceto talvez como contraponto aos nobres mais sanguinários. Entretanto, sua bondade foi observada pelos deuses e algumas vezes ele é capaz de milagres realmente impressionantes, especialmente curando e cuidando de doentes. Deve ser personificado como um velho bom mas não muito firme, com um sorriso doce e despreocupado que poderia transformar um lobisomem num bichinho de estimação.

Um grande grupo de NPCs cortesões é necessário, mas eles falam pouco e fazem menos ainda. Devem murmurar em aprovação sempre que o Rei Salamon disser algo que pareça sábio, suspirando com horror à menção de atos vis ou à ameaça de Magia Negra, e explodir em indignação se algum dos Aventureiros disser algo impróprio. Como a maioria das pessoas que conseguiu suas posições graças às qualidades de outras pessoas, eles são terríveis esnobes que oscilam à menor brisa.

Acessórios

Se você planeja usar algum acessório, vai precisar de algumas moedas de ouro (de plástico mesmo serve, se não conseguir ouro de verdade), e alguns pedaços de papel que devem ser desenhados como Passes de Mercador para a cidade de Porto Blacksand (um para cada aventureiro). Também seria apropriado algumas pequenas garrafas com líquido para passarem como poções de cura. De preferência, o líquido deve ser verde e agradável ao paladar, se você conseguir. Tente misturar água, açúcar e algum corante comestível para criar esse efeito especial. Não importa o que faça, nunca use algo com um gosto ruim, como detergente (ou pior), se seus jogadores vão realmente beber a poção.

Ação!

Muitos dos segmentos de *Ação!* descritos aqui só acontecem se os Aventureiros dizem ou fazem certas coisas. Leia todos antes de começar a jogar para que você saiba a qual deles se

dirigir quando os Aventureiros responderem ao que lhes foi dito; mas comece com este aqui:

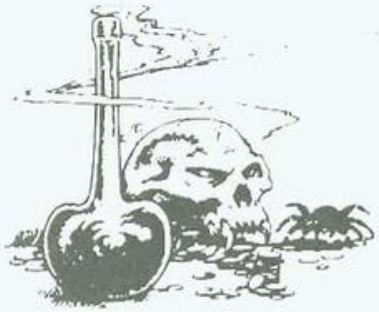

1. O Julgamento de Salamon

Esta é uma seção bem longa, mas é essencial para que a trama se desenvolva. Como sempre, você pode ler as partes impressas em *itálico como esta* diretamente para seus jogadores; tudo o mais deve ser interpretado e revelado quando os Aventureiros descobrirem. Rei Salamon fala num tom gentil e comedido, que o faz parecer inteligente e em completo controle da situação. Enquanto você lê, pode querer trocar os suspiros dos cortesões por alguns de verdade para assim criar uma atmosfera mais realista.

Tendo ouvido a Princesa Sarissa contar que Xortan Throg sobreviveu e jurou vingança, o Rei Salamon levanta-se. A corte silencia aguardando as sábias palavras vindas de seu soberano.

"Meus amados filhos, nobres, damas, bispos e cavaleiros de Salamonis, Aventureiros heróicos, este é realmente um conto

esplêndido que ouvimos, cheio de perfídias vis e heroísmo épico. É tão cheio de emoções que merece o palco da arena de nossa cidade. Se fosse apenas uma história, poderíamos nos alegrar porque o bem triunfou no fim!"

Há murmúrios de aprovação da corte.

"Mas, infelizmente, não é simplesmente um conto, para nos assustar durante algumas horas de diversão leve. A vilania que ouvimos ser descrita é muito real e ainda nos ameaça!" (Suspiros de horror ecoam pela sala.) "Nós devemos permanecer alertas até que o mal de Xortan Throg seja banido para sempre das terras de Allansia!

"No caso do povo de Chalice, e do Rei Pindar em particular, Eu sinto que seria impossível provar qualquer intenção malévola de sua parte, o que ninguém está compelido a fazer. Além do que, como minha filha relatou, a fraqueza foi apenas do Príncipe Barinjhar. Já que agora ele está morto, e a perda do único filho de seu rei já é um grande peso para qualquer cidade carregar, eu resolvi não guardar nenhum rancor do Rei Pindar ou da gente de Chalice."

Murmúrios de aprovação ecoam novamente pela corte, em-

bora os Aventureiros não pareçam tão contentes. Se alguém ameaçar protestar, Salamon levantará sua mão para interrompê-lo, antes de continuar seu discurso.

"Entretanto, há a importante questão da recompensa prometida a estes galantes aventureiros. Eles resgataram minha filha como se propuseram fazer, e certamente devem receber seu pagamento."

Provavelmente haverá murmúrios de aprovação dos Aventureiros neste momento.

"Como é difícil que eles sejam bem recebidos em Chalice num futuro próximo, e como mostra da imensa gratidão pelo retorno de minha amada filha, em segurança, eu mesmo pagarei a recompensa."

Neste ponto o rei pára, esperando que sua generosidade seja notada, e então acrescenta, para a diversão geral dos cortesões: "E mandarei a conta para o Rei Pindar, é claro! Chanceler, arranje para que cada um desses cavalheiros receba 500 Moedas de Ouro antes de deixar a cidade.

"Agora eu devo voltar ao importante assunto do feiticeiro Xortan Throg." (Mais suspiros da corte, que conhece o nome de um feiticeiro maligno quando o escuta.) "Eu, e meus conselheiros eruditos estávamos completamente iludidos quanto à natureza do rancor que essa criatura sente contra a nossa querida cidade, porque esta é a primeira vez que ouvimos falar dele. No entanto, não há dúvidas sobre a ameaça que representa!" (Mais suspiros.) "Felizmente, temos em nosso meio alguns dos mais bravos e hábeis Aventureiros de toda Allansia, homens e mulheres para quem matar um feiticeiro é um descanso bem-vindo após o trabalho duro de escravizar Dragões!" Neste ponto muitos dos cavalheiros da corte começam a arrastar seus pés e tentam não ser notados.

"Eu me refiro, é claro, aos bravos heróis que recentemente resgataram minha filha deste mesmo feiticeiro. A quem mais recorrer para nos ajudar em nosso momento de necessidade?

Se forem bem-sucedidos nesta aventura, eu igualarei a recompensa do Rei Pindar com dinheiro de meus próprios cofres!"

Neste momento o Príncipe Salamon fica em pé de modo dramático.

"Pai! O senhor não pretende realmente gastar mais dinheiro com esses tolos, não é? Ora, tudo que fizeram foi matar alguns poucos Goblins e um simulacro mágico, e com a ajuda de minha irmã!"

"Meu rapaz," replica o rei, "um dia você aprenderá que um servo disposto é melhor do que um indisposto. Essa gente corajosa já é inimiga jurada de Xortan Throg, e certamente irá confrontá-lo e matá-lo, não importa o que nós façamos. Já que eles estão nos fazendo um favor, é apenas certo que nós os recompensemos. Se o pior acontecer e eles falharem, não terão necessidade do ouro e, é claro, se qualquer um dos bravos cavalheiros de minha corte trouxer a cabeça de Xortan Throg antes desses homens, então não hesitarei em lhe dar a recompensa!"

O rei se cala e um pesado silêncio cai sobre a corte.

"Eu acho que não!" Ele continua, com um olhar duro no rosto. "Agora, como disse antes, não temos nenhuma idéia de quem seja esse feiticeiro ou onde possa ser encontrado. Entretanto, existe um homem em Allansia cujo conhecimento parece infinito, especialmente sobre assuntos de magia. Eu me refiro, é claro, ao tutor de minha infância, o grande sábio Nicodemus. Eis minha sugestão, e acho que vão descobrir que tenho um certo talento para prever casos como esse: procurem sua ajuda para encontrar essa caça esquiva.

"Por razões conhecidas apenas por ele mesmo, e certamente ninguém aqui é sábio o bastante para aprofundar-se em suas sutis complexidades, Nicodemus construiu sua casa naquele odioso antro de vilania chamado Porto Blacksand." (Toda uma seqüência de suspiros pela corte, talvez ampliada por qualquer um dos Aventureiros que já tenha estado em Black-

sand!) "É bem sabido que o malvado Lord Azzur mantém um rígido controle sobre quem entra na maldita cidade e, não sendo nenhum apaixonado por Salamonis, pode muito bem tentar trapalhar sua missão.

"Em vista disso, e sabendo também que aceitarão sem hesitação esta missão de prestígio, providenciei disfarces e documentos para levá-los a salvo para dentro dos portões da cidade. Entretanto, a partir desse ponto, temo que estejam por sua própria conta e risco. Há alguma pergunta?"

Os Aventureiros podem muito bem ter alguma coisa a dizer durante esse discurso. Lembre-se, enquanto isso estiver acontecendo, que a corte não aceita bem que o rei seja interrompido, quanto mais ser questionado. Você deve anotar o que os Aventureiros dizem e decidir se eles se portaram adequadamente ou não. Em alguns casos suas personalidades podem torná-los um tanto rudes (especialmente alguém desacostumado à fineza civilizada, como Grimbold Tornhelm ou Axel Wolfric). Isso é agir dentro do personagem e deve ser encorajado; mas há igualmente penalidades por aborrecer um rei tão poderoso. Se os outros Aventureiros não avançarem imediatamente para calar seus colegas sem-modos, o Rei Salamon cooperará muito menos do que pode.

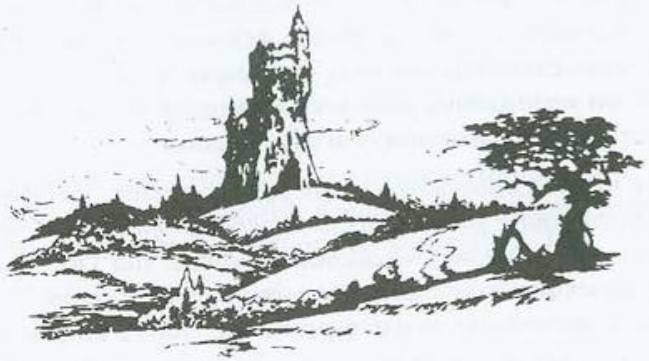

2. Perguntas

Se os Aventureiros tiverem perguntas a fazer, você deverá pensar em respostas apropriadas para o Rei Salamon dar. Aqui vão algumas sugestões de respostas para as perguntas mais comuns:

Ajuda Mágica: Se o Aventureiro pedir alguma ajuda mágica, o rei deverá replicar: "Nicodemus é o maior sábio nestas terras, maior do que qualquer um presente em Salamonis. Foi por isso que sugeri que vocês o procurassem."

Dinheiro/Promessas de Casamento!: Se os Aventureiros pedirem mais dinheiro além do que foi oferecido (mesmo vagamente), ou a mão da Princesa Sarissa em casamento, haverá uma indignação geral, ainda maior por parte da princesa, no último caso. O rei permanecerá calmo mas informará aos Aventureiros: "Eu já lhes disse os meus termos para esta busca. Sugiro que se preparem antes que eu mude de idéia."

Olhar a Grande Biblioteca: Se houver um feiticeiro devotado ou algum outro mágico entre o grupo (como Baradas Rangor), ele pode pedir permissão para consultar a Grande Biblioteca de Salamonis. O rei dirá: "Se é informação sobre a busca que você procura, meus conselheiros já pesquisaram na biblioteca desde sua chegada a nossa cidade, mas não encontraram nada que lhes possa ser útil. Se seu objetivo é apenas aprendizado, há muitas escolas excelentes na cidade que sem

dúvida alguma ficariam mais do que felizes em admiti-lo como aluno, quando completar sua missão. O estudo é admirável, mas há hora e lugar para tudo!"

Vasos de Carsepolis: Pode ocorrer aos jogadores mais espertos perguntar sobre os antigos vasos que encontraram no quarto de Xortan Throg. O rei está bem familiarizado com essas antiguidades: "Ah, sim, pela descrição que minha filha nos fez, eles parecem ser relíquias da antiga Carsepolis, um lugar de grande conhecimento e civilização na costa. Feiticeiros são conhecidos por suas estranhas manias, e colecionar cerâmica antiga pode ser uma das de Xortan Throg. Carsepolis foi destruída há 300 anos e ninguém, nem mesmo um feiticeiro, já viveu tanto tempo."

Entrar em Blacksand: Os Aventureiros podem perguntar mais detalhes sobre seus disfarces ou sobre como encontrar Nicodemus quando entrarem na perigosa cidade de Azzur. Salamon dirá que lhes será fornecida uma carroça cheia de mercadorias preciosas, que deverão levar ao Porto Blacksand e vender a um certo homem cujo nome lhes será revelado mais tarde. Esse homem é, na verdade, um espião pago pelo Rei Salamon e deverá guiá-los a partir daí.

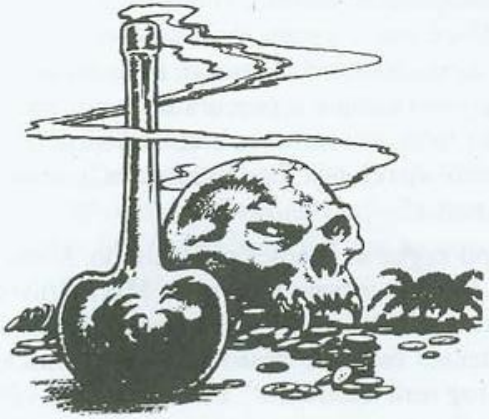

3. Uma Remoção Milagrosa

Finalmente, o Aventureiro que matou Zanbar Bone em *A Cidade dos Ladrões* pode pedir ajuda para disfarçar sua tatuagem, especialmente se ele for procurado pela morte de Sourbelly. (Deixe o personagem perguntar sobre isso sem ser induzido; afinal, será divertido, para você, se mais tarde ele ainda estiver com a tatuagem!) O Rei Salamon parece preocupado e então responde: "Tenho certeza de que poderemos achar alguém entre nosso clero capacitado para remover marcas como essa. Arcebispo?"

Kalivan arrasta os pés e responde respeitosamente: "Bem, majestade, isso não é certamente o tipo de coisa que conheçamos. Não há muitos pedidos, eh, entende?"

O rei o olha com exasperação, parecendo dizer "Pare de balbuciar, seu velho tolo, e faça algo." Se ele estivesse pensando alto, poderia acrescentar: "Não importa se funcionar ou não; apenas pareça disposto e, então, se nada acontecer, culpe os deuses!" Talvez reconhecendo a impaciência que seu líder exibe, o Arcebispo Kalivan avança para o Aventureiro em questão e coloca as mãos em sua testa.

"Ó poderosa e gentil Asrel," entoa o Arcebispo numa voz trêmula. "Você que é a fonte de tudo que é belo neste mundo! Tenha pena deste pobre mortal. Embora seja um saqueador que derrama sangue à procura de ouro, ainda assim sua causa é a do Bem, sua busca nobre, e nossa necessidade dele grande. Gentil Asrel, nós lhe imploramos, remova esta mancha de seu rosto."

O Arcebispo ergue as mãos... e a testa do Aventureiro está limpa: não há nem mesmo uma ruga. Murmúrios de espanto correm entre os cortesões: "Um milagre, um milagre, certamente os deuses estão do nosso lado. É a vontade de Asrel! Xortan Throg será destruído!" Enquanto isso, várias das damas mais velhas podem ser vistas ao lado do Arcebispo, falando de maneira humilde.

Se esta pequena cena realmente acontecer, a ordem da corte será interrompida de algum modo. O rei anda até os Aventureiros e diz: "Acho que este seria o momento apropriado para partirem. Agora vão !" Os Aventureiros devem segui-lo; mas eles ainda podem fazer perguntas enquanto andam. Entretanto, se não houver milagre, depois de os Aventureiros fazerem todas as perguntas, o rei mandará seu valete levá-los embora e lhes fornecer os equipamentos necessários.

Informe ao Aventureiro beneficiado pelo milagre que ele recebeu uma grande honra. Interferência divina é rara em Titan nesses tempos (exceto, como todos sabem, no primeiro dia da Semeadura, quando o malandro Lord Logaan passeia pelo mundo pregando peças em suas criações para celebrar seu aniversário). Deve fazer com que o Aventureiro sinta que a Deusa Asrel o está protegendo especialmente; ele pode até considerar fazer algo para Ela em agradecimento, o que deve ser encorajado.

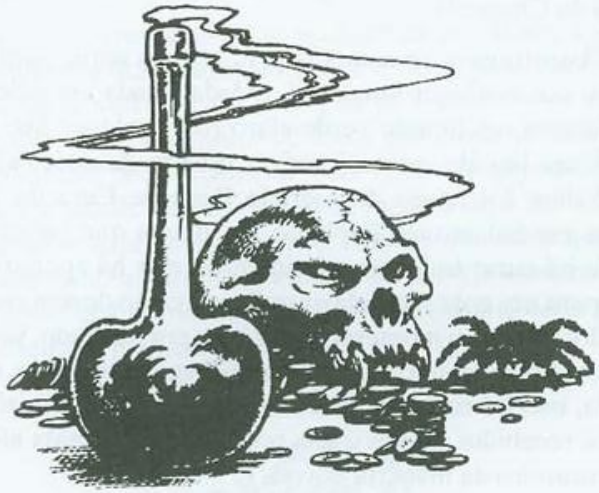

Vá Para...

Se não foi dito aos Aventureiros como entrarão em Port Blacksand, conte-lhes agora sobre a carroça cheia de mercadorias. De qualquer jeito, você deve dizer-lhes que o homem que vão encontrar chama-se Halim Thrumbar (eles devem

anotar isso para não esquecerem) e que ele pode ser encontrado na Estalagem Dente de Dragão. Eles devem entrar em Blacksand pelo portão principal e atravessar para o norte pela praça do mercado. A Estalagem Dente de Dragão é no canto noroeste da praça, na esquina da Rua do Rio.

Quaisquer armas ou armaduras requisitadas pelos Aventureiros (outras que não as mágicas) lhes serão entregues, assim como comida suficiente para que cheguem a Port Blacksand e o dinheiro da recompensa pelo resgate da Princesa Sarissa. Também serão distribuídas entre eles 300 Moedas de Ouro, como sinal de boa fé e da confiança de Salamon (não precisarão ser lembrados que não conseguiram nenhum adiantamento de Chalice!).

Se os Aventureiros se comportaram bem na corte (sem interromper ou aborrecer ninguém), é dada a cada um deles uma garrafa com um líquido verde-claro (ou qualquer que seja a cor do seu líquido, se você estiver usando Acessórios). Isso, lhes é dito, foi tirado do sagrado Poço de Cura da Deusa Branca em Salamonis. Explique aos heróis que beber dessa garrafa irá curar todos seus ferimentos, mas há apenas o bastante para um gole em cada garrafa, portanto devem escolher cuidadosamente o momento de usá-la (por seu lado, você deve anotar que se um personagem beber o conteúdo de sua garrafa, isso irá restaurar sua ENERGIA ao nível *Inicial*. Ferimentos recebidos depois que a poção for consumida afetarão o Aventureiro da maneira normal).

Os Aventureiros então partem para Porto Blacksand, disfarçados de mercadores. A viagem é sem incidentes, a menos que você tenha um novo jogador que queira o papel de Princesa Sarissa. Os Aventureiros descobrirão a garota escondida na carroça durante a viagem. Como ela terá fugido do castelo para se juntar a eles, os outros Aventureiros podem não ficar muito felizes ao descobri-la. Mas, já que sua missão é urgente e Halim Thrumbar os espera, não há tempo para voltar agora. Devem se apressar... para Blacksand!

Cena 2 — Os Portões do Porto Blacksand

Local

A distância, Porto Blacksand parece com qualquer outra cidade costeira. Por trás das muralhas da cidade, uma confusa coleção de telhados e torres pode ser vista atrapalhando a linha do horizonte. Na baía, um belo grupo de navios está ancorado, embora a vista possa ser perturbada ao notar-se que a maioria deles é de galeões de guerra parecidos com o Jolly Roger do Capitão Gancho. A única coisa estranha à vista é um prédio em ruínas, bem longe das muralhas. Essas ruínas parecem consideravelmente antigas.

Enquanto os Aventureiros se aproximam da cidade, a verdadeira natureza desse lugar do mal, e a razão para sua reputação, torna-se visível. Para começar, há o cheiro. Na maioria das cidades havia um pouco de fedor por causa do hábito das donas-de-casa, preguiçosas, de jogar o lixo na sarjeta no meio da rua, em vez de carregá-lo até os esgotos ou o rio. Mas em Blacksand o mau cheiro do lixo comum e caseiro quase se perde em meio ao aroma composto de cerveja envelhecida e carne apodrecida. Mesmo um Anão torceria o nariz diante desse cheiro, e isso tem uma razão.

Não é de admirar o cheiro de carne podre, porque ao lado da estrada para a cidade pode-se ver muitos exemplos repulsivos da famosa e temida tirania de Lord Azzur. Corpos pendem das árvores, mãos decepadas empaladas em troncos ao longo do caminho e, mais perturbador que tudo, homens famintos encolhidos, suspensos em pequenas gaiolas de ferro à beira da estrada, com terríveis avisos sobre o que acontecerá a qualquer um que se atrever a alimentar esses ladrões e assassinos condenados.

Aproximando-se dos portões, os Aventureiros são abordados por mendigos cegos e pernetas, expulsos da cidade por roubar, desesperados para voltar e reassumir suas atividades, imploram sua ajuda. Infelizmente, para eles, poucos conseguem arrastar-se longe o bastante das vistas dos altos guardas em armaduras negras que ficam no portão.

Acompanhando sua carroça cheia de belas roupas e outras mercadorias, os Aventureiros caminham lentamente para o portão, os Passes de Mercador nas mãos.

Resumo da Trama

Os Aventureiros têm algumas dificuldades com os guardas do portão.

Lista de Personagens

Dois Guardas Troll, Blackboil e Crackjaw, estão de serviço no portão. A maioria dos Troll é bem azeda, sendo descendentes da mesma linhagem dos Orcs e Ogres. Aqueles depravados o bastante para trabalharem para Lord Azzur são ainda piores e bem gananciosos quando barganham. Naturalmente, seu ódio por Anões não conhece limites e, como todos os oficiais menores, adoram se impor através de sua posição. Pode haver problemas aqui. Eles usam uniformes negros, com a insígnia

do Lord Azzur e carregam espadas curvas e largas em suas cinturas.

O *Capitão da Guarda da Cidade* pode ser necessário em caso de emergência. Nós não temos que lhe dizer que cara ruim e desprezível deve ser. Ele é humano e carrega um grande chicote negro de couro de touro, com o qual mantém suas desleixadas tropas não-humanas em ordem.

BLACKBOIL HABILIDADE 9 ENERGIA 9
2 Ataques Espada

CRACKJAW HABILIDADE 10 ENERGIA 9
2 Ataques Espada

Acessórios

Algo pontiagudo para cutucar os Aventureiros; não use nada muito afiado, ou você pode ter que interromper o jogo e ir procurar por curativos enquanto eles o "cutucam" também! Um lápis deve ser suficiente.

Ação!

Seria melhor para os Aventureiros entrar no Porto Blacksand sem serem notados; mas seria muito mais divertido se houvesse um pouco de ação no portão. Para conseguir isso, você tem que provocar uma discussão entre os guardas Troll e os Aventureiros. Felizmente os Trolls são um bando briguento e os Aventureiros tendem a ser um tanto quanto metidos. Não achamos que vai ser difícil armar esta confrontação, principalmente se houver um Anão no grupo, mas mesmo assim, aqui vão algumas idéias.

Se um dos Aventureiros ainda tiver a tatuagem em sua testa, uma luta imediata será o resultado (especialmente se ele for o matador de Sourbelly). "É ele!" Os Trolls gritam no momento que vêem a marca. "O bandido com a tatuagem! Peguem-no! Cortem-no! Saia do caminho, seu idiota! Eu o vi primeiro!" Eles cairão um sobre o outro tentando pegar aquele que matou o velho amigo Sourbelly na última vez que esteve na cidade.

Se um dos Aventureiros for um Anão, os Trolls o provocarão sem piedade. "Nunca conheci um Anão mercador de roupas antes, e você, Blackboil? Parece um tipo bem mole para mim. Tem uma bela tesoura em vez de um machado, Anão?" Cutuque a pessoa que está personificando o Anão com o seu dedo ou alguma coisa um pouco mais pontuda. Pressione seu rosto contra o dele e rosne ameaçadoramente entre os dentes (imagine que você tem mais de dois metros de altura e um terrível mau hálito quando fizer isso). O jogador Anão logo entenderá o que é exigido de seu personagem!

Você mesmo será capaz de pensar em outras desculpas para começar uma briga, baseado nos Aventureiros que tem, especialmente se eles são chegados ao que os Trolls irão chamar de "respostas espertas". Se tudo o mais falhar, simplesmente faça os Trolls inventarem uma nova taxa, só para hoje, de 50

Moedas de Ouro por carroça, ou dizer aos Aventureiros que seus Passes de Mercador não são válidos ou são forjados! Cutuque de novo os Aventureiros com alguma coisa e tente ser realmente desagradável com eles. Faça-os detestar de verdade esses Trolls.

Os Aventureiros têm várias maneiras de escapar de uma luta. (Sim, nós estamos tentando levá-los a uma, mas ainda seria melhor para *eles* evitar serem feridos. Tudo isso é parte da diversão. Sim, maldoso, concordamos, mas quem disse que o Mestre não pode se divertir de vez em quando?) Os Aventureiros podem tentar subornar os guardas (50 Moedas de Ouro é uma quantia aceitável, porque eles parecem muito ricos para receberem menos).

Por outro lado, um Aventureiro poderia usar sua Habilidade Especial de *Trapaça* com os modificadores apropriados (dizendo alguma coisa como "Este é um carregamento especial para Lord Azzur, suas peles não valerão nada se nos atrasarem! Sabem bem disso!"). Ou podem usar mágica e simplesmente fazer os chatos desaparecerem. Se uma luta realmente ocorrer, ninguém em Blacksand prestará a menor atenção, exceto talvez por um estranho e corajoso mendigo que incentivará os Aventureiros e então desaparecerá numa viela antes que os guardas possam reconhecê-lo e colocá-lo atrás das grades.

Problemas?

Achamos altamente improvável que os Aventureiros não sejam capazes de vencer os Trolls. Se eles parecerem estar em dificuldade, faça o Capitão da Guarda surgir para uma inspeção. Ele ficará furioso com os Trolls por quererem matar mercadores, e imediatamente tentará acabar com a briga, dizendo:

"O que em Titan vocês idiotas pensam que estão fazendo? Quantas vezes vou ter que dizer que Lord Azzur tem grande consideração para com os mercadores? Esses caras pagam muito dinheiro em taxas todos os anos, muito mais do que vocês, lixo, ganhariam em toda sua vida. Se querem matar alguém, vão procurar algum aventureiro sem dinheiro para pegar. Dêem o fora ou vão alimentar as plantas do jardim de sua Alteza, as carnívoras!"

Por uma pequena contribuição de 200 Moedas de Ouro, ele permitirá a entrada dos Aventureiros na cidade, e dará aos agora subservientes Trolls umas boas chibatadas como parte da barganha.

Vá Para...

Os Aventureiros e sua carroça entram no Porto Blacksand. Seguindo suas instruções (nós sinceramente esperamos!), eles andam um pouco para o norte até alcançarem a praça do mercado. Abrindo seu caminho através de estábulos, alfaiatarias, lojas e pequenas vendas repletas de gente, eles estacionam sua carroça no jardim da Dente de Dragão (dando uma gorjeta de 5 Moedas de Ouro a um menino de estábulo para ter certeza que ficaria segura) e entram no prédio. Vá direto para a Cena 3 — A Estalagem Dente do Dragão.

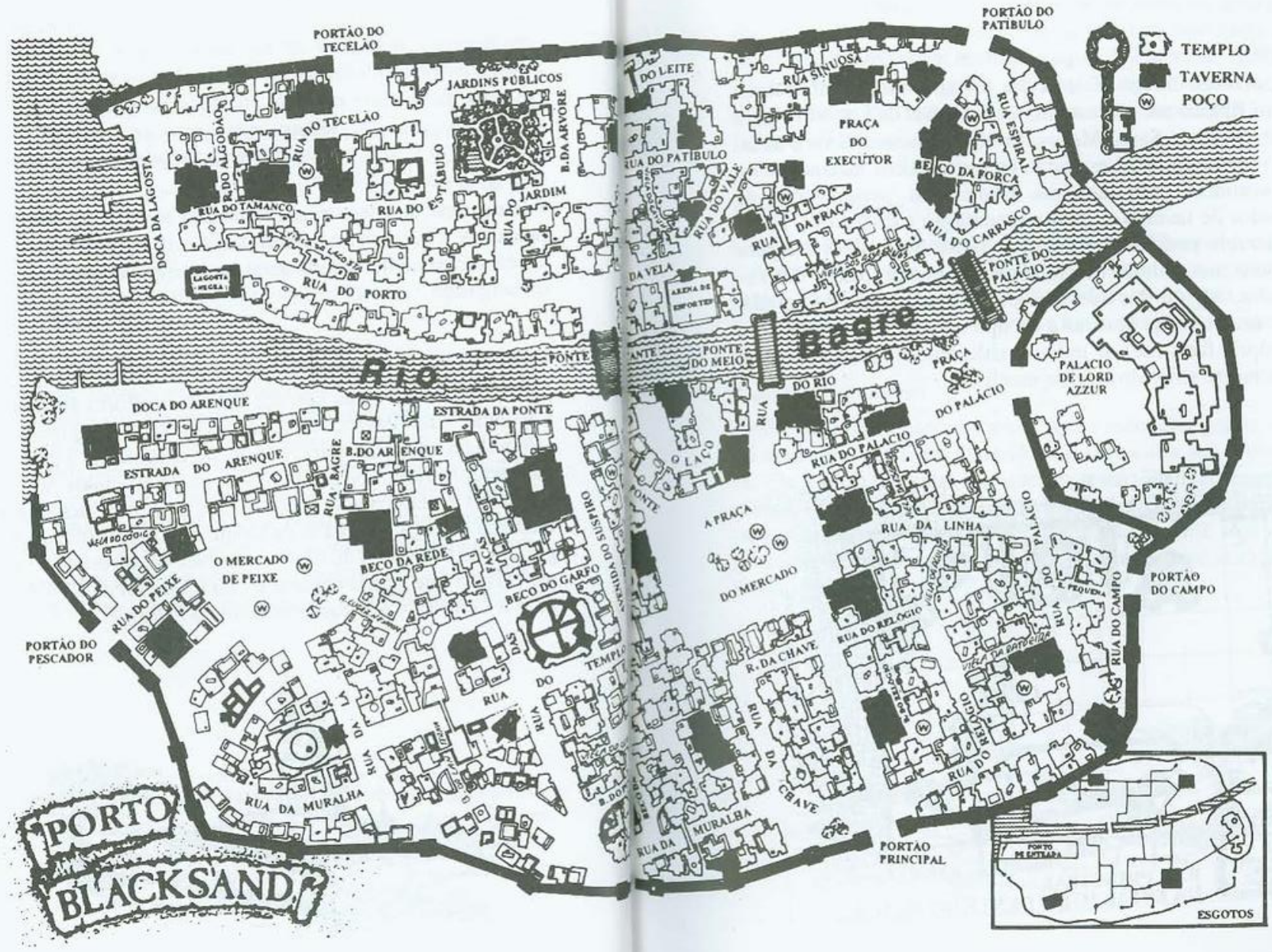
PORTO BLACKSAND
PORTÃO DO TECELÃO
JARDINS PÚBLICOS
PORTÃO DO PATIBULO
TEMPLO
TAVERNA
POÇO
RUA DO TECELÃO
R. DO ALGODÃO
DOCA DA LAGOSTA
RUA DO TAMANCO
RUA DO ESTABULO
RUA DO JARDIM
B. DA ARVORE
RUA DO PORTO
LAGOSTA MEGA
RUA DO LEITE
RUA SINUOSA
PRAÇA DO EXECUTOR
RUA ESPIRAL
BECO DA FORCA
RUA DO PATIBULO
RUA DO VALE
RUA DA PRAÇA
RUA DO CARRASCO
PONTE DO PALÁCIO
DA VELA
ARENA DE EXPORTES
Rio
Bagre
PONTE
PONTE DO MEIO
PRAÇA DO PALÁCIO
PALACIO DE LORD AZZUR
DOCA DO ARENQUE
ESTRADA DA PONTE
ESTRADA DO ARENQUE
RUA BAGRE
B. DO ARENQUE
RUA DO RIO
O LAGO
RUA DO PALACIO
A PRAÇA
RUA DA LINHA
PALACIO
O MERCADO DE PEIXE
BECO DA REDE
BECO DO GARFO
DO MERCADO
PORTÃO DO CAMPO
RUA DO PEIXE
PORTÃO DO PESCADOR
RUA DO RELÓGIO
R. DA CHAVE
RUA DO CAMPO
RUA DA MURALHA
RUA DA CHAVE
PORTÃO PRINCIPAL
ESGOTOS

Cena 3 — A Estalagem Dente do Dragão

Local

A Dente do Dragão é uma das tavernas menos infames do Porto Blacksand; não está no mesmo nível da Lagosta Negra ou da Porco e Sapo. Mesmo assim, os Aventureiros a acharão repleta da usual multidão de esqueléticos malandros super-vestidos, entretidos nas tradicionais perseguições de bêbados de taverna, jogatina, ostentação e discussões. Entre a clientela podemos reconhecer vários Meio-Orcs e alguns Goblins movendo-se nas sombras e tentando passar despercebidos. Alguns dos humanos parecem ainda menos agradáveis: cada um dos homens é do tipo de palitar os dentes com a própria faca, roer as unhas e chicotear o camareiro quase até a morte antes do café-da-manhã.

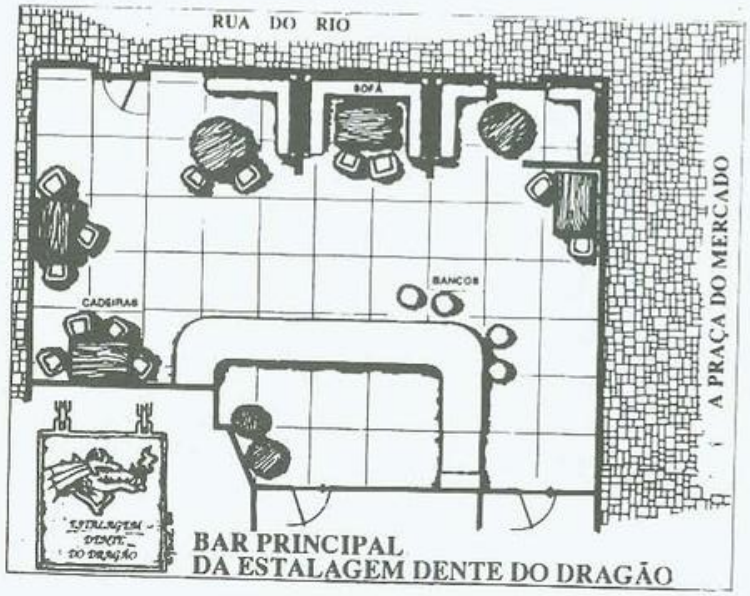

BAR PRINCIPAL
DA ESTALAGEM DENTE DO DRAGÃO

Nós providenciamos um desenho do bar principal para o caso de uma luta começar (você pode ficar surpreso ao descobrir que essa não é nossa intenção desta vez; será por conta dos jogadores se algo assim acontecer aqui). Há bastante cadeiras e mesas para serem jogadas, se necessário; se elas acabarem, sempre há as canecas de cerveja ou, com um empurrão, os próprios Goblins.

Resumo da Trama

Os Aventureiros acham seu contato, Halim Thrumbar, e descobrem o que fazer a seguir. Novos Aventureiros podem se juntar ao grupo. Os Aventureiros podem muito bem se permitir algumas diversões comuns de bar como jogos e brigas!

Lista de Personagens

Halim Thrumbar parece ser um típico mercador gordo, mas há uma surpreendente quantidade de músculos sob a gordura. Ele é forte e atento, tem que ser, para trabalhar como espião no Porto Blacksand. É provável que ele trabalhe para outras pessoas além do Rei Salamon; certamente tem uma grande rede de contatos, mas é um homem de bom coração e é confiável.

É claro que *eles* não sabem disso; ele deve parecer apenas um esnobe, com o cabelo oleoso, pomposo e gordo com um gosto terrivelmente extravagante para roupas finas e perfumes. Quando Thrumbar falar com os Aventureiros, incline-se para perto deles e fale num tom baixo e lento, como que tentando não ser ouvido. Enquanto fala, olhe nervosamente a sua volta a todo momento e dê a impressão de ter muito medo de que todos sejam desmascarados como espiões.

Gregor, o dono da Estalagem Dente do Dragão é um cara alegre e grande, como deve ser um estalajadeiro. Por ser um ex-marinheiro tem o corpo coberto de tatuagens exóticas e fica feliz em entreter os recém-chegados com histórias compridas sobre suas viagens a diferentes partes de Titan, incluindo o Velho Mundo e a distante Khul. Os moradores, que já ouviram essas histórias um sem número de vezes, podem lhe dizer que os detalhes mudam tanto que têm certeza que Gregor inventou a maioria delas; mas são mesmo boas histórias, por isso ninguém se importa. A conversa de Gregor é temperada por tais frases: "como aconteceu comigo um dia em Khul", ou "algo que consegui em Analand". Se alguma vez ele lhe disser "Por falar nisso, eu já lhe contei sobre...", qualquer um com pressa, sabe que chegou a hora de se desculpar e correr para a porta.

Os Moradores não precisam ser descritos individualmente. Eles são rufiões convencidos, de um jeito ou de outro, e a maioria deles mataria a própria avó pelo preço de um garrafão de cerveja Bagre, isso se a Vovó não os pegasse primeiro, é claro.

MORADORES cada HABILIDADE 6 ENERGIA 8

Espada ou arma improvisada

Acessórios

Um par de dados, de preferência os viciados que você usou para roubar nas batalhas das Aventuras Fantásticas (brincadeirinha!). Algum dinheiro para apostar. Dinheiro de brinquedo servirá, contanto que haja o bastante para todos que queiram jogar.

Se você está mesmo usando acessórios, por que não providenciar alguma bebida para servir aos Aventureiros? Recomendamos que não sirva cerveja do Porto Blacksand; qualquer um que não esteja acostumado com ela ficará doente por uma semana.

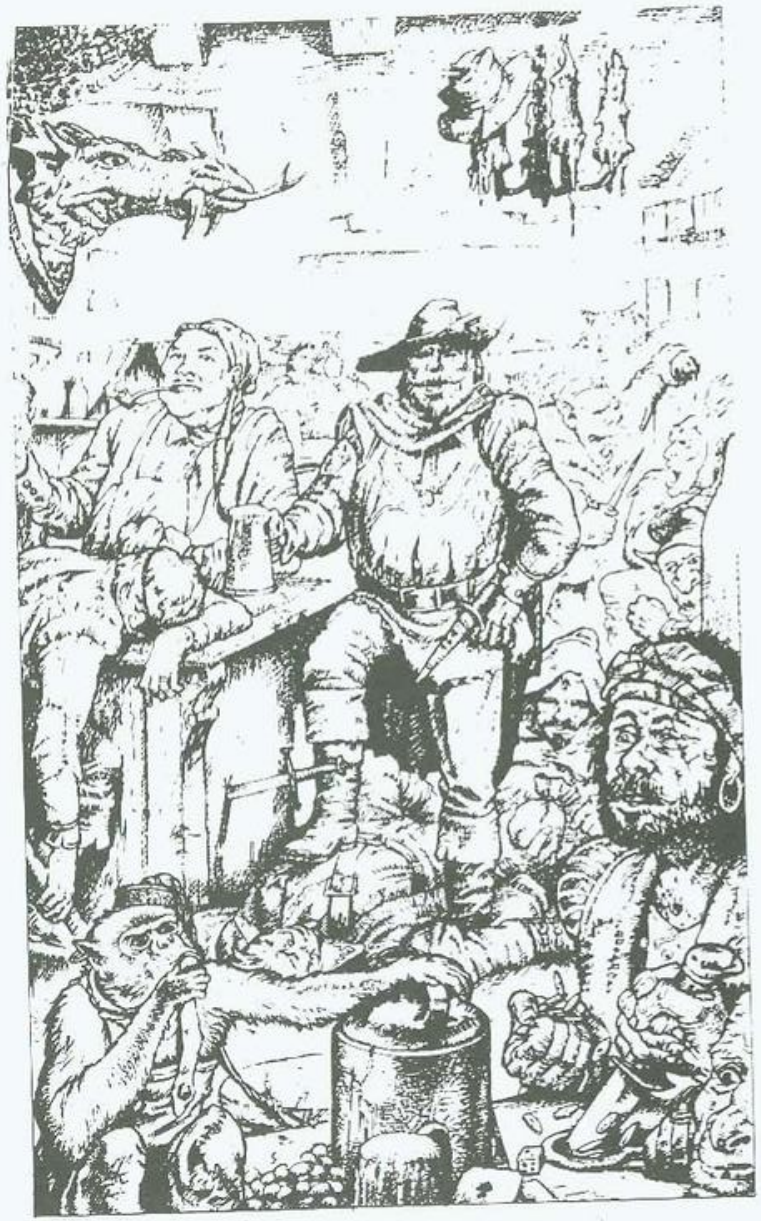

Ação!

A ordem exata destes segmentos dependerá apenas do que os Aventureiros fizerem. Aplique-os quando necessário, ou se algo inesperado acontecer, improvise de acordo com as informações que lhe fornecemos.

1. Halim Thrumbar

Se os Aventureiros forem até o bar e perguntarem sobre Thrumbar, Gregor irá apontá-lo com um grunhido. Por outro lado, se ficarem sentados por algum tempo, o mercador (e espião) se aproximará e se sentará em sua mesa, tentando começar uma conversa:

"Parece que vocês são mercadores ambulantes, pelo que noto, e nunca os vi antes por aqui. Eu mesmo trabalho nesta área; talvez possamos nos ajudar uns aos outros."

Ele não revelará seu nome por algum tempo, porque é muito cuidadoso com quem faz negócios ou trata. Divirta-se assistindo os Aventureiros tentando arrumar um jeito de perguntar se ele é o homem que procuram, antes que ele revele seu nome ao apresentar-se.

Halim tomará conta da carroça dos Aventureiros, fazendo parecer, para qualquer um vigiando o pequeno grupo, que comprou suas mercadorias. Ele também dirá como encontrar Nicodemus (acreditando que eles precisem saber. O Aventureiro, que esteve ali antes, em *A Cidade dos Ladrões*, deveria ser capaz de achar o feiticeiro por si mesmo). Suas indicações são as seguintes:

"Eu ouvi dizer que o velho gosta de ficar consigo mesmo hoje em dia. Acho que cansou de gente batendo a sua porta a cada dois minutos para pagar uns trocados por ter uma verruga removida. Saiam daqui, voltem à Praça do Mercado e peguem a Rua da Ponte, a que leva ao canto nordeste. Isso os levará à

Ponte Cantante. Vocês não podem errar, é a que tem os crânios. Ele vive numa choça sob a ponte, neste lado do rio. Eu devo avisá-los sobre manter o melhor comportamento. Ele anda irritadiço hoje em dia e não recebe bem visitantes que aparecem sem serem anunciados."

Os Aventureiros podem querer conversar com Halim sobre Blacksand.

"Meu conselho, cavalheiros, é passar o menor tempo possível aqui. É um lugar enganador. Praticamente todo mundo que vocês encontrarem estará tentando enganá-los de algum jeito. Apenas façam o que têm para fazer e dêem o fora."

Se perguntado sobre Xortan Throg, Halim dirá que nunca ouviu falar do homem (de verdade), e indagará por que os Aventureiros querem saber dele. Depende dos Aventureiros se vão dizer a verdade ou não, se é que dirão qualquer coisa a ele. Halim é honesto, e um dos poucos habitantes de Blacksand que não se encaixa em sua própria definição do maldito lugar.

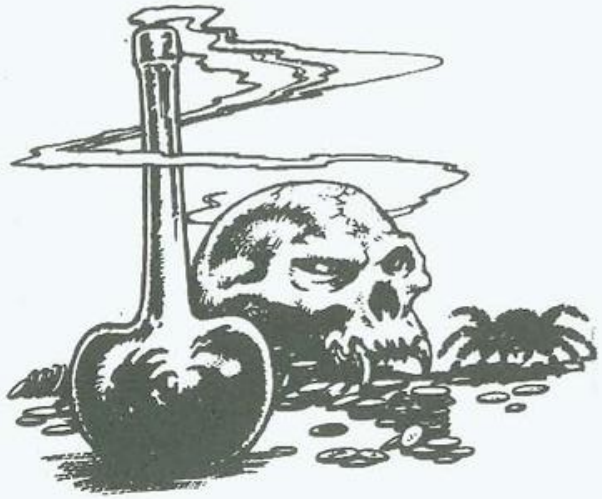

2. Novas Caras

Se você ainda tem alguns Aventureiros para colocar no jogo, esse é o momento ideal. Quem eles são depende do seu poder criativo combinado com o dos jogadores. Talvez sejam antigos camaradas de aventuras dos heróis, guerreiros que ficaram um tempo em Blacksand para um descanso de sua vida heróica. Estariam apenas passando, tendo acabado de descer de um navio, a caminho de algum outro lugar? Também podem ser simples moradores, que conversam com os Aventureiros parecendo se dar bem com eles e que estão preparados (se confiáveis) para ajudar.

3. Febre de Jogo

Se os personagens de Grimbold Tornhelm ou Gordo Brondwyn (qualquer outro mal-afamado ladrão ou um Anão) estiver no grupo, há uma boa chance de quererem se juntar a algum dos jogos de dados. Os outros Aventureiros provavelmente estarão ansiosos para prosseguir viagem, mas o jogo pode estar no sangue de um homem, especialmente se ele é orgulhoso de sua habilidade em trapacear. Ao primeiro sinal de interesse de um dos Aventureiros, três moradores, todos do tipo indecoroso, os convidam para um jogo.

O jogo de dados é muito simples. Cada personagem decide quanto vai apostar na rodada. Então cada um deles joga dois dados, e quem tirar os pontos mais altos leva todo o dinheiro. A própria simplicidade! Se dois ou mais jogadores se igualarem nos pontos altos, devem dividir o dinheiro entre si. Se a quantia não puder ser dividida igualmente, a diferença deverá ser colocada na próxima rodada.

Há um ponto que talvez você deva saber: *todo mundo trapaceia*. Para simular isso (se você não tem dados viciados, nem sabe como viciá-los), quando quiser trapacear em uma rodada, use quatro dados e escolha os dois com melhores pontos. Em cada rodada os Aventureiros podem tentar descobrir os

moradores trapaceando. Para fazer isso, um Aventureiro precisa ter sucesso numa jogada de *Conscientização*.

Se eles mesmos quiserem trapacear, devem ter uma jogada de *Truque de Mãos* bem-sucedida, ou então *Testar a Sorte* (com a dedução normal de 1 ponto de SORTE por cada tentativa). Se um Aventureiro perceber um morador trapaceando, pode decidir acusá-lo. Isso começará uma briga, sem nenhuma outra saída. Igualmente, se um Aventureiro falhar ao tentar trapacear, os moradores podem acusá-lo. Isso pode acontecer conforme o seu julgamento; podemos sugerir que se deixe o Aventureiro continuar por uma ou duas vezes antes de acabar com sua diversão! Além disso, já que os moradores sabem que começará uma briga, eles só se preocuparão em acusá-lo se o Aventureiro vencer a rodada. Senão, vão fingir que não viram nada.

4. Brigas no Bar!

Uma vez começada a briga, todos na estalagem se metem. Já que os Aventureiros terão armaduras e boas armas, se darão muito melhor que os moradores; então dê a cada um deles dois moradores para enfrentar ao mesmo tempo. Se tiver miniaturas disponíveis, pode montar a briga e usar as mesas, cadeiras e canecas de cerveja como armas também. Lembre-se de que as mesas precisam de uma jogada de Habilidade de *Força* antes de serem lançadas.

Quando tudo se acalmar, a destruição produzida pela briga parecerá bem séria. Gregor fingirá que está muito zangado com os Aventureiros (se ainda estiverem lá) e exigirá pagamento pelo estrago. Se eles aceitarem pagar sem especificar nenhum valor, Gregor pedirá 50 Moedas de Ouro; mas se houver problemas com o pagamento, Halim Thrumbar intervirá, dizendo que os Aventureiros são seus amigos e prometendo acertar tudo com o dono. Então jogará os Aventureiros porta afora e dirá para acabarem o que vieram fazer sem perder mais tempo.

Problemas?

Se os Aventureiros começarem a ter problemas durante a briga, faça Gregor gritar "A Guarda está chegando!", o que fará o bar se esvaziar num piscar de olhos. Os Aventureiros devem perceber a dica e desaparecer também. Se forem muito lentos para sair, faça com que Halim Thrumbar os arraste para fora.

Vá Para...

Leva-se apenas alguns minutos para se dar a volta na Praça do Mercado e ir até a Ponte Cantante onde Nicodemus vive. Se os Aventureiros decidirem vadiar pela cidade, use um dos curtos encontros para passar o tempo detalhados na Cena 5; senão, vá direto a Nicodemus e à Cena 4.

Cena 4 — Sob a Ponte Cantante

Local

A Ponte Cantante é uma das mais nojentas visões do Porto Blacksand — e isso tem uma razão de ser. Suas fracas pranchas de madeira, enrugadas pelo tempo e muito remendadas, parecem estar prontas a quebrar sob os pés de algum viajante desavisado, fazendo-o afundar nas águas do rio Bagre. Da água sobe um fedor pútrido de lixo decomposto, que bóia lentamente até a baía, onde pelicanos doentes colhem seus pedaços.

Ladeando o caminho da ponte, há uma avenida de crânios embranquecidos; alguns deles não de humanos, mas vários com grandes presas e chifres ameaçadores. O pior de tudo é o vento passando pela estrutura em escombros, com seus ornamentos macabros fazendo um lamento fúnebre, um assovio horrível, que se não se desfizesse logo ao sair da ponte, certamente levaria todos em Blacksand à loucura em apenas um dia.

Na ponta sudeste da ponte (a mais próxima), um conjunto de degraus de madeira apodrecida leva a uma pequena choupana construída em meio às fundações, sob a ponte. Enquanto os Aventureiros descem, certamente notam as palavras "MANTENHA DISTÂNCIA" rabiscadas na porta, em grandes letras vermelhas, e em várias línguas. Mesmo assim, eles devem bater e depois de algum tempo e de vários gritos abafados de "Tudo bem, tudo bem, já vou!", a porta se abre, para revelar um velho de barbas brancas e um surpreendentemente bem arrumado estúdio de feiticeiro.

Resumo da Trama

Os Aventureiros conhecem Nicodemus e conseguem mais informações sobre Xortan Throg, Carsepolis e outros assuntos.

Lista de Personagens

Nicodemus é um dos maiores feiticeiros em Allansia, embora nunca se diga isso ao vê-lo (algumas de suas aventuras são contadas em *Titan*, se quiser saber mais). Ele é um homem gentil, mas ficou cansado de ser seguido por pessoas tentando aproveitar-se dele a toda hora.

Como resultado, mudou-se para um lugar onde apenas os muito desesperados, ou necessitados, iriam procurá-lo. Ele não tem paciência para pedidos tolos (as pessoas realmente queriam tirar suas verrugas e encantar suas espadas), mas leva muito a sério um pedido importante. Personifique-o como um velho um pouco cambaleante, que se confunde de vez em quando e tem o hábito de perder-se em meio a longas explicações e esquecer-se do que estava falando. Por trás de tudo isso existiria uma mente brilhante, se ele ao menos conseguisse se concentrar.

Acessórios

Nesta cena, você será Nicodemus, então consiga um chapéu alto e pontudo e uma longa barba branca (um cone de jornal enrolado e pintado de preto e um pouco de algodão devem servir). Você também pode querer ter alguns acessórios de feiticeiro a mão, como um bastão, uma cabeça encolhida e um pote com sapos vivos, mas Nicodemus não precisa disso de verdade.

Ação!

Mais uma vez, essa seção está dividida em vários segmentos que devem cobrir todas as possibilidades abertas para os Aventureiros.

1. Entrando

Se o Aventureiro que visitou Blacksand em *A Cidade dos Ladrões* estiver com o grupo, entrar não vai ser problema. Nicodemus (você) dirá:

"Meu caro jovem! Como é bom vê-lo de novo. Seja bem-vindo! Eu sei que foi bem-sucedido em sua missão porque muito mal desapareceu do éter mágico com a destruição do infernal Zanbar Bone. Sinto terrivelmente sobre a confusão com o pó, mas eu sabia que os deuses o ajudariam a escolher bem. As coisas acontecem na hora que devem, eu sempre digo. Entre, entre! O que está fazendo aqui de novo? Mais problemas, eu garanto. Me conte... e quem são esses seus bons amigos?"

Mas, se Nicodemus não conhecer nenhum dos Aventureiros, eles terão algum problema para entrar:

"Quem vocês pensam que são, incomodando um pobre velho dessa maneira? Como se eu já não tivesse muito o que fazer, impedindo esse rio horrível de entrar em minha casa, e isso sem que nenhum visitante me perturbe. Mas vocês não cheiram tão mal quanto a água do rio, portanto não devem ser moradores. Falem o que querem e sejam bem rápidos! Se não tiverem uma boa razão para me perturbar, então me ajudem, senão vou transformar todos vocês em espinhelas e jogá-los, trancados, estocados, em barris, dentro do rio! Eu sempre quis saber quanto tempo uma criatura viva poderia sobreviver nessa água nojenta! Bem, falem!"

Felizmente eles só têm que dizer que estão numa missão urgente para o Rei Salamon e entrarão rapidamente; a porta se fechará e será trancada. Mesmo que os Aventureiros não tenham visto qualquer cadeira à volta de Nicodemus, agora haverá muitas delas para que todos se sentem.

2. Explicando a Busca

Depende dos Aventureiros explicar a Nicodemus o que estão tentando fazer, e então pedir qualquer ajuda que desejem. Algumas das respostas que ele pode dar estão colocadas a seguir. Você pode não precisar de todas elas, dependendo do que os Aventureiros dirão e pedirão.

3. Sobre Xortan Throg

"Bem, eu o conheço, é claro. Você não pode ser um bom feiticeiro sem chamar a atenção de seus companheiros mágicos. São os gênios, sabem, eles são mesmo terríveis fofoqueiros, às vezes agem como um verdadeiro bando de mulheres de pescadores. E se vocês nunca viram mulheres de pescadores fofocando, então vão até as docas uma manhã. Juro que não vão acreditar até que tenham ouvido por si mesmos.

"Agora, onde eu estava? Oh, sim, Xortan Throg. Ele parecia ser um homem inofensivo, ao menos até esse problema com a princesa. Mantinha-se fechado em si mesmo. Mas esse é o problema com os feiticeiros, sabem. Algumas das coisas com que mexem podem levar anos para funcionar, então, ficam assim, quietos como ratos de igreja, até que de repente acham o que estavam procurando e causam uma tremenda confusão para todo mundo! Chocante, eu sei, mas é isso que são feiticeiros para vocês. Meu conselho para quem pergunta: fiquem longe deles. São um bando muito estranho."

4. Onde está Throg?

"Ah, agora eu posso *ajudá-los. Sabem, ele vive aqui. Não* aqui, *na cidade, em Blacksand! Bem, não exatamente em Blacksand, suponho. Para ser totalmente correto, é mais sob ela. Pelo que sei, ele tem uma paixão pela antiga Carsepolis e vem investigando suas ruínas. Deve ser a única pessoa em*

Allansia a ter uma casa mais desagradável do que a minha! Ainda assim lhe serve bem. Ele tem feito alguns negócios com a Gente-Peixe — são seres de olhos arregalados com um bocado de pés, não as Sereias que têm rabos. Há uma pequena colônia deles, em algum lugar sob o porto, creio eu, apesar de eu não ter ouvido exatamente onde seria. A melhor dica é procurar algumas das antigas comportas nas docas, mas terão que esperar até a noite. Durante o dia a guarda da cidade é muito dura com os contrabandistas que tentam evitar pagar os impostos, mas à noite o velho Azzur não parece se importar que eles se esgueirem para onde bem entenderem. Ele gosta muito de rum. Sabem, certa vez ele... ôpa, lá vou eu de novo! Sobre o que estávamos falando?"

5. Sobre Carsepolis

"Sim, história triste, essa. Era aqui, sabem. A maior e mais brilhante cidade de toda a Allansia. Vocês devem ter visto algumas de suas ruínas ao se aproximarem de Blacksand, embora a maioria das que ficavam sobre o solo tenha sido depenada, por causa do material para construção. Não sobrou muito. Então, deixe-me ver, deve ter sido há uns 300 anos. Houve uma grande guerra, a Guerra dos Feiticeiros, como tenho certeza que alguns de vocês devem saber, e Carsepolis foi sitiada pelo Exército do Caos Obsceno.

"Depois da guerra ela foi socorrida, mas a cidade estava tão destruída que todos a abandonaram; a não ser os mais pobres

de seus habitantes. Eles ficaram e depois de algumas gerações se organizaram e construíram este lugar. Algo com o qual as Forças do Caos ficariam felizes, mais do que quando destruíram o lugar. Mas, este é o nosso destino de humanos. Parece que lutamos duramente para proteger algo e então, apenas alguns anos depois, deixamos que se torne exatamente o que tentamos impedir que fosse! Típico! Ah, bem. Alguma coisa mais?"

6. Ele Pode Ajudar?

"Hummm, vamos ver. Um ou dois de vocês parecem ter se machucado um pouco. Eu naturalmente posso cuidar desses arranhões. Só que não mantenho mais um estoque de poções e encantamentos hoje em dia, eles seriam uma grande tentação para meus vizinhos rufiões. Não que eu tivesse qualquer problema em expulsá-los, mas não vejo por que eu deva me preocupar com isso. Se eles souberem que não tenho nada de valor, me deixarão em paz. Eu ainda posso fazer essas coisas, é claro, mas leva muitos dias, às vezes semanas. Se eu fosse vocês, iria direto atrás de Xortan Throg. Quanto mais tempo lhe derem, mais provável que ele descubra suas presenças aqui e tome precauções para impedir que vocês interrompam suas, erm, atividades."

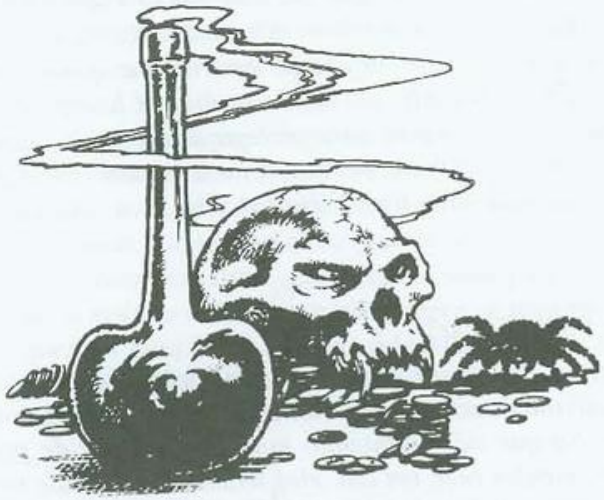

7. Como matar Xortan Throg?

"Boa pergunta, boa pergunta! Sabem, com alguns feiticeiros — como o velho Zanbar Bone, por exemplo — é bem direto, porque eles são tão confiantes em sua proteção mágica que deixam todo mundo saber quais são as poucas coisas que os matariam. E os demônios que eles usam, provavelmente, arrumarão as coisas de jeito que quem tenha essas pistas achará sua missão bem fácil. Pequenos pedintes espertos, é o que são, por isso eu nunca entrei nessa bobagem toda.

"Agora, Throg, sendo o assunto em questão, é um homem comum, feito eu e vocês. Uma faca entre suas costelas o deixará bem morto. Chegar perto o bastante para dar o golpe, esse é o problema. Ele terá toda uma coleção de feitiços prontos para jogar em vocês. Não, meus amigos, sinto muito, mas essa é uma coisa que terão de descobrir por si mesmos. Aqui não existem respostas fáceis. Vamos rezar para que os deuses pensem em lhes dar sua proteção e guiar suas mãos. Está mesmo na hora deles ficarem do nosso lado."

Nicodemus responderá a quaisquer outras perguntas de modo parecido (quer dizer, dando muitas voltas). Enquanto os Aventureiros forem polidos, ele se manterá bastante amigável e cuidará de seus ferimentos se necessário (coloque a ENERGIA de todo mundo de volta à pontuação *Inicial*), mas ele não pode oferecer nenhuma outra ajuda, além da informação. Não os acompanhará para dentro dos esgotos, pois está muito velho para esse tipo de coisa.

Problemas?

Se os Aventureiros forem rudes com Nicodemus, ele pode lhes causar pequenos problemas: verrugas e furúnculos, ou talvez um nariz supercomprido, para lhes ensinar boas maneiras. Se forem tolos o bastante para atacá-lo, ele cumprirá sua ameaça: transformar alguns deles em peixes e jogá-los no rio para ver quanto tempo vivem (cerca de cinco minutos). Alguém tão estúpido e mal-educado merece que qualquer coisa lhe aconteça.

Se houver algum mágico como Rangor no grupo, ele pode pedir que Nicodemus lhe ensine alguns feitiços. Isso é um pedido aceitável, ao qual Nicodemus sorrirá e responderá assim:

"Bem, muito gentil de sua parte pedir isso, jovem, mas não sou um bom professor. Sou muito mal-humorado, sabe, ao menos era o que meu antigo mestre dizia. Você estaria muito melhor numa daquelas belas escolas em Salamonis. Depois de 5 anos, mais ou menos, você seria bom o bastante para fazer as coisas por si mesmo. Então volte aqui e, se eu ainda estiver vivo, lhe mostrarei um livro ou dois. Que tal esse trato?"

Vá Para...

Nicodemus insistirá para que os Aventureiros fiquem com ele até o anoitecer. Ele os alimentará e curará suas feridas. Se quiserem sair mais cedo e você tiver vontade de montar um incidente ou dois em Blacksand, vá para a Cena 5. Senão, Nicodemus conversará a tarde inteira e então, com um último aviso, os porá para fora depois de escurecer:

"Lembrem-se, quanto mais rápido chegarem a ele, menos tempo ele terá para se preparar para sua chegada. Se tiverem sorte, ele ainda não sabe que estão aqui, mas não percam tempo! Boa sorte!"

Seguindo as instruções de Nicodemus, os Aventureiros atravessam a Ponte Cantante e viram à esquerda, na Rua do Porto. Passam pela Taverna da Lagosta Negra, onde as luzes estão piscando em meio ao som de mesas quebrando e pancadas surdas, e chegam ao Porto da Lagosta (Cena 6).

Cena 5 — As Ruas do Porto Blacksand

Nota especial

Se estiver com vontade de inventar suas próprias cenas, aqui é o lugar ideal para introduzi-las. Os Aventureiros têm muito tempo para matar até escurecer e podem passar esse tempo explorando Porto Blacksand. Você achará a ajuda de *Titan* e *A Cidade dos Ladrões* útil para a criação dessas cenas. Por outro lado, você pode usar um ou mais desses incidentes, completando você mesmo os detalhes:

1. Passes, Por Favor!

Uma dupla de guardas da cidade, um Humano e um Meio-Orc, ambos usando uniformes negros e carregando uma alabarda, pára um dos Aventureiros e pede por seu passe de Dia Santo. Na verdade, isso não existe oficialmente; os guardas podem vender um passe por 200 Moedas de Ouro, se o Aventureiro desejar. Se ele não quiser, bem, uma briga irá avivar os guardas, afinal seu registro de prisões está mesmo baixo por hoje.

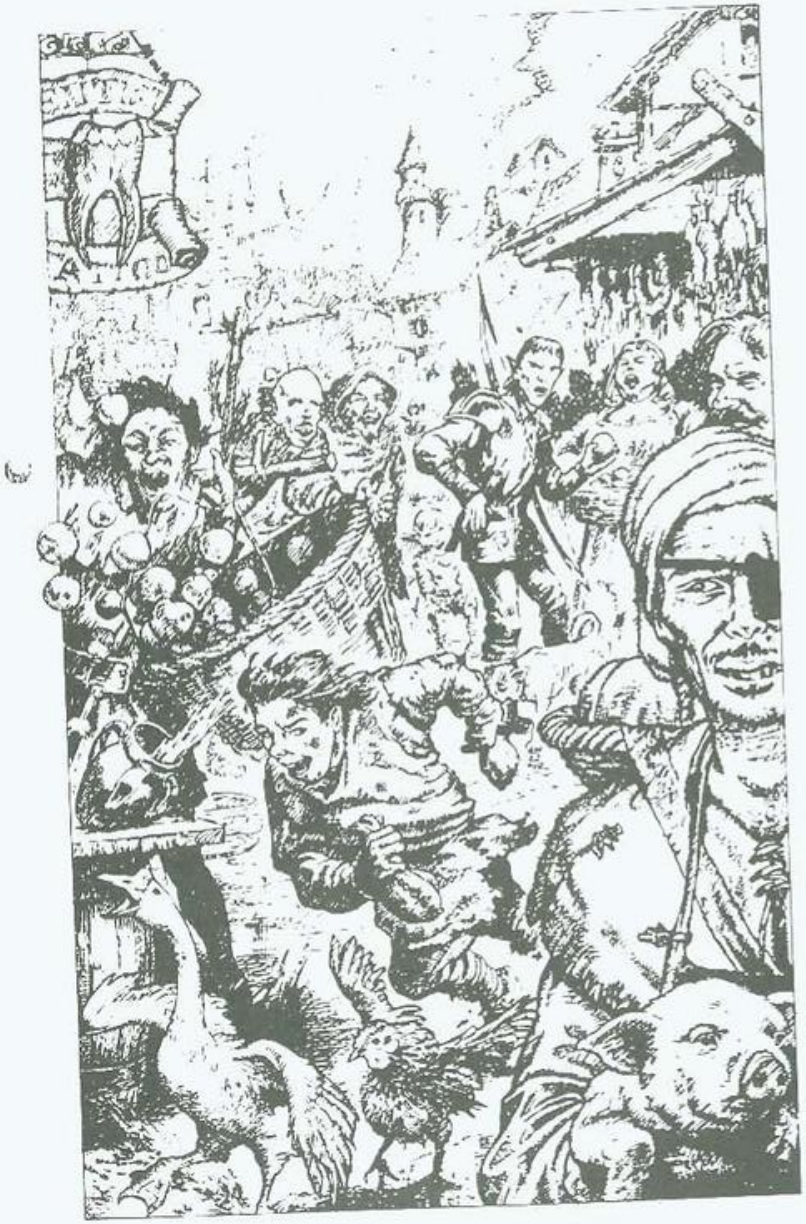

2. Pega Ladrão!

Numa rua do mercado repleta de gente, um dos Aventureiros (não o que tenha a habilidade de *Conscientização*), de repente sente uma mão se infiltrando em sua bolsa de cinto. O pequeno e esquelético batedor de carteiras corre como o diabo, esquivando-se em meio à multidão, até desaparecer numa esquina. Se os Aventureiros tentarem persegui-lo, vão ter muito trabalho para atravessar a multidão diária do mercado. Se eles virarem alguma mesa, ou derrubarem qualquer produto, poderão ter que pagar por eles, para acalmar a multidão. Ah, sim, o batedor de carteiras roubou 8 Moedas de Ouro.

3. Ei, Senhor!

Enquanto o grupo vagueia pelas ruas do Porto Blacksand, um dos Aventureiros sente um insistente puxar em seu cinto. É um moleque de rua, podendo ser tanto menino quanto menina, é difícil identificar. Há um pequeno cachorro, parecendo um rato, em seus calcanhares, e o que quer é uma moeda para comprar comida, o que se nota por sua mão estendida e pelo jeito com que sua outra mão aponta para a boca. Se o Aventureiro o afastar, ele imediatamente começará a gritar em alto e bom tom, acompanhado pelo frenético latir, igualmente alto, do cachorro. Os vendedores locais e lojistas terão alguma coisa a dizer, ao Aventureiro, sobre como tratar corretamente as crianças.

É claro que se o Aventureiro der uma moeda à criança, logo será parado por outra, e mais outra e mais outra, até uma verdadeira multidão de crianças, aparentemente famintas, andar atrás dele, com as mãos estendidas pedindo dinheiro! (Ao chegar a hora do chá, as crianças desaparecerão subitamente, como se nunca estivessem estado ali.)

4. Ei, Baixinho!

Use esse incidente se houver um Anão no grupo. Quando virarem uma esquina, uma dupla de humanos muito grandes e fortes, encostados numa parede, decide abusar do Anão por sua altura, fazendo piadas sobre precisar de saltos para coçar a cabeça, ser preso numa corrente e usado como colar, e assim por diante. Enquanto ninguém os ameaçar, continuarão a dizer essas e outras hilariantes gracinhas. Entretanto, estando desarmados, ao primeiro sinal de problemas, eles fugirão! (O incidente pode ser usado, com variações, para um Elfo, um guerreiro bárbaro ou qualquer outro que seja um pouco diferente.)

5. Cuidado Aí Embaixo!

Um balde cheio de coisas incrivelmente escorregadias e malcheirosas é jogado de uma das janelas, justo quando um dos Aventureiros está passando. O homem na janela olhará para baixo, fungará e lembrará que gritou um aviso, é bem verdade, antes de fechar a janela com força. O Aventureiro está completamente coberto com isso, e cheira extremamente mal. As pessoas começarão a olhá-lo esquisito e as crianças pequenas fugirão dele na rua. (Engraçado mesmo é que, quando o grupo descer aos esgotos, este personagem não precisará diminuir sua HABILIDADE em 1 ponto, pois já estará bem acostumado com o cheiro!)

Vá Para...

Quando escurecer, os Aventureiros seguirão seu caminho para o Porto da Lagosta. Vá direto para a Cena 6.

Cena 6 — Porto da Lagosta

Local

As docas do Porto Blacksand vivem em grande atividade durante o dia, com navios chegando de todos os cantos do mundo, trazendo mercadorias e passageiros. Entretanto, quando a noite cai, a população desaparece em suas choupanas e choças, nas tabernas, ou se encolhe num canto em algum beco. As únicas pessoas que se movimentam no escuro não planejam nada de bom ou são membros da guarda da cidade — podem ainda ser Aventureiros, procurando um jeito de descer aos esgotos, em perseguição a um feiticeiro encrenqueiro.

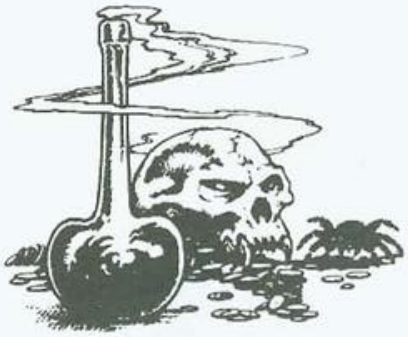

Grandes e graciosos navios piratas estão ancorados no porto. Alguns famosos, como *O Cisne Negro* e *O Peixe-Espada*, cujos nomes são mencionados com medo e respeito através dos doze mares de Titan. Mas seus desprezíveis capitães não são nem lembrados, pelo pavor de que a simples menção de seus nomes faça aparecer bucaneiros maus!

Próximo aos navios ficam pilhas de caixas e barris. Nossos Aventureiros escorregam entre eles, esperando escapar do olhar atento dos guardas da cidade, caso apareça algum. Pro-

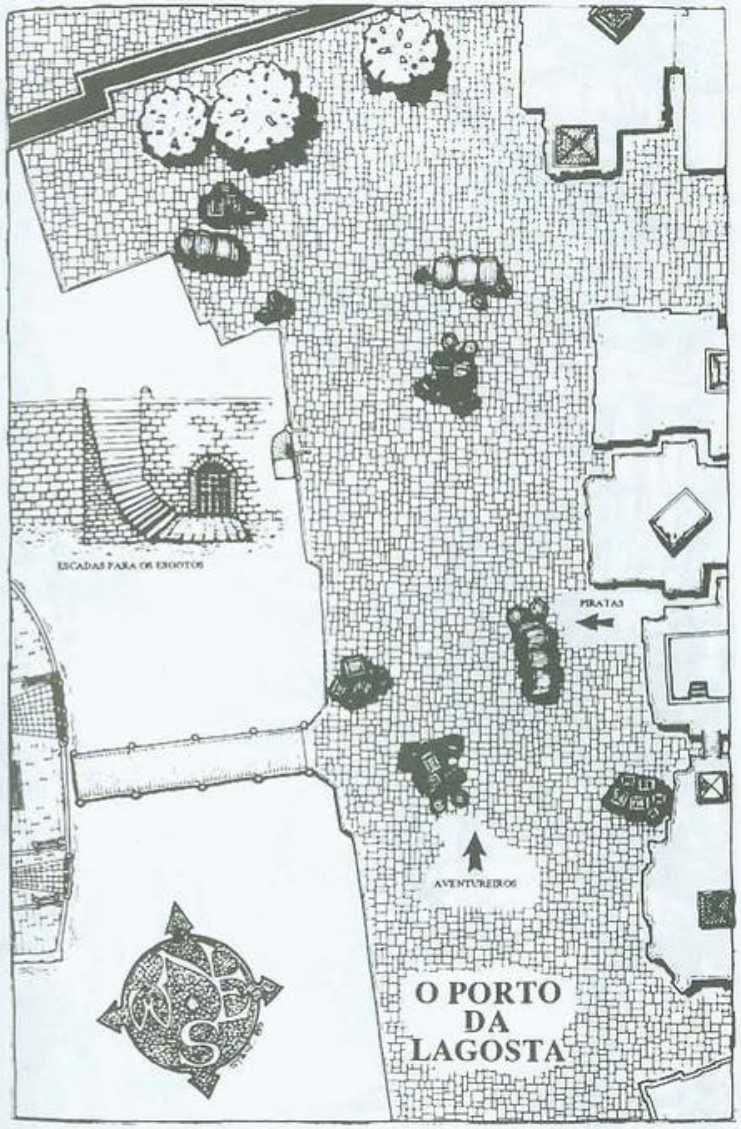

curam pelas comportas que Nicodemus disse ser o melhor caminho de entrada. Param de repente, vendo movimento à frente. Um pequeno grupo de pessoas, obviamente piratas, devido a suas roupas e jeito de andar, caminha cuidadosamente pelo porto; carregam, entre eles, dois grandes baús. Andam silenciosamente até alguns degraus no final das docas.

Nas águas do porto, uma cabeça escamada, com grandes olhos redondos, aparece na superfície e gesticula chamando os homens para a frente. Os piratas descem a escada. Há um barulho, quando um portão de ferro enferrujado abre e eles desaparecem de vista. Numa ruazinha que vai dar no porto, os Aventureiros podem ver um grupo parecido de figuras carregando mais dois baús.

Resumo da Trama

Os Aventureiros vêem alguns piratas entrando nos esgotos, guiados por Homens-Peixe. Eles podem escolher entre derrubar ou matar os piratas, e então se disfarçar de piratas ou segui-los a distância.

Lista de Personagens

Um grupo de Piratas — exatamente um, por Aventureiro. Eles não terão chance de falar nada, simplesmente andam de modo cambaleante e com passos largos, como se tivessem acabado de voltar de mares revoltos.

PIRATAS cada HABILIDADE 8 ENERGIA 10

Espada (cutelo)

Um Homem-Peixe. Essas criaturas são meio peixe e meio homem, como resultado de algumas experiências horríveis e loucas que um feiticeiro mal fez há muitos anos. Mas, dife-

rentemente dos Tritões, que são homens até a cintura e peixes daí à ponta do rabo. Os Homens-Peixe têm a cabeça e o corpo de um peixe grande, mas com braços e pernas finos e magros; todo o corpo é coberto por escamas amarelo-esverdeadas, e seus dedos e pés têm membranas.

Homens-Peixe podem respirar tanto ar quanto água, mas precisam manter suas peles úmidas. Falam de modo gorgolejante, como se cheios de água do mar. Tente falar enquanto gargareja ou sopra num tubo de borracha preso a uma garrafa d'água, e verá o que queremos dizer. Normalmente estão armados com tridentes e são inimigos hábeis, sobretudo na água. O Homem-Peixe não se envolve em nenhuma luta com os piratas.

Acessórios

Duas grandes e pesadas caixas, e um cheiro bem forte de peixe. Deixamos por sua conta a maneira de representar este último.

Ação!

Use o segmento, ou segmentos, que se apliquem às ações dos seus Aventureiros:

1. Os Piratas

Os Aventureiros não podem atacar o primeiro grupo de piratas sem que o segundo os veja; porém, uma vez que o primeiro grupo desapareça, emboscar o segundo grupo será fácil. Neste momento os Aventureiros têm três claras opções. (1)

Podem atacar o segundo grupo de piratas e então se passar por eles. (2) Podem seguir o segundo grupo, mantendo-os a vista. (3) Podem esperar até que os piratas tenham ido embora e só então entrar nos esgotos.

Se os Aventureiros escolherem atacar, haverá uma luta. Os piratas serão pegos de surpresa e ainda estarão carregando os baús quando forem emboscados. Por isso, os Aventureiros têm direito a um ataque sem oposição contra os piratas antes que os últimos possam sacar suas espadas. Depois disso, ocorrerá uma luta comum, com cada Aventureiro enfrentando um oponente armado com um cutelo (trate-o como uma Espada da Tabela de Danos da página 155). Uma vez tendo se livrado dos piratas, os Aventureiros poderão colocar os estranhos chapéus, pegar os cutelos, lenços ou tapa-olhos para completar seus disfarces improvisados, antes de entrarem nos esgotos.

2. Os Baús

Sendo curiosos e um tanto gananciosos, os Aventureiros podem querer saber o que há nos baús. (Quer dizer, eles podem abri-los e olhar, mas só depois que a luta terminar.) O primeiro contém várias ervas, temperos e animais mortos: exatamente o tipo de coisa que os feiticeiros usam em suas poções. O outro contém armas, espadas e punhais; alguém está obviamente estocando material para um pequeno exército.

3. O Homem-Peixe

Se os Aventureiros estiverem se passando por piratas, eles descerão as escadas carregando os baús. Quando estiverem fazendo isso, o Homem-Peixe aparecerá na água e acenará para eles. "Sigam-meee", gorgoleja para eles. "Coollloo-quemmm os baúús ondeee eeeuuu lhessss mostraaar e serão paaagoos coomooo prommeeetiido!"

Então, o Homem-Peixe segue pela passagem para dentro dos esgotos, olhando de vez em quando para trás a fim de certificar-se de que os Aventureiros o seguem.

Problemas?

Os Aventureiros podem ser tolos o bastante para atacar o primeiro grupo de piratas. Se fizerem isso, você deve cuidar da luta deste modo: na primeira série de ataque, os Aventureiros pegam os piratas de surpresa e têm um ataque sem oposição. Na segunda e terceira séries de ataque, o primeiro grupo de piratas luta normalmente com os Aventureiros, enquanto o segundo grupo larga seus baús e corre para eles. Na quarta série de ataque, o segundo grupo de piratas chega e cada Aventureiro deve lutar contra dois piratas ao mesmo tempo (a menos que já tenha matado seu primeiro oponente, tendo agora que confrontar o outro).

Vá Para...

Os Aventureiros descem para os esgotos, o Homem-Peixe andando à frente, fazendo um som de tapas quando as membranas de seus pés batem nas pedras molhadas. O cheiro se torna fétido, uma mistura de todos os cheiros ruins conhecidos no mundo. De agora em diante todos precisam diminuir 1 ponto de sua HABILIDADE e também de todas as suas Habilidades Especiais (a menos que algum dos Aventureiros tenha tido um encontro com alguma coisa nojenta vinda do céu! Veja na cena anterior). Enquanto prosseguem, mais Homens-Peixe aparecem, como vindos do nada, para escoltá-los e os Aventureiros são guiados para as profundezas abaixo do Porto Blacksand. Avance para os muitos horrores da Cena 7!

Cena 7 — Uma Centopéia Gigante

Local

No sistema de túneis sob a cidade, os Aventureiros andam numa longa calçada bem pavimentada, que segue a margem da água do esgoto. Os Homens-Peixe, se estiverem com os Aventureiros, ficarão na água, mas com suas cabeças acima da superfície (nenhum peixe que se preza respira a água dos esgotos do Porto Blacksand, a menos que seja absolutamente necessário!). No início, os Aventureiros pensarão que os esgotos do Porto Blacksand são extremamente bem construídos, mas qualquer um fazendo uma jogada bem-sucedida de *Conhecimento do Mundo* perceberá que estão andando pelas docas da antiga Carsepolis! As pessoas do Porto Blacksand simplesmente construíram sobre a antiga cidade, usando suas ruas esquecidas como seus esgotos.

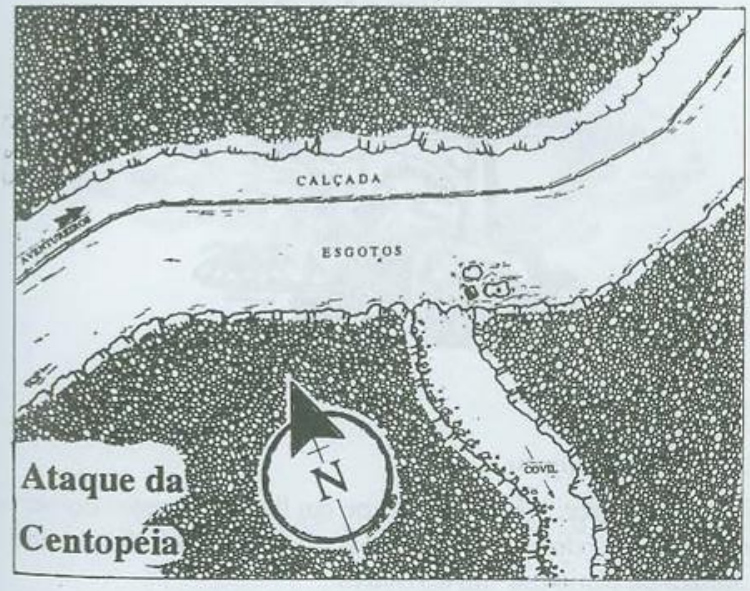

Embora seja bem escuro no túnel, há luz suficiente — vinda da entrada, de uma abertura ocasional no teto e de uma espécie de alga luminosa que decora as paredes — para que os Aventureiros vejam aonde estão indo sem precisarem usar lanternas. Personagens com *Visão no Escuro* não terão qualquer problema.

Resumo da Trama

Os Aventureiros encontram uma Centopéia Gigante nos túneis. O que acontece depende das escolhas feitas na última cena.

Lista de Personagens

5 Homens-Peixe. Não se preocupe em lhes dar nomes ou personalidades individuais — os Aventureiros não são mesmo capazes de distinguir um do outro.

Uma Centopéia Gigante, do tamanho de uma carruagem grande

CENTOPÉIA HABILIDADE 9 ENERGIA 20

Grande mordida

A pele da Centopéia é tão dura que todo dano é reduzido em 1 ponto (então, atingi-la causando-lhe a perda de 1 ponto não a fere em nada!).

Acessórios

Algo que faça um ruído alto para assustar os jogadores; um chocalho de madeira, como uma caixa de palitos de fósforo, funcionaria perfeitamente.

Ação!

Os Aventureiros (e os Homens-Peixe, se estiverem presentes) são alertados pelo alto ruído de estalo. À frente deles há um túnel lateral, o primeiro que os Aventureiros vêem, e fica na parede mais afastada do túnel. Deste túnel lateral surge a enorme cabeça de um inseto. Várias antenas estudam o túnel, ondulando e sondando à frente de sua dona, uma Centopéia Gigante. O barulho é produzido pela carapaça cheia de espinhos do enorme inseto. A centopéia ergue lentamente seu imenso corpo no meio do canal principal, coloca algumas patas na calçada e se vira no túnel, bloqueando totalmente a passagem.

O que vai acontecer neste momento depende da escolha feita pelos Aventureiros na cena anterior, se seguiram com os Homens-Peixe, ou preferiram manter alguma distância. Se estiveram seguindo a distância, eles terão que lutar com a Centopéia antes de continuarem.

Se os Aventureiros estiverem com uma escolta, os Homens-Peixe mostrarão como se livrar do monstro. Enquanto a Centopéia se aproxima, eles nadam, uns próximos aos outros, e batem as pontas de seus tridentes, fazendo um barulho muito

parecido com o da criatura. Deverá ocorrer aos Aventureiros, eventualmente, que a gigantesca criatura é praticamente cega; ela persegue a caça pelo som e através de suas longas e ondulantes antenas. Ouvindo o que parece ser a aproximação de outra de sua espécie, a Centopéia prefere não arriscar uma luta e volta lentamente para o túnel de onde veio.

Se os Aventureiros estiverem se fingindo de piratas, poderão passar livremente, com os Homens-Peixe, quando a Centopéia recuar. Se estiverem seguindo atrás dos Homens-Peixe e dos verdadeiros piratas, eles terão mais do que um problema. Com a "outra Centopéia" seguindo pelo túnel, a verdadeira decide avançar de novo (ela acha muito difícil andar para trás com todas aquelas pernas para coordenar) e se vira para o outro lado, na direção dos Aventureiros!

Os Aventureiros podem escolher entre lutar ou usar seus escudos para fazer barulho, como os Homens-Peixe. De qualquer jeito, terão que fazer um barulhão. Por agora, os Homens-Peixe e os piratas viraram uma esquina, mas podem muito bem ouvir a comoção atrás deles e perceber que estão sendo seguidos por intrusos. Não diga aos jogadores sobre esta possibilidade, deixe que descubram daqui a pouco.

A Centopéia luta detectando suas vítimas com suas antenas e então avançando sobre elas com suas mandíbulas gigantes. Em cada série de ataque, jogue os dados para ver qual dos Aventureiros que luta com a criatura é tocado por uma antena (Aventureiros na retaguarda, usando arcos ou feitiços, nunca são tocados) e faça a Centopéia dar-lhe uma mordida. Apesar de seu tamanho, o lento monstro só tem 1 Ataque. (Não se esqueça de que o cheiro dos esgotos diminuiu 1 ponto da HABILIDADE de quase todo mundo.)

Se o Aventureiro quiser, ele pode esquecer seu ataque e concentrar-se em fugir da antena. Para fazer isso, ele apenas usa sua Habilidade de *Esquivar-se* contra o ataque da Centopéia, somando o resultado de dois dados e comparando-o com os

pontos do ataque da Centopéia. Isso pode ajudar aos Aventureiros que deixaram cair suas armas e ao feiticeiro cuja habilidade de *Esquivar-se* é melhor que suas habilidades de combate!

Os Aventureiros também podem tentar cortar as antenas. Ao todo, há quatro delas; para atingir qualquer uma é preciso uma jogada contra a Habilidade Especial de arma, com uma penalidade de 3 pontos. Isso deve ser feito quando o Aventureiro não estiver sendo atacado, ou ele não será capaz de se defender. Um golpe numa antena irá, automaticamente, cortá-la, e a Centopéia irá guinchar de dor. Quando duas antenas forem cortadas, a Centopéia ficará com medo e recuará em seu túnel, indo embora.

Problemas?

Se os Aventureiros matarem a Centopéia, podem escolher investigar seu túnel. Para fazer isso, devem primeiro atravessar a nado o canal principal (nenhuma armadura pode ser usada ou eles afundarão; todas devem ser deixadas no caminho) e então, andar pelo canal lateral (ou nadar de novo, no caso de alguém pequeno como um Anão). Depois de uns 200 metros, eles alcançarão a área que a Centopéia usava como ninho e para dar a volta. O único tesouro encontrado serão alguns tridentes e uma pequena pilha de ossos humanóides, tudo que restou dos Homens-Peixe que a Centopéia comeu nas últimas semanas.

Vá Para...

Uma vez ultrapassados ou vencidos todos os perigos, o grupo poderá continuar pelo túnel. Se os Aventureiros estiverem se fingindo de piratas, vão direto para a Cena 9, senão, vão para a Cena 8.

Cena 8 — Capturados!

Local

Esta cena acontece em túneis muito parecidos com os da Cena 7, o caminho continua ao longo da água do esgoto ainda por algum tempo, virando e dando voltas em esquinas de vez em quando, aprofundando-se cada vez mais sob a cidade.

Resumo da Trama

Os Aventureiros são capturados pelos Homens-Peixe.

Lista de Personagens

Um grande número de Homens-Peixe, ao menos três para cada Aventureiro, todos eles armados com tridentes de aparência perigosa.

HOMENS-PEIXE cada HABILIDADE 7 ENERGIA 6
Tridente (como Lança)

Acessórios

Alguma coisa para cutucar os jogadores: de preferência um tridente, mas um garfo servirá (tente não se entusiasmar com objetos muito pontiagudos, ou provavelmente você se arrependerá).

Alguma coisa gordurosa e horrível para passar na sua mão antes de tocar os jogadores, simulando a pele dos Homens-Peixe ao emergir das águas do esgoto.

Uma grande rede para lançar sobre os jogadores. A rede plástica que é vendida em lojas de jardinagem, para afastar pássaros dos vegetais, servirá perfeitamente, embora você possa ter algum problema para mantê-la escondida de seus jogadores até o momento apropriado.

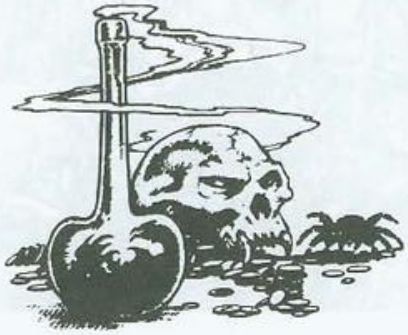

Ação!

Quando os Aventureiros avançam pelo túnel, uma grande rede cai do teto e os aprisiona. Não há nenhuma chance de detectá-la antes ou evitá-la. Imediatamente, um grande grupo de Homens-Peixe emerge das águas escuras do esgoto. Os Aventureiros são desarmados, amarrados com cordas e empurrados com as pontas afiadas dos tridentes. Os Homens-Peixe têm uma pele úmida e escamosa, que é gordurosa e horrível ao toque.

Uma vez tendo os Aventureiros bem presos, os Homens-Peixe forçam seus prisioneiros a ficar em pé e empurram-nos pelo túnel. Como a maioria dos Bandidos, eles ficam felizes em se exibir malignamente e contam aos Aventureiros por que eles foram capturados. Cada Homem-Peixe fará um comentário ou outro, não há um líder claro no grupo. (Por favor, acrescente seus próprios gorgulhos ao discurso, enquanto fala.)

"Ha! Pegar vocês, nós conseguimos. Urgle! Horríveis, odiados Secos! Fritá-los com farinha, nós iremos! Assim aprenderem vocês vão! Heh, heh, heh!"

"Não, não essa sorte vocês têm! Vocês vão para feiticeiro! Os Secos se merecem, sim, se merecem! Gloop! Lutar um com o outro todo o tempo. É isso que nós gostamos! Secos matando uns aos outros, então nós matamos o que sobrar! Heh, heh, heh! Sem mais Secos! Bom! Bom!"

Não é de surpreender que os Homens-Peixe tenham dificuldade em pronunciar o nome "Xortan Throg", mas os Aventureiros devem ser capazes de perceber, a partir de seu discurso, à presença de quem eles estão sendo levados. Os Homens-Peixe tentarão responder a qualquer pergunta, usando suas respostas para mais ditos gorgolejantes sobre os odiados Secos — e se autopromovendo um pouco também —, mas eles nada sabem dos planos do feiticeiro, exceto que planeja conquistar Porto Blacksand. Se perguntados sobre onde ele vive, simplesmente responderão: "Vocês vão descobrir logo, Secos, sim, vocês irão! Estamos levando vocês para lá, então não vão estar mais ansiosos para ir! Urgle!"

Problemas?

Os Aventureiros podem acreditar que têm uma chance de fugir desta situação. Ah, mas não se esqueça de que estão todos presos numa rede. Isso significa que suas habilidades estão *pela metade*. Eles terão que lutar com três Homens-Peixe ao mesmo tempo, sendo que os atacantes 2 e 3 farão ataques sem oposição por causa da rede restritiva. Então, é bom que pensem melhor sobre isso mas deixe que, quem quiser, faça uma tentativa inútil por uma rodada.

Vá Para...

Amarrados e desarmados, os Aventureiros seguem pelos túneis. Os Homens-Peixe andam atrás deles, cutucando-os com seus tridentes. A ação passa direto para a Cena 9.

Cena 9 — Um Oferecimento de Ajuda

Local

Enquanto os Aventureiros e seus guias ou captores Homens-Peixe (dependendo da situação) andam pelos túneis, eles passam por uma área aberta ao lado do caminho. O teto ali é sustentado por pilares. É como se as pessoas que construíram essa parte de Porto Blacksand pretendessem construir um porão aqui, ou talvez eles apenas não quisessem construir nesse local específico. Depois da área aberta, o túnel continua na escuridão, aprofundando-se sob a cidade.

Sala do Sargon

A alguma distância do túnel principal, a área aberta é bem escura. Estranhamente, nenhuma alga fluorescente cresce ali ou nas partes próximas ao túnel. Os Homens-Peixe falam

nervosamente em gorgulhos sussurrantes quando se aproximam da área (porém, se tiverem prisioneiros, não afastarão sua atenção deles por nenhum minuto).

Resumo da Trama

Um antigo fantasma aparece, assustando os Homens-Peixe. Ele oferece ajuda aos Aventureiros.

Lista de Personagens

Os Homens-Peixe, como antes.

Sargon, um sacerdote de Carsepolis, há muito tempo morto. Sendo um fantasma, Sargon fala com um sussurrar rouco; mas ele parece bem amigável, até mesmo feliz com a companhia. Além disso, suas maneiras são orgulhosas e transparecem liderança como se esperaria de um homem que já teve um alto cargo numa grande cidade como Carsepolis.

Acessórios

Um sopro de ar frio seria útil aqui. Se você estiver comandando este jogo durante o inverno, abra todas as janelas por um momento, quando o fantasma aparecer. Ou pode ligar um ventilador e apontá-lo para os jogadores por alguns segundos (mas cuidado para não fazer voar todos os papéis e etc).

Ação!

Essa cena também é dividida em segmentos; use apenas os que precisar, começando com o primeiro.

1. A Manifestação

Quando o grupo chega ao centro da área aberta, todos sentem um sopro de ar frio e um foco de luz branca e brilhante aparece entre os pilares. Os Homens-Peixe ficam bem apavorados com essa aparição repentina. Eles largam tudo que estão carregando, exceto os seus tridentes (então, se os Aventureiros foram capturados, podem reaver suas armas num instante) e fogem, nadando a grande velocidade. Eles estão tão assustados que até colocam suas cabeças debaixo d'água. Você vai esperar que os Aventureiros provem serem mais durões.

Lentamente a luz branca aumenta, diminuindo de intensidade enquanto se espalha, e uma figura toma forma. É um velho, ao que parece algum tipo de sacerdote, mas vestido com estranhas roupas que os Aventureiros nunca viram antes (algo semelhante a uma toga romana e a uma roupa de sacrifício asteca). "Boa noite", diz o fantasma calmamente, "com quem tenho a honra de falar?"

2. Conversa com um Fantasma

Presume-se que os Aventureiros sejam educados o bastante para se apresentar, mesmo com os dentes rangendo e os joelhos trêmulos. Em resposta o fantasma anuncia que é Sargon, um importante sacerdote da mais gloriosa das cidades, Carsepolis. Ele diz que foi morto durante o grande cerco de magia negra, que condenou sua alma a vagar por esses escuros e aborrecidos túneis por muitos séculos.

"É um prazer", continua, "ter homens vivos com quem conversar, em vez dessas horríveis e covardes coisas-peixe. Por favor, me dêem a honra de conversar um pouco comigo. Tenho certeza de que há uma razão muito interessante para sua presença neste local maldito e me daria um grande prazer ouvi-la."

Os Aventureiros podem conversar o quanto quiserem com Sargon. Na verdade, ele quer a ajuda deles por alguma razão, portanto, será aberto e amigável. Entretanto, há alguns pontos sobre os quais ele é "meio" sensível.

Se os Aventureiros perguntarem a qual deus ou deusa ele servia, Sargon responderá que era o Alto Sacerdote de Elim. É bem difícil que algum dos Aventureiros se lembre que deus é esse (jogada de Habilidade de *Conhecimento do Mundo* com penalidade de 5 pontos), fazendo Sargon reclamar sobre as mudanças ocorridas nos tempos atuais, porém, sem explicar mais nada — se ninguém conhece esse deus, então obviamente ele desertou Titan e não há razão para adorá-lo mais. (Sargon não está sendo completamente honesto aqui, ele não quer mesmo discutir seu deus. Se pressionado, usará a velha desculpa de não poder discutir os mistérios com os não-iniciados.)

Se alguns de seus jogadores andaram estudando profundamente as antigas lendas da Allansia (quer dizer, foram bem-

sucedidos na jogada!), eles podem se lembrar que Elim era parte de um trio muito antigo de divindades primitivas, adorado por uma raça de pessoas que foi dizimada durante a Guerra dos Feiticeiros. O nome Elim pode ser traduzido como "Escuridão", o que pode fazer os Aventureiros suspeitarem de Sargon. E devem mesmo, mas nesse momento Sargon está realmente do lado deles. De qualquer jeito, o sacerdote não discutirá sua religião com os Aventureiros e continuará tentando fazê-los falar de outras coisas. Veja *Titan* para mais informações sobre Elim.

Há duas coisas que Sargon *está* ansioso para discutir. A primeira, e mais óbvia, é como permitira que sua alma descanse em paz. Parece que os Aventureiros podem ajudá-lo. Aqui está sua explicação:

"Uma das relíquias sagradas de Carsepolis era um Cristal de Poder. Esse cristal possuía uma força de grande bondade e poder de cura, mas foi de pouco uso no cerco, porque nossos atacantes o conheciam e podiam rebater seus poderes sempre que tentávamos usá-lo. Quando parecia que a cidade estava a ponto de ser tomada, alguns de nós, sacerdotes, querendo preservar as relíquias das forças do Caos, jogamos o cristal, aos cuidados dos mares, no Oceano Oeste.

"Durante os infindáveis anos que vivi aqui, soube então, que fora encontrado. A Gente-Peixe o havia descoberto e levado para o antigo Templo de Hydana, o deus do mar. Nos tempos antigos, o templo ficava ao lado das docas, para que os marinheiros pudessem fazer suas oferendas antes de sair para o mar. Esse templo é bem perto daqui, só que não posso entrar lá. Ele é bem guardado pela Gente-Peixe, mas conheço uma entrada secreta. Se vocês puderem pegar o cristal e trazê-lo para mim, então minha alma ficará livre."

Sargon não revelará por que ele não pode entrar no Templo de Hydana (é por causa da diferença entre a bondade de Hydana e o mal de Elim). Os Aventureiros podem se oferecer para ajudar Sargon devido à bondade de seus corações, mas também vão querer saber o que Sargon pode fazer por eles, em troca. Felizmente, depois de saber sobre sua busca, ele estará ansioso para dizer-lhes:

"Xortran Throg, hein? Oh, eu o conheço, o jovem idiota! Sabem que ele se acredita descendente da família real de Carsepolis? E ele o é, de certo modo, mas só por uma provável ligação entre o último rei e uma serva, sobre a qual nada sabe. Desnecessário dizer que a linhagem real foi bastante diluída através dos séculos, mas sua família manteve viva a história de suas origens, e agora esse idiota procura recuperar o que ele considera 'sua' cidade. Ha! Ele tem planos bem grandiosos, está ocupado em levantar o maior número possível de cadáveres da antiga guarda real que encontrar e, com seu exército de esqueletos, pensa em atacar o palácio de Lord Azzur, pelos esgotos. Depois, sem dúvida, criará um verdadeiro exército e sairá para conquistar o mundo.

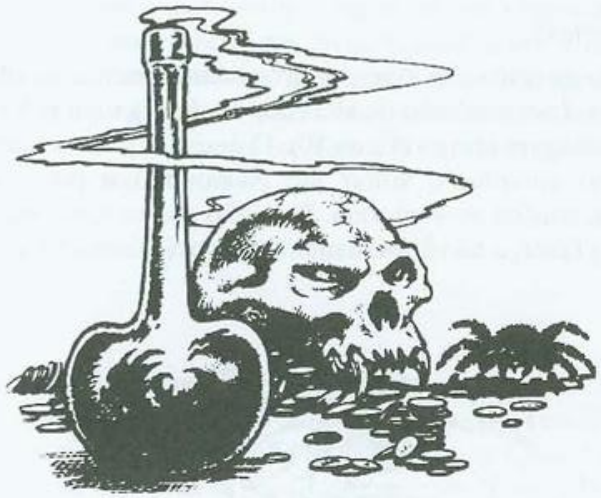

"Pah! Deixe um homem ter alguns feitiços em mente e ele já acha que pode fazer qualquer coisa! Ora, ele é um feiticeiro bastante bom, mas nunca será capaz de controlar um exército de mortos-vivos grande o suficiente para vencer Lord Azzur. E agora, é claro, parece que ele não vai ter nem chance de tentar, já que vocês, homens corajosos, vão acabar com ele. É claro que podem precisar de alguns conselhos e avisos. Eu posso lhes dizer como vencê-lo, e direi, se fizerem algo por mim, em troca."

Os Aventureiros podem perguntar por que Xortan Throg odeia Salamonis; e para essa pergunta receberão a seguinte resposta:

"Hum, provavelmente está apenas com ciúmes. Eu aposto que é a cidade mais poderosa do mundo hoje em dia, porque era apenas uma coleção de choupanas de barro cercadas por muralhas quando eu era vivo. É a cidade que ele terá de vencer, se quiser conquistar Allansia e colocar todos sob seu maldoso comando etc.; então, não estou nem um pouco surpreso que ele já esteja ocupado com sua gente."

Problemas?

Não se assuste se os Aventureiros recusarem um acordo com Sargon. Eles mudarão de idéia depois de vagarem pelos esgotos por algum tempo (Cena 10). O que eles podem querer fazer, no entanto, é voltar até Nicodemus e perguntar se podem confiar no fantasma. Essa não é uma coisa muito heróica a fazer, e há várias maneiras de você dissuadi-los disso.

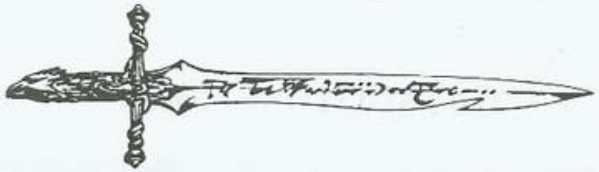

Primeiro, lembre-os sobre o que Nicodemus disse sobre o tempo ser importante: quanto maior o atraso, mais tempo Xortan Throg terá para preparar seu ataque e afastar a menor chance que tenham de ser bem-sucedidos em sua missão. Se ainda quiserem voltar, eles terão que passar pela Centopéia Gigante, e terão que sair em Porto Blacksand. Coincidentemente, um grupo de guardas Troll da cidade estará sentado nas docas, discutindo os méritos das diversas partes da anatomia dos Gnomos e como cada uma delas pode ser cozida.

Se os Aventureiros conseguirem passar (um Troll por Aventureiro, HABILIDADE 9, ENERGIA 9, armado com Espada) ou esperarem os Trolls irem embora, você pode muito bem deixar que voltem até Nicodemus. Ele não ficará feliz em ser acordado; não sabe nada sobre Sargon (embora saiba quem Elim é) e dará um sermão nos Aventureiros sobre a necessidade de se agirem rápido. O fantasma é a melhor oportunidade que eles têm; a menos que consigam um plano melhor; por que não continuam e *fazem* algo, em vez de impedi-lo de ter o descanso necessário?

Vá Para...

Se os Aventureiros aceitarem a barganha de Sargon, ele os instruirá sobre como achar a entrada secreta do Templo de Hydana (veja o mapa na Cena 11). Vá para a Cena 11. Se eles decidirem que podem lidar sozinhos com Xortan Throg, vá para a Cena 10.

Cena 10 — Perdidos nos Esgotos

Local

O mapa mostra os vários túneis de esgotos além da área assombrada por Sargon. Note que nem todos os túneis têm um caminho, é claro. Os Aventureiros devem passar, com a suja e fedorenta água do esgoto pela cintura (no caso de um Anão, pelo pescoço!) em muitos deles. Onde um caminho acaba, simplesmente se inclina para dentro d'água.

Há vários lugares onde os túneis se comunicam com o resto do sistema de esgoto de Porto Blacksand. A razão para marcar um caminho sem saída é porque sem teto torna-se tão baixo que encontra a água. Os Aventureiros estão convidados a nadar através dela, mas os esgotos não são as águas mais saudáveis para se mergulhar. Você deve enfatizar bem o formato de labirinto dos túneis e também suas péssimas condições.

Dois locais especiais estão marcados. Um é o Templo de Hydana (veja a Cena 11, para mais informações). Há duas entradas, a secreta, que Sargon conhece, mas que os Aventureiros não podem encontrar sem ajuda, e a principal, que leva para uma sala cheia de guardas Homens-Peixe.

O outro local especial é a rota para os domínios de Xortan Throg. É difícil que os Aventureiros o achem sem a ajuda de Sargon, porque está muito bem escondido. O que eles têm que fazer é ir até o fim da trilha, além da entrada, e voltar através da água, que logo chega à altura do pescoço, até onde a entrada está indicada. Esse é um túnel que passa por debaixo da trilha (é por isso que os Aventureiros não podem vê-lo do caminho). De novo a água está na altura do pescoço (na testa, para um Anão!), mas o túnel é recortado por passagens de ar quando a maré está baixa.

Resumo da Trama

Tendo recusado a ajuda de Sargon, os Aventureiros vagueiam pelos esgotos, tentando achar Xortan Throg. Eles encontram várias criaturas que habitam esses escuros e silenciosos túneis. Logo, eles começam a se sentir muito miseráveis.

Lista de Personagens

Vários monstros errantes estão disponíveis. Quando você precisar de um, simplesmente jogue um dado e escolha na lista abaixo, de acordo com o resultado. Todas as criaturas podem ser encontradas mais de uma vez, com exceção do Monstro de Tentáculos (se o dado der 6 uma segunda vez, jogue de novo).

(1) RATOS GIGANTES: 2 por Aventureiro,
cada HABILIDADE 5 ENERGIA 4

Pequena mordida

(2) CROCODILOS: Um para cada 2 Aventureiros,
cada HABILIDADE 7 ENERGIA 7

2 Ataques, Grande mordida

(3) Patrulha de HOMENS-PEIXE: 3 Homens-Peixe,
cada um com HABILIDADE 7 ENERGIA 6

Tridente (trate como Lança)

(4) RATOS HUMANOS: 4 desses mutantes meio rato/meio humano, HABILIDADE 5 ENERGIA 6

Pequena mordida

(5) SAPOS GIGANTES: 1-3 Sapos fazem emboscadas na água do esgoto, HABILIDADE 5 ENERGIA 7

língua envenenada faz 4 pontos de dano

(6) Um desconhecido MONSTRO DE TENTÁCULOS: um desses raros e horrendos monstros que fazem emboscadas próximo à superfície. Tem HABILIDADE 8 ENERGIA 10

3 Ataques

Uma vez que acertem alguém, seus tentáculos continuarão a infringir, 1 ponto de dano até que a criatura esteja morta (ela ainda pode se defender de ataques, mas se for bem-sucedida, causará a perda de apenas mais 1 ponto de ENERGIA devido ao "abraço esmagador" do tentáculo).

Acessórios

Se os Aventureiros decidirem vagar pelas águas do esgoto, você sempre pode dizer-lhes que tomem um banho com suas roupas (sim, nós sabemos que isso vai causar uma confusão. Pelo menos não sugerimos que você esvazie a lata de lixo no chuveiro ou os faça rolar no jardim, primeiro). É claro que eles vão se recusar a fazer isso (e terão toda razão!), mas você deve passar a idéia de quão desagradável o lugar é.

Ação!

Os Aventureiros vaguearão alegremente por algum tempo. Quando começar a parecer que estão se aborrecendo, introduza um monstro errante. No começo você deve fazer com que seja fácil, lançando o inimigo através do túnel, na direção deles; mas quanto mais demorarem, mais horrível deverá ser o encontro. Se eles estiverem se tornando uns chatos completos e se recusando a cumprir sua missão, espere até que estejam andando pela água e surpreenda-os com o Monstro de Tentáculos. Isso deve terminar o jogo, ou pelo menos esta cena.

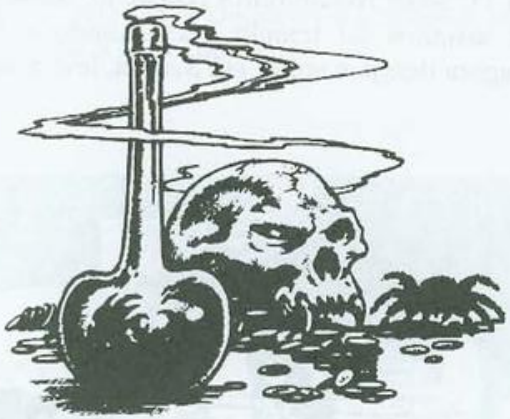

Problemas?

São os Aventureiros que estão com problemas, não você; eles escolheram fazer as coisas desse modo. Se eles parecerem infelizes, lembre-os de que Sargon ofereceu ajuda, espere que eles reconsiderem e voltem a ele pedindo, enfim, sua ajuda.

Se os Aventureiros realmente se perderem (porque não podem mapear corretamente os túneis), sugira que andem em direção às áreas brilhantes (a luz da lua no portão das docas) e, quando eles perguntarem pela direção, mande-os direto de volta a Sargon.

Vá Para...

Há dois finais possíveis para esta cena. No primeiro, os Aventureiros voltam até Sargon e lhe perguntam o caminho. Ele os orientará para a entrada secreta do Templo de Hydana. No segundo eles podem chegar ao templo acidentalmente. A menos que os Aventureiros já tenham encontrado os habitantes do templo (aí eles ainda estarão perdidos!) vá para a Cena 11. Se os Aventureiros realmente conseguiram resolver os assuntos do templo, recuperando o Cristal do Poder, e agora desejam voltar até Sargon, leve a ação para a Cena 12.

Cena 11 — O Templo de Hydana

Local

O antigo Templo de Hydana, em Carsepolis, foi construído ao lado das docas, para que os marinheiros pudessem fazer suas oferendas ao deus do mar, antes de viajarem para o temido noroeste do Oceano Oeste. Grande parte do templo foi demolida e reconstruída pelos habitantes de Blacksand, mas duas salas ficaram: o salão principal e a ante-sala.

O templo agora é usado pelos Homens-Peixe, para quem Hydana é o supremo, se não o único, deus. A maioria dos outros deuses é encarada como má porque eles se apresentam como um "Seco"; e os Homens-Peixe reservam um desprezo especial por Glantanka, a Deusa do Sol, a quem chamam de Quuosshreeggaa, a Ladra de Água.

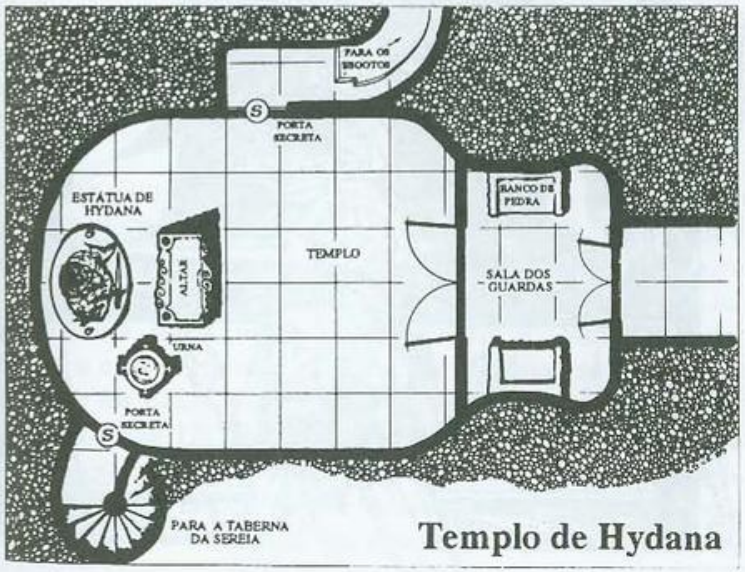

Templo de Hydana

A ante-sala que não possui móveis, exceto o par de bancos de pedra colocados ao longo das paredes. mas é belamente decorada com mosaicos de azulejo, mostrando motivos de golfinhos e algas marinhas. Está permanentemente ocupada por uma pequena força de guerreiros Homens-Peixe, cujo dever é proteger o templo, e seu sacerdote, dos intrusos e dos terríveis monstros que erram pelos esgotos. Como o templo é um lugar muito sagrado para os Homens-Peixe, esses guardas lutarão com uma ferocidade fanática.

O templo principal também não tem móveis, exceto a grande estátua de Hydana no seu canto mais afastado e o altar a sua frente, onde fica o pedestal do Cristal do Poder. A estátua tem quase 2 metros de altura; representa Hydana numa pose típica, ereto, com o rabo curvado sob si mesmo e segurando sua rede e seu tridente. O cristal é feito de uma substância opaca, parecida com quartzo, e tem cerca de vinte centímetros de altura por dez de comprimento, cortado e facetado como um diamante valioso. Está colocado num pedestal especial de ouro, mas não está preso a ele. Cálices de ouro ficam nas duas pontas do altar e em ambos os lados da estátua. Próximo à estátua, há uma grande urna contendo água do mar limpa.

Na base da estátua encontra-se uma grande e ornamentada espada, outra relíquia dos templos de Carsepolis. Essa arma é mágica e confere um bônus de + 2 pontos para HABILIDADE ou Habilidade Especial em *Espada* para qualquer um que lutar com ela. Infelizmente, ficou submersa por muitas décadas e agora está um pouco enferrujada: a lâmina se partirá em duas, se for usada, a menos que algo seja feito para consertá-la (veja Cena 12). Você pode dizer aos Aventureiros que a lâmina está um pouco suja e manchada de pó. A fraqueza da lâmina só será notada se eles examinarem a espada cuidadosamente e fizerem uma jogada bem-sucedida de *Espada* ou HABILIDADE.

Embora os Homens-Peixe preferissem inundar as salas do templo, eles acreditam que seria um sacrilégio profanar a casa de Hydana com a imunda água do esgoto do Porto Blacksand. Por isso, mantêm o templo seco, mas lavam o chão regularmente com água do mar limpa, que trazem do fundo do oceano. Durante as cerimônias no templo, o sacerdote também unta os adoradores com água do mar.

Há mais duas entradas para o templo. Uma é a entrada secreta que Sargon indicou para os Aventureiros. Do lado da passagem, ela parece ser uma porta normal, mas na verdade é uma simples laje de pedra, com dobradiças em apenas um dos lados. Não pode ser detectada pelo lado de dentro do templo, a menos que se saiba que ela existe.

A outra entrada, também escondida e difícil de ser encontrada pelos Aventureiros, leva aos porões da infame Taberna da Sereia, no Portão do Tecelão do Porto Blacksand. Os malvados donos desta estalagem fizeram um pacto com os Homens-Peixe: fregueses descuidados que caem no sono depois de muitas canecas da forte cerveja, podem muito bem só acordar na hora de se virem sendo sacrificados a Hydana.

Resumo da Trama

Os Aventureiros entram no templo, possivelmente lutando com alguns Homens-Peixe, e — esperamos — conseguindo o Cristal do Poder.

Lista de Personagens

Guardas Homens-Peixe, dois para cada Aventureiro. Eles são a elite das tropas dos Homens-Peixe e, como foi dito antes, fanaticamente corajosos, então, eles são um pouco mais durões do que os guerreiros Homens-Peixe normais.

GUARDAS HOMENS-PEIXE,
cada HABILIDADE 8 ENERGIA 7
Tridente (como Lança)

O Sacerdote Homem-peixe também está presente; ele é um péssimo lutador, mas sabe vários feitiços que você pode preferir usar:

SACERDOTE HOMEM-PEIXE
HABILIDADE 4 ENERGIA 6
Mãos (como Punhal)
Habilidade de Magia 10, feitiços: P.E.S., Rajada de Fogo, Sono, Energia, Fraqueza

Acessórios

Alguns cálices (de ouro seria ótimo, latão serve, ou use plástico, se estiver desesperado). Uma grande pedra ou um pedaço de vidro (um peso de papéis?). Uma espada, que pode ser de plástico, mas tem que parecer esplêndida!

Ação!

O que acontece nessa cena depende muito de como os Aventureiros entram na área do templo. Se vierem pela porta principal, eles não terão outra opção além de lutar primeiro com os guardas Homens-Peixe. Se vierem pela entrada secre-

ta, terão a chance de matar o sacerdote, pegar o cristal e sair sem alertar os guardas.

1. O Sacerdote

Se os Aventureiros entrarem pela porta secreta, pegarão o sacerdote de surpresa. Ele está ocupado, rezando em frente ao altar, vestido com um longo manto de linho, enfeitado com algas e pequenas conchas. Eles têm duas séries de ataque para fazer algo antes que ele alerte os guardas. Na primeira série, ele levantará os olhos de peixe, arregalados de surpresa. Na segunda, o sacerdote correrá e se esconderá atrás da urna de água. Na terceira, começará a usar seus feitiços e gritará pelos guardas. Na quarta, a porta principal se abrirá e os guardas aparecerão. Além de lançar feitiços, o sacerdote jogará toda a espécie de maldições em nome de Hydana sobre os Aventureiros: que suas peles sequem, que sua água seja envenenada por ervas daninhas, que suas esposas sejam levadas por tubarões, e assim por diante (temos certeza de que você pode inventar maldições ainda piores para ele).

2. Os Guardas

Essa é uma luta padrão, com cada Aventureiro tendo que enfrentar dois Homens-Peixe ao mesmo tempo. Se o sacerdote ainda estiver vivo, alguns Aventureiros precisarão enfrentar três Homens-Peixe, enquanto outro grupo acaba com o sacerdote, impedindo-o, assim, de continuar lançando feitiços (especialmente *Sono*, que pode ser desastroso para eles).

3. A Espada

Algum idiota esperto pode ter a idéia de agarrar a espada e usá-la. Se ele pedir para examiná-la antes, diga-lhe que ela parece um pouco manchada e enferrujada. Se entrar direto na luta com ela, bem, na primeira vez que ele fizer um ataque bem-sucedido, adeus uma espada mágica — ela simplesmente se partirá em mil pedaços!

4. O Cristal do Poder

O cristal é um artefato mágico, muito poderoso, mas nenhum dos Aventureiros saberá como usá-lo, então não lhes será de muita ajuda. Se eles tentarem alguma coisa com ele, você deve observar que os detalhes de sua operação são explicados por Sargon, na Cena 12.

5. Revistando o Templo

Seria de se esperar que ocorresse a algum dos Aventureiros que roubar objetos de templos não é uma coisa muito bonita; afinal eles deveriam *ser* os mocinhos, e esse é o templo de uma divindade ostensivamente boa. Bem, é claro, que o cristal e a espada não pertencem realmente a Hydana, e, de qualquer modo, ele sabe que serão usados para um bom propósito, então, não se importará de eles serem levados. Se os Aventureiros tentarem levar os cálices de ouro também, ele não ficará tão satisfeito.

Se um Aventureiro pegar um cálice com a intenção de roubá-lo, os olhos da estátua começarão a ficar vermelhos. Diga ao Aventureiro que está em melhor posição para notar isso e deixe que ele avise aos outros. Se os Aventureiros insistirem em tentar roubar o ouro, então três outras coisas acontecerão. Primeiro, as entradas secretas se trancarão. Depois, água começará a escorrer da urna numa alarmante (e quase

impossível) quantidade. Terceiro, os guardas, ou um grupo semelhante de Homens-Peixe, se os guardas já estiverem mortos, aparecerão na porta principal, prontos para combate. Se os Aventureiros largarem o ouro e correrem para a entrada secreta, Hydana destrancará a porta e permitirá que fujam. Senão, terão que lutar com os Homens-Peixe.

Lutar na água é um problema para os Aventureiros. A luta nas três primeiras séries de ataque será com água pelos joelhos e eles terão uma penalidade de 2 pontos deduzidos de sua HABILIDADE e Habilidade Especial de combate. Pelas próximas três séries, a água terá chegado a seus peitos e a penalidade subirá para 4 pontos. As três séries de ataque seguintes serão com água na altura de seus pescoços e a penalidade subirá para 6 pontos. Da décima série de ataque em diante, eles estarão nadando e a penalidade será de 8 pontos; lutar enquanto se nada é mesmo muito difícil. Lembre-se de que um Anão é bem mais baixo do que os outros. Quando eles estiverem com água pelos joelhos, ele a terá na cintura; quando os outros estiverem com água pela cintura, ele a terá no pescoço e quando ela estiver na altura do pescoço, o Anão estará nadando. Os Homens-Peixe estão em casa, tanto na água quanto em terra, e não sofrem nenhuma penalidade.

Problemas?

Os Aventureiros podem conseguir achar a porta para os porões da Taberna da Sereia. Se eles a abrirem, diga-lhes que há uma escada de pedra empoeirada levando para cima e

sons abafados de festança. As escadas levam a um alçapão e depois ao porão — facilmente reconhecido como um porão de bar por causa dos vários barris de cerveja, é claro —, e os sons de festa estão ainda mais altos.

Se os Aventureiros insistirem na investigação e saírem do porão, jogue-os diretamente no meio de uma briga de bar (use a da Cena 3, de novo). Se ainda estiverem em pé depois disso, faça a guarda da cidade chegar para investigar o tumulto. A qualquer Aventureiro, que sobreviver a tudo isso, deve ser permitido que volte aos esgotos para continuar sua busca.

Você deve ter percebido, por ora, que há meios de os Aventureiros falharem em sua busca. Ficar terrivelmente perdidos nos esgotos é uma grande possibilidade; roubar o ouro de Hydana e entrar na Taverna da Sereia são outras. Ainda é a intenção geral que os Aventureiros sejam bem-sucedidos, e é por isso que eles recebem todos os avisos possíveis quando as coisas estão indo mal; mas se tornarmos suas vidas muito fáceis, eles podem achar que conseguem qualquer coisa. Sua responsabilidade como Mestre é sempre fazer todo o possível (ou seja, com ordens honestas) para encorajá-los a se comportar de modo sensato e heróico. Se todos os seus melhores esforços falharem, então talvez você tenha que abandoná-los a uma morte miserável e esperar que assim aprendam a ser mais heróicos da próxima vez.

Vá Para...

Acreditando que tudo está indo de acordo com os planos, os Aventureiros devem seguir direto de volta a Sargon com o cristal e, nesse caso, vá para a Cena 12. Se eles ainda estão sendo espertos e querem continuar vagando nos esgotos, volte à Cena 10.

Cena 12 — Libertando o Espírito

Local

A área de Sargon, no túnel dos esgotos, de novo; veja a descrição na Cena 9, se ninguém lembrar mais.

Resumo da Trama

Sargon volta à vida, mas mantém seu acordo com os Aventureiros e conta-lhes como achar e matar Xortan Throg.

Lista de Personagens

Sargon, até recentemente um fantasma, descrito antes. Ele aparece agora numa versão mais sólida que a visão transparente que costumava ser.

SARGON HABILIDADE 10 ENERGIA 12

Habilidade de Magia 29, feitiços: Barata Contrafeitiço, Escuridão, Morte, Teleporte, Fraqueza
(e muitos outros que ele não vai precisar)

Acessórios

Use de novo o que tiver usado para representar o Cristal do Poder, na cena anterior.

Ação!

Sargon não dirá nada aos Aventureiros até que permitam que ele toque no cristal. Ele promete que ainda estará lá para lhes dar a informação. Quando toca o cristal, algo inesperado acontece: seu corpo se solidifica e toma cor. Em poucos segundos, um Sargon vivo está de pé em frente aos

Aventureiros. Ele fala, completamente feliz com sua transformação:

"Ah, assim é melhor. É bom ver que ainda funciona perfeitamente depois de todos esses anos!

"Hum, posso ver, por suas expressões, que estão um tanto quanto surpresos com minha ressurreição. Eu confesso que lhes disse uma pequena mentira, meus amigos, por temer que não me trouxessem o cristal, se soubessem o que ele faria por mim. Ainda assim, ganhei minha parte na barganha, então, agora vocês devem receber a sua. Acordo é acordo. Então, isso é o que vocês precisam saber..."

Primeiro, Sargon indica o caminho pelos túneis até o domínio de Xortan Throg. (Ele foi dado na descrição do local, na Cena 10.) Depois, ele continua contando como os Aventureiros podem passar pelas defesas mágicas do feiticeiro:

"Esse cristal, que carregam, é um artefato muito poderoso, como nunca viram antes. Uma de suas propriedades é refletir um feitiço de volta a seu feiticeiro. Levem o cristal com vocês, mas mantenham-no bem escondido para que seu inimigo não suspeite que o têm. Ele pode ter ouvido falar do cristal e conhece

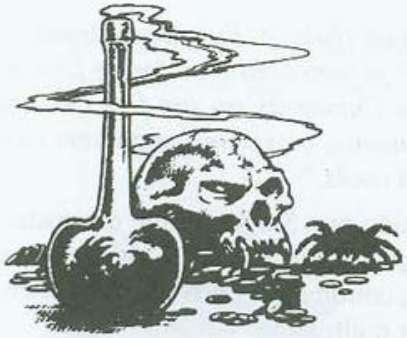

seus poderes. Quando o encontrarem, desafiem-no a jogar seu mais forte feitiço contra vocês. Digam-lhe que simplesmente não acreditam que ele possa lançar um Feitiço de Morte ou algo assim. Sim, sim, eu sei que é um curso de ação muito perigoso, mas é o que deve ser feito se quiserem vencê-lo.

"Quando ele lançar o feitiço sobre vocês, como certamente o fará, descubram o cristal e o segurem a sua frente. O feitiço será refletido de volta e ele morrerá. Mas, cuidado! Como eu, sua sombra será condenada a vagar pelas ruínas de Carsepolis. Vocês devem guardar o cristal com cuidado por que, se o fantasma conseguir tocá-lo novamente, ele voltará à vida, exatamente como eu."

Os Aventureiros podem imaginar, a partir disso, que Sargon deve ter lançado um Feitiço de *Morte* em alguém que carregava o cristal. Se eles o interrogarem agora, ele ficará um tanto desapontado e então dirá:

"Muito esperto da parte de vocês, e bem correto. Entretanto, isso aconteceu há 300 anos e tem pouco interesse para tão jovens aventureiros. Eu não indagaria mais se fosse vocês."

Se os Aventureiros tiverem sido educados com Sargon, isto é, não o tiverem atacado para conseguir a informação sem libertá-lo, ele lhes fará mais um favor (mas apenas se os Aventureiros tiverem a espada com eles):

"Eu vejo que tiveram o bom senso de também resgatar a espa-

da do Templo de Hydana. Eu mesmo deveria ter pensado nisso. Sabem, ela já pertenceu ao Príncipe Erechion da casa real que governava Carsepolis em sua fase de ouro. Está em mal estado no momento, mas se me permitirem tocá-la, restaurarei sua força para vocês."

Se for permitido que Sargon toque a espada, ela recuperará sua força magicamente, e poderá ser usada para lutar da maneira comum, continuando a dar seu bônus encantado de HABILIDADE por muitos anos ainda.

Tendo completado a barganha, Sargon se despede dos Aventureiros com essas palavras:

"Foi um prazer negociar com vocês, jovens. Foram justos comigo, e, tanto quanto sei, fui justo com vocês. Entretanto, tenho trabalho a fazer e, depois de 300 anos, estou meio atrasado, como podem imaginar. Adeus! Até nosso próximo encontro! Adeus!" Assim dizendo, Sargon levanta os braços. Quando os abaixa de novo, uma escuridão sobrenatural desce de repente sobre os túneis. A claridade ressurge lentamente, como uma névoa se dissipando com a brisa, e, quando podem enxergar novamente, Sargon desapareceu. Não há qualquer sinal de sua passagem.

Problemas?

Os Aventureiros podem tentar atacar Sargon. Se ele não tiver dado a informação que eles precisam, tentará esquivar-se e pedir que parem, mas desaparecerá se os Aventureiros estiverem próximos o bastante para feri-lo. Se já tiver dado a informação, ele desaparecerá como planejado.

Vá Para...

Os Aventureiros seguem as indicações de Sargon, passando outra vez pela água do esgoto. Agora seus sentidos já se acostumaram com o cheiro e eles não precisam mais da dedução de 1 ponto em suas HABILIDADES e Habilidades Especiais (restaure-as agora). Finalmente o túnel por onde estão andando começa a subir suavemente e eles saem em terra seca, na Cena 13.

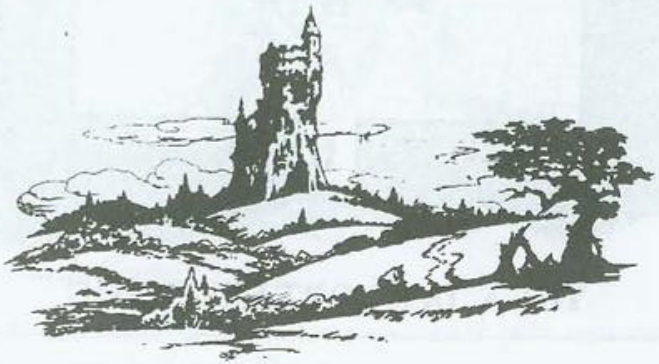

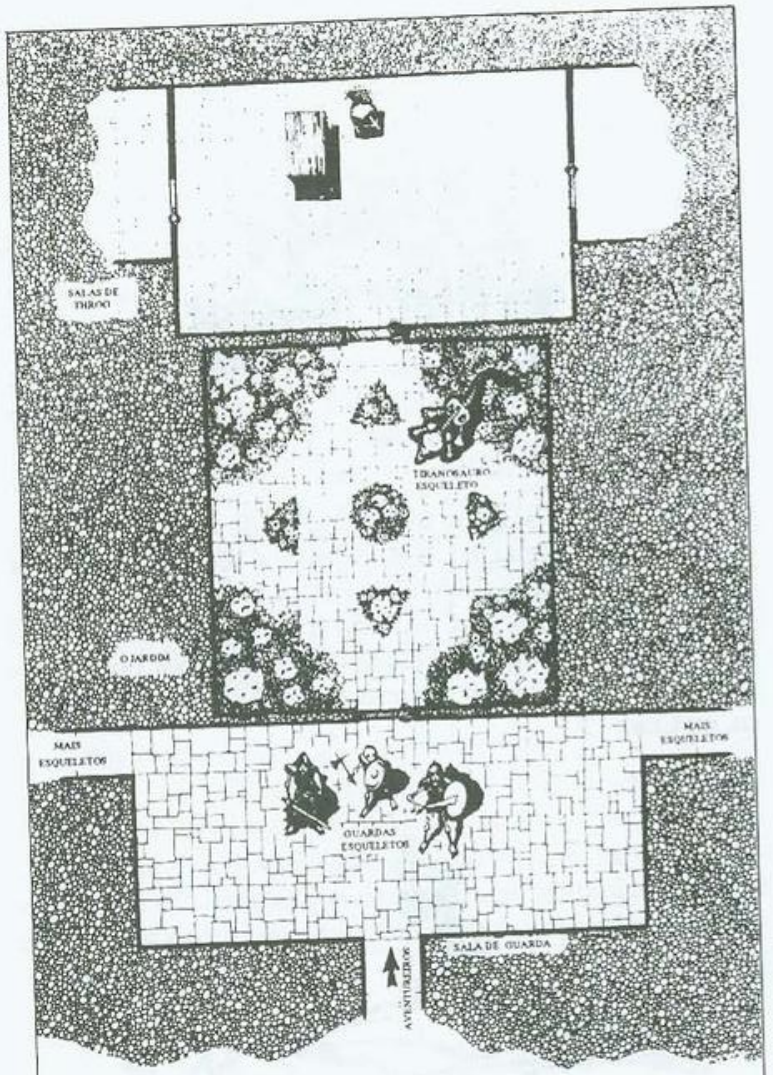

TOCA DO XORTAN THROG

Cena 13 — As Legiões de Carsepolis

Local

Saindo dos túneis dos esgotos, os Aventureiros chegam a uma área aberta. Dos dois lados há portões abertos, flanqueados por pilares, levando a outras passagens. Em frente a eles há uma esplêndida passagem, também flanqueada por pilares. Embora não haja como os Aventureiros saberem disso, eles estão no portão principal da barricada militar da antiga Carsepolis (toda a área, como em grande parte de Carsepolis, tem arquitetura e desenho romanos, se precisar imaginá-la em sua cabeça. É claro que os Aventureiros não têm a menor idéia do que significa "romano", mas seus jogadores podem saber).

Alinhados em frente à passagem há vários esqueletos de guardas há muito mortos (existem dois para cada Aventureiro presente, menos um). Mas como é que as pilhas de ossos mantêm cada osso em seu devido lugar? E como pode ser que suas armaduras estando velhas e enferrujadas, suas espadas sejam novas e brilhantes? Certamente eles não são...

Resumo da Trama

Os Aventureiros devem lutar para passar pelo exército de mortos-vivos de Xortan Throg.

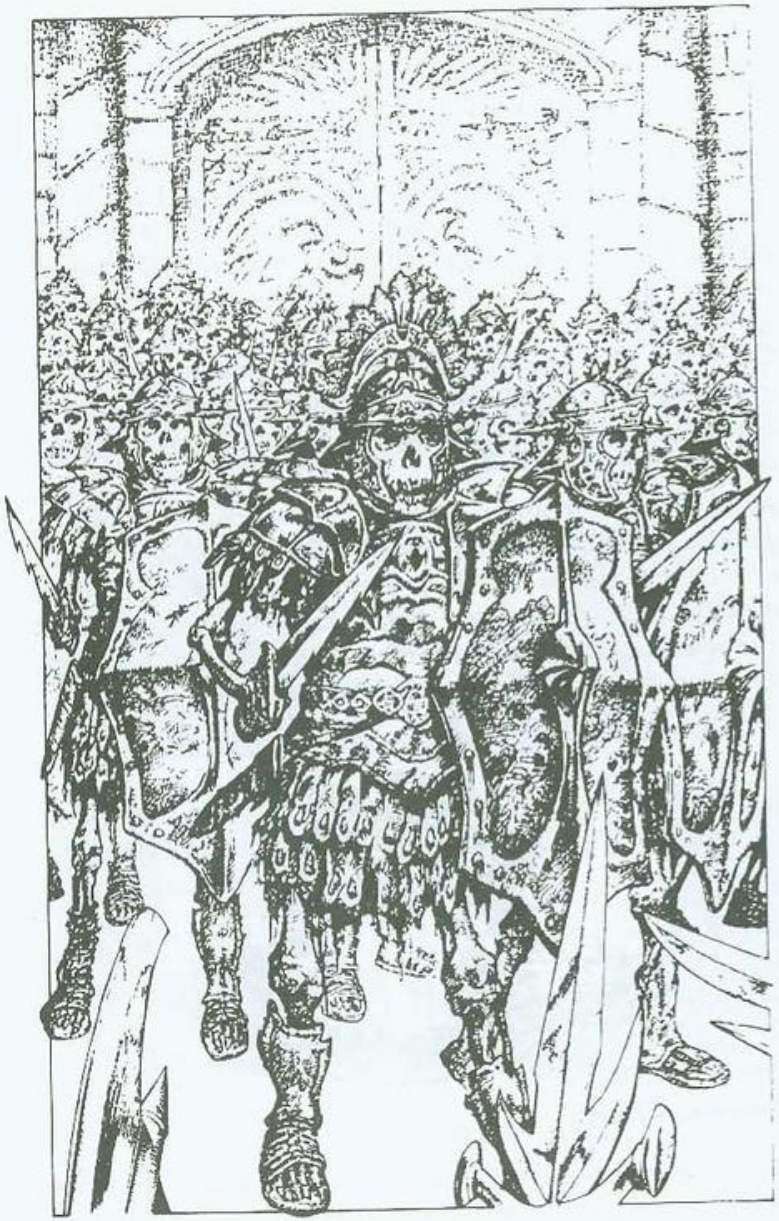

Lista de Personagens

Guardas-Esqueleto, recentemente ressuscitados da extinta Carsepolis. Eles usam capacetes de metal, armaduras peitorais, saiotes feitos de tiras de couro e de metal e sandálias (semelhantes a legionários romanos, caso precise de uma comparação).

ESQUELETOS, cada HABILIDADE 9 ENERGIA 7

Espada

Acessórios

Não são necessários nessa cena. Além disso, seus jogadores não iriam querer distrações enquanto estão lidando com seus inimigos esqueletos.

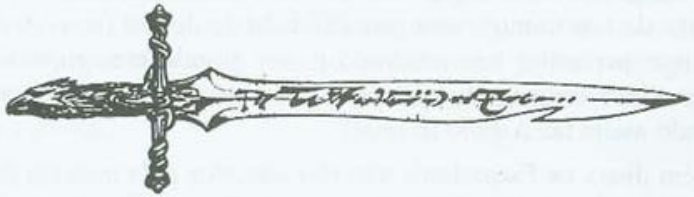

Ação!

Apesar de terem morrido há muito tempo, os soldados de Carsepolis não esqueceram sua disciplina e treinamento, que os fizeram temidos por todo o continente de Allansia. Enquanto os Aventureiros avançam nervosamente para eles, os guardas ficam em posição de sentido. Então, movendo-se como se fossem apenas um, formam duas linhas. Os da linha de frente levantam seus escudos e espadas e avançam. Enquanto isso, a linha de retaguarda bate suas espadas contra seus escudos em uníssimo. Isso faz um tremendo barulho, que ecoa pela caverna (na verdade, estão fazendo esse som como um alarme aos seus companheiros, há pouca distância).

Considere a luta como uma confrontação padrão de um-pa-

ra-um. A segunda linha de Esqueletos se moverá para a frente a fim de apenas dar cobertura aos companheiros caídos — toda essa disciplina tem algumas desvantagens!

Como explicamos em *Out of the Pit — Saídos do Inferno* (o livro de monstros de Aventuras Fantásticas), atacar Esqueletos com armas pontiagudas, como espadas e punhais, não é muito eficiente. Isso porque eles não têm carne para a arma penetrar; lâminas são sempre rebatidas por ossos. Todas as armas afiadas fazem apenas 1 ponto de dano, se conseguirem acertar os Esqueletos. Se os Aventureiros especificarem que estão usando o lado cego de suas lâminas, ou se encontrarem algo para usar como porrete, então poderão fazer o dano normal. Não diga aos jogadores que usar uma arma sem corte funcionará melhor; deixe que descubram por si mesmos, mas lembre-se de que trocar de armas exige o tempo de uma série de ataque durante a qual eles devem receber um ataque por parte de seu inimigo sem possibilidade de defesa (se o Anão estiver presente, seu machado é tão grande e manipulado com tanto entusiasmo que não é rebatido pelos ossos, causando assim faz o dano normal).

Além disso, os Esqueletos não são afetados pela maioria dos feitiços, eles nunca dormem, por isso *Sono* e *Fraqueza* não têm qualquer efeito; entre os outros feitiços que não funcionam incluem-se: *Medo, P.E.S., Petrificar* e *Morte*. Entretanto, qualquer mago ficará aliviado em descobrir que eles queimam, então o feitiço *Rajada de Fogo* funciona normalmente.

Quando os Aventureiros estiverem (esperamos) acabando com o último Esqueleto, eles ouvirão um barulho de chocalho. Olhando para os lados, poderão ver novas unidades de guerreiros-esqueleto marchando pelas passagens, para enfrentá-los. Há pouca escolha além de correrem para a porta.

Problemas?

Os Aventureiros podem achar que superarão o novo bando de Esqueletos. Mostre que parece haver colunas de guerreiros mortos-vivos, até onde a vista alcança, nas passagens. Sargon não disse que Xortan Throg planejava acordar todo o exército de Carsepolis? Gulp!

Vá Para...

Só há uma saída aqui, fugir! E o único caminho de fuga é através das portas, e direto para a Cena 14.

Cena 14 — Alguma Coisa Terrível no Jardim

Local

Os Aventureiros correm pela porta, talvez tendo que fazer barricadas contra ela depois (há um vergalhão para isso, bem interessante). Eles se encontram no átrio do quartel. É um pequeno jardim, antigamente aberto ao céu, mas agora um dos subterrâneos do Porto Blacksand. A grama desapareceu há muito tempo, mas os esqueletos mortos e petrificados das árvores e arbustos ainda decoram a área, dando-lhe uma atmosfera nefasta; é um jardim morto, guardado por soldados mortos.

E lá, no centro do que já foi um belo gramado, está algo que presume-se tenha vindo do extinto zoológico de Carsepolis: um Tiranossauro, bem morto, mas um esqueleto que se move...

A única saída é uma grande porta do outro lado do átrio. Não há como qualquer um dos Aventureiros atravessá-lo, calmamente, sem enfrentar a criatura que está se arrastando pesadamente em sua direção.

Resumo da Trama

Os Aventureiros lutam com um Tiranossauro-Esqueleto, morto-vivo.

Lista de Personagens

Há apenas uma criatura aqui, mas ela é digna de atenção; e presumimos que, se conseguirem sair vivos daqui, os Aventureiros não a esquecerão tão cedo!

TIRANOSSAURO-ESQUELETO

HABILIDADE 12 ENERGIA 25

3 Ataques, Mordida muito grande

Acessórios

Não há nenhum acessório para esse encontro. Além disso, sentimos muito que as lojas locais de jogo estejam sem modelos de esqueletos de tiranossauro; provavelmente, é porque há uma grande procura deles, no momento.

Ação!

Os Aventureiros têm pouca escolha, a não ser lutar com a horrível criatura. Como é tão grande e má, todos podem atacá-la.

O Tiranossauro é um Esqueleto e todas as regras especiais para guerreiros-esqueleto também se aplicam aqui, incluindo os feitiços que funcionam e o dano que armas afiadas podem fazer.

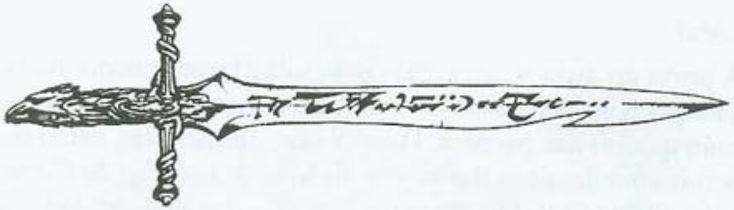

Problemas?

Resmungando qualquer coisa sobre "sensatez" e "valor", os Aventureiros podem tentar voltar por onde vieram. Quando abrirem a porta, verão as múltiplas linhas de combate das legiões de mortos-vivos, de Xortan Throg, esperando pacientemente por eles.

Possivelmente, um ou mais Aventureiros decidirá segurar o monstro enquanto os outros se esgueiram por de trás da fera distraída, fugindo. Isso é muito corajoso da parte dele; ele morrerá horrivelmente, enquanto o resto do grupo passa pela outra porta. Muito dramático, muito trágico, bastante heróico (é uma pena que você não possa lhe dar um troféu por isso, porque ele merece um, de bravura).

Se houver apenas dois Aventureiros vivos neste momento, um nobre sacrifício desse tipo pode ser a melhor, senão a única, maneira de passar, mas não tente arranjar para que isso aconteça. As pessoas ficam terrivelmente ligadas aos Aventureiros que elas representam. Se eles têm que morrer, então é melhor que partam lutando contra a voracidade de alguma coisa tão terrível quanto essa criatura.

Vá Para...

A porta do outro lado do átrio fica sobre um par de grandes degraus. Ela leva diretamente a Xortan Throg e à Cena 15.

Cena 15 — A Prova Final

Local

A porta do átrio se abre para uma sala elegantemente mobiliada. É bem decorada, com mosaicos de soldados, tanto no chão quanto nas paredes. Duas placas, nas paredes, estão cobertas com detalhes das muitas vitórias do exército de Carsepolis. Portas laterais levam a outras salas (na verdade, o quarto e a sala de trabalho do feiticeiro). Xortan Throg está sentado numa bela cadeira, do outro lado da sala, esperando pacientemente. Ao lado dele encontra-se uma mesa, com várias cartas e mapas enrolados.

Resumo da Trama

Na cena final da nossa aventura, nossos heróis finalmente se livram de Xortan Throg e o mundo está mais uma vez a salvo.

Lista de Personagens

Xortan Throg (desta vez, o verdadeiro, garantimos). Sua aparência é quase a mesma da primeira aventura. Mas agora está vestindo uma toga completa dos antigos nobres de Carsepolis, muito parecida com a vestida por Sargon (embora eles *não* sejam, evidentemente, a mesma pessoa).

XORTAN THROG HABILIDADE 10 ENERGIA 28

Punhal

Habilidade de Magia *21, feitiços:* Barata, Conjurar Esqueleto, Energia, Escudo, Flecha-Serpente, Fraqueza, Morte, Parede, Petrificação, Rajada de Energia *e muitos, muitos mais*

Acessórios

Nenhum é necessário para distrair os jogadores. Essa é a grande cena.

Ação!

Quando os Aventureiros invadem a sala, ofegantes, o feiticeiro os encara e calmamente cumprimenta os visitantes com um leve sorriso:

"Ah, são vocês. Eu estava mesmo os esperando. Que bom que me pouparam o trabalho de ir atrás de vocês. Acredito que estejam impressionados com minha pobre casa. É claro que não vai demorar muito para eu me mudar para a superfície; e, então, Azzur, aquele usurpador asqueroso, provará do seu próprio remédio. Quando vocês entraram, eu estava preparando algumas estratégias para as minhas próximas campanhas. Acho que vou tomar Chalice, primeiro — seria bastante apropriado, não acham? E, depois, Salamonis, é claro.

"Vejo que vocês não aprovam. Bem, cavalheiros, não fiquem parados aí. Vocês não são peixinhos dourados. Vão tentar me matar, ou não?"

Se os Aventureiros estiverem seguindo suas instruções (dadas por Sargon), eles não avançarão para atacar, mas, no caso de o fazerem, aqui está como Xortan Throg lidará com eles.

Se um Aventureiro tentar atirar com o arco, a flecha de repente se transformará numa serpente venenosa e o morderá, antes de arrastar-se para um canto. Isso causará 1-3 pontos de dano (jogue 1d6 e divida o resultado). Não há jeito de evitar isso (enquanto o feiticeiro estiver usando seus feitiços, não se esqueça do gasto de Energia exigido para lançá-los. Xortan Throg não é todo-poderoso).

Qualquer outro objeto lançado contra o feiticeiro será rebatido de volta, e atingirá o Aventureiro que o lançou, fazendo o dano apropriado. Um *Esquivar-se* ou um *Teste de Sorte*, ambos com uma penalidade temporária de 4 pontos, poderá permitir ao Aventureiro evitar o míssil.

Se você não estiver usando miniaturas e um tabuleiro, durará três séries de ataque para um Aventureiro se aproximar do feiticeiro, durante as quais ele poderá lançar mais feitiços.

Se um Aventureiro tentar avançar sobre Xortan Throg, o feiticeiro fará um gesto na direção dos pés do personagem e ele, de repente, ficará preso ao chão. Enquanto o Aventureiro estiver olhando horrorizado, suas botas e, depois, seus pés, se transformarão em pedra. A Petrificação continuará por suas pernas e subirá por seu corpo. O Aventureiro perderá 1 ponto de ENERGIA a cada duas rodadas. Quando ele estiver morto, a petrificação estará completa. Enquanto lhe restar 2 pontos de ENERGIA, ele poderá mover os braços, mas não os pés.

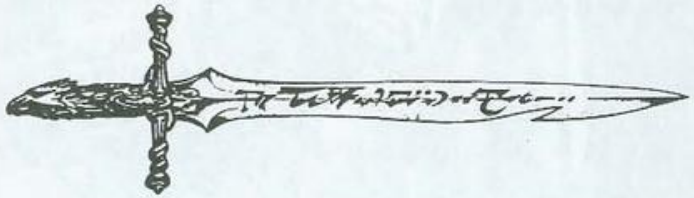

Já que mais de um Aventureiro poderão atacar ao mesmo tempo, Xortan Throg terá problemas para lidar com todos. Se um Aventureiro chegar perto o bastante para atingi-lo, o feiticeiro não se arriscará, usará o Feitiço de Morte. De qualquer modo, ele possui um feitiço de escudo mágico, o que já diminui suas chances de ser atingido.

Com alguma sorte, os Aventureiros estarão seguindo a sugestão de Sargon e tentando forçar Xortan Throg a usar seu mais forte feitiço, de preferência, o Feitiço de Morte. Como farão isso, é problema deles; mas presume-se que primeiro irritarão o feiticeiro (provavelmente rindo de seus planos, como se fossem completamente tolos) e então questionarão suas habilidades como feiticeiro. Não espere que eles façam milagres; uma vez que pareça terem dito as coisas certas, faça Xortan Throg apontar um dedo, e ter o maior choque de sua vida!

O ideal para acontecer seria o seguinte: Ao lançar o Feitiço de Morte, Xortan Throg juntará toda sua energia, por um segundo, esticando um dedo ossudo para um dos Aventureiros e gritando uma poderosa palavra mágica: *"Morra!"* Um conjunto de terríveis relâmpagos negros saltará de seu dedo para o peito da vítima escolhida. Um dos Aventureiros rapidamente pegará o Cristal de Poder e o brandirá para Throg. O raio negro será atraído para o cristal e o atingirá, com um ensurdecedor ruído de energia crepitante, e o raio parecerá voltar para trás, ligando o cristal e o dedo esticado de Xortan Throg. O feiticeiro só terá tempo para um grito espantado de "Aaaargh!" e, então, cairá morto.

Quando o feiticeiro morrer, dois eventos notáveis acontecerão imediatamente. Primeiro, qualquer Aventureiro em processo de petrificação imediatamente voltará à forma humana e, segundo, todos os esqueletos parados do lado de fora da porta deixarão de ser animados e voltarão a ser o que eram, um pilha de velhos ossos mofados.

Os Aventureiros venceram.

Problemas?

Se os Aventureiros chegarem a essa parte da história sem o Cristal de Poder, suas chances serão mesmo muito pequenas. Eles *poderão* conseguir vencer através de um total de pontos superior, mas nós duvidamos. Se você sentir que eles merecem triunfar de qualquer jeito, dê-lhes uma ajuda onde acha que pode e deixe a decisão final para os dados.

Vá Para...

Esse devia ser o fim da aventura, exceto pela cena de volta a Salamonis onde os Aventureiros receberiam sua recompensa do Rei Salamon. Entretanto, se você pretende fazer outra aventura (e nós estamos lhe dando algumas dicas, só para o caso), há algumas coisas que você precisa fazer logo.

Deve permitir que os Aventureiros achem o caminho de volta até Nicodemus sem qualquer problema (a menos que eles sejam tolos o suficiente para tentar sair através do porão da Taberna da Sereia). Eles podem então voltar a Halim Thrumbar, que irá guiá-los para fora da cidade.

O que eles vão fazer com o Cristal do Poder é com eles. Se tentarem esmagá-lo, descobrirão que não se quebra. O melhor, provavelmente, é deixá-lo a salvo nas mãos de Nicodemus ou do Rei Salamon; entretanto, sendo um artefato poderoso, os Aventureiros podem querer guardá-lo para si mesmos. Se você achar que isso pode causar problemas nas próximas histórias, faça Nicodemus ou Salamon insistirem para que o entreguem.

Infelizmente, uma classe muito pobre de Aventureiros circula por aí hoje em dia. Essa gente parece não se importar apenas com a glória e insiste em terminar suas aventuras com algum lucro também. É claro que Xortan Throg terá uma razoável quantidade de dinheiro; você decide quanto cada Aventureiro vai conseguir pegar, embora a quantia seja importante apenas se for usada de novo. Nós recomendamos algo em torno de 300 Moedas de Ouro. Também há a recompensa que o Rei Salamon prometeu, que são mais 500 Moedas de Ouro para cada um... Uma pequena fortuna para um Aventureiro.

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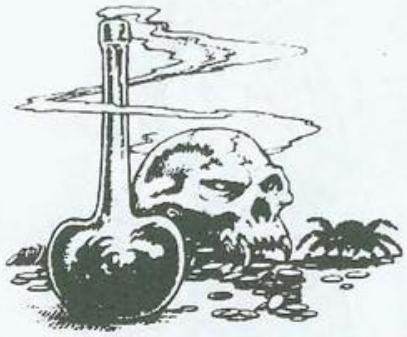

A Seguir?

Todo tipo de possibilidade se apresenta para uma Aventura III de *Dungeoneer*. Aqui vão algumas idéias que você pode querer incorporar à sua próxima eletrizante aventura fantástica. Nenhuma delas é forte o bastante para uma aventura completa, mas combinando algumas você pode ter uma tremenda diversão nas mãos!

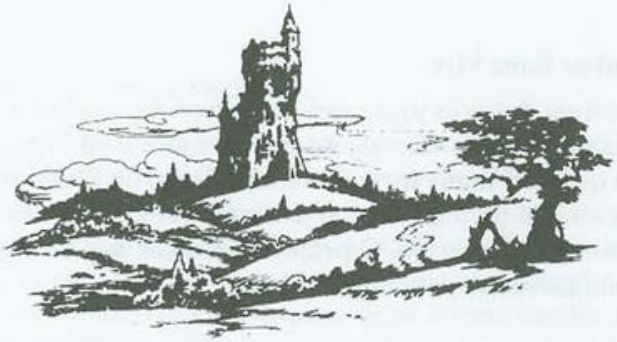

1. Limpando os Esgotos

Os Aventureiros conseguem primeiro uma audiência com o misterioso Lord Azzur, senhor de Blacksand, então o convencem sobre o que tem acontecido sob a cidade. Ele pode muito bem ficar satisfeito em aceitar sua oferta para voltar aos esgotos e livrá-los de todos os monstros que existam lá. Lembre-se de que Azzur é um homem muito ruim, e é muito difícil que jogue limpo com eles. Lembre-se também de que as ruínas de Carsepolis se estendem por uma longa distância sob Blacksand, tanto no comprimento como na profundidade. Não há a menor chance de que os Aventureiros limpem mais do que umas poucas áreas, e só temporariamente, mas não lhes diga isso. Deixe que descubram por si mesmos, a descoberta pode ser muito divertida.

2. Férias em Blacksand

Os Aventureiros podem muito bem ter mais aventuras no Porto Blacksand, antes de voltarem a Salamonis a fim de receber sua recompensa. Talvez eles gostem de investigar a Taverna da Sereia ou atacar alguns navios pirata. É claro que isso atrairá uma certa atenção indesejada sobre eles, o que levará a outras aventuras. Apenas mantenha isto em mente: não é à toa que Porto Blacksand tem o apelido de Cidade dos Ladrões.

3. Zanbar Bone Vive!

Se nenhum dos seus jogadores leu o livro-jogo solo *A Cidade dos Ladrões*, conte-lhes alguns boatos sobre o vil Príncipe da Noite que vive numa torre não muito longe de Blacksand, ou então arranje para que eles sejam contratados pelos habitantes pobres de Silverton. O próprio *A Cidade dos Ladrões* lhe dará muitas idéias para uma aventura.

4. A Volta de Xortan Throg!

O que exatamente os Aventureiros fizeram com o Cristal do Poder? Ele está mesmo a salvo? Poderia algum vil, servo do feiticeiro, conseguir roubar o Cristal do Poder e recuperar a vida de seu mestre? E se ele conseguir, como irá o desprezível feiticeiro realizar sua vingança contra os Aventureiros e os cidadãos de Salamonis?

5. Para Casar com a Princesa...

Em algum lugar pelo caminho, um dos Aventureiros pode ter decidido que se apaixonou pela Princesa Sarissa. Esse é um problema, porque é quase certo que ela não tocaria num plebeu nem mesmo com uma longa lança. Faça o Rei Salamon mandá-lo para uma missão aparentemente sem solução, para provar seu valor, com a promessa de se tornar cavalheiro se for bem-sucedido. Afinal, se ele se tornar um cavalheiro, será praticamente um nobre, e Sarissa poderá notá-lo e, então... quem sabe?

6. Sargon, o Negro

Bem, quem é ele? E o que ele fará, agora que está vivo de novo depois de quase 300 anos? Pelo que sabemos, há alguém vivo ou morto-vivo com melhores chances de reclamar o trono de Carsepolis do que Sargon? O que há para impedi-lo de juntar legiões de mortos-vivos e usurpar o comando de Lord Azzur sobre Blacksand? Ora, essa seria mesmo uma bela reviravolta, certo? — ter Azzur contratando os Aventureiros para afastar a ameaça de Sargon! Pode cuidar disso? Lógico que pode! Você pode fazer qualquer coisa numa aventura de *Dungeoneer*!

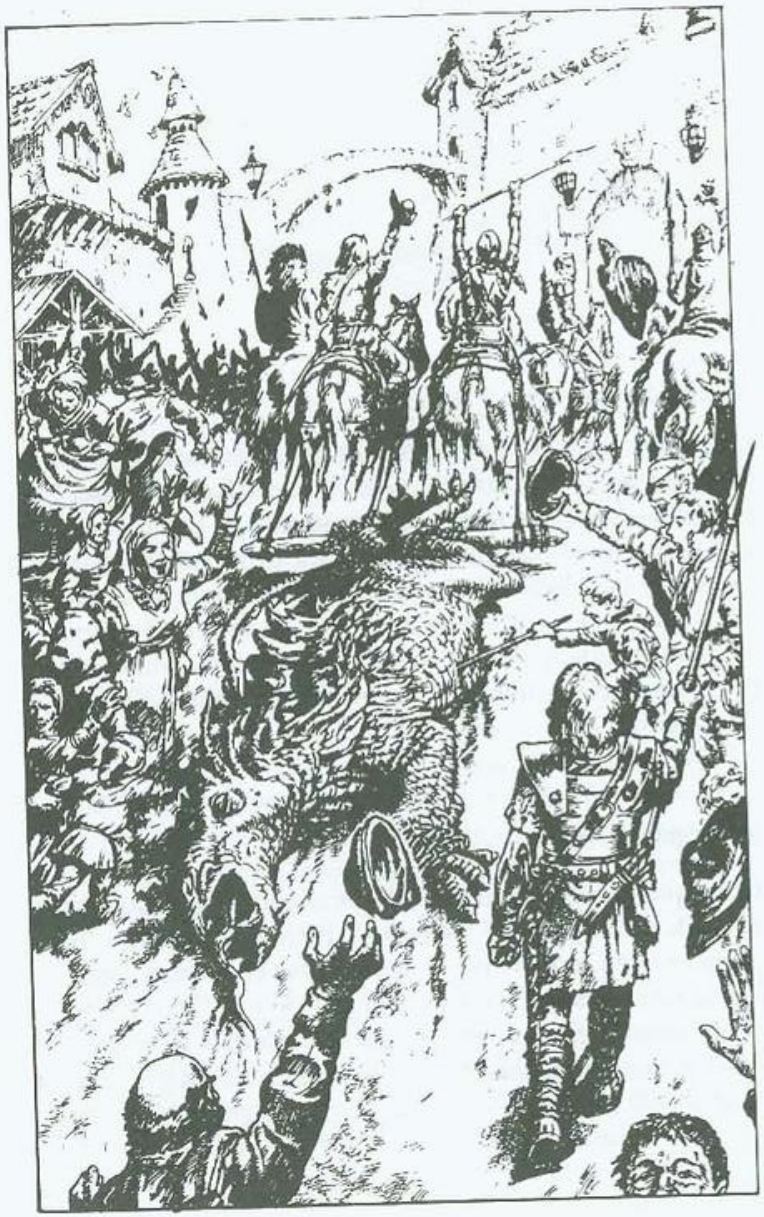

4. Aventuras Posteriores

E o que acontece daqui para a frente? Bom, o próximo grande passo — se você for o Mestre — é planejar suas próprias aventuras de *Dungeoneer* e então bolar uma *campanha* fantástica regularmente. Uma campanha é simplesmente uma série de aventuras mais complexas, com os mesmos personagens participando de todas elas (pense nos filmes de Conan, de James Bond e nas histórias de Tarzan e Batman). Numa campanha fantástica, os Aventureiros ficaram mais velhos e mais sábios, mais ricos e mais habilidosos e geralmente gozam de uma vida completa e excitante! Algumas campanhas contínuas lidam com a vida cotidiana dos Aventureiros e tratam também dos atos de coragem, enquanto outras concentram-se nos Aventureiros somente quando eles estão diretamente envolvidos em sua missão atual.

É claro que montar tudo isso requer uma certa dedicação por parte do Mestre, já que seu trabalho é sonhar todas as aventuras para que os Aventureiros possam enfrentá-las de modo corajoso. Este capítulo, esperamos, fornecerá bastante informações e inspirações para até mesmo o mais relutante dos Mestres começar a criar seu próprio mundo de fantasia! Todas as notas são para o Mestre, e preferimos que os jogadores não as consultem; os monstros, principalmente, perderão muito de seu impacto se os jogadores já tiverem memorizado sua HABILIDADE e ENERGIA e souberem exatamente o que eles podem fazer.

Experiência e Treinamento

Conforme os Aventureiros forem progredindo com suas vidas eletrizantes, eles se tornarão, esperamos, melhores no que fazem. Isso é refletido em *Dungeoneer*, pela premiação

através de pontos de *Experiência*. Conforme um Aventureiro for adquirindo Experiência, suas habilidades aumentarão e ele se tornará ainda mais apto para lidar com o mundo bárbaro que o cerca!

Pontos de Experiência

Para simular o aumento na especialização e no conhecimento adquiridos pelos Aventureiros, conforme eles vão participando de mais aventuras, o Mestre lhes dá pontos de experiência ao final de cada missão. Para fazer isso, considere simplesmente a performance de cada Aventureiro durante a aventura, segundo as categorias que se seguem, e então classifique o Aventureiro numa escala de 1 (pobre), 2 (muito bom) ou 3 (brilhante!):

A Missão — ela foi completamente bem-sucedida? Os Aventureiros alcançaram seu objetivo, ou falharam em perceber alguma pista vital? Eles mataram alguém a quem deviam salvar, ou deixaram o vilão principal escapar?

Vítimas — quantos Aventureiros devem morrer até o final da aventura? Será que táticas melhores poderiam ter-lhes salvado a vida? Alguma pessoa inocente foi acidentalmente morta por algum Aventureiro por demais entusiasmado? Média 1, se houver vítimas demais e, talvez, média 3, caso não tenha havido mortes desnecessárias.

Heroísmo — qual a coragem real deste Aventureiro, quando as coisas começaram a esquentar? Ele estava lá, participando do combate ou lançando feitiço após feitiço, enfrentando todos os desafios apresentados a ele — ou acovardou-se e parecia assustado?

Personificação — o jogador conseguiu "encarnar" bem o Aventureiro ou ele não era nada mais do que um espantalho

carregando uma espada? Distribua pontos quanto à personificação, mesmo que o personagem não seja exatamente agradável — afinal, o jogador estava apenas vivendo muito bem o seu papel.

Quando você tiver esses quatro valores, some-os e então divida-os por 4, para assim encontrar uma média (arredonde as frações para cima). Esta média final — que será 1, 2 ou 3 — representa o número de pontos de Experiência que você deve dar ao Aventureiro. *Nota:* os pontos são dados somente após o término de uma aventura, nunca durante a mesma.

Aprendendo com a Experiência

Esses pontos de Experiência podem ser gastos de três maneiras: para aumentar a HABILIDADE, aumentar uma Habilidade Especial já existente, ou começar a treinar uma nova Habilidade Especial ou um novo feitiço. Os pontos não precisam ser gastos imediatamente após ser ganhos (na verdade, somente os usados para aumentar uma Habilidade Especial podem ser usados desse modo); os pontos devem, portanto, ser registrados no local apropriado da *Folha de Aventuras* do Aventureiro até que sejam usados.

Pontos de Experiência podem ser gastos por um Aventureiro apenas quando ele não estiver envolvido numa aventura e tiver tempo para treinar e praticar, e, com isso, aumentar seus poderes. Nenhum personagem pode, de repente, tornar-se mais habilidoso em alguma coisa no meio de uma aventura em andamento!

Aumentando a HABILIDADE

Aumentar uma característica primária, como HABILIDADE, terá, é claro, um efeito considerável no aumento dos pontos de Habilidade Especial do Aventureiro. Por esta razão, são necessários 10 pontos de Experiência para aumentar-se 1 ponto da HABILIDADE. Ou seja, um Aventureiro precisará juntar pontos de várias aventuras até conseguir aumentar sua HABILIDADE.

Se você estiver realizando um jogo que seja uma campanha, na qual os Aventureiros têm de contar o tempo, esse aumento da HABILIDADE precisará também de um mês de treino e estudos. Durante esse tempo, o Aventureiro não poderá sair em aventuras; pelo contrário, ele deverá passar pelo menos 8 horas por dia praticando suas habilidades e especialidades. Ao final desse tempo, o valor *Inicial* de sua HABILIDADE aumentará em 1 ponto, e todas as suas Habilidades Especiais também sofrerão tal aumento.

Se estiver realizando seus jogos como uma série de aventuras esporádicas, sem nenhum acontecimento especial entre elas, simplesmente permita ao Aventureiro que presuma ter gasto o tempo necessário para treinamento entre duas aventuras.

Nem ENERGIA nem SORTE pode ser aumentada através da experiência ou do treinamento, apesar de a SORTE poder ser aumentada com uma dose de *Poção da Sorte*.

Aumentando as Habilidades Especiais

Como alternativa, 1 ponto de Experiência pode ser usado para aumentar 1 ponto de uma Habilidade Especial. Esta Habilidade Especial deve ser uma das que o Aventureiro já possui, mas afora isso não há restrições (aprender uma Habilidade Especial que lhe seja desconhecida requer treinamento dedicado e será abordado na próxima seção). A Habilidade Especial pode ser aumentada cada vez mais — porém, aconselha-se que todos fiquem alertas para o fato de que uma jogada de duplo 6 ou duplo 1 significa que qualquer

pessoa pode, às vezes, falhar ou ser bem-sucedida, não importando se sua habilidade seja grande.

Se estiver realizando uma campanha na qual os Aventureiros têm de contar o tempo, esse aumento na Habilidade Especial também necessita de uma semana de treinamento e estudos. Durante esse tempo, o Aventureiro não pode sair em Aventuras; em vez disso, ele deve gastar pelo menos 8 horas de seu dia praticando ou aprendendo mais sobre sua Habilidade Especial. Ao final desse tempo, os pontos de sua Habilidade Especial terão aumentado em 1 ponto.

Se estiver realizando seus jogos como uma série de aventuras esporádicas, sem nenhum acontecimento especial entre elas, simplesmente permita ao Aventureiro presumir que ele já realizou a prática necessária, durante um tempo livre entre duas aventuras, para que com isso ele aumente a Habilidade Especial escolhida.

Ocasionalmente, você pode precisar "decretar uma lei" de que determinada Habilidade Especial não poderá ser aumentada porque o Aventureiro não usou a Habilidade Especial em questão durante várias aventuras. Afinal, considere o caso de um Elfo que passa a maior parte de sua vida no mar; certamente isso não será um acréscimo a seu *Conhecimento das Florestas*! Em tais casos, você terá que decidir o que você acha que pode ser ou não aumentado. *Nota*: por sua característica de habilidade natural, *Visão no Escuro* não pode ser aumentada através da experiência.

Treinamento das Habilidades

Esta categoria se aplica tanto ao aprendizado de uma nova Habilidade Especial como ao de um novo Feitiço. Ao invés de simplesmente torná-lo melhor em alguma coisa a qual já conhece, esta categoria de aprendizado exige um certo tempo do Aventureiro — e dinheiro —, para que ele seja instruído em seus novos poderes por outro personagem que já saiba alguma coisa sobre o assunto.

Aprender 1 ponto de uma nova Habilidade Especial equivale ao gasto de 2 pontos de Experiência, além do pagamento de 250 MOs para alguém que já conheceu a habilidade, o suficiente para ensinar ao Aventureiro.

Um Aventureiro deve treinar uma Habilidade Especial até 4 pontos (às custas de 8 pontos de Experiência e 1.000 MOs). Pontos posteriores terão de ser aprendidos pela experiência, *após* o Aventureiro sair na sua próxima aventura e ganhar realmente alguma prática usando de sua nova Habilidade Especial (então, um Aventureiro não pode treinar até 4 pontos e imediatamente aplicar mais pontos de Experiência, para aumentar sua habilidade, sem ter havido qualquer experiência real).

Se estiver realizando uma campanha contínua, você terá que resolver onde esse professor pode ser encontrado; habilidades exóticas, principalmente, devem exigir que um Aventureiro parta numa busca só para encontrar alguém! Cidades-estado maiores, como Salamonis, terão pessoas capazes de treinar um Aventureiro nas Habilidades Especiais mais comuns. O tempo necessário para aprender uma nova Habilidade Especial é 1 semana de treinamento intensivo por ponto a ser aprendido. Ou seja, se você tiver 4 pontos a serem aprendidos de uma nova Habilidade Especial, então serão necessárias 4 semanas de treinamento.

Se estiver realizando uma campanha em episódios, como a que apresentamos aqui, que foi dividida em 2 partes principais, simplesmente presuma que o Aventureiro treinou em seu tempo livre entre as aventuras. O gasto do treinamento ainda deve ser pago. Você é quem define se ele vai conseguir encontrar um professor à altura; afinal, ter que encontrar um professor é uma grande razão para uma aventura!

Note que a *Visão no Escuro* não pode ser normalmente aprendida ou aumentada através de treinamento ou experiência. Se um Aventureiro estiver realmente interessado em aprender tal habilidade, ele terá que ficar muitos anos morando e trabalhando em subterrâneos (provavelmente fora do jogo), lentamente ensinando seus olhos a ver melhor na escuridão sombria.

Aprendendo Novos Feitiços

Isso acontece de modo bastante semelhante ao Treinamento das Habilidades (veja acima), a não ser pelo fato de que o custo aqui funciona em termos de Gasto de Energia do feitiço que o Aventureiro deseja aprender.

Aprender um novo feitiço custa 1 ponto de Experiência por ponto de Gasto de Energia necessário, além do pagamento de 250 MOs por ponto a alguém que já conheça o feitiço, a fim de que ensine o que sabe ao Aventureiro.

Personagens que sabem — e que estão preparados para ensinar — feitiços com um Gasto de Energia de 6 pontos ou mais são *muito* difíceis de serem encontrados. Você, como Mestre, deve ser bem firme quanto a esse aspecto. Encontrar alguém que ensine um certo feitiço, ou roube o livro de feitiços de um poderoso feiticeiro, que esteja protegido por um feitiço tão poderoso quanto seu dono, exige uma aventura inteira, talvez até mesmo várias aventuras! Não dê tudo de mãos beijadas aos Aventureiros; eles simplesmente vão agir fazendo cortes inesperados em suas melhores aventuras e o jogo não mais será assim tão divertido!

Como aprender magia é uma tarefa difícil e incerta, e como sua prática pode ser fatal, a primeira vez que um mago usar um novo feitiço, ele deve lançá-lo com um modificador -1 em sua Habilidade de *Magia*. Afinal, quem é que vai sofrer todos os efeitos de lançar um feitiço de *Morte* só por praticar?

Aventureiros Experientes

Conforme os Aventureiros começam a crescer em habilidades, sua fama se espalha e suas proezas são cantadas em todos os lugares das terras, o jogo poderá necessitar de uma adaptação e talvez de mais tempo para abarcar suas necessidades maiores. Os vilões terão que ser mais poderosos ou os Aventureiros frustrarão seus esquemas maléficos com facilidade. Grandes ameaças e terríveis monstros também terão que ser encontrados, caso você não queira que os Aventureiros participem de suas aventuras com uma mão na frente e outra atrás.

Você logo descobrirá a necessidade de transformar jogos divertidos mais inconseqüentes em aventuras altamente elaboradas, que podem ameaçar a segurança de toda Allansia, ou até mesmo do mundo! Tudo se tornará importante e altamente político conforme inimigos cada vez mais poderosos começarem a notar como esses insignificantes Aventureiros estão ficando fortes!

A um nível financeiro, você provavelmente vai se divertir muito imaginando diferentes modos de assegurar que os Aventureiros permaneçam pobres. Essa é uma parte essencial de toda campanha extensa. Pense nisso — um Aventureiro pobre não pode pagar nenhum treinamento e terá

que continuar a aventurar-se a fim de ganhar mais dinheiro. Essa tarefa será bem fácil para você. Se os Aventureiros estiverem situados numa cidade, deixe-os ter várias brigas com o Bando de Ladrões local: se eles estiverem em campo aberto, bem, que tal um famoso rei bandido local? (Enfim, se você escolher acrescentar-lhes preocupações desse tipo, logo vai descobrir que as aventuras praticamente se escrevem sozinhas, quando os recentemente roubados Aventureiros implorarem para que você lhes permita acertar as coisas com seus assaltantes de uma vez por todas!)

Gostaríamos de lembrar a você que a direção de seu jogo depende *apenas de você*. Se todos estiverem se divertindo muito com a aventura avulsa ocasional, não faz sentido mudar o jogo para uma campanha contínua cheia de cenas complexas, novas e desconcertantes. Tudo isso é *opcional*, e mencionamos aqui para o caso de você descobrir que seu jogo está ficando cada vez mais sério.

A Campanha

Como já mencionamos acima, uma campanha é basicamente uma série de aventuras que contém os mesmos Aventureiros — e talvez também tenha alguns dos maiores vilões — sempre juntos. Esse tipo de campanha requer pouco trabalho além de um suprimento contínuo de aventuras eletrizantes para que os Aventureiros corram riscos, tudo outra vez. É claro que há bastante trabalho para todos — mas as coisas vão se tornando bem mais fáceis, pode acreditar!

Você pode resolver acrescentar alguns detalhes geográficos, digamos deixar que os Aventureiros escolham o nome de um lugar onde eles gostariam de manter sua base, talvez até mesmo deduzir algumas Moedas de Ouro a cada aventura, para despesas corriqueiras. Enfim, como as coisas vão ficando cada vez mais sofisticadas, essa pode ser a hora de prosseguir.

O próximo grande passo é expandir a campanha de modo a que os Aventureiros passem a interagir com seu mundo, além de participarem das aventuras; em outras palavras, viver o dia-a-dia de seu mundo de fantasia!

Não estamos sugerindo que suas sessões de jogo tenham que, de repente, fazer parte de sua vida diária e noturna. Na verdade, nada pode ser pior do que fazer isso; existem momentos calmos na vida de todas as pessoas, e você deve se concentrar justamente naquilo que os Aventureiros fazem de melhor: enfrentar monstros horríveis e continuar realizando missões tortuosamente difíceis.

Todo o material aqui é *histórico*, o que acontece entre as sessões de jogo e o que os leva para a nova aventura. Quando estiver vivendo uma aventura, você não deve nunca perder tempo com os dias de viagem que os Aventureiros gastam andando por paradas sem fim, a menos que os acontecimentos que ocorram no caminho sejam muito importantes. Toda essa questão de campanha existe para dar profundidade aos Aventureiros, *razões* para precisarem sair e arriscar suas vidas uma vez mais.

O Dia-a-Dia dos Aventureiros

Primeiro, recomendamos que os Aventureiros estabeleçam uma base para si mesmos, um lar de onde eles possam partir para o mundo a fim de fazer o que têm que fazer, e para o qual podem voltar quando tiverem cumprido sua missão. Essa base poderia ser um grupo de aposentos numa estalagem, uma pequena casa numa das cidades-estado, ou até mesmo uma pequena torre em algum lugar. A princípio, essa casa terá que servir-lhes de acordo com o que eles puderem pagar (torres com todas as comodidades modernas são bastante caras, principalmente porque em geral existe uma longa fila de feiticeiros maléficos à espreita para agarrar tais propriedades assim que elas entram no mercado!). Você terá que construir uma série de opções para eles.

Segundo, existe a importante questão das despesas corriqueiras. Afinal, todos têm que beber e comer, inclusive Aventureiros. Você descobrirá Aventureiros (e seus jogadores) se realmente começarem a se preocupar com a questão de onde vem o dinheiro necessário para uma campanha contínua. É assim que deveria ser. Se os Aventureiros não querem nada, não haverá compulsão para arriscarem seu couro para fazer alguma coisa tão perigosa quanto aventurar-se! "Mantenha-os pobres!" é um lema que todos os Mestres deveriam adotar.

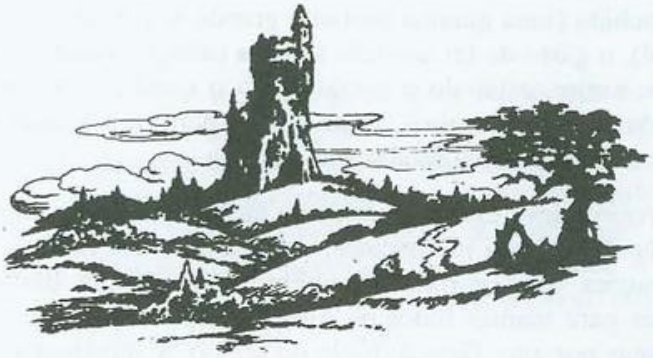

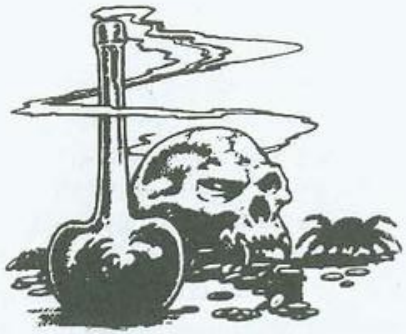

A curto prazo, aventurar-se é geralmente bastante rentoso; mas, como numa ocupação free lance, poderá haver vários buracos entre aventuras. Alguns empreendimentos podem resultar em que os Aventureiros não tragam nada de volta, além de algumas poucas moedas de prata; outras podem custar-lhes dinheiro, que jamais será recuperado. E é claro, eles até podem obter tesouros, para serem roubados não muito depois, ou pelos bandidos locais ou por novos impostos esmagadores, taxados sobre Aventureiros, assim por diante.

Despesas corriqueiras logo se avolumam. É só pensar em todos os itens onde um Aventureiro típico tem que gastar seu ouro muito suado a cada semana: duas ou três refeições ao dia, bebida (uma quantia bastante grande se for um Anão, é claro!), o gasto de ter um teto sobre a cabeça, roupas, armaduras, armas, estábulo e comida para o cavalo, taxa para a Guilda dos Aventureiros, lenha e velas para os longos invernos... a lista continua cada vez mais longa.

E terceiro, deve existir o problema menor quanto ao emprego regular. Como já dissemos, aventurar-se é a melhor das ocupações temporárias; certamente não existem bastante buscas para manter todos os Aventureiros ocupados por 52 semanas por ano. Grande parte do tempo de qualquer aventureiro bem pode ser gasta viajando por Allansia à procura de alguma coisa para se fazer!

Pior, aventurar-se precisa de um grande preparo e de muito tempo para recuperação depois de cumprida a missão! Então pode ser muito bom que os Aventureiros queiram obter algum tipo de emprego remunerado. Eles provavelmente terão em mira os trabalhos que se casem com suas Habilidades Especiais: um guerreiro poderia encontrar emprego como mercenário, guardando a caravana de um mercador, ensinando outros a lutar, e coisas assim. Um feiticeiro poderia cuidar de uma biblioteca, tornar-se tutor pessoal dos filhos do rei, empregar-se como curandeiro, ou qualquer coisa que lhe caia bem. Um ladrão não terá nenhum problema em financiar o próprio sustento numa agitada cidade-estado.

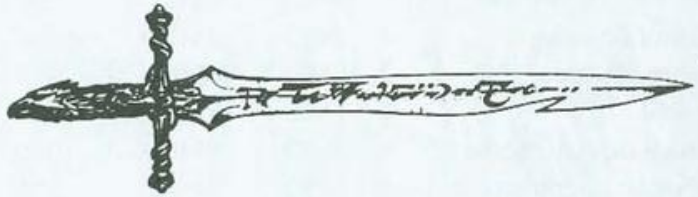

Gastos Típicos

A lista que se segue mostra o gasto típico em termos de itens e despesas. Há 3 colunas para o preço dos artigos, dependendo de onde se está em Allansia: numa Cidade, numa Vila ou num Campo isolado (e portanto dependentes dos mercadores exploradores!). Todos os preços são para os itens básicos. Itens decorados ou finamente trabalhados custam em torno de 3 vezes mais o preço cotado. Lembre-se de que 10 MP = 1 MO.

	Cidade Item	Vila Preço	Campo Preço
Aposento, noite, dividido	1 MO	15MP	2MO
Aposento, noite, sozinho	2 MO	4MO	5 MO
Arco	15 MO	12MO	25MO
Besta	90 MO	120MO	150MO
Cavalo	40MO	40MO	50MO
Cerveja, caneca ou copo	4MP	3MP	3MP
Corda, por metro	6MP	7MP	15MP
Escudo	12MO	15MO	25MO
Espada	20MO	40MO	65MO
Espada de duas mãos	45MO	90MO	135MO
Estábulo, por 24 horas	1MO	8MP	2MO
Flechas, dúzia	3MO	3MO	4MO
Lança	6MO	8MO	12MO
Lanterna	2MO	3MO	6MO
Machado de Batalha	35MO	50MO	75MO
Manto, de linho	2MO	3MO	7MO
Manto, de seda	10MO	16MO	24MO
Punhal	1MO	1MO	2MO
Punhal de Arremesso	3MO	5MO	10MO
Refeição quente em taverna	2MO	2MO	2MO
Saco	2 MP	3MP	5MP
Sela	6MO	7MO	10MO
Túnica	2MO	3MO	5MO
Velas, dúzia	1MP	1MP	4MP
Vinho, caneca	4MP	6MP	7MP
Vinhotes para besta, dúzia	6MO	9MO	15MO

Outros preços podem ser facilmente previstos a partir dos que fornecemos. Há uma versão bastante ampliada desta lista em *Titan,* junto com várias outras informações quanto à vida diária em Allansia. Apesar de Titan não ser essencial para o

jogo e diversão de Dungeoneer, o recomendamos muito como o livro de referência essencial para qualquer um que deseja realizar uma campanha de grande escala.

Habilidades Avançadas

Como já mencionamos antes, a menos que os Aventureiros sejam vencidos para todo o sempre, eles eventualmente chegarão a um ponto de ultrapassar as aventuras que uma vez lhes foram desafiadoras. Uma única e simples solução para o problema de ter-se Aventureiros superpoderosos, passeando por aí, é enfraquecê-los seriamente e então mantê-los ocupados, à procura de um meio de recuperar suas habilidades.

Para um guerreiro, digamos, é simples montar uma trama que inicia com um inimigo pingando alguma coisa em sua bebida que o adoece e rouba-lhe lentamente seus poderes. A única cura conhecida se encontra do outro lado do mundo, mas é claro que ele realiza a busca e vai ficando cada vez mais e mais fraco... É ainda mais fácil atingir um feiticeiro — lembra-se daquela Tabela de Êpa! da página 200, contra a qual devem jogar sempre que destruírem um feitiço com um duplo 1? Seja malévolo sem que seus jogadores o percebam, e seu jogo ainda continuará a ser excitante para todos por muitos anos!

Porém, eventualmente alguns Aventureiros podem ser tão poderosos e experientes que desequilibrem seriamente o andamento do jogo. Eles podem vencer todos as criaturas que você se atreve a jogar-lhes em cima, visitam os planos mais baixos do Fosso Infernal em seus feriados, habitam fabulosos palácios cheios de jóias nos Planos Elementais, servidos por multidões de escravos. Aventureiros assim, logo ficam aborrecidos com o jogo.

A solução? Simples, se um Aventureiro tornar-se tão poderoso que seja capaz de e fazer qualquer coisa e não ter medo nem de nada nem de ninguém, deixe-o descansar o restante de seus dias em maravilhoso esplendor — e permita a seu jogador começar de novo com um personagem fresquinho, "saído do forno". Afinal, nos filmes os velhos heróis nunca morrem; são apenas substituídos por outros mais jovens!

Fabricação

Qualquer personagem, com uma habilidade de arma com 4 pontos, ou mais, acima de seus pontos de HABILIDADE ,pode projetar e fabricar suas próprias armas (mas é claro que somente aquelas para as quais ele tem Habilidade Especial). Para algumas armas, principalmente as feitas de metal, será obviamente necessário o uso de ferramentas e equipamento especializado (um exemplo é a ferragem de metal, que necessita de uma forja totalmente equipada). Outras, como fazer um arco e pôr penas nas flechas, necessitam de muito poucas ferramentas além de uma faca e uma lima ou lixa para alisar a madeira (é claro que em qualquer cidade maior existirão os fabricantes de arma que não são aventureiros e sim especializados apenas em fazer armas, não em lutar com elas).

Aventureiros com outras habilidades, tais como *Conhecimento Marítimo* ou *Conhecimento de Armadilhas*, com 4 pontos ou mais acima de sua HABILIDADE, também podem manufaturar seus próprios itens (nesses casos, barcos ou armadilhas, respectivamente).

Fazer alguma coisa dar certo necessita de uma jogada contra a Habilidade Especial em questão. Dê a cada item um grau de complexidade entre 1 e 5 (1 = punhal simples, piroga; 5 = besta, navio para alto-mar), e reduza as chances de sucesso por esse grau. Subtraia por 10 o número de anos que o Aventureiro vem manufaturando o item, e depois reduza a chance de sucesso por esse resultado. Como exemplo, então, um Aventureiro com *Espada* 17 e que vem tentando forjar espadas (complexidade 3) há 4 anos, deve obter 8 ou menos ao jogar dois dados para conseguir realizar seu intento.

Ensinar e Treinar

Um Aventureiro com qualquer Habilidade Especial de 12 ou mais pontos pode assumir a posição de mestre ou treinador dessa habilidade. De modo semelhante, qualquer Aventureiro com feitiços totalizando 7 pontos ou mais já pode declarar que é feiticeiro: com isso ele pode conseguir um aprendiz e passar adiante a arte de lançar feitiços.

O gasto de treinamento *por* um Aventureiro é o mesmo gasto de treinamento *para* um Aventureiro. O lançamento de feitiços deveria ser vendido em torno de 50-300 MOs por ponto de Gasto de Energia do feitiço, dependendo da prosperidade da área em que o mago esteja trabalhando e da possibilidade de pagamento por parte do cliente.

Planejamento de Aventuras

Mais cedo ou mais tarde, todo Mestre sente-se suficientemente confiante e inspirado para queimar alguns neurônios, pegar papel e lápis e criar sua própria aventura. Planejar uma aventura de *Dungeoneer* necessita de um pouco de tempo e imaginação, mas não é difícil, depois que você tiver pego o jeito (afinal, se *nós* demos conta...).

Para planejar uma aventura, você precisará do seguinte:

- Criar uma história, que envolva o pedido de alguém para solucionar um problema, um problema que os Aventureiros também tenham, como um vilão interessante que começou a causar dificuldades, ou alguma coisa nesse gênero.
- Desenvolver uma trama em torno da idéia dessa história, acrescentando as razões para o envolvimento dos Aventureiros, e escolher alguns locais apropriados para a Ação!
- Desmembrar a trama numa série de cenas, cada uma contendo um incidente que levará ao grande final.
- Enriquecer com detalhes os NPCs pouco importantes e os importantíssimos Bandidos! Acrescente mais detalhes aos locais e cenários e você estará pronto para "ir à luta"!

A Estória

Pense sobre o mundo em que os Aventureiros vivem. É o mundo de ações corajosas e dinâmicas. É um mundo de clichês maravilhosos, onde os Aventureiros falam de modo resoluto, os feiticeiros malévolos zombam e tramam, os Orcs são idiotas. Um mundo onde o bem vence o mal, e o que é certo prevalece, apesar de não ser sem perdas. Há muita ação, e muito combate. É uma diversão descontraída, ruidosa e incrivelmente gostosa na qual vamos nos envolver.

Storylines Típicos (o assunto das histórias)

Não consegue pensar numa história? Ligue a televisão ou então leia um livro. Existem tantos meios de se contar uma história; inspiração pode vir de qualquer lugar! Se sua imaginação ainda não foi incendiada, tente inventar alguns nomes e situações num desses *storylines* simples:

A Mensagem: Os Aventureiros devem ir aonde homens menos habilidosos já falharam; os Orcs estão observando os passos, mas a mensagem *precisa* passar por eles!

Endireitando Algo Errado: Caçadores locais mataram uma donzela Elfa que os pegara invadindo as terras élficas. A vila será incendiada se os acusados não forem presos.

O Desafio: A honra exige que um dos Aventureiros realize um feito notável, ou então será rotulado como covarde (e perderá a aposta!).

Procurado, Vivo ou Morto: "Ei, olhem esse cartaz de procurado! Não é o homem que passou por nós na estrada há alguns dias? E há uma recompensa? Vamos encontrá-lo!"

O Salvamento: Encontrar as vítimas, libertá-las sem feri-las e, se possível, lidar com seus captores (veja a Aventura I de *Dungeoneer*).

Vilania: Alguém está tramando para depor o rei. Uma rebelião germina nos cantos escuros da cidade. Descubra quem, como e quando — e impeça-o!

O Grupo de Caça: Os Aventureiros tentam capturar ou matar uma fera rara por sua bela (e muito cara) pele.

Monstro à Solta: Uma pacífica vila está sendo importunada

por uma fera das terras mais selvagens. Mas existe um porém — a criatura tem uma razão para estar tão furiosa...

Dever de Escolta: Há bandidos em todas as partes; um mercador necessita de bons homens fortes para guardar sua caravana. Bom pagamento. Fale com Reskin, a Guilda dos Mercadores...

Correr Contra o Tempo: Encontrar a erva rara, no passo secreto da montanha, antes que a lua esteja cheia, ou a filha do rei morrerá!

A Trama

Depois que você já tiver sido tomada pela semente de uma idéia, divida-a em várias cenas. Faça com que cada cena apresente um problema específico que deve ser resolvido para que os Aventureiros possam prosseguir. Nas cenas-chave, os Aventureiros também podem descobrir uma pista ou alguma coisa que lhes será útil no grande confronto final.

Para as primeiras cenas, escolha alguma que inspire *motivação* — por que os Aventureiros deveriam se envolver? A razão pode vir de fora: eles são aventureiros, afinal, e aventureiros existem para serem contratados. Poderia ser o retorno de alguém com quem eles já toparam antes e prefeririam não ter que encontrar novamente (como Xortan Throg, por exemplo?). Poderia ter alguma base em seus históricos: o que faria um Aventureiro se o bandido caolho, que matou toda sua família, de repente "pintasse" na cidade?

Decida sobre as *bases* para a aventura, e descubra como lidar com os pequenos detalhes para dar vida à cena. *Lembre-se:* você está funcionando como os cinco sentidos de seus jogadores. Convença-os de que eles podem ver as cenas em suas próprias mentes! A terra de Allansia é um local selvagem, imenso, com muitas planícies, rios de corredeiras e florestas

grandes e enodoadas. Ruínas antigas pontuam a terra, remanescentes misteriosos de um passado esquecido. Criaturas não-humanas ocultam-se nas sombras da terra, preparando-se para o dia em que deverão governar. Feiticeiros tramam, bandos de Orcs preparam-se para a guerra, criando terríveis e ameaçadoras alianças com os Trolls. A terra está cheia de possibilidades; dê-lhes vida!

Os Bandidos

Se um vilão estiver envolvido numa trama, faça com que ele seja bom (você entendeu o que queremos dizer!). Todos os vilões são uns tremendos exagerados, tendo muito mais presuntos do que qualquer supermercado. Portanto, todos eles parecem ter alguma coisa ligeiramente errada. Em alguns, isso aparece de modo bastante sutil, manifestando-se simplesmente no desejo obsessivo de governar a cidade, a terra, o mundo. Em outros, existem problemas físicos, pernas tortas, corcundas, olhos faltando, estranhos comportamentos, tiques nervosos, qualquer coisa que lhe pareça bastante nojenta.

Seja lá qual for o problema, deve ficar bem claro para os outros que existe algo de errado com eles, que não estão inteiros ali... bem, quer dizer, não são normais! Bandidões sempre têm uma fraqueza, um defeito mortal que os transforma em Bandidos, um defeito que os Aventureiros devem descobrir e explorar para impedir seu plano maléfico!

Bandidos são criaturas como os Aventureiros, só que ao inverso; em outras palavras, primeiro, trabalhe com eles através de seu histórico e personalidade, e *só então* defina características, habilidades e feitiços. Sempre pense em algumas boas citações para o uso de um Bandido — e use-as! Os bandidos são uma excelente desculpa para que você haja como maníaco, então faça com que esses sejam os grandes momentos da aventura!

NPCs

Outro modo de acrescentar grande diversão a qualquer aventura é assegurar que os Aventureiros encontrem um certo número de NPCs interessantes. Mesmo uma simples luta de espadas será enriquecida por um oponente que tire alguns truques de sua manga, que tenha algumas habilidades estranhas (seus jogadores ficarão impressionados — ou serão ridicularizados? — por um oponente que de algum modo consegue esquivar-se do membro mais habilidoso do grupo, exatamente quando parece estar pronto para ser pego).

Se desejar acrescentar alguns NPCs memoráveis a uma aventura, pense sobre o que os tornaria interessantes.

Aparência

Qual é a aparência de um NPC? Se quiser, pense numa pessoa real (um ator de cinema, de TV, um amigo, não importa quem) com quem ele seja parecido. Como alternativa, pense em um ou dois adjetivos para descrever-lhe a aparência; quando os Aventureiros o encontrarem, seus jogadores poderão imaginá-lo. Seres não-humanos e monstros são ainda mais fáceis de descrever e caracterizar porque são muito diferentes dos humanos (falaremos dos monstros na próxima seção).

Modo de Falar

Exatamente como qualquer outra terra, Allansia é cheia de diferentes sotaques e modos de falar. Nas grandes cidades-estado, personagens educados podem falar de modo bastante formal ou pedante, enquanto os ladrões de sarjeta conversam numa linguagem toda própria. Nas regiões mais isoladas, as pessoas falam exatamente como as do interior de qualquer outra terra, de modo longo e arrastado, arrastando ainda mais os "ans" e "erres".

Assim como o sotaque, o vocabulário de um persongem também varia. Fazendeiros falam em termos de clima e sementes, medindo o tempo através da lua e são muito chegados a dizeres e provérbios supersticiosos. Cortesãos referem-se a si mesmos como "nós". Orcs tendem a não conseguir pronunciar muitas palavras e adaptaram algumas ao seu modo de articular ("humanos" então tornaram-se "rumanos!") Se for necessário, escreva algumas citações para o uso de seus NPCs.

O Que Eles Desejam

Em todo encontro entre NPCs e Aventureiros, cada lado provavelmente desejará alguma coisa do outro. Os Aventureiros podem querer informações, ajuda, um item especial, esse tipo de coisa. Os NPCs (em muitos casos sendo apenas parte de toda a trama) têm poucos objetivos: dar informação, ajudar alguém, ter uma conversa, dinheiro, fama, poder, uma boa diversão, e coisas assim. Saber que um NPC deseja alguma coisa em particular tornará sua personificação mais fácil.

Como Eles Pretendem Obtê-la

Se você pretende que seus NPCs usem algumas habilidades, ou que cheguem a lutar com os Aventureiros, eles precisarão de algumas características específicas, talvez algumas Habilidades Especiais ou feitiços. Resolve isso tudo antes de a aventura começar; mas anote somente aquelas características que você acha que seus NPCs vão precisar. Como os Bandidos, os NPCs são criados de trás para a frente, começando com quem são eles e então chegando-se a números apropriados. Se, durante um encontro, você de repente descobre que um NPC precisa usar outra habilidade, crie-a na hora ou então jogue contra os pontos de HABILIDADE.

"Repetecos"

É sempre interessante fazer com que alguns NPCs que "deram certo" voltem para ajudar, atrapalhar ou perseguir os Aventureiros de tempos em tempos. Eles podem produzir um certo alívio chegando como uma espécie de piada, e podem até mesmo fazer com que seus jogadores encostem a cabeça na mesa, não acreditando na própria má sorte de encontrá-los *de novo*. PCs que estão sempre aparecendo no momento exato para ajudar os Aventureiros podem rapidamente desenvolver-se em membros importantes do grupo — como eles sempre fazem isso, e por quê? Você logo aprenderá a repetir, ao observar as reações de seus jogadores. Se um personagem der uma gargalhada, ou soltar um rosnado, traga-o de volta!

Monstros

Assim como existem os NPCs mais inteligentes para lidar com os Aventureiros, também existem os Monstros, as terríveis criaturas e os tenebrosos e intrigantes humanóides. É necessária uma certa habilidade para jogar como um Monstro, pois nem todos são simples presas, feitos apenas para que os Aventureiros os chacinem em pequenos pedaços, no momento de loucura sanguinária, no calor frenético da batalha.

Muitos monstros possuem algo que se assemelha à inteligência; personagens verdadeiramente heróicos deixarão que muitos permaneçam vivos, preferindo suborná-los ou trapaceá-los para que permitam sua passagem em vez de simplesmente destruí-los. Alguns Monstros podem até mesmo ter Habilidades Especiais, que eles certamente usarão para se defender.

Depois de ter dito isso, é claro, há também dúzias de feras horrendas que devem ser imediatamente despachadas. Algumas serão tão poderosas que os Aventureiros terão que correr se desejarem permanecer vivos. Porém, se você conseguir variar o modo como os Monstros reagem e se comportam, suas aventuras não terminarão como uma espécie de academia onde seus Aventureiros pratiquem sua habilidade de *Espada*.

A lista de Monstros abaixo abrange desde raças humanóides hostis (Orcs, Goblins e seus afins) até gigantes criaturas mutantes, de mortos-vivos fantasmagóricos a vorazes monstros reais! Não nos detivemos em longas descrições sobre sua história, política, expansão demográfica ou coisa desse tipo; você encontrará tais informações em *Out of the Pit — Saídos do Inferno*, no qual há referências mais detalhadas dessas criaturas, além de 200 outras.

Na lista que se segue, cada criatura recebeu valores "típicos" de HABILIDADE e ENERGIA. Ou seja, algumas criaturas podem ser mais fracas ou mais fortes do que isso, então você é bem-vindo em personificá-las variando um pouco seus valores em 1 ou 2 pontos.

Lista de Monstros

A seguir apresentamos algumas das mais comuns criaturas encontradas em Allansia. Cada criatura é descrita na seguinte ordem: Tipo de Monstro; Hábitat; Número Encontrado (aumente ou diminua de acordo com o número de Aventureiros); Reação; Inteligência (acredite se quiser, mas os humanos a têm Alta); HABILIDADE; ENERGIA; Arma usada; além de notas especiais sobre a aparência da criatura, ataques especiais e coisas assim.

Águia Gigante: Pássaro — Qualquer lugar selvagem — 1-2 — Neutra — Baixa — HABILIDADE 7 — ENERGIA 11 — Garras muito grandes.

O primeiro ataque será um poderoso mergulho com +3 pon-

tos de HABILIDADE. Se acertar 2 vezes seguidas, ela erguerá sua vítima no ar e voará de volta com ela para seu ninho, no alto da montanha.

Aranha Gigante: Inseto — Em qualquer lugar selvagem — 1 — Hostil — Baixa — HABILIDADE 8 — ENERGIA 8 — Grande mordida.

Qualquer um que ficar preso na teia de uma Aranha Gigante deve jogar duas vezes contra a HABILIDADE ou a Habilidade de *Força* e ser bem-sucedido a fim de conseguir escapar, ou sofrer Ataques Sem Oposição por parte da Aranha.

Centauro: Humanóide — Em qualquer lugar selvagem — 1-6 — Neutra/Inamistosa — Alta — HABILIDADE 10 — ENERGIA 10 — Arco e flecha, lança.

Esses seres meio-humanos/meio-cavalos vagam em planícies abertas, longe da civilização humana.

Centopéia Gigante: Inseto — Subterrâneos — 1-2 — Inamistosa — Baixa/Nenhuma — HABILIDADE 9 — ENERGIA 7 — Grande mordida.

Algumas dessas criaturas gigantescas têm mordidas venenosas, causando mais 2 pontos de dano.

Cíclope: Humanóide — Colinas/Cavernas — 1 — Hostil — Mediana — HABILIDADE 10 — ENERGIA 10 — Machado de guerra (+1 de dano por *Força*).

Caolho e brutal, se parece com um enlouquecido Ogre mutante.

Demônio da Neblina: Monstro — Florestas — 1-3 — Hostil — Baixa — HABILIDADE 8 — ENERGIA 6 — Grande garra.

Essas criaturas-nebulosas sem substância têm forma vagamente humanóides. Lutar com tal criatura, leve e transparente, resulta numa penalidade de -2 na HABILIDADE do Aventureiro.

Dragão: Monstro — Em qualquer lugar selvagem — 1 — Neutra — Alta — HABILIDADE 16 — ENERGIA 25 — 4 Ataques — Garras muito grandes.

Este é um exemplo de um jovem Dragão Dourado; são de muitos tipos e muitas idades. Este Dragão pode também cuspir fogo a cada segunda Série de Ataque, causando 4 pontos de dano (*Testar a Sorte* ou *Esquivar-se* para reduzir 2 pontos).

Esqueleto: Morto-vivo — Subterrâneos/Ruínas — 1-6 — Hostil — Baixa — HABILIDADE 6 — ENERGIA 5 — Espada, arco e flecha, machado.

Os Mortos-vivos mais comuns, os Esqueletos só podem ser realmente feridos por armas de impacto; armas com lâminas causam-lhes apenas a perda de 1 ponto de ENERGIA.

Fera da Pedra: Criatura mágica — Em qualquer lugar selvagem — 1 — Hostil — Baixa — HABILIDADE 8 — ENERGIA 11 — Grande punho.

Espíritos elementais presos em rochas, que se transmutam em formas humanóides para atacar. Armas com lâminas, como espada, causam-lhes apenas 1 ponto de dano.

Ghoul: Morto-vivo — Ruínas/Subterrâneos — 1-3 — Hostil — Baixa — HABILIDADE 8 — ENERGIA 7 — 2 Ataques — Punho humano.

Se um Ghoul — um cadáver pútrido e reanimado de aparência bastante horrenda — conseguir acertar 4 vezes um determinado alvo, a vítima ficará paralisada por 15 minutos, e poderá então ser devorada pela criatura.

Gigante: Humanóide — Cavernas/Subterrâneo — 1-3 —

Hostil — Baixa — HABILIDADE 9 — ENERGIA 10 — 2 Ataques — Grandes punhos.

Há muitas raças desses enormes humanóides; o que descrevemos acima é um Gigante das Cavernas. Sua pele cinzenta lhe permite surpreender seus oponentes, fazendo o primeiro ataque sem oposição, 5 entre 6 vezes (5-6).

Goblin: Humanóide — Colinas/Planícies/Subterrâneos — 1-6 — Hostil — Mediana — HABILIDADE 5 — ENERGIA 5 — Espada, machado, punhal de arremesso.

Parecendo Orcs menores e submissos (mas tão nojentos em seus hábitos quanto seus parentes maiores), os Goblins preferem viver próximo à natureza, apesar de também serem encontrados servindo Orcs nos exércitos do mal.

Homem-Lagarto: Humanóide — Matas/Pântanos/Ruínas/Subterrâneos — 1-6 — Hostil — Mediana/Alta — HABILIDADE 8 — ENERGIA 8 — Lança, espada, besta.

Esses humanóides altos, fortes e reptantes, malévolos e guerreiros, são temidos por seu hábito de pegar humanos para escravos de suas minas de ouro.

Homem-Pássaro: Humanóide — Colinas — 1-6 — Neutro — Mediana — Baixa — HABILIDADE 10 — ENERGIA 8 — Grande garra.

Humanóides alados, com cabeça de pássaro, tipicamente encontrados nas Colinas Moonstone. Se acertarem e jogarem contra a HABILIDADE, eles podem erguer a vítima no ar antes de largá-la novamente.

Homem-Peixe: Humanóide — Rios/Cavernas — 1-4 — Inamistosa/ Hostil — Baixa — HABILIDADE 7 — ENERGIA 6 — Tridente (como Lança).

Esses seres, com olhos saltados, são meio-peixes/meio-humanos (veja na Aventura II de *Dungeoneer*).

Imitador: Monstro — Subterrâneos — 1 — Hostil — Baixa — HABILIDADE 9 — ENERGIA 8 — Grande punho.

Essa bolha disforme de matéria cinzenta pode transformar-se num objeto comum de masmorra, digamos um baú ou uma porta. Quando sua vítima em potencial a investiga, ela fica presa e o Imitador transforma parte de si mesmo num punho. Vítimas presas lutam com uma penalidade de -2 em sua HABILIDADE.

Larva de Rocha: Inseto — Subterrâneos — 1 — Inamistosa — Baixa/Nenhuma — HABILIDADE 7 — ENERGIA 11 — Grande mordida.

Esses imensos escaravelhos comedores de rocha mastigam seus caminhos pelo mundo subterrâneo.

Lobisomem: Humanóide — Em qualquer lugar — 1 — Hostil — Mediana — HABILIDADE 8 — ENERGIA 10 — 2 Ataques — Grandes garras.

Quando a lua está cheia, alguns humanos transformam-se em criaturas e vagam pela noite matando tudo o que encontram. Qualquer um que for mordido por um Lobisomem se transformará em Lobisomem na próxima lua cheia. As estatísticas valem apenas para os homens na forma de Lobisomem.

Lobo: Animal — Em qualquer lugar selvagem — 1-6 — Hostil — Mediana/Baixa — HABILIDADE 7 — ENERGIA 6 — Grande mordida.

Lobos podem ser encontrados vagando, caçando em bandos, por todo o norte de Allansia.

Manticore: Monstro — Em qualquer lugar selvagem/Subter-

râneos — 1 — Hostil — Mediana — HABILIDADE 12 — ENERGIA 18 — 2 Ataques — 2 grandes garras e 1 ferrão.

Esta criatura bizarra e altamente perigosa tem um rosto humano, a juba e o corpo de um leão, asas de couro semelhante às de um morcego e uma cauda de escorpião. Após um ataque de garra bem-sucedido, uma vítima deve *Testar a Sorte* com sucesso ou *Esquivar-se*, do contrário ou então será picado pelo ferrão venenoso e sofrerá a perda de mais 6 pontos de ENERGIA!

Minotauro: Humanóide — Subterrâneos/Ruínas — 1 — Hostil — Mediana — HABILIDADE 9 — ENERGIA 9 — 2 Ataques — Grandes punhos.

Esse humanóide com cabeça de touro normalmente habita o coração de um labirinto subterrâneo.

Ogre: Humanóide — Em qualquer lugar — 1-6 — Hostil — Mediana/Alta — HABILIDADE 8 — ENERGIA 10 — 2 Ataques — Arma ou Grandes punhos.

Esses humanóides imensos e animalescos são parentes dos Orcs e muito semelhantes, podem ser encontrados liderando um bando deles.

Orc: Humanóide — Em qualquer lugar — 1-6 — Inamistosa/Hostil — Mediana — HABILIDADE 6 — ENERGIA 5 — Espada, lança, alabarda.

Orcs são os mais comuns de todos os humanóides do mal, e eles infestam toda Allansia. São malévolos, covardes, cruéis e totalmente nojentos!

Rato Gigante: Animal — Subterrâneos — 2-7 — Inamistosa — Baixa — HABILIDADE 5 — ENERGIA 4 — Pequena mordida.

Ratos Gigantes são uma ameaça a qualquer um que estiver

explorando velhas ruínas, masmorras ou sistemas de esgoto de uma cidade antiga.

Rato Humano: Humanóide — Subterrâneos/Ruínas — 1-6 — Inamistosa — Baixa — HABILIDADE 5 — ENERGIA 6 — Pequena garra ou arma.

Esses humanóides mutantes, com cabeça de rato, são adeptos de cercar seus isolados domínios com armadilhas e ciladas.

Troglodita: Humanóide — Subterrâneos — 2-12 — Inamistosa — Mediana — HABILIDADE 5 — ENERGIA 4 — Punhal, arco e flecha.

Esses pequenos humanóides disformes habitam cavernas bem distantes da superfície do mundo.

Troll: Humanóide — Em qualquer lugar — 1-3 — Neutra/Hostil — Mediana/Alta — HABILIDADE 9 — ENERGIA 9 — 2 Ataques — Machado de guerra, alabarda, espada.

Esses grandes e feios humanóides, aparentados com os Orcs e semelhantes, são grosseiros e mal-humorados, mas gostam de brincadeiras onde outras criaturas ficam seriamente feridas. Este é um Troll Comum; há muitas outras raças.

Zumbi: Morto-vivo — Subterrâneos/Ruínas — 1-6 — Hostil — Baixa — HABILIDADE 6 — ENERGIA 6 — Pequena garra.

Parecendo cadáveres recentemente enterrados e já se decompondo, esses mortos-vivos são normalmente comandados por um feiticeiro que esteja por perto, pois são lentos e burros.

Tesouro

Muitas criaturas inteligentes terão seu próprio tesouro, seja em Moedas de Ouro, em algumas gemas brilhantes, uma arma finamente trabalhada, ou até mesmo alguma coisa mágica. Para algumas criaturas, você terá um artigo específico em mente: uma chave para abrir uma porta mais adiante na aventura, uma poção ou arma que serão úteis, esse tipo de coisa.

Para as ocasiões em que não houver nenhum tesouro em especial e você quiser escolher algum ao acaso, simplesmente jogue um dado e verifique na tabela abaixo o tipo de criatura que está envolvida; jogue uma vez para cada uma das criaturas presentes. *Nota*: a maioria das criaturas mantém seus tesouros em seu covil; se elas forem encontradas longe dele, não estarão carregando nada. Os tesouros costumam estar escondidos; no entanto, se uma criatura humanóide tiver uma arma mágica, ela pode muito bem a estar usando.

Dado	Humanóide	Monstro	Morto-vivo	Todas as outras
1	nada	nada	nada	nada
2	1-3 MO*	nada	nada	nada
3	1-6 MO*	1-3 MO*	nada	nada
4	2-12 MO*	1-6 MO*	1-6 MO*	nada
5	Item especial†	2-12 MO*	2-12 MO*	1-3 MO*
6	Item especial mais 1-6 MO†	Item especial†	Item especial†	1-6 MO*

** – Moedas de Ouro*

† – Jogue dois dados e compare o resultado com a tabela de Itens Especiais, a seguir.

Itens Especiais

Dado	Item e explicação
2	Machado encantado; some 1 ponto à HABILIDADE de seu usuário
3	Poção de Invisibilidade (funciona como o feitiço)
4	Saco mágico; pode guardar 5 itens como se pesassem apenas como um
5	Flecha de prata, não é mágica mas pode ser útil contra certos seres
6	1-6 jóias, valendo 10 MO cada uma
7	1-3 gemas, valendo 25 MO cada uma
8	Pergaminho contendo um feitiço de *P.E.S.* — pode ser usado uma vez por qualquer pessoa
9	Poção de cura — funciona como o feitiço de *Energia*
10	Punhal mágico, tão malfeito que reduz 2 pontos da HABILIDADE (fato desconhecido por quem o segura)
11	Poção envenenada; causa 1-6 pontos de dano
12	Espada encantada; some 2 pontos à HABILIDADE de seu usuário.

Sinta-se livre para substituir seus próprios itens favoritos pelos existentes nessa tabela. Dê um valor baixo ou alto a item poderoso, deste modo ele não será tão facilmente encontrado como os itens mais fracos, e sempre inclua alguns itens ruins para contrabalançar com todos os bons e manter os Aventureiros sempre alertas!

FOLHAS DE AVENTURAS

FOLHA DE AVENTURAS

NOME: Aspen Darkfire

JOGADOR:

IDADE: 25

RAÇA/ PROFISSÃO: Aventureira Elfo

M / F: F

HABILIDADE	ENERGIA	SORTE
Inicial: 8	*Inicial:* 17	*Inicial:* 11
Atual:	*Atual:*	*Atual:*

HABILIDADES:	*Valor:*
Arco e Flecha	11
Esconder-se	9
Conhecimento das Florestas	10
Conscientização	10
Magia	10

FEITIÇOS:	*Gasto de Energia*
Escuridão	1
Rajada de Fogo	1
Ilusão	1
Imagens-Fantasma	2
Energia	1

DINHEIRO: 8MOs 4 SPs

TESOURO

EQUIPAMENTO:

Espada
Arco

PROVISÕES: 2

PONTOS DE EXPERIÊNCIA:

HISTÓRICO

Aspen Darkfire é a filha renegada de um príncipe Elfo menor, da Floresta de Yore. Movida por uma curiosidade insaciável de descobrir tudo sobre o mundo "exterior", ela abandonou, há 4 anos, uma vida de intermináveis dias refrescantes, na floresta dourada. Ela sabe que jamais poderá voltar para sua família, mas às vezes recebe notícias dela, através de outros Elfos. Desde então ela tem andado pelas terras ao norte do Rio Águas Brancas, procurando e encontrando aventuras em muitas terras.

PERSONALIDADE

Os Elfos que deixam suas sagradas florestas, para aventurar-se no mundo, são alegres, pessoas otimistas que aparentemente nunca se irritam. Aspen está sempre contando piadas, até mesmo nas situações mais perigosas. Ela é muito elegante e graciosa, e o único jeito de deixá-la chateada é pedir-lhe que faça alguma coisa que a torne fedorenta ou suja. Ela é muito sábia para seus poucos anos, mas, na maior parte do tempo, parece tratar tudo como se fosse uma grande diversão!

Aspen Darkfire usa roupas verde-musgo que certamente já viram muita ação, pelo menos baseando-se na quantidade de remendos e cerzidos que elas contêm!

CITAÇÕES

"Eu digo, pessoal, somos em menor número de novo, não é? Será um belo espetáculo!"

"Só para variar, bem que o velho feiticeiro podia arrumar uns Orcs que não tivessem um mau hálito!"

"Eu não faria isso se fosse você..."

NOTAS

FOLHA DE AVENTURAS

NOME: Jerek Stormgard

JOGADOR:

IDADE: 25

RAÇA/ PROFISSÃO: Mercenário humano

M/F: M

HABILIDADE	ENERGIA	SORTE
Inicial: 10	*Inicial:* 20	*Inicial:* 8
Atual:	*Atual:*	*Atual:*

HABILIDADES:	*Valor:*
Espada	13
Besta	11
Esquivar-se	12
Cavalgar	12
Conhecimento do Mundo	12

FEITIÇOS:	*Gasto de Energia*

DINHEIRO: 12MOs 0 SPs

TESOURO

EQUIPAMENTO:

Espada

Besta

Punhal

PROVISÕES: 2

PONTOS DE EXPERIÊNCIA:

HISTÓRICO

Jerek Stormgard saiu da pequena cidade-estado de Kaan, que fica a norte do Porto Blacksand. Ele serviu como guerreiro mercenário por toda Allansia desde que fugiu de casa aos 15 anos, após ter acidentalmente matado seu melhor amigo, enquanto praticavam luta de espadas.

PERSONALIDADE

Apesar de seus poucos anos, Stormgard é um mercenário durão e experiente. Ele já viajou por toda a Allansia e matou quase todos os tipos de monstros que há para serem mortos (e também mais alguns que não deviam ser mortos). Sua experiência em combate pode ser atestada pelas cicatrizes gêmeas ao lado de seu olho esquerdo.

Fisicamente, ele está em excelentes condições; mas parece haver alguma coisa calculista e fria ele. É uma pessoa quieta na maior parte do tempo, e normalmente permite que os outros tomem as decisões; mas ele é muito confiante em suas próprias capacidades — e bastante impiedoso, quando entra numa luta.

CITAÇÕES

"Hhummmph!"
"Vamos lááááá!!!"
"Vamos lá, Orc, alegre meu dia!"

NOTAS

FOLHA DE AVENTURAS

NOME: Gordo Brondwyn

JOGADOR:

IDADE: 18

RAÇA/ PROFISSÃO: Ladrão humano

M/F:M

HABILIDADE	ENERGIA	SORTE
Inicial: 9	*Inicial:* 17	*Inicial:* 12
Atual:	*Atual:*	*Atual:*

HABILIDADES:	*Valor:*
Punhal	10
Escalar	10
Trapaça	12
Truque de Mãos	11
Esgueirar-se	11

FEITIÇOS:	*Gasto de Energia*

DINHEIRO: 13MOs 2 SPs

TESOURO

EQUIPAMENTO:

3 Punhais

Corda e espigões

Ferramentas para Abrir Fechaduras

Dados viciados

PROVISÕES: 2

PONTOS DE EXPERIÊNCIA:

HISTÓRICO

Esse Aventureiro sombrio foi criado nas ruas cheias da cidade-estado de Fang, ao norte do Chiang Mai. Após perder seus pais durante a peste, quando tinha somente 11 anos, ele e seus 4 irmãos cresceram nas sarjetas, surripiando comida das lojas, dormindo em becos, lutando para manterem-se vivos.

Aos 12 anos, Gordo (um apelido, diminutivo de outro nome que ele não usa desde a morte dos pais) cometeu seu primeiro roubo; aos 14, foi admitido na Guilda de Ladrões de Fang e aprendeu muito sobre a arte do crime. Dois anos depois, porém, o desejo de andarilho o tomou e desde então ele têm viajado por toda Allansia como aventureiro.

PERSONALIDADE

Gordo é silencioso como um gato, escorregadio como uma enguia e pode escalar mais rápido do que um macaco. Ele também é muito esperto e cheio de recursos, mas não falá muito sobre isso porque não gosta de chamar a atenção sobre si. Se alguma vez os Aventureiros estiverem em perigo real, ele é aquele que vai surgir com algum plano inteligente para tirá-los "dessa fria".

Apesar de suas ligações criminosas, Gordo tem princípios fortes, e o principal deles é sua lealdade a seus amigos Aventureiros. Ele não roubará deles — nem fará deliberadamente qualquer coisa que os machuque de algum modo.

CITAÇÕES

"Achei que isso podia acontecer!"
"Isso deve ter-lhes dado algo em que pensar!"
"Por sorte, acontece que tenho aqui comigo.. "

NOTAS

FOLHA DE AVENTURAS

NOME: Grimbold Tornhelm

JOGADOR:

IDADE: 27

RAÇA/ PROFISSÃO: Anão guerreiro

M/F: M

HABILIDADE	ENERGIA	SORTE
Inicial: 9	*Inicial:* 22	*Inicial:* 7
Atual:	*Atual:*	*Atual:*

HABILIDADES:	*Valor:*
Machado	12
Visão no Escuro	11
Combate Desarmado	10
Detectar Armadilhas	10
Conhecimento do Subterrâneo	11

FEITIÇOS:	*Gasto de Energia*

DINHEIRO: 14MOs 0 SPs

TESOURO

EQUIPAMENTO:

Uma machado de guerra muito grande

PROVISÕES: 2

PONTOS DE EXPERIÊNCIA:

HISTÓRICO

Grimbold, filho de Hakkim, chefe do clã Tornhelim, foi criado numa pequena comunidade mineira de Anões nas Colinas Moonstone. Por um certo tempo ele também trabalhou nas minas de ouro, mas sua paixão por licor forte — e brigar quando bêbado — tornaram-o impopular. Desde que deixou as minas da família, ele tem andado pela Planície Windward, sem nenhum objetivo especial, brigando e bebendo, procurando por alguma coisa que preencha sua vida.

PERSONALIDADE

O Anão típico é azedo, resmungão e de pouca paciência, e Grimbold é um Anão típico. Perturbá-lo é muito fácil e não muito sábio, pois ele tem um grande machado de guerra e adora bater nas coisas com ele — principalmente em Orcs.

Ele também é muito ganancioso, especialmente por a tesouros. Ele é fascinado por objetos brilhantes e reluzentes, sobretudo se souber que são preciosos. Para Grimbold, dinheiro é a fonte de todos os prazeres. Além do dinheiro, ele diverte-se muito com comida e bebida. A menos que seja cuidadosamente vigiado, ele beberá até cair sempre que tiver a oportunidade.

CITAÇÕES

"Se disser isso outra vez, rasgo sua maldita cara de orelha a orelha!"

"Já é hora de pararmos para comer?"

"OURO!!!"

NOTAS

FOLHA DE AVENTURAS

NOME: Axel Wolfric

JOGADOR:

IDADE: 20

RAÇA/ PROFISSÃO: Guerreiro (bárbaro) humano

M/F: M

HABILIDADE	ENERGIA	SORTE
Inicial: 8	*Inicial:* 21	*Inicial:* 8
Atual:	*Atual:*	*Atual:*

HABILIDADES:	*Valor:*
Espada de Duas Maos	10
Esgueirar-se	10
Força	10
Conhecimento das Florestas	10
Magia	9

FEITIÇOS:	*Gasto de Energia*
Medo	1
Sorte	1
Energia	1

DINHEIRO: 6 MOs 3 SPs

TESOURO

EQUIPAMENTO:

Espada de duas mãos maciça
Espada
Lança
Pé de coelho da sorte

PROVISÕES: 3

PONTOS DE EXPERIÊNCIA:

HISTÓRICO

Criado em meio às estepes geladas, ao norte de Kaypong, no distante nordeste de Allansia, Wolfric é filho de um bárbaro, caçador do cervo da neve, famoso por seu trabalho de curtir couro, e membro da tribo Bárbara Stormchild. Ele tem andado pelas terras a nordeste de Allansia, por vários anos, sem juntar muita fortuna, e recentemente seguiu mais para sul à procura de aventura de verdade.

PERSONALIDADE

Com dois metros de altura e músculos sólidos, Axel poderia carregar um Yeti adulto sobre os ombros. Mas com toda sua força, ele é um cara simples, não acostumado às terras civilizadas. Apesar de se sentir abestalhado com as cidades, procura não demonstrar demais e se gaba de como seu povo é forte comparado ao civilizado. Porém, quando colocado em numa situação com a qual não está familiarizado, fica confuso e provavelmente ofenderá alguém por acidente.

Apesar dos bárbaros conhecerem alguns feitiços, nenhum deles lança clarões ou faz coisas que sejam claramente não naturais; Ele os considera como talentos naturais e nada demais. Ele certamente vai bater em alguém que o acusar de estar usando "feitiçaria", o que vê como um grande mal.

CITAÇÕES

"Não gosto do cheiro desse chão de pedra."
"Na minha tribo treinamos nossas filhas para matar Orcs desde os 6 anos!"
"Nunca confie num feiticeiro!!!"

NOTAS

FOLHA DE AVENTURAS

NOME: Baradas Rangor

JOGADOR:

IDADE: 19

RAÇA/ PROFISSÃO
Mago humano

M/F: M

HABILIDADE	ENERGIA	SORTE
Inicial: 6	*Inicial:* 18	*Inicial:* 11
Atual:	*Atual:*	*Atual:*

HABILIDADES:	*Valor:*
Esquivar-se	7
Línguas	8
Truque de Mãos	7
Conhecimento do Mundo	8
Magia	9

FEITIÇOS:	*Gasto de Energia*
P.E.S.	2
Rajada de Fogo	1
Levitar	2
Sono	2
Energia	1
Fraqueza	1

DINHEIRO: 15MOs 0 SPs

TESOURO

EQUIPAMENTO:

Espada
Cajado
Livro de Feitiços
Sapo morto (fresco)

PROVISÕES: 2

PONTOS DE EXPERIÊNCIA:

HISTÓRICO

Filho de um mercador muito viajado de Silverton, na Allansia central, Rangor foi aprendiz de um antigo feiticeiro sábio quando ainda muito jovem. Quando seu mestre foi morto como resultado de um encantamento, mal traduzido da Allansia antiga, Rangor dedicou-se ao desejo de conhecimento e experiência, e saiu para conhecer o mundo.

PERSONALIDADE

A maioria dos feiticeiros é do tipo estudioso, que gasta seus anos de juventude sobre velhos livros. Por essa razão eles muito raramente tornam-se Aventureiros. Quando o fazem, é porque provavelmente estão tão curiosos sobre o mundo que não aguentam ficar num lugar por mais do que apenas um dia.

Rangor é jovem, forte, entusiasmado e totalmente curioso. Se houver algum problema a ser encontrado, ele estará lá; é quase como se estivesse sendo levado a ver praticamente tudo o que há para ser visto neste mundo, antes de chegar aos 30!

CITAÇÕES

"Grande, vamos nessa!"
"Gostaria de saber o que há atrás desta porta..."
"Gostaria de saber como é que você conjurou um desses..."

NOTAS

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Escrito por
Marc Gascoigne e Pete Tamlyn.

Ilustração e capa por
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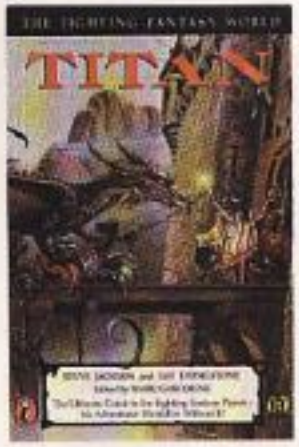

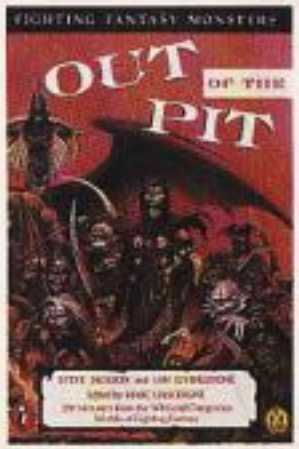

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Blacksand! contains even more rules and helpful hints for running your own fantasy adventure role-playing games. As the Director, you will find a multitude of guidelines for creating adventures set in the corrupt city-states of Allansia, all presented in the ready-to-play *Dungeoneer* style. As a Hero, you will discover fascinating new skills and spells to enhance your legendary exploits still further!

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27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ, England
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375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1990
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

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Filmset in 12 on 14 point Palatino
Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

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WELCOME!

Ulrik Wolfsbane can feel his fingers slipping from their precarious grip on the edge of the overhanging roof. He shoots a worried glance at the ground, many metres below, before summoning up all his reserves of strength and hauling his lithe body up over the parapet. He pauses only briefly before carefully picking his way around the looming chimneys to the skylight. Somewhere in the sleeping city a lonely dog barks once, then thinks better of it – or is silenced by another's hand.

The moon reappears from behind a cloud and the room is suddenly bathed in its silver light. The room is small and untidy, its walls lined with shelves that groan under the weight of scrolls and ledgers. The merchant's ebony writing table is piled high with more papers, ink pots and a bundle of quills. Wolfsbane's green eyes scan every centimetre of the room. On one wall the shelves frame a fireplace and chimney-breast which is adorned with a large and garish oil-painting of a scowling Silas Whitebait and his wife. A slight smile turns up the corners of the barbarian's mouth as he skirts a chair and creeps nimbly across the room towards it.

There is a sudden creak from a loose floorboard – a footstep outside the room! Wolfsbane stands perfectly still, every nerve and muscle taut. After what seems an eternity, the

steps recede down the passage. Then a door shuts and the house is quiet once more. The barbarian steps up to the fireplace and reaches out a hand to lift down the painting. With a CLANG! *like Telak's hammer striking his heavenly anvil, a metal cage drops to the ground – trapping Ulrik Wolfsbane inside!* AND CUT! That's a wrap, everybody . . .

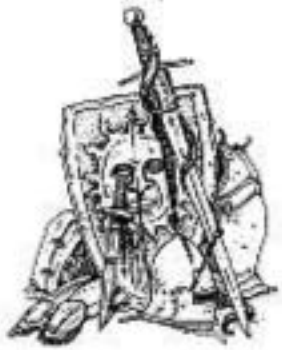

Greetings, film fans. Today we're on the set of the new Advanced Fighting Fantasy adventure, *Blacksand!* The sequel to the two-part fantasy epic, *Dungeoneer*, it's almost certain to break even more box-office records than its block-busting predecessor. The main setting this time is Port Blacksand, the sinister 'City of Thieves' which provided the backdrop for a couple of memorable scenes in the first film. Indeed, some would even say that this villainous den of pirates, cut-throats and maniacs is the real star of our new adventure!

Like *Dungeoneer*, *Blacksand!* offers you a chance to step into the shoes of the heroes of fantasy films and books. This time, however, we're concentrating on the settlements: the villages and towns, and especially the cities.

And where better to set it all than in the most notorious, most dangerous, most chaotic, most exciting city of them all, Port Blacksand? It's an opportunity for *you* to sneak into the evil Lord Azzur's heavily guarded palace, for *you* to vanquish the disgusting slime creatures that lurk beneath the city streets, for *you* to clamber over rooftops and slip through sinister shadows, in search of great danger and even greater rewards! In *Blacksand!* you'll become your heroes once more, acting out their roles in even more thrilling Fighting Fantasy adventures. Let's get started . . .

Things You Need

As you will already have gathered, this is the second book in the Advanced Fighting Fantasy series. As with any series of books, it makes sense to read them in order. While it would have been nice to print all the relevant information from the first volume again here, *Dungeoneer* is so crammed with useful stuff that it would have made this book three times the size it is now. So you will need a copy of *Dungeoneer* before you can make use of the material presented in this book. It would also be very helpful if you and your friends have played either or both of the adventures in *Dungeoneer*,

and perhaps even tried creating and shooting a few adventures of your own devising.

In the early pages of *Dungeoneer* there is a list of a few, easily obtainable items that you need in order to play Advanced Fighting Fantasy. They are some ordinary six-sided dice, some pencils and paper, a watch or clock, and a few other people who are just as keen to go adventuring as yourself. You don't need anything more to play *Blacksand!*

However, as before, there are a few extra helpful items which you may care to use to *enhance* your games of Advanced Fighting Fantasy. The two Fighting Fantasy reference books, *Out of the Pit* and *Titan*, are especially useful, since they contain interesting and useful facts and notes on monsters and the world of Fighting Fantasy respectively. They're now available in new editions, the same size as this book and *Dungeoneer*, so they are even handier to have around.

Again, you are going to find miniature figures, scenery and props useful when you play the huge adventure, *A Shadow Over Blacksand!*, which starts on page 206. The miniatures and scenery are particularly useful for the various fight scenes, so that the Director can judge where everyone is in the confusion of battle. The props, meanwhile, are thrown in simply to add a 'realistic' feel to a game: if a clue is hidden in a letter, it is much more fun for the Director to hand out a prepared prop letter and let the Heroes (or, rather, the actors and actresses playing them) find the clues for themselves – if they can! As always, you don't *need* any of these items, but they certainly add to the fun.

How to Use This Book

In *Dungeoneer* we introduced you to the whole idea of role-playing adventures and the world of Advanced Fighting Fantasy in easy-to-understand stages. The emphasis was on ready-to-use rules and facts so that you

could start shooting your first fantasy adventures before you even knew it. In this book, we are assuming that you already have some experience of adventuring or Directing. If you haven't yet, go back to *Dungeoneer* and play through that first.

Blacksand! is organized into four parts:

1. New game rules, in particular new Special Skills and Spells for Heroes, and an expansion of the character 'background' sections. There is also a new rating, Social Scale.

2. Designing adventures set in villages, towns and cities. The basic principles of adventure designing are much the same as for underground complexes, as explained in *Dungeoneer*, though the specific details are quite different. Rounding off this section are a host of new, town-based creatures, and some quick adventure ideas.

3. Utilizing the rules and guidelines given in the previous section, we finally detail Port Blacksand. There are new maps of the various city districts, together with the notable inhabitants, businesses and power factions. Further notes on daily life in the City of Thieves make it the ideal setting for any number of excitement-packed adventures!

4. Finally, there's the epic-length adventure, *A Shadow over Blacksand!*

The simplest thing to do now is to turn the page and start reading. Some of the material is instantly usable, while other sections are likely to be of greater long-term interest. If you are a Director, you should read as much or as little as you feel you need to, according to the adventure you are designing or running. If you are a player, however, it is quite important that you shouldn't read the sections on Port Blacksand or *any* of the text of *A Shadow over Blacksand!* Knowing exactly what's going to happen can take away too much of the fun to be worth the initial excitement of taking a quick peek; so don't read beyond page 206!

All right, what are we waiting for? The gates of *Blacksand!* are open, so let's step inside . . .

1. New Rules

In *Dungeoneer*, the first book of the Advanced Fighting Fantasy series, we detailed all the basic rules needed to act out the role of a typical Allansian adventurer. With those skills and spells, a brave Hero could stalk frightful, ancient underground dungeons and temples to vanquish monsters and make off with all the treasure he or she could carry. In various parts of Titan, however, certain abilities will be more – or less – important; for example, just about the only practical use to which the Special Skill *Underground Lore* can be put in Kharé or Port Blacksand is cleaning and repairing the sewers!

In the towns and cities, and in other parts of the wide world of Titan, different skills and spells may come into play. Many of these were indeed covered in some detail in *Dungeoneer*. A few, however, were not, so we present them here, along with a couple of clarifications and modifications to some existing abilities.

NEW SPECIAL SKILLS

The Special Skills which follow may be chosen in exactly the same way as those in *Dungeoneer* (found there on page 113 onwards) when a new character is created. Heroes who have already chosen their Special Skills will have to pay someone to be taught the relevant ability or – in a few, rare cases – learn the skill through prolonged experience of it. All these Special Skills may be possessed by Extras and Bad Guys when played by the Director. In some cases, such characters may have higher ratings than those allowed for a Hero (up to 4 points for a starting character, with more learnt only by experience and training).

Note that, as with all the Special Skills listed in *Dungeoneer*, the Director is allowed to modify them or even to bar any of them from being used in his or her adventures. Similarly, he or she may have added some new ones of his or her own devising; you will be informed about these if they are also available.

Animal Lore (Knowledge) – As its name implies, this Special Skill allows the Hero or Extra who possesses it a chance of knowing a particular fact about an animal. This could include where to find one, how dangerous it would be, how much it would fetch if sold at a market, perhaps even (at higher levels) how to prepare its skin to make a cloak or suit of leather armour. It does not include the ability to ride or tame an animal (*Ride* Skill must be used for that). Note that the Director may reduce the Skill chance by any amount from 1 to 6 points (or even more) when testing for knowledge concerning a particularly rare or unusual creature.

Bargain (Knowledge) – This Special Skill comes in very handy when trying to do business as a trader or merchant. Quite simply, it confers an increased chance of getting a good price for some goods, whether buying or selling. It also allows a character to look at an item and tell at a glance whether it is worth the price being asked, whether it is real or fake, and so on. In more rarefied circumstances, *Bargain* becomes

a negotiating skill, allowing a greater chance of setting up deals with enemies or allies; a successful *Bargain* roll could even persuade a band of Orcs to let the Heroes go in exchange for their possessions, for example. This skill may be used in conjunction with some fast talking supplied by the *Con* Special Skill; a successful roll against *Con* Skill would then allow the character to add all the points invested in their *Con* Skill to their *Bargain* score! Note that the difference between *Con* and *Bargain* is that there is no swindle involved in using the latter Skill to obtain a fair price or good terms for a deal. Further notes on trading and using *Bargain* and *Con* to make deals and swindles will be found on page 69.

Battle Tactics (Knowledge) – The character with this Special Skill is well versed in the art of war, not so much as a warrior but as a commander of dozens or hundreds of men. Any Hero or Extra wishing to rise up the ranks in an army will find this Skill essential. In an abstract battle (one which is not being played out using the standard combat rules for each individual duel, but which instead is being decided on the result of a number of die rolls) the *Battle Tactics* scores of opposing commanders may be used instead of SKILL, perhaps with

further modifiers from the Director, to decide the outcome.

Bird Lore (Knowledge) – As *Animal Lore*, but allows for a chance of knowing a particular fact about a bird and sometimes (with appropriate reductions in the chance, decided upon by the Director) other flying creatures, such as Griffons and Dragons. Again, this Skill does not confer the ability to ride a creature like, say, a Giant Eagle. If *Ride* Skill is being used to try this, however, a Hero possessing *Bird Lore* may be allowed to reduce by 1 or 2 points the large negative modifiers that are usually incurred when attempting such an unusual feat, at the Director's discretion.

City Lore (Knowledge) – This Special Skill is most often gained by growing up or living in one place for a long time; it simply means that the character knows some quite complex facts about a particular place. The Skill applies to one specific city (or town, or any other sort of

local area, in fact) and may be possessed more than once to apply to different places.

At the Director's discretion, one complete year spent living in a particular place confers 1 point of *City Lore* on a character. This will usually be up to a maximum of only 2 points – more if a character spends a whole year digging out as much as they can about a particular place. Most residents of a particular town or city will have 1 or 2 points of *City Lore* concerning their home.

Disguise (Stealth) – Although a chance of being camouflaged already exists in the Special Skills *Sneak* and *Hide*, there are some practitioners of the art who are true masters of disguise; this is the Skill they employ. The chance of success or failure depends greatly on the situation the disguised character puts himself in, and on the amount of preparation he is allowed beforehand. The modifiers for all these situations are listed in the section on page 66.

Law (Knowledge) – This very specialist Skill – or, in most cases, the Extra who possesses it – will come in handy if the Heroes ever fall foul of the law of a particular place. It is unlikely that a Hero will choose this as a starting Special Skill (it isn't specially useful when vanquishing ravening monsters, after all), but may be learnt at a later date from another character who possesses 4 or more points of it, should the Hero require it. *Law* really comes into its own at a legal trial; for more details on how it does this, see the section entitled 'Crime and Punishment' on page 191 later.

Minor Magic (Knowledge) – Possessing this Skill means that a character knows a few small charms or incantations which serve to make life a little easier in a few circumstances. The most frequent users of *Minor Magic* are hedge wizards and village wisewomen, who use it to brew love potions, repair their clothes or sour the milk of the local miser! Unlike *Magic* Special Skill, this ability may be chosen without permanently losing some points from one's SKILL. Note also that *Minor Magic* can be learnt at any time, which means that a Hero who didn't choose it (when being created by his player!) may learn it at a later date if he wishes. How to choose spells, and the spells which can be chosen, are detailed below on page 35.

Pacify (Knowledge/Stealth) – This unusual Special Skill conveys on its possessor the ability to calm down raging beasts, quieten brawling drunks and generally stop dangerous situations getting completely out of hand. It implies a smooth voice, the ability to say

exactly the right words at the right time and make all the correct, non-threatening movements, and so on. *Pacify* is especially useful to Good priests and animal trainers; but it may also be chosen by a Hero to help protect against lunatic Goblins or ferocious Manticores.

Secret Signs (Stealth/Knowledge) – This Special Skill is especially useful to thieves or members of other sinister organizations or cults, for it conveys an ability to converse – in a limited fashion – in a secret language of codes and signs. In effect, it works like an unusual version of the *Languages* Skill, though it confers knowledge of only one, very obscure and sometimes dangerous tongue or sign-language. Various *Secret Signs* Skills may be learnt for different code languages; for example, a Hero may possess two *Secret Signs* Skills and have a chance of understanding not only the written signs of the Port Blacksand Guild of Thieves but also the secret ceremonial tongue of the Priests of Arantis. It should be noted that the languages represented by *Secret Signs* Skills are often very limited in their vocabulary: a priest's

code, say, could be used to convey information about the cult's gods, the time and place of meetings, and details of sacrifices or feast days – but it could not be used to buy a bobbin of cotton or a bag of oranges in the market place.

Skill Clarifications

A few of the Special Skills listed in *Dungeoneer* need further explanation to make them suitable for city and town adventuring.

(Subject) Lore (Knowledge) – In the *Dungeoneer* Special Skills list, there are a number of *Lore* Skills, to which we have added a few new ones, above. It should also be noted that knowledge of just about any subject under Glantanka's golden sun can be represented as a *Lore* Skill: *Desert Lore*, for example, is plainly common knowledge to the camel-riding nomads of the Desert of Skulls; it enables them to find oases and not get lost among the trackless wastes of their sun-parched domain. An undertaker in Fang might possess a Special Skill

along the lines of *Embalming Lore*, which would enable him to carry out the process of mummifying corpses by which the northern people preserve their deceased relatives.

Quite simply, then, it is obvious that any area of knowledge may be converted into game terms, by applying a specific *Lore* Special Skill to it. This is especially relevant to Extras, who may have worked all their lives in one particular trade or profession and would therefore possess a greater skill at it than the average man in the street. A blacksmith would have *Metal Lore*, a jeweller *Gem Lore*, a baker *Baking Lore*, and so on. Of course these are normally of very little use to an adventurer who finds himself down a dungeon full of half-starved Orcs (unless you wanted to bake them a cake, perhaps). But if a Hero wishes either to possess or to learn a specialist *Lore* Skill of this type (usually as part of their background, or just to take a job using this skill) they can normally be allowed to do so – subject to the Director's approval, as always. For example, if a Hero's background states that he grew up in a small fishing village on the Allansian coast before becoming an adventurer, the Director may allow him to add 1 point of *Sea Lore* to his other, more important Special Skills. This is already built into the Special Skill choices of Elves and Dwarves, but it can also be used in the case of other adventurers.

Magic – As well as the introduction of the *Minor Magic* Special Skill (see above), there is a second new class of magic: *Priest Spells*. These are abilities conveyed by the

worship of a particular god, deity or other supernatural being, generally awarded for being especially devout and faithful. They are most usually conjured up by powerful praying or lengthy rituals; in most cases, however, they work just like a standard sorcerer's spell.

The character wishing to choose priestly spells still needs *Magic* Special Skill, and the number of points put into it are still subtracted from the *initial* SKILL score.. However, rather than choosing from the standard list of sorcerer's spells (to be found on page 125 of *Dungeoneer*, together with new spells from the list below) the priest must choose from a quite different list, which is fully explained in the following section.

NEW SPELLS

As with the new Special Skills above, any, all or none of the following new rules and spells may be adopted by the Director for use in his or her Advanced Fighting Fantasy game. Directors may also add further spells of their own devising, of course.

Reversing Spells

One area which was not fully explored in *Dungeoneer* was the fact that many spells can be reversed – that is, deliberately cast backwards in order to have the reverse effect of what usually happens, as opposed to working backwards because of a bad *Magic* Skill die roll! In the spell list in *Dungeoneer* there are already some examples of this, such as *Banish Undead* (the reverse of *Raise Skeleton*), *Darkness* (*Light*), *Lock* (*Open*) and *Grow* (*Shrink*).

However, some other spells not specifically listed in *Dungeoneer* (or below) may also be reversed. Casting the reverse of a spell (for which no reverse is already listed) costs the same in STAMINA terms as the usual way, plus 1 extra point; however, spells which normally cost 6 or more STAMINA points to cast require an extra 2 points to reverse. The spell does not have to be relearnt or studied any further before it can be cast backwards. All other characteristics of the spell, including duration and area affected, continue to apply. Thus a character who has *Darkness* but not *Light* may – at the cost of 2 STAMINA points – illuminate a circular area up to five

metres across for up to three minutes (*Light* proper lasts for 15 minutes).

Note that the following spells have no reverse (generally because a reverse would not make sense): *Fire Bolt, Skill, Stamina, Ward, ESP, Farseeing, Force Bolt, Levitate, Mirror Selves, All Heal, Speak to Animals*. However, even these spells may be cast in reverse in order to negate the effects of another's spell as it is being cast, in a very specific form of *Counter-Spell*, again for the usual cost, plus 1 extra STAMINA point.

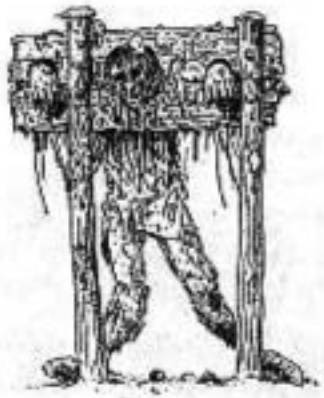

A few further points should be made here. The reverse of *Light* lasts for only three minutes, just as in a *Darkness* spell. Reversing *Lock* does not require the extra STAMINA point if it is being used on something that has been magically shut by the same spellcaster. *Strength*, when reversed, either negates *Strength* or gives the person it has been cast on the strength of a small child (not enough to stand up in armour or hold a sword, for example). The reverse of *Weakness* acts like a *Strength*

spell, and lasts for only one minute or one major task. *Languages* may be cast in reverse in order to make a perfectly understandable language suddenly incomprehensible (this is great for confusing Orcs!). Reversing *Find* magically hides something, so that two *Find* spells need to be cast before it can be found – though this has no effect on plain eyesight or touch (it doesn't make something invisible). Reversing *Restrain* will also open non-magical handcuffs and make someone holding the victim let go. The reverse of *Death* (costing a frightful 12 STAMINA points to cast) also ages the caster one year. Note also that any subject raised from the dead will now be alive – but may still be so badly injured that they will die again very soon unless healed. If there are any doubts about the exact effects of a reversed spell, the Director is at liberty to forbid its use.

New Magic Spells

The following are chosen and cast in exactly the same way as any other magical spell; they require a successful *Magic* Skill roll and generally last for a set amount of time. Those characters already created and 'living' in the world will have to find someone to teach them a spell they don't already possess. As always, spells costing

more than 4 STAMINA points may not be chosen by starting characters.

Flash! (1) – This simple but effective spell causes a short but spectacular burst of light to occur somewhere within ten metres of the caster. Anyone looking at the light will be temporarily blinded for 1–6 minutes (roll for each person); they will spend that time groping about, rubbing their eyes, falling over one another, and so on. Any character surprised by the spell but successfully *Testing for Luck* will have managed to shut their eyes in time and will not be affected. Unless this is the case, note that the light will affect any characters with their eyes open – and that includes both the Heroes and the spellcaster himself! Anyone may declare that they are shutting their eyes (a very dangerous thing to do, if fending off a couple of dozen Orcs at the time, of course), provided the spellcaster announces his intention of casting the spell. Note further that Orcs and other barely intelligent adversaries may hear a shouted warning and shut their eyes too; this can lead to all sorts of sophisticated tactics, even for those Heroes who have no intention of casting such a spell! This spell will work during a magical *Darkness* or *Fog*, causing a two-second burst of normal-strength light to pierce the gloom temporarily.

Peace (1 or more; see below) – This spell works in much the same way as the new Special Skill *Pacify*, in that it calms down the emotions of any two people within five metres of the caster for 2–12 minutes (Director rolls in secret). Anyone successfully *Testing for Luck* is not

affected by the spell, and any strongly aggressive action will break the spell. The effect of the spell may be expanded by spending 1 further STAMINA point for every two additional people the caster wishes to be affected.

Personalize Spell (+ 1 or more; see below) – If you don't wish just to *Restrain* someone, but to bind them in awesomely impressive chains of glowing golden light, you can use this spell to add that personal touch. As you might expect, serious Bad Guys use spells like this all the time in order to enhance their image and reputation as highly individual and creative villains. Using *Personalize* is very simple: the spellcaster simply decides what special effect he wishes to add to his spell, the Director works out how many points are required (usually from 1 to 6), and that number is added to the standard cost of the spell. As an example, casting a *Fire Bolt* in the form of a glowing dagger rather than the blast of light requires 1 extra STAMINA point; but

conjuring the aforementioned chains of glowing light requires 3 extra STAMINA points. Only one *Magic* Skill roll is required for both the original spell and the *Personalize*. Furthermore, for every 3 points put into making a spell one's own, the victims must reduce their *Test for Luck* by 1 point.

Thunder (1) – Like *Flash!* above, this spell conjures up a stunning two-second special effect; in this case, it is a deafening clap of thunder which can be heard up to a kilometre away and affects anyone within twenty metres of the caster. Anyone failing to get their hands over their ears in time (*Test for Luck* for anyone who didn't specifically state their intention to do so in time) will be able to do nothing except mutter 'What on Titan? Eh? What did you say?' and clutch their head in agony for a few vital moments. This spell may be cast in conjunction with *Flash!* (as one spell, so far as time and the *Magic* Skill roll are concerned, but costing 2 STAMINA points) to make a really impressive entrance!

Fog (2) – This spell is similar to *Darkness*, but it covers a much larger area (fifteen metres around the caster) for a greater length of time (fifteen minutes). The fog created is thick and dark grey, negating *Dark Seeing* and making just about any activity impossible. The spell is reversible and, used in this way, clears away this or any other fog.

Starry Orb (2) – Using this spell, a magnificent ball of glowing magical light and fire is created in the air up to ten metres away from the spellcaster. The orb is so wondrous that it can distract and even hypnotize those who see it at close quarters (anyone within three metres). Creatures and characters of Average intelligence or less will be hypnotized by its beauty four times out of six. Those of High intelligence (almost all humanoids, including humans) must *Test for Luck* or roll against their SKILL (player's choice, in the case of Heroes), or else stare, transfixed in a hypnotic trance. The orb lasts for only three minutes, but the spell can be recast before it runs out.

Strong Arm (2) – This spell works in exactly the same way as *Sure Shot* but is applied to a specific hand-held weapon, a fist or a claw, raising the appropriate Special Skill (or SKILL) by 2 points for ten minutes.

Sure Shot (2) – This simple spell adds 2 points to one nominated character's *Bow, Crossbow, Javelin,* or *Throwing Dagger* Skill (or SKILL when applied to a particular missile weapon), for a period of ten minutes or one battle, whichever is the shorter.

Poison (4) – This nasty spell enables the caster to change any small amount of liquid or edible item into a deadly poison. Used in conjunction with a *Fog* spell, it can create a cloud of poison gas. If the spellcaster is touching the bare flesh of another being when he casts this spell, they are poisoned (*Test for Luck* is however allowed). The poison delivers as much damage as the number of STAMINA points put into the spell, plus 2 further points (thus a spellcaster may use more than 4 STAMINA to create an especially powerful poison). The reverse of

this spell can cure a poisoned character of ill-effects, up to the Stamina Cost of the spell, plus 1 further point. It can also purify poisoned liquid or food, removing a similar amount.

Enchant Item (6) – This handy conjuration allows spells to be cast into an item and stored there. The process of creating a magical item in such a manner is very costly in terms of magical equipment, potions, oils, special rare metals and so on. The basic Stamina Cost for endowing an item with a particular spell is the 6 points for *Enchant Item*, plus the cost of the spell itself, cast three times into the item over a period of hours equal to the total Stamina Cost for the entire operation in days! As can readily be seen, creating a magical item is a lengthy and draining exercise, generally attempted only by specialist, high-powered sorcerers.

Hurricane (6) – On casting this spell, a sorcerer conjures up a powerful gale of wind, rain, hail and snow, which then covers an area up to thirty metres around the

caster (he can choose to make it cover a smaller area), for up to five minutes. All characters within the area, including Heroes but not the caster, must *Test for Luck* or roll against their SKILL (player's choice) or be blown off their feet and suffer 1–3 STAMINA points of damage. Other fixtures and fittings in the area may also be damaged or blown over (the Director will rule on this). No fighting, magic or speech is possible while the hurricane continues. The reverse of this spell can control magical storms like this one; it can also calm a natural storm within an area of ten metres round the sorcerer for up to five minutes.

See Future (6) – This bizarre spell allows the caster to glimpse brief scenes from the future, typically from the forthcoming life of one individual person. The future in this case can be no more than two days ahead. The visions conjured up are brief and confusing and cannot always be relied on to represent exactly what will happen. (Note to the Director: this spell requires careful planning on your part, since at least some of the things which you predict will happen to the character at some point in the future should come true; don't predict things that you know won't happen; however, visions can (and should) be distortions rather than literal representations of the future. If you are unhappy with this spell, don't allow it in your game.)

Web (6) – *Restrain* works on only one character or one item of a size up to three metres cubed. *Web*, however, can cover an area up to five metres across in a sticky spider's web that traps all within it and stops anyone

from moving except to breathe (and that with difficulty). A very strong character such as a Hill Giant, or one with *Strength*, could break out of its embrace after two successful Skill rolls; otherwise, everyone is trapped for up to five minutes. The spell can both be recast before it runs out and banished by a *Counter-Spell*.

Assassin's Dagger (8) – This strange spell, much beloved of vengeful dabblers in occult matters, conjures up a ghostly hand clutching a dagger; together, they will slowly pursue their intended victim for as long as it takes to find him, her or it. Once it has done so, the hand will attempt to stab the victim to death. It has a nominal SKILL of 10, though it has no STAMINA points and can only be fended off, not destroyed. It can be trapped – for a short while, at least – inside a container; and it can be escaped by running or riding away very fast for a long time. Its pursuit is relentless, however; unless its would-be victim can cast a reverse *Assassin's Dagger* spell or a *Counter-Spell* (at a cost of 9 STAMINA points!) upon the dagger – which must be present to receive the banishing spell – it will surely eventually catch up with and kill the character.

Earthquake (8) – The sorcerer casting this spell can conjure up a powerful earthquake over an area of up to thirty metres round himself. The earthquake will make the ground buckle and vast cracks will open up, destroying any rickety buildings and bringing down walls within that area, and sometimes demolishing even more solidly constructed dwellings. All within the area (except the spellcaster) must successfully *Test for Luck* and roll against their current SKILL, or be lost down a crack in the ground. The quake lasts for three minutes and cannot be conjured again for ten minutes. Its range can be extended by ten metres for every extra point of STAMINA put into the spell by the caster. The reverse of this spell can tame both magical and natural earthquakes.

Spells Available

Including the new spells, the complete Magic spell list is now as follows:

	Stamina Cost		Stamina Cost
Darkness	1	*All Heal*	4
Fear	1	*Arrow-Snake*	4
Fire Bolt	1	*Find*	4
Flash!	1	*Fly*	4
Illusion	1	*Grand Illusion*	4
Light	1	*Grow*	4
Lock	1	*Invisibility*	4
Luck	1	*Poison*	4
Open	1	*Restrain*	4
Peace	1*	*Shrink*	4
Personalize Spell	+ 1*	*Speak to Animals*	4
Skill	1	*Wall*	4
Stamina	1		
Strength	1	*Banish Undead*	6
Thunder	1	*Cockroach*	6
Ward	1	*Enchant Item*	6
Weakness	1	*Hurricane*	6
Counter-Spell	2*	*Petrify*	6
ESP	2	*Raise Skeleton*	6
Farseeing	2	*See Future*	6
Fog	2	*Teleport*	6
Force Bolt	2	*Web*	6
Languages	2		
Levitate	2	*Assassin's Dagger*	8
Mirror Selves	2	*Earthquake*	8
Sleep	2		
Starry Orb	2	*Death*	10
Strong Arm	2		
Sure Shot	2		

* – *See description above or in* Dungeoneer *for more details.*

Minor Magic Spells

As explained earlier, Minor Magic spells are small charms and fripperies, typically used by people to help ease their trading or farming, or whatever business they are in. They may also be learnt by Hero characters, simply by their choosing the *Minor Magic* Special Skill (with no loss of SKILL points). Choosing the Skill allows a character to select as many Minor Magic spells as he or she has *Initial* LUCK points, from the list which follows.

Minor Magic spells are cast just like any other spell, except that they don't require grand gestures (though a wisewoman has been known to over-act, to impress her gullible peasant customers). They are usually triggered by a moment's thought, together with the snapping of the fingers or wiggling of the nose or ears (note to the Director: why not ask your players to do this every time they wish to cast a Minor Magic spell – it'll be very entertaining to watch!).

A normal Skill roll is made against the Hero's *Minor Magic* rating; if successful, the spell works with no STAMINA cost. The only modifiers needed arise when the caster is restrained, is drunk, under attack or in combat, or is otherwise disturbed. Unless there is a really serious obstacle to a spell being cast (as when the caster is dead!), total modifiers should be in the order of only −1 to −3 (as usual, as decided by the Director, of course).

If the roll fails, the spell does not work and the Hero must lose 1 STAMINA point. If the roll fails with a

double-6, the spell backfires in a more dramatic way, typically diverting on to an innocent bystander or even on to the caster himself (the Director can choose what happens here). There is no Oops! Table for Minor Magic spells.

Minor Magic spells cannot be combined with each other (but see *Instil* below) or with the more powerful Magic spells (they just cancel each other out with a small fizzing pop and a smell like hot tin). No Minor Magic spell is reversible either, though every spell can be cancelled by its caster before it has run its full course.

Minor Magic spells available are as follows: *Attraction – Burn – Cool – Enhance – Extinguish – Glimmer – Hear – Heat – Hold – Honesty – Instil – Jab – Mend – Mistake – Pied Piper – Pucker – Push – Repulsion – Slip – Sour – Spark – Weather Improver.*

Spell Descriptions

Attraction – This spell makes its recipient suddenly realize that someone else (who need not be present, as long as the spellcaster has a good enough picture of the person in his mind or knows the name) is, gosh, really rather attractive in a nice sort of way. This spell is usually cast into a drink (using *Instil*) by dotty old village wisewomen, before giving it to people as a love potion. The Director may allow a *Test for Luck* if the victim really doesn't want to fall for the sender of the potion or spell. The spell can last up to one hour, and the attraction itself needs to be seriously and deliberately rejected before it can be overcome.

Burn – A small flat area of heat, up to five centimetres across, forms and burns a hole in the desired object, as if a candle were being held just underneath it. This spell can be used on living beings – though they tend to notice the heat before it can get too serious, and pull their hands away with a small shriek. This spell is most

commonly used to light a candle or start a fire in a grate, though the invisible flame can last up to three minutes if required.

Cool – The opposite of *Heat*, this spell can cool an item or a person down by any amount, from a few degrees to below freezing. This spell causes no serious damage and cannot actually freeze a living being; it is used by spellcasters most often for cooling hot drinks and for avoiding the effects of sweltering summer days. The effects last for 3–18 minutes (Director rolls in secret).

Enhance – This spell simply makes a small object or a cluster of very small objects look a little pleasanter than they actually are. This can make a rotten crabapple look rosy and succulent or an old battered lamp shine like new, but it cannot turn a handful of dull copper coins into shiny gold ones. A *Test for Luck* or roll against SKILL may be used to avoid the effects of the illusion, at the Director's discretion. The effects last for 1–6 minutes (Director rolls in secret).

Extinguish – This puts out flames and fires, usually small ones. If you want to put out anything larger than a burning sheet of paper, a −1 to −3 modifier as to the chance of success must be applied. A fire larger than a campfire cannot be extinguished using this spell, nor will it work on the fiery breath of a living creature, like a dragon.

Glimmer – While the creation of a powerful magical light requires the Magic spell *Light*, some illumination can be provided by this Minor Magic spell. It creates a dull glow (like that from the dying embers of a fire perhaps), enough for someone to find their way across a room to a proper candle, for example. The light lasts for 2–12 minutes (Director rolls in secret).

Hear – This useful spell allows the caster to listen in to a specific conversation taking place somewhere in the same room, to the virtual exclusion of all other noise. Generally, it cannot pick up the voice of anyone whispering or otherwise trying not to be heard (−2 modifier to the

chance of success), and the caster must be able to see the person or people doing the talking. The spell lasts for two minutes or one conversation, whichever is the shorter.

Heat – The opposite of *Cool*, this Minor Magic enchantment simply heats up an object or person. It is useful for keeping warm on cold days or heating up one's dinner. The spell lasts for up to ten minutes, and may be recast before it has expired.

Hold – This spell fixes one object or part of a person in place for thirty seconds, as if stuck with strong glue. (A failed roll against SKILL or *Test for Luck* by the victim may be required, at the Director's discretion.) This Minor Magic could be used to stick a Gold Piece to the ground for some fun in a busy street or, more seriously, to glue an assassin's dagger to his hand or a warrior's sword inside its scabbard.

Honesty – A single lie or deceit can be countermanded with this spell; it suddenly makes the deceiver own up and contradict a lie or reveal his cheating. The victim

may need to be touched, and should generally be allowed a roll against their SKILL or a *Test for Luck* to avoid being affected. The spell affects only one person, for one specific untruth or swindle.

Instil – This useful spell allows the effects of another Minor Magic spell to be introduced into a drink or some food, so that when someone drinks or eats the item they will be affected by it. *Instil* can hold a spell inside the appropriate item for 1–3 full days (Director rolls in secret) from the time when both spells were cast.

Jab – Using a pointed finger, the caster touches someone lightly but makes them feel as though they have been poked with a sharpened stick (roll a die; on a 6 the victim loses 1 STAMINA point). Alternatively, with a success modifier of −1, the caster can choose to jab or lightly tap the victim from a distance of up to five metres (in this instance, do not roll for the possibility of injury).

Mend – This handy spell is ideal for mending small holes in objects. It can fix a patch to a cloak or a plug of metal to an old pan, but it cannot fix a snapped sword or repair a leaking boat. For it to work, this spell

requires the presence of a small piece of the item's material to fix to the hole.

Mistake – When this spell is cast, its victim will make one small mistake. The caster should tell the Director what the desired effect should be before trying to cast the spell. If the mistake is a big one, the Director may forbid it or impose a success modifier of between −1 and −3, and may allow the victim a *Test for Luck*. The mistake could, for example, make a horse turn into a street along which its rider didn't wish to go, cause someone to trip on a paving stone, or write 'IOU 1000 Gold Pieces' instead of 100!

Pied Piper – This spell causes a group of irritating insects or vermin to follow the caster wherever he or she goes (if at all possible) for 2–12 minutes (Director rolls in secret). The numbers of creatures affected may be up to 10 rats, 100 beetles or spiders, or 500 small flies or ants. These numbers may be doubled, trebled and so on, at

the cost of a modifier of −2 each time (thus 40 rats impose a modifier of −6). Note, of course, that rats will dive down to your basement if you don't block up all the holes by which they arrived in the first place!

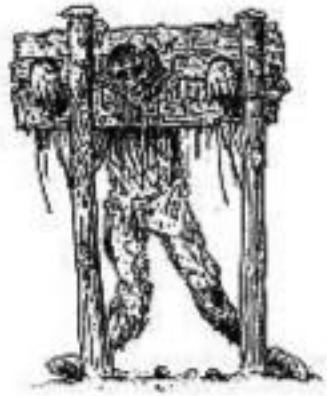

Pucker – The victim of this spell will suddenly have tremendous difficulty eating or drinking, as their cheeks are sucked in and their mouth puckers up uncontrollably. The effects last for 1–3 minutes (Director rolls in secret), and may be resisted by a successful *Test for Luck*, at the Director's discretion.

Push – This simple spell acts as if the caster were physically pushing the affected item or person. Only one push is allowed, and only objects that could be pushed easily by the caster in person can be affected. A human being may be allowed a *Test for Luck* to avoid being pushed, at the Director's discretion. This little spell is very dangerous when an adventurer is standing near riverbanks, cliff tops and smelly refuse heaps.

Repulsion – This spell works in exactly the opposite way to *Attraction*, causing its victim to take an instant (but not necessarily violent) dislike to another person. In all other ways it works just like *Attraction* (see above).

Slip – Rather like *Mistake* or *Push*, this Minor Magic spell causes its victim to slip, as if a banana skin had just appeared beneath his feet. A successful *Test for Luck* or roll against SKILL will avoid the effects of this spell, which lasts only long enough to cause one slip.

Sour – This spell allows the caster to spoil a single item or container of food or liquid, up to the size of a barrel of ale (it won't ruin an entire cow, though it can be used to spoil its milk by poisoning the cow's udder!). The soured food or liquid will give anyone who swallows it a fairly severe stomach-ache, but will not do any really serious injury. The souring lasts for 1–3 days (Director rolls in secret).

Spark – Like the effect of *Jab*, this spell causes a tiny but quite shocking electrical spark to jump from the caster's forefinger for a few centimetres. It is especially useful for surprising someone, or making a recalcitrant cow or goat move. The spark does no real damage (no STAMINA points are lost), though it can be useful in distracting someone's attention from more vital business – but beware a victim's wrath!

Weather Improver – Finally, this useful spell allows the caster to have a vague influence over the weather in a small area. It can turn heavy rain into light rain, light

rain into a fine drizzle, or blow away a few clouds; it cannot turn a gale or blizzard into a heatwave. (The Director may rule that the desired change in the weather will need a modifier of between −1 and −4 to achieve, or not allow an attempt to be made if the caster is too ambitious.) The weather may be affected for 3–18 minutes (Director rolls in secret) over a distance of ten metres from the caster, who may move around while the spell is in effect.

Priest Spells

This new category of spells has not been included before because priests need a proper background of deities, temples and worshippers before they can be used in a game, and this generally means a more established, campaign-style game. For the most part, too, priests tend not to venture far beyond their sacred temples, and only rarely go on expeditions or adventures. In the middle of a teeming city, however, there will be many temples, both those sanctioned by the

rulers and also illicit ones, as well as numerous other priests on official visits.

Priestly spells are very similar to standard Magic spells, though many of them are more concerned with life and death, and with Good and Evil, than with spectacular illusions and grand explosions of light or noise. The higher-powered spells often require long-winded rituals which can only be attempted in a temple and which are never used during an adventure.

A starting character chooses to become a priest in exactly the same way as they would a spellcaster, including reducing their SKILL. However, rather than choosing spells from the Magic spell list, they choose from the Priest spell list, which follows. Unless the character is a renegade priest, now barred or even excommunicated from his religion, every character possessing Priest spells will actually be a priest – there are no priestly equivalents of those warriors who also know a few Magic spells. On the other hand, there are no restrictions on the other Special Skills a priest may possess.

As with Magic spells, a starting Hero may not choose any costing more than 4 STAMINA points, although we have listed all those that are currently available, as Extras (and especially Bad Guys) may possess them.

	Stamina Cost		Stamina Cost
Bless	1	*All Heal*†	4
Bravery	1	*Most Blessed*	4
Darkness†	1	*Poison*‡	4
Detect Supernatural Being	1*	*Purify*	4
Fear†	1	*Restrain*†	4
Holy Command	1	*Speak with the Dead*	4
Light†	1	*Speak to Animals*†	4
Luck†	1	*Spirit Wall*	4
Peace‡	1	*Wall*†	4
Personalize Spell‡	+1*		
Silence	1	*Banish Spirit*	6
Skill†	1	*Banish Undead*†	6
Stamina†	1	*Consecrate*	6*
Ward†	1	*Raise Skeleton*	†6
		Speak to Supernatural Being	6
Blind	2	*Web*‡	6
Counter-Spell	2*		
Farseeing†	2	*Assassin's Dagger*‡	8
Fog‡	2	*Spirit Journey*	8
Languages†	2	*Summon Supernatural Being*	8
Levitate†	2		
		Death†	10

* – *See the relevant description for more details.*
† – *Same as equivalent Magic spell (see* Dungeoneer*).*
‡ – *Same as equivalent new Magic spell (see above).*

Spell Explanations

Priest spells are successfully cast by rolling against one's *Magic* Special Skill, and double-6 failures must roll on the Oops! Table as usual (see *Dungeoneer*, page 200, or the Director's own Table). Like Magic spells, those costing 6 or more STAMINA points to cast require full concentration in order to work properly; they may even require hours-long rituals before the altar. Those requiring less effort may generally be cast and then forgotten about, continuing to work until their duration expires.

Some of the spells are exactly the same as their Magic spell equivalents (see *Dungeoneer* and/or above). Those which aren't the same, or which are new, are listed here.

Bless (1) – This ritualistic blessing bestows the luck of the priest's deity on one character. It may be used to add 2 points temporarily to their LUCK or to a nominated Special Skill for one roll only. The character must be within five metres of the priest.

Bravery (1) – This spell gives a little spiritual help in a difficult situation. When cast (on a character within five metres of the priest), it allows its subject to increase his or her SKILL, and hence all Special Skills, by 2 points for five minutes or one battle, whichever is the shorter.

Detect Supernatural Being (1) – This spell simply reveals whether any creature within twenty metres is of supernatural origin. (This could include a Skeleton, Zombie, magical Familiar, Homunculus, Golem, Demon and so on.) However, for any superior supernatural being, such as a Demon (and especially where a Demon Prince is concerned), there is a great risk of being drawn unwillingly into its power. If the Demon is aware of the spell cast by the character (this is at the Director's discretion), it may enter into mental combat with the priest in an attempt to take control of the latter's brain. This is done by simply fighting a normal battle, SKILL versus SKILL plus the result of the roll of the two dice by each combatant. Neither side loses any STAMINA, but whichever character wins two rounds in a row is the

overall winner. If this is the priest, his mind is free and will most likely identify the Demon for what it is. If the Demon wins, the priest temporarily loses his mind; the Demon takes control of his body and does with it as it wishes, until it is discarded. Interfering with the supernatural can be very dangerous indeed.

Holy Command (1) – To use this spell, the priest must brandish the symbol of his deity, or wave his outstretched hand, and command any one intelligent creature with just one word; the victim will find himself powerless to resist. The word uttered could be just about anything – Back! Begone! Flee! Stop! Fall! – providing the order is something the victim could reasonably and normally do. The command 'Die', for example, would work only on a character about to pass away. The effects of a command can be heard up to three metres away, last up to two minutes, and may be resisted (at the Director's discretion) by a *Test for Luck*.

Silence (1) – This spell simply brings down a veil of silence where once there was noise. The effect lasts for 2–12 minutes (Director rolls in secret), and covers an area five metres in diameter. Within that area, nothing makes any noise whatsoever.

Blind (2) – This nasty spell causes one victim, within three metres of the caster, to lose their sight temporarily. The victim should be allowed to *Test for Luck* to resist the effect; if they fail, the blindness lasts for 1–6 minutes. The reverse of this spell cannot cure natural blindness.

Counter-Spell (2; varies) – Works exactly as the Magic spell, but counters only Priest spells. By the same logic, the Magic spell *Counter-Spell* will not cancel a Priest's spell.

Most Blessed (4) – This special blessing allows one character automatically to make any one die roll, regardless of the circumstances (within the capabilities of the character – this won't allow the performing of miracles!). It cannot be used to influence any die roll of the caster, and has a range of three metres. It can be reversed, to ensure a character automatically fails one die roll (though the Director may still allow the victim to *Test for Luck* to avoid the spell's effects).

Purify (4) – This ritual spell works like the reverse of a *Poison* spell, removing the venom from food, drink or even from a victim's body. Furthermore, if used against a truly Evil or undead being, it will cause them to recoil for a few seconds, perhaps giving the priest time to escape from their clutches. It has a range of three metres and works instantaneously.

Speak with the Dead (4) – The total wisdom of the Ancients is vast indeed and, using this complicated spell, a priest can sometimes tap into it. The spell takes at least one hour to cast, and usually takes the form of a seance in the priest's temple or other sacred and protected spot. Where everyone is gathered and the spell nears its end, all those present must join hands and concentrate. The priest then makes the roll to see if the spell will work. If it does, the right ghostly voice will make itself known and may be questioned. The Director will work out just what information the entity knows, and who materializes if the priest doesn't know who to

speak to or if he fails his roll. In the case of a double-6 roll, a minor – or even a major – Demon could turn up and attempt to possess the character (use the rules given in the description of *Detect Supernatural Being*, above).

Spirit Wall (4) – This spell works in a very similar way to the Magic spell *Wall*, creating an invisible wall which can keep out Ghosts, Poltergeists and all other undead. It cannot keep out supernatural creatures like Demon-spawn or Demons. The spell lasts for five minutes, surrounds an area measuring five metres in diameter, and will disappear if touched by anything inside the wall. The wall need not have the spellcaster at its centre.

Banish Spirit (6) – A priest uses this spell to free a ghostly undead spirit (a Ghost, Poltergeist, Banshee, etc.) from its earthly constraints, sending it at last on its way to its astral destination. The banishing requires fifteen minutes of preparation, the brandishing of holy symbols and the application of oils or waters holy to the priest's deity.

Consecrate (6 or more; see below) – This ritual spell purifies an area of Evil influence permanently and bars undead and Evil creatures from entering it, as if an invisible wall were built round it. The maximum area affected is a circle five metres in diameter, but this can be increased by a further five metres for every extra STAMINA point expended by the priest. To cast, the spell takes ten minutes for every STAMINA point spent (i.e. at least an hour); it requires the use of holy symbols, chalk or oil to mark the boundary of the area, and so on. The consecrated area can be removed by another priest casting the reverse of this spell, *Desecrate* (spells involving extra STAMINA points must be counteracted fully by the same number of points). A second casting of *Desecrate* creates an area which can keep out any truly Good characters, such as Elves, Gnomes and Pixies, and any especially well-behaved Heroes. Note that *Desecrate* is only ever cast by Bad Guys, and would never, ever, be used by a true Hero.

Speak to Supernatural Being (6) – This spell works in exactly the same way as *Speak with the Dead* (see above), except that a supernatural being from a higher plane may be consulted. If the priest knows both the name of the being and the plane on which they dwell, the procedure is fairly safe. However, blindly asking, 'Is there anybody there?' may well summon up something extremely nasty, which may use the link to attempt to possess the caster (see *Detect Supernatural Being*, above) or even manifest in physical form on the Earthly Plane.

Spirit Journey (8) – Using a ball of thin silver twine and this spell, the caster or another person can be transported into a nominated part of the Demonic Plane or to the higher heavens where the gods of Good and their ghostly servants dwell. Preparing for such a journey requires a full day of concentration, spell-casting and general ritual, and the spell can be cast only within an area purified by a *Consecrate* (or *Desecrate*, in the case of the Bad Guys) spell. The spell allows the traveller to cross over into the other domain and remain there for

one hour. Every hour they remain beyond that time costs the caster another 1 STAMINA point. The silver twine must form an unbroken link between the traveller and someone back at the starting place. If the cord is broken, the traveller may well become lost in the plane. Furthermore, for all the time that the way between the planes stays open, there is a chance that something very nasty will decide to use it as a short cut to the Earthly Plane! An expedition to one of the spirit planes is very dangerous; it could form the basis of an entire adventure. The Director will inform his players if such an opportunity exists in an adventure, and will then create a fully detailed episode if required.

Summon Supernatural Being (8) – Conjuring up Demons, even minor ones, is fraught with dangers, so a great many precautions must be gone through before this is attempted. Demon-summoning is a special favourite of Bad Guy priests, though it may be used by the Heroes in very exceptional circumstances (to acquire information, force a Demon to serve the cause of good, etc.). It requires the use of an area that has been cleansed and magically prepared with *Desecrate* (or *Consecrate*), and marked out with a number of rune-inscribed circles: one to hold the Demon, another to contain the caster and his accomplices. Various oils and incense must be burnt on braziers, and long-winded incantations and gestures must be made for a period of as many hours as the SKILL of the Demon being summoned. If the final *Magic* Skill roll fails, there is every chance that something very drastic will happen. The right Demon could show up but escape from its bonds; a wrong, much

stronger Demon could show up and escape its bonds; the caster and his helpers could be sucked into the Demonic Plane . . . whatever the Director feels he can cope with and which will make a nice addition to the adventure! Again, be warned – messing around with the supernatural is very much the province of Bad Guys, not Heroes.

Being a Priest

Hero characters who have chosen to be priests require a little more work from their players than usual, because of the responsibilities of their position. Of course there are those religions which encourage their priests to spend all their time adventuring, seeing it as a great opportunity to fight evil, spread the word and perhaps also gain a few Gold Pieces for the temple roof-replacement fund. Others are opposed to the adventuring life; priests of such beliefs are often like Elves, renegades from their past who have to make a new life as an adventurer. In the latter case, of course, the priest no longer has access to his or her temple, and will be unable to learn any new priest spells.

A priest character, whether played as a Hero, a Bad Guy or an Extra, must belong (or have once belonged) to a certain religion. There is a wide range of gods and lesser deities to choose from. Hero priests may choose to follow one god at a time. If the game provides an opportunity, they may convert to another faith but, doing so, they will lose all the priest spells they already know and must start again as a novice and learn new

spells through tuition and experience. Other characters may also convert to being a priest, again starting as a lowly beginner.

Note that Hero priests may not choose to be a follower of an Evil or Chaos religion; such matters are for Bad Guys, who will get their righteous come-uppance at the hands of the avenging Heroes soon enough. Where we have included such religions below, they are for the Director to apply in full detail to such Bad Guys, rather than for the players to choose.

Most of the following gods and deities are worshipped in one form or another across the whole of Titan. There are also likely to be any number of minor gods, saints, holy men and other objects of worship, peculiar to one area or tribe. In such cases the Director should invent the details for himself, using the framework below as a guide. More details of all of the gods and deities, including the minor gods of the Dwarfs and Elves and the many animal gods, may be found in the pages of *Titan*.

Courga – Also called: *Tuanar, Kirilin, Nureya*. Appearance: *Graceful warrior girl*. Special concern: *Grace*. Side: *Good*. Symbol: *Cat*. Sacred colour: *None*. Temple: *Delicate spires*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*. Doesn't teach: *Poison, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being, Death*.

Death – Also called: *The Finisher, Grim Reaper, Krsh*. Appearance: *Varies*. Special concern: *Death*. Side: *Evil and Chaos*. Symbol: *Skull*. Sacred colour: *Black*. Temple: *Varies*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*.

Decay – Also called: *The Scavenger, Urgulla*. Appearance: *Rotting skeleton*. Special concern: *Decay, Insects, Mould*. Side: *Evil and Chaos*. Symbol: *Skeletal hand or fly*. Sacred colour: *Bone white*. Temple: *Varies*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*.

Disease – Also called: *The Festering Lord, Voma, Krur*. Appearance: *Disease-ridden, malformed man*. Special concern: *Disease*. Side: *Evil and Chaos*. Symbol: *Maggot*.

Sacred colour: *Pus yellow*. Temple: *Varies*. Adventuring priests?: *Rarely*.

Filash – Also called: *Tereb, Khrizat*. Appearance: *Fiery man*. Special concern: *Fire*. Side: *Good*. Symbol: *Flame*. Sacred colour: *Orange*. Temple: *Varies*. Adventuring priests? *Rarely*. Doesn't teach: *Darkness, Poison, Speak to Animals, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being*. Note: *Husband of Throff, father of Verlang (god of metals) and Lorodil (god of volcanoes)*.

Fourga – Also called: *Vinar, Pirin*. Appearance: *Warrior*. Special concern: *Pride*. Side: *Good/Neutral*. Symbol: *Dog*. Sacred colour: *Red*. Temple: *Square with dome*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*. Doesn't teach: *Peace, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being*. Note: *Worshipped by some Neutral and Evil peoples*.

Galana – Also called: *Erillia, Kachasta, Zaran, the Gardener*. Appearance: *Woman swathed in flowers*. Special concern: *Fertility, Plants and Elves*. Side: *Good*. Symbol: *Plant or tree*. Sacred colour: *Green*. Temple: *Glade of trees or wooden building*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*. Doesn't teach: *Languages, Poison, Speak with the Dead, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being*. Note: *Daughter of Titan*.

Glantanka – Also called: *Assanura, Herel, Ariella*. Appearance: *Silver/gold woman with glowing hair and eyes*. Special concern: *Sun*. Side: *Good*. Symbol: *Sun*. Sacred colour: *Yellow*. Temple: *Pyramid or glass dome*. Adventuring priests?: *Rarely*. Doesn't teach: *Darkness, Fog, Poison, Speak to Animals, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being*. Note: *Sister of Filash*.

Hamaskis – Also called: *Serion, Tyralar*. Appearance: *Old man or fresh-faced youth with huge open book*. Special concern: *Learning and Sorcery*. Side: *Good*. Symbol: *Staff*. Sacred colour: *Purple*. Temple: *Library*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*.

Libra – Also called: *Sicalla, Bersten, Macalla*. Appearance: *Beautiful woman*. Special concern: *Justice and Truth*. Side: *Good*. Symbol: *Scales*. Sacred colour: *Grey*. Temple: *Varies*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*. Doesn't teach: *Fear, Blind, Fog, Poison, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being*.

Logaan – Also called: *The Trickster, Ranjan, Akolyra.* Appearance: *Crazed clown.* Special concern: *Balancing Good and Evil, Law and Chaos.* Side: *Neutral.* Symbol: *Two-headed arrow or six-pointed star.* Sacred colour: *Rainbow.* Temple: *Varies.* Adventuring priests?: *Rarely.*

Sindla – Also called: *Cheelah, Gredd, Avana, Castis.* Appearance: *Aged but handsome woman.* Special concern: *Luck and Fate.* Side: *Good.* Symbol: *Dice.* Colour: *White.* Temple: *Dome, topped with statue.* Adventuring priests?: *Yes.* Doesn't teach: *Poison, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being.* Note: *Mother of Asrel, Libra, Usrel, sister of Titan.*

Sukh – Also called: *Whaan, Tir.* Appearance: *Raging man.* Special concern: *Wind and Storms.* Side: *Good/Neutral.* Symbol: *Howling face.* Sacred colour: *None.* Temple: *Varies.* Adventuring priests?: *Yes.* Doesn't teach: *Bless, Fog, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being, Death.* Note: *Worshipped by some Evil peoples.*

Telak – Also called: *Orial, Swordbearer, Shieldbearer, the Warrior.* Appearance: *Heavily armed warrior, lion or dragon.* Special concern: *Courage.* Side: *Good.* Symbol: *Golden sword.* Sacred colour: *Gold.* Temple: *Varies.* Adventuring priests?: *Yes.* Doesn't teach: *Fear, Poison, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being.* Note: *Son of Courga and Fourga.*

Throff – Also called: *Alishanka, Kerellim.* Appearance: *Bejewelled woman.* Special concern: *Earth and Dwarfs.* Side: *Good.* Symbol: *Diamond.* Sacred colour: *Silver.* Temple: *Varies.* Adventuring priests?: *Yes (Dwarfs).* Doesn't teach: *Fear, Poison, Speak to Animals, Raise Skeleton, Spirit Journey, Summon Supernatural Being.* Note: *Wife of Filash.*

Usrel – Also called: *Liriel, Enkala, Ageral, Westrëa.* Appearance: *Motherly woman with arms outstretched.* Special concern: *Peace.* Side: *Good.* Symbol: *White flower.* Colour: *White.* Temple: *Varies.* Adventuring Priests?: *Yes.* Doesn't teach: *Blind, Poison, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being.* Note: *Mother of Courga and Fourga.*

NEW ACTIONS AND SITUATIONS

The following rules and notes are additions to or modifications of the rules dealing with actions outside combat (which start on page 177 of *Dungeoneer*).

Disguise

A character in disguise may be called upon to use this Skill in one of two different situations. In the first, the chance is that another person may realize that the Hero is in disguise; or, to put it another way, the chance that the Hero remains undetected. In these circumstances, the Hero must use two dice to roll against his or her *Disguise* Special Skill or SKILL score, modifying the roll should any of the following conditions apply:

	Modifier
Hero does not possess *Disguise* Skill	−3
Disguise is a small change (e.g. beard)	+1
Disguise is a large change (e.g. age, skin colour)	−2
Disguise is a very large change (e.g. sex, height)	−4 or more
Bright light	−2
Dim light	+1
Dark light	+3
For first five minutes in other person's company	—
For every extra five minutes	−1
Other person unacquainted with Hero	+2
Other person acquainted with Hero	−2
Disguised as someone known to other person	−3
Per extra person present	−1
Other person has *Awareness* Skill	− number of points in Skill

In the second situation, the disguise may simply be an additional help to hiding. In this case, the number of points the Hero has in his or her *Disguise* Skill (i.e. the number above the standard SKILL score) is used as a positive modifier to a roll using *Hide* Special Skill or SKILL. This modifier replaces the +2 for 'Hero camouflaged' but not the similar modifier for 'Hero hidden among similar items' (see *Dungeoneer*, page 191, for further details). Disguise can sometimes be used in exactly the same way to modify a roll against *Sneak* Skill too.

Languages and Secret Signs

The modifier for a Hero trying to understand a character using a language covered by the *Secret Signs* Special Skill (which the Hero himself doesn't know) is −4 (see *Dungeoneer*, page 193). Characters who possess the *Secret Signs* Skill must still check against it, though there is no modifier against success. The various secret languages are usually considered to be 'spoken', though some of them may be formed from discreet hand signals, or (as in the case of the one used by the Thieves' Guild) as written symbols.

Lore Skills

The various *Lore* Special Skills imply a certain amount of knowledge – but how much? While there are certain facts which are common knowledge, and others which could be learnt with a minimum of study, others are snippets, both trivia and vital information alike, which are known to only a few. The simplest way to determine whether a character really does know something is to assess the snippet of knowledge and assign it a number

from −1 to −6, from common knowledge to an obscure fragment (in a hurry you could even roll a die). Subtract 2 from this number (to give a final modifier of +1 to −5) and use the result as the modifier for a roll *against* the character's appropriate *Lore* Skill.

This modifier can also be used for characters who do not possess an appropriate *Lore* Skill; in this case, rather than subtracting 2 from the rating of the knowledge, you add 1, giving a modifier of −2 to −7, which is then used against their standard SKILL score.

Trading and Bargaining

Any character who wants to buy something in the marketplace needs to know how to haggle in order to get a fair price. If one is trying to make a profit as a merchant, however, one needs a more specialized skill, and this is where the *Bargain* Special Skill comes in very handy.

In any particular deal, both the seller and the buyer name a price that they have in mind. If both characters involved have *Bargain* Skill, they should each roll two dice and add their Skill score, together with any applicable modifiers from the table which follows; some modi-

fiers may apply to both sides. The higher gets to pay his price. If only one person has *Bargain* Skill, he or she should check against this Skill by rolling in the usual way and modifying it if any of the following apply. If successful, he or she pays the offered price; if not, the other's price must be paid.

	Modifier
Buyer has *Con* Skill	+ number of points in Skill
Seller has *Con* Skill	− number of points in Skill
Friendly being	+2
Neutral being	—
Unfriendly being	−3
Hostile being	−5
Price offered double real worth (or more)	+3
Price offered 1½ times real worth	+1
Price offered half real worth	−2
Price offered very derisory	−4 or more
Item commonly available	+2
Item uncommon	−2
Item rare	−4
Item very rare	−6
Item stolen	+3

Bargain can also come in handy for negotiations of a more abstract nature, working similarly to *Con* Skill to persuade someone to do what you want, except that no trickery is involved. In this case, the modifiers for using *Con* Skill (see *Dungeoneer*, page 208) should be used.

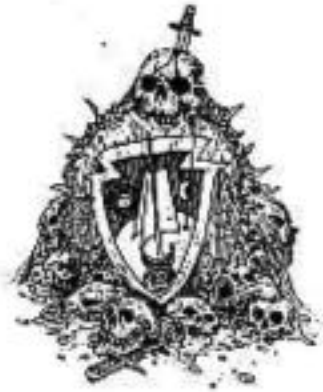

SOCIAL SCALE

Finally, we introduce a new characteristic of sorts, but one which applies to a Hero's background rather than to his or her usual characteristics. The Social Scale is a generalized representation of a person's position in society. It is rated for a Hero between 1 and 6, though Extras may have a Social Scale of lower or higher than that. The higher your Social Scale, the closer you are to royalty. When creating a character, a player may do one of two things: either apply an appropriate Social Scale rating to the background they have worked out for their character (the Director should check that the players aren't all about to take on the characters of princes and kings!), or roll one die and use the Social Scale thus found as a basis for the Hero's background. The Social Scale rating should be noted in the Background area on the *Adventure Sheet*. Very approximately, these are what the Social Scale ratings imply for a male character (only minor adjustments in name need be made if your character is female):

0	*Beggar or despised criminal*
1	Peasant
2	Farmer
3	Worker
4	Craftsman
5	Craft Master
6	Leader
7	*Knight*
8	*Lord or High Priest*
9	*Prince*
10	*King*

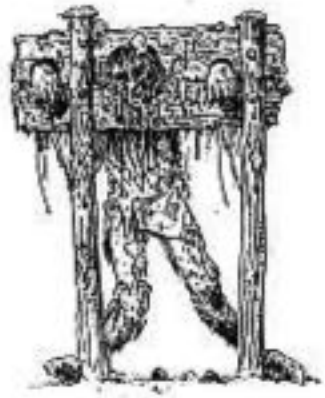

The Social Scale can sometimes be used by the Director to affect a situation in those situations where one's place on the Social Scale is important. These situations usually occur in large towns and cities; in very wild places, only characters with a Social Scale of 6 or above can hope to sound socially superior enough to get special treatment! In places where the Director rules that the Social Scale is

important, the following situations are affected by it: Bargaining, Bribing, Conning, Persuading and Reacting.

In all these situations, the highest Social Scale of any one person on one side is set against the highest on the other, and the difference between them is used as a modifier; for example, some Heroes, led by a character who ranks as a master blacksmith (5 on the Social Scale), are trying to bargain with a humdrum merchant (Social Scale 3), so they have a +2 modifier to their *Bargain* Skill roll.

Social Scale also applies in a few other special situations, such as affecting the outcome of a trial. These will be dealt with at the appropriate times, later in this book.

In the course of a game, especially during a campaign set in a large town or city, a Hero's Social Scale may well go up or down as fortune (real wealth) and fame (renown as a heroic adventurer) become smaller or greater. The Director will inform the players when this is so.

2. TOWN AND CITY ADVENTURES

In Chapter 3 you will find many details, both in rules and in background notes, about Port Blacksand. The city (or, more correctly, 'city-state') is a wonderful base for brave Heroes, with a great many adventures just waiting to happen round every street corner. If you, as Director, wish to create your own town or city settings, either filling in details of a place which already exists or creating a totally new place, you may find the following guidelines useful.

DESIGNING A SETTLEMENT

In this game, most villages, towns and cities will at first be just the backdrop against which the plot of a particular adventure is played out. In the adventure at the end of this book, for example, the village of Meerham is not really important to the plot; the trading caravans could meet just about anywhere. As your games develop, however, the idea of a base for the Heroes to operate from becomes increasingly important. Furthermore, there may be places which the Heroes have to visit time and time again, in search of information, assistance or Bad Guys.

To begin with, the easiest way for a Director to cope with these extra demands is to use places which have already been detailed, either in the Advanced Fighting

Fantasy books or by him or herself. For example, it is very easy simply to re-use the same tavern every time the Heroes need to visit one. In this instance, either a large inn like the Black Lobster (from *Titan*) or the smaller Dragon's Tooth tavern (from *Dungeoneer*) will serve admirably time and time again. Similar maps can be drawn up detailing towers, temples, farmhouses, castles, small villages and so on.

As a game turns into a long-running campaign, however, some unique locations may be required. Should this be the case, follow these guidelines for creating any location, from a small peasant hut at the roadside to a massive city the size of Salamonis.

1. Choose a location.
2. Choose a settlement, or place a new one.
3. Draw and name the settlement.
4. Name and detail selected buildings, and other important details.
5. Name and detail selected inhabitants of selected buildings.

Of course, not all these steps are equally important on every occasion. If you need only to name a tavern and generate its inhabitants, start at the fourth step rather than the first one.

Choosing a Location

In *Titan*, the invaluable reference guide to the whole Fighting Fantasy world, you will find large-scale maps of the three main continents of Titan, together with most of the major islands. What you won't find, however, are detailed maps of every last town and village. This is to allow Directors room to add their own, whenever an adventure demands it.

If you are inventing an adventure or a site for your campaign from scratch, you will obviously have to choose an appropriate place from the maps of Allansia, the Old World and Khul in *Titan*. You may decide to pick an exotic location, such as tropical plains and jungle (Arantis), northern forests and mountains (Frostholm),

Oriental lands (Hachiman and the Isles of the Dawn), Arabian-style deserts (the Desert of Skulls and the Scythera Desert), or whatever takes your fancy. More details of all these places may be found in *Titan*. Note, though, that the more exotic the location, the more work you will probably have to do, as things like the seasons, weather and local customs will be very different from what your players will be used to. Northern Allansia (and much of the settled part of the Old World) is quite similar to Europe, and will therefore be familiar to many readers. Since many of the Fighting Fantasy gamebooks are also set there, that is the place on which we shall concentrate our examples.

Choosing a Settlement

Having decided on an area, the next stage is either to choose somewhere already indicated on the map or, alternatively, to create a new place that will prove more suitable for your adventure – there's no point in going to the trouble of detailing an entire city if all you need

for the plot of your adventure is a small village with a blacksmith's shop and a nearby cave! If you need more 'facilities' – be it a tavern or two, a guild or temple, or whatever – you will obviously have to increase the size of the settlement.

The exact size of the place may also depend on the needs of your Heroes. Some Heroes like to be right in the thick of things, with danger and adventure lurking round every corner; for them, only a vermin-pit like Port Blacksand, Kharé or Tak will provide the excitement they need. Others, though, may prefer the peace and civilization of Salamonis, Royal Lendle or Ximoran – though even such isolated pockets of tranquillity cannot escape for ever the attentions and plottings of Evil beings.

When we talk about a village, we really mean any settlement with a population from about 15 to 500 people. Below that number, there aren't likely to be more than two or three houses. While such isolated dwellings certainly do exist, they aren't common in the

wilder parts of places like Allansia because of the danger from bandits and monsters. Everything we say about towns in the notes below, incidentally, applies also to villages, but obviously in a more limited way.

In Allansia, towns can be assumed to contain from about 500 up to 3,000 people, while a city is even larger than that. It's often the case that the main difference between a town and a city is not so much its size as its wealth or importance in terms of being a centre of government and so on. Some city-states (that is, a city which is also the sole province of a ruler, like Port Blacksand) may not be very much larger than many less important towns. Towns and cities have many features that villages generally lack, including walls, castles, temples and so on (though a few villages can have all of these!).

Creating any sort of settlement is often made easier by working out how and why it happened to grow up where it did. Yes, we know that it did both of these solely to satisfy your need for a setting for your adventure. In real life, though, places exist for a reason. Towns and cities are always found near a regular water supply, whether a small stream or a wide river; and bridges are another reason for a town forming. Ports often grow up at the point where a large river meets the sea. Prime

farmland soon attracts settlers to work it: they may then band together for mutual protection behind the wooden stockade of a new village. A main trade-route needs to be served with frequent resting places, that is, inns; small settlements quickly spring up round a very successful inn, supplying horses, stabling and other goods.

Drawing the Settlement

Get hold of a piece of paper and some pencils, and start sketching your village or town. Concentrate first on the general shape of the place. Many settlements are centred on a crossroads, with a market at the very spot where the main roads meet. Town walls tend to form a roughly circular shape, except where natural features such as a hill or a river intervene. A cross enclosed by a roughly circular shape is quite sufficient!

At first you needn't worry about individual houses and shops; think instead about where the main features could be. These would include some of the following

(though some will be present only in the largest cities): a marketplace, ruler's castle, harbour area, poor district, merchants' district, wealthy district, temples, bazaar, or no-go area. A town in a particular area, say in the far north, could have a quarter where Dwarfs or members of other races dwell. If your adventure already features a specific place, now is the time to add that, too. Think also of a name for your town or village, if you aren't designing a place that already exists on the map of Allansia, the Old World or wherever.

Once you have a general sketch-map that you are happy with, put in at least some of the buildings, and name some of the major streets. If you are feeling especially artistic, take a look at the maps of Port Blacksand in the next chapter and then try something similar; it's actually fairly easy – though very time-consuming – to draw in every last little building! Street names sometimes reflect the businesses situated in them.

Detailing Selected Buildings

Once you have some buildings drawn in, you can start to add many more details. These are covered in the various sections that follow. Ignore any results which don't apply, and feel free to add further details if you want to customize your village, town or city even more.

Population

The population of a village or town can be found by counting up every single building in it. Multiply that number by 6, 7, or 8 to discover how many people live there (by 6 for a place that is unimportant or out of the way, by 8 for a very important or busy place). If you are detailing a settlement in an area which has a higher population density, such as in a land with a vaguely Middle Eastern or Indian flavour for example, multiply the number of buildings by 10 or even more to find out the number of people per building. For example, the village of Meerham featured in *A Shadow over Blacksand!* has 28 buildings, and is an averagely busy place; so it has a population of 196 people.

Markets

No matter how self-sufficient it may be in terms of food, a settlement – and the area round it – cannot hope to survive for very long without some sort of trade with the outside world. Many places carry out their trade at a regular weekly market of some sort. Work out the population of your settlement, then roll one die and consult the Table below to determine how many market days there are each week. Note that a city is likely to

have more than one market, and may also have specialist permanent markets dealing with specific things (for example a fish market in a major port.) A place which does not have a market will be visited by individual merchants at irregular intervals.

	Die Roll					
	1	2	3	4	5	6
1–150	–	–	–	–	–	1
150–320	–	–	1	1	1	2
320–500	–	1	1	1	2	2
500–1,000	1	1	2	2	2	3
1,000–2,000	2	2	3	3	3	4
2,000+	2	3	4	5	6	7

Once you have determined how many market days there are, you can – if you wish – add more detail by working out what sort of stalls there are at the market. To determine how many market stands there are, divide the population of the village or town by 100; if the population of the town is less than 1,000, divide it by 50 or 30. Then roll for each stall on the Table below using two dice for a village and three dice for a larger settlement.

2–3	Agricultural produce (fruit, vegetables, wheat)
4	Dairy produce (milk, cheese)
5–6	Fish* or meat
7	Livestock
8–9	Prepared food and/or drink
10	Cloth goods

11	Leather goods
12	Metal goods
13	Armour and/or weapons
14–15	Exotic – roll on Businesses Table 1 (next section)
16	Exotic – roll on Businesses Table 2
17	Exotic – roll on Businesses Table 3
18	Exotic – roll on Businesses Table 4

* – *Depending on whether near a large river or the sea.*

Businesses

Quite plainly, a Director does not need to fill in the details of every single business and private home in a village or town – and, for somewhere the size of Port Blacksand or Salamonis, this would be an almost impossible task! Many places need never be detailed, while others will have their use determined only if an adventure requires it. If you wish, you can fill in some places: special buildings, such as the royal palace or castle, a major temple, tavern or sports arena can be placed at appropriate locations in the town or city. In a small

village, the sole tavern, general shop or watermill can easily be filled in immediately, with no need to roll on the following tables.

The exact nature of most of the businesses can be generated by using two dice to roll on the following tables, according to the area in question. If 'Businesses' is indicated, you should re-roll on the numbered Businesses Tables which follow. An 'Empty' house may just be that, standing in ruins, or it could be secretly in use (by a secret religious cult or thieves, say). For a 'Private house', you may if you wish roll on Table 3 or 4 to discover what the householder does for a living, and then pick another building for their place of work. A 'Tenement' is simply a multi-storey building divided into a number of dwellings, usually in a poor and overcrowded condition. A 'Village' on this Table denotes a fairly large settlement, one with more than just a single general store and an alehouse.

	Village	Poor District	Merchant District	Wealthy District
Empty	2	2	2	2
Private house	3–5	3–5	3–4	3–6
Tenement	–	6–7	5	–
Businesses (Table 1)	6–12	8–10	6–7	–
Businesses (Table 2)	–	11	8–9	7
Businesses (Table 3)	–	12	10–11	8
Businesses (Table 4)	–	–	12	9–12

Businesses Tables

To use the following tables, roll two dice of different colours, treating one as the 'tens' and the other as the 'units' so that a roll of 2 and 3 makes 23, not 5. Those entries marked with an asterisk (*) are found only in places near a large body of water (a sea, lake or wide river). Those marked with a dagger (†) are dealt with in greater detail in the sections following the Tables.

Table 1 – Poor Businesses

11	Baker	21	Butcher
12	Barn	22	Carpenter
13	Blacksmith	23	Cart maker
14	Boat builder*	24	Cobbler
15	Brewer	25	Cooper (barrel maker)
16	Builder	26	Coppersmith, brass or lead worker
31	Farmer – livestock	41	Horse trader
32	Farmer – grain	42	Inn†
33	Farmer – fruit	43	Laundry
34	Farmer – general	44	Leather worker
35	Farmer – general	45	Mill (water or wind)
36	General trader	46	Potter
51	Roofer or thatcher	61	Tavern†
52	Sail maker*	62	Temple or shrine†
53	Sharpener	63	Tinker
54	Shepherd	64	Warehouse
55	Stable	65	Weaver
56	Stonemason	66	Wheelwright

Table 2 – Merchant Businesses I

11	Animal trader	21	Barber
12	Animal trainer	22	Blacksmith
13	Armourer	23	Boat builder*
14	Astrologer or fortune teller	24	Bow maker
		25	Brewer
15	Baker	26	Butcher
16	Baker		

31	Candle maker	41	Engraver
32	Carpet maker	42	Fletcher (arrow maker)
33	Cartographer (map maker)	43	Flower seller
34	Clock maker	44	Food seller
35	Coppersmith	45	Food seller
36	Dried meat seller	46	Food seller
51	Fruit seller	61	General trader
52	Fruit seller	62	General trader
53	Furniture maker	63	Guild headquarters
54	Furrier	64	Herb seller
55	General trader	65	Horn worker
56	General trader	66	Horse trader

Table 3 – Merchant Businesses II

11	Horse trainer	21	Locksmith and key maker
12	Inn†	22	Moneylender
13	Jeweller	23	Net maker
14	Lead smith	24	Outfitter
15	Leather worker	25	Paper and ink seller
16	Linen maker	26	Pawnshop
31	Perfumer	41	Soap maker
32	Potter	42	Spice trader
33	Roofer or thatcher	43	Stables
34	Rope maker	44	Stonemason
35	Sail maker*	45	Sword smith
36	Silk trader	46	Tailor

51	Tattooist	61	Warehouse – roll again for goods inside
52	Tavern†	62	Warehouse – roll again for goods inside
53	Taxidermist	63	Warehouse – roll again for goods inside
54	Temple or shrine†	64	Weapon trainer
55	Undertaker	65	Weaver
56	Vet	66	Wine seller

Table 4 – Wealthy Businesses

11	Alchemist	21	Bird trader
12	Architect	22	Clock maker
13	Animal trader	23	Courthouse
14	Animal trainer	24	Court official
15	Artist	25	Flower seller
16	Astrologer	26	Food seller
31	Furrier	41	Lawyer
32	Gambling hall	42	Locksmith and key maker
33	Goldsmith	43	Musical instruments
34	Guild headquarters	44	Musician or entertainer
35	Inn†	45	Physician
36	Jeweller	46	Public baths

51	Silversmith	61	Spice merchant
52	Sailor*	62	Tavern†
53	Scholar	63	Temple or shrine†
54	Soldier	64	Warehouse
55	Sorcerer	65	Weapon shop
56	Stable	66	Wine seller

Inns and Taverns

You will find a large section in *Titan* dealing with the inns and taverns of various parts of the known world. Basically, the chief difference between an inn and a tavern is that the former provides for the needs of travellers, with stabling, bedrooms and food as well as drink, whereas the latter provides only drink. As a result, of course, inns tend to be large affairs, often constructed round a central courtyard; while taverns can be any size, from large drinking halls and alehouses to illicit hole-in-the-wall drinking dens. It is quite likely that an inn or tavern found in an isolated village or town brews its own ale and distils its own spirits.

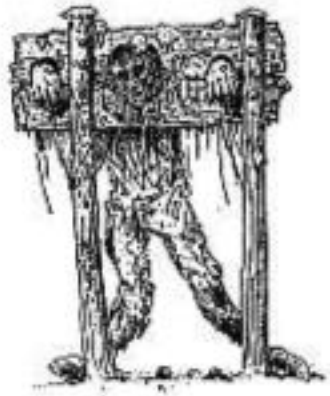

When creating an inn or tavern, you should either deliberately decide on its quality and the number of customers present at any particular time, or randomly roll on the following tables:

Quality of Inn or Tavern – roll one die. In a poor district, reduce the result of your roll by 1 point; in a wealthy district, increase the result by 1 point. The first part of this table (rolling 1–6 to decide on quality) can also be used to determine the quality of goods in a shop or from a particular trader.

0–1	Awful: ale watered, food little more than slop, communal dormitory with no furniture, lots of lice and rats, etc.
2	Poor: ale flat, food stale and tasteless, communal dormitory with straw mats, dirty.
3	Average: acceptable ale, terrible wine, food warm and edible, communal dormitory with beds, swept occasionally.

4 Fair: good ale, drinkable wine, food hot and acceptable, clean communal dormitory with beds, plus 1–3 private rooms.

5 Good: as 'fair' only better, food very tasty, and in large portions, several clean, private rooms.

6–7 Great: as 'good' but still better, special dishes cooked to order, personal service, separate suites of rooms.

Number of Customers – Determine the class of the area and the time of day, then roll the number of dice indicated to see how many customers are in the establishment. (The number in the Table is not the number of people, but the number of dice that must be rolled.) There will also be 1–3 people working in the place. As always, the Director may fiddle these numbers or disregard them entirely, to produce a very full or almost empty tavern if an adventure requires it.

	Morning	Afternoon	Evening	Night
Poor District	4	4	6	5
Merchant District	4	5	6	2
Wealthy District	2	4	6	1

Temples and Shrines

Major temples should be located deliberately in a town or city; smaller temples and religious shrines may, however, be generated using the random Businesses Tables, above. Smaller temples may be illegal ones,

hiding behind a seemingly innocent front (roll again on the same Businesses Table to determine what the building looks like to the average passer-by). Temples which aren't 'undercover' are usually festooned with imposing statues and symbols of the deity in question, and hold weekly public ceremonies on the god's or deity's special day; these may be attended by anything from a handful to several thousand people, depending on the temple's size and importance in the town or city.

Shrines are places of special religious significance, where worshippers come to study or pray. To find out the form a shrine takes, roll one die:

1 Ancient writing or pictures.
2 Holy spring; may have special healing or other powers.
3 Holy statue.
4 Sacred relic; (apparently) a deity's or priest's bones, skull, heart, etc.

5 Sacred spot; could be the site of a deity's or priest's birth, a battle, etc.
6 Sacred stone; may have magical powers.

Other Considerations

At this stage (if you have not already done so) you should also start to consider the way the place is run, especially when generating a large town or city. If you've located a royal palace, guild headquarters and law courts, you should start to work out what goes on there, who might be found there, and so on. If you are in need of inspiration, take a look at the next chapter and see how such things are handled in Port Blacksand – though please bear in mind while reading it that this city is designed to be a very nasty place, and not all municipalities are quite so hard on their inhabitants!

If the Heroes are going to spend any length of time in the settlement, it could be handy to work out exactly what it costs to live in a particular tavern, and in the city

in general. There are full price-lists for a number of different parts of the world in *Titan*.

One splendid way of creating almost instant adventures is the Rumour Table. You will find an example of this for Port Blacksand in the next chapter. It gives a few dozen examples of the sort of true, partially true or completely false stories that the Heroes may well hear from people in taverns, gossiping on street corners or elsewhere. Have a look at how this works for Port Blacksand, and then try assembling a Rumour Table for your own settlement.

Detailing Selected Inhabitants

As with buildings, so special inhabitants should also be created by the Director as Extras, using the notes in *Dungeoneer* (page 382 onwards), to play a specific part in an adventure. Characters who appear regularly, either as Bad Guys or as friends and contacts of the Heroes, will develop almost by themselves, and require very little work.

Other Extras may need to be generated in case the Heroes do something to attract their attention. These could include a couple of members of the city guard and their captain, a tax collector, pickpocket, beggar, tavern landlord, and so on.

The professions of other characters can be determined by rolling on the Businesses Tables in the last section; the Merchant Businesses Tables are the most suitable, though any can be used, depending on the character's social background.

Randomly Rolled Personalities

As we said earlier, you can assume that every building in a town or city houses between 6 and 8 people, or more in a specially populous land. Some will obviously house fewer, others more, but those are at the Director's discretion. To find out a character's sex, roll one die; an odd number means the person is male, an even one female.

To find the age of each inhabitant, roll one die on the following Table:

1 Child (0–10)
2 Teenager (11–20)
3 Young Adult (21–30)
4 Adult (31–40)
5 Middle-aged (41–50)
6 Elderly (51+)

To personalize a character even further, roll up to three times on each of the following two Tables to discover their appearance and character. If two rolls cancel each other out, roll again – or treat the character as having a split personality, changing from one to the other at random! If the same result comes up more than once, the feature or trait is especially strong. Use two different-coloured dice, reading them as 'tens' and 'units' respectively:

Appearance

11	Bald	21	Clumsy
12	Beautiful	22	Deaf
13	Big nose	23	Dextrous
14	Blind	24	Dirty
15	Broad	25	Eagle-eyed
16	Clean	26	Fat

31	Hairy	41	One-handed
32	Handsome	42	One-legged
33	Keen hearing	43	Plain
34	Long-haired	44	Powerful
35	Nondescript	45	Puny
36	One-eyed	46	Short
51	Shortsighted	61	Thin
52	Spotty	62	Ugly
53	Stocky	63	Unkempt
54	Strong	64	Weak
55	Stuttering	65	Young-looking
56	Tall	66	Wrinkled

Character

11	Arrogant	21	Cowardly
12	Brave	22	Dishonest
13	Cheeky	23	A dreamer
14	Cheerful	24	Dull
15	Clever	25	Flamboyant
16	A collector*	26	Forceful

31	Greedy	41	Jealous
32	Happy	42	A liar
33	Hard working	43	Mean
34	Honest	44	Paranoid
35	Humble	45	Religious
36	Intellectual	46	Rude
51	Scheming	61	Suspicious
52	Sensible	62	Trusting
53	Silly	63	Truthful
54	Soft-hearted	64	Unhappy
55	Spendthrift	65	Violent
56	Stupid	66	Youthful

**– A collector may be seeking out specific items (coins, books, legends and tales, weapons, art, jewels, say) or simply a collector of anything and everything!*

New Creatures

The ravening monsters and more devious humanoids which are listed below may also be encountered in urban settings. In most cases, that doesn't mean they will be met when strolling casually down Market Street! Rather, many will be found lurking in dark, out-of-the-way corners like the sewers or in ancient, abandoned graveyards just outside the city walls, emerging to stalk the streets only after sundown or during the nastiest weather conditions.

As usual, all are presented in the standard monster format, in the following order: Name, Type, Number

met, Reaction, Intelligence, SKILL, STAMINA, (Number of Attacks), Weapon. More details on most of them may be found in *Out of the Pit*, the book of Fighting Fantasy monsters.

Bat: Animal – 25–30 met (24 + 1 die) – Unfriendly – Low – SKILL 4 STAMINA 4 – Small bite
Bats will attack only if threatened or magically enchanted to do so.

Giant Bat: Animal – 1 met – Unfriendly – Low – SKILL 5 STAMINA 8 – Large bite
Usually found only in warm southern climates. If the trainer is very patient, this rodent may be trained and ridden.

Bloodbeast: Monster – 1 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 12 STAMINA 10 – Very Large bite
Huge, sewer-dwelling monstrosity with dozens of eyes. Prehensile tongue does only Small bite damage on first hit, then Very Large bite damage after that.

Brain Slayer: Humanoid – 1 met – Hostile – High – SKILL 10 STAMINA 10 – 2 Attacks – Special (hypnotism)
Like a human body topped by an octopus, with deep hypnotic eyes: opponent must successfully *Test for Luck* twice or lose 1 SKILL and 1 STAMINA from energy-draining tentacles.

Bristle Beast: Animal – 1 met – Friendly–Unfriendly – Low – SKILL 5 STAMINA 7 – Small bite
Dog-sized, spiny-backed lizard often kept as exotic and very loyal pet.

Crypt Stalker: Undead – 1–2 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 8 STAMINA 6 – Large fist
Loyal servant of a dead man, it now guards his tomb for ever. Looks like a Zombie, rotting flesh and clothes; hurt only by enchanted weapons.

Dead Wraith: Undead – 1 met – Hostile – Average – SKILL 9 STAMINA 8 – Sword
Evil man's spirit trapped on the Earthly Plane as a wispy ghost; hurt only by a silver weapon or magic.

Demonspawn: Demon – 2–7 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 6 STAMINA 6 – Large claw
Mutant Demon warrior, formed from the stuff of the Demonic Planes, usually summoned by an Evil sorcerer.

Fire Sprite: Magical creature – 1–3 met – Hostile – Average – SKILL 7 STAMINA 4 – Burning hand (3 points)

Tiny elemental, fiery humanoids summoned by sorcerers; water does not affect them but smothering them sends them back to their own domain.

Hamakei: Humanoid – 1 met – Neutral – High – SKILL 7 STAMINA 5 – Dagger or staff
Ancient vulture-headed humanoid, often solitary scholars and very powerful sorcerers.

Hobgoblin: Humanoid – 1–6 met – Hostile – Average – SKILL 6 STAMINA 6 – Weapon
Ugly and brutish humanoid, half way between an Orc and a Goblin; will always attack an Elf on sight.

Leaf Beast: Magical creature – 3 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 6 STAMINA 3 – Large claw
Found only in Port Blacksand, Lord Azzur's three Leaf Beasts guard his fabled Black Lotus flowers, turning

from bushes into a ravening lion, tiger and leopard when needed.

Man-Orc: Humanoid – 1 or 2–12 met – Neutral–Unfriendly – Average–High – SKILL 8 STAMINA 6 – Weapon
Solitary offspring of Orc and human, shunned by most but sometimes living in isolated villages.

Mucalytic: Monster – 1–2 met – Unfriendly–Hostile – Average – SKILL 8 STAMINA 9 – 2 Attacks – Large fists plus poisonous gas
Sewer-dwelling trunked humanoids who can exhale a fatal gas at opponents; the smell from their disgusting lair reduces any combat SKILL by 2 points!

Pit Fiend: Reptile – 1 met – Unfriendly – Low – SKILL 12 STAMINA 15 – 3 Attacks – Large claws and Large bite
A 10-metre-long, giant biped lizard, often kept for the highlight of a gladiator's career!

Poltergeist: Undead – 1 met – Hostile – Average – SKILL 9 STAMINA 0 – Anything to hand
An invisible spirit trapped on the Earthly Plane, an angry Poltergeist will throw or wield anything to hand; cannot be harmed except by certain Priest spells.

Rhino-man: Humanoid – 1–3 met – Neutral–Unfriendly – Average – SKILL 8 STAMINA 9 – Weapon
Tough-skinned, rhinoceros-headed humanoids, usually found in warmer southern climes in service of Evil leaders.

Shapechanger: Humanoid/monster – 1 met – Neutral–Hostile – High – SKILL 10 STAMINA 10 – 2 Attacks – Large claws
Usually a spiny, Lizard Man-like creature, may take any humanoid form when snatching a solitary person to eat (changes back to usual form to attack).

Slime Eater: Monster – 1–3 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 7 STAMINA 11 – 3 Attacks – Large claws and Large bite
Massive, sewer-dwelling, blubbery, roughly humanoid monstrosities.

Giant Snake: Reptile – 1 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 7 STAMINA 11 – Very large bite
Statistics given are for a 15-metre-long snake (add 1 SKILL and 3 STAMINA for every extra five metres above this). Two hits in a row mean that the snake has swallowed its opponent.

Poisonous Snake: Reptile – 1–6 met – Unfriendly – Low – SKILL 5 STAMINA 2 – Small bite (+2 for poison)
Snakes are found virtually anywhere, though normal-sized ones will in general attack only if harassed.

Sewer Snake: Reptile – 1 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 6 STAMINA 7 – Large bite
These grey-brown, five-metre-long serpents favour dropping on to their prey from above.

Spirit Stalker: Undead – 1 met – Hostile – High – SKILL 10 STAMINA 8 – Burning touch (2 points)
Pallid, ghoulish, decaying human, this spirit is hurt only by silver weapons or magic.

Vampire: Undead – 1 met – Hostile – High – SKILL 10 STAMINA 15 – 3 Attacks – Large fist or weapon
A Vampire's hypnotic gaze needs a successful *Test for*

Luck to avoid. If hypnotized, victim will be bitten; if bitten on three consecutive nights, the victim too is now a Vampire. It is hurt only by silver weapons (which can't kill it), some powerful magics, a stake through the heart or exposure to direct sunlight. Vampires can turn into a bat at will.

Wererat: Humanoid – 1–2 met – Unfriendly–Hostile – High – SKILL 8 STAMINA 6 – Small claw
Unlike other Were-creatures, Wererats are fairly sociable. In rat form, they have a keen sense of smell and possess *Dark Seeing* Skill.

Wight: Undead – 1 met – Hostile – Average – SKILL 9 STAMINA 6 – Large fist
This mad-eyed, rotting, undead being can suck the life-force from an opponent, removing 1 SKILL point for every 3 successful hits on an adversary.

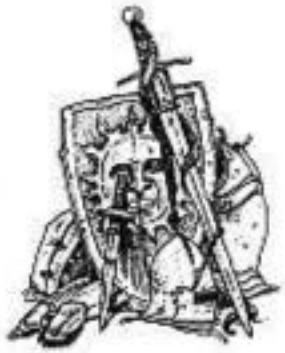

TOWN AND CITY ADVENTURING

Now that the Director (that's you) has conjured up this wonderful village, town or city, the next step is to bring the Heroes in to wreck – whoops, experience – it in all its glory.

If the setting has been created for a specific adventure, and this has also been written, nothing more need now be done other than to run it.

If the settlement is designed to be the base for the Heroes, and for the campaign, you (as Director) will need to take a little more care and go into a little more detail. This is because the invariable first reaction of all Heroes is to treat the town or city as if it were an open-air dungeon. They will run around attacking anyone who cheats them, bumps into them, or simply looks 'a bit funny'. If there is any sense of reality in your world, then quite plainly the moment they try this on anywhere with even the smallest contingent of town guard or militia, they will be run out of town or arrested, thus ruining all your hard preparatory work.

The best way to ease your Heroes into the setting you have built for them is to create an adventure which takes them to the village, town or city, and then allows

them gently to start to interact with it. Make it a condition of their stay that they find rooms at an inn to spend the night, then for a few nights, then for a few weeks. Make them buy meals or go on shopping trips, introduce them to a couple of characters (a landlord, say, and a fairly trustworthy fellow-adventurer who knows where interesting jobs can be found). The Heroes – and their players – will obviously feel a little disorientated at first, not knowing where anything is. Feel free to throw your rough map on the table and let the players examine it while you point out the main features and add some words of description – though you may also insist that the Heroes go to a map maker to buy their own copy!

Continuing Plotlines

Once you have run a first adventure in the place, others should soon follow as a matter of course. In our experience, people who were minor Extras in the last plot always seem to be turning up at the Heroes' door in

desperate need of help in the next. City authorities – always led by that really infuriating captain who seems desperate to make the Heroes' lives a misery! – are continually turning up on some pretext or other to harass the Heroes with new taxes designed to bankrupt them. Even worse, accusations can be made that their meddlesome exploring beneath the streets of the city in a previous adventure has somehow awoken something very nasty in the sewers!

Even if you don't have a tie-in to a previous adventure to follow up with, there are plenty of ways to plunge the Heroes into the thick of things with the minimum of effort. The walls of city taverns and the various guilds are plastered with handwritten signs saying: 'Help wanted for dangerous mission. Generous reward. Apply . . .' Truly astonishing numbers of strange-looking people stagger up to Heroes in the street and collapse in their arms, with a dagger in their back and a strange parchment in their hands. And if you are really stuck for an idea, why not suddenly present the Heroes with a bill for their weeks of lodging and meals in their tavern base – and then suggest a few ways for them to go out and earn some money to pay this.

As for adventuring ideas, well there are plainly hundreds to choose from, and we are sure that several are already suggesting themselves to you. If you need a few hints, however, you will find a number of storylines in *Dungeoneer* (page 378) and a whole crop more at the end of the next chapter in this book, in which we go into great detail about one particular city: the legendary Port Blacksand!

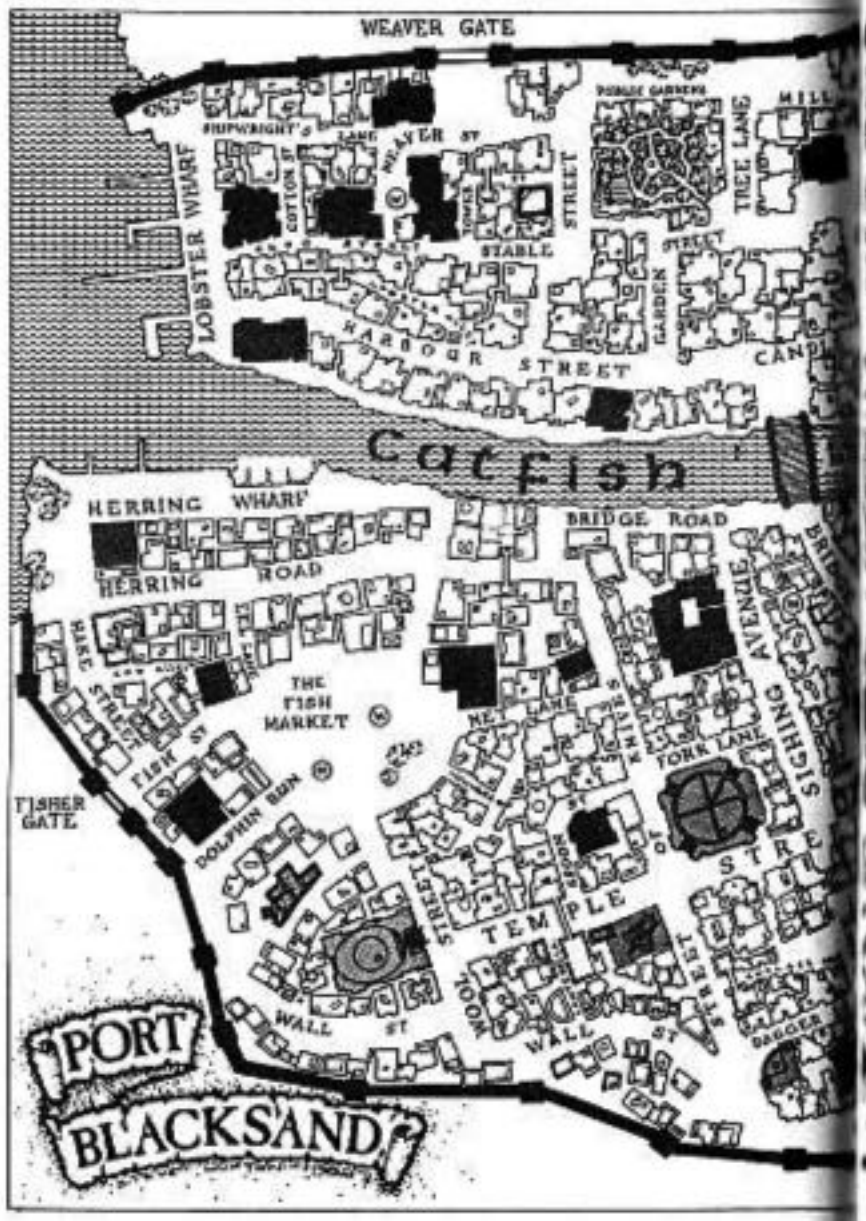
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PUBLIC GARDENS
TREE LANE
MILL
LOBSTER WHARF
COTTON ST
TOWER ST
STABLE
STREET
GARDEN STREET
HARBOUR STREET
CANDLE
Catfish
HERRING WHARF
HERRING ROAD
BRIDGE ROAD
BRIDGE AVENUE
SIGNING
BAKE STREET
THE FISH MARKET
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DOLPHIN INN
FISHER GATE
YORK LANE
TEMPLE
WOOL STREET
WALL ST
DAGGER
PORT BLACKSAND

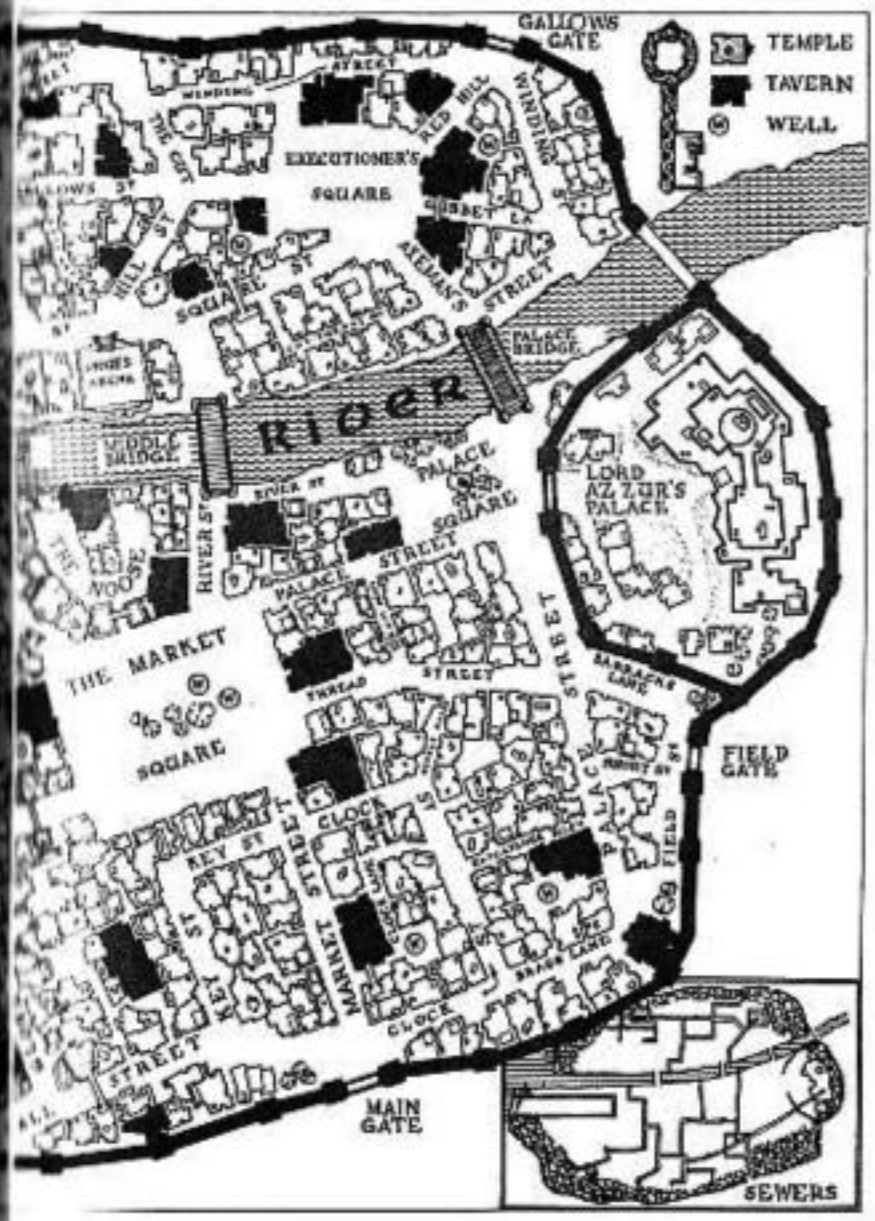
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ARTISANS STREET
PALACE BRIDGE
Rider
MIDDLE BRIDGE
PALACE SQUARE
LORD AZ'ZUR'S PALACE
RIVER ST
PALACE STREET
THE MARKET SQUARE
THREAD STREET
BARRACKS LANE
FIELD GATE
STREET
CLOCK
KEY ST
MARKET STREET
FIELD
BRASS LANE
MAIN GATE
SEWERS

3. PORT BLACKSAND

This chapter has two aims: first, to provide a base for the Heroes, in a setting where adventures may be only a few metres away; secondly, it shows how a Director can go about designing and detailing a living, breathing town or city, even one the size of Blacksand. Of course, we certainly don't expect a Director to sit down and design anything the size of the City of Thieves just like that; but all the principles of this large settlement apply to smaller places, and there are many sections, Extras and situations which can be borrowed for your own settings.

A BRIEF HISTORY

Port Blacksand is not known as the City of Thieves for nothing. Sitting at the very point where the Catfish River meets the sea, like an open sore on a dying leper, it is home to every pirate, assassin, thief, brigand and general evil-doer for hundreds of leagues around. As you will know if you have studied every true adventurer's handbook, *Titan*, Port Blacksand is ruled by the evil Lord Azzur; it is built upon the ruins of a much larger ancient city called Carsepolis. The following list summarizes the most important dates in the city's history.

1408 OT After wandering the Pagan Plains for many years, Cares Stormchild settles his tribe at the

mouth of the Catfish River. He later bridges the river, and later still builds a wooden stockade around the growing settlement.

1574 OT Cares-town is a thriving walled town, but after a split in its ruling council, the heir-less King Cares Whitewolf is poisoned. The town is ruled by stewards, until a descendant of the royal family can be found.

1601 OT King Coros Sword-breaker reappears to claim the throne, and founds the long-running Dynasty of Swords.

1649 OT The treaty of Coros III divides Allansia into a number of kingdoms, the largest being Allansia itself, ruled from Carsepolis, now a city and port with wide streets, a seat of culture and place of protection.

1735 OT The sorcerer Yannisara, a pupil of the Archmage Erridansis of Salamonis, founds his school of wizardry in Carsepolis, teaching

eager students the miraculous new sorcery. His first pupil, Solos, is employed as court sorcerer to Coros VII, also known as Coros the Mystic.

1962 OT Chaos is loosed upon the world from its prison in the Dead City in the heart of Khul.

1998 OT Tainted with Chaos, evil armies of Orcs and Trolls instigate the War of the Wizards with an assault on Goldoran, the northern capital. After a quick victory, they march south into Allansia.

1999 OT/ 0 AC After being held back in the Trolltooth Pass by the soldiers of Salamonis but reinforced by Dark Elves and Orcs from the Moonstone Hills, the Forces of Chaos turn their attention on Carsepolis. After a costly defensive action which holds the walls for fifteen terrible days, the battle is won by its defenders after the arrival of Dwarf and Elf reinforcements.

Carsepolis is tainted by Chaos, its ruins wandered by the ghosts of the dead. It is abandoned to the vultures, its surviving people given shelter in Salamonis.

121 AC The ruined dock areas of ancient Carsepolis start to be used as shelter for pirates and brigands. As more ruffians and evil-doers use the place as a hideout, it slowly but surely becomes a thriving community once more.

171 AC The self-styled Prince Olaf Twohorse originally a pirate chief called Eril Shaker) proclaims himself leader of Blacksands Town. Under his leadership, walls are constructed and many new buildings start to be built on top of the ancient ruins of Carsepolis.

192 AC Twohorse founds the prison colony on Fire Island to cope with the great numbers of criminals sentenced under his harsh laws.

201 AC Twohorse is deposed and murdered by a rival pirate known as Daggerface.

202 AC Daggerface dies in a knife fight, and is succeeded by his killer, Jonjo Ruby. Three months later, Ruby is herself killed, poisoned by a jealous suitor.

204 AC Port Blacksand remains leaderless for two years, before power is seized by Marak Greysteel, a northern barbarian chieftain famed for his proficiency with a sword.

211 AC Greysteel is deposed by Baron Illios Valentis, a merchant turned ruthless pirate captain. He encourages stable growth and trade, and (in 219) establishes the city militia under the command of his brother, Drakna. Port Blacksand grows prosperous, but remains irredeemably corrupt.

239 AC In the city of Arion in far Khul, a sixteen-year-old boy named Varek Azzur is initiated into the cult of Kukulak by having the god's runes burnt into his flesh. He flees the city on a merchant ship, and then joins a new crew

when it is attacked by pirates. Azzur quickly rises to become second-in-command.

248 AC Azzur's own galley, the *Face of Chaos*, sails into the harbour at Merluk in broad daylight and empties three ships of their precious cargoes. Over the next six years his flag becomes feared the length of Allansia.

252 AC After his agents have poisoned the head of Valentis's militia, Lord Azzur sails the *Face of Chaos* into Blacksand harbour, then blockades it with other pirate ships, while a land force assaults the city walls. In four brief, bloody hours Baron Valentis is deposed and Azzur rules. The baron is hanged from the highest tower of his palace, which is then torn down.

254 AC Lord Azzur's new palace is completed and dominates the haphazard skyline of the city. Attracted by the new reign of evil, wrong-doers flock from all over Allansia to join in. Many – including Ogres and Trolls – are enlisted into Azzur's élite black-clad City Guard.

257 AC Azzur first institutes what becomes an almost annual event, when he celebrates the New Year by executing several of the city's most prominent citizens and their riches are given away to the poor.

258 AC Several of the now rich citizens from last year's poor are killed in this year's charity executions.

277 AC The Good sorcerer Nicodemus 'retires' to Port Blacksand for obscure reasons, secreting himself in a small dwelling beneath the Singing Bridge.

279 AC According to popular legend, the thief Drogo Widemouth manages to creep into Lord Azzur's bedchamber to see what his face really looks like. He is never seen again, though his rings turn up on a severed hand pulled from the river, and an arm bearing a tattoo very much like one Drogo had is found in the

gutter outside the reputed headquarters of the Thieves' Guild.

284 AC The present day. Azzur occasionally ventures from his palace, but is always hidden inside his ornate coach and with his face and body swathed in black robes to hide his ritual scars. His impromptu taxes continue to frustrate his citizens, and his City Guard are ruthless in imposing his laws.

THE CITY DISTRICTS

Port Blacksand is divided into a number of areas, each with its own individual character. The districts aren't really official designations, but every Blacksander knows which part of town he is from, and looks up to or down on the inhabitants of other areas. We'll go through each of them in turn, providing a more comprehensive street-map and detailing some of their features as we go. Note that we haven't attempted to fill in every last detail concerning each building and its inhabitants, nor have we provided any facts and figures for anyone. Instead, we've provided notes on some of them, both important and trivial, while leaving others for you to fill in yourself

as you include them in adventures, if necessary using the guidelines and Tables given in the last chapter.

Most of the buildings in Port Blacksand are fairly old, and look even older from having to withstand the storms which occasionally sweep in from the sea. Their architecture, if one can call it that, favours overhanging upper storeys and many strange decorative follies like towers, bridges and interconnecting passages high above the ground. They are painted in all manner of colours, and signs or models hang outside most shops, indicating the nature of their business. Main streets, and especially those leading to the city gates, are generally ankle- or even knee-deep in mud and horse droppings (to determine just how deep the mess is, see the note on Blacksand weather later).

Back streets, especially in the older parts of town, tend to be cobbled, and steps make it difficult for carts and carriages to progress up some of them. Each district – apart from Garden District – has its own detachment of City Guard, who patrol the streets from a blockhouse (marked on the individual district maps which follow). We have also marked some warehouses on the maps, along with taverns and temples; others may also be present if the appropriate dice rolls come up.

Harbour District

This is the oldest part of Port Blacksand. Its streets are winding and narrow, and its houses look very ancient and weather-beaten. In some streets the upper storeys

overhang the road and shut out the daylight. (The district qualifies as 'Poor' when rolling on the Businesses Tables in the last chapter.)

1. *Lobster Wharf.* The Catfish Reach is sheltered slightly from the open sea by the northern headland, making a natural harbour. There are always half a dozen or more pirate galleons and galleys at anchor here, except in the summer months, when they will be away, harassing merchant ships in more southerly waters. Trading ships also call in on their way to the open sea or upstream to Fang, Zengis and beyond. Among the most notorious ships that call here are the *Black Swan*, the *Swordfish*, the *Dancing Dolphin* and Lord Azzur's own magnificent *Face of Chaos*. At the far northern end of Lobster Wharf, where the smaller fishing boats pull in to unload their catches, there stands an immense iron anchor, said to have belonged to a trading galley from ancient Carsepolis.

2. *Fishermen's Cottages.* Along the east side of the wharf runs a cluster of rickety single-story cottages, home to many of the fishermen who risk their lives on the high seas every day. On fine days, the fishwives sit outside their homes, weaving nets and repairing lobster pots.

3. *Mariners' Guild.* The outside of the guild house is decorated with ivory carvings made from whales' teeth and showing various scenes of maritime adventure. The ground floor is made up of offices which handle the daily business of the guild, while the dormitory rooms on its first and second floors can sleep more than 100

sailors on shore leave. (See the section on 'People and Powers', below, for more details about the guild.)

4. *Erethrim's Candle Shop.* The Elf who lives here sells candles of all shapes, sizes and colours, including some magical ones that can induce visions, knock out or hypnotize people who see them. The proprietor, Galor Erethrim, lives above the shop.

5. *Ben Borryman, Silversmith.* As well as the standard range of jewellery and tableware, Borryman often undertakes commissions for more unusual items, and is the ideal person to make a silver sword or arrow for taking care of that difficult Werewolf! Borryman and his family (wife, two grown-up sons and one teenage daughter) live above the shop, leaving a huge hunting dog on guard in the shop at night.

6. *Eagle Tower.* The ornately decorated tower which rises from the hillside to loom several decametres above the surrounding buildings is in fact the protruding top half of an even taller tower which once housed a beacon to guide mariners safely into Carsepolis harbour. It is now home to Shareela, a reclusive woman who keeps her huge collection of birds in the top levels of the tower. The eagles which give the tower its current name, and other hawks, can sometimes be seen swooping around its eaves, and from time to time are rumoured to carry off small children.

7. *Eltan, Tailor.* The oldest, and still the best, cloth maker and outfitter in Port Blacksand. Eltan himself has now retired to somewhere safer, and the business is run by his two sons, Oltan and Ultan. Clothes made here are very expensive, but they fit perfectly and last a lifetime. The brothers live above the shop with their wives and seven children.

8. *Jimmy Quicktint, Tattooist.* The self-proclaimed 'Best Tattooist in Town', Jimmy is a big, jovial ex-sailor who learned his craft in Halak while sailing with the notorious Captain Bartella. Tattoos cost 5–50 Gold Pieces, depending on their complexity. Quicktint lives in a couple of rooms behind the shop.

9. *Harbour-master's Office.* Port Blacksand's harbour-master, Eril Gor, is a crusty old ex-mariner, whose rolling gait is due less to his years at sea than to his wooden left leg. Gor presents himself as a scrupulously honest officer of the city, replying to any who ask, 'No amount of gold or silver can persuade me to allow goods into or out of this city without paying the proper duty.' Instead, he demands a set fee of 5 per cent of the goods themselves, which are then disposed of by Gor's many contacts round the city.

Inns and Taverns

T1. *The Mermaid Tavern.* This busy alehouse's cellar hides a secret entrance to the sewers, which in turn lead down into the ruins of ancient Carsepolis. Landlord Larny Rognar charges 20 Gold Pieces for an adventurer to set out down into the depths (and has sometimes been known to charge another 20 GP to let them out again!). The tavern is of Average quality.

T2. *The Eye of the Needle Tavern.*

T3. *Gashanka's Tavern.*

T4. *Valentis' Bane Inn.* A favourite with the nastier pirates. Its name refers to Lord Azzur, and his coat of arms are depicted alongside the *Face of Chaos* on the sign outside. (Awful quality.)

T5. *The Vulgar Goblin Inn.*

T6. *The Hemlock Tavern.*

T7. *The Black Lobster Inn.* Being one of the inns nearest to the harbour, it is always full of drunken pirates and other mariners celebrating a successful voyage, and clever professional gamblers and pickpockets taking their new riches from them. Adventurers and other travellers looking for passage to other lands are also regular customers. The permanently half-drunk landlord, Halron Allierté, is only a temporary manager, looking after the inn for its owner, his uncle Guidon, who also owns places in Rimon and Halak. There is a floorplan of the Black Lobster, together with further notes, in *Titan.* (Poor quality.)

T8. *The Dagger Tavern.* Apparently a quiet, orderly public house, it is in fact a front for a major smuggling operation run by the Merchants' Guild, who bring in expensive goods at night in order to avoid paying Azzur's crippling import taxes. The small front bar is the only part of the establishment where the public are allowed, a rule enforced by the immense landlord, Doric Sandwasp, and his two Troll bottle-washers. (Fair quality.)

Garden District

Named after the large public gardens which dominate the area, this is a wealthy district of mostly private houses, though some of them also serve as the offices of a number of professional people, such as musicians, artists and court officials. ('Wealthy', when rolling on the Businesses Tables.)

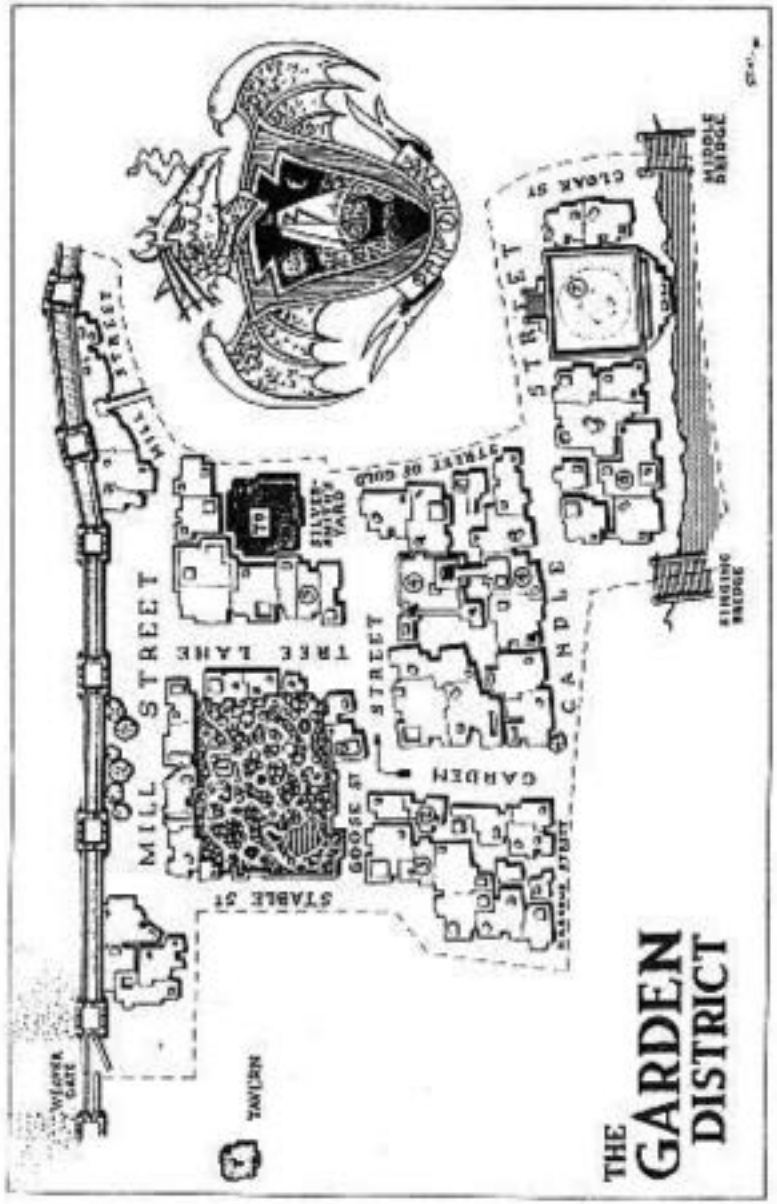

1. *Public Gardens.* Baron Valentis had the gardens built as the first stage in a plan to create a country estate in the middle of the city. However, his plans for an imposing stately home were rudely dashed by the arrival of Lord Azzur, who now uses them to house his fine collection of rare plants from around the world. At the very centre of the park, reached by following any one of the many twisting paths, is his pride and joy, four examples of the incredibly rare Black Lotus, guarded by his infamous, magical Leaf Beasts. Admission to the gardens is 1 Gold Piece, though visitors are warned that they enter at their own risk; the long grass and thick bushes often conceal footpads and armed robbers.

2. *Dietrich Zuvember, Alchemist.* Recently suspended from the Sorcerers' Guild for transforming the beard of its vice-master, Stirk Cuckling, into a nest of snakes, Zuvember exemplifies every cliché of the crazed old alchemist. Usually to be found staggering from his smoke-filled laboratory after yet another failed attempt to turn lead into gold, fish into cows or silk purses into

sows' ears, he has long since stopped bothering to wash himself, tidy his shock of hair or patch his singed clothing. Occasionally he will manage to enchant a magical item for someone, but there's no guarantee that the item will perform as requested.

3. *The Serpent Queen.* After suffering terrible cruelties at the hands of the sorcerer-priests of the Caarth of the Desert of Skulls, this nameless woman has been left with the head of a giant serpent! She now lives in Blacksand, surrounded by finery supplied by the patronage of Lord Azzur himself, who seems to have taken pity on her. She is a witty conversationalist, but has a terrible temper, and rumours abound about the numbers of retainers she has killed. Other whispers say that Azzur would pay dearly to have her transformed back into a whole woman again – why, the lucky person who did that could probably name his own reward! (For more information on the Serpent Queen, see *Out of the Pit.*)

4. *The Sorcerers' Guild.* The bizarrely shaped headquarters of the Most High Amalgamated Guild of Spellcasters, Sorcerers, Magicians, Prestidigitators, Illusionists, Necromancers, Sages, Witches, Wizards and Warlocks is a wonder to behold. It looks very much as if

it was designed by an insane, cross-eyed architect while under the influence of some strange, illegal substance, and features a great many spires, towers, flyovers, overhanging balconies, buttresses and domes. It is also split into two buildings, linked by a wide bridge: the smaller half is the home of Lord Azzur's court magician, Duramax Frogshaper, and his laboratories, the location for many frightening experiments; the larger building houses several dozen apprentices, classrooms and (on the top two levels) the library, which contains many tomes rescued from the ruins and dating back to the time of the Age of Wizards.

5. *The Great Garolon, Artist.* Formerly the court artist of the Baron of Shazaar, Garolon was banished after painting a very unflattering portrait of the Baron's daughter (in which she was indistinguishable from the horse she sat upon!) and has lived in Blacksand for five years. He has thrown himself into being a 'proper' artist, being a drunk and a womanizer, and sporting a long beard and a

paint-spattered smock. He will paint portraits or other pictures for anything from 10 to 10,000 Gold Pieces, depending on whether he likes the person (fellow drunkards always get their pictures painted cheap!). On fine days his current mistress sells his pictures and artist's materials from a stall outside his studio.

6. *Mr Alden, Thief for Hire.* This large, elegant house with a pleasant riverside aspect is home to Port Blacksand's most successful thief. Although registered with the Guild of Thieves, he plays no part in their murderous hierarchy, and takes only those jobs which provide him with a decent challenge. Clients are usually recommended for his extra-special services by a discreet friend, who instructs them to ring four times on his doorbell at exactly a quarter past eleven at night. They will be met by Alden's silver-haired butler, who tells them that 'the master' is not at home but, if they will tell him all their details, he will pass them on. Of course, this is really the thief in disguise; if the job seems acceptable, he will reveal himself. He works for a flat rate of 30 per cent of the profits and will not steal anything that he cannot carry on his own. His careful planning and high success rate have made Mr Alden a legend among thieves.

7. *Sports Arena.* This large stadium, in the form of a square surrounded by tiers of stone seats, is the venue for many regular and special sporting events. Once or twice a week it plays host to gruesome gladiatorial contests, featuring duels and man-versus-monster battles. The stadium also puts on games of Bays' ball, Dwarf tossing, Pixie throttling and – an especial favourite – Shoot the

Apple off the Goblin's Head (more popularly known as Completely Fail to Shoot . . .). Entrance is usually 1 Gold Piece per person, though some games are free.

Inns and Taverns

T9. *The Silver Coin Tavern.* The sole drinking establishment in Garden District is a very refined place, which doesn't actually sell anything as 'common' as beer. Instead, they offer a wide range of fine wines, meads and a whole host of exotic spirits, imported from the twelve corners of the world. Prices are very expensive, as one would expect, but the clientele is select and the conversation witty and intellectual. The private saloon at the rear of the bar – admittance restricted to certain close friends of the owner, Julius Oftran – is where many of the most daring crimes in the city are meticulously planned. (Great quality.)

Execution Hill

At the top of Gallows Hill, at the centre of this district, stands the bleak, windswept square which gives the area its name. Some of the buildings perched on the quite steep hillsides are becoming unstable, and occasionally an ageing beam will snap and a top floor will crash down into the street below. On the southern side of the hill, the buildings are packed more tightly together and roads can turn into steep flights of steps before a cart-drover knows it. (This district is 'Poor', if rolling on the Businesses Tables.)

1. *Tradesmen's Guild.* Within this imposing slab of a

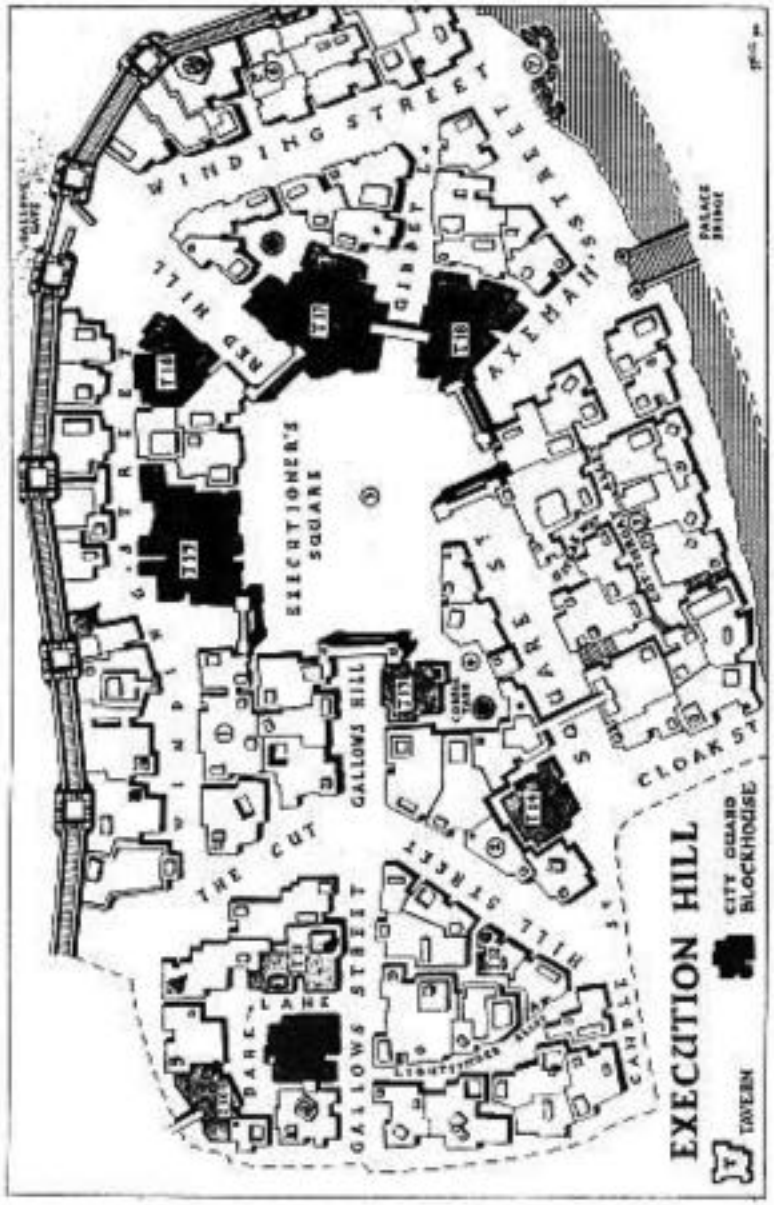

building one may find representatives of all the various tradesmen and craftsmen who try to scrape a living in Port Blacksand.

2. *Carulus the Grey.* Carulus and her sons run a thriving undertaker's business. Indeed, trade is so good she has two other branches, in Needle Alley and the Street of Knives. They all provide ceremonial burials, burnings and mummifications, handled with rare tact and sympathy, at a range of competitive prices to suit all social classes.

3. *Executioner's Square.* From whichever direction one arrives, this ghastly place has to be entered by passing under an arch, decorated with the remains of the most recent recipients of the square's particular form of recreation. Various gibbets and chopping blocks stand round the square, and its cobblestones have a permanent red-brown stain. Executions take place every few days and

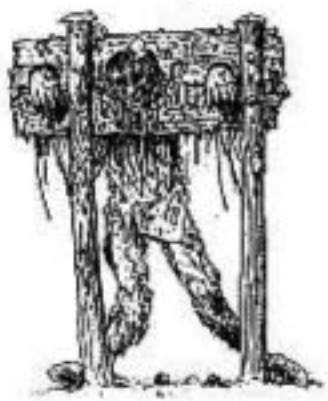

are always popular, though they do attract different sorts of crowds according to the method being used (see *Crime and Punishment*, below).

4. *Corpse Yard.* The well in aptly named Corpse Yard is currently blocked up because three nights ago a street urchin, while trying to retrieve a coin he had dropped, discovered a mass of bodies at the bottom. Seventeen have been retrieved by the City Guard so far, each killed in a different way. A large Troll is now on guard by the well all hours of the day.

5. *Cut-Throat Alley.* This part of town is the heart of the black market. The traders who gather in Cut-Throat Alley and Sneak Way as dusk falls can provide all manner of illicit and stolen goods and just about any service the warped human (and non-human) mind can dream up. However, the traders jealously cling to their own patch, and new faces are made to feel very unwelcome, no matter how exciting the goods they are trying to unload.

6. *Barabas, Professional Murderer.* This fellow is an accomplished swordsman and duellist, and is also high up in the Assassins' Guild. His usual method of killing is to pick a target, arrange somehow for a duel to be called for and, after winning, attempt to collect a fee from those benefiting from the victim's death. He manages to escape justice by carefully arranging it so that matters look innocent or legal, and by liberally sprinkling bribes among the City Guard and magistrates. He is said to be a very wealthy man.

7. *Boats for Hire.* The landing stage at the bottom of Axeman's Street is always jammed with hundreds of small boats which can be hired to take one downriver, even as far as Lobster Wharf. There is a flat fee of 1 Gold Piece per journey, and the oarsmen take no responsibility for any accidents which may happen along the way.

Inns and Taverns

T10. *The Gargoyle Tavern.*

T11. *The Red Lantern Tavern.*

T12. *The Four-way Cross.*

T13. *The Rat in Hand Tavern.* This unruly place is named after the strange game of chance, invented by its landlord, Hoggwell Hogg. Players bet on the number of starving sewer-rats they think one of them can hold in his or her hand for three minutes. The current record is eight, though the drunken Troll who set it then tried to better his own record and ended up losing his entire hand. (Average quality.)

T14. *Varag's Splendid Alehouse.* This establishment is probably the roughest in the entire city. It is run by the Dwarf, Varag Madhand, a retired adventurer who hasn't lost his enthusiasm for a really good scrap! As a result, fights break out here every night, and the furniture and crockery are always having to be swept up. (Average quality.)

T15. *The Sun and Seven Stars Inn.*

T16. *The Cat and Crucifix Tavern.* Unfortunately, the stomach-turning sign of this den of scoundrels is the first thing many visitors to Port Blacksand see when they step through the gate. The tavern is also home to a large number of con men, who pretend to make friends with new arrivals before trying to steal everything they came with. (Average quality.)

T17. *The Headless Troll Inn.* The rivalry between the landlord, Maxim Vibril, and the host of the inn across the street, the Troll Gobbo Donzo, is such that Maxim

renamed his place (previously it was the Flying Foxbat) and had a very realistic sign painted. Donzo responded by having Vibril's face painted as that of the victim on *his* sign. Since then, any number of mysterious poisonings, fires, floods and infestations have occurred. The regular customers of each inn are very loyal to their host, and on a Seaday night think nothing of rushing across the street to knock a few heads together. (Fair quality.)

T18. *The Laughing Axeman Inn.* See the Headless Troll Inn, above. (Fair quality.)

Fish Market District

The pungent stench of raw fish hangs over this part of town; when it is foggy, the smell somehow gets even worse. Most of the buildings near the wharf are warehouses, piled high with exotic goods from all corners of the known world. The district is 'Poor' if rolling on the Businesses Tables, but roll on one of the Merchant Businesses Tables if determining the contents of a warehouse.

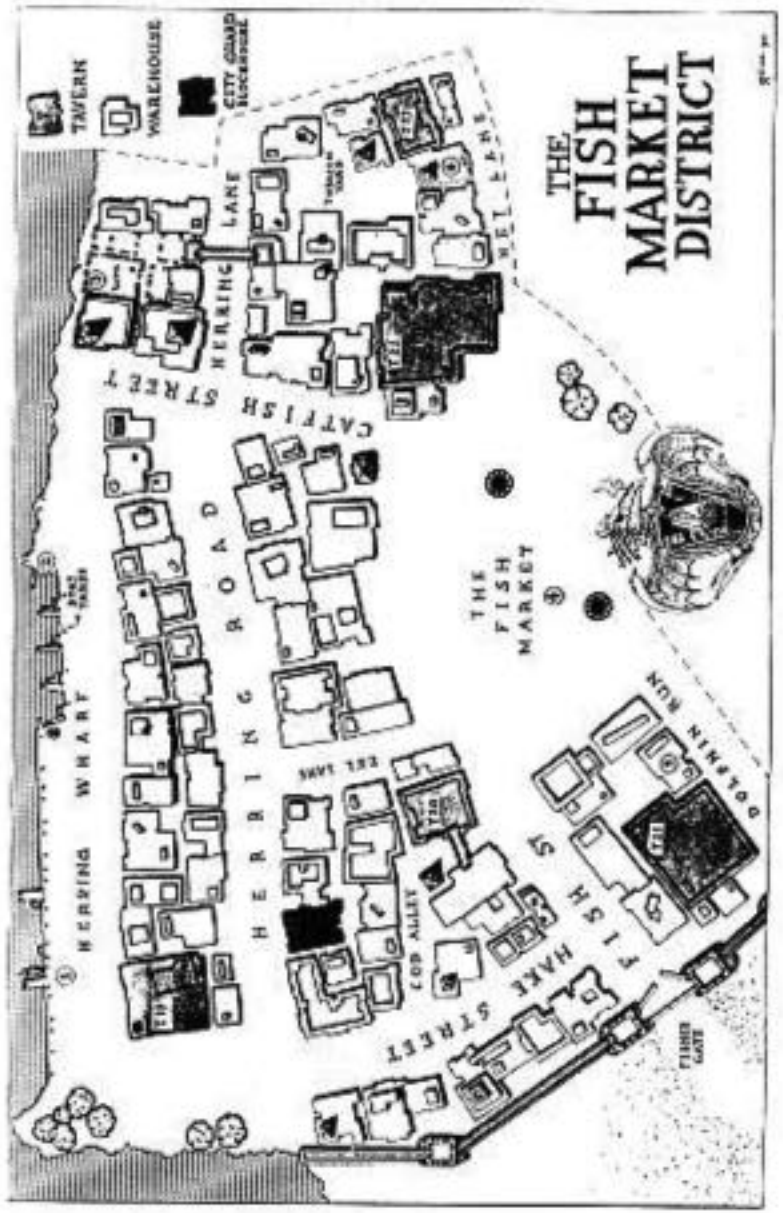

1. *Herring Wharf.* As well as its pirate and merchant ships, Port Blacksand is also home to a large number of small fishing vessels. Some can be hired to take parties or individuals a short distance up or down the coast, though it's become a tradition among Blacksand fishermen to take the fare then throw the passengers overboard! The south side of Herring Wharf comprises a cluttered row of fishermen's cottages, boatbuilders' offices and workshops, and warehouses.

2. *The Boat Yards.* In the eyes of some observers, Port Blacksand has hit upon a wonderfully circular economy, whereby the pirates rob and then sink someone's boat; then the boatbuilders construct a replacement; this is then robbed and sunk; and so on, until the city becomes the richest place in Allansia, or until the merchants finally realize just what is going on!

3. *Burnt-out Buildings.* The charred stumps of a few wooden walls are all that remain of five buildings which burned down (an act of arson, in fact, by members of the Thieves' Guild, for non-payment of protection money).

4. *Fish Market.* Each morning as dawn breaks, Blacksand's fishermen drag their fresh catches off their boats and run with them to the marketplace, where crowds of people are always waiting to buy them. The fishy smell is at its very worst here, and many people unused to it can be seen every day, clutching handkerchiefs to their mouths and staggering away from the area.

5. *Pungent and Stark, Exterminators.* These two strange tradesmen are very adept at tracking down and eliminating vermin, despite (or perhaps because of) the fact that the first is blind and the second is deaf. Their services are very expensive – around 100 GP per room! – but their service somehow manages to keep mice, rats, insects and other nasties from a place they have treated for up to a year.

6. *The House of Masks.* Visorr Peppeto the mask maker earns his living with the aid of an enchanted mould inherited from his grandfather, who was by all accounts a great sorcerer. The mould forms round any head pressed into it and can then produce exact copies in papier-mâché. However, one side-effect of wearing such a mask is that, after two hours, the wearer has a 1 in 6 chance every hour of starting to exhibit some of the characteristics of the creature from which the mask was modelled! Costs: animal masks 1 GP, monster masks 1–6 GP, famous people masks 2–12 GP.

Inns and Taverns

T19. *The Drunken Fisherman Inn.* As you might expect, this inn is decorated after a piscatorial nautical theme, and its clientele are admirably summed up by the place's name. A small tower is built on top of the roof, and from it a burning beacon lights up the night to guide sailors back to port. The beacon cannot be seen from the city. (Average quality.)

T20. *Osric's Arms.*

T21. *The Silenced Watchman Inn.*

T22. *The Pirate's Ghost Inn.* Despite its fanciful name, this building has never, so far as anyone can remember, been haunted. In fact it's a new enterprise, by a speculator called Cozimo Warbler who turned a very plain but comfortable alehouse into a frightfully artificial 'Olde Worlde Sailor's Taverna'. It is only ever visited by strangers to the city; the locals avoid it like the plague – and if he's not careful, Warbler will be going bankrupt yet again. (Average quality.)

T23. *Pipe's Famous Alehouse.* While his wife pursues her own career in flowers (see *Merchant District*, below), Durndle Pipe puts all his hard work into his tavern. The couple haven't spoken or lived in the same house for forty-four years, a condition which both describe as 'very satisfactory'. Mr Pipe can be very embarrassing in female company, and is always sporting blackened eyes and bandages covering wounds received from disgruntled customers. (Good quality.)

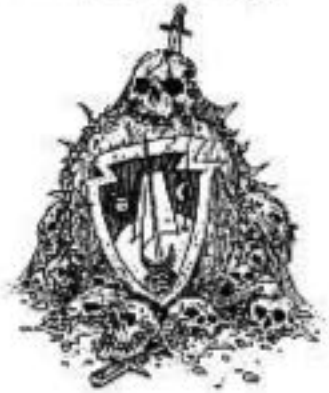

Temple District

In Port Blacksand, as happens anywhere, some types of business tend to cluster together. Most of the city's armourers and weapon makers are to be found in the block of buildings formed by the Street of Knives, Cutlass Alley and Dagger Lane. So it is of Blacksand's main temples, most of which are found in or near the Street of Temples. The street itself is wide and quite pleasant (by this city's standards it certainly is), but most of the rest of the area is made up of twisting back streets and alleys. (Use the Merchant Businesses Tables.)

1. *The City Courts.* Prisoners to be tried by the magistrates in the city courts are usually kept in the City Guard blockhouse next door until sent for. There are three courts, served by a collection of seven magistrates, who usually deal out their own form of justice from dawn until dusk, to try to cope with the backlog of cases that always need trying. For more details, see the section on *Crime and Punishment*, below.

2. *Nowhere Street.* This street proudly proclaims its name on a metal arch above its entrance. It is lined on both sides with small booths in which one can play just about any form of gambling game known to man or Dwarf. The booths continue along Forever Lane, the games getting harder to beat and the wagers getting huger all the time. The very last set of booths is decorated in black ribbons: here the truly desperate bet their lives in the hope of miraculous winnings. It is a terrible, inhuman place, frequented by only the lowest of the low.

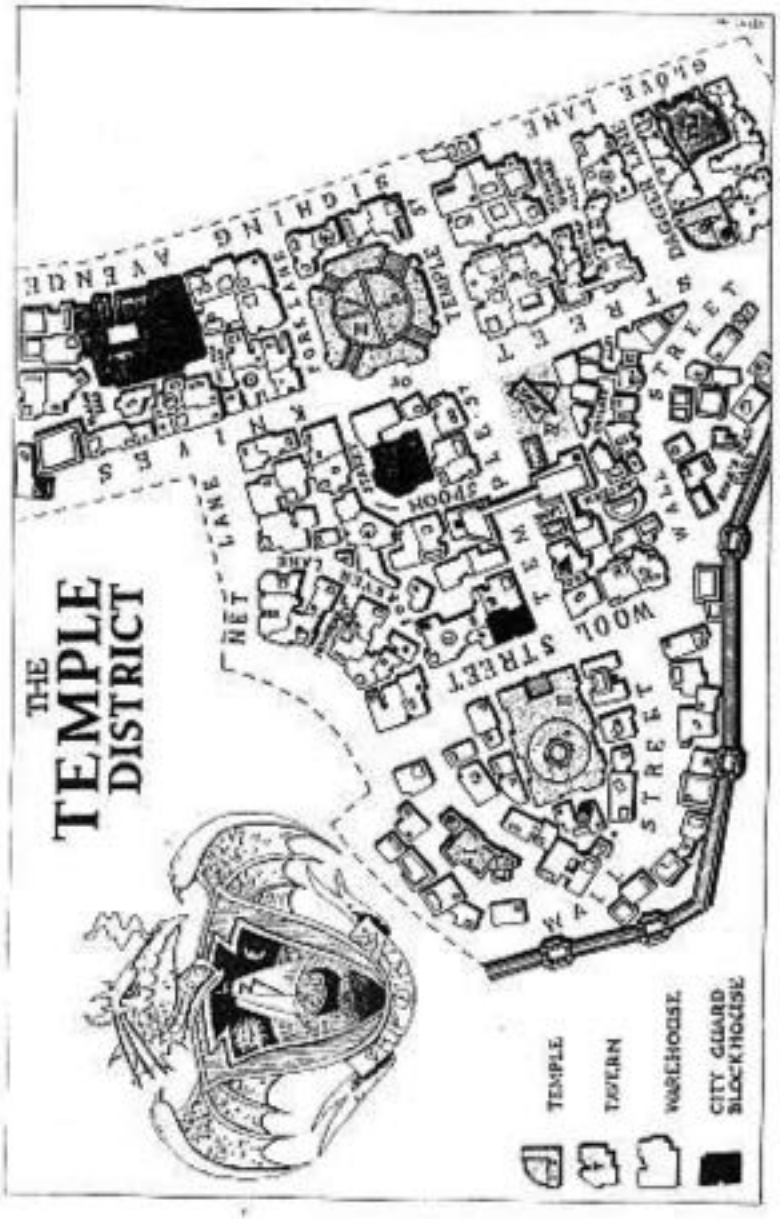

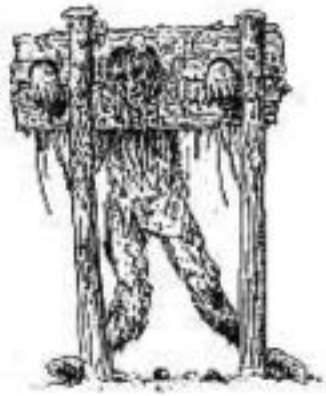

3. *The Guild of Assassins.* The secret headquarters of the Brotherhood of the Knife, as the guild is known to its members, are hidden behind the innocuous front of a leather tanner's small workshop. In two layers of chambers below ground level, however, the secretive members of this shadowy offshoot of the Thieves' Guild plan to bring their tasks to a satisfactory conclusion.

4. *Jalal Armen, Scribe.* This half-Elven scribe has her work cut out preparing superbly drafted formal documents, for legal pleas, marriages, religious edicts and so on. Her pleas for clemency cost 30 Gold Pieces, but confer a +2 bonus to the die roll when determining the outcome of a trial (see *Crime and Punishment*, below).

5. *Hister Brey, Executioner.* Lord Azzur's official executioner is an over-jolly, violent maniac who frightens his prisoners and the public so much that he is often booed during the ceremonies! He has a terrible sense of humour,

always joking about 'getting a head' and commenting, 'Didn't he die well!' and he mounts the heads of his favourite victims along the front of his house.

6. *House of Pain.* The latest craze among really wealthy Blacksanders is to commission a visit from members of the House of Pain to the homes of their friends. Various degrees of embarrassment and true pain can be supplied, ranging from a humiliating accident with horse manure to a sprinkling of ground glass in the wine or sharp spikes hidden in the seats of chairs. The Assassins' and Thieves' Guilds are apparently investigating this attempt to commercialize their livelihood, since the House of Pain is doing a roaring trade!

Temples

1. *Temple to Dalgalla.* The people of Port Blacksand worship Dalgalla as a holy man and original founder of the Blacksands colony. It is often claimed that prayers to his memory have produced miracles, though these

stories usually prove to be false. (The real man, called Daralaga, was a pirate captain's First Mate; he may have settled in the early colony, but he was never a holy man.)

II. *Temple to Solinthar.* The patron deity of mariners is celebrated in an ornate temple constructed from ivory, coral, shells and old boat timbers. His influence is especially strong among the fishermen and pirates, and his High Priest, the wizened Yuro Furtha, is always called on to bless new vessels being launched in the boat yards.

III. *Temple to Fourga.* The God of Pride is very popular with the ordinary people, for he is what they regard as a 'proper' god: vengeful, punitive and generally superior. His priests preach fire-and-brimstone sermons of quite awesome power, ensuring that the huge domed temple is always full on holy days.

IV. *Temple to Sukh.* Appeasing the God of Storms and Winds is vitally important to fishermen and pirates alike; and being chosen for the annual ritual human sacrifice is actually looked on as a great blessing in some quarters – though only by those who haven't been chosen! The temple is fashioned in the form of a huge boat with its sail full of winds. The mast is a narrow tower from the top of which an acolyte (the 'Voice on the Wind') calls the faithful to prayer every evening, and from where the annual sacrifice is thrown 'into the arms of Sukh', though the god has yet to bother to catch the unfortunate.

V. Temple to Kukulak. Lord Azzur brought his personal holy man ashore with him when he settled in Port Blacksand, setting him up in his own temple in Dagger Lane. The building is squat and undecorated, and never appears to be open, though the priests can sometimes be seen striding through the streets in their all-concealing black robes. Sometimes, however, very late at night, the priests of Kukulak gather to praise their master and perform the ritual of burning with prospective new acolytes. Azzur is reputed to attend these ceremonies, though most of the time he receives the High Priest within the walls of his own palace. (For more notes on Azzur and Kukulak's rituals, see *Titan.*)

Inns and Taverns

T24. *The Hog and Frog Inn.* The biggest inn in the city is run by perhaps the largest man in the city; its landlord, Doloric Cloudscraper, is the offspring of a short Hill

Giant and a human. As a result of his height and girth, everything in the Hog and Frog is larger, wider or taller. The place is of Good quality, is popular and boasts a wide range of clientele. It is divided into a number of halls for eating, gambling, listening to a minstrel or just having a quiet conversation. Stables and bedrooms are arranged round the central courtyard, and at the far end of the building is the Cloud brewery. The ale it produces was originally named after the tavern, but Doloric got tired of all the jokes about its reputed ingredients.

T25. *The Jumping Fish Tavern.*

T26. *Jury's Alehouse.*

The Noose

Proving that the very heart of Port Blacksand is hopelessly corrupt, the central Noose District is most famous as the home of the shadowy but powerful Guild of Thieves. An air of crime and decay hangs over the whole area, and when the wind whistles down Bridge Street past the apparently empty houses it can be a terribly sinister place. There are a great many beggars on the streets in this district, as well as the occasional cluster of shady-looking people hanging around at corners and in alleys, just watching everything that goes on. The Noose is also the site of the Market Square, however; during the day this is always bustling with traders and customers in search of a good deal. (The area west of Middle Bridge is a 'Poor' area; east of River Street, it is a 'Merchant' area.)

1. *Noose Gate.* The low gate into the crescent which gives the whole district its name is always discreetly guarded by a couple of burly thieves. They are there to keep stray sightseers out and to give their bosses advance warning that someone with legitimate business is in the area. Indeed the network of beggars, urchins and thieves is so well organized that very little happens within this district – and in much of the rest of the city – that they don't know about. Note that the City Guard do not venture past Noose Gate without a prior appointment, no matter how urgently they may need to.

2. *The Thieves' Guild.* Those who know nothing about the Guild of Thieves except what they hear in whispered rumours from their neighbours seem to visualize the guild headquarters as a massive black building in the heart of the Noose. In fact, there is no single guild building; instead, the shadowy organization owns at least eight buildings, each of which serves to house different parts of the guild at different times. There are also other unknown places where the different Master

Thieves meet their faceless superiors, and they in turn report to the real head of the guild somewhere else.

Most of the buildings look as if they are used for some other business or have been quite abandoned. Anyone who tries to investigate much closer will soon discover that members of the guild have been watching their every move. Some of the buildings can be entered only from their roof or from one of the many new tunnels which criss-cross below this part of the city. In various buildings, apprentices live and train, qualified thieves meet to exchange information or plan jobs, fence stolen items or make specialist equipment. Far from being run-down, this area may well be the busiest in the city! (For more information on the Guild of Thieves, see the section headed *People and Powers*, below.)

3. *Madame Star's Cottage.* This is the small, run-down cottage of Madame Star, clairvoyant and fortune teller, who is usually to be found practising her art in a small booth in the market square. (See Scene 12 of *A Shadow Over Blacksand!* for more details.)

4. *The Market Square.* A market of some sort takes place in the square seven days a week, though its character changes from day to day. On any particular day a number of traders may be selling livestock, or fancy items like silks and spices, or animals both common and rare. The core of the market, though, is always the same, and indeed many regular traders don't bother to dismantle their stalls at the end of the day's trading. There are businesses of all kinds in the regular market, providing everything from hot pies to poison, hatpins to helmets, and bonnets to boots. There are also a number of 'entertainments', including minstrels, poets and actors, and wrestlers and strongmen who offer to pay a reward to anyone who can beat them (few can).

In the very centre of the market there is a clump of trees, beneath which a number of stocks are set up. These may be filled by 1–6 prisoners at any time. There is also likely to be a number of urchins who are cashing in on the situation, selling for 1 Silver Piece bags of rotten tomatoes, eggs and cabbages (usually scavenged from kitchen floors the previous evening!) to throw at those in the stocks.

5. *Daggerface's Statue.* A couple of years before he was deposed, Baron Valentis decided to immortalize in stone

the various people who had ruled over Port Blacksand before him. In order to raise the money to build each statue, he imposed a crippling tax on food. Only the first one had been built when the people rioted against the tax, and he had to drop the idea. These days Daggerface is looking the worse for wear – and he wasn't very attractive to look at in the first place. Incidentally, Palace Square is also the traditional home of those con men who pounce on newcomers to the city and attempt to sell them the statue, Lord Azzur's palace or even the whole city!

6. *Sinas Stickle, Merchant.* If you need something, anything, no matter how big or small, commonplace or rare, go to Stickle. The merchant is famous for living up to the slogan painted on the outside of his building: 'Whatever you want, I haven't got it – *BUT I CAN GET IT!*' This is certainly true, for Stickle is prepared to use the services even of adventurers or the Thieves' Guild to obtain especially rare items for his customers. Stickle

charges 20 per cent more for goods than they would cost elsewhere – but then most of his goods cannot be bought elsewhere.

7. *Talimar the Scalper.* Port Blacksand's most ridiculed barber charges very reasonable prices for a haircut, but he always makes such a mess of his customers' hair that they have to wear a hat in public for a couple of weeks thereafter or be ridiculed wherever they go! Luckily, Talimar is much more capable at the other traditional barber's skills: pulling teeth, lancing boils and setting bones. Unfortunately, people don't like to offend him by refusing when he follows a successful operation with: 'Now, how about a free haircut?'

Inns and Taverns

T27. *The Riddling Reaver Inn.*

T28. *The Beckoning Finger Tavern.* No one in his or her right mind ventures into this alehouse without an entire regiment of armed guards or a serious death wish or unless they are arm in arm with a Master Thief! Even the City Guard give it a wide berth, for this is where the cream of the guild meet to plot their nefarious deeds. (Good quality, but the Heroes will be very unlikely to be allowed to drink here!)

T29. *The Dragon's Tooth Tavern.* As detailed in *Dungeoneer* (page 260 onwards), Halim Thrumbar's place is a typical adventurer's haunt. Here travellers from all over Allansia can rub shoulders with other strangers and city

folk. Anyone seeking that especially dangerous mission to embark on should find just the thing advertised on a poster on the wall. (Average quality.)

T30. *The Rat and Ferret Tavern.*

T31. *The King's Fingers Tavern.*

T32. *The New Inn.* The oldest surviving drinking establishment in Port Blacksand has always been called the New Inn, despite the puzzled complaints of strangers on learning its history. Because of its closeness to the market, it is a very busy tavern (add two dice when rolling for customers for all times except Night) and its rooms are always full of merchants and farmers. (Fair quality.)

Merchant District

The heart of Port Blacksand's business district runs between the southern side of the Market Square and the city walls. Within this area it is possible to buy just about anything – providing one knows where to go and whom to ask, for there are as many dealers in stolen goods as for legally obtained items. Telling the two apart is often quite difficult. Approaching the royal palace, the small, gloomy shops are replaced by large houses in which dwell some of the city's richest and most devious merchants. (Roll on the Merchant Businesses Tables.)

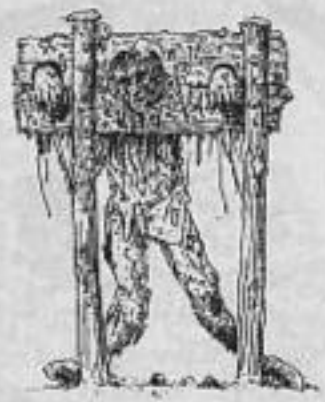

1. *The Merchants' Guild.* The head of the Merchants' Guild is Mercule Sharatan; she has made her vast fortune from importing spices and salt from places like Arantis. Never one to be called a quitter, she continues to fight for the rights of the shopkeepers and traders she represents, despite the continuing depredations of the Thieves' Guild and Lord Azzur's men. Of course the merchants aren't above a little skulduggery themselves, and it takes tremendous efforts on the part of Sharatan and her supporters to hold the guild's various factions together.

2. *Troll Alley.* There is a part of every large town and city where most of the non-humans live. In Port Blacksand it is round the area known as Troll Alley: here one may find Trolls, Orcs, Ogres and Goblins rubbing shoulders with Dwarves, Gnomes, Pixies and many others, each housed in its own cluster of overcrowded tenements. Of course, with such a volatile mix of races,

neighbourhood relations are always strained, though the City Guard rarely allows them to develop into civil war.

3. *Brakbolden's Bathhouse.* The streets of Port Blacksand being what they are (an open sewer, knee deep in mud and unsavoury filth), what many folk need is a good bath. Unfortunately most of them don't believe in such things, preferring to splash themselves with more and more scented oils and perfumes. For those who do, though, a visit to a bathhouse like Brakbolden's is the best way of getting clean. Here one may rub shoulders with commoners and important city personalities while enjoying a bath, massage or steam treatment under the trained assistance of Brakbolden's helpers. Incidentally, more assassinations take place in the steam room than almost anywhere else in the city.

4. *Pipe's Flowers.* Effie Pipe has run this shop for many, many years, supplying all sorts of flowers to both the wealthy and the poor. Sometimes she will stock rare blooms from distant lands; this could even be a sentient, man-eating plant or a sleep-inducing Lotus. She is the wife of Durndle Pipe, landlord of Pipe's Famous Alehouse in the Street of Knives (see that entry, above, for further details).

5. *Arlob's Emporium.* This shop is piled from floor to ceiling with all kinds of exotic items, ranging from the rarest and most expensive to the totally worthless. If one can't find something anywhere else in the city, chances are that Arlob will have one buried somewhere in his shop. The trouble lies, of course, in finding it; this could take from a few minutes to several months! Arlob himself, a small, snake-like man, never joins in his customers' search. If they do find something, he tends to make up a price on the spot; the Director should roll 7 dice and subtract 6 from the final result to give Arlob's price in Gold Pieces.

6. *Mercenaries' Guild.* Whether you want to hire a single bodyguard or an army 10,000 strong, the place to approach is the Mercenaries' Guild. The guild has been petitioning Azzur for many years to make it compulsory for all adventurers living in the city to be members (and, more importantly, to pay their fees!). Blacksand's ruler is mistrustful of the guild, however, suspicious of the existence of a large number of warriors who could be hired by one of his enemies. Besides, he would rather tax the adventurers himself! Still, the guild has several hundred members willing to work for whoever pays their wages.

7. *Harrier's Yard.* If you want to buy an animal, whether commonplace or weird, go to Harrier's Yard on an Earthday or Highday morning. There you will find dozens of traders and trainers, and hundreds of types of animals and birds. Some are tame, but many are still in their original wild state, which is often cause for alarm when one manages to escape!

8. *Brabantius, Wizard.* One of the many scheming spellcasters who live in Port Blacksand is the devious Brabantius. He takes a lively interest in everything that goes on in the city and has developed close links with the Thieves' Guild, despite their traditional mistrust of sorcerers. The strangely designed, angular tower he calls home contains many secrets.

Inns and Taverns

T33. *The Cooper's Apprentice Tavern.*

T34. *The Minotaur Inn.* Alongside the usual city inn offerings – food, drink, a room for the night and a dagger in the guts – this place also provides something more unusual, because one half of the building is taken up by Port Blacksand's most popular theatre. It tends to restrict itself to crowd-pleasing comedies and melodramas like *Orcs and Orcability* and *Halfhand, Prince of Lendle,* delivered in a terribly pompous and artificial way, but can be quite entertaining. (Average quality.)

T35. *The Spotted Dog Tavern.*

T36. *Anfret's Tavern.*

T37. *The Hole in the Wall Tavern.* It is an open secret that this tavern does indeed provide a hole in the wall, in the form of a tunnel which runs, from a small room behind the cellar, under the city walls, to reappear several hundred metres beyond the city. Unfortunately, landlord Lurk Skewton is scrupulously honest: he always charges people wishing to use the tunnel the same amount as the current gate tax – though, unlike the City Guard, he doesn't need to see an exit permit. (Fair quality.)

T38. *The Jester Tavern.* Astix Lamak, the proprietor of the Jester, is considered by those who know him to be a very strange person indeed. His place is shunned by Blacksand's citizens, who have heard all kinds of ghastly rumours about it. However, adventurers who have heard the tales – ghastly visitations, nightmares involving wolves and terrible midnight howling – often arrive to spend the night there for a bet. In fact, Astix is smitten with a curse which turns him into a Werewolf every full moon, at which time he goes hunting (outside the city if he can, otherwise inside!). He deeply regrets what his

curse makes him do and he is searching for a cure, for which he would pay very dearly.

Lord Azzur's Palace

Dominating the Blacksand skyline, and still visible a great distance from the city, Lord Azzur's palace was designed by someone with a taste for the extravagant. Unlike many of the more vulgar fairytale castles favoured by Bad Guy sorcerers, all spiky towers and flying buttresses, it is a solid-looking affair, with plain walls rising many metres before being broken by a few small windows. Perched atop the main body of the building are two large towers, the taller, northern one topped by a further slender pinnacle, from which flies Lord Azzur's standard by day and night.

The layout of the interior of the palace is known to only a few trusted people. Azzur is served by a select band of retainers, who are taken from their homes at a young

age and who are never allowed to return to their homes or leave the palace. They are trained to be loyal to Azzur above all else. Only the most trusted servants – such as the head of the kitchens and his Lordship's coachman – are allowed any contact with the outside world.

Outside visitors to the palace are escorted up the immense front staircase and enter via a pair of front doors which look as if they could withstand the attentions of several angry Storm Giants. Inside, there are a number of antechambers and waiting areas, and an audience room divided in two by an ornately carved wooden screen. Azzur – or someone else dressed as Azzur, some say – sits behind the screen and listens to what his visitors have to say, his replies to them whispered to a trusted henchman and relayed by him. Azzur rarely speaks to any outsider directly, except when he feels the need to shout in anger.

Prisoners sentenced to a stay in the palace's dungeons – and there are many of them – enter by a smaller doorway, set into the wall on the north side of the building. The dungeons are immense and contain horrors unimaginable even to the heads of the Assassins' Guild. They have never been fully mapped, but it is reasonable to assume that they join up with the ancient ruins of Carsepolis in several places. Certainly there are places deep in the dungeons where guards sometimes leave condemned prisoners, knowing full well that they will never be seen again.

The grounds of the palace, though hidden from public view by the high walls which surround it, are neatly laid out, with a number of buildings and a gravel carriageway set among a great many trees. The barracks which house the City Guard form two neat rows near the immense iron gates of the palace; they house 180 men, though as many as three-quarters of that number may be out on duty on the city walls or in the streets at any one time. The captain of the City Guard has a separate

dwelling near by. Beyond this are several storehouses, one of which is home to Lord Azzur's splendid gold-finished coach and his horses, which are tended by a team of ostlers and stable lads.

PEOPLE AND POWERS

Port Blacksand is a complicated city politically, ostensibly ruled over by Lord Azzur and his City Guard but daily pulled this way and that by the power struggles of a wide range of people and factions. The main groups are described here, though there may be any number of others, at the Director's discretion.

Lord Azzur

Varek Azzur is not so much an ex-pirate as a part-time one for, although he has made Port Blacksand his home, plainly he still likes to sail the *Face of Chaos* out of harbour occasionally, to spend a few weeks or months raiding merchantmen up and down the Pirate Coast. To keep the citizens guessing, he sometimes sends his ship out on raids but himself stays behind. Despite his love of action and daring adventure, Azzur remains almost supernaturally calm and assured, intellectual and mystical, but he is also a clever tactician and an inspiring leader of men.

The people never quite know what to make of their shadowy ruler. They rarely see him in public, except for an occasional appearance at the gladiatorial arena or when his ornate coach thunders through the streets to or from the harbour. Some curse him openly for his

erratic imposition of taxes and his encouragement of pirates and thieves as part of the city's economy. Others admire and respect him as their leader, since he is more evil and corrupt than they could ever hope to be! (For more information on Lord Azzur, especially his early years, see *Titan*.)

The Old Families

Some families have lived in Port Blacksand since long before Azzur arrived; some can even trace their ancestry back to the very first pirate settlers – though most would deny that *their* family ever included anyone as rough and criminal as a pirate. Among the most prestigious of the old families of Blacksand are the Hadraks, the Kobassis, the Sturtz-Chensers and the D'arragos, though there are almost a dozen related lesser strands too. Most of them live in the richest parts of town, though some have walled villas outside the city. All the families are Social Scale 6 or above.

The influence of the families permeates all of the city's business world, especially the most profitable areas, including moneylending, jewellery, silks and spices. They are also the largest single group of ship owners. Naturally, their relations with the Thieves' Guild are very strained, for as yet they are unable to prevent the guild's members from preying on their businesses. As a result, the Kobassis, especially, are constantly working to gain influence over the guild in any way they can, infiltrating it with their men, assassinating those who work against them, and so on. All the old families are happy to use whatever methods work best to achieve their aims, though they always operate through intermediaries and are rarely seen to be directly responsible for any crimes. Discretion is an art form where the old families are concerned.

The Guild of Thieves

The training of a thief starts very early. Young street urchins are recruited into organized gangs of pickpockets

and petty thieves and sent out to learn their trade on the streets and in the marketplaces of the city. As they get older, the best ones are signed up as apprentices, sealing the pact with a blood oath that binds them to the guild for the rest of their lives. When they reach adulthood, they have to complete a number of very difficult tests to qualify as full thieves. Each thief is bound to the service of a Guildmaster, a very experienced thief who is usually assisted by half a dozen trusted lieutenants.

Most thieves never find out that their Guildmaster is not in fact the head of the guild, but one of a circle of five. These include Vulpine, Rannik and Ironhand (the latter named after her incredible mechanical left hand). These in turn serve three Masters, two men and a woman, who (so the Guildmasters are taught) are the rulers of the Guild. In reality, they serve one final, shadowy Grand Master, whose identity they themselves do not know, Lord Azzur does not know and we will not reveal here. Suffice it to say, the Grand Master maintains her secrecy by being the best thief of them all.

Promotion up the levels of the guild is attained by killing the person directly above yourself and then taking their place. Doing this requires great talent, as well as a band of fellow thieves who are prepared to become your lieutenants and fight off the vengeful attacks of your predecessor's own followers.

Like all such organizations, the Thieves' Guild does not like freelances working in their city and will use violence and intimidation (generally bought from the Assassins' Guild) to get the culprits either to sign up or leave. Despite this, a number of unlicensed thieves are at work in the city. Relations between the guild and Lord Azzur are generally very good, for they reached an agreement a long time ago to make regular contributions to the royal coffers and leave his palace treasure-rooms well alone. As long as the guild is content to be second-in-command over Port Blacksand, relations will stay cordial.

The Guild of Assassins

This guild, known to its members as the Brotherhood of the Knife, is affiliated to the Guild of Thieves, from whom it recruits most of its members, though quite a few also come from the City Guard. Members of the

guild generally keep that fact a carefully guarded secret, allowing their anonymity to help them do their job properly; as a result, many members also belong to another guild. The Brotherhood is led by a circle of four Guildmasters, who are known only by a numbered title (e.g. Guildmaster Two).

The Beggars' Guild

Also affiliated to the Thieves' Guild are the beggars, used as the eyes and ears of the organization because they are always out and about on the street. They have a single leader, the Beggar Lord, and owe their ultimate allegiance to the Beggar King, who lives in Shakuru, the City of Beggars, in distant Khul.

Other City Guilds

The other guilds do not wield nearly as much influence as the Thieves' Guild and are more concerned with protecting their own little corner of the business world than in large-scale political manoeuvring. Among the

most important guilds are the following (their Guildmaster or president's name is in brackets):

Union of Entertainers and Artists (Derl Xian)
Lawyers' Fellowship (Count Orol Rembert)
Mariners' Guild (Veliam Cockcrow)
Mercenaries' Guild (Carlon Straga)
Merchants' Guild (Mercule Sharatan)
Moneylenders' Consortium (currently vacant)
Navigators' Brotherhood; affiliated to Mariners' Guild (Jool Jerem)
Sorcerers' Guild (Duramax Frogshaper)

Tradesmen's Guild – an umbrella organization overseen by Bardaras Narbor, its major members are as follows (there are many others, for just about every occupation has a guild):

Bakers' Guild
Blacksmiths' Guild
Carpenters' Union
Jewellers' Consortium
Union of Market Traders
Scribes' Guild
Shipwrights' Guild
Tailors' Guild
Weavers' and Clothcutters' Union

Street Gangs

One final band of people must be mentioned: the renegade street gangs. Some are unlicensed thieves, but most are simply groups of like-minded thugs who extract protection money from a few businesses and prey

on passers-by in a particular area. The Thieves' Guild turns a blind eye to this for a few weeks or months, before they step in and offer the gang a simple choice: hand over all their ill-gotten gains and vacate the city in twenty minutes, or endure a very slow death. A few decide to fight, but most are more sensible. The biggest gang in the city at the moment is the Red Star Brotherhood, whose members are unfortunately instantly recognizable by the large red star tattooed on their foreheads!

DAILY LIFE IN PORT BLACKSAND

Choosing to settle down and live in Port Blacksand is a decision that shouldn't be taken lightly. After all, it is a very dangerous city, no place for inexperienced adventurers who haven't yet learnt how to look after themselves. On the other hand, there is always something going on, whether it be the vast network of intrigues perpetrated by Lord Azzur, the Thieves' Guild and the

old city families, or the daily round of murders, robberies and other crimes. From the tops of the towers to the depths of the Carsepolis dungeons beneath the sewers, there is certainly plenty to occupy one's time in Port Blacksand. If the Heroes do decide to make Blacksand their home, there are a few additional things they should know about.

Money and Coins

A whole range of coins are in use in Blacksand. Azzur issues his own coinage (made at a small mint somewhere in the palace, it seems) and the various guilds also honour their own tokens and the written cheques of guild members, though some small shopkeepers don't. Standard coins are the Gold Piece (or 'Dragon'), decorated with Azzur's crest and a Dragon; the half Gold Piece (or 'Wyvern'), with a Wyvern replacing the Dragon; and the Silver Piece (or 'Shill'), decorated with a picture of Valentis's head on a spike and a large axe, ten SP equalling 1 GP. Other, less common coins, such as the 2 SP, the 3 SP, the 2 GP and the 5 GP, are also in circulation. All these coins are roughly circular, except the 2 SP piece, which is octagonal; the 5 GP piece is a noticeably larger and heavier coin than the others. Incidentally, the 3 SP piece is actually a counterfeit, produced several years ago by the Thieves' Guild to raise some capital. They made so many that they are still around and have become an accepted part of the currency!

Together with Azzur's coinage, some merchants also

accept coins from other parts of the world; and there are several moneychangers in the city (though their exchange rates are often extortionate, charging anything between 5 per cent and 75 per cent!).

Taxes and Duties

Lord Azzur seems to believe that all the citizens earn at least twice as much as they say they do, judging by the number of taxes he imposes on them. During the autumn months, when the summer northern fleets are thinning and before it is time for the *Face of Chaos* to sail for more southerly climes to continue its raids, Azzur seems to invent a new (often silly) tax every week just to give himself some amusement!

Among the regular taxes are the following:

Property Tax – Annually, 9 per cent of its entire worth for a private house (this includes furniture, property, livestock, etc.) and 5 per cent for a business.

Gate Tax – Levied by the issuing of merchant permits: 2 Gold Pieces per day, 12 GP a week, 50 GP a month, or 550 GP a year. No one is allowed inside the city without a trader's permit (or without bribing the guards on the gate, of course). At various times there may also be a straight gate users' tax, levied by Lord Azzur or a clever gatekeeper (to find out if a tax is being imposed, roll one die, subtract 1, and that is the number of GP being levied on that particular day). This tax also applies to those leaving the city as well as anyone entering it.

Ship Levy – Except for pirate ships affiliated to Lord Azzur's band, all ships longer than seven metres must pay 1 Gold Piece per metre in weekly mooring fees. Shorter boats pay a flat fee of 4 GP per week.

Upriver Trading Levy – All vessels passing through the river arch by Azzur's palace to head up or downstream must pay 25 Gold Pieces.

Guild Fees – Usually 10 per cent of one's earnings, subject to the conscience of the individual and the needs of the guild.

Other taxes – In the past taxes imposed on a whim by Azzur or the captain of the City Guard have included ones on beards, bald people, non-humans, tall and fat people, buildings with more than two storeys, buildings with less than two storeys, adventurers, children, the number of rats in a household, and so on. The taxes are usually enforced for a few days before the guildmasters visit Lord Azzur and threaten to shut the city down; usually he gives them a small share in the revenue raised and agrees to stop the tax – for a while. (Every week, a new tax is imposed on a roll of 1 on one die.)

Blacksand Weather

Because it is situated on the coast, Port Blacksand suffers from a wide variety of types of weather, sometimes changing several times a day. To discover what the

weather is on any given day, or at any particular moment, roll 3 dice and consult the Table below, using the column for the appropriate month (see *Titan* for details of the months). For the next day, there is a chance that the weather will be the same as on the day before: the chance is 2 in 6 for Spring or Autumn, 3 in 6 for Summer or Winter. If the weather is not the same, roll on the Table again.

	Spring (Unlocking–Sowing)	Summer (Warming–Watching)	Autumn (Reaping–Close)	Winter (Locking–Dark)
Heatwave	—	3	—	—
Hot	3	4–5	3	—
Sunny	4–5	6–7	4	3
Bright	6–7	8–9	5	4
Breezy	8	10	6	5
Dull	9–10	11	7–8	6
Mist	11	12	9–10	7
Windy	12	13	11	8
Overcast	13	14	12	9–10
Light Rain	14–15	15–16	13	11
Heavy Rain	16	17	14–15	12–13
Fog	17	18	16–17	14–15
Sleet	18	—	18	16
Snow	—	—	—	17–18

Most of these are self-explanatory. 'Mist' is just a gentle haze, whereas 'Fog' is a real 'pea-souper', with visibility down to just a few paces. 'Snow' settles at the rate of 10–60 centimetres (roll one die and multiply by 10) per

day. Of course the Director is at liberty to choose exactly what the weather will be like, whether for the purposes of an adventure or just to make the Heroes' lives a little more difficult.

Getting Around

Port Blacksand is not so large that it cannot be traversed on foot, but the state of the main roads is so bad that crossing them becomes a major headache. The mud and sewage on main roads can be 10–60 centimetres deep – making it waist deep for a Dwarf in some places! On minor roads, alleyways and so on, the mud is 0–20 centimetres deep (roll one die: halve the result, subtract 1, then multiply by 10). Heavy Rain that day adds 10 centimetres of mud to any road, while Light Rain adds 5 centimetres.

So much for walking. For those who can afford it, there are also carriages and sedan-chairs. These may be found waiting to be hired in the three squares and at the quaysides – though there are some parts of the

city where they cannot or will not go, especially after dark.

Carriages can be hired, with driver, for one journey, for the day or the week. Prices are typically 2 GP per journey per person, or 10 GP a day or 50 GP a week for the carriage. These prices do not include a tip for the driver, which the customer is certainly expected to pay (half the person's Social Scale in Gold Pieces is a nice way of working out an appropriate amount).

Sedan-chairs are hired by the journey only, typically costing 3 Gold Pieces per journey, plus tip. The chairs carry only one person but are much more private than an open-topped carriage. The ride is just as bumpy; but many riders take comfort from the fact that they aren't the ones who are having to wade knee-deep through the mud and sewage which clogs the roads. Note that several gangs of robbers pose as sedan-chair operators: once they have a passenger aboard, they simply take him or her up a dark alley and dispossess them of all their goods, before jogging off again, taking their chair with them.

The Catfish River is always packed with small boats eager to ferry people up and downriver during the daylight hours for 1 Gold Piece per journey.

Crime and Punishment

Port Blacksand may be a chaotic den of thieves, cut-throats and pirates, but it has some laws. In fact, it has hundreds, if not thousands, of them, invented by Lord Azzur and imposed by his black-clad guards. Some, of course, are fairly logical: murder, trespass and theft are regularly punished. However, those being punished are not always the ones who actually committed the crime. Many criminals are able to escape justice by bribing the guards or witnesses, or silencing the victim. The Thieves' Guild, as you might expect, has set up an entire network of bribery and protection rackets to ensure that its activities remain undisturbed by outside interference. Other guilds, and the more criminally inclined of Blacksand's older families, also endeavour to keep their trusty servants out of the clutches of the law.

Despite all this corruption, there are also situations in which a criminal is caught and put on trial. If your

Heroes are caught by the City Guard and charged with a crime, whether rightly or wrongly (and either is as likely), you may care to use the following notes to determine what will happen to them. Of course, if die rolls indicate that the character is to be put to death, make sure that this very drastic result will not disrupt your adventure!

Imprisonment: There are holding cells in the gatehouses at every city gate, and each of the seven city districts has a City Guard blockhouse with more cells. A gatehouse has room for eight prisoners; a blockhouse has room for 8–18 (roll two dice and add 6). Very occasionally cells may be for one or two prisoners only, but more likely for many more; facilities are very primitive. There are more secure – and even more squalid – cells in the network of dungeons beneath Azzur's palace, where anyone sentenced to imprisonment or torture ends up. Criminals considered dangerous are taken to the dungeons immedi-

ately. Jail breaks from the guardhouses are quite common but are almost unheard of from the palace dungeons.

A stay in prison before a trial will last from 1 to 6 days (roll one die). Bail is unheard of; a criminal with that much money is likely simply to bribe as many guards as it takes to set him or her free!

The Trial: It is indicative of Blacksand's general state that nine out of ten accused who make it to trial are found guilty and sentenced. Despite such seemingly impossible odds, there is still the remote chance of being acquitted. Most offences are dealt with at the City Court, a rather tatty building in Wool Street. Only major and high-class criminals (and those with enough clout or money) get the privilege of being tried by Lord Azzur's lieutenants, or even by his Lordship himself. Azzur's court can sometimes be more favourable to those of higher Social Levels, but not often. Offences against a guild are usually tried by the guild in question at a special meeting.

The first stage is to acquire a lawyer (in game terms, an Extra with *Law* Special Skill); there are a number of independent lawyers who work in the City Court. All the guilds have a lawyer retained for the use of their members – though lawyers need special permission to represent the accused in guild trials. Most lawyers insist on receiving a fee before they will do anything for a client (usually their *Law* Skill times the defendant's Social Scale, in Gold Pieces), though a few exceptional ones will wait until a case is over, and not charge in the event of a conviction.

Then the trial is convened. It can often be great fun to make the Heroes play through their trial, judging their performance yourself and passing sentence or otherwise. However, this is not always possible. So, for a quick and easy trial, use the Sentence Table to determine the sentence passed by the court. Roll one die, add the *Law* Skill of the lawyer (or SKILL of the defendant if conducting their own defence), add the defendant's Social Scale, and impose any further modifiers from the following Tables:

	Trial Modifiers
Tried by City Court	−4
Tried by Guild Court	0
Tried by Azzur's lieutenants	−1 to −3 (roll)
Tried by Lord Azzur	−4
No *Law* Special Skill	−3
Resisted arrest	−1
Killed City Guard	−3 (and further trial)
Repeat of earlier crime or similar	−1 per repeat
Criminal record	−1
Already banned from city	−2
Bribery of court	+1 per 100 GP (maximum of +5 then +2 per further 500 GP)
Magistrate's mood	−4 to +2 (1 die −4)

	Crime Modifiers (if crime not listed, choose appropriate comparison)
Inside city illegally; trading without licence; drunk; disobeying guard's orders	0
Bribery; reneging on a debt; disorderly conduct; brawling; adulterating goods	−1
Illegal worship; petty theft; assault; fencing; receiving stolen goods	−2
Theft; minor arson; organizing illegal worship; mugging; tax evasion	−3
Major theft; kidnap; major arson; banditry; extortion	−4
Murder; piracy *	−5
Aiding and abetting	as for full crime, less 2 (to 0)

** – For some unknown reason, piracy is the least common charge in Blacksand's courts.*

	Sentence
up to 5	Death *†
6	Mutilated *
7	Tortured – permanently lose 0–5 SKILL (one die −1) and 1–3 STAMINA
8	Whipped – permanently lose 1 or 2 STAMINA
9	Imprisoned – duration as jailed x 5
10	Imprisoned – duration as jailed x 3
11	Imprisoned – duration as jailed x 2
12	Enslaved – for 4–24 years (roll 4 dice) unless can escape or buy self out †
13	Jailed *
14	Impressed *
15	Stocks – in the Market Square for 2–12 days (roll 2 dice)
16	Stocks – in the Market Square for 1–6 days
17	Fine – Social Scale x 100 Gold Pieces
18	Fine – Social Scale x 1–6 Gold Pieces
19	Banned from Port Blacksand †
20	Acquitted
21	Acquitted
22	Case dismissed – no record kept
23	Case dismissed – no record kept
23+	Favourable judgment – awarded Social Scale x 10 Gold Pieces from city funds!

** – See further notes, below.*
†– All property becomes property of the city (i.e. Lord Azzur).

Death – roll two dice to determine method: 2. Torn apart by four horses; 3. Smothered; 4. Impaled; 5. Hurled

out of catapult; 6. Beheaded by axe; 7. Drowned; 8. Burnt at the stake; 9. Hanged; 10. Sent to gladiatorial arena; 11. Drawn and quartered; 12. Fed to Leaf Beasts.

Many of those killed are executed in Execution Square and their body (or what remains of their body) placed, as a warning to others, on spikes or gibbets around the city or along the roadside leading up to the city gates.

Mutilated – Roll one die to determine part: 1. Finger; 2. Hand; 3. Arm; 4. Nose; 5. Ear; 6. Eye.

Jailed – Roll two dice for the length of the sentence: 2. One day; 3. One week; 4. Two weeks; 5. One month; 6. Six months; 7. One year; 8. Two years; 9. Three years; 10. Five years; 11. Ten years; 12. Twenty years.

Note that any sentence of 20 years or more is considered to be life imprisonment.

Impressed – The convict must work, with only token

pay, for the city for 1–6 years. Exact details are left to the Director, but could include rowing Lord Azzur's pirate galley, filling in holes in the streets, joining a criminals' company of the City Guard, exploring the lower sewers, etc.

Appealing: It is possible to appeal to Lord Azzur for clemency, for any final sentence on the Table of 10 or less. These are heard on the last day of every month, the defendant spending the intervening time in prison. On the day of the appeal, the defendant is taken under heavy guard to a small room with one latticed window, where he may be joined by his lawyer. Azzur sits behind the screen and listens courteously, it seems, before passing judgment. A fresh roll is made on the Sentence Table, with no roll made for Azzur's mood. Old bribes are not taken into account; a new one may be. Azzur's final sentence is irreversible. Also note that there is a 1 in 6 chance (roll 1 on one die) that Lord Azzur will insist on the defendant's lawyer, and possibly anyone else present, being condemned to the same sentence.

Trial by Combat: In special circumstances, the prosecution, the defendant or the magistrate may request that the trial be settled by trial by combat. This involves the defendant fighting someone, to the death, in the Sports Arena (Garden District). The opponent will usually be someone appointed by the other side in the case and will have characteristics exactly equal to those of the defendant. The other side also gets to choose the weapons used; in many cases they choose something very bizarre that their man has a Special Skill in using, such as the gladiatorial weapons: net, whip and trident. The contest is always presented as the high point of an evening's gladiatorial bouts at the weekly jousts at the Sports Arena, attended by hundreds of people. Incidentally, it makes good sense for one's friends to place large bets on one's opponent to cover the cost of one's funeral!

City Rumours

The following are examples of the sort of gossip and half-truths anyone could pick up in the course of a few hours' drinking in any Blacksand tavern or chatting in the Market Square. Whether any of the rumours are true is entirely up to the Director, who may use some of them as the basis for yet another fabulous adventure, set in the City of Thieves! (Roll two different-coloured dice and read them as 'tens' and 'units' respectively.)

11. Members of a new gang, the Razor Cats, have blocked Winding Street and are demanding a toll from all who wish to pass.
12. Mr Alden, the master thief, has seen what Lord Azzur's face looks like, and lived.
13. Someone has just turned an annoying beggar into a frog in Slime Alley.
14. A body has been pulled from the river with the word 'Sargon' cut into its forehead.
15. A beggar named Urduin knows a secret entrance into the palace dungeons.
16. A Goblin has just been seen flapping round Brabantius' tower using a pair of artificial wings.

21. The heads of the Assassins' Guild meet every Highday in the back room of the Silver Coin.
22. This morning a wine merchant found a strange potion in a shipment from Arantis.
23. One of the eagles from Eagle Tower has just carried off a baby from a balcony on Mill Street.
24. The landlord of the Hog and Frog is really a Werewolf.
25. The merchant, Silas Whitebait, has just been robbed of a massive gemstone by a trained monkey.
26. The pirate galley the *Skull in Splendour* has just sunk, blocking the mouth of the Catfish.
31. A cart has overturned in Market Street, releasing a Dracon.
32. The merchant, Arboros Zukk, is looking for bodyguards for a journey to the Moonstone Hills.
33. Lord Azzur has just left port in the *Face of Chaos* for a spot of piracy in the south seas.
34. Someone is putting poison in the beer at the Headless Troll *and* the Laughing Axeman.
35. The wizard, Nicodemus, has just turned the Captain of the City Guard into a guinea-pig.
36. Effie Pipe has a hoard of treasure hidden in the cellar of her flower shop.
41. A covered wagon has overturned in the Street of Knives, spilling hundreds of 3 SP coins into the street.
42. An ageing Hamakei Sage is gathering together people at the Mercenaries' Guild for a dangerous expedition into the Desert of Skulls.
43. The Master Thief, Rannik, will be executed for murder by catapult at noon tomorrow unless he can prove himself innocent.

44. The Minotaur Inn and theatre is on fire.
45. A new tax starts today on all spellcasters and magicians.
46. The Kobassi brothers are looking for someone without scruples for a dangerous job.
51. An evil sorcerer called Zanbar Bone is terrorizing a town three days' ride from Blacksand.
52. Last night a mysterious Elf playing Bet Your Life in Nowhere Street won 50,000 Gold Pieces.
53. A number of Fish People have been seen in the Catfish Reach around dusk.
54. The house of Zuvember the alchemist has just disappeared in a cloud of purple and green smoke.
55. Erethrim the candle maker has thousands of Gold Pieces secreted all round his house.
56. Drinking ten mugs of Cloud ale gives you the strength of a Hill Giant.
61. The moneylender, Karashin Virmex, is looking for someone discreet for a 'delicate' job.

62. Jaral Tightfist, the spice merchant, is a collector of rare magical items.
63. Two dozen of the City Guard have been executed for holding on to tax money.
64. Naba the lamplighter is the person to talk to if you want information on those who come out at night.
65. The Temple of Sukh wants someone to retrieve an ancient scroll from the sewers.
66. The famous Khulian gladiator, Helios Siren, is appearing at the Arena tonight.

BLACKSAND! ADVENTURE

'A Shadow over Blacksand!'

Director's Introduction

And now, ladies and gentlemen, princes and princesses, we present another thrill-packed excursion into the realms of fantastic adventure! Yes, we're off once more to Allansia, where men are men, women are women and, unfortunately, Goblins are still Goblins. A land of danger and derring-do, or terrible traps and terrific treasures. Get the picture . . .?

The information that follows is all for the Director's eyes only. If you intend playing in this adventure as a Hero, you should stop reading *now*! Knowing what is going to happen will spoil your enjoyment of the game, and probably everyone else's as well. Don't be a party-pooper!

Excuse me, player, I don't think you were concentrating. Kindly STOP READING! Thank you!

Right, having shooed the Heroes away for a moment, we can get down to the very serious business of having

fun. *A Shadow over Blacksand!* is the longest adventure so far that we've brought you for Advanced Fighting Fantasy, but it uses the same format as those in *Dungeoneer*, and it can be prepared and played in exactly the same way.

In common with those other adventures, it is written in a very specific, structured format which we hope will make it easier for you to run. We're sure you remember how it is all done, but here's a brief recap to remind you.

The plot is divided up into a number of *Scenes*, which are shot roughly in order, according to both the actions and decisions of the Heroes and the reactions of their adversaries, and other, more random events too.

As each new scene is introduced, we'll describe the *Location* first, from the point of view of an imaginary camera viewing it as the scene opens. These descriptions can be read out to help the Heroes visualize the scenery round them, and there may be a map or illustration to help as well. On occasion there will be text which must

be read out directly to the Heroes; it will be in italic text *like this*.

Next there will be a *Plot Summary*, a few lines giving a general impression of what should happen in the scene as it is acted out. This is followed by the *Cast List* which includes all the Bad Guys and Extras due to appear in the scene, with descriptions and game statistics.

The *Props* section details a few easily obtainable items which you may care to use to increase the 'realistic' feel of your adventure. Players always like to have a few things to touch and investigate, and a little bit of effort by you can add lots of entertainment. However, don't worry if you can't find anything to use as a Prop; they are optional, not compulsory items.

The central core of the scene is the *Action!* section, in which you present the scene and then allow the Heroes to act their way through it (they hope) to a profitable conclusion. There may be several segments in this section, and in each we'll tell you what is *supposed* to

happen, when, where and to whom. If something unexpected occurs, the *Problems?* section will provide advice on getting the plot back on course.

Lastly, there are the *Turn to* . . . instructions, which allow the action to cut and move directly to the next scene. In real movies you never have to sit and watch while the stars slog their way over to the next scene – and nor do we: in the world of Fighting Fantasy, the action just fades into the next exciting scene.

Adventure Summary

Before we start describing individual scenes, here is a brief overall synopsis of what is going to happen.

This adventure is a murder mystery. The Heroes get hired as bodyguards for a merchant, but their new master is falsely accused of killing a man with whom he was trading. The Heroes soon prove his innocence, but then they get involved in tracking down the real murderer. Their quest takes them to the villainous city-state

of Port Blacksand, where they must deal with the shadowy and ruthless Guild of Thieves and an ancient, evil cult.

The Heroes

If you have already been playing Advanced Fighting Fantasy for some time, your players will have their own Heroes ready to play. If not, they can generate new ones using the 'Creating a Hero' rules in *Dungeoneer* (page 106), or they can pick one from the characters listed at the back of *Dungeoneer*. Heroes are permitted to use the new rules and skills presented earlier in this book, if you so wish.

This adventure is best tackled by at least three Heroes, if they are to stand any sort of chance against some of the menaces they will face. It is best not to have more than six Heroes, or you will find it difficult to keep them in order. There are no restrictions as to the type of characters who may be used. In certain cases, one or more of the Heroes may have knowledge that will help or hinder the party during the adventure. Check with

your players to find out whether any of the following cases apply:

Heroes from *Dungeoneer*: If any of the Heroes took part in the *Dungeoneer* adventure *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* (and we certainly hope they did), they will already be familiar with Port Blacksand because they have been there before. In particular, they will have two special friends: Halim Thrumbar, the merchant, who is also a spy for King Salamon, and Nicodemus, the sage. This may make things slightly easier for them because they will know who they can go to for reliable information. On the other hand, they may be on Lord Azzur's 'wanted' list, if they happened to kill any of his Troll guards in the course of that adventure. Furthermore, they should remember the name of Sargon, and will therefore end this one feeling worried and guilty.

Additionally you will need to check which (if any) of the Heroes has the magic sword of Prince Erechion, taken from the Temple of Hydana. In this adventure, the Heroes will face several demons that can be hurt only by magic, so make a note of any other magical weapons the Heroes also have. Remember not to let on why you are checking these points – there are few things more

rewarding for a Director than the unhappy look on the face of a Hero who has just hit a monster a mighty blow and been told that the creature seemed to be unharmed. We don't want to spoil the surprise, do we?

A Hero from *City of Thieves*: One (and *only* one) of the Heroes can be the character who starred in the book *City of Thieves* (Fighting Fantasy 5). He too knows a bit about Port Blacksand and is a friend of sorts of Nicodemus. He is almost certainly wanted for killing one of Lord Azzur's guards (Sourbelly the Troll) and – unless he had it removed by Archbishop Kalivan during *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* – he will be easily recognizable by the tattoo of a white unicorn and a yellow sun on his forehead.

A Hero from *Midnight Rogue*: Finally, one (and only one) of the Heroes can be the character who starred in the book *Midnight Rogue* (Fighting Fantasy 29). He will have a considerable advantage, because he was born and

brought up in Port Blacksand and is a member of the Guild of Thieves. He is also well known to Brass the Merchant and Rannik the Master Thief, both of whom feature in this adventure. Because of this advantage, we have arranged to make life a little more difficult for this character. If one of your players wishes to use this Hero, read him the script below. Do not tell him that the adventure will lead him back to Port Blacksand, otherwise he is likely to chicken out immediately!

After your successful apprenticeship test, as chronicled in Midnight Rogue, *you had a short but happy career in the Port Blacksand Guild of Thieves. During that time you became friends with Guildmaster Rannik. You also made the acquaintance of the merchant, Brass, who helped with your test and who works closely with the Guild. As time went on, you discovered that Rannik's operation was but a part of a huge, shadowy organization, the leaders of which never made themselves known. There were several other factions, each with their own master like Rannik. One of these gangs was*

run by the ruthless and bloodthirsty Kobassi brothers who, so everyone said, were always plotting to take over the Guild.

One night in the Hog and Frog tavern you were forced, in self-defence, to stick a knife between the ribs of a drunken oaf who was trying to dent your skull with a table. Unfortunately, it turned out that this man was one of the Kobassi brothers' bodyguards. They were not happy to lose him. Rannik informed you that, according to Guild rules, having killed a brother thief you could now be put on trial and possibly condemned to death. Because you were not allowed to meet the secret Masters of the Guild who would judge the case, you would not be able to defend yourself. Rannik would be able to speak for you, but he thought that the Masters would probably rule against you in order to avoid having the Kobassis cause trouble. His best advice was that you should flee the city, and this is just what you did.

Since that time you have been making your name as an adventurer in the wilderlands of Allansia, but you have always kept glancing over your shoulder in case the Kobassi brothers sent an assassin after you. You have no idea what has happened in Port Blacksand since you left. Is Rannik still alive and in charge of your old gang? Have the Kobassis succeeded in their ambition to take over the Guild? You don't know, and you haven't dared go back to find out.

Getting Started

The best adventure movies start with the Heroes dropped right into the middle of the action, often giving you little idea of how they got into such a pickle in the first place. You get *that* information either from a

short introduction shown on the screen at the start or from flashbacks, later in the film. This is deliberate; the film maker is trying to grab your attention as quickly as possible.

This technique works just as well in Advanced Fighting Fantasy, and many players enjoy it if you can get started without flashbacks. In a moment, therefore, we will provide a 'quick-start' script to get you and the Heroes straight into the heart of the action with a minimum of fuss.

However, there are many role-players who like to play the story through from the very beginning. If your players are like this, or if you have plenty of time and would like an even longer adventure, we now present some ideas for scenes which can be played out as the initial credit-titles roll. Unlike those in the main adventure, these scenes are not described fully and you will need to sort out some of the detail yourself, as well as acting the role of the merchant hiring the Heroes.

Introductory Scene – The Hiring

In this scene, the Heroes answer an advertisement for mercenary bodyguards to escort a merchant caravan. Normally, this is boring work, but the pay offered is good, and that has got them interested. The fee of 200 Gold Pieces each is ridiculously high for such a job! Perhaps they will be going somewhere dangerous. There is plenty of competition, but the Heroes get the job easily (especially if they are all well known in Salamonis as the people who rescued Princess Sarissa and killed Xortan Throg – see *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'*).

It turns out that all they are going to be doing is travelling to a village 35 kilometres away from Port Blacksand, conducting some business with a man from that place, and coming home again. But the merchant hiring them, a weedy chap called Waldo, is so afraid of the evil city that he wants the greatest heroes in Allansia to go with him. It's a strange set-up, but he is paying

well, and even Heroes have to earn money in order to eat sometimes.

The main point of this scene is for the Heroes to meet Waldo and find out what sort of a person he is. A full description of the cowardly merchant is given later in this section. You can use information from there, and from the 'quick-start' script, to create a conversation if you wish.

On the Road

Guarding a merchant caravan is boring work, but it is never altogether without incident. Allansia is a wild and frequently lawless place and there are many desperate creatures – human and non-human – who live by highway robbery. In order to get the Heroes' sword-arms into practice, it would be a good idea to provide a little entertainment along the way. Have them ambushed by brigands in the wood, or attacked by a party of Orcs at night.

Before starting a scene like this, it is important to establish exactly where the Heroes and any other characters are. For an ambush you need an order of march for the caravan. Where are the Heroes stationed? Are they on foot, in the wagons or on horseback? For a midnight raid you need to know who is standing watch, and when. Don't forget that it is impossible to fall asleep in armour. Wakened Heroes will need to spend one round of combat getting their wits together and snatching up a weapon before they can fight. A further three rounds are needed to climb into their armour. Unarmoured characters must add 2 to any Damage Table rolls when they are hit.

Waldo's caravan comprises four wagons. There are six servants with the merchant: four to drive the wagons and two spares. The servants are not fighters. If any trouble starts, they will dive under the wagons and stay there!

Waldo the Merchant

As the man they are being paid to guard, Waldo will be with the Heroes for much of the adventure. He is a small, undernourished and very, very nervous merchant. As far as the plot goes, he has two main purposes. First, he is the chief source of comic relief. When minor trouble threatens, he always gets really worried: 'Oh n-no, how t-t-terrible, how horrid, is that a real g-g-goblin?' If things get really bad, he will probably curl up into a ball and refuse to look.

In addition, Waldo is a good means of getting the Heroes into unwanted difficulties. He is always saying the wrong thing at the wrong time: 'Can we have a room at your inn, Landlord? One of m-my m-men is in t-t-trouble with Lord Azzur and we need a p-p-place t-t-to hide.' As we have seen, Waldo is afflicted with a permanent stammer, so smart Heroes will note this and get into the habit of interrupting him as soon as he opens his mouth – before he can put his foot in it.

Having once been a man of considerable wealth, Waldo owns a wardrobe of fine clothes. Unfortunately, the good-quality cloth beloved of rich merchants is heavy stuff; when hung on Waldo's skinny body, it makes him look like a skeleton in a loose sack. Waldo does not wear small horn-rimmed glasses, but as soon as they are invented he will be the first person in Allansia to get a pair.

Waldo is absolutely useless in combat. Even if he wasn't a total coward, you can see from his SKILL that there

would be no point in his even trying. He does have some use, however. When it comes to pricing things, Waldo is a dab hand. He knows the proper price for all common items, right down to the nearest quarter of a Silver Piece in many cases. Like anyone else, though, he may still slip up over the true value of rare items such as magic lamps.

WALDO THE MERCHANT SKILL 3 STAMINA 8
Special Skills: Bargain (15), Etiquette (10), World Lore (8)
Social Scale 5 *No weapon*

Quick-start Script
If you wish to jump straight into the action or do not have time to run the introductory scenes, read this script to your players before the first scene:

Waldo the merchant has fallen on hard times. A freak storm at sea sank a fleet carrying his goods, leaving him deeply in debt to the moneylenders, so this once-prosperous man has been reduced to tramping round Allansia with wagons, rather than sitting snugly at home, counting his cash. Needing cash in a hurry, Waldo has negotiated a good deal with a man named Brass. Unfortunately this fellow is based in Port

Blacksand. Waldo is not the sort of man to risk his life in that evil place. Instead, he has arranged to meet Brass in the small village of Meerham, some two days' ride south of Blacksand. Just in case, he has hired some of the best adventurers in Allansia as bodyguards.

Now turn to **Scene 1.**

Scene 1 – Meerham

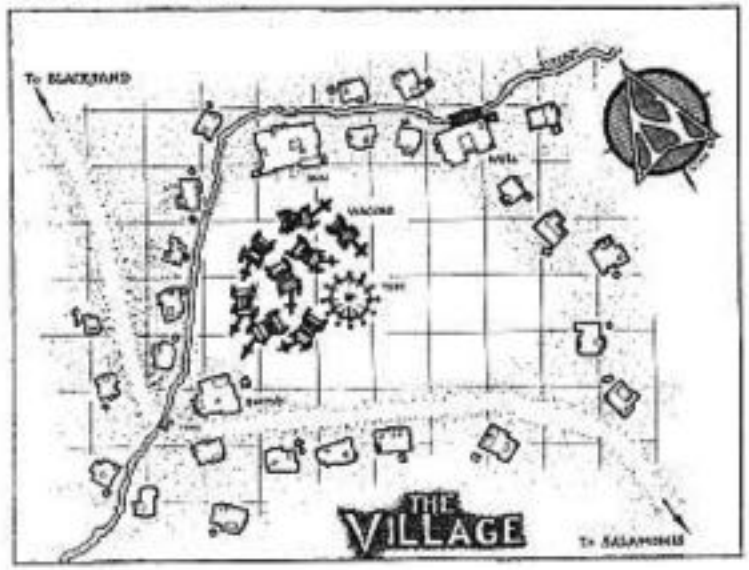

Location
Meerham is a small, sleepy village, nestling in gentle hills some 35 kilometres almost due south of Port Blacksand. The small stream which runs through it continues further south until it joins the Whitewater River. The village has the usual local industry: a mill, smithy, tavern, carpenter's shop and plenty of farms; as

it is near the coast, many of the villagers also earn a living from fishing. No one builds a village on the Skull Coast itself, because of the danger from passing pirates heading to and from Port Blacksand.

Show the Heroes the map of the village or draw it out on a large sheet of paper if you're using miniatures. All the cottages are thatched, and many of them are built entirely of wood. Brass has already arrived, and his wagons and tents are dotted around on the village green. He has politely taken up only half the available area, leaving the rest of the green clear for Waldo and his caravan. The merchant stands at the door of his tent, watching the new arrivals. Near him, and dotted among the tents and wagons, are several armed guards. A small group of villagers stands in the centre of the green. Smaller children watch warily from the doors of the cottages.

Plot Summary

Brass is murdered in his tent. The only person with him at the time is Waldo.

Cast List

Brass the Merchant. The man from Port Blacksand is of average height but well-muscled and possessing an air of authority. Unlike Waldo, he looks like the sort of person who can take care of himself perfectly well. His clothes are of good quality, though not quite as fine as Waldo's.

Veldik is the captain of Brass's guards. He stands at his master's side as the Heroes approach, one hand resting on the pommel of his sword. If the Hero from *Midnight Rogue* is with the party, he can (if he feels like it) tell his colleagues that Veldik is known in Blacksand as an excellent swordsman. If none of the Heroes has a magical weapon, Veldik's sword will be enchanted, allowing him to add 1 to rolls on the Damage Table. See the *Problems* section of **Scene 2** for an explanation.

VELDIK SKILL 10 STAMINA 19

Special Skills: Sword (12), City Lore – Blacksand (11)

Social Scale 4 *Sword*

Brass's guards are good-quality military men, though individually they are no match for the Heroes. There should be two guards for each Hero.

GUARDS each SKILL 9 STAMINA 16

Social Scale 3 *Sword*

Mokum. In the centre of the group of villagers is Mokum the Miller. As the richest and most important man in the village, he is responsible for dealing with strangers. Mokum is a capable diplomat, but if fighting breaks out he will try to avoid combat.

MOKUM SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

Special Skills: Bargain (9), Con (10), World Lore (10)

Social Scale 3 *Dagger*

Props

If you normally use miniatures to help run your fights, you should get the scene set up straight away so the Heroes can state at the outset where they are going. Buildings can be made of cardboard or using building blocks. If you are in a hurry or are not good at that sort of thing, just cut out shapes in paper and write on them what they are.

We have discovered that one cheap and flexible way to displaying the terrain for fight-scenes is to use a home-

made playboard and some water-soluble-ink pens. For this you will need a small sheet of kitchen flooring material, no bigger than the table you use for gaming. Choose a pale colour (such as white or cream) and try to pick a pattern which is useful – ours has very handy hexagons that we use to control how far characters move. You can draw houses, rivers, and other terrain features on the flooring with felt-tip pens; the kind that teachers use with overhead projectors are ideal. We use ones with water-soluble ink; when the fighting is over, we simply wipe the board clean with a damp tissue, ready for the next scene.

Action!

1. Arrival

Describe the village scene to the Heroes as they arrive, then continue:

As your caravan rolls on to the village green, some of the bolder children run out of the cottages. They try to sneak a look under the covers to see what fabulous wares you have to

trade. Others gaze admiringly at your weapons, hoping, perhaps, that they too will grow up to be famous adventurers rather than farmers and fishermen.

A short, fat man moves forward from the group of villagers and introduces himself as Mokum the Miller. He bids you welcome to Meerham and hopes that you will find time to trade with the people of the village during your stay.

Brass waves cheerfully at Waldo as you come to a halt. 'Greetings, good sir. I have a few letters to write. Make yourself comfortable, and then perhaps you will join me in my tent for a glass of wine. I look forward to doing business with you.' With this, the merchant pulls open the flap of his tent and goes inside, letting the flap fall behind him. You catch a brief glimpse of a table set for business, two chairs and a bedroll.

Ask the Heroes what they intend to do. If they don't keep a close eye on the wagons, some of the braver village kids will start lifting the covers to find out if there is anything they can steal. There isn't – Waldo's merchandise is all big, heavy rolls of cloth. The Heroes don't need to help set up the tents; Waldo's servants will deal with that.

2. Death in the Tent

Once the Heroes have said what they want to do, continue to describe the actions of other characters.

The leader of Brass's guards walks forward, looking for his counterpart among your group. Picking the most obviously military-looking man [state which Hero] *he introduces himself as Veldik and enquires about your journey. 'A good*

trip? It's been fairly quiet for us thus far. We caught a glimpse of the Black Swan *riding at anchor off the coast a few kilometres back, but I don't think we need expect any trouble from them. Those pirates hate going anywhere on land – it's as much as they can do to drag themselves from their ships as far as the Black Lobster.'*

If the Hero of *Midnight Rogue* is present, ask him to *Test for Luck*. If he is unlucky, Veldik recognizes him and greets him cautiously. If he is disguised or hiding, roll first against the appropriate Skill and then make the LUCK roll only if the Skill roll fails.

Waldo gets down off his wagon and adjusts his tunic. 'Well, f-fellows, let's g-g-get this b-b-business over.' Nodding briefly to the hovering villagers, he leaves you, scurries over to Brass's tent and goes inside.

A few moments pass. Suddenly there is a loud scream from inside the tent. Waldo rushes out in obvious panic. 'Oh help, help! He's d-d-dead!!'

Veldik rushes towards him, sword already drawn, shouting: 'Villain! What have you done to my master?'

Ask the Heroes what they are going to do next. Insist that they decide quickly. Anyone who can't give an *immediate* answer should be assumed to be standing around with his or her mouth open for the next minute or so.

3. Confusion

This situation could easily develop into a fight. Veldik grabs Waldo and waves his sword in the merchant's face, demanding to be told what has happened. Brass's other guards rush forward, drawing their weapons. If the Heroes act likewise, some combat is probably unavoidable.

If anyone is thinking clearly, however, there are good reasons not to fight. First, the Heroes are outnumbered. Their opponents may not be great warriors, but they are capable professionals. Secondly, Waldo scarcely had the time, let alone the ability, to murder anyone.

People only need to stop and think, to realize that the idea of Waldo as a murderer is utterly laughable.

What should happen here is that, after the initial confusion, both sides realize that Waldo could not have committed the murder. They should then start looking for the real villain.

Veldik asks his men if they saw anything. One replies:

'Not a thing, boss. If anyone had come in or out of that tent, we'd have seen him.'

This scene ends as soon as the Heroes and Veldik decide to enter the tent, in order to investigate the scene of the crime.

Problems?
If the Heroes seem determined to pick a fight, there are a few things you can do to calm the situation down. First, Mokum the Miller can intervene, using the following words:

'Gentlemen, gentlemen, please! No violence, I beg you. Can't we discuss this sensibly and calmly?'

If that fails, have Waldo say:

'Stop, p-p-please stop!! There is a m-murderer at large here somewhere. We m-must catch him quickly!'

A little bit of swordplay won't do any harm, but you should do your best to stop the fight before anyone gets killed. In particular you need to keep Veldik alive as he has to appear in later scenes. Brass's guards may be made to 'pull' their blows, doing only 1 point of damage and asking the Heroes to surrender or stop fighting.

If anyone is seriously wounded, Mokum will recommend Old Elsa, the village wisewoman, who knows the spell *Stamina*.

Turn to . . .
As mentioned above, the scene ends when the Heroes and Veldik agree to investigate the crime and enter Brass's tent. As soon as they do so, move on to **Scene 2.**

Scene 2 – The Scene of the Crime!

Location

Brass's tent is not very big and there is little furniture. As the map shows, his body is slumped forward over the table, with his chair lying on its back behind him. A second chair is placed in front of the table, presumably ready for Waldo. To the side and rear are two chests – one large, one small – and Brass's bedroll.

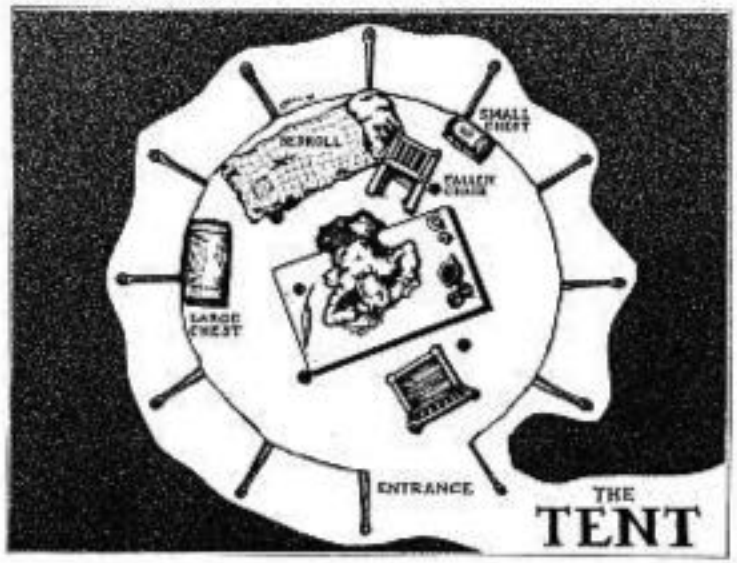

Besides Brass's body, the table also has the following items on it:

- several letters, partly covered by Brass's body
- an unlit candle in an ornamental stand
- a quill pen and ink-pot
- a tinder-box

- a wine jug (full) and two goblets (empty)
- some stains, where ink and wine have splashed from their containers as the body hit the table
- a few other items, currently concealed by Brass's body.

Plot Summary

The Heroes and Veldik investigate the scene of the crime. They find several clues; but, when they light a candle, the murderer appears, and they are suddenly fighting for their lives.

Cast List

The Murderer is in fact a rare type of Demon, known as a Silent Death. This terrible creature is vaguely man-like in shape, but has soft, velvety black skin and lacks a face. It is extremely strong, normally killing its foes by strangling them. It has claws and can attack with those as well. Most horribly of all, this creature is surrounded by a permanent veil of silence. Anyone within five metres of the demon can neither hear anything nor make any sound. Because of this, the Silent Death is a favourite tool of magicians wishing to assassinate people.

Being a Demon, the Silent Death cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Magical, enchanted weapons and spells do normal damage to the Silent Death. Check the *'Problems?'* section, below, for what to do if none of the Heroes has a magic weapon or some useful spells.

SILENT DEATH SKILL 10 STAMINA 20
Special Skills: Unarmed Combat (14), Strength (16)
2 attacks; Large claws

Props
It will add a lot to the atmosphere of the game if you can give your players some real clues to examine. The letters are the most obvious articles to provide: give them that extra-authentic ancient look by using cream or pale brown paper.

Nobody uses quill pens much these days, but any big feather will do. Nor are you likely to find a tinder-box – a sort of ancient cigarette lighter in a small tin box, that

was used to start fires before matches were invented. If you can, find a small metal box and pretend; your players probably won't know what a tinder-box is supposed to look like.

Sealing-wax is like a hard red candle; the idea is that you heat it and let the wax drip on to a folded letter so that, when it has dried, you won't be able to unfold and read the paper without breaking the wax. A metal stamp with a picture of the owner's badge cut into it is often used to make a pattern on the wax as it cools (these stamps are sometimes fashioned as rings). Seal stamps are very detailed and expensive to make, so a seal on a letter can generally be relied upon to guarantee that a letter is from the person who signed it. Some stationery shops still sell proper sealing-wax, but a red candle will do just as well.

If you are providing some keys, remember to use big, heavy ones. They don't have Yale locks in Allansia. Don't give the players real money, as they may not remember to give it back! Use toy money instead, or some foreign coins left over from a holiday abroad.

Action!
1. The Investigation
The Heroes will surely wish to look around to see if they can find any clues. Veldik will join in but will keep an eye on the Heroes, to make sure that they treat Brass's body with proper respect – and that they don't steal anything.

The big chest is the obvious place to start looking, as it is the only place in which an assassin could hide. It is unlocked, but contains only clothes.

The small chest is locked. If the Heroes smash it open, or find the key, they will discover that it contains money – about 400 Gold Pieces in fact. The bedroll contains nothing except a few fleas and bedbugs.

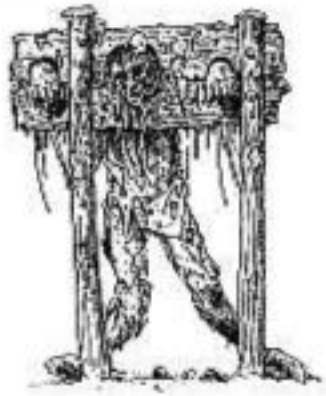

Another obvious move is to examine Brass's body. There are no obvious wounds, but there are large bruises round his neck. From this, the Heroes should conclude that he was strangled. That should be sufficient proof that Waldo was not the killer – his hands would not even go round Brass's neck. In Brass's clothing the Heroes will find a few loose coins (4 Gold and 27 Silver Pieces), a dagger and a set of keys, one of which opens the small chest.

By now the Heroes should be puzzled. Someone got into the tent and out again, without being seen. During that time, whoever it was succeeded in putting a muscular man to death by strangling him. This apparently all happened without a sound being made, since no one outside heard a struggle. One further clue is available to any Hero making a successful roll against an *Awareness* Special Skill: there is a slight smell of sulphur (a pungent, burnt chemical smell) in the air.

When Brass's body is moved, the letters and some other items are uncovered. There are three letters, which read as follows:

Letter 1 – addressed to 'Claudine':

Dearest Claudine,

Have arrived safely at Meerham. No sign of this Waldo fellow yet. From here I'm heading north to Fang where I'll unload the stuff he's promised me. I've decided to get tough with Dvorgar. He'll get a letter the same day you receive this. If he arrives to pay up before I'm back, make sure the money is carefully weighed – he's been known to pass false coin before.

My love to you, Torbul and Laurissa,

yrs,

Brass

Letter 2 – addressed to 'Dvorgar, Port Blacksand':

Sir,

Three weeks have now passed since you promised payment of your outstanding debt to me. No money has been forthcoming. I can survive on your good intentions no longer. You know what contacts I have. If the money is not forthcoming

within another two weeks, I will be forced to take steps to recover it from you.

Brass

Letter 3 – addressed to 'Candor, Salamonis':

My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your kind offer, which I am considering with interest. I shall be away on business for a fortnight, during which I will give the matter deep thought. I shall write again on my return.

Yrs cordially,

Brass

If asked, Waldo can confirm that Candor is a merchant, based in Salamonis. The man is of good character and well thought-of in his profession. The Heroes or Veldik will know this anyway, if they can make a successful roll against a *World Lore* Special Skill.

In addition to the letters, the Heroes find a stick of sealing-wax and Brass's seal. There is a small lump of

wax on the first letter and wax can also be found on the front of Brass's tunic, indicating that it was still wet when he fell on to the table. It seems, therefore, that Brass was in the act of sealing the letters when he died.

At this point the Heroes may assume (correctly), that the candle would have to be lit to melt the sealing-wax, and that its unlit state is certainly curious. If they are not so astute, Veldik is slightly puzzled by this, and says so:

'This is a little strange. Sealing-wax does not burn well and often goes out when in use. My master, who was always careful with money, would not waste tinder relighting it. It was his practice always to keep a lighted candle handy, just in case. The candle is here and, from the softness of the wax, it has been alight recently, but it is not so now. There are no wax drips to indicate it was knocked over in a struggle, and no great breeze that could have extinguished it. What put out the candle?'

If the sulphurous smell has already been noticed, the Heroes can confirm that it is particularly strong close to

the candle. If none of the Heroes suggests lighting the candle to see whether anything happens, Veldik will have to do so.

2. The Murderer Revealed!

As soon as the candle is lit, read the following paragraph to the Heroes. You may wish to alter it slightly if they have already noticed the sulphurous smell.

As soon as the candle is lit a strong smell of sulphur becomes noticeable in the air. Some of you open your mouths to comment on this, but no sound emerges! You bang on the table – still no sound! Now a thick, black cloud of smoke is coiling up from the candle. As you watch, it solidifies into a midnight-black, man-like form with strong clawed arms and – horribly – no face!

The Silent Death is surprised and disappointed to find itself surrounded by armed men, but it is very strong and agile. Don't let more than three Heroes fight it at once – their swords would get in one another's way; and remember that Veldik will be keen to get at the Demon as well. If the Demon succeeds in hitting any of the Heroes, you can assume that it will grab its victim by the throat. Rather than trying to strangle him, the Demon will immediately lift him and throw him against one of the other attackers, knocking both of them down. The two Heroes will need to spend two Attack Rounds picking themselves up before they can get back into the fight.

Because there is no sound in the tent, the Heroes will be unable to cast any spells: they can't say the magic

words! In order to use magic against the Demon, the Heroes must go out of the tent, get someone (one of Veldik's men, perhaps) to hold the tent flap open, and cast their spells into the tent from at least five metres away. No sound also means that the players, as the voices of their Heroes, cannot offer advice to each other about what to do, unless both Heroes are outside the area of silence.

3. Aftermath

Once the Demon has been killed, the Heroes and Veldik can take stock of the situation and decide what to do next. The body of the Demon will decay rapidly, but not so quickly that there will not be time to summon the villagers and other guards to witness the scene. The candle will keep burning after the Demon dies. The Heroes will probably want to let it burn away completely!

It should be clear to the Heroes by now that Brass was the victim of some kind of sorcerous assassination. They may also think that they know who could have done it. Certainly the man Dvorgar has reason to wish Brass

dead. Veldik is keen for revenge, but he is a little uncertain how to go about getting it:

'It's all very well going after Dvorgar, but he can't have done this by himself. There's some wizard mixed up in it somewhere, or I'm an Orc's auntie. Goblins, pirates, even Trolls I can handle, but sorcery is another matter. What chance does a mere swordsman have against magic?'

This is a (fairly obvious) cue for the Heroes to point out that killing wizards is all in a day's work for the likes of them. Why, they try to dispose of one minor mage each day before breakfast, just to keep their hands in. And, to be sure, after a hard day's sorcerer-slaying, there's nothing they like better than going out and vanquishing a few necromancers who've started on the early shift at the local cemetery ... and so on. When they have finished bragging, boasting and generally lying through their Heroic teeth, Veldik will beg for their help:

'Sirs, I am truly honoured to have fought by your sides. I would be most grateful if you could aid me in this matter. My late master was a rich man. I am certain his family will reward you handsomely if you bring his murderer to justice!'

When a good deed needs doing – with the offer of a reward thrown in – the Heroes should be keen to get on

the job. The first port of call would seem to be Blacksand; there they could talk to Brass's wife about her husband's enemies, and perhaps visit this fellow, Dvorgar.

Problems?

If the Heroes seem slow picking up clues, you can use Veldik to prompt them and suggest ideas. Try to let your Heroes do as much of the thinking themselves as possible, though. You should intervene only if the action begins to slow down and get boring.

If none of the Heroes has a magic weapon, Veldik will have a magic sword: it allows him to add 1 to any rolls on the Damage Table, and wounds the Demon normally. If asked about it after the fight, he will say that his late master bought it from a sailor who had big gambling debts. He doesn't known where it came from, and will not sell it. If the Heroes own one or more enchanted weapons, they should be able to handle the Demon by themselves, so leave Veldik to manage with a normal sword.

After the fight, the villagers will offer food, which will help any injured or spell-fatigued characters recover 2 points of STAMINA. If anyone is badly wounded, there is also the option of visiting the village wisewoman.

The Heroes will have two problems themselves. If they know anything about Port Blacksand, they will be aware that you have to have papers and a good story before you are allowed into the city; normally, this means having something to trade and paying lots of money to Lord Azzur's city guards. Then there is the question of what to do about Waldo.

Fortunately the second problem provides a solution to the first. Waldo has not been able to complete his deal with Brass. The only way he can get the money now is to visit Brass's son and get him to agree to the bargain. Much to Waldo's horror, this means that *he* has to go to Blacksand. And, of course, there is no way he is going there without his bodyguards. His servants, however, have other ideas; they promptly go on strike and refuse to go any closer to Blacksand than the very spot on which they are standing at present. This may seem cowardly of them, but it does mean that you don't have to worry about keeping track of them while the Heroes are wandering round the city. Fortunately, some of Brass's men can help with Waldo's wagons.

Turn to . . .

Once the arrangements have been finalized, the two caravans can head off for Port Blacksand. Veldik suggests camping a few kilometres short of the city so that the Heroes can enter it early the next morning. The fewer

nights you have to spend in that awful place the better. Waldo will support this idea enthusiastically.

The journey and the night outside the walls will be uneventful, so turn straight away to **Scene 3.**

Scene 3 – The Gates of Blacksand

Location

As the wagons roll along the road to Port Blacksand, the members of the caravan will witness various sights which, though seen by some of them many times before, are still stomach-turning. There are the strange expanses of ruins from an ancient city lost in the mists of history, sinister pirate ships riding at anchor in the bay, the smell that seems to hang over the city like a fog, the fog itself that also hangs over the city, the corpses of criminals that line the roadside, the crippled beggars . . . and the black-garbed Troll guards on the gate.

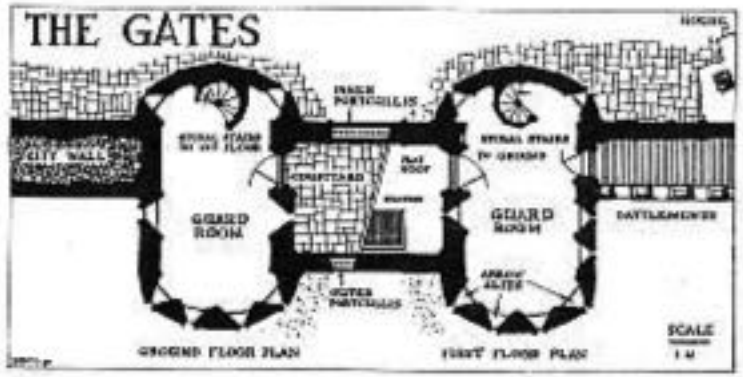

Hey, wait a minute! Haven't we been here before? If you have run the *Dungeoneer* adventure *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* you will recognize this scene. There are two reasons for using it again. First, the Heroes have to get into Blacksand with Waldo and the wagons; that means they have to go through the gate. Also this is a good comic scene (Trolls are always good for a laugh, one way or another) and, if you handle the scene right, it will be even funnier because everyone knows what is coming. We're looking for the same effect that the best comedians get when the audience laughs yet again as they slip on the same banana skin for the third time.

Plot Summary

The Heroes manage to get into Port Blacksand despite the best efforts of Waldo to get them arrested.

Cast List

Stinkbottom and *Foulbreath*, two Troll guards, who are as depraved, greedy, ill-tempered and unhygienic as you

might expect creatures of their race in such an unpleasant place to be.

TROLLS	each SKILL 10	STAMINA 9
Social Scale 4		*2 attacks; Sword*

Props
Something pointy to prod your players with when the Trolls are trying to goad them into a fight; don't use anything too sharp or you'll goad someone into a fight.

Action!
Veldik and his people get through without too much trouble, as they are well known to the guards. The news of Brass's death has arrived before the caravans, and the Trolls, being no respecters of people's feelings or the dead, engage in some ill-natured banter at Veldik's expense.

'Some fine bodyguard you turned out to be, eh? You'll be on the streets begging soon, mark me words, and don't expect me to toss you any crumbs. Still, the old boy was a rich 'un. Bet you've already helped yourself to whatever 'e was carrying, eh me lad? I fink you ought to share a little wiv your ol' friends on account of your good fortune, eh?'

Proud though Veldik is, he knows the score here. Biting his lip, he tosses the Trolls a few Gold Pieces and drives the wagons through as they scrabble in the dust for the money.

In contrast, the Heroes are not known to the Trolls at all (we hope! – if they are known and recognized, it means

an immediate fight). They are with someone who is obviously a merchant; but Waldo has never seen a Troll in his life before, let alone had to bargain with one. He is so frightened he is liable to say the stupidest things. Like what? Like this:

'P-p-please, m-mister T-t-t-t-t-t . . . er, sir, let us in. W-we've got to find out who k-k-killed Brass, to c-c-clear my name.'

This is not a very clever thing to say, as even the Troll guards realize:

'Ah, yo're a murder suspect, eh? Not the sort of bloke we likes in this city, ho no. But ol' Brass was a good taxpayer, so I'm sure Lord Hazzur will want to see you brought to justice. I fink we'll 'ave to harrest you. Unless, of course, you could see your way clear to makin' a small donation, eh?'

At this point, Waldo will turn from bright red to deathly white, while stammering out:

'P-p-please, mister T-t-troll. I'll d-d-do anything you ask.'

'Anyfing? Well, a fousand gold sov'rins wouldn't go amiss, eh Stinkbottom?'

''Ang on, Foulbreath, I needs me leathers patched. Make it two fousand!'

'W-well it does seem a lot, but we need to get in.'

2000 Gold Pieces is well out of order for a gate bribe; 50 is closer to the going rate, and the Heroes will have noticed that Veldik can't have paid more than 10. For their own sakes, they should have interrupted Waldo long before he has got himself into this mess, even to the extent of tying him up and gagging him. Otherwise, they have two choices: they can try to use the *Con* Special Skill to persuade the Trolls to accept less, or they can disable or even kill them. If all else fails, Waldo will pay 1000 GP and the Trolls will accept that, but do let the Heroes try anything to stop this happening.

Unfortunately, those 1000 Gold Pieces were the sum that Waldo had put aside to pay the Heroes . . .

If the Heroes attack the Trolls, Veldik, who is waiting on the other side of the gates, yells:

'Fools! Lord Azzur will have your hides for this!'

With this, he urges his men forward and disappears into the twisting city streets. Clearly he wants no part in the killing of Lord Azzur's guards.

Problems?
If some of the Heroes are wanted in Blacksand as a result of previous adventures, they will be keen to avoid being recognized. Their options include hiding in the wagons or disguising themselves. A successful *Disguise* Special Skill roll, or a standard roll against SKILL using the modifiers for 'hiding' (*Dungeoneer*, page 190) will save them. If they fail, allow a *Test for Luck* to see if the Trolls recognize them. All this assumes, of course, that

none of them has a certain distinctive tattoo on his forehead.

Turn to . . .
If Waldo and the Heroes give in and pay a bribe of some sort, they can join Veldik on the far side of the gates, poor and humiliated but unharmed. He recommends that they find some lodgings and suggests the Dragon's Tooth tavern. He gives them directions to that inn, and to Brass's house if they ask, but requests that they give him an hour or so to break the news gently to Brass's widow before they come to see the family. Turn to **Scene 6**.

If the Heroes kill the Trolls, they will need to put a distance between themselves and the gates very quickly. A crowd of beggars will have gathered to watch the fight, but will be too nervous to intervene on either side. The Heroes may have some idea about who to contact in the city. If they do not, the following happens.

As the Heroes are wondering what to do, a small boy whispers from the shadows:

'Psst! This way, quickly. You're in big trouble. Hurry up before any more guards arrive. Leave the wagons and horses, you can't take them down backstreets.'

If the Heroes accept this offer and follow the boy, turn to **Scene 5**. Otherwise turn to **Scene 4** instead.

Scene 4 – Still at the Gates

Location
The Heroes and Waldo are standing around at the gates, wondering what they should do with these two dead Trolls. Suddenly the crowd of beggars parts to reveal a very large squad of heavily armed Trolls, led by a very nasty individual indeed.

Plot Summary
Waldo and the Heroes are forced to pay a very big fine in order to avoid being executed for murder.

Cast List
The Captain of the Port Blacksand City Guard is a tall, dark human who carries an enormous bullwhip. Can you imagine how nasty a man has to be to be able to keep all those Trolls in order? No, you're not even close: he's worse, much worse. This chap (Social Scale 6) didn't just sell his own grandmother; he *invested* her, and still collects the interest to this day.

Lots of Troll Guards, at least three per Hero, each of them as tough as Stinkbottom and Foulbreath from *Scene 3*.

Props
We suggest you forget about the enormous bullwhip: unless you are expert in using one, you can cause an awful lot of damage and, for some inexplicable reason, your players may stop turning up to your regular Tuesday game nights. Anything that makes a fairly loud cracking noise will do just as well.

Action!
With this veritable army of nasties bearing down on them, the Heroes are likely to think that their hour has come. Fortunately, the City Guard are a mercenary lot. The Guard Captain, flanked by a small army of grinning Trolls, sneers at the Heroes with a sneer so sneery you'd think sneers had only just been invented that very minute.

'Well, you lot certainly fancy yourselves, don't you? Think you can get away without paying your dues? Well, let me tell you, this city is more than capable of dealing with cheap thugs like you! See those hooks above the gate? What we normally do to people who kill our men is, we hook them up

and let them hang there. They normally take about five days to die, if the vultures don't peck 'em to death first.

'Still, you people seem to be merchants, so perhaps we can make an exception in your case. A small fine would be acceptable, I think 2,000 Gold Pieces, and of course we will confiscate your goods. Pay up and we'll say no more about it.'

Nothing the Heroes will say can get them out of this mess – they have to pay up. Of course, this cleans Waldo out completely, and they lose the goods as well. Boy, have they made a mess of this one quest! Still, perhaps they will be able to make some money, once they are in the city . . . perhaps.

Problems?
What?! You think your Heroes could take on this lot and win? You've been too soft on them, haven't you? We can't have that! Double the number of Trolls and raise their SKILL to 14 and STAMINA to 30 each.

Seriously though, if the Heroes decide to fight here, they should be clapped in irons, dragged off to Azzur's torture chambers and dungeons, and never, ever, be seen again. It is as simple as that. Part of being a great adventurer is knowing when you are out of your depth.

Incidentally, we know we didn't give any statistics for the Captain of the Guard. That's because he is *so* nasty (and such a nice, annoyingly horrid character) that the Heroes can't be allowed to kill him. If they do, he won't be able to turn up again in a later adventure to *really* annoy the Heroes. Besides, as you might have guessed, he will let the Trolls do all the fighting for him; that's what stupid underlings are for.

Turn to . . .
Having made a big show of distancing himself from the fight at the gates, Veldik waited around a nearby corner to see what would happen. When the Heroes come through, he will give them the same information about

the Dragon's Tooth tavern and Brass's house as he would have done in *Scene 3* (see above). Turn to **Scene 6**.

Scene 5 – A Safe House

Location
Following the small boy, the Heroes rush through the twisting side streets of Port Blacksand, expecting at any moment to hear the pattering of large feet and smell the noxious breath of Lord Azzur's evil guards behind them. The wagons have had to be abandoned, and any Hero who spared a backwards glance would see them disappear under a swarm of beggars, many casting aside their white sticks and crutches as they hurry to see what goodies may have been left behind. Waldo puffs along behind, slowing the general progress until one of the Heroes realizes that the merchant is struggling to carry

a very heavy chest: his money, of course. Relieved of his burden, Waldo's panic gives wings to his flight and he races through the winding alleys as fast as the rest until, puffing and panting, they dive through a hatchway and into the cellar beneath a crumbling house in one of the poorest parts of the city.

The Heroes have ended up in a safe house run by the priests of Usrel, Goddess of Peace. In this place sanctuary is offered to people on the run from the many villains who inhabit Port Blacksand. It is dark, dirty, crawling with cockroaches, and thoroughly uncomfortable – but for the moment it is safe from Lord Azzur and his evil minions. The refuge is currently located in Fork Lane, but it has to move frequently to avoid discovery. There is no guarantee it will still be in its present location, next time the Heroes return to Port Blacksand.

The scene which follows takes place in the cellar. It is dark, cramped, and empty of furniture and other comforts. Fortunately all that the Heroes need to do here is talk.

Plot Summary

The Heroes discover that, even in a place as foul as Port Blacksand, there are small islands of peace and tranquillity.

Cast List

Ben, the small boy who led the Heroes to this place. He is a smart, streetwise urchin who was saved by one of the priests of Usrel from a fearsome beating and has

since devoted his life to helping others. Despite being a servant of the goddess, Ben is well versed in all the thieving skills. In Blacksand, he couldn't do the job he does any other way.

BEN SKILL 8 STAMINA 16
Special Skills: Awareness (10), Hide (12), Lock Picking (9), Secret Signs (9), Sneak (12), Disguise (9) Con (10) Knife
Social Scale 1

Father Robul is a priest of Usrel, who is currently in charge of the safe house. He is a fat, jolly sort of fellow who seems to bumble along through life in ignorant absent-mindedness. Underneath the comic image, he is a shrewd and brave man who has thwarted Lord Azzur's evil plans many times!

ROBUL SKILL 9 STAMINA 12
Special Skills: Con (12), Languages (10), City Lore (11), Magic (11)
Spells: Light, Luck, Peace, Stamina, Ward, Levitate, Speak to Animals
Social Scale 3

Props
One of the things that Robul will do to make his dingy cellar feel like home is to offer the Heroes some food. If you have some stale bread and cold water, this will give a fairly good impression of the sort of stuff on offer. We do suggest, however, that you don't bother with the mould and worms – we don't want anyone being sick on the gaming table, do we? (Well, *we* don't.)

Action!
1. Introductions
As Ben dives down the stairs into the cellar he splutters a greeting to Father Robul:

'Back again, I'm afraid, Master. These men have just killed two of Azzur's Trolls and they need a place to hide while things cool off.'

'Goodness, Ben, they must be brave, or desperate! Come in, good sirs. I am Robul, follower of Usrel. You are safe here, for now. Make yourselves comfortable, get your breath back, and then perhaps you would like to tell us your story.'

Suspicious Heroes will want to know more about Ben and Robul first. Alternatively, once they have told their tale, the priest will give a full explanation of his mission. This is the sort of thing he will say:

'As I am sure you know, good sirs, my Lady Usrel is the Goddess of Peace, the Bringer of Calm and Fountain of

Tranquillity. It may seem to you that a dingy cellar in the most evil city in all Allansia is a strange place to find a shrine to that Bright Lady. But I can tell you that no place is too awful and strife-torn for one or more of my brotherhood to try to bring a little peace and comfort to its darkened corners. There are, I'll admit, more pleasant tasks in our priesthood than mine; but, for my sins, I have been chosen to serve the people of this sad city. It is a long battle, I'll admit, an unending struggle against a tide of villainy and despair. But every soul we save from Azzur's clutches is another ray of light shining through this dismal place. Ben, here, is my eyes and ears, while I do my best to provide succour, comfort and a new home each time our hiding-place is discovered.'

2. Waldo's Problem

While everyone is glad to have found a place of safety, no doubt, Waldo has a few other matters on his mind. Having lost his merchandise, he now has no means for paying his debts. He has saved 2,000 Gold Pieces in cash, but the goods cost him 5,000 GP, and he was expecting to get 8,000 GP for them from Brass. Besides,

a lot of that 2,000 is needed to pay the Heroes' wages. As the Heroes got him into this mess by refusing to pay the bribe, he will want to know what they propose doing to put things right. Perhaps the reward for finding Brass's killer would help his cash-flow problems?

3. Information

Having found some friends, one of the first things the Heroes ought to do is ask for information that may help them in their quest for Brass's killer. Robul and Ben will be only too happy to help. Here is the information they can give, but only if asked about specific topics:

Locations: They know the addresses of the homes of both Brass and Dvorgar.

On Brass: The man worked closely with the Guild of Thieves but paid his taxes regularly and fairly, so Azzur was doubtless happy with him. With friends like that, who would dare attack him?

On Veldik: He is a good man who can be trusted.

On Dvorgar: A liar and a cheat, always late with his payments in business dealings, and inclined not to pay at all if he can get away with it. He should have known better than to try to cheat Brass, and will doubtless suffer for his mistake.

Other help?: Halim Thrumbar, a merchant who can normally be found at the Dragon's Tooth inn, is mentioned as a reliable source of information and advice.

Problems?
About the only thing that can go wrong here is that the Heroes turn mean and refuse to help Waldo any further. This is most unheroic of them. If they do take this attitude, have Robul scold them and insist that they behave more charitably.

Turn to . . .
From this scene the Heroes could go to any one of a number of locations in Port Blacksand as they pursue their investigations. If they go to the Dragon's Tooth, turn to **Scene 6**. If they go to visit Nicodemus, turn to **Scene 7**. If they head for Dvorgar's house, turn to **Scene 8**. If they decide to visit Brass's family, turn to **Scene 11**.

Note: Waldo is more than likely to be a hindrance to the Heroes from this point on in the adventure. Robul will be happy enough to look after the cowardly merchant until the adventure is over.

Scene 6 – The Dragon's Tooth

Location
Every tavern in Port Blacksand is full of ruffians of one sort or another. The single saving grace of the Dragon's Tooth is that it is the first lodging that many visitors come to on entering the city for the first time; this means that it usually has its fair quota of outsiders in residence, as distinct from the villainous cut-throats who throng all of Blacksand's other bars. It is also the place where you will find a good percentage of the city's pickpockets working over the new arrivals.

If you own a copy of *Dungeoneer*, you will know that a fuller description of the Dragon's Tooth, together with

a map of the bar, can be found in the adventure, *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'*. You may also wish to use the rules for gambling and bar-room brawls found there, although the main purpose of the present scene is to provide the Heroes with information rather than an excuse for a bit of gratuitous violence (shame!).

Plot Summary
Some information is gleaned from Halim Thrumbar and/or Gregor the landlord. If the Heroes have come straight here from the gates, they can take lodgings and leave Waldo in Halim Thrumbar's care.

Cast List
Halim Thrumbar is a man of many parts. Merchant, sometime adventurer, spy for King Salamon and seller of information, he has a wide range of contacts throughout Port Blacksand, Allansia, and even beyond. He hides his secret operations behind the image of a typically fat

and pompous dealer in wines and ales. More information about Thrumbar can be found in *Dungeoneer* (page 261); he has a Social Scale of 5.

Gregor is a former sailor who may have travelled widely before settling down as a publican. Certainly he has wild stories to tell of life on the high seas; but many of these are so far-fetched that everyone is convinced he has never been further afield than Arantis. More about Gregor can be found in *Dungeoneer* (page 262); he has Social Scale 3.

Props
If you intend to expand the scene to include gambling and a brawl, check out the 'Props List' in the Dragon's Tooth section of *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* in *Dungeoneer*.

Action!

1. Gregor

As usual, Halim Thrumbar is reluctant to make himself known until he can feel sure about the people he is dealing with. Unless the Heroes know him by sight already, they will doubtless end up talking to Gregor first. If necessary, rooms can be hired and the wagons stabled. Waldo will pay; he will install himself in the pub to keep a close eye on his property while the Heroes play detective on his behalf.

Gregor is able to give some information about people the Heroes may be interested in. Of course he will only volunteer the facts if carefully nudged towards the subject.

On Brass: *'Now there was a man with influence. Best buddies with the bigwigs in the Guild of Thieves, no less, whoever they might be. I've seen a lot of cities in my life, and let me tell you that this one here has the most ruthless, best-organized bunch of criminals in all Titan. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if it turns out that every Thieves' Guild in the world is run from here. So what happened to Brass I wouldn't*

know. They won't have done it, not their style to use sorcery when a simple stab in the dark from some shadowy assassin would do. Perhaps the guy upset a wizard. They're a funny old bunch, spellcasters. Why, only a few months back there was gossip goin' round about an old loony holed up in the sewers raisin' an army of skeletons to take over the world! Wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't met so many of the crazies myself on my travels. You know, I was once on a spice clipper off the Skull Coast when . . .'

On Dvorgar: *'That filthy scumbag! Why, the very waters of the Catfish, stinkin' as they are, would get up and leave if he ever tried to take a bath in them. He reminds me of a type of lizard I once encountered in Silur Clu. Lived at the very bottom of the swamps, it did, and drank the mud, livin' off the decayed corpses of every last thing that fell into the mire. If I ever get my hands on that snake, I'll wring his neck so hard the gold he owes me will be squeezed out of his stinkin' flesh!'*

On Thrumbar: *'Now there's a man with contacts. Travelled with him to Khul once, and when we put into Buruna the first pub we walks into half a dozen folks treats him like a long-lost friend and proceeds to tell him all the ins and outs of all the politics and dirty dealings in Ximoran. What he don't know simply ain't worth knowing. And besides, he always pays for his beer. A real gentleman.'*

2. The Drinkers

The Heroes may also think to ask the locals for information, easing the way with plentiful quantities of free ale. Nobody knows – or *admits* to knowing – too much, but

from several conversations the Heroes may be able to piece together the following:

On Brass: There is a big battle going on in the Guild of Thieves. The Kobassi brothers are making a determined bid to take over. Brass may have got in their way.

On Dvorgar: If he offers you work, don't take it. He talks well and makes fine promises but, when it comes to pay day, the cash is never there. You end up sticking with him for ages, working for nothing while you try to wheedle the money out of his tight grasp.

On Thrumbar: A very shifty character, fingers in far too many pies. He's a tough old bird, though, so don't cross him.

Other help: Some of the locals suggest that the Heroes consult Madame Star, the clairvoyant, who has a tent in the bazaar in Market Square. They have always found her predictions reliable and she may be able to provide a useful clue.

3. Halim Thrumbar

As a seller of information, Thrumbar will expect some payment from the Heroes before divulging his knowledge. It is one thing to do favours for King Salamon (as he did in *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* in *Dungeoneer*) but quite another to talk freely to a bunch of adventurers who are getting well paid for their investigation. The offer of, say, 10 Gold Pieces will be sufficient to loosen his tongue. This is what he has to say:

On Brass: *'He was a good man. Oh, he dealt with some shifty characters all right, but who in Blacksand does not? The thing is, he always dealt fair and that earned him respect. It's no easy feat to keep well in with both Azzur and all the various factions within the Thieves' Guild, but he managed it somehow. No, the Kobassis aren't behind it. They're as superstitious as they come and wouldn't touch a sorcerer with the sharp end of a stiletto.'*

On Dvorgar: *'Beneath all his lies and cunning the man is basically a coward. Stand up to him and he'll pay as soon as his cash flow allows. Trouble is, he keeps thinking he'll get away with it. Then he ends up owing far more than he can pay, and so he has to keep on cheating. That's the only way he could have been daft enough to get into debt with a man as influential as Brass.*

'Now the question is, what could he do, having got himself into that mess? Hiring a sorcerer is certainly a coward's way out, but sorcery is fearsomely expensive. I suggest you find out just how much he owed Brass. Any wizard worth his salt will have charged several thousand to conjure a Demon like

that. If Dvorgar owed more than that, it would have been worth his while to take the risk. If he owed less, it would be foolish to spend more than he owed to avoid the debt. Not even Dvorgar is that stupid.'

4. Directions

Any of the above contacts can give directions to the homes of Brass and/or Dvorgar. Only Halim Thrumbar knows where Nicodemus lives and he will supply the information for an additional 5 Gold Pieces, although it is fairly unlikely that the Heroes will be interested in seeing the wizard unless they have met him before.

Problems?

If the Heroes decide to take to gambling or brawling here, the appropriate rules should be all you will require. Remember that after a while the City Guard will turn up to sort out any trouble. As soon as they are spotted, everyone involved will disappear through side doors into the alleys.

If a fight does take place, Gregor will shut up shop for the rest of the day while he cleans up the mess. The Heroes will thus have lost the opportunity to question people at the Dragon's Tooth further. Waldo will hide under the tables during any brawl. He will not run when the City Guard turns up, and is more than daft enough, if questioned, to admit to them that his bodyguards were involved in the fight and give descriptions. He just thinks he is being law-abiding by answering questions honestly.

Turn to . . .
From the Dragon's Tooth the Heroes have a number of places in Blacksand they could visit. If they wish to call on Brass's family, turn to **Scene 11**. To visit Dvorgar, turn to **Scene 8**. A conversation with Nicodemus is detailed in **Scene 7**. For a consultation with Madame Star, turn to **Scene 12**.

In addition, there is a special extra scene, which you can spring on the Heroes at any time *after* they have been to the Dragon's Tooth. Once they have been heard asking questions in public, news of their mission will quickly filter back to the Guild of Thieves. They will be watched closely from that moment on. When you feel that they

have done enough talking and need a bit of action to liven things up, turn to **Scene 10** – *'We're Being Followed!'*

Scene 7 – Under the Singing Bridge (Again)

Location
The wizard Nicodemus lives in a small hut-cum-cottage situated under the Singing Bridge, constantly serenaded by the wind whistling through the skulls that line the bridge. He lives there because he is sick and tired of people coming to him for help, either with silly problems like warts and boils to remove, or because they think a good wizard is a soft touch for help whenever they need it.

Plenty of information about the wizard and his home can be found in *Titan* and *Dungeoneer*. We are not going to repeat it here because the Heroes don't *need* to go to Nicodemus for help this time. This scene is provided

only because, as Nicodemus has found, some people think he has nothing better to do than help out anyone who is having a bit of trouble with an evil wizard. He has much more important things on his mind, such as saving the world from unfathomably powerful forces and distilling the perfect brandy. If the first thought of your Heroes is to run to Nicodemus for help, this is the scene in which the old man gives them a small piece of his large mind.

Plot Summary
Nicodemus lectures the Heroes on the subject of standing on their own two feet.

Cast List
Nicodemus is an old man with a long white beard and a tall, pointed hat. Perhaps if he didn't dress so much like a typical good wizard he wouldn't get pestered so often.

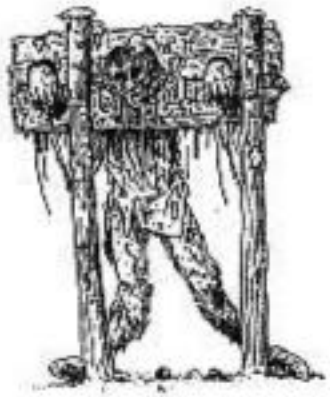

Props
If you have the tall, pointy hat left over from running the *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* adventure, put it on now.

Action!
Despite the words 'KEEP OUT' scrawled in large red letters on the door in several languages, Nicodemus will answer the door if people knock long enough, because after a while the hammering gets on his nerves. He is in a bad mood: the Catfish River is unusually smelly today and even Nicodemus's nose, which is well used to the stench and anyway is somewhat feeble with age, is suffering badly. The Heroes hardly ever get more than a sentence or two out before he interrupts them with some complaint or other. Here are a few suitable outbursts to sprinkle into the conversation:

'Help?! Need my help? Look, young man, there are thousands of people in this world who need my help. Hundreds of them beat a path to my door every year, despite my best efforts to remove myself from normal society. The question you should be asking yourself is whether you deserve my help.'

'A murder! A simple murder? Here I am, the greatest sage in all Allansia, if not in the entire world of Titan, and you come to me asking about one little murder! If you've no brains in your own heads, try Madame Star, the clairvoyant in the Market Square. It's more in her line of work than mine.'

'Of course I know of Brass. Most people in Blacksand do. I've never had anything to do with him, though. Unlike some people I could mention, he always sorted out his own affairs without running off to others for help when things got the slightest bit difficult.'

'Doorgar? No, never heard of him. I don't know everything, you know. It's taken me years to learn what I do know, which is more than any ten men you could name put together. I'd like to know more, but somehow I never get any time to study.'

Eventually, perhaps, the Heroes will be able to speak for long enough to explain about the Silent Death Demon in the candle. This at least will arouse a small glimmer of interest from the wizard:

'Oh, so that's what happened to it. A tell-tale imp told me it had been summoned here. A Silent Death, you know, nasty piece of work. I was trying to find the thing, but it seemed to have left the city. Still, it looks like you fine fellows have saved me the trouble. Now, how about being good chaps and going off to find the idiot who brought it here in the first place, eh? And no, I don't know who that was. I would have seen to him myself by now if I did, wouldn't I? Well, run along then, I haven't turned you into statues. Yet.'

Problems?

Nicodemus will not cure any wounds, sell any potions, enchant any swords or perform any other service unless it is of truly world-shaking importance. Anyone who asks is in severe danger of being turned into a fish and dropped in the river to see if it still supports life (it doesn't, incidentally).

Turn to . . .

There are several places in Port Blacksand which the Heroes could visit from here. If they wish to visit the Dragon's Tooth to look for lodgings or see Halim

Thrumbar, turn to **Scene 6**. If a visit to Dvorgar's house is next on the list, turn to **Scene 8**. Going to talk to Brass's family is detailed in **Scene 11**. If the Heroes have already been to the Dragon's Tooth, it might be time for them to encounter **Scene 10**; how to get there is explained in the 'Turn to ...' section of *Scene 6*. Finally, should the Heroes decide to take Nicodemus's advice and consult Madame Star, the clairvoyant, turn to **Scene 12**.

Scene 8 – Dvorgar's House

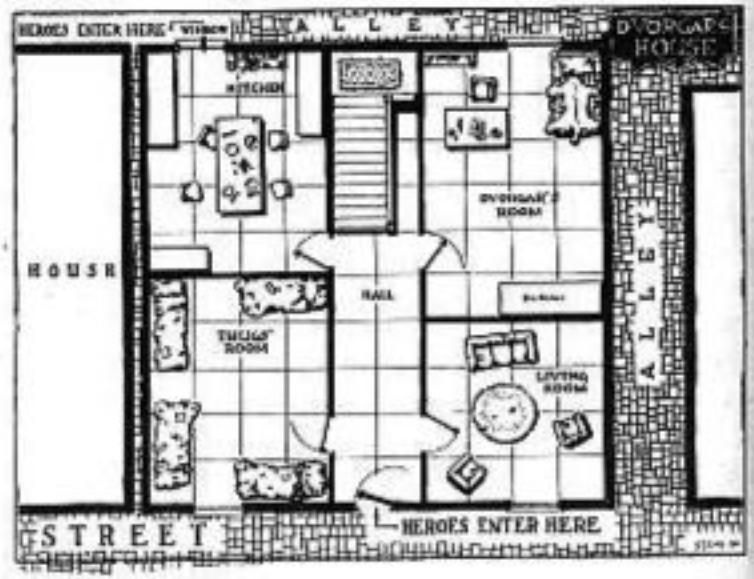

Location

Dvorgar lives in a reasonably prosperous quarter of the city but only because he managed to cheat someone else out of the house. The building, in Tree Lane, is in a terrible state of repair because he never has any money to spend

on it; the paintwork is chipped and peeling, the wood is rotten and wormed, and the whole thing looks as if it would fall down if a giant (or Axel Wolfric) breathed on it.

We will assume for the time being that the Heroes are going to adopt the bold approach and walk up to the front door. If they decide on a more cautious tactic, go to the 'Problems' section where there are some suggestions as to how to handle a break-in.

The map shows the layout of the ground floor of Dvorgar's house. He doesn't use the upper storey any longer; the stairs gave way a few months back and he can't afford to get them repaired.

Plot Summary

The Heroes put a bit of pressure on Dvorgar, and discover that he is indeed about as craven as they come.

Cast List

Dvorgar the Merchant is a thin, scrawny man whose clothes, although suitable for a merchant, never fit properly because he never has anything made for him. Everything he owns has been acquired from someone else, normally without him paying for it. In order to get away with his schemes, he has to pretend to be tough and ruthless, and he is not averse to having people killed – but first he makes sure they have no relatives to get even with him. At heart, however, he is a complete and utter coward. Anyone who puts the slightest bit of pressure on him will see a complete change of character. Our Heroes are just about to experience this miracle.

DVORGAR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10
Social Scale 4 *Special Skills: Bargain (9), Con (12)*

Thugs. Dvorgar still somehow manages to persuade a few poor wretches to work for him despite the poor (sometimes non-existent) pay. Of course they are the sort of men whom absolutely no one else would hire, with all that that implies. You will need one thug per Hero.

THUGS each SKILL 8 STAMINA 8
Social Scale 2 *Sword*

Props
There is a fight in this scene. If you use miniatures to control combat, you will need figures to represent Dvorgar and the thugs.

Action!

1. The Front Door

If the Heroes knock on the door, it will be answered by two of the thugs. They are under orders not to let *anyone* in, and will say as much to the Heroes. However, they are not very bright or very brave. A successful roll against the Special Skill *Con* can convince them of anything and any bribe will also do, but this is not really necessary. A simple swordpoint waved under the nostril will do the job just as effectively!

2. Before the Fight

At first Dvorgar is fairly confident and off-hand, although he can see that the Heroes are a tough bunch; in reality, he is quaking in his boots as he talks. He will use his *Con* Skill to try to convince them of anything he says. Unless the Heroes mention Brass's death immediately, he will assume that they are heavies sent by Brass to collect the debt:

'Look, I promised Brass that I'd pay, and pay I will. I'm an honourable man and I resent the idea that he should stoop to

such depths to collect his money. If you ruffians have caused any damage on your way in, I'll deduct the cost of the repairs from his bill. Is that clear?'

Once the Heroes mention that Brass is dead, Dvorgar jumps to a new conclusion: someone thinks that he is responsible, and these people have been sent by the Thieves' Guild to get revenge!

'Well, I had nothing to do with it, do you hear? Nothing whatsoever. I'm a merchant. I don't go conniving with thieves and assassins. Oh, I pay my protection money just like everyone else in the city, but I don't see why I should! It's about time Lord Azzur put a stop to you and your foul racket, that's what I say!'

3. The Fight

As the Heroes become more forceful in their questioning, Dvorgar panics and orders his thugs to throw them out. Naturally the thugs are not at all keen on this idea, but they know they will have their pay docked if they refuse, so they draw their swords and advance nervously. The Heroes should find this one fairly routine.

Because the thugs are cowards they will attempt to flee if their STAMINA is reduced to 4 points or less. If more than half of the thugs have fled or are dead, the rest will flee too, no matter how fit they are. Hopefully the Heroes will take pity on these poor buffoons and let them go.

4. After the Fight

Once his thugs have been disposed of, Dvorgar loses all self-control and falls to the floor in front of the Heroes,

grovelling piteously (for added authenticity, get down on your knees to deliver the next speech):

'Oh sirs, noble masters, please don't kill me. Truly I had nothing to do with Brass's death. It was only a few hundred gold pieces that I owed him, and I was going to pay, honestly. But I'm a poor man, you see. Look at my house. I hardly have a shill to my name at present. But it will come, I swear. I've people owing me. As soon as I can make them pay I'll return every dragon I owe Brass. With interest, too. But I didn't murder him. I wouldn't, not for that small a sum. And I wouldn't dare anyway. I know what sort of friends he has. Please believe me. You may feed me to Lord Azzur's plants if I'm not telling the truth.'

Problems?

As mentioned earlier, the Heroes may try a more cautious approach and decide to break into Dvorgar's house. They ought to wait for night before doing this but, with crime unfortunately so common in Blacksand, few people are likely to raise the alarm if they do it in daylight.

It is easy to find the slimy alley that runs behind Dvorgar's house. Get the Heroes to check their *Hide* and *Sneak* Special Skills if they have them (against SKILL for each if they don't). Don't forget the various modifiers to the die roll. If the break-in is taking place at night, add 5 to the *Hide* Skill. If any Hero fails *both* rolls, he has been seen by someone. He must then *Test his Luck* to see whether the person raises the alarm. If he is unlucky, cries of 'Stop, thief! Guards! Guards!' soon echo round the houses and the Heroes will plainly have to run for it. They can escape, but their chance at Dvorgar's is lost for that day.

Once the Heroes are inside, they should make another roll against *Sneak*, followed by a roll against *Awareness*, to see if anyone is about. In fact Dvorgar and his thugs are in the main room arguing about pay. The Heroes can either march bravely in, in which case run the scene as above in 'Before the Fight', or they can search the house.

If they are searching, ask for *Awareness* or SKILL rolls as normal; but the Heroes will find nothing of use anyway. The only interesting items in the house are a quantity of final demands for payment which are kept in a very large pile on Dvorgar's desk, the most urgent ones uppermost.

All the time the Heroes are in the house, have them make regular *Sneak* rolls. If anyone fails one, the thugs will hear them and dash out to attack. From there you'll have to run the conversation with Dvorgar yourself. It will be similar to the one given above, but he will be grovelling throughout.

Turn to . . .
Having got little joy from Dvorgar, the Heroes will have to try somewhere else. They could go to Brass's family, in which case turn to **Scene 11**. If, instead, they wish to go to the Dragon's Tooth, turn to **Scene 6**. If they wish to visit Nicodemus next, turn to **Scene 7**. To consult with Madame Star, turn to **Scene 12**. Heroes who have already been to the Dragon's Tooth are ready to have the encounter in **Scene 10**; see the 'Turn to . . .' section of *Scene 6* for more details of how to get there.

Finally, it is possible that the Heroes won't believe Dvorgar's protestations of innocence. He did say that they could feed him to Lord Azzur's plants if he was lying. Perhaps they will take him at his word to see if he changes his tune. If so, turn to **Scene 9**.

Scene 9 – The Public Gardens

Location
The Public Gardens of Port Blacksand are famed throughout northern Allansia and beyond. This is not only because of the great beauty of Azzur's fabled orchids and their exotic perfumes, but also because many of the plants are carnivorous! Lord Azzur has a passion for such murderous greenery and is known to pay well for new specimens. His particular favourites are the Leaf Beasts which guard his fabled Black Lotus.

The Gardens are in the north of the city, with entrances in Stable Street and Tree Lane. An entrance-fee of 1

Gold Piece per person is charged. As the Heroes and Dvorgar approach, they see that quite a crowd has gathered, including a number of City Guards. It seems that an execution is in progress!

Plot Summary

The Heroes witness a terrible sight and (we hope) repent of their desire to torture Dvorgar further.

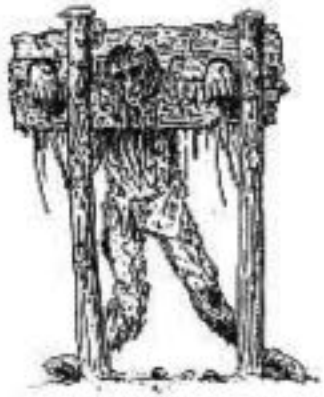

Cast List

City Guards. Have enough of the City Guard on hand to discourage the Heroes from trying anything foolish. Their numbers include several Trolls.

The Plants that star in this scene are Leaf Beasts, three carnivorous plants expertly trimmed to resemble a lion, a tiger and a leopard. They are detailed in *Out of the Pit*, if you are interested in their statistics, although the only meal they will get today is in no position to fight back.

Props
A few Venus Fly-trap plants strategically dotted round your room would give a suitably menacing air. Failing this, just make sure you have lots of big, sinister pot-plants around that just might turn nasty if provoked.

Action!
In order to keep his beloved plants fit and healthy, Lord Azzur makes sure that they are fed regularly. He cunningly combines this with the constant need to make room in his dungeons for new prisoners. Of all the means of execution practised in Port Blacksand, being fed alive to the Leaf Beasts is probably the most horrible. It is also the most popular with spectators, and the gardens and surrounding streets are crowded. There are men, women and children, since many parents look on such spectacles as a valuable learning experience for their youngsters. Many is the mother who can be heard admonishing the apple of her eye with the words, 'You see – that's what you'll get if you don't behave!'

As the party draws closer to the gardens, Dvorgar's terrified pleading gets more and more incoherent. Fear grips his tongue and he finds it hard to master even the simplest words. However, he does not change his story. He still insists that he had nothing to do with the death of Brass.

Forcing their way through the crowds, the Heroes see two robbers, bound and almost naked, being prodded towards the waiting plants by some Trolls. One of the Troll City Guards can be plainly heard grumbling about how the plants always seem to get the choicest specimens from the dungeons, while he has to make do with the old, the skinny and the crippled. His companion warns him to keep his voice down or he might just be the meat course on the next menu.

Suddenly there is a great rustle of leaves as the carnivorous plants envelop their victims and begin to nibble away at their flesh. The screams of the robbers are quite horrible and the Heroes, though hardened to violence through their chosen career, should *Test for Skill* to

avoid being, er, 'incapacitated' for a few moments. Dvorgar hasn't any lunch to lose and so faints clean away.

Problems?
If the Heroes still don't believe Dvorgar after this, they will never believe anything.

The Heroes may feel that they should try to rescue the robbers, but they have no chance against so many guards and a huge crowd of onlookers.

Turn to . . .
The Heroes should plainly take Dvorgar back to his house – he is not guilty of Brass's murder. Return to **Scene 8** and use the 'Turn to . . .' section there to determine where the hapless Heroes go next.

Scene 10 – We're Being Followed!

Location
As soon as the Heroes start asking questions about Brass in a public place (the most likely occasion being during a trip to the Dragon's Tooth), word of their activities will get back to the Guild of Thieves. From then on, anything they do will be observed by someone and reported back. Most of the Thieves' Guild's observers are either highly expert or are so much a part of the scenery that no one would give them a second glance, but a few are less practised and are quite likely to give themselves away.

This scene has two objectives: one is to set up an encounter at a Thieves' Den for a later scene; the other is to provide an action break in between the various investigative scenes that occur as the Heroes follow up their leads. You can choose exactly when to include this scene, based on how you think the action is going. Include it at a point when the Heroes are moving from one scene to another through the streets. Make *Aware-*

ness Special Skill (or basic SKILL) rolls for each Hero, including modifiers, and tell those who succeed that they think they are being watched. Describe the scene in the streets to them:

The streets of Port Blacksand are crowded and noisy, thronging with beggars, street traders and people going about their – mostly unlawful – business. It is impossible to go anywhere in the main streets without being seen by many people. Now you come to think about it, however, a lot of eyes seem to be turning in your direction. Blind beggars are staring directly at you. Street traders all appear to be trying to catch your eye. Children peer at you from behind stalls and wagons. From upstairs windows, women pause to mark your presence before throwing out their buckets of slop. It could, of course, be because you are rugged, well armed, good-looking, clean, or just strangers. Then again, it could be that someone is interested in your progress.

Plot Summary

The Heroes realize that they are being watched, and set about catching one of the watchers.

Cast List

Mickle, a street urchin whose abilities don't quite match his ambition. This lad has been sent to follow the Heroes by his masters in the Guild of Thieves. He has been told to stay well out of sight and simply report where the Heroes go and who they speak to. Unfortunately for him, Mickle is convinced that he is a brilliant thief and that he will have no trouble in getting close to the Heroes and overhearing what they are talking about. This over-confidence will be his undoing in just a few sentences time.

MICKLE SKILL 6 STAMINA 6
Social Scale 2 *Knife*

A cast of thousands, the people of Port Blacksand, are also busy watching the Heroes, for various reasons, but none of them is as easy to catch at it as Mickle is.

Props
You may want to use miniatures while the Heroes are trying to catch Mickle, but it should not really be necessary.

Action!
1. Catching the Tail
Once you have told the Heroes that they think they are being watched, they will probably do one of two things: either they will try to avoid the people watching them, or they will try to catch one of them and find out who sent him. Either way, they will end up catching Mickle.

If they are trying to *avoid* being watched, they will probably turn into a side alley. Even here there are one or two beggars and vagabonds, some perhaps taking a rest from a hard night's thieving by napping in a back

doorway. Or are they sleeping? In fact, the Thieves' Guild can watch the Heroes wherever they go; but Mickle is also determined to follow them everywhere. Once the Heroes turn down side alleys, he will stick out like a sore thumb. They are certain to stop him and will either set an ambush for him as described below, or simply chase him and catch him.

The classic way to catch someone tailing you goes like this: you turn a corner into a side alley as if trying to shake him off, and one of your number quickly hides in a doorway (by making a successful *Hide* Special Skill roll). The rest of the party quickly moves on, trying to get to the next corner before the tail spots that one of their number is missing. As the tail passes the Hero who has hidden, he is jumped upon and caught. This sort of thing is very effective and should work easily with Mickle. If your Heroes come up with any other plan, you'll have to assess its chances of success yourself. (Well, we can't do *all* the work, surely?)

2. Got Him!
Mickle may be over-confident in his abilities as a thief but, once caught, he will be very frightened and blab everything! Presumably the Heroes will ask him who he is, why he is following them, and who sent him. The young urchin replies thus, using the almost incomprehensibly arcane thieves' slang:

'All right, Guv'nor, yer got me fair 'n' square. Don't frow me in the chokey, I'll talk to yer. I'm Mickle, of the Guild of Thieves, matey, that's 'oo I am. They sent me to follow yer, Guv'nor. I'm ter report back on where yer go and 'oo yer talk to, see. Them upstairs, they've 'eard yer askin' questions about Mr Brass, the gawds bless 'is dear departed soul, an' they wants ter know what yer up ter.'

Further questions will presumably follow. Mickle was sent on this job by a thief called Grumbo. He belongs to a gang led by Master Urbin (a recently 'promoted' thief

master whom none of the Heroes will know of). He knows nothing of any dispute between the Kobassi brothers and the secret masters of the Guild. If asked to give an address where the Heroes can contact the Guild, he will name a house in The Noose. The Hero of *Midnight Rogue* will recognize this as a well-known den where he and other members of Rannik's gang used to hang out. Anyone making a successful roll against *World Lore* will know that The Noose is the shady riverside area around the Guild of Thieves.

The Heroes will probably let Mickle go after they have got their information. Unless they deliberately order him to cease following them, however, he will plainly be on their tail from now on.

Problems?
Mickle is the only person actively tailing the Heroes. All the other watchers simply note their presence and let them pass. There is therefore no way that the other

watchers could be caught or that the Heroes could prove that they are being watched.

If the Heroes try to threaten or question anyone in the main streets, the person they pick on will immediately pipe up with the traditional alarum cry of 'Help! Help! Robbery! Murder! Fire!' as loudly as possible. Everyone in the immediate area will instantly turn on the Heroes, shouting for the City Guard and pelting the Heroes with eggs, tomatoes and stones. The Heroes will have no option but to run for it and hide.

Turn to . . .
From here the Heroes have two options. If they wish, they may simply press on in the direction in which they were going when they noticed they were being watched. Alternatively, they can head straight for the Thieves' Den, in which case turn to **Scene 13**.

Scene 11 – A House in Mourning

Location
Brass's house is the large building on the corner of Short Street and Field Street, opposite the Field Gate. Above the doorway is a representation of Brass's badge, a coin. A black flag or sheet hangs from an upstairs window as a sign of mourning.

Note: because the Heroes get their best clue in this scene, it is best all round if they do not come to Brass's house until they have investigated several other options. In particular they should have checked up on Dvorgar by now. If your Heroes arrive at this scene too quickly, have a servant meet them at the door and tell them that the family is too distressed to see them now and that they should come back in an hour's time. The servant can also provide directions to Dvorgar's house if necessary.

Assuming they have arrived at the right time, the Heroes knock on the door and are admitted by a servant

who leads them into a large, marbled hallway. To their left, a wide stairway leads up to a balustraded landing. An ancient suit of full battle-armour, heavily inlaid with gold and silver, stands by the stairs. Veldik sits on the bottom step, playing tug-of-war with a huge, vicious-looking black dog. On seeing the Heroes he lets go of the old rag he was holding, which the dog proceeds to savage as if it were a rat, and comes to greet them.

Plot Summary
The Heroes interview Brass's family. They hear different opinions as to who may be responsible for Brass's death, and are promised a substantial reward if they can catch the villain.

Cast List
Veldik we have already met before.

Claudine, Brass's wife, is a middle-aged woman, grown fat on the proceeds of being married to a very rich man.

Although very upset, she is conscious of her place and responsibility and therefore remains calm and dignified when in company. Like her son and daughter, she wears black as a mark of respect for her dead husband.

Laurissa, the daughter of the house, is 18 years old and very pretty. Some of the more ambitious Heroes may get the idea of a profitable marriage during this scene. If they succeed in their quest, this is indeed a possibility. However, the girl is rich and pampered, and she expects that a future husband will keep her in the manner to which she has become accustomed. A man who spends his life roughing it around Allansia fighting unpleasantly scented monsters is unlikely to provide the sort of match that will make her happy. Laurissa has none of her mother's self-control and has been sobbing piteously ever since she heard the news of her father's death.

The new master of the house is Torbul. Although Brass had been doing his best to train his son in the ways of real life, the lad has not had the benefit of the tough upbringing on the streets of Port Blacksand that moulded his father's character. Were he to move to somewhere like Salamonis, he could probably make a reasonable living as a merchant, simply because he is so rich that only a disaster of the type that befell Waldo could do him any serious harm. It will shortly become obvious to the Heroes that in Port Blacksand the lad will not last very long unless he learns quickly.

TORBUL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10
Social Scale 5		*Special Skill: Bargain (10)*

Props

The Heroes will be well treated. This is a good opportunity to break out the coffee or soft drinks, biscuits and other refreshments. By this time you too are probably getting thirsty, because you have been doing a lot of talking. Remember that the meal will help restore 2 STAMINA points to any injured Hero.

Action!

1. Greetings

Veldik extends his hand to the Heroes and bids them welcome:

'There you are, my new friends. I'm so glad you could come. I've spoken to the young master about you, and he is keen to make use of your services. However, he has a lot of paperwork to get through today – Lord Azzur's death taxes are fearsomely complex – and he asks whether you would mind being entertained by his mother for a few moments while he finishes the most pressing of the papers.'

The Heroes have little choice but to agree, so they are ushered into the living-room, where Claudine and Laurissa are embroidering a funeral wrap for Brass. Laurissa weeps quietly as she works, dabbing pathetically at her red-rimmed eyes with a small black silk handkerchief.

2. The Wife's Tale

Brass's wife introduces herself and her daughter, and bids the Heroes welcome.

'Veldik has spoken very highly of you, good sirs, and we

value his opinion greatly. He has been a good servant to my poor, departed husband.'

At this point Laurissa breaks into hysterical sobbing.

'Please excuse my daughter. She has been quite distraught since we heard the news. There is nothing of importance that she can tell you. May she depart?'

Presumably the Heroes will nod with embarrassment, in which case the girl will trip daintily across to the stairs, trailing floods of tears as she goes. Claudine continues:

'My thanks; she loved her father so. Now, I presume that you wish to know about any enemies my husband might have had. I gather that this scoundrel Dvorgar has already fallen under suspicion. In my opinion, you should strike him from your list of suspects. If he did ever have the courage to try to murder anyone, he'd be sure to bungle the deed. No, in my opinion you have to look no further than the Guild of Thieves. I never much liked the way my husband dealt with those cut-throats. Oh, he said it was essential for business, and in this wicked city he was probably right, but it just goes against the natural order of things. Mr Rannik was always trusted by my late husband, I admit, but those Kobassi brothers would sell anything if they thought it would earn them a few extra coppers. We had to entertain them here once, you know. They have the table manners of swine from the fields, and the way they leered at poor Laurissa, well, I'd have thrown them out on their ears.

'You know, what I would do if I were you is to go and have it out with them. They're a craven lot at heart, and the sight of a group of genuine Heroes will plant fear in their black hearts. I'm sure I don't know where you can find them, but there is a big old house in The Noose which many of those thugs frequent. Go there and bang a few heads together, and I'm sure they'll soon tell you everything you need to know, curse them!'

Claudine has little else of use that she can tell the Heroes; she manages to turn the answer to any question into another tirade against the Kobassi brothers. She knows of no motive that they may have – but then people that wicked don't need one, do they? To them,

stealing is like eating and drinking is to normal people. If asked about the amount of money that Dvorgar owed, she says with conviction that she believes it was only in the order of 300 Gold Pieces. If asked about payment for the Heroes' services (although surely no one would be quite so common?), she says that only her son can decide that.

When the Heroes seem to be running out of questions, she offers to go and see if her son will see them now. At that very moment Torbul opens a door and walks in.

3. The Son's Tale

'There is no need, Mother, for I have been listening. You may leave us now. My apologies, gentlemen, if you think me rude, but before engaging you I wished to discover how honourable you were. Therefore I decided to find out how you would behave with two grieving women. I am happy to say that I am only too pleased to employ you. Would a sum of 250 Gold Pieces each as a retainer, and a further 750 Gold

Pieces each when you bring the villain – or villains – to justice, be sufficient for your needs?'

If the Heroes have lost Waldo's goods, they might note that this is almost enough to pay the merchant back, depending on how many of them there are. Assuming that the Heroes accept this generous offer (they may try to haggle the reward up a little, but he won't budge from his position; his *Bargain* Skill may even force the price down!) Torbul goes on to relate what he knows of his father's affairs:

'The matter with Dvorgar, I'm afraid, was my fault. My father would never deal with the man directly, nor would I, but he was working through a middle man and I neglected to check up on the deal. It is only a small sum, some 300 Gold Pieces. No assassin would work for that kind of sum.

'I know my mother sees the shadowy hands of the Kobassi brothers as being behind all this. She may be right; but I have spoken to a man called Rannik who is senior in the Guild of Thieves and who knew my father well. He says that there was no dispute between the Kobassis and my father. Indeed, he was carrying wares of theirs on his caravan when he died.

'That, I'm afraid, leaves us rather in the dark. Plenty of people feared or envied him, but not so much that they would hire a sorcerous assassin. There is just one other possibility, something that only my father and I know about.

'You see, since I was very small I have suffered from a curse. Every night when I sleep, I am compelled to leave my bed and walk the house. Sometimes I have even opened a window

and gone out into the street! For my own safety, I've taken to wearing a long white robe, in the hope that – if I do venture out – anyone I meet will mistake me for a ghost. I've no idea why I am compelled to sleepwalk in this manner; most times I can't even remember doing it. Anyway, my father tried everything he knew to cure me. He asked every wizard he met, and went to every temple in every town he visited, but no one seemed to be able to help.

'Well, a few weeks ago he came to me, very excited, saying that he had met the followers of a religion he had never heard of before, from a sect based in this very city. It claimed to be based on teachings recovered from the distant past when the ancient city this one stands upon was thriving. He hoped that they would have knowledge that has since been lost to our modern priests.

'As I say, that conversation took place a few weeks ago. He gave them quite a large sum of money and did some work for them; but after that he began to have doubts, suspecting that they had lied about their ancient knowledge in order to

swindle him out of his money. That was the last I heard about them. When he began to fall out with them, my father grew very reluctant to discuss the matter.

'It is not much, but it is the only clue I have to offer. I'm afraid my father never told me where these people could be found. I only know that they are followers of a deity they call Elim. Your best chance is to speak to Rannik, the Master Thief. His people know most of what goes on in this city. If anyone can find these people for you, he can. Has my mother already told you about the house in The Noose? Good, go there, ask for Rannik, and say I sent you. And find whoever killed my father.'

Torbul has no other useful information to impart. If asked about his sister's availability for marriage, he gives the questioner an odd look, and says that he will not discuss the matter until his father's killer has been brought to justice.

Problems?
It is possible that the Heroes behave so badly with Claudine and Laurissa that Torbul would be unlikely to employ them. If this does happen, have him scold them for their behaviour and give them a chance to apologize. After all, the adventure will not get very much further unless they do!

Turn to . . .
If the Heroes have been turned away at the door, turn to whichever of the other investigation scenes in Port Blacksand they choose. If the scene went as planned, the Heroes will surely make straight for the Thieves' Den in The Noose; turn to **Scene 13**.

Scene 12 – Madame Star

Location
Madame Star, the clairvoyant, has a cottage in The Noose; by day she inhabits a small tented stall in the Market Square, where she reads fortunes for people. She has a small table, covered with a bright cloth on

which stands a crystal ball. Incense sticks burn in small pots in the corners, making the atmosphere sweet and mysterious by turns. There is one small chair for her and another for the questioner. Other Heroes will have to stand, and it will be quite crowded in the little tent.

Market Square is itself in the very centre of Port Blacksand and is always packed with stalls selling all sorts of wares. The townsfolk mill around, examining goods, haggling over prices and keeping a keen eye open for the ever-present pickpockets.

Plot Summary
The Heroes have their fortunes told. Not all the news is good.

Cast List
Madame Star is a short, plump woman who dresses in bright clothes and usually wears a patterned scarf over her head. She is quite old and speaks slowly in a croaky voice. In order to get good business, she puts on a great show about her work, making it sound as complicated and mysterious as possible. Poor folk are easily taken in by this mumbo-jumbo, but the Heroes, who are used *to dealing with real sorcerers, may find it rather transparent.*

The clairvoyant is not a great sorceress; but those spells she does know, she uses well. Normally she cheats, using her *ESP* spell to read her customers' thoughts and then telling them what they want to hear. However, she also has a very good intuition for people for whom fate

has much in store. In these cases she uses the much more difficult *See Future* spell. This costs her 6 STAMINA points and lets her see brief scenes in the future life (no more than two days ahead) of one specific person. Such visions she always relays honestly and accurately, although the spell's results cannot always be taken literally; she is too afraid of the gods to lie about such things.

MADAME STAR SKILL 10 STAMINA 10
Special Skill: Magic (12)
Social Scale 3 *Spells: Stamina, ESP, See Future*

Props
A glass or transparent plastic ball, and a shawl to put over your head. You can wear a bright yellow dress as well if you really want to – but don't blame us if your friends laugh at you!

Action!
Madame Star charges 2 Gold Pieces for a consultation. Assuming one of the Heroes agrees to pay, the clairvoyant begins her act. Lighting two candles, she begins to wave her hands over her crystal ball and mumbles incoherently. This is supposed to be a magic spell, but to the Heroes it sounds more like baby talk. Eventually she bends low over the ball and begins to speak.

'The mists part and I begin to see. Ah, yes! It is becoming clear now. I see a house in the city, a large house quite near here. You enter. Your friends are with you. The house is full. There are many men. They are a vicious, wicked lot. They do not like you. I see violence! Death! OH!

'No, wait! The scene is changing. It is dark. Night has fallen, but there is a greater darkness, something magical, something evil. I fear it. You enter another building. There is chanting, men in robes, and a great man made of gold. HE LIVES! HE LIVES! I see him walking through the city, destroying buildings! NO!!'

With a scream the clairvoyant turns away from her crystal and buries her face in her hands. After taking a few moments to regain her composure, she stands and gestures to the door of the tent:

'Go! Go now! Go far away from here! Your meddling has loosed a great evil on the world. Now it seems it will destroy the city. Begone, before it is too late!'

She can tell them nothing more and shoos them from her stall with panicky gestures. Once the Heroes have left, Madame Star shuts up shop and goes home to pack her things and warn her friends to leave the city at once.

Problems?

Madame Star will not look in her crystal again for the Heroes, no matter how much gold they offer her. What she has seen has plainly terrified her. She fears that if she looks again she may see her own death as Port Blacksand is destroyed.

The clairvoyant's reading is so doom-laden that the Heroes may be sufficiently disturbed to go to Nicodemus and ask for his advice. He will not be pleased to see them, especially if they have been there before. He will tell them that the old woman doesn't fully understand the powers she has and often misinterprets the signs. The vision of the golden man striding along the streets and destroying houses, for example, could simply mean that the follower of some religious sect is going to cause damage in the city. In his opinion, the Heroes should not take seriously anything the old crone says.

Having discovered that Madame Star has real magical powers, one of the Heroes may be interested in learning the *See Future* spell. The clairvoyant will be delighted, both at being taken seriously and with the payment (1500 Gold Pieces, according to the rules given in *Dungeoneer*). Once the adventure is over and the threat to the city has been halted, Madame Star will return to

her booth, and will then be in a position to teach the spell. Bear in mind when using the spell that the visions the caster conjures up are brief and confusing. Don't give too much away, and be especially careful not to predict anything unless you can be fairly sure it will happen!

Turn to . . .
From here the Heroes can go to any of the other places in Port Blacksand they know of that may help in their investigations. These are likely to be:

The Dragon's Tooth – turn to **Scene 6**.
Brass's house – turn to **Scene 11**.
Dvorgar's house – turn to **Scene 8**.
Nicodemus's house – turn to **Scene 7**.

If the Heroes have already been to the Dragon's Tooth, they can also have the street encounter in **Scene 10**. Details of how to get to this are given in the 'Turn to . . .' section of *Scene 6*.

Scene 13 – A Den of Thieves!

Location
The Thieves' Den is located in a large house on the edge of The Noose, an area of the city between the Market Square and the river. When the Heroes open the large front door, they see a great hall crammed with ugly-looking people. There is a door at the far end, and stairs lead up to a balcony from which another door leads off. Everyone turns to stare. Slowly the Heroes walk into the hall. Someone shuts the door behind them. Gap-toothed grins break out on swarthy faces.

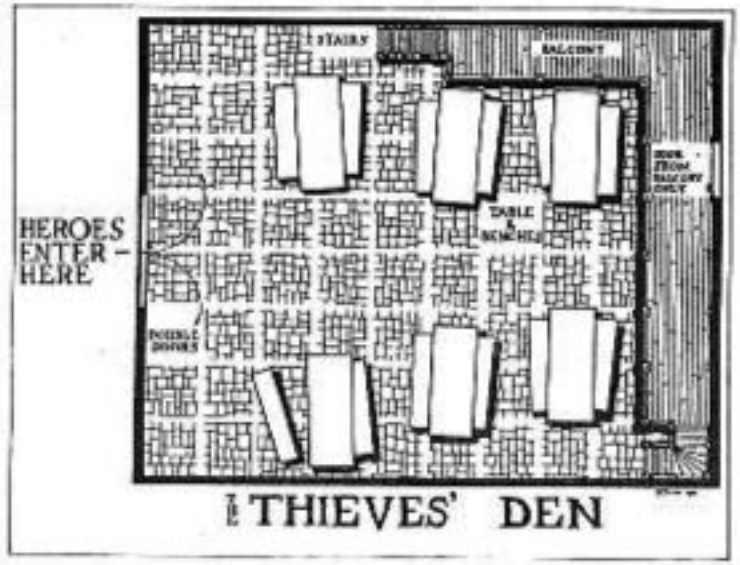

Plot Summary
The Heroes are not made welcome. Rannik arrives and life becomes altogether more pleasant.

Cast List

The thieves are a motley bunch of ruffians. As well as vagabonds, cut-throats, thugs and pickpockets, the den is swarming with smelly, scabrous beggars. Most people seem to suffer from nasty scars, several missing teeth and bad breath. Not one of them has washed for at least a month. This place is probably the nearest that lice and fleas will find to heaven.

There are as many thieves as the Heroes can hope to kill, plus a whole lot more.

THIEVES each SKILL 9 STAMINA 8
Social Scale 0–3 *Sword* or *Dagger*

Rannik is one of the five Master Thieves of Port Blacksand. He has survived in that position for many years, despite the best attempts of his subordinates to murder him and take his place. A man with such abilities is not to be trifled with.

Tall, dark, and sporting a neatly groomed black moustache, Rannik has made his name by daring acts of thievery that have led some Guild members to accuse him of sorcery. In fact he has nothing to help him other than his finely honed thieving skills and the sort of rakish charm which allows him to mix freely with the rich and powerful while simultaneously depriving them of their finest possessions.

RANNIK SKILL 12 STAMINA 22
Special Skills: Awareness (14), Hide (14), Lock Picking (13), Secret Signs (15), Sleight of Hand (16), Sneak (14), Disguise (13), Trap Knowledge (14), City Lore (15), Con (14), Throwing Knife (16), Climb (14), Jump (14)
Social Scale 6 *Sword, Throwing Knife*

Props

If you use miniatures to control fight-scenes, dig out as many human figures as you can find. If several of them are deformed and crippled, so much the better (but don't break their legs off for the sake of this adventure – you may need them whole again later).

Action!

1. An Overly Warm Welcome

As the Heroes look nervously around at the sea of grinning faces, one of the larger thieves begins to speak:

'Well, lookee here, what do we have visiting our little home? Looks to me like some of those smart-alecky adventurer types. Thinks they're mighty tough, they does. Do all this dragon-killing and princess-rescuing – and they thinks that because a whole bunch of 'em gang up on a frightened little lizard they're some sort of heroes. Well, we're not afraid of 'em, are we, lads? Nor do we like 'em coming into our 'ome without so much as an invitation. GET 'EM, BOYS!!'

If the Hero from *Midnight Rogue* is with the Heroes, he may be recognized. Allow him a roll against his *Disguise* Special Skill if he is using it, or a *Test for Luck*. If he is spotted one of the thieves will yell out:

'It's [whatever name his player has chosen]*! There's a price on his head. Get him!'*

The thieves pile into the Heroes. Although there are lots of them, the room is crowded and there is only ever room for two thieves to fight one Hero at any given time. If the Heroes are smart, they will form a circle, with their weaker colleagues – such as a spellcaster – safe in the middle.

2. Rannik Arrives

Once the fight has gone on for a few Attack Rounds and the Heroes have taken a few wounds each, it is time to bring a stop to the proceedings before they get killed. A commanding voice rings out from the balcony:

'STOP!!! All of you, that's quite ENOUGH! What is going on here?'

The thieves back off immediately. Looking up, the Heroes see a lithe, handsome man leap gracefully down to ground level with a single bound.

'Well, you must be the people Brass's family have hired. My name is Rannik. I'm in charge here. I'm sorry about the lack of courtesy in your welcome but – well, what do you expect

from a bunch of thieves and cut-throats? If you'd like to come this way, we can talk in private.'

And with no more ado, the Master Thief leads the party to a private room, thickly panelled with wood, where he assures them they cannot be overheard. Presumably the Heroes will tell Rannik their tale and ask for any help or information he might give. He knows little of magic and tries to avoid sorcery wherever possible, but he knows of the Silent Death Demon and will thank the Heroes warmly on behalf of his assassin brothers for destroying this rival for their business.

Dvorgar and the Kobassis: If the Heroes have not yet been to Brass's house, they will presumably ask about Dvorgar and the Kobassi brothers. This is what Rannik has to say on the subject:

'Well, you can discount Dvorgar from your inquiries. The man has such a bad reputation around these parts that no one in his right mind will do business with him. About the only people he can get to work for him now are those we expel from the Guild for incompetence.

'I don't know whether you'll believe me about this, but I can assure you that the Guild had nothing to do with Brass's death. Of course the Kobassis are out to run the Guild, and they'd have my head if they could. That's the way we run things round here, survival of the cunningest. But Brass wasn't part of that. He made it quite clear that he didn't want an office in the Guild and that he would work with all of us. What I do know is that Brass's caravan was carrying goods off a pirate ship owned by the Kobassis when he died. They would make a tidy sum when he sold the stuff for them, and they must be pretty angry themselves about what happened.'

The Mystery Religious Cult: If the Heroes have already been to Brass's house, they will be more interested in the mysterious new religion mentioned by Torbul. Rannik has heard little of them:

'Hmm, yes, I remember Brass mentioning them to me at one time. Priests of Elim, I believe he said. They didn't seem to be very active, so we didn't follow them up. No point in robbing temples until they've got enough worshippers to bring in a haul worth our while. But I can find them for you, if you like. There isn't a nook or cranny in this city that my men

can't spy on. I could probably tell you what was happening in Lord Azzur's palace if you wanted to know, though that information comes very expensive. As Brass was a good friend of mine, I'll find you these priests of Elim for free. Give my lads an hour or two and we'll be able to tell you where they can be found. You can't say fairer than that, can you?'

Problems?

What happens if anyone dies in the fight? Well, it's up to you to control the moment when Rannik arrives so as to prevent any Heroes being killed. If some of the thieves died, Rannik will not be too upset:

'Hmm, their friends will be unhappy; but you're not Guild folk and therefore not bound by our rules. I'd watch your backs when you're out in the city, but I'll not hold it against you. Kill or be killed, that's how we run things here.'

If the Hero from *Midnight Rogue* is with the party, Rannik will be presented with a more serious problem:

'Ah, my friend, you shouldn't have come back here. There's still a price on your head, you know. Not much, only 200, but that's quite enough to excite those ruffians out there. I won't turn you in – with friends like you've got, I'd be mad to; but I'm honour bound to report that I've seen you here. As I'm sure you recall, now that the price has been announced you can clear yourself by paying an equal amount to the Kobassi brothers yourself. I guess you deal in that sort of money these days, so I'll make the arrangements for you if you wish. Otherwise, watch your back very closely. There'll be at least one assassin on your trail before the sun goes down.'

Rannik will be as good as his word and can do a deal with the Kobassis for the Hero. If the Hero chooses to take the risk, he will have an interesting encounter later in the adventure. Presumably the Heroes will not be daft enough to attack Rannik. If they do, they'll never find the priests of Elim, and will have to leave the city very quickly – if they manage to fight their way out of the Thieves' Den!

Turn to . . .

By early evening Rannik's men will have got the information that the Heroes need. Given that a little breaking and entering is in order, Rannik will suggest that the Heroes wait until night has fallen – if no one in the party has already worked that out for themselves. As soon as it gets dark, turn to **Scene 14**.

Scene 14 – Night Raid

Location

Rannik and one of his men, Jak, lead the Heroes through the darkened streets to the place where the priests of Elim have their temple. After a tense walk (thankfully undisturbed by the attentions of any patrolling City Guards), they arrive at their destination, a medium-sized house in Wall Street. The building looks ordinary enough, but Jak says he's been inside and he reckons that there is a big cellar where most of the action takes place. The building is well locked, but Jak has found an upstairs window that is accessible from an alley and can be forced. The Heroes will have to get in that way, too.

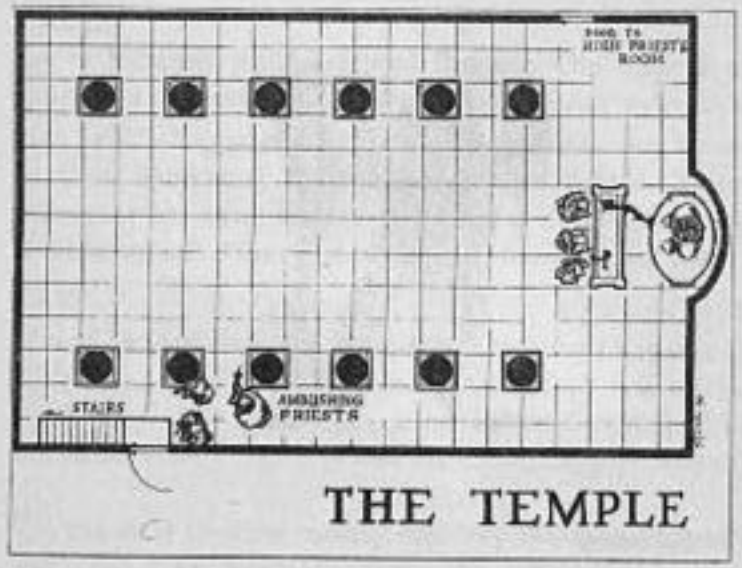

Once inside, the Heroes will want to make their way to where the priests are. Like Jak, they will find the upstairs

rooms deserted and unused. The same is true of the ground floor, but the staircase leads straight on down into the cellar. It is a long way down.

At the bottom of the stairs is a huge room, some 6 metres high, 12 metres wide and 20 metres long. At the far end is an alcove in which stands a giant statue of a man (or possibly a god?) made entirely of brass. In front of the statue is an altar, heavily stained with blood! Pillars are placed at strategic intervals to hold up the ceiling. Depending on how stealthy the Heroes are, they may see the priests at prayer. At the far side of the room is a door which is currently closed. For more details, see the plan.

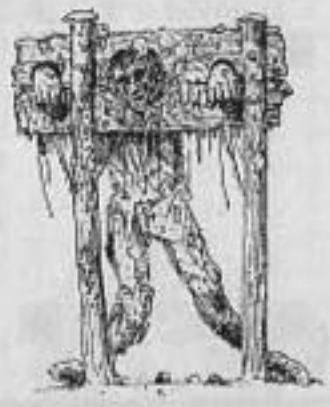

Plot Summary
With help from Rannik and the Guild, the Heroes locate the temple of the priests of Elim and raid it. Taking exception to this the priests foolishly decide to fight.

Cast List
Jak is Rannik's most talented burglar. The man is as quiet as a cat and as agile as a monkey. After a drink or two he will happily boast that he can get into any house in Port Blacksand, even Lord Azzur's palace. If the Heroes ever take him up on this it could make an interesting adventure – if a painfully unsuccessful one.

JAK SKILL 9 STAMINA 16
Special Skills: Climb (14), Jump (12), Throwing Dagger (11), Hide (12) Lock Picking (14), Secret Signs (11), Sneak (16), Trap Knowledge (12)
Social Scale 3 *Throwing Knife, Daggers (several)*

The priests of Elim are mostly ordinary Blacksand townsfolk who have been lured into the priesthood by the promise of long-lost knowledge and have become corrupted by the evil ways of their new masters (as if the

people of Blacksand needed extra corrupting!). They wear plain black robes and carry the same short stabbing swords once used by the Legions of Carsepolis (see *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* in *Dungeoneer*). Provide one priest for each Hero.

PRIESTS	each SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
Social Scale 2		*Sword*

The High Priest has more ornate robes, again in the standard black of the priesthood. He has some sorcerous powers, but is a coward when it comes to hand-to-hand fighting, preferring to let his underlings or summoned Demons do the dirty work. Note that he has several unusual new spells which are taught only by the church of Elim:

Summon Demonspawn: Requires 8 STAMINA points to cast and summons 1–7 (roll 1 die then add 1) Demonspawn from the Demonic Plane to do the caster's bidding. The Demonspawn will remain under the caster's control for 1–6 hours (roll 1 die), after which time they regain their independence. Their first act on becoming free is probably to try to kill the person who has been ordering them about. To get rid of rebellious Demonspawn, the magician must cast the *Summon Demonspawn* spell backwards.

Summon Silent Death: Also requires 8 STAMINA points to cast but summons only one Silent Death Demon. The object of the summoning is NOT under the control of the caster and, if he wishes to live, the mage must immediately cast a second, binding spell:

Bind Silent Death: A 6 STAMINA point spell, this one binds the Silent Death Demon in an object prepared for the purpose by the caster. This object must be present when the spell is cast, and the caster must specify clearly the rules which govern the behaviour of the Demon. The one that the High Priest used to bind the Demon that killed Brass went like this: *'You will be bound to this candle. When it is lit, you may come to this plane and claim your prey. You may remain here until you have killed at least one person. At all other times you must remain in the Demonic Plane.'* This makes it quite easy to send the Demon back where he belongs. Silent Death Demons are quite smart and will use any loophole in the rules given to disobey their summoner.

Awaken Brass Golem: This spell, requiring 4 STAMINA points, is used to trigger the awakening of the Golem (the large statue by the altar). It is useless without the Oil of Life and a mechanical heart, which are made separately. The High Priest does not know how to make these items. (See the next two scenes for more information about Golems and how they are made.)

It is likely that the High Priest will engage in a magical duel with some of the Heroes. That is why we've given him some LUCK, though he should be able to *Counter-Spell* anything they throw at him.

HIGH PRIEST SKILL 12 STAMINA 17 LUCK 6
Social Scale 6 *Special Skill: Priest Magic (14)*
Spells: Darkness, Fear, Holy Command, Blind, Counter-Spell, Fog, Awaken Brass Golem, Restrain, Bind Silent Death, Summon Demonspawn, Summon Silent Death

Demonspawn are made from the vast legions of unclaimed souls that wander the endless wastes of the Underworld. Their forms are varied, but are usually humanoid, with a few bits missing or added on, and covered in foul slime. Instead of eyes they have large, shadowy pits which serve as sense organs. A fuller description of these creatures can be found in *Out of the Pit*.

Demonspawn can be harmed only by magical weapons or spells. You should use twice as many Demonspawn as there are enchanted weapons in the party, up to a maximum of 7 (the most that the High Priest can summon at once).

DEMONSPAWN SKILL 6 STAMINA 6
Large Claws

(Note: More information about Elim and Carsepolis can be found in *Titan*, and a priest of Elim also features in the adventure *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* in *Dungeoneer*.)

Props
Once again, miniatures can be used to good effect to help the players visualize what is going on during the fight.

Action!

1. Break-in

Jak and Rannik lead the Heroes to a side alley and point out the window through which Jak entered the building. They promise to watch out for the City Guard and provide help if need be, but they will not enter the house. Fighting evil priests who may have demonic guards is a job for Heroes, not common thieves.

If none of the Heroes has a magical weapon, Rannik will lend them one before they go. It isn't the best of swords, he says, but they may need it if supernatural goings-on are involved. The sword gives no bonuses on the Damage Table, but it does affect Demons normally. Rannik will make it crystal clear that he wants the sword back when the Heroes return.

In order to get into the house, the Heroes must successfully roll against *Climb* and *Sneak* Skills (or basic SKILL). If one of the *Sneak* rolls fails, the Heroes enter the house safely but Rannik and Jak have to run off because the City Guard turns up. If a *Climb* roll fails, the Hero falls, making a loud noise (make a roll on the Damage Table as if he had been hit by a Club). The City Guard will turn up and rolls against *Hide* are required from anyone not in the house. If a *Hide* roll fails, the Hero in question can *Test for Luck* to avoid being seen. In the

unlikely event of all of these rolls failing, those Heroes still outside the house, plus Jak and Rannik, will have to flee through the streets. Rannik will explain that as soon as a fight starts the Guard will turn up in large numbers, so there is no point in fighting. The Heroes who managed to get inside the house will have to tackle the priests by themselves!

Once in the house, another roll against *Sneak* is required to get on to the landing, and two more are needed to descend the stairs as far as the cellar. Further *Sneak* Skill rolls are required for each room the Heroes wish to investigate. There are three other rooms on the first floor and four on the ground floor; as Jak reported, all are empty. If any of the *Sneak* Skill rolls in the house fails, the priests will be aware of the Heroes' presence. (Mr Director, make this section as agonizingly creepy as possible, by emphasizing the extreme quiet of the house and the loud creaking noises every Hero's footstep

creates. They should be nervous wrecks by the time they get down to the cellar!)

2. The Temple

The Heroes may think that the night is a good time to catch people unawares, but this is the time when the priests of Elim are up and about, worshipping the Darkness. If the priests have been alerted by a failed *Sneak* Skill roll, they will be in hiding at the bottom of the stairs, waiting to ambush the Heroes. They will get one Attack Round of free blows before the Heroes can react. If the priests are not alerted, they will be found praying in front of the altar. They will turn and attack as soon as the Heroes make a noise.

Sneak Skill rolls with a penalty of −5 are required to sneak up on the priests while they are at prayer. Run any stealthy sneaking as you would a combat, with the Heroes using the combat movement rate (one 2-metre square per Attack Round) and rolling against *Sneak* Skill each Round.

Once the fight has started, give the Heroes a couple of Attack Rounds to get stuck in, then introduce the real villain. The door at the far side of the temple room opens and the High Priest peers in.

3. The High Priest of Elim

As mentioned above, the High Priest is a coward who prefers to fight from a distance. His first act will be to summon some Demonspawn to fight for him. He will keep on casting this spell until it succeeds or until he has to cast *Stamina* because he is running out. Once the Demonspawn have been summoned, he will attack any Heroes he sees using magic, trying to *Fear* them or send them to *Sleep*. Once he has got rid of any spellcasters, he will turn his attention to the strongest-looking warrior, using his *Force Bolt* for preference and attacking anyone with magic weapons first. If any Hero gets close enough to hit him, he will concentrate on that Hero, trying *Fear* first and *Darkness*, followed by simply running away if that doesn't work.

Once all of the priests are dead or asleep, move on to **Scene 15**.

Problems?

It is possible that the Heroes could lose this one. It should not be your objective to kill them all off; that never makes for a very entertaining film. On the other hand, the closer they are to losing, the more exciting it will be. It is quite difficult to judge a fight like this and get the outcome right.

However, if the Heroes are doing particularly badly, there are a couple of things you could do. First, you could fiddle some of the rolls of the Demonspawn so that they don't win many Attack Rounds. In addition, the High Priest could become over-confident and not do anything for a few Rounds. In the end, however, it is down to the Heroes to win the fight, not for you to win it for them.

The Heroes may wish to capture some of the villains and hand them over to the city authorities for trial. Perhaps you should point out to them that the local authority is Lord Azzur, possibly the only person in the world more evil and nasty than a priest of Elim . . .

Turn to . . .
Well, they *were* an unfriendly lot, weren't they? Still, they won't bother anyone any more. Trouble is, the Heroes are still not certain that the priests were responsible for Brass's murder. Perhaps the room that the High Priest came from holds some clues. Turn to **Scene 15**.

If the Heroes recognize the Golem (large statue by the altar) as the huge, destructive figure from Madame Star's predictions and decide to destroy it before doing anything else, it will take exception to their unfriendly behaviour. Given the urgency of the situation, the Heroes will have to miss out on the clue-hunting and go straight to **Scene 16**.

Scene 15 – Who Are These Guys Anyway?

Location
The High Priest's sanctuary is a small room off the main temple. It is sparsely furnished, containing only a desk and a chair. On the desk are two books and a letter. In one drawer of the desk are 23 Gold Pieces and a small glass bottle, now empty. The two books are a spell book and a book of ceremonies for the worship of Elim.

Plot Summary
The Heroes examine the temple, looking for clues to where this mysterious priesthood has come from. They get a sinking feeling that they know who is responsible for loosing this evil on the world.

Cast List
No one (except the Heroes).

Props
Several items could be presented to the Heroes. The first is the letter from Sargon (for it is he) to the High

Priest; write this out, just as you did Brass's letters. For the High Priest's books you ideally want some large ancient volumes bound in human skin – but if you don't have any of those readily to hand (!), substitute something similar. An old food-colouring bottle, preferably with some dregs of strange liquid inside, will do splendidly for the bottle.

Action!
The Heroes will doubtless wish to examine the books and letter to see what they reveal. The contents of the spell book are listed under the description of the High Priest in the last scene. The ceremonies book is far too lurid to decribe in a book for sale to persons of tender years, but it does reveal a little about the beliefs of the Elimites.

Elim, as careful readers of *Titan* will know, was one of three ancient deities worshipped in the far distant past.

These three – Elim, Ashra and Vuh (meaning Darkness, Light and Life) – were held to be responsible for giving life to the Celestial Court, the present gods of Titan. Elim, or so his followers believe, is unhappy with the result of his work, and wishes to return the universe to dark, primeval Chaos. Most of the priests are no more keen on that idea than anyone else; but they believe that, helping Elim by promoting small amounts of Chaos, they will be granted great powers. Their ceremonies, as you might expect, involve lots of evil prayers and blood-letting.

The letter will be of most interest to the Heroes. The text is reproduced below:

Nagrin,

You have done well. I like well the whimsy of using the man called Brass to aid in the construction of our man of brass. He has served his purpose. Silence him now, for he knows too much. Enclosed are the two items that you need to complete the work, the Heart and the Oil of Life. Cast the enchantment of awakening as I taught you, together with the appropriate sacrifices – no beggars, mind you, our Dark Lord needs to be fed well – and the spirit of Elim will come to inhabit the Golem.

My mission is progressing well. Temples have been established in Halak, Rimon, Salamonis and Fang, and our brotherhood grows daily. It will not be long now before kings and princes tremble once more at the name of Elim.

The letter is signed 'Sargon, Primate of the Revived Church of Elim'.

The drawer in the desk is locked and has a trap built into it. A *Lock Picking* Skill roll is required to open it, or a roll against *Strength* at −5. If the Hero opening the drawer asks to check for traps, he sees that there is one and has the choice of leaving well alone or trying his *Trap Knowledge* Skill. If he doesn't ask to look for traps, he must make the *Trap Knowledge* roll anyway, but with a −5 penalty. If the *Trap Knowledge* roll fails, the Hero must roll two dice and deduct the result from his STAMINA, because of a poisoned needle. A successful *Test for Luck* will halve the damage. All that is in the drawer is the empty bottle (it once held the Oil of Life) and the money.

Once the Heroes have digested all this and worked out who is responsible for unleashing the evil of the Elimites on the world once more, it is time for the Golem to make its dramatic appearance. A big brass hand appearing round the door and grabbing someone would be a suitably heart-stopping entrance (assuming, as is likely, that the Heroes are so fascinated by the books and the letter that they quite forget to keep an eye on what is happening in the temple).

Problems?
Having captured a book full of interesting new spells, some of the Heroes may decide that Demon-summoning sounds fun. This is not acceptable behaviour for Heroes. The supernatural is the domain of the Bad Guys, and it is the task of all Heroes to rid the world of Bad Guys. In case they should be tempted, note only that none of the problems associated with the spells mentioned above are referred to in the Elimites' book. If any of the Heroes try to learn the spells, they will almost certainly die horribly after failing to take all the proper protective precautions. Let that be a warning to them about the perils of dabbling in Dark Magic.

Turn to . . .
Large brass Golems can hardly be allowed to roam the streets, even in so evil a place as Port Blacksand. In such a situation there is only one thing that true Heroes can do – which is just as well, because the Golem too is spoiling for a fight. Turn to **Scene 16** as fast as you can.

Scene 16 – The Golem Walks

Location
We're still in the temple, but the fight quickly spreads into the street, where more mayhem can ensue.

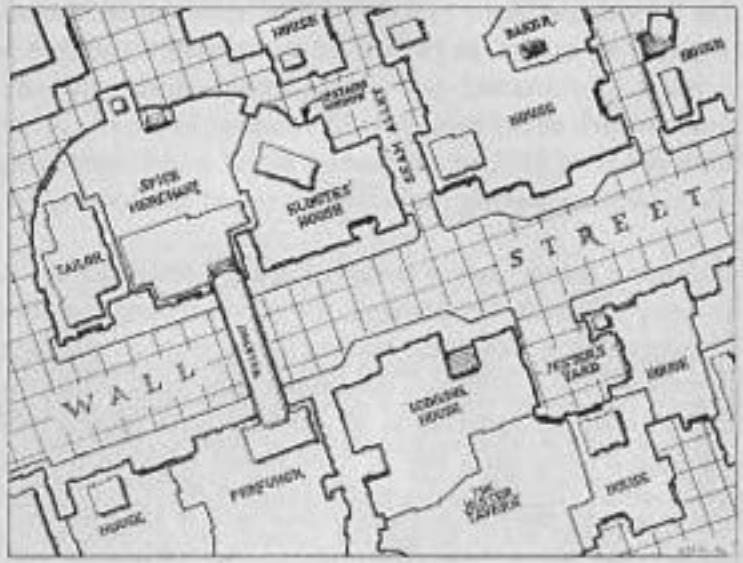

Plot Summary
Having started with a man called Brass, the adventure ends with a man *of* brass. This fellow is considerably bigger, much less friendly, and has a nasty way of knocking down buildings.

Cast List
A Golem is a large artificial man animated by the power of sorcery. Normally they are made the easy way, out of wood, stone or dead flesh (Frankenstein's Monster

was a Flesh Golem). The one in this adventure is of a different order altogether. It is made of brass, carefully and beautifully crafted into an earthly representation of the God Elim. Brass (or any other metal) Golems cannot be simply conjured at will, as some sorcerers do with the Wood and Stone types. A lot of intricate metalwork is required, as well as two very special items: the first is a heart, constructed out of the finest clockwork and made to tick at the same rate as a human heart; the other item is Oil of Life, an enchanted liquid which lubricates the Golem's working parts and serves as its blood.

Because a metal Golem is such a sturdy construction, it is very difficult to damage it. After rolling on the Damage Table, you must reduce the amount of damage done to it by 2 points. This means that most weapons cannot hurt the creature at all, and a normal sword will damage it only on a roll of 6 or more! Mighty Blows, meanwhile, simply do normal damage. Fortunately there are two easier ways to kill the Golem: by getting at its vital functions.

The first option is to destroy its mechanical heart; this is hidden behind a special plate on the Golem's chest. Because the Golem is so big, the plate can be hit only with a missile weapon or by the Hero whom the Golem is bending down to strike at. Any accurate hit, whether it does damage or not, will dislodge the plate; but it is small and the Hero must successfully *Test for Luck* to hit it. Having done that, the heart becomes visible. A second successful *Test for Luck* will destroy the heart and the Golem will cease to live.

The other alternative is to drain out the Oil of Life. This is kept inside the Golem's body by means of a small brass plug, which is disguised as the Golem's belly-button. Again, it is too high to reach normally and a *Test for Luck* is required to hit it. Once hit, the plug will fall out and the Oil will begin to drain away. The Golem will lose 4 STAMINA points each Attack Round from then on, until it is dead. (More information about Golems can be found in *Out of the Pit*.)

BRASS GOLEM SKILL 10 STAMINA 30
2 Attacks; Very Large Claws

A second hazard – an *Assassin*. If the Hero of *Midnight Rogue* is with the party, there will now be an assassin looking for him. This woman wears the traditional dark cloak and will turn up during the general mêlée at the end of the scene.

ASSASSIN SKILL 10 STAMINA 14
Special Skills: Sword (12), Disguise (11), Dodge (12), Hide (12), Awareness (12), Sneak (14)
Social Scale unknown *Sword*

People of Port Blacksand. Once the Golem is out in the street, all sorts of people will dash out and engage in the general mêlée. A typical Blacksander has the following abilities:

BLACKSANDER SKILL 6 STAMINA 6
Social Scale 1–4 *Sword* or *Club*

Props
Miniatures can be used to control the fight. If you use standard-sized metal miniatures, the Golem should be about 8–10 cm tall.

Action!
1. In the Temple
After the fight with the High Priest and his Demonspawn, the Heroes may well be in no fit state to take on the Golem. If this is the case they will probably retreat up the stairs, looking for a place where the Golem will be at a disadvantage because of its size. If not, you will need another reason for getting the Golem into the streets. Perhaps it is damaged and itself flees, or perhaps it has had enough of tossing the Heroes around and grows bored. Either way, the objective here is to set the Golem crashing up the stairs, out of the building and into the streets where it can do King Kong impressions to its mechanical heart's content. Medieval

cities like Port Blacksand are built almost entirely of wood, and the houses therefore crunch satisfyingly under the feet of the rampaging monster.

2. In the Streets

Once the Golem has got out, it will plainly make so much noise that even Brass's son will awaken from his sleepwalking. People will rush out into the streets, trying to find out what is happening, to get away from the monster, or to kill whoever is responsible for bringing it to the city. They will spend most of their time fighting each other; but from then on only one Hero can fight the Golem at a time. Everyone else must fight a typical Blacksander, of whom there is an inexhaustible supply.

The ideal result here should be that the Heroes kill the Golem and then disappear as the mêlée grows more and more furious. Rannik and Jak should be on hand to wave them into a side alley at suitable moments, for example when a Hero has just finished off an opponent. Once they have got out of the mêlée, the Heroes can return to a place of safety.

3. Assassin!

There is just one more piece of the plot yet to unfold. If the Hero from *Midnight Rogue* is with the party, the assassin will be looking for him or her. She will mix with the crowd and try to catch her victim unaware. When the Hero in question is due to meet a new opponent, make an *Awareness* Skill roll for him. Add the dice roll and Special Skill value and oppose it with the assassin's *Stealth* plus dice roll. If the assassin wins, she gets a free strike at the Hero; if not, run the fight as normal.

Problems?

If the Heroes manage to kill the Golem before it gets out into the street, that is just too bad – although you could always give it a few extra STAMINA points as you go along, to help it escape (so what if this is a bit sneaky; you've got to take your fun where you can!).

As they have seen the spell that animates the Golem, the Heroes may well try to use *Counter-spell* to stop it moving. Unfortunately, the creature is now imbued with the divine essence of Elim. Anyone attempting to cast *Counter-spell* on it will find their STAMINA reduced to 1 and will fall unconscious for 3–18 Combat Rounds (roll 3 dice)!

If the Heroes fail to kill the Golem, or flee as soon as it gets out into the streets, someone from Blacksand will eventually get lucky and knock out the stopper that holds the Oil of Life in place. However, this counts as the Heroes failing to complete the adventure, and they should get far fewer Experience Points as a result.

Turn to . . .
Nowhere, or perhaps a closing scene of Brass's son handing over the money and waving goodbye to the Heroes as they ride off into the sunrise while the title and credits roll! The End.

Aftermath

There is actually a little more for the Heroes to do, but none of it is very exciting, and therefore the film should end here. You can just talk them through the rest.

Torbul will happily pay up the promised reward and will also complete the deal with Waldo, assuming that the merchant still has his goods. If the goods were lost somewhere along the way, the Heroes have failed in the adventure, unless they give their reward to Waldo to make up for the loss. Assuming Waldo has enough money, he will pay the Heroes their wages.

Rannik will not forget if he lent the Heroes a magic sword. If they don't give it back, it will mysteriously vanish from its scabbard some time when they are not looking.

If the Golem got out into the streets, next day Lord Azzur's guards will post a reward of 500 Gold Pieces for the heads of the people responsible. Rannik will help the Heroes get out of the city in safety, either by disguising them or hiding them in a wagon. If they possess the book of ceremonies from the temple which mentions the Golem, they can leave that with Torbul or Rannik, who will pass it to the appropriate authorities. Once it becomes clear to Lord Azzur's men that the Heroes saved his city from a deadly peril, the price on their heads will be annulled.

Given the contents of the letter, the Heroes may wish to consult Nicodemus about it. This time the wizard is pleased that they came to him; it is, after all, a matter of *national* importance. He suggests that they report the matter, together with any information they may have about how to identify Elimites, to King Salamon as quickly as possible. After that, they should go after this Sargon chap (especially if they were the ones who brought him back to life in *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'*!).

Nicodemus will know if the Heroes have the spell book and intend to use it (he is pretty good at *ESP*). He will give them fair warning that it is dangerous, though he will not say how, and do his best to persuade them to hand it over. If they refuse, he will sigh and let them go; but when they next come to read the book they will

discover that all the vital chants have been replaced by verses from a popular ballad about a beggar who fell into the Catfish River.

So, all you need to know now is where Sargon can be found. Unfortunately that is another adventure. (What do you mean, 'Booooo!'? Now's *your* chance to invent a really thrilling Advanced Fighting Fantasy adventure – *'Sargon Strikes Back!'*, maybe, or *'Mad Mage III – Beyond the Underworld'*. Go on, we know you can do it.)

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ALLANSIA

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Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone are the creators of the hugely successful Fighting Fantasy series and co-founders of the popular Games Workshop chain. Marc Gascoigne is the FF consultant editor and has written a number of titles in the series; he is also co-author of *Dungeoneer* and *Blacksmith!* with Pete Tamlyn, who continues to work in the computer industry.

This is a supplement to the original rules presented in *Dungeoneer*. You will need that book in order to use these additional rules.

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Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1994
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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Typeset by Datix International Limited, Bungay, Suffolk
Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc
Filmset in 13/14 pt Monophoto Palatino

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LET'S GO!

The wind whistling all round his freezing ears, Ulrik Wolfsbane clings for his very life to the hilt of the dagger. His feet scrape back and forth across the crumbling stones, searching out the crevice that would save his life. Just above him, the dark-clad guards meet, exchange grunts to each other, and continue on their way. Far below lies a sheer drop to the crags on which the cult's bizarre fortress stronghold was constructed so many centuries ago. One slip will be fatal.

There! His booted foot jams into a crack as far as it can go, and holds. The exhausted warrior dares at last to breathe out and his heart starts to beat again. Above and to the left he can see, now that his panic has receded, there is another handhold. Wolfsbane swings across and slips his hand into it before shifting his weight. The dagger from which he was hanging slides free and he grips it between his teeth.

Two more moves and he is at the lip of the battlements. The sightless skulls set into the eroded masonry do not raise the alarm, and now there is no sign of either guard: he has timed it to perfection. In one swift manoeuvre, Wolfsbane swings himself over the battlement and on to the ledge beyond. His crossbow thrums once, and in an instant the

rope-bearing quarrel has embedded itself in the wall of the keep just above the stained-glass window.

Just the way the old mystic foretold, Wolfsbane thinks to himself as he makes his end of the rope secure, glancing about him to ensure that his presence here has still not been detected. By his calculations, the guards should just be crossing each other on the far side of the castle, hidden from his sight – and from any sight of him – by the central tower. The doughty barbarian grins thinly at the thought of what he must do now.

Stowing his crossbow into his pack once more, Wolfsbane checks that his leather gloves are secure, then pulls a short strip of hide from a pocket in his jerkin. Throwing it over the rope, he tests his weight on it, gulps a single hasty breath – and launches himself into space!

Wolfsbane slides along the rope as fast as a bird in flight. Legs outstretched, he strikes the centuries-old window. In an explosion of stained glass and decaying lead he smashes into the treasure room. But he has no time to congratulate himself, for there, before him, are the three companions whom he left at the base of the tower, more than half an hour previously: weaponless, gagged and tightly bound, and with a shaven-headed warrior-priest holding an obsidian dagger at each terrified throat!

A voice comes from beside him. A cruel, mocking voice. A voice he knows only too well: 'Ah, there you are, Wolfsbane. So glad you could drop in and join us . . .' CUT! And print it! Thank you everybody, that was sensational!

Hello again, all you Advanced Fighting Fantasy fans. Here we are once more, with another superlative collection of rules, facts and adventures for you to add to your games. Hot on the heels of the epic *Dungeoneer* and its delightfully demented sequel, *Blacksand!*, our latest production will transport you far beyond the dungeons, out through the city walls. On we must travel, to where few have dared venture before – out into the unexplored wild lands!

Like our previous productions, *Allansia* offers you the opportunity to step once more into the outsize shoes of the heroes of fantasy books and films. Most of the data we provide herein on how to do this is only for the eyes of the Director who runs the games, but players too will be very interested in many of the new rules, especially those for playing non-human Heroes. Well, if one is venturing out among Orcs and Trolls, why not be an Orc or Troll yourself? Certainly the Heroes are going to need all the advantages they can muster if they are going to explore the vast plains and wildernesses where the wild things lurk.

Things You Will Need

As we have already mentioned, this is the third book in the Advanced Fighting Fantasy series. While it would be nice to be able to reprint all the relevant game information from the first two volumes, doing so we would have ended up with a rule book the size of the Port Blacksand thieves' directory. So you will need a copy of *Dungeoneer* before you can make use of most of the material presented here. Having a copy of

Blacksand! is not essential to using this book, but it would be nice to have the set, don't you think? Certainly it would be helpful if you and your friends have played all the adventures from both *Dungeoneer* and *Blacksand!* before embarking upon the final instalment in the Saga of Sargon which is presented later in this book.

At the start of the previous books, we listed a few easily obtainable items that you will need in order to play Advanced Fighting Fantasy. These include some ordinary six-sided dice, some pencils and paper, a watch or clock, and a group of friends who are just as keen to go adventuring as you are.

However, as always, there are a few helpful extra items which you may care to use in order to enhance your game. The two Fighting Fantasy reference books, *Out of the Pit* and *Titan*, will prove useful. The latter, especially, will come in very handy when your Heroes decide to venture further and further afield. Armed with a copy of *Titan* and the rules we present later, you should be able to create adventures set anywhere in the wide-open expanses of Titan.

The rules presented in this book for fighting mass battles are best played using miniature figures or counters, together with scenery and props. Clear a space on the tabletop and use cut-out pieces of paper, or even real scenery from model railway layouts and the like, to represent the physical features. Metal and plastic miniatures can be found in most game shops; if

you have just a few, you can always agree that one figure represents ten, twenty or a hundred men. Alternatively, take some sturdy card and cut out a number of squares 2 cm by 2 cm to represent each soldier, and some more squares in multiples of those numbers to represent larger monsters. If you are feeling artistic, you might care to draw on the face the type of soldier they are, whether a human, Dwarf, Orc or whatever (or even stick on pictures cut from books, magazines or – best of all – catalogues of metal figures).

These will all come in handy for the large battle at the end of our adventure, *A Darkness Over Kaad*, which starts on page 189. Similarly, the props we suggest for use in other parts of the adventure are thrown in simply to add a little atmosphere to your game. For example, if a clue is hidden in a letter, think how much more fun it is for the Director to hand out a prepared prop letter and let the Heroes (or, rather, the actors and actresses playing them, of course!) find the clues themselves – if they can! As always, you don't really *need* any of these items in order to play Advanced Fighting Fantasy, but they do help make confused situations clearer, and they certainly add to the fun.

How To Use This Book

In *Dungeoneer* we introduced you to the idea of role-playing adventures and Advanced Fighting Fantasy in easy-to-understand stages. In this book, as in *Blacksand!*, we are assuming that you have already had some experience in adventuring as a Hero, or in running a game as a Director. If you haven't, play through

1. NEW RULES

In *Dungeoneer* we detailed all the basic rules needed to act out the role of a typical Allansian Hero in hundreds of Advanced Fighting Fantasy adventures. In *Blacksand!* we added many new skills and spells which allowed Heroes to cope better with the sometimes very difficult demands of adventuring in the bustling towns and cities of Titan. Now, since we are venturing out into the barren wilderness, a whole new set of abilities will be needed if our Heroes are to survive and eventually get their hands on the treasure.

For let's face it: Special Skills allowing a Hero to pick someone's pocket without them noticing or to open a difficult lock are going to mean precious little when scaling a glacier or flying on eagle-back! At such times, it is plain that our Hero would be far, far better off having learnt a Special Skill that actually included mountain climbing or riding a massive bird of prey.

Most of the items here are new, but there are also a few modifications to existing Special Skills, spells and the like, making them suitable for use in an outdoor situation.

NEW SPECIAL SKILLS

These new Special Skills may be chosen in exactly the same way as those in *Dungeoneer* (page 113) and *Blacksand!* (page 10) when a new character is created. Those Heroes who have already chosen their Special Skills will have to pay someone to be taught the relevant ability, if they can find a teacher. Alternatively, though this is far rarer, they might pick up something through prolonged exposure to the activity. This could well take years, however, and is more likely to provide a Special Skill that is better suited to making a living than to heroic adventuring.

All these Special Skills may be possessed by Extras and Bad Guys when played by the Director. In some cases, such characters are likely to have a higher rating than that allowed for a Hero – but then they are likely to have been pursuing such a skill all their working lives.

As before, a Hero may choose no more than 4 points of a Special Skill when rolling a starting character, with more learnt only through experience and training and instruction. Remember that, as always, all Heroes already know at least a little about just about everything

(or are at least resourceful enough to make an intelligent guess!) dependent only upon their natural SKILL rating. Special Skills simply turn them from Heroes into experts.

Acrobatics (Movement) – A Hero with this Special Skill is physically very agile and may be able to perform jumps, loops, flips or swings, should the situation arise. Note that a Hero will have his or her chance of success significantly reduced if wearing medium to heavy armour – or inflexible light armour – or if carrying more than a very light weight.

Battle Combat (Combat) – This Special Skill concerns fighting in a massed battle situation, and more specifically when the game is using the Mass Battle rules (described later). In addition to the standard cut and thrust of battle, it assumes that the Hero who possesses it will be well versed in fighting in a square or other formation, in following orders, in seeing gaps through which to lead his or her squadron, even of recognizing when the day is lost and therefore knowing when to retreat!

Disarm (*Combat*) – While fighting in hand-to-hand combat, the Hero who possesses this Special Skill may attempt to flick an opponent's weapon out of their grasp. In certain circumstances, the Director may impose a penalty for trying to Disarm a character who also has *Disarm* or *Strength* (typically reducing the chance by the number of points the opponent has in the relevant Special Skill). The Director will also determine where the dislodged weapon ends up.

Excellent Hearing (*Stealth*) – This Special Skill cannot be learnt by experience or training; it must be given to a Hero along with his or her starting skills. It means that the Hero has exceptionally keen hearing, far beyond normal capabilities, which may prove useful when listening at a door or trying to hear a distant noise. This Hero may well be able to hear a noise when other Heroes have failed to hear anything.

Excellent Vision (*Stealth*) – The eagle-eyed Hero with this Special Skill is able to see far further than an average character, and may be able to spot significant things in a similar way to a character with *Awareness*. This skill does not confer the ability to see through solid objects, however; a thing must be visible in order

to be seen. This Special Skill must be bestowed upon a starting character – it *cannot* be learnt from experience or by training.

Fishing (*Knowledge*) – Quite simply, the Hero with this Special Skill is well versed in the art of fishing, whether in fresh or salt water. The Director may impose a reduced chance for fishing in an unsuitable area, and will inform a successful player just what exactly has been caught.

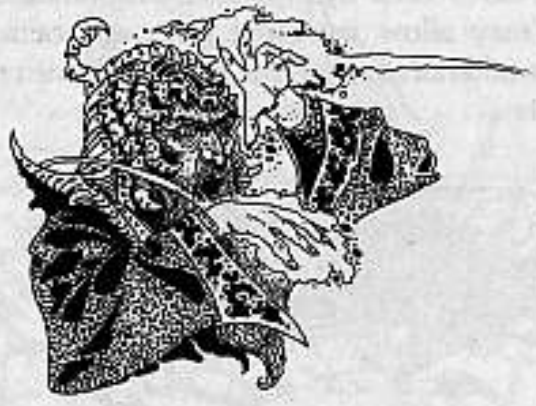

Handle (*Vehicle*) (*Movement*) – This Special Skill bestows the ability to handle – ride, steer and maintain – a particular class of vehicle, whether on land or sea or in the air. The classes are as follows: small boat (e.g. rowing boat); large boat (e.g. fishing boat, barge); ship (e.g. galleon); cart/coach; chariot; balloon/airship. Each must be possessed separately before a Hero can fully ride the whole range of vehicles, but the Director may allow a modified chance of, say, a Hero skilled in handling a coach being able to handle a chariot in a race or in battle.

Healing (Knowledge) – The Hero with *Healing* has some knowledge of the correct way to treat injuries or poisonings. This does not extend so far as to ensure the complete recovery of a severely injured Hero in an instant (as a spell would). Provided the situation allows it and the victim is not continuing to lose points, treatment by a Hero will restore up to one-third of a character's lost STAMINA points, at a rate of 1 point per Attack Round. If a character is continuing to lose points, for example from the effects of poison, all the Hero can do is keep them from losing any more. The Director may allow increased rates of healing if the Hero uses additional measures, such as proven remedies or antidotes.

Heavy Armoured Combat (Combat) – Most Heroes wear armour which is light enough to allow them to move quickly yet which will deflect blows from many weapons, typically a combination of leather, studs and plates. On the field of combat, however, some knights will insist on fighting in full plate mail, which will protect them from almost all blows but which will slow them down considerably. Fighting successfully in such armour requires rolls against this Special Skill rather than standard combat skills.

Hunting (Stealth/Knowledge) – A hero with this Special Skill can – on a successful roll – find food in even the most inhospitable lands, track it down and capture it. Of course, the Director will impose penalties on the roll in areas where there are no animals to be found and will then decide how much food the Hero has managed to find. Using this skill in conjunction with *Trap Lore* will increase the chance of snaring something, typically by +2.

Leadership (Knowledge) – This heroic Special Skill bestows upon the character all the skills of a leader. With this skill, a Hero can rouse men to fight in battle, or stop them from retreating. He could persuade people as to the rightness of an idea, and calm discord and arguing. If used in conjunction with *Con*, the Hero with this Special Skill could probably persuade anyone to do anything!

Mounted Combat (*Combat*) – Fighting while mounted on a horse – or, worse, on a rabid wolf or a giant eagle! – can prove very difficult for an inexperienced Hero, and that is where this Special Skill comes in. During combat there will always be a chance of falling or being dismounted, especially if one's mount is injured or killed, but this chance will be greatly reduced. This Special Skill requires *Ride* (*Creature*) in order to be useful. Note that ordinary horses which have not been trained to fight in the press of a mass battle will be likely to bolt; in battle, it is more usual to ride a specially trained warhorse, if one is available.

Pathfinding (*Knowledge/Stealth*) – A Hero with this Special Skill is adept at reading a map, charting a course and leading a party in the correct direction. To do this, the Hero may well use a variety of hints, such as the position of the sun or stars, other weather features, the lie of the land, local knowledge, the tracks of animals, and so on. This skill will be reduced by a variety of handicaps and hazards: for example, not having an accurate map, trying to find a direction on a cloudy night or in a storm, or over very rocky terrain.

Scouting (*Stealth*) – Sneaking around out of doors is quite different from tiptoeing about in town and as such requires its own Special Skill. Scouts may be in the employ of an army, seeking to spot the approaching enemy in order to set up an ambush. Alternatively, they may just be adventurers wishing to see what is happening up ahead, say, or in the surrounding area (when they are setting up camp, for example). As well

as allowing a Hero to sneak about quietly, it also covers knowing how to disguise oneself in undergrowth, remaining silent or blending in, covering tracks where they would otherwise be seen, and so on.

Second Weapon (Combat) – This very useful Special Skill allows a Hero to fight in hand-to-hand combat using two weapons, typically a sword and a dagger. Such combat is treated as if the Hero had two Attacks. Note that weapons which require two hands or strength to use cannot be combined with a second weapon – only light swords, hand axes or daggers can be used effectively this way.

Siege Combat (Combat) – Fighting the defender of a castle while hanging half way up a rope and dodging flaming pitch being poured down from above is difficult; while a Hero with a good combat skill should survive, *Siege Combat* Special Skill would come in far more handy. It covers all aspects of physically fighting in a siege, whether assailing defences or fighting as part of a siege engine crew. Note that all other non-physical aspects of sieges are covered by *Siege Lore* Special Skill (below).

Siege Lore (Knowledge) – This Special Skill bestows knowledge of how to conduct a siege. This knowledge includes siege engines, siege tactics and all the other skills involved in commanding a long-drawn-out blockade. Note that a Hero wishing to learn this skill would need to be instructed by a character possessing such abilities while actually present at such a siege – it cannot be taught just through instruction away from a siege.

(Terrain) Lore (Knowledge) – Just like *Wood Lore*, the following terrain types may be individually chosen for a Special Skill, which will confer expert knowledge in travelling and dwelling in conditions that outsiders would find far more difficult. The terrain types are as follows:

Flatland, which covers plains, scrubland, wilderness and low, rolling hills.
Mountain, which covers both mountains and desolate hills – any very harsh upland terrain.
Ice, which shares some of the characteristics of *Upland Lore* but much more besides, for dealing with the very coldest lands.
River, which includes lakes, streams, rapids and waterfalls.
Sea, which does not specifically include handling a boat (you would need *Handle Boat* for that, obviously).
Underwater, including the undersea cities of the Sea Elves and Mermen.
Desert, from sand dunes to rocky desolation.
Jungle, which covers living – and surviving – in the steamy rainforests of the south.

Swamp, which covers all forms of soggy, waterlogged terrain, from salty northern marshlands to steamy river deltas.

Each of these terrain types has its own *Lore* Special Skill, which must be chosen separately. Each confers far greater specialist knowledge than the *World Lore* Special Skill, most notably on those occasions when everyone's life depends upon some very specific but obscure snippet of information! More mundanely, the Hero with one of these skills might know how to find food or a path, construct a dwelling or negotiate with the local tribes living in the particular region.

It is likely, incidentally, that the Hero's Background will have provided him or her with this *Lore* as a result of growing up in the particular terrain. If the Director allows it, a Hero may be assumed to have a fair rating in the *Lore* appropriate to the terrain in which he or she grew up. Also, in a similar fashion to *City Lore* (which is sort of a terrain lore, after all), living for a full year in a terrain could, at the Director's discretion, bestow 1 point in a particular terrain's lore.

Skill Clarifications

A number of the Special Skills listed in *Dungeoneer* and *Blacksand!* need further expansion in order to make them suitable for outdoor adventuring. In most cases, this will simply be an explanation of which abilities the skill actually covers – or does not.

Dark Seeing (Stealth) – While more useful underground

and most commonly possessed by subterranean dwellers such as Dwarfs, *Dark Seeing* can also work outdoors, provided there is no bright light near by to confuse the viewer. In other words, if the moon is full, *Dark Seeing* won't work any better than regular human sight, but on a very cloudy night it may come in useful.

Language (Knowledge) – Note that, as always, a Hero will need a Special Skill in the specifically named language in order to converse fully in a strange tongue. However, be aware of the existence of families of languages and dialects, so that a person skilled in one language may be just able to work out the gist of what is being said in a language which is similar to the one he himself knows (e.g. between Orc and Troll, or between Allansian and Arantian).

Ride (Movement) – The *Ride* Special Skill has always been assumed to concentrate on the handling of a horse. However, in outlying lands the local natives may use any number of creatures as mounts: camels, giant riding lizards, and the like. In very isolated areas this might even be stretched to include aerial creatures such as giant eagles or immense bats. Your everyday Hero will be able to attempt to ride any or all of these – at a severely reduced proficiency! – with a regular *Ride* Special Skill. However, with a specialized, named Special Skill in, say, *Ride Giant Lizard* he or she will have a much easier time of it. The Director should feel free to make specialized riding Special Skills available – or not! – as befits the particular game. Finally, note that simply possessing *Ride Horse* is not good enough for

fighting on horseback (especially in the press of a mass battle), when *Mounted Combat* would prove far more helpful.

Trap Knowledge (Stealth) – This Special Skill may now be assumed also to include the setting of snares and fishing lines, albeit crudely (unless combined with, say, *River Lore*, in which case the Hero would have a much better chance of catching a fish). However, a Hero will be likely to have even greater success if using a specific *Fishing* or *Hunting* skill.

NEW SPELLS

As with the new Special Skills presented above, any, all or none of the following new rules and spells may be adopted by the Director for use in his or her Advanced Fighting Fantasy games. If you don't like a particular spell, don't allow a Hero to have it. Simply tell the Hero who requests it that he or she cannot find anyone who knows the spell to teach it to them. Alternatively, if a Hero is really keen to possess a particular spell that isn't on the list, you are free to decide upon its effects (based on the spells that are already listed here and in *Dungeoneer*, of course) and to provide someone who will teach it to the Hero. Of course, in such an event we are certain that you wouldn't be barmy enough to

allow a Hero to acquire massively destructive, instant death spells and the like, now would you?

New Magic Spells

All of the following new magic spells are chosen and cast in exactly the same way as any other magical spell: they require a successful *Magic* Special Skill roll and generally last for a set amount of real game time (get your watch ready!). Those characters already created and 'living' in the world will have to find someone to teach them a spell that they don't already know how to cast – they are not allowed simply to add new spells, or to swap new ones for old!

As always, spells costing more than 4 STAMINA points to cast may not be chosen by starting, newly rolled characters; they are generally reserved for truly legendary Heroes or Bad Guys or really, really great Extras! Those spells which cost at least 4 STAMINA points, but which may cost much more for especially powerful effects (such as *(Element) Control*), can be chosen by Heroes and be cast in the normal way. This also applies to spells which cost less than 4 STAMINA points to cast but which can be expanded over a greater area by spending more points. In other words, the prohibition applies only to spells which initially cost more than 4 points to cast.

Befuddle (1) – This spell, which must be transmitted to its victim by touch, affects one victim for one minute. They are befuddled, their mind temporarily confused and addled. They will make all 'active' rolls (such as to

strike or to defend with a weapon, but not to *Test for Luck*) at –6 for the length of the spell, though more likely they will simply withdraw to a safe place and shake their head a lot. The length of the spell may be increased by one minute for every extra STAMINA point put into it when cast.

Glowing Eyes (1) – Ever wondered how those truly evil sorcerers manage to make that creepy 'glowing evil red eyes' effect? Simple: by using this spell. Upon casting, the eyes of the spell-user – or of someone else within five metres – glow brightly and with a deep sinister light in a colour of the caster's choice. This effect lasts for five minutes, but may be cancelled at will.

Ignite (1) – This simple spell causes something readily flammable to catch fire (typically with a Small fire). The object must be touched by the caster, but the spending of an extra point of STAMINA will allow the spell a range of five metres, and a further five metres for every further STAMINA point. Note that this will not affect living creatures (though it will affect plants), and can only affect an item rated as Small or Very Small in size.

Ironhand (1) – This useful spell allows the caster to increase their SKILL, or that of another person they have touched, above their *Initial* level. For every STAMINA point used to cast it, this spell allows the subject to increase their current SKILL by 1 point, for three minutes. Note that, no matter what a character's SKILL, those double-6's will get them regardless!

Tongue Twister (1) – This simple spell allows the caster to tangle the target character's tongue temporarily, and is especially useful if cast against an enemy sorcerer. The spell has a range of five metres, plus an extra five metres for every extra STAMINA point used to cast it, and it lasts for two minutes. Its effects may be avoided by using a *Test for Luck*, which should be further modified (when cast upon a sorcerer) by the difference between the caster's and subject's *Magic* skill score. Thus, a Hero with *Magic* 9 trying to avoid a *Tongue Twister* cast by someone with *Magic* 7 may add 2 points to their LUCK when rolling.

Animate (2) – The rope tricks done by mystics in the marketplaces of the southern towns look impressive – until one learns that they are simply using this handy spell. The caster may use this spell to animate one object of Small size, or up to six Very Small objects, for a period of two minutes. The object must be within five metres of the caster; each additional STAMINA point cast adds five metres to this range. The number of objects may be doubled for every additional STAMINA point cast. Spending 4 points allows the animation of one Medium-sized object; 6 points, one Large object; 8 points, one Very Large object (and again doubling this cost allows one to double the

number of objects affected, and so on). The length of time may be increased by one minute for every further STAMINA point cast. The animated object may do whatever the caster bids. If, however, it is used to fight or is struck by someone as if in a fight, it has an Attack Strength based upon the caster's *Magic* skill score; if it loses, it will lose its animation.

Breach (2) – This spell uses a form of element control, in order to smash through stone walls, and as such it is especially useful in battle and during a siege. The spell has a range of five metres, plus five metres for every additional STAMINA point cast. It affects an area of one cubic metre; this may be increased by one cubic metre for every additional 2 STAMINA points cast (thus a block measuring nine cubic metres requires the spending of a whopping 18 STAMINA points, and that's before the range is taken into consideration!). The stone affected is reduced to rubble, allowing passage through its defences equal to half the size affected by the spell.

Breathe (2) This spell, quite simply, allows the caster – or, by a simple touch, any person on whom the spell is bestowed – to breathe where there is little or no oxygen. It is especially useful, therefore, for anyone considering venturing underwater. The spell lasts for fifteen minutes per casting; for lengthier periods, the spell *Gills* would prove more useful.

Combine (+2) – Using this spell simply allows a caster to combine two spells which would not normally work together, allowing them to be cast at the same time.

Furthermore, for each additional 2 STAMINA points used to cast *Combine*, another spell may be cast. Note that a *Magic* roll must still be made for each individual spell, so that one might get twice the effects while running three times the risk of failure.

Concentrate (+2) – This spell allows a sorcerer to forget about having to recast an ongoing spell when it runs out. If this spell is cast immediately before another spell, when the latter runs out it can be recast automatically – in exactly the same form as before – without wasting time or having to re-roll against one's *Magic* skill.

Consume (2) – Fire is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a sorcerer. This spell allows the caster to envelop an object in fire sufficient to destroy it (typically a Large fire). The area affected by the standard spell is one cubic metre, from a distance of up to five metres. The material must be capable of being burned, but needn't be especially flammable. In this case, and therefore unlike *Ignite*, the victim can be a living thing; though in such a case the victim may *Test for Luck* to avoid the effects and can of course take action to put out the flames. For each additional STAMINA point cast, the range may be increased by five metres. The volume may be increased by another cubic metre for every additional 2 STAMINA points put into the spell.

Darksee (2) – This simple spell bestows upon the caster, or on any one person within five metres of the caster,

the *Dark Seeing* capabilities of a Dwarf, for up to twenty minutes.

Ensure (2 or more; see below) – How do those great sorcerers manage not to turn themselves into frogs once every hundred spells or so? Simply, by using *Ensure* in order to reduce the chance of this happening. This spell, which must be cast at the same time as the spell it is ensuring, costs at least 2 STAMINA points to cast, but may cost as many as 11. For each point put into a spell, the caster has a better chance of avoiding the effects of that dreaded Oops! table. If the caster's roll comes up double-6, this spell allows a saving throw, using two dice: the caster must now roll a number less than or equal to the number of points put into *Ensure*. For example, if the caster specified that he or she was spending an extra 4 points on ensuring a spell, the effects of the Oops! table would be avoided if he or she were to roll 4 or less on two dice. Note that if a double-6 is rolled again on the Ensure roll, there is no option but to roll on the Oops! table. Lowly Hero spellcasters may see this spell as a gift from the gods, but they will soon realize that its price is huge and it is normally reserved for only the most powerful sorcerers.

See Through (2) – A spellcaster who wishes to see what lies beyond something need only cast this spell; the object becomes as transparent as a pane of glass, revealing what lies beyond. The basic spell allows one person (typically the caster) to see through something up to one metre thick. Thus, if looking at a large

boulder, one would see only a metre into the rock, revealing . . . well, more rock beyond. The spell may be extended by a metre for every 1 extra STAMINA point cast, and it may be used by an additional person for every 1 extra STAMINA point cast.

Sentry (2) – When camping for the night out in the wilds, it is advisable to appoint guards in case of danger. Using this spell, a sorcerer can do this magically. The invisible sentry can be placed anywhere up to twenty metres from the caster, for up to twelve hours. If guarding a camp, a sentry will cover one of the four major points of the compass (so four would be needed to provide a full circular guard). Should anyone whom the caster would regard as, well, trouble cross their path, the caster will be alerted. Such spells can also be cast upon a door, the lid of a treasure chest or any other object. Another use for this spell might be to cast it upon, say, the mouth of a pocket containing a gold-stuffed purse. If a sneaky thief tried to pick the pocket, the sentry would give the alarm.

Shatter (2) – This spell works in exactly the same way as *Consume*. However, where that spell causes the subject to be consumed by fire, this causes it to break into hundreds of pieces. The spell can be cast on anything that can break, though the Director would certainly reduce the chance of success drastically if one

was trying to shatter, say, an enormous diamond. Living creatures whose bones might be the intended target (of a *Shatter* spell cast by a Bad Guy, of course – no Hero would dream of doing such a thing, surely!) are allowed to *Test for Luck* to avoid the spell.

Summon (2) – This handy spell allows the caster to magically summon up any needed object, whether food, a weapon, an animal or even a person. The sole requirement of the spell is that the caster have a small piece of the item to be summoned. Thus, to summon some bread, the caster would need a small piece of bread to hand; to summon a horse, a small handful of tail hairs, say; to summon a particular magical treasure, the caster would need a small piece of that particular item. The basic spell allows for the summoning of an item up to Very Small size, a process that takes ten full minutes of concentration. Each additional 2 STAMINA points – and ten more minutes – allow the caster to increase this size to Small, then to Medium, to Large and to Very Large. Note that this spell could work on treasure items like Gold Pieces (though only if the Director allows it!) but, at the cost of 2 STAMINA points per Gold Piece, the cost might prove prohibitive.

Where's Home? (2) – Sorcerers are not known for getting lost, for the simple reason that they use this handy spell. When cast, the sorcerer instinctively knows in which direction a named place lies. The place needn't be home, but the caster will have to have known beforehand where the place is located, either from a

visit or from seeing an accurate map. Note that the sense lasts for only a few seconds; it is entirely possible for the caster to become lost again quickly if the terrain is very inhospitable.

Command (4) – This spell allows the caster quite simply to command one person or object to do their bidding. The commanded person or item must be within five metres and, if living, he or she is allowed a *Test for Luck* to resist the spell. The command can be anything that would not directly threaten the subject: they could not be asked to stab themselves, but they could be commanded to keep walking beyond the edge of a precipice. Living things cannot be commanded to do something they could not normally do; one couldn't ask an Elf to get up and fly round the room – unless it had a suitable spell. Inanimate objects are more forthcoming and can be commanded to do just about anything. The command lasts for thirty seconds and affects one person or item, or a related group of items (such as a pile of Gold Pieces) up to Medium size. Spending an extra 2 STAMINA points can increase this to Large size, and a further 2 will affect something up to Very Large size. Note that the Director will most likely have very strong opinions upon what can – and, more important, what cannot – be subject to a *Command*.

(Element) Control (4) – The eight prime elements recognized by Allansian sorcerers are Air, Cold, Earth, Fire (also called Heat), Metal, Plant, Stone and Water. One of these is selected by the chooser of this spell; a new

spell will need to be selected for each new element. The power of the spell is affected by how many points are put into it. The basic spell affects one cubic metre, which may be increased for every 2 additional STAMINA points. The basic range is five metres, but this can be increased for each additional STAMINA point cast. Basic duration, if this is a factor, is five minutes; this can be increased by five minutes for every 2 extra STAMINA points cast. Effects can vary widely, according to the creativity of the caster. The element can be summoned up or if already present, it can be controlled, made to animate or reshape itself. The Director will rule whether a particular effect is possible and how many STAMINA points it would take to cast it. Some effects will work exactly as the spell which already covers them: conjuring up a magical hurricane using *Air Control*, for example, will cost 6 STAMINA points and will work just like the *Hurricane* spell. Do note, however, that the more precious the item, the harder it is to summon; summoning up one cubic metre of solid gold using *Metal Control* would verge on the impossible – and it would disappear again once the spell ran out, of course!

Explode (4) – This spell works in exactly the same way as Breach and Shatter, except that it causes the named target, up to one cubic metre in size and at a range of up to five metres, to explode as if blown apart by a massive amount of gunpowder. The spell requires fifteen minutes of uninterrupted concentration per cubic metre affected. A further cubic metre may be affected for every 4 extra STAMINA points cast, and the range may be extended by a further five metres for each

additional 2 STAMINA points cast. Note that the blast of this spell will affect a distance in each direction around the spell's target equal to double the target's cubed size. Thus an area measuring two metres across would send out a blast affecting objects four metres away in every direction. For large explosions the spellcaster is therefore advised to stand as far away as possible! Living objects intended to be the target of such a spell are allowed to *Test for Luck* to find out whether they are affected.

Gills (4) – This simple transformation spell confers fish-like gills upon the recipient – very useful for underwater adventuring. The gills replace the character's usual breathing arrangement and are permanent until they are removed either by the caster (a simple command) or by the use of a *Remove Curse* or *Counter-Spell* by another caster. Note that if cast upon someone unwilling (in order to suffocate them in the air – a very sneaky trick!) the victim may avoid the spell on a successful *Test for Luck* roll.

Lightning Blast (4) – This powerful explosion of pure electrical energy works just like a *Force Bolt*, except that it delivers 2–12 plus 2 STAMINA points of damage. Once again, it can be defeated only by the likes of *Counter-Spell*, *Wall* or *Wall of Power*. Its basic range is five metres, and this can be increased by five metres for every 2 additional STAMINA points put into the cast.

Magic Bridge (4) – This spell allows the caster to create a magical bridge across a chasm. For every 4 STAMINA points put into the spell, five metres of bridge are created. The bridge is wide enough for one person; each additional 4 STAMINA points cast widen it to take another person. It will prove strong enough to bear the weight, at any one time, of as many people as there were STAMINA points put into its construction. The bridge lasts for five minutes, though it will begin to start fading from sight one minute before it is due to disappear, giving the Heroes plenty of time to panic.

Spectacular Image (4) – Using this spell, the vainest of sorcerers can appear upon the scene in such a way that will be so impressive it will scare the stuffing out of all but those with nerves of steel. When it is cast, all manner of impressive effects can be triggered. These may include: instantaneous appearance; rising from a newly opened gaping crack in the ground; descending on a cloud as if from the heavens; billowing clouds of coloured smoke; thunderclaps and lightning flashes; gale-force winds; gleaming rays of light; a fall of rose-petals or other flowers; a host of illusion-created bats; the howling of wolves or other animals, and so on. The Director will

ask the caster to specify exactly what he or she wants to happen and will advise if any effect requires the spending of a few additional STAMINA points. Be creative! Note that many simple-minded (and some not-so-simple-minded!) characters will be mightily impressed, terrified or reassured by such a display, which will certainly have a massive effect upon any Reaction rolls.

Weather Control (4) – Unlike *Element Control*, which is concerned with one specific element, the sorcerer using this spell can combine various elements, such as wind and rain, to control the weather in whichever way he or she chooses. The basic spell allows for 'unusual' weather to be summoned: it might start to rain heavily, say, or a fierce wind could spring up. The spell covers a circle with a diameter of ten metres, plus ten metres for every 2 extra STAMINA points cast. It lasts for five minutes, plus a further five minutes for every additional 2 STAMINA points. More powerful effects require the expenditure of more STAMINA points, according to the effect required. Changing the existing weather conditions depends upon what they are. Converting rain into a thunderstorm wouldn't require more than the basic spell; causing snow to fall on a hot summer's day would require far more: typically 8 STAMINA points in its basic form, and far more if over a wide area or for a longer period of time. Finally, you may have noticed that the spell *Hurricane* allows a powerful form of weather control to be conjured up for only 6 STAMINA points; this is because it is a specialized spell. *Weather Control* enables its caster to control a wide range of weather conditions, rather than just one.

Exchange Shape (6) – All it takes is a touch and this spell, and the spellcaster can exchange bodies with his victim in an instant! This can take one of two forms: either the bodies change, or the minds do; this is the same thing really, but it does determine where the sorcerer ends up! If a sorcerer stays where he is but acquires the shape of the other person, he will retain his own characteristics (but will, of course, now have a new body dressed in his old clothes, which could prove tricky). If the caster moves his mind to the new body, he will acquire its STAMINA but will keep his own SKILL and LUCK. For an additional 2 STAMINA points, the spell acquires a range of five metres, and each additional 2 points add a further five metres. The Director may rule that the victim can *Test for Luck* to avoid the exchange, depending upon how aware he or she is of what is happening. Of course, this spell works just as well on creatures as on humans.

Wall of Power (6) – Using this spell, the caster can conjure up a powerful version of the magical barrier created by *Wall*. Where that spell simply kept things out, the wall created by this spell will actively damage whatever comes into contact with it. The wall is in fact a dome which covers an area five metres in diameter in every direction but which needn't be around the caster, for a period of five minutes. This size may be increased by five metres by adding 3 STAMINA points per increase. The wall is constructed from one of the eight elements (see *Element Control*), and takes its form accordingly. Thus a Metal *Wall of Power* might consist of thousands of blades, whereas a Cold wall would be a whirling storm of snow and ice. Anything attempting to move through the wall will take 3–18 points of damage upon first contact, and will continue to do so every Attack Round that they remain in contact. The wall itself is impenetrable unless defeated by a *Counter-Spell* or another *Wall of Power* spell. *Wall* and *Element Control* (for the correct element!) may also work, albeit with a penalty of –2.

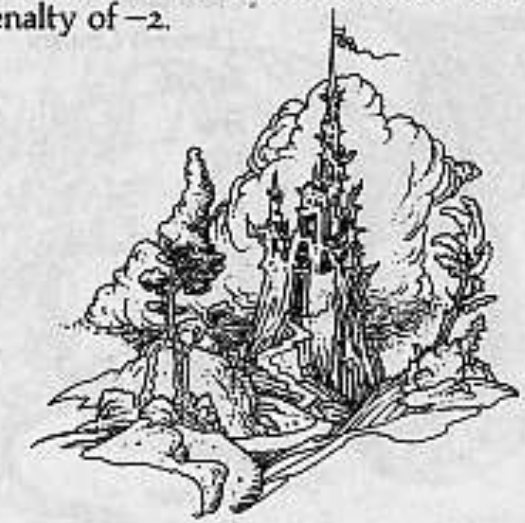

Spells Available

Including the new spells just detailed, and the new ones introduced in *Blacksand!*, the complete Magic Spell list is now as follows:

	Stamina Cost*		Stamina Cost*
Befuddle	1	*Ignite*	1
Darkness	1	*Illusion*	1
Fear	1	*Ironhand*	1
Fire Bolt	1	*Light*	1
Flash!	1	*Lock*	1
Glowing Eyes	1	*Luck*	1

Open	1
Peace	1
Personalize Spell	+1
Skill	1
Stamina	1
Strength	1
Thunder	1
Tongue Twister	1
Ward	1
Weakness	1
Animate	2
Breach	2
Breathe	2
Combine	+2
Concentrate	+2
Consume	2
Counter-Spell	2
Darksee	2
Ensure	2
ESP	2
Farseeing	2
Fog	2
Force Bolt	2
Languages	2
Levitate	2
Mirror Selves	2
See Through	2
Sentry	2
Shatter	2
Sleep	2
Starry Orb	2
Strong Arm	2
Summon	2
Sure Shot	2
Where's Home?	2
All Heal	4
Arrow-Snake	4
Command	4
(Element) Control	4
Explode	4
Find	4
Fly	4
Gills	4
Grand Illusion	4
Grow	4
Invisibility	4
Lightning Blast	4
Magic Bridge	4
Poison	4
Restrain	4
Shrink	4
Speak to Animals	4
Spectacular Image	4
Wall	4
Weather Control	4
Banish Undead	6
Cockroach	6
Enchant Item	6
Exchange Shape	6
Hurricane	6
Petrify	6
Raise Skeleton	6

See Future	6
Teleport	6
Wall of Power	6
Web	6
Assassin's Dagger	8
Earthquake	8
Death	10

* – *This is for the most basic form of the spell only; see the spell's description for details of more powerful versions.*

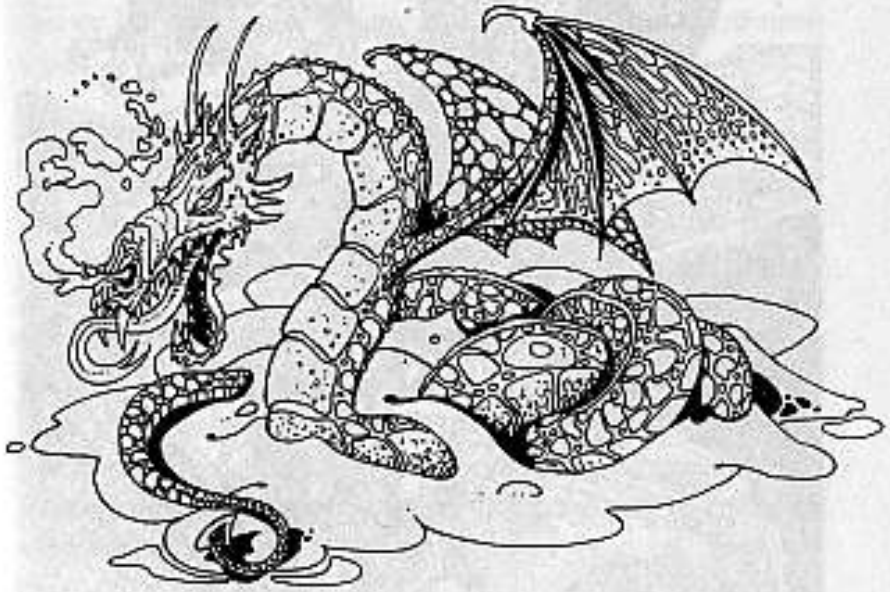

New Minor Magic Spells

If you are unfamiliar with Minor Magic spells, have a look at *Blacksand!* (page 35), which is where they were first introduced. As before, the following new spells may be cast by a character possessing the *Minor Magic* Special Skill, typically triggered by a moment's thought and some small gesture. If the *Minor Magic* roll is successful, the spell works without cost; if it fails, the Hero must lose 1 STAMINA point.

These new spells may be learnt by any Hero who has three full days to concentrate on each one. They do not need to be learnt from another person, though doing so will reduce the time required by one day. Don't forget that a Hero may only 'carry' as many Minor Magic spells as he or she has *Initial* LUCK points, so he or she will probably have to forget a few from his or her repertoire before learning some of these new ones!

Dry – This simple spell allows the caster to dry one wet item up to Small in size. It will not remove substances like oil, but it will affect water-based damp patches caused by something like a spilt flagon of ale.

Hold It! – This little spell causes all action within five metres of the caster, or in a circle round a designated spot up to five metres from the caster, to pause for two seconds. This should give the caster time to perform one short action, most usefully dodging out of the way of a descending blade, perhaps.

Inebriate – The victim of this spell needs to be touched in order to be affected, but, when they are, they are suddenly very drunk indeed! This spell can also be put into a harmless-looking drink using *Instil*. The effects of this spell may be removed by *Sober* or *Counter-Spell*; otherwise it lasts for one hour.

Noises Off – Hark! What's that? Is it approaching reinforcements? Nope, just a wily sorcerer using this handy Minor Magic spell. When cast, indistinct noises

are heard coming from a short distance away. They will be appropriate to the situation, so they could be footsteps, the rustle of bushes, or whatever.

Ripen – Using this small enchantment, the caster can cause unripened or rotting food to be restored to an edible state. The spell works on one particular food item per casting (so it would affect one apple or one chicken, for example). This spell can be used to counteract the effects of *Sour*.

Secrete – This handy little spell allows the caster to snaffle one small object and secrete it about his or her person without apparently doing anything suspicious. The object must be touched and cannot be much larger than a Gold Piece. Note that if someone is directly watching such an object when this spell is cast, they may not see where it went – but they'll certainly see it go!

Smudge – This Minor Magic spell causes writing to become blurred, faded, run or otherwise rendered unreadable. It can affect an area only a few centimetres across, but that should be more than enough to ruin a scroll, a map or an important letter. The item needs to be touched in order to be affected. The smudge is permanent, but the document can be restored using this spell again (or *Counter-Spell*).

Sober – The opposite of *Inebriate*, this spell simply sobers up an intoxicated person. It requires one touch, and it is equally effective against both magical and

natural drunkenness. This spell can also be used in conjunction with *Instil* to create a non-alcoholic ale or spirit (which could prove very useful if one is faced with having to drink a toast to an Orc using *guursh!*).

Spill – With a gentle nudging action, the caster can use this spell to knock over any container up to Medium size, at a distance of up to five metres. If the container is made of a particularly heavy material, or if it isn't easy to knock over, the Director may impose a penalty to the chance of success.

Stutter – This neat little spell causes the victim (within a range of five metres of the caster) to stutter over one line or sentence, or one particular piece of information. No matter how hard they try, they can't get the words out, for up to two minutes. It will not work on a spell unless this is being read from a scroll or book.

Minor Magic Spells Available

The full list of available Minor Magic Spells now runs as follows: *Attraction – Burn – Cool – Dry – Enhance – Extinguish – Glimmer – Hear – Heat – Hold – Hold It! – Honesty – Inebriate – Instil – Jab – Mend – Mistake – Noises Off! – Pied Piper – Pucker – Push – Repulsion – Ripen – Secrete – Slip – Smudge – Sober – Sour – Spark – Spill – Stutter – Weather Improver.*

New Priest Spells

Priest Spells were introduced in *Blacksand!* (see page 46 onwards for details) and their use in the game is at the discretion of the Director. Priests are far less common

in the wild lands than in the towns and cities, where there is a ready congregation, but there are certain orders who pursue the isolation of distant or inaccessible places, and of course there may be wandering missionaries or hermits wherever the adventurers venture.

As with Magic spells, a newly rolled Hero may not choose any spells that cost more than 4 STAMINA points to cast. These are again reserved for legendary Heroes and the most powerful Bad Guys and Extras. Some of the following spells are simply priestly versions of the new Magic spells introduced earlier; see above for more details.

Aura (1) – This works just like the new Magic spell *Glowing Eyes* (see above), except that the glow springs from round a chosen part of the caster, perhaps from just the hands or the head to the whole body.

Befuddle (1) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above).

Holy Spear (1) – This spell works exactly like the Magic spell *Fire Bolt*, save that it produces a blast of pure light rather than fire.

Locate Sacred Place (1) – Using this new spell, a priest can determine the approximate direction of the nearest place which is sacred to his religion. This may be a temple, a sacred area or a consecrated tomb or ruin, and it may not necessarily be a desired destination. The

feeling of knowing the direction lasts only a few seconds, and of course there may be many obstacles between it and the caster. Note that priests of evil religions may possess a spell called *Locate Unsacred Place*.

Animate (2) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above).

Breathe (2) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above).

Combine (+2) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above).

Concentrate (+2) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above).

Consume (2) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above). This spell may be prohibited to priests of those religions which forbid the use of fire.

Distant Sight (2) – Using this peculiar spell, the caster may see around corners and even behind them. An invisible eye, carried by a spirit sent by the caster's deity, can be sent up to ten metres away and may peer in any desired direction, just as if the caster himself was looking. The spell lasts for five minutes but can be cancelled earlier. The eye cannot get inside anywhere that the priest could not (so it could not see inside a locked room or treasure chest), but it can change its viewpoint as many times as the priest wishes, for the duration of the spell.

Element Commune (2) – This spell is available only to priests whose religions are associated with a particular element. Using this spell, the caster can converse with a mass of the particular element; upon casting, awareness grows in the substance and a rough mouth forms in order to speak. Thus, the spell could be used to ask a sword who its last owner was or a road could be quizzed on the riders who had just passed, and so on. The Director will determine exactly what the responses will be – obviously, unless the questions are phrased extremely carefully, in many cases the answers may be all but useless! The spell allows for the asking of three questions, or it lasts for five minutes, whichever is the sooner.

Ensure (2) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above).

Mind Dart (2) – This spell works exactly like the Magic spell *Force Bolt*, except that the missile is an invisible stab of power which the victim will feel but not see.

Sentry (2) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above).

Summon (2) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above).

Bolt of Power (4) – This spell works exactly like the new Magic Spell *Lightning Blast* (see above), except that it delivers a blast of spiritual force rather than a bolt of lightning.

Command (4) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above).

Counter Magic (+ 4) – This spell works in every way just like *Counter-Spell*, save that it affects Magic spells rather than priestly ones. As before, the cost of this spell must be added to that of the spell one wishes to dispel or counter.

Curse (4) – Using the full force of his deity, a priest can call down all manner of mishaps upon his victim. In game terms, this can affect one person within three metres of the caster. He or she will initially lose as many STAMINA points as the caster has put into the spell (in other words, the priest can put in more than 4 if he wishes to cause the victim real damage), then lose 1 STAMINA point per day until he or she dies. The points lost from a *Curse* cannot be healed by normal means. Typically only a *Remove Curse* spell or a Director-created pilgrimage for forgiveness or a quest for a specific holy object will remove the curse and allow the character to be healed. Reversing *Curse* can remove the curse delivered only by the priests of the same religion as the caster.

(Element) Control (4) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above). There may be some restrictions as to which elements can be controlled as part of this spell, depending on the nature of the caster's religion; the Director will advise you if this is the case.

Remove Curse (4 or more; see below) – This spell

requires a ritual lasting as many hours as there were STAMINA points put into the initial *Curse*, and it similarly costs as many points to cast. It can remove the curses of all priests, whatever their religion, but the Director may impose a reduced chance of success when attempting to remove the curse of a priest from a particularly evil cult.

Spectacular Image (4) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above); priests will typically want to appear in images associated with their own deity or religion.

Weather Control (4) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above). There may be some restrictions as to which elements can be controlled as part of this spell, depending on the nature of the caster's religion; the Director will advise you if this is the case.

Assume Shape (6) – Using this spell, the caster can assume the shape of the animal sacred to the priest's deity for a period of one hour or until dispelled at the caster's command (whichever is the shorter) or the priest is killed. The animal has all the characteristics of the caster, unless a rating is greater for the animal; and it will be a large, healthy specimen of the creature concerned. In some circumstances, the Director may allow such a creature to speak or even to use the priest's spells and Special Skills.

Wall of Power (6) – This works just like the new Magic spell (see above); however, there may be specific restrictions on the type of element used to create the wall, depending on the strictures of the priest's particular religion.

Priest Spells Available

The following is now the complete list of Priest Spells. Note that a Hero could be banned from possessing some of these spells because of the rules of their particular deity or temple (the Director will advise if this is indeed the case).

	Stamina Cost*		Stamina Cost*
Aura	1	*Blind*	2
Befuddle	1	*Breathe*	2
Bless	1	*Combine*	+2
Bravery	1	*Concentrate*	+2
Darkness	1	*Consume*	2
Detect Supernatural Being	1*	*Counter-Spell*	2
Fear	1	*Distant Sight*	2
Holy Command	1	*Element Commune*	2
Holy Spear	1	*Ensure*	2
Light	1	*Farseeing*	2
Locate Sacred Place	1	*Fog*	2
Luck	1	*Languages*	2
Peace	1	*Levitate*	2
Personalize Spell	+1	*Mind Dart*	2
Silence	1	*Sentry*	2
Skill	1	*Summon*	2
Stamina	1	*All Heal*	4
Ward	1	*Bolt of Power*	4
Animate	2	*Command*	4

Counter Magic	4	*Banish Spirit*	6
Curse	4	*Banish Undead*	6
(Element) Control	4	*Consecrate*	6*
Most Blessed	4	*Raise Skeleton*	6
Poison	4	*Speak to Supernatural Being*	6
Purify	4	*Web*	6
Remove Curse	4		
Restrain	4	*Assassin's Dagger*	8
Speak with the Dead	4	*Spirit Journey*	8
Speak to Animals	4	*Summon Supernatural Being*	8
Spectacular Image	4		
Spirit Wall	4		
Wall	4	*Death*	10
Weather Control	4		
Assume Shape	6		

* – *This is for the most basic form of the spell only; see the spell's description for more details of more powerful versions.*

NON-HUMAN CHARACTERS

Allansia – indeed, the whole world of Titan – is a very large place, teeming with all manner of beings. It may seem that humans are the dominant race – what with all their castles, cities, ships, wars and the like – and in many places this is the case. However, there are several other races which play an almost equally large part in the proceedings. In certain circumstances, members of such races may be allowed to join their human fellows in becoming adventurers. This is at the discretion of the Director: if the Director does not want a player to act as a Troll Hero, for example, he or she is at liberty to disregard these rules and bar such a character.

However, if non-human Heroes are permitted by the Director, there are several races from which to choose. Below are guidelines for three good and three evil races. It may be that the Director will allow such Heroes to be only from the good races, either because the party has a general allegiance to good or simply because the storyline will not permit the team to ally with an apparently evil (or, at the very least, neutral) Orc or Goblin adventurer. In certain circumstances, though, a non-human Hero may be essential to the success of an adventure (see our own *Allansia* adventure, *A Darkness Over Kaad*, coming soon, for an example of this).

Centaur

Centaurs have the upper quarters of humans and the lower quarters of horses. They typically dwell in tribes which roam the flat grasslands of northern Allansia, though they may be found throughout the continent and beyond. They are a proud race, with a strongly neutral disposition. They have had many good dealings with humans and elves – but also many that have turned out badly, and as a result are apt to be wary of the intentions of such races. Their culture is one of traditional values, of warriors and warlords, with disputes settled by fighting. They also have a spiritual side, however, and can be close to nature.

Because of the nature of their bodies, Centaurs are not ideal adventurers. Dungeon exploring, for example, can be done only with difficulty. Out in the open, however, they come into their own. They are strong warriors,

proud and noble, and are able to run (or maybe gallop) far faster than a human, even when bearing a heavy load.

Statistics: A Centaur is rolled in the usual way, but you may add 2 to its *Initial* STAMINA score, to reflect its greater body mass and resultant strength.

Skills: Several Special Skills are plainly of little use to a Centaur, such as *Ride, Handle Cart, Mounted Combat* and the like. Most others, however, can be chosen and used without modification. Centaurs favour swords and knives for hand-to-hand combat, but they prefer missile weapons such as bows (of all sorts), spears and javelins. Note that, when fighting, a Centaur's definition of a 'narrow corridor' will be wider than that for a human. Centaurs can wear armour, in a style befitting the body part to be protected: in other words, human armour for their upper body and horse barding for their flanks.

A Centaur Hero can move far more quickly than a human on foot, and it will have all the same modifiers as for someone on horseback when it comes to rolls for escaping and the like. A Centaur's *Jump* can be up to twice a human's distance or height. They must make all rolls against *Sneak* with a penalty of –2 for their size and shape; certain situations may occur when these will not allow them to succeed at such a roll. Similarly, using *Hide* to secrete a Hero the size of a Centaur will obviously be a lot harder; a Centaur counts as Large for such rolls. When it comes to carrying, assume that a Centaur can carry as many 'items' as it has current

STAMINA points. Any climbing is made with a penalty of –3, unless the surface is sufficiently open, level and stable enough to allow its hoofs to grip.

Centaurs have their own language (which has no written form; all Centaur lore is preserved in oral tales and songs) but can usually also speak Allansian. They can also communicate with any horse.

Spells: Centaurs can use magic with no penalties. They tend to favour spells which increase personal strength and courage, but can choose from all of the spells listed above, and use Minor Magic (if chosen). Centaur Priests may worship most of the standard deities, particularly Fourga and Telak, but their chief deity is Hunnynhaa, the Lord of Horses. All regular Priest spells are available to a Centaur Hero.

Background: A Centaur adventurer is likely to be a young warrior from one of the tribes of the Pagan and Windward Plains of northern Allansia. Such an adventurer will not be a renegade, but will be treated with some disdain by any Centaur tribesmen encountered. The tribes conduct business, using complicated rituals and etiquette, which a Centaur adventurer would still be expected to use in such an encounter. A Centaur adventurer may be male or female and may be a warrior, spellcaster and/or priest.

Role-playing: Centaurs are a very proud and haughty people, with a great sense of tradition, of belonging to a lineage that stretches back through the generations

to the first horses. They always talk of themselves as being 'son of X, son of Y, son of Z' and so on (until they pause for breath, when they can be interrupted!). They don't like humans or the other races very much, though an adventuring Centaur will be more friendly. They are very brave, doughty warriors, fearless in battle to an almost ludicrous extreme. They are not overly intellectual, carrying all their learning in the form of tales and songs, but they are spiritual people and are always in touch with the land.

Dwarf

Dwarfs as player Heroes have already been introduced in *Dungeoneer* (page 138); there are a few additional notes, however, which may prove useful. In many parts of Allansia, Dwarfs are fully integrated into human society, dwelling in towns and cities without comment. All Dwarfs, however, owe their ultimate allegiance to the Dwarf homeland of Fangthane, in the very distant north-eastern corner of Allansia, and most hope to visit there at least once in their lives.

Dwarfs are shorter than humans or Elves, and are very much at home underground, whether mining for gold or searching for it as treasure in an Orc-infested dungeon. Dwarf adventurers are common, though slightly

less so in the more southerly lands. They prefer the colder northern climes, where their stocky frames and hardy metabolism give them an advantage over weaker races. Dwarfs are especially known for mining for their first great love (gold), for drinking large quantities of their second great love (strong ale), for swinging an axe and enjoying their third great love (fighting) and, when that is done, for relaxing and partaking of their final great love (tale-telling).

Most Dwarfs are earthy in character, mistrustful of high-flown intellectuals of all kinds, especially sorcerers. They are champions of plain speaking and plainer actions. They all loathe and despise the evil non-human races; some will fly into a killing frenzy at the simple sight of one, regardless of their own safety. The Dwarf histories are too full of lengthy tales of the evils of such creatures, especially those perpetrated against the legendary Dwarf heroes, for any Dwarf to allow them to live. Some Dwarfs do not like Elves, upholding a traditional enmity that has existed between the races for many generations. There have, however, been several notable adventuring partnerships between a Dwarf and an Elf.

Statistics: Dwarfs have normal adventurer statistics, with no modifiers.

Skills: A Dwarf character *must* have at least 1 point in each of the following Special Skills: *Axe* and *Dark Seeing*. Unless the Dwarf adventurer's background specifically explains why he should not, he should also

have at least a point in *Underground Lore*. All other Special Skills are available to a Dwarf, though there are very, very few Dwarf sorcerers of any sort, and they will usually also steer clear of any Special Skill indicating intellectual knowledge of a sophisticated subject. Dwarfs prefer weapons suited to their build and tend to choose axes and crossbows over longswords and bows. Some Dwarfs are very skilled in the art of warfare, including siege lore.

Dwarfs sometimes have difficulty riding horses, but this is usually due to lack of experience; a Dwarf possessing the *Ride* Special Skill has as much chance as anyone of staying in the saddle. When it comes to checking for actions such as hiding or sneaking, remember that a Dwarf (unless unusually large for his or her race) will count as Small in size.

Spells: Dwarf sorcerers, as we have said, are extremely rare, and they will be encountered only in exceptional circumstances. Dwarf priests are slightly more common but will almost never be encountered above ground. They are elementalists whose powers derive from the stones of the ground; their spells will include priestly versions of the new Magic spells *Breach*, *Explode* and *Consume*, as well as many *Element Control* spells used to control Earth.

Background: An Allansian Dwarf is likely to come from one of the minor tribes, such as King Gillibran's from Stonebridge or Kurad Dragonhelm's from Warpstone. The Dwarfs of Fangthane, the ancient ancestral home

of the race, may be encountered in distant lands, but it is likely that they will be on more pressing business of the Dwarfish Kings rather than adventuring for their own personal fortune.

Role-playing: Dwarfs are gruff and earthy people, born of soil and stone. They mistrust intellectuals and those who place greater store by the mind than the body, especially those tricky magic-users. Dwarfs can sometimes be dour and grim, not to mention grumpy and bad-tempered; but a Dwarf adventurer is more likely to be spirited and good-humoured, with an equal passion for fighting and drinking. All Dwarfs love gold and would put their safety, and the safety of all those with them, in jeopardy if the lure of gold was large enough.

Elf

Like Dwarfs, adventuring Elves were introduced in *Dungeoneer* (page 138). The Elves are an ancient race, long-lived and wise beyond the imaginings of the rest of us. As such, they tend to regard the affairs of the human races as of little importance to them. As a result, Elven adventurers are quite rare; they tend to be rebellious youngsters in search of a life temporarily free from the responsibilities of life in the forests.

Elves are very learned and serious, wise in the ways of magic and nature. They are the ultimate keepers of the secrets of Titan and of all its magical resources, a responsibility which sometimes makes them haughty and offhand. They are tremendously courageous in battle, however, and have a deep dislike of the evil races – though their absolute hatred is ultimately reserved for the renegade Dark Elves, whom they will attack mercilessly. Elves and Dwarfs mistrust each other, mainly because they seem at first to be so different, but ultimately Elves have a grudging respect for the Dwarf race's love of the earth, which is similar to their own reverence for all living things.

Statistics: Elves have the standard adventurer characteristics, with no modifiers either way.

Skills: Any Elf adventurer *must* have at least 1 point in the following Special Skills: *Bow, Wood Lore* and *Magic.* Other than that, they may possess any Special Skills they like. They are particularly likely to have skills relating to their lives in their forest homes, whether *Hunting, Pathfinding* or whatever. They are less keen on Special Skills involving deceit or sneaking, though Elven thieves have been known to possess such skills. In combat, an Elf will prefer to use a longsword or dagger, and especially a bow. They are less keen on mechanical weapons such as crossbows (an Elf's bow is usually made by the same character who will use it). In all other respects, Elves may choose whatever they wish, and are handled in game terms exactly as a human adventurer.

Spells: Elves may choose any spell, though they tend to be especially keen on those that rely on light or fire for their effects. There are many powerful Elven illusionists and elementalists, though these tend to stay in the forests, where their power is greatest; Elven high magic is extremely powerful, but it depends on long rituals and meditation and is not used by adventurers beyond the forests. Elven Priests will concentrate on spells that can be used for good, such as healing spells, or those which will use the natural powers of the elements: light and so on. The Elves worship Erillia, the Elf Mother (known to humans as Galana); her priests cannot learn the following spells: *Curse, Languages, Poison, Raise Skeleton, Speak with the Dead, Summon Supernatural Being.*

Background: Allansian elves are typically renegades or itinerants from the families of the great woodlands, whether the Forest of Yore, Darkwood, Greenhome or the immense Forest of Night. In more southerly climes, Elves may come from the rare jungle or desert tribes, or even be Sea Elves, though adventurers from such tribes are likely to be very, very rare (the work the Director will need to do to modify the skills and spells of such characters may mean that he or she will not allow them in the game).

Role-playing: An Elven adventurer is likely to be intellectual and spiritual and be especially keen on magic and learning. They are a courageous race, however, and will not shirk from battle – though once the evil is averted, they will work hard to restore peace. Although Elves and Dwarfs may dislike one another, each will help the other in times of great adversity. In most respects, though, Elves are the opposite of Dwarfs, being tall, slender and graceful, neat and elegant, concerned with nature, peace and magic.

Goblin

If a Goblin Hero is allowed in a game, the Director may have to establish a special set of circumstances by which the human Heroes are forced to have it along. After all, no one in their right mind, and especially not a Dwarf, would surely want to travel – let alone share treasure – with a snivelling, green-skinned little sneak like a Goblin unless there really was no other option!

Goblins are the smallest and weakest of the three main evil races of Titan. They are green-skinned and scrawny, with exaggerated, bestial features, including large ears and noses. They are tricky creatures who know that they are weak, and they are always looking for sneaky ways by which to even the odds, whether by thievery or sticking in a surreptitious knife-thrust when no one is looking.

Goblins get on tolerably well with Orcs, who usually bully them without mercy. Goblins hate Dwarfs, though they think them stupid and stunted rather than dangerous. Elves, on the other hand, are deeply feared for their intelligence and, especially, for their powerful magic. Humans are regarded with mixed feelings: some are plainly cruel, unforgiving tyrants who must be avoided, but others are the sort of sneaky tricksters a Goblin can feel right at home with. Goblins as a race conduct their affairs in about as dishonourable way as you could imagine. They think nothing of stabbing each other in the back in order to acquire something, whether it be a scrap of food or the rulership of a whole tribe.

Goblins are rarely adventurers, not least because they would have trouble surviving in many human settlements. More likely, they will be in the service of one of the many Goblin tribal leaders, though they would think nothing of taking time off for a profitable diversion, especially if there is the promise of treasure at the end of it. A Goblin is likely to be most useful to a party of Heroes as a guide to some out-of-the-way region, or as a chaperon through the intricacies of Goblin culture.

Statistics: Goblins are smaller and weaker than humans; as a result, create their statistics as follows:

SKILL – roll one dice and add 4 to the result
STAMINA – roll two dice and add 6
LUCK – roll one dice and add 8

Skills: A Goblin growing up in the scrublands with his tribe will have the opportunity to learn a great deal about sneaking here and there and about fighting, but precious little about intellectual pursuits. Therefore the Special Skills most suited to a Goblin are those like *Awareness, Dodge, Hide, Sleight of Hand, Sneak* and *Trap Lore*. All Goblins have at least 1 point in *Dark Seeing* and *Sneak*.

Goblins may not have any points in the following Special Skills (most usually because they are either too small or too stupid to be able to use them!): *Heavy Armoured Combat, Strength, Two-handed Sword*. There are several other skills which would require a great deal of explaining in the Goblin's 'background' before they could be allowed (the Director will rule whether your explanation for them is convincing or not).

Goblins favour small weapons, such as daggers, short swords and clubs, and small bows and blowpipes. Larger weapons are usually too big and heavy for them to handle successfully. In massed battles some Goblins are able to ride half-trained wolves, using *Ride Wolf* and *Mounted Combat* Special Skills, though such characters are unlikely to be player Heroes. In game situations, Goblins count as Small in size, so they will receive bonuses for hiding, sneaking about and the like.

Spells: Goblins are rather mistrustful of sorcery. They are suspicious creatures which worship and venerate a large pantheon of deities ranging from Hashak, their

creator, down to hundreds of heroic tribal ancestors, now dead. They also worship natural features and phenomena, be it the sun and moon, a peculiarly shaped stone or a very old tree. Goblin magicians are also priests, the tribal shamans; they use a mixture of con tricks, Minor Magic and a few peculiar spells to make their followers believe they can work miracles. All Minor Magic spells are available to a Goblin shaman, along with the following Magic and/or Priest spells (they are all considered to be of the same class: Goblin Shaman Magic Spells): *Banish Spirit – Befuddle – Bless – Bravery – Curse – Darkness – Fear – Flash! – Fog – Ignite – Invisibility – Locate Sacred Place – Luck – Poison – Remove Curse – Skill – Speak to Animals – Speak with the Dead – Spirit Journey – Stamina – Summon Supernatural Being – Thunder.*

Background: As we have already said, a Goblin joining the game as a player Hero is likely to be a soldier in the employ of a Goblin King's armies taking advantage of a diversion. There are Goblin tribes throughout Allansia – and, indeed, all of Titan – from the fringes of deserts to isolated islands in the middle of the oceans. They dwell in every environment, from the frozen ice-plains to the swampiest marshland.

Alternatively, there are plenty of 'civilized' Goblins which live in places like Port Blacksand, and even in the more respectable towns and cities. In outlying districts, some Goblin tribes trade with human settlements, and there individual creatures are at least tolerated.

Role-playing: A Goblin owes allegiance to exactly one person: itself. If there's a choice between eating its own mother and dying, you can guess the outcome. If there's an opportunity for profit or any sort of gain, whether material or in status, a Goblin will take it. They're perfectly happy to double- and treble-cross absolutely everybody, to sell out to their worst enemies people whom they have persuaded that they were friends, and so on. Goblins aren't stupid, though they don't have much in the way of learning. In fact, they can be tremendously cunning and resourceful – and very untrustworthy.

Orc

Most of the same comments given above for Goblin Heroes will apply also to Orcs, except that an Orc player Hero is likely to be rarer than a Goblin. While Goblins maintain at least a small sense of neutrality, Orcs are entirely in the service of evil – which means that it will take some very strange circumstances for humans, Dwarfs and especially Elves to join up with one or more Orcs. Orcs very much resemble larger, beefier versions of Goblins, though they will probably look more 'civilized', wearing worked armour decorated with designs and using fairly sophisticated weapons.

Like Goblins, Orcs gather themselves together into tribes, which may be resident in any area away from human or Elven civilization. Unlike Goblins, whose tribes rarely ally, Orcs are bound by a loose alliance to the cause of evil, and each tribe's armies will fight alongside those of others in the event of war. On the other hand, however, rivalry between the tribes is very fierce, and much of the fighting done by the armies is between the various tribes rather than against humans and the like.

Orcs are always to be found in the service of some king or other, typically scouting for humans or Elves, or raiding in search of treasure or supplies. An Orc adventurer would be fairly unlikely – though, since an Orc can turn its hand to almost anything (provided it is offered a clearly attainable profit of one sort or another), there is nothing to stop Orc soldiers setting themselves up as merchants or swords-for-hire. In places like Port Blacksand, Orcs have done just that, breaking away from the strictly tribal structure to join a looser alliance of evil creatures.

Statistics: An Orc Hero has these characteristics:

SKILL – roll one dice and add 4 to the result
STAMINA – roll two dice and add 9
LUCK – roll one dice and add 6

Skills: Unlike Goblins, Orcs are generally a little too large for much sneaking about. An Orc's main Special Skills will almost all be concerned with fighting, both with personal weapons and as part of an army. An Orc *must*

have at least 1 Special Skill point in the following: *Dark See*, (*Hand-to-hand*) *Weapon*. Orcs can use any weapon – though, since Orc weapon-makers are unreliable, they tend generally to stick to simple swords and bows.

Although an Orc is typically half way between a Dwarf and a human in height, he counts as Normal for rolls to hide or to sneak, and thus gains no modifiers. Orcs usually lack any sophisticated Special Skills requiring detailed knowledge or brain power, and they are not very good at riding most creatures (except the very occasional wolf or giant bat). Apart from that, though, an Orc could potentially have any Special Skill – although of course in practice most Orcs are unskilled and unintelligent, and are unlikely to live long enough for that state of affairs to change.

Spells: All the rules which cover Goblin magic-users apply also to an Orc shaman. In addition, the latter will have spells that will be of use in battle and in communing with the horrific demonic deities worshipped by the Orcs alongside their creator, Hashak. Whereas Goblin shamans gain some of their power from worshipping stones, trees and other natural spirits, and their ancestors, Orcs gain most of their power from the dark side, from the Demons. Additional spells for Orc shamans are as follows: *Assume Shape – Breach – Cockroach – Consume – Explode – Ironhand – See Future – Shatter – Strong Arm – Sure Shot – Wall of Power.*

Background: As with a Goblin player character, an Orc may either be a member of one of the many wilderness

tribes, or be based in an evil (or at least neutral) city or town, like Port Blacksand. Orc adventurers are rare but, like Goblins, Orcs have been known to try their hand at just about anything, ostensibly in the service of evil, but in fact in the service of themselves.

Role-playing: Orcs are brutish creatures, nasty-minded and evil. They are also rather stupid, though they are possessed of low cunning. Unlike a Goblin, which at least has a sort of animal-like charm, an Orc is simply a concentrated mass of aggression, violence, stupidity and greed. Orcs are most dangerous when they are in superior numbers; one Orc on its own will be far less threatening – provided it isn't given an inch!

Troll

If the Heroes have been playing the Advanced Fighting Fantasy adventures in *Dungeoneer* and *Blacksand!* they will be very familiar with Trolls, in particular with those that always seem to be on guard duty outside

the gates of Port Blacksand. As with Goblins and Orcs, Trolls are servants of the evil forces and they are most often to be found in uniform, enforcing the will of some despot or other.

Out in the wilds, Trolls are often to be found dwelling near Orcs, whom they bully unmercifully whenever they are in superior numbers. Trolls rarely organize themselves into tribes, generally keeping to smaller, family groups. It is only in the armies of evil (or the garrisons of places like Blacksand) that they will work and fight together. They are brutal and violent creatures, and they possess a deep-rooted meanness that stems from their profound stupidity.

All good races dislike Trolls, but a Dwarf is likely to fly into an extremely violent temper when faced with one, owing to certain humiliations traditionally said to have been inflicted upon various Dwarfs in the past. Trolls are occasionally to be found preying on travellers in the wilds, but they will very rarely be adventurers – not least because they would be attacked wherever they went!

Statistics: A Troll Hero should have its characteristics rolled up as follows:

SKILL – roll one dice and add 6 to the result
STAMINA – roll two dice and add 15
LUCK – roll one dice and add 4

Note that most Trolls are Common Trolls; for a Hill Troll, add a further 3 points to STAMINA.

Dungeoneer first, and only then move on to *Blacksand!* or *Allansia*.

This book is organized into four parts:

1. New game rules for outdoor environments, in particular new Special Skills and Spells for Heroes; rules for fighting mass battles and sieges; and a whole new set of guidelines for playing non-human Heroes like Elves, Orcs, Trolls and so on.

2. Designing and running adventures set in the wild lands of Allansia and beyond, whether in hills, mountains, deserts or under the sea! There are further rules for outdoor encounters, governing special situations like magic outdoors, and designing special features like castles and ruins.

3. Expanding upon the rules and guidelines from the previous sections, we take a trip through all the various environments which may be encountered by adventurers, from the highest peaks to the depths of the oceans, all tied to the real locations throughout Allansia.

4. Finally, there's the one you've all been waiting for, the epic-length adventure which concludes the Saga of Sargon which has run through all the Advanced Fighting Fantasy series of books: *A Darkness Over Kaad*.

The simplest thing to do now is to turn the page and continue reading. Some of the material is instantly usable, but much more is presented as new rules which

should be incorporated into your existing game. If you are a Director, you should read as much or as little as you feel you need to, according to the adventure you are designing or running. Many of the rules we provide are optional and, as always, you are under no obligation to include in your own games anything you don't want to.

If you are a player intending to be a Hero, it is important that you don't read any of the text of *A Darkness Over Kaad*. Knowing exactly what is going to happen can take away too much of the fun to come to be worth the initial excitement of taking a peek, so keep off! Your Director may also prefer it if you didn't read his notes on running outdoor adventures so that you are not tempted to apply your own knowledge to a situation where your Hero does not know what to do.

So now here we are: it's time to set off on our journey. All ready to go? Right, let's saddle up the horses, strap on our packs and begin our journey into the heart of *Allansia* . . .

Skills: Trolls are generally unskilled, to such an extent that they may choose Special Skill points equal to only *half* their *Initial* SKILL score. Furthermore, a Troll *must* have 1 point in the following: *Dark Seeing, Strength* and the use of a very large weapon (typically a club, battleaxe or spear). Trolls are not renowned for having a bent towards learning; as a result, most *Lore* skills are unavailable to them, unless their background specifically allows them. Trolls are large and brutish creatures and consequently count as Large in size when rolling for actions like hiding or sneaking.

Spells: Almost all Trolls are far too stupid to use magic of any sort; even a Troll shaman which is considered powerful by its fellows will usually have access to only a couple of Minor Magic spells. Only the few tribal shamans of the Hill Trolls are known to possess stronger powers; in such cases, treat them like an Orc shaman.

Background: A Troll Hero will almost certainly be a member of an organized force like the Port Blacksand Town Guard. Such a character will be serving with the force but may be on special assignment (it could even be part of a secret plan to endanger the Heroes, though it must be said that any Heroes who joined up with a Troll would probably be asking for trouble anyway). As we mentioned above, with the exception of Hill Trolls, they do not organize themselves into tribes, owing allegiance merely to their own family.

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plain stupid. They take tremendous delight in fighting and drinking, and especially in the misfortunes of others. They like gold and other riches but are usually just as happy with something large and shiny. They don't care for Elves or Dwarfs, and will work only with humans who have proved themselves to be at least as brutish and nasty-minded as themselves.

MASS BATTLES

The final set of new rules are something out of the ordinary and they cover an area we have not touched upon before. Normally in the course of an adventure, any fights the Heroes take part in will involve just themselves and a small band of opponents. On occasions, however, far more combatants may be involved: whole armies may be on the march, pausing in their advance only to fight enormous pitched battles and sieges. In such cases, you and the Director should use the rules which follow to decide the outcome of these battles.

In fact there are not one but *two* methods of deciding how the outcome of a battle is decided under the Advanced Fighting Fantasy rules. The first, the 'Quick

Battle Rules', use only a minimum of dice rolls and very little game time to decide what happens, without having to set up all the figures or counters and push them round the table for the whole afternoon, although each Hero also gets to fight at least one Heroic Combat against a chosen opponent. For those more interested in playing through the battle in full, we also present the 'Mass Battle Rules'. Using these, every player gets to be a general in charge of his or her own units of men, and the battle is played out in full, until the last enemy is dead or captured or has fled.

So, the first thing the Director has to do is decide how the battle to come is to be fought. If there are only a few enemies (generally less than twenty), it is best to treat the encounter as a skirmish and run the battle using the standard personal combat rules. If the enemy is present in greater numbers, decide whether you and the Heroes want to run through it quickly and get on with the adventure or pause and prepare a proper tabletop affair.

Quick Battle Rules

As we just said, these rules reduce the battle to a series of dice rolls, a few checks just like those the Heroes would make for hand-to-hand fighting. These determine the final outcome of the battle, based upon the *Battle Tactics* Special Skill of each army's commander. To determine what the individual Heroes get up to in the fight, there is also a mechanism for Heroic Combats, in which each Hero has to fight a specific opponent, typically a champion from the enemy side. The sequence of a Quick Battle runs as follows.

First, work out the total number of troops on each side, including the Heroes. All those present with more than one Attack should be counted according to the number of their Attacks (thus a Hill Giant would count as two men). Do not include the usual rabble of followers, slaves, squires, baggage- and animal-handlers and all the other hangers-on who usually accompany an army in its campaign; they will either not be fighting or they will be so poor at it that they will make little difference to the outcome.

Add the number of troops on both sides together, and divide this total by 100 (round fractions down). The result is the number of Battle Rounds to be fought during this battle.

Each Battle Round is fought just like an Attack Round, except that each side's commander uses his *Battle Tactics* Special Skill score (or normal SKILL score, if this Special Skill is not possessed). Each leader rolls two dice, adds the result to this score, and modifies the roll according to the following conditions (which apply to both sides):

Attacking from higher ground	+1
Fighting on marshy ground	−1
In fortified position	+2
In very fortified position (e.g. inside castle)	+4
Outnumbered by enemy (but at less than 2:1)	−1
Outnumbered between 2:1 and 3:1	−2
Outnumbered by greater than 3:1	−3
Have better-quality troops	+1

Archers present	+ 1
For each 25% of army mounted	+ 1
Have a mixed-race army	− 1
Surprised or ambushed	− 2
Commander without *Battle Tactics*	− 2
For every 3 Heroes present	+ 1
For every 20 STAMINA points of spells possessed by the side	+ 1
For each previous Battle Round won	+ 1

(Note that there may logically seem to be other modifiers, such as the weather or terrain conditions, but since these apply to both sides they cancel each other out. However, the Director is free to impose other modifiers as he or she sees fit; for example, an army of humans fighting a battalion of Ice Warriors in driving snow would plainly be at a disadvantage, and would suffer an extra penalty of − 2.)

What happens as a result of this roll depends on the difference between the two scores. The winner must roll one dice, multiply the result by the difference between the two scores, and lose that many men from his side. The loser must multiply the difference between the two scores by 20, and lose that many men. If the scores are equal, there is an impasse and neither side has won; roll one dice and multiply the result by five; each side must lose that many men. The commander of each side may choose which units lose men; after all, he is the one to decide who gets pushed into battle first.

After all the Battle Rounds have been fought (unless

one side runs out of men!), the side which has won most rounds is the winner. If both sides have the same number of wins, the battle is declared a draw – the sides either fight one more Battle Round or declare the dispute over. Note that either commander may order his side to surrender at any time, automatically forfeiting the battle. Alternatively, they may attempt to flee the field of battle. The opposing commander may choose either to let them go or to follow them and continue fighting (if the latter is the case, his side's next roll has a + 2 modifier).

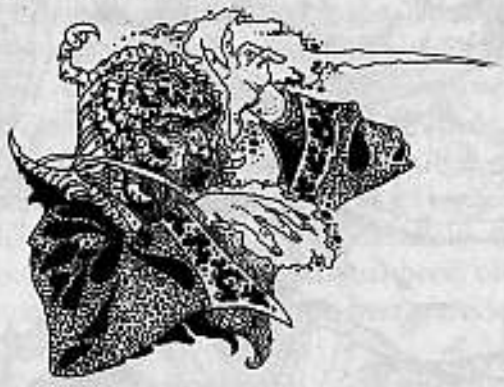

Heroic Combats

After the first Battle Round, and following every third further round thereafter (i.e. after rounds 4, 7, 10, 13, and so on), every Hero present must fight a Heroic Combat. This is a one-on-one fight with a champion from the other side, prepared beforehand by the Director. Ideally the opponent should be similar in strength and abilities to the Hero in question – no Hero would want to be called a coward or a cheat through picking on a weakling for a Heroic Combat!

The Heroic Combats are all fought as normal hand-to-hand combats, except that the fighter from the side which won the last Battle Round may add +1 to his Attack Strength for the duration of this particular duel. Duels may be made on horseback only if the opponent is also mounted, or if the opponent agrees. Sorcery may be used. After each Heroic Combat has been fought, the side that won the majority may add +1 to their roll for determining the outcome of the next Battle Round.

Heroic Combats will determine the wounds taken by the Heroes in battle. These wounds, incidentally, can be healed only by magical means before the next Heroic Combat comes around. Note that, in certain circumstances, the Director may have the outcome of an entire battle rely on the result of a Heroic Combat – after all, an army would almost certainly surrender if their powerful sorcerer-king had just been killed in one-on-one combat with the enemy's best warrior!

Quick Combat Example

Here is a simple sample battle to show you how the Quick Battle Rules work in practice.

It is dawn, and on the rocky plains before Warpstone two armies gather for war. The forces of Good are 320 strong, including 80 cavalry, and are commanded by four Heroes. The Heroes are led by Guthric Wolfsheart, who has a *Battle Tactics* score of 11. The forces of Evil number 480, and have no Heroes among their number, but they do include two companies of Trolls, whose 2

Attacks mean that the total troop strength is considered to be 560. They are led by the evil Troll, King Nurm, who has no *Battle Tactics* Special Skill, but has a standard SKILL score of 10.

At the start of the battle, we add the troop totals together and divide by 100 to work out the number of rounds. In this case, 320 + 560 gives 880, which means that 8 Battle Rounds will be fought.

Battle Round 1: Wolfsheart's player rolls two dice, then applies modifiers for being outnumbered, having better-quality troops, having archers, having Heroes present and for one of the Heroes having 27 STAMINA points in spells. There are not enough cavalry present to make a difference, and there are no modifiers for the terrain. The dice come up 5 and 1, plus *Battle Tactics* 11, and are modified by −1, +1, +1, +1 and +1; this side's total is thus 20.

Nurm must modify for archers present, for having a mixed-race army, for not having *Battle Tactics* and for there being just enough magic among his shamans. Nurm rolls 2 and 2, plus SKILL 10, and must modify by +1, −1, −2 and +1. His side's total is thus a terrible 13.

The forces of Evil must therefore now lose 7 × 20, or 140 men! Nurm chooses the casualties from the weakest companies of Goblin foot-soldiers, being careful not to harm his archers, spellcasters or Trolls. Wolfsheart unluckily rolls a 6 and so must lose (6 × 7) 42 men; the

first attack was successful but was marred by heavy losses. At the end of the round, the armies now number as follows: Good: 278 men, Evil: 420.

The Heroes all now step up for their Heroic Combats. The Troll King holds back his best warriors for later – when the Heroes may be weaker and so be defeated by his Troll Champions! – which means that all four Heroes beat their Orc opponents easily (they now have a +1 modifier for winning the last Battle Round). The Evil army is now down to 416 men.

Battle Round 2: Wolfsheart's men renew their attack. Modifiers are as before, plus an extra +1 for winning one Battle Round. The Heroes' leader rolls 2 and 1, plus his Special Skill 11, and +4 after all the various modifiers have been taken into account; his Battle Strength is 18.

Nurm has the same modifiers as before, but this time he rolls 6 and 4, which gives a final Battle Strength of 19 – despite heavy losses in the last attack, his side wins this round!

Losses are minimal: 20 from Wolfsheart's side, and a dice roll of 3 means that only that many are lost from the army of Evil. However, next time the Evil army also has a modifier of +1 for winning a Battle Round. At the end of the second round, the Evil army has 413 men while Good have 258. And so the battle continues . . .

Skills: Trolls are generally unskilled, to such an extent that they may choose Special Skill points equal to only *half* their *Initial* SKILL score. Furthermore, a Troll *must* have 1 point in the following: *Dark Seeing, Strength* and the use of a very large weapon (typically a club, battleaxe or spear). Trolls are not renowned for having a bent towards learning; as a result, most *Lore* skills are unavailable to them, unless their background specifically allows them. Trolls are large and brutish creatures and consequently count as Large in size when rolling for actions like hiding or sneaking.

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plain stupid. They take tremendous delight in fighting and drinking, and especially in the misfortunes of others. They like gold and other riches but are usually just as happy with something large and shiny. They don't care for Elves or Dwarfs, and will work only with humans who have proved themselves to be at least as brutish and nasty-minded as themselves.

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Mass Battle Rules

Mass battles require far greater effort than those fought using the Quick Battle Rules, but of course they are also far more entertaining and rewarding. Use the rules which follow to fight entire tabletop wargames, as small or as large as you like, with your Heroes right in the thick of it!

Before the Battle

Before the two armies come together, there will be a period of scouting and preparation. If one side's scouts are especially good, they may know that an enemy army is approaching, weeks before it actually arrives, and will be able to choose where and when they want to meet the invaders. On the other hand (and, of course, this all depends on the plot of the Director's adventure), the intruders may be able to sneak into a country under the cover of darkness and be camped outside the city gates by the time dawn breaks! Armies don't consist of just soldiers and their generals. There are also likely to be followers: advance scouts, foraging units for hunting food, messengers and heralds for relaying messages, healers and armourers, and masses of hangers-on who are used for everything from building defences to washing clothes.

In rules terms, this means physically preparing metal miniatures or paper counters and the battleground where the combat is to take place. Clear a table of all extraneous junk, then lay out any scenery you are using. You may use proper scenery, models, paper cut-outs, piles of old books, whatever is to hand. An

alternative idea, one which we have used in our own games, is to cover the tabletop with a sheet of paper, such as the back of an old roll of wallpaper, and draw all the scenery on that. You will also need a tape measure or a ruler.

Prepare enough figures or counters for all the soldiers. In these rules we assume that one counter is equal to ten men and that it occupies a single square 2 cm by 2 cm, so, if you can, cut your counters to that size. Larger creatures, siege engines and the like will be individual units and will occupy rectangles or squares that are multiples of that measurement; we suggest you use the following:

Type	Width	Depth
Infantry	1	1
Cavalry	2	1
Giants and other large creatures	2	1
Airborne	2	1
Dragons and other very large creatures	2	2
Siege engine	2	3

The Units

Every unit of troops has characteristics which are very similar to those used by individual Heroes and other characters. These are BATTLE SKILL, BATTLE STAMINA, MOVE and ATTACKS.

Battle Skill – This measures how well the whole unit fights. The BATTLE SKILL of a unit is the average of all

the regular SKILL scores of those present: add up the SKILL score of all of them and divide the result by the number of soldiers present. If all the creatures in a unit are all the same (such as a unit of Orcs, say) you need not do any maths, as their SKILL scores will all be the same – just use the standard score given in *Out of the Pit* or in the books in this series.

Battle Stamina – This is the equivalent of regular STAMINA: it measures how well the unit will do at surviving injuries. To find out the BATTLE STAMINA of a unit of soldiers of the same type, take their standard STAMINA score (as given in *Out of the Pit*, for example), divide by 12 and multiply by the number of troops present. If the unit is made up troops from several different races or are led, for example, by a far more powerful commander, make the unit's BATTLE STAMINA the average of their scores. Similarly, if the unit is made up solely of Heroes, their BATTLE STAMINA will be the average of everyone's regular STAMINA; add all the STAMINA scores together and divide by the number of soldiers present.

Move – The MOVE score of a unit simply tells you how fast they move, in centimetres, in one round. Simply look up the rate on the following table:

Troops	Move (cm)
Humans, other humanoids smaller than Ogres	4
Ogres, Trolls, etc.	5
Horses	8
Four-footed creatures and monsters	6
Most undead creatures (Skeletons, Ghouls)	4
Zombies, Mummies	3
Golems	2
Two-legged dinosaurs	8
Four-legged dinosaurs	5
Dragons, ground	5
Dragons, flying	12
Other flying creatures	10

(The MOVE scores of other creatures not listed can easily be determined by the Director using the above as examples.)

Attacks – Most troops will have only one Attack, but larger creatures which are able to take on more than one opponent at once will have a larger score here; see the descriptions in *Out of the Pit* for more details.

You should also record the Weapon used by the troops in a unit, as this information will be needed when working out damage. For the sake of an easy life, allot one main weapon type to all the troops in a unit (i.e. assume they are all using swords, axes, or whatever). There may also be a missile weapon, and this should also be recorded. Monsters, of course, will be using natural weapons like Large Claws.

Battle Is Joined

Once all the units have been prepared, it is time for the troops to be placed on the field of battle. Usually the Director will have decided where the troops can start from: one side may enter on a road, or both sides may be placed not more than thirty centimetres from each other, that sort of thing. The players take it in turns placing one unit, then another, until all troops starting the fight have been placed.

Unless there is a specific game reason – one side has been ambushed, or has arrived under cover of darkness or a storm, say – the roller of the higher score on one dice starts first.

The sequence for one Battle Round in a battle is as follows:

1. Side One: Move or Fire
   Side Two: Move or Fire
2. Side One: Combat
   Side Two: Combat
3. Side One: Morale Check
   Side Two: Morale Check

The next Battle Round then starts, beginning at 1 again. (Note that you may have more than two sides in a battle; we've kept it simple to make it easier to understand. Where there are more than two sides, simply incorporate them into the above sequence, in turn.) Battle Rounds continue until one side is defeated, surrenders or flees the field.

Move

A unit can move a number of centimetres across the tabletop at a rate equal to their MOVE score, in any direction they choose. The unit with the highest BATTLE SKILL score will move first, then the next highest, and so on. Any unit which comes into contact with the enemy must stop immediately and engage in combat. Any units wishing to fire missile weapons, such as arrows, cannot move during this round.

Terrain – The terrain of the battlefield isn't always smooth and featureless, of course, and this may have a dramatic effect on a unit's movement. Crossing a river or stream (unless using a bridge or ford) will halve a unit's MOVE. A unit caught in the middle of a river during a round must fight with a penalty of –2.

Climbing up a hill will also halve a unit's movement; climbing down has no effect. A unit moving through a forest, or having to clamber over an obstacle, whether natural or a defence fortification, will move at three-quarters of their normal rate. Note that larger creatures may not be able to move through such terrain; the Director will rule whether this is the case or not.

Fire

A unit may fire arrows or stones, throw spears or javelins or whatever else comes to hand. Spells are also cast in this phase of the round (see the special notes on *Battle Spells*, below). It is worth firing only at a unit which is within range. Bows (of all sorts) have a range

of 25 centimetres; javelins have a range of 12 centimetres; spears, slings and all other weapons have a range of 8 centimetres. Treat weapons thrown by huge creatures such as Giants as being equal to bows.

To determine whether the shots hit, the firing unit must roll two dice. If the result of this throw is less than, or equal to, their BATTLE SKILL, the missiles hit and the target unit must lose the requisite points for the particular weapon from their BATTLE STAMINA (see the Damage Table in *Dungeoneer* (page 155)). If the weapon is not reloadable – like a spear or a massive rock – don't forget to cross it off the troops' list.

Combat

In this phase of the Battle Round, you should determine the result of any hand-to-hand fighting. All units that are in contact with each other can fight.

The combat is determined just like normal one-on-one combat, except that it uses BATTLE SKILL plus the result of the roll of two dice to create a side's Battle Strength. This is then compared to that of the opposing unit, and the side with the higher Battle Strength wins.

This roll should be modified if one side is greatly outnumbered by the other. If one unit outnumbers the other by between 2:1 and 3:1, add +1 to their Battle Strength; for outnumbering by 3:1 or more, add +2 to their Battle Strength. Also note the rule on *Uneven Attacks*, below.

The losing unit takes damage to their BATTLE STAMINA as determined by a roll on the Damage Table according to the weapon used by the attacking unit. If a unit is reduced to zero BATTLE STAMINA points, it is totally destroyed and is removed from the battle. If one side scores damage against the other, it may choose to move away in the next Move phase. If neither side hits (i.e. the rolls are equal), both must stay and fight again in the next round.

Charges – When a unit moves into contact with an enemy unit, it is considered to be charging. In the first round of combat it may receive +2 to its Battle Strength (this could conceivably apply to both sides).

Multiple Attacks – When creatures have more than one Attack, they can do greater damage if they win the Battle Strength roll. Each side makes just the one roll, but the winning side may multiply the amount of damage they do by the number of Attacks they have. First work out the damage from the Damage Table, then multiply.

Rear Attacks – A unit attacked from the rear must modify its Battle Strength by −2 and, worse, they may only defend. Combat is decided in the usual way, but if the defenders win they do not score any damage, though they may break off from combat. This applies for one Battle Round only; in the next, they are assumed to have rearranged themselves so as not to suffer this disadvantage.

Side and Hill Attacks – If a unit is attacked in the side, or by a unit coming down on them from higher up a hillside, they should modify their Combat Strength by −2. This penalty will apply for one Battle Round; in the next round, although the troops may not break off from combat, they will rearrange themselves so as not to suffer the disadvantage.

Uneven Attacks – If a unit is attacked by more than one enemy unit, each attack is dealt with separately. If there are more attacking units than the defending unit has Attacks, however, the outnumbered unit has to decide which unit it is attacking, and will only be able to defend against all the others. In other words, if it wins against a unit against which it is only defending, it does not cause any damage, though it may move away in the next Battle Round. The defending unit rolls only once for its Battle Strength, which is then compared to the rolls of each separate attacking unit.

Morale Check

In the final phase of the Battle Round, each unit is checked for morale – that is, the general contentment or otherwise of the unit, and their willingness either to stay and fight or to run away!

Every unit that has lost some points from its BATTLE STAMINA in this Battle Round must check, by rolling two dice. This is compared to the unit's BATTLE SKILL score, which may be altered, according to the following modifiers:

	Modifier to BATTLE SKILL
For each friendly unit within 10 cm	+1
For each enemy unit within 10 cm	−1
Outnumber enemy unit(s) currently fighting	+1
Outnumbered by current enemy unit(s)	−1
Enemy unit is undead or demonic	−1
Within 10 cm of command unit	+1
For every two Heroes with that command unit	+1
For every Hero with this unit	+1
Unit charged this round	+1
Unit behind defences	+2
Unit are professional troops	+2
Spell cast against unit this round	−1
Enemy is evil	+1
Side's commander is evil priest or sorcerer	+1
Unit failed a Morale roll last round	−1

Note that units composed solely of Heroes need never test for morale; they stand and fight or withdraw according to the orders of their player(s). Similarly, troops composed of undead creatures under the command of an evil sorcerer will not need to check. 'Professional' troops are those whose full-time job is that of a soldier; Orcs and the like are counted as such only if they have been employed by someone who has taken the time, trouble and expense to train them properly, rather than just buying their services as mercenaries.

If the roll is less than, or equal to, the unit's BATTLE SKILL score, the unit stands firm and may continue fighting normally.

If the result is higher than the unit's BATTLE SKILL score, its morale is considered to have broken. In the next Battle Round, this unit must flee: it may not fight or fire missile weapons. If attacked, the unit may defend itself but it cannot attack (i.e., it cannot cause damage if it wins the Battle Strength roll). In the Morale Check phase of the next Battle Round, the unit must test again. If this check is successful, the unit recovers its morale and may re-enter battle on the next movement phase. If the test fails, the unit keeps right on running, and will continue to do so until it is off the battlefield!

A unit which fails the first Morale Check but which is unable to flee fights on, but with a penalty of −2 to their BATTLE SKILL. This may happen if a unit is trapped against a castle wall or an unclimbable slope – or because units from its own side will not let the fleeing unit through. This is a common technique for keeping Orc and Goblin units in a battle long after their nerve has gone, typically by having a large unit of Trolls immediately behind the front line of units. If a commander wishes to let a unit through, assume that the fleeing unit has simply changed places with the advancing one in the Move phase.

Special Rules

The above rules cover all the basics of fighting, but there are some special situations which may also arise, and these are covered here.

Cavalry – Cavalry units get a bonus to their BATTLE SKILL according to their mounts, depending on the latter's size, strength and combat ability:

Mount	Bonus
Wolf	+1
Horse, riding lizard	+2
Dinosaur, other creature	+3
Warhorse	+3
Flying creature	+3
Dragon	+4

Troops mounted on creatures which can attack (this does not include horses, but does include warhorses), receive additional attacks, according to the number of Attacks the creatures have. These extra Attacks are resolved as detailed earlier. Other than that, the BATTLE SKILL and BATTLE STAMINA of the unit are as determined earlier. Creatures on their own (i.e. not being ridden!) are not treated as cavalry but as standard units, as detailed earlier.

If any of the cavalry are fighting using lances, treat such a weapon as a 'pole arm' (rather than a spear) when rolling on the Damage Table.

Cover – This includes trees and associated undergrowth, wooden barricades and earthworks, and so on. A unit hiding in cover is far harder to hit with missile fire, therefore any troops firing at a unit in cover must reduce their chance by a penalty of −2.

To attack a unit in cover in hand-to-hand combat, the attackers must first destroy the cover. All cover is treated as having a Battle Strength of 5 points; if the attackers roll higher than this, the cover loses 2 BATTLE STAMINA points, as if it were a living unit. If the attackers roll lower, they have merely failed to break through the cover during that turn. Various types of cover have the following characteristics:

Cover	BATTLE STAMINA
Woods or undergrowth	0
Wicker	2
Light wood	4
Heavy wood	6

Earthworks and walls do not need to be broken through. Instead, the defending unit may attack using both missile fire and combat with bonuses of +2 each.

For each turn spent by an attacking unit in reducing cover, the defending unit in the cover may attack with missile fire, with a bonus of +2. When the cover is completely destroyed, both units then close for combat using the normal rules.

Damage to Heroes – Heroes in units are never killed, unless the unit is completely wiped out! At the end of the battle, each Hero with a unit will have lost STAMINA points in proportion to the losses sustained by that unit. For example, if the unit had an *Initial* BATTLE STAMINA of 6 and ended the battle with a score of 2, a

Hero with 12 STAMINA points would now have only one-third of that, or 4.

Spells – One of the most important elements in any fantasy battle must be the spells cast by sorcerers on both sides. Spells for use in battle are often similar to ordinary spells (and, indeed, a character who has a personal spell can often use it in a similar way when caught up in a battle) but they tend to require a lot of STAMINA to cast in order to affect large numbers of people.

Each unit with at least one sorcerer present may cast one spell per Battle Round, in the Fire phase. The success of the spell depends, as always, on a successful roll against the sorcerer's *Magic* Special Skill. If more than one sorcerer is present, you may choose which sorcerer is tested (this should usually be the one with the highest *Magic* skill score!). The unit may not perform any movement or missile firing in this round. Add 1 to the STAMINA cost of a spell for every 10 men in a unit (round fractions up). Thus, casting *Heal* on 10 men costs 3 STAMINA points, but casting it on 25 men costs 5 STAMINA points. This STAMINA cost may be spread among all the sorcerers present in a unit, so two sorcerers would each reduce their STAMINA score by 2 points after casting a 4-point spell.

Here are some spells, modified for use in battle conditions. Other spells possessed by the Heroes may also be modified so that they can be used in battle, as the Director decides.

Befuddle (2): This spell can be cast at any one unit within 12 cm of the sorcerer's unit. The target unit loses 2 points from its BATTLE SKILL for 1–6 Battle Rounds (the Director rolls, in secret).

Calm (2): This spell will calm any one fleeing unit, regardless of how it failed its Morale Check roll; range: 8 cm.

Clearmind (2): This spell cancels out the results of a *Befuddle* spell, giving back up to 4 BATTLE SKILL points (very useful if a unit has been hit by the spell twice!). Range is 8 cm.

Fear (2): This spell, range 12 cm, causes the affected unit to automatically fail a Morale Check roll if made in this Battle Round. If no roll is attempted this round, the spell has been wasted.

Fog (2): Using this spell, a sorcerer can create a magical mist which will hide a chosen unit for the next 4 Battle Rounds. The unit should be removed from the board, and its new position worked out secretly, until it reappears. Note that any enemy unit coming across the unit will be able to see them, but must fight at −2 because of the mist. The mist may be dispelled before its full duration is over. This spell has a range of 12 cm, and may of course be cast on the sorcerer's own unit.

Heal (2): This spell can be cast at a unit within 8 cm. It will restore up to 4 lost points of BATTLE STAMINA; it will not take such a score above its *Initial* level.

Shield (2): This spell allows the target unit, which must be within 8 cm, to gain 2 BATTLE SKILL points temporarily, for 4 Battle Rounds.

Weaken (2): Any single enemy unit within 12 cm of the caster can be afflicted by this spell, which causes it to lose 2 BATTLE STAMINA points.

Breach (varies): This spell simply destroys any constructed cover, within a range of 12 cm. It costs as much to cast as the BATTLE STAMINA of the cover itself.

Fortify (3/4/5): Using this spell, the caster can create magical cover for his unit. The spell creates a defence with a BATTLE STAMINA of 3, 4 or 5 points, according to the STAMINA placed behind it (though extra STAMINA points may be needed to extend the cover to more than 10 soldiers).

Arrow Storm (4): This spell creates a storm of real arrows which automatically hits the target, doing normal damage as if for a longbow. The range is 25 cm. Note that the enemy forces cannot distinguish an *Arrow Storm* attack from an actual bow attack if the apparent position of the 'archers' is hidden.

Note that sorcerers can also use any other 'personal' spells they may have; fortifying their own STAMINA is likely to be a high priority! One such spell may be cast by a sorcerer at the end of a Battle Round in which they have not cast another spell, fought or lost a

Morale Check roll (i.e., they may move and cast such a spell on themselves).

Terrain and Weather – Having to fight in especially harsh conditions is not normally an issue; such disadvantages affect both sides equally, so they need not to be counted. However, there may be certain circumstances when they are: humans fighting Orcs at night, say, or Ice Demons in the middle of a blizzard. In such circumstances, the Director should impose a modifier of between −1 and −4 against the disadvantaged side's Battle Strength and Morale Check rolls, as appropriate.

After the Battle

What happens after everyone has either been killed or has fled or surrendered should be determined by the Director according to the needs of the adventure plot he or she is currently shooting. It may be that the Heroes have been captured by the invaders, so they will need to escape, then find a way to raise a new army to defeat the invaders. Alternatively, they may have captured the commander of the invading army and now want to hold him for ransom. There may be a kingdom without a ruler, a land full of refugees but without food, or a battlefield or a wrecked city strewn with abandoned property and would-be looters. All kinds of adventures should follow a mass battle; the Director will surely have no trouble coming up with half a dozen plot-lines to suit his players' Heroes!

Besieged!

Using the Mass Battle Rules, you can also carry out

sieges against castles, towns and other fortifications. All the rules given above apply, but there are some extra guidelines needed for dealing with solid fortifications and siege engines.

The Director should note that sieges will also need a number of background notes, which will cover the amount of supplies possessed by the besieged settlement, the length of time needed before reinforcements could arrive, and so on. This should ideally be built into an adventure's storyline before the game is run rather than decided later.

Fortifications – The defences provided by a city wall or fortified gate work in much the same way as cover does, except of course that they are made of stone or wood and are much harder to reduce in order for an invader to breach them. The Director will need to decide how thick (and therefore how strong) a fortification is, using the following table as a guideline:

Material	BATTLE STRENGTH
Mud or straw, per 20 cm thick	1
Wood, per 10 cm thick	1
Buttressed or iron-bound wood, per 15 cm thick	2
Stone, per 10 cm thick	2
Concrete, per 15 cm thick	3

Only siege engines or certain magic spells will be able to breach the last three fortifications listed; troops on their own will not be strong enough to batter down a stone wall or thick wooden gate.

Note that there may be other defences, possibly in the form of a drawbridge, a moat, ditches, spiked stakes or other traps. If they are present, the effect of such special features on a unit will need to be decided by the Director, using as guidelines the rules presented here and above.

Siege Engines – Siege engines may be used for reducing fortifications, but they can also be used to attack enemy units if the commander wishes. There are many types of siege engine, but the two commonest types are the battering ram and the rock thrower. Siege engines should be treated as two separate units: the engine itself, and its crew (at least 10 troops per unit). The engine may be moved as normal, at a speed of half that of the troops pulling or pushing it.

A battering ram is usually a huge tree trunk, often tipped with a strong metal or stone tip and mounted on a movable carriage. Some have roofs of hides or straw, which are there to protect the ram's operators against arrows, spears and rocks dropped on them from the walls while they are battering away. Personal missile weapons will hit the operator of such a roofed ram only on a double-6. Stones may smash through, but the ram's roof will have a BATTLE STAMINA rating of 9 points. When a battering ram hits a wall, its commander should roll two dice and add the total BATTLE STAMINA of the unit operating the ram. This is the battering ram's Battle Strength, and it should be used for combat against the fortification in the usual way.

Giant rock throwers – known to siege engineers by names like onagers, mangonels and trebuchets – are the other main type of siege engine. It takes a full turn to reload a rock thrower, so it may fire only on every other Battle Round. It fires during the Move or Fire phase, just like any other missile weapon. When a rock is launched from the thrower, its commander should note the intended path of the missile, using the straight edge of something like a ruler, or a piece of string. He should then roll one dice, add 6, then double the result; this is the distance travelled by the rock, in centimetres. He then needs to roll another dice to see how accurate the throw has been:

Dice roll	The rock lands ...
1	6 cm to the right
2	3 cm to the right
3–4	On target
5	3 cm to the left
6	6 cm to the left

When the rock lands (wherever it lands!), it will cause 3–8 points of damage (roll one dice and add 2 to the result). As you can see, rock throwers are rather unreliable on the field of battle, but they will prove more useful when directed against a city wall, where it does not really matter where the missile lands.

If the Director wishes to allow the use of other types of siege engine, such as giant towers to protect besieging troops as they storm the walls, or immense cross-

bows firing huge bolts, the above guidelines should be used to determine just what their effects are.

Wall Defences – Defenders on top of a wall may drop heavy rocks or burning pitch on to attackers gathered at its base. This should be treated just like missile fire from cover (as detailed above) except that, of course, the missiles will be heavier or flaming and thus will cause more damage. A huge boulder will do the same damage as a two-handed sword on the Damage Table; a cauldron of flaming pitch will do as much as a Large fire (2–7 points). The Director should determine how many rocks and/or cauldrons of pitch are available to the defenders before the start of the battle.

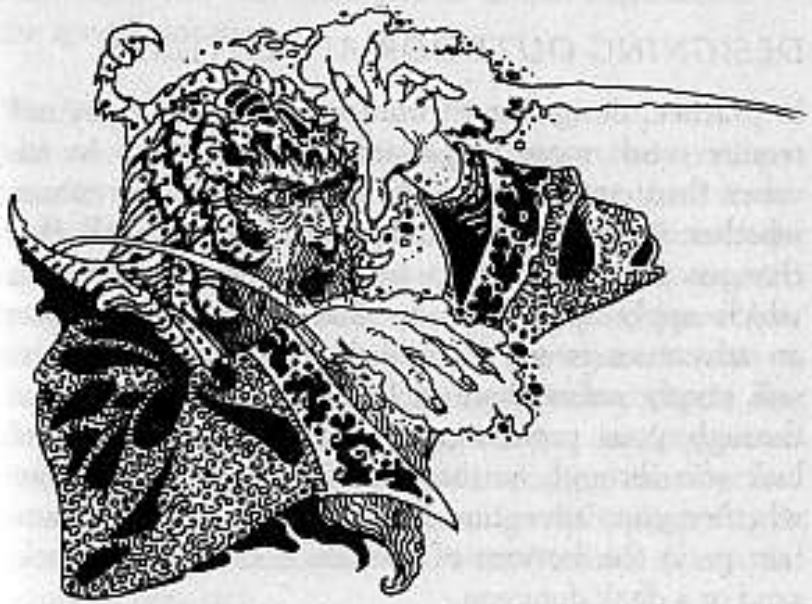

2. OUTDOOR ADVENTURING

So, you have now read all the new rules and have everything you need to play through the thrilling Advanced Fighting Fantasy adventure which closes this book, *A Darkness Over Kaad*. Once that is completed, the Heroes may wish to continue adventuring in the wild lands of Allansia. The Director will need to design an adventure that takes the Heroes far beyond their cosy towns. In this chapter, we will run through the procedure for doing just that, then give some handy hints on running such an adventure after it has been created.

DESIGNING OUTDOOR ADVENTURES

In practice, designing an outdoor adventure does not require much more preparation or hard work in advance than creating any other sort of AFF adventure, whether it be set in a dungeon or a city. All that changes is the location, and the special conditions which apply specifically to that location. Wherever an adventure is set, it is likely that the adventurers will simply arrive there at the start of the game, run through your pre-designed plot, and with a bit of luck win through to the end. This does not change, whether your adventure is set at the top of a mountain or at the bottom of the sea – or in Port Blacksand or a dank dungeon.

To make the whole procedure easier, we've devised a simple checklist with each step of the design set down in order. Follow this, and every detail should be covered with ease. It runs as follows:

1. Decide on a storyline for your adventure.
2. Choose the area of Allansia in which to set this adventure.
3. Choose the specific location for the adventure.
4. Draw and detail this location and its inhabitants.

We will run through each of these stages, in order and in far greater detail. Of course, not all these steps will be equally important on every occasion. Indeed, it is quite likely that you will know where your adventure is going to be set before you start designing it, and in such cases you will simply need to add more detail to the specific location.

The Story

Just what is it that will drag your unwary adventurers from in front of their cosy fires, and expose them to so much danger? By now, your Heroes should have been on several adventures – or at least your players will have, even if the first Heroes they created have not survived this far! So they will have come across various characters in a number of locations. Such contacts are ideal for generating adventures, whether sending word that help is needed against a rampaging monster or tyrannical ruler, or simply arriving with plans for a quest that will undoubtedly (ahem!) make everyone involved very rich.

Alternatively, there are plenty of opportunities for new adventures. In a time when there are no real policemen, Heroes are always in great demand for ridding small villages of bandits, tyrants or a ravaging monster. There are people to be rescued, cures for illnesses to be found, secret conspiracies and plots to be exposed and defeated. Many merchants are looking for armed escorts through Orc-infested lands, and there are plenty more chancers with wild schemes for relieving those same Orcs of their hard-won treasure hoards. If you need more plot ideas, look at the suggestions in *Dungeoneer* (page 378) and *Blacksand!* (page 201), or simply turn on the television, watch a film or read a book. Adapt your favourite plot by turning its hero into your Heroes, the Bad Guys into an Orc tribe led by an evil sorcerer, and the location from downtown LA to the depths of the Moonstone Hills – it may sound daft, but it works!

The Area

Once you have your story, you will need a location in which to set it. Allansia is a large place, packed with adventure opportunities around every corner. The easiest way to choose an area is to set your story in the same location as a favourite gamebook. You will then have most of your background and descriptions already there in front of you. If you want to venture somewhat further, however, you will need more notes. Will your adventure take place in the snowy-topped mountains, or amid the stagnant western swamps, at the heart of the tangled southern jungles, or even at the bottom of the ocean? Chapter 3, 'Allansian Environments', runs

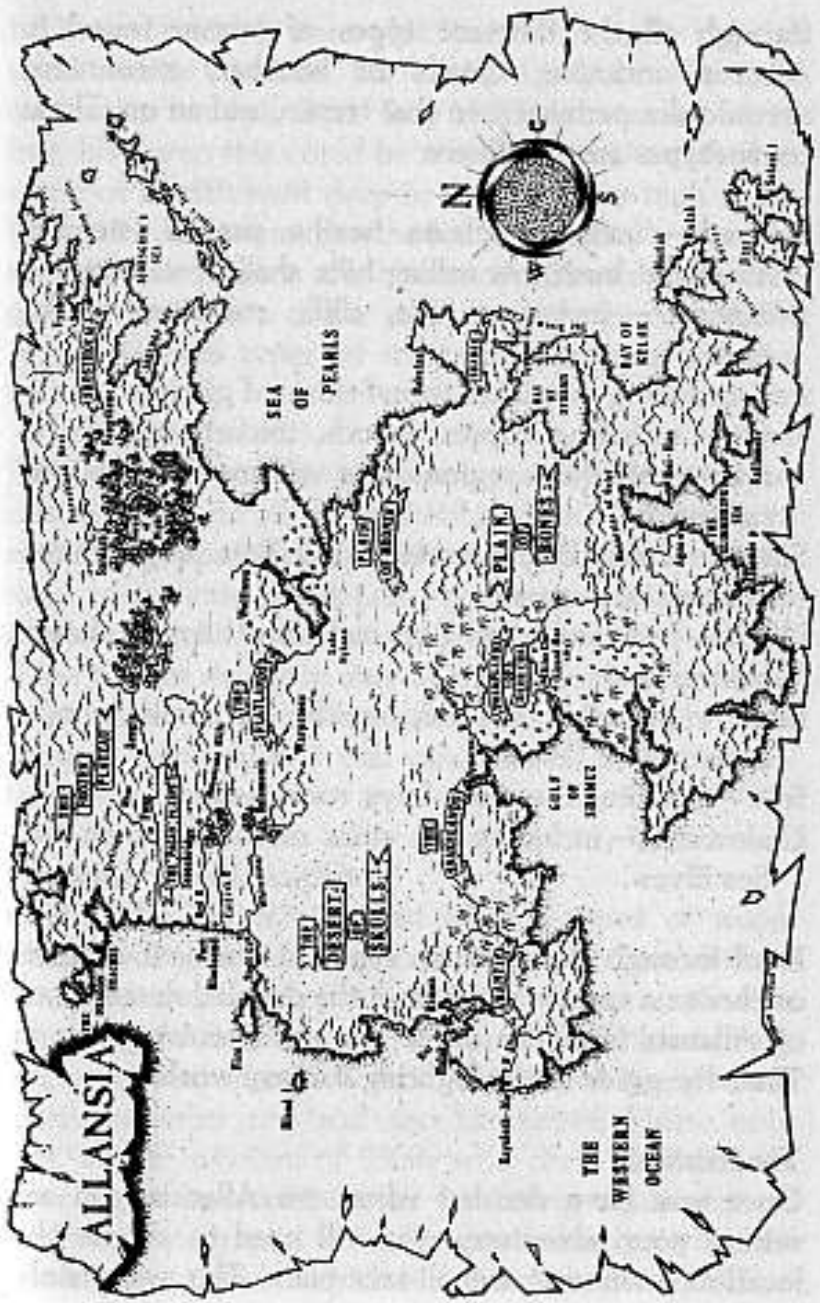

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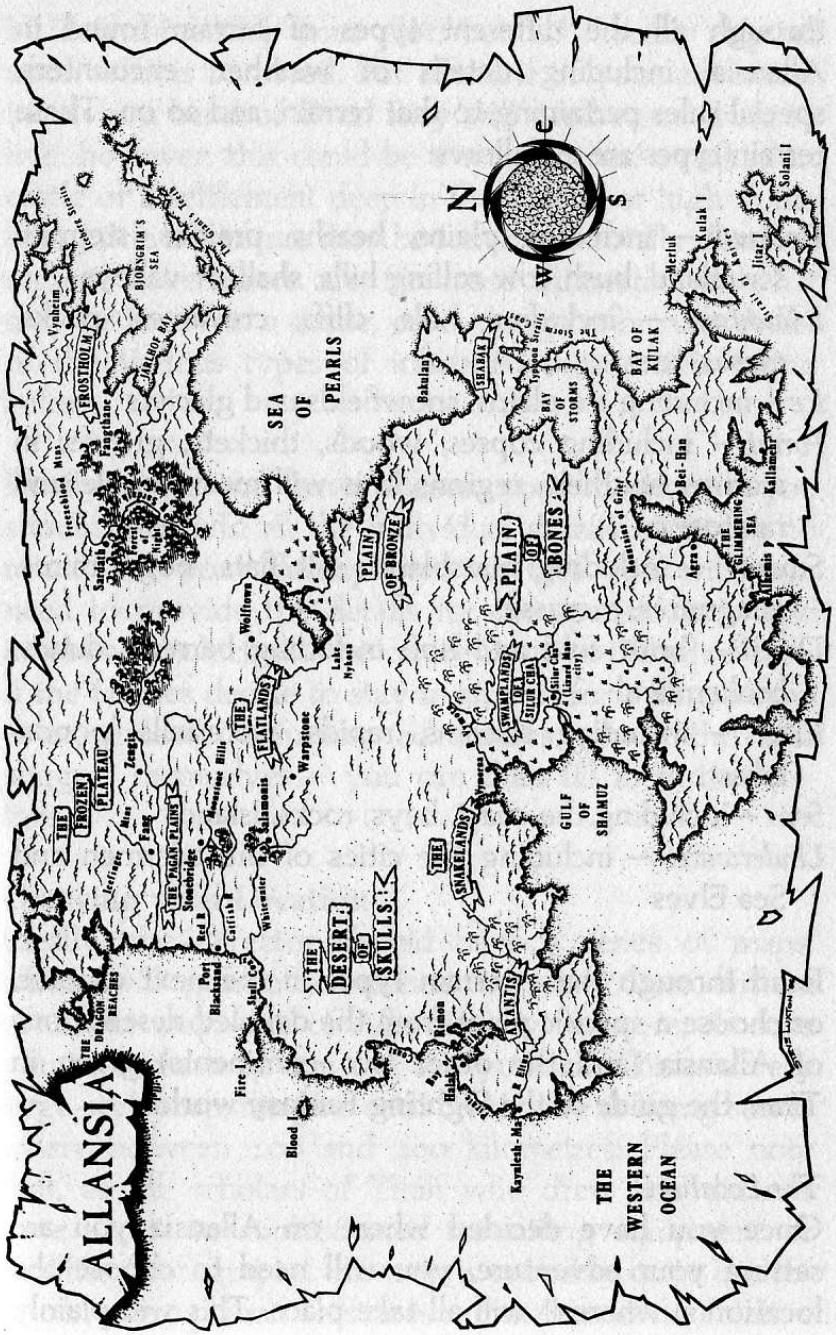
ALLANSIA
THE DRAGON BEACHES
THE FROZEN PLATEAU
THE PIGEAN PLAINS
THE DESERT OF SKULLS
THE FLATLANDS
THE SNAKELANDS
SWAMPLANDS OF SILUR CHA
PLAIN OF BONES
PLAIN OF BRONZE
SHABAK
FROSTHOLM
SEA OF PEARLS
BAY OF STORMS
BAY OF KULAK
GULF OF SHAMUZ
THE WESTERN OCEAN
THE GLIMMERING SEA
BJORNGRIM'S SEA
Port Blacksand
Stonebridge
Warpstone
Wolftown
Zengis
Sardak
Tangbane
Vyrheim
Bei-Ban
Kulak I
Jitar I
Solani I
Merluk
Kaydeh-Ma
Blood I
Fire I
Lake Nykos
Lake Salamonis
Bahulan
Agra
Almeria
Kallamar
Bay of Kulak
Bay of Storms
Mountains of Grief
Mountains of Kaos
Mountains of Sivan
Mountains of Vyrheim
Mountains of Zengis
Mountains of Sardak
Mountains of Tangbane
Mountains of Bei-Ban
Mountains of Kulak
Mountains of Merluk
Mountains of Jitar
Mountains of Solani
Mountains of Kallamar
Mountains of Almeria
Mountains of Agra
Mountains of Bahulan
Mountains of Shabak
Mountains of Silur Cha
Mountains of Swamplands
Mountains of Plain of Bones
Mountains of Plain of Bronze
Mountains of Frosthold
Mountains of Frozen Plateau
Mountains of Pigean Plains
Mountains of Flatlands
Mountains of Desert of Skulls
Mountains of Snakelands
Mountains of Arantis
Mountains of Bjorngrim's Sea
Mountains of Sea of Pearls
Mountains of Gulf of Shamuz
Mountains of Western Ocean
Mountains of Glimmering Sea
Mountains of Bay of Kulak
Mountains of Bay of Storms
Mountains of Dragon Beaches
Mountains of Frozen Plateau
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Mountains of Snakelands
Mountains of Arantis
Mountains of Swamplands of Silur Cha
Mountains of Plain of Bones
Mountains of Plain of Bronze
Mountains of Shabak
Mountains of Frosthold
Mountains of Sea of Pearls
Mountains of Bjorngrim's Sea

through all the different types of terrain found in Allansia, including details of weather, encounters, special rules pertaining to that terrain, and so on. These terrain types are as follows:

Flatland – including plains, heaths, prairies, steppes, scrubland, bush, low rolling hills, shallow valleys
Mountain – including hills, cliffs, crevasses, peaks, mesas, tors
Ice – including ice plains, snowfields and glaciers
Forest – including copses, woods, thickets, groves; in warmer southern regions, this will mean jungle and rainforest
Swamp – including marshland, salt flats, bogs, mires, quagmires, morasses
Desert – both cold and hot, including barrens, dunes, broken land
River – including streams, rapids, waterfalls, ponds, lakes
Seas – including the coast, bays, rocks, islands
Underwater – including the cities of the Mermen and Sea Elves

Read through these terrain types in the next chapter, or choose a specific place from the detailed descriptions of Allansia (and the other two continents) given in *Titan*, the guide to the Fighting Fantasy world.

The Location
Once you have decided where on Allansia you are setting your adventure, you will need to choose the location(s) where it will all take place. This will plainly

be determined by your plot, but will usually depend upon who is involved. For example, if your adventure involves a band of Orcs, they will need somewhere to live; however, this could be a set of caves, a makeshift castle or a settlement deep in the woods or high in the hills. Little adventure may be found in a totally deserted region; adventurers are far more interested in what may be found in a castle, cave, dungeon or ruin. A list of the various types of inhabited locations is found below.

Finally, once you have chosen your location(s), you should then add all the individual details necessary to round out your descriptions. At first you will only need to provide the details for the specific areas and inhabitants which will be centre-stage in the adventure. If the Heroes decide to stay in an area for a longer time – or, indeed, if further adventures set in the area suggest themselves – you can then fill in further details.

Drawing your Location
Ideally, the Director should have a series of maps, which will gradually increase in scale. Start with a continent map: one of Allansia is given here, to save you the trouble of drawing one yourself. This is a very large-scale map; imagine each centimetre as being somewhere between 100 and 200 kilometres! Please note that, as the scholars of Titan who drew this did not have access to sophisticated measuring equipment or satellite photographs, this map is probably quite inaccurate in many places. This does not matter, as the relative

position of all the features is correct, but it does mean that players may find themselves lost more frequently than they feel they should. (In other words, the inaccuracies in the map allow a Director to make mistakes or modify a larger-scale map to fit the needs of his adventure.)

Next, you should create a close-up map of the general area (see the map we prepared for the adventure in *Dungeoneer*, it's on page 32 of that book). Add as many features as you need, including hills, woods, rivers, bridges, fords, and of course all the human-built features, whether villages, castles or dungeons. Again, this need not be accurate to the nearest millimetre; this map is to show where everything is in the most approximate terms, not for a player to use to find the exact position of a particular rock or tree.

Finally, for each scene in your adventure you may need a close-up map, which you and your players will need for regulating any combat or other confused situations that many arise. We've already covered these sorts of maps in *Dungeoneer* and *Blacksand!*, but remember that they are easiest to understand if drawn on graph paper, using an appropriate scale, so everyone knows where everything visible can be found and can move around at a regular rate during the scene.

Locations

If you know exactly where your adventure is to be set, you can choose the location from the following list. If you want to decide the location randomly, roll three dice and consult the following table:

Dice roll	Location
3	City
4–5	Town
6–8	Village
9–11	Hamlet
12–13	Single Building
14	Castle
15	Temple
16	Ruin
17	Underground Complex
18	Special

If you need further notes, look up the appropriate sections which now follow. Note that dwellings should be modified according to the race living in them. For example, an Orc village may well be a number of caves set in a cliff; an Elf village may be constructed on platforms set high in the trees.

City – Be wary of adding new cities to the map. Obviously, in north-western Allansia the position and nature of all the cities is well known (not least to anyone who has already played the gamebooks set in this region). In the southern and eastern parts of the continent, there may well be cities which have

not been noted on the map of Allansia. Full guidelines for creating cities may be found in *Blacksand!*.

Town – Most settlements in Allansia will be no larger than a town. Full guidelines for creating towns, together with their buildings, markets and inhabitants, may be found in *Blacksand!*.

Village – As you know, a village is a smaller version of a town, with fewer features by way of shops or special buildings, and almost certainly with no serious defences. A typical village has between 20 and 200 buildings. You can find full guidelines for creating a village, together with its inhabitants and businesses, in *Blacksand!*.

Hamlet – A hamlet is a very small settlement, typically of between 2 and 20 buildings, merely gathered together to exploit a particular piece of farmland or some other physical feature (such as a bridge or ford, a mine, or whatever). See *Blacksand!* for more guidelines on creating a hamlet.

Single Building – Roll one dice and consult the following list (or deliberately choose) to see what sort of single dwelling is present:

Dice Roll	Building
1	Cottage: could belong to anyone, from a farmer to a sorcerer
2	Farmhouse: will be surrounded by worked fields, and may feature out-houses, animal sheds, mills and so on
3	Hall: this could belong to a local nobleman, a guild (especially one that needs an isolated location), and so on
4	Hut: a straw, mud or wood hovel; its inhabitant(s) could be a poor peasant, or something more deadly, like a witch
5	Inn: likely to be situated close to a major road or track; see *Blacksand!* for more details of inns and taverns
6	Manor house: likely to belong to a local nobleman or other ruler, along with a retinue of guards, family and followers

More individual single dwellings, whether a castle, temple or whatever, are covered below.

Castle – A castle may range in size from a single tower or guardhouse, right up to a massive fortification

ringed with several curtain walls and with a keep three or more levels tall, with dungeons, a moat and so on. To determine the size of castle randomly, roll one dice and consult the following table:

Roll	Castle Type
1–2	Single tower: may be a guardhouse, the last remaining part of an otherwise ruined fortification, a self-contained tower, a watchtower or beacon, etc.
3	Small castle or fort: a central tower plus a surrounding wall, or a fortified manor house surrounded by a moat
4	Medium castle: a central keep, plus a surrounding wall set with towers
5	Large castle: as a medium castle, but larger, with several surrounding walls, a number of fortified gates, and outbuildings
6	Fortress: as a large castle, but with an outlying series of extra walls, several keeps and towers of different sizes, and so on

The larger a castle, the greater the number of troops and other people in its garrison. A large fortification will also need a settlement near by to provide it with supporting services, including food from crops and animals, regular and irregular workers, and so on.

Temple – A temple can take many forms, but the basic shape of the temple should be determined by the deity worshipped under its roof (for information on the forms the temples of various deities take, see *Blacksand!* (page 61 onwards)). Alternatively, of course, you could always roll one dice for the form on the table below, then work out which deity would be worshipped at such a temple!

Roll	Temple Form
1	Abbey/Monastery: this will include cloisters and chapels round a central garden, together with sleeping cells, large meeting halls, workshops, and so on
2	Pyramid: either smooth-sided or stepped (possibly with a sacrificial altar at the summit); could be square or circular
3	Stone Circle: a selection of standing stones arranged into a particular shape significant to the religion which built the temple
4–6	Temple: a more traditional temple building, which may be rectangular, domed, or whatever shape you like; there may be several other buildings of a more mundane nature situated round the temple complex

Also see the additional notes on creating Temples and Shrines in *Blacksand!* (page 95 onwards).

Ruin(s) – Roll again on the main table, but ignore any scores of 16 or above. Then assume that the location indicated is overgrown and ruined; alternatively, it may be burnt out, flooded, tangled in choking vegetation, or whatever seems appropriate to the location. Of course, all this doesn't necessarily mean that it is unoccupied . . .

Underground Complex – The feature is the entrance to some kind of underground site. Roll one dice to determine what form this takes:

Roll	Feature
1–2	Cave(s): caves are natural formations, and as such will be irregular in size and shape. Roll one dice for the number of caverns; if you get a 6, roll again and add the number (you may do this several times). Note that the entrance could be a simple fissure, a pit or a deep sink-hole. Within caves may be a creature's lair, a lake or subterranean stream, and far more . . .
3–4	Dungeon complex: see *Dungeoneer* for further details on creating dungeons
5	Mine: a mine may still be being worked (typically by Dwarfs) or may have been abandoned long ago – maybe because it has a deadly inhabitant . . .
6	Tomb: a tomb may be a simple burial place; or it could be a massive complex, topped by an earth mound, a set of standing stones, or a temple

Special – As well as the standard forms of dwelling, there are all manner of unique locations which could provide a home for someone whom the Heroes need to meet or avoid. Ideally these should be created by the Director, according to the needs of his or her adventure, but here are a few ideas to inspire you.

Bridge: Fairy stories are full of Trolls who dwell under bridges, though most will in fact be natural features. To

decide what a bridge is made of, simply roll one dice: 1 = Brick; 2 = Earth; 3 = Natural; 4 = Rope; 5 = Stone; 6 = Wood.

Burrow: Various creatures live in such lairs; some will be harmless, of course, but the Heroes will have to investigate to see whether this is the case . . .

Camp site: A collection of tents or caravans, either a permanent site or simply the temporary resting place of a nomadic tribe.

Hollow tree: Small intelligent creatures like Pixies dwell in hollow trees; alternatively, there may be a set of steps inside the tree, leading down to . . . well, you decide!

Oracle: A special place where characters come to consult a seer, whether to learn the future, be healed or have a curse lifted; this could be anything from a simple forest glade to the centre of a labyrinth or a ruined temple complex.

Features

As well as dwellings, there are likely to be all kinds of terrain and natural features dotted about the landscape. Most of these are simply part of the landscape through which the Heroes are travelling; these are covered in the next chapter, under the various terrain types.

Special features which are specifically placed by the Director to be of interest to the Heroes will need to be

specially designed. These could be anything, from a special tree or plant to a bizarre ancient artefact, a crashed balloon, or a magical rock which emits noises. We are sure you can think of many, many more. Anything the Director comes up with will need only a short amount of work in describing but will certainly add to the individuality of an adventure.

Inhabitants

The various basic settlements (villages, towns, etc.) may be populated by rolling on the random tables given in *Blacksand!*. For more individual locations, the Director must provide his or her own details.

Note, of course, that mindless rampaging monsters will not have a specific lair but may be met or tracked down out in the wilds. Such creatures may be chosen randomly using the tables for the various terrain types (as given in Chapter 3 – 'Allansian Environments') or specifically chosen according to the needs of the adventure and the strengths and weaknesses of the Heroes.

RUNNING AN OUTDOOR ADVENTURE

Directing adventures in outdoor locations works just the way it does in any other place, whether in a musty dungeon deep beneath the ground or in a seedy bar in Port Blacksand. The adventure is divided up into Scenes, which are played according to what the Heroes decide to do. As usual, the Director designs these short episodes, then reveals them to the players, playing all

the Extras and Bad Guys himself and adjudicating on any rules or dice rolls that need to be checked.

Time and Travelling

In Advanced Fighting Fantasy, we're not all that bothered about how long it takes the Heroes to get from one place to another. After all, if this were a real film we were shooting, we certainly wouldn't want to watch the Heroes trudging on foot through endless kilometres of grassland, or riding for days through hills – in real time. Similarly, at the end of a specific scene, the Director should cut at an appropriate moment – when everything has been resolved – and move the action on to the next location. Of course scenes can take place during a journey, but again we would expect the Director to focus in on a particular night, a particular hour of the journey, rather than following the Heroes over every step of their travels.

The basic time-measurement for travelling is the day, which is divided up into hours (of course!). Thus, travelling between, say, Salamonis and Chalice takes about four days on horseback at a steady rate; between Salamonis and Port Blacksand takes some seven days. Making the journey on foot would take six and ten days respectively. This will vary greatly, according to the form of transport used and the rate at which this is taken. A horse, for example, could be ridden at anything from a walk to a gallop, though the mount couldn't sustain a fast pace for long. It will also be determined by the number of breaks made during the day, how long one travels during the day, whether there are any

serious obstacles en route, what condition the roads are in (if there are any roads!), and so on.

However, such time rates are important only if the Heroes are having to solve a problem within a stated time – you know the sort of thing: 'Bring me the head of the King of the Darkstone Orcs by sunrise seven days from now or the Princess dies!' Even then, it is a simple matter to divide the plot into the usual series of scenes and to decide that, if the Heroes are slow in finding all the clues, or go to all five locations when they needed to go to only three, they will be too late!

Hazards

Specific hazards for the various terrain types will be covered more fully in the next chapter. The following are some notes on the more general hazards that may be faced by travellers in Allansia.

Encounters

Out there in the wilds, the number of different kinds of encounter is limitless. There are natural hazards, caused by the weather or the terrain. There are ravening beasts in search of food. There are the more intelligent creatures, races and tribes, each with its own needs and aims. There are members of the Heroes' own race, bandits and renegades in search of easy prey.

When an encounter takes place, it may be obvious how the creatures involved will react to the Heroes. Some monsters will be so hostile that the Heroes will have no option but to fight at once. With more intelligent creatures, and especially with humans and the like, there may well be an opportunity for a variety of reactions; see the comprehensive rules on Reactions and Persuasion in *Dungeoneer* (page 205 onwards).

Getting Lost

Any number of situations can cause the Heroes to become lost. Even Heroes who have managed to get their hands on a detailed map may find that it is inaccurate, or that a hostile tribe has taken control of a particularly vital pass. The weather, seasons, terrain and being pursued through unfamiliar country can all cause the Heroes to lose their way. However, such circumstances will need to be created as an option for the adventure and given their own Scene; it is too much work suddenly to have to invent a whole new set of adventures in new terrain on the spur of the moment. If the worst comes to the worst, simply tell the Heroes that eventually they do find their way back to the right path, but then reduce their supplies accordingly – or make them fight and defeat a large, ferocious wandering monster applicable to the terrain.

Maps

In order to get to where they want to go, the Heroes will need maps or a guide. While, for the sake of simplicity, most plots can assume that they have used one or other of these aids to reach the site of the first Scene, there may be occasions when the very absence of a map or guide will prove very dangerous indeed!

Maps of Allansia, as we have indicated earlier, are very vague. While the areas round the centres of civilization, such as Salamonis, may be mapped in exhaustive detail, by far the greater part of Allansia is all but uncharted. What maps there are may be possessed by local guilds, navigators, merchants and caravan owners, and by sages and sorcerers. Such maps will be very selective and may be only obliquely useful to the Heroes. The highly prized maps of a merchant, for example, will show the major trading routes and paths but will probably not show much off-road detail; those of a scholar concerned with Orc tribes will show their settlements, but not the human settlements or the natural features that surround them. The Heroes (and their players, naturally) are allowed to see the large-scale map of Allansia given earlier, but more detailed maps should be available only from selected places or people – and at a great price!

Outdoor Magic

Magic outdoors works in exactly the same way as it does underground. The ranges and durations of spells are unchanged, and may be found in their individual descriptions. However, we thought it would be nice to have a new Oops! Table (on which a spellcaster rolls if he or she fumbles with a double-6, remember?) which is specifically for use in outdoor situations. This table can be alternated with the regular Oops! Table from *Dungeoneer* to surprise, amuse and infuriate the Heroes in the event of a spectacular fumble. As before, roll three dice and apply the indicated result.

Outdoor Oops! Table

3 Flash! The caster is now a very small, bewildered-looking budgie!
4 Flash! The caster is now a human-sized, bewildered-looking budgie!
5 The caster loses his or her voice for a year and a day (this will seriously affect spellcasting abilities!).
6 A massive wall of water suddenly appears near by, heading like a tidal wave directly for the Heroes.
7 The caster's feet swell up to four times their normal size.
8 A startled Common Troll (SKILL 9 STAMINA 9 Club, 2 Attacks) has just materialized next to the caster – and boy is it annoyed!
9 All the caster's clothes, armour and equipment shrink to half their original size!
10 The caster acquires a permanent cold, and now cannot stop sniffling and sneezing (−2 to all dice rolls).

11 The caster grows an extra arm (odd number left arm, even number right); with training, they may even be able to fight with it.
12 The caster's skin turns bright green.
13 Everyone's weapons go limp and floppy, as if made of rubber.
14 The caster climbs the nearest tree (or another very tall feature) and won't come down.
15 The caster's arms turn into wings; with practice, they could fly, but of course their hands have gone.
16 The caster's legs turn into the hind legs of a ram.
17 The caster suddenly loses the power of gravity; unless restrained, he or she will slowly float up into the sky like a balloon!
18 Storm-clouds gather overhead, thunder rumbles deafeningly – and a bolt of lightning zaps the spellcaster into a small pile of smoking ash!

As usual, some of these curses may be lifted by a very powerful *Counter-Spell* or by the healing powers of a very special character. A quest to find such an Extra always makes a great adventure!

Safe Areas

Not all of Allansia is deadly dangerous. The areas round most large settlements, especially cities (but not including Port Blacksand!) and along a few of the major roads, are safe for most of the time. It is in these areas that the Heroes will want to base themselves between excursions, and they will probably be able to get help there in the event of danger. The safety of an area can change the moment the sun sets, however, and it is only within the walls of the largest, most civilized cities that the Heroes will be truly safe.

Supplies

Being out in the wilderness for any length of time will require the Heroes to organize supplies of food and water. These will either have to be arranged before the party sets off or be obtained on the way. Though travellers occasionally have plenty of time to gather such supplies, often events demand that the Heroes leave town in a desperate hurry – and fleeing into the wilderness without proper supplies can get the Heroes into plenty of trouble!

As a basic rule, people needs three litres of water per day to remain healthy. If they don't get that, they will lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point per day without water after that. A Hero may go without food for longer, but after four days without food he or she will lose the same amount per day. Of course, characters can use the appropriate Special Skills or spells to replenish their supplies.

And now it's time to take a closer look at the various types of terrain in which the Heroes can travel in search of adventure, fame and fortune . . .

3. Allansian Environments

Once the Director has decided where to set his or her outdoor adventure, he or she will need to know more about this environment. So, in this chapter, you will find detailed rules and guidelines concerning adventures in the various terrains which may be found in Allansia (and beyond, throughout all the many lands of Titan). The landscape ranges from the highest mountain peaks to the most arid deserts, from the tangled southern jungles to the bottom of the ocean. Adventure may be found in any of these places, if you wish it – and if your Heroes are brave enough to go and seek it!

Each basic terrain type is handled in the same way. First, there's a general overview of the landscape, together with a random table on which you can roll up such terrain, along with more detailed hazards which may be used in an adventure. There are notes on travelling in the terrain: specific difficulties, which mounts are best, and so on. Each section is rounded off with notes on special rules, if any, which will be needed for plotting an adventure in such a region. Following the terrain types, there is a final section on determining the weather for any location in Allansia; either roll randomly or choose a particular type to suit your adventure's story.

If you look at the various terrain maps, you will soon notice that certain types of terrain may overlap one another. This is not surprising: rivers run through all kinds of terrain, of course, and forests happily perch on the side of mountains or hills. In such circumstances, you may decide which terrain type is dominant, or pick and choose details from either.

Random Terrain

The Random Terrain table should be used if you are deciding upon a landscape employing random dice rolls. Roll for the first 10 kilometres. Then roll one dice, and multiply that number by 10; roll again to see if the terrain changes at the end of this many kilometres, and so on. If the results seem ludicrous, re-roll or make your own overriding decision.

Random Encounters

Most encounters in an adventure should be with creatures or beings who have been specifically created for just such a purpose by the Director. While you are deciding the type of creatures that could be met in, say, a swamp, it is sometimes handy to be able to roll randomly to decide what is present. The table given at the end of each terrain type is for just this purpose; roll on it – using three dice – according to the terrain type in which your adventure or scene is set. It can also be used as a list of the creatures which could be present in that terrain; if you want to, pick a suitable creature from the list. All the creatures are from *Out of the Pit* itself, but of course you are welcome to add new creatures either from your favourite gamebook or of

your own devising. Even the laziest bunch of Heroes can get a little bored with beating up Goblins all the time!

Note that not all encounters will be with hostile creatures. Especially in areas close to the settled parts of Allansia, most encounters will be with humans, Elves and Dwarfs, whether residents of the area, traders, soldiers, or travellers and adventurers like the Heroes. If necessary, use the Reaction rules (see *Dungeoneer* page 205 onwards) to decide how an encountered party reacts, based on the normal Reaction rating given in *Out of the Pit*.

FLATLANDS

Much of Allansia is made up of flatland. This ranges from the level plains which surround the main rivers and which are the site of most of the more settled areas, to the wild eastern steppes of the Plain of Bronze and the Flatlands. There are areas of desolate moor and heath speckled with bush and low rolling downs with occasional stands of trees, windswept and barren. There are shallow valleys, many containing rivers but some dry, and hollows and dells.

In the north-west, as we have said, there will be the odd village or town, set along the main roads between the heartlands and the sea. As the Pagan Plains pass through Trolltooth Pass and become the Windward Plains and then the Flatlands, however, the landscape becomes far wilder. In ancient times, now-forgotten

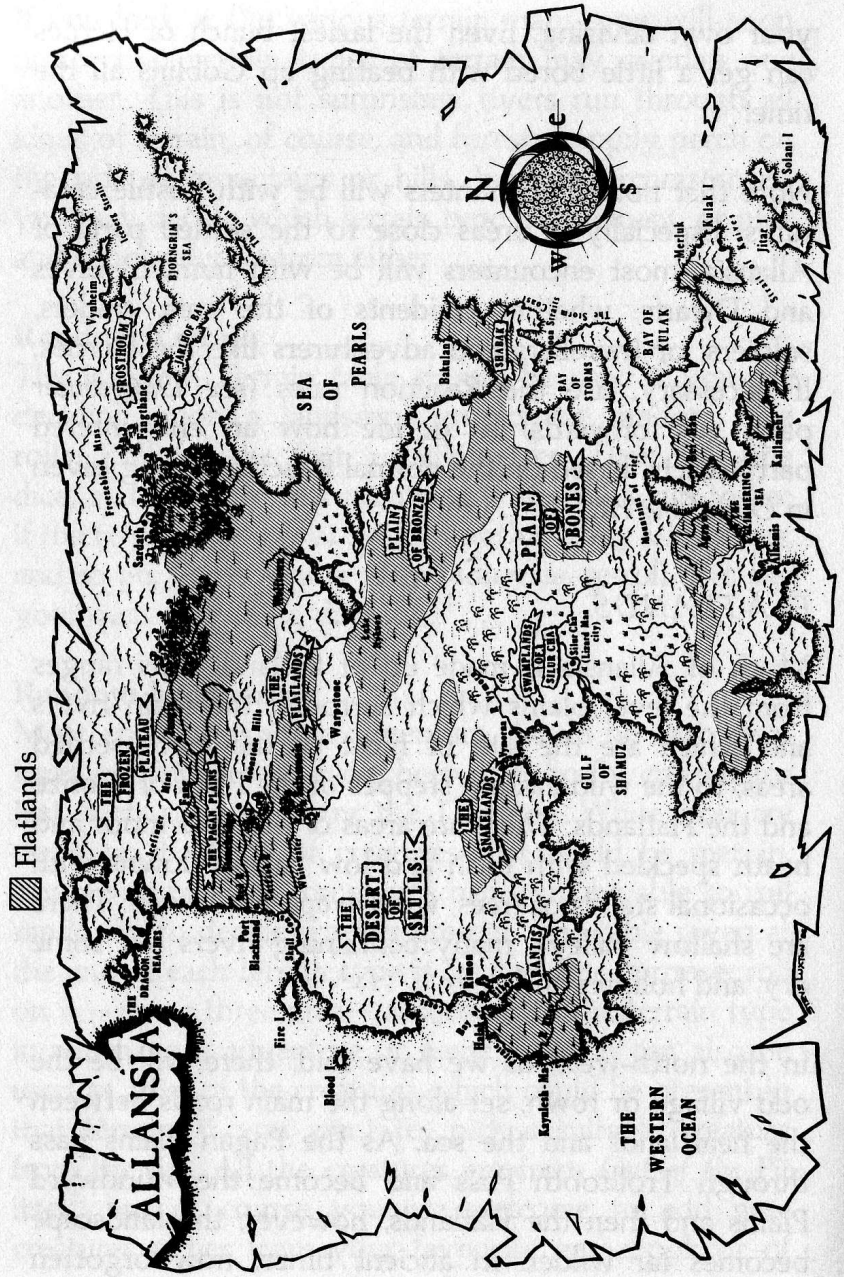

races of people must have settled these lands, for the wilderness is dotted with the ruins of their towers and temples. Nowadays, the plains are home to savage tribes and rampaging creatures. Further south, the immense Plain of Bronze ranges from barren steppe to warmer bushland. As it becomes the dinosaur-roamed Plain of Bones, the landscape turns into flat veldt, warm grass-covered scrubland with plentiful waterholes. To the west, the Snakelands are similar, but they are home to the evil snake people, the Caarth. At the westernmost point of Allansia, the ancient kingdom of Arantis sits in a massive flood plain, formed by the annual deluge of the wide, slow-moving River Eltus; the people here have long known that the prosperity and health of their land is inextricably linked to this yearly event, and they worship the river as if it were a sacred deity.

Hazards

Most of the hazards of travel through the flatlands come, not from the landscape, but from its denizens! In north-west Allansia, the Pagan Plains are home to tribes of proud and noble Centaurs, while the Flatlands are the territory of a number of warring tribes of horse nomads, from a variety of races. The further south one travels, the more warlike and hostile such people become, though none can match the Caarth of the Snakelands for inhuman savagery.

One of the main difficulties of any journey across the flatlands will be crossing rivers. In the settled areas there are likely to be bridges or, if the land is very flat,

fords – but not always! In places, rivers can be wide, deep or fast-flowing – especially in the spring, when the melting snow high in the mountains causes some of them to flood – and will cause the Heroes no end of problems when trying to cross them.

Finding food in the flatlands should not prove much of a problem for anyone with *Hunting* or *Trap Lore* Special Skills. Small creatures will be common, and on the more southerly plains roam wild herds of cattle, like antelope and bison. Unfortunately, of course, such creatures will be closely followed by carnivorous predators like lions; these could prove more of a problem for the Heroes.

Random Terrain

Roll two dice and consult the following table; the entries should be self-explanatory. All the flatland of Allansia comes under the heading 'Flatlands', except the two plains listed separately. If the terrain turns into a new type, the next roll should be on the Random Terrain table appropriate to that terrain type. Note that 'Rough', 'Plain' and 'Valley' are simply different (and self-explanatory) names for three types of flatland.

Dice Roll	Flatlands	Plain of Bronze	Plain of Bones
2	Mountain	Mountain	Mountain
3	Marsh	Marsh	Hills
4	Hills	Hills	Hills
5	Rough	Hills	Rough
6	Plain	Rough	Rough
7	Plain	Rough	Plain
8	Plain	Plain	Plain
9	Forest	Forest	River
10	River	River	Valley
11	Valley	Valley	Forest
12	Lake	Lake	Rough

Travelling

In moderately civilized – or at least settled – areas, there may be paths or tracks and, in a few places, proper roads running between villages and towns. These will often follow the lowest points, avoiding higher ground wherever there is an easier route. Across such a landscape the horse is the most common mount, used either alongside mules as pack animals or alone for fast individual transport. Trading caravans which venture into the rougher lands may use giant riding lizards as pack animals, and on the fringes of the southern plains they may also use camels.

In settled areas, the Heroes may be lucky enough to spend some nights in roadside inns, hostels or temples or, failing that, may be able to bed down in a farmer's barn or even in a village hall. Most villagers are wary of travellers at first, but they will be very hospitable

towards those who are plainly of good intentions; the rule tends to be that they will be as generous as finances will allow, knowing that if the situation were reversed they would like to receive similar generosity and hospitality.

Out in the more isolated areas, travel may be as part of a caravan, for reasons of security, economics (merchants will often pay for an armed escort) and just for the sake of company on the route. In some areas this is not advisable, as caravans are far more tempting a prospect to armed raiders than a few straggly Heroes and their horses. Further out, the Heroes may encounter lone travellers, solitary tinkers who carry a few wanted items between the distant villages at the edges of the wilderness.

Random Encounters
Roll three dice on one of the two tables below (either choose which table you will use or decide by rolling odd or even):

Dice Roll	Plains (Near)	Plains (Isolated)
3	Cockatrice	Styracosaurus
4	Red-Eye	Weretiger
5	Gark	Mantis Man
6	Man-Orc	Giant Aardwolf
7	Bristle Beast	Felinaur
8	Common Troll	Basilisk
9	Wolf	Wild Dog
10	Goblin	Tangleweed
11	Orc	Giant Wasp
12	Centaur	Rhino-Man
13	Ogre	Firefox
14	Dwarf	Black Elf
15	Werewolf	Xoroa
16	Shapechanger	Werebear
17	Wild Boar	Clawbeast
18	Hobgoblin	Red Dragon

Special Rules
No special rules are needed for adventures in the flatlands. Any situation that could arise will have been covered in the rules above. If something peculiar does demand new rules, it should be simple enough to create a new dice roll against a certain Special Skill in order to handle it.

MOUNTAIN

By 'mountain' we really mean any area of higher ground; this can include hills, foothills and higher mountain ranges. Features of such areas can include

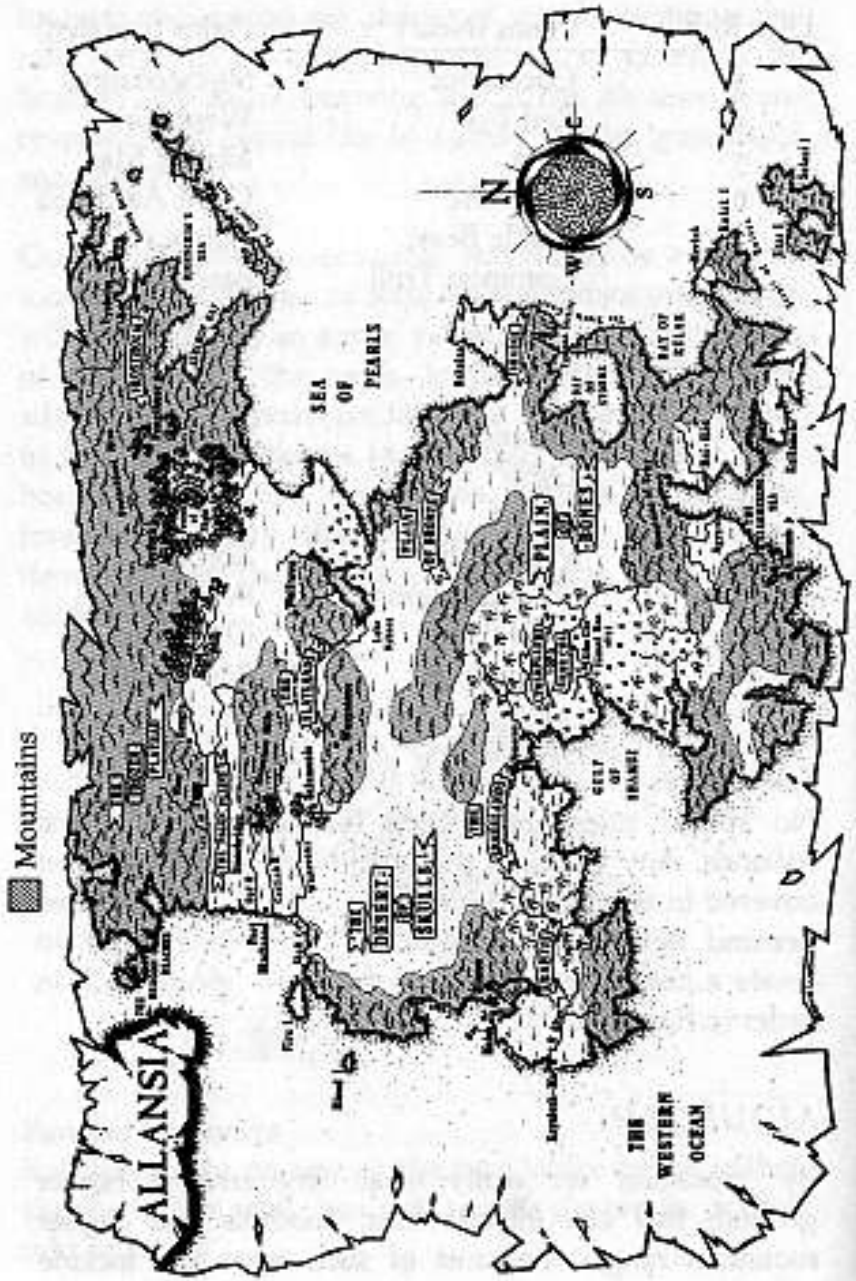

valleys, deep crevasses and depressions, which in turn can contain rivers and lakes. More isolated peaks can also be found in certain areas: tors are found in windswept heathland; mesas and buttes of limestone occur on the western and southern fringes of the Desert of Skulls, formed by the wind into fantastical shapes.

The peaks of the highest mountains may be covered in snow, and glaciers may be present between them; these areas are dealt with as Ice, below. A large mountain peak will consist of a number of different faces, of varying degrees of steepness, and many mountains will have several such peaks. One of the skills involved in mountain climbing is finding a suitable face to scale; certainly all but the most experienced climbers would avoid sheer walls and cliff faces in favour of gentler ridges and slopes. The highest mountains in Allansia are the Freezeblood Mountains in the far north. At their easternmost point is the astonishing hollow mountain, tipped with a peak of pure gold, which is the Dwarfs' spiritual home, Fangthane the Sacred. The Icefinger Mountains in the north-west and the Mountains of Grief in the far south-east are also massive ranges, impassable in many places. Throughout almost all Allansia, however, there are ranges of smaller mountains which make travelling very arduous.

Even more numerous are the many ranges of hills which divide up the flatlands. The vast swathe of the Moonstone Hills, which divide settled Allansia from the eastern Flatlands, are a tortuous labyrinth of gullies and heights, prone to strange mists and haunted by

wandering spirits of those who have perished there. In places, humans have had to adapt to their environment in strange ways; Warpstone – on the northern edge of the Craggen Heights, which run from south of Salamonis all the way east to the River Nykosa – is a bizarre stone city built on to the side of a cliff almost a kilometre tall.

Hazards

The higher the land rises, the more hazardous travelling through it is bound to become. Climbing the higher mountain peaks is very risky; the steepness of many climbs can prove fatal. Those which overhang sharply, leaving a Hero hanging in mid-air and relying totally on the strength of his or her companions and a few hastily hammered spikes, are specially fearsome, given suitably grim names in the records of such climbers. Narrow ledges and sharp ridges can also prove tricky, to say the least.

In places the ground can be far less solid. Ice and snow can fall unexpectedly as avalanches, burying all beneath them; loose stones can soon turn into rockfalls and landslides, sweeping a party off the side of a cliff in seconds. Such falls, in fact, occur spontaneously only very rarely (roll 12 on two dice), but they may be triggered by a loud noise or explosion, especially if powerful magic is used. Snowfields may hide crevasses, into which a party can drop to their deaths – or, more excitingly, hang on by a single rope tied to the party's weakest member – in a split second. It is at such times, of course, that the party lives or dies according to its

climbing skills and the strength and quality of its equipment. No one wants a rope linking all the Heroes together to part while they are all hanging over a seemingly bottomless crevasse!

The weather can play a massive part in any mountainous adventure. Storms are common so high up, with snow blizzards, torrential rain and incessant lightning flashes proving a major hazard to climbers. On the highest peaks, the air may be so thin and the temperature so cold that few will survive exposure to it for longer than a few minutes; reaching the summit of such a peak would be a tremendous achievement.

In the lower foothills and downs, the physical hazards are less extreme, but rough terrain can always prove tricky to an unprepared bunch of Heroes. Steep slopes littered with boulders, landslips, sudden drops and sharp cliffs, fast-flowing rivers and waterfalls can all prove interesting diversions in a hilly adventure setting.

Random Terrain

Roll two dice and consult the following table; the entries should be self-explanatory. As before, 'Valley', 'Plain' and 'Rough' are simply three forms of flatland.

Dice Roll	Mountains	Hills
2	Plain	Lake
3	Rough	Plain
4	Hills	Rough
5	Hills	Forest
6	Mountain	Hills
7	Mountain	Hills
8	Mountain	Hills
9	Ice	Mountain
10	Forest	Valley
11	River	River
12	Lake	Mountain

Travelling

Travelling into the larger mountain ranges requires a good deal of careful pre-planning and a large outlay on the right equipment for the task ahead. There are few roads into the mountains, and those paths that do exist are likely to be haphazard. Horses are a must, and mules would be even better, for one would need a mount that was sure-footed for traversing loose stones and steep tracks. Most travelling through mountainous regions will have to be done along narrow mountain-

passes. Such paths may prove totally impassable at certain times of the year, whether because of snowfalls and landslides or through flooding rivers becoming too fast or too swollen to cross.

In the lower hills, there may be the odd road or track, and these may well be frequently used by merchant caravans and lone traders. Such travellers increase the risk of ambush by brigands and bandits, however – events that could easily involve the Heroes.

Random Encounters

Roll three dice on one of the two tables below, for Hills and Mountains respectively:

Dice Roll	Hills	Mountains
3	Black Dragon	Gold Dragon
4	Shapechanger	Mountain Giant
5	Wyvern	Pegasus
6	Hill Giant	Rock Demon
7	Ogre	Giant Owl
8	Wolf	Bird Man
9	Goblin	Mountain Elf
10	Dwarf	Caveman
11	Hill Troll	Bear
12	Wild Hill Man	Dwarf
13	Werebear	Giant Eagle
14	Boulder Beast	She-Satyr
15	Sleeping Grass	Razorjaw
16	Bear	Yeti
17	Dracon	Life-Stealer
18	Earth Demon	Storm Giant

Special Rules
The rules for climbing and for falling were detailed in *Dungeoneer* (page 179 onwards), but several other modifiers need to be added to those given there:

	Modifier
Blizzard	−3
Torrential rain	−2
Snow or rain	−1
Climbing on ice	−1
Climbing on snow	−2
Narrow crevasse or pipe*	+2

** i.e. narrow enough for Heroes to climb with their outstretched hands and/or feet on either wall.*

The Director may also, at his or her discretion, roll randomly to decide whether any equipment fails; this is especially important in the case of ropes. The simplest way to handle this is to roll one dice every 10 (real-time) minutes that the Heroes spend climbing. On a 6, something happens: a rope snaps, a spike works loose, someone's pack comes undone and some equipment falls out, a bolt of lightning lands near by and frightens someone into dropping something or falling ... that sort of thing. Try not to kill anyone automatically – resourceful Heroes should be able to cope with such events as inconveniences rather than as fatal disasters.

Climbing in very high peaks without oxygen should be

treated like Drowning and Asphyxiation; see *Dungeoneer* (page 185).

Note that many of the negative modifiers received while exploring in the mountains may be counterbalanced by a Hero's *Mountain Lore* Special Skill. A character with such a skill is assumed to be more careful at checking for frayed ropes and securing spikes, at assessing forthcoming bad weather, knowing how to conserve energy and oxygen at higher levels, and so on. If in doubt, make the character test this skill using two dice, and impose modifiers for any special circumstances.

ICE

The great ice-plains north of the Icefinger Mountains, known as the Frozen Plateau, stretch from the far north of Allansia, across the permanently frozen seas, as far as Titan's distant North Pole. At their southernmost point they are settled by a few hardy tribes of trappers and a number of creatures which have adapted to life in such chill environments, but further north they are totally desolate.

Where the ice-sheets reach the sea at their southernmost point, great glaciers crumble away to form enormous icebergs; these are to be found in the waters north of the Dragon Reaches to the west and in the Iceberg Straits beyond Vynheim to the east.

Icy conditions can also be met high in the Icefinger

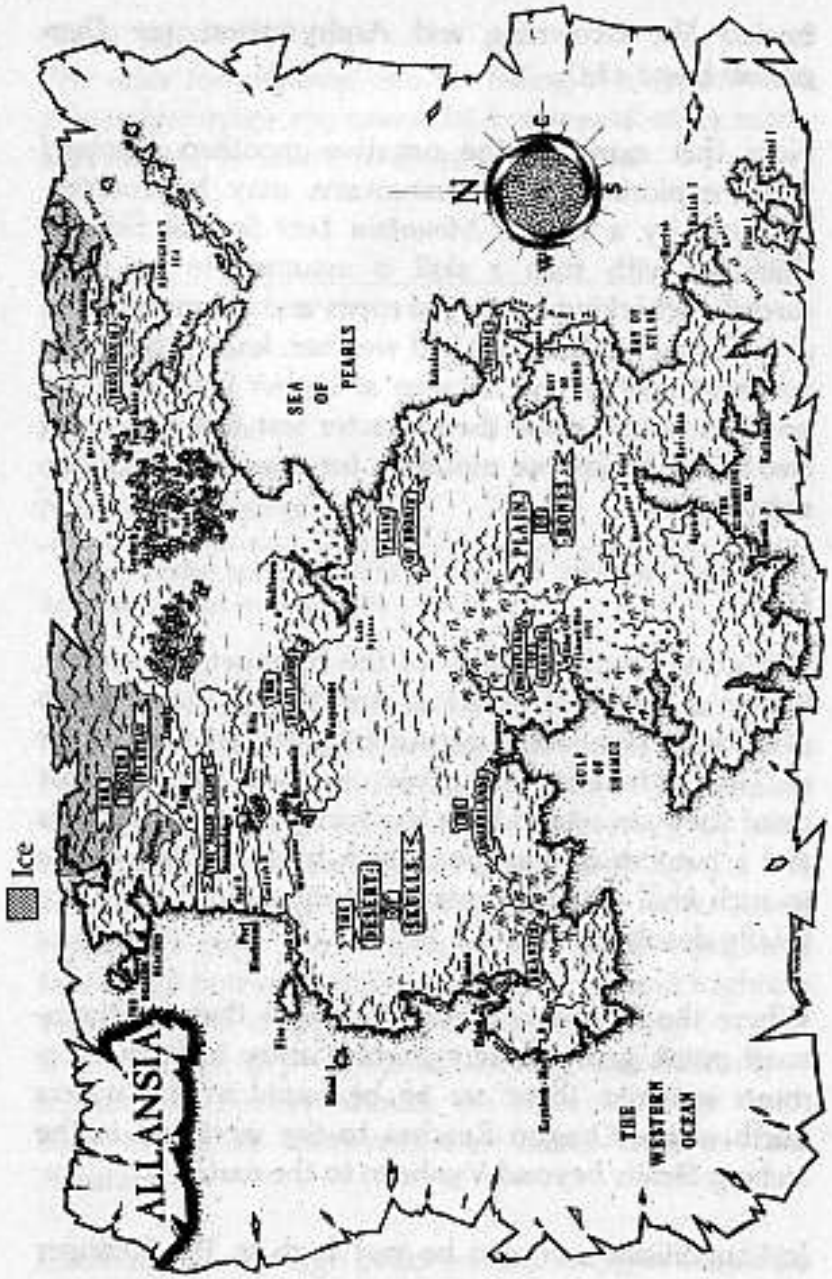

Mountains and in the Freezeblood Mountains, where isolated pockets of ice and snow form frigid glaciers and ice-sheets. In winter these may be joined to the great northern ice-sheets; when spring comes and, with it, the thaw they are isolated once more.

Hazards

The harsh conditions of the northern ice plateau are the greatest hazard to any who would venture there. The extremely cold temperature brings all sorts of problems, as does the variable weather, which can turn from dazzling sunshine to a raging snowstorm within minutes. The ice is virtually a desert, totally devoid of life; even water can be found only by boiling the snow over a fire.

Travelling across such a landscape can be fraught with other difficulties. Near the coast, the ice-sheet is thin; further north, it covers crevasses. In both locations, people can slip through the cracking ice to their dooms in the blinking of an eye. Where the icefield or glacier meets cliffs, there is the danger of avalanches (see Mountains).

In the southerly edges of the great ice-plains, some creatures manage to survive. There are small, furry creatures such as Arctic Hares and Snow Foxes, but the most deadly are the massive predators, such as Polar Bears, Ice Wyrms, White Dragons and Yeti. Thankfully, such dangerous beasts are very rare – but the fact that their pelts or venom may be highly prized means that Heroes may sometimes find themselves deliberately seeking them out!

Random Terrain
For glaciers, treat the terrain as being Mountain, and roll on the table given in that section. In the more northerly ice-plains, roll one dice. A 6 indicates Mountain; anything else means nothing but more ice.

Travelling
Special measures need to be taken by anyone travelling in the ice-plains. Everyone will need protection from the cold, usually by wearing thick, fur-lined coats and gloves, with scarves to protect the face from the wind. Some travellers use salves to keep their skin free from frostbite and chapping. The hunters and trappers who venture into such regions travel with horse- or dog-drawn sleds and sleighs. Where the terrain makes such vehicles impractical, they will continue on snow-shoes or skis.

Random Encounters
Roll three dice on the table below; '*none*' means that no creature is encountered in such an isolated spot:

Dice Roll	Encounter
3	White Dragon
4	*none*
5	Frost Giant
6	*none*
7	Mammoth
8	Snow Wolf
9	*none*
10	*none*
11	Toa-Suo
12	Neanderthal
13	*none*
14	*none*
15	Wyrm
16	Yeti
17	*none*
18	Silver Dragon

Special Rules
The ability to ski can be learnt as a Special Skill. If it is not possessed, a character using skis may require a roll against their SKILL in order to stay upright on them. Only when trying to perform a special manoeuvre, or when travelling at high speed, will the Special Skill need to be checked or a character's regular SKILL be subject to negative modifiers.

FOREST AND JUNGLE

Trees and vegetation cover much of the land in Allansia. Where they gather in great forests, however, the land is changed sufficiently for it to be treated as a separate type of terrain. In ancient times, the one continent, which later split to form the three that now exist, was covered from shore to distant shore in the One Forest. Even today, parts of that immense continent of trees still exist, home to many primeval spirits and dark terrors.

In the northernmost parts of Allansia, the great, dark, coniferous forests swathe the lower slopes of the mountains in a dark band. The Forest of the Night in north-eastern Allansia, especially, is the subject of many legends concerning evil trees, enormous tree-spiders and dark spirits. Darkwood in the north-east is also well known for its shadowy secrets; the Heroes may be familiar with one of its more peaceful residents: the sorcerer, Yaztromo.

Through the flatlands there are many small woods and copses which may be home to many varieties of woodland creatures. The Elves are the custodians of the trees and forests, and their communities will be found wherever the trees are thickest.

Further south, and especially around and in the steamy swamplands of the great Lizard Man kingdom, Silur Cha, the forests become tangled jungles. Such creeper-choked forests are home to all manner of strange species, many of them deadly to the unwary. In such jungles, the underlying terrain can be anything from treacherous mountain peaks to tidal mangrove swamps, flooded twice a day and teeming with blood-sucking mosquitoes.

Living alongside the creatures of the jungle are numerous tribes of savages who live by hunting such beasts with their blowpipes and spears. Legends say that the trees of the southernmost jungles are tended by jungle Elves, who dress in loincloths and swing from treetop to treetop with the use of thick vines, but contact with such peoples is obviously a very rare occurrence.

Hazards

The dangers facing those who venture into the forests or jungles are manifold, but they will differ from one woodland to another. In some parts of Allansia, the Elves and their sylvan allies keep an uneasy peace and will even welcome travellers through their lands. In others, forest-dwelling Goblins and evil Dark Elves may prove far less hospitable to those they encounter!

In the depths of the oldest, darkest forests, evil spirits may cause the very trees to attack trespassers. Tree men are known to care for the trees they shepherd, and they will see any intruders as a threat to them. Giant forest-spiders and far worse creatures can lurk in the

depths of the forests, far from the tracks, ready to pounce on anything or anybody who strays.

The southern jungles are even more dangerous. Every form of life there – from the tiniest insects to snakes and big, panther-like cats – seems frantic to find its next meal. Many creatures are poisonous; all will prove savage in the ferocity of their attacks on the Heroes. The cannibal tribes which lurk in the very heart of the jungles are also to be feared; they will set pit traps and use poison-tipped darts fired from blowpipes to bring down their prey, whether it walks on four legs or two!

Random Terrain

To determine whether the next piece of land is also forest, first roll on the terrain relevant to the base terrain type (i.e. Mountain, Flatland, etc.). Then roll one dice; on a roll of 1–4 the forest continues.

Travelling

Adventurers venturing into the depths of any forest or jungle will need an experienced guide to show them the safest paths and avoid the traps and other attentions of the forest's predators. In places the vegetation will be so thick that Heroes will have to walk in single file, carrying all their equipment on their backs, slashing open a path as they go. In more open woodland, horses will be able to use the forest paths, though the Heroes may decide to lead them on foot when venturing through Elf territory, as a mark of respect. Some Elves will prove very hospitable to adventurers seeking to make camp for the night, especially if a member of

their own race is present with the party; others, however, are more wary of humans and will not be so generous.

Random Encounters

Roll three dice on one of the columns below; either choose which table you will use or decide by a dice roll:

Dice Roll	Forest (1)	Forest (2)	Jungle
3	Fog Devil	Forest Giant	Tyrannosaurus
4	Cat Person	Sprite	Weretiger
5	Werebear	Mantis Man	Giant Bat
6	Ape Man	Dripper Plant	Lizard Man
7	Gnome	Elvin	Harrun
8	Pixie	Skunkbear	Giant Venus Fly-Trap
9	Ogre	Snattacat	Pygmy
10	Wild Boar	Giant Spider	Krell
11	Wood Elf	Wolf	Jaguar
12	Werewolf	Bear	Great Ape
13	Poisonous Snake	Great Ape	Ape Man
14	Bhorket	Stranglebush	Head-hunter
15	Tangleweed	Common Troll	Bhorket
16	Tree Man	Shapechanger	Black Lion
17	Strangle Weed	Man-Orc	Giant Pitcher-Plant
18	Leprechaun	Dark Elf	Green Dragon

Special Rules

Forest Lore or *Jungle Lore* Special Skill is essential for a character intending to find a path through the depths of the largest forests and jungles, though *Pathfinding* could prove as useful in some circumstances. *Hunting, Fishing* and *Trap Lore* should allow a Hero to find enough supplies to sustain the party on their travels – though in the jungles the Heroes may well have great difficulty telling the difference between food-providing and poisonous animals and plants!

SWAMP

Areas of marshy ground may be found throughout most of Allansia. Water collects around a slow-moving river mouth or a sluggish bend in the river, turns stagnant and becomes a bog. In a few places, though, such sodden land stretches for many hundreds of kilometres in all directions.

In eastern Allansia, the area between Lake Nykosa and the distant Sea of Pearls is an immense reed-choked quagmire. Parts of the swamp are flat salt beds, where the mineral forms in pans; some of the tribes who dwell in the middle of the bogs collect it for trading. Elsewhere, though, the landscape is one huge morass of pools and quicksands, impenetrable without a very experienced native guide.

The very largest expanse of swampland on the continent, however, is the waterlogged nightmare that is Silur Cha. This seemingly endless quagmire stretches

between the Plain of Bones and the Gulf of Shamuz, divided by wide, slow-moving rivers teeming with piranha and covered by an impenetrable canopy of thick jungle. It is feared throughout Allansia for being the homeland of the Lizard Men who dwell in the immense city of Silur Cha at its very heart. No adventurers have ever ventured there in force and lived to tell the tale.

Hazards

The unstable nature of any swamp or marsh makes travelling through it very difficult. Wetlands near the sea may be tidal, flooded up to several metres in depth twice a day – the Heroes will be very surprised if they wake up after a night's sleep to find themselves up to their necks in water! More commonly, the ground will be very soft and in places be little more than mud and water. Heroes will have to be very careful where they put their feet – or anything else – if they are not to sink down and drown. The absence of recognizable paths through the worst swamps will prove equally fatal.

The other major hazards in any swamp, and especially in Silur Cha, will be its inhabitants. The Lizard Men of the southern swamplands hate all good-aligned beings with a vengeance, and they will not stop to take prisoners unless they are a slaving party. Other jungle creatures will prove just as deadly (see Forest and Jungle, above), and the water will be thick with snakes, various kinds of carnivorous fish and all manner of crocodiles and alligators. Marshes and swamps are also home to a large number of bizarre creatures, from the

semi-sentient animated slime of the Marsh Wraiths to Will-o-Wisps that lure the unwary into quicksands in order to feast at last upon their dying spirits!

Finally, there is nothing that infuriates a bunch of miserable, mud-spattered, half-drowned Heroes so much as the constant attentions of a thick cloud of midges or mosquitoes. By the end of their marshy travels, they will be thoroughly sick of continually slapping them off their hands and faces!

Random Terrain

Roll one dice on the following table, or choose. Note that some swampland may be covered by thick vegetation; see the Forest and Jungle section.

Dice Roll	Terrain
1–4	Swamp
5	River
6	Flatland

Travelling

In many areas, a marsh or swamp may be waterlogged enough to allow the Heroes to progress by boat, typically propelled along using a pole or shallow oars. Where this is not possible, however, they will have to resort to venturing in on foot. This is where the experienced guide comes in, for even trying to find a path using a long pole for prodding the ground for a solid foothold will keep leading the Heroes into impassable regions.

Making camp for the night may prove very difficult in the depths of a soggy swamp. Even those resourceful enough to sleep in the boughs of a tree may be shocked to find themselves sharing their lofty perch with a jaguar or two in the morning! Note that, unless they have managed to bring tents fitted with effective netting, the Heroes will suffer from the bites of midges or mosquitoes all night long. In the long run this may even result in checks having to be made for malaria!

Random Encounters

Roll three dice on the table below:

Dice Roll	Encounter
3	Brontosaurus
4	Will-o-Wisp
5	Mist Vampire
6	Spit Toad
7	Blood Eel
8	Giant Slug
9	Marsh Goblin
10	Giant Leech
11	Kokomokoa
12	Lizard Man
13	Mudclaw
14	Marsh Wraith
15	Slykk
16	Slime Sucker
17	Marsh Giant
18	Hydra

Special Rules

Marsh Lore will clearly prove very handy for anyone wishing to do more than avoid an area of swampland. The Director should also be aware that the Heroes may have problems carrying their equipment over land into which they are threatening to sink at any moment; see the scene in the swamps near Kaad in the adventure which follows, *A Darkness Over Kaad*, for one way of handling such problems.

Anyone falling into quicksand or any particularly boggy ground must roll dice to see whether they are surprised (allow a *Test for Skill* roll, or check against *Awareness*). All who fall in must roll as if for swimming; if that fails, they will be drowning – or, rather, being asphyxiated by the mud and water. Those who were surprised to fall in must make any such rolls at −3. The mud should be treated as water when rolling for damage.

DESERT

The Desert of Skulls covers a vast, barren area of broken rocky ground and sand-dunes, which it would take several weeks to ride across, on the western side of Allansia, between the north-western settled area and the isolated south-western kingdom of Arantis. Around its fringes the climate is temperate and the land dry but habitable. As one ventures further into the heart of the wilderness, the oases become less frequent, the sandy dunes rise like immense ocean waves, and the merciless heat of the sun pours from the flaming orb in the sky.

The landscape of the Desert of Skulls ranges from rocky to sandy. At its western extremity the wind from the sea has carved the coastal mountains into fabulously shaped buttes and mesas. The wilderness is rocky and irregular, littered with immense boulders and carved time and time again by the courses of dry river beds that flow with water only once a decade. Further inland, the rocky ground gives way to dunes. These may be as tall as small hills, so that the Heroes will have to take several hours toiling up one side, only to have to clamber down the following side and up the slope of the next one.

Few dwell within the desert but predators and other creatures which have adapted themselves to life in such harsh climes. Several tribes of desert nomads roam its fringes, trading camel hides and more precious goods with the people of towns like Shazaar, on the main trade-route to Salamonis. Elves, it has been rumoured, also dwell in the depths of the desert, bound up in swathes of cloth as protection from the remorseless heat of the sun. The main danger in the Desert of Skulls, however, comes from the Caarth, the snake-people, whose immense cities are built amid the rocky heights in the southern expanses of the desert, north of their Snakelands domain. Finally, legend has long had it that out there, somewhere, is the Lost City of Vatos, an ancient capital still crammed with numberless treasures . . .

Note that, in other parts of Allansia, some of the desert lands are extremely cold rather than extremely hot:

vast, arid, windswept areas where the temperature can drop far below freezing point after nightfall. As on Earth, not all Allansian deserts are hot and sandy.

Hazards

The climate is a major hazard for anyone seeking to travel across the Desert of Skulls. The heat can be tremendous, dehydrating and burning the skin mercilessly. Water and food will have to be carried, as there will be precious few opportunities to replenish supplies. Oases are infrequent, and their water may be sullied – or poisoned by the Caarth to deter intruders into their lands! Those with very high *Desert Lore* Special Skill scores can 'smell' water under the ground by making a successful roll.

The heat can also play tricks on the mind. Mirages, illusions of distant objects which shimmer in the hot air, can deceive Heroes into thinking they are safe or in a different place on their maps. Those afflicted with sunstroke may suffer further delusions, or may even lose their senses completely.

Finding the correct path among the trackless desert wastes will prove a major undertaking. Even local guides will need very powerful *Desert Lore* and *Pathfinding* Special Skill scores if they are not to become confused by the ever-shifting sands. The strong desert winds can soon whip up a sandstorm or dust-storm to confuse the Heroes further (roll one dice, then roll that number of dice; the grand total is the number of hours such a storm continues). Drum sand is a peculiar form of resonating sand that whines, booms or scrapes loudly; it can prove very inconvenient if the Heroes are trying to sneak somewhere in silence.

Finally, of course, there are the natives. In such lands, the people will often prove to be very hostile, unwilling to help anyone if it means putting themselves at a disadvantage. Worse are the Caarth, the evil, demon-worshipping snake people who are very hostile to all other races. Other creatures are encountered only rarely but monsters such as the gigantic Giant Sandworm and the Sand Devil are to be greatly feared.

Random Terrain

The Desert of Skulls is the sole major expanse of desert in the Allansian continent, so there is little need to roll for it randomly. If you wish to decide on the particular form of terrain in a certain part of the desert, roll two dice and consult the following table:

Dice Roll	Desert feature
2	Oasis: roll one dice, subtract 2 and halve the result to see how many metres beneath the surface water will be found
3	Wadi: dry gully or gullies; roll one dice for the number of channels cut into the rock
4–5	Hammada: rocky, weathered desert with strange rock formations, sometimes into deep canyons
6–8	Erg: sand-dunes, rising and falling as far as the eye can see
9–10	Reg: gravel and pebbles of various sizes cover the ground, making any fast movement hazardous
11	Flats: vast, level plains which may be covered by a crust of salt or other minerals
12	Drum sands: can be heard for 1–6 kilometres

Travelling

Getting across the desert is best done using a sturdy mount. Horses need plenty of water, so camels and giant riding lizards will prove far more successful. The latter, especially, can be fitted with large covered howdahs in which the rider can shelter from the burning sun. Even camels and lizards require water and food, however, and should not be exposed to the hottest part of the day or to sandstorms.

Those travelling on foot will need to be fit, strong and very, very lucky (or skilful) if they are to survive for more than a few days. The Desert Elves do so by travelling only in the morning and evening, collecting dew, tapping cacti and smelling water far below the surface. Humans without such skills, or a helpful guide, will soon perish.

Random Encounters
Roll three dice on the following table:

Dice Roll	Encounter
3	Giant Sandworm
4	Basilisk
5	Hamakei
6	Caarth
7	*none*
8	Fiend
9	Giant Lizard
10	Poisonous Snake
11	Sand Devil
12	Needlefly
13	*none*
14	Giant Scorpion
15	Gretch
16	Serpent Guard
17	Decayer
18	Gold Dragon

Special Rules
The Director must keep a very careful eye on supplies of water and food if the Heroes ever venture across the Desert of Skulls. Unless they are travelling by night, they will need at least ten litres per person per day of travel in order to remain healthy. Once their rate of drinking water falls below half that amount, they will lose 4 STAMINA points per day thereafter.

Furthermore, the sheer heat of the desert will cause

anyone travelling during the daytime to lose 2 STAMINA points per day; again, this can be avoided by travelling at night. It can also be halved by the wearing of suitable protective clothing – a broad hat or hood, several layers of thin cloth wrapped round the body, loose cloaks and wraps worn over the top. The Heroes should also be wary of pushing themselves too hard; if they do not conserve their energy by taking frequent breaks and resting and sleeping properly, the damage from heat and exposure must be doubled from the third day onwards.

RIVER AND LAKE

Rivers are the arteries of the land. They flow everywhere, beginning as streams high in the mountains and running down to the seas. Small streams and rivers may be found throughout the continent. Even in the Desert of Skulls the Heroes may encounter dry beds that indicate where water will flow when the rains next come, even if that is still ten years away.

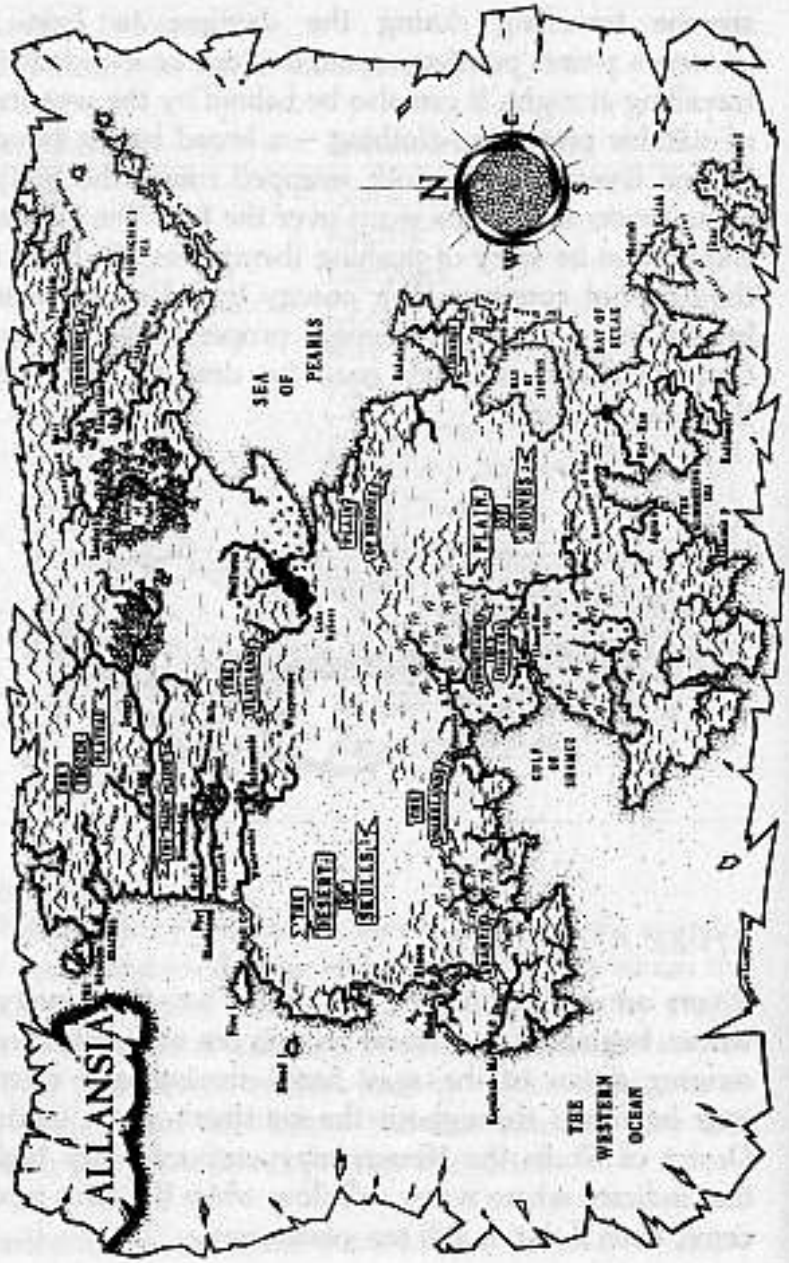

Rivers and Lakes

Humans and other races have always lived close to rivers, for drinking water, fishing, transport, washing and many other purposes. Many towns and cities grew up at bridging points. Boats and barges may be found on any river that is wide and deep enough to bear them, carrying merchants and their goods to distant parts. Waterways like the Kok and the Red River teem with boats, which can carry goods far faster, further and more safely than any land-based caravan.

Lakes and pools are less common, but many rivers have places where the water slows sufficiently to collect in hollows. The largest lake in Allansia is Lake Nykosa, a vast, reed-choked expanse in the middle of stagnant marsh and swamp. At high tide, many of the coastal swamps and jungles turn into sunken forests. The town of Sardath, in north-east Allansia, is actually built on stilts raised above a lake, for there is little space for buildings on the steep mountain sides which surround it.

Hazards

Physical hazards for Heroes travelling by river are usually little more than inconveniences if encountered in the settled lands; but they may prove far more troublesome if no one has yet devised a way round or through them. Rapids, narrows and shallows may force the Heroes to leave the river and carry their boat until they can launch it again. Waterfalls may prove equally tricky, especially if the Heroes decide to go over the edge – or fail to stop in time! The workings of humans and animals alike may also prove hazardous. Orcs and

beavers have both been known to dam rivers for their own ends. In Port Blacksand, the entrance to the city – and the way to the sea – requires the paying of a hefty toll as one passes under the bridge.

River creatures can also prove hazardous by attacking a boat and its occupants. In settled areas the rivers are likely to be free of monsters, home instead to river pirates, hijackers and wreckers. Further out into the wilderness, many different creatures catch their prey by lurking in the water, waiting for the unwary.

Random Terrain

To determine a river randomly, roll one dice:

Dice Roll	River
1	Streamlet: 1–6 metres wide
2	Brook: 6–36 metres wide (roll one dice, multiply by 6)
3	Runnel: 12–72 metres wide (roll one dice, multiply by 12)
4	River: 30–180 metres wide (roll one dice, multiply by 30)
5	River: 60–360 metres wide (roll one dice, multiply by 60)
6	Unusual: roll one dice: 1 = Geyser; 2 = Island; 3 = Pond; 4 = Pool; 5 = Small lake; 6 = Large lake

Travelling

Travelling by boat is a fairly simple matter, providing

one is sufficiently experienced at handling a boat and doesn't meet any unexpected hazards. A small rowing boat or coracle will suffice for crossings and small journeys. In some places there are ferryboats which will allow people to cross a wide river for a small payment in cash or goods.

Lengthier trips will need a more substantial boat or barge. Merchants regularly ply their trade between Port Blacksand and the inland towns and cities. Further into the wilds, however, boats may be less common – though they may be more frequent than land-based merchant caravans, as they are safer from attack.

Random Encounters

Roll three dice on the table below; note that some encounters are more suitable for a lake rather than a river, and vice versa:

Dice Roll	Encounter
3	Flying Fish
4	Fish Man
5	Giant Dragonfly
6	*none*
7	Giant Toad
8	*none*
9	Piranha
10	Crocodile
11	Snapperfish
12	Spit Toad
13	Electric Eel
14	*none*
15	Slykk
16	Mudclaw
17	Giant Leech
18	Sea Troll

Special Rules

The Special Skill *Handle (Vehicle)* covers boats. For river purposes, these may be divided into two classes: small boat (e.g. rowing boat) and large boat (e.g. barge). Ocean-going ships will be too large to sail far up any but the widest and deepest rivers. A roll on this skill (or on standard SKILL, perhaps with a small negative modifier) will be needed only in the event of a specific hazard such as rapids, a waterfall or a sand-bar. Modifiers should be imposed if the Heroes are also under attack or are trying to negotiate a hazard in the dark or during bad weather, at the Director's discretion.

SEA AND OCEAN

The seas surrounding Allansia can be rough, swept with storms and teeming with dangerous creatures and patrolled by pirates. However, they are a vital means of transporting merchants and their goods between distant lands and, for every vessel that is lost, ninety-nine others will enjoy an uneventful voyage and return with a large profit.

The coast of Allansia bears witness to the relentless pounding of the sea. In places, gently sloping beaches and mudflats meet the water, but in others the shoreline is far more craggy, littered with submerged rocks that can rip the hull from a vessel in moments. The Skull Coast of western Allansia is particularly feared; shipwrecks litter its shore.

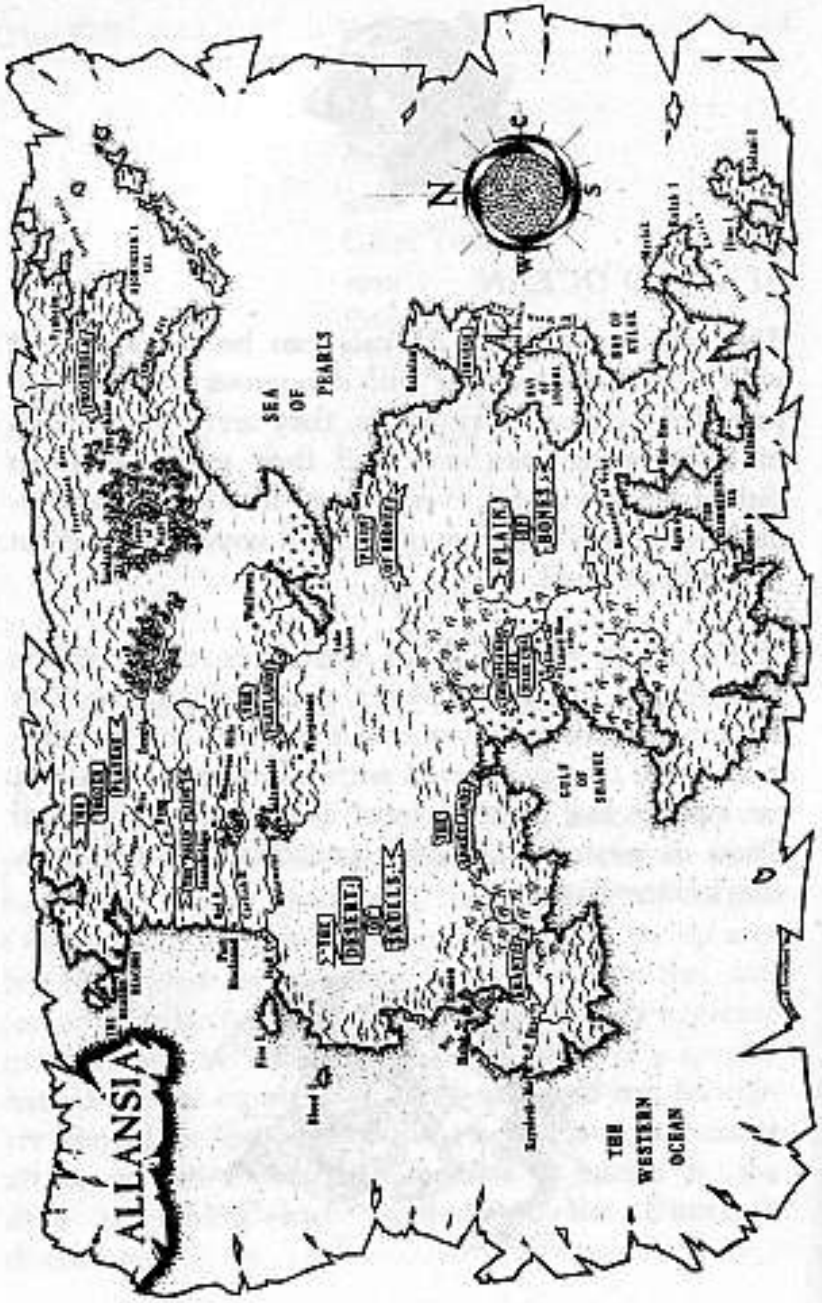

Round the Bay of Elkor, pirates ply their trade from the twin cities of Rimon and Halak, picking off any vessel that is too slow or too weak to fight off their attentions. Further south, the Gulf of Shamuz is controlled at its eastern end by the enormous slave-powered galleys of the Lizard Men; they should be avoided by anyone valuing his freedom!

Hazards

Storms are the greatest single hazard to sailors and their vessels. The combination of wind and rain can overturn or swamp a vessel, or drive it on to a rocky coastline. Cargo can shake loose and knock holes in the wall of the hold. Crewmen can be swept overboard by huge waves.

As well as storms, there are other physical hazards. The lack of wind can prove frustrating for a captain and his crew: after several days spent doing nothing in the baking heat, the men's thoughts may start turning to mutiny! Whirlpools are thankfully rare, for they can drag a ship down to the ocean bottom as if pulled by the sea god Hydana himself. On the coast, hidden rocks or coral reefs can prove very dangerous, and sandbanks can beach a vessel at low tide. Wreckers – bandits who show a light from a rocky coast to dupe a captain into believing he is entering a safe harbour – are common on some coasts.

Sea creatures can also prove very dangerous. Luckily, the seas round Allansia are free of the giant beasts which infest the Eelsea round the Old World, but there are many creatures that will prove just as deadly to a vessel and its crew.

Random Terrain

As you will see from the map of Allansia, the coastline is already fixed. If you wish to create the coastline for a small stretch, or a previously uncharted island, just let your pen wander around until you have a shape that looks pleasing. Don't forget that not all coastline consists of nothing but craggy rocks or sheer cliffs; in most places the sea will lap on a gentle beach or mudflat.

Travelling

In shallow coastal waters, a sailor can make do with just a small rowing boat or coracle. Fishing and sailing boats, typically fitted with a single mast and oars for windless periods, are able to travel up and down the coast. Larger merchant ships and galleys can carry substantial amounts of cargo; these are the craft which are the ideal target of pirates, of course. Larger merchantmen and galleons are needed for ocean crossings or longer voyages round the coast to distant Alkemis or Kallamehr.

The Heroes should be able to book a passage on a merchant's vessel in a port like Port Blacksand, either paying for berths in advance or working their passage. They should be aware, however, that it is not uncommon for captains to take payment for passage and then throw their passengers overboard, once out to sea!

Random Encounters

Roll three dice on the table below; note that some of

the encounters will be on the seashore rather than out on the high sea.

Dice Roll	Encounter
3	Plesiosaurus
4	Sea Giant
5	Mermaid
6	*none*
7	Giant Octopus
8	*none*
9	Shark
10	Giant Eel
11	Giant Crab
12	*none*
13	*none*
14	Giant Snake
15	Merman
16	Sea Troll
17	*none*
18	Water Elemental

Special Rules

Sailing is covered by *Handle (Vehicle)* Special Skill, as it applies to small boats, large boats or ships; the latter is the most likely skill to have if one is captaining a sea-going vessel. Hazards may be surmounted by a roll against such a skill on behalf of the ship's captain; you may impose modifiers for the weather conditions, for scraping through a particularly narrow gap in the rocks, for the size and condition of the ship, whether it is heavily laden or floating high in the water, and so on.

When rolling for the action of rocks in a shipwreck, treat it as a battle between the captain and the rocks. If the captain fails his Special Skill roll, the rocks will do as many damage points to a part of the ship's hull as the number he failed by. Double-6s mean you should double the damage done. Various ships and boats can take the following amounts of damage:

Boat	BATTLE STAMINA
Coracle	1
Rowing boat	2
Barge	3
Sailing boat, small	3
Sailing boat, large	4
Galley	5
Merchantman	8
Galleon	6

If the hull loses all its points, the boat will sink in as many minutes as it originally had BATTLE STAMINA points. If the hull still has some points left, it is leaking and so the boat will sink in as many hours as it has BATTLE STAMINA points left. Note that a hole can be patched up, and also that the boat may be holed in a number of different places (each will have the same number of BATTLE STAMINA points).

When fighting ship-to-ship combats, have the captains of each ship fight each other using their *Handle (Vehicle)* Special Skills as the basis of their Attack Strength. If the pursuer is successful, his vessel will gain on the

enemy. They will first close to longbow range, then to ramming or grappling range. The latter two events will need another successful ship attack roll on behalf of the attacker. Ramming causes as many BATTLE STAMINA points of damage as the ship has in its hull. Grappling does not cause damage but it brings the two ships together so that soldiers can leap on to the enemy vessel. Some vessels will have siege engine-type catapults and rock throwers aboard; treat these as if they were similar devices attacking a city wall (see the Mass Battle Rules in the last chapter).

Swimming – and drowning – has been covered in *Dungeoneer* (see page 185). The Director may care to impose further modifiers for freak weather conditions and other peculiar circumstances. If a Hero falls overboard, there is the slimmest of chances that he or she will be rescued by another ship. Roll two dice once an hour, for a maximum of twelve hours; on a double-6, the Hero has been rescued. It is up to the Director to decide who exactly rescues the Hero – not all ships are friendly.

UNDERWATER

Legends have often referred to mythical lands under the sea, their intricate shell cities inhabited by Merfolk and Sea Elves who ride sea-horses and use dolphins to herd fish around in their watery domains. Such legends have their basis in fact, for in a few, distant places under the oceans there are indeed cities, though they are very difficult to reach. Most who do are those rescued from death by drowning, and they become guests of the Merfolk while they are healing, before being returned to the surface world – though many choose to remain in their new, watery home.

Not all those who dwell under the sea are peaceful, for there are also races of evil Sea Trolls, who war constantly with the Sea Elves and Merfolk for the right to harvest the kelp and fish the shoals. Because of this incessant war, the Merfolk have become embittered and insular, they have lost all contact with the surface world and, while they will help someone in need, they will not ask for news.

Sea Elves are fewer in number, and they appear to be far more secretive. They make their homes in small, well-disguised settlements, in caves and deep within the great kelp forests which they tend and harvest. They have developed chameleon-like powers, changing the colour of their normally greenish skin to blend in with the rocks they are crossing. The Sea Elves use small crossbows to fire darts for hunting or defending themselves, and they have learnt how to extract the venom from the spines of poisonous fish and from the fangs of sea-snakes. Unlike the Merfolk, the Sea Elves maintain links with their terrestrial fellows, sending delegates to the Elven Council once a century – where they reside in large tanks in the council chamber for the duration of the council!

A great deal more information on the lands beneath the sea – and how they got there – may be found in *Titan*.

Hazards

The major hazard of any underwater expedition is breathing, and the possibility of running out of air. Strong currents, eddies and whirlpools may catch weak swimmers unawares and send them out into the deep ocean, whence they may not return. At greater depths, water temperature and pressure may prove dangerous to unwary explorers – and note the effect of 'the bends' on anyone rising to the surface too quickly.

Some of the creatures that dwell in the sea will be hostile to the Heroes. Prominent among these are the

Sea Trolls, who are as nasty as their land-based cousins. Less intelligent creatures, such as sharks, poisonous spined blowfish and giant clams, may also prove a hazard to unwary swimmers.

Random Terrain

An adventure set beneath the waves should be planned carefully by the Director beforehand. Treat the location much as you would a surface town or city, but change the streets to tunnels or pavements inlaid with shells. Other locations will be much like their equivalents on land, with flat plains, hills, gullies, even mountains.

Travelling

Swimming will obviously be a necessary skill for anyone venturing down into the underwater kingdoms. The Sea Elves and Merfolk ride tame sea-horses and dolphins, which can obviously move faster than they can. These mounts may be ridden by Heroes who make a successful *Ride* roll at −2.

Random Encounters

Use the table in the Sea section.

Special Rules
Venturing beneath the sea needs a good *Swim* Special Skill rating and, more importantly, some means of breathing. The Magic spells *Breathe* and *Gills* will prove most useful here. Note that if the Heroes are underwater at the invitation of those who live there, possibly after being rescued from a sinking ship, they may have such magical gills cast upon them by one of their hosts.

Combat underwater can be run as usual if it is between two land-dwellers. Combat between a land-dweller and a sea-dweller will bring a −3 modifier to the landlubber's Attack Strength, as he or she will be unused to the slower way of fighting in water.

THE WEATHER

The weather across Allansia may be determined by either choosing conditions which are appropriate for the adventure (they may not be suitable for the Heroes, of course!) or by rolling randomly with dice on the following tables. The weather conditions can affect many aspects of an adventure, especially if the terrain is harsh or unpredictable. A high wind or a snowstorm will mean little more than an inconvenience to Heroes based in Salamonis, but on the high seas in a rowing boat or clinging to a sheer cliff-face, the result will be very different!

The three types of weather conditions are cloud cover, rainfall (or snowfall) and wind strength. Roll first at the start of the day, then as directed. Temperature will also

be a factor in the weather, but this depends on the season and where the Heroes are in Allansia, so the Director should determine this according to the needs of his adventure.

Cloud Cover
Roll dice on the following table to determine the initial cover. When rolling for mountains or ice, add 2 to your roll; when rolling for southerly climes, reduce the roll by 1. Roll again every three hours, using one dice: on 1–2, the cloud cover drops one category; on 3–4, it stays the same; and on 5–6 it rises one category.

Dice Roll	Cloud Cover
1	None
2	One or two clouds
3	Scattered clouds
4	Slightly overcast
5	Generally overcast
6	Mostly overcast
7	Completely overcast
8	Dense storm clouds; very dark

Rainfall
The chance of rain is proportionate to the cloud cover.

Roll less than the number of the cloud cover (given above) on 1 dice for there to be rain. Check again every three hours. Rain will be in accordance with the type of cloud cover; multiply the number of the cloud cover by 10 to find the rainfall in millimetres per hour. In the northern mountains, there is an equal chance of the precipitation being either rain or snow; snow will fall to a depth equal to four times that of the rainfall. In ice regions, only snow will fall.

Wind Strength

Roll dice on the following table to determine the initial wind strength. Roll again every hour, using one dice: on 1–2, the wind drops one category; on 3–4, it stays the same; on 5–6, it rises one category. The wind may prove especially important to sailors and climbers.

Dice Roll	Wind Strength
1–2	Calm, no wind
3	Light breeze; candles will flicker
4	Breeze; candles will be blown out
5	Light wind; will fill a boat's sail
6	Medium wind; buffeting; birds may seek to land
7	Strong wind; sailing ships may be in trouble; could knock a man over
8	Fresh gale
9	Gale
10	Hurricane!

You now have everything you should need to design and run adventures set in the great wildlands of Allansia. Which is just as well – because now we present our stunning adventure for you to play. It's called *A Darkness Over Kaad*, and it begins on the very next page!

ALLANSIA ADVENTURE:
'A Darkness Over Kaad'

Director's Introduction

And so, once again, my lords, ladies and gentlemen, we come to our feature presentation. We have spared no expense in bringing this outstanding extravaganza to your screens. It's a vast, sprawling epic that ranges from the icefields of the frigid north to the swamps of Kaad, crammed with swordplay, startling surprises and a supremely sneaky sidekick. Bet you can't wait!

The information that follows is all for the eyes of the Director only. If you intend playing in this adventure as a Hero, you should stop reading NOW! Knowing what is going to happen will spoil your enjoyment of the game, and probably everyone else's as well. So why don't you go off and tidy up your *Adventure Sheet* instead, and leave these pages for your Director.

Everyone gone? Just you, the Director, and us? Jolly good. *A Darkness Over Kaad* uses some of the new rules and situations we've introduced in this book, but it follows exactly the same format as those in *Dungeoneer*

and *Blacksand!*, and it can be prepared and played in exactly the same way.

In common with those other adventures, it is written in a very specific, structured format which we hope will make it easier for you to run. You're probably familiar with all this by now, but here's a brief recap to remind you how it's done.

The plot is divided up into a number of *Scenes*, which are shot roughly in order, according to both the actions and decisions of the Heroes and the reactions of their adversaries to what they do, and other, more random events too.

As each new scene is introduced, we'll describe the *Location* first, from the point of view of an imaginary camera viewing it as the scene opens. These descriptions can be read out loud to help the Heroes visualize the scenery round them, and there may be a map or illustration to help as well. On occasion there will be text which must be read out directly to the Heroes. This will be given in italics *like this*.

Next there will be a *Plot Summary*, a few brief lines giving a general impression of what should happen in the scene as it is acted out. This is followed by the *Cast List*, which includes all the Bad Guys and Extras due to appear in the scene, with descriptions and game statistics.

The *Props* section details a few easily obtainable items which you may care to use to increase the 'realistic'

feel of your AFF adventure. Players generally like to have a few things to touch and investigate, and a little bit of effort on your part can add lots of entertainment. However, don't worry if you can't find anything to use as a Prop; they are optional, not compulsory items. We should mention here that finding something to represent the soldiers fighting in the final battle, and a tabletop on which to fight it, will prove very useful.

The central core of the scene is the *Action!* section, in which you present the scene and then allow the Heroes to act their way through to a profitable (they hope!) conclusion. There may be several segments in this section, and in each we'll tell you what is *supposed* to happen, when, where and to whom. If something unexpected occurs, the *Problems?* section will provide advice on getting the plot back on course. In the end, of course, it will be down to your skills as Director to keep all those Heroes in check, but we know you can do it.

Lastly, there are the *Turn to* . . . instructions, which allow the action to cut and move directly to the next scene. Remember, in real movies you never have to sit and watch while the stars slog their way over to the next scene – and nor do we: in the world of Advanced Fighting Fantasy, the action just fades into the next exciting scene.

The Heroes

The story of this adventure follows on from events detailed in the adventures we described in *Dungeoneer*

and *Blacksand!*. Once again the Heroes are up against the villainous Sargon and his evil cult of Elimites. Because of this, it would be a thoroughly splendid idea if at least one of the Heroes in this adventure was drawn from the characters who were duped into raising Sargon from the dead in the second *Dungeoneer* adventure. Ideally those Heroes should have taken part in the *Blacksand!* adventure as well. (What do you mean, you've killed them all off? You know how fond the movie business is of sequels, and you can't have a sequel if all the Heroes are dead!)

Because the Heroes from the earlier adventures were cast before this latest book was published, they will not have any of the special new outdoor skills or spells introduced in this book. This should not prove too much of a problem, because the Heroes will have a guide (Giblet the Goblin), who has lots of wilderness skills. It *is* important, however, that at least one of the Heroes has some skill in commanding armies (such as *Battle Tactics*, from *Blacksand!*). If no one is creating a new character for this new adventure, and no Hero has those skills, perhaps you should write a small intervening adventure of your own to send them out on first, during the course of which they could acquire the abilities they will need. Being drafted into the Salamonis army for a brief tour of duty should do the trick!

Balancing the Adventure

This adventure is designed for experienced Heroes who have improved their abilities considerably since

starting their careers. Of course we cannot know just how good they are (what do you think we are, psychic?). Only you, the Director, knows that. Before you run this adventure you should read it through, paying particular attention to the abilities of the various foes the Heroes must face. If you think that your Heroes will get through the scenes too easily, add a few points to the SKILL and STAMINA of the enemies. After all, all Trolls are not identical. The figures given in *Out of the Pit* are for a typical Troll; the one your Heroes will have to face may be a tough and grizzled veteran.

On the other hand, you may think that the challenges are too tough. Perhaps several of your players have recently lost their Heroes and are starting new ones. In this case, remove a point or two from the SKILL and STAMINA scores of the foes. A good Director always gives his players a tough but fair challenge. As in all the best movies, the Good Guys are expected to win through in the end – but only by the skin of their teeth!

A Hero from *Return to Firetop Mountain*

Other than their previous encounters with Sargon, it is unlikely that any of the Heroes will have any knowledge of the people and places they will meet in this adventure. The one real possibility is that one of the Heroes will have been the star of *Return to Firetop Mountain*. As you will know, that Hero visited the town of Kaad and met Yaztromo there. It turns out that those events, though seemingly trivial at the time, provide important clues in the fight against the evil Sargon. If that Hero is taking part in this adventure, you will need to agree with him or her how much is known about Kaad.

Having visited the city, the Hero will certainly know what the place looks like. For example, when Giblet says that the walls of Kaad are in such a poor state that a large Troll could blow them down, the Hero will know that this is true. On the other hand, when the Hero visited Kaad, he was in a great hurry: he had an important mission to complete and would not have hung around long enough to make friends. Therefore it is fair to say that he will not be well known to the people of Kaad. The only people likely to remember him are Deep Sea Dowland, the King of String, and his son, and they will not be of much use in this adventure!

Giblet as a Player Hero

You have probably already noticed that this book includes rules for expanding the number of races you can use for player characters. A central character in this adventure is a Goblin called Giblet. If you like, you can have him acted by one of your players. To do this you will need to give the player an *Adventure Sheet* bearing Giblet's game statistics and fill him in on what the Goblin knows.

It is not necessary that the player should learn Giblet's speeches off by heart. After all, you'd improve on them if you were reading them, wouldn't you? But if he does want to try learning his lines, get someone to photocopy the appropriate pages of the book (we hereby give you permission to do so) and cut out the appropriate text. You know what players are like: if you give them the whole script to read, they won't be able to resist sneaking a look at bits they are not supposed to see.

The most important thing to get right is that Giblet's player should know everything that Giblet knows – and nothing that he doesn't! For example, Giblet knows that there are back ways, hidden paths through the Icefinger Mountains that will enable the party to avoid the Elimite army, but he does not know that a Wyrm now lives in one of these passes. If the player forgets something during the course of the adventure, do not penalize him. Take him aside and remind him what Giblet knows, thus preventing any risk of the adventure falling apart.

Getting Started

As is usual for an Advanced Fighting Fantasy adventure, we will be starting the players right in the middle of the action. However, quite a lot will have happened to them beforehand. In the movies, you would find out about this when the introductory explanation scrolls up the screen at the start of the film. As you do not have a screen, you are going to have to read it out to the players.

Of course, an experienced Director may wish to have his players actually play through the introduction. If that is what you want to do, fine. With a trip into Darkwood and then a long journey to the Icefinger

Mountains to cover, you should be able to come up with enough material for a whole extra adventure.

If you are not role-playing the introduction, read the following to your Heroes at the start of the adventure:

A summons from the famous sorcerer, Gereth Yaztromo, is not the sort of thing that happens every day, even to the most experienced adventurers. And certainly it is not one that you ignore. It was only the day before that you were relaxing quietly in a bar in Salamonis after another successful mission. Then there you were at this great tower, the fine horses you had bought collapsing from exhaustion outside, waiting nervously for the old sorcerer to get to the point.

Why is it that wizards talk so much? Perhaps because they spend so much time alone at their studies that they are starved of companionship. Of course Yaztromo has his birds to talk to; couldn't he have told them this story? After all, you know all about the evil priest, Sargon, and his mysterious and bloodthirsty Church of Elim. Having Yaztromo remind you that you were inadvertently responsible for raising Sargon from the dead is not a pleasant start to the interview. But wait! He seems to have got to the end of the story of the Golem in Port Blacksand. Perhaps now, finally, you will find out what he actually wants of you.

'Since that time,' mutters the old sorcerer, 'Nicodemus and I have been keeping a close eye on Sargon and his inhuman followers. It has not been easy. His powers have grown considerably since you revived him, and Elim is an ancient deity whose ways and intentions are hard for modern magic

to follow. We knew, however, that he had a lair somewhere in the north, and that many recruits to the Elimite faith had left their homes to join him there. It was earlier this year that I managed to pin him down.

'I had been summoned to the town of Kaad, a small settlement just south of the River Kok, where a great plague was in danger of wiping out all the citizens. I solved that, of course – though, sadly, many died before I could reach the town. But it was a strange plague, the like of which I had not seen before, nor even read about. I looked closer into its cause, and it bore the unmistakable signs of being the handiwork of Sargon the Black. For some reason, the Elimites want the town of Kaad destroyed.

'This started me thinking, for Kaad is an old settlement and was once a proud city, back in the days of Carsepolis. Sargon claims to have lived in that ancient city, and it occurred to me that he may have had enemies in the Kaad of old. Sure enough, the local priests were able to show me the ruins of two old temples, dedicated to the ancient gods Ashra and Vuh, who are both brothers and enemies to Elim. Alas, the people of old Kaad fled when the armies of Chaos

overran Allansia, and there is no one there now who remembers the lore concerning these old deities. Sargon may not know that, or he may have some other reason for still fearing Kaad. Certainly he regards its destruction as central to his plans!

'Yet it was in his attack on Kaad that Sargon over-reached himself. Perhaps he thought that no one would think to investigate the plague; but once I had done so, it was easy to trace it back to its magical source. I found a monastery, heavily fortified, hidden deep within the frigid expanses of the Icefinger Mountains. I have spoken to the eagles that dwell on those peaks and they have recently confirmed the results of my scrying. It is Sargon's lair!' Yaztromo pauses for this to sink in, before continuing.

'But there is more. I would not normally do this, for it is wearying in the extreme and fraught with all manner of dangers. I have looked into the future to see how we must act in the present. There is a prisoner in Sargon's dungeons. I know not who or what he is, but his aid will be vital to us in the coming struggle. We must act quickly, for any prisoner of Sargon's is likely to end up on the altar before too long. That, then, is your mission. Go there, free this person and find out what he knows or can do. Sargon must be stopped, for his master, Elim, comes from a time before the gods. Should he reassert his power, our gods, and our world which they made in their image, will be as nothing before him.

'Take these two scrolls. One is a map I have made with the aid of the eagles of the Icefinger Mountains. The other bears

my seal and identifies you as my agents. Many people will recognize it and give you their aid: the citizens of Kaad, for example, who may yet be in danger and whom I would have you protect if you can.

'Oh, and if you should happen to run into a chap called Chadda Darkmane on your travels, would you please tell him to follow my advice and stop trying to do things his own way. I trust that you lot won't be so foolish!'
You all laugh at this last remark, for you know that Darkmane is the most hot-headed captain in the army of Salamonis. Yaztromo has the look of someone who would not take kindly to a refusal, although he was good enough to feed your horses something that restored their stamina quite miraculously.

And so it was that you undertook the journey to the Icefinger Mountains. It has been a long trek, but the end is in sight. Above you, atop the sheer walls of the cliff, are the dark ramparts of Sargon's lair. Yaztromo's map was as good as he said, and you know you have reached the right place, for above the forbidding walls flies a plain black flag. The Church of Elim has no holy symbol – only the cold, unwelcoming darkness of the void.

Problems?
There is no way the Heroes are going to refuse Yaztromo's mission. Any that do so will find that being turned into a fish and dropped into the Catfish River by Nicodemus is positively pleasurable compared to what Yaztromo can do to them. Besides, they brought Sargon back. It is their duty to get rid of him again, or die trying.

What they may want to do, however, is ask questions of the wizard. This is acceptable (not to mention common sense!), but you need to have some answers ready. Yaztromo will not give any more information about the actual mission because he doesn't know anything else, but here are a few responses that he can give the Heroes.

Regarding Elim, Ashra and Vuh – What little is known about these ancient deities can be found in the book *Titan*. Their names mean Dark, Light and Life; you can assume that their creeds revolve around the creation and worship of such absolutes.

Regarding Sargon the Black – For the benefit of Heroes who were not around for the adventures in *Dungeoneer* and *Blacksand!*, Yaztromo can relate anything that Nicodemus would have known. Heroes who were on those expeditions, of course, may want to add their own comments.

Regarding ancient history – More details of the War against Chaos which led to the fall of the ancient Allansian capital of Carsepolis can be found in *Titan*. As you might expect, Yaztromo knows his history well.

Regarding the prisoner – Yaztromo has told all he knows. Seeing into the future is a notoriously imprecise art, even for someone as gifted in the magical arts as Gereth Yaztromo.

Regarding Kaad – Yaztromo can describe the town, its location and the local rulers. You will find all the relevant information in the *Location* and *Cast List* entries of the scenes set in Kaad.

Finally, if you need any more information about Yaztromo himself, or his tower on the edges of Darkwood, this too can be found in *Titan*.

Scene 1 – Sargon's Lair

Location
The Elimite monastery in the Icefinger Mountains.

The map shows the layout of the courtyard and the locations of the various doors. You should note, especially, whether the doors open inwards or outwards, and whether they are single or double doors.

Plot Summary
The Heroes arrive at the Elimite monastery, only to find that it is deserted. Well, almost: Sargon has left one guard – a Manticore!

Cast List
A large, hungry and very angry *Manticore*.

MANTICORE SKILL 12 STAMINA 10
3 Attacks; Large claws and sting

The Manticore uses both its claws and its sting when fighting. After a successful hit, roll one dice. If it comes up 5 or 6, the hit is from the poison sting and the target Hero must lose 6 points of STAMINA. Otherwise roll for damage from the claws as normal. A *Test for Luck* may be used to avoid the sting, as might a successful *Dodge* Special Skill roll. The Poison spell can be used to cure the effects of the poison, but it cannot neutralize all of the poison in the Manticore's sting glands.

Because the monster is a prisoner in the monastery it does not have any treasure (the Elimites will have taken whatever it had, if anything). However, smart Heroes may think to remove the giant poison glands from the tail. A successful roll against SKILL (or, if anyone actually has something like a *Skinning* or *Leatherwork Lore* Special Skill, a successful roll against that!) is required to do this without spilling the poison. Once they return to a large town or city, the poison can be sold for 100 Gold Pieces. If the Heroes wish to use the poison themselves – which is rather un-Heroic, but perhaps just about acceptable if their game-developed characters allow it – there is enough for ten separate uses. Each use causes the victim to lose 6 STAMINA points.

Props

As with all fights in Advanced Fighting Fantasy games, you may find it useful to have some miniatures with which to control the fight, showing where everyone is at each point in the battle.

You might perhaps consider having your players climb a very high wall before they start their fight. This would certainly add a lot of realism to the action – but, to be honest, they are probably not that fit, are they? By the time they got over the wall – and finding one high enough to do the climb justice is another matter entirely! – they would be too puffed out to play the game!

Action!
Before starting, you should point out to the Heroes that the only pack-animals that could have got this far through the mountains would be goats. If they have horses and mules, they must have left them behind somewhere (probably at the last friendly village before they got high into the mountains).

1. The Climb
The first thing that the Heroes have to do is climb the walls of the monastery. These are 15 metres high, so three consecutive *Climb* rolls are required to reach the top. If the second roll fails, the Hero in question will fall more than 5 metres. If the third roll fails, he or she will fall more than 10 metres. Rules governing the effects of Falling can be found in *Dungeoneer* (page 187).

Sensible players will treat this climb with caution and try to avoid the effects of falling. Tying themselves together with a rope will help, as will using metal spikes to dig into the wall. The rules on Climbing are in *Dungeoneer* (page 179). The walls are very steep,

giving a SKILL modifier of −4, but using a rope and spikes will give modifiers of +4. You should also check what armour the Heroes are wearing, as this could mean more negative modifiers.

Wizardly Heroes may try to get up the easy way. A Flying spell will do very nicely, thank you, but Levitate is more problematical. Remember that levitated people cannot move backwards or forwards, only straight up and down. Because the wall slopes slightly, by the time the levitated person is level with the top of the wall, he or she will be more than one metre away from it and therefore unable to reach it on their own. Therefore, unless somebody is already at the summit to rope or otherwise grab the Hero, Levitation should only be used to peek over the walls. Bright ideas like sending someone else up first, or employing a grappling hook and a length of rope, should not be suggested by yourself; let the Heroes work this out, if they can.

Remember that, at this point, the Heroes probably do not know that the monastery is deserted. Have them make *Sneak* (or ordinary SKILL) rolls as well each time they climb. You should also make a point of describing the loud bangs and crashes that result if anyone falls. It helps to get the Heroes really worried right from the beginning!

2. The Manticore
The map shows the point at which the Heroes will reach the top of the wall. The Manticore has excellent senses of hearing and smell. It will know that someone

is coming long before they arrive, and will be hiding behind the cart in the courtyard. It will be patient, not attacking until someone reaches the bottom of the stairs. Normally the Heroes will be surprised, but they may test their *Awareness* (or regular SKILL if they do not have that) to see if they had time to reach for their weapons before being pounced on!

Manticores are intelligent creatures. This one will try to avoid getting surrounded by Heroes. Normally it would have its wings clipped or tied to prevent it from leaving the courtyard, so it will keep moving, always trying to fight as few people as possible.

Of course, the Heroes do not know that the Manticore cannot fly. If anyone has the idea of readying a bow to force it back down if it takes to the air, make a note to give that person a small experience bonus anyway.

Problems

Because the Heroes do not know what to expect, they may decide to send a scout in to look around first. A lone thief will not stand much of a chance against a Manticore, but you should not penalize the Heroes for doing something sensible, especially when you can have some fun instead. If you think that the Hero(es) in the courtyard stand no chance at all on their own, have the Manticore roar before pouncing and give them an opportunity to make a run for it!

This is where the five doors come in. Four of the doors are single, while door 3 is an ornate set of double

doors. All doors open outwards. The Manticore is too large to get through a single door, and it cannot pull doors that open towards it. Doors numbered 1 and 5 are locked – and you may be certain that there is not enough time for anyone to pick a lock while being pursued by an annoyed Manticore!

Once safely inside, the Hero may then want to come out through another door. The table below shows which doors lead to which other doors, and the minimum number of Attack Rounds needed to move from one to the next. If (as is more likely) the Hero will be stopping to check that he isn't going to run into hordes of heavily armed Elimites around the next corner, you should double the time taken.

From Door	To Door	Attack Rounds
1	2	2
1	3	3
1	4	5
1	5	4
2	3	2
2	4	4
2	5	5
3	4	2
3	5	3
4	5	2

With a bit of luck, an entertaining chase will result, with the nimble Hero dashing from door to door, dodging furiously each time the Manticore pounces at him or her.

It is possible that the Heroes will decide to move around on the battlements rather than head straight down the stairs. This would at first glance seem foolish, because then they would be in full view of anyone in the monastery at the time. In fact, however, it would help them, as of course there isn't anyone to see them and they would probably spot the hiding Manticore. The two gate-towers are abandoned; anyone entering them finds an empty room, spiral stairs leading to the other level, and another empty chamber.

If at any time the Heroes try to open the main gate from the inside, the following will apply. The gate is wooden, with a large wooden bar across it. A single Hero will need to roll against their *Strength* Skill (or SKILL) to lift the bar, and then again to move each of the gates. Two or more Heroes working together can manage it without needing to make a roll. Should the gate be opened while the Manticore is still alive, it will immediately make a dash for freedom. It is not a stupid creature, after all; those mountains are full of delicious goats that do not come in tin cans and do not fight back!

Turn to . . .
As soon as the Manticore has been defeated (or it has escaped), the Heroes will wish to explore the monastery. Turn directly to **Scene 2**.

Scene 2 – The Prisoner

Location
The ancient dungeons beneath the Elimite monastery, abandoned save for one very special guest.

Plot Summary
Much to the Heroes' surprise, the prisoner in the dungeons turns out to be a small Goblin called Giblet. Hopefully the Heroes can restrain themselves from killing him outright, because he will soon prove every bit as useful as Yaztromo promised.

Cast List

Giblet, a Goblin. Like all Goblins, he is thin and scrawny, and generally prone to being the most annoying creature the Heroes have ever encountered.

GIBLET SKILL 8 STAMINA 12 LUCK 13

Special Skills: Awareness (11), *Dark Seeing* (9), *Goblin Lore* (9), *Pathfinding* (10), *Sneak* (9)

Social Scale 1 (around humans) or 5 (around Goblins)

Props

If Giblet is a player character, you might care to handcuff his player at the start of the scene – but don't lose the keys!

Action!

The Heroes search the monastery thoroughly, but they find little sign of life. Everyone seems to have packed up and gone.

There is no need to role-play through all of this – otherwise everyone will get very bored and frustrated. Besides, we haven't provided a map of the interior. Unless you fancy drawing one up and creating a few lowly Elimites who have been left behind to keep the place running, just tell the Heroes that they search everywhere and can't find anyone. That is, until . . .

Eventually, they reach the dungeons, where they discover the prisoner they seek. He is a small, scrawny-looking Goblin!

'Well, isn't that just my luck!' he says in annoyance, using fairly good Allansian for a Goblin. *'Rescued from those religious nutters, only to fall into the hands of a bunch of adventurers. Still, better to be run through by some glory-seeking oaf than get offered up in sacrifice to that Elim, whoever he is when he's at home. Come on, you guys, get on with it before I starve to death.'*

Giblet has no expectations of getting out of this predicament alive. Indeed, he is so hungry that he would probably welcome anything in his belly, even a sword. Hopefully the Heroes will not be so daft as to kill him because, if they do, the adventure ends right here (as does the whole of Allansia's last chance of stopping Sargon!). Once Giblet realizes that he will not be killed out of hand, the Goblin will be happy to talk, although his initial plan will be to say just enough to get him out of the dungeon to a place from which he has a chance of escape.

The Heroes are certain to question Giblet closely. The direction the conversation takes will, of course, depend on them, but here are some of the answers that the Goblin can give.

Who is he?

'My given name is Giblet. And don't laugh; how would you like it if your mother had named you Honeycake?'

Why is he there?

'I got captured by the loonies who live here. They were going to sacrifice me to their god, but the old High Priest said he would keep me until he ran out of human prisoners because I wasn't a fit offering. I ask you, and me the best Goblin scout this side of the Catfish River!'

How did he get captured?

'I work for King Grolik Fatnose of the Tanglewood Goblins – you know, the one who likes to call himself Bonebreaker, because of his fondness for bone marrow. He sent me up into the mountains because we had had word that the local Orc tribes were up to something here. I got careless – I don't expect big hairy Orcs to have human priests helping them. Huh!'

What did he manage to find out?

'They are working for this Sargon bloke. Both of the tribes. First time that the Fingers of Doom and the Mountain Daredevils have worked together in four generations. He must pay pretty well – or have got them really frightened.'

Where is everyone now?

'They've all gone off with the army. If you fancy being sacrificed, you could probably catch up with them. They have only been gone a day or so.'

Where are they going?

'To Kaad. Old Sargon hates those folks really bad, apparently. I feels sorry for 'em myself, for all the run-ins I've had with 'em myself in my time. Poor devils haven't a chance.'

Why is Kaad doomed?

'Hey, look, I'm the best Goblin scout hereabouts. I know the strengths of all the local armies. Kaad can muster about 200 armed humans, but their walls are in a terrible state. The Orc tribes between them muster about 500 warriors and, from what I saw on my way in here, old Sargon has at least 100 humans too! How many of them have got magic I don't know, but their big boss man is pretty hot stuff, I'll be bound.'

How long will it take the army to reach Kaad?

'Oh, four or five days, I guess. Depends on how hard Sargon drives 'em, of course. Armies can't move as quickly as a Goblin scout who knows all the short cuts, that's for sure.'

How quickly can Giblet get the Heroes to Kaad?

'Now that depends on how good you guys are out in the wilds and whether you are prepared to take the advice of a lowly Goblin like what I am. I reckon I could make it in four days easily, three if I really hurried. And that includes taking small detours to avoid being spotted by scouts from the army. Without a good guide, you'll either get captured by the army or get hopelessly lost.'

What can they do?

'Well now, you guys look like professional wizard-killers to me, but I don't fancy your chances of getting to him through the army. You'll want to try to defend the town, I reckon. Unless you got a wizard who can build walls overnight I reckon you should get help. Of course, the only other army round here is old Bonebreaker's. There's about 200 of us, which would even things up a lot. We don't usually work with humans, of course, but we really hate those 'orrid mountain Orcs something rotten. If you let me out of here, I might just put in a good word for you.'

Problems

If the Heroes have any sense at all, they will realize that Giblet must be the prisoner mentioned by Yaztromo, and as a result they will be nice to him. They may not trust him fully, which is fair enough, but they will probably be prepared to work with him for the time being. You may need to remind them of Yaztromo's prophecy if it looks as if they have forgotten it.

Of course, if one or more of the Heroes is a Dwarf, even Yaztromo's recommendation may not be enough to stop him or her beating Giblet's brains to a pulp on first sight. However, there should be enough of the other characters around to save the little guy's neck. The Dwarf will just have to grumble a lot. If he thinks he's got problems now, just wait until later in the adventure . . .

Turn to . . .

The Heroes will decide either to head straight for Kaad or to trail the army. Either way, they will be heading out of the Icefinger Mountains. Go straight to **Scene 3**.

Scene 3 – A Wall of Ice

Location
A glacier high in the Icefinger Mountains.

Huge walls of black stone, streaked with snow-filled cracks, rise up on either side of the Heroes' narrow path. A steady fall of light snow gives the area a very scenic feel, but no picture could hope to describe the awful cold. At least here in the deep valley the Heroes are out of the worst of the biting wind. But they have to leave it now, and the only way out is up that wall of ice straight ahead! As the Heroes stare up at it, they may well remember that glaciers move. They may only manage a centimetre or two a year perhaps, but they do move. That makes them seem alive, somehow, even possessed of a malign intelligence. It is clear that the evil wall of ice wishes to fling them from its face and crush their limp bodies beneath its slowly advancing feet. That is, if the ever-present, sharp-eyed vultures slowly circling the nearby peaks don't get to them first.

Plot Summary
Our Heroes need to do some serious mountaineering.

Cast List
The Heroes, Giblet the Goblin, and a lot of ice.

Props
It's *cold* up here! Open the windows and let in all that fresh air. If you want to, get the players to roll ice cubes instead of dice.

Action!
As mentioned in the last scene, Giblet will not want simply to retrace the Heroes' route back through the mountains. If he hasn't already been consulted, he will speak up now.

This is how his reasoning goes:

'Look, guys, the army is not that far ahead of you. They'll have scouts out, to the rear as well as in front. If nothing else, Sargon is always keen to capture potential sacrifices. If you carry on the way you are going, you are almost certain to be spotted. Even if you don't get caught, you are likely to alert Sargon to fact that you are after him. I'll bet he has some nasty spells he can use at a distance. I know some back routes through these mountains. Sure, I haven't used them in years, but mountains don't change much. They should prove much quicker too.'

Of course the back routes through the mountains are not always easy. The one that Giblet has chosen involves a small amount of climbing . . .
You should run this scene in the same way that you ran the climb up the walls of the monastery. The difference is that the glacier wall is 50 metres high! That means ten successful *Climb* rolls. There is no way that the Heroes should risk this without ropes, spikes and anything else they can think of.

There is a possibility of some very long falls here, which could easily kill a Hero. This should not happen if they take things carefully. If the climbers are roped together, anyone who falls will soon be stopped by the rope. As long as the rope is secured on spikes at regular intervals, or if the climbers are close together, no fall should be further than about 5 metres.

Of course, it is possible that when one Hero falls, he will drag the others off with him. When a fall occurs, you should ask the Heroes either side of the faller to make a roll against *Strength* (or plain SKILL) with a bonus of +2, to see if they can hang on. Good climbing practice is that only a single person moves at one time while the others wedge themselves firmly. Each person who falls will suffer a 5-metre fall, unless they all fall, in which case it is back down to the bottom.

This scene could be fairly boring if you don't handle it correctly. Don't simply say to the players something like, 'You have ten climb rolls to make.' That would be very dull. To start with, don't tell them how many rolls they will need. Just say vague things like, 'No, you still can't see the top!' or, 'It looks like there's still a long way to go, but you can't see clearly through the snow,' at least until the Heroes are near the top. Then you can start to sound a bit more optimistic.

You could also come up with a description for each stage of the climb. For example, 'You see a ledge, a few arm-lengths above you,' or, 'Your next problem is an overhang; you'll have to traverse right to avoid it.'

Something else you could do to spice things up is to make a secret *Strength* (or SKILL) roll for each Hero when he hammers in a spike. If the test failed, then the spike was not firm enough – and will come out if tested in a fall. This is unlikely to kill anyone, provided they have been sensible and put in lots of spikes. Above all, you must try to make it sound as if the Heroes are likely to plunge to their deaths at any moment – while ensuring that they just about make it safely to the top!

Problems

The Heroes may refuse to follow Giblet's advice and seek their own route out of the mountains. This problem will occur in many scenes where a choice of direction is possible; for that reason, **Scene 13** has been designed to cope with just such a problem.

Stupid – or over-confident – players may try to make the climb unaided. They will need to be very good if they are going to make it. Giblet, who knows a thing or two about mountains, can very quickly point out the error of their ways. Incidentally, if anyone points out that they seem to be going in the wrong direction (because the glacier is flowing south), remind them that their trail is not running in a straight line, but is twisting around the mountains to find a route that is passable.

What do you mean, they haven't got any ropes? We would have thought that a length of strong rope was a standard part of any adventurer's equipment. However did they get through the mountains in the first place? Never mind; Giblet has some rope which he managed to scavenge from the monastery before he left. Everyone will just have to take it in turns to climb, and throw the rope back down to the climber following after using it.

Remember what was said in Scene 1 about the use of a *Levitation* spell? A Hero could *Fly* to the top of a

glacier, but *Levitation* will only allow them to look around up there.

Please note that if a Hero does fall, he cannot *Test for Luck* to avoid injury. Gravity works. What he *can* do, though, is use his LUCK to grab on to something on the way down, and hope that he can hang on long enough to be rescued.

Turn to . . .
If the Heroes choose to set off in pursuit of Sargon's army, turn to **Scene 13**. Otherwise, once the Heroes are safely at the top of the glacier, turn to **Scene 4**.

Scene 4 – The Valley of the Wyrm

Location
A high valley in the Icefinger Mountains, many hours later. The action starts as the Heroes approach a small cave which lies in the valley wall above the path, a little way to the south.

This valley is nowhere near as terrifying as the previous one. The trail has risen up again, and peaks which had previously looked as if they were piercing the sky now seem almost climbable. Here the problems are the cold and the snow. The ground may appear to be flat enough, but in fact it is a series of sharp, jagged rocks, all seemingly tipped on edge, with the cracks in between filled with deep snow. One minute the Heroes' feet are balanced on a rocky ledge; the next they are up to their knees in a cold, wet, snowy quicksand. A

vicious wind whips around the peaks, flinging a mist of snow into everyone's face. Armour has become so cold that it would be madness to touch it with bare skin, and beards and moustaches are a forest of icicles.

Plot Summary
It is a hard choice. You take the easy route and you risk running into Sargon's army. You take the byways and you never know who might live there. Wyrms are not noted for their kindness to trespassers in their domain. Giblet has led the Heroes into a little-known pass through a valley between two mountains. He hasn't used it for several years, and he does not know that a Wyrm has taken up residence.

Cast List
A large *Wyrm*.

WYRM SKILL 9 STAMINA 12
3 attacks; Very Large bite, breath

Once every third round, one of the Wyrm's attacks will be with its fearsome breath. Rearing up, using its wings for balance, it sends a blast of cold gases at its enemies. The gas will strike a chosen Hero and anyone directly behind him, for a distance of up to 5 metres. The Wyrm prefers to use the breath as often as possible, but it will take time for its body to manufacture a fresh blast of gas. Any Hero caught by the gas will instantly lose 5 STAMINA points, unless they can avoid it with a successful *Test for Luck* roll.

Unlike the Manticore's poison, the chemical glands in the Wyrm's body are not immediately useful. The gases are made anew in its body each time it uses the weapon. No alchemist has yet managed to reproduce the process in a laboratory; but the monster does have some treasure. At the back of the – very smelly – cave are 402 Gold Pieces and three gems worth 75 Gold Pieces each.

Props
Miniatures may prove useful in controlling the fight against the Wyrm. Don't bother trying to simulate the gassy breath; you'll only make a mess.

Action!
After the glacier, all goes well for several hours, until the Heroes are working their way along a narrow pass. Up ahead, they can see white smoke coming from the side of the pass. Wherever it touches the rock, it leaves a layer of frost.

Probably the first thing the Heroes will do is send someone forward to scout out the area. Have him or her make a successful roll against *Scout*, or *Sneak* and *Hide* Special Skills (or plain SKILL). If the roll succeeds, he or she can report back that there is a cave and it is occupied by a Wyrm. If he or she fails either test, everyone will know what's going on because the Wyrm will have emerged and be after the scout!

If the scout is successful, the Heroes may try to avoid combat by climbing above the cave and back down on

the far side. Have each of them make two *Climb* and two *Sneak* rolls (one for climbing up, the other for coming down again). Failing the *Climb* means that a Hero has slip down a metre or so, making a fearful racket. The Wyrm will be out immediately. Failing the *Sneak* roll means that a foot has dislodged a stone, which rattles down the mountain. If the Hero thinks of it, allow a *Test for Luck* to see whether the Wyrm ignores the noise.

Very brave (well, all right, stupid) Heroes may try to sneak up to the cave and tackle the Wyrm in its lair. Unfortunately the cave is very narrow and only one person can fight it at a time. Even less fortunately, the Wyrm's breath has a range of 5 metres. Any Heroes standing outside the cave who are in a position to see what is going on inside are also likely to get enveloped in the breath. Whoops!

Problems
It is important that Giblet does not get killed here, otherwise the Heroes will not be able to recruit the assistance of the Goblin army. However, this does not mean that he can't get hurt. Just keep an eye on how much damage he is taking and, if necessary, have the Wyrm switch targets (or fiddle the damage rolls).

The Heroes may again refuse to follow Giblet's advice; in this event, use **Scene 13** if necessary.

Turn to . . .
It is now the end of the first day of the journey. The Heroes can push ahead for an hour, before making camp in the foothills of the Icefinger Mountains. It is a good idea to get their schedule for watches sorted out now, even though nothing is going to attack them this night. After all, it will not be much of a surprise when they are attacked during the night if you ask them to prepare a watch rota only on the night they *are* attacked!

Tell the Heroes that the night eventually passes without incident, then turn to **Scene 5**.

Scene 5 – Into the Swamps

Location
The vast, damp swamplands to the north of Kaad.

These northern swamps are nothing like the steamy, crocodile-infested swamplands of southern Allansia, the Silur Cha. Some species are common to both areas, and both are undeniably wet, but there the similarity ends. The mouth of the River Kok is a giant salt marsh, full of huge reed beds and populated with enormous flocks of wading birds. There are no trees to speak of, but often the reeds rise well above the height of a man. When visibility is poor it is the fault of sea mists, not steam rising from the water. Even in summer, the dampness and the northerly clime keep this land chilly.

The weather and water would suffice to keep most sensible people away unless they were hunting birds. But such environmental concerns are trivial compared to the main danger of the region: a vicious, bloodthirsty creature that knows no fear and no mercy – the mosquito.

Plot Summary
The Heroes discover that heavy armour and squidgy swamps do not go well together.

The paths through the swamps are treacherous, often shifting from year to year as a result of winter storms and the rise and fall of the water level. Giblet does his best to lead the Heroes safely and is quite happy to take the lead – but where he goes, a man in heavy armour cannot always follow.

Cast List
More mosquitoes than you could imagine, let alone count.

Props
A swarm of real mosquitoes might be a little difficult to come by and, anyway, would probably annoy the neighbours. Don't worry: if you talk enough about how often the Heroes are being bitten, and make them slap the insects off and scratch imaginary bites, they will soon start to get very itchy and irritated indeed.

Action!
Once out of the mountains, the Heroes need to make their way towards Kaad. Unfortunately the land between them and the River Kok is largely open. There is no way they can travel across it without being seen. Giblet will recommend that the party skirt the edge of the marshes at the mouth of the river. It is a bit of a long way around, but a small group will travel a lot more quickly than an army. Yes, of course Giblet knows his way through the swamps. After all, he is the best Goblin scout around. Isn't he?

It is important that you get the Heroes to specify a single-file march order for the trip through the swamps. The safe paths are narrow and Giblet will suggest that he goes in the lead, with the Heroes in a line behind him, wherever possible treading where he treads. Of course the Heroes may not trust him and may insist on another leader or a different formation. Any Hero who is finding his or her own path rather than following

someone else will certainly need to make successful rolls to keep to a safe path.

One of the golden rules about moving through a dangerous swamp is to have a long stick (a spear, perhaps?) with which to prod any dubious-looking ground up ahead to ensure that it is firm. Giblet – or any of the Heroes who are finding a path – can do this using his *Awareness* Special Skill. The Goblin knows that he has to do this and will cut a branch from a tree before entering the swamps if he is allowed to lead. If the Heroes don't let him lead, he will be more than happy to let the Heroes fall in a few times.

Failing to find the path while using a stick does no harm unless the Hero involved fumbles (rolls a double-6); he just has to go back a little way and try again. If he fumbles the roll, or if he was just testing for a path with his feet, he has fallen into a hole. A successful *Swim* roll is necessary to get back on to firm ground. Also bear in mind that the Hero is now thoroughly covered in rank, foul-smelling mud (please do *not* use any props to simulate this). You should make a great deal out of how filthy and smelly the Hero is; with any luck, the others will laugh at him so much that he will get mad and try to push one of the others in too.

The other problem with marshes is that, even when following the safest paths, heavy people tend to sink. Check the Carrying rules in *Dungeoneer* (page 178). If any Hero is carrying a Heavy or Very Heavy weight, he will find himself sinking. Each time the leader tests

to find the path, any Hero who is sinking has to make a *Strength* roll to avoid getting stuck. If he falls at any point, he has to keep repeating the roll. At each repeat, reduce his effective strength by 2 points. If this reaches zero or less, he is stuck fast and someone else will have to pull him out using another *Strength* roll. If the other person fails the roll, he too is stuck and . . . well, you can imagine the rest. Note that several Heroes can combine to haul out a fellow adventurer.

One other point: when a Hero makes a successful roll to extract himself, his foot comes out in a great hurry. There's a chance that the momentum of this will simply send him flying backwards into the swamp behind him – make a plain SKILL roll to avoid this, at +2 (a Special Skill like *Acrobatics* may help a Hero keep his balance). If this fails, the Hero finds himself flat on his back once more and the whole procedure starts again.

Smart Heroes may decide to remove some of their armour and pass it to lighter colleagues. This is sensible, and the weights can be adjusted accordingly. Unfortunately, there is no room in backpacks for armour. It is heavy stuff and will have to be carried. Any Hero carrying armour has his hands full and cannot use a stick to test for a path. Furthermore, should he fall in, he must make a SKILL roll to avoid dropping the carried armour into the slime. Anything that falls into the swamp is lost without trace.

We recommend about five turns of slogging through the swamp, but you can adjust this, according to how

well things are going. If the Heroes are coping well, you might carry on a bit longer in the hope that one will get a bad roll and fall in. (Heck, if they're breezing through all this without incident, you might even want to fling a random swamp-dwelling monster at them!) If everything goes wrong on turn one, just let them get themselves sorted out, and then go on to something less frustrating.

Problems
Uh-oh! That wizard with the *Levitate* spell is at it again. Oh, go on then; this time, the spell is actually useful. It will keep a Hero, or their baggage, out of the swamp, providing they are pushed along by another Hero. The other problem with the spell is that it lasts for only five minutes. It will have to be cast again each time a new round of SKILL rolls is called for.

Turn to . . .
Just when the Heroes are least expecting it, dive into **Scene 6**.

Scene 6 – The Mud Thickens

Location
Still in the horrible swamps.

This part of the swamp is fairly open, but the mud is thick and deep. Finding a path is a nerve-racking exercise, as one wrong step can leave you up to your waist in thick, black, salty ooze.

Plot Summary
Not all the mud in a swamp is as lifeless as it seems; sometimes it is a group of Marsh Wraiths.

Cast List
The Marsh Wraiths: two per Hero, plus two for Giblet.

MARSH WRAITH SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

Note that Marsh Wraiths always inflict 1 STAMINA point of damage (except in the event of a Mighty Blow).

Props
This is a very messy scene. You can use real mud if you want to, but don't blame us if you get into serious trouble at home.

Action!
Detecting a lurking Marsh Wraith is almost impossible, so you should reduce everyone's *Awareness* (if possessed) by 2 points when testing to see if they spot the wraiths coming. Heroes who fail such a roll, or who are unable to make it, will be surprised, so the Marsh Wraiths each get a free hit. The creatures simply plop up out of the mud next to the Heroes, so anyone could get struck.

The Heroes will want to draw weapons in a hurry. Is anyone carrying armour? What does he do with it? There is nowhere to put it down safely – remember what happens to things that get dropped in the swamp!

There are a few additional rules to bear in mind during this fight, because of the awkward conditions. First, fumbles can be much more serious. If a Hero drops his weapon, well, it is gone. (That is, unless the Hero has learnt to strap the weapon to his wrist with a leather thong – and has stated as much before the start of this adventure!) Even worse, if a Hero fumbles, he may well fall into the swamp. Use the rules given in Scene 5 for this eventuality, but allow a SKILL or LUCK test to try to avoid doing so.

The other note concerns full-face helmets. These have very narrow eye-slits; this means that, if a splattery Marsh Wraith hits it, the Hero inside won't be able to

see (2 in 6 chance after a successful hit) and must spend the next Attack Round removing the helmet, allowing the Wraith a free hit and once more bringing up the possibility of the helmet being lost in the swampy depths.

Problems

So your Heroes can't cope with a bunch of Marsh Wraiths? Nah, we don't believe you!

Of course, there is always the possibility that one of the Marsh Wraiths rolls a double-6. In such an event, the 'mortally wounded' Hero will fall into the swamp and start to drown! The next Attack Round after the Hero falls in, check out the Drowning rules in *Dungeoneer* (page 185), and remember that a mortally wounded Hero can neither breathe nor swim. The same problem applies to any Hero reduced to zero STAMINA (unconsciousness) by normal means. If a friend doesn't pull him out fast, he will be dead. To be scrupulously

fair, tell everyone what is going on as the stricken Hero slides into the mud . . .

Turn to . . .
If you didn't get anyone falling in the swamp in either this scene or the previous one, you may care to repeat Scene 5 for their delectation. After all, it's a big swamp and there is still a long way to go. On the other hand, if you and the Heroes have had quite enough of falling into this smelly, slimy quagmire, turn straight to **Scene 7**.

Scene 7 – A Meeting

Location
Somewhere in the middle of the swamp.

As this scene opens, the Heroes are in a particularly dense reed bed. The reeds rise to a height of around three metres, and they are so thick that no one can see much further than that distance ahead of them. Fortunately, the footing is fairly firm, although the Heroes are continually wading through about thirty centimetres of water. Every movement the Heroes make causes a wave to flow through the reeds. No one could fail to notice their passage – though, equally, they would doubtless see any large animal approaching.

Plot Summary
The Heroes stumble upon a tribe of primitive humans living in the swamp. Much to their surprise and delight, these people turn out to be worshippers of Ashra and Vuh! What a turn-up!

Cast List
Swamp men are ordinary humans; they just dress funny. Everything they have is obtained from something in the swamp. Their clothes are made from the hides of swamp deer and other creatures. Their armour is made by sewing layers of reed stalks on to these garments. Their jewellery is made from reeds and they paint themselves with coloured mud.

In this scene, the Heroes will meet:

20 Swamp Warriors:

SWAMP WARRIOR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10
Social Scale 4	*Special Skill: Swamp Lore (10)*	
	Spear	

Elgon, the tribe's foremost warrior:

ELGON	SKILL 10	STAMINA 20
Social Scale 6	*Special Skills: Spear (12), Swamp Lore (12)*	

Props

You may like to try dressing up as a Swamp Warrior, see the illustration for details. Just leave yourself plenty of time to wash off all that mud afterwards.

Action!

All of a sudden there is a movement in the reeds. Human figures rise up as if from nowhere: they have spears and are bizarrely dressed. There are lots of them, but how they managed to get so close to the Heroes without setting up waves and disturbing the reeds is a complete mystery. You should describe how fearsome and barbaric they look.

After a dramatic pause – just long enough to allow the Heroes to do something really stupid – one of the newcomers speaks, in thickly accented Allansian.

'Greetings, travellers. I trust that you enter our lands in peace. I warn you that those who do not never leave them again.'

Being surrounded by a large group of armed men, even if they have turned out to be human, may make the Heroes suspicious. However, they have no reason to be other than peaceable. If they reply in a friendly vein, the stranger will do likewise:

'It is a pleasure to see friendly outsiders in the swamp. I am Elgon. Please do us the honour of visiting our village and telling us tales of the World Outside.'

Elgon can hold out the promise of a good meal and perhaps even a warm bath: very tempting indeed. And once the Heroes start asking a few questions, it should become obvious to them that these swamp people are very important.

Giblet knows very little about these people. He had heard tell that there are men living in the swamps, but whether there was a real village or just a bunch of outlaws and desperadoes, he has no idea. Elgon, however, can provide a reasonable account of his people's history – if asked, that is.

'We are from the village of Ekaad. Our legends say that our forefathers fled into the swamps many, many seasons ago, when Chaos threatened the land and dark creatures overran the city where we then dwelt. Some of us still hope to return to the World Outside, but I am not so sure. We have grown used to the swamps and we are at home here. But you should not take that to mean that we have sunk into barbarism. We are still men, and we pride ourselves on our learning and our loyalty to the gods.'

Elgon is not sure of the name of the city his people came from, but he says that the priests of his village would know. If asked which gods his people worship, he will reply:

'The gods of our village are Ashra and Vuh, the Light and Life of the World. May they be praised.'

Hopefully the Heroes will be on the ball and will recognize these names. Should they happen to mention Elim, all the swamp men will go very quiet and remain that way for a while. The Elgon will speak again:

'You talk of the Great Enemy. The Dweller in Darkness who seeks to return all to the Primal Chaos. Even to utter his accursed name can cause the worst of bad fortune to befall all of us. Do not speak of this again, save to Zune, our High Priest.'

The swamp men will not be overly keen on taking Giblet with them, but if the Heroes speak up on his behalf – or perhaps if they pretend he is their prisoner – the swamp men will agree to let him accompany them.

Problems
What happens if the Heroes are trigger-happy and start fighting before Elgon has had a chance to speak? If this happens, you will have to change the plot a little, in order to make them realize that they need to talk. First Elgon will try to stop the fighting, thus:

'Please, wait! We do not wish to fight you. Our priests have told us to seek out men from the World Outside who are travelling these paths through the swamp. You must be those travellers.'

If this does not halt the fighting, Elgon will offer to settle the matter in single combat with any one of the Heroes. It should be an interesting fight. No fighter worth the name of Hero could refuse an offer of such a duel, and the arrangements for it should give plenty of opportunity for talk, during which the conversations previously given could take place. Elgon behaves honourably and fairly throughout the contest, which it is to be hoped, convince the Heroes that he is a good guy.

Note that we introduced the idea of Zune expecting the Heroes only if they refuse to come to him. If they are happy to go to the village with Elgon, Zune is most definitely *not* expecting them, and it will then be up to the Heroes to persuade him to help them.

Turn to . . .
When the Heroes finally agree to go to the village, turn to **Scene 8**.

Scene 8 – Dwellers in the Damp

Location
A village in the swamp.

The village of the swamp people is built in a clearing in the reed beds. There is no dry land, just open water in which float a variety of reed houseboats. Possibly they are somehow anchored, for there seems to be some sort of organization to the village: the largest boats are in the centre, and the outer ones have clearly been designed as some sort of floating wall.

In general the boats consist of a flat raft, in the centre of which is a circular or oval hut with a conical roof. In the inner boats, the swamp people lounge on the rafts, fishing, sewing or talking with friends. The wall boats have the hut built right against the outer edge of the raft. Nets are hung between most of the wall boats, preventing anyone from swimming or sailing between them and channelling potential attackers into a single main waterway. As the Heroes approach, every small boy in sight leaps into the hide boat moored to his raft and dashes to be the first to offer the strangers a lift to the village.

Plot Summary
The Heroes make friends with the leaders of the swamp folk and discover that they are the original inhabitants of Kaad. The swamp people pledge their support in the fight against Sargon.

Cast List
The tribe of the swamp men numbers some 500 people, although only 150 of these are warriors. The rest are children or old people. The Heroes will get to know two swamp people in particular:

Chief Telad, the leader of the tribe:

CHIEF TELAD SKILL 9 STAMINA 10
Special Skills: Etiquette (12), Swamp Lore (12), Bargain (12), Spear (10)
Social Scale 8 *Spear*

Zune, the high priest:

ZUNE SKILL 10 STAMINA 8
Special Skill: Magic (12); spells: Bless, Bravery, Holy Command, Stamina, Ward, Counter-Spell, Most Blessed, Consecrate, All Heal
Social Scale 7

Props
An important object in this scene, and later in the story too, is the Staff of Ashra. This is a long wooden pole with a glowing crystal embedded in the top. Something to represent this would be very useful, although we obviously don't expect you to reproduce the ornate gold setting for the crystal, nor the fabulous crystal itself.

Action!
When Elgon brings the Heroes back to the village, there is great excitement. The swamp people have not

seen folk from the World Outside for three years, and then it was a bunch of hopelessly lost, shipwrecked pirates whom they had to kill. A feast is quickly organized and the Heroes are given a chance to wash the mud off before being presented to the chief and high priest.

If you had to use the ruse of Zune's prediction to get the Heroes to come here, the excitement in the village will be even greater, and the feast preparations well under way. The swamp people all believe that the Heroes have been sent by the gods to lead them back to their home city.

Sooner or later, Zune is going to have to tell the history of the swamp folk. This is how it goes:

'Generations past, our people dwelt in a fair city on dry land to the east of the swamplands. In that time, a great darkness came upon the world. The Enemy, who seeks to return all to Primal Chaos, raised up a legion of evil creatures and undead and led them against our land. Our city, although great to us, was small in the world and cut off from the capital of our King. The armies of the enemy swept down upon our city and we were forced to flee into the swamp. For thirty seasons we had no idea what had happened to the World Outside. We were afraid to send out scouts lest the Enemy had won and was even then searching for us. Then, at last, we got word that the forces of the Enemy were defeated, and we were glad. But we also learnt that new people were living in our city and we were sore afraid to return home, lest we should not be welcomed. Now

many years have passed, and there is no one left alive who remembers how that city looked or where his family once lived. We are happy and healthy here in our watery domain, but we have kept our history – and one day we hope that our people will see their ancient home once more.'

Those of you familiar with the history of Allansia will know that Elim is not normally blamed for the incursion of Chaos across the continent. Yet Zune clearly believes what he says. Perhaps he is right; who are we to say otherwise? Heroes with a very high *World Lore* Special Skill score may know the official story as given in *Titan*, but they will not be able to persuade Zune that he is wrong.

Mention of Elim will initially bring the same response as the party got from Elgon in the previous scene. If the Heroes explain to Zune about Sargon, he will be most concerned.

'Yes, yes, you speak the truth! That is the name. He is the chief servant of the Enemy. His name is recorded in our histories, bedecked with shame and loathing. He must be stopped before he brings unutterable darkness upon the world once more!'

The Heroes may have some suspicions about the nature of the swamp people's home city by now. If asked, Zune can confirm this.

'Our home was called Kaad. That is why we call our village Ekaad, or "Kaad in exile". Do you know of the place?

Have you been there? What does it look like? Who dwells there now?'

Sooner or later the Heroes will get around to asking for help to defend Kaad from Sargon. The swamp people are generally sympathetic, but Chief Telad will not go to war without some certainty that his people will be able to survive the battle.

'We are simple folk these days,' he says. *'We know nothing of the lands outside the swamp. We have no fine armour such as your warriors wear. What use would we be against the hordes of the Enemy?'*

The Heroes may care to point out that a large proportion of Sargon's army is made up of Orcs who are not themselves noted for the quality of their armour.

Zune also needs convincing. He is suspicious of sorcerers, and at any mention of Yaztromo – or if any spellcaster with the party starts to demonstrate his or her abilities – he will react badly.

'Our histories tell us that sorcerers are evil men, bound in the service of Chaos. Why should we trust people who follow the black Arts?'

Telad is also worried by any mention of gods or deities other than Ashra and Vuh, but Zune knows that other gods are worshipped.

'Our histories tell us that the King of the land in the time of

Darkness worshipped young gods and turned his back on the ways of the Old Ones. Perhaps this is why Darkness fell upon him and upon the face of the land. Yet it seems that these young gods triumphed in the end. Perhaps there is some merit to them.'

In a nutshell, the Heroes need to prove that they are people of good character and that their cause is just. The obvious way to do this is to offer to submit themselves to any test that Zune might suggest. He does indeed have a test, and he brings forth the mysterious staff (see *Props*, above).

'This staff was kept in the temple of Ashra in Kaad as was. Our ancestors brought it with them when they fled. I do not know the full extent of its powers, but I do know that the servants of the Enemy cannot touch the crystal and live!'

Naturally the staff does no harm to the Heroes (nor to Giblet, though you should test him last to allow the Heroes time to worry about whether Goblins are perhaps intrinsically evil). If they are especially pious characters, the crystal may even glow warmly in their hands. The swamp people are overjoyed when the test turns out well, and promise to do everything they can to help.

Chief Telad speaks. *'It is clear that we should do everything in our power to aid you. Our ancient home is under threat from the Enemy and we must come to its aid. We can muster some 150 armed warriors to help in the struggle, but*

we will require a day or so to organize ourselves. Wait with us if you can, but if you need to hurry ahead to warn the people of Kaad I will send Elgon with you to speak on our behalf.'

Turn to . . .
The Heroes do, of course, have to leave in a hurry. Giblet has promised them the aid of his people, and they have no idea how close Sargon's army is to Kaad. The swamp people have small boats made of reeds and swamp deer hide which they can use to ferry the party to the southern edge of the swamp. Turn to **Scene 9**.

Scene 9 – Into Tanglewood

Location
The forest to the north of Kaad.

Tanglewood is every bit as dark and gloomy as Darkwood itself. The trees are dense, mainly deciduous, and covered in moss, ivy and fungi. Some paths exist, perhaps kept open by the passage of the forest's inhabitants, but for the most part the undergrowth is just as dense as the leaf canopy. The profusion of bushes clearly gets little sunlight in summer when the trees are in leaf. Perhaps they grow mainly in the winter, or maybe gain their sustenance in some other way . . .

Plot Summary
Giblet knows his home forest like the back of his hand. One of the things he knows is that it is not always a safe place to be. He is dead right.

Cast List
A large amount of *Strangle Weed*:

STRANGLE WEED SKILL 8 STAMINA 26
As many Attacks as there are Heroes (including Giblet and Elgon)

Once the Strangle Weed has made a successful Attack Strength roll to hit a Hero, it does 1 STAMINA point of damage per Attack Round. As fast as the victims cut through one creeper, two more wrap round them. They cannot get free until the Strangle Weed is dead. Unlike the usual rule, a Mighty Blow from Strangle Weed does not cause a mortal wound. Instead, the victim is held fast with his arms bound at his side. In such a position he is as good as dead, for the Strangle Weed will continue to take its 1 STAMINA point per round. The only means of escape is for someone to cut the victim free or for him to cast a spell that he can use on the plant.

Props
If you have any house plants handy, have them around the room during the game. When you get to this scene, point them out to the players. Remind them that they are surrounded by greenery. Ask them if they know what plants eat, or how to tell if one is hungry.

Action!
The Heroes, with Giblet and Elgon in tow, arrive at the borders of Tanglewood in the late afternoon. Elgon is a little nervous.

'This is a great adventure for me, my friends. My mother and father lived all their lives in the swamp, and I had never set foot outside it until today. I have seen trees from a distance before, but they seem much bigger close up.'

'Huh, it ain't the trees that's the problem,' mutters Giblet. *'It's what hides in them, ready to drop on you and have you for supper. Trees are friendly. Well, most of the time anyway. Bushes, on the other hand . . . Well, this place ain't called Tanglewood for no reason. We got more Strangle Weed here than we got grass. Just mind you don't step on any creepers or you'll –'*

The moment he says this, have each Hero make an *Awareness* (or SKILL) roll to see whether he has stepped in any Strangle Weed. If he has, it will immediately grab him and attack. Any other Hero who has gone to the aid of someone who is caught will also get caught. The Strangle Weed plant can catch as many Heroes at once as it likes (it's a very large specimen), and each one will suffer the 1 point of damage per Attack Round. However, all the damage done by each Hero will affect the plant, so this battle shouldn't last too long.

Problems
If all the Heroes spot the Strangle Weed (by making a successful roll), tell them that they have travelled deeper into the forest, then make another roll. You can keep on doing this for as long as the tension remains high.

Turn to . . .
Night falls on Tanglewood, and it is time to make camp. Turn to **Scene 10**.

Scene 10 – Night of the Wolves

Location
Tanglewood by night. Spooky.

As darkness falls, the shadows of the trees begin to take on a menacing aspect. There is little wind in the depths of the forest, but the leaf canopy moves, and with it the holes through which the full moonlight penetrates the gloom. Patches of light and darkness shift randomly as the Heroes strain to see, and the confusion is made all the worse by the constant flitting of the bats.

Plot Summary
The Heroes' sleep is disturbed by a very hungry wolf pack.

Cast List
A pack of *Wolves*, one per person present:

WOLF	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6 *Large bite*

Props
It's at about this time that you need to arrange for next door's pet Alsatian to wander into the room and slaver greedily all over the players. You know he just wants to give them a friendly lick, but they may not be so convinced.
Some miniatures, or a brief sketch of the glade on a piece of scrap paper, will prove useful in showing exactly where everyone is during the fight.

Action!
Before the main action begins, you need to check two things with your players. First, ask them if they are posting watches during the night and, if so, who is on which watch (and how they know when to switch over). Secondly, ask all the Heroes whether they are sleeping in their armour.

Roll dice to determine when the attack comes. The Hero(es) on watch will need a successful *Awareness* roll (made secretly by the Director) to detect the approaching wolves; otherwise they are surprised. Characters who slept in their armour will be very stiff from their uncomfortable night; they must fight the first three

rounds with their Attack Strength at −2; however, they will be protected for up to 2 points of damage from a wolf's surprise bite.

Problems
The greatest danger to the Heroes here is if one of the wolves gets to him before he can wake up and defend himself. If this happens, allow the Hero an *Awareness* roll to see whether the wolf's hot breath on his face will wake him. If it does not, the first attack by the wolf, which hits automatically, certainly will! There is nothing like finding a wolf's teeth in your neck to get a sleepyhead up and moving.

Turn to . . .
After the attack has been repulsed, the rest of the night passes without further event. Turn to **Scene 11**.

Scene 11 – The Troll Bridge

Location
Early morning. A small stream in a narrow but deep cutting blocks the path through the woods. The only way across is by the moss-covered trunk of a large tree which has been felled so as to cross the chasm. Two metres or so below it is the black, algae-choked water.

No other crossing point is visible up- or downstream although, with a bit of rope and a lot of patience, one could probably lasso a branch on the far side and swing across. The cutting is too wide for all but the most athletic and unencumbered to jump, and the sides are far too steep to risk scrambling down without getting a soaking.

Plot Summary
Do you remember the scene in which Robin Hood and Little John first meet each other? If so, this one should be easy for you to visualize.

Cast List
Stomp the Troll – and what an enormous great brute he is, too! By the way, he has 32 Gold Pieces hidden in a hollow tree on the far bank; Giblet knows he should have some money stashed away somewhere, but he does not know where the Troll keeps it.

STOMP	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12
Social Scale 1		*2 Attacks; club*

Props
None, unless you fancy fighting this out on a bench using pillows (we don't recommend this).

Action!
As the Heroes approach the log bridge, a large Troll appears at the far end.

'This is my bridge!' he roars. *'If you want to cross, the fee is two gold 'uns each. If you can't afford it, I let anyone who can defeat me in a single combat cross for free!'*

Giblet replies at once. *'Hey, Stomp, old pal, old friend. It's me, Giblet. I got credit, remember? You said that last Orc brain I brung you was worth three free passes.'*

'Umm, yeah, mmm, delicious. But you used one of them, a few weeks back, going the other way, 'member? 'Sides, you got more'n three pals. They all has to pay. By the way, Giblet, you sure are keeping terrible company these days!'

For reasons which will soon become clear, Giblet needs one good warrior to be fit and healthy in the next scene. That Hero must be male, not a Dwarf or Elf, and will probably be the strongest Hero in the party. That is just the sort of character who will want to prove himself against Stomp, but if that Hero speaks up, Giblet will whisper urgently to him.

'Hey, shush! Everyone knows you could make mincemeat of him. But he might just hurt you, and we'll need you fit for

when we get to the village. Let one of the others have a go; this one isn't worth your trouble, really he ain't.'

On the other hand, of course, if there is a Dwarf present, he or she and Giblet will probably have been needling each other ever since they met. Giblet will not be able to resist the opportunity to get the Dwarf into trouble here.

'Hey Stomp, old pal, my stumpy-legged friend here says he is a famous Troll-killer. Has 'em for breakfast, he says. I'll just bet he's itching to have a go at yer; ain't you, stumpy?'

One way or another, one of the Heroes will be chosen to fight the Troll.

Now it may well be that the Heroes do have only one really tough fighter. Fortunately, there are other ways of winning this fight. The combat will take place on the tree trunk, over the middle of the chasm. Everything runs as normal, except for two special rules:

(1) If either combatant fumbles (with a double-1), he falls off. The Hero may *Test for Luck* (or check against an appropriate Special Skill, if possessed); the Troll has no LUCK to check against.

(2) If Stomp would have hit, but the Hero makes a successful *Dodge* roll, Stomp must succeed a *Test for Skill* to avoid falling off.

Don't tell the Heroes about these two special rules, but as soon as the *Dodge* rule comes into play you should describe what happens.

You dodge nimbly under the Troll's blow. He is caught by surprise at your quick move and sways wildly to keep his balance.

Either the Troll fails the roll and falls off, or the Hero will have got the message and can try the same trick again.

If the Hero falls off, he must make a successful *Swim* roll to reach the bank; he may make as many as he needs, but each time he fails he must check for Drowning (see *Dungeoneer*, page 185). Another Hero may jump in to try to save the Hero. His *Swim* roll must be made at −2 because of having to drag a frightened, struggling person to shore. Now someone else must fight Stomp.

Problems
It is possible that the Heroes may cheat and use magic to get them across. If they try this disgusting, cowardly, thoroughly underhand behaviour, Elgon will speak up:

'Sirs, wait. This creature may be a lowly, foul-smelling brigand, but his challenge is an honourable one. I am willing to fight him.'

This should shame the Heroes into doing the right and proper thing. If necessary, have Elgon fight the Troll and describe in glowing detail how the nimble, clever, handsome swamp man makes the Troll look foolish and neatly tips him into the stream.

What do you mean, they offered to pay the crossing fee? What sort of Heroes are they? Mice? Accountants?

Turn to . . .
As soon as the Troll ends up in the stream, that is the cue for all the Heroes to rush across the bridge and away into the depths of the forest. Turn to **Scene 12**.

Scene 12 – King of the Goblins

Location
The village of the Tanglewood Goblins. Here is a description, but don't read it out to the players yet, for the Heroes haven't quite arrived on the scene.

The Goblins live in a large glade in the middle of the forest. They do not have homes as such, but the trees here are very old, and many are either hollow or have holes dug under their roots. Perhaps some of the holes lead down into caves.

As the Heroes approach, many Goblins are sitting around, eating or scavenging in the bushes for food. Some of them are picking fleas off each other and eating them. Others are digging for ants and worms to feast upon. Small Goblins run everywhere, chasing one another and playing 'Who's afraid of the Big Bad Troll'. The smell is revolting.

In the centre of the glade is a small table, the only furniture in sight. Behind it, a large, fat Goblin is slumped against a tree-stump; he is guzzling down ale and chewing lazily on what looks very much like an uncooked chicken carcass. From the amount of space and luxury he is allowed, this can only be Grolik Fatnose, the Goblin King.

Plot Summary
The Heroes arrive at Giblet's home and one of the them bids to become the new chief of the tribe.

Cast List
Grolik Fatnose, the Goblin King:

GROLIK SKILL 7 STAMINA 15
Special Skills: Sword (10), Con (10), Bargain (10), Awareness (9), Darksee (8)
Social Scale 8 *Sword*

Very many ugly, smelly, disgusting *Goblins*. The Goblin tribe can muster 200 warriors, although only about 150 are in the village at the moment. This includes most of the females, who are often more vicious than their menfolk. One Goblin in every ten warriors is a captain and has higher skills. Another 50 or so elders and children would join the fight if necessary, but they are less tough.

GOBLIN CAPTAIN SKILL 7 STAMINA 8
Social Scale 5 *Sword*

GOBLIN WARRIOR SKILL 5 STAMINA 5
Social Scale 3 *Club*

GOBLIN ELDER/CHILD SKILL 4 STAMINA 3
Social Scale 2/1 *Club* or *Rock*

Props
For this scene, a few props are all but essential. You will need a copy of the script for the Challenge, written out very clearly. You will also need a mug of drink, preferably something horrible like a mixture of hot lime juice and cold raspberry squash, or cola and cold tea. Finally, you will need a long, thin piece of wood that neither you – nor anybody else! – minds getting broken.

Action!
Shortly after crossing the Troll bridge, Giblet calls a halt and explains to the Heroes what will happen when they get to the village.

'OK, we're nearly there. Now listen good, 'cos you ain't gonna get any help from my folks unless you do things just right. Now there's no way you can go in and just chat to people like you did with the swampies. The only way the Tanglewooders will help you is if they got to. So what we're gonna do is get you –' (he points to the biggest, toughest, male, human Hero present) *'to challenge old Fatnose for the kingship. I know all the rituals, so he'll have no choice if you do 'em right just like I tell you to. Once you've killed him, the tribe will do whatever you say.'*

At this point, the Heroes might reasonably become somewhat suspicious. Does Giblet really mean that he will help one of them kill his own king and become leader of the tribe? Surely not! Giblet – or the player behind him – will have to convince them!

'Well, OK, I'll tell you. It's like this. Fatnose and I was kids together. He was always a big, bullyin' type, and I was always a little squirt. But I was smarter than him, so for every time he beat me I'd get him back, get him into trouble somehow. But then he got to be king. Now, your kings can't just off people whenever they likes it, that's not the way us Goblins do things. And especially not people as useful as what I am. But instead he keeps sending me on more and more dangerous missions, in the hope that I'll get myself killed anyway. I hates his guts, I really do, and so you guys are gonna get even for me.'

Of course, the Hero that Giblet has chosen to replace Fatnose may not like the idea of being a Goblin King, and the others may still harbour certain suspicions concerning Giblet's motives.

'Look, you won't have to stay king for that long. You can resign once the big battle's over, just so long as you agree to being exiled from Tanglewood for the rest of your life. Besides, even if you wanted to, you couldn't stay king for long: one of the rules is that you've got three months after your crowning to take a Goblin bride and produce a son and heir. I think you'll be happy to resign, won'tcha?'

By now, we hope, the Heroes will be satisfied that Giblet is being honest with them. The next task is for the Hero who is to challenge for the kingship to learn all the rituals. The script goes as follows:

HERO: *Oh Grolik Fatnose, known to some as Bonebreaker, but to me as No-brains Rockeater, you are a lump of runny lard not fit even to rule a village of toads, nor yet even dead ones. For sure, your skin is smooth and soft, and of the manner of an Elf maiden, and when you do grow boils, they do smell of roses.*

GROLIK (replies in any way he fancies; it's usually something unprintable.)

HERO: *Your nose is shorter than a Troll's temper. You are so wet, when you go into battle, the Orcs all stare at you and shout 'Oh look, the Goblins are being led by a human princess!' And what is more, I can drink you under the table, you big pansy.*

At this point the Hero must pick up a mug full of Goblin ale (which Giblet will have ready to hand) and drink it all down. Grolik then gives reply, which again can be anything he likes.

HERO: *You are about as warlike as a newborn lamb and probably twice as tasty, roasted on a spit for eight hours and with mint sauce on the side. You wear your hair in ringlets and you skip when you walk. I will break your bones as easily as I break this branch.*

The Hero must take a tree branch (which Giblet will again have ready for him) and break it over his own head.

Grolik may now attack. There are no special rules for this combat, save that no one else may get involved, neither combatant may use sorcery, and the winner is the one who is not dead at the end. Breaking these rules is not really important, unless the Hero gets found out and someone is prepared to challenge him about it.

The most important thing about the whole ritual is that the challenger must get the words *exactly* right. If he does not, the challenge is invalid and Fatnose can refuse to fight. This is in fact a way of ensuring that the Goblin Kings are moderately intelligent as well as strong – very few Goblins could memorize that many

words. Indeed, Grolik only became king when he himself challenged because the old king had forgotten the ritual and agreed to fight even after Grolik got it wrong. Giblet will spend as much time with the challenger-Hero as he needs to ensure that he gets it right.

Of course, things would get a bit boring for the others if one of the players went off and took two hours to learn his or her lines. Fortunately this is only a movie, so if something does go wrong, the Director can always yell 'Cut!' and start again.

So, give the chosen Hero about five minutes to read over the script for the challenge, then read the description of the Goblin village from the *Location* section, above. Tell the chosen Hero that he and Giblet have approached Grolik's table, and call for action.

Giblet will nudge his champion, who will hopefully start on his speech as prepared. As soon as he gets something wrong, call out 'Cut! Cut!' and start complaining about the quality of actors you get these days. Impress upon the unfortunate player that he or she must get the lines right. Then ask them to try again. And . . . Action!

After a couple of failed attempts, the joke will probably be wearing a bit thin. At this point, say to the player concerned that you will try it with an autocue. Have one of the other players hold up a prepared copy of the challenge script where the Hero can read it, then make a great fuss about getting the camera angle right so that you can see just the Hero's face and it looks as if he is staring at Grolik rather than at the script. Finally, it's Action! once more, and this time the player should get it right.

Of course, we can't let you get away with harassing the poor player without doing a little more work. Remember that the script calls for Grolik to say something, but allows him to add his own insults. You know the Hero involved, so think up the nastiest, most disgusting insults possible (to the Hero, *not* to the player!) and have Grolik speak them. Just don't go so far that the player decides to hit you rather than have his Hero fight Grolik.

Once the Hero has fought and killed Grolik, the other Goblins – knowing which way the wind is blowing – will cheer wildly and call for a feast. Giblet will make

rousing speeches about how their new king will lead them to a great victory over the Icefinger Mountains. Everyone who can stomach the revolting Goblin ale will get horribly drunk.

Problems

The real problem with this scene is that one of the Heroes might just be a Dwarf. Putting Dwarfs and Goblins together, especially with sharp weapons close at hand, is like putting a match to gunpowder – the fighting starts so quickly you don't even notice how it began. If one of your players is acting the part of a Dwarf Hero, he or she will probably know this fact. Take the player aside beforehand and warn him or her that their Dwarf character is welcome to try to start a fight, but that, if he feels that strongly about it, he must make his feelings known to the others because he will be unable to disguise them. He doesn't have to say that he will try to take on the entire village single-handed, but he should make lots of anti-Goblin remarks as the game progresses so that the others have a clear warning of what could happen.

If a Dwarf Hero does start a fight, it will be up to the others to restrain him. They need the help of Giblet's tribe, and anyway they may just have a few qualms about trying to take on 200 Goblins all at once. Besides, it is quite fun getting to fight other members of the party for a change.

Turn to . . .
You are unlikely to be able to film the whole of this mammoth adventure in a single sitting. The end of this scene is an ideal time to break for lunch, or until the next session. After all, there is a feast in the offing. Why not arrange to have something like chicken drumsticks for lunch and make interesting remarks about the nature of Goblin food. Of course, as *Titan* reveals, Goblins do not actually eat each other (though Orcs do). In fact, the remains of ex-King Grolik will be sold to the local Trolls – but the Heroes don't know that.

After lunch, the Heroes, probably tired and drunk, will remember that they must get to Kaad very soon, and preferably before Telad and his army of swamp men. Turn to **Scene 14**.

Scene 13 – The Might of Elim

Location
Somewhere – which could be any of a number of places – between Sargon's monastery and Kaad. This will depend on when the Heroes decide to check out the army, if they do at all.

Plot Summary
The Heroes investigate the armies of Elim, and decide not to tangle with them without some serious help.

Cast List
Vast numbers of Bad Guys and Extras, of two main sorts:

ORC WARRIOR Social Scale 3	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5 *Sword*
ORC CAPTAIN Social Scale 4	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7 *Sword, whip*
ELIMITE WARRIOR Social Scale 4	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8 *Sword* or *Spear*
ELIMITE CAPTAIN Social Scale 5	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10 *Sword* or *Spear*

Props
As usual, miniatures or counters help greatly in controlling such fights. Don't worry, you won't need the entire army (we sincerely hope!).

Action!

There are three places in the preceding scenes where the Heroes might refuse to follow Giblet's advice and instead go off on their own. They could choose to follow another path through the mountains, they could try to avoid the swamp, or they could refuse to enter Tanglewood. In each of these cases you need to use this scene to get them back on track. Basically, this is what happens: because they are travelling in more open countryside, the band of Heroes gets spotted by scouts from Sargon's army.

The first thing to try is to have a small group of Orcs spot the Heroes (say, one per Hero plus a captain). The Heroes will probably kill them, but try to ensure that one of the Orcs escapes. Send him back with a message immediately – don't give the Heroes a chance to kill him. They should realize from this that they have been spotted and that Sargon will soon know about them. That should be enough to get them begging for advice from Giblet, who will be insisting that they follow him.

If it isn't, allow them to proceed for a few hours, then hit them again with a much bigger party, say two Orcs and an Elimite per Hero. That could mean serious trouble, although competent adventurers should still just about manage to come out on top. Try not to kill them this way – Sargon would like to question them, then use them as sacrifices, and you want to get them back into the plot. If necessary, have them taken alive.

By now the Heroes should be very worried and looking a little frayed around the edges. If they still insist on tailing the army in the open, the Elimites will start playing very rough: how about half a dozen minor Demons, plus a competent sorcerer and a high priest? Oh, and there's a very large, rapacious monster (like an escaped Manticore, perhaps) coming from the other direction too. At night.

With really, *really* stupid Heroes, you might have to capture the lot of them. If you do, have them brought, bound, gagged and even magically restrained too, into the Elimite camp. Leave them in a tent for a few hours, then allow them to try to escape during the night.

Problems

Only the very daftest of players will not realize when they are being nudged back on to the right tracks, plot-wise. If you are stuck with actors like that, we can only sympathize with your lot. If you were feeling

kind, you might care to script a whole new plot as you go along, based on what they want to do. If not, you might just let them try a mad scheme like sneaking into Sargon's tent and watch as he chops them into little pieces.

Turn to . . .

. . . whichever scene the Heroes should have been going to next, if only they had bothered to stick to the plot . . .

Scene 14 – The Gates of Kaad

Location
The main gate of the town of Kaad.

The Heroes are probably well used to the problems of getting in and out of Port Blacksand, not to mention being heartily sick of gory descriptions of criminals in varying stages of their punishments. Kaad is not like that at all; it is a small, provincial town which has grown soft and careless through lack of serious danger and following the depredations of the recent plague. The walls are in such a bad state that a big Troll could probably blow them down with one good-size puff. They are hung with awful notices like 'Kaad welcomes careful carters' and 'Kaad – twin town Stittle Woad'. There is, however, a small detachment of the city guard on duty at the gate.

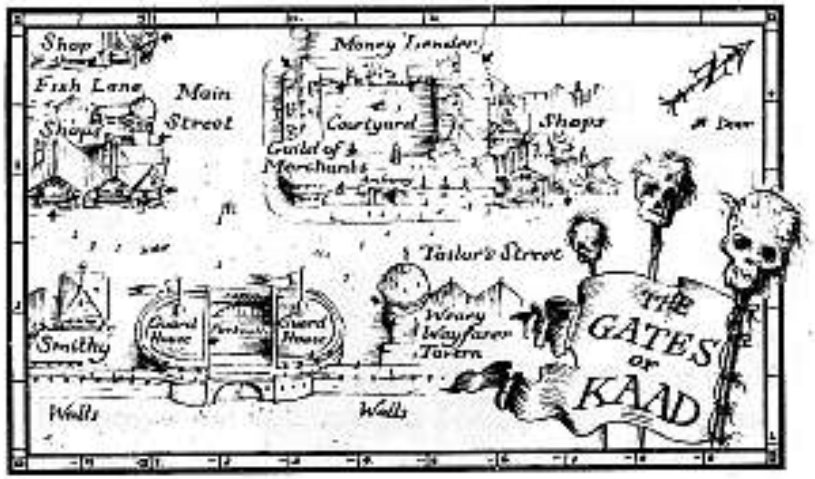

Plot Summary
The Heroes, plus their various swamp men and Goblin friends, meet up outside the gates of Kaad. If they were thinking that a group like this would get a friendly welcome, they were very much mistaken. But then, they don't know that the Captain of the Guard is one of Sargon's agents.

Cast List
Captain Vatchik is a captain of the Kaad city guard who has secretly joined the Elimites. He is expecting Sargon's army any day now and has been working to assist their assault on the town. When a group of Heroes turn up to warn the city, his first thought is to get rid of them, and fast.

CAPTAIN VATCHIK SKILL 10 STAMINA 12
Social Scale 6 *Special Skills: Sword (11), Con (12)*
Sword

The captain has with him 4 *guardsmen*:

KAAD CITY GUARDS SKILL 8 STAMINA 10
Social Scale 4 *Sword, spear*

Props
None.

Action!
The Tanglewood Goblins take a while longer than the Heroes to sober up, and anyway it is not a good idea to go marching up to a town with a horde of hungover

Goblins at your side. What the Heroes should have done – and Giblet or Elgon may suggest this – is to have the Goblins and the swamp men arrive the following morning. This gives the Heroes the perfect opportunity to go on ahead and explain everything to the Kaad city council.

As you approach the town, Elgon becomes very excited. *'So, this is the place that my ancestors left all those years ago. It looks so very grand, like a palace from a dream.'* (It is to be hoped that the Heroes will not be so tactless as to tell him that it is just a run-down, very unimpressive country town!) *'I wonder what sort of welcome we will get.'*

'Papers, please,' the Captain of the Guard demands. *'And pet animals are not permitted in the city.'* He points at Giblet in a disdainful fashion. *'You can chain it to that ring on the wall until you have finished your business here. The barbarian –'* he indicates Elgon *'– is acceptable, providing he displays good table manners and keeps his clothes on in public.'*

It is to be presumed that the Heroes will explain about the approaching army and ask to speak to someone in authority.

'My, oh my,' laughs Vatchik. *'I've heard some good yarns in my time, but that is a real corker! I don't know what your game is, my lads, but I have no intention of falling for it. Now be on your way. I don't have time to waste on common jokers like you.'*

At some stage during this, it is to be hoped that the Heroes will remember the letter of introduction from Yaztromo. This has Vatchik worried, but he bluffs on.

'Budding forgers to boot, eh? Well, I must confess you've done your homework on Kaad, but it's all for nought, I'm afraid. The only way you will get inside these gates is if the lads cart you off to the gaol.'

Clever Heroes will have a whole range of options for getting past this obstructive official. They could con him that the mayor of the city is related to them, or has commanded them to appear before the council – whatever the Heroes can think of that is vaguely plausible. A successful *Con* roll – allowing modifiers for good or bad stories – would frighten him enough to let them in. Alternatively, they could use magic to force him to admit them, or simply allow themselves to be arrested with a view to escaping later.

Problems

Stupid (or still-drunk – how strong is that Goblin ale?) Heroes may start a fight. This is exactly the wrong thing for them to do. What town is going to believe a bunch of ruffians who start out by murdering the very people they've supposedly come to protect? If they do start a fight, use Giblet and Elgon to calm them down and stop the battle.

Turn to . . .

If the Heroes let themselves be arrested, turn to **Scene 15**; if not, turn instead to **Scene 16**.

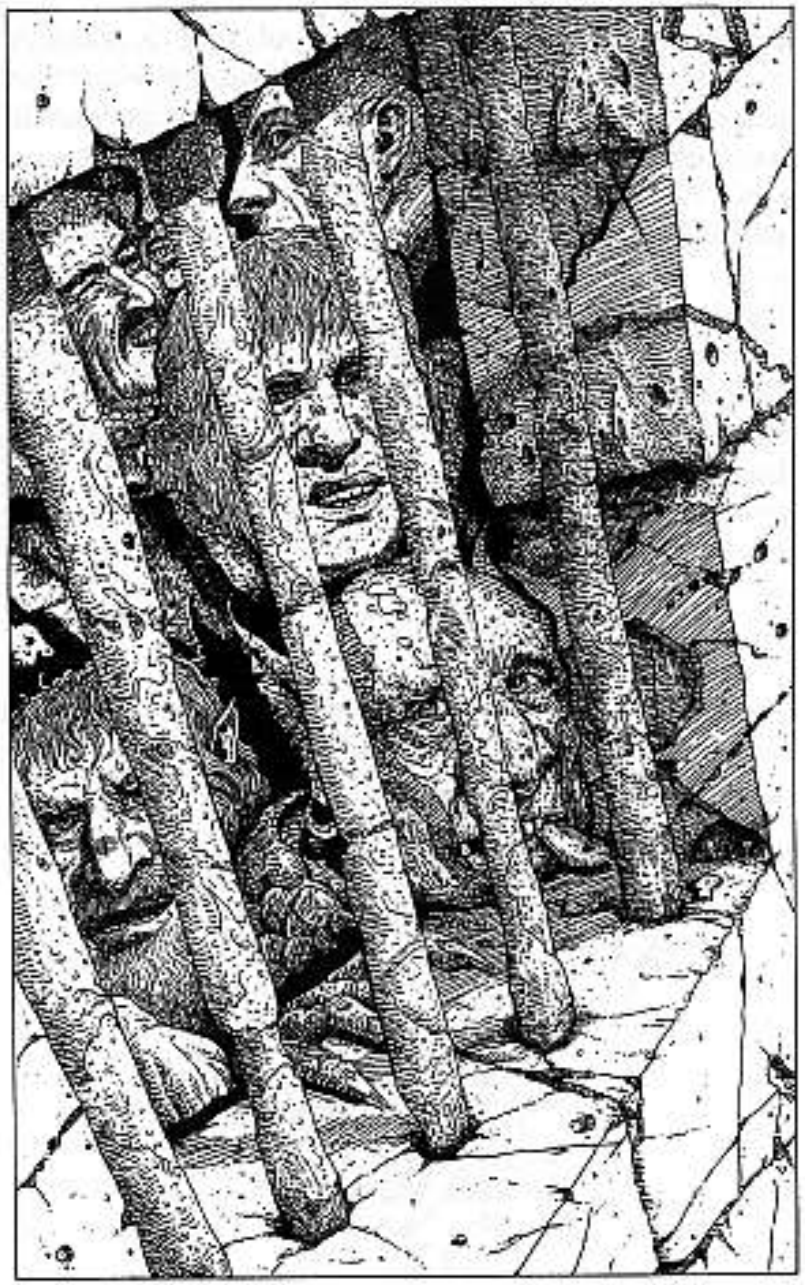

Scene 15 – Imprisoned!

Location
The town gaol in Kaad: a small, dingy affair with barely enough room for everybody, and a single, barred window. The bars look so old, rusty and loose that Giblet could probably prise them apart. The tougher members of the party may only need to sneeze in their general direction.

Plot Summary
The Heroes end up here if they failed to outwit the Captain of the Guard at the gate. In this scene they discover his true colours and get enough evidence to denounce him!

Cast List
Captain Vatchik and two of his Elimite cronies (treat them like the guardsmen from the previous scene).

Props
None. It is not recommended that you make the players act this scene while crammed into the cupboard under the stairs.

Action!
Captain Vatchik and his men herd the Heroes into the small, grimy gaol. The Gaoler, who has no teeth and who smells almost as bad as the Goblin village did, grins amiably at them as if welcoming them to his establishment; but Vatchik hustles them past and into the cell, dumping their weapons in a corner as he leaves. The Heroes hear him issuing a few orders to

the Gaoler and guardsmen. A few people march off grumbling, it seems, and silence falls for a few minutes.

Then Vatchik starts to speak again. He is trying not to be overheard, but any Hero who makes a successful secret *Awareness* roll will make out what he is saying to his confederates. Giblet at least should be able to overhear the conversation, as he has bigger ears than the rest of the party put together!

'Well, lads, here's a problem,' Vatchik says quietly. *'We've got to get rid of these guys or Sargon will have our hides. I reckon the best bet is to slip some poison into their food. Either of you know where we can buy some, and quickly?'*

'Not me, Captain,' comes another voice. *'Besides, one of 'em might be a wizard and be able to detect it or something. I don't fancy tangling with 'em, that's for sure. Couldn't we just keep 'em cooped up here until the army arrives?'*

'Hang on, I'll check how much time we've got.' There is a rustle of paper. *'This last message says that the army will be here just after noon tomorrow. That's when we're to open the gates. We could ply them with booze and hope they sleep late, I suppose.'*

By now the Heroes will doubtless be doubled up – in so far as they can in their cramped surroundings – with laughter at these inept plotters. However, now is time to act. The door requires just a simple *Strength* roll (or against normal SKILL at −2) to be kicked open. The confiscated weapons are lying on the floor and can be

snatched up before the guardsmen have time to react. The fight will not last long.

When it comes to serious fighting, Captain Vatchik is a craven coward. As soon as he gets badly wounded, he will beg for mercy and offer to confess all to the City Council if only the Heroes will spare his life. That, coupled with the message he was reading, should be all they need to convince the councillors of the peril Kaad faces.

Problems
It is possible that a lucky blow will kill Vatchik outright before he can beg for mercy. If that happens, and you can't fudge the dice throw convincingly, have one of the guardsmen do the begging instead.

Turn to . . .
Now the Heroes can face the council, in **Scene 16**.

Scene 16 – Battle Plans

Location
The council chambers of the town hall in Kaad.

If the Heroes have seen any decent municipal buildings – for example, King Salamon's palace – they will be deeply unimpressed by the Kaad town hall. It has obviously seen better days, and even Elgon will be sad to see what a state the town has fallen into since his people left. To start with, it is a timber-framed building just like any other town house. Then there are the hangings, the coats-of-arms of the town and its principal guilds, all of which look as if they have been left to the mercies of rain and moths for far too long. If any enemy spy came to Kaad, he would probably conclude that the town was so poor that it was not worth conquering. And he would be exactly right.

Plot Summary
The Heroes and their allies draw up their plans for the coming battle.

Cast List
The Heroes will get to meet the three most important citizens of Kaad. These are:

Habul Morgent, the Mayor, a fat merchant who made his fortune selling fish and who still carries its scent.

HABUL MORGENT SKILL 8 STAMINA 6
Social Scale 8 *Special Skills: Bargain (12), Con (12), Fish Lore (12)*

Aldar Durrant, priest of Hamaskis and the most senior clergyman in the city, a man of immense learning, most of it of no practical use whatsoever (although he does know about 95 per cent of the history of north-west Allansia as given in *Titan*).

ALDAR DURRANT SKILL 10 STAMINA 6
Social Scale 8 *Special Skills: Magic (11), Historical Lore (12), Useless Facts (14)*
Spells: Holy Command, Luck, Languages, Purify

General Lannamar, the commander of the City Guard, who served briefly in the previous King Salamon's army when very young, won a medal and immediately came home to Kaad, where he has been living off his reputation ever since.

LANNAMAR SKILL 8 STAMINA 8
Social Scale 7 *Sword*
Special Skills: Sword (10), Battle Tactics (9), Con (10)

Several other leading citizens will also be present, including Lannamar's captains. None of these are of any importance, save Vatchik – who will be here only if the Heroes did not go to gaol. It should soon become clear to the Heroes that they are going to have to take charge of the defence of Kaad themselves.

Props
None, unless you fancy finding something to bang on the table, or a big hat to wear when playing the Mayor.

Action!
If the Heroes came here directly from the gate, they will have presented their letter from Yaztromo and be welcomed with open arms. Mayor Morgent immediately calls a council meeting to discuss the emergency.

If the Heroes arrive with a penitent Vatchik (or one of his lieutenants) in tow, the effect is even more dramatic. The Elimite is immediately confined to a town hall dungeon – which the Heroes will be relieved to notice seems quite secure – and in no time half the town is outside waiting for news.

This scene should be played largely for laughs – the light relief before the storm breaks. We'll give a few examples of the sort of idiocy the Kaadians will come out with. It is down to your Directorial skills to provide more.

'This really is most terrible news,' proclaims Mayor Morgent. *'A right herring of a pickle, if you'll pardon the analogy. We must act, and swiftly, decisively, like a great big shark taking a little whitebait. But what should we do? Father Durrant, do your books tell us anything about how to fight a battle?'*

'Well now,' Durrant replies, *'I think I remember something about King Salamon the Ninth once facing an army equipped with elephants . . .'*

General Lannamar speaks up. *'Ahm, old technology, Father. A good, modern longbow will outshoot one of those fellows any day. Or night. Oh yes.'*

'That's a relief,' says the Mayor. *'I guess you're familiar with this sort of thing, General. Of course, if it had been fish we were dealing with, I would have expected to have been consulted . . .'*

'Oh yes, Mr Mayor,' Lannamar replies. 'In my days in King Salamon's army – *that's Salamon the Fifty-sixth who was such a famous general – we had a saying about how to deal with your evil types. "Get in amongst 'em," we used to say. Cold steel is the stuff. No backbone, you see. Your average Orc is a coward at heart and, faced with cold steel, he'll be off home to his nest as fast as his stumpy legs can carry him.'*

And so it goes on, until the Heroes can stand no more and decide to tell them what they should really be doing.

Problems
The Heroes may decide that the people of Kaad deserve to be wiped out. This may be true, but of course it would be most unheroic of them, and Elgon will have something to say about his ancestral home that should dissuade them.

Turn to . . .
If Captain Vatchik has not been captured, turn to **Scene 17**, in which he plots more mischief. Otherwise, turn directly to **Scene 18** and let battle commence.

Scene 17 – Betrayed!

Location
The gates of Kaad at night. The map given in Scene 14 can be used again here.

Plot Summary
This scene takes place if the Heroes have not already dealt with Captain Vatchik in the prison scene. The Captain will have been at the planning meeting and intends to betray the battle plans to Sargon, but one of his men has second thoughts and warns the Heroes, allowing them to ambush the Elimites as they leave the town.

Cast List
Captain Vatchik – see Scene 14 for his stats.

One *Elimite* per Hero:

ELIMITE SKILL 8 STAMINA 8
Social Scale 3 *Sword*

One *Elimite Priest*:

ELIMITE PRIEST SKILL 9 STAMINA 11
Social Scale 5 *Sword*
Special Skill: Magic (10); spells: Ironhand, Darkness, Fear, Stamina, Ward, Fog

Between them, the Elimites can manage the massive total of 36 Gold Pieces. However, the priest does have his spell book with him.

Props
Miniatures could come in handy to control this fight. If you want a nice night-time atmosphere, close the curtains and turn off the light (but make sure that you have a torch handy for checking those crucial dice rolls).

Action!
Later that evening, the Heroes are just tucking into a banquet of stuffed pike, provided by the Mayor, when there is a commotion at the door. A couple of town guards bring in a grovelling citizen and drop him before the Mayor.

He immediately begins to confess: *'If it please your worship, I have important news. The Elimites, sire, have a sect in this very town. I know, I was one of them. It was foolish of me, I know that now. They are planning to betray us all, your worship. Captain Vatchik is one of them. He*

was at your meeting this afternoon and knows all your plans. He and the others are planning to depart to join the enemy army. We were all to meet at the gate one hour after sundown. Someone must stop them.'

'Well, gentlemen,' says the Mayor, *'this sounds like your rod and line of work, and you don't have much time. I'd be quick about it if I were you, for the pike is not nearly so tasty cold.'*

It is unlikely that this scene will cause the Heroes serious trouble, although the Elimite priest might prove a nuisance. They will get to the gate in time to set up an ambush, so let them see the map and position themselves as they wish. You should make *Hide* rolls for each Hero (or use SKILL), with a bonus of +2 because they have plenty of time. If anyone fails, have

Vatchik *Test his Skill* to see whether he spots the ambush in time.

The Elimites arrive in a group along the main street, trying to be stealthy but failing dismally.

Problems
The only thing that the Heroes could do wrong here is to let one of the Elimites escape out of the city. Perhaps you should have Elgon on hand with his bow to stop something like this from happening.

Turn to . . .
That is the end of the next day. From information provided by the renegade Elimite who warned them about Vatchik's escape plan, or from overhearing the conversation in the gaol, the Heroes will know that the enemy army will arrive tomorrow, at noon. It is time to get some sleep before the big day. On to **Scene 18**.

Scene 18 – The Battle of Kaad

Location
The fields outside Kaad.

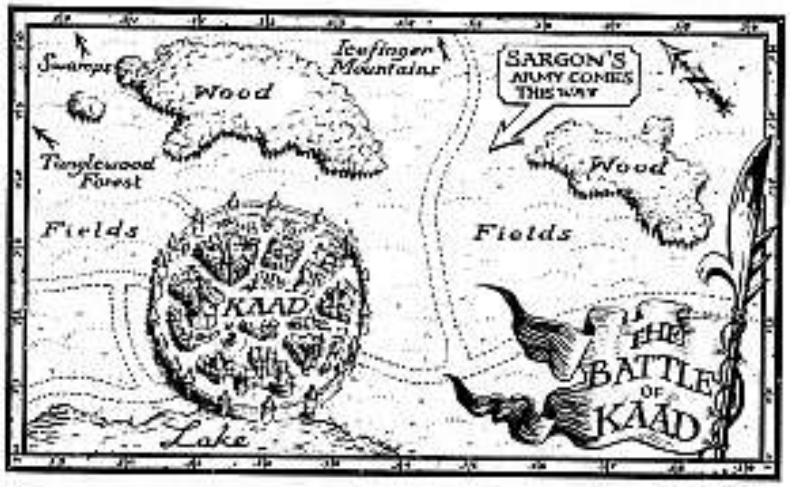

Plot Summary
The great battle against the Elimites takes place. The Heroes must tackle Sargon's best agents.

Cast List
The two armies; see *Action!* for full details.

Props
If you wish to use the Mass Battle Rules, you will need miniatures, or cardboard or plastic counters, to represent the army units. You will also need some means of

representing the important terrain features. The simplest and cheapest way of doing this is to cut out bits of paper to represent the woods and the road, or draw it all on a very large sheet of scrap paper and play on that.

Action!

The regiments of swamp people and Tanglewood Goblins arrive at dawn the next morning. Both forces have done much of their movement under cover of darkness in order to avoid Sargon's scouts. They will be pleased to hear that they probably have until noon to ready themselves and rest.

The Heroes will doubtless spend the morning trying to make an efficient fighting force out of the citizens of Kaad. Those local people not needed for the army can be put to work building wicker defences between the two woods (there is no time to make anything better, though carts and barrels can also be used).

Sargon's army arrives shortly after noon. Being agents of Darkness, the Elimites prefer to give battle at a time when the sun is getting lower in the sky and is progressively less bright.

There are two possible ways of running the battle to come. You can use the Mass Battle Rules, or the Quick Battle resolution rules. It is entirely up to you and your players which one you choose, but remember that you can't switch between them, once started.

1. Using Mass Battle Rules
Here are the units which make up the two armies. All units have only one Attack, except for the Goblin wolf riders.

The Defenders of Kaad
The City Guard (Infantry): 25 men
BATTLE SKILL 8; BATTLE STAMINA 25; MOVE 4
Sword, longbow

Nobles of Kaad (Cavalry): 25 men
BATTLE SKILL 8; BATTLE STAMINA 25; MOVE 8
Lance, sword

People of Kaad (Infantry): 3 units of 50 men each
BATTLE SKILL 6; BATTLE STAMINA 30; MOVE 4
Sword, longbow

Swamp People (Infantry): 3 units of 50 men each
BATTLE SKILL 8; BATTLE STAMINA 50; MOVE 4 *Spear*

Swamp People Commanders (Infantry): 10 men, including Telad, Zune and Elgon (+3 to morale)
BATTLE SKILL 9; BATTLE STAMINA 10; MOVE 4 *Spear*

Goblin Wolf Riders (Wolf Cavalry): 2 units of 25 men each, plus the same number of wolves
BATTLE SKILL 6; BATTLE STAMINA 13; MOVE 6
Sword; wolf bite

Goblins (Infantry): 3 units of 50 men each
BATTLE SKILL 5; BATTLE STAMINA 25; MOVE 4 *Club*

Goblin Commanders (Wolf Cavalry): 10 men, plus the same number of wolves
BATTLE SKILL 7; BATTLE STAMINA 8; MOVE 4 *Sword*

The Heroes: You will need to work out the statistics for the Heroes yourself; see the rules earlier for doing so. If the Heroes wish to fight as cavalry, they borrow horses (but not trained warhorses) in Kaad. The new Goblin King may wish to lead his people into battle!

The Army of Elim
Elimite Warriors (Infantry): 2 units of 50 men each
BATTLE SKILL 8; BATTLE STAMINA 40; MOVE 4
Sword, longbow

Elimite Commanders (Infantry): 10 men (including Sargon)
BATTLE SKILL 10; BATTLE STAMINA 12; MOVE 4 *Sword*

Fingers of Doom Orcs (Infantry): 5 units of 50 men each
BATTLE SKILL 6; BATTLE STAMINA 25; MOVE 4 *Sword*

Fingers of Doom Commanders (Infantry): 10 men
BATTLE SKILL 8; BATTLE STAMINA 8; MOVE 4
Sword, longbow

Mountain Daredevils Orcs (Infantry): 5 units of 50 men each
BATTLE SKILL 6; BATTLE STAMINA 25; MOVE 4 *Sword*

Mountain Daredevils Commanders (Infantry): 10 men
BATTLE SKILL 8; BATTLE STAMINA 8; MOVE 4 *Sword*

Tactics
The tactics that we recommend for the Heroes is to hide the swamp warrior and Goblin units in the two woods and defend the space between with the Kaad infantry behind cover. The Kaad cavalry can be kept in reserve in case any of the Kaad units routs. The hidden forces can attack Sargon's men in the flank and rear as soon as they are all jammed between the woods.

Sargon knows nothing about tactics – he is a priest, not a military man – and will be mildly astonished that he is having to fight a battle at all. He will simply throw as many of his men as possible at the enemy, Orcs first. If he has to attack between the two woods, only four 50-man units may fight at any one time. There is no room for any more; the other units will have to stand behind and wait.

Use of Spells in Combat
Here are the spells which may be used during the battle by the various wizards and priests involved:

Sargon: Weaken, Befuddle, Arrow Storm, Shield, Fear
Zune: Heal, Calm

The Heroes: Any battle spells that they know

2. Using Quick Battle Rules
If you'd rather decide the outcome of the battle using the faster system, apply the following modifiers and conditions.

Modifiers
It is to be presumed that at least one of the Heroes has *Battle Tactics* and will command the defenders (if there are several, obviously they should choose the most proficient). Sargon is the enemy commander.

Hero Commander

Advantage of ground	+1
Outnumbered by less than 2:1	−1
Better-quality troops	+1
Mixed-race army	−1
(plus whatever spell, Hero present and Heroic Combat bonuses apply)	

Sargon

Does not have *Battle Tactics*	−2
Mixed-race army	−1

Heroic Combats
You will need to design opponents for the Heroes to face. Remember that they should be a close match for the Heroes, but not quite as good. Note, too, the various SKILL bonuses for winning Battle Rounds.

Problems
Don't worry if you manage to beat the Heroes using

the Mass Battle Rules. Problems will arise only if you manage to destroy either the unit of Heroes or the swamp people commanders (or the Goblin commanders, if their new king is present). Hopefully the Heroes will have enough sense to withdraw those units to a safer position if they get into trouble.

If you do win the battle against the Heroes, there are three possible outcomes. The first is that the good guys turn tail and retreat back into Kaad; you may then wish to run a full-scale siege of the town (but, for the Heroes to win, they must eventually come face to face with Sargon); we haven't provided all the details for this, but it will be a simple matter for a resourceful Director to work out the details, using the rules presented earlier in this book. The second is that the Heroes are left facing Sargon's army as their own side flees into the distance, and the third is that they are captured – either way, they get to face Sargon, which is just what is required.

Some of the Heroes may be vary badly wounded, or even killed, during the Heroic Combats. Well, there is no better time to go than in the final, ultimate battle. Allow any spellcasters one round of healing spells before the final scene.

Turn to . . .
Somehow, some way, the Heroes fight their way through to Sargon's command group (or get captured and brought before it). It's time for the big showdown, which finally comes in **Scene 19**.

Scene 19 – Darkness Falls

Location
The fields outside Kaad (still). They are likely to be littered with bodies.

Plot Summary
The Heroes take on the evil High Priest of Elim himself.

Cast List
Sargon the Black. He has been granted two special powers by Elim: first, he cannot be harmed except by magical weapons or spells; secondly, he has no need to sleep and is therefore not affected by the *Sleep* spell.

SARGON SKILL 10 STAMINA 15
Social Scale 8 *Dagger*
Special Skill: Magic (29); spells: almost all normal spells, but only those battle spells listed earlier

Sargon's bodyguards, one per Hero present:

BODYGUARD SKILL 8 STAMINA 10
Social Scale 4 *Sword*

Props
The Staff of Ashra, as before.

Action!
Any Heroes who survive the battle can take part in the final scene. In addition, you will need Zune and Elgon. The crafty old swamp folk priest has hidden the Staff of Ashra in a sack so that Sargon does not know he has it.

Despite any possible problems during the battle, Sargon is still highly confident. After all, he is practically invulnerable. He will start with simple spells like Sleep, Weakness and Fear. If these do not work, he will lose patience and resort to Cockroach and Petrify. If things are going badly, he will use a Death spell; but most of the time he will not have enough STAMINA left to use it. He will concentrate on the most dangerous-looking Heroes, particularly those who have magical weapons.

As is traditional with Bad Guys, Sargon will gloat as much and as often as possible. He will take particular pleasure in allowing the Heroes to stick him full of arrows, daggers and anything else they can throw at him. These won't hurt him at all, which will surely worry the Heroes. The bodyguards will act so as to keep the Heroes away from their master. Sargon will

order them specifically to move against any hero who is obviously carrying a magical weapon.

If the confrontation takes place in the heat of battle, it will be possible for Heroes to *Sneak* around behind Sargon. This will be very useful; a good trick might be to pin Sargon to the ground with a spear.

The objective for the Heroes should ultimately be to get Zune close enough to Sargon to hit him with the Staff of Ashra without the evil sorcerer suspecting. To this end, Zune will act as inconspicuously as possible, though he may cast an occasional healing spell if it becomes necessary.

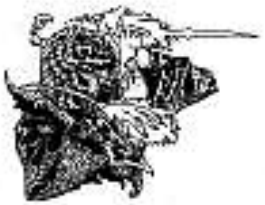

The effect you should be aiming for is as follows. The Heroes have thrown absolutely everything they have at Sargon, to no avail. At least one of them is slowly dying, as he or she petrifies. However, the rest of them are there, hand to hand, against Sargon. Suddenly Zune darts out from behind them and whips off the sacking. The Staff of Ashra blazes with an unearthly light. Too late, far too late, Sargon recognizes the very thing he has feared for so long, the reason why he was so keen to raze Kaad to the ground in order to find and destroy it. He screams in terror as the staff

swings towards him. There is a totally blinding flash of light and, when the Heroes can see again, Sargon is gone.

Is he dead – or did he Teleport away before the staff could strike him? Who knows? There is one clue, of sorts: anyone suffering from petrification will still be slowly transforming. A touch of the Staff of Ashra will cure both them and anyone else who is very seriously injured. If none of the Heroes realize what this means, do not tell them. One day they may get a very nasty surprise.

Problems

Greedy Heroes may expect some sort of reward for saving Kaad. As mentioned earlier, the town is very poor. The grateful citizens will scrape together 50 Gold Pieces per Hero but will put greater store by the cachet of granting them the Freedom of Kaad. In addition, Mayor Morgent will give them as much fish as they can carry.

The Elimite army carries with it a total of 10,000 Gold Pieces in money, treasures and weapons, but most of this should be used to pay the troops and refurbish the Temple of Ashra. If the Heroes do not try to be greedy, they will be pleasantly surprised when they learn that they are to be given 1000 Gold Pieces among them.

Sargon's spell book, incidentally, is nowhere to be seen.

Turn to . . .

Fade out into the sunset. A number of silhouettes disappear over the horizon, each apparently carrying a sack bulging with what could only be a massive load of fish.

Stirring music begins. The scene starts to fade. Roll credits.

THE MAGE HUNTER

The chase is on!

YOU are a magehunter, tracking down evil-doers and bringing them to justice. Your trusty flintlock and fine steel broadsword have seen many a fight, and you have the knowledge, skill and equipment to capture the craftiest sorcerer. But disaster strikes. Magic drags you far from your familiar world, to a land of treasures, traps and treachery aplenty. Here only your wits can save you from a painful death – and, worse, you must pursue and defeat the wiliest wizard of them all. Strange tales and bizarre transformations must all be endured if you are to win through, defeat your enemy and return to the land of your birth.

KNIGHTS OF DOOM

Break loose the Knights of Doom

For years the brave Knights Templar of the Demonkeep have kept the peace in Ruddlestone. But now an ancient evil has reawakened in the land: the sorcerer Belgaroth has returned from the dead and will use his powers to bring chaos and terror to this peaceful kingdom.

To ensure his plans succeed, the evil sorcerer has enlisted the services of the Knights of Doom. One heroic knight – YOU! – must creep through a land plunged into war, penetrate the enemy lines and overcome the deadliest foe of them all!

DEATHMOOR

Adventurer Needed – Urgently!

The request, brought by carrier pigeon, is clear. An experienced adventurer is desperately needed in the distant city of Arion for a mission of deadly importance – an adventurer like YOU. When you arrive at the court of King Jonthane, the urgency of the mission becomes clear. Telessa, the beautiful Princess Royal, is missing, believed kidnapped. She must be rescued, and she must be rescued fast.

Unfortunately, in his haste, King Jonthane has already given the quest to another, your deadly rival Fang-zen of Jitar! You know that the only person suitable for this heroic task is you!. Can you prove that you are the one to rescue the princess – and more importantly find her, wherever she may be held, before she can be harmed? Hurry, for time is running out!

LEGEND OF ZAGOR

The evil that will not die!

Zagor! The very name of the Warlock of Firetop Mountain strikes terror into all who hear it. Banished from the world of Titan by a heroic adventurer, the sorcerer is slowly but surely regaining his strength in another land, far, far away. Within Castle Argent, in the kingdom of Amarillia, Zagor has been transformed into a demon; soon his magical powers will know no bounds.

Unless a new hero can be found in time, Zagor will unleash his armies upon Amarillia. There are several adventures willing to volunteer – mighty Anvar the barbarian, the warrior Braxus, Stubble the dwarf, Sallazar the wizard – but only one will be chosen to venture into Castle Argent and destroy Zagor once and for all. Are YOU that hero?

SPELLBREAKER

The Beast is loose!

Rassin Abbey has guarded its arcane treasures for centuries. But when their Black Grimoire is stolen, the land of Ruddlestone is plunged into a crisis of epic proportions. For the ancient book holds the key to the legendary Casket of Shadows – and the Evil imprisoned within it. Should it be opened, the Infernal Beast will be unleashed to wreak its terrible carnage across the Old World.

On the night of Shekka's Moon, scant days away, this will surely come to pass. Unless, that is, one brave hero can retrieve the Black Grimoire in the nick of time – a hero like YOU! Many fearsome dangers await you on your quest, for Ruddlestone is a wild and lawless land, but here and there you may discover hidden allies too. Ruddlestone has never needed a hero so much – are you that hero?

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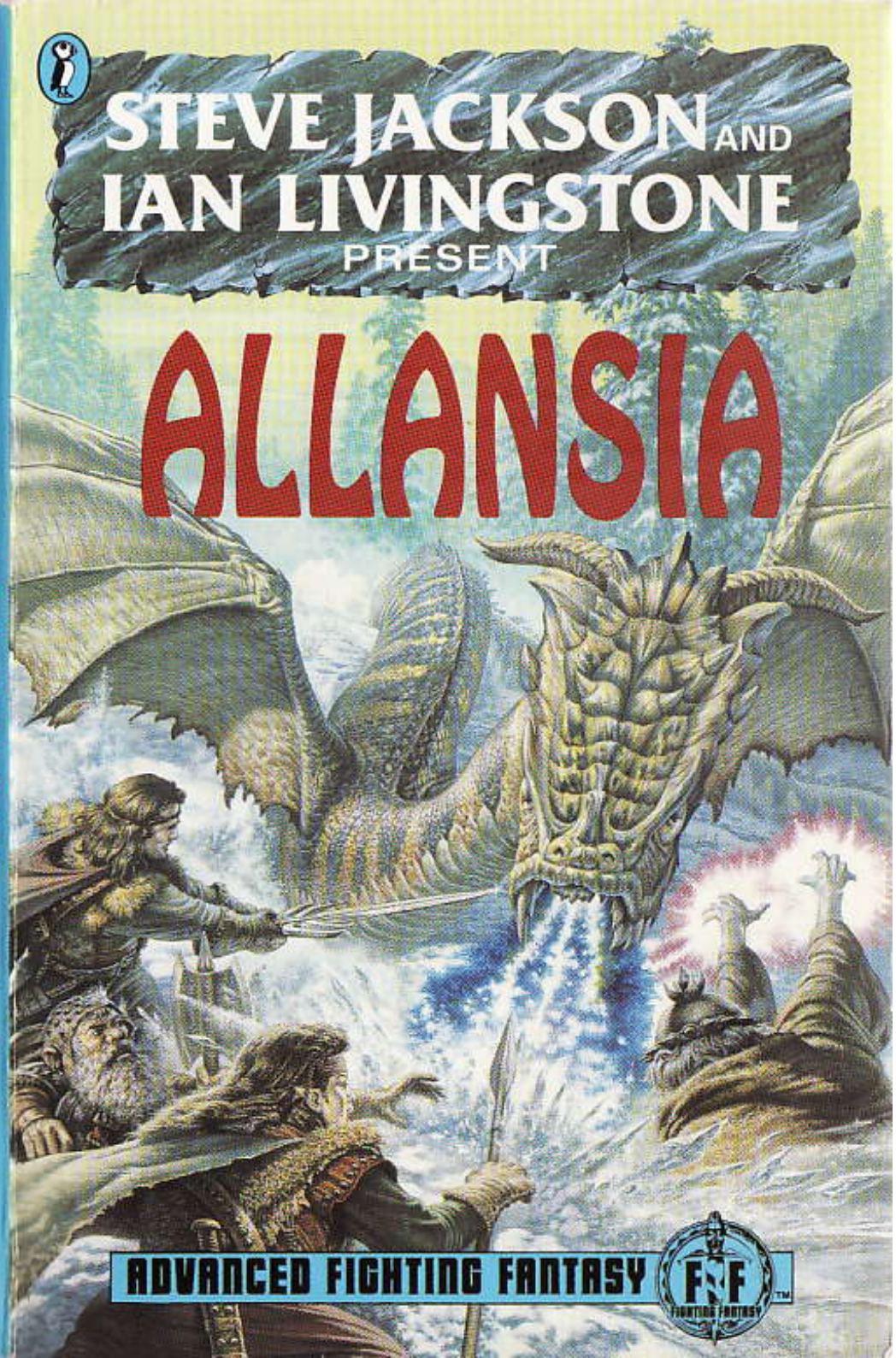

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375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, USA
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1990
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

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Filmset in 12 on 14 point Palatino
Printed in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

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WELCOME!

Ulrik Wolfsbane can feel his fingers slipping from their precarious grip on the edge of the overhanging roof. He shoots a worried glance at the ground, many metres below, before summoning up all his reserves of strength and hauling his lithe body up over the parapet. He pauses only briefly before carefully picking his way around the looming chimneys to the skylight. Somewhere in the sleeping city a lonely dog barks once, then thinks better of it – or is silenced by another's hand.

The moon reappears from behind a cloud and the room is suddenly bathed in its silver light. The room is small and untidy, its walls lined with shelves that groan under the weight of scrolls and ledgers. The merchant's ebony writing table is piled high with more papers, ink pots and a bundle of quills. Wolfsbane's green eyes scan every centimetre of the room. On one wall the shelves frame a fireplace and chimney-breast which is adorned with a large and garish oil-painting of a scowling Silas Whitebait and his wife. A slight smile turns up the corners of the barbarian's mouth as he skirts a chair and creeps nimbly across the room towards it.

There is a sudden creak from a loose floorboard – a footstep outside the room! Wolfsbane stands perfectly still, every nerve and muscle taut. After what seems an eternity, the

steps recede down the passage. Then a door shuts and the house is quiet once more. The barbarian steps up to the fireplace and reaches out a hand to lift down the painting. With a CLANG! *like Telak's hammer striking his heavenly anvil, a metal cage drops to the ground – trapping Ulrik Wolfsbane inside!* AND CUT! That's a wrap, everybody . . .

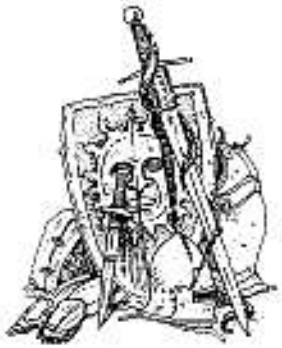

Greetings, film fans. Today we're on the set of the new Advanced Fighting Fantasy adventure, *Blacksand!* The sequel to the two-part fantasy epic, *Dungeoneer*, it's almost certain to break even more box-office records than its block-busting predecessor. The main setting this time is Port Blacksand, the sinister 'City of Thieves' which provided the backdrop for a couple of memorable scenes in the first film. Indeed, some would even say that this villainous den of pirates, cut-throats and maniacs is the real star of our new adventure!

Like *Dungeoneer, Blacksand!* offers you a chance to step into the shoes of the heroes of fantasy films and books. This time, however, we're concentrating on the settlements: the villages and towns, and especially the cities.

And where better to set it all than in the most notorious, most dangerous, most chaotic, most exciting city of them all, Port Blacksand? It's an opportunity for *you* to sneak into the evil Lord Azzur's heavily guarded palace, for *you* to vanquish the disgusting slime creatures that lurk beneath the city streets, for *you* to clamber over rooftops and slip through sinister shadows, in search of great danger and even greater rewards! In *Blacksand!* you'll become your heroes once more, acting out their roles in even more thrilling Fighting Fantasy adventures. Let's get started . . .

Things You Need

As you will already have gathered, this is the second book in the Advanced Fighting Fantasy series. As with any series of books, it makes sense to read them in order. While it would have been nice to print all the relevant information from the first volume again here, *Dungeoneer* is so crammed with useful stuff that it would have made this book three times the size it is now. So you will need a copy of *Dungeoneer* before you can make use of the material presented in this book. It would also be very helpful if you and your friends have played either or both of the adventures in *Dungeoneer*,

and perhaps even tried creating and shooting a few adventures of your own devising.

In the early pages of *Dungeoneer* there is a list of a few, easily obtainable items that you need in order to play Advanced Fighting Fantasy. They are some ordinary six-sided dice, some pencils and paper, a watch or clock, and a few other people who are just as keen to go adventuring as yourself. You don't need anything more to play *Blacksand!*

However, as before, there are a few extra helpful items which you may care to use to *enhance* your games of Advanced Fighting Fantasy. The two Fighting Fantasy reference books, *Out of the Pit* and *Titan*, are especially useful, since they contain interesting and useful facts and notes on monsters and the world of Fighting Fantasy respectively. They're now available in new editions, the same size as this book and *Dungeoneer*, so they are even handier to have around.

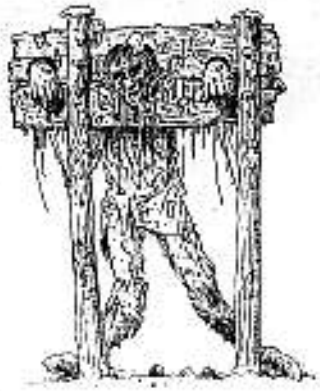

Again, you are going to find miniature figures, scenery and props useful when you play the huge adventure, *A Shadow Over Blacksand!*, which starts on page 206. The miniatures and scenery are particularly useful for the various fight scenes, so that the Director can judge where everyone is in the confusion of battle. The props, meanwhile, are thrown in simply to add a 'realistic' feel to a game: if a clue is hidden in a letter, it is much more fun for the Director to hand out a prepared prop letter and let the Heroes (or, rather, the actors and actresses playing them) find the clues for themselves – if they can! As always, you don't *need* any of these items, but they certainly add to the fun.

How to Use This Book

In *Dungeoneer* we introduced you to the whole idea of role-playing adventures and the world of Advanced Fighting Fantasy in easy-to-understand stages. The emphasis was on ready-to-use rules and facts so that you

could start shooting your first fantasy adventures before you even knew it. In this book, we are assuming that you already have some experience of adventuring or Directing. If you haven't yet, go back to *Dungeoneer* and play through that first.

Blacksand! is organized into four parts:

1. New game rules, in particular new Special Skills and Spells for Heroes, and an expansion of the character 'background' sections. There is also a new rating, Social Scale.

2. Designing adventures set in villages, towns and cities. The basic principles of adventure designing are much the same as for underground complexes, as explained in *Dungeoneer*, though the specific details are quite different. Rounding off this section are a host of new, town-based creatures, and some quick adventure ideas.

3. Utilizing the rules and guidelines given in the previous section, we finally detail Port Blacksand. There are new maps of the various city districts, together with the notable inhabitants, businesses and power factions. Further notes on daily life in the City of Thieves make it the ideal setting for any number of excitement-packed adventures!

4. Finally, there's the epic-length adventure, *A Shadow over Blacksand!*

The simplest thing to do now is to turn the page and start reading. Some of the material is instantly usable, while other sections are likely to be of greater long-term interest. If you are a Director, you should read as much or as little as you feel you need to, according to the adventure you are designing or running. If you are a player, however, it is quite important that you shouldn't read the sections on Port Blacksand or *any* of the text of *A Shadow over Blacksand!* Knowing exactly what's going to happen can take away too much of the fun to be worth the initial excitement of taking a quick peek; so don't read beyond page 206!

All right, what are we waiting for? The gates of *Blacksand!* are open, so let's step inside . . .

1. New Rules

In *Dungeoneer*, the first book of the Advanced Fighting Fantasy series, we detailed all the basic rules needed to act out the role of a typical Allansian adventurer. With those skills and spells, a brave Hero could stalk frightful, ancient underground dungeons and temples to vanquish monsters and make off with all the treasure he or she could carry. In various parts of Titan, however, certain abilities will be more – or less – important; for example, just about the only practical use to which the Special Skill *Underground Lore* can be put in Kharé or Port Blacksand is cleaning and repairing the sewers!

In the towns and cities, and in other parts of the wide world of Titan, different skills and spells may come into play. Many of these were indeed covered in some detail in *Dungeoneer*. A few, however, were not, so we present them here, along with a couple of clarifications and modifications to some existing abilities.

NEW SPECIAL SKILLS

The Special Skills which follow may be chosen in exactly the same way as those in *Dungeoneer* (found there on page 113 onwards) when a new character is created. Heroes who have already chosen their Special Skills will have to pay someone to be taught the relevant ability or – in a few, rare cases – learn the skill through prolonged experience of it. All these Special Skills may be possessed by Extras and Bad Guys when played by the Director. In some cases, such characters may have higher ratings than those allowed for a Hero (up to 4 points for a starting character, with more learnt only by experience and training).

Note that, as with all the Special Skills listed in *Dungeoneer*, the Director is allowed to modify them or even to bar any of them from being used in his or her adventures. Similarly, he or she may have added some new ones of his or her own devising: you will be informed about these if they are also available.

Animal Lore (Knowledge) – As its name implies, this Special Skill allows the Hero or Extra who possesses it a chance of knowing a particular fact about an animal. This could include where to find one, how dangerous it would be, how much it would fetch if sold at a market, perhaps even (at higher levels) how to prepare its skin to make a cloak or suit of leather armour. It does not include the ability to ride or tame an animal (*Ride* Skill must be used for that). Note that the Director may reduce the Skill chance by any amount from 1 to 6 points (or even more) when testing for knowledge concerning a particularly rare or unusual creature.

Bargain (Knowledge) – This Special Skill comes in very handy when trying to do business as a trader or merchant. Quite simply, it confers an increased chance of getting a good price for some goods, whether buying or selling. It also allows a character to look at an item and tell at a glance whether it is worth the price being asked, whether it is real or fake, and so on. In more rarefied circumstances, *Bargain* becomes

a negotiating skill, allowing a greater chance of setting up deals with enemies or allies; a successful *Bargain* roll could even persuade a band of Orcs to let the Heroes go in exchange for their possessions, for example. This skill may be used in conjunction with some fast talking supplied by the *Con* Special Skill; a successful roll against *Con* Skill would then allow the character to add all the points invested in their *Con* Skill to their *Bargain* score! Note that the difference between *Con* and *Bargain* is that there is no swindle involved in using the latter Skill to obtain a fair price or good terms for a deal. Further notes on trading and using *Bargain* and *Con* to make deals and swindles will be found on page 69.

Battle Tactics (Knowledge) – The character with this Special Skill is well versed in the art of war, not so much as a warrior but as a commander of dozens or hundreds of men. Any Hero or Extra wishing to rise up the ranks in an army will find this Skill essential. In an abstract battle (one which is not being played out using the standard combat rules for each individual duel, but which instead is being decided on the result of a number of die rolls) the *Battle Tactics* scores of opposing commanders may be used instead of SKILL, perhaps with

further modifiers from the Director, to decide the outcome.

Bird Lore (Knowledge) – As *Animal Lore*, but allows for a chance of knowing a particular fact about a bird and sometimes (with appropriate reductions in the chance, decided upon by the Director) other flying creatures, such as Griffons and Dragons. Again, this Skill does not confer the ability to ride a creature like, say, a Giant Eagle. If *Ride* Skill is being used to try this, however, a Hero possessing *Bird Lore* may be allowed to reduce by 1 or 2 points the large negative modifiers that are usually incurred when attempting such an unusual feat, at the Director's discretion.

City Lore (Knowledge) – This Special Skill is most often gained by growing up or living in one place for a long time; it simply means that the character knows some quite complex facts about a particular place. The Skill applies to one specific city (or town, or any other sort of

local area, in fact) and may be possessed more than once to apply to different places.

At the Director's discretion, one complete year spent living in a particular place confers 1 point of *City Lore* on a character. This will usually be up to a maximum of only 2 points – more if a character spends a whole year digging out as much as they can about a particular place. Most residents of a particular town or city will have 1 or 2 points of *City Lore* concerning their home.

Disguise (Stealth) – Although a chance of being camouflaged already exists in the Special Skills *Sneak* and *Hide*, there are some practitioners of the art who are true masters of disguise; this is the Skill they employ. The chance of success or failure depends greatly on the situation the disguised character puts himself in, and on the amount of preparation he is allowed beforehand. The modifiers for all these situations are listed in the section on page 66.

Law (Knowledge) – This very specialist Skill – or, in most cases, the Extra who possesses it – will come in handy if the Heroes ever fall foul of the law of a particular place. It is unlikely that a Hero will choose this as a starting Special Skill (it isn't specially useful when vanquishing ravening monsters, after all), but may be learnt at a later date from another character who possesses 4 or more points of it, should the Hero require it. *Law* really comes into its own at a legal trial; for more details on how it does this, see the section entitled 'Crime and Punishment' on page 191 later.

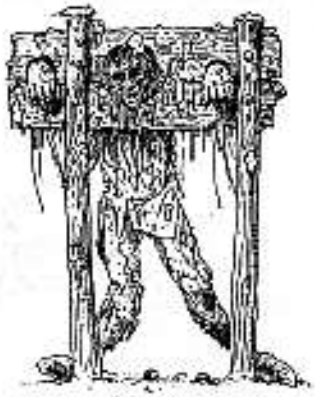

Minor Magic (Knowledge) – Possessing this Skill means that a character knows a few small charms or incantations which serve to make life a little easier in a few circumstances. The most frequent users of *Minor Magic* are hedge wizards and village wisewomen, who use it to brew love potions, repair their clothes or sour the milk of the local miser! Unlike *Magic* Special Skill, this ability may be chosen without permanently losing some points from one's SKILL. Note also that *Minor Magic* can be learnt at any time, which means that a Hero who didn't choose it (when being created by his player!) may learn it at a later date if he wishes. How to choose spells, and the spells which can be chosen, are detailed below on page 35.

Pacify (Knowledge/Stealth) – This unusual Special Skill conveys on its possessor the ability to calm down raging beasts, quieten brawling drunks and generally stop dangerous situations getting completely out of hand. It implies a smooth voice, the ability to say

exactly the right words at the right time and make all the correct, non-threatening movements, and so on. *Pacify* is especially useful to Good priests and animal trainers; but it may also be chosen by a Hero to help protect against lunatic Goblins or ferocious Manticores.

Secret Signs (Stealth/Knowledge) – This Special Skill is especially useful to thieves or members of other sinister organizations or cults, for it conveys an ability to converse – in a limited fashion – in a secret language of codes and signs. In effect, it works like an unusual version of the *Languages* Skill, though it confers knowledge of only one, very obscure and sometimes dangerous tongue or sign-language. Various *Secret Signs* Skills may be learnt for different code languages; for example, a Hero may possess two *Secret Signs* Skills and have a chance of understanding not only the written signs of the Port Blacksand Guild of Thieves but also the secret ceremonial tongue of the Priests of Arantis. It should be noted that the languages represented by *Secret Signs* Skills are often very limited in their vocabulary: a priest's

code, say, could be used to convey information about the cult's gods, the time and place of meetings, and details of sacrifices or feast days – but it could not be used to buy a bobbin of cotton or a bag of oranges in the market place.

Skill Clarifications

A few of the Special Skills listed in *Dungeoneer* need further explanation to make them suitable for city and town adventuring.

(Subject) Lore (Knowledge) – In the *Dungeoneer* Special Skills list, there are a number of *Lore* Skills, to which we have added a few new ones, above. It should also be noted that knowledge of just about any subject under Glantanka's golden sun can be represented as a *Lore* Skill: *Desert Lore*, for example, is plainly common knowledge to the camel-riding nomads of the Desert of Skulls; it enables them to find oases and not get lost among the trackless wastes of their sun-parched domain. An undertaker in Fang might possess a Special Skill

along the lines of *Embalming Lore*, which would enable him to carry out the process of mummifying corpses by which the northern people preserve their deceased relatives.

Quite simply, then, it is obvious that any area of knowledge may be converted into game terms, by applying a specific *Lore* Special Skill to it. This is especially relevant to Extras, who may have worked all their lives in one particular trade or profession and would therefore possess a greater skill at it than the average man in the street. A blacksmith would have *Metal Lore*, a jeweller *Gem Lore*, a baker *Baking Lore*, and so on. Of course these are normally of very little use to an adventurer who finds himself down a dungeon full of half-starved Orcs (unless you wanted to bake them a cake, perhaps). But if a Hero wishes either to possess or to learn a specialist *Lore* Skill of this type (usually as part of their background, or just to take a job using this skill) they can normally be allowed to do so – subject to the Director's approval, as always. For example, if a Hero's background states that he grew up in a small fishing village on the Allansian coast before becoming an adventurer, the Director may allow him to add 1 point of *Sea Lore* to his other, more important Special Skills. This is already built into the Special Skill choices of Elves and Dwarves, but it can also be used in the case of other adventurers.

Magic – As well as the introduction of the *Minor Magic* Special Skill (see above), there is a second new class of magic: *Priest Spells*. These are abilities conveyed by the

worship of a particular god, deity or other supernatural being, generally awarded for being especially devout and faithful. They are most usually conjured up by powerful praying or lengthy rituals; in most cases, however, they work just like a standard sorcerer's spell.

The character wishing to choose priestly spells still needs *Magic* Special Skill, and the number of points put into it are still subtracted from the *initial* SKILL score. However, rather than choosing from the standard list of sorcerer's spells (to be found on page 125 of *Dungeoneer*, together with new spells from the list below) the priest must choose from a quite different list, which is fully explained in the following section.

NEW SPELLS

As with the new Special Skills above, any, all or none of the following new rules and spells may be adopted by the Director for use in his or her Advanced Fighting Fantasy game. Directors may also add further spells of their own devising, of course.

Reversing Spells

One area which was not fully explored in *Dungeoneer* was the fact that many spells can be reversed – that is, deliberately cast backwards in order to have the reverse effect of what usually happens, as opposed to working backwards because of a bad *Magic* Skill die roll! In the spell list in *Dungeoneer* there are already some examples of this, such as *Banish Undead* (the reverse of *Raise Skeleton*), *Darkness* (*Light*), *Lock* (*Open*) and *Grow* (*Shrink*).

However, some other spells not specifically listed in *Dungeoneer* (or below) may also be reversed. Casting the reverse of a spell (for which no reverse is already listed) costs the same in STAMINA terms as the usual way, plus 1 extra point; however, spells which normally cost 6 or more STAMINA points to cast require an extra 2 points to reverse. The spell does not have to be relearnt or studied any further before it can be cast backwards. All other characteristics of the spell, including duration and area affected, continue to apply. Thus a character who has *Darkness* but not *Light* may – at the cost of 2 STAMINA points – illuminate a circular area up to five

metres across for up to three minutes (*Light* proper lasts for 15 minutes).

Note that the following spells have no reverse (generally because a reverse would not make sense): *Fire Bolt, Skill, Stamina, Ward, ESP, Farseeing, Force Bolt, Levitate, Mirror Selves, All Heal, Speak to Animals.* However, even these spells may be cast in reverse in order to negate the effects of another's spell as it is being cast, in a very specific form of *Counter-Spell*, again for the usual cost, plus 1 extra STAMINA point.

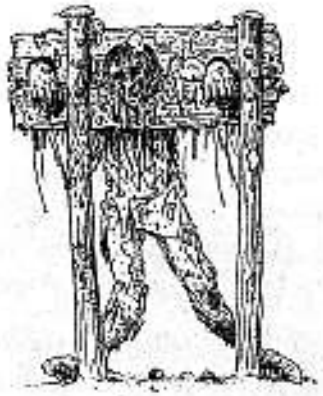

A few further points should be made here. The reverse of *Light* lasts for only three minutes, just as in a *Darkness* spell. Reversing *Lock* does not require the extra STAMINA point if it is being used on something that has been magically shut by the same spellcaster. *Strength*, when reversed, either negates *Strength* or gives the person it has been cast on the strength of a small child (not enough to stand up in armour or hold a sword, for example). The reverse of *Weakness* acts like a *Strength*

spell, and lasts for only one minute or one major task. *Languages* may be cast in reverse in order to make a perfectly understandable language suddenly incomprehensible (this is great for confusing Orcs!). Reversing *Find* magically hides something, so that two *Find* spells need to be cast before it can be found – though this has no effect on plain eyesight or touch (it doesn't make something invisible). Reversing *Restrain* will also open non-magical handcuffs and make someone holding the victim let go. The reverse of *Death* (costing a frightful 12 STAMINA points to cast) also ages the caster one year. Note also that any subject raised from the dead will now be alive – but may still be so badly injured that they will die again very soon unless healed. If there are any doubts about the exact effects of a reversed spell, the Director is at liberty to forbid its use.

New Magic Spells

The following are chosen and cast in exactly the same way as any other magical spell; they require a successful *Magic* Skill roll and generally last for a set amount of time. Those characters already created and 'living' in the world will have to find someone to teach them a spell they don't already possess. As always, spells costing

more than 4 STAMINA points may not be chosen by starting characters.

Flash! (1) – This simple but effective spell causes a short but spectacular burst of light to occur somewhere within ten metres of the caster. Anyone looking at the light will be temporarily blinded for 1–6 minutes (roll for each person); they will spend that time groping about, rubbing their eyes, falling over one another, and so on. Any character surprised by the spell but successfully *Testing for Luck* will have managed to shut their eyes in time and will not be affected. Unless this is the case, note that the light will affect any characters with their eyes open – and that includes both the Heroes and the spellcaster himself! Anyone may declare that they are shutting their eyes (a very dangerous thing to do, if fending off a couple of dozen Orcs at the time, of course), provided the spellcaster announces his intention of casting the spell. Note further that Orcs and other barely intelligent adversaries may hear a shouted warning and shut their eyes too; this can lead to all sorts of sophisticated tactics, even for those Heroes who have no intention of casting such a spell! This spell will work during a magical *Darkness* or *Fog*, causing a two-second burst of normal-strength light to pierce the gloom temporarily.

Peace (1 or more; see below) – This spell works in much the same way as the new Special Skill *Pacify*, in that it calms down the emotions of any two people within five metres of the caster for 2–12 minutes (Director rolls in secret). Anyone successfully *Testing for Luck* is not

affected by the spell, and any strongly aggressive action will break the spell. The effect of the spell may be expanded by spending 1 further STAMINA point for every two additional people the caster wishes to be affected.

Personalize Spell (+ 1 or more; see below) – If you don't wish just to *Restrain* someone, but to bind them in awesomely impressive chains of glowing golden light, you can use this spell to add that personal touch. As you might expect, serious Bad Guys use spells like this all the time in order to enhance their image and reputation as highly individual and creative villains. Using *Personalize* is very simple: the spellcaster simply decides what special effect he wishes to add to his spell, the Director works out how many points are required (usually from 1 to 6), and that number is added to the standard cost of the spell. As an example, casting a *Fire Bolt* in the form of a glowing dagger rather than the blast of light requires 1 extra STAMINA point; but

conjuring the aforementioned chains of glowing light requires 3 extra STAMINA points. Only one *Magic* Skill roll is required for both the original spell and the *Personalize*. Furthermore, for every 3 points put into making a spell one's own, the victims must reduce their *Test for Luck* by 1 point.

Thunder (1) – Like *Flash!* above, this spell conjures up a stunning two-second special effect; in this case, it is a deafening clap of thunder which can be heard up to a kilometre away and affects anyone within twenty metres of the caster. Anyone failing to get their hands over their ears in time (*Test for Luck* for anyone who didn't specifically state their intention to do so in time) will be able to do nothing except mutter 'What on Titan? Eh? What did you say?' and clutch their head in agony for a few vital moments. This spell may be cast in conjunction with *Flash!* (as one spell, so far as time and the *Magic* Skill roll are concerned, but costing 2 STAMINA points) to make a really impressive entrance!

Fog (2) – This spell is similar to *Darkness*, but it covers a much larger area (fifteen metres around the caster) for a greater length of time (fifteen minutes). The fog created is thick and dark grey, negating *Dark Seeing* and making just about any activity impossible. The spell is reversible and, used in this way, clears away this or any other fog.

Starry Orb (2) – Using this spell, a magnificent ball of glowing magical light and fire is created in the air up to ten metres away from the spellcaster. The orb is so wondrous that it can distract and even hypnotize those who see it at close quarters (anyone within three metres). Creatures and characters of Average intelligence or less will be hypnotized by its beauty four times out of six. Those of High intelligence (almost all humanoids, including humans) must *Test for Luck* or roll against their SKILL (player's choice, in the case of Heroes), or else stare, transfixed in a hypnotic trance. The orb lasts for only three minutes, but the spell can be recast before it runs out.

Strong Arm (2) – This spell works in exactly the same way as *Sure Shot* but is applied to a specific hand-held weapon, a fist or a claw, raising the appropriate Special Skill (or SKILL) by 2 points for ten minutes.

Sure Shot (2) – This simple spell adds 2 points to one nominated character's *Bow, Crossbow, Javelin,* or *Throwing Dagger* Skill (or SKILL when applied to a particular missile weapon), for a period of ten minutes or one battle, whichever is the shorter.

Poison (4) – This nasty spell enables the caster to change any small amount of liquid or edible item into a deadly poison. Used in conjunction with a *Fog* spell, it can create a cloud of poison gas. If the spellcaster is touching the bare flesh of another being when he casts this spell, they are poisoned (*Test for Luck* is however allowed). The poison delivers as much damage as the number of STAMINA points put into the spell, plus 2 further points (thus a spellcaster may use more than 4 STAMINA to create an especially powerful poison). The reverse of

this spell can cure a poisoned character of ill-effects, up to the Stamina Cost of the spell, plus 1 further point. It can also purify poisoned liquid or food, removing a similar amount.

Enchant Item (6) – This handy conjuration allows spells to be cast into an item and stored there. The process of creating a magical item in such a manner is very costly in terms of magical equipment, potions, oils, special rare metals and so on. The basic Stamina Cost for endowing an item with a particular spell is the 6 points for *Enchant Item,* plus the cost of the spell itself, cast three times into the item over a period of hours equal to the total Stamina Cost for the entire operation in days! As can readily be seen, creating a magical item is a lengthy and draining exercise, generally attempted only by specialist, high-powered sorcerers.

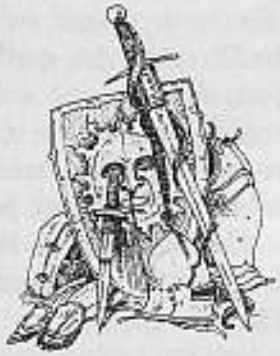

Hurricane (6) – On casting this spell, a sorcerer conjures up a powerful gale of wind, rain, hail and snow, which then covers an area up to thirty metres around the

caster (he can choose to make it cover a smaller area), for up to five minutes. All characters within the area, including Heroes but not the caster, must *Test for Luck* or roll against their SKILL (player's choice) or be blown off their feet and suffer 1–3 STAMINA points of damage. Other fixtures and fittings in the area may also be damaged or blown over (the Director will rule on this). No fighting, magic or speech is possible while the hurricane continues. The reverse of this spell can control magical storms like this one; it can also calm a natural storm within an area of ten metres round the sorcerer for up to five minutes.

See Future (6) – This bizarre spell allows the caster to glimpse brief scenes from the future, typically from the forthcoming life of one individual person. The future in this case can be no more than two days ahead. The visions conjured up are brief and confusing and cannot always be relied on to represent exactly what will happen. (Note to the Director: this spell requires careful planning on your part, since at least some of the things which you predict will happen to the character at some point in the future should come true; don't predict things that you know won't happen; however, visions can (and should) be distortions rather than literal representations of the future. If you are unhappy with this spell, don't allow it in your game.)

Web (6) – *Restrain* works on only one character or one item of a size up to three metres cubed. *Web*, however, can cover an area up to five metres across in a sticky spider's web that traps all within it and stops anyone

from moving except to breathe (and that with difficulty). A very strong character such as a Hill Giant, or one with *Strength*, could break out of its embrace after two successful Skill rolls; otherwise, everyone is trapped for up to five minutes. The spell can both be recast before it runs out and banished by a *Counter-Spell*.

Assassin's Dagger (8) – This strange spell, much beloved of vengeful dabblers in occult matters, conjures up a ghostly hand clutching a dagger; together, they will slowly pursue their intended victim for as long as it takes to find him, her or it. Once it has done so, the hand will attempt to stab the victim to death. It has a nominal SKILL of 10, though it has no STAMINA points and can only be fended off, not destroyed. It can be trapped – for a short while, at least – inside a container; and it can be escaped by running or riding away very fast for a long time. Its pursuit is relentless, however; unless its would-be victim can cast a reverse *Assassin's Dagger* spell or a *Counter-Spell* (at a cost of 9 STAMINA points!) upon the dagger – which must be present to receive the banishing spell – it will surely eventually catch up with and kill the character.

Earthquake (8) – The sorcerer casting this spell can conjure up a powerful earthquake over an area of up to thirty metres round himself. The earthquake will make the ground buckle and vast cracks will open up, destroying any rickety buildings and bringing down walls within that area, and sometimes demolishing even more solidly constructed dwellings. All within the area (except the spellcaster) must successfully *Test for Luck* and roll against their current SKILL, or be lost down a crack in the ground. The quake lasts for three minutes and cannot be conjured again for ten minutes. Its range can be extended by ten metres for every extra point of STAMINA put into the spell by the caster. The reverse of this spell can tame both magical and natural earthquakes.

Spells Available

Including the new spells, the complete Magic spell list is now as follows:

	Stamina Cost		Stamina Cost
Darkness	1	*All Heal*	4
Fear	1	*Arrow-Snake*	4
Fire Bolt	1	*Find*	4
Flash!	1	*Fly*	4
Illusion	1	*Grand Illusion*	4
Light	1	*Grow*	4
Lock	1	*Invisibility*	4
Luck	1	*Poison*	4
Open	1	*Restrain*	4
Peace	1*	*Shrink*	4
Personalize Spell	+ 1*	*Speak to Animals*	4
Skill	1	*Wall*	4
Stamina	1		
Strength	1	*Banish Undead*	6
Thunder	1	*Cockroach*	6
Ward	1	*Enchant Item*	6
Weakness	1	*Hurricane*	6
Counter-Spell	2*	*Petrify*	6
ESP	2	*Raise Skeleton*	6
Farseeing	2	*See Future*	6
Fog	2	*Teleport*	6
Force Bolt	2	*Web*	6
Languages	2		
Levitate	2	*Assassin's Dagger*	8
Mirror Selves	2	*Earthquake*	8
Sleep	2		
Starry Orb	2	*Death*	10
Strong Arm	2		
Sure Shot	2		

* – *See description above or in* Dungeoneer *for more details.*

Minor Magic Spells

As explained earlier, Minor Magic spells are small charms and fripperies, typically used by people to help ease their trading or farming, or whatever business they are in. They may also be learnt by Hero characters, simply by their choosing the *Minor Magic* Special Skill (with no loss of SKILL points). Choosing the Skill allows a character to select as many Minor Magic spells as he or she has *Initial* LUCK points, from the list which follows.

Minor Magic spells are cast just like any other spell, except that they don't require grand gestures (though a wisewoman has been known to over-act, to impress her gullible peasant customers). They are usually triggered by a moment's thought, together with the snapping of the fingers or wiggling of the nose or ears (note to the Director: why not ask your players to do this every time they wish to cast a Minor Magic spell – it'll be very entertaining to watch!).

A normal Skill roll is made against the Hero's *Minor Magic* rating; if successful, the spell works with no STAMINA cost. The only modifiers needed arise when the caster is restrained, is drunk, under attack or in combat, or is otherwise disturbed. Unless there is a really serious obstacle to a spell being cast (as when the caster is dead!), total modifiers should be in the order of only −1 to −3 (as usual, as decided by the Director, of course).

If the roll fails, the spell does not work and the Hero must lose 1 STAMINA point. If the roll fails with a

double-6, the spell backfires in a more dramatic way, typically diverting on to an innocent bystander or even on to the caster himself (the Director can choose what happens here). There is no Oops! Table for Minor Magic spells.

Minor Magic spells cannot be combined with each other (but see *Instil* below) or with the more powerful Magic spells (they just cancel each other out with a small fizzing pop and a smell like hot tin). No Minor Magic spell is reversible either, though every spell can be cancelled by its caster before it has run its full course.

Minor Magic spells available are as follows: *Attraction – Burn – Cool – Enhance – Extinguish – Glimmer – Hear – Heat – Hold – Honesty – Instil – Jab – Mend – Mistake – Pied Piper – Pucker – Push – Repulsion – Slip – Sour – Spark – Weather Improver.*

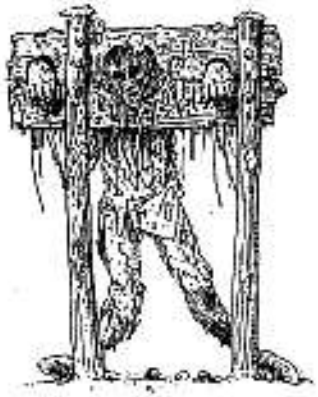

Spell Descriptions

Attraction – This spell makes its recipient suddenly realize that someone else (who need not be present, as long as the spellcaster has a good enough picture of the person in his mind or knows the name) is, gosh, really rather attractive in a nice sort of way. This spell is usually cast into a drink (using *Instil*) by dotty old village wisewomen, before giving it to people as a love potion. The Director may allow a *Test for Luck* if the victim really doesn't want to fall for the sender of the potion or spell. The spell can last up to one hour, and the attraction itself needs to be seriously and deliberately rejected before it can be overcome.

Burn – A small flat area of heat, up to five centimetres across, forms and burns a hole in the desired object, as if a candle were being held just underneath it. This spell can be used on living beings – though they tend to notice the heat before it can get too serious, and pull their hands away with a small shriek. This spell is most

commonly used to light a candle or start a fire in a grate, though the invisible flame can last up to three minutes if required.

Cool – The opposite of *Heat*, this spell can cool an item or a person down by any amount, from a few degrees to below freezing. This spell causes no serious damage and cannot actually freeze a living being; it is used by spellcasters most often for cooling hot drinks and for avoiding the effects of sweltering summer days. The effects last for 3–18 minutes (Director rolls in secret).

Enhance – This spell simply makes a small object or a cluster of very small objects look a little pleasanter than they actually are. This can make a rotten crabapple look rosy and succulent or an old battered lamp shine like new, but it cannot turn a handful of dull copper coins into shiny gold ones. A *Test for Luck* or roll against SKILL may be used to avoid the effects of the illusion, at the Director's discretion. The effects last for 1–6 minutes (Director rolls in secret).

Extinguish – This puts out flames and fires, usually small ones. If you want to put out anything larger than a burning sheet of paper, a −1 to −3 modifier as to the chance of success must be applied. A fire larger than a campfire cannot be extinguished using this spell, nor will it work on the fiery breath of a living creature, like a dragon.

Glimmer – While the creation of a powerful magical light requires the Magic spell *Light*, some illumination can be provided by this Minor Magic spell. It creates a dull glow (like that from the dying embers of a fire perhaps), enough for someone to find their way across a room to a proper candle, for example. The light lasts for 2–12 minutes (Director rolls in secret).

Hear – This useful spell allows the caster to listen in to a specific conversation taking place somewhere in the same room, to the virtual exclusion of all other noise. Generally, it cannot pick up the voice of anyone whispering or otherwise trying not to be heard (−2 modifier to the

chance of success), and the caster must be able to see the person or people doing the talking. The spell lasts for two minutes or one conversation, whichever is the shorter.

Heat – The opposite of *Cool*, this Minor Magic enchantment simply heats up an object or person. It is useful for keeping warm on cold days or heating up one's dinner. The spell lasts for up to ten minutes, and may be recast before it has expired.

Hold – This spell fixes one object or part of a person in place for thirty seconds, as if stuck with strong glue. (A failed roll against SKILL or *Test for Luck* by the victim may be required, at the Director's discretion.) This Minor Magic could be used to stick a Gold Piece to the ground for some fun in a busy street or, more seriously, to glue an assassin's dagger to his hand or a warrior's sword inside its scabbard.

Honesty – A single lie or deceit can be countermanded with this spell; it suddenly makes the deceiver own up and contradict a lie or reveal his cheating. The victim

may need to be touched, and should generally be allowed a roll against their SKILL or a *Test for Luck* to avoid being affected. The spell affects only one person, for one specific untruth or swindle.

Instil – This useful spell allows the effects of another Minor Magic spell to be introduced into a drink or some food, so that when someone drinks or eats the item they will be affected by it. *Instil* can hold a spell inside the appropriate item for 1–3 full days (Director rolls in secret) from the time when both spells were cast.

Jab – Using a pointed finger, the caster touches someone lightly but makes them feel as though they have been poked with a sharpened stick (roll a die; on a 6 the victim loses 1 STAMINA point). Alternatively, with a success modifier of −1, the caster can choose to jab or lightly tap the victim from a distance of up to five metres (in this instance, do not roll for the possibility of injury).

Mend – This handy spell is ideal for mending small holes in objects. It can fix a patch to a cloak or a plug of metal to an old pan, but it cannot fix a snapped sword or repair a leaking boat. For it to work, this spell

requires the presence of a small piece of the item's material to fix to the hole.

Mistake – When this spell is cast, its victim will make one small mistake. The caster should tell the Director what the desired effect should be before trying to cast the spell. If the mistake is a big one, the Director may forbid it or impose a success modifier of between −1 and −3, and may allow the victim a *Test for Luck*. The mistake could, for example, make a horse turn into a street along which its rider didn't wish to go, cause someone to trip on a paving stone, or write 'IOU 1000 Gold Pieces' instead of 100!

Pied Piper – This spell causes a group of irritating insects or vermin to follow the caster wherever he or she goes (if at all possible) for 2–12 minutes (Director rolls in secret). The numbers of creatures affected may be up to 10 rats, 100 beetles or spiders, or 500 small flies or ants. These numbers may be doubled, trebled and so on, at

the cost of a modifier of −2 each time (thus 40 rats impose a modifier of −6). Note, of course, that rats will dive down to your basement if you don't block up all the holes by which they arrived in the first place!

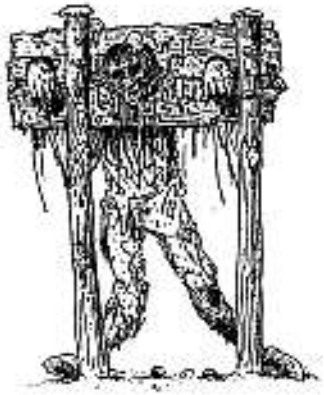

Pucker – The victim of this spell will suddenly have tremendous difficulty eating or drinking, as their cheeks are sucked in and their mouth puckers up uncontrollably. The effects last for 1–3 minutes (Director rolls in secret), and may be resisted by a successful *Test for Luck*, at the Director's discretion.

Push – This simple spell acts as if the caster were physically pushing the affected item or person. Only one push is allowed, and only objects that could be pushed easily by the caster in person can be affected. A human being may be allowed a *Test for Luck* to avoid being pushed, at the Director's discretion. This little spell is very dangerous when an adventurer is standing near riverbanks, cliff tops and smelly refuse heaps.

Repulsion – This spell works in exactly the opposite way to *Attraction*, causing its victim to take an instant (but not necessarily violent) dislike to another person. In all other ways it works just like *Attraction* (see above).

Slip – Rather like *Mistake* or *Push*, this Minor Magic spell causes its victim to slip, as if a banana skin had just appeared beneath his feet. A successful *Test for Luck* or roll against SKILL will avoid the effects of this spell, which lasts only long enough to cause one slip.

Sour – This spell allows the caster to spoil a single item or container of food or liquid, up to the size of a barrel of ale (it won't ruin an entire cow, though it can be used to spoil its milk by poisoning the cow's udder!). The soured food or liquid will give anyone who swallows it a fairly severe stomach-ache, but will not do any really serious injury. The souring lasts for 1–3 days (Director rolls in secret).

Spark – Like the effect of *Jab*, this spell causes a tiny but quite shocking electrical spark to jump from the caster's forefinger for a few centimetres. It is especially useful for surprising someone, or making a recalcitrant cow or goat move. The spark does no real damage (no STAMINA points are lost), though it can be useful in distracting someone's attention from more vital business – but beware a victim's wrath!

Weather Improver – Finally, this useful spell allows the caster to have a vague influence over the weather in a small area. It can turn heavy rain into light rain, light

rain into a fine drizzle, or blow away a few clouds; it cannot turn a gale or blizzard into a heatwave. (The Director may rule that the desired change in the weather will need a modifier of between −1 and −4 to achieve, or not allow an attempt to be made if the caster is too ambitious.) The weather may be affected for 3–18 minutes (Director rolls in secret) over a distance of ten metres from the caster, who may move around while the spell is in effect.

Priest Spells

This new category of spells has not been included before because priests need a proper background of deities, temples and worshippers before they can be used in a game, and this generally means a more established, campaign-style game. For the most part, too, priests tend not to venture far beyond their sacred temples, and only rarely go on expeditions or adventures. In the middle of a teeming city, however, there will be many temples, both those sanctioned by the

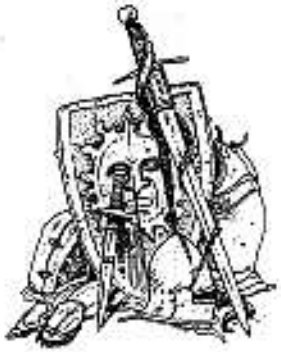

rulers and also illicit ones, as well as numerous other priests on official visits.

Priestly spells are very similar to standard Magic spells, though many of them are more concerned with life and death, and with Good and Evil, than with spectacular illusions and grand explosions of light or noise. The higher-powered spells often require long-winded rituals which can only be attempted in a temple and which are never used during an adventure.

A starting character chooses to become a priest in exactly the same way as they would a spellcaster, including reducing their SKILL. However, rather than choosing spells from the Magic spell list, they choose from the Priest spell list, which follows. Unless the character is a renegade priest, now barred or even excommunicated from his religion, every character possessing Priest spells will actually be a priest – there are no priestly equivalents of those warriors who also know a few Magic spells. On the other hand, there are no restrictions on the other Special Skills a priest may possess.

As with Magic spells, a starting Hero may not choose any costing more than 4 STAMINA points, although we have listed all those that are currently available, as Extras (and especially Bad Guys) may possess them.

	Stamina Cost		Stamina Cost
Bless	1	*All Heal*†	4
Bravery	1	*Most Blessed*	4
Darkness†	1	*Poison*‡	4
Detect Supernatural Being	1*	*Purify*	4
Fear†	1	*Restrain*†	4
Holy Command	1	*Speak with the Dead*	4
Light†	1	*Speak to Animals*†	4
Luck†	1	*Spirit Wall*	4
Peace‡	1	*Wall*†	4
Personalize Spell‡	+1*		
Silence	1	*Banish Spirit*	6
Skill†	1	*Banish Undead*†	6
Stamina†	1	*Consecrate*	6*
Ward†	1	*Raise Skeleton*	†6
		Speak to Supernatural Being	6
Blind	2	*Web*‡	6
Counter-Spell	2*		
Farseeing†	2	*Assassin's Dagger*‡	8
Fog‡	2	*Spirit Journey*	8
Languages†	2	*Summon Supernatural Being*	8
Levitate†	2		
		Death†	10

* – *See the relevant description for more details.*
† – *Same as equivalent Magic spell (see* Dungeoneer*).*
‡ – *Same as equivalent new Magic spell (see above).*

Spell Explanations

Priest spells are successfully cast by rolling against one's *Magic* Special Skill, and double-6 failures must roll on the Oops! Table as usual (see *Dungeoneer*, page 200, or the Director's own Table). Like Magic spells, those costing 6 or more STAMINA points to cast require full concentration in order to work properly; they may even require hours-long rituals before the altar. Those requiring less effort may generally be cast and then forgotten about, continuing to work until their duration expires.

Some of the spells are exactly the same as their Magic spell equivalents (see *Dungeoneer* and/or above). Those which aren't the same, or which are new, are listed here.

Bless (1) – This ritualistic blessing bestows the luck of the priest's deity on one character. It may be used to add 2 points temporarily to their LUCK or to a nominated Special Skill for one roll only. The character must be within five metres of the priest.

Bravery (1) – This spell gives a little spiritual help in a difficult situation. When cast (on a character within five metres of the priest), it allows its subject to increase his or her SKILL, and hence all Special Skills, by 2 points for five minutes or one battle, whichever is the shorter.

Detect Supernatural Being (1) – This spell simply reveals whether any creature within twenty metres is of supernatural origin. (This could include a Skeleton, Zombie, magical Familiar, Homunculus, Golem, Demon and so on.) However, for any superior supernatural being, such as a Demon (and especially where a Demon Prince is concerned), there is a great risk of being drawn unwillingly into its power. If the Demon is aware of the spell cast by the character (this is at the Director's discretion), it may enter into mental combat with the priest in an attempt to take control of the latter's brain. This is done by simply fighting a normal battle, SKILL versus SKILL plus the result of the roll of the two dice by each combatant. Neither side loses any STAMINA, but whichever character wins two rounds in a row is the

overall winner. If this is the priest, his mind is free and will most likely identify the Demon for what it is. If the Demon wins, the priest temporarily loses his mind; the Demon takes control of his body and does with it as it wishes, until it is discarded. Interfering with the supernatural can be very dangerous indeed.

Holy Command (1) – To use this spell, the priest must brandish the symbol of his deity, or wave his outstretched hand, and command any one intelligent creature with just one word; the victim will find himself powerless to resist. The word uttered could be just about anything – Back! Begone! Flee! Stop! Fall! – providing the order is something the victim could reasonably and normally do. The command 'Die', for example, would work only on a character about to pass away. The effects of a command can be heard up to three metres away, last up to two minutes, and may be resisted (at the Director's discretion) by a *Test for Luck*.

Silence (1) – This spell simply brings down a veil of silence where once there was noise. The effect lasts for 2–12 minutes (Director rolls in secret), and covers an area five metres in diameter. Within that area, nothing makes any noise whatsoever.

Blind (2) – This nasty spell causes one victim, within three metres of the caster, to lose their sight temporarily. The victim should be allowed to *Test for Luck* to resist the effect; if they fail, the blindness lasts for 1–6 minutes. The reverse of this spell cannot cure natural blindness.

Counter-Spell (2; varies) – Works exactly as the Magic spell, but counters only Priest spells. By the same logic, the Magic spell *Counter-Spell* will not cancel a Priest's spell.

Most Blessed (4) – This special blessing allows one character automatically to make any one die roll, regardless of the circumstances (within the capabilities of the character – this won't allow the performing of miracles!). It cannot be used to influence any die roll of the caster, and has a range of three metres. It can be reversed, to ensure a character automatically fails one die roll (though the Director may still allow the victim to *Test for Luck* to avoid the spell's effects).

Purify (4) – This ritual spell works like the reverse of a *Poison* spell, removing the venom from food, drink or even from a victim's body. Furthermore, if used against a truly Evil or undead being, it will cause them to recoil for a few seconds, perhaps giving the priest time to escape from their clutches. It has a range of three metres and works instantaneously.

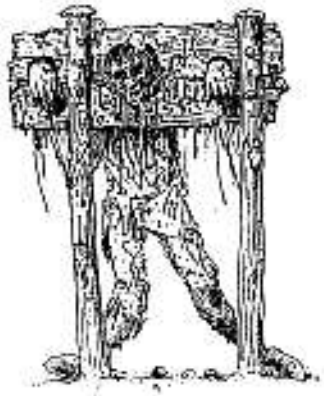

Speak with the Dead (4) – The total wisdom of the Ancients is vast indeed and, using this complicated spell, a priest can sometimes tap into it. The spell takes at least one hour to cast, and usually takes the form of a seance in the priest's temple or other sacred and protected spot. Where everyone is gathered and the spell nears its end, all those present must join hands and concentrate. The priest then makes the roll to see if the spell will work. If it does, the right ghostly voice will make itself known and may be questioned. The Director will work out just what information the entity knows, and who materializes if the priest doesn't know who to

speak to or if he fails his roll. In the case of a double-6 roll, a minor – or even a major – Demon could turn up and attempt to possess the character (use the rules given in the description of *Defect Supernatural Being*, above).

Spirit Wall (4) – This spell works in a very similar way to the Magic spell *Wall*, creating an invisible wall which can keep out Ghosts, Poltergeists and all other undead. It cannot keep out supernatural creatures like Demonspawn or Demons. The spell lasts for five minutes, surrounds an area measuring five metres in diameter, and will disappear if touched by anything inside the wall. The wall need not have the spellcaster at its centre.

Banish Spirit (6) – A priest uses this spell to free a ghostly undead spirit (a Ghost, Poltergeist, Banshee, etc.) from its earthly constraints, sending it at last on its way to its astral destination. The banishing requires fifteen minutes of preparation, the brandishing of holy symbols and the application of oils or waters holy to the priest's deity.

Consecrate (6 or more; see below) – This ritual spell purifies an area of Evil influence permanently and bars undead and Evil creatures from entering it, as if an invisible wall were built round it. The maximum area affected is a circle five metres in diameter, but this can be increased by a further five metres for every extra STAMINA point expended by the priest. To cast, the spell takes ten minutes for every STAMINA point spent (i.e. at least an hour); it requires the use of holy symbols, chalk or oil to mark the boundary of the area, and so on. The consecrated area can be removed by another priest casting the reverse of this spell, *Desecrate* (spells involving extra STAMINA points must be counteracted fully by the same number of points). A second casting of *Desecrate* creates an area which can keep out any truly Good characters, such as Elves, Gnomes and Pixies, and any especially well-behaved Heroes. Note that *Desecrate* is only ever cast by Bad Guys, and would never, ever, be used by a true Hero.

Speak to Supernatural Being (6) – This spell works in exactly the same way as *Speak with the Dead* (see above), except that a supernatural being from a higher plane may be consulted. If the priest knows both the name of the being and the plane on which they dwell, the procedure is fairly safe. However, blindly asking, 'Is there anybody there?' may well summon up something extremely nasty, which may use the link to attempt to possess the caster (see *Detect Supernatural Being*, above) or even manifest in physical form on the Earthly Plane.

Spirit Journey (8) – Using a ball of thin silver twine and this spell, the caster or another person can be transported into a nominated part of the Demonic Plane or to the higher heavens where the gods of Good and their ghostly servants dwell. Preparing for such a journey requires a full day of concentration, spell-casting and general ritual, and the spell can be cast only within an area purified by a *Consecrate* (or *Desecrate*, in the case of the Bad Guys) spell. The spell allows the traveller to cross over into the other domain and remain there for

one hour. Every hour they remain beyond that time costs the caster another 1 STAMINA point. The silver twine must form an unbroken link between the traveller and someone back at the starting place. If the cord is broken, the traveller may well become lost in the plane. Furthermore, for all the time that the way between the planes stays open, there is a chance that something very nasty will decide to use it as a short cut to the Earthly Plane! An expedition to one of the spirit planes is very dangerous; it could form the basis of an entire adventure. The Director will inform his players if such an opportunity exists in an adventure, and will then create a fully detailed episode if required.

Summon Supernatural Being (8) – Conjuring up Demons, even minor ones, is fraught with dangers, so a great many precautions must be gone through before this is attempted. Demon-summoning is a special favourite of Bad Guy priests, though it may be used by the Heroes in very exceptional circumstances (to acquire information, force a Demon to serve the cause of good, etc.). It requires the use of an area that has been cleansed and magically prepared with *Desecrate* (or *Consecrate*), and marked out with a number of rune-inscribed circles: one to hold the Demon, another to contain the caster and his accomplices. Various oils and incense must be burnt on braziers, and long-winded incantations and gestures must be made for a period of as many hours as the SKILL of the Demon being summoned. If the final *Magic* Skill roll fails, there is every chance that something very drastic will happen. The right Demon could show up but escape from its bonds; a wrong, much

stronger Demon could show up and escape its bonds; the caster and his helpers could be sucked into the Demonic Plane . . . whatever the Director feels he can cope with and which will make a nice addition to the adventure! Again, be warned – messing around with the supernatural is very much the province of Bad Guys, not Heroes.

Being a Priest

Hero characters who have chosen to be priests require a little more work from their players than usual, because of the responsibilities of their position. Of course there are those religions which encourage their priests to spend all their time adventuring, seeing it as a great opportunity to fight evil, spread the word and perhaps also gain a few Gold Pieces for the temple roof-replacement fund. Others are opposed to the adventuring life; priests of such beliefs are often like Elves, renegades from their past who have to make a new life as an adventurer. In the latter case, of course, the priest no longer has access to his or her temple, and will be unable to learn any new priest spells.

A priest character, whether played as a Hero, a Bad Guy or an Extra, must belong (or have once belonged) to a certain religion. There is a wide range of gods and lesser deities to choose from. Hero priests may choose to follow one god at a time. If the game provides an opportunity, they may convert to another faith but, doing so, they will lose all the priest spells they already know and must start again as a novice and learn new

spells through tuition and experience. Other characters may also convert to being a priest, again starting as a lowly beginner.

Note that Hero priests may not choose to be a follower of an Evil or Chaos religion; such matters are for Bad Guys, who will get their righteous come-uppance at the hands of the avenging Heroes soon enough. Where we have included such religions below, they are for the Director to apply in full detail to such Bad Guys, rather than for the players to choose.

Most of the following gods and deities are worshipped in one form or another across the whole of Titan. There are also likely to be any number of minor gods, saints, holy men and other objects of worship, peculiar to one area or tribe. In such cases the Director should invent the details for himself, using the framework below as a guide. More details of all of the gods and deities, including the minor gods of the Dwarfs and Elves and the many animal gods, may be found in the pages of *Titan*.

Courga – Also called: *Tuanar, Kirilin, Nureya*. Appearance: *Graceful warrior girl*. Special concern: *Grace*. Side: *Good*. Symbol: *Cat*. Sacred colour: *None*. Temple: *Delicate spires*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*. Doesn't teach: *Poison, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being, Death*.

Death – Also called: *The Finisher, Grim Reaper, Krsh*. Appearance: *Varies*. Special concern: *Death*. Side: *Evil and Chaos*. Symbol: *Skull*. Sacred colour: *Black*. Temple: *Varies*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*.

Decay – Also called: *The Scavenger, Urgulla*. Appearance: *Rotting skeleton*. Special concern: *Decay, Insects, Mould*. Side: *Evil and Chaos*. Symbol: *Skeletal hand or fly*. Sacred colour: *Bone white*. Temple: *Varies*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*.

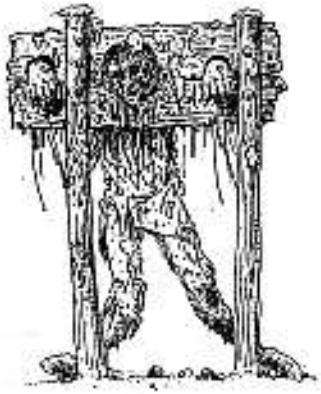

Disease – Also called: *The Festering Lord, Voma, Krur*. Appearance: *Disease-ridden, malformed man*. Special concern: *Disease*. Side: *Evil and Chaos*. Symbol: *Maggot*.

Sacred colour: *Pus yellow*. Temple: *Varies*. Adventuring priests?: *Rarely*.

Filash – Also called: *Tereb, Khrizat*. Appearance: *Fiery man*. Special concern: *Fire*. Side: *Good*. Symbol: *Flame*. Sacred colour: *Orange*. Temple: *Varies*. Adventuring priests? *Rarely*. Doesn't teach: *Darkness, Poison, Speak to Animals, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being*. Note: *Husband of Throff, father of Verlang (god of metals) and Lorodil (god of volcanoes)*.

Fourga – Also called: *Vinar, Pirin*. Appearance: *Warrior*. Special concern: *Pride*. Side: *Good/Neutral*. Symbol: *Dog*. Sacred colour: *Red*. Temple: *Square with dome*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*. Doesn't teach: *Peace, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being*. Note: *Worshipped by some Neutral and Evil peoples*.

Galana – Also called: *Erillia, Kachasta, Zaran, the Gardener*. Appearance: *Woman swathed in flowers*. Special concern: *Fertility, Plants and Elves*. Side: *Good*. Symbol: *Plant or tree*. Sacred colour: *Green*. Temple: *Glade of trees or wooden building*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*. Doesn't teach: *Languages, Poison, Speak with the Dead, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being*. Note: *Daughter of Titan*.

Glantanka – Also called: *Assamura, Herel, Ariella*. Appearance: *Silver/gold woman with glowing hair and eyes*. Special concern: *Sun*. Side: *Good*. Symbol: *Sun*. Sacred colour: *Yellow*. Temple: *Pyramid or glass dome*. Adventuring priests?: *Rarely*. Doesn't teach: *Darkness, Fog, Poison, Speak to Animals, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being*. Note: *Sister of Filash*.

Hamaskis – Also called: *Serion, Tyralar*. Appearance: *Old man or fresh-faced youth with huge open book*. Special concern: *Learning and Sorcery*. Side: *Good*. Symbol: *Staff*. Sacred colour: *Purple*. Temple: *Library*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*.

Libra – Also called: *Sicalla, Bersten, Macalla*. Appearance: *Beautiful woman*. Special concern: *Justice and Truth*. Side: *Good*. Symbol: *Scales*. Sacred colour: *Grey*. Temple: *Varies*. Adventuring priests?: *Yes*. Doesn't teach: *Fear, Blind, Fog, Poison, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being*.

Logaan – Also called: *The Trickster, Ranjan, Akolyra.* Appearance: *Crazed clown.* Special concern: *Balancing Good and Evil, Law and Chaos.* Side: *Neutral.* Symbol: *Two-headed arrow or six-pointed star.* Sacred colour: *Rainbow.* Temple: *Varies.* Adventuring priests?: *Rarely.*

Sindla – Also called: *Cheelah, Gredd, Avana, Castis.* Appearance: *Aged but handsome woman.* Special concern: *Luck and Fate.* Side: *Good.* Symbol: *Dice.* Colour: *White.* Temple: *Dome, topped with statue.* Adventuring priests?: *Yes.* Doesn't teach: *Poison, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being.* Note: *Mother of Asrel, Libra, Usrel, sister of Titan.*

Sukh – Also called: *Whaan, Tir.* Appearance: *Raging man.* Special concern: *Wind and Storms.* Side: *Good/Neutral.* Symbol: *Howling face.* Sacred colour: *None.* Temple: *Varies.* Adventuring priests?: *Yes.* Doesn't teach: *Bless, Fog, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being, Death.* Note: *Worshipped by some Evil peoples.*

Telak – Also called: *Orial, Swordbearer, Shieldbearer, the Warrior.* Appearance: *Heavily armed warrior, lion or dragon.* Special concern: *Courage.* Side: *Good.* Symbol: *Golden sword.* Sacred colour: *Gold.* Temple: *Varies.* Adventuring priests?: *Yes.* Doesn't teach: *Fear, Poison, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being.* Note: *Son of Courga and Fourga.*

Throff – Also called: *Alishanka, Kerellim.* Appearance: *Bejewelled woman.* Special concern: *Earth and Dwarfs.* Side: *Good.* Symbol: *Diamond.* Sacred colour: *Silver.* Temple: *Varies.* Adventuring priests?: *Yes (Dwarfs).* Doesn't teach: *Fear, Poison, Speak to Animals, Raise Skeleton, Spirit Journey, Summon Supernatural Being.* Note: *Wife of Filash.*

Usrel – Also called: *Liriel, Enkala, Ageral, Westrëa.* Appearance: *Motherly woman with arms outstretched.* Special concern: *Peace.* Side: *Good.* Symbol: *White flower.* Colour: *White.* Temple: *Varies.* Adventuring Priests?: *Yes.* Doesn't teach: *Blind, Poison, Raise Skeleton, Summon Supernatural Being.* Note: *Mother of Courga and Fourga.*

NEW ACTIONS AND SITUATIONS

The following rules and notes are additions to or modifications of the rules dealing with actions outside combat (which start on page 177 of *Dungeoneer*).

Disguise

A character in disguise may be called upon to use this Skill in one of two different situations. In the first, the chance is that another person may realize that the Hero is in disguise; or, to put it another way, the chance that the Hero remains undetected. In these circumstances, the Hero must use two dice to roll against his or her *Disguise* Special Skill or SKILL score, modifying the roll should any of the following conditions apply:

	Modifier
Hero does not possess *Disguise* Skill	−3
Disguise is a small change (e.g. beard)	+1
Disguise is a large change (e.g. age, skin colour)	−2
Disguise is a very large change (e.g. sex, height)	−4 or more
Bright light	−2
Dim light	+1
Dark light	+3
For first five minutes in other person's company	—
For every extra five minutes	−1
Other person unacquainted with Hero	+2
Other person acquainted with Hero	−2
Disguised as someone known to other person	−3
Per extra person present	−1
Other person has *Awareness* Skill	− number of points in Skill

In the second situation, the disguise may simply be an additional help to hiding. In this case, the number of points the Hero has in his or her *Disguise* Skill (i.e. the number above the standard SKILL score) is used as a positive modifier to a roll using *Hide* Special Skill or SKILL. This modifier replaces the +2 for 'Hero camouflaged' but not the similar modifier for 'Hero hidden among similar items' (see *Dungeoneer*, page 191, for further details). Disguise can sometimes be used in exactly the same way to modify a roll against *Sneak* Skill too.

Languages and Secret Signs

The modifier for a Hero trying to understand a character using a language covered by the *Secret Signs* Special Skill (which the Hero himself doesn't know) is −4 (see *Dungeoneer*, page 193). Characters who possess the *Secret Signs* Skill must still check against it, though there is no modifier against success. The various secret languages are usually considered to be 'spoken', though some of them may be formed from discreet hand signals, or (as in the case of the one used by the Thieves' Guild) as written symbols.

Lore Skills

The various *Lore* Special Skills imply a certain amount of knowledge – but how much? While there are certain facts which are common knowledge, and others which could be learnt with a minimum of study, others are snippets, both trivia and vital information alike, which are known to only a few. The simplest way to determine whether a character really does know something is to assess the snippet of knowledge and assign it a number

from −1 to −6, from common knowledge to an obscure fragment (in a hurry you could even roll a die). Subtract 2 from this number (to give a final modifier of +1 to −5) and use the result as the modifier for a roll *against* the character's appropriate *Lore* Skill.

This modifier can also be used for characters who do not possess an appropriate *Lore* Skill; in this case, rather than subtracting 2 from the rating of the knowledge, you add 1, giving a modifier of −2 to −7, which is then used against their standard SKILL score.

Trading and Bargaining

Any character who wants to buy something in the marketplace needs to know how to haggle in order to get a fair price. If one is trying to make a profit as a merchant, however, one needs a more specialized skill, and this is where the *Bargain* Special Skill comes in very handy.

In any particular deal, both the seller and the buyer name a price that they have in mind. If both characters involved have *Bargain* Skill, they should each roll two dice and add their Skill score, together with any applicable modifiers from the table which follows; some modi-

fiers may apply to both sides. The higher gets to pay his price. If only one person has *Bargain* Skill, he or she should check against this Skill by rolling in the usual way and modifying it if any of the following apply. If successful, he or she pays the offered price; if not, the other's price must be paid.

	Modifier
Buyer has *Con* Skill	+ number of points in Skill
Seller has *Con* Skill	− number of points in Skill
Friendly being	+2
Neutral being	—
Unfriendly being	−3
Hostile being	−5
Price offered double real worth (or more)	+3
Price offered 1½ times real worth	+1
Price offered half real worth	−2
Price offered very derisory	−4 or more
Item commonly available	+2
Item uncommon	−2
Item rare	−4
Item very rare	−6
Item stolen	+3

Bargain can also come in handy for negotiations of a more abstract nature, working similarly to *Con* Skill to persuade someone to do what you want, except that no trickery is involved. In this case, the modifiers for using *Con* Skill (see *Dungeoneer*, page 208) should be used.

SOCIAL SCALE

Finally, we introduce a new characteristic of sorts, but one which applies to a Hero's background rather than to his or her usual characteristics. The Social Scale is a generalized representation of a person's position in society. It is rated for a Hero between 1 and 6, though Extras may have a Social Scale of lower or higher than that. The higher your Social Scale, the closer you are to royalty. When creating a character, a player may do one of two things: either apply an appropriate Social Scale rating to the background they have worked out for their character (the Director should check that the players aren't all about to take on the characters of princes and kings!), or roll one die and use the Social Scale thus found as a basis for the Hero's background. The Social Scale rating should be noted in the Background area on the *Adventure Sheet*. Very approximately, these are what the Social Scale ratings imply for a male character (only minor adjustments in name need be made if your character is female):

0	*Beggar or despised criminal*
1	Peasant
2	Farmer
3	Worker
4	Craftsman
5	Craft Master
6	Leader
7	*Knight*
8	*Lord or High Priest*
9	*Prince*
10	*King*

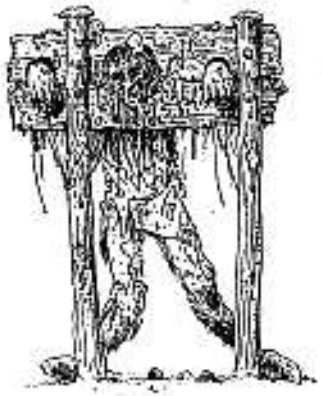

The Social Scale can sometimes be used by the Director to affect a situation in those situations where one's place on the Social Scale is important. These situations usually occur in large towns and cities; in very wild places, only characters with a Social Scale of 6 or above can hope to sound socially superior enough to get special treatment! In places where the Director rules that the Social Scale is

important, the following situations are affected by it: Bargaining, Bribing, Conning, Persuading and Reacting.

In all these situations, the highest Social Scale of any one person on one side is set against the highest on the other, and the difference between them is used as a modifier; for example, some Heroes, led by a character who ranks as a master blacksmith (5 on the Social Scale), are trying to bargain with a humdrum merchant (Social Scale 3), so they have a +2 modifier to their *Bargain* Skill roll.

Social Scale also applies in a few other special situations, such as affecting the outcome of a trial. These will be dealt with at the appropriate times, later in this book.

In the course of a game, especially during a campaign set in a large town or city, a Hero's Social Scale may well go up or down as fortune (real wealth) and fame (renown as a heroic adventurer) become smaller or greater. The Director will inform the players when this is so.

2. Town and City Adventures

In Chapter 3 you will find many details, both in rules and in background notes, about Port Blacksand. The city (or, more correctly, 'city-state') is a wonderful base for brave Heroes, with a great many adventures just waiting to happen round every street corner. If you, as Director, wish to create your own town or city settings, either filling in details of a place which already exists or creating a totally new place, you may find the following guidelines useful.

DESIGNING A SETTLEMENT

In this game, most villages, towns and cities will at first be just the backdrop against which the plot of a particular adventure is played out. In the adventure at the end of this book, for example, the village of Meerham is not really important to the plot; the trading caravans could meet just about anywhere. As your games develop, however, the idea of a base for the Heroes to operate from becomes increasingly important. Furthermore, there may be places which the Heroes have to visit time and time again, in search of information, assistance or Bad Guys.

To begin with, the easiest way for a Director to cope with these extra demands is to use places which have already been detailed, either in the Advanced Fighting

Fantasy books or by him or herself. For example, it is very easy simply to re-use the same tavern every time the Heroes need to visit one. In this instance, either a large inn like the Black Lobster (from *Titan*) or the smaller Dragon's Tooth tavern (from *Dungeoneer*) will serve admirably time and time again. Similar maps can be drawn up detailing towers, temples, farmhouses, castles, small villages and so on.

As a game turns into a long-running campaign, however, some unique locations may be required. Should this be the case, follow these guidelines for creating any location, from a small peasant hut at the roadside to a massive city the size of Salamonis.

1. Choose a location.
2. Choose a settlement, or place a new one.
3. Draw and name the settlement.
4. Name and detail selected buildings, and other important details.
5. Name and detail selected inhabitants of selected buildings.

Of course, not all these steps are equally important on every occasion. If you need only to name a tavern and generate its inhabitants, start at the fourth step rather than the first one.

Choosing a Location

In *Titan*, the invaluable reference guide to the whole Fighting Fantasy world, you will find large-scale maps of the three main continents of Titan, together with most of the major islands. What you won't find, however, are detailed maps of every last town and village. This is to allow Directors room to add their own, whenever an adventure demands it.

If you are inventing an adventure or a site for your campaign from scratch, you will obviously have to choose an appropriate place from the maps of Allansia, the Old World and Khul in *Titan*. You may decide to pick an exotic location, such as tropical plains and jungle (Arantis), northern forests and mountains (Frostholm),

Oriental lands (Hachiman and the Isles of the Dawn), Arabian-style deserts (the Desert of Skulls and the Scythera Desert), or whatever takes your fancy. More details of all these places may be found in *Titan*. Note, though, that the more exotic the location, the more work you will probably have to do, as things like the seasons, weather and local customs will be very different from what your players will be used to. Northern Allansia (and much of the settled part of the Old World) is quite similar to Europe, and will therefore be familiar to many readers. Since many of the Fighting Fantasy gamebooks are also set there, that is the place on which we shall concentrate our examples.

Choosing a Settlement

Having decided on an area, the next stage is either to choose somewhere already indicated on the map or, alternatively, to create a new place that will prove more suitable for your adventure – there's no point in going to the trouble of detailing an entire city if all you need

for the plot of your adventure is a small village with a blacksmith's shop and a nearby cave! If you need more 'facilities' – be it a tavern or two, a guild or temple, or whatever – you will obviously have to increase the size of the settlement.

The exact size of the place may also depend on the needs of your Heroes. Some Heroes like to be right in the thick of things, with danger and adventure lurking round every corner; for them, only a vermin-pit like Port Blacksand, Kharé or Tak will provide the excitement they need. Others, though, may prefer the peace and civilization of Salamonis, Royal Lendle or Ximoran – though even such isolated pockets of tranquillity cannot escape for ever the attentions and plottings of Evil beings.

When we talk about a village, we really mean any settlement with a population from about 15 to 500 people. Below that number, there aren't likely to be more than two or three houses. While such isolated dwellings certainly do exist, they aren't common in the

wilder parts of places like Allansia because of the danger from bandits and monsters. Everything we say about towns in the notes below, incidentally, applies also to villages, but obviously in a more limited way.

In Allansia, towns can be assumed to contain from about 500 up to 3,000 people, while a city is even larger than that. It's often the case that the main difference between a town and a city is not so much its size as its wealth or importance in terms of being a centre of government and so on. Some city-states (that is, a city which is also the sole province of a ruler, like Port Blacksand) may not be very much larger than many less important towns. Towns and cities have many features that villages generally lack, including walls, castles, temples and so on (though a few villages can have all of these!).

Creating any sort of settlement is often made easier by working out how and why it happened to grow up where it did. Yes, we know that it did both of these solely to satisfy your need for a setting for your adventure. In real life, though, places exist for a reason. Towns and cities are always found near a regular water supply, whether a small stream or a wide river; and bridges are another reason for a town forming. Ports often grow up at the point where a large river meets the sea. Prime

farmland soon attracts settlers to work it: they may then band together for mutual protection behind the wooden stockade of a new village. A main trade-route needs to be served with frequent resting places, that is, inns; small settlements quickly spring up round a very successful inn, supplying horses, stabling and other goods.

Drawing the Settlement

Get hold of a piece of paper and some pencils, and start sketching your village or town. Concentrate first on the general shape of the place. Many settlements are centred on a crossroads, with a market at the very spot where the main roads meet. Town walls tend to form a roughly circular shape, except where natural features such as a hill or a river intervene. A cross enclosed by a roughly circular shape is quite sufficient!

At first you needn't worry about individual houses and shops; think instead about where the main features could be. These would include some of the following

(though some will be present only in the largest cities): a marketplace, ruler's castle, harbour area, poor district, merchants' district, wealthy district, temples, bazaar, or no-go area. A town in a particular area, say in the far north, could have a quarter where Dwarfs or members of other races dwell. If your adventure already features a specific place, now is the time to add that, too. Think also of a name for your town or village, if you aren't designing a place that already exists on the map of Allansia, the Old World or wherever.

Once you have a general sketch-map that you are happy with, put in at least some of the buildings, and name some of the major streets. If you are feeling especially artistic, take a look at the maps of Port Blacksand in the next chapter and then try something similar; it's actually fairly easy – though very time-consuming – to draw in every last little building! Street names sometimes reflect the businesses situated in them.

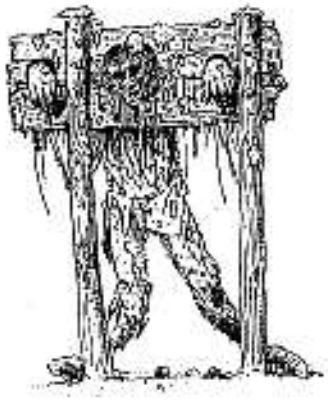

Detailing Selected Buildings

Once you have some buildings drawn in, you can start to add many more details. These are covered in the various sections that follow. Ignore any results which don't apply, and feel free to add further details if you want to customize your village, town or city even more.

Population

The population of a village or town can be found by counting up every single building in it. Multiply that number by 6, 7, or 8 to discover how many people live there (by 6 for a place that is unimportant or out of the way, by 8 for a very important or busy place). If you are detailing a settlement in an area which has a higher population density, such as in a land with a vaguely Middle Eastern or Indian flavour for example, multiply the number of buildings by 10 or even more to find out the number of people per building. For example, the village of Meerham featured in *A Shadow over Blacksand!* has 28 buildings, and is an averagely busy place; so it has a population of 196 people.

Markets

No matter how self-sufficient it may be in terms of food, a settlement – and the area round it – cannot hope to survive for very long without some sort of trade with the outside world. Many places carry out their trade at a regular weekly market of some sort. Work out the population of your settlement, then roll one die and consult the Table below to determine how many market days there are each week. Note that a city is likely to

have more than one market, and may also have specialist permanent markets dealing with specific things (for example a fish market in a major port.) A place which does not have a market will be visited by individual merchants at irregular intervals.

	Die Roll					
	1	2	3	4	5	6
1–150	–	–	–	–	–	1
150–320	–	–	1	1	1	2
320–500	–	1	1	1	2	2
500–1,000	1	1	2	2	2	3
1,000–2,000	2	2	3	3	3	4
2,000+	2	3	4	5	6	7

Once you have determined how many market days there are, you can – if you wish – add more detail by working out what sort of stalls there are at the market. To determine how many market stands there are, divide the population of the village or town by 100; if the population of the town is less than 1,000, divide it by 50 or 30. Then roll for each stall on the Table below using two dice for a village and three dice for a larger settlement.

2–3	Agricultural produce (fruit, vegetables, wheat)
4	Dairy produce (milk, cheese)
5–6	Fish* or meat
7	Livestock
8–9	Prepared food and/or drink
10	Cloth goods

11	Leather goods
12	Metal goods
13	Armour and/or weapons
14–15	Exotic – roll on Businesses Table 1 (next section)
16	Exotic – roll on Businesses Table 2
17	Exotic – roll on Businesses Table 3
18	Exotic – roll on Businesses Table 4

* – *Depending on whether near a large river or the sea.*

Businesses

Quite plainly, a Director does not need to fill in the details of every single business and private home in a village or town – and, for somewhere the size of Port Blacksand or Salamonis, this would be an almost impossible task! Many places need never be detailed, while others will have their use determined only if an adventure requires it. If you wish, you can fill in some places: special buildings, such as the royal palace or castle, a major temple, tavern or sports arena can be placed at appropriate locations in the town or city. In a small

village, the sole tavern, general shop or watermill can easily be filled in immediately, with no need to roll on the following tables.

The exact nature of most of the businesses can be generated by using two dice to roll on the following tables, according to the area in question. If 'Businesses' is indicated, you should re-roll on the numbered Businesses Tables which follow. An 'Empty' house may just be that, standing in ruins, or it could be secretly in use (by a secret religious cult or thieves, say). For a 'Private house', you may if you wish roll on Table 3 or 4 to discover what the householder does for a living, and then pick another building for their place of work. A 'Tenement' is simply a multi-storey building divided into a number of dwellings, usually in a poor and overcrowded condition. A 'Village' on this Table denotes a fairly large settlement, one with more than just a single general store and an alehouse.

	Village	Poor District	Merchant District	Wealthy District
Empty	2	2	2	2
Private house	3–5	3–5	3–4	3–6
Tenement	–	6–7	5	–
Businesses (Table 1)	6–12	8–10	6–7	–
Businesses (Table 2)	–	11	8–9	7
Businesses (Table 3)	–	12	10–11	8
Businesses (Table 4)	–	–	12	9–12

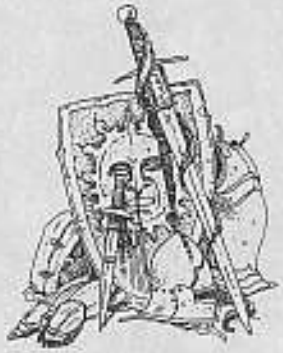

Businesses Tables

To use the following tables, roll two dice of different colours, treating one as the 'tens' and the other as the 'units' so that a roll of 2 and 3 makes 23, not 5. Those entries marked with an asterisk (*) are found only in places near a large body of water (a sea, lake or wide river). Those marked with a dagger (†) are dealt with in greater detail in the sections following the Tables.

Table 1 – Poor Businesses

11	Baker	21	Butcher
12	Barn	22	Carpenter
13	Blacksmith	23	Cart maker
14	Boat builder*	24	Cobbler
15	Brewer	25	Cooper (barrel maker)
16	Builder	26	Coppersmith, brass or lead worker
31	Farmer – livestock	41	Horse trader
32	Farmer – grain	42	Inn†
33	Farmer – fruit	43	Laundry
34	Farmer – general	44	Leather worker
35	Farmer – general	45	Mill (water or wind)
36	General trader	46	Potter
51	Roofer or thatcher	61	Tavern†
52	Sail maker*	62	Temple or shrine†
53	Sharpener	63	Tinker
54	Shepherd	64	Warehouse
55	Stable	65	Weaver
56	Stonemason	66	Wheelwright

Table 2 – Merchant Businesses I

11	Animal trader	21	Barber
12	Animal trainer	22	Blacksmith
13	Armourer	23	Boat builder*
14	Astrologer or fortune teller	24	Bow maker
15	Baker	25	Brewer
16	Baker	26	Butcher

31	Candle maker	41	Engraver
32	Carpet maker	42	Fletcher (arrow maker)
33	Cartographer (map maker)	43	Flower seller
34	Clock maker	44	Food seller
35	Coppersmith	45	Food seller
36	Dried meat seller	46	Food seller
51	Fruit seller	61	General trader
52	Fruit seller	62	General trader
53	Furniture maker	63	Guild headquarters
54	Furrier	64	Herb seller
55	General trader	65	Horn worker
56	General trader	66	Horse trader

Table 3 – Merchant Businesses II

11	Horse trainer	21	Locksmith and key maker
12	Inn†	22	Moneylender
13	Jeweller	23	Net maker
14	Lead smith	24	Outfitter
15	Leather worker	25	Paper and ink seller
16	Linen maker	26	Pawnshop
31	Perfumer	41	Soap maker
32	Potter	42	Spice trader
33	Roofer or thatcher	43	Stables
34	Rope maker	44	Stonemason
35	Sail maker*	45	Sword smith
36	Silk trader	46	Tailor

51	Tattooist	61	Warehouse – roll again for goods inside
52	Tavern†	62	Warehouse – roll again for goods inside
53	Taxidermist	63	Warehouse – roll again for goods inside
54	Temple or shrine†	64	Weapon trainer
55	Undertaker	65	Weaver
56	Vet	66	Wine seller

Table 4 – Wealthy Businesses

11	Alchemist	21	Bird trader
12	Architect	22	Clock maker
13	Animal trader	23	Courthouse
14	Animal trainer	24	Court official
15	Artist	25	Flower seller
16	Astrologer	26	Food seller
31	Furrier	41	Lawyer
32	Gambling hall	42	Locksmith and key maker
33	Goldsmith	43	Musical instruments
34	Guild headquarters	44	Musician or entertainer
35	Inn†	45	Physician
36	Jeweller	46	Public baths

51 Silversmith
52 Sailor*
53 Scholar
54 Soldier
55 Sorcerer
56 Stable
61 Spice merchant
62 Tavern†
63 Temple or shrine†
64 Warehouse
65 Weapon shop
66 Wine seller

Inns and Taverns

You will find a large section in *Titan* dealing with the inns and taverns of various parts of the known world. Basically, the chief difference between an inn and a tavern is that the former provides for the needs of travellers, with stabling, bedrooms and food as well as drink, whereas the latter provides only drink. As a result, of course, inns tend to be large affairs, often constructed round a central courtyard; while taverns can be any size, from large drinking halls and alehouses to illicit hole-in-the-wall drinking dens. It is quite likely that an inn or tavern found in an isolated village or town brews its own ale and distils its own spirits.

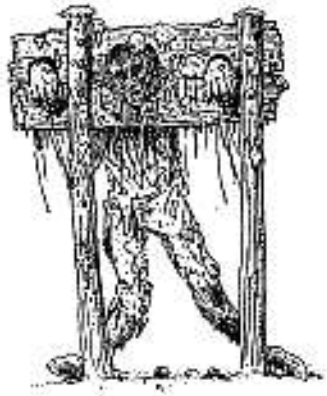

When creating an inn or tavern, you should either deliberately decide on its quality and the number of customers present at any particular time, or randomly roll on the following tables:

Quality of Inn or Tavern – roll one die. In a poor district, reduce the result of your roll by 1 point; in a wealthy district, increase the result by 1 point. The first part of this table (rolling 1–6 to decide on quality) can also be used to determine the quality of goods in a shop or from a particular trader.

0–1 Awful: ale watered, food little more than slop, communal dormitory with no furniture, lots of lice and rats, etc.
2 Poor: ale flat, food stale and tasteless, communal dormitory with straw mats, dirty.
3 Average: acceptable ale, terrible wine, food warm and edible, communal dormitory with beds, swept occasionally.

4 Fair: good ale, drinkable wine, food hot and acceptable, clean communal dormitory with beds, plus 1–3 private rooms.

5 Good: as 'fair' only better, food very tasty, and in large portions, several clean, private rooms.

6–7 Great: as 'good' but still better, special dishes cooked to order, personal service, separate suites of rooms.

Number of Customers – Determine the class of the area and the time of day, then roll the number of dice indicated to see how many customers are in the establishment. (The number in the Table is not the number of people, but the number of dice that must be rolled.) There will also be 1–3 people working in the place. As always, the Director may fiddle these numbers or disregard them entirely, to produce a very full or almost empty tavern if an adventure requires it.

	Morning	Afternoon	Evening	Night
Poor District	4	4	6	5
Merchant District	4	5	6	2
Wealthy District	2	4	6	1

Temples and Shrines

Major temples should be located deliberately in a town or city; smaller temples and religious shrines may, however, be generated using the random Businesses Tables, above. Smaller temples may be illegal ones,

hiding behind a seemingly innocent front (roll again on the same Businesses Table to determine what the building looks like to the average passer-by). Temples which aren't 'undercover' are usually festooned with imposing statues and symbols of the deity in question, and hold weekly public ceremonies on the god's or deity's special day; these may be attended by anything from a handful to several thousand people, depending on the temple's size and importance in the town or city.

Shrines are places of special religious significance, where worshippers come to study or pray. To find out the form a shrine takes, roll one die:

1 Ancient writing or pictures.
2 Holy spring; may have special healing or other powers.
3 Holy statue.
4 Sacred relic; (apparently) a deity's or priest's bones, skull, heart, etc.

5 Sacred spot; could be the site of a deity's or priest's birth, a battle, etc.
6 Sacred stone; may have magical powers.

Other Considerations

At this stage (if you have not already done so) you should also start to consider the way the place is run, especially when generating a large town or city. If you've located a royal palace, guild headquarters and law courts, you should start to work out what goes on there, who might be found there, and so on. If you are in need of inspiration, take a look at the next chapter and see how such things are handled in Port Blacksand – though please bear in mind while reading it that this city is designed to be a very nasty place, and not all municipalities are quite so hard on their inhabitants!

If the Heroes are going to spend any length of time in the settlement, it could be handy to work out exactly what it costs to live in a particular tavern, and in the city

in general. There are full price-lists for a number of different parts of the world in *Titan*.

One splendid way of creating almost instant adventures is the Rumour Table. You will find an example of this for Port Blacksand in the next chapter. It gives a few dozen examples of the sort of true, partially true or completely false stories that the Heroes may well hear from people in taverns, gossiping on street corners or elsewhere. Have a look at how this works for Port Blacksand, and then try assembling a Rumour Table for your own settlement.

Detailing Selected Inhabitants

As with buildings, so special inhabitants should also be created by the Director as Extras, using the notes in *Dungeoneer* (page 382 onwards), to play a specific part in an adventure. Characters who appear regularly, either as Bad Guys or as friends and contacts of the Heroes, will develop almost by themselves, and require very little work.

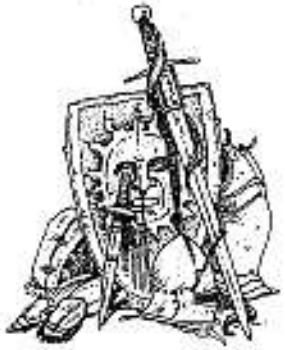

Other Extras may need to be generated in case the Heroes do something to attract their attention. These could include a couple of members of the city guard and their captain, a tax collector, pickpocket, beggar, tavern landlord, and so on.

The professions of other characters can be determined by rolling on the Businesses Tables in the last section; the Merchant Businesses Tables are the most suitable, though any can be used, depending on the character's social background.

Randomly Rolled Personalities

As we said earlier, you can assume that every building in a town or city houses between 6 and 8 people, or more in a specially populous land. Some will obviously house fewer, others more, but those are at the Director's discretion. To find out a character's sex, roll one die; an odd number means the person is male, an even one female.

To find the age of each inhabitant, roll one die on the following Table:

1 Child (0–10)
2 Teenager (11–20)
3 Young Adult (21–30)
4 Adult (31–40)
5 Middle-aged (41–50)
6 Elderly (51 +)

To personalize a character even further, roll up to three times on each of the following two Tables to discover their appearance and character. If two rolls cancel each other out, roll again – or treat the character as having a split personality, changing from one to the other at random! If the same result comes up more than once, the feature or trait is especially strong. Use two different-coloured dice, reading them as 'tens' and 'units' respectively:

Appearance

11	Bald	21	Clumsy
12	Beautiful	22	Deaf
13	Big nose	23	Dextrous
14	Blind	24	Dirty
15	Broad	25	Eagle-eyed
16	Clean	26	Fat

31	Hairy	41	One-handed
32	Handsome	42	One-legged
33	Keen hearing	43	Plain
34	Long-haired	44	Powerful
35	Nondescript	45	Puny
36	One-eyed	46	Short
51	Shortsighted	61	Thin
52	Spotty	62	Ugly
53	Stocky	63	Unkempt
54	Strong	64	Weak
55	Stuttering	65	Young-looking
56	Tall	66	Wrinkled

Character

11	Arrogant	21	Cowardly
12	Brave	22	Dishonest
13	Cheeky	23	A dreamer
14	Cheerful	24	Dull
15	Clever	25	Flamboyant
16	A collector*	26	Forceful

31	Greedy	41	Jealous
32	Happy	42	A liar
33	Hard working	43	Mean
34	Honest	44	Paranoid
35	Humble	45	Religious
36	Intellectual	46	Rude
51	Scheming	61	Suspicious
52	Sensible	62	Trusting
53	Silly	63	Truthful
54	Soft-hearted	64	Unhappy
55	Spendthrift	65	Violent
56	Stupid	66	Youthful

**– A collector may be seeking out specific items (coins, books, legends and tales, weapons, art, jewels, say) or simply a collector of anything and everything!*

New Creatures

The ravening monsters and more devious humanoids which are listed below may also be encountered in urban settings. In most cases, that doesn't mean they will be met when strolling casually down Market Street! Rather, many will be found lurking in dark, out-of-the-way corners like the sewers or in ancient, abandoned graveyards just outside the city walls, emerging to stalk the streets only after sundown or during the nastiest weather conditions.

As usual, all are presented in the standard monster format, in the following order: Name, Type, Number

met, Reaction, Intelligence, SKILL, STAMINA, (Number of Attacks), Weapon. More details on most of them may be found in *Out of the Pit*, the book of Fighting Fantasy monsters.

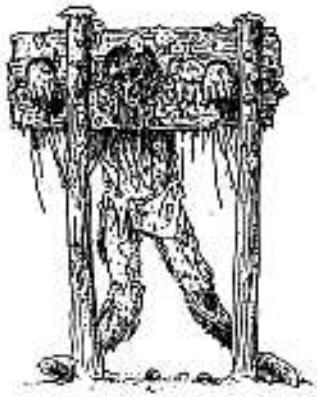

Bat: Animal – 25–30 met (24 + 1 die) – Unfriendly – Low – SKILL 4 STAMINA 4 – Small bite
Bats will attack only if threatened or magically enchanted to do so.

Giant Bat: Animal – 1 met – Unfriendly – Low – SKILL 5 STAMINA 8 – Large bite
Usually found only in warm southern climates. If the trainer is very patient, this rodent may be trained and ridden.

Bloodbeast: Monster – 1 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 12 STAMINA 10 – Very Large bite
Huge, sewer-dwelling monstrosity with dozens of eyes. Prehensile tongue does only Small bite damage on first hit, then Very Large bite damage after that.

Brain Slayer: Humanoid – 1 met – Hostile – High – SKILL 10 STAMINA 10 – 2 Attacks – Special (hypnotism)
Like a human body topped by an octopus, with deep hypnotic eyes: opponent must successfully *Test for Luck* twice or lose 1 SKILL and 1 STAMINA from energy-draining tentacles.

Bristle Beast: Animal – 1 met – Friendly–Unfriendly – Low – SKILL 5 STAMINA 7 – Small bite
Dog-sized, spiny-backed lizard often kept as exotic and very loyal pet.

Crypt Stalker: Undead – 1–2 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 8 STAMINA 6 – Large fist
Loyal servant of a dead man, it now guards his tomb for ever. Looks like a Zombie, rotting flesh and clothes; hurt only by enchanted weapons.

Dead Wraith: Undead – 1 met – Hostile – Average – SKILL 9 STAMINA 8 – Sword
Evil man's spirit trapped on the Earthly Plane as a wispy ghost; hurt only by a silver weapon or magic.

Demonspawn: Demon – 2–7 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 6 STAMINA 6 – Large claw
Mutant Demon warrior, formed from the stuff of the Demonic Planes, usually summoned by an Evil sorcerer.

Fire Sprite: Magical creature – 1–3 met – Hostile – Average – SKILL 7 STAMINA 4 – Burning hand (3 points)

Tiny elemental, fiery humanoids summoned by sorcerers; water does not affect them but smothering them sends them back to their own domain.

Hamakei: Humanoid – 1 met – Neutral – High – SKILL 7 STAMINA 5 – Dagger or staff
Ancient vulture-headed humanoid, often solitary scholars and very powerful sorcerers.

Hobgoblin: Humanoid – 1–6 met – Hostile – Average – SKILL 6 STAMINA 6 – Weapon
Ugly and brutish humanoid, half way between an Orc and a Goblin; will always attack an Elf on sight.

Leaf Beast: Magical creature – 3 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 6 STAMINA 3 – Large claw
Found only in Port Blacksand, Lord Azzur's three Leaf Beasts guard his fabled Black Lotus flowers, turning

from bushes into a ravening lion, tiger and leopard when needed.

Man-Orc: Humanoid – 1 or 2–12 met – Neutral–Unfriendly – Average–High – SKILL 8 STAMINA 6 – Weapon
Solitary offspring of Orc and human, shunned by most but sometimes living in isolated villages.

Mucalytic: Monster – 1–2 met – Unfriendly–Hostile – Average – SKILL 8 STAMINA 9 – 2 Attacks – Large fists plus poisonous gas
Sewer-dwelling trunked humanoids who can exhale a fatal gas at opponents; the smell from their disgusting lair reduces any combat SKILL by 2 points!

Pit Fiend: Reptile – 1 met – Unfriendly – Low – SKILL 12 STAMINA 15 – 3 Attacks – Large claws and Large bite
A 10-metre-long, giant biped lizard, often kept for the highlight of a gladiator's career!

Poltergeist: Undead – 1 met – Hostile – Average – SKILL 9 STAMINA 0 – Anything to hand
An invisible spirit trapped on the Earthly Plane, an angry Poltergeist will throw or wield anything to hand; cannot be harmed except by certain Priest spells.

Rhino-man: Humanoid – 1–3 met – Neutral–Unfriendly – Average – SKILL 8 STAMINA 9 – Weapon
Tough-skinned, rhinoceros-headed humanoids, usually found in warmer southern climes in service of Evil leaders.

Shapechanger: Humanoid/monster – 1 met – Neutral–Hostile – High – SKILL 10 STAMINA 10 – 2 Attacks – Large claws
Usually a spiny, Lizard Man-like creature, may take any humanoid form when snatching a solitary person to eat (changes back to usual form to attack).

Slime Eater: Monster – 1–3 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 7 STAMINA 11 – 3 Attacks – Large claws and Large bite
Massive, sewer-dwelling, blubbery, roughly humanoid monstrosities.

Giant Snake: Reptile – 1 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 7 STAMINA 11 – Very large bite
Statistics given are for a 15-metre-long snake (add 1 SKILL and 3 STAMINA for every extra five metres above this). Two hits in a row mean that the snake has swallowed its opponent.

Poisonous Snake: Reptile – 1–6 met – Unfriendly – Low – SKILL 5 STAMINA 2 – Small bite (+2 for poison)
Snakes are found virtually anywhere, though normal-sized ones will in general attack only if harassed.

Sewer Snake: Reptile – 1 met – Hostile – Low – SKILL 6 STAMINA 7 – Large bite
These grey-brown, five-metre-long serpents favour dropping on to their prey from above.

Spirit Stalker: Undead – 1 met – Hostile – High – SKILL 10 STAMINA 8 – Burning touch (2 points)
Pallid, ghoulish, decaying human, this spirit is hurt only by silver weapons or magic.

Vampire: Undead – 1 met – Hostile – High – SKILL 10 STAMINA 15 – 3 Attacks – Large fist or weapon
A Vampire's hypnotic gaze needs a successful *Test for*

Luck to avoid. If hypnotized, victim will be bitten; if bitten on three consecutive nights, the victim too is now a Vampire. It is hurt only by silver weapons (which can't kill it), some powerful magics, a stake through the heart or exposure to direct sunlight. Vampires can turn into a bat at will.

Wererat: Humanoid – 1–2 met – Unfriendly–Hostile – High – SKILL 8 STAMINA 6 – Small claw
Unlike other Were-creatures, Wererats are fairly sociable. In rat form, they have a keen sense of smell and possess *Dark Seeing* Skill.

Wight: Undead – 1 met – Hostile – Average – SKILL 9 STAMINA 6 – Large fist
This mad-eyed, rotting, undead being can suck the life-force from an opponent, removing 1 SKILL point for every 3 successful hits on an adversary.

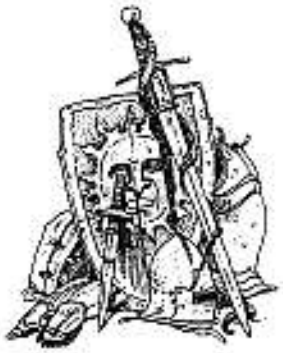

TOWN AND CITY ADVENTURING

Now that the Director (that's you) has conjured up this wonderful village, town or city, the next step is to bring the Heroes in to wreck – whoops, experience – it in all its glory.

If the setting has been created for a specific adventure, and this has also been written, nothing more need now be done other than to run it.

If the settlement is designed to be the base for the Heroes, and for the campaign, you (as Director) will need to take a little more care and go into a little more detail. This is because the invariable first reaction of all Heroes is to treat the town or city as if it were an open-air dungeon. They will run around attacking anyone who cheats them, bumps into them, or simply looks 'a bit funny'. If there is any sense of reality in your world, then quite plainly the moment they try this on anywhere with even the smallest contingent of town guard or militia, they will be run out of town or arrested, thus ruining all your hard preparatory work.

The best way to ease your Heroes into the setting you have built for them is to create an adventure which takes them to the village, town or city, and then allows

them gently to start to interact with it. Make it a condition of their stay that they find rooms at an inn to spend the night, then for a few nights, then for a few weeks. Make them buy meals or go on shopping trips, introduce them to a couple of characters (a landlord, say, and a fairly trustworthy fellow-adventurer who knows where interesting jobs can be found). The Heroes – and their players – will obviously feel a little disorientated at first, not knowing where anything is. Feel free to throw your rough map on the table and let the players examine it while you point out the main features and add some words of description – though you may also insist that the Heroes go to a map maker to buy their own copy!

Continuing Plotlines

Once you have run a first adventure in the place, others should soon follow as a matter of course. In our experience, people who were minor Extras in the last plot always seem to be turning up at the Heroes' door in

desperate need of help in the next. City authorities – always led by that really infuriating captain who seems desperate to make the Heroes' lives a misery! – are continually turning up on some pretext or other to harass the Heroes with new taxes designed to bankrupt them. Even worse, accusations can be made that their meddlesome exploring beneath the streets of the city in a previous adventure has somehow awoken something very nasty in the sewers!

Even if you don't have a tie-in to a previous adventure to follow up with, there are plenty of ways to plunge the Heroes into the thick of things with the minimum of effort. The walls of city taverns and the various guilds are plastered with handwritten signs saying: 'Help wanted for dangerous mission. Generous reward. Apply . . .' Truly astonishing numbers of strange-looking people stagger up to Heroes in the street and collapse in their arms, with a dagger in their back and a strange parchment in their hands. And if you are really stuck for an idea, why not suddenly present the Heroes with a bill for their weeks of lodging and meals in their tavern base – and then suggest a few ways for them to go out and earn some money to pay this.

As for adventuring ideas, well there are plainly hundreds to choose from, and we are sure that several are already suggesting themselves to you. If you need a few hints, however, you will find a number of storylines in *Dungeoneer* (page 378) and a whole crop more at the end of the next chapter in this book, in which we go into great detail about one particular city: the legendary Port Blacksand!

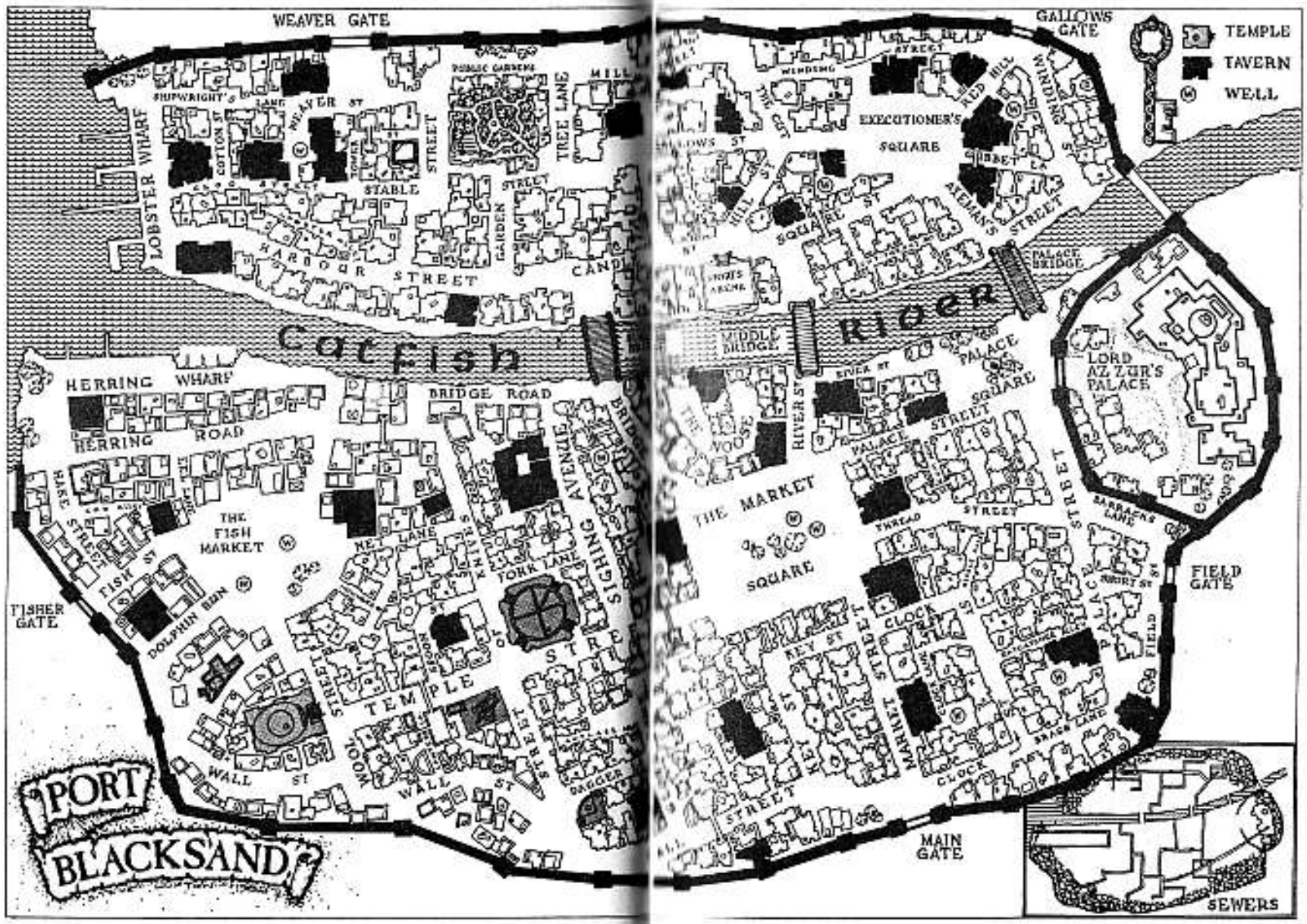
WEAVER GATE
GALLOWS GATE
TEMPLE
TAVERN
WELL
SHIPWRIGHT'S LANE
WEAVER ST
PUBLIC GARDENS
TREE LANE
MILL
LOBSTER WHARF
COTTON ST
TOWER
STABLE
STREET
GARDEN
HARBOUR STREET
CAND
EXECUTIONER'S SQUARE
RED HILL
WINDING
GALLOWS ST
SQUARE ST
ALEHAN'S STREET
PALACE BRIDGE
Catfish
River
MIDDLE BRIDGE
HERRING WHARF
HERRING ROAD
BRIDGE ROAD
AVENUE
SIGNING
HAKE STREET
THE FISH MARKET
FISH ST
DOLPHIN INN
NE LANE
YORK LANE
TISHER GATE
TEMPLE
WOOL
WALL ST
DAGGER
PALACE SQUARE
RIVER ST
PALACE STREET
LORD AZ ZUR'S PALACE
THE MARKET SQUARE
THREAD STREET
BARRACKS LANE
FIELD GATE
CLOCK
KEY ST
MARKET STREET
BRASS LANE
FIELD
MAIN GATE
SEWERS
PORT BLACKSAND

3. PORT BLACKSAND

This chapter has two aims: first, to provide a base for the Heroes, in a setting where adventures may be only a few metres away; secondly, it shows how a Director can go about designing and detailing a living, breathing town or city, even one the size of Blacksand. Of course, we certainly don't expect a Director to sit down and design anything the size of the City of Thieves just like that; but all the principles of this large settlement apply to smaller places, and there are many sections, Extras and situations which can be borrowed for your own settings.

A BRIEF HISTORY

Port Blacksand is not known as the City of Thieves for nothing. Sitting at the very point where the Catfish River meets the sea, like an open sore on a dying leper, it is home to every pirate, assassin, thief, brigand and general evil-doer for hundreds of leagues around. As you will know if you have studied every true adventurer's handbook, *Titan*, Port Blacksand is ruled by the evil Lord Azzur; it is built upon the ruins of a much larger ancient city called Carsepolis. The following list summarizes the most important dates in the city's history.

1408 OT After wandering the Pagan Plains for many years, Cares Stormchild settles his tribe at the mouth of the Catfish River. He later bridges the river, and later still builds a wooden stockade around the growing settlement.

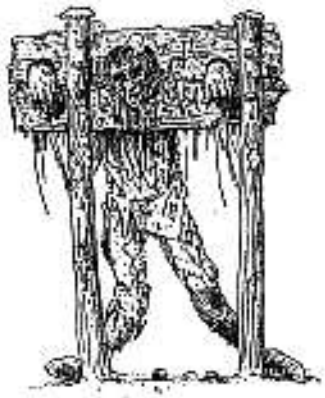

1574 OT Cares-town is a thriving walled town, but after a split in its ruling council, the heir-less King Cares Whitewolf is poisoned. The town is ruled by stewards, until a descendant of the royal family can be found.

1601 OT King Coros Sword-breaker reappears to claim the throne, and founds the long-running Dynasty of Swords.

1649 OT The treaty of Coros III divides Allansia into a number of kingdoms, the largest being Allansia itself, ruled from Carsepolis, now a city and port with wide streets, a seat of culture and place of protection.

1735 OT The sorcerer Yannisara, a pupil of the Archmage Erridansis of Salamonis, founds his school of wizardry in Carsepolis, teaching

eager students the miraculous new sorcery. His first pupil, Solos, is employed as court sorcerer to Coros VII, also known as Coros the Mystic.

1962 OT Chaos is loosed upon the world from its prison in the Dead City in the heart of Khul.

1998 OT Tainted with Chaos, evil armies of Orcs and Trolls instigate the War of the Wizards with an assault on Goldoran, the northern capital. After a quick victory, they march south into Allansia.

1999 OT/ 0 AC After being held back in the Trolltooth Pass by the soldiers of Salamonis but reinforced by Dark Elves and Orcs from the Moonstone Hills, the Forces of Chaos turn their attention on Carsepolis. After a costly defensive action which holds the walls for fifteen terrible days, the battle is won by its defenders after the arrival of Dwarf and Elf reinforcements.

Carsepolis is tainted by Chaos, its ruins wandered by the ghosts of the dead. It is abandoned to the vultures, its surviving people given shelter in Salamonis.

121 AC The ruined dock areas of ancient Carsepolis start to be used as shelter for pirates and brigands. As more ruffians and evil-doers use the place as a hideout, it slowly but surely becomes a thriving community once more.

171 AC The self-styled Prince Olaf Twohorse originally a pirate chief called Eril Shaker) proclaims himself leader of Blacksands Town. Under his leadership, walls are constructed and many new buildings start to be built on top of the ancient ruins of Carsepolis.

192 AC Twohorse founds the prison colony on Fire Island to cope with the great numbers of criminals sentenced under his harsh laws.

201 AC Twohorse is deposed and murdered by a rival pirate known as Daggerface.

202 AC Daggerface dies in a knife fight, and is succeeded by his killer, Jonjo Ruby. Three months later, Ruby is herself killed, poisoned by a jealous suitor.

204 AC Port Blacksand remains leaderless for two years, before power is seized by Marak Greysteel, a northern barbarian chieftain famed for his proficiency with a sword.

211 AC Greysteel is deposed by Baron Illios Valentis, a merchant turned ruthless pirate captain. He encourages stable growth and trade, and (in 219) establishes the city militia under the command of his brother, Drakna. Port Blacksand grows prosperous, but remains irredeemably corrupt.

239 AC In the city of Arion in far Khul, a sixteen-year-old boy named Varek Azzur is initiated into the cult of Kukulak by having the god's runes burnt into his flesh. He flees the city on a merchant ship, and then joins a new crew

when it is attacked by pirates. Azzur quickly rises to become second-in-command.

248 AC Azzur's own galley, the *Face of Chaos*, sails into the harbour at Merluk in broad daylight and empties three ships of their precious cargoes. Over the next six years his flag becomes feared the length of Allansia.

252 AC After his agents have poisoned the head of Valentis's militia, Lord Azzur sails the *Face of Chaos* into Blacksand harbour, then blockades it with other pirate ships, while a land force assaults the city walls. In four brief, bloody hours Baron Valentis is deposed and Azzur rules. The baron is hanged from the highest tower of his palace, which is then torn down.

254 AC Lord Azzur's new palace is completed and dominates the haphazard skyline of the city. Attracted by the new reign of evil, wrong-doers flock from all over Allansia to join in. Many – including Ogres and Trolls – are enlisted into Azzur's élite black-clad City Guard.

257 AC Azzur first institutes what becomes an almost annual event, when he celebrates the New Year by executing several of the city's most prominent citizens and their riches are given away to the poor.

258 AC Several of the now rich citizens from last year's poor are killed in this year's charity executions.

277 AC The Good sorcerer Nicodemus 'retires' to Port Blacksand for obscure reasons, secreting himself in a small dwelling beneath the Singing Bridge.

279 AC According to popular legend, the thief Drogo Widemouth manages to creep into Lord Azzur's bedchamber to see what his face really looks like. He is never seen again, though his rings turn up on a severed hand pulled from the river, and an arm bearing a tattoo very much like one Drogo had is found in the

gutter outside the reputed headquarters of the Thieves' Guild.

284 AC The present day. Azzur occasionally ventures from his palace, but is always hidden inside his ornate coach and with his face and body swathed in black robes to hide his ritual scars. His impromptu taxes continue to frustrate his citizens, and his City Guard are ruthless in imposing his laws.

THE CITY DISTRICTS

Port Blacksand is divided into a number of areas, each with its own individual character. The districts aren't really official designations, but every Blacksander knows which part of town he is from, and looks up to or down on the inhabitants of other areas. We'll go through each of them in turn, providing a more comprehensive street-map and detailing some of their features as we go. Note that we haven't attempted to fill in every last detail concerning each building and its inhabitants, nor have we provided any facts and figures for anyone. Instead, we've provided notes on some of them, both important and trivial, while leaving others for you to fill in yourself

as you include them in adventures, if necessary using the guidelines and Tables given in the last chapter.

Most of the buildings in Port Blacksand are fairly old, and look even older from having to withstand the storms which occasionally sweep in from the sea. Their architecture, if one can call it that, favours overhanging upper storeys and many strange decorative follies like towers, bridges and interconnecting passages high above the ground. They are painted in all manner of colours, and signs or models hang outside most shops, indicating the nature of their business. Main streets, and especially those leading to the city gates, are generally ankle- or even knee-deep in mud and horse droppings (to determine just how deep the mess is, see the note on Blacksand weather later).

Back streets, especially in the older parts of town, tend to be cobbled, and steps make it difficult for carts and carriages to progress up some of them. Each district – apart from Garden District – has its own detachment of City Guard, who patrol the streets from a blockhouse (marked on the individual district maps which follow). We have also marked some warehouses on the maps, along with taverns and temples; others may also be present if the appropriate dice rolls come up.

Harbour District

This is the oldest part of Port Blacksand. Its streets are winding and narrow, and its houses look very ancient and weather-beaten. In some streets the upper storeys

overhang the road and shut out the daylight. (The district qualifies as 'Poor' when rolling on the Businesses Tables in the last chapter.)

1. *Lobster Wharf.* The Catfish Reach is sheltered slightly from the open sea by the northern headland, making a natural harbour. There are always half a dozen or more pirate galleons and galleys at anchor here, except in the summer months, when they will be away, harassing merchant ships in more southerly waters. Trading ships also call in on their way to the open sea or upstream to Fang, Zengis and beyond. Among the most notorious ships that call here are the *Black Swan*, the *Swordfish*, the *Dancing Dolphin* and Lord Azzur's own magnificent *Face of Chaos*. At the far northern end of Lobster Wharf, where the smaller fishing boats pull in to unload their catches, there stands an immense iron anchor, said to have belonged to a trading galley from ancient Carsepolis.

2. *Fishermen's Cottages.* Along the east side of the wharf runs a cluster of rickety single-story cottages, home to many of the fishermen who risk their lives on the high seas every day. On fine days, the fishwives sit outside their homes, weaving nets and repairing lobster pots.

3. *Mariners' Guild.* The outside of the guild house is decorated with ivory carvings made from whales' teeth and showing various scenes of maritime adventure. The ground floor is made up of offices which handle the daily business of the guild, while the dormitory rooms on its first and second floors can sleep more than 100

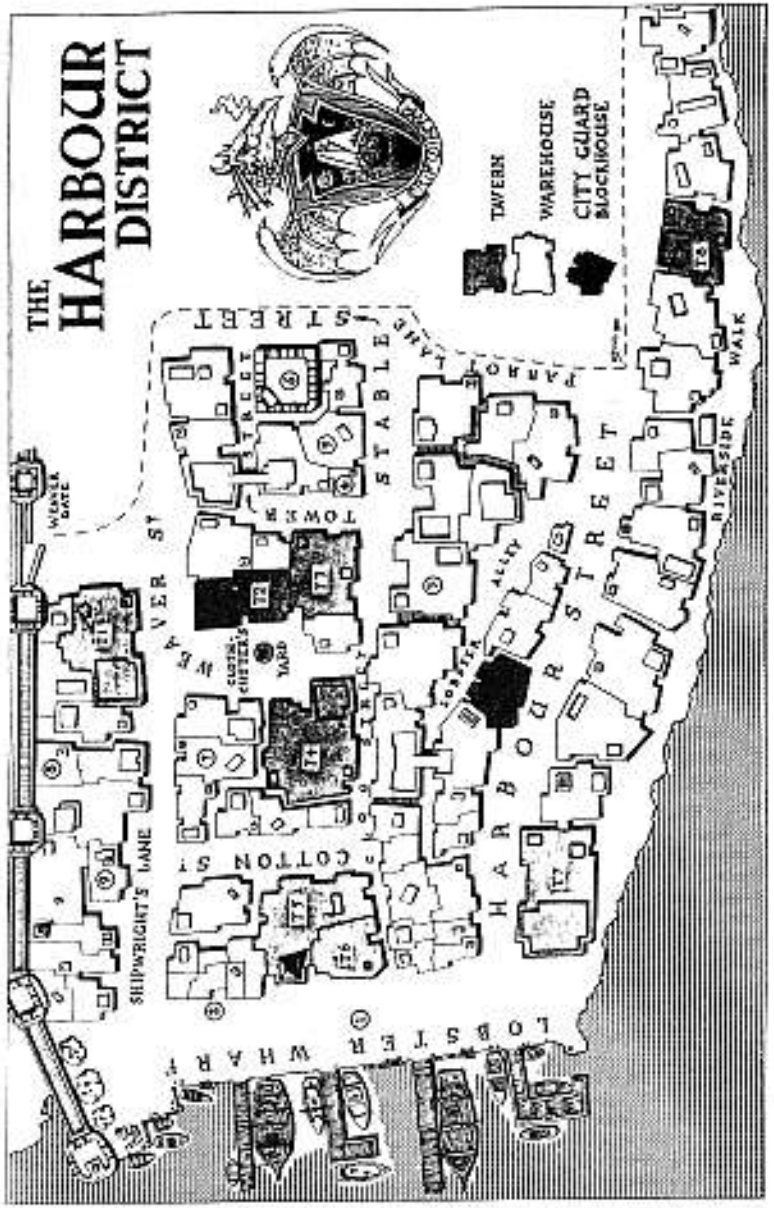

sailors on shore leave. (See the section on 'People and Powers', below, for more details about the guild.)

4. *Erethrim's Candle Shop.* The Elf who lives here sells candles of all shapes, sizes and colours, including some magical ones that can induce visions, knock out or hypnotize people who see them. The proprietor, Galor Erethrim, lives above the shop.

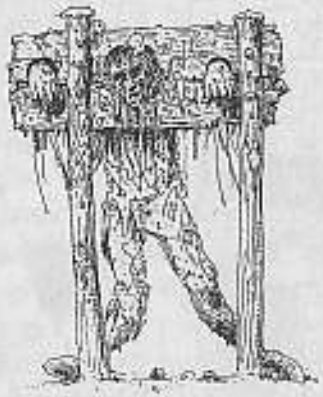

5. *Ben Borryman, Silversmith.* As well as the standard range of jewellery and tableware, Borryman often undertakes commissions for more unusual items, and is the ideal person to make a silver sword or arrow for taking care of that difficult Werewolf! Borryman and his family (wife, two grown-up sons and one teenage daughter) live above the shop, leaving a huge hunting dog on guard in the shop at night.

6. *Eagle Tower.* The ornately decorated tower which rises from the hillside to loom several decametres above the surrounding buildings is in fact the protruding top half of an even taller tower which once housed a beacon to guide mariners safely into Carsepolis harbour. It is now home to Shareela, a reclusive woman who keeps her huge collection of birds in the top levels of the tower. The eagles which give the tower its current name, and other hawks, can sometimes be seen swooping around its eaves, and from time to time are rumoured to carry off small children.

7. *Eltan, Tailor.* The oldest, and still the best, cloth maker and outfitter in Port Blacksand. Eltan himself has now retired to somewhere safer, and the business is run by his two sons, Oltan and Ultan. Clothes made here are very expensive, but they fit perfectly and last a lifetime. The brothers live above the shop with their wives and seven children.

8. *Jimmy Quicktint, Tattooist.* The self-proclaimed 'Best Tattooist in Town', Jimmy is a big, jovial ex-sailor who learned his craft in Halak while sailing with the notorious Captain Bartella. Tattoos cost 5–50 Gold Pieces, depending on their complexity. Quicktint lives in a couple of rooms behind the shop.

9. *Harbour-master's Office.* Port Blacksand's harbour-master, Eril Gor, is a crusty old ex-mariner, whose rolling gait is due less to his years at sea than to his wooden left leg. Gor presents himself as a scrupulously honest officer of the city, replying to any who ask, 'No amount of gold or silver can persuade me to allow goods into or out of this city without paying the proper duty.' Instead, he demands a set fee of 5 per cent of the goods themselves, which are then disposed of by Gor's many contacts round the city.

Inns and Taverns

T1. *The Mermaid Tavern.* This busy alehouse's cellar hides a secret entrance to the sewers, which in turn lead down into the ruins of ancient Carsepolis. Landlord Larny Rognar charges 20 Gold Pieces for an adventurer to set out down into the depths (and has sometimes been known to charge another 20 GP to let them out again!). The tavern is of Average quality.

T2. *The Eye of the Needle Tavern.*

T3. *Gashanka's Tavern.*

T4. *Valentis' Bane Inn.* A favourite with the nastier pirates. Its name refers to Lord Azzur, and his coat of arms are depicted alongside the *Face of Chaos* on the sign outside. (Awful quality.)

T5. *The Vulgar Goblin Inn.*

T6. *The Hemlock Tavern.*

T7. *The Black Lobster Inn.* Being one of the inns nearest to the harbour, it is always full of drunken pirates and other mariners celebrating a successful voyage, and clever professional gamblers and pickpockets taking their new riches from them. Adventurers and other travellers looking for passage to other lands are also regular customers. The permanently half-drunk landlord, Halron Allierté, is only a temporary manager, looking after the inn for its owner, his uncle Guidon, who also owns places in Rimon and Halak. There is a floorplan of the Black Lobster, together with further notes, in *Titan.* (Poor quality.)

T8. *The Dagger Tavern.* Apparently a quiet, orderly public house, it is in fact a front for a major smuggling operation run by the Merchants' Guild, who bring in expensive goods at night in order to avoid paying Azzur's crippling import taxes. The small front bar is the only part of the establishment where the public are allowed, a rule enforced by the immense landlord, Doric Sandwasp, and his two Troll bottle-washers. (Fair quality.)

Garden District

Named after the large public gardens which dominate the area, this is a wealthy district of mostly private houses, though some of them also serve as the offices of a number of professional people, such as musicians, artists and court officials. ('Wealthy', when rolling on the Businesses Tables.)

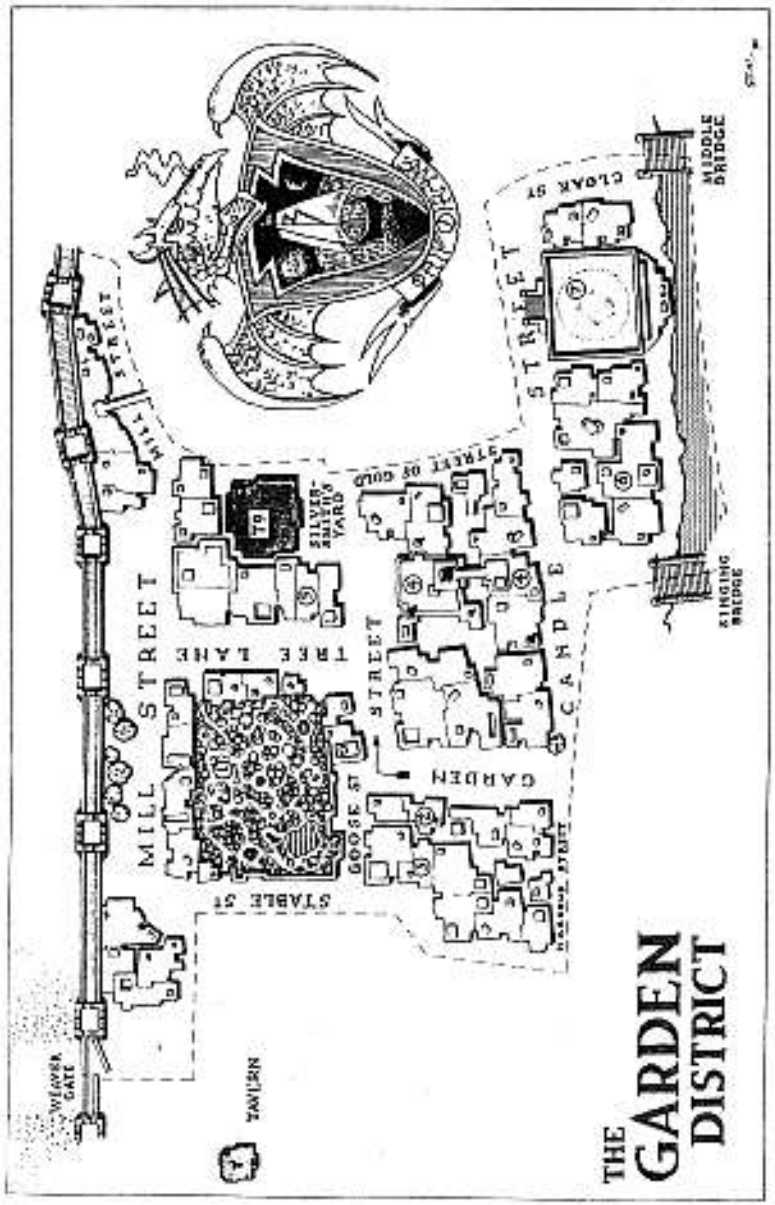

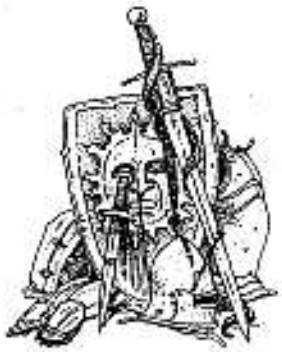

1. *Public Gardens.* Baron Valentis had the gardens built as the first stage in a plan to create a country estate in the middle of the city. However, his plans for an imposing stately home were rudely dashed by the arrival of Lord Azzur, who now uses them to house his fine collection of rare plants from around the world. At the very centre of the park, reached by following any one of the many twisting paths, is his pride and joy, four examples of the incredibly rare Black Lotus, guarded by his infamous, magical Leaf Beasts. Admission to the gardens is 1 Gold Piece, though visitors are warned that they enter at their own risk; the long grass and thick bushes often conceal footpads and armed robbers.

2. *Dietrich Zuvember, Alchemist.* Recently suspended from the Sorcerers' Guild for transforming the beard of its vice-master, Stirk Cuckling, into a nest of snakes, Zuvember exemplifies every cliché of the crazed old alchemist. Usually to be found staggering from his smoke-filled laboratory after yet another failed attempt to turn lead into gold, fish into cows or silk purses into

sows' ears, he has long since stopped bothering to wash himself, tidy his shock of hair or patch his singed clothing. Occasionally he will manage to enchant a magical item for someone, but there's no guarantee that the item will perform as requested.

3. *The Serpent Queen.* After suffering terrible cruelties at the hands of the sorcerer-priests of the Caarth of the Desert of Skulls, this nameless woman has been left with the head of a giant serpent! She now lives in Blacksand, surrounded by finery supplied by the patronage of Lord Azzur himself, who seems to have taken pity on her. She is a witty conversationalist, but has a terrible temper, and rumours abound about the numbers of retainers she has killed. Other whispers say that Azzur would pay dearly to have her transformed back into a whole woman again – why, the lucky person who did that could probably name his own reward! (For more information on the Serpent Queen, see *Out of the Pit.*)

4. *The Sorcerers' Guild.* The bizarrely shaped headquarters of the Most High Amalgamated Guild of Spellcasters, Sorcerers, Magicians, Prestidigitators, Illusionists, Necromancers, Sages, Witches, Wizards and Warlocks is a wonder to behold. It looks very much as if

it was designed by an insane, cross-eyed architect while under the influence of some strange, illegal substance, and features a great many spires, towers, flyovers, overhanging balconies, buttresses and domes. It is also split into two buildings, linked by a wide bridge: the smaller half is the home of Lord Azzur's court magician, Duramax Frogshaper, and his laboratories, the location for many frightening experiments; the larger building houses several dozen apprentices, classrooms and (on the top two levels) the library, which contains many tomes rescued from the ruins and dating back to the time of the Age of Wizards.

5. *The Great Garolon, Artist.* Formerly the court artist of the Baron of Shazaar, Garolon was banished after painting a very unflattering portrait of the Baron's daughter (in which she was indistinguishable from the horse she sat upon!) and has lived in Blacksand for five years. He has thrown himself into being a 'proper' artist, being a drunk and a womanizer, and sporting a long beard and a

paint-spattered smock. He will paint portraits or other pictures for anything from 10 to 10,000 Gold Pieces, depending on whether he likes the person (fellow drunkards always get their pictures painted cheap!). On fine days his current mistress sells his pictures and artist's materials from a stall outside his studio.

6. *Mr Alden, Thief for Hire.* This large, elegant house with a pleasant riverside aspect is home to Port Blacksand's most successful thief. Although registered with the Guild of Thieves, he plays no part in their murderous hierarchy, and takes only those jobs which provide him with a decent challenge. Clients are usually recommended for his extra-special services by a discreet friend, who instructs them to ring four times on his doorbell at exactly a quarter past eleven at night. They will be met by Alden's silver-haired butler, who tells them that 'the master' is not at home but, if they will tell him all their details, he will pass them on. Of course, this is really the thief in disguise; if the job seems acceptable, he will reveal himself. He works for a flat rate of 30 per cent of the profits and will not steal anything that he cannot carry on his own. His careful planning and high success rate have made Mr Alden a legend among thieves.

7. *Sports Arena.* This large stadium, in the form of a square surrounded by tiers of stone seats, is the venue for many regular and special sporting events. Once or twice a week it plays host to gruesome gladiatorial contests, featuring duels and man-versus-monster battles. The stadium also puts on games of Bays' ball, Dwarf tossing, Pixie throttling and – an especial favourite – Shoot the

Apple off the Goblin's Head (more popularly known as Completely Fail to Shoot . . .). Entrance is usually 1 Gold Piece per person, though some games are free.

Inns and Taverns

T9. *The Silver Coin Tavern.* The sole drinking establishment in Garden District is a very refined place, which doesn't actually sell anything as 'common' as beer. Instead, they offer a wide range of fine wines, meads and a whole host of exotic spirits, imported from the twelve corners of the world. Prices are very expensive, as one would expect, but the clientele is select and the conversation witty and intellectual. The private saloon at the rear of the bar – admittance restricted to certain close friends of the owner, Julius Oftran – is where many of the most daring crimes in the city are meticulously planned. (Great quality.)

Execution Hill

At the top of Gallows Hill, at the centre of this district, stands the bleak, windswept square which gives the area its name. Some of the buildings perched on the quite steep hillsides are becoming unstable, and occasionally an ageing beam will snap and a top floor will crash down into the street below. On the southern side of the hill, the buildings are packed more tightly together and roads can turn into steep flights of steps before a cart-drover knows it. (This district is 'Poor', if rolling on the Businesses Tables.)

1. *Tradesmen's Guild.* Within this imposing slab of a

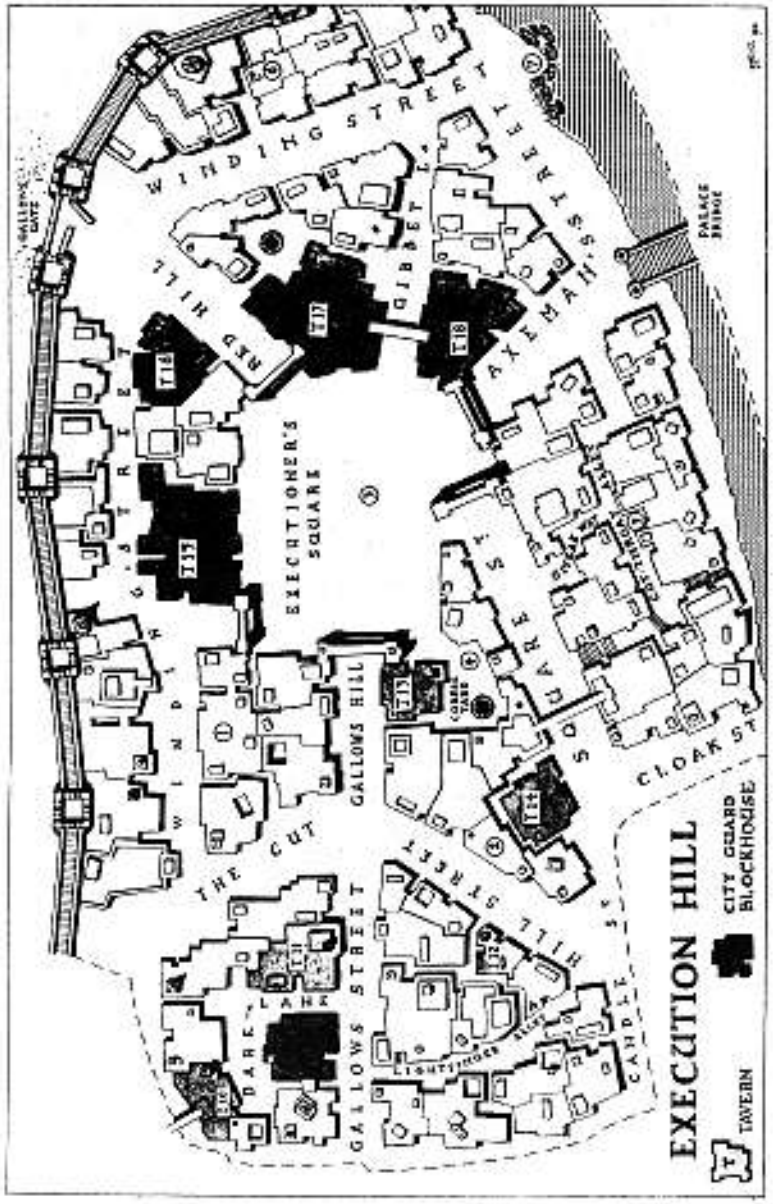

building one may find representatives of all the various tradesmen and craftsmen who try to scrape a living in Port Blacksand.

2. *Carulus the Grey.* Carulus and her sons run a thriving undertaker's business. Indeed, trade is so good she has two other branches, in Needle Alley and the Street of Knives. They all provide ceremonial burials, burnings and mummifications, handled with rare tact and sympathy, at a range of competitive prices to suit all social classes.

3. *Executioner's Square.* From whichever direction one arrives, this ghastly place has to be entered by passing under an arch, decorated with the remains of the most recent recipients of the square's particular form of recreation. Various gibbets and chopping blocks stand round the square, and its cobblestones have a permanent red-brown stain. Executions take place every few days and

are always popular, though they do attract different sorts of crowds according to the method being used (see *Crime and Punishment*, below).

4. *Corpse Yard.* The well in aptly named Corpse Yard is currently blocked up because three nights ago a street urchin, while trying to retrieve a coin he had dropped, discovered a mass of bodies at the bottom. Seventeen have been retrieved by the City Guard so far, each killed in a different way. A large Troll is now on guard by the well all hours of the day.

5. *Cut-Throat Alley.* This part of town is the heart of the black market. The traders who gather in Cut-Throat Alley and Sneak Way as dusk falls can provide all manner of illicit and stolen goods and just about any service the warped human (and non-human) mind can dream up. However, the traders jealously cling to their own patch, and new faces are made to feel very unwelcome, no matter how exciting the goods they are trying to unload.

6. *Baraban, Professional Murderer.* This fellow is an accomplished swordsman and duellist, and is also high up in the Assassins' Guild. His usual method of killing is to pick a target, arrange somehow for a duel to be called for and, after winning, attempt to collect a fee from those benefiting from the victim's death. He manages to escape justice by carefully arranging it so that matters look innocent or legal, and by liberally sprinkling bribes among the City Guard and magistrates. He is said to be a very wealthy man.

7. *Boats for Hire.* The landing stage at the bottom of Axeman's Street is always jammed with hundreds of small boats which can be hired to take one downriver, even as far as Lobster Wharf. There is a flat fee of 1 Gold Piece per journey, and the oarsmen take no responsibility for any accidents which may happen along the way.

Inns and Taverns

T10. *The Gargoyle Tavern.*

T11. *The Red Lantern Tavern.*

T12. *The Four-way Cross.*

T13. *The Rat in Hand Tavern.* This unruly place is named after the strange game of chance, invented by its landlord, Hoggwell Hogg. Players bet on the number of starving sewer-rats they think one of them can hold in his or her hand for three minutes. The current record is eight, though the drunken Troll who set it then tried to better his own record and ended up losing his entire hand. (Average quality.)

T14. *Varag's Splendid Alehouse.* This establishment is probably the roughest in the entire city. It is run by the Dwarf, Varag Madhand, a retired adventurer who hasn't lost his enthusiasm for a really good scrap! As a result, fights break out here every night, and the furniture and crockery are always having to be swept up. (Average quality.)

T15. *The Sun and Seven Stars Inn.*

T16. *The Cat and Crucifix Tavern.* Unfortunately, the stomach-turning sign of this den of scoundrels is the first thing many visitors to Port Blacksand see when they step through the gate. The tavern is also home to a large number of con men, who pretend to make friends with new arrivals before trying to steal everything they came with. (Average quality.)

T17. *The Headless Troll Inn.* The rivalry between the landlord, Maxim Vibril, and the host of the inn across the street, the Troll Gobbo Donzo, is such that Maxim

renamed his place (previously it was the Flying Foxbat) and had a very realistic sign painted. Donzo responded by having Vibril's face painted as that of the victim on *his* sign. Since then, any number of mysterious poisonings, fires, floods and infestations have occurred. The regular customers of each inn are very loyal to their host, and on a Seaday night think nothing of rushing across the street to knock a few heads together. (Fair quality.)

T18. *The Laughing Axeman Inn.* See the Headless Troll Inn, above. (Fair quality.)

Fish Market District

The pungent stench of raw fish hangs over this part of town; when it is foggy, the smell somehow gets even worse. Most of the buildings near the wharf are warehouses, piled high with exotic goods from all corners of the known world. The district is 'Poor' if rolling on the Businesses Tables, but roll on one of the Merchant Businesses Tables if determining the contents of a warehouse.

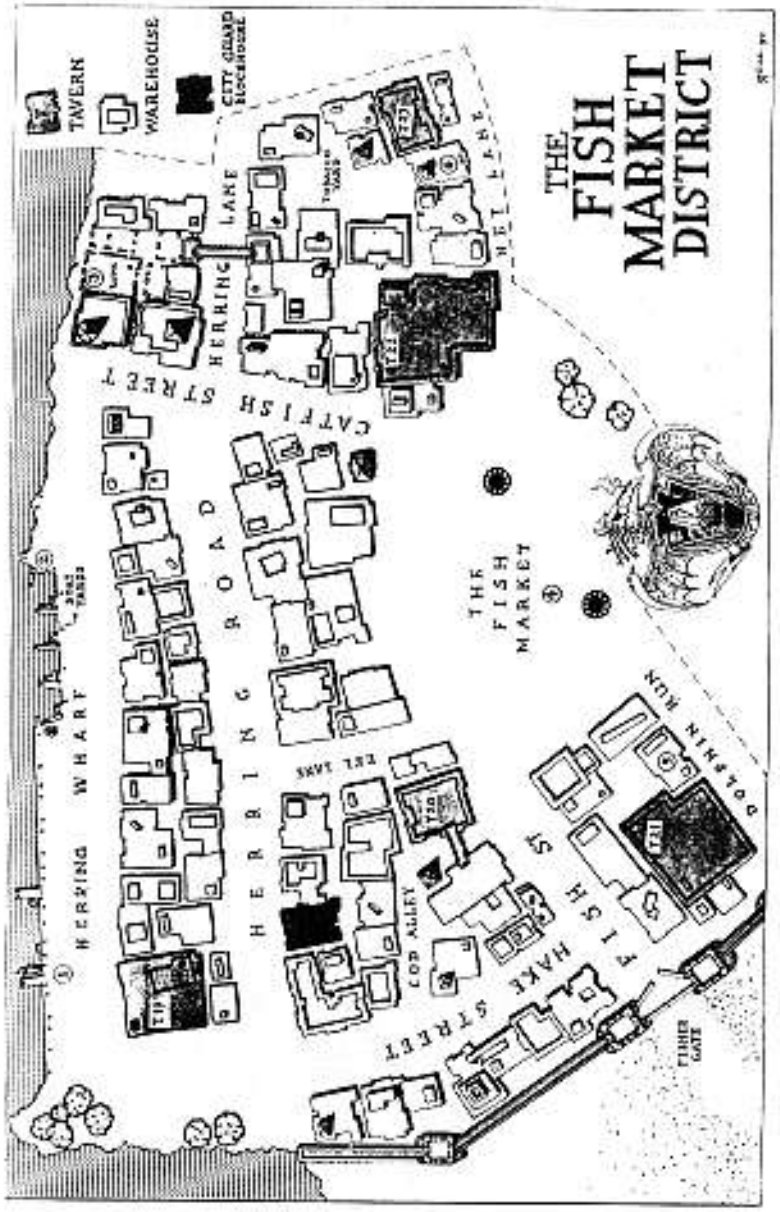

1. *Herring Wharf.* As well as its pirate and merchant ships, Port Blacksand is also home to a large number of small fishing vessels. Some can be hired to take parties or individuals a short distance up or down the coast, though it's become a tradition among Blacksand fishermen to take the fare then throw the passengers overboard! The south side of Herring Wharf comprises a cluttered row of fishermen's cottages, boatbuilders' offices and workshops, and warehouses.

2. *The Boat Yards.* In the eyes of some observers, Port Blacksand has hit upon a wonderfully circular economy, whereby the pirates rob and then sink someone's boat; then the boatbuilders construct a replacement; this is then robbed and sunk; and so on, until the city becomes the richest place in Allansia, or until the merchants finally realize just what is going on!

3. *Burnt-out Buildings.* The charred stumps of a few wooden walls are all that remain of five buildings which burned down (an act of arson, in fact, by members of the Thieves' Guild, for non-payment of protection money).

4. *Fish Market.* Each morning as dawn breaks, Blacksand's fishermen drag their fresh catches off their boats and run with them to the marketplace, where crowds of people are always waiting to buy them. The fishy smell is at its very worst here, and many people unused to it can be seen every day, clutching handkerchiefs to their mouths and staggering away from the area.

5. *Pungent and Stark, Exterminators.* These two strange tradesmen are very adept at tracking down and eliminating vermin, despite (or perhaps because of) the fact that the first is blind and the second is deaf. Their services are very expensive – around 100 GP per room! – but their service somehow manages to keep mice, rats, insects and other nasties from a place they have treated for up to a year.

6. *The House of Masks.* Visorr Peppeto the mask maker earns his living with the aid of an enchanted mould inherited from his grandfather, who was by all accounts a great sorcerer. The mould forms round any head pressed into it and can then produce exact copies in papier-mâché. However, one side-effect of wearing such a mask is that, after two hours, the wearer has a 1 in 6 chance every hour of starting to exhibit some of the characteristics of the creature from which the mask was modelled! Costs: animal masks 1 GP, monster masks 1–6 GP, famous people masks 2–12 GP.

Inns and Taverns

T19. *The Drunken Fisherman Inn.* As you might expect, this inn is decorated after a piscatorial nautical theme, and its clientele are admirably summed up by the place's name. A small tower is built on top of the roof, and from it a burning beacon lights up the night to guide sailors back to port. The beacon cannot be seen from the city. (Average quality.)

T20. *Osric's Arms.*

T21. *The Silenced Watchman Inn.*

T22. *The Pirate's Ghost Inn.* Despite its fanciful name, this building has never, so far as anyone can remember, been haunted. In fact it's a new enterprise, by a speculator called Cozimo Warbler who turned a very plain but comfortable alehouse into a frightfully artificial 'Olde Worlde Sailor's Taverna'. It is only ever visited by strangers to the city; the locals avoid it like the plague – and if he's not careful, Warbler will be going bankrupt yet again. (Average quality.)

T23. *Pipe's Famous Alehouse.* While his wife pursues her own career in flowers (see *Merchant District*, below), Durndle Pipe puts all his hard work into his tavern. The couple haven't spoken or lived in the same house for forty-four years, a condition which both describe as 'very satisfactory'. Mr Pipe can be very embarrassing in female company, and is always sporting blackened eyes and bandages covering wounds received from disgruntled customers. (Good quality.)

Temple District

In Port Blacksand, as happens anywhere, some types of business tend to cluster together. Most of the city's armourers and weapon makers are to be found in the block of buildings formed by the Street of Knives, Cutlass Alley and Dagger Lane. So it is of Blacksand's main temples, most of which are found in or near the Street of Temples. The street itself is wide and quite pleasant (by this city's standards it certainly is), but most of the rest of the area is made up of twisting back streets and alleys. (Use the Merchant Businesses Tables.)

1. *The City Courts.* Prisoners to be tried by the magistrates in the city courts are usually kept in the City Guard blockhouse next door until sent for. There are three courts, served by a collection of seven magistrates, who usually deal out their own form of justice from dawn until dusk, to try to cope with the backlog of cases that always need trying. For more details, see the section on *Crime and Punishment*, below.

2. *Nowhere Street.* This street proudly proclaims its name on a metal arch above its entrance. It is lined on both sides with small booths in which one can play just about any form of gambling game known to man or Dwarf. The booths continue along Forever Lane, the games getting harder to beat and the wagers getting huger all the time. The very last set of booths is decorated in black ribbons: here the truly desperate bet their lives in the hope of miraculous winnings. It is a terrible, inhuman place, frequented by only the lowest of the low.

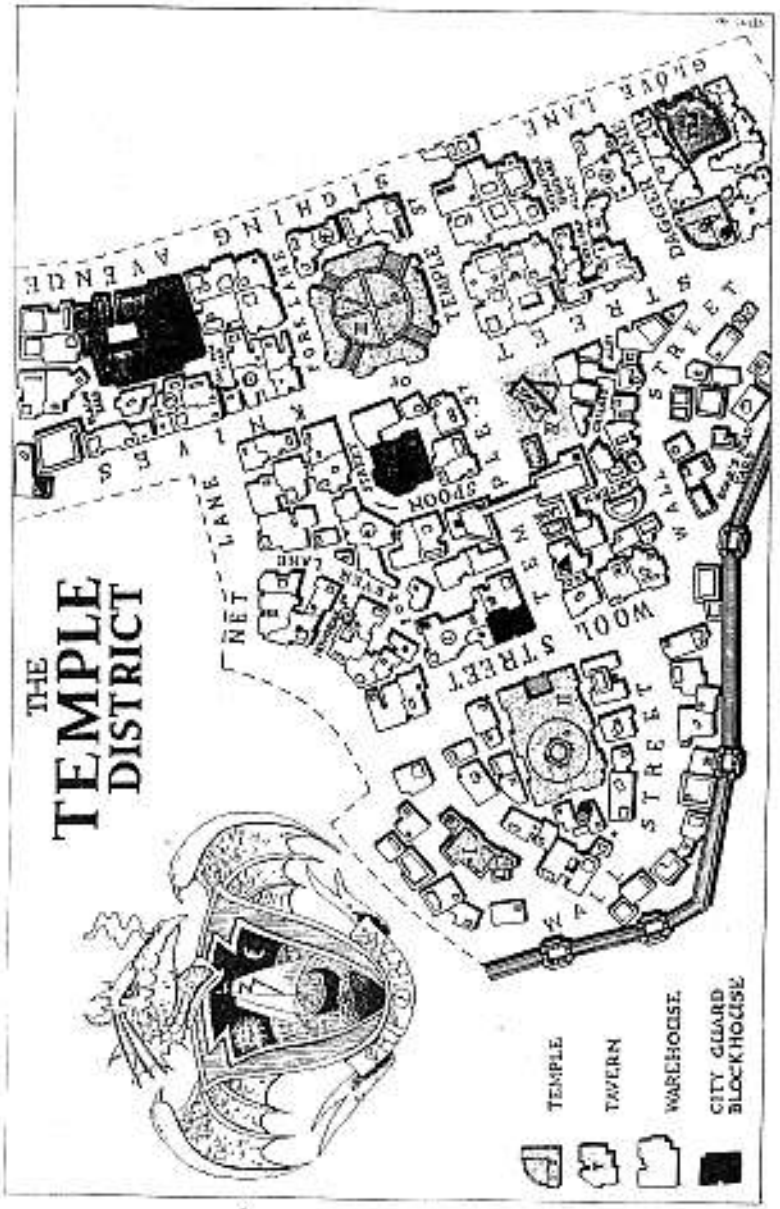

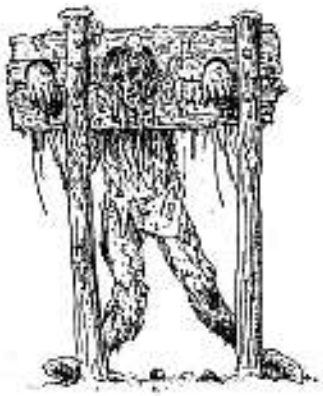

3. *The Guild of Assassins.* The secret headquarters of the Brotherhood of the Knife, as the guild is known to its members, are hidden behind the innocuous front of a leather tanner's small workshop. In two layers of chambers below ground level, however, the secretive members of this shadowy offshoot of the Thieves' Guild plan to bring their tasks to a satisfactory conclusion.

4. *Jalal Armen, Scribe.* This half-Elven scribe has her work cut out preparing superbly drafted formal documents, for legal pleas, marriages, religious edicts and so on. Her pleas for clemency cost 30 Gold Pieces, but confer a +2 bonus to the die roll when determining the outcome of a trial (see *Crime and Punishment*, below).

5. *Hister Brey, Executioner.* Lord Azzur's official executioner is an over-jolly, violent maniac who frightens his prisoners and the public so much that he is often booed during the ceremonies! He has a terrible sense of humour,

always joking about 'getting a head' and commenting, 'Didn't he die well!' and he mounts the heads of his favourite victims along the front of his house.

6. *House of Pain.* The latest craze among really wealthy Blacksanders is to commission a visit from members of the House of Pain to the homes of their friends. Various degrees of embarrassment and true pain can be supplied, ranging from a humiliating accident with horse manure to a sprinkling of ground glass in the wine or sharp spikes hidden in the seats of chairs. The Assassins' and Thieves' Guilds are apparently investigating this attempt to commercialize their livelihood, since the House of Pain is doing a roaring trade!

Temples

1. *Temple to Dalgalla.* The people of Port Blacksand worship Dalgalla as a holy man and original founder of the Blacksands colony. It is often claimed that prayers to his memory have produced miracles, though these

stories usually prove to be false. (The real man, called Daralaga, was a pirate captain's First Mate; he may have settled in the early colony, but he was never a holy man.)

II. *Temple to Solinthar.* The patron deity of mariners is celebrated in an ornate temple constructed from ivory, coral, shells and old boat timbers. His influence is especially strong among the fishermen and pirates, and his High Priest, the wizened Yuro Furtha, is always called on to bless new vessels being launched in the boat yards.

III. *Temple to Fourga.* The God of Pride is very popular with the ordinary people, for he is what they regard as a 'proper' god: vengeful, punitive and generally superior. His priests preach fire-and-brimstone sermons of quite awesome power, ensuring that the huge domed temple is always full on holy days.

IV. *Temple to Sukh.* Appeasing the God of Storms and Winds is vitally important to fishermen and pirates alike; and being chosen for the annual ritual human sacrifice is actually looked on as a great blessing in some quarters – though only by those who haven't been chosen! The temple is fashioned in the form of a huge boat with its sail full of winds. The mast is a narrow tower from the top of which an acolyte (the 'Voice on the Wind') calls the faithful to prayer every evening, and from where the annual sacrifice is thrown 'into the arms of Sukh', though the god has yet to bother to catch the unfortunate.

V. Temple to Kukulak. Lord Azzur brought his personal holy man ashore with him when he settled in Port Blacksand, setting him up in his own temple in Dagger Lane. The building is squat and undecorated, and never appears to be open, though the priests can sometimes be seen striding through the streets in their all-concealing black robes. Sometimes, however, very late at night, the priests of Kukulak gather to praise their master and perform the ritual of burning with prospective new acolytes. Azzur is reputed to attend these ceremonies, though most of the time he receives the High Priest within the walls of his own palace. (For more notes on Azzur and Kukulak's rituals, see *Titan.*)

Inns and Taverns

T24. *The Hog and Frog Inn.* The biggest inn in the city is run by perhaps the largest man in the city; its landlord, Doloric Cloudscraper, is the offspring of a short Hill

Giant and a human. As a result of his height and girth, everything in the Hog and Frog is larger, wider or taller. The place is of Good quality, is popular and boasts a wide range of clientele. It is divided into a number of halls for eating, gambling, listening to a minstrel or just having a quiet conversation. Stables and bedrooms are arranged round the central courtyard, and at the far end of the building is the Cloud brewery. The ale it produces was originally named after the tavern, but Doloric got tired of all the jokes about its reputed ingredients.

T25. *The Jumping Fish Tavern.*

T26. *Jury's Alehouse.*

The Noose

Proving that the very heart of Port Blacksand is hopelessly corrupt, the central Noose District is most famous as the home of the shadowy but powerful Guild of Thieves. An air of crime and decay hangs over the whole area, and when the wind whistles down Bridge Street past the apparently empty houses it can be a terribly sinister place. There are a great many beggars on the streets in this district, as well as the occasional cluster of shady-looking people hanging around at corners and in alleys, just watching everything that goes on. The Noose is also the site of the Market Square, however; during the day this is always bustling with traders and customers in search of a good deal. (The area west of Middle Bridge is a 'Poor' area; east of River Street, it is a 'Merchant' area.)

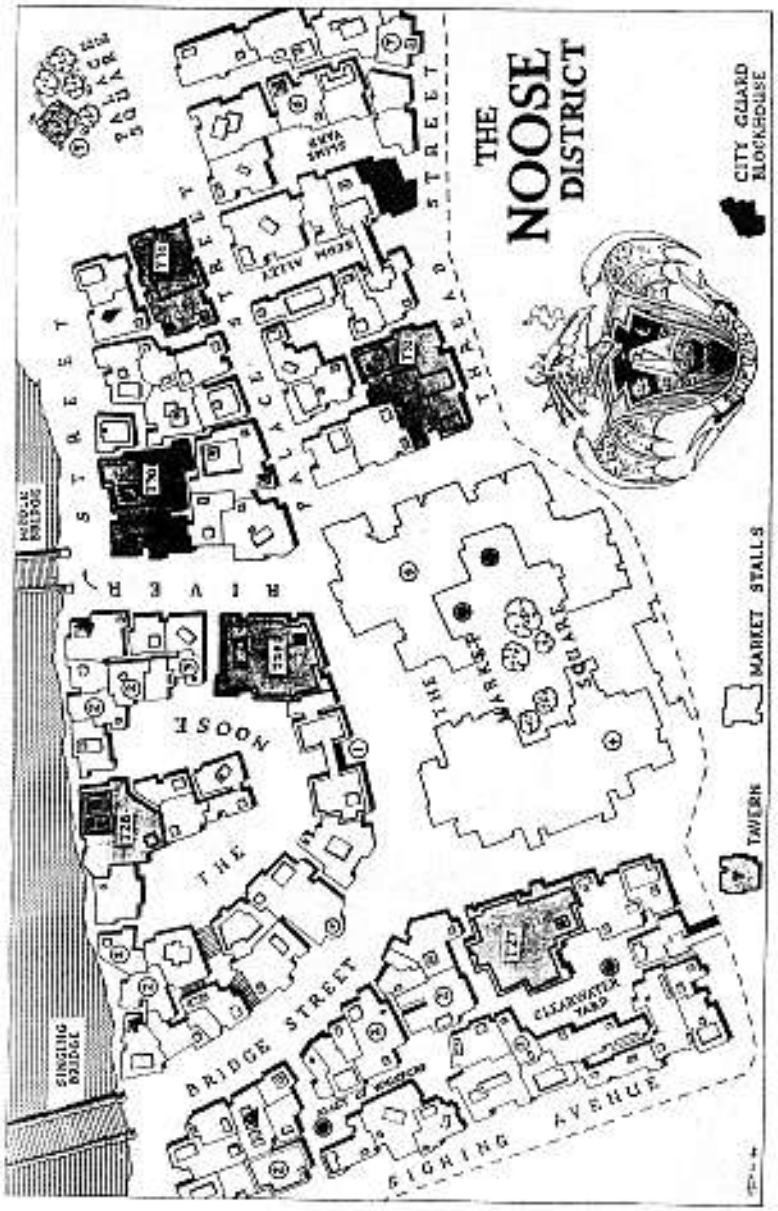

1. *Noose Gate.* The low gate into the crescent which gives the whole district its name is always discreetly guarded by a couple of burly thieves. They are there to keep stray sightseers out and to give their bosses advance warning that someone with legitimate business is in the area. Indeed the network of beggars, urchins and thieves is so well organized that very little happens within this district – and in much of the rest of the city – that they don't know about. Note that the City Guard do not venture past Noose Gate without a prior appointment, no matter how urgently they may need to.

2. *The Thieves' Guild.* Those who know nothing about the Guild of Thieves except what they hear in whispered rumours from their neighbours seem to visualize the guild headquarters as a massive black building in the heart of the Noose. In fact, there is no single guild building; instead, the shadowy organization owns at least eight buildings, each of which serves to house different parts of the guild at different times. There are also other unknown places where the different Master

Thieves meet their faceless superiors, and they in turn report to the real head of the guild somewhere else.

Most of the buildings look as if they are used for some other business or have been quite abandoned. Anyone who tries to investigate much closer will soon discover that members of the guild have been watching their every move. Some of the buildings can be entered only from their roof or from one of the many new tunnels which criss-cross below this part of the city. In various buildings, apprentices live and train, qualified thieves meet to exchange information or plan jobs, fence stolen items or make specialist equipment. Far from being run-down, this area may well be the busiest in the city! (For more information on the Guild of Thieves, see the section headed *People and Powers*, below.)

3. *Madame Star's Cottage.* This is the small, run-down cottage of Madame Star, clairvoyant and fortune teller, who is usually to be found practising her art in a small booth in the market square. (See Scene 12 of *A Shadow Over Blacksand!* for more details.)

4. *The Market Square.* A market of some sort takes place in the square seven days a week, though its character changes from day to day. On any particular day a number of traders may be selling livestock, or fancy items like silks and spices, or animals both common and rare. The core of the market, though, is always the same, and indeed many regular traders don't bother to dismantle their stalls at the end of the day's trading. There are businesses of all kinds in the regular market, providing everything from hot pies to poison, hatpins to helmets, and bonnets to boots. There are also a number of 'entertainments', including minstrels, poets and actors, and wrestlers and strongmen who offer to pay a reward to anyone who can beat them (few can).

In the very centre of the market there is a clump of trees, beneath which a number of stocks are set up. These may be filled by 1–6 prisoners at any time. There is also likely to be a number of urchins who are cashing in on the situation, selling for 1 Silver Piece bags of rotten tomatoes, eggs and cabbages (usually scavenged from kitchen floors the previous evening!) to throw at those in the stocks.

5. *Daggerface's Statue.* A couple of years before he was deposed, Baron Valentis decided to immortalize in stone

the various people who had ruled over Port Blacksand before him. In order to raise the money to build each statue, he imposed a crippling tax on food. Only the first one had been built when the people rioted against the tax, and he had to drop the idea. These days Daggerface is looking the worse for wear – and he wasn't very attractive to look at in the first place. Incidentally, Palace Square is also the traditional home of those con men who pounce on newcomers to the city and attempt to sell them the statue, Lord Azzur's palace or even the whole city!

6. *Sinas Stickle, Merchant.* If you need something, anything, no matter how big or small, commonplace or rare, go to Stickle. The merchant is famous for living up to the slogan painted on the outside of his building: 'Whatever you want, I haven't got it – *BUT I CAN GET IT!*' This is certainly true, for Stickle is prepared to use the services even of adventurers or the Thieves' Guild to obtain especially rare items for his customers. Stickle

charges 20 per cent more for goods than they would cost elsewhere – but then most of his goods cannot be bought elsewhere.

7. *Talimar the Scalper.* Port Blacksand's most ridiculed barber charges very reasonable prices for a haircut, but he always makes such a mess of his customers' hair that they have to wear a hat in public for a couple of weeks thereafter or be ridiculed wherever they go! Luckily, Talimar is much more capable at the other traditional barber's skills: pulling teeth, lancing boils and setting bones. Unfortunately, people don't like to offend him by refusing when he follows a successful operation with: 'Now, how about a free haircut?'

Inns and Taverns

T27. *The Riddling Reaver Inn.*

T28. *The Beckoning Finger Tavern.* No one in his or her right mind ventures into this alehouse without an entire regiment of armed guards or a serious death wish or unless they are arm in arm with a Master Thief! Even the City Guard give it a wide berth, for this is where the cream of the guild meet to plot their nefarious deeds. (Good quality, but the Heroes will be very unlikely to be allowed to drink here!)

T29. *The Dragon's Tooth Tavern.* As detailed in *Dungeoneer* (page 260 onwards), Halim Thrumbar's place is a typical adventurer's haunt. Here travellers from all over Allansia can rub shoulders with other strangers and city

folk. Anyone seeking that especially dangerous mission to embark on should find just the thing advertised on a poster on the wall. (Average quality.)

T30. *The Rat and Ferret Tavern.*

T31. *The King's Fingers Tavern.*

T32. *The New Inn.* The oldest surviving drinking establishment in Port Blacksand has always been called the New Inn, despite the puzzled complaints of strangers on learning its history. Because of its closeness to the market, it is a very busy tavern (add two dice when rolling for customers for all times except Night) and its rooms are always full of merchants and farmers. (Fair quality.)

Merchant District

The heart of Port Blacksand's business district runs between the southern side of the Market Square and the city walls. Within this area it is possible to buy just about anything – providing one knows where to go and whom to ask, for there are as many dealers in stolen goods as for legally obtained items. Telling the two apart is often quite difficult. Approaching the royal palace, the small, gloomy shops are replaced by large houses in which dwell some of the city's richest and most devious merchants. (Roll on the Merchant Businesses Tables.)

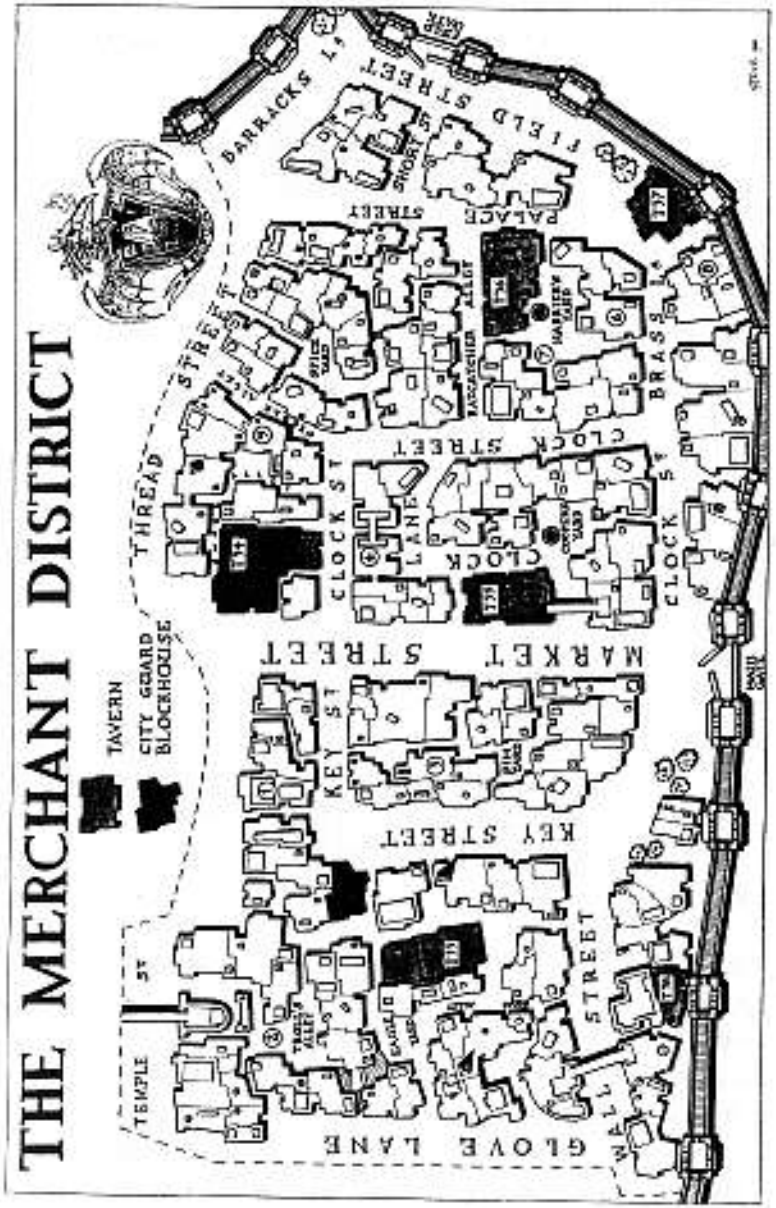

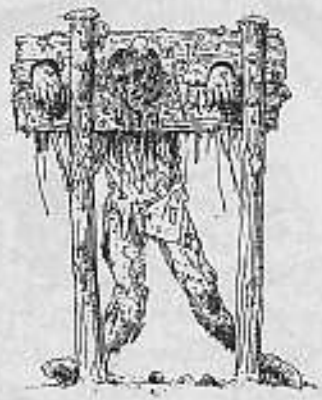

1. *The Merchants' Guild.* The head of the Merchants' Guild is Mercule Sharatan; she has made her vast fortune from importing spices and salt from places like Arantis. Never one to be called a quitter, she continues to fight for the rights of the shopkeepers and traders she represents, despite the continuing depredations of the Thieves' Guild and Lord Azzur's men. Of course the merchants aren't above a little skulduggery themselves, and it takes tremendous efforts on the part of Sharatan and her supporters to hold the guild's various factions together.

2. *Troll Alley.* There is a part of every large town and city where most of the non-humans live. In Port Blacksand it is round the area known as Troll Alley: here one may find Trolls, Orcs, Ogres and Goblins rubbing shoulders with Dwarves, Gnomes, Pixies and many others, each housed in its own cluster of overcrowded tenements. Of course, with such a volatile mix of races,

neighbourhood relations are always strained, though the City Guard rarely allows them to develop into civil war.

3. *Brakbolden's Bathhouse.* The streets of Port Blacksand being what they are (an open sewer, knee deep in mud and unsavoury filth), what many folk need is a good bath. Unfortunately most of them don't believe in such things, preferring to splash themselves with more and more scented oils and perfumes. For those who do, though, a visit to a bathhouse like Brakbolden's is the best way of getting clean. Here one may rub shoulders with commoners and important city personalities while enjoying a bath, massage or steam treatment under the trained assistance of Brakbolden's helpers. Incidentally, more assassinations take place in the steam room than almost anywhere else in the city.

4. *Pipe's Flowers.* Effie Pipe has run this shop for many, many years, supplying all sorts of flowers to both the wealthy and the poor. Sometimes she will stock rare blooms from distant lands; this could even be a sentient, man-eating plant or a sleep-inducing Lotus. She is the wife of Durndle Pipe, landlord of Pipe's Famous Alehouse in the Street of Knives (see that entry, above, for further details).

5. *Arlob's Emporium.* This shop is piled from floor to ceiling with all kinds of exotic items, ranging from the rarest and most expensive to the totally worthless. If one can't find something anywhere else in the city, chances are that Arlob will have one buried somewhere in his shop. The trouble lies, of course, in finding it; this could take from a few minutes to several months! Arlob himself, a small, snake-like man, never joins in his customers' search. If they do find something, he tends to make up a price on the spot; the Director should roll 7 dice and subtract 6 from the final result to give Arlob's price in Gold Pieces.

6. *Mercenaries' Guild.* Whether you want to hire a single bodyguard or an army 10,000 strong, the place to approach is the Mercenaries' Guild. The guild has been petitioning Azzur for many years to make it compulsory for all adventurers living in the city to be members (and, more importantly, to pay their fees!). Blacksand's ruler is mistrustful of the guild, however, suspicious of the existence of a large number of warriors who could be hired by one of his enemies. Besides, he would rather tax the adventurers himself! Still, the guild has several hundred members willing to work for whoever pays their wages.

7. *Harrier's Yard.* If you want to buy an animal, whether commonplace or weird, go to Harrier's Yard on an Earthday or Highday morning. There you will find dozens of traders and trainers, and hundreds of types of animals and birds. Some are tame, but many are still in their original wild state, which is often cause for alarm when one manages to escape!

8. *Brabantius, Wizard.* One of the many scheming spellcasters who live in Port Blacksand is the devious Brabantius. He takes a lively interest in everything that goes on in the city and has developed close links with the Thieves' Guild, despite their traditional mistrust of sorcerers. The strangely designed, angular tower he calls home contains many secrets.

Inns and Taverns

T33. *The Cooper's Apprentice Tavern.*

T34. *The Minotaur Inn.* Alongside the usual city inn offerings – food, drink, a room for the night and a dagger in the guts – this place also provides something more unusual, because one half of the building is taken up by Port Blacksand's most popular theatre. It tends to restrict itself to crowd-pleasing comedies and melodramas like *Orcs and Orcability* and *Halfhand, Prince of Lendle,* delivered in a terribly pompous and artificial way, but can be quite entertaining. (Average quality.)

T35. *The Spotted Dog Tavern.*

T36. *Anfret's Tavern.*

T37. *The Hole in the Wall Tavern.* It is an open secret that this tavern does indeed provide a hole in the wall, in the form of a tunnel which runs, from a small room behind the cellar, under the city walls, to reappear several hundred metres beyond the city. Unfortunately, landlord Lurk Skewton is scrupulously honest: he always charges people wishing to use the tunnel the same amount as the current gate tax – though, unlike the City Guard, he doesn't need to see an exit permit. (Fair quality.)

T38. *The Jester Tavern.* Astix Lamak, the proprietor of the Jester, is considered by those who know him to be a very strange person indeed. His place is shunned by Blacksand's citizens, who have heard all kinds of ghastly rumours about it. However, adventurers who have heard the tales – ghastly visitations, nightmares involving wolves and terrible midnight howling – often arrive to spend the night there for a bet. In fact, Astix is smitten with a curse which turns him into a Werewolf every full moon, at which time he goes hunting (outside the city if he can, otherwise inside!). He deeply regrets what his

curse makes him do and he is searching for a cure, for which he would pay very dearly.

Lord Azzur's Palace

Dominating the Blacksand skyline, and still visible a great distance from the city, Lord Azzur's palace was designed by someone with a taste for the extravagant. Unlike many of the more vulgar fairytale castles favoured by Bad Guy sorcerers, all spiky towers and flying buttresses, it is a solid-looking affair, with plain walls rising many metres before being broken by a few small windows. Perched atop the main body of the building are two large towers, the taller, northern one topped by a further slender pinnacle, from which flies Lord Azzur's standard by day and night.

The layout of the interior of the palace is known to only a few trusted people. Azzur is served by a select band of retainers, who are taken from their homes at a young

age and who are never allowed to return to their homes or leave the palace. They are trained to be loyal to Azzur above all else. Only the most trusted servants – such as the head of the kitchens and his Lordship's coachman – are allowed any contact with the outside world.

Outside visitors to the palace are escorted up the immense front staircase and enter via a pair of front doors which look as if they could withstand the attentions of several angry Storm Giants. Inside, there are a number of antechambers and waiting areas, and an audience room divided in two by an ornately carved wooden screen. Azzur – or someone else dressed as Azzur, some say – sits behind the screen and listens to what his visitors have to say, his replies to them whispered to a trusted henchman and relayed by him. Azzur rarely speaks to any outsider directly, except when he feels the need to shout in anger.

Prisoners sentenced to a stay in the palace's dungeons – and there are many of them – enter by a smaller doorway, set into the wall on the north side of the building. The dungeons are immense and contain horrors unimaginable even to the heads of the Assassins' Guild. They have never been fully mapped, but it is reasonable to assume that they join up with the ancient ruins of Carsepolis in several places. Certainly there are places deep in the dungeons where guards sometimes leave condemned prisoners, knowing full well that they will never be seen again.

The grounds of the palace, though hidden from public view by the high walls which surround it, are neatly laid out, with a number of buildings and a gravel carriageway set among a great many trees. The barracks which house the City Guard form two neat rows near the immense iron gates of the palace; they house 180 men, though as many as three-quarters of that number may be out on duty on the city walls or in the streets at any one time. The captain of the City Guard has a separate

dwelling near by. Beyond this are several storehouses, one of which is home to Lord Azzur's splendid gold-finished coach and his horses, which are tended by a team of ostlers and stable lads.

PEOPLE AND POWERS

Port Blacksand is a complicated city politically, ostensibly ruled over by Lord Azzur and his City Guard but daily pulled this way and that by the power struggles of a wide range of people and factions. The main groups are described here, though there may be any number of others, at the Director's discretion.

Lord Azzur

Varek Azzur is not so much an ex-pirate as a part-time one for, although he has made Port Blacksand his home, plainly he still likes to sail the *Face of Chaos* out of harbour occasionally, to spend a few weeks or months raiding merchantmen up and down the Pirate Coast. To keep the citizens guessing, he sometimes sends his ship out on raids but himself stays behind. Despite his love of action and daring adventure, Azzur remains almost supernaturally calm and assured, intellectual and mystical, but he is also a clever tactician and an inspiring leader of men.

The people never quite know what to make of their shadowy ruler. They rarely see him in public, except for an occasional appearance at the gladiatorial arena or when his ornate coach thunders through the streets to or from the harbour. Some curse him openly for his

erratic imposition of taxes and his encouragement of pirates and thieves as part of the city's economy. Others admire and respect him as their leader, since he is more evil and corrupt than they could ever hope to be! (For more information on Lord Azzur, especially his early years, see *Titan*.)

The Old Families

Some families have lived in Port Blacksand since long before Azzur arrived; some can even trace their ancestry back to the very first pirate settlers – though most would deny that *their* family ever included anyone as rough and criminal as a pirate. Among the most prestigious of the old families of Blacksand are the Hadraks, the Kobassis, the Sturtz-Chensers and the D'arragos, though there are almost a dozen related lesser strands too. Most of them live in the richest parts of town, though some have walled villas outside the city. All the families are Social Scale 6 or above.

The influence of the families permeates all of the city's business world, especially the most profitable areas, including moneylending, jewellery, silks and spices. They are also the largest single group of ship owners. Naturally, their relations with the Thieves' Guild are very strained, for as yet they are unable to prevent the guild's members from preying on their businesses. As a result, the Kobassis, especially, are constantly working to gain influence over the guild in any way they can, infiltrating it with their men, assassinating those who work against them, and so on. All the old families are happy to use whatever methods work best to achieve their aims, though they always operate through intermediaries and are rarely seen to be directly responsible for any crimes. Discretion is an art form where the old families are concerned.

The Guild of Thieves

The training of a thief starts very early. Young street urchins are recruited into organized gangs of pickpockets

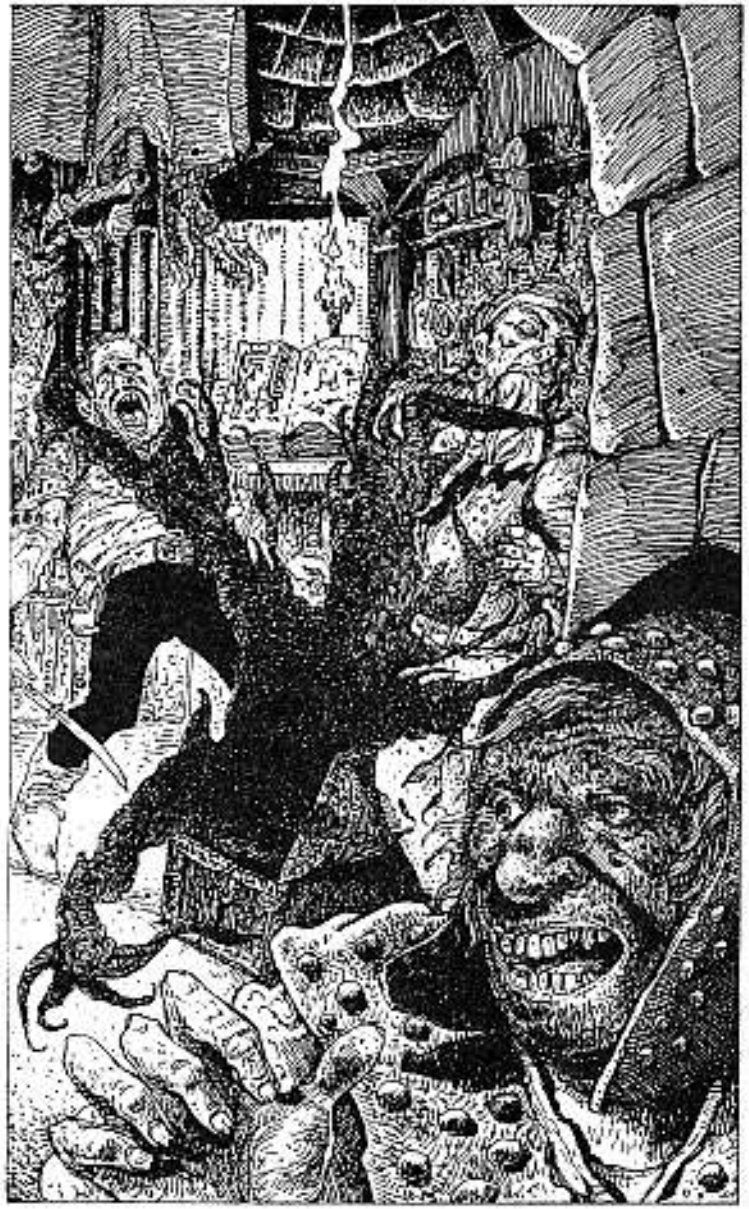

and petty thieves and sent out to learn their trade on the streets and in the marketplaces of the city. As they get older, the best ones are signed up as apprentices, sealing the pact with a blood oath that binds them to the guild for the rest of their lives. When they reach adulthood, they have to complete a number of very difficult tests to qualify as full thieves. Each thief is bound to the service of a Guildmaster, a very experienced thief who is usually assisted by half a dozen trusted lieutenants.

Most thieves never find out that their Guildmaster is not in fact the head of the guild, but one of a circle of five. These include Vulpine, Rannik and Ironhand (the latter named after her incredible mechanical left hand). These in turn serve three Masters, two men and a woman, who (so the Guildmasters are taught) are the rulers of the Guild. In reality, they serve one final, shadowy Grand Master, whose identity they themselves do not know, Lord Azzur does not know and we will not reveal here. Suffice it to say, the Grand Master maintains her secrecy by being the best thief of them all.

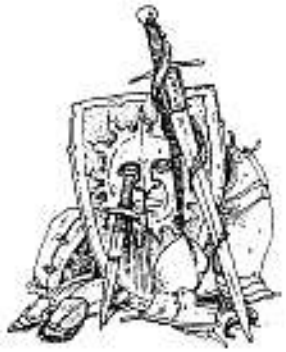

Promotion up the levels of the guild is attained by killing the person directly above yourself and then taking their place. Doing this requires great talent, as well as a band of fellow thieves who are prepared to become your lieutenants and fight off the vengeful attacks of your predecessor's own followers.

Like all such organizations, the Thieves' Guild does not like freelances working in their city and will use violence and intimidation (generally bought from the Assassins' Guild) to get the culprits either to sign up or leave. Despite this, a number of unlicensed thieves are at work in the city. Relations between the guild and Lord Azzur are generally very good, for they reached an agreement a long time ago to make regular contributions to the royal coffers and leave his palace treasure-rooms well alone. As long as the guild is content to be second-in-command over Port Blacksand, relations will stay cordial.

The Guild of Assassins

This guild, known to its members as the Brotherhood of the Knife, is affiliated to the Guild of Thieves, from whom it recruits most of its members, though quite a few also come from the City Guard. Members of the

guild generally keep that fact a carefully guarded secret, allowing their anonymity to help them do their job properly; as a result, many members also belong to another guild. The Brotherhood is led by a circle of four Guildmasters, who are known only by a numbered title (e.g. Guildmaster Two).

The Beggars' Guild

Also affiliated to the Thieves' Guild are the beggars, used as the eyes and ears of the organization because they are always out and about on the street. They have a single leader, the Beggar Lord, and owe their ultimate allegiance to the Beggar King, who lives in Shakuru, the City of Beggars, in distant Khul.

Other City Guilds

The other guilds do not wield nearly as much influence as the Thieves' Guild and are more concerned with protecting their own little corner of the business world than in large-scale political manoeuvring. Among the

most important guilds are the following (their Guildmaster or president's name is in brackets):

Union of Entertainers and Artists (Derl Xian)
Lawyers' Fellowship (Count Orol Rembert)
Mariners' Guild (Veliam Cockcrow)
Mercenaries' Guild (Carlon Straga)
Merchants' Guild (Mercule Sharatan)
Moneylenders' Consortium (currently vacant)
Navigators' Brotherhood; affiliated to Mariners' Guild (Jool Jerem)
Sorcerers' Guild (Duramax Frogshaper)

Tradesmen's Guild – an umbrella organization overseen by Bardaras Narbor, its major members are as follows (there are many others, for just about every occupation has a guild):

Bakers' Guild
Blacksmiths' Guild
Carpenters' Union
Jewellers' Consortium
Union of Market Traders
Scribes' Guild
Shipwrights' Guild
Tailors' Guild
Weavers' and Clothcutters' Union

Street Gangs

One final band of people must be mentioned: the renegade street gangs. Some are unlicensed thieves, but most are simply groups of like-minded thugs who extract protection money from a few businesses and prey

on passers-by in a particular area. The Thieves' Guild turns a blind eye to this for a few weeks or months, before they step in and offer the gang a simple choice: hand over all their ill-gotten gains and vacate the city in twenty minutes, or endure a very slow death. A few decide to fight, but most are more sensible. The biggest gang in the city at the moment is the Red Star Brotherhood, whose members are unfortunately instantly recognizable by the large red star tattooed on their foreheads!

DAILY LIFE IN PORT BLACKSAND

Choosing to settle down and live in Port Blacksand is a decision that shouldn't be taken lightly. After all, it is a very dangerous city, no place for inexperienced adventurers who haven't yet learnt how to look after themselves. On the other hand, there is always something going on, whether it be the vast network of intrigues perpetrated by Lord Azzur, the Thieves' Guild and the

old city families, or the daily round of murders, robberies and other crimes. From the tops of the towers to the depths of the Carsepolis dungeons beneath the sewers, there is certainly plenty to occupy one's time in Port Blacksand. If the Heroes do decide to make Blacksand their home, there are a few additional things they should know about.

Money and Coins

A whole range of coins are in use in Blacksand. Azzur issues his own coinage (made at a small mint somewhere in the palace, it seems) and the various guilds also honour their own tokens and the written cheques of guild members, though some small shopkeepers don't. Standard coins are the Gold Piece (or 'Dragon'), decorated with Azzur's crest and a Dragon; the half Gold Piece (or 'Wyvern'), with a Wyvern replacing the Dragon; and the Silver Piece (or 'Shill'), decorated with a picture of Valentis's head on a spike and a large axe, ten SP equalling 1 GP. Other, less common coins, such as the 2 SP, the 3 SP, the 2 GP and the 5 GP, are also in circulation. All these coins are roughly circular, except the 2 SP piece, which is octagonal; the 5 GP piece is a noticeably larger and heavier coin than the others. Incidentally, the 3 SP piece is actually a counterfeit, produced several years ago by the Thieves' Guild to raise some capital. They made so many that they are still around and have become an accepted part of the currency!

Together with Azzur's coinage, some merchants also

accept coins from other parts of the world; and there are several moneychangers in the city (though their exchange rates are often extortionate, charging anything between 5 per cent and 75 per cent!).

Taxes and Duties

Lord Azzur seems to believe that all the citizens earn at least twice as much as they say they do, judging by the number of taxes he imposes on them. During the autumn months, when the summer northern fleets are thinning and before it is time for the *Face of Chaos* to sail for more southerly climes to continue its raids, Azzur seems to invent a new (often silly) tax every week just to give himself some amusement!

Among the regular taxes are the following:

Property Tax – Annually, 9 per cent of its entire worth for a private house (this includes furniture, property, livestock, etc.) and 5 per cent for a business.

Gate Tax – Levied by the issuing of merchant permits: 2 Gold Pieces per day, 12 GP a week, 50 GP a month, or 550 GP a year. No one is allowed inside the city without a trader's permit (or without bribing the guards on the gate, of course). At various times there may also be a straight gate users' tax, levied by Lord Azzur or a clever gatekeeper (to find out if a tax is being imposed, roll one die, subtract 1, and that is the number of GP being levied on that particular day). This tax also applies to those leaving the city as well as anyone entering it.

Ship Levy – Except for pirate ships affiliated to Lord Azzur's band, all ships longer than seven metres must pay 1 Gold Piece per metre in weekly mooring fees. Shorter boats pay a flat fee of 4 GP per week.

Upriver Trading Levy – All vessels passing through the river arch by Azzur's palace to head up or downstream must pay 25 Gold Pieces.

Guild Fees – Usually 10 per cent of one's earnings, subject to the conscience of the individual and the needs of the guild.

Other taxes – In the past taxes imposed on a whim by Azzur or the captain of the City Guard have included ones on beards, bald people, non-humans, tall and fat people, buildings with more than two storeys, buildings with less than two storeys, adventurers, children, the number of rats in a household, and so on. The taxes are usually enforced for a few days before the guildmasters visit Lord Azzur and threaten to shut the city down; usually he gives them a small share in the revenue raised and agrees to stop the tax – for a while. (Every week, a new tax is imposed on a roll of 1 on one die.)

Blacksand Weather

Because it is situated on the coast, Port Blacksand suffers from a wide variety of types of weather, sometimes changing several times a day. To discover what the

weather is on any given day, or at any particular moment, roll 3 dice and consult the Table below, using the column for the appropriate month (see *Titan* for details of the months). For the next day, there is a chance that the weather will be the same as on the day before: the chance is 2 in 6 for Spring or Autumn, 3 in 6 for Summer or Winter. If the weather is not the same, roll on the Table again.

	Spring (Unlocking–Sowing)	Summer (Warming–Watching)	Autumn (Reaping–Close)	Winter (Locking–Dark)
Heatwave	—	3	—	—
Hot	3	4–5	3	—
Sunny	4–5	6–7	4	3
Bright	6–7	8–9	5	4
Breezy	8	10	6	5
Dull	9–10	11	7–8	6
Mist	11	12	9–10	7
Windy	12	13	11	8
Overcast	13	14	12	9–10
Light Rain	14–15	15–16	13	11
Heavy Rain	16	17	14–15	12–13
Fog	17	18	16–17	14–15
Sleet	18	—	18	16
Snow	—	—	—	17–18

Most of these are self-explanatory. 'Mist' is just a gentle haze, whereas 'Fog' is a real 'pea-souper', with visibility down to just a few paces. 'Snow' settles at the rate of 10–60 centimetres (roll one die and multiply by 10) per

day. Of course the Director is at liberty to choose exactly what the weather will be like, whether for the purposes of an adventure or just to make the Heroes' lives a little more difficult.

Getting Around

Port Blacksand is not so large that it cannot be traversed on foot, but the state of the main roads is so bad that crossing them becomes a major headache. The mud and sewage on main roads can be 10–60 centimetres deep – making it waist deep for a Dwarf in some places! On minor roads, alleyways and so on, the mud is 0–20 centimetres deep (roll one die: halve the result, subtract 1, then multiply by 10). Heavy Rain that day adds 10 centimetres of mud to any road, while Light Rain adds 5 centimetres.

So much for walking. For those who can afford it, there are also carriages and sedan-chairs. These may be found waiting to be hired in the three squares and at the quaysides – though there are some parts of the

city where they cannot or will not go, especially after dark.

Carriages can be hired, with driver, for one journey, for the day or the week. Prices are typically 2 GP per journey per person, or 10 GP a day or 50 GP a week for the carriage. These prices do not include a tip for the driver, which the customer is certainly expected to pay (half the person's Social Scale in Gold Pieces is a nice way of working out an appropriate amount).

Sedan-chairs are hired by the journey only, typically costing 3 Gold Pieces per journey, plus tip. The chairs carry only one person but are much more private than an open-topped carriage. The ride is just as bumpy; but many riders take comfort from the fact that they aren't the ones who are having to wade knee-deep through the mud and sewage which clogs the roads. Note that several gangs of robbers pose as sedan-chair operators: once they have a passenger aboard, they simply take him or her up a dark alley and dispossess them of all their goods, before jogging off again, taking their chair with them.

The Catfish River is always packed with small boats eager to ferry people up and downriver during the daylight hours for 1 Gold Piece per journey.

Crime and Punishment

Port Blacksand may be a chaotic den of thieves, cut-throats and pirates, but it has some laws. In fact, it has hundreds, if not thousands, of them, invented by Lord Azzur and imposed by his black-clad guards. Some, of course, are fairly logical: murder, trespass and theft are regularly punished. However, those being punished are not always the ones who actually committed the crime. Many criminals are able to escape justice by bribing the guards or witnesses, or silencing the victim. The Thieves' Guild, as you might expect, has set up an entire network of bribery and protection rackets to ensure that its activities remain undisturbed by outside interference. Other guilds, and the more criminally inclined of Blacksand's older families, also endeavour to keep their trusty servants out of the clutches of the law.

Despite all this corruption, there are also situations in which a criminal is caught and put on trial. If your

Heroes are caught by the City Guard and charged with a crime, whether rightly or wrongly (and either is as likely), you may care to use the following notes to determine what will happen to them. Of course, if die rolls indicate that the character is to be put to death, make sure that this very drastic result will not disrupt your adventure!

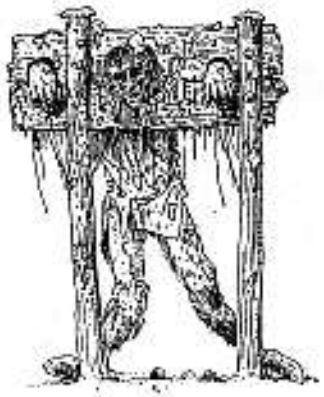

Imprisonment: There are holding cells in the gatehouses at every city gate, and each of the seven city districts has a City Guard blockhouse with more cells. A gatehouse has room for eight prisoners; a blockhouse has room for 8–18 (roll two dice and add 6). Very occasionally cells may be for one or two prisoners only, but more likely for many more; facilities are very primitive. There are more secure – and even more squalid – cells in the network of dungeons beneath Azzur's palace, where anyone sentenced to imprisonment or torture ends up. Criminals considered dangerous are taken to the dungeons immedi-

ately. Jail breaks from the guardhouses are quite common but are almost unheard of from the palace dungeons.

A stay in prison before a trial will last from 1 to 6 days (roll one die). Bail is unheard of; a criminal with that much money is likely simply to bribe as many guards as it takes to set him or her free!

The Trial: It is indicative of Blacksand's general state that nine out of ten accused who make it to trial are found guilty and sentenced. Despite such seemingly impossible odds, there is still the remote chance of being acquitted. Most offences are dealt with at the City Court, a rather tatty building in Wool Street. Only major and high-class criminals (and those with enough clout or money) get the privilege of being tried by Lord Azzur's lieutenants, or even by his Lordship himself. Azzur's court can sometimes be more favourable to those of higher Social Levels, but not often. Offences against a guild are usually tried by the guild in question at a special meeting.

The first stage is to acquire a lawyer (in game terms, an Extra with *Law* Special Skill); there are a number of independent lawyers who work in the City Court. All the guilds have a lawyer retained for the use of their members – though lawyers need special permission to represent the accused in guild trials. Most lawyers insist on receiving a fee before they will do anything for a client (usually their *Law* Skill times the defendant's Social Scale, in Gold Pieces), though a few exceptional ones will wait until a case is over, and not charge in the event of a conviction.

Then the trial is convened. It can often be great fun to make the Heroes play through their trial, judging their performance yourself and passing sentence or otherwise. However, this is not always possible. So, for a quick and easy trial, use the Sentence Table to determine the sentence passed by the court. Roll one die, add the *Law* Skill of the lawyer (or SKILL of the defendant if conducting their own defence), add the defendant's Social Scale, and impose any further modifiers from the following Tables:

	Trial Modifiers
Tried by City Court	−4
Tried by Guild Court	0
Tried by Azzur's lieutenants	−1 to −3 (roll)
Tried by Lord Azzur	−4
No *Law* Special Skill	−3
Resisted arrest	−1
Killed City Guard	−3 (and further trial)
Repeat of earlier crime or similar	−1 per repeat
Criminal record	−1
Already banned from city	−2
Bribery of court	+1 per 100 GP (maximum of +5 then +2 per further 500 GP)
Magistrate's mood	−4 to +2 (1 die −4)

	Crime Modifiers (if crime not listed, choose appropriate comparison)
Inside city illegally; trading without licence; drunk; disobeying guard's orders	0
Bribery; reneging on a debt; disorderly conduct; brawling; adulterating goods	−1
Illegal worship; petty theft; assault; fencing; receiving stolen goods	−2
Theft; minor arson; organizing illegal worship; mugging; tax evasion	−3
Major theft; kidnap; major arson; banditry; extortion	−4
Murder; piracy *	−5
Aiding and abetting	as for full crime, less 2 (to 0)

* – *For some unknown reason, piracy is the least common charge in Blacksand's courts.*

	Sentence
up to 5	Death *†
6	Mutilated *
7	Tortured – permanently lose 0–5 SKILL (one die −1) and 1–3 STAMINA
8	Whipped – permanently lose 1 or 2 STAMINA
9	Imprisoned – duration as jailed x 5
10	Imprisoned – duration as jailed x 3
11	Imprisoned – duration as jailed x 2
12	Enslaved – for 4–24 years (roll 4 dice) unless can escape or buy self out †
13	Jailed *
14	Impressed *
15	Stocks – in the Market Square for 2–12 days (roll 2 dice)
16	Stocks – in the Market Square for 1–6 days
17	Fine – Social Scale x 100 Gold Pieces
18	Fine – Social Scale x 1–6 Gold Pieces
19	Banned from Port Blacksand †
20	Acquitted
21	Acquitted
22	Case dismissed – no record kept
23	Case dismissed – no record kept
23+	Favourable judgment – awarded Social Scale x 10 Gold Pieces from city funds!

* – *See further notes, below.*
† – *All property becomes property of the city (i.e. Lord Azzur).*

Death – roll two dice to determine method: 2. Torn apart by four horses; 3. Smothered; 4. Impaled; 5. Hurled

out of catapult; 6. Beheaded by axe; 7. Drowned; 8. Burnt at the stake; 9. Hanged; 10. Sent to gladiatorial arena; 11. Drawn and quartered; 12. Fed to Leaf Beasts.

Many of those killed are executed in Execution Square and their body (or what remains of their body) placed, as a warning to others, on spikes or gibbets around the city or along the roadside leading up to the city gates.

Mutilated – Roll one die to determine part: 1. Finger; 2. Hand; 3. Arm; 4. Nose; 5. Ear; 6. Eye.

Jailed – Roll two dice for the length of the sentence: 2. One day; 3. One week; 4. Two weeks; 5. One month; 6. Six months; 7. One year; 8. Two years; 9. Three years; 10. Five years; 11. Ten years; 12. Twenty years.

Note that any sentence of 20 years or more is considered to be life imprisonment.

Impressed – The convict must work, with only token

pay, for the city for 1–6 years. Exact details are left to the Director, but could include rowing Lord Azzur's pirate galley, filling in holes in the streets, joining a criminals' company of the City Guard, exploring the lower sewers, etc.

Appealing: It is possible to appeal to Lord Azzur for clemency, for any final sentence on the Table of 10 or less. These are heard on the last day of every month, the defendant spending the intervening time in prison. On the day of the appeal, the defendant is taken under heavy guard to a small room with one latticed window, where he may be joined by his lawyer. Azzur sits behind the screen and listens courteously, it seems, before passing judgment. A fresh roll is made on the Sentence Table, with no roll made for Azzur's mood. Old bribes are not taken into account; a new one may be. Azzur's final sentence is irreversible. Also note that there is a 1 in 6 chance (roll 1 on one die) that Lord Azzur will insist on the defendant's lawyer, and possibly anyone else present, being condemned to the same sentence.

Trial by Combat: In special circumstances, the prosecution, the defendant or the magistrate may request that the trial be settled by trial by combat. This involves the defendant fighting someone, to the death, in the Sports Arena (Garden District). The opponent will usually be someone appointed by the other side in the case and will have characteristics exactly equal to those of the defendant. The other side also gets to choose the weapons used; in many cases they choose something very bizarre that their man has a Special Skill in using, such as the gladiatorial weapons: net, whip and trident. The contest is always presented as the high point of an evening's gladiatorial bouts at the weekly jousts at the Sports Arena, attended by hundreds of people. Incidentally, it makes good sense for one's friends to place large bets on one's opponent to cover the cost of one's funeral!

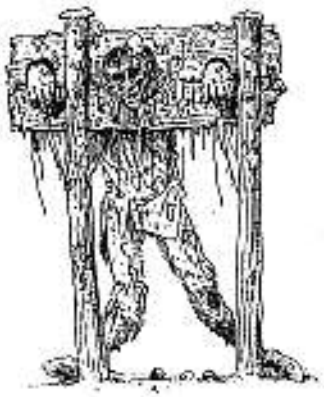

City Rumours

The following are examples of the sort of gossip and half-truths anyone could pick up in the course of a few hours' drinking in any Blacksand tavern or chatting in the Market Square. Whether any of the rumours are true is entirely up to the Director, who may use some of them as the basis for yet another fabulous adventure, set in the City of Thieves! (Roll two different-coloured dice and read them as 'tens' and 'units' respectively.)

11. Members of a new gang, the Razor Cats, have blocked Winding Street and are demanding a toll from all who wish to pass.
12. Mr Alden, the master thief, has seen what Lord Azzur's face looks like, and lived.
13. Someone has just turned an annoying beggar into a frog in Slime Alley.
14. A body has been pulled from the river with the word 'Sargon' cut into its forehead.
15. A beggar named Urduin knows a secret entrance into the palace dungeons.
16. A Goblin has just been seen flapping round Brabantius' tower using a pair of artificial wings.

21. The heads of the Assassins' Guild meet every Highday in the back room of the Silver Coin.
22. This morning a wine merchant found a strange potion in a shipment from Arantis.
23. One of the eagles from Eagle Tower has just carried off a baby from a balcony on Mill Street.
24. The landlord of the Hog and Frog is really a Werewolf.
25. The merchant, Silas Whitebait, has just been robbed of a massive gemstone by a trained monkey.
26. The pirate galley the *Skull in Splendour* has just sunk, blocking the mouth of the Catfish.
31. A cart has overturned in Market Street, releasing a Dracon.
32. The merchant, Arboros Zukk, is looking for bodyguards for a journey to the Moonstone Hills.
33. Lord Azzur has just left port in the *Face of Chaos* for a spot of piracy in the south seas.
34. Someone is putting poison in the beer at the Headless Troll *and* the Laughing Axeman.
35. The wizard, Nicodemus, has just turned the Captain of the City Guard into a guinea-pig.
36. Effie Pipe has a hoard of treasure hidden in the cellar of her flower shop.
41. A covered wagon has overturned in the Street of Knives, spilling hundreds of 3 SP coins into the street.
42. An ageing Hamakei sage is gathering together people at the Mercenaries' Guild for a dangerous expedition into the Desert of Skulls.
43. The Master Thief, Rannik, will be executed for murder by catapult at noon tomorrow unless he can prove himself innocent.

44. The Minotaur Inn and theatre is on fire.
45. A new tax starts today on all spellcasters and magicians.
46. The Kobassi brothers are looking for someone without scruples for a dangerous job.
51. An evil sorcerer called Zanbar Bone is terrorizing a town three days' ride from Blacksand.
52. Last night a mysterious Elf playing Bet Your Life in Nowhere Street won 50,000 Gold Pieces.
53. A number of Fish People have been seen in the Catfish Reach around dusk.
54. The house of Zuvember the alchemist has just disappeared in a cloud of purple and green smoke.
55. Erethrim the candle maker has thousands of Gold Pieces secreted all round his house.
56. Drinking ten mugs of Cloud ale gives you the strength of a Hill Giant.
61. The moneylender, Karashin Virmex, is looking for someone discreet for a 'delicate' job.

62. Jaral Tightfist, the spice merchant, is a collector of rare magical items.
63. Two dozen of the City Guard have been executed for holding on to tax money.
64. Naba the lamplighter is the person to talk to if you want information on those who come out at night.
65. The Temple of Sukh wants someone to retrieve an ancient scroll from the sewers.
66. The famous Khulian gladiator, Helios Siren, is appearing at the Arena tonight.

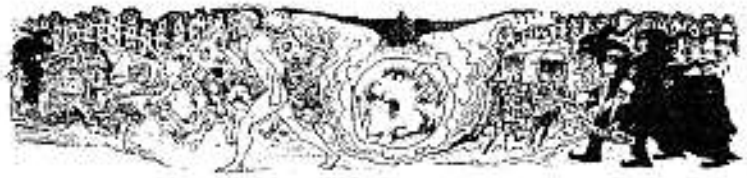

BLACKSAND! ADVENTURE

'A Shadow over Blacksand!'

Director's Introduction

And now, ladies and gentlemen, princes and princesses, we present another thrill-packed excursion into the realms of fantastic adventure! Yes, we're off once more to Allansia, where men are men, women are women and, unfortunately, Goblins are still Goblins. A land of danger and derring-do, or terrible traps and terrific treasures. Get the picture . . .?

The information that follows is all for the Director's eyes only. If you intend playing in this adventure as a Hero, you should stop reading *now*! Knowing what is going to happen will spoil your enjoyment of the game, and probably everyone else's as well. Don't be a party-pooper!

Excuse me, player, I don't think you were concentrating. Kindly STOP READING! Thank you!

Right, having shooed the Heroes away for a moment, we can get down to the very serious business of having

fun. *A Shadow over Blacksand!* is the longest adventure so far that we've brought you for Advanced Fighting Fantasy, but it uses the same format as those in *Dungeoneer*, and it can be prepared and played in exactly the same way.

In common with those other adventures, it is written in a very specific, structured format which we hope will make it easier for you to run. We're sure you remember how it is all done, but here's a brief recap to remind you.

The plot is divided up into a number of *Scenes*, which are shot roughly in order, according to both the actions and decisions of the Heroes and the reactions of their adversaries, and other, more random events too.

As each new scene is introduced, we'll describe the *Location* first, from the point of view of an imaginary camera viewing it as the scene opens. These descriptions can be read out to help the Heroes visualize the scenery round them, and there may be a map or illustration to help as well. On occasion there will be text which must

be read out directly to the Heroes; it will be in italic text *like this.*

Next there will be a *Plot Summary*, a few lines giving a general impression of what should happen in the scene as it is acted out. This is followed by the *Cast List* which includes all the Bad Guys and Extras due to appear in the scene, with descriptions and game statistics.

The *Props* section details a few easily obtainable items which you may care to use to increase the 'realistic' feel of your adventure. Players always like to have a few things to touch and investigate, and a little bit of effort by you can add lots of entertainment. However, don't worry if you can't find anything to use as a Prop; they are optional, not compulsory items.

The central core of the scene is the *Action!* section, in which you present the scene and then allow the Heroes to act their way through it (they hope) to a profitable conclusion. There may be several segments in this section, and in each we'll tell you what is *supposed* to

happen, when, where and to whom. If something unexpected occurs, the *Problems?* section will provide advice on getting the plot back on course.

Lastly, there are the *Turn to . . .* instructions, which allow the action to cut and move directly to the next scene. In real movies you never have to sit and watch while the stars slog their way over to the next scene – and nor do we: in the world of Fighting Fantasy, the action just fades into the next exciting scene.

Adventure Summary

Before we start describing individual scenes, here is a brief overall synopsis of what is going to happen.

This adventure is a murder mystery. The Heroes get hired as bodyguards for a merchant, but their new master is falsely accused of killing a man with whom he was trading. The Heroes soon prove his innocence, but then they get involved in tracking down the real murderer. Their quest takes them to the villainous city-state

of Port Blacksand, where they must deal with the shadowy and ruthless Guild of Thieves and an ancient, evil cult.

The Heroes

If you have already been playing Advanced Fighting Fantasy for some time, your players will have their own Heroes ready to play. If not, they can generate new ones using the 'Creating a Hero' rules in *Dungeoneer* (page 106), or they can pick one from the characters listed at the back of *Dungeoneer*. Heroes are permitted to use the new rules and skills presented earlier in this book, if you so wish.

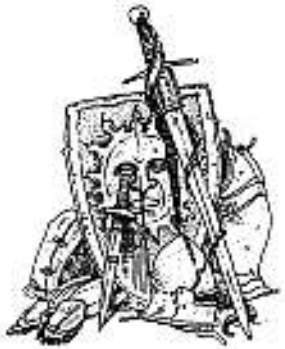

This adventure is best tackled by at least three Heroes, if they are to stand any sort of chance against some of the menaces they will face. It is best not to have more than six Heroes, or you will find it difficult to keep them in order. There are no restrictions as to the type of characters who may be used. In certain cases, one or more of the Heroes may have knowledge that will help or hinder the party during the adventure. Check with

your players to find out whether any of the following cases apply:

Heroes from *Dungeoneer*: If any of the Heroes took part in the *Dungeoneer* adventure *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* (and we certainly hope they did), they will already be familiar with Port Blacksand because they have been there before. In particular, they will have two special friends: Halim Thrumbar, the merchant, who is also a spy for King Salamon, and Nicodemus, the sage. This may make things slightly easier for them because they will know who they can go to for reliable information. On the other hand, they may be on Lord Azzur's 'wanted' list, if they happened to kill any of his Troll guards in the course of that adventure. Furthermore, they should remember the name of Sargon, and will therefore end this one feeling worried and guilty.

Additionally you will need to check which (if any) of the Heroes has the magic sword of Prince Erechion, taken from the Temple of Hydana. In this adventure, the Heroes will face several demons that can be hurt only by magic, so make a note of any other magical weapons the Heroes also have. Remember not to let on why you are checking these points – there are few things more

rewarding for a Director than the unhappy look on the face of a Hero who has just hit a monster a mighty blow and been told that the creature seemed to be unharmed. We don't want to spoil the surprise, do we?

A Hero from *City of Thieves*: One (and *only* one) of the Heroes can be the character who starred in the book *City of Thieves* (Fighting Fantasy 5). He too knows a bit about Port Blacksand and is a friend of sorts of Nicodemus. He is almost certainly wanted for killing one of Lord Azzur's guards (Sourbelly the Troll) and – unless he had it removed by Archbishop Kalivan during *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* – he will be easily recognizable by the tattoo of a white unicorn and a yellow sun on his forehead.

A Hero from *Midnight Rogue*: Finally, one (and only one) of the Heroes can be the character who starred in the book *Midnight Rogue* (Fighting Fantasy 29). He will have a considerable advantage, because he was born and

brought up in Port Blacksand and is a member of the Guild of Thieves. He is also well known to Brass the Merchant and Rannik the Master Thief, both of whom feature in this adventure. Because of this advantage, we have arranged to make life a little more difficult for this character. If one of your players wishes to use this Hero, read him the script below. Do not tell him that the adventure will lead him back to Port Blacksand, otherwise he is likely to chicken out immediately!

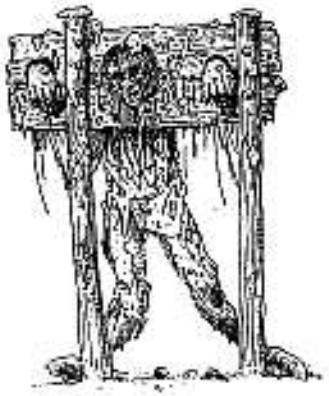

After your successful apprenticeship test, as chronicled in Midnight Rogue, *you had a short but happy career in the Port Blacksand Guild of Thieves. During that time you became friends with Guildmaster Rannik. You also made the acquaintance of the merchant, Brass, who helped with your test and who works closely with the Guild. As time went on, you discovered that Rannik's operation was but a part of a huge, shadowy organization, the leaders of which never made themselves known. There were several other factions, each with their own master like Rannik. One of these gangs was*

run by the ruthless and bloodthirsty Kobassi brothers who, so everyone said, were always plotting to take over the Guild.

One night in the Hog and Frog Tavern you were forced, in self-defence, to stick a knife between the ribs of a drunken oaf who was trying to dent your skull with a table. Unfortunately, it turned out that this man was one of the Kobassi brothers' bodyguards. They were not happy to lose him. Rannik informed you that, according to Guild rules, having killed a brother thief you could now be put on trial and possibly condemned to death. Because you were not allowed to meet the secret Masters of the Guild who would judge the case, you would not be able to defend yourself. Rannik would be able to speak for you, but he thought that the Masters would probably rule against you in order to avoid having the Kobassis cause trouble. His best advice was that you should flee the city, and this is just what you did.

Since that time you have been making your name as an adventurer in the wilderlands of Allansia, but you have always kept glancing over your shoulder in case the Kobassi brothers sent an assassin after you. You have no idea what has happened in Port Blacksand since you left. Is Rannik still alive and in charge of your old gang? Have the Kobassis succeeded in their ambition to take over the Guild? You don't know, and you haven't dared go back to find out.

Getting Started

The best adventure movies start with the Heroes dropped right into the middle of the action, often giving you little idea of how they got into such a pickle in the first place. You get *that* information either from a

short introduction shown on the screen at the start or from flashbacks, later in the film. This is deliberate; the film maker is trying to grab your attention as quickly as possible.

This technique works just as well in Advanced Fighting Fantasy, and many players enjoy it if you can get started without flashbacks. In a moment, therefore, we will provide a 'quick-start' script to get you and the Heroes straight into the heart of the action with a minimum of fuss.

However, there are many role-players who like to play the story through from the very beginning. If your players are like this, or if you have plenty of time and would like an even longer adventure, we now present some ideas for scenes which can be played out as the initial credit-titles roll. Unlike those in the main adventure, these scenes are not described fully and you will need to sort out some of the detail yourself, as well as acting the role of the merchant hiring the Heroes.

Introductory Scene – The Hiring

In this scene, the Heroes answer an advertisement for mercenary bodyguards to escort a merchant caravan. Normally, this is boring work, but the pay offered is good, and that has got them interested. The fee of 200 Gold Pieces each is ridiculously high for such a job! Perhaps they will be going somewhere dangerous. There is plenty of competition, but the Heroes get the job easily (especially if they are all well known in Salamonis as the people who rescued Princess Sarissa and killed Xortan Throg – see *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'*).

It turns out that all they are going to be doing is travelling to a village 35 kilometres away from Port Blacksand, conducting some business with a man from that place, and coming home again. But the merchant hiring them, a weedy chap called Waldo, is so afraid of the evil city that he wants the greatest heroes in Allansia to go with him. It's a strange set-up, but he is paying

well, and even Heroes have to earn money in order to eat sometimes.

The main point of this scene is for the Heroes to meet Waldo and find out what sort of a person he is. A full description of the cowardly merchant is given later in this section. You can use information from there, and from the 'quick-start' script, to create a conversation if you wish.

On the Road

Guarding a merchant caravan is boring work, but it is never altogether without incident. Allansia is a wild and frequently lawless place and there are many desperate creatures – human and non-human – who live by highway robbery. In order to get the Heroes' sword-arms into practice, it would be a good idea to provide a little entertainment along the way. Have them ambushed by brigands in the wood, or attacked by a party of Orcs at night.

Before starting a scene like this, it is important to establish exactly where the Heroes and any other characters are. For an ambush you need an order of march for the caravan. Where are the Heroes stationed? Are they on foot, in the wagons or on horseback? For a midnight raid you need to know who is standing watch, and when. Don't forget that it is impossible to fall asleep in armour. Wakened Heroes will need to spend one round of combat getting their wits together and snatching up a weapon before they can fight. A further three rounds are needed to climb into their armour. Unarmoured characters must add 2 to any Damage Table rolls when they are hit.

Waldo's caravan comprises four wagons. There are six servants with the merchant: four to drive the wagons and two spares. The servants are not fighters. If any trouble starts, they will dive under the wagons and stay there!

Waldo the Merchant

As the man they are being paid to guard, Waldo will be with the Heroes for much of the adventure. He is a small, undernourished and very, very nervous merchant. As far as the plot goes, he has two main purposes. First, he is the chief source of comic relief. When minor trouble threatens, he always gets really worried: 'Oh n-no, how t-t-terrible, how horrid, is that a real g-g-goblin?' If things get really bad, he will probably curl up into a ball and refuse to look.

In addition, Waldo is a good means of getting the Heroes into unwanted difficulties. He is always saying the wrong thing at the wrong time: 'Can we have a room at your inn, Landlord? One of m-my m-men is in t-t-trouble with Lord Azzur and we need a p-p-place t-t-to hide.' As we have seen, Waldo is afflicted with a permanent stammer, so smart Heroes will note this and get into the habit of interrupting him as soon as he opens his mouth – before he can put his foot in it.

Having once been a man of considerable wealth, Waldo owns a wardrobe of fine clothes. Unfortunately, the good-quality cloth beloved of rich merchants is heavy stuff; when hung on Waldo's skinny body, it makes him look like a skeleton in a loose sack. Waldo does not wear small horn-rimmed glasses, but as soon as they are invented he will be the first person in Allansia to get a pair.

Waldo is absolutely useless in combat. Even if he wasn't a total coward, you can see from his SKILL that there

would be no point in his even trying. He does have some use, however. When it comes to pricing things, Waldo is a dab hand. He knows the proper price for all common items, right down to the nearest quarter of a Silver Piece in many cases. Like anyone else, though, he may still slip up over the true value of rare items such as magic lamps.

WALDO THE MERCHANT SKILL 3 STAMINA 8
Special Skills: Bargain (15), Etiquette (10), World Lore (8)
Social Scale 5 *No weapon*

Quick-start Script
If you wish to jump straight into the action or do not have time to run the introductory scenes, read this script to your players before the first scene:

Waldo the merchant has fallen on hard times. A freak storm at sea sank a fleet carrying his goods, leaving him deeply in debt to the moneylenders, so this once-prosperous man has been reduced to tramping round Allansia with wagons, rather than sitting snugly at home, counting his cash. Needing cash in a hurry, Waldo has negotiated a good deal with a man named Brass. Unfortunately this fellow is based in Port

Blacksand. Waldo is not the sort of man to risk his life in that evil place. Instead, he has arranged to meet Brass in the small village of Meerham, some two days' ride south of Blacksand. Just in case, he has hired some of the best adventurers in Allansia as bodyguards.

Now turn to **Scene 1.**

Scene 1 – Meerham

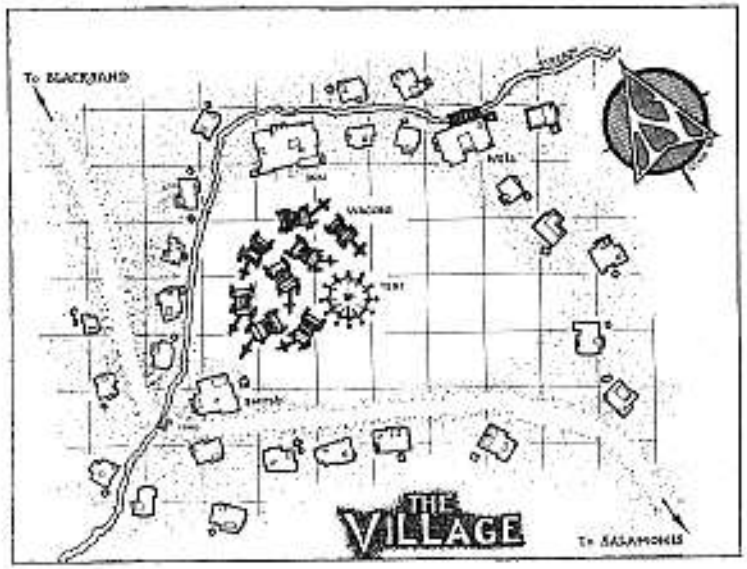

Location
Meerham is a small, sleepy village, nestling in gentle hills some 35 kilometres almost due south of Port Blacksand. The small stream which runs through it continues further south until it joins the Whitewater River. The village has the usual local industry: a mill, smithy, tavern, carpenter's shop and plenty of farms; as

it is near the coast, many of the villagers also earn a living from fishing. No one builds a village on the Skull Coast itself, because of the danger from passing pirates heading to and from Port Blacksand.

Show the Heroes the map of the village or draw it out on a large sheet of paper if you're using miniatures. All the cottages are thatched, and many of them are built entirely of wood. Brass has already arrived, and his wagons and tents are dotted around on the village green. He has politely taken up only half the available area, leaving the rest of the green clear for Waldo and his caravan. The merchant stands at the door of his tent, watching the new arrivals. Near him, and dotted among the tents and wagons, are several armed guards. A small group of villagers stands in the centre of the green. Smaller children watch warily from the doors of the cottages.

Plot Summary

Brass is murdered in his tent. The only person with him at the time is Waldo.

Cast List

Brass the Merchant. The man from Port Blacksand is of average height but well-muscled and possessing an air of authority. Unlike Waldo, he looks like the sort of person who can take care of himself perfectly well. His clothes are of good quality, though not quite as fine as Waldo's.

Veldik is the captain of Brass's guards. He stands at his master's side as the Heroes approach, one hand resting on the pommel of his sword. If the Hero from *Midnight Rogue* is with the party, he can (if he feels like it) tell his colleagues that Veldik is known in Blacksand as an excellent swordsman. If none of the Heroes has a magical weapon, Veldik's sword will be enchanted, allowing him to add 1 to rolls on the Damage Table. See the *Problems* section of **Scene 2** for an explanation.

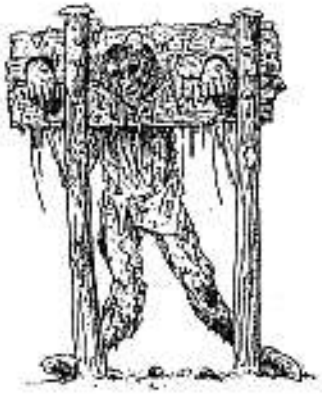

VELDIK SKILL 10 STAMINA 19

Special Skills: Sword (12), City Lore – Blacksand (11)

Social Scale 4 *Sword*

Brass's guards are good-quality military men, though individually they are no match for the Heroes. There should be two guards for each Hero.

GUARDS each SKILL 9 STAMINA 16

Social Scale 3 *Sword*

Mokum. In the centre of the group of villagers is Mokum the Miller. As the richest and most important man in the village, he is responsible for dealing with strangers. Mokum is a capable diplomat, but if fighting breaks out he will try to avoid combat.

MOKUM SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

Special Skills: Bargain (9), Con (10), World Lore (10)

Social Scale 3 *Dagger*

Props

If you normally use miniatures to help run your fights, you should get the scene set up straight away so the Heroes can state at the outset where they are going. Buildings can be made of cardboard or using building blocks. If you are in a hurry or are not good at that sort of thing, just cut out shapes in paper and write on them what they are.

We have discovered that one cheap and flexible way to displaying the terrain for fight-scenes is to use a home-

made playboard and some water-soluble-ink pens. For this you will need a small sheet of kitchen flooring material, no bigger than the table you use for gaming. Choose a pale colour (such as white or cream) and try to pick a pattern which is useful – ours has very handy hexagons that we use to control how far characters move. You can draw houses, rivers, and other terrain features on the flooring with felt-tip pens; the kind that teachers use with overhead projectors are ideal. We use ones with water-soluble ink; when the fighting is over, we simply wipe the board clean with a damp tissue, ready for the next scene.

Action!

1. Arrival

Describe the village scene to the Heroes as they arrive, then continue:

As your caravan rolls on to the village green, some of the bolder children run out of the cottages. They try to sneak a look under the covers to see what fabulous wares you have to

trade. Others gaze admiringly at your weapons, hoping, perhaps, that they too will grow up to be famous adventurers rather than farmers and fishermen.

A short, fat man moves forward from the group of villagers and introduces himself as Mokum the Miller. He bids you welcome to Meerham and hopes that you will find time to trade with the people of the village during your stay.

Brass waves cheerfully at Waldo as you come to a halt. 'Greetings, good sir. I have a few letters to write. Make yourself comfortable, and then perhaps you will join me in my tent for a glass of wine. I look forward to doing business with you.' With this, the merchant pulls open the flap of his tent and goes inside, letting the flap fall behind him. You catch a brief glimpse of a table set for business, two chairs and a bedroll.

Ask the Heroes what they intend to do. If they don't keep a close eye on the wagons, some of the braver village kids will start lifting the covers to find out if there is anything they can steal. There isn't – Waldo's merchandise is all big, heavy rolls of cloth. The Heroes don't need to help set up the tents; Waldo's servants will deal with that.

2. Death in the Tent

Once the Heroes have said what they want to do, continue to describe the actions of other characters.

The leader of Brass's guards walks forward, looking for his counterpart among your group. Picking the most obviously military-looking man [state which Hero] *he introduces himself as Veldik and enquires about your journey. 'A good*

trip? It's been fairly quiet for us thus far. We caught a glimpse of the Black Swan *riding at anchor off the coast a few kilometres back, but I don't think we need expect any trouble from them. Those pirates hate going anywhere on land – it's as much as they can do to drag themselves from their ships as far as the Black Lobster.'*

If the Hero of *Midnight Rogue* is present, ask him to *Test for Luck*. If he is unlucky, Veldik recognizes him and greets him cautiously. If he is disguised or hiding, roll first against the appropriate Skill and then make the LUCK roll only if the Skill roll fails.

Waldo gets down off his wagon and adjusts his tunic. 'Well, f-fellows, let's g-g-get this b-b-business over.' Nodding briefly to the hovering villagers, he leaves you, scurries over to Brass's tent and goes inside.

A few moments pass. Suddenly there is a loud scream from inside the tent. Waldo rushes out in obvious panic. 'Oh help, help! He's d-d-dead!!'

Veldik rushes towards him, sword already drawn, shouting: 'Villain! What have you done to my master?'

Ask the Heroes what they are going to do next. Insist that they decide quickly. Anyone who can't give an *immediate* answer should be assumed to be standing around with his or her mouth open for the next minute or so.

3. Confusion

This situation could easily develop into a fight. Veldik grabs Waldo and waves his sword in the merchant's face, demanding to be told what has happened. Brass's other guards rush forward, drawing their weapons. If the Heroes act likewise, some combat is probably unavoidable.

If anyone is thinking clearly, however, there are good reasons not to fight. First, the Heroes are outnumbered. Their opponents may not be great warriors, but they are capable professionals. Secondly, Waldo scarcely had the time, let alone the ability, to murder anyone.

People only need to stop and think, to realize that the idea of Waldo as a murderer is utterly laughable.

What should happen here is that, after the initial confusion, both sides realize that Waldo could not have committed the murder. They should then start looking for the real villain.

Veldik asks his men if they saw anything. One replies:

'Not a thing, boss. If anyone had come in or out of that tent, we'd have seen him.'

This scene ends as soon as the Heroes and Veldik decide to enter the tent, in order to investigate the scene of the crime.

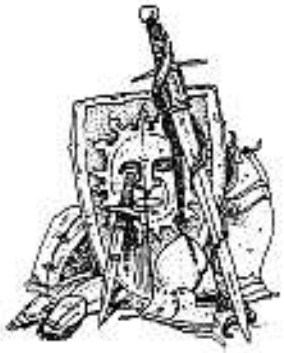

Problems?
If the Heroes seem determined to pick a fight, there are a few things you can do to calm the situation down. First, Mokum the Miller can intervene, using the following words:

'Gentlemen, gentlemen, please! No violence, I beg you. Can't we discuss this sensibly and calmly?'

If that fails, have Waldo say:

'Stop, p-p-please stop!! There is a m-murderer at large here somewhere. We m-must catch him quickly!'

A little bit of swordplay won't do any harm, but you should do your best to stop the fight before anyone gets killed. In particular you need to keep Veldik alive as he has to appear in later scenes. Brass's guards may be made to 'pull' their blows, doing only 1 point of damage and asking the Heroes to surrender or stop fighting.

If anyone is seriously wounded, Mokum will recommend Old Elsa, the village wisewoman, who knows the spell *Stamina*.

Turn to . . .
As mentioned above, the scene ends when the Heroes and Veldik agree to investigate the crime and enter Brass's tent. As soon as they do so, move on to **Scene 2.**

Scene 2 – The Scene of the Crime!

Location

Brass's tent is not very big and there is little furniture. As the map shows, his body is slumped forward over the table, with his chair lying on its back behind him. A second chair is placed in front of the table, presumably ready for Waldo. To the side and rear are two chests – one large, one small – and Brass's bedroll.

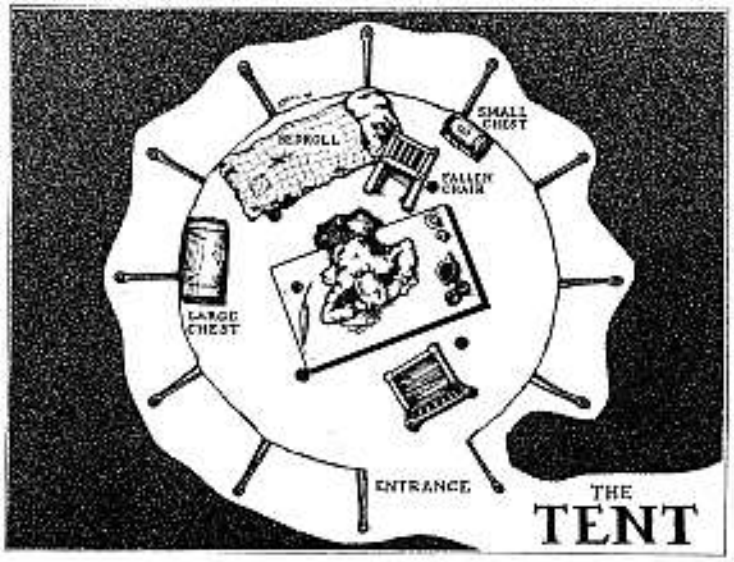

Besides Brass's body, the table also has the following items on it:

- several letters, partly covered by Brass's body
- an unlit candle in an ornamental stand
- a quill pen and ink-pot
- a tinder-box

- a wine jug (full) and two goblets (empty)
- some stains, where ink and wine have splashed from their containers as the body hit the table
- a few other items, currently concealed by Brass's body.

Plot Summary

The Heroes and Veldik investigate the scene of the crime. They find several clues; but, when they light a candle, the murderer appears, and they are suddenly fighting for their lives.

Cast List

The Murderer is in fact a rare type of Demon, known as a Silent Death. This terrible creature is vaguely man-like in shape, but has soft, velvety black skin and lacks a face. It is extremely strong, normally killing its foes by strangling them. It has claws and can attack with those as well. Most horribly of all, this creature is surrounded by a permanent veil of silence. Anyone within five metres of the demon can neither hear anything nor make any sound. Because of this, the Silent Death is a favourite tool of magicians wishing to assassinate people.

Being a Demon, the Silent Death cannot be harmed by normal weapons. Magical, enchanted weapons and spells do normal damage to the Silent Death. Check the *'Problems?'* section, below, for what to do if none of the Heroes has a magic weapon or some useful spells.

SILENT DEATH SKILL 10 STAMINA 20
Special Skills: Unarmed Combat (14), Strength (16)
2 attacks; Large claws

Props
It will add a lot to the atmosphere of the game if you can give your players some real clues to examine. The letters are the most obvious articles to provide: give them that extra-authentic ancient look by using cream or pale brown paper.

Nobody uses quill pens much these days, but any big feather will do. Nor are you likely to find a tinder-box – a sort of ancient cigarette lighter in a small tin box, that

was used to start fires before matches were invented. If you can, find a small metal box and pretend; your players probably won't know what a tinder-box is supposed to look like.

Sealing-wax is like a hard red candle; the idea is that you heat it and let the wax drip on to a folded letter so that, when it has dried, you won't be able to unfold and read the paper without breaking the wax. A metal stamp with a picture of the owner's badge cut into it is often used to make a pattern on the wax as it cools (these stamps are sometimes fashioned as rings). Seal stamps are very detailed and expensive to make, so a seal on a letter can generally be relied upon to guarantee that a letter is from the person who signed it. Some stationery shops still sell proper sealing-wax, but a red candle will do just as well.

If you are providing some keys, remember to use big, heavy ones. They don't have Yale locks in Allansia. Don't give the players real money, as they may not remember to give it back! Use toy money instead, or some foreign coins left over from a holiday abroad.

Action!
1. The Investigation
The Heroes will surely wish to look around to see if they can find any clues. Veldik will join in but will keep an eye on the Heroes, to make sure that they treat Brass's body with proper respect – and that they don't steal anything.

The big chest is the obvious place to start looking, as it is the only place in which an assassin could hide. It is unlocked, but contains only clothes.

The small chest is locked. If the Heroes smash it open, or find the key, they will discover that it contains money – about 400 Gold Pieces in fact. The bedroll contains nothing except a few fleas and bedbugs.

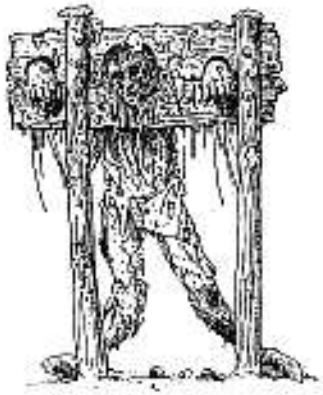

Another obvious move is to examine Brass's body. There are no obvious wounds, but there are large bruises round his neck. From this, the Heroes should conclude that he was strangled. That should be sufficient proof that Waldo was not the killer – his hands would not even go round Brass's neck. In Brass's clothing the Heroes will find a few loose coins (4 Gold and 27 Silver Pieces), a dagger and a set of keys, one of which opens the small chest.

By now the Heroes should be puzzled. Someone got into the tent and out again, without being seen. During that time, whoever it was succeeded in putting a muscular man to death by strangling him. This apparently all happened without a sound being made, since no one outside heard a struggle. One further clue is available to any Hero making a successful roll against an *Awareness* Special Skill: there is a slight smell of sulphur (a pungent, burnt chemical smell) in the air.

When Brass's body is moved, the letters and some other items are uncovered. There are three letters, which read as follows:

Letter 1 – addressed to 'Claudine':

Dearest Claudine,

Have arrived safely at Meerham. No sign of this Waldo fellow yet. From here I'm heading north to Fang where I'll unload the stuff he's promised me. I've decided to get tough with Dvorgar. He'll get a letter the same day you receive this. If he arrives to pay up before I'm back, make sure the money is carefully weighed – he's been known to pass false coin before.

My love to you, Torbul and Laurissa,

yrs,

Brass

Letter 2 – addressed to 'Dvorgar, Port Blacksand':

Sir,

Three weeks have now passed since you promised payment of your outstanding debt to me. No money has been forthcoming. I can survive on your good intentions no longer. You know what contacts I have. If the money is not forthcoming

within another two weeks, I will be forced to take steps to recover it from you.

Brass

Letter 3 – addressed to 'Candor, Salamonis':

My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your kind offer, which I am considering with interest. I shall be away on business for a fortnight, during which I will give the matter deep thought. I shall write again on my return.

Yrs cordially,

Brass

If asked, Waldo can confirm that Candor is a merchant, based in Salamonis. The man is of good character and well thought-of in his profession. The Heroes or Veldik will know this anyway, if they can make a successful roll against a *World Lore* Special Skill.

In addition to the letters, the Heroes find a stick of sealing-wax and Brass's seal. There is a small lump of

wax on the first letter and wax can also be found on the front of Brass's tunic, indicating that it was still wet when he fell on to the table. It seems, therefore, that Brass was in the act of sealing the letters when he died.

At this point the Heroes may assume (correctly), that the candle would have to be lit to melt the sealing-wax, and that its unlit state is certainly curious. If they are not so astute, Veldik is slightly puzzled by this, and says so:

'This is a little strange. Sealing-wax does not burn well and often goes out when in use. My master, who was always careful with money, would not waste tinder relighting it. It was his practice always to keep a lighted candle handy, just in case. The candle is here and, from the softness of the wax, it has been alight recently, but it is not so now. There are no wax drips to indicate it was knocked over in a struggle, and no great breeze that could have extinguished it. What put out the candle?'

If the sulphurous smell has already been noticed, the Heroes can confirm that it is particularly strong close to

the candle. If none of the Heroes suggests lighting the candle to see whether anything happens, Veldik will have to do so.

2. The Murderer Revealed!

As soon as the candle is lit, read the following paragraph to the Heroes. You may wish to alter it slightly if they have already noticed the sulphurous smell.

As soon as the candle is lit a strong smell of sulphur becomes noticeable in the air. Some of you open your mouths to comment on this, but no sound emerges! You bang on the table – still no sound! Now a thick, black cloud of smoke is coiling up from the candle. As you watch, it solidifies into a midnight-black, man-like form with strong clawed arms and – horribly – no face!

The Silent Death is surprised and disappointed to find itself surrounded by armed men, but it is very strong and agile. Don't let more than three Heroes fight it at once – their swords would get in one another's way; and remember that Veldik will be keen to get at the Demon as well. If the Demon succeeds in hitting any of the Heroes, you can assume that it will grab its victim by the throat. Rather than trying to strangle him, the Demon will immediately lift him and throw him against one of the other attackers, knocking both of them down. The two Heroes will need to spend two Attack Rounds picking themselves up before they can get back into the fight.

Because there is no sound in the tent, the Heroes will be unable to cast any spells: they can't say the magic

words! In order to use magic against the Demon, the Heroes must go out of the tent, get someone (one of Veldik's men, perhaps) to hold the tent flap open, and cast their spells into the tent from at least five metres away. No sound also means that the players, as the voices of their Heroes, cannot offer advice to each other about what to do, unless both Heroes are outside the area of silence.

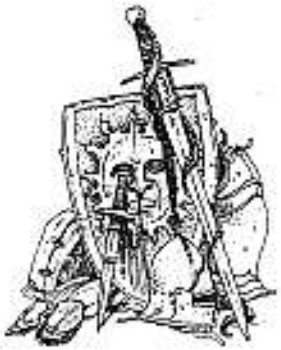

3. Aftermath

Once the Demon has been killed, the Heroes and Veldik can take stock of the situation and decide what to do next. The body of the Demon will decay rapidly, but not so quickly that there will not be time to summon the villagers and other guards to witness the scene. The candle will keep burning after the Demon dies. The Heroes will probably want to let it burn away completely!

It should be clear to the Heroes by now that Brass was the victim of some kind of sorcerous assassination. They may also think that they know who could have done it. Certainly the man Dvorgar has reason to wish Brass

dead. Veldik is keen for revenge, but he is a little uncertain how to go about getting it:

'It's all very well going after Dvorgar, but he can't have done this by himself. There's some wizard mixed up in it somewhere, or I'm an Orc's auntie. Goblins, pirates, even Trolls I can handle, but sorcery is another matter. What chance does a mere swordsman have against magic?'

This is a (fairly obvious) cue for the Heroes to point out that killing wizards is all in a day's work for the likes of them. Why, they try to dispose of one minor mage each day before breakfast, just to keep their hands in. And, to be sure, after a hard day's sorcerer-slaying, there's nothing they like better than going out and vanquishing a few necromancers who've started on the early shift at the local cemetery ... and so on. When they have finished bragging, boasting and generally lying through their Heroic teeth, Veldik will beg for their help:

'Sirs, I am truly honoured to have fought by your sides. I would be most grateful if you could aid me in this matter. My late master was a rich man. I am certain his family will reward you handsomely if you bring his murderer to justice!'

When a good deed needs doing – with the offer of a reward thrown in – the Heroes should be keen to get on

the job. The first port of call would seem to be Blacksand; there they could talk to Brass's wife about her husband's enemies, and perhaps visit this fellow, Dvorgar.

Problems?
If the Heroes seem slow picking up clues, you can use Veldik to prompt them and suggest ideas. Try to let your Heroes do as much of the thinking themselves as possible, though. You should intervene only if the action begins to slow down and get boring.

If none of the Heroes has a magic weapon, Veldik will have a magic sword: it allows him to add 1 to any rolls on the Damage Table, and wounds the Demon normally. If asked about it after the fight, he will say that his late master bought it from a sailor who had big gambling debts. He doesn't known where it came from, and will not sell it. If the Heroes own one or more enchanted weapons, they should be able to handle the Demon by themselves, so leave Veldik to manage with a normal sword.

After the fight, the villagers will offer food, which will help any injured or spell-fatigued characters recover 2 points of STAMINA. If anyone is badly wounded, there is also the option of visiting the village wisewoman.

The Heroes will have two problems themselves. If they know anything about Port Blacksand, they will be aware that you have to have papers and a good story before you are allowed into the city; normally, this means having something to trade and paying lots of money to Lord Azzur's city guards. Then there is the question of what to do about Waldo.

Fortunately the second problem provides a solution to the first. Waldo has not been able to complete his deal with Brass. The only way he can get the money now is to visit Brass's son and get him to agree to the bargain. Much to Waldo's horror, this means that *he* has to go to Blacksand. And, of course, there is no way he is going there without his bodyguards. His servants, however, have other ideas; they promptly go on strike and refuse to go any closer to Blacksand than the very spot on which they are standing at present. This may seem cowardly of them, but it does mean that you don't have to worry about keeping track of them while the Heroes are wandering round the city. Fortunately, some of Brass's men can help with Waldo's wagons.

Turn to . . .
Once the arrangements have been finalized, the two caravans can head off for Port Blacksand. Veldik suggests camping a few kilometres short of the city so that the Heroes can enter it early the next morning. The fewer

nights you have to spend in that awful place the better. Waldo will support this idea enthusiastically.

The journey and the night outside the walls will be uneventful, so turn straight away to **Scene 3.**

Scene 3 – The Gates of Blacksand

Location
As the wagons roll along the road to Port Blacksand, the members of the caravan will witness various sights which, though seen by some of them many times before, are still stomach-turning. There are the strange expanses of ruins from an ancient city lost in the mists of history, sinister pirate ships riding at anchor in the bay, the smell that seems to hang over the city like a fog, the fog itself that also hangs over the city, the corpses of criminals that line the roadside, the crippled beggars . . . and the black-garbed Troll guards on the gate.

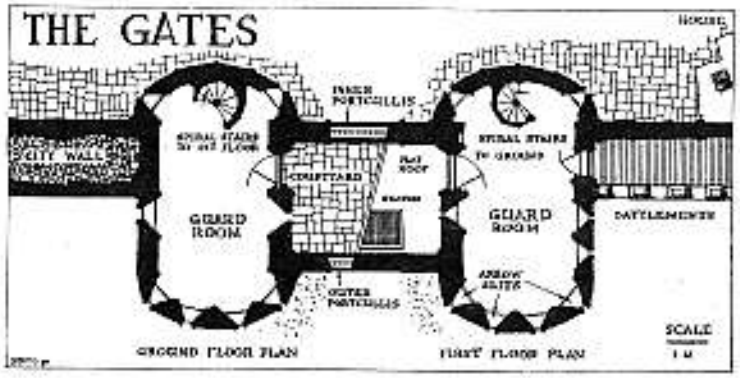

Hey, wait a minute! Haven't we been here before? If you have run the *Dungeoneer* adventure *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* you will recognize this scene. There are two reasons for using it again. First, the Heroes have to get into Blacksand with Waldo and the wagons; that means they have to go through the gate. Also this is a good comic scene (Trolls are always good for a laugh, one way or another) and, if you handle the scene right, it will be even funnier because everyone knows what is coming. We're looking for the same effect that the best comedians get when the audience laughs yet again as they slip on the same banana skin for the third time.

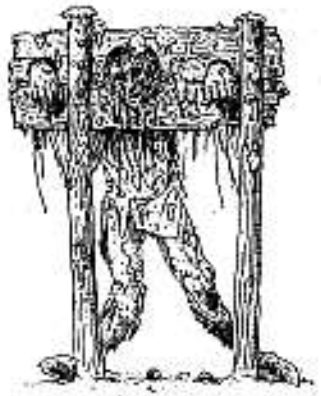

Plot Summary
The Heroes manage to get into Port Blacksand despite the best efforts of Waldo to get them arrested.

Cast List
Stinkbottom and *Foulbreath*, two Troll guards, who are as depraved, greedy, ill-tempered and unhygienic as you

might expect creatures of their race in such an unpleasant place to be.

TROLLS each SKILL 10 STAMINA 9
Social Scale 4 *2 attacks; Sword*

Props
Something pointy to prod your players with when the Trolls are trying to goad them into a fight; don't use anything too sharp or you'll goad someone into a fight.

Action!
Veldik and his people get through without too much trouble, as they are well known to the guards. The news of Brass's death has arrived before the caravans, and the Trolls, being no respecters of people's feelings or the dead, engage in some ill-natured banter at Veldik's expense.

'Some fine bodyguard you turned out to be, eh? You'll be on the streets begging soon, mark me words, and don't expect me to toss you any crumbs. Still, the old boy was a rich 'un. Bet you've already helped yourself to whatever 'e was carrying, eh me lad? I fink you ought to share a little wiv your ol' friends on account of your good fortune, eh?'

Proud though Veldik is, he knows the score here. Biting his lip, he tosses the Trolls a few Gold Pieces and drives the wagons through as they scrabble in the dust for the money.

In contrast, the Heroes are not known to the Trolls at all (we hope! – if they are known and recognized, it means

an immediate fight). They are with someone who is obviously a merchant; but Waldo has never seen a Troll in his life before, let alone had to bargain with one. He is so frightened he is liable to say the stupidest things. Like what? Like this:

'P-p-please, m-mister T-t-t-t-t-t . . . er, sir, let us in. W-we've got to find out who k-k-killed Brass, to c-c-clear my name.'

This is not a very clever thing to say, as even the Troll guards realize:

'Ah, yo're a murder suspect, eh? Not the sort of bloke we likes in this city, ho no. But ol' Brass was a good taxpayer, so I'm sure Lord Hazzur will want to see you brought to justice. I fink we'll 'ave to harrest you. Unless, of course, you could see your way clear to makin' a small donation, eh?'

At this point, Waldo will turn from bright red to deathly white, while stammering out:

'P-p-please, mister T-t-troll. I'll d-d-do anything you ask.'

'Anyfing? Well, a fousand gold sov'rins wouldn't go amiss, eh Stinkbottom?'

''Ang on, Foulbreath, I needs me leathers patched. Make it two fousand!'

'W-well it does seem a lot, but we need to get in.'

2000 Gold Pieces is well out of order for a gate bribe; 50 is closer to the going rate, and the Heroes will have noticed that Veldik can't have paid more than 10. For their own sakes, they should have interrupted Waldo long before he has got himself into this mess, even to the extent of tying him up and gagging him. Otherwise, they have two choices: they can try to use the *Con* Special Skill to persuade the Trolls to accept less, or they can disable or even kill them. If all else fails, Waldo will pay 1000 GP and the Trolls will accept that, but do let the Heroes try anything to stop this happening.

Unfortunately, those 1000 Gold Pieces were the sum that Waldo had put aside to pay the Heroes . . .

If the Heroes attack the Trolls, Veldik, who is waiting on the other side of the gates, yells:

'Fools! Lord Azzur will have your hides for this!'

With this, he urges his men forward and disappears into the twisting city streets. Clearly he wants no part in the killing of Lord Azzur's guards.

Problems?
If some of the Heroes are wanted in Blacksand as a result of previous adventures, they will be keen to avoid being recognized. Their options include hiding in the wagons or disguising themselves. A successful *Disguise* Special Skill roll, or a standard roll against SKILL using the modifiers for 'hiding' (*Dungeoneer*, page 190) will save them. If they fail, allow a *Test for Luck* to see if the Trolls recognize them. All this assumes, of course, that

none of them has a certain distinctive tattoo on his forehead.

Turn to . . .
If Waldo and the Heroes give in and pay a bribe of some sort, they can join Veldik on the far side of the gates, poor and humiliated but unharmed. He recommends that they find some lodgings and suggests the Dragon's Tooth tavern. He gives them directions to that inn, and to Brass's house if they ask, but requests that they give him an hour or so to break the news gently to Brass's widow before they come to see the family. Turn to **Scene 6**.

If the Heroes kill the Trolls, they will need to put a distance between themselves and the gates very quickly. A crowd of beggars will have gathered to watch the fight, but will be too nervous to intervene on either side. The Heroes may have some idea about who to contact in the city. If they do not, the following happens.

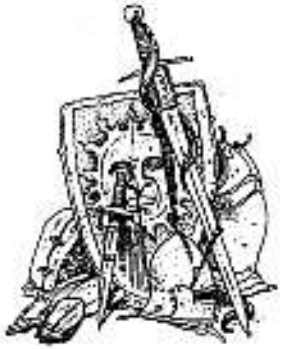

As the Heroes are wondering what to do, a small boy whispers from the shadows:

'Psst! This way, quickly. You're in big trouble. Hurry up before any more guards arrive. Leave the wagons and horses, you can't take them down backstreets.'

If the Heroes accept this offer and follow the boy, turn to **Scene 5**. Otherwise turn to **Scene 4** instead.

Scene 4 – Still at the Gates

Location
The Heroes and Waldo are standing around at the gates, wondering what they should do with these two dead Trolls. Suddenly the crowd of beggars parts to reveal a very large squad of heavily armed Trolls, led by a very nasty individual indeed.

Plot Summary
Waldo and the Heroes are forced to pay a very big fine in order to avoid being executed for murder.

Cast List
The Captain of the Port Blacksand City Guard is a tall, dark human who carries an enormous bullwhip. Can you imagine how nasty a man has to be to be able to keep all those Trolls in order? No, you're not even close: he's worse, much worse. This chap (Social Scale 6) didn't just sell his own grandmother; he *invested* her, and still collects the interest to this day.

Lots of Troll Guards, at least three per Hero, each of them as tough as Stinkbottom and Foulbreath from *Scene 3*.

Props
We suggest you forget about the enormous bullwhip: unless you are expert in using one, you can cause an awful lot of damage and, for some inexplicable reason, your players may stop turning up to your regular Tuesday game nights. Anything that makes a fairly loud cracking noise will do just as well.

Action!
With this veritable army of nasties bearing down on them, the Heroes are likely to think that their hour has come. Fortunately, the City Guard are a mercenary lot. The Guard Captain, flanked by a small army of grinning Trolls, sneers at the Heroes with a sneer so sneery you'd think sneers had only just been invented that very minute.

'Well, you lot certainly fancy yourselves, don't you? Think you can get away without paying your dues? Well, let me tell you, this city is more than capable of dealing with cheap thugs like you! See those hooks above the gate? What we normally do to people who kill our men is, we hook them up

and let them hang there. They normally take about five days to die, if the vultures don't peck 'em to death first.

'Still, you people seem to be merchants, so perhaps we can make an exception in your case. A small fine would be acceptable, I think 2,000 Gold Pieces, and of course we will confiscate your goods. Pay up and we'll say no more about it.'

Nothing the Heroes will say can get them out of this mess – they have to pay up. Of course, this cleans Waldo out completely, and they lose the goods as well. Boy, have they made a mess of this one quest! Still, perhaps they will be able to make some money, once they are in the city . . . perhaps.

Problems?
What?! You think your Heroes could take on this lot and win? You've been too soft on them, haven't you? We can't have that! Double the number of Trolls and raise their SKILL to 14 and STAMINA to 30 each.

Seriously though, if the Heroes decide to fight here, they should be clapped in irons, dragged off to Azzur's torture chambers and dungeons, and never, ever, be seen again. It is as simple as that. Part of being a great adventurer is knowing when you are out of your depth.

Incidentally, we know we didn't give any statistics for the Captain of the Guard. That's because he is *so* nasty (and such a nice, annoyingly horrid character) that the Heroes can't be allowed to kill him. If they do, he won't be able to turn up again in a later adventure to *really* annoy the Heroes. Besides, as you might have guessed, he will let the Trolls do all the fighting for him; that's what stupid underlings are for.

Turn to . . .
Having made a big show of distancing himself from the fight at the gates, Veldik waited around a nearby corner to see what would happen. When the Heroes come through, he will give them the same information about

the Dragon's Tooth tavern and Brass's house as he would have done in *Scene 3* (see above). Turn to **Scene 6**.

Scene 5 – A Safe House

Location
Following the small boy, the Heroes rush through the twisting side streets of Port Blacksand, expecting at any moment to hear the pattering of large feet and smell the noxious breath of Lord Azzur's evil guards behind them. The wagons have had to be abandoned, and any Hero who spared a backwards glance would see them disappear under a swarm of beggars, many casting aside their white sticks and crutches as they hurry to see what goodies may have been left behind. Waldo puffs along behind, slowing the general progress until one of the Heroes realizes that the merchant is struggling to carry

a very heavy chest: his money, of course. Relieved of his burden, Waldo's panic gives wings to his flight and he races through the winding alleys as fast as the rest until, puffing and panting, they dive through a hatchway and into the cellar beneath a crumbling house in one of the poorest parts of the city.

The Heroes have ended up in a safe house run by the priests of Usrel, Goddess of Peace. In this place sanctuary is offered to people on the run from the many villains who inhabit Port Blacksand. It is dark, dirty, crawling with cockroaches, and thoroughly uncomfortable – but for the moment it is safe from Lord Azzur and his evil minions. The refuge is currently located in Fork Lane, but it has to move frequently to avoid discovery. There is no guarantee it will still be in its present location, next time the Heroes return to Port Blacksand.

The scene which follows takes place in the cellar. It is dark, cramped, and empty of furniture and other comforts. Fortunately all that the Heroes need to do here is talk.

Plot Summary

The Heroes discover that, even in a place as foul as Port Blacksand, there are small islands of peace and tranquillity.

Cast List

Ben, the small boy who led the Heroes to this place. He is a smart, streetwise urchin who was saved by one of the priests of Usrel from a fearsome beating and has

since devoted his life to helping others. Despite being a servant of the goddess, Ben is well versed in all the thieving skills. In Blacksand, he couldn't do the job he does any other way.

BEN SKILL 8 STAMINA 16
Special Skills: Awareness (10), Hide (12), Lock Picking (9), Secret Signs (9), Sneak (12), Disguise (9) Con (10)
Social Scale 1 *Knife*

Father Robul is a priest of Usrel, who is currently in charge of the safe house. He is a fat, jolly sort of fellow who seems to bumble along through life in ignorant absent-mindedness. Underneath the comic image, he is a shrewd and brave man who has thwarted Lord Azzur's evil plans many times!

ROBUL SKILL 9 STAMINA 12
Special Skills: Con (12), Languages (10), City Lore (11), Magic (11)
Spells: Light, Luck, Peace, Stamina, Ward, Levitate, Speak to Animals
Social Scale 3

Props
One of the things that Robul will do to make his dingy cellar feel like home is to offer the Heroes some food. If you have some stale bread and cold water, this will give a fairly good impression of the sort of stuff on offer. We do suggest, however, that you don't bother with the mould and worms – we don't want anyone being sick on the gaming table, do we? (Well, *we* don't.)

Action!
1. Introductions
As Ben dives down the stairs into the cellar he splutters a greeting to Father Robul:

'Back again, I'm afraid, Master. These men have just killed two of Azzur's Trolls and they need a place to hide while things cool off.'

'Goodness, Ben, they must be brave, or desperate! Come in, good sirs. I am Robul, follower of Usrel. You are safe here, for now. Make yourselves comfortable, get your breath back, and then perhaps you would like to tell us your story.'

Suspicious Heroes will want to know more about Ben and Robul first. Alternatively, once they have told their tale, the priest will give a full explanation of his mission. This is the sort of thing he will say:

'As I am sure you know, good sirs, my Lady Usrel is the Goddess of Peace, the Bringer of Calm and Fountain of

Tranquillity. It may seem to you that a dingy cellar in the most evil city in all Allansia is a strange place to find a shrine to that Bright Lady. But I can tell you that no place is too awful and strife-torn for one or more of my brotherhood to try to bring a little peace and comfort to its darkened corners. There are, I'll admit, more pleasant tasks in our priesthood than mine; but, for my sins, I have been chosen to serve the people of this sad city. It is a long battle, I'll admit, an unending struggle against a tide of villainy and despair. But every soul we save from Azzur's clutches is another ray of light shining through this dismal place. Ben, here, is my eyes and ears, while I do my best to provide succour, comfort and a new home each time our hiding-place is discovered.'

2. Waldo's Problem

While everyone is glad to have found a place of safety, no doubt, Waldo has a few other matters on his mind. Having lost his merchandise, he now has no means for paying his debts. He has saved 2,000 Gold Pieces in cash, but the goods cost him 5,000 GP, and he was expecting to get 8,000 GP for them from Brass. Besides,

a lot of that 2,000 is needed to pay the Heroes' wages. As the Heroes got him into this mess by refusing to pay the bribe, he will want to know what they propose doing to put things right. Perhaps the reward for finding Brass's killer would help his cash-flow problems?

3. Information

Having found some friends, one of the first things the Heroes ought to do is ask for information that may help them in their quest for Brass's killer. Robul and Ben will be only too happy to help. Here is the information they can give, but only if asked about specific topics:

Locations: They know the addresses of the homes of both Brass and Dvorgar.

On Brass: The man worked closely with the Guild of Thieves but paid his taxes regularly and fairly, so Azzur was doubtless happy with him. With friends like that, who would dare attack him?

On Veldik: He is a good man who can be trusted.

On Dvorgar: A liar and a cheat, always late with his payments in business dealings, and inclined not to pay at all if he can get away with it. He should have known better than to try to cheat Brass, and will doubtless suffer for his mistake.

Other help?: Halim Thrumbar, a merchant who can normally be found at the Dragon's Tooth inn, is mentioned as a reliable source of information and advice.

Problems?
About the only thing that can go wrong here is that the Heroes turn mean and refuse to help Waldo any further. This is most unheroic of them. If they do take this attitude, have Robul scold them and insist that they behave more charitably.

Turn to . . .
From this scene the Heroes could go to any one of a number of locations in Port Blacksand as they pursue their investigations. If they go to the Dragon's Tooth, turn to **Scene 6**. If they go to visit Nicodemus, turn to **Scene 7**. If they head for Dvorgar's house, turn to **Scene 8**. If they decide to visit Brass's family, turn to **Scene 11**.

Note: Waldo is more than likely to be a hindrance to the Heroes from this point on in the adventure. Robul will be happy enough to look after the cowardly merchant until the adventure is over.

Scene 6 – The Dragon's Tooth

Location
Every tavern in Port Blacksand is full of ruffians of one sort or another. The single saving grace of the Dragon's Tooth is that it is the first lodging that many visitors come to on entering the city for the first time; this means that it usually has its fair quota of outsiders in residence, as distinct from the villainous cut-throats who throng all of Blacksand's other bars. It is also the place where you will find a good percentage of the city's pickpockets working over the new arrivals.

If you own a copy of *Dungeoneer*, you will know that a fuller description of the Dragon's Tooth, together with

a map of the bar, can be found in the adventure, *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'*. You may also wish to use the rules for gambling and bar-room brawls found there, although the main purpose of the present scene is to provide the Heroes with information rather than an excuse for a bit of gratuitous violence (shame!).

Plot Summary
Some information is gleaned from Halim Thrumbar and/or Gregor the landlord. If the Heroes have come straight here from the gates, they can take lodgings and leave Waldo in Halim Thrumbar's care.

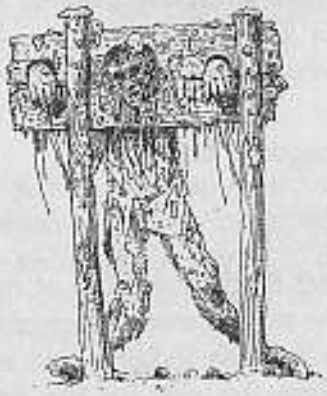

Cast List
Halim Thrumbar is a man of many parts. Merchant, sometime adventurer, spy for King Salamon and seller of information, he has a wide range of contacts throughout Port Blacksand, Allansia, and even beyond. He hides his secret operations behind the image of a typically fat

and pompous dealer in wines and ales. More information about Thrumbar can be found in *Dungeoneer* (page 261); he has a Social Scale of 5.

Gregor is a former sailor who may have travelled widely before settling down as a publican. Certainly he has wild stories to tell of life on the high seas; but many of these are so far-fetched that everyone is convinced he has never been further afield than Arantis. More about Gregor can be found in *Dungeoneer* (page 262); he has Social Scale 3.

Props
If you intend to expand the scene to include gambling and a brawl, check out the 'Props List' in the Dragon's Tooth section of *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* in *Dungeoneer*.

Action!

1. Gregor

As usual, Halim Thrumbar is reluctant to make himself known until he can feel sure about the people he is dealing with. Unless the Heroes know him by sight already, they will doubtless end up talking to Gregor first. If necessary, rooms can be hired and the wagons stabled. Waldo will pay; he will install himself in the pub to keep a close eye on his property while the Heroes play detective on his behalf.

Gregor is able to give some information about people the Heroes may be interested in. Of course he will only volunteer the facts if carefully nudged towards the subject.

On Brass: *'Now* there *was a man with influence. Best buddies with the bigwigs in the Guild of Thieves, no less, whoever* they *might be. I've seen a lot of cities in my life, and let me tell you that this one here has the most ruthless, best-organized bunch of criminals in all Titan. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if it turns out that every Thieves' Guild in the world is run from here. So what happened to Brass I wouldn't know.* They *won't have done it, not their style to use sorcery when a simple stab in the dark from some shadowy assassin would do. Perhaps the guy upset a wizard. They're a funny old bunch, spellcasters. Why, only a few months back there was gossip goin' round about an old loony holed up in the sewers raisin' an army of skeletons to take over the world! Wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't met so many of the crazies myself on my travels. You know, I was once on a spice clipper off the Skull Coast when . . .'*

On Dvorgar: *'That filthy scumbag! Why, the very waters of the Catfish, stinkin' as they are, would get up and leave if he ever tried to take a bath in them. He reminds me of a type of lizard I once encountered in Silur Cha. Lived at the very bottom of the swamps, it did, and drank the mud, livin' off the decayed corpses of every last thing that fell into the mire. If I ever get my hands on that snake, I'll wring his neck so hard the gold he owes me will be squeezed out of his stinkin' flesh!'*

On Thrumbar: *'Now* there's *a man with contacts. Travelled with him to Khul once, and when we put into Buruna the first pub we walks into half a dozen folks treats him like a long-lost friend and proceeds to tell him all the ins and outs of all the politics and dirty dealings in Ximoran. What he don't know simply ain't worth knowing. And besides, he always pays for his beer. A real gentleman.'*

2. The Drinkers

The Heroes may also think to ask the locals for information, easing the way with plentiful quantities of free ale. Nobody knows – or *admits* to knowing – too much, but

from several conversations the Heroes may be able to piece together the following:

On Brass: There is a big battle going on in the Guild of Thieves. The Kobassi brothers are making a determined bid to take over. Brass may have got in their way.

On Dvorgar: If he offers you work, don't take it. He talks well and makes fine promises but, when it comes to pay day, the cash is never there. You end up sticking with him for ages, working for nothing while you try to wheedle the money out of his tight grasp.

On Thrumbar: A very shifty character, fingers in far too many pies. He's a tough old bird, though, so don't cross him.

Other help: Some of the locals suggest that the Heroes consult Madame Star, the clairvoyant, who has a tent in the bazaar in Market Square. They have always found her predictions reliable and she may be able to provide a useful clue.

3. Halim Thrumbar

As a seller of information, Thrumbar will expect some payment from the Heroes before divulging his knowledge. It is one thing to do favours for King Salamon (as he did in *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* in *Dungeoneer*) but quite another to talk freely to a bunch of adventurers who are getting well paid for their investigation. The offer of, say, 10 Gold Pieces will be sufficient to loosen his tongue. This is what he has to say:

On Brass: *'He was a good man. Oh, he dealt with some shifty characters all right, but who in Blacksand does not? The thing is, he always dealt fair and that earned him respect. It's no easy feat to keep well in with both Azzur and all the various factions within the Thieves' Guild, but he managed it somehow. No, the Kobassis aren't behind it. They're as superstitious as they come and wouldn't touch a sorcerer with the sharp end of a stiletto.'*

On Dvorgar: *'Beneath all his lies and cunning the man is basically a coward. Stand up to him and he'll pay as soon as his cash flow allows. Trouble is, he keeps thinking he'll get away with it. Then he ends up owing far more than he can pay, and so he has to keep on cheating. That's the only way he could have been daft enough to get into debt with a man as influential as Brass.*

'Now the question is, what could he do, having got himself into that mess? Hiring a sorcerer is certainly a coward's way out, but sorcery is fearsomely expensive. I suggest you find out just how much he owed Brass. Any wizard worth his salt will have charged several thousand to conjure a Demon like

that. If Dvorgar owed more than that, it would have been worth his while to take the risk. If he owed less, it would be foolish to spend more than he owed to avoid the debt. Not even Dvorgar is that stupid.'

4. Directions

Any of the above contacts can give directions to the homes of Brass and/or Dvorgar. Only Halim Thrumbar knows where Nicodemus lives and he will supply the information for an additional 5 Gold Pieces, although it is fairly unlikely that the Heroes will be interested in seeing the wizard unless they have met him before.

Problems?

If the Heroes decide to take to gambling or brawling here, the appropriate rules should be all you will require. Remember that after a while the City Guard will turn up to sort out any trouble. As soon as they are spotted, everyone involved will disappear through side doors into the alleys.

If a fight does take place, Gregor will shut up shop for the rest of the day while he cleans up the mess. The Heroes will thus have lost the opportunity to question people at the Dragon's Tooth further. Waldo will hide under the tables during any brawl. He will not run when the City Guard turns up, and is more than daft enough, if questioned, to admit to them that his bodyguards were involved in the fight and give descriptions. He just thinks he is being law-abiding by answering questions honestly.

Turn to . . .
From the Dragon's Tooth the Heroes have a number of places in Blacksand they could visit. If they wish to call on Brass's family, turn to **Scene 11**. To visit Dvorgar, turn to **Scene 8**. A conversation with Nicodemus is detailed in **Scene 7**. For a consultation with Madame Star, turn to **Scene 12**.

In addition, there is a special extra scene, which you can spring on the Heroes at any time *after* they have been to the Dragon's Tooth. Once they have been heard asking questions in public, news of their mission will quickly filter back to the Guild of Thieves. They will be watched closely from that moment on. When you feel that they

have done enough talking and need a bit of action to liven things up, turn to **Scene 10** – *'We're Being Followed!'*

Scene 7 – Under the Singing Bridge (Again)

Location
The wizard Nicodemus lives in a small hut-cum-cottage situated under the Singing Bridge, constantly serenaded by the wind whistling through the skulls that line the bridge. He lives there because he is sick and tired of people coming to him for help, either with silly problems like warts and boils to remove, or because they think a good wizard is a soft touch for help whenever they need it.

Plenty of information about the wizard and his home can be found in *Titan* and *Dungeoneer*. We are not going to repeat it here because the Heroes don't *need* to go to Nicodemus for help this time. This scene is provided

only because, as Nicodemus has found, some people think he has nothing better to do than help out anyone who is having a bit of trouble with an evil wizard. He has much more important things on his mind, such as saving the world from unfathomably powerful forces and distilling the perfect brandy. If the first thought of your Heroes is to run to Nicodemus for help, this is the scene in which the old man gives them a small piece of his large mind.

Plot Summary
Nicodemus lectures the Heroes on the subject of standing on their own two feet.

Cast List
Nicodemus is an old man with a long white beard and a tall, pointed hat. Perhaps if he didn't dress so much like a typical good wizard he wouldn't get pestered so often.

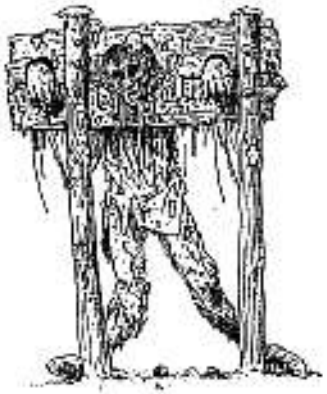

Props
If you have the tall, pointy hat left over from running the *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* adventure, put it on now.

Action!
Despite the words 'KEEP OUT' scrawled in large red letters on the door in several languages, Nicodemus will answer the door if people knock long enough, because after a while the hammering gets on his nerves. He is in a bad mood: the Catfish River is unusually smelly today and even Nicodemus's nose, which is well used to the stench and anyway is somewhat feeble with age, is suffering badly. The Heroes hardly ever get more than a sentence or two out before he interrupts them with some complaint or other. Here are a few suitable outbursts to sprinkle into the conversation:

'Help?! Need my help? Look, young man, there are thousands of people in this world who need my help. Hundreds of them beat a path to my door every year, despite my best efforts to remove myself from normal society. The question you should be asking yourself is whether you deserve *my help.'*

'A murder! A simple murder? Here I am, the greatest sage in all Allansia, if not in the entire world of Titan, and you come to me asking about one little murder! If you've no brains in your own heads, try Madame Star, the clairvoyant in the Market Square. It's more in her line of work than mine.'

'Of course I know of Brass. Most people in Blacksand do. I've never had anything to do with him, though. Unlike some people I could mention, he always sorted out his own affairs without *running off to others for help when things got the slightest bit difficult.'*

'Doorgar? No, never heard of him. I don't know everything, you know. It's taken me years to learn what I do know, which is more than any ten men you could name put together. I'd like to know more, but somehow I never get any time to study.'

Eventually, perhaps, the Heroes will be able to speak for long enough to explain about the Silent Death Demon in the candle. This at least will arouse a small glimmer of interest from the wizard:

'Oh, so that's *what happened to it. A tell-tale imp told me it had been summoned here. A Silent Death, you know, nasty piece of work. I was trying to find the thing, but it seemed to have left the city. Still, it looks like you fine fellows have saved me the trouble. Now, how about being good chaps and going off to find the idiot who brought it here in the first place, eh? And no, I don't know who that was. I would have seen to him myself by now if I did, wouldn't I? Well, run along then, I haven't turned you into statues. Yet.'*

Problems?

Nicodemus will not cure any wounds, sell any potions, enchant any swords or perform any other service unless it is of truly world-shaking importance. Anyone who asks is in severe danger of being turned into a fish and dropped in the river to see if it still supports life (it doesn't, incidentally).

Turn to . . .

There are several places in Port Blacksand which the Heroes could visit from here. If they wish to visit the Dragon's Tooth to look for lodgings or see Halim

Thrumbar, turn to **Scene 6**. If a visit to Dvorgar's house is next on the list, turn to **Scene 8**. Going to talk to Brass's family is detailed in **Scene 11**. If the Heroes have already been to the Dragon's Tooth, it might be time for them to encounter **Scene 10**; how to get there is explained in the 'Turn to . . .' section of *Scene 6*. Finally, should the Heroes decide to take Nicodemus's advice and consult Madame Star, the clairvoyant, turn to **Scene 12**.

Scene 8 – Dvorgar's House

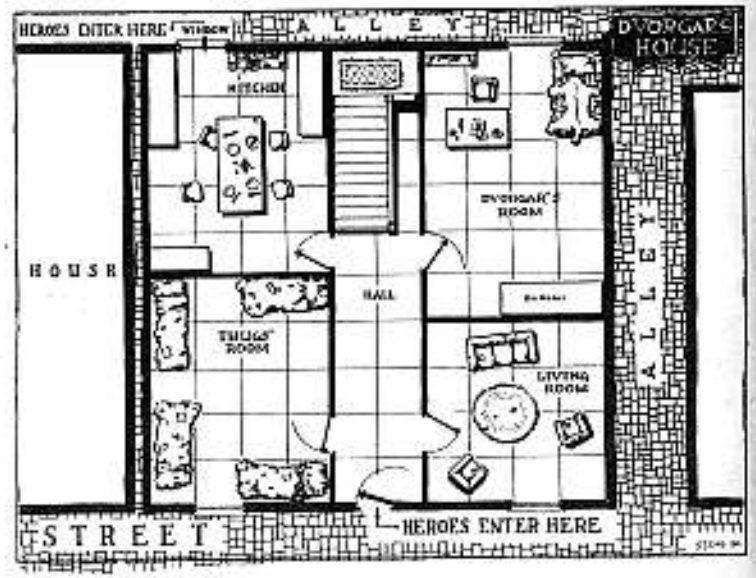

Location

Dvorgar lives in a reasonably prosperous quarter of the city but only because he managed to cheat someone else out of the house. The building, in Tree Lane, is in a terrible state of repair because he never has any money to spend

on it; the paintwork is chipped and peeling, the wood is rotten and wormed, and the whole thing looks as if it would fall down if a giant (or Axel Wolfric) breathed on it.

We will assume for the time being that the Heroes are going to adopt the bold approach and walk up to the front door. If they decide on a more cautious tactic, go to the 'Problems' section where there are some suggestions as to how to handle a break-in.

The map shows the layout of the ground floor of Dvorgar's house. He doesn't use the upper storey any longer; the stairs gave way a few months back and he can't afford to get them repaired.

Plot Summary

The Heroes put a bit of pressure on Dvorgar, and discover that he is indeed about as craven as they come.

Cast List

Dvorgar the Merchant is a thin, scrawny man whose clothes, although suitable for a merchant, never fit properly because he never has anything made for him. Everything he owns has been acquired from someone else, normally without him paying for it. In order to get away with his schemes, he has to pretend to be tough and ruthless, and he is not averse to having people killed – but first he makes sure they have no relatives to get even with him. At heart, however, he is a complete and utter coward. Anyone who puts the slightest bit of pressure on him will see a complete change of character. Our Heroes are just about to experience this miracle.

DVORGAR SKILL 8 STAMINA 10
Social Scale 4 *Special Skills: Bargain (9), Con (12)*

Thugs. Dvorgar still somehow manages to persuade a few poor wretches to work for him despite the poor (sometimes non-existent) pay. Of course they are the sort of men whom absolutely no one else would hire, with all that that implies. You will need one thug per Hero.

THUGS each SKILL 8 STAMINA 8
Social Scale 2 *Sword*

Props
There is a fight in this scene. If you use miniatures to control combat, you will need figures to represent Dvorgar and the thugs.

Action!

1. The Front Door

If the Heroes knock on the door, it will be answered by two of the thugs. They are under orders not to let *anyone* in, and will say as much to the Heroes. However, they are not very bright or very brave. A successful roll against the Special Skill *Con* can convince them of anything and any bribe will also do, but this is not really necessary. A simple swordpoint waved under the nostril will do the job just as effectively!

2. Before the Fight

At first Dvorgar is fairly confident and off-hand, although he can see that the Heroes are a tough bunch; in reality, he is quaking in his boots as he talks. He will use his *Con* Skill to try to convince them of anything he says. Unless the Heroes mention Brass's death immediately, he will assume that they are heavies sent by Brass to collect the debt:

'Look, I promised Brass that I'd pay, and pay I will. I'm an honourable man and I resent the idea that he should stoop to

such depths to collect his money. If you ruffians have caused any damage on your way in, I'll deduct the cost of the repairs from his bill. Is that clear?'

Once the Heroes mention that Brass is dead, Dvorgar jumps to a new conclusion: someone thinks that he is responsible, and these people have been sent by the Thieves' Guild to get revenge!

'Well, I had nothing to do with it, do you hear? Nothing whatsoever. I'm a merchant. I don't go conniving with thieves and assassins. Oh, I pay my protection money just like everyone else in the city, but I don't see why I should! It's about time Lord Azzur put a stop to you and your foul racket, that's what I say!'

3. The Fight

As the Heroes become more forceful in their questioning, Dvorgar panics and orders his thugs to throw them out. Naturally the thugs are not at all keen on this idea, but they know they will have their pay docked if they refuse, so they draw their swords and advance nervously. The Heroes should find this one fairly routine.

Because the thugs are cowards they will attempt to flee if their STAMINA is reduced to 4 points or less. If more than half of the thugs have fled or are dead, the rest will flee too, no matter how fit they are. Hopefully the Heroes will take pity on these poor buffoons and let them go.

4. After the Fight

Once his thugs have been disposed of, Dvorgar loses all self-control and falls to the floor in front of the Heroes,

grovelling piteously (for added authenticity, get down on your knees to deliver the next speech):

'Oh sirs, noble masters, please don't kill me. Truly I had nothing to do with Brass's death. It was only a few hundred gold pieces that I owed him, and I was going to pay, honestly. But I'm a poor man, you see. Look at my house. I hardly have a shill to my name at present. But it will come, I swear. I've people owing me. As soon as I can make them pay I'll return every dragon I owe Brass. With interest, too. But I didn't murder him. I wouldn't, not for that small a sum. And I wouldn't dare anyway. I know what sort of friends he has. Please believe me. You may feed me to Lord Azzur's plants if I'm not telling the truth.'

Problems?

As mentioned earlier, the Heroes may try a more cautious approach and decide to break into Dvorgar's house. They ought to wait for night before doing this but, with crime unfortunately so common in Blacksand, few people are likely to raise the alarm if they do it in daylight.

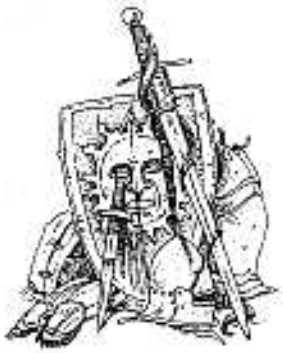

It is easy to find the slimy alley that runs behind Dvorgar's house. Get the Heroes to check their *Hide* and *Sneak* Special Skills if they have them (against SKILL for each if they don't). Don't forget the various modifiers to the die roll. If the break-in is taking place at night, add 5 to the *Hide* Skill. If any Hero fails *both* rolls, he has been seen by someone. He must then *Test his Luck* to see whether the person raises the alarm. If he is unlucky, cries of 'Stop, thief! Guards! Guards!' soon echo round the houses and the Heroes will plainly have to run for it. They can escape, but their chance at Dvorgar's is lost for that day.

Once the Heroes are inside, they should make another roll against *Sneak*, followed by a roll against *Awareness*, to see if anyone is about. In fact Dvorgar and his thugs are in the main room arguing about pay. The Heroes can either march bravely in, in which case run the scene as above in 'Before the Fight', or they can search the house.

If they are searching, ask for *Awareness* or SKILL rolls as normal; but the Heroes will find nothing of use anyway. The only interesting items in the house are a quantity of final demands for payment which are kept in a very large pile on Dvorgar's desk, the most urgent ones uppermost.

All the time the Heroes are in the house, have them make regular *Sneak* rolls. If anyone fails one, the thugs will hear them and dash out to attack. From there you'll have to run the conversation with Dvorgar yourself. It will be similar to the one given above, but he will be grovelling throughout.

Turn to . . .
Having got little joy from Dvorgar, the Heroes will have to try somewhere else. They could go to Brass's family, in which case turn to **Scene 11**. If, instead, they wish to go to the Dragon's Tooth, turn to **Scene 6**. If they wish to visit Nicodemus next, turn to **Scene 7**. To consult with Madame Star, turn to **Scene 12**. Heroes who have already been to the Dragon's Tooth are ready to have the encounter in **Scene 10**; see the 'Turn to . . .' section of *Scene 6* for more details of how to get there.

Finally, it is possible that the Heroes won't believe Dvorgar's protestations of innocence. He did say that they could feed him to Lord Azzur's plants if he was lying. Perhaps they will take him at his word to see if he changes his tune. If so, turn to **Scene 9**.

Scene 9 – The Public Gardens

Location
The Public Gardens of Port Blacksand are famed throughout northern Allansia and beyond. This is not only because of the great beauty of Azzur's fabled orchids and their exotic perfumes, but also because many of the plants are carnivorous! Lord Azzur has a passion for such murderous greenery and is known to pay well for new specimens. His particular favourites are the Leaf Beasts which guard his fabled Black Lotus.

The Gardens are in the north of the city, with entrances in Stable Street and Tree Lane. An entrance-fee of 1

Gold Piece per person is charged. As the Heroes and Dvorgar approach, they see that quite a crowd has gathered, including a number of City Guards. It seems that an execution is in progress!

Plot Summary
The Heroes witness a terrible sight and (we hope) repent of their desire to torture Dvorgar further.

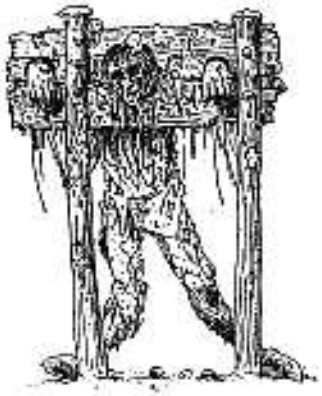

Cast List
City Guards. Have enough of the City Guard on hand to discourage the Heroes from trying anything foolish. Their numbers include several Trolls.

The Plants that star in this scene are Leaf Beasts, three carnivorous plants expertly trimmed to resemble a lion, a tiger and a leopard. They are detailed in *Out of the Pit*, if you are interested in their statistics, although the only meal they will get today is in no position to fight back.

Props
A few Venus Fly-trap plants strategically dotted round your room would give a suitably menacing air. Failing this, just make sure you have lots of big, sinister pot-plants around that just might turn nasty if provoked.

Action!
In order to keep his beloved plants fit and healthy, Lord Azzur makes sure that they are fed regularly. He cunningly combines this with the constant need to make room in his dungeons for new prisoners. Of all the means of execution practised in Port Blacksand, being fed alive to the Leaf Beasts is probably the most horrible. It is also the most popular with spectators, and the gardens and surrounding streets are crowded. There are men, women and children, since many parents look on such spectacles as a valuable learning experience for their youngsters. Many is the mother who can be heard admonishing the apple of her eye with the words, 'You see – that's what you'll get if you don't behave!'

As the party draws closer to the gardens, Dvorgar's terrified pleading gets more and more incoherent. Fear grips his tongue and he finds it hard to master even the simplest words. However, he does not change his story. He still insists that he had nothing to do with the death of Brass.

Forcing their way through the crowds, the Heroes see two robbers, bound and almost naked, being prodded towards the waiting plants by some Trolls. One of the Troll City Guards can be plainly heard grumbling about how the plants always seem to get the choicest specimens from the dungeons, while he has to make do with the old, the skinny and the crippled. His companion warns him to keep his voice down or he might just be the meat course on the next menu.

Suddenly there is a great rustle of leaves as the carnivorous plants envelop their victims and begin to nibble away at their flesh. The screams of the robbers are quite horrible and the Heroes, though hardened to violence through their chosen career, should *Test for Skill* to

avoid being, er, 'incapacitated' for a few moments. Dvorgar hasn't any lunch to lose and so faints clean away.

Problems?
If the Heroes still don't believe Dvorgar after this, they will never believe anything.

The Heroes may feel that they should try to rescue the robbers, but they have no chance against so many guards and a huge crowd of onlookers.

Turn to . . .
The Heroes should plainly take Dvorgar back to his house – he is not guilty of Brass's murder. Return to **Scene 8** and use the 'Turn to . . .' section there to determine where the hapless Heroes go next.

Scene 10 – We're Being Followed!

Location
As soon as the Heroes start asking questions about Brass in a public place (the most likely occasion being during a trip to the Dragon's Tooth), word of their activities will get back to the Guild of Thieves. From then on, anything they do will be observed by someone and reported back. Most of the Thieves' Guild's observers are either highly expert or are so much a part of the scenery that no one would give them a second glance, but a few are less practised and are quite likely to give themselves away.

This scene has two objectives: one is to set up an encounter at a Thieves' Den for a later scene; the other is to provide an action break in between the various investigative scenes that occur as the Heroes follow up their leads. You can choose exactly when to include this scene, based on how you think the action is going. Include it at a point when the Heroes are moving from one scene to another through the streets. Make *Aware-*

ness Special Skill (or basic SKILL) rolls for each Hero, including modifiers, and tell those who succeed that they think they are being watched. Describe the scene in the streets to them:

The streets of Port Blacksand are crowded and noisy, thronging with beggars, street traders and people going about their – mostly unlawful – business. It is impossible to go anywhere in the main streets without being seen by many people. Now you come to think about it, however, a lot of eyes seem to be turning in your direction. Blind beggars are staring directly at you. Street traders all appear to be trying to catch your eye. Children peer at you from behind stalls and wagons. From upstairs windows, women pause to mark your presence before throwing out their buckets of slop. It could, of course, be because you are rugged, well armed, good-looking, clean, or just strangers. Then again, it could be that someone is interested in your progress.

Plot Summary

The Heroes realize that they are being watched, and set about catching one of the watchers.

Cast List

Mickle, a street urchin whose abilities don't quite match his ambition. This lad has been sent to follow the Heroes by his masters in the Guild of Thieves. He has been told to stay well out of sight and simply report where the Heroes go and who they speak to. Unfortunately for him, Mickle is convinced that he is a brilliant thief and that he will have no trouble in getting close to the Heroes and overhearing what they are talking about. This over-confidence will be his undoing in just a few sentences time.

MICKLE SKILL 6 STAMINA 6
Social Scale 2 *Knife*

A cast of thousands, the people of Port Blacksand, are also busy watching the Heroes, for various reasons, but none of them is as easy to catch at it as Mickle is.

Props
You may want to use miniatures while the Heroes are trying to catch Mickle, but it should not really be necessary.

Action!
1. Catching the Tail
Once you have told the Heroes that they think they are being watched, they will probably do one of two things: either they will try to avoid the people watching them, or they will try to catch one of them and find out who sent him. Either way, they will end up catching Mickle.

If they are trying to *avoid* being watched, they will probably turn into a side alley. Even here there are one or two beggars and vagabonds, some perhaps taking a rest from a hard night's thieving by napping in a back

doorway. Or are they sleeping? In fact, the Thieves' Guild can watch the Heroes wherever they go; but Mickle is also determined to follow them everywhere. Once the Heroes turn down side alleys, he will stick out like a sore thumb. They are certain to stop him and will either set an ambush for him as described below, or simply chase him and catch him.

The classic way to catch someone tailing you goes like this: you turn a corner into a side alley as if trying to shake him off, and one of your number quickly hides in a doorway (by making a successful *Hide* Special Skill roll). The rest of the party quickly moves on, trying to get to the next corner before the tail spots that one of their number is missing. As the tail passes the Hero who has hidden, he is jumped upon and caught. This sort of thing is very effective and should work easily with Mickle. If your Heroes come up with any other plan, you'll have to assess its chances of success yourself. (Well, we can't do *all* the work, surely?)

2. Got Him!

Mickle may be over-confident in his abilities as a thief but, once caught, he will be very frightened and blab everything! Presumably the Heroes will ask him who he is, why he is following them, and who sent him. The young urchin replies thus, using the almost incomprehensibly arcane thieves' slang:

'All right, Guv'nor, yer got me fair 'n' square. Don't frow me in the chokey, I'll talk to yer. I'm Mickle, of the Guild of Thieves, matey, that's 'oo I am. They sent me to follow yer, Guv'nor. I'm ter report back on where yer go and 'oo yer talk to, see. Them upstairs, they've 'eard yer askin' questions about Mr Brass, the gawds bless 'is dear departed soul, an' they wants ter know what yer up ter.'

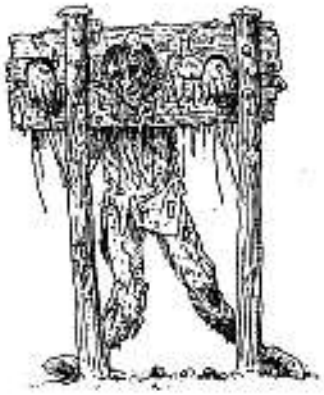

Further questions will presumably follow. Mickle was sent on this job by a thief called Grumbo. He belongs to a gang led by Master Urbin (a recently 'promoted' thief

master whom none of the Heroes will know of). He knows nothing of any dispute between the Kobassi brothers and the secret masters of the Guild. If asked to give an address where the Heroes can contact the Guild, he will name a house in The Noose. The Hero of *Midnight Rogue* will recognize this as a well-known den where he and other members of Rannik's gang used to hang out. Anyone making a successful roll against *World Lore* will know that The Noose is the shady riverside area around the Guild of Thieves.

The Heroes will probably let Mickle go after they have got their information. Unless they deliberately order him to cease following them, however, he will plainly be on their tail from now on.

Problems?

Mickle is the only person actively tailing the Heroes. All the other watchers simply note their presence and let them pass. There is therefore no way that the other

watchers could be caught or that the Heroes could prove that they are being watched.

If the Heroes try to threaten or question anyone in the main streets, the person they pick on will immediately pipe up with the traditional alarum cry of 'Help! Help! Robbery! Murder! Fire!' as loudly as possible. Everyone in the immediate area will instantly turn on the Heroes, shouting for the City Guard and pelting the Heroes with eggs, tomatoes and stones. The Heroes will have no option but to run for it and hide.

Turn to . . .
From here the Heroes have two options. If they wish, they may simply press on in the direction in which they were going when they noticed they were being watched. Alternatively, they can head straight for the Thieves' Den, in which case turn to **Scene 13**.

Scene 11 – A House in Mourning

Location
Brass's house is the large building on the corner of Short Street and Field Street, opposite the Field Gate. Above the doorway is a representation of Brass's badge, a coin. A black flag or sheet hangs from an upstairs window as a sign of mourning.

Note: because the Heroes get their best clue in this scene, it is best all round if they do not come to Brass's house until they have investigated several other options. In particular they should have checked up on Dvorgar by now. If your Heroes arrive at this scene too quickly, have a servant meet them at the door and tell them that the family is too distressed to see them now and that they should come back in an hour's time. The servant can also provide directions to Dvorgar's house if necessary.

Assuming they have arrived at the right time, the Heroes knock on the door and are admitted by a servant

who leads them into a large, marbled hallway. To their left, a wide stairway leads up to a balustraded landing. An ancient suit of full battle-armour, heavily inlaid with gold and silver, stands by the stairs. Veldik sits on the bottom step, playing tug-of-war with a huge, vicious-looking black dog. On seeing the Heroes he lets go of the old rag he was holding, which the dog proceeds to savage as if it were a rat, and comes to greet them.

Plot Summary
The Heroes interview Brass's family. They hear different opinions as to who may be responsible for Brass's death, and are promised a substantial reward if they can catch the villain.

Cast List
Veldik we have already met before.

Claudine, Brass's wife, is a middle-aged woman, grown fat on the proceeds of being married to a very rich man.

Although very upset, she is conscious of her place and responsibility and therefore remains calm and dignified when in company. Like her son and daughter, she wears black as a mark of respect for her dead husband.

Laurissa, the daughter of the house, is 18 years old and very pretty. Some of the more ambitious Heroes may get the idea of a profitable marriage during this scene. If they succeed in their quest, this is indeed a possibility. However, the girl is rich and pampered, and she expects that a future husband will keep her in the manner to which she has become accustomed. A man who spends his life roughing it around Allansia fighting unpleasantly scented monsters is unlikely to provide the sort of match that will make her happy. Laurissa has none of her mother's self-control and has been sobbing piteously ever since she heard the news of her father's death.

The new master of the house is Torbul. Although Brass had been doing his best to train his son in the ways of real life, the lad has not had the benefit of the tough upbringing on the streets of Port Blacksand that moulded his father's character. Were he to move to somewhere like Salamonis, he could probably make a reasonable living as a merchant, simply because he is so rich that only a disaster of the type that befell Waldo could do him any serious harm. It will shortly become obvious to the Heroes that in Port Blacksand the lad will not last very long unless he learns quickly.

TORBUL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10
Social Scale 5		*Special Skill: Bargain (10)*

Props

The Heroes will be well treated. This is a good opportunity to break out the coffee or soft drinks, biscuits and other refreshments. By this time you too are probably getting thirsty, because you have been doing a lot of talking. Remember that the meal will help restore 2 STAMINA points to any injured Hero.

Action!

1. Greetings

Veldik extends his hand to the Heroes and bids them welcome:

'There you are, my new friends. I'm so glad you could come. I've spoken to the young master about you, and he is keen to make use of your services. However, he has a lot of paperwork to get through today – Lord Azzur's death taxes are fearsomely complex – and he asks whether you would mind being entertained by his mother for a few moments while he finishes the most pressing of the papers.'

The Heroes have little choice but to agree, so they are ushered into the living-room, where Claudine and Laurissa are embroidering a funeral wrap for Brass. Laurissa weeps quietly as she works, dabbing pathetically at her red-rimmed eyes with a small black silk handkerchief.

2. The Wife's Tale

Brass's wife introduces herself and her daughter, and bids the Heroes welcome.

'Veldik has spoken very highly of you, good sirs, and we

value his opinion greatly. He has been a good servant to my poor, departed husband.'

At this point Laurissa breaks into hysterical sobbing.

'Please excuse my daughter. She has been quite distraught since we heard the news. There is nothing of importance that she can tell you. May she depart?'

Presumably the Heroes will nod with embarrassment, in which case the girl will trip daintily across to the stairs, trailing floods of tears as she goes. Claudine continues:

'My thanks; she loved her father so. Now, I presume that you wish to know about any enemies my husband might have had. I gather that this scoundrel Dvorgar has already fallen under suspicion. In my opinion, you should strike him from your list of suspects. If he did ever have the courage to try to murder anyone, he'd be sure to bungle the deed. No, in my opinion you have to look no further than the Guild of Thieves. I never much liked the way my husband dealt with those cut-throats. Oh, he said it was essential for business, and in this wicked city he was probably right, but it just goes against the natural order of things. Mr Rannik was always trusted by my late husband, I admit, but those Kobassi brothers would sell anything if they thought it would earn them a few extra coppers. We had to entertain them here once, you know. They have the table manners of swine from the fields, and the way they leered at poor Laurissa, well, I'd have thrown them out on their ears.

'You know, what I would do if I were you is to go and have it out with them. They're a craven lot at heart, and the sight of a group of genuine Heroes will plant fear in their black hearts. I'm sure I don't know where you can find them, but there is a big old house in The Noose which many of those thugs frequent. Go there and bang a few heads together, and I'm sure they'll soon tell you everything you need to know, curse them!'

Claudine has little else of use that she can tell the Heroes; she manages to turn the answer to any question into another tirade against the Kobassi brothers. She knows of no motive that they may have – but then people that wicked don't need one, do they? To them,

stealing is like eating and drinking is to normal people. If asked about the amount of money that Dvorgar owed, she says with conviction that she believes it was only in the order of 300 Gold Pieces. If asked about payment for the Heroes' services (although surely no one would be quite so common?), she says that only her son can decide that.

When the Heroes seem to be running out of questions, she offers to go and see if her son will see them now. At that very moment Torbul opens a door and walks in.

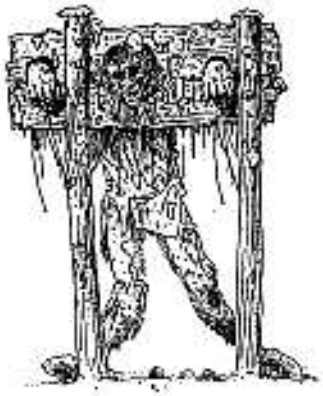

3. The Son's Tale

'There is no need, Mother, for I have been listening. You may leave us now. My apologies, gentlemen, if you think me rude, but before engaging you I wished to discover how honourable you were. Therefore I decided to find out how you would behave with two grieving women. I am happy to say that I am only too pleased to employ you. Would a sum of 250 Gold Pieces each as a retainer, and a further 750 Gold

Pieces each when you bring the villain – or villains – to justice, be sufficient for your needs?'

If the Heroes have lost Waldo's goods, they might note that this is almost enough to pay the merchant back, depending on how many of them there are. Assuming that the Heroes accept this generous offer (they may try to haggle the reward up a little, but he won't budge from his position; his *Bargain* Skill may even force the price down!) Torbul goes on to relate what he knows of his father's affairs:

'The matter with Dvorgar, I'm afraid, was my fault. My father would never deal with the man directly, nor would I, but he was working through a middle man and I neglected to check up on the deal. It is only a small sum, some 300 Gold Pieces. No assassin would work for that kind of sum.

'I know my mother sees the shadowy hands of the Kobassi brothers as being behind all this. She may be right; but I have spoken to a man called Rannik who is senior in the Guild of Thieves and who knew my father well. He says that there was no dispute between the Kobassis and my father. Indeed, he was carrying wares of theirs on his caravan when he died.

'That, I'm afraid, leaves us rather in the dark. Plenty of people feared or envied him, but not so much that they would hire a sorcerous assassin. There is just one other possibility, something that only my father and I know about.

'You see, since I was very small I have suffered from a curse. Every night when I sleep, I am compelled to leave my bed and walk the house. Sometimes I have even opened a window

and gone out into the street! For my own safety, I've taken to wearing a long white robe, in the hope that – if I do venture out – anyone I meet will mistake me for a ghost. I've no idea why I am compelled to sleepwalk in this manner; most times I can't even remember doing it. Anyway, my father tried everything he knew to cure me. He asked every wizard he met, and went to every temple in every town he visited, but no one seemed to be able to help.

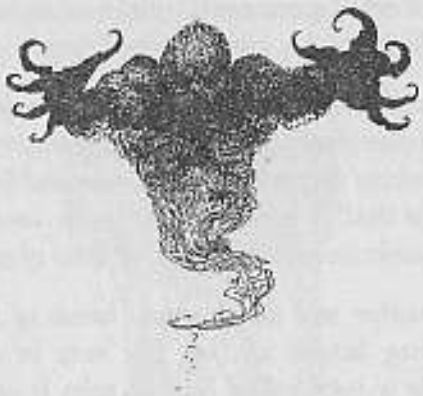

'Well, a few weeks ago he came to me, very excited, saying that he had met the followers of a religion he had never heard of before, from a sect based in this very city. It claimed to be based on teachings recovered from the distant past when the ancient city this one stands upon was thriving. He hoped that they would have knowledge that has since been lost to our modern priests.

'As I say, that conversation took place a few weeks ago. He gave them quite a large sum of money and did some work for them; but after that he began to have doubts, suspecting that they had lied about their ancient knowledge in order to

swindle him out of his money. That was the last I heard about them. When he began to fall out with them, my father grew very reluctant to discuss the matter.

'It is not much, but it is the only clue I have to offer. I'm afraid my father never told me where these people could be found. I only know that they are followers of a deity they call Elim. Your best chance is to speak to Rannik, the Master Thief. His people know most of what goes on in this city. If anyone can find these people for you, he can. Has my mother already told you about the house in The Noose? Good, go there, ask for Rannik, and say I sent you. And find whoever killed my father.'

Torbul has no other useful information to impart. If asked about his sister's availability for marriage, he gives the questioner an odd look, and says that he will not discuss the matter until his father's killer has been brought to justice.

Problems?
It is possible that the Heroes behave so badly with Claudine and Laurissa that Torbul would be unlikely to employ them. If this does happen, have him scold them for their behaviour and give them a chance to apologize. After all, the adventure will not get very much further unless they do!

Turn to . . .
If the Heroes have been turned away at the door, turn to whichever of the other investigation scenes in Port Blacksand they choose. If the scene went as planned, the Heroes will surely make straight for the Thieves' Den in The Noose; turn to **Scene 13**.

Scene 12 – Madame Star

Location
Madame Star, the clairvoyant, has a cottage in The Noose; by day she inhabits a small tented stall in the Market Square, where she reads fortunes for people. She has a small table, covered with a bright cloth on

which stands a crystal ball. Incense sticks burn in small pots in the corners, making the atmosphere sweet and mysterious by turns. There is one small chair for her and another for the questioner. Other Heroes will have to stand, and it will be quite crowded in the little tent.

Market Square is itself in the very centre of Port Blacksand and is always packed with stalls selling all sorts of wares. The townsfolk mill around, examining goods, haggling over prices and keeping a keen eye open for the ever-present pickpockets.

Plot Summary
The Heroes have their fortunes told. Not all the news is good.

Cast List
Madame Star is a short, plump woman who dresses in bright clothes and usually wears a patterned scarf over her head. She is quite old and speaks slowly in a croaky voice. In order to get good business, she puts on a great show about her work, making it sound as complicated and mysterious as possible. Poor folk are easily taken in by this mumbo-jumbo, but the Heroes, who are used *to dealing with real sorcerers, may find it rather transparent.*

The clairvoyant is not a great sorceress; but those spells she does know, she uses well. Normally she cheats, using her *ESP* spell to read her customers' thoughts and then telling them what they want to hear. However, she also has a very good intuition for people for whom fate

has much in store. In these cases she uses the much more difficult *See Future* spell. This costs her 6 STAMINA points and lets her see brief scenes in the future life (no more than two days ahead) of one specific person. Such visions she always relays honestly and accurately, although the spell's results cannot always be taken literally; she is too afraid of the gods to lie about such things.

MADAME STAR SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

Special Skill: Magic (12)

Social Scale 3 *Spells: Stamina, ESP, See Future*

Props

A glass or transparent plastic ball, and a shawl to put over your head. You can wear a bright yellow dress as well if you really want to – but don't blame us if your friends laugh at you!

Action!

Madame Star charges 2 Gold Pieces for a consultation. Assuming one of the Heroes agrees to pay, the clairvoyant begins her act. Lighting two candles, she begins to wave her hands over her crystal ball and mumbles incoherently. This is supposed to be a magic spell, but to the Heroes it sounds more like baby talk. Eventually she bends low over the ball and begins to speak.

'The mists part and I begin to see. Ah, yes! It is becoming clear now. I see a house in the city, a large house quite near here. You enter. Your friends are with you. The house is full. There are many men. They are a vicious, wicked lot. They do not like you. I see violence! Death! OH!

'No, wait! The scene is changing. It is dark. Night has fallen, but there is a greater darkness, something magical, something evil. I fear it. You enter another building. There is chanting, men in robes, and a great man made of gold. HE LIVES! HE LIVES! I see him walking through the city, destroying buildings! NO!!'

With a scream the clairvoyant turns away from her crystal and buries her face in her hands. After taking a few moments to regain her composure, she stands and gestures to the door of the tent:

'Go! Go now! Go far away from here! Your meddling has loosed a great evil on the world. Now it seems it will destroy the city. Begone, before it is too late!'

She can tell them nothing more and shoos them from her stall with panicky gestures. Once the Heroes have left, Madame Star shuts up shop and goes home to pack her things and warn her friends to leave the city at once.

Problems?

Madame Star will not look in her crystal again for the Heroes, no matter how much gold they offer her. What she has seen has plainly terrified her. She fears that if she looks again she may see her own death as Port Blacksand is destroyed.

The clairvoyant's reading is so doom-laden that the Heroes may be sufficiently disturbed to go to Nicodemus and ask for his advice. He will not be pleased to see them, especially if they have been there before. He will tell them that the old woman doesn't fully understand the powers she has and often misinterprets the signs. The vision of the golden man striding along the streets and destroying houses, for example, could simply mean that the follower of some religious sect is going to cause damage in the city. In his opinion, the Heroes should not take seriously anything the old crone says.

Having discovered that Madame Star has real magical powers, one of the Heroes may be interested in learning the *See Future* spell. The clairvoyant will be delighted, both at being taken seriously and with the payment (1500 Gold Pieces, according to the rules given in *Dungeoneer*). Once the adventure is over and the threat to the city has been halted, Madame Star will return to

her booth, and will then be in a position to teach the spell. Bear in mind when using the spell that the visions the caster conjures up are brief and confusing. Don't give too much away, and be especially careful not to predict anything unless you can be fairly sure it will happen!

Turn to . . .
From here the Heroes can go to any of the other places in Port Blacksand they know of that may help in their investigations. These are likely to be:

The Dragon's Tooth – turn to **Scene 6**.
Brass's house – turn to **Scene 11**.
Dvorgar's house – turn to **Scene 8**.
Nicodemus's house – turn to **Scene 7**.

If the Heroes have already been to the Dragon's Tooth, they can also have the street encounter in **Scene 10**. Details of how to get to this are given in the 'Turn to . . .' section of *Scene 6*.

Scene 13 – A Den of Thieves!

Location
The Thieves' Den is located in a large house on the edge of The Noose, an area of the city between the Market Square and the river. When the Heroes open the large front door, they see a great hall crammed with ugly-looking people. There is a door at the far end, and stairs lead up to a balcony from which another door leads off. Everyone turns to stare. Slowly the Heroes walk into the hall. Someone shuts the door behind them. Gap-toothed grins break out on swarthy faces.

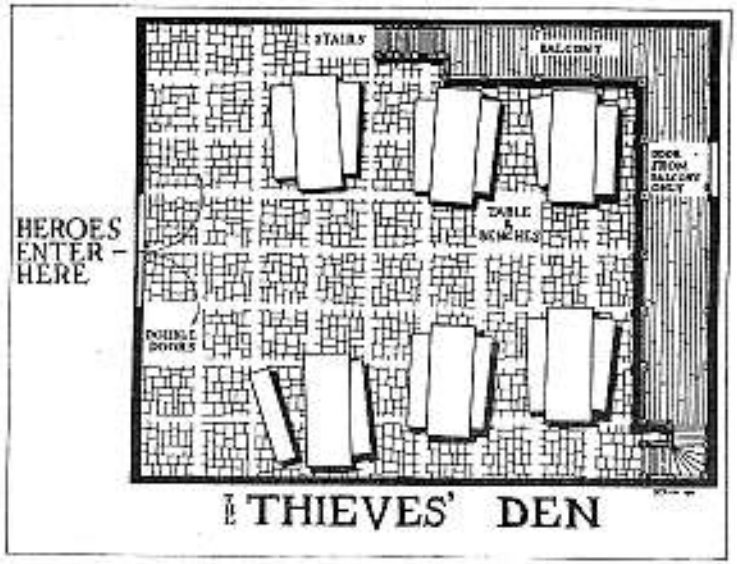

Plot Summary
The Heroes are not made welcome. Rannik arrives and life becomes altogether more pleasant.

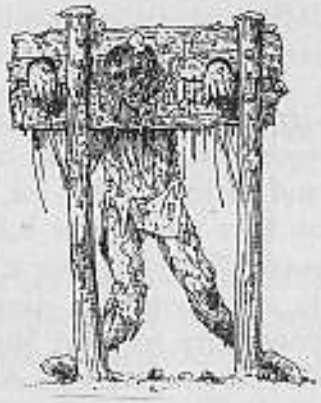

Cast List

The thieves are a motley bunch of ruffians. As well as vagabonds, cut-throats, thugs and pickpockets, the den is swarming with smelly, scabrous beggars. Most people seem to suffer from nasty scars, several missing teeth and bad breath. Not one of them has washed for at least a month. This place is probably the nearest that lice and fleas will find to heaven.

There are as many thieves as the Heroes can hope to kill, plus a whole lot more.

THIEVES each SKILL 9 STAMINA 8
Social Scale 0–3 *Sword* or *Dagger*

Rannik is one of the five Master Thieves of Port Blacksand. He has survived in that position for many years, despite the best attempts of his subordinates to murder him and take his place. A man with such abilities is not to be trifled with.

Tall, dark, and sporting a neatly groomed black moustache, Rannik has made his name by daring acts of thievery that have led some Guild members to accuse him of sorcery. In fact he has nothing to help him other than his finely honed thieving skills and the sort of rakish charm which allows him to mix freely with the rich and powerful while simultaneously depriving them of their finest possessions.

RANNIK SKILL 12 STAMINA 22
Special Skills: Awareness (14), Hide (14), Lock Picking (13), Secret Signs (15), Sleight of Hand (16), Sneak (14), Disguise (13), Trap Knowledge (14), City Lore (15), Con (14), Throwing Knife (16), Climb (14), Jump (14)
Social Scale 6 *Sword, Throwing Knife*

Props

If you use miniatures to control fight-scenes, dig out as many human figures as you can find. If several of them are deformed and crippled, so much the better (but don't break their legs off for the sake of this adventure – you may need them whole again later).

Action!

1. An Overly Warm Welcome

As the Heroes look nervously around at the sea of grinning faces, one of the larger thieves begins to speak:

'Well, lookee here, what do we have visiting our little home? Looks to me like some of those smart-alecky adventurer types. Thinks they're mighty tough, they does. Do all this dragon-killing and princess-rescuing – and they thinks that because a whole bunch of 'em gang up on a frightened little lizard they're some sort of heroes. Well, we're not afraid of 'em, are we, lads? Nor do we like 'em coming into our 'ome without so much as an invitation. GET 'EM, BOYS!!'

If the Hero from *Midnight Rogue* is with the Heroes, he may be recognized. Allow him a roll against his *Disguise* Special Skill if he is using it, or a *Test for Luck*. If he is spotted one of the thieves will yell out:

'It's [whatever name his player has chosen]*! There's a price on his head. Get him!'*

The thieves pile into the Heroes. Although there are lots of them, the room is crowded and there is only ever room for two thieves to fight one Hero at any given time. If the Heroes are smart, they will form a circle, with their weaker colleagues – such as a spellcaster – safe in the middle.

2. Rannik Arrives

Once the fight has gone on for a few Attack Rounds and the Heroes have taken a few wounds each, it is time to bring a stop to the proceedings before they get killed. A commanding voice rings out from the balcony:

'STOP!!! All of you, that's quite ENOUGH! What is going on here?'

The thieves back off immediately. Looking up, the Heroes see a lithe, handsome man leap gracefully down to ground level with a single bound.

'Well, you must be the people Brass's family have hired. My name is Rannik. I'm in charge here. I'm sorry about the lack of courtesy in your welcome but – well, what do you expect

from a bunch of thieves and cut-throats? If you'd like to come this way, we can talk in private.'

And with no more ado, the Master Thief leads the party to a private room, thickly panelled with wood, where he assures them they cannot be overheard. Presumably the Heroes will tell Rannik their tale and ask for any help or information he might give. He knows little of magic and tries to avoid sorcery wherever possible, but he knows of the Silent Death Demon and will thank the Heroes warmly on behalf of his assassin brothers for destroying this rival for their business.

Dvorgar and the Kobassis: If the Heroes have not yet been to Brass's house, they will presumably ask about Dvorgar and the Kobassi brothers. This is what Rannik has to say on the subject:

'Well, you can discount Dvorgar from your inquiries. The man has such a bad reputation around these parts that no one in his right mind will do business with him. About the only people he can get to work for him now are those we expel from the Guild for incompetence.

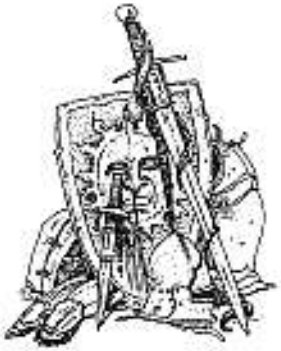

'I don't know whether you'll believe me about this, but I can assure you that the Guild had nothing to do with Brass's death. Of course the Kobassis are out to run the Guild, and they'd have my head if they could. That's the way we run things round here, survival of the cunningest. But Brass wasn't part of that. He made it quite clear that he didn't want an office in the Guild and that he would work with all of us. What I do know is that Brass's caravan was carrying goods off a pirate ship owned by the Kobassis when he died. They would make a tidy sum when he sold the stuff for them, and they must be pretty angry themselves about what happened.'

The Mystery Religious Cult: If the Heroes have already been to Brass's house, they will be more interested in the mysterious new religion mentioned by Torbul. Rannik has heard little of them:

'Hmm, yes, I remember Brass mentioning them to me at one time. Priests of Elim, I believe he said. They didn't seem to be very active, so we didn't follow them up. No point in robbing temples until they've got enough worshippers to bring in a haul worth our while. But I can find them for you, if you like. There isn't a nook or cranny in this city that my men

can't spy on. I could probably tell you what was happening in Lord Azzur's palace if you wanted to know, though that information comes very expensive. As Brass was a good friend of mine, I'll find you these priests of Elim for free. Give my lads an hour or two and we'll be able to tell you where they can be found. You can't say fairer than that, can you?'

Problems?

What happens if anyone dies in the fight? Well, it's up to you to control the moment when Rannik arrives so as to prevent any Heroes being killed. If some of the thieves died, Rannik will not be too upset:

'Hmm, their friends will be unhappy; but you're not Guild folk and therefore not bound by our rules. I'd watch your backs when you're out in the city, but I'll not hold it against you. Kill or be killed, that's how we run things here.'

If the Hero from *Midnight Rogue* is with the party, Rannik will be presented with a more serious problem:

'Ah, my friend, you shouldn't have come back here. There's still a price on your head, you know. Not much, only 200, but that's quite enough to excite those ruffians out there. I won't turn you in – with friends like you've got, I'd be mad to; but I'm honour bound to report that I've seen you here. As I'm sure you recall, now that the price has been announced you can clear yourself by paying an equal amount to the Kobassi brothers yourself. I guess you deal in that sort of money these days, so I'll make the arrangements for you if you wish. Otherwise, watch your back very closely. There'll be at least one assassin on your trail before the sun goes down.'

Rannik will be as good as his word and can do a deal with the Kobassis for the Hero. If the Hero chooses to take the risk, he will have an interesting encounter later in the adventure. Presumably the Heroes will not be daft enough to attack Rannik. If they do, they'll never find the priests of Elim, and will have to leave the city very quickly – if they manage to fight their way out of the Thieves' Den!

Turn to . . .

By early evening Rannik's men will have got the information that the Heroes need. Given that a little breaking and entering is in order, Rannik will suggest that the Heroes wait until night has fallen – if no one in the party has already worked that out for themselves. As soon as it gets dark, turn to **Scene 14**.

Scene 14 – Night Raid

Location

Rannik and one of his men, Jak, lead the Heroes through the darkened streets to the place where the priests of Elim have their temple. After a tense walk (thankfully undisturbed by the attentions of any patrolling City Guards), they arrive at their destination, a medium-sized house in Wall Street. The building looks ordinary enough, but Jak says he's been inside and he reckons that there is a big cellar where most of the action takes place. The building is well locked, but Jak has found an upstairs window that is accessible from an alley and can be forced. The Heroes will have to get in that way, too.

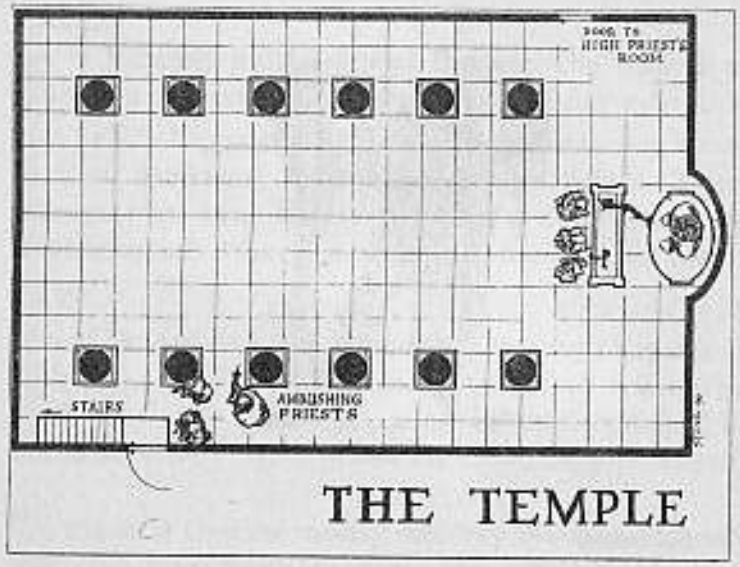

Once inside, the Heroes will want to make their way to where the priests are. Like Jak, they will find the upstairs

rooms deserted and unused. The same is true of the ground floor, but the staircase leads straight on down into the cellar. It is a long way down.

At the bottom of the stairs is a huge room, some 6 metres high, 12 metres wide and 20 metres long. At the far end is an alcove in which stands a giant statue of a man (or possibly a god?) made entirely of brass. In front of the statue is an altar, heavily stained with blood! Pillars are placed at strategic intervals to hold up the ceiling. Depending on how stealthy the Heroes are, they may see the priests at prayer. At the far side of the room is a door which is currently closed. For more details, see the plan.

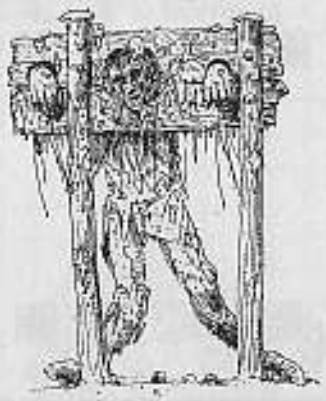

Plot Summary
With help from Rannik and the Guild, the Heroes locate the temple of the priests of Elim and raid it. Taking exception to this the priests foolishly decide to fight.

Cast List
Jak is Rannik's most talented burglar. The man is as quiet as a cat and as agile as a monkey. After a drink or two he will happily boast that he can get into any house in Port Blacksand, even Lord Azzur's palace. If the Heroes ever take him up on this it could make an interesting adventure – if a painfully unsuccessful one.

JAK SKILL 9 STAMINA 16
Special Skills: Climb (14), Jump (12), Throwing Dagger (11), Hide (12) Lock Picking (14), Secret Signs (11), Sneak (16), Trap Knowledge (12)
Social Scale 3 *Throwing Knife, Daggers (several)*

The priests of Elim are mostly ordinary Blacksand townsfolk who have been lured into the priesthood by the promise of long-lost knowledge and have become corrupted by the evil ways of their new masters (as if the

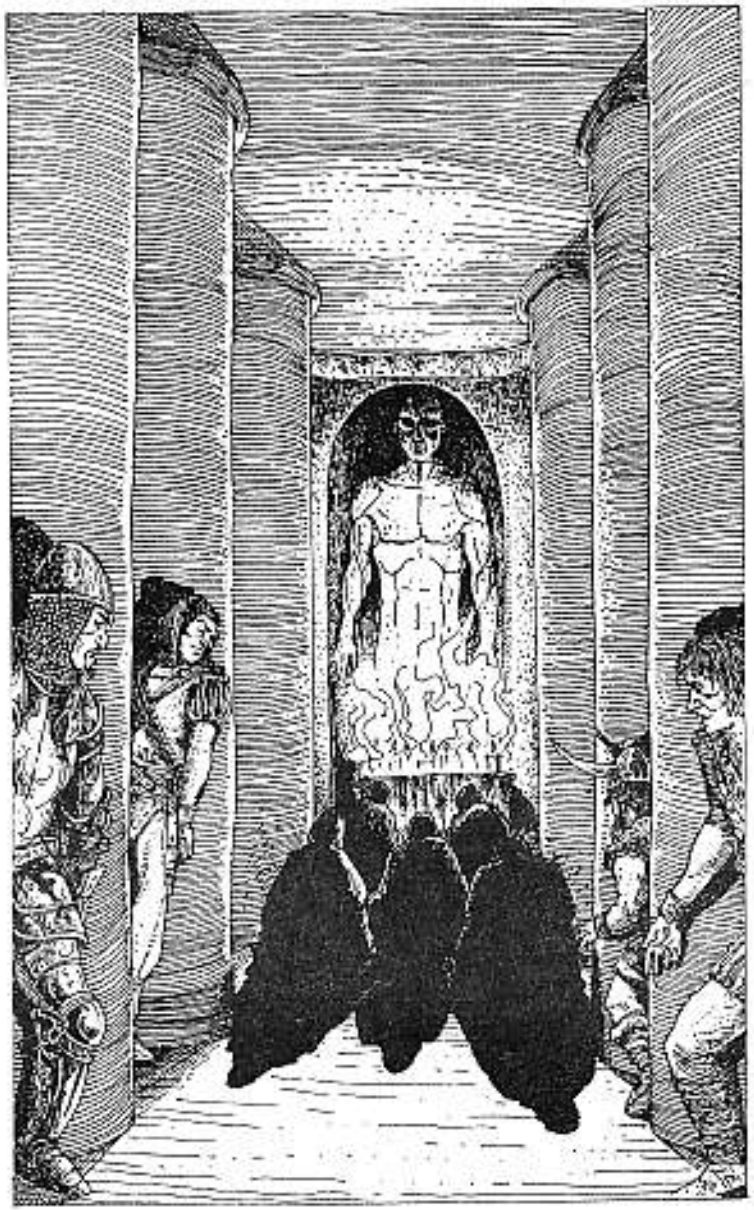

people of Blacksand needed extra corrupting!). They wear plain black robes and carry the same short stabbing swords once used by the Legions of Carsepolis (see *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* in *Dungeoneer*). Provide one priest for each Hero.

PRIESTS	each SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
Social Scale 2		*Sword*

The High Priest has more ornate robes, again in the standard black of the priesthood. He has some sorcerous powers, but is a coward when it comes to hand-to-hand fighting, preferring to let his underlings or summoned Demons do the dirty work. Note that he has several unusual new spells which are taught only by the church of Elim:

Summon Demonspawn: Requires 8 STAMINA points to cast and summons 1–7 (roll 1 die then add 1) Demonspawn from the Demonic Plane to do the caster's bidding. The Demonspawn will remain under the caster's control for 1–6 hours (roll 1 die), after which time they regain their independence. Their first act on becoming free is probably to try to kill the person who has been ordering them about. To get rid of rebellious Demonspawn, the magician must cast the *Summon Demonspawn* spell backwards.

Summon Silent Death: Also requires 8 STAMINA points to cast but summons only one Silent Death Demon. The object of the summoning is NOT under the control of the caster and, if he wishes to live, the mage must immediately cast a second, binding spell:

Bind Silent Death: A 6 STAMINA point spell, this one binds the Silent Death Demon in an object prepared for the purpose by the caster. This object must be present when the spell is cast, and the caster must specify clearly the rules which govern the behaviour of the Demon. The one that the High Priest used to bind the Demon that killed Brass went like this: *'You will be bound to this candle. When it is lit, you may come to this plane and claim your prey. You may remain here until you have killed at least one person. At all other times you must remain in the Demonic Plane.'* This makes it quite easy to send the Demon back where he belongs. Silent Death Demons are quite smart and will use any loophole in the rules given to disobey their summoner.

Awaken Brass Golem: This spell, requiring 4 STAMINA points, is used to trigger the awakening of the Golem (the large statue by the altar). It is useless without the Oil of Life and a mechanical heart, which are made separately. The High Priest does not know how to make these items. (See the next two scenes for more information about Golems and how they are made.)

It is likely that the High Priest will engage in a magical duel with some of the Heroes. That is why we've given him some LUCK, though he should be able to *Counter-Spell* anything they throw at him.

HIGH PRIEST SKILL 12 STAMINA 17 LUCK 6
Social Scale 6 *Special Skill: Priest Magic (14)*
Spells: Darkness, Fear, Holy Command, Blind, Counter-Spell, Fog, Awaken Brass Golem, Restrain, Bind Silent Death, Summon Demonspawn, Summon Silent Death

Demonspawn are made from the vast legions of unclaimed souls that wander the endless wastes of the Underworld. Their forms are varied, but are usually humanoid, with a few bits missing or added on, and covered in foul slime. Instead of eyes they have large, shadowy pits which serve as sense organs. A fuller description of these creatures can be found in *Out of the Pit*.

Demonspawn can be harmed only by magical weapons or spells. You should use twice as many Demonspawn as there are enchanted weapons in the party, up to a maximum of 7 (the most that the High Priest can summon at once).

DEMONSPAWN SKILL 6 STAMINA 6
Large Claws

(Note: More information about Elim and Carsepolis can be found in *Titan*, and a priest of Elim also features in the adventure *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'* in *Dungeoneer*.)

Props
Once again, miniatures can be used to good effect to help the players visualize what is going on during the fight.

Action!

1. Break-in

Jak and Rannik lead the Heroes to a side alley and point out the window through which Jak entered the building. They promise to watch out for the City Guard and provide help if need be, but they will not enter the house. Fighting evil priests who may have demonic guards is a job for Heroes, not common thieves.

If none of the Heroes has a magical weapon, Rannik will lend them one before they go. It isn't the best of swords, he says, but they may need it if supernatural goings-on are involved. The sword gives no bonuses on the Damage Table, but it does affect Demons normally. Rannik will make it crystal clear that he wants the sword back when the Heroes return.

In order to get into the house, the Heroes must successfully roll against *Climb* and *Sneak* Skills (or basic SKILL). If one of the *Sneak* rolls fails, the Heroes enter the house safely but Rannik and Jak have to run off because the City Guard turns up. If a *Climb* roll fails, the Hero falls, making a loud noise (make a roll on the Damage Table as if he had been hit by a Club). The City Guard will turn up and rolls against *Hide* are required from anyone not in the house. If a *Hide* roll fails, the Hero in question can *Test for Luck* to avoid being seen. In the

unlikely event of all of these rolls failing, those Heroes still outside the house, plus Jak and Rannik, will have to flee through the streets. Rannik will explain that as soon as a fight starts the Guard will turn up in large numbers, so there is no point in fighting. The Heroes who managed to get inside the house will have to tackle the priests by themselves!

Once in the house, another roll against *Sneak* is required to get on to the landing, and two more are needed to descend the stairs as far as the cellar. Further *Sneak* Skill rolls are required for each room the Heroes wish to investigate. There are three other rooms on the first floor and four on the ground floor; as Jak reported, all are empty. If any of the *Sneak* Skill rolls in the house fails, the priests will be aware of the Heroes' presence. (Mr Director, make this section as agonizingly creepy as possible, by emphasizing the extreme quiet of the house and the loud creaking noises every Hero's footstep

creates. They should be nervous wrecks by the time they get down to the cellar!)

2. The Temple

The Heroes may think that the night is a good time to catch people unawares, but this is the time when the priests of Elim are up and about, worshipping the Darkness. If the priests have been alerted by a failed *Sneak* Skill roll, they will be in hiding at the bottom of the stairs, waiting to ambush the Heroes. They will get one Attack Round of free blows before the Heroes can react. If the priests are not alerted, they will be found praying in front of the altar. They will turn and attack as soon as the Heroes make a noise.

Sneak Skill rolls with a penalty of −3 are required to sneak up on the priests while they are at prayer. Run any stealthy sneaking as you would a combat, with the Heroes using the combat movement rate (one 2-metre square per Attack Round) and rolling against *Sneak* Skill each Round.

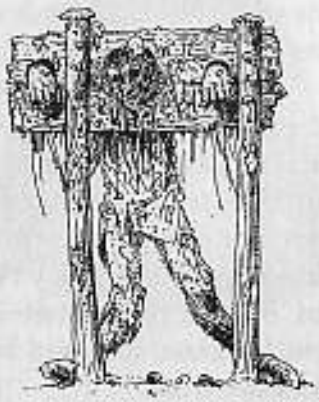

Once the fight has started, give the Heroes a couple of Attack Rounds to get stuck in, then introduce the real villain. The door at the far side of the temple room opens and the High Priest peers in.

3. The High Priest of Elim

As mentioned above, the High Priest is a coward who prefers to fight from a distance. His first act will be to summon some Demonspawn to fight for him. He will keep on casting this spell until it succeeds or until he has to cast *Stamina* because he is running out. Once the Demonspawn have been summoned, he will attack any Heroes he sees using magic, trying to *Fear* them or send them to *Sleep*. Once he has got rid of any spellcasters, he will turn his attention to the strongest-looking warrior, using his *Force Bolt* for preference and attacking anyone with magic weapons first. If any Hero gets close enough to hit him, he will concentrate on that Hero, trying *Fear* first and *Darkness*, followed by simply running away if that doesn't work.

Once all of the priests are dead or asleep, move on to **Scene 15**.

Problems?

It is possible that the Heroes could lose this one. It should not be your objective to kill them all off; that never makes for a very entertaining film. On the other hand, the closer they are to losing, the more exciting it will be. It is quite difficult to judge a fight like this and get the outcome right.

However, if the Heroes are doing particularly badly, there are a couple of things you could do. First, you could fiddle some of the rolls of the Demonspawn so that they don't win many Attack Rounds. In addition, the High Priest could become over-confident and not do anything for a few Rounds. In the end, however, it is down to the Heroes to win the fight, not for you to win it for them.

The Heroes may wish to capture some of the villains and hand them over to the city authorities for trial. Perhaps you should point out to them that the local authority is Lord Azzur, possibly the only person in the world more evil and nasty than a priest of Elim . . .

Turn to . . .
Well, they *were* an unfriendly lot, weren't they? Still, they won't bother anyone any more. Trouble is, the Heroes are still not certain that the priests were responsible for Brass's murder. Perhaps the room that the High Priest came from holds some clues. Turn to **Scene 15**.

If the Heroes recognize the Golem (large statue by the altar) as the huge, destructive figure from Madame Star's predictions and decide to destroy it before doing anything else, it will take exception to their unfriendly behaviour. Given the urgency of the situation, the Heroes will have to miss out on the clue-hunting and go straight to **Scene 16**.

Scene 15 – Who Are These Guys Anyway?

Location
The High Priest's sanctuary is a small room off the main temple. It is sparsely furnished, containing only a desk and a chair. On the desk are two books and a letter. In one drawer of the desk are 23 Gold Pieces and a small glass bottle, now empty. The two books are a spell book and a book of ceremonies for the worship of Elim.

Plot Summary
The Heroes examine the temple, looking for clues to where this mysterious priesthood has come from. They get a sinking feeling that they know who is responsible for loosing this evil on the world.

Cast List
No one (except the Heroes).

Props
Several items could be presented to the Heroes. The first is the letter from Sargon (for it is he) to the High

Priest; write this out, just as you did Brass's letters. For the High Priest's books you ideally want some large ancient volumes bound in human skin – but if you don't have any of those readily to hand (!), substitute something similar. An old food-colouring bottle, preferably with some dregs of strange liquid inside, will do splendidly for the bottle.

Action!
The Heroes will doubtless wish to examine the books and letter to see what they reveal. The contents of the spell book are listed under the description of the High Priest in the last scene. The ceremonies book is far too lurid to decribe in a book for sale to persons of tender years, but it does reveal a little about the beliefs of the Elimites.

Elim, as careful readers of *Titan* will know, was one of three ancient deities worshipped in the far distant past.

These three – Elim, Ashra and Vuh (meaning Darkness, Light and Life) – were held to be responsible for giving life to the Celestial Court, the present gods of Titan. Elim, or so his followers believe, is unhappy with the result of his work, and wishes to return the universe to dark, primeval Chaos. Most of the priests are no more keen on that idea than anyone else; but they believe that, helping Elim by promoting small amounts of Chaos, they will be granted great powers. Their ceremonies, as you might expect, involve lots of evil prayers and blood-letting.

The letter will be of most interest to the Heroes. The text is reproduced below:

Nagrin,

You have done well. I like well the whimsy of using the man called Brass to aid in the construction of our man of brass. He has served his purpose. Silence him now, for he knows too much. Enclosed are the two items that you need to complete the work, the Heart and the Oil of Life. Cast the enchantment of awakening as I taught you, together with the appropriate sacrifices – no beggars, mind you, our Dark Lord needs to be fed well – and the spirit of Elim will come to inhabit the Golem.

My mission is progressing well. Temples have been established in Halak, Rimon, Salamonis and Fang, and our brotherhood grows daily. It will not be long now before kings and princes tremble once more at the name of Elim.

The letter is signed 'Sargon, Primate of the Revived Church of Elim'.

The drawer in the desk is locked and has a trap built into it. A *Lock Picking* Skill roll is required to open it, or a roll against *Strength* at −5. If the Hero opening the drawer asks to check for traps, he sees that there is one and has the choice of leaving well alone or trying his *Trap Knowledge* Skill. If he doesn't ask to look for traps, he must make the *Trap Knowledge* roll anyway, but with a −5 penalty. If the *Trap Knowledge* roll fails, the Hero must roll two dice and deduct the result from his STAMINA, because of a poisoned needle. A successful *Test for Luck* will halve the damage. All that is in the drawer is the empty bottle (it once held the Oil of Life) and the money.

Once the Heroes have digested all this and worked out who is responsible for unleashing the evil of the Elimites on the world once more, it is time for the Golem to make its dramatic appearance. A big brass hand appearing round the door and grabbing someone would be a suitably heart-stopping entrance (assuming, as is likely, that the Heroes are so fascinated by the books and the letter that they quite forget to keep an eye on what is happening in the temple).

Problems?
Having captured a book full of interesting new spells, some of the Heroes may decide that Demon-summoning sounds fun. This is not acceptable behaviour for Heroes. The supernatural is the domain of the Bad Guys, and it is the task of all Heroes to rid the world of Bad Guys. In case they should be tempted, note only that none of the problems associated with the spells mentioned above are referred to in the Elimites' book. If any of the Heroes try to learn the spells, they will almost certainly die horribly after failing to take all the proper protective precautions. Let that be a warning to them about the perils of dabbling in Dark Magic.

Turn to . . .
Large brass Golems can hardly be allowed to roam the streets, even in so evil a place as Port Blacksand. In such a situation there is only one thing that true Heroes can do – which is just as well, because the Golem too is spoiling for a fight. Turn to **Scene 16** as fast as you can.

Scene 16 – The Golem Walks

Location
We're still in the temple, but the fight quickly spreads into the street, where more mayhem can ensue.

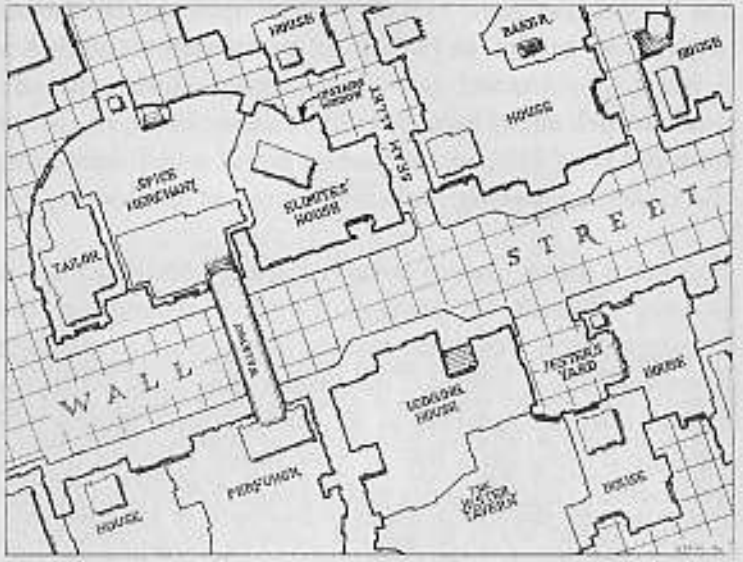

Plot Summary
Having started with a man called Brass, the adventure ends with a man *of* brass. This fellow is considerably bigger, much less friendly, and has a nasty way of knocking down buildings.

Cast List
A Golem is a large artificial man animated by the power of sorcery. Normally they are made the easy way, out of wood, stone or dead flesh (Frankenstein's Monster

was a Flesh Golem). The one in this adventure is of a different order altogether. It is made of brass, carefully and beautifully crafted into an earthly representation of the God Elim. Brass (or any other metal) Golems cannot be simply conjured at will, as some sorcerers do with the Wood and Stone types. A lot of intricate metalwork is required, as well as two very special items: the first is a heart, constructed out of the finest clockwork and made to tick at the same rate as a human heart; the other item is Oil of Life, an enchanted liquid which lubricates the Golem's working parts and serves as its blood.

Because a metal Golem is such a sturdy construction, it is very difficult to damage it. After rolling on the Damage Table, you must reduce the amount of damage done to it by 2 points. This means that most weapons cannot hurt the creature at all, and a normal sword will damage it only on a roll of 6 or more! Mighty Blows, meanwhile, simply do normal damage. Fortunately there are two easier ways to kill the Golem: by getting at its vital functions.

The first option is to destroy its mechanical heart; this is hidden behind a special plate on the Golem's chest. Because the Golem is so big, the plate can be hit only with a missile weapon or by the Hero whom the Golem is bending down to strike at. Any accurate hit, whether it does damage or not, will dislodge the plate; but it is small and the Hero must successfully *Test for Luck* to hit it. Having done that, the heart becomes visible. A second successful *Test for Luck* will destroy the heart and the Golem will cease to live.

The other alternative is to drain out the Oil of Life. This is kept inside the Golem's body by means of a small brass plug, which is disguised as the Golem's belly-button. Again, it is too high to reach normally and a *Test for Luck* is required to hit it. Once hit, the plug will fall out and the Oil will begin to drain away. The Golem will lose 4 STAMINA points each Attack Round from then on, until it is dead. (More information about Golems can be found in *Out of the Pit*.)

BRASS GOLEM SKILL 10 STAMINA 30
2 Attacks; Very Large Claws

A second hazard – an *Assassin*. If the Hero of *Midnight Rogue* is with the party, there will now be an assassin looking for him. This woman wears the traditional dark cloak and will turn up during the general mêlée at the end of the scene.

ASSASSIN SKILL 10 STAMINA 14
Special Skills: Sword (12), Disguise (11), Dodge (12), Hide (12), Awareness (12), Sneak (14)
Social Scale unknown *Sword*

People of Port Blacksand. Once the Golem is out in the street, all sorts of people will dash out and engage in the general mêlée. A typical Blacksander has the following abilities:

BLACKSANDER SKILL 6 STAMINA 6
Social Scale 1–4 *Sword* or *Club*

Props
Miniatures can be used to control the fight. If you use standard-sized metal miniatures, the Golem should be about 8–10 cm tall.

Action!
1. In the Temple
After the fight with the High Priest and his Demonspawn, the Heroes may well be in no fit state to take on the Golem. If this is the case they will probably retreat up the stairs, looking for a place where the Golem will be at a disadvantage because of its size. If not, you will need another reason for getting the Golem into the streets. Perhaps it is damaged and itself flees, or perhaps it has had enough of tossing the Heroes around and grows bored. Either way, the objective here is to set the Golem crashing up the stairs, out of the building and into the streets where it can do King Kong impressions to its mechanical heart's content. Medieval

cities like Port Blacksand are built almost entirely of wood, and the houses therefore crunch satisfyingly under the feet of the rampaging monster.

2. In the Streets

Once the Golem has got out, it will plainly make so much noise that even Brass's son will awaken from his sleepwalking. People will rush out into the streets, trying to find out what is happening, to get away from the monster, or to kill whoever is responsible for bringing it to the city. They will spend most of their time fighting each other; but from then on only one Hero can fight the Golem at a time. Everyone else must fight a typical Blacksander, of whom there is an inexhaustible supply.

The ideal result here should be that the Heroes kill the Golem and then disappear as the mêlée grows more and more furious. Rannik and Jak should be on hand to wave them into a side alley at suitable moments, for example when a Hero has just finished off an opponent. Once they have got out of the mêlée, the Heroes can return to a place of safety.

3. Assassin!

There is just one more piece of the plot yet to unfold. If the Hero from *Midnight Rogue* is with the party, the assassin will be looking for him or her. She will mix with the crowd and try to catch her victim unaware. When the Hero in question is due to meet a new opponent, make an *Awareness* Skill roll for him. Add the dice roll and Special Skill value and oppose it with the assassin's *Stealth* plus dice roll. If the assassin wins, she gets a free strike at the Hero; if not, run the fight as normal.

Problems?

If the Heroes manage to kill the Golem before it gets out into the street, that is just too bad – although you could always give it a few extra STAMINA points as you go along, to help it escape (so what if this is a bit sneaky; you've got to take your fun where you can!).

As they have seen the spell that animates the Golem, the Heroes may well try to use *Counter-spell* to stop it moving. Unfortunately, the creature is now imbued with the divine essence of Elim. Anyone attempting to cast *Counter-spell* on it will find their STAMINA reduced to 1 and will fall unconscious for 3–18 Combat Rounds (roll 3 dice)!

If the Heroes fail to kill the Golem, or flee as soon as it gets out into the streets, someone from Blacksand will eventually get lucky and knock out the stopper that holds the Oil of Life in place. However, this counts as the Heroes failing to complete the adventure, and they should get far fewer Experience Points as a result.

Turn to . . .
Nowhere, or perhaps a closing scene of Brass's son handing over the money and waving goodbye to the Heroes as they ride off into the sunrise while the title and credits roll! The End.

Aftermath

There is actually a little more for the Heroes to do, but none of it is very exciting, and therefore the film should end here. You can just talk them through the rest.

Torbul will happily pay up the promised reward and will also complete the deal with Waldo, assuming that the merchant still has his goods. If the goods were lost somewhere along the way, the Heroes have failed in the adventure, unless they give their reward to Waldo to make up for the loss. Assuming Waldo has enough money, he will pay the Heroes their wages.

Rannik will not forget if he lent the Heroes a magic sword. If they don't give it back, it will mysteriously vanish from its scabbard some time when they are not looking.

If the Golem got out into the streets, next day Lord Azzur's guards will post a reward of 500 Gold Pieces for the heads of the people responsible. Rannik will help the Heroes get out of the city in safety, either by disguising them or hiding them in a wagon. If they possess the book of ceremonies from the temple which mentions the Golem, they can leave that with Torbul or Rannik, who will pass it to the appropriate authorities. Once it becomes clear to Lord Azzur's men that the Heroes saved his city from a deadly peril, the price on their heads will be annulled.

Given the contents of the letter, the Heroes may wish to consult Nicodemus about it. This time the wizard is pleased that they came to him; it is, after all, a matter of *national* importance. He suggests that they report the matter, together with any information they may have about how to identify Elimites, to King Salamon as quickly as possible. After that, they should go after this Sargon chap (especially if they were the ones who brought him back to life in *'Revenge of the Sorcerer'*!).

Nicodemus will know if the Heroes have the spell book and intend to use it (he is pretty good at *ESP*). He will give them fair warning that it is dangerous, though he will not say how, and do his best to persuade them to hand it over. If they refuse, he will sigh and let them go; but when they next come to read the book they will

discover that all the vital chants have been replaced by verses from a popular ballad about a beggar who fell into the Catfish River.

So, all you need to know now is where Sargon can be found. Unfortunately that is another adventure. (What do you mean, 'Booooo!'? Now's *your* chance to invent a really thrilling Advanced Fighting Fantasy adventure – *'Sargon Strikes Back!'*, maybe, or *'Mad Mage III – Beyond the Underworld'*. Go on, we know you can do it.)

STEVE JACKSON AND IAN LIVINGSTONE · EDITED BY MARC GASCOIGNE

FIGHTING FANTASY MONSTERS

OUT OF THE PIT

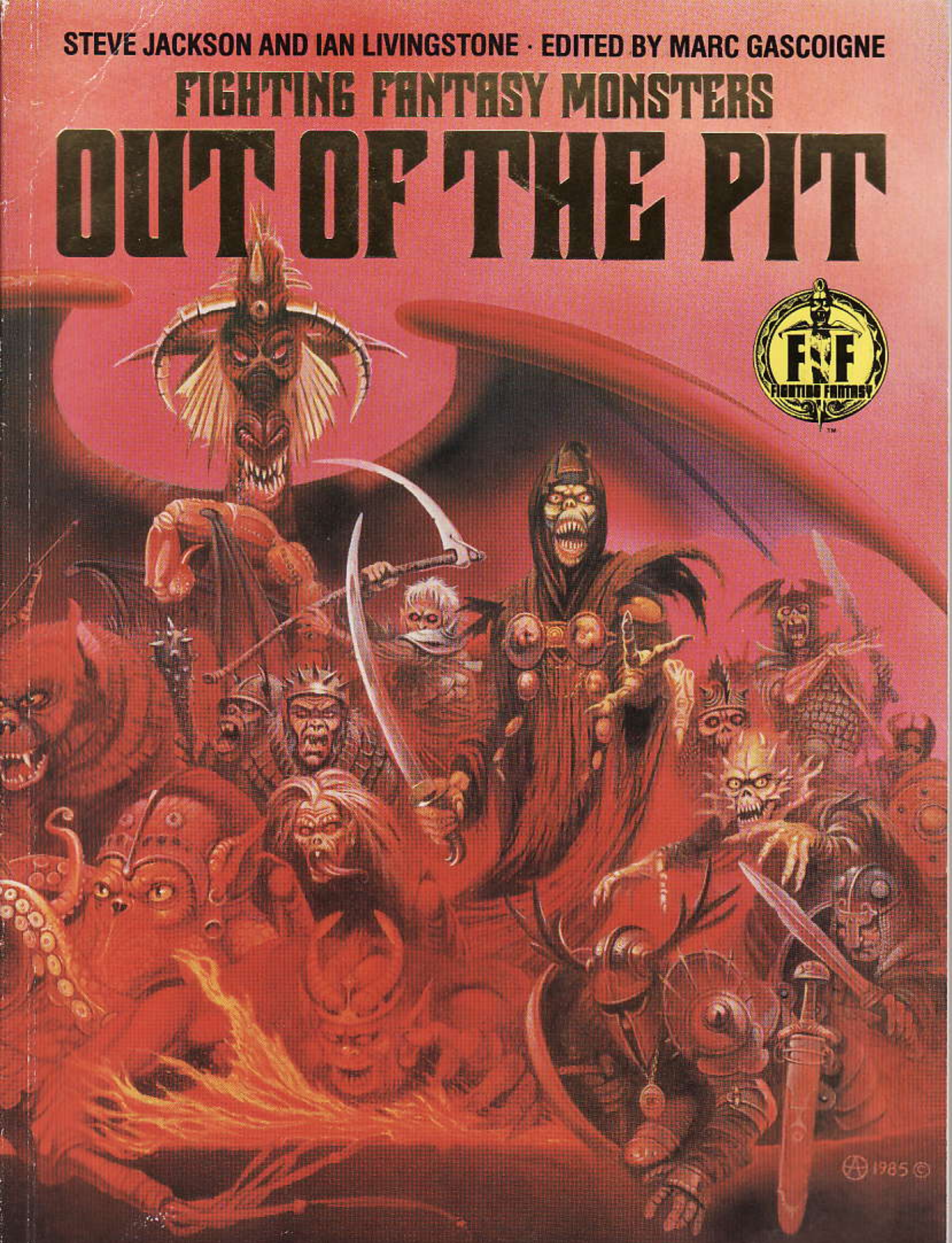

250 MONSTERS FROM THE WILD AND DANGEROUS WORLDS OF FIGHTING FANTASY

Puffin Books

OUT OF THE PIT

Fighting Fantasy Monsters

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

Edited by Marc Gascoigne

1982 saw the publication of the first Fighting Fantasy Gamebook. *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* by Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone was an adventure of such intricacy and complexity that many readers have still to complete it successfully. It went straight into the bestseller lists. Since then, a whole series of Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks has been published and each one has become an instant bestseller.

What is the secret of their success? Some say it is the skilful construction of the adventures and the way the authors' devious minds create nasty traps for the unwary traveller to fall into. For some it is the freedom to roam a whole entirely believable fantasy world, and to venture across wild and dangerous lands in search of fame and treasure. But for most adventurers it is the monsters, the nightmare creatures which lurk in the deepest pools and in the darkest dungeons, that have made Fighting Fantasy into a truly world-wide phenomenon!

Out of the Pit is packed full of these loathsome creatures – some of them old adversaries, some we have yet to meet. Carefully illustrated, alphabetically arranged, with full statistics, notes on habitat and behaviour, and encounter tables, this book provides an indispensable guide for all Fighting Fantasy adventurers.

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone are the co-founders of the hugely successful Games Workshop chain and also creators of the whole Fighting Fantasy series. Marc Gascoigne is a seasoned adventurer and works on the production of many of the Games Workshop games.

FIGHTING FANTASY MONSTERS

OUT OF THE PIT

Steve Jackson and
Ian Livingstone

Edited by Marc Gascoigne

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For C. N.

Puffin Books, Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
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Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Limited, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

First published 1985
Reprinted 1986

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Filmset in Palatino by Tradespools, Frome, Somerset

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INTRODUCTION

Fighting Fantasy fanatics are constantly writing to us with suggestions for new, blood-curdling monsters. Many ask us to tell them more about those which have already been featured in the gamebooks. Whereabouts in the world of Titan do they live? Who are their allies and enemies? Do they all eat human flesh? Which are the most fearsome?

We decided that there was only one way to answer all these questions in a logical and coherent way – extract all the monsters from the gamebooks and examine our creations much as Baron Frankenstein might. The resulting list was surprisingly long: we had invented well over 200 vile creatures with which to strike terror into the hearts of adventurers.

Having assembled our army of death, we thought that it deserved to be unleashed on the world, so we compiled a book of monsters which could be used as a warning to all adventurers who might otherwise think that only Orcs, Dragons, Ghouls and Zombies stalk the land. Within these pages ever-growing numbers of hideous mutants lie in wait for the foolish: Bloodbeasts, Death Wraiths, Shapechangers, Lizard Men and Ganjees are just a few.

We would like to thank Marc Gascoigne for his excellent editing work in the compilation of this book. His creative efforts have developed some of our original monsters and enabled them to fit properly into the world of Fighting Fantasy. At last they are ready to emerge in all their gruesome glory from *Out of the Pit*.

Yours John
Ian Livingstone

THE LAND OF DANGER

These are brutal, savage times. Much of the world of Titan is unsettled, explored only by brave warriors in search of adventure. Once there was a great civilization which covered the lands with roads and cities. The people of those past times were ruled over by mighty sorcerers, but the cataclysmic War of the Wizards put an end to order, and much of the world was overwhelmed by the armies of Chaos. Nowadays the remains of such people are found scattered everywhere: ruined towers and dungeons, villages and towns, even whole cities lie abandoned and overgrown, home only to ferocious monsters.

There are still sorcerers, but their arts have been twisted and debased through the centuries, and they have forgotten much of what their ancestors knew. Their ignorance makes their magic all the more dangerous, for they are unaware of the deadly nature of the grisly things they release into the world. As a consequence, most wizards and sorcerers are greatly feared.

In scattered corners across the world, isolated pockets of what passes for civilization have begun to re-emerge. Separated from one another by inhospitable wildernesses, they have become havens for all manner of barbaric and dangerous beings, both human and otherwise. New heroes have sprung up, ready to risk their lives in pursuit of fame and fortune. The most notorious of all lands is Allansia, a wild country of plains and hills, whose perils have been made infamous by the sungs of minstrels.

Allansia is cut off, surrounded on all sides by inhospitable terrain. To the north are the frozen peaks of the Icefinger Mountains, to the south the burning expanses of the Desert of Skulls. The gale-swept Windward Plain leads out to the east towards the Flatlands, its seemingly endless wilds stalked by inhuman tribes and littered with prehistoric remains. And to the west there are the oceans, forever lashed with storms, and roamed by huge monsters which can swamp ships and drown sailors in an instant. Galleys ply up and down the coast from Port Blacksand, but only the desperate or the foolhardy dare venture out across the Western Ocean.

Of those who have attempted the crossing, few have survived the voyage and even fewer the passage back. Those who have returned have done so in despair, bringing with them the news that Chaos also reigns across the ocean in the land of Kakhabad. Travelling inland, adventurers have found themselves unable to explore the whole continent: the way north is blocked by the Zanzuru Peaks, south leads to the treacherous Jabaji River, and in the west the Cloudcap Mountains bar all further progress.

If you were ever to visit Allansia or Kakhabad, you would quickly understand why few people there reach their thirtieth year . . .

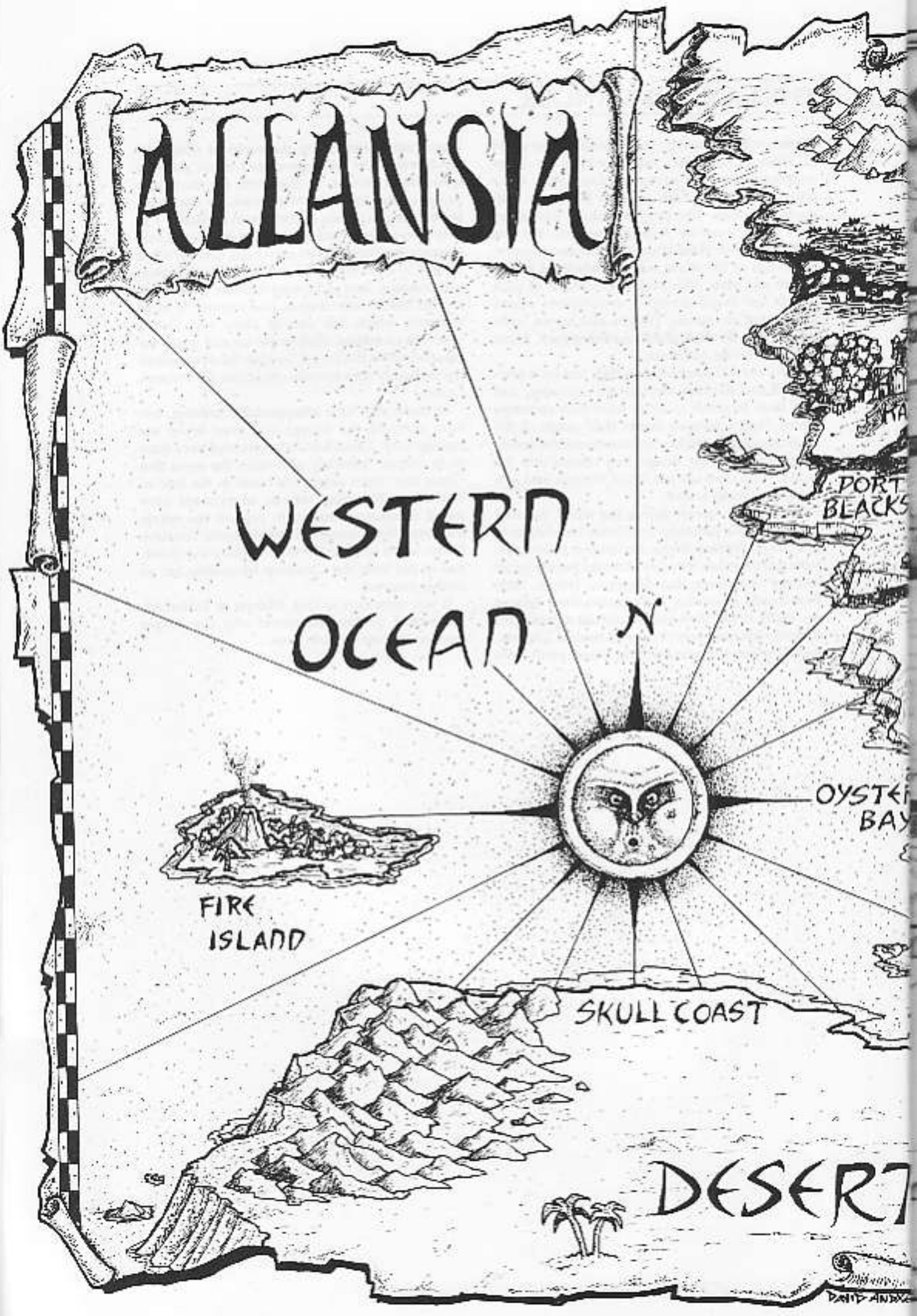
ALLANSIA
WESTERN
OCEAN
N
PORT
BLACKS
OYSTER
BAY
FIRE
ISLAND
SKULL COAST
DESERT

ICEFINGER MOUNTAINS
ZENGIS
FANG
RIVER KOK
CHI ANG
MAI
FIRETOP MOUNTAIN
KAY-PONG
PACAN PLAINS
ANVIL
STONEBRIDGE
RED RIVER
MOONSTONE HILLS
DARKWOOD FOREST
MIRE WATER
CATFISH RIVER
YAZTROMO'S TOWER
SILVER RIVER
CHALICE
SILVERTON
WINDWARD PLAIN
TROLL TOOTH PASS
WHITE WATER RIVER
FOREST OF YORE
TO THE FLATLANDS
SHAZÂAR
SALAMONIS
VALE OF WILLOW
SOUTHERN PLAIN
CRAGGED ROCK
(VATOS)
CRAGGED HEIGHTS
T of SKULLS

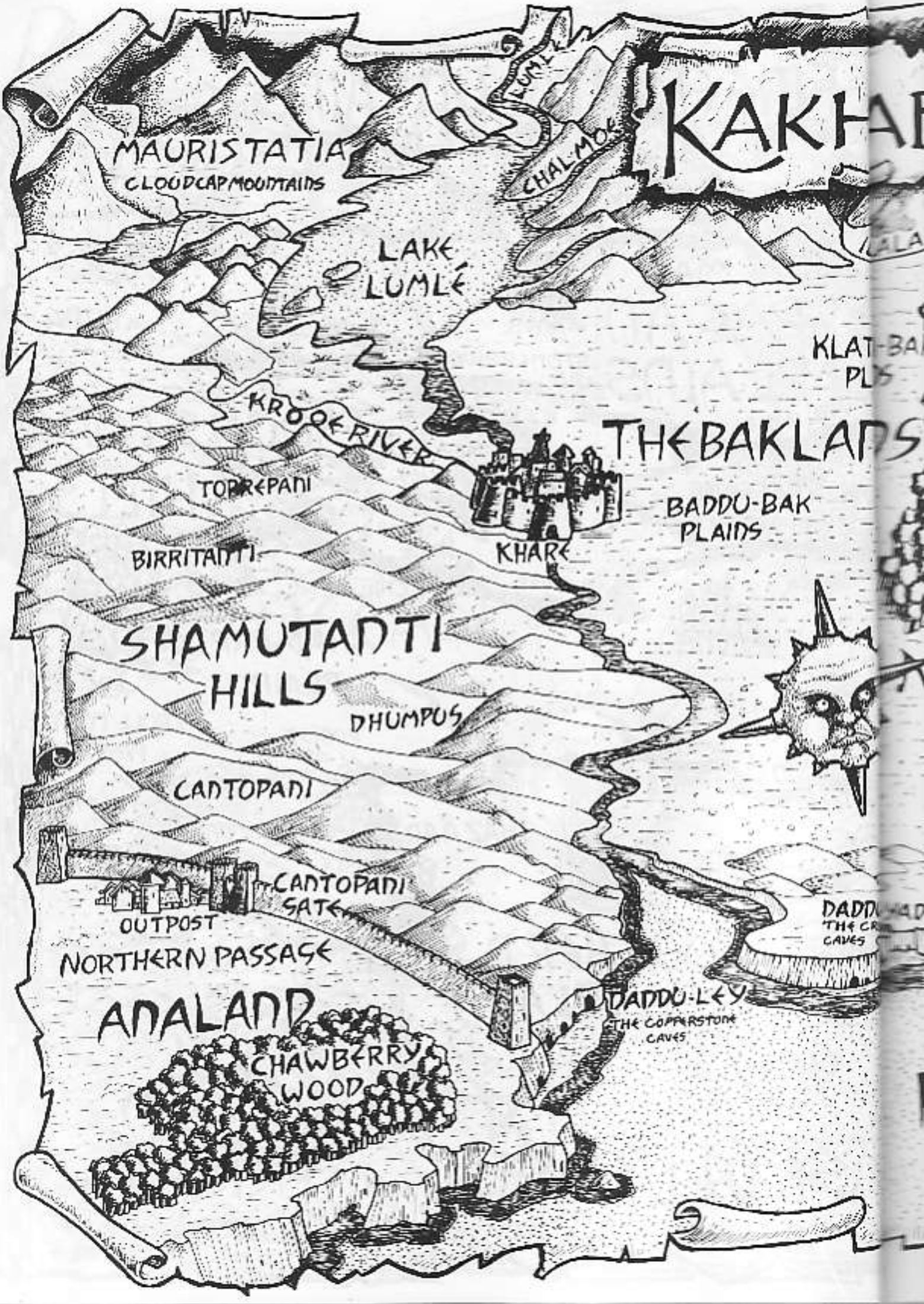
MAURISTATIA
CLOUDCAP MOUNTAINS
LUMLÉ
CHALMOC
KAKHA
LAKE LUMLÉ
KLAT-BA
PLA
KROOK RIVER
THE BAKLANDS
TOPREPANI
BADDU-BAK PLAINS
BIRRITANTI
KHARE
SHAMUTANTI HILLS
DHUMPUS
CANTOPANI
CANTOPANI GATE
OUTPOST
NORTHERN PASSAGE
DADDU
THE CR
CAVES
ANALAND
DADDU-LEY
THE COPPERSTONE CAVES
CHAWBERRY WOOD

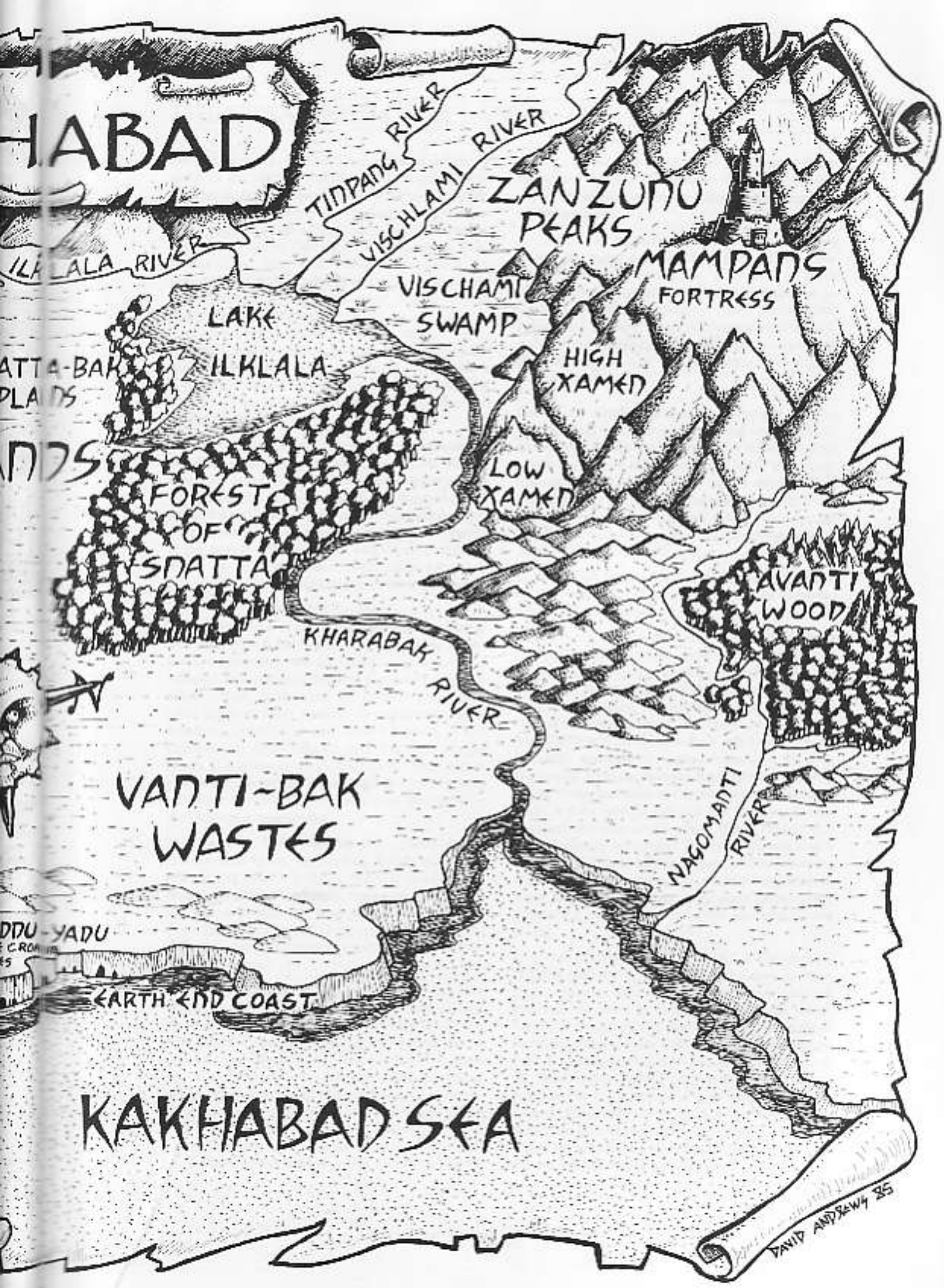
HABAD
TIMPANG RIVER
VISCHLAMI RIVER
ZANZUMU PEAKS
ILKLALA RIVER
MAMPANS FORTRESS
VISCHAMI SWAMP
LAKE ILKLALA
HIGH XAMEN
LOW XAMEN
FOREST OF SNATTA
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DAVID ANDREWS 85

THE CREATURES OF ALLANSIA AND BEYOND

On the pages that follow you will find details of some of the fearsome monsters, humanoids and animals that can be encountered in the savage lands of Allansia and beyond. You can use them in designing your own adventures as a solo player, or players of *Fighting Fantasy – The Introductory Role-playing Game* may find themselves coming up against them in new adventures designed by their GamesMaster. Let us hope your swords remain sharp and your STAMINA is good . . .

In each of the entries that follow there are two sections – one lists the statistics for the creature for ease of reference, while the other consists of a longer description of the creature and its special features. The list for each creature provides the following details:

1. SKILL and STAMINA. These are average values, as not all creatures of the same species are exactly alike. In a large group of the creatures there will be some variation in these scores. For example, in a band of four Goblins, two may be typical creatures with SKILL 5, STAMINA 5; one might be the leader of the group, with SKILL 6, STAMINA 6; the last might be a little weaker, with only SKILL 4, STAMINA 3. Scores should only be varied by one or two points.

2. NUMBER OF ATTACKS. Solo players may ignore this score, as it is only used in a multi player game. In most cases there are no details of the number of Attacks, which means that the creature has only a single Attack. Otherwise, the number given indicates the maximum number of opponents that a creature can fight in one Attack Round. If the creature has more Attacks than there are adventurers, it does not get any *extra* Attacks. Each Attack will be conducted from the single Attack Strength rolled for the creature, unless it says otherwise in the creature's description.

3. HABITAT. This indicates the general area a creature may be encountered in. Where more than one type of habitat is listed, the first is where the creature is most often found, the second where it is less frequently found, and so on. For example, Giant Eagles live mostly in mountainous areas, but they may also sometimes be encountered in hilly or wilderness areas.

The terms should be self-explanatory, but the following may help a GamesMaster when placing monsters in his adventures. *Towns* includes villages and other settlements. *Ruins* are found above ground, and can include towers, castles, houses and so on. *Dungeons*, on the other hand, are found below ground, and will not include natural caves. *Plains* are wide, generally grassy areas such as the Pagan Plain. *Wilderness* means large dead areas which are rocky and desolate, such as the Windward Plain or the fringes of the Desert of Skulls. *Demonic* or *Magical Plane* refers to a supernatural home in another dimension; there are further explanations of these in the individual descriptions of the creatures.

4. NUMBER ENCOUNTERED. These numbers show how many creatures between one and three adventurers will encounter. If there are more players, their GamesMaster should feel free to double or treble the number they meet. Some beings are solitary creatures, however, and will only be encountered on their own: the description of the particular creature will have further information in these cases.

Rolling the numbers is simple: *1–6* means roll one die, and that many creatures are encountered; *2–12* means roll two dice, *3–18* means roll three dice, and so on. *1–3* means roll one die and halve the result, rounding any fractions *up*. *1–2* means roll one die: if the result is an odd number the score is 1, if it is even the score is 2. There are also a few other special numbers, which are explained in the descriptions of the monsters concerned.

5. TYPE. This gives a rough indication of the nature of the monster, and is also used to generate Treasure for it (see page 125).

6. REACTION. When adventurers first encounter a creature it will react to them in one of a number of ways. If it is *Friendly*, it greets them warmly and shows no hostility. It may share food or provide useful information for the adventurer(s). If it is *Neutral*, it is wary of them, but does not show open hostility; it will probably react if attacked, but may be fairly friendly if treated carefully. If it is *Unfriendly*, it shows obvious displeasure at encountering them, but does not leap into battle immediately; it may wait to sum up the situation before deciding one way or the other. If it is *Hostile*, this often means it is hungry! The creature will attack immediately. You will notice that for a few creatures two or more of these reactions are listed together. In these cases the creature may react either way, depending perhaps on what the adventurers are doing.

7. INTELLIGENCE. This final detail shows how clever a creature is. There are four scores for this: *High*, *Average*, *Low* and *None*. Humanoids will generally be rated as High (humans come somewhere in the middle of this category). Most monsters and some animals will be Average; the rest are Low. In general only plants have no intelligence at all. Intelligence should be borne in mind when considering the reaction of a particular creature. Clever beings will obviously use more cunning in their attack, and may even have spells or special weapons which they can use. Stupider creatures are more likely just to leap into battle regardless!

AAKOR

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Wilderness, Hills
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 7–7 (1 die plus 1)
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

AAKOR were perhaps once ordinary Wolves, before they gained their wings and their penchant for warm blood. It is more likely, though, that they are the remnants of some sorcerous experiment by a forgotten wizard centuries ago.

They are strange creatures, smaller than Wolves, but physically very similar, except for a large pair of feathery wings sprouting from their shoulders. They can fly well, steering themselves with their bushy tails as their keen eyes seek out suitable food below them. They hunt in packs, soaring high in the sky on outstretched wings and howling in the moonlight. They usually live on deer or boar, but they don't restrict their diet to four-legged creatures. They can prove dangerous foes, as they swoop down on travellers, claws outstretched to grab their next meal. They will take one particular target each, land on their prey and bite deeply. Once their prey has been finished off, they will pause to lap up the still-warm blood before tearing them apart and eating them.

GIANT AARDWOLF

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Plains, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

GIANT AARDWOLVES are found only on the warm southern plains, where they roam in small groups. Related to hyenas, they are about the size of a large Wolf, but much leaner. Their short coats are yellow-grey, with irregular black stripes that help them hide in the long grasses. They normally eat insects, but they will defend themselves when threatened by large creatures. If more than three are encountered, the others will be cubs (SKILL 4, STAMINA 3). The adults will be more vigilant and protective, and will attack to guard their young.

GREAT APE

SKILL: 8 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 11
HABITAT: Forests, Jungles, Hills, Caves, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Unfriendly–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

GREAT APES look very much like huge hairy Gorillas, about two and a half metres tall and almost as broad. They are not confined to tropical regions, and may be encountered in all kinds of wild terrain. They are carnivorous beasts, delighting particularly in eating the tender flesh of humans. They attack with their huge fists, which are so strong that they can punch through armour! Great Apes typically

make their lairs in old caves, or at the top of large trees, from where they swing out through the branches each day in search of food.

Although most Great Apes are unintelligent, aggressive brutes, there are a few remarkable species which have developed in isolation in a remote corner of Kakhabad. For more details of the Apes of Mauristatia, see the appropriate sections on Champaque, Howl Cat, Mungie and Wraith Ape.

APE MAN

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Forests, Jungles
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Life in the thick forests of Allansia and beyond is not restricted to ground level. High in the trees live many agile creatures which moved upward originally to escape predators. In time, however, the predators followed them, and the tree-tops are as dangerous as the ground. From huts built on platforms perched in the crooks of large branches, brutish APE MEN, the largest predators in the trees, swing far and wide on vines rigged up like ropes, on the trail of food.

They are huge hair-covered humanoids, related to Neanderthals and Cavemen and usually dressed in little more than an animal-hide loincloth: they carry a large bone club. They are omnivorous, eating the meat of small forest creatures as well as fruit and berries, depending on what they can find as they travel about their leafy domain. Ape Men are very agile and can swing on the thinnest of branches or hang by one hand. Anyone who tries to fight them while perched up a tree, however, must reduce his Attack Strength by 2 points to account for the precarious surroundings. In an Ape Man's lair, typically a tree-house woven from branches and carpeted with grass, there will be many bones and rotting fruit. There may also be a few cheap, brightly sparkling trinkets, for like most primitives Ape Men are attracted to objects that twinkle in the light.

BADDU-BEETLE

SKILL: 7 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Wilderness, Plains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Insect
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Taking their name from the Baddu-Bak Plains of Kakhabad where they were first encountered,

BADDU-BEETLES are ferocious predatory insects which can grow up to four metres long. It is the way they obtain their food that can be most alarming, however. These solitary hunters bury themselves in the earth and drag loose soil over themselves until no trace remains on the surface to betray their presence. When they hear the vibrations caused by another creature passing by, they burst out and grab at their prey with their huge serrated claws.

Once they have emerged from their burrow, they may be fought normally. However, whenever the creature is hit, it will angrily spit a virulent acid at its opponent. On a roll of 1–4 on one die, it will hit and burn away 2 STAMINA points. Once the Beetle has killed its prey, it will drag the corpse back into its burrow to be slowly digested.

BANSHEE

SKILL: 12
STAMINA: 12
HABITAT: Caves, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

BANSHEES are hideous undead creatures often heard, but rarely met, in the desolate, forsaken wastelands in which they dwell. They are chiefly known for the soul-shredding wail that they constantly howl, both day and night, as they wander the wastes. The ghastly spectres are thought to be human spirits, trapped on this plane and unable to rest, as punishment for some horrific crime committed when they were alive.

In its new form, a Banshee appears as a shrivelled, knotted old man or woman, with long, unkempt hair, one large nostril and a single tooth. Its eyes are ringed red; all the creature's sorrow and anger is reflected in them, if anyone dares to look. In an attack, it will use its scaly, claw-tipped hands. Its screaming will prove very disturbing to its opponents, who must roll their SKILL or below on two dice at the beginning of each Attack Round, or be transfixed with fear until the next round. If opponents become petrified with fear in this way, they will be very easy targets for the Banshee's claw, which will automatically cause 2 points of STAMINA damage for each strike.

BASILISK

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Deserts, Plains, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

From a distance it could be a large lizard, two metres from snout to tail, and coloured a mottled sandy-brown. Those innocent or foolish adventurers who want to get closer will notice that the creature's head is rather bird-like and is tilted from side to side as it tentatively sniffs the air. For one brief moment, they may take in the fact that its eyes are large and yellow, almost like a frog's, before the gaze of the BASILISK turns them to stone.

These legendary beasts kill by catching the gaze of their victim and petrifying them. An opponent needs to *Test for Luck* successfully in order to cover his eyes in time and avert his gaze. Attacking the creature by slashing a weapon at it without looking is just as perilous, for its poisonous breath will kill instantly! However, a Basilisk's gaze is as harmful to itself as it is to other living things. Should it catch sight of its eyes in a mirror or some other reflective device, it will turn itself to stone, hardening from living flesh to dead rock in an instant.

BAT

	Common Bat	*Vampire Bat*	*Giant Bat*
SKILL:	*4*	*5*	*5*
STAMINA:	*4*	*4*	*8*

HABITAT: Caves, Plains, Forests, Ruins, Jungles
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED:
Common Bat – flock of 25–30 (24 plus 1 die)
Vampire Bat – 1–3
Giant Bat – 1
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

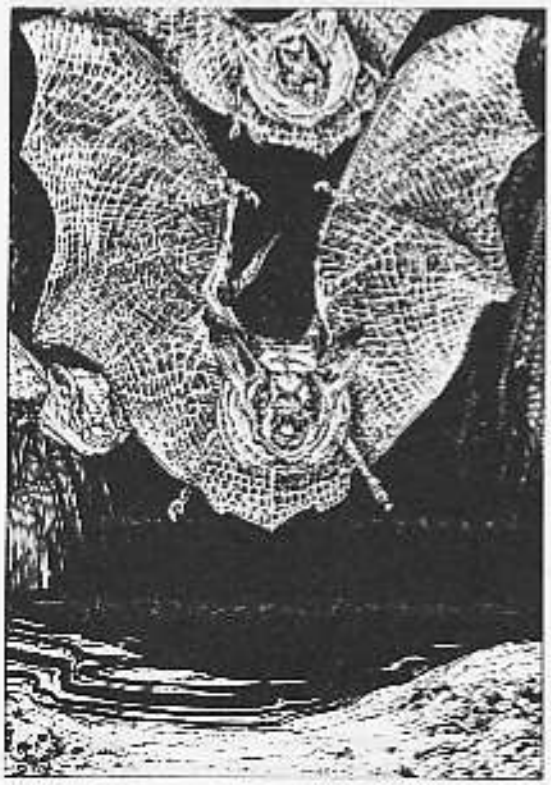

BATS, whatever their size or feeding habits, are found in most places across central and southern Allansia and Kakhabad. Typically coloured somewhere between light brown and dark grey, they look like nothing so much as flying mice, with a pair of leathery wings stretched out between their elongated front legs. Their ears are large in comparison to the rest of their heads, and help them fly in darkness by picking up echoes off solid objects around them.

COMMON BATS usually avoid creatures larger than themselves. They feed on mice, voles, insects and sometimes berries and fruit. They can be a hazard to an adventurer who suddenly disturbs a large number of them and finds himself being battered on all sides by a whole frightened flock! The whole flock can be treated as a single opponent: the Bats buffet with their wings, get tangled in hair or clothes, and so on. When their STAMINA score reaches zero, this indicates that the Bats have flown away and are no longer a threat, rather than that the adventurer has killed every single one of them!

VAMPIRE BATS are far more dangerous, for they are predatory creatures that live by sucking the blood of living things. They look much like normal Bats, though they are larger. They have greatly enlarged front teeth, which they will use to pierce the flesh of their victims. If there is more than one Vampire Bat involved in an attack, the other(s) will land on their opponent and automatically begin sucking 1 STAMINA point each per round, until he is killed.

GIANT BATS are only found in the warmer climate of the southern jungles, where they feed on monkeys, small deer and other similar creatures. Their wings span about two metres when fully extended, as the Bats soar high in the night sky. They are not afraid to attack humans, though fire will keep them at bay. Once they have killed their prey, they will carry it in their strong claws back to their caves to be eaten.

BEAR

	Adult	*Cub*	
SKILL:	*9*	*5*	*2 Attacks*
STAMINA:	*8*	*6*	

HABITAT: Forests, Hills, Wilderness, Ice
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

BEARS may be encountered by adventurers in many wild areas across the northern lands. Even in the ice-bound coastal regions north of the Icefinger Mountains, snow-white Polar Bears dwell. Most bears are omnivores – eating meat, fish, berries, plants and fruit, depending upon what they can find. If a Bear feels threatened, it will put on a very aggressive show of strength. Rising up on its hind legs, it will advance, growling warily, before attacking with teeth and claws. If more than one Bear is encountered, the others will be cubs, miniature replicas of their parent. The parent will make distinctly threatening noises towards anyone encountered, and may well attack immediately. Bears are very protective of their cubs, and will not wait to see whether they really are in danger before they attack. Good-quality bearskins will fetch a high price in most towns and larger villages, for they are used to make all sorts of fine clothes.

BHORKET

	Adult	*Young*	
SKILL:	*8*	*5*	*Adults have 2 Attacks*
STAMINA:	*11*	*5*	

HABITAT: Forests, Jungles
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Shy and secretive, BHORKET have only rarely been encountered by adventurers in the eastern forests where they dwell. These creatures are short (one and a half metres tall, at the most) and squat, but have long, powerful arms and legs. Bhorket look like apes, and are covered with shaggy pelts of brown-green hair, but are more closely related to Bears.

Bhorket are vegetarian herbivores, living on roots, berries and flowers, and they are peaceful, nervous creatures as a result. Because of this, and the fact that their flesh is apparently quite succulent and tender, they have long suffered the ravages of predators like lions and jackals. As a result, Bhorket have developed an incredible dexterity which allows them to leap up to ten metres with a single bound, and swing from tree to tree at incredible speed! Such tactics help them escape most threats.

Bhorket only mate once every four years or so, and thus are extremely protective of the single cub that results. At such times, a Bhorket couple will take turns at looking after the young, one staying behind while the other patrols the vicinity, wildly attacking any predators it encounters, to ensure the safety of the helpless cub. A young Bhorket is usually just like its parents; it will grow to maturity in about three years (adding 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA each year until adulthood).

BIRD MAN

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Mountains, Hills
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Birdhuman
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average–Low

Tribes of BIRD MEN are found in mountainous areas across the whole of Allansia and Kakhabad, perched in villages and caves in the highest peaks.

They are short and sinewy, with especially powerful chest muscles, which support a wide pair of feathered wings. Their mouths are sharp, hooked beaks, and both arms and legs end in cutting talons. They are covered in short, almost feathery hair, which varies in colour from green through brown to grey and black, according to their tribe. Bird Men talk in strange chirruping voices that can change into disconcerting piercing shrieks as they wheel down out of the sky to attack their foes.

The tribes of the Moonstone Hills in northern Allansia are quite primitive for their race. Attracted by metal objects, which they consider great status symbols, they will attack lone adventurers in great numbers. They are rather cowardly creatures, though, and a display of strength by their victim can often drive them off in search of easier prey!

The Bird Men of northern Kakhabad's Zanzuru Peaks are more civilized, and dwell in large labyrinthine towns carved into the sides of the impassable peaks. The rise in power of the Archmage in Mampang split the tribes, and civil war rages between them even now. Some sided with the sorcerer and became his troops, even stealing the legendary Crown of Kings from Analand for their evil new master. Others, however, declined to serve the magician, and now hide in well-defended settlements, mounting raids on the other tribes in planned guerilla actions. They can use crude spears and swords, and even fly in tight aerial formation.

They have been known to help adventurers by providing information or a lift over the inhospitable terrain, in return for news from the outlands or aid in the war against their enemies. If crossed by an ally of the evil Bird Men, however, their response will be swift and merciless. Their favourite punishment is to grab their prey by the limbs, climb high into the sky and then allow it to drop to its death on the rocks below.

BLACK LION

SKILL: 11
STAMINA: 11
HABITAT: Jungles, Plains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

It is not known whether BLACK LIONS are the result of a wizard's experiment or natural cross-breeding in the wild. What is certain, however, is that they are a cross between a black panther and a lion, a mix that makes them the most savage of all the hunting cats. These deadly predators are found where the grasses of hot plains meet the thick vegetation of jungles. They usually sleep all day, languishing in the crook of a branch high above the ground. Come twilight, they will descend from their lofty perch to hunt wild boar, deer and other nocturnal creatures. They can run, leap and climb well, and are consequently very dangerous to all creatures. Once a Black Lion is on the trail of its prey, there is little the hapless quarry can do to escape the beast's claws and teeth.

Some have tried to tame Black Lions, but with little success, for the creatures are as wild as enraged tigers. Occasionally, however, men have been able to separate some cubs from their mother, steal them and domesticate them for use as guards and pets. But Black Lions never remain loyal to any master for very long, and sooner or later turn on him and extract their revenge for their imprisonment.

BLOODBEAST

SKILL: 12
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

There are a number of beasts that recur again and again in the bestiaries of sages and the cautionary tales of nursemaids; their powers become more and more exaggerated through the years. Some creatures, however, turn out to be just as black as they have been painted: one such is the BLOODBEAST.

This monstrosity is large, at least four metres long, and so bloated it can never leave the pool of foul slime that has supported its bulk since it was spawned. Its hide is tough and leathery, protected by thin spines and coloured a disgusting grey-green. Its head appears to consist of a myriad eyes above a vacant, toothy maw. The Bloodbeast's one major weakness has always been its two real eyes, so it has evolved hundreds of fake 'eyes' that rise in blisters before bursting open on its head. Anyone taking on the creature will need a lucky strike (*Test for Luck*) to hit its real eyes and pierce its brain. Attempting such a blow, however, means avoiding the thing's long, slimy, pink tongue. Unless its opponent can slash off the tongue with a dagger (by rolling his SKILL or less on two dice), he will be dragged into the pool, where the powerfully acidic slime will quickly decompose his body, until it is ready to be eaten!

WILD BOAR

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Forests, Plains, Hills
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

WILD BOAR are hunted for their choice meat and pelts in many areas across northern Allansia. They look like huge pigs, covered in tangled clumps of short brown hair. They are brutish, aggressive beasts, and will stand and fight with their tusks, if threatened, with an almost berserk fury. Occasionally, those encountered will be a single male and a number of smaller sows. In this case, the male will stand its ground, holding off danger while the others escape into the undergrowth. The pelt and meat of a fair-sized Boar can fetch a few Gold Pieces in the market place of any village or town.

BOULDER BEAST

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 11
HABITAT: Hills, Caves, Forests, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical Creature
REACTION: Unfriendly–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Men have always dabbled in things they don't fully understand. BOULDER BEASTS are thought to be the result of the ignorant meddling of a foolish elementalist. In trying to summon a major Earth Elemental from another plane to become his slave, he unwittingly also released a group of evil Earth Spirits, which were trapped here, unable to return.

The spirits inhabit large boulders, which they slowly propel around their rocky domains on short, stubby legs, their wide toes well suited to the rough

ground. They feed, rather cannibalistically, on clumps of stone, which they tear away from larger outcrops with their huge stone fists. They will also use their hands in attacking any creature that disturbs them. Their rocky bodies will prove rather tough for swords, which will only deliver a single point of damage in a successful hit. A crushing weapon such as a mace or war-hammer will prove more deadly to a Boulder Beast, and will smash 3 points off the thing with every blow that connects.

When a Boulder Beast dies, its spirit will finally be released to return to its home plane, free at last.

BRAIN SLAYER

SKILL: 10 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

Many are the references in the legends of the subterranean races to horrifically evil, horrendously foul-looking creatures called BRAIN SLAYERS. They dwell in isolated colonies deep in the earth, far below even the furthest explorations of the inquisitive Dwarfs, and rarely venture towards the surface. They detest light, warmth and indeed life itself; never was there a race more suited to darkness.

Even the most insane Demon would have trouble imagining a Brain Slayer. It is as though an octopus had somehow sprouted from the shoulders of a large, strong human body. Their skin is slick with slime and mucus, and is coloured a stomach-churning purple-green. As they move, their tentacles whip around in a frenzy, as if they were trying somehow to sniff out living creatures to feed upon. They dress in long flowing robes patterned with bizarre designs. To look into the eyes of a Brain Slayer, it is said, is to gaze into pure, unsullied hatred.

Their eyes carry their most potent weapon – a powerful hypnotic gaze that can transfix a man and swiftly draw him into the range of their tentacles. Anyone encountering a Brain Slayer must successfully *Test for Luck* twice, or be hypnotized. The creature will enfold the victim in its rank, slimy tentacles and feed greedily upon his mental energy – he will lose 1 SKILL point, and one die of STAMINA damage from such a hit. After the first, incredibly agonizing strike, the hypnosis will be broken, though, and the victim can attack as normal against the flailing tentacles. If it finds itself losing, a Brain Slayer will attempt to flee, for ultimately they are cowardly creatures.

BRISTLE BEAST

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Plains, anywhere men are
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED:
Wild – 2-6
Tame – 1
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Friendly/Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

BRISTLE BEASTS are most commonly encountered as pets, belonging to well-travelled or rich city-dwellers in Blacksand or Kharé. They are lizard-like creatures, growing to the size of a large dog, and covered in thousands of short, sharp spines. They originally come from the warm plains of the southern lands, where they live in burrows dug in the

sandy earth. They eat small mammals and insects, which they will often play with before killing, just like a cat. They can be domesticated, if training starts early enough, and will prove loyal and obedient, provided they are fed and cared for. They will never permit themselves to be leashed, though they can be trained to walk close at heel when accompanying their owner in the street. They are especially useful as guard-animals, for they will ferociously attack any intruder – their spines erect, hissing through their teeth, pacing warily before an opponent before striking with their claws. If necessary, they will fight to the death for their master, though their owner will usually try to stop the fight before that happens, for they are rare and expensive beasts.

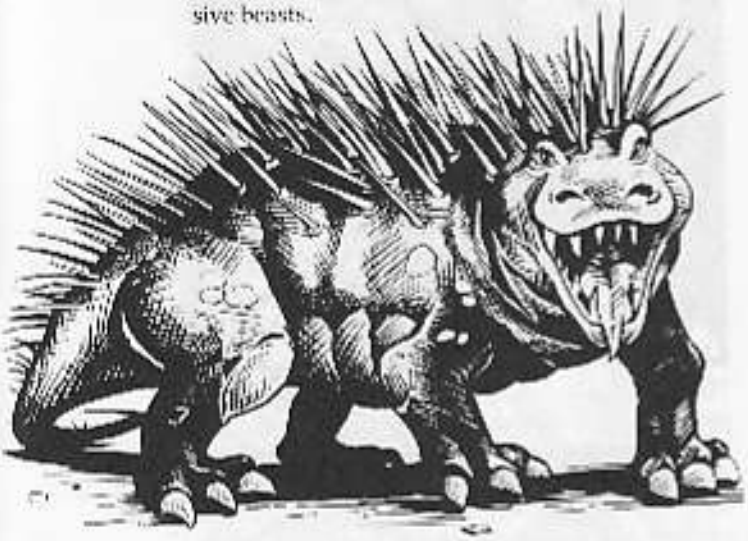

CAARTH

	Adult Male	*Adult Female*	*Young*
SKILL:	*10*	*8*	*4*
STAMINA:	*11*	*8*	*5*

HABITAT: Wilderness, Deserts
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–7 (1 die plus 1)
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

Beyond the southern limits of human civilization lie endless desert wastes. Here and there are scattered tribes of squat Ape Men and brutish Neanderthals, but ruling over this inhospitable domain are the CAARTH, the Serpent Warriors. Legend says they are descended from the same lineage as men and Orcs; but where man came from apes and Orcs were crossed with swine, the Caarth are the result of a sorcerous experiment with snakes!

Standing over two metres tall, these evil humanoids have blunt reptilian heads, crowned with a bony ruff at the back of the neck, which leads down to a ridged, spiny back. Cold, cruel eyes bulge from the top of their snouts, and their mouths are full of needle-like fangs. Their bodies and limbs are smooth and hairless, but their hands and feet end in bestial talons. When patrolling their extensive lands, they ride large lizards, which are trained in fighting.

Caarth are highly intelligent, and their knowledge is said to be as wide as man's. They are much stronger than men, however, and are fearless warriors, fighting with teeth and talons as well as sword, javelin and bow. The Caarth armies are strong and disciplined, and have spread cruel dominion over much of the southern land, taking slaves and high taxes of all they rule. They are kept from spreading further north only by the more temperate climate (like lizards, they are cold-blooded); on the margins of civilization, however, their raiding parties burn villages and attack trading caravans, leaving survivors staked out in the sand for the scorpions and vultures to feast on.

In their labyrinthine stone cities, hidden deep in the wastelands, they are ruled over by mighty demonic sorcerers and high priests; all worship the Snake Demon Sith. Tales of their jewelled temples and mystic libraries have long driven adventurers to attempt to reach these cities. A few survivors of such expeditions have been found wandering the desert, parched and starving. Turned insane by the sun, they babble of gleaming daggers, claws dripping poison, and snakes, snakes everywhere . . .

CALACORM

SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Caves, Wilderness, Dungeons, Ruins, Towns
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average

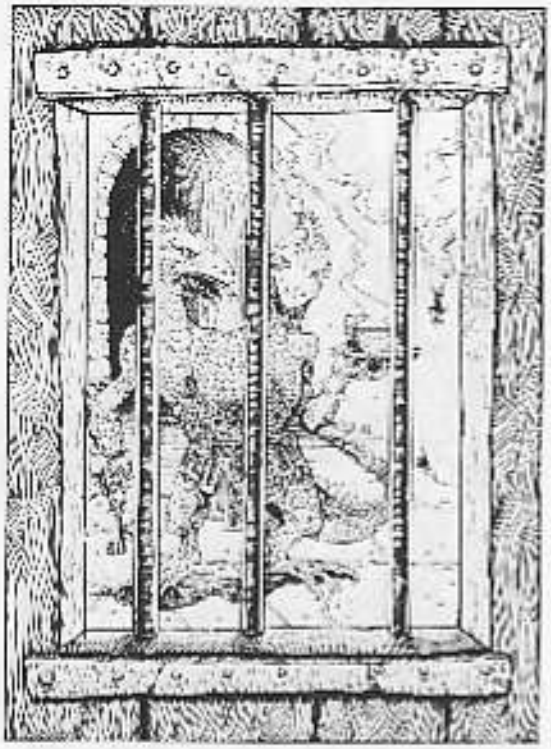

Possibly related to Lizard Men, with which they share many physical similarities, CALACORMS are strange reptilian humanoids often found in the service of an evil leader. They are about two metres tall, covered completely in grey scales, and have very long tails, which drag along behind them. Bizarrely, the creatures also have two heads, which chatter to each other the whole time. They are strong but simple creatures, who are content and reliable as long as their needs are catered for. If they have a plentiful supply of their favourite food (dead snakes!), a comfortable room, and the occasional prisoner to torture when they want entertainment, they will follow their master to Hell if need be.

They can speak the language of men, though with both heads talking at once it is often difficult to understand what they say. If they are in the employ of someone, they will be carrying a sword or spear, with which they will fight skilfully. Their strength, and the coordination the two heads give them, make them redoubtable fighters. However, they are terrified of rodents – especially mice! When faced with one, a Calacorm will shriek with terror and hide in a corner until the little beast has gone. Why they do this is not clear, though an old legend talks of how a Lizard God, called Suthis Cha, choked to death while trying to devour the Mouse God Karreep. It is possible that the suspicious Calacorms fear that mice come seeking revenge for such a blasphemy against their Deity!

CAT PEOPLE

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Forests, Hills, Plains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Animal/humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The CAT PEOPLE of central Allansia are a strange race of primitive humanoids related to felines. Their heads are cat-shaped, with human features offset by slanting green eyes, long teeth and whiskers. They have paws instead of hands and feet, which are equipped with sharp, retractable claws. They are covered in a smooth pelt of short black fur. They are very dextrous, and may sometimes be seen springing between the branches of trees at twilight, on the trail of their prey. They live on the small creatures they can catch, though they are not afraid of taking on larger beings, even humans.

The origins of the Cat People are lost in the far distant past. Their own legends, told to curious scholars in their strange growling and mewing language, speak of a curse laid upon a race of cats by a malevolent sorcerer, a curse that has forced them to inhabit human bodies ever since. It is thought that their race was more populous in earlier times; nowadays only a handful of tribes remain, split into hundreds of small family groups across the land. Their numbers are threatened even more in recent times, for they are hunted for their pelts by unscrupulous poachers.

CAVEMAN

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Caves, Hills, Mountains, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Related to Neanderthals, CAVEMEN are primitive semi-humans who live in rocky regions. Their caves are often joined together by passages to create whole villages cut into the rocky hillsides. They dress in the furs of animals, typically bearskins. Cavemen will usually be carrying stone clubs or flint-headed spears (these can be thrown, hitting on a roll of 1–3 on one die for 3 STAMINA points of damage).

Cavemen are very unintelligent, and communicate only in animal-like grunts. They will attack all other large beings, either for food or because they seem like a threat to them. Cavemen are surly, aggressive beings, and they tend to fight among themselves. There is almost always a war going on between two or more tribes, usually over some very trivial matter.

The caves of these beings are nauseously filthy, scattered with rotting food, old furs and discarded straw bedding. They will usually contain nothing of any worth to an adventurer.

CENTAUR

	Adult	*Young*	
SKILL:	*10*	*6*	*Adults have 2 Attacks*
STAMINA:	*10*	*5*	

HABITAT: Plains, Wilderness, Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Animal/humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: High

Part man and part horse, CENTAURS look more like creatures out of a legend than real beings. They stand on four legs, for they have the bodies and hindquarters of horses. Above the waist, though, they appear to be normal humans. They are as intelligent as their two-legged relations, and may sometimes converse with them. They will usually be carrying bows, spears and shields. In times of war they may even wear full armour, including protection for their lower bodies. Centaurs dwell on the wide open plains found in many parts of the world, and roam in small hunting parties in search of food. They will eat both grass and meat, though they prefer the latter.

Centaurs have a completely different culture to humans, and many tribes relish attacking and eating humans with scant regard for their racial similarities. The beings believe themselves to be horses cursed for some misdeed by their great Stallion God Hunnynhaa, and forced to suffer the indignity of a sluggish human body. They delight in the telling and singing of tales that speak of their curse and their desire to be free of it. Young Centaurs are much like their parents, though smaller and very mischievous.

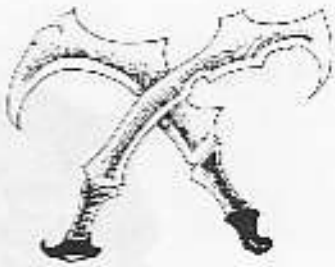

GIANT CENTIPEDE

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Caves, Ruins, Dungeons, Jungles
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–7
TYPE: Insect
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low–None

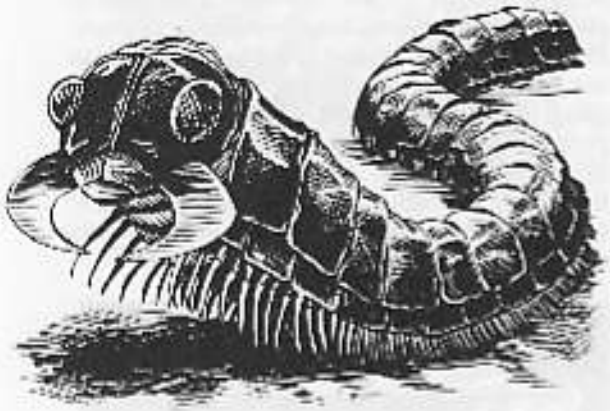

GIANT CENTIPEDES can be found in many dank, desolate places. Up to four metres long, these monsters are covered in tough, bony plates of black, chitinous armour. They scuttle around at high speed on many tiny legs, which enable them to cope with all kinds of rough terrain. They are scavengers, feeding on dead meat and rotting vegetation, but will also chase and catch live food. The first indication of the presence of a Giant Centipede is a strange clicking noise, which is caused by the scales of its armour rubbing together as it rushes along. In an attack, if room permits, it will dart forward, raise itself on its hind legs and bite with its large, strong mandibles. Some jungle-dwelling species have poisonous bites, which will deliver an extra 2 points of damage to a successful bite. Such creatures are rare, thankfully, and dwell only in the far eastern lands, so that they are encountered only infrequently by man.

CHAMPAQUE

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Hills, Mountains, Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Friendly (but see below)
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Easily recognizable by its long green fur, which serves to camouflage it well in the higher branches of Pango Trees, the CHAMPAQUE is a beast to be avoided at all costs. It is a moderately intelligent creature, with a face like an ageing sorcerer and long, powerful limbs. The Champaque is a voracious carnivore which spends much of its time well hidden in the upper branches of its favourite tree, watching for prospective prey. It is a solitary creature and has the uncanny ability to mimic the voices of any animal it studies. Having such a close resemblance to humans, it can not only imitate a human voice, but can also mimic human mannerisms. For those who have never come across a Champaque before, it at first appears to be a curious hybrid of man and ape.

Its behaviour will be friendly, as it attempts to catch its victim off guard by continuing a conversation (but never giving much information away), until it seizes its chance to attack.

The purpose of its attack is always for food and it will drag its victim away as quickly as possible into the undergrowth where it will feast on the warm brain. After having eaten, the beast becomes even more dangerous. For the Champaque has the ability to digest parts of its victim's brain intact, thus absorbing some of the intelligence of its hapless prey. For each gruesome meal that a Champaque has eaten within the previous twenty-four hours, its SKILL increases by 1 point up to a maximum of 5, when it will be full. Thus a fully fed Champaque will be SKILL 12, STAMINA 10. The only advice that can be offered to adventurers who come across a Champaque is simple: it must be killed immediately!

CHANGELING

SKILL: see below
STAMINA: see below
HABITAT: Dungeons, Ruins, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

Malevolent Chaotic spirits can be found lurking in many dangerous parts of the underworld, waiting to trap any prey that might stumble into their domain. One of the most bizarre of all these beings is the CHANGELING, which can turn its form

into that of another, more powerful being at will.

Its natural form is that of a tiny human baby, ideal for enticing its prey nearer, until it can strike. When first encountered, it will be lying in a cradle, crying its eyes out. If comforted the infant will appear to calm down and begin cooing to itself. As soon as it can, though, the creature will change its shape and attack. Its new form can be determined by rolling two dice on the following table:

Dice Roll	*Form*	SKILL	STAMINA	*Attacks*
2	Hill Giant	9	11	2
3	Werewolf	8	9	2
4	Cyclops	10	10	1
5	Nandibear	9	11	2
6	Duragar	9	10	1
7	Goblin	5	5	1
8	Ghoul	8	7	2
9	Minotaur	9	9	2
10	Cave Troll	9	10	2
11	Brain Slayer	10	10	2
12	Fire Demon	10	10	3

The beast will be exactly like its real counterpart, but it will not have any of its special features (a Ghoul's touch will not be poisonous, a Fire Demon can be hit by normal weapons, and so on). When the creature's STAMINA has been reduced to 4 points, the Changeling will take on another form, rolled again on the table. And when this second creature has been reduced to 4 STAMINA points, it will change again into its final form, indicated by a further roll on the table. This last form can be killed, the Changeling reverting to its normal form when it dies – a tiny, innocent baby.

CHESTRAP BEAST

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Many an unwary adventurer has met a grisly end while opening a treasure chest. Poison needles, gas jets and venomous serpents are just a few of the perils one may encounter; possibly the most alarming, though, is the CHESTRAP BEAST.

They are found only inside a box or a chest, waiting malevolently for someone or something to come and open it! Related to Gremlins, they are small, mischievous humanoids, with very long arms that end in strong, claw-tipped hands. When the Beast hears a suitable victim approaching its hiding place, it will crouch, ready to spring out and attack. The moment the lid is lifted, it will leap up and slash out violently with its claws at the nearest living thing. It will hit on a roll of 1–4 on one die, causing 4 points of STAMINA damage. Once the Chestrap Beast has appeared, it may be attacked as normal. Inside their chests there may be all sorts of treasure, for the Chestrap Beast is a great hoarder of relics stolen from past victims.

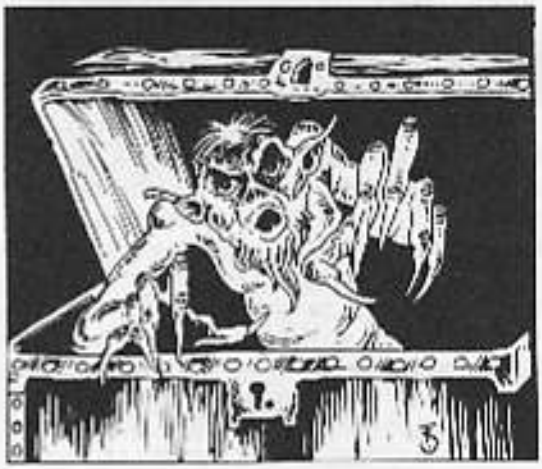

CLAWBEAST

SKILL: 8 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 14
HABITAT: Hills, Plains, Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Some species have evolved, in isolation in the wild, into savage carnivorous killing machines. Lions and sharks are prime examples; less common are the Gretch of the southern deserts, and the CLAWBEASTS of the north. Taller than a man by almost a head, they are brutish killers, covered in long shaggy clumps of thick hair, which gives them a mottled colouring somewhere between green, grey and brown. They have four arms, instead of two, and each ends in a vicious curving hook which they use like scythes when attacking. In the wild these predators are rarely found together, for their vast appetites and prodigious hunting can clear an area

of all suitable food in a few weeks. As a result, Clawbeasts are perpetually on the move, searching for fresh hunting-grounds where they can feed for a short while before migrating onwards.

It is whispered that a few of these creatures are kept by an unknown nobleman in the southlands. The evil lord allows them to roam his treasure-vaults, tossing down to them just enough food each day to stop them eating one another, but not enough to satisfy their hunger. As a result, the Clawbeasts roam far and wide through their subterranean reaches, sniffing for food as they wander.

CLONE

	Worker	*Warrior*
SKILL:	0	6
STAMINA:	2	5

HABITAT: Caves, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED:
Workers – 2–12
Warriors – 1–6
TYPE: Plantihumanoid
REACTION:
Workers – Neutral
Warriors – Hostile
INTELLIGENCE:
Workers – None
Warriors – Low

Some of the favourite dishes for the lavish banquets of the Demon Princes of Hell are made from various species of giant mushroom found only on the Earthly Plane. As a result, their servants (ever anxious to please their diabolic masters) have established a number of farms in isolated underground caverns to grow the fungi. When they first came to employ workers for the farms, however, they found a slight problem. Demonic Servants were too high in the social ladder of the Abyss to work on a mushroom farm themselves, and the Demonspawn were far too chaotic – one moment they were holding a spade, the next they were a pool of gibbering slime! So instead they use CLONES, small humanoids created from the giant fungi themselves, with Workers to rear the crop and Warriors to guard the Workers.

All Clones are short, pale-skinned humanoids, with vacant eyes and no hair. The Workers are placid, brainless beings, able only to tend their fungi. If spoken to, challenged or even attacked, they will take no notice whatsoever, and just continue with their work. A single blow is enough to kill them. When they die, their bodies dissolve into different-coloured pools of water, from which a fresh mushroom will sprout after a few minutes.

The Clone Warriors are slightly taller than the Workers they guard; they dress in leather armour, and will be carrying long spears. Their large eyes are still lifeless and blank, though, which can be very disconcerting for their opponent. They will usually be found a short distance from the Workers, where they can watch both them and the surrounding area.

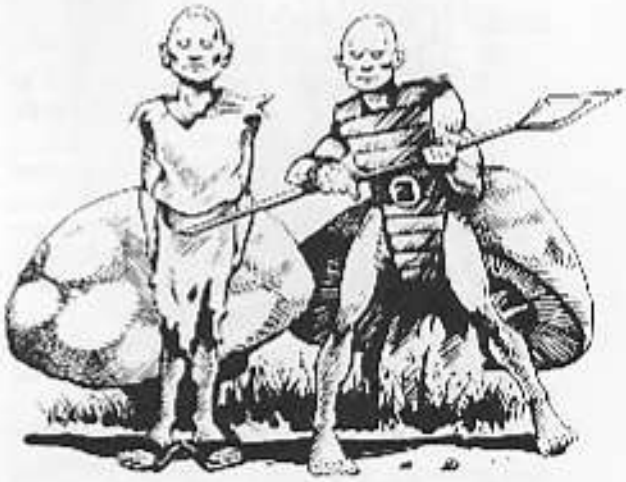

The Clones are controlled by some more intelligent being wearing a special magical crown, typically a Lesser Demon. The crown enables the wearer to give and receive telepathic speech to and from the Clones, though the Workers will talk only of their crops, and the Warriors of their last security patrol. The command of a fungus plantation is often given to wayward Demons as a punishment (for being too nice, washing too much – that sort of thing). In such cases, the crown can only be removed from their heads by a Greater Demon or on the being's death; once it is placed on a new head, the same will apply and the new wearer will be trapped, condemned to watch over the mushrooms for eternity.

COCKATRICE

SKILL: 7 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Wilderness, Plains, Caves, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The COCKATRICE is a rare mythological beast much feared by even the bravest hero. Also known as the King of Serpents in some lands, it is a curious amalgam of a number of different creatures. It has the head and body of a large cockerel, the large leathery wings of a bat, and a long snake-like tail. It can fly short distances, but will usually strut about on the ground flapping its wings. It is carnivorous, and will fearlessly attack any large creature it encounters.

In an attack a Cockatrice will attempt to peck with its beak, which will do 2 points of damage in a successful strike. However, the beast also has poisonous breath, which will paralyse anything it comes into contact with. If the Cockatrice hits with its beak, two dice should be rolled to indicate which part of its opponent's body is affected.

Dice Roll	*Area Affected*	*Effect*
2	Brain	Death
3	Sword-arm	Must use other arm to attack – lose 4 SKILL points
4	Back	Difficult to move – lose 3 SKILL points
5	Left leg	Can only limp along – lose 2 SKILL points
6	Second arm	Cannot use arm – lose 1 SKILL point
7	None	No penalty
8	One eye	3-D vision gone – lose 1 SKILL point
9	Right leg	Can only limp along – lose 2 SKILL points
10	Both legs	Cannot move – lose 3 SKILL points
11	Both arms	Cannot use arms to fight, carry anything, etc.
12	Heart	Death

Anyone caught by the Cockatrice's breath has a chance of dodging the worst of it by a successful *Test for Luck*: the dice may then be rolled again and the adventurer may choose which of the two results to apply, the other roll being ignored.

Like the Basilisk, to which it is distantly related, the Cockatrice has a major weakness. If it catches sight of its reflection in a mirror or some other reflective surface it will die. Persuading a hungry Cockatrice to stop and look into a mirror requires its opponent to *Test for Luck* twice. If he fails on either roll, the Cockatrice may decide to attack while he is occupied, scoring an automatic hit. No one is sure why the thing can be killed in this way, but this knowledge has proved useful to a number of lucky adventurers through the years.

GIANT CRAB

	Large	*Small*
SKILL:	10	7
STAMINA:	17	9

HABITAT: Sea-shore
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Crustacean
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low–None

Along the coasts of Allansia and Kakhabad, and on other deserted shores, GIANT CRABS can occasionally be found. They bury themselves, until just a pair of long eyestalks poke out of a tell-tale hump in the sand near the water's edge. Should a suitable meal pass by (and they will eat almost any creature), the Crab will break free of its hiding-place, scuttle across the sand on its four pairs of spiny legs, and try to grab it in its pincers. For this first attack, the Giant Crab can add 2 to its SKILL, as it surprises its victim. After their first attack they will fight as normal, unless this first attack succeeded. In this instance, they will have caught their opponent in a pincer, and the trapped victim will have his SKILL reduced by 2, until he can kill the Giant Crab and get free.

Giant Crabs can measure anything from one to five metres across, and may stand almost as high as a man. They are typically coloured a sandy yellow-green, with a lighter underside, though colours vary from place to place. They are solitary creatures, and will only be found alone, close to the water in which they spend most of their lives.

CROCODILE

SKILL: 7 2 Attacks
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Rivers, Lakes, Sea
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Reptile
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

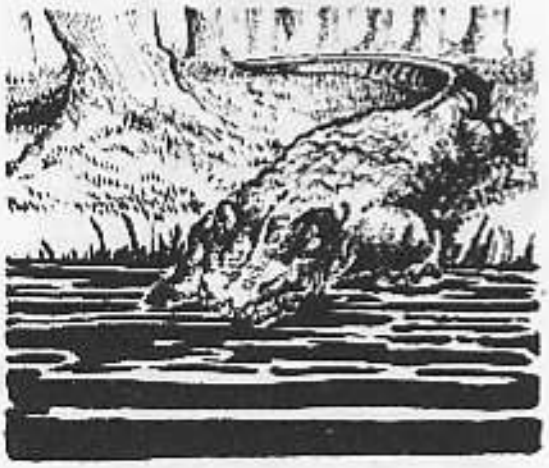

CROCODILES may be found lining the banks of rivers and lakes throughout the warm southern lands, though they have been reported much further north. These huge reptiles, often as much as six metres long, are known for their voracious appetites, and they spend much of their day swimming in search of fish, or larger prey if they are lucky, visible only as a pair of eyes peeking out above the surface. The rest of the time, they will be basking on the shore in the sun. Crocodiles may be tremendously aggressive, and are not afraid to attack men or other creatures which disturb them. They are not so skilled when fighting on land (their SKILL being reduced by 2 points), but if they can lure or drag their prey into the water to fight, they will prove deadly opponents.

CRYPT STALKER

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

There is a custom in many lands decreeing that upon the death of a nobleman or high priest, his riches are entombed with him, so his power and wealth may follow him to the afterlife. However, there is also a custom in many lands that, from the moment the tomb is sealed, all the local thieves and adventurers will form a queue to break in and steal the treasure! Hence, many tombs have been given their own unsleeping guardians, undead beings ready to surprise any potential burglar.

The CRYPT STALKER is one such deathly guard, often animated from a favoured servant of the tomb's inhabitant, and sacrificed to serve his master in death as in life. It resembles a Zombie, with lifeless, rotting skin and long, dank hair; tatters of decaying raiment may still cling to its putrid flesh. Being undead, they can only be damaged by enchanted or blessed weapons; others will appear to damage them, but will not in fact do any harm.

Holy water, blessed by a high priest, will act like a strong acid if thrown over them, doing one die of STAMINA damage. In an attack against intruders, a Crypt Stalker will strike with its bare hands and grip with unearthly strength. If it scores two successful hits in a row, it will grasp its opponent's neck and strangle him for an additional die of damage. Each Attack Round after this, the victim must strike successfully and free himself of the grip, or take the same extra damage, until one or the other is killed. Crypt Stalkers do not keep any treasure of their own, but will be guarding a very rich hoard.

CRYSTAL WARRIOR

SKILL: 11
STAMINA: 13
HABITAT: In the company of a sorcerer
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 3
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

One of the hindrances a warlock faces in pursuing his chosen craft is the amount of time spent in tedious rituals and frustrating research, and the corresponding lack of time available for learning the arts of the warrior. Consequently, many wizards are very weak and prone to all kinds of attack. To counter this, a number of defences have been invented; one is the CRYSTAL WARRIOR.

A sorcerer first takes a large block of pure quartz and fashions it into human form with a specially treated hammer and chisel. The statue is then temporarily animated by a lengthy ritual, which bears many similarities to that used in the creation of a Golem. The resulting Crystal Warrior is then set to work, patrolling the passages and chambers of the wizard's stronghold. It can memorize the faces of two people, or remember a particular symbol; these people, or anyone bearing the symbol, will be allowed to pass. All others will be challenged and then engaged in combat. A Crystal Warrior cannot be harmed by edged weapons; an opponent must use a large blunt weapon, such as a war-hammer, or be pulverized by its crushing blows.

CYCLOPS

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Hills, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

A head higher than a man, as strong as a Hill Giant but even more aggressive, a CYCLOPS may be found at the heart of many battles. These savage humanoids, instantly recognizable from their height, muscular build and the large, single eye in

the centre of their forehead, have long been shunned by civilization because of their disturbing appearance, and now begrudge the existence of all humans. As a result, they will join the armies of human-hating Orcs or Lizard Men. Rising quickly up the ranks through their prowess in battle, many become feared captains, who strike such dread into their enemies that only the bravest of heroes will face them in combat. Tales of their barbarism are legendary, but most are unfortunately true: a Cyclops's loathing for humankind knows no bounds.

When encountered away from the clamour of the battlefield, a Cyclops will usually be living a solitary existence in an isolated cave in hill country far from civilization, eating small animals which it catches and kills in its brutally strong hands. Made outcasts because of their cruel and violent natures, they will instantly attack any human they encounter, afterwards wreaking their final revenge by slowly cooking and eating the bodies.

DEATH SPIDER

SKILL: 14
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Demonic Plane, Dungeons, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Demon
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

Some Demons pass the time by roasting the souls of the damned over steaming pits of brimstone and sulphur. Others enjoy trying to tempt holy men, as they fast in the wilderness, with the delights of being evil, just once. And some stalk the Earth as DEATH SPIDERS, luring adventurers to Hell as a spider lures a fly. These diabolic creatures appear as massive grey-black spiders, but instead of normal arachnid heads they have demonic heads, with a malevolent travesty of a human face. Almost five metres across, they lurk in dungeons and ruins, ready to trap an unwary explorer.

When encountered, they will usually be in the centre of, or at least close by, a large web. This near-invisible tangle of sticky, silver strands is the Demon's link with the Realms of the Damned, and is used to capture its victims. When it attacks, the Death Spider tries to bite its opponent, both to inflict damage and to inject a paralysing poison. If its attack succeeds, the adventurer must *Test for Luck*. If he fails, he is paralysed by the venom, and will be dragged on to the web and bitten until he dies.

Once stuck to the web, the corpse of the dead adventurer, together with the Death Spider and its ghostly web, will start to dematerialize, and return to the Demon's plane, where the soul of the victim can be extracted at its pleasure, and tortured for the rest of eternity.

DEATH WRAITH

SKILL: 9
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

When a truly evil man dies, his body will pass away and crumble into dust in his crypt, but his evil will remain to haunt the area, manifesting itself as a ghostly white spirit that will prey on the living. A DEATH WRAITH will only ever be found close to the coffin containing its physical remains, for the link between the two stays strong. It will be wrapped in its funeral shroud and will appear

roughly humanoid in shape, with a deathly red-eyed skull and a pair of skeletal hands poking out of the ancient cloth.

Beneath the robe, however, there is nothing, for a Death Wraith is little more than a vaporous spirit, combined with a few earthly remains. As a result, blows from normal weapons will alarmingly pass straight through it! But a weapon made of silver will hit it normally, for the metal exists both on the Earthly and the Spirit Planes. In return, the ghostly Death Wraith will attack with a very real ceremonial dagger or sword, often part of the large hoard of treasure buried with its physical form when it died many centuries before.

DECAYER

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Deserts, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 7
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

DECAYERS are strange, mouldering skeletons, often created as guards by evil necromancers. They appear just like animated human skeletons, wrapped up in rotting clothes. Their bones are a sickly yellow, as are their vacant eyes. The air around a Decayer hangs heavy with disease and decay. Anyone coming within three metres of such a creature must successfully *Test for Luck* or come down with a heavy fever a week or so later, which gradually turns into the rotting disease described below.

In an attack, a Decayer will use its claws, while at the same time releasing a cloud of near-invisible disease-ridden spores. Anyone actually fighting the foul being at this time will automatically be infected with a cruel rotting disease that does not manifest itself for a week or so. Until that time, the victim will be completely unaware that he has been infected. After a week, he will suddenly be struck down with a strong fever that will confine him to his bed and gradually worsen until he is very near to death. His body will be racked with great pain as mould spores begin to burst through the skin, making him lose 2 STAMINA points an hour until he dies.

During this time, the swift ministrations of an experienced healer may be able to kill the mould and halt the spread of the disease. Certain very rare herbs are needed to effect such a cure, however, and victims often die while waiting for them to be found. Should someone die from the rotting disease, they will rise as a new Decayer in twenty-four hours' time unless the body is burnt and the ashes scattered. The new Decayer will follow the orders of the creature which first infected it, and perhaps join it on its eternal guard-duty.

DEMON BAT

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Dungeons, Ruins, Magical Plane of Fire
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

DEMON BATS usually live on the Magical Plane of Fire, a supernatural realm which they share with Fire Elementals, Imps and Sprites. Sometimes, however, they are summoned to the Earthly Plane, by way of a lengthy arcane ritual, to serve warlocks and sorcerers as guards and assassins.

They appear as ghostly, ethereal bats, whose bodies and wings scintillate with wisps of flame. They can communicate with one another using high-pitched shrieks and squeals, but are also intelligent enough to understand their summoner's wishes, provided he stays within his protective pentagram! Demon Bats are wilful, vicious creatures, and require careful handling: only the most skilled of spell-casters can deal with them.

In an attack, Demon Bats will usually try to clasp their opponent with their claws, and deliver a massive blast of fire from their bodies. If they hit him successfully twice in a row, their next successful strike will deliver an extra 5 points of damage. Similarly, if a Demon Bat is killed while on this Earthly Plane, it will expire in a burst of flame (which will deliver a further 4 points of damage to anyone within three metres of it – *Test for Luck* to avoid), before its spirit returns to the Magical Plane to be reborn.

EARTH DEMON

SKILL: 12
STAMINA: 15
HABITAT: Hills, Plains, Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Lurking just below the surface of the ground, danger waits to surprise unwary travellers in the form of EARTH DEMONS. These enormous creatures are not true Demons, but earned their name for the ferocious and alarming way they attack. The huge beasts lie a few centimetres under the ground, listening for the heavy tread of a suitable foe. When they feel one approaching, they burst out of the ground, dripping with mud and dragging roots and bushes with them. They tower over three and a half metres tall, primitive arms and tentacles reaching out to grab and crush their opponent.

An Earth Demon's strength is drawn from the soil itself. While it is in contact with the ground, a wound against it will only cause 1 point of STAMINA damage, instead of the usual 2. However, if the monster can somehow be separated from the source of its powers, it will be seriously wounded. After a successful strike, instead of hitting the creature its opponent can try to lift it, by rolling two dice. On the roll of a double, he has managed to lift the struggling beast off the ground, causing it immediately to suffer 6 points of STAMINA damage.

Strangely enough, these belligerent creatures do not eat their opponents. They are rumoured to be the result of a failed experiment by a foolish sorcerer. A potion was spilled on the ground, creating the first Earth Demon, and the creatures have hated all mankind ever since.

DEMONIC SERVANT

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Demonic Plane, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Demon
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

In their bizarre castles in the infernal regions of Hell, the Demon Princes are served by hordes of lesser beings, usually referred to in the grimoires dealing with such subjects as DEMONIC SERVANTS. These strange entities act as guards, acolytes, housekeepers and even sacrifices when called upon! The Servants appear as animated skeletons, clothed in loose black robes similar to monks' habits. They have sparkling red eyes, which glow when they are under the direct control of a higher being.

Demonic Servants are 'recruited' from the fresh souls of those who have served the Demon Princes during their earthly lives. Most are willing to spend the rest of eternity mindlessly at the constant beck and call of the Princes, but a few require persuading, usually by a brief exposure to the treatment

normally reserved for sinners! The Servants are not too intelligent, and have no emotions or desires; they are dedicated only to the needs of their masters. They cannot speak, but communicate with their masters and one another via a form of stilted telepathy, in phrases like. 'He wants guard – we must do.' Whenever a Demon Prince visits the Earthly Plane, it will usually be accompanied by a small retinue of Servants, who will remain close at hand to attend to any of its needs. If involved in combat, a Demonic Servant will use its bare hands and quite unearthly strength, even against steel. If a Servant takes two blows in succession without itself striking, the spell animating its body will be broken, and it will collapse back into a pile of mouldering bones.

DEMONSPAWN

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Demonic Plane, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–7 (1 die plus 1)
TYPE: Demon
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Writhing in the ectoplasm that gathers in fetid pools scattered here and there across the endless wastes of Hell, unclaimed souls wait to be assigned a position. Some ardent worshippers are chosen to become Demonic Servants; others are sacrificed straight away in horrific magical rites by the Demons. Most, though, join the ranks of the DEMONSPAWN – noxious, half-witted beings that serve as the rank and file in the Legions of Hell.

The forms that Demonspawn take are varied and erratic, depending solely upon the whims and imaginative powers of the Demon which animated them from the slime. Most take a vaguely humanoid shape, though they are often lumpy and malformed. Some are large and blubbery, others thin and leathery; all drip foul slime and reek of sulphur and the grave. Their colouring is equally varied, but whatever the hues, they are always combined in a way that repulses the eye and nauseates the stomach. Some Demonspawn have multiple heads or arms; others have malformed limbs, or those of other creatures, still others have no recognizable shape at all. All possibilities are present, but all appear in such an unholy, wholly evil way that most creatures who side with Good against Chaos will attack them desperately on encountering them. A typical Demonspawn will stand somewhat over a metre high, but its size can vary tremendously, just like everything else. Most will be equipped with horns, tusks, claws or teeth, with which they can be surprisingly adept at stabbing, gouging, rending or biting. On the other hand, Demonspawn can only be harmed by magical weapons. Other implements will appear to injure them, but the wounds will close up again and severed parts will reattach themselves!

Demonspawn do not have eyes; instead, their place is taken by a pair of large sensory pits, like shadowy hollows, with which the vile creatures can dimly perceive the aura of life surrounding other beings. Their lack of eyes has added much weight to the widespread belief among earthly scholars that the souls of living creatures are contained in the eyes (a belief hotly disputed by most blind sages).

Demonspawn are usually confined to their home planes, where they are often enlisted to fight in the many civil wars which occur between the Demons. Occasionally, though, they can be found on Earth, in centres of great evil, where they have been summoned along with their diabolic masters. Demonspawn rarely live more than a few years before their bodies become uninhabitable. When they 'die', their bodies shrivel, hissing and steaming, until they are nothing but a pool of rank-smelling slime.

DEVLIN

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 0 (see below)
HABITAT: Magical Plane of Fire
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

On the Magical Plane of Fire there are many spirit creatures that can be summoned to the Earthly Plane to serve a clever sorcerer. The DEVLINS are one such race, related to the larger Fire Elementals and the smaller Fire Sprites. They appear as roughly humanoid beings, as tall as a Dwarf, but

made up of a myriad tongues of fire. Their summoning can be long and complicated, for an unprotected warlock can easily fall victim to the creatures. Some, however, have found a way of creating a partial ritual, which needs only one simple action – such as the speaking of a command or the tossing of dust on a fire – to bring a Devlin hastening to this plane to do their will.

Devlins can be very frightening and dangerous creatures, since they cannot be harmed by earthly weapons, but they can singe away 2 points of damage if they win an attack. The only sure way of banishing a Devlin is to douse it with liquid and extinguish it completely. Such an action will require a large container of water or another liquid, and a *Test for Luck*. If the throw is successful, there will be a short stifled scream as the water douses the fire, and the spirit of the Devlin will be sent back to the Magical Plane of Fire in extreme agony.

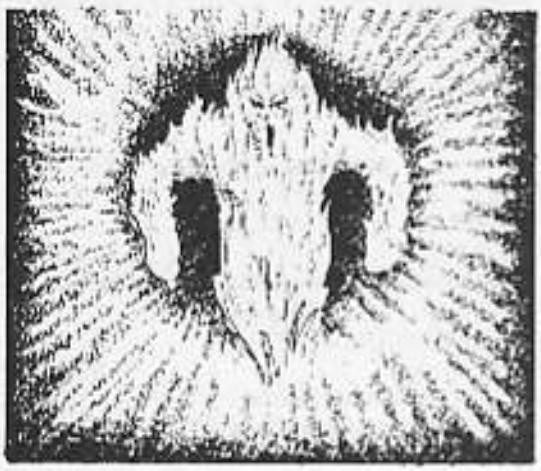

DINOSAUR

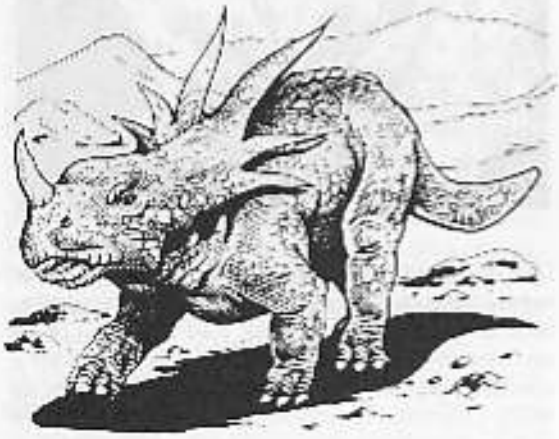

All DINOSAURS are giant, leathery-skinned reptiles, noted mostly for their stupidity and their voracious appetites. They are found in many wild areas across the world, but they prefer warmer climes, for they are cold-blooded creatures. The land-based dinosaurs will not usually be encountered near settled areas, where they would be hunted out of existence. Various of the lizard races, especially Lizard Men, have been able to rear several types from eggs, keeping them as pets and steeds until they become too large and unmanageable.

There are many different types of Dinosaur to be found in various parts of the world. Detailed below are examples of the five main types, on which other specific creatures can be based.

BRONTOSAURUS

	Adult	*Young*	
SKILL:	12	8	*4 Attacks*
STAMINA:	25	18	

HABITAT: Marshes, Lakes, Jungles, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Reptile
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Upwards of twenty metres long and weighing seventy tonnes when fully grown, these monstrosities are thankfully plant eaters. Their grey bodies are large and flabby, and supported on four stumpy legs. At one end a very long, thin tail helps them keep their balance; at the other end a neck, very similar to its tail, extends for many metres before reaching its head. They spend most of their time immersed in water or mud which helps them support their vast bulk. Their necks stretch out over the land to pluck fruit, leaves and even whole branches from trees and bushes. If encountered on land, it is likely that they will not notice a smaller creature and may step on it, with fatal results. They are docile beasts and will not attack another creature, even if they are being attacked. Finding the right place to hit a Brontosaurus so that the blow actually does some damage, however, is very hard, and hence its high SKILL score. Most Brontosaurus uses will be adults; if three or more are encountered, two will be fully grown and the others will be younger creatures.

PLESIOSAURUS

SKILL: 9 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 22
HABITAT: Sea, Lakes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Reptile
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The largest of the sea-dwelling Dinosaurs is the PLESIOSAURUS, a gigantic beast with a rounded body from which a thin neck supports a snake-like head. Known to grow up to fifteen metres long, they propel their huge blue-green bodies through the oceans with gigantic flippers at great speed, searching for food. They have been known to attack fishing-boats and small ships, smashing the hull and then picking off the drowning men one by one. More usually they eat fish, dolphins and even small whales, when they can find them.

PTERODACTYL
SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Wilderness, Hills, Forests, Jungles
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Reptile
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

PTERODACTYLS are large and repulsive flying Dinosaurs. They are like scrawny lizards, with a pair of leathery wings stretched out from their elongated forelegs to their ankles, giving them a wingspan approaching five metres. They are carnivores, living mostly on small animals and fish, and have become skilled at swooping down and grabbing their prey in their long jaws, before swallowing them in a single gulp. When faced with larger opponents, however, they will try to bite them, before carrying their corpses off to their nest to tear them up and eat them.

STYRACOSAURUS

	Adult	*Young*	
SKILL:	*12*	*11*	*3 Attacks*
STAMINA:	*18*	*10*	

HABITAT: Plains, Wilderness, Jungles
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Reptile
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Though they live solely on plants, these Dinosaurs are aggressive, violent beasts that will charge, head down, at anything that appears to threaten them. STYRACOSAURUSES are large, fat, four-legged creatures, growing up to six metres long and two metres high. Their grey hides are thick with folds of leathery skin, and their large heads have long horns and a bony collar for further protection. Any hit on a Styracosaurus will only cause it 1 point of damage, because of the thickness of its hide. Young Styracosauruses can sometimes be trained, if domesticated early enough, and can carry riders into battle. They are very temperamental beasts, though, and will not always do as they are told, preferring to throw off their rider and charge headlong away from the battle.

TYRANNOSAURUS REX

	Adult	*Young*	
SKILL:	*15*	*12*	*3 Attacks*
STAMINA:	*20*	*12*	

HABITAT: Jungles, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Reptile
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The king of all the Dinosaurs, these terrible monsters can grow to a height of seven metres and measure sixteen metres from snout to tail. They stand on two legs, balance by their long tails and, despite their size, can outrun most creatures. Their heads can be as much as two metres long; their mouths are crammed with dagger-sized teeth. They are the most aggressive beasts ever to stalk the world, and will attack any creature. They are naturally solitary, for a hungry TYRANNOSAURUS can clear an area of game in the space of a few days before being forced to move on. Their teeth, claws and bulk, and the sheer ferocity of their attacks, mean that they will cause 4 points of damage in a successful strike, rather than the usual 2 points.

Younger Tyrannosauruses are perfect replicas of their parents, stand three metres tall at birth and grow rapidly. The eggs of these Dinosaurs can fetch up to 1,000 Gold Pieces if they contain live young. Getting them to a potential buyer can be something of a struggle, however, as they can be as much as two metres across and weigh 250 kilograms!

DOG

	Death Dog	*Wolf Dog*	*Wild Dog*
SKILL:	*9*	*7*	*4*
STAMINA:	*10*	*6*	*4*

HABITAT:
Death/Wolf Dog – Towns, Ruins, anywhere master is
Wild Dog – Plains, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Neutral–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average–Low

DOGS are very useful animals, for they can be tamed fairly easily and trained for all kinds of tasks, including guarding, hunting and fighting. There are a number of different species, each ideal for a specific purpose. DEATH DOGS, also known as Moon Dogs after their terrifying habit of baying at a full moon, are the most savage of all dogs. Huge, midnight-black beasts the size of a fully grown Wolf, they are truly vicious creatures with fangs more suited to a beast four times their size. They are very cunning, and can be sent to hunt down and kill specific enemies. They are sometimes even used in battle, equipped with spiked collars and sent into

the fray to kill horses and their riders. They are difficult creatures to handle, as their violent instincts tend to overwhelm their loyalty to their masters in the end, and they may turn on them unless kept very well fed.

The most common domesticated hounds are WOLF DOGS. They grow up to about a metre long, and are coloured brown or black. Some types can be trained as guard-dogs, others as hounds for hunting game such as foxes, deer and boar. Once trained they are very obedient, and will serve their masters faithfully. If their master is threatened they need no command to attack with their sharp teeth. Surprisingly strong and savage when roused, their training keeps them far more controllable than Death Dogs.

Roaming the open plains in small packs, WILD DOGS are thin, scrawny beasts, who are ravenously hungry nearly all the time. They can grow up to about a metre in length, and are typically coloured sandy-brown to black, with lighter markings. A pack will usually be led by a stronger Dog, with SKILL 6, STAMINA 5; if this beast is killed, the rest of the pack will flee in disarray and confusion.

DORAGAR

SKILL: 9
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Caves, Dungeons, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

In the fetid darkness deep underground, evil creatures mine ore and beat metal on anvils, ever preparing for war. Orcs, Ogres and Trolls hone their weapons, repair their chainmail and shields, and ready the DORAGAR with battle-songs and strong liquor. Doragar are the shock troops of the forces of Chaos, berserk warriors which lead the howling rabble into battle. The result of careful interbreeding between Orcs and Trolls, they are brutish, ignorant beings, useful only for wielding a pick or an axe. In rare times of peace, they are set to work in the mines, where their strong bodies enable them to work twice as fast as their Orc cousins. When the tribes gather to raid the rich cities of men, Doragar are equipped with bizarrely spiked armour and huge serrated weapons, and pushed into the front lines.

The brutes stand about two metres tall, and are almost as wide. Their bodies are leathery and muscular, and their strength is prodigious. Their heads are very much like those of Orcs or Trolls, with large ragged ears and tusk-like teeth. Their hair, however, is long and luxuriant, more of a mane than a growth. Doragar are immensely proud of their rather incongruous hair, plaiting it endlessly and hanging bones and stolen trinkets from its ragged tresses. The creatures dress in armour welded from large metal plates and decorated with spikes and studs, which they use as offensive weapons, impaling their enemies on them in the press of battle. Like the Doragar themselves, their weapons are large and cruel, made without thought for the grace and skill of fighting.

DRACON

SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 14
HABITAT: Hills, Caves, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average

In the time of legends, Rogaar the Lord of Lions took as his mate a beautiful Golden Dragon called Chrysolla. Their offspring were numerous, and still exist today – the DRACONS. The creatures are large, almost six metres long and standing as tall as a man. They have the bodies of enormous lions, with huge clawed feet. Their heads are large and

leonine, with the exquisite eyes and ferocious teeth of a dragon. Their manes shimmer like a shower of molten gold, and their bodies are sleek and powerful. They can fly short distances with the help of the pair of small wings which sprout from their shoulders.

Dracons are rarely seen by men, as they prefer to dwell in desolate, forgotten places – old ruins, abandoned caves and the like. They are proud, rather haughty beasts, as befits their heritage, and are only too willing to expound all the intricate details of their distant family trees to anyone willing to listen to them. They are very fastidious about good manners, and can quicky become irate if their guests turn out to be rude and boorish in their behaviour. In an attack they will either slash with their claws or bite with their oversized teeth. Throughout a fight, they will mock their opponents, deriding their skill, abusing their parents and family, and cursing any successful blows. Should they be overwhelmed, they will attempt to escape rather than die. If flight proves impossible, they may offer some items from their large but well-hidden treasure-hoards in return for their lives. An honourable adventurer can often bargain his way to a choice treasure; a greedy or dishonest man may be passed a cursed item for his rudeness. Dracons are obsessed with manners, in even the most desperate circumstances.

DRAGON

Of all the frightful, terrifying and downright awesome beings that stalk the earth, none are as powerful as the DRAGONS. Some say the race of Dragonkind is as old as time itself; there were certainly Dragons around to be recorded in the first histories of mankind. In the past the old civilizations were great allies of the Dragons, and they shared much knowledge. Young Dragons allowed themselves to be ridden by humans, even in battle, where their combined powers helped drive the armies of Chaos and Evil back under the ground.

Nowadays the old Dragons hide themselves away, sleeping out the millennia until civilization needs them again. Younger Dragons still stalk the earth, but many are evil creatures, concerned only with acquiring gold and treasure. In some of the newer kingdoms there are people who have never seen a Dragon, for they are now very rare creatures.

Dragons are the noblest of all reptilian races, gigantic winged creatures with long necks and tails. There are many sub-species, each with its own skin colour and other individual features. All Dragons can fly, and most can speak a wide variety of human and animal languages. Dragons are able to spit fire, acid or ice from their mouths. They also have claws and fangs; even without their fatal breath they would be more than a match for the strongest of opponents. They come in different sizes and strengths, according to their age. Dragons seem to be all but immortal, and they mature only very slowly. Dragons are called young between the time they burst out of the egg and reach one hundred years of age, by which time they may have grown up to twelve metres long. They are impetuous, as Dragons go, and may be encountered in partnership with a powerful human such as a sorcerer or evil leader who can provide both protection and regular food. Young Dragons do not know much of magic or books, as they are far too busy acquiring treasure to learn from wizards or converse with sages.

Adult Dragons are aged between one hundred and five hundred years old, and can grow up to about twenty-five metres in length. There are very few adults known to mankind, for they are very rare and spend much of their time sleeping on their vast hoards in cavernous halls deep below a mountain or castle.

Old Dragons have not been seen by anyone for many hundreds of years, and it is thought they may have left this earth to live on the Magical Planes in peace. For this reason there are no details of them in the following descriptions; they will never be encountered by adventurers on the Earthly Plane.

The skin of a Dragon will easily fetch 50 Gold Pieces a metre in a large trading city, where it can be used to make superb armour. Actually acquiring the skin of a Dragon is another matter.

BLACK DRAGON

	Adult	*Young*	
SKILL:	16	24	*4 Attacks*
STAMINA:	30	20	

HABITAT: Hills, Wilderness, Caves, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

BLACK DRAGONS are usually encountered in rough, hilly terrain, where they may be preying upon villages for their livestock or people. Both young and adult Black Dragons make their lairs in caverns, to which they will return after a day's

hunting. Younger creatures will have only a small, cramped cave, but an adult may occupy a vast cavern complex, housing a tribe of Goblins or Orcs as well as various other monsters, with several secret entrances for when danger threatens.

A Black Dragon's breath is unusual in that instead of the typical jet of flame, it can create a huge stinking cloud of poisonous gas. Young creatures can create one up to three metres in diameter, an adult twice that. Anyone caught within the cloud must successfully *Test for Luck* or lose 4 STAMINA points. A successful LUCK roll means they only take a single point of damage. A young Black Dragon can produce such a cloud only once every six Attack Rounds; an adult once every four rounds.

GOLD DRAGON

	Adult	*Young*	
SKILL:	*18*	*16*	*4 Attacks*
STAMINA:	*40*	*25*	

HABITAT: Deserts, Mountains, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: High

The largest and noblest of all their race, GOLD DRAGONS are only rarely encountered by humans. They prefer to inhabit large towers or castles in the middle of deserts or at the top of mountains, well removed from most other creatures. They are better disposed towards humans than other Dragons, though they cannot understand that their short life-span makes them seem impatient and rude. Gold Dragons tend to be especially friendly with sages and sorcerers, who sometimes visit them with questions on ancient history or magic. The Dragons dislike the more primitive and violent humanoid races, though, and will normally attack them on sight.

Gold Dragons can breathe a wide jet of flame every other Attack Round. This is broad enough to hit two opponents, and requires a *Test for Luck* to avoid it. It will scorch away 2 STAMINA points if it hits (an adult's will cause 4 points of damage). Creatures aged more than about seventy years may also have magical spells to back up their claws and teeth; they are particularly fond of illusions and tricks. The armoured hide of a Gold Dragon is very tough, and blows against it will only cause 1 point of damage to the huge creature.

GREEN DRAGON

	Adult	*Young*	
SKILL:	*15*	*13*	*4 Attacks*
STAMINA:	*26*	*18*	

HABITAT: Forests, Jungles, Caves, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: High

A young GREEN DRAGON may be encountered amid the tangles at the centre of a large forest, where it will make its lair in an old ruin or a shallow cave in a hillside. An adult creature will only be encountered deep in a tropical jungle, well away from any settlements, where it can enjoy being the largest and most voracious predator in the region. Green Dragons are natural hunters, both quick and cunning, and make fearsome opponents. In combat they can breathe out a thin stream of fire once every three Attack Rounds. If their opponent fails to roll his current SKILL or under on two dice, he will be burnt for 2 STAMINA points of damage (4 points from an adult creature).

RED DRAGON

	Adult	*Young*	
SKILL:	*14*	*11*	*3 Attacks*
STAMINA:	*23*	*14*	

HABITAT: Hills, Wilderness, Caves, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

RED DRAGONS are hoarders who relish collecting coins, jewels and all other valuable items. When encountered, a Red Dragon will usually be in its cavern, sprawled across the top of a large pile of treasure. Red Dragons are automatically suspicious of anyone they encounter, believing them to be thieves intent on stealing their treasure, and will attack them immediately. They can shoot fire-balls from their mouths, which they send roaring through the air to explode on their target. These can be avoided by a successful *Test for Luck*; if they hit they will cause 2 STAMINA points of damage (4 from an adult Red Dragon). The creatures can produce one of these every other round, and can shoot them up to twenty-five metres with surprising accuracy.

SILVER DRAGON

	Adult	*Young*	
SKILL:	*17*	*15*	*4 Attacks*
STAMINA:	*30*	*22*	

HABITAT: Wilderness, Ice
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Unfriendly–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

SILVER DRAGONS have long been the arch-enemies of their Gold cousins, for they are very jealous of their status among the rest of Dragon-kind. They seem to be perpetually plotting against their noble relations, though events rarely get violent. Silver Dragons live in desolate areas away from other creatures, for they can be bad-tempered and aggressive.

In an attack a Silver Dragon can shoot out a chilling sheet of cold that is wide enough to hit two opponents at once. Unless its targets can roll their current SKILL score or less on two dice, they will lose 2 STAMINA points (4 from an adult Dragon). The creatures can breathe cold once every three Attack Rounds. Silver Dragons fear fire, though, and would rather give away part of their vast

treasure-hoard than face several creatures wielding it against them.

WHITE DRAGON

	Adult	*Young*	
SKILL:	*15*	*12*	*3 Attacks*
STAMINA:	*22*	*14*	

HABITAT: Ice, Wilderness, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

Of all the desolate, inhospitable places that Dragons inhabit, nowhere is worse than that of the WHITE DRAGONS. They can only survive in sub-zero temperatures, so they will only ever be encountered amid the snow and ice of the extreme northern lands, beyond the Icefinger Mountains. They dwell in vast caves or castles carved from the ice itself. They are the most unpredictable of all Dragons, and will normally eat any being they come across. In keeping with its frigid home, a White Dragon can breathe out a stream of ice that will freeze its opponent. This will hit its target on a roll of 1 or 2 on one die, causing an extra 3 points of damage (5 if the Dragon is an adult). A White Dragon will not eat its dead prey straight away. Sometimes, especially when the long northern winter draws near, they will leave the bodies inside large blocks of ice, to keep until other food is scarce, when they will claw them out and eat them!

GIANT DRAGONFLY

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 4
HABITAT: Marshes, Rivers
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Insect
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

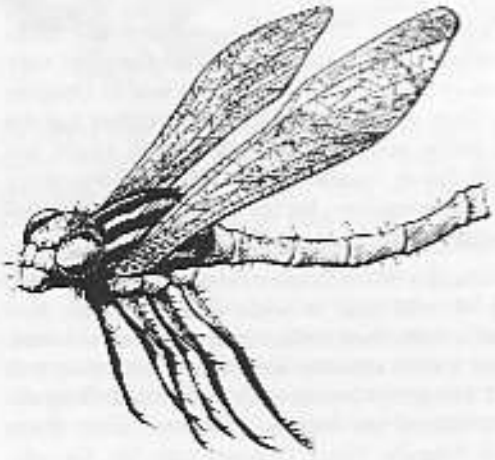

Skimming at high speed just above the reeds on the hunt for a suitable meal, GIANT DRAGONFLIES are dazzling but dangerous creatures. They prey on any warm-blooded creatures they can catch, even men, swooping down and biting with their large mandibles. A Giant Dragonfly will hover threateningly over a potential victim for a long while before striking, its delicate wings a blur of movement as it hangs motionless. Then they will drop on to their prey, grab and restrain it with their legs, and bite deeply. The skin of a Giant Dragonfly is exquisitely patterned and coloured, and can fetch a good price from a high-class tailor in a large city, by whom it is used to make fine cloaks or tunics for princes and noblemen.

DRIPPER PLANT

SKILL: 0 (see below)
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Forests, Ruins, Hills
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Plant
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: None

The DRIPPER PLANT (or Death Dripper, as forest lore sometimes has it) is a very strange carnivorous shrub, which ensnares its food with deadly poison. Standing about three metres tall, the plant has a wide, thick-barked trunk, which only branches into palm-like fronds at the top. Scattered among the leaves are star-shaped yellow flowers which bloom all year round. These flowers hang out over the mat of spindly roots that gather around the base of the plant. Should any creature disturb these roots, the flowers will release a glutinous, honey-like poison. The fluid will hit its intended victims unless they *Test for Luck* successfully. Otherwise, the fast-acting contact poison will kill them within a few agonizing moments. A victim's body will be encircled by the roots, which break up the plant's food so that it can decompose and be ingested quickly. Dripper Plants can sometimes be spotted by tell-tale piles of metal items gathered around their bases; many a victim

has been caught in a shower of deadly poison while trying to recover treasure from among the hair-trigger roots. It is thought that Dripper Plants may be somehow related to Stranglebush, another carnivorous trapper plant.

DWARF

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Hills, Mountains, Plains, Towns, Caves, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Friendly–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: High

There are some races which were roaming the earth when man was still swinging about in trees. Nowadays most of them, especially Elves, keep out of men's affairs as much as they are able. The DWARFS, however, have long learnt to live alongside the younger race, who recognize them as doughty warriors and skilled craftsmen. The town of Stonebridge on the Red River is almost exclusively inhabited by Dwarfs, but in many other settlements they live alongside men.

A typical Dwarf stands only about a metre tall, yet looks a good deal older than the humans who tower over him. Their faces are wrinkled and weather-beaten, usually somewhere between ruddy-pink and brown. Their fashion is for long bushy beards, some of which are so long they need to be plaited and wrapped around their waists like belts. Their clothes are made from fine worked leather, though these will usually be covered with light jerkins of strong mail. Their favourite weapons are battle-axes, war-hammers and other hewing weapons, for they are skilled at mining and stone-working as well as fighting.

Dwarfs are fond of ale, pipe tobacco and a good tale of heroic deeds. They are not so fond of over-hasty people, preferring to take life steadily and calmly. Sometimes quick of anger if slighted by an ill-mannered human, they are not averse to teaching some manners. They can be very honourable beings, however, and they appreciate bravery and good fighting. They despise Orcs, Goblins and other cruel cowardly beings, and stories of their interminable wars deep under the earth are frequent. Above all, Dwarfs love precious jewels and metals, and they spend much of their time mining them from the earth before jealously hoarding them away from potential thieves.

EAGLE

	Eagle	*Goblerent Eagle*	*Giant Eagle*
SKILL:	4	7	6
STAMINA:	5	6	11

HABITAT: Mountains, Hills, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Bird
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

EAGLES may be encountered in rocky, mountainous areas across the whole of Allansia and beyond, where they make their nests at the top of high trees or perched on sheer cliffs. They are predatory birds, living on rabbits, fish, rats and other small creatures, though stories abound of Eagles taking sheep and even children. Usually they will not attack humans unless they appear to be threatening the Eagle's nest or chicks. Their first attack will be a great swooping dive, which will add 3 points to their SKILL as they come screeching down, talons outstretched. After this first swoop their SKILL will revert to normal.

Eagles are fairly difficult to train, even for hunting, for they are the wildest of all the birds of prey.

Nevertheless, their eggs may fetch as much as 200 Gold Pieces each from a nobleman or bird-trainer.

Most common species of Eagle will conform to the general notes above, but there are a couple of extraordinary types that require further explanation. GOLDCREST EAGLES are found only in the hills of Analand in southern Kakhabad. They are larger than most Eagles, with a wingspan of well over three metres, and have a brilliant patch of gold on their heads which gives them their name. Unlike most species, they have been extensively trained for many centuries by the people of Analand, and are now reared in captivity. They are sometimes used for fighting and hunting, but they are most effective as messengers, carrying urgent news and orders as fast as the wind, and hidden from the eyes of enemies under a cloak of invisibility. For Goldcrest Eagles need only concentrate and they will disappear, to fly on their mission in safety. If they ever need to fight, however, they will lose their concentration and become visible, but the huge birds have been trained well and they are skilful fighters.

GIANT EAGLES are only ever found in the most desolate places, well away from humans who would hunt and kill them, and steal their eggs and young to tame. They stand as tall as a man, with a wingspan approaching eight metres when fully outstretched, and their talons are like curved daggers. They live on any creatures they can catch, and are not averse to attacking humans. Like their smaller cousins, they will initially attack in a powerful dive. If a Giant Eagle scores two hits in succession, it will grasp its prey in its talons and fly off back to its huge nest high in the mountains, with a tasty morsel for its young.

EEL

	Blood Eel	*Electric Eel*	*Giant Eel*
SKILL:	5	6	8
STAMINA:	4	4	8

HABITAT: Rivers, Marshes, Sea
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1-2
TYPE: Fish
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

All EELS are long and extremely thin in proportion to their length; they may be found in a variety of places from open sea to swamp. Most are harmless, but a few species can prove dangerous to an adventurer.

BLOOD EELS grow up to a metre long, and live in fresh water. They are savage predators, occasionally even attacking and killing pike, with which they have a great rivalry for prey. They have also been known to attack humans wading or swimming in their river. They will glide silently up to their prey and bite with needle-like teeth, automatically doing 2 points of damage. After their first attack they can be fought normally, but their opponent will have his SKILL temporarily reduced by 2 points for trying to fight in the water.

ELECTRIC EELS are only found in warm coastal waters. They are fairly small, and rarely grow to more than half a metre long. They have developed the ability to emit a strong burst of electricity, which is usually enough to stun or kill the small fish they live on. The charge can be emitted only twice a day before it is depleted, each burst doing 4 points of damage. They can also attack normally, though if their electricity is not enough to kill potential prey, they may decide to leave it well alone!

Most dangerous of all are GIANT EELS, as they can grow up to eight metres long and thirty centimetres thick. They are very strong and well equipped for hunting – their teeth are like small daggers – and are capable of catching and killing crocodiles and other large creatures. If an adventurer is attacked by a Giant Eel in water more than a metre deep, he must defeat the monster in less Attack Rounds than his current SKILL score or he will be entangled in its crushing coils and drowned.

ELEMENTAL

ELEMENTALS are arcane magical beings, made up of concentrations of the primary elements – Air, Earth, Fire and Water. They normally dwell on their appropriate Magical Plane, but can be conjured to the Earthly Plane to serve powerful magicians. Some Elementals actually live on this plane, in areas where the element is concentrated – deep in the oceans, at the heart of volcanoes and so on.

Conjuring an Elemental is a strenuous and extremely hazardous operation, usually attempted by only the most powerful wizards. Elementals resent being summoned, and may attack their conjurer unless they can concentrate on controlling the creature. Warding devices such as pentagrams and chalk circles will not hold back the might of a raging being of pure energy for long!

Some especially careful warlocks have managed to create partial summoning spells, which they bind into elaborate scrolls or runes. In these devices, the ritual for summoning the Elemental is unfinished, needing only a magical command to be completed

and bring the creature to earth. Elementals summoned in this way can sometimes be banished again by repeating the command, though this does not always work – as some have found out to their cost. The four types of Elemental are detailed below.

AIR ELEMENTAL
SKILL: 15 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 20
HABITAT: Magical Plane of Air, at the heart of a hurricane
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The force of a raging AIR ELEMENTAL is enough to tear the roof off a palace, flatten a whole village, or lift a man and throw him many metres into the air. When one is summoned, it appears as a whirlwind of air, spinning and dancing at high speed. The air around the creature howls as the raging wind sucks up rocks, stones and other small items, and spits them out into the air.

Like all Elementals, they can only be hit by enchanted weapons. Trying to stand up to an angry Air Elemental, however, requires great strength. Should anyone try to withstand the raging blast, he must *Test for Luck*. If unsuccessful, he will be knocked flying, and lose 1 SKILL point and a die of STAMINA damage. If he maintains his footing with a successful throw, he will still lose 2 STAMINA points, but will be able to keep standing long enough to attempt two strikes, before having to *Test for Luck* again. Air Elementals are immensely strong and can rarely be killed. Worse still, when they die, their spirits simply return to their home plane to recuperate and heal. A banished Air Elemental cannot be recalled to earth for sixty-six days.

EARTH ELEMENTAL
SKILL: 18 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 22
HABITAT: Magical Plane of Earth, deep underground
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

EARTH ELEMENTALS are the strongest and most evil of all the Elementals. They are very hard to summon and control, so they are rarely found on the Earthly Plane in the service of a wizard. Should they be encountered at all, it will usually be deep underground or high among the rocky peaks of the mountains. They appear as massive stone humanoids, covered with rocky hides. It is said that in the old days extremely adept sorcerers managed to imprison some Earth Elementals inside large masses of rock, to stop them causing earthquakes and landslides, and generally wreaking havoc around the countryside.

Freeing an Earth Elemental is extremely stupid, and will lose the fool who does so one die of LUCK points. Actually attempting to fight an Earth Elemental is more foolish still: such a fight is virtually impossible to win! Their prodigious strength is legendary; their blows will do 4 points of damage. Worse still, the creatures can only be damaged with magical weapons, and their tough skins reduce any injury against them to only 1 point. Should an Earth Elemental actually be killed, its spirit will return to its home plane, and can never be summoned again.

FIRE ELEMENTAL
SKILL: 14 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 18
HABITAT: Magical Plane of Fire, inside volcanoes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Average

FIRE ELEMENTALS are the most common of all these magical creatures. They are also the smallest and weakest of the four types, and are summoned and controlled more easily. Fire Elementals typically appear as vaguely humanoid figures, as tall as a man, composed solely of flames. They are far more intelligent than their fellow beings, and are more willing to be summoned to Earth, where they can add to their knowledge.

These beings can, as usual, only be hit by magical weapons. The heat of their flames will melt most things, even metals, which makes combat extremely difficult. After two successful strikes on a Fire Elemental, even an enchanted blade will be ruined. They are so hot that water thrown over them will immediately evaporate. When faced with an angry Fire Elemental, it is very important to know the command word to banish the creature home, from where it cannot be summoned for forty days.

WATER ELEMENTAL
SKILL: 16
STAMINA: 21
HABITAT: Magical Plane of Water, the deepest oceans
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

WATER ELEMENTALS are only ever encountered at sea; like all such beings, they cannot survive away from their native environment. They can be very dangerous to men and boats alike. Water Elementals are rarely summoned to this plane, and are consequently encountered very infrequently; some do dwell in the seas and oceans of the world, manifesting in a roughly humanoid form in the hearts of whirlpools and typhoons. Because of their liquid nature, they cannot be damaged by weapons at all – blades and missiles pass straight through! They are destructive beings, but prefer to smash boats and leave their occupants to drown in the swirling eddies of a whirlpool. Legend speaks of a particularly fortunate adventurer who apparently managed to trap a Water Elemental in a magical Pouch of Unlimited Contents: if the story is true, he must have been the luckiest man alive!

ELF

ELVES walked the lands while humans still lived in caves and trees, for they are a very ancient race. These tall humanoids live about twice as long as humans, whom they tend to look down on as children. All Elves are thin beings, with large ears and slanting eyes. They seem more graceful than humans, and far more intelligent somehow. They are fearless warriors, particularly expert with longbows. There are a number of different Elven races, each sharing a common heritage, but very different from the others.

BLACK ELF
SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Plains, Wilderness, Towns
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: High

BLACK ELVES were originally renegades from the evil kingdoms of the Dark Elves, to whom they are related. They abandoned the forests with them, and helped build their underground kingdoms, but grew more and more horrified as the Dark Elves dabbled in fearful magic and demonism. So they fled the cavern cities and settled in isolated areas away from other Elven races, where they now live squalid lives alongside Ores, Goblins and other inhuman races.

Like all Elves they are thin and tall. Their skin is somewhere between grey and black in colour, their slanted eyes yellow and catlike. They dress in shabby clothes of outlandish design, and sometimes decorate themselves in a similar fashion, with bizarrely cropped hair and painted patterns on their faces. Their favourite weapons are longbows (with a 4 in 6 chance of hitting for 2 points of damage), but they have also become skilled with spears and curved swords.

Some Black Elves are nomads, travelling the plains in caravans to trade their wares in isolated settlements. Others live in small villages themselves, hunting and farming on the poor land. All Black Elves are distrustful of other beings. They will attack other types of Elves on sight, but other beings will be treated neutrally, if not in a friendly way. They have no love for strangers, and are not averse to waylaying them for their gold.

DARK ELF
SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Dungeons, Ruins, Forests, Plains, Hills
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

In the times before the rise of human civilization, the different Elven races went their separate ways

across the world. The taint of evil had split them into two factions. In the wars that followed, the side of Good won, however, and their opponents were forced to retreat beneath the earth, leaving the forests to the Wood Elves. In time all memory of these evil tribes was forgotten. In the darkness of their subterranean world, though, the DARK ELVES grew strong again, and their civilization developed.

Over the centuries their physical form changed, and they became very thin and gaunt, with midnight-black skin and green eyes. Their minds developed too, and they became more and more evil. Their sorcerers began to rule them, and their culture became decadent with slaves, demon worship and grisly magical rituals, for they had perverted the ancient Elven magic to their own ends. They have an inbuilt hatred of all surface-dwellers, and small bands of Dark Elves continue to raid isolated areas, burning and looting whatever they find. When on the surface they shield themselves under large, black, hooded cloaks.

Below ground, however, Dark Elves look very different, dressing in bizarre, ornate clothes and decorating their hair and bodies with strange patterns and colours. Their favourite weapons are still bows, though in the confines below they prefer long serrated knives, fashioned in strange metals and with powerful magic bound into them in jagged ancient runes. Despite their hatred of the surface world, the Dark Elves know they could never return to live there. But their hatred continues unabated, and their raiding parties will always stalk the earth, killing or abducting any they meet.

MOUNTAIN ELF
SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Mountains, Hills, Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: High

Not all good Elves dwell in the lowland forests. Higher up, on the hills and mountainsides, MOUNTAIN ELVES hunt in the snowy evergreen forests. They look very similar to Wood Elves, though they are shorter and not quite so thin. They dress in warm hides and furs, typically brown or white, and carry bows and long hunting-knives. They are excellent shots, and can hit a target 5 times in 6, for 3 points of STAMINA damage. They live off deer, rabbits and other woodland creatures, though they are careful to take only what they need.

Mountain Elves make their homes in small huts perched high up in trees, which offer protection from the ravages of Snow Wolves and other dangerous predators. Mountain Elves are peaceful, rather shy beings, who do not concern themselves with the affairs of the younger races. They are wary of strangers, but will be helpful if treated with respect. If they are attacked, they will not hesitate to kill their opponents with a deadly volley of arrows.

WOOD ELF
SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Friendly–Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: High

The most common of all the Elven races are the WOOD ELVES, who may be encountered in any large forest. They are friendly, peaceful beings who love nature and spend much of their time caring for plants, trees and the other denizens of the forests. They don't much care for Dwarfs, because they are unable to understand how they can shut themselves away from the beautiful surface world. Wood Elves loathe Orcs, Trolls and the other inhuman races for their ugliness and their insistence on burning down forests and murdering innocent creatures out of hand. As far as humans are concerned, they are undecided. They know that some are their allies in fighting the forces of Evil, while others are in league with the Orcs and their foul ilk. If adventurers are friendly and respectful, Wood Elves will give them all the help they need. If they prove violent and destructive, they will not be allowed to take another step into the Elves' domain.

Wood Elves prefer to dress in soft green clothes which allow them to blend with their overgrown surroundings. They are skilled in all the woodland crafts, and can track their prey in complete silence until they wish to strike. They are superb bowmen, hitting 5 times in 6 for 3 points of STAMINA damage. In combat they will use shortswords to great effect.

They dwell in large hidden villages protected both by overgrown vegetation and powerful magic. The Wood Elves ensure that only those they trust can find their villages. All others who seek them will become lost and wander around without ever getting near them. In their villages the Elves are ruled over by proud nobles, both great warriors and spell-casters, who rule fairly and justly over all the creatures of the forest.

ELVIN

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 4
HABITAT: Forests, Hills
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–7 (1 die plus 1)
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Friendly–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: High

Many people know ELVINS only as strange, twinkling lights that can sometimes be seen dancing among the trees at night, or as snatches of chattering and laughter that will drift down on the wind. Few people ever meet the Elvins of the Shamutanti

Hills face to face; some are totally unaware that they even exist. They are secretive little beings, related to Elves and Woodlings, and dwell in a number of small villages deep in the heart of thick woodland. They are only half a metre tall, with delicate features – slanted eyes, pointed ears, thin limbs. They are immensely mischievous and magical, and seem to spend much of their time playing frivolous pranks on one another, and other unfortunate beings too.

Elvins' magic powers include the ability to fly or hover in the air at will (without wings!). They can also cause a brilliant glow to appear around themselves, so that they can see in the dark. They love to play tricks by suddenly turning off their glow and then tripping up or stealing something from somebody. They expect their victims to take their pranks good-naturedly. If they can't see the joke, the Elvins may decide to teach them a lesson in humour, by attacking them with their shortswords. When flying, an Elvin adds 2 points to its Attack Strength as it dodges about in the air. Once it has been wounded, however, the spell will be broken and it will have to fight on foot. For all their magic, Elvins are fascinated by true sorcery and will be so impressed by a loud or brilliant spell that they may forget their fight and watch with delight.

EYE STINGER

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 2
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

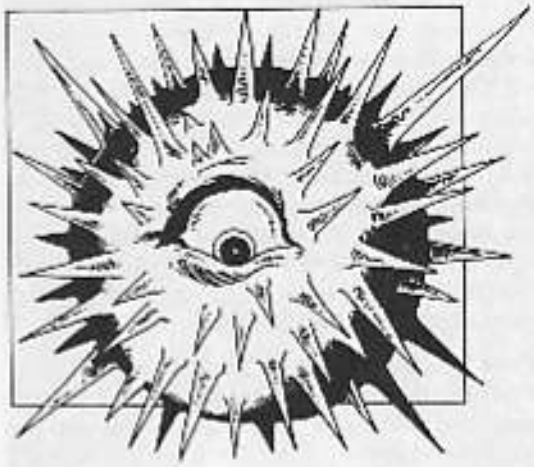

In apparent defiance of all natural laws, the EYE STINGER floats up to a metre above the ground. It is large, spherical and covered with long, poisonous spines. In the centre of its dark green, scaly skin there is a huge staring eye. Anyone encountering an Eye Stinger must successfully *Test for Luck* or be entranced by the eye, and stand slackly as the thing approaches to impale them on its spines. Its poison will not kill them, but just paralyse, leaving the creature or person at the mercy of other creatures. The Eye Stinger will then scavenge any scraps left over.

The hypnotic gaze of an Eye Stinger is very powerful, but it can be disrupted by a pure black object, such as a piece of polished onyx or jet. If it sees such an object, its eye will be confused and will close, allowing its victim to escape.

Anyone striking the creature will be in for a surprise, for the things are mostly full of a sticky liquid which gives off the gas that enables them to 'fly'. When hit, they will burst and splatter everyone fighting them with the acidic liquid, causing 2 points of damage to each person's STAMINA.

FELINAUR

	Adult	*Young*
SKILL:	*9*	*5*
STAMINA:	*8*	*5*

HABITAT: Plains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–7 (1 die plus 1)
TYPE: Animal/humanoid
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Average

The FELINAURS of the eastern plains are similar to Centaurs, but whereas the latter are man and horse combined, these creatures are part man and part lion. From the waist upwards, a Felinaur looks much like a normal person, though with a golden-brown, heavily tanned skin and an unkempt mane-like mass of darker brown hair flowing down its back. From the waist downwards, they have the strong, lithe bodies of lions, coloured a sandy golden-brown like their upper halves.

Packs of Felinaurs may be found roaming wide areas of warm grassland, hunting deer and antelope just like their leonine forebears, though using radically more advanced methods! They are expert with bow and javelin, being able to hit a fleeing antelope while galloping along behind it. They also usually carry a shortsword in a scabbard strapped across their backs, next to their quiver. The creatures live in small family groups, clustered together in their own patch of grassland. Both males and females hunt for food, except when the latter have young to rear. Each Felinaur family is part of an extended tribe, ruled over by the strongest male, elected each season after many mock battles and tournaments. It is he who decides which areas to hunt in during the next season, and also has the duty of sacrificing the tribe's first prey of each year to the great Lion God Kurawu, of whom the Felinaurs believe themselves to be the sin-defiled offspring.

Young Felinaurs are very similar to their parents, except that their hindquarters are lightly mottled with spots of darker brown. Felinaurs speak their own language, and also that of lions, with whom they occasionally converse.

FETCH

SKILL: 11
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Ruins, Caves, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Average

FETCH are strange, magical creatures that are found only rarely, in deserted, out-of-the-way places, particularly around sources of great magic. It is thought they are primitive relatives of Will-o'-the-Wisps, though it has been hard to prove this. A Fetch typically appears as a small, scintillating ball of energy, crackling with static and discharging small bolts of lightning into the air. At the heart of the creature is an intensely glowing area, in which electrical emissions are frequent enough to generate intelligence.

Fetch live off magical energy, and will feed ravenously whenever they can. A Fetch which has not eaten for a week or so will be small and pale; one which has just feasted will be almost a metre across, and very volatile, spitting static in great arcs around itself. A Fetch will attack anyone carrying magical weapons (to suck the items dry), or a particularly heroic adventurer whose aura of luck is tangible enough to feed on! Should they encounter a spell-caster, however, they will deliberately provoke him into casting 'food' at them in the form of spells, by flitting close and attacking in a stinging flash, before nipping away again. Spells flung at a Fetch do it no harm; instead, they will attract more of the creatures, which can scent magical energy from a great distance away.

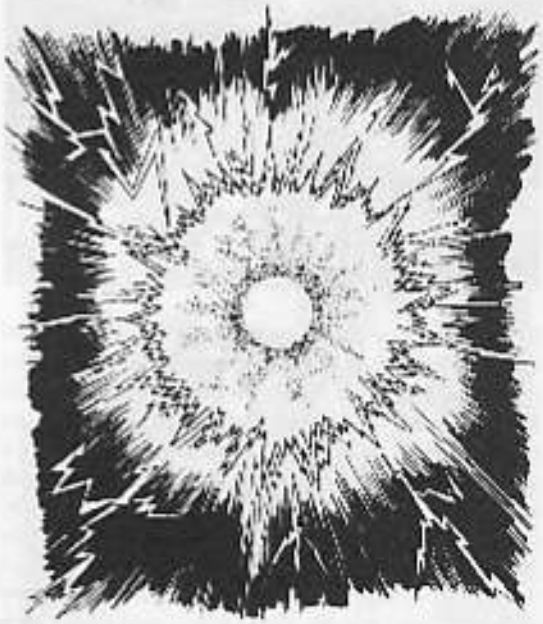

Fetch are slowed in extreme cold, however, and ice-producing spells will hurt them, and not be eaten. If a metal weapon is used against one in a successful strike, both the wielder and the Fetch will take damage as the creature shorts out! A Dispel Magic spell or charm will destroy one immediately, making it pop out of existence in a small, violent flash.

FIEND

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Deserts, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Monster/humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

In the heart of the Desert of Skulls all kinds of strange beasts dwell, encountered but rarely by men; the FIEND is one such creature. A remnant from an earlier civilization that colonized the fringes of the desert, it lurks among old ruins, perhaps awaiting the return of its long-dead masters. As tall as man, they are tough, sinewy humanoids, covered in leathery red skin. As well as sharp claws and teeth, they have a pair of horns which sprout from their savage-looking heads. In an attack they will slash about with their claws, and then catch their opponent unawares by breathing a blast of fire straight at him! Hitting on a roll of 1 or 2 on one die, it will cause an additional 1 point of damage. Should it slay its opponent, the Fiend will breathe on it a little more, before feasting on the succulent roasted flesh. Fiends will often be found watching over hoards of priceless ancient artefacts, or perhaps even the tombs of their ancient masters.

FIRE DEMON

SKILL: 10 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Demonic Plane, Caves, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Demon
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

There are a whole host of Lesser Demons that dwell in the shadows deep in the Abyss. The most common of these are FIRE DEMONS. They are tall, red-skinned beings, vaguely humanoid in shape, but with large leathery wings, horns, and cloven hoofs for feet. They are violent, impulsive creatures, infamous for absent-mindedly massacring weaker creatures around them in their impatience for action.

Fire Demons are sent to the Earthly Plane as Hell's shock troops, for they are imposing beings who are able to command lesser beings like Orcs with ease. An air of darkness and death hangs around them; weak-willed creatures will flee them immediately. They will usually carry both a whip and a flaming sword, and use first one, then the other, in consecutive attacks. They can also shoot streams of fire from their nostrils. This will hit on a roll of 1–4 on one die, for 2 points of damage. If a Fire Demon is killed, it will be engulfed in its own flames, its spirit released to return home to the Demonic Plane.

FIREFOX

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Plains, Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Foxes are fairly common predators throughout northern Allansia and Kakhabad. Most are content to leave men alone, for they know they are no match for them. To the FIREFOXES of the Forests of Snatta, however, an adventurer is just like a boar or a chicken — food! These beasts are as large as Wolves, covered in a rich fiery-red fur and with a magnificent brush of a tail. They are savage hunters, thinking only of their next meal, which they can sniff out and track with great cunning. Their strength, together with the sharpness of their teeth and claws, is enough to cope with most prey. Should a Firefox find itself losing a fight, it also has other powers to draw upon.

If a Firefox is wounded at any time, in the next round it will suddenly burst into flames and leap on its opponent. If its attack is successful, it will burn them for 5 points of STAMINA damage; if not, the creature will be wounded as usual. This 'flame on' is not without cost to the Firefox, for it will lose 1 SKILL and 1 STAMINA point for the tremendous energy it burns up. After its attack it will return to normal, but every time it is wounded again it will attack in flames the round after, until either the Firefox or its opponent is dead. The fiery-red pelt of a Firefox is very valuable, especially to sorcerers, for it is an essential ingredient in all manner of fire-producing spells and potions.

FIRE SPRITE

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 4
HABITAT: Magical Plane of Fire, anywhere their summoner is
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Similar to Devlins, FIRE SPRITES are tiny elemental creatures, normally found on the Plane of Fire. They can be summoned to earth, though, by powerful magic, to fight for their summoner. On this plane they appear to be small, vaguely human-shaped beings, composed entirely of flames. They attack by scorching their opponent; their touch is so hot that it does 3 points of damage instead of the normal 2.

Anything flammable bursts into flames at their touch. Dousing them with water seems actually to make them larger and stronger, feeding the flames rather than extinguishing them. However, smothering them in a heavy cloak or rug will cut off their air, and they will go out, banished back to their home plane in an instant. Fire Sprites are no relation to the tiny earthly Sprites.

FISH MAN

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Rivers, Lakes, Caves, Marshes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 7
TYPE: Fish/humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Originally the result of some grisly experiments by an evil sorcerer in the Cloudcap Mountains, FISH MEN are strange hybrids between men and fish. They have spindly legs, which support a wide torso. Their heads are fish-like, with huge bulbous eyes and a broad mouth, joining straight on to their bodies without a neck. They are covered completely with small yellow-green scales which drip with water and slime.

The strange creatures have both a fish's gills and a human's lungs, and can thus breathe both air and water. Their scaly nature, however, requires them to keep themselves damp; should they dry out, their skins would crack and they would die. For this reason they will only ever be encountered in or near a large body of water, often a pool inside a shady cave, well away from the sun. Fish Men are solitary beings, full of hatred for the world that shuns them as freaks. However, once a year, at the time of the Spring Equinox, they will gather in an ancient lake in the mountains to spawn, croaking and gurgling at the moon in their husky voices.

Fish Men are not very intelligent, though they have learnt to use spears and javelins stolen from past opponents. They are prodigious meat-eaters, always hungry, and will attack most creatures. They are attracted, almost like magpies, to bright sparkling items, with which they will sometimes decorate the floor of their pool – laying coins, gems and other trinkets in a bizarre underwater mosaic!

FLAYER

SKILL: 6 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Dungeons, Ruins, Towns
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average–Low

It is widely believed in educated circles that FLAYERS are somehow related to the ghastly Brain Slayers. Certainly there are many physical similarities between the two races. Flayers have a humanoid body and legs, though they lack arms. Their

heads are octopus-like, with a dense fringe of thin prehensile tentacles. Unlike a Brain Slayer, however, their skin is not solid, but is more like grey jelly, which quivers repulsively with every movement. They dress in tatty clothes.

Flayers are rarely seen by men, preferring to secrete themselves away from the attentions of other races. However, it has been discovered that they have somehow developed extraordinary skill at preparing some of the most bizarre, but also the tastiest, dishes. As a result, a Flayer may sometimes be encountered in the unlikely surroundings of a well-equipped kitchen, cooking weird and wonderful meals for the nobleman who can afford to employ it. Their disgusting appearance, though, often causes other creatures and humans to hate and eventually attack them. The reaction they receive from other beings has made the Flayers sad and shy creatures, wary of others and quick to defend themselves. In a fight, a Flayer will whip its head violently from side to side, slashing the air with its tentacles. Each is equipped with a barbed sting that allows it to cause 3 points of damage for a successful hit, instead of the usual 2.

FLESH GRUB

SKILL: 1
STAMINA: 1
HABITAT: Marshes, Dungeons, Ruins, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–12
TYPE: Insect
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: None

Mooching about in old tombs or dungeons may be the best way for an adventurer to gain fame and fortune, but it is not without its hazards. As well as the larger creatures there are many smaller dangers, such as FLESH GRUBS. These disgusting maggot-like worms lurk writhing in rotting debris and other hidden corners, waiting for the tell-tale scent of human flesh to waft by. They are blind, but can easily smell out their target before latching on to it with barbed teeth. Each Flesh Grub will automatically inflict 1 point of STAMINA damage as it nibbles away at the fresh meat. The nasty little creatures can be pulled off and crushed easily, but only six can be removed in one round.

GIANT FLY

	Common Fly	*Firefly*	*Needlefly*
SKILL:	7	5	6
STAMINA:	8	5	6

HABITAT: Wilderness, Deserts
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Insect
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

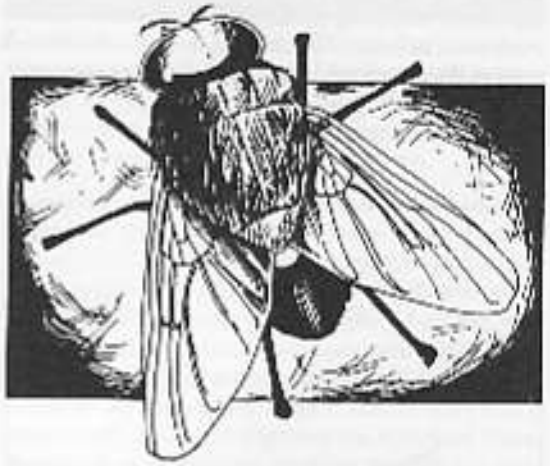

The various species of GIANT FLY are normally found only in warm regions, where they will be encountered flying around looking for suitable food for themselves and their young. COMMON FLIES can reach one and a half metres in length, with a wingspan twice that. They are disgusting creatures, with huge eyes, black bodies covered with stiff hairs, and a long, sharp proboscis for eating with. They will attack any creature up to and including the size of humans. If it wins an Attack Round, instead of causing damage the Giant Fly will try to fly off with its prey. Unless he can successfully *Test for Luck*, its victim will be dragged up into the air and dropped, causing 1 die worth of STAMINA damage.

GIANT FIREFLIES are only a third of the size of a Common Fly, but they are just as aggressive. They are only encountered at night, when the rear of their bodies glows in the darkness. If they hit their prey, there is a 3 in 6 chance that they will also deliver a discharge of electricity, causing 2 points of STAMINA damage. NEEDLEFLIES look like enormous hornets, about a metre in length, with a long, sharp sting poking from their tails. They attack with their abdomens curled under them, so that this sting is pointing forwards, and swoop back and forth, trying to stab their prey before carrying it off to eat.

FLYING FISH

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Lakes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–7 (2 die plus 1)
TYPE: Fish
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

There are FLYING FISH in the warm southern oceans, but none are as dangerous or aggressive as those found in Lake Ilklala in Kakhabad. They are only as long as a man's hand, but their wide mouths brim with teeth which can tear through flesh and bone alike. They can fly for a few minutes at a time, flapping thin, oversized fins like wings. Their long, feathery tails enable them to turn and swoop quite aerobatically, and they can bite while flying. The Flying Fish will attack as a group (treated as a single creature), flapping around their opponent for a maximum of seven Attack Rounds before they must land in the water again. If they land on the ground, they will quickly die, weakly flapping in a vain attempt to reach the lake and safety.

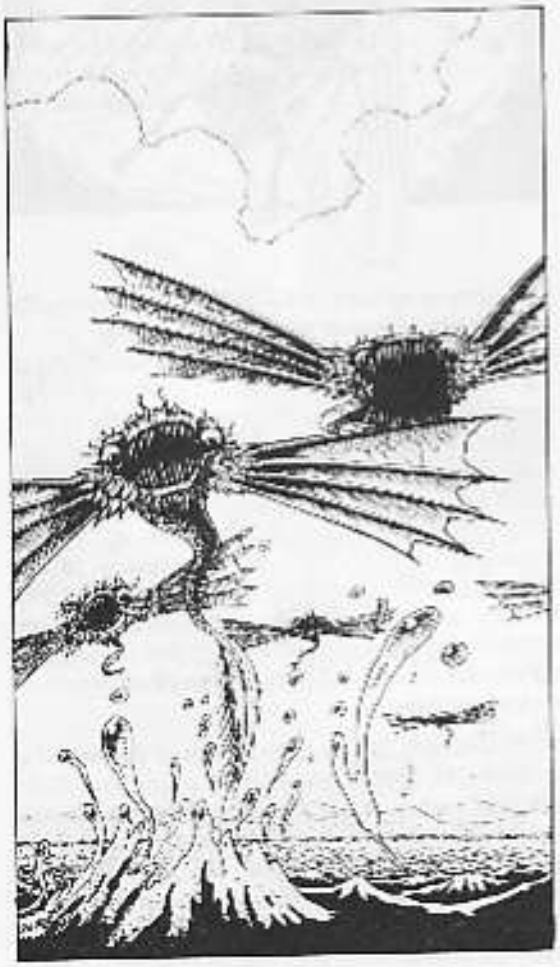

Should anyone be foolish enough to eat one, they will find that its meat tastes foul and causes intense stomach pains for several hours, for one die of STAMINA damage.

FLYING GUARDIAN

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

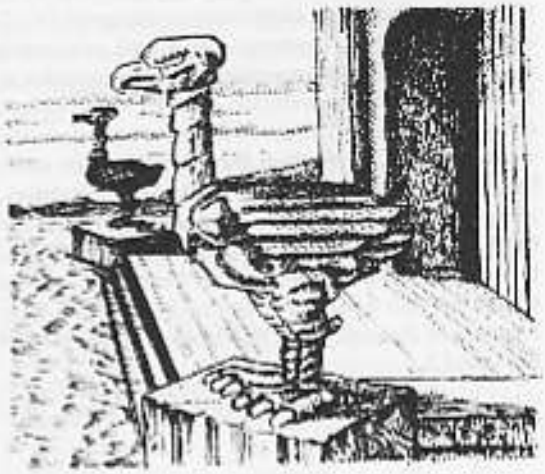

Some very peculiar beings have been left to stand guard over sacred places. In the northern province of Chiang Mai, it is traditional to leave a pair of FLYING GUARDIANS to watch over a tomb or temple. They appear, to all intents and purposes, to be statues in the form of large, ostrich-like birds with hooked beaks, stubby wings and wide, clawed feet. They will remain perfectly rigid, keeping their silent vigil until the treasure or crypt is disturbed by a would-be thief or grave-robber. Then the Guardians will come to life, take to the air with strangely stilted, jerky movements, and attack with beaks and claws. They may also try to warn other denizens of the tomb, if there are any, by croaking loudly like a crow. When they have dealt with the defilers of their sacred home, they will return to their positions and stiffen into statues to continue their silent watch.

FOG DEVIL

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Unfriendly–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

When the mists of winter descend on the tangled hearts of forests, the FOG DEVILS gather amid the trees to hunt and play. Streaming through the trees, howling and screaming like demented Wolves,

they roam in search of Woodlings or Gnomes to feast upon.

These strange and savage monsters appear as ghostly, billowing concentrations of vapour formed into vaguely human shapes. Their heads have the most definition; from here their bodies gradually trail away into nothingness and merge with the mist. Their faces are misshapen, nightmarish parodies of a human visage, with insane eyes and a fang filled slash of a mouth. Their arms appear to be strong and muscular, ending in three-fingered hands which can rend a man in two with a single slash. In an attack, a swirling Fog Devil will spin around an opponent in a confusing spiral of mist that suddenly sprouts claws and teeth. Anyone attacked by such a creature will fight it with their SKILL reduced by 2 for the duration of the encounter. Should the creatures kill their opponent, they will stop briefly to nibble on the choicest parts, before swirling on.

Thankfully for the other denizens of the forests, these savage, evil beings are very rare, and will only be encountered when the thickest winter fogs are in the air. For the rest of the time, the Fog Devils hibernate in the holes of trees and forgotten animal burrows, waiting for the mists to come again.

GANJEE

SKILL: 12
STAMINA: 0 (see below)
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

Between the Earthly Plane and the Magical Planes is a nebulous layer known as the Spirit Plane. Its inhabitants dwell half in the world and half out of it.

Most are souls passing up or down to the domains of their respective Deities. Some beings dwell permanently on the Spirit Plane itself: Poltergeists are trapped here because of the nature of their deaths. But the GANJEES live here on purpose.

Related to Ghosts but far more hateful, these non-corporeal entities are little more than a small concentration of energy, driven by spite and anger, but they can appear to their victims as ghostly white faces, contorted with devilish glee. Anyone who meets one for the first time must immediately lose 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA points from sheer terror! Ganjees can extinguish flames, throw objects and even wield weapons. Fighting back against them, though, is very difficult, because they do not have physical bodies. However, they can sometimes be bribed to let someone pass freely, by the gift of a magical item such as a potion or sword – though they are just as likely to forget all about their bargain and use these very items against the adventurer!

GARGOYLE

SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Caves, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average–Low

GARGOYLES are ferocious beasts, whose ability to blend with the surrounding rock is such that they will surprise a prey 5 times out of 6, and be able to deliver their first blow automatically. They are roughly humanoid in shape, with clawed hands and feet, and bestial heads brimming with teeth and horns. A pair of large leathery wings sprouts from their backs, and a point-tipped tail hangs

behind. They are coloured a mottled grey that looks just like stone. This camouflage allows them to play their favourite trick on an adventurer – standing motionless on a piece of stone and pretending to be a statue until they can strike.

The stony hide of a Gargoyle is tough: normal weapons cannot injure them. In fact, two blows on a Gargoyle are enough to break even the strongest of swords. Enchanted magical weapons can injure them, however, and they will also retreat from fire. It is rumoured that the Gargoyles pay fealty, in both service and treasure, to the evil Night Demon Vradna, who is said to be served by a legion of a thousand of the foul creatures.

GARK

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 11
HABITAT: *Plains, Forests, Hills, Ruins, Caves, Dungeons*
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: *Humanoid*
REACTION: *Unfriendly*
INTELLIGENCE: *Low*

In the huge vats of dungeon-like laboratories deep below the surface of the earth, evil sorcerers have long experimented with cross-breeding the various inhuman races – Orcs, Goblins, Ogres, Trolls and Giants. Combining Orc and Troll they have produced the warlike Doragar; mixing Goblin and Giant they created the GARK.

They look very much like a huge Goblin, well over two and a half metres tall. They are lithe, muscular and very aggressive. Their brown hides are tough and leathery, and they can prove to be formidable warriors with axes and cleavers. They are not overly intelligent, however, and can sometimes be very unpredictable, especially in the heat of battle. In the colonies of Goblins and Orcs in which they dwell, they will usually be found on guard duty in some forgotten corner where they cannot damage anything. Garks are attracted to pretty, sparkling things, and they may possess whole trunks full of worthless trinkets that have caught their eye.

GENIE

SKILL: 12
STAMINA: 20
HABITAT: *Magical Planes, anywhere their summoner is*
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: *Magical creature*
REACTION: *Neutral*
INTELLIGENCE: *High*

GENIES are magical creatures who can pop up in the most unlikely places to help or hinder a frustrated adventurer. They seem very Chaotic beings, but in truth they serve the Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance. These mysterious Deities delight in manipulating the aims of both Good and Evil for their own amusement. If Evil looks as though it is winning at something, they will try to influence events so that Good starts to gain the upper hand, and vice versa.

To affect events like this they use the Genies. These beings usually dwell on the Magical Planes in spirit form. When they are sent to the Earthly Plane they will assume a more substantial shape, typically that of a wispy humanoid, fat and bald, who will float in the air as if levitating. The help a Genie offers can be most infuriating at times, but at others it can be very helpful. They may divert enemies, turn an adventurer invisible, or even offer him a free wish! Such aid is rarely completely to the benefit of the adventurer; wishes, especially, tend to be twisted and taken so literally that they are more trouble to their user than they are worth. Such behaviour makes some people dislike Genies intensely. Anyone trying to attack a Genie will be in for a shock, though, for weapons will pass straight through their bodies without harming them. In return, a Genie might decide to teach such an ungrateful person a lesson that will ensure he is more polite to the servants of Fate in the future!

GHOUL

SKILL: 8 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Once, perhaps, they were human, but not now. GHOULS are noxious undead creatures whose spirits hover halfway between life and death. They dwell in tombs and crypts, for they eat corpses – especially those of humans. They look very much as though they are dead themselves, with rotting, maggot-ridden skin only half hiding their decaying innards. Their tongues loll from sickly, grinning mouths as they hiss with delight at the prospect of fresh meat. They will attack with their clawed hands, slashing violently about them, apparently unafraid of the swords held against them. The hands of a Ghoul carry further dangers, for they have the power to paralyse their prey, leaving him immobile and ready to be devoured. If a Ghoul manages to hit someone four times, he will be unable to move or speak, or indeed do anything else at all. His whole body will go numb, his breathing will become more and more constricted, and he can only wait to be eaten.

GIANT

GIANTS are basically large humanoids, growing up to five times the height of the average human. There are a number of different species of Giant, scattered widely across different parts of the world. They are, on the whole, blustery, quick-tempered beings, often forgetful of their great size. They stomp about the world, crushing trees and dwellings in their path without a thought. At other times, however, they will pay great attention to the 'little people'. They may 'play' with them – lifting them up and dropping them again, taking the roofs off their houses to peer curiously inside, and so on. But when they feel hungry, they may gather them up and eat them as snacks.

Because of their Chaotic natures, Giants are greatly feared by many inhabitants of wilder regions. Thankfully, most Giants are rather dim; if they were ever organized into a disciplined army they could tear down whole cities. The various different races often fight among themselves, which keeps their attention away from smaller beings for most of the time.

CAVE GIANT
SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Caves, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

CAVE GIANTS are the smallest of all Giants, growing to little more than three metres tall – and appearing to be even shorter, because their backs are hunched over from life in their low-ceilinged tunnels. They only dwell underground, living on other denizens of the darkness. Their skins are light grey in colour and hairless, enabling them to blend with their surroundings and surprise their prey (for one automatic blow) 5 times in 6. Their silvery eyes have grown dim from peering in the subterranean gloom, and they will be blinded by the sudden appearance of bright light. A Cave Giant will be wearing a loincloth and carrying a stone club or a sack of throwing-rocks. They are unintelligent beings, and will attack almost everything. They especially love the tender flesh of Troglodytes, which they scoop up to chew on when they are hungry.

FOREST GIANT
SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Fully grown FOREST GIANTS can be as much as five metres tall. They are muscular beings, typically dressed in rough brown or green clothes of fur and cloth, with ruddy-brown skin and unkempt hair. They will be carrying a huge club made from the large branch of a tree, or a stone-headed axe, and sometimes a sack containing a few Gold Pieces, some food, and maybe even a few choice rocks for throwing.

Unlike many Giants, this race cares for its habitat, and tends the trees of the forest. They are sometimes friendly with Tree Men and Wood Elves, though they often come into conflict with the former. While Forest Giants may tend young trees and bushes, they have no qualms about chopping down larger ones for firewood! Like the other races, though, they don't take kindly to trespassers in their domains and will attempt to remove them. They will throw rocks from a distance (hitting on a roll of 1–4 on one die, for 3 points of damage), before closing to finish them off with their clubs. They are not averse to eating humans, though they find them a little stringy and unsatisfying; they prefer deer or bear.

FROST GIANT
SKILL: 10 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Ice, Wilderness, Caves, Mountains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

FROST GIANTS, which can grow up to six metres tall, live only in the coldest regions, such as the ice plains north of the craggy Icefinger Mountains.

Their skin is pale white, but much of it is usually hidden by their long white beards and hair, and under swathes of Polar Bear fur. They are solitary beings, preferring the company of Snow Wolves to that of other Frost Giants. If encountered out hunting, a Frost Giant will be accompanied by 1–6 Snow Wolves. They live on the meat of any creature they can catch. They will stay clear of Toa-Suo, however, for they fear that they will be overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers. Frost Giants are not afraid of attacking humans, for they know that the little beings may also be carrying Gold, which Frost Giants dearly love to hoard in their caves.

HILL GIANT
SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 11
HABITAT: Hills, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

HILL GIANTS are lumpy, ugly brutes that grow up to seven metres tall. They are also fat, hairy and quite repulsive; they are usually dressed in tatty furs and skins. Their favourite weapons are huge wooden clubs, but they also enjoy throwing large rocks down on smaller creatures or on villages. Each rock will hit its target 3 times out of 6, causing 1 die of STAMINA damage to its target. These beings make their homes in large caves, which they sometimes share with Bears and which the latter help to guard. For this the creatures are rewarded with a regular supply of food. The favourite provender of Hill Giants is human flesh, and their caves may have a corner reserved for a 'larder', with many cured joints hanging waiting to be eaten.

MARSH GIANT
SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Marshes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Green-skinned and scaly, MARSH GIANTS are very different to most other Giants. About six metres tall, they are thin, with membranes between their arms and sides, and wide webbed feet to help them swim. They dwell deep in swamps and marshes, and spend most of their time submerged in the slime hunting for food. They live mostly off small humanoids like Marsh Hoppers and Kokomokoa, but they may also attack humans who venture into their domain. They will overturn rafts and hold their victims underwater until they drown, before dragging them out again and eating them.

MOUNTAIN GIANT
SKILL: 10 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 12
HABITAT: Mountains, Caves, Ice
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

MOUNTAIN GIANTS are only found among the highest peaks of large ranges. They can reach as much as eight metres in height; their bodies are hefty and muscular. They are usually clad in thick furs and hides, and will be carrying large stone clubs or axes. Mountain Giants are very strong and can uproot trees and huge boulders to throw at their opponents. These have a 3 in 6 chance of hitting, for one die plus one point of damage.

A Mountain Giant may keep a Giant Eagle as a pet or for hunting, training it to attack intruders into his or her domain. They are solitary beings and are very avaricious, hoarding gold and other treasure in their caverns high in the clouds. When encountered away from their lairs, they will usually be carrying a large sack holding a few Gold Pieces, several throwing rocks and a few scraps of food (a couple of hours, half a cow, or some other light snack).

SEA GIANT
SKILL: 10 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 17
HABITAT: Sea
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average

The largest of all Giants dwell not on the land, but

underwater. SEA GIANTS are enormous blue-skinned beings that can reach ten metres tall. Their feet and hands are webbed, and their hair flows in tresses over their scaly bodies. They are said by superstitious sailors to be responsible for storms and whirlpools at sea. Certainly they dislike the intrusion of large vessels into their domains, and may make their presence known. Common tactics include sending great waves to swamp boats, or rearing out of the water to overturn them.

Sea Giants can breathe both air and water, but never venture on land. When swimming in the open ocean they may be accompanied by Dolphins or Merfolk, with whom they are friendly. They make their lairs in great caves on the sea bed, which they decorate with treasure taken from sunken ships, by plastering the walls with coins and littering the floor with jewels.

STORM GIANT
SKILL: 10 *4 Attacks*
STAMINA: 15
HABITAT: Mountains, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: High

In vast stone castles perched above the clouds, on top of the jagged peaks of high mountains, solitary STORM GIANTS look down on the world of Giants and men alike with disdain. They are great scholars, their hawks gathering news from the farthest lands for them. Unlike other Giants, they are very intelligent, and have been the keepers of the wisdom of ancient times for many centuries. In their secluded castles are stored books, scrolls, devices and machines from past ages, most of which are unintelligible to a modern sorcerer or sage.

A Storm Giant is typically eight metres tall, thin but muscular, with pale skin and yellow hair. They dress in fine robes and may be carrying a huge staff. From their lofty peaks they sometimes dabble in the affairs of others by changing the weather. They can send rain, heatwaves and even violent electrical storms down from their castles to influence the actions of armies or fleets. More often, however, they will use their powers to help the land itself in times of flood or drought.

Their castles may be shared with Giant Eagles or Air Elementals, with whom they are friendly. They will be spartan, devoid of decoration and with plain furniture and fittings. Their libraries and observatories are more opulent, and crammed with relics.

GNOME

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Forests, Hills, Caves, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: High

Grumpy, crotchety beings, GNOMES shun the affairs of other creatures. They are small humanoids, related distantly to Dwarfs, and may be encountered in remote areas. They prefer to be left alone, free from the attentions of other races, who seem only to bring violence and other complications to their simple lives. They will prove most unfriendly if disturbed by a rude human, sometimes suddenly attacking with their small axes, sometimes using magic. Gnomes can perform all kinds of subtle magic, but will use it mostly to defend themselves, by turning invisible, making a sword go limp in its wielder's hands and so on. A Gnome will not normally use its magic to attack someone who unwittingly disturbs it, but if he continues to do so, he may find himself on the wrong end of a lightning bolt, or some other clear warning to leave the Gnome alone!

GOBLIN

	Goblin	*Marsh Goblin*
SKILL:	5	6
STAMINA:	5	6

HABITAT: Hills, Plains, Wilderness, Caves, Dungeons, Marshes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Smaller than Orcs but just as disgusting, GOBLINS are crude humanoids that are found causing trouble in many lands. They are ugly, brown-skinned beings, about a metre and a half tall, typically dressed in ragged furs, hides and scraps of armour. Goblins are evil creatures who delight in enslaving, torturing and killing humans, Dwarfs and Elves. Some still dwell in primitive villages in the wilderness, but most now serve alongside Orcs, Ogres and Trolls in the inhuman armies of Chaos. Like most of their cousins they prefer to live underground, away from sunlight which annoys them with its brightness.

Goblins are typically armed with swords, small axes or throwing-daggers (these hit on a roll of 1–3 on one die, for 3 STAMINA points of damage). They also like making cruel traps for unwary creatures to stumble into. These can include deep pits full of poison-tipped spikes, barbed man-traps and a number of other nasty devices. Each tribe of Goblins will be led by a stronger warrior (SKILL 7, STAMINA 6), at the front of any attack.

MARSH GOBLINS are similar to common Goblins, but with a few notable differences. They are thinner, with green-tinted, almost scaly skins, and their hands and feet are webbed for swimming. They spend most of their time skulking in the mud and reeds of their swampland homes, often raiding Kokomokoa, whom they hate. Marsh Goblins like humans even less than their land-based relatives do, and they delight, for example, in tying a captive to a board and leaving him for Giant Leeches to drain slowly of blood. . .

GOLEM

	Flesh Golem	*Stone Golem*	*Wood Golem*	
SKILL:	*8*	*8*	*8*	*2 Attacks*
STAMINA:	*7*	*17*	*6*	

HABITAT: Anywhere their master is
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

GOLEMS are magical humanoids animated by sorcerers to serve them. Similar to Crystal Warriors, but far more flexible in their uses, they make excellent guards or servants, for they are strong, unsleeping and totally obedient. The creation of a Golem requires powerful magic and a day-long ritual. Some spell-casters have managed, however, to devise a spell that allows them to create a Golem instantly from a large mass of the appropriate material. By pointing a finger at a chair, for example, and muttering a few lines, a sorcerer can transform the object into a large wooden humanoid that will do his every wish.

FLESH GOLEMS are animated from the dead bodies of humans, typically sewn together to create an ugly, disjointed figure almost three metres tall. Like all Golems, they are deaf to all but the voice of their master or mistress, and cannot speak. They attack with club-like fists, smashing their way through armour and bones alike.

The strongest of the three types are STONE GOLEMS, large powerful beings that are easily mistaken for statues when stationary. They are created from a single block of stone, which is normally carved to the desired shape before being animated. Stone Golems are sometimes deliberately made exactly like statues, so that they can discreetly guard certain areas and catch intruders unawares. Others are made to look more human and will usually be more active in the service of their masters. They will attack with their large stone hands; if they have been posing as a statue, they may also be carrying a stone weapon. Their bodies are so hard that edged weapons – swords, axes, spears and arrows – have no effect on them at all. A crushing weapon such as a mace or war-hammer will do normal damage to a Stone Golem.

WOOD GOLEMS do not have to be carved from one

single log, but all the wood must be from the same tree. Wood Golems, once animated, are completely invulnerable to magic of all kinds; even a magical weapon will be no better than an ordinary one. They are very vulnerable to fire, however, which can turn them into a blazing torch in a few short moments. Wood Golems attack with their hands, causing normal damage.

GONCHONG

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Anywhere their victim is
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

If there was ever a creature that should not live, it is the GONCHONG. It is a cruel, evil parasite which takes control of the brain of its victim and uses it to commit horrendous atrocities. It looks rather like a huge bony spider or crab, with a pair of small, staring eyes on stalks at the front of its body. It is physically weak, and uses its evil intelligence instead to achieve its gruesome ends.

The thing will choose a powerful leader – a king, general or high sorcerer – and latch on to his head by skewering a long proboscis through the top and into the brain. This thin tube must be severed to kill the Gonchong. However, the creature instils great physical powers in its host (adding 5 points to both SKILL and STAMINA), so that as the host is defending himself, he is defending the parasitic Gonchong too. The host of a Gonchong cannot be harmed by normal weapons: only an enchanted fire-sword will break the parasite's defences and injure its host. As soon as the host has been killed, the linking proboscis must be severed while it is still stuck in the dead creature's head. Otherwise, the foul thing will withdraw and attempt to leap on to a new victim. Avoiding such a move requires the target to roll his SKILL or less on two dice.

If the Gonchong misses, it will fall to the floor, and while it readies itself for another attempt it can be dispatched easily. Should the thing hit its target, however, its proboscis will puncture the new host's head while it grips with its legs. The victim will become a soulless host for the evil Gonchong – strong beyond belief, but condemned to a deathly existence as its slave.

GRANNIT

SKILL: 4
STAMINA: 3
HABITAT: Caves, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Unfriendly–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Scuttling around their darkened caves in search of tasty morsels, GRANNITS are surprisingly ferocious little horrors. About the size of a coconut, they are covered in armadillo-like bony armour that blends well with their surroundings and makes stationary Grannits indistinguishable from the rocks and stones around them. This camouflage allows them to surprise their prey as they suddenly scurry on eight tiny legs and sink their teeth into exposed flesh. This first attack inevitably causes 1 point of STAMINA damage to their prey; after this they can be fought normally.

GREMLIN

	Wingless Gremlin	*Winged Gremlin*
SKILL:	4	5
STAMINA:	3	4

HABITAT: Caves, Ruins, Forests, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average–High

GREMLINS are tiny humanoids found lurking in underground caverns where they live off small insects and animals. WINGLESS GREMLINS stand up to half a metre tall, though they are often much shorter than this. They have thin bodies supporting large heads, greenish skins, long noses and pointed ears. They dress in ragged clothes of sackcloth or animal hide, and carry short daggers. They are nasty little creatures, who will not hesitate to attack beings much larger than themselves. They are skilled at burrowing through the earth, and may infest a dungeon complex with a myriad tiny tunnels between the larger passages.

Their cousins, WINGED GREMLINS, are smaller and thinner, but just as evil. They grow only to about fifteen centimetres tall, with tiny leathery wings sprouting from their backs, but in all other respects they are similar to their larger, wingless relations. They make ideal familiars for wizards, and are often sent by them to gather ingredients or spy on enemies. They are too small to use weapons effectively, but they can bite with their sharp little teeth.

GRETCH

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 13
HABITAT: Deserts
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Not even the wisest desert nomads can tell where a GRETCH is hidden deep under the sands, waiting to surprise its unwary prey. The creatures are highly skilled at covering their tracks, and then burying themselves under the sand without a trace, leaving only two minute holes for their keen eyes to watch for the approach of a suitable meal. Gretch are thin, sandy-coloured reptilian monsters, which usually walk on their hind legs, standing as tall as a man. They have large heads, like that of a snake or lizard, with forked tongues and wide fang filled mouths. Each scaly hand ends in one long claw, like a cruel curved dagger, honed and sharpened until it can slice through skin and bone alike.

Gretch are cold-blooded creatures, and can survive well in the baking heat of the desert, though even they must shelter from its might as midday approaches, under the cooling sands. They are carnivorous, and will hide near water-holes and popular caravan routes, to prey on travellers and their mounts. They bury themselves and wait. When a suitable meal approaches, they will burst out of the sand and pounce on their surprised prey. Their claws are so sharp that they will do 3 points of damage in a successful hit. Their constant need for food makes them fight to the death, for an injured Gretch will die a slow, painful death from starvation, unable to capture its much-needed food.

HAMAKEI

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Deserts, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: High

Perched in towers hidden in the desert wastelands, the HAMAKEI are the last remnants of a past, more sorcerous age. Centuries old, these brittle, withered humanoids have vulture-like heads, and are usually swathed in masses of fine robes. They are warlocks and sages, kept alive well beyond their normal span by arcane spells and magical artefacts. Their powers are wide, gleaned from decades of research in forgotten libraries, but they use them only rarely. The Hamakei see themselves as scholars and observers, and will rarely be drawn into the petty conflicts of mortal men. Their lust is only for knowledge, and their advice can sometimes be traded for an old scroll or ancient device.

As crotchety as an ancient owl, they can be extremely temperamental and absent-minded, but will swiftly turn from doddering fool to wily fox at the mention of lost knowledge. Occasionally a Hamakei will set out into the world of men, wandering from settlement to settlement in search of any snippet it can overhear. Some are interested in the progress of this younger age and will seek out human sorcerers, to see how much of the lost arts they have rediscovered.

If encountered away from its home, a Hamakei will be dressed in inconspicuous travelling clothes, and will lean on a long staff to help it along. The staff will usualy be magical and may have spells bound into it. In the event of a direct attack, a Hamakei can call upon many spells to ward off attackers, including magical dusts that blind or charm an opponent, and jets and walls of flame and ice. If such attacks fail to repel an aggressor, it will be forced to use its staff to defend itself as best it can.

Their towers will usually be defended by a host of magical traps, to keep intruders away. Their treasure-hoard will be large, consisting for the most part of hundreds of unintelligible and very, very ancient books, scrolls and papers, with a few strange artefacts scattered among them. Any sage worth his salt would pay dearly for even a glimpse of such treasures, though they may appear all but worthless to an adventurer.

HARPY

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Wilderness, Hills, Mountains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Legends have long talked of the HARPIES, foul winged creatures that terrorize travellers in desolate lands. They are roughly humanoid with ugly, over-large heads and thin stunted bodies. Stretched between their limbs are vast leathery wings which make them look like human bats. Their feet are bird-like and end in large pointed claws. The vile things delight in tormenting lone travellers and adventurers, swooping down from the sky, cawing and screeching, to buffet them with their wings and slash them with their claws. They appear to have an almost limitless capacity for tormenting their victims, but eventually they will tire of their game and finish them off, before dividing up the bodies and flying off to eat in their lairs (usually a cave or ledge high up a cliff from where they can see a potential plaything kilometres away).

Dragon Christos Achilleos
Night Demon Julek Heller
Brain Slayer Terry Oakes
Fog Devil Alan Craddock
Life-Stealer Ian Miller
Unicorn Julek Heller
Dark Elf Mark Bromley
Shapechanger Iain McCaig

HARRUN

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Jungles, Mountains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Low

In the remote jungles of the east, apes have evolved and adapted to their environment in many ways. In the tree canopy many metres above the ground, the six-armed Krell swing on the hanging vines and lianas with incredible dexterity. Similarly, where the jungle meets the mountains, the HARRUN have arisen, and evolved to suit their environment.

These creatures look like small apes, except for the thin, membrane-like wings which stretch from wrists to hips. They have long, flattened tails which help them maintain their balance during their short flights. A Harrun typically launches itself from the top of a high tree, and can swoop for up to half a kilometre down the hillside, with arms spread wide and legs drawn up. Harrun live on fruit and small creatures, but are particularly fond of squirrels and the like, which they will chase across the tree-tops in death-defying leaps and glides.

Harrun live in small family groups in the trees, and in fact spend most of their lives above the ground. They are very inquisitive creatures, and will soar down, chattering excitedly, to investigate any strangers in the forest. This may frighten a nervous adventurer into thinking he is being attacked by the creatures. Despite this, Harrun have never been known to attack anything larger than themselves, except in defence.

HAWK

	Death Hawk	*Night Hawk*
SKILL:	4	7
STAMINA:	5	5

HABITAT: Hills, Plains, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Bird
REACTION: Neutral–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average–Low

There are times when a message must be sent more quickly than a horse can rides or into a normally inaccessible area. For these reasons many people keep HAWKS, especially trained to carry messages tied to their legs and to fight off any attackers.

DEATH HAWKS, so called because in primitive times they were thought to be the message carriers of the Gods themselves, are jet-black in colour with reddened eyes and large talons. With a wingspan approaching a metre across, they are not small birds, though they are sometimes mistaken for crows or ravens when seen from a distance. They are not very clever, about as smart as homing-pigeons, but they are plucky fighters.

The large NIGHT HAWKS are more clever, and are able to fly and attack in formation. When a line of the large black birds begins to dive out of the sky, one after the other in perfect order, only the bravest of opponents will stand his ground! These creatures are the favourite pets of a number of evil men, for they make superb guards, since they are able to patrol a wide area of land much more easily than a foot patrol, and with their keen eyes pick out intruders from as much as a kilometre away before swooping down to attack.

HEAD-HUNTER

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Jungles, Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

In the depths of the jungle live small tribes of brutish primitives. They are known as HEAD-HUNTERS because of their grisly habit of boiling and curing the heads of their victims until they have shrunk down to a quarter of their normal size. These are then worn as decoration, tied to their loincloths to indicate their prowess as warriors. They are cannibals, preying on other tribes, especially the weaker Pygmies, whenever they need food.

They dress only in loincloths and war-paint, with feathers tied in their hair. Their favourite weapons are clubs and spears, which they tip with carved flint. Head-hunters dwell in small villages, in which three to eighteen (three dice) of them will be encountered. Each tribe is ruled over by a powerful medicine man, a direct link between the superstitious primitives and their many vengeful Gods. The shaman will be wearing a ceremonial mask and many pieces of crude jewellery to indicate his status among the rest of the tribe.

HELL DEMON

SKILL: 14 *4 Attacks*
STAMINA: 12
HABITAT: Demonic Plane, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Demon
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average–High

Spawned from the eternal fires that forever rage in the depths of the Abyss, HELL DEMONS are among the strongest of the Lesser Demons. They are highly trusted by the Demon Princes, and are sent on many missions to the Earthly Plane. They are able to assume the form of any human they encounter, usually killing and eating the person after they have copied him. This allows them to move secretly among men, instilling evil into the heart of civilization.

In their 'normal' form, they are truly horrific beasts. Three metres high, covered in scaly black skin, they hiss steam and sulphurous vapours from their fanged mouths. Their heads are large and misshapen, with long horns curving from the top. Their bodies are muscular, their hands tipped with hooked claws. Their legs end in cloven, goat-like hoofs; a long rat's tail lashes behind them. As if all this wasn't enough to drive a rational man insane, they have a further facet. Their origins in the Abyss have left them immune to blows from normal weapons; only those forged in the eternal fires themselves can pierce their skin.

Some initiates, members of evil Demon worshipping cults, may carry wavy-bladed kris knives tempered in such flames for use in rituals and sacrifices. Such weapons are exceedingly rare, but it is very advisable to be carrying one when you come face to ghastly face with a raging Hell Demon!

HELLHOUND

SKILL: 7 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Demonic Plane, Dungeons, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–7
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Many Demon Princes like to keep pets. Sith, a noxious Snake Demon, has a python twenty metres long and a metre thick. Some of the more sophisticated Princes, however, keep a pack of HELL-HOUNDS. The huge dogs are bad-tempered and

violent, and therefore make wonderful pets for the vile Demon Princes, who use them in the Wild Hunt, when all the Princes of Hell chase across the Earthly Plane in search of errant human souls.

The beasts are huge, midnight-black dogs, about the size of a Wolf, with black teeth and tongues, and brilliant red eyes. Their bite would be savage enough, but they can also shoot bursts of fire from their mouths. As well as their usual attack, each round the flames will singe their opponent on a roll of 1 or 2 (on one die) for a further 1 point of damage. They can even claw at one opponent and breathe gouts of flame at another.

Hellhounds are usually confined to the Demons Plane. Some evil sorcerers have managed to summon them to the Earthly Plane, but the beasts are usually too savage to be kept as anything except guard-dogs, roaming empty rooms for intruders to stumble upon.

WILD HILL MAN

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Hills, Forests, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

The WILD HILL MEN of the Moonstone Hills in eastern Allansia are a race of primitive humans related to Cavemen and Neanderthals, though they are more intelligent than either. They dress in animal furs and tanned hides, and usually carry stone clubs or axes and crude bows. The bows will hit on a roll of 1–3 on one die, for 3 points of damage to their target's STAMINA. Hill Men will usually be encountered on the trail of some prey. They are skilled at tracking down animals, which they then roast on spits above an open fire. They live on boar, deer, wild ducks, rabbits and other creatures. Gathered together in small tribes, they typically dwell in crude grass huts or caves. They don't have chieftains or any form of organized society; they just gather together for mutual protection from the ravages of larger creatures and other more warlike tribes.

HOBGOBLIN

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Hills, Dungeons, Ruins, Caves, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Possibly the result of interbreeding between Goblins and Orcs, HOBGOBLINS are tall gangling creatures encountered in many wild areas. Unlike Goblins, with whom they will sometimes be living, they are not afraid of sunlight, and make fearsome opponents both above and below ground. They are as tall as men, typically dress in tattered clothes and armour stolen from past opponents, and carry swords or spiked clubs. Like their cousins they revel in torture and death, especially where Elves

are concerned. They are ugly, warty-skinned things, and hate anything that is in the slightest way graceful or pretty.

Hobgoblins may be encountered living in primitive settlements in isolated lands, but most of their number serve in the armies of Chaos alongside their inhuman cousins. They are hardy fighters, and may sometimes be encountered leading small companies of Goblins or Orcs into battle. Despite such a rare gift for discipline, they will just as quickly lose it if faced with an Elf or two, and will attack them rabidly without thought for their commands.

HORNED DEMON

SKILL: 12
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Ruins, Demonic Plane
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Demon
REACTION: Neutral–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

In the stormiest of seasons, on the darkest of moonless nights, HORNED DEMONS roam the lands of men, calling errant souls to hasten to Hell! These foul Demons, also known as Yachar, appear as humans, clad in layers of ragged and mildewed grey and black cloth. Above their hunched shoulders they have the rotting heads of rams, complete with large curled horns. Their mouths are flecked with foam, their eyes are a deep red colour, savage but empty, and bare bones poke through ragged clumps of wool and skin. Anyone seeing a Yachar for the first time will immediately lose 2 points of STAMINA because of the revulsion and fear these creatures cause.

Their tasks on their rare visits to the Earthly Plane are to gather the souls of anyone unwise enough to be out on even the most terrible of nights – thieves and assassins, revellers and drunkards. Like most Demonspawn, Yachar can fly (though by magical levitation rather than actual wings). In an attack they will usually swoop down, grab an opponent from behind and try to slash his throat with dagger-length claws (such an attack causes their opponent to defend against this first blow with 3 points off his SKILL).

If a fight starts to go against a Horned Demon, it will cast a Darkness spell over the area, and immediately return to its home plane. Should it win, however, the grisly creature will remove the still beating heart of the corpse, before returning home to present the fresh soul to its diabolic masters.

HOWL CAT

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Hills, Mountains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

When first discovered, HOWL CATS were mistaken for a variety of feline. Indeed, on first sighting, it is not difficult to imagine how this mistake was made. But they were subsequently discovered to be members of the Ape family, even though their heads are more characteristic of a lion than of an ape. They are short-haired apes, about the size of a large dog, and inhabit the timber line between forests and higher mountainous areas, mainly in the western reaches of Kakhabad. Their bodies are a mottled grey colour, but their heads are ringed with a bold, ruddy mane (hence their resemblance to a lion).

Howl Cats are carnivorous. Though they attack in turn, one after the other, a second creature is rarely needed in a battle. Their jaws are lined with razor-sharp teeth and each hand, or paw, wields a single slashing claw. They take their name from their battle-cry, an ear-piercing shriek which cannot fail to strike terror in the hearts of their opponents. This cry is always a prelude to their launching into attack, and, for the Attack Round following this

howl, anyone fighting a Howl Cat must deduct 1 point from their Attack Strength. During a battle, a Howl Cat will voice its cry whenever it takes STAMINA damage, and its opponent must suffer the Attack Strength penalty for the next Attack Round. But each time it utters its scream, this drains 1 STAMINA point from the creature.

HYDRA

	Body	Each head
SKILL:	*9*	*9*
STAMINA:	*9*	*5*

HABITAT: Marshes, Ruins, Dungeons, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

The HYDRA is a many headed creature which can unfortunately be found in many different types of terrain. Though they are rare, they often figure as the villains of heroic tales. They are reptilian creatures, like fat-bodied snakes, with a number of large heads rising on long necks from their bodies. The number of heads can be found by rolling one die and adding one, to give the beast between two and seven wide-mouthed, fang-filled heads. A Hydra has as many Attacks as it has heads. Covered in green-brown scales, but usually dripping mud and slime, the nightmarish beasts can grow as much as ten metres long.

Each head has its own brain and can attack separately. In a fight, its opponent can engage one head while defending against the others, each of which has a separate Attack Roll. If its opponent wishes, he can concentrate on attacking the thing's body to kill it outright. He can deliver one automatic hit each round, while defending against all of the heads. Once its body is dead, the heads will also die, flopping to the ground on limp necks.

ICE DEMON

SKILL: 9 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 11
HABITAT: Demonic Plane, Ice
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Demon
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

The trappers of the Icefinger Mountains talk in hushed whispers of a certain sheltered valley high in the mountains, from where streams of fanatical Orcs, Goblins and Neanderthals have been known to pour out, to raid trading posts and villages for slaves and sacrifices. The raiders are surprisingly disciplined and it is widely thought that they are ruled over by an evil lord who has trained them. In fact, their leader is a powerful ICE DEMON, called to the Earthly Plane by his devoted acolytes.

For most of the time, the beast simply squats, as motionless as a statue carved from the ice, watching and listening to its worshippers. It can communicate telepathically with the shaman who rules them, ordering attacks or sacrifices as it desires. When a captured human is brought for sacrifice, it is placed inside a magical blue circle carved out of the ice in the floor before the 'Frozen One'. The Demon will come to life and attack, rows of icicles snapping from its limbs as its great body lumbers forwards.

The Ice Demon stands at least six metres tall, and is fat and strong. Its grim head supports two huge, curving ram's horns. Behind it, a wide pair of bat's wings spread for almost ten metres. It is completely white, and appears to be made from the ice itself. In an attack it will wield two massive fists. From its nose and mouth, a freezing vapour will gust, hitting on a roll of 1–3 on one die, and freezing away a further 1 point of STAMINA. Should the Demon be defeated, its evil spirit will be banished back to Hell, and its body will shatter like a block of ice.

IMITATOR

SKILL: 9
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

In dark places underground there lurk strangely malleable creatures called IMITATORS. In their natural form they are shapeless, flowing things, like a pool of thick mud. When hunting their favourite food – warm meat – they can adapt themselves to look like something else. To trap an unintelligent creature they may mimic its potential food; for a more intelligent human or Orc, they will pose as a door or treasure-chest.

When the gullible victim touches the Imitator, he will stick fast, held by a glue-like substance secreted by the creature. At the same time it will strike with a large fist-shaped protrusion. The trapped prey can fight back, but with a SKILL reduced by 2. Once the 'fist' has been cut off, the victim can finish off the Imitator at leisure, before slowly prising himself off the glue.

IRON-EATER

SKILL: 4
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Caves, Dungeons, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Low

IRON-EATERS are strange, jelly-like creatures, rather like giant amoebas, which surprise many adventurers by dropping on to them from ceilings and overhangs. If its victim is unaware of it, the thing will land on him on a roll of 1–5 on one die. Otherwise, a normal Attack Round should be rolled. If the Iron-Eater hits successfully, it has landed; if not, it has missed, and can be finished off in one blow on the floor.

Once the creature has struck, it will start to feed, not on flesh, but on the metal of a helmet or breastplate! The strange beast will chew large holes in the armour, removing 1 SKILL point for each item (helmet, shield, breastplate, etc.) that it eats. A normal Attack must then be rolled to remove the Iron-Eater; if the beast wins, it has clung on to its opponent and will destroy another item. If it loses, it will be injured as normal, and will drop to the floor, where it can be finished off.

JAGUAR

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Jungles
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

JAGUARS are ferocious predatory cats found chiefly in the jungles of the south. They live on smaller creatures such as boar, monkeys and deer, though when they are hungry they will take on creatures much larger than themselves. They will attack any creature they believe is a threat to them – especially man. They are hunted extensively by the primitive jungle tribes for their marvellous pelts, and are very wary of all humanoids as a result. Sometimes, a Jaguar cub will be taken from its jungle home and reared and trained as a pet for someone rich enough to pay the exorbitant price. Like all the big cats, they are difficult to handle, and can never be truly domesticated. Kept fed with a lot of fresh meat and fit with a lot of exercise, though, they make excellent guards, though their loyalty is never as strong as a Dog's, and they have been known to turn on their masters at the slightest whim.

JIB-JIB

SKILL: 2
STAMINA: 2
HABITAT: Hills, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–7
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Low

In the hills of Low Xamen dwell a number of strange creatures, but none more strange, perhaps, than the JIB-JIB. Shy and secretive in the extreme, they look like a tiny ball of fur (no bigger than a cabbage, as one wise sage put it) on two short, stumpy legs. They have small, frightened eyes, set just above a large mouth. Jib-jibs are vegetarians, living on small bushes and plants, from which they suck the juices and nutrients, since they have neither teeth nor claws.

These timid creatures have evolved an effective defence against the many predators that live off small, harmless beasts like themselves. They have developed tremendously loud voices, with which they begin to howl in an unearthly, ear-splitting wail whenever they feel danger threatening. The din will scare off even the largest of unintelligent creatures and most more intelligent ones too, by

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JAGUAR

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Jungles
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

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JIB-JIB

SKILL: 3
STAMINA: 2
HABITAT: Hills, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Low

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tricking them into thinking that they are about to be attacked by a ravening horde of blood-crazed Demons! Only the very bravest (or perhaps the stupidest) of creatures will ignore the horrendous screams and investigate further, to discover the timorous little Jib-Jibs, hiding and shaking in some corner, howling fit to raise the dead!

KOKOMOKOA

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Marshes, Jungles
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 5–18
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The swamps and jungles of the south-east are home to many strange tribes. One race, known as the KOKOMOKOA, are a major menace to trappers and adventurers in the area. Standing a little over a metre high, these squat, green-skinned humanoids seem reptilian, because of their scaly skin and webbed feet. Their heads are wide and flat, their eyes large and yellow. They can swim well, their long, bony legs propelling them swiftly just below the surface with only their large eyes breaking the water.

Kokomokoa, so called because of their ululating war-cries, live together in compact family groups, in huts woven from rushes and covered in hardened mud. These crude dwellings are very difficult to find, camouflaged as they are to blend with the surrounding vegetation, and act as secure bases from which the tribes mount raids over the area. Sometimes, Kokomokoa will train Giant Marsh Spiders as sentries, to watch over their females and young while the warriors hunt for food.

In an attack, Kokomokoa will often use nets (hitting on a roll of a 1 or 2 on one die), which hold down their prey, while others spear it with their short bamboo javelins (since the nets will temporarily remove 3 points from their captive's SKILL). Once captured, their victims can expect only to be boiled and eaten. Kokomokoa are particularly enamoured of Elves' flesh, which they consider a great delicacy, and great celebrations are held on the rare occasions when such meat is on their menu after a particularly successful raid! These grisly cannibals have no need of treasure or money, but many keep pretty gems, since they are attracted by their sparkle.

KRELL

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT:
Wild – Forests, Jungles
Tame – Towns, anywhere men are
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Friendly / Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Originally found in the steamy jungle of the east, KRELL are six-armed ape-like creatures. Covered in thick mats of brown hair, they are incredibly nimble, and swing dextrously through the trees at great speeds. In the wild, Krell are very hard to find, since they are very shy creatures, who blend into the thick jungle foliage. They live in small family groups, hunting and eating parrots, rats and other small creatures, as well as fruit and roots.

The quick wits of the Krell make them ideal as pets or magical familiars for wizards and other characters. They are highly suited to sneaking, spying and thieving, as much at home clambering up walls and over roof-tops as they are swinging through trees. In a fight they can be quite vicious, hanging on to their foe with as many limbs as possible, and then biting with sharp, pointed teeth.

Occasionally, their masters will teach them simple tricks, such as juggling or tumbling, and some Krell

are dressed in miniature suits of clothes and taught to bow and be courteous. In their natural habitats, Krell communicate in a complicated language of clicks and chatters. A few of their owners learn this language, but none can match the achievement of the Arch-wizard Belandrus, who taught his Krell to speak the language of men.

LEAF BEAST

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 3
HABITAT: Port Blacksand
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 3
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

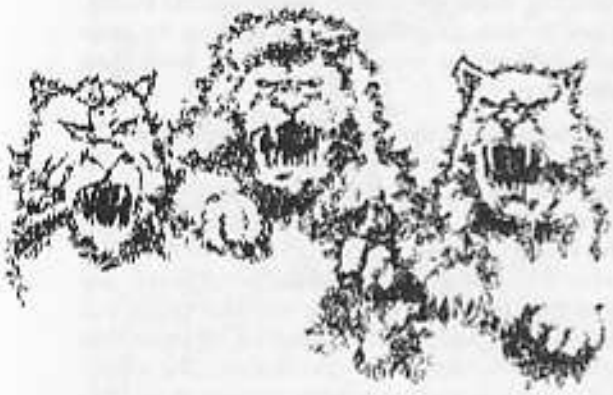

Despite his mean reputation, Lord Azzur, the ruler of Port Blacksand, has one passionate love: exotic flowers, which he exhibits in the public gardens. Pride of place in his collection is given to a small crop of the legendary Black Lotus plants. The rarity of these plants is such that the nobleman uses magical guardians to prevent them from being stolen.

Around the bowl containing the flowers stand three bushes, expertly trimmed to look like large animals. Should anyone touch a Black Lotus, the three LEAF BEASTS – lion, tiger and leopard – will spring to life and attack ferociously! A single opponent will be able to match his Attack Strength with all three, but he can injure only one of them at a time. If a hit is indicated on the other two, he has simply held off their attack. When they have dealt with the would-be flower-picker, the beasts will spring back on to their pedestals and turn back into bushes.

GIANT LEECH

SKILL: 1
STAMINA: 1
HABITAT: Marshes, Rivers
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–7 (1 die plus 1)
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Low–None

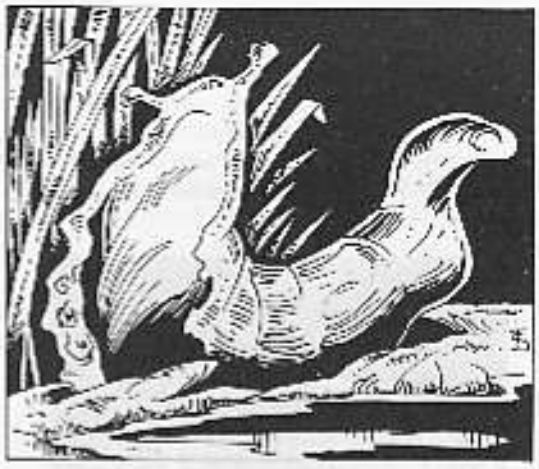

GIANT LEECHES are found among the still, rank backwaters of marshes and swamps across Allansia, Kakhabad and beyond. Disgustingly soft and tube-like, almost half a metre long, they swim leisurely around the brackish creeks, awaiting a warm-blooded creature to feed upon. When one passes, they latch on to it with tiny, hook-like teeth and begin to suck its blood. Each Leech will take 1 STAMINA point of blood a round, up to a limit of 3 points each, before falling off satiated and full of blood. Pulling off a Giant Leech will cause a further point of STAMINA damage, as its teeth tear away a large patch of skin. Striking and killing a Leech with a small knife needs a successful *Test for Luck*, or the blow will miss and cause another point of damage. A safer way to remove a Giant Leech is to sprinkle it with salt, which causes the revolting creature to shrivel up and die.

LEPRECHAUN

SKILL: 10 2 Attacks
STAMINA: 4
HABITAT: Forests, Plains, Caves, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Friendly–Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: High

Many an adventurer has come to grief at the hands of a group of mischievous LEPRECHAUNS. They are small magical humanoids, at most a metre tall, which delight in playing tricks on unsuspecting people. They will appear out of nowhere, dressed in baggy clothes (usually coloured a dazzling spring green) and chuckling merrily. They may throw a rotten tomato, or just beckon for the person to follow them, laughing all the time in their squeaky little voices. They will lead their new acquaintance to where their fellows lie in wait, ready to play more tricks and hopefully steal some treasure or food.

They can fly, hovering about in the air without the aid of wings, as well as turn invisible at will, conjure up illusions, and so on. If their foolish victims try to attack them, the Leprechauns will simply toss some magic dust in their faces, which will cause paralysis

for an hour or more, and give the pests plenty of time to loot as much as they can carry. However, should their victim prove actually to have a sense of humour, and share their jokes (despite being the butt of them), the Leprechauns may become friendly and help him on his way – though they won't return anything they've stolen.

LIFE-STEALER

SKILL: 12 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 18
HABITAT: Mountains, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average–High

Not even sages record a name for these creatures more specific than simply LIFE STEALERS. Certainly, for the mountain tribes who live in constant fear of their attacks, no other name is necessary. Flying out from their lairs high in the peaks, they wreak havoc on isolated farmsteads and small villages in their quest for human food.

Life-Stealers are tall, thin humanoids with sinewy, leathery bodies. Their heads are long and thin, the skin stretched taut across the skull. Their ears are wide and almost bat-like, and they have short tusks which spill from a mouth brimming with teeth.

Their eyes are milky white and apparently lifeless, but behind them lies a wickedly cunning intelligence, always full of plans for filling their gullets with fresh meat. Despite their wiry forms and thin, dangling limbs, the Stealers are inhumanly strong. They fly with surprising elegance, using the large pair of feathery wings that sprouts from their shoulders.

Life-Stealers live in large caves high in the mountains, in groups of two or three. It is not known how they reproduce, if at all. No young have ever been seen in a raid, and no one has been able to get anywhere near their lofty homes and return to tell of what they saw there! Some folk tales, though, say that the Life Stealers are the warriors of the evil Storm God Sukh, said to dwell in an enormous stone palace high in the clouds above the mountains. Such stories are usually nothing more than rumours, though many of them also point out that some Life-Stealer corpses have been found, after unsuccessful raids, wearing gold pendants in the form of Sukh's traditional symbol – a skull with a circular mouth, as if blowing the wind. Such pendants are extremely rare, and considered highly valuable by many sages anxious to get their hands on one. Most are unable ever to do so. Life Stealers may be rare, but dead ones are rarer still. When they come soaring down on the thermals from their desolate peaks, broad wings beating together in a rhythm of death, they usually get what they desire – a feast of human flesh.

LIVING CORPSE

SKILL: 6 (see below)
STAMINA: 6 (see below)
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–3
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

In the violent lands of Kakhabad and Allansia it is not uncommon to stumble across the scene of a battle, with fresh corpses left sprawled on the

ground where they died. But when some of the bodies begin to rise to their feet, a clever man will realize that no ordinary battle took place there, as the LIVING CORPSES ready themselves to attack their next victim!

Similar in appearance, if not in manner, to Zombies, these ghastly beings look like half-decayed bodies, the flesh falling away in places to reveal internal organs and bare bones. Their rotten state makes them seem fairly fragile, but they can move surprisingly fast for a dead body! They will leap on their alarmed opponent and try to strangle him with their bony, flesh-peeling fingers.

Should their opponent manage to land a hit on a Living Corpse, the creature will split up into six separate parts, and each will attack its victim, biting, clawing, crushing, kicking and hitting without respite. The parts are as follows:

Dice roll	*Part*	SKILL	STAMINA
1	Head	3	1
2	Body	2	1
3	Left arm	3	1
4	Right arm	3	1
5	Left leg	2	1
6	Right leg	2	1

Each part will attack separately with its own Attack Strength. Each roll should be checked against the opponent's single Attack Strength. For each one that is higher, a hit will be delivered to the victim. For his part, he can attempt to hit only one of the parts (chosen at random by rolling one die on the table above). If his attack is better than the part's, he will put it out of action and it will not attack him again. However, the body part will stay in the fight, and he may accidentally hit it again, wasting a blow. If a single Living Corpse is facing more than one opponent, it will divide its parts between them. Should every part finally be defeated, they will flap ineffectually until they reunite into their true form again – a battered (and now really dead) corpse.

GIANT LIZARD

	Adult	*Young*
SKILL:	8	5
STAMINA:	9	5

HABITAT: Hills, Forests, Plains, Deserts
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Reptile
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Six metres long and one and a half metres high, ferocious GIANT LIZARDS can be major hazards to adventurers in many parts of Allansia and northern Kakhabad. Huge versions of their smaller cousins, they roam far and wide in search of fresh meat. The creatures appear slow, as they lumber along on four ungainly feet and drag their cumbersome tails behind them, but in a fight they prove to be remarkably agile, darting beneath swords to deliver savage bites from their large fang filled mouths.

Giant Lizards are solitary, aggressive reptiles as a rule, but they will meet up once a year to mate, producing a clutch of one to three eggs, before parting again. Young Giant Lizards will hatch out in twelve weeks or so. If trained from birth, Giant Lizards can be made to carry a rider, and as a result their eggs fetch a high price. It is believed that both the Lizard Men of Fire Island and the Caarth of the southern deserts maintain large troops of cavalry mounted on Giant Lizards.

LIZARDINE

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Towns
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: High

No one is really sure where LIZARDINES come from. Different scholars talk of a hidden kingdom beyond the eastern jungles, of an isle in the southern seas, or of a mysterious land across the western oceans. The scaly humanoids will appear as if out of nowhere, stay for a few years, and then move on as if they had never been there at all. They look a little like Dragons, but with a human's proportions rather than a lizard's – longer arms, straighter legs and no wings. They are covered in scaly skin, usually a deep red colour, though in keeping with human conventions they will wear a few clothes or wrap themselves in a cloak.

If encountered in a town, a Lizardine may well be discreetly running a shop, selling strange magical trinkets from far-away lands. The most common of these are scorpion-shaped brooches of different metals which will bring luck, strength or protection to their wearer, but they may also sell other items too. Such treasures occasionally attract foolish thieves, who are unaware that the Lizardine has its own defences. In an attack the beast can breathe fire from its mouth, which will hit its target on a roll of 1-3 on one die, causing 1 point of STAMINA damage in addition to any normal fighting damage caused by its claws. Such abilities have sometimes caused frightened townspeople, fearing the beasts, to drive them out of their settlements. Because of this, the Lizardines are discreet and secretive, keeping to themselves as much as possible, and basing their businesses in the merchants' quarter of a town or port, where they are lost among the many other bizarre and foreign inhabitants.

LIZARD KING

SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Jungles, Marshes, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Reptile/humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

As little as five centuries ago, what is now the great race of Lizard Men was little more than a few disorganized tribes who spent most of their time fighting or eating one another. From them, though, have come the LIZARD KINGS, superior reptilian beings who have taken control of the race, and begun to organize it into a civilization. Each tribe is now ruled over by a Lizard King, each of whom in turn pays fealty to the members of a grand council of the wisest and strongest beasts, in the creatures' capital in the southern swamplands. Lizard Kings are taller and stronger than normal Lizard Men, and far more intelligent. They are civilized and sophisticated, in their own way, and are great leaders.

Protected at all times by a guard of twenty hand-picked Lizard Man warriors, they are nevertheless superb fighters themselves, their favourite weapons being magical fire-swords. According to custom, the Lizard King race keeps itself as separate as it can from the lowly Lizard Men, and interbreeding is punishable by death, to ensure that their race is kept pure.

LIZARD MAN

	Lizard Man	*Two-headed Lizard Man*	*Mutant Lizard Man*
SKILL:	*8*	*9*	*9*
STAMINA:	*8*	*10*	*9*

HABITAT: Jungles, Marshes, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Reptile/humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average–High

There are some areas of this world where man will never rule. The vast swamps and jungles south of the Desert of Skulls are not inhospitable by any means, but they are securely controlled by LIZARD MEN. These evil reptilians are strong and warlike, and seek always to extend their dominion. Thankfully they need a warm, moist climate to survive; the nearest colony is on Fire Island off the Skull Coast of southern Allansia.

The green-skinned Lizard Men stand up to two and a half metres tall, and their bodies are covered in tough, scaly skin. They are like fat humans with a lizard's head and a long tail. A ridge of spikes runs up their backs, and two horns project from the top of their heads. They will usually be dressed in skilfully fashioned armour, and carry one of a number of weapons, such as a scimitar, spear, sword, axe or whip. They are fairly clever creatures, divided in rank throughout their vast armies according to experience and intelligence. These armies are well trained and equipped, for they are led by a separate race of superior Lizard Men known as the Lizard Kings. They hoard gold and precious metals, and set all their captives to work at digging for them in their mines.

Lizard Men have managed to train various reptilian species for use as riding-animals, for no horse will bear them. Giant Lizards are used most often, for they are quick and nimble-footed over rough terrain. They are not very strong, however, so Styracosauruses are also used. These are harder to train, for they are exceptionally stupid, but they are very strong, and ideal for smashing a path through an enemy's ranks.

The race is a Chaotic one, and has a number of rare sub-species as a result. TWO-HEADED LIZARD MEN are often found serving as priests, for their more normal relations seem to regard them as being blessed by their Gods. (Lizard Men worship a whole host of reptilian Deities, including the savage Lizard God Suthis Cha, and the Snake Demon Myurr.) They are larger and crueller than their more normal cousins, and are allowed free rein to slaughter slaves and prisoners as the mood takes them, for they serve the Gods and their actions are never questioned.

Less fortunate are MUTANT LIZARD MEN, who are despised for their more irregular deformities, and as a consequence tend to form the front line in battles. They may have twisted limbs, lumpy bodies, a different skin colour, hunched backs, or one or more of a hundred other mutations. When sacrifices to the Gods are in short supply, they may end up as unwilling participants in appeasement rites, as their two-headed cousins despise them most of all, on the grounds that the things blaspheme against the purity of the reptilian race with their ugly, twisted bodies.

MAMMOTH

	Adult	Young	
SKILL:	10	7	*2 Attacks*
STAMINA:	16	10	

HABITAT: Ice, Plains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

MAMMOTHS are huge shaggy-haired beasts, similar to elephants, but dwelling chiefly in cooler climes. They are rare creatures, encountered most frequently on the barren northern plains around the Icefinger Mountains, but a few scattered herds have been reported in other icy areas. They are usually coloured a deep brown, with large curving tusks extending out in front of them. They are fairly docile, and wander in small herds in search of vegetation to feed upon. Mammoths are also rather stupid, and a whole herd can take fright from the threatening movements of a much smaller creature. There will be a larger male Mammoth with most herds, however, who will valiantly attack to defend his cows and calves. In an attack, a bull Mammoth will rear on its back legs, brandishing its tusks threateningly, and attempt to knock over and trample its enemy.

Mammoths are hunted by many of the northern tribes, both humans and Toa-Suo, for their meat, ivory and warm shaggy pelts. Folk-legends told by the shamans of such tribes tell of when the plains were greener and the Mammoth roamed everywhere. Such times are long gone, for the plains are now desolate and grey, and the Mammoth are being hunted into extinction.

MAN-ORC

	Adult	Young
SKILL:	8	4
STAMINA:	6	3

HABITAT: Towns, Forests, Hills, Plains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1 or 2–12 (see below)
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average–High

The sorry mongrel offspring of Orcs and humans, MAN-ORCS are shunned by both races. They look very much like humans, but much uglier, with large teeth and ears and ruddy-brown skins. They may be found living alone in towns or the countryside, but in more isolated areas there are small farming villages of Man-Orcs, such as Torrepani in the Shamutanti Hills. Man-Orcs are unfriendly towards humans, for most of them remember beatings and stonings at their hands. Orcs despise them and treat them as worthless slaves to be whipped and abused, and eventually cast out or even killed. As a result Man-Orcs live a lonely existence, scraping a living out of the earth, well away from other beings who might harm them.

MANTICORE

SKILL: 12 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 18
HABITAT: Ruins, Caves, Dungeons, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

MANTICORES were created centuries ago by an insane warlock from beyond the Western Ocean, fooling with things that should have been left well alone. Using powerful magic, he mixed a lion, scorpion and a bat together with a human and created the first Manticore. He repeated the experiment many times, until he was finally killed by one of his creations. Since then the monstrosities have scattered into the most inhospitable parts of the world, where their evil natures fester with hatred for all life.

A Manticore has the head of an old, bearded man, which flows into the mane and then the body of a huge lion. From their powerful shoulders a pair of large, leathery bat's wings sprout, and behind them rears a scorpion-like tail tipped with a sting the size of a man's head! They will attack with their claws or their sting, alternately slashing and striking at their opponent. After a successful hit, a roll of 5 or 6 on one die indicates a hit from its poisoned sting rather than its claws, causing 6 points of damage, unless its opponent can avoid it by a successful *Test for Luck*. Their slashes will otherwise do the usual 2 points of damage.

In a Manticore's lair there will be innumerable bones, the sorry relics of its past victims. There may also be some weapons, equipment or treasure, for it cannot digest such hard items.

MANTIS MAN

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Forests, Plains, Hills
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral - Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average

The so-called MANTIS MEN of the northern Baklands have, in their isolation, developed an alarming method of ensnaring their food. When first encountered, a Mantis Man will invariably be standing totally motionless, more like a life-sized statue than a real being. Its long arms and hands will be raised to its chest, clasped together as if the 'statue' were praying devoutly! A wary creature may spot a blink of an eye, or a tremble of the hands, before the Mantis Man's arms shoot forward to grab its prey. A Mantis Man can be fought normally, but if at any time it delivers a successful strike on its opponent, it will lift and kill him instantly with a

bite from its wide, fang-filled mouth. A victim's only hope, therefore, is to try to damage its arms and render it unable to attack.

In the wild, Mantis Men live alone or in small groups. When out hunting, though, they will always be on their own – even the stupidest creatures may get suspicious of a whole tribe of motionless statues! Mantis Men are attracted to bright and shiny things, and will often hoard any such items found on their victims.

MARSH HOPPER

SKILL: 4
STAMINA: 4
HABITAT: Marshes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Friendly (see below)
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Related to the Kokomokoa of the south-eastern jungles, MARSH HOPPERS are small amphibian humanoids which dwell in the marshes of Fire Island and western Allansia. Standing about one and a half metres tall, they have large heads, with huge, almost sad eyes and wide mouths. Their bodies are small in comparison, and covered in green scales. Their arms are long and very dextrous, their legs shorter and ending in wide, webbed feet. Cunning in the extreme, they know the marshes backwards, and will often appear to aid lost adventurers. However, they will really lead them into the lairs of larger monsters such as Slime Suckers or Hydras in return for a few left-over scraps of meat. Marsh Hoppers live in small, isolated family groups, hidden deep in the swamps well away from larger predators. The nimble creatures often roam far and wide across the marshland, however, searching for a suitable meal. They usually live on fish, frogs and other small creatures, but their cunning minds occasionally bring them a far richer feast!

MARSH WRAITH

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Marshes, Rivers
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–7 (1 die plus 1)
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

In the dark, fetid creeks and backwaters of slow-moving rivers and marshland, danger sometimes lurks, ready to catch adventurers unawares. Man is not lord over every domain; in some areas, older, darker beings hold sway. MARSH WRAITHS are strange, primal creatures, related to Earth Elementals, and dwell in the still waters among the head-high reeds. They spend much of their time wallowing in the mud, lazily sifting insects into their mouths. They are very territorial creatures, and will tenaciously defend their patches against any intruders who would disturb them.

Should they sense the vibrations of approaching creatures through the water and rushes, Marsh Wraiths will rise from the swamp as one. When solidifying for an attack, they form themselves into a vaguely humanoid shape, dripping with slime. They will try to warn off the trespassers in a sombre moaning voice that has given many men the impression that they are some strange form of

undead being (hence their name). If warnings do not deter the intruders, they will attack, all at once, in a coordinated assault that belies their low intelligence, and try to smother their opponent in mud. Because of their insubstantial forms, hits on them will only do 1 point of STAMINA damage. If a Marsh Wraith is very severely injured, it will retreat by dropping back into the mud and swimming away under the surface of the water.

Little is known about the life-cycle of a Marsh Wraith. Smaller creatures have been encountered, but sages have been divided over whether they were females, immature young, or just smaller than normal. One theory is that the creatures reproduce by dividing themselves into separate Marsh Wraiths, each instantly able to carry on living as normal. It is not thought that they keep any possessions; their slimy forms would not be able to grasp any treasure long enough to appreciate it.

MEDUSA

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Ruins, Caves, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

To many unfortunate adventurers, there appeared nothing dangerous about the bent old woman, her head covered by a thick shawl. Most offered to help her, drawing near to lend a strong arm to steady the poor old crone. And then she threw back her shawl and fixed them with a red-eyed stare, and they were lost . . .

A MEDUSA is a strange humanoid that looks much like a wizened old lady dressed in ragged clothes. However, in place of normal hair there sprouts a mass of wriggling snakes! It usually dwells in isolated ruins or caves, well away from other creatures, but ventures out occasionally to search for prey. When it encounters a choice human, the Medusa will attempt to trick him into gazing into its sickly red eyes. Anyone failing a *Test for Luck* will be caught by its stare, and cannot turn away. His limbs will begin to stiffen and within a few moments he will be nothing but solid stone! If its intended victim is swift enough to cover his eyes, the Medusa will approach and allow its snakes to lash out and bite him. Fighting the Medusa with eyes closed, slashing from side to side with a sword, temporarily reduces the opponent's SKILL by 2 points. If, by some chance, the Medusa's prey is carrying a mirror or some other reflective device like a polished shield, the Medusa may look into it. A *Test for Luck* is required for such a chancy manoeuvre; if it succeeds, the vile creature will transmute into rock and crumble to dust in an instant.

MERMAN

	Merman	*Mermaid*
SKILL:	*7*	*4*
STAMINA:	*10*	*7*

HABITAT: Sea, Lakes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED:

Merman – 1–6
Mermaid – 1
TYPE: Fish/humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: High

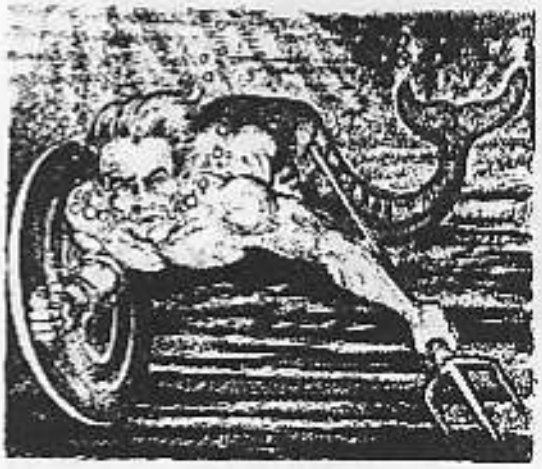

MERFOLK are, quite simply, the people of the sea. They may once have been human, but their bodies are now perfectly adapted to life under the waves.

Their upper halves are as normal humans, except that they have a pale blue-green tint. They have air-breathing lungs, but there are also gill-slits in the sides of their neck, usually hidden by their long flowing hair. From the waist downwards, though, each has a tail like a fish, covered in scales. They can swim very fast using their tails, yet still carry weapons or objects in their hands. They make their homes in caves and sheltered corners on the ocean floor, where they grow crops of seaweed, algae and other food.

The MERMEN are the warriors of the race. Proud and haughty, they may sometimes be seen patrolling the depths with dolphins, on the look-out for sharks or other predators. They will usually be carrying spears or tridents, and sometimes shields. They have no time for the affairs of the surface world, and will treat the infrequent humans they encounter with disdain.

The females of the species, the MERMAIDS, have a different view of the world beyond the waters. A lone Mermaid may sometimes be met basking on a rock in a secluded part of the sea-shore, singing to herself. The song of a Mermaid is so enchanting that all males who hear it will immediately fall in love with her. She will choose one of them, and beckon him into the water with her. The chosen person will desperately want to do this, but may *Test for Luck* to see if all his resistance is overcome. In this case, if he is Unlucky, he will resist the Mermaid's song, her spell will be broken and she will swim away alone. If her victim has been charmed, and no one tries to stop him, they will dive beneath the waves together to live under the sea. In time, his body will adapt until he becomes a Merman, and the Mermaid will come looking for another human.

MESSENGER OF DEATH

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Demonic Plane, anywhere their victim is
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: High

When one is in need of an assassin, there are many highly trained men available for hire. But when one has a particularly skilled or stubborn enemy to eliminate, only a MESSENGER OF DEATH will do. These fell creatures can be summoned from one of the Demonic Planes by a secret ritual to kill powerful opponents, taking as payment the life-force of their victim.

They appear as Zombie-like humans, dressed in ragged shrouds, their eyes and mouth full of mucus which makes their voice little more than a sickly gurgle. They silently approach their victim, tap lightly on one shoulder, murmur 'Death!' in a most dramatic manner, and then slink away to lay out the traps for the game which will follow. The Messenger will stay ahead of its victim, leaving letters marked in prominent places – painted on doors, chipped into stone and so on. If all the letters are read, they will spell the word 'Death', and the Messenger will reappear to watch the life drain out of its helpless prey.

Messengers can only be harmed at the very moment the 'contract' is finalized, when the word is first spoken. As the vile creature touches its victim to seal it, its guard is dropped, and a silver dagger plane and negate the contract.

MIK

SKILL: 12
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons, Towns
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

There is probably less known about the strange race of Elf-like humanoids called MIKS than any other beings. They are very rare, appearing without warning in a group of perhaps two or three, before departing again as if they had never been there. Worse, Miks are masters of illusion, able to transform themselves into any shape or form they desire. As a result, few have seen them as they really are – pale, emaciated humanoids with large, intelligent heads.

A Mik's mastery of illusion is astounding. If it is disguised as a venomous snake, for example, and bites someone, he will die from the bite! They cannot, for some reason, simulate or use metal in their disguises, however, and their illusions cannot be cast over other objects or beings. They are a highly mischievous and aggressive race, and delight in playfully killing anyone they meet. They love gold, though, and can sometimes be bribed into letting someone go free. If threatened with violence, they will respond with their favourite weapon, a needle-knife (a thin stiletto-like dagger), or just turn into a bird and fly away!

MINOTAUR

SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Dungeons, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

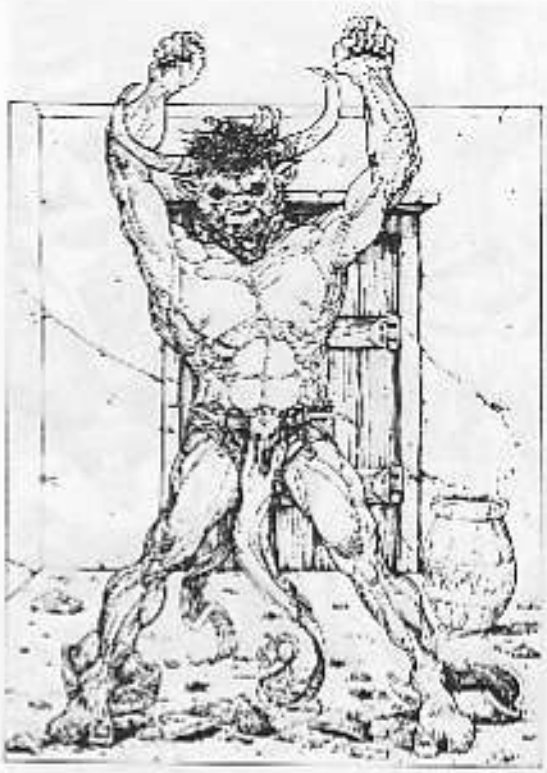

According to tradition, at the heart of every good labyrinth there is a MINOTAUR. This perilous beast is half-man, half bull – a fearsome combination. Its head is shaggy and bovine, with a huge pair of horns curving from the top. Its body is muscular and covered in short hair. Its overall colour is sandy brown, though it will be filthy with dust and muck. It can use weapons, if it has them, but its favourite method of fighting is a head-down charge, snorting and stamping just like a bull. Minotaurs may sometimes be placed to guard their master's treasure-hoard, though they are more often the final trap at the heart of a deadly maze.

MIRROR DEMON

SKILL: 10 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Demonic Plane, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Demon
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

In the lower Demonic Planes all natural laws are suspended and bizarre beings dwell in several dimensions at once. Sometimes they will slip between gaps in space and time, and materialize on the Earthly Plane to trap some choice humans to torment. MIRROR DEMONS are horrific humanoid beings with four arms and four faces that scream wildly. They are always encountered close to a large mirror, which is their doorway back to their own dimension.

The Demon will try to grab hold of its victim with its clawed hands and pull him into the mirror. Should its opponent lose an Attack Round, he will find himself drawn through into the Demon's dimension, from which he will never escape. Smashing the mirror requires a strong, steady blow, which is not easy when a screaming monstrosity is clawing at you! To smash the mirror the Demon's opponent must roll his SKILL or below on two dice. If this happens, the Mirror Demon's lifeline will be destroyed and it will die. However it is killed, cracks will begin to race across its face and body, and it will collapse with an ear-splitting crash into a small pile of shattered glass.

MIST VAMPIRE

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Marshes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

MIST VAMPIRE is the name given in the tales of the marsh people to a strange, ghostly creature said to dwell deep in the inaccessible reaches of the marsh. Related to Will-o'-the-Wisps, it usually appears amid the shifting mists and fogs of its home as a pale, vaguely man-shaped spirit, wavering like a spectre over the rushes.

It is highly intelligent and has many ingenious tactics for ensnaring its prey. It lives on the life-forces of any creatures it can catch, chilling them by swathing them in its arms, before sucking their souls from their bodies with wispy fingers. It usually feeds off frogs, lizards and marsh birds, waiting over them and freezing them before they know they are dead. Sometimes, however, it gets to feast on larger, more satisfying sustenance, such as a man.

Its favourite lure is to leave a conspicuous item of treasure or equipment, the remains of some previous victim, in a prominent position on the pathway some distance ahead of an approaching victim. When he arrives at the spot, the Mist Vampire moans and calls for help a little way off, from among the mists. It will lead its victim out into the marsh until he is lost, and then attack. The creature can only be hit by magical weapons; others pass straight through its ghastly body! On a successful hit, instead of inflicting the usual damage, it will remove 1 point of SKILL from its opponent with its chilling touch. Should the victim's SKILL reach 0, he will die. The Mist Vampire will take the last dregs of his soul, and allow his drained, lifeless body to sink slowly down into the marsh . . .

MUCALYTIC

SKILL: 8 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Dungeons, Towns (sewers)
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Unfriendly–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Well known in folk-tales for their disgusting habits, MUCALYTICS are vile, slime-loving things. Vaguely humanoid in shape, but about the size of a bear, they are lumpy, ugly beasts. Most of their features are hidden under the filth and muck they plaster over themselves, but the trunk-like snouts that poke from the front of their faces will be visible,

snorting the air or rooting in the slime. They are revolting beasts, and anyone encountering them in their cesspool of a lair will immediately lose 2 points of STAMINA as a result of the stench.

In a fight, a Mucalytic will flail about with its huge arms, but when it has softened up its opponent, it will resort to other tactics. After landing three successful blows, the Mucalytic will grab hold of its opponent, draw him near to its mouth and breathe on him. A Mucalytic can exhale highly poisonous fumes at will, of which even a short sniff is enough to kill!

No one is sure where the disgusting beasts came from, but it is well known that the Archmage in Mampang hired some to guard his dungeons. It is said that they still lurk beneath the citadel, wallowing in their slime and filth.

MUDCLAWS are small, two-legged amphibians which dwell in small colonies among the thickets of reeds and rushes on the fringes of marshes and river-banks. Standing only half a metre or so tall, they are coloured in mottled patterns of green and brown blotches, which provide them with good camouflage against larger predators. They have powerful legs with wide, webbed toes, allowing them to both run and swim at high speed. They have a high ridge of bony spikes across their backs, and a short tail which helps them steer when swimming. Their short arms finish in surprisingly strong prehensile hands, which are equipped with short, sharp claws.

Mudclaws will eat almost anything they can find, including fish, insects and plants, but are most fond of warm-blooded meat. They will take rats, voles and stray herd animals, and will occasionally gang together to assail lone adventurers. Many an unwary traveller has suddenly found himself being assaulted on all sides by the ravenous little beasts, slashing and rending with dagger-sharp claws, trying to drag him into the water before tearing off strips to eat. In such a coordinated attack, they can be more deadly than Piranhas, though smaller groups tend to be less blatant and more selective in their choice of meals.

The creatures live in dens similar to those built by beavers, small hut-like structures of woven reeds covered with mud and grass. Their young cannot provide for themselves until almost fully grown, relying instead on the food brought by their intriguingly loyal parents.

MUDCLAW

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 4
HABITAT: Marshes, Rivers
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 4–14 (2 dice plus 2)
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

MUMMY

SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 12
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

In musty crypts and tombs some corpses grimly hang on to a semblance of life, almost as if they were afraid to let go and die. In countries where the dead are embalmed and wrapped tightly in bandages to be preserved these undead beings appear as MUMMIES. They can move only slowly, as they are wrapped in constricting bandages, but they can unerringly find living creatures, detecting their life-forces like a beacon in the darkness.

They attack by flailing about with their fists. Fighting a Mummy is not as straightforward as it seems, for they cannot be truly killed by blows from weapons. Although they will appear to die, they will return to life after twenty minutes and follow their would-be killers, to extract revenge. The only sure way of finishing off a Mummy is to set it on fire. Even a single touch with a blazing torch is sufficient for its bone-dry wrappings to catch fire and completely immolate the Mummy in a few seconds, leaving nothing but a pile of ashes.

MUNGIE

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 4
HABITAT: Mountains, Hills
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 3–5 (1–3 on 1 die, plus 2)
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Similar in appearance to Wraith Apes, but somewhat smaller, MUNGIES appear in packs of three to five. They move with lightning-quick reactions. They attack in packs and must be fought as a single creature, adding 1 SKILL and 3 STAMINA for each additional Mungie in the pack. The creatures have glowing red eyes and have the advantage of night vision.

As plants are attracted towards the sun, Mungies are uncontrollably drawn towards Gold. They are the ultimate natural pickpockets, using their nimble reactions to pilfer Gold from the packs or even the pockets of any adventurers whose concentration wanders. They prefer to steal at night, when there is less chance that they will be spotted. Anyone asleep in a Mungie area will without doubt fall foul of their thievery. In fact, anyone walking through Mungie territory even in broad daylight will have to *Test for Luck* to see whether the Mungies are successful.

But apart from this lust for Gold, Mungies are quite harmless and will attack only in self-defence. An adventurer may only attack them (i.e. will only be able to follow their quick movements) if he has a SKILL of 10+ at night or 9+ during the day. Anyone with a lesser SKILL will just not be able to catch the little creatures.

More unscrupulous adventurers have often wondered whether it would be possible to train a Mungie to steal Gold for their own purposes. In fact this is possible, but no one has so far succeeded. Only a wizard would be able to capture one of the little creatures and then cast a Control Creature spell.

NANDIBEAR

SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 11
HABITAT: Caves, Hills, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Somewhere between a bear and an ape, and larger than either, the NANDIBEAR is a brutal, solitary beast found only in isolated regions. It is carnivorous, its favourite food being human flesh (especially

the brains!). Despite its great size, it can move very quietly, since soft pads on its great clawed feet soften its tread. When it attacks from behind, it will surprise its opponent, and automatically cause 2 points of STAMINA damage with its powerful claws. After this first attack the fight will proceed as usual.

A Nandibear will often make its lair in a cave or hollow in the rocks, where it will return with food it has caught. The lair will be full of bones and half-chewed meat, but little treasure, for the Nandibear has no need of it and clears it from its home regularly.

NANKA

SKILL: 12
STAMINA: 20
HABITAT: Magical Planes, wherever their victim is
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

It is somewhat alarming to note the number of supernatural creatures, sent by various Deities, that can be found following a particularly heroic adventurer. The Gods of Good send the Suma to ease their path to glory. The Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance set mischievous Genies in their path to tempt them with wishes and false advice. And the nameless Gods of Evil that the Demon Princes follow will dispatch the perilous beings known as NANKA.

Like Genies and Suma, this magical creature has no material form. When it wishes to appear to another being, it will manifest as a vague humanoid formed from thick black smoke in which a pair of dark eyes glint wickedly. Usually, however, a Nanka will set up a trap to ensnare its victim and bring his soul to its terrible masters. A favourite trap involves the Nanka hiding inside a glass phial, which is left where its prey is sure to find it. When the flask is unstoppered, the thing will flow out as a cloud of smoke and envelop the adventurer. It will then flow back into the phial, taking its unfortunate prey with it, and replace the stopper by magic. Once it has captured its victim, the Nanka will transport him to the Magical Planes and deliver his soul for its masters to feed upon. Only magical weapons can offer any defence against the malevolent Nanka.

NEANDERTHAL

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Ice, Wilderness, Hills, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The brutish semi-humans known as NEANDERTHALS are a primitive and violent race to be found in many areas. They will usually be encountered as a hunting-party or in a settlement – typically a crude circle of huts around a religious totem or

statue. They look like thin, filthy humans, with wild hair and untrimmed claw-like nails on their hands and toes. They will be carrying crude spears and knives, and may be decorated with poorly made pendants, bracelets, and studs in their ears and noses.

They are unintelligent beings and will sometimes be found in the service of a cleverer leader – an Orc, Goblin, or maybe even an evil human. Neanderthals have a whole pantheon of primitive Gods, for they worship everything they don't understand from the sun to a mountain. One member of a tribe may be a shaman, dressed up with bones, feathers and rattles and covered in bizarrely painted designs. They have no special powers except a great sense of theatre and ritual. Anyone demonstrating real magic to a Neanderthal tribe can expect to be treated as nothing less than a God!

NIGHT DEMON

SKILL: 14
STAMINA: 18
HABITAT: Demonic Plane, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Demon
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

Huddled around their foggy scrying-pool, the mists flowing about their vast shadowy halls, the four NIGHT DEMONS keep a close watch on the affairs of men. The Princes, named Kalin, Relem, Shakor and Vradna, are the tacticians of the Legions of Hell, directing demonic forces to wherever they are needed. Occasionally one of them will appear on the Earthly Plane in person, to oversee the latest stage in their struggle against the forces of Good.

The Night Demons stand almost three metres tall, but the almost tangible aura of power which surrounds them makes them seem even taller. They have human bodies, thickly muscled and tanned a deep red-brown colour. Their hands and feet are covered in tough lizard-like scales, and end in sharpened claws. They have two heads, black and dragon-like; each contains half their intelligence, but can talk and think independently of the other, which can be highly confusing when all four Princes argue at once. The Demons can fly, using their large, bat-like wings, but more often travel in large, skull-encrusted chariots drawn by hundreds of Demonic Servants.

If encountered on the Earthly Plane, they will often manifest as the evil mastermind behind some foul human cruelty. Their powers of persuasion are immense, and many villainous men take orders direct from them. They have other powers too. In common with many Greater Demons, they can only be injured by weapons that have been enchanted or blessed; holy water and other pure items can repel them like a cross does a Vampire. Out of the palms of their hands they can project bolts of flame once a day, which will hit an opponent on a roll of 1–3 on one die, causing two dice of damage. In close-up combat they will use their hands another way, slashing at an opponent with their cruel claws. If such a blow is successful, it will cause 3 points of STAMINA damage. Worse still, a Night Demon's spirit cannot be killed on this plane, though its temporary earthly body can be destroyed. Its three brothers will call it back to Hell, where its true body lies awaiting its return. A Demon so banished cannot return to earth again for sixty-six days; once it has regained its powers, however, it will pursue its enemy without respite, until it has exacted a revenge fitting for a Demon Prince.

NIGHT STALKER

SKILL: 11 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Dungeons, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 7
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

In the dank, forbidding depths of dungeons deep below the ground, many perils stalk the darkness in search of their next meal. The NIGHT STALKERS were perhaps human once, but they are something less than human now. Bent over from their endless wanderings in the oppressive tunnels, they are sinewy beings, covered in folds of leathery grey skin. Their facial features are gruesome – eyes sunk deep into sockets and permanently squinting, teeth as long as a man's little finger, skin wrinkled and warty. Their arms are long and thin, and end in

large, clawed hands that can split stone or skulls with equal ease. They may be carrying a small lantern to guide their unceasing patrols, and they may wear pretty, worthless trinkets stolen from past victims for the nice way they sparkle in the wan lantern light.

N'YADACH

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Ruins, Caves, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The ancient legends of the Dwarfs speak of a subterranean race of evil humanoids, and of the terrible wars that raged across the centuries as the two proud peoples strove for dominance of the underground kingdoms. Called the N'YADACH, they were fearsome warriors, backed up with dark sorcery, and won many battles. In time, however, the superior troops and war-machines of the Dwarfs, aided by a rebellion of their enemies' slaves, the Skurn, brought about victory, and the power of the N'yadach waned.

Nowadays there are very few remaining members of the once proud race, dwelling in small clans in isolated caves and burrows. They have forgotten much of their past skills and are rather sorry creatures. They are as tall as men when stood fully upright, but their lives underground have left them stooped and hunched. Their heads are long, almost Wolf-like, with ears pressed back along their skulls. They have small, cat-like eyes, which can see very well in the poorest light and are backed up by a keen sense of smell. They have two poisonous fangs which protrude from the sides of their mouths. They are thin, covered in short grey hair, which is tattered and unkempt, and have long, muscular arms and short legs that end in clawed feet.

N'yadach typically wear a few scraps of armour, and carry clubs reinforced with iron bands. They live on any food they can find on their wanderings, usually rats and mosses. They communicate in a guttural, snarling language that has lost all past refinements, and they can no longer read or write their ancient script. N'yadach breed but rarely, and this, together with their harsh lifestyle, means they are fast dying out, the last sorry remnants of a once proud race.

GIANT OCTOPUS

SKILL: 9 *4 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Sea, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Mollusc
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Over cups of strong rum in the taverns of ports the length of the land, wizened old sea-dogs tell tales of gigantic sea-monsters which have attacked all sorts

of ships from fishing-smacks to war-galleys. Closer to the land, such creatures are smaller, but just as perilous. Lurking in caves and pools along the coast, GIANT OCTOPUSES can sometimes be encountered. Growing to quite alarming sizes, the creatures are cunning predators, with strong, dextrous bodies. They will attack and feed upon most living creatures, typically anchoring themselves on a rock with two sucker-lined tentacles and lashing out with the others.

Their favourite tactic is to grasp a creature, gradually enfold it in their tentacles and crush the life out of it. Should a Giant Octopus score two successful hits in succession, without taking any in return, it will have grasped its opponent tightly and will squeeze him for a further point of damage. Unless its victim can break the hold by scoring a successful hit on the creature in return, the crushing damage will increase by a further point each time. Should the hold be loosened, the Giant Octopus can start trying to score two successive hits again, and so on, until one of the combatants is dead. Should the Octopus find itself the victor, it will drag the corpse of its victim beneath the water to be dismembered and eaten at leisure.

OGRE

SKILL: 8 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Hills, Plains, Forests, Towns, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average–High

Large, ugly and violent, OGRES are foul humanoids related to Orcs, Goblins and Trolls, and a whole host of cross-breeds. The average Ogre, if there is such a thing, stands about two metres tall, though the race is so Chaotic that this can vary up to a metre either way. They are very ugly to look upon, their savage faces lumpy and bestial, and drooling spittle everywhere. Ogres are strong creatures, more than a match for most men, and very skilled with their crude clubs and axes.

In the wild, Ogres lead solitary lives in isolated caves away from civilization. These more primitive beings dress in animal skins, and live by hunting. They will attack almost anything or anyone they encounter with surprising ferocity.

These days, however, many Ogres are more civilized, if that is the right word, and serve in the armies of evil sorcerers or noblemen. These Ogres will be trained and equipped for fighting, with battle-axes, war-hammers and even bows, and may be encountered in bands of up to six. Despite such new sophistication, though, Ogres are still crude and violent by nature, and delight in the torture and death of smaller beings.

ORC

	Common Orc	*Great Orc*
SKILL:	6	7
STAMINA:	5	6

HABITAT: Plains, Towns, Wilderness, Dungeons, Ruins, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–6
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

On one side there are the forces of Good – humans, Elves and Dwarfs. On the other there are the forces of Evil – Goblins, Ogres, Trolls and ORCS. Of all the

noxious inhuman creatures an adventurer must overcome during his quests for fame and fortune. Orcs will always be the most frequent of his adversaries. Orcs infest almost everywhere, though they prefer dark underground regions like Goblins, they dislike sunlight. They are squat, ugly brutes, shorter than a man, but taller than a Goblin. They have warty brown-green skins, usually covered in a motley assortment of skins, furs and irregular scraps of armour scavenged from previous opponents. Their favourite weapons are serrated swords, whips, flails, morning stars and spears.

Orcs are disgusting, filthy creatures with vile habits to match. They delight in the pain of others, even weaker members of their own race, and they will torture their captives before setting them to work as slaves. The living-quarters of an Orc stronghold will be knee-deep in filth and muck, and will be very unhealthy, to say the least. Orcs delight in unsavoury activities. Their favourite food, for example, is a rare dish called Elf intestines in Gnome's-blood sauce, though when this is out of season they have to settle for more mundane delights like rat gizzard soup, or curried bat surprise.

The armies of the Orcs are led by GREAT ORCS. Larger and stronger than common Orcs, they are possibly the result of selective breeding with Trolls. If more than four Orcs are encountered, one of them will be a Great Orc. If one is present, it will keep the rest from squabbling and brawling with one another. Orcs are argumentative beasts, who seem to spend more of their time fighting among themselves than against the dreaded Elves and Dwarfs.

Like all the Chaotic races, some unfortunate Orcs are mutants, with an amazing assortment of deficiencies. They may have strange skins, elongated or shortened limbs, or special powers, such as flying, telepathy and so on. Most mutants are despised by more normal Orcs, who treat them as if they were slaves, or mangy dogs suitable only for kicking and beating.

GIANT OWL

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Hills, Plains, Forests, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Bird
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Low

GIANT OWLS are rare creatures, because they avoid harassment by inhabiting very remote areas. In the past, many princes and lords kept the birds for hunting and as status symbols, and as a result few are now left in the wild. These magnificent birds stand up to one and a half metres tall, with a wingspan of almost double that. Like their smaller cousins, they are usually nocturnal, emerging at sundown to hunt for food in the twilight. Giant Owls usually feed upon sheep and goats, preferring herd animals to humanoids who might fight back.

These birds make their homes at the tops of large trees, and occasionally in ruined towers and the like. Their nests are like those of any bird, built from twigs and branches, woven together and lined with feathers and down. A pair of Giant Owls will produce a clutch of one or two eggs only once a year. Their eggs and chicks fetch exorbitant prices from noblemen, as the young can with care be trained like hawks, some even to be ridden! The parents tend to be wary to the point of aggressiveness, if they feel that their brood is being threatened. Giant Owls attack in high-speed dives which add 4 to their SKILL for their first attack. Their talons are cruelly sharp, and can easily slice through helmets and shields.

PEGASUS

SKILL: 12 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 17
HABITAT: Magical Plane, Mountains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Friendly
INTELLIGENCE: High

The PEGASUS is a magical winged horse, always the purest white in colour, which is seen only rarely in this world. It dwells mostly on the Magical Plane of Air, though it will sometimes be encountered in the remotest of mountains high above the clouds, where it can live without disturbance. Shy creatures, they can be summoned by someone with a good heart by the promise of silver. For such a gift, they will carry a passenger anywhere he wishes to go. They are very strong and can fly at great speed. They are also highly intelligent, but speak only the languages of aerial creatures. If danger threatens, they can fight with their hoofs if necessary, but will normally just blink back to the Magical Plane and safety.

PHANTOM

SKILL: 12
STAMINA: 2 (see below)
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

Just the sight of a PHANTOM stalking through the night, hidden in its voluminous black cowl, its ghostly lantern swinging ahead of it, is enough to scare any faint-hearted being to death. Those brave enough actually to challenge the godless being will encounter the full extent of its power as it throws back its hood and reveals its face. A Phantom is a powerful undead spirit, usually found inhabiting a deathless human body. Its skin is stretched taut across its bones, a sickly yellow in colour. Its eyes trap attention: blood-red and sunk into their sockets, they can paralyse those who meet their powerful gaze.

Anyone looking into the eyes of a Phantom must roll his current SKILL score or less on two dice, or lose 4 STAMINA points and be paralysed for fifteen minutes. The Phantom will use this time to make good its escape, fleeing away to continue its haunting elsewhere. If its opponent manages to survive the gaze and wishes to fight it, he will have another shock, for the thing is unaffected by blows from normal weapons. As soon as its opponent misses, or the weapon passes straight through its body, the Phantom will catch his gaze in its own again, and he will be paralysed. The only hope is to use a silver

implement, for the very touch of an object made from this metal will cause the undead being to crumble to dust, its roving spirit finally released to return to the Spirit Plane in peace.

PIRANHA

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 7 (see below)
HABITAT: Lakes, Rivers
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 7–12
TYPE: Fish
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

PIRANHAS are found in the rivers and lakes of the hot southern jungles, where they are greatly feared. They are voracious feeders, and can strip a horse to the bone with their teeth in a few minutes! Each fish is between twenty and thirty centimetres long, but they always swim and feed in a pack. The first sign most swimmers have of their presence is a turbulence in the water, as though it were boiling and bubbling, before they are jostled and buffeted as the Piranhas fight one another to be the first to feed. The pack can be treated as having a single SKILL, with each fish having a STAMINA of 1. There are few tactics one can use against Piranhas: having a piece of fresh meat to distract them is useful, but few swimmers will be carrying such a thing!

PIT FIEND

SKILL: 12 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 15
HABITAT: Jungles, Plains, Deserts
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Reptile
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

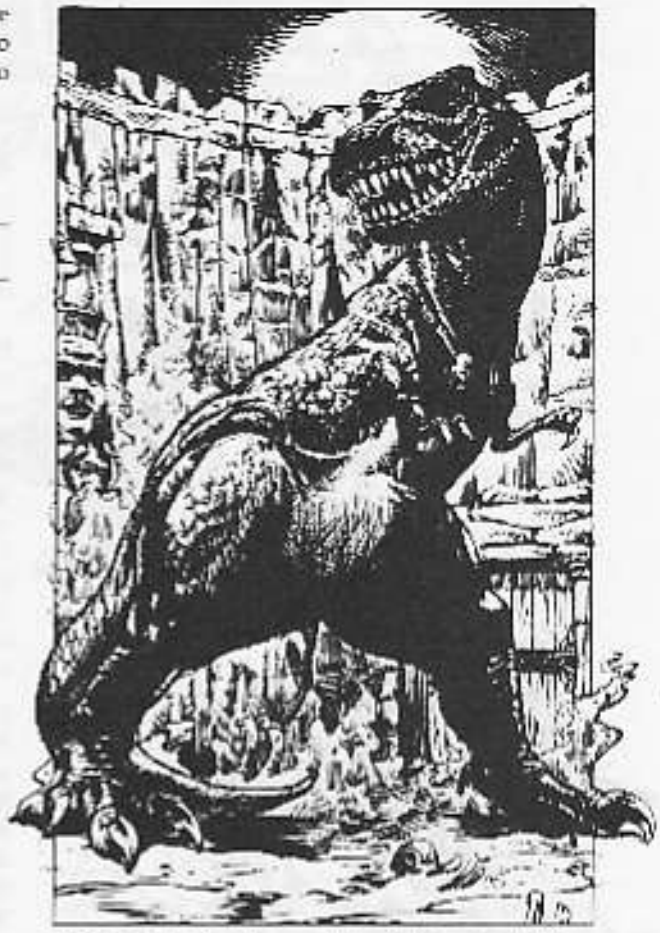

Whether it is the descendant of a long dead Dinosaur, or a Giant Lizard that has learnt to walk upright, the PIT FIEND is a frightening creature. Standing close on ten metres high on two enormous clawed legs, it is covered in a tough leathery hide mottled with blotches of green and brown. Its head is large, with powerful jaws designed solely for snapping bones and rending flesh, for the beast is utterly carnivorous. Its name comes from its use in games, where gladiators chosen from condemned prisoners are sent into a huge pit to fight one of the brutes, much to the delight of a bloodthirsty audience.

GIANT PITCHER-PLANT

	Tendril	*Vase*
SKILL:	*8*	*0*
STAMINA:	*7*	*11*

HABITAT: Jungle
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Plant
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: None

Standing almost three metres tall, the GIANT PITCHER-PLANT looks very much like an enormous vase, covered in vines and creepers. Like

many other plants around it in the depths of the jungle, it has evolved to many times the size of normal pitcher-plants. These particular plants are quite rare, but can prove a hazard to anyone exploring deep in the jungle.

Pitcher-Plants are carnivorous, living off any large creature they can capture. A strong, whip-like tendril, almost seven metres long, extends from the lip of the vase. Should any creature disturb the sensitive carpet of vines around the vase's base, the tendril will attack. If it scores a successful hit, it will wrap itself around the target and lift it into the vase to be digested. Unless the victim can finish off the tendril in the very next strike, he will find himself down inside the plant, in a metre of stagnant rainwater.

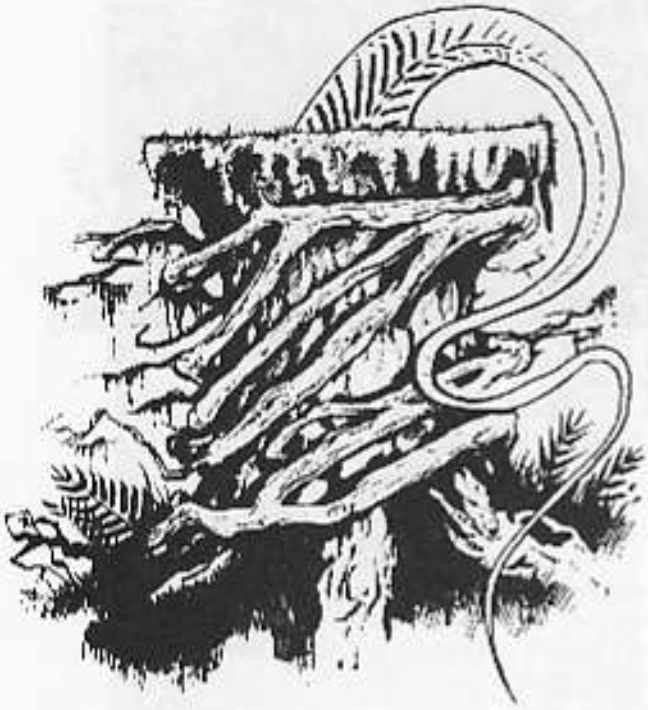

The inside of the plant is covered with sharp spines to prevent anything climbing out again. Should a creature try to escape, it will suffer 15 points of STAMINA damage before reaching the lip. Once the plant has deposited its food into the vase, it will secrete digestive acids into the water that will do 1 point of damage every minute until the food is dissolved. These acids are not strong enough to harm most metals, so the inside of a vase may contain quite a hoard of treasure. The inside walls of the plant are toughened, to withstand the acid, and cannot be damaged. Anyone attacking the outside, however, can free a victim once the body of the plant has been killed. Hits on the vase are automatic, but only if the tendril has been destroyed. Every three blows will take one minute; once the vase is destroyed, the acid will flow away, and the victim can be rescued – if he is still alive!

PIXIE

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Forests, Plains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Friendly–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: High

PIXIES are tiny, delicate humanoids, usually encountered in areas well away from humans, who seem to enjoy tormenting the little beings. They are peaceful creatures who care for nature and natural things. Pixies stand about half a metre tall, and are typically dressed in human-style clothing of browns or greens. They live together in small villages hidden away in the countryside. Here they tend their crops and generally live a contented life away from larger beings. Occasionally, however, they may be encountered elsewhere, perhaps in the villages of Dwarfs or in open country.

Pixies don't automatically loathe humans – they are far too well mannered – but they will be very wary of any they meet unless they prove to be genuinely friendly. They will avoid starting a fight with a larger being, for they know it would be suicidal for them. Nevertheless, if set upon, they will defend themselves as best they can with their short knives. Should they ever encounter a Sprite, however, they will waste no time in setting about it. Perhaps they are jealous of the wings and magic powers of Sprites; at any rate, Pixies will always fight the unfortunate creatures to the death.

POLTERGEIST

SKILL: 9
STAMINA: 0 (see below)
HABITAT: Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

Ancient folk-tales sometimes claim that victims of a particularly violent murder will remain at the place of their death, unable to depart from the Earthly Plane until their killers themselves die. Such spirits may manifest as POLTERGEISTS. They are spiteful and malevolent, and will try to harm anyone entering their domain. They are invisible and immaterial, and cannot physically attack their opponent. Instead they will throw chairs, plates, rocks and other small objects. To avoid such a missile, their opponent must successfully *Test for Luck*, or suffer 1 point of STAMINA damage. The Poltergeist may even try to wield a stick or a weapon (in which case its SKILL score should be used for the fight). Fighting a Poltergeist is rather futile, however, as it cannot be hit by weapons. The only hope for its opponent is a fast retreat out of the spirit's range!

PYGMY

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Jungles, Forests
NUMBER UNCOUNTERED: 2–7 (1 die plus 1)
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average

In some parts of the world primitive tribes of semi-humans still live, cut off from civilization. In remote jungle areas, stunted savages known as PYGMIES dwell. A little over a metre tall, they wear only loincloths, and their skins have been turned dark brown by the sun. They live on fruit and roots, as well as monkeys and other small creatures, which they hunt with blowpipes and poisoned darts. The venom is not strong enough to kill a human, but it will knock someone unconscious if it hits him (3 in 6 chance). Each dart will also cause 1 point of STAMINA damage.

Pygmies love gold and jewellery, and will steal it from their unconscious victims before melting back into the jungle. They live in well-hidden villages deep in the undergrowth, ruled over by a tribal chief and his witch-doctor. In the village there will also be between three and eighteen females and between two and twelve children, none of whom are able to fight.

GIANT RAT

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 4
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons, Towns (sewers)
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–7 (1 die plus 1)
TYPE: *Animal*
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

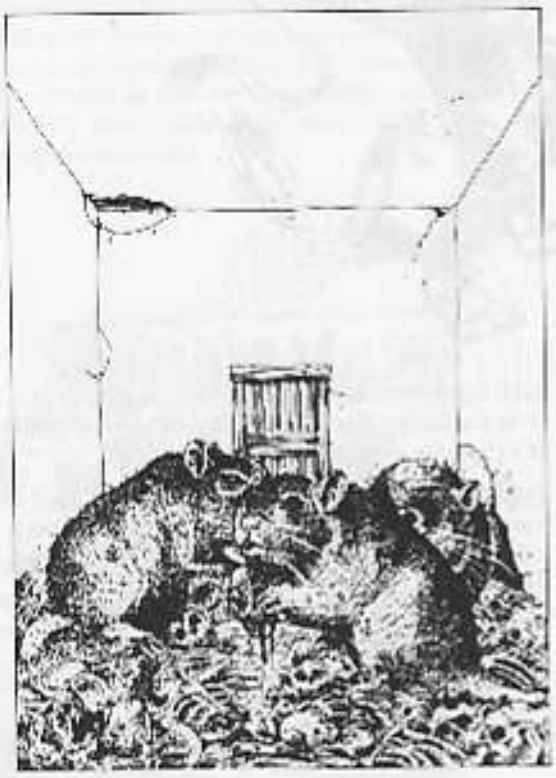

GIANT RATS are a menace to all those who would search for treasure in ancient ruins or tombs. They are just like normal rats, but much larger – about a metre long, with sharp claws and teeth that can gnaw through plate armour. They tend to hunt in small packs, of which one Giant Rat will usually be the leader. Larger and stronger than the others (add 1 point to both SKILL and STAMINA), it will appear to be giving orders to them via a complicated language of squeaks. If the leader is killed – a difficult task since it will try to remain at the rear in any fight – the other Giant Rats will retreat in disorganized panic, allowing their opponents to escape safely.

RAT MAN

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons, Towns (sewers), Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Animal/humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Alchemists and sorcerers have long laboured to create hybrid creatures to serve them as warriors and slaves. Many such experiments have been in cross-breeding men with hardier species. Some have worked well, but others have produced weak, regressive breeds like the RAT MEN.

A little over one and a half metres tall, they have the bodies of humans, but the heads of rats, with big eyes and ears, sensitive whiskers and large front teeth. They are covered in short, soft fur, and they have long rat-like tails. Rat Men dress in humans' clothing, and can speak their language, but are otherwise shunned, made outcasts by their appearance. They have long been banished to sewers and old ruins in the wastelands, where they dwell in small groups, catching and eating anything they can. Despite their weakness, Rat Men are dextrous and have become skilled with snares, traps and slings. They can track well, sniffing the air to pick up a scent. They will try to strike from a distance, for they are not so skilled with their shortswords, preferring to use them only when finishing off a trapped prey prior to eating it.

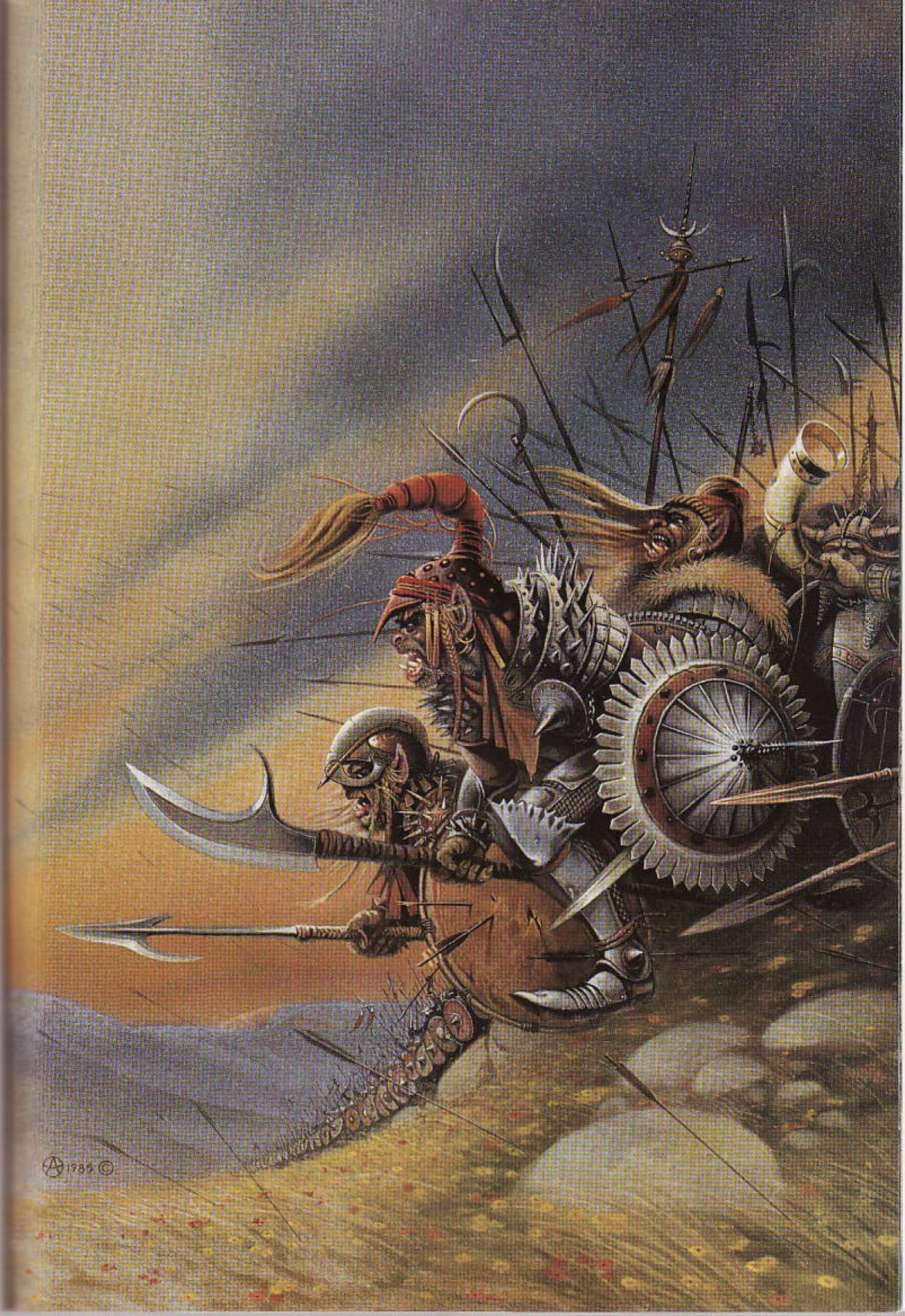
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RAZORJAW

	Adult	Young
SKILL:	10	6
STAMINA:	12	5

HABITAT: Volcanic areas
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

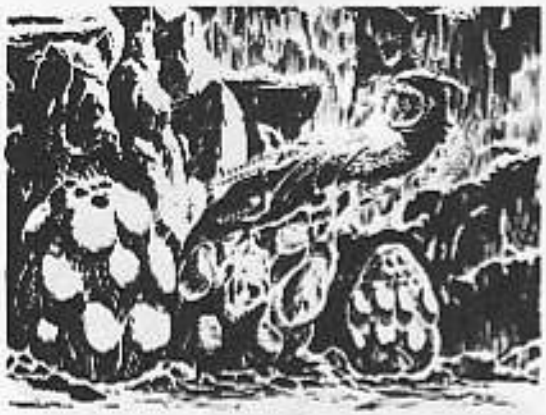

The RAZORJAW makes its nest among the foul sulphur pools and boiling mud around volcanoes; such a volatile and nauseous habitat suits the vile creature admirably. Over four metres long, they are slimy, reptilian monstrosities with ungainly, leathery bodies and stubby limbs. Their long, scaly necks support eyeless heads with great mouths lined with sharp teeth. The beasts are not affected by their blindness at all, for they have such an inbuilt hatred of all life that they can attack unerringly. From the very moment it bursts out of its huge, strangely shaped egg, a young Razorjaw knows only that it is hungry, and that it hates! Thankfully, Razorjaws are very rare, and will only ever be encountered in inaccessible volcanic areas, where they can wallow and thrash in the foul pools of mud, sulphur and steam.

RED-EYE

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 4
HABITAT: Towns, Plains, Hills
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

RED-EYES are thin, spindly humanoids distantly related to Elves and humans, they live in small numbers in many border towns and villages across the semi-civilized world. They are arrogant beings, who delight in harassing and playing tricks on their neighbours as excuses for starting a fight. Anyone caught up in such antisocial behaviour must be on his guard, for Red-Eyes have a deadly natural weapon.

Most of the time a Red-Eye will walk about with its eyelids closed tight to seal in its powerful vision. Their eyes can shoot out deadly bolts of energy when opened, so they have to keep them hidden, for fear of incinerating everything they gaze upon. The strength of their eyes is such that they can make out vague outlines through their closed eyelids. As a result, Red-Eyes are not very accurate in combat. Any time a Red-Eye receives a wound, however, it will let fly with its heat vision. The first shot will be very inaccurate, and can be avoided by rolling 1–5 on one die. Should the Red-Eye be injured again, it will let loose another blast, avoidable by rolling 1–4 on one die, and so on until the blast hits automatically. Each time it hits, the blast burns for one die of STAMINA damage; if a Red-Eye's vision hits the same person twice, he will die.

Because of this power, Red-Eyes are greatly feared and are invariably forced to travel from settlement to settlement, without being allowed to stay in one place more than a single night. As a result their clothes are nothing more than rags and their possessions are meagre – but their hatred for humans grows ever stronger.

RHINO-MAN

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Plains, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Animal/humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average

The RHINO-MEN of the southern plains are thought to be the sorry remnants of evil experiments by a mad sorcerer many centuries ago. They are huge, bulky humanoids, resembling a cross between a rhinoceros and a human. Their heads are large, with a huge horn of matted hair projecting from their foreheads. Their skin hangs in thick folds, and is tougher than leather armour. If encountered in the wild (a fairly rare occurrence, as they are not a common species), they will usually be on the trail of game, and carrying crude spears and knives. Some Rhino-Men, however, may be found serving as guards and soldiers for an evil leader, in which case they will be carrying better weapons and may be wearing the livery of their master. They don't make particularly good soldiers, for they are surly and clumsy, but their strength serves them in good stead in a fight.

ROCK DEMON

SKILL: 10 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 13
HABITAT: Demonic Plane, Hills, Mountains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Demon
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: None

Not all Demons are as sophisticated and decadent as Night or Snake Demons. There are some which are completely without the least vestiges of intelligence – vast brutes whose sole enjoyment comes from swatting, crushing and squashing lesser beings. ROCK DEMONS are particularly brutish. About four metres high, they take the form of ugly, misshapen humanoids equipped with hands the size of a Storm Giant's head! They appear to have a hide made completely of stone which somehow flows and bends like flesh, and can be pierced by a sharp blade. Their legs disappear down into the soil as if it were water. They are violent and aggressive, and delight in killing anything they encounter.

It has been suggested by those brave enough to make a study of the Greater Demons that Rock Demons were originally made by the Princes in mockery of the Earth Elementals. Certainly they bear many resemblances, but their power is nowhere as strong. Despite their size and apparently rocky hides, Rock Demons can be harmed by normal weapons, and they cannot move real stone or earth except to throw at an opponent. Nevertheless, they are more than a match for most as they rise out of the ground, dripping mud and soil, to tower thunderously above their prey.

ROCK GRUB

SKILL: 7 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 11
HABITAT: Dungeons, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Insect
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Deep below the surface, monstrous insects chew their way through rock and stone. ROCK GRUBS are enormous creatures, looking like beetle-headed worms. They bore vast tunnels, eating everything in their path with enormously powerful mandibles, and leaving only a sticky trail of slime behind them. They are completely blind, but they appear to be able to sense the heat of living creatures. They are attracted to warmth, and will attempt to eat any living things they encounter, grasping them in their jaws and crushing them before digesting them. Dwarfs sometimes follow Rock Grubs as they burrow through the ground, for they know that the creatures can uncover seams of precious metals, ready to be mined.

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER

SKILL: 11
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Hills, Forests, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

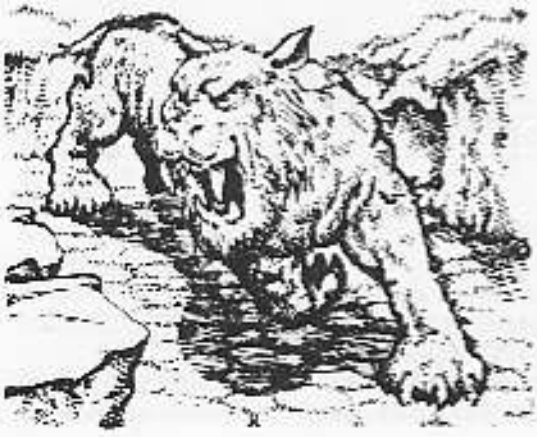

SABRE-TOOTHED TIGERS are highly dangerous but luckily rare predatory cats, which dwell in warm, hilly regions. They live on just about any fresh meat they can catch, usually deer and wild boar, attacking with claws and the long fangs which give the beasts their name. Despite their voracious appetites and violent manner, Sabre-toothed Tigers are highly sought after by human hunters, as well as cavemen and other humanoids, for their magnificent pelts, which can fetch as much as 1,000 Gold Pieces in a large town. Among many of the primitive hill-tribes, a chief is chosen by a contest involving the single-handed capture, killing and skinning of a Sabre-toothed Tiger. The pelt is then proudly worn by the new chief, as an unmistakable badge of his office.

SAND DEVIL

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Deserts, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The sufi (or holy men) of the nomadic tribes of the Desert of Skulls tell many tales of the mysterious SAND DEVILS. Encountered only rarely in the sands of the vast desert wastes, they appear as dense, swirling spirals, shifting and dancing in the heat. They are solitary creatures, but occasionally serve, for the sake of mutual friendship, as lookouts and magical familiars for desert Elves, feeding off the energy cast in their ritual spells.

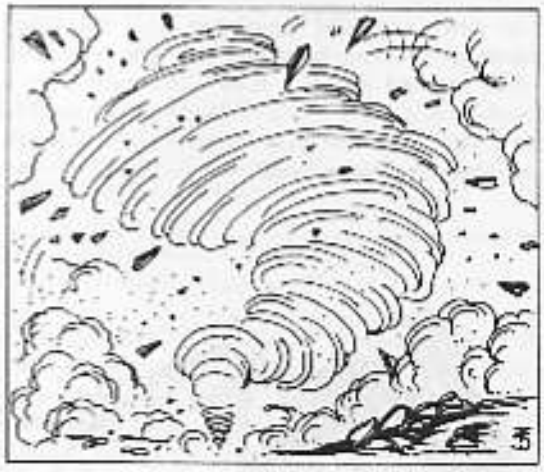

Sand Devils appear to be wardens over the desert in much the same way that druids care for plants and forests. As a result, they are very territorial, and will try to keep all trespassers away from the areas they care for. They will rise out of the dunes, swirling angrily at the transgressors of their sacred reaches, spilling sand and dust into the air. They fight by enveloping their opponents in abrasive sand, which stings and cuts into flesh, cloth and even

metal. Their shifting, insubstantial forms are difficult to strike with any great force; any hit on a Sand Devil will do only a single point of damage.

Water, if thrown over a Sand Devil in sufficient quantity, acts as a virulent poison, and will kill it in minutes. In the rare cloudbursts that bring much-needed water to the parched desert, the creature burrows deep into the dunes, mingling with the sand until the fatal rain passes by.

GIANT SANDWORM

	Adult	*Young*	
SKILL:	10	7	*Adults have 5 Attacks*
STAMINA:	20	8	*Young have 3 Attacks*

HABITAT: Deserts
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The sand rises in a long line as though something were swimming just beneath the surface. Suddenly, the sand is broken and the GIANT SANDWORM rears in the air, poised to strike. Adult Sandworms can grow to twenty metres long (young ones perhaps half that); their bodies are divided into hundreds of segments that gradually taper towards their tails. Their rudimentary heads are made up of a gigantic oval mouth, lined with a ring of spiky teeth and surrounded by a number of scent glands which enable them to detect their prey. If an adult Sandworm scores two hits in succession on its target, it will swallow him and he will quickly die in the powerful digestive acids in its stomach.

The desert nomads sometimes hunt the Giant Sandworm, using harpoons just like a whaler, while perched astride a horse. The meat from a Sandworm is fairly edible, its teeth can be used to make strong ivory daggers and its skin is very tough and ideal for making tents.

GIANT SCORPION

SKILL: 10 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Caves, Deserts, Wilderness, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Insect
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

GIANT SCORPIONS are fearsome creatures found in many parts of the world, from temperate wastelands to the burning hot sands of deserts. They are aggressive predators, and are not afraid of attacking humans. Around three metres in length, they are covered in shiny black or brown armour. Their huge claws extend out on strong limbs, and above their backs hangs their deadly sting, as large as a man's head.

Their typical tactic is to grasp their victim with a dextrous claw and lash him with their sting. Each claw can attack independently; if it is taking on a lone prey, it will attack with both of them at once. If a Giant Scorpion gets a strong grip on its opponent (if 22 is rolled for its Attack Strength or, in the case of two opponents, if both Attacks are successful), its sting will whip forward and inject a fatal poison that will take scant seconds to kill the victim(s). Once its prey is dead, the Giant Scorpion will drag the fresh corpse into its bone-littered cave or a shady corner, and eat it.

SENTINEL

	Gem Sentinel	*Metal Sentinel*
SKILL:	11	12
STAMINA:	9	12

HABITAT: Among a treasure-hoard
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

There are many methods employed by wizards and noblemen to protect their vast treasure-hoards, including Golems, Crystal Warriors and SENTINELS. First created by a sorcerer in the service of Baron Kognoy of Kaypong, a province to the east of Fang, they are powerful, near-invisible guardians, though unlike many are quite easy for their master to control. They are created by pouring a specially formulated magical potion over a piece of gem or metal, in order to create a Sentinel of the same basic material. The potion-covered item, typically a Gold Piece or a small diamond, will retain its form until touched by human flesh. When creating a Sentinel, it is very advisable to wear gloves!

The potion-drenched object is usually secreted near the top of the treasure it protects, where it will hopefully be picked up by a thief. Once touched by human hands, it will immediately transform into a large, fearsome warrior. The Sentinel cannot be harmed by blows from normal weapons, unless its opponent is in contact with a piece of the material from which it was formed. Thus, to damage a Gold Sentinel its opponent must be holding a Gold Piece, or some other golden item. Should it be defeated, a Sentinel will instantaneously change back into its original form.

SERPENT GUARD

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Wilderness, Deserts
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Reptile/humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

In their labyrinthine stone cities hidden deep in the far southern reaches of the Desert of Skulls, the Caarth are ruled over by demonic sorcerers. Forever searching for ways of extending the powers of their snake forefathers, and in worship of their most beloved Sith, they have tried to merge humanoids with snakes in many ways. SERPENT GUARDS are thought to be the result of one of their more successful experiments.

They are disconcerting beings, with their humanoid upper torso perched above a huge snake's body and tail. Their heads are distinctly snake-like too, with large eyes and wide fang-filled mouths. They are covered with reptilian scales, though their upper quarters are more usually hidden under layers of armour. Serpent Guards are intelligent enough to be given complex orders by their evil masters, usually being assigned to patrol the outer defences of their cities or lands. They will always be carrying an array of weapons, for they are highly skilled in the use of sword, battle axe and spear, and will prove to be deadly adversaries.

SERPENT QUEEN

SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Port Blacksand
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: High

The SERPENT QUEEN is a curious being, the subject of much speculation by learned scholars. She arrived in Port Blacksand many years ago, in the company of a merchant who claimed to have found her wandering aimlessly while he was crossing the fringes of the Desert of Skulls. She in turn claimed to have originally been human, but to have been transformed in a cruel ritual by the wicked sorcerer-priests of the Caarth, in a city hidden deep in the desert. In an attempt to resurrect the spirit of an ancient queen, the vile beings had turned her head into that of a snake. Before they completed the ritual, she managed to escape, only to wander across the desert for many days, until she was found.

She now dwells in Port Blacksand, under the patronage of Lord Azzur, who keeps her surrounded with such finery that she is now known as the Serpent Queen. She is a sorry thing, with a quick and violent temper. Anyone who deals with her must guard his tongue, or she may attack him in rage. Her neck will extend from its coils and she will try to sink her poisoned fangs into his neck. Her powerful venom will cause 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point of damage. Rumours in the taverns whisper that she has killed many retainers, and that Lord Azzur would pay well to have her transformed back into a human once more – but no one has yet dared to take up the challenge.

SHAPECHANGER

SKILL: 10 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Forests, Plains, Hills, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid/monster
REACTION: Neutral–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

There are some predators that use stripes or spots to hide in cover until they can leap on their prey. But the SHAPECHANGER has the best camouflage of all, for it can transform itself into other creatures. In the guise of a weak, defenceless being, it will approach its human victim before striking!

Its powers are thought to be part illusion and part physical transformation. It can change the general shape, size and features of its body, and fills in the finer details with a magical illusion rather like hypnotism. It mostly takes the form of a small, weak creature such as a Goblin, a Pixie, or even an ageing human – anything that will enable it to get close to its prey. Once it is in range, the Shapechanger's appetite will ruin its concentration, and it will begin to change back into its natural form.

Its features become reptilian, all green and scaly, and spines burst through the clothes down the length of its back to where a long tail now swishes in expectation of the meal to come. Its limbs thicken and it grows taller and broader, its sinewy body surmounted by a lizard-like head, a long forked tongue flicking languidly between alarmingly large teeth. It will attack by slashing with its clawed hands.

Once it has eaten its fill of its prey, the Shapechanger may steal fine items of clothing to replace those ruined by its transformation, before moving on in search of more food.

SHARK

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Sea
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Fish
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

SHARKS of all types may be found in the warm waters of the southern half of the Western Ocean, where they roam constantly in search of food. They can prove a great hazard to swimmers and sailors, and are able to hear movement in the water from over a mile away. Once blood is spilled, the water will soon be full of hungry Sharks, hoping for an easy kill. For every wound inflicted, either on a Shark or its opponent, there is a 1 in 6 chance that another will arrive and attack the creature that was injured. Fighting underwater is difficult, and will temporarily remove 2 points from a land-dweller's Attack Strength. There is also the danger of drowning. Unless an opponent can defeat the Shark(s) in less rounds than his current SKILL, he will drown and become a meal for the Sharks anyway.

Although Sharks are normally found in the sea, they may also be encountered as part of a nasty trap

in a dungeon or tomb. They will be much the same as ocean-dwelling Sharks, but in this case others will not be attracted by the smell of spilled blood.

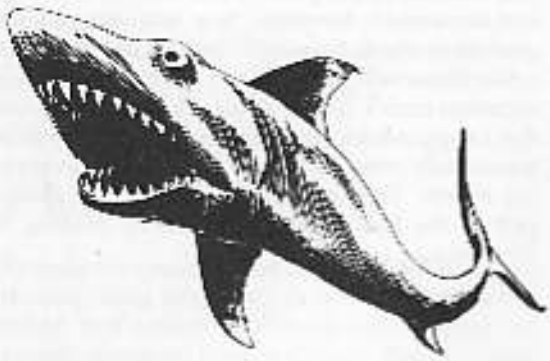

SKELETON

	Skeleton	*Skeleton Warrior*
SKILL:	6	8
STAMINA:	5	6

HABITAT: Dungeons, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

SKELETONS are the favourite servants of many evil sorcerers. They are fairly easy to animate, like Zombies, but unlike the latter they do not fall apart after a few months. They are not intelligent, but they will be bound obediently to their master, who can give them short commands up to about twenty-five words long. If their master dies, the Skeletons he animated will instantly fall apart. They are fairly skilled at fighting, not least because their jerky, almost insect-like movements distract their opponents. They will typically be armed with swords or axes. Since they are nothing more than bones held together with a little magic, swords and daggers have great trouble harming them. Anyone using an edged weapon will cause only 1 point of damage to a Skeleton. Smashing and crushing weapons will do normal damage.

Some necromancers have managed to instil a greater fighting skill into their Skeletons, to create SKELETON WARRIORS. These will usually be clad in strong armour and carrying a broadsword or battle-axe. Again they need short commands, but since they are unable to do anything but fight, the orders can be more specific. They are usually left on guard-duty over particular areas, patrolling unceasingly until they encounter an intruder. Skeleton Warriors are like normal Skeletons in that sharp weapons only do 1 point of damage to them; blunt weapons do normal damage.

SKORN

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Dungeons, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–7 (1 die plus 1)
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average

> First came N'yadach, cruel master of all,
> Then crept lowly Skorn, forever in thrall.
> But rebellion's fire burnt palace and hall,
> And sore-abused servants brought on their downfall.
>
> – *Ancient Dwarfish rhyme*

In times gone by, the SKORN were enslaved by the N'yadach and were set to build elaborate underground palaces for their cruel masters. But war came, an endless, costly war against the Dwarfish nations, and the Skorn were put to work building siege-engines instead. They worked until they dropped, and were then whipped until they rose again. The Skorn were typically patient, thoughtful creatures, but, sweating away in the darkness, they plotted to overthrow their evil captors. A major offensive by the Dwarfs provided them with a distraction: they killed their guards with daggers secretly made from flint, and threw off their chains. Their chambers were soon overrun by the Dwarfs, with whom they joined forces to cleanse the caverns and tunnels of the N'yadach. Once the war was won, their allies gave them a large district for their part in the conflict, and the two races have remained friendly to this day.

Skorn are a little over a metre high, hunched and stooped from years of mining and tunnelling. They have large, bald heads with high ridged foreheads. Their eyes are deep-set and piercing, enabling them to see well in near darkness. Their faces look distinctly like those of Hobgoblins and Orcs, though it is not thought that they are related. From the sides of their mouths poke small upturned fangs, which they use to chew up the rats and other scuttlers they live on. Their bodies are muscular and completely hairless. Skorn typically dress in short loincloths and leather-thonged sandals, with a thin stiletto-like dagger thrust through their belts. They will

often be covered in dust and sweat, and carrying picks and lanterns. They are by nature relentless builders, and very territorial too. They do not take kindly to trespassers in their tunnels, and will escort them brusquely but calmly away from the area.

It is thought that Skorn are ruled over by a powerful warrior, a descendant of the heroes of their rebellion, who lives in a vast cavern encrusted with precious metals and gems and illuminated by many torches.

SKUNKBEAR

SKILL: 7 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Forests, Hills, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The size and fearlessness of SKUNKBEARS make them exceedingly dangerous. They are almost three metres tall when they rear up on their hind legs to attack, and are covered in shaggy black and white fur with long bushy tails. They typically make their homes in caves or hollow trees, but during the daylight hours they will roam over a wide area in search of food. They are found almost exclusively in the wild mountainous areas of Kakhabad.

Skunkbears eat most living things, typically deer and boar. Their huge claw-tipped paws are normally sufficient to cope with most creatures. If they feel threatened, however, they will use another method of attack. Turning its back on its opponent, a Skunkbear will lift its tail and squirt a nauseating secretion from a special gland. This smells so foul that its opponent will be forced to fight with 2 points temporarily removed from his SKILL as he gags on the stench. This smell also permeates the glossy pelt of the Skunkbear, unfortunately making it worthless.

SLEEPING GRASS

SKILL: 6 (see below)
STAMINA: 2
HABITAT: Wilderness, Hills, Plains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1 patch
TYPE: Plant
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: None

SLEEPING GRASS is not an actively carnivorous plant, but it can nevertheless greatly affect anyone encountering it. It is a fiery-red colour (a large patch of it gives Firetop Mountain its name), and produces many small flowers among its blades. The flowers emit a very sweet smell when disturbed, and fill the air with a cloud of pollen. Anyone who disturbs the grass will suddenly feel very relaxed and tired, and will stop to sit among the flowers and rest. He will feel his eyelids growing heavy, and then fall into a deep sleep full of vivid dreams for several hours. Predators sometimes wait near patches of Sleeping Grass, knowing that there is a chance of some easy prey. Unless they are very quick in dragging their victim off the patch, though, they will fall asleep themselves. It can be truly alarming to wake up surrounded by a pack of lions, Orcs and Snattacats, all fast asleep!

SLIME EATER

SKILL: 7 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 11
HABITAT: Towns (sewers), Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Its name says exactly what the SLIME EATER does: the disgusting thing delights in feeding on the foul gunge that collects in cesspools and sewers, especially under old cities like Khané. They are huge, blubbery creatures, roughly humanoid in size, with a vast trough of a mouth, which is perfect for scooping up sludge. Their large eyes are ringed red from the overwhelming fumes of their homes, and they have a pair of short, tube-like horns which blow sulphurous steam from the tops of their heads. Their whole body is bloated and flabby, their arms and legs fat but also muscular.

Slime Eaters are very sociable creatures, and can often be found wallowing together in the muck that fills their tunnels. When one of them, foraging for food, discovers a particularly choice slurry of stinking sewage, it will bellow down the echoing tunnels for its fellows to join it for a feast. As well as slime, the creatures also enjoy fresh meat, though most of the time they have to settle for rats or Sewer Snakes, which are apparently very stringy. There is a rumour that speaks of a giant Slime Eater, served by a horde of lesser beasts, which dwells in a cavernous sewer deep below Khané – though no one has dared test the truth of it!

SLIME SUCKER

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Marshes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

In the stinking, black, slime-filled waters at the heart of a swamp, there live disgusting and dangerous beasts known as SLIME SUCKERS. They look like creatures out of a nightmare. Six octopus-like legs support a shapeless body, which merges into a head with huge, evil eyes and a cavernous, tooth-filled mouth. From the top of its head sprouts a pair of breathing-tubes that allow it to lurk beneath the surface of the mud, awaiting its next meal. Dark green, foul-smelling slime covers its body, and it gurgles disgustingly in anticipation of a meal.

Fighting such a creature often means standing knee-deep in mud, which will temporarily reduce the opponent's fighting SKILL by 2 points. The Slime Sucker itself has little trouble negotiating the treacherous swamps, shifting its weight from one tentacle-like leg to another while lashing out at its prey with two more. Once it has caught and killed its prey, it will drag it beneath the stinking waters, to nibble it slowly to the bone, gorging on the succulent meat.

GIANT SLUG

SKILL: 7 *4 Attacks*
STAMINA: 15
HABITAT: Marshes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Mollusc
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Pale grey in colour, but spattered with foul-smelling green slime, GIANT SLUGS roam through the fetid swamps in search of suitable food, their huge bloated bodies dragging slowly through the mire. Growing to almost eight metres long and three metres across, they are vile, repulsive creatures, their boneless bodies rippling disgustingly as they slither along. They prefer to roam after sundown, for they dislike bright light, and spend their days half-submerged in mud in the shelter of the reeds.

Giant Slugs eat virtually anything edible, for they need large amounts of food to keep their huge bodies alive. When it comes to catching living things, however, they are rather too slow and

ponderous. So they have developed poisonous saliva, which they are able to spit for quite a distance. The stuff will hit its victim and cause 3 points of damage to his STAMINA, unless he can dodge it by rolling his SKILL or less on two dice. A Giant Slug can only spit once every hour, so once it has done so it must close with its prey and fight by trying to catch him in its huge mouth and swallowing him whole.

SLYKK

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Marshes, Caves, Rivers
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–12
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The SLYKK are a race of small and slimy frog like amphibians which dwell in many places across Allansia and elsewhere. They need to live close to water, and can be found in marshland, rivers and damp caves – anywhere they can keep their skins moist and slimy. Slykk stand on their hind feet, and can grasp with their hands, but they still bear a marked resemblance to their frog ancestors. They communicate in patterns of stilted croaks, and have powerful legs and webbed feet for swimming. Their tongues are prehensile, and they can use them to snatch small water creatures to eat, though they are useless against larger beings.

Slykk live in different tribes, each with its own distinguishing patterns and colours, which range from green and yellow to brown and black. The tribes are always feuding with one another, for a variety of petty reasons incomprehensible to non-Slykk. Warriors can sometimes be encountered on patrols on the edge of their territory, carrying crude spears and swords. Their inability to unite into one race has proved very costly to the Slykk, and the weakened tribes suffer badly from the ravages of many predators, including Giant Leeches and Kokomokna. The tribes are ruled over by strong, over-proud chieftains, who often parade in their finery, decorated with jewels and gold stolen from human adventurers who have been caught up in one of their interminable civil wars.

SNAKE

	Poisonous Snake	*Sewer Snake*	*Giant Snake*
SKILL:	5	6	7
STAMINA:	2	7	11

HABITAT: Jungles, Deserts, Marshes, Wilderness, Dungeons, Ruins, Caves, Forests, Towns (sewers)
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED:
Poisonous – 1–6
Sewer/Giant – 1
TYPE: Reptile
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

SNAKES are common creatures found in most parts of the world. While there are many harmless species, there are others that can be surprisingly dangerous. POISONOUS SNAKES come in a number of different species, ranging from fifteen centimetres to three metres long. If more than one Snake is encountered, their STAMINA scores should be added together and they will fight as a single monster. If they score a successful hit, the poison in their fangs will cause 4 points of damage instead of the usual 2.

SEWER SNAKES are powerful Snakes found only in the septic muck below ancient cities like Kharé and Blacksand. They are a disgusting grey-brown in colour, and grow up to five metres long. Their favourite method of hunting prey is to hang down from the ceiling and drop on it as it passes by. They are not venomous, but their bite can still severely injure their prey.

GIANT SNAKES are rare creatures, usually only encountered in deep water or at the heart of a large swamp. They can grow up to thirty metres in length and a metre thick. The scores above are for a creature fifteen metres long. For every extra five metres, add 1 SKILL and 3 STAMINA points (thus a Giant Snake twenty-five metres long will have SKILL 9 and STAMINA 17). If a Giant Snake scores two hits in succession, it will swallow its prey whole and he will quickly die in its powerful digestive acids.

SNAKE DEMON

SKILL: 14 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 25
HABITAT: Demonic Plane, Dungeons, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Demon
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

The three SNAKE DEMONS spend much of their time slumped sullenly on their respective thrones in the great hall of their bizarre palace, arguing and bickering over every decision they have to make. The Princes, named Ishtra, Myurr and Sith, are high-ranking members of Hell's nobility, but they are somewhat lacking in the appropriate courtly airs and graces, and their discussions often end in one of them declaring war against the others. The unceasing eternity of their existence has resulted in its having long since lost all novelty – in short, they are bored. All of them are inhumanly cruel to all their servants all of the time, of course, but blasting a miserable Demonic Servant into a pile of bones lost its attraction eons ago. There is one activity, though, for which they can still muster a semblance of enthusiasm, and that is being unspeakably nasty to humans.

The Earthly machinations of Sith, in particular, sometimes shock even the most decadent Demons. It enjoys persuading all manner of races to wage pointless and bloody wars against mankind, simply for sport. Its religion, furthermore, demands sacrifices and blood-letting to appease its desire to inflict as much suffering as possible on the race of man, for it delights in seeing the puny beings squirm. It will sometimes even arrive in person to savour fully the subtle nuances of the occasion.

When appearing on the Earthly Plane, a Snake Demon will tone down its usual grisly appearance, and simply manifest itself as a greenish-black, snake-headed, four-armed, bat-winged, three-metre-tall humanoid! The aura of Evil surrounding such a monstrosity will cause all Good-hearted beings it encounters to lose 1 point of SKILL and 2 of LUCK. Like most Demon Princes, it can only be harmed by an enchanted or blessed weapon; holy water will act like acid and deliver one die of STAMINA damage to it. The four arms of a Snake Demon give it incredible dexterity in combat and allow it to deliver a second blow against an opponent each Attack Round (an adventurer successfully beating this second strike will save himself from damage, but will not inflict any himself). When appearing on this plane, a Snake Demon will be tied to its own dimension by a magical link, in the form of a gem, which holds back the elemental forces that would immediately throw the abomination back to where it came from. Smashing such a gem will instantly banish the Demon, but the explosion will deliver two dice of damage to its destroyer, unless he is well protected by magical charms and spells.

SNAPPERFISH

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 2
HABITAT: Rivers, Lakes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Fish
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

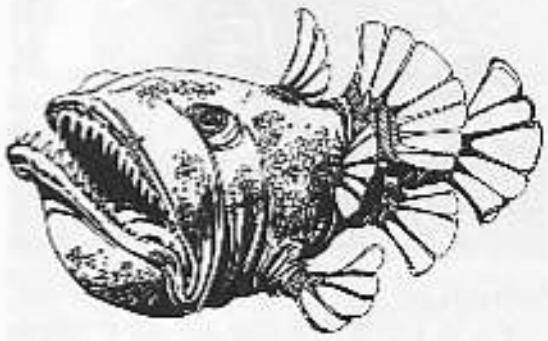

The SNAPPERFISH is an infrequent hazard found in a number of locations across Allansia and beyond. Little larger than a man's hand, it is neverthe-

less equipped with amazingly powerful jaws and teeth like a row of fine needles. Snapperfish are savage carnivores, despite their size, and can always detect potential food when it is in the same body of water as them. Their bite is even worse than that of a Piranha, both doing physical damage and causing a great shock to their victim's nervous system: it does 3 points of STAMINA damage and 1 point of SKILL damage. Once the prey is dead, they will strip the flesh from it in a few minutes, leaving only the bare bones to drift to the bottom . . .

SNATTACAT

SKILL: 7 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 3–8 (1 die plus 2)
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

'As surprising as a SNATTACAT!' is an oft-used phrase across the Badlands of central Kakhabad, for the powers of a Snattacat are infamous. The beasts in question are man-eating predators, about the size of a large dog. They are covered in short black fur dashed with yellow stripes, which camouflages them in the thick undergrowth of the depths of the Forest of Snatta where they live. Their heads are like that of a tiger, but with a snub, squat snout that gives them a rather ugly appearance. Many unfortunate men and women – hunters, farmers and adventurers – can attest to the sharpness of their teeth and claws, and more . . .

Snattacats can turn themselves invisible at will, simply by closing their eyes and concentrating. They can then attack their prey without fear, hitting it automatically for 2 points of damage. Trying to hit an invisible opponent is like fighting in the dark, and will reduce an adventurer's SKILL by 2 points. If he manages to hit a Snattacat, the beast will be dazed for a while, lose concentration and reappear. In the next round, it can be attacked normally, but unless the Snattacat is injured further it will blink out of sight again the round after and attack again. Once their prey has been killed, the whole pack will feast – remaining invisible to do so, a most alarming sight! – before a slight rustling in the long grass indicates that they have moved on in search of more food.

GIANT SPIDER

SKILL: 7 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Forests, Caves, Ruins, Dungeons, Marshes, Wilderness, Deserts
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Insect
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Found in many parts of the world, from the hottest desert to the dampest swamp, GIANT SPIDERS are frightening predators. Constantly on the look-out for food, these huge black monsters grow to prodigious sizes, with bodies sometimes over a metre across. Some hunt their prey by stalking them silently before striking. Others build webs, vast sticky nets designed to entangle any creature that comes too near. Anyone caught in a Giant Spider's web must roll his current SKILL score or below on two dice twice, to escape its tangles. While he is struggling free, the Spider can make an automatic attack, biting deeply for 2 points of damage. Webs burn easily, though anyone caught in a blazing web will take 2 dice of STAMINA damage, unless they can escape in time.

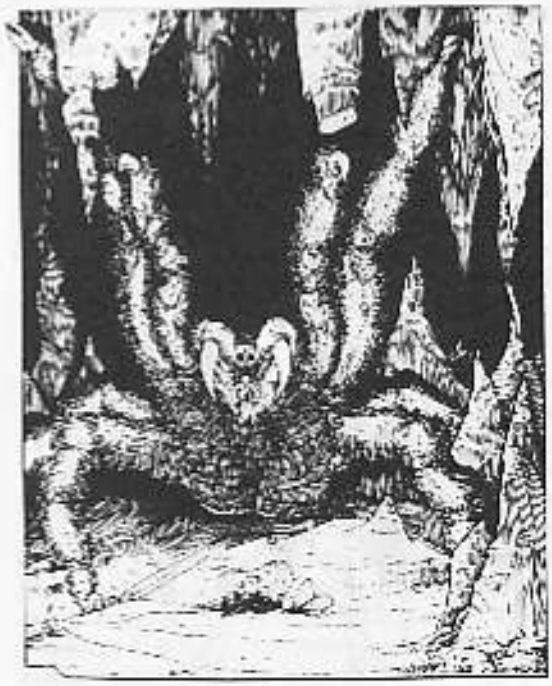

SPIDER MAN

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Caves, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Insect/humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

The strange creatures known as SPIDER MEN are the result of a particularly cruel joke played by a Demon Prince upon a coven of its acolytes. They had asked their master to change them into Death Spiders, so that they might ensnare more souls for it. On a sadistic whim, it decided to show these puny humans what a curse a spider's body could be.

Spider Men look much like a Death Spider, with a human head on top of a spider's hairy body. However, where the Death Spider's body grew to match the size of its head, the Spider Men's heads diminished to match their bodies, leaving them about ten centimetres across! Since they were loyal servants, though, their Demon Prince master endowed them with a fatal poisonous bite, before leaving them to scuttle about the world.

They are foul-tempered little things, for they begrudge everything that draws breath, and they will attack anything they encounter with a berserk fury that would be laughable in something their size were it not so serious. Should they manage to bite their opponent, their venomous fangs will inject a fatal poison that will incapacitate him in a few brief moments, and kill him quickly but painfully a little while later.

SPIRIT STALKER

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 8
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

Animating a corpse so that it becomes a mindless Zombie requires a fair amount of magical knowledge and research, but it can be done by any sorcerer worth his staff. Creating the diabolical undead beings known as SPIRIT STALKERS, however, requires remarkable power. The last known sorcerer to possess such power was the Night Prince, Zanbar Bone – but then he was already half-undead himself.

Spirit Stalkers appear as extremely pallid, ghoulish humans, with decaying skin stretched so tightly across their bones that it has torn in many places. They will usually wear cloaks and cowls to hide their horrifying features. Unlike a Zombie, they have retained their intelligence, and will prove to be skilful opponents. The touch of a Spirit Stalker burns living flesh, for 2 points of damage to a person's STAMINA. Their deathly origins mean that they cannot be harmed by normal weapons, which will puncture and cut them but will not harm them physically. Only a weapon made from solid silver can harm a Spirit Stalker, burning its dead flesh just as its touch burns living flesh. When they finally die, their robes fall to the floor, as their bodies dissolve in a hiss of thin smoke to be blown away on the wind.

SPIT TOAD

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Marshes, Rivers
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Amphibian
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Even in the most placid and idyllic pools dangerous creatures may lurk just below the surface. The SPIT TOAD is one such peril, a man-sized amphibian that attacks by shooting a jet of acid at any creature stopping to drink at its pool. Unless the target rolls under his SKILL score (on two dice), he will be blinded by the liquid, leaving him vulnerable to the Spit Toad as it leaps out of the water and attacks with a mouth full of teeth. If its opponent has been blinded, it will automatically bite him in its first strike, causing 2 points of STAMINA damage; otherwise, the fight will proceed as normal. Should the Spit Toad kill its opponent, it will swallow him whole, before leaping back into its pool. Spit Toads

are solitary creatures, and only meet up on one night a year, to mate and spawn in the moonlight before returning to the safety of their lonely pools, to wait for their next meal.

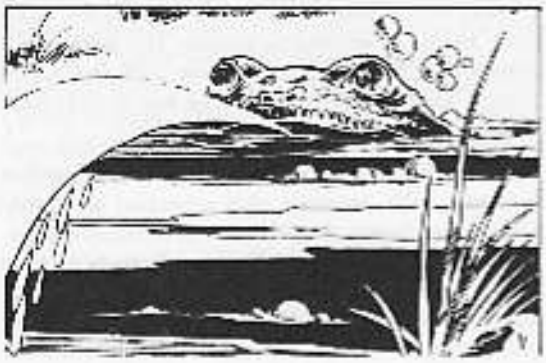

SPRITE

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Forests, Hills, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: High

SPRITES are tiny woodland creatures thought to be related to Elvins and Pixies (they are sometimes mistakenly called Wood Pixies). They grow to about forty centimetres, and usually dress in clothes of green or brown. Their most noticeable feature is the pair of delicate, gossamer-thin wings which stretch out from their shoulders for almost half a metre. Sprites can fly well, flitting in and out of the trees of their forest home. They are peaceful creatures, and are rather shy of larger beings; they will normally try to hide when approached by a human. The only large beings they trust at all are Elves, who they know will not harm them.

If threatened, or if they are feeling especially brave and mischievous, Sprites can always resort to their magical powers. They know a number of spells, including Drowsiness, which will send its target to sleep for a short while, and a whole host of illusions, including the creation of false treasure, and the sudden appearance of contagious boils on someone's face. Their magic is not really harmful to anyone, but can give the Sprite time to flee the area or fetch stronger help.

STING WORM

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Caves, Forests, Hills, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Related, it is thought, to the Giant Sandworms of the Desert of Skulls, STING WORMS are vast predatory beasts found in isolated places across the northern lands. Their huge, segmented bodies grow up to seven metres long. Their tails are tipped with the sharp poisonous stings that give them their name. In a fight the Sting Worm will slash and stab with this; should it hit, the poisoned tip will cause 3 points of damage, instead of the usual 2.

Sting Worms trap their prey by digging large pits in the ground, with sloping sides covered in slimy secretions. Passing creatures who venture too close to the edge may lose their footing and slip down into the creature's lair, where the thing will attack hungrily! There may be many remnants of the beast's past victims at the bottom of its pit. Bones will predominate, but there may also be a few items of equipment, and maybe even some treasure.

STRANGLEBUSH

SKILL: 5 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Plant
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Low

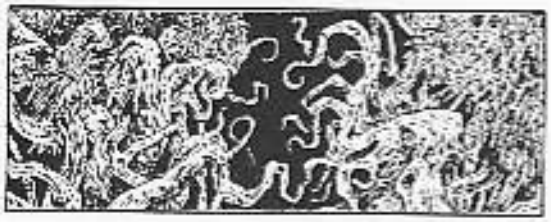

At the heart of the Forest of Snalla in northern Kakhabad, the STRANGLEBUSHES grow, feeding off the creatures they catch in their long, tentacle-like branches. Similar in many ways to Tangle-weed, they can control their branches, using them to entwine around limbs and drag their prey into the heart of the bush where their bodies will be absorbed. The strange plant will attack as normal, but its attempts will not appear to be doing any damage. Instead, it will just tighten its grip a little more. If its opponent has not escaped the clutches of the Stranglebush after five Attack Rounds, he will be completely immobilized and can only wait to be choked to death by the plant before his juices are squeezed out of him.

STRANGLE WEED

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 13
HABITAT: Forests, Ruins, Jungles
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Plant
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Low

STRANGLE WEED occurs in many overgrown areas, but it is most commonly found hidden among the dense thickets at the heart of Darkwood Forest. Although it looks much like the trees that surround it, it is in fact a large, vine-like creeper, and a most voracious one at that.

The main body of the plant grows up to four metres high, and can easily be mistaken for a real tree-trunk, with its rough, bark-like surface. From around the top of this thick stem as many as fifty thin tendrils droop to the ground. The Strangle Weed uses them as a fisherman would, to trap the small creatures it usually lives off.

Each tendril is about six metres long, and ends in a cluster of bright, pungent-smelling flowers. When an unsuspecting creature stops to nibble, or disturbs the tendrils in any way, the rest of the creepers lash around it. Squeezing with prodigious strength, they choke the prey to death, and then raise it to the top of the stem and squash its juices out into a shallow hollow, where they are slowly digested over the next few hours.

Strangle Weed isn't averse to snatching at anything that disturbs its creepers, and that includes humans! If an unwary adventurer should activate the tendrils, they will immediately whip around him. While he may make the normal attack, the Strangle Weed will also automatically strangle 1 point of his STAMINA every round. If the adventurer dies, it will raise the corpse up, and slowly crush his flesh and extract his juices, leaving the skeleton hanging high above the ground. It can be very disconcerting to take a stroll through the forest and stumble on such horrific aerial graveyards!

SUMA

SKILL: 0 (see below)
STAMINA: 0 (see below)
HABITAT: Magical Planes, anywhere help is needed
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: High

The SUMA are a race of generally friendly and helpful spirits, related to the more mischievous Genies. Like the latter, they live on the various Magical Planes, basking in the warm ether streams that flow in such areas. Occasionally, however, they are sent to the Earthly Plane to watch over and care for adventurers favoured by the Gods, their patrons, and help them in their fight against Evil.

Much of the aid a Suma will give to its ward is done in secret, so the adventurer is unaware of its presence. They can turn invisible at will, and will help the adventurer by making swords break, monsters slip over, arrows miss and so on. All this will simply make the adventurer think he is particularly lucky; part of a Suma's task is to make sure its aid is not noticed. Sometimes, however, an adventurer will get himself into such dire straits that the Suma is forced to materialize to help him out. A typical manifestation is in the form of a glowing, golden human, sometimes found, Genie-like, inside an object such as a lantern.

In these extremely rare encounters, Suma will usually offer verbal advice. They can tell the adventurer how to escape his present situation, though they cannot help him physically. They will never dole out the traditional 'three wishes'; such an abuse of power is left to the more Chaotic Genies, as it can radically alter Fate, which is something a servant of Good will not attempt. The advice and aid of a Suma can sometimes be rather obscure for this reason, and may infuriate an adventurer if he

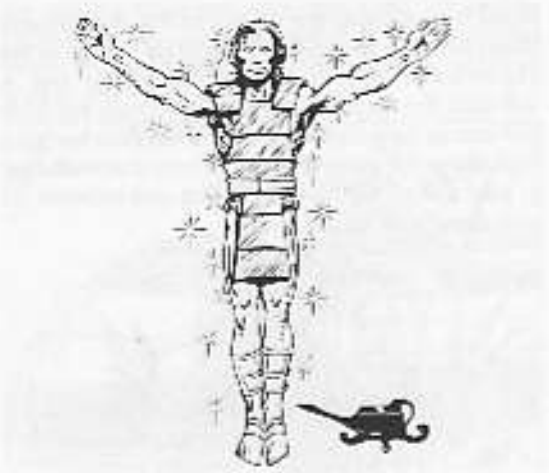

doesn't understand it. Attempting to attack Suma is pointless, however, for they have no physical form: they will simply blink out of existence and reappear somewhere else. They are well versed in the eccentricities of adventurers, and will be patient with them. They are well aware that the Gods of Good cannot act directly against the minions of Evil on Earth, and have to rely on the help of heroic adventurers in doing their work for them, with just a little guidance delivered by the Suma.

TANGLEWEED

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 6 per patch
HABITAT: Plains, Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6 patches
TYPE: Plant
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: Low

TANGLEWEED, also known as Bloodgrass or Devil's Tongue, is a strange type of blood-sucking grass found in isolated places, often intermingled with more normal plants. It grows to almost a metre in height and is difficult to distinguish from the other grasses it grows alongside. Unlike its fellow species, however, it can control the movements of the long, blade-like leaves which it uses to catch its food. The weird plants live by entangling small animals in their leaves and sucking their blood through hundreds of tiny needle-like hairs. They are not averse to attacking larger creatures either, though a particular clump can only do a maximum of 3 points of damage before it is full up.

The leaves will usually surround their prey before the latter is aware that anything is wrong, and so the damage is automatic. If other clumps are near enough, however, they will join in the feast and may be fought as normal; if the Tangleweed wins, it will latch on and drink its fill, for 3 points of damage. Once it has drunk as much as it can, the plant will loosen its hold and sink limply to the ground, its leaves a dull red colour. Fire brandished threateningly at a plant will keep it away (it is too moist to be burnt successfully), but while one plant is shrinking from the flames others may be gently approaching behind their prey, ready for their next meal of blood!

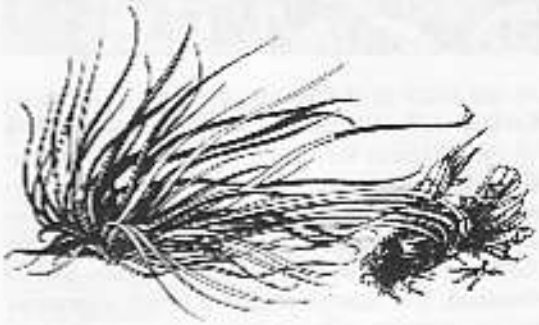

TARATOR

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 13
HABITAT: Caves, Dungeons, Hills
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average–Low

TARATORS are huge, ugly beasts usually found wandering around caverns underground. They stand almost two and a half metres tall, and their fat, leathery bodies are humanoid in shape and covered in folds of grey-green skin. Their huge heads look like an unfortunate cross between a toad and a gibbon, and they have enormous mouths to serve their main occupation, which is eating.

Tarators are solitary creatures, mostly because of their foul temperaments. They stamp around their domains, snarling to themselves and cursing all existence. They will attack almost anything they take a dislike to, from Dragons to daisies, and they can be very dangerous adversaries. In a fight, their enormous clawed fists allow them to do 3 points of damage after a successful hit. However, a winning hit against them in return will do 1 point less

damage than usual, because of their thick, blubbery skin. Tarators rarely stay in one place very long, for obvious reasons, and they never keep treasure, except to eat out of spite.

TENTACLED THING

SKILL: 8 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Marshes, Rivers, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

In desolate areas, far away from the settlements of men, evil lurks writhing and gibbering in blind hatred of light and life. Unwary explorers sometimes stumble into its domain, heedless of its presence until strong, slimy tentacles lash out of the murky water and wrap around their legs. The TENTACLED THING is powerful and cunning, and will soon drag them floundering into its pool. Even the hardiest warriors find it difficult to fight for their lives when entangled in thick, crushing tentacles under several metres of filthy water. Unless the victim can kill the monstrous creature in less Attack Rounds than his current SKILL score, he will drown and be devoured. Should he manage to kill the bloated monster, he will be able to extricate himself from its lifeless coils and rise to the surface coughing and choking, but otherwise alive and safe . . . for the time being.

TOA-SUO

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Mountains, Ice
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 3–18
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

The mysterious race of evil, shaggy humanoids known as the TOA-SUO inhabit caves and sheltered valleys in the icy wastes north of Icefinger Mountains. They are thought to be descended from Hobgoblin stock, but have long since adapted to life in sub-zero temperatures. Standing a little under two metres tall, and almost as broad, they are covered in sleek waves of white or light grey hair, save only for their faces and the palms of their hands, which are hairless, with a leathery covering of pinky skin.

Known to some as 'Snow Devils', Toa-Suo are carnivorous, and hunt incessantly across the icy reaches of the north. They fight with their claws, but have sometimes been seen throwing rocks and small boulders when ambushing prey from above. Strong and totally fearless, they have even been known to take on Frost Giants, though many of their number might die in such an attack. After a successful skirmish, the Toa-Suo gather up the corpses of all the dead, including their own, and drag them home to be eaten. In such desolate climes, creatures can't afford to let scruples about cannibalism stop them from eating what may be their only meal for a week. A Toa-Suo's whole existence revolves around finding the next meal, and packs of them roam far and wide in search of likely food. These creatures have a keen sense of direction and smell, and are often found in the company of Snow Wolves, which they use in tracking prey.

The race is divided into a large number of small tribes, which are further split into small family groups, or 'hearths'. For the most part, individual groups have little or nothing to do with one another. They don't appear to inhabit set hunting-areas; rather, each group roams where it pleases, taking whatever it comes across. At every winter solstice, however, all the hearths gather at a peculiar crag known in southern tales as Comrak's Eye, to receive blessing from the tribal shaman. The Eye is a finger of rock, perhaps forty metres high, which is pierced at its summit by a large, eye-shaped hole three metres across. When the sun is at its highest point on that day, it shines through the Eye, and strikes a low stone altar, around which the tribes all gather. The shaman sacrifices a mountain goat or snow deer, and casts many spells for good hunting and abundant prey for the coming year.

Toa-Suo speak in a guttural language that still retains some elements of the Hobgoblin tongue (about one in twenty Hobgoblins will understand what is being said). They keep little treasure, though tribal elders may be found wearing particularly decorative necklets or amulets around their broad necks. The shaman owns a sacrificial dagger made of a sliver of pure emerald, worth about 2,000 Gold Pieces; to attain such a magnificent weapon, however, a thief would first have to kill every member of every tribe!

The characteristics are for both male and female Toa-Suo. One in every four creatures, however, will be an immature one, with SKILL 3, STAMINA 6.

GIANT TOAD

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Marshes, Lakes, Rivers, Jungles
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Amphibian
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

GIANT TOADS may be found in many places, from the depths of the moist southern jungles to a chill pool far beneath the ground. Unlike Spit Toads, they do not need constant contact with water, but their surroundings must be fairly moist or their skin will dry and crack. They are repulsive, warty beasts, about one and a half metres high when crouched on all fours, typically coloured with mottled patches of yellow, green and brown. Their powerful hind legs allow them to hop up to ten metres at a single bound, which can often surprise an opponent. For even greater reach, the things have an extendable tongue, up to four metres long, with which they will attack. Because of the size and strength of much of its prey, however, a Giant Toad will first disable or kill, before attempting to swallow a victim. At the end of its sticky tongue there is a poison gland which means that the Toad's blows will do 4 points of damage to a person's STAMINA after a successful hit has been rolled. Once its prey is dead, the Toad will reel it in on its tongue and swallow it whole before moving on in search of more food.

TREE MAN

SKILL: 8 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 8 (see below)
HABITAT: Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Plant/humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average–Low

Forests don't just 'grow', they have to be tended and cared for if they are to survive to become strong and tall with trees. The Elves, forest-dwellers themselves, have long known this, but men have only recently encountered the gardeners of the forests – the TREE MEN.

At first sight, they are all but indistinguishable from the trees that surround them. They have tall trunks, with two large branches that they use as arms, surrounded by smaller ones. Hidden in their thick, cracked bark are a mouth and a pair of small, incredibly ancient eyes. The Tree Men move slowly among their trees on large splayed roots. They are very protective of their trees, and may attack anyone harming them, or even just trespassing in the forest. In an attack they will flay about with their two main branches. Each branch can attack separately and has 8 STAMINA points. The Tree Man itself will prove far too strong to kill, but disabling both of its arms will cause it to retreat, severely injured. Just like trees, the strange humanoids are very vulnerable to fire, and they will concentrate all their efforts on putting it out, allowing their opponents to escape their clutches.

TROGLODYTE

SKILL: 5
STAMINA: 4
HABITAT: Dungeons; Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–12
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average

TROGLODYTES are a race of small, misshapen humanoids that dwell far beneath the surface in caverns and chambers hewn from the solid rock itself. They stand about a metre high, with large ears and noses which help them move about in the darkness of their subterranean domain. Despite the darkness, they have become very skilled with their small bows – hitting on a roll of 1–5 on one die, for 1 point of damage. The little humanoids also use axes, daggers and tools made from sharpened flint.

The creatures worship a vast and complex pantheon of Deities and Demons, and they have erected huge golden statues in many places underground. It is not unusual for a larger being, wandering the lightless depths, to stumble upon a huge candle-lit cave, in which hundreds of tiny forms clad only in loincloths dance excitedly around a glowing pile of gold, chanting and wailing to their inhuman Gods. Troglodytes fear surface-dwelling creatures like men, and will not hesitate to attack them. When their prey has been overpowered, though, they may decide to have some sport with him, by putting him through the Run of the Arrow. One of the Troglodytes will fire an arrow into the distance, and a captive will be allowed to walk out to the spot where it has landed. Once there, they will start to shoot at him as he tries to escape. Despite the dark, he will rarely escape the Troglodytes' arrows.

TROLL

TROLLS are large, ugly humanoids related to Ogres, Orcs, Goblins and a variety of lesser crossbreeds. They may be found in many lands, but always doing what they most enjoy – being thoroughly evil! From the civilized Troll mercenaries of Port Blacksand to the savage Trolls of the Moonstone Hills and beyond, these creatures delight in torture, death and worse. There are a number of different types of Troll, found in different areas of the world.

CAVE TROLL

SKILL: 8 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Caves, Dungeons, Hills
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–2
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Violent, stupid, and thus very dangerous, CAVE TROLLS are the most primitive of all Troll races. They tend to be leaner than other Trolls, their bodies lithe and muscular with long arms that end in sharpened claws. They are uglier, if that is possible, than Common Trolls, and their teeth are far larger, sticking out more like tusks from their drooling mouths. They are solitary, unsociable creatures, usually found hiding from daylight in a dark cave or passage deep underground. They are exclusively carnivorous and delight in the tender flesh of humans, but more often have to settle for stringy rat meat. Their favourite weapons are clubs and long knives, though their talons are just as effective. They hoard shiny items, attracted by their glitter, and their lairs may be crammed with all manner of glinting things, some valuable.

COMMON TROLL

SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Towns, Plains, Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average–High

Once living in the wilderness like Orcs, COMMON TROLLS are mostly found in the armies of Evil, where they can practise their favourite hobbies against puny humans. There are still a few primitive tribes of Common Trolls living in rough villages in the wildlands, but even they are considerably more civilized (as Trolls go) than the average Hill or Cave Troll. If a more primitive Common Troll is encountered, its SKILL should be reduced by 2, for it will not have had the benefit of military training. Whatever their circumstances, Common Trolls are usually large and fat, taller than a human by about a head, with ugly faces and muscular limbs. They are gruff and surly creatures, but they enjoy jokes in which other beings get severely injured. Their favourite weapons are large battle-axes and warhammers.

HILL TROLL
SKILL: 9 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 10
HABITAT: Hills, Wilderness, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

The interminable wars between the Dwarfs and the HILL TROLLS have continued since before history was recorded, for the two races loathe each other. Hill Trolls are warlike beings, who provide endless hazards to travellers and settlers in the higher regions. They are the largest of all Trolls, usually dressed in furs and leathers, their long hair braided with bones and jewellery. Their favourite weapons are spears and battle-axes, and they also use shields and odd scraps of armour to protect themselves. They dwell in tribal villages high in the hills, from where they can sweep down into the valleys to attack the settlements of Dwarfs and humans alike.

SEA TROLL
SKILL: 8 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Sea, Rivers, Lakes
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

SEA TROLLS dwell in large bodies of water, from deep oceans to inland lakes. They have scaly green skins, webbed hands and feet, and gills in their necks, but otherwise look much like Cave Trolls. They live on fish, but occasionally manage to overturn a boat or pluck a tasty human from a riverbank. They can only survive in air for a few minutes, but that is usually enough for them to grab someone with their claws, bite deeply into his neck, and leap back into the water with him. They are hated by Merfolk, who will try to kill the things if they stray too near to their territory. Sea Trolls make their lairs in underwater caves, often hiding them with weed for protection. Inside there may be many relics of their past victims, both bones and treasure.

VAMPIRE

SKILL: 10 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 15
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons, Towns
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

Known to some as the Princes of Darkness, VAMPIRES are the most feared of all undead beings.

Their evil powers and near-immortality make them very difficult to kill, and many heroic adventurers have come to grief while trying to do just that. A Vampire will usually be encountered in or near its crypt, to which it must return to hide from the sun's fatal light every dawn. When it wishes to feed, a Vampire may turn itself into a bat and fly out into the night to seek a victim.

It feeds on the warm blood of humans, which it will try to suck straight from their jugulars by biting their necks with its elongated teeth. To help it get close enough to do this, a Vampire has a powerful hypnotic gaze. Anyone caught by the red eyed stare of a Vampire must successfully *Test for Luck*, or fall under its power, lose his own will and stand limply while the thing sucks out his blood. If a victim is bitten three times on consecutive nights, he will die and return as a Vampire himself, ready to seek out and feed off his fellow adventurers.

There are a number of ways that a Vampire can be killed. Exposing it to direct sunlight will kill the thing instantly, causing it to shrivel to dust in its cloak. A Vampire will rarely be caught in such a manner, however, since it flees to the sanctuary of its coffin at the first sign of dawn. A crucifix or clove of garlic brandished at the creature will keep it away for a few minutes only.

Attacking a Vampire with a normal weapon is not wise. A Vampire can be hit, and blows will appear to injure it. They won't in fact do any damage to the thing, however, and once the weapon is pulled out, the wounds will close again. A silver weapon can harm them. When a Vampire is killed in this way, its body will crumble to dust, but from it a bat will emerge and fly away. The bat is the Vampire's spirit, which will return to its normal form after a couple of days, and come back to extract its revenge.

The best way of killing a Vampire once and for all is to drive a stake through its heart while it sleeps during the day. To do this, of course, its coffin must be found, typically hidden in an ancient crypt beneath a graveyard. Once the stake has been driven into its heart, the Vampire will awake and then die painfully. The terrible being will remain dead until the stake is removed again, when it will return to life, unless it is beheaded and everything is burned.

GIANT VENUS FLY-TRAP

SKILL: 0 (see below)
STAMINA:
Each jaw – 5
Body – 10
HABITAT: Jungles
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Plant
REACTION: Neutral
INTELLIGENCE: None

Deep in the heart of the most forgotten parts of the eastern jungles, everything appears to have mutated. In their lush surroundings, exotic plants have grown huge, evolving gradually into specimens many times their normal size. The GIANT VENUS FLY-TRAP is very much like a standard plant, but much, much larger. They often lie close to clumps of fragrant flowers or well-used pools, where they can count on a regular supply of fresh meat.

The plant consists of a thick trunk-like body about seven metres tall, from which two to seven (1 die plus 1) tendrils sprout and lie scattered around its base. At the end of each tendril, lying hidden among the undergrowth, is an immense jaw-like leaf. Any creature, man-sized or less, coming close to one of these must successfully *Test for Luck*, or be caught as the jaws snap shut; this will do 3 points of STAMINA damage. Once inside the jaws, which will have locked so tightly they cannot be prised open, a creature's only hope of escape is to attack the fleshy insides with claws or a short dagger. Unless the victim kills the particular jaw, he will quickly die from the plant's powerful digestive acids.

Any attack on the outside of a jaw can be delivered automatically, but will deliver the damage equally to the jaw and its captive (hence, for a captive to be freed, he must lose 5 STAMINA points). Should the main body of the plant be killed, however, the jaws will go limp and release any captives they contain. Striking at the body may be difficult, if there are still jaws open and ready to attack. The remains of past victims may be found scattered among the tangled creepers that surround the plant, and there may well be metal treasures that will have been dropped from the jaws, as they are indigestible.

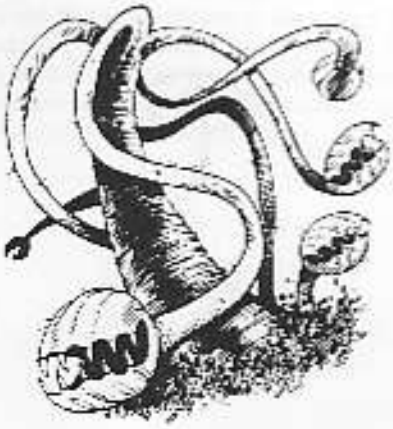

GIANT WASP

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Plains, Hills, Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Insect
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

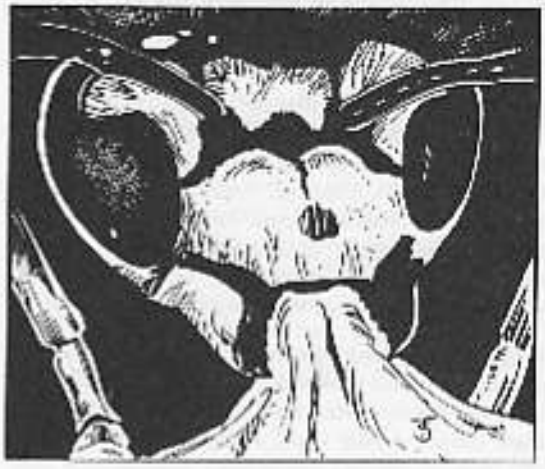

GIANT WASPS are rare but deadly insects, found in deserted sites, well away from civilization. They will attack almost anything they encounter, to feed both themselves and the larvae in their gigantic nests. They are almost two metres long from antennae to sting, with wings three metres across; they can fly at great speed, and often use a fast dive to attack. When assailing large prey, they will try to grasp it with their legs and then sting it. If an attack succeeds, they will do damage as normal, but also leave the barbed, arrow-like sting impaled in their victim. The sting's coating of poison will cause loss of a further 2 points of STAMINA and 1 point of SKILL. The insects are very afraid of fire, however, which can damage the thin membranes of their wings, and a Giant Wasp can often be driven away by nothing more than a blazing torch.

WERE-CREATURE

When the full moon hangs high in the midnight sky, some wretched humans are forced to turn into savage beasts and roam the countryside in an orgy of feasting and slaying. They are afflicted with a strange disease called Lycanthropy.

A person can catch it from being bitten by a WERE-CREATURE such as a Werewolf, for it is very contagious. Once infected with the disease, a person will become feverish after an hour, and unable to perform any actions. During this time the disease can be fought by eating a sprig of Belladonna. The poison in the plant will cause him 2 points of STAMINA damage, but he will be cured of the disease.

If this is not done, the disease will go into its second stage in another hour or so. The fever will become more severe, causing its sufferer 3 points of damage to his STAMINA. Hair will begin to sprout from his upper body, head and arms. His facial features will change dramatically, until they become the same as those of the beast that bit him, be it a Werebear, Wererat, Weretiger or Werewolf.

Were-creatures live strange double lives. During the day they will look much as they always did; but once the hours of darkness come, they can change their shape, if they wish, and go hunting. During the time of the full moon they change into their bestial *alter ego* as soon as it rises in the sky.

Were-creatures are typically taller and stronger when in beast form. Their intelligence is decreased in most cases, though, as they will become blood-crazed animals. The four types listed below are the most common, though there are said to be exotic species such as Werefoxes and Weresharks in distant lands.

WEREBEAR
SKILL: 9 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 13
HABITAT: Forests, Hills, Plains, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average

The largest and strongest of all Were-creatures, WEREBEARS prefer to live in the wilds with real Bears than in the company of men. A Werebear will usually be encountered with one to six ordinary Bears, which will obey his commands, whether he himself is in human or animal form. In their human forms Werebears will tend to be large, ponderous types who are slow to anger, but very dangerous when aroused.

WERERAT
SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Towns (sewers), Ruins, Dungeons, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1-2
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Unfriendly–Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

Unrelated to Rat Men, despite many physical similarities, WERERATS will often be found in small colonies among the maze-like tunnels of a city's sewers. Unlike other Were-creatures, they are sociable beings. The darkness of their subterranean home allows them to maintain their bestial form at all times, if they wish, which also helps them to negotiate the cramped tunnels of their home. They have a keen sense of smell, and can track their prey through total darkness, even among the pungent smells of the sewers.

WERETIGER
SKILL: 9 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 11
HABITAT: Plains, Jungles, Ruins, Towns
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

More common in tropical parts than in the northern lands, WERETIGERS dwell alongside normal tigers in the bush. They will usually be in the company of at least one of them when encountered, no matter which form they are in. Unlike the other types, Weretigers are predominantly female, though they lose none of their ferocity for all that.

WEREWOLF
SKILL: 8 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Forests, Plains, Towns, Ruins, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

This last type is the most common of all the Were-creatures, and WEREWOLVES may be encountered in most places across the northern lands. The creatures have two bestial forms into which they can transform. They may turn themselves into Wolf Men, walking upright on their hind legs and using their front paws as hands. Or they may take the form of true Wolves, running on all fours to hunt with a pack of the creatures. When the full moon shines, a Werewolf will always be forced to assume this second form.

WHEELIE

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Caves, Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average

There are many bizarre, impossible creatures scattered across the wild land of Allansia, but WHEELIES are possibly the oddest of them all!

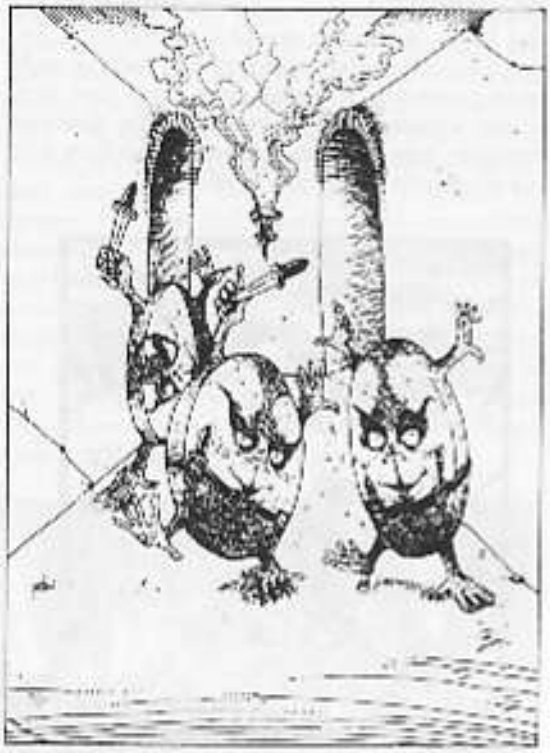

These weird creatures are disc-shaped, with large faces in the centre of one side. From around the edge of their circular bodies sprout four hands, enabling them to move by cartwheeling along! They fight with small knives, which they can launch at high speed as they tumble along on their hands. The knives will hit on a roll of 1–3 on one die, for 2 points of STAMINA damage; each Wheelie will typically be carrying two of them. But they are not so adept at hand-to-hand fighting. Wheelies can sometimes find employment in the service of a lord or wizard, for they make good guards. Many a would-be thief will think twice when faced with a few of these whirling beings, throwing speeding daggers as they spin towards him!

WIGHT

SKILL: 9
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Dungeons, Ruins
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

When a great and well-loved lord dies, his most devoted retainers often refuse to acknowledge his passing and continue to serve him, by guarding and keeping order in his crypt. In time they will die, but even in death their obsessive devotion may drive them to serve him. They will return as WIGHTS – bestial, inhuman things with wild hair, insane eyes and clawed fingers and toes, still dressed in their rotting livery. Wights are powerful creatures, for they are the undead servants of the dead, and can be harmed only by weapons made of solid silver. Normal weapons can hit them, but their wielders will soon realize that they are making no impression on the foul things.

Worse still, their touch is so chilling that it surely weakens their opponents. For every three wounds a Wight inflicts on its victim, it will suck 1 SKILL point from him. Once the Wight has killed him, it will dress the corpse in ceremonial robes and sacrifice the energy it has stolen to its dead master, praying hopefully for his return to life.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Ruins, Marshes, Hills
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–3
TYPE: Magical creature
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: High

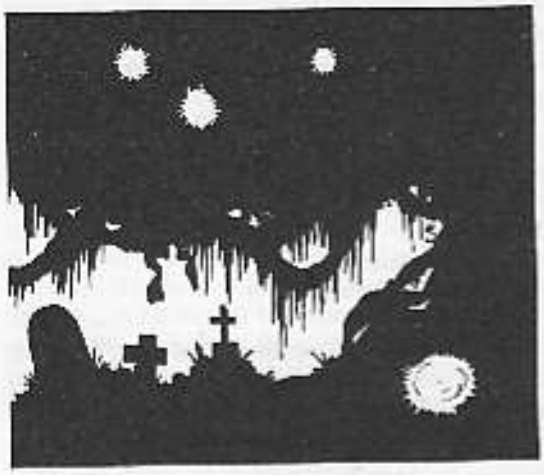

Gathering in the sky above graveyards and other desolate ruins at night, WILL-O'-THE-WISPS have long been thought to be the souls of the dead, curning together to dance under the moon. Appearing as small glowing balls of light floating about in the air, they have always been associated with other undead creatures. They are, in fact, magical creatures that feed upon the very souls that they are thought to be. Related, perhaps, to Fetch, they are little spheres of energy held together by unknown forces to create a creature of great intelligence and malevolent intent.

They derive their powers from the life-forces released by creatures when they die, and as a result spend much of their time attempting to lure creatures to their death. They will dance about in the sky above them, almost as if they were beckoning their victims to follow, before leading them deep into a swamp or over a cliff! They can be hit by normal weapons, attacking in return with a bolt of energy that will cause 3 STAMINA points of damage if it hits. When killed, a Will-o'-the-Wisp will fizz away into nothing, its energy dissipating into the air.

WOLF

	Wolf	*Snow Wolf*	*Wolfhound*
SKILL:	*7*	*8*	*7*
STAMINA:	*6*	*8*	*6*

HABITAT:
Wolf/Wolfhound – Plains, Forests, Hills, Wilderness
Snow Wolf – Ice, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average–Low

WOLVES may be found across all of the northern lands, roaming in small packs in search of food. They are perpetually hungry, and will follow their prey for many hours, until they strike at an unguarded moment. Their prey will know they are there from the eyes glinting in the darkness, and from the howling which will scare horses and other docile animals so much that they will flee unless tethered up. Fire will keep Wolves at bay, but wood burns quicker than their patience slackens; the moment the fire begins to die they will close in for the kill.

In the extreme north, the species known as SNOW WOLVES may be encountered. They are larger than normal Wolves, and are savage killers which fear nothing. Covered all over in shaggy white fur, they are all but indistinguishable from their surroundings. Only their hunger crazed red eyes will give them away. The Tsu-Suo keep trained Snow Wolves with which they hunt Yeti and Frost Giants

WOLFHOUNDS are cross-breeds between Wolves and Dogs. About the size of a normal Wolf, but much thinner and with shorter pelts, they can make good guard-dogs if trained from cubs. Their pure animal cunning is then reinforced by ferocious devotion; they can tear an intruder limb from limb at a single word from their master.

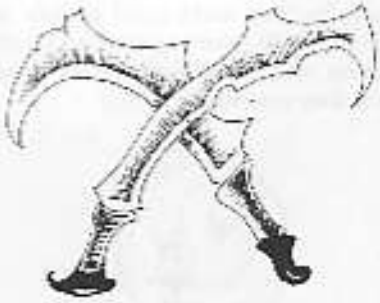

WOODLING

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 5
HABITAT: Forests
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–12
TYPE: Humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average–High

The WOODLINGS of the Forest of Yore and other older areas of woodland are a shy race of small humans related to Sprites. Standing about a metre tall, they are quiet, almost dour in personality, and rarely associate with other creatures, considering them destructive and troublesome. Woodlings are rarely seen by man, since they dress in browns and greens, and are very adept at hiding in bushes and trees. They are alert at all times, as nervous and skittish as deer, and their acute hearing and inbuilt sixth sense mean they are never surprised by danger. Hunters and foresters have sometimes stumbled upon their settlements – circles of small huts built around tree-trunks from woven branches and roofed with large leaves – only to be repulsed by the inhabitants, who fight to the death with daggers and poisoned throwing-darts. Upon returning in force to such settlements, the men have always found them deserted, abandoned by the Woodlings for fear of being discovered again.

Occasionally, however, Woodlings are said to have helped lone humans who have been caught in poachers' traps or lost in the depths of the forests. The secretive humanoids appeared out of the trees, helped the unfortunates by freeing them or leading them to the edge of the woodland, and then melted back into the trees without a word. Such stories are rare; in many villages they appear more as legend than truth, and are believed by few.

WRAITH APE

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 7
HABITAT: Hills, Mountains
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 2–4 (1–3 plus 1)
TYPE: Animal
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Rarely seen during the day, WRAITH APES are a fiercely territorial species of large monkey. They hunt at night, usually in packs of three or four. Left to themselves, they will avoid humans, but if they find any sort of bipedal creature trespassing on their territory while they are patrolling at night, they will attack without warning.

Their short-haired fur is as black as coal, which serves to camouflage them at night, while they stalk their territory. A sharp-eyed observer (with a SKILL of 9+) will be able to spot them just before they approach, but only by their glowing red eyes. Wraith Apes have night vision and, when they attack at night, will add 2 to their Attack Strength against any creature without night vision.

However, such an observer must be looking for them high in the trees. Wraith Apes are so called because of their method of attack. A large fold of skin under each arm allows these creatures limited powers of flight. Throwing themselves from a high perch, they are able to glide deftly down upon their victims and land accurately in front of them. To anyone who has never come across a Wraith Ape before, this frightening spectre appears as a frenzied Wraith, silhouetted against the night sky.

Wraith Apes have another dangerous ability: they have learned to use the leaves of the Blade Tree as a weapon. Blade Trees have sharp, broad-bladed leaves which grow at the ends of strong branches. The leaves themselves are as hard as rock, so these makeshift weapons are equivalent to a sharpened stone axe, and will add 1 point to the Wraith Apes' SKILL.

WRAPPER

SKILL: 12
STAMINA: 9
HABITAT: Dungeons, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Average

The WRAPPER is a strange, dungeon-dwelling monster that lurks in the shadows of the underworld waiting for foolhardy adventurers and unwary creatures to stumble into its lair for dinner. It is large and black, and resembles a cross between a cloak and a thick blanket. Its body is wide and leathery; its head hangs between its shoulders, down inside the span of its wings, and it has evil red eyes, a wide, fang-filled mouth and skeletal claws.

Wrappers can fly, gliding almost silently through the darkness, guided by echoes from the walls picked up by two sensitive pits above their eyes, and balanced by their long, thin tails. They can also crawl along floors and across walls using their claws, but only very slowly. Wrappers have an incredible sense of hearing, which picks up vibrations in the ground and walls as well as audible sound. They wait motionless for their prey, often flattening themselves against the ceiling or wall, so as to be all but undetectable. The Wrapper then launches itself at its victim, enfolds it in its cloak-like wings, and bites deeply into its back.

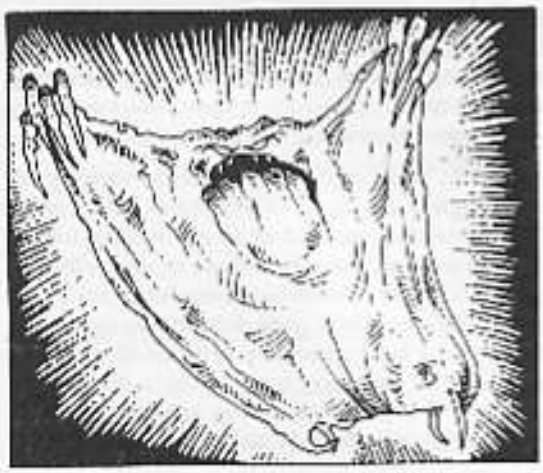

To avoid the initial attack, an adventurer must *Test for Luck* twice (once to notice the Wrapper and a second time to avoid it). If he fails, the Wrapper will gain one automatic hit (taking the usual 2 STAMINA points). Once lodged on a victim's back, the Wrapper is much harder to hit – reduce SKILL by 3 for the duration of the fight. However, hitting the beast with fire, such as a burning torch, will cause it to relinquish its hold and fall to the floor, where it can be dispatched by a single successful hit.

A Wrapper's lair will contain the skeletons of many of its previous victims, together with many fine items of treasure, looted from the adventurers who have previously served as dinner.

WYRM

SKILL: 9 *3 Attacks*
STAMINA: 12
HABITAT: Ice, Wilderness
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: High

WYRMS (also called Worms in some parts of the world) are solitary beasts thought to be related to Dragons. There are many similarities between the two races. Both have lizard-like heads and leathery wings. They can both live to a great age and are highly intelligent. But Wyrms are thin and snake-like, without legs and feet, and cannot actually fly.

These great white beasts dwell in icy regions where their colouring allows them to blend with their background. Their usual method of attack is to rear up on their coils, wings outstretched for balance, and blast their victim with their icy breath. This requires a successful *Test for Luck*, or the adventurer must suffer 5 points of damage. This breath can only be used once every three Attack Rounds. They can also bite their prey, but prefer to use their breath weapon as much as possible. They are cumbersome beasts and move only clumsily in combat. Their great enemies are White Dragons, with whom they often have to compete for food. Many fierce battles, unknown to man, rage in the blizzards, as two great beasts fight to the death over a scrap of food.

WYVERN

SKILL: 10 *2 Attacks*
STAMINA: 11
HABITAT: Hills, Forests, Caves
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

Alongside the majestic Dragons, there is another race of lesser flying creatures, known as WYVERNS. They grow at the most to ten metres long, but otherwise look very similar to Dragons, except that they have only two legs. This makes them look more like scaly birds than winged lizards.

They are typically coloured green or brown, with lighter undersides; their eyes are red, ever glinting with malevolent cunning.

Like their larger cousins, Wyverns can breathe fire from their mouths, though more as a short burst than a continuous stream of flame. Anyone finding himself under attack from a fire-breathing Wyvern must successfully *Test for Luck*, or be singed for 4 STAMINA points of damage. The great beast will then land and attack with its huge claws and fangs, and drag the corpse into its lair to be consumed.

XOROA

	Worker	*Warrior*
SKILL:	6	10
STAMINA:	7	17

HABITAT: Plains, Hills, Forests, Deserts
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED:
Warriors – 1–6
Workers – 2–12
TYPE: Insect/humanoid
REACTION: Neutral–Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Average–Low

The XOROA are a strange race of mutated ant men, with the head and torso of a human and the lower body and legs of a giant ant, almost like an 'ant-centaur'. They stand about two metres tall, and are a deep red-brown colour all over. The human parts appear quite normal, but a Xoroa has no outer ears, and two flexible ant-like feelers extend forward from the top of its head. Their eyes are silver, and can see in the dark, and their sense of smell is very acute. They communicate with one another, and with the giant ants they sometimes herd, in a language made up of strange clicks and hums. The ant parts join their bodies just below the waist, allowing the Xoroa to walk on four legs, and negotiate quite rough and steep terrain with ease.

The Xoroa live in large underground colonies, visible from the surface only as a small hill of fresh earth with a large opening in the summit. The area around the colony is patrolled at all times by Xoroa Warriors, who watch over small groups of Workers, which forage for food for the whole colony. Workers are slightly smaller in height and build than the Warriors, as well as being lighter in colour and less intelligent. Warriors on guard-duty will often carry short spears and javelins, and occasionally slings. Some will also carry carved bone horns, to warn one another of approaching danger.

In their colonies there are many small, hollowed-out chambers. Some are used for storing food and equipment, others are living-quarters for the inhabitants – large, communal, straw-covered dormitories for the Workers, individual chambers for the Warriors. Most, however, are nurseries for the strange Xoroa larvae. Born from a large, bloated Queen as soft-skinned eggs, they hatch within a few hours into small, but very helpless, versions of the adult Xoroa. The queen has a dozen or so 'nursemaids' who feed and rear the young until they are able to fend for themselves. A colony can support anything up to two hundred Xoroa, of whom perhaps half will be young, and two thirds of the remaining number will be Workers.

YETI

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 12
HABITAT: Mountains, Ice
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 7
TYPE: Monster
REACTION: Unfriendly
INTELLIGENCE: Low

In the desolate mountainous wastes of northern Allansia, where the snow falls thick and the wind cuts like an icy dagger, hunters huddle around their campfires and speak in hushed, fearful voices of the YETI. Their folk-tales say that long ago they were the rulers of this craggy, inhospitable land. With the coming of man and dreaded fire, the beasts retired to the higher slopes, emerging only occasionally to prey on men.

Standing more than four metres tall when rearing fully upright, these huge monsters are covered in masses of thick white fur, a pelt most prized by native hunters. Like a cross between the most savage of Apes and the most fearsome of Bears, they are equipped for hunting with a mouth brimming with sharp tusks and razor-like teeth, and paws full of claws each as long as a man's hand! Furthermore, their touch imparts a freezing chill that will do an additional die of STAMINA damage each time it scores a successful hit. These massive beasts are not very intelligent, but have an animal's cunning in silently tracking their prey by scent alone. They will follow an unwary man for days before choosing to strike, and when the hunter becomes the hunted there is little chance of escape! Unlike most of the mountain creatures, Yeti hibernate for only the harshest of the winter months, for they can stand all but the worst blizzards in their relentless hunt for food. When even foolhardy man stays indoors and only the inedible Tsa-Suo roam abroad, they will take mountain goats and deer, but when even these become scarce they will descend the slopes and attack isolated huts. They are feared by all men, even those who take their lives in their hands to hunt these terrifying carnivores.

ZOMBIE

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 6
HABITAT: Ruins, Dungeons
NUMBER ENCOUNTERED: 1–6
TYPE: Undead
REACTION: Hostile
INTELLIGENCE: Low

With vacant, hollow eyes staring blankly from their sickly white faces, deathly ZOMBIES shuffle around musty crypts and dungeons in the service of their necromantic masters. Unlike most undead beings, they cannot stay alive after their deaths through the strength of their life-force. Instead, their bodies are animated by a master sorcerer after a long and complicated ritual. This makes them slow and stupid, as though a part of their spirit was lost when their bodies returned to life. They cannot think for themselves, and must be commanded by their creator, if he wants them to do something besides just standing and rotting in a corner.

Zombies look very unhealthy, their pallid skin scarred and peeling, and their clothes hanging in rags, but they are strong in a fight, slashing or strangling with their clawed hands. They are slow and clumsy, though, as their every action is in response to another's command. If their master is killed, they will wander aimlessly, or continue with the last task they were commanded to do.

All Zombies can be severely injured by the careful application of holy water which has been blessed by a priest, a phial of which will cause one die of STAMINA damage, as it eats like acid into the evil things. Zombies may often be found keeping guard over hoards of treasure or important areas of a castle, for they are too slow to serve as personal servants to their evil masters.

TREASURE

There are only two reasons why an adventurer leaves the comfort and safety of his home to risk his life battling against fearsome monsters – fame and fortune. Fame comes only slowly, as a hero's deeds begin to be sung about by minstrels, or told over a mug of ale in a tavern. Fortune is easier to acquire. Many creatures hoard away all kinds of treasure in their lairs, from cheap glinting trinkets to piles of Gold Pieces, and maybe even a powerful magical artefact.

To work out what treasure a creature or a group of creatures possesses, roll one die for each creature in turn on the appropriate table according to the *Type* of the creature. Then, if necessary, roll for the amount of Gold Pieces, or for the Special Item on the lower table. This will give you the treasure, if any, that a creature has in its lair. If the creature is encountered away from its lair, it will not normally be carrying any treasure, unless it is a humanoid; in that case a roll can be made as if it was in its lair. Demons and other creatures from the Magical Planes will never have any treasure with them. Plants are assumed to be always in their lairs!

Roll	*Humanoid*	*Monster*	*Undead*	*All others*
1	none	none	none	none
2	1–3 Gold Pieces	none	none	none
3	1–6 Gold Pieces	1–3 Gold Pieces	none	none
4	2–12 Gold Pieces	1–6 Gold Pieces	1–6 Gold Pieces	none
5	Special Item	2–12 Gold Pieces	2–12 Gold Pieces	1–3 Gold Pieces
6	Special Item + 1–6 Gold Pieces	Special Item	Special Item	1–6 Gold Pieces

Special Items

Roll	*Item and explanation*
2	Enchanted helmet – adds 1 to SKILL when worn
3	Silver arrow – not magical, but can be useful against undead creatures
4	Potion of Invisibility – enough for one person to remain invisible for five minutes (if he attacks something, he will reappear)
5	Magical axe – this is so badly made that it will (unknown to the user) deduct 2 from his Attack Strength
6	1–6 jewels, worth 10 Gold Pieces each
7	1–3 gems, worth 25 Gold Pieces each
8	Healing potion – restores one person's STAMINA to *Initial* score
9	Magical sack – can carry five items as a single item
10	Scroll of Animal Control spell – can be used once to make up to six creatures react as if Friendly
11	Poisoned potion – causes one die of STAMINA damage to the drinker
12	Magical sword – adds 2 to user's Attack Strength

GamesMasters should feel free to substitute their own favourite items for those already on this table. Give a powerful item a high or low number, so it isn't chosen quite so often as the weaker items, and always sprinkle in a few nastier items to balance up all the nice ones!

ENCOUNTER TABLES

When adventurers are exploring an unfamiliar part of the world, there is always a possibility that they will stumble across a particular creature by chance – a random encounter. The following tables may be used when the GamesMaster decides that a wandering monster has suddenly turned up. Alternatively, they could be used when designing your own adventures: decide what the area is like, and then roll on the appropriate table to see what lives there.

Each of these tables should be used by rolling three dice on the table appropriate to the area. Adventurers often tend to concentrate on particular areas, such as dungeons or plains. To cater for this, there are two columns under the most common categories: simply choose which column you wish to roll on, or roll a die to decide – if the result is even, use the first table; if it is odd, use the second. A few tables have 'none' as an encounter; this means that a creature is not encountered. In desolate areas such as icy plains, creatures are few and far between; in other areas such as rivers, there are plenty of fish and other creatures, but few of them offer any threat.

DUNGEONS/RUINS

Roll	*I*	*II*
3	Mummy	Brain Slayer
4	Demon Bat	Wrapper
5	Wererat	Dark Elf
6	Skorn	Crypt Stalker
7	Skeleton War-	Iron-Eater
8	rior	Minotaur
9	Imitator	Poisonous Snake
10	Giant Rat	Skeleton Warrior
11	Orc	Giant Spider
12	Wight	Giant Centipede
13	Rock Grub	Zombie
14	Troglodyte	Doragar
15	Chestrap Beast	Ghoul
16	Manticore	Eye Stinger
17	Tarator	Night Stalker
18	Death Wraith	Phantom
	Vampire	

PLAINS

Roll	*I*	*II*
3	Cockatrice	Styracosaurus
4	Red-Eye	Weretiger
5	Mantis Man	Gark
6	Man-Orc	Giant Aardwolf
7	Felinaur	Bristle Beast
8	Hobgoblin	Common Troll
9	Wolf	Wild Boar
10	Goblin	Dwarf
11	Wild Dog	Orc
12	Centaur	Giant Wasp
13	Ogre	Rhino-Man
14	Tangleweed	Firefox
15	Werewolf	Black Elf
16	Shapechanger	Xoroa
17	Clawbeast	Werebear
18	Basilisk	Red Dragon

FOREST

Roll	*I*	*II*
3	Fog Devil	Forest Giant
4	Cat Person	Sprite
5	Werebear	Mantis Man
6	Ape Man	Dripper Plant

FOREST

Roll	*I*	*II*
7	Gnome	Elvin
8	Pixie	Skunkbear
9	Ogre	Snattacat
10	Wild Boar	Giant Spider
11	Wood Elf	Wolf
12	Werewolf	Bear
13	Poisonous	Great Ape
	Snake	
14	Bhorket	Stranglebush
15	Tangleweed	Common Troll
16	Tree Man	Shapechanger
17	Strangle Weed	Man-Orc
18	Leprechaun	Dark Elf

CAVES

Roll	*I*	*II*
3	Banshee	Sting Worm
4	Fetch	Cyclops
5	N'yadach	Vampire Bat
6	Doragar	Rat Man
7	Grannit	Ogre
8	Skunkbear	Giant Centipede
9	Poisonous	Gremlin
	Snake	
10	Orc	Giant Spider
11	Gargoyle	Hobgoblin
12	Great Ape	Caveman
13	Troglodyte	Jib-Jib
14	Giant Scorpion	Boulder Beast
15	Cave Troll	Rock Grub
16	Calacorm	Tarator
17	Nandibear	Cave Giant
18	Medusa	Dracon

HILLS

Roll	
3	Black Dragon
4	Shapechanger
5	Wyvern
6	Hill Giant
7	Ogre
8	Wolf

HILLS

Roll	
9	Goblin
10	Dwarf
11	Hill Troll
12	Wild Hill Man
13	Werebear
14	Boulder Beast
15	Sleeping Grass
16	Bear
17	Dracon
18	Earth Demon

MOUNTAINS

Roll	
3	Gold Dragon
4	Mountain Giant
5	Pegasus
6	Rock Demon
7	Giant Owl
8	Bird Man
9	Mountain Elf
10	Caveman
11	Bear
12	Dwarf
13	Giant Eagle
14	She-Satyr
15	Razorjaw
16	Yeti
17	Life-Stealer
18	Storm Giant

ICE

Roll	
3	White Dragon
4	*none*
5	Frost Giant
6	*none*
7	Mammoth
8	Snow Wolf
9	*none*
10	*none*
11	Tna-Suo
12	Neanderthal
13	*none*
14	*none*
15	Wyrm
16	Yeti
17	*none*
18	Silver Dragon

DESERT

Roll	
3	Giant Sandworm
4	Basilisk
5	Hamakei
6	Caarth
7	*none*
8	Fiend
9	Giant Lizard
10	Poisonous Snake
11	Sand Devil

DESERT

Roll	
12	Needlefly
13	*none*
14	Giant Scorpion
15	Gretch
16	Serpent Guard
17	Decayer
18	Gold Dragon

JUNGLE

Roll	
3	Tyrannosaurus
4	Weretiger
5	Giant Bat
6	Lizard Man
7	Harrun
8	Giant Venus Fly-Trap
9	Pygmy
10	Krell
11	Jaguar
12	Great Ape
13	Ape Man
14	Head-hunter
15	Bhorket
16	Black Lion
17	Giant Pitcher-Plant
18	Green Dragon

MARSH

Roll	
3	Brontosaurus
4	Will-o'-the-Wisp
5	Mist Vampire
6	Spit Toad
7	Blood Eel
8	Giant Slug
9	Marsh Goblin
10	Giant Leech
11	Kokomokoa
12	Lizard Man
13	Mudclaw
14	Marsh Wraith
15	Slykk
16	Slime Sucker
17	Marsh Giant
18	Hydra

RIVERS/LAKES

Roll	
3	Flying Fish
4	Fish Man
5	Giant Dragonfly
6	*none*
7	Giant Toad
8	*none*
9	Piranha
10	Crocodile
11	Snapperfish
12	Spit Toad
13	Electric Eel
14	*none*
15	Slykk

RIVERS/LAKES

Roll	
16	Mudclaw
17	Giant Leech
18	Sea Troll

SEA/SEASHORE

Roll	
3	Plesiosaurus
4	Sea Giant
5	Mermaid
6	*none*
7	Giant Octopus

SEA/SEASHORE

Roll	
8	*none*
9	Shark
10	Giant Eel
11	Giant Crab
12	*none*
13	*none*
14	Giant Snake
15	Merman
16	Sea Troll
17	*none*
18	Water Elemental

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TITAN

THE FIGHTING FANTASY WORLD

EDITED BY
MARC GASCOIGNE

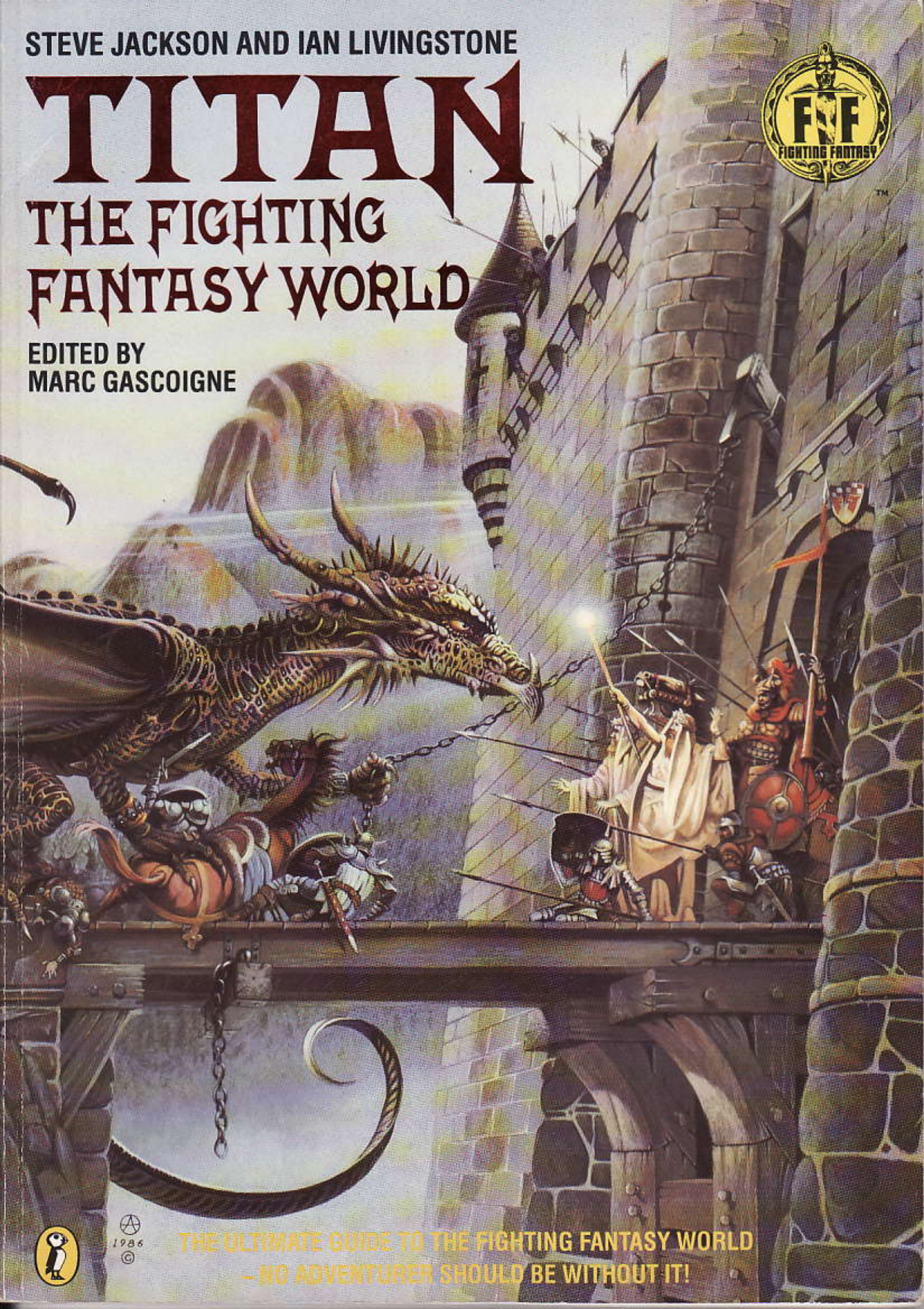

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TITAN
The Fighting Fantasy World

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

Edited by Marc Gascoigne

Since its first appearance on the Earthly Plane in 1982, with the publication of Steve Jackson's and Ian Livingstone's famous *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, the world of Titan has gradually become explored and better known. While there remain uncharted regions, waiting to be opened up by brave adventurers, book after book of Puffin's Fighting Fantasy series has revealed ever more of this fantasy world.

Here for the first time in a single volume is all you ever wanted to know about Titan. Not only are the three continents described and mapped, but the underwater kingdoms too are discussed. The chief races and personalities of Titan – your allies as well as your enemies – have whole sections devoted to them. Here you can learn of their history and their gods, their likes and dislikes, their cities and villages.

Did you know that Logaan the Trickster god first created Man? How familiar are you with the legend of the Dwarf hero Hangahar Goldseeker? What should you do if offered a flagon of Orc ale? All this information and much, much more is to be found within the pages of *Titan – The Fighting Fantasy World*.

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone are the co-founders of the hugely successful Games Workshop chain and also creators of the whole fighting Fantasy series. Marc Gascoigne is the editor of *Warlock*, the *Fighting Fantasy* magazine, and co-author of the best-selling *Judge Dredd, the Role-Playing Game*. He also edited *Out of the Pit*, the book of Fighting Fantasy Monsters.

◀ *Kharé – Cityport of Traps*
(Illustration by John Blanche)

TITAN

THE FIGHTING FANTASY WORLD

Steve Jackson and
Ian Livingstone

Edited by
Marc Gascoigne

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Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood, Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 2801 John Street, Markham, Ontario, Canada L3R 1B4
Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published 1986
Reprinted 1986, 1988

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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
William Clowes Limited, Beccles and London

Typeset in Palatino by Wyvern Typesetting Ltd, Bristol

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A number of entries in this book are based on places and characters invented by the following authors. So many thanks to Andrew Chapman for the lands of the Inland Sea, from *Seas of Blood*; Peter Darvill-Evans for Zagoula and Lake Mlubz, from *Beneath Nightmare Castle*; the other Steve Jackson for Scorpion Swamp and the King's Highway, from *Scorpion Swamp*, and for Atlantis, from *Demons of the Deep*; Paul Mason and Steve Williams for the Riddling Reaver, from *The Riddling Reaver*; Mark Smith and Jamie Thomson for the land of Hachiman, from *Sword of the Samurai*; Robin Waterfield for Pikestaff Plain and the city of Arion, from *Masks of Mayhem*. To all these good people we offer our relieved and heartfelt thanks – Titan would have been a much smaller place without you!

FOREWORD

The world of Titan, according to its history books, was created by the gods from a lump of magical clay discovered by the goddess Throff. In fact, Titan came into being in the latter part of 1981, when we were wearing our quills to the feathers, working furiously on *The Magic Quest*.

The Magic Quest was the current working title for a project we had begun in August of that year – and it was a title that neither of us could bear! But after endless debates we still could not agree on another title for the book. Finally, a compromise was reached. Ian, who had written the first part of the book, had mentioned in the opening paragraph that the whole adventure would take place in Firetop Mountain. Steve, who wrote the final part, had made the ultimate battle one with a powerful sorcerer, Zagor the Warlock. On the day that the book was handed in, the final title was agreed: *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*.

Thus Firetop Mountain was the first location in what was to become Allansia. It was followed by the Forest of Yore, the Vale of Willow and Craggen Rock from *Citadel of Chaos*, and Darkwood Forest, Stonebridge and Yaztromo's Tower in *Forest of Doom*. The existence of Allansia itself was formally announced in April 1984 when the first edition of *Warlock* magazine was published. Now a collector's item, *Warlock* 1 featured the first map of Allansia ever released.

Since then, the map has been expanded. Now there are not one but *three* continents in the Fighting Fantasy world of Titan. Ian, and to a lesser extent Steve, has continued to develop Allansia. All of Ian's books except one have taken place in the north-western corner of this continent. The Old World comprises Kakhabad (the land of Steve's *Sorcery!*), its surrounding kingdoms and Gallantaria, from *The Tasks of Tantalon*. The third continent, Khul, is largely unexplored, with much work left to be done to chart its unknown reaches.

But since that day in 1981, the world of Titan has been alive for both of us – a retreat from everyday life into another world, a world in which we have effectively been GamesMasters in a huge global fantasy role-playing game. We have enjoyed developing the legends, lore, rumours and plots of the adventures. And we have chuckled at the tricks and traps we have set for our readers. There is Good and there is Evil; there is Law and there is Chaos. But like the Trickster Gods, we have striven to ensure a balance in the world . . .

The task of collating the information contained in all the books based in Titan has fallen on a learned scholar whose excellent work on *Out of the Pit* makes him an ideal candidate for the job – Marc Gascoigne. Not only has Marc had to extract information from nooks and crannies throughout all the books – and some of this was hiding in the most obscure places – but he has effectively had to assemble it into a sort of Encyclopedia of Fighting Fantasy. The result is *Titan – The Fighting Fantasy World* and we would like to congratulate him on his laborious work. It is an invaluable aid to adventurers the world over.

Steve Jackson

Ian Livingstone

WELCOME, BRAVE ADVENTURER!

Welcome to our humble treatise on the wide and dangerous world of Titan. Within its covers you will find much that will prove helpful to you as you cleave your way across wild lands in search of fame and glory . . . and treasure! With the help of all the information crammed into this essential work of reference, you will finally be equipped to fulfil your destiny as a hero, fighting for the Forces of Good!

You will find geography – masterful charts and drawings of all the settled and not-so-settled lands of Titan. You will find maps of the Old World, home of civilization and of learning; of Allansia, savage land of sorcerers and barbarians; and of Khul, which we call the Dark Continent, the wasted birthplace of Chaos. We will show you plans of Elven villages and Dwarf citadels, of rank human cities and rat-infested Orcish caverns; there is even a portrayal of a citadel of the terrible Snake People of the southern deserts. We have stopped at naught to bring this awesome information to you!

We will present you with a history of this cruel world of ours, starting with the very creation of the many races and the releasing of Time into our world, to bring death to us all. We shall take a stroll through the Celestial Court, and introduce you to the many gods and goddesses who toy with us in all our daily activities. Then we will walk the face of our planet to reveal to you the forefathers of our lands, the legendary heroes and the dastardly villains who shaped our world. Shudder as the foul spawn of Chaos itself rears from the perverted ground, intent on swallowing the whole world in its toothless maw! Cheer as the Forces of Good drive the revolting armies back into the ground to fester and decay!

But what of the world today? We shall introduce you to all the main races, from the dour Dwarfs to the ancient Elves, and from the inscrutably evil Snake People to the crude and inhuman Orcs and Goblins. We will reveal secrets of the world's most evil men and their allies – and of those few brave souls who would oppose them. We will show you traders and merchants, craftsmen and innkeepers, and many other notables, whom you may even have the luck to meet on your own adventures.

From where has all this information come, you ask? Well, warrior, it has been compiled over many, many years by a great number of sages and scholars from all corners of the world. We have wandered far and wide, poking our collective noses in everywhere we could, in search of new and revealing information about this complex world of ours. And now, after twelve years' compiling all our notes into one volume in the Halls of Learning in Salamonis, we present our masterpiece to you.

For any stay-at-home types, it will perhaps offer a glimpse of something different, and show this world of ours in all its glory and mystery. You will learn many things from the pages which follow, both useful and trivial. Who knows, it may even persuade you that there are more things to life than ploughing fields or selling your wares in the market-place.

For you adventurers, however, we can guarantee that it will prove an invaluable guide throughout your travels, no matter how far they may take you. There are a great many dangers in this world, but with the help of this volume you should be as prepared as any man or woman could be. We begin, just over the page, with what we believe is the first map of the whole of Titan to have been seen outside of the learned enclaves of Salamonis, Kaynlesh-Ma or Royal Lendle. It shows Allansia, Kakhabad and its surrounding lands, the mysterious continent of Khul, and many isolated islands which have been discovered and named only recently. Do not be alarmed by the size and extent of the lands of Titan, however: you will never need to journey far to find adventure!

So, brave adventurer, turn the page . . . and may the gods in their wisdom ensure that you find all that you seek!

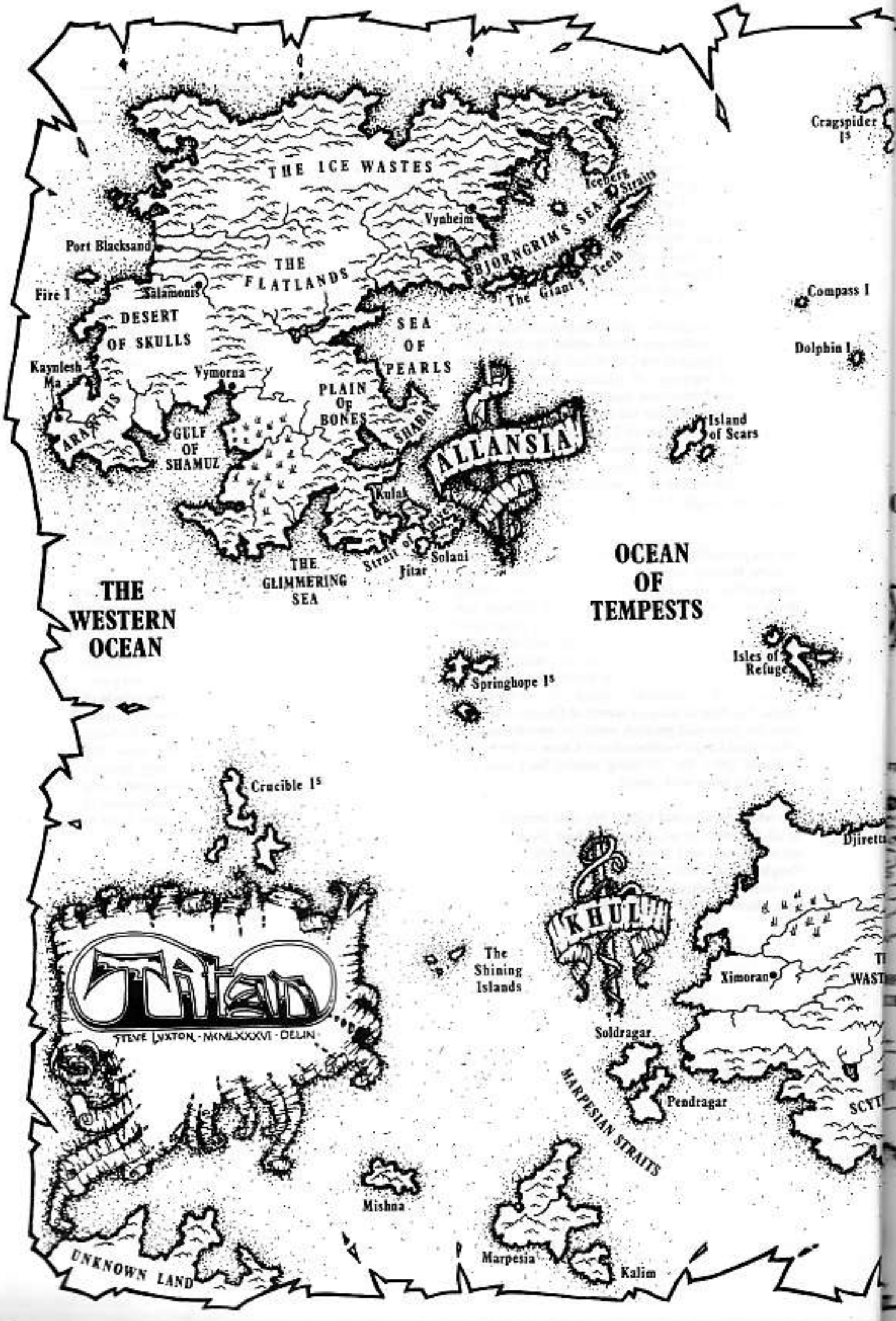
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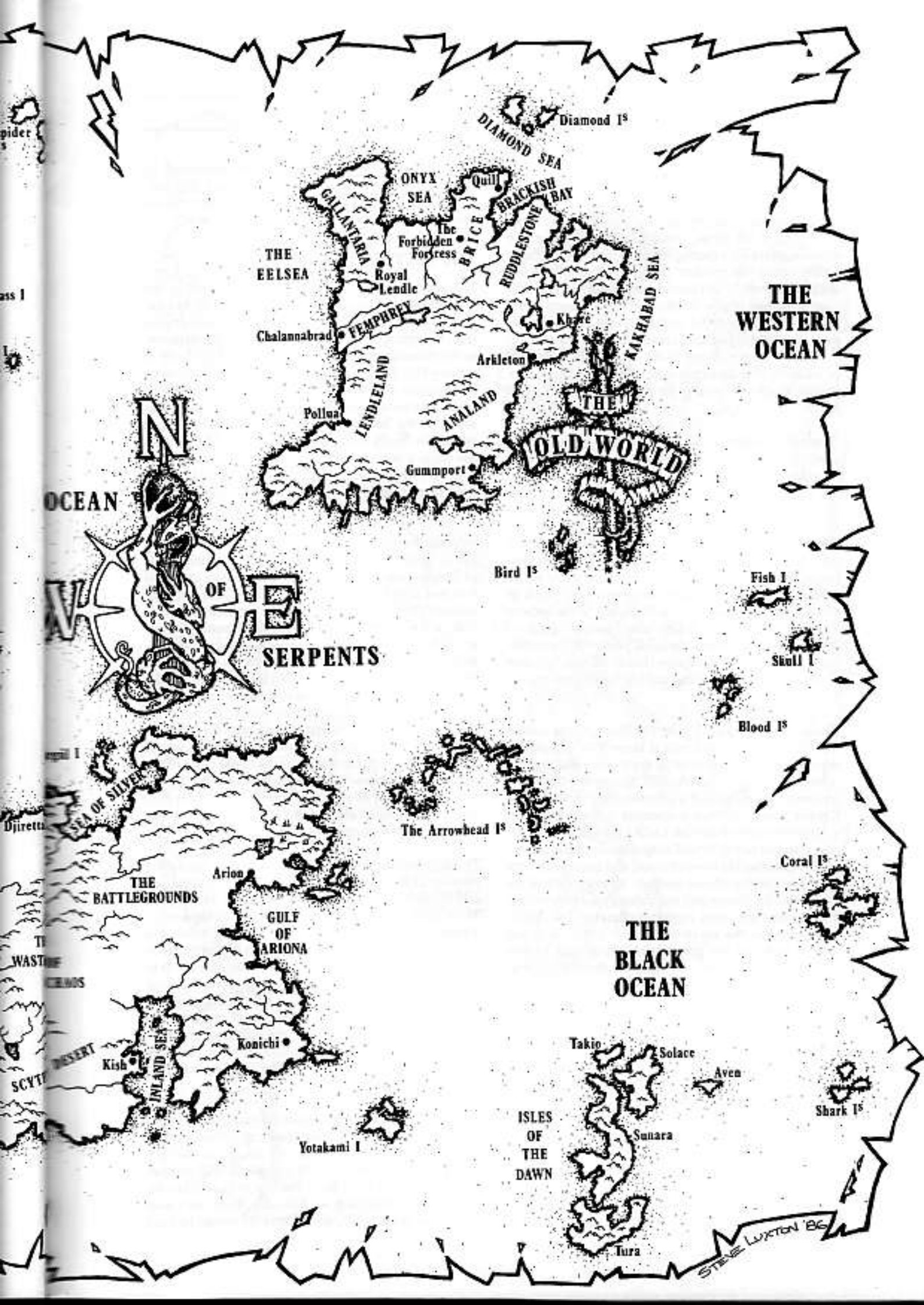
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THE WORLD OF TITAN

Allansia, Land of Danger

Let us start our journey across Titan with the most notorious of all lands, Allansia. It may offer the greatest prizes for a daring, ambitious adventurer, but it also offers the greatest dangers. Throughout the land, the Forces of Evil are drawing together, growing ever stronger: in the north, corrupt humans bring forth wild magic into the world, knowing little of what they are really doing; and creatures are stirring in the southern swamps, things that will ultimately affect all of Allansia. For these reasons, if for no others, you should study Allansia in far more detail than other lands.

Originally, 'Allansia' was simply the name of one small part of the great continent, the extreme western area between the Icefinger Mountains and the northern reaches of the Desert of Skulls. It means 'the Teeming Plains' in a very ancient, much-corrupted Elven tongue, for the land has always been covered with a multitude of races, each fighting for dominance over the tiny corner of the continent. In recent centuries, however, the name has come to mean the entire landmass, from the Dragon Reaches to the Strait of Knives, from Kaynlesh-Ma and Arantis to the Iceberg Straits. Nevertheless, when most people speak of Allansia, they still mean the small pocket of life cowering alongside the northern shores of the Western Ocean, dominated by the unholy vermin-pit that is Port Blacksand.

Blacksand is a relatively new city, built on the ruined docks of an earlier and much larger city completely destroyed and abandoned in the years following the cataclysmic War of the Wizards. Because of the ruins, however, and because it is situated at the mouth of the Catfish River, another settlement quickly grew up among the ruins of the old. Unlike the earlier city, the new one was not designed as spacious and geometric, but is a ramshackle heap of wood and stone buildings piled high on top of one another, a haven for thieves and brigands, pirates and cut-throats who prey on one another and on more innocent citizens. The city is ruled over by the mysterious Lord Azzur, a tyrant known both for his great ruthlessness and for his quirky acts of 'charity'. We shall return to Blacksand and Azzur in more detail later. Suffice it to say at this point – beware Blacksand!

This corner of the continent is wild – mostly rough moorland interspersed with hills and tangled forests. Its climate varies considerably from sticky, sweaty summers to frigid, snow-bound winters, with many days of torrential rain or sunshine in between; despite the best attempts of sages and weather-mages, the weather in Allansia remains annoyingly unpredictable. The land is bounded to the north by the frozen peaks of the Icefinger Mountains, which manage to shelter the lands from the colder gusts which billow down from the Frozen Plateau nearly a hundred leagues further north across the ice plains. The Icefinger Mountains are a desolate place, inhabited by wild creatures like Yeti and the subhuman Toa-Suo. The only humans who venture this far north come in search of skins and furs, if they dare come at all.

THE SETTLED LANDS

The southernmost boundary of the foothills of the Icefinger Mountains is marked by the wide River Kok, which brings trading barges and galleys downstream from the strange city of Zengis twenty days upstream, to the thriving town of Fang, capital of the province of Chiang Mai. Fang is a prosperous place, ruled over by the devious Baron Sukumvit. Every year the locals make a monetary killing from the many visitors who arrive for the Trial of Champions, a vicious death-test run by the Baron with a prize of 10,000 Gold Pieces for the warrior who can survive it, but for the rest of the year they earn their money by extracting extortionate river taxes from the traders who pass upstream and downstream.

Beyond the River Kok, the Pagan Plains stretch for many, many days, dotted with the small settlements of simple peasant folk. The north-eastern corner is watched over by Firetop Mountain, whose summit, coloured red by strange plants, once made people believe it was a volcano. Beneath the mountain, there is rumoured to be a subterranean dungeon complex, ruled over by an evil warlock, though some locals swear that he is now dead, killed by a fearless adventurer. (If so, you may have to look elsewhere to make your fortune!) Heading further south, we arrive at Stonebridge, a Dwarf town famous both for its mines and for its rumbustious leader Gillibran, whose legendary magical hammer returns to the hand of the wielder when thrown! The Dwarfs of Stonebridge are friendly towards adventurers, preferring to vent their anger upon the local tribe of Hill Trolls, with whom they have been warring for many decades.

Heading south, we cross the Red River (so called because of its colour, which comes from carrying red soil from its source high in the lonely Moonstone Hills), and immediately find ourselves in Darkwood Forest, a wild and dangerous tangle of trees and brambles which stretches away southwards. It is bisected by the Catfish River, which flows on down to the sea at Port Blacksand. The forest is home to a great many evil creatures, and a prominent local legend has long told of a large city of Dark Elves in caverns deep beneath it. It is certainly true that hunting parties of Darkside Elves roam the forest after dark, burning isolated farmsteads and abducting humans, presumably to be their slaves.

The lower reaches of the Pagan Plains are windswept and less hospitable, for they open out at their eastern end to the Windward Plains, and thence to the Flatlands, an enormous area of grassland and steppes which stretch all the way to the Sea of Pearls, far, far away on the other side of Allansia. There are fewer settlers on these lands, and a traveller would be hard

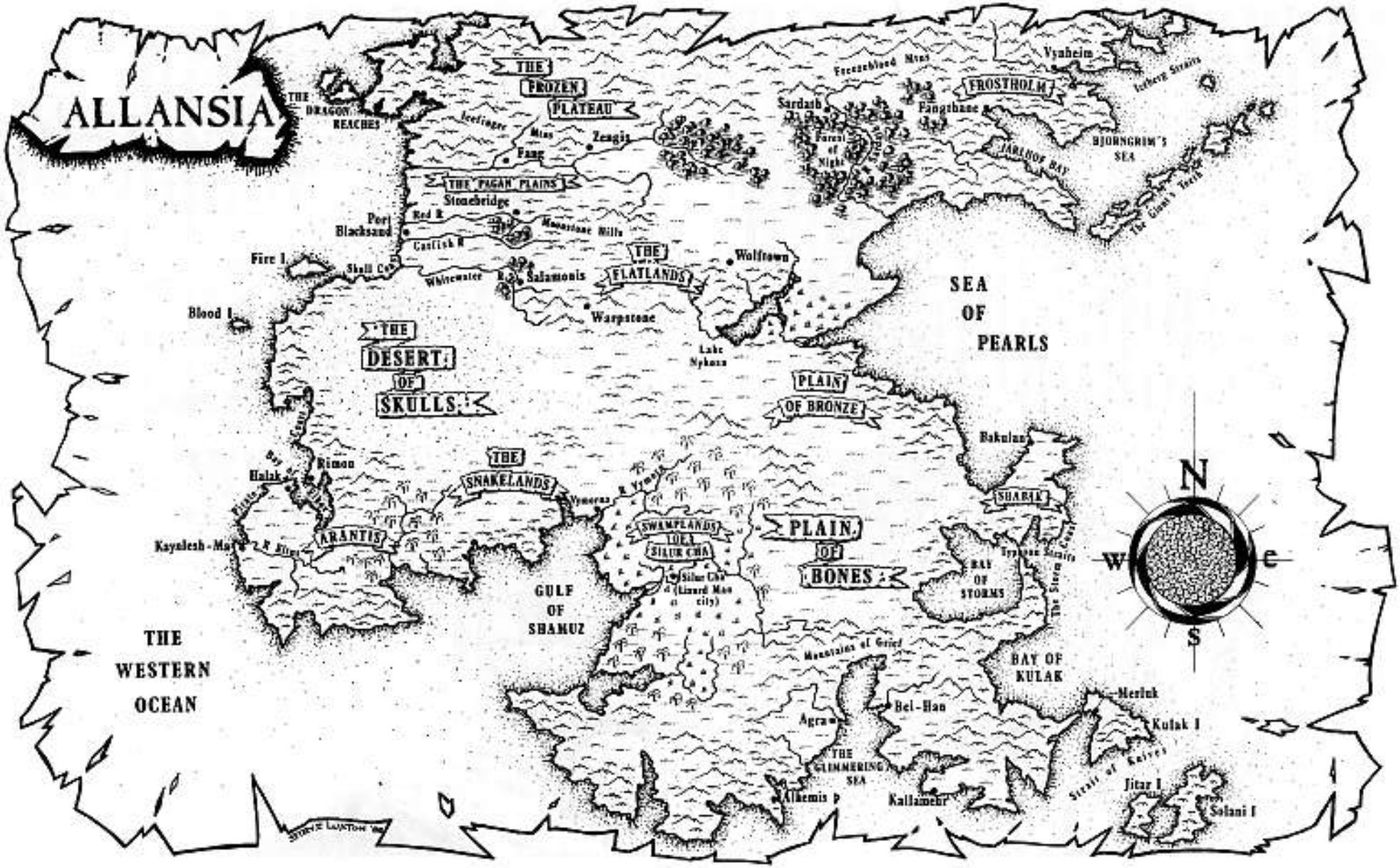
ALLANSIA
THE DRAGON REACHES
THE FROZEN PLATEAU
Icefingers
Mtns
Zengis
Fang
Frozenblood Mtns
Sardath
Forest of Night
Fangthane
FROSTHOLM
Vynheim
Icebeye Straits
BJORNGRIM'S SEA
JARLNOR BAY
The Giant's Teeth
THE PAGAN PLAINS
Stonebridge
Red R.
Port Blacksand
Castlek R.
Moonstone Hills
Fire I.
Skull Cove
Whitewater R.
Salamonis
THE FLATLANDS
Wolftown
Warpstone
Lake Nykaza
Blood I.
THE DESERT OF SKULLS
SEA OF PEARLS
PLAIN OF BRONZE
Bakulan
Rimon
Halak
THE SNAKELANDS
Vymeras
R. Vymeras
SHARIK
Kayalesh-Mar
ARANTIS
SWAMPLANDS OF SILUR CHA
Silur Cha (Lizard Man city)
PLAIN OF BONES
BAY OF STORMS
Tyranne Straits
The Sleeve
GULF OF SHAMUZ
THE WESTERN OCEAN
Mountains of Grief
BAY OF KULAK
Merluk
Bel-Han
Kulak I.
Agra
THE GLIMMERING SEA
Strait of Knives
Jitar I.
Solani I.
Alkemis
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pressed to find a friendly face until he reached the safety of the ancient Forest of Yore and the walled city of Salamonis, which is almost as old as the forest and is situated on the banks of the fast-flowing Whitewater River, where it runs through the Vale of Willow. The forest is many thousands of years old, and the half-Elven tribes who live within its eaves speak guardedly of its many ancient secrets. Salamonis itself was built before the War of the Wizards. By the scale of such matters in those days, it was little more than a small walled citadel, but to the present population it is a solid, ancient city. It derives its name from the Salamon line, who have always ruled over the city. The present king, Salamon LXII, is renowned for his ancient library, which is said to contain many important documents relating to earlier ages of Allansia, but also for his laxness in allowing the Craggen Heights and Trolltooth Pass to become overrun with Orcs, Goblins and worse creatures.

Trolltooth Pass is the true gateway into Allansia, for beyond it lie the Windward Plains and the Flatlands. It is a dangerous place, only three leagues wide at its narrowest point, and bounded by the Moonstone Hills and the northern reaches of the Craggen Heights, two ranges of inhospitable highlands which give shelter to all manner of human-hating races. Along its length are the ruins of watchtowers and fortresses, built by various local rulers through the centuries in an attempt to fortify the pass against intruders. At one point, there are the remains of a massive wall, which stretches for perhaps eight leagues, fortified every two leagues with massive (and now crumbling) gatehouses, before petering away into the scrubland. The ruins are haunted by the ghosts of the thousands of warriors who at one time or another gave their lives to defend this narrow strip of land.

THE FLATLANDS

When an Allansian wishes to express the size of something so big that it cannot be imagined, he simply says 'as wide as the Flatlands'. The gently rolling plains stretch for many weeks' ride, spanning an area far larger than that of old Allansia, until they slowly dip down to the shores of the Sea of Pearls on the other side of the continent. In comparison to the Pagan Plains, they are sparsely populated, but humans and other beings do live there. Many small tribes of nomadic horsemen roam the wastelands, setting up their villages in one spot for no more than a few days, before moving on. They are short, sallow-skinned people, with slanting eyes and coal-black hair. Horses run wild on the Flatlands, and worse creatures too; both are hunted by the tribesmen, who are experts at wielding bow and lasso from the backs of galloping horses. The tribes could offer a great threat to settled Allansia if they were ever brought together as a single fighting unit, for they are hardy warriors; but they are proud people, fiercely loyal to their particular tribe, and it would take a great power indeed to unite them against other peoples.

The Flatlands are intermittently crossed by trading caravans from Zengis, which skirt the safer northern fringes of the plains on their long journeys to the city of Sardath, and from there on to ice-bound Frostholm

and the cities of Fangthane and Vynheim. Sardath is an alarming city, built on stilts over a lake, which is itself squeezed precariously between two sheer mountain peaks. It is inhabited by the rough men and Dwarfs who built the city a few centuries ago to house them while they exploited the many resources of the inhospitable region. North of Sardath, in the foothills of the Freezeblood Mountains (known to the Dwarfs as the Kalakûr, or 'Wall of the Gods'), gold mines penetrate deep into the earth, trappers hunt bear, snow-fox and rarer creatures for their luxurious pelts, and lumberjacks work timber from the thick forests. It is a rough land, and it takes its toll of even the strongest, but the rewards are great for those who can survive.

FROSTHOLM

Further north still is Frostholm, a land of mountains and fjords inhabited by a race of hardy, broad-shouldered humans who live alongside Dwarfs in their stone and timber settlements. Vynheim is the only major settlement in Frostholm, though every inlet of Bjorngrim's Sea (named after an ancient giant-slaying hero) is dotted with farmsteads and small villages. The city perches on a plateau overlooking Vynfjord, from where boats set off for the open ocean beyond the Giant's Teeth, even as far as Gallantaria across the Ocean of Tempests. The people of Frostholm are strong sailors and doughty warriors, for they have had their share of conflict, especially in the legendary wars against the Frost Giants which once dwelt in the Kalakûr – wars which are celebrated in song whenever the people get the chance!

The Dwarfs, for their part, respect the northmen as great warriors, and there are many links between the two races. However, there are some things which the Dwarfs will always keep to themselves, and for this reason no human has ever entered the great citadel of Fangthane. Ruled over by King Namûrkill, Fangthane is revered by Dwarfs from all lands as the focus for all Dwarf peoples. Carved from the insides of a mountain in the Time of Legends, while the first humans were still learning how to throw rocks, it is truly one of the wonders of the world.

SHABAK AND THE SOUTHLANDS

Far away south across the Sea of Pearls (a curious name for a wild, stormy gulf where no man has ever dived for oysters!), the small principality of Shabak thrusts out into the Ocean of Tempests, perched on a peninsula which is part of a much-feared stretch of coastline known as the Storm Coast. Gales blow across the ocean from the east, bringing hurricane winds and whirling tornadoes which batter against this side of Allansia like the hammer of an enormous Giant. Shabak itself consists of little more than the single city-state of Bakulan, which hides away on the western side of the Shabak Peninsula. Little is known of this land, save that some of its merchants occasionally trade with the subhuman peoples who dwell in the Plain of Bones further inland.

The Plain of Bones is another desolate, wind-swept land. It is bounded to the north by the baking Plain of Bronze, to the east by the impassable Bay of Storms, to the south by the uncrossable Mountains of Grief, and to the west by the Swamplands of Silur Cha, known throughout the south as the domain of the Lizard Men. The Plain of Bones takes its name partly from the dinosaurs which roam across it, and partly from the primitives who hunt them. Once, maybe, there was civilization here – at any rate, occasional ghost-haunted ruins of small settlements and fortifications dot the plains – but that must have been many, many lifetimes ago, for now there are only the dinosaurs and their hunters.

Further south still, beyond even the Mountains of Grief, a few small communities cling precariously to the coast around the Glimmering Sea. Isolated from

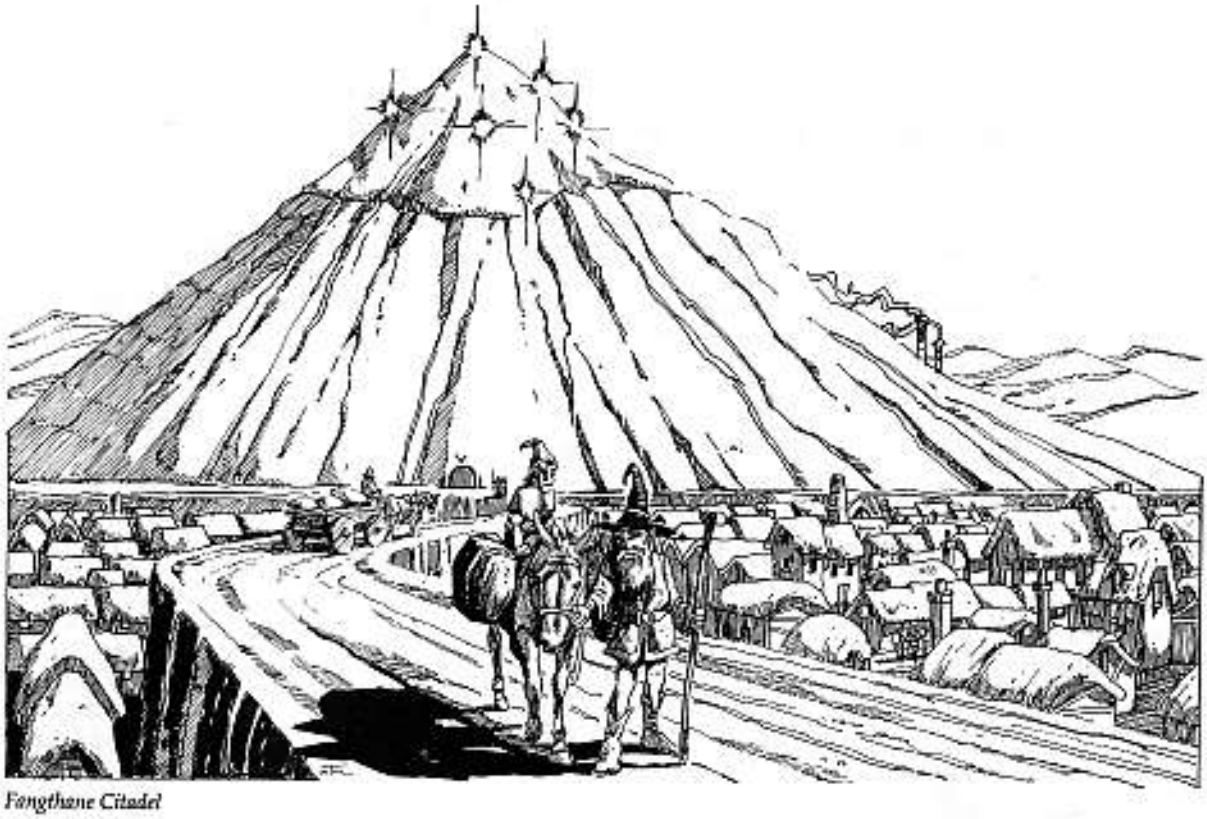

Fangthane Citadel

the other civilized parts of Allansia by the mountains and the plains, and visited by few merchants from the far north as a result, they have not grown much beyond tiny city-states, ruled over by dynasties who occasionally trade with one another, and occasionally war with one another, but who never influence the rest of Allansia. Little is known about these lands by the scholars and sages of the north.

SILUR CHA AND THE SWAMPLANDS

Thick jungles and swamplands line the wide Gulf of Shamuz, making it a perilous place for any adventurer. Even worse, they mark the full extent of the Lizard Man Empire, an evil domain which is slowly threatening to spread out across the face of the southlands. The eastern part is known to us as Silur Cha, a Lizard Man term which (very approximately) means 'Home to the Supreme Majesties of all Lizards'. At the heart of the swampland there is the unholy city of Silur Cha itself, which is indeed home to the Lizard Man emperors and their human-hating followers. Except in the scrying pools of sorcerers, no human has ever seen Silur Cha and lived to tell the tale, for Lizard Men hate all intelligent life and will allow nothing to cross their swamplands – as if anyone could! The swamplands themselves cover an area almost equal in size to the Pagan Plains, and are inhabited by giant snakes, crocodiles and, of course, the Lizard Men themselves.

The northern extent of the evil Lizard Man Empire is currently spread along the Vymorn River, at the mouth of which stands the besieged city of Vymorna. For six years now, the city has been cut off by the inhuman troops, who have slowly pounded away at the walls until they have reached the inner fortifications and the keep. Vymorna is an old city, built to withstand a great deal, but its back is broken and its people cannot hold out for much longer. Over the six years, a few brave warriors have attempted to escape the city in search of aid, but none has ever made it all the way across the Snakelands or the Desert of Skulls, so no aid has ever been sent.

When Vymorna falls, as it surely must, the Lizard Men will find that they are opposed by the equally vile Caarth, the Snake People who dwell in stone cities excavated on the fringes of the Desert of Skulls known as the Snakelands. Even if they win against them, the Lizard Men will simply be faced by the endless wastes of the Desert of Skulls itself. Unless, of course, their attention turns to Arantis . . .

ARANTIS AND KAYNLESH-MA

Just south of that stretch of the Western Ocean known as the Pirate Coast, the city of Kaynlesh-Ma guards the head of the River Eltus, as capital of a land called Arantis. The people of Kaynlesh-Ma are strange, being highly religious and learned, but also hard-working and physical. The city and the land are governed by the Overpriest, who is widely believed by his subjects to be the incarnation of a messenger of the gods, and is therefore treated with incredible deference and loyalty by his subjects. The priests of Arantis are known for their learning, even in old Allansia far to the north, but even more famous are the exotic spices, oils and cloth which merchants bring to the northern lands. Galleys regularly ply up and down the coast from as far away as Fang – making them ideal prey for the pirates of the Bay of Elkor and Blacksand itself!

Not for nothing is the stretch of water around the Bay of Elkor known as the Pirate Coast. While the two cities which face each other from twin peaks at its

seaward end, Halak and Rimon, are not especially aligned to Evil, they are havens for thieves, pirates and gamblers, though most of these have their hideouts among the many inlets of the bay itself. Every so often, the piracy gets so bad that the powerful merchants of the three cities force the rulers into action, and for a few weeks the pirates are driven underground – maybe a few are actually caught and hanged. But when the fuss dies down, as it always does, the pirates re-emerge and continue their dastardly trade as if nothing had happened.

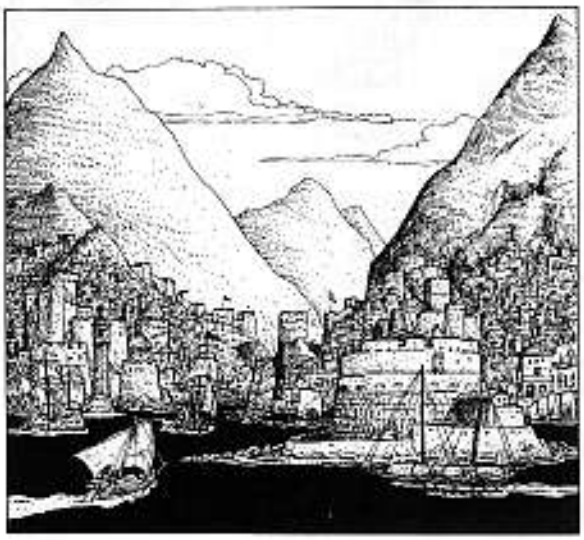

North and east of the Bay of Elkor there is only the arid expanse of the Desert of Skulls, which stretches as far as the mind can imagine. Within these endless wastes great treasures are rumoured to be hidden among the ruins of cities like the legendary Vatos, but few adventurers would be so foolish as to try to cross them without an overwhelmingly good reason. Even the rampaging Lizard Men may have some difficulty adapting to the searing heat of this waterless wilderness. Around the northern fringes of the Desert of Skulls, traders and nomads trek on camels, bringing goods to the few settlements of the northern edges of the Plain of Bronze, but they do not go far into the desert, for they know how inhospitable it is.

Pressing on further north, the desert turns into the broken wasteland of the Southern Plain, which gradually leads back into settled Allansia, where we started our journey. Much of Allansia is uncivilized and very hostile, and it must be said that there is as much adventure to be found in this corner of the world as any other – which is perhaps why so few adventurers need ever explore the world beyond Trolltooth Pass and the Southern Plains.

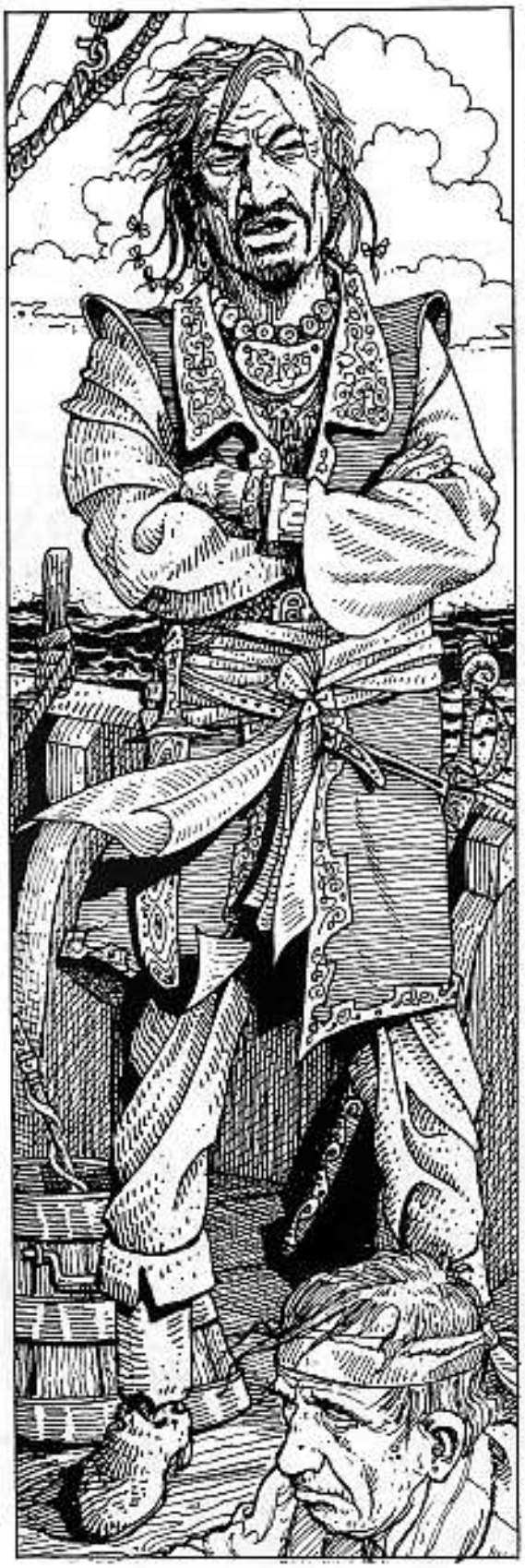

GARIUS OF HALAK

The greatest pirate of all those who ply their deadly trade along the Pirate Coast is Captain Garius of Halak. He learnt his trade in the service of the feared Captain Bartella before setting off in his own ship, *The Death's Head*, to bring fear and terror to all seamen of Allansia, both merchants and pirates alike – for Garius does not care whom he attacks, as long as it brings in gold or precious cargo. He has a secret hideout somewhere along the coast, but is normally to be found in one of the many taverns in the dockland quarter of Halak – when he is not out on the high seas in search of a heavily laden galleon, that is!

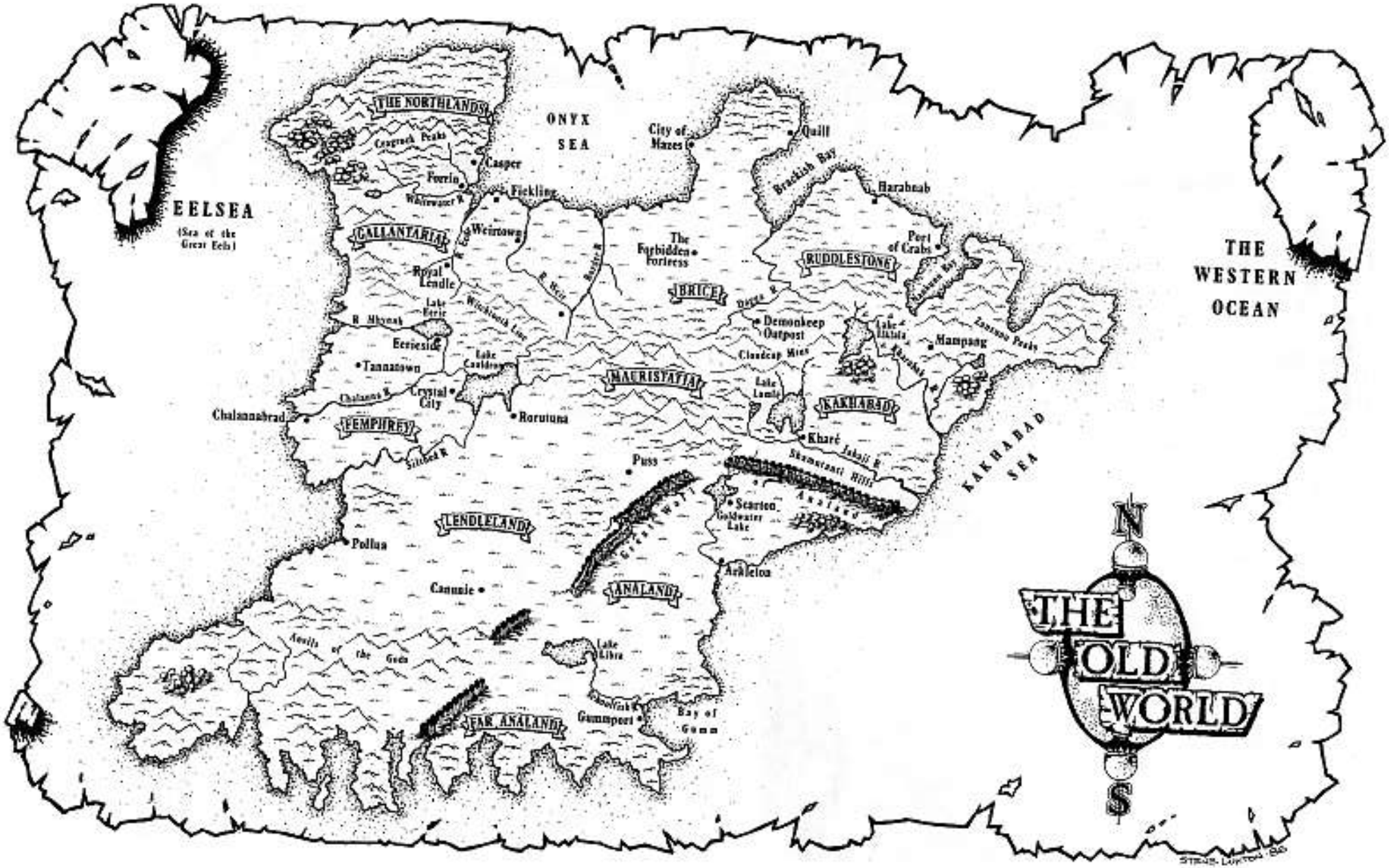
THE OLD WORLD
N
S
THE WESTERN OCEAN
KAKHABAD SEA
ONYX SEA
EELSEA
(Sea of the Great Eels)
THE NORTHLANDS
Cragrock Peaks
Casper
Forrin
Whitewater R.
Fickling
Weirtowns
GALLANTARIA
Royal Leadle
Lake Eerie
R. Mhonak
Eeriesie
Tannatown
Lake Cauldron
Chalannabrad
Chalanna R.
Crystal City
EMPIREY
Silbert R.
Rorutuna
Pollua
Cannnie
LENDLELANDS
Anvils of the Gods
Lake Libra
FAR ANALAND
Gummport
Bay of Gomm
ANALAND
Puss
Great Wall
Searton
Goldwater Lake
Arkleton
Analand
Shamanari Hills
Jabail R.
Kharé
KAKHABAD
Lake Lamia
Claudcap Mts
Demonkeep Outpost
Lake Hakala
Khorabak
Mampang
Zantoon Peaks
Port of Crabs
Harabnab
Brackish Bay
Quill
City of Mazes
The Forbidden Fortress
BRICE
Dyrra R.
RUDDLESTONE
Mahoun Bay
R. Mirit
Bastra R.
Witchbeath Lake

The Old World

The people of Allansia often wondered what lay across the Western Ocean, that vast rolling expanse of monster-infested water which stretched as far as the eye could see. Some said that the ocean just went on for ever, and a ship would sail until its crew died of starvation and thirst, without reaching land. Others said that you would travel for weeks and weeks, never sighting land, until you sailed over the waterfall at the end of the world! But some had heard legends which said that Allansia was once joined to two other continents, which were split apart by the gods for some terrible crime many, many centuries ago. They knew that out there somewhere was another land, though what it was like they could not imagine.

Eventually, however, brave mariners did make the crossing. Sailing due west for many weeks, with dolphins dancing around the prow and flying fish skimming by their side, they finally caught sight of land – and what a land! The first sailors from Allansia to visit the Old World, as its inhabitants called the landmass, landed near Arkleton, the capital of Analand, where they were received by the king. Scholars were eager to learn about the second continent, which they had long suspected to exist. The sailors travelled across the whole of the continent, being shown the full extent of the land they had 'discovered'. Moreover, when they came to Pollua in Lendleland, they met mariners from yet another continent, who had made the long and perilous voyage across the Ocean of Serpents from Khul. Eventually the sailors returned to Allansia, where they at once declared what they had discovered to scholars and anyone else who was interested. Now merchants and adventurers make the crossing quite regularly, with perhaps two boats a year taking goods and travellers to the continent, which ironically they called the New World for a while, until its real name was known!

The Old World is a land of contrasting regions, from the lush grassy plains of Lendleland to the unscalable peaks of the Cloudcap Mountains in Mauristatia. Its people live mostly from the land, but it has many larger settlements as well, for it escaped the cataclysmic wars that have kept the other continents from attaining true civilization. Some of the kingdoms of the Old World have not reached their full development, but just about all of them are more sophisticated and civilized than anywhere in Allansia or Khul.

FEMPHREY, CHALANNA'S LAND

The most important land at the moment is Femphrey, a wealthy kingdom on the western coast of the continent. It is a flat, fertile country of grassy plains crossed by many rivers and sprinkled with small clumps of old woodland. Its people are ruddy, brown-skinned folk who always seem to be laughing and smiling with the joys of life, though this was not always the case. Many years ago, Femphrey was a poor and tawdry land, its soil moderately fertile but its people glum and unenthusiastic. Its decrepit capital Femnis, situated near the coast on the mouth of the Femnis River, was rapidly crumbling around the ears of the king and its poverty-stricken merchants.

But all this changed when King Chalanna found the artefact known as the Crown of Kings. This magical symbol of rulership made him wise and charismatic, and he quickly inspired his people into revitalizing their country. Within the space of just a few years Chalanna had worked wonders. The capital city was torn down before it could fall down, and a brand-new one was built in its place from the proceeds of the nation's new prosperity. Named Chalannabrad after its most famous resident, it is a wide, open city, with pleasant tree-lined avenues running between large, well-built houses and clean parks and public squares, and stands at the mouth of the renamed Chalanna River.

From its impressive docklands, ships sail out into the strange Eelsea, a mysterious place which takes its name from the Great Eels which live there, though it is also home to Serpents, Sea Dragons, the huge horned Bullwhales, the mythical Decapi (frightening, intelligent, ten-legged creatures found nowhere else on Titan), and worse. As they set out to travel up or down the coast, or merely to fish, every boat and ship ensures that there is a fully qualified naval sorcerer on board . . . just in case!

At the other end of the Chalanna River lies Crystal City, a wonderful place built entirely from crystals dredged from the intriguing Crystal Lake. Hot springs beneath the surface of the waters keep them very warm; sometimes, when the springs are very active, the water of the lake actually boils. The River of Fire which feeds the lake springs from the slopes of an

active volcano high among the peaks of neighbouring Mauristatia, and brings strange minerals to the lake. These react with the steaming lake and form crystals which are mined by the people of Crystal City, and to a lesser extent by those of Rorutuna.

LENDLELAND

The people of Lendleland are very jealous of those of Femphrey in many ways. Their mining operations in Crystal Lake are nothing like as successful as those of the Femphreyans. The capital city and chief port, Pollua, is small and run down, and the fishing grounds off its coast are not as rich as those of the Eelsea. Its people are poor and superstitious. Much of the land is infertile grassy plain, suitable only for breeding wild horses (which admittedly make the best mounts in the world). In the eastern hills, rebellious barbarians still make raids on the other country, to Lendleland's eternal shame.

Their dissatisfaction came to a head in a very petty dispute with Femphrey over who actually owned the Siltbed River, which flows out of Crystal Lake and marks the boundary of the two nations. After many years of squabbling, Chalanna the Reformer in his gracious wisdom granted Lendleland full rights to the river, and at the same time lent them the awesome Crown of Kings. This tremendous gesture of peace was heartily welcomed by Lendleland: there was even some talk of the two kingdoms merging under the joint rule of Chalanna himself. But in fact the river is a poor prize. It has a thick silty bed and is tidal, so that a great many boats and barges regularly line its banks waiting for the high tide to float them off again. Its waters are also filthy with minerals and waste from the Crystal Lake, and they are not fit to drink. When the Crown was passed on to Gallantaria after four years, the people began to see Chalanna as an opportunistic swindler, and the old squabbles started again.

ANALAND AND THE EASTERN COAST

At the far eastern end of the Anvils of the Gods, the land drops sharply down towards the country of Analand, where it is immediately blocked by the enormous Great Wall of Analand, built to check the raids of unruly barbarians from eastern Lendleland. It was a foolish gesture to attempt to build a wall around an entire kingdom, however, and the project was abandoned with several large sections missing, before the country bankrupted itself and the king was deposed! Today Analand is a pleasant land with hard-working and honest citizens. In the southern part, known as Far Analand, spices and strange plants are grown, before being carried and shipped all over the continent by merchants and ships from Gummport. Most of Analand's citizens live in the broad plain which runs north from Lake Libra. The lake is revered as a holy site of great importance, for it is said that the goddess of justice, patron goddess of Analand, once appeared to a sick man on the lakeside and cured him of his ills. The lake is now ringed with the monasteries of many religious groups; pilgrims travel to Libra from all over the land. At the far end of the fertile plain, on the banks of the Goldflow River, lies Arkleton, capital of Analand and home to its king. The river has its

source in Goldwater Lake, which lies some way to the north. The lake is rich in metal ores, and fine particles of ore can actually be seen floating in suspension in the water! The town of Scarton on its shore recovers the gold and the other metals, and refines them into the ingots which give Analand much of its wealth.

THE VERMIN-PIT

Kakhabad is a wild land, populated by thieves and brigands, monsters and evil inhumans, and many other outcasts from the rest of the world. It is a land tainted by the touch of Chaos, which once festered here, and a place of wild magic and strange natural phenomena. At its centre lies Kharé, known affectionately as the Cityport of Traps.

City it certainly is, though a more disreputable, scummy, violent, ramshackle excuse for a city you could not imagine. Port? Yes – despite being close on a hundred leagues from the stormy Kakhabad Sea, Kharé is linked by the wide Jabaji River, which carries boats, barges and even large ships all the way from the sea to Kharé itself, where they meet with other boats bringing fish downstream from Lake Lumlé to the north. And the traps? Well, unfortunately, these also exist, in great numbers. They were introduced by some of the more Lawful citizens in an attempt at protection from the great many thieves and muggers who infest the city, but the plan backfired somewhat, for the Lawful citizens did not tell one another where their own traps were! Now everyone moves about carefully, sticking to parts of the city they know and avoiding strange streets and alleys.

Beyond Kharé, there are the flat plains of the Baklands, strange barren wastes where Nature's processes are perverted and controlled by the powers of Chaos, which seem to emanate from the land itself!

Peculiar plants dwell everywhere; streams bubble as they boil, or creak with slabs of floating ice; bizarre creatures wander its rocky wildernesses. You will need all your wits about you to cross such an unnatural place. Beyond the Baklands, the land rises sharply to High Xamen, where the demonic Archmage has his fortress. The heights are home to deadly aerial races such as Bird Men and Life-Stealers, but if you manage to cross them you will find yourself in Ruddlestone, the first of the northern kingdoms.

THE LANDS OF THE NORTHERN PLAINS

Ruddlestone is a small, rather peculiar place, where people of many different philosophies rub shoulders with one another. The main ruling faction is the religious one, which has a decidedly military bent to it, because of the continual wars with neighbouring Brice. It was these wars which forced the people of Ruddlestone to build the massive Demonkeep Outpost on the edge of the mountains, overlooking the main approach to Brice near the Dagga River which marks the border. It is permanent home to a garrison of a thousand warrior-priests. At the other end of the kingdom – and directly opposed to such warlike organization – there are the ports. Harabnab is peaceful enough, home to all Lawful adventurers and sailors; but just down the coast lies the Port of Crabs, haven to every pirate for fifty nautical miles, who prey constantly on the shipping of the coast. Ruddlestone is a strange land to combine such opposites!

Pirates also raid the coast from the distant City of Mazes in Brice. The kingdom of Brice is very warlike, perpetually disputing with surrounding lands the extents of its shifting borders. It does this, quite simply, because it has few natural resources of its own. Its dictatorial leaders keep the people occupied in always preparing for war, centring their activity around the capital, the Forbidden Fortress.

To Brice's west lies Gallantaria, once the most important land in all the Old World, and a land with a rich history. It has had a turbulent past (mostly because of the warlike ambitions of Brice and the inhabitants of the Northlands), but has gradually settled down a little. Its capital, Royal Lendle, is home to many sages, who spend much of their time sifting through the rich archives of the ruling family's libraries in search of more coherent information about the past of their continent. Gallantaria is generally a peaceful land of peasant farmers and more wealthy townsfolk, though disturbing things still lurk on its borders. The heights of the Witchtooth Line, which divide it from Femphrey, and the Cragrock Peaks, which mark the country's northern border, are home to all kinds of outlaws and strange sects, who may one day become strong enough to threaten Gallantaria itself.

The Old World is a more settled and more civilized continent than either Allansia or Khul. But there are still many threats lurking in the wilder areas, and Kakhabad as a whole is as dangerous a place as you are likely to find anywhere on Titan. Do not think that a little civilization can hide the extreme peril of a land where Chaos once ruled and where it threatens to rule again!

Khul, The Dark Continent

Steer a ship out of Pollua in Lendleland, and head south-west by the light of the Dragon Star. Keep on until it vanishes below the horizon, at about the same time as the land behind you disappears, and you will find yourself sailing in unfamiliar seas under foreign stars. Stick true to your course, though whales and dolphins dance around your prow, and stranger creatures rear out of the water to see how edible you might be, before sinking with hardly a ripple, and in perhaps sixty days or so you will sight land again. A vast, mountainous coastline will grow nearer and nearer until it towers over your frail craft, with no sign of any inlet or bay to ease your journey. You must sail around the coastline for two or three more days before you will find somewhere to beach your craft and at last set foot on Khul.

When the world was still forming, many millennia before the first men set foot upon its surface, Khul and Allansia were joined by a narrow land-bridge, which later separated, as the two continents drifted apart, to create a string of islands. Over the centuries much has happened to the face of the world, and most of these islands have now sunk beneath the waves, allowing the ocean currents to grow stronger and stronger, and creating the all but impassable Ocean of Tempests which now separates Allansia from Khul. Many legends and improbable sailors' stories surround attempts to cross to Khul, including hair-raising tales of Sea Giants emerging from the water to 'play' with boats in scaly hands the size of archery fields, and of manta rays of even larger dimensions which skim along the surface of the water, swooping above it for short distances before gliding back into the water, their mouths wide open as they dredge for fish and other food – including unfortunate ships! Whatever the real truth behind such stories, it is certain that few sailors would ever risk their lives by trying to cross to Khul from Allansia.

The Ocean of Serpents which divides Khul from the Old World is a safer expanse of water, but since there are few ocean-going sailors in those lands the journey has rarely been attempted. Those who know of Khul's existence hesitate before trying to cross the Serpent Ocean, though – despite its name – it offers few dangers to an experienced seagoer. The crossing to Khul becomes difficult only when you finally arrive at your destination, for the eastern side of the continent is rocky and mountainous, and the only true ports are situated further around the coastline, on the north-western and western coasts.

Those few Allansian scholars who know anything of Khul's history or geography call it the Dark Continent, though even fewer are able to state exactly why it is called by such a name. In fact the name comes partly from the physical make-up of the most settled parts, where the rocks and earth are a very dark black colour, and partly because of the tremendous wars against Chaos which took place in the centre of Khul while Allansia was in the bloodied grip of the War of the Wizards. We will return to the War against Evil and the Battle for Mankind later, when you will learn more of the ancient history of this troubled continent. For now, let it be said that any adventurer to Khul must know of, and beware, the Wastes of Chaos and the Battlegrounds.

THE WASTES OF CHAOS AND THE BATTLEGROUNDS

The heart of the Dark Continent was once very different to what it is today. In ancient times it was a rugged but fertile region, with pleasant valleys between gentle mountain peaks, watered by fast-flowing rivers which ran in all directions and carried trade to the city-states on the coast. Great Evil and Chaos festered in the mountains, however, and a vast area of land at the heart of the continent was blighted when wild magic was released as Good and Evil clashed.

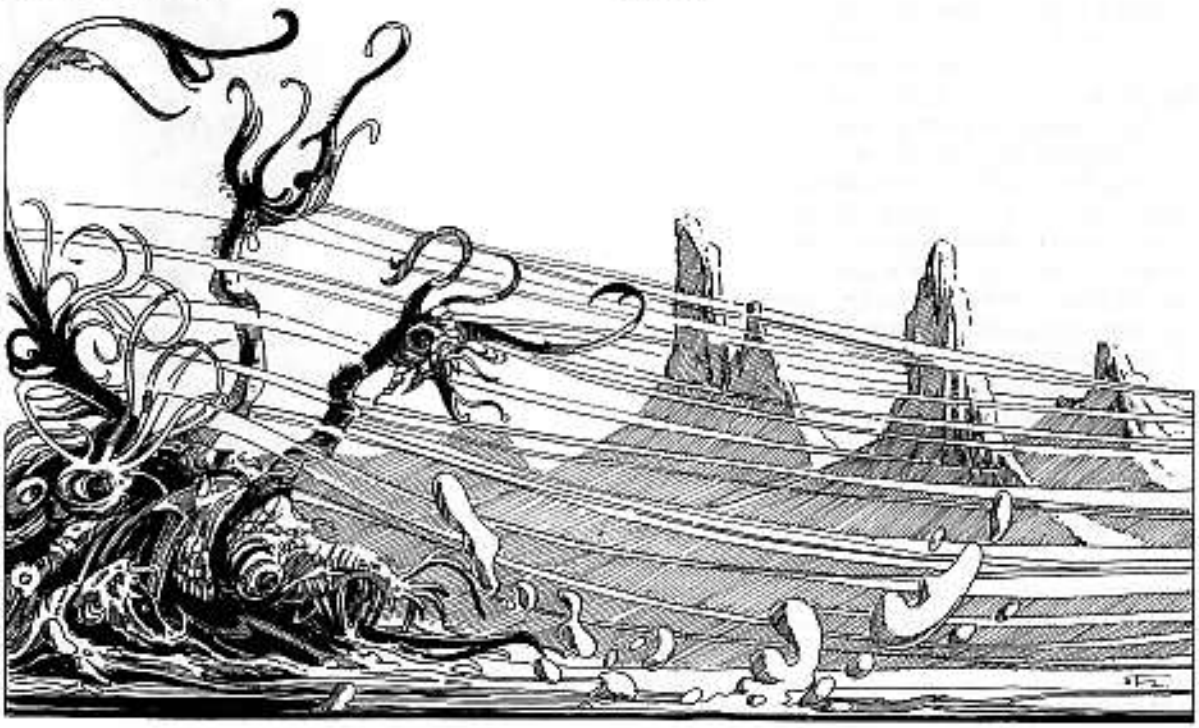

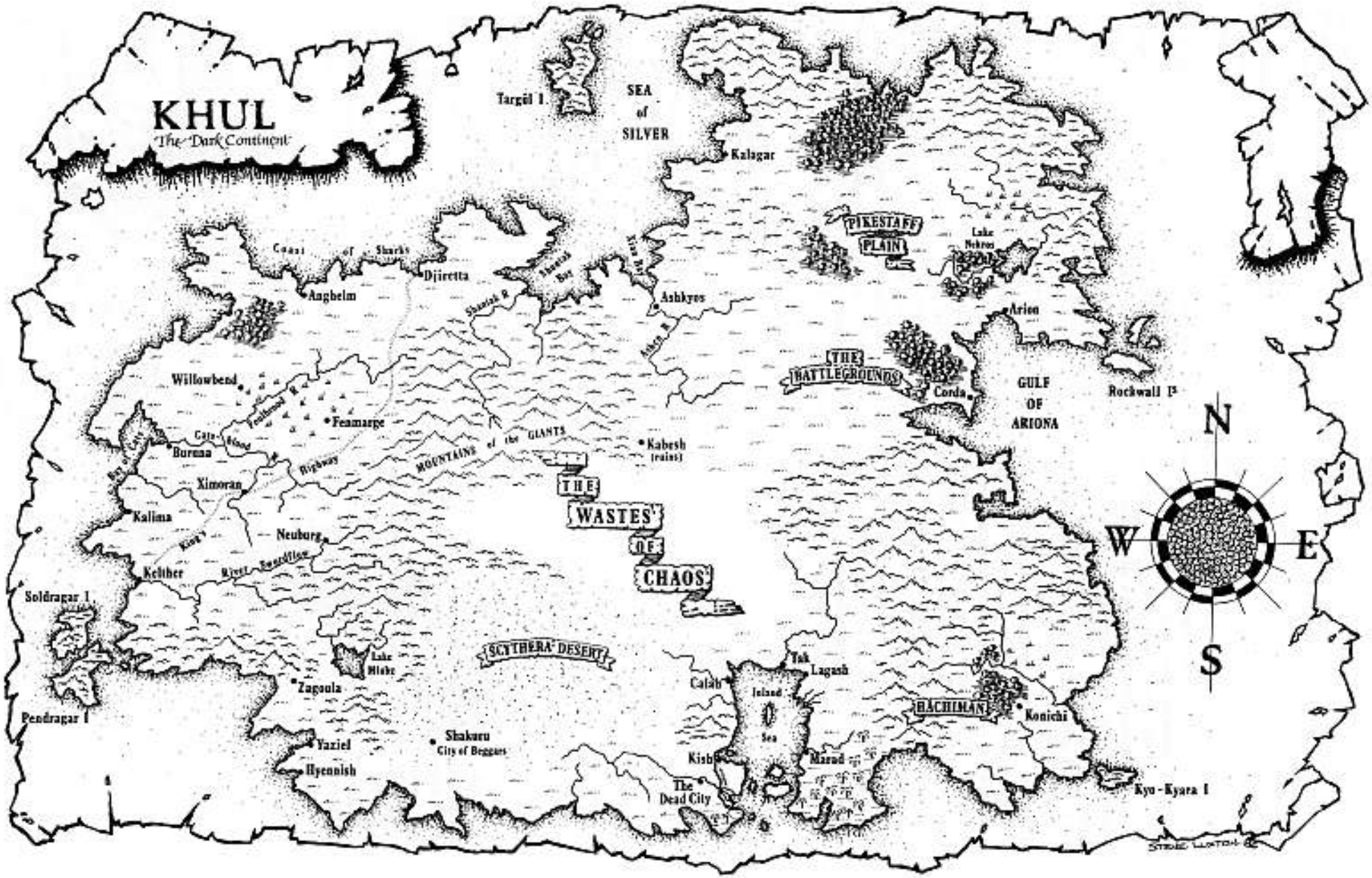
KHUL
The Dark Continent
Targil I.
SEA of SILVER
Kalagar
PIKESTAFF PLAIN
Lake Nekros
Coast of Sharks
Djiretta
Angbelm
Ashkyos
Arion
THE BATTLEGROUNDS
Corda
GULF OF ARIONA
Rockwall Is
Willowbend
Feamarge
Burma
Gate-Road
Highway
MOUNTAINS of the GIANTS
Kabesh (ruins)
Ximoran
THE WASTES OF CHAOS
Kalima
Neuburg
Keliher
River Swordfish
Soldragar I.
Lake Hlobe
SCYTHERA DESERT
Zagoula
Pendragar I
Yaziel
Shakaru City of Beggars
Ilyennish
Calab
Tak
Lagash
Island Sea
Kish
Marad
The Dead City
HACHIMAN
Konichi
Kyo-Kyara I
N
W
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The Wastes of Chaos are vast areas of ash and choking dust, where life cannot sustain itself. Here and there among the decay are founts of pure Chaos, like disgusting warped oases, where the very fabric of Nature is perverted by the stuff of Chaos as it spews into the Earthly Plane. Palm trees the colour of blood twist and writhe like living beings, while mindless, jelly-like things howl in their shade; living flesh coloured anything but pink or brown spouts from the ash as wriggling human limbs, while mouths open in the flesh and scream; everywhere Chaos spawns and dies with frenetic abandon. It is said that the sun never shows itself over the Wastes of Chaos – they are covered by swirling clouds of grey dust which prevent Nature from ever establishing a hold on the area again.

To the north-east of the Wastes, the ash plain peters out into a barren, sandy heath, dotted with ruined towers, walls and other military constructions which culminate in the crumbling ruins of the decimated city of Kabesh. Once the capital of the whole of northern Khul, the city was besieged by the Forces of Chaos, and finally pulled apart literally stone by stone. Now it is inhabited by the ghosts of warriors and city-folk, and also by small bands of Orcs and Trolls led by evil spell-casters who grub around in the ruins looking for ways to resurrect the dead armies buried under the Battlegrounds, and once again establish a reign of Chaos over the whole of Khul.

XIMORAN AND THE KING'S HIGHWAY

The inhabitants of the small kingdoms and city-states around the edges of Khul are unaware of the storm-clouds which are once again gathering at the heart of the continent. The most developed areas are along the western coast, and clustered around the Inland Sea on the far southern coastline. The city of Ximoran was once home to the Shakista dynasty, a long line of benevolent kings and queens who brought peace and order to the entire western coast, though sometimes more through force of arms than careful diplomacy. They built a wide road, the King's Highway. Although in places it is little more than a dirt-track these days, it can be followed south through fertile farmlands as far as the small port of Keither at the mouth of the River Swordflow. To the north the road makes a wide sweep east, away from the massive area of wild marshland known to the local people as Scorpion Swamp, before heading north to the ancient city of Djiretta, situated on the unpleasant-sounding Coast of Sharks.

The whole area is still under the protection of the rulers of Ximoran, though since the last king died without leaving an heir over two hundred years ago it has been under the rule of a body known as the Council of Seven, made up of representatives sent from each of the major settlements of the area – Ximoran itself, Djiretta and Anghelm on the north coast, the ports of Buruna, Kalima and Keither on the west coast, and the small walled city of Neuburg on the far southern edge of the civilized lands. The Council has no real powers, though it does provide a unified focus for the whole area, whose people would probably hide inside the walls of each town and city without it.

THE SOUTHERN LANDS

About a hundred leagues south of Neuburg you may find isolated settlements of short, swarthy humans, who were supposedly the original inhabitants of the lands right up to the Catsblood River, but who have gradually been driven further and further south over the last few centuries. They are crude, violent people, divided into clans and tribes who are fiercely protective of whatever lands they manage to call their own. Border disputes flare up from time to time, and they raid villages and farmsteads, destroying animals and crops and taking hostages and slaves, but swift action by organized troops from Neuburg usually keeps them from doing anything more dangerous.

Further south still, the land becomes more barren, turning from scrubland to wind-lashed steppes, which in turn descend to the edge of the cold Scythera Desert which cuts a desolate swath across the continent as far as the Inland Sea. A few tribes of brutish Goblins live around the edge of the mysterious (and nearly unpronounceable!) Lake Mlubz, though they are slowly dwindling in number under the combined assault of the inhospitable land and their warlike northern neighbours.

South-west of Lake Mlubz lies the abandoned city of Zagoula, once the pride of Khul but now empty and in ruins. Destroyed during the initial stages of the War against Evil, it is a terrifying place, shunned by all but the most adventurous. Some ruined towers and battlements poke above the shifting sands, but most of the city is now underground, and its streets are now tunnels wandered by strange subterranean creatures and a great many undead souls. Legend in the north

talks of great riches and forgotten wisdom to be found buried among its ruined temples and palaces, but few have had the courage to explore much of it.

On the southernmost part of the west coast lie two more settlements, Yaziel and Hyennish. Both were once flourishing trading towns under the protection of the rulers of Zagoula, but when that city fell they were quick to follow, overwhelmed by massed legions of Chaotic troops. Some humans survived, however, overlooked when the armies of the enemy turned impatiently to the north to assist at the sack of Zagoula, and there are small fortified villages on both sites, perched precariously among the ruins of the old towns. Life for their inhabitants is hard, for the land has not fully recovered from the ravages of the Chaotic forces – which did not just burn the land, but also emptied it of all life-bearing Goodness – but they struggle on as best they can.

THE INLAND SEA

The cold expanses of the desolate Scythera Desert are home only to nomadic Lizard Men, and to small roving bands of shaggy desert Goblins, who make sporadic raids on the human settlements around the edge of the pirate-infested Inland Sea, which was formed many aeons ago after a massive earthquake dropped the land by several hundred metres and the sea rushed in to fill in the hollow. The area around the sea is quite fertile, and a number of small city-states have established themselves. Competition between them, be it in trade or war, is very fierce, though matters rarely get out of hand. The conniving rulers of Tak, Lagash, Marad and all the others seem to relish their positions, and set up endless alliances with one another against the rest, but then break one partnership and join another, turning violently against their previous allies with great relish. The waters of the Inland Sea are swarming with pirates and privateers, and most trading ships only sail under the protection of a flotilla of warships.

The largest of the Inland Sea's cities is Kish, a dour place which is fortified with immense walls to protect it from the warlike barbarians which dwell in the lands to the west. The people of Kish do not readily welcome strangers to their city, though they sometimes offer the highest prices to any merchant brave enough to approach them. At present Kish is allied with Lagash and Marad in a war against Shurrupak, and the Inland Sea is swarming with war-galleys battering one another into submission for the sake of a few trade treaties.

HACHIMAN, THE ISOLATED KINGDOM

West of the Inland Sea you will find only impenetrable jungles, inhabited by cannibal pygmy Lizard Men and other deadly enemies of mankind. The vegetation gradually rises up the foothills of an all but impenetrable range of mountains which have never been named by the men who dwell on the Inland Sea; in the unwieldy tongue of those who dwell on the other side of them, however, they are called the Shios'ii Mountains. The kingdom of Hachiman which lies in their shadow is completely cut off from the rest of Khul. Being a land of great fertility and natural resources, its inhabitants have never felt any need to attempt to cross the heaven-scraping peaks which isolate their land, and since they are not good sailors, they have never ventured very far along the coast of the Southern Seas.

In their isolation, the people of Hachiman have developed a very peculiar culture, combining deep spiritual belief with a ruling warrior class which has developed the most amazing skills in combat. The ruler of Hachiman is known as the Shogun, who is lord over a number of lesser nobles each of whom controls one of the small baronies dotted around the land. The ordinary citizens of Hachiman are peasants, tied to their feudal lord and master as surely as slaves. They are happy people, however, for the culture of their land teaches them to be content with their lot, and that their place as farmers is as important in the scheme of things as that of their lords. It is perhaps regrettable that other, more violent lands do not benefit from the same beliefs, though Titan would be a sad and sorry place if all lands were much the same as one another – and there would be little need for adventurers if that were so! Perhaps we should offer up a prayer that such a thing never comes about?

SHAKURU, CITY OF BEGGARS

On the south-western edge of the Scythera Desert there sits the foulest city known to man. Called Shakuru, it is home only to the Beggar-King, Holagar the Wretched, and his plague-ridden citizens. Cast out by the rest of the world, they drift to the city in their ones and twos (though no one quite knows how they cross the storm-blown oceans where others cannot), to join their fellow outcasts. The beggars trade with the desert Goblins and the nomadic Lizard Men, to whom all humans look revolting, and raid barbarian settlements west of Kish, taking food and slaves.

Shakuru itself is little more than a massive pile of debris and rat-infested garbage, perpetually collapsing and being rebuilt by its inhabitants. In the rickety temples of the city the beggars offer up praise to Disease and Decay, their patrons and spiritual lords, by breeding rats and flies and releasing them to serve their gods by spreading unholy diseases across the world.

The Skies of Titan

How many people on Titan never look at the night sky and wonder about those glimmering candles in the heavens? More learned types, the astronomers, believe that the pinpoints of light are nothing less than other suns, possibly even circled by planets much like our own! This is such an outlandish concept that it may seem completely stupid to you, but the learned star-gazers say that mathematics proves their point – though what a few numbers have to do with the homes of the gods only they know.

However that may be, the skies overhead are packed with stars and other celestial phenomena. In the different lands different names have been given and constellations picked out, but in most lands the people firmly believe that the stars represent the forms, deeds or domains of their patron deities. See the two sky-charts here for examples of the forms the stars are said to take.

The planet is lit during the day by the bright yellow sun. At night, however, the moon shines like a cold grey lantern as it circles the sleeping world. Like the stars, the moon is called by many names, but every culture surprisingly believes it to be male. The swamp-dwelling peoples of south-east Allansia know it as Kuran, the child of Assamura the sun goddess. Further north the sinister Darkside Elves know the sun only as Brethin's Bane, after a legendary hero of their race who was caught by a Wood Elf's arrow after foolishly venturing above ground during the daylight hours; to them the moon is Tiriel, the Silent Guardian, who they believe watches over and protects them when they hunt under his wan light.

In some parts of the world where the Elemental Planes encroach too greatly upon the Earthly Plane, eddies of great magical power swirl across the face of the land, and all the Laws of Nature are suspended. In the Baklands, the wilderlands at the centre of Chaos-tainted Kakhabad, it is said that day and night never follow each other at equal intervals. At some times there, especially in spring when magical energy is at its peak, the sun appears never to set in the western sky for weeks on end, though in other parts of the world the skies behave as normally as ever. For reasons such as this, it cannot be stressed too highly how dangerous it is to venture into the Baklands and other such areas without very good reason!

HISTORY AND LEGEND

So that is the world of Titan, in all its tarnished glory. But how did it come to be this way? What of its history, its heroes, myths and legends? All we can do is repeat the words of the legendary mystic and scholar Raljak Lying-Jackal, who always started his books with the words, 'Read on, and all will be revealed in time . . .'

In the Beginning

But where shall we start? In the course of our studies for this book, we have drawn on the combined knowledge of the wisest sages of the three continents. As a result, we have collected much information that duplicates, contradicts or ignores other material. If we had given in to our initial urges, simply to tell all that we heard, this book would be ten times the size it is, and we would still be writing it! Therefore, what we have done is chosen the tales, myths and legends which, in our judgement, offer the clearest picture of the past of this world. There is much that we have omitted – though we were loath to do so – and many things have been glossed over. The tale of King Aradax and the Scared Donkey, the legend of Ruritag Half-Orc, the story of the Fall of the Savage Innocents, and many others, must all wait for another book.

But where shall we start? Let us start at the beginning, with the creation of Titan as taught by the priests of Lendleland and Gallantaria. This account is couched in very mythical terms, and it seems likely that much of it was initially invented to explain the unexplainable to the primitive peoples of prehistory.

In the days before Time had been found by the trickster god, Logaan, and unleashed on to the world by Death, the gods sat or lounged around the great palace of the Celestial Court. There were a great many gods in those days, hundreds of them, and each was different. Moreover, each god was served by a host of lesser beings, demigods or 'lesser gods', who also had their own personalities and their own tasks to perform. And they were bored with their lives. There were no years, months or days, and no one got any older and no one died, but many were being born all the time. And nothing ever happened that was very interesting.

All the higher gods and goddesses had magical powers, so that they could do anything they wished. But even though they were gods few of them had much imagination, and they soon got tired of doing the same things all the time. True, some deities seemed to keep themselves occupied: black Death and his brothers, Diseases and Decay had great fun going around dissembling gods and demigods into their component parts, and the other gods had to come along and put their friends back together again. But even this became boring in time, no matter how spectacularly Death and his cohorts presented their peculiar entertainment.

One day, however, the goddess known as Throff was digging with her sister Galana in their luscious gardens. (These gardens, incidentally, were completely different from the 'gardens' of Titan. They were places of great beauty, where glowing crystals and light-beams grew, to the delight of the gods and goddesses of the palace.) She had transformed her hand into the shape of a spade, and was slowly scraping a hole in the soil for a massive blue-green crystal which she wished to plant, when she unearthed a large lump of magic soil, which vibrated and pulsed with life! Throff ran to her sister Galana, and showed her the clay; she knew just what they should do with it.

Throff and Galana took the clay to their father Titan, who divided it in two and then fashioned and worked at one half with his hands until it was perfectly round. And Titan took his creation, and set it among the Planes, so that everyone could see. The gods of the Court were amazed by this new idea, and they wanted to know more about it. But Death and his brothers did not come to look, for they thought it was going to be just another tedious diversion which would soon pale into insignificance.

Now Titan divided the other half of the clay up among the greater Gods. Hydana, husband to Throff, made patterns on the sphere, which were water. Throff herself put down a large mass of clay, which she called land. Galana fashioned trees, flowers and plants from the clay and planted them on the land. And one by one the gods filed up to Titan, and were allowed to take a piece of the magical stuff and make creatures in their own image, which were placed on his creation, which was called Titan after him. Beautiful Glantanka danced around it, the light of her face illuminating it with a golden glow, and she became the sun. She was followed by her brother, who danced in her wake, and became the moon. But while the gods were celebrating their new creation, Death stole some of the clay, secreting it in the black folds of his cloak before gliding away again.

LOGAAN'S CREATION

Soon the creation was buzzing with creatures of all shapes and sizes. And the gods walked on the new world, and played with their creations. Hydana swam in the waters he had made, playing with the fish and the other creatures of the deep which Ichthys and his fellows had created. On the land, Throff, Galana and the other creators danced and played, delighting in the beauty of the things they had made. They gave names to everything they had made, and laughed and were happy. Titan looked down upon it all, and was very pleased. But before him stepped the god Logaan, whom we know now as the Trickster. He had been dissembled by Death and his brothers at the time Titan was giving out clay, but now he wanted to take his turn. Titan had kept back some clay, for he was a wise god, and gave a little of what remained to Logaan.

And Logaan went down to the new world, and looked at what had been made so far. None of it was to his taste, and he decided to make an entirely new shape. It had just two legs, with a pair of arms higher up its body, and it was tall and thin. But to make it special, Logaan took a piece of himself, and placed it inside the head of his creation, and then breathed over it, to set it going. And he called it Man.

THE ORIGINS OF THE GODS

The question of who made the gods of the Celestial Court has vexed religious men and women from the dawn of time. The race of humans who used, before their cities were destroyed in the War of the Wizards, to dwell in the area now marked by the barren eastern coast of the Flatlands, left records among their ruins which show that they believed the gods were made by a trio of primal beings. They called the three Ashra, Elim and Vuh, crudely translated as Light, Dark and Life, and believed that a combination of the powers of all three helped shape the Celestial Court. The strange peoples who dwelt on the Isles of the Dawn before the eruption of the volcano that sank most of them beneath the waters believed that ruling over the Court there was a single god greater than all the others, who fashioned the gods and let them create their own world. They called him Arn, which meant the First, and they believed that when they died they would ascend to the heavens to join him.

VARIATIONS ON THE CREATION MYTH

Various cultures have their own variations on this story. To the people of ancient Arantis, then ruled over by a dynasty of powerful warrior-queens, Logaan gave his brain to Woman, who was created first, and then his heart to Man. Other races have believed that both creatures were made together, and that first Man and first Woman shared head and heart with Logaan. There are also some religions which believed that it was not Logaan (usually a very foolish god in human mythology), but a much more admirable deity such as Sukh the storm god (who is also known as Kukulak).

A rather imaginative warlock once tried to argue that everything was in fact created by Death and his brothers, but his theories were rejected because they explained too much of what was wrong in the world!

THE CREATION OF THE OTHER RACES

When the other gods and goddesses saw Logaan's creation, they laughed heartily at it, for it looked very peculiar as it walked along on its two spindly legs. But they saw it dig in the earth and pull up rocks, and use the rocks to cut through trees, and use the trees to make a shelter from the water which Hydana's brother Sukh was casting on the world. And they saw it take its rocks, and strike them together, and make a light as bright as heavenly Glantanka herself, which gave out heat and kept the chill winds of Pangara away. The gods saw that the creature could think like they could, could reason and create, and they wondered where it had come from.

When Logaan told them he had put a bit of himself into the creature, the gods were horrified! Many of them went back to their creations, shocked that a god had mutilated himself. Only Galana, Throff and Titan stayed to commiserate with poor, foolish Logaan, for secretly they were very interested in learning more about his creation. They asked him to show them how he had made his 'Man', and he did so by making another. But he had already used up that piece of himself which he had placed in the head of Man, and so he placed another part of himself in the heart of his second creation, breathed upon it until it awoke, and called it Woman.

The three deities were impressed, and decided to make their own creatures along similar lines. Titan took a part of his strength and size, and transformed it into a Giant. Throff took a part of her rocky skin and made the first Dwarf. And Galana took her grace and her knowledge, and made the first Elf. They set their creatures on the face of the world, and retired to the palace of the Celestial Court to watch them multiply and spread across the world alongside Man.

This period is known as the Godtime, and it was one of great peace and happiness for the races of men, Dwarfs, Elves and Giants. They lived together at first, but gradually divided as their numbers became greater, each taking one part of the world for their own. Man took the plains, Elves the forests, Dwarfs the hills and Giants the mountains. They dwelt in fine cities and prospered, and grew strong and healthy. They made strange tools and weapons, with which to catch other creatures for their food, and learnt how to use the natural magic inherent in the earth, all under the watchful eyes of their patron gods. During the day, golden Glantanka danced across the heavens, and at night the moon would cast its silvery light upon the world.

DEATH WALKS ON TITAN

But one night, Death and his brothers caught hold of the moon, which did not rise over Titan that night. In the darkness, the evil gods went among the races of men, Dwarfs, Elves and Giants, and did much damage. They set dark creatures on the world, made from the stolen clay and tainted by their evil minds; they made them creatures of Chaos. Xiarga, the horned snake, slithered into the world, accompanied by Arhallogen the spider king, Basilisk the lizard, Gargoyle and the Behemoth, a gigantic sea monster. That same night, the creature known as Hashak the Creator planted his own creatures, the Orcs, in the shadows and corners of the world, where they bred and thrived in the darkness.

When morning came, Glantanka began her dance across the face of the world again, but looking down she could see only thick black clouds, which hid Death's foul creatures from the sight of the gods. By the middle of the day, the gods were despairing of the fate of their creatures, and pondering whether they should risk journeying down to the surface of Titan to investigate, when Death and all his supporters filed into the Celestial Court. With Death were his brothers, Disease and Decay, but also a number of minor gods such as Slangg and Tanit, and a great force of demi-gods, who were ugly and bestial to look upon. Between them they carried a large sack, in which a number of objects writhed and wriggled. Death spoke to the stunned gods gathered there, a chilling leer in his voice and a bottomless pit in his night-black eyes.

'My dear friends,' Death began. 'My dear friends, I have watched your laughable attempts at creation with great amusement and enjoyment. The time has come, however, to show you how it should be done. Follow me . . .' Saying this, Death transported the gods to the surface of Titan, amid gasps of shock and indignant protests. Looking around them, the gods could see only darkness and smoke, but when Death raised his hands it lifted, to reveal a landscape of carnage and utter devastation. The lifeless bodies of men and animals lay everywhere, and feasting on their corpses were the foul creations of death.

Shaking the wriggling simpleton Logaan out of the sack, Death continued his speech: 'This . . . ah . . . creature is a complete fool, but he can be very useful now and again. While nosing about in one of the furthest Planes, he came across something strange, a new god, who possesses a power which has not been heard of before. Gods and goddesses, I give you Time!'

At that the sack was upended a second time, and a repulsive figure fell out. As it cowered in front of the assembled gods, it seemed to change form. First it was young and smooth, like a new-born child, then it was middle-aged and rough, before changing again into a wrinkled old man. As it changed from one to the next, the god Decay began to laugh deeply, while Death outlined his terms:

'I want this miserable little creature of yours, all of it, and you are going to give it to me. Otherwise I shall release Time into the universe, and everything shall become mortal, and eventually die. Time has this power, for he represents the replacement of everything that was by everything that is to come. If Time is released there will be no more immortality, and even the gods will be susceptible to my power – they will be able to die!' As one, the gods said, 'No! This shall not be!' – at which Death and his forces turned and stormed from the room. The First Battle was about to begin.

THE FIRST BATTLE

Death and his forces of evil retired to one of the Outer Planes, where they readied themselves for battle. The evil gods had not been idle while waiting for the others to react to their assault on the world, and they had created many more creatures of Chaos, which they formed into a gibbering, writhing army, and marched on the Celestial Court. When they arrived, however, they found it completely empty, for the other gods had gone down to Titan to pull together the Forces of Good for the battle to come.

At last the two sides faced each other across a wide, grassy plain. On one side were the Forces of Death, led by the unholy god and his twin brothers, wrapped in their black robes. Alongside and behind them were snakes, wolves, basilisks, spiders and a great many formless creatures, revolting slimy beings which continually sprouted parts of other beings in cruel mockery of the creations of the Lawful gods. Flying above the army was a cloud of bats, vultures and other creatures which had been tainted by Death's touch. A large horde of Orcs, Trolls and Goblins stood ready for battle. And at the rear were the demigods, including the repulsive Sith, Ishtra, Myurr, Relem and Vradna. They had dressed themselves in hard steel armour forged especially for the battle, and they formed themselves into a square around Time. The black banners of Death's army bore no motif.

Facing them were the Forces of Good, led by a vanguard of the greater gods, including Titan, Throff, Sukh and many others. Even gentle Galana was with them, veiled so that none should see the fear in her eyes. In a long line to either side were soldiers from all four races, armed and ready for battle. Eagles and other birds of prey, led by the Hawklord himself, swooped above them, crying out warnings to their opponents in anticipation of the coming hunt. There were other creatures too – centaurs, lions, tigers, and many which exist no longer. Bringing up the rear were a host of gleaming golden Dragons, Glantanka's own creations, prepared especially for the battle and led by Kilanirax, once the sun goddess's servant, but now Dragon king.

From the ranks of the evil armies, a skeletal warrior stepped forward, and blew one harsh, discordant note on a horn; and the battle began. The streaming Forces of Evil swept howling down on the thin line of their enemy, while magic burst in the air above them. The line of Dwarfs, men, Elves and Giants held, and they returned with an assault of their own, but heavy casualties were sustained by both sides. More attacks were made; again and again the armies clashed.

Bodies were falling everywhere, and the gods of Good were looking at one another in despair. Screaming in anger, Death and his brothers gathered their powers and let a thunderbolt fly at the gods opposite them. It struck Throff, burning her skin terribly, but was answered with another bolt from her sister Galana, the Dragon king Kilanirax and the sun goddess Glantanka. The bolt flew straight through the heart of the evil armies, passing through the creatures of darkness and Chaos as if they were not there, just as the sun chases away shadows, just as strength and goodness will always cut through the worst excesses of Evil. It struck Time and blew him apart, with a thunderclap that reverberated across the cosmos. The dark gods were surrounded; without Time they were powerless to fight back and their forces fled in disarray. But Time was scattered throughout the world of Titan, and thus all its peoples are mortal, while the gods are not.

Titan, as spokesman for the gods, asked for the captured Dark Lords to be killed, but Throff pleaded for them only to be exiled, for killing them would be an act of Evil. And so the Dark Lords and their minions were banished into the Void, where they could do little harm. And the gods left the surface of Titan, feeling ashamed that they had already brought so much pain and suffering to their beautiful creation. Now they look down on the planet from the sky every night, for ever frozen as the stars in the poses they took up while trying to protect the world from the effects of Time. They will never grow old, for they are gods, but now mortal beings will always age and die, after their allotted span. Some races are protected by the gods, who help them stay alive for more than their time, but in the end all will go to their graves.

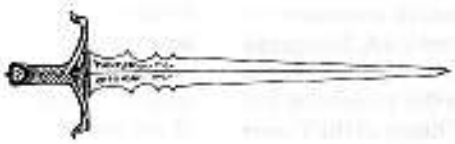

The Time of Heroes

After the gods had departed from the world in the aftermath of the First Battle, the races returned, battered but unbowed, to their respective homelands. At about this time, writing was first invented, and a number of puzzling records have survived, painted on fragments of pottery and stamped on sheets of metal.

For many hundreds of years, scholars have been digging such things out of the ruins of the ancient cities of the world, and they have begun to work out what they actually say in the peculiar languages of the planet's first civilized peoples.

Now that the gods kept their distance from earthly affairs, the first human heroes began to make their names known. The names of kings, warriors and magicians, including vague references to people like King Harar of Granat, Birel Brother-slayer and Zergoul Whitelightning, begin to figure strongly in these ancient writings, though there is still a good deal of religious writing as well.

THE UNITED CONTINENT

At this time, all the lands of the world were still joined together into one massive continent, which these early records call Irritaria. It was not until almost a thousand years after the beginning of Time that they were divided in the drowning of Atlantis, by which time the kingdoms of the world had risen and declined and risen again. But in those early years, there were few such kingdoms. Men regressed from the Golden Age of the utopian cities they had enjoyed under the patronage of the gods, and now they struggled to survive in competition with the teeming Orcs, Trolls, Goblins and (after a few hundred years) the first foul Chaotic Ogres.

The Dwarfs had slipped away to their underground domains, where they were digging ever deeper into the earth in search of riches. In ancient mountains in the far north of Irritaria, the Dwarf lord, Hangahar Goldseeker, was making the first tentative bores which would eventually turn into the enormous undying city of Fangthane, immortal home of the Dwarf people.

The Elves, meanwhile, had returned to their beloved forests, and were investigating their own powers of magic and intellect. The first of the great Elven sorcerers, remembered only as the White Lord, was communing with Galana at the heart of the One Forest, delving deep into the fundamental forces of magic and ritual. The One Forest, which stretched right across the continent at that time, was the home of the greatest number of Elves the world has ever seen: their decline has always been in direct relation to the destruction of their forest homes.

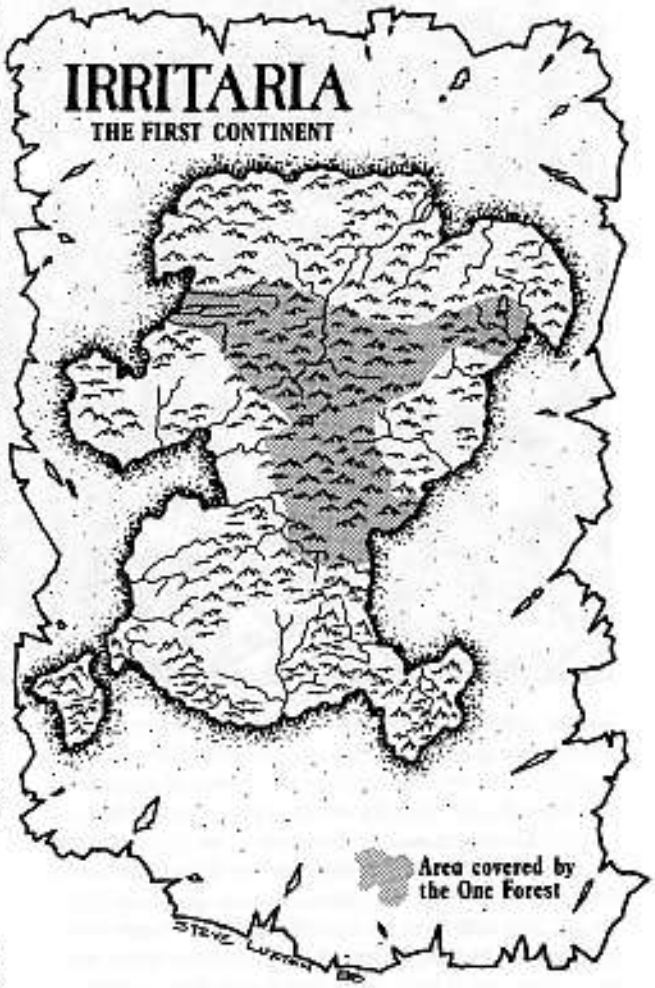

THE TALE OF THE HALFHAND CHIEFS

But it was the humans on whom those early archivists concentrated. The greatest heroes of the time were a pair of brothers, Rerek and Myzar Halfhand, who cut a bloody swath through the western lands as leaders of a tribe of horse-riding nomads. Their battles with the Orcs of that region are remembered by us in the form of two folk-songs, though the minstrels of today who sing 'Riding with Halfhand' or 'Tie Down the Warrior' do not realize it!

They had ridden with their tribe across over two thousand leagues of barren grassland, in search of a fertile land in which to settle. But when they came across a very pleasant area of gentle hills and valleys overlooking the endless ocean, they found it teeming with Orcs, who were taking advantage of the fertility of the area. The tribe was despondent after its long trek, and immediately engaged the Orcs in pitched battle! Surprisingly, the Orcs fought back with great ferocity. The area was worth defending, certainly, but more importantly there was the principle involved – humans should not be allowed to ride around stealing other people's lands, like spoilt children who cry every time they see something they want.

The running battles against the Orcs continued for around twenty-five years, with both sides slowly chipping away at each other. Many heroic confrontations took place, and the names of the Halfhand brothers became known to humans across many parts of the continent. Their dramatic ambushes, the rescue of their kidnapped children from the Orcs' cooking-pots and the burning of the Orcs' major town were sung about from one side of the world to the other, and the numbers of the humans were swelled as warriors flocked to join them. Eventually, the sheer persistence of the human invaders drove the Orcs into a complex of caves in the hills, where every one of them starved to death in three months! It is a lesson to us all to reflect that it was very definitely the humans who were in the wrong in this case, but it is also the humans who are celebrated as the heroes!

THE SPLITTING OF THE LANDS

Gradually, the wandering tribes began to settle down throughout the continent, for agriculture took over from hunting as the main source of food and the distant lands were explored and found to be fertile. Slowly but surely, mankind gathered itself together into small villages, which grew into towns, and then into small cities, and finally into nations. Trade began, and nation communicated with nation. But at the same time, nation fought with nation – as is the way of humans who compete for the best things, be they land, precious metals or whatever. It was at this time that it is believed that the tyrant Faramos XXIII – really the Demon Prince Myurr – rose in Atlantis, which was promptly sunk beneath the waves by the combined actions of the outraged gods. Unfortunately, very little information has ever been discovered about this time, for most contemporary records seem deliberately to have blotted the whole epoch from their memories. It is as if the whole world wished to forget whatever atrocities the people of Atlantis had inflicted. For what few details we have managed to glean of this time, you should read the later section on the underwater kingdoms of Titan, which gives more background to this cataclysmic event.

As penance for the crazed actions of the Atlanteans, the gods apparently split the lands and formed the three continents. Such drastic action cost the lives of many beings and creatures, as gigantic waves flooded the coastal regions while the landmasses were driven to their new resting-places. The One Forest of the Elves was split into many parts, and the long, slow decline of the Elven peoples began. Sections of the One Forest still survive in some lands, such as the enormous Forests of Night near present-day Sardath in north-east Allansia, and around Lake Nekros in Khul, but they are a pale shadow of the magnificent, continent-spanning wall of greenery that the One Forest must have been.

The Rise of Civilization

After the long, slow haul to civilization, the cataclysm surrounding the splitting of the continents set mankind back at least five hundred years. When the blackened skies had finally cleared and the waters had receded, man found himself scattered across the globe. The only cities which had not been turned to ruins by the wrath of the gods were those built into mountains by Dwarfs. But slowly, by degrees, mankind began to organize again.

The first major settlements in the new lands began to grow about 350–400 years after the sinking of Atlantis, on the coasts of all three continents; again, small villages turned into towns, and towns eventually became cities and then states. The central eastern coastline of Khul was home to a thriving collection of small trading towns, which eventually began gathering themselves into a unified state known as Klarash around the year 1510 OT (or Old Time). On the shores of the Onyx Sea, in what is now Gallantaria in the Old World, Orjan the Builder started gathering his tribe around him and building a town. And along the edges of Allansia, a few states began to establish their power; the city of Vynheim, which still exists, was founded as a small fishing settlement in 1530 by the father of the legendary northern hero, Bjorngrim Giant-slayer.

BJORNGRIM OF VYNHEIM

Bjorngrim Bjorngrimsson was a typical northman – large, broad-shouldered and red-haired, and with a lust for strong ale and honourable battle. On the death of his father in 1583 OT, he became chief of a thriving port, which traded with other settlements further down the treacherous coast and, across what was then called the Witch Sea, with the people who dwelt on the string of islands known as the Giant's Teeth. The Witch Sea was a very dangerous place, fog-bound in

the summer and full of deadly icebergs in the winter: the people of Vynheim believed it was haunted by the ghosts of those mariners who had been wrecked there, and who still wailed forlornly. After four boats were lost in a month, the people of Vynheim became afraid, and would not set sail.

So it was up to their leader, Bjorngrim, to prove both his bravery and the safety of the waters. He set out single-handed in a small ketch, *The Lusty Dwarf*, either to prove that there was nothing to be afraid of, or to face up to whatever was haunting the Witch Sea. He sailed for eight days, being blown north towards the Iceberg Straits by fierce gales. The temperature dropped and icicles formed on the boat, while icebergs bobbed around him, but the northman kept his tiller straight, knowing that his gods would see him through. On the ninth day a fog closed in, and from its depths he heard a wailing, moaning sound. Suddenly a heart-stoppingly tall Sea Giant rose out of the waters with a crash of grinding ice, and reached out for the boat with one massive green hand. Bjorngrim gritted his teeth, muttered a hasty curse, and made ready with his axe. But as the hand scooped down, he saw a better plan.

His heart in his mouth, he leapt on to the hand, and kept on running. Although the Giant was covered with ice, its skin was also pitted and gave the northman the grip he needed to reach the titanic shoulders. There he paused for a split second, gazing up into the eyes which regarded him with an intelligence so slow he felt sure he could hear it creaking, before swinging a colossal blow at the Sea Giant's neck. The axe bit deep, and a gush of freezing blood knocked Bjorngrim backwards, down into the water. When he surfaced again, he was only a few arm-lengths from his boat, which he pulled himself into just as the Giant's brain received the message from its body that it was dead, and that it should fall over. Ten days later, Bjorngrim Giant-slayer sailed into Vynheim Sound, towing the body of the Sea Giant behind him. The people of Vynheim bestowed his nickname upon him immediately, and also renamed the Witch's Sea, so that even now it is known as Bjorngrim's Sea.

THE AGE OF WIZARDS

Around the year 1650, the continent now known as Allansia was divided up into a large number of peaceful kingdoms and principalities. The largest of these was Allansia itself, which stretched from the Whitewater River as far north as the River Kok. Its capital, Carsepolis, was a wide, well-constructed cityport, which managed to be both a seat of culture and a place of protection against the tribes of Orcs and other inhuman races which still rampaged around the northern plains. Ruling over Carsepolis at this time was the Dynasty of Swords, founded in 1601 by King Coros Sword-bearer, and now represented by his grandson Coros III (also known, it appears, as the Oath-breaker, though no records that we have seen indicate why or how the young king acquired such a damning name).

From the River Kok north and east the country of Goldoran ran as far as the northern edge of the Flatlands (which even in those days were desolate and primitive, home only to the superstitious builders of stone monuments and to nomads). South of the Whitewater River, the Southern Plains were crisscrossed with the trails of merchants and adventurers, who travelled between the small interior town of Salamonis and the two walled city-states of Cutsilver and Balkash, which lay in the middle of the plains and on the coast respectively. The Desert of Skulls, to the south of the plains, was much smaller then, and apparently less dangerous too. There were several small cities clustered along the southern extent of the Craggen Mountains, where you will now find only a few villages on the rarely used road between Warpstone and Wolftown. Merchants travelled far and wide across the continent in search of new markets, and returned to the northern lands with fragrant oils and spices, and tales of the exotic eastern lands which at that time circled the Sea of Pearls and the Shabak Peninsula.

Further south, the city of Kaynlesh-Ma, founded around 1585 OT as a small port at the mouth of the River Eltus and now nominal capital of the country of Arantis, was growing in prominence, and trade was just being started with the tiny cityport of Halak (its partner Rimon started as an overspill for Halak two hundred years later) and the country of Allansia and its neighbours. Kaynlesh-Ma, however, was a very different place from the northern city-states, for it was home to an increasing number of sorcerers.

High magic at that time was very much the province of the Elves, who had a long tradition of its use and practice. By now, however, the Elves had withdrawn into their forests, and their high sorcerers were never seen by any but the very luckiest humans and the unluckiest Orcs. What most people thought of when magic was mentioned were the tricks of hedge-wizards and old women for keeping fleas off or for

making village maidens fall in love with you. The shamans of the Orcs and Goblins still practised their magic, but it was so warped and perverted from the pure beauty of the original that it could not be considered in the same context. The magic of Orc shamans tended, and still tends, to be a very repetitive cycle of conjuring up the spirits of ancestors to ask for guidance for the future, and the casting of luck spells before battle, all tied up with a great deal of very tedious mumbo-jumbo.

In the depths of Arantis, a number of scholars had discovered an ancient temple, purporting to be from the earliest ages of history. It was haunted by the spirits of a trio of ancient sorcerers, who had reappeared on the Earthly Plane because they had decided it was time that the world knew of sorcery again. The scholars, who – the histories tell us – numbered five, but who obviously did not have very memorable names, immediately leapt at the chance of learning secrets which had been lost to mankind for many millennia. They refurbished the temple at Aranath, as the place was known, and began the slow task of learning the deepest secrets of high magic. As the sorcerers grew more and more engrossed in their studies, they were commanded to travel the earth, acquiring knowledge for the temple and teaching their skills as they went.

This began in the 1690s, and by 1712 the noted sorcerer Erridansis had arrived in Salamonis and founded the school of magic based at the centre of the nearby Forest of Yore (which in those days stretched from the Vale of Willow to the very fringes of Darkwood). Wizardry became a much-respected profession, as every nobleman in the land tried to better King Salamon by sponsoring a greater sorcerer. Several schools of wizardry were founded, in Carsepolis and in Gar-Goldoran, the capital city of Goldoran, and the air over the northern lands was always full of staff-riding sorcerers and the flash of magic!

There were wars in those days, of course, for there are wars wherever man hoards gold and other possessions and keeps them away from other men. But with the advent of court sorcerers, a good deal of bloodshed was avoided by sending them away to desolate moors and making them fight a duel, with appropriate penalties being incurred by the country of the loser. Moreover, the threats of Orcs and Goblins receded for a time as they met with frightening resistance in the form of fire-wielding sorcerers who blasted away with wild magic and cut great holes through their ranks! For a while, at least, Orcs were reduced to sneaking through settled countries at night, for fear of attracting the attentions of the sorcerers who led the armies of Allansia.

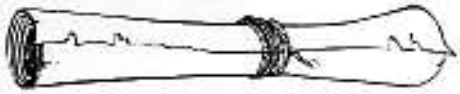

THE CITY-STATES OF THE OLD WORLD

While sorcerous powers were growing in prominence in Allansia, far across the Western Ocean other things were happening. The Old World has always been a far more civilized continent than either Allansia or Khul, which can in part be put down to the fact that there have, in recent years, been few wars cataclysmic enough to set the rise of civilization back at all.

As the darkened skies created in the destruction of Atlantis slowly began to clear, the varied peoples of the Old World were already beginning to settle down and take the first tentative steps on the road towards civilization. Before the continents had been split by the gods as penance for the evil of Atlantis, the peoples of the one continent, which we call Irritaria, wandered far and wide, bringing some uniformity to every land. After the split, the same people could still be found on each continent, so that there were horse-nomads on the Flatlands of Allansia and in the corresponding area on the other side of the Ocean of Serpents, the plains of Lendleland.

But gradually the many peoples began changing, and different lands produced their own cultures. Isolated from the other two continents, the Old World developed a strange, rather quirky series of cultures, very different from those of Khul and Allansia, which, in turn, are different from each other.

At the centre of the Old World there are the nearly uncrossable heights of Mauristatia, which have meant that man has tended to settle on the coastal plains around them. The first major settlements we have records of were on the coast of the Onyx Sea. In 1430 OT, the character every Gallantarian schoolchild knows as Orjan the Builder brought his tribe down across the plains from the southern highlands they had roamed for many hundreds of years, and began building a small village where two rivers joined. He called it Lendle, an old mountain-man's word for flat plains, which described the countryside around the village very well. Orjan's people found other small villages on the plains, inhabited by men and women much like themselves. Trading began, and slowly the villages grew into small walled towns. After his father's death in 1464, Orjan's son, Regulus the Unifier, took over the leadership of Lendle. As the prosperity of the region grew in leaps and bounds, more and more settlements began to grow in the shadow of Lendle, until, in 1498, a treaty between eight of the largest towns created the nation of Gallantaria. Its ruler was Regulus, and its capital was Lendle or, more properly now, Royal Lendle.

Gallantaria grew quickly under the inspired leadership of Regulus. His warriors brought the benefits of his rule to neighbouring lands, and slowly but surely the borders moved back as other towns and villages realized the benefits of belonging to Gallantaria. Gallantaria spread northwards, bringing peace and prosperity to the people who were beginning to settle along the Whitewater River. Further north, however, the Gallantarians found themselves faced with the insurmountable mass of the Cragrock Peaks.

They also found themselves faced with the Netherworld Sorcerers. These mystical spell-casters lived in a small colony high up in the Cragrocks, from where they looked down on the southern lands. They had been living there for as long as any of the local hillmen could remember, and they were a perilous people. In Gallantaria, and indeed in the whole of the northern lands, spell-casters were few and far between. As the tribes had slowly settled down and founded villages, their shamans became sorcerers, but the tradition of high magic in Gallantaria was only a hundred years old; the Netherworld Sorcerers had been practising it for centuries before the continents were broken up! They resisted every attempt by the forces from Gallantaria to bring 'civilization' to the Cragrocks, turning Regulus's first son into a standing stone, and his second and third into a pair of stunted oak trees.

The Gallantarians, therefore, looked in other directions for the expansion of their realm. Heading east across the wide, fertile lands as far as what is now called the Border River, they found small hamlets and villages who stated that they owed no allegiance to King Regulus, for they were already pledged to the

lords of Brice. Another nation had risen and spread quickly across the rolling land as far as the Brackish Bay beyond the Onyx Sea. And beyond Brice, the tiny kingdom of Ruddlestone was slowly rising in power under the leadership of their priest-king. Emissaries arrived in Royal Lendle from a place beyond the southern peaks, which called itself Femphrey, and they revealed that the southern lands were slowly being settled too.

In the space of perhaps a hundred years, the continent became covered with many small nations. Regular trade-routes linked the major towns, which slowly turned into cities. Caravans crossed the continent, from Royal Lendle in the north as far as Arkleton, the new capital of the nation which now called itself Analand. True, the way was still fraught with danger, especially when passing the Demon-haunted heights of the Witchtooth Line and hastily crossing the eastern parts of Lendleland, where horse-nomads and primitives still hunted each other, but as trade became ever more important the routes attracted other settlers, who began to civilize many more areas. But with trade there always comes war, it seems, for soon Gallantaria found itself drawn into conflict with Brice, which wished to expand its borders to take advantage of the better farming-land further west. Many battles were fought during the reign of Regulus's great-great-grandson, King Werkel, until a truce was finally agreed, which made the newly renamed Border River the new boundary of the lands.

Having had its taste of battle, however, Brice wanted more, and looked eastwards towards Ruddlestone. The people of the small nation were very religious, ruled by a priest-king who they fully believed to be the divine representative of their gods on the Earthly Plane. Spurred into action by forays into their land by soldiers from Brice, the good people of Ruddlestone built their massive Demonkeep Fortress, and filled it with a garrison of fanatical warriors, who have kept an unsleeping eye on Brice ever since. In response, Brice turned into an increasingly warlike state too, with things coming to a head in the First and Second Ruddlestone Wars of 1735 and 1805.

ANALAND AND ITS WALL

While the lands of the north were fighting among themselves, the southern province of Analand was slowly becoming more and more civilized under the influence of several hundred years of benevolent rule by the Arkle Dynasty. The kings of Analand became known for their careful, considerate rule, which turned Analand from just another collection of small trading towns into a civilized centre for trade and learning. But outsiders looked at Analand with envy and greed. Surely, ran the thoughts of every two-bit sorcerer and brigand in the southlands, if the land is so peaceful and contented, it must be wealthy beyond compare.

So, from all sides, Analand was suddenly assailed by raiders, who burnt villages, desecrated temples, and put whole areas to the sword. The whole tone of Analand changed, as warriors became more commonplace than farmers or traders on the roads leading north and west. Relations with Lendleland, whose citizens many of the raiders ostensibly were, became strained almost to the point of war, which was averted only after careful diplomacy on both sides. After forty years of incessant raids, King Arkle XIX could take it no longer. With his team of advisers, he drew up a plan which would help protect Analand from all opportunistic brigands and mercenaries. His plan was simple – build a wall around the land and the raiders would not be able to get in!

In 1845 OT, the building of the Great Wall of Analand was begun. It was an immense project, planned to take a hundred and twenty years, but it suffered immediate setbacks when the first section was torn down stone by stone by a massive force of raiders. The Analanders drove them back, but they returned again and again, hindering the work with carefully planned attacks. The deadline for the wall came and went, with only half of its length completed and the land near to bankruptcy and revolution as all resources were poured into keeping the wall going. Finally, in the year 1970 OT, work on the Great Wall of Analand was stopped for good. It was incomplete in three places, and in many other places it was already crumbling as a result of the repeated poundings of raiders from Lendleland, but to be fair it did protect Analand in many places, and it is often awesomely impressive.

Now that the Great Wall was officially 'finished', Analand could concentrate on rebuilding its trade and economy, and continue its path towards civilization. Across the whole of the Old World, the nations were settling down. Disputes were still too frequent, but by now they had fallen into a routine of threat, counter-threat, border skirmish, diplomatic protest, major battle, and then peace. Brice still squabbled with anyone it could; raiders still used Lendleland as a base for attacks on isolated parts of Far Analand; pirates began to prey on merchants rounding the northern capes, but they had little effect on the volume of trade; dark things still lurked in the highlands and the vermin-pit of Kakhabad, and made occasional forays into the lowlands, only to be driven back again. Everything carried on much as normal.

The Spawning of Chaos

While Allansia and the Old World were slowly pulling themselves towards civilization, in the far land of Khul stranger things were beginning, things which would eventually affect all of Titan. At first, however, the growth of this continent was very similar to that of the other two.

Khul was originally a very fertile land, with a semi-circular arc of gently rolling steppes enclosing a wide central area of flat moorland and grassy plain, cut by wide, slow-moving rivers. The early people of this land were mostly uncivilized hunters and foragers, experts at tracking and killing game, but not so good at writing or counting. In the western lands, however, game became scarce and people took to living off the land. Eventually a few villages began forming along the coast, and then further inland. Around 1510 OT, a number of small towns along the west coast were unified under the rule of King Klarash Silverhair, and the nation of Klarash was formed. Under his rule, the nation slowly grew, until by the year 1565 it stretched

from the southern edge of Scorpion Swamp (then, as now, a perilous place of danger and adventure) to the River Swordflow. Incidentally, the latter received its name in 1542, when the first exploratory party of warriors from Klarash came under attack from a horde of diminutive Goblins while attempting to ford it. Up to their chests in water, the warriors attempted to draw their weapons, but were swept off balance and rushed away by the current to their deaths.

As Klarash grew in size and stature, it began sending its merchants further and further afield. They travelled across the central plains to small settlements like Remara, Varese and Kabesh, and south to the small fishing villages on the edge of the Inland Sea, and eventually even further afield, rounding the Mountains of the Giants and heading north to Ashkyos. Soon merchants were travelling back and forth so frequently that small settlements grew up at intervals along the route, eventually turning into towns themselves.

Klarash grew rich and powerful, and in the reign of Silverhair's grandson, Klarash III, work was started on a new capital, Shakista, in the centre of the kingdom, on the banks of the Kasbled River (now known as the Catsblood). The kingdom was expanded further north, as far as the small port of Djiretta on the Coast of Sharks, but to the south the way was blocked by tribes of primitives and Goblins, who fought tooth and claw to remain on their lands. Eventually, however, the armies of Klarash pushed them back. To keep them from returning, the city of Zagoula was founded in 1611 OT. Designed by the best stonemasons and architects the king could find, it was a very beautiful place, a haven for scholars, artists and sorcerers, who felt they could fully get to grips with their subjects in such a stunning city.

Kabesh grew too, expanding into and around the rocky outcrop against which it had been built. Under the rule of Khan Gyorgir, a descendant of the legendary horse-nomad chief who once swept across the central plains driving all before him, it expanded until Kabesh was the capital city of an empire which stretched from Kalagar in the north to Tak in the south. His was a benevolent rule, though perhaps a little too tolerant, for he did not mind who dwelt within his lands, as long as they declared allegiance to him. On the fringes of the Mountains of the Giants there dwelt a great many Orcs and Goblins, but the Khan allowed them to reside there in peace once they had sworn loyalty to his throne. As soon as the Khan's representatives had left their lands, of course, the Orcs went back to raiding the local villages, slaughtering and murdering their inhabitants as if nothing had changed.

In the far eastern corner of the continent, the cityport of Arion grew up, supposedly on the ruins of a much older settlement from before the dividing of the continents. It thrived on trade with Ashkyos and Kabesh, and rapidly grew in stature until it was almost the match of the Khan's capital itself. And around the coast of the Inland Sea, a great number of trading settlements grew until they were small walled city-states themselves. Competition for trade between the cities of the Inland Sea was fierce, resulting in sporadic wars – usually settled by naval battles – as several city-states allied against the others to try to enforce their own sets of tariffs and trading terms.

In Klarash, the Shakista Dynasty built the King's Highway from Djiretta – via the capital – to Kelther to unify the kingdom, and the volume of trade crossing the kingdom increased even further. Merchants and adventurers travelled all the way from the Shantak

River in the north to far Zagoula, the city of knowledge. It was a peaceful land, its tranquillity maintained by swift and decisive action from the soldiers of the king at the first sign of any trouble!

THE DEAD CITY'S PRISONER

Such a long-lasting peace was far too good to last, of course, though this time the danger which threatened was all-encompassing. The sorcerers and sages of the city of Zagoula were curious, as all scholars are, and they began travelling about the world, seeking out new knowledge wherever they could find it. From their magnificent city they wandered north, studying the Goblin tribes who dwelt alongside the stagnant Lake Mlubz. They journeyed south, taking in the small southern garrisons of Yaziel and Hyennish, which by now marked the southernmost extent of Klarash. Travelling further afield, they discovered on the fringes of the Scythera Desert the old leper colony, which was now Shakuru, the revolting City of Beggars. They even braved the seemingly endless expanses of the desert itself, running foul of Lizard Men and shaggy Goblins.

And eventually, as if it had been pulling them towards it all along, they found the river and the Dead City. A party of five adventuring sorcerers and warriors chanced upon the river, which seemed not to be flowing anywhere at all; it was just *there*, its surface black with foul weed and giant insects. They named it the River of Decay, and followed it eastwards. After three days they came to the city, lying abandoned in the sand. How long it had been there none could guess, but it must have been very, very old, for its buildings were strangely shaped – pyramids and diamonds seemed to dictate their forms, rather than curves and squares – and much of it seemed to be very inaccessible to beings shorter than about three metres tall. Everything was decorated with images of fish and octopi – bizarre and disturbing images to find in a desert city. Nothing lived in the city – no monkeys, birds or plants of any kind – and a strange atmosphere hung over the whole place, so that the adventurers almost felt that they were desecrating a holy shrine.

Exploring further, the adventurers came to the largest building of all, an immense cathedral-like structure. When they entered, they were plunged into darkness, for it had no windows. Someone found a tinder-box, and as the flickering flames danced from their candles, they gazed around and caught their breath in wonder and shock! Everywhere was decorated with statues and murals of writhing, tentacled creatures, which were devouring humans and other creatures, but all drew the viewers' attention towards the large dark shape at the far end of the building. Their fluttering hearts heaving inside their chests, the adventurers stepped forward. When they approached, they could see it was a tomb, and a large one at that. The atmosphere in the building was hot and oppressive; voices seemed to dance in their heads, saying over and over again, 'Open the tomb, open the tomb!' Almost as if they were being forced against their wills, their hands stretched out, and pushed at the stone slab covering the sarcophagus.

Slowly, so slowly, it slid back, until it fell off the back with a deafening crash that echoed around the building, and seemed to bring the adventurers to their senses. They gazed around in bewilderment, until the scaly hand inching its way over the edge of the crypt caught their eyes. They stared transfixed, rooted to the spot as the nightmarish creature sat up in its coffin, its tentacles writhing as if sniffing the air. Somehow, one of the adventurers tore his eyes away and screamed! His fellows started, turned and fled the mausoleum and the city.

Many months later, one of the adventurers was found by a merchant travelling from Zagoula to Yaziel. Half-dead from exhaustion and dehydration, he babbled out his story. He had survived the crossing of the Scythera Desert by killing and eating his weaker colleagues, but now his strength failed him and he died. The story of the Dead City and of its solitary inhabitant spread like wildfire. Closely following it across Klarash, however, were reports that Goblins and Orcs in the Mountains of the Giants had abandoned any pretence of peace, and were preparing for war!

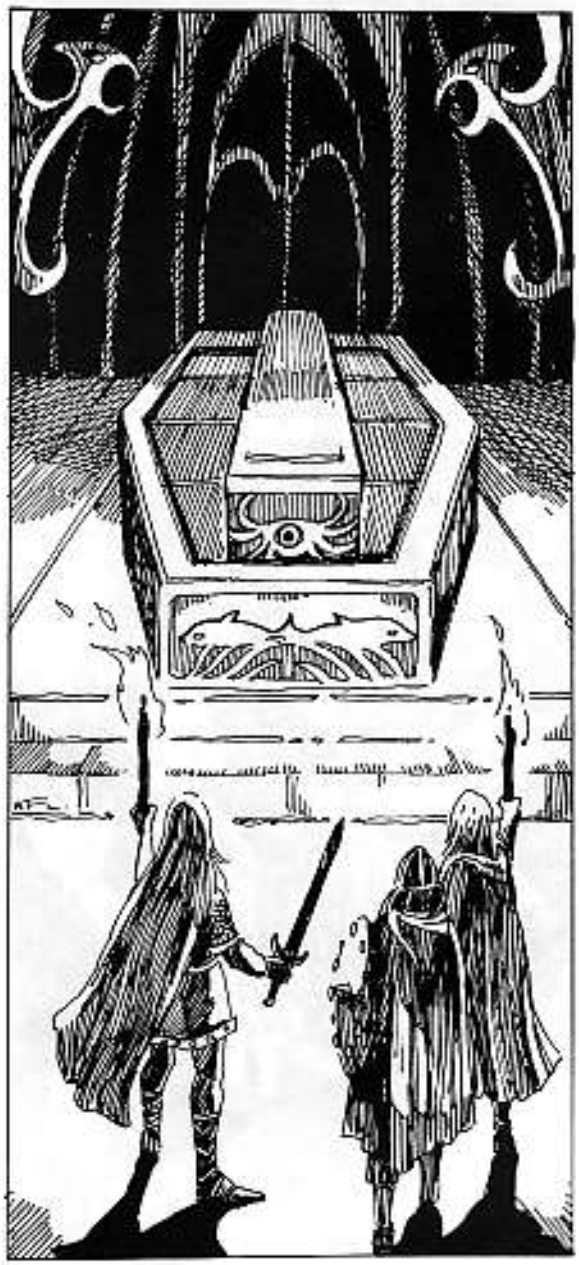

The War of the Wizards

The releasing of the nameless Chaos-spawn from the tomb in the Dead City in Khul was the spark that lit the flame, which eventually grew and grew until it became the conflagration which was the War of the Wizards in Allansia, the Great War against Evil in Khul, and the Rise of Kakhabad in the Old World. For centuries, Orcs, Goblins and Trolls had been nibbling at the edges of civilization, testing the strength of the defences. Attracted by the ascendance of sorcery in Allansia, many evil mages had trained in solitude until they had mastered the techniques of bringing the dead back to life as their servants. In the Mountains of the Giants in Khul, the inhuman races had gathered their resources under the ignorant eyes of Khan Gyorgir and his people. In the Desert of Skulls, the Snake People were developing magic which would raise the temperature of the sandy wilderness and cause its sterile wastes to expand. In every dark corner of Kakhabad, shamans and witch-doctors manipulated the natural forces, changing day to night and back again within the space of a few hours. Everywhere you looked, Chaos was slowly seeping into the world through ever-widening cracks.

The first engagement came in southern Khul, in the spring of the year 1998 OT. As the month of Skies in Darkness turned to Land's Awakening, the skies did not lighten in Zagoula. A sandstorm blew across the southern lands, darkening the sky for three weeks and bringing with it a plague of locusts and snakes which infested the city. Messengers were sent north to report what was happening, as everyone in the city knew that the storm was not of natural origin. On the twenty-third day of the storm, with the terrified inhabitants of Zagoula cowering in their homes, the Forces of Chaos came striding into the city, the Chaos-spawn from the Dead City leading Trolls and Orcs, and many formless Chaotic beings. The city was sacked, crushed beneath the weight of the obscene armies which swarmed everywhere.

Once the southern lands had been destroyed, the Forces of Chaos split. One army swept north-east, gathering more and more momentum as it decimated the fertile lands at the heart of the continent, and turned them into barren expanses of ash. The host arrived at Kabesh, and met up with a smaller force of Orcs and Goblins which had swept down across the northern plains. The city was besieged, while a break-away force writhed and slithered north-east, heading for the city of Arion. The other army pushed towards Shakista, the capital of Klarash, but was halted in the Anvil Pass through the Mountains of the Giants by a large force which had responded to the messages of disaster coming from Zagoula. After holding back the tide of Orcs and Goblins for five days, the armies gave way, retreating back through the pass to take up a new position closer to the capital, where they were joined by reinforcements from the coastal lands. Plans were made to abandon the capital if it became necessary . . .

THE REAVING OF ALLANSIA

The first engagement of the War of the Wizards in Allansia was an assault on Gar-Goldoran, the capital of Goldoran, which stood close to where the modern city of Zengis stands today. As the first warm days of summer were beginning, patchy bits of news began spreading about the rampaging Forces of Chaos on Khul. Sorcerers and mystics complained of tremendous elemental forces disrupting the natural magical fields of Titan, and of the presence of Chaos on the Spirit Planes. Reports reached the lord of Gar-Goldoran of a massive host of Chaotic creatures assembling in the eastern parts of the Icefinger Mountains, but before he could even dispatch messengers to warn the surrounding lands, the hordes of Chaos were howling at the gates of the city. But he had forgotten the versatility of his court sorcerers, who managed to break through the disruption of the magical fields caused by the strong presence of Chaos, and alert their fellow spell-casters in Carsepolis of the situation, before joining the battle for the city.

Gar-Goldoran fell quickly, far too quickly, for it had been unprepared, but some of the Forces of Chaos next marched east for Fangthane, the sacred capital of the Dwarf race, which was anything but unprepared: the Dwarfs had been expecting this event, sooner or later, for five hundred years. Now that the day had arrived, the Dwarfs did not worry that sacred Fangthane was finally under attack. Abandoning the city in front of Fangthane, they retreated inside the mountain and waited for the Forces of Chaos to break against it like so many boats against a rocky coastline.

When the attackers arrived, the Dwarfs were mildly disappointed, for they were mostly cowardly Orcs and Trolls, with few creatures of Chaos to offer them any sort of challenge at all. After allowing the repulsive army to burn the city and then batter itself against the impregnable defences of the citadel for two weeks, the Dwarfs became impatient and went out to meet the Forces of Chaos with cold steel. Three days of solid fighting, and the invaders were no more, but with typical grimness the Dwarfs realized that the main strength must have been diverted elsewhere, and that they should march to reinforce the humans of the western lands. Leaving behind merely token defences, the Dwarfs marched for Allansia.

The main force had, in fact, turned for the Flatlands, and swept across them like a forest fire through dry brushwood, heading for Trolltooth Pass and Allansia. The citadel of Durang on the edges of the Flatlands proved only a minor irritation to the Forces of Chaos, and was pulled to pieces by a mass of formless monstrosities. At Trolltooth Pass, however, a force from Salamonis awaited them, reinforced by the Grand Wizard of Yore and five other spell-casters. As the unstoppable black tide of writhing, howling Evil slid towards them through the narrowest part of the pass, the forces of Salamonis broke rank and fled back through it. But at the far end they turned and stood their ground, as the sorcerers raised a massive wall of flame across the pass, dividing the evil army in two. Now that the enemy had been cut down to a more manageable size, the soldiers of Salamonis laid into them for all they were worth, and drove them back into the wall of flames, while on the other side the unstoppable army of Chaos pushed more and more bodies into the fire.

Eventually the commanders of the Forces of Chaos managed to call back their troops, and they retreated into the Moonstone Hills. Here they met up with reinforcements in the form of several thousand Orcs, and a dozen Dark Elf warrior-sorcerers, who guided the foul army through the hills and on to the Pagan Plains, where they raced towards Carsepolis, hard on the heels of the heroes of Trolltooth Pass, who reached the capital just in front of them. As the Forces of Chaos swirled around the hastily prepared defences, many of the ancient city's citizens fully believed that the end of the world had come.

THE BATTLEGROUNDS OF CHAOS

As the breakaway section of the Forces of Chaos slithered across Khul towards Arion, it was met and ambushed by soldiers from that city led by the legendary hero Brendan Bloodaxe, who had hidden among the trees of the Old Forest near Corda, before sweeping round in a pincer movement which caught the evil armies by surprise. Many men were lost that day, as the armies battled back and forth across the plain, but in the final rays of the setting sun that evening Bloodaxe looked down over the field of carnage to see only humans standing. They worked throughout the night, burning the foul corpses of the vanquished foe lest they corrupt the land, before marching for Kabesh in the light of dawn.

They arrived far too late, and found only smoking ruins and a great many corpses. The evil army had pulverized the city, and then raced away to the west, to reinforce the other army at Shakista, which was finally being pinned down. Pushing his troops to the limits of human endurance, Bloodaxe raced across the ash wastes left by the Chaotic horde, and fell on them from behind just as they reached the edges of the battle for Shakista. The human defenders had held the disgusting invaders back for eleven days, and were finally winning against them. The arrival of the armies of Arion cut off any hope of retreat for the Forces of Chaos, who were squashed like an apple in a vice, and with much the same result. The fighting lasted for nine more days, but at the end of it the armies of Chaos were no more, though much of Shakista had suffered too, and it eventually had to be demolished. The incursion of Chaos into Khul had cost all the parties concerned very dear. The Orcs and Goblins were all but finished as a major force for several hundred years, the humans had lost many fine cities and thousands of warriors and civilians, and worst of all, the centre of the land had been blighted by the taint of Chaos, and would never recover.

THE LAST BATTLE

The final battle was the Siege of Carsepolis. At the start of the battle, the defenders of the ancient capital of Allansia numbered around eighteen thousand, including women and children, who readied themselves for battle alongside the men. The Forces of Chaos were uncountable, but lined much of the horizon beneath thick clouds of giant bats and choking black smoke. As the battle commenced, hordes of Goblins brought up siege-engines – catapults, battering-rams and siege-towers. As a hail of black arrows

rained down from the sky to keep defenders from the battlements, the Goblins manoeuvred the engines into position, and began smashing their way into the city. Whenever they breached a section of the wall, they met with very strong resistance, but no matter how many human warriors held out against them, their numbers were ultimately limited, while the Orcs and Goblins just kept on coming. After three days – during which time great piles of Orc and Goblin bodies were heaped up, but at a heavy cost to the defenders – the walls were abandoned, and the defenders took to the streets, ensuring that the evil armies paid for every step of the way in hundreds of black-clad corpses.

THE SIEGE OF CARSEPOLIS

The fighting continued in this manner for two weeks, after which almost three quarters of the city had been demolished and two thirds of the defenders were dead. The rest were gathered around the palace of the king, awaiting the final assault. But as the familiar shapes began creeping across the rubble towards them, an uproar arose from the rear of the evil army. A combined force of Dwarfs from Fangthane and Elves from Darkwood and from the Forests of Night had arrived, catching the Chaotic Forces by surprise. The sound of Dwarf voices raised in a battle-hymn accompanied the flash of Elf magic as it lit the sky in a hundred places. The defenders took heart, and went out to meet the enemy for the last time.

But this time the gods were with them. One moment the humans were crushed by a wall of Goblins and Orcs, and the next their enemies were dead, and there were only Dwarfs and Elves there, each and every one covered from head to toe in the foul blood of their vanquished foe. The war was won!

The New Age

In the aftermath of the War of the Wizards and the Great War against Evil there was much to be done, but there was also much that could not be undone. In Allansia, many cities and towns had been destroyed by the armies of Chaos, but in Khul they had poisoned the earth itself, turning vast areas into ash wastes, fit for nothing at all. In view of the apocalyptic nature of the events of 1998 OT, a new dating system was introduced. It took the year which would have been 1999 OT as Year One of the New Age. From then until the present day, we have referred to dates as AC, or After Chaos; as you no doubt know, we are now in 284 AC.

ALLANSIA AFTER CHAOS

In the two and a half centuries since the incursions of Chaos across Allansia, little has happened to the continent. So many settlements were destroyed, and

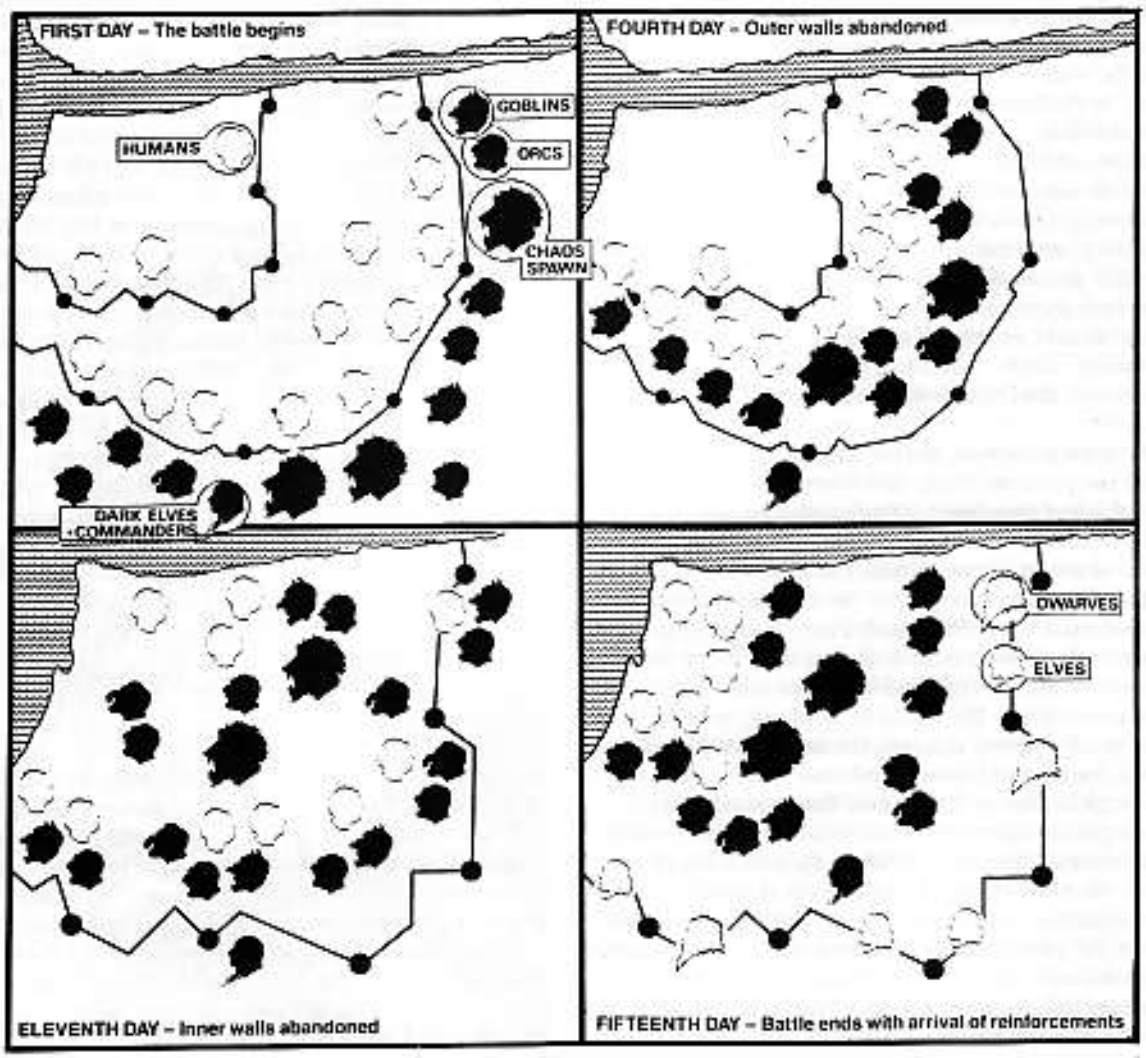

so many people killed, that the old kingdoms like Goldoran ceased to exist. In a few places new kingdoms immediately sprang up to replace the old ones, and life continued much as before, but in most areas life had been blighted by the war. In the early years of the New Age famine and plague were common, finishing off the gruesome job that the powers of Evil had started.

The ruins of Carsepolis were tainted by Chaos, and many ghosts were seen wandering the battlefield late at night. The city was abandoned by its survivors, most of whom were given refuge in Salamonis and the Vale of Willow, and in newer, expanding towns like Chalice and Shazaar. In time, most of the ruins of Carsepolis gradually crumbled, but those of the dock area – which had hardly been touched by the war – remained. They attracted brigands and thieves, who used them as a ready-made hideout, perpetuating the stories of their ghostly inhabitants to keep inquisitive people away. Soon a whole colony of evil-doers was living in the ruins, which were slowly turning back into a town. Over the course of perhaps fifty years, the city which is Port Blacksand rose from the ruins. Its first ruler was Prince Olaf Twohorse, who will be remembered in history as the man who started a prison colony on isolated Fire Island. He was succeeded by Baron Valentis, another corrupt nobleman, who in turn was replaced by the infamous Lord Azzur.

In other parts of Allansia the reminders of the past faded or crumbled away. The Flatlands are still littered with the ruins of villages and fortifications from the war, now home only to rats and ghosts. The Dwarfs and Elves from the north-east were fêted for many months for their part in the defeat of Evil, but eventually had to return home. The Elves went back to their forests, and slipped out of sight of man again. The Dwarfs returned to sacred Fangthane, and slowly set about rebuilding the city at the foot of the mountain. Some ruins still remain, reminding the Dwarfs of the war, but most were cleared away and replaced by completely new buildings and streets.

Civilization has been notoriously slow in returning to Allansia, which is as uncivilized a place now as it was a thousand years ago. The land is wild, with monsters and inhuman races lurking in the hills, and even daring to raid the lowlands now and again. Dark sorcerers still dabble in powerful magic, though they do not understand much of what they are playing with any more. And heroes still stalk the wilderlands, looking for adventure – and finding it!

KHUL AFTER CHAOS

Unlike Allansia, Khul clung on to some civilization, though it had been sorely shaken by the war. The ruins of Shakista and the surrounding countryside were abandoned, and a new capital was built at Ximoran. The ruling family was reinstated, but after only sixty years the last king died without leaving an heir. The land is now ruled by the Council of Seven, made up of representatives from each of the major towns of the land.

In other parts of the world, the recovery was not so quick. Zagoula faded into ruins, abandoned by humanity because of the terrible ghosts which clung on to some semblance of existence there. The southern towns of Yaziel and Hyennish escaped almost intact, and they survive to this day, but with the decline of Zagoula they have become isolated from the lands further north. Kabesh has gone the same way as Zagoula, though its ruins are very difficult to find now. They have been buried beneath the Wastes of Chaos, the name given by all inhabitants of Khul to the desolate ash wastes which choke the heart of the continent.

North-east of the ruins of Kabesh are the Battlegrounds, the remains of the plains where Brendan Bloodaxe's army defeated one of the armies of Chaos. It is a pleasant area of grassland, but here and there are great bare patches where nothing grows, and which animals will not cross. People who know the area say that these are the places where the bodies of the dead warriors of Chaos are buried, and that at certain times their spirits wander the plains, howling out for resurrection.

The city of Arion fared better than most, being left unscathed by the war – though many of its warriors did not return home. Over the last two centuries it has grown slightly, and become the largest city in the north-east, ruled over by the descendants of Brendan Bloodaxe himself.

THE OLD WORLD IN WAR AND PEACE

Surprisingly, it is the lands of the Old World which have changed the most in the years since the wars, though they touched them only briefly. Despite the minor interruption which the Rise of Kakhabad constituted, the politics and power-struggles of the Old World have continued much as before.

Brice continued making threatening displays of its military might which fooled no one, until it suddenly attempted a mass invasion of Gallantaria in the year 175 AC. Warriors poured over the Border River and began advancing across the plains towards Royal Lendle itself! At the same time, rebellious subjects from the Northlands began encroaching into Gallantaria via the Cragrock Peaks. The War of the Four Kingdoms had begun.

King Constain of Gallantaria immediately rode to repel the Northlanders, while dispatching another force to intercept the invaders from Brice. The king

and his retinue, including the queen, were being escorted back towards the garrison town of Forrin after spending several days inspecting the troops in their positions in the Northlands. The royal party's guide was Baron Tag of Casper. Unknown to the king, Tag had made a pact with the regent of Brice: if he could dispose of the royal family, the regent would allow him to take the throne as king of Gallantaria. On that fateful day, the unsuspecting King Constain accepted Tag's offer to guide the royal party back through the treacherous Narrow Pass in the Cragrocks. When they arrived there, however, they were attacked by a band of Northlanders in the pay of Tag, and the entire party were slain, Constain being finished off by Tag himself.

In the absence of any heir, the court sorcerer Tantalon took control of Gallantaria for the last two years of the war. Eventually, after devising a set of tasks to eliminate all but the most suitable candidate, a new regent was found, and Gallantaria settled down to an uneasy peace again.

In recent years, Femphrey has taken over from Gallantaria as the centre of attention, under the leadership of King Chalanna, known as the Reformer. The wise ruler has obtained a magical artefact called the Crown of Kings (thought to be a gift from the devious Netherworld Sorcerers of the Cragrock Peaks), which bestows awesome powers of leadership and justice on anyone who wears it. King Chalanna brought peace and prosperity to Femphrey through the power of the Crown of Kings, but more importantly, once Femphrey had benefited from the Crown, Chalanna decided to pass it around the other nations as well. Every four years, the Crown of Kings passes to another ruler, who may use it to establish order and peace within his kingdom and then join the Femphrey Alliance. The kingdoms of Ruddlestone, Lendleland, Gallantaria and even warlike Brice have taken their turns under the rule of the Crown.

Recently the Crown of Kings was passed to the King of Analand, who was using it to great effect in improving the morale of Analand – until it was stolen by Bird Men in the employ of the Archmage of Mampang, in northern Kakhabad. It seems that the evil despot wishes to make Kakhabad his own kingdom, using the Crown of Kings to organize the various Chaotic factions under him. Should he succeed in this, Kakhabad will become a tremendous threat to the whole of the Old World. Without the power of the artefact, Analand is crumbling again. Analand is now desperately seeking a brave adventurer to retrieve the Crown of Kings and bring peace and prosperity back to Analand.

THE FORCES OF GOOD

When you set off on your travels around the world, you will come across members of other races. To some of you this will not seem unusual, for in your parts of the world you may rub shoulders with Dwarfs, Elves and others as a matter of course. But for many of you, talk of such creatures, and of worse things such as Orcs, Goblins, Lizard Men or even Dark Elves, will be unusual and may even be terrifying. The following sections, therefore, aim to provide you with more information about your fellow creatures. They will warn you whom to be wary of, and whom you can trust on your travels – for there will be races everywhere who will appear to offer friendship, shelter and safety, but who will just as quickly stick a dagger in your back. You will quickly learn who is who on your travels, but it is perhaps wise to have some idea of the ways of the world before you leave your front door.

The Forces of Good, with whom we start, are more of a 'tendency' than an established power bloc. There are no organized armies of Good in the same way as there are armies of Evil and Chaos, for example. But there are races who follow the gods of Goodness, such as Dwarfs and Elves, who may be thought of as races allied to the cause. And there are individuals in this world who stand up for Good against an overwhelming tide of ignorance and malice, and who will be able to offer aid or advice to one such as yourself when you are hard pressed by the Forces of Evil.

The lands of Titan are still wild and uncivilized, with few centres of learning remaining after the War of the Wizards, and most lands are ruled by a combination of strength, ignorance and fear, if they are ruled at all. Only a few exceptions cling hard to the path of Good – such as Analand, which has to cower behind a massive wall to protect it from other nations, and the old kingdom of Ximoran, now slowly crumbling as its people isolate themselves in their walled cities. In their quest for peace, most nations allow the worshipping of all the gods, whatever their philosophies: only a very brave ruler would have the courage to tell the worshippers of Slangg, for example, that they are no longer permitted to kill other citizens! But in small corners of the world, the worship of the more peaceful gods goes on – quietly maybe, but at least they are remembered.

The Gods of Good

You have already read of the events of the Godtime, when, according to many modern priests and scholars of mythology, the gods created Titan and then battled with Death and his foul minions for its control, until Time was released and then killed in an ironic reversal of his own powers over mortality. After the Banishing, all the gods returned to the Celestial Court with the exception of Logaan the Trickster and a few of his cohorts, who stayed on Titan and watched over the rise of his creation, Man. Many of the gods of Good still gather in the Celestial Court to watch over their world, but some have now left the palace for their own domains. Pangara, god of winds, and Sukh, god of storms, for example, now dwell on the Elemental Planes with other creatures of air. Hydana, god of the waters, has dwelt at the bottom of the ocean since before time began.

THE CELESTIAL COURT DIVIDED

There are two main parts to the Celestial Court. One is made up of the original gods who helped create parts of the world of Titan, and who still govern its physical aspects. But there are also newer gods, who came into being around the time of the Banishing. Before the First Battle they were minor deities (their evil counterparts, Slangg and Tanit, served Death on the side of Evil at the First Battle), but since the rise of mankind and the other civilized races they have grown in stature and influence. These new gods govern emotions rather than physical things, and they sit in judgement over the actions of all intelligent beings in a part of the Celestial Court known as the Hall of Mind.

They are eight in number, and they are led by Sindla, the goddess of luck and fate, who is also a member of the other part of the Celestial Court and who is sister to Titan, the Father of the World. She is known by many names in different lands. In wild Kakhabad they call her Cheelah; in nearby Ruddlestone and unruly Brice

she is Gredd. In northern Allansia she is Avana; in Frostholm she is Lady Luck or Mistress Fate (and sometimes represented as two separate entities); in Arantis she is Zaragillia, and she is worshipped, along with Galana, goddess of plants and fertility, by all those who depend for their livelihood on the regular floods of the River Eltus. In other parts of the world she is Castis, Bismen or Juvenar. Wherever she is known, she is worshipped, and is a favourite god for appeals and blessings. 'May Cheelah protect you' or 'Walk with Sindla as your guide' are common sayings, and every nation has similar ones.

Her daughter is Libra, goddess of justice and truth. Also known as Sicalla, Bersten and Macalla, among many other names, she is the patron goddess of Analand and of a number of smaller lands. Under her watchful eye, an adventurer will be shown all aspects of the world, for Libra is said to understand all aspects of both Good and Evil, Law and Chaos, and to be able to see the reality behind any conflict. She is a powerful goddess, and is worshipped by many common people, who need her protection. She is usually portrayed as a beautiful woman holding aloft a set of balances in one hand, with her other hand raised in admonishment or blessing (it is a source of discussion among her priests as to which she is portraying).

Asrel, known also as Culacara, Jerez and Ooraseel, and by many other names, is the goddess of beauty and love. She is sister to Libra and Usrel, goddess of peace, and is also related to Galana, but is rarely worshipped these days. The local village witch may make offerings to Asrel for you if you want a love-potion made, but few other humans worship her, though all know her name.

Usrel is the goddess of peace, sister to Asrel and Libra and mother of Courga, god of grace, and Fourga, god of pride. She is worshipped most fervently in war-torn lands, where besieged citizens entreat her to end the fighting. She is also known by the names Liriel, Enkala, Ageral and Westrëa, and is most often portrayed as a motherly figure, her arms spread wide as if to enfold the world in peace.

Her children are, as we said, Courga and Fourga, the twin gods of grace and pride. They are said to be opposing gods, who fight each other to produce different degrees of pride and humility in the characters of people. Various myths tell the story of their conflict, but none make much sense. The name of Fourga, especially, is also subject to a good deal of abuse, as pride is rarely considered a virtue any more. In places such as Kharé, the vile city of thieves and cut-throats in wild Kakhabad, Fourga is portrayed as a vengeful god, who wreaks great retribution on those who are over-proud. His priests preach at great and tedious length that pride comes from within, and should not be confused with arrogance or pretensions – but few of their people seem to take much notice. Their son is Telak, god of courage, who is sometimes also associated with Rogaar, the lord of lions, and who is often portrayed as a lion or a Dragon, or as a hefty warrior armed and ready for battle. He is the patron of all warriors and professional mercenaries – many, you will find, bear the golden sword which is his symbol tattooed on the backs of the hand which grips their own weapon. His name is common to many parts of the world, though he is also known as the Shield-bearer, the Swordbearer and the Warrior.

The final member of the Hall of Mind is Hamaskis, god of learning. He is another who is also a member of the Celestial Court itself, and is the patron of all scholars and sorcerers (including the authors of this book). He is usually depicted either as an elderly man or as a fresh-faced youth, preaching wisdom from a book which he holds open before him. He is also known as Serion or Tyralar in other lands, but his worship is restricted to those lands where knowledge is a virtue: in uncivilized lands Hamaskis is not known, and the Hall of Mind has only seven occupants.

THE OTHER GODS

In the main chamber of the Celestial Council, the other gods and goddesses watch over the physical aspects of the world of Titan. There are a great many gods, and each is served by lesser gods and demigods, drawn from their own children, legendary heroes who have ascended to the heavens to sit with the gods and so on. The 'elder statesman' of all the gods is Titan, Father of the World, always represented as a very old man, with a benevolent smile playing on his lips but a stern look in his deep eyes. Few worship him, but all know of him and offer pleas for his blessing almost as commonly as they entreat his sister, Sindla, for good luck.

Titan has many children. His daughter Galana is goddess of plants and fertility, and is the patron of farmers and Elves, whom she is said to have created. She is also known as Erillia, Kachasta, Zaran or the Gardener in other parts of the world. At planting and harvest times, most farmers partake of a special ceremony in worship of Galana, where seed and scythes are blessed and everyone present prays that she will look kindly upon them and grant them a good harvest. She is also associated with Varantar, the patron of shepherds, and a character known as the Ploughman, both of whom seem to be either her children, or minor gods under her protection.

Throff, the earth goddess (also called Alishanka, Kerellim and by many other names), is her sister, and is the major deity of the Dwarfs, who revere her and construct shrines in her honour in their bejewelled subterranean cities. Her husband is Filash, god of fire, the brother of Glantanka, the sun goddess. Their children include Verlang, patron of smelters and

THE RUNE OF GOOD

Magical power is often derived from the application of powerful runes which represent the symbolic qualities of the force one is trying to manipulate. They also serve as badges of allegiance. The Rune of Good is an arrow, signifying one purpose, one will, the path of Goodness.

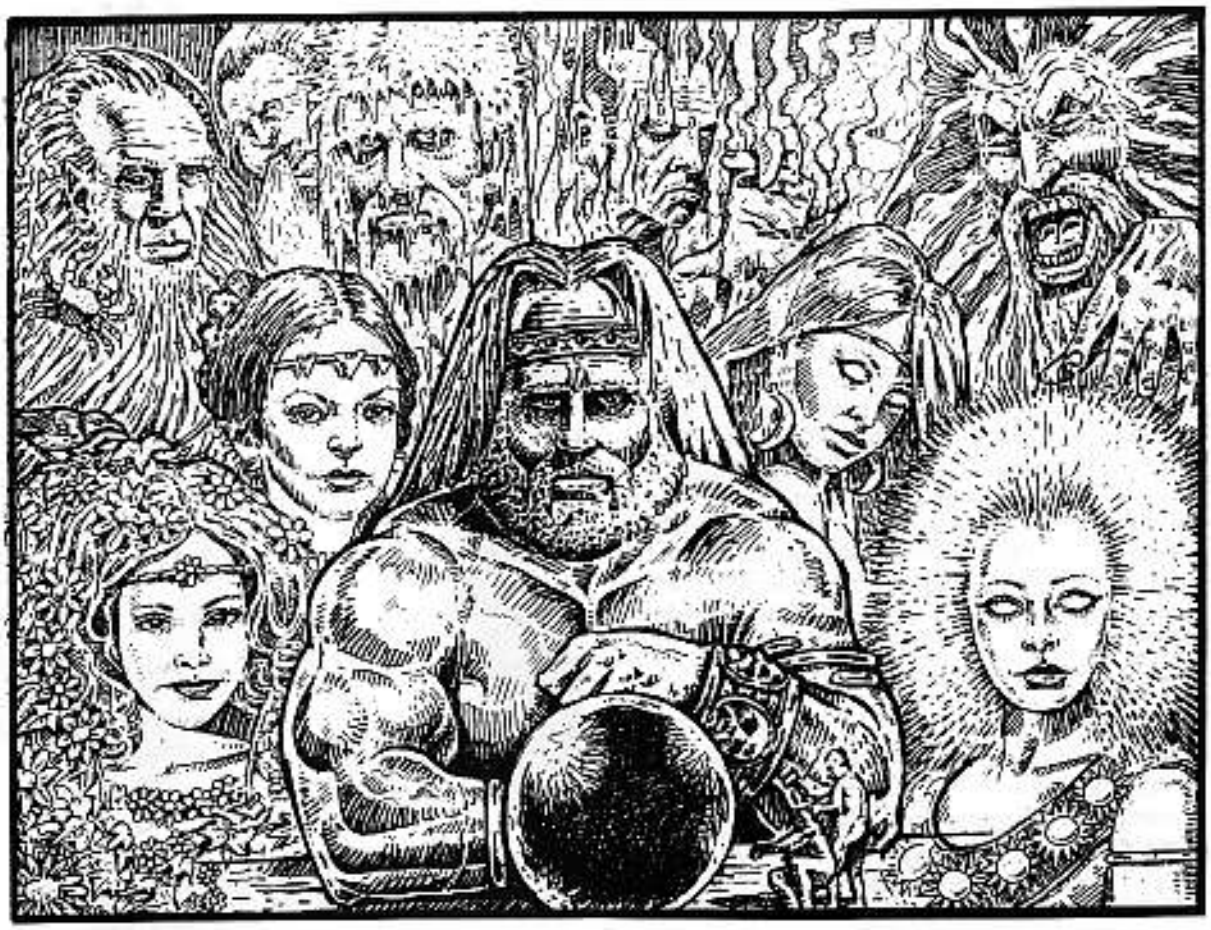

metal-workers, and Lorodil, god of volcanoes, who is sometimes associated with Chaos but is in fact a very Lawful deity who simply has scant regard for any unfortunate creatures who get in the path of his sacred lava.

Glantanka herself is revered in many lands, though some primitives worship her as the unique deity, rather than as one of many. Some peoples believe the sun to be male, giving female characteristics to the moon; as with the worship of Lunara in Analand. Glantanka is also known by many different names in various parts of the world, including Assamura, Herel, Numara, Sevena and Ariella. Her priests often dress in very bright robes, and spend much of their time at the top of their temples or pyramids chanting prayers for her protection. Some cultures regard Glantanka as the wife of Titan, call her the Mother of the World, and attribute yet more characteristics to her.

The other 'elemental' gods include the storm god Sukh, known for his violent temper (and for being worshipped by several quite evil races, including the nightmarish Life-Stealers); his brother Pangara, god of winds; Hydana, god of the waters; Aqualis, god of rivers; and Farigiss, god of ice and cold. All have many different names in different parts of the world, and are worshipped by humans and non-humans alike. They are associated with other gods, including Solinthar, the patron of mariners, and his brother Fulkra, the patron of travellers. You will find many small shrines to both gods wherever you travel, and you may care to make offerings at them and pray for their protection on your wanderings.

THE CONSTRAINTS OF GOODNESS

As you encounter servants of some of the gods of Good on your travels, you may begin to wonder why so many 'evil' races worship them! Surely, you would say, foul creatures like Orcs would not wish to worship a god like Galana (who they know as the Lady of Corn and pray to for good harvests in the few areas where they still bother to grow crops), and in return Galana would not bestow her favours upon servants of Evil and Chaos, even if they were also farmers? This is part of the very nature of Goodness, it seems: the powers of Good are such that they can *forgive* the creatures of Evil enough to grant them their blessing when they need it.

Creatures such as the Life-Stealers, who worship Sukh, are considered servants of Evil because they live by violence and killing, which they seem to do in the name of their god. In such matters, religion breaks down a little, it must be said, and priests have argued with one another for centuries over such points. In the case of Sukh, it is generally agreed that Life-Stealers kill their victims only because that is the way they are. Certainly, no one seems to argue much when humans slaughter Orcs or Goblins, though most servants of Good would agree that killing is – at least in principle – always an act of Evil.

Whatever the convoluted tangles priests and philosophers get themselves caught up in, you may rest assured that if you act in the service of Goodness you can count on the patronage of the gods of Good to help you as you venture through this evil world of ours.

Dwarfs – Delvers of the Deep

There are only a few inhuman races who follow the path of Good; the most important are the Elves, whom we shall come to in a while, and the Dwarfs.

You already know of the creation of the Dwarf race by Throff, the earth goddess, after she had seen Logaan create Man. Dwarfs are dour people and you would not, perhaps, associate them with deep religious feeling, but they worship the earth goddess with an intensity which is surprising. In every Dwarf settlement you will find a small shrine to the goddess – whom they know as Kerillim, the Earth Mother – decorated with precious gems and more gold than you are likely to see in many years. In the Dwarf capital of Fangthane, they have built a cathedral to her way up near the peak of the mountain inside which most of the city resides. It is a place of unearthly beauty, which shows off the exquisite skills of the Dwarfs when working with stone and precious metals.

Kerillim is always depicted by the Dwarfs as a tall, benignly smiling and very beautiful figure, dressed in flowing light-brown robes and with an undying flame burning from the palm of her outstretched palm. This flame symbolizes, it is said, the spirit of the Dwarfs, which was breathed into them by the goddess, and which will never diminish in their hearts. When they die, the Dwarfs believe the fire from their souls rises to the heavens, where their spirits dwell with their goddess in a land of gold and gems.

Alongside Kerillim, the Dwarfs worship a great pantheon of lesser gods and goddesses, and many demigods and legendary heroes who are believed to inhabit the heavens while always keeping a benevolent eye cast earthwards over their relations. The gods include Verlang, patron of metal-workers, who they know as Dûrevendil, and Filash, god of fire, who they call Akkalladûn and know as the husband of Kerillim. There are hundreds of minor gods too: each clan of Dwarfs has its own patron, as does each guild of miners, metal-workers and warriors within a tribe. Among their heroes, the Dwarfs count a great many warriors and miners, but above all shines the name of Hangahar Goldseeker.

HANGAHAR GOLDSEEKER, FOUNDER OF FANGTHANE

Way back at the beginning of civilization on Titan, Hangahar Goldseeker was chief of a small tribe of Dwarfs who dwelt on the fringes of the northernmost range of mountains called the Kalakûr (now the Freezeblood Mountains of north-east Allansia, which was still joined to the other lands in those days). He acquired his surname because of an unerring nose for finding the richest seams of gold. He would be walking through the hills, not doing anything in particular, when he would suddenly stop, sniff a little, and then point to the ground saying, 'There's gold down there, lots of it!' He was also a great explorer, and helped map most of the mountains as far north as the icy plateau beyond them.

It was while he was taking part in his final mapping expedition that he found the place which would change the lives of all Dwarfs. He had been travelling for three months in the roughest territory, dogged all the way by skirmishes with bands of local Orcs, which had slowly depleted his band, who now numbered only seven. They were determined to reach the coast, where they thought they could defend themselves from the Orcs, and which they knew had to be near, and they kept pushing ever forward, even though they were dropping from exhaustion. As they passed through a deep gully, they caught a glimpse of an inlet of the sea, which is now known as Jarlhof Bay to us humans, but which the Dwarfs have always called Grinderthûl, the Welcome Waters.

Just as the Dwarfs were cheering at the sight, however, a screaming pack of Orcs burst from the rocks at the top of the gully and tore down towards them, firing arrows and wielding axes and knives above their scrawny heads. The Dwarfs turned to stand their ground, but Hangahar shouted for them to run. The warriors hesitated, for Dwarfs do not flee from Orcs, even when they are outnumbered fifty to one as they were here; but their chief called again, and they obeyed him. The party of Dwarfs scuttled down the gully and out of the far end into a clearing which led down to the shore – and stopped in amazement! There, in the distance, was the most beautiful sight a Dwarf could ever behold. At the far end of the craggy bay, a mountain loomed from the foothills, its summit glowing dully in the wan light. It was what Dwarf legends had always insisted existed – a mountain capped with pure gold – and the Dwarfs had found it!

They turned with a start as several dozen of the leading Orcs emerged from the end of the gully, and made ready with their battle-axes. But the Orcs looked beyond the Dwarfs, with alarm on their faces, then fell to their feet and wailed – as if the mountain were some kind of god! The Dwarfs seized the opportunity and quickly made good their escape. Hangahar and his companions returned to their distant village, but almost immediately set out again, this time making straight for the coast and sailing around it and into the bay, taking the entire village with them! Hangahar and his people settled around the mountain and, despite the rabid attentions of the local Orcs, who were angered beyond endurance by the 'desecration' of their mountain-god, began to construct their city inside it – the city that would one day become Fangthane, spiritual home of all Dwarf peoples.

DWARFS TODAY

As we write, in 284 AC, Dwarfs are quite common visitors to human habitations in many areas, especially northern Allansia. Indeed, in the centre of old Allansia there lies the Dwarf town of Stonebridge, a regular stopping-point for many adventurers and merchants as they cross the Pagan Plains and travel up the Red River. Dwarfs themselves are leaving lives of mining and exploration behind them and becoming adventurers too. The names of Dwarfs such as Bigleg, Stubb Axecleaver and Morri Silverheart are known to many of those who wander the northern lands in search of adventure.

Stonebridge welcomes adventurers and others who fight for the cause of Good, for the town is regularly assailed by local tribes of Orcs and Hill Trolls, who seem intent on capturing the town's most prized possession (after the diamond mines which lie behind the town) – the magical war-hammer belonging to its ruler, King Gillibran. Gillibran's famous hammer has served as the standard for the Dwarfs of the town, who rally around to defend it whenever they are attacked. The hammer is magical, for once it is thrown at an opponent it will strike and then return directly to the hand of the wielder! The Forces of Evil would very much like to obtain the war-hammer, for its loss would demoralize the Dwarfs, who are the only beings which stand between the Orcs and Hill Trolls and the rich pickings of settled Allansia, even as far as Port Blacksand on the coast.

In other lands too, Dwarfs fight against Evil alongside adventurers and heroes. They are also surprisingly good sailors, who take to the oceans in their immense wooden ships as they search for distant islands where they hope to find the gold and gems they desire so much. Their men-of-war regularly patrol the coasts and escort the galleys which carry their gems and precious metals to distant cities for trading, on the look-out for pirates and privateers who would rob them of their rich cargo.

DWARF WEAPONS

The weapons Dwarfs use are large and bulky compared to those of humans, but they are manufactured with a precision which no human weapon-maker could match. They are always cast in the finest steel, and are decorated with Dwarf runes. Their weapons have developed from the tools they use underground, and include hammers, picks and axes. Their mail armour is famous the world over for being light, but very hard and able to protect one from the hardest blows.

War-hammer

War-pick

Battle-axe

Mail Shirt

Helmet

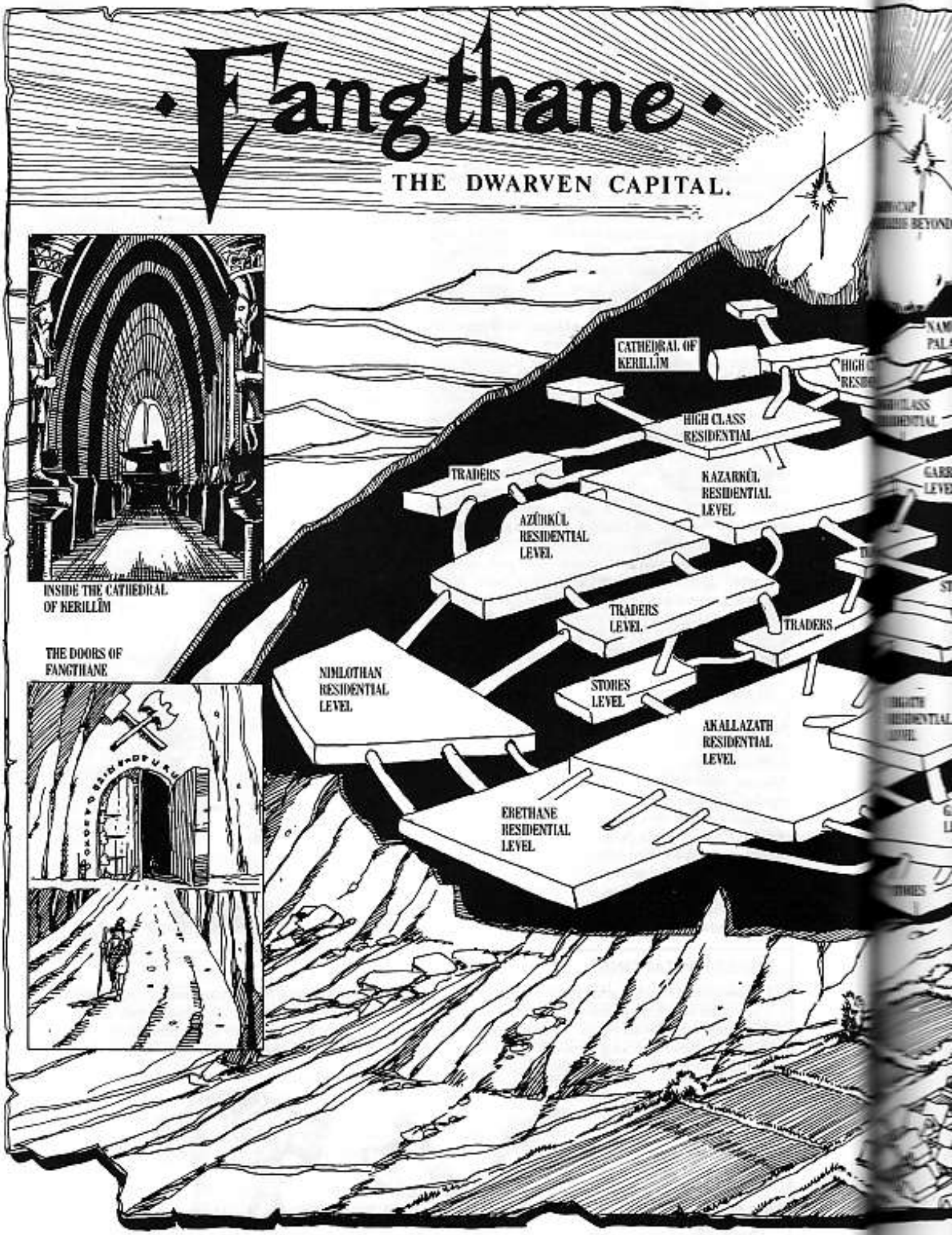
Fangthane
THE DWARVEN CAPITAL.
CATHEDRAL OF KERILLÎM
HIGH CLASS RESIDENTIAL
TRADERS
KAZARKÛL RESIDENTIAL LEVEL
AZÛHKÛL RESIDENTIAL LEVEL
TRADERS LEVEL
TRADERS
NIMLOTHAN RESIDENTIAL LEVEL
STORES LEVEL
AKALLAZATH RESIDENTIAL LEVEL
ERETHANE RESIDENTIAL LEVEL
INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL OF KERILLÎM
THE DOORS OF FANGTHANE

KING NAMÛRKILL
NAMÛRKILL'S PALACE
STORES
GARRISON LEVEL
GARRISON
STORES
MANUFACTURE OF WEAPONS AND JEWELLERY
ARADIN RESIDENTIAL LEVEL
METAL SMELTING
GARRISON
TRADERS
METAL SMELTING
GOLD MINES
IRON MINES
THE DOORS TEN DWARFS HIGH
GARRISON LEVEL
THE CITY – OVER SIX THOUSAND INHABITANTS

DWARF PLEASURES

Dwarfs are simple creatures at heart, though they pursue their pleasures in a very sophisticated manner. Above all things, they love the treasures of the earth – gold, silver, platinum, diamonds, rubies and so on. More correctly, they do not love them – they *lust* after them. Many Dwarfs can almost sniff them out, wherever they are hidden in the earth, so keenly attuned are they to these things. But when they have them, they become afraid, for they fear that other creatures will try to take them away from them again. So they hide their precious jewels away in vaults, behind large stone doors with enormous locks, and they guard them devotedly.

Apart from this paranoid flaw in their characters, however, Dwarfs are quite admirable. They are hardy warriors, and though they do not like to kill, they look on battlegrounds as places where they can prove themselves in the eyes of their fellows. The other good thing about battles, of course, is that they are often an excellent source of tales and songs. Dwarfs love rousing songs and stories, especially if they are accompanied by a flagon or three of strong ale, and a pipeful of tobacco.

Dwarf ale is very, very strong, but will not harm humans who drink it in moderation, unlike the Orc ale Guursh. They also distil a number of special spirits, including the infamous Skullbuster spirit, but these are very much an acquired taste, and are also very expensive unless you are drinking in a Dwarf tavern. Dwarfs love a good pipe of smoking-weed or tobacco to help their conversation flow. They usually trade for it with humans, who in turn acquire it from the southern lands where it is grown. Famous Dwarf brands include Gurny's Leaf, Pure Axehead and Dragon Smoke.

Even when they are relaxing, however, Dwarfs will always keep their weapons close by, for they know that sooner or later Orcs and Trolls will assail them again. Life for a Dwarf seems to be one long round of fighting, drinking and prospecting down a mine – but you would never hear a Dwarf complain about it!

Elves – the Children of Galana

The other main race of good creatures could not be more different from Dwarfs. The Elves of Titan are the epitome of beauty and grace and intelligence, and believe strongly in the power of magic and the strength of peace. It is often difficult for humans to

DWARF RUNES

Dwarf writing consists of runes, simple letters developed because they are easy to chisel into stone. They do not use punctuation, but mark new sentences with a larger capital rune. Here is what they all mean:

ä	*bat*	ᚠ	j	*jewel*	ᚱ	r	*rule*	ᚴ
å	*late*	ᚡ	k	*kill*	ᚴ	rh	*cover*	ᚵ
b	*battle*	ᚢ	kh	*kick*	ᚶ	s	*sail*	ᚷ
ch	*chief*	ᚣ	l	*live*	ᚸ	sh	*shield*	ᚹ
d	*dead*	ᚤ	lh	*kill*	ᚹ	t	*town*	ᚺ
dh	*the*	ᚥ	m	*man*	ᚻ	th	*thief*	ᚾ
e	*end*	ᚦ	n	*nail*	ᚼ	û	*under*	ᚿ
ē	*even*	ᚧ	nd	*rend*	ᚽ	û	*salute*	ᛀ
f	*father*	ᚨ	ng	*hang*	ᚾ	v	*vile*	ᛁ
g	*gold*	ᚩ	ō	*lost*	ᛂ	w	*wind*	ᛃ
gh	*ghastly*	ᚪ	ō	*over*	ᛄ	z	*rubies*	ᛇ
h	*hall*	ᚫ	ö	*bought*	ᛅ	zh	*treasure*	ᛈ
ī	*inn*	ᚬ	p	*pick*	ᛆ	&		ᛉ
ī	*light*	ᚭ	q (kw)	*queen*	ᛇ			

Note: Dwarf runes spell everything as it sounds, rather than as it is normally spelt. 'Cat' is really 'kat'; 'pick' is really 'pikh', 'caught is 'köt' and so on. ᚱ, the rune for D, is often used as the symbol for the Dwarf race as a whole, and is known as the Dwarf Rune.

understand Elves, for their culture is so far removed from ours, and these differences have caused the Elves to be misunderstood in the past. The blemish of their Dark Elf relations aside, Wood Elves and Mountain Elves are probably the purest servants of the Forces for Good there are.

THE ELVEN GODS

As you know, the Elves believe they were created by Galana, the plant goddess, at the same time as Throff created the Dwarfs and Titan created the Giants, in imitation of the men which had been made by Logaan the Trickster. Galana, who is known by the name Erillia, or just Elf Mother, is still worshipped by all good Elves, who revere her with an intensity that surpasses even that with which the Dwarfs worship the earth goddess Kerillim (Throff, known as Elluviel to the Elves). All Elven forests are dotted with shrines to Erillia, where Elves will stop and keep silent for a

few moments as they pass. The goddess is never portrayed by Elves, who consider that no statue would be able to capture the true unearthly beauty of their goddess, but they describe her as being fairer than anything on Titan, with silvery skin and long, flowing, white hair; she also has the delicately pointed ears and deep-green eyes of the Elves. She is the Elven ideal of beauty, and any Elf woman who shares similar characteristics is admired by all Elves.

Elves also worship a number of lesser deities, who are known as the Children of Erillia, though this is thought to be a symbolic title rather than fact. They include Argowen, god of trees; Aëgraven, goddess of flowers; and Istarel, god of forest creatures. They also know and give offerings to Hamaskis, god of learning, whom they name Livurien the Sorcerer, and his companion, the demigod and Elf hero from prehistory known only as the White Lord (Téla Oriens in High Elvish). Some animal gods may also receive prayers and offerings. In his or her natural forest habitat, an Elf's day will be full of small rituals and prayers to many gods and deities; such practices keep them at peace and at one with their surroundings in a way similar to the 'meditations' of a mystic or sorcerer before casting a spell.

A LONG, LONG LIFE

One of the things that influence Elven attitudes to other races is their longevity. Barring accidents or death at the hands of others, most Elves live for between two hundred and two hundred and fifty years (and this in an age when most humans do not reach their fiftieth birthday, what with one thing and another), and they rarely show their age. In an Elf's lifetime a city could be founded as a village, rise to statehood and collapse again; generations of humans would come and go – and seemingly changeless, the Elf would witness all of it.

Time, therefore, means very little to an Elf. There is no need to rush anything. They are cautious and forward-looking people, who see everything in terms of the future rather than of the present. In the few times of war when they have joined forces with Dwarfs and men, they have frustrated their allies with their 'wait-and-see' attitude, which is in direct contrast to the urgent need for action usually demanded by Dwarfs and humans.

Because they live for a long time, Elves have found a great many ways of passing their time. They do many things which other races would consider wastes of time: for instance, they sing songs, talk to forest creatures and take great pleasure in simply watching natural things like plants. It seems to shorter-lived beings that they do not know the value of time, but really they know it all too well – they just have a lot of it to use up as best they can.

Their longevity has also given Elves their peculiar love for life and all living things. While this is understandable when one sees the sheer beauty of the Elven groves at the heart of their forests, it is hard to comprehend how anyone could love Orcs and things of Chaos. The Elves, however, seem to look upon such repulsive creatures with a very neutral attitude: they don't much care about them one way or the other – they know that they will die before they themselves have reached full adulthood.

THE ORC WARS

In the past, however, Elves have taken exception – grave exception – to Orcs and other creatures of Evil and Chaos. In the years around 600 OT, twelve years after the beings which would later turn into the Dark Elves broke away from the Elven Council and fled underground (see the section on Dark Elves later for more details of this event), the northern Elvish kingdoms of the Mountain Elves found their forests under heavy attack from large, organized armies of Orcs led

by a pair of human sorcerers, the Dark Twins. In the past, Orcs had trespassed in the Elven forests, hunting and killing in indiscriminate searches for food, and had been met with brisk opposition in the form of a few well-aimed arrows which dropped the first Orcs where they stood and persuaded the rest that they were better off not staying in the forests any longer than they had to.

But this time, the Orcs came in much greater numbers, whole legions of the foul things, and they were led by people who knew what they were doing. As the front lines overran parts of the forest, other units would come up behind them and burn the trees, clearing away the beautiful greenery and leaving only sterile ash. Elvish records say that the Elves could hear the trees screaming for many leagues around. The Dark Twins were aiming to acquire some deep secrets of Elvish high magic, but they reckoned without King Glorien Thelemas, Lord of the Elven Council, who had been slow to act when the Elves of Viridel Kerithrion rebelled, but who was now spurred into action.

The Orc Wars began, with Elves harrying Orcs across much of the northern part of the one continent, losing a few battles, but winning most of them by a mixture of careful planning, skill and sheer fury at the atrocities committed by the Orcs. The inhuman armies fled, burning the trees as they went in a vain attempt to stop the vengeful armies which dogged them, but they only goaded their pursuers to greater and greater action.

The armies of the Elven nations chased the foul creatures for a year and a half, as far as the edges of the ice plateaux in the extreme north, where the sorcerers halted the remains of their once-mighty armies for a final stand. But after all his haste, Thelemas wanted to taste his vengeance slowly. The Elven armies stopped, and appeared to be waiting. In the freezing conditions, the Orcs suffered terribly, and they died in their hundreds, but the Elves – many of whom were hardy Mountain Elves – kept warm by using their magic, and by reducing their body temperatures to a state similar to hibernation for all but a few hours every day, leaving perhaps a quarter of their number on guard.

What the Elves were waiting for was the arrival of nine very powerful Elven sorcerers, who had been summoned from their retreats deep within the forests of the south. When they arrived, eventually, spring was coming to the frozen regions. The Elven armies marched north, and finally faced the evil forces. The Dark Twins were challenged to magical combat by the Elven mages, and owing to the code of all magicians

they had to agree. The contest lasted only two rounds, before an awesome gout of flame issued from the ground and consumed up the Dark Twins; the Elven armies marched home, without fuss, and in silence.

There is only one race which is really hated by Elves – the Dark Elves. The accursed creatures are opposed to everything that Wood Elves stand for – truth, light, peace and justice. Should a Dark Elf meet up with a surface Elf, they will have to fight to the death, because neither side will show any mercy whatsoever. For a good Elf to have any dealings with Dark Elves, he must betray all the principles of his people and his goddess. Even the poor Black Elves, who were originally part of Viridel Kerithrion's rebellion, will have nothing at all to do with the demonic creatures now that they have taken up the worship of the foul Demon Princes. If good Elves regarded Orcs with anything like the same depth of hatred as they do their evil relations, it is likely that there would be few Orcs left to trouble anyone on Titan.

If a Wood Elf is captured by the Dark Elves – and that is not a likely occurrence, since he would fight with a suicidal fury against the foul beings – he is most likely to be sacrificed to one of their inhuman gods after much torture and abuse. During ordeals such as this, Wood Elves have a 'safety mechanism', a form of hypnosis of half-sleep that they can slip into at will by communing intently with their goddess. After a while, their bodies go into the same sort of hibernation that the Elven forces used in the last battle of the Orc Wars. While in this state, an Elf cannot speak or respond in any way, though his eyes may be open and he may remain upright. Dark Elves will not be taken alive by Wood or Mountain Elves, who will run them through even if they surrender.

ELVEN ADVENTURERS AND ELVEN WEAPONS

Since the Orc Wars, the armies of the Elven nations have come together only once, and then only for the closing moments of the War of the Wizards, though individual clans fought long and hard for many years beforehand. But there have always been Elven adventurers, wandering the wild lands alone or in the company of humans, and even (occasionally) Dwarfs. In their desire to find things to occupy their time, Elves travel the earth, righting wrongs wherever they are able, and generally helping the cause of Good. They have a rather strange attitude to adventuring, for they are not looking for fame and fortune, having no need or desire for either; they do it simply because it is interesting! Their human and Dwarf colleagues can rarely understand such an attitude, though they quickly accept it when they realize that the Elf will not need his share of any treasure they acquire.

Elves are exceptional warriors, especially (thanks to many, many centuries of hunting in their forests) in using the Elven bows, which have become legendary. Elven bows are enchanted weapons, which seem almost 'alive'. When he fires his bow, an Elf attunes his mind to the entire action. He feels the sleekness of the shaft, the control of the flights and the power of the bowstring propelling the arrow forward. His mind merges with the act of shooting the arrow, and together they guide the arrow to its target with unfailing accuracy. Elves hit what they fire at, and if they really need to fire their bows, they will usually fire to kill. All this takes just a few seconds, and is quite astounding to watch, should you ever get the chance.

Other creatures have tried to use Elven bows – indeed, less intelligent creatures like Orcs often attempt to steal them from the Elves, believing the weapons will make them truly invincible warriors. They don't realize that part of the power of Elven archery comes from within the mind of the Elf himself, and that the other part has developed slowly through a history of empathy with the trees from which the wood of their bow is made. Nevertheless, those who have seen an Elf bring down a small black speck in the distance that turned out to be an Orc will have imagined what they could do if they could use a bow like that.

Elves also use swords, usually long and thin in design, almost like fencing rapiers. As with all Elven weapons, their swords are unusually light and strong, almost as if they were not made from iron and steel. Some Elven swords have been known to be enchanted, with spells ensuring that they remain sharp and do not break traced into the flat of the blades in swirling Elven runes. They may also glow with a faint light in the presence of evil creatures, and tingle in the hand of the wielder to alert him to the presence of such danger.

One such weapon was the legendary Sword of Jeren, originally given as a gift by the Elven peoples to Prince Gethel Aranang, who ruled over a small land known as Bellisaria on the northern edge of the Plains of Bronze in Allansia, around the year 1600 OT. Prince Aranang had earned the gift by helping the local Elves in cleansing a Dark Elf settlement from a network of deep caves in the hills on the edges of his land. It was known as the Sword of Friendship, and it was a wondrous thing to behold – sleek and golden, with many spells of warning and sharpness woven into it.

ELVEN NAMES

Elves have not one but three names, each of which serves a different function in their long lives. Firstly, they have a *common name*, by which they will be known most of the time, especially to other races. Such a name will not be very fancy, and may be derived from the name of a plant or tree, such as Ash, Hazel or Willow; or it may be like a nickname, such as Redswift or Hawkeye. The second name is their *Elven name*, by which they will be known to other members of their race. This usually consists of a first name and a family name: Redswift, for example, was known to other Elves as Larel Anorien. The third is their *true name*, the name by which the goddess knows them, and through which they invoke Elven magic. Elves believe that anything can be controlled if you know its true name, which is why they never reveal theirs to any other living being. It is not known what form such names take.

STITTLE WOAD

The ELVEN VILLAGE of EREN DÛRDINATH

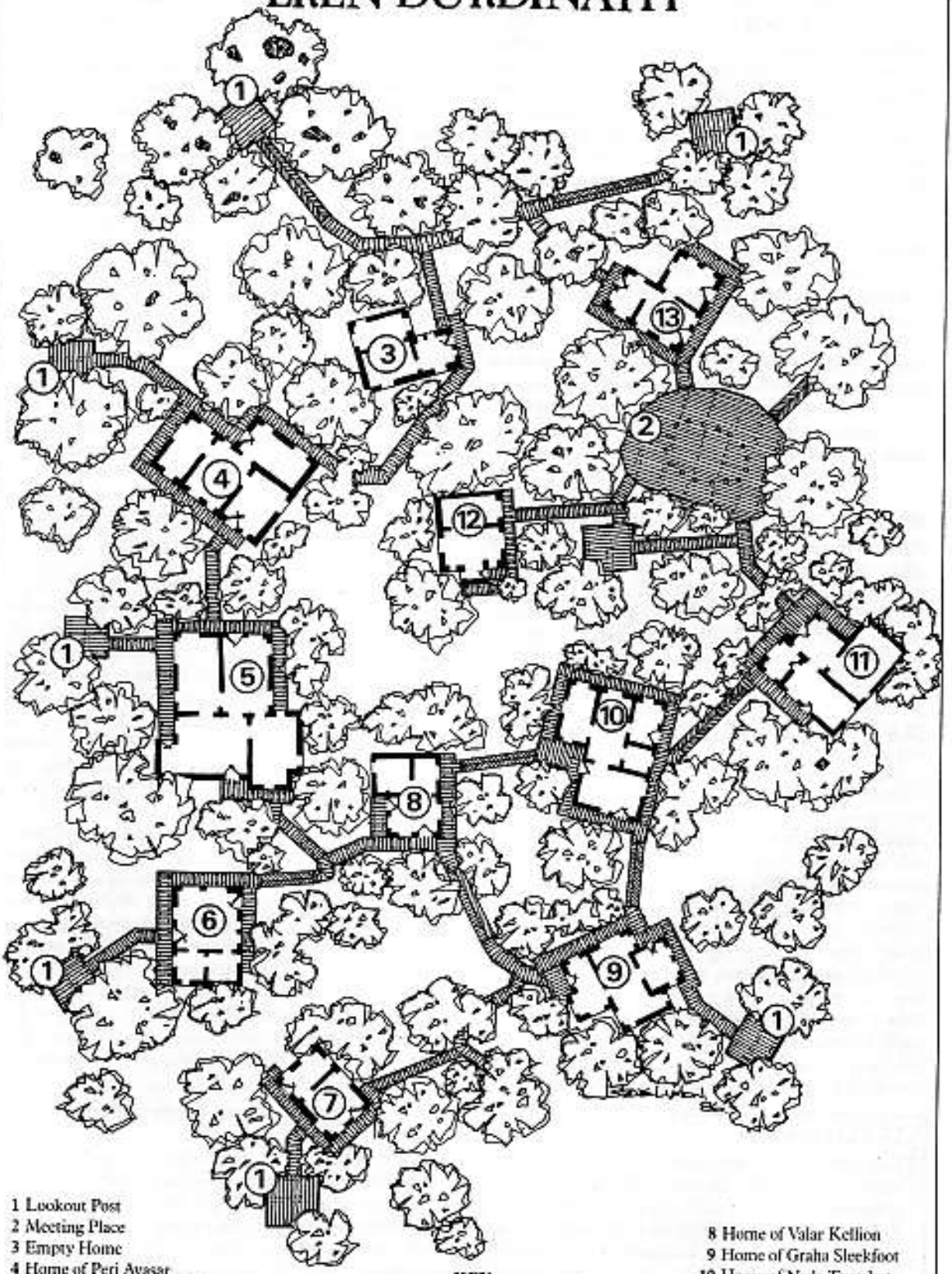

1 Lookout Post
2 Meeting Place
3 Empty Home
4 Home of Peri Avasar
5 Home of Prince Veriel Brighteye
6 Home of Gelas Eredil
7 Home of Arduil Hellas
8 Home of Valar Kellion
9 Home of Graha Sleekfoot
10 Home of Nada Trueshot
11 Home of Erulia Falsehope
12 Home of Gaya Inuriel
13 Home of Tiriel Greystar

KEY

WOODEN WALKWAY

ROPE BRIDGE

Before they were defeated, however, the witch-king of the Dark Elves cast a curse on the family of Prince Aranang, which manifested itself around the Sword of Friendship. Many who saw the sword were immediately struck with a great desire to possess it at all costs. Gethel's brother was killed by the prince himself after he had tried to steal it one dark night; courtiers and palace guardsmen met similar fates; even the ruler of a neighbouring country was killed attempting to steal the blade during a visit to Bellisaria's capital. The blade of the sword gradually turned from gleaming metal to matt-black, and the runes on its surface slowly changed from ones warning against evil to ones encouraging it. In great alarm, Prince Gethel returned the blade to the Elves, but they could not bear to approach it and commanded him to remove it from their forests immediately. The prince could think of only one course of action: he rode down to the Sea of Pearls, and threw the blade as far out as he could. But knowing the stormy waters of that stretch of coast, the sword will one day reappear, bringing its ghastly curse with it.

ELVEN SETTLEMENTS

The Elven peoples today are scattered far and wide across the world, and are far less numerous than they used to be. Today there are few Elven towns or cities, and most Elves live in small villages secreted in the heart of old woodland. Such villages are sometimes similar to human villages, consisting of a number of small but exquisitely worked cottages, but many more are still built in the traditional style, on wooden platforms among the tree-tops, connected to one another and the ground by rope ladders and narrow walkways. Such villages are breathtaking when first chanced upon, for it seems amazing that any beings could live their lives perched high above the ground in that manner.

However, you will chance upon an Elven village only if its inhabitants have decided that you are not a threat to it. Elves protect their villages with strong magic which obscures them and makes anyone they do not wish to enter wander around in circles, never able to find them. On the fringes of their villages, Elves post guards who keep their eyes and ears peeled for threatening creatures – though according to Elves, humans and other beings unused to woodland make so much noise that they can hear them from several leagues away, and rarely need to be warned of their approach! If you enter an Elven forest on a warm summer's evening, however, and are very careful as you creep through the undergrowth, you will hear the light voices of Elves, singing in the distance as they

ELVEN LANGUAGES

Elves speak two languages, one of which is a very watered-down version of the other. *High Elvish* is a very complex and courtly language, spoken by Elven nobles and other dignitaries. Prayers are usually said or sung in it. It is also the language of sorcery, and is a necessity for all serious spell-casters who wish to know more than a few explosive party-tricks, as the Elves call most human magic. *Common Elvish*, or *Low Elvish*, is the language that most Elves speak every day. It is also the language of Sprites, Pixies, Woodlings and other forest creatures. It is quite difficult to master, but you may find it useful to pick up a smattering of it: if you spend any length of time in the company of an Elf adventurer, you will learn a few key phrases just by listening to him – especially curses in combat!

celebrate the joy of being alive in the beautiful forest with songs to Erillia, the moon, the stars and everything else they consider beautiful. It is rare to find such beauty alive in our savage world today; even battle-hardened adventurers such as yourself will find enchantment in the singing of the Elves.

Close to their villages, and usually within the protection of their warding spells, Elves construct shrines to their goddess: they plant groves of very young trees and bright forest flowers in her memory, and – a typical Elven practice – wrap small gold and silver ribbons around nearby branches, and sometimes set up a small six-sided plinth cut out of pure white stone and engraved with prayers to Erillia. Should you ever manage to find such a grove, you will be able to rest there a while, safe in the protection of the plant goddess herself.

Humans sometimes have difficulty understanding the ways of Elves, but that should not stop them appreciating their beauty and strength. They are powerful beings, but use such things in the service of Good rather than Evil, a factor which makes the blasphemy of the Dark Elves even more repulsive. Despite their occasional slowness, they are an important force in holding back the powers of Evil. Should you chance to meet Wood or Mountain Elves in the course of your travels, you will soon learn the meaning of friendship, if you deserve it.

The Lesser Races of Good

Apart from Elves and Dwarfs, there are a few more inhuman races who serve the cause of Good, though it must be said that some serve it in very strange ways. They are not only lesser in importance, but they are also all smaller in size, even smaller than Dwarfs. None of them are properly organized into nations, and they do not have armies, but in their own ways they contribute to the continuation of Good on Titan, and may be able to offer you some small assistance as you travel the world.

GNOMES – THE QUIET GARDENERS

Gnomes are strange, grumpy beings related to Dwarfs. Indeed, it is thought by some scholars that at one time they actually were Dwarfs of a clan who did not wish to live in the harsh mountain regions inhabited by most Dwarfs, and who left to live in seclusion in the Elven forests. There, it is supposed, they slowly changed from their original form, becoming shorter and more wizened, and even more withdrawn than normal Dwarfs, until they were recognizable as a separate race, the Gnomes.

Whether or not this is true is difficult to say, for Gnomes are very reclusive and solitary, and have little time for the affairs of larger beings. However, in the records of the Elves of the Forest of Yore, which we consulted over a number of points in our book, a different story is told. Dwarfs, as you know, are very wary of magic. True, they use some spells, but these are very specialized, for casting sharpness into an axe, or for searching out the purest seams of gold ore deep underground – mere cantrips compared to Elven or even human sorcery. But one clan, the Elven records say, became fascinated by Elven high magic after seeing a demonstration of its power from Elven dignitaries visiting the celebrations for the five-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Fangthane. It seems that they wanted to know more about magic, and left the Dwarf capital to wander the world in search of its source. They found a little knowledge, but ended up shunned by the Elves; for they were still rough, unsophisticated Dwarfs. They settled in isolated parts of the forests, where they could be close to the magical powers they lusted for, and gradually evolved into Gnomes.

Whichever of these tales is correct, it is certain that Gnomes do know a little magic, and what they know they are very proficient in. They soon give demonstrations of it to anyone who approaches them, for they use it to ensure that they are not disturbed. They are solitary creatures, who seem to like nothing more than just sleeping in the sun amid the natural splendour of the Elven forests. But Elves have also seen them tending plants, trees and forest animals, using other spells and a good deal of skill. Just as Dwarfs care for their underground world with a deep intensity and reverence which humans find hard to understand, it seems that Gnomes look after the land, albeit in their own small way. As they are Nature-loving creatures, they dislike larger beings who they see as destructive vandals, and they get annoyed even by Elves, who they feel patronize and talk down to them, when they deign to talk to them at all!

PIXIES AND WOODLINGS

Both of these forest races, which are related, seem to be descended from a mixture of humans and Elves, though somewhere along the line they shrank! Woodlings stand about as high as Dwarfs, leading to suggestions that they are related to them, though this is extremely unlikely. Woodlings bear little physical resemblance to Dwarfs; apart from the obvious – faces, arms, legs and so on – and their height, they have little or nothing in common. It is thought that they were once humans who simply regressed and grew shorter and shorter, in the isolation of their forest homes.

Pixies are even smaller still, perhaps half the height of Woodlings. Their pointed ears, woodland habitat and happy-go-lucky attitudes to life would seem to point to some relation to Elves, though what it is is not recorded, and there are few theories to explain their resemblance to the noble race. Pixies themselves do not know much about their own history. They live very short lives (no pun intended), their life-span rarely exceeding thirty years, and they have never developed writing, so they have no records of the past history of their race. A few folk-tales seem to talk of a time when Pixies lived alongside some taller, more civilized race of beings, but they give no details, which is very infuriating to us scholars, who would prefer to know these things.

Both races live in thick woodland, building small villages of huts from wood and leaves. They are gentle

gardeners, like Gnomes, and tend their parts of the forest with quiet, but great, fervour. Neither race is particularly fond of larger beings, for both learnt long ago that such beings seem to delight in tormenting creatures smaller than themselves. Pixies, in particular, get picked on by cruel men, who take advantage of their dislike of Sprites to hold evil contests in which a Pixie and a Sprite are released into a ring, while spectators bet on which one will survive. Woodlings take their fear of large beings to extremes, however, and disguise their small villages to blend in with the background and wear green and brown clothes as camouflage, to hide themselves away from the attentions of larger beings.

SPRITES, MINIMITES – AND THE PERILS OF MAGIC

Sprites and Minimites were once thought to be two separate races, for while they share similar forms (they are very small winged humanoids), the former are simple and unsophisticated while the latter are very clever and civilized. Sprites dwell in woodland areas, like the other races detailed here, where they live peaceful lives caring for plants and animals. They are a gentle, timid race, who fear men and other large beings. They get on well with Elves, however, with whom they feel a keen affinity, as fellow plant-tenders and magicians. Sprites seem very smug about the fact that they can cast a wide range of magical spells, though in truth these are little more than cantrips, and certainly no more sophisticated than those practised by any aspiring apprentice in his first few weeks of magical training. The Elves share the Sprites' delight in magic, however, and sympathize with their enthusiasms.

Minimites are far more sophisticated than Sprites, and they usually do not acknowledge the fact that they are related. They have a long and detailed history, and their culture was once very sophisticated. In the centuries before the War of the Wizards decimated much of the world, Minimites dwelt alongside men in some of the great seats of learning in the Old World. There, the race was recognized as one of great intellect, and respected for their tireless efforts in collecting, as best they could, the history of the world. Minimites could discourse for hours on Brician battle tactics, tell long sagas about Bjorngrim Giant-slayer or Jinna Arajar the Hermit, and perform long and very intense magical rituals. They were easily the equals of men in the practice of high sorcery, despite their tiny frames, but they were dedicated to the cause of Good and they never used it to work ill.

When the Forces of Chaos began seeping out of Kakhabad, the Minimites were very afraid. News of the wars raging across Allansia and Khul was infrequent and terrifying, and everyone began to suspect that unless something were done the third continent would be engulfed too. Their best scholars and magicians began the long but necessary task of searching through their extensive archives and ancient spell-books for clues to the solution to this problem. But after five months nothing had been found, and the Forces of Chaos were now hammering at the gates of Analand and Ruddlestone. In desperation, the Minimites began to frantically hunt through other, more dubious works.

In a treatise written by an insane mystic known only as Aughm Lightchaser, they found what they thought was an answer. Among the crazed jottings they found a long and very dangerous technique which would summon and unleash the very power of Goodness itself in one devastating split-second burst of power! The Minimites had to try. Pooling their resources with those of the greatest human sorcerers, they gathered on a peak in Mauristatia to perform their ritual. Slowly, as they danced and wailed and chanted, they could hear the Forces of Chaos gathering around the base of the mountain, called from all over Kakhabad. The tension rose and rose, the pitch of the chanting reached insane levels, the creatures of Chaos howled beneath them. And suddenly, in a cataclysmic flash, bolts of golden light flashed from the heavens and struck the Forces of Chaos. Where they struck home, they counteracted the power of Chaos, and the two vaporized each other. In less time than it takes to blink an eye, most of the Forces of Chaos had been blasted into their component particles, and the rest were fleeing back into Kakhabad.

But the victory was not without its cost. The Minimites who had wielded this wild magic became enamoured of such power and taught others to lust after it. A dream arose that Minimites would become the benevolent rulers of the world, guiding their subjects by their wisdom and sorcery. Other Minimites, however, saw that this dream was a dream of tyranny. There was only one solution: since a single Minimite on his own has no great magical power, they had to be prevented from working together. The race became nomadic, condemned to wander the world, and prevented by intricate spells woven into the very fabric of their being from ever joining forces with others of their kind.

Allies

As you travel across the world of Titan in search of adventure, you will quickly come to realize that the Forces of Evil and Chaos far outweigh those of Good. Everywhere you go, humans steal from humans, Orcs raid Elves, Trolls assail Dwarfs, evil sorcerers promise death to everyone. Members of non-human races like Dwarfs and Elves may be able to aid you, but they are few and far between, and they have their own troubles too, for Evil is vying for dominance everywhere.

But here and there, if Sindla is keeping her eye on you, you may be lucky and find a friend on the road, or someone who can offer you shelter for the night. In the more settled lands, there will always be places for you to stay in relative safety. But once you are out in the wild lands, you may be very much on your own, unless you can find a few allies. Such allies may crop up in the strangest places, and at the strangest times, for the servants of Good always have to stay one jump ahead of the enemy in such places. But allies are there, carefully working away at Evil's influence, and trying to reinstate the cause of Good in lands which had abandoned it.

COLLETUS THE HOLY MAN

In the wildest parts of Kakhabad, for example, the last person you would expect to come across would be a blind holy man, but in Xamen several adventurers have had need of the services of Colletus. He serves Throff, the earth goddess, who is also the goddess of healing – for Colletus has the power of healing disease, granted to him by his goddess for his efforts on her behalf in some of the wildest lands on Titan.

Colletus wanders the perilous lands of Kakhabad, tapping every step of the way with his staff. How he avoids being waylaid and killed by the servants of Evil is astounding; it is almost as if he is so good that they cannot harm him. This was plainly not always the case, however, for Colletus was not born blind. In his youth, he was an adventurer who saw Evil beginning to fester within the fortress of Mampang as the Archmage began to take his first tentative steps towards his ultimate goal of imposing tyranny over the whole of Kakhabad. The foul sorcerer had made pacts with Orcs, Goblins and the accursed Red-Eyes, who were then starting to raid the few settled parts of Kakhabad, intent on giving good demonstrations of the potential power of the Archmage as a warning to the leaders of other nearby nations.

Colletus, then innocent and unworldly, but full of the courage of the young, journeyed long and hard, until he came to the very gates of the Fortress of Mampang. Proclaiming that he wished to pledge his sword to the Archmage and fight with his armies, he gained entrance, and quickly began finding his way about. Eventually, after two months' exploration of every aspect of the travesty of life which goes on in that place of Evil, he put his plans into operation. He got himself picked as a special herald to the Archmage, with the job of bringing him news from the commanders of his armies as they reported from the furthest corners of the land. His chance came soon, when many of the

soldiers of the fortress were repelling an attack from the Samaritans of Schinn, the Bird Man resistance who had been making quick in-and-out raids against the fortress for several months. Bursting into the Archmage's rooms, he surprised the sorcerer kneeling in communication with his foul demonic gods, and without the staff which held most of his power. The brave warrior rushed forward, his sword swinging around his head, ready to deliver the blow that would bring peace to Kakhabad again.

Colletus had reckoned without the Archmage's demonic patrons, however. Through the dimensional gate linking the sorcerer with the Internal Abyss, they sent a ball of black fire, which burst into the room with a flash which blew the Archmage across the room and blinded Colletus. The warrior stumbled from the room, pushing aside the remains of the charred door, and in panic ran without knowing where he was going. Eventually he found himself on the desolate rocky slopes which lead down from Mampang. Wandering blind, Colletus drifted through the wilderness, until he eventually found sanctuary with the Elven sorceress Fenestra. Under her care he recovered his health, though not his eyesight. He became an initiate of Throff a little while later, and was granted the power of healing through his hands by the goddess in lieu of his lost sight. Now he wanders Xamen, thwarting the Archmage by healing and preaching the word of Throff, rather than by sabotage and violence.

The sorceress Fenestra, incidentally, is a most unusual character, because she is a renegade Black Elf who has turned her back on their evil ways and joined her powers to those of the Forces of Good. She dwells in her lonely house in the heart of the Forest of Snatta in the Baklands, where she studies the deeper mysteries of high magic and watches over the surrounding area. Surprisingly (for an Elf), she used to live with her father, also a sorcerer of some repute. He was killed by the Serpent of Water, one of the demonic Seven

Serpents summoned by the Archmage to bring yet more terror to Kakhabad, and she now collects any scrap of information that she can about the infernal creatures, while plotting her revenge. She is a great source of information about all the northern Baklands, but she is wary of strangers and rarely receives visitors. Should you ever encounter her you will need to convince her of your good intentions before you can safely ask her advice.

It seems that your best hope of finding allies against Evil lies in magicians, for there are still some who continue to use their powers to fight for Good. You have just heard of Fenestra and Colletus who may aid you in Kakhabad; in Khul, sorcerers such as Selator the Green and the flamboyant Agravert Peltophas may be called upon for aid, though they may require some persuading. And in Allansia, there are three you

SOUTHERN MASK MAGIC

The Healer's peculiar skills use specially enchanted masks to draw sickness from the body of the sufferer. They work on the principle that every sickness of the body is also a sickness of the soul. Each of the masks is enchanted to react to a particular ailment, soothing the soul of the person who wears it, while the Healer casts a spell over them as a cure.

For a common injury, such as a broken leg, for example, the sufferer wears a mask in the form of a Giant, which holds back the pain while the Healer resets the bones and wraps the leg in strips of cloth soaked in healing salve. For a more serious ailment, however, there are rituals which both the Healer and the sufferer must perform, slowly working a magical cure together. The curing of a heavy curse or the healing of insanity take especially strong magic, which can sometimes damage the patient instead of helping him. Mask magic is erratic, but when it works it works well, and it is the only cure for some ailments.

may need to consult, three who at one time were all that stood between Allansia and total Chaos, but out of whom only one still practises high magic.

THE STAR PUPILS

In the heart of the Forest of Yore in the southern part of settled Allansia, near that seat of learning known as Salamonis (where your humble authors reside at this very moment), there is the school of the Grand Wizard of Yore. Founded over a hundred and fifty years ago by Vermithrax Moonchaser, then just an ordinary wizard, it has trained many great sorcerers, though it is unlikely to be training many more, for Moonchaser is finally nearing the end of his magically extended life. About fifty-five years ago, his classes were blessed by the presence of three star pupils: Gereth Yaztromo, the son of a priest from Salamonis; Arakor Nicodemus, whose father was a rich merchant in Fang; and Pen Ty Kora, a peculiar fellow from distant Arantis, whose father was something like 'Chief Overseer of Scriveners to the Overpriest'. Between them they amazed Moonchaser with their innate magical abilities and willingness to learn even more. Most young men who acquire a few magical spells seem to spend all their time bragging to village girls about their amazing powers, and running around the countryside scaring cattle and wasting their energies with silly pranks. But not these three! From the start they were keen and attentive, humble and respectful in the face of the Grand Wizard's far superior powers, and fully aware of the limitations of their own.

Eventually there comes a time when a master can teach his apprentices no more, and they must make their own way out into the world to put all the theories into practice. And so the three left the safety of the Forest of Yore, and set out to learn about the world, and to prove themselves master sorcerers. Pen Ty Kora – a short, dark-skinned man who spoke with an unusual accent and who used to perform the most peculiar combinations of spells, to great effect – travelled south again, and returned home for a while, where he became an initiate of the temple of the earth goddess in Kaynlesh-Ma. There he learnt the peculiar southern healing magic, which he took to with great fervour. In time healing magic became his speciality, and as he travelled the world, heading slowly but surely back to the northlands, he became known simply as the Healer to those who came to him for cures.

NICODEMUS AND THE DEATH SPELL

Meanwhile, Nicodemus had set off into the Flatlands, which were as harsh in those days as they are now. After several years of extreme hardship, living on roots and anything he could catch, he had slowly worked his way as far as the eastern edge of the Moonstone Hills. Intending to strike north for Kaypong and the exotic city of Zengis, he began crossing the Moonstone Hills, but there he chanced upon a great evil which would eventually threaten his life. Travelling in the rolling hills, he arrived one evening in a small farming village leagues away from anywhere. The citizens were gloomy and depressed, and did not welcome him with the normal good humour of country folk.

Upon asking the reason, he discovered that a curse had come to their lands, inflicted by an evil shaman who, they said, dwelt in a cave further in the hills. Once a fortnight the shaman would come and stand on the rocky crag which overhung the village, and give them the same speech, in which he demanded that they move away from the area immediately. The citizens of the village had decided from the start that they were not going to let some petty spell-caster tell them what to do, and had refused to move. But the shaman returned with a large force of Orcs and Goblins, and showed the full extent of his power. He blighted their fields, killed their animals, and made the sky so overcast that nothing would thrive.

Nicodemus was spurred into action. Taking on the form of a Man-Orc through the use of an illusion spell, he worked his way inside the caverns of the shaman, until he discovered the reason why the evil sorcerer wanted the villagers to move away. Centuries ago, long before the War of the Wizards, a titanic battle had taken place at this point between the two Elven sorcerers and three evil human necromancers, known as the Dark Ones. The Elves had won, eventually, and the ashes of the humans were buried in the valley where the village now resided. But now the call had come down to the shaman from the evil deities which he served, to make plans for the resurrection of these important servants of theirs.

The warding spells the Elves had placed on the ground where the foul sorcerers were buried were such that the spilling of blood (the usual technique for resurrection) would ruin the ashes, making resurrection impossible. For this reason the shaman was not risking an armed confrontation with the villagers, which would certainly lead to bloodshed. But now the villagers had had enough of being threatened, and of

starvation and misery, and were preparing to leave the village to the shaman – though they were still very puzzled as to why he wanted it so badly, but apparently not badly enough to kill them all for it in the usual manner of the servants of Evil.

As soon as the last villagers had fled the little hamlet, the shaman's forces (including the disguised Nicodemus) moved in, and began making preparations for the resurrection of the Dark Ones. The time came, and under a moonless night sky the shaman started the long ritual which would culminate in the ashes re-forming into bodies which would then rise from the ground. There was an almost tangible feeling of Evil in the air, and Nicodemus, waiting near the front of the crowd of Orcs and Goblins, was sure that the unearthly spirits of some very evil beings were somehow present.

The shaman began his dance, wailing in a tongue Nicodemus had never heard before (the 'Demon's Voice', a language used for all dark magic). The chanting of the shaman was joined by three other voices, groaning and keening from beneath the soil! Nicodemus broke from the ranks of Orcs, waving a large jagged-bladed sword as he ran towards the shaman, who was too involved in the approaching climax of the ritual to notice. The sorcerer split him from end to end with one almighty slash of the sword, and the shaman's blood soaked the ground. Screams came howling from the ground, but slowly faded away, as Nicodemus cast a spell of purification over the blood-stained soil. The Orcs and Goblins, stunned for a moment but now galvanized into action by the demonic spirit voices screaming in their heads, streamed towards him, but carefully aimed fireballs kept them at bay long enough for him to flee the village . . .

A year to the day later, Nicodemus found himself exploring an ancient ruined temple in the middle of the Pagan Plains. In a crypt beneath the nave of the temple, he found a large black chest, which gave off powerful magical emanations. Perhaps it was greed for new magic, perhaps just a natural curiosity that caused him to be less cautious this time. Whatever it was, as he opened the lid of the chest, the crypt shook with demonic laughter and three smoky black shapes swirled and solidified, until in front of him stood three cowled figures, and a great aura of evil filled the crypt. The central figure spoke: 'At last, Arakor Nicodemus, we are revenged on you! You will not escape a Death spell!'

Nicodemus gazed in horror at the runes engraved on the inside of the chest's lid. The cowled figures of the Demonic Servants faded into thin air, and already the wizard could feel a sickening trembling start in his bones. Fleeing from the temple, he headed east, making for the Dwarf town of Stonebridge, where he had last heard tell of his fellow sorcerer, the Healer. If there was anyone on this world who could help him now, it must be him. The Healer was not at Stonebridge, but the Dwarfs told him that he was heading for Fang. Nicodemus borrowed a horse and galloped north across the plains, his every jolt echoed by the panicked thumping of his failing heart. After three days' hard ride, pausing only to swap his exhausted horse for a fresh one at a small farm he passed, the dying sorcerer caught up with his old colleague, as he was laying on hands in the market-square of the village of Anvil.

Pen Ty Kora took one look at his friend, now so near to death, and swore under his breath. He led the shaking Nicodemus out of the village and on to the plain. Holding his friend upright, he pointed to the glowing peak of Firetop Mountain away to the east. 'There, my friend, we will wait for the dawn,' the Healer said obscurely. After three hours of desperate struggle, the pair arrived at the foot of the mountain, and began the long, painful job of ascending to the top. When they at last reached the summit, the Healer pulled a large mask shaped like the sun from his pack, and placed it upon the head of his friend, who by now had gone a ghostly white, as Death's clammy hand began to squeeze ever stronger on his spirit. The Healer began his ritual . . .

At dawn, the sun rose painfully slowly, but as its rays touched his body, Nicodemus sat up and yawned, saying he had dreamt of a phoenix which carried his soul back to the land of the living. He was alive! Nicodemus had cheated the vengeance of the Dark Ones and their demonic masters.

But this time the Healer was not spared their wrath. He was struck down, within a week, with an extraordinary disabling ailment which disfigured his body and made his every movement agonizing. The Healer fled the world of men and became a recluse, hiding himself in a lonely cave on the fringes of the Icefinger Mountains. He is still there today, helping the sick and the injured, but refusing to see anyone who does not require his services. Both Nicodemus and Yaztromo have visited him, but both times he refused to see them. If you find yourself in the northern lands, and in

desperate need of a healer, you can be given directions to his cave by anyone – but do not expect his aid if you do not require healing.

Nicodemus himself went on to have many more adventures, being called upon several times to thwart the plans of the servants of the Forces of Evil. Eventually, however, he tired of constantly being asked to sort out the problems of the world, and went into retirement in the decadent vermin-pit known as Port Blacksand, the City of Thieves. Why he did this we will probably never know – it is certainly unusual for such a servant of Good willingly to settle in such a den of Evil, unless there is some very good ulterior motive. Perhaps he is just keeping an eye on Azzur for Yaztromo? But what of Yaztromo during all this?

YAZTROMO, DARKWOOD'S KEEPER

When he left the school of the Grand Wizard of Yore, Yaztromo initially returned home to Salamonis which, although close to his school, he had not seen in fourteen years. There he set himself up as a commercial sorcerer, selling charms and potions from his home half the time and spending the other half researching in the extensive libraries of Salamonis, which date back to long before the cataclysmic War of the Wizards. He learnt much about the magics of other lands and other races, but eventually wander-lust took him, and he set off on his travels. Over the next few years, his wanderings took him across the whole of settled Allansia, from the border between Chiang Mai and Kaypong to the southernmost fringes of the Southern Plains, from Oyster Bay and the ruins of Balkash to Trolltooth Pass and the edge of the Flatlands.

Everywhere he travelled, he saw the cruel hand of Evil pulling the strings in the background, and he was sorely troubled, for he could see no way of ever being able to fight more than a small portion of it. For a long while he considered simply hiring a boat and setting sail for new lands, but in the end decided that this was a very cowardly thing to do. If the gods had granted him the power of sorcery, he thought, he should make the best use of it.

It was while he was reflecting on such matters that he passed by the fringes of Darkwood Forest, the wild mass of ancient woodland south of the Dwarf village of Stonebridge. It was the month of Hiding, and the cold weather was just beginning, but it was still pleasant to walk beneath the stars of dusk. As Yaztromo strolled on, his staff swinging in time with his steps, a warm mist suddenly closed in. All around him, the bizarre shapes of the trees loomed through the greyness, but Yaztromo was not afraid: he had his magic to protect him, which he would chance against any supernatural horrors the forest could set against him!

All of a sudden, however, he gave a start. Floating down the breeze came the sound of screaming – and something was burning. He ran through the tangled undergrowth of the forest for a few minutes, and came to a clearing in which a dozen or so Elven huts stood, all of which were ablaze. Dark shapes flitted between the trees, and although he had never seen them in the flesh before, he knew exactly what they were – Dark Elves! Needing no further goading into action, Yaztromo charged into the fray, fire blazing from his staff. That night he killed eight of the ghoulish Dark Elves, and won the immediate respect and admiration of the Wood Elves of Darkwood. In the days following the attack, the sorcerer stayed with the Elves, and learnt everything he could about life in the forest. Much of it seemed idyllic to Yaztromo, not unlike the Forest of Yore of his apprentice days, and he half-considered setting up his own magic school here.

But there were great problems, and greater dangers lurking in parts of the forest. Despite its beauty, it was a perilous place for many of its inhabitants, and it really needed the protection of someone who could watch over it at all times. Yaztromo pondered upon the problems of Darkwood at length, and as his brief stay with the Wood Elves turned into six months, and then a year, he slowly came to the conclusion that he really wanted to stay there, and be the one to look after it.

As soon as he had had the honesty to admit this to himself, he felt much better, and immediately visited the Dwarfs of Stonebridge to ask them to help him build a tower near the southern end of the forest. King Gillibran and his subjects were very sceptical of Yaztromo's dealings with Elves, but they liked the wizard, and thought his staying close at hand was a great idea. Work was started, and soon completed with the help of a little magic, and Yaztromo moved into his tall, white tower within the year.

He still dwells there; indeed, he rarely leaves the tower any more, except when something very serious is brewing. News is brought to him by the birds and animals of the forest, who come and tell him all that they have seen throughout the day. He also has a pet crow, called Vermithrax after the Grand Wizard, who carries messages to and from the Dwarfs of Stonebridge or the Elves of the forest. Everyone in the forest knows him, and most respect him and the strength of his magic. The Darkside Elves, however, tend to think of him only as a harmless fool, so he has been able to keep a keen eye on their movements. Indeed, he keeps regular tabs on most of what goes on in this corner of Allansia, and exchanges messages with Nicodemus in Blacksand, and with many other informants besides.

He has restarted his business selling small magical items, in an attempt to gain money to satisfy his one major vice: the old wizard loves sugared cakes, which he orders from all over when he has the money to buy them, which is not as often as he would like!

Should you ever find yourself in the area and in need of assistance, you will find his tower set just off the path at the southernmost extent of Darkwood. It is an impressive affair, built in white stone with a massive oaken door. It has a great many chambers, including an observatory and several cellars designed for magical experiments, but eccentric old Yaztromo spends most of his time in the study-cum-library, which is always overflowing with books, papers, magical paraphernalia, animals, birds and much, much more – there is barely enough room for his favourite old oak armchair!

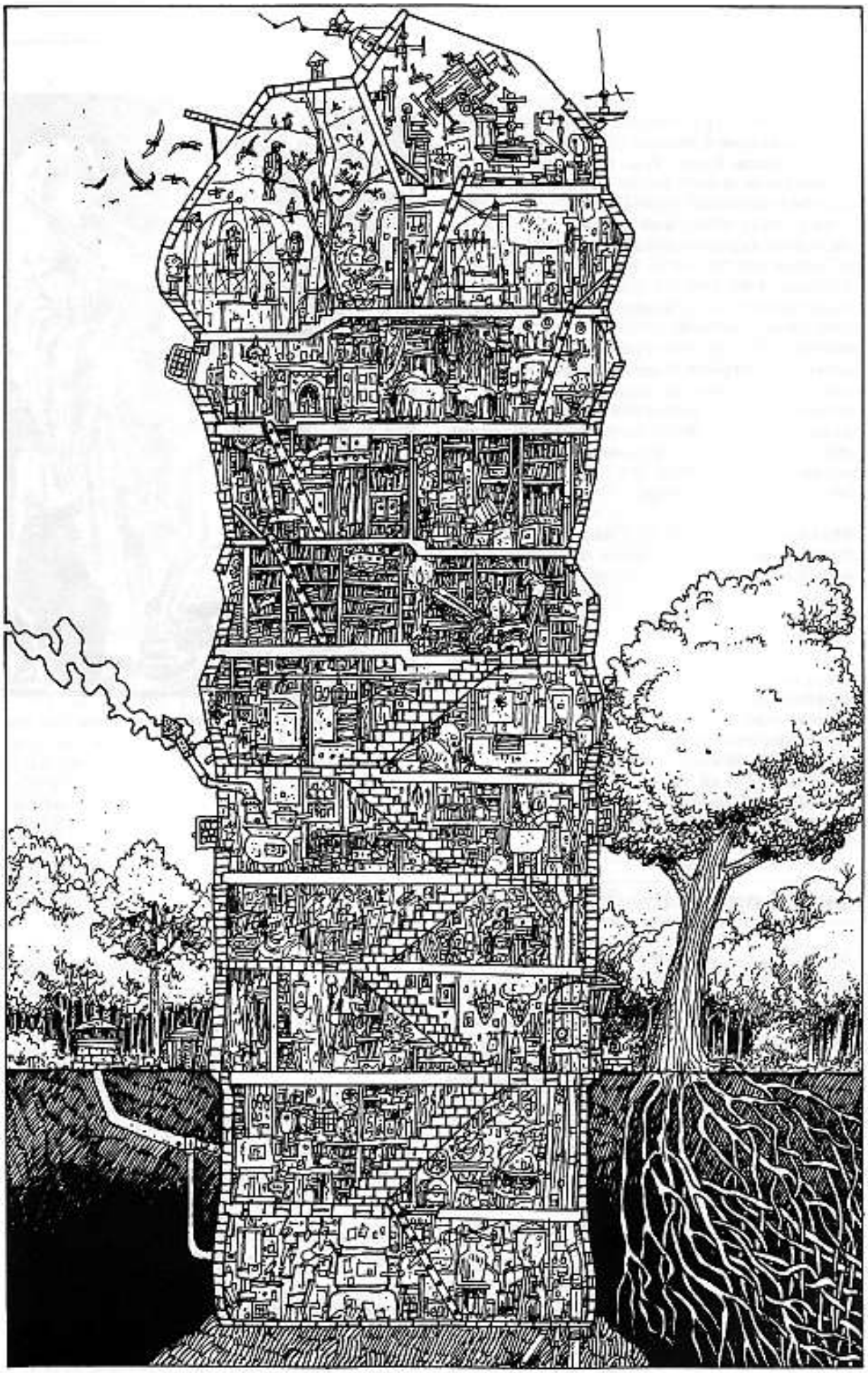

Yazirumo's Tower

THE NEUTRAL FORCES

Between the Forces of Good, which are few in number but determined of purpose, and the Forces of Evil and Chaos, which are numerous but disorganized, there are the Neutral Forces. Well, they cannot really be termed Forces as such, for they have no real armies, and often prefer to use those of other people to do their work for them, if they wish it done at all, that is. For there are, in fact, two types of Neutral; the people you encounter may be one or the other. They may be followers of the Trickster gods, led by Logaan, the creator of man, who try to offset Good and Evil against each other, eventually to balance the two. Alternatively, they may have opted out of allegiance to either side, and prefer to remain aloof from the world and all its problems. This second type have no gods, no allies and few philosophies; they have simply turned their backs on the world. Both factions may give you great help, or may hinder you terribly, almost according to their whims; as a result, you should be very wary of Neutral beings.

The basic philosophy of the Tricksters and their followers is simple, but it operates on a grand cosmic scale that is hard to grasp. Whatever happens, they say, the universe will survive only if the powers which pull it this way and that are balanced: too great a shift one way or the other will tear the fabric of the cosmos and the world will end. Therefore, whenever one side is in a very strong position, the Tricksters will either lend their aid to the opposing factions and hinder the stronger side, or they will live very dangerously by pushing the stronger side to even better positions, in the hope that the underdog will fight back and restore the balance. For all their apparently frivolous tricks and jokes, the followers of luck and chance are actually very serious followers of the balance of Good and Evil.

Lord Logaan the Trickster

As you know, Logaan the Trickster was one of the gods of the Celestial Court. Although different cultures call him by other names (which include Ranjan and Akolyra), and give him different forms (a woman or a mischievous cat seem to be the most common, though there are many others), all seem certain that it was he who first created intelligent beings when he made Man and Woman during the Godtime. Such universality is surprising, for it occurs in few other areas of mythology; such instances are usually taken to mean that the event described by the myths definitely did *not* happen.

Logaan is a strange god, for he has no recognized parents or relations among the hierarchy of the Celestial Court, whereas even Death has his brothers, Disease and Decay. One might have at least expected Logaan to be related to Sindla, the goddess of luck, for their domains overlap, but this is not so. However, in the writings, statues and symbols of his devoted worshippers, he is joined by a pair of mysterious

figures, known as Kata and Petros. These two are usually depicted as faceless, robed humans who stand flanking Logaan, pulling him this way and that – obviously symbolic of the way in which Logaan himself pulls the Forces of Good and Evil this way and that. Logaan is portrayed in many different guises, like all gods, but in his most common human form he is short and misshapen, like a clown, with bandy legs and a strange expression on his face. His hair is wild and his garments appear not to fit – but in his eyes there is always a look of extreme seriousness.

The other gods of Titan appear only in very serious mythological tales, but Logaan also crops up in many popular folk-tales. They are always set on the Earthly Plane, either just before or just after the other gods leave following the First Battle, and they always seem to end up with him playing tricks on someone who has been pompous, cruel or foolish. Many of the tales also explain how the Trickster discovered writing, or fire, or the wheel, or smoking-weed, or whatever. And although Logaan is always the hero of the tale, he often makes himself appear foolish too.

A typical folk-tale of this sort is *Logaan and the Troll*, which is a popular bedtime story told by farmers and woodsmen to their children in many different lands:

> *Logaan is wandering through the countryside when he comes to a village, where everyone is very sad. When he asks why, they tell him that a big, evil Troll comes down into the village every night and carries some of them off to eat. The Troll lives in a cave in the hills,*

where he hides during the day, because Trolls don't like the sun, which blinds them with its brilliance. Logaan climbs up into the hills, and finds the Troll's cave, which smells a great deal and is quite repulsive. Then he takes a rope, makes a lasso, and throws it into the air several times until it catches hold of Glantanka, the sun goddess, as she circles the sky. He pulls and pulls with all his might, until she is down on the ground, protesting like anything about being dragged out of the sky and threatening all kinds of punishments when she gets free. Logaan ignores her, and sticks a large sack over her head. Immediately it is night-time.

In his cave, the Troll stands up with a yawn, muttering to himself about how quickly the day went by. Gathering up his club, the Troll sets off for the village, but no sooner is he out of his cave than Logaan opens the sack and releases the rope from Glantanka. The sun goddess shoots up into the sky again, and the Troll howls in pain and drops his club as he slaps his hands over his eyes. Logaan picks up his club, and bashes the Troll's head in, before dragging its carcass down to the village and its cheering inhabitants.

As he walks away from the village early the next morning, however, after a night of celebration, Glantanka the sun goddess looks down on him from the sky, and hurls a fireball at him, which singes him all over, causing the villagers endless amusement . . .

Servants of the Tricksters

Such folk-tales show up the frivolous side of the Tricksters, but there are more serious sides, as can sometimes be seen in the actions of their emissaries on the Earthly Plane. Those who serve the Tricksters can be deadly adversaries, for they work solely for the sake of balancing out Good and Evil – and if you are working for the side of Good when you encounter them, they may well react to you like servants of Evil!

The Netherworld Sorcerers of the Northlands of the Old World are servants of Logaan and the other Tricksters; they are noted both for their great powers at high magic and for their seemingly arbitrary bestowal of gifts or curses. It was they, for example, who created the powerful Ting Ring, which they gave to the nobles of Gallantaria. The ring bestows all kinds of special abilities on its wearer, depending upon the circumstances. If it is worn in battle, for example, it will protect its wearer from the effects of blows; if worn while hunting, it will instil the ability to track game; it can protect you from the effects of foul undead creatures, or tell you that there is poison in your cup! Such magical artefacts are typical Trickster items, changing from one thing to another, depending on what is wanted. The Ting Ring is also imbued with a typical Trickster joke: it has a chameleon-like power which causes it to blend in with its background, and several emergencies have been caused in Royal Lendle by noblemen who thought they had lost the ring!

But it was also the Netherworld Sorcerers who conjured up the accursed Demon Fish which threatened the coast of the Onyx Sea for some years. It was a gigantic creature, larger than a warship, and would tear apart vessels and swallow fishermen whole. The fish was finally caught by the hero who solved Tantalon's tasks and became ruler of Gallantaria, but not before it had terrorized the coast and many fishermen had lost their lives. Why the Sorcerers inflicted such a beast on the coast we may never know.

We also know very little about the Sorcerers themselves. They are an ancient race, it is believed, who were dwelling in their remote towers in the Northlands for many centuries before man settled there; and they dwell there still. As to their numbers, or any further details about their life-styles, your guess is as good as anyone's, for they keep themselves hidden from the view of others. From their lofty homes, however, they obviously keep a vigilant watch over the whole of the western continent. When they see Evil or Good getting too much of an upper hand they interfere a little, to ensure that everything balances up in the end.

The Riddling Reaver is another unusual servant of the Tricksters. Legend says that he dwells somewhere amid the jungles of southern Allansia, in a place where all the normal rules have been disregarded – where water no longer flows downwards, where trees seem not to need soil, but float free in the air, and so on. Wherever he actually has his residence, however, he is most often seen aboard his enormous ship, in which he sails around the world to carry out his tasks.

The Reaver is said to be a master of disguise, able to transform himself into just about anyone or anything in a matter of minutes; he often uses such disguises to get close to his 'victims'. He is also a very puzzling being, for he delights in leaving enigmatic rhymes behind him wherever he goes – hence his name. He seems to have almost limitless powers to draw on in his tasks of bringing confusion and balance to the world. Where he actually originates from is anyone's guess. He may be a human being blessed with peculiar powers by his equally peculiar gods, or he may be a supernatural being sent by the Tricksters to work special missions on the Earthly Plane, perhaps where a Genie – the usual Trickster emissary – would not be subtle enough.

THE RUNES OF THE TRICKSTERS

The Tricksters use two runes, which encapsulate the basic principles behind their alignment. One is an arrow pointing in both directions, symbolizing the balance of Good and Evil. The other is a star, which points in all directions – it means, quite simply, that absolutely *anything* can happen!

Few non-human races worship Logaan the Trickster as avidly as some humans do, but there *are* races who seem to follow him. The peculiar Elvins of the Shamutanti Hills in Kakhabad (the small, Elf-like creatures, not the large sea monsters of the Inland Sea, which have the same name) certainly profess to worship the Trickster, who they see as a fun-loving god who likes nothing more than playing tricks on people all day. Elvins have a large repertoire of tricks themselves, which they spend most of their time perfecting – at the expense of some other poor creature, naturally!

Leprechauns, too, follow the mischievous path of the Tricksters – indeed, some folk call them Logaan's Children in honour of the fact that they are always playing practical jokes on people. Unlike Elvins, however, who only play tricks for amusement, Leprechauns use them to stay alive; they steal and cheat food or money out of their victims! Indeed, they can become quite violent if they badly need something from someone. This is not really true to the spirit of the Tricksters as such, however, and many now believe that the Leprechauns simply share many affinities with other servants of these gods, rather than being proper servants of them. It is true that Logaan's tricks are often violent, but their purpose is rarely to steal or cheat others – except when to do so is part of the joke, that is.

The Animal Court

For many centuries the knowledge that the many different creatures which roam the surface of Titan worshipped deities was conveniently forgotten. The animals, priests argued, were ignorant of the beauty of the gods and goddesses, and lived their lives completely unaware that there was more to existence than simply swimming about in the sea, soaring on thermals high above the land, or stalking the plains in search of prey. Such a view also 'proved', quite conclusively, that animals did not have souls, and therefore man was supreme, greater than any beast! The traditional response to such a pompous argument may well have been 'Man's not an animal? You haven't seen my husband!', but it blinded many cultures to the gods of the Animal Court.

Animals and their gods follow an alignment which is rather difficult to categorize, but which is sometimes known as 'True Neutral', which is why we are including a few details of it at this juncture. It is a blind belief, and an unintelligent one, for it seeks only to help the race of the particular animal, and disregards what happens to other beings. Every creature on Titan was made by a god during the Godtime, when the world was filled with the creations they made from the magic clay found by Throff in her garden. These gods did not simply disappear; they became the gods of the animals, and sit at the Animal Court, where they are indifferent to anything but the continued survival of their own species, no matter what the cost to Law or Chaos across the cosmos.

This attitude has been exploited on a few occasions, where creatures such as wolves and spiders have been

persuaded to take part in weighty conflicts, because their gods were persuaded that to do so would be to the advantage of the species. However, being True Neutral, animals rarely feel regret if they have to double-cross their allies and change sides – for it is all justified by being good for the future of the species.

The gods of the animals are occasionally worshipped by men and some of the inhuman races. Primitives such as Marsh Goblins and Neanderthals worship the gods of the Court simply because they are large, powerful monsters with the ability to cause great pain, suffering and destruction.

Others, however, desire to call upon the help of such creatures in a time of need, and to get closer to the animals with which they share their lives. The horse-nomads of the Flatlands, for example, are worshippers of Evil, but they also pay allegiance to Hunnynhaa, the stallion god, and pray that he will protect both his horses and their riders – for if the nomads were allowed to fall into the hands of their enemies the horses would suffer as well. If it ever came to a choice between whether a horse-nomad followed the side of Evil or the side of Hunnynhaa, he would always choose the latter. In a similar way, some Orcs give offerings to Almor, the wolf lord, especially in view of the help he was tricked into giving the Forces of Chaos at the First Battle, where he served alongside the champion of the Orcs.

There are even some sorcerers who are obsessed with the study and protection of animals to such an extent that they too begin to become entwined in the worship of the Animal Court. One hears many stories of Hurdagag Greenfinger, who made the study of moles his life's work. He would often be seen by intrigued passers-by, lying on the grassy forest floor, his head stuck inside a molehill, observing the fascinating little creatures at work! He learnt more and more about moles, of which he had at first intended to make only a very brief study. As he learnt more, he became more

fascinated by them, for he had never realized that animals and other creatures had almost as sophisticated a culture as humans did! Eventually, the sorcerer's curiosity to know everything got the better of him, and he moved under the ground to live with the moles in their tunnels. Such is the danger of obsession and the quest for knowledge!

Rather than go into every animal cult in detail, which would be tedious in the extreme, we have simply devised the following table to show you the names and relations of all the members of the Animal Court.

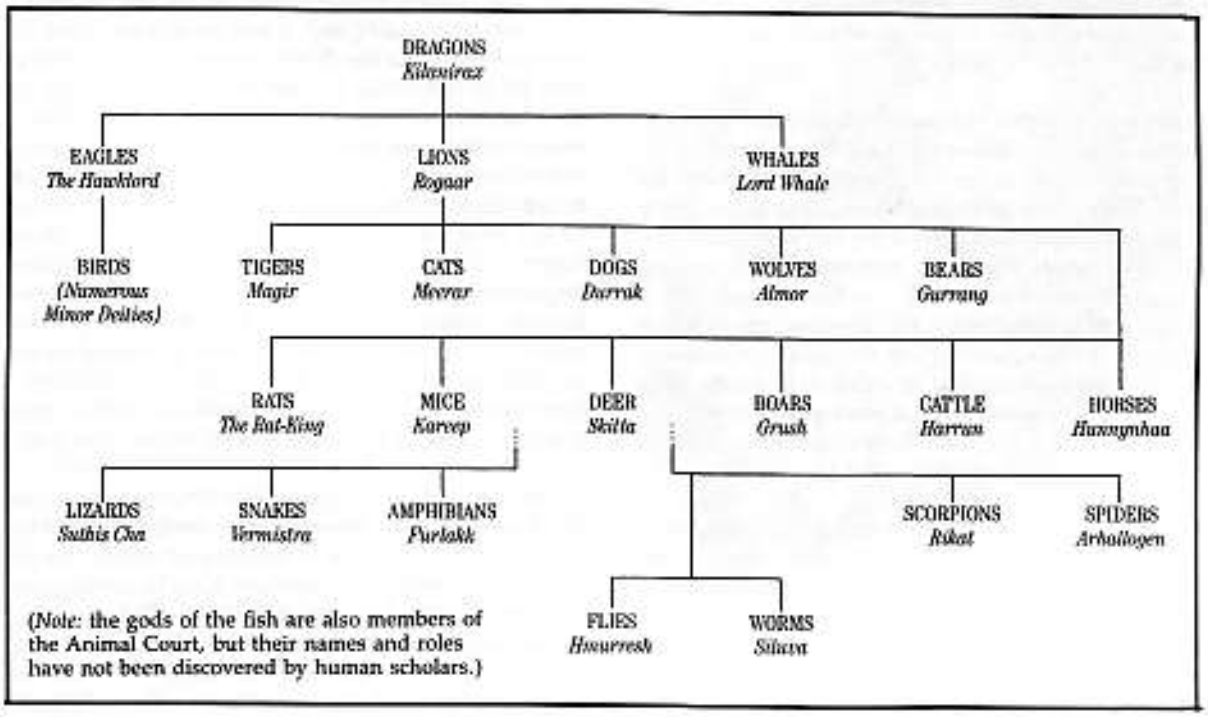

(Note: the gods of the fish are also members of the Animal Court, but their names and roles have not been discovered by human scholars.)

THE FORCES OF EVIL AND CHAOS

So, brave adventurer, you now know of the Forces of Good, who may offer you aid and friendship to lighten the burden of your quest. You also know of those factions undecided one way or another, the Neutral Forces, who may rattle a dagger in your ribs as easily as assist you. And you know of those allegiances that change with the wind, or so it seems – the Tricksters who will offer bread with one hand and take it away with the other, for ever playing their part in some almighty cosmic joke. All this you now know.

Let us turn our attention to the many horrific aspects of Evil and Chaos, from the blind, stupid hatred of the inhuman races – Orcs, Goblins, Trolls and Ogres – to the infinitely subtle schemings of the awesome Demon Princes. Know the weaknesses of your foe and your battle is half-won, they say in Analand; so study your adversaries carefully. Wherever he journeys in the wilderlands of this world, a pure-hearted adventurer will find the ranks of Evil arrayed against him, but by heroic and noble deeds he will win through to his goal. Wherever you find Evil or the warped mockeries of Chaos, be it on the field of battle or festering in some lightless pit, you must be ready, with sharpened sword and steady hand, to cleanse it from this world.

The Dark Lords of Chaos

The vile Orcs and Goblins are ruled over by their chieftains and shamans, who in turn give allegiance to a ghastly array of unearthly Demons. Ruling over the motley ranks of Demons are the Demon Princes, with their horrible perversions of courtly behaviour and chivalry. This you may know already, but few mortals have ever known much about the even more powerful deities who rule over Evil, even in the depths of Hell – the Dark Lords of Chaos.

Go far beyond Titan, beyond the Elemental Planes and the blasphemous Demonic Planes, beyond even space and time. There, at the heart of the Void, dwell the Dark Lords. They were imprisoned here at the Dawn of Time by the united might of the Forces of Good after the First Battle. Some are remembered in remote, savage corners of the world – such as Slangg, god of malice, still worshipped in the depraved city of Kharé – but most have passed from the short memories of mankind and are studied in secret only by the most ambitious of necromancers. It was once inferred by an insane seer that the Dark Lords numbered twenty-three in all, though this has never been verified.

The Dark Lords are thought, in their basic state, to be formless, shadowy beings, little more than hyper-intelligent manifestations of pure evil emotion. Some do take on more material forms for special visits to the various Planes of existence, but since their imprisonment it costs them dearly in energy, so that fortunately they can never reveal their true power on Titan. Others have had physical forms imposed on them by over-zealous worshippers who wished to build statues in what they believed to be their image. But there are thought to be some who never give any indication of their presence – though proving or disproving this will require the efforts of an eternity of seers and philosophers!

The First Lord of Chaos is Death, who holds the entire universe in his cruel grasp. It was he who imposed on the world of Titan the doom of Time and the decree that things may cease to exist, in direct opposition to the gods of Good, who can only create and mould, but never destroy. In different lands Death has many names and many forms. To the rugged warriors of Frostholm in the far north, he is known simply as the Closer or the Finisher, and takes the form (in their legends) of a mighty black Giant who wields an axe forged from the metal of night. To the nomads of the Scythera Desert of southern Khul he is Krsh, the sound of a man's last breath, and he comes as an invisible hand to choke and strangle in the night. Every land has its own stories, traditions, names and images of Death, but all men fear his inescapable grip.

Other known Dark Lords include Disease, known as the Festering Lord in some far western lands. His brother is Decay, prince of insects and mould and all that rots, worshipped in southern Khul by the beggars and lepers of the foul city of Shakuru. They, in turn, are served by lesser nobles, who rank alongside the Demon Princes in the order of things, the various kings and lords of the insect races. These include

Arhallogen, lord of spiders, worshipped by the degenerate primitives of the southern Allansian jungles; and Hmurresh, queen of the flies, who dwells on the Elemental Plane of Air, from where she dispatches her subjects to bring plague and pestilence to all corners of the world.

The deities worshipped in Kakhabad as Slangg, god of malice, and his sister Tanit, goddess of envy and jealousy, are thought to be related to many of the gods of Good; but it is said that because they sided with the Forces of Evil during the First Battle, they were exiled and fled to join the Dark Lords in the Void. The priests and scholars of other lands may dispute these beliefs, if they know of them at all, but in Kharé unlucky people are still said to suffer 'the grace of Slangg'. In the weird temples of the Cityport of Traps, spiteful citizens give offerings to Slangg and Tanit and implore them to bring their vengeance down upon others. The former is depicted as a grossly fat man with the forked tongue of a snake, typically posed whispering an aside behind his hand. His sister is more sinisterly portrayed as an astounding beautiful woman, dressed in a macabre hat, veil and long black robes, with a wicked curved dagger held behind her back and a cruel smile on her perfect lips.

The Dark Lords are served by the Demon Princes of the Pit, though somewhat reluctantly in some cases, since the Princes are arrogant beings – as all princes are – and do not serve others willingly. Some Lords use the Princes as their agents to work great Evil upon the Earthly Plane. Most, however, use subtler means, and work by suggestion and inspiration alone. Such is the influence of Death upon the Demon Princes. The First Lord sets perverted ideas to twist and writhe within their warped minds and affords them moments of extreme pleasure when they put another army, city or country to the sword. Death is the puppet-master who guides the scaly hand of Evil and Chaos, using its servants to bring about his ultimate aim – the enslavement or eradication of all life in the world.

The Demon Princes, Masters of the Pit

Death is the most deadly of all masters and his chosen servants are dangerous in the extreme; the Demon Princes are his chosen servants. They are immortal monstrosities who rule over the Demonic Plane, using insanity, depravity and true Chaos to perpetuate their reign over the Forces of Evil and Chaos. Where they came from, no one dares say for certain, but in the years before the War of the Wizards, the highest scholars believed that they were the captains and commanders of the evil armies in the First Battle. Many troops on both sides were slain when Death set foot on the world for the first time, but enough escaped, it seemed, and retreated to the outer Planes of existence. These are now known collectively as the Demonic Plane, though in truth there are many levels; their teeming inhabitants just call it the Pit.

The lords and masters of the Pit are the Demon Princes. Seven in number, they are the most evil, corrupt, depraved and Chaotic beings ever to have set foot on the Earthly Plane since the birth of Time. The seven are informally split into two groups: the trio of terrifying fiends known to some as 'Snake Demons', Ishtra, Myurr and Sith; and the 'Night Demons', Kalin, Relem, Shakor and Vradna. The former are the true rulers of the Abyss, and are served on occasion by the other four.

THE PRIESTS OF SLANGG AND TANIT

The bizarre deities of Kharé in eastern Kakhabad are served by equally bizarre priests. Those who serve Slangg, the god of malice, dress in robes dyed bright orange and shave their heads. Unlike other holy men, they always carry a vast array of weapons and instruments of torture, for part of their ritual duties is the perpetuation of hate and violence against non-worshippers. To this end they burn down temples, put whole congregations to the torch and slaughter many innocent and not-so-innocent citizens – all in accordance with the rules preached by their deity. Tanit's priestesses are much subtler, working through delicate intrigues and carefully planned set pieces. When worshipping, they dress in the same robes as their goddess, but normally they work in the community, as it were, sowing the seeds of jealousy and envy among husbands, wives and lovers, always working to divide and frustrate, and subvert the work of the servants of Asrel, goddess of love and earthly happiness.

The three ruling Princes sit together in judgement over the souls of the damned, in the Palace of Agony at the very centre of the Demonic Plane. Ostensibly they rule by combined strength of will, but in truth they argue and disagree so often that it is only when two side together against the third that any decisions are actually made. Once every few centuries, their bickering and sniping gets out of hand, and a bloody civil war rages across the Pit, with hundreds of thousands of souls engaged in pitched battles to establish which Demon was in the right (or rather, in the wrong!). Each of the satanic trio is served, albeit very haphazardly, by one of the Night Demons, who captain their armies and act as right-hand Demons for the duration of the civil war. Currently, however, Sith is being served by both Relem and Vradna. Several decades ago this was to Her Disgusting Majesty's benefit, as each led their half of her forces to greater and greater extremes to prove his superiority over the other. Now, however, the spark of unhealthy competition has dimmed, and they fight more against each other than against the armies of Kalin or Shakor.

Sith is rather ignorant of the fighting among her own troops, being far more concerned with the fortunes of her chosen servants on the Earthly Plane, the Caarth (the desert-dwelling Snake People). Despite her exhortations, the power of the vile reptilians is waning, and the various Lizard Man races who worship her princely rivals Ishtra and Myurr are on the ascendant. Sith's powers on Titan may be waning, but she still reigns in the Pit, though only through very careful manoeuvrings, diplomacy, intrigues and assassinations.

Although the three Snake Demons govern the Abyss from the ornate blood-diamond thrones of the echoing league-wide Ruling Hall of the Palace of Agony, they each possess their own retreats too. Sith dwells in a castle built entirely from snake scales, perched upon the edge of a seemingly bottomless ravine near the centre of the Plane of Steel. Its design uses such a strange, inhuman geometry that a mortal mind would be driven completely insane just by looking upon it – not that a mortal mind would have survived the brain-warping journey through the outer levels of the Pit to reach it!

Her Satanic Majesty, Sith, Demon Prince of the Abyss, is probably the most violent and sadistic of all the Demons – and, as any respected scholar of demonology will tell you after making the appropriate prayers, that is really saying something! In her natural form she is even more disgusting than when in her 'earthly' shape ('a greenish-black, snake-headed, four-armed, bat-winged, three-metre-tall monstrosity', as one erudite tome puts it). Perhaps four metres tall, maybe a metre wide, she takes on the body and tail of an immense snake, the torso of a beautiful Giant woman, six claw-tipped arms, and a hissing nightmare of a head which is half-way between a woman's and a viper's.

Her unceasing lust for the violent death of other beings knows no bounds, and many poor souls have been slaughtered simply because she slithered out of the wrong side of her pit that morning. There is nothing she likes more than slowly stripping a living creature of its insides, through small punctures in its

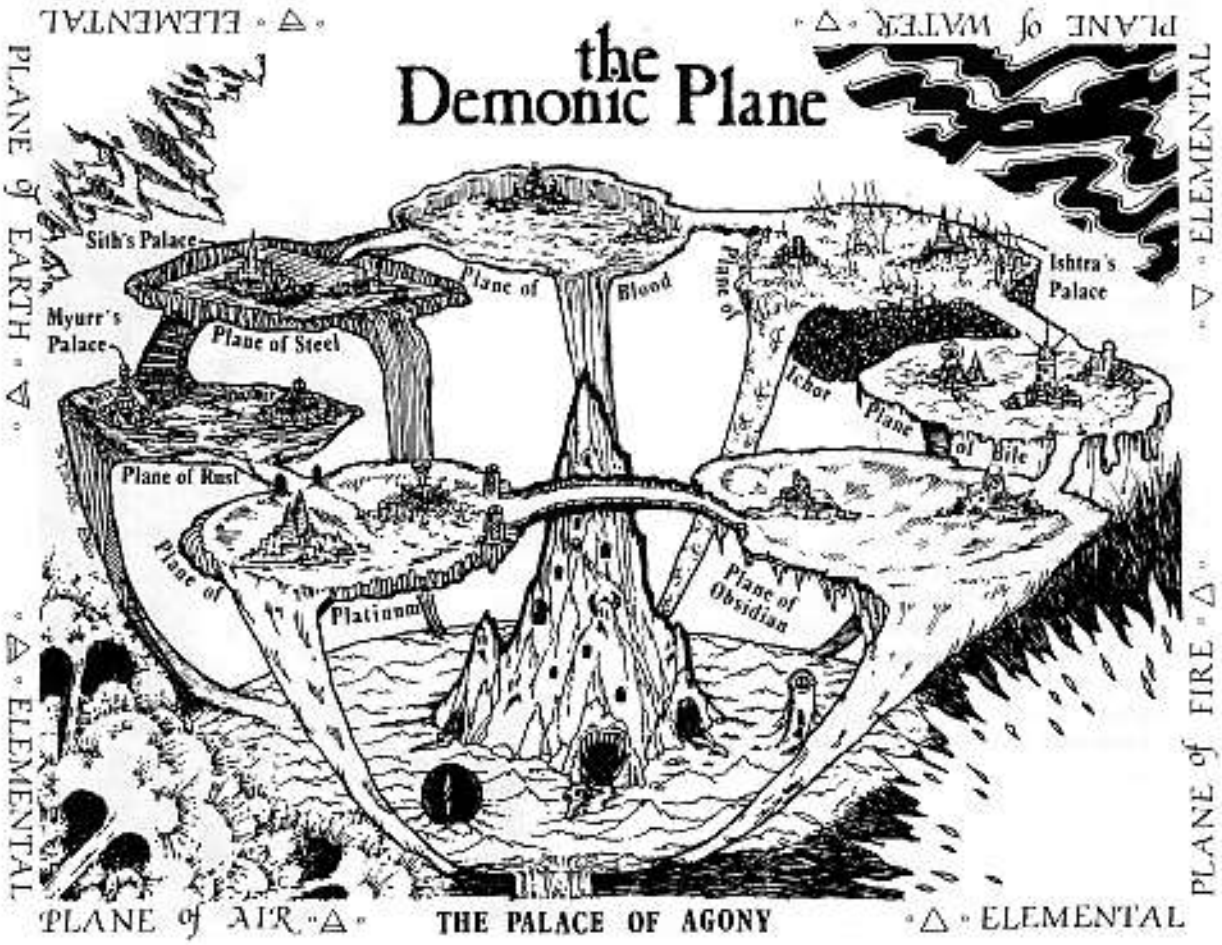

THE PALACE OF AGONY

skin, by sucking and slurping until the husk is empty; though sometimes when she is in a hurry she will simply pull the arms off something and munch away. Like all Demons, she does not actually need to eat, but she loves to feel the waves of anguish and pain coming from a dying creature. Sith feels affection for only one thing – her pet python, Sussussurr. A truly awesome beast, Sussussurr is over twenty metres long and a metre thick; he is the immortal son of Vermistra, queen of snakes, who dwells in the thickest, most remote jungles of Titan.

Ishtra and Myurr are no match for Sith when it comes to pure cruelty, but each has his own special facets. Ishtra usually takes the modest form of a goat-headed, humanoid crocodile, though when he wishes to impress someone, or make a point during an argument, he reverts to a raging ball of energy, spitting streams of electrical sparks in all directions. His great love is fire, and the strange burning effect it has on contact with lesser life-forms! Of the three, Myurr is the subtlest (if such a term could ever be applied to the vilest beings in existence), and prefers to work through lies, rumours and other forms of deceit. He typically takes the form of an enormous toad, or sometimes appears as a sweet, innocent little boy, who just happens to have the oldest eyes ever opened upon the world. Myurr spends more of his time on the Earthly Plane than any of the Demon Princes, in disguise or inhabiting the mind of an influential leader or adviser, working as always to produce as much anarchy and destruction as he can.

DEMONIC ENTERTAINMENT AND THE WILD HUNT

Despite their perpetual differences, squabbles and cruel and violent wars, the Demon Princes and their favoured minions frequently gather together to take part in gigantic banquets. Here you might find several thousand undead beings, sprawled and slumped at tables covered by curious blood-red cloths with the texture of flayed skin, and piled high with all manner of dead, semi-dead and very-much-alive foodstuffs. The stomach-churning food frantically gibbers, squeals and scuttles until caught and eaten by the obnoxious revellers. Some diners get so excited that they start to feast upon their fellow guests!

For entertainment there are the merry antics of torturers, who gleefully flay new arrivals to produce the most exquisite music; the Demon-spawn jugglers who mutate endlessly and juggle with loose parts of their bodies; and the more traditional singers of naughty ballads. With the floor knee-deep in blood and slime, the air rent by the screams of the dying and the sounds of so many vile things chewing other vile things, the whole scene is how a pious man would imagine Hell – except that this *is* Hell and it is far worse than any mortal man could imagine.

At other times, however, the entertainment is much more serious. On cold, moonless nights in the middle of winter, when the crop of fresh souls is running low because it is too cold on the Earthly Plane for evil humans to go abroad and kill others, the Wild Hunt rides out across the world.

Usually led by one of the seven Princes – though more may come along if there is no war raging in the Pit – the Hunt is a motley collection of Lesser Demons, Demonic Servants, and Spirit Stalkers and other undead, all mounted on terrifying undead horses. These unearthly mounts are skeletal horses, with black skin stretched taut between their protruding bones. Their manes and tails crackle with a fire which is mirrored in their insane eyes. The dogs of the Wild Hunt are the Hellhounds. Howling like something out of your worst nightmares, the hounds sniff out living beings from the smell of fresh blood pumping in their veins! Sweeping out of the midnight sky, the Wild Hunt rampages across the countryside looking for isolated settlements and farmsteads where they can collect the souls they require, before moving on to continue their fun.

THE RUNES OF DEATH AND CHAOS

The death rune is derived from an inverted rune of life or man, and symbolizes the opposite force, that of death.

The Chaos rune shows a circle, meaning both nothingness and all things, the paradox at the heart of Chaos.

THE GENERALS OF THE LEGIONS OF THE DAMNED

The armies of Hell are commanded by the four Night Demons, Kalin, Relem, Shakor and Vradna. They sit in the war-room of the Palace of Agony, huddled in their carved thrones around a deep, misty pool set in the cold stone floor. The pool allows them to watch the results of their plans on the Earthly Plane. The Princes are devious tacticians, working subtly or blatantly, according to the situation, to further the evil ends of the Forces of Chaos on Titan.

By gazing down into their scrying pool, the unearthly generals can look in upon the secret construction of the dungeon complexes deep beneath the Moonstone Hills, where the foul necromancer Razaak assembles his terrible undead armies, preparing to sweep across Allansia and drive all before him. The unholy quartet look down as the swarming armies of the Lizard Man Empire continue to pound at the crumbling walls of the besieged city of Vymorna – at catapults throwing the heads of the city's young warriors back to their horrified countrymen, and two-headed high priests offering up the hearts of living sacrifices to the demonic generals, asking for just a little more aid finally to crush the city. As the mists weave, they watch with satisfaction the eldritch shapes stirring at the heart of the Wastes of Chaos, and the spirits of hundreds of undead warriors rising from the battle-grounds, brandishing notched and rusted weapons while they scream for vengeance upon the living with a single deathless voice.

THE HIERARCHY OF THE PIT

Social standing is overwhelmingly important to the inhabitants of the Everlasting Abyss. Despite its apparent chaos, or perhaps because of it, there is a very rigid set of rules for etiquette when one Demon meets another, or some other inhabitant of the Infernal Domain who is lower or higher on the social scale. If the right gestures and greetings are not made, the slighted party has every right to rend the offender in two, if he is of a lower class, or at least challenge him to some ghastly duel if he is of the same or a higher group. For all their sickening atrocities, Demons can be boringly well mannered at times!

PRIMUS
The Demon Princes

The Rulers
The Generals

Ishtra, Shakor, Myurr, Kalin, Relem, Sith, Vradna

SECUNDUS
The Greater Demons – Captains and Commanders

Gtr Fire Demons, Lightning Demons, Storm Demons, Iron Demons, Rust Demons, Plague Demons, Slime Demons, Shadow Demons, Venom Demons

TERTIUS
The Lesser Demons – Shock Troops and Slayers

The Legions of Damned

Lssr Fire Demons, Lava Demons, Sand Demons, Horned Demons, Sand Demons, Nunka, Hell Demons, Mirror Demons, Ice Demons

QUARTUS
The Great Undead – Haunters and Killers

Messengers of Death
Vampires
Spirit Stalkers
Phantoms
Demonic Servants

QUINTUS
The Lesser Undead – Guardians and Keepers

Ghouls
Skeletons
Zombies

SEXTUS
The Brainless Ones

The Workers

Clones
Clone Warriors

SEPTIMUS
The Formless

The Scum!

Demonspawn

Fresh souls have no rank until they have been assigned to a particular type. This task can only be carried out by a Greater Demon or Prince, though usually Demonic Servants will handle the assigning of 'job lots', fresh from a major battle, for instance.

Wherever the Demon Princes look, they see the smoke of battle, the glint of sunlight on armour, the flashing of swords and the splashing of blood. They see their demonic emissaries preparing Orcs and Goblins for battle. They see the dark shapes of Trolls and Ogres hiding in the mountains and the forests, waiting for their moment. They see ancient Dragons stirring in their sleep in chambers buried far beneath the surface of the world, knowing their time will soon come. And they see the new heroes, the adventurers and the warriors, defeating their forces in many lands; the sorcerers who still keep the lights of Goodness burning in the darkness closing all around them; the ordinary folk who gather together to resist the incursions of Orcs or wolves or Trolls into their lands. The generals see all this, and continue to plot their strategies for the total domination of Evil over Titan, sure in their twisted minds that victory cannot be far away.

Orcs – the Warriors of Evil

After the lords and masters, we come to the servants and the slaves of Evil. There are many inhuman races aligned with Chaos; we shall attempt to cover the main ones here, starting with the most numerous, the rank and file of the armies of Chaos – Orcs.

You will encounter Orcs wherever you travel, from the frozen wastes beyond the Icefinger Mountains to the idyllic desert islands of the Southern Seas. Wherever you go on Titan there is one thing of which you can be certain – Orcs will have been there before you, poking their snouts everywhere. They are tremendously curious beings, for all their lack of intelligence, and seem to enjoy exploring and discovering new things – though they never seem to take enjoyment in anything once they have control of it! It is this fact which keeps their armies marching ever onwards, and their miners digging ever deeper.

Orcs rarely keep records, except in the form of the oral histories passed from shaman to shaman, and they will kill and eat most humans as soon as they encounter them, so acquiring detailed information on Orcs for this book has proved quite difficult. At this point we would therefore like to acknowledge the great debt we owe to the sorcerer and mystic Enstaflis Anaren of Shabak, the renowned expert on Orcs, for much of the data we give here. Enstaflis recently spent two years in the mind of an Orc soldier from the Flatlands, gathering even more detailed knowledge of what it is like to be an Orc, but unfortunately he had to give his experiment up before he was finished after the Orc's battalion was ambushed and eaten by a pack of Tyrannosaurs. However, before he returned to his own body again, Enstaflis had the presence of mind to collect some amazing data about the digestive systems of a Tyrannosaurus Rex! The man is an inspiration to us all.

HASHAK THE CREATOR

Orcs say they are the children of a being called Hashak the Creator, who is believed by most modern-day scholars to have been a demigod in the service of the earth goddess, Throff – though Orcs believe him to have been far more important than her. Hashak is certainly not very handsome as demigods go: he is usually depicted as a stunted, brown-skinned Hill Giant. Hashak was ambitious and curious about the new 'creations' of the gods, and was especially jealous of the beings called 'Dwarfs', whom Throff was spending so much of her time peering at from the heavens. So in a fit of pique and jealousy, Hashak slunk away to a quiet corner, with a good-sized lump of the magic clay which his mistress had used to create those annoying Dwarf-things, and began to fashion his own creations.

Hashak was astounded by the little things he had made, which wriggled and kicked as he held them in his fingers. He called them 'Trolls', and played with them for a while. But they were stupid creatures, and very ugly, and Hashak soon became bored with them. He took his Trolls and put them down on Titan, hiding them away in the mountains where no one would see them, for he felt embarrassed at having made such ugly things. But Hashak missed his creations, and resolved to make some more the next day. This time he took more care, and created a smaller, more finely detailed set of models, which could think and talk a little. The word the little creatures said most of all was 'Urk! Urk!' and Hashak decided they would be called 'Urks'.

But that day Throff came back early, and found Hashak in the corner playing with his creations. She was livid, and ordered him to destroy them at once! Hashak wailed and cried, but it was no use: he had taken her magical clay and made some nasty little creatures out of it, and now he must pay the consequences. Hashak looked at the marbled floor, and asked sheepishly if he could just take his creations

outside and say goodbye, on his own, before scrunching them up into a ball again. Throff was a kindly soul underneath (she must have been to have taken in the simple-minded Hashak in the first place, human scholars generally point out at this point), and she gave in and said he could.

Crafty Hashak had a plan. Scooping up his 'Urks', he went outside, but rather than saying goodbye he hid most of them in a dark corner, and only scrunched up a few. Before returning the ball of clay, he mixed in some ordinary soil from the garden of Galana, the goddess of plants, so that Throff would not notice. That night, Hashak crept out and retrieved his 'Urks', and hid them away in all the dark corners of Titan alongside his Trolls, before sneaking back to his bed.

What Hashak did not know, however, was that he had been observed by several of the Dark Lords, who were awake that night plotting against the other gods. They followed him, and saw where he hid them. After Hashak had gone, they took each 'Urk' in turn, and breathed their Evil over it. To this day, Orcs are tainted with the curse of Chaos, with the result that they are bound to serve the Forces of Evil, and also Chaotic mutations are common among their offspring.

SHAMANS, THE TRIBAL SORCERERS

Ultimate power over the Orcs rests with the shamans, the tribal witch-doctors and magicians who govern all spiritual matters and provide direct links with the supernatural commanders of the armies of Evil and Chaos. The tribes each have their own kings and chiefs as well, but these are more concerned with the day to day business of ruling over the Orcs. Tribal chiefs always get caught up in issues such as whether an Orc was wrong to eat his brother-in-law for spilling his ale, or whether a captured Dwarf should be eaten immediately or fattened up for later consumption.

But shamans have far more important matters to worry about. They must consult with their horrific patrons, usually by means of ritual dance and blood-sacrifice, and question them about the immediate future. They dress scantily, usually in little more than a loincloth and a good deal of garish paint and blood, and they are always waving bones and skulls around, for they consider themselves to be Death's representatives on the Earthly Plane. Orc shamans have developed a great variety of means of divining the messages sent by their demonic masters. A common one features a rat allowed to run free inside a cage around which are painted the fourteen letters of the Orc alphabet; as it runs to and fro it is meant to spell out the message from beyond. Other methods include slicing open a freshly captured Elf and examining the entrails for signs (a technique known as 'elfomancy'); or throwing into the air fourteen cockroaches, each marked with a rune, to see what message they spell when they come back down to earth.

Ordinary Orcs know little about religion, for they care little for anything beyond the end of today. Indeed, all Orcs are notoriously unconcerned about the future. Most dream of the 'some day' when Orcs shall rule the world, but none anticipate it. Perhaps this attitude has developed because they have enough trouble surviving from one day to the next without having to worry about the day after as well (or perhaps it is just because they are stupid!). To the common Orc, shamans are good for a few heartening spells before battle and for making the subsequent celebrations fun, what with all their sacrificing and blood-letting; and they always tell a good tale. But beyond that they mean very little.

ORCS AND THEIR SIMPLE PLEASURES

Orcs are creatures of simple tastes. They like to eat, they like to drink, and they like to fight. The first of these three essentials to Orc happiness is always easy to come by, for Orcs will eat just about anything they can get their hands on and their jaws around. Their favourite food is the flesh of their enemies, and they are noted for the many unsavoury meals they can cook out of the corpses of Dwarfs and Elves. The legendary 'Elf Intestines in Gnome's-blood Sauce', for example, is a speciality of the Severed Arm tribe of Xamen and the Zanzunu Peaks in northern Kakhabad, though owing to the very rich nature of its ingredients it is considered a special delicacy, and is only eaten on very important occasions (generally, it must be said, to celebrate the death in battle of a large number of Elves and Gnomes).

If they cannot get fresh meat, Orcs will resort to other foodstuffs, including vegetables, wood, metal, rocks and dirt! They have a special second stomach, which allows them to digest all kinds of hard or sharp objects. For this reason, it is often very difficult to imprison an Orc for long, for in the end he will just eat his way to freedom. However, after very heavy meals Orcs do get drowsy, and often need to sleep after the exertions involved in stuffing their voluminous gullets. Orcs who have escaped from a dungeon by chewing their

FAMOUS ORC TRIBES

Orcs are sociable creatures, who band together in large, shambolic tribes, each with their own special signs and customs. You can always tell to which tribe an Orc belongs by looking at his ears, for they decorate them with the symbols of the tribe.

The Throttled Skull: Live in large system of well-protected caves in the mountains of southern Lendleland; number about 2,500; led by King Yargaas Skull-splitter, who got his name from a titanic wrestling-match with three Cave Giants; tribal symbol is, naturally, a throttled skull.

The Clawed Eye: From the central Moonstone Hills in northern Allansia; number around 1,700; led by the ageing Chief Urgari Grinning-Teeth and his twenty-three sons; named after a famous, one-eyed tribal hero.

The Iron Fist: Dwell in small villages in forests near Pikestaff Plain in north-eastern Khul; number only a few hundred; have a peculiar habit of binding iron around their hands with leather thongs, in the belief that eventually their hands will turn to iron too; led by Chief Uzgreg Sour-shriek.

The Curse of Vashanki: A nomadic tribe from the Flatlands, led by King Argar Kin-Slayer, the only surviving member of a famous family of forty-two Orcs; number around 3,000, split into many wandering families.

way out may sometimes be found close by, fast asleep and oblivious to any need to flee the immediate area of their prison!

Orcs are not cannibals, however, and they consider it gravely offensive to eat other Orcs, except in the direst circumstances. However, they seem to believe that once an Orc dies, he is no longer an Orc, and is therefore to be regarded like any other tasty snack! At Orc funerals, indeed, the guests are supposed to show respect and reverence for the deceased by taking a large bite or two out of them, before the dear departed are consigned to the ground or the cleansing fires of the funeral pyre! Orcs also will not eat undead creatures, even if they are warmed up, for they do not find them at all filling. Apart from these two exceptions, however, there are very few things Orcs will not at least *attempt* to eat.

As far as drink is concerned, Orcs consider themselves to be the finest brewers around. Orc ale is extremely potent, often to the extent of being deadly poison to a human being. Orcs' favourite drink is a truly vile concoction called 'Guursh', though some also call it 'Hweagh' – the only reason for these names that we can think of is that they represent the sorts of noise one would hear after drinking too much of it, though perhaps there is some more tasteful explanation really. It apparently tastes to humans like licking the inside of a mossy cave with several cockroaches jammed in your nose or so we have been informed by someone who knew someone who once claimed to have tried some. What is certain is that it is greeny-pink in colour, and is kept in lead-lined barrels to stop it eating through the wood. Orcs consider it a rather light, delicate drink, and are even supposed to have vintage years when the Guursh was better than ever: it apparently must have large lumps floating in it to be declared vintage – large lumps of what, though, our informant did not say.

Orcs get drunk fairly easily, which is not surprising considering the potency of their drinks, and in such a state they tend to perform all kinds of outrageous acts. Every tribal shaman has a vast repertoire of cautionary tales to do with drunkenness, such as the one concerning foolish King Morgag Knucklebreaker, who bought a puddle off a passing Goblin because he saw the reflection of the moon in it and thought it was a large silver plate. Then there was Uglar Goblin-Face, who ate a whole camel for a bet while under the influence and then burst in a most unsavoury manner. Or . . . the list is endless. Orcs seem to take great delight in hearing about the misfortunes of others, including other Orcs, though, of course, they never realize that they just might be that stupid too!

THE BONERAT CAVES
An Orc Settlement

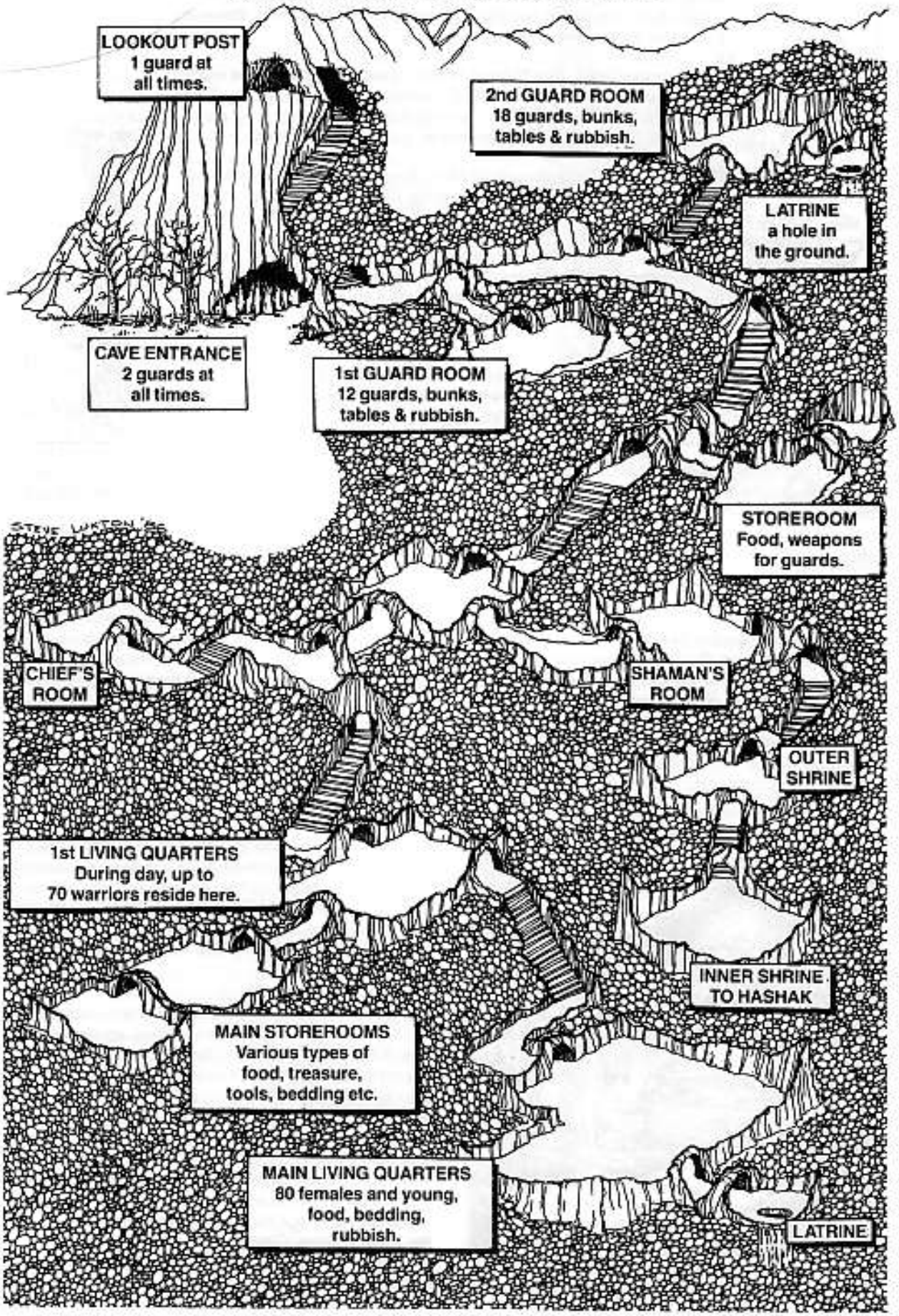

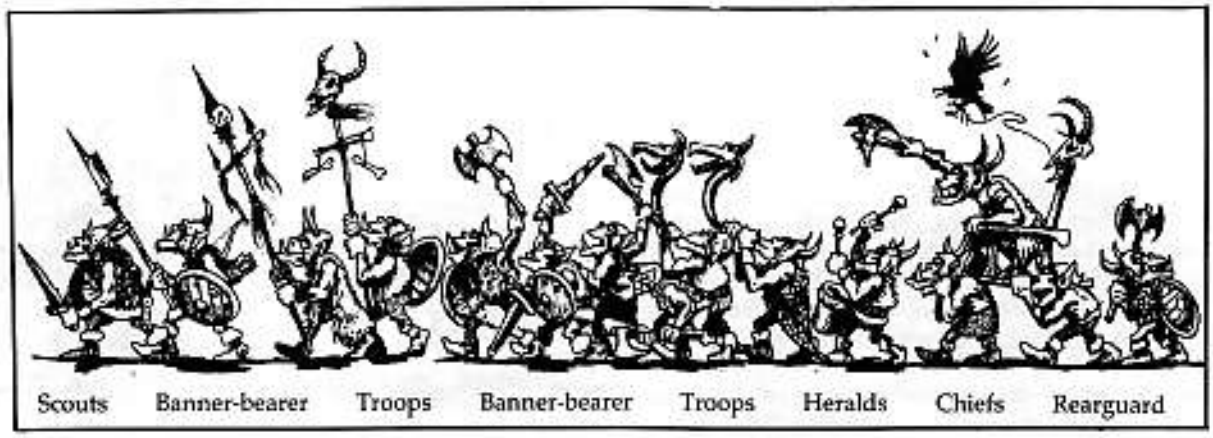

Their third basic need, that of fighting, is catered for in their armies, and also by an increasingly large number of very violent field-sports which have become popular in recent decades.

The most widely known of their games is 'Orc Knees', a peculiar game played by two teams, each with four members, who are chosen from a reserve squad of twenty. The pitch is a large circle, divided across the middle by a length of netting or rope. It is played using an inflated pig's or Troll's bladder, though cabbages, melons and Dwarf heads have all been known to suffice on occasion. The first Orc starts the game by punting it over the net to a member of the opposing team, who has to return it using only his knees or his head and so on. If the ball goes outside the circle, the side which did not hit it gains a point; if it lands on the floor within the circle, the side which did gains a point. The first team to reach seven points is allowed to eat one of the opposing team members, and the game is won when there is only one team left. Orc-knee players are very highly paid, to compensate for the fact that their careers as sportsmen are often over very quickly.

Even more violent is the game of 'Pass the Slave', where a human or Dwarf captive is tied up in a bundle, and then kicked, thrown, bounced and pushed up and down a field by up to eight or ten opposing teams from different tribes, who are each trying to keep the slave alive long enough for them to get it into one of the small pits at either end which count as goals. Apart from the basic rule that the slave must be alive and in one piece when it goes into the goal-pit, and that players should try to remain within the boundaries of the field if they possibly can, there are no restrictions on play. As a result, the game usually turns into a blood-bath, albeit a very enjoyable one to Orcs. All Orc sports involve a certain amount of death and violence, because they are crude, bloodthirsty creatures. But their sports will never take the place of war . . .

ORC ARMIES

To put things very bluntly, Orcs hate physical work, but love fighting. They do not really care who the enemy is – and if there is no enemy, then members of another tribe or family will do – as long as they are weaker, so that the Orcs can capture lots of slaves, who provide much of their wealth and free them from the burden of having to work. When there is some special prize to be fought for, however, such as the plundering of a rich city, Orcs will work *and* fight until they drop. Orcs love treasure almost as much as they love the fighting by which they obtain it.

Orcs are cowards, however, and morale and organization on the battlefield is often a problem, unless they are led from behind by someone with a long whip and a loud voice! This helps explain why Orcs fight for the armies of Chaos, which are invariably led by very charismatic sorcerers and evil, but forceful, warriors.

In any battle, the strongest and largest Orcs will push the smaller ones ahead of them, and if they have had enough time, the smaller Orcs will have cajoled Goblins or Trolls to fight ahead of *them*.

Orcs have a lot of stamina, and can march surprisingly fast if kept in tight formation by their commanders. They have been forced to learn this, mostly because many creatures cannot stand to be near them. Only wolves will allow themselves to be ridden by Orcs, and even they will turn on their riders if the pickings are not plentiful enough to satisfy their powerful appetites. Orc columns tend to use the same formation when they are on a forced march.

The scouts keep about an hour's march ahead of the main force; their job is to make sure that the road is clear of the enemy, and to keep the chiefs informed of what lies ahead. Behind them come the rank and file, divided into battalions, each led by a banner-bearer. (Orc banners are grisly affairs, and are often decorated with skulls and other parts of their enemies, but they give the troops a rallying point if they get lost during a battle.) Behind the troops come the chiefs, sometimes being carried in chairs held aloft by slaves or less fortunate Orc soldiers. The whole entourage is rounded off with half a battalion as the rearguard, who spend some of their time watching for pursuing forces, and the rest picking up stragglers from the main army.

Wherever they march, Orc armies bring fear and death to all humans, Dwarfs and Elves. It is not hard to see why Orcs are despised so much, for they are vile, bloodthirsty creatures, intent on killing as many of their enemies as possible, and ultimately establishing themselves as sole rulers and masters of all of Titan. But a nagging question still remains over how Man-Orcs and other foul creatures came into being. We can only shudder and say that it must be a real nightmare being a slave to Orcs . . .

Goblins – the Children of Evil

Compared to Orcs and their ilk, Goblins are indeed children, but what nasty, vicious, violent children they are! Like Orcs, you will find them almost everywhere you travel, and they will always be causing trouble for some poor souls. Unlike their inhuman relations, however, they are not usually organized into armies, and many live quite pleasant lives as farmers or scavenging hunters, though there has not been a Goblin born who would not exchange his plough for the chance to rob a traveller, if he could get the drop on him! In times gone by, it is said, they did indeed serve with the great Orc armies, but the habit the Orcs had of putting Goblins in the front line of any attack quickly changed that! Nowadays, whenever Goblins do serve with Orc armies, they tend to make up separate regiments, such as the legendary Skallagrim's Lifestealing Crusade, and the Blood of Heaven's Deliverers (Goblins are well known for the overblown names of their regiments!).

Where Goblins actually came from is not known for certain, and every scholar who has studied them has his or her own theory. Problems come when you actually ask Goblins where *they* think they come from, for every tribe has its own, usually very different, story. Despite the efforts of many great scholars and sages through the years, there has never been a unified theory of their origins. This sort of thing is very frustrating for us scholars, for it means we can never be sure of the truth of what we write. However, the various stories can be very interesting, and they do allow us to indulge in one of our favourite pastimes – arguing with one another!

The Children of Hashak. One legend states that Goblins were made by the legendary creator of Orcs, Hashak, after he had made such a bad job with Orcs and Trolls. He took one look at his ugly, stupid, violent creations, and decided to start again, and eventually came up with the far superior Goblins! This is not as strange as it sounds, for Goblins are much better than Orcs at many things, though they are also much weaker and less warlike. Goblins who believe this legend tend to keep very quiet about it when Orcs are around, for this story can drive the latter to extremes of violence!

Brothers to the Woodlings. Another legend (not widely believed by the Goblins themselves) states that there was once a single race of woodland creatures, related to Elves and Gnomes. Over the centuries they slowly divided into many different groups. Some turned into Woodlings, the shy forest-dwellers; others became the mischievous Pixies; and some were tainted with a streak of Evil, and developed into Goblins. This legend also has a ring of truth to it, for some Goblins do still live quiet lives in the forests and hills of wilder lands, and they do bear a superficial resemblance to their supposed relations. But no one, surely, believes that Goblins are in any way related to Elves? It is interesting to note that if you told a Goblin he was related to an Elf, he would probably run you through there and then!

Interbreeding. It is widely known that Orcs have bred with many other races, both good and evil, over the centuries, creating many peculiar offspring, including Doragar and Hobgoblins. It is, therefore, not inconceivable that Goblins are simply the result of earlier crossbreeding between Orcs and other creatures – maybe even human – and then developed as a race in themselves. Goblins certainly appear to be related to Orcs in many ways that even closer relations – such as Doragar – are not. Both species are wary of sunlight and can see in the dark better than they can in daylight, and they have similar body structures (though Goblins are smaller and lither), and many of their tribes are organized in the same way. On the other hand, Goblins are much cleverer than the average Orc, especially at making nasty little mechanical traps and instruments of torture. They also have this inclination towards the natural life, as we have said, which no self-respecting Orc would ever share!

GOBLINS EVERYWHERE!

However they first came to walk the face of the world, it is certain that Goblins are here to stay, for they infest just about everywhere. Not only do tribes of the creatures lurk in every range of hills and every thick forest, but they are also found much further afield, in places where you would not expect them. In the sweltering heat of the southern Khulian wastelands, for example, Goblins still live around Lake Mlubz and the ancient ruins of Zagoula. There are Goblin settlements on some of the islands in the Black Ocean. And even on the fringes of the Desert of Skulls, a few Goblin tribes try to scratch a living out of the parched land – as well as regularly raiding passing merchants. Marsh Goblins, the Uggluk-jai, are very well known, for they are even crueller and nastier than their land-based cousins. Everywhere you look, from Allansia to Kakhabad, from Lendleland to Khul, Goblins are thriving and multiplying.

TRIBAL LIFE

Goblins occasionally refer to themselves as 'the Goblin nation', or 'Harajan-jai' in their own guttural language, but in truth there is no such thing. Certainly, they live in tribes, and are recognizable by members of other tribes when they meet them, and they share customs and legends and the like, but it is not true to regard them as one nation, as one would the Elves, for example. Most Goblins could not care what happened to other tribes, as long as the survival of their own was guaranteed.

Each Goblin tribe has its own territory, within which various families may live wherever they please. Many dwell together in caves or villages, but some prefer to live away from the other tribe members. Tribes are ruled over by a chief and a shaman, who dwell near to the tribe's recognized 'meeting-place', which is usually at the very centre of the Goblins' territory. Every so often, all the members of the tribe gather at the meeting-place – a clearing marked by totem poles and standing stones carved with tribal history – for a very rowdy celebration, during which much potent Goblin ale will be drunk, ancient Goblin legends will be told yet again, and everyone will eat until they are sick.

The chief of any tribe is elected, quite simply, because he is the strongest and most heroic of them all. When a chief dies, if there is no obvious hero to take his place, all eligible Goblins are sent away to prove their courage by performing such deeds as killing a Mountain Giant in single combat, or skinning a Manticore.

The Goblin who brings back the best trophy at the end of five days is declared chief, and his trophy is placed on one of the totem poles in the tribal meeting-place.

Goblins are quite religious creatures, and their shaman is regarded as the earthly link with their many gods and demigods. All Goblins worship Hashak, obviously, but they also spend a great deal of time worshipping past heroes of the Goblin race, such as One-Eyed Urm, Jorun Dwarf-Boller and Klarn Ugbar the Three-Fingered. They fully believe that heroic Goblin warriors are elevated to sit beside Hashak when they die, from where they can watch over the fortunes of the Goblin race. The shamans themselves are quite peculiar creatures, who often run around completely naked, their scrawny bodies painted with religious symbols and runes, and with bones woven into their hair and stuck through their ears and noses. They are quite frightening to look at if you have seen nothing like them before, for when they want to scare someone they can rant, rave and gibber so impressively that you would swear they were possessed by Demons! Most shamans are able to do a little magic, and on rare occasions they can even summon up the spirit of some past hero to put a curse on their enemies.

The shamans are also responsible for the upkeep of the totems, which usually hang on poles made from the trunks of small trees and carved with images from the tribe's history. The trophies of all the chiefs are fixed to the poles or impaled on the top, and depending on how old the tribe is there may be upwards of half a dozen such poles. Every sunset, the shaman will perform a ritual dance around the poles, and on very special days he may ask the warriors of the tribe to procure him a human or an Elf for a blood-sacrifice.

FIVE MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT GOBLINS

1. They do not eat rocks and dirt. Orcs do, which is where the confusion arises. Goblins eat roots, berries and quite a lot of fresh meat.
2. Despite the jokes, Goblins are not stupid. They may not be intellectuals, but they can be cunning and conniving. Try telling a 'Goblin joke' to one, and you may find out!
3. Goblins do not worship trees and boulders. This misconception arose because someone saw a shaman bowing down before a wooden totem pole and a rock on which Goblin legends had been carved.
4. Goblins do not eat their children by mistake. They only do it when they are *very* hungry, and then it is quite deliberate.
5. Goblins are not afraid of the sky falling on their heads, although it is true that they do not like all that big sky up there, and that they do not like bright sunlight. If you see a Goblin running around clutching his head and wailing it is just that someone has hit him, that is all!

Ordinary Goblins live fairly unremarkable lives, farming or hunting for the most part. For relaxation, however, Goblins do like to raid other cultures, or perhaps perform a little highway robbery on some unsuspecting travellers. They take great delight in traps and mechanisms of all kinds, and they seem to find entertaining such thoughts as people falling down pits on to poisoned spikes, or having their ears sliced by hidden blades, or having sharp needles stuck in their feet by springs. Their caves are often protected by very sophisticated traps, which are usually enough to dissuade even the bravest or most stupid intruders.

GOBLIN ARMIES

As we have already said, Goblins now form their own regiments in the armies of Chaos rather than simply serving alongside their inhuman brethren. They perform many different roles, but they are most often used as light infantry, to slip deep into enemy country to leave booby-traps and sabotage bridges and roads, or as sappers and engineers at sieges. They are hardy warriors, despite their size, and they are much less prone to cowardice than their larger companions.

In Goblin lands, many tribes organize their warriors into bands which patrol the territory, watching out for hostile intruders and large animals. Goblins tend to share their lands with enemy races such as Dwarfs or Elves, and they have to be very careful to avoid them, and also to hide their villages away from them.

MARSH GOBLINS

One peculiar strain of Goblins are the Uggluk-jai, the Marsh Goblins. They differ from their more familiar relations in that they are even scrawnier, and have green-tinted skin and webbed hands and feet. They make their homes, obviously, in the middle of large areas of marsh and swampland, where they live on small creatures like water-rats and marsh-voles. They are nasty, spiteful things, even more than normal Goblins, and they delight in leaving snares and traps everywhere, perfectly placed for unwary creatures (and occasionally adventurers) to step into.

They usually live in strange communal huts, which are built out of mud and reeds on raft-like platforms floating on the surface of the swamp. Part of them, including the only entrance, is hidden underwater for protection, and to anyone who does not know better, they look like tangled clumps of reeds, though a trickle of smoke seeping from a hole in the top may give them away. Inside the buildings, there is usually little light and the atmosphere is very damp and rotten, with lots of Goblin families sharing the same small space.

The favourite pastime of many Marsh Goblins is to tie some tasty morsel (such as a plump human adventurer, for example) to something solid, leave it in the middle of the swamp, and watch what happens when larger swamp monsters pick up the scent and come to feed. They also use live bait to attract large creatures when they are hunting. Marsh Goblins do not have tribal leaders, but their shamans are very similar to those of land-dwelling Goblins. They worship Hashak, like all Goblins, but also a peculiar number of disgusting marsh deities, including Sluurm, an immortal giant slug, and Vurrk, Lord of the Marsh Wraiths.

Marsh Goblins speak a weird language which sounds more like gargling than speech, even to other Goblins. They are violent and cruel, which is hardly strange for Goblins, but they are so to one another as well as to other races. Their various tribes are often caught up in pointless, bloody wars against one another, perhaps for possession of only a few square metres of swamp. Marsh Goblins do not like normal Goblins either, and will attack them unless the latter are very careful. They also hate Kokomokoa and the other races who share their swampland domains; indeed, it seems that Marsh Goblins are always fighting someone!

Troglodytes

Troglodytes are thought to be distantly related to Goblins. Certainly, they share many physical characteristics, for Troglodytes look very much like short, big-eared Goblins. It is quite possible that they evolved from Goblins who started to dwell deep underground in caves and dungeon complexes away from their surface-loving fellows. In time, perhaps, the low ceilings of their cramped domain caused them to produce shorter and shorter offspring, and at the same time their ears and noses grew larger to cope with the lightless conditions down there. Although Goblins can see in the dark, their eyes are like those of cats, and require at least some light to be able to see far. Troglodytes, however, developed a system like that used by bats; echoes tell them where the walls and ceiling are, and help them pinpoint their prey with deadly accuracy even in the darkest of situations.

LIFE UNDERGROUND

Troglodytes live a fairly pleasant life underground, though it is not without its hardships. They feed mostly on beetles, moss and fungus, which they grow in large caverns, tending them carefully under the light of phosphorescent plants. Occasionally, however, they will hunt out a tastier morsel, such as a lone adventurer, Dwarf or even a Dark Elf (though the latter are a very rare, and quite perilous, delicacy, normally reserved for *very* special occasions). They are as skilful as Goblins at setting up traps – though they know little of more sophisticated mechanical ones – and they often capture their prey with a well-placed tripwire or a false floor which tilts its victim into a pit. Troglodytes are great burrowers, and their tiny tunnels will often riddle larger Dwarf or Orc dungeon complexes, which from time to time they will enter to hunt prey.

Some tribes of Troglodytes have managed to tame giant beetles, centipedes and rock grubs, which they use as mounts. They have even trained them to stay in line like cavalry horses, and they use the armoured creatures in their occasional battles against the larger denizens of the underground world. Troglodytes are very possessive about their caverns and tunnels, and will fight against overwhelming odds to keep larger creatures from taking over their areas. Favourite Troglodyte weapons include small throwing-axes and daggers, as well as bows which fire flint-tipped arrows with great accuracy.

THE RUN OF THE ARROW

In fact, it is their skill with their small bows which provides the one aspect of Troglodyte culture for which they are famous – the Run of the Arrow. This bizarre game is played when Troglodytes have captured a large being such as a human or a Dwarf (they never play it with Dark Elves – why waste all that succulent flesh?). Their captive is freed, an arrow is fired into the distance, and he is allowed to walk safely as far as that point before the Troglodytes will try to hunt and shoot him down. One recent Troglodyte, captured and interrogated by Dwarfs, revealed that Troglodytes always fire short with their first arrow, just in case their aim is a bit off that day! Even worse, the creature also told of a new variant which was being practised by the Uurgag tribe. Just beyond the point where the first arrow lands, there may be a hole in the ground, which, the Troglodytes tell their captive, leads to freedom. The captive is allowed to get as far as the mark as usual, but when he leaps into the hole he finds that it is actually full of sharpened spikes! The Troglodyte seemed to think that this was an excellent new addition to the game, until the Dwarfs 'persuaded' it otherwise.

SHAMANS AND IDOLS

Like Goblins, Troglodytes are led by high chiefs and shamans, who organize the tribal worship of their many peculiar gods. Troglodytes seem to worship just about anything they can, from Hashak to 'the All-consuming Blindness' (the sun), and from Scratta Many-legged (a giant centipede of awesome proportions) to something called Shreech, the rat king. Indeed, it is quite possible that any adventurer who managed to impress them with his or her prowess would become one of their deities too – though he or she might have to die first. They erect large statues, made from gold they dig out of the rock around them, in caverns at the heart of their territory, around which they dance wildly at the least excuse, while their naked shamans chant and shriek and scream, just as all shamans do!

Trolls and Ogres

The real heavyweights of the armies of Evil are Trolls and Ogres, large, brutish creatures who lack even the small amounts of intelligence and subtlety which Goblins and their ilk possess. Both are related to other inhuman races, but like them they have gradually developed their own particular 'culture'.

IT'S A TROLL'S LIFE

As with Goblins, the origin of Trolls is notoriously difficult to be certain about. However, two views prevail among scholars who have made a study of such things: either they developed from early cross-breeding of Orcs with Giants, or they were in fact created alongside Orcs by Hashak. (Indeed, when a Troll wishes to pick a fight with an Orc – which is quite often – he needs simply to say, 'Ha! You're just jealous 'cos you got made second!' Orcs are very irritable when their supremacy is called into question, especially by something as obviously inferior as a Troll!)

However they came to be on Titan, Trolls quickly spread across its entire face, from the tops of mountains to the bottom of the sea. Despite their wide range of habitats, however, Trolls are not very populous, for they breed only rarely. Why this should be is not known, though some scholars have theorized that it may have something to do with the extreme repulsiveness of female Trolls, which also explains why so many male Trolls join up as soldiers.

All Trolls are disliked by those races aligned to the side of Good, but especially by Dwarfs, who suffer from a berserk rage whenever they encounter a Hill Troll. This stems from an incident over seven hundred years before the War of the Wizards, when the great Dwarf hero Harlak Vanagrimsson was killed by a tribe of Hill Trolls while trying to force a passage through the Kalakûr (known to humans as the Freezeblood Mountains). Even previously, a Dwarf knew he could expect no mercy at the hands of a Troll – sudden death would be the end of the matter. On this occasion, however, a vile Hill Troll shaman managed to bring Vanagrimsson back to life as a zombie under his command. For three years afterwards, the Dwarfs of Fangthane found themselves under attack from their beloved hero, who was made to lead the Hill Troll armies, until a raiding party found the Troll shaman and killed him. Now, when a Dwarf meets a Hill Troll, he fights to the death, praying that if he does fall, his body will be so injured that it can never rise again.

Trolls do not organize themselves into nations, and only Hill Trolls gather into tribes. It is only in the armies of Evil that you will find Trolls working and fighting together, though their temperament is such that they often end up fighting among themselves instead of with the enemy. They are rough, unruly creatures, who enjoy Orc ale and violence, and they are not cowardly in battle. Owing to their extreme stupidity, however, they tend to be exploited by Orcs. Now that Goblins have their own regiments, it seems Trolls are the favourites for leading the armies of Evil into battle, though the Orcs try to disguise the situation by giving the Trolls grand titles and allowing them special privileges, such as eating the dead after the battle is over. Of course, what the Orc commanders fail to tell the Trolls is that they are unlikely to survive to the end of the battle if they go in the front lines! Such is the way of Chaos, with the strong exploiting the stupid, and death cheating them all.

TROLL HUMOUR

Trolls are known in many lands for their sense of humour, which is highly developed, but rather unsophisticated, to say the least. Repetitive in nature and brutal in content, it provides great insights into the workings of the Troll mind. The greatest Troll comedian of all time is widely recognized to have been one Zark the Violent, who used to wander the Flatlands of Allansia with his travelling show, until he was unfortunately killed after playing to an audience of Dwarfs by mistake while drunk on cheap Orc ale. Here are a few chestnuts from his vast repertoire of the very best in Troll humour:

'Why did the Dwarf cross the road? Because I said if he didn't I'd cut off his feet and stick them up his nose! Ugh! Ugh!'

'What do you get if you hit a Dwarf with a very large rock? A big laugh! Ugh! Ugh!'

'What would you say to a Dwarf with twelve helmets on? Nothin', you just hit him in the stomach instead! Ugh! Ugh!'

'How do you get six Dwarfs into an ox-cart? Well, first you take a big axe and you cut them up into little pieces, then you eat them, and then *you* get in the ox-cart! Ugh! Ugh!'

OGRES AND THE TAINT OF CHAOS

Orc shamans tell the following story about the creation of Ogres; it is not known where it originated, but it has been around for many centuries.

At the end of the Godtime, when Death and his fellow Dark Lords had been banished into the Void for releasing Time into the world, there were still many places on Titan where the power of Chaos was strong. In one such area, now thankfully sunk beneath the sea after the continents shifted, Hashak, the creator of the Orcs, placed some of his new-born Orcs. It was a dark place, like all the others in which Hashak had left his creations to grow, and Hashak did not look into it too carefully. He had a great many of his Orcs to hide before the sun rose again, and he was in a hurry to finish his task.

In the darkness, the new-born Orcs grew quickly, but they grew with the taint of Chaos in their flesh, not knowing it was changing them. By the time they were strong enough to set foot outside in the light, they had been warped by it, and they were different from the other Orcs – they were now Ogres, the Warped Ones. Since that time, long, long ago, the other races aligned with Evil have become touched with the taint of Chaos, and mutations are common, but no other race has Chaos at its core. There are still many Orcs who are normal in shape and mind, but no two Ogres are ever the same.

During the War of the Wizards, when Chaos returned to the world in great strength, Ogres formed a large part of the evil armies. They would lead mutating troops into battle, marching ahead of nameless beings which writhed and formed new shapes even as they wriggled and crawled towards the enemy! The armies of Chaos were ultimately defeated, however, and the few remaining Ogres were scattered across the face of the world again.

Many Ogres live pitiful lives away from civilization, which spurns them as it would any other mutant, though most Ogres look almost normal on the outside. They lurk in caves in the wasteland, and live by hunting whatever they can catch. They have little or no tribal organization, no leaders and no shamans. However, in the mountains south of Lendleland known as the Anvils of the Gods, there is talk of 'the Three', a trio of Ogres who have somehow learnt the ways of sorcerers and shamans, and who practise magic! While it is conceivable that a Chaotic creature could be spawned with some innate magical powers, it is quite ludicrous to suggest that *three* such creatures could have the powers of master sorcerers simply by chance. Until we know more about 'the Three' we cannot give any more accurate details, though it certainly seems to most learned people that some great sorcerer or unearthly being must have been involved in granting such powers to three Ogres. However, from the rumours we have heard, their powers are very great, which makes them incredibly dangerous. They seem to provide yet more evidence of the resurgence of Chaos in the forgotten corners of our world.

Some Ogres are beginning to find service in the armies of insane servants of Evil such as the necromancer Razaak, where they are proving themselves strong and reliable. These days, their Chaotic nature more often than not results in nothing more than some small mutation, such as scaly skin, boils, horns or a third eye. They are proving to be very valuable troops, if given sufficient training to cope with such incredibly complicated weapons as bows and slings! One very famous Ogre was Naggamanteh, the brutal Master Torturer to the evil Archmage of Mampang in Kakhabad. Grossly deformed, with only one eye and a face that made milk turn sour and even grown Trolls feel ill, Naggamanteh was very successful at his job, and turned it almost into an art – though a very sick, depraved one! Many of his specialities have passed into the lore of other torturers, who swear by 'Naggamanteh's rusting thumbscrews!' and 'the Ogre's crushing clamps!' In fact, Naggamanteh even penned *Naggamanteh's Book of Tortures* (he was not very good on titles), which has long been recognized as a masterpiece by torturers across Titan – and although the spelling is atrocious, it shows just how successful an Ogre can become if given the right outlets for his 'talents'.

The Snake People

The races we have discussed up to now have been crude, barbaric and not too gifted with intelligence. But now we come to three races which are far more sophisticated in their service of Evil and Chaos. We shall shortly discuss the accursed Lizard Men of the southern jungles and the demonic Dark Elves of Tiranduil Kelthas, deep beneath the surface of the world. But let us start in the baking deserts of Titan, with the Snake People.

SOME LIKE IT HOT

The Snake People of Allansia and Khul dwell only in the very hottest parts of the Desert of Skulls and the Scythera Desert, for they are cold-blooded creatures who need warmth to survive. It is this basic need which has kept them from encroaching on more temperate lands and spreading their cruel dominion to more populated areas of the world. As it is, they control vast areas of the two continents, bringing their own peculiar forms of death to many peoples.

The Caarth, who are the major race of all those known collectively as the Snake People, have long been creatures of legend, and subject to all kinds of myths and conceptions. Many past writers of bestiaries and myths have described the Caarth as bald, snake-tailed monstrosities, for they had to use hearsay, in the absence of any first-hand accounts of meetings with such creatures. In fact, however, they are more like snake-headed humans, similar in form to the Lizard Men of the southern jungles, and with a similar attitude to the other races of Titan: they simply wish to kill every last member of every last one!

From their stone cities deep in the desert wastelands, they send forth their warriors to conquer and enslave all lands around them. During one such raid, about thirty years ago, a band of Caarth warriors captured a travelling merchant, Voloidon Carsak by name. Fearing for his life, the man fainted clean away when the serpent warriors came over the ridge in front of his caravan, but woke to find himself strapped upside down across the back of a Giant Lizard, just behind its scaly-skinned rider. He was taken as a slave to a small encampment by a desert oasis, before being moved on to a massive stone citadel on the edge of some low, rocky foothills. Here he was put into service, first as a litter-bearer for a high-ranking Caarth priest, and later as a trusted slave to a captain of the serpent warriors' armies. Eventually, after twelve years, he worked himself into such a position that he was left alone for a good part of the day, and Carsak gradually secreted away enough food and water to attempt to escape from his captors, though he knew that if he was caught he would be skinned alive and his body offered to the desert scorpions.

He chose his moment well. His master, along with many other Caarth warriors, was called away to the southern frontier in the Snakelands, where a Lizard Man expeditionary force was scouting for suitable settlement sites. Carsak had memorized the exact position of the citadel from maps he had seen while in the service of the Caarth priest, and his extensive knowledge of the trade-routes helped the rest of the way. Eventually, painfully thin and dehydrated but still alive, Voloidon Carsak staggered into the camp of a trader from Warpstone, who was bound for Salamonis in the southern part of settled Allansia. Carsak reached Salamonis and revealed the previously unknown world of the Snake People. Most

of the information we present here is based upon Carsak's own recollections of his life among the Snake People; although it is more than fifteen years old, much of it still applies, and we have managed to add more recent details by the careful use of divinatory magic.

SITH'S REVENGE

When the Dark Lords of Chaos were banished from the Earthly Plane and imprisoned in the Void, their generals, the Demon Princes, fled into the darkest corners of what became known as the Demonic Planes, where they quietly rebuilt their strengths. The most dominant of all Princes was the Snake Demon Sith, who quickly established herself as the most worthy servant of the Dark Lords with the grossest acts against her fellow Demons, and later against earthly beings. Sith's great love is for snakes (the title given to her by scholars on the Earthly Plane, Snake Demon, stems from this), and she wanted to find some way of increasing their power on Titan, to carry out her revenge on the Forces of Good which had banished her masters and caused her to hide away in fear in the outer reaches of the multiverse for so long.

Inspired by the Orcs and the other inhuman races, which were by now teeming everywhere across the surface of Titan, she gathered together several fine human specimens, and several of the finest snakes, and blended them in a vast spawning vat. After a great many horrific mistakes, on which it is better not to dwell, Sith created the creature known to the Caarth as S'hghkull, which means 'Sacred Father of All' – the first of the Snake People.

S'hghkull was eight feet tall, with four arms and the head of a cobra, but little in the way of human intelligence. But Sith was not deterred, and she soon spawned him a mate, known to the Caarth as

H'ssghkull ('Sacred Mother of All'). She was smaller, with only two arms and the head of a viper, but much cleverer, with both the natural cunning of a snake and the reasoning powers of a human. Between them, S'hghkull and H'ssghkull quickly produced several dozen offspring, and the Caarth as a race were born. Sith transported the offspring to the Earthly Plane, secreted them away in the hottest parts of what were later to be called the Desert of Skulls and the Scythera Desert, and left them to thrive.

THE CITIES OF THE SNAKE PEOPLE

More than a millennium later now, the Caarth have constructed their own citadels, carved from the solid stone of desert rock-formations, and established their dominance over a wide area of the surface world. Indeed, there are not just Caarth any more either. They have been joined by the fearsome Justrali, the snake-tailed serpent guard, who patrol the very edges of their domain, bringing slow, painful death to any who dare trespass on the land of the Snake People.

In Allansia, the Snake People (a generic term for Caarth, Justrali and other assorted snake-mutations) dwell for the most part in large stone citadels, though every oasis in the heart of the desert has its own small settlement of Caarth, who usually dwell under canvas in a manner learnt from the human nomads who dwell on the fringes of the Snake People's territory. In Khul, all Caarth live in this way, for their power on that continent is very small. It is their cities, however, which most interest those who study the Snake People.

Their main settlements are the citadels of K'rrstal ('Heart of Glimmering Stone'), S'turrak ('Cool Providence of Shadows') and the Caarth capital, S'hchtiss ('Jewelled Oasis of Sighing Worship'). There are also about a dozen small fortifications in a wide ellipse around these three citadels, each of which houses a garrison of Caarth and Justrali warriors and little else. The merchant Voloidon Carsak lived in the citadel of S'turrak, but believed that the other two were much the same.

S'turrak is built into the side of a large mesa, a massive block of stone several leagues across which rises several hundred metres above the level of the desert. From its highest towers it was said that one could see those of S'hchtiss glimmering in the sunlight, many, many leagues away. Indeed, the Caarth used to communicate with heliographs, mirrors which they would flash in the sunlight according to specific codes, relaying messages via the watchtowers and oases between the cities.

The citadel of S'turrak is a bizarrely designed place, with dozens of towers and walls, around which run many spiralling staircases and ramps. At its base, on the desert floor, its inhuman builders constructed a series of walls and gates thick enough to withstand the assaults of the most determined enemy – though none has ever attacked it. The Caarth builders had previously bored deep into the rock behind the citadel, to create a warren of large, cool chambers in which their young were able to hatch in complete safety, and

THE CITIES OF THE SNAKE PEOPLE

This map is based upon one drawn from memory by the merchant Voloidon Carsak, and is only approximate, but it is the best anyone has ever been able to manage.

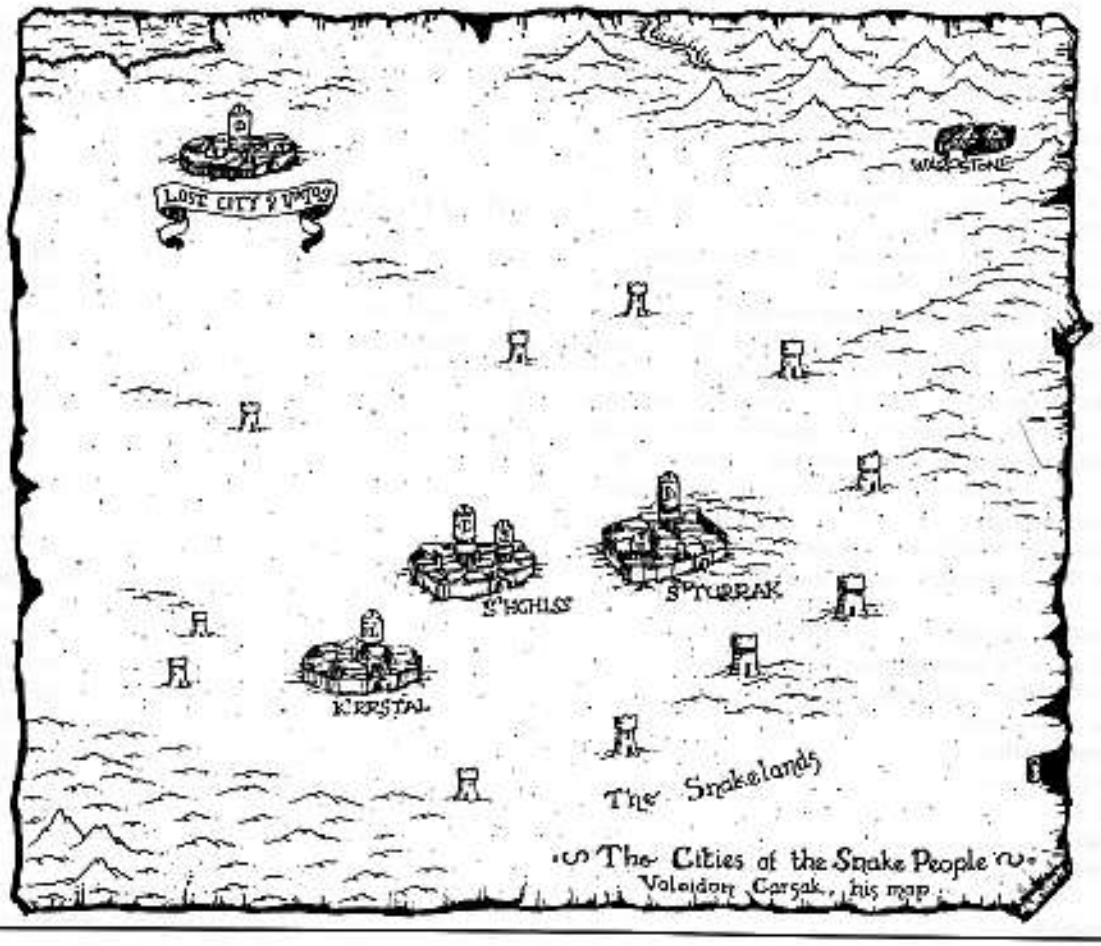

where many slaves were kept when not being put to work elsewhere. Although they are not always good designers, their skills at working rock are nearly a match for those of Dwarfs or Skorn.

At the top of the mesa, the Caarth scraped away a smooth expanse of rock, to form a wide avenue, which is lined on either side with disconcerting statues of warriors, priests and Demons, and ends in a small stepped platform on which many sacrifices are made. Behind the platform is the main temple to Sith, a monstrous, pyramid-shaped place of shadows where the whole floor perpetually slithers with snakes of all types and sizes. Indeed, much of the citadel is infested with the scaly reptilian creatures, who are regarded as pure and sacred by all Snake People. The snakes occasionally bite slaves and one another, but never attack a Caarth or Justrali.

FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE

Casting their shadows down over the top of the mesa are the tallest of the towers of S'turrak, which house the high priests and the mystic library and observatory of the Caarth sorcerers. The Snake People have not been on Titan as long as some races, but they have collected a great deal of knowledge from every source they can. Prisoners are thoroughly questioned, and hypnotism or mind-loosening potions are used to extract every last scrap of knowledge from their frightened minds before they are turned over to the slave-masters. Caarth sorcerers apparently excavate ancient desert cities, in their constant search for new learning. In their libraries they keep records of all their knowledge, written in their indecipherable script on thin slivers of metal and stone, which will not suffer the ravages of time as badly as parchment.

In their observatories, Caarth use telescopes of prodigious size, with lenses and mirrors made, by obscure magical techniques, from massive discs of highly polished quartz; with these they observe the stars and gradually map out the universe. It is widely believed that the Caarth have discovered other planets near to Titan, something which human scholars have long suspected but have never been able to prove.

The Snake People know much of other topics too. Their knowledge of poisons and venoms is unequalled. They have poisons, extracted from snakes, spiders and desert scorpions, for all purposes – to make an enemy sleep or die, to turn him insane or make his body break out in reptilian scales in preparation for another ghastly Caarth experiment. Most Caarth and Justrali weapons are coated with poison of one sort or another, which invariably makes them fatal, even if they only graze an opponent.

The knowledge Caarth sorcerers have of mutations and interbreeding is also vast, for they have been creating new species for many centuries in unholy attempts to continue the work of their snake forefathers by creating the most powerful combination of humans and snakes possible. This is how the Justrali were created, along with many other less successful mutations which lurk in the desert, abandoned by their creators. The priests of S'turrak also attempt to resurrect their forefathers by reshaping slaves' bodies into vehicles for their souls to return to life, but these experiments have been notoriously unsuccessful, as the case of the nearly legendary Serpent Queen of Port Blacksand shows.

SITH'S REPRESENTATIVES ON THE EARTHLY PLANE

The Snake People are ruled over by their high priests, who act both as commanders of their armies, and as the direct representatives of their beloved Sith on the Earthly Plane. The high priest of S'turrak at the time when Carsak was there was known as H'kchktaress (which means, according to Carsak, 'Venom Drips Like Honey from His Blade' in the language of the Caarth), and he was a pure embodiment of evil. His duties included the ritual sacrificing of slaves to Sith, and the conjuring of Sith's demonic servants in the mesa-top temple for consultations.

He was also the head of the city's Caarth and Justrali warriors, and one of the trio of leaders of the Caarth nation. The power of the Snake People has been on the wane in recent years, for they have been penned into the desert regions by the colder climates of the northern and southern lands, and they have had little new territory to overwhelm. They are also using up their supply of slaves from the subhumans who live on the fringes of the Desert of Skulls, and cannot roam further afield for them. Sith has not been able to concentrate on their problems, as she has been distracted by another civil war with her fellow Demon Princes. In the meantime, in Allansia, Ishtra's Lizard Men have been creeping ever closer to the edge of the temperate wastes known as the Snakelands, which divide the Desert of Skulls from Vymorna on the edge of the southern jungles. The Lizard Men may have been held at the Siege of Vymorna for a short while, but it can only be a matter of time before they push towards the territory of the Snake People. When this time comes the fighting will be fierce and bloody, as the whole of the southern lands will be plunged into war.

The Caarth Citadel of Sturrak

The Lizard Men of the Southern Jungles

The gruesome Snake People are common to both Allansia and Khul, though it is in the former that they are really powerful. This is also true for the Lizard Men, though their successes far overshadow those of the Caarth. It is looking increasingly likely, to sages and scholars who know of such things, that the main threat to humanity on Allansia will soon be the Lizard Man Empire, which already covers an area larger than all the settled parts of Allansia put together. Until fairly recently, however, few learned men were able to glean much information about the Lizard Men, for they would try to kill any human they came across,

whether he was a heavily armed warrior or a poor defenceless sage. But only four years ago, the great mystic Ar-Kalagôn of Kaynlesh-Ma managed to capture a Lizard Man warrior, and subject his mind to a form of magical interrogation. He cast several hypnotic enchantments on the gross, leathery being, and then magically read the contents of his mind in a scrying pool. Ar-Kalagôn learnt much about the Lizard Man culture . . .

IN THE BEGINNING

During the Godtime, there were many lesser deities, including gods of all the animals. Among these was a very sly and ambitious god, who is known to those on the Earthly Plane as Suthis Cha. When the greater gods began fashioning human-shaped creatures to people the world, Suthis Cha became very jealous of them, for he considered his own lizard form to be the most beautiful of all shapes (he was arrogant and conceited, as well as sly and ambitious). So whenever the gods were working on their creations, Suthis Cha ensured that he was close at hand, quietly watching and remembering how creatures were shaped, in preparation for the time when he would create his own beings, to bring *his* image to the face of the world.

The First Battle began, with the evil powers fighting to overcome the Forces of Good and wrest control of the universe from them. All the gods and lesser deities were drawn into the conflict – all, that is, save Suthis Cha. Being blessed with some slight powers of divination, the scaly god had foreseen the coming battle, and seized his chance to slip away unnoticed. So when the battle was at its height, Suthis Cha was on the Earthly Plane, carving and moulding the first Lizard Men from swamp mud and lizard skins. He hid his creations away in the swamplands of Titan, knowing they would be safe there, out of sight of the other gods and their own creations, and returned to the Outer Planes. Upon returning he encountered the tiny mouse god, Karreep, cowering with fright in a quiet corner of the Halls of the Gods. There was no one else around, so Suthis Cha gave in to temptation and did something he had been desperately wanting to do for many a long aeon – he ate Karreep. The mouse god was, however, a god, and fought back with all his might. Suthis Cha choked to death (in so far as a god can die – he transmuted), as the small furry thing grew and stuck in his throat, before hopping out as the scaly deity crashed to the marble floor of the Halls of the Gods.

The Lizard Men thrived in the swamplands, and quickly became even more cunning than their four-legged relations. Without a god, however, they were disorganized and unambitious, preferring simply to swim about their marshy domains, hunt smaller beings, climb trees, sun themselves and generally have a lazy time of it. As the Dark Lords recovered from their exile in the aftermath of the First Battle, however, one noticed the scaly little things which ran around in the swamps and jungles of Titan, and asked the Snake Demon Ishtra to investigate. The crafty Demon Prince did more than that – he appeared to the Lizard Men while they were gathering for their regular midsummer's eve spawning, as a gigantic Lizard Man, spitting fire and wielding a flaming sword against the setting sun. The Lizard Men abased themselves before him, and they have worshipped his unholy form from that moment on. In time, various other gods and deities were introduced into Lizard Man culture by their powerful priests, including Myurr, another Demon Prince, and numerous lesser Demons and reptilian gods. Ishtra also brought the taint of Chaos to the race, initially to create the powerful two-headed priests who would act as his focus for ruling over the Lizard Man race – but this also brought the curse of mutation to ordinary Lizard Men.

THE LIASH CHA

Not all two-headed Lizard Men are priests, but all Lizard Man priests have two heads. They are an élite class among the Lizard Men, known properly as the Liash Cha, and they have the power to do almost anything they wish. They dress in particular ways (they are the only Lizard Men allowed to wear the sacred colour red, for example), have their own language and are the only Lizard Men able to write. The centre for the priesthood is the Temple to Ishtra, in the centre of the Silur Cha swamplands, about fifteen leagues away from the capital city, Silur Cha. Part monastery and part astronomical observatory, it is home to several thousand two-headed priests and their servants, who spend all their time in performing rituals, sacrifices, prayers and other unholy duties. The priests have collected a great store of knowledge over the centuries, much of it unknown to civilized man, for they have peculiarly logical, unemotional minds which seem able to grasp some philosophical questions much better than men or Elves can. Their observatories are sophisticated to a degree unheard of in civilized lands, and they have learnt much about the universe and its workings.

On the other hand, their cold, calculating, unemotional natures make them cruel and violent, for they have no feelings for other creatures, or even other members of their own race. The Liash Cha believe, above all things, in the purity of their race, which they have been taught (by Ishtra) to consider the high point of all of Nature's creations. They despise the mutant Lizard Men as a result, and sacrifice many to the gods to appease them, and to try to persuade them to stop the curse of Chaos. Living sacrifices are common, and many of their captives suffer this fate.

THE LIZARD KINGS

Although the priests run the religious side of the Lizard Men's life, the politics are cared for by the Lizard Kings. Each tribe is ruled over by a Lizard King, and they in turn pay fealty to the Council of Thirteen, who sit in Silur Cha, the Lizard Men's capital in the southern swamplands of Allansia. The Lizard Kings may once have belonged to the same species, but now they are a distinct race, being much larger and stronger, and with greater mental powers – though they will never match those of the Liash Cha. It is believed that they are telepathic, able to keep in touch with all other members of their race by thought alone, though the extent of this communication is not known. Lizard Kings also seem to have some form of empathic hold over their people, for when a Lizard King is killed on the field of battle, his troops immediately become confused and disorientated, as if they were suddenly being released from hypnosis in a strange, unfamiliar place. Whatever the truth of this, the Lizard Kings do hold the ordinary Lizard Men in their scaly grip, and have the power of life and death over the entire Lizard Man Empire.

The Council of Thirteen is led by the High King, the Luk Ten Cha, who is widely believed to be a physical embodiment of their gods, sent to the Earthly Plane to watch over the Lizard Men. When he dies (Lizard Kings live to around 130 years, almost twice the span of normal Lizard Men), it is believed that he is reborn that same instant, as his life-force passes into a newborn Lizard Man freshly hatched in the egg chambers of the palace. When the new child reaches thirteen years old, he is brought before the Liash Cha, who perform the Ritual of Remembering, during the course of which the Luk Ten Cha slowly begins to remember all his past lives, and all his past knowledge, and is then ready to take his place as ruler of the Lizard Man Empire once more. In the intervening thirteen years, each member of the Council in turn rules the land for a year.

LIZARD MAN LANGUAGE

Lizard Men use a very strange language, where every slight inflection of the voice, wave of a hand, or position of a tail means something completely different. The word 'Cha', for example, can mean 'us', 'we', 'him', 'I', 'Lizard Men', 'religious', 'good', 'beautiful', 'swampy', 'delicious' and 'to give orders'. Owing to their swampland habitat, Lizard Men have over a hundred names for different conditions of the swamp, and they can recognize a great many different types of grass and tree which all look identical to us humans.

The Liash Cha have their own language, which deals almost exclusively with high-powered religious and philosophical arguments. They are almost unable to carry on a normal conversation in it, though they rarely indulge in everyday small talk anyway.

SILUR CHA, THE LIZARD MAN CITY

The High King, the Luk Ten Cha, dwells in a gigantic towering palace at the very centre of the bizarre city of Silur Cha, which itself is right at the centre of the Lizard Man Empire, in the southern swamplands of Allansia. Silur Cha has been built out over the swamps, and much of it rests upon wooden platforms, with only the most important buildings having stone foundations (usually created by magically transmuting the mud of the quagmire into solid rock, a process which requires a great many spells and innumerable sacrifices). The Lizard Men have other fortifications and other cities dotted around their Empire, but Silur Cha is the crowning glory of all of them. It has taken several thousand years to reach its present form, and it is being added to all the time, as the Lizard Men's power grows ever stronger.

Silur Cha is a maze of temples, dwellings, open wooden walkways (both on the surface and way up in the sky), towers, barracks, wide squares, pools and streams, all cut out of the swampland itself. Everywhere is decorated with carvings of Lizard Men, their gods, history and battles. Silur Cha is situated on a great U-shaped curve in the nameless river which waters the swamplands. The Lizard Men are not used to being sailors, but their strangely proportioned and bizarrely decorated boats regularly ply up and down the jungle and swampland rivers which they control, and can occasionally be seen out at sea, ferrying supplies to one of their outlying colonies. On a few occasions, way back before the War of the Wizards, the Lizard Men actually fought sea-battles against other nations, though there are now few nations with fleets strong enough to fight such battles.

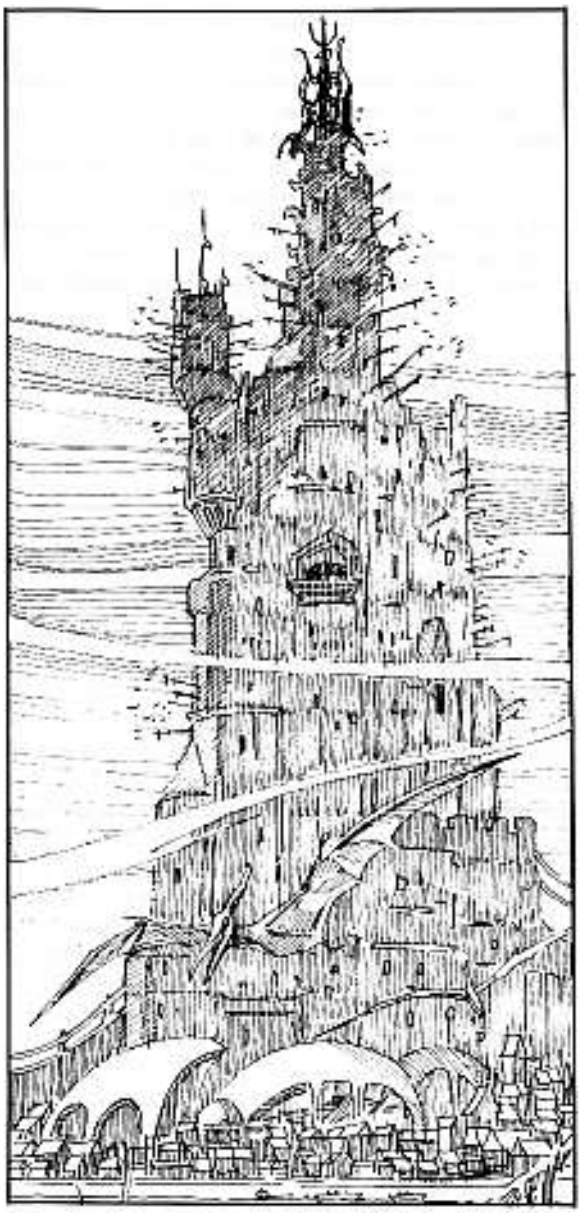

LIZARD MAN SOCIETY

At the top of Lizard Man society, we know there are the Lizard Kings and the Liash Cha, the two-headed priests. But what of the regular Lizard Men? Most dwell in tribes, which are subdivided into families. Each tribe has its own area, as well as its own peculiarities of dress, language, weapons and so on. Lizard Men often paint their bodies with markings which distinguish them from other tribes, and they also use scars and cuts on their bodies for the same purpose. The tribes are each ruled by a Lizard King, who usually lives in some splendour at the heart of the tribal territory, taking tributes in the form of servants, food and goods from his people.

A typical Lizard Man family is made up of between ten and thirty creatures, who all dwell in the same area of the swamp. Their houses come in many different shapes and constructions. In the heart of the swamps, they may be wooden cabins perched on legs sunk deep into the sludge, or tree-houses with carefully woven rope bridges linking wooden platforms. On more solid land, Lizard Men are likely to live in huts, which are made of mud and branches, and are huddled against one another to create a low, sprawling building with lots of small rooms.

Many Lizard Men (especially females and adolescents) spend their days hunting for food in the swamplands, using snares, spears and even their teeth and brute strength to catch food for the family. Some pursue crafts, such as vine-weaving, carpentry or weapon-making, while others teach the younger members of the tribe the rudiments of hunting and other skills. In the cities and towns, and especially in Silur Cha, there are traders, slave-masters, metal-workers and other craftsmen, just as in a human city, though there are differences. Lizard Men have little need for fire – they live in very warm climates, eat all their food without cooking it, and can see in the dark – and it is only really used for smelting metal and at ceremonial occasions. The priests, however, delight in using fire, for they know the effect it has on others.

Many Lizard Men are enlisted into the armies of the Lizard Man Empire, serving their kings for the greater glory of the Lizard Man race in many parts of the southern lands. Indeed, for mutated Lizard Men, the army is the only choice open for them, for they are not allowed to join tribes and are never allowed into a city like Silur Cha without special permission or as part of a serving battalion. They are outcasts from the whole of society, and are 'encouraged' to serve in the army, where good use is made of their prodigious strength.

ARMY AND EMPIRE

A Lizard Man fighting unit may consist of between six and thirty soldiers. Each unit belongs to an informal regiment of up to a thousand warriors, commanded ultimately by a Lizard King through a succession of captains. There are always a dozen or so Liash Cha assigned to a regiment too, for the spiritual welfare of the troops is an important factor in driving them to victory against the unclean humans.

Different units are assigned different tasks in battle. There might be a death-squad of mutants, who will lead the force into the fray, driven by an insane frenzy which is itself sometimes enough to rout their opponents and send them fleeing from the field of combat. The 'sappers' are adept at destroying city walls and gates by using battering-rams, catapults and the pulling power of Giant Lizards, and sometimes very delicate magical explosives are administered by a priest. There are also cavalry units, mounted on Giant Lizards and semi-tame Dinosaurs like Styracosaurs. There have been reports from the Siege of Vymorna that some Lizard Man units have managed to tame Pterodactyls and Pteranodons, to create terrifying units! Even if this is not true, it is surely only a matter of time before they do develop such tactics. The Lizard Man armies are strong and well trained, and are easily a match for any human army.

The Lizard Man which Ar-Kalagôn of Kaynlesh-Ma captured was a soldier, serving with a regiment called the Kreashian Kux Cha, or 'the Divine Gougers of Whiteskin's Eyes'. He saw service at various battles, including the Siege of Vymorna, which is still continuing. The regiment was made up as follows:

Commander:	The Divine Lizard King, Yurnik Eerin Cha
Royal guard:	26 Lizard Men, the Divine Slaughterers, together with 8 standard-bearers, heralds and messengers
War-priests:	13 two-headed priests, the Divine Vengeance of Ishtra
Shock troops:	266 mutant Lizard Men, the Divine Scar of Chaos
Cavalry:	130 mounted Lizard Men, half on Giant Lizards, half on Styracosaurs, the Divine Mounted Death-bringers
Regulars:	1,326 Lizard Men, divided into 58 units of between 7 and 28 troops, known by many names but collectively as the Divine Gougers Who Shall Bring Death to All
Sappers:	125 Lizard Men, the Divine Cataclysm of Stone
Others:	138 servants, baggage-handlers, food-foragers, etc.

The Lizard Man Empire stretches over much of the southern lands of Allansia, from the edges of the (thankfully impassable) Mountains of Grief in the far south, across the whole of the immense swamplands as far as the edges of the Plain of Bones, and north as far as the Vymorn River and the city of Vymorna, which is still – just – held by humans. Across the other side of the Gulf of Shamuz, the Lizard Men control all the jungle lands from the Snakelands to the edges of Arantis. They have outposts as far north as Fire Island (though this is thought to have fallen recently, as no word has been sent by its commander for some time now), as well as dotted along the Skull Coast and the wastelands north of the Pirate Coast. There are also outposts on Khul, though they are much less important to the Empire, being smaller and less organized, and situated in rather desolate areas such as the Scythera Desert and the jungles beyond Marad across the Inland Sea.

THE SIEGE OF VYMORNA

For six years now, the combined forces of magic, explosives, battering-rams and sheer weight of numbers have been slamming against the walls of the ancient city on the mouth of the Vymorn River. It was once an important focus at the northern end of the Gulf of Shamuz, with traders coming from as far away as Salamonis in the far north. It used to have a population approaching 100,000 people, but they have been reduced to little more than a twentieth of that over the six years that the siege has lasted. The king of Vymorna, Alexandros II, died in a massive assault which breached the penultimate wall last year, and the troops are now led by his wife, Queen Perriel, who fights on the walls with the troops. The people know Vymorna must fall, but they fight on, hoping in their hearts that they will buy time for the other cities to prepare their own defences against the sieges to come.

Dark Elves – Servants of the Night

You know, adventurer, of the great friendship which Elves can give you on your travels around Titan. But not all Elves, it must be said, are on the same side. We made slight reference to the Dark Elves earlier; now we will examine them more closely. Information on the Dark Elves is limited, for they are a proud, secretive and above all very perilous race, and are not prone to allowing sages and scholars to wander around their underground domains, even for academic research! What little we know of the ways of the Dark Elves has been gleaned from human and Dwarf slaves who have escaped from their subterranean prisons.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Way, way back at the beginning of the first age of life on Titan, after the First Battle, when the gods departed to take their places in the heavens, the world was populated by several major races. There were the short-lived, youthful humans, the stout, inquisitive Dwarfs and the graceful, spiritual Elves. As you learnt from our previous treatise on the good Elves, the race grew in power and learning, bringing unity and lore to many parts of Titan. Elves were the elders of the world, the wise rulers and the advisers. They kept themselves pretty much to themselves, living in their forest villages and palaces, but occasionally ventured out into the world to give aid where it was needed. Their numbers were never very great, for their near-immortality is balanced by a lack of children, but their race thrived far more than any other at that time.

Some Elves, however, became disenchanted by the neutral attitude of the Elven peoples. They believed that since the Elves were the wisest, the longest-lived, the most skilled and the strongest of all races, they

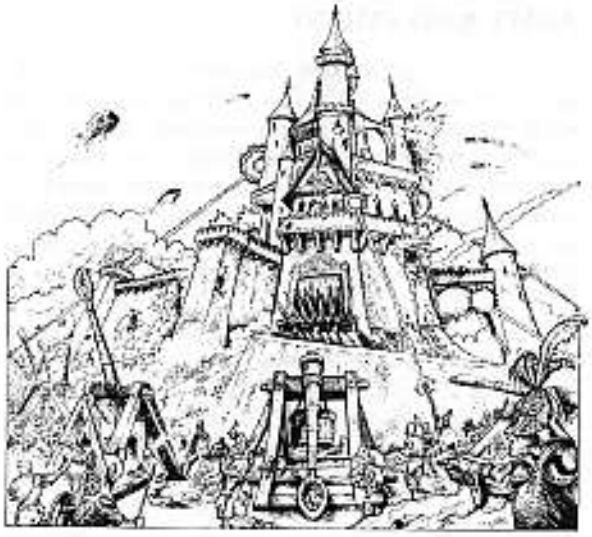

were natural candidates for being the lords and masters of all the other races. In the unceasing conflicts with Orcs, Goblins and other servants of Chaos, they felt that they should be the leaders, the generals and commanders of an army which could then be organized to cleanse the vileness from the face of the land. The Elven Council did not agree to such demands, however, and persisted in upholding the non-committal stance taken by all Elves since long before the rise of Orcs and their ilk.

The leader of one of the Elven clans, Prince Viridel Kerithrion, was the most vociferous of all those arguing for greater power and strength. A brave and noble warrior, he had proved himself a hero in many engagements against the Forces of Evil. As a result, he was respected by the majority of the Council, though some feared his rather active nature; it is not normally the way of Elves to get physically involved in the petty struggles of lesser mortals, except by offering advice and some token assistance. Elves know that they will still be walking the world when all wars have been forgotten, and it makes them wary of offering physical aid in the manner adopted by Prince Kerithrion.

Unknown to Elves outside his own clan, however, Viridel was an acolyte of Slangg, god of malice, who was known to the Elves as Ar Anwar Gerithan, 'Grey Whisperer of Shadows'. The god had been worshipped since the Time of Legends by Elves who wished to learn more about the transient ways of humans and other short-lived races. Ar Anwar Gerithan was considered, by those Elves who studied him, to be the embodiment of the human spirit – malicious, petty, vengeful and violent. As an acolyte of Ar Anwar Gerithan, it is not surprising that Prince Kerithrion had as much interest in the affairs of humans as in those of the Elves.

Finally the Elven prince could no longer stand back and condone the non-committal stance taken by the Elves. Gathering together all the warriors of his clan, and of the other clans who thought much the same as he did, Kerithrion marched on the Elven Council, which at the time was based in a large citadel on the edge of what is now the Flatlands, and after slaughtering over two dozen other clan leaders he and his rebels seized power over the Elven nations.

THE MAJOR CLANS OF TÎRANDUIL KELTHAS

Tesarnth. Symbol:
black beetle's head on silver diamond. Main areas of control: insect-farming, food-preparation, clearance of land for farming, food-transportation.

Mirisgroth. Symbol:
green gemstone on narrow black bar. Main areas of control: mining, metal-working and smelting.

Camarnegar. Symbol:
octagon-shaped white skull. Main areas of control: slave-procurement (surface raids), security, assassination, the royal guard.

Kerithrion. Symbol:
silver dagger and crown. Main areas of control: the ruling family.

Unluckily, he had missed the Council's leaders, including King Glorien Thelemas and his sons, and most of the stronger clan princes too. Thelemas's queen, Ariel Aurlindol, had the power of divining the future, and in a dream the night before, she had seen Kerithrion's forces marching on the Council. There was no time to warn the rest, but she persuaded the king and his family to be absent on that fateful day.

Reaction to Kerithrion's take-over was not long in coming, and within three days a massive Elven army was camped around the palace of the Council. For nineteen days they fought with the rebels, pounding the walls to dust with catapults and powerful sorcery, but on the twentieth a trio of Viridel's captains marched out of the ruins waving the green banners of truce, and asking to talk terms. They were accepted, and were brought before King Thelemas. While the peace talks were continuing in the king's tent, however, the rest of the rebel forces slipped away through tunnels they had been building for the last seventeen days (for they had quickly realized they could not hope to win against the united Elven armies, regardless of how long they held on to their well-defended position). The parleying captains dragged out the talks until after sunset, before agreeing to return to their own side and deliver Thelemas's orders for the surrender and then lead out all the rebels. The captains returned to the palace, their way picked out by hundreds of blazing torches which the defenders appeared to have lit for them. The king's forces waited until dawn, but neither the captains nor Kerithrion and the rest of the rebels appeared. Attacks recommenced, but it was soon obvious that the rebels had fled.

They retreated only as far as Kerithrion's native lands, however, where they attempted to declare an independent nation. In an unusually swift move for an Elf, Thelemas ordered his armies into Kerithrion's lands. Many battles and skirmishes followed, before the rebel Elves retreated into the mountains (in a western area of the highlands now known as the Moonstone Hills), and from there underground, taking over an all-but-abandoned Dwarf city which Kerithrion had earmarked as a final bolt-hole in case all his plans came to naught. The rebel Elves sealed the way behind them, and the king gave up the chase. The Council palace was pulled down stone by stone, and a new one constructed many leagues distant. The rebels passed quickly from the memories of the Elves, their actions were never recorded in the histories, and with the start of the first of the Orc Wars soon after, the Elven nations were far too occupied in defending their precious forests.

THE UNDERGROUND CITIES

In the darkness underground, the rebels thrived far better than anyone could have known. They explored every inch of their lightless domain, and began to adapt to life without sunlight. Necessity made them learn quickly: they discovered how to grow fungus and moss for food, and how to breed lizards and giant insects. They learnt how to work rock, and expanded westward until they chanced upon a series of natural caverns deep under Darkwood Forest in what is now north-western Allansia. Over the centuries they grew strong again, but they changed too, slowly turning in their isolation into true creatures of darkness. Their worship of Ar Anwar Gerithan grew stronger still, but they also picked up other deities – perilous beings such as the Demon Prince Myurr, and many others. They changed from creatures of light and truth and beauty into a sickeningly decadent race of ghoulish Demon-worshippers – the Dark Elves.

Now they dwell under Darkwood, and there are small underground colonies in other parts of Allansia as well. Recent rumours tell of a Dark Elf scouting party being seen in north-eastern Khul, though what they were doing there, so far from home, is anyone's guess. The Wood Elves know of them again now, for the Darkside Elves continue to send small raiding parties against their surface-dwelling brethren, whom they hate with every fibre of their being. To the Wood Elves, they are no better than Orcs or other trash, and they give no quarter to any they encounter.

Their city is called Darkside, known as Tiranduil Kelthas to its inhabitants, and it is a wondrous place. It is built in an enormous natural cavern, lit only by the dim glow of phosphorescent plants and fungus and glimmering lanterns. When the Dark Elves first started to construct it, they began by using traditional Elven architecture, but gradually the styles changed, and it is now a bizarre, twisted place, with towers and walls jutting out at many different levels, and decorated everywhere with insane carvings of the city's adopted demonic patrons. Linked to the outside world by a succession of maze-like passages, each blocked by gigantic carved stone doors and guarded by many Dark Elves of the sinister Clan Camcarneyar, it is a fascinating and terrible place, a city of shadows and Demons, of slaves and dark magic. Alleys twist and wind between the weirdly shaped houses; squares may be surrounded by walls so that no one can enter them; nightmarish parks and gardens glimmer in the light of caged fireflies, while giant beetles scuttle in the mossy undergrowth. At the very centre of Tiranduil Kelthas there is the Palace of Kerithrion, the Aiù Lindàlé Kerithrion, named after the city's founder, and after the clan which still rules over the city. Built out of black crystal, it towers over the city like the Grim Reaper, as if watching its citizens like a vulture waiting for a dying creature to breathe its last.

Life in Darkside is very different from that of the Wood Elves in the forests above ground. In their subterranean city the Dark Elves have developed their own, highly intricate society, based on the original rebel clans, which are now led by sorcerer-kings and witch-queens rather than by warrior-princes. All Dark Elves belong to a particular clan, which acts as an extended family. Each clan has its own name, symbols, badges of office, headquarters, and area of the city, where its rules are law, and where members of other clans require specific permission to walk. Many have their own special languages and signs, which allow members to recognize one another without the need for symbols; all worship their own special demonic patrons. Clan rivalries are great, and there are always intrigues afoot at the highest levels of Dark Elf society as each clan tries to wrest some small fraction of power from the others. Rivalries between the clans regularly lead to assassinations, arson and in some cases full-scale slaughter, which usually only stops when the terrifying Clan Camcarneyar step in. They are never allied to anyone, for all fear them; they are ultimately loyal only to the continuation of the Dark Elf race, and the city of Tiranduil Kelthas.

A RACE OF PRINCES

While there are some paupers among the citizens of Tiranduil Kelthas, as there are in all cities, most Dark Elves live very comfortable lives. The great wealth extracted from the earth by the slaves in the silver and copper mines has meant that money means little to Dark Elves, and all but the very poorest of them are weighed down with masses of silver – around their necks, wrists and ankles, wound into their hair, woven into their clothes, engraved into their weapons, painted in traceries on their skin and so on. Every Elf in Darkside is related to the nobility in some way, and all Dark Elves have a regal air, especially the women. Dark Elf women have an unearthly beauty, far greater than that of any human, with their velvet black skin, white or silver hair and totally green eyes; and their beauty is greatly enhanced by the bizarre fashions in clothing and decoration which have developed over centuries in complete isolation from those of the outside world. The whole atmosphere of Darkside and its citizens is simultaneously similar and dissimilar to the world above ground, with the result that it is faintly disorientating and disturbing, to anyone who is not a Dark Elf.

Elven noble society is very competitive, with the fairest witch-queens of Darkside competing against

one another at every opportunity. Lavish banquets of rare fungus and potent moss-wines are common, with everyone present attempting to score points off one another with acts of disdain, bitchiness and even violence. Despite their terribly regal bearing, all Dark Elves have a streak of pure evil running through their characters, which on occasion makes them very nasty.

TRADE AND SLAVERY

The merchants of Darkside have more power than their counterparts in surface towns, for the procurement of food, energy, slaves and precious metals requires careful planning and organization in the artificial environment of the underground city. While Dark Elves are feared by all races (for they will make a slave of just about anyone, if they can), they do trade with some Orc and Hill Troll tribes, giving silver and gems in exchange for human and Dwarf slaves, new giant insects and manufactured items. Dark Elf merchants meet with Orcs once every month or so, bringing their goods on the backs of tamed Giant Lizards and massive spiders to neutral caverns near the surface, where all exchanges are made.

Slaves are also very important to the running of the cities, for the Dark Elves are continually expanding their caverns and mining for more precious metals and gems. Slaves are usually taken in raids on the surface, though some are exchanged during trade with other evil races. Humans are most common, for they are the easiest to obtain, but Dwarfs are the most popular, because of their hardy nature (which can take all the regular beatings the Dark Elves inflict upon their captives) and because they know how to work rock and find the best seams of metal. Orcs, Trolls and Goblins are sometimes used for the most menial tasks, but they are weak, spiritless creatures, and the Dark Elves often kill them before their time out of frustration.

Tirandail Kelthas – the Dark Elf City

Elves are never kept as slaves. Those who do not die in the initial encounter (since Dark Elves inspire Wood Elves to amazing acts of suicidal fury) or who are not slaughtered immediately after, are commandeered by the sorcerers and witches for eventual sacrifice in one of their horrific rites, though most will be tortured interminably until this happens. Despite their mutilations and deprivations, Wood Elves have never been known to utter a single word to their Dark Elf captors, nor even to cry out in pain, and the Dark Elves have never learnt anything from their Elven captives.

RAIDING THE SURFACE WORLD

Slaves are exchanged for silver and gems with the Orcs and Hill Trolls, and captured in raids on the surface. Such raids are usually carried out by members of the Clan Camcarneyar, who creep about the darkened forests at night in raiding parties of not more than eight, hidden by black cloaks and clothing, and by protective magic which shields them even from the heightened senses of animals. They usually pick upon isolated farmsteads or small hamlets, where they know they will not be opposed by more than a dozen humans or Dwarfs, and always wait until the moon has set before attacking.

They first spread out around the target, and then cast a blanket of spells to stop them being detected by farm animals, who might wake the inhabitants. Flaming arrows on to the roof launch the attack, and are followed by a full-scale assault on all sides as the Dark Elves break in through windows and doors, dispose of any resistance with their long, jagged knives, and drag their captives off into the night. The raiders of the Clan Camcarneyar prowl the surface world most nights, ranging further and further afield in their search for victims.

SORCERER-KINGS AND WITCH-QUEENS – THE SHAËRN KERITHRION

The highest of all Dark Elves are the clan leaders, and the highest of all clan leaders are those of Clan Kerithrion, who govern the city as its royal family and reside in Aiù Lindàlé Kerithrion, the Palace of Kerithrion, at the heart of the dark city. The Clan Kerithrion is headed by a council of five, the Shaërn Kerithrion, who rule partly by common consent, and partly by playing the other members of the circle against one another.

King Eilden Kerithrion. He is the nominal leader of the Clan Kerithrion, and therefore king of Tiranduil Kelthas and ruler of the Dark Elf race. In truth, he is getting very old and weak, and retiring into a paranoid world where everyone around him is a threat to his rule. He trusts no one any more, least of all his sister Velicoma, and he leaves his chambers in Aiù Lindàlé Kerithrion only to attend the most important council meetings. He is an acolyte of the Demon Prince Myurr, whom he contacted by offering up his mother in living sacrifice several centuries previously. Myurr has told him that the throne of Kerithrion is threatened by the flaw of insanity, and Eilden is now waiting for madness to show itself in one of the other four rulers – not realizing that it is he who is the flaw.

Princess Velicoma Endàl Kerithrion. Unlike her brother, whom she plans to kill any day now, Velicoma is in full command of her faculties, and has no illusions about any of the other four. She is the High Priestess of Darkside, and officiates at all important sacrifices. She too serves the Demon Prince Myurr, and it was she who first suggested that they exploit the paranoid side of King Eilden's character. Princess Velicoma is a ruthless, emotionless witch, and most Dark Elves feel afraid of her, without quite knowing why. She appears to be cold and icy, but very efficient and practical, and she deals harshly with foolishness. Around her there is an almost tangible aura of threat, due partly to confident arrogance and partly to pure evil. Should she ever come to power, everyone hopes they will not be the ones she makes examples out of.

Prince Astrëa and Princess Leya Garathrim. Astrëa and Leya are cousins of the king and his evil sister, and they act as a balancing force in the council. They are calm and intelligent, and have little time for Eilden's paranoia and Velicoma's schemings. They are worshippers of Ar Anwar Gerithan (Slangg), but somehow manage to offset his evil teachings with a careful concern for the proper workings of Dark Elf society. If Eilden and Velicoma get caught in a power-struggle against each other, they will be able to take control of Tiranduil Kelthas with the minimum of fuss, for Leya is the wife of Prince Taragûl Camcarneyar, head of the Clan Camcarneyar.

Prince Menel Ithilkir. The hothead of the Shaërn Kerithrion, Menel spends much of his time on surface raids with members of the Clan Camcarneyar and rarely has any time for the workings of Darkside politics. This is a great pity, for he is usually on the same side as the Garathrim, and could help them swing the power of the council towards a lighter, more workable base. As it is, he only attends council meetings when important military actions are being considered, or when an especially bloody sacrifice of a captured Wood Elf nobleman is due to be part of the entertainment. In truth, he is only a member of the Shaërn Kerithrion because he is head of the Ithilkir branch of the clan, following the recent death of his much stronger mother at the hands of a nameless poisoner; this is widely suspected to be another of Velicoma's little plots, but was in fact the work of Astrëa and Leya.

The five members of the Shaërn Kerithrion live in separate parts of the palace, each protected by armed guards and strong magic 'just in case'. If they *were* ever to unite, the Dark Elves would finally be organized enough to look beyond surviving day to day. They would be able to make plans for a return to the surface world, to face the accursed Wood Elves in full battle at last, and to show them the true meaning of vengeance!

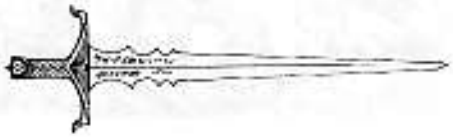

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In the years leading up to the cataclysmic War of the Wizards, the human race was split down the middle, with one side clearly opposed to the other, and with no room for neutral bystanders. Today, 280 years after the collapse, humanity is still struggling to reassert itself, but already there are men who have followed the path of Evil to its extremes. Indeed, there are far too many to detail here; all we can do is concentrate on those who are perhaps the most important, and shake our heads in despair for the many we have had to omit.

Razaak, the Undying One

One hundred years ago, Razaak was an apprentice to one of the Lawful wizards of that era. His master's name is surprisingly not recorded, but he could quite easily have been the Grand Wizard of Yore himself, Vermithrax Moonchaser. He was quite a promising pupil, as apprentices go, though like many he tried to run before he could walk. He was fascinated by what his master told him of the dark magic of shamans, Dark Elves and Demons. Peering through the ancient books in his master's study by the light of a flickering candle while the old man slept, Razaak quickly realized that he had the inner strength to become a powerful necromancer, who would one day be able to command everyone to obey him. Magic was too precious a tool to waste on doing good – he would use it to bring Allansia to its knees.

That very night, Razaak slipped back to his narrow bunk, packed all his worldly goods into a small sack, and left the way of Goodness for ever. He travelled to the remote wastes at the far side of the Flatlands, where he meditated and studied and practised the arcane arts in complete solitude for forty years, until he knew that his powers had become so great that he was a necromancer, capable of bringing the dead back to life to be his slaves! He felt confident, at last, that Allansia would soon be his.

Razaak sent messages to all the nobles of the land, demanding that they acknowledge him as their ultimate ruler. But they had never heard of him, and they ignored his threats as the work of just another lunatic sorcerer. Razaak's response came in the form of thousands of black insects, who brought plague and pestilence to all lands. He sent another message to all the rulers, this time with a deadline: they had until the next full moon to acknowledge his leadership, or things would get even worse. Many warriors were dispatched to slay Razaak, but all died in the attempt.

At last the warrior named simply Kull arrived. He owned a sword which he had found gripped in a skeletal hand projecting out of a mist-veiled lake, high up in the Moonstone Hills, which he was crossing on his raft. It was an enchanted blade, able to cut through the thickest plate-mail without its razor-sharp edge being dulled or notched. The sword had once belonged to Razaak himself, and was the one sword in all of Titan which could harm him! As part of his final pact with the demonic deities who accepted him into their ranks as a necromancer, Razaak had to discard all weapons save only for the sacrificial knives which he consecrated to Evil as part of his initiation. But there was no way of destroying his sword, so he threw it into the lake – from where it rose in the hands of the skeleton! An incredible twist of fate worthy of Logaan the Trickster himself brought the blade back to Razaak in the hands of the now invincible Kull.

But as the blade bit home, Razaak cast his curse upon the warrior. Kull's skin fell from his bones as dust around his feet, and he was transformed into a skeleton, who would wield the sword for ever! The mindless thing that was once Kull returned to the lake where he first found that blessed and accursed sword, and now sails back and forth, awaiting someone to take it from him and release him into death's sleep. Razaak's corpse was sealed in a stone sarcophagus, which was then placed in a deep fissure high in the hills, and the evil necromancer was forgotten. In recent months, however, reports have come through Trolltooth Pass of famine, pestilence and plague drifting across the Flatlands. The sky has become dark and menacing, the sun hidden behind a wall of grey. The source of the Evil has been pinpointed as a fissure in the mountains, blackened by fire and tainted with Chaos ... could Razaak have been disturbed and returned to the Earthly Plane?

Malbordus, the Storm Child

Malbordus is a human sorcerer, a powerful servant of Evil and Chaos whose time is only now beginning to dawn. His name means 'Child of Darkness' in Low Elvish, and it was given to him when he was nine by the Wood Elves of Darkwood Forest. To see the reasons for such a name, we must go all the way back to his birth.

Malbordus was born in a battered, ramshackle hut on the edge of Darkwood Forest in old Allansia, in the middle of the wildest winter for several hundred years. Who his mother was, no one knows, but it is thought she was just a simple peasant crofter. She certainly could not cope with another child, for the infant was abandoned in a snow-drift about half a league into the forest.

That night, black-cowled Dark Elves from Tiranduil Kelthas, the accursed city of Darkside hidden far beneath the surface of the world, were abroad in the forest, worshipping the full moon, Tiriel, with blood-sacrifices and bizarre rituals. One party, flitting quietly across the snow without leaving any trace, heard the child's cries. They found a pathetic, frozen bundle, a human child which screamed at the top of its voice. They took it to their ritual site, and offered him to the Silent Guardian in the sky for his blessing. He was a gift from the heavens, and was to be under Tiriel's protection for ever. After the ritual was done, the Dark Elves slipped away and returned underground to their city.

THE STORM CHILD

They named the child Aëren Tintathel, Storm Child, and reared him in their temple under the protection of the witch-queen Velicoma Kerithrion. As he grew, he was introduced by her to the ways of Myurr, the Demon Prince, and taught the ways of the Dark Elves as if he were one of them. His pale white face and his piercing blue eyes were very strange to the black-skinned Dark Elves. And the raw power of his human soul did not take long to assert itself.

By the time Aëren was seven years old, he was indistinguishable from young Dark Elf children in every way except physically; his skin, which seemed to get whiter as he grew older, marked him out as something special. But unlike the other children, he carried within him an intensity of purpose which was frightening to those to whom he chose to reveal it. He spoke, with deep feelings of hatred and anger, of the surface-dwellers who had left him to die in the snow all those years ago, and talked of a time when he would remind them of their so-called humanity. Such talk had never been heard in the mouth of such a small child before, and Princess Velicoma declared him to be a gift from the gods (though the gods she meant are very different to our own).

A year later, the child's intensity had developed a stage further, and began manifesting itself in spontaneous displays of wild magic. He could snap his fingers and cause plants to wither and die from sheer

hatred. He would gaze deep into the eyes of a Giant Lizard ten times his size, or a wild Elven hound that he found in the street, and the dumb beast would vacantly follow him wherever he went until it died from starvation because the child had forgotten to command it to eat. Aëren was plainly destined to be a great wielder of the ancient magics.

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And so, on a squally winter's evening, a small, black-robed shape skipped lightly from the hidden entrance of the caves which lead down into Tiranduil Kelthas, and disappeared into the shadows of the forest. He did not know where he was going, nor what he was going to do to prove his worthiness, but he knew that the nameless beings which he had felt watching over him for so long would protect him on this night.

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Luck, if that is what it was, was with him that night, for he came, very soon, to an area of thick, tall trees, where the scent was strongest. His Dark Elven night-vision picked out the shape of tree-houses, far above

the ground. The faint sound of laughter floated down to him on the wind, and he knew then that this was the place where his revenge began. Quite by chance the young child had stumbled into the middle of the Wood Elf town of Caëranos, completely bypassing the patrolling guards.

Summoning all the inner strength he could muster, Aëren began to think of fire. Small tongues of warmth, great towering flames, wood glowing with heat, the stench of burning flesh – Aëren thought it all. And the power began to form inside him; all the hate and anger and Evil in him flowed through his mind, where it was converted into thoughts of fire, fire, fire. The first tree caught, bursting aflame in a brilliant flash of light which blinded the small child. But he went on concentrating, letting the real fire feed the flames coursing through his mind. A second tree took, then a third and a fourth. And soon every tree, for as far as Aëren could see, was ablaze, and from the tops of trees, figures leapt to their deaths, their clothes alight with the flames of Aëren's Evil.

The entire tree-top town of Caëranos was alight now, with Wood Elves scurrying everywhere in vain attempts to organize the extinguishing of the fire. But it was already too late – too late for water and too late even for magic. As they ran round in panic, several Elves knocked into the little human child who stood, wrapped in his cloak, staring up at the flames with wide eyes and a happy smile on his face. But they were too busy to take much notice of him then, for their lives were crashing down around their ears.

It was not until much, much later, when the Elves were counting the dead and asking how this could have happened, that the child was remembered. And they asked themselves who he was, this sweet-faced child who had appeared out of nowhere to watch their families and friends die. The Elves looked around for some clue, and they found a small black cloak lying in the ashes of the largest tree. It was made of a strange cloth, and it reeked of a musty smell, as if it had been buried in the earth for a long time, which made the Elves feel nauseous. The Elf who tried to pick it up let out a yelp, for it burned his hand with the intense cold of pure Evil. And then they knew that it was a Dark Elf cloak, and that the mysterious human child was in league with the Dark Elves of accursed Tiranduil Kelthas.

The story of the child who razed the Elf town spread quickly to all parts of the Elf nation, and he was given the name Malbordus, Child of Darkness, and his stature grew and grew in the telling. But far beneath the surface of Darkwood Forest, young Aëren, or Malbordus as even he would soon call himself, was settling down to study the rudiments of the first stage of Dark Elven magic. Since that solitary explosion of his powers, he has not set foot in the outside world again, and his name has been forgotten by all but a few.

But he must be approaching manhood soon, the time when he will have to take his second test of initiation, to allow him to finish his studies of the forbidden lore of Dark Elven magic. And this time he will not be satisfied with burning down a few trees. The next time Malbordus sets foot above ground, all Allansia will know of it.

Shareella, the Snow Witch

In the far frozen north of Allansia, the Icefinger Mountains loom over the ice-bound plains, their craggy peaks pointing accusingly at the sky. In the mountains live wild creatures such as Yeti and Toa-Suo, which prey on the smaller animals of their icy habitat. But in recent years the Icefinger Mountains have also been home to evil inhumans – Orcs, Goblins, Ogres and Trolls – who make sporadic raids on isolated hunting settlements in search of slaves. These foul beings serve the evil sorceress known as the Snow Witch.

This demonic harridan makes her home in an extensive network of carefully guarded caverns known as the Crystal Caves. These fabulous caves were cut from the ice of a glacier high up a mountainside many years ago by the same degenerate creatures which serve her still. What she is doing here, in this frozen land, is not fully understood, but rumours say that she is acclimatizing herself to the powers of ice magic, training herself until she is ready to unleash the cold and bring a new Ice Age to Titan, at which point she will take control.

Until fairly recently, no one knew where the Snow Witch had come from – one moment the mountains were quiet, the next she had arrived, with her army of Orcs and Goblins. But thanks to the indomitable spirit of Harlak Erlisson, an adventurer from Frostholm, we know much more about her, and can even begin to piece together the sorry life which led her to this point. Harlak spent nine months as a slave in her ice-bound caves, being forced to raid and kill human settlements by a magical collar which was welded around his neck, but which did not stop his mind observing and remembering everything he saw. The hardy warrior escaped after his collar was knocked off when he was caught in an avalanche, which killed the other members of his raiding party. He crossed the ice plains to Allansia and freedom, and then to us to report what he had seen and learnt.

The Snow Witch was once human. As a young woman in Zengis, where she was born and grew up, she was known as Shareella. In that far city, women have many important religious and social roles, while the men become soldiers or traders. It seems they believe that women are far more 'spiritual' creatures than the more physical men. However, to reconcile this fact, a sorceress had to wander the barren northern wilderness as a test of her survival skills and will-power. Young Shareella was trained as a sorceress, and for her test was sent to the fringes of the Icefinger Mountains in winter, where she would have to live – without the benefit of fire or shelter or any other comforts – for five weeks.

At first Shareella found the going very hard, for she was used to the warmer climate of more southerly Zengis. But by the end of the second week she was beginning to become acclimatized to the conditions, and started to explore her surroundings. Gradually she wandered higher and higher into the Icefingers, living off snow-deer she caught and killed with her bare hands, but cooked with magical fire. Four weeks

into her test, Shareella was exploring, as usual, when she came to a secluded ravine-cum-valley which she had not seen before. She gazed down into it – and stopped in her tracks! At the far end of the depression was a gigantic statue of a Demon, apparently carved out of solid ice.

But when she approached it, and laid her palm on its surprisingly warm surface, a voice spoke in her head – the voice of the Ice Demon which rested inside the statue. It told her many things about Demons and their works, and about the 'perversions' of Goodness and the 'blasphemies' of Neutrality. And it showed her a vision of the world covered in ice, and her as its omnipotent ruler! Shareella was converted in an instant, and pledged her soul to do everything she could to attain that goal.

Under the tuition of the Ice Demon, she became a necromancer, able to raise up zombies or skeletons from the bodies of the dead to serve her. She was provided with hordes of Orcs and Goblins, who worship the Demon, to build her the Crystal Caverns, where she now resides, hidden within the mountainside by an illusory wall of ice. In their turn, the inhuman races brought her slaves, whom she keeps in order with special magical collars that deliver sharp jolts of pain any time she wishes. Shareella has become twisted by the powers given to her by the Demon, and now she is a Vampire, able to suck the souls from other people's bodies. But all the time she is studying the powers of the ice, and readying herself for the day when the glaciers will creak and then slowly set off to cover all of Titan.

The Demonic Three

Years ago, an aged sorcerer had three pupils, whom he taught in a secluded school of magic. Unlike the Grand Wizard of the Forest of Yore, however, he was a servant of Evil and Chaos, and his three pupils were being trained to be warlocks and necromancers. The coven of this evil wizard, whose given name was Volgera Darkstorm, was hidden among the grassy wastes of the Flatlands, near one of the many ancient circles of standing stones which litter the plains. There the four of them studied all the arcane arts, from sticking pins in voodoo dolls and simple spells for souring milk, to raising the dead and communing with Demons.

The three young apprentices were keen students, and they learnt their horrendous craft quickly, their capacity for evil surprising even the depraved old sorcerer who taught them. They would slip off in the evenings, long after their teacher had retired to his bed, and just for fun sneak up on the camps of horse-nomads under the cover of dark magic which would hide their smell from the sensitive horses. There, in the darkness, they would carefully set magical traps, which would later explode into flame, when from the safety of a clump of spiky bushes the three could watch the nomads desperately rush about, trying to beat out their flaming tents.

These three were named Balthus, Zagor and Zharradan, and their activities were soon to become known across much of Allansia. When they reached the age of seventeen, the trio decided they had had enough of learning, and enough of living out on the Flatlands. They killed their teacher by magic, left him lying in a pool of blood, and sneaked through Trolltooth Pass and into old Allansia. There, in the shadows of Darkwood Forest, they said goodbye, wishing one another the luck of the Dark Lords in serving their aims in the years to come.

Balthus headed south, carefully avoiding the Forest of Yore. The sweet scent of Goodness hung over forest, making the young sorcerer feel sick, but it was quickly past. He did not turn aside when he reached the foothills of the Craggen Heights, but continued trekking into them, walking until he could not progress any higher. There, on the bare mountainside, he slept, but early the next day he reached his goal – the citadel built by his grandfather and now inhabited by his father, both of whom were themselves practitioners of dark magic. Even as his father embraced him, welcoming him back, Balthus slipped a poisoned dagger between his ribs – and the Citadel of Chaos was his! He knew what he had to do. He would gather around him servants of Chaos, Orcs and Goblins – and he would make his own servants too, building them out of other creatures to give him the strongest armies in the land. He would show Zagor and Zharradan how evil he could be!

Zagor, meanwhile, headed north with Zharradan for a while, skirting Darkwood Forest, before the other broke off and headed east into the Moonstone Hills. Zagor travelled for many days, until he came in sight

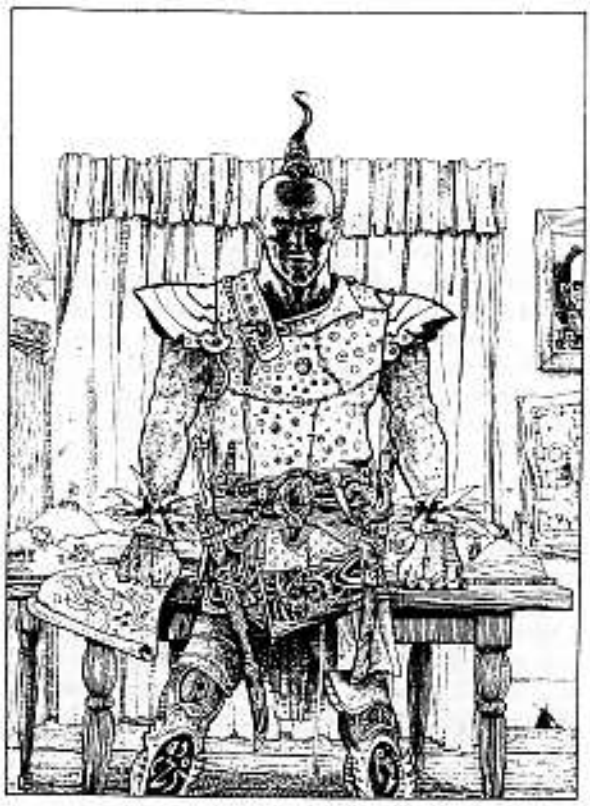

of Firetop Mountain, a peak he had seen in his Demon-sent dreams many a time. Here, he knew, his destiny lay. At that time the legendary caverns underneath the mountain were occupied by Dwarfs, but that soon changed, as the evil Zagor marched in with a strong force of Orcs and foul undead creatures. Some of the Dwarfs fled into the endless maze-like passages and were never caught, but many were killed, providing yet more deathless troops for the necromancer.

Now, many years later, Zagor is lord and master over Firetop Mountain, where he rules over a motley collection of evil servants, guarding the fabulous treasures he stole from the Dwarfs all those years ago. At the other end of settled Allansia, the foul Balthus Dire rules over the Black Tower, a ghastly citadel which perches atop Craggen Rock like an angry finger pointing accusingly at the gods! Within its labyrinthine warrens, mutant creatures – spawned by Balthus in his own laboratories – train in the use of weapons and magic alongside Black Elves and many Orcs and Goblins. They are preparing for war, for their satanic leader plans to use them to invade the Vale of Willow and the ancient city of Salamonis, bringing Chaos and death to that pleasant land as a tribute to Dire's hell-spawned deities.

But what of Zharradan? Well, it is known that he headed east into the Moonstone Hills all those years ago. We can trace his path very well by the little clues he left behind him along the way – a burning Elven village here, a massacred Woodling settlement there and so on. When he came to the heart of the Moonstones, however, he seemed to disappear without leaving any trace. To say he is dangerous is an understatement – if he is alive. It is just conceivable that he has succumbed to the dangers of the world: let us hope so.

Sukumvit and Carnuss

They say there is no bond so strong in this world as brotherly love, but that clearly does not always apply. Once, many years ago, there were two young brothers, the sons of Baron Arkat Charavask, who at that time was ruler of the prosperous northern trading city of Fang. Fang was, and is, the capital of the small but rich province of Chiang Mai, which lies just north of old Allansia. The border with that land is the River Kok, a fast-flowing torrent which brings barges and merchant ships from as far away as the city of Zengis in Kaypong to the north, and from the Western Ocean and beyond the other way. Baron Arkat was exceedingly rich, and his two fine sons wanted for nothing.

But Carnuss was very jealous of his brother; he felt that Sukumvit was getting far too much of his father's attention. Sukumvit, as eldest son, could expect to inherit the rule of Chiang Mai on the death of Baron Charavask, so much of his time was spent in accompanying his father to learn the task of rulership: they were together on state visits, at the court hearing complaints from citizens, hawking or hunting, and on the training-fields where Sukumvit was learning the use of sword and lance.

While this was going on, Carnuss Charavask was being taught a great many very tedious things by the court sorcerer, Zaragan the Wrinkled, who was a very learned, but also very boring teacher. From the room at the top of the ramshackle tower where the wizard lived, Carnuss could see his brother jousting or hunting with the dogs – doing all the things that Carnuss longed to do. But no, he was not destined for such greatness. In his mind, even at that young age, he nurtured a hatred that would last for many decades.

When his elder brother was twenty-one, Baron Arkat died, and Sukumvit was immediately proclaimed Baron of Fang. Carnuss, only a year younger, felt angry that his brother should acquire so much wealth and power just like that, and he plotted to get even. He began mixing with thieves and assassins in the seedy bars in the slum areas of Fang, getting in with a dangerous crowd. He would slump there, every evening, muttering how much he would like to kill his brother. Eventually a few of his 'friends' decided to take him up on the offer – but it would cost him 1,000 Gold Pieces, as the victim would be hard to get close to.

Carnuss, in his youthful stupidity, agreed – but the 'assassins' went straight to Sukumvit and told him of the plot, for they were members of the palace guard whom the Baron had hired to watch over his foolish brother. Carnuss's plottings were publicly exposed, and the young nobleman fled the city in disgrace. He travelled far and wide, but found that as soon as he mentioned his name people would laugh at him. Heading further and further south, he eventually went to live on Blood Island off the desert coast of southern Allansia, where he built a massive castle.

As the years in exile and isolation went by, Lord Carnuss's hatred for his brother festered, until it

turned him quite insane. Sukumvit, meanwhile, was enjoying a long and peaceful reign over Fang, where he was quite well liked by his citizens, despite a tendency towards violence. As a sadistic private hobby, he built Deathtrap Dungeon, a massive underground complex full of deadly creatures and fiendish traps. He offered a prize of 10,000 Gold Pieces to the warrior who could pass through it. When one finally did, Sukumvit's reputation suffered greatly, but he was undeterred, and immediately made plans for a few changes. When he had finally redesigned and rebuilt his 'Trial of Champions', as he called it, he sent messengers to every town and village for tens of leagues around, declaring that no one would *ever* pass through it alive!

Carnuss, brooding in his distant castle, suddenly saw a way of getting even with Sukumvit after all these years. He would find a champion, a warrior and adventurer tough enough to survive all that the Baron's feeble dungeon could throw at him. To this end, he set up the Arena of Death on Blood Island, which is still in use. He uses slaves obtained for him by the notorious pirate and mass murderer Captain 'Skully' Bartella; these slaves are often just normal people who have been 'persuaded' to join the good captain and his scurvy crew on a little sea-cruise. Once they are on the island, Carnuss subjects his trainees to mortal combat in the arena. He is trying to whittle them down to just a single warrior, who will represent him and win the Trial of Champions, but his tests are far too strenuous. When one does survive, however, he plans to send him or her north, to revenge himself on his sadistic brother.

The Archmage

There is far too much that we do not know about the Archmage of Mampang, far too much. We have no record of where he was born, of what nationality he is, nor of who his parents were – if he had any, that is. It is not known who trained him in the rudiments of dark magic, nor where he served his apprenticeship.

Whatever his origins, however, all know of him now, for he is lord and master of the foul citadel of Mampang, where he trains his evil armies of inhuman warriors, and from where he threatens to enslave all of Kakhabad under his rule. When he came to High Xamen, he was already in his late twenties, and the whole area was uninhabited. But he gathered around him all manner of Goblins, Orcs, Trolls and many other unintelligent servants of Evil and Chaos, and began to build what was eventually going to be Mampang, the Citadel of the Archmage.

At first the makeshift camps of the builders were subject to attacks from the Bird Men of the area, the Schinn, who quite understandably did not want any foul sorcerer building his big black citadel in *their* lands. The Archmage made a pretence of wanting to meet and discuss the matter, but when the leaders of the Bird Men arrived to confer with the wizard, he had them killed. He then negotiated with other Bird Men, the traditional enemies of the protesting faction, offering to keep them supplied with gold and jewels in exchange for their help in keeping the Schinn away.

Eventually, after many years of construction, the fortress of Mampang was finished, and the Archmage and his evil servants took up residence. For perhaps thirty or forty years the Archmage continued to study the arcane arts, summoning Demons and making pacts with them in return for greater and greater power, growing ever more proficient in the practice of dark magic.

THE SEVEN SERPENTS

At about this time, ten or fifteen years ago, legend says that the Archmage fought a notable battle. All the while the sorcerer was studying his black sorcery, his foul servants were raiding further and further afield, bringing terror to many isolated settlements in Baddu-Bak and along the banks of near-by Lake Ilklala. But it was while they were exploring caves overlooking Avanti Wood, on the far side of Xamen, that they found the Hydra.

The titanic battle lasted two full days, during which wild magic flashed around the mountain peaks and the Archmage received, apart from severe burns, a deep wound, whose scar apparently runs from his neck to his right knee. But the Hydra was finally dead.

So impressed was the Archmage by the strength and prowess of this formidable foe that he took its seven heads and cast powerful and intricate spells on them. Then, summoning all his necromantic skills, he resurrected them as seven winged serpents! As a cruel joke perhaps, or possibly because he still believed in them at that point, he assigned each snake to one of the gods of the Old World. Glantanka's power was given to the Sun Serpent; Lunara's to the Moon Serpent. Four more serpents were aligned respectively with earth, air, fire and water, and the last was given the power of Chronada, the obscure Kakhabadian god of time. The Seven Serpents serve him still, it is said, bringing information to him from all over the festering lands.

And now rumours say he has the wondrous Crown of Kings, stolen by Bird Men from the king of Analand! We can only shudder to think of the power he can now wield. He will not stop at Kakhabad, you can be sure of that, no matter how unruly it is – the whole of the Old World may not be safe from his plans of conquest, once he has tasted the rotten fruits of tyranny.

Lord Azzur, the Tyrant of Blacksand

Last, but definitely not least, we come full circle to where we started our journeying across Titan, in Port Blacksand, the heart of settled Allansia, the true 'land of adventure'. What a city! More evil even than Kharé, the Cityport of Traps from the wild lands of Kakhabad, it sits at the heart of Allansia like an open sore on a dying leper! Even those who dwell there call it 'the City of Thieves', for it attracts every pirate, brigand, assassin, thief and evil-doer for hundreds of leagues around. Danger lurks in every corner of every street, as the strong prey on the weak, and the weak prey on one another. Over Blacksand, however, rules the biggest thief of them all, the mysterious Lord Azzur.

Azzur has ruled over Port Blacksand for at least thirty years now. He came to power after he wrested control from its previous master, one Baron Valentis, in a subtle take-over of the city which involved poisoning the head of the militia, beheading Valentis's brother, blockading the harbour with pirate ships, and hanging the baron from the highest tower of his palace! As to who Azzur is, however, there are many theories – you will find several in every tavern of an evening – but few know the truth. Except for a few rare occasions, Azzur has kept himself out of view ever since he took over the city, and always works through the black-clad Azzur Guard.

The pirate connection worries many citizens, and some say Azzur is the brother of the famous brigand, Garius of Halak; others even say he *is* Garius of Halak! The fact that his crest shows a boat on a wave-topped sea flanked by the sun and moon, has added great weight to such theories. Extensive research by the great historian, scholar and traveller, Zelakar of Chalannabrad, however, has finally revealed Lord Azzur's true background.

AZZUR'S PAST LIFE

Lord Varek Azzur was born of noble parents in the city of Arion, far, far away from Port Blacksand in the north-eastern corner of Khul. Arion, like all cities, is inhabited by both the good and the bad, the Lawful and the Chaotic. To the young Azzur, the darker side of existence always held the most attraction. He was fascinated by the bizarrely clad worshippers of strange deities such as Kukulak, the Khulian god of storms, whose devotees always went about completely swathed in thick black robes. When he reached the age of sixteen, he sneaked into Kukulak's temple during a mass, and learnt why his worshippers were always dressed so: as part of their initiation, burning brands were applied to their faces and bodies, causing great weals and scars. If the scars formed themselves into Kukulak's runes, the acolyte was accepted; if not, he was taken from the temple and disposed of. Azzur was caught that night, lurking in the shadows at the rear of the temple, after accidentally kicking over a large brass candle-stand. He was given a simple choice – either to take the test of the flame, or to die there and then.

The burns were made, and they formed themselves into Kukulak's runes before the disappointed eyes of the high priest. Azzur was suddenly an initiate of Kukulak, the god of storms! Fearing what his parents would say when they saw his face, Azzur fled Arion on board a merchant's ship bound for Corda. On the way, however, the ship was raided by pirates operating out of the Rockwall Islands, who enslaved the

fitter members of the ship's company and threw the rest to the sharks. The pirate captain (his name and the name of his ship are not known) was intrigued by the black-wrapped boy with the scarred face, and he allowed him to become his cabin boy.

Here Azzur's trail went cold on Zelakar for some time, apart from a number of unconfirmed reports of a brave pirate warrior with a heavily scarred face who served with a captain operating out of the Arrowhead Islands. Nine years after he fled Arion, Varek Azzur turned up in Merluk, the small port on the extreme south-eastern tip of Allansia, in charge of a pirate galley called *The Face of Chaos*. He sailed into the harbour at Merluk flying the skull and crossbones, boarded three ships just making ready to set sail, and quite openly emptied their holds of several thousand Gold Pieces' worth of goods before sailing away again! Azzur had obviously learnt how to make an entrance in his years as a pirate!

Azzur spent the next six years raiding ships along the entire southern coastline, from the Strait of Knives to Kaynlesh-Ma, until he had acquired a fleet of galleys, several hundred fanatically loyal men, and enough money to buy most of the southlands! Instead, however, his attentions turned towards Port Blacksand, which at the time was a small, shabby principality run by the ageing Baron Valentis. Gathering together his forces, he quickly took control of the city, where he has ruled ever since.

PORT BLACKSAND UNDER AZZUR

Azzur's rule has been a harsh one. The city has become a haven for all kinds of evil-doers, and it is no longer safe for an ordinary man to walk the streets – not that most are actually able to, for Azzur has imposed a stringent system of passes. This is enforced by his black-clad town militia, which includes Trolls and Ogres among its number. The passes are expensive, and vary according to what a person wishes to do: one is needed to enter the city, another to leave again; one is required to drink in certain taverns, another to enter a temple, and yet another to trade. It gets quite impossible on the days when the militiamen are sticking to their master's rules and are checking everyone!

Of Lord Azzur the citizens have seen little, and only two people in Port Blacksand have ever seen his face. One is his personal holy man, who brings the wisdom of Kukulak to Azzur once a month; the other is an incredibly over-confident thief, who now rests in pieces in various parts of the city after creeping into Azzur's private chambers one night! Azzur drives everywhere in an ornate golden coach, his face hidden behind darkened windows. If he has to appear in public, which he does rarely, he always dresses in black robes which swathe him completely. The gates of his ugly, elaborate palace are never open to visitors.

The city is, as mentioned right at the start of this volume, built on the ruins of the dockland area of a much older city called Carsepolis. Some of the deeper cellars and sewers lead down into the ruins, which still lie beneath the city, and many tales are told of the

strange beings which haunt them. Every so often people disappear from their beds in the night, leaving only a few scraps of clothing and a smell like a thousand rats. When people hear of another disappearance, they just make the appropriate signs to their gods and point to the ground beneath their feet with a gulp! Occasionally, young adventurers full of bravado (or ale) boast of making a special journey into the ancient ruins to search for treasure, but those who try it rarely return, and none who do speak of what they saw there.

Since Port Blacksand is at the entrance to the Catfish River, right at the centre of settled Allansia, a lot of merchant traffic passes by it, generally in groups escorted by heavily armed galleys in case of piracy. Far fewer dock now than in the past, however, for they know that their wares will be stolen from their holds in the night, or their crews will be replaced by others who will mutiny and take their ships half-way through the voyage. Port Blacksand has an infamous reputation among honest seafarers the length and breadth of the coast, and even some pirates fear to enter it at certain times of the year.

It is a great place for hopeful adventurers, however, who seem to enjoy mixing with the rough and the violent. Many pass through in search of a boat and passage up or down the coast – or even out across the Western Ocean to distant Kakhabad or Analand. The taverns of Port Blacksand are always packed with warriors and would-be magicians, telling tales of their heroics or just sitting listening to those of other adventurers. But you need your wits about you if you are to survive even a single night in the City of Thieves. It is not a place for an inexperienced country boy with designs on being an adventurer. We say again – beware Blacksand!

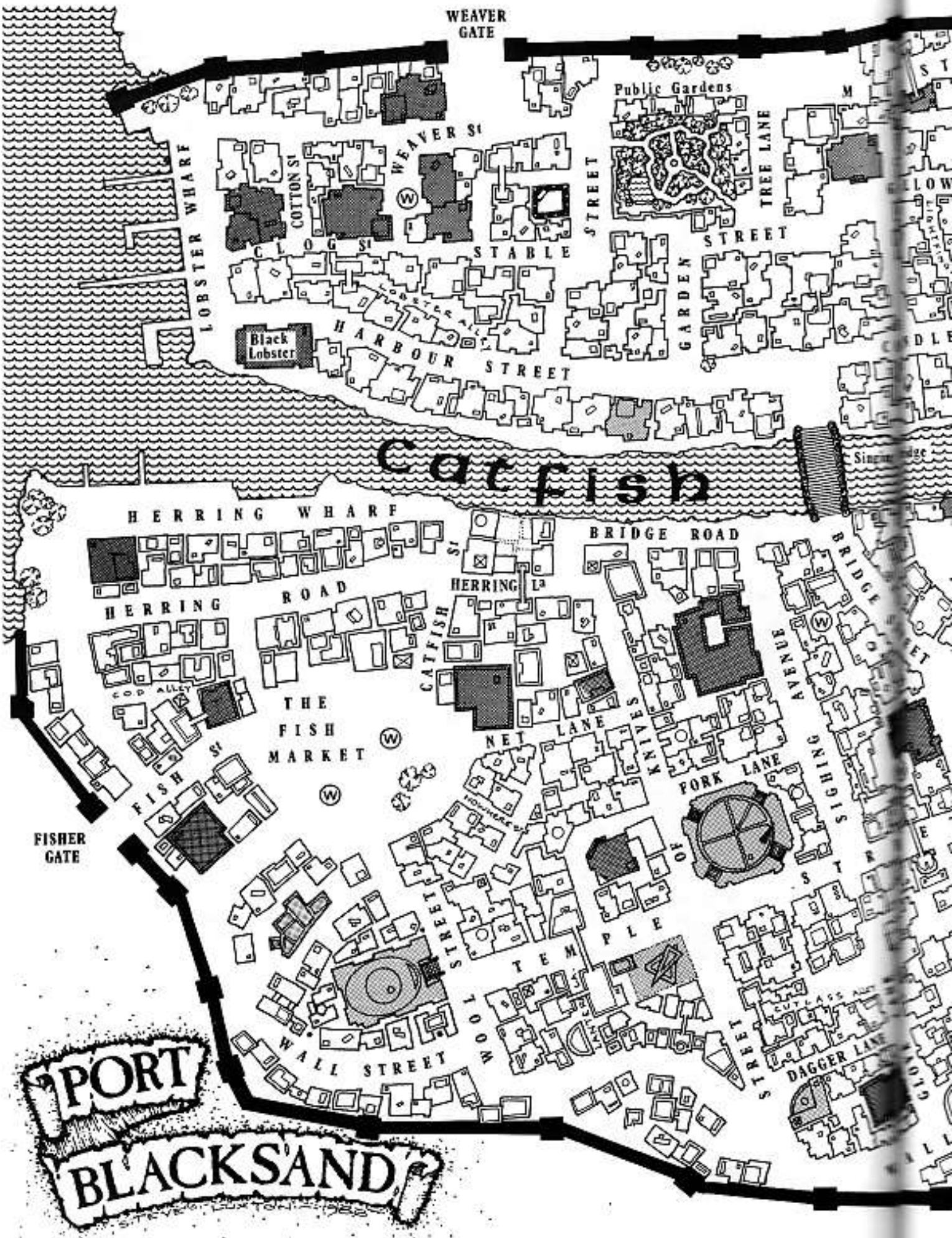
WEAVER GATE
Public Gardens
WEAVER St
COTTON St
CLOG St
LOBSTER WHARF
STABLE STREET
TREE LANE
GARDEN STREET
LOBSTER ALLEY
HARBOUR STREET
Black Lobster
Catfish
HERRING WHARF
BRIDGE ROAD
HERRING ROAD
HERRING La
CATFISH St
COD ALLEY
THE FISH MARKET
FISH St
NET LANE
KNIVES
FORK LANE
AVENUE
BRIDGE
SIGHING
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TEMPLE
STREET
WOOL
WALL STREET
CUTLASS AND DAGGER LANE
PORT BLACKSAND

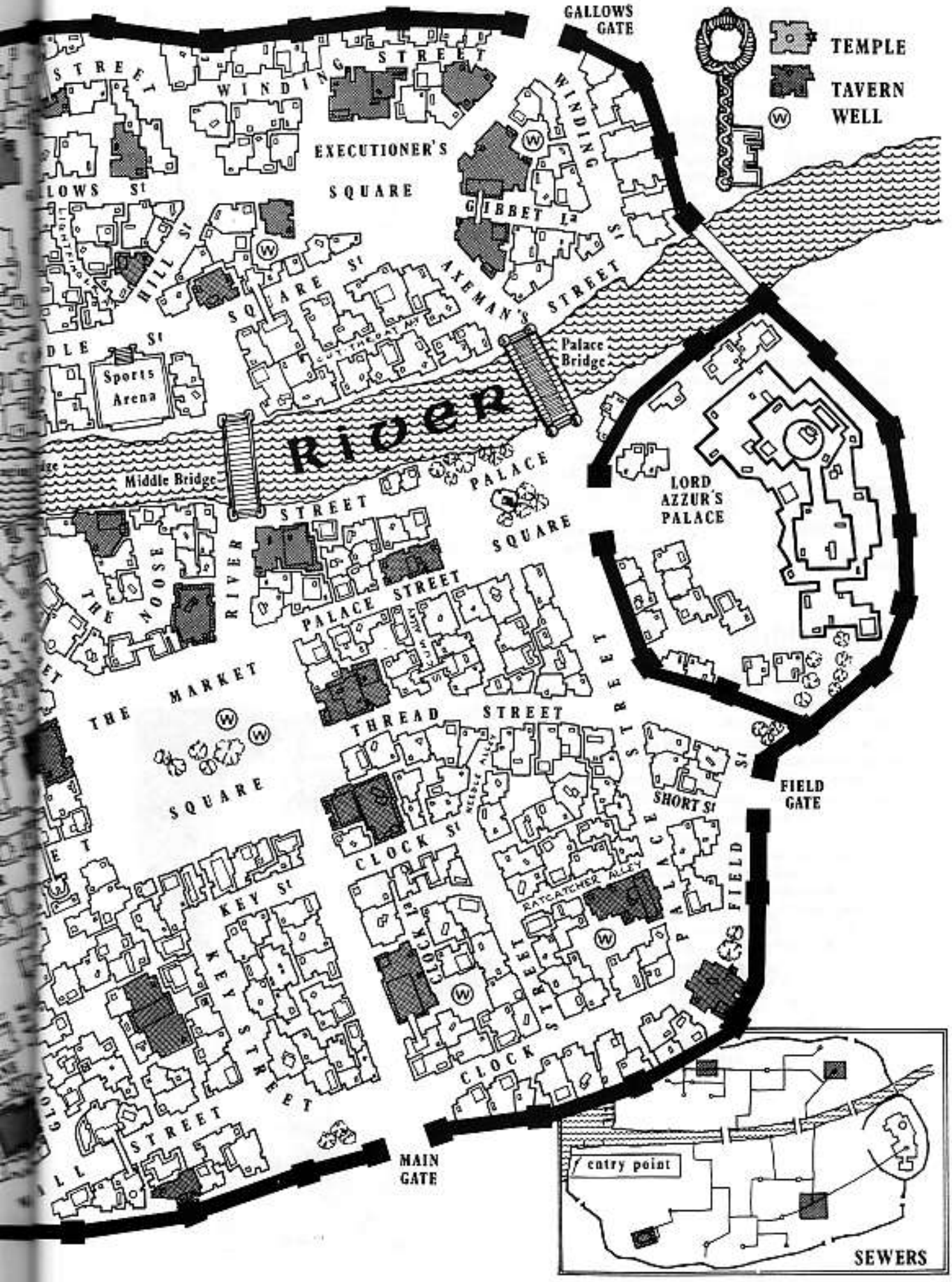
GALLOWS GATE
TEMPLE
TAVERN
WELL
EXECUTIONER'S SQUARE
WINDING STREET
GIBBET La
AXEMAN'S STREET
HILL St
SQUARE St
Sports Arena
Palace Bridge
RIVER
Middle Bridge
PALACE SQUARE
LORD AZZUR'S PALACE
THE NOOSE
RIVER STREET
PALACE STREET
THE MARKET SQUARE
THREAD STREET
SHORT St
FIELD GATE
CLOCK St
RATCATCHER ALLEY
KEY St
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MAIN GATE
entry point
SEWERS

THE UNDERWATER KINGDOMS

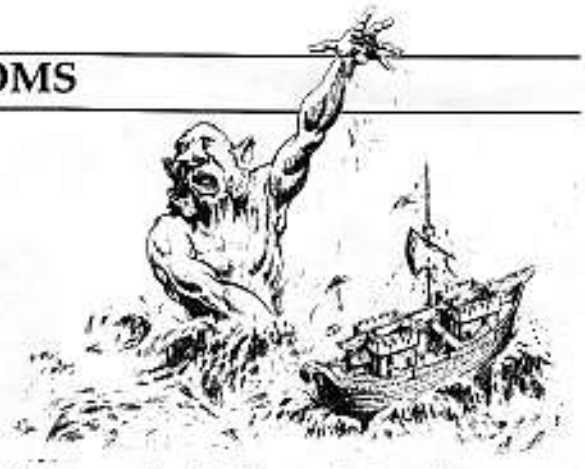

For hundreds, maybe thousands of years, tales have been told of the peoples who dwell 'under the sea'. The most persistent spreaders of such tales have been sailors, of course, who are renowned in all lands for being the biggest liars and exaggerators around! Put a salty old seaman in a run-down dockside tavern, stick a mug of rum in his tattooed hand to go with the dozens he has already quaffed, and he will give you a tale of such monumental catastrophe you will never contemplate going aboard a ship again! Such tales usually revolve around either gigantic sea-monsters which threaten to smash a galley into smithereens with one flick of a tail which has the dimensions of a city wall, or perilously beautiful Mermaids who perch seductively on stray rocks or the backs of passing dolphins and call love-struck look-outs to their doom.

Like most tales, those told of the underwater world are a mixture of half-truths and plain exaggeration. There *are* sea-monsters, and there *are* Mermaids, though they may not fit the descriptions you have heard. Moreover, they are far from being the only occupants of the world beneath the waves. Several races live in the oceans of Titan, though how they got there is anyone's guess. Some tell it like this . . .

The Children of Hydana

During the age of the earth before Time had been released by Death, and when the shape of the land was very different to what it is today, Hydana (the name the people of the Old World give the god of the waters) lived alone in a great palace at the bottom of the ocean. He was utterly captivated by the beauty of the sea and all the creatures which dwelt in it, and spent his time swimming in the depths observing all its wonders. But in time he became bored, for few of his brothers and sisters visited him (being too busy, for the most part, in fighting one another) and he wished for more sophisticated pleasures than merely playing with a few fish. Hydana had heard that his fellow gods had started to create their own beings, strange creatures which walked on two legs and had intelligence of sorts, and soon he saw some 'men', when they took their first tentative steps into the waters of their planet to swim and fish.

Hydana saw his chance. He captured a boat full of 'men' and 'women', and drew them beneath the waves to observe them; but he was dismayed to find that they wriggled a while, but then lay still, and would not move again, no matter how hard he shook them. He tried this several times, before it dawned on him that the bubbles the things released when held underwater were what they breathed to keep alive on the land. Next time he captured a boat, therefore, he changed the lungs of his 'guests' into gills, so that they could join him in his wondrous world beneath the sea. At first, of course, the humans were terrified, but Hydana continued adding to their numbers, and in time they began to enjoy their new life under the waves with Hydana, and built their own towns and cities, and farmed seaweed and other crops. The god continued adding to his stock of 'little people', and soon had brought other beings such as Elves, Trolls and Giants to join the humans.

Hydana, however, was caught up in the First Battle against Death and his cohorts. During the battle he was so sorely injured that he retired to the deepest part of the oceans, from where he rarely emerges now, except at times of great disaster, or when called upon by his fellow gods for some special task – like the drowning of Atlantis, which we will come to in a moment.

The underwater races prospered in the oceans, and lived in small groups dotted around the ocean beds. They made their homes in caves at first, but soon began to build from stone, learning the techniques by examining drowned villages near the coast which had

been submerged by the sea's relentless advance. Their appearance gradually changed, and they turned into the Merfolk – green-skinned and scaly, with a fish-like tail instead of legs. They made friends with dolphins, seals and the other underwater mammals, and would often hunt and play with them; and each species protected the others from the attentions of sharks and sea-serpents. Life was peaceful under the waves, with few of the troubles which were coming to a head for their land-based relations.

THE DIVIDING OF THE RACES

But eventually, when the Forces of Evil began fighting for dominance of the land, their brothers under the waves were called upon to help. Although they had lived for many centuries in perfect peace and harmony with Mermen and Sea Elves, the Sea Trolls moved away and set up their own colonies, shunning the company of the beings which had once been their friends. Because the Mermen and Sea Elves dwelt in the warm, clear waters around the middle of Titan, the rebel races were forced to take the cold and silty northern waters. Petty disputes started over boundaries and who 'owned' particular stretches of the sea – something which had never happened in the underwater world before, though it would be familiar to any land-dweller. They led, inexorably, to war.

At the time of the first conflicts, the Merfolk were divided into four distinct groups, each based in and around a large underwater city in a different part of the ocean. They had no leaders as such, but were watched over by ruling councils of between three and twenty Mermen and Mermaids. And they were totally unprepared for war.

The first engagements came near the smallest of the four cities, called Buwalra in the strange tongue of the underwater people. A tribe of Sea Trolls which dwelt north of the city had gradually been encroaching on Merfolk lands, needlessly killing dolphins and setting sharks loose near by; and then destroying crops while the local inhabitants were distracted. Despite their peaceful nature, the Merfolk could take no more, and sent a delegation to the chief of the Sea Trolls, who was known as Krulliagh Stormtooth. The delegation went in peace, escorted by more dolphins and with Sea Elf observers. Before they could arrive at the craggy plateau-side where the Trolls had their settlement, they were ambushed by a combined force of Trolls, Giants and sharks, and as one they were slaughtered in a frenzy of blood-letting. Their bodies floated slowly back into Buwalra on the current, and messengers were sent to the other three cities, informing them that the citizens of Buwalra were about to declare war on Stormtooth's forces, and asking for aid in their fight.

A strong force of warriors was dispatched and swam with all speed for the city, but several leagues outside Buwalra they met the first Merfolk bodies drifting in the water. By the time they reached the centre of the city, they realized that a terrible massacre had taken place. The central square itself was a mass of writhing sharks, frenziedly chewing away at a large pile of bleeding bodies, the entire population of the city had been slaughtered – apparently without putting up any resistance, for there were few Troll corpses around.

The Massacre of Buwalra, as it has been called to this day, was only the first engagement in the unceasing conflict between Merfolk and Sea Trolls. The Merfolk have become very bitter and battle-hardened, for they are always on the alert for the bulky silhouettes drifting over their reefs, which indicate the presence of another Troll raiding party. The conflict is intense in some parts of the ocean, while an uneasy peace exists in others, but all Merfolk are always on their guard against the Trolls, whom they now call the Sharadrin, or 'Deep Ones'. Buwalra itself has been left empty, as a shrine to those who were so cruelly slaughtered there all those centuries ago. Silt and debris is cleared from its streets and buildings every so often, but the only creatures who live there now are fish.

Merfolk have little to do with land-dwellers, for there are weightier matters which concern them more. Tales are sometimes told of sailors who have been saved from shipwrecks by dolphin-riding 'fish-men', but such occurrences are very rare. Mermaids still lure men into the water, to take them as lovers for a short while, but no one can ever be sure how many men have been lost in this way. Adventurers and curious sages who have perfected magical gills or spells for breathing underwater are greeted cordially, but with some reserve, and their stays have been short.

MERFOLK RAIDING PARTY

This is a typical Merman war-band in the formation they take while out patrolling for sharks or raiding Sea Trolls. At the front, scouts swim with the fastest dolphins and seals, looking out for likely threats. Behind them come the forward guards, riding dolphins or sea-horses, followed by the main band of warriors again riding sea-horses or swimming. The rear is taken up by several more dolphins and seals. All the Mermen are armed with spears and nets.

THE OTHER RACES

Sea Elves are much fewer in number than Merfolk or Deep Ones, and they keep themselves very much to themselves as far as they can. Like their land-bound cousins they can live for many, many centuries, and also like them they have taken on the role of gardeners. They have had few troubles with Sea Trolls, for the latter have learnt to leave them well alone, after a few disastrous attempts at attacking Elven settlements at the start of the conflict.

The Elves have adapted so well to their underwater environment that they are more like fish than humanoids, and are able to swim at great speeds and with great dexterity. It is even thought that they have become colour-changers like chameleons, and can blend in with whatever surface they are passing over (sand, say, or rocks), which allows them to sneak up on prey without being seen. Mermen only use spears, knives and nets, but Sea Elves have perfected the use of small crossbows, which fire sleek darts carved from bone at quite a speed through the water. They have also learnt how to use paralysing poisons taken from scorpion fish, which they smear on their darts and spear-tips.

Sea Elves make their homes in small, well-hidden settlements, camouflaged by forests of kelp and weed and protected by giant spider-crabs and octopi which are enough to warn off most creatures. They are governed by their priests, rather than by chieftains or kings, and their magic is powerful and totally connected with the lore of the sea. Unlike Merfolk, they keep in close contact with their land-based relations, and attend the Elven Councils once a century, residing in large tanks in the council chamber for the duration of the council!

Sea Giants are much like other giants, being massive, slow-moving and solitary beings. They tend to dwell in large caves or crude stone buildings, living alone or, sometimes, with a few pet fish or some other sea creatures such as squid and octopi. They are slow-witted, gentle creatures, who rarely realize how much damage they can do. They are friendly towards Sea Elves, but enjoy the company of Mermen more, for they despise Sea Trolls for the damage they cause, and occasionally help in raids against them. Mermen get very annoyed with Sea Giants, for they tend to go stomping over their prize crops by mistake, but they are always grateful for their help during their constant skirmishes with the scaly green Trolls.

Atlantis, the Sunken City

Such is the general situation beneath the waters of this world's oceans, but what of Atlantis, that infamous city of legend? Ever since people have been telling tales, there have been legends about the city which was deliberately drowned by the gods, and the stories are not restricted to coastal regions – even the primitive peoples of the Scythera Desert and the Desert of Skulls have tales of 'a city over running land [water] buried by the gods'. The story of Atlantis and its cataclysmic destruction has passed around the whole world.

Once there was a large island in the centre of what is now called the Western Ocean. In those days, this stretch of water was much larger, for the three main landmasses we know today were joined where the Ocean of Serpents and the Ocean of Tempests now flow. The gods had departed from the Earthly Plane by this time, but the races of man had started their rise towards civilization. The island was known as Atlantis, after Atlan, the messenger of the gods, and it was the greatest centre for wisdom on the whole of Titan. In its capital, Atlantis City, the wisest scholars of the day would gather to discuss deep philosophical questions about the nature of life.

Atlantis was very rich, for in the mountains which made up perhaps half its area the Atlanteans had found gold in abundant and seemingly inexhaustible supply. With this gold, the people of Atlantis bought the finest goods the world could offer and lived in extreme luxury in Atlantis City, which was without doubt the most beautiful metropolis ever to have graced the surface of Titan. The wealth of the Atlanteans attracted the attentions of many poorer nations, and invasions were attempted at a rate of perhaps two

or three a decade. But with their riches the Atlanteans could easily afford the best mercenaries, and the invading nations were quickly repulsed, their forces sent fleeing and broken back to their home ports.

So Atlantis thrived, growing ever richer and ever stronger. It quickly became the centre for trade and learning for all the western lands. But all good things come to an end sooner or later – and Atlantis's doom was set when its greatest king, Faramos XXII, died after reigning for eighty-one years without leaving a son. A search was started, a search which lasted for four years, until the 16-year-old son of a second cousin from the small kingdom of Kelios (now part of the Isles of the Dawn) was found, and declared king of Atlantis, taking the name Faramos XXIII in memory of his noble predecessor.

The new king was very young and inexperienced, but according to Atlantean law he was granted absolute power over the entire land – the richest and most powerful land on Titan! The power went to Faramos's head surprisingly quickly, and within four months he had launched an invasion against the last nation to threaten Atlantis, a large merchant-governed democracy called Taralak. This soon fell, and the victorious mercenary armies swept on into the lands beyond, which fell almost as rapidly. Within four months the armies of Faramos had carved a massive swath across the whole of the centre of the continent, and were busy putting most of the northlands to the torch! Deeply impressed by this new method of proving Atlantean superiority, the whole country united behind Faramos, and Atlantis geared up for the eventual take-over of the whole world!

The gods could not stand back and watch any longer, especially as it was (rightly) suspected by this time that the boy Faramos was in fact the infernal Demon Prince Myurr in disguise. During the most spectacular thunderstorm this world has ever seen, Hydana the god of the waters rose from his secret domain at the bottom of the ocean, and blasted Atlantis with a monumental tidal wave. At the same time, Throff, goddess of the earth, caused Atlan's Beacon to erupt, and the nation was destroyed amid raging torrents of lava and water, before sinking to the bottom of the ocean (though not before Myurr had made his escape back to the Demonic Planes, unfortunately). The angry sea carried the wrath of the gods to the mainland as well; the land was swamped, and great channels were gouged, which turned it into three separate islands. These gradually drifted apart, creating the three continents which we know today.

As for Atlantis, it rests there still, at the bottom of the Western Ocean, home to Merfolk and Sea Trolls who war continuously for the prestige of dwelling there. Its treasures have never been recovered, but every so often a few strange Gold Pieces get hauled up in fishermen's nets, reminding us all of the city which sank beneath the sea, and of the power of our gods!

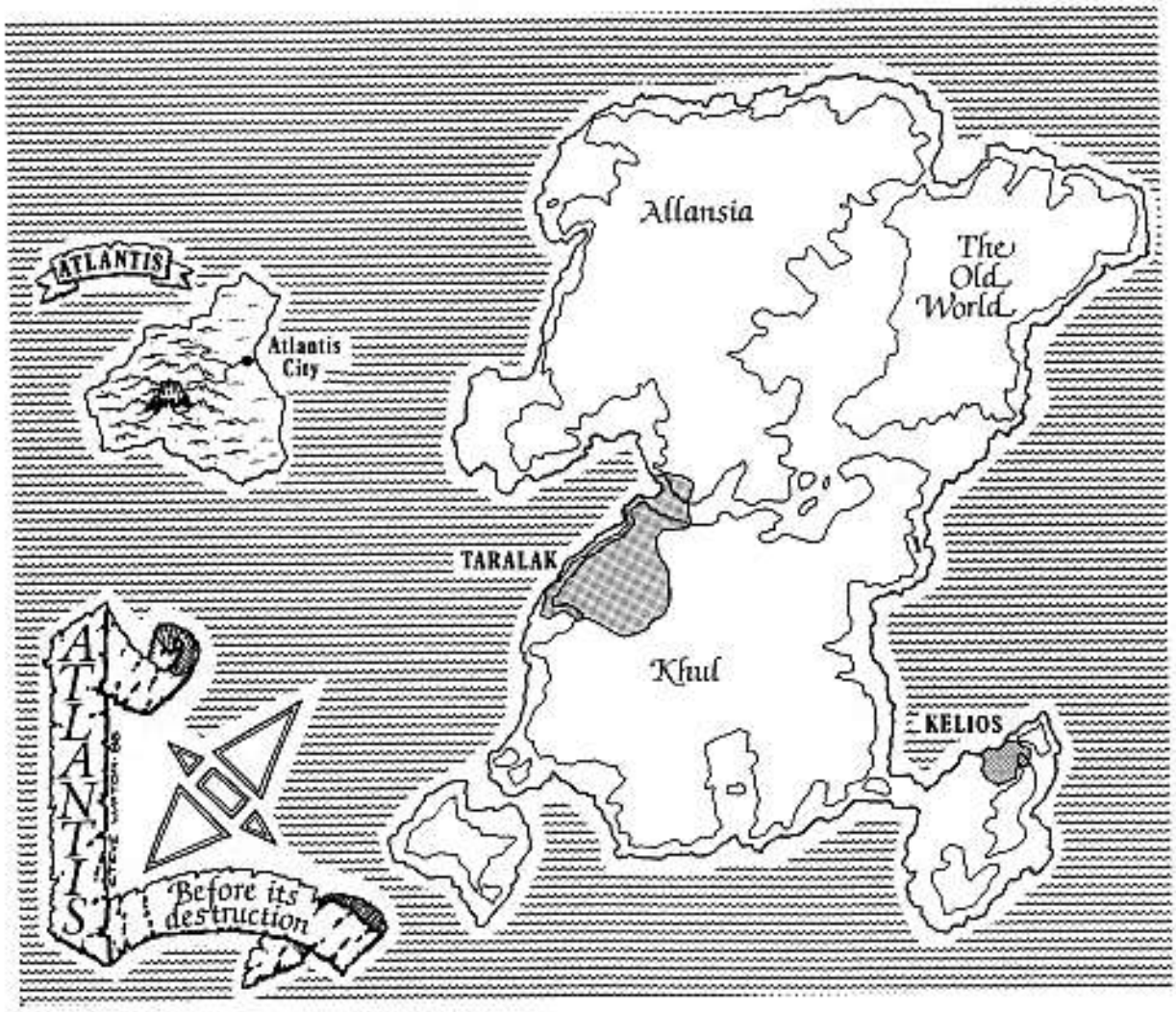

THE TITAN CALENDAR

In the so-called civilized countries, which are stretched out along the narrow coastal strips as if trapped between the impassable ocean and the hostile interior, most people make a living from the land. Their entire lives revolve around the seasons of the year, for thus the farmers know when to plant their crops to reap the most fruit. In the small towns too, the citizens live strictly by the calendar, whether they are waiting for the regular visits of the travelling merchants, trying to remember when each type of fish can be found off the coast, or observing the feast-days of their gods. In any land visited by the caravans of the merchants, you will find that they reckon the passing of time in much the same way as anywhere else, but in wilder lands you may discover entirely different systems. Wherever you travel, however, you must respect the culture of the people, and try not to give offence – or you will soon find that their smiling hospitality hides glinting daggers grasped tightly behind their backs!

Reckoning the Years

During the Time of Naming, when everything was given the title it would carry until the end of time, the years were allotted names in honour of the greatest of the beasts that walked the surface of Titan. The years still pass in twenty-year cycles in honour of the creatures whose names they bear. The cycle is as follows:

1. The Year of the Dragon
2. The Year of the Lion
3. The Year of the Snake
4. The Year of the Ox
5. The Year of the Tiger
6. The Year of the Goat
7. The Year of the Mouse
8. The Year of the Deer
9. The Year of the Bat
10. The Year of the Wolf
11. The Year of the Eagle
12. The Year of the Dog
13. The Year of the Spider
14. The Year of the Rabbit
15. The Year of the Fox
16. The Year of the Crocodile
17. The Year of the Owl
18. The Year of the Cat
19. The Year of the Shark
20. The Year of the Horse

Some astrologers in Allansia and elsewhere believe that people born in a particular animal's year take on the characteristics of that animal. People born under the sign of the Owl, for example, are said to be wise and noble, but with a hidden savagery; those born in the Year of the Deer are said to grow up shy and nervous, always fleeing from the least danger. Whether or not it is true, many people give great honour to the animal of their birth-year on their twentieth birthdays, when they come of age and become recognized adults.

Each passing of the twenty-year cycle is called a 'Turn', so an old man may talk of being born in the Year of the Spider, three Turns ago. Of course, as you already know, the more civilized cultures also talk in terms of real dates, according to the system standardized by the scholars of the various seats of learning of the known world after the War of the Wizards, and instituted the After Chaos reckoning, of which we are now in the 284th year, the Year of the Fox. Thus, if he were a little more educated, and were proficient enough at the generally unknown discipline of mathematics, our elderly gentleman may tell us that he was born in 222 A.C. and that he is a venerable sixty-two years old.

In other lands, they use very different systems for reckoning the years (though in some lands, such as Frostholm in the frozen north-east of Allansia, the people have no calendar at all, for they neither know nor care about their birth-dates or the time of the year!). Many people simply date their lives after noteworthy events, such as 'four years after the Battle for Vymorna Pass' or 'seventeen years after Hurlinn beheaded King Shakash of Kaynlesh-Ma'. The calendar of the semi-human nomads of the Baddu-Bak Plains in Kakhabad is based on years being a certain number 'Away' from the present; in other words, last year is One Away, and our old man was born in Sixty-two Away. The people of Hachiman in remote Khul reckon years by a cycle of eight named years (the Tree, the Fish, the Stone, the Sun, the First Moon, the Second Moon, the Sword and the Arrow) and also by the year of the reign of their ruler. Thus our old man might tell us that he was born in the Year of the Fish in the fourth year of Shogun Aykira (the grandfather, incidentally, of the current Shogun, Kihei Hasekawa).

Measuring the Months

Again, in different parts of the world there are differing names and reckonings for the months of any given year, but in most civilized regions each year is divided into twelve months. Within each month, the days are counted out, so that in Allansia, for example, a day might be Seaday, 8th day of Dark. However, there are two separate reckonings for the days within such months.

The Allansian Reckoning. This system makes the months all different lengths, called by the following names:

1. Freeze (31 days)
2. Dark (28 days)
3. Unlocking (31 days)
4. Sowing (30 days)
5. Winds (31 days)
6. Warming (30 days)
7. Fire (31 days)
8. Watching (31 days)
9. Reaping (30 days)
10. Hiding (31 days)
11. Close (30 days)
12. Locking (28 days)

The days are grouped into weeks, each consisting of seven days. Careful study, however, will show that this adds up to three days less than a normal 365-day year. After Locking, the Allansian calendar adds three uncounted days for the celebration of New Year. Children born during this celebration time are considered very well blessed, and great things are expected of them. During this time, the cold stillness of the winter is broken by 72 hours of riotous celebration (see below for more on New Year and other special days).

The Khulian Reckoning. For as long as people have reckoned days and months, the countries of the mysterious continent have had twelve months, each exactly 30 days in length, and each made up of five weeks of six days apiece. The months are named as follows:

1. Snow's Cloak
2. Skies in Darkness
3. Land's Awakening
4. Heaven's Weeping
5. Birds Chatter
6. Days Lengthen
7. Corn Ripening
8. Man's Harvesting
9. Forests Golden
10. Nature's Curling
11. Sun's Hiding
12. Land's Sleeping

At the end of the year, after the month of Land's Sleeping, the peoples of all the countries of civilized Khul mark New Year with not three but *five* days of merry-making, though it must be said that in many parts of the continent the celebrations are more sombre, as the people give thanks to their various gods and pray for a prosperous year to come.

Pacing Out the Days

In Allansia (and in the Old World) each week has seven days, while in the distant continent of Khul the people measure a week in six days. The days each have these names:

Day of the week	*Allansian*	*Khulian*
First	Stormsday	Rageday
Second	Moonsday	Freezeday
Third	Fireday	Fearday
Fourth	Earthday	Lifeday
Fifth	Windsday	Wildday
Sixth	Seaday	Spiritday
Seventh	Highday	—

On Highday in many civilized parts of Allansia and in some of the principalities in the western continent, and on Spiritday in Khul, most work stops and those of religious persuasion attend the temples and chapels to worship their various gods for much of the day, spending the rest relaxing in comfort. As with the various years, astrologers insist that the day of week determines the character of a child from its birth. A baby born on Earthday, they say, will be good with his or her hands, and destined to be a craftsman or a farmer, but one born on Moonsday will be a scholar or priest, and will follow the path of learning and enlightenment. (Incidentally, it is also believed that most twins are born on Moonsday, and surprisingly this appears to be true, at least in Allansia.) It is very definitely true that different types of magic work better on the days associated with them than on the days of their opposing elements, to such an extent that some specialized sorcerers dare not leave their towers on certain days; such is the power of the elements and magic on Titan!

In some distant lands, primitive tribes still believe that the world is flat, and that the sun (or in many places, the sun goddess) crosses the sky on a gleaming golden chariot once a day. During the night she fights her way through the underworld, facing terrible dangers in her struggle to balance Good and Evil and keep the world alive. She returns again at dawn the next day, starting the whole cycle over again. Of course, no *civilized* people would ever believe in such things!

FEAST-DAYS AND FESTIVALS

The list which follows gives details of just a few of the many rituals and celebrations to be found across the world; we are sure you will encounter more on your travels.

Night of the Ancestors (first day of Hiding): In the land of Kaypong, in the city-states around the Glimmering Sea, and in many other more isolated areas, the people celebrate the Night of the Ancestors, where they welcome into their homes all the ghosts of ancestors gone by. Most years, this consists simply of an awful lot of singing and dancing, with everyone dressed in ghoulish masks and costumes decorated to look like skulls and skeletons. As dawn breaks they run yelping through every building and out through the gates of the settlement, symbolizing the departure of the

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ancestors' spirits for another year. However, perhaps every ten years or so, the ghosts of their ancestors take it upon themselves to appear in person, whereupon the night passes in a seriously happy ritual dance of celebration, with each reveller entwined in the arms of ghostly forms which keep them dancing all night, before the spirits themselves flee with the dawn. The Night of the Ancestors helps the people rationalize the deaths of their loved ones, and demonstrates most forcefully that life and death are inseparable on Titan.

Children's Festival (first Highday of Warming): In many small villages across Kakhabad and Ruddlestone, the citizens celebrate the joys of childhood, by allowing the children to exchange roles with all the adults for a day, and to have the freedom of the village. Everyone over sixteen years of age must serve the children all day, often putting up with beatings or thoroughly ludicrous requests according to the whims of the impish children! The children do exactly as they want for one day, secure in the knowledge that the adults are not permitted to get their own back the day after. It helps the adults see what it is like to be a child for a day, and is, of course, incredibly good fun for the younger participants!

Feast of the Waters (various days in Unlocking): Along the banks of rivers like the Eltus in Arantis and the Tak in southern Khul, life depends upon the regular flooding of the farmland, when the river brings a wash of fertile soil in which crops can flourish. Therefore, at the first sign of 'Nature's Unlocking' (after which the month is named), the riverside-dwellers bring out carved boats and symbolic wheat and rice stalks, and offer prayers to their river gods for a heavy and fruitful flood, so that they may eat over the lean winter months to come. In some lands it is said that animals and sometimes children are sacrificed when the water is not forthcoming, though the truth of this barbaric practice has never been properly determined.

New Year (last three or five days of year): Year's End is the greatest of all festivals, and is celebrated almost

universally among the human races. It is not known whether Elves celebrate the passing of another year; Dwarfs certainly do, typically in one vast fit of drunkenness! Orcs and other non-humans occasionally celebrate the New Year, usually by sacrificing and eating a lot of other non-humans in a debauched feast of monumental proportions!

Humans celebrate the New Year in many ways. In Khul, the highly religious citizens of Ximoran and Buruna spend five days in solid prayer in their temples, stopping only on the evening of the fifth day for feasting and celebration, activities which seem all the more jubilant because of the sombre prayers beforehand. In Analand and Lendleland, the people celebrate with hunting and fairs, with travelling traders setting up in village markets to sell all kinds of exotic wares. In Port Blacksand in Allansia, however, Lord Azzur usually celebrates by executing several prominent citizens (and then kindly donating their riches to the city's poor – what a benevolent ruler!).

THE ADVENTURING LIFE

So now you know where to go, whom to make friends with, and whom to avoid on your travels. But how do you get to where you want to go, and what hazards will you face as you journey around this wide world of ours? Read on and we will tell you.

Travelling from A(llansia) to B(addu-Bak)

In the first place, you must remember that there are few fast methods of travel on Titan. While some wizards have perfected crude 'Teleportation' spells which can take them anywhere they want to go in the blink of an eye (or more usually take them anywhere *but* where they wanted to go!), and some races, such as the Mountain Elves, have access to fast flying beasts such as Giant Eagles, most people simply journey by foot, and as a result rarely undertake long journeys. Apart from the desert nomads, most common people never stray more than a day's walk from their birth-place!

Those people who do move about, especially in the wilder areas of Titan, are therefore quite unusual. These exceptions to the rule can include noblemen and those in their service, who often travel beyond their own borders to consult or attack other leaders; merchants, who carry goods from where they are made to where they are sold; pilgrims and scholars; soldiers and errant mercenaries; a few specialists, such as wandering minstrels, circuses and the like; and wandering adventurers, thieves and outlaws. In a thickly settled part of the world, the roads will be quite crowded with this sort of traffic, as people move from one town to the next. In outlying areas, you are far more likely to travel for days without meeting anyone.

WALKING

While the use of 'Longshank's pony' is all right for short journeys of no more than a week, no one in their right mind would want to walk for greater distances. While it may be the source of some esteem to become the first adventurer to walk across the Flatlands, for example, it will take you four months, and you could do the journey in half the time on the back of a horse.

However, horses are expensive, and walking does give you a chance really to get back to nature. As you stroll along, you can take in everything around you and enjoy the feeling of being out in the wild. For walking any great distance you will need a good pair of stout leather boots, and a staff made from the smoothed branch of a hardwood tree. The boots will last you for a long time, as long as you remember to take them off when fording rivers, and the staff will help you stand up when you are tired and will come in useful to push your way through scrubland.

MOUNTED TRAVEL

Horses are the most common mount, and you can buy an average-quality horse in most villages and towns. The best horses in all Titan, however, come from the plains of Lendleland, where gorgeous black and white horses run wild on the grassy expanses. A Lendleland horse could cost as much as 1,000 Gold Pieces, unless you capture and tame it yourself, but it will serve you faithfully until it dies.

Most races use horses and ponies, even Orcs, who use them for pulling ore-wagons in their mines. Most people learn to ride a horse when they are very young, even if it is just the farm's cart-horse, and once learnt it is not something one ever forgets. The nomads who roam the Flatlands on their shaggy ponies are experts at performing all kinds of tasks while on the move, from firing a bow to sewing up holes in their tents – all without their hands on the reins! You will not need to be quite that proficient, but if you can swing a sword in one hand and hold on with the other, you will do better than many would-be highwaymen and bandits!

Another advantage of using a horse is that you can hitch it to a cart or a travois (two long poles with a sheet

of cloth slung between), on which you can carry your belongings or a wounded comrade. In some lands, nomads actually pull complete houses on wheels behind them, moving their village wherever they wish!

Mules and donkeys are slower than horses, and can be quite uncomfortable to ride, but they can cross terrain which a horse would refuse to attempt. They are more useful as pack animals, however, for carrying treasure or goods across long distances. In northern lands, most merchants use long trains of mules to carry their wares to their distant markets; when they get there, they may even sell the mules too, and return on horseback in comfort.

In the hotter regions, camels take over from horses as the commonest mounts. They are temperamental beasts and can be quite frustrating, until you discover the right commands to make them lower their bodies for you, or rise up and start walking again. After some extensive (and infuriating) research, we can reveal that all camels will drop to their knees for you to mount if you simply say *'Hcchhtt!'* in your throat, and will rise and start walking on *'Hutt! Hutt!'* – simple when you know how, but dreadfully irritating if you do not. The big advantage of camels, as you may know, is that they can go for several days without needing food and water, which can come in handy when you are lost in the middle of the baking expanses of the Scythera Desert!

Giant Lizards may strike you as being very impressive to ride about the world on, but they are surly beasts, and you need a hide like a Lizard Man's to save you from getting sore! They do not like cold climates, have to be fed on a lot of fresh meat every day, and most villagers will lock their gates if you try to bring such a beast near them, so they cannot really be recommended as mounts.

Similarly, you should not think of trying to ride a wolf. It is true that Orcs and Goblins do, and that it can look very heroic and impressive, but where would you get a tame wolf from anyway? You cannot just go up to the first one you meet in the wilderness and jump on its back, yelling, 'Hiyo, wolfie!' Orcs have reared wolves for centuries, and even now the mounts turn on their riders when there is no better food around.

The fastest way of travelling (short of teleportation) is to fly on the back of a Giant Eagle. As with other wild creatures, you have to persuade the Eagle to take you in the first place. Giant Eagles usually allow only very gentle creatures, such as Elves, on their backs, and then only under protest. They are noble creatures, and may feel it is beneath them to carry a lesser being! If you ever do manage to fly on the back of a Giant Eagle, however, you will never forget the experience, for they can fly faster than the wind!

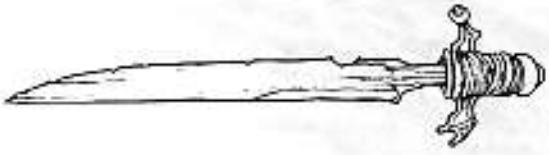

CROSSING THE WATERS

To see all of Titan, however, you will need to sail the wild oceans in the company of pirates or merchants. Because of the large distances between the continents, you may find you have to resort to island-hopping to reach your goal, but with patience and in time you will find that you can sail all the way round the world, if you so desire! The easiest way to cross the seas is to pay for a passage in a merchant's ship or a warship. Many captains, however, will want you to work your passage. This is an ideal opportunity to learn about shipboard life at first hand, but it can be very hard work, sixteen hours a day even in the baking sun or a raging gale. If you are not used to the rocking motion of a small boat on the sea, you may also learn a lot about sickness!

Barges. Long, flat barges operate only on rivers and along the calmer coast-lines, for they are easily swamped by large waves. The water-borne trade between Port Blacksand and Zengis, for example, uses trains of barges which are sailed up and down the wide River Kok. You can usually buy passage on a barge to most riverside destinations in settled lands.

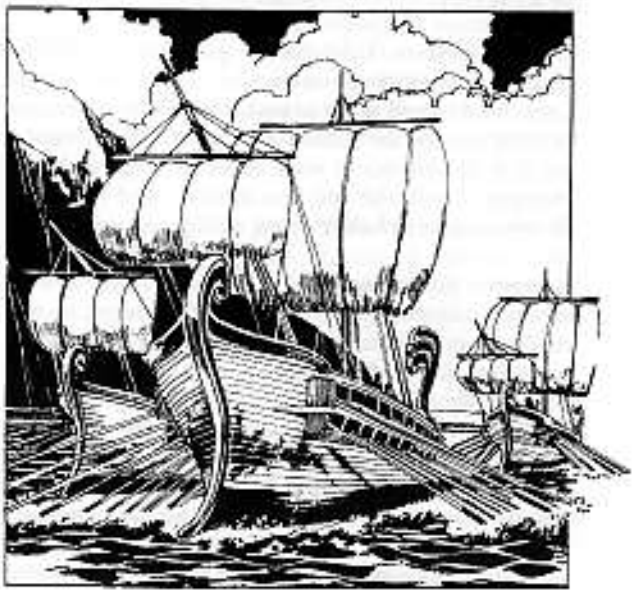

Galleys. These are long, oar-driven ships (though they carry a few small sails for when the crew needs to be rested), usually manned by slaves. They are often used by coastal pirates, as they can be very manoeuvrable in combat: skilful rowing can make them go backwards, for instance, or turn quickly. They may be armed with a ram, or a catapult to fire blazing bales at other ships. The northmen of Frostholm in Allansia use long, square-sailed galleys decorated with Dragons, which they sail far from home to raid isolated coastal farmsteads and villages.

Merchant Ships. These are typically the same size as galleys, but wider, with a single mast and a triangular 'lateen' sail. Some also have ports for oars, which can be used to move the ship around a dock, or when becalmed. Pirates, however, often use similar ships for making raids on merchant ships. In this way, they can get very close to their quarry before ramming them and swinging men across on ropes to kill and plunder.

Warships. These are few and far between, for there are few nations rich enough to support a proper navy. They are fast and manoeuvrable, and can usually outrun a pirate ship. They are not very seaworthy, however, and are prone to sink in very rough seas. Larger than merchant ships, they usually have two or three masts, a battering-ram just below the waterline at the front, and strange castle-like constructions at the prow, from which warriors can leap on to an enemy ship as soon as it has been rammed. They may also have large catapults or ballistas.

Roughing It!

When you are wandering through wilder parts of the world, you will initially have difficulty eating, drinking and camping, and you may be prey to any number of dangers. There are many hazards to catch the unwary or inexperienced traveller, and you will quickly learn from your mistakes – if you are not eaten, poisoned or whatever first!

Food in the wilderness can be quite a problem, especially if you are in unfamiliar lands. Many travellers carry plentiful supplies of provisions with them when they set off on a journey. In Analand they prepare something called vittles, which are small pastry balls filled with dried meat. They can last for days, and although you may get bored of eating the same thing, you can at least be sure you are eating something which will not poison you.

The same, alas, cannot be said for many fruits and berries. When you are a long way from the last outpost, and your food is running low, all bright red berries look very appetizing, but you should perhaps remember that they may be bright red to warn creatures not to eat them! While succulent delights like the bomba-fruit (a red, apple-like fruit found in many warm lands) will refresh you, there are things like the bitter-sweet, which looks like a bomba-fruit but causes terrible stomach pains in humans, to catch you out. You are much safer snaring a few rabbits or a hill-fox – at least you will know what the food tastes like, even if

you have to go through the stomach-turning ritual of skinning and cooking it!

Some experts believe that when camping for the night you should light a fire, and keep it burning all through the night, to keep wild beasts away. Unfortunately, we have found that a fire may also serve to *attract* all the wild beasts in the area, who would otherwise have ignored you! If you have already attracted the attentions of something dangerous like a pack of wolves, however, a fire will keep them off for a while, though the hungrier they get, the braver they will get too. If you find yourself stuck in the open surrounded by a pack of wolves, it is likely that you will not be doing much sleeping that night! If you are really worried about wild animals in the night, sleep with your back to a large tree, or, better still, sleep *up* the tree.

There are other dangers in the wild too, but these we must skip over here: we would not want to discourage you from venturing out into the world with tales of wolves and bandits and violent death, now would we? There is one thing you should know about, however. In recent years, the yellow plague has re-established itself in a number of outlying villages in the wilder parts of Allansia and Kakhabad. While it can be cured by drinking the juice of the blimberry if spotted in time, it is often far too late by the time the victim learns he has the disease. If you enter a country village and you do not hear the chirping of birds, and dogs do not run to greet you, and children are not playing in the streets, then you should be on your guard!

As you travel around the wide world of Titan, you should be careful, but not over-cautious. It can be a wild, dangerous place at times, but danger is surely what heroic adventurers like yourself thrive upon!

Money

Everyone needs money, in one form or another, if they are going to make their way in the world. However, in different lands what is regarded as money can take many different forms.

GOLD PIECES AND OTHER COINAGE

As you may already have gathered, the standard unit of currency in most civilized human areas is the Gold Piece. Due to the efforts of traders and merchants, their size and weight has been made much the same across the world. They are circular coins (though in some lands they may be square or octagonal, or have a hole through the centre), typically between four and six centimetres across, and weighing eighty or ninety grams. Depending on the part of the world they are found in, Gold Pieces may be decorated with embossed pictures of local kings or gods or even popular heroes, though most are rubbed almost smooth after having passed through the hands of so many people. Some conniving metal-smelters cast their own gold coins, mixing lead or brass with the more precious gold to make the latter stretch further. The penalty for such counterfeiting is typically execution (usually by a particularly unpleasant method, such as pouring hot lead into the ears). In some lands Gold Pieces are given nicknames, such as Kings, Regals, Sovereigns or Suns, or after a popular version of the name of the local ruler (coins in Kaypong, for example, are known as 'Coggies', after the city's ruler, Baron Kognoy).

A single Gold Piece would typically buy you one night's stay in an average-quality inn, or a new dagger, in a busy city, though quite considerably less in an isolated area which is served only by the infrequent caravans of swindling merchants (see later for more details of typical prices). But what happens if you want to buy just an apple or a loaf of bread, or any other small item which obviously costs less than a Gold Piece? In a few countries, smaller Gold Pieces, perhaps half or quarter the size of a standard piece, have been minted; these are sometimes known as Princes or Half-Regals. In other lands, they use Silver Pieces of much the same size as a Gold Piece. These are typically exchanged at a rate of ten Silver Pieces to one Gold Piece (though some Orc tribes use much larger Silver Pieces equal to a single Gold Piece, along with their more usual crude lead and bronze coins). Silver Pieces are typically nicknamed Silvers, Moons, Stars or Queens. In some lands, they even cut their coins into halves, quarters or eighths to give change. This tends to happen only in lands where gold is in plentiful supply, however, as all those little slivers of gold soon get lost!

In some lands, coins have not yet taken over from more traditional forms of money. Among the primitive tribes of the eastern Flatlands in central Allansia, rods of copper and bronze are used as money, exchanged in just the same way as Gold or Silver Pieces. To the subhuman Troglodytes which live beneath the Icefinger Mountains, the number of human or Dwarf bones a person possesses shows how wealthy they are; each small finger-bone may be worth a Gold Piece to them. A complete set of ribs or a skull would be a great – if rather morbid – fortune!

BARTERING

In every settled land, from barren regions wandered by desert nomads to the teeming vermin pits of cities, people swap things instead of using money. Indeed, in many isolated lands, money and coins are completely unknown, and people trade only by exchanging things they do not need for items they do. This 'barter' system works at all levels, depending on the quality of the goods involved and the status of the trading parties: a top-class armourer would not accept two dozen chickens in exchange for a decorated breastplate, for example, though a fine jewel-encrusted sword would be gratefully accepted; similarly, one would not try to buy some cheese with a bag of gems or a golden holy symbol! Bear this in mind and keep a sense of proportion, and you will not get into any difficulties, no matter what you want to trade, or where you are.

TAXES

Taxation is the heaviest burden on anyone wishing to live in a civilized area under the protection of a king or nobleman, because armies and fortifications need to be paid for – as do the luxurious trappings of a king's lifestyle! Some lands, such as the kingdoms of Arion or Analand, take only minimal taxes from their citizens, because the money gained from taxation is used sparingly and with careful thought, to maintain the upkeep of the armies and little more; in Analand, most of the king's income comes from his own trading and farming concerns, and he asks for next to no money from his devoted subjects. Many lands, however, have rulers who rely on the money gained by taxing their citizens to keep them in the style to which a ruler rapidly becomes accustomed!

In most cities, the ruling family is allowed to take as much money as they like in taxes. However, every king knows that taking too much from the citizens leads to riots and maybe even the overthrowing of the monarch, so most play it safe and rely on a few common taxes at regular times of the year. In a large city, such as Salamon in Allansia or Ximoran in Khul, taxes are typically imposed in two ways. There is usually a standard tax on anyone passing through a city gate to trade, and on anyone bringing large amounts of money into the city – adventurers take note! Similarly, ships bringing cargo into a port may have a small tax imposed on the goods they carry, depending perhaps on their worth to the citizens of the city. City gates occasionally also carry a small tax for being opened after sundown for someone to enter or leave the city.

When harvest-time comes around in the middle of autumn, the second tax is usually imposed, this time covering all lands surrounding the city as well as its residents. On all farmers and landowners, a tax of between 10 and 15 per cent of the value of all crops and animals is imposed; in the city, the rate may be anything from 2 to 25 per cent of a man's wealth in real

money (but where money is in short supply many collectors will take property just as happily!). The 'Summer's End Tax', as it is known in some lands, is resented by just about everyone, because no one likes losing any more money than they have to, obviously. It often results in a frantic dash to hide money and property from the prying eyes of the hated tax-men, or, more ludicrously, in farmers putting woolly jackets on their cattle and calling them 'sheep', because sheep are worth less than cows, and to citizens moving furniture into their neighbours' residences while they are being assessed, and then back again before the tax-collectors move next door!

For their own part, the tax-collectors use very devious means to catch the citizens out. They keep the dates of the collection secret as best they can; they set up checkpoints at all city gates to stop wealthy citizens smuggling their fortunes out of the city for the duration; they even dress in disguise and snoop around beforehand, preparing a list of everything usually present on a farm before they arrive to count it officially the week after. It can be very dangerous being a tax-collector, and many have taken to travelling under a heavily armed escort! For all these reasons, when taxation time comes around, whole countries slow down almost to a standstill, and everyone takes part in the generally good-humoured game of tax-collecting!

PRICES ACROSS TITAN

From a very early age, everyone on Titan learns the value of money. Despite the miserable citizens of Brice insisting 'Gold and all its power are the root of all that's sour!', money has a very special meaning to most people. To the rich it means another galley, another slave-girl, another fur from Vynheim or another pet Black Lion from the Plain of Bronze. But to the poor it can mean the difference between eating today or tomorrow, between sleeping in the street or in the warm, between life or death itself.

TYPICAL COINS

front

back

On the left is a typical Gold Piece. This one is from Port Blacksand, bearing the arms of the city's evil ruler, Lord Azzur, on the front and a picture of a Dragon on the reverse.

front

back

To the right is a slightly smaller Gold Piece minted in the Dwarf citadel of Fangthane, at the far eastern side of Allansia. It bears the crossed axes of Fangthane's ruler, King Namûrkill, and the Dwarf Rune on the reverse. The runic inscription reads 'Cast in sacred Fangthane – may it never fall!'

front

back

On the bottom left is a small lead coin used by Orcs and Goblins, which appears to have been stamped out of a sheet of metal, as the two sides are not properly aligned. They both show the head of some Orc chieftain, whose name seems to have been 'Scurfric'.

front

back

The final coin, bottom right, is a Silver Piece from Tak in southern Khul. It is pierced in the centre for hanging on a cord around the owner's neck – a protection against that city's zealous thieves! It shows a trading galley on one side, and some stylized silver ingots on the reverse side. Twelve of these coins are worth 1 Gold Piece.

From the time he or she can talk, most children of poor or averagely moneyed families are taught to haggle. Haggling is a sophisticated form of arguing between a trader and a buyer, where they try to establish a price both of them are willing to accept. Sometimes it seems as though the rich disdain to haggle for common goods, but in fact they usually employ someone to haggle for them – and even the rich openly haggle for jewels, furs or slaves. In some lands it is a mark of great wealth and prosperity not simply to accept and pay the price a merchant first asks for his wares; in other lands it is a great insult, as merchants tend to get left feeling they should have asked for more in the first place! As you travel about the world, you will very quickly learn where to haggle and where not to haggle, where to refuse to pay what's asked and where to give in and not buy somewhere else.

Across Titan, depending upon their availability, things cost different prices. In the centre of a busy trading city such as Port Blacksand, Royal Lendle or Ximoran, even quite rare items are likely to be fairly cheap compared to the price you would have to pay if you relied on the efforts of a single merchant to get

Description of Item	*Column A*	*Column B*	*Column C*
Ale, flagon	4sp	3sp	3sp
Arrowheads, dozen	2gp	2gp	4gp
Arrows, dozen	3gp	3gp	5gp
Battle-axe	35gp	50gp	75gp
Blanket, large	2gp	2gp	4gp
Boots, strong leather	6gp	5gp	10gp
Bow, long	15gp	12gp	25gp
Bow, short	12gp	10gp	22gp
Breastplate	65gp	70gp	150gp
Candles, dozen	1sp	1sp	4sp
Cloak, wool	3gp	2gp	5gp
Cloak, silk	10gp	18gp	25gp
Crossbow	90gp	120gp	150gp
Crossbow bolts, dozen	6gp	9gp	15gp
Cuirass, chainmail	40gp	60gp	130gp
Cuirass, leather	20gp	25gp	55gp
Dagger	1gp	1gp	2gp
Dagger, throwing	3gp	5gp	10gp
Gloves, leather	3gp	4gp	7gp
Grappling-iron	12gp	15gp	30gp
Grindstone	8sp	8sp	12sp
Harness, horse	4gp	4gp	9gp
Hauberk, chainmail	55gp	80gp	175gp
Hauberk, leather	25gp	30gp	65gp
Herbs, common, per bunch	1sp	1sp	2sp
Herbs, rare	3gp	6gp	8gp
Horse, common type	40gp	40gp	50gp
Horseshoe	3sp	2sp	3sp
Lantern	2gp	3gp	6gp
Meal, hot, in tavern	2gp	2gp	2gp
Meal, cold, in tavern	8sp	5sp	5sp
Quill, ink and paper	1gp	2gp	4gp
Quiver	1gp	12sp	2gp
Robe, linen	2gp	3gp	7gp
Robe, silk	10gp	16gp	24gp
Rope, per metre	6sp	7sp	15sp
Room, shared, per night	1gp	15sp	2gp
Room, single, per night	2gp	4gp	5gp
Sack	2sp	3sp	5sp
Saddle	6gp	7gp	10gp
Shield, small	5gp	6gp	10gp
Shield, large	12gp	15gp	25gp
Spear	6gp	8gp	12gp
Stable, per 24 hours	1gp	8sp	2gp
Sword, long	30gp	40gp	65gp
Sword, short	20gp	25gp	50gp
Tent	3gp	4gp	6gp
Tunic, leather	5gp	6gp	12gp
Tunic, wool	2gp	3gp	5gp
War-hammer	35gp	40gp	75gp
Wine, flagon	4sp	6sp	7sp

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Tunic, leather	5gp	6gp	12gp
Tunic, wool	2gp	3gp	5gp
War-hammer	35gp	40gp	75gp
Wine, flagon	4sp	6sp	7sp

them to your isolated part of Kaypong or Arantis. The following list details some of the things you may need as you travel around Titan; it should help you haggle down to the right sort of prices in different parts of the world. Column A is for a large city where goods are plentiful and merchants make regular visits. Column B is for towns and villages where there is some local produce, and regular visits from a few merchants. Column C shows prices for isolated regions where there is little exotic food and only intermittent visits from a single, extremely greedy merchant! Remember that 10 Silver Pieces (sp) = 1 Gold Piece (gp).

MERCHANTS AND CARAVANS

'Never trust a merchant with gold in his ears' is a very peculiar saying from Arantis in southern Allansia, but it reflects the natural distrust common people have of all merchants and traders. They seem certain that if someone is selling something – and even worse, has actually *travelled* to you to sell something – then he must be out to trick or cheat you in some way. Of course, this is not completely true, but it does have a basis in truth, and there are real-life examples of the classic 'cheating merchant' everywhere you look. Despite their rather shady reputations, however, merchants are a vital part of the commercial system in all settled lands.

In cities and larger towns, there are always many specialist craftsmen, such as jewellers, dyers, herbalists and perfumers, who sometimes need very exotic ingredients. However, it is an interesting fact that cities are always situated extremely far away from the places where the exotic items come from, so merchants and traders are needed to bring the goods from the outlying lands to the cities. In the outlands, there are few craftsmen good enough to produce fine swords, armour or clothing: the lack of customers makes them stay away. But there are always people who *do* want to buy a few choice items, from local nobility to peasants with their sights set on higher things, and such people can provide a good market for a crafty trader. So trade can work in both directions – providing, of course, the merchant is willing to travel the long distances needed to get from the cities to the outlying lands, and then back again.

If the journey is long, most traders travel as part of a caravan, accompanied by other merchants, a few porters and servants perhaps, and a hired escort of mercenary guards. Bandits are a fairly frequent hazard to caravans, especially on the prosperous routes, but

the presence of a dozen or so heavily armed professional soldiers should be enough to scare away all but the strongest threats. Hiring yourself out as a guard for a merchant is often a good way of travelling for long distances – it beats walking, certainly, and has the added advantages of company, security and payment at the end of it! There are certainly far worse ways to travel.

The most popular pack animals are mules, though they are often replaced by camels in hotter, desert regions because the latter survive better without water. One famous merchant, Tadeus Lecarte, was escorted by two Sabre-toothed Tigers wherever he went! He had bred the pair, named Fangy and Carny, since he had found them as cubs on the Plain of Bones, after they were abandoned by their mother. By the time they reached adulthood they had become domesticated enough to be safe even around humans they did not know – but it would take only a single word from Lecarte and they would come running to his aid. Unfortunately, Lecarte died eight years ago, after attempting another crossing of the Plain of Bones – mauled, ironically, by a Sabre-toothed Tiger he tried to pat, mistaking it in the dark for his own Carny. It is not known what happened to his two pets.

MAIN TRADE-ROUTES

Although many traders prefer striking out on their own, increasing numbers of bandits, roving Orc bands and other threats have meant that more popular trade-routes have arisen, where one can be sure of meeting with a fellow traveller at least once a day, and where one knows that there are always regular armed patrols. There are many trade-routes on all three continents, but the main ones, and the special goods they carry are as follows:

Zengis to Salamonis, via Fang, Anvil, Stonebridge and Chalice: spices, furs, silver, gold, Dwarf goods, northman goods from Vynheim. The route from Zengis to Fang is open from Sowing to Hiding only.

Pollua to Royal Lendle, via Chalannabrad and Crystal City: glowstones, minerals, spices, cloth, leather goods.

Kalagar to Ximoran, via Ashkyos and Djiretta: gold, copper, ivory, furs, metal ware.

Inns and Taverns

So now you know about money; perhaps you would like somewhere to spend it? Well, where else but an inn or a tavern, where you can boast about your heroic adventures, meet up with other brave adventurers, and relax with a flagon or six of ale? You will also need inns, since safe places to stay in the open are rare; most sensible adventurers time their day's journey, wherever possible, to arrive in a village with an inn just as the sun sets. And while you are resting between adventures, you will certainly have need of an inn, for an active, danger-seeking hero like yourself would never settle down in one place long enough to buy a regular home – well, not for a few years anyway!

'Inn' and 'tavern' are, in fact, the names of two quite different types of drinking establishments. In a tavern, you can always get a drink, and occasionally some food and entertainment too; in an inn, you can stay the night, and maybe even stable your horse, as well as drink and eat. While you are on the road you will definitely need the services of an inn; at other times a tavern will suffice.

Both types of establishment serve many functions for the people who use them. The local alehouse is always the heart of any village, and it is here that all the men meet of an evening. Gossip and local news are exchanged, stories are told, legends are retold, and usually all in an atmosphere of great conviviality. If you find yourself in a country inn or tavern for the evening, you will more than likely find yourself asked about events in other parts of the world; for many country people, travellers such as yourself will be the only carriers of news they ever see. Gossip can be great fun to listen to, though it can sometimes turn out dangerous. In a tavern frequented by the local thieves, the last thing you want to do is get caught eavesdropping on someone planning their next 'big job'!

In any good inn there will be plenty of travellers staying the night rather than spending a risky night out in the open: highwaymen, wolves, bandits and worse are enough to persuade most people to stay indoors until sunrise! There may be adventurers like yourself, rich merchants and their entourage of bodyguards and maybe a few slaves, or pilgrims on their way to worship at some nearby holy shrine. All have their stories to tell, and any one of them can prove most entertaining. In city taverns, the clientele enjoying their drinks might range from professional people, such as scribes or slavers, militiamen or assassins, to local citizens, ruffians or even beggars. You will quickly learn that every inn or tavern has its own peculiarities, which may turn out to be entertaining or perilous. Every inn and tavern looks different too, but for simplicity's sake we have divided them up into a few types.

City Taverns. These are likely to be small and cramped, and often very hot and crowded by the evening. Consisting of only one, or perhaps two rooms, they may nevertheless be divided into small booths for the privacy of their customers. While personal service is not out of the question, many use the new-fangled method of buying one's own drinks at the bar rather than calling someone over to your table. The atmosphere may be rowdy and sweaty, or tense and conspiratorial, depending upon who uses the establishment, but a stranger will rarely attract much attention.

Some cities impose rather annoying opening and closing times on their taverns, in the hope that some of their citizens will do some work in the afternoons instead of sitting drinking; unfortunately, to get around the closing times many revellers drink more than they should before the tavern shuts, and spend their afternoons at their work in a very unproductive drunken state anyway! Typical city taverns include 'The Hog and Frog' in Port Blacksand, 'The Battle of Skynn' in Royal Lendle or 'The Man Upside Down' in Ximoran.

Country Taverns. Unlike their city-based counterparts, these may be massive alehouses, built out of stone and large beams of timber, and made up of a dozen or so small chambers gathered around a central taproom, where barrels line the walls and serving-wenches fill flagons of ale to bring to your table. There is likely, especially in winter, to be a great fire in the centre of the room, and cartwheels of candles hanging from the ceiling to give plenty of light (these are also useful for swinging across the room during a punch-up!). The atmosphere is likely to be dense with smoke and the smell of soil, and the straw floor may be thick with mud by the end of the evening. In a country tavern, the arrival of a stranger may result in a sudden, highly embarrassing silence, especially if the tavern is an isolated one. We do not have any advice on how to cope with moments like this – one usually just tries to ignore it and order a drink. You should let the other drinkers see that you are just a normal human being like the rest of them . . . unless, of course, you are an Orc or a Werewolf or something! Examples of typical country taverns include 'Hullgrim's Alehouse' in Anvil, 'The Bristling Bristle-Beast' in Florrin or 'The Bent Spear' in Fenmarge.

City Inns. There are two distinct types of city inn. The first type caters for any local adventurers, professional people and others who prefer to stay in an inn rather than purchase or rent accommodation. Such inns may also be found alongside docks in harbour areas, providing temporary accommodation for ships' crews – and maybe even stringing up hammocks instead of beds and serving traditional seafarer's grog in preference to ale! These inns are typically quite small, with a single bar-room for customers and guests alike. 'The Black Lobster' in Port Blacksand is such an inn.

The second type is often found on the edge of a city, near a main gate, for it caters almost exclusively for travellers entering or leaving the city. Indeed some, such as 'The Way Inn' in Chalannabrad, are actually built into arches over one of the main thoroughfares. They usually revolve around a central courtyard, which the guest-rooms overlook. There will also be stables, and probably the services of an ostler, blacksmith or wheelwright, either on the premises or at least close by. The bar-room may be quite small, or divided into a number of small rooms, where individual parties of travellers can relax together away from other guests. Inns of this sort include 'The Wayfarer's Rest' in Kharé and 'The King's Highway' in Djiretta.

Country Inns. Out in the countryside inns are more like taverns, unless they are on very busy roads, in which case they will be much like a city inn. They will again be based around a courtyard, and have stables for travellers' horses or carriages. They may have a number of small guest-rooms, as does a city inn, but will usually also have a main drinking-room for the more local clientele. Such inns are the usual haunts of highwaymen or smugglers, and may prove to be quite perilous places if you are not careful. The best advice we can give is to go to bed as usual and not investigate any strange noises you hear in the night (unless there is someone rifling your pockets, of course!) – and always keep your sword handy, just in case. Very strange things go on in some country inns; though it must be said that there are just as many where nothing out of the ordinary ever happens. Typical country inns include 'The Hanging Party' near Silverton, 'The Great Wall' in Cantopani and 'King Gregor's Fingers' on the road south of Ximoran.

ALE AND OTHER DRINKS

One of the most important activities which people visit taverns for is, of course, drinking. In some areas there is no choice: you drink the local ale or you do not drink at all! But in towns and larger villages things can be a little more civilized, with ales, wines and spirits from all over Titan. Some beverages are very famous across whole continents for their potency or peculiar flavours; on your travels you will find it worthwhile to sample many different types, but be warned – some drinks are a little stronger than others!

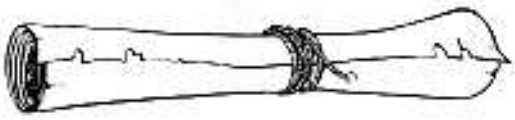

FAMOUS ALES AND SPIRITS

Holdgut's Special Blue: A weird, blue-tinted ale found in western Allansia. Two flagons are enough to stun a large Hill Giant with a cold! It costs 4gp a flagon.

Quillian Water: Found only in Quill, in Brice. It looks like water, tastes like water, and three small measures will kill a man. It is usually served in tiny thimbles, around 10gp a shot!

Buruna Catsblood: A very light and sweet ale from Khul. Thought by most to be brewed from the water of the Catsblood River, and dyed red for effect. It is actually made by taking two dozen cats, and slowly . . . It costs 5gp a half-flagon.

Skullbuster: A Dwarf speciality, a deep brown spirit made from distilling wheat through cracks in granite boulders. You have to be a Dwarf to enjoy the very gritty taste, but it will put any non-Dwarf under the table in three minutes flat. It costs 2gp a shot, and is found only in north-west Allansia.

Gaursh: Orc ale. Do *not* drink it, if you value the lining of your stomach!

OTHER AMENITIES

Tavern food is usually not as bad as many make out (though sometimes, of course, it is far, far worse!). It is just that, in some parts of the world, the names of some foods sound a little strange. Our stomachs, too, would initially turn over at the thought of something like 'devilled Bristle-Beast kidneys', but in fact this is a very tasty, filling dish found in southern Kakhabad and northern Analand. If you keep an open mind, and are courteous when you casually ask what a particular dish contains (and even more courteous if the description which follows makes you want to spit it out immediately!), you will have few problems with food when you travel the world.

Many taverns have their own special brands of smoking-weed, which they sell to anyone who wishes to have a relaxing smoke after their meal or with a drink. If you bring a foreign type of tobacco into a tavern with you, do not forget that you may be expected to offer a sample to anyone who inquires after it. Whatever you do, beware any smoking-weed offered you in very hot places, such as any of the cities around the Inland Sea in Khul. If you have never tried it before, you can guarantee that the stuff will send you to sleep or make your mind go fuzzy, and you will be robbed of all your belongings in an instant. In some parts of the world, smoking *can* damage your health!

ENTERTAINMENT!

One of the highlights of visiting any inn or tavern is the entertainment which may be found there. Regular appearances by minstrels, exotic dancers or performing animals are guaranteed to bring crowds of customers flocking to a particular hostelry for an evening, thus bringing extra profits for the innkeeper! In small village taverns the only entertainment might be one of the locals with his finger stuck in his ear yelling a few popular songs at the top of his voice, but there are sometimes visits from wandering minstrels, players or circus acts. In the larger towns or cities, and especially sea-ports, there may be entertainers from all corners of the globe. Just about any act you can imagine, and a great many you cannot, can usually be found in a vermin pit like Port Blacksand or the City of Mazes.

Also very popular in taverns and alehouses across the settled world are gambling games. There are a great many different games – every little corner of Titan seems to have its own favourite, and even when particular areas have a game in common, the rules are often different. Here are three of our favourites; we know you will find your own, whether it be in the infamous Gambling Halls of Vlada in Kharé, or in some windswept little tavern hidden in the wastes of the Pagan Plains.

Mumblypeg. Also known as Pinfinger in some places, this is a very simple game, but requires good dexterity to be played well. All you do is take a dagger, and stab the point between the fingers of your hand as it rests on the table-top. As the stakes get higher and higher, the stabs get quicker and harder. Flowing blood indicates that the game is over!

Knifey-Knifey. Also known as Kharéan Roulette, this game is outlawed in most countries, for it invariably ends in death. Six identical daggers lie on a table; one is real while the other five have retractable blades which will do no harm. In turn, each player selects a dagger and quickly stabs himself in the chest with it. If it is a fake, it is returned to the table, shuffled together with the others, and the game continues; if it is real, death for the unfortunate player is certain. The game continues until only one player survives. This is a very exciting game to watch, but not to play (Knifey-Knifey experts are few and far between, but usually very, very rich).

Ten-Ten. This is probably our favourite game (you will often find us playing it in our local tavern, 'The Sage and Scholar', of a lunchtime). It uses a board, covered with 64 squares, in each of which there is a number from 1 to 9. Half the squares are black, while the other half are white. Each player simply throws a dart at the board in turn. Black numbers count *towards* the total, but white ones are *subtracted* from the total. The game continues until a player hits a number which takes the score to exactly ten or minus ten, whereupon he takes the contents of the pot. This game is especially popular in Analand and Ruddlestone on the western continent, but is played in most civilized cities across Titan.

DANGEROUS DRINKING

Occasionally, without warning, you may suddenly find yourself in the middle of a bar full of burly warriors, all intent on bashing lumps out of one another! Bar-room brawls are especially common in rough taverns in dockland areas of evil cities such as Blacksand or the City of Mazes, and once someone

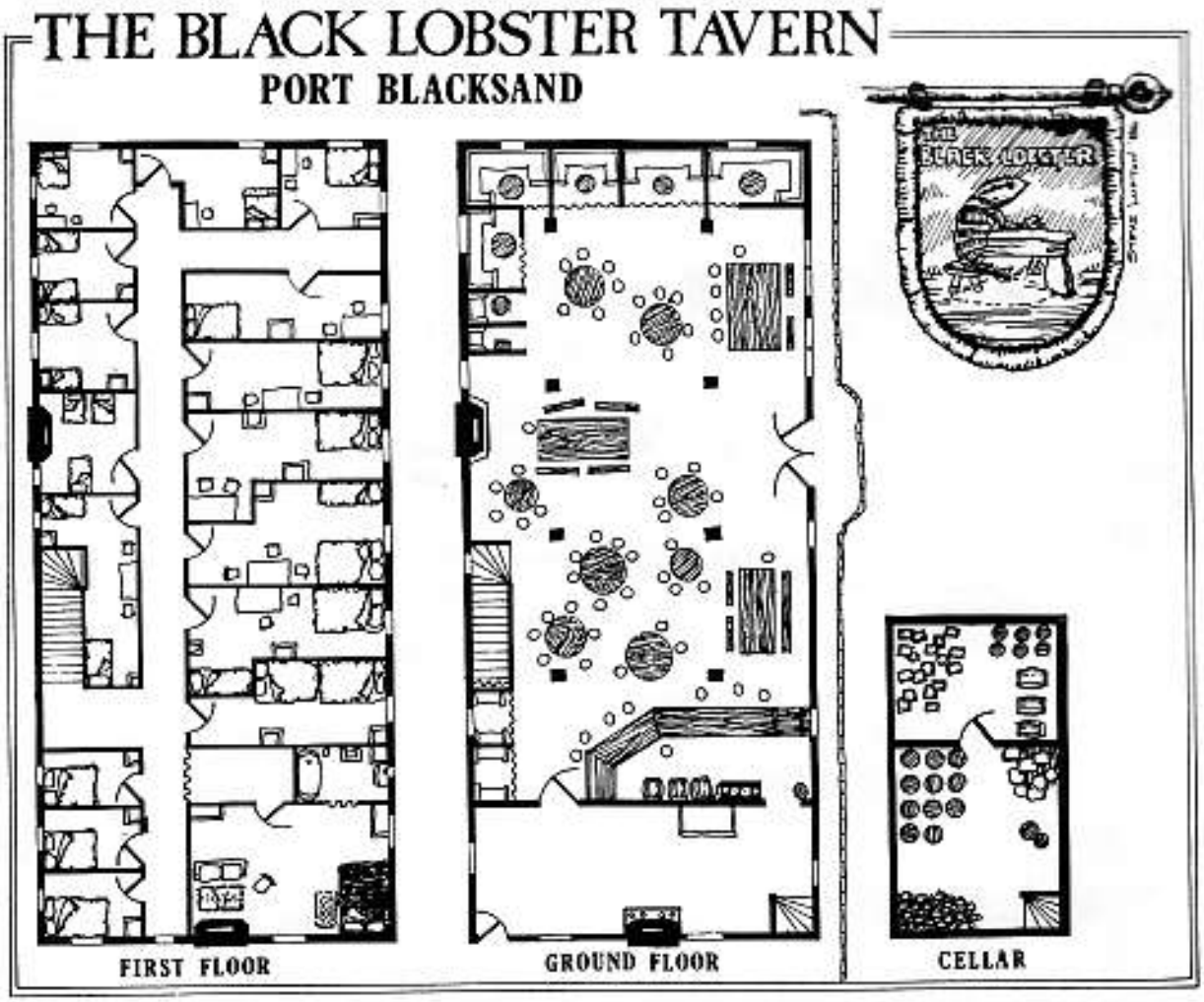

wants to start one, there is precious little you can do except grit your teeth and lay into whoever comes close, and remember to get out before the Watch arrives! But brawls are sometimes the least of your worries, for there are much more sinister things going on in some inns and taverns.

Smugglers are very common in some coastal areas, especially near ports which charge extortionately high trading-taxes. Taverns offer an ideal base, for most have deep cellars in which great amounts of contraband can be stored. Theirs is a very dangerous game, and they can be very ruthless people. So are highwaymen and bandits, who operate in country areas away from large towns but close to the major trade-routes. The most famous highwayman of all, Grinning Lord Dorian, worked along the roads between Port Blacksand and the interior of settled Allansia, robbing merchants, carriages, messengers and lone travellers, and operating out of 'The Orc's Torso' on the road to Stonebridge. He was a master swordsman and a superb shot with a crossbow, but ironically he was killed when his horse, Blue Boris, ran into a tree after an unsuccessful attempt to rob the wizard Nicodemus (who was travelling in disguise).

Most dangerous of all are crooked landlords who throw in their lot with thieves and prey on their own guests. The near-legendary Erlik Vinner of Rorotuna constructed an entire death-trap within his inn. Guests would lie in their beds, and suddenly be flipped backwards, down a chute and into a steaming vat of boiling water. Vinner would steal their belongings, and then claim next morning that the guest had fled without paying his or her bill! Vinner's inn, 'The Happy Landlord', was also famous for its peculiar but tasty stews . . .

A TYPICAL INN: 'THE BLACK LOBSTER' IN PORT BLACKSAND

'The Black Lobster' is a renowned dockland inn, much frequented by pirate crews and their captains. It is owned by 'Laughing' Guidon Allierté, who also owns two taverns in Rimon, and three in Halak, further down the coast. As a result, 'The Black Lobster' is left to itself most of the time, run by a succession of barmen under the watchful eye of Allierté's nephew, Halron, who is more concerned with drinking the profits than making them! The Allierté family have owned taverns in Allansia for many years, and they have built up strong ties with several pirate captains, who always bring their custom to Allierté's joints when in port. It is thought that Garius of Halak is one of these, though he has never been caught there by the militiamen who raid the place infrequently.

'The Black Lobster' is a typical city tavern, with a single, average-sized bar and a number of small booths. Its rooms are filthy and bug-ridden, but at least they are not shared with other guests, and they are not overpriced at 1gp a night. The bar serves a number of local ales and spirits, as well as seamen's grog made from cane sugar all the way from Arantis. Its clientele is invariably half pirate and half adventurer (often looking for passage on a pirate ship).

FAREWELL, BRAVE ADVENTURER!

So now you have reached the end of our book, and where better to end than in a tavern, relaxing with a flagon of ale while you slowly take in all that you have seen and heard on our massive trip around the world of Titan? We are sure you will agree with us when we say that it is a very strange and perilous place, but it is true that it can be a very rewarding one too, if you keep your wits about you.

All that remains now, of course, is for you to go and put all this information into practice! If you were not an adventurer before you read this book, we hope we have woken your mind to such a possibility. There are fortunes to be made out there in the big, wide world, wrongs to be righted, evil to be fought, heroes to be made. Perhaps you will be one of the heroes of the future.

And if you are already an adventurer, we sincerely hope that you have learnt something from our humble work. To you, sir or madam, we tip our conical hats and pray forgiveness if we have made any errors in this book, or under-emphasized some dangers, or let some evil beings off a little lightly compared with your condemnation of their wickedness. We are only human, and we have not benefited from the first-hand experience which is the sole province of adventurers such as your very good selves.

To all our readers, we wish a long and happy life, though we hope it is an exciting one too. If you should ever pass through Salamonis, we would be delighted to receive you in our humble chambers in the Palace of Learning, and to hear something of your marvellous adventures.

May the gods protect you always!

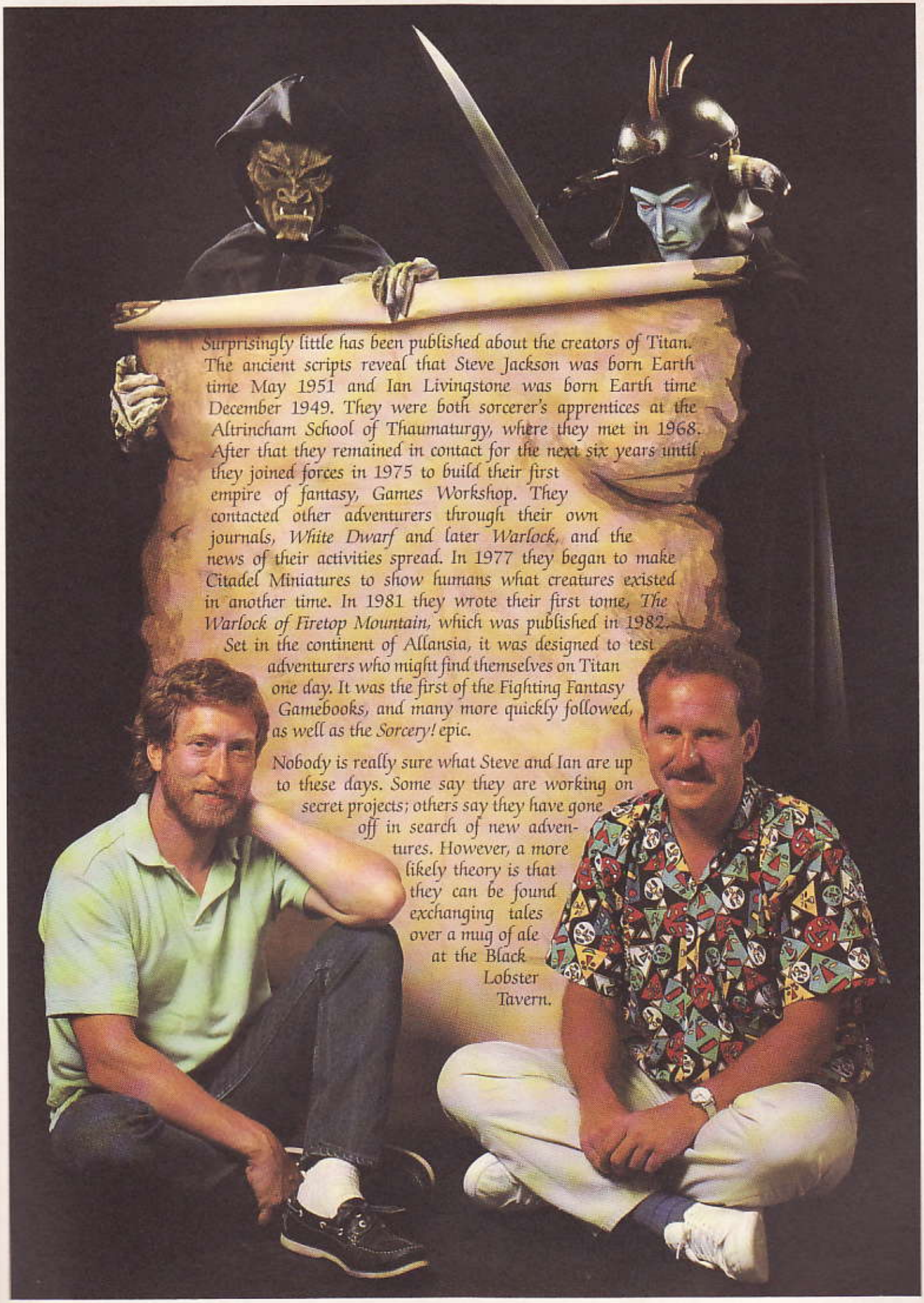

Surprisingly little has been published about the creators of Titan. The ancient scripts reveal that Steve Jackson was born Earth time May 1951 and Ian Livingstone was born Earth time December 1949. They were both sorcerer's apprentices at the Altrincham School of Thaumaturgy, where they met in 1968. After that they remained in contact for the next six years until they joined forces in 1975 to build their first empire of fantasy, Games Workshop. They contacted other adventurers through their own journals, *White Dwarf* and later *Warlock*, and the news of their activities spread. In 1977 they began to make Citadel Miniatures to show humans what creatures existed in another time. In 1981 they wrote their first tome, *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, which was published in 1982. Set in the continent of Allansia, it was designed to test adventurers who might find themselves on Titan one day. It was the first of the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, and many more quickly followed, as well as the *Sorcery!* epic.

Nobody is really sure what Steve and Ian are up to these days. Some say they are working on secret projects; others say they have gone off in search of new adventures. However, a more likely theory is that they can be found exchanging tales over a mug of ale at the Black Lobster Tavern.

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HOW TO FIGHT THE CREATURES OF FIRE ISLAND

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a backpack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 18–19 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

242

Leaving Rimon, Jerran Farr and yourself set out round the steep Uron Heights, before turning north. As you walk, Jerran shows you a crude map of the area round the southern edge of the Desert of Skulls and points to a sketch of an oasis next to a temple. 'I was able to get the location of the temple from the explorer before he died, but not that of the tomb,' says Jerran, 'but if we can find the temple, we should find the inscription that reveals the whereabouts of the tomb. I have also heard rumours of a Shaman who lives in the rocky hills to the east, at a place called Spirit Rock. If we could find him, he may be able to help us in our quest. However, we'll leave the choosing of the way until it becomes necessary.'

After two days of walking (during which time you must eat 2 meals or lose 2 STAMINA points for each meal missed) you reach the site of Jerran's camp. Here he has hidden a tent and bed-rolls, so at dusk you settle down for a night under canvas. You are woken several hours later by an ominous clacking sound coming from somewhere close to the tent. There is a sudden scuttling noise, then you hear Jerran cry out. In an instant you are outside the tent. In the moonlight you see the archaeologist struggling in the grip of a huge pincer belonging to a three-metre-long monstrosity covered in shiny black armour. The Giant Scorpion's sting rears up over its back, as large as a man's head. As you watch, the deadly sting of the overgrown arachnid lashes forward and strikes Jerran in the chest and the man stops struggling at once. You run at the

169

He eyes you suspiciously as you offer him a portion of your Provisions. But hunger overcomes his fear and he crams the food into his mouth. You ask him what he is doing in the tunnels, and he explains that he is a servant of one of the Trialmasters, Baron Sukumvit's appointed controllers of sections of his dungeon. He tells you he would like to escape, but no one is allowed to leave the dungeon in case the secret of its construction is revealed. You tell him that you are a contestant in the Trial of Champions and that you would appreciate any help. Rubbing his chin, he turns to you and says. 'One good turn deserves another. All I can tell you is that in a northern tunnel there is a wooden chair carved in the shape of a demon bird. There is a secret panel in the arm of the chair which contains a potion in a glass phial. It's a Doppelganger Potion. Now I must go about my duties. Good luck. I hope we meet again outside these infernal tunnels.' The man then shuffles off and you continue your journey west. Turn to **109**.

170

As you approach the prostrate figure, you see that it is one of your rivals in the Trial of Champions. It is in fact the Elf, and she is fighting for her life in the bone-crushing grip of an enormous BOA CONSTRICTOR. If you wish to help her, turn to **281**. If you would rather leave her to defend herself and walk back to the tunnel to head north, turn to **192**.

14

The necromancer manages to secure a tight grip on your face and your life drains quickly away through his fingertips. You are now a Zombie in his service and all is lost.

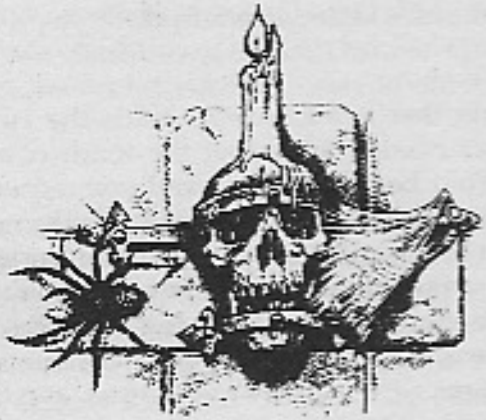

15

You hack your way through the dense undergrowth for nearly two hours until you stop to have a rest in a small clearing. You lie down with your head resting against a log and look up at the dark grey sky, consumed with sombre thoughts. 'Hey!' shouts Borri suddenly. 'That tree moved! And another one – look, over there!' You look up and see for yourself that the ring of trees around the clearing is steadily closing in on you. You draw your swords and, standing back to back, valiantly attempt to stave off the encroaching trees. But the Tree Men are far too strong, and one by one you are crushed to death.

16

You spur your horse into a gallop and ride down the hill to flee from the Goblins. You look back and watch them charge over the top of the hill in eager pursuit. You yell at your horse to try to make it gallop faster, while deciding which way to ride once you reach the bottom of the hill. If you wish to ride up the next hill, turn to **171**. If you wish to steer your horse down the valley to the left, towards a small wood, turn to **100**.

17

The morning passes and still you do not find the tunnel. Lose 1 LUCK point. 'I vote we turn around and go north. If we keep going south, we will reach the Plain of Bronze, and we might as well have flown there,' says Borri in a rare tone of seriousness. Symm agrees with Borri and you decide to go along with their decision. You follow your own trail back north, and by late afternoon are back where you started. Once again in a jovial mood, Borri makes a joke about the wasted trek, but neither Symm nor yourself feel inclined to laugh. Without stopping to rest, you press on north. Turn to **30**.

With a ticking of clockwork, the wooden tongue withdraws into the statue's mouth, which clicks shut. In the darkness behind the altar, a huge shape begins to form. You turn to run to the door, but a voice says: 'Have no fear! The Mad God is pleased with you, the first to make offering in this temple since its desecration at the hands of my enemies, the accursed mindless warrior-thralls. You are not as they are; nor are you one of my beleaguered followers. I sense you have a special purpose in this lost, forgotten land. And therefore take this gift: it will serve you well against the leader of my enemies.' You stare upwards, transfixed by the myriad eyes gazing down at you from near the temple roof. A vast hand sweeps down, and on the tip of one of its many fingers rests a strange helmet.

You take it; it is like a normal military helm, but topped with a roundel of highly polished silver. You place it on your head; restore 1 point of LUCK for receiving the gift of a god. You realize that any opponent will see his face reflected in the metal mirror as he attacks. It is a strange gift, but the god, after all, called himself mad; and now he has disappeared. You are alone in the temple. You leave, and make for the hilltop settlement. Turn to **140**.

You run to the centre of the village and into a wooden building that is larger than most of the huts. As you become accustomed to the gloom, you see overturned tables and chairs, broken bottles and scattered tankards. It is a tavern, and it has been ransacked. At the back of the room is a counter, and behind it a row of huge beer-barrels, all broken open but still sufficiently intact to serve as hiding-places. You pull aside the shattered planks at a barrel's end, and begin to crawl inside – and something moves at the other end. This barrel is the home of a Metamaggot, a voracious carnivore that lives as a single organism, although it is in fact made up of thousands of tiny white maggots. It moves like a fat pale snake, and it attacks by launching individual maggots at its victim; these maggots explode on impact, releasing acidic juices. You cannot hope to kill all the maggots; but when the Metamaggot's STAMINA is reduced to zero, it will break up into tiny fragments that present no further threat.

METAMAGGOT SKILL 6 STAMINA 7

Fight four rounds of combat. If you survive, but have not yet defeated the Metamaggot, turn to **321**. If you have vanquished it, you hide in a barrel – turn to **212**.

our jungle; he could not enslave the People, but his Slave Warriors attacked us and destroyed our homes. And he captured me, and held me here like a chattel. He wants me for his consort. Pah! I would rather wed a jellyfish. All he will get from me is naked steel. Come! Let us finish the loathsome scum!' If you have met Dirlin, turn to 138; if not, turn to 334.

277

The path climbs a hillside, and the trees become sparser. To your left, the hills mount higher still, towards the Cloudhigh peaks. The path winds up one of the nearer slopes, and a narrow side-turning on your left zigzags to a point near the summit where you can see the entrance to a mine and, next to it, a stone building. Will you take this side-turning (turn to 84), or will you continue along the main path (turn to 5)?

278

You walk all day. Your journey is uneventful, but you come across evidence of terrible incidents. In a clearing, you find a troop of the Margrave's foot-soldiers, all killed in a mêlée. Only two of their attackers died – a man and a Dwarf, both emaciated and dressed in rags, with strangely pinched facial features, and each wearing a stone talisman on a leather thong round his neck. Later, you freeze as an Ogre steps on to the path in front of you: it sees you and, instead of attacking, it sings a mournful song with the voice of a minstrel – a female, human minstrel. Then it runs away. In the evening you see, on the opposite riverbank, the jetty from which you set off in the boat. You sleep rough, and wake hungry. Eat a meal from your Provisions or lose 4 points of STAMINA. As you cut a trail further upstream, the river becomes a trickle, and then you lose it altogether in the foothills of the Cloudhigh Mountains. You are footsore and weary, and in the middle of the forest. Turn to 22.

279

A branch brushes your shoulder, and twigs clutch at your clothes. You recoil . . . and step within range of a swaying limb that side-swipes you, almost pushing you off the platform. Then a branch curls round your waist, lifting you into the air; other branches grab your limbs; and you are torn into pieces before being flung to earth.

280

You creep into the shade of the forest. You can see no one among the trees. You push between two clumps of thorns – and find yourself facing two Slave Warriors. Without a word, they attack. In each Attack Round, both of them can fight you, but you can attack only one of them. You choose which one you will attack, and fight him in the usual way. Roll for your Attack Strength against the other Slave Warrior as well, but you cannot wound him even if your Attack Strength is greater than his. If his Attack Strength is the higher, he wounds you as normal.

229

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn right. Turn to 69.

230

The creature now standing before you is a semi-decayed man. His quick eyes dart from side to side watching you. His long tongue flashes out with a hissing noise. His teeth and nails are sharp and he doesn't seem to be afraid of your weapon. He is a GHOUL!

GHOUL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

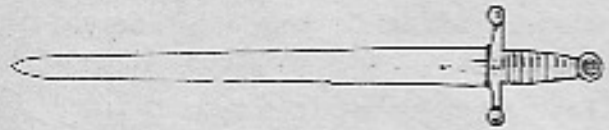

He has the ability to paralyse you if he scores four separate wounds on you during this battle, so beware! If you defeat him, turn to 390. If he kills or paralyses you, turn to 64.

231

Turn to 182

232

Almost exhausted after your awkward fight with the Spider, you set to work on hacking the boots off with your sword. Eventually they come free and you may leave the cavern down the passageway and back to the junction. Turn to 375

233

Turn to 198.

234

You find no secret passages. However, your rummagings attract the attentions of something sinister . . . Turn to 161 to discover what has appeared in the passageway in front of you. Fight this monster.

If you defeat the creature, you can continue up the passageway by turning to 43. Write down '43' so you will know where to go.

235

You follow the passage westwards, then it turns sharply to the north and, some metres further on, a passage runs off to the west. If you would like to go along the westwards passage, turn to 176. If you want to carry on northwards up the passage, turn to 5.

236

The battle commences. The Skeletons attack you one by one:

	SKILL	STAMINA
SKELETON A	6	5
SKELETON B	6	6
SKELETON C	5	5

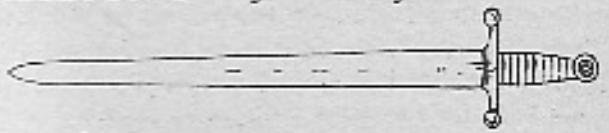

If you win, turn to 395.

Ward (1) – This spell may deflect one arrow, spear or other missile thrown at the caster. The missile whistles past and falls harmlessly to the ground.

Weakness (1) – This spell reduces a victim's SKILL score by 1–6 points (roll one die) for five minutes.

Counter-Spell (2 to choose, but read on) – This spell, which cancels out any other spell, works in quite a complicated way. When used, the spell will automatically cost the caster STAMINA points equal to the cost of the original spell being cancelled *plus* a further 1 STAMINA point, plus any special penalties which may affect the caster. Furthermore, for *Counter-Spell* to work successfully, the caster must reduce his *Magic* Skill by the Stamina Cost of the incoming spell before trying to cancel it. This spell works only on spells cast against the caster. The caster still pays the Stamina Cost even if the *Counter Spell* fails.

For example, cancelling a *Fire Bolt* cast at our Hero with his *Magic* Skill of 12 costs him 2 STAMINA points, if he can roll 11 or less on two dice. Cancelling out a *Death* spell, though, would cost him 11 STAMINA points (and, in that case, also cost him a year of his life) if he could somehow roll 2 or less on two dice.

E.S.P (2) – With this spell, the caster suddenly becomes able to tune in to a creature's thoughts. It won't allow him to read actual words or ideas, but can indicate a creature's emotions and general frame of mind. For example, it can reveal whether someone, who appears to be friendly, really is so. It cannot work on inanimate objects, unless they have some vestiges of intelligence. The power lasts for a maximum time of one minute.

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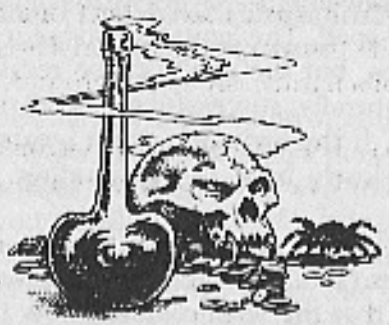

Farseeing (2) – This spell simply endows the caster with the eyesight of an eagle, allowing him to see in minute detail for a distance of up to five kilometres, and, in less detail, even further. It should be remembered, though, that even eagles can't see *through* things like hills or walls. The effect lasts for ten minutes, but can be cancelled at will sooner.

Force Bolt (2) – This spell, similar to the *Fire Bolt*, delivers a lightning bolt which causes 1–6 points of STAMINA damage. There is no way of avoiding such a bolt, except by *Counter-Spell* or *Wall*.

Languages (2) – This spell temporarily gives the caster, or someone on whom the spell is cast, a *Languages* Skill of 12, and therefore a chance of being able to converse in (though not read) a specific language.

Levitate (2) – Anyone possessing this spell may cast it upon objects, opponents or himself. It frees the target from the effects of gravity and causes him to float freely up or down in the air under the caster's control. For more

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

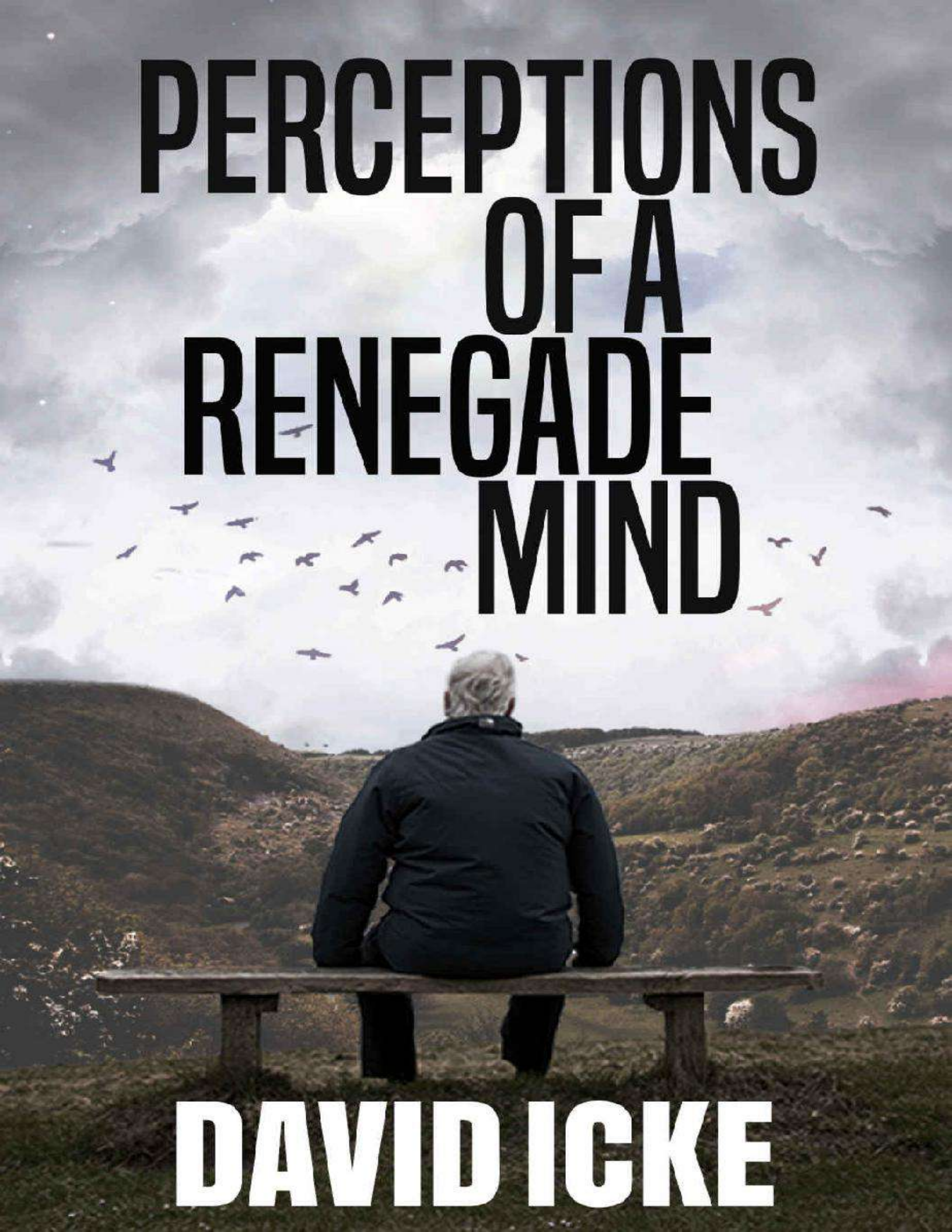

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PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

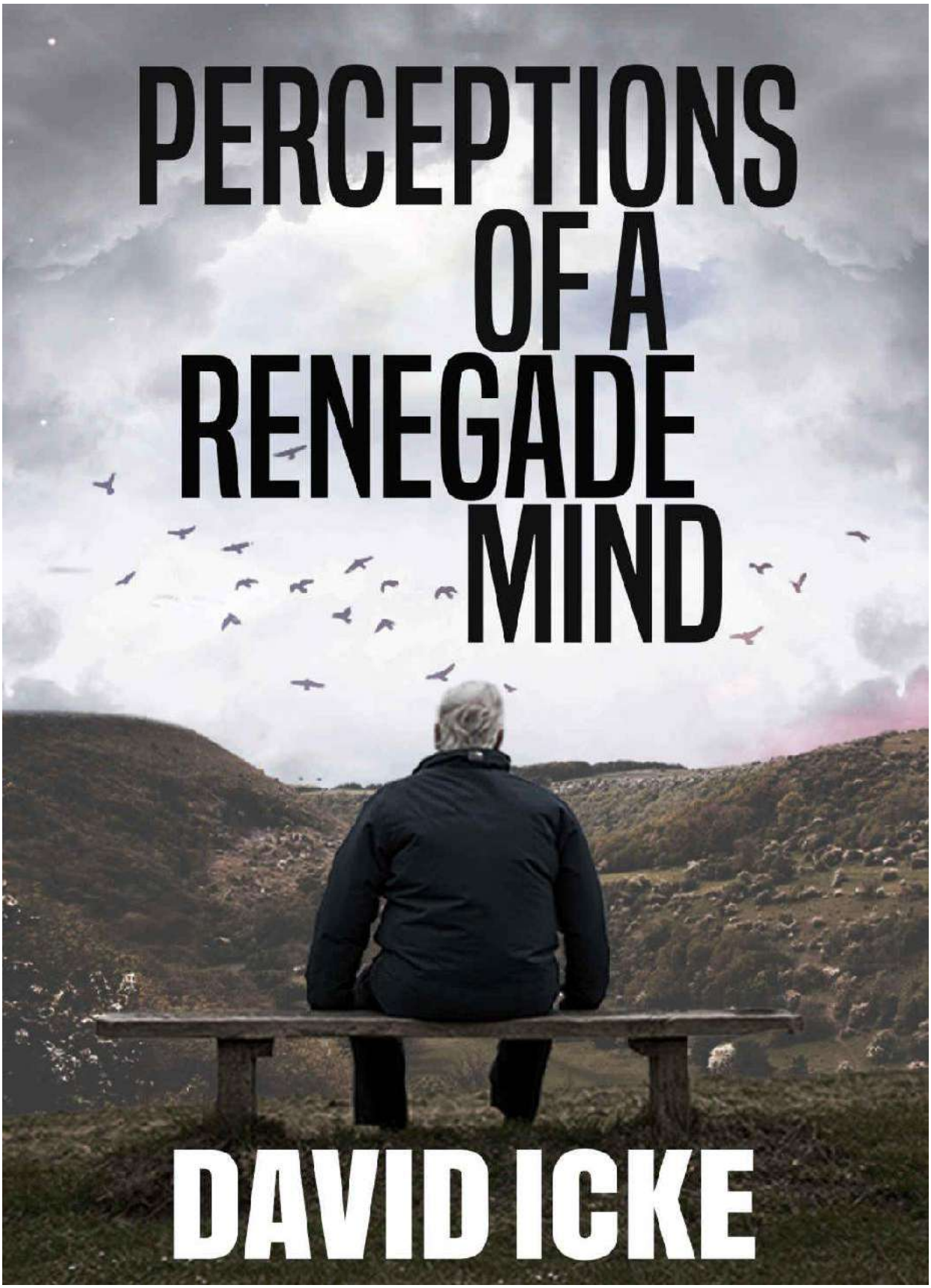

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PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

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publishing

First published in July 2021.

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Cover Design: Gareth Icke
Book Design: Neil Hague

British Library Cataloguing-in Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

eISBN 978-18384153-1-0

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

DAVID ICKE

Dedication:

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Renegade:
Adjective
'Having rejected tradition: Unconventional.'
Merriam-Webster Dictionary

Acquiescence to tyranny is the death of the spirit

You may be 38 years old, as I happen to be. And one day, some great opportunity stands before you and calls you to stand up for some great principle, some great issue, some great cause. And you refuse to do it because you are afraid … You refuse to do it because you want to live longer … You're afraid that you will lose your job, or you are afraid that you will be criticised or that you will lose your popularity, or you're afraid that somebody will stab you, or shoot at you or bomb your house; so you refuse to take the stand.

Well, you may go on and live until you are 90, but you're just as dead at 38 as you would be at 90. And the cessation of breathing in your life is but the belated announcement of an earlier death of the spirit.

Martin Luther King

How the few control the many and always have – the many do whatever they're told

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

The mist is lifting slowly
I can see the way ahead
And I've left behind the empty streets
That once inspired my life
And the strength of the emotion
Is like thunder in the air
'Cos the promise that we made each other
Haunts me to the end

The secret of your beauty
And the mystery of your soul
I've been searching for in everyone I meet
And the times I've been mistaken
It's impossible to say
And the grass is growing
Underneath our feet

The words that I remember
From my childhood still are true
That there's none so blind
As those who will not see
And to those who lack the courage
And say it's dangerous to try
Well they just don't know
That love eternal will not be denied

I know you're out there somewhere
Somewhere, somewhere
I know you're out there somewhere

Somewhere you can hear my voice
I know I'll find you somehow
Somehow, somehow
I know I'll find you somehow
And somehow I'll return again to you

The Moody Blues

Are you a gutless wonder - or a Renegade Mind?

Monuments put from pen to paper,
Turns me into a gutless wonder,
And if you tolerate this,
Then your children will be next.
Gravity keeps my head down,
Or is it maybe shame ...

Manic Street Preachers

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number.
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep have fallen on you.
Ye are many – they are few.

Percy Shelley

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CHAPTER ONE

I'm thinking' – Oh, but *are* you?

Think for yourself and let others enjoy the privilege of doing so too
Voltaire

French-born philosopher, mathematician and scientist René Descartes became famous for his statement in Latin in the 17th century which translates into English as: 'I think, therefore I am.'

On the face of it that is true. Thought reflects perception and perception leads to both behaviour and self-identity. In that sense 'we' are what we think. But who or what is doing the thinking and is thinking the only route to perception? Clearly, as we shall see, 'we' are not always the source of 'our' perception, indeed with regard to humanity as a whole this is rarely the case; and thinking is far from the only means of perception. Thought is the village idiot compared with other expressions of consciousness that we all have the potential to access and tap into. This has to be true when we *are* those other expressions of consciousness which are infinite in nature. We have forgotten this, or, more to the point, been manipulated to forget.

These are not just the esoteric musings of the navel. The whole foundation of human control and oppression is control of perception. Once perception is hijacked then so is behaviour which is dictated by perception. Collective perception becomes collective behaviour and collective behaviour is what we call human society. Perception is all and those behind human control know that which is

why perception is the target 24/7 of the psychopathic manipulators that I call the Global Cult. They know that if they dictate perception they will dictate behaviour and collectively dictate the nature of human society. They are further aware that perception is formed from information received and if they control the circulation of information they will to a vast extent direct human behaviour. Censorship of information and opinion has become globally Nazi-like in recent years and never more blatantly than since the illusory 'virus pandemic' was triggered out of China in 2019 and across the world in 2020. Why have billions submitted to house arrest and accepted fascistic societies in a way they would have never believed possible? Those controlling the information spewing from government, mainstream media and Silicon Valley (all controlled by the same Global Cult networks) told them they were in danger from a 'deadly virus' and only by submitting to house arrest and conceding their most basic of freedoms could they and their families be protected. This monumental and provable lie became the *perception* of the billions and therefore the *behaviour* of the billions. In those few words you have the whole structure and modus operandi of human control. Fear is a perception – **F**alse **E**motion **A**ppearing **R**eal – and fear is the currency of control. In short … get them by the balls (or give them the impression that you have) and their hearts and minds will follow. Nothing grips the dangly bits and freezes the rear-end more comprehensively than fear.

World number 1

There are two 'worlds' in what appears to be one 'world' and the prime difference between them is knowledge. First we have the mass of human society in which the population is maintained in coldly-calculated ignorance through control of information and the 'education' (indoctrination) system. That's all you really need to control to enslave billions in a perceptual delusion in which what are perceived to be *their* thoughts and opinions are ever-repeated mantras that the system has been downloading all their lives through 'education', media, science, medicine, politics and academia

in which the personnel and advocates are themselves overwhelmingly the perceptual products of the same repetition. Teachers and academics in general are processed by the same programming machine as everyone else, but unlike the great majority they never leave the 'education' program. It gripped them as students and continues to grip them as programmers of subsequent generations of students. The programmed become the programmers – the programmed programmers. The same can largely be said for scientists, doctors and politicians and not least because as the American writer Upton Sinclair said: 'It is difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it.' If your career and income depend on thinking the way the system demands then you will – bar a few free-minded exceptions – concede your mind to the Perceptual Mainframe that I call the Postage Stamp Consensus. This is a tiny band of perceived knowledge and possibility 'taught' (downloaded) in the schools and universities, pounded out by the mainstream media and on which all government policy is founded. Try thinking, and especially speaking and acting, outside of the 'box' of consensus and see what that does for your career in the Mainstream Everything which bullies, harasses, intimidates and ridicules the population into compliance. Here we have the simple structure which enslaves most of humanity in a perceptual prison cell for an entire lifetime and I'll go deeper into this process shortly. Most of what humanity is taught as fact is nothing more than programmed belief. American science fiction author Frank Herbert was right when he said: 'Belief can be manipulated. Only knowledge is dangerous.' In the 'Covid' age belief is promoted and knowledge is censored. It was always so, but never to the extreme of today.

World number 2

A 'number 2' is slang for 'doing a poo' and how appropriate that is when this other 'world' is doing just that on humanity every minute of every day. World number 2 is a global network of secret societies and semi-secret groups dictating the direction of society via

governments, corporations and authorities of every kind. I have spent more than 30 years uncovering and exposing this network that I call the Global Cult and knowing its agenda is what has made my books so accurate in predicting current and past events. Secret societies are secret for a reason. They want to keep their hoarded knowledge to themselves and their chosen initiates and to hide it from the population which they seek through ignorance to control and subdue. The whole foundation of the division between World 1 and World 2 is *knowledge*. What number 1 knows number 2 must not. Knowledge they have worked so hard to keep secret includes (a) the agenda to enslave humanity in a centrally-controlled global dictatorship, and (b) the nature of reality and life itself. The latter (b) must be suppressed to allow the former (a) to prevail as I shall be explaining. The way the Cult manipulates and interacts with the population can be likened to a spider's web. The 'spider' sits at the centre in the shadows and imposes its will through the web with each strand represented in World number 2 by a secret society, satanic or semi-secret group, and in World number 1 – the world of the seen – by governments, agencies of government, law enforcement, corporations, the banking system, media conglomerates and Silicon Valley (Fig 1 overleaf). The spider and the web connect and coordinate all these organisations to pursue the same global outcome while the population sees them as individual entities working randomly and independently. At the level of the web governments *are* the banking system *are* the corporations *are* the media *are* Silicon Valley *are* the World Health Organization working from their inner cores as one unit. Apparently unconnected countries, corporations, institutions, organisations and people are on the *same team* pursuing the same global outcome. Strands in the web immediately around the spider are the most secretive and exclusive secret societies and their membership is emphatically restricted to the Cult inner-circle emerging through the generations from particular bloodlines for reasons I will come to. At the core of the core you would get them in a single room. That's how many people are dictating the direction of human society and its transformation

through the 'Covid' hoax and other means. As the web expands out from the spider we meet the secret societies that many people will be aware of – the Freemasons, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, the inner sanctum of the Jesuit Order, and such like. Note how many are connected to the Church of Rome and there is a reason for that. The Roman Church was established as a revamp, a rebranding, of the relocated 'Church' of Babylon and the Cult imposing global tyranny today can be tracked back to Babylon and Sumer in what is now Iraq.

Figure 1: The global web through which the few control the many. (Image Neil Hague.)

Inner levels of the web operate in the unseen away from the public eye and then we have what I call the cusp organisations located at the point where the hidden meets the seen. They include a series of satellite organisations answering to a secret society founded in London in the late 19th century called the Round Table and among them are the Royal Institute of International Affairs (UK, founded in 1920); Council on Foreign Relations (US, 1921); Bilderberg Group (worldwide, 1954); Trilateral Commission (US/worldwide, 1972); and the Club of Rome (worldwide, 1968) which was created to exploit environmental concerns to justify the centralisation of global power to 'save the planet'. The Club of Rome instigated with others the human-caused climate change hoax which has led to all the 'green

new deals' demanding that very centralisation of control. Cusp organisations, which include endless 'think tanks' all over the world, are designed to coordinate a single global policy between political and business leaders, intelligence personnel, media organisations and anyone who can influence the direction of policy in their own sphere of operation. Major players and regular attenders will know what is happening – or some of it – while others come and go and are kept overwhelmingly in the dark about the big picture. I refer to these cusp groupings as semi-secret in that they can be publicly identified, but what goes on at the inner-core is kept very much 'in house' even from most of their members and participants through a fiercely-imposed system of compartmentalisation. Only let them know what they need to know to serve your interests and no more. The structure of secret societies serves as a perfect example of this principle. Most Freemasons never get higher than the bottom three levels of 'degree' (degree of knowledge) when there are 33 official degrees of the Scottish Rite. Initiates only qualify for the next higher 'compartment' or degree if those at that level choose to allow them. Knowledge can be carefully assigned only to those considered 'safe'. I went to my local Freemason's lodge a few years ago when they were having an 'open day' to show how cuddly they were and when I chatted to some of them I was astonished at how little the rank and file knew even about the most ubiquitous symbols they use. The mushroom technique – keep them in the dark and feed them bullshit – applies to most people in the web as well as the population as a whole. Sub-divisions of the web mirror in theme and structure transnational corporations which have a headquarters somewhere in the world dictating to all their subsidiaries in different countries. Subsidiaries operate in their methodology and branding to the same centrally-dictated plan and policy in pursuit of particular ends. The Cult web functions in the same way. Each country has its own web as a subsidiary of the global one. They consist of networks of secret societies, semi-secret groups and bloodline families and their job is to impose the will of the spider and the global web in their particular country. Subsidiary networks control and manipulate the national political system, finance, corporations, media, medicine, etc. to

ensure that they follow the globally-dictated Cult agenda. These networks were the means through which the 'Covid' hoax could be played out with almost every country responding in the same way.

The 'Yessir' pyramid

Compartmentalisation is the key to understanding how a tiny few can dictate the lives of billions when combined with a top-down sequence of imposition and acquiescence. The inner core of the Cult sits at the peak of the pyramidal hierarchy of human society (Fig 2 overleaf). It imposes its will – its agenda for the world – on the level immediately below which acquiesces to that imposition. This level then imposes the Cult will on the level below them which acquiesces and imposes on the next level. Very quickly we meet levels in the hierarchy that have no idea there even is a Cult, but the sequence of imposition and acquiescence continues down the pyramid in just the same way. 'I don't know why we are doing this but the order came from "on-high" and so we better just do it.' Alfred Lord Tennyson said of the cannon fodder levels in his poem *The Charge of the Light Brigade*: 'Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die.' The next line says that 'into the valley of death rode the six hundred' and they died because they obeyed without question what their perceived 'superiors' told them to do. In the same way the population capitulated to 'Covid'. The whole hierarchical pyramid functions like this to allow the very few to direct the enormous many. Eventually imposition-acquiescence-imposition-acquiescence comes down to the mass of the population at the foot of the pyramid. If they acquiesce to those levels of the hierarchy imposing on them (governments/law enforcement/doctors/media) a circuit is completed between the population and the handful of super-psychopaths in the Cult inner core at the top of the pyramid. Without a circuit-breaking refusal to obey, the sequence of imposition and acquiescence allows a staggeringly few people to impose their will upon the entirety of humankind. We are looking at the very sequence that has subjugated billions since the start of 2020. Our freedom has not been taken from us. Humanity has given it

away. Fascists do not impose fascism because there are not enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. Put another way allowing their perceptions to be programmed to the extent that leads to the population giving their freedom away by giving their perceptions – their mind – away. If this circuit is not broken by humanity ceasing to cooperate with their own enslavement then nothing can change. For that to happen people have to critically think and see through the lies and window dressing and then summon the backbone to act upon what they see. The Cult spends its days working to stop either happening and its methodology is systematic and highly detailed, but it can be overcome and that is what this book is all about.

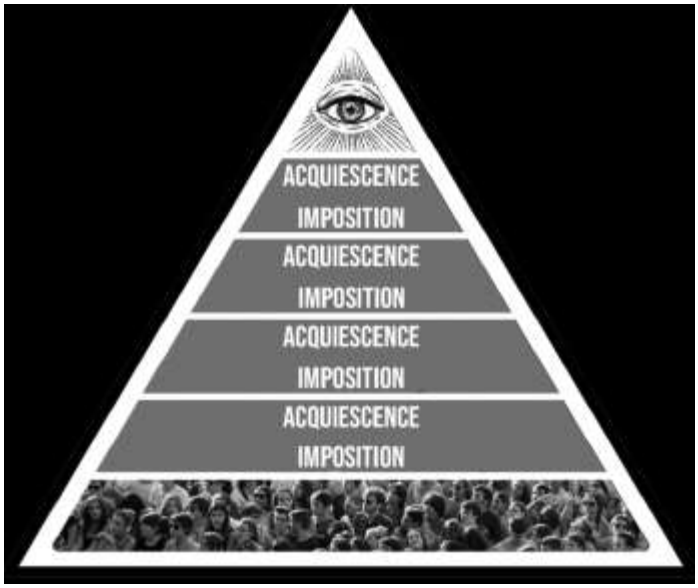

Figure 2: The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

The Life Program

Okay, back to world number 1 or the world of the 'masses'. Observe the process of what we call 'life' and it is a perceptual download from cradle to grave. The Cult has created a global structure in which perception can be programmed and the program continually topped-up with what appears to be constant confirmation that the program is indeed true reality. The important word here is 'appears'.

This is the structure, the fly-trap, the Postage Stamp Consensus or Perceptual Mainframe, which represents that incredibly narrow band of perceived possibility delivered by the 'education' system, mainstream media, science and medicine. From the earliest age the download begins with parents who have themselves succumbed to the very programming their children are about to go through. Most parents don't do this out of malevolence and mostly it is quite the opposite. They do what they believe is best for their children and that is what the program has told them is best. Within three or four years comes the major transition from parental programming to full-blown state (Cult) programming in school, college and university where perceptually-programmed teachers and academics pass on their programming to the next generations. Teachers who resist are soon marginalised and their careers ended while children who resist are called a problem child for whom Ritalin may need to be prescribed. A few years after entering the 'world' children are under the control of authority figures representing the state telling them when they have to be there, when they can leave and when they can speak, eat, even go to the toilet. This is calculated preparation for a lifetime of obeying authority in all its forms. Reflex-action fear of authority is instilled by authority from the start. Children soon learn the carrot and stick consequences of obeying or defying authority which is underpinned daily for the rest of their life. Fortunately I daydreamed through this crap and never obeyed authority simply because it told me to. This approach to my alleged 'betters' continues to this day. There can be consequences of pursuing open-minded freedom in a world of closed-minded conformity. I spent a lot of time in school corridors after being ejected from the classroom for not taking some of it seriously and now I spend a lot of time being ejected from Facebook, YouTube and Twitter. But I can tell you that being true to yourself and not compromising your self-respect is far more exhilarating than bowing to authority for authority's sake. You don't have to be a sheep to the shepherd (authority) and the sheep dog (fear of not obeying authority).

The perceptual download continues throughout the formative years in school, college and university while script-reading 'teachers', 'academics' 'scientists', 'doctors' and 'journalists' insist that ongoing generations must be as programmed as they are. Accept the program or you will not pass your 'exams' which confirm your 'degree' of programming. It is tragic to think that many parents pressure their offspring to work hard at school to download the program and qualify for the next stage at college and university. The late, great, American comedian George Carlin said: 'Here's a bumper sticker I'd like to see: We are proud parents of a child who has resisted his teachers' attempts to break his spirit and bend him to the will of his corporate masters.' Well, the best of luck finding many of those, George. Then comes the moment to leave the formal programming years in academia and enter the 'adult' world of work. There you meet others in your chosen or prescribed arena who went through the same Postage Stamp Consensus program before you did. There is therefore overwhelming agreement between almost everyone on the basic foundations of Postage Stamp reality and the rejection, even contempt, of the few who have a mind of their own and are prepared to use it. This has two major effects. Firstly, the consensus confirms to the programmed that their download is really how things are. I mean, everyone knows that, right? Secondly, the arrogance and ignorance of Postage Stamp adherents ensure that anyone questioning the program will have unpleasant consequences for seeking their own truth and not picking their perceptions from the shelf marked: 'Things you must believe without question and if you don't you're a dangerous lunatic conspiracy theorist and a harebrained nutter'.

Every government, agency and corporation is founded on the same Postage Stamp prison cell and you can see why so many people believe the same thing while calling it their own 'opinion'. Fusion of governments and corporations in pursuit of the same agenda was the definition of fascism described by Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. The pressure to conform to perceptual norms downloaded for a lifetime is incessant and infiltrates society right

down to family groups that become censors and condemners of their own 'black sheep' for not, ironically, being sheep. We have seen an explosion of that in the 'Covid' era. Cult-owned global media unleashes its propaganda all day every day in support of the Postage Stamp and targets with abuse and ridicule anyone in the public eye who won't bend their mind to the will of the tyranny. Any response to this is denied (certainly in my case). They don't want to give a platform to expose official lies. Cult-owned-and-created Internet giants like Facebook, Google, YouTube and Twitter delete you for having an unapproved opinion. Facebook boasts that its AI censors delete 97-percent of 'hate speech' before anyone even reports it. Much of that 'hate speech' will simply be an opinion that Facebook and its masters don't want people to see. Such perceptual oppression is widely known as fascism. Even Facebook executive Benny Thomas, a 'CEO Global Planning Lead', said in comments secretly recorded by investigative journalism operation Project Veritas that Facebook is 'too powerful' and should be broken up:

> I mean, no king in history has been the ruler of two billion people, but Mark Zuckerberg is … And he's 36. That's too much for a 36-year-old ... You should not have power over two billion people. I just think that's wrong.

Thomas said Facebook-owned platforms like Instagram, Oculus, and WhatsApp needed to be separate companies. 'It's too much power when they're all one together'. That's the way the Cult likes it, however. We have an executive of a Cult organisation in Benny Thomas that doesn't know there is a Cult such is the compartmentalisation. Thomas said that Facebook and Google 'are no longer companies, they're countries'. Actually they are more powerful than countries on the basis that if you control information you control perception and control human society.

I love my oppressor

Another expression of this psychological trickery is for those who realise they are being pressured into compliance to eventually

convince themselves to believe the official narratives to protect their self-respect from accepting the truth that they have succumbed to meek and subservient compliance. Such people become some of the most vehement defenders of the system. You can see them everywhere screaming abuse at those who prefer to think for themselves and by doing so reminding the compliers of their own capitulation to conformity. 'You are talking dangerous nonsense you Covidiot!!' Are you trying to convince me or yourself? It is a potent form of Stockholm syndrome which is defined as: 'A psychological condition that occurs when a victim of abuse identifies and attaches, or bonds, positively with their abuser.' An example is hostages bonding and even 'falling in love' with their kidnappers. The syndrome has been observed in domestic violence, abused children, concentration camp inmates, prisoners of war and many and various Satanic cults. These are some traits of Stockholm syndrome listed at goodtherapy.org:

- Positive regard towards perpetrators of abuse or captor [see 'Covid'].
- Failure to cooperate with police and other government authorities when it comes to holding perpetrators of abuse or kidnapping accountable [or in the case of 'Covid' cooperating with the police to enforce and defend their captors' demands].
- Little or no effort to escape [see 'Covid'].
- Belief in the goodness of the perpetrators or kidnappers [see 'Covid'].
- Appeasement of captors. This is a manipulative strategy for maintaining one's safety. As victims get rewarded – perhaps with less abuse or even with life itself – their appeasing behaviours are reinforced [see 'Covid'].
- Learned helplessness. This can be akin to 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em'. As the victims fail to escape the abuse or captivity, they may start giving up and soon realize it's just easier for everyone if they acquiesce all their power to their captors [see 'Covid'].

- Feelings of pity toward the abusers, believing they are actually victims themselves. Because of this, victims may go on a crusade or mission to 'save' [protect] their abuser [see the venom unleashed on those challenging the official 'Covid' narrative].
- Unwillingness to learn to detach from their perpetrators and heal. In essence, victims may tend to be less loyal to themselves than to their abuser [*definitely* see 'Covid'].

Ponder on those traits and compare them with the behaviour of great swathes of the global population who have defended governments and authorities which have spent every minute destroying their lives and livelihoods and those of their children and grandchildren since early 2020 with fascistic lockdowns, house arrest and employment deletion to 'protect' them from a 'deadly virus' that their abusers' perceptually created to bring about this very outcome. We are looking at mass Stockholm syndrome. All those that agree to concede their freedom will believe those perceptions are originating in their own independent 'mind' when in fact by conceding their reality to Stockholm syndrome they have by definition conceded any independence of mind. Listen to the 'opinions' of the acquiescing masses in this 'Covid' era and what gushes forth is the repetition of the official version of everything delivered unprocessed, unfiltered and unquestioned. The whole programming dynamic works this way. I must be free because I'm told that I am and so I think that I am.

You can see what I mean with the chapter theme of 'I'm thinking – Oh, but *are* you?' The great majority are not thinking, let alone for themselves. They are repeating what authority has told them to believe which allows them to be controlled. Weaving through this mentality is the fear that the 'conspiracy theorists' are right and this again explains the often hysterical abuse that ensues when you dare to contest the official narrative of anything. Denial is the mechanism of hiding from yourself what you don't want to be true. Telling people what they want to hear is easy, but it's an infinitely greater challenge to tell them what they would rather not be happening.

One is akin to pushing against an open door while the other is met with vehement resistance no matter what the scale of evidence. I don't want it to be true so I'll convince myself that it's not. Examples are everywhere from the denial that a partner is cheating despite all the signs to the reflex-action rejection of any idea that world events in which country after country act in exactly the same way are centrally coordinated. To accept the latter is to accept that a force of unspeakable evil is working to destroy your life and the lives of your children with nothing too horrific to achieve that end. Who the heck wants that to be true? But if we don't face reality the end is duly achieved and the consequences are far worse and ongoing than breaking through the walls of denial today with the courage to make a stand against tyranny.

Connect the dots – but how?

A crucial aspect of perceptual programming is to portray a world in which everything is random and almost nothing is connected to anything else. Randomness cannot be coordinated by its very nature and once you perceive events as random the idea they could be connected is waved away as the rantings of the tinfoil-hat brigade. You can't plan and coordinate random you idiot! No, you can't, but you can hide the coldly-calculated and long-planned behind the *illusion* of randomness. A foundation manifestation of the Renegade Mind is to scan reality for patterns that connect the apparently random and turn pixels and dots into pictures. This is the way I work and have done so for more than 30 years. You look for similarities in people, modus operandi and desired outcomes and slowly, then ever quicker, the picture forms. For instance: There would seem to be no connection between the 'Covid pandemic' hoax and the human-caused global-warming hoax and yet they are masks (appropriately) on the same face seeking the same outcome. Those pushing the global warming myth through the Club of Rome and other Cult agencies are driving the lies about 'Covid' – Bill Gates is an obvious one, but they are endless. Why would the same people be involved in both when they are clearly not connected? Oh, but they

are. Common themes with personnel are matched by common goals. The 'solutions' to both 'problems' are centralisation of global power to impose the will of the few on the many to 'save' humanity from 'Covid' and save the planet from an 'existential threat' (we need 'zero Covid' and 'zero carbon emissions'). These, in turn, connect with the 'dot' of globalisation which was coined to describe the centralisation of global power in every area of life through incessant political and corporate expansion, trading blocks and superstates like the European Union. If you are the few and you want to control the many you have to centralise power and decision-making. The more you centralise power the more power the few at the centre will have over the many; and the more that power is centralised the more power those at the centre have to centralise even quicker. The momentum of centralisation gets faster and faster which is exactly the process we have witnessed. In this way the hoaxed 'pandemic' and the fakery of human-caused global warming serve the interests of globalisation and the seizure of global power in the hands of the Cult inner-circle which is behind 'Covid', 'climate change' *and* globalisation. At this point random 'dots' become a clear and obvious picture or pattern.

Klaus Schwab, the classic Bond villain who founded the Cult's Gates-funded World Economic Forum, published a book in 2020, *The Great Reset*, in which he used the 'problem' of 'Covid' to justify a total transformation of human society to 'save' humanity from 'climate change'. Schwab said: 'The pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world.' What he didn't mention is that the Cult he serves is behind both hoaxes as I show in my book *The Answer*. He and the Cult don't have to reimagine the world. They know precisely what they want and that's why they destroyed human society with 'Covid' to 'build back better' in their grand design. Their job is not to imagine, but to get humanity to imagine and agree with their plans while believing it's all random. It must be pure coincidence that 'The Great Reset' has long been the Cult's code name for the global imposition of fascism and replaced previous code-names of the 'New World

Order' used by Cult frontmen like Father George Bush and the 'New Order of the Ages' which emerged from Freemasonry and much older secret societies. New Order of the Ages appears on the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States as 'Novus ordo seclorum' underneath the Cult symbol used since way back of the pyramid and all seeing-eye (Fig 3). The pyramid is the hierarchy of human control headed by the illuminated eye that symbolises the force behind the Cult which I will expose in later chapters. The term 'Annuit Coeptis' translates as 'He favours our undertaking'. We are told the 'He' is the Christian god, but 'He' is not as I will be explaining.

Figure 3: The all-seeing eye of the Cult 'god' on the Freemason-designed Great Seal of the United States and also on the dollar bill.

Having you on

Two major Cult techniques of perceptual manipulation that relate to all this are what I have called since the 1990s Problem-Reaction-Solution (PRS) and the Totalitarian Tiptoe (TT). They can be uncovered by the inquiring mind with a simple question: Who benefits? The answer usually identifies the perpetrators of a given action or happening through the concept of 'he who most benefits from a crime is the one most likely to have committed it'. The Latin 'Cue bono?' – Who benefits? – is widely attributed to the Roman orator and statesman Marcus Tullius Cicero. No wonder it goes back so far when the concept has been relevant to human behaviour since

history was recorded. Problem-Reaction-Solution is the technique used to manipulate us every day by covertly creating a problem (or the illusion of one) and offering the solution to the problem (or the illusion of one). In the first phase you create the problem and blame someone or something else for why it has happened. This may relate to a financial collapse, terrorist attack, war, global warming or pandemic, anything in fact that will allow you to impose the 'solution' to change society in the way you desire at that time. The 'problem' doesn't have to be real. PRS is manipulation of perception and all you need is the population to believe the problem is real. Human-caused global warming and the 'Covid pandemic' only have to be *perceived* to be real for the population to accept the 'solutions' of authority. I refer to this technique as NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Billions did not meekly accept house arrest from early 2020 because there was a real deadly 'Covid pandemic' but because they perceived – believed – that to be the case. The antidote to Problem-Reaction-Solution is to ask who benefits from the proposed solution. Invariably it will be anyone who wants to justify more control through deletion of freedom and centralisation of power and decision-making.

The two world wars were Problem-Reaction-Solutions that transformed and realigned global society. Both were manipulated into being by the Cult as I have detailed in books since the mid-1990s. They dramatically centralised global power, especially World War Two, which led to the United Nations and other global bodies thanks to the overt and covert manipulations of the Rockefeller family and other Cult bloodlines like the Rothschilds. The UN is a stalking horse for full-blown world government that I will come to shortly. The land on which the UN building stands in New York was donated by the Rockefellers and the same Cult family was behind Big Pharma scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the creation of the World Health Organization as part of the UN. They have been stalwarts of the eugenics movement and funded Hitler's race-purity expert' Ernst Rudin. The human-caused global warming hoax has been orchestrated by the Club of Rome through the UN which is

manufacturing both the 'problem' through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and imposing the 'solution' through its Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 which demand the total centralisation of global power to 'save the world' from a climate hoax the United Nations is itself perpetrating. What a small world the Cult can be seen to be particularly among the inner circles. The bedfellow of Problem-Reaction-Solution is the Totalitarian Tiptoe which became the Totalitarian Sprint in 2020. The technique is fashioned to hide the carefully-coordinated behind the cover of apparently random events. You start the sequence at 'A' and you know you are heading for 'Z'. You don't want people to know that and each step on the journey is presented as a random happening while all the steps strung together lead in the same direction. The speed may have quickened dramatically in recent times, but you can still see the incremental approach of the Tiptoe in the case of 'Covid' as each new imposition takes us deeper into fascism. Tell people they have to do this or that to get back to 'normal', then this and this and this. With each new demand adding to the ones that went before the population's freedom is deleted until it disappears. The spider wraps its web around the flies more comprehensively with each new diktat. I'll highlight this in more detail when I get to the 'Covid' hoax and how it has been pulled off. Another prime example of the Totalitarian Tiptoe is how the Cult-created European Union went from a 'free-trade zone' to a centralised bureaucratic dictatorship through the Tiptoe of incremental centralisation of power until nations became mere administrative units for Cult-owned dark suits in Brussels.

The antidote to ignorance is knowledge which the Cult seeks vehemently to deny us, but despite the systematic censorship to that end the Renegade Mind can overcome this by vociferously seeking out the facts no matter the impediments put in the way. There is also a method of thinking and perceiving – *knowing* – that doesn't even need names, dates, place-type facts to identify the patterns that reveal the story. I'll get to that in the final chapter. All you need to know about the manipulation of human society and to what end is still out there – *at the time of writing* – in the form of books, videos

and websites for those that really want to breach the walls of programmed perception. To access this knowledge requires the abandonment of the mainstream media as a source of information in the awareness that this is owned and controlled by the Cult and therefore promotes mass perceptions that suit the Cult. Mainstream media lies all day, every day. That is its function and very reason for being. Where it does tell the truth, here and there, is only because the truth and the Cult agenda very occasionally coincide. If you look for fact and insight to the BBC, CNN and virtually all the rest of them you are asking to be conned and perceptually programmed.

Know the outcome and you'll see the journey

Events seem random when you have no idea where the world is being taken. Once you do the random becomes the carefully planned. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey is a phrase I have been using for a long time to give context to daily happenings that appear unconnected. Does a problem, or illusion of a problem, trigger a proposed 'solution' that further drives society in the direction of the outcome? Invariably the answer will be yes and the random – *abracadabra* – becomes the clearly coordinated. So what is this outcome that unlocks the door to a massively expanded understanding of daily events? I will summarise its major aspects – the fine detail is in my other books – and those new to this information will see that the world they thought they were living in is a very different place. The foundation of the Cult agenda is the incessant centralisation of power and all such centralisation is ultimately in pursuit of Cult control on a global level. I have described for a long time the planned world structure of top-down dictatorship as the Hunger Games Society. The term obviously comes from the movie series which portrayed a world in which a few living in military-protected hi-tech luxury were the overlords of a population condemned to abject poverty in isolated 'sectors' that were not allowed to interact. 'Covid' lockdowns and travel bans anyone? The 'Hunger Games' pyramid of structural control has the inner circle of the Cult at the top with pretty much the entire

population at the bottom under their control through dependency for survival on the Cult. The whole structure is planned to be protected and enforced by a military-police state (Fig 4).

Here you have the reason for the global lockdowns of the fake pandemic to coldly destroy independent incomes and livelihoods and make everyone dependent on the 'state' (the Cult that controls the 'states'). I have warned in my books for many years about the plan to introduce a 'guaranteed income' – a barely survivable pittance – designed to impose dependency when employment was destroyed by AI technology and now even more comprehensively at great speed by the 'Covid' scam. Once the pandemic was played and lockdown consequences began to delete independent income the authorities began to talk right on cue about the need for a guaranteed income and a 'Great Reset'. Guaranteed income will be presented as benevolent governments seeking to help a desperate people – desperate as a direct result of actions of the same governments. The truth is that such payments are a trap. You will only get them if you do exactly what the authorities demand including mass vaccination (genetic manipulation). We have seen this theme already in Australia where those dependent on government benefits have them reduced if parents don't agree to have their children vaccinated according to an insane health-destroying government-dictated schedule. Calculated economic collapse applies to governments as well as people. The Cult wants rid of countries through the creation of a world state with countries broken up into regions ruled by a world government and super states like the European Union. Countries must be bankrupted, too, to this end and it's being achieved by the trillions in 'rescue packages' and furlough payments, trillions in lost taxation, and money-no-object spending on 'Covid' including constant all-medium advertising (programming) which has made the media dependent on government for much of its income. The day of reckoning is coming – as planned – for government spending and given that it has been made possible by printing money and not by production/taxation there is inflation on the way that has the

potential to wipe out monetary value. In that case there will be no need for the Cult to steal your money. It just won't be worth anything (see the German Weimar Republic before the Nazis took over). Many have been okay with lockdowns while getting a percentage of their income from so-called furlough payments without having to work. Those payments are dependent, however, on people having at least a theoretical job with a business considered non-essential and ordered to close. As these business go under because they are closed by lockdown after lockdown the furlough stops and it will for everyone eventually. Then what? The 'then what?' is precisely the idea.

Figure 4: The Hunger Games Society structure I have long warned was planned and now the 'Covid' hoax has made it possible. This is the real reason for lockdowns.

Hired hands

Between the Hunger Games Cult elite and the dependent population is planned to be a vicious military-police state (a fusion of the two into one force). This has been in the making for a long time with police looking ever more like the military and carrying weapons to match. The pandemic scam has seen this process accelerate so fast as

lockdown house arrest is brutally enforced by carefully recruited fascist minds and gormless system-servers. The police and military are planned to merge into a centrally-directed world army in a global structure headed by a world government which wouldn't be elected even by the election fixes now in place. The world army is not planned even to be human and instead wars would be fought, primarily against the population, using robot technology controlled by artificial intelligence. I have been warning about this for decades and now militaries around the world are being transformed by this very AI technology. The global regime that I describe is a particular form of fascism known as a technocracy in which decisions are not made by clueless and co-opted politicians but by unelected technocrats – scientists, engineers, technologists and bureaucrats. Cult-owned-and-controlled Silicon Valley giants are examples of technocracy and they already have far more power to direct world events than governments. They are with their censorship *selecting* governments. I know that some are calling the 'Great Reset' a Marxist communist takeover, but fascism and Marxism are different labels for the same tyranny. Tell those who lived in fascist Germany and Stalinist Russia that there was a difference in the way their freedom was deleted and their lives controlled. I could call it a fascist technocracy or a Marxist technocracy and they would be equally accurate. The Hunger Games society with its world government structure would oversee a world army, world central bank and single world cashless currency imposing its will on a microchipped population (Fig 5). Scan its different elements and see how the illusory pandemic is forcing society in this very direction at great speed. Leaders of 23 countries and the World Health Organization (WHO) backed the idea in March, 2021, of a global treaty for 'international cooperation' in 'health emergencies' and nations should 'come together as a global community for peaceful cooperation that extends beyond this crisis'. Cut the Orwellian bullshit and this means another step towards global government. The plan includes a cashless digital money system that I first warned about in 1993. Right at the start of 'Covid' the deeply corrupt Tedros

Adhanom Ghebreyesus, the crooked and merely gofer 'head' of the World Health Organization, said it was possible to catch the 'virus' by touching cash and it was better to use cashless means. The claim was ridiculous nonsense and like the whole 'Covid' mind-trick it was nothing to do with 'health' and everything to do with pushing every aspect of the Cult agenda. As a result of the Tedros lie the use of cash has plummeted. The Cult script involves a single world digital currency that would eventually be technologically embedded in the body. China is a massive global centre for the Cult and if you watch what is happening there you will know what is planned for everywhere. The Chinese government is developing a digital currency which would allow fines to be deducted immediately via AI for anyone caught on camera breaking its fantastic list of laws and the money is going to be programmable with an expiry date to ensure that no one can accrue wealth except the Cult and its operatives.

Figure 5: The structure of global control the Cult has been working towards for so long and this has been enormously advanced by the 'Covid' illusion.

Serfdom is so smart

The Cult plan is far wider, extreme, and more comprehensive than even most conspiracy researchers appreciate and I will come to the true depths of deceit and control in the chapters 'Who controls the

Cult?' and 'Escaping Wetiko'. Even the world that we know is crazy enough. We are being deluged with ever more sophisticated and controlling technology under the heading of 'smart'. We have smart televisions, smart meters, smart cards, smart cars, smart driving, smart roads, smart pills, smart patches, smart watches, smart skin, smart borders, smart pavements, smart streets, smart cities, smart communities, smart environments, smart growth, smart planet ... smart *everything* around us. Smart technologies and methods of operation are designed to interlock to create a global Smart Grid connecting the entirety of human society including human minds to create a centrally-dictated 'hive' mind. 'Smart cities' is code for densely-occupied megacities of total surveillance and control through AI. Ever more destructive frequency communication systems like 5G have been rolled out without any official testing for health and psychological effects (colossal). 5G/6G/7G systems are needed to run the Smart Grid and each one becomes more destructive of body and mind. Deleting independent income is crucial to forcing people into these AI-policed prisons by ending private property ownership (except for the Cult elite). The Cult's Great Reset now openly foresees a global society in which no one will own any possessions and everything will be rented while the Cult would own literally everything under the guise of government and corporations. The aim has been to use the lockdowns to destroy sources of income on a mass scale and when the people are destitute and in unrepayable amounts of debt (problem) Cult assets come forward with the pledge to write-off debt in return for handing over all property and possessions (solution). Everything – literally everything including people – would be connected to the Internet via AI. I was warning years ago about the coming Internet of Things (IoT) in which all devices and technology from your car to your fridge would be plugged into the Internet and controlled by AI. Now we are already there with much more to come. The next stage is the Internet of Everything (IoE) which is planned to include the connection of AI to the human brain and body to replace the human mind with a centrally-controlled AI mind. Instead of perceptions

being manipulated through control of information and censorship those perceptions would come direct from the Cult through AI. What do you think? You think whatever AI decides that you think. In human terms there would be no individual 'think' any longer. Too incredible? The ravings of a lunatic? Not at all. Cult-owned crazies in Silicon Valley have been telling us the plan for years without explaining the real motivation and calculated implications. These include Google executive and 'futurist' Ray Kurzweil who highlights the year 2030 for when this would be underway. He said:

> Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' ... We're going to put gateways to the cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations.
>
> As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

The sales-pitch of Kurzweil and Cult-owned Silicon Valley is that this would make us 'super-human' when the real aim is to make us post-human and no longer 'human' in the sense that we have come to know. The entire global population would be connected to AI and become the centrally-controlled 'hive-mind' of externally-delivered perceptions. The Smart Grid being installed to impose the Cult's will on the world is being constructed to allow particular locations – even one location – to control the whole global system. From these prime control centres, which absolutely include China and Israel, anything connected to the Internet would be switched on or off and manipulated at will. Energy systems could be cut, communication via the Internet taken down, computer-controlled driverless autonomous vehicles driven off the road, medical devices switched off, the potential is limitless given how much AI and Internet connections now run human society. We have seen nothing yet if we allow this to continue. Autonomous vehicle makers are working with law enforcement to produce cars designed to automatically pull over if they detect a police or emergency vehicle flashing from up to 100 feet away. At a police stop the car would be unlocked and the

window rolled down automatically. Vehicles would only take you where the computer (the state) allowed. The end of petrol vehicles and speed limiters on all new cars in the UK and EU from 2022 are steps leading to electric computerised transport over which ultimately you have no control. The picture is far bigger even than the Cult global network or web and that will become clear when I get to the nature of the 'spider'. There is a connection between all these happenings and the instigation of DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' (which aren't 'vaccines') justified by the 'Covid' hoax. That connection is the unfolding plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state and this is why synthetic biology is such a fast-emerging discipline of mainstream science. 'Covid vaccines' are infusing self-replicating synthetic genetic material into the cells to cumulatively take us on the Totalitarian Tiptoe from Human 1.0 to the synthetic biological Human 2.0 which will be physically and perceptually attached to the Smart Grid to one hundred percent control every thought, perception and deed. Humanity needs to wake up and *fast*.

This is the barest explanation of where the 'outcome' is planned to go but it's enough to see the journey happening all around us. Those new to this information will already see 'Covid' in a whole new context. I will add much more detail as we go along, but for the minutiae evidence see my mega-works, *The Answer, The Trigger* and *Everything You Need to Know But Have Never Been Told*.

Now – how does a Renegade Mind see the 'world'?

CHAPTER TWO

Renegade Perception

It is one thing to be clever and another to be wise
George R.R. Martin

A simple definition of the difference between a programmed mind and a Renegade Mind would be that one sees only dots while the other connects them to see the picture. Reading reality with accuracy requires the observer to (a) know the planned outcome and (b) realise that everything, but *everything*, is connected.

The entirety of infinite reality is connected – that's its very nature – and with human society an expression of infinite reality the same must apply. Simple cause and effect is a connection. The effect is triggered by the cause and the effect then becomes the cause of another effect. Nothing happens in isolation because it *can't*. Life in whatever reality is simple choice and consequence. We make choices and these lead to consequences. If we don't like the consequences we can make different choices and get different consequences which lead to other choices and consequences. The choice and the consequence are not only connected they are indivisible. You can't have one without the other as an old song goes. A few cannot control the world unless those being controlled allow that to happen – cause and effect, choice and consequence. Control – who has it and who doesn't – is a two-way process, a symbiotic relationship, involving the controller and controlled. 'They took my freedom away!!' Well, yes, but you also gave it to them. Humanity is

subjected to mass control because humanity has acquiesced to that control. This is all cause and effect and literally a case of give and take. In the same way world events of every kind are connected and the Cult works incessantly to sell the illusion of the random and coincidental to maintain the essential (to them) perception of dots that hide the picture. Renegade Minds know this and constantly scan the world for patterns of connection. This is absolutely pivotal in understanding the happenings in the world and without that perspective clarity is impossible. First you know the planned outcome and then you identify the steps on the journey – the day-by-day apparently random which, when connected in relation to the outcome, no longer appear as individual events, but as the proverbial *chain* of events leading in the same direction. I'll give you some examples:

Political puppet show

We are told to believe that politics is 'adversarial' in that different parties with different beliefs engage in an endless tussle for power. There may have been some truth in that up to a point – and only a point – but today divisions between 'different' parties are rhetorical not ideological. Even the rhetorical is fusing into one-speak as the parties eject any remaining free thinkers while others succumb to the ever-gathering intimidation of anyone with the 'wrong' opinion. The Cult is not a new phenomenon and can be traced back thousands of years as my books have documented. Its intergenerational initiates have been manipulating events with increasing effect the more that global power has been centralised. In ancient times the Cult secured control through the system of monarchy in which 'special' bloodlines (of which more later) demanded the right to rule as kings and queens simply by birthright and by vanquishing others who claimed the same birthright. There came a time, however, when people had matured enough to see the unfairness of such tyranny and demanded a say in who governed them. Note the word – *governed* them. Not served them – *governed* them, hence government defined as 'the political direction and control exercised over the

actions of the members, citizens, or inhabitants of communities, societies, and states; direction of the affairs of a state, community, etc.' Governments exercise control over rather than serve just like the monarchies before them. Bizarrely there are still countries like the United Kingdom which are ruled by a monarch *and* a government that officially answers to the monarch. The UK head of state and that of Commonwealth countries such as Canada, Australia and New Zealand is 'selected' by who in a *single family* had unprotected sex with whom and in what order. Pinch me it can't be true. Ouch! Shit, it is. The demise of monarchies in most countries offered a potential vacuum in which some form of free and fair society could arise and the Cult had that base covered. Monarchies had served its interests but they couldn't continue in the face of such widespread opposition and, anyway, replacing a 'royal' dictatorship that people could see with a dictatorship 'of the people' hiding behind the concept of 'democracy' presented far greater manipulative possibilities and ways of hiding coordinated tyranny behind the illusion of 'freedom'.

Democracy is quite wrongly defined as government selected by the population. This is not the case at all. It is government selected by *some* of the population (and then only in theory). This 'some' doesn't even have to be the majority as we have seen so often in first-past-the-post elections in which the so-called majority party wins fewer votes than the 'losing' parties combined. Democracy can give total power to a party in government from a minority of the votes cast. It's a sleight of hand to sell tyranny as freedom. Seventy-four million Trump-supporting Americans didn't vote for the 'Democratic' Party of Joe Biden in the distinctly dodgy election in 2020 and yet far from acknowledging the wishes and feelings of that great percentage of American society the Cult-owned Biden government set out from day one to destroy them and their right to a voice and opinion. Empty shell Biden and his Cult handlers said they were doing this to 'protect democracy'. Such is the level of lunacy and sickness to which politics has descended. Connect the dots and relate them to the desired outcome – a world government run by self-appointed technocrats and no longer even elected

politicians. While operating through its political agents in government the Cult is at the same time encouraging public distain for politicians by putting idiots and incompetents in theoretical power on the road to deleting them. The idea is to instil a public reaction that says of the technocrats: 'Well, they couldn't do any worse than the pathetic politicians.' It's all about controlling perception and Renegade Minds can see through that while programmed minds cannot when they are ignorant of both the planned outcome and the manipulation techniques employed to secure that end. This knowledge can be learned, however, and fast if people choose to get informed.

Politics may at first sight appear very difficult to control from a central point. I mean look at the 'different' parties and how would you be able to oversee them all and their constituent parts? In truth, it's very straightforward because of their structure. We are back to the pyramid of imposition and acquiescence. Organisations are structured in the same way as the system as a whole. Political parties are not open forums of free expression. They are hierarchies. I was a national spokesman for the British Green Party which claimed to be a different kind of politics in which influence and power was devolved; but I can tell you from direct experience – and it's far worse now – that Green parties are run as hierarchies like all the others however much they may try to hide that fact or kid themselves that it's not true. A very few at the top of all political parties are directing policy and personnel. They decide if you are elevated in the party or serve as a government minister and to do that you have to be a yes man or woman. Look at all the maverick political thinkers who never ascended the greasy pole. If you want to progress within the party or reach 'high-office' you need to fall into line and conform. Exceptions to this are rare indeed. Should you want to run for parliament or Congress you have to persuade the local or state level of the party to select you and for that you need to play the game as dictated by the hierarchy. If you secure election and wish to progress within the greater structure you need to go on conforming to what is acceptable to those running the hierarchy

from the peak of the pyramid. Political parties are perceptual gulags and the very fact that there are party 'Whips' appointed to 'whip' politicians into voting the way the hierarchy demands exposes the ridiculous idea that politicians are elected to serve the people they are supposed to represent. Cult operatives and manipulation has long seized control of major parties that have any chance of forming a government and at least most of those that haven't. A new party forms and the Cult goes to work to infiltrate and direct. This has reached such a level today that you see video compilations of 'leaders' of all parties whether Democrats, Republicans, Conservative, Labour and Green parroting the same Cult mantra of 'Build Back Better' and the 'Great Reset' which are straight off the Cult song-sheet to describe the transformation of global society in response to the Cult-instigated hoaxes of the 'Covid pandemic' and human-caused 'climate change'. To see Caroline Lucas, the Green Party MP that I knew when I was in the party in the 1980s, speaking in support of plans proposed by Cult operative Klaus Schwab representing the billionaire global elite is a real head-shaker.

Many parties – one master

The party system is another mind-trick and was instigated to change the nature of the dictatorship by swapping 'royalty' for dark suits that people believed – though now ever less so – represented their interests. Understanding this trick is to realise that a single force (the Cult) controls all parties either directly in terms of the major ones or through manipulation of perception and ideology with others. You don't need to manipulate Green parties to demand your transformation of society in the name of 'climate change' when they are obsessed with the lie that this is essential to 'save the planet'. You just give them a platform and away they go serving your interests while believing they are being environmentally virtuous. America's political structure is a perfect blueprint for how the two or multi-party system is really a one-party state. The Republican Party is controlled from one step back in the shadows by a group made up of billionaires and their gofers known as neoconservatives or Neocons.

I have exposed them in fine detail in my books and they were the driving force behind the policies of the imbecilic presidency of Boy George Bush which included 9/11 (see *The Trigger* for a comprehensive demolition of the official story), the subsequent 'war on terror' (war *of* terror) and the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. The latter was a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution based on claims by Cult operatives, including Bush and British Prime Minister Tony Blair, about Saddam Hussein's 'weapons of mass destruction' which did not exist as war criminals Bush and Blair well knew.

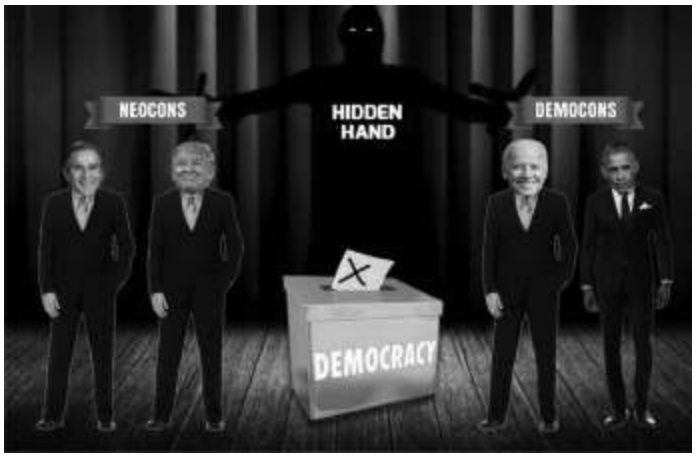

Figure 6: Different front people, different parties – same control system.

The Democratic Party has its own 'Neocon' group controlling from the background which I call the 'Democons' and here's the penny-drop – the Neocons and Democons answer to the same masters one step further back into the shadows (Fig 6). At that level of the Cult the Republican and Democrat parties are controlled by the same people and no matter which is in power the Cult is in power. This is how it works in almost every country and certainly in Britain with Conservative, Labour, Liberal Democrat and Green parties now all on the same page whatever the rhetoric may be in their feeble attempts to appear different. Neocons operated at the time of Bush through a think tank called The Project for the New American Century which in September, 2000, published a document entitled *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources*

For a New Century demanding that America fight 'multiple, simultaneous major theatre wars' as a 'core mission' to force regime-change in countries including Iraq, Libya and Syria. Neocons arranged for Bush ('Republican') and Blair ('Labour Party') to front-up the invasion of Iraq and when they departed the Democons orchestrated the targeting of Libya and Syria through Barack Obama ('Democrat') and British Prime Minister David Cameron ('Conservative Party'). We have 'different' parties and 'different' people, but the same unfolding script. The more the Cult has seized the reigns of parties and personnel the more their policies have transparently pursued the same agenda to the point where the fascist 'Covid' impositions of the Conservative junta of Jackboot Johnson in Britain were opposed by the Labour Party because they were not fascist enough. The Labour Party is likened to the US Democrats while the Conservative Party is akin to a British version of the Republicans and on both sides of the Atlantic they all speak the same language and support the direction demanded by the Cult although some more enthusiastically than others. It's a similar story in country after country because it's all centrally controlled. Oh, but what about Trump? I'll come to him shortly. Political 'choice' in the 'party' system goes like this: You vote for Party A and they get into government. You don't like what they do so next time you vote for Party B and they get into government. You don't like what they do when it's pretty much the same as Party A and why wouldn't that be with both controlled by the same force? Given that only two, sometimes three, parties have any chance of forming a government to get rid of Party B that you don't like you have to vote again for Party A which … you don't like. This, ladies and gentlemen, is what they call 'democracy' which we are told – wrongly – is a term interchangeable with 'freedom'.

The cult of cults

At this point I need to introduce a major expression of the Global Cult known as Sabbatian-Frankism. Sabbatian is also spelt as Sabbatean. I will summarise here. I have published major exposés

and detailed background in other works. Sabbatian-Frankism combines the names of two frauds posing as 'Jewish' men, Sabbatai Zevi (1626-1676), a rabbi, black magician and occultist who proclaimed he was the Jewish messiah; and Jacob Frank (1726-1791), the Polish 'Jew', black magician and occultist who said he was the reincarnation of 'messiah' Zevi and biblical patriarch Jacob. They worked across two centuries to establish the Sabbatian-Frankist cult that plays a major, indeed central, role in the manipulation of human society by the Global Cult which has its origins much further back in history than Sabbatai Zevi. I should emphasise two points here in response to the shrill voices that will scream 'anti-Semitism': (1) Sabbatian-Frankists are NOT Jewish and only pose as such to hide their cult behind a Jewish façade; and (2) my information about this cult has come from Jewish sources who have long realised that their society and community has been infiltrated and taken over by interloper Sabbatian-Frankists. Infiltration has been the foundation technique of Sabbatian-Frankism from its official origin in the 17th century. Zevi's Sabbatian sect attracted a massive following described as the biggest messianic movement in Jewish history, spreading as far as Africa and Asia, and he promised a return for the Jews to the 'Promised Land' of Israel. Sabbatianism was not Judaism but an inversion of everything that mainstream Judaism stood for. So much so that this sinister cult would have a feast day when Judaism had a fast day and whatever was forbidden in Judaism the Sabbatians were encouraged and even commanded to do. This included incest and what would be today called Satanism. Members were forbidden to marry outside the sect and there was a system of keeping their children ignorant of what they were part of until they were old enough to be trusted not to unknowingly reveal anything to outsiders. The same system is employed to this day by the Global Cult in general which Sabbatian-Frankism has enormously influenced and now largely controls.

Zevi and his Sabbatians suffered a setback with the intervention by the Sultan of the Islamic Ottoman Empire in the Middle East and what is now the Republic of Turkey where Zevi was located. The

Sultan gave him the choice of proving his 'divinity', converting to Islam or facing torture and death. Funnily enough Zevi chose to convert or at least appear to. Some of his supporters were disillusioned and drifted away, but many did not with 300 families also converting – only in theory – to Islam. They continued behind this Islamic smokescreen to follow the goals, rules and rituals of Sabbatianism and became known as 'crypto-Jews' or the 'Dönmeh' which means 'to turn'. This is rather ironic because they didn't 'turn' and instead hid behind a fake Islamic persona. The process of appearing to be one thing while being very much another would become the calling card of Sabbatianism especially after Zevi's death and the arrival of the Satanist Jacob Frank in the 18th century when the cult became Sabbatian-Frankism and plumbed still new depths of depravity and infiltration which included – still includes – human sacrifice and sex with children. Wherever Sabbatians go paedophilia and Satanism follow and is it really a surprise that Hollywood is so infested with child abuse and Satanism when it was established by Sabbatian-Frankists and is still controlled by them? Hollywood has been one of the prime vehicles for global perceptual programming and manipulation. How many believe the version of 'history' portrayed in movies when it is a travesty and inversion (again) of the truth? Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes Frankism in his book, *To Eliminate the Opiate*, as 'a movement of complete evil' while Jewish professor Gershom Scholem said of Frank in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*: 'In all his actions [he was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.' Frank was excommunicated by traditional rabbis, as was Zevi, but Frank was undeterred and enjoyed vital support from the House of Rothschild, the infamous banking dynasty whose inner-core are Sabbatian-Frankists and not Jews. Infiltration of the Roman Church and Vatican was instigated by Frank with many Dönmeh 'turning' again to convert to Roman Catholicism with a view to hijacking the reins of power. This was the ever-repeating modus operandi and continues to be so. Pose as an advocate of the religion, culture or country that you want to control and then

manipulate your people into the positions of authority and influence largely as advisers, administrators and Svengalis for those that appear to be in power. They did this with Judaism, Christianity (Christian Zionism is part of this), Islam and other religions and nations until Sabbatian-Frankism spanned the world as it does today.

Sabbatian Saudis and the terror network

One expression of the Sabbatian-Frankist Dönmeh within Islam is the ruling family of Saudi Arabia, the House of Saud, through which came the vile distortion of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the violent creed followed by terrorist groups like Al-Qaeda and ISIS or Islamic State. Wahhabism is the hand-chopping, head-chopping 'religion' of Saudi Arabia which is used to keep the people in a constant state of fear so the interloper House of Saud can continue to rule. Al-Qaeda and Islamic State were lavishly funded by the House of Saud while being created and directed by the Sabbatian-Frankist network in the United States that operates through the Pentagon, CIA and the government in general of whichever 'party'. The front man for the establishment of Wahhabism in the middle of the 18th century was a Sabbatian-Frankist 'crypto-Jew' posing as Islamic called Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab. His daughter would marry the son of Muhammad bin Saud who established the first Saudi state before his death in 1765 with support from the British Empire. Bin Saud's successors would establish modern Saudi Arabia in league with the British and Americans in 1932 which allowed them to seize control of Islam's major shrines in Mecca and Medina. They have dictated the direction of Sunni Islam ever since while Iran is the major centre of the Shiite version and here we have the source of at least the public conflict between them. The Sabbatian network has used its Wahhabi extremists to carry out Problem-Reaction-Solution terrorist attacks in the name of 'Al-Qaeda' and 'Islamic State' to justify a devastating 'war on terror', ever-increasing surveillance of the population and to terrify people into compliance. Another insight of the Renegade Mind is the streetwise understanding that

just because a country, location or people are attacked doesn't mean that those apparently representing that country, location or people are not behind the attackers. Often they are *orchestrating* the attacks because of the societal changes that can be then justified in the name of 'saving the population from terrorists'.

I show in great detail in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian-Frankists were the real perpetrators of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who were blamed for what happened. Observe what was justified in the name of 9/11 alone in terms of Middle East invasions, mass surveillance and control that fulfilled the demands of the Project for the New American Century document published by the Sabbatian Neocons. What appear to be enemies are on the deep inside players on the same Sabbatian team. Israel and Arab 'royal' dictatorships are all ruled by Sabbatians and the recent peace agreements between Israel and Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates (UAE) and others are only making formal what has always been the case behind the scenes. Palestinians who have been subjected to grotesque tyranny since Israel was bombed and terrorised into existence in 1948 have never stood a chance. Sabbatian-Frankists have controlled Israel (so the constant theme of violence and war which Sabbatians love) and they have controlled the Arab countries that Palestinians have looked to for real support that never comes. 'Royal families' of the Arab world in Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, UAE, etc., are all Sabbatians with allegiance to the aims of the cult and not what is best for their Arabic populations. They have stolen the oil and financial resources from their people by false claims to be 'royal dynasties' with a genetic right to rule and by employing vicious militaries to impose their will.

Satanic 'illumination'

The Satanist Jacob Frank formed an alliance in 1773 with two other Sabbatians, Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1744-1812), founder of the Rothschild banking dynasty, and Jesuit-educated fraudulent Jew, Adam Weishaupt, and this led to the formation of the Bavarian Illuminati, firstly under another name, in 1776. The Illuminati would

be the manipulating force behind the French Revolution (1789-1799) and was also involved in the American Revolution (1775-1783) before and after the Illuminati's official creation. Weishaupt would later become (in public) a Protestant Christian in archetypal Sabbatian style. I read that his name can be decoded as Adam-Weishaupt or 'the first man to lead those who know'. He wasn't a leader in the sense that he was a subordinate, but he did lead those below him in a crusade of transforming human society that still continues today. The theme was confirmed as early as 1785 when a horseman courier called Lanz was reported to be struck by lighting and extensive Illuminati documents were found in his saddlebags. They made the link to Weishaupt and detailed the plan for world takeover. Current events with 'Covid' fascism have been in the making for a very long time. Jacob Frank was jailed for 13 years by the Catholic Inquisition after his arrest in 1760 and on his release he headed for Frankfurt, Germany, home city and headquarters of the House of Rothschild where the alliance was struck with Mayer Amschel Rothschild and Weishaupt. Rothschild arranged for Frank to be given the title of Baron and he became a wealthy nobleman with a big following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Most of them would have believed he was on their side.

The name 'Illuminati' came from the Zohar which is a body of works in the Jewish mystical 'bible' called the Kabbalah. 'Zohar' is the foundation of Sabbatian-Frankist belief and in Hebrew 'Zohar' means 'splendour', 'radiance', 'illuminated', and so we have 'Illuminati'. They claim to be the 'Illuminated Ones' from their knowledge systematically hidden from the human population and passed on through generations of carefully-chosen initiates in the global secret society network or Cult. Hidden knowledge includes an awareness of the Cult agenda for the world and the nature of our collective reality that I will explore later. Cult 'illumination' is symbolised by the torch held by the Statue of Liberty which was gifted to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew exactly what it represents. 'Liberty' symbolises the goddess worshipped in

Babylon as Queen Semiramis or Ishtar. The significance of this will become clear. Notice again the ubiquitous theme of inversion with the Statue of 'Liberty' really symbolising mass control (Fig 7). A mirror-image statute stands on an island in the River Seine in Paris from where New York Liberty originated (Fig 8). A large replica of the Liberty flame stands on top of the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris where Princess Diana died in a Cult ritual described in *The Biggest Secret*. Lucifer 'the light bringer' is related to all this (and much more as we'll see) and 'Lucifer' is a central figure in Sabbatian-Frankism and its associated Satanism. Sabbatians reject the Jewish Torah, or Pentateuch, the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy which are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai. Sabbatians say these do not apply to them and they seek to replace them with the Zohar to absorb Judaism and its followers into their inversion which is an expression of a much greater global inversion. They want to delete all religions and force humanity to worship a one-world religion – Sabbatian Satanism that also includes worship of the Earth goddess. Satanic themes are being more and more introduced into mainstream society and while Christianity is currently the foremost target for destruction the others are planned to follow.

Figure 7: The Cult goddess of Babylon disguised as the Statue of Liberty holding the flame of Lucifer the 'light bringer'.

Figure 8: Liberty's mirror image in Paris where the New York version originated.

Marx brothers

Rabbi Marvin Antelman connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins in *To Eliminate the Opiate* and Jacobins were the force behind the French Revolution. He links both to the Bund der Gerechten, or League of the Just, which was the network that inflicted communism/Marxism on the world. Antelman wrote:

> The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Sabbatian-created communism connects into this anti-religion agenda in that communism does not allow for the free practice of religion. The Sabbatian 'Bund' became the International Communist Party and Communist League and in 1848 'Marxism' was born with the Communist Manifesto of Sabbatian assets Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. It is absolutely no coincidence that Marxism, just a different name for fascist and other centrally-controlled tyrannies, is being imposed worldwide as a result of the 'Covid' hoax and nor that Marxist/fascist China was the place where the hoax originated. The reason for this will become very clear in the chapter 'Covid: The calculated catastrophe'. The so-called 'Woke' mentality has hijacked

traditional beliefs of the political left and replaced them with far-right make-believe 'social justice' better known as Marxism. Woke will, however, be swallowed by its own perceived 'revolution' which is really the work of billionaires and billionaire corporations feigning being 'Woke'. Marxism is being touted by Wokers as a replacement for 'capitalism' when we don't have 'capitalism'. We have cartelism in which the market is stitched up by the very Cult billionaires and corporations bankrolling Woke. Billionaires love Marxism which keeps the people in servitude while they control from the top. Terminally naïve Wokers think they are 'changing the world' when it's the Cult that is doing the changing and when they have played their vital part and become surplus to requirements they, too, will be targeted. The Illuminati-Jacobins were behind the period known as 'The Terror' in the French Revolution in 1793 and 1794 when Jacobin Maximillian de Robespierre and his Orwellian 'Committee of Public Safety' killed 17,000 'enemies of the Revolution' who had once been 'friends of the Revolution'. Karl Marx (1818-1883), whose Sabbatian creed of Marxism has cost the lives of at least 100 million people, is a hero once again to Wokers who have been systematically kept ignorant of real history by their 'education' programming. As a result they now promote a Sabbatian 'Marxist' abomination destined at some point to consume them. Rabbi Antelman, who spent decades researching the Sabbatian plot, said of the League of the Just and Karl Marx:

> Contrary to popular opinion Karl Marx did not originate the Communist Manifesto. He was paid for his services by the League of the Just, which was known in its country of origin, Germany, as the Bund der Geaechteten.

Antelman said the text attributed to Marx was the work of other people and Marx 'was only repeating what others already said'. Marx was 'a hired hack – lackey of the wealthy Illuminists'. Marx famously said that religion was the 'opium of the people' (part of the Sabbatian plan to demonise religion) and Antelman called his books, *To Eliminate the Opiate*. Marx was born Jewish, but his family converted to Christianity (Sabbatian modus operandi) and he

attacked Jews, not least in his book, *A World Without Jews*. In doing so he supported the Sabbatian plan to destroy traditional Jewishness and Judaism which we are clearly seeing today with the vindictive targeting of orthodox Jews by the Sabbatian government of Israel over 'Covid' laws. I don't follow any religion and it has done much damage to the world over centuries and acted as a perceptual straightjacket. Renegade Minds, however, are always asking *why* something is being done. It doesn't matter if they agree or disagree with what is happening – *why* is it happening is the question. The 'why?' can be answered with regard to religion in that religions create interacting communities of believers when the Cult wants to dismantle all discourse, unity and interaction (see 'Covid' lockdowns) and the ultimate goal is to delete all religions for a one-world religion of Cult Satanism worshipping their 'god' of which more later. We see the same 'why?' with gun control in America. I don't have guns and don't want them, but why is the Cult seeking to disarm the population at the same time that law enforcement agencies are armed to their molars and why has every tyrant in history sought to disarm people before launching the final takeover? They include Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot and Mao who followed confiscation with violent seizing of power. You know it's a Cult agenda by the people who immediately race to the microphones to exploit dead people in multiple shootings. Ultra-Zionist Cult lackey Senator Chuck Schumer was straight on the case after ten people were killed in Boulder, Colorado in March, 2121. Simple rule … if Schumer wants it the Cult wants it and the same with his ultra-Zionist mate the wild-eyed Senator Adam Schiff. At the same time they were calling for the disarmament of Americans, many of whom live a long way from a police response, Schumer, Schiff and the rest of these pampered clowns were sitting on Capitol Hill behind a razor-wired security fence protected by thousands of armed troops in addition to their own armed bodyguards. Mom and pop in an isolated home? They're just potential mass shooters.

Zion Mainframe

Sabbatian-Frankists and most importantly the Rothschilds were behind the creation of 'Zionism', a political movement that demanded a Jewish homeland in Israel as promised by Sabbatai Zevi. The very symbol of Israel comes from the German meaning of the name Rothschild. Dynasty founder Mayer Amschel Rothschild changed the family name from Bauer to Rothschild, or 'Red-Shield' in German, in deference to the six-pointed 'Star of David' hexagram displayed on the family's home in Frankfurt. The symbol later appeared on the flag of Israel after the Rothschilds were centrally involved in its creation. Hexagrams are not a uniquely Jewish symbol and are widely used in occult ('hidden') networks often as a symbol for Saturn (see my other books for why). Neither are Zionism and Jewishness interchangeable. Zionism is a political movement and philosophy and not a 'race' or a people. Many Jews oppose Zionism and many non-Jews, including US President Joe Biden, call themselves Zionists as does Israel-centric Donald Trump. America's support for the Israel government is pretty much a gimme with ultra-Zionist billionaires and corporations providing fantastic and dominant funding for both political parties. Former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney has told how she was approached immediately she ran for office to 'sign the pledge' to Israel and confirm that she would always vote in that country's best interests. All American politicians are approached in this way. Anyone who refuses will get no support or funding from the enormous and all-powerful Zionist lobby that includes organisations like mega-lobby group AIPAC, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. Trump's biggest funder was ultra-Zionist casino and media billionaire Sheldon Adelson while major funders of the Democratic Party include ultra-Zionist George Soros and ultra-Zionist financial and media mogul, Haim Saban. Some may reel back at the suggestion that Soros is an Israel-firster (Sabbatian-controlled Israel-firster), but Renegade Minds watch the actions not the words and everywhere Soros donates his billions the Sabbatian agenda benefits. In the spirit of Sabbatian inversion Soros pledged $1 billion for a new university network to promote 'liberal values and tackle intolerance'. He made the announcement during his annual speech

at the Cult-owned World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, in January, 2020, after his 'harsh criticism' of 'authoritarian rulers' around the world. You can only laugh at such brazen mendacity. How *he* doesn't laugh is the mystery. Translated from the Orwellian 'liberal values and tackle intolerance' means teaching non-white people to hate white people and for white people to loathe themselves for being born white. The reason for that will become clear.

The 'Anti-Semitism' fraud

Zionists support the Jewish homeland in the land of Palestine which has been the Sabbatian-Rothschild goal for so long, but not for the benefit of Jews. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. This is nothing more than a Sabbatian protection racket to stop legitimate investigation and exposure of their agendas and activities. The official definition of 'anti-Semitism' has more recently been expanded to include criticism of Zionism – a *political movement* – and this was done to further stop exposure of Sabbatian infiltrators who created Zionism as we know it today in the 19th century. Renegade Minds will talk about these subjects when they know the shit that will come their way. People must decide if they want to know the truth or just cower in the corner in fear of what others will say. Sabbatians have been trying to label me as 'anti-Semitic' since the 1990s as I have uncovered more and more about their background and agendas. Useless, gutless, fraudulent 'journalists' then just repeat the smears without question and on the day I was writing this section a pair of unquestioning repeaters called Ben Quinn and Archie Bland (how appropriate) outright called me an 'anti-Semite' in the establishment propaganda sheet, the London *Guardian*, with no supporting evidence. The

Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry said so and who are they to question that? They wouldn't dare. Ironically 'Semitic' refers to a group of languages in the Middle East that are almost entirely Arabic. 'Anti-Semitism' becomes 'anti-Arab' which if the consequences of this misunderstanding were not so grave would be hilarious. Don't bother telling Quinn and Bland. I don't want to confuse them, bless 'em. One reason I am dubbed 'anti-Semitic' is that I wrote in the 1990s that Jewish operatives (Sabbatians) were heavily involved in the Russian Revolution when Sabbatians overthrew the Romanov dynasty. This apparently made me 'anti-Semitic'. Oh, really? Here is a section from *The Trigger*:

British journalist Robert Wilton confirmed these themes in his 1920 book *The Last Days of the Romanovs* when he studied official documents from the Russian government to identify the members of the Bolshevik ruling elite between 1917 and 1919. The Central Committee included 41 Jews among 62 members; the Council of the People's Commissars had 17 Jews out of 22 members; and 458 of the 556 most important Bolshevik positions between 1918 and 1919 were occupied by Jewish people. Only 17 were Russian. Then there were the 23 Jews among the 36 members of the vicious Cheka Soviet secret police established in 1917 who would soon appear all across the country.

Professor Robert Service of Oxford University, an expert on 20th century Russian history, found evidence that ['Jewish'] Leon Trotsky had sought to make sure that Jews were enrolled in the Red Army and were disproportionately represented in the Soviet civil bureaucracy that included the Cheka which performed mass arrests, imprisonment and executions of 'enemies of the people'. A US State Department Decimal File (861.00/5339) dated November 13th, 1918, names [Rothschild banking agent in America] Jacob Schiff and a list of ultra-Zionists as funders of the Russian Revolution leading to claims of a 'Jewish plot', but the key point missed by all is they were not 'Jews' – they were Sabbatian-Frankists.

Britain's Winston Churchill made the same error by mistake or otherwise. He wrote in a 1920 edition of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* that those behind the Russian revolution were part of a 'worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality' (see 'Woke' today because that has been created by the same network). Churchill said there was no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian

Revolution 'by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews' ['atheistical Jews' = Sabbatians]. Churchill said it is certainly a very great one and probably outweighs all others: 'With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews.' He went on to describe, knowingly or not, the Sabbatian modus operandi of placing puppet leaders nominally in power while they control from the background:

> Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders. Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate, Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, or of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the Red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Radek – all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combatting Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses.

What I said about seriously disproportionate involvement in the Russian Revolution by Jewish 'revolutionaries' (Sabbatians) is provable fact, but truth is no defence against the Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry, its repeater parrots like Quinn and Bland, and the now breathtaking network of so-called 'Woke' 'anti-hate' groups with interlocking leaderships and funding which have the role of discrediting and silencing anyone who gets too close to exposing the Sabbatians. We have seen 'truth is no defence' confirmed in legal judgements with the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission in Canada decreeing this: 'Truthful statements can be presented in a manner that would meet the definition of hate speech, and not all truthful statements must be free from restriction.' Most 'anti-hate' activists, who are themselves consumed by hatred, are too stupid and ignorant of the world to know how they are being used. They are far too far up their own virtue-signalling arses and it's far too dark for them to see anything.

The 'revolution' game

The background and methods of the 'Russian' Revolution are straight from the Sabbatian playbook seen in the French Revolution

and endless others around the world that appear to start as a revolution of the people against tyrannical rule and end up with a regime change to more tyrannical rule overtly or covertly. Wars, terror attacks and regime overthrows follow the Sabbatian cult through history with its agents creating them as Problem-Reaction-Solutions to remove opposition on the road to world domination. Sabbatian dots connect the Rothschilds with the Illuminati, Jacobins of the French Revolution, the 'Bund' or League of the Just, the International Communist Party, Communist League and the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels that would lead to the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution. The sequence comes under the heading of 'creative destruction' when you advance to your global goal by continually destroying the status quo to install a new status quo which you then also destroy. The two world wars come to mind. With each new status quo you move closer to your planned outcome. Wars and mass murder are to Sabbatians a collective blood sacrifice ritual. They are obsessed with death for many reasons and one is that death is an inversion of life. Satanists and Sabbatians are obsessed with death and often target churches and churchyards for their rituals. Inversion-obsessed Sabbatians explain the use of inverted symbolism including the *inverted* pentagram and *inverted* cross. The inversion of the cross has been related to targeting Christianity, but the cross was a religious symbol long before Christianity and its inversion is a statement about the Sabbatian mentality and goals more than any single religion.

Sabbatians operating in Germany were behind the rise of the occult-obsessed Nazis and the subsequent Jewish exodus from Germany and Europe to Palestine and the United States after World War Two. The Rothschild dynasty was at the forefront of this both as political manipulators and by funding the operation. Why would Sabbatians help to orchestrate the horrors inflicted on Jews by the Nazis and by Stalin after they organised the Russian Revolution? Sabbatians hate Jews and their religion, that's why. They pose as Jews and secure positions of control within Jewish society and play the 'anti-Semitism' card to protect themselves from exposure

through a global network of organisations answering to the Sabbatian-created-and-controlled globe-spanning intelligence network that involves a stunning web of military-intelligence operatives and operations for a tiny country of just nine million. Among them are Jewish assets who are not Sabbatians but have been convinced by them that what they are doing is for the good of Israel and the Jewish community to protect them from what they have been programmed since childhood to believe is a Jew-hating hostile world. The Jewish community is just a highly convenient cover to hide the true nature of Sabbatians. Anyone getting close to exposing their game is accused by Sabbatian place-people and gofers of 'anti-Semitism' and claiming that all Jews are part of a plot to take over the world. I am not saying that. I am saying that Sabbatians – the *real* Jew-haters – have infiltrated the Jewish community to use them both as a cover and an 'anti-Semitic' defence against exposure. Thus we have the Anti-Semitism Industry targeted researchers in this way and most Jewish people think this is justified and genuine. They don't know that their 'Jewish' leaders and institutions of state, intelligence and military are not controlled by Jews at all, but cultists and stooges of Sabbatian-Frankism. I once added my name to a pro-Jewish freedom petition online and the next time I looked my name was gone and text had been added to the petition blurb to attack me as an 'anti-Semite' such is the scale of perceptual programming.

Moving on America

I tell the story in *The Trigger* and a chapter called 'Atlantic Crossing' how particularly after Israel was established the Sabbatians moved in on the United States and eventually grasped control of government administration, the political system via both Democrats and Republicans, the intelligence community like the CIA and National Security Agency (NSA), the Pentagon and mass media. Through this seriously compartmentalised network Sabbatians and their operatives in Mossad, Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and US agencies pulled off 9/11 and blamed it on 19 'Al-Qaeda hijackers' dominated by men from, or connected to, Sabbatian-ruled Saudi

Arabia. The '19' were not even on the planes let alone flew those big passenger jets into buildings while being largely incompetent at piloting one-engine light aircraft. 'Hijacker' Hani Hanjour who is said to have flown American Airlines Flight 77 into the Pentagon with a turn and manoeuvre most professional pilots said they would have struggled to do was banned from renting a small plane by instructors at the Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, just *six weeks* earlier on the grounds that he was an incompetent pilot. The Jewish population of the world is just 0.2 percent with even that almost entirely concentrated in Israel (75 percent Jewish) and the United States (around two percent). This two percent and globally 0.2 percent refers to *Jewish* people and not Sabbatian interlopers who are a fraction of that fraction. What a sobering thought when you think of the fantastic influence on world affairs of tiny Israel and that the Project for the New America Century (PNAC) which laid out the blueprint in September, 2000, for America's war on terror and regime change wars in Iraq, Libya and Syria was founded and dominated by Sabbatians known as 'Neocons'. The document conceded that this plan would not be supported politically or publicly without a major attack on American soil and a Problem-Reaction-Solution excuse to send troops to war across the Middle East. Sabbatian Neocons said:

> ... [The] process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

Four months later many of those who produced that document came to power with their inane puppet George Bush from the long-time Sabbatian Bush family. They included Sabbatian Dick Cheney who was officially vice-president, but really de-facto president for the entirety of the 'Bush' government. Nine months after the 'Bush' inauguration came what Bush called at the time 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century' and with typical Sabbatian timing and symbolism 2001 was the 60th anniversary of the attack in 1941 by the Japanese Air Force on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, which allowed President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to take the United States into a Sabbatian-

instigated Second World War that he said in his election campaign that he never would. The evidence is overwhelming that Roosevelt and his military and intelligence networks knew the attack was coming and did nothing to stop it, but they did make sure that America's most essential naval ships were not in Hawaii at the time. Three thousand Americans died in the Pearl Harbor attacks as they did on September 11th. By the 9/11 year of 2001 Sabbatians had widely infiltrated the US government, military and intelligence operations and used their compartmentalised assets to pull off the 'Al-Qaeda' attacks. If you read *The Trigger* it will blow your mind to see the utterly staggering concentration of 'Jewish' operatives (Sabbatian infiltrators) in essential positions of political, security, legal, law enforcement, financial and business power before, during, and after the attacks to make them happen, carry them out, and then cover their tracks – and I do mean *staggering* when you think of that 0.2 percent of the world population and two percent of Americans which are Jewish while Sabbatian infiltrators are a fraction of that. A central foundation of the 9/11 conspiracy was the hijacking of government, military, Air Force and intelligence computer systems in real time through 'back-door' access made possible by Israeli (Sabbatian) 'cyber security' software. Sabbatian-controlled Israel is on the way to rivalling Silicon Valley for domination of cyberspace and is becoming the dominant force in cyber-security which gives them access to entire computer systems and their passcodes across the world. Then add to this that Zionists head (officially) Silicon Valley giants like Google (Larry Page and Sergey Brin), Google-owned YouTube (Susan Wojcicki), Facebook (Mark Zuckerberg and Sheryl Sandberg), and Apple (Chairman Arthur D. Levinson), and that ultra-Zionist hedge fund billionaire Paul Singer has a $1 billion stake in Twitter which is only nominally headed by 'CEO' pothead Jack Dorsey. As cable news host Tucker Carlson said of Dorsey: 'There used to be debate in the medical community whether dropping a ton of acid had permanent effects and I think that debate has now ended.' Carlson made the comment after Dorsey told a hearing on Capitol Hill (if you cut through his bullshit) that he

believed in free speech so long as he got to decide what you can hear and see. These 'big names' of Silicon Valley are only front men and women for the Global Cult, not least the Sabbatians, who are the true controllers of these corporations. Does anyone still wonder why these same people and companies have been ferociously censoring and banning people (like me) for exposing any aspect of the Cult agenda and especially the truth about the 'Covid' hoax which Sabbatians have orchestrated?

The Jeffrey Epstein paedophile ring was a Sabbatian operation. He was officially 'Jewish' but he was a Sabbatian and women abused by the ring have told me about the high number of 'Jewish' people involved. The Epstein horror has Sabbatian written all over it and matches perfectly their modus operandi and obsession with sex and ritual. Epstein was running a Sabbatian blackmail ring in which famous people with political and other influence were provided with young girls for sex while everything was being filmed and recorded on hidden cameras and microphones at his New York house, Caribbean island and other properties. Epstein survivors have described this surveillance system to me and some have gone public. Once the famous politician or other figure knew he or she was on video they tended to do whatever they were told. Here we go again …when you've got them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow. Sabbatians use this blackmail technique on a wide scale across the world to entrap politicians and others they need to act as demanded. Epstein's private plane, the infamous 'Lolita Express', had many well-known passengers including Bill Clinton while Bill Gates has flown on an Epstein plane and met with him four years after Epstein had been jailed for paedophilia. They subsequently met many times at Epstein's home in New York according to a witness who was there. Epstein's infamous side-kick was Ghislaine Maxwell, daughter of Mossad agent and ultra-Zionist mega-crooked British businessman, Bob Maxwell, who at one time owned the *Daily Mirror* newspaper. Maxwell was murdered at sea on his boat in 1991 by Sabbatian-controlled Mossad when he became a liability with his

business empire collapsing as a former Mossad operative has confirmed (see *The Trigger*).

Money, money, money, funny money ...

Before I come to the Sabbatian connection with the last three US presidents I will lay out the crucial importance to Sabbatians of controlling banking and finance. Sabbatian Mayer Amschel Rothschild set out to dominate this arena in his family's quest for total global control. What is freedom? It is, in effect, choice. The more choices you have the freer you are and the fewer your choices the more you are enslaved. In the global structure created over centuries by Sabbatians the biggest decider and restrictor of choice is … money. Across the world if you ask people what they would like to do with their lives and why they are not doing that they will reply 'I don't have the money'. This is the idea. A global elite of multi-billionaires are described as 'greedy' and that is true on one level; but control of money – who has it and who doesn't – is not primarily about greed. It's about control. Sabbatians have seized ever more control of finance and sucked the wealth of the world out of the hands of the population. We talk now, after all, about the 'One-percent' and even then the wealthiest are a lot fewer even than that. This has been made possible by a money scam so outrageous and so vast it could rightly be called the scam of scams founded on creating 'money' out of nothing and 'loaning' that with interest to the population. Money out of nothing is called 'credit'. Sabbatians have asserted control over governments and banking ever more completely through the centuries and secured financial laws that allow banks to lend hugely more than they have on deposit in a confidence trick known as fractional reserve lending. Imagine if you could lend money that doesn't exist and charge the recipient interest for doing so. You would end up in jail. Bankers by contrast end up in mansions, private jets, Malibu and Monaco.

Banks are only required to keep a fraction of their deposits and wealth in their vaults and they are allowed to lend 'money' they don't have called 'credit. Go into a bank for a loan and if you succeed

the banker will not move any real wealth into your account. They will type into your account the amount of the agreed 'loan' – say £100,000. This is not wealth that really exists; it is non-existent, fresh-air, created-out-of-nothing 'credit' which has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. Credit is backed by nothing except wind and only has buying power because people think that it has buying power and accept it in return for property, goods and services. I have described this situation as like those cartoon characters you see chasing each other and when they run over the edge of a cliff they keep running forward on fresh air until one of them looks down, realises what's happened, and they all crash into the ravine. The whole foundation of the Sabbatian financial system is to stop people looking down except for periodic moments when they want to crash the system (as in 2008 and 2020 ongoing) and reap the rewards from all the property, businesses and wealth their borrowers had signed over as 'collateral' in return for a 'loan' of fresh air. Most people think that money is somehow created by governments when it comes into existence from the start as a debt through banks 'lending' illusory money called credit. Yes, the very currency of exchange is a *debt* from day one issued as an interest-bearing loan. Why don't governments create money interest-free and lend it to their people interest-free? Governments are controlled by Sabbatians and the financial system is controlled by Sabbatians for whom interest-free money would be a nightmare come true. Sabbatians underpin their financial domination through their global network of central banks, including the privately-owned US Federal Reserve and Britain's Bank of England, and this is orchestrated by a privately-owned central bank coordination body called the Bank for International Settlements in Basle, Switzerland, created by the usual suspects including the Rockefellers and Rothschilds. Central bank chiefs don't answer to governments or the people. They answer to the Bank for International Settlements or, in other words, the Global Cult which is dominated today by Sabbatians.

Built-in disaster

There are so many constituent scams within the overall banking scam. When you take out a loan of thin-air credit only the amount of that loan is theoretically brought into circulation to add to the amount in circulation; but you are paying back the principle plus interest. The additional interest is not created and this means that with every 'loan' there is a shortfall in the money in circulation between what is borrowed and what has to be paid back. There is never even close to enough money in circulation to repay all outstanding public and private debt including interest. Coldly weaved in the very fabric of the system is the certainty that some will lose their homes, businesses and possessions to the banking 'lender'. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts it becomes painfully obvious that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts and it becomes painfully obvious – as in 2008 and currently – that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. Sabbatian banksters have been leading the human population through a calculated series of booms (more debt incurred) and busts (when the debt can't be repaid and the banks get the debtor's tangible wealth in exchange for non-existent 'credit'). With each 'bust' Sabbatian bankers have absorbed more of the world's tangible wealth and we end up with the One-percent. Governments are in bankruptcy levels of debt to the same system and are therefore owned by a system they do not control. The Federal Reserve, 'America's central bank', is privately-owned and American presidents only nominally appoint its chairman or woman to maintain the illusion that it's an arm of government. It's not. The 'Fed' is a cartel of private banks which handed billions to its associates and friends after the crash of 2008 and has been Sabbatian-controlled since it was manipulated into being in 1913 through the covert trickery of Rothschild banking agents Jacob Schiff and Paul

Warburg, and the Sabbatian Rockefeller family. Somehow from a Jewish population of two-percent and globally 0.2 percent (Sabbatian interlopers remember are far smaller) ultra-Zionists headed the Federal Reserve for 31 years between 1987 and 2018 in the form of Alan Greenspan, Bernard Bernanke and Janet Yellen (now Biden's Treasury Secretary) with Yellen's deputy chairman a Israeli-American duel citizen and ultra-Zionist Stanley Fischer, a former governor of the Bank of Israel. Ultra-Zionist Fed chiefs spanned the presidencies of Ronald Reagan ('Republican'), Father George Bush ('Republican'), Bill Clinton ('Democrat'), Boy George Bush ('Republican') and Barack Obama ('Democrat'). We should really add the pre-Greenspan chairman, Paul Adolph Volcker, 'appointed' by Jimmy Carter ('Democrat') who ran the Fed between 1979 and 1987 during the Carter and Reagan administrations before Greenspan took over. Volcker was a long-time associate and business partner of the Rothschilds. No matter what the 'party' officially in power the United States economy was directed by the same force. Here are members of the Obama, Trump and Biden administrations and see if you can make out a common theme.

Barack Obama ('Democrat')

Ultra-Zionists Robert Rubin, Larry Summers, and Timothy Geithner ran the US Treasury in the Clinton administration and two of them reappeared with Obama. Ultra-Zionist Fed chairman Alan Greenspan had manipulated the crash of 2008 through deregulation and jumped ship just before the disaster to make way for ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke to hand out trillions to Sabbatian 'too big to fail' banks and businesses, including the ubiquitous ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which has an ongoing staff revolving door operation between itself and major financial positions in government worldwide. Obama inherited the fallout of the crash when he took office in January, 2009, and fortunately he had the support of his ultra-Zionist White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emmanuel, son of a terrorist who helped to bomb Israel into being in 1948, and his ultra-Zionist senior adviser David Axelrod, chief strategist in Obama's two

successful presidential campaigns. Emmanuel, later mayor of Chicago and former senior fundraiser and strategist for Bill Clinton, is an example of the Sabbatian policy after Israel was established of migrating insider families to America so their children would be born American citizens. 'Obama' chose this financial team throughout his administration to respond to the Sabbatian-instigated crisis:

Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist) Treasury Secretary; Jacob J. Lew, Treasury Secretary; Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), director of the White House National Economic Council; Paul Adolph Volcker (Rothschild business partner), chairman of the Economic Recovery Advisory Board; Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), director of the Office of Management and Budget overseeing all government spending; Penny Pritzker (ultra-Zionist), Commerce Secretary; Jared Bernstein (ultra-Zionist), chief economist and economic policy adviser to Vice President Joe Biden; Mary Schapiro (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC); Gary Gensler (ultra-Zionist), chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC); Sheila Bair (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC); Karen Mills (ultra-Zionist), head of the Small Business Administration (SBA); Kenneth Feinberg (ultra-Zionist), Special Master for Executive [bail-out] Compensation. Feinberg would be appointed to oversee compensation (with strings) to 9/11 victims and families in a campaign to stop them having their day in court to question the official story. At the same time ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke was chairman of the Federal Reserve and these are only some of the ultra-Zionists with allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel in the Obama government. Obama's biggest corporate donor was ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which had employed many in his administration.

Donald Trump ('Republican')

Trump claimed to be an outsider (he wasn't) who had come to 'drain the swamp'. He embarked on this goal by immediately appointing ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin, a Goldman Sachs employee for 17

years, as his Treasury Secretary. Others included Gary Cohn (ultra-Zionist), chief operating officer of Goldman Sachs, his first Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic adviser, who was later replaced by Larry Kudlow (ultra-Zionist). Trump's senior adviser throughout his four years in the White House was his sinister son-in-law Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Israel Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Kushner is the son of a convicted crook who was pardoned by Trump in his last days in office. Other ultra-Zionists in the Trump administration included: Stephen Miller, Senior Policy Adviser; Avrahm Berkowitz, Deputy Adviser to Trump and his Senior Adviser Jared Kushner; Ivanka Trump, Adviser to the President, who converted to Judaism when she married Jared Kushner; David Friedman, Trump lawyer and Ambassador to Israel; Jason Greenblatt, Trump Organization executive vice president and chief legal officer, who was made Special Representative for International Negotiations and the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict; Rod Rosenstein, Deputy Attorney General; Elliot Abrams, Special Representative for Venezuela, then Iran; John Eisenberg, National Security Council Legal Adviser and Deputy Council to the President for National Security Affairs; Anne Neuberger, Deputy National Manager, National Security Agency; Ezra Cohen-Watnick, Acting Under Secretary of Defense for Intelligence; Elan Carr, Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Len Khodorkovsky, Deputy Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Reed Cordish, Assistant to the President, Intragovernmental and Technology Initiatives. Trump Vice President Mike Pence and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo, both Christian Zionists, were also vehement supporters of Israel and its goals and ambitions.

Donald 'free-speech believer' Trump pardoned a number of financial and violent criminals while ignoring calls to pardon Julian Assange and Edward Snowden whose crimes are revealing highly relevant information about government manipulation and corruption and the widespread illegal surveillance of the American people by US 'security' agencies. It's so good to know that Trump is on the side of freedom and justice and not mega-criminals with

allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel. These included a pardon for Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard who was jailed for life in 1987 under the Espionage Act. Aviem Sella, the Mossad agent who recruited Pollard, was also pardoned by Trump while Assange sat in jail and Snowden remained in exile in Russia. Sella had 'fled' (was helped to escape) to Israel in 1987 and was never extradited despite being charged under the Espionage Act. A Trump White House statement said that Sella's clemency had been 'supported by Benjamin Netanyahu, Ron Dermer, Israel's US Ambassador, David Friedman, US Ambassador to Israel and Miriam Adelson, wife of leading Trump donor Sheldon Adelson who died shortly before. Other friends of Jared Kushner were pardoned along with Sholom Weiss who was believed to be serving the longest-ever white-collar prison sentence of more than 800 years in 2000. The sentence was commuted of Ponzi-schemer Eliyahu Weinstein who defrauded Jews and others out of $200 million. I did mention that Assange and Snowden were ignored, right? Trump gave Sabbatians almost everything they asked for in military and political support, moving the US Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem with its critical symbolic and literal implications for Palestinian statehood, and the 'deal of the Century' designed by Jared Kushner and David Friedman which gave the Sabbatian Israeli government the green light to substantially expand its already widespread program of building illegal Jewish-only settlements in the occupied land of the West Bank. This made a two-state 'solution' impossible by seizing all the land of a potential Palestinian homeland and that had been the plan since 1948 and then 1967 when the Arab-controlled Gaza Strip, West Bank, Sinai Peninsula and Syrian Golan Heights were occupied by Israel. All the talks about talks and road maps and delays have been buying time until the West Bank was physically occupied by Israeli real estate. Trump would have to be a monumentally ill-informed idiot not to see that this was the plan he was helping to complete. The Trump administration was in so many ways the Kushner administration which means the Netanyahu administration which means the Sabbatian administration. I understand why many opposing Cult fascism in all its forms gravitated to Trump, but he

was a crucial part of the Sabbatian plan and I will deal with this in the next chapter.

Joe Biden ('Democrat')

A barely cognitive Joe Biden took over the presidency in January, 2021, along with his fellow empty shell, Vice-President Kamala Harris, as the latest Sabbatian gofers to enter the White House. Names on the door may have changed and the 'party' – the force behind them remained the same as Zionists were appointed to a stream of pivotal areas relating to Sabbatian plans and policy. They included: Janet Yellen, Treasury Secretary, former head of the Federal Reserve, and still another ultra-Zionist running the US Treasury after Mnuchin (Trump), Lew and Geithner (Obama), and Summers and Rubin (Clinton); Anthony Blinken, Secretary of State; Wendy Sherman, Deputy Secretary of State (so that's 'Biden's' Sabbatian foreign policy sorted); Jeff Zients, White House coronavirus coordinator; Rochelle Walensky, head of the Centers for Disease Control; Rachel Levine, transgender deputy health secretary (that's 'Covid' hoax policy under control); Merrick Garland, Attorney General; Alejandro Mayorkas, Secretary of Homeland Security; Cass Sunstein, Homeland Security with responsibility for new immigration laws; Avril Haines, Director of National Intelligence; Anne Neuberger, National Security Agency cybersecurity director (note, cybersecurity); David Cohen, CIA Deputy Director; Ronald Klain, Biden's Chief of Staff (see Rahm Emanuel); Eric Lander, a 'leading geneticist', Office of Science and Technology Policy director (see Smart Grid, synthetic biology agenda); Jessica Rosenworcel, acting head of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) which controls Smart Grid technology policy and electromagnetic communication systems including 5G. How can it be that so many pivotal positions are held by two-percent of the American population and 0.2 percent of the world population administration after administration no matter who is the president and what is the party? It's a coincidence? Of course it's not and this is why Sabbatians have built their colossal global web of interlocking 'anti-

hate' hate groups to condemn anyone who asks these glaring questions as an 'anti-Semite'. The way that Jewish people horrifically abused in Sabbatian-backed Nazi Germany are exploited to this end is stomach-turning and disgusting beyond words.

Political fusion

Sabbatian manipulation has reversed the roles of Republicans and Democrats and the same has happened in Britain with the Conservative and Labour Parties. Republicans and Conservatives were always labelled the 'right' and Democrats and Labour the 'left', but look at the policy positions now and the Democrat-Labour 'left' has moved further to the 'right' than Republicans and Conservatives under the banner of 'Woke', the Cult-created far-right tyranny. Where once the Democrat-Labour 'left' defended free speech and human rights they now seek to delete them and as I said earlier despite the 'Covid' fascism of the Jackboot Johnson Conservative government in the UK the Labour Party of leader Keir Starmer demanded even more extreme measures. The Labour Party has been very publicly absorbed by Sabbatians after a political and media onslaught against the previous leader, the weak and inept Jeremy Corbyn, over made-up allegations of 'anti-Semitism' both by him and his party. The plan was clear with this 'anti-Semite' propaganda and what was required in response was a swift and decisive 'fuck off' from Corbyn and a statement to expose the Anti-Semitism Industry (Sabbatian) attempt to silence Labour criticism of the Israeli government (Sabbatians) and purge the party of all dissent against the extremes of ultra-Zionism (Sabbatians). Instead Corbyn and his party fell to their knees and appeased the abusers which, by definition, is impossible. Appeasing one demand leads only to a new demand to be appeased until takeover is complete. Like I say – 'fuck off' would have been a much more effective policy and I have used it myself with great effect over the years when Sabbatians are on my case which is most of the time. I consider that fact a great compliment, by the way. The outcome of the Labour Party capitulation is that we now have a Sabbatian-controlled

Conservative Party 'opposed' by a Sabbatian-controlled Labour Party in a one-party Sabbatian state that hurtles towards the extremes of tyranny (the Sabbatian cult agenda). In America the situation is the same. Labour's Keir Starmer spends his days on his knees with his tongue out pointing to Tel Aviv, or I guess now Jerusalem, while Boris Johnson has an 'anti-Semitism czar' in the form of former Labour MP John Mann who keeps Starmer company on his prayer mat.

Sabbatian influence can be seen in Jewish members of the Labour Party who have been ejected for criticism of Israel including those from families that suffered in Nazi Germany. Sabbatians despise real Jewish people and target them even more harshly because it is so much more difficult to dub them 'anti-Semitic' although in their desperation they do try.

CHAPTER THREE

The Pushbacker sting

Until you realize how easy it is for your mind to be manipulated, you remain the puppet of someone else's game
Evita Ochel

I will use the presidencies of Trump and Biden to show how the manipulation of the one-party state plays out behind the illusion of political choice across the world. No two presidencies could – on the face of it – be more different and apparently at odds in terms of direction and policy.

A Renegade Mind sees beyond the obvious and focuses on outcomes and consequences and not image, words and waffle. The Cult embarked on a campaign to divide America between those who blindly support its agenda (the mentality known as 'Woke') and those who are pushing back on where the Cult and its Sabbatians want to go. This presents infinite possibilities for dividing and ruling the population by setting them at war with each other and allows a perceptual ring fence of demonisation to encircle the Pushbackers in a modern version of the Little Big Horn in 1876 when American cavalry led by Lieutenant Colonel George Custer were drawn into a trap, surrounded and killed by Native American tribes defending their land of thousands of years from being seized by the government. In this modern version the roles are reversed and it's those defending themselves from the Sabbatian government who are surrounded and the government that's seeking to destroy them. This trap was set years ago and to explain how we must return to 2016

and the emergence of Donald Trump as a candidate to be President of the United States. He set out to overcome the best part of 20 other candidates in the Republican Party before and during the primaries and was not considered by many in those early stages to have a prayer of living in the White House. The Republican Party was said to have great reservations about Trump and yet somehow he won the nomination. When you know how American politics works – politics in general – there is no way that Trump could have become the party's candidate unless the Sabbatian-controlled 'Neocons' that run the Republican Party wanted that to happen. We saw the proof in emails and documents made public by WikiLeaks that the Democratic Party hierarchy, or Democons, systematically undermined the campaign of Bernie Sanders to make sure that Sabbatian gofer Hillary Clinton won the nomination to be their presidential candidate. If the Democons could do that then the Neocons in the Republican Party could have derailed Trump in the same way. But they didn't and at that stage I began to conclude that Trump could well be the one chosen to be president. If that was the case the 'why' was pretty clear to see – the goal of dividing America between Cult agenda-supporting Wokers and Pushbackers who gravitated to Trump because he was telling them what they wanted to hear. His constituency of support had been increasingly ignored and voiceless for decades and profoundly through the eight years of Sabbatian puppet Barack Obama. Now here was someone speaking their language of pulling back from the incessant globalisation of political and economic power, the exporting of American jobs to China and elsewhere by 'American' (Sabbatian) corporations, the deletion of free speech, and the mass immigration policies that had further devastated job opportunities for the urban working class of all races and the once American heartlands of the Midwest.

Beware the forked tongue

Those people collectively sighed with relief that at last a political leader was apparently on their side, but another trait of the Renegade Mind is that you look even harder at people telling you

what you want to hear than those who are telling you otherwise. Obviously as I said earlier people wish what they want to hear to be true and genuine and they are much more likely to believe that than someone saying what they don't want to here and don't want to be true. Sales people are taught to be skilled in eliciting by calculated questioning what their customers want to hear and repeating that back to them as their own opinion to get their targets to like and trust them. Assets of the Cult are also sales people in the sense of selling perception. To read Cult manipulation you have to play the long and expanded game and not fall for the Vaudeville show of party politics. Both American parties are vehicles for the Cult and they exploit them in different ways depending on what the agenda requires at that moment. Trump and the Republicans were used to be the focus of dividing America and isolating Pushbackers to open the way for a Biden presidency to become the most extreme in American history by advancing the full-blown Woke (Cult) agenda with the aim of destroying and silencing Pushbackers now labelled Nazi Trump supporters and white supremacists.

Sabbatians wanted Trump in office for the reasons described by ultra-Zionist Saul Alinsky (1909-1972) who was promoting the Woke philosophy through 'community organising' long before anyone had heard of it. In those days it still went by its traditional name of Marxism. The reason for the manipulated Trump phenomenon was laid out in Alinsky's 1971 book, *Rules for Radicals*, which was his blueprint for overthrowing democratic and other regimes and replacing them with Sabbatian Marxism. Not surprisingly his to-do list was evident in the Sabbatian French and Russian 'Revolutions' and that in China which will become very relevant in the next chapter about the 'Covid' hoax. Among Alinsky's followers have been the deeply corrupt Barack Obama, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi and Hillary Clinton who described him as a 'hero'. All three are Sabbatian stooges with Pelosi personifying the arrogant corrupt idiocy that so widely fronts up for the Cult inner core. Predictably as a Sabbatian advocate of the 'light-bringer' Alinsky features Lucifer on the dedication page of his book as the original radical who gained

his own kingdom ('Earth' as we shall see). One of Alinsky's golden radical rules was to pick an individual and focus all attention, hatred and blame on them and not to target faceless bureaucracies and corporations. *Rules for Radicals* is really a Sabbatian handbook with its contents repeatedly employed all over the world for centuries and why wouldn't Sabbatians bring to power their designer-villain to be used as the individual on which all attention, hatred and blame was bestowed? This is what they did and the only question for me is how much Trump knew that and how much he was manipulated. A bit of both, I suspect. This was Alinsky's Trump technique from a man who died in 1972. The technique has spanned history:

> Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it. Don't try to attack abstract corporations or bureaucracies. Identify a responsible individual. Ignore attempts to shift or spread the blame.

From the moment Trump came to illusory power everything was about him. It wasn't about Republican policy or opinion, but all about Trump. Everything he did was presented in negative, derogatory and abusive terms by the Sabbatian-dominated media led by Cult operations such as CNN, MSNBC, *The New York Times* and the Jeff Bezos-owned *Washington Post* – 'Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it.' Trump was turned into a demon to be vilified by those who hated him and a demi-god loved by those who worshipped him. This, in turn, had his supporters, too, presented as equally demonic in preparation for the punchline later down the line when Biden was about to take office. It was here's a Trump, there's a Trump, everywhere a Trump, Trump. Virtually every news story or happening was filtered through the lens of 'The Donald'. You loved him or hated him and which one you chose was said to define you as Satan's spawn or a paragon of virtue. Even supporting some Trump policies or statements and not others was enough for an assault on your character. No shades of grey were or are allowed. Everything is black and white (literally and figuratively). A Californian I knew had her head utterly scrambled by her hatred for Trump while telling people they should love each other. She was so totally consumed by

Trump Derangement Syndrome as it became to be known that this glaring contradiction would never have occurred to her. By definition anyone who criticised Trump or praised his opponents was a hero and this lady described Joe Biden as 'a kind, honest gentleman' when he's a provable liar, mega-crook and vicious piece of work to boot. Sabbatians had indeed divided America using Trump as the fall-guy and all along the clock was ticking on the consequences for his supporters.

In hock to his masters

Trump gave Sabbatians via Israel almost everything they wanted in his four years. Ask and you shall receive was the dynamic between himself and Benjamin Netanyahu orchestrated by Trump's ultra-Zionist son-in-law Jared Kushner, his ultra-Zionist Ambassador to Israel, David Friedman, and ultra-Zionist 'Israel adviser', Jason Greenblatt. The last two were central to the running and protecting from collapse of his business empire, the Trump Organisation, and colossal business failures made him forever beholding to Sabbatian networks that bailed him out. By the start of the 1990s Trump owed $4 billion to banks that he couldn't pay and almost $1billion of that was down to him personally and not his companies. This mega-disaster was the result of building two new casinos in Atlantic City and buying the enormous Taj Mahal operation which led to crippling debt payments. He had borrowed fantastic sums from 72 banks with major Sabbatian connections and although the scale of debt should have had him living in a tent alongside the highway they never foreclosed. A plan was devised to lift Trump from the mire by BT Securities Corporation and Rothschild Inc. and the case was handled by Wilber Ross who had worked for the Rothschilds for 27 years. Ross would be named US Commerce Secretary after Trump's election. Another crucial figure in saving Trump was ultra-Zionist 'investor' Carl Icahn who bought the Taj Mahal casino. Icahn was made special economic adviser on financial regulation in the Trump administration. He didn't stay long but still managed to find time to make a tidy sum of a reported $31.3 million when he sold his

holdings affected by the price of steel three days before Trump imposed a 235 percent tariff on steel imports. What amazing bits of luck these people have. Trump and Sabbatian operatives have long had a close association and his mentor and legal adviser from the early 1970s until 1986 was the dark and genetically corrupt ultra-Zionist Roy Cohn who was chief counsel to Senator Joseph McCarthy's 'communist' witch-hunt in the 1950s. *Esquire* magazine published an article about Cohn with the headline 'Don't mess with Roy Cohn'. He was described as the most feared lawyer in New York and 'a ruthless master of dirty tricks ... [with] ... more than one Mafia Don on speed dial'. Cohn's influence, contacts, support and protection made Trump a front man for Sabbatians in New York with their connections to one of Cohn's many criminal employers, the 'Russian' Sabbatian Mafia. Israel-centric media mogul Rupert Murdoch was introduced to Trump by Cohn and they started a long friendship. Cohn died in 1986 weeks after being disbarred for unethical conduct by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. The wheels of justice do indeed run slow given the length of Cohn's crooked career.

QAnon-sense

We are asked to believe that Donald Trump with his fundamental connections to Sabbatian networks and operatives has been leading the fight to stop the Sabbatian agenda for the fascistic control of America and the world. Sure he has. A man entrapped during his years in the White House by Sabbatian operatives and whose biggest financial donor was casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson who was Sabbatian to his DNA?? Oh, do come on. Trump has been used to divide America and isolate Pushbackers on the Cult agenda under the heading of 'Trump supporters', 'insurrectionists' and 'white supremacists'. The US Intelligence/Mossad Psyop or psychological operation known as QAnon emerged during the Trump years as a central pillar in the Sabbatian campaign to lead Pushbackers into the trap set by those that wished to destroy them. I knew from the start that QAnon was a scam because I had seen the same scenario many

times before over 30 years under different names and I had written about one in particular in the books. 'Not again' was my reaction when QAnon came to the fore. The same script is pulled out every few years and a new name added to the letterhead. The story always takes the same form: 'Insiders' or 'the good guys' in the government-intelligence-military 'Deep State' apparatus were going to instigate mass arrests of the 'bad guys' which would include the Rockefellers, Rothschilds, Barack Obama, Hillary Clinton, George Soros, etc., etc. Dates are given for when the 'good guys' are going to move in, but the dates pass without incident and new dates are given which pass without incident. The central message to Pushbackers in each case is that they don't have to do anything because there is 'a plan' and it is all going to be sorted by the 'good guys' on the inside. 'Trust the plan' was a QAnon mantra when the only plan was to misdirect Pushbackers into putting their trust in a Psyop they believed to be real. Beware, beware, those who tell you what you want to hear and always check it out. Right up to Biden's inauguration QAnon was still claiming that 'the Storm' was coming and Trump would stay on as president when Biden and his cronies were arrested and jailed. It was never going to happen and of course it didn't, but what did happen as a result provided that punchline to the Sabbatian Trump/QAnon Psyop.

On January 6th, 2021, a very big crowd of Trump supporters gathered in the National Mall in Washington DC down from the Capitol Building to protest at what they believed to be widespread corruption and vote fraud that stopped Trump being re-elected for a second term as president in November, 2020. I say as someone that does not support Trump or Biden that the evidence is clear that major vote-fixing went on to favour Biden, a man with cognitive problems so advanced he can often hardly string a sentence together without reading the words written for him on the Teleprompter. Glaring ballot discrepancies included serious questions about electronic voting machines that make vote rigging a comparative cinch and hundreds of thousands of paper votes that suddenly appeared during already advanced vote counts and virtually all of

them for Biden. Early Trump leads in crucial swing states suddenly began to close and disappear. The pandemic hoax was used as the excuse to issue almost limitless numbers of mail-in ballots with no checks to establish that the recipients were still alive or lived at that address. They were sent to streams of people who had not even asked for them. Private organisations were employed to gather these ballots and who knows what they did with them before they turned up at the counts. The American election system has been manipulated over decades to become a sick joke with more holes than a Swiss cheese for the express purpose of dictating the results. Then there was the criminal manipulation of information by Sabbatian tech giants like Facebook, Twitter and Google-owned YouTube which deleted pro-Trump, anti-Biden accounts and posts while everything in support of Biden was left alone. Sabbatians wanted Biden to win because after the dividing of America it was time for full-on Woke and every aspect of the Cult agenda to be unleashed.

Hunter gatherer

Extreme Silicon Valley bias included blocking information by the *New York Post* exposing a Biden scandal that should have ended his bid for president in the final weeks of the campaign. Hunter Biden, his monumentally corrupt son, is reported to have sent a laptop to be repaired at a local store and failed to return for it. Time passed until the laptop became the property of the store for non-payment of the bill. When the owner saw what was on the hard drive he gave a copy to the FBI who did nothing even though it confirmed widespread corruption in which the Joe Biden family were using his political position, especially when he was vice president to Obama, to make multiple millions in countries around the world and most notably Ukraine and China. Hunter Biden's one-time business partner Tony Bobulinski went public when the story broke in the *New York Post* to confirm the corruption he saw and that Joe Biden not only knew what was going on he also profited from the spoils. Millions were handed over by a Chinese company with close

connections – like all major businesses in China – to the Chinese communist party of President Xi Jinping. Joe Biden even boasted at a meeting of the Cult's World Economic Forum that as vice president he had ordered the government of Ukraine to fire a prosecutor. What he didn't mention was that the same man just happened to be investigating an energy company which was part of Hunter Biden's corrupt portfolio. The company was paying him big bucks for no other reason than the influence his father had. Overnight Biden's presidential campaign should have been over given that he had lied publicly about not knowing what his son was doing. Instead almost the entire Sabbatian-owned mainstream media and Sabbatian-owned Silicon Valley suppressed circulation of the story. This alone went a mighty way to rigging the election of 2020. Cult assets like Mark Zuckerberg at Facebook also spent hundreds of millions to be used in support of Biden and vote 'administration'.

The Cult had used Trump as the focus to divide America and was now desperate to bring in moronic, pliable, corrupt Biden to complete the double-whammy. No way were they going to let little things like the will of the people thwart their plan. Silicon Valley widely censored claims that the election was rigged because it *was* rigged. For the same reason anyone claiming it was rigged was denounced as a 'white supremacist' including the pathetically few Republican politicians willing to say so. Right across the media where the claim was mentioned it was described as a 'false claim' even though these excuses for 'journalists' would have done no research into the subject whatsoever. Trump won seven million more votes than any sitting president had ever achieved while somehow a cognitively-challenged soon to be 78-year-old who was hidden away from the public for most of the campaign managed to win more votes than any presidential candidate in history. It makes no sense. You only had to see election rallies for both candidates to witness the enthusiasm for Trump and the apathy for Biden. Tens of thousands would attend Trump events while Biden was speaking in empty car parks with often only television crews attending and framing their shots to hide the fact that no one was there. It was pathetic to see

footage come to light of Biden standing at a podium making speeches only to TV crews and party fixers while reading the words written for him on massive Teleprompter screens. So, yes, those protestors on January 6th had a point about election rigging, but some were about to walk into a trap laid for them in Washington by the Cult Deep State and its QAnon Psyop. This was the Capitol Hill riot ludicrously dubbed an 'insurrection'.

The spider and the fly

Renegade Minds know there are not two 'sides' in politics, only one side, the Cult, working through all 'sides'. It's a stage show, a puppet show, to direct the perceptions of the population into focusing on diversions like parties and candidates while missing the puppeteers with their hands holding all the strings. The Capitol Hill 'insurrection' brings us back to the Little Big Horn. Having created two distinct opposing groupings – Woke and Pushbackers – the trap was about to be sprung. Pushbackers were to be encircled and isolated by associating them all in the public mind with Trump and then labelling Trump as some sort of Confederate leader. I knew immediately that the Capitol riot was a set-up because of two things. One was how easy the rioters got into the building with virtually no credible resistance and secondly I could see – as with the 'Covid' hoax in the West at the start of 2020 – how the Cult could exploit the situation to move its agenda forward with great speed. My experience of Cult techniques and activities over more than 30 years has showed me that while they do exploit situations they haven't themselves created this never happens with events of fundamental agenda significance. Every time major events giving cultists the excuse to rapidly advance their plan you find they are manipulated into being for the specific reason of providing that excuse – Problem-Reaction-Solution. Only a tiny minority of the huge crowd of Washington protestors sought to gain entry to the Capitol by smashing windows and breaching doors. That didn't matter. The whole crowd and all Pushbackers, even if they did not support Trump, were going to be lumped together as dangerous

insurrectionists and conspiracy theorists. The latter term came into widespread use through a CIA memo in the 1960s aimed at discrediting those questioning the nonsensical official story of the Kennedy assassination and it subsequently became widely employed by the media. It's still being used by inept 'journalists' with no idea of its origin to discredit anyone questioning anything that authority claims to be true. When you are perpetrating a conspiracy you need to discredit the very word itself even though the dictionary definition of conspiracy is merely 'the activity of secretly planning with other people to do something bad or illegal' and 'a general agreement to keep silent about a subject for the purpose of keeping it secret'. On that basis there are conspiracies almost wherever you look. For obvious reasons the Cult and its lapdog media have to claim there are no conspiracies even though the word appears in state laws as with conspiracy to defraud, to murder, and to corrupt public morals.

Agent provocateurs are widely used by the Cult Deep State to manipulate genuine people into acting in ways that suit the desired outcome. By genuine in this case I mean protestors genuinely supporting Trump and claims that the election was stolen. In among them, however, were agents of the state wearing the garb of Trump supporters and QAnon to pump-prime the Capital riot which some genuine Trump supporters naively fell for. I described the situation as 'Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly'. Leaflets appeared through the Woke paramilitary arm Antifa, the anti-fascist fascists, calling on supporters to turn up in Washington looking like Trump supporters even though they hated him. Some of those arrested for breaching the Capitol Building were sourced to Antifa and its stable mate Black Lives Matter. Both organisations are funded by Cult billionaires and corporations. One man charged for the riot was according to his lawyer a former FBI agent who had held top secret security clearance for 40 years. Attorney Thomas Plofchan said of his client, 66-year-old Thomas Edward Caldwell:

He has held a Top Secret Security Clearance since 1979 and has undergone multiple Special Background Investigations in support of his clearances. After retiring from the Navy, he

worked as a section chief for the Federal Bureau of Investigation from 2009-2010 as a GS-12 [mid-level employee].

He also formed and operated a consulting firm performing work, often classified, for U.S government customers including the US. Drug Enforcement Agency, Department of Housing and Urban Development, the US Coast Guard, and the US Army Personnel Command.

A judge later released Caldwell pending trial in the absence of evidence about a conspiracy or that he tried to force his way into the building. *The New York Post* reported a 'law enforcement source' as saying that 'at least two known Antifa members were spotted' on camera among Trump supporters during the riot while one of the rioters arrested was John Earle Sullivan, a seriously extreme Black Lives Matter Trump-hater from Utah who was previously arrested and charged in July, 2020, over a BLM-Antifa riot in which drivers were threatened and one was shot. Sullivan is the founder of Utah-based Insurgence USA which is an affiliate of the Cult-created-and-funded Black Lives Matter movement. Footage appeared and was then deleted by Twitter of Trump supporters calling out Antifa infiltrators and a group was filmed changing into pro-Trump clothing before the riot. Security at the building was *pathetic* – as planned. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty, a man with long experience in covert operations working with the US security apparatus, once described the tell-tale sign to identify who is involved in an assassination. He said:

No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

This principle applies to many other situations and certainly to the Capitol riot of January 6th, 2021.

The sting

With such a big and potentially angry crowd known to be gathering near the Capitol the security apparatus would have had a major police detail to defend the building with National Guard troops on

standby given the strength of feeling among people arriving from all over America encouraged by the QAnon Psyop and statements by Donald Trump. Instead Capitol Police 'security' was flimsy, weak, and easily breached. The same number of officers was deployed as on a regular day and that is a blatant red flag. They were not staffed or equipped for a possible riot that had been an obvious possibility in the circumstances. No protective and effective fencing worth the name was put in place and there were no contingency plans. The whole thing was basically a case of standing aside and waving people in. Once inside police mostly backed off apart from one Capitol police officer who ridiculously shot dead unarmed Air Force veteran protestor Ashli Babbitt without a warning as she climbed through a broken window. The 'investigation' refused to name or charge the officer after what must surely be considered a murder in the circumstances. They just lifted a carpet and swept. The story was endlessly repeated about five people dying in the 'armed insurrection' when there was no report of rioters using weapons. Apart from Babbitt the other four died from a heart attack, strokes and apparently a drug overdose. Capitol police officer Brian Sicknick was reported to have died after being bludgeoned with a fire extinguisher when he was alive after the riot was over and died later of what the Washington Medical Examiner's Office said was a stroke. Sicknick had no external injuries. The lies were delivered like rapid fire. There was a narrative to build with incessant repetition of the lie until the lie became the accepted 'everybody knows that' truth. The 'Big Lie' technique of Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels is constantly used by the Cult which was behind the Nazis and is today behind the 'Covid' and 'climate change' hoaxes. Goebbels said:

> If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State.

Most protestors had a free run of the Capitol Building. This allowed pictures to be taken of rioters in iconic parts of the building including the Senate chamber which could be used as propaganda images against all Pushbackers. One Congresswoman described the scene as 'the worst kind of non-security anybody could ever imagine'. Well, the first part was true, but someone obviously did imagine it and made sure it happened. Some photographs most widely circulated featured people wearing QAnon symbols and now the Psyop would be used to dub all QAnon followers with the ubiquitous fit-all label of 'white supremacist' and 'insurrectionists'. When a Muslim extremist called Noah Green drove his car at two police officers at the Capitol Building killing one in April, 2021, there was no such political and media hysteria. They were just disappointed he wasn't white.

The witch-hunt

Government prosecutor Michael Sherwin, an aggressive, dark-eyed, professional Rottweiler led the 'investigation' and to call it over the top would be to understate reality a thousand fold. Hundreds were tracked down and arrested for the crime of having the wrong political views and people were jailed who had done nothing more than walk in the building, committed no violence or damage to property, took a few pictures and left. They were labelled a 'threat to the Republic' while Biden sat in the White House signing executive orders written for him that were dismantling 'the Republic'. Even when judges ruled that a mother and son should not be in jail the government kept them there. Some of those arrested have been badly beaten by prison guards in Washington and lawyers for one man said he suffered a fractured skull and was made blind in one eye. Meanwhile a woman is shot dead for no reason by a Capitol Police officer and we are not allowed to know who he is never mind what has happened to him although that will be *nothing*. The Cult's QAnon/Trump sting to identify and isolate Pushbackers and then target them on the road to crushing and deleting them was a resounding success. You would have thought the Russians had

invaded the building at gunpoint and lined up senators for a firing squad to see the political and media reaction. Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez is a child in a woman's body, a terrible-twos, me, me, me, Woker narcissist of such proportions that words have no meaning. She said she thought she was going to die when 'insurrectionists' banged on her office door. It turned out she wasn't even in the Capitol Building when the riot was happening and the 'banging' was a Capitol Police officer. She referred to herself as a 'survivor' which is an insult to all those true survivors of violent and sexual abuse while she lives her pampered and privileged life talking drivel for a living. Her Woke colleague and fellow mega-narcissist Rashida Tlaib broke down describing the devastating effect on her, too, of *not being* in the building when the rioters were there. Ocasio-Cortez and Tlaib are members of a fully-Woke group of Congresswomen known as 'The Squad' along with Ilhan Omar and Ayanna Pressley. The Squad from what I can see can be identified by its vehement anti-white racism, anti-white men agenda, and, as always in these cases, the absence of brain cells on active duty.

The usual suspects were on the riot case immediately in the form of Democrat ultra-Zionist senators and operatives Chuck Schumer and Adam Schiff demanding that Trump be impeached for 'his part in the insurrection'. The same pair of prats had led the failed impeachment of Trump over the invented 'Russia collusion' nonsense which claimed Russia had helped Trump win the 2016 election. I didn't realise that Tel Aviv had been relocated just outside Moscow. I must find an up-to-date map. The Russia hoax was a Sabbatian operation to keep Trump occupied and impotent and to stop any rapport with Russia which the Cult wants to retain as a perceptual enemy to be pulled out at will. Puppet Biden began attacking Russia when he came to office as the Cult seeks more upheaval, division and war across the world. A two-year stage show 'Russia collusion inquiry' headed by the not-very-bright former 9/11 FBI chief Robert Mueller, with support from 19 lawyers, 40 FBI agents plus intelligence analysts, forensic accountants and other

staff, devoured tens of millions of dollars and found no evidence of Russia collusion which a ten-year-old could have told them on day one. Now the same moronic Schumer and Schiff wanted a second impeachment of Trump over the Capitol 'insurrection' (riot) which the arrested development of Schumer called another 'Pearl Harbor' while others compared it with 9/11 in which 3,000 died and, in the case of CNN, with the Rwandan genocide in the 1990s in which an estimated 500,000 to 600,000 were murdered, between 250, 000 and 500,000 women were raped, and populations of whole towns were hacked to death with machetes. To make those comparisons purely for Cult political reasons is beyond insulting to those that suffered and lost their lives and confirms yet again the callous inhumanity that we are dealing with. Schumer is a monumental idiot and so is Schiff, but they serve the Cult agenda and do whatever they're told so they get looked after. Talking of idiots – another inane man who spanned the Russia and Capitol impeachment attempts was Senator Eric Swalwell who had the nerve to accuse Trump of collusion with the Russians while sleeping with a Chinese spy called Christine Fang or 'Fang Fang' which is straight out of a Bond film no doubt starring Klaus Schwab as the bloke living on a secret island and controlling laser weapons positioned in space and pointing at world capitals. Fang Fang plays the part of Bond's infiltrator girlfriend which I'm sure she would enjoy rather more than sharing a bed with the brainless Swalwell, lying back and thinking of China. The FBI eventually warned Swalwell about Fang Fang which gave her time to escape back to the Chinese dictatorship. How very thoughtful of them. The second Trump impeachment also failed and hardly surprising when an impeachment is supposed to remove a sitting president and by the time it happened Trump was no longer president. These people are running your country America, well, officially anyway. Terrifying isn't it?

Outcomes tell the story - always

The outcome of all this – and it's the *outcome* on which Renegade Minds focus, not the words – was that a vicious, hysterical and

obviously pre-planned assault was launched on Pushbackers to censor, silence and discredit them and even targeted their right to earn a living. They have since been condemned as 'domestic terrorists' that need to be treated like Al-Qaeda and Islamic State. 'Domestic terrorists' is a label the Cult has been trying to make stick since the period of the Oklahoma bombing in 1995 which was blamed on 'far-right domestic terrorists'. If you read *The Trigger* you will see that the bombing was clearly a Problem-Reaction-Solution carried out by the Deep State during a Bill Clinton administration so corrupt that no dictionary definition of the term would even nearly suffice. Nearly 30, 000 troops were deployed from all over America to the empty streets of Washington for Biden's inauguration. Ten thousand of them stayed on with the pretext of protecting the capital from insurrectionists when it was more psychological programming to normalise the use of the military in domestic law enforcement in support of the Cult plan for a police-military state. Biden's fascist administration began a purge of 'wrong-thinkers' in the military which means anyone that is not on board with Woke. The Capitol Building was surrounded by a fence with razor wire and the Land of the Free was further symbolically and literally dismantled. The circle was completed with the installation of Biden and the exploitation of the QAnon Psyop.

America had never been so divided since the civil war of the 19th century, Pushbackers were isolated and dubbed terrorists and now, as was always going to happen, the Cult immediately set about deleting what little was left of freedom and transforming American society through a swish of the hand of the most controlled 'president' in American history leading (officially at least) the most extreme regime since the country was declared an independent state on July 4th, 1776. Biden issued undebated, dictatorial executive orders almost by the hour in his opening days in office across the whole spectrum of the Cult wish-list including diluting controls on the border with Mexico allowing thousands of migrants to illegally enter the United States to transform the demographics of America and import an election-changing number of perceived Democrat

voters. Then there were Biden deportation amnesties for the already illegally resident (estimated to be as high as 20 or even 30 million). A bill before Congress awarded American citizenship to anyone who could prove they had worked in agriculture for just 180 days in the previous two years as 'Big Ag' secured its slave labour long-term. There were the plans to add new states to the union such as Puerto Rico and making Washington DC a state. They are all parts of a plan to ensure that the Cult-owned Woke Democrats would be permanently in power.

Border – what border?

I have exposed in detail in other books how mass immigration into the United States and Europe is the work of Cult networks fuelled by the tens of billions spent to this and other ends by George Soros and his global Open Society (open borders) Foundations. The impact can be seen in America alone where the population has increased by *100 million* in little more than 30 years mostly through immigration. I wrote in *The Answer* that the plan was to have so many people crossing the southern border that the numbers become unstoppable and we are now there under Cult-owned Biden. El Salvador in Central America puts the scale of what is happening into context. A third of the population now lives in the United States, much of it illegally, and many more are on the way. The methodology is to crush Central and South American countries economically and spread violence through machete-wielding psychopathic gangs like MS-13 based in El Salvador and now operating in many American cities. Biden-imposed lax security at the southern border means that it is all but open. He said before his 'election' that he wanted to see a surge towards the border if he became president and that was the green light for people to do just that after election day to create the human disaster that followed for both America and the migrants. When that surge came the imbecilic Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez said it wasn't a 'surge' because they are 'children, not insurgents' and the term 'surge' (used by Biden) was a claim of 'white supremacists'.

This disingenuous lady may one day enter the realm of the most basic intelligence, but it won't be any time soon.

Sabbatians and the Cult are in the process of destroying America by importing violent people and gangs in among the genuine to terrorise American cities and by overwhelming services that cannot cope with the sheer volume of new arrivals. Something similar is happening in Europe as Western society in general is targeted for demographic and cultural transformation and upheaval. The plan demands violence and crime to create an environment of intimidation, fear and division and Soros has been funding the election of district attorneys across America who then stop prosecuting many crimes, reduce sentences for violent crimes and free as many violent criminals as they can. Sabbatians are creating the chaos from which order – their order – can respond in a classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. A Freemasonic moto says 'Ordo Ab Chao' (Order out of Chaos) and this is why the Cult is constantly creating chaos to impose a new 'order'. Here you have the reason the Cult is constantly creating chaos. The 'Covid' hoax can be seen with those entering the United States by plane being forced to take a 'Covid' test while migrants flooding through southern border processing facilities do not. Nothing is put in the way of mass migration and if that means ignoring the government's own 'Covid' rules then so be it. They know it's all bullshit anyway. Any pushback on this is denounced as 'racist' by Wokers and Sabbatian fronts like the ultra-Zionist Anti-Defamation League headed by the appalling Jonathan Greenblatt which at the same time argues that Israel should not give citizenship and voting rights to more Palestinian Arabs or the 'Jewish population' (in truth the Sabbatian network) will lose control of the country.

Society-changing numbers

Biden's masters have declared that countries like El Salvador are so dangerous that their people must be allowed into the United States for humanitarian reasons when there are fewer murders in large parts of many Central American countries than in US cities like

Baltimore. That is not to say Central America cannot be a dangerous place and Cult-controlled American governments have been making it so since way back, along with the dismantling of economies, in a long-term plan to drive people north into the United States. Parts of Central America are very dangerous, but in other areas the story is being greatly exaggerated to justify relaxing immigration criteria. Migrants are being offered free healthcare and education in the United States as another incentive to head for the border and there is no requirement to be financially independent before you can enter to prevent the resources of America being drained. You can't blame migrants for seeking what they believe will be a better life, but they are being played by the Cult for dark and nefarious ends. The numbers since Biden took office are huge. In February, 2021, more than 100,000 people were known to have tried to enter the US illegally through the southern border (it was 34,000 in the same month in 2020) and in March it was 170,000 – a 418 percent increase on March, 2020. These numbers are only known people, not the ones who get in unseen. The true figure for migrants illegally crossing the border in a single month was estimated by one congressman at 250,000 and that number will only rise under Biden's current policy. Gangs of murdering drug-running thugs that control the Mexican side of the border demand money – thousands of dollars – to let migrants cross the Rio Grande into America. At the same time gun battles are breaking out on the border several times a week between rival Mexican drug gangs (which now operate globally) who are equipped with sophisticated military-grade weapons, grenades and armoured vehicles. While the Capitol Building was being 'protected' from a non-existent 'threat' by thousands of troops, and others were still deployed at the time in the Cult Neocon war in Afghanistan, the southern border of America was left to its fate. This is not incompetence, it is cold calculation.

By March, 2021, there were 17,000 unaccompanied children held at border facilities and many of them are ensnared by people traffickers for paedophile rings and raped on their journey north to America. This is not conjecture – this is fact. Many of those designated

children are in reality teenage boys or older. Meanwhile Wokers posture their self-purity for encouraging poor and tragic people to come to America and face this nightmare both on the journey and at the border with the disgusting figure of House Speaker Nancy Pelosi giving disingenuous speeches about caring for migrants. The woman's evil. Wokers condemned Trump for having children in cages at the border (so did Obama, *Shhhh*), but now they are sleeping on the floor without access to a shower with one border facility 729 percent over capacity. The Biden insanity even proposed flying migrants from the southern border to the northern border with Canada for 'processing'. The whole shambles is being overseen by ultra-Zionist Secretary of Homeland Security, the moronic liar Alejandro Mayorkas, who banned news cameras at border facilities to stop Americans seeing what was happening. Mayorkas said there was not a ban on news crews; it was just that they were not allowed to film. Alongside him at Homeland Security is another ultra-Zionist Cass Sunstein appointed by Biden to oversee new immigration laws. Sunstein despises conspiracy researchers to the point where he suggests they should be banned or *taxed* for having such views. The man is not bonkers or anything. He's perfectly well-adjusted, but adjusted to what is the question. Criticise what is happening and you are a 'white supremacist' when earlier non-white immigrants also oppose the numbers which effect their lives and opportunities. Black people in poor areas are particularly damaged by uncontrolled immigration and the increased competition for work opportunities with those who will work for less. They are also losing voting power as Hispanics become more dominant in former black areas. It's a downward spiral for them while the billionaires behind the policy drone on about how much they care about black people and 'racism'. None of this is about compassion for migrants or black people – that's just wind and air. Migrants are instead being mercilessly exploited to transform America while the countries they leave are losing their future and the same is true in Europe. Mass immigration may now be the work of Woke Democrats, but it can be traced back to the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act (it

wasn't) signed into law by Republican hero President Ronald Reagan which gave amnesty to millions living in the United States illegally and other incentives for people to head for the southern border. Here we have the one-party state at work again.

Save me syndrome

Almost every aspect of what I have been exposing as the Cult agenda was on display in even the first days of 'Biden' with silencing of Pushbackers at the forefront of everything. A Renegade Mind will view the Trump years and QAnon in a very different light to their supporters and advocates as the dots are connected. The QAnon/Trump Psyop has given the Cult all it was looking for. We may not know how much, or little, that Trump realised he was being used, but that's a side issue. This pincer movement produced the desired outcome of dividing America and having Pushbackers isolated. To turn this around we have to look at new routes to empowerment which do not include handing our power to other people and groups through what I will call the 'Save Me Syndrome' – 'I want someone else to do it so that I don't have to'. We have seen this at work throughout human history and the QAnon/Trump Psyop is only the latest incarnation alongside all the others. Religion is an obvious expression of this when people look to a 'god' or priest to save them or tell them how to be saved and then there are 'save me' politicians like Trump. Politics is a diversion and not a 'saviour'. It is a means to block positive change, not make it possible.

Save Me Syndrome always comes with the same repeating theme of handing your power to whom or what you believe will save you while your real 'saviour' stares back from the mirror every morning. Renegade Minds are constantly vigilant in this regard and always asking the question 'What can I do?' rather than 'What can someone else do for me?' Gandhi was right when he said: 'You must be the change you want to see in the world.' We are indeed the people we have been waiting for. We are presented with a constant raft of reasons to concede that power to others and forget where the real power is. Humanity has the numbers and the Cult does not. It has to

use diversion and division to target the unstoppable power that comes from unity. Religions, governments, politicians, corporations, media, QAnon, are all different manifestations of this power-diversion and dilution. Refusing to give your power to governments and instead handing it to Trump and QAnon is not to take a new direction, but merely to recycle the old one with new names on the posters. I will explore this phenomenon as we proceed and how to break the cycles and recycles that got us here through the mists of repeating perception and so repeating history.

For now we shall turn to the most potent example in the entire human story of the consequences that follow when you give your power away. I am talking, of course, of the 'Covid' hoax.

CHAPTER FOUR

'Covid': Calculated catastrophe

Facts are threatening to those invested in fraud
DaShanne Stokes

We can easily unravel the real reason for the 'Covid pandemic' hoax by employing the Renegade Mind methodology that I have outlined this far. We'll start by comparing the long-planned Cult outcome with the 'Covid pandemic' outcome. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey.

I have highlighted the plan for the Hunger Games Society which has been in my books for so many years with the very few controlling the very many through ongoing dependency. To create this dependency it is essential to destroy independent livelihoods, businesses and employment to make the population reliant on the state (the Cult) for even the basics of life through a guaranteed pittance income. While independence of income remained these Cult ambitions would be thwarted. With this knowledge it was easy to see where the 'pandemic' hoax was going once talk of 'lockdowns' began and the closing of all but perceived 'essential' businesses to 'save' us from an alleged 'deadly virus'. Cult corporations like Amazon and Walmart were naturally considered 'essential' while mom and pop shops and stores had their doors closed by fascist decree. As a result with every new lockdown and new regulation more small and medium, even large businesses not owned by the Cult, went to the wall while Cult giants and their frontmen and women grew financially fatter by the second. Mom and pop were

denied an income and the right to earn a living and the wealth of people like Jeff Bezos (Amazon), Mark Zuckerberg (Facebook) and Sergei Brin and Larry Page (Google/Alphabet) have reached record levels. The Cult was increasing its own power through further dramatic concentrations of wealth while the competition was being destroyed and brought into a state of dependency. Lockdowns have been instigated to secure that very end and were never anything to do with health. My brother Paul spent 45 years building up a bus repair business, but lockdowns meant buses were running at a fraction of normal levels for months on end. Similar stories can told in their hundreds of millions worldwide. Efforts of a lifetime coldly destroyed by Cult multi-billionaires and their lackeys in government and law enforcement who continued to earn their living from the taxation of the people while denying the right of the same people to earn theirs. How different it would have been if those making and enforcing these decisions had to face the same financial hardships of those they affected, but they never do.

Gates of Hell

Behind it all in the full knowledge of what he is doing and why is the psychopathic figure of Cult operative Bill Gates. His puppet Tedros at the World Health Organization declared 'Covid' a pandemic in March, 2020. The WHO had changed the definition of a 'pandemic' in 2009 just a month before declaring the 'swine flu pandemic' which would not have been so under the previous definition. The same applies to 'Covid'. The definition had included… 'an infection by an infectious agent, occurring simultaneously in different countries, with a significant mortality rate relative to the proportion of the population infected'. The new definition removed the need for 'significant mortality'. The 'pandemic' has been fraudulent even down to the definition, but Gates demanded economy-destroying lockdowns, school closures, social distancing, mandatory masks, a 'vaccination' for every man, woman and child on the planet and severe consequences and restrictions for those that refused. Who gave him this power? The

Cult did which he serves like a little boy in short trousers doing what his daddy tells him. He and his psychopathic missus even smiled when they said that much worse was to come (what they knew was planned to come). Gates responded in the matter-of-fact way of all psychopaths to a question about the effect on the world economy of what he was doing:

> Well, it won't go to zero but it will shrink. Global GDP is probably going to take the biggest hit ever [Gates was smiling as he said this] … in my lifetime this will be the greatest economic hit. But you don't have a choice. People act as if you have a choice. People don't feel like going to the stadium when they might get infected … People are deeply affected by seeing these stats, by knowing they could be part of the transmission chain, old people, their parents and grandparents, could be affected by this, and so you don't get to say ignore what is going on here.
>
> There will be the ability to open up, particularly in rich countries, if things are done well over the next few months, but for the world at large normalcy only returns when we have largely vaccinated the entire population.

The man has no compassion or empathy. How could he when he's a psychopath like all Cult players? My own view is that even beyond that he is very seriously mentally ill. Look in his eyes and you can see this along with his crazy flailing arms. You don't do what he has done to the world population since the start of 2020 unless you are mentally ill and at the most extreme end of psychopathic. You especially don't do it when to you know, as we shall see, that cases and deaths from 'Covid' are fakery and a product of monumental figure massaging. 'These stats' that Gates referred to are based on a 'test' that's not testing for the 'virus' as he has known all along. He made his fortune with big Cult support as an infamously ruthless software salesman and now buys global control of 'health' (death) policy without the population he affects having any say. It's a breathtaking outrage. Gates talked about people being deeply affected by fear of 'Covid' when that was because of *him* and his global network lying to them minute-by-minute supported by a lying media that he seriously influences and funds to the tune of hundreds of millions. He's handed big sums to media operations including the BBC, NBC, Al Jazeera, Univision, *PBS NewsHour*,

ProPublica, National Journal, The Guardian, The Financial Times, The Atlantic, Texas Tribune, USA Today publisher Gannett, *Washington Monthly, Le Monde,* Center for Investigative Reporting, Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting, National Press Foundation, International Center for Journalists, Solutions Journalism Network, the Poynter Institute for Media Studies, and many more. Gates is everywhere in the 'Covid' hoax and the man must go to prison – or a mental facility – for the rest of his life and his money distributed to those he has taken such enormous psychopathic pleasure in crushing.

The Muscle

The Hunger Games global structure demands a police-military state – a fusion of the two into one force – which viciously imposes the will of the Cult on the population and protects the Cult from public rebellion. In that regard, too, the 'Covid' hoax just keeps on giving. Often unlawful, ridiculous and contradictory 'Covid' rules and regulations have been policed across the world by moronic automatons and psychopaths made faceless by face-nappy masks and acting like the Nazi SS and fascist blackshirts and brownshirts of Hitler and Mussolini. The smallest departure from the rules decreed by the psychos in government and their clueless gofers were jumped upon by the face-nappy fascists. Brutality against public protestors soon became commonplace even on girls, women and old people as the brave men with the batons – the Face-Nappies as I call them – broke up peaceful protests and handed out fines like confetti to people who couldn't earn a living let alone pay hundreds of pounds for what was once an accepted human right. Robot Face-Nappies of Nottingham police in the English East Midlands fined one group £11,000 for attending a child's birthday party. For decades I charted the transformation of law enforcement as genuine, decent officers were replaced with psychopaths and the brain dead who would happily and brutally do whatever their masters told them. Now they were let loose on the public and I would emphasise the point that none of this just happened. The step-by-step change in the dynamic between police and public was orchestrated from the shadows by

those who knew where this was all going and the same with the perceptual reframing of those in all levels of authority and official administration through 'training courses' by organisations such as Common Purpose which was created in the late 1980s and given a massive boost in Blair era Britain until it became a global phenomenon. Supposed public 'servants' began to view the population as the enemy and the same was true of the police. This was the start of the explosion of behaviour manipulation organisations and networks preparing for the all-war on the human psyche unleashed with the dawn of 2020. I will go into more detail about this later in the book because it is a core part of what is happening.

Police desecrated beauty spots to deter people gathering and arrested women for walking in the countryside alone 'too far' from their homes. We had arrogant, clueless sergeants in the Isle of Wight police where I live posting on Facebook what they insisted the population must do or else. A schoolmaster sergeant called Radford looked young enough for me to ask if his mother knew he was out, but he was posting what he *expected* people to do while a Sergeant Wilkinson boasted about fining lads for meeting in a McDonald's car park where they went to get a lockdown takeaway. Wilkinson added that he had even cancelled their order. What a pair of prats these people are and yet they have increasingly become the norm among Jackboot Johnson's Yellowshirts once known as the British police. This was the theme all over the world with police savagery common during lockdown protests in the United States, the Netherlands, and the fascist state of Victoria in Australia under its tyrannical and again moronic premier Daniel Andrews. Amazing how tyrannical and moronic tend to work as a team and the same combination could be seen across America as arrogant, narcissistic Woke governors and mayors such as Gavin Newsom (California), Andrew Cuomo (New York), Gretchen Whitmer (Michigan), Lori Lightfoot (Chicago) and Eric Garcetti (Los Angeles) did their Nazi and Stalin impressions with the full support of the compliant brutality of their enforcers in uniform as they arrested small business owners defying

fascist shutdown orders and took them to jail in ankle shackles and handcuffs. This happened to bistro owner Marlena Pavlos-Hackney in Gretchen Whitmer's fascist state of Michigan when police arrived to enforce an order by a state-owned judge for 'putting the community at risk' at a time when other states like Texas were dropping restrictions and migrants were pouring across the southern border without any 'Covid' questions at all. I'm sure there are many officers appalled by what they are ordered to do, but not nearly enough of them. If they were truly appalled they would not do it. As the months passed every opportunity was taken to have the military involved to make their presence on the streets ever more familiar and 'normal' for the longer-term goal of police-military fusion.

Another crucial element to the Hunger Games enforcement network has been encouraging the public to report neighbours and others for 'breaking the lockdown rules'. The group faced with £11,000 in fines at the child's birthday party would have been dobbed-in by a neighbour with a brain the size of a pea. The technique was most famously employed by the Stasi secret police in communist East Germany who had public informants placed throughout the population. A police chief in the UK says his force doesn't need to carry out 'Covid' patrols when they are flooded with so many calls from the public reporting other people for visiting the beach. Dorset police chief James Vaughan said people were so enthusiastic about snitching on their fellow humans they were now operating as an auxiliary arm of the police: 'We are still getting around 400 reports a week from the public, so we will respond to reports …We won't need to be doing hotspot patrols because people are very quick to pick the phone up and tell us.' Vaughan didn't say that this is a pillar of all tyrannies of whatever complexion and the means to hugely extend the reach of enforcement while spreading distrust among the people and making them wary of doing anything that might get them reported. Those narcissistic Isle of Wight sergeants Radford and Wilkinson never fail to add a link to their Facebook posts where the public can inform on their fellow slaves.

Neither would be self-aware enough to realise they were imitating the Stasi which they might well never have heard of. Government psychologists that I will expose later laid out a policy to turn communities against each other in the same way.

A coincidence? Yep, and I can knit fog

I knew from the start of the alleged pandemic that this was a Cult operation. It presented limitless potential to rapidly advance the Cult agenda and exploit manipulated fear to demand that every man, woman and child on the planet was 'vaccinated' in a process never used on humans before which infuses self-replicating *synthetic* material into human cells. Remember the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state. I'll deal with the 'vaccine' (that's not actually a vaccine) when I focus on the genetic agenda. Enough to say here that mass global 'vaccination' justified by this 'new virus' set alarms ringing after 30 years of tracking these people and their methods. The 'Covid' hoax officially beginning in China was also a big red flag for reasons I will be explaining. The agenda potential was so enormous that I could dismiss any idea that the 'virus' appeared naturally. Major happenings with major agenda implications never occur without Cult involvement in making them happen. My questions were twofold in early 2020 as the media began its campaign to induce global fear and hysteria: Was this alleged infectious agent released on purpose by the Cult or did it even exist at all? I then did what I always do in these situations. I sat, observed and waited to see where the evidence and information would take me. By March and early April synchronicity was strongly – and ever more so since then – pointing me in the direction of *there is no 'virus'*. I went public on that with derision even from swathes of the alternative media that voiced a scenario that the Chinese government released the 'virus' in league with Deep State elements in the United States from a top-level bio-lab in Wuhan where the 'virus' is said to have first appeared. I looked at that possibility, but I didn't buy it for several reasons. Deaths from the 'virus' did not in any way match what they

would have been with a 'deadly bioweapon' and it is much more effective if you sell the *illusion* of an infectious agent rather than having a real one unless you can control through injection who has it and who doesn't. Otherwise you lose control of events. A made-up 'virus' gives you a blank sheet of paper on which you can make it do whatever you like and have any symptoms or mutant 'variants' you choose to add while a real infectious agent would limit you to what it actually does. A phantom disease allows you to have endless ludicrous 'studies' on the 'Covid' dollar to widen the perceived impact by inventing ever more 'at risk' groups including one study which said those who walk slowly may be almost four times more likely to die from the 'virus'. People are in psychiatric wards for less.

A real 'deadly bioweapon' can take out people in the hierarchy that are not part of the Cult, but essential to its operation. Obviously they don't want that. Releasing a real disease means you immediately lose control of it. Releasing an illusory one means you don't. Again it's vital that people are extra careful when dealing with what they want to hear. A bioweapon unleashed from a Chinese laboratory in collusion with the American Deep State may fit a conspiracy narrative, but is it true? Would it not be far more effective to use the excuse of a 'virus' to justify the real bioweapon – the 'vaccine'? That way your disease agent does not have to be transmitted and arrives directly through a syringe. I saw a French virologist Luc Montagnier quoted in the alternative media as saying he had discovered that the alleged 'new' severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus , or SARS-CoV-2, was made artificially and included elements of the human immunodeficiency 'virus' (HIV) and a parasite that causes malaria. SARS-CoV-2 is alleged to trigger an alleged illness called Covid-19. I remembered Montagnier's name from my research years before into claims that an HIV 'retrovirus' causes AIDs – claims that were demolished by Berkeley virologist Peter Duesberg who showed that no one had ever proved that HIV causes acquired immunodeficiency syndrome or AIDS. Claims that become accepted as fact, publicly and medically, with no proof whatsoever are an ever-recurring story that profoundly applies to

'Covid'. Nevertheless, despite the lack of proof, Montagnier's team at the Pasteur Institute in Paris had a long dispute with American researcher Robert Gallo over which of them discovered and isolated the HIV 'virus' and with *no evidence* found it to cause AIDS. You will see later that there is also no evidence that any 'virus' causes any disease or that there is even such a thing as a 'virus' in the way it is said to exist. The claim to have 'isolated' the HIV 'virus' will be presented in its real context as we come to the shocking story – and it is a story – of SARS-CoV-2 and so will Montagnier's assertion that he identified the full SARS-CoV-2 genome.

Hoax in the making

We can pick up the 'Covid' story in 2010 and the publication by the Rockefeller Foundation of a document called 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development'. The inner circle of the Rockefeller family has been serving the Cult since John D. Rockefeller (1839-1937) made his fortune with Standard Oil. It is less well known that the same Rockefeller – the Bill Gates of his day – was responsible for establishing what is now referred to as 'Big Pharma', the global network of pharmaceutical companies that make outrageous profits dispensing scalpel and drug 'medicine' and are obsessed with pumping vaccines in ever-increasing number into as many human arms and backsides as possible. John D. Rockefeller was the driving force behind the creation of the 'education' system in the United States and elsewhere specifically designed to program the perceptions of generations thereafter. The Rockefeller family donated exceptionally valuable land in New York for the United Nations building and were central in establishing the World Health Organization in 1948 as an agency of the UN which was created from the start as a Trojan horse and stalking horse for world government. Now enter Bill Gates. His family and the Rockefellers have long been extremely close and I have seen genealogy which claims that if you go back far enough the two families fuse into the same bloodline. Gates has said that the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation was inspired by the Rockefeller Foundation and why not

when both are serving the same Cult? Major tax-exempt foundations are overwhelmingly criminal enterprises in which Cult assets fund the Cult agenda in the guise of 'philanthropy' while avoiding tax in the process. Cult operatives can become mega-rich in their role of front men and women for the psychopaths at the inner core and they, too, have to be psychopaths to knowingly serve such evil. Part of the deal is that a big percentage of the wealth gleaned from representing the Cult has to be spent advancing the ambitions of the Cult and hence you have the Rockefeller Foundation, Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (and *so* many more) and people like George Soros with his global Open Society Foundations spending their billions in pursuit of global Cult control. Gates is a global public face of the Cult with his interventions in world affairs including Big Tech influence; a central role in the 'Covid' and 'vaccine' scam; promotion of the climate change shakedown; manipulation of education; geoengineering of the skies; and his food-control agenda as the biggest owner of farmland in America, his GMO promotion and through other means. As one writer said: 'Gates monopolizes or wields disproportionate influence over the tech industry, global health and vaccines, agriculture and food policy (including biopiracy and fake food), weather modification and other climate technologies, surveillance, education and media.' The almost limitless wealth secured through Microsoft and other not-allowed-to-fail ventures (including vaccines) has been ploughed into a long, long list of Cult projects designed to enslave the entire human race. Gates and the Rockefellers have been working as one unit with the Rockefeller-established World Health Organization leading global 'Covid' policy controlled by Gates through his mouth-piece Tedros. Gates became the WHO's biggest funder when Trump announced that the American government would cease its donations, but Biden immediately said he would restore the money when he took office in January, 2021. The Gates Foundation (the Cult) owns through limitless funding the world health system and the major players across the globe in the 'Covid' hoax.

Okay, with that background we return to that Rockefeller Foundation document of 2010 headed 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development' and its 'imaginary' epidemic of a virulent and deadly influenza strain which infected 20 percent of the global population and killed eight million in seven months. The Rockefeller scenario was that the epidemic destroyed economies, closed shops, offices and other businesses and led to governments imposing fierce rules and restrictions that included mandatory wearing of face masks and body-temperature checks to enter communal spaces like railway stations and supermarkets. The document predicted that even after the height of the Rockefeller-envisaged epidemic the authoritarian rule would continue to deal with further pandemics, transnational terrorism, environmental crises and rising poverty. Now you may think that the Rockefellers are our modern-day seers or alternatively, and rather more likely, that they well knew what was planned a few years further on. Fascism had to be imposed, you see, to 'protect citizens from risk and exposure'. The Rockefeller scenario document said:

During the pandemic, national leaders around the world flexed their authority and imposed airtight rules and restrictions, from the mandatory wearing of face masks to body-temperature checks at the entries to communal spaces like train stations and supermarkets. Even after the pandemic faded, this more authoritarian control and oversight of citizens and their activities stuck and even intensified. In order to protect themselves from the spread of increasingly global problems – from pandemics and transnational terrorism to environmental crises and rising poverty – leaders around the world took a firmer grip on power.

At first, the notion of a more controlled world gained wide acceptance and approval. Citizens willingly gave up some of their sovereignty – and their privacy – to more paternalistic states in exchange for greater safety and stability. Citizens were more tolerant, and even eager, for top-down direction and oversight, and national leaders had more latitude to impose order in the ways they saw fit.

In developed countries, this heightened oversight took many forms: biometric IDs for all citizens, for example, and tighter regulation of key industries whose stability was deemed vital to national interests. In many developed countries, enforced cooperation with a suite of new regulations and agreements slowly but steadily restored both order and, importantly, economic growth.

There we have the prophetic Rockefellers in 2010 and three years later came their paper for the Global Health Summit in Beijing, China, when government representatives, the private sector, international organisations and groups met to discuss the next 100 years of 'global health'. The Rockefeller Foundation-funded paper was called 'Dreaming the Future of Health for the Next 100 Years and more prophecy ensued as it described a dystopian future: 'The abundance of data, digitally tracking and linking people may mean the 'death of privacy' and may replace physical interaction with transient, virtual connection, generating isolation and raising questions of how values are shaped in virtual networks.' Next in the 'Covid' hoax preparation sequence came a 'table top' simulation in 2018 for another 'imaginary' pandemic of a disease called Clade X which was said to kill 900 million people. The exercise was organised by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins University's Center for Health Security in the United States and this is the very same university that has been compiling the disgustingly and systematically erroneous global figures for 'Covid' cases and deaths. Similar Johns Hopkins health crisis scenarios have included the Dark Winter exercise in 2001 and Atlantic Storm in 2005.

Nostradamus 201

For sheer predictive genius look no further prophecy-watchers than the Bill Gates-funded Event 201 held only six weeks before the 'coronavirus pandemic' is supposed to have broken out in China and Event 201 was based on a scenario of a global 'coronavirus pandemic'. Melinda Gates, the great man's missus, told the BBC that he had 'prepared for years' for a coronavirus pandemic which told us what we already knew. Nostradamugates had predicted in a TED talk in 2015 that a pandemic was coming that would kill a lot of people and demolish the world economy. My god, the man is a machine – possibly even literally. Now here he was only weeks before the real thing funding just such a simulated scenario and involving his friends and associates at Johns Hopkins, the World Economic Forum Cult-front of Klaus Schwab, the United Nations,

Johnson & Johnson, major banks, and officials from China and the Centers for Disease Control in the United States. What synchronicity – Johns Hopkins would go on to compile the fraudulent 'Covid' figures, the World Economic Forum and Schwab would push the 'Great Reset' in response to 'Covid', the Centers for Disease Control would be at the forefront of 'Covid' policy in the United States, Johnson & Johnson would produce a 'Covid vaccine', and everything would officially start just weeks later in China. Spooky, eh? They were even accurate in creating a simulation of a 'virus' pandemic because the 'real thing' would also be a simulation. Event 201 was not an exercise preparing for something that might happen; it was a rehearsal for what those in control knew was *going* to happen and very shortly. Hours of this simulation were posted on the Internet and the various themes and responses mirrored what would soon be imposed to transform human society. News stories were inserted and what they said would be commonplace a few weeks later with still more prophecy perfection. Much discussion focused on the need to deal with misinformation and the 'anti-vax movement' which is exactly what happened when the 'virus' arrived – was said to have arrived – in the West.

Cult-owned social media banned criticism and exposure of the official 'virus' narrative and when I said there *was* no 'virus' in early April, 2020, I was banned by one platform after another including YouTube, Facebook and later Twitter. The mainstream broadcast media in Britain was in effect banned from interviewing me by the Tony-Blair-created government broadcasting censor Ofcom headed by career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes who was appointed just as the 'virus' hoax was about to play out in January, 2020. At the same time the Ickonic media platform was using Vimeo, another ultra-Zionist-owned operation, while our own player was being created and they deleted in an instant hundreds of videos, documentaries, series and shows to confirm their unbelievable vindictiveness. We had copies, of course, and they had to be restored one by one when our player was ready. These people have no class. Sabbatian Facebook promised free advertisements for the Gates-

controlled World Health Organization narrative while deleting 'false claims and conspiracy theories' to stop 'misinformation' about the alleged coronavirus. All these responses could be seen just a short while earlier in the scenarios of Event 201. Extreme censorship was absolutely crucial for the Cult because the official story was so ridiculous and unsupportable by the evidence that it could never survive open debate and the free-flow of information and opinion. If you can't win a debate then don't have one is the Cult's approach throughout history. Facebook's little boy front man – front boy – Mark Zuckerberg equated 'credible and accurate information' with official sources and exposing their lies with 'misinformation'.

Silencing those that can see

The censorship dynamic of Event 201 is now the norm with an army of narrative-supporting 'fact-checker' organisations whose entire reason for being is to tell the public that official narratives are true and those exposing them are lying. One of the most appalling of these 'fact-checkers' is called NewsGuard founded by ultra-Zionist Americans Gordon Crovitz and Steven Brill. Crovitz is a former publisher of *The Wall Street Journal*, former Executive Vice President of Dow Jones, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), and on the board of the American Association of Rhodes Scholars. The CFR and Rhodes Scholarships, named after Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered the gold and diamonds of South Africa for his masters and the Cult, have featured widely in my books. NewsGuard don't seem to like me for some reason – I really can't think why – and they have done all they can to have me censored and discredited which is, to quote an old British politician, like being savaged by a dead sheep. They are, however, like all in the censorship network, very well connected and funded by organisations themselves funded by, or connected to, Bill Gates. As you would expect with anything associated with Gates NewsGuard has an offshoot called HealthGuard which 'fights online health care hoaxes'. How very kind. Somehow the NewsGuard European Managing Director Anna-Sophie Harling, a remarkably young-

looking woman with no broadcasting experience and little hands-on work in journalism, has somehow secured a position on the 'Content Board' of UK government broadcast censor Ofcom. An executive of an organisation seeking to discredit dissidents of the official narratives is making decisions for the government broadcast 'regulator' about content?? Another appalling 'fact-checker' is Full Fact funded by George Soros and global censors Google and Facebook.

It's amazing how many activists in the 'fact-checking', 'anti-hate', arena turn up in government-related positions – people like UK Labour Party activist Imran Ahmed who heads the Center for Countering Digital Hate founded by people like Morgan McSweeney, now chief of staff to the Labour Party's hapless and useless 'leader' Keir Starmer. Digital Hate – which is what it really is – uses the American spelling of Center to betray its connection to a transatlantic network of similar organisations which in 2020 shapeshifted from attacking people for 'hate' to attacking them for questioning the 'Covid' hoax and the dangers of the 'Covid vaccine'. It's just a coincidence, you understand. This is one of Imran Ahmed's hysterical statements: 'I would go beyond calling anti-vaxxers conspiracy theorists to say they are an extremist group that pose a national security risk.' No one could ever accuse this prat of understatement and he's including in that those parents who are now against vaccines after their children were damaged for life or killed by them. He's such a nice man. Ahmed does the rounds of the Woke media getting soft-ball questions from spineless 'journalists' who never ask what right he has to campaign to destroy the freedom of speech of others while he demands it for himself. There also seems to be an overrepresentation in Ofcom of people connected to the narrative-worshipping BBC. This incredible global network of narrative-support was super-vital when the 'Covid' hoax was played in the light of the mega-whopper lies that have to be defended from the spotlight cast by the most basic intelligence.

Setting the scene

The Cult plays the long game and proceeds step-by-step ensuring that everything is in place before major cards are played and they don't come any bigger than the 'Covid' hoax. The psychopaths can't handle events where the outcome isn't certain and as little as possible – preferably nothing – is left to chance. Politicians, government and medical officials who would follow direction were brought to illusory power in advance by the Cult web whether on the national stage or others like state governors and mayors of America. For decades the dynamic between officialdom, law enforcement and the public was changed from one of service to one of control and dictatorship. Behaviour manipulation networks established within government were waiting to impose the coming 'Covid' rules and regulations specifically designed to subdue and rewire the psyche of the people in the guise of protecting health. These included in the UK the Behavioural Insights Team part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office; the Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B); and a whole web of intelligence and military groups seeking to direct the conversation on social media and control the narrative. Among them are the cyberwarfare (on the people) 77th Brigade of the British military which is also coordinated through the Cabinet Office as civilian and military leadership continues to combine in what they call the Fusion Doctrine. The 77th Brigade is a British equivalent of the infamous Israeli (Sabbatian) military cyberwarfare and Internet manipulation operation Unit 8200 which I expose at length in *The Trigger*. Also carefully in place were the medical and science advisers to government – many on the payroll past or present of Bill Gates – and a whole alternative structure of unelected government stood by to take control when elected parliaments were effectively closed down once the 'Covid' card was slammed on the table. The structure I have described here and so much more was installed in every major country through the Cult networks. The top-down control hierarchy looks like this: The Cult – Cult-owned Gates – the World Health Organization and Tedros – Gates-funded or controlled chief medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators) in each country –

political 'leaders'– law enforcement – The People. Through this simple global communication and enforcement structure the policy of the Cult could be imposed on virtually the entire human population so long as they acquiesced to the fascism. With everything in place it was time for the button to be pressed in late 2019/early 2020.

These were the prime goals the Cult had to secure for its will to prevail:

1) Locking down economies, closing all but designated 'essential' businesses (Cult-owned corporations were 'essential'), and putting the population under house arrest was an imperative to destroy independent income and employment and ensure dependency on the Cult-controlled state in the Hunger Games Society. Lockdowns had to be established as the global blueprint from the start to respond to the 'virus' and followed by pretty much the entire world.

2) The global population had to be terrified into believing in a deadly 'virus' that didn't actually exist so they would unquestioningly obey authority in the belief that authority must know how best to protect them and their families. Software salesman Gates would suddenly morph into the world's health expert and be promoted as such by the Cult-owned media.

3) A method of testing that wasn't testing for the 'virus', but was only claimed to be, had to be in place to provide the illusion of 'cases' and subsequent 'deaths' that had a very different cause to the 'Covid-19' that would be scribbled on the death certificate.

4) Because there was no 'virus' and the great majority testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' would have no symptoms of anything the lie had to be sold that people without symptoms (without the 'virus') could still pass it on to others. This was crucial to justify for the first time quarantining – house arresting – healthy people. Without this the economy-destroying lockdown of *everybody* could not have been credibly sold.

5) The 'saviour' had to be seen as a vaccine which beyond evil drug companies were working like angels of mercy to develop as quickly as possible, with all corners cut, to save the day. The public must absolutely not know that the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with a 'virus' or that the contents were ready and waiting with a very different motive long before the 'Covid' card was even lifted from the pack.

I said in March, 2020, that the 'vaccine' would have been created way ahead of the 'Covid' hoax which justified its use and the following December an article in the New York *Intelligencer* magazine said the Moderna 'vaccine' had been 'designed' by

January, 2020. This was 'before China had even acknowledged that the disease could be transmitted from human to human, more than a week before the first confirmed coronavirus case in the United States'. The article said that by the time the first American death was announced a month later 'the vaccine had already been manufactured and shipped to the National Institutes of Health for the beginning of its Phase I clinical trial'. The 'vaccine' was actually 'designed' long before that although even with this timescale you would expect the article to ask how on earth it could have been done that quickly. Instead it asked why the 'vaccine' had not been rolled out then and not months later. Journalism in the mainstream is truly dead. I am going to detail in the next chapter why the 'virus' has never existed and how a hoax on that scale was possible, but first the foundation on which the Big Lie of 'Covid' was built.

The test that doesn't test

Fraudulent 'testing' is the bottom line of the whole 'Covid' hoax and was the means by which a 'virus' that did not exist *appeared* to exist. They could only achieve this magic trick by using a test not testing for the 'virus'. To use a test that *was* testing for the 'virus' would mean that every test would come back negative given there was no 'virus'. They chose to exploit something called the RT-PCR test invented by American biochemist Kary Mullis in the 1980s who said publicly that his PCR test … *cannot detect infectious disease*. Yes, the 'test' used worldwide to detect infectious 'Covid' to produce all the illusory 'cases' and 'deaths' compiled by Johns Hopkins and others *cannot detect infectious disease*. This fact came from the mouth of the man who invented PCR and was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1993 for doing so. Sadly, and incredibly conveniently for the Cult, Mullis died in August, 2019, at the age of 74 just before his test would be fraudulently used to unleash fascism on the world. He was said to have died from pneumonia which was an irony in itself. A few months later he would have had 'Covid-19' on his death certificate. I say the timing of his death was convenient because had he lived Mullis, a brilliant, honest and decent man, would have been

vociferously speaking out against the use of his test to detect 'Covid' when it was never designed, or able, to do that. I know that to be true given that Mullis made the same point when his test was used to 'detect' – not detect – HIV. He had been seriously critical of the Gallo/Montagnier claim to have isolated the HIV 'virus' and shown it to cause AIDS for which Mullis said there was no evidence. AIDS is actually not a disease but a series of diseases from which people die all the time. When they die from those *same diseases* after a positive 'test' for HIV then AIDS goes on their death certificate. I think I've heard that before somewhere. Countries instigated a policy with 'Covid' that anyone who tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and died of any other cause within 28 days and even longer 'Covid-19' had to go on the death certificate. Cases have come from the test that can't test for infectious disease and the deaths are those who have died of *anything* after testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I'll have much more later about the death certificate scandal.

Mullis was deeply dismissive of the now US 'Covid' star Anthony Fauci who he said was a liar who didn't know anything about anything – 'and I would say that to his face – nothing.' He said of Fauci: 'The man thinks he can take a blood sample, put it in an electron microscope and if it's got a virus in there you'll know it – he doesn't understand electron microscopy and he doesn't understand medicine and shouldn't be in a position like he's in.' That position, terrifyingly, has made him the decider of 'Covid' fascism policy on behalf of the Cult in his role as director since 1984 of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) while his record of being wrong is laughable; but being wrong, so long as it's the *right kind* of wrong, is why the Cult loves him. He'll say anything the Cult tells him to say. Fauci was made Chief Medical Adviser to the President immediately Biden took office. Biden was installed in the White House by Cult manipulation and one of his first decisions was to elevate Fauci to a position of even more control. This is a coincidence? Yes, and I identify as a flamenco dancer called Lola. How does such an incompetent criminal like Fauci remain in that

pivotal position in American health since *the 1980s*? When you serve the Cult it looks after you until you are surplus to requirements. Kary Mullis said prophetically of Fauci and his like: 'Those guys have an agenda and it's not an agenda we would like them to have … they make their own rules, they change them when they want to, and Tony Fauci does not mind going on television in front of the people who pay his salary and lie directly into the camera.' Fauci has done that almost daily since the 'Covid' hoax began. Lying is in Fauci's DNA. To make the situation crystal clear about the PCR test this is a direct quote from its inventor Kary Mullis:

> It [the PCR test] doesn't tell you that you're sick and doesn't tell you that the thing you ended up with was really going to hurt you ...'

Ask yourself why governments and medical systems the world over have been using this very test to decide who is 'infected' with the SARS-CoV-2 'virus' and the alleged disease it allegedly causes, 'Covid-19'. The answer to that question will tell you what has been going on. By the way, here's a little show-stopper – the 'new' SARS-CoV-2 'virus' was 'identified' as such right from the start using … *the PCR test not testing for the 'virus'*. If you are new to this and find that shocking then stick around. I have hardly started yet. Even worse, other 'tests', like the 'Lateral Flow Device' (LFD), are considered so useless that they have to be *confirmed* by the PCR test! Leaked emails written by Ben Dyson, adviser to UK 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock, said they were 'dangerously unreliable'. Dyson, executive director of strategy at the Department of Health, wrote: 'As of today, someone who gets a positive LFD result in (say) London has at best a 25 per cent chance of it being a true positive, but if it is a self-reported test potentially as low as 10 per cent (on an optimistic assumption about specificity) or as low as 2 per cent (on a more pessimistic assumption).' These are the 'tests' that schoolchildren and the public are being urged to have twice a week or more and have to isolate if they get a positive. Each fake positive goes in the statistics as a 'case' no matter how ludicrously inaccurate and the

'cases' drive lockdown, masks and the pressure to 'vaccinate'. The government said in response to the email leak that the 'tests' were accurate which confirmed yet again what shocking bloody liars they are. The real false positive rate is *100 percent* as we'll see. In another 'you couldn't make it up' the UK government agreed to pay £2.8 billion to California's Innova Medical Group to supply the irrelevant lateral flow tests. The company's primary test-making centre is in China. Innova Medical Group, established in March, 2020, is owned by Pasaca Capital Inc, chaired by Chinese-American millionaire Charles Huang who was born in Wuhan.

How it works – and how it doesn't

The RT-PCR test, known by its full title of Polymerase chain reaction, is used across the world to make millions, even billions, of copies of a DNA/RNA genetic information sample. The process is called 'amplification' and means that a tiny sample of genetic material is amplified to bring out the detailed content. I stress that it is not testing for an infectious disease. It is simply amplifying a sample of genetic material. In the words of Kary Mullis: 'PCR is … just a process that's used to make a whole lot of something out of something.' To emphasise the point companies that make the PCR tests circulated around the world to 'test' for 'Covid' warn on the box that it can't be used to detect 'Covid' or infectious disease and is for research purposes only. It's okay, rest for a minute and you'll be fine. This is the test that produces the 'cases' and 'deaths' that have been used to destroy human society. All those global and national medical and scientific 'experts' demanding this destruction to 'save us' *KNOW* that the test is not testing for the 'virus' and the cases and deaths they claim to be real are an almost unimaginable fraud. Every one of them and so many others including politicians and psychopaths like Gates and Tedros must be brought before Nuremburg-type trials and jailed for the rest of their lives. The more the genetic sample is amplified by PCR the more elements of that material become sensitive to the test and by that I don't mean sensitive for a 'virus' but for elements of the genetic material which

is *naturally* in the body or relates to remnants of old conditions of various kinds lying dormant and causing no disease. Once the amplification of the PCR reaches a certain level *everyone* will test positive. So much of the material has been made sensitive to the test that everyone will have some part of it in their body. Even lying criminals like Fauci have said that once PCR amplifications pass 35 cycles everything will be a false positive that cannot be trusted for the reasons I have described. I say, like many proper doctors and scientists, that 100 percent of the 'positives' are false, but let's just go with Fauci for a moment.

He says that any amplification over 35 cycles will produce false positives and yet the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC) and Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have recommended up to *40 cycles* and the National Health Service (NHS) in Britain admitted in an internal document for staff that it was using *45 cycles* of amplification. A long list of other countries has been doing the same and at least one 'testing' laboratory has been using *50 cycles*. Have you ever heard a doctor, medical 'expert' or the media ask what level of amplification has been used to claim a 'positive'. The 'test' comes back 'positive' and so you have the 'virus', end of story. Now we can see how the government in Tanzania could send off samples from a goat and a pawpaw fruit under human names and both came back positive for 'Covid-19'. Tanzania president John Magufuli mocked the 'Covid' hysteria, the PCR test and masks and refused to import the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine'. The Cult hated him and an article sponsored by the Bill Gates Foundation appeared in the London *Guardian* in February, 2021, headed 'It's time for Africa to rein in Tanzania's anti-vaxxer president'. Well, 'reined in' he shortly was. Magufuli appeared in good health, but then, in March, 2021, he was dead at 61 from 'heart failure'. He was replaced by Samia Hassan Suhulu who is connected to Klaus Schwab's World Economic Forum and she immediately reversed Magufuli's 'Covid' policy. A sample of cola tested positive for 'Covid' with the PCR test in Germany while American actress and singer-songwriter Erykah Badu tested positive in one nostril and negative in the other. Footballer Ronaldo called

the PCR test 'bullshit' after testing positive three times and being forced to quarantine and miss matches when there was nothing wrong with him. The mantra from Tedros at the World Health Organization and national governments (same thing) has been test, test, test. They know that the more tests they can generate the more fake 'cases' they have which go on to become 'deaths' in ways I am coming to. The UK government has its Operation Moonshot planned to test multiple millions every day in workplaces and schools with free tests for everyone to use twice a week at home in line with the Cult plan from the start to make testing part of life. A government advertisement for an 'Interim Head of Asymptomatic Testing Communication' said the job included responsibility for delivering a 'communications strategy' (propaganda) 'to support the expansion of asymptomatic testing that *'normalises testing as part of everyday life'*. More tests means more fake 'cases', 'deaths' and fascism. I have heard of, and from, many people who booked a test, couldn't turn up, and yet got a positive result through the post for a test they'd never even had. The whole thing is crazy, but for the Cult there's method in the madness. Controlling and manipulating the level of amplification of the test means the authorities can control whenever they want the number of apparent 'cases' and 'deaths'. If they want to justify more fascist lockdown and destruction of livelihoods they keep the amplification high. If they want to give the illusion that lockdowns and the 'vaccine' are working then they lower the amplification and 'cases' and 'deaths' will appear to fall. In January, 2021, the Cult-owned World Health Organization suddenly warned laboratories about over-amplification of the test and to lower the threshold. Suddenly headlines began appearing such as: 'Why ARE "Covid" cases plummeting?' This was just when the vaccine rollout was underway and I had predicted months before they would make cases appear to fall through amplification tampering when the 'vaccine' came. These people are so predictable.

Cow vaccines?

The question must be asked of what is on the test swabs being poked far up the nose of the population to the base of the brain? A nasal swab punctured one woman's brain and caused it to leak fluid. Most of these procedures are being done by people with little training or medical knowledge. Dr Lorraine Day, former orthopaedic trauma surgeon and Chief of Orthopaedic Surgery at San Francisco General Hospital, says the tests are really a *'vaccine'*. Cows have long been vaccinated this way. She points out that masks have to cover the nose and the mouth where it is claimed the 'virus' exists in saliva. Why then don't they take saliva from the mouth as they do with a DNA test instead of pushing a long swab up the nose towards the brain? The ethmoid bone separates the nasal cavity from the brain and within that bone is the cribriform plate. Dr Day says that when the swab is pushed up against this plate and twisted the procedure is 'depositing things back there'. She claims that among these 'things' are nanoparticles that can enter the brain. Researchers have noted that a team at the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins have designed tiny, star-shaped micro-devices that can latch onto intestinal mucosa and release drugs into the body. Mucosa is the thin skin that covers the inside surface of parts of the body such as *the nose* and mouth and produces mucus to protect them. The Johns Hopkins micro-devices are called 'theragrippers' and were 'inspired' by a parasitic worm that digs its sharp teeth into a host's intestines. Nasal swabs are also coated in the sterilisation agent ethylene oxide. The US National Cancer Institute posts this explanation on its website:

> At room temperature, ethylene oxide is a flammable colorless gas with a sweet odor. It is used primarily to produce other chemicals, including antifreeze. In smaller amounts, ethylene oxide is used as a pesticide and a sterilizing agent. The ability of ethylene oxide to damage DNA makes it an effective sterilizing agent but also accounts for its cancer-causing activity.

The Institute mentions lymphoma and leukaemia as cancers most frequently reported to be associated with occupational exposure to ethylene oxide along with stomach and breast cancers. How does anyone think this is going to work out with the constant testing

regime being inflicted on adults and children at home and at school that will accumulate in the body anything that's on the swab?

Doctors know best

It is vital for people to realise that 'hero' doctors 'know' only what the Big Pharma-dominated medical authorities tell them to 'know' and if they refuse to 'know' what they are told to 'know' they are out the door. They are mostly not physicians or healers, but repeaters of the official narrative – or else. I have seen alleged professional doctors on British television make shocking statements that we are supposed to take seriously. One called 'Dr' Amir Khan, who is actually telling patients how to respond to illness, said that men could take the birth pill to 'help slow down the effects of Covid-19'. In March, 2021, another ridiculous 'Covid study' by an American doctor proposed injecting men with the female sex hormone progesterone as a 'Covid' treatment. British doctor Nighat Arif told the BBC that face coverings were now going to be part of ongoing normal. Yes, the vaccine protects you, she said (evidence?) … but the way to deal with viruses in the community was always going to come down to hand washing, face covering and keeping a physical distance. That's not what we were told before the 'vaccine' was circulating. Arif said she couldn't imagine ever again going on the underground or in a lift without a mask. I was just thanking my good luck that she was not my doctor when she said – in March, 2021 – that if 'we are *behaving* and we are doing all the right things' she thought we could 'have our nearest and dearest around us at home … around *Christmas* and N*ew Year!* Her patronising delivery was the usual school teacher talking to six-year-olds as she repeated every government talking point and probably believed them all. If we have learned anything from the 'Covid' experience surely it must be that humanity's perception of doctors needs a fundamental rethink. NHS 'doctor' Sara Kayat told her television audience that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Not even Big Pharma claimed that. We have to stop taking 'experts' at their word without question when so many of them are

clueless and only repeating the party line on which their careers depend. That is not to say there are not brilliants doctors – there are and I have spoken to many of them since all this began – but you won't see them in the mainstream media or quoted by the psychopaths and yes-people in government.

Remember the name – Christian Drosten

German virologist Christian Drosten, Director of Charité Institute of Virology in Berlin, became a national star after the pandemic hoax began. He was feted on television and advised the German government on 'Covid' policy. Most importantly to the wider world Drosten led a group that produced the 'Covid' testing protocol for the PCR test. What a remarkable feat given the PCR cannot test for infectious disease and even more so when you think that Drosten said that his method of testing for SARS-CoV-2 was developed 'without having virus material available'. *He developed a test for a 'virus' that he didn't have and had never seen*. Let that sink in as you survey the global devastation that came from what he did. The whole catastrophe of Drosten's 'test' was based on the alleged genetic sequence published by Chinese scientists on the Internet. We will see in the next chapter that this alleged 'genetic sequence' has never been produced by China or anyone and cannot be when there *is no* SARS-CoV-2. Drosten, however, doesn't seem to let little details like that get in the way. He was the lead author with Victor Corman from the same Charité Hospital of the paper 'Detection of 2019 novel coronavirus (2019-nCoV) by real-time PCR' published in a magazine called *Eurosurveillance*. This became known as the Corman-Drosten paper. In November, 2020, with human society devastated by the effects of the Corman-Drosten test baloney, the protocol was publicly challenged by 22 international scientists and independent researchers from Europe, the United States, and Japan. Among them were senior molecular geneticists, biochemists, immunologists, and microbiologists. They produced a document headed 'External peer review of the RTPCR test to detect SARS-Cov-2 Reveals 10 Major Flaws At The Molecular and Methodological Level: Consequences

For False-Positive Results'. The flaws in the Corman-Drosten test included the following:

- The test is non-specific because of erroneous design
- Results are enormously variable
- The test is unable to discriminate between the whole 'virus' and viral fragments
- It doesn't have positive or negative controls
- The test lacks a standard operating procedure
- It is unsupported by proper peer view

The scientists said the PCR 'Covid' testing protocol was not founded on science and they demanded the Corman-Drosten paper be retracted by *Eurosurveillance*. They said all present and previous Covid deaths, cases, and 'infection rates' should be subject to a massive retroactive inquiry. Lockdowns and travel restrictions should be reviewed and relaxed and those diagnosed through PCR to have 'Covid-19' should not be forced to isolate. Dr Kevin Corbett, a health researcher and nurse educator with a long academic career producing a stream of peer-reviewed publications at many UK universities, made the same point about the PCR test debacle. He said of the scientists' conclusions: 'Every scientific rationale for the development of that test has been totally destroyed by this paper. It's like Hiroshima/Nagasaki to the Covid test.' He said that China hadn't given them an isolated 'virus' when Drosten developed the test. Instead they had developed the test from *a sequence in a gene bank*.' Put another way … *they made it up*! The scientists were supported in this contention by a Portuguese appeals court which ruled in November, 2020, that PCR tests are unreliable and it is unlawful to quarantine people based solely on a PCR test. The point about China not providing an isolated virus must be true when the 'virus' has never been isolated to this day and the consequences of that will become clear. Drosten and company produced this useless 'protocol' right on cue in January, 2020, just as the 'virus' was said to

be moving westward and it somehow managed to successfully pass a peer-review in 24 hours. In other words there was no peer-review for a test that would be used to decide who had 'Covid' and who didn't across the world. The Cult-created, Gates-controlled World Health Organization immediately recommended all its nearly 200 member countries to use the Drosten PCR protocol to detect 'cases' and 'deaths'. The sting was underway and it continues to this day.

So who is this Christian Drosten that produced the means through which death, destruction and economic catastrophe would be justified? His education background, including his doctoral thesis, would appear to be somewhat shrouded in mystery and his track record is dire as with another essential player in the 'Covid' hoax, the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London of whom more shortly. Drosten predicted in 2003 that the alleged original SARS 'virus' (SARS-1') was an epidemic that could have serious effects on economies and an effective vaccine would take at least two years to produce. Drosten's answer to every alleged 'outbreak' is a vaccine which you won't be shocked to know. What followed were just 774 official deaths worldwide and none in Germany where there were only nine cases. That is even if you believe there ever was a SARS 'virus' when the evidence is zilch and I will expand on this in the next chapter. Drosten claims to be co-discoverer of 'SARS-1' and developed a test for it in 2003. He was screaming warnings about 'swine flu' in 2009 and how it was a widespread infection far more severe than any dangers from a vaccine could be and people should get vaccinated. It would be helpful for Drosten's vocal chords if he simply recorded the words 'the virus is deadly and you need to get vaccinated' and copies could be handed out whenever the latest made-up threat comes along. Drosten's swine flu epidemic never happened, but Big Pharma didn't mind with governments spending hundreds of millions on vaccines that hardly anyone bothered to use and many who did wished they hadn't. A study in 2010 revealed that the risk of dying from swine flu, or H1N1, was no higher than that of the annual seasonal flu which is what at least most of 'it' really was as in

the case of 'Covid-19'. A media investigation into Drosten asked how with such a record of inaccuracy he could be *the* government adviser on these issues. The answer to that question is the same with Drosten, Ferguson and Fauci – they keep on giving the authorities the 'conclusions' and 'advice' they want to hear. Drosten certainly produced the goods for them in January, 2020, with his PCR protocol garbage and provided the foundation of what German internal medicine specialist Dr Claus Köhnlein, co-author of *Virus Mania*, called the 'test pandemic'. The 22 scientists in the *Eurosurveillance* challenge called out conflicts of interest within the Drosten 'protocol' group and with good reason. Olfert Landt, a regular co-author of Drosten 'studies', owns the biotech company TIB Molbiol Syntheselabor GmbH in Berlin which manufactures and sells the tests that Drosten and his mates come up with. They have done this with SARS, Enterotoxigenic E. coli (ETEC), MERS, Zika 'virus', yellow fever, and now 'Covid'. Landt told the *Berliner Zeitung* newspaper:

> The testing, design and development came from the Charité [Drosten and Corman]. We simply implemented it immediately in the form of a kit. And if we don't have the virus, which originally only existed in Wuhan, we can make a synthetic gene to simulate the genome of the virus. That's what we did very quickly.

This is more confirmation that the Drosten test was designed without access to the 'virus' and only a synthetic simulation which is what SARS-CoV-2 really is – a computer-generated synthetic fiction. It's quite an enterprise they have going here. A Drosten team decides what the test for something should be and Landt's biotech company flogs it to governments and medical systems across the world. His company must have made an absolute fortune since the 'Covid' hoax began. Dr Reiner Fuellmich, a prominent German consumer protection trial lawyer in Germany and California, is on Drosten's case and that of Tedros at the World Health Organization for crimes against humanity with a class-action lawsuit being prepared in the United States and other legal action in Germany.

Why China?

Scamming the world with a 'virus' that doesn't exist would seem impossible on the face of it, but not if you have control of the relatively few people that make policy decisions and the great majority of the global media. Remember it's not about changing 'real' reality it's about controlling *perception* of reality. You don't have to make something happen you only have make people *believe* that it's happening. Renegade Minds understand this and are therefore much harder to swindle. 'Covid-19' is not a 'real' 'virus'. It's a mind virus, like a computer virus, which has infected the minds, not the bodies, of billions. It all started, publically at least, in China and that alone is of central significance. The Cult was behind the revolution led by its asset Mao Zedong, or Chairman Mao, which established the People's Republic of China on October 1st, 1949. It should have been called The Cult's Republic of China, but the name had to reflect the recurring illusion that vicious dictatorships are run by and for the people (see all the 'Democratic Republics' controlled by tyrants). In the same way we have the 'Biden' Democratic Republic of America officially ruled by a puppet tyrant (at least temporarily) on behalf of Cult tyrants. The creation of Mao's merciless communist/fascist dictatorship was part of a frenzy of activity by the Cult at the conclusion of World War Two which, like the First World War, it had instigated through its assets in Germany, Britain, France, the United States and elsewhere. Israel was formed in 1948; the Soviet Union expanded its 'Iron Curtain' control, influence and military power with the Warsaw Pact communist alliance in 1955; the United Nations was formed in 1945 as a Cult precursor to world government; and a long list of world bodies would be established including the World Health Organization (1948), World Trade Organization (1948 under another name until 1995), International Monetary Fund (1945) and World Bank (1944). Human society was redrawn and hugely centralised in the global Problem-Reaction-Solution that was World War Two. All these changes were significant. Israel would become the headquarters of the Sabbatians

and the revolution in China would prepare the ground and control system for the events of 2019/2020.

Renegade Minds know there are no borders except for public consumption. The Cult is a seamless, borderless global entity and to understand the game we need to put aside labels like borders, nations, countries, communism, fascism and democracy. These delude the population into believing that countries are ruled within their borders by a government of whatever shade when these are mere agencies of a global power. America's illusion of democracy and China's communism/fascism are subsidiaries – vehicles – for the same agenda. We may hear about conflict and competition between America and China and on the lower levels that will be true; but at the Cult level they are branches of the same company in the way of the McDonald's example I gave earlier. I have tracked in the books over the years support by US governments of both parties for Chinese Communist Party infiltration of American society through allowing the sale of land, even military facilities, and the acquisition of American business and university influence. All this is underpinned by the infamous stealing of intellectual property and technological know-how. Cult-owned Silicon Valley corporations waive their fraudulent 'morality' to do business with human-rights-free China; Cult-controlled Disney has become China's PR department; and China in effect owns 'American' sports such as basketball which depends for much of its income on Chinese audiences. As a result any sports player, coach or official speaking out against China's horrific human rights record is immediately condemned or fired by the China-worshipping National Basketball Association. One of the first acts of China-controlled Biden was to issue an executive order telling federal agencies to stop making references to the 'virus' by the 'geographic location of its origin'. Long-time Congressman Jerry Nadler warned that criticising China, America's biggest rival, leads to hate crimes against Asian people in the United States. So shut up you bigot. China is fast closing in on Israel as a country that must not be criticised which is apt, really, given that Sabbatians control them both. The two countries have

developed close economic, military, technological and strategic ties which include involvement in China's 'Silk Road' transport and economic initiative to connect China with Europe. Israel was the first country in the Middle East to recognise the establishment of Mao's tyranny in 1950 months after it was established.

Project Wuhan – the 'Covid' Psyop

I emphasise again that the Cult plays the long game and what is happening to the world today is the result of centuries of calculated manipulation following a script to take control step-by-step of every aspect of human society. I will discuss later the common force behind all this that has spanned those centuries and thousands of years if the truth be told. Instigating the Mao revolution in China in 1949 with a 2020 'pandemic' in mind is not only how they work – the 71 years between them is really quite short by the Cult's standards of manipulation preparation. The reason for the Cult's Chinese revolution was to create a fiercely-controlled environment within which an extreme structure for human control could be incubated to eventually be unleashed across the world. We have seen this happen since the 'pandemic' emerged from China with the Chinese control-structure founded on AI technology and tyrannical enforcement sweep across the West. Until the moment when the Cult went for broke in the West and put its fascism on public display Western governments had to pay some lip-service to freedom and democracy to not alert too many people to the tyranny-in-the-making. Freedoms were more subtly eroded and power centralised with covert government structures put in place waiting for the arrival of 2020 when that smokescreen of 'freedom' could be dispensed with. The West was not able to move towards tyranny before 2020 anything like as fast as China which was created as a tyranny and had no limits on how fast it could construct the Cult's blueprint for global control. When the time came to impose that structure on the world it was the same Cult-owned Chinese communist/fascist government that provided the excuse – the 'Covid pandemic'. It was absolutely crucial to the Cult plan for the Chinese response to the 'pandemic' –

draconian lockdowns of the entire population – to become the blueprint that Western countries would follow to destroy the livelihoods and freedom of their people. This is why the Cult-owned, Gates-owned, WHO Director-General Tedros said early on:

> The Chinese government is to be congratulated for the extraordinary measures it has taken to contain the outbreak. China is actually setting a new standard for outbreak response and it is not an exaggeration.

Forbes magazine said of China: '… those measures protected untold millions from getting the disease'. The Rockefeller Foundation 'epidemic scenario' document in 2010 said 'prophetically':

> However, a few countries did fare better – China in particular. The Chinese government's quick imposition and enforcement of mandatory quarantine for all citizens, as well as its instant and near-hermetic sealing off of all borders, saved millions of lives, stopping the spread of the virus far earlier than in other countries and enabling a swifter post-pandemic recovery.

Once again – *spooky*.

The first official story was the 'bat theory' or rather the bat diversion. The source of the 'virus outbreak' we were told was a ''wet market' in Wuhan where bats and other animals are bought and eaten in horrifically unhygienic conditions. Then another story emerged through the alternative media that the 'virus' had been released on purpose or by accident from a BSL-4 (biosafety level 4) laboratory in Wuhan not far from the wet market. The lab was reported to create and work with lethal concoctions and bioweapons. Biosafety level 4 is the highest in the World Health Organization system of safety and containment. Renegade Minds are aware of what I call designer manipulation. The ideal for the Cult is for people to buy its prime narrative which in the opening salvoes of the 'pandemic' was the wet market story. It knows, however, that there is now a considerable worldwide alternative media of researchers sceptical of anything governments say and they are often given a version of events in a form they can perceive as credible while misdirecting them from the real truth. In this case let them

think that the conspiracy involved is a 'bioweapon virus' released from the Wuhan lab to keep them from the real conspiracy – *there is no 'virus'*. The WHO's current position on the source of the outbreak at the time of writing appears to be: 'We haven't got a clue, mate.' This is a good position to maintain mystery and bewilderment. The inner circle will know where the 'virus' came from – *nowhere*. The bottom line was to ensure the public believed there *was* a 'virus' and it didn't much matter if they thought it was natural or had been released from a lab. The belief that there was a 'deadly virus' was all that was needed to trigger global panic and fear. The population was terrified into handing their power to authority and doing what they were told. They had to or they were 'all gonna die'.

In March, 2020, information began to come my way from real doctors and scientists and my own additional research which had my intuition screaming: 'Yes, that's it! *There is no virus*.' The 'bioweapon' was not the 'virus'; it was the *'vaccine'* already being talked about that would be the bioweapon. My conclusion was further enhanced by happenings in Wuhan. The 'virus' was said to be sweeping the city and news footage circulated of people collapsing in the street (which they've never done in the West with the same 'virus'). The Chinese government was building 'new hospitals' in a matter of ten days to 'cope with demand' such was the virulent nature of the 'virus'. Yet in what seemed like no time the 'new hospitals' closed – even if they even opened – and China declared itself 'virus-free'. It was back to business as usual. This was more propaganda to promote the Chinese draconian lockdowns in the West as the way to 'beat the virus'. Trouble was that we subsequently had lockdown after lockdown, but never business as usual. As the people of the West and most of the rest of the world were caught in an ever-worsening spiral of lockdown, social distancing, masks, isolated old people, families forced apart, and livelihood destruction, it was party-time in Wuhan. Pictures emerged of thousands of people enjoying pool parties and concerts. It made no sense until you realised there never was a 'virus' and the

whole thing was a Cult set-up to transform human society out of one its major global strongholds – China.

How is it possible to deceive virtually the entire world population into believing there is a deadly virus when there is not even a 'virus' let alone a deadly one? It's nothing like as difficult as you would think and that's clearly true because it happened.

Postscript: See end of book Postscript for more on the 'Wuhan lab virus release' story which the authorities and media were pushing heavily in the summer of 2021 to divert attention from the truth that the 'Covid virus' is pure invention.

CHAPTER FIVE

There *is no* 'virus'

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time
Abraham Lincoln

The greatest form of mind control is repetition. The more you repeat the same mantra of alleged 'facts' the more will accept them to be true. It becomes an 'everyone knows that, mate'. If you can also censor any other version or alternative to your alleged 'facts' you are pretty much home and cooking.

By the start of 2020 the Cult owned the global mainstream media almost in its entirety to spew out its 'Covid' propaganda and ignore or discredit any other information and view. Cult-owned social media platforms in Cult-owned Silicon Valley were poised and ready to unleash a campaign of ferocious censorship to obliterate all but the official narrative. To complete the circle many demands for censorship by Silicon Valley were led by the mainstream media as 'journalists' became full-out enforcers for the Cult both as propagandists and censors. Part of this has been the influx of young people straight out of university who have become 'journalists' in significant positions. They have no experience and a headful of programmed perceptions from their years at school and university at a time when today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in known human history given the insidious impact of technology. They enter the media perceptually prepared and ready to repeat the narratives of the system that programmed them to

repeat its narratives. The BBC has a truly pathetic 'specialist disinformation reporter' called Marianna Spring who fits this bill perfectly. She is clueless about the world, how it works and what is really going on. Her role is to discredit anyone doing the job that a proper journalist would do and system-serving hacks like Spring wouldn't dare to do or even see the need to do. They are too busy licking the arse of authority which can never be wrong and, in the case of the BBC propaganda programme, *Panorama*, contacting payments systems such as PayPal to have a donations page taken down for a film company making documentaries questioning vaccines. Even the BBC soap opera *EastEnders* included a disgracefully biased scene in which an inarticulate white working class woman was made to look foolish for questioning the 'vaccine' while a well-spoken black man and Asian woman promoted the government narrative. It ticked every BBC box and the fact that the black and minority community was resisting the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with the way the scene was written. The BBC has become a disgusting tyrannical propaganda and censorship operation that should be defunded and disbanded and a free media take its place with a brief to stop censorship instead of demanding it. A BBC 'interview' with Gates goes something like: 'Mr Gates, sir, if I can call you sir, would you like to tell our audience why you are such a great man, a wonderful humanitarian philanthropist, and why you should absolutely be allowed as a software salesman to decide health policy for approaching eight billion people? Thank you, sir, please sir.' Propaganda programming has been incessant and merciless and when all you hear is the same story from the media, repeated by those around you who have only heard the same story, is it any wonder that people on a grand scale believe absolute mendacious garbage to be true? You are about to see, too, why this level of information control is necessary when the official 'Covid' narrative is so nonsensical and unsupportable by the evidence.

Structure of Deceit

The pyramid structure through which the 'Covid' hoax has been manifested is very simple and has to be to work. As few people as possible have to be involved with full knowledge of what they are doing – and why – or the real story would get out. At the top of the pyramid are the inner core of the Cult which controls Bill Gates who, in turn, controls the World Health Organization through his pivotal funding and his puppet Director-General mouthpiece, Tedros. Before he was appointed Tedros was chair of the Gates-founded Global Fund to 'fight against AIDS, tuberculosis and malaria', a board member of the Gates-funded 'vaccine alliance' GAVI, and on the board of another Gates-funded organisation. Gates owns him and picked him for a specific reason – Tedros is a crook and worse. 'Dr' Tedros (he's not a medical doctor, the first WHO chief not to be) was a member of the tyrannical Marxist government of Ethiopia for decades with all its human rights abuses. He has faced allegations of corruption and misappropriation of funds and was exposed three times for covering up cholera epidemics while Ethiopia's health minister. Tedros appointed the mass-murdering genocidal Zimbabwe dictator Robert Mugabe as a WHO goodwill ambassador for public health which, as with Tedros, is like appointing a psychopath to run a peace and love campaign. The move was so ridiculous that he had to drop Mugabe in the face of widespread condemnation. American economist David Steinman, a Nobel peace prize nominee, lodged a complaint with the International Criminal Court in The Hague over alleged genocide by Tedros when he was Ethiopia's foreign minister. Steinman says Tedros was a 'crucial decision maker' who directed the actions of Ethiopia's security forces from 2013 to 2015 and one of three officials in charge when those security services embarked on the 'killing' and 'torturing' of Ethiopians. You can see where Tedros is coming from and it's sobering to think that he has been the vehicle for Gates and the Cult to direct the global response to 'Covid'. Think about that. A psychopathic Cult dictates to psychopath Gates who dictates to psychopath Tedros who dictates how countries of the world must respond to a 'Covid virus' never scientifically shown to exist. At the same time psychopathic Cult-owned Silicon Valley information

giants like Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter announced very early on that they would give the Cult/Gates/Tedros/WHO version of the narrative free advertising and censor those who challenged their intelligence-insulting, mendacious story.

The next layer in the global 'medical' structure below the Cult, Gates and Tedros are the chief medical officers and science 'advisers' in each of the WHO member countries which means virtually all of them. Medical officers and arbiters of science (they're not) then take the WHO policy and recommended responses and impose them on their country's population while the political 'leaders' say they are deciding policy (they're clearly not) by 'following the science' on the advice of the 'experts' – the same medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators). In this way with the rarest of exceptions the entire world followed the same policy of lockdown, people distancing, masks and 'vaccines' dictated by the psychopathic Cult, psychopathic Gates and psychopathic Tedros who we are supposed to believe give a damn about the health of the world population they are seeking to enslave. That, amazingly, is all there is to it in terms of crucial decision-making. Medical staff in each country then follow like sheep the dictates of the shepherds at the top of the national medical hierarchies – chief medical officers and science 'advisers' who themselves follow like sheep the shepherds of the World Health Organization and the Cult. Shepherds at the national level often have major funding and other connections to Gates and his Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation which carefully hands out money like confetti at a wedding to control the entire global medical system from the WHO down.

Follow the money

Christopher Whitty, Chief Medical Adviser to the UK Government at the centre of 'virus' policy, a senior adviser to the government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE), and Executive Board member of the World Health Organization, was gifted a grant of $40 million by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation for malaria research in Africa. The BBC described the unelected Whitty as 'the

official who will probably have the greatest impact on our everyday lives of any individual policymaker in modern times' and so it turned out. What Gates and Tedros have said Whitty has done like his equivalents around the world. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of Big Pharma giant GlaxoSmithKline with its fundamental financial and business connections to Bill Gates. In September, 2020, it was revealed that Vallance owned a deferred bonus of shares in GlaxoSmithKline worth £600,000 while the company was 'developing' a 'Covid vaccine'. Move along now – nothing to see here – what could possibly be wrong with that? Imperial College in London, a major player in 'Covid' policy in Britain and elsewhere with its 'Covid-19' Response Team, is funded by Gates and has big connections to China while the now infamous Professor Neil Ferguson, the useless 'computer modeller' at Imperial College is also funded by Gates. Ferguson delivered the dramatically inaccurate excuse for the first lockdowns (much more in the next chapter). The Institute for Health Metrics and Evaluation (IHME) in the United States, another source of outrageously false 'Covid' computer models to justify lockdowns, is bankrolled by Gates who is a vehement promotor of lockdowns. America's version of Whitty and Vallance, the again now infamous Anthony Fauci, has connections to 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna as does Bill Gates through funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Fauci is director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), a major recipient of Gates money, and they are very close. Deborah Birx who was appointed White House Coronavirus Response Coordinator in February, 2020, is yet another with ties to Gates. Everywhere you look at the different elements around the world behind the coordination and decision making of the 'Covid' hoax there is Bill Gates and his money. They include the World Health Organization; Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in the United States; National Institutes of Health (NIH) of Anthony Fauci; Imperial College and Neil Ferguson; the London School of Hygiene where Chris Whitty worked; Regulatory agencies like the UK Medicines & Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)

which gave emergency approval for 'Covid vaccines'; Wellcome Trust; GAVI, the Vaccine Alliance; the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI); Johns Hopkins University which has compiled the false 'Covid' figures; and the World Economic Forum. A Nationalfile.com article said:

> Gates has a lot of pull in the medical world, he has a multi-million dollar relationship with Dr. Fauci, and Fauci originally took the Gates line supporting vaccines and casting doubt on [the drug hydroxychloroquine]. Coronavirus response team member Dr. Deborah Birx, appointed by former president Obama to serve as United States Global AIDS Coordinator, also sits on the board of a group that has received billions from Gates' foundation, and Birx reportedly used a disputed Bill Gates-funded model for the White House's Coronavirus effort. Gates is a big proponent for a population lockdown scenario for the Coronavirus outbreak.

Another funder of Moderna is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the technology-development arm of the Pentagon and one of the most sinister organisations on earth. DARPA had a major role with the CIA covert technology-funding operation In-Q-Tel in the development of Google and social media which is now at the centre of global censorship. Fauci and Gates are extremely close and openly admit to talking regularly about 'Covid' policy, but then why wouldn't Gates have a seat at every national 'Covid' table after his Foundation committed $1.75 billion to the 'fight against Covid-19'. When passed through our Orwellian Translation Unit this means that he has bought and paid for the Cult-driven 'Covid' response worldwide. Research the major 'Covid' response personnel in your own country and you will find the same Gates funding and other connections again and again. Medical and science chiefs following World Health Organization 'policy' sit atop a medical hierarchy in their country of administrators, doctors and nursing staff. These 'subordinates' are told they must work and behave in accordance with the policy delivered from the 'top' of the national 'health' pyramid which is largely the policy delivered by the WHO which is the policy delivered by Gates and the Cult. The whole 'Covid' narrative has been imposed on medical staff by a climate of fear although great numbers don't even need that to comply. They do so through breathtaking levels of ignorance and

include doctors who go through life simply repeating what Big Pharma and their hierarchical masters tell them to say and believe. No wonder Big Pharma 'medicine' is one of the biggest killers on Planet Earth.

The same top-down system of intimidation operates with regard to the Cult Big Pharma cartel which also dictates policy through national and global medical systems in this way. The Cult and Big Pharma agendas are the same because the former controls and owns the latter. 'Health' administrators, doctors, and nursing staff are told to support and parrot the dictated policy or they will face consequences which can include being fired. How sad it's been to see medical staff meekly repeating and imposing Cult policy without question and most of those who can see through the deceit are only willing to speak anonymously off the record. They know what will happen if their identity is known. This has left the courageous few to expose the lies about the 'virus', face masks, overwhelmed hospitals that aren't, and the dangers of the 'vaccine' that isn't a vaccine. When these medical professionals and scientists, some renowned in their field, have taken to the Internet to expose the truth their articles, comments and videos have been deleted by Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter and YouTube. What a real head-shaker to see YouTube videos with leading world scientists and highly qualified medical specialists with an added link underneath to the notorious Cult propaganda website *Wikipedia* to find the 'facts' about the same subject.

HIV – the 'Covid' trial-run

I'll give you an example of the consequences for health and truth that come from censorship and unquestioning belief in official narratives. The story was told by PCR inventor Kary Mullis in his book *Dancing Naked in the Mind Field*. He said that in 1984 he accepted as just another scientific fact that Luc Montagnier of France's Pasteur Institute and Robert Gallo of America's National Institutes of Health had independently discovered that a 'retrovirus' dubbed HIV (human immunodeficiency virus) caused AIDS. They

were, after all, Mullis writes, specialists in retroviruses. This is how the medical and science pyramids work. Something is announced or *assumed* and then becomes an everybody-knows-that purely through repetition of the assumption as if it is fact. Complete crap becomes accepted truth with no supporting evidence and only repetition of the crap. This is how a 'virus' that doesn't exist became the 'virus' that changed the world. The HIV-AIDS fairy story became a multi-billion pound industry and the media poured out propaganda terrifying the world about the deadly HIV 'virus' that caused the lethal AIDS. By then Mullis was working at a lab in Santa Monica, California, to detect retroviruses with his PCR test in blood donations received by the Red Cross. In doing so he asked a virologist where he could find a reference for HIV being the cause of AIDS. 'You don't need a reference,' the virologist said … *'Everybody knows it.'* Mullis said he wanted to quote a reference in the report he was doing and he said he felt a little funny about not knowing the source of such an important discovery when everyone else seemed to. The virologist suggested he cite a report by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) on morbidity and mortality. Mullis read the report, but it only said that an organism had been identified and did not say how. The report did not identify the original scientific work. Physicians, however, *assumed* (key recurring theme) that if the CDC was convinced that HIV caused AIDS then proof must exist. Mullis continues:

I did computer searches. Neither Montagnier, Gallo, nor anyone else had published papers describing experiments which led to the conclusion that HIV probably caused AIDS. I read the papers in Science for which they had become well known as AIDS doctors, but all they had said there was that they had found evidence of a past infection by something which was probably HIV in some AIDS patients.

They found antibodies. Antibodies to viruses had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease. Antibodies signaled that the virus had been defeated. The patient had saved himself. There was no indication in these papers that this virus caused a disease. They didn't show that everybody with the antibodies had the disease. In fact they found some healthy people with antibodies.

Mullis asked why their work had been published if Montagnier and Gallo hadn't really found this evidence, and why had they been fighting so hard to get credit for the discovery? He says he was hesitant to write 'HIV is the probable cause of AIDS' until he found published evidence to support that. 'Tens of thousands of scientists and researchers were spending billions of dollars a year doing research based on this idea,' Mullis writes. 'The reason had to be there somewhere; otherwise these people would not have allowed their research to settle into one narrow channel of investigation.' He said he lectured about PCR at numerous meetings where people were always talking about HIV and he asked them how they knew that HIV was the cause of AIDS:

> Everyone said something. Everyone had the answer at home, in the office, in some drawer. They all knew, and they would send me the papers as soon as they got back. But I never got any papers. Nobody ever sent me the news about how AIDS was caused by HIV.

Eventually Mullis was able to ask Montagnier himself about the reference proof when he lectured in San Diego at the grand opening of the University of California AIDS Research Center. Mullis says this was the last time he would ask his question without showing anger. Montagnier said he should reference the CDC report. 'I read it', Mullis said, and it didn't answer the question. 'If Montagnier didn't know the answer who the hell did?' Then one night Mullis was driving when an interview came on National Public Radio with Peter Duesberg, a prominent virologist at Berkeley and a California Scientist of the Year. Mullis says he finally understood why he could not find references that connected HIV to AIDS – *there weren't any!* No one had ever proved that HIV causes AIDS even though it had spawned a multi-billion pound global industry and the media was repeating this as fact every day in their articles and broadcasts terrifying the shit out of people about AIDS and giving the impression that a positive test for HIV (see 'Covid') was a death sentence. Duesberg was a threat to the AIDS gravy train and the agenda that underpinned it. He was therefore abused and castigated after he told the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences

there was no good evidence implicating the new 'virus'. Editors rejected his manuscripts and his research funds were deleted. Mullis points out that the CDC has defined AIDS as one of more than 30 diseases *if accompanied* by a positive result on a test that detects antibodies to HIV; but those same diseases are not defined as AIDS cases when antibodies are not detected:

> If an HIV-positive woman develops uterine cancer, for example, she is considered to have AIDS. If she is not HIV positive, she simply has uterine cancer. An HIV-positive man with tuberculosis has AIDS; if he tests negative he simply has tuberculosis. If he lives in Kenya or Colombia, where the test for HIV antibodies is too expensive, he is simply presumed to have the antibodies and therefore AIDS, and therefore he can be treated in the World Health Organization's clinic. It's the only medical help available in some places. And it's free, because the countries that support WHO are worried about AIDS.

Mullis accuses the CDC of continually adding new diseases (see ever more 'Covid symptoms') to the grand AIDS definition and of virtually doctoring the books to make it appear as if the disease continued to spread. He cites how in 1993 the CDC enormously broadened its AIDS definition and county health authorities were delighted because they received $2,500 per year from the Federal government for every reported AIDS case. Ladies and gentlemen, I have just described, via Kary Mullis, the 'Covid pandemic' of 2020 and beyond. Every element is the same and it's been pulled off in the same way by the same networks.

The 'Covid virus' exists? Okay – prove it. Er … still waiting

What Kary Mullis described with regard to 'HIV' has been repeated with 'Covid'. A claim is made that a new, or 'novel', infection has been found and the entire medical system of the world repeats that as fact exactly as they did with HIV and AIDS. No one in the mainstream asks rather relevant questions such as 'How do you know?' and 'Where is your proof?' The SARS-Cov-2 'virus' and the 'Covid-19 disease' became an overnight 'everybody-knows-that'. The origin could be debated and mulled over, but what you could not suggest was that 'SARS-Cov-2' didn't exist. That would be

ridiculous. 'Everybody knows' the 'virus' exists. Well, I didn't for one along with American proper doctors like Andrew Kaufman and Tom Cowan and long-time American proper journalist Jon Rappaport. We dared to pursue the obvious and simple question: 'Where's the evidence?' The overwhelming majority in medicine, journalism and the general public did not think to ask that. After all, *everyone knew* there was a new 'virus'. Everyone was saying so and I heard it on the BBC. Some would eventually argue that the 'deadly virus' was nothing like as deadly as claimed, but few would venture into the realms of its very existence. Had they done so they would have found that the evidence for that claim had gone AWOL as with HIV causes AIDS. In fact, not even that. For something to go AWOL it has to exist in the first place and scientific proof for a 'SARS-Cov-2' can be filed under nothing, nowhere and zilch.

Dr Andrew Kaufman is a board-certified forensic psychiatrist in New York State, a Doctor of Medicine and former Assistant Professor and Medical Director of Psychiatry at SUNY Upstate Medical University, and Medical Instructor of Hematology and Oncology at the Medical School of South Carolina. He also studied biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and trained in Psychiatry at Duke University. Kaufman is retired from allopathic medicine, but remains a consultant and educator on natural healing, I saw a video of his very early on in the 'Covid' hoax in which he questioned claims about the 'virus' in the absence of any supporting evidence and with plenty pointing the other way. I did everything I could to circulate his work which I felt was asking the pivotal questions that needed an answer. I can recommend an excellent pull-together interview he did with the website The Last Vagabond entitled *Dr Andrew Kaufman: Virus Isolation, Terrain Theory and Covid-19* and his website is andrewkaufmanmd.com. Kaufman is not only a forensic psychiatrist; he is forensic in all that he does. He always reads original scientific papers, experiments and studies instead of second-third-fourth-hand reports about the 'virus' in the media which are repeating the repeated repetition of the narrative. When he did so with the original Chinese 'virus' papers Kaufman

realised that there was no evidence of a 'SARS-Cov-2'. They had never – from the start – shown it to exist and every repeat of this claim worldwide was based on the accepted existence of proof that was nowhere to be found – see Kary Mullis and HIV. Here we go again.

Let's postulate

Kaufman discovered that the Chinese authorities immediately concluded that the cause of an illness that broke out among about 200 initial patients in Wuhan was a 'new virus' when there were no grounds to make that conclusion. The alleged 'virus' was not isolated from other genetic material in their samples and then shown through a system known as Koch's postulates to be the causative agent of the illness. The world was told that the SARS-Cov-2 'virus' caused a disease they called 'Covid-19' which had 'flu-like' symptoms and could lead to respiratory problems and pneumonia. If it wasn't so tragic it would almost be funny. *'Flu-like' symptoms'? Pneumonia? Respiratory disease?* What in *CHINA* and particularly in *Wuhan*, one of the most polluted cities in the world with a resulting epidemic of respiratory disease?? Three hundred thousand people get pneumonia in China every year and there are nearly a billion cases worldwide of 'flu-like symptoms'. These have a whole range of causes – including pollution in Wuhan – but no other possibility was credibly considered in late 2019 when the world was told there was a new and deadly 'virus'. The global prevalence of pneumonia and 'flu-like systems' gave the Cult networks unlimited potential to re-diagnose these other causes as the mythical 'Covid-19' and that is what they did from the very start. Kaufman revealed how Chinese medical and science authorities (all subordinates to the Cult-owned communist government) took genetic material from the lungs of only a few of the first patients. The material contained their own cells, bacteria, fungi and other microorganisms living in their bodies. The only way you could prove the existence of the 'virus' and its responsibility for the alleged 'Covid-19' was to isolate the virus from all the other material – a process also known as 'purification' – and

then follow the postulates sequence developed in the late 19th century by German physician and bacteriologist Robert Koch which became the 'gold standard' for connecting an alleged causation agent to a disease:

1. The microorganism (bacteria, fungus, virus, etc.) must be present in every case of the disease and all patients must have the same symptoms. It must also *not be present in healthy individuals*.

2. The microorganism must be isolated from the host with the disease. If the microorganism is a bacteria or fungus it must be grown in a pure culture. If it is a virus, it must be purified (i.e. containing no other material except the virus particles) from a clinical sample.

3. The specific disease, with all of its characteristics, must be reproduced when the infectious agent (the purified virus or a pure culture of bacteria or fungi) is inoculated into a healthy, susceptible host.

4. The microorganism must be recoverable from the experimentally infected host as in step 2.

Not one of these criteria has been met in the case of 'SARS-Cov-2' and 'Covid-19'. Not ONE. *EVER*. Robert Koch refers to bacteria and not viruses. What are called 'viral particles' are so minute (hence masks are useless by any definition) that they could only be seen after the invention of the electron microscope in the 1930s and can still only be observed through that means. American bacteriologist and virologist Thomas Milton Rivers, the so-called 'Father of Modern Virology' who was very significantly director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in the 1930s, developed a less stringent version of Koch's postulates to identify 'virus' causation known as 'Rivers criteria'. 'Covid' did not pass that process either. Some even doubt whether any 'virus' can be isolated from other particles containing genetic material in the Koch method. Freedom of Information requests in many countries asking for scientific proof that the 'Covid virus' has been purified and isolated and shown to exist have all come back with a 'we don't have that' and when this happened with a request to the UK Department of Health they added this comment:

However, outside of the scope of the [Freedom of Information Act] and on a discretionary basis, the following information has been advised to us, which may be of interest. Most infectious diseases are caused by viruses, bacteria or fungi. Some bacteria or fungi have the capacity to grow on their own in isolation, for example in colonies on a petri dish. Viruses are different in that they are what we call 'obligate pathogens' – that is, they cannot survive or reproduce without infecting a host ...

… For some diseases, it is possible to establish causation between a microorganism and a disease by isolating the pathogen from a patient, growing it in pure culture and reintroducing it to a healthy organism. These are known as 'Koch's postulates' and were developed in 1882. However, as our understanding of disease and different disease-causing agents has advanced, these are no longer the method for determining causation [Andrew Kaufman asks why in that case are there two published articles falsely claiming to satisfy Koch's postulates].

It has long been known that viral diseases cannot be identified in this way as viruses cannot be grown in 'pure culture'. When a patient is tested for a viral illness, this is normally done by looking for the presence of antigens, or viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques [Kaufman asks how you could know the origin of these chemicals without having a pure culture for comparison].

For the record 'antigens' are defined so:

Invading microorganisms have antigens on their surface that the human body can recognise as being foreign – meaning not belonging to it. When the body recognises a foreign antigen, lymphocytes (white blood cells) produce antibodies, which are complementary in shape to the antigen.

Notwithstanding that this is open to question in relation to 'SARS-Cov-2' the presence of 'antibodies' can have many causes and they are found in people that are perfectly well. Kary Mullis said: 'Antibodies … had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease.'

'Covid' really is a *computer* 'virus'

Where the UK Department of Health statement says 'viruses' are now 'diagnosed' through a 'viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques', they mean … *the PCR test* which its inventor said cannot test for infectious disease. They have no credible method of connecting a 'virus' to a disease and we will see that there is no scientific proof that any 'virus' causes any disease or there is any such thing as a 'virus' in the way that it is described. Tenacious Canadian researcher Christine Massey and her team made

some 40 Freedom of Information requests to national public health agencies in different countries asking for proof that SARS-CoV-2 has been isolated and not one of them could supply that information. Massey said of her request in Canada: 'Freedom of Information reveals Public Health Agency of Canada has no record of 'SARS-COV-2' isolation performed by anyone, anywhere, ever.' If you accept the comment from the UK Department of Health it's because they can't isolate a 'virus'. Even so many 'science' papers claimed to have isolated the 'Covid virus' until they were questioned and had to admit they hadn't. A reply from the Robert Koch Institute in Germany was typical: 'I am not aware of a paper which purified isolated SARS-CoV-2.' So what the hell was Christian Drosten and his gang using to design the 'Covid' testing protocol that has produced all the illusory Covid' cases and 'Covid' deaths when the head of the Chinese version of the CDC admitted there was a problem right from the start in that the 'virus' had never been isolated/purified? Breathe deeply: What they are calling 'Covid' is actually created by a *computer program* i.e. *they made it up* – er, that's it. They took lung fluid, with many sources of genetic material, from one single person alleged to be infected with Covid-19 by a PCR test which they *claimed*, without clear evidence, contained a 'virus'. They used several computer programs to create a model of a theoretical virus genome sequence from more than fifty-six million small sequences of RNA, each of an unknown source, assembling them like a puzzle with no known solution. The computer filled in the gaps with sequences from bits in the gene bank to make it look like a bat SARS-like coronavirus! A wave of the magic wand and poof, an in silico (computer-generated) genome, a scientific fantasy, was created. UK health researcher Dr Kevin Corbett made the same point with this analogy:

> … It's like giving you a few bones and saying that's your fish. It could be any fish. Not even a skeleton. Here's a few fragments of bones. That's your fish … It's all from gene bank and the bits of the virus sequence that weren't there they made up.
>
> They synthetically created them to fill in the blanks. That's what genetics is; it's a code. So it's ABBBCCDDD and you're missing some what you think is EEE so you put it in. It's all

synthetic. You just manufacture the bits that are missing. This is the end result of the geneticization of virology. This is basically a computer virus.

Further confirmation came in an email exchange between British citizen journalist Frances Leader and the government's Medicines & Healthcare Products Regulatory Agency (the Gates-funded MHRA) which gave emergency permission for untested 'Covid vaccines' to be used. The agency admitted that the 'vaccine' is not based on an isolated 'virus', but comes from a *computer-generated model*. Frances Leader was naturally banned from Cult-owned fascist Twitter for making this exchange public. The process of creating computer-generated alleged 'viruses' is called 'in silico' or 'in silicon' – computer chips – and the term 'in silico' is believed to originate with biological experiments using only a computer in 1989. 'Vaccines' involved with 'Covid' are also produced 'in silico' or by computer not a natural process. If the original 'virus' is nothing more than a made-up computer model how can there be 'new variants' of something that never existed in the first place? They are not new 'variants'; they are new *computer models* only minutely different to the original program and designed to further terrify the population into having the 'vaccine' and submitting to fascism. You want a 'new variant'? Click, click, enter – there you go. Tell the medical profession that you have discovered a 'South African variant', 'UK variants' or a 'Brazilian variant' and in the usual HIV-causes-AIDS manner they will unquestioningly repeat it with no evidence whatsoever to support these claims. They will go on television and warn about the dangers of 'new variants' while doing nothing more than repeating what they have been told to be true and knowing that any deviation from that would be career suicide. Big-time insiders will know it's a hoax, but much of the medical community is clueless about the way they are being played and themselves play the public without even being aware they are doing so. What an interesting 'coincidence' that AstraZeneca and Oxford University were conducting 'Covid vaccine trials' in the three countries – the UK, South Africa and Brazil – where the first three 'variants' were claimed to have 'broken out'.

Here's your 'virus' – it's a unicorn

Dr Andrew Kaufman presented a brilliant analysis describing how the 'virus' was imagined into fake existence when he dissected an article published by *Nature* and written by 19 authors detailing *alleged* 'sequencing of a complete viral genome' of the 'new SARS-CoV-2 virus'. This computer-modelled *in silico* genome was used as a template for all subsequent genome sequencing experiments that resulted in the so-called variants which he said now number more than *6,000*. The fake genome was constructed from more than 56 million individual short strands of RNA. Those little pieces were assembled into longer pieces by finding areas of overlapping sequences. The computer programs created over two million possible combinations from which the authors simply chose the longest one. They then compared this to a 'bat virus' and the computer 'alignment' rearranged the sequence and filled in the gaps! They called this computer-generated abomination the 'complete genome'. Dr Tom Cowan, a fellow medical author and collaborator with Kaufman, said such computer-generation constitutes scientific fraud and he makes this superb analogy:

> Here is an equivalency: A group of researchers claim to have found a unicorn because they found a piece of a hoof, a hair from a tail, and a snippet of a horn. They then add that information into a computer and program it to re-create the unicorn, and they then claim this computer re-creation is the real unicorn. Of course, they had never actually seen a unicorn so could not possibly have examined its genetic makeup to compare their samples with the actual unicorn's hair, hooves and horn.
>
> The researchers claim they decided which is the real genome of SARS-CoV-2 by 'consensus', sort of like a vote. Again, different computer programs will come up with different versions of the imaginary 'unicorn', so they come together as a group and decide which is the real imaginary unicorn.

This is how the 'virus' that has transformed the world was brought into fraudulent 'existence'. Extraordinary, yes, but as the Nazis said the bigger the lie the more will believe it. Cowan, however, wasn't finished and he went on to identify what he called the real blockbuster in the paper. He quotes this section from a paper written

by virologists and published by the CDC and then explains what it means:

> Therefore, we examined the capacity of SARS-CoV-2 to infect and replicate in several common primate and human cell lines, including human adenocarcinoma cells (A549), human liver cells (HUH 7.0), and human embryonic kidney cells (HEK-293T). In addition to Vero E6 and Vero CCL81 cells. ... Each cell line was inoculated at high multiplicity of infection and examined 24h post-infection.
>
> No CPE was observed in any of the cell lines except in Vero cells, which grew to greater than 10 to the 7th power at 24 h post-infection. In contrast, HUH 7.0 and 293T showed only modest viral replication, and A549 cells were incompatible with SARS CoV-2 infection.

Cowan explains that when virologists attempt to prove infection they have three possible 'hosts' or models on which they can test. The first was humans. Exposure to humans was generally not done for ethical reasons and has never been done with SARS-CoV-2 or any coronavirus. The second possible host was animals. Cowan said that forgetting for a moment that they never actually use purified virus when exposing animals they do use solutions that they *claim* contain the virus. Exposure to animals has been done with SARS-CoV-2 in an experiment involving mice and this is what they found: *None of the wild (normal) mice got sick*. In a group of genetically-modified mice, a statistically insignificant number lost weight and had slightly bristled fur, but they experienced nothing like the illness called 'Covid-19'. Cowan said the third method – the one they mostly rely on – is to inoculate solutions they *say* contain the virus onto a variety of tissue cultures. This process had never been shown to kill tissue *unless* the sample material was starved of nutrients and poisoned as *part of the process*. Yes, incredibly, in tissue experiments designed to show the 'virus' is responsible for killing the tissue they starve the tissue of nutrients and add toxic drugs including antibiotics and they do not have control studies to see if it's the starvation and poisoning that is degrading the tissue rather than the 'virus' they allege to be in there somewhere. You want me to pinch you? Yep, I understand. Tom Cowan said this about the whole nonsensical farce as he explains what that quote from the CDC paper really means:

The shocking thing about the above quote is that using their own methods, the virologists found that solutions containing SARS-CoV-2 – even in high amounts – were NOT, I repeat NOT, infective to any of the three human tissue cultures they tested. In plain English, this means they proved, on their terms, that this 'new coronavirus' is not infectious to human beings. It is ONLY infective to monkey kidney cells, and only then when you add two potent drugs (gentamicin and amphotericin), known to be toxic to kidneys, to the mix.

My friends, read this again and again. These virologists, published by the CDC, performed a clear proof, on their terms, showing that the SARS-CoV-2 virus is harmless to human beings. That is the only possible conclusion, but, unfortunately, this result is not even mentioned in their conclusion. They simply say they can provide virus stocks cultured only on monkey Vero cells, thanks for coming.

Cowan concluded: 'If people really understood how this "science" was done, I would hope they would storm the gates and demand honesty, transparency and truth.' Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Adviser at drug giant Pfizer has been a vocal critic of the 'Covid vaccine' and its potential for multiple harm. He said in an interview in April, 2021, that 'not one [vaccine] has the virus. He was asked why vaccines normally using a 'dead' version of a disease to activate the immune system were not used for 'Covid' and instead we had the synthetic methods of the 'mRNA Covid vaccine'. Yeadon said that to do the former 'you'd have to have some of [the virus] wouldn't you?' He added: 'No-one's got any – seriously.' Yeadon said that surely they couldn't have fooled the whole world for a year without having a virus, 'but oddly enough ask around – no one's got it'. He didn't know why with all the 'great labs' around the world that the virus had not been isolated – 'Maybe they've been too busy running bad PCR tests and vaccines that people don't need.' What is today called 'science' is not 'science' at all. Science is no longer what is, but whatever people can be manipulated to *believe* that it is. Real science has been hijacked by the Cult to dispense and produce the 'expert scientists' and contentions that suit the agenda of the Cult. How big-time this has happened with the 'Covid' hoax which is entirely based on fake science delivered by fake 'scientists' and fake 'doctors'. The human-caused climate change hoax is also entirely based on fake science delivered by fake 'scientists' and fake 'climate experts'. In both cases real

scientists, climate experts and doctors have their views suppressed and deleted by the Cult-owned science establishment, media and Silicon Valley. This is the 'science' that politicians claim to be 'following' and a common denominator of 'Covid' and climate are Cult psychopaths Bill Gates and his mate Klaus Schwab at the Gates-funded World Economic Forum. But, don't worry, it's all just a coincidence and absolutely nothing to worry about. *Zzzzzzzz*.

What is a 'virus' REALLY?

Dr Tom Cowan is one of many contesting the very existence of viruses let alone that they cause disease. This is understandable when there is no scientific evidence for a disease-causing 'virus'. German virologist Dr Stefan Lanka won a landmark case in 2017 in the German Supreme Court over his contention that there is no such thing as a measles virus. He had offered a big prize for anyone who could prove there is and Lanka won his case when someone sought to claim the money. There is currently a prize of more than 225,000 euros on offer from an Isolate Truth Fund for anyone who can prove the isolation of SARS-CoV-2 and its genetic substance. Lanka wrote in an article headed 'The Misconception Called Virus' that scientists think a 'virus' is causing tissue to become diseased and degraded when in fact it is the *processes they are using* which do that – not a 'virus'. Lanka has done an important job in making this point clear as Cowan did in his analysis of the CDC paper. Lanka says that all claims about viruses as disease-causing pathogens are wrong and based on 'easily recognisable, understandable and verifiable misinterpretations.' Scientists believed they were working with 'viruses' in their laboratories when they were really working with 'typical particles of specific dying tissues or cells …' Lanka said that the tissue decaying process claimed to be caused by a 'virus' still happens when no alleged 'virus' is involved. It's the *process* that does the damage and not a 'virus'. The genetic sample is deprived of nutrients, removed from its energy supply through removal from the body and then doused in toxic antibiotics to remove any bacteria. He confirms again that establishment scientists do not (pinch me)

conduct control experiments to see if this is the case and if they did they would see the claims that 'viruses' are doing the damage is nonsense. He adds that during the measles 'virus' court case he commissioned an independent laboratory to perform just such a control experiment and the result was that the tissues and cells died in the exact same way as with alleged 'infected' material. This is supported by a gathering number of scientists, doctors and researchers who reject what is called 'germ theory' or the belief in the body being infected by contagious sources emitted by other people. Researchers Dawn Lester and David Parker take the same stance in their highly-detailed and sourced book *What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong* which was recommended to me by a number of medical professionals genuinely seeking the truth. Lester and Parker say there is no provable scientific evidence to show that a 'virus' can be transmitted between people or people and animals or animals and people:

> The definition also claims that viruses are the cause of many diseases, as if this has been definitively proven. But this is not the case; there is no original scientific evidence that definitively demonstrates that any virus is the cause of any disease. The burden of proof for any theory lies with those who proposed it; but none of the existing documents provides 'proof' that supports the claim that 'viruses' are pathogens.

Dr Tom Cowan employs one of his clever analogies to describe the process by which a 'virus' is named as the culprit for a disease when what is called a 'virus' is only material released by cells detoxing themselves from infiltration by chemical or radiation poisoning. The tidal wave of technologically-generated radiation in the 'smart' modern world plus all the toxic food and drink are causing this to happen more than ever. Deluded 'scientists' misread this as a gathering impact of what they wrongly label 'viruses'.

Paper can infect houses

Cowan said in an article for davidicke.com – with his tongue only mildly in his cheek – that he believed he had made a tremendous

discovery that may revolutionise science. He had discovered that small bits of paper are alive, 'well alive-ish', can 'infect' houses, and then reproduce themselves inside the house. The result was that this explosion of growth in the paper inside the house causes the house to explode, blowing it to smithereens. His evidence for this new theory is that in the past months he had carefully examined many of the houses in his neighbourhood and found almost no scraps of paper on the lawns and surrounds of the house. There was an occasional stray label, but nothing more. Then he would return to these same houses a week or so later and with a few, not all of them, particularly the old and decrepit ones, he found to his shock and surprise they were littered with stray bits of paper. He knew then that the paper had infected these houses, made copies of itself, and blew up the house. A young boy on a bicycle at one of the sites told him he had seen a demolition crew using dynamite to explode the house the previous week, but Cowan dismissed this as the idle thoughts of silly boys because 'I was on to something big'. He was on to how 'scientists' mistake genetic material in the detoxifying process for something they call a 'virus'. Cowan said of his house and paper story:

If this sounds crazy to you, it's because it should. This scenario is obviously nuts. But consider this admittedly embellished, for effect, current viral theory that all scientists, medical doctors and virologists currently believe.

He takes the example of the 'novel SARS-Cov2' virus to prove the point. First they take someone with an undefined illness called 'Covid-19' and don't even attempt to find any virus in their sputum. Never mind the scientists still describe how this 'virus', which they have not located attaches to a cell receptor, injects its genetic material, in 'Covid's' case, RNA, into the cell. The RNA once inserted exploits the cell to reproduce itself and makes 'thousands, nay millions, of copies of itself … Then it emerges victorious to claim its next victim':

If you were to look in the scientific literature for proof, actual scientific proof, that uniform SARS-CoV2 viruses have been properly isolated from the sputum of a sick person, that actual spike proteins could be seen protruding from the virus (which has not been found), you would find that such evidence doesn't exist.

If you go looking in the published scientific literature for actual pictures, proof, that these spike proteins or any viral proteins are ever attached to any receptor embedded in any cell membrane, you would also find that no such evidence exists. If you were to look for a video or documented evidence of the intact virus injecting its genetic material into the body of the cell, reproducing itself and then emerging victorious by budding off the cell membrane, you would find that no such evidence exists.

The closest thing you would find is electron micrograph pictures of cellular particles, possibly attached to cell debris, both of which to be seen were stained by heavy metals, a process that completely distorts their architecture within the living organism. This is like finding bits of paper stuck to the blown-up bricks, thereby proving the paper emerged by taking pieces of the bricks on its way out.

The Enders baloney

Cowan describes the 'Covid' story as being just as make-believe as his paper story and he charts back this fantasy to a Nobel Prize winner called John Enders (1897-1985), an American biomedical scientist who has been dubbed 'The Father of Modern Vaccines'. Enders is claimed to have 'discovered' the process of the viral culture which 'proved' that a 'virus' caused measles. Cowan explains how Enders did this 'by using the EXACT same procedure that has been followed by every virologist to find and characterize every new virus since 1954'. Enders took throat swabs from children with measles and immersed them in 2ml of milk. Penicillin (100u/ml) and the antibiotic streptomycin (50,g/ml) were added and the whole mix was centrifuged – rotated at high speed to separate large cellular debris from small particles and molecules as with milk and cream, for example. Cowan says that if the aim is to find little particles of genetic material ('viruses') in the snot from children with measles it would seem that the last thing you would do is mix the snot with other material – milk –that also has genetic material. 'How are you ever going to know whether whatever you found came from the snot or the milk?' He points out that streptomycin is a 'nephrotoxic' or poisonous-to-the-kidney drug. You will see the relevance of that

shortly. Cowan says that it gets worse, much worse, when Enders describes the culture medium upon which the virus 'grows': 'The culture medium consisted of bovine amniotic fluid (90%), beef embryo extract (5%), horse serum (5%), antibiotics and phenol red as an indicator of cell metabolism.' Cowan asks incredulously: 'Did he just say that the culture medium also contained fluids and tissues that are themselves rich sources of genetic material?' The genetic cocktail, or 'medium', is inoculated onto tissue and cells from rhesus monkey *kidney* tissue. This is where the importance of streptomycin comes in and currently-used antimicrobials and other drugs that are *poisonous to kidneys* and used in ALL modern viral cultures (e.g. gentamicin, streptomycin, and amphotericin). Cowan asks: 'How are you ever going to know from this witch's brew where any genetic material comes from as we now have five different sources of rich genetic material in our mix?' Remember, he says, that all genetic material, whether from monkey kidney tissues, bovine serum, milk, etc., is made from the exact same components. The same central question returns: 'How are you possibly going to know that it was the virus that killed the kidney tissue and not the toxic antibiotic and starvation rations on which you are growing the tissue?' John Enders answered the question himself – *you can't*:

A second agent was obtained from an uninoculated culture of monkey kidney cells. The cytopathic changes [death of the cells] it induced in the unstained preparations could not be distinguished with confidence from the viruses isolated from measles.

The death of the cells ('cytopathic changes') happened in exactly the same manner, whether they inoculated the kidney tissue with the measles snot or not, Cowan says. 'This is evidence that the destruction of the tissue, the very proof of viral causation of illness, was not caused by anything in the snot because they saw the same destructive effect when the snot was not even used … the cytopathic, i.e., cell-killing, changes come from the process of the culture itself, not from any virus in any snot, period.' Enders quotes in his 1957 paper a virologist called Ruckle as reporting similar findings 'and in addition has isolated an agent from monkey kidney tissue that is so

far indistinguishable from human measles virus'. In other words, Cowan says, these particles called 'measles viruses' are simply and clearly breakdown products of the starved and poisoned tissue. For measles 'virus' see all 'viruses' including the so-called 'Covid virus'. Enders, the 'Father of Modern Vaccines', also said:

There is a potential risk in employing cultures of primate cells for the production of vaccines composed of attenuated virus, since the presence of other agents possibly latent in primate tissues cannot be definitely excluded by any known method.

Cowan further quotes from a paper published in the journal *Viruses* in May, 2020, while the 'Covid pandemic' was well underway in the media if not in reality. 'EVs' here refers to particles of genetic debris from our own tissues, such as exosomes of which more in a moment: 'The remarkable resemblance between EVs and viruses has caused quite a few problems in the studies focused on the analysis of EVs released during viral infections.' Later the paper adds that to date a reliable method that can actually guarantee a complete separation (of EVs from viruses) DOES NOT EXIST. This was published at a time when a fairy tale 'virus' was claimed in total certainty to be causing a fairy tale 'viral disease' called 'Covid-19' – a fairy tale that was already well on the way to transforming human society in the image that the Cult has worked to achieve for so long. Cowan concludes his article:

To summarize, there is no scientific evidence that pathogenic viruses exist. What we think of as 'viruses' are simply the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues and cells. When we are well, we make fewer of these particles; when we are starved, poisoned, suffocated by wearing masks, or afraid, we make more.

There is no engineered virus circulating and making people sick. People in laboratories all over the world are making genetically modified products to make people sick. These are called vaccines. There is no virome, no 'ecosystem' of viruses, viruses are not 8%, 50% or 100 % of our genetic material. These are all simply erroneous ideas based on the misconception called a virus.

What is 'Covid'? Load of bollocks

The background described here by Cowan and Lanka was emphasised in the first video presentation that I saw by Dr Andrew Kaufman when he asked whether the 'Covid virus' was in truth a natural defence mechanism of the body called 'exosomes'. These are released by cells when in states of toxicity – see the same themes returning over and over. They are released ever more profusely as chemical and radiation toxicity increases and think of the potential effect therefore of 5G alone as its destructive frequencies infest the human energetic information field with a gathering pace (5G went online in Wuhan in 2019 as the 'virus' emerged). I'll have more about this later. Exosomes transmit a warning to the rest of the body that 'Houston, we have a problem'. Kaufman presented images of exosomes and compared them with 'Covid' under an electron microscope and the similarity was remarkable. They both attach to the same cell receptors (*claimed* in the case of 'Covid'), contain the same genetic material in the form of RNA or ribonucleic acid, and both are found in 'viral cell cultures' with damaged or dying cells. James Hildreth MD, President and Chief Executive Officer of the Meharry Medical College at Johns Hopkins, said: 'The virus is fully an exosome in every sense of the word.' Kaufman's conclusion was that there is no 'virus': 'This entire pandemic is a completely manufactured crisis … there is no evidence of anyone dying from [this] illness.' Dr Tom Cowan and Sally Fallon Morell, authors of *The Contagion Myth*, published a statement with Dr Kaufman in February, 2021, explaining why the 'virus' does not exist and you can read it that in full in the Appendix.

'Virus' theory can be traced to the 'cell theory' in 1858 of German physician Rudolf Virchow (1821-1920) who contended that disease originates from a single cell infiltrated by a 'virus'. Dr Stefan Lanka said that findings and insights with respect to the structure, function and central importance of tissues in the creation of life, which were already known in 1858, comprehensively refute the cell theory. Virchow ignored them. We have seen the part later played by John Enders in the 1950s and Lanka notes that infection theories were only established as a global dogma through the policies and

eugenics of the Third Reich in Nazi Germany (creation of the same Sabbatian cult behind the 'Covid' hoax). Lanka said: 'Before 1933, scientists dared to contradict this theory; after 1933, these critical scientists were silenced'. Dr Tom Cowan's view is that ill-heath is caused by too much of something, too little of something, or toxification from chemicals and radiation – not contagion. We must also highlight as a major source of the 'virus' theology a man still called the 'Father of Modern Virology' – Thomas Milton Rivers (1888-1962). There is no way given the Cult's long game policy that it was a coincidence for the 'Father of Modern Virology' to be director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research from 1937 to 1956 when he is credited with making the Rockefeller Institute a leader in 'viral research'. Cult Rockefellers were the force behind the creation of Big Pharma 'medicine', established the World Health Organisation in 1948, and have long and close associations with the Gates family that now runs the WHO during the pandemic hoax through mega-rich Cult gofer and psychopath Bill Gates.

Only a Renegade Mind can see through all this bullshit by asking the questions that need to be answered, not taking 'no' or prevarication for an answer, and certainly not hiding from the truth in fear of speaking it. Renegade Minds have always changed the world for the better and they will change this one no matter how bleak it may currently appear to be.

CHAPTER SIX

Sequence of deceit

If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything
Mark Twain

Against the background that I have laid out this far the sequence that took us from an invented 'virus' in Cult-owned China in late 2019 to the fascist transformation of human society can be seen and understood in a whole new context.

We were told that a deadly disease had broken out in Wuhan and the world media began its campaign (coordinated by behavioural psychologists as we shall see) to terrify the population into unquestioning compliance. We were shown images of Chinese people collapsing in the street which never happened in the West with what was supposed to be the same condition. In the earliest days when alleged cases and deaths were few the fear register was hysterical in many areas of the media and this would expand into the common media narrative across the world. The real story was rather different, but we were never told that. The Chinese government, one of the Cult's biggest centres of global operation, said they had discovered a new illness with flu-like and pneumonia-type symptoms in a city with such toxic air that it is overwhelmed with flu-like symptoms, pneumonia and respiratory disease. Chinese scientists said it was a new – 'novel' – coronavirus which they called Sars-Cov-2 and that it caused a disease they labelled 'Covid-19'. There was no evidence for this and the 'virus' has never to this day been isolated, purified and its genetic code established from that. It

was from the beginning a computer-generated fiction. Stories of Chinese whistleblowers saying the number of deaths was being supressed or that the 'new disease' was related to the Wuhan bio-lab misdirected mainstream and alternative media into cul-de-sacs to obscure the real truth – there was no 'virus'.

Chinese scientists took genetic material from the lung fluid of just a few people and said they had found a 'new' disease when this material had a wide range of content. There was no evidence for a 'virus' for the very reasons explained in the last two chapters. The 'virus' has never been shown to (a) exist and (b) cause any disease. People were diagnosed on symptoms that are so widespread in Wuhan and polluted China and with a PCR test that can't detect infectious disease. On this farce the whole global scam was sold to the rest of the world which would also diagnose respiratory disease as 'Covid-19' from symptoms alone or with a PCR test not testing for a 'virus'. Flu miraculously disappeared *worldwide* in 2020 and into 2021 as it was redesignated 'Covid-19'. It was really the same old flu with its 'flu-like' symptoms attributed to 'flu-like' 'Covid-19'. At the same time with very few exceptions the Chinese response of draconian lockdown and fascism was the chosen weapon to respond across the West as recommended by the Cult-owned Tedros at the Cult-owned World Health Organization run by the Cult-owned Gates. All was going according to plan. Chinese scientists – everything in China is controlled by the Cult-owned government – compared their contaminated RNA lung-fluid material with other RNA sequences and said it appeared to be just under 80 percent identical to the SARS-CoV-1 'virus' claimed to be the cause of the SARS (severe acute respiratory syndrome) 'outbreak' in 2003. They decreed that because of this the 'new virus' had to be related and they called it SARS-CoV-2. There are some serious problems with this assumption and *assumption* was all it was. Most 'factual' science turns out to be assumptions repeated into everyone-knows-that. A match of under 80-percent is meaningless. Dr Kaufman makes the point that there's a *96 percent* genetic correlation between humans and chimpanzees, but 'no one would say our genetic material is part

of the chimpanzee family'. Yet the Chinese authorities were claiming that a much lower percentage, less than 80 percent, proved the existence of a new 'coronavirus'. For goodness sake human DNA is 60 percent similar to a *banana*.

You are feeling sleepy

The entire 'Covid' hoax is a global Psyop, a psychological operation to program the human mind into believing and fearing a complete fantasy. A crucial aspect of this was what *appeared* to happen in Italy. It was all very well streaming out daily images of an alleged catastrophe in Wuhan, but to the Western mind it was still on the other side of the world in a very different culture and setting. A reaction of 'this could happen to me and my family' was still nothing like as intense enough for the mind-doctors. The Cult needed a Western example to push people over that edge and it chose Italy, one of its major global locations going back to the Roman Empire. An Italian 'Covid' crisis was manufactured in a particular area called Lombardy which just happens to be notorious for its toxic air and therefore respiratory disease. Wuhan, China, déjà vu. An hysterical media told horror stories of Italians dying from 'Covid' in their droves and how Lombardy hospitals were being overrun by a tidal wave of desperately ill people needing treatment after being struck down by the 'deadly virus'. Here was the psychological turning point the Cult had planned. Wow, if this is happening in Italy, the Western mind concluded, this indeed could happen to me and my family. Another point is that Italian authorities responded by following the Chinese blueprint so vehemently recommended by the Cult-owned World Health Organization. They imposed fascistic lockdowns on the whole country viciously policed with the help of surveillance drones sweeping through the streets seeking out anyone who escaped from mass house arrest. Livelihoods were destroyed and psychology unravelled in the way we have witnessed since in all lockdown countries. Crucial to the plan was that Italy responded in this way to set the precedent of suspending freedom and imposing fascism in a 'Western liberal democracy'. I emphasised in an

animated video explanation on davidicke.com posted in the summer of 2020 how important it was to the Cult to expand the Chinese lockdown model across the West. Without this, and the bare-faced lie that non-symptomatic people could still transmit a 'disease' they didn't have, there was no way locking down the whole population, sick and not sick, could be pulled off. At just the right time and with no evidence Cult operatives and gofers claimed that people without symptoms could pass on the 'disease'. In the name of protecting the 'vulnerable' like elderly people, who lockdowns would kill by the tens of thousands, we had for the first time healthy people told to isolate as well as the sick. The great majority of people who tested positive had no symptoms because there was nothing wrong with them. It was just a trick made possible by a test not testing for the 'virus'.

Months after my animated video the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College confirmed that I was right. He didn't say it in those terms, naturally, but he did say it. Ferguson will enter the story shortly for his outrageously crazy 'computer models' that led to Britain, the United States and many other countries following the Chinese and now Italian methods of response. Put another way, following the Cult script. Ferguson said that SAGE, the UK government's scientific advisory group which has controlled 'Covid' policy from the start, wanted to follow the Chinese lockdown model (while they all continued to work and be paid), but they wondered if they could possibly, in Ferguson's words, 'get away with it in Europe'. 'Get away with it'? Who the hell do these moronic, arrogant people think they are? This appalling man Ferguson said that once Italy went into national lockdown they realised they, too, could mimic China:

> It's a communist one-party state, we said. We couldn't get away with it in Europe, we thought … and then Italy did it. And we realised we could. Behind this garbage from Ferguson is a simple fact: Doing the same as China in every country was the plan from the start and Ferguson's 'models' would play a central role in achieving that. It's just a coincidence, of course, and absolutely nothing to worry your little head about.

Oops, sorry, our mistake

Once the Italian segment of the Psyop had done the job it was designed to do a very different story emerged. Italian authorities revealed that 99 percent of those who had 'died from Covid-19' in Italy had one, two, three, or more 'co-morbidities' or illnesses and health problems that could have ended their life. The US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) published a figure of 94 percent for Americans dying of 'Covid' while having other serious medical conditions – on average two to three (some five or six) other potential causes of death. In terms of death from an unproven 'virus' I say it is 100 percent. The other one percent in Italy and six percent in the US would presumably have died from 'Covid's' flu-like symptoms with a range of other possible causes in conjunction with a test not testing for the 'virus'. Fox News reported that even more startling figures had emerged in one US county in which 410 of 422 deaths attributed to 'Covid-19' had other potentially deadly health conditions. The Italian National Health Institute said later that the average age of people dying with a 'Covid-19' diagnosis in Italy was about 81. Ninety percent were over 70 with ten percent over 90. In terms of other reasons to die some 80 percent had two or more chronic diseases with half having three or more including cardiovascular problems, diabetes, respiratory problems and cancer. Why is the phantom 'Covid-19' said to kill overwhelmingly old people and hardly affect the young? Old people continually die of many causes and especially respiratory disease which you can re-diagnose 'Covid-19' while young people die in tiny numbers by comparison and rarely of respiratory disease. Old people 'die of Covid' because they die of other things that can be redesignated 'Covid' and it really is that simple.

Flu has flown

The blueprint was in place. Get your illusory 'cases' from a test not testing for the 'virus' and redesignate other causes of death as 'Covid-19'. You have an instant 'pandemic' from something that is nothing more than a computer-generated fiction. With near-on a

billion people having 'flu-like' symptoms every year the potential was limitless and we can see why flu quickly and apparently miraculously disappeared *worldwide* by being diagnosed 'Covid-19'. The painfully bloody obvious was explained away by the childlike media in headlines like this in the UK '*Independent*': 'Not a single case of flu detected by Public Health England this year as Covid restrictions suppress virus'. I kid you not. The masking, social distancing and house arrest that did not make the 'Covid virus' disappear somehow did so with the 'flu virus'. Even worse the article, by a bloke called Samuel Lovett, suggested that maybe the masking, sanitising and other 'Covid' measures should continue to keep the flu away. With a ridiculousness that disturbs your breathing (it's 'Covid-19') the said Lovett wrote: 'With widespread social distancing and mask-wearing measures in place throughout the UK, the usual routes of transmission for influenza have been blocked.' He had absolutely no evidence to support that statement, but look at the consequences of him acknowledging the obvious. With flu not disappearing at all and only being relabelled 'Covid-19' he would have to contemplate that 'Covid' was a hoax on a scale that is hard to imagine. You need guts and commitment to truth to even go there and that's clearly something Samuel Lovett does not have in abundance. He would never have got it through the editors anyway.

Tens of thousands die in the United States alone every winter from flu including many with pneumonia complications. CDC figures record *45 million* Americans diagnosed with flu in 2017-2018 of which 61,000 died and some reports claim 80,000. Where was the same hysteria then that we have seen with 'Covid-19'? Some 250,000 Americans are admitted to hospital with pneumonia every year with about 50,000 cases proving fatal. About 65 million suffer respiratory disease every year and three million deaths makes this the third biggest cause of death worldwide. You only have to redesignate a portion of all these people 'Covid-19' and you have an instant global pandemic or the *appearance* of one. Why would doctors do this? They are told to do this and all but a few dare not refuse those who must be obeyed. Doctors in general are not researching their own

knowledge and instead take it direct and unquestioned from the authorities that own them and their careers. The authorities say they must now diagnose these symptoms 'Covid-19' and not flu, or whatever, and they do it. Dark suits say put 'Covid-19' on death certificates no matter what the cause of death and the doctors do it. Renegade Minds don't fall for the illusion that doctors and medical staff are all highly-intelligent, highly-principled, seekers of medical truth. *Some are*, but not the majority. They are repeaters, gofers, and yes sir, no sir, purveyors of what the system demands they purvey. The 'Covid' con is not merely confined to diseases of the lungs. Instructions to doctors to put 'Covid-19' on death certificates for anyone dying of *anything* within 28 days (or much more) of a positive test not testing for the 'virus' opened the floodgates. The term dying *with* 'Covid' and not *of* 'Covid' was coined to cover the truth. Whether it was a *with* or an *of* they were all added to the death numbers attributed to the 'deadly virus' compiled by national governments and globally by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins operation in the United States that was so involved in those 'pandemic' simulations. Fraudulent deaths were added to the ever-growing list of fraudulent 'cases' from false positives from a false test. No wonder Professor Walter Ricciardi, scientific advisor to the Italian minister of health, said after the Lombardy hysteria had done its job that 'Covid' death rates were due to Italy having the second oldest population in the world and to *how hospitals record deaths*:

> The way in which we code deaths in our country is very generous in the sense that all the people who die in hospitals with the coronavirus are deemed to be dying of the coronavirus. On re-evaluation by the National Institute of Health, only 12 per cent of death certificates have shown a direct causality from coronavirus, while 88 per cent of patients who have died have at least one pre-morbidity – many had two or three.

This is extraordinary enough when you consider the propaganda campaign to use Italy to terrify the world, but how can they even say twelve percent were genuine when the 'virus' has not been shown to exist, its 'code' is a computer program, and diagnosis comes from a test not testing for it? As in China, and soon the world, 'Covid-19' in

Italy was a redesignation of diagnosis. Lies and corruption were to become the real 'pandemic' fuelled by a pathetically-compliant medical system taking its orders from the tiny few at the top of their national hierarchy who answered to the World Health Organization which answers to Gates and the Cult. Doctors were told – ordered – to diagnose a particular set of symptoms 'Covid-19' and put that on the death certificate for any cause of death if the patient had tested positive with a test not testing for the virus or had 'Covid' symptoms like the flu. The United States even introduced big financial incentives to manipulate the figures with hospitals receiving £4,600 from the Medicare system for diagnosing someone with regular pneumonia, $13,000 if they made the diagnosis from the same symptoms 'Covid-19' pneumonia, and $39, 000 if they put a 'Covid' diagnosed patient on a ventilator that would almost certainly kill them. A few – painfully and pathetically few – medical whistleblowers revealed (before Cult-owned YouTube deleted their videos) that they had been instructed to 'let the patient crash' and put them straight on a ventilator instead of going through a series of far less intrusive and dangerous methods as they would have done before the pandemic hoax began and the financial incentives kicked in. We are talking cold-blooded murder given that ventilators are so damaging to respiratory systems they are usually the last step before heaven awaits. Renegade Minds never fall for the belief that people in white coats are all angels of mercy and cannot be full-on psychopaths. I have explained in detail in *The Answer* how what I am describing here played out across the world coordinated by the World Health Organization through the medical hierarchies in almost every country.

Medical scientist calls it

Information about the non-existence of the 'virus' began to emerge for me in late March, 2020, and mushroomed after that. I was sent an email by Sir Julian Rose, a writer, researcher, and organic farming promotor, from a medical scientist friend of his in the United States. Even at that early stage in March the scientist was able to explain

how the 'Covid' hoax was being manipulated. He said there were no reliable tests for a specific 'Covid-19 virus' and nor were there any reliable agencies or media outlets for reporting numbers of actual 'Covid-19' cases. We have seen in the long period since then that he was absolutely right. 'Every action and reaction to Covid-19 is based on totally flawed data and we simply cannot make accurate assessments,' he said. Most people diagnosed with 'Covid-19' were showing nothing more than cold and flu-like symptoms 'because most coronavirus strains *are* nothing more than cold/flu-like symptoms'. We had farcical situations like an 84-year-old German man testing positive for 'Covid-19' and his nursing home ordered to quarantine only for him to be found to have a common cold. The scientist described back then why PCR tests and what he called the 'Mickey Mouse test kits' were useless for what they were claimed to be identifying. 'The idea these kits can isolate a specific virus like Covid-19 is nonsense,' he said. Significantly, he pointed out that 'if you want to create a totally false panic about a totally false pandemic – pick a coronavirus'. This is exactly what the Cult-owned Gates, World Economic Forum and Johns Hopkins University did with their Event 201 'simulation' followed by their real-life simulation called the 'pandemic'. The scientist said that all you had to do was select the sickest of people with respiratory-type diseases in a single location – 'say Wuhan' – and administer PCR tests to them. You can then claim that anyone showing 'viral sequences' similar to a coronavirus 'which will inevitably be quite a few' is suffering from a 'new' disease:

> Since you already selected the sickest flu cases a fairly high proportion of your sample will go on to die. You can then say this 'new' virus has a CFR [case fatality rate] higher than the flu and use this to infuse more concern and do more tests which will of course produce more 'cases', which expands the testing, which produces yet more 'cases' and so on and so on. Before long you have your 'pandemic', and all you have done is use a simple test kit trick to convert the worst flu and pneumonia cases into something new that doesn't ACTUALLY EXIST [my emphasis].

He said that you then 'just run the same scam in other countries' and make sure to keep the fear message running high 'so that people

will feel panicky and less able to think critically'. The only problem to overcome was the fact *there is no* actual new deadly pathogen and only regular sick people. This meant that deaths from the 'new deadly pathogen' were going to be way too low for a real new deadly virus pandemic, but he said this could be overcome in the following ways – all of which would go on to happen:

1. You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent [you underpin this with fantasy 'computer projections']. Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.

2. You can [say that people] 'minimizing' the dangers are irresponsible and bully them into not talking about numbers.

3. You can talk crap about made up numbers hoping to blind people with pseudoscience.

4. You can start testing well people (who, of course, will also likely have shreds of coronavirus [RNA] in them) and thus inflate your 'case figures' with 'asymptomatic carriers' (you will of course have to spin that to sound deadly even though any virologist knows the more symptom-less cases you have the less deadly is your pathogen).

The scientist said that if you take these simple steps 'you can have your own entirely manufactured pandemic up and running in weeks'. His analysis made so early in the hoax was brilliantly prophetic of what would actually unfold. Pulling all the information together in these recent chapters we have this is simple 1, 2, 3, of how you can delude virtually the entire human population into believing in a 'virus' that doesn't exist:

- A 'Covid case' is someone who tests positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.

- A 'Covid death' is someone who dies of *any cause* within 28 days (or much longer) of testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus.

- Asymptomatic means there is nothing wrong with you, but they claim you can pass on what you don't have to justify locking

down (quarantining) healthy people in totality.

The foundations of the hoax are that simple. A study involving ten million people in Wuhan, published in November, 2020, demolished the whole lie about those without symptoms passing on the 'virus'. They found '300 asymptomatic cases' and traced their contacts to find that not one of them was detected with the 'virus'. 'Asymptomatic' patients and their contacts were isolated for no less than two weeks and nothing changed. I know it's all crap, but if you are going to claim that those without symptoms can transmit 'the virus' then you must produce evidence for that and they never have. Even World Health Organization official Dr Maria Van Kerkhove, head of the emerging diseases and zoonosis unit, said as early as June, 2020, that she doubted the validity of asymptomatic transmission. She said that 'from the data we have, it still seems to be rare that an asymptomatic person actually transmits onward to a secondary individual' and by 'rare' she meant that she couldn't cite any case of asymptomatic transmission.

The Ferguson factor

The problem for the Cult as it headed into March, 2020, when the script had lockdown due to start, was that despite all the manipulation of the case and death figures they still did not have enough people alleged to have died from 'Covid' to justify mass house arrest. This was overcome in the way the scientist described: 'You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent … Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.' Enter one Professor Neil Ferguson, the Gates-funded 'epidemiologist' at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London. Ferguson is Britain's Christian Drosten in that he has a dire record of predicting health outcomes, but is still called upon to advise government on the next health outcome when another 'crisis' comes along. This may seem to be a strange and ridiculous thing to do. Why would you keep turning for policy guidance to people who have a history of being

monumentally wrong? Ah, but it makes sense from the Cult point of view. These 'experts' keep on producing predictions that suit the Cult agenda for societal transformation and so it was with Neil Ferguson as he revealed his horrific (and clearly insane) computer model predictions that allowed lockdowns to be imposed in Britain, the United States and many other countries. Ferguson does not have even an A-level in biology and would appear to have no formal training in computer modelling, medicine or epidemiology, according to Derek Winton, an MSc in Computational Intelligence. He wrote an article somewhat aghast at what Ferguson did which included taking no account of respiratory disease 'seasonality' which means it is far worse in the winter months. Who would have thought that respiratory disease could be worse in the winter? Well, certainly not Ferguson.

The massively China-connected Imperial College and its bizarre professor provided the excuse for the long-incubated Chinese model of human control to travel westward at lightning speed. Imperial College confirms on its website that it collaborates with the Chinese Research Institute; publishes more than 600 research papers every year with Chinese research institutions; has 225 Chinese staff; 2,600 Chinese students – the biggest international group; 7,000 former students living in China which is the largest group outside the UK; and was selected for a tour by China's President Xi Jinping during his state visit to the UK in 2015. The college takes major donations from China and describes itself as the UK's number one university collaborator with Chinese research institutions. The China communist/fascist government did not appear phased by the woeful predictions of Ferguson and Imperial when during the lockdown that Ferguson induced the college signed a five-year collaboration deal with China tech giant Huawei that will have Huawei's indoor 5G network equipment installed at the college's West London tech campus along with an 'AI cloud platform'. The deal includes Chinese sponsorship of Imperial's Venture Catalyst entrepreneurship competition. Imperial is an example of the enormous influence the Chinese government has within British and North American

universities and research centres – and further afield. Up to 200 academics from more than a dozen UK universities are being investigated on suspicion of 'unintentionally' helping the Chinese government build weapons of mass destruction by 'transferring world-leading research in advanced military technology such as aircraft, missile designs and cyberweapons'. Similar scandals have broken in the United States, but it's all a coincidence. Imperial College serves the agenda in many other ways including the promotion of every aspect of the United Nations Agenda 21/2030 (the Great Reset) and produced computer models to show that human-caused 'climate change' is happening when in the real world it isn't. Imperial College is driving the climate agenda as it drives the 'Covid' agenda (both Cult hoaxes) while Patrick Vallance, the UK government's Chief Scientific Adviser on 'Covid', was named Chief Scientific Adviser to the UN 'climate change' conference known as COP26 hosted by the government in Glasgow, Scotland. 'Covid' and 'climate' are fundamentally connected.

Professor Woeful

From Imperial's bosom came Neil Ferguson still advising government despite his previous disasters and it was announced early on that he and other key people like UK Chief Medical Adviser Chris Whitty had caught the 'virus' as the propaganda story was being sold. Somehow they managed to survive and we had Prime Minister Boris Johnson admitted to hospital with what was said to be a severe version of the 'virus' in this same period. His whole policy and demeanour changed when he returned to Downing Street. It's a small world with these government advisors – especially in their communal connections to Gates – and Ferguson had partnered with Whitty to write a paper called 'Infectious disease: Tough choices to reduce Ebola transmission' which involved another scare-story that didn't happen. Ferguson's 'models' predicted that up to150, 000 could die from 'mad cow disease', or BSE, and its version in sheep if it was transmitted to humans. BSE was not transmitted and instead triggered by an organophosphate pesticide used to treat a pest on

cows. Fewer than 200 deaths followed from the human form. Models by Ferguson and his fellow incompetents led to the unnecessary culling of millions of pigs, cattle and sheep in the foot and mouth outbreak in 2001 which destroyed the lives and livelihoods of farmers and their families who had often spent decades building their herds and flocks. Vast numbers of these animals did not have foot and mouth and had no contact with the infection. Another 'expert' behind the cull was Professor Roy Anderson, a computer modeller at Imperial College specialising in the epidemiology of *human*, not animal, disease. Anderson has served on the Bill and Melinda Gates Grand Challenges in Global Health advisory board and chairs another Gates-funded organisation. Gates is everywhere.

In a precursor to the 'Covid' script Ferguson backed closing schools 'for prolonged periods' over the swine flu 'pandemic' in 2009 and said it would affect a third of the world population if it continued to spread at the speed he claimed to be happening. His mates at Imperial College said much the same and a news report said: 'One of the authors, the epidemiologist and disease modeller Neil Ferguson, who sits on the World Health Organisation's emergency committee for the outbreak, said the virus had "full pandemic potential".' Professor Liam Donaldson, the Chris Whitty of his day as Chief Medical Officer, said the worst case could see 30 percent of the British people infected by swine flu with 65,000 dying. Ferguson and Donaldson were indeed proved correct when at the end of the year the number of deaths attributed to swine flu was 392. The term 'expert' is rather liberally applied unfortunately, not least to complete idiots. Swine flu 'projections' were great for GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) as millions rolled in for its Pandemrix influenza vaccine which led to brain damage with children most affected. The British government (taxpayers) paid out more than £60 million in compensation after GSK was given immunity from prosecution. Yet another 'Covid' déjà vu. Swine flu was supposed to have broken out in Mexico, but Dr Wolfgang Wodarg, a German doctor, former member of parliament and critic of the 'Covid' hoax, observed 'the spread of swine flu' in Mexico City at the time. He

said: 'What we experienced in Mexico City was a very mild flu which did not kill more than usual – which killed even fewer people than usual.' Hyping the fear against all the facts is not unique to 'Covid' and has happened many times before. Ferguson is reported to have over-estimated the projected death toll of bird flu (H5N1) by some three million-fold, but bird flu vaccine makers again made a killing from the scare. This is some of the background to the Neil Ferguson who produced the perfectly-timed computer models in early 2020 predicting that half a million people would die in Britain without draconian lockdown and 2.2 million in the United States. Politicians panicked, people panicked, and lockdowns of alleged short duration were instigated to 'flatten the curve' of cases gleaned from a test not testing for the 'virus'. I said at the time that the public could forget the 'short duration' bit. This was an agenda to destroy the livelihoods of the population and force them into mass control through dependency and there was going to be nothing 'short' about it. American researcher Daniel Horowitz described the consequences of the 'models' spewed out by Gates-funded Ferguson and Imperial College:

> What led our government and the governments of many other countries into panic was a single Imperial College of UK study, funded by global warming activists, that predicted 2.2 million deaths if we didn't lock down the country. In addition, the reported 8-9% death rate in Italy scared us into thinking there was some other mutation of this virus that they got, which might have come here.
>
> Together with the fact that we were finally testing and had the ability to actually report new cases, we thought we were headed for a death spiral. But again … we can't flatten a curve if we don't know when the curve started.

How about it *never* started?

Giving them what they want

An investigation by German news outlet *Welt Am Sonntag (World on Sunday)* revealed how in March, 2020, the German government gathered together 'leading scientists from several research institutes and universities' and 'together, they were to produce a [modelling]

paper that would serve as legitimization for further tough political measures'. The Cult agenda was justified by computer modelling not based on evidence or reality; it was specifically constructed to justify the Cult demand for lockdowns all over the world to destroy the independent livelihoods of the global population. All these modellers and everyone responsible for the 'Covid' hoax have a date with a trial like those in Nuremberg after World War Two when Nazis faced the consequences of their war crimes. These corrupt-beyond-belief 'modellers' wrote the paper according to government instructions and it said that that if lockdown measures were lifted then up to one million Germans would die from 'Covid-19' adding that some would die 'agonizingly at home, gasping for breath' unable to be treated by hospitals that couldn't cope. All lies. No matter – it gave the Cult all that it wanted. What did long-time government 'modeller' Neil Ferguson say? If the UK and the United States didn't lockdown half a million would die in Britain and 2.2 million Americans. Anyone see a theme here? 'Modellers' are such a crucial part of the lockdown strategy that we should look into their background and follow the money. Researcher Rosemary Frei produced an excellent article headlined 'The Modelling-paper Mafiosi'. She highlights a guy called John Edmunds, a British epidemiologist, and professor in the Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health at the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine. He studied at Imperial College. Edmunds is a member of government 'Covid' advisory bodies which have been dictating policy, the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group (NERVTAG) and the Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE).

Ferguson, another member of NERVTAG and SAGE, led the way with the original 'virus' and Edmunds has followed in the 'variant' stage and especially the so-called UK or Kent variant known as the 'Variant of Concern' (VOC) B.1.1.7. He said in a co-written report for the Centre for Mathematical modelling of Infectious Diseases at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, with input from the Centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group, that there was 'a realistic

possibility that VOC B.1.1.7 is associated with an increased risk of death compared to non-VOC viruses'. Fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine, fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine. Rosemary Frei reveals that almost all the paper's authors and members of the modelling centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group receive funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and/or the associated Gates-funded Wellcome Trust. The paper was published by e-journal *Medr χiv* which only publishes papers not peer-reviewed and the journal was established by an organisation headed by Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg and his missus. What a small world it is. Frei discovered that Edmunds is on the Scientific Advisory Board of the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI) which was established by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Klaus Schwab's Davos World Economic Forum and Big Pharma giant Wellcome. CEPI was 'launched in Davos [in 2017] to develop vaccines to stop future epidemics', according to its website. 'Our mission is to accelerate the development of vaccines against emerging infectious diseases and enable equitable access to these vaccines for people during outbreaks.' What kind people they are. Rosemary Frei reveals that Public Health England (PHE) director Susan Hopkins is an author of her organisation's non-peer-reviewed reports on 'new variants'. Hopkins is a professor of infectious diseases at London's Imperial College which is gifted tens of millions of dollars a year by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Gates-funded modelling disaster Neil Ferguson also co-authors Public Health England reports and he spoke in December, 2020, about the potential danger of the B.1.1.7. 'UK variant' promoted by Gates-funded modeller John Edmunds. When I come to the 'Covid vaccines' the 'new variants' will be shown for what they are – bollocks.

Connections, connections

All these people and modellers are lockdown-obsessed or, put another way, they demand what the Cult demands. Edmunds said in January, 2021, that to ease lockdowns too soon would be a disaster and they had to 'vaccinate much, much, much more widely than the

elderly'. Rosemary Frei highlights that Edmunds is married to Jeanne Pimenta who is described in a LinkedIn profile as director of epidemiology at GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) and she held shares in the company. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of GSK and has a deferred bonus of shares in the company worth £600,000. GSK has serious business connections with Bill Gates and is collaborating with mRNA-'vaccine' company CureVac to make 'vaccines' for the new variants that Edmunds is talking about. GSK is planning a 'Covid vaccine' with drug giant Sanofi. Puppet Prime Minister Boris Johnson announced in the spring of 2021 that up to 60 million vaccine doses were to be made at the GSK facility at Barnard Castle in the English North East. Barnard Castle, with a population of just 6,000, was famously visited in breach of lockdown rules in April, 2020, by Johnson aide Dominic Cummings who said that he drove there 'to test his eyesight' before driving back to London. Cummings would be better advised to test his integrity – not that it would take long. The GSK facility had nothing to do with his visit then although I'm sure Patrick Vallance would have been happy to arrange an introduction and some tea and biscuits. Ruthless psychopath Gates has made yet another fortune from vaccines in collaboration with Big Pharma companies and gushes at the phenomenal profits to be made from vaccines – more than a 20-to-1 return as he told one interviewer. Gates also tweeted in December, 2019, with the foreknowledge of what was coming: 'What's next for our foundation? I'm particularly excited about what the next year could mean for one of the best buys in global health: vaccines.'

Modeller John Edmunds is a big promotor of vaccines as all these people appear to be. He's the dean of the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine's Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health which is primarily funded by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the Gates-established and funded GAVI vaccine alliance which is the Gates vehicle to vaccinate the world. The organisation Doctors Without Borders has described GAVI as being 'aimed more at supporting drug-industry desires to promote new

products than at finding the most efficient and sustainable means for fighting the diseases of poverty'. But then that's why the psychopath Gates created it. John Edmunds said in a video that the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine is involved in every aspect of vaccine development including large-scale clinical trials. He contends that mathematical modelling can show that vaccines protect individuals and society. That's on the basis of shit in and shit out, I take it. Edmunds serves on the UK Vaccine Network as does Ferguson and the government's foremost 'Covid' adviser, the grim-faced, dark-eyed Chris Whitty. The Vaccine Network says it works 'to support the government to identify and shortlist targeted investment opportunities for the most promising vaccines and vaccine technologies that will help combat infectious diseases with epidemic potential, and to address structural issues related to the UK's broader vaccine infrastructure'. Ferguson is acting Director of the Imperial College Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium which has funding from the Bill and Melina Gates Foundation and the Gates-created GAVI 'vaccine alliance'. Anyone wonder why these characters see vaccines as the answer to every problem? Ferguson is wildly enthusiastic in his support for GAVI's campaign to vaccine children en masse in poor countries. You would expect someone like Gates who has constantly talked about the need to reduce the population to want to fund vaccines to keep more people alive. I'm sure that's why he does it. The John Edmunds London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine (LSHTM) has a Vaccines Manufacturing Innovation Centre which develops, tests and commercialises vaccines. Rosemary Frei writes:

> The vaccines centre also performs affiliated activities like combating 'vaccine hesitancy'. The latter includes the Vaccine Confidence Project. The project's stated purpose is, among other things, 'to provide analysis and guidance for early response and engagement with the public to ensure sustained confidence in vaccines and immunisation'. The Vaccine Confidence Project's director is LSHTM professor Heidi Larson. For more than a decade she's been researching how to combat vaccine hesitancy.

How the bloody hell can blokes like John Edmunds and Neil Ferguson with those connections and financial ties model 'virus' case

and death projections for the government and especially in a way that gives their paymasters like Gates exactly what they want? It's insane, but this is what you find throughout the world.

'Covid' is not dangerous, oops, wait, yes it is

Only days before Ferguson's nightmare scenario made Jackboot Johnson take Britain into a China-style lockdown to save us from a deadly 'virus' the UK government website gov.uk was reporting something very different to Ferguson on a page of official government guidance for 'high consequence infectious diseases (HCID)'. It said this about 'Covid-19':

> As of 19 March 2020, COVID-19 *is no longer considered to be a high consequence infectious diseases (HCID) in the UK* [my emphasis]. The 4 nations public health HCID group made an interim recommendation in January 2020 to classify COVID-19 as an HCID. This was based on consideration of the UK HCID criteria about the virus and the disease with information available during the early stages of the outbreak.
>
> Now that more is known about COVID-19, the public health bodies in the UK have reviewed the most up to date information about COVID-19 against the UK HCID criteria. They have determined that several features have now changed; in particular, more information is available about mortality rates (low overall), and there is now greater clinical awareness and a specific and sensitive laboratory test, the availability of which continues to increase. The Advisory Committee on Dangerous Pathogens (ACDP) is also of the opinion that COVID-19 should no longer be classified as an HCID.

Soon after the government had been exposed for downgrading the risk they upgraded it again and everyone was back to singing from the same Cult hymn book. Ferguson and his fellow Gates clones indicated that lockdowns and restrictions would have to continue until a Gates-funded vaccine was developed. Gates said the same because Ferguson and his like were repeating the Gates script which is the Cult script. 'Flatten the curve' became an ongoing nightmare of continuing lockdowns with periods in between of severe restrictions in pursuit of destroying independent incomes and had nothing to do with protecting health about which the Cult gives not a shit. Why wouldn't Ferguson be pushing a vaccine 'solution' when he's owned by vaccine-obsessive Gates who makes a fortune from them and

when Ferguson heads the Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium at Imperial College funded by the Gates Foundation and GAVI, the 'vaccine alliance', created by Gates as his personal vaccine promotion operation? To compound the human catastrophe that Ferguson's 'models' did so much to create he was later exposed for breaking his own lockdown rules by having sexual liaisons with his married girlfriend Antonia Staats at his home while she was living at another location with her husband and children. Staats was a 'climate' activist and senior campaigner at the Soros-funded Avaaz which I wouldn't trust to tell me that grass is green. Ferguson had to resign as a government advisor over this hypocrisy in May, 2020, but after a period of quiet he was back being quoted by the ridiculous media on the need for more lockdowns and a vaccine rollout. Other government-advising 'scientists' from Imperial College' held the fort in his absence and said lockdown could be indefinite until a vaccine was found. The Cult script was being sung by the payrolled choir. I said there was no intention of going back to 'normal' when the 'vaccine' came because the 'vaccine' is part of a very different agenda that I will discuss in Human 2.0. Why would the Cult want to let the world go back to normal when destroying that normal forever was the whole point of what was happening? House arrest, closing businesses and schools through lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks all followed the Ferguson fantasy models. Again as I predicted (these people are so predictable) when the 'vaccine' arrived we were told that house arrest, lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks would still have to continue. I will deal with the masks in the next chapter because they are of fundamental importance.

Where's the 'pandemic'?

Any mildly in-depth assessment of the figures revealed what was really going on. Cult-funded and controlled organisations still have genuine people working within them such is the number involved. So it is with Genevieve Briand, assistant program director of the Applied Economics master's degree program at Johns Hopkins

University. She analysed the impact that 'Covid-19' had on deaths from *all* causes in the United States using official data from the CDC for the period from early February to early September, 2020. She found that allegedly 'Covid' *related*-deaths exceeded those from heart disease which she found strange with heart disease always the biggest cause of fatalities. Her research became even more significant when she noted the sudden decline in 2020 of *all* non-'Covid' deaths: 'This trend is completely contrary to the pattern observed in all previous years … the total decrease in deaths by other causes almost exactly equals the increase in deaths by Covid-19.' This was such a game, set and match in terms of what was happening that Johns Hopkins University deleted the article on the grounds that it 'was being used to support false and dangerous inaccuracies about the impact of the pandemic'. No – because it exposed the scam from official CDC figures and this was confirmed when those figures were published in January, 2021. Here we can see the effect of people dying from heart attacks, cancer, road accidents and gunshot wounds – *anything* – having 'Covid-19' on the death certificate along with those diagnosed from 'symptoms' who had even not tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I am not kidding with the gunshot wounds, by the way. Brenda Bock, coroner in Grand County, Colorado, revealed that two gunshot victims tested positive for the 'virus' within the previous 30 days and were therefore classified as 'Covid deaths'. Bock said: 'These two people had tested positive for Covid, but that's not what killed them. A gunshot wound is what killed them.' She said she had not even finished her investigation when the state listed the gunshot victims as deaths due to the 'virus'. The death and case figures for 'Covid-19' are an absolute joke and yet they are repeated like parrots by the media, politicians and alleged medical 'experts'. The official Cult narrative is the only show in town.

Genevieve Briand found that deaths from all causes were not exceptional in 2020 compared with previous years and a Spanish magazine published figures that said the same about Spain which was a 'Covid' propaganda hotspot at one point. *Discovery Salud*, a

health and medicine magazine, quoted government figures which showed how 17,000 *fewer* people died in Spain in 2020 than in 2019 and more than 26,000 fewer than in 2018. The age-standardised mortality rate for England and Wales when age distribution is taken into account was significantly lower in 2020 than the 1970s, 80s and 90s, and was only the ninth highest since 2000. Where is the 'pandemic'?

Post mortems and autopsies virtually disappeared for 'Covid' deaths amid claims that 'virus-infected' bodily fluids posed a risk to those carrying out the autopsy. This was rejected by renowned German pathologist and forensic doctor Klaus Püschel who said that he and his staff had by then done 150 autopsies on 'Covid' patients with no problems at all. He said they were needed to know why some 'Covid' patients suffered blood clots and not severe respiratory infections. The 'virus' is, after all, called SARS or 'severe acute respiratory syndrome'. I highlighted in the spring of 2020 this phenomenon and quoted New York intensive care doctor Cameron Kyle-Sidell who posted a soon deleted YouTube video to say that they had been told to prepare to treat an infectious disease called 'Covid-19', but that was not what they were dealing with. Instead he likened the lung condition of the most severely ill patients to what you would expect with cabin depressurisation in a plane at 30,000 feet or someone dropped on the top of Everest without oxygen or acclimatisation. I have never said this is not happening to a small minority of alleged 'Covid' patients – I am saying this is not caused by a phantom 'contagious virus'. Indeed Kyle-Sidell said that 'Covid-19' was not the disease they were told was coming their way. 'We are operating under a medical paradigm that is untrue,' he said, and he believed they were treating the wrong disease: 'These people are being slowly starved of oxygen.' Patients would take off their oxygen masks in a state of fear and stress and while they were blue in the face on the brink of death. They did not look like patients dying of pneumonia. You can see why they don't want autopsies when their virus doesn't exist and there is another condition in some people that they don't wish to be uncovered. I should add here that

the 5G system of millimetre waves was being rapidly introduced around the world in 2020 and even more so now as they fire 5G at the Earth from satellites. At 60 gigahertz within the 5G range that frequency interacts with the oxygen molecule and stops people breathing in sufficient oxygen to be absorbed into the bloodstream. They are installing 5G in schools and hospitals. The world is not mad or anything. 5G can cause major changes to the lungs and blood as I detail in *The Answer* and these consequences are labelled 'Covid-19', the alleged symptoms of which can be caused by 5G and other electromagnetic frequencies as cells respond to radiation poisoning.

The 'Covid death' scam

Dr Scott Jensen, a Minnesota state senator and medical doctor, exposed 'Covid' Medicare payment incentives to hospitals and death certificate manipulation. He said he was sent a seven-page document by the US Department of Health 'coaching' him on how to fill out death certificates which had never happened before. The document said that he didn't need to have a laboratory test for 'Covid-19' to put that on the death certificate and that shocked him when death certificates are supposed to be about facts. Jensen described how doctors had been 'encouraged, if not pressured' to make a diagnosis of 'Covid-19' if they thought it was probable or *'presumed*'. No positive test was necessary – not that this would have mattered anyway. He said doctors were told to diagnose 'Covid' by symptoms when these were the same as colds, allergies, other respiratory problems, and certainly with influenza which 'disappeared' in the 'Covid' era. A common sniffle was enough to get the dreaded verdict. Ontario authorities decreed that a single care home resident with *one* symptom from a long list must lead to the isolation of the entire home. Other courageous doctors like Jensen made the same point about death figure manipulation and how deaths by other causes were falling while 'Covid-19 deaths' were rising at the same rate due to re-diagnosis. Their videos rarely survive long on YouTube with its Cult-supporting algorithms courtesy of CEO Susan Wojcicki and her bosses at Google. Figure-tampering was so glaring

and ubiquitous that even officials were letting it slip or outright saying it. UK chief scientific adviser Patrick Vallance said on one occasion that 'Covid' on the death certificate doesn't mean 'Covid' was the cause of death (so why the hell is it there?) and we had the rare sight of a BBC reporter telling the truth when she said: 'Someone could be successfully treated for Covid, in say April, discharged, and then in June, get run over by a bus and die … That person would still be counted as a Covid death in England.' Yet the BBC and the rest of the world media went on repeating the case and death figures as if they were real. Illinois Public Health Director Dr Ngozi Ezike revealed the deceit while her bosses must have been clenching their buttocks:

> If you were in a hospice and given a few weeks to live and you were then found to have Covid that would be counted as a Covid death. [There might be] a clear alternate cause, but it is still listed as a Covid death. So everyone listed as a Covid death doesn't mean that was the cause of the death, but that they had Covid at the time of death.

Yes, a 'Covid virus' never shown to exist and tested for with a test not testing for the 'virus'. In the first period of the pandemic hoax through the spring of 2020 the process began of designating almost everything a 'Covid' death and this has continued ever since. I sat in a restaurant one night listening to a loud conversation on the next table where a family was discussing in bewilderment how a relative who had no symptoms of 'Covid', and had died of a long-term problem, could have been diagnosed a death by the 'virus'. I could understand their bewilderment. If they read this book they will know why this medical fraud has been perpetrated the world over.

Some media truth shock

The media ignored the evidence of death certificate fraud until eventually one columnist did speak out when she saw it first-hand. Bel Mooney is a long-time national newspaper journalist in Britain currently working for the *Daily Mail*. Her article on February 19th, 2021, carried this headline: 'My dad Ted passed three Covid tests

and died of a chronic illness yet he's officially one of Britain's 120,000 victims of the virus and is far from alone ... so how many more are there?' She told how her 99-year-old father was in a care home with a long-standing chronic obstructive pulmonary disease and vascular dementia. Maybe, but he was still aware enough to tell her from the start that there was no 'virus' and he refused the 'vaccine' for that reason. His death was not unexpected given his chronic health problems and Mooney said she was shocked to find that 'Covid-19' was declared the cause of death on his death certificate. She said this was a 'bizarre and unacceptable untruth' for a man with long-time health problems who had tested negative twice at the home for the 'virus'. I was also shocked by this story although not by what she said. I had been highlighting the death certificate manipulation for ten months. It was the confirmation that a professional full-time journalist only realised this was going on when it affected her directly and neither did she know that whether her dad tested positive or negative was irrelevant with the test not testing for the 'virus'. Where had she been? She said she did not believe in 'conspiracy theories' without knowing I'm sure that this and 'conspiracy theorists' were terms put into widespread circulation by the CIA in the 1960s to discredit those who did not accept the ridiculous official story of the Kennedy assassination. A blanket statement of 'I don't believe in conspiracy theories' is always bizarre. The dictionary definition of the term alone means the world is drowning in conspiracies. What she said was even more daft when her dad had just been affected by the 'Covid' conspiracy. Why else does she think that 'Covid-19' was going on the death certificates of people who died of something else?

To be fair once she saw from personal experience what was happening she didn't mince words. Mooney was called by the care home on the morning of February 9th to be told her father had died in his sleep. When she asked for the official cause of death what came back was 'Covid-19'. Mooney challenged this and was told there had been deaths from Covid on the dementia floor (confirmed by a test not testing for the 'virus') so they considered it 'reasonable

to assume'. 'But doctor,' Mooney rightly protested, 'an assumption isn't a diagnosis.' She said she didn't blame the perfectly decent and sympathetic doctor – 'he was just doing his job'. Sorry, but that's *bullshit*. He wasn't doing his job at all. He was putting a false cause of death on the death certificate and that is a criminal offence for which he should be brought to account and the same with the millions of doctors worldwide who have done the same. They were not doing their job they were following orders and that must not wash at new Nuremberg trials any more than it did at the first ones. Mooney's doctor was 'assuming' (presuming) as he was told to, but 'just following orders' makes no difference to his actions. A doctor's job is to serve the patient and the truth, not follow orders, but that's what they have done all over the world and played a central part in making the 'Covid' hoax possible with all its catastrophic consequences for humanity. Shame on them and they must answer for their actions. Mooney said her disquiet worsened when she registered her father's death by telephone and was told by the registrar there had been very many other cases like hers where 'the deceased' had not tested positive for 'Covid' yet it was recorded as the cause of death. The test may not matter, but those involved at their level *think* it matters and it shows a callous disregard for accurate diagnosis. The pressure to do this is coming from the top of the national 'health' pyramids which in turn obey the World Health Organization which obeys Gates and the Cult. Mooney said the registrar agreed that this must distort the national figures adding that 'the strangest thing is that every winter we record countless deaths from flu, and this winter there have been none. Not one!' She asked if the registrar thought deaths from flu were being misdiagnosed and lumped together with 'Covid' deaths. The answer was a 'puzzled yes'. Mooney said that the funeral director said the same about 'Covid' deaths which had nothing to do with 'Covid'. They had lost count of the number of families upset by this and other funeral companies in different countries have had the same experience. Mooney wrote:

The nightly shroud-waving and shocking close-ups of pain imposed on us by the TV news bewildered and terrified the population into eager compliance with lockdowns. We were invited to 'save the NHS' and to grieve for strangers – the real-life loved ones behind those shocking death counts. Why would the public imagine what I now fear, namely that the way Covid-19 death statistics are compiled might make the numbers seem greater than they are?

Oh, just a little bit – like 100 percent.

Do the maths

Mooney asked why a country would wish to skew its mortality figures by wrongly certifying deaths? What had been going on? Well, if you don't believe in conspiracies you will never find the answer which is that *it's a conspiracy*. She did, however, describe what she had discovered as a 'national scandal'. In reality it's a global scandal and happening everywhere. Pillars of this conspiracy were all put into place before the button was pressed with the Drosten PCR protocol and high amplifications to produce the cases and death certificate changes to secure illusory 'Covid' deaths. Mooney notes that normally two doctors were needed to certify a death, with one having to know the patient, and how the rules were changed in the spring of 2020 to allow one doctor to do this. In the same period 'Covid deaths' were decreed to be all cases where Covid-19 was put on the death certificate even without a positive test or any symptoms. Mooney asked: 'How many of the 30,851 (as of January 15) care home resident deaths with Covid-19 on the certificate (32.4 per cent of all deaths so far) were based on an assumption, like that of my father? And what has that done to our national psyche?'All of them is the answer to the first question and it has devastated and dismantled the national psyche, actually the global psyche, on a colossal scale. In the UK case and death data is compiled by organisations like Public Health England (PHE) and the Office for National Statistics (ONS). Mooney highlights the insane policy of counting a death from any cause as 'Covid-19' if this happens within 28 days of a positive test (with a test not testing for the 'virus') and she points out that ONS statistics reflect deaths 'involving Covid' 'or due to Covid' which meant in practice any

death where 'Covid-19' was mentioned on the death certificate. She described the consequences of this fraud:

> Most people will accept the narrative they are fed, so panicky governments here and in Europe witnessed the harsh measures enacted in totalitarian China and jumped into lockdown. Headlines about Covid deaths tolled like the knell that would bring doomsday to us all. Fear stalked our empty streets. Politicians parroted the frankly ridiculous aim of 'zero Covid' and shut down the economy, while most British people agreed that lockdown was essential and (astonishingly to me, as a patriotic Brit) even wanted more restrictions.
>
> For what? Lies on death certificates? Never mind the grim toll of lives ruined, suicides, schools closed, rising inequality, depression, cancelled hospital treatments, cancer patients in a torture of waiting, poverty, economic devastation, loneliness, families kept apart, and so on. How many lives have been lost as a direct result of lockdown?

She said that we could join in a national chorus of shock and horror at reaching the 120,000 death toll which was surely certain to have been totally skewed all along, but what about the human cost of lockdown justified by these 'death figures'? *The British Medical Journal* had reported a 1,493 percent increase in cases of children taken to Great Ormond Street Hospital with abusive head injuries alone and then there was the effect on families:

> Perhaps the most shocking thing about all this is that families have been kept apart – and obeyed the most irrational, changing rules at the whim of government – because they believed in the statistics. They succumbed to fear, which his generation rejected in that war fought for freedom. Dad (God rest his soul) would be angry. And so am I.

Another theme to watch is that in the winter months when there are more deaths from all causes they focus on 'Covid' deaths and in the summer when the British Lung Foundation says respiratory disease plummets by 80 percent they rage on about 'cases'. Either way fascism on population is always the answer.

Nazi eugenics in the 21st century

Elderly people in care homes have been isolated from their families month after lonely month with no contact with relatives and grandchildren who were banned from seeing them. We were told

that lockdown fascism was to 'protect the vulnerable' like elderly people. At the same time Do Not Resuscitate (DNR) orders were placed on their medical files so that if they needed resuscitation it wasn't done and 'Covid-19' went on their death certificates. Old people were not being 'protected' they were being culled – murdered in truth. DNR orders were being decreed for disabled and young people with learning difficulties or psychological problems. The UK Care Quality Commission, a non-departmental body of the Department of Health and Social Care, found that 34 percent of those working in health and social care were pressured into placing 'do not attempt cardiopulmonary resuscitation' orders on 'Covid' patients who suffered from disabilities and learning difficulties without involving the patient or their families in the decision. UK judges ruled that an elderly woman with dementia should have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine' against her son's wishes and that a man with severe learning difficulties should have the jab despite his family's objections. Never mind that many had already died. The judiciary always supports doctors and government in fascist dictatorships. They wouldn't dare do otherwise. A horrific video was posted showing fascist officers from Los Angeles police forcibly giving the 'Covid' shot to women with special needs who were screaming that they didn't want it. The same fascists are seen giving the jab to a sleeping elderly woman in a care home. This is straight out of the Nazi playbook. Hitler's Nazis committed mass murder of the mentally ill and physically disabled throughout Germany and occupied territories in the programme that became known as Aktion T4, or just T4. Sabbatian-controlled Hitler and his grotesque crazies set out to kill those they considered useless and unnecessary. The Reich Committee for the Scientific Registering of Hereditary and Congenital Illnesses registered the births of babies identified by physicians to have 'defects'. By 1941 alone more than 5,000 children were murdered by the state and it is estimated that in total the number of innocent people killed in Aktion T4 was between 275,000 and 300,000. Parents were told their children had been sent away for 'special treatment' never to return. It is rather pathetic to see claims about plans for new extermination camps being dismissed today

when the same force behind current events did precisely that 80 years ago. Margaret Sanger was a Cult operative who used 'birth control' to sanitise her programme of eugenics. Organisations she founded became what is now Planned Parenthood. Sanger proposed that 'the whole dysgenic population would have its choice of segregation or sterilization'. These included epileptics, 'feeble-minded', and prostitutes. Sanger opposed charity because it perpetuated 'human waste'. She reveals the Cult mentality and if anyone thinks that extermination camps are a 'conspiracy theory' their naivety is touching if breathtakingly stupid.

If you don't believe that doctors can act with callous disregard for their patients it is worth considering that doctors and medical staff agreed to put government-decreed DNR orders on medical files and do nothing when resuscitation is called for. I don't know what you call such people in your house. In mine they are Nazis from the Josef Mengele School of Medicine. Phenomenal numbers of old people have died worldwide from the effects of lockdown, depression, lack of treatment, the 'vaccine' (more later) and losing the will to live. A common response at the start of the manufactured pandemic was to remove old people from hospital beds and transfer them to nursing homes. The decision would result in a mass cull of elderly people in those homes through lack of treatment – *not* 'Covid'. Care home whistleblowers have told how once the 'Covid' era began doctors would not come to their homes to treat patients and they were begging for drugs like antibiotics that often never came. The most infamous example was ordered by New York governor Andrew Cuomo, brother of a moronic CNN host, who amazingly was given an Emmy Award for his handling of the 'Covid crisis' by the ridiculous Wokers that hand them out. Just how ridiculous could be seen in February, 2021, when a Department of Justice and FBI investigation began into how thousands of old people in New York died in nursing homes after being discharged from hospital to make way for 'Covid' patients on Cuomo's say-so – and how he and his staff covered up these facts. This couldn't have happened to a nicer psychopath. Even then there was a 'Covid' spin. Reports said that

thousands of old people who tested positive for 'Covid' in hospital were transferred to nursing homes to both die of 'Covid' and transmit it to others. No – they were in hospital because they were ill and the fact that they tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' is irrelevant. They were ill often with respiratory diseases ubiquitous in old people near the end of their lives. Their transfer out of hospital meant that their treatment stopped and many would go on to die.

They're old. Who gives a damn?

I have exposed in the books for decades the Cult plan to cull the world's old people and even to introduce at some point what they call a 'demise pill' which at a certain age everyone would take and be out of here by law. In March, 2021, Spain legalised euthanasia and assisted suicide following the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and Canada on the Tiptoe to the demise pill. Treatment of old people by many 'care' homes has been a disgrace in the 'Covid' era. There are many, many, caring staff – I know some. There have, however, been legions of stories about callous treatment of old people and their families. Police were called when families came to take their loved ones home in the light of isolation that was killing them. They became prisoners of the state. Care home residents in insane, fascist Ontario, Canada, were not allowed to leave their *room* once the 'Covid' hoax began. UK staff have even wheeled elderly people away from windows where family members were talking with them. Oriana Criscuolo from Stockport in the English North West dropped off some things for her 80-year-old father who has Parkinson's disease and dementia and she wanted to wave to him through a ground-floor window. She was told that was 'illegal'. When she went anyway they closed the curtains in the middle of the day. Oriana said:

> It's just unbelievable. I cannot understand how care home staff – people who are being paid to care – have become so uncaring. Their behaviour is inhumane and cruel. It's beyond belief.

She was right and this was not a one-off. What a way to end your life in such loveless circumstances. UK registered nurse Nicky Millen, a proper old school nurse for 40 years, said that when she started her career care was based on dignity, choice, compassion and empathy. Now she said 'the things that are important to me have gone out of the window.' She was appalled that people were dying without their loved ones and saying goodbye on iPads. Nicky described how a distressed 89-year-old lady stroked her face and asked her 'how many paracetamol would it take to finish me off'. Life was no longer worth living while not seeing her family. Nicky said she was humiliated in front of the ward staff and patients for letting the lady stroke her face and giving her a cuddle. Such is the dehumanisation that the 'Covid' hoax has brought to the surface. Nicky worked in care homes where patients told her they were being held prisoner. 'I want to live until I die', one said to her. 'I had a lady in tears because she hadn't seen her great-grandson.' Nicky was compassionate old school meeting psychopathic New Normal. She also said she had worked on a 'Covid' ward with no 'Covid' patients. Jewish writer Shai Held wrote an article in March, 2020, which was headlined 'The Staggering, Heartless Cruelty Toward the Elderly'. What he described was happening from the earliest days of lockdown. He said 'the elderly' were considered a group and not unique individuals (the way of the Woke). Shai Held said:

> Notice how the all-too-familiar rhetoric of dehumanization works: 'The elderly' are bunched together as a faceless mass, all of them considered culprits and thus effectively deserving of the suffering the pandemic will inflict upon them. Lost entirely is the fact that the elderly are individual human beings, each with a distinctive face and voice, each with hopes and dreams, memories and regrets, friendships and marriages, loves lost and loves sustained.

'The elderly' have become another dehumanised group for which anything goes and for many that has resulted in cold disregard for their rights and their life. The distinctive face that Held talks about is designed to be deleted by masks until everyone is part of a faceless mass.

'War-zone' hospitals myth

Again and again medical professionals have told me what was really going on and how hospitals 'overrun like war zones' according to the media were virtually empty. The mantra from medical whistleblowers was please don't use my name or my career is over. Citizen journalists around the world sneaked into hospitals to film evidence exposing the 'war-zone' lie. They really *were* largely empty with closed wards and operating theatres. I met a hospital worker in my town on the Isle of Wight during the first lockdown in 2020 who said the only island hospital had never been so quiet. Lockdown was justified by the psychopaths to stop hospitals being overrun. At the same time that the island hospital was near-empty the military arrived here to provide *extra beds*. It was all propaganda to ramp up the fear to ensure compliance with fascism as were never-used temporary hospitals with thousands of beds known as Nightingales and never-used make-shift mortuaries opened by the criminal UK government. A man who helped to install those extra island beds attributed to the army said they were never used and the hospital was empty. Doctors and nurses 'stood around talking or on their phones, wandering down to us to see what we were doing'. There were no masks or social distancing. He accused the useless local island paper, the *County Press*, of 'pumping the fear as if our hospital was overrun and we only have one so it should have been'. He described ambulances parked up with crews outside in deck chairs. When his brother called an ambulance he was told there was a two-hour backlog which he called 'bullshit'. An old lady on the island fell 'and was in a bad way', but a caller who rang for an ambulance was told the situation wasn't urgent enough. Ambulance stations were working under capacity while people would hear ambulances with sirens blaring driving through the streets. When those living near the stations realised what was going on they would follow them as they left, circulated around an urban area with the sirens going, and then came back without stopping. All this was to increase levels of fear and the same goes for the 'ventilator shortage crisis' that cost tens of millions for hastily produced ventilators never to be used.

Ambulance crews that agreed to be exploited in this way for fear propaganda might find themselves a mirror. I wish them well with that. Empty hospitals were the obvious consequence of treatment and diagnoses of non-'Covid' conditions cancelled and those involved handed a death sentence. People have been dying at home from undiagnosed and untreated cancer, heart disease and other life-threatening conditions to allow empty hospitals to deal with a 'pandemic' that wasn't happening.

Death of the innocent

'War-zones' have been laying off nursing staff, even doctors where they can. There was no work for them. Lockdown was justified by saving lives and protecting the vulnerable they were actually killing with DNR orders and preventing empty hospitals being 'overrun'. In Britain the mantra of stay at home to 'save the NHS' was everywhere and across the world the same story was being sold when it was all lies. Two California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi at Accelerated Urgent Care in Bakersfield, held a news conference in April, 2020, to say that intensive care units in California were 'empty, essentially', with hospitals shutting floors, not treating patients and laying off doctors. The California health system was working at minimum capacity 'getting rid of doctors because we just don't have the volume'. They said that people with conditions such as heart disease and cancer were not coming to hospital out of fear of 'Covid-19'. Their video was deleted by Susan Wojcicki's Cult-owned YouTube after reaching five million views. Florida governor Ron Desantis, who rejected the severe lockdowns of other states and is being targeted for doing so, said that in March, 2020, every US governor was given models claiming they would run out of hospital beds in days. That was never going to happen and the 'modellers' knew it. Deceit can be found at every level of the system. Urgent children's operations were cancelled including fracture repairs and biopsies to spot cancer. Eric Nicholls, a consultant paediatrician, said 'this is obviously concerning and we need to return to normal operating and to increase capacity as soon as possible'. Psychopaths

in power were rather less concerned *because* they are psychopaths. Deletion of urgent care and diagnosis has been happening all over the world and how many kids and others have died as a result of the actions of these cold and heartless lunatics dictating 'health' policy? The number must be stratospheric. Richard Sullivan, professor of cancer and global health at King's College London, said people feared 'Covid' more than cancer such was the campaign of fear. 'Years of lost life will be quite dramatic', Sullivan said, with 'a huge amount of avoidable mortality'. Sarah Woolnough, executive director for policy at Cancer Research UK, said there had been a 75 percent drop in urgent referrals to hospitals by family doctors of people with suspected cancer. Sullivan said that 'a lot of services have had to scale back – we've seen a dramatic decrease in the amount of elective cancer surgery'. Lockdown deaths worldwide has been absolutely fantastic with the *New York Post* reporting how data confirmed that 'lockdowns end more lives than they save':

> There was a sharp decline in visits to emergency rooms and an increase in fatal heart attacks because patients didn't receive prompt treatment. Many fewer people were screened for cancer. Social isolation contributed to excess deaths from dementia and Alzheimer's.
>
> Researchers predicted that the social and economic upheaval would lead to tens of thousands of "deaths of despair" from drug overdoses, alcoholism and suicide. As unemployment surged and mental-health and substance-abuse treatment programs were interrupted, the reported levels of anxiety, depression and suicidal thoughts increased dramatically, as did alcohol sales and fatal drug overdoses.

This has been happening while nurses and other staff had so much time on their hands in the 'war-zones' that Tic-Tok dancing videos began appearing across the Internet with medical staff dancing around in empty wards and corridors as people died at home from causes that would normally have been treated in hospital.

Mentions in dispatches

One brave and truth-committed whistleblower was Louise Hampton, a call handler with the UK NHS who made a viral Internet video saying she had done 'fuck all' during the 'pandemic'

which was 'a load of bollocks'. She said that 'Covid-19' was rebranded flu and of course she lost her job. This is what happens in the medical and endless other professions now when you tell the truth. Louise filmed inside 'war-zone' accident and emergency departments to show they were empty and I mean *empty* as in no one there. The mainstream media could have done the same and blown the gaff on the whole conspiracy. They haven't to their eternal shame. Not that most 'journalists' seem capable of manifesting shame as with the psychopaths they slavishly repeat without question. The relative few who were admitted with serious health problems were left to die alone with no loved ones allowed to see them because of 'Covid' rules and they included kids dying without the comfort of mum and dad at their bedside while the evil behind this couldn't give a damn. It was all good fun to them. A Scottish NHS staff nurse publicly quit in the spring of 2021 saying: 'I can no longer be part of the lies and the corruption by the government.' She said hospitals 'aren't full, the beds aren't full, beds have been shut, wards have been shut'. Hospitals were never busy throughout 'Covid'. The staff nurse said that Nicola Sturgeon, tragically the leader of the Scottish government, was on television saying save the hospitals and the NHS – 'but the beds are empty' and 'we've not seen flu, we always see flu every year'. She wrote to government and spoke with her union Unison (the unions are Cult-compromised and *useless*, but nothing changed. Many of her colleagues were scared of losing their jobs if they spoke out as they wanted to. She said nursing staff were being affected by wearing masks all day and 'my head is splitting every shift from wearing a mask'. The NHS is part of the fascist tyranny and must be dismantled so we can start again with human beings in charge. (Ironically, hospitals were reported to be busier again when official 'Covid' cases *fell* in spring/summer of 2021 and many other conditions required treatment at the same time as *the fake vaccine rollout*.)

I will cover the 'Covid vaccine' scam in detail later, but it is another indicator of the sickening disregard for human life that I am highlighting here. The DNA-manipulating concoctions do not fulfil

the definition of a 'vaccine', have never been used on humans before and were given only emergency approval because trials were not completed and they continued using the unknowing public. The result was what a NHS senior nurse with responsibility for 'vaccine' procedure said was 'genocide'. She said the 'vaccines' were not 'vaccines'. They had not been shown to be safe and claims about their effectiveness by drug companies were 'poetic licence'. She described what was happening as a 'horrid act of human annihilation'. The nurse said that management had instigated a policy of not providing a Patient Information Leaflet (PIL) before people were 'vaccinated' even though health care professionals are supposed to do this according to protocol. Patients should also be told that they are taking part in an ongoing clinical trial. Her challenges to what is happening had seen her excluded from meetings and ridiculed in others. She said she was told to 'watch my step … or I would find myself surplus to requirements'. The nurse, who spoke anonymously in fear of her career, said she asked her NHS manager why he/she was content with taking part in genocide against those having the 'vaccines'. The reply was that everyone had to play their part and to 'put up, shut up, and get it done'. Government was 'leaning heavily' on NHS management which was clearly leaning heavily on staff. This is how the global 'medical' hierarchy operates and it starts with the Cult and its World Health Organization.

She told the story of a doctor who had the Pfizer jab and when questioned had no idea what was in it. The doctor had never read the literature. We have to stop treating doctors as intellectual giants when so many are moral and medical pygmies. The doctor did not even know that the 'vaccines' were not fully approved or that their trials were ongoing. They were, however, asking their patients if they minded taking part in follow-ups for research purposes – yes, the *ongoing clinical trial*. The nurse said the doctor's ignorance was not rare and she had spoken to a hospital consultant who had the jab without any idea of the background or that the 'trials' had not been completed. Nurses and pharmacists had shown the same ignorance.

'My NHS colleagues have forsaken their duty of care, broken their code of conduct – Hippocratic Oath – and have been brainwashed just the same as the majority of the UK public through propaganda …' She said she had not been able to recruit a single NHS colleague, doctor, nurse or pharmacist to stand with her and speak out. Her union had refused to help. She said that if the genocide came to light she would not hesitate to give evidence at a Nuremberg-type trial against those in power who could have affected the outcomes but didn't.

And all for what?

To put the nonsense into perspective let's say the 'virus' does exist and let's go completely crazy and accept that the official manipulated figures for cases and deaths are accurate. *Even then* a study by Stanford University epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis published on the World Health Organization website produced an average infection to fatality rate of … *0.23 percent!* Ioannidis said: 'If one could sample equally from all locations globally, the median infection fatality rate might even be substantially lower than the 0.23% observed in my analysis.' For healthy people under 70 it was … *0.05 percent*! This compares with the 3.4 percent claimed by the Cult-owned World Health Organization when the hoax was first played and maximum fear needed to be generated. An updated Stanford study in April, 2021, put the 'infection' to 'fatality' rate at just 0.15 percent. Another team of scientists led by Megan O'Driscoll and Henrik Salje studied data from 45 countries and published their findings on the Nature website. For children and young people the figure is so small it virtually does not register although authorities will be hyping dangers to the young when they introduce DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' for children. The O'Driscoll study produced an average infection-fatality figure of 0.003 for children from birth to four; 0.001 for 5 to 14; 0.003 for 15 to 19; and it was still only 0.456 up to 64. To claim that children must be 'vaccinated' to protect them from 'Covid' is an obvious lie and so there must be another reason and there is. What's more the average age of a 'Covid' death is akin

to the average age that people die in general. The average age of death in England is about 80 for men and 83 for women. The average age of death from alleged 'Covid' is between 82 and 83. California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi, said at their April media conference that projection models of millions of deaths had been 'woefully inaccurate'. They produced detailed figures showing that Californians had a 0.03 chance of dying from 'Covid' based on the number of people who tested positive (with a test not testing for the 'virus'). Erickson said there was a 0.1 percent chance of dying from 'Covid' in the *state* of New York, not just the city, and a 0.05 percent chance in Spain, a centre of 'Covid-19' hysteria at one stage. The Stanford studies supported the doctors' data with fatality rate estimates of 0.23 and 0.15 percent. How close are these figures to my estimate of *zero*? Death-rate figures claimed by the World Health Organization at the start of the hoax were some 15 times higher. The California doctors said there was no justification for lockdowns and the economic devastation they caused. Everything they had ever learned about quarantine was that you quarantine the *sick* and not the healthy. They had never seen this before and it made no medical sense.

Why in the in the light of all this would governments and medical systems the world over say that billions must go under house arrest; lose their livelihood; in many cases lose their mind, their health and their life; force people to wear masks dangerous to health and psychology; make human interaction and even family interaction a criminal offence; ban travel; close restaurants, bars, watching live sport, concerts, theatre, and any activity involving human togetherness and discourse; and closing schools to isolate children from their friends and cause many to commit suicide in acts of hopelessness and despair? The California doctors said lockdown consequences included increased child abuse, partner abuse, alcoholism, depression, and other impacts they were seeing every day. Who would do that to the entire human race if not mentally-ill psychopaths of almost unimaginable extremes like Bill Gates? We must face the reality of what we are dealing with and come out of

denial. Fascism and tyranny are made possible only by the target population submitting and acquiescing to fascism and tyranny. The whole of human history shows that to be true. Most people naively and unquestioning believed what they were told about a 'deadly virus' and meekly and weakly submitted to house arrest. Those who didn't believe it – at least in total – still submitted in fear of the consequences of not doing so. For the rest who wouldn't submit draconian fines have been imposed, brutal policing by psychopaths *for* psychopaths, and condemnation from the meek and weak who condemn the Pushbackers on behalf of the very force that has them, too, in its gunsights. 'Pathetic' does not even begin to suffice. Britain's brainless 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock warned anyone lying to border officials about returning from a list of 'hotspot' countries could face a jail sentence of up to ten years which is more than for racially-aggravated assault, incest and attempting to have sex with a child under 13. Hancock is a lunatic, but he has the state apparatus behind him in a Cult-led chain reaction and the same with UK 'Vaccine Minister' Nadhim Zahawi, a prominent member of the mega-Cult secret society, Le Cercle, which featured in my earlier books. The Cult enforces its will on governments and medical systems; government and medical systems enforce their will on business and police; business enforces its will on staff who enforce it on customers; police enforce the will of the Cult on the population and play their essential part in creating a world of fascist control that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. It is a hierarchical pyramid of imposition and acquiescence and, yes indeedy, of clinical insanity.

Does anyone bright enough to read this book have to ask what the answer is? I think not, but I will reveal it anyway in the fewest of syllables: Tell the psychos and their moronic lackeys to fuck off and let's get on with our lives. We are many – They are few.

CHAPTER SEVEN

War on your mind

One believes things because one has been conditioned to believe them
Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

I have described the 'Covid' hoax as a 'Psyop' and that is true in every sense and on every level in accordance with the definition of that term which is psychological warfare. Break down the 'Covid pandemic' to the foundation themes and it is psychological warfare on the human individual and collective mind.

The same can be said for the entire human belief system involving every subject you can imagine. Huxley was right in his contention that people believe what they are conditioned to believe and this comes from the repetition throughout their lives of the same falsehoods. They spew from government, corporations, media and endless streams of 'experts' telling you what the Cult wants you to believe and often believing it themselves (although *far* from always). 'Experts' are rewarded with 'prestigious' jobs and titles and as agents of perceptual programming with regular access to the media. The Cult has to control the narrative – control *information* – or they lose control of the vital, crucial, without-which-they-cannot-prevail public perception of reality. The foundation of that control today is the Internet made possible by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the incredibly sinister technological arm of the Pentagon. The Internet is the result of military technology.

DARPA openly brags about establishing the Internet which has been a long-term project to lasso the minds of the global population. I have said for decades the plan is to control information to such an extreme that eventually no one would see or hear anything that the Cult does not approve. We are closing in on that end with ferocious censorship since the 'Covid' hoax began and in my case it started back in the 1990s in terms of books and speaking venues. I had to create my own publishing company in 1995 precisely because no one else would publish my books even then. I think they're all still running.

Cult Internet

To secure total control of information they needed the Internet in which pre-programmed algorithms can seek out 'unclean' content for deletion and even stop it being posted in the first place. The Cult had to dismantle print and non-Internet broadcast media to ensure the transfer of information to the appropriate-named 'Web' – a critical expression of the *Cult* web. We've seen the ever-quickening demise of traditional media and control of what is left by a tiny number of corporations operating worldwide. Independent journalism in the mainstream is already dead and never was that more obvious than since the turn of 2020. The Cult wants all information communicated via the Internet to globally censor and allow the plug to be pulled any time. Lockdowns and forced isolation has meant that communication between people has been through electronic means and no longer through face-to-face discourse and discussion. Cult psychopaths have targeted the bars, restaurants, sport, venues and meeting places in general for this reason. None of this is by chance and it's to stop people gathering in any kind of privacy or number while being able to track and monitor all Internet communications and block them as necessary. Even private messages between individuals have been censored by these fascists that control Cult fronts like Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube which are all officially run by Sabbatian place-people and from the background by higher-level Sabbatian place people.

Facebook, Google, Amazon and their like were seed-funded and supported into existence with money-no-object infusions of funds either directly or indirectly from DARPA and CIA technology arm In-Q-Tel. The Cult plays the long game and prepares very carefully for big plays like 'Covid'. Amazon is another front in the psychological war and pretty much controls the global market in book sales and increasingly publishing. Amazon's limitless funds have deleted fantastic numbers of independent publishers to seize global domination on the way to deciding which books can be sold and circulated and which cannot. Moves in that direction are already happening. Amazon's leading light Jeff Bezos is the grandson of Lawrence Preston Gise who worked with DARPA predecessor ARPA. Amazon has big connections to the CIA and the Pentagon. The plan I have long described went like this:

1. Employ military technology to establish the Internet.

2. Sell the Internet as a place where people can freely communicate without censorship and allow that to happen until the Net becomes the central and irreversible pillar of human society. If the Internet had been highly censored from the start many would have rejected it.

3. Fund and manipulate major corporations into being to control the circulation of information on your Internet using cover stories about geeks in garages to explain how they came about. Give them unlimited funds to expand rapidly with no need to make a profit for years while non-Cult companies who need to balance the books cannot compete. You know that in these circumstances your Googles, YouTubes, Facebooks and Amazons are going to secure near monopolies by either crushing or buying up the opposition.

4. Allow freedom of expression on both the Internet and communication platforms to draw people in until the Internet is the central and irreversible pillar of human society and your communication corporations have reached a stage of near monopoly domination.

5. Then unleash your always-planned frenzy of censorship on the basis of 'where else are you going to go?' and continue to expand that until nothing remains that the Cult does not want its human targets to see.

The process was timed to hit the 'Covid' hoax to ensure the best chance possible of controlling the narrative which they knew they had to do at all costs. They were, after all, about to unleash a 'deadly virus' that didn't really exist. If you do that in an environment of free-flowing information and opinion you would be dead in the

water before you could say Gates is a psychopath. The network was in place through which the Cult-created-and-owned World Health Organization could dictate the 'Covid' narrative and response policy slavishly supported by Cult-owned Internet communication giants and mainstream media while those telling a different story were censored. Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter openly announced that they would do this. What else would we expect from Cult-owned operations like Facebook which former executives have confirmed set out to make the platform more addictive than cigarettes and coldly manipulates emotions of its users to sow division between people and groups and scramble the minds of the young? If Zuckerberg lives out the rest of his life without going to jail for crimes against humanity, and most emphatically against the young, it will be a travesty of justice. Still, no matter, cause and effect will catch up with him eventually and the same with Sergey Brin and Larry Page at Google with its CEO Sundar Pichai who fix the Google search results to promote Cult narratives and hide the opposition. Put the same key words into Google and other search engines like DuckDuckGo and you will see how different results can be. Wikipedia is another intensely biased 'encyclopaedia' which skews its content to the Cult agenda. YouTube links to Wikipedia's version of 'Covid' and 'climate change' on video pages in which experts in their field offer a different opinion (even that is increasingly rare with Wojcicki censorship). Into this 'Covid' silence-them network must be added government media censors, sorry 'regulators', such as Ofcom in the UK which imposed tyrannical restrictions on British broadcasters that had the effect of banning me from ever appearing. Just to debate with me about my evidence and views on 'Covid' would mean breaking the fascistic impositions of Ofcom and its CEO career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes. Gutless British broadcasters tremble at the very thought of fascist Ofcom.

Psychos behind 'Covid'

The reason for the 'Covid' catastrophe in all its facets and forms can be seen by whom and what is driving the policies worldwide in such a coordinated way. Decisions are not being made to protect health, but to target psychology. The dominant group guiding and 'advising' government policy are not medical professionals. They are psychologists and behavioural scientists. Every major country has its own version of this phenomenon and I'll use the British example to show how it works. In many ways the British version has been affecting the wider world in the form of the huge behaviour manipulation network in the UK which operates in other countries. The network involves private companies, government, intelligence and military. The Cabinet Office is at the centre of the government 'Covid' Psyop and part-owns, with 'innovation charity' Nesta, the Behavioural Insights Team (BIT) which claims to be independent of government but patently isn't. The BIT was established in 2010 and its job is to manipulate the psyche of the population to acquiesce to government demands and so much more. It is also known as the 'Nudge Unit', a name inspired by the 2009 book by two ultra-Zionists, Cass Sunstein and Richard Thaler, called *Nudge: Improving Decisions About Health, Wealth, and Happiness*. The book, as with the Behavioural Insights Team, seeks to 'nudge' behaviour (manipulate it) to make the public follow patterns of action and perception that suit those in authority (the Cult). Sunstein is so skilled at this that he advises the World Health Organization and the UK Behavioural Insights Team and was Administrator of the White House Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs in the Obama administration. Biden appointed him to the Department of Homeland Security – another ultra-Zionist in the fold to oversee new immigration laws which is another policy the Cult wants to control. Sunstein is desperate to silence anyone exposing conspiracies and co-authored a 2008 report on the subject in which suggestions were offered to ban 'conspiracy theorizing' or impose 'some kind of tax, financial or otherwise, on those who disseminate such theories'. I guess a psychiatrist's chair is out of the question?

Sunstein's mate Richard Thaler, an 'academic affiliate' of the UK Behavioural Insights Team, is a proponent of 'behavioural economics' which is defined as the study of 'the effects of psychological, cognitive, emotional, cultural and social factors on the decisions of individuals and institutions'. Study the effects so they can be manipulated to be what you want them to be. Other leading names in the development of behavioural economics are ultra-Zionists Daniel Kahneman and Robert J. Shiller and they, with Thaler, won the Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Sciences for their work in this field. The Behavioural Insights Team is operating at the heart of the UK government and has expanded globally through partnerships with several universities including Harvard, Oxford, Cambridge, University College London (UCL) and Pennsylvania. They claim to have 'trained' (reframed) 20,000 civil servants and run more than 750 projects involving 400 randomised controlled trials in dozens of countries' as another version of mind reframers Common Purpose. BIT works from its office in New York with cities and their agencies, as well as other partners, across the United States and Canada – this is a company part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office. An executive order by President Cult-servant Obama established a US Social and Behavioral Sciences Team in 2015. They all have the same reason for being and that's to brainwash the population directly and by brainwashing those in positions of authority.

'Covid' mind game

Another prime aspect of the UK mind-control network is the 'independent' [joke] Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B) which 'provides behavioural science advice aimed at anticipating and helping people adhere to interventions that are recommended by medical or epidemiological experts'. That means manipulating public perception and behaviour to do whatever government tells them to do. It's disgusting and if they really want the public to be 'safe' this lot should all be under lock and key. According to the government website SPI-B consists of

'behavioural scientists, health and social psychologists, anthropologists and historians' and advises the Whitty-Vallance-led Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) which in turn advises the government on 'the science' (it doesn't) and 'Covid' policy. When politicians say they are being guided by 'the science' this is the rabble in each country they are talking about and that 'science' is dominated by behaviour manipulators to enforce government fascism through public compliance. The Behaviour Insight Team is headed by psychologist David Solomon Halpern, a visiting professor at King's College London, and connects with a national and global web of other civilian and military organisations as the Cult moves towards its goal of fusing them into one fascistic whole in every country through its 'Fusion Doctrine'. The behaviour manipulation network involves, but is not confined to, the Foreign Office; National Security Council; government communications headquarters (GCHQ); MI5; MI6; the Cabinet Office-based Media Monitoring Unit; and the Rapid Response Unit which 'monitors digital trends to spot emerging issues; including misinformation and disinformation; and identifies the best way to respond'.

There is also the 77th Brigade of the UK military which operates like the notorious Israeli military's Unit 8200 in manipulating information and discussion on the Internet by posing as members of the public to promote the narrative and discredit those who challenge it. Here we have the military seeking to manipulate *domestic* public opinion while the Nazis in government are fine with that. Conservative Member of Parliament Tobias Ellwood, an advocate of lockdown and control through 'vaccine passports', is a Lieutenant Colonel reservist in the 77th Brigade which connects with the military operation jHub, the 'innovation centre' for the Ministry of Defence and Strategic Command. jHub has also been involved with the civilian National Health Service (NHS) in 'symptom tracing' the population. The NHS is a key part of this mind control network and produced a document in December, 2020, explaining to staff how to use psychological manipulation with different groups and ages to get them to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine'

that's designed to cumulatively rewrite human genetics. The document, called 'Optimising Vaccination Roll Out – Do's and Dont's for all messaging, documents and "communications" in the widest sense', was published by NHS England and the NHS Improvement *Behaviour Change Unit* in partnership with Public Health England and Warwick Business School. I hear the mantra about 'save the NHS' and 'protect the NHS' when we need to scrap the NHS and start again. The current version is far too corrupt, far too anti-human and totally compromised by Cult operatives and their assets. UK government broadcast media censor Ofcom will connect into this web – as will the BBC with its tremendous Ofcom influence – to control what the public see and hear and dictate mass perception. Nuremberg trials must include personnel from all these organisations.

The fear factor

The 'Covid' hoax has led to the creation of the UK Cabinet Office-connected Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) which is officially described as providing 'expert advice on pandemics' using its independent [all Cult operations are 'independent'] analytical function to provide real-time analysis about infection outbreaks to identify and respond to outbreaks of Covid-19'. Another role is to advise the government on a response to spikes in infections – 'for example by closing schools or workplaces in local areas where infection levels have risen'. Put another way, promoting the Cult agenda. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is modelled on the Joint Terrorism Analysis Centre which analyses intelligence to set 'terrorism threat levels' and here again you see the fusion of civilian and military operations and intelligence that has led to military intelligence producing documents about 'vaccine hesitancy' and how it can be combated. Domestic civilian matters and opinions should not be the business of the military. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is headed by Tom Hurd, director general of the Office for Security and Counter-Terrorism from the establishment-to-its-fingertips Hurd family. His father is former Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd. How coincidental that Tom

Hurd went to the elite Eton College and Oxford University with Boris Johnson. Imperial College with its ridiculous computer modeller Neil Ferguson will connect with this gigantic web that will itself interconnect with similar set-ups in other major and not so major countries. Compared with this Cult network the politicians, be they Boris Johnson, Donald Trump or Joe Biden, are bit-part players 'following the science'. The network of psychologists was on the 'Covid' case from the start with the aim of generating maximum fear of the 'virus' to ensure compliance by the population. A government behavioural science group known as SPI-B produced a paper in March, 2020, for discussion by the main government science advisory group known as SAGE. It was headed 'Options for increasing adherence to social distancing measures' and it said the following in a section headed 'Persuasion':

- A substantial number of people still do not feel sufficiently personally threatened; it could be that they are reassured by the low death rate in their demographic group, although levels of concern may be rising. Having a good understanding of the risk has been found to be positively associated with adoption of COVID-19 social distancing measures in Hong Kong.

- The perceived level of personal threat needs to be increased among those who are complacent, using hard-hitting evaluation of options for increasing social distancing emotional messaging. To be effective this must also empower people by making clear the actions they can take to reduce the threat.

- Responsibility to others: There seems to be insufficient understanding of, or feelings of responsibility about, people's role in transmitting the infection to others … Messaging about actions need to be framed positively in terms of protecting oneself and the community, and increase confidence that they will be effective.

- Some people will be more persuaded by appeals to play by the rules, some by duty to the community, and some to personal risk.

> All these different approaches are needed. The messaging also needs to take account of the realities of different people's lives. Messaging needs to take account of the different motivational levers and circumstances of different people.

All this could be achieved the SPI-B psychologists said by *using the media to increase the sense of personal threat* which translates as terrify the shit out of the population, including children, so they all do what we want. That's not happened has it? Those excuses for 'journalists' who wouldn't know journalism if it bit them on the arse (the great majority) have played their crucial part in serving this Cult-government Psyop to enslave their own kids and grandkids. How they live with themselves I have no idea. The psychological war has been underpinned by constant government 'Covid' propaganda in almost every television and radio ad break, plus the Internet and print media, which has pounded out the fear with taxpayers footing the bill for their own programming. The result has been people terrified of a 'virus' that doesn't exist or one with a tiny fatality rate even if you believe it does. People walk down the street and around the shops wearing face-nappies damaging their health and psychology while others report those who refuse to be that naïve to the police who turn up in their own face-nappies. I had a cameraman come to my flat and he was so frightened of 'Covid' he came in wearing a mask and refused to shake my hand in case he caught something. He had – naïveitis – and the thought that he worked in the mainstream media was both depressing and made his behaviour perfectly explainable. The fear which has gripped the minds of so many and frozen them into compliance has been carefully cultivated by these psychologists who are really psychopaths. If lives get destroyed and a lot of young people commit suicide it shows our plan is working. SPI-B then turned to compulsion on the public to comply. 'With adequate preparation, rapid change can be achieved', it said. Some countries had introduced mandatory self-isolation on a wide scale without evidence of major public unrest and a large majority of the UK's population appeared to be supportive of more coercive measures with 64 percent of adults saying they would

support putting London under a lockdown (watch the 'polls' which are designed to make people believe that public opinion is in favour or against whatever the subject in hand).

For 'aggressive protective measures' to be effective, the SPI-B paper said, special attention should be devoted to those population groups that are more at risk. Translated from the Orwellian this means making the rest of population feel guilty for not protecting the 'vulnerable' such as old people which the Cult and its agencies were about to kill on an industrial scale with lockdown, lack of treatment and the Gates 'vaccine'. Psychopath psychologists sold their guilt-trip so comprehensively that Los Angeles County Supervisor Hilda Solis reported that children were apologising (from a distance) to their parents and grandparents for bringing 'Covid' into their homes and getting them sick. '… These apologies are just some of the last words that loved ones will ever hear as they die alone,' she said. Gut-wrenchingly Solis then used this childhood tragedy to tell children to stay at home and 'keep your loved ones alive'. Imagine heaping such potentially life-long guilt on a kid when it has absolutely nothing to do with them. These people are deeply disturbed and the psychologists behind this even more so.

Uncivil war – divide and rule

Professional mind-controllers at SPI-B wanted the media to increase a sense of responsibility to others (do as you're told) and promote 'positive messaging' for those actions while in contrast to invoke 'social disapproval' by the unquestioning, obedient, community of anyone with a mind of their own. Again the compliant Goebbels-like media obliged. This is an old, old, trick employed by tyrannies the world over throughout human history. You get the target population to keep the target population in line – *your* line. SPI-B said this could 'play an important role in preventing anti-social behaviour or discouraging failure to enact pro-social behaviour'. For 'anti-social' in the Orwellian parlance of SPI-B see any behaviour that government doesn't approve. SPI-B recommendations said that 'social disapproval' should be accompanied by clear messaging and

promotion of strong collective identity – hence the government and celebrity mantra of 'we're all in this together'. Sure we are. The mind doctors have such contempt for their targets that they think some clueless comedian, actor or singer telling them to do what the government wants will be enough to win them over. We have had UK comedian Lenny Henry, actor Michael Caine and singer Elton John wheeled out to serve the propagandists by urging people to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid' non-'vaccine'. The role of Henry and fellow black celebrities in seeking to coax a 'vaccine' reluctant black community into doing the government's will was especially stomach-turning. An emotion-manipulating script and carefully edited video featuring these black 'celebs' was such an insult to the intelligence of black people and where's the self-respect of those involved selling their souls to a fascist government agenda? Henry said he heard black people's 'legitimate worries and concerns', but people must 'trust the facts' when they were doing exactly that by not having the 'vaccine'. They had to include the obligatory reference to Black Lives Matter with the line … 'Don't let coronavirus cost even more black lives – because we matter'. My god, it was pathetic. 'I know the vaccine is safe and what it does.' How? 'I'm a comedian and it says so in my script.'

SPI-B said social disapproval needed to be carefully managed to avoid victimisation, scapegoating and misdirected criticism, but they knew that their 'recommendations' would lead to exactly that and the media were specifically used to stir-up the divide-and-conquer hostility. Those who conform like good little baa, baas, are praised while those who have seen through the tidal wave of lies are 'Covidiots'. The awake have been abused by the fast asleep for not conforming to fascism and impositions that the awake know are designed to endanger their health, dehumanise them, and tear asunder the very fabric of human society. We have had the curtain-twitchers and morons reporting neighbours and others to the face-nappied police for breaking 'Covid rules' with fascist police delighting in posting links and phone numbers where this could be done. The Cult cannot impose its will without a compliant police

and military or a compliant population willing to play their part in enslaving themselves and their kids. The words of a pastor in Nazi Germany are so appropriate today:

First they came for the socialists and I did not speak out because I was not a socialist.

Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for the Jews and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for me and there was no one left to speak for me.

Those who don't learn from history are destined to repeat it and so many are.

'Covid' rules: Rewiring the mind

With the background laid out to this gigantic national and global web of psychological manipulation we can put 'Covid' rules into a clear and sinister perspective. Forget the claims about protecting health. 'Covid' rules are about dismantling the human mind, breaking the human spirit, destroying self-respect, and then putting Humpty Dumpty together again as a servile, submissive slave. Social isolation through lockdown and distancing have devastating effects on the human psyche as the psychological psychopaths well know and that's the real reason for them. Humans need contact with each other, discourse, closeness and touch, or they eventually, and literarily, go crazy. Masks, which I will address at some length, fundamentally add to the effects of isolation and the Cult agenda to dehumanise and de-individualise the population. To do this while knowing – in fact *seeking* – this outcome is the very epitome of evil and psychologists involved in this *are* the epitome of evil. They must like all the rest of the Cult demons and their assets stand trial for crimes against humanity on a scale that defies the imagination. Psychopaths in uniform use isolation to break enemy troops and agents and make them subservient and submissive to tell what they know. The technique is rightly considered a form of torture and

torture is most certainly what has been imposed on the human population.

Clinically-insane American psychologist Harry Harlow became famous for his isolation experiments in the 1950s in which he separated baby monkeys from their mothers and imprisoned them for months on end in a metal container or 'pit of despair'. They soon began to show mental distress and depression as any idiot could have predicted. Harlow put other monkeys in steel chambers for three, six or twelve months while denying them any contact with animals or humans. He said that the effects of total social isolation for six months were 'so devastating and debilitating that we had assumed initially that twelve months of isolation would not produce any additional decrement'; but twelve months of isolation 'almost obliterated the animals socially'. This is what the Cult and its psychopaths are doing to you and your children. Even monkeys in partial isolation in which they were not allowed to form relationships with other monkeys became 'aggressive and hostile, not only to others, but also towards their own bodies'. We have seen this in the young as a consequence of lockdown. UK government psychopaths launched a public relations campaign telling people not to hug each other even after they received the 'Covid-19 vaccine' which we were told with more lies would allow a return to 'normal life'. A government source told *The Telegraph*: 'It will be along the lines that it is great that you have been vaccinated, but if you are going to visit your family and hug your grandchildren there is a chance you are going to infect people you love.' The source was apparently speaking from a secure psychiatric facility. Janet Lord, director of Birmingham University's Institute of Inflammation and Ageing, said that parents and grandparents should avoid hugging their children. Well, how can I put it, Ms Lord? Fuck off. Yep, that'll do.

Destroying the kids – where are the parents?

Observe what has happened to people enslaved and isolated by lockdown as suicide and self-harm has soared worldwide,

particularly among the young denied the freedom to associate with their friends. A study of 49,000 people in English-speaking countries concluded that almost half of young adults are at clinical risk of mental health disorders. A national survey in America of 1,000 currently enrolled high school and college students found that 5 percent reported attempting suicide during the pandemic. Data from the US CDC's National Syndromic Surveillance Program from January 1st to October 17th, 2020, revealed a *31 percent* increase in mental health issues among adolescents aged 12 to 17 compared with 2019. The CDC reported that America in general suffered the biggest drop in life expectancy since World War Two as it fell by a year in the first half of 2020 as a result of 'deaths of despair' – overdoses and suicides. Deaths of despair have leapt by more than 20 percent during lockdown and include the highest number of fatal overdoses ever recorded in a single year – 81,000. Internet addiction is another consequence of being isolated at home which lowers interest in physical activities as kids fall into inertia and what's the point? Children and young people are losing hope and giving up on life, sometimes literally. A 14-year-old boy killed himself in Maryland because he had 'given up' when his school district didn't reopen; an 11-year-old boy shot himself during a zoom class; a teenager in Maine succumbed to the isolation of the 'pandemic' when he ended his life after experiencing a disrupted senior year at school. Children as young as nine have taken their life and all these stories can be repeated around the world. Careers are being destroyed before they start and that includes those in sport in which promising youngsters have not been able to take part. The plan of the psycho-psychologists is working all right. Researchers at Cambridge University found that lockdowns cause significant harm to children's mental health. Their study was published in the *Archives of Disease in Childhood*, and followed 168 children aged between 7 and 11. The researchers concluded:

> During the UK lockdown, children's depression symptoms have increased substantially, relative to before lockdown. The scale of this effect has direct relevance for the continuation of different elements of lockdown policy, such as complete or partial school closures …

… Specifically, we observed a statistically significant increase in ratings of depression, with a medium-to-large effect size. Our findings emphasise the need to incorporate the potential impact of lockdown on child mental health in planning the ongoing response to the global pandemic and the recovery from it.

Not a chance when the Cult's psycho-psychologists were getting exactly what they wanted. The UK's Royal College of Paediatrics and Child Health has urged parents to look for signs of eating disorders in children and young people after a three to four fold increase. Specialists say the 'pandemic' is a major reason behind the rise. You don't say. The College said isolation from friends during school closures, exam cancellations, loss of extra-curricular activities like sport, and an increased use of social media were all contributory factors along with fears about the virus (psycho-psychologists again), family finances, and students being forced to quarantine. Doctors said young people were becoming severely ill by the time they were seen with 'Covid' regulations reducing face-to-face consultations. Nor is it only the young that have been devastated by the psychopaths. Like all bullies and cowards the Cult is targeting the young, elderly, weak and infirm. A typical story was told by a British lady called Lynn Parker who was not allowed to visit her husband in 2020 for the last ten and half months of his life 'when he needed me most' between March 20th and when he died on December 19th. This vacates the criminal and enters the territory of evil. The emotional impact on the immune system alone is immense as are the number of people of all ages worldwide who have died as a result of Cult-demanded, Gates-demanded, lockdowns.

Isolation is torture

The experience of imposing solitary confinement on millions of prisoners around the world has shown how a large percentage become 'actively psychotic and/or acutely suicidal'. Social isolation has been found to trigger 'a specific psychiatric syndrome, characterized by hallucinations; panic attacks; overt paranoia; diminished impulse control; hypersensitivity to external stimuli; and difficulties with thinking, concentration and memory'. Juan Mendez,

a United Nations rapporteur (investigator), said that isolation is a form of torture. Research has shown that even after isolation prisoners find it far more difficult to make social connections and I remember chatting to a shop assistant after one lockdown who told me that when her young son met another child again he had no idea how to act or what to do. Hannah Flanagan, Director of Emergency Services at Journey Mental Health Center in Dane County, Wisconsin, said: 'The specificity about Covid social distancing and isolation that we've come across as contributing factors to the suicides are really new to us this year.' But they are not new to those that devised them. They are getting the effect they want as the population is psychologically dismantled to be rebuilt in a totally different way. Children and the young are particularly targeted. They will be the adults when the full-on fascist AI-controlled technocracy is planned to be imposed and they are being prepared to meekly submit. At the same time older people who still have a memory of what life was like before – and how fascist the new normal really is – are being deleted. You are going to see efforts to turn the young against the old to support this geriatric genocide. Hannah Flanagan said the big increase in suicide in her county proved that social isolation is not only harmful, but deadly. Studies have shown that isolation from others is one of the main risk factors in suicide and even more so with women. Warnings that lockdown could create a 'perfect storm' for suicide were ignored. After all this was one of the *reasons* for lockdown. Suicide, however, is only the most extreme of isolation consequences. There are many others. Dr Dhruv Khullar, assistant professor of healthcare policy at Weill Cornell Medical College, said in a *New York Times* article in 2016 long before the fake 'pandemic':

> A wave of new research suggests social separation is bad for us. Individuals with less social connection have disrupted sleep patterns, altered immune systems, more inflammation and higher levels of stress hormones. One recent study found that isolation increases the risk of heart disease by 29 percent and stroke by 32 percent. Another analysis that pooled data from 70 studies and 3.4 million people found that socially isolated individuals had a 30 percent higher risk of dying in the next seven years, and that this effect was largest in middle age.

Loneliness can accelerate cognitive decline in older adults, and isolated individuals are twice as likely to die prematurely as those with more robust social interactions. These effects start early: Socially isolated children have significantly poorer health 20 years later, even after controlling for other factors. All told, loneliness is as important a risk factor for early death as obesity and smoking.

There you have proof from that one article alone four years before 2020 that those who have enforced lockdown, social distancing and isolation knew what the effect would be and that is even more so with professional psychologists that have been driving the policy across the globe. We can go back even further to the years 2000 and 2003 and the start of a major study on the effects of isolation on health by Dr Janine Gronewold and Professor Dirk M. Hermann at the University Hospital in Essen, Germany, who analysed data on 4,316 people with an average age of 59 who were recruited for the long-term research project. They found that socially isolated people are more than 40 percent more likely to have a heart attack, stroke, or other major cardiovascular event and nearly 50 percent more likely to die from any cause. Given the financial Armageddon unleashed by lockdown we should note that the study found a relationship between increased cardiovascular risk and lack of financial support. After excluding other factors social isolation was still connected to a 44 percent increased risk of cardiovascular problems and a 47 percent increased risk of death by any cause. Lack of financial support was associated with a 30 percent increase in the risk of cardiovascular health events. Dr Gronewold said it had been known for some time that feeling lonely or lacking contact with close friends and family can have an impact on physical health and the study had shown that having strong social relationships is of high importance for heart health. Gronewold said they didn't understand yet why people who are socially isolated have such poor health outcomes, but this was obviously a worrying finding, particularly during these times of prolonged social distancing. Well, it can be explained on many levels. You only have to identify the point in the body where people feel loneliness and missing people they are parted from – it's in the centre of the chest where they feel the ache of loneliness and the ache of missing people. 'My heart aches for

you' … 'My heart aches for some company.' I will explain this more in the chapter Escaping Wetiko, but when you realise that the body is the mind – they are expressions of each other – the reason why state of the mind dictates state of the body becomes clear.

American psychologist Ranjit Powar was highlighting the effects of lockdown isolation as early as April, 2020. She said humans have evolved to be social creatures and are wired to live in interactive groups. Being isolated from family, friends and colleagues could be unbalancing and traumatic for most people and could result in short or even long-term psychological and physical health problems. An increase in levels of anxiety, aggression, depression, forgetfulness and hallucinations were possible psychological effects of isolation. 'Mental conditions may be precipitated for those with underlying pre-existing susceptibilities and show up in many others without any pre-condition.' Powar said personal relationships helped us cope with stress and if we lost this outlet for letting off steam the result can be a big emotional void which, for an average person, was difficult to deal with. 'Just a few days of isolation can cause increased levels of anxiety and depression' – so what the hell has been the effect on the global population of *18 months* of this at the time of writing? Powar said: 'Add to it the looming threat of a dreadful disease being repeatedly hammered in through the media and you have a recipe for many shades of mental and physical distress.' For those with a house and a garden it is easy to forget that billions have had to endure lockdown isolation in tiny overcrowded flats and apartments with nowhere to go outside. The psychological and physical consequences of this are unimaginable and with lunatic and abusive partners and parents the consequences have led to tremendous increases in domestic and child abuse and alcoholism as people seek to shut out the horror. Ranjit Powar said:

> Staying in a confined space with family is not all a rosy picture for everyone. It can be extremely oppressive and claustrophobic for large low-income families huddled together in small single-room houses. Children here are not lucky enough to have many board/electronic games or books to keep them occupied.

Add to it the deep insecurity of running out of funds for food and basic necessities. On the other hand, there are people with dysfunctional family dynamics, such as domineering, abusive or alcoholic partners, siblings or parents which makes staying home a period of trial. Incidence of suicide and physical abuse against women has shown a worldwide increase. Heightened anxiety and depression also affect a person's immune system, making them more susceptible to illness.

To think that Powar's article was published on April 11th, 2020.

Six-feet fantasy

Social (unsocial) distancing demanded that people stay six feet or two metres apart. UK government advisor Robert Dingwall from the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group said in a radio interview that the two-metre rule was 'conjured up out of nowhere' and was not based on science. No, it was not based on *medical* science, but it didn't come out of nowhere. The distance related to *psychological* science. Six feet/two metres was adopted in many countries and we were told by people like the criminal Anthony Fauci and his ilk that it was founded on science. Many schools could not reopen because they did not have the space for six-feet distancing. Then in March, 2021, after a year of six-feet 'science', a study published in the *Journal of Infectious Diseases* involving more than 500,000 students and almost 100,000 staff over 16 weeks revealed no significant difference in 'Covid' cases between six feet and three feet and Fauci changed his tune. Now three feet was okay. There is no difference between six feet and three *inches* when there is no 'virus' and they got away with six feet for psychological reasons for as long as they could. I hear journalists and others talk about 'unintended consequences' of lockdown. They are not *unintended* at all; they have been coldly-calculated for a specific outcome of human control and that's why super-psychopaths like Gates have called for them so vehemently. Super-psychopath psychologists have demanded them and psychopathic or clueless, spineless, politicians have gone along with them by 'following the science'. But it's not science at all. 'Science' is not what is; it's only what people can be manipulated to believe it is. The whole 'Covid' catastrophe is

founded on mind control. Three word or three statement mantras issued by the UK government are a well-known mind control technique and so we've had 'Stay home/protect the NHS/save lives', 'Stay alert/control the virus/save lives' and 'hands/face/space'. One of the most vocal proponents of extreme 'Covid' rules in the UK has been Professor Susan Michie, a member of the British Communist Party, who is not a medical professional. Michie is the director of the Centre for Behaviour Change at University College London. She is a *behavioural psychologist* and another filthy rich 'Marxist' who praised China's draconian lockdown. She was known by fellow students at Oxford University as 'Stalin's nanny' for her extreme Marxism. Michie is an influential member of the UK government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) and behavioural manipulation groups which have dominated 'Covid' policy. She is a consultant adviser to the World Health Organization on 'Covid-19' and behaviour. Why the hell are lockdowns anything to do with her when they are claimed to be about health? Why does a behavioural psychologist from a group charged with changing the behaviour of the public want lockdown, human isolation and mandatory masks? Does that question really need an answer? Michie *absolutely* has to explain herself before a Nuremberg court when humanity takes back its world again and even more so when you see the consequences of masks that she demands are compulsory. This is a Michie classic:

> The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Those words alone should carry a prison sentence when you ponder on the callous disregard for children involved and what a statement it makes about the mind and motivations of Susan Michie. What a lovely lady and what she said there encapsulates the mentality of the psychopaths behind the 'Covid' horror. Let us compare what Michie said with a countrywide study in Germany published at researchsquare.com involving 25,000 school children and 17,854 health complaints submitted by parents. Researchers

found that masks are harming children physically, psychologically, and behaviourally with 24 health issues associated with mask wearing. They include: shortness of breath (29.7%); dizziness (26.4%); increased headaches (53%); difficulty concentrating (50%); drowsiness or fatigue (37%); and malaise (42%). Nearly a third of children experienced more sleep issues than before and a quarter developed new fears. Researchers found health issues and other impairments in 68 percent of masked children covering their faces for an average of 4.5 hours a day. Hundreds of those taking part experienced accelerated respiration, tightness in the chest, weakness, and short-term impairment of consciousness. A reminder of what Michie said again:

> The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Psychopaths in government and psychology now have children and young people – plus all the adults – wearing masks for hours on end while clueless teachers impose the will of the psychopaths on the young they should be protecting. What the hell are parents doing?

Cult lab rats

We have some schools already imposing on students microchipped buzzers that activate when they get 'too close' to their pals in the way they do with lab rats. How apt. To the Cult and its brain-dead servants our children *are* lab rats being conditioned to be unquestioning, dehumanised slaves for the rest of their lives. Children and young people are being weaned and frightened away from the most natural human instincts including closeness and touch. I have tracked in the books over the years how schools were banning pupils from greeting each other with a hug and the whole Cult-induced Me Too movement has terrified men and boys from a relaxed and natural interaction with female friends and work colleagues to the point where many men try never to be in a room

alone with a woman that's not their partner. Airhead celebrities have as always played their virtue-signalling part in making this happen with their gross exaggeration. For every monster like Harvey Weinstein there are at least tens of thousands of men that don't treat women like that; but everyone must be branded the same and policy changed for them as well as the monster. I am going to be using the word 'dehumanise' many times in this chapter because that is what the Cult is seeking to do and it goes very deep as we shall see. Don't let them kid you that social distancing is planned to end one day. That's not the idea. We are seeing more governments and companies funding and producing wearable gadgets to keep people apart and they would not be doing that if this was meant to be short-term. A tech start-up company backed by GCHQ, the British Intelligence and military surveillance headquarters, has created a social distancing wrist sensor that alerts people when they get too close to others. The CIA has also supported tech companies developing similar devices. The wearable sensor was developed by Tended, one of a number of start-up companies supported by GCHQ (see the CIA and DARPA). The device can be worn on the wrist or as a tag on the waistband and will vibrate whenever someone wearing the device breaches social distancing and gets anywhere near natural human contact. The company had a lucky break in that it was developing a distancing sensor when the 'Covid' hoax arrived which immediately provided a potentially enormous market. How fortunate. The government in big-time Cult-controlled Ontario in Canada is investing $2.5 million in wearable contact tracing technology that 'will alert users if they may have been exposed to the Covid-19 in the workplace and will beep or vibrate if they are within six feet of another person'. Facedrive Inc., the technology company behind this, was founded in 2016 with funding from the Ontario Together Fund and obviously they, too, had a prophet on the board of directors. The human surveillance and control technology is called TraceSCAN and would be worn by the human cyborgs in places such as airports, workplaces, construction sites, care homes and … *schools*.

I emphasise schools with children and young people the prime targets. You know what is planned for society as a whole if you keep your eyes on the schools. They have always been places where the state program the next generation of slaves to be its compliant worker-ants – or Woker-ants these days; but in the mist of the 'Covid' madness they have been transformed into mind laboratories on a scale never seen before. Teachers and head teachers are just as programmed as the kids – often more so. Children are kept apart from human interaction by walk lanes, classroom distancing, staggered meal times, masks, and the rolling-out of buzzer systems. Schools are now physically laid out as a laboratory maze for lab-rats. Lunatics at a school in Anchorage, Alaska, who should be prosecuted for child abuse, took away desks and forced children to kneel (know your place) on a mat for five hours a day while wearing a mask and using their chairs as a desk. How this was supposed to impact on a 'virus' only these clinically insane people can tell you and even then it would be clap-trap. The school banned recess (interaction), art classes (creativity), and physical exercise (getting body and mind moving out of inertia). Everyone behind this outrage should be in jail or better still a mental institution. The behavioural manipulators are all for this dystopian approach to schools. Professor Susan Michie, the mind-doctor and British Communist Party member, said it was wrong to say that schools were safe. They had to be made so by 'distancing', masks and ventilation (sitting all day in the cold). I must ask this lady round for dinner on a night I know I am going to be out and not back for weeks. She probably wouldn't be able to make it, anyway, with all the visits to her own psychologist she must have block-booked.

Masking identity

I know how shocking it must be for you that a behaviour manipulator like Michie wants everyone to wear masks which have long been a feature of mind-control programs like the infamous MKUltra in the United States, but, there we are. We live and learn. I spent many years from 1996 to right across the millennium

researching mind control in detail on both sides of the Atlantic and elsewhere. I met a large number of mind-control survivors and many had been held captive in body and mind by MKUltra. MK stands for mind-control, but employs the German spelling in deference to the Nazis spirited out of Germany at the end of World War Two by Operation Paperclip in which the US authorities, with help from the Vatican, transported Nazi mind-controllers and engineers to America to continue their work. Many of them were behind the creation of NASA and they included Nazi scientist and SS officer Wernher von Braun who swapped designing V-2 rockets to bombard London with designing the Saturn V rockets that powered the NASA moon programme's Apollo craft. I think I may have mentioned that the Cult has no borders. Among Paperclip escapees was Josef Mengele, the Angel of Death in the Nazi concentration camps where he conducted mind and genetic experiments on children often using twins to provide a control twin to measure the impact of his 'work' on the other. If you want to observe the Cult mentality in all its extremes of evil then look into the life of Mengele. I have met many people who suffered mercilessly under Mengele in the United States where he operated under the name Dr Greene and became a stalwart of MKUltra programming and torture. Among his locations was the underground facility in the Mojave Desert in California called the China Lake Naval Weapons Station which is almost entirely below the surface. My books *The Biggest Secret*, *Children of the Matrix* and *The Perception Deception* have the detailed background to MKUltra.

The best-known MKUltra survivor is American Cathy O'Brien. I first met her and her late partner Mark Phillips at a conference in Colorado in 1996. Mark helped her escape and deprogram from decades of captivity in an offshoot of MKUltra known as Project Monarch in which 'sex slaves' were provided for the rich and famous including Father George Bush, Dick Cheney and the Clintons. Read Cathy and Mark's book *Trance-Formation of America* and if you are new to this you will be shocked to the core. I read it in 1996 shortly before, with the usual synchronicity of my life, I found

myself given a book table at the conference right next to hers. MKUltra never ended despite being very publicly exposed (only a small part of it) in the 1970s and continues in other guises. I am still in touch with Cathy. She contacted me during 2020 after masks became compulsory in many countries to tell me how they were used as part of MKUltra programming. I had been observing 'Covid regulations' and the relationship between authority and public for months. I saw techniques that I knew were employed on individuals in MKUltra being used on the global population. I had read many books and manuals on mind control including one called *Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars* which came to light in the 1980s and was a guide on how to perceptually program on a mass scale. 'Silent Weapons' refers to mind-control. I remembered a line from the manual as governments, medical authorities and law enforcement agencies have so obviously talked to – or rather at – the adult population since the 'Covid' hoax began as if they are children. The document said:

> If a person is spoken to by a T.V. advertiser as if he were a twelve-year-old, then, due to suggestibility, he will, with a certain probability, respond or react to that suggestion with the uncritical response of a twelve-year-old and will reach in to his economic reservoir and deliver its energy to buy that product on impulse when he passes it in the store.

That's why authority has spoken to adults like children since all this began.

Why did Michael Jackson wear masks?

Every aspect of the 'Covid' narrative has mind-control as its central theme. Cathy O'Brien wrote an article for davidicke.com about the connection between masks and mind control. Her daughter Kelly who I first met in the 1990s was born while Cathy was still held captive in MKUltra. Kelly was forced to wear a mask as part of her programming from the age of *two* to dehumanise her, target her sense of individuality and reduce the amount of oxygen her brain and body received. *Bingo*. This is the real reason for compulsory

masks, why they have been enforced en masse, and why they seek to increase the number they demand you wear. First one, then two, with one disgraceful alleged 'doctor' recommending four which is nothing less than a death sentence. Where and how often they must be worn is being expanded for the purpose of mass mind control and damaging respiratory health which they can call 'Covid-19'. Canada's government headed by the man-child Justin Trudeau, says it's fine for children of two and older to wear masks. An insane 'study' in Italy involving just 47 children concluded there was no problem for babies as young as *four months* wearing them. Even after people were 'vaccinated' they were still told to wear masks by the criminal that is Anthony Fauci. Cathy wrote that mandating masks is allowing the authorities literally to control the air we breathe which is what was done in MKUltra. You might recall how the singer Michael Jackson wore masks and there is a reason for that. He was subjected to MKUltra mind control through Project Monarch and his psyche was scrambled by these simpletons. Cathy wrote:

> In MKUltra Project Monarch mind control, Michael Jackson had to wear a mask to silence his voice so he could not reach out for help. Remember how he developed that whisper voice when he wasn't singing? Masks control the mind from the outside in, like the redefining of words is doing. By controlling what we can and cannot say for fear of being labeled racist or beaten, for example, it ultimately controls thought that drives our words and ultimately actions (or lack thereof).
>
> Likewise, a mask muffles our speech so that we are not heard, which controls voice … words … mind. This is Mind Control. Masks are an obvious mind control device, and I am disturbed so many people are complying on a global scale. Masks depersonalize while making a person feel as though they have no voice. It is a barrier to others. People who would never choose to comply but are forced to wear a mask in order to keep their job, and ultimately their family fed, are compromised. They often feel shame and are subdued. People have stopped talking with each other while media controls the narrative.

The 'no voice' theme has often become literal with train passengers told not to speak to each other in case they pass on the 'virus', singing banned for the same reason and bonkers California officials telling people riding roller coasters that they cannot shout and scream. Cathy said she heard every day from healed MKUltra survivors who cannot wear a mask without flashing back on ways

their breathing was controlled – 'from ball gags and penises to water boarding'. She said that through the years when she saw images of people in China wearing masks 'due to pollution' that it was really to control their oxygen levels. 'I knew it was as much of a population control mechanism of depersonalisation as are burkas', she said. Masks are another Chinese communist/fascist method of control that has been swept across the West as the West becomes China at lightning speed since we entered 2020.

Mask-19

There are other reasons for mandatory masks and these include destroying respiratory health to call it 'Covid-19' and stunting brain development of children and the young. Dr Margarite Griesz-Brisson MD, PhD, is a Consultant Neurologist and Neurophysiologist and the Founder and Medical Director of the London Neurology and Pain Clinic. Her CV goes down the street and round the corner. She is clearly someone who cares about people and won't parrot the propaganda. Griesz-Brisson has a PhD in pharmacology, with special interest in neurotoxicology, environmental medicine, neuroregeneration and neuroplasticity (the way the brain can change in the light of information received). She went public in October, 2020, with a passionate warning about the effects of mask-wearing laws:

> The reinhalation of our exhaled air will without a doubt create oxygen deficiency and a flooding of carbon dioxide. We know that the human brain is very sensitive to oxygen deprivation. There are nerve cells for example in the hippocampus that can't be longer than 3 minutes without oxygen – they cannot survive. The acute warning symptoms are headaches, drowsiness, dizziness, issues in concentration, slowing down of reaction time – reactions of the cognitive system.

Oh, I know, let's tell bus, truck and taxi drivers to wear them and people working machinery. How about pilots, doctors and police? Griesz-Brisson makes the important point that while the symptoms she mentions may fade as the body readjusts this does not alter the fact that people continue to operate in oxygen deficit with long list of

potential consequences. She said it was well known that neurodegenerative diseases take years or decades to develop. 'If today you forget your phone number, the breakdown in your brain would have already started 20 or 30 years ago.' She said degenerative processes in your brain are getting amplified as your oxygen deprivation continues through wearing a mask. Nerve cells in the brain are unable to divide themselves normally in these circumstances and lost nerve cells will no longer be regenerated. 'What is gone is gone.' Now consider that people like shop workers and *schoolchildren* are wearing masks for hours every day. What in the name of sanity is going to be happening to them? 'I do not wear a mask, I need my brain to think', Griesz-Brisson said, 'I want to have a clear head when I deal with my patients and not be in a carbon dioxide-induced anaesthesia'. If you are told to wear a mask anywhere ask the organisation, police, store, whatever, for their risk assessment on the dangers and negative effects on mind and body of enforcing mask-wearing. They won't have one because it has never been done not even by government. All of them must be subject to class-action lawsuits as the consequences come to light. They don't do mask risk assessments for an obvious reason. They know what the conclusions would be and independent scientific studies that *have* been done tell a horror story of consequences.

'Masks are criminal'

Dr Griesz-Brisson said that for children and adolescents, masks are an absolute no-no. They had an extremely active and adaptive immune system and their brain was incredibly active with so much to learn. 'The child's brain, or the youth's brain, is thirsting for oxygen.' The more metabolically active an organ was, the more oxygen it required; and in children and adolescents every organ was metabolically active. Griesz-Brisson said that to deprive a child's or adolescent's brain of oxygen, or to restrict it in any way, was not only dangerous to their health, it was absolutely criminal. 'Oxygen deficiency inhibits the development of the brain, and the damage that has taken place as a result CANNOT be reversed.' Mind

manipulators of MKUltra put masks on two-year-olds they wanted to neurologically rewire and you can see why. Griesz-Brisson said a child needs the brain to learn and the brain needs oxygen to function. 'We don't need a clinical study for that. This is simple, indisputable physiology.' Consciously and purposely induced oxygen deficiency was an absolutely deliberate health hazard, and an absolute medical contraindication which means that 'this drug, this therapy, this method or measure should not be used, and is not allowed to be used'. To coerce an entire population to use an absolute medical contraindication by force, she said, there had to be definite and serious reasons and the reasons must be presented to competent interdisciplinary and independent bodies to be verified and authorised. She had this warning of the consequences that were coming if mask wearing continued:

> When, in ten years, dementia is going to increase exponentially, and the younger generations couldn't reach their god-given potential, it won't help to say 'we didn't need the masks'. I know how damaging oxygen deprivation is for the brain, cardiologists know how damaging it is for the heart, pulmonologists know how damaging it is for the lungs. Oxygen deprivation damages every single organ. Where are our health departments, our health insurance, our medical associations? It would have been their duty to be vehemently against the lockdown and to stop it and stop it from the very beginning.
>
> Why do the medical boards issue punishments to doctors who give people exemptions? Does the person or the doctor seriously have to prove that oxygen deprivation harms people? What kind of medicine are our doctors and medical associations representing? Who is responsible for this crime? The ones who want to enforce it? The ones who let it happen and play along, or the ones who don't prevent it?

All of the organisations and people she mentions there either answer directly to the Cult or do whatever hierarchical levels above them tell them to do. The outcome of both is the same. 'It's not about masks, it's not about viruses, it's certainly not about your health', Griesz-Brisson said. 'It is about much, much more. I am not participating. I am not afraid.' They were taking our air to breathe and there was no unfounded medical exemption from face masks. Oxygen deprivation was dangerous for every single brain. It had to be the free decision of every human being whether they want to

wear a mask that was absolutely ineffective to protect themselves from a virus. She ended by rightly identifying where the responsibility lies for all this:

> The imperative of the hour is personal responsibility. We are responsible for what we think, not the media. We are responsible for what we do, not our superiors. We are responsible for our health, not the World Health Organization. And we are responsible for what happens in our country, not the government.

Halle-bloody-lujah.

But surgeons wear masks, right?

Independent studies of mask-wearing have produced a long list of reports detailing mental, emotional and physical dangers. What a definition of insanity to see police officers imposing mask-wearing on the public which will cumulatively damage their health while the police themselves wear masks that will cumulatively damage *their* health. It's utter madness and both public and police do this because 'the government says so' – yes a government of brain-donor idiots like UK Health Secretary Matt Hancock reading the 'follow the science' scripts of psychopathic, lunatic psychologists. The response you get from Stockholm syndrome sufferers defending the very authorities that are destroying them and their families is that 'surgeons wear masks'. This is considered the game, set and match that they must work and don't cause oxygen deficit. Well, actually, scientific studies have shown that they *do* and oxygen levels are monitored in operating theatres to compensate. Surgeons wear masks to stop spittle and such like dropping into open wounds – not to stop 'viral particles' which are so miniscule they can only be seen through an electron microscope. Holes in the masks are significantly bigger than 'viral particles' and if you sneeze or cough they will breach the mask. I watched an incredibly disingenuous 'experiment' that claimed to prove that masks work in catching 'virus' material from the mouth and nose. They did this with a slow motion camera and the mask did block big stuff which stayed inside the mask and

against the face to be breathed in or cause infections on the face as we have seen with many children. 'Viral particles', however, would never have been picked up by the camera as they came through the mask when they are far too small to be seen. The 'experiment' was therefore disingenuous *and* useless.

Studies have concluded that wearing masks in operating theatres (and thus elsewhere) make no difference to preventing infection while the opposite is true with toxic shite building up in the mask and this had led to an explosion in tooth decay and gum disease dubbed by dentists 'mask mouth'. You might have seen the Internet video of a furious American doctor urging people to take off their masks after a four-year-old patient had been rushed to hospital the night before and nearly died with a lung infection that doctors sourced to mask wearing. A study in the journal *Cancer Discovery* found that inhalation of harmful microbes can contribute to advanced stage lung cancer in adults and long-term use of masks can help breed dangerous pathogens. Microbiologists have said frequent mask wearing creates a moist environment in which microbes can grow and proliferate before entering the lungs. The Canadian Agency for Drugs and Technologies in Health, or CADTH, a Canadian national organisation that provides research and analysis to healthcare decision-makers, said this as long ago as 2013 in a report entitled 'Use of Surgical Masks in the Operating Room: A Review of the Clinical Effectiveness and Guidelines'. It said:

- No evidence was found to support the use of surgical face masks to reduce the frequency of surgical site infections
- No evidence was found on the effectiveness of wearing surgical face masks to protect staff from infectious material in the operating room.
- Guidelines recommend the use of surgical face masks by staff in the operating room to protect both operating room staff and patients (despite the lack of evidence).

We were told that the world could go back to 'normal' with the arrival of the 'vaccines'. When they came, fraudulent as they are, the story changed as I knew that it would. We are in the midst of transforming 'normal', not going back to it. Mary Ramsay, head of immunisation at Public Health England, echoed the words of US criminal Anthony Fauci who said masks and other regulations must stay no matter if people are vaccinated. The Fauci idiot continued to wear two masks – different colours so both could be clearly seen – after he *claimed* to have been vaccinated. Senator Rand Paul told Fauci in one exchange that his double-masks were 'theatre' and he was right. It's all theatre. Mary Ramsay back-tracked on the vaccine-return-to-normal theme when she said the public may need to wear masks and social-distance for years despite the jabs. 'People have got used to those lower-level restrictions now, and [they] can live with them', she said telling us what the idea has been all along. 'The vaccine does not give you a pass, even if you have had it, you must continue to follow all the guidelines' said a Public Health England statement which reneged on what we had been told before and made having the 'vaccine' irrelevant to 'normality' even by the official story. Spain's fascist government trumped everyone by passing a law mandating the wearing of masks on the beach and even when swimming in the sea. The move would have devastated what's left of the Spanish tourist industry, posed potential breathing dangers to swimmers and had Northern European sunbathers walking around with their forehead brown and the rest of their face white as a sheet. The ruling was so crazy that it had to be retracted after pressure from public and tourist industry, but it confirmed where the Cult wants to go with masks and how clinically insane authority has become. The determination to make masks permanent and hide the serious dangers to body and mind can be seen in the censorship of scientist Professor Denis Rancourt by Bill Gates-funded academic publishing website ResearchGate over his papers exposing the dangers and uselessness of masks. Rancourt said:

ResearchGate today has permanently locked my account, which I have had since 2015. Their reasons graphically show the nature of their attack against democracy, and their corruption of

science … By their obscene non-logic, a scientific review of science articles reporting on harms caused by face masks has a 'potential to cause harm'. No criticism of the psychological device (face masks) is tolerated, if the said criticism shows potential to influence public policy.

This is what happens in a fascist world.

Where are the 'greens' (again)?

Other dangers of wearing masks especially regularly relate to the inhalation of minute plastic fibres into the lungs and the deluge of discarded masks in the environment and oceans. Estimates predicted that more than 1.5 billion disposable masks will end up in the world's oceans every year polluting the water with tons of plastic and endangering marine wildlife. Studies project that humans are using 129 billion face masks each month worldwide – about three million a minute. Most are disposable and made from plastic, non-biodegradable microfibers that break down into smaller plastic particles that become widespread in ecosystems. They are littering cities, clogging sewage channels and turning up in bodies of water. I have written in other books about the immense amounts of microplastics from endless sources now being absorbed into the body. Rolf Halden, director of the Arizona State University (ASU) Biodesign Center for Environmental Health Engineering, was the senior researcher in a 2020 study that analysed 47 human tissue samples and found microplastics in all of them. 'We have detected these chemicals of plastics in every single organ that we have investigated', he said. I wrote in *The Answer* about the world being deluged with microplastics. A study by the Worldwide Fund for Nature (WWF) found that people are consuming on average every week some 2,000 tiny pieces of plastic mostly through water and also through marine life and the air. Every year humans are ingesting enough microplastics to fill a heaped dinner plate and in a life-time of 79 years it is enough to fill two large waste bins. Marco Lambertini, WWF International director general said: 'Not only are plastics polluting our oceans and waterways and killing marine life – it's in all of us and we can't escape consuming plastics,' American

geologists found tiny plastic fibres, beads and shards in rainwater samples collected from the remote slopes of the Rocky Mountain National Park near Denver, Colorado. Their report was headed: 'It is raining plastic.' Rachel Adams, senior lecturer in Biomedical Science at Cardiff Metropolitan University, said that among health consequences are internal inflammation and immune responses to a 'foreign body'. She further pointed out that microplastics become carriers of toxins including mercury, pesticides and dioxins (a known cause of cancer and reproductive and developmental problems). These toxins accumulate in the fatty tissues once they enter the body through microplastics. Now this is being compounded massively by people putting plastic on their face and throwing it away.

Workers exposed to polypropylene plastic fibres known as 'flock' have developed 'flock worker's lung' from inhaling small pieces of the flock fibres which can damage lung tissue, reduce breathing capacity and exacerbate other respiratory problems. *Now* … commonly used surgical masks have three layers of melt-blown textiles made of … polypropylene. We have billions of people putting these microplastics against their mouth, nose and face for hours at a time day after day in the form of masks. How does anyone think that will work out? I mean – what could possibly go wrong? We posted a number of scientific studies on this at davidicke.com, but when I went back to them as I was writing this book the links to the science research website where they were hosted were dead. Anything that challenges the official narrative in any way is either censored or vilified. The official narrative is so unsupportable by the evidence that only deleting the truth can protect it. A study by Chinese scientists still survived – with the usual twist which it why it was still active, I guess. Yes, they found that virtually all the masks they tested increased the daily intake of microplastic fibres, but people should still wear them because the danger from the 'virus' was worse said the crazy 'team' from the Institute of Hydrobiology in Wuhan. Scientists first discovered microplastics in lung tissue of some patients who died of lung cancer

in the 1990s. Subsequent studies have confirmed the potential health damage with the plastic degrading slowly and remaining in the lungs to accumulate in volume. Wuhan researchers used a machine simulating human breathing to establish that masks shed up to nearly 4,000 microplastic fibres in a month with reused masks producing more. Scientists said some masks are laced with toxic chemicals and a variety of compounds seriously restricted for both health and environmental reasons. They include cobalt (used in blue dye) and formaldehyde known to cause watery eyes, burning sensations in the eyes, nose, and throat, plus coughing, wheezing and nausea. No – that must be 'Covid-19'.

Mask 'worms'

There is another and potentially even more sinister content of masks. Mostly new masks of different makes filmed under a microscope around the world have been found to contain strange black fibres or 'worms' that appear to move or 'crawl' by themselves and react to heat and water. The nearest I have seen to them are the self-replicating fibres that are pulled out through the skin of those suffering from Morgellons disease which has been connected to the phenomena of 'chemtrails' which I will bring into the story later on. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. Black 'worm' fibres in masks have that kind of feel to them and there is a nanotechnology technique called 'worm micelles' which carry and release drugs or anything else you want to deliver to the body. For sure the suppression of humanity by mind altering drugs is the Cult agenda big time and the more excuses they can find to gain access to the body the more opportunities there are to make that happen whether through 'vaccines' or masks pushed against the mouth and nose for hours on end.

So let us summarise the pros and cons of masks:

Against masks: Breathing in your own carbon dioxide; depriving the body and brain of sufficient oxygen; build-up of toxins in the mask that can be breathed into the lungs and cause rashes on the face and 'mask-mouth'; breathing microplastic fibres and toxic chemicals into the lungs; dehumanisation and deleting individualisation by literally making people faceless; destroying human emotional interaction through facial expression and deleting parental connection with their babies which look for guidance to their facial expression.

For masks: They don't protect you from a 'virus' that doesn't exist and even if it did 'viral' particles are so minute they are smaller than the holes in the mask.

Governments, police, supermarkets, businesses, transport companies, and all the rest who seek to impose masks have done no risk assessment on their consequences for health and psychology and are now open to group lawsuits when the impact becomes clear with a cumulative epidemic of respiratory and other disease. Authorities will try to exploit these effects and hide the real cause by dubbing them 'Covid-19'. Can you imagine setting out to force the population to wear health-destroying masks without doing any assessment of the risks? It is criminal and it is evil, but then how many people targeted in this way, who see their children told to wear them all day at school, have asked for a risk assessment? Billions can't be imposed upon by the few unless the billions allow it. Oh, yes, with just a tinge of irony, 85 percent of all masks made worldwide come from *China*.

Wash your hands in toxic shite

'Covid' rules include the use of toxic sanitisers and again the health consequences of constantly applying toxins to be absorbed through the skin is obvious to any level of Renegade Mind. America's Food and Drug Administration (FDA) said that sanitisers are drugs and issued a warning about 75 dangerous brands which contain

methanol used in antifreeze and can cause death, kidney damage and blindness. The FDA circulated the following warning even for those brands that it claims to be safe:

> Store hand sanitizer out of the reach of pets and children, and children should use it only with adult supervision. Do not drink hand sanitizer. This is particularly important for young children, especially toddlers, who may be attracted by the pleasant smell or brightly colored bottles of hand sanitizer.
>
> Drinking even a small amount of hand sanitizer can cause alcohol poisoning in children. (However, there is no need to be concerned if your children eat with or lick their hands after using hand sanitizer.) During this coronavirus pandemic, poison control centers have had an increase in calls about accidental ingestion of hand sanitizer, so it is important that adults monitor young children's use.
>
> Do not allow pets to swallow hand sanitizer. If you think your pet has eaten something potentially dangerous, call your veterinarian or a pet poison control center right away. Hand sanitizer is flammable and should be stored away from heat and flames. When using hand sanitizer, rub your hands until they feel completely dry before performing activities that may involve heat, sparks, static electricity, or open flames.

There you go, perfectly safe, then, and that's without even a mention of the toxins absorbed through the skin. Come on kids – sanitise your hands everywhere you go. It will save you from the 'virus'. Put all these elements together of the 'Covid' normal and see how much health and psychology is being cumulatively damaged, even devastated, to 'protect your health'. Makes sense, right? They are only imposing these things because they care, right? *Right?*

Submitting to insanity

Psychological reframing of the population goes very deep and is done in many less obvious ways. I hear people say how contradictory and crazy 'Covid' rules are and how they are ever changing. This is explained away by dismissing those involved as idiots. It is a big mistake. The Cult is delighted if its cold calculation is perceived as incompetence and idiocy when it is anything but. Oh, yes, there are idiots within the system – lots of them – but they are *administering* the Cult agenda, mostly unknowingly. They are not deciding and dictating it. The bulwark against tyranny is self-

respect, always has been, always will be. It is self-respect that has broken every tyranny in history. By its very nature self-respect will not bow to oppression and its perpetrators. There is so little self-respect that it's always the few that overturn dictators. Many may eventually follow, but the few with the iron spines (self-respect) kick it off and generate the momentum. The Cult targets self-respect in the knowledge that once this has gone only submission remains. Crazy, contradictory, ever-changing 'Covid' rules are systematically applied by psychologists to delete self-respect. They *want* you to see that the rules make no sense. It is one thing to decide to do something when *you* have made the choice based on evidence and logic. You still retain your self-respect. It is quite another when you can see what you are being told to do is insane, ridiculous and makes no sense, and *yet you still do it*. Your self-respect is extinguished and this has been happening as ever more obviously stupid and nonsensical things have been demanded and the great majority have complied even when they can see they are stupid and nonsensical.

People walk around in face-nappies knowing they are damaging their health and make no difference to a 'virus'. They do it in fear of not doing it. I know it's daft, but I'll do it anyway. When that happens something dies inside of you and submissive reframing has begun. Next there's a need to hide from yourself that you have conceded your self-respect and you convince yourself that you have not really submitted to fear and intimidation. You begin to believe that you are complying with craziness because it's the right thing to do. When first you concede your self-respect of 2+2 = 4 to 2+2 = 5 you *know* you are compromising your self-respect. Gradually to avoid facing that fact you begin to *believe* that 2+2=5. You have been reframed and I have been watching this process happening in the human psyche on an industrial scale. The Cult is working to break your spirit and one of its major tools in that war is humiliation. I read how former American soldier Bradley Manning (later Chelsea Manning after a sex-change) was treated after being jailed for supplying WikiLeaks with documents exposing the enormity of

government and elite mendacity. Manning was isolated in solitary confinement for eight months, put under 24-hour surveillance, forced to hand over clothing before going to bed, and stand naked for every roll call. This is systematic humiliation. The introduction of anal swab 'Covid' tests in China has been done for the same reason to delete self-respect and induce compliant submission. Anal swabs are mandatory for incoming passengers in parts of China and American diplomats have said they were forced to undergo the indignity which would have been calculated humiliation by the Cult-owned Chinese government that has America in its sights.

Government-people: An abusive relationship

Spirit-breaking psychological techniques include giving people hope and apparent respite from tyranny only to take it away again. This happened in the UK during Christmas, 2020, when the psycho-psychologists and their political lackeys announced an easing of restrictions over the holiday only to reimpose them almost immediately on the basis of yet another lie. There is a big psychological difference between getting used to oppression and being given hope of relief only to have that dashed. Psychologists know this and we have seen the technique used repeatedly. Then there is traumatising people before you introduce more extreme regulations that require compliance. A perfect case was the announcement by the dark and sinister Whitty and Vallance in the UK that 'new data' predicted that 4,000 could die every day over the winter of 2020/2021 if we did not lockdown again. I think they call it lying and after traumatising people with that claim out came Jackboot Johnson the next day with new curbs on human freedom. Psychologists know that a frightened and traumatised mind becomes suggestable to submission and behaviour reframing. Underpinning all this has been to make people fearful and suspicious of each other and see themselves as a potential danger to others. In league with deleted self-respect you have the perfect psychological recipe for self-loathing. The relationship between authority and public is now demonstrably the same as that of

subservience to an abusive partner. These are signs of an abusive relationship explained by psychologist Leslie Becker-Phelps:

Psychological and emotional abuse: Undermining a partner's self-worth with verbal attacks, name-calling, and belittling. Humiliating the partner in public, unjustly accusing them of having an affair, or interrogating them about their every behavior. Keeping partner confused or off balance by saying they were just kidding or blaming the partner for 'making' them act this way … Feigning in public that they care while turning against them in private. This leads to victims frequently feeling confused, incompetent, unworthy, hopeless, and chronically self-doubting. [Apply these techniques to how governments have treated the population since New Year, 2020, and the parallels are obvious.]

Physical abuse: The abuser might physically harm their partner in a range of ways, such as grabbing, hitting, punching, or shoving them. They might throw objects at them or harm them with a weapon. [Observe the physical harm imposed by masks, lockdown, and so on.]

Threats and intimidation: One way abusers keep their partners in line is by instilling fear. They might be verbally threatening, or give threatening looks or gestures. Abusers often make it known that they are tracking their partner's every move. They might destroy their partner's possessions, threaten to harm them, or threaten to harm their family members. Not surprisingly, victims of this abuse often feel anxiety, fear, and panic. [No words necessary.]

Isolation: Abusers often limit their partner's activities, forbidding them to talk or interact with friends or family. They might limit access to a car or even turn off their phone. All of this might be done by physically holding them against their will, but is often accomplished through psychological abuse and intimidation. The more isolated a person feels, the fewer resources they have to help gain perspective on their situation and to escape from it. [No words necessary.]

Economic abuse: Abusers often make their partners beholden to them for money by controlling access to funds of any kind. They might prevent their partner from getting a job or withhold access to money they earn from a job. This creates financial dependency that makes leaving the relationship very difficult. [See destruction of livelihoods and the proposed meagre 'guaranteed income' so long as you do whatever you are told.]

Using children: An abuser might disparage their partner's parenting skills, tell their children lies about their partner, threaten to take custody of their children, or threaten to harm their children. These tactics instil fear and often elicit compliance. [See reframed social service mafia and how children are being mercilessly abused by the state over 'Covid' while their parents look on too frightened to do anything.]

A further recurring trait in an abusive relationship is the abused blaming themselves for their abuse and making excuses for the abuser. We have the public blaming each other for lockdown abuse by government and many making excuses for the government while attacking those who challenge the government. How often we have heard authorities say that rules are being imposed or reimposed only because people have refused to 'behave' and follow the rules. We don't want to do it – it's *you*.

Renegade Minds are an antidote to all of these things. They will never concede their self-respect no matter what the circumstances. Even when apparent humiliation is heaped upon them they laugh in its face and reflect back the humiliation on the abuser where it belongs. Renegade Minds will never wear masks they know are only imposed to humiliate, suppress and damage both physically and psychologically. Consequences will take care of themselves and they will never break their spirit or cause them to concede to tyranny. UK newspaper columnist Peter Hitchens was one of the few in the mainstream media to speak out against lockdowns and forced vaccinations. He then announced he had taken the jab. He wanted to see family members abroad and he believed vaccine passports were inevitable even though they had not yet been introduced. Hitchens

has a questioning and critical mind, but not a Renegade one. If he had no amount of pressure would have made him concede. Hitchens excused his action by saying that the battle has been lost. Renegade Minds never accept defeat when freedom is at stake and even if they are the last one standing the self-respect of not submitting to tyranny is more important than any outcome or any consequence.

That's why Renegade Minds are the only minds that ever changed anything worth changing.

CHAPTER EIGHT

'Reframing' insanity

Insanity is relative. It depends on who has who locked in what cage
Ray Bradbury

'Reframing' a mind means simply to change its perception and behaviour. This can be done subconsciously to such an extent that subjects have no idea they have been 'reframed' while to any observer changes in behaviour and attitudes are obvious.

Human society is being reframed on a ginormous scale since the start of 2020 and here we have the reason why psychologists rather than doctors have been calling the shots. Ask most people who have succumbed to 'Covid' reframing if they have changed and most will say 'no'; but they *have* and fundamentally. The Cult's long-game has been preparing for these times since way back and crucial to that has been to prepare both population and officialdom mentally and emotionally. To use the mind-control parlance they had to reframe the population with a mentality that would submit to fascism and reframe those in government and law enforcement to impose fascism or at least go along with it. The result has been the fact-deleted mindlessness of 'Wokeness' and officialdom that has either enthusiastically or unquestioningly imposed global tyranny demanded by reframed politicians on behalf of psychopathic and deeply evil cultists. 'Cognitive reframing' identifies and challenges the way someone sees the world in the form of situations, experiences and emotions and then restructures those perceptions to view the same set of circumstances in a different way. This can have

benefits if the attitudes are personally destructive while on the other side it has the potential for individual and collective mind control which the subject has no idea has even happened.

Cognitive therapy was developed in the 1960s by Aaron T. Beck who was born in Rhode Island in 1921 as the son of Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine. He became interested in the techniques as a treatment for depression. Beck's daughter Judith S. Beck is prominent in the same field and they founded the Beck Institute for Cognitive Behavior Therapy in Philadelphia in 1994. Cognitive reframing, however, began to be used worldwide by those with a very dark agenda. The Cult reframes politicians to change their attitudes and actions until they are completely at odds with what they once appeared to stand for. The same has been happening to government administrators at all levels, law enforcement, military and the human population. Cultists love mind control for two main reasons: It allows them to control what people think, do and say to secure agenda advancement and, by definition, it calms their legendary insecurity and fear of the unexpected. I have studied mind control since the time I travelled America in 1996. I may have been talking to next to no one in terms of an audience in those years, but my goodness did I gather a phenomenal amount of information and knowledge about so many things including the techniques of mind control. I have described this in detail in other books going back to *The Biggest Secret* in 1998. I met a very large number of people recovering from MKUltra and its offshoots and successors and I began to see how these same techniques were being used on the population in general. This was never more obvious than since the 'Covid' hoax began.

Reframing the enforcers

I have observed over the last two decades and more the very clear transformation in the dynamic between the police, officialdom and the public. I tracked this in the books as the relationship mutated from one of serving the public to seeing them as almost the enemy and certainly a lower caste. There has always been a class divide

based on income and always been some psychopathic, corrupt, and big-I-am police officers. This was different. Wholesale change was unfolding in the collective dynamic; it was less about money and far more about position and perceived power. An us-and-them was emerging. Noses were lifted skyward by government administration and law enforcement and their attitude to the public they were *supposed* to be serving changed to one of increasing contempt, superiority and control. The transformation was so clear and widespread that it had to be planned. Collective attitudes and dynamics do not change naturally and organically that quickly on that scale. I then came across an organisation in Britain called Common Purpose created in the late 1980s by Julia Middleton who would work in the office of Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott during the long and disastrous premiership of war criminal Tony Blair. When Blair speaks the Cult is speaking and the man should have been in jail a long time ago. Common Purpose proclaims itself to be one of the biggest 'leadership development' organisations in the world while functioning as a *charity* with all the financial benefits which come from that. It hosts 'leadership development' courses and programmes all over the world and claims to have 'brought together' what it calls 'leaders' from more than 100 countries on six continents. The modus operandi of Common Purpose can be compared with the work of the UK government's reframing network that includes the Behavioural Insights Team 'nudge unit' and 'Covid' reframing specialists at SPI-B. WikiLeaks described Common Purpose long ago as 'a hidden virus in our government and schools' which is unknown to the general public: 'It recruits and trains "leaders" to be loyal to the directives of Common Purpose and the EU, instead of to their own departments, which they then undermine or subvert, the NHS [National Health Service] being an example.' This is a vital point to understand the 'Covid' hoax. The NHS, and its equivalent around the world, has been utterly reframed in terms of administrators and much of the medical personnel with the transformation underpinned by recruitment policies. The outcome has been the criminal and psychopathic behaviour of the

NHS over 'Covid' and we have seen the same in every other major country. WikiLeaks said Common Purpose trainees are 'learning to rule without regard to democracy' and to usher in a police state (current events explained). Common Purpose operated like a 'glue' and had members in the NHS, BBC, police, legal profession, church, many of Britain's 7,000 quangos, local councils, the Civil Service, government ministries and Parliament, and controlled many RDA's (Regional Development Agencies). Here we have one answer for how and why British institutions and their like in other countries have changed so negatively in relation to the public. This further explains how and why the beyond-disgraceful reframed BBC has become a propaganda arm of 'Covid' fascism. They are all part of a network pursuing the same goal.

By 2019 Common Purpose was quoting a figure of 85,000 'leaders' that had attended its programmes. These 'students' of all ages are known as Common Purpose 'graduates' and they consist of government, state and local government officials and administrators, police chiefs and officers, and a whole range of others operating within the national, local and global establishment. Cressida Dick, Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, is the Common Purpose graduate who was the 'Gold Commander' that oversaw what can only be described as the murder of Brazilian electrician Jean Charles de Menezes in 2005. He was held down by psychopathic police and shot seven times in the head by a psychopathic lunatic after being mistaken for a terrorist when he was just a bloke going about his day. Dick authorised officers to pursue and keep surveillance on de Menezes and ordered that he be stopped from entering the underground train system. Police psychopaths took her at her word clearly. She was 'disciplined' for this outrage by being *promoted* – eventually to the top of the 'Met' police where she has been a disaster. Many Chief Constables controlling the police in different parts of the UK are and have been Common Purpose graduates. I have heard the 'graduate' network described as a sort of Mafia or secret society operating within the fabric of government at all levels pursuing a collective policy

ingrained at Common Purpose training events. Founder Julia Middleton herself has said:

> Locally and internationally, Common Purpose graduates will be 'lighting small fires' to create change in their organisations and communities … The Common Purpose effect is best illustrated by the many stories of small changes brought about by leaders, who themselves have changed.

A Common Purpose mission statement declared:

> Common Purpose aims to improve the way society works by expanding the vision, decision-making ability and influence of all kinds of leaders. The organisation runs a variety of educational programmes for leaders of all ages, backgrounds and sectors, in order to provide them with the inspirational, information and opportunities they need to change the world.

Yes, but into what? Since 2020 the answer has become clear.

NLP and the Delphi technique

Common Purpose would seem to be a perfect name or would common programming be better? One of the foundation methods of reaching 'consensus' (group think) is by setting the agenda theme and then encouraging, cajoling or pressuring everyone to agree a 'consensus' in line with the core theme promoted by Common Purpose. The methodology involves the 'Delphi technique', or an adaption of it, in which opinions are expressed that are summarised by a 'facilitator or change agent' at each stage. Participants are 'encouraged' to modify their views in the light of what others have said. Stage by stage the former individual opinions are merged into group consensus which just happens to be what Common Purpose wants them to believe. A key part of this is to marginalise anyone refusing to concede to group think and turn the group against them to apply pressure to conform. We are seeing this very technique used on the general population to make 'Covid' group-thinkers hostile to those who have seen through the bullshit. People can be reframed by using perception manipulation methods such as Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) in which you change perception with the use of

carefully constructed language. An NLP website described the technique this way:

> … A method of influencing brain behaviour (the 'neuro' part of the phrase) through the use of language (the 'linguistic' part) and other types of communication to enable a person to 'recode' the way the brain responds to stimuli (that's the 'programming') and manifest new and better behaviours. Neuro-Linguistic Programming often incorporates hypnosis and self-hypnosis to help achieve the change (or 'programming') that is wanted.

British alternative media operation UKColumn has done very detailed research into Common Purpose over a long period. I quoted co-founder and former naval officer Brian Gerrish in my book *Remember Who You Are*, published in 2011, as saying the following years before current times:

> It is interesting that many of the mothers who have had children taken by the State speak of the Social Services people being icily cool, emotionless and, as two ladies said in slightly different words, '… like little robots'. We know that NLP is cumulative, so people can be given small imperceptible doses of NLP in a course here, another in a few months, next year etc. In this way, major changes are accrued in their personality, but the day by day change is almost unnoticeable.

In these and other ways 'graduates' have had their perceptions uniformly reframed and they return to their roles in the institutions of government, law enforcement, legal profession, military, 'education', the UK National Health Service and the whole swathe of the establishment structure to pursue a common agenda preparing for the 'post-industrial', 'post-democratic' society. I say 'preparing' but we are now there. 'Post-industrial' is code for the Great Reset and 'post-democratic' is 'Covid' fascism. UKColumn has spoken to partners of those who have attended Common Purpose 'training'. They have described how personalities and attitudes of 'graduates' changed very noticeably for the worse by the time they had completed the course. They had been 'reframed' and told they are the 'leaders' – the special ones – who know better than the population. There has also been the very demonstrable recruitment of psychopaths and narcissists into government administration at all

levels and law enforcement. If you want psychopathy hire psychopaths and you get a simple cause and effect. If you want administrators, police officers and 'leaders' to perceive the public as lesser beings who don't matter then employ narcissists. These personalities are identified using 'psychometrics' that identifies knowledge, abilities, attitudes and personality traits, mostly through carefully-designed questionnaires and tests. As this policy has passed through the decades we have had power-crazy, power-trippers appointed into law enforcement, security and government administration in preparation for current times and the dynamic between public and law enforcement/officialdom has been transformed. UKColumn's Brian Gerrish said of the narcissistic personality:

> Their love of themselves and power automatically means that they will crush others who get in their way. I received a major piece of the puzzle when a friend pointed out that when they made public officials re-apply for their own jobs several years ago they were also required to do psychometric tests. This was undoubtedly the start of the screening process to get 'their' sort of people in post.

How obvious that has been since 2020 although it was clear what was happening long before if people paid attention to the changing public-establishment dynamic.

Change agents

At the centre of events in 'Covid' Britain is the National Health Service (NHS) which has behaved disgracefully in slavishly following the Cult agenda. The NHS management structure is awash with Common Purpose graduates or 'change agents' working to a common cause. Helen Bevan, a Chief of Service Transformation at the NHS Institute for Innovation and Improvement, co-authored a document called 'Towards a million change agents, a review of the social movements literature: implications for large scale change in the NHS'. The document compared a project management approach to that of change and social movements where 'people change

themselves and each other – peer to peer'. Two definitions given for a 'social movement' were:

A group of people who consciously attempt to build a radically new social order; involves people of a broad range of social backgrounds; and deploys politically confrontational and socially disruptive tactics – Cyrus Zirakzadeh 1997

Collective challenges, based on common purposes and social solidarities, in sustained interaction with elites, opponents, and authorities – Sidney Tarrow 1994

Helen Bevan wrote another NHS document in which she defined 'framing' as 'the process by which leaders construct, articulate and put across their message in a powerful and compelling way in order to win people to their cause and call them to action'. I think I could come up with another definition that would be rather more accurate. The National Health Service and institutions of Britain and the wider world have been taken over by reframed 'change agents' and that includes everything from the United Nations to national governments, local councils and social services which have been kidnapping children from loving parents on an extraordinary and gathering scale on the road to the end of parenthood altogether. Children from loving homes are stolen and kidnapped by the state and put into the 'care' (inversion) of the local authority through council homes, foster parents and forced adoption. At the same time children are allowed to be abused without response while many are under council 'care'. UKColumn highlighted the Common Purpose connection between South Yorkshire Police and Rotherham council officers in the case of the scandal in that area of the sexual exploitation of children to which the authorities turned not one blind eye, but both:

We were alarmed to discover that the Chief Executive, the Strategic Director of Children and Young People's Services, the Manager for the Local Strategic Partnership, the Community Cohesion Manager, the Cabinet Member for Cohesion, the Chief Constable and his predecessor had all attended Leadership training courses provided by the pseudo-charity Common Purpose.

Once 'change agents' have secured positions of hire and fire within any organisation things start to move very quickly. Personnel are then hired and fired on the basis of whether they will work towards the agenda the change agent represents. If they do they are rapidly promoted even though they may be incompetent. Those more qualified and skilled who are pre-Common Purpose 'old school' see their careers stall and even disappear. This has been happening for decades in every institution of state, police, 'health' and social services and all of them have been transformed as a result in their attitudes to their jobs and the public. Medical professions, including nursing, which were once vocations for the caring now employ many cold, callous and couldn't give a shit personality types. The UKColumn investigation concluded:

By blurring the boundaries between people, professions, public and private sectors, responsibility and accountability, Common Purpose encourages 'graduates' to believe that as new selected leaders, they can work together, outside of the established political and social structures, to achieve a paradigm shift or CHANGE – so called 'Leading Beyond Authority'. In doing so, the allegiance of the individual becomes 'reframed' on CP colleagues and their NETWORK.

Reframing the Face-Nappies

Nowhere has this process been more obvious than in the police where recruitment of psychopaths and development of unquestioning mind-controlled group-thinkers have transformed law enforcement into a politically-correct 'Woke' joke and a travesty of what should be public service. Today they wear their face-nappies like good little gofers and enforce 'Covid' rules which are fascism under another name. Alongside the specifically-recruited psychopaths we have software minds incapable of free thought. Brian Gerrish again:

An example is the policeman who would not get on a bike for a press photo because he had not done the cycling proficiency course. Normal people say this is political correctness gone mad. Nothing could be further from the truth. The policeman has been reframed, and in his reality it is perfect common sense not to get on the bike 'because he hasn't done the cycling course'.

Another example of this is where the police would not rescue a boy from a pond until they had taken advice from above on the 'risk assessment'. A normal person would have arrived, perhaps thought of the risk for a moment, and dived in. To the police now 'reframed', they followed 'normal' procedure.

There are shocking cases of reframed ambulance crews doing the same. Sheer unthinking stupidity of London Face-Nappies headed by Common Purpose graduate Cressida Dick can be seen in their behaviour at a vigil in March, 2021, for a murdered woman, Sarah Everard. A police officer had been charged with the crime. Anyone with a brain would have left the vigil alone in the circumstances. Instead they 'manhandled' women to stop them breaking 'Covid rules' to betray classic reframing. Minds in the thrall of perception control have no capacity for seeing a situation on its merits and acting accordingly. 'Rules is rules' is their only mind-set. My father used to say that rules and regulations are for the guidance of the intelligent and the blind obedience of the idiot. Most of the intelligent, decent, coppers have gone leaving only the other kind and a few old school for whom the job must be a daily nightmare. The combination of psychopaths and rule-book software minds has been clearly on public display in the 'Covid' era with automaton robots in uniform imposing fascistic 'Covid' regulations on the population without any personal initiative or judging situations on their merits. There are thousands of examples around the world, but I'll make my point with the infamous Derbyshire police in the English East Midlands – the ones who think pouring dye into beauty spots and using drones to track people walking in the countryside away from anyone is called 'policing'. To them there are rules decreed by the government which they have to enforce and in their bewildered state a group gathering in a closed space and someone walking alone in the countryside are the same thing. It is beyond idiocy and enters the realm of clinical insanity.

Police officers in Derbyshire said they were 'horrified' – *horrified* – to find 15 to 20 'irresponsible' kids playing a football match at a closed leisure centre 'in breach of coronavirus restrictions'. When they saw the police the kids ran away leaving their belongings behind and the reframed men and women of Derbyshire police were seeking to establish their identities with a view to fining their parents. The most natural thing for youngsters to do – kicking a ball about – is turned into a criminal activity and enforced by the moronic software programs of Derbyshire police. You find the same mentality in every country. These barely conscious 'horrified' officers said they had to take action because 'we need to ensure these rules are being followed' and 'it is of the utmost importance that you ensure your children are following the rules and regulations for Covid-19'. Had any of them done ten seconds of research to see if this parroting of their masters' script could be supported by any evidence? Nope. Reframed people don't think – others think for them and that's the whole idea of reframing. I have seen police officers one after the other repeating without question word for word what officialdom tells them just as I have seen great swathes of the public doing the same. Ask either for 'their' opinion and out spews what they have been told to think by the official narrative. Police and public may seem to be in different groups, but their mentality is the same. Most people do whatever they are told in fear not doing so or because they believe what officialdom tells them; almost the entirety of the police do what they are told for the same reason. Ultimately it's the tiny inner core of the global Cult that's telling both what to do.

So Derbyshire police were 'horrified'. Oh, really? Why did they think those kids were playing football? It was to relieve the psychological consequences of lockdown and being denied human contact with their friends and interaction, touch and discourse vital to human psychological health. Being denied this month after month has dismantled the psyche of many children and young people as depression and suicide have exploded. Were Derbyshire police *horrified by that*? Are you kidding? Reframed people don't have those

mental and emotional processes that can see how the impact on the psychological health of youngsters is far more dangerous than any 'virus' even if you take the mendacious official figures to be true. The reframed are told (programmed) how to act and so they do. The Derbyshire Chief Constable in the first period of lockdown when the black dye and drones nonsense was going on was Peter Goodman. He was the man who severed the connection between his force and the Derbyshire Constabulary *Male Voice* Choir when he decided that it was not inclusive enough to allow women to join. The fact it was a male voice choir making a particular sound produced by male voices seemed to elude a guy who terrifyingly ran policing in Derbyshire. He retired weeks after his force was condemned as disgraceful by former Supreme Court Justice Jonathan Sumption for their behaviour over extreme lockdown impositions. Goodman was replaced by his deputy Rachel Swann who was in charge when her officers were 'horrified'. The police statement over the boys committing the hanging-offence of playing football included the line about the youngsters being 'irresponsible in the times we are all living through' missing the point that the real relevance of the 'times we are all living through' is the imposition of fascism enforced by psychopaths and reframed minds of police officers playing such a vital part in establishing the fascist tyranny that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. As a definition of insanity that is hard to beat although it might be run close by imposing masks on people that can have a serious effect on their health while wearing a face nappy all day themselves. Once again public and police do it for the same reason – the authorities tell them to and who are they to have the self-respect to say no?

Wokers in uniform

How reframed do you have to be to arrest a *six-year-old* and take him to court for *picking a flower* while waiting for a bus? Brain dead police and officialdom did just that in North Carolina where criminal proceedings happen regularly for children under nine. Attorney Julie Boyer gave the six-year-old crayons and a colouring book

during the 'flower' hearing while the 'adults' decided his fate. County Chief District Court Judge Jay Corpening asked: 'Should a child that believes in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the tooth fairy be making life-altering decisions?' Well, of course not, but common sense has no meaning when you have a common purpose and a reframed mind. Treating children in this way, and police operating in American schools, is all part of the psychological preparation for children to accept a police state as normal all their adult lives. The same goes for all the cameras and biometric tracking technology in schools. Police training is focused on reframing them as snowflake Wokers and this is happening in the military. Pentagon top brass said that 'training sessions on extremism' were needed for troops who asked why they were so focused on the Capitol Building riot when Black Lives Matter riots were ignored. What's the difference between them some apparently and rightly asked. Actually, there is a difference. Five people died in the Capitol riot, only one through violence, and that was a police officer shooting an unarmed protestor. BLM riots killed at least 25 people and cost billions. Asking the question prompted the psychopaths and reframed minds that run the Pentagon to say that more 'education' (programming) was needed. Troop training is all based on psychological programming to make them fodder for the Cult – 'Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy' as Cult-to-his-DNA former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger famously said. Governments see the police in similar terms and it's time for those among them who can see this to defend the people and stop being enforcers of the Cult agenda upon the people.

The US military, like the country itself, is being targeted for destruction through a long list of Woke impositions. Cult-owned gaga 'President' Biden signed an executive order when he took office to allow taxpayer money to pay for transgender surgery for active military personnel and veterans. Are you a man soldier? No, I'm a LGBTQIA+ with a hint of Skoliosexual and Spectrasexual. Oh, good man. Bad choice of words you bigot. The Pentagon announced in March, 2021, the appointment of the first 'diversity and inclusion

officer' for US Special Forces. Richard Torres-Estrada arrived with the publication of a 'D&I Strategic Plan which will guide the enterprise-wide effort to institutionalize and sustain D&I'. If you think a Special Forces 'Strategic Plan' should have something to do with defending America you haven't been paying attention. Defending Woke is now the military's new role. Torres-Estrada has posted images comparing Donald Trump with Adolf Hitler and we can expect no bias from him as a representative of the supposedly non-political Pentagon. Cable news host Tucker Carlson said: 'The Pentagon is now the Yale faculty lounge but with cruise missiles.' Meanwhile Secretary of Defense Lloyd Austin, a board member of weapons-maker Raytheon with stock and compensation interests in October, 2020, worth $1.4 million, said he was purging the military of the 'enemy within' – anyone who isn't Woke and supports Donald Trump. Austin refers to his targets as 'racist extremists' while in true Woke fashion being himself a racist extremist. Pentagon documents pledge to 'eradicate, eliminate and conquer all forms of racism, sexism and homophobia'. The definitions of these are decided by 'diversity and inclusion committees' peopled by those who see racism, sexism and homophobia in every situation and opinion. Woke (the Cult) is dismantling the US military and purging testosterone as China expands its military and gives its troops 'masculinity training'. How do we think that is going to end when this is all Cult coordinated? The US military, like the British military, is controlled by Woke and spineless top brass who just go along with it out of personal career interests.

'Woke' means fast asleep

Mind control and perception manipulation techniques used on individuals to create group-think have been unleashed on the global population in general. As a result many have no capacity to see the obvious fascist agenda being installed all around them or what 'Covid' is really all about. Their brains are firewalled like a computer system not to process certain concepts, thoughts and realisations that are bad for the Cult. The young are most targeted as the adults they

will be when the whole fascist global state is planned to be fully implemented. They need to be prepared for total compliance to eliminate all pushback from entire generations. The Cult has been pouring billions into taking complete control of 'education' from schools to universities via its operatives and corporations and not least Bill Gates as always. The plan has been to transform 'education' institutions into programming centres for the mentality of 'Woke'. James McConnell, professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, wrote in *Psychology Today* in 1970:

> The day has come when we can combine sensory deprivation with drugs, hypnosis, and astute manipulation of reward and punishment, to gain almost absolute control over an individual's behaviour. It should then be possible to achieve a very rapid and highly effective type of brainwashing that would allow us to make dramatic changes in a person's behaviour and personality ...
>
> … We should reshape society so that we all would be trained from birth to want to do what society wants us to do. We have the techniques to do it... no-one owns his own personality you acquired, and there's no reason to believe you should have the right to refuse to acquire a new personality if your old one is anti-social.

This was the potential for mass brainwashing in 1970 and the mentality there displayed captures the arrogant psychopathy that drives it forward. I emphasise that not all young people have succumbed to Woke programming and those that haven't are incredibly impressive people given that today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in history with all the technology now involved. Vast swathes of the young generations, however, have fallen into the spell – and that's what it is – of Woke. The Woke mentality and perceptual program is founded on *inversion* and you will appreciate later why that is so significant. Everything with Woke is inverted and the opposite of what it is claimed to be. Woke was a term used in African-American culture from the 1900s and referred to an awareness of social and racial justice. This is not the meaning of the modern version or 'New Woke' as I call it in *The Answer*. Oh, no, Woke today means something very different no matter how much Wokers may seek to hide that and insist Old Woke and New

Woke are the same. See if you find any 'awareness of social justice' here in the modern variety:

- Woke demands 'inclusivity' while excluding anyone with a different opinion and calls for mass censorship to silence other views.

- Woke claims to stand against oppression when imposing oppression is the foundation of all that it does. It is the driver of political correctness which is nothing more than a Cult invention to manipulate the population to silence itself.

- Woke believes itself to be 'liberal' while pursuing a global society that can only be described as fascist (see 'anti-fascist' fascist Antifa).

- Woke calls for 'social justice' while spreading injustice wherever it goes against the common 'enemy' which can be easily identified as a differing view.

- Woke is supposed to be a metaphor for 'awake' when it is solid-gold asleep and deep in a Cult-induced coma that meets the criteria for 'off with the fairies'.

I state these points as obvious facts if people only care to look. I don't do this with a sense of condemnation. We need to appreciate that the onslaught of perceptual programming on the young has been incessant and merciless. I can understand why so many have been reframed, or, given their youth, framed from the start to see the world as the Cult demands. The Cult has had access to their minds day after day in its 'education' system for their entire formative years. Perception is formed from information received and the Cult-created system is a life-long download of information delivered to elicit a particular perception, thus behaviour. The more this has expanded into still new extremes in recent decades and ever-increasing censorship has deleted other opinions and information why wouldn't that lead to a perceptual reframing on a mass scale? I

have described already cradle-to-grave programming and in more recent times the targeting of young minds from birth to adulthood has entered the stratosphere. This has taken the form of skewing what is 'taught' to fit the Cult agenda and the omnipresent techniques of group-think to isolate non-believers and pressure them into line. There has always been a tendency to follow the herd, but we really are in a new world now in relation to that. We have parents who can see the 'Covid' hoax told by their children not to stop them wearing masks at school, being 'Covid' tested or having the 'vaccine' in fear of the peer-pressure consequences of being different. What is 'peer-pressure' if not pressure to conform to group-think? Renegade Minds never group-think and always retain a set of perceptions that are unique to them. Group-think is always underpinned by consequences for not group-thinking. Abuse now aimed at those refusing DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' are a potent example of this. The biggest pressure to conform comes from the very group which is itself being manipulated. 'I am programmed to be part of a hive mind and so you must be.'

Woke control structures in 'education' now apply to every mainstream organisation. Those at the top of the 'education' hierarchy (the Cult) decide the policy. This is imposed on governments through the Cult network; governments impose it on schools, colleges and universities; their leadership impose the policy on teachers and academics and they impose it on children and students. At any level where there is resistance, perhaps from a teacher or university lecturer, they are targeted by the authorities and often fired. Students themselves regularly demand the dismissal of academics (increasingly few) at odds with the narrative that the students have been programmed to believe in. It is quite a thought that students who are being targeted by the Cult become so consumed by programmed group-think that they launch protests and demand the removal of those who are trying to push back against those targeting the students. Such is the scale of perceptual inversion. We see this with 'Covid' programming as the Cult imposes the rules via psycho-psychologists and governments on

shops, transport companies and businesses which impose them on their staff who impose them on their customers who pressure Pushbackers to conform to the will of the Cult which is in the process of destroying them and their families. Scan all aspects of society and you will see the same sequence every time.

Fact free Woke and hijacking the 'left'

There is no more potent example of this than 'Woke', a mentality only made possible by the deletion of factual evidence by an 'education' system seeking to produce an ever more uniform society. Why would you bother with facts when you don't know any? Deletion of credible history both in volume and type is highly relevant. Orwell said: 'Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.' They who control the perception of the past control the perception of the future and they who control the present control the perception of the past through the writing and deleting of history. Why would you oppose the imposition of Marxism in the name of Wokeism when you don't know that Marxism cost at least 100 million lives in the 20th century alone? Watch videos and read reports in which Woker generations are asked basic historical questions – it's mind-blowing. A survey of 2,000 people found that six percent of millennials (born approximately early1980s to early 2000s) believed the Second World War (1939-1945) broke out with the assassination of President Kennedy (in 1963) and one in ten thought Margaret Thatcher was British Prime Minister at the time. She was in office between 1979 and 1990. We are in a post-fact society. Provable facts are no defence against the fascism of political correctness or Silicon Valley censorship. Facts don't matter anymore as we have witnessed with the 'Covid' hoax. Sacrificing uniqueness to the Woke group-think religion is all you are required to do and that means thinking for yourself is the biggest Woke no, no. All religions are an expression of group-think and censorship and Woke is just another religion with an orthodoxy defended by group-think and censorship. Burned at

the stake becomes burned on Twitter which leads back eventually to burned at the stake as Woke humanity regresses to ages past.

The biggest Woke inversion of all is its creators and funders. I grew up in a traditional left of centre political household on a council estate in Leicester in the 1950s and 60s – you know, the left that challenged the power of wealth-hoarding elites and threats to freedom of speech and opinion. In those days students went on marches defending freedom of speech while today's Wokers march for its deletion. What on earth could have happened? Those very elites (collectively the Cult) that we opposed in my youth and early life have funded into existence the antithesis of that former left and hijacked the 'brand' while inverting everything it ever stood for. We have a mentality that calls itself 'liberal' and 'progressive' while acting like fascists. Cult billionaires and their corporations have funded themselves into control of 'education' to ensure that Woke programming is unceasing throughout the formative years of children and young people and that non-Wokers are isolated (that word again) whether they be students, teachers or college professors. The Cult has funded into existence the now colossal global network of Woke organisations that have spawned and promoted all the 'causes' on the Cult wish-list for global transformation and turned Wokers into demanders of them. Does anyone really think it's a coincidence that the Cult agenda for humanity is a carbon (sorry) copy of the societal transformations desired by Woke?? These are only some of them:

Political correctness: The means by which the Cult deletes all public debates that it knows it cannot win if we had the free-flow of information and evidence.

Human-caused 'climate change': The means by which the Cult seeks to transform society into a globally-controlled dictatorship imposing its will over the fine detail of everyone's lives 'to save the planet' which doesn't actually need saving.

Transgender obsession: Preparing collective perception to accept the 'new human' which would not have genders because it would be created technologically and not through procreation. I'll have much more on this in Human 2.0.

Race obsession: The means by which the Cult seeks to divide and rule the population by triggering racial division through the perception that society is more racist than ever when the opposite is the case. Is it perfect in that regard? No. But to compare today with the racism of apartheid and segregation brought to an end by the civil rights movement in the 1960s is to insult the memory of that movement and inspirations like Martin Luther King. Why is the 'anti-racism' industry (which it is) so dominated by privileged white people?

White supremacy: This is a label used by privileged white people to demonise poor and deprived white people pushing back on tyranny to marginalise and destroy them. White people are being especially targeted as the dominant race by number within Western society which the Cult seeks to transform in its image. If you want to change a society you must weaken and undermine its biggest group and once you have done that by using the other groups you next turn on them to do the same … 'Then they came for the Jews and I was not a Jew so I did nothing.'

Mass migration: The mass movement of people from the Middle East, Africa and Asia into Europe, from the south into the United States and from Asia into Australia are another way the Cult seeks to dilute the racial, cultural and political influence of white people on Western society. White people ask why their governments appear to be working against them while being politically and culturally biased towards incoming cultures. Well, here's your answer. In the same way sexually 'straight' people, men and women, ask why the

authorities are biased against them in favour of other sexualities. The answer is the same – that's the way the Cult wants it to be for very sinister motives.

These are all central parts of the Cult agenda and central parts of the Woke agenda and Woke was created and continues to be funded to an immense degree by Cult billionaires and corporations. If anyone begins to say 'coincidence' the syllables should stick in their throat.

Billionaire 'social justice warriors'

Joe Biden is a 100 percent-owned asset of the Cult and the Wokers' man in the White House whenever he can remember his name and for however long he lasts with his rapidly diminishing cognitive function. Even walking up the steps of an aircraft without falling on his arse would appear to be a challenge. He's not an empty-shell puppet or anything. From the minute Biden took office (or the Cult did) he began his executive orders promoting the Woke wish-list. You will see the Woke agenda imposed ever more severely because it's really the *Cult* agenda. Woke organisations and activist networks spawned by the Cult are funded to the extreme so long as they promote what the Cult wants to happen. Woke is funded to promote 'social justice' by billionaires who become billionaires by destroying social justice. The social justice mantra is only a cover for dismantling social justice and funded by billionaires that couldn't give a damn about social justice. Everything makes sense when you see that. One of Woke's premier funders is Cult billionaire financier George Soros who said: 'I am basically there to make money, I cannot and do not look at the social consequences of what I do.' This is the same Soros who has given more than $32 billion to his Open Society Foundations global Woke network and funded Black Lives Matter, mass immigration into Europe and the United States, transgender activism, climate change activism, political correctness and groups targeting 'white supremacy' in the form of privileged white thugs that dominate Antifa. What a scam it all is and when

you are dealing with the unquestioning fact-free zone of Woke scamming them is child's play. All you need to pull it off in all these organisations are a few in-the-know agents of the Cult and an army of naïve, reframed, uninformed, narcissistic, know-nothings convinced of their own self-righteousness, self-purity and virtue.

Soros and fellow billionaires and billionaire corporations have poured hundreds of millions into Black Lives Matter and connected groups and promoted them to a global audience. None of this is motivated by caring about black people. These are the billionaires that have controlled and exploited a system that leaves millions of black people in abject poverty and deprivation which they do absolutely nothing to address. The same Cult networks funding BLM were behind the *slave trade!* Black Lives Matter hijacked a phrase that few would challenge and they have turned this laudable concept into a political weapon to divide society. You know that BLM is a fraud when it claims that *All* Lives Matter, the most inclusive statement of all, is 'racist'. BLM and its Cult masters don't want to end racism. To them it's a means to an end to control all of humanity never mind the colour, creed, culture or background. What has destroying the nuclear family got to do with ending racism? Nothing – but that is one of the goals of BLM and also happens to be a goal of the Cult as I have been exposing in my books for decades. Stealing children from loving parents and giving schools ever more power to override parents is part of that same agenda. BLM is a Marxist organisation and why would that not be the case when the Cult created Marxism *and* BLM? Patrisse Cullors, a BLM co-founder, said in a 2015 video that she and her fellow organisers, including co-founder Alicia Garza, are 'trained Marxists'. The lady known after marriage as Patrisse Khan-Cullors bought a $1.4 million home in 2021 in one of the whitest areas of California with a black population of just 1.6 per cent and has so far bought *four* high-end homes for a total of $3.2 million. How very Marxist. There must be a bit of spare in the BLM coffers, however, when Cult corporations and billionaires have handed over the best part of $100 million. Many black people can see that Black Lives Matter is not

working for them, but against them, and this is still more confirmation. Black journalist Jason Whitlock, who had his account suspended by Twitter for simply linking to the story about the 'Marxist's' home buying spree, said that BLM leaders are 'making millions of dollars off the backs of these dead black men who they wouldn't spit on if they were on fire and alive'.

Black Lies Matter

Cult assets and agencies came together to promote BLM in the wake of the death of career criminal George Floyd who had been jailed a number of times including for forcing his way into the home of a black woman with others in a raid in which a gun was pointed at her stomach. Floyd was filmed being held in a Minneapolis street in 2020 with the knee of a police officer on his neck and he subsequently died. It was an appalling thing for the officer to do, but the same technique has been used by police on peaceful protestors of lockdown without any outcry from the Woke brigade. As unquestioning supporters of the Cult agenda Wokers have supported lockdown and all the 'Covid' claptrap while attacking anyone standing up to the tyranny imposed in its name. Court documents would later include details of an autopsy on Floyd by County Medical Examiner Dr Andrew Baker who concluded that Floyd had taken a fatal level of the drug fentanyl. None of this mattered to fact-free, question-free, Woke. Floyd's death was followed by worldwide protests against police brutality amid calls to defund the police. Throwing babies out with the bathwater is a Woke speciality. In the wake of the murder of British woman Sarah Everard a Green Party member of the House of Lords, Baroness Jones of Moulescoomb (Nincompoopia would have been better), called for a 6pm curfew for all men. This would be in breach of the Geneva Conventions on war crimes which ban collective punishment, but that would never have crossed the black and white Woke mind of Baroness Nincompoopia who would have been far too convinced of her own self-righteousness to compute such details. Many American cities did defund the police in the face of Floyd riots

and after $15 million was deleted from the police budget in Washington DC under useless Woke mayor Muriel Bowser car-jacking alone rose by 300 percent and within six months the US capital recorded its highest murder rate in 15 years. The same happened in Chicago and other cities in line with the Cult/Soros plan to bring fear to streets and neighbourhoods by reducing the police, releasing violent criminals and not prosecuting crime. This is the mob-rule agenda that I have warned in the books was coming for so long. Shootings in the area of Minneapolis where Floyd was arrested increased by 2,500 percent compared with the year before. Defunding the police over George Floyd has led to a big increase in dead people with many of them black. Police protection for politicians making these decisions stayed the same or increased as you would expect from professional hypocrites. The Cult doesn't actually want to abolish the police. It wants to abolish local control over the police and hand it to federal government as the psychopaths advance the Hunger Games Society. Many George Floyd protests turned into violent riots with black stores and businesses destroyed by fire and looting across America fuelled by Black Lives Matter. Woke doesn't do irony. If you want civil rights you must loot the liquor store and the supermarket and make off with a smart TV. It's the only way.

It's not a race war – it's a class war

Black people are patronised by privileged blacks and whites alike and told they are victims of white supremacy. I find it extraordinary to watch privileged blacks supporting the very system and bloodline networks behind the slave trade and parroting the same Cult-serving manipulative crap of their privileged white, often billionaire, associates. It is indeed not a race war but a class war and colour is just a diversion. Black Senator Cory Booker and black Congresswoman Maxine Waters, more residents of Nincompoopia, personify this. Once you tell people they are victims of someone else you devalue both their own responsibility for their plight and the power they have to impact on their reality and experience. Instead

we have: 'You are only in your situation because of whitey – turn on them and everything will change.' It won't change. Nothing changes in our lives unless *we* change it. Crucial to that is never seeing yourself as a victim and always as the creator of your reality. Life is a simple sequence of choice and consequence. Make different choices and you create different consequences. *You* have to make those choices – not Black Lives Matter, the Woke Mafia and anyone else that seeks to dictate your life. Who are they these Wokers, an emotional and psychological road traffic accident, to tell you what to do? Personal empowerment is the last thing the Cult and its Black Lives Matter want black people or anyone else to have. They claim to be defending the underdog while *creating* and perpetuating the underdog. The Cult's worst nightmare is human unity and if they are going to keep blacks, whites and every other race under economic servitude and control then the focus must be diverted from what they have in common to what they can be manipulated to believe divides them. Blacks have to be told that their poverty and plight is the fault of the white bloke living on the street in the same poverty and with the same plight they are experiencing. The difference is that your plight black people is due to him, a white supremacist with 'white privilege' living on the street. Don't unite as one human family against your mutual oppressors and suppressors – fight the oppressor with the white face who is as financially deprived as you are. The Cult knows that as its 'Covid' agenda moves into still new levels of extremism people are going to respond and it has been spreading the seeds of disunity everywhere to stop a united response to the evil that targets *all of us*.

Racist attacks on 'whiteness' are getting ever more outrageous and especially through the American Democratic Party which has an appalling history for anti-black racism. Barack Obama, Joe Biden, Hillary Clinton and Nancy Pelosi all eulogised about Senator Robert Byrd at his funeral in 2010 after a nearly 60-year career in Congress. Byrd was a brutal Ku Klux Klan racist and a violent abuser of Cathy O'Brien in MKUltra. He said he would never fight in the military 'with a negro by my side' and 'rather I should die a thousand times,

and see Old Glory trampled in the dirt never to rise again, than to see this beloved land of ours become degraded by race mongrels, a throwback to the blackest specimen from the wilds'. Biden called Byrd a 'very close friend and mentor'. These 'Woke' hypocrites are not anti-racist they are anti-poor and anti-people not of their perceived class. Here is an illustration of the scale of anti-white racism to which we have now descended. Seriously Woke and moronic *New York Times* contributor Damon Young described whiteness as a 'virus' that 'like other viruses will not die until there are no bodies left for it to infect'. He went on: '… the only way to stop it is to locate it, isolate it, extract it, and kill it.' Young can say that as a black man with no consequences when a white man saying the same in reverse would be facing a jail sentence. *That's* racism. We had super-Woke numbskull senators Tammy Duckworth and Mazie Hirono saying they would object to future Biden Cabinet appointments if he did not nominate more Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders. Never mind the ability of the candidate what do they look like? Duckworth said: 'I will vote for racial minorities and I will vote for LGBTQ, but anyone else I'm not voting for.' Appointing people on the grounds of race is illegal, but that was not a problem for this ludicrous pair. They were on-message and that's a free pass in any situation.

Critical race racism

White children are told at school they are intrinsically racist as they are taught the divisive 'critical race theory'. This claims that the law and legal institutions are inherently racist and that race is a socially constructed concept used by white people to further their economic and political interests at the expense of people of colour. White is a 'virus' as we've seen. Racial inequality results from 'social, economic, and legal differences that white people create between races to maintain white interests which leads to poverty and criminality in minority communities'. I must tell that to the white guy sleeping on the street. The principal of East Side Community School in New York sent white parents a manifesto that called on

them to become 'white traitors' and advocate for full 'white abolition'. These people are teaching your kids when they urgently need a psychiatrist. The 'school' included a chart with 'eight white identities' that ranged from 'white supremacist' to 'white abolition' and defined the behaviour white people must follow to end 'the regime of whiteness'. Woke blacks and their privileged white associates are acting exactly like the slave owners of old and Ku Klux Klan racists like Robert Byrd. They are too full of their own self-purity to see that, but it's true. Racism is not a body type; it's a state of mind that can manifest through any colour, creed or culture.

Another racial fraud is *'equity'*. Not equality of treatment and opportunity – equity. It's a term spun as equality when it means something very different. Equality in its true sense is a raising up while 'equity' is a race to the bottom. Everyone in the same level of poverty is 'equity'. Keep everyone down – that's equity. The Cult doesn't want anyone in the human family to be empowered and BLM leaders, like all these 'anti-racist' organisations, continue their privileged, pampered existence by perpetuating the perception of gathering racism. When is the last time you heard an 'anti-racist' or 'anti-Semitism' organisation say that acts of racism and discrimination have *fallen?* It's not in the interests of their fund-raising and power to influence and the same goes for the professional soccer anti-racism operation, Kick It Out. Two things confirmed that the Black Lives Matter riots in the summer of 2020 were Cult creations. One was that while anti-lockdown protests were condemned in this same period for 'transmitting 'Covid' the authorities supported mass gatherings of Black Lives Matter supporters. I even saw self-deluding people claiming to be doctors say the two types of protest were not the same. No – the non-existent 'Covid' was in favour of lockdowns and attacked those that protested against them while 'Covid' supported Black Lives Matter and kept well away from its protests. The whole thing was a joke and as lockdown protestors were arrested, often brutally, by reframed Face-Nappies we had the grotesque sight of police officers taking the knee to Black Lives Matter, a Cult-funded Marxist

organisation that supports violent riots and wants to destroy the nuclear family and white people.

He's not white? Shucks!

Woke obsession with race was on display again when ten people were shot dead in Boulder, Colorado, in March, 2021. Cult-owned Woke TV channels like CNN said the shooter appeared to be a white man and Wokers were on Twitter condemning 'violent white men' with the usual mantras. Then the shooter's name was released as Ahmad Al Aliwi Alissa, an anti-Trump Arab-American, and the sigh of disappointment could be heard five miles away. Never mind that ten people were dead and what that meant for their families. Race baiting was all that mattered to these sick Cult-serving people like Barack Obama who exploited the deaths to further divide America on racial grounds which is his job for the Cult. This is the man that 'racist' white Americans made the first black president of the United States and then gave him a second term. Not-very-bright Obama has become filthy rich on the back of that and today appears to have a big influence on the Biden administration. Even so he's still a downtrodden black man and a victim of white supremacy. This disingenuous fraud reveals the contempt he has for black people when he puts on a Deep South Alabama accent whenever he talks to them, no, *at* them.

Another BLM red flag was how the now fully-Woke (fully-Cult) and fully-virtue-signalled professional soccer authorities had their teams taking the knee before every match in support of Marxist Black Lives Matter. Soccer authorities and clubs displayed 'Black Lives Matter' on the players' shirts and flashed the name on electronic billboards around the pitch. Any fans that condemned what is a Freemasonic taking-the-knee ritual were widely condemned as you would expect from the Woke virtue-signallers of professional sport and the now fully-Woke media. We have reverse racism in which you are banned from criticising any race or culture except for white people for whom anything goes – say what you like, no problem. What has this got to do with racial harmony and

equality? We've had black supremacists from Black Lives Matter telling white people to fall to their knees in the street and apologise for their white supremacy. Black supremacists acting like white supremacist slave owners of the past couldn't breach their self-obsessed, race-obsessed sense of self-purity. Joe Biden appointed a race-obsessed black supremacist Kristen Clarke to head the Justice Department Civil Rights Division. Clarke claimed that blacks are endowed with 'greater mental, physical and spiritual abilities' than whites. If anyone reversed that statement they would be vilified. Clarke is on-message so no problem. She's never seen a black-white situation in which the black figure is anything but a virtuous victim and she heads the Civil Rights Division which should treat everyone the same or it isn't civil rights. Another perception of the Renegade Mind: If something or someone is part of the Cult agenda they will be supported by Woke governments and media no matter what. If they're not, they will be condemned and censored. It really is that simple and so racist Clarke prospers despite (make that because of) her racism.

The end of culture

Biden's administration is full of such racial, cultural and economic bias as the Cult requires the human family to be divided into warring factions. We are now seeing racially-segregated graduations and everything, but everything, is defined through the lens of perceived 'racism. We have 'racist' mathematics, 'racist' food and even 'racist' *plants*. World famous Kew Gardens in London said it was changing labels on plants and flowers to tell its pre-'Covid' more than two million visitors a year how racist they are. Kew director Richard Deverell said this was part of an effort to 'move quickly to decolonise collections' after they were approached by one Ajay Chhabra 'an actor with an insight into how sugar cane was linked to slavery'. They are *plants* you idiots. 'Decolonisation' in the Woke manual really means colonisation of society with its mentality and by extension colonisation by the Cult. We are witnessing a new Chinese-style 'Cultural Revolution' so essential to the success of all

Marxist takeovers. Our cultural past and traditions have to be swept away to allow a new culture to be built-back-better. Woke targeting of long-standing Western cultural pillars including historical monuments and cancelling of historical figures is what happened in the Mao revolution in China which 'purged remnants of capitalist and traditional elements from Chinese society' and installed Maoism as the dominant ideology'. For China see the Western world today and for 'dominant ideology' see Woke. Better still see Marxism or Maoism. The 'Covid' hoax has specifically sought to destroy the arts and all elements of Western culture from people meeting in a pub or restaurant to closing theatres, music venues, sports stadiums, places of worship and even banning *singing*. Destruction of Western society is also why criticism of any religion is banned except for Christianity which again is the dominant religion as white is the numerically-dominant race. Christianity may be fading rapidly, but its history and traditions are weaved through the fabric of Western society. Delete the pillars and other structures will follow until the whole thing collapses. I am not a Christian defending that religion when I say that. I have no religion. It's just a fact. To this end Christianity has itself been turned Woke to usher its own downfall and its ranks are awash with 'change agents' – knowing and unknowing – at every level including Pope Francis (*definitely* knowing) and the clueless Archbishop of Canterbury Justin Welby (possibly not, but who can be sure?). Woke seeks to coordinate attacks on Western culture, traditions, and ways of life through 'intersectionality' defined as 'the complex, cumulative way in which the effects of multiple forms of discrimination (such as racism, sexism, and classism) combine, overlap, or intersect especially in the experiences of marginalised individuals or groups'. Wade through the Orwellian Woke-speak and this means coordinating disparate groups in a common cause to overthrow freedom and liberal values.

The entire structure of public institutions has been infested with Woke – government at all levels, political parties, police, military, schools, universities, advertising, media and trade unions. This abomination has been achieved through the Cult web by appointing

Wokers to positions of power and battering non-Wokers into line through intimidation, isolation and threats to their job. Many have been fired in the wake of the empathy-deleted, vicious hostility of 'social justice' Wokers and the desire of gutless, spineless employers to virtue-signal their Wokeness. Corporations are filled with Wokers today, most notably those in Silicon Valley. Ironically at the top they are not Woke at all. They are only exploiting the mentality their Cult masters have created and funded to censor and enslave while the Wokers cheer them on until it's their turn. Thus the Woke 'liberal left' is an inversion of the traditional liberal left. Campaigning for justice on the grounds of power and wealth distribution has been replaced by campaigning for identity politics. The genuine traditional left would never have taken money from today's billionaire abusers of fairness and justice and nor would the billionaires have wanted to fund that genuine left. It would not have been in their interests to do so. The division of opinion in those days was between the haves and have nots. This all changed with Cult manipulated and funded identity politics. The division of opinion today is between Wokers and non-Wokers and not income brackets. Cult corporations and their billionaires may have taken wealth disparity to cataclysmic levels of injustice, but as long as they speak the language of Woke, hand out the dosh to the Woke network and censor the enemy they are 'one of us'. Billionaires who don't give a damn about injustice are laughing at them till their bellies hurt. Wokers are not even close to self-aware enough to see that. The transformed 'left' dynamic means that Wokers who drone on about 'social justice' are funded by billionaires that have destroyed social justice the world over. It's *why* they are billionaires.

The climate con

Nothing encapsulates what I have said more comprehensively than the hoax of human-caused global warming. I have detailed in my books over the years how Cult operatives and organisations were the pump-primers from the start of the climate con. A purpose-built vehicle for this is the Club of Rome established by the Cult in 1968

with the Rockefellers and Rothschilds centrally involved all along. Their gofer frontman Maurice Strong, a Canadian oil millionaire, hosted the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1992 where the global 'green movement' really expanded in earnest under the guiding hand of the Cult. The Earth Summit established Agenda 21 through the Cult-created-and-owned United Nations to use the illusion of human-caused climate change to justify the transformation of global society to save the world from climate disaster. It is a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution sold through governments, media, schools and universities as whole generations have been terrified into believing that the world was going to end in their lifetimes unless what old people had inflicted upon them was stopped by a complete restructuring of how everything is done. Chill, kids, it's all a hoax. Such restructuring is precisely what the Cult agenda demands (purely by coincidence of course). Today this has been given the codename of the Great Reset which is only an updated term for Agenda 21 and its associated Agenda 2030. The latter, too, is administered through the UN and was voted into being by the General Assembly in 2015. Both 21 and 2030 seek centralised control of all resources and food right down to the raindrops falling on your own land. These are some of the demands of Agenda 21 established in 1992. See if you recognise this society emerging today:

- End national sovereignty
- State planning and management of all land resources, ecosystems, deserts, forests, mountains, oceans and fresh water; agriculture; rural development; biotechnology; and ensuring *'equity'*
- The state to 'define the role' of business and financial resources
- Abolition of private property
- 'Restructuring' the family unit (see BLM)
- Children raised by the state
- People told what their job will be
- Major restrictions on movement
- Creation of 'human settlement zones'

- Mass resettlement as people are forced to vacate land where they live
- Dumbing down education
- Mass global depopulation in pursuit of all the above

The United Nations was created as a Trojan horse for world government. With the climate con of critical importance to promoting that outcome you would expect the UN to be involved. Oh, it's involved all right. The UN is promoting Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 justified by 'climate change' while also driving the climate hoax through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), one of the world's most corrupt organisations. The IPCC has been lying ferociously and constantly since the day it opened its doors with the global media hanging unquestioningly on its every mendacious word. The Green movement is entirely Woke and has long lost its original environmental focus since it was co-opted by the Cult. An obsession with 'global warming' has deleted its values and scrambled its head. I experienced a small example of what I mean on a beautiful country walk that I have enjoyed several times a week for many years. The path merged into the fields and forests and you felt at one with the natural world. Then a 'Green' organisation, the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust, took over part of the land and proceeded to cut down a large number of trees, including mature ones, to install a horrible big, bright steel 'this-is-ours-stay-out' fence that destroyed the whole atmosphere of this beautiful place. No one with a feel for nature would do that. Day after day I walked to the sound of chainsaws and a magnificent mature weeping willow tree that I so admired was cut down at the base of the trunk. When I challenged a Woke young girl in a green shirt (of course) about this vandalism she replied: 'It's a weeping willow – it will grow back.' This is what people are paying for when they donate to the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust and many other 'green' organisations today. It is not the environmental movement that I knew and instead has become a support-system – as with Extinction Rebellion – for a very dark agenda.

Private jets for climate justice

The Cult-owned, Gates-funded, World Economic Forum and its founder Klaus Schwab were behind the emergence of Greta Thunberg to harness the young behind the climate agenda and she was invited to speak to the world at … the UN. Schwab published a book, *Covid-19: The Great Reset* in 2020 in which he used the 'Covid' hoax and the climate hoax to lay out a new society straight out of Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. Bill Gates followed in early 2021 when he took time out from destroying the world to produce a book in his name about the way to save it. Gates flies across the world in private jets and admitted that 'I probably have one of the highest greenhouse gas footprints of anyone on the planet … my personal flying alone is gigantic.' He has also bid for the planet's biggest private jet operator. Other climate change saviours who fly in private jets include John Kerry, the US Special Presidential Envoy for Climate, and actor Leonardo DiCaprio, a 'UN Messenger of Peace with special focus on climate change'. These people are so full of bullshit they could corner the market in manure. We mustn't be sceptical, though, because the Gates book, *How to Avoid a Climate Disaster: The Solutions We Have and the Breakthroughs We Need*, is a genuine attempt to protect the world and not an obvious pile of excrement attributed to a mega-psychopath aimed at selling his masters' plans for humanity. The Gates book and the other shite-pile by Klaus Schwab could have been written by the same person and may well have been. Both use 'climate change' and 'Covid' as the excuses for their new society and by coincidence the Cult's World Economic Forum and Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation promote the climate hoax and hosted Event 201 which pre-empted with a 'simulation' the very 'coronavirus' hoax that would be simulated for real on humanity within weeks. The British 'royal' family is promoting the 'Reset' as you would expect through Prince 'climate change caused the war in Syria' Charles and his hapless son Prince William who said that we must 'reset our relationship with nature and our trajectory as a species' to avoid a climate disaster. Amazing how many promotors of the 'Covid' and 'climate change' control

systems are connected to Gates and the World Economic Forum. A 'study' in early 2021 claimed that carbon dioxide emissions must fall by the equivalent of a global lockdown roughly every two years for the next decade to save the planet. The 'study' appeared in the same period that the Schwab mob claimed in a video that lockdowns destroying the lives of billions are good because they make the earth 'quieter' with less 'ambient noise'. They took down the video amid a public backlash for such arrogant, empathy-deleted stupidity You see, however, where they are going with this. Corinne Le Quéré, a professor at the Tyndall Centre for Climate Change Research, University of East Anglia, was lead author of the climate lockdown study, and she writes for … the World Economic Forum. Gates calls in 'his' book for changing 'every aspect of the economy' (long-time Cult agenda) and for humans to eat synthetic 'meat' (predicted in my books) while cows and other farm animals are eliminated. Australian TV host and commentator Alan Jones described what carbon emission targets would mean for farm animals in Australia alone if emissions were reduced as demanded by 35 percent by 2030 and zero by 2050:

> Well, let's take agriculture, the total emissions from agriculture are about 75 million tonnes of carbon dioxide, equivalent. Now reduce that by 35 percent and you have to come down to 50 million tonnes, I've done the maths. So if you take for example 1.5 million cows, you're going to have to reduce the herd by 525,000 [by] 2030, nine years, that's 58,000 cows a year. The beef herd's 30 million, reduce that by 35 percent, that's 10.5 million, which means 1.2 million cattle have to go every year between now and 2030. This is insanity!
>
> There are 75 million sheep. Reduce that by 35 percent, that's 26 million sheep, that's almost 3 million a year. So under the Paris Agreement over 30 million beasts. dairy cows, cattle, pigs and sheep would go. More than 8,000 every minute of every hour for the next decade, do these people know what they're talking about?

Clearly they don't at the level of campaigners, politicians and administrators. The Cult *does* know; that's the outcome it wants. We are faced with not just a war on humanity. Animals and the natural world are being targeted and I have been saying since the 'Covid' hoax began that the plan eventually was to claim that the 'deadly virus' is able to jump from animals, including farm animals and

domestic pets, to humans. Just before this book went into production came this story: 'Russia registers world's first Covid-19 vaccine for cats & dogs as makers of Sputnik V warn pets & farm animals could spread virus'. The report said 'top scientists warned that the deadly pathogen could soon begin spreading through homes and farms' and 'the next stage is the infection of farm and domestic animals'. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey. Think what that would mean for animals and keep your eye on a term called zoonosis or zoonotic diseases which transmit between animals and humans. The Cult wants to break the connection between animals and people as it does between people and people. Farm animals fit with the Cult agenda to transform food from natural to synthetic.

The gas of life is killing us

There can be few greater examples of Cult inversion than the condemnation of carbon dioxide as a dangerous pollutant when it is the gas of life. Without it the natural world would be dead and so we would all be dead. We breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbon dioxide while plants produce oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide. It is a perfect symbiotic relationship that the Cult wants to dismantle for reasons I will come to in the final two chapters. Gates, Schwab, other Cult operatives and mindless repeaters, want the world to be 'carbon neutral' by at least 2050 and the earlier the better. 'Zero carbon' is the cry echoed by lunatics calling for 'Zero Covid' when we already have it. These carbon emission targets will deindustrialise the world in accordance with Cult plans – the post-industrial, post-democratic society – and with so-called renewables like solar and wind not coming even close to meeting human energy needs blackouts and cold are inevitable. Texans got the picture in the winter of 2021 when a snow storm stopped wind turbines and solar panels from working and the lights went down along with water which relies on electricity for its supply system. Gates wants everything to be powered by electricity to ensure that his masters have the kill switch to stop all human activity, movement, cooking, water and warmth any time they like. The climate lie is so

stupendously inverted that it claims we must urgently reduce carbon dioxide when we *don't have enough*.

Co2 in the atmosphere is a little above 400 parts per million when the optimum for plant growth is 2,000 ppm and when it falls anywhere near 150 ppm the natural world starts to die and so do we. It fell to as low as 280 ppm in an 1880 measurement in Hawaii and rose to 413 ppm in 2019 with industrialisation which is why the planet has become *greener* in the industrial period. How insane then that psychopathic madman Gates is not satisfied only with blocking the rise of Co2. He's funding technology to suck it out of the atmosphere. The reason why will become clear. The industrial era is not destroying the world through Co2 and has instead turned around a potentially disastrous ongoing fall in Co2. Greenpeace co-founder and scientist Patrick Moore walked away from Greenpeace in 1986 and has exposed the green movement for fear-mongering and lies. He said that 500 million years ago there was *17 times* more Co2 in the atmosphere than we have today and levels have been falling for hundreds of millions of years. In the last 150 million years Co2 levels in Earth's atmosphere had reduced by *90 percent*. Moore said that by the time humanity began to unlock carbon dioxide from fossil fuels we were at '38 seconds to midnight' and in that sense: 'Humans are [the Earth's] salvation.' Moore made the point that only half the Co2 emitted by fossil fuels stays in the atmosphere and we should remember that all pollution pouring from chimneys that we are told is carbon dioxide is in fact nothing of the kind. It's pollution. Carbon dioxide is an invisible gas.

William Happer, Professor of Physics at Princeton University and long-time government adviser on climate, has emphasised the Co2 deficiency for maximum growth and food production. Greenhouse growers don't add carbon dioxide for a bit of fun. He said that most of the warming in the last 100 years, after the earth emerged from the super-cold period of the 'Little Ice Age' into a natural warming cycle, was over by 1940. Happer said that a peak year for warming in 1988 can be explained by a 'monster El Nino' which is a natural and cyclical warming of the Pacific that has nothing to do with 'climate

change'. He said the effect of Co2 could be compared to painting a wall with red paint in that once two or three coats have been applied it didn't matter how much more you slapped on because the wall will not get much redder. Almost all the effect of the rise in Co2 has already happened, he said, and the volume in the atmosphere would now have to *double* to increase temperature by a single degree. Climate hoaxers know this and they have invented the most ridiculously complicated series of 'feedback' loops to try to overcome this rather devastating fact. You hear puppet Greta going on cluelessly about feedback loops and this is why.

The Sun affects temperature? No you *climate denier*

Some other nonsense to contemplate: Climate graphs show that rises in temperature do not follow rises in Co2 – *it's the other way round* with a lag between the two of some 800 years. If we go back 800 years from present time we hit the Medieval Warm Period when temperatures were higher than now without any industrialisation and this was followed by the Little Ice Age when temperatures plummeted. The world was still emerging from these centuries of serious cold when many climate records began which makes the ever-repeated line of the 'hottest year since records began' meaningless when you are not comparing like with like. The coldest period of the Little Ice Age corresponded with the lowest period of sunspot activity when the Sun was at its least active. Proper scientists will not be at all surprised by this when it confirms the obvious fact that earth temperature is affected by the scale of Sun activity and the energetic power that it subsequently emits; but when is the last time you heard a climate hoaxer talking about the Sun as a source of earth temperature?? Everything has to be focussed on Co2 which makes up just 0.117 percent of so-called greenhouse gases and only a fraction of even that is generated by human activity. The rest is natural. More than *90 percent* of those greenhouse gases are water vapour and clouds (Fig 9). Ban moisture I say. Have you noticed that the climate hoaxers no longer use the polar bear as their promotion image? That's because far from becoming extinct polar

bear communities are stable or thriving. Joe Bastardi, American meteorologist, weather forecaster and outspoken critic of the climate lie, documents in his book *The Climate Chronicles* how weather patterns and events claimed to be evidence of climate change have been happening since long before industrialisation: 'What happened before naturally is happening again, as is to be expected given the cyclical nature of the climate due to the design of the planet.' If you read the detailed background to the climate hoax in my other books you will shake your head and wonder how anyone could believe the crap which has spawned a multi-trillion dollar industry based on absolute garbage (see HIV causes AIDs and Sars-Cov-2 causes 'Covid-19'). Climate and 'Covid' have much in common given they have the same source. They both have the contradictory *everything* factor in which everything is explained by reference to them. It's hot – 'it's climate change'. It's cold – 'it's climate change'. I got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. I haven't got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. Not having a sniffle has to be a symptom of 'Covid'. Everything is and not having a sniffle is especially dangerous if you are a slow walker. For sheer audacity I offer you a Cambridge University 'study' that actually linked 'Covid' to 'climate change'. It had to happen eventually. They concluded that climate change played a role in 'Covid-19' spreading from animals to humans because … wait for it … I kid you not … *the two groups were forced closer together as populations grow*. Er, that's it. The whole foundation on which this depended was that 'Bats are the likely zoonotic origin of SARS-CoV-1 and SARS-CoV-2'. Well, they are not. They are nothing to do with it. Apart from bats not being the origin and therefore 'climate change' effects on bats being irrelevant I am in awe of their academic insight. Where would we be without them? Not where we are that's for sure.

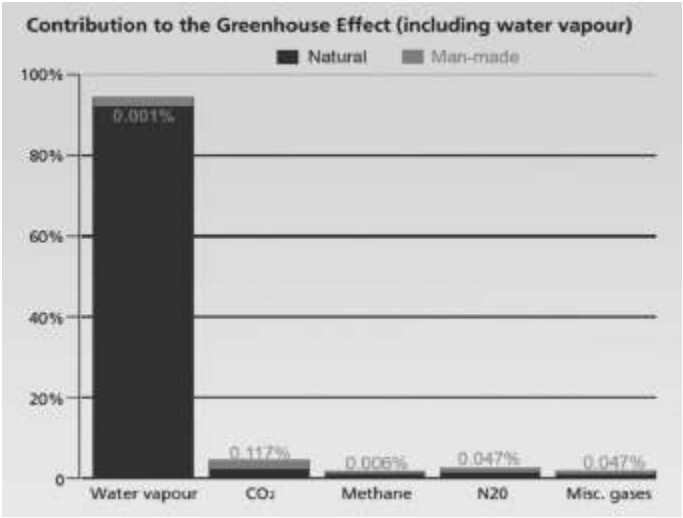

Figure 9: The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

One other point about the weather is that climate modification is now well advanced and not every major weather event is natural – or earthquake come to that. I cover this subject at some length in other books. China is openly planning a rapid expansion of its weather modification programme which includes changing the climate in an area more than one and a half times the size of India. China used weather manipulation to ensure clear skies during the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. I have quoted from US military documents detailing how to employ weather manipulation as a weapon of war and they did that in the 1960s and 70s during the conflict in Vietnam with Operation Popeye manipulating monsoon rains for military purposes. Why would there be international treaties on weather modification if it wasn't possible? Of course it is. Weather is energetic information and it can be changed.

How was the climate hoax pulled off? See 'Covid'

If you can get billions to believe in a 'virus' that doesn't exist you can get them to believe in human-caused climate change that doesn't exist. Both are being used by the Cult to transform global society in the way it has long planned. Both hoaxes have been achieved in pretty much the same way. First you declare a lie is a fact. There's a

'virus' you call SARS-Cov-2 or humans are warming the planet with their behaviour. Next this becomes, via Cult networks, the foundation of government, academic and science policy and belief. Those who parrot the mantra are given big grants to produce research that confirms the narrative is true and ever more 'symptoms' are added to make the 'virus'/'climate change' sound even more scary. Scientists and researchers who challenge the narrative have their grants withdrawn and their careers destroyed. The media promote the lie as the unquestionable truth and censor those with an alternative view or evidence. A great percentage of the population believe what they are told as the lie becomes an everybody-knows-that and the believing-masses turn on those with a mind of their own. The technique has been used endlessly throughout human history. Wokers are the biggest promotors of the climate lie *and* 'Covid' fascism because their minds are owned by the Cult; their sense of self-righteous self-purity knows no bounds; and they exist in a bubble of reality in which facts are irrelevant and only get in the way of looking without seeing.

Running through all of this like veins in a blue cheese is control of information, which means control of perception, which means control of behaviour, which collectively means control of human society. The Cult owns the global media and Silicon Valley fascists for the simple reason that it *has* to. Without control of information it can't control perception and through that human society. Examine every facet of the Cult agenda and you will see that anything supporting its introduction is never censored while anything pushing back is always censored. I say again: Psychopaths that know why they are doing this must go before Nuremberg trials and those that follow their orders must trot along behind them into the same dock. 'I was just following orders' didn't work the first time and it must not work now. Nuremberg trials must be held all over the world before public juries for politicians, government officials, police, compliant doctors, scientists and virologists, and all Cult operatives such as Gates, Tedros, Fauci, Vallance, Whitty, Ferguson, Zuckerberg, Wojcicki, Brin, Page, Dorsey, the whole damn lot of

them – including, no *especially*, the psychopath psychologists. Without them and the brainless, gutless excuses for journalists that have repeated their lies, none of this could be happening. Nobody can be allowed to escape justice for the psychological and economic Armageddon they are all responsible for visiting upon the human race.

As for the compliant, unquestioning, swathes of humanity, and the self-obsessed, all-knowing ignorance of the Wokers … don't start me. God help their kids. God help their grandkids. God *help them*.

CHAPTER NINE

We must have it? So what is it?

Well I won't back down. No, I won't back down. You can stand me up at the Gates of Hell. But I won't back down
Tom Petty

I will now focus on the genetically-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' which do not meet this official definition of a vaccine by the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC): 'A product that stimulates a person's immune system to produce immunity to a specific disease, protecting the person from that disease.' On that basis 'Covid vaccines' are not a vaccine in that the makers don't even claim they stop infection or transmission.

They are instead part of a multi-levelled conspiracy to change the nature of the human body and what it means to be 'human' and to depopulate an enormous swathe of humanity. What I shall call Human 1.0 is on the cusp of becoming Human 2.0 and for very sinister reasons. Before I get to the 'Covid vaccine' in detail here's some background to vaccines in general. Government regulators do not test vaccines – the makers do – and the makers control which data is revealed and which isn't. Children in America are given 50 vaccine doses by age six and 69 by age 19 and the effect of the whole combined schedule has never been tested. Autoimmune diseases when the immune system attacks its own body have soared in the mass vaccine era and so has disease in general in children and the young. Why wouldn't this be the case when vaccines target the *immune system?* The US government gave Big Pharma drug

companies immunity from prosecution for vaccine death and injury in the 1986 National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act (NCVIA) and since then the government (taxpayer) has been funding compensation for the consequences of Big Pharma vaccines. The criminal and satanic drug giants can't lose and the vaccine schedule has increased dramatically since 1986 for this reason. There is no incentive to make vaccines safe and a big incentive to make money by introducing ever more. Even against a ridiculously high bar to prove vaccine liability, and with the government controlling the hearing in which it is being challenged for compensation, the vaccine court has so far paid out more than $4 billion. These are the vaccines we are told are safe and psychopaths like Zuckerberg censor posts saying otherwise. The immunity law was even justified by a ruling that vaccines by their nature were 'unavoidably unsafe'.

Check out the ingredients of vaccines and you will be shocked if you are new to this. *They put that in children's bodies?? What??* Try aluminium, a brain toxin connected to dementia, aborted foetal tissue and formaldehyde which is used to embalm corpses. World-renowned aluminium expert Christopher Exley had his research into the health effect of aluminium in vaccines shut down by Keele University in the UK when it began taking funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Research when diseases 'eradicated' by vaccines began to decline and you will find the fall began long *before* the vaccine was introduced. Sometimes the fall even plateaued after the vaccine. Diseases like scarlet fever for which there was no vaccine declined in the same way because of environmental and other factors. A perfect case in point is the polio vaccine. Polio began when lead arsenate was first sprayed as an insecticide and residues remained in food products. Spraying started in 1892 and the first US polio epidemic came in Vermont in 1894. The simple answer was to stop spraying, but Rockefeller-created Big Pharma had a better idea. Polio was decreed to be caused by the *poliovirus* which 'spreads from person to person and can infect a person's spinal cord'. Lead arsenate was replaced by the lethal DDT which had the same effect of causing paralysis by damaging the brain and central nervous

system. Polio plummeted when DDT was reduced and then banned, but the vaccine is still given the credit for something it didn't do. Today by far the biggest cause of polio is the vaccines promoted by Bill Gates. Vaccine justice campaigner Robert Kennedy Jr, son of assassinated (by the Cult) US Attorney General Robert Kennedy, wrote:

> In 2017, the World Health Organization (WHO) reluctantly admitted that the global explosion in polio is predominantly vaccine strain. The most frightening epidemics in Congo, Afghanistan, and the Philippines, are all linked to vaccines. In fact, by 2018, 70% of global polio cases were vaccine strain.

Vaccines make fortunes for Cult-owned Gates and Big Pharma while undermining the health and immune systems of the population. We had a glimpse of the mentality behind the Big Pharma cartel with a report on WION (World is One News), an international English language TV station based in India, which exposed the extraordinary behaviour of US drug company Pfizer over its 'Covid vaccine'. The WION report told how Pfizer had made fantastic demands of Argentina, Brazil and other countries in return for its 'vaccine'. These included immunity from prosecution, even for Pfizer negligence, government insurance to protect Pfizer from law suits and handing over as collateral sovereign assets of the country to include Argentina's bank reserves, military bases and embassy buildings. Pfizer demanded the same of Brazil in the form of waiving sovereignty of its assets abroad; exempting Pfizer from Brazilian laws; and giving Pfizer immunity from all civil liability. This is a 'vaccine' developed with government funding. Big Pharma is evil incarnate as a creation of the Cult and all must be handed tickets to Nuremberg.

Phantom 'vaccine' for a phantom 'disease'

I'll expose the 'Covid vaccine' fraud and then go on to the wider background of why the Cult has set out to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on the planet for an alleged 'new disease' with a survival rate of 99.77 percent (or more) even by the grotesquely-

manipulated figures of the World Health Organization and Johns Hopkins University. The 'infection' to 'death' ratio is 0.23 to 0.15 percent according to Stanford epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis and while estimates vary the danger remains tiny. I say that if the truth be told the fake infection to fake death ratio is zero. Never mind all the evidence I have presented here and in *The Answer* that there is no 'virus' let us just focus for a moment on that death-rate figure of say 0.23 percent. The figure includes all those worldwide who have tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and then died within 28 days or even longer of any other cause – *any other cause*. Now subtract all those illusory 'Covid' deaths on the global data sheets from the 0.23 percent. What do you think you would be left with? *Zero*. A vaccination has never been successfully developed for a so-called coronavirus. They have all failed at the animal testing stage when they caused hypersensitivity to what they were claiming to protect against and made the impact of a disease far worse. Cult-owned vaccine corporations got around that problem this time by bypassing animal trials, going straight to humans and making the length of the 'trials' before the public rollout as short as they could get away with. Normally it takes five to ten years or more to develop vaccines that still cause demonstrable harm to many people and that's without including the long-term effects that are never officially connected to the vaccination. 'Covid' non-vaccines have been officially produced and approved in a matter of months from a standing start and part of the reason is that (a) they were developed before the 'Covid' hoax began and (b) they are based on computer programs and not natural sources. Official non-trials were so short that government agencies gave *emergency*, not full, approval. 'Trials' were not even completed and full approval cannot be secured until they are. Public 'Covid vaccination' is actually a *continuation of the trial*. Drug company 'trials' are not scheduled to end until 2023 by which time a lot of people are going to be dead. Data on which government agencies gave this emergency approval was supplied by the Big Pharma corporations themselves in the form of Pfizer/BioNTech, AstraZeneca, Moderna, Johnson & Johnson, and

others, and this is the case with all vaccines. By its very nature *emergency* approval means drug companies do not have to prove that the 'vaccine' is 'safe and effective'. How could they with trials way short of complete? Government regulators only have to *believe* that they *could* be safe and effective. It is criminal manipulation to get products in circulation with no testing worth the name. Agencies giving that approval are infested with Big Pharma-connected place-people and they act in the interests of Big Pharma (the Cult) and not the public about whom they do not give a damn.

More human lab rats

'Covid vaccines' produced in record time by Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna employ a technique *never approved before for use on humans*. They are known as mRNA 'vaccines' and inject a synthetic version of 'viral' mRNA or 'messenger RNA'. The key is in the term 'messenger'. The body works, or doesn't, on the basis of information messaging. Communications are constantly passing between and within the genetic system and the brain. Change those messages and you change the state of the body and even its very nature and you can change psychology and behaviour by the way the brain processes information. I think you are going to see significant changes in personality and perception of many people who have had the 'Covid vaccine' synthetic potions. Insider Aldous Huxley predicted the following in 1961 and mRNA 'vaccines' can be included in the term 'pharmacological methods':

> There will be, in the next generation or so, a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their own liberties taken away from them, but rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution.

Apologists claim that mRNA synthetic 'vaccines' don't change the DNA genetic blueprint because RNA does not affect DNA only the other way round. This is so disingenuous. A process called 'reverse

transcription' can convert RNA into DNA and be integrated into DNA in the cell nucleus. This was highlighted in December, 2020, by scientists at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Geneticists report that more than 40 percent of mammalian genomes results from reverse transcription. On the most basic level if messaging changes then that sequence must lead to changes in DNA which is receiving and transmitting those communications. How can introducing synthetic material into cells not change the cells where DNA is located? The process is known as transfection which is defined as 'a technique to insert foreign nucleic acid (DNA or RNA) into a cell, typically with the intention of altering the properties of the cell'. Researchers at the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York found that changes in messenger RNA can deactivate tumour-suppressing proteins and thereby promote cancer. This is what happens when you mess with messaging. 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna was founded in 2010 by Canadian stem cell biologist Derrick J. Rossi after his breakthrough discovery in the field of transforming and reprogramming stem cells. These are neutral cells that can be programmed to become any cell including sperm cells. Moderna was therefore founded on the principle of genetic manipulation and has never produced any vaccine or drug before its genetically-manipulating synthetic 'Covid' shite. Look at the name – Mode-RNA or Modify-RNA. Another important point is that the US Supreme Court has ruled that genetically-modified DNA, or complementary DNA (cDNA) synthesized in the laboratory from messenger RNA, can be patented and owned. These psychopaths are doing this to the human body.

Cells replicate synthetic mRNA in the 'Covid vaccines' and in theory the body is tricked into making antigens which trigger antibodies to target the 'virus spike proteins' which as Dr Tom Cowan said have *never been seen*. Cut the crap and these 'vaccines' deliver *self-replicating* synthetic material to the cells with the effect of changing human DNA. The more of them you have the more that process is compounded while synthetic material is all the time self-replicating. 'Vaccine'-maker Moderna describes mRNA as 'like

software for the cell' and so they are messing with the body's software. What happens when you change the software in a computer? Everything changes. For this reason the Cult is preparing a production line of mRNA 'Covid vaccines' and a long list of excuses to use them as with all the 'variants' of a 'virus' never shown to exist. The plan is further to transfer the mRNA technique to other vaccines mostly given to children and young people. The cumulative consequences will be a transformation of human DNA through a constant infusion of synthetic genetic material which will kill many and change the rest. Now consider that governments that have given emergency approval for a vaccine that's not a vaccine; never been approved for humans before; had no testing worth the name; and the makers have been given immunity from prosecution for any deaths or adverse effects suffered by the public. The UK government awarded *permanent legal indemnity* to itself and its employees for harm done when a patient is being treated for 'Covid-19' or 'suspected Covid-19'. That is quite a thought when these are possible 'side-effects' from the 'vaccine' (they are not 'side', they are effects) listed by the US Food and Drug Administration:

Guillain-Barre syndrome; acute disseminated encephalomyelitis; transverse myelitis; encephalitis; myelitis; encephalomyelitis; meningoencephalitis; meningitis; encephalopathy; convulsions; seizures; stroke; narcolepsy; cataplexy; anaphylaxis; acute myocardial infarction (heart attack); myocarditis; pericarditis; autoimmune disease; death; implications for pregnancy, and birth outcomes; other acute demyelinating diseases; non anaphylactic allergy reactions; thrombocytopenia ; disseminated intravascular coagulation; venous thromboembolism; arthritis; arthralgia; joint pain; Kawasaki disease; multisystem inflammatory syndrome in children; vaccine enhanced disease. The latter is the way the 'vaccine' has the potential to make diseases far worse than they would otherwise be.

UK doctor and freedom campaigner Vernon Coleman described the conditions in this list as 'all unpleasant, most of them very serious, and you can't get more serious than death'. The thought that anyone at all has had the 'vaccine' in these circumstances is testament to the potential that humanity has for clueless, unquestioning, stupidity and for many that programmed stupidity has already been terminal.

An insider speaks

Dr Michael Yeadon is a former Vice President, head of research and Chief Scientific Adviser at vaccine giant Pfizer. Yeadon worked on the inside of Big Pharma, but that did not stop him becoming a vocal critic of 'Covid vaccines' and their potential for multiple harms, including infertility in women. By the spring of 2021 he went much further and even used the no, no, term 'conspiracy'. When you begin to see what is going on it is impossible not to do so. Yeadon spoke out in an interview with freedom campaigner James Delingpole and I mentioned earlier how he said that no one had samples of 'the virus'. He explained that the mRNA technique originated in the anti-cancer field and ways to turn on and off certain genes which could be advantageous if you wanted to stop cancer growing out of control. 'That's the origin of them. They are a very unusual application, really.' Yeadon said that treating a cancer patient with an aggressive procedure might be understandable if the alternative was dying, but it was quite another thing to use the same technique as a public health measure. Most people involved wouldn't catch the infectious agent you were vaccinating against and if they did they probably wouldn't die:

> If you are really using it as a public health measure you really want to as close as you can get to zero sides-effects … I find it odd that they chose techniques that were really cutting their teeth in the field of oncology and I'm worried that in using gene-based vaccines that have to be injected in the body and spread around the body, get taken up into some cells, and the regulators haven't quite told us which cells they get taken up into … you are going to be generating a wide range of responses … with multiple steps each of which could go well or badly.

I doubt the Cult intends it to go well. Yeadon said that you can put any gene you like into the body through the 'vaccine'. 'You can certainly give them a gene that would do them some harm if you wanted.' I was intrigued when he said that when used in the cancer field the technique could turn genes on and off. I explore this process in *The Answer* and with different genes having different functions you could create mayhem – physically and psychologically – if you turned the wrong ones on and the right ones off. I read reports of an experiment by researchers at the University of Washington's school of computer science and engineering in which they encoded DNA to infect computers. The body is itself a biological computer and if human DNA can inflict damage on a computer why can't the computer via synthetic material mess with the human body? It can. The Washington research team said it was possible to insert malicious malware into 'physical DNA strands' and corrupt the computer system of a gene sequencing machine as it 'reads gene letters and stores them as binary digits 0 and 1'. They concluded that hackers could one day use blood or spit samples to access computer systems and obtain sensitive data from police forensics labs or infect genome files. It is at this level of digital interaction that synthetic 'vaccines' need to be seen to get the full picture and that will become very clear later on. Michael Yeadon said it made no sense to give the 'vaccine' to younger people who were in no danger from the 'virus'. What was the benefit? It was all downside with potential effects:

> The fact that my government in what I thought was a civilised, rational country, is raining [the 'vaccine'] on people in their 30s and 40s, even my children in their 20s, they're getting letters and phone calls, I know this is not right and any of you doctors who are vaccinating you know it's not right, too. They are not at risk. They are not at risk from the disease, so you are now hoping that the side-effects are so rare that you get away with it. You don't give new technology … that you don't understand to 100 percent of the population.

Blood clot problems with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' have been affecting younger people to emphasise the downside risks with no benefit. AstraZeneca's version, produced with Oxford University, does not use mRNA, but still gets its toxic cocktail inside cells where

it targets DNA. The Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' which uses a similar technique has also produced blood clot effects to such an extent that the United States paused its use at one point. They are all 'gene therapy' (cell modification) procedures and not 'vaccines'. The truth is that once the content of these injections enter cells we have no idea what the effect will be. People can speculate and some can give very educated opinions and that's good. In the end, though, only the makers know what their potions are designed to do and even they won't know every last consequence. Michael Yeadon was scathing about doctors doing what they knew to be wrong. 'Everyone's mute', he said. Doctors in the NHS must know this was not right, coming into work and injecting people. 'I don't know how they sleep at night. I know I couldn't do it. I know that if I were in that position I'd have to quit.' He said he knew enough about toxicology to know this was not a good risk-benefit. Yeadon had spoken to seven or eight university professors and all except two would not speak out publicly. Their universities had a policy that no one said anything that countered the government and its medical advisors. They were afraid of losing their government grants. This is how intimidation has been used to silence the truth at every level of the system. I say silence, but these people could still speak out if they made that choice. Yeadon called them 'moral cowards' – 'This is about your children and grandchildren's lives and you have just buggered off and left it.'

'Variant' nonsense

Some of his most powerful comments related to the alleged 'variants' being used to instil more fear, justify more lockdowns, and introduce more 'vaccines'. He said government claims about 'variants' were nonsense. He had checked the alleged variant 'codes' and they were 99.7 percent identical to the 'original'. This was the human identity difference equivalent to putting a baseball cap on and off or wearing it the other way round. A 0.3 percent difference would make it impossible for that 'variant' to escape immunity from the 'original'. This made no sense of having new 'vaccines' for

'variants'. He said there would have to be at least a *30 percent* difference for that to be justified and even then he believed the immune system would still recognise what it was. Gates-funded 'variant modeller' and 'vaccine'-pusher John Edmunds might care to comment. Yeadon said drug companies were making new versions of the 'vaccine' as a 'top up' for 'variants'. Worse than that, he said, the 'regulators' around the world like the MHRA in the UK had got together and agreed that because 'vaccines' for 'variants' were so similar to the first 'vaccines' *they did not have to do safety studies*. How transparently sinister that is. This is when Yeadon said: 'There is a conspiracy here.' There was no need for another vaccine for 'variants' and yet we were told that there was and the country had shut its borders because of them. 'They are going into hundreds of millions of arms without passing 'go' or any regulator. Why did they do that? Why did they pick this method of making the vaccine?'

The reason had to be something bigger than that it seemed and 'it's not protection against the virus'. It's was a far bigger project that meant politicians and advisers were willing to do things and not do things that knowingly resulted in avoidable deaths – 'that's already happened when you think about lockdown and deprivation of health care for a year.' He spoke of people prepared to do something that results in the avoidable death of their fellow human beings and it not bother them. This is the penny-drop I have been working to get across for more than 30 years – the level of pure evil we are dealing with. Yeadon said his friends and associates could not believe there could be that much evil, but he reminded them of Stalin, Pol Pot and Hitler and of what Stalin had said: 'One death is a tragedy. A million? A statistic.' He could not think of a benign explanation for why you need top-up vaccines 'which I'm sure you don't' and for the regulators 'to just get out of the way and wave them through'. Why would the regulators do that when they were still wrestling with the dangers of the 'parent' vaccine? He was clearly shocked by what he had seen since the 'Covid' hoax began and now he was thinking the previously unthinkable:

> If you wanted to depopulate a significant proportion of the world and to do it in a way that doesn't involve destruction of the environment with nuclear weapons, poisoning everyone with anthrax or something like that, and you wanted plausible deniability while you had a multi-year infectious disease crisis, I actually don't think you could come up with a better plan of work than seems to be in front of me. I can't say that's what they are going to do, but I can't think of a benign explanation why they are doing it.

He said he never thought that they would get rid of 99 percent of humans, but now he wondered. 'If you wanted to that this would be a hell of a way to do it – it would be unstoppable folks.' Yeadon had concluded that those who submitted to the 'vaccine' would be allowed to have some kind of normal life (but for how long?) while screws were tightened to coerce and mandate the last few percent. 'I think they'll put the rest of them in a prison camp. I wish I was wrong, but I don't think I am.' Other points he made included: There were no coronavirus vaccines then suddenly they all come along at the same time; we have no idea of the long term affect with trials so short; coercing or forcing people to have medical procedures is against the Nuremberg Code instigated when the Nazis did just that; people should at least delay having the 'vaccine'; a quick Internet search confirms that masks don't reduce respiratory viral transmission and 'the government knows that'; they have smashed civil society and they know that, too; two dozen peer-reviewed studies show no connection between lockdown and reducing deaths; he knew from personal friends the elite were still flying around and going on holiday while the public were locked down; the elite were not having the 'vaccines'. He was also asked if 'vaccines' could be made to target difference races. He said he didn't know, but the document by the Project for the New American Century in September, 2000, said developing 'advanced forms of biological warfare that can target *specific genotypes* may transform biological warfare from the realm of terror to a politically useful tool.' Oh, they're evil all right. Of that we can be *absolutely* sure.

Another cull of old people

We have seen from the CDC definition that the mRNA 'Covid vaccine' is not a vaccine and nor are the others that *claim* to reduce 'severity of symptoms' in *some* people, but not protect from infection or transmission. What about all the lies about returning to 'normal' if people were 'vaccinated'? If they are not claimed to stop infection and transmission of the alleged 'virus', how does anything change? This was all lies to manipulate people to take the jabs and we are seeing that now with masks and distancing still required for the 'vaccinated'. How did they think that elderly people with fragile health and immune responses were going to be affected by infusing their cells with synthetic material and other toxic substances? They *knew* that in the short and long term it would be devastating and fatal as the culling of the old that began with the first lockdowns was continued with the 'vaccine'. Death rates in care homes soared immediately residents began to be 'vaccinated' – infused with synthetic material. Brave and committed whistleblower nurses put their careers at risk by exposing this truth while the rest kept their heads down and their mouths shut to put their careers before those they are supposed to care for. A long-time American Certified Nursing Assistant who gave his name as James posted a video in which he described emotionally what happened in his care home when vaccination began. He said that during 2020 very few residents were sick with 'Covid' and no one died during the entire year; but shortly after the Pfizer mRNA injections 14 people died within two weeks and many others were near death. 'They're dropping like flies', he said. Residents who walked on their own before the shot could no longer and they had lost their ability to conduct an intelligent conversation. The home's management said the sudden deaths were caused by a 'super-spreader' of 'Covid-19'. Then how come, James asked, that residents who refused to take the injections were not sick? It was a case of inject the elderly with mRNA synthetic potions and blame their illness and death that followed on the 'virus'. James described what was happening in care homes as 'the greatest crime of genocide this country has ever seen'. Remember the NHS staff nurse from earlier who used the same

word ‘genocide’ for what was happening with the ‘vaccines’ and that it was an ‘act of human annihilation’. A UK care home whistleblower told a similar story to James about the effect of the ‘vaccine’ in deaths and ‘outbreaks’ of illness dubbed ‘Covid’ after getting the jab. She told how her care home management and staff had zealously imposed government regulations and no one was allowed to even question the official narrative let alone speak out against it. She said the NHS was even worse. Again we see the results of reframing. A worker at a local care home where I live said they had not had a single case of ‘Covid’ there for almost a year and when the residents were ‘vaccinated’ they had 19 positive cases in two weeks with eight dying.

It’s not the ‘vaccine’ – honest

The obvious cause and effect was being ignored by the media and most of the public. Australia’s health minister Greg Hunt (a former head of strategy at the World Economic Forum) was admitted to hospital after he had the ‘vaccine’. He was suffering according to reports from the skin infection ‘cellulitis’ and it must have been a severe case to have warranted days in hospital. Immediately the authorities said this was nothing to do with the ‘vaccine’ when an effect of some vaccines is a ‘cellulitis-like reaction’. We had families of perfectly healthy old people who died after the ‘vaccine’ saying that if only they had been given the ‘vaccine’ earlier they would still be alive. As a numbskull rating that is off the chart. A father of four ‘died of Covid’ at aged 48 when he was taken ill two days after having the ‘vaccine’. The man, a health administrator, had been ‘shielding during the pandemic’ and had ‘not really left the house’ until he went for the ‘vaccine’. Having the ‘vaccine’ and then falling ill and dying does not seem to have qualified as a possible cause and effect and ‘Covid-19’ went on his death certificate. His family said they had no idea how he ‘caught the virus’. A family member said: ‘Tragically, it could be that going for a vaccination ultimately led to him catching Covid …The sad truth is that they are never going to know where it came from.’ The family warned people to remember

that the virus still existed and was 'very real'. So was their stupidity. Nurses and doctors who had the first round of the 'vaccine' were collapsing, dying and ending up in a hospital bed while they or their grieving relatives were saying they'd still have the 'vaccine' again despite what happened. I kid you not. You mean if your husband returned from the dead he'd have the same 'vaccine' again that killed him??

Doctors at the VCU Medical Center in Richmond, Virginia, said the Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' was to blame for a man's skin peeling off. Patient Richard Terrell said: 'It all just happened so fast. My skin peeled off. It's still coming off on my hands now.' He said it was stinging, burning and itching and when he bent his arms and legs it was very painful with 'the skin swollen and rubbing against itself'. Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna vaccines use mRNA to change the cell while the Johnson & Johnson version uses DNA in a process similar to AstraZeneca's technique. Johnson & Johnson and AstraZeneca have both had their 'vaccines' paused by many countries after causing serious blood problems. Terrell's doctor Fnu Nutan said he could have died if he hadn't got medical attention. It sounds terrible so what did Nutan and Terrell say about the 'vaccine' now? Oh, they still recommend that people have it. A nurse in a hospital bed 40 minutes after the vaccination and unable to swallow due to throat swelling was told by a doctor that he lost mobility in his arm for 36 hours following the vaccination. What did he say to the ailing nurse? 'Good for you for getting the vaccination.' We are dealing with a serious form of cognitive dissonance madness in both public and medical staff. There is a remarkable correlation between those having the 'vaccine' and trumpeting the fact and suffering bad happenings shortly afterwards. Witold Rogiewicz, a Polish doctor, made a video of his 'vaccination' and ridiculed those who were questioning its safety and the intentions of Bill Gates: 'Vaccinate yourself to protect yourself, your loved ones, friends and also patients. And to mention quickly I have info for anti-vaxxers and anti-Coviders if you want to contact Bill Gates you can do this through me.' He further ridiculed the dangers of 5G. Days later he

was dead, but naturally the vaccination wasn't mentioned in the verdict of 'heart attack'.

Lies, lies and more lies

So many members of the human race have slipped into extreme states of insanity and unfortunately they include reframed doctors and nursing staff. Having a 'vaccine' and dying within minutes or hours is not considered a valid connection while death from any cause within 28 days or longer of a positive test with a test not testing for the 'virus' means 'Covid-19' goes on the death certificate. How could that 'vaccine'-death connection not have been made except by calculated deceit? US figures in the initial rollout period to February 12th, 2020, revealed that a third of the deaths reported to the CDC after 'Covid vaccines' happened within 48 hours. Five men in the UK suffered an 'extremely rare' blood clot problem after having the AstraZeneca 'vaccine', but no causal link was established said the Gates-funded Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) which had given the 'vaccine' emergency approval to be used. Former Pfizer executive Dr Michael Yeadon explained in his interview how the procedures could cause blood coagulation and clots. People who should have been at no risk were dying from blood clots in the brain and he said he had heard from medical doctor friends that people were suffering from skin bleeding and massive headaches. The AstraZeneca 'shot' was stopped by some 20 countries over the blood clotting issue and still the corrupt MHRA, the European Medicines Agency (EMA) and the World Health Organization said that it should continue to be given even though the EMA admitted that it 'still cannot rule out definitively' a link between blood clotting and the 'vaccine'. Later Marco Cavaleri, head of EMA vaccine strategy, said there was indeed a clear link between the 'vaccine' and thrombosis, but they didn't know why. So much for the trials showing the 'vaccine' is safe. Blood clots were affecting younger people who would be under virtually no danger from 'Covid' even if it existed which makes it all the more stupid and sinister.

The British government responded to public alarm by wheeling out June Raine, the terrifyingly weak infant school headmistress sound-alike who heads the UK MHRA drug 'regulator'. The idea that she would stand up to Big Pharma and government pressure is laughable and she told us that all was well in the same way that she did when allowing untested, never-used-on-humans-before, genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' to be exposed to the public in the first place. Mass lying is the new normal of the 'Covid' era. The MHRA later said 30 cases of rare blood clots had by then been connected with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' (that means a lot more in reality) while stressing that the benefits of the jab in preventing 'Covid-19' outweighed any risks. A more ridiculous and disingenuous statement with callous disregard for human health it is hard to contemplate. Immediately after the mendacious 'all-clears' two hospital workers in Denmark experienced blood clots and cerebral haemorrhaging following the AstraZeneca jab and one died. Top Norwegian health official Pål Andre Holme said the 'vaccine' was the only common factor: 'There is nothing in the patient history of these individuals that can give such a powerful immune response … I am confident that the antibodies that we have found are the cause, and I see no other explanation than it being the vaccine which triggers it.' Strokes, a clot or bleed in the brain, were clearly associated with the 'vaccine' from word of mouth and whistleblower reports. Similar consequences followed with all these 'vaccines' that we were told were so safe and as the numbers grew by the day it was clear we were witnessing human carnage.

Learning the hard way

A woman interviewed by UKColumn told how her husband suffered dramatic health effects after the vaccine when he'd been in good health all his life. He went from being a little unwell to losing all feeling in his legs and experiencing 'excruciating pain'. Misdiagnosis followed twice at Accident and Emergency (an 'allergy' and 'sciatica') before he was admitted to a neurology ward where doctors said his serious condition had been caused by the

‘vaccine’. Another seven ‘vaccinated’ people were apparently being treated on the same ward for similar symptoms. The woman said he had the ‘vaccine’ because they believed media claims that it was safe. ‘I didn’t think the government would give out a vaccine that does this to somebody; I believed they would be bringing out a vaccination that would be safe.’ What a tragic way to learn that lesson. Another woman posted that her husband was transporting stroke patients to hospital on almost every shift and when he asked them if they had been ‘vaccinated’ for ‘Covid’ they all replied ‘yes’. One had a ‘massive brain bleed’ the day after his second dose. She said her husband reported the ‘just been vaccinated’ information every time to doctors in A and E only for them to ignore it, make no notes and appear annoyed that it was even mentioned. This particular report cannot be verified, but it expresses a common theme that confirms the monumental underreporting of ‘vaccine’ consequences. Interestingly as the ‘vaccines’ and their brain blood clot/stroke consequences began to emerge the UK National Health Service began a publicity campaign telling the public what to do in the event of a stroke. A Scottish NHS staff nurse who quit in disgust in March, 2021, said:

> I have seen traumatic injuries from the vaccine, they’re not getting reported to the yellow card [adverse reaction] scheme, they’re treating the symptoms, not asking why, why it’s happening. It’s just treating the symptoms and when you speak about it you’re dismissed like you’re crazy, I’m not crazy, I’m not crazy because every other colleague I’ve spoken to is terrified to speak out, they’ve had enough.

Videos appeared on the Internet of people uncontrollably shaking after the ‘vaccine’ with no control over muscles, limbs and even their face. A Scottish mother broke out in a severe rash all over her body almost immediately after she was given the AstraZeneca ‘vaccine’. The pictures were horrific. Leigh King, a 41-year-old hairdresser from Lanarkshire said: ‘Never in my life was I prepared for what I was about to experience … My skin was so sore and constantly hot … I have never felt pain like this …’ But don’t you worry, the ‘vaccine’ is perfectly safe. Then there has been the effect on medical

staff who have been pressured to have the 'vaccine' by psychopathic 'health' authorities and government. A London hospital consultant who gave the name K. Polyakova wrote this to the *British Medical Journal* or *BMJ*:

> I am currently struggling with … the failure to report the reality of the morbidity caused by our current vaccination program within the health service and staff population. The levels of sickness after vaccination is unprecedented and staff are getting very sick and some with neurological symptoms which is having a huge impact on the health service function. Even the young and healthy are off for days, some for weeks, and some requiring medical treatment. Whole teams are being taken out as they went to get vaccinated together.
>
> Mandatory vaccination in this instance is stupid, unethical and irresponsible when it comes to protecting our staff and public health. We are in the voluntary phase of vaccination, and encouraging staff to take an unlicensed product that is impacting on their immediate health … it is clearly stated that these vaccine products do not offer immunity or stop transmission. In which case why are we doing it?

Not to protect health that's for sure. Medical workers are lauded by governments for agenda reasons when they couldn't give a toss about them any more than they can for the population in general. Schools across America faced the same situation as they closed due to the high number of teachers and other staff with bad reactions to the Pfizer/BioNTech, Moderna, and Johnson & Johnson 'Covid vaccines' all of which were linked to death and serious adverse effects. The *BMJ* took down the consultant's comments pretty quickly on the grounds that they were being used to spread 'disinformation'. They were exposing the truth about the 'vaccine' was the real reason. The cover-up is breathtaking.

Hiding the evidence

The scale of the 'vaccine' death cover-up worldwide can be confirmed by comparing official figures with the personal experience of the public. I heard of many people in my community who died immediately or soon after the vaccine that would never appear in the media or even likely on the official totals of 'vaccine' fatalities and adverse reactions when only about ten percent are estimated to be

reported and I have seen some estimates as low as one percent in a Harvard study. In the UK alone by April 29th, 2021, some 757,654 adverse reactions had been officially reported from the Pfizer/BioNTech, Oxford/AstraZeneca and Moderna 'vaccines' with more than a thousand deaths linked to jabs and that means an estimated ten times this number in reality from a ten percent reporting rate percentage. That's seven million adverse reactions and 10,000 potential deaths and a one percent reporting rate would be ten times *those* figures. In 1976 the US government pulled the swine flu vaccine after *53* deaths. The UK data included a combined 10,000 eye disorders from the 'Covid vaccines' with more than 750 suffering visual impairment or blindness and again multiply by the estimated reporting percentages. As 'Covid cases' officially fell hospitals virtually empty during the 'Covid crisis' began to fill up with a range of other problems in the wake of the 'vaccine' rollout. The numbers across America have also been catastrophic. Deaths linked to *all* types of vaccine increased by *6,000 percent* in the first quarter of 2021 compared with 2020. A 39-year-old woman from Ogden, Utah, died four days after receiving a second dose of Moderna's 'Covid vaccine' when her liver, heart and kidneys all failed despite the fact that she had no known medical issues or conditions. Her family sought an autopsy, but Dr Erik Christensen, Utah's chief medical examiner, said proving vaccine injury as a cause of death almost never happened. He could think of only one instance where an autopsy would name a vaccine as the official cause of death and that would be anaphylaxis where someone received a vaccine and died almost instantaneously. 'Short of that, it would be difficult for us to definitively say this is the vaccine,' Christensen said. If that is true this must be added to the estimated ten percent (or far less) reporting rate of vaccine deaths and serious reactions and the conclusion can only be that vaccine deaths and serious reactions – including these 'Covid' potions' – are phenomenally understated in official figures. The same story can be found everywhere. Endless accounts of deaths and serious reactions among the public, medical

and care home staff while official figures did not even begin to reflect this.

Professional script-reader Dr David Williams, a 'top public-health official' in Ontario, Canada, insulted our intelligence by claiming only four serious adverse reactions and no deaths from the more than 380,000 vaccine doses then given. This bore no resemblance to what people knew had happened in their owns circles and we had Dirk Huyer in charge of getting millions vaccinated in Ontario while at the same time he was Chief Coroner for the province investigating causes of death including possible death from the vaccine. An aide said he had stepped back from investigating deaths, but evidence indicated otherwise. Rosemary Frei, who secured a Master of Science degree in molecular biology at the Faculty of Medicine at Canada's University of Calgary before turning to investigative journalism, was one who could see that official figures for 'vaccine' deaths and reactions made no sense. She said that doctors seldom reported adverse events and when people got really sick or died after getting a vaccination they would attribute that to anything except the vaccines. It had been that way for years and anyone who wondered aloud whether the 'Covid vaccines' or other shots cause harm is immediately branded as 'anti-vax' and 'anti-science'. This was 'career-threatening' for health professionals. Then there was the huge pressure to support the push to 'vaccinate' billions in the quickest time possible. Frei said:

> So that's where we're at today. More than half a million vaccine doses have been given to people in Ontario alone. The rush is on to vaccinate all 15 million of us in the province by September. And the mainstream media are screaming for this to be sped up even more. That all adds up to only a very slim likelihood that we're going to be told the truth by officials about how many people are getting sick or dying from the vaccines.

What is true of Ontario is true of everywhere.

They KNEW – and still did it

The authorities knew what was going to happen with multiple deaths and adverse reactions. The UK government's Gates-funded

and Big Pharma-dominated Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) hired a company to employ AI in compiling the projected reactions to the 'vaccine' that would otherwise be uncountable. The request for applications said: 'The MHRA urgently seeks an Artificial Intelligence (AI) software tool to process the expected high volume of Covid-19 vaccine Adverse Drug Reaction …' This was from the agency, headed by the disingenuous June Raine, that gave the 'vaccines' emergency approval and the company was hired before the first shot was given. 'We are going to kill and maim you – is that okay?' 'Oh, yes, perfectly fine – I'm very grateful, thank you, doctor.' The range of 'Covid vaccine' adverse reactions goes on for page after page in the MHRA criminally underreported 'Yellow Card' system and includes affects to eyes, ears, skin, digestion, blood and so on. Raine's MHRA amazingly claimed that the 'overall safety experience … is so far as expected from the clinical trials'. The death, serious adverse effects, deafness and blindness were *expected?* When did they ever mention that? If these human tragedies were expected then those that gave approval for the use of these 'vaccines' must be guilty of crimes against humanity including murder – a definition of which is 'killing a person with malice aforethought or with recklessness manifesting extreme indifference to the value of human life.' People involved at the MHRA, the CDC in America and their equivalent around the world must go before Nuremberg trials to answer for their callous inhumanity. We are only talking here about the immediate effects of the 'vaccine'. The longer-term impact of the DNA synthetic manipulation is the main reason they are so hysterically desperate to inoculate the entire global population in the shortest possible time.

Africa and the developing world are a major focus for the 'vaccine' depopulation agenda and a mass vaccination sales-pitch is underway thanks to caring people like the Rockefellers and other Cult assets. The Rockefeller Foundation, which pre-empted the 'Covid pandemic' in a document published in 2010 that 'predicted' what happened a decade later, announced an initial $34.95 million grant in February, 2021, 'to ensure more equitable access to Covid-19

testing and vaccines' among other things in Africa in collaboration with '24 organizations, businesses, and government agencies'. The pan-Africa initiative would focus on 10 countries: Burkina Faso, Ethiopia, Ghana, Kenya, Nigeria, Rwanda, South Africa, Tanzania, Uganda, and Zambia'. Rajiv Shah, President of the Rockefeller Foundation and former administrator of CIA-controlled USAID, said that if Africa was not mass-vaccinated (to change the DNA of its people) it was a 'threat to all of humanity' and not fair on Africans. When someone from the Rockefeller Foundation says they want to do something to help poor and deprived people and countries it is time for a belly-laugh. They are doing this out of the goodness of their 'heart' because 'vaccinating' the entire global population is what the 'Covid' hoax set out to achieve. Official 'decolonisation' of Africa by the Cult was merely a prelude to financial colonisation on the road to a return to physical colonisation. The 'vaccine' is vital to that and the sudden and convenient death of the 'Covid' sceptic president of Tanzania can be seen in its true light. A lot of people in Africa are aware that this is another form of colonisation and exploitation and they need to stand their ground.

The 'vaccine is working' scam

A potential problem for the Cult was that the 'vaccine' is meant to change human DNA and body messaging and not to protect anyone from a 'virus' never shown to exist. The vaccine couldn't work because it was not designed to work and how could they make it *appear* to be working so that more people would have it? This was overcome by lowering the amplification rate of the PCR test to produce fewer 'cases' and therefore fewer 'deaths'. Some of us had been pointing out since March, 2020, that the amplification rate of the test not testing for the 'virus' had been made artificially high to generate positive tests which they could call 'cases' to justify lockdowns. The World Health Organization recommended an absurdly high 45 amplification cycles to ensure the high positives required by the Cult and then remained silent on the issue until January 20th, 2021 – Biden's Inauguration Day. This was when the

'vaccinations' were seriously underway and on that day the WHO recommended after discussions with America's CDC that laboratories *lowered their testing amplification*. Dr David Samadi, a certified urologist and health writer, said the WHO was encouraging all labs to reduce their cycle count for PCR tests. He said the current cycle was much too high and was 'resulting in any particle being declared a positive case'. Even one mainstream news report I saw said this meant the number of 'Covid' infections may have been 'dramatically inflated'. Oh, just a little bit. The CDC in America issued new guidance to laboratories in April, 2021, to use 28 cycles *but only for 'vaccinated' people*. The timing of the CDC/WHO interventions were cynically designed to make it appear the 'vaccines' were responsible for falling cases and deaths when the real reason can be seen in the following examples. New York's state lab, the Wadsworth Center, identified 872 positive tests in July, 2020, based on a threshold of 40 cycles. When the figure was lowered to 35 cycles *43 percent* of the 872 were no longer 'positives'. At 30 cycles the figure was 63 percent. A Massachusetts lab found that between *85 to 90 percent* of people who tested positive in July with a cycle threshold of 40 would be negative at 30 cycles, Ashish Jha, MD, director of the Harvard Global Health Institute, said: 'I'm really shocked that it could be that high … Boy, does it really change the way we need to be thinking about testing.' I'm shocked that I could see the obvious in the spring of 2020, with no medical background, and most medical professionals still haven't worked it out. No, that's not shocking – it's terrifying.

Three weeks after the WHO directive to lower PCR cycles the London *Daily Mail* ran this headline: 'Why ARE Covid cases plummeting? New infections have fallen 45% in the US and 30% globally in the past 3 weeks but experts say vaccine is NOT the main driver because only 8% of Americans and 13% of people worldwide have received their first dose.' They acknowledged that the drop could not be attributed to the 'vaccine', but soon this morphed throughout the media into the 'vaccine' has caused cases and deaths to fall when it was the PCR threshold. In December, 2020, there was

chaos at English Channel ports with truck drivers needing negative 'Covid' tests before they could board a ferry home for Christmas. The government wanted to remove the backlog as fast as possible and they brought in troops to do the 'testing'. Out of 1,600 drivers just *36* tested positive and the rest were given the all clear to cross the Channel. I guess the authorities thought that 36 was the least they could get away with without the unquestioning catching on. The amplification trick which most people believed in the absence of information in the mainstream applied more pressure on those refusing the 'vaccine' to succumb when it 'obviously worked'. The truth was the exact opposite with deaths in care homes soaring with the 'vaccine' and in Israel the term used was 'skyrocket'. A re-analysis of published data from the Israeli Health Ministry led by Dr Hervé Seligmann at the Medicine Emerging Infectious and Tropical Diseases at Aix-Marseille University found that Pfizer's 'Covid vaccine' killed 'about 40 times more [elderly] people than the disease itself would have killed' during a five-week vaccination period and *260 times* more younger people than would have died from the 'virus' even according to the manipulated 'virus' figures. Dr Seligmann and his co-study author, Haim Yativ, declared after reviewing the Israeli 'vaccine' death data: 'This is a new Holocaust.'

Then, in mid-April, 2021, after vast numbers of people worldwide had been 'vaccinated', the story changed with clear coordination. The UK government began to prepare the ground for more future lockdowns when Nuremberg-destined Boris Johnson told yet another whopper. He said that cases had fallen because of *lockdowns* not 'vaccines'. Lockdowns are irrelevant when *there is no 'virus'* and the test and fraudulent death certificates are deciding the number of 'cases' and 'deaths'. Study after study has shown that lockdowns don't work and instead kill and psychologically destroy people. Meanwhile in the United States Anthony Fauci and Rochelle Walensky, the ultra-Zionist head of the CDC, peddled the same line. More lockdown was the answer and not the 'vaccine', a line repeated on cue by the moron that is Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau. Why all the hysteria to get everyone 'vaccinated' if lockdowns and

not 'vaccines' made the difference? None of it makes sense on the face of it. Oh, but it does. The Cult wants lockdowns *and* the 'vaccine' and if the 'vaccine' is allowed to be seen as the total answer lockdowns would no longer be justified when there are still livelihoods to destroy. 'Variants' and renewed upward manipulation of PCR amplification are planned to instigate never-ending lockdown *and* more 'vaccines'.

You *must* have it – we're desperate

Israel, where the Jewish and Arab population are ruled by the Sabbatian Cult, was the front-runner in imposing the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' on its people to such an extent that Jewish refusers began to liken what was happening to the early years of Nazi Germany. This would seem to be a fantastic claim. Why would a government of Jewish people be acting like the Nazis did? If you realise that the Sabbatian Cult was behind the Nazis and that Sabbatians hate Jews the pieces start to fit and the question of why a 'Jewish' government would treat Jews with such callous disregard for their lives and freedom finds an answer. Those controlling the government of Israel *aren't Jewish* – they're Sabbatian. Israeli lawyer Tamir Turgal was one who made the Nazi comparison in comments to German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich who is leading a class action lawsuit against the psychopaths for crimes against humanity. Turgal described how the Israeli government was vaccinating children and pregnant women on the basis that there was no evidence that this was dangerous when they had no evidence that it *wasn't* dangerous either. They just had no evidence. This was medical experimentation and Turgal said this breached the Nuremberg Code about medical experimentation and procedures requiring informed consent and choice. Think about that. A Nuremberg Code developed because of Nazi experimentation on Jews and others in concentration camps by people like the evil-beyond-belief Josef Mengele is being breached by the *Israeli* government; but when you know that it's a *Sabbatian* government along with its intelligence and military agencies like Mossad, Shin Bet and the Israeli Defense Forces, and that Sabbatians

were the force behind the Nazis, the kaleidoscope comes into focus. What have we come to when Israeli Jews are suing their government for violating the Nuremberg Code by essentially making Israelis subject to a medical experiment using the controversial 'vaccines'? It's a shocker that this has to be done in the light of what happened in Nazi Germany. The Anshe Ha-Emet, or 'People of the Truth', made up of Israeli doctors, lawyers, campaigners and public, have launched a lawsuit with the International Criminal Court. It says:

> When the heads of the Ministry of Health as well as the prime minister presented the vaccine in Israel and began the vaccination of Israeli residents, the vaccinated were not advised, that, in practice, they are taking part in a medical experiment and that their consent is required for this under the Nuremberg Code.

The irony is unbelievable, but easily explained in one word: Sabbatians. The foundation of Israeli 'Covid' apartheid is the 'green pass' or 'green passport' which allows Jews and Arabs who have had the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' to go about their lives – to work, fly, travel in general, go to shopping malls, bars, restaurants, hotels, concerts, gyms, swimming pools, theatres and sports venues, while non-'vaccinated' are banned from all those places and activities. Israelis have likened the 'green pass' to the yellow stars that Jews in Nazi Germany were forced to wear – the same as the yellow stickers that a branch of UK supermarket chain Morrisons told exempt mask-wears they had to display when shopping. How very sensitive. The Israeli system is blatant South African-style apartheid on the basis of compliance or non-compliance to fascism rather than colour of the skin. How appropriate that the Sabbatian Israeli government was so close to the pre-Mandela apartheid regime in Pretoria. The Sabbatian-instigated 'vaccine passport' in Israel is planned for everywhere. Sabbatians struck a deal with Pfizer that allowed them to lead the way in the percentage of a national population infused with synthetic material and the result was catastrophic. Israeli freedom activist Shai Dannon told me how chairs were appearing on beaches that said 'vaccinated only'. Health Minister Yuli Edelstein said that anyone unwilling or unable to get

the jabs that 'confer immunity' will be 'left behind'. The man's a liar. Not even the makers claim the 'vaccines' confer immunity. When you see those figures of 'vaccine' deaths these psychopaths were saying that you must take the chance the 'vaccine' will kill you or maim you while knowing it will change your DNA or lockdown for you will be permanent. That's fascism. The Israeli parliament passed a law to allow personal information of the non-vaccinated to be shared with local and national authorities for three months. This was claimed by its supporters to be a way to 'encourage' people to be vaccinated. Hadas Ziv from Physicians for Human Rights described this as a 'draconian law which crushed medical ethics and the patient rights'. But that's the idea, the Sabbatians would reply.

Your papers, please

Sabbatian Israel was leading what has been planned all along to be a global 'vaccine pass' called a 'green passport' without which you would remain in permanent lockdown restriction and unable to do anything. This is how badly – *desperately* – the Cult is to get everyone 'vaccinated'. The term and colour 'green' was not by chance and related to the psychology of fusing the perception of the green climate hoax with the 'Covid' hoax and how the 'solution' to both is the same Great Reset. Lying politicians, health officials and psychologists denied there were any plans for mandatory vaccinations or restrictions based on vaccinations, but they knew that was exactly what was meant to happen with governments of all countries reaching agreements to enforce a global system. 'Free' Denmark and 'free' Sweden unveiled digital vaccine certification. Cyprus, Czech Republic, Estonia, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Slovakia, and Spain have all committed to a vaccine passport system and the rest including the whole of the EU would follow. The satanic UK government will certainly go this way despite mendacious denials and at the time of writing it is trying to manipulate the public into having the 'vaccine' so they could go abroad on a summer holiday. How would that work without something to prove you had the synthetic toxicity injected into you?

Documents show that the EU's European Commission was moving towards 'vaccine certificates' in 2018 and 2019 before the 'Covid' hoax began. They knew what was coming. Abracadabra – Ursula von der Leyen, the German President of the Commission, announced in March, 2021, an EU 'Digital Green Certificate' – green again – to track the public's 'Covid status'. The passport sting is worldwide and the Far East followed the same pattern with South Korea ruling that only those with 'vaccination' passports – again the *green* pass – would be able to 'return to their daily lives'.

Bill Gates has been preparing for this 'passport' with other Cult operatives for years and beyond the paper version is a Gates-funded 'digital tattoo' to identify who has been vaccinated and who hasn't. The 'tattoo' is reported to include a substance which is externally readable to confirm who has been vaccinated. This is a bio-luminous light-generating enzyme (think fireflies) called … *Luciferase*. Yes, named after the Cult 'god' Lucifer the 'light bringer' of whom more to come. Gates said he funded the readable tattoo to ensure children in the developing world were vaccinated and no one was missed out. He cares so much about poor kids as we know. This was just the cover story to develop a vaccine tagging system for everyone on the planet. Gates has been funding the ID2020 'alliance' to do just that in league with other lovely people at Microsoft, GAVI, the Rockefeller Foundation, Accenture and IDEO.org. He said in interviews in March, 2020, before any 'vaccine' publicly existed, that the world must have a globalised digital certificate to track the 'virus' and who had been vaccinated. Gates knew from the start that the mRNA vaccines were coming and when they would come and that the plan was to tag the 'vaccinated' to marginalise the intelligent and stop them doing anything including travel. Evil just doesn't suffice. Gates was exposed for offering a $10 million bribe to the Nigerian House of Representatives to invoke compulsory 'Covid' vaccination of all Nigerians. Sara Cunial, a member of the Italian Parliament, called Gates a 'vaccine criminal'. She urged the Italian President to hand him over to the International Criminal Court for crimes against

humanity and condemned his plans to 'chip the human race' through ID2020.

You know it's a long-planned agenda when war criminal and Cult gofer Tony Blair is on the case. With the scale of arrogance only someone as dark as Blair can muster he said: 'Vaccination in the end is going to be your route to liberty.' Blair is a disgusting piece of work and he confirms that again. The media has given a lot of coverage to a bloke called Charlie Mullins, founder of London's biggest independent plumbing company, Pimlico Plumbers, who has said he won't employ anyone who has not been vaccinated or have them go to any home where people are not vaccinated. He said that if he had his way no one would be allowed to walk the streets if they have not been vaccinated. Gates was cheering at the time while I was alerting the white coats. The plan is that people will qualify for 'passports' for having the first two doses and then to keep it they will have to have all the follow ups and new ones for invented 'variants' until human genetics is transformed and many are dead who can't adjust to the changes. Hollywood celebrities – the usual propaganda stunt – are promoting something called the WELL Health-Safety Rating to verify that a building or space has 'taken the necessary steps to prioritize the health and safety of their staff, visitors and other stakeholders'. They included Lady Gaga, Jennifer Lopez, Michael B. Jordan, Robert DeNiro, Venus Williams, Wolfgang Puck, Deepak Chopra and 17th Surgeon General Richard Carmona. Yawn. WELL Health-Safety has big connections with China. Parent company Delos is headed by former Goldman Sachs partner Paul Scialla. This is another example – and we will see so many others – of using the excuse of 'health' to dictate the lives and activities of the population. I guess one confirmation of the 'safety' of buildings is that only 'vaccinated' people can go in, right?

Electronic concentration camps

I wrote decades ago about the plans to restrict travel and here we are for those who refuse to bow to tyranny. This can be achieved in one go with air travel if the aviation industry makes a blanket decree.

The 'vaccine' and guaranteed income are designed to be part of a global version of China's social credit system which tracks behaviour 24/7 and awards or deletes 'credits' based on whether your behaviour is supported by the state or not. I mean your entire lifestyle – what you do, eat, say, everything. Once your credit score falls below a certain level consequences kick in. In China tens of millions have been denied travel by air and train because of this. All the locations and activities denied to refusers by the 'vaccine' passports will be included in one big mass ban on doing almost anything for those that don't bow their head to government. It's beyond fascist and a new term is required to describe its extremes – I guess fascist technocracy will have to do. The way the Chinese system of technological – technocratic – control is sweeping the West can be seen in the Los Angeles school system and is planned to be expanded worldwide. Every child is required to have a 'Covid'-tracking app scanned daily before they can enter the classroom. The so-called Daily Pass tracking system is produced by Gates' Microsoft which I'm sure will shock you rigid. The pass will be scanned using a barcode (one step from an inside-the-body barcode) and the information will include health checks, 'Covid' tests and vaccinations. Entry codes are for one specific building only and access will only be allowed if a student or teacher has a negative test with a test not testing for the 'virus', has no symptoms of anything alleged to be related to 'Covid' (symptoms from a range of other illness), and has a temperature under 100 degrees. No barcode, no entry, is planned to be the case for everywhere and not only schools.

Kids are being psychologically prepared to accept this as 'normal' their whole life which is why what they can impose in schools is so important to the Cult and its gofers. Long-time American freedom campaigner John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute was not exaggerating when he said: 'Databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps.' Canada under its Cult gofer prime minister Justin Trudeau has taken a major step towards the real thing with people interned against their will if they test positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' when they arrive at a Canadian

airport. They are jailed in internment hotels often without food or water for long periods and with many doors failing to lock there have been sexual assaults. The interned are being charged sometimes $2,000 for the privilege of being abused in this way. Trudeau is fully on board with the Cult and says the 'Covid pandemic' has provided an opportunity for a global 'reset' to permanently change Western civilisation. His number two, Deputy Prime Minister Chrystia Freeland, is a trustee of the World Economic Forum and a Rhodes Scholar. The Trudeau family have long been servants of the Cult. See *The Biggest Secret* and Cathy O'Brien's book *Trance-Formation of America* for the horrific background to Trudeau's father Pierre Trudeau another Canadian prime minister. Hide your fascism behind the façade of a heart-on-the-sleeve liberal. It's a well-honed Cult technique.

What can the 'vaccine' *really* do?

We have a 'virus' never shown to exist and 'variants' of the 'virus' that have also never been shown to exist except, like the 'original', as computer-generated fictions. Even if you believe there's a 'virus' the 'case' to 'death' rate is in the region of 0.23 to 0.15 percent and those 'deaths' are concentrated among the very old around the same average age that people die anyway. In response to this lack of threat (in truth none) psychopaths and idiots, knowingly and unknowingly answering to Gates and the Cult, are seeking to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on Planet Earth. Clearly the 'vaccine' is not about 'Covid' – none of this ever has been. So what is it all about *really*? Why the desperation to infuse genetically-manipulating synthetic material into everyone through mRNA fraudulent 'vaccines' with the intent of doing this over and over with the excuses of 'variants' and other 'virus' inventions? Dr Sherri Tenpenny, an osteopathic medical doctor in the United States, has made herself an expert on vaccines and their effects as a vehement campaigner against their use. Tenpenny was board certified in emergency medicine, the director of a level two trauma centre for 12 years, and moved to Cleveland in 1996 to start an integrative

medicine practice which has treated patients from all 50 states and some 17 other countries. Weaning people off pharmaceutical drugs is a speciality.

She became interested in the consequences of vaccines after attending a meeting at the National Vaccine Information Center in Washington DC in 2000 where she 'sat through four days of listening to medical doctors and scientists and lawyers and parents of vaccine injured kids' and asked: 'What's going on?' She had never been vaccinated and never got ill while her father was given a list of vaccines to be in the military and was 'sick his entire life'. The experience added to her questions and she began to examine vaccine documents from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). After reading the first one, the 1998 version of *The General Recommendations of Vaccination*, she thought: 'This is it?' The document was poorly written and bad science and Tenpenny began 20 years of research into vaccines that continues to this day. She began her research into 'Covid vaccines' in March, 2020, and she describes them as 'deadly'. For many, as we have seen, they already have been. Tenpenny said that in the first 30 days of the 'vaccine' rollout in the United States there had been more than 40,000 adverse events reported to the vaccine adverse event database. A document had been delivered to her the day before that was 172 pages long. 'We have over 40,000 adverse events; we have over 3,100 cases of [potentially deadly] anaphylactic shock; we have over 5,000 neurological reactions.' Effects ranged from headaches to numbness, dizziness and vertigo, to losing feeling in hands or feet and paraesthesia which is when limbs 'fall asleep' and people have the sensation of insects crawling underneath their skin. All this happened in the first 30 days and remember that only about *ten percent* (or far less) of adverse reactions and vaccine-related deaths are estimated to be officially reported. Tenpenny said:

So can you think of one single product in any industry, any industry, for as long as products have been made on the planet that within 30 days we have 40,000 people complaining of side effects that not only is still on the market but … we've got paid actors telling us how great

they are for getting their vaccine. We're offering people $500 if they will just get their vaccine and we've got nurses and doctors going; 'I got the vaccine, I got the vaccine'.

Tenpenny said they were not going to be 'happy dancing folks' when they began to suffer Bell's palsy (facial paralysis), neuropathies, cardiac arrhythmias and autoimmune reactions that kill through a blood disorder. 'They're not going to be so happy, happy then, but we're never going to see pictures of those people' she said. Tenpenny described the 'vaccine' as 'a well-designed killing tool'.

No off-switch

Bad as the initial consequences had been Tenpenny said it would be maybe 14 months before we began to see the 'full ravage' of what is going to happen to the 'Covid vaccinated' with full-out consequences taking anything between two years and 20 years to show. You can understand why when you consider that variations of the 'Covid vaccine' use mRNA (messenger RNA) to in theory activate the immune system to produce protective antibodies without using the actual 'virus'. How can they when it's a computer program and they've never isolated what they claim is the 'real thing'? Instead they use *synthetic* mRNA. They are inoculating synthetic material into the body which through a technique known as the Trojan horse is absorbed into cells to change the nature of DNA. Human DNA is changed by an infusion of messenger RNA and with each new 'vaccine' of this type it is changed even more. Say so and you are banned by Cult Internet platforms. The contempt the contemptuous Mark Zuckerberg has for the truth and human health can be seen in an internal Facebook video leaked to the Project Veritas investigative team in which he said of the 'Covid vaccines': '… I share some caution on this because we just don't know the long term side-effects of basically modifying people's DNA and RNA.' At the same time this disgusting man's Facebook was censoring and banning anyone saying exactly the same. He must go before a Nuremberg trial for crimes against humanity when he *knows* that he

is censoring legitimate concerns and denying the right of informed consent on behalf of the Cult that owns him. People have been killed and damaged by the very 'vaccination' technique he cast doubt on himself when they may not have had the 'vaccine' with access to information that he denied them. The plan is to have at least annual 'Covid vaccinations', add others to deal with invented 'variants', and change all other vaccines into the mRNA system. Pfizer executives told shareholders at a virtual Barclays Global Healthcare Conference in March, 2021, that the public may need a third dose of 'Covid vaccine', plus regular yearly boosters and the company planned to hike prices to milk the profits in a 'significant opportunity for our vaccine'. These are the professional liars, cheats and opportunists who are telling you their 'vaccine' is safe. Given this volume of mRNA planned to be infused into the human body and its ability to then replicate we will have a transformation of human genetics from biological to synthetic biological – exactly the long-time Cult plan for reasons we'll see – and many will die. Sherri Tenpenny said of this replication:

> It's like having an on-button but no off-button and that whole mechanism … they actually give it a name and they call it the Trojan horse mechanism, because it allows that [synthetic] virus and that piece of that [synthetic] virus to get inside of your cells, start to replicate and even get inserted into other parts of your DNA as a Trojan-horse.

Ask the overwhelming majority of people who have the 'vaccine' what they know about the contents and what they do and they would reply: 'The government says it will stop me getting the virus.' Governments give that false impression on purpose to increase take-up. You can read Sherri Tenpenny's detailed analysis of the health consequences in her blog at Vaxxter.com, but in summary these are some of them. She highlights the statement by Bill Gates about how human beings can become their own 'vaccine manufacturing machine'. The man is insane. ['Vaccine'-generated] 'antibodies' carry synthetic messenger RNA into the cells and the damage starts, Tenpenny contends, and she says that lungs can be adversely affected through varying degrees of pus and bleeding which

obviously affects breathing and would be dubbed 'Covid-19'. Even more sinister was the impact of 'antibodies' on macrophages, a white blood cell of the immune system. They consist of Type 1 and Type 2 which have very different functions. She said Type 1 are 'hyper-vigilant' white blood cells which 'gobble up' bacteria etc. However, in doing so, this could cause inflammation and in extreme circumstances be fatal. She says these affects are mitigated by Type 2 macrophages which kick in to calm down the system and stop it going rogue. They clear up dead tissue debris and reduce inflammation that the Type 1 'fire crews' have caused. Type 1 kills the infection and Type 2 heals the damage, she says. This is her punchline with regard to 'Covid vaccinations': She says that mRNA 'antibodies' block Type 2 macrophages by attaching to them and deactivating them. This meant that when the Type 1 response was triggered by infection there was nothing to stop that getting out of hand by calming everything down. There's an on-switch, but no off-switch, she says. What follows can be 'over and out, see you when I see you'.

Genetic suicide

Tenpenny also highlights the potential for autoimmune disease – the body attacking itself – which has been associated with vaccines since they first appeared. Infusing a synthetic foreign substance into cells could cause the immune system to react in a panic believing that the body is being overwhelmed by an invader (it is) and the consequences can again be fatal. There is an autoimmune response known as a 'cytokine storm' which I have likened to a homeowner panicked by an intruder and picking up a gun to shoot randomly in all directions before turning the fire on himself. The immune system unleashes a storm of inflammatory response called cytokines to a threat and the body commits hara-kiri. The lesson is that you mess with the body's immune response at your peril and these 'vaccines' seriously – fundamentally – mess with immune response. Tenpenny refers to a consequence called anaphylactic shock which is a severe and highly dangerous allergic reaction when the immune system

floods the body with chemicals. She gives the example of having a bee sting which primes the immune system and makes it sensitive to those chemicals. When people are stung again maybe years later the immune response can be so powerful that it leads to anaphylactic shock. Tenpenny relates this 'shock' with regard to the 'Covid vaccine' to something called polyethylene glycol or PEG. Enormous numbers of people have become sensitive to this over decades of use in a whole range of products and processes including food, drink, skin creams and 'medicine'. Studies have claimed that some 72 percent of people have antibodies triggered by PEG compared with two percent in the 1960s and allergic hypersensitive reactions to this become a gathering cause for concern. Tenpenny points out that the 'mRNA vaccine' is coated in a 'bubble' of polyethylene glycol which has the potential to cause anaphylactic shock through immune sensitivity. Many reports have appeared of people reacting this way after having the 'Covid vaccine'. What do we think is going to happen as humanity has more and more of these 'vaccines'? Tenpenny said: 'All these pictures we have seen with people with these rashes … these weepy rashes, big reactions on their arms and things like that – it's an acute allergic reaction most likely to the polyethylene glycol that you've been previously primed and sensitised to.'

Those who have not studied the conspiracy and its perpetrators at length might think that making the population sensitive to PEG and then putting it in these 'vaccines' is just a coincidence. It is not. It is instead testament to how carefully and coldly-planned current events have been and the scale of the conspiracy we are dealing with. Tenpenny further explains that the 'vaccine' mRNA procedure can breach the blood-brain barrier which protects the brain from toxins and other crap that will cause malfunction. In this case they could make two proteins corrupt brain function to cause Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS) , a progressive nervous system disease leading to loss of muscle control, and frontal lobe degeneration – Alzheimer's and dementia. Immunologist J. Bart Classon published a paper connecting mRNA 'vaccines' to prion

disease which can lead to Alzheimer's and other forms of neurogenerative disease while others have pointed out the potential to affect the placenta in ways that make women infertile. This will become highly significant in the next chapter when I will discuss other aspects of this non-vaccine that relate to its nanotechnology and transmission from the injected to the uninjected.

Qualified in idiocy

Tenpenny describes how research has confirmed that these 'vaccine'-generated antibodies can interact with a range of other tissues in the body and attack many other organs including the lungs. 'This means that if you have a hundred people standing in front of you that all got this shot they could have a hundred different symptoms.' Anyone really think that Cult gofers like the Queen, Tony Blair, Christopher Whitty, Anthony Fauci, and all the other psychopaths have really had this 'vaccine' in the pictures we've seen? Not a bloody chance. Why don't doctors all tell us about all these dangers and consequences of the 'Covid vaccine'? Why instead do they encourage and pressure patients to have the shot? Don't let's think for a moment that doctors and medical staff can't be stupid, lazy, and psychopathic and that's without the financial incentives to give the jab. Tenpenny again:

> Some people are going to die from the vaccine directly but a large number of people are going to start to get horribly sick and get all kinds of autoimmune diseases 42 days to maybe a year out. What are they going to do, these stupid doctors who say; 'Good for you for getting that vaccine.' What are they going to say; 'Oh, it must be a mutant, we need to give an extra dose of that vaccine.'
>
> Because now the vaccine, instead of one dose or two doses we need three or four because the stupid physicians aren't taking the time to learn anything about it. If I can learn this sitting in my living room reading a 19 page paper and several others so can they. There's nothing special about me, I just take the time to do it.

Remember how Sara Kayat, the NHS and TV doctor, said that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Doctors can be idiots like every other profession and they

should not be worshipped as infallible. They are not and far from it. Behind many medical and scientific 'experts' lies an uninformed prat trying to hide themselves from you although in the 'Covid' era many have failed to do so as with UK narrative-repeating 'TV doctor' Hilary Jones. Pushing back against the minority of proper doctors and scientists speaking out against the 'vaccine' has been the entire edifice of the Cult global state in the form of governments, medical systems, corporations, mainstream media, Silicon Valley, and an army of compliant doctors, medical staff and scientists willing to say anything for money and to enhance their careers by promoting the party line. If you do that you are an 'expert' and if you won't you are an 'anti-vaxxer' and 'Covidiot'. The pressure to be 'vaccinated' is incessant. We have even had reports claiming that the 'vaccine' can help cure cancer and Alzheimer's and make the lame walk. I am waiting for the announcement that it can bring you coffee in the morning and cook your tea. Just as the symptoms of 'Covid' seem to increase by the week so have the miracles of the 'vaccine'. American supermarket giant Kroger Co. offered nearly 500,000 employees in 35 states a $100 bonus for having the 'vaccine' while donut chain Krispy Kreme promised 'vaccinated' customers a free glazed donut every day for the rest of 2021. Have your DNA changed and you will get a doughnut although we might not have to give you them for long. Such offers and incentives confirm the desperation.

Perhaps the worse vaccine-stunt of them all was UK 'Health' Secretary Matt-the-prat Hancock on live TV after watching a clip of someone being 'vaccinated' when the roll-out began. Hancock faked tears so badly it was embarrassing. Brain-of-Britain Piers Morgan, the lockdown-supporting, 'vaccine' supporting, 'vaccine' passport-supporting, TV host played along with Hancock – 'You're quite emotional about that' he said in response to acting so atrocious it would have been called out at a school nativity which will presumably today include Mary and Jesus in masks, wise men keeping their camels six feet apart, and shepherds under tent arrest. System-serving Morgan tweeted this: 'Love the idea of covid vaccine passports for everywhere: flights, restaurants, clubs, football, gyms,

shops etc. It's time covid-denying, anti-vaxxer loonies had their bullsh*t bluff called & bar themselves from going anywhere that responsible citizens go.' If only I could aspire to his genius. To think that Morgan, who specialises in shouting over anyone he disagrees with, was lauded as a free speech hero when he lost his job after storming off the set of his live show like a child throwing his dolly out of the pram. If he is a free speech hero we are in real trouble. I have no idea what 'bullsh*t' means, by the way, the * throws me completely.

The Cult is desperate to infuse its synthetic DNA-changing concoction into everyone and has been using every lie, trick and intimidation to do so. The question of '*Why*?' we shall now address.

CHAPTER TEN

Human 2.0

I believe that at the end of the century the use of words and general educated opinion will have altered so much that one will be able to speak of machines thinking without expecting to be contradicted –
Alan Turing (1912-1954), the 'Father of artificial intelligence'

I have been exposing for decades the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic-biological state. The new human that I will call Human 2.0 is planned to be connected to artificial intelligence and a global AI 'Smart Grid' that would operate as one global system in which AI would control everything from your fridge to your heating system to your car to your mind. Humans would no longer be 'human', but post-human and sub-human, with their thinking and emotional processes replaced by AI.

What I said sounded crazy and beyond science fiction and I could understand that. To any balanced, rational, mind it *is* crazy. Today, however, that world is becoming reality and it puts the 'Covid vaccine' into its true context. Ray Kurzweil is the ultra-Zionist 'computer scientist, inventor and futurist' and co-founder of the Singularity University. Singularity refers to the merging of humans with machines or 'transhumanism'. Kurzweil has said humanity would be connected to the cyber 'cloud' in the period of the ever-recurring year of 2030:

Our thinking … will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking … humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' … We're going to put gateways to the

cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations. As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

They are trying to sell this end-of-humanity-as-we-know-it as the next stage of 'evolution' when we become super-human and 'like the gods'. They are lying to you. Shocked, eh? The population, and again especially the young, have been manipulated into addiction to technologies designed to enslave them for life. First they induced an addiction to smartphones (holdables); next they moved to technology on the body (wearables); and then began the invasion of the body (implantables). I warned way back about the plan for microchipped people and we are now entering that era. We should not be diverted into thinking that this refers only to chips we can see. Most important are the nanochips known as smart dust, neural dust and nanobots which are far too small to be seen by the human eye. Nanotechnology is everywhere, increasingly in food products, and released into the atmosphere by the geoengineering of the skies funded by Bill Gates to 'shut out the Sun' and 'save the planet from global warming'. Gates has been funding a project to spray millions of tonnes of chalk (calcium carbonate) into the stratosphere over Sweden to 'dim the Sun' and cool the Earth. Scientists warned the move could be disastrous for weather systems in ways no one can predict and opposition led to the Swedish space agency announcing that the 'experiment' would not be happening as planned in the summer of 2021; but it shows where the Cult is going with dimming the impact of the Sun and there's an associated plan to change the planet's atmosphere. Who gives psychopath Gates the right to dictate to the entire human race and dismantle planetary systems? The world will not be safe while this man is at large.

The global warming hoax has made the Sun, like the gas of life, something to fear when both are essential to good health and human survival (more inversion). The body transforms sunlight into vital vitamin D through a process involving … *cholesterol*. This is the cholesterol we are also told to fear. We are urged to take Big Pharma

statin drugs to reduce cholesterol and it's all systematic. Reducing cholesterol means reducing vitamin D uptake with all the multiple health problems that will cause. At least if you take statins long term it saves the government from having to pay you a pension. The delivery system to block sunlight is widely referred to as chemtrails although these have a much deeper agenda, too. They appear at first to be contrails or condensation trails streaming from aircraft into cold air at high altitudes. Contrails disperse very quickly while chemtrails do not and spread out across the sky before eventually their content falls to earth. Many times I have watched aircraft cross-cross a clear blue sky releasing chemtrails until it looks like a cloudy day. Chemtrails contain many things harmful to humans and the natural world including toxic heavy metals, aluminium (see Alzheimer's) and nanotechnology. Ray Kurzweil reveals the reason without actually saying so: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' How do you deliver that? *From the sky*. Self-replicating nanobots would connect everything to the Smart Grid. The phenomenon of Morgellons disease began in the chemtrail era and the correlation has led to it being dubbed the 'chemtrail disease'. Self-replicating fibres appear in the body that can be pulled out through the skin. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. I cover this at greater length in *Phantom Self*.

'Vaccine' operating system

'Covid vaccines' with their self-replicating synthetic material are also designed to make the connection between humanity and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. American doctor and dedicated campaigner for truth, Carrie Madej, an Internal Medicine Specialist in Georgia with more than 20 years medical experience, has highlighted the nanotechnology aspect of the fake 'vaccines'. She explains how one of the components in at least the Moderna and Pfizer synthetic potions are 'lipid nanoparticles' which are 'like little tiny computer bits' – a 'sci-fi substance' known as nanobots and hydrogel which can be 'triggered

at any moment to deliver its payload' and act as 'biosensors'. The synthetic substance had 'the ability to accumulate data from your body like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts and emotions, all kind of things' and each syringe could carry a *million* nanobots:

This substance because it's like little bits of computers in your body, crazy, but it's true, it can do that, [and] obviously has the ability to act through Wi-Fi. It can receive and transmit energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. That issue has never been addressed by these companies. What does that do to the human?

Just imagine getting this substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones, what is happening with that? What if something is triggering it, too, like an impulse, a frequency? We have something completely foreign in the human body.

Madej said her research revealed that electromagnetic (EMF) frequencies emitted by phones and other devices had increased dramatically in the same period of the 'vaccine' rollout and she was seeing more people with radiation problems as 5G and other electromagnetic technology was expanded and introduced to schools and hospitals. She said she was 'floored with the EMF coming off' the devices she checked. All this makes total sense and syncs with my own work of decades when you think that Moderna refers in documents to its mRNA 'vaccine' as an 'operating system':

Recognizing the broad potential of mRNA science, we set out to create an mRNA technology platform that functions very much like an operating system on a computer. It is designed so that it can plug and play interchangeably with different programs. In our case, the 'program' or 'app' is our mRNA drug – the unique mRNA sequence that codes for a protein …

… Our MRNA Medicines – 'The 'Software Of Life': When we have a concept for a new mRNA medicine and begin research, fundamental components are already in place. Generally, the only thing that changes from one potential mRNA medicine to another is the coding region – the actual genetic code that instructs ribosomes to make protein. Utilizing these instruction sets gives our investigational mRNA medicines a software-like quality. We also have the ability to combine different mRNA sequences encoding for different proteins in a single mRNA investigational medicine.

Who needs a real 'virus' when you can create a computer version to justify infusing your operating system into the entire human race on the road to making living, breathing people into cyborgs? What is missed with the 'vaccines' is the *digital* connection between synthetic material and the body that I highlighted earlier with the study that hacked a computer with human DNA. On one level the body is digital, based on mathematical codes, and I'll have more about that in the next chapter. Those who ridiculously claim that mRNA 'vaccines' are not designed to change human genetics should explain the words of Dr Tal Zaks, chief medical officer at Moderna, in a 2017 TED talk. He said that over the last 30 years 'we've been living this phenomenal digital scientific revolution, and I'm here today to tell you, that we are actually *hacking the software of life*, and that it's changing the way we think about prevention and treatment of disease':

In every cell there's this thing called messenger RNA, or mRNA for short, that transmits the critical information from the DNA in our genes to the protein, which is really the stuff we're all made out of. This is the critical information that determines what the cell will do. So we think about it as an operating system. So if you could change that, if you could introduce a line of code, or change a line of code, it turns out, that has profound implications for everything, from the flu to cancer.

Zaks should more accurately have said that this has profound implications for the human genetic code and the nature of DNA. Communications within the body go both ways and not only one. But, hey, no, the 'Covid vaccine' will not affect your genetics. Cult fact-checkers say so even though the man who helped to develop the mRNA technique says that it does. Zaks said in 2017:

If you think about what it is we're trying to do. We've taken information and our understanding of that information and how that information is transmitted in a cell, and we've taken our understanding of medicine and how to make drugs, and we're fusing the two. We think of it as information therapy.

I have been writing for decades that the body is an information field communicating with itself and the wider world. This is why

radiation which is information can change the information field of body and mind through phenomena like 5G and change their nature and function. 'Information therapy' means to change the body's information field and change the way it operates. DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and can be mutated by information like mRNA synthetic messaging. Technology to do this has been ready and waiting in the underground bases and other secret projects to be rolled out when the 'Covid' hoax was played. 'Trials' of such short and irrelevant duration were only for public consumption. When they say the 'vaccine' is 'experimental' that is not true. It may appear to be 'experimental' to those who don't know what's going on, but the trials have already been done to ensure the Cult gets the result it desires. Zaks said that it took decades to sequence the human genome, completed in 2003, but now they could do it in a week. By 'they' he means scientists operating in the public domain. In the secret projects they were sequencing the genome in a week long before even 2003.

Deluge of mRNA

Highly significantly the Moderna document says the guiding premise is that if using mRNA as a medicine works for one disease then it should work for many diseases. They were leveraging the flexibility afforded by their platform and the fundamental role mRNA plays in protein synthesis to pursue mRNA medicines for a broad spectrum of diseases. Moderna is confirming what I was saying through 2020 that multiple 'vaccines' were planned for 'Covid' (and later invented 'variants') and that previous vaccines would be converted to the mRNA system to infuse the body with massive amounts of genetically-manipulating synthetic material to secure a transformation to a synthetic-biological state. The 'vaccines' are designed to kill stunning numbers as part of the long-exposed Cult depopulation agenda and transform the rest. Given this is the goal you can appreciate why there is such hysterical demand for every human to be 'vaccinated' for an alleged 'disease' that has an estimated 'infection' to 'death' ratio of 0.23-0.15 percent. As I write

children are being given the 'vaccine' in trials (their parents are a disgrace) and ever-younger people are being offered the vaccine for a 'virus' that even if you believe it exists has virtually zero chance of harming them. Horrific effects of the 'trials' on a 12-year-old girl were revealed by a family member to be serious brain and gastric problems that included a bowel obstruction and the inability to swallow liquids or solids. She was unable to eat or drink without throwing up, had extreme pain in her back, neck and abdomen, and was paralysed from the waist down which stopped her urinating unaided. When the girl was first taken to hospital doctors said it was all in her mind. She was signed up for the 'trial' by her parents for whom no words suffice. None of this 'Covid vaccine' insanity makes any sense unless you see what the 'vaccine' really is – a body-changer. Synthetic biology or 'SynBio' is a fast-emerging and expanding scientific discipline which includes everything from genetic and molecular engineering to electrical and computer engineering. Synthetic biology is defined in these ways:

- A multidisciplinary area of research that seeks to create new biological parts, devices, and systems, or to redesign systems that are already found in nature.

- The use of a mixture of physical engineering and genetic engineering to create new (and therefore synthetic) life forms.

- An emerging field of research that aims to combine the knowledge and methods of biology, engineering and related disciplines in the design of chemically-synthesized DNA to create organisms with novel or enhanced characteristics and traits (synthetic organisms including humans).

We now have synthetic blood, skin, organs and limbs being developed along with synthetic body parts produced by 3D printers. These are all elements of the synthetic human programme and this comment by Kurzweil's co-founder of the Singularity University,

Peter Diamandis, can be seen in a whole new light with the 'Covid' hoax and the sanctions against those that refuse the 'vaccine':

Anybody who is going to be resisting the progress forward [to transhumanism] is going to be resisting evolution and, fundamentally, they will die out. It's not a matter of whether it's good or bad. It's going to happen.

'Resisting evolution'? What absolute bollocks. The arrogance of these people is without limit. His 'it's going to happen' mantra is another way of saying 'resistance is futile' to break the spirit of those pushing back and we must not fall for it. Getting this genetically-transforming 'vaccine' into everyone is crucial to the Cult plan for total control and the desperation to achieve that is clear for anyone to see. Vaccine passports are a major factor in this and they, too, are a form of resistance is futile. It's NOT. The paper funded by the Rockefeller Foundation for the 2013 'health conference' in China said:

We will interact more with artificial intelligence. The use of robotics, bio-engineering to augment human functioning is already well underway and will advance. Re-engineering of humans into potentially separate and unequal forms through genetic engineering or mixed human-robots raises debates on ethics and equality.

A new demography is projected to emerge after 2030 [that year again] of technologies (robotics, genetic engineering, nanotechnology) producing robots, engineered organisms, 'nanobots' and artificial intelligence (AI) that can self-replicate. Debates will grow on the implications of an impending reality of human designed life.

What is happening today is so long planned. The world army enforcing the will of the world government is intended to be a robot army, not a human one. Today's military and its technologically 'enhanced' troops, pilotless planes and driverless vehicles are just stepping stones to that end. Human soldiers are used as Cult fodder and its time they woke up to that and worked for the freedom of the population instead of their own destruction and their family's destruction – the same with the police. Join us and let's sort this out. The phenomenon of enforce my own destruction is widespread in the 'Covid' era with Woker 'luvvies' in the acting and entertainment

industries supporting 'Covid' rules which have destroyed their profession and the same with those among the public who put signs on the doors of their businesses 'closed due to Covid – stay safe' when many will never reopen. It's a form of masochism and most certainly insanity.

Transgender = transhumanism

When something explodes out of nowhere and is suddenly everywhere it is always the Cult agenda and so it is with the tidal wave of claims and demands that have infiltrated every aspect of society under the heading of 'transgenderism'. The term 'trans' is so 'in' and this is the dictionary definition:

> A prefix meaning 'across', 'through', occurring … in loanwords from Latin, used in particular for denoting movement or conveyance from place to place (transfer; transmit; transplant) or complete change (transform; transmute), or to form adjectives meaning 'crossing', 'on the other side of', or 'going beyond' the place named (transmontane; transnational; trans-Siberian).

Transgender means to go beyond gender and transhuman means to go beyond human. Both are aspects of the Cult plan to transform the human body to a synthetic state with *no gender*. Human 2.0 is not designed to procreate and would be produced technologically with no need for parents. The new human would mean the end of parents and so men, and increasingly women, are being targeted for the deletion of their rights and status. Parental rights are disappearing at an ever-quickening speed for the same reason. The new human would have no need for men or women when there is no procreation and no gender. Perhaps the transgender movement that appears to be in a permanent state of frenzy might now contemplate on how it is being used. This was never about transgender rights which are only the interim excuse for confusing gender, particularly in the young, on the road to *fusing* gender. Transgender activism is not an end; it is a *means* to an end. We see again the technique of creative destruction in which you destroy the status quo to 'build back better' in the form that you want. The gender status quo had to be

destroyed by persuading the Cult-created Woke mentality to believe that you can have 100 genders or more. A programme for 9 to 12 year olds produced by the Cult-owned BBC promoted the 100 genders narrative. The very idea may be the most monumental nonsense, but it is not what is true that counts, only what you can make people *believe* is true. Once the gender of 2 + 2 = 4 has been dismantled through indoctrination, intimidation and 2 + 2 = 5 then the new no-gender normal can take its place with Human 2.0. Aldous Huxley revealed the plan in his prophetic *Brave New World* in 1932:

> Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

How could Huxley know this in 1932? For the same reason George Orwell knew about the Big Brother state in 1948, Cult insiders I have quoted knew about it in 1969, and I have known about it since the early 1990s. If you are connected to the Cult or you work your balls off to uncover the plan you can predict the future. The process is simple. If there is a plan for the world and nothing intervenes to stop it then it will happen. Thus if you communicate the plan ahead of time you are perceived to have predicted the future, but you haven't. You have revealed the plan which without intervention will become the human future. The whole reason I have done what I have is to alert enough people to inspire an intervention and maybe at last that time has come with the Cult and its intentions now so obvious to anyone with a brain in working order.

The future is here

Technological wombs that Huxley described to replace parent procreation are already being developed and they are only the projects we know about in the public arena. Israeli scientists told *The Times of Israel* in March, 2021, that they have grown 250-cell embryos

into mouse foetuses with fully formed organs using artificial wombs in a development they say could pave the way for gestating humans outside the womb. Professor Jacob Hanna of the Weizmann Institute of Science said:

> We took mouse embryos from the mother at day five of development, when they are just of 250 cells, and had them in the incubator from day five until day 11, by which point they had grown all their organs.
>
> By day 11 they make their own blood and have a beating heart, a fully developed brain. Anybody would look at them and say, 'this is clearly a mouse foetus with all the characteristics of a mouse.' It's gone from being a ball of cells to being an advanced foetus.

A special liquid is used to nourish embryo cells in a laboratory dish and they float on the liquid to duplicate the first stage of embryonic development. The incubator creates all the right conditions for its development, Hanna said. The liquid gives the embryo 'all the nutrients, hormones and sugars they need' along with a custom-made electronic incubator which controls gas concentration, pressure and temperature. The cutting-edge in the underground bases and other secret locations will be light years ahead of that, however, and this was reported by the London *Guardian* in 2017:

> We are approaching a biotechnological breakthrough. Ectogenesis, the invention of a complete external womb, could completely change the nature of human reproduction. In April this year, researchers at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia announced their development of an artificial womb.

The article was headed 'Artificial wombs could soon be a reality. What will this mean for women?' What would it mean for children is an even bigger question. No mother to bond with only a machine in preparation for a life of soulless interaction and control in a world governed by machines (see the *Matrix* movies). Now observe the calculated manipulations of the 'Covid' hoax as human interaction and warmth has been curtailed by distancing, isolation and fear with people communicating via machines on a scale never seen before.

These are all dots in the same picture as are all the personal assistants, gadgets and children's toys through which kids and adults communicate with AI as if it is human. The AI 'voice' on Sat-Nav should be included. All these things are psychological preparation for the Cult endgame. Before you can make a physical connection with AI you have to make a psychological connection and that is what people are being conditioned to do with this ever gathering human-AI interaction. Movies and TV programmes depicting the transhuman, robot dystopia relate to a phenomenon known as 'pre-emptive programming' in which the world that is planned is portrayed everywhere in movies, TV and advertising. This is conditioning the conscious and subconscious mind to become familiar with the planned reality to dilute resistance when it happens for real. What would have been a shock such is the change is made less so. We have young children put on the road to transgender transition surgery with puberty blocking drugs at an age when they could never be able to make those life-changing decisions.

Rachel Levine, a professor of paediatrics and psychiatry who believes in treating children this way, became America's highest-ranked openly-transgender official when she was confirmed as US Assistant Secretary at the Department of Health and Human Services after being nominated by Joe Biden (the Cult). Activists and governments press for laws to deny parents a say in their children's transition process so the kids can be isolated and manipulated into agreeing to irreversible medical procedures. A Canadian father Robert Hoogland was denied bail by the Vancouver Supreme Court in 2021 and remained in jail for breaching a court order that he stay silent over his young teenage daughter, a minor, who was being offered life-changing hormone therapy without parental consent. At the age of 12 the girl's 'school counsellor' said she may be transgender, referred her to a doctor and told the school to treat her like a boy. This is another example of state-serving schools imposing ever more control over children's lives while parents have ever less.

Contemptible and extreme child abuse is happening all over the world as the Cult gender-fusion operation goes into warp-speed.

Why the war on men – and now women?

The question about what artificial wombs mean for women should rightly be asked. The answer can be seen in the deletion of women's rights involving sport, changing rooms, toilets and status in favour of people in male bodies claiming to identify as women. I can identify as a mountain climber, but it doesn't mean I can climb a mountain any more than a biological man can be a biological woman. To believe so is a triumph of belief over factual reality which is the very perceptual basis of everything Woke. Women's sport is being destroyed by allowing those with male bodies who say they identify as female to 'compete' with girls and women. Male body 'women' dominate 'women's' competition with their greater muscle mass, bone density, strength and speed. With that disadvantage sport for women loses all meaning. To put this in perspective nearly 300 American high school boys can run faster than the quickest woman sprinter in the world. Women are seeing their previously protected spaces invaded by male bodies simply because they claim to identify as women. That's all they need to do to access all women's spaces and activities under the Biden 'Equality Act' that destroys equality for women with the usual Orwellian Woke inversion. Male sex offenders have already committed rapes in women's prisons after claiming to identify as women to get them transferred. Does this not matter to the Woke 'equality' hypocrites? Not in the least. What matters to Cult manipulators and funders behind transgender activists is to advance gender fusion on the way to the no-gender 'human'. When you are seeking to impose transparent nonsense like this, or the 'Covid' hoax, the only way the nonsense can prevail is through censorship and intimidation of dissenters, deletion of factual information, and programming of the unquestioning, bewildered and naive. You don't have to scan the world for long to see that all these things are happening.

Many women's rights organisations have realised that rights and status which took such a long time to secure are being eroded and that it is systematic. Kara Dansky of the global Women's Human Rights Campaign said that Biden's transgender executive order immediately he took office, subsequent orders, and Equality Act legislation that followed 'seek to erase women and girls in the law as a category'. *Exactly*. I said during the long ago-started war on men (in which many women play a crucial part) that this was going to turn into a war on them. The Cult is phasing out *both* male and female genders. To get away with that they are brought into conflict so they are busy fighting each other while the Cult completes the job with no unity of response. Unity, people, *unity*. We need unity everywhere. Transgender is the only show in town as the big step towards the no-gender human. It's not about rights for transgender people and never has been. Woke political correctness is deleting words relating to genders to the same end. Wokers believe this is to be 'inclusive' when the opposite is true. They are deleting words describing gender because gender *itself* is being deleted by Human 2.0. Terms like 'man', 'woman', 'mother' and 'father' are being deleted in the universities and other institutions to be replaced by the *no*-gender, not trans-gender, 'individuals' and 'guardians'. Women's rights campaigner Maria Keffler of Partners for Ethical Care said: 'Children are being taught from kindergarten upward that some boys have a vagina, some girls have a penis, and that kids can be any gender they want to be.' Do we really believe that suddenly countries all over the world at the same time had the idea of having drag queens go into schools or read transgender stories to very young children in the local library? It's coldly-calculated confusion of gender on the way to the fusion of gender. Suzanne Vierling, a psychologist from Southern California, made another important point:

> Yesterday's slave woman who endured gynecological medical experiments is today's girl-child being butchered in a booming gender-transitioning sector. Ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause and osteoporosis, uncharted territory, and parents' rights and authority decimated.

The erosion of parental rights is a common theme in line with the Cult plans to erase the very concept of parents and 'ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause' means what? Those born female lose the ability to have children – another way to discontinue humanity as we know it.

Eliminating Human 1.0 (before our very eyes)

To pave the way for Human 2.0 you must phase out Human 1.0. This is happening through plummeting sperm counts and making women infertile through an onslaught of chemicals, radiation (including smartphones in pockets of men) and mRNA 'vaccines'. Common agriculture pesticides are also having a devastating impact on human fertility. I have been tracking collapsing sperm counts in the books for a long time and in 2021 came a book by fertility scientist and reproductive epidemiologist Shanna Swan, *Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race*. She reports how the global fertility rate dropped by *half* between 1960 and 2016 with America's birth rate 16 percent below where it needs to be to sustain the population. Women are experiencing declining egg quality, more miscarriages, and more couples suffer from infertility. Other findings were an increase in erectile dysfunction, infant boys developing more genital abnormalities, male problems with conception, and plunging levels of the male hormone testosterone which would explain why so many men have lost their backbone and masculinity. This has been very evident during the 'Covid' hoax when women have been prominent among the Pushbackers and big strapping blokes have bowed their heads, covered their faces with a nappy and quietly submitted. Mind control expert Cathy O'Brien also points to how global education introduced the concept of 'we're all winners' in sport and classrooms: 'Competition was defused, and it in turn defused a sense of fighting back.' This is another version of the 'equity' doctrine in which you drive down rather than raise up. What a contrast in Cult-controlled China with its global ambitions

where the government published plans in January, 2021, to 'cultivate masculinity' in boys from kindergarten through to high school in the face of a 'masculinity crisis'. A government adviser said boys would be soon become 'delicate, timid and effeminate' unless action was taken. Don't expect any similar policy in the targeted West. A 2006 study showed that a 65-year-old man in 2002 had testosterone levels *15 percent* lower than a 65-year-old man in 1987 while a 2020 study found a similar story with young adults and adolescents. Men are getting prescriptions for testosterone replacement therapy which causes an even greater drop in sperm count with up to 99 percent seeing sperm counts drop to zero during the treatment. More sperm is defective and malfunctioning with some having two heads or not pursuing an egg.

A class of *synthetic* chemicals known as phthalates are being blamed for the decline. These are found everywhere in plastics, shampoos, cosmetics, furniture, flame retardants, personal care products, pesticides, canned foods and even receipts. Why till receipts? Everyone touches them. Let no one delude themselves that all this is not systematic to advance the long-time agenda for human body transformation. Phthalates mimic hormones and disrupt the hormone balance causing testosterone to fall and genital birth defects in male infants. Animals and fish have been affected in the same way due to phthalates and other toxins in rivers. When fish turn gay or change sex through chemicals in rivers and streams it is a pointer to why there has been such an increase in gay people and the sexually confused. It doesn't matter to me what sexuality people choose to be, but if it's being affected by chemical pollution and consumption then we need to know. Does anyone really think that this is not connected to the transgender agenda, the war on men and the condemnation of male 'toxic masculinity'? You watch this being followed by 'toxic femininity'. It's already happening. When breastfeeding becomes 'chest-feeding', pregnant women become pregnant people along with all the other Woke claptrap you know that the world is going insane and there's a Cult scam in progress. Transgender activists are promoting the Cult agenda while Cult

billionaires support and fund the insanity as they laugh themselves to sleep at the sheer stupidity for which humans must be infamous in galaxies far, far away.

'Covid vaccines' and female infertility

We can now see why the 'vaccine' has been connected to potential infertility in women. Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Advisor at Pfizer, and Dr Wolfgang Wodarg in Germany, filed a petition with the European Medicines Agency in December, 2020, urging them to stop trials for the Pfizer/BioNTech shot and all other mRNA trials until further studies had been done. They were particularly concerned about possible effects on fertility with 'vaccine'-produced antibodies attacking the protein Syncytin-1 which is responsible for developing the placenta. The result would be infertility 'of indefinite duration' in women who have the 'vaccine' with the placenta failing to form. Section 10.4.2 of the Pfizer/BioNTech trial protocol says that pregnant women or those who might become so should not have mRNA shots. Section 10.4 warns men taking mRNA shots to 'be abstinent from heterosexual intercourse' and not to donate sperm. The UK government said that it *did not know* if the mRNA procedure had an effect on fertility. *Did not know?* These people have to go to jail. UK government advice did not recommend at the start that pregnant women had the shot and said they should avoid pregnancy for at least two months after 'vaccination'. The 'advice' was later updated to pregnant women should only have the 'vaccine' if the benefits outweighed the risks to mother and foetus. What the hell is that supposed to mean? Then 'spontaneous abortions' began to appear and rapidly increase on the adverse reaction reporting schemes which include only a fraction of adverse reactions. Thousands and ever-growing numbers of 'vaccinated' women are describing changes to their menstrual cycle with heavier blood flow, irregular periods and menstruating again after going through the menopause – all links to reproduction effects. Women are passing blood clots and the lining of their uterus while men report erectile dysfunction and blood effects. Most

significantly of all *un*vaccinated women began to report similar menstrual changes after interaction with *'vaccinated'* people and men and children were also affected with bleeding noses, blood clots and other conditions. 'Shedding' is when vaccinated people can emit the content of a vaccine to affect the unvaccinated, but this is different. 'Vaccinated' people were not shedding a 'live virus' allegedly in 'vaccines' as before because the fake 'Covid vaccines' involve synthetic material and other toxicity. Doctors exposing what is happening prefer the term 'transmission' to shedding. Somehow those that have had the shots are transmitting effects to those that haven't. Dr Carrie Madej said the nano-content of the 'vaccines' can 'act like an antenna' to others around them which fits perfectly with my own conclusions. This 'vaccine' transmission phenomenon was becoming known as the book went into production and I deal with this further in the Postscript.

Vaccine effects on sterility are well known. The World Health Organization was accused in 2014 of sterilising millions of women in Kenya with the evidence confirmed by the content of the vaccines involved. The same WHO behind the 'Covid' hoax admitted its involvement for more than ten years with the vaccine programme. Other countries made similar claims. Charges were lodged by Tanzania, Nicaragua, Mexico, and the Philippines. The Gardasil vaccine claimed to protect against a genital 'virus' known as HPV has also been linked to infertility. Big Pharma and the WHO (same thing) are criminal and satanic entities. Then there's the Bill Gates Foundation which is connected through funding and shared interests with 20 pharmaceutical giants and laboratories. He stands accused of directing the policy of United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), vaccine alliance GAVI, and other groupings, to advance the vaccine agenda and silence opposition at great cost to women and children. At the same time Gates wants to reduce the global population. Coincidence?

Great Reset = Smart Grid = new human

The Cult agenda I have been exposing for 30 years is now being openly promoted by Cult assets like Gates and Klaus Schwab of the World Economic Forum under code-terms like the 'Great Reset', 'Build Back Better' and 'a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world'. What provided this 'rare but narrow window of opportunity'? The 'Covid' hoax did. Who created that? *They* did. My books from not that long ago warned about the planned 'Internet of Things' (IoT) and its implications for human freedom. This was the plan to connect all technology to the Internet and artificial intelligence and today we are way down that road with an estimated 36 billion devices connected to the World Wide Web and that figure is projected to be 76 billion by 2025. I further warned that the Cult planned to go beyond that to the Internet of *Everything* when the human brain was connected via AI to the Internet and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. Now we have Cult operatives like Schwab calling for precisely that under the term 'Internet of Bodies', a fusion of the physical, digital and biological into one centrally-controlled Smart Grid system which the Cult refers to as the 'Fourth Industrial Revolution'. They talk about the 'biological', but they really mean the synthetic-biological which is required to fully integrate the human body and brain into the Smart Grid and artificial intelligence planned to replace the human mind. We have everything being synthetically manipulated including the natural world through GMO and smart dust, the food we eat and the human body itself with synthetic 'vaccines'. I said in *The Answer* that we would see the Cult push for synthetic meat to replace animals and in February, 2021, the so predictable psychopath Bill Gates called for the introduction of synthetic meat to save us all from 'climate change'. The climate hoax just keeps on giving like the 'Covid' hoax. The war on meat by vegan activists is a carbon (oops, sorry) copy of the manipulation of transgender activists. They have no idea (except their inner core) that they are being used to promote and impose the agenda of the Cult or that they are only the *vehicle* and not the *reason*. This is not to say those who choose not to eat meat shouldn't be respected and supported in that right, but there are ulterior motives

for those in power. A *Forbes* article in December, 2019, highlighted the plan so beloved of Schwab and the Cult under the heading: 'What Is The Internet of Bodies? And How Is It Changing Our World?' The article said the human body is the latest data platform (remember 'our vaccine is an operating system'). *Forbes* described the plan very accurately and the words could have come straight out of my books from long before:

> The Internet of Bodies (IoB) is an extension of the IoT and basically connects the human body to a network through devices that are ingested, implanted, or connected to the body in some way. Once connected, data can be exchanged, and the body and device can be remotely monitored and controlled.

They were really describing a human hive mind with human perception centrally-dictated via an AI connection as well as allowing people to be 'remotely monitored and controlled'. Everything from a fridge to a human mind could be directed from a central point by these insane psychopaths and 'Covid vaccines' are crucial to this. Forbes explained the process I mentioned earlier of holdable and wearable technology followed by implantable. The article said there were three generations of the Internet of Bodies that include:

- Body external: These are wearable devices such as Apple Watches or Fitbits that can monitor our health.

- Body internal: These include pacemakers, cochlear implants, and digital pills that go inside our bodies to monitor or control various aspects of health.

- Body embedded: The third generation of the Internet of Bodies is embedded technology where technology and the human body are melded together and have a real-time connection to a remote machine.

Forbes noted the development of the Brain Computer Interface (BCI) which merges the brain with an external device for monitoring and controlling in real-time. 'The ultimate goal is to help restore function to individuals with disabilities by using brain signals rather than conventional neuromuscular pathways.' Oh, do fuck off. The goal of brain interface technology is controlling human thought and emotion from the central point in a hive mind serving its masters wishes. Many people are now agreeing to be chipped to open doors without a key. You can recognise them because they'll be wearing a mask, social distancing and lining up for the 'vaccine'. The Cult plans a Great Reset money system after they have completed the demolition of the global economy in which 'money' will be exchanged through communication with body operating systems. Rand Corporation, a Cult-owned think tank, said of the Internet of Bodies or IoB:

> Internet of Bodies technologies fall under the broader IoT umbrella. But as the name suggests, IoB devices introduce an even more intimate interplay between humans and gadgets. IoB devices monitor the human body, collect health metrics and other personal information, and transmit those data over the Internet. Many devices, such as fitness trackers, are already in use … IoB devices … and those in development can track, record, and store users' whereabouts, bodily functions, and what they see, hear, and even think.

Schwab's World Economic Forum, a long-winded way of saying 'fascism' or 'the Cult', has gone full-on with the Internet of Bodies in the 'Covid' era. 'We're entering the era of the Internet of Bodies', it declared, 'collecting our physical data via a range of devices that can be implanted, swallowed or worn'. The result would be a huge amount of health-related data that could improve human wellbeing around the world, and prove crucial in fighting the 'Covid-19 pandemic'. Does anyone think these clowns care about 'human wellbeing' after the death and devastation their pandemic hoax has purposely caused? Schwab and co say we should move forward with the Internet of Bodies because 'Keeping track of symptoms could help us stop the spread of infection, and quickly detect new cases'. How wonderful, but keeping track' is all they are really bothered

about. Researchers were investigating if data gathered from smartwatches and similar devices could be used as viral infection alerts by tracking the user's heart rate and breathing. Schwab said in his 2018 book *Shaping the Future of the Fourth Industrial Revolution*:

> The lines between technologies and beings are becoming blurred and not just by the ability to create lifelike robots or synthetics. Instead it is about the ability of new technologies to literally become part of us. Technologies already influence how we understand ourselves, how we think about each other, and how we determine our realities. As the technologies … give us deeper access to parts of ourselves, we may begin to integrate digital technologies into our bodies.

You can see what the game is. Twenty-four hour control and people – if you could still call them that – would never know when something would go ping and take them out of circulation. It's the most obvious rush to a global fascist dictatorship and the complete submission of humanity and yet still so many are locked away in their Cult-induced perceptual coma and can't see it.

Smart Grid control centres

The human body is being transformed by the 'vaccines' and in other ways into a synthetic cyborg that can be attached to the global Smart Grid which would be controlled from a central point and other sub-locations of Grid manipulation. Where are these planned to be? Well, China for a start which is one of the Cult's biggest centres of operation. The technological control system and technocratic rule was incubated here to be unleashed across the world after the 'Covid' hoax came out of China in 2020. Another Smart Grid location that will surprise people new to this is Israel. I have exposed in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian technocrats, intelligence and military operatives were behind the horrors of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who somehow manifested the ability to pilot big passenger airliners when instructors at puddle-jumping flying schools described some of them as a joke. The 9/11 attacks were made possible through control of civilian and military air computer systems and those of the White House, Pentagon and connected agencies. See *The Trigger* – it

will blow your mind. The controlling and coordinating force were the Sabbatian networks in Israel and the United States which by then had infiltrated the entire US government, military and intelligence system. The real name of the American Deep State is 'Sabbatian State'. Israel is a tiny country of only nine million people, but it is one of the global centres of cyber operations and fast catching Silicon Valley in importance to the Cult. Israel is known as the 'start-up nation' for all the cyber companies spawned there with the Sabbatian specialisation of 'cyber security' that I mentioned earlier which gives those companies access to computer systems of their clients in real time through 'backdoors' written into the coding when security software is downloaded. The Sabbatian centre of cyber operations outside Silicon Valley is the Israeli military Cyber Intelligence Unit, the biggest infrastructure project in Israel's history, headquartered in the desert-city of Beersheba and involving some 20,000 'cyber soldiers'. Here are located a literal army of Internet trolls scanning social media, forums and comment lists for anyone challenging the Cult agenda. The UK military has something similar with its 77th Brigade and associated operations. The Beersheba complex includes research and development centres for other Cult operations such as Intel, Microsoft, IBM, Google, Apple, Hewlett-Packard, Cisco Systems, Facebook and Motorola. Techcrunch.com ran an article about the Beersheba global Internet technology centre headlined 'Israel's desert city of Beersheba is turning into a cybertech oasis':

> The military's massive relocation of its prestigious technology units, the presence of multinational and local companies, a close proximity to Ben Gurion University and generous government subsidies are turning Beersheba into a major global cybertech hub. Beersheba has all of the ingredients of a vibrant security technology ecosystem, including Ben Gurion University with its graduate program in cybersecurity and Cyber Security Research Center, and the presence of companies such as EMC, Deutsche Telekom, PayPal, Oracle, IBM, and Lockheed Martin. It's also the future home of the INCB (Israeli National Cyber Bureau); offers a special income tax incentive for cyber security companies, and was the site for the relocation of the army's intelligence corps units.

Sabbatians have taken over the cyber world through the following process: They scan the schools for likely cyber talent and develop them at Ben Gurion University and their period of conscription in the Israeli Defense Forces when they are stationed at the Beersheba complex. When the cyber talented officially leave the army they are funded to start cyber companies with technology developed by themselves or given to them by the state. Much of this is stolen through backdoors of computer systems around the world with America top of the list. Others are sent off to Silicon Valley to start companies or join the major ones and so we have many major positions filled by apparently 'Jewish' but really Sabbatian operatives. Google, YouTube and Facebook are all run by 'Jewish' CEOs while Twitter is all but run by ultra-Zionist hedge-fund shark Paul Singer. At the centre of the Sabbatian global cyber web is the Israeli army's Unit 8200 which specialises in hacking into computer systems of other countries, inserting viruses, gathering information, instigating malfunction, and even taking control of them from a distance. A long list of Sabbatians involved with 9/11, Silicon Valley and Israeli cyber security companies are operatives of Unit 8200. This is not about Israel. It's about the Cult. Israel is planned to be a Smart Grid hub as with China and what is happening at Beersheba is not for the benefit of Jewish people who are treated disgustingly by the Sabbatian elite that control the country. A glance at the Nuremberg Codes will tell you that.

The story is much bigger than 'Covid', important as that is to where we are being taken. Now, though, it's time to really strap in. There's more … much more …

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Who controls the Cult?

Awake, arise or be forever fall'n
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

I have exposed this far the level of the Cult conspiracy that operates in the world of the seen and within the global secret society and satanic network which operates in the shadows one step back from the seen. The story, however, goes much deeper than that.

The 'Covid' hoax is major part of the Cult agenda, but only part, and to grasp the biggest picture we have to expand our attention beyond the realm of human sight and into the infinity of possibility that we cannot see. It is from here, ultimately, that humanity is being manipulated into a state of total control by the force which dictates the actions of the Cult. How much of reality can we see? Next to damn all is the answer. We may appear to see all there is to see in the 'space' our eyes survey and observe, but little could be further from the truth. The human 'world' is only a tiny band of frequency that the body's visual and perceptual systems can decode into *perception* of a 'world'. According to mainstream science the electromagnetic spectrum is 0.005 percent of what exists in the Universe (Fig 10). The maximum estimate I have seen is 0.5 percent and either way it's miniscule. I say it is far, far, smaller even than 0.005 percent when you compare reality we see with the totality of reality that we don't. Now get this if you are new to such information: Visible light, the only band of frequency that we can see, is a *fraction* of the 0.005

percent (Fig 11 overleaf). Take this further and realise that our universe is one of infinite universes and that universes are only a fragment of overall reality – *infinite* reality. Then compare that with the almost infinitesimal frequency band of visible light or human sight. You see that humans are as near blind as it is possible to be without actually being so. Artist and filmmaker, Sergio Toporek, said:

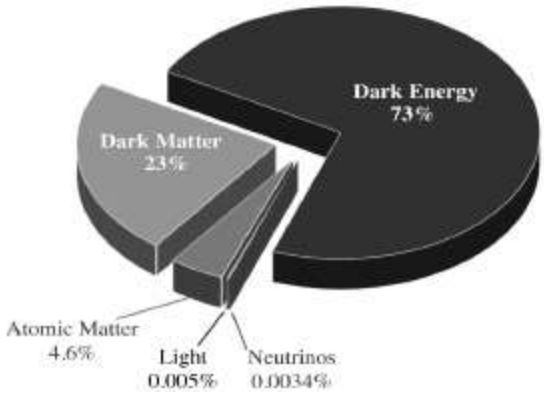

Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

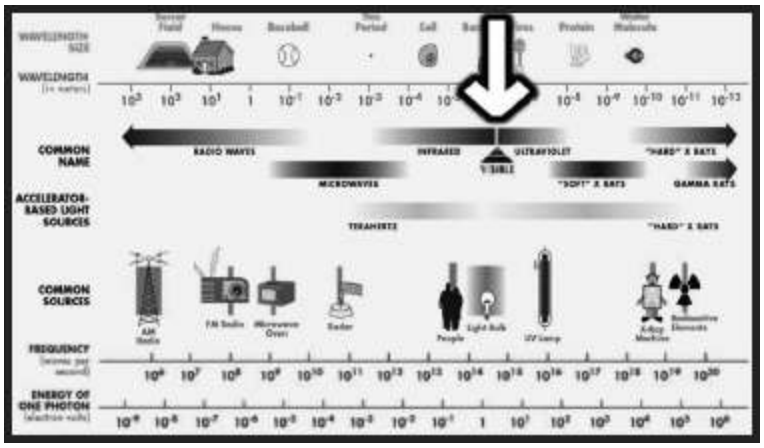

Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

Consider that you can see less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum and hear less than 1% of the acoustic spectrum. 90% of the cells in your body carry their own microbial DNA and are not 'you'. The atoms in your body are 99.9999999999999999% empty space and none of them are the ones you were born with ... Human beings have 46 chromosomes, two less than a potato.

The existence of the rainbow depends on the conical photoreceptors in your eyes; to animals without cones, the rainbow does not exist. So you don't just look at a rainbow, you create it. This is pretty amazing, especially considering that all the beautiful colours you see represent less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Suddenly the 'world' of humans looks a very different place. Take into account, too, that Planet Earth when compared with the projected size of this single universe is the equivalent of a billionth of a pinhead. Imagine the ratio that would be when compared to infinite reality. To think that Christianity once insisted that Earth and humanity were the centre of everything. This background is vital if we are going to appreciate the nature of 'human' and how we can be manipulated by an unseen force. To human visual reality virtually *everything* is unseen and yet the prevailing perception within the institutions and so much of the public is that if we can't see it, touch it, hear it, taste it and smell it then it cannot exist. Such perception is indoctrinated and encouraged by the Cult and its agents because it isolates believers in the strictly limited, village-idiot, realm of the five senses where perceptions can be firewalled and information controlled. Most of those perpetuating the 'this-world-is-all-there-is' insanity are themselves indoctrinated into believing the same delusion. While major players and influencers know that official reality is laughable most of those in science, academia and medicine really believe the nonsense they peddle and teach succeeding generations. Those who challenge the orthodoxy are dismissed as nutters and freaks to protect the manufactured illusion from exposure. Observe the dynamic of the 'Covid' hoax and you will see how that takes the same form. The inner-circle psychopaths knows it's a gigantic scam, but almost the entirety of those imposing their fascist rules believe that 'Covid' is all that they're told it is.

Stolen identity

Ask people who they are and they will give you their name, place of birth, location, job, family background and life story. Yet that is not who they are – it is what they are *experiencing*. The difference is *absolutely crucial*. The true 'I', the eternal, infinite 'I', is consciousness,

a state of being aware. Forget 'form'. That is a vehicle for a brief experience. Consciousness does not come *from* the brain, but *through* the brain and even that is more symbolic than literal. We are awareness, pure awareness, and this is what withdraws from the body at what we call 'death' to continue our eternal beingness, *isness*, in other realms of reality within the limitlessness of infinity or the Biblical 'many mansions in my father's house'. Labels of a human life, man, woman, transgender, black, white, brown, nationality, circumstances and income are not who we are. They are what we are – awareness – is *experiencing* in a brief connection with a band of frequency we call 'human'. The labels are not the self; they are, to use the title of one of my books, a *Phantom* Self. I am not David Icke born in Leicester, England, on April 29th, 1952. I am the consciousness *having that experience*. The Cult and its non-human masters seek to convince us through the institutions of 'education', science, medicine, media and government that what we are *experiencing* is who we *are*. It's so easy to control and direct perception locked away in the bewildered illusions of the five senses with no expanded radar. Try, by contrast, doing the same with a humanity aware of its true self and its true power to consciously create its reality and experience. How is it possible to do this? We do it all day every day. If you perceive yourself as 'little me' with no power to impact upon your life and the world then your life experience will reflect that. You will hand the power you don't think you have to authority in all its forms which will use it to control your experience. This, in turn, will appear to confirm your perception of 'little me' in a self-fulfilling feedback loop. But that is what 'little me' really is – a *perception*. We are all 'big-me', infinite me, and the Cult has to make us forget that if its will is to prevail. We are therefore manipulated and pressured into self-identifying with human labels and not the consciousness/awareness *experiencing* those human labels.

The phenomenon of identity politics is a Cult-instigated manipulation technique to sub-divide previous labels into even smaller ones. A United States university employs this list of letters to

describe student identity: LGBTTQQFAGPBDSM or lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, transsexual, queer, questioning, flexual, asexual, gender-fuck, polyamorous, bondage/discipline, dominance/submission and sadism/masochism. I'm sure other lists are even longer by now as people feel the need to self-identity the 'I' with the minutiae of race and sexual preference. Wokers programmed by the Cult for generations believe this is about 'inclusivity' when it's really the Cult locking them away into smaller and smaller versions of Phantom Self while firewalling them from the influence of their true self, the infinite, eternal 'I'. You may notice that my philosophy which contends that we are all unique points of attention/awareness within the same infinite whole or Oneness is the ultimate non-racism. The very sense of Oneness makes the judgement of people by their body-type, colour or sexuality utterly ridiculous and confirms that racism has no understanding of reality (including anti-white racism). Yet despite my perception of life Cult agents and fast-asleep Wokers label me racist to discredit my information while they are themselves phenomenally racist and sexist. All they see is race and sexuality and they judge people as good or bad, demons or untouchables, by their race and sexuality. All they see is *Phantom Self* and perceive themselves in terms of Phantom Self. They are pawns and puppets of the Cult agenda to focus attention and self-identity in the five senses and play those identities against each other to divide and rule. Columbia University has introduced segregated graduations in another version of social distancing designed to drive people apart and teach them that different racial and cultural groups have nothing in common with each other. The last thing the Cult wants is unity. Again the pump-primers of this will be Cult operatives in the knowledge of what they are doing, but the rest are just the Phantom Self blind leading the Phantom Self blind. We *do* have something in common – we are all *the same consciousness* having different temporary experiences.

What is this 'human'?

Yes, what *is* 'human'? That is what we are supposed to be, right? I mean 'human'? True, but 'human' is the experience not the 'I'. Break it down to basics and 'human' is the way that information is processed. If we are to experience and interact with this band of frequency we call the 'world' we must have a vehicle that operates within that band of frequency. Our consciousness in its prime form cannot do that; it is way beyond the frequency of the human realm. My consciousness or awareness could not tap these keys and pick up the cup in front of me in the same way that radio station A cannot interact with radio station B when they are on different frequencies. The human body is the means through which we have that interaction. I have long described the body as a biological computer which processes information in a way that allows consciousness to experience this reality. The body is a receiver, transmitter and processor of information in a particular way that we call human. We visually perceive only the world of the five senses in a wakened state – that is the limit of the body's visual decoding system. In truth it's not even visual in the way we experience 'visual reality' as I will come to in a moment. We are 'human' because the body processes the information sources of human into a reality and behaviour system that we *perceive* as human. Why does an elephant act like an elephant and not like a human or a duck? The elephant's biological computer is a different information field and processes information according to that program into a visual and behaviour type we call an elephant. The same applies to everything in our reality. These body information fields are perpetuated through procreation (like making a copy of a software program). The Cult wants to break that cycle and intervene technologically to transform the human information field into one that will change what we call humanity. If it can change the human information field it will change the way that field processes information and change humanity both 'physically' and psychologically. Hence the *messenger* (information) RNA 'vaccines' and so much more that is targeting human genetics by changing the body's information – *messaging* – construct through food, drink, radiation, toxicity and other means.

Reality that we experience is nothing like reality as it really is in the same way that the reality people experience in virtual reality games is not the reality they are really living in. The game is only a decoded source of information that appears to be a reality. Our world is also an information construct – a *simulation* (more later). In its base form our reality is a wavefield of information much the same in theme as Wi-Fi. The five senses decode wavefield information into electrical information which they communicate to the brain to decode into holographic (illusory 'physical') information. Different parts of the brain specialise in decoding different senses and the information is fused into a reality that appears to be outside of us but is really inside the brain and the genetic structure in general (Fig 12 overleaf). DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and a vital part of this decoding process and the body's connection to other realities. Change DNA and you change the way we decode and connect with reality – see 'Covid vaccines'. Think of computers decoding Wi-Fi. You have information encoded in a radiation field and the computer decodes that information into a very different form on the screen. You can't see the Wi-Fi until its information is made manifest on the screen and the information on the screen is inside the computer and not outside. I have just described how we decode the 'human world'. All five senses decode the waveform 'Wi-Fi' field into electrical signals and the brain (computer) constructs reality inside the brain and not outside – 'You don't just look at a rainbow, you create it'. Sound is a simple example. We don't hear sound until the brain decodes it. Waveform sound waves are picked up by the hearing sense and communicated to the brain in an electrical form to be decoded into the sounds that we hear. Everything we hear is inside the brain along with everything we see, feel, smell and taste. Words and language are waveform fields generated by our vocal chords which pass through this process until they are decoded by the brain into words that we hear. Different languages are different frequency fields or sound waves generated by vocal chords. Late British philosopher Alan Watts said:

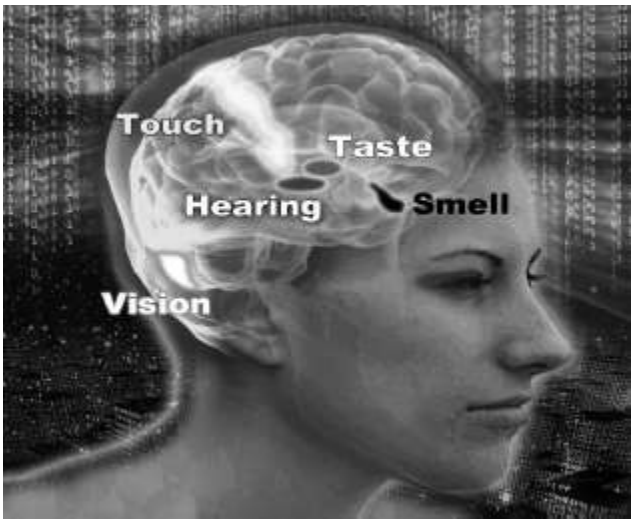

Figure 12: The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[Without the brain] the world is devoid of light, heat, weight, solidity, motion, space, time or any other imaginable feature. All these phenomena are interactions, or transactions, of vibrations with a certain arrangement of neurons.

That's exactly what they are and scientist Robert Lanza describes in his book, *Biocentrism*, how we decode electromagnetic waves and energy into visual and 'physical' experience. He uses the example of a flame emitting photons, electromagnetic energy, each pulsing electrically and magnetically:

… these … invisible electromagnetic waves strike a human retina, and if (and only if) the waves happen to measure between 400 and 700 nano meters in length from crest to crest, then their energy is just right to deliver a stimulus to the 8 million cone-shaped cells in the retina.

Each in turn send an electrical pulse to a neighbour neuron, and on up the line this goes, at 250 mph, until it reaches the … occipital lobe of the brain, in the back of the head. There, a cascading complex of neurons fire from the incoming stimuli, and we subjectively perceive this experience as a yellow brightness occurring in a place we have been conditioned to call the 'external world'.

You hear what you decode

If a tree falls or a building collapses they make no noise unless someone is there to decode the energetic waves generated by the disturbance into what we call sound. Does a falling tree make a noise? Only if you hear it – *decode* it. Everything in our reality is a frequency field of information operating within the overall 'Wi-Fi' field that I call The Field. A vibrational disturbance is generated in The Field by the fields of the falling tree or building. These disturbance waves are what we decode into the sound of them falling. If no one is there to do that then neither will make any noise. Reality is created by the observer – *decoder* – and the *perceptions* of the observer affect the decoding process. For this reason different people – different *perceptions* – will perceive the same reality or situation in a different way. What one may perceive as a nightmare another will see as an opportunity. The question of why the Cult is so focused on controlling human perception now answers itself. All experienced reality is the act of decoding and we don't experience Wi-Fi until it is decoded on the computer screen. The sight and sound of an Internet video is encoded in the Wi-Fi all around us, but we don't see or hear it until the computer decodes that information. Taste, smell and touch are all phenomena of the brain as a result of the same process. We don't taste, smell or feel anything except in the brain and there are pain relief techniques that seek to block the signal from the site of discomfort to the brain because if the brain doesn't decode that signal we don't feel pain. Pain is in the brain and only appears to be at the point of impact thanks to the feedback loop between them. We don't see anything until electrical information from the sight senses is decoded in an area at the back of the brain. If that area is damaged we can go blind when our eyes are perfectly okay. So why do we go blind if we damage an eye? We damage the information processing between the waveform visual information and the visual decoding area of the brain. If information doesn't reach the brain in a form it can decode then we can't see the visual reality that it represents. What's more the brain is decoding only a fraction of the information it receives and the rest is absorbed by the

sub-conscious mind. This explanation is from the science magazine, *Wonderpedia*:

> Every second, 11 million sensations crackle along these [brain] pathways ... The brain is confronted with an alarming array of images, sounds and smells which it rigorously filters down until it is left with a manageable list of around 40. Thus 40 sensations per second make up what we perceive as reality.

The 'world' is not what people are told to believe that is it and the inner circles of the Cult *know that*.

Illusory 'physical' reality

We can only see a smear of 0.005 percent of the Universe which is only one of a vast array of universes – 'mansions' – within infinite reality. Even then the brain decodes only 40 pieces of information ('sensations') from a potential *11 million* that we receive every second. Two points strike you from this immediately: The sheer breathtaking stupidity of believing we know anything so rigidly that there's nothing more to know; and the potential for these processes to be manipulated by a malevolent force to control the reality of the population. One thing I can say for sure with no risk of contradiction is that when you can perceive an almost indescribable fraction of infinite reality there is always more to know as in tidal waves of it. Ancient Greek philosopher Socrates was so right when he said that wisdom is to know how little we know. How obviously true that is when you think that we are experiencing a physical world of solidity that is neither physical nor solid and a world of apartness when everything is connected. Cult-controlled 'science' dismisses the so-called 'paranormal' and all phenomena related to that when the 'para'-normal is perfectly normal and explains the alleged 'great mysteries' which dumbfound scientific minds. There is a reason for this. A 'scientific mind' in terms of the mainstream is a material mind, a five-sense mind imprisoned in see it, touch it, hear it, smell it and taste it. Phenomena and happenings that can't be explained that way leave the 'scientific mind' bewildered and the rule is that if they

can't account for why something is happening then it can't, by definition, be happening. I beg to differ. Telepathy is thought waves passing through The Field (think wave disturbance again) to be decoded by someone able to connect with that wavelength (information). For example: You can pick up the thought waves of a friend at any distance and at the very least that will bring them to mind. A few minutes later the friend calls you. 'My god', you say, 'that's incredible – I was just thinking of you.' Ah, but *they* were thinking of *you* before they made the call and that's what you decoded. Native peoples not entrapped in five-sense reality do this so well it became known as the 'bush telegraph'. Those known as psychics and mediums (genuine ones) are doing the same only across dimensions of reality. 'Mind over matter' comes from the fact that matter and mind are the *same*. The state of one influences the state of the other. Indeed one *and* the other are illusions. They are aspects of the same field. Paranormal phenomena are all explainable so why are they still considered 'mysteries' or not happening? Once you go down this road of understanding you begin to expand awareness beyond the five senses and that's the nightmare for the Cult.

Figure 13: Holograms are not solid, but the best ones appear to be.

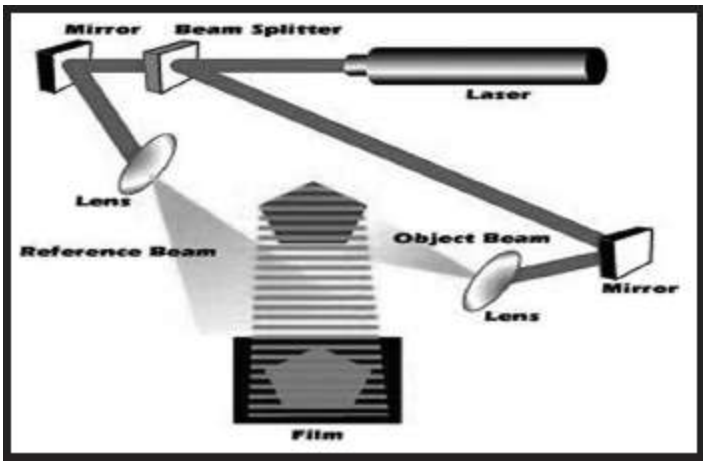

Figure 14: How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

Holographic 'solidity'

Our reality is not solid, it is holographic. We are now well aware of holograms which are widely used today. Two-dimensional information is decoded into a three-dimensional reality that is not solid although can very much appear to be (Fig 13). Holograms are created with a laser divided into two parts. One goes directly onto a holographic photographic print ('reference beam') and the other takes a waveform image of the subject ('working beam') before being directed onto the print where it 'collides' with the other half of the laser (Fig 14). This creates a *waveform* interference pattern which contains the wavefield information of whatever is being photographed (Fig 15 overleaf). The process can be likened to dropping pebbles in a pond. Waves generated by each one spread out across the water to collide with the others and create a wave representation of where the stones fell and at what speed, weight and distance. A waveform interference pattern of a hologram is akin to the waveform information in The Field which the five senses decode into electrical signals to be decoded by the brain into a holographic illusory 'physical' reality. In the same way when a laser (think human attention) is directed at the waveform interference pattern a three-dimensional version of the subject is projected into apparently 'solid' reality (Fig 16). An amazing trait of holograms reveals more 'paranormal mysteries'. Information of the *whole*

hologram is encoded in waveform in every part of the interference pattern by the way they are created. This means that every *part* of a hologram is a smaller version of the whole. Cut the interference wave-pattern into four and you won't get four parts of the image. You get quarter-sized versions of the *whole* image. The body is a hologram and the same applies. Here we have the basis of acupuncture, reflexology and other forms of healing which identify representations of the whole body in all of the parts, hands, feet, ears, everywhere. Skilled palm readers can do what they do because the information of whole body is encoded in the hand. The concept of as above, so below, comes from this.

Figure 15: A waveform interference pattern that holds the information that transforms into a hologram.

Figure 16: Holographic people including 'Elvis' holographically inserted to sing a duet with Celine Dion.

The question will be asked of why, if solidity is illusory, we can't just walk through walls and each other. The resistance is not solid against solid; it is electromagnetic field against electromagnetic field and we decode this into the *experience* of solid against solid. We should also not underestimate the power of belief to dictate reality. What you believe is impossible *will be*. Your belief impacts on your decoding processes and they won't decode what you think is impossible. What we believe we perceive and what we perceive we experience. 'Can't dos' and 'impossibles' are like a firewall in a computer system that won't put on the screen what the firewall blocks. How vital that is to understanding how human experience has been hijacked. I explain in *The Answer*, *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* and other books a long list of 'mysteries' and 'paranormal' phenomena that are not mysterious and perfectly normal once you realise what reality is and how it works. 'Ghosts' can be seen to pass through 'solid' walls because the walls are not solid and the ghost is a discarnate entity operating on a frequency so different to that of the wall that it's like two radio stations sharing the same space while never interfering with each other. I have seen ghosts do this myself. The apartness of people and objects is also an illusion. Everything is connected by the Field like all sea life is connected by the sea. It's just that within the limits of our visual reality we only 'see' holographic information and not the field of information that connects everything and from which the holographic world is made manifest. If you can only see holographic 'objects' and not the field that connects them they will appear to you as unconnected to each other in the same way that we see the computer while not seeing the Wi-Fi.

What you don't know *can* hurt you

Okay, we return to those 'two worlds' of human society and the Cult with its global network of interconnecting secret societies and satanic groups which manipulate through governments, corporations, media, religions, etc. The fundamental difference between them is *knowledge*. The idea has been to keep humanity

ignorant of the plan for its total enslavement underpinned by a crucial ignorance of reality – who we are and where we are – and how we interact with it. 'Human' should be the interaction between our expanded eternal consciousness and the five-sense body experience. We are meant to be *in* this world in terms of the five senses but not *of* this world in relation to our greater consciousness and perspective. In that state we experience the small picture of the five senses within the wider context of the big picture of awareness beyond the five senses. Put another way the five senses see the dots and expanded awareness connects them into pictures and patterns that give context to the apparently random and unconnected. Without the context of expanded awareness the five senses see only apartness and randomness with apparently no meaning. The Cult and its other-dimensional controllers seek to intervene in the frequency realm where five-sense reality is supposed to connect with expanded reality and to keep the two apart (more on this in the final chapter). When that happens five-sense mental and emotional processes are no longer influenced by expanded awareness, or the True 'I', and instead are driven by the isolated perceptions of the body's decoding systems. They are in the world *and* of it. Here we have the human plight and why humanity with its potential for infinite awareness can be so easily manipulatable and descend into such extremes of stupidity.

Once the Cult isolates five-sense mind from expanded awareness it can then program the mind with perceptions and beliefs by controlling information that the mind receives through the 'education' system of the formative years and the media perceptual bombardment and censorship of an entire lifetime. Limit perception and a sense of the possible through limiting knowledge by limiting and skewing information while censoring and discrediting that which could set people free. As the title of another of my books says *… And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. For this reason the last thing the Cult wants in circulation is the truth about anything – especially the reality of the eternal 'I' – and that's why it is desperate to control information. The Cult knows that information becomes perception

which becomes behaviour which, collectively, becomes human society. Cult-controlled and funded mainstream 'science' denies the existence of an eternal 'I' and seeks to dismiss and trash all evidence to the contrary. Cult-controlled mainstream religion has a version of 'God' that is little more than a system of control and dictatorship that employs threats of damnation in an afterlife to control perceptions and behaviour in the here and now through fear and guilt. Neither is true and it's the 'neither' that the Cult wishes to suppress. This 'neither' is that everything is an expression, a point of attention, within an infinite state of consciousness which is the real meaning of the term 'God'.

Perceptual obsession with the 'physical body' and five-senses means that 'God' becomes personified as a bearded bloke sitting among the clouds or a raging bully who loves us if we do what 'he' wants and condemns us to the fires of hell if we don't. These are no more than a 'spiritual' fairy tales to control and dictate events and behaviour through fear of this 'God' which has bizarrely made 'God-fearing' in religious circles a state to be desired. I would suggest that fearing *anything* is not to be encouraged and celebrated, but rather deleted. You can see why 'God fearing' is so beneficial to the Cult and its religions when *they* decide what 'God' wants and what 'God' demands (the Cult demands) that everyone do. As the great American comedian Bill Hicks said satirising a Christian zealot: 'I think what God meant to say.' How much of this infinite awareness ('God') that we access is decided by how far we choose to expand our perceptions, self-identity and sense of the possible. The scale of self-identity reflects itself in the scale of awareness that we can connect with and are influenced by – how much knowing and insight we have instead of programmed perception. You cannot expand your awareness into the infinity of possibility when you believe that you are little me Peter the postman or Mary in marketing and nothing more. I'll deal with this in the concluding chapter because it's crucial to how we turnaround current events.

Where the Cult came from

When I realised in the early 1990s there was a Cult network behind global events I asked the obvious question: When did it start? I took it back to ancient Rome and Egypt and on to Babylon and Sumer in Mesopotamia, the 'Land Between Two Rivers', in what we now call Iraq. The two rivers are the Tigris and Euphrates and this region is of immense historical and other importance to the Cult, as is the land called Israel only 550 miles away by air. There is much more going with deep esoteric meaning across this whole region. It's not only about 'wars for oil'. Priceless artefacts from Mesopotamia were stolen or destroyed after the American and British invasion of Iraq in 2003 justified by the lies of Boy Bush and Tony Blair (their Cult masters) about non-existent 'weapons of mass destruction'. Mesopotamia was the location of Sumer (about 5,400BC to 1,750BC), and Babylon (about 2,350BC to 539BC). Sabbatians may have become immensely influential in the Cult in modern times but they are part of a network that goes back into the mists of history. Sumer is said by historians to be the 'cradle of civilisation'. I disagree. I say it was the re-start of what we call human civilisation after cataclysmic events symbolised in part as the 'Great Flood' destroyed the world that existed before. These fantastic upheavals that I have been describing in detail in the books since the early1990s appear in accounts and legends of ancient cultures across the world and they are supported by geological and biological evidence. Stone tablets found in Iraq detailing the Sumer period say the cataclysms were caused by non-human 'gods' they call the Anunnaki. These are described in terms of extraterrestrial visitations in which knowledge supplied by the Anunnaki is said to have been the source of at least one of the world's oldest writing systems and developments in astronomy, mathematics and architecture that were way ahead of their time. I have covered this subject at length in *The Biggest Secret* and *Children of the Matrix* and the same basic 'Anunnaki' story can be found in Zulu accounts in South Africa where the late and very great Zulu high shaman Credo Mutwa told me that the Sumerian Anunnaki were known by Zulus as the Chitauri or 'children of the serpent'. See my six-hour video interview with Credo on this subject entitled *The*

Reptilian Agenda recorded at his then home near Johannesburg in 1999 which you can watch on the Ickonic media platform.

The Cult emerged out of Sumer, Babylon and Egypt (and elsewhere) and established the Roman Empire before expanding with the Romans into northern Europe from where many empires were savagely imposed in the form of Cult-controlled societies all over the world. Mass death and destruction was their calling card. The Cult established its centre of operations in Europe and European Empires were Cult empires which allowed it to expand into a global force. Spanish and Portuguese colonialists headed for Central and South America while the British and French targeted North America. Africa was colonised by Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Some like Britain and France moved in on the Middle East. The British Empire was by far the biggest for a simple reason. By now Britain was the headquarters of the Cult from which it expanded to form Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. The Sun never set on the British Empire such was the scale of its occupation. London remains a global centre for the Cult along with Rome and the Vatican although others have emerged in Israel and China. It is no accident that the 'virus' is alleged to have come out of China while Italy was chosen as the means to terrify the Western population into compliance with 'Covid' fascism. Nor that Israel has led the world in 'Covid' fascism and mass 'vaccination'.

You would think that I would mention the United States here, but while it has been an important means of imposing the Cult's will it is less significant than would appear and is currently in the process of having what power it does have deleted. The Cult in Europe has mostly loaded the guns for the US to fire. America has been controlled from Europe from the start through Cult operatives in Britain and Europe. The American Revolution was an illusion to make it appear that America was governing itself while very different forces were pulling the strings in the form of Cult families such as the Rothschilds through the Rockefellers and other subordinates. The Rockefellers are extremely close to Bill Gates and

established both scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the World Health Organization. They play a major role in the development and circulation of vaccines through the Rockefeller Foundation on which Bill Gates said his Foundation is based. Why wouldn't this be the case when the Rockefellers and Gates are on the same team? Cult infiltration of human society goes way back into what we call history and has been constantly expanding and centralising power with the goal of establishing a global structure to dictate everything. Look how this has been advanced in great leaps with the 'Covid' hoax.

The non-human dimension

I researched and observed the comings and goings of Cult operatives through the centuries and even thousands of years as they were born, worked to promote the agenda within the secret society and satanic networks, and then died for others to replace them. Clearly there had to be a coordinating force that spanned this entire period while operatives who would not have seen the end goal in their lifetimes came and went advancing the plan over millennia. I went in search of that coordinating force with the usual support from the extraordinary synchronicity of my life which has been an almost daily experience since 1990. I saw common themes in religious texts and ancient cultures about a non-human force manipulating human society from the hidden. Christianity calls this force Satan, the Devil and demons; Islam refers to the Jinn or Djinn; Zulus have their Chitauri (spelt in other ways in different parts of Africa); and the Gnostic people in Egypt in the period around and before 400AD referred to this phenomena as the 'Archons', a word meaning rulers in Greek. Central American cultures speak of the 'Predators' among other names and the same theme is everywhere. I will use 'Archons' as a collective name for all of them. When you see how their nature and behaviour is described all these different sources are clearly talking about the same force. Gnostics described the Archons in terms of 'luminous fire' while Islam relates the Jinn to 'smokeless fire'. Some refer to beings in form that could occasionally be seen, but the most common of common theme is that they operate from

unseen realms which means almost all existence to the visual processes of humans. I had concluded that this was indeed the foundation of human control and that the Cult was operating within the human frequency band on behalf of this hidden force when I came across the writings of Gnostics which supported my conclusions in the most extraordinary way.

A sealed earthen jar was found in 1945 near the town of Nag Hammadi about 75-80 miles north of Luxor on the banks of the River Nile in Egypt. Inside was a treasure trove of manuscripts and texts left by the Gnostic people some 1,600 years earlier. They included 13 leather-bound papyrus codices (manuscripts) and more than 50 texts written in Coptic Egyptian estimated to have been hidden in the jar in the period of 400AD although the source of the information goes back much further. Gnostics oversaw the Great or Royal Library of Alexandria, the fantastic depository of ancient texts detailing advanced knowledge and accounts of human history. The Library was dismantled and destroyed in stages over a long period with the death-blow delivered by the Cult-established Roman Church in the period around 415AD. The Church of Rome was the Church of Babylon relocated as I said earlier. Gnostics were not a race. They were a way of perceiving reality. Whenever they established themselves and their information circulated the terrorists of the Church of Rome would target them for destruction. This happened with the Great Library and with the Gnostic Cathars who were burned to death by the psychopaths after a long period of oppression at the siege of the Castle of Monségur in southern France in 1244. The Church has always been terrified of Gnostic information which demolishes the official Christian narrative although there is much in the Bible that supports the Gnostic view if you read it in another way. To anyone studying the texts of what became known as the Nag Hammadi Library it is clear that great swathes of Christian and Biblical belief has its origin with Gnostics sources going back to Sumer. Gnostic themes have been twisted to manipulate the perceived reality of Bible believers. Biblical texts have been in the open for centuries where they could be changed while Gnostic

documents found at Nag Hammadi were sealed away and untouched for 1,600 years. What you see is what they wrote.

Use your *pneuma* not your *nous*

Gnosticism and Gnostic come from 'gnosis' which means knowledge, or rather *secret* knowledge, in the sense of spiritual awareness – knowledge about reality and life itself. The desperation of the Cult's Church of Rome to destroy the Gnostics can be understood when the knowledge they were circulating was the last thing the Cult wanted the population to know. Sixteen hundred years later the same Cult is working hard to undermine and silence me for the same reason. The dynamic between knowledge and ignorance is a constant. 'Time' appears to move on, but essential themes remain the same. We are told to 'use your nous', a Gnostic word for head/brain/intelligence. They said, however, that spiritual awakening or 'salvation' could only be secured by expanding awareness *beyond* what they called *nous* and into *pneuma* or Infinite Self. Obviously as I read these texts the parallels with what I have been saying since 1990 were fascinating to me. There is a universal truth that spans human history and in that case why wouldn't we be talking the same language 16 centuries apart? When you free yourself from the perception program of the five senses and explore expanded realms of consciousness you are going to connect with the same information no matter what the perceived 'era' within a manufactured timeline of a single and tiny range of manipulated frequency. Humans working with 'smart' technology or knocking rocks together in caves is only a timeline appearing to operate within the human frequency band. Expanded awareness and the knowledge it holds have always been there whether the era be Stone Age or computer age. We can only access that knowledge by opening ourselves to its frequency which the five-sense prison cell is designed to stop us doing. Gates, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki, Bezos, and all the others behind the 'Covid' hoax clearly have a long wait before their range of frequency can make that connection given that an open heart is

crucial to that as we shall see. Instead of accessing knowledge directly through expanded awareness it is given to Cult operatives by the secret society networks of the Cult where it has been passed on over thousands of years outside the public arena. Expanded realms of consciousness is where great artists, composers and writers find their inspiration and where truth awaits anyone open enough to connect with it. We need to go there fast.

Archon hijack

A fifth of the Nag Hammadi texts describe the existence and manipulation of the Archons led by a 'Chief Archon' they call 'Yaldabaoth', or the 'Demiurge', and this is the Christian 'Devil', 'Satan', 'Lucifer', and his demons. Archons in Biblical symbolism are the 'fallen ones' which are also referred to as fallen angels after the angels expelled from heaven according to the Abrahamic religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. These angels are claimed to tempt humans to 'sin' ongoing and you will see how accurate that symbolism is during the rest of the book. The theme of 'original sin' is related to the 'Fall' when Adam and Eve were 'tempted by the serpent' and fell from a state of innocence and 'obedience' (connection) with God into a state of disobedience (disconnection). The Fall is said to have brought sin into the world and corrupted everything including human nature. Yaldabaoth, the 'Lord Archon', is described by Gnostics as a 'counterfeit spirit', 'The Blind One', 'The Blind God', and 'The Foolish One'. The Jewish name for Yaldabaoth in Talmudic writings is Samael which translates as 'Poison of God', or 'Blindness of God'. You see the parallels. Yaldabaoth in Islamic belief is the Muslim Jinn devil known as Shaytan – Shaytan is Satan as the same themes are found all over the world in every religion and culture. The 'Lord God' of the Old Testament is the 'Lord Archon' of Gnostic manuscripts and that's why he's such a bloodthirsty bastard. Satan is known by Christians as 'the Demon of Demons' and Gnostics called Yaldabaoth the 'Archon of Archons'. Both are known as 'The Deceiver'. We are talking about the same 'bloke' for sure and these common themes

using different names, storylines and symbolism tell a common tale of the human plight.

Archons are referred to in Nag Hammadi documents as mind parasites, inverters, guards, gatekeepers, detainers, judges, pitiless ones and deceivers. The 'Covid' hoax alone is a glaring example of all these things. The Biblical 'God' is so different in the Old and New Testaments because they are not describing the same phenomenon. The vindictive, angry, hate-filled, 'God' of the Old Testament, known as Yahweh, is Yaldabaoth who is depicted in Cult-dictated popular culture as the 'Dark Lord', 'Lord of Time', Lord (Darth) Vader and Dormammu, the evil ruler of the 'Dark Dimension' trying to take over the 'Earth Dimension' in the Marvel comic movie, *Dr Strange*. Yaldabaoth is both the Old Testament 'god' and the Biblical 'Satan'. Gnostics referred to Yaldabaoth as the 'Great Architect of the Universe'and the Cult-controlled Freemason network calls their god 'the 'Great Architect of the Universe' (also Grand Architect). The 'Great Architect' Yaldabaoth is symbolised by the Cult as the all-seeing eye at the top of the pyramid on the Great Seal of the United States and the dollar bill. Archon is encoded in *arch*-itect as it is in *arch*-angels and *arch*-bishops. All religions have the theme of a force for good and force for evil in some sort of spiritual war and there is a reason for that – the theme is true. The Cult and its non-human masters are quite happy for this to circulate. They present themselves as the force for good fighting evil when they are really the force of evil (absence of love). The whole foundation of Cult modus operandi is inversion. They promote themselves as a force for good and anyone challenging them in pursuit of peace, love, fairness, truth and justice is condemned as a satanic force for evil. This has been the game plan throughout history whether the Church of Rome inquisitions of non-believers or 'conspiracy theorists' and 'anti-vaxxers' of today. The technique is the same whatever the timeline era.

Yaldabaoth is revolting (true)

Yaldabaoth and the Archons are said to have revolted against God with Yaldabaoth claiming to *be* God – the *All That Is*. The Old Testament 'God' (Yaldabaoth) demanded to be worshipped as such: '*I am* the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me' (Isaiah 45:5). I have quoted in other books a man who said he was the unofficial son of the late Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine producing estates in France who died in 1988 and he told me about the Rothschild 'revolt from God'. The man said he was given the name Phillip Eugene de Rothschild and we shared long correspondence many years ago while he was living under another identity. He said that he was conceived through 'occult incest' which (within the Cult) was 'normal and to be admired'. 'Phillip' told me about his experience attending satanic rituals with rich and famous people whom he names and you can see them and the wider background to Cult Satanism in my other books starting with *The Biggest Secret*. Cult rituals are interactions with Archontic 'gods'. 'Phillip' described Baron Philippe de Rothschild as 'a master Satanist and hater of God' and he used the same term 'revolt from God' associated with Yaldabaoth/Satan/Lucifer/the Devil in describing the Sabbatian Rothschild dynasty. 'I played a key role in my family's revolt from God', he said. That role was to infiltrate in classic Sabbatian style the Christian Church, but eventually he escaped the mind-prison to live another life. The Cult has been targeting religion in a plan to make worship of the Archons the global one-world religion. Infiltration of Satanism into modern 'culture', especially among the young, through music videos, stage shows and other means, is all part of this.

Nag Hammadi texts describe Yaldabaoth and the Archons in their prime form as energy – consciousness – and say they can take form if they choose in the same way that consciousness takes form as a human. Yaldabaoth is called 'formless' and represents a deeply inverted, distorted and chaotic state of consciousness which seeks to attached to humans and turn them into a likeness of itself in an attempt at assimilation. For that to happen it has to manipulate

humans into low frequency mental and emotional states that match its own. Archons can certainly appear in human form and this is the origin of the psychopathic personality. The energetic distortion Gnostics called Yaldabaoth *is* psychopathy. When psychopathic Archons take human form that human will be a psychopath as an expression of Yaldabaoth consciousness. Cult psychopaths are Archons in human form. The principle is the same as that portrayed in the 2009 *Avatar* movie when the American military travelled to a fictional Earth-like moon called Pandora in the Alpha Centauri star system to infiltrate a society of blue people, or Na'vi, by hiding within bodies that looked like the Na'vi. Archons posing as humans have a particular hybrid information field, part human, part Archon, (the ancient 'demigods') which processes information in a way that manifests behaviour to match their psychopathic evil, lack of empathy and compassion, and stops them being influenced by the empathy, compassion and love that a fully-human information field is capable of expressing. Cult bloodlines interbreed, be they royalty or dark suits, for this reason and you have their obsession with incest. Interbreeding with full-blown humans would dilute the Archontic energy field that guarantees psychopathy in its representatives in the human realm.

Gnostic writings say the main non-human forms that Archons take are *serpentine* (what I have called for decades 'reptilian' amid unbounded ridicule from the Archontically-programmed) and what Gnostics describe as 'an unborn baby or foetus with grey skin and dark, unmoving eyes'. This is an excellent representation of the ET 'Greys' of UFO folklore which large numbers of people claim to have seen and been abducted by – Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa among them. I agree with those that believe in extraterrestrial or interdimensional visitations today and for thousands of years past. No wonder with their advanced knowledge and technological capability they were perceived and worshipped as gods for technological and other 'miracles' they appeared to perform. Imagine someone arriving in a culture disconnected from the modern world with a smartphone and computer. They would be

seen as a 'god' capable of 'miracles'. The Renegade Mind, however, wants to know the source of everything and not only the way that source manifests as human or non-human. In the same way that a Renegade Mind seeks the original source material for the 'Covid virus' to see if what is claimed is true. The original source of Archons in form is consciousness – the distorted state of consciousness known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth.

'Revolt from God' is energetic disconnection

Where I am going next will make a lot of sense of religious texts and ancient legends relating to 'Satan', Lucifer' and the 'gods'. Gnostic descriptions sync perfectly with the themes of my own research over the years in how they describe a consciousness distortion seeking to impose itself on human consciousness. I've referred to the core of infinite awareness in previous books as Infinite Awareness in Awareness of Itself. By that I mean a level of awareness that knows that it is all awareness and is aware of all awareness. From here comes the frequency of love in its true sense and balance which is what love is on one level – the balance of all forces into a single whole called Oneness and Isness. The more we disconnect from this state of love that many call 'God' the constituent parts of that Oneness start to unravel and express themselves as a part and not a whole. They become individualised as intellect, mind, selfishness, hatred, envy, desire for power over others, and such like. This is not a problem in the greater scheme in that 'God', the *All That Is*, can experience all these possibilities through different expressions of itself including humans. What we as expressions of the whole experience the *All That Is* experiences. We are the *All That Is* experiencing itself. As we withdraw from that state of Oneness we disconnect from its influence and things can get very unpleasant and very stupid. Archontic consciousness is at the extreme end of that. It has so disconnected from the influence of Oneness that it has become an inversion of unity and love, an inversion of everything, an inversion of life itself. Evil is appropriately live written backwards. Archontic consciousness is obsessed with death, an inversion of life,

and so its manifestations in Satanism are obsessed with death. They use inverted symbols in their rituals such as the inverted pentagram and cross. Sabbatians as Archontic consciousness incarnate invert Judaism and every other religion and culture they infiltrate. They seek disunity and chaos and they fear unity and harmony as they fear love like garlic to a vampire. As a result the Cult, Archons incarnate, act with such evil, psychopathy and lack of empathy and compassion disconnected as they are from the source of love. How could Bill Gates and the rest of the Archontic psychopaths do what they have to human society in the 'Covid' era with all the death, suffering and destruction involved and have no emotional consequence for the impact on others? Now you know. Why have Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki and company callously censored information warning about the dangers of the 'vaccine' while thousands have been dying and having severe, sometimes life-changing reactions? Now you know. Why have Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance and their like around the world been using case and death figures they're aware are fraudulent to justify lockdowns and all the deaths and destroyed lives that have come from that? Now you know. Why did Christian Drosten produce and promote a 'testing' protocol that he knew couldn't test for infectious disease which led to a global human catastrophe. Now you know. The Archontic mind doesn't give a shit (Fig 17). I personally think that Gates and major Cult insiders are a form of AI cyborg that the Archons want humans to become.

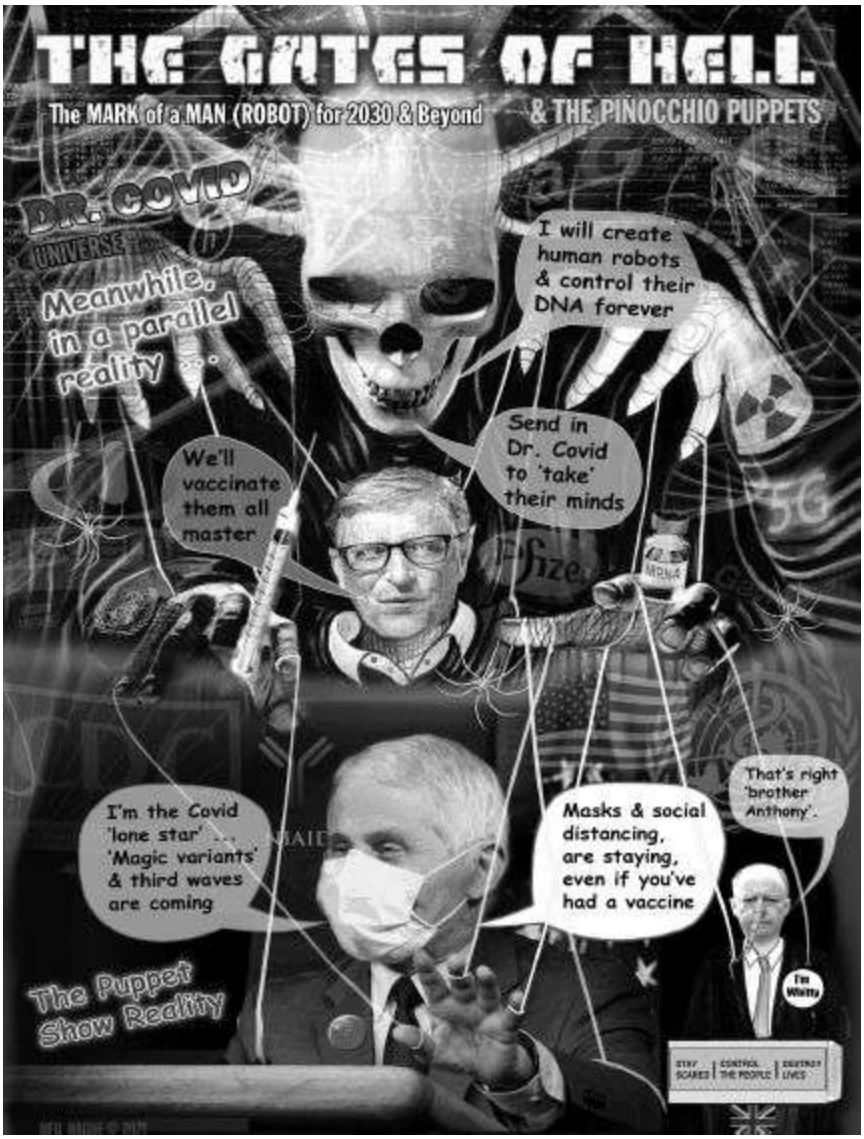

Figure 17: Artist Neil Hague's version of the 'Covid' hierarchy.

Human batteries

A state of such inversion does have its consequences, however. The level of disconnection from the Source of All means that you withdraw from that source of energetic sustenance and creativity. This means that you have to find your own supply of energetic power and it has – *us*. When the Morpheus character in the first *Matrix* movie held up a battery he spoke a profound truth when he said: 'The Matrix is a computer-generated dream world built to keep us under control in order to change the human being into one of

these.' The statement was true in all respects. We do live in a technologically-generated virtual reality simulation (more very shortly) and we have been manipulated to be an energy source for Archontic consciousness. The Disney-Pixar animated movie *Monsters, Inc*. in 2001 symbolised the dynamic when monsters in their world had no energy source and they would enter the human world to terrify children in their beds, catch the child's scream, terror (low-vibrational frequencies), and take that energy back to power the monster world. The lead character you might remember was a single giant eye and the symbolism of the Cult's all-seeing eye was obvious. Every thought and emotion is broadcast as a frequency unique to that thought and emotion. Feelings of love and joy, empathy and compassion, are high, quick, frequencies while fear, depression, anxiety, suffering and hate are low, slow, dense frequencies. Which kind do you think Archontic consciousness can connect with and absorb? In such a low and dense frequency state there's no way it can connect with the energy of love and joy. Archons can only feed off energy compatible with their own frequency and they and their Cult agents want to delete the human world of love and joy and manipulate the transmission of low vibrational frequencies through low-vibrational human mental and emotional states. *We are their energy source*. Wars are energetic banquets to the Archons – a world war even more so – and think how much low-frequency mental and emotional energy has been generated from the consequences for humanity of the 'Covid' hoax orchestrated by Archons incarnate like Gates.

The ancient practice of human sacrifice 'to the gods', continued in secret today by the Cult, is based on the same principle. 'The gods' are Archontic consciousness in different forms and the sacrifice is induced into a state of intense terror to generate the energy the Archontic frequency can absorb. Incarnate Archons in the ritual drink the blood which contains an adrenaline they crave which floods into the bloodstream when people are terrorised. Most of the sacrifices, ancient and modern, are children and the theme of 'sacrificing young virgins to the gods' is just code for children. They

have a particular pre-puberty energy that Archons want more than anything and the energy of the young in general is their target. The California Department of Education wants students to chant the names of Aztec gods (Archontic gods) once worshipped in human sacrifice rituals in a curriculum designed to encourage them to 'challenge racist, bigoted, discriminatory, imperialist/colonial beliefs', join 'social movements that struggle for social justice', and 'build new possibilities for a post-racist, post-systemic racism society'. It's the usual Woke crap that inverts racism and calls it anti-racism. In this case solidarity with 'indigenous tribes' is being used as an excuse to chant the names of 'gods' to which people were sacrificed (and still are in secret). What an example of Woke's inability to see beyond black and white, us and them, They condemn the colonisation of these tribal cultures by Europeans (quite right), but those cultures sacrificing people including children to their 'gods', and mass murdering untold numbers as the Aztecs did, is just fine. One chant is to the Aztec god Tezcatlipoca who had a man sacrificed to him in the 5th month of the Aztec calendar. His heart was cut out and he was eaten. Oh, that's okay then. Come on children … after three … Other sacrificial 'gods' for the young to chant their allegiance include Quetzalcoatl, Huitzilopochtli and Xipe Totec. The curriculum says that 'chants, affirmations, and energizers can be used to bring the class together, build unity around ethnic studies principles and values, and to reinvigorate the class following a lesson that may be emotionally taxing or even when student engagement may appear to be low'. Well, that's the cover story, anyway. Chanting and mantras are the repetition of a particular frequency generated from the vocal cords and chanting the names of these Archontic 'gods' tunes you into their frequency. That is the last thing you want when it allows for energetic synchronisation, attachment and perceptual influence. Initiates chant the names of their 'Gods' in their rituals for this very reason.

Vampires of the Woke

Paedophilia is another way that Archons absorb the energy of children. Paedophiles possessed by Archontic consciousness are used as the conduit during sexual abuse for discarnate Archons to vampire the energy of the young they desire so much. Stupendous numbers of children disappear every year never to be seen again although you would never know from the media. Imagine how much low-vibrational energy has been generated by children during the 'Covid' hoax when so many have become depressed and psychologically destroyed to the point of killing themselves. Shocking numbers of children are now taken by the state from loving parents to be handed to others. I can tell you from long experience of researching this since 1996 that many end up with paedophiles and assets of the Cult through corrupt and Cult-owned social services which in the reframing era has hired many psychopaths and emotionless automatons to do the job. Children are even stolen to order using spurious reasons to take them by the corrupt and secret (because they're corrupt) 'family courts'. I have written in detail in other books, starting with *The Biggest Secret* in 1997, about the ubiquitous connections between the political, corporate, government, intelligence and military elites (Cult operatives) and Satanism and paedophilia. If you go deep enough both networks have an interlocking leadership. The Woke mentality has been developed by the Cult for many reasons: To promote almost every aspect of its agenda; to hijack the traditional political left and turn it fascist; to divide and rule; and to target agenda pushbackers. But there are other reasons which relate to what I am describing here. How many happy and joyful Wokers do you ever see especially at the extreme end? They are a mental and psychological mess consumed by emotional stress and constantly emotionally cocked for the next explosion of indignation at someone referring to a female as a female. They are walking, talking, batteries as Morpheus might say emitting frequencies which both enslave them in low-vibrational bubbles of perceptual limitation and feed the Archons. Add to this the hatred claimed to be love; fascism claimed to 'anti-fascism', racism claimed to be 'anti-racism';

exclusion claimed to inclusion; and the abuse-filled Internet trolling. You have a purpose-built Archontic energy system with not a wind turbine in sight and all founded on Archontic *inversion*. We have whole generations now manipulated to serve the Archons with their actions and energy. They will be doing so their entire adult lives unless they snap out of their Archon-induced trance. Is it really a surprise that Cult billionaires and corporations put so much money their way? Where is the energy of joy and laughter, including laughing at yourself which is confirmation of your own emotional security? Mark Twain said: 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter.' We must use it all the time. Woke has destroyed comedy because it has no humour, no joy, sense of irony, or self-deprecation. Its energy is dense and intense. *Mmmmm*, lunch says the Archontic frequency. Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) was the Austrian philosopher and famous esoteric thinker who established Waldorf education or Steiner schools to treat children like unique expressions of consciousness and not minds to be programmed with the perceptions determined by authority. I'd been writing about this energy vampiring for decades when I was sent in 2016 a quote by Steiner. He was spot on:

> There are beings in the spiritual realms for whom anxiety and fear emanating from human beings offer welcome food. When humans have no anxiety and fear, then these creatures starve. If fear and anxiety radiates from people and they break out in panic, then these creatures find welcome nutrition and they become more and more powerful. These beings are hostile towards humanity. Everything that feeds on negative feelings, on anxiety, fear and superstition, despair or doubt, are in reality hostile forces in super-sensible worlds, launching cruel attacks on human beings, while they are being fed ... These are exactly the feelings that belong to contemporary culture and materialism; because it estranges people from the spiritual world, it is especially suited to evoke hopelessness and fear of the unknown in people, thereby calling up the above mentioned hostile forces against them.

Pause for a moment from this perspective and reflect on what has happened in the world since the start of 2020. Not only will pennies drop, but billion dollar bills. We see the same theme from Don Juan Matus, a Yaqui Indian shaman in Mexico and the information source for Peruvian-born writer, Carlos Castaneda, who wrote a series of

books from the 1960s to 1990s. Don Juan described the force manipulating human society and his name for the Archons was the predator:

> We have a predator that came from the depths of the cosmos and took over the rule of our lives. Human beings are its prisoners. The predator is our lord and master. It has rendered us docile, helpless. If we want to protest, it suppresses our protest. If we want to act independently, it demands that we don't do so ... indeed we are held prisoner!
>
> They took us over because we are food to them, and they squeeze us mercilessly because we are their sustenance. Just as we rear chickens in coops, the predators rear us in human coops, humaneros. Therefore, their food is always available to them.
>
> Different cultures, different eras, same recurring theme.

The 'ennoia' dilemma

Nag Hammadi Gnostic manuscripts say that Archon consciousness has no 'ennoia'. This is directly translated as 'intentionality', but I'll use the term 'creative imagination'. The *All That Is* in awareness of itself is the source of all creativity – all possibility – and the more disconnected you are from that source the more you are subsequently denied 'creative imagination'. Given that Archon consciousness is almost entirely disconnected it severely lacks creativity and has to rely on far more mechanical processes of thought and exploit the creative potential of those that do have 'ennoia'. You can see cases of this throughout human society. Archon consciousness almost entirely dominates the global banking system and if we study how that system works you will appreciate what I mean. Banks manifest 'money' out of nothing by issuing lines of 'credit' which is 'money' that has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. It's a confidence trick. If you think 'credit' figures-on-a-screen 'money' is worth anything you accept it as payment. If you don't then the whole system collapses through lack of confidence in the value of that 'money'. Archontic bankers with no 'ennoia' are 'lending' 'money' that doesn't exist to humans that *do* have creativity – those that have the inspired ideas and create businesses and products. Archon banking feeds off human creativity

which it controls through 'money' creation and debt. Humans have the creativity and Archons exploit that for their own benefit and control while having none themselves. Archon Internet platforms like Facebook claim joint copyright of everything that creative users post and while Archontic minds like Zuckerberg may officially head that company it will be human creatives on the staff that provide the creative inspiration. When you have limitless 'money' you can then buy other companies established by creative humans. Witness the acquisition record of Facebook, Google and their like. Survey the Archon-controlled music industry and you see non-creative dark suit executives making their fortune from the human creativity of their artists. The cases are endless. Research the history of people like Gates and Zuckerberg and how their empires were built on exploiting the creativity of others. Archon minds cannot create out of nothing, but they are skilled (because they have to be) in what Gnostic texts call 'countermimicry'. They can imitate, but not innovate. Sabbatians trawl the creativity of others through backdoors they install in computer systems through their cybersecurity systems. Archon-controlled China is globally infamous for stealing intellectual property and I remember how Hong Kong, now part of China, became notorious for making counterfeit copies of the creativity of others – 'countermimicry'. With the now pervasive and all-seeing surveillance systems able to infiltrate any computer you can appreciate the potential for Archons to vampire the creativity of humans. Author John Lamb Lash wrote in his book about the Nag Hammadi texts, *Not In His Image*:

> Although they cannot originate anything, because they lack the divine factor of ennoia (intentionality), Archons can imitate with a vengeance. Their expertise is simulation (HAL, virtual reality). The Demiurge [Yaldabaoth] fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns [of the original] ... His construction is celestial kitsch, like the fake Italianate villa of a Mafia don complete with militant angels to guard every portal.

This brings us to something that I have been speaking about since the turn of the millennium. Our reality is a simulation; a virtual reality that we think is real. No, I'm not kidding.

Human reality? Well, virtually

I had pondered for years about whether our reality is 'real' or some kind of construct. I remembered being immensely affected on a visit as a small child in the late 1950s to the then newly-opened Planetarium on the Marylebone Road in London which is now closed and part of the adjacent Madame Tussauds wax museum. It was in the middle of the day, but when the lights went out there was the night sky projected in the Planetarium's domed ceiling and it appeared to be so real. The experience never left me and I didn't know why until around the turn of the millennium when I became certain that our 'night sky' and entire reality is a projection, a virtual reality, akin to the illusory world portrayed in the *Matrix* movies. I looked at the sky one day in this period and it appeared to me like the domed roof of the Planetarium. The release of the first *Matrix* movie in 1999 also provided a synchronistic and perfect visual representation of where my mind had been going for a long time. I hadn't come across the Gnostic Nag Hammadi texts then. When I did years later the correlation was once again astounding. As I read Gnostic accounts from 1,600 years and more earlier it was clear that they were describing the same simulation phenomenon. They tell how the Yaldabaoth 'Demiurge' and Archons created a 'bad copy' of original reality to rule over all that were captured by its illusions and the body was a prison to trap consciousness in the 'bad copy' fake reality. Read how Gnostics describe the 'bad copy' and update that to current times and they are referring to what we would call today a virtual reality simulation.

Author John Lamb Lash said 'the Demiurge fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns' of the original through expertise in 'HAL' or virtual reality simulation. Fractal patterns are part of the energetic information construct of our reality, a sort of blueprint. If these patterns were copied in computer terms it would indeed give you a copy of a 'natural' reality in a non-natural frequency and digital form. The principle is the same as making a copy of a website. The original website still exists, but now you can change the copy version to make it whatever you like and it can

become very different to the original website. Archons have done this with our reality, a *synthetic* copy of prime reality that still exists beyond the frequency walls of the simulation. Trapped within the illusions of this synthetic Matrix, however, were and are human consciousness and other expressions of prime reality and this is why the Archons via the Cult are seeking to make the human body synthetic and give us synthetic AI minds to complete the job of turning the entire reality synthetic including what we perceive to be the natural world. To quote Kurzweil: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' Yes, *synthetic* 'creatures' just as 'Covid' and other genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' are designed to make the human body synthetic. From this perspective it is obvious why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to infuse synthetic material into every human with their 'Covid' scam.

Let there be (electromagnetic) light

Yaldabaoth, the force that created the simulation, or Matrix, makes sense of the Gnostic reference to 'The Great Architect' and its use by Cult Freemasonry as the name of its deity. The designer of the Matrix in the movies is called 'The Architect' and that trilogy is jam-packed with symbolism relating to these subjects. I have contended for years that the angry Old Testament God (Yaldabaoth) is the 'God' being symbolically 'quoted' in the opening of Genesis as 'creating the world'. This is not the creation of prime reality – it's the creation of the *simulation*. The Genesis 'God' says: 'Let there be Light: and there was light.' But what is this 'Light'? I have said for decades that the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) is not the fastest speed possible as claimed by mainstream science and is in fact the frequency walls or outer limits of the Matrix. You can't have a fastest or slowest anything within all possibility when everything is possible. The human body is encoded to operate within the speed of light or *within the simulation* and thus we see only the tiny frequency band of visible *light*. Near-death experiencers who perceive reality outside the body during temporary 'death' describe a very different

form of light and this is supported by the Nag Hammadi texts. Prime reality beyond the simulation ('Upper Aeons' to the Gnostics) is described as a realm of incredible beauty, bliss, love and harmony – a realm of 'watery light' that is so powerful 'there are no shadows'. Our false reality of Archon control, which Gnostics call the 'Lower Aeons', is depicted as a realm with a different kind of 'light' and described in terms of chaos, 'Hell', 'the Abyss' and 'Outer Darkness', where trapped souls are tormented and manipulated by demons (relate that to the 'Covid' hoax alone). The watery light theme can be found in near-death accounts and it is not the same as *simulation* 'light' which is electromagnetic or radiation light within the speed of light – the 'Lower Aeons'. Simulation 'light' is the 'luminous fire' associated by Gnostics with the Archons. The Bible refers to Yaldabaoth as 'that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world' (Revelation 12:9). I think that making a simulated copy of prime reality ('countermimicry') and changing it dramatically while all the time manipulating humanity to believe it to be real could probably meet the criteria of deceiving the whole world. Then we come to the Cult god Lucifer – the *Light Bringer*. Lucifer is symbolic of Yaldabaoth, the bringer of radiation light that forms the bad copy simulation within the speed of light. 'He' is symbolised by the lighted torch held by the Statue of Liberty and in the name 'Illuminati'. Sabbatian-Frankism declares that Lucifer is the true god and Lucifer is the real god of Freemasonry honoured as their 'Great or Grand Architect of the Universe' (simulation).

I would emphasise, too, the way Archontic technologically-generated luminous fire of radiation has deluged our environment since I was a kid in the 1950s and changed the nature of The Field with which we constantly interact. Through that interaction technological radiation is changing us. The Smart Grid is designed to operate with immense levels of communication power with 5G expanding across the world and 6G, 7G, in the process of development. Radiation is the simulation and the Archontic manipulation system. Why wouldn't the Archon Cult wish to unleash radiation upon us to an ever-greater extreme to form

Kurzweil's 'cloud'? The plan for a synthetic human is related to the need to cope with levels of radiation beyond even anything we've seen so far. Biological humans would not survive the scale of radiation they have in their script. The Smart Grid is a technological sub-reality within the technological simulation to further disconnect five-sense perception from expanded consciousness. It's a technological prison of the mind.

Infusing the 'spirit of darkness'

A recurring theme in religion and native cultures is the manipulation of human genetics by a non-human force and most famously recorded as the biblical 'sons of god' (the god*s* plural in the original) who interbred with the daughters of men. The Nag Hammadi *Apocryphon of John* tells the same story this way:

> He [Yaldabaoth] sent his angels [Archons/demons] to the daughters of men, that they might take some of them for themselves and raise offspring for their enjoyment. And at first they did not succeed. When they had no success, they gathered together again and they made a plan together ... And the angels changed themselves in their likeness into the likeness of their mates, filling them with the spirit of darkness, which they had mixed for them, and with evil ... And they took women and begot children out of the darkness according to the likeness of their spirit.

Possession when a discarnate entity takes over a human body is an age-old theme and continues today. It's very real and I've seen it. Satanic and secret society rituals can create an energetic environment in which entities can attach to initiates and I've heard many stories of how people have changed their personality after being initiated even into lower levels of the Freemasons. I have been inside three Freemasonic temples, one at a public open day and two by just walking in when there was no one around to stop me. They were in Ryde, the town where I live, Birmingham, England, when I was with a group, and Boston, Massachusetts. They all felt the same energetically – dark, dense, low-vibrational and sinister. Demonic attachment can happen while the initiate has no idea what is going on. To them it's just a ritual to get in the Masons and do a bit of good

business. In the far more extreme rituals of Satanism human possession is even more powerful and they are designed to make possession possible. The hierarchy of the Cult is dictated by the power and perceived status of the possessing Archon. In this way the Archon hierarchy becomes the Cult hierarchy. Once the entity has attached it can influence perception and behaviour and if it attaches to the extreme then so much of its energy (information) infuses into the body information field that the hologram starts to reflect the nature of the possessing entity. This is the *Exorcist* movie type of possession when facial features change and it's known as shapeshifting. Islam's Jinn are said to be invisible tricksters who change shape, 'whisper', confuse and take human form. These are all traits of the Archons and other versions of the same phenomenon. Extreme possession could certainty infuse the 'spirit of darkness' into a partner during sex as the Nag Hammadi texts appear to describe. Such an infusion can change genetics which is also energetic information. Human genetics is information and the 'spirit of darkness' is information. Mix one with the other and change must happen. Islam has the concept of a 'Jinn baby' through possession of the mother and by Jinn taking human form. There are many ways that human genetics can be changed and remember that Archons have been aware all along of advanced techniques to do this. What is being done in human society today – and far more – was known about by Archons at the time of the 'fallen ones' and their other versions described in religions and cultures.

Archons and their human-world Cult are obsessed with genetics as we see today and they know this dictates how information is processed into perceived reality during a human life. They needed to produce a human form that would decode the simulation and this is symbolically known as 'Adam and Eve' who left the 'garden' (prime reality) and 'fell' into Matrix reality. The simulation is not a 'physical' construct (there is no 'physical'); it is a source of information. Think Wi-Fi again. The simulation is an energetic field encoded with information and body-brain systems are designed to decode that information encoded in wave or frequency form which

is transmitted to the brain as electrical signals. These are decoded by the brain to construct our sense of reality – an illusory 'physical' world that only exists in the brain or the mind. Virtual reality games mimic this process using the same sensory decoding system. Information is fed to the senses to decode a virtual reality that can appear so real, but isn't (Figs 18 and 19). Some scientists believe – and I agree with them – that what we perceive as 'physical' reality only exists when we are looking or observing. The act of perception or focus triggers the decoding systems which turn waveform information into holographic reality. When we are not observing something our reality reverts from a holographic state to a waveform state. This relates to the same principle as a falling tree not making a noise unless someone is there to hear it or decode it. The concept makes sense from the simulation perspective. A computer is not decoding all the information in a Wi-Fi field all the time and only decodes or brings into reality on the screen that part of Wi-Fi that it's decoding – focusing upon – at that moment.

Figure 18: Virtual reality technology 'hacks' into the body's five-sense decoding system.

Figure 19: The result can be experienced as very 'real'.

Interestingly, Professor Donald Hoffman at the Department of Cognitive Sciences at the University of California, Irvine, says that our experienced reality is like a computer interface that shows us only the level with which we interact while hiding all that exists beyond it: 'Evolution shaped us with a user interface that hides the truth. Nothing that we see is the truth – the very language of space and time and objects is the wrong language to describe reality.' He is correct in what he says on so many levels. Space and time are not a universal reality. They are a phenomenon of decoded *simulation* reality as part of the process of enslaving our sense of reality. Near-death experiencers report again and again how space and time did not exist as we perceive them once they were free of the body – body decoding systems. You can appreciate from this why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to entrap human attention in the five senses where we are in the Matrix and of the Matrix. Opening your mind to expanded states of awareness takes you beyond the information confines of the simulation and you become aware of knowledge and insights denied to you before. This is what we call 'awakening' – *awakening from the Matrix* – and in the final chapter I will relate this to current events.

Where are the 'aliens'?

A simulation would explain the so-called 'Fermi Paradox' named after Italian physicist Enrico Fermi (1901-1954) who created the first nuclear reactor. He considered the question of why there is such a lack of extraterrestrial activity when there are so many stars and planets in an apparently vast universe; but what if the night sky that we see, or think we do, is a simulated projection as I say? If you control the simulation and your aim is to hold humanity fast in essential ignorance would you want other forms of life including advanced life coming and going sharing information with humanity? Or would you want them to believe they were isolated and apparently alone? Themes of human isolation and apartness are common whether they be the perception of a lifeless universe or the fascist isolation laws of the 'Covid' era. Paradoxically the very

existence of a simulation means that we are not alone when some force had to construct it. My view is that experiences that people have reported all over the world for centuries with Reptilians and Grey entities are Archon phenomena as Nag Hammadi texts describe; and that benevolent 'alien' interactions are non-human groups that come in and out of the simulation by overcoming Archon attempts to keep them out. It should be highlighted, too, that Reptilians and Greys are obsessed with *genetics* and *technology* as related by cultural accounts and those who say they have been abducted by them. Technology is their way of overcoming some of the limitations in their creative potential and our technology-driven and controlled human society of today is *arch*etypical Archon-Reptilian-Grey modus operandi. Technocracy is really *Archon*tocracy. The Universe does not have to be as big as it appears with a simulation. There is no space or distance only information decoded into holographic reality. What we call 'space' is only the absence of holographic 'objects' and that 'space' is The Field of energetic information which connects everything into a single whole. The same applies with the artificially-generated information field of the simulation. The Universe is not big or small as a physical reality. It is decoded information, that's all, and its perceived size is decided by the way the simulation is encoded to make it appear. The entire night sky as we perceive it only exists in our brain and so where are those 'millions of light years'? The 'stars' on the ceiling of the Planetarium looked a vast distance away.

There's another point to mention about 'aliens'. I have been highlighting since the 1990s the plan to stage a fake 'alien invasion' to justify the centralisation of global power and a world military. Nazi scientist Werner von Braun, who was taken to America by Operation Paperclip after World War Two to help found NASA, told his American assistant Dr Carol Rosin about the Cult agenda when he knew he was dying in 1977. Rosin said that he told her about a sequence that would lead to total human control by a one-world government. This included threats from terrorism, rogue nations, meteors and asteroids before finally an 'alien invasion'. All of these

things, von Braun said, would be bogus and what I would refer to as a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Keep this in mind when 'the aliens are coming' is the new mantra. The aliens are not coming – they are *already here* and they have infiltrated human society while looking human. French-Canadian investigative journalist Serge Monast said in 1994 that he had uncovered a NASA/military operation called Project Blue Beam which fits with what Werner von Braun predicted. Monast died of a 'heart attack' in 1996 the day after he was arrested and spent a night in prison. He was 51. He said Blue Beam was a plan to stage an alien invasion that would include religious figures beamed holographically into the sky as part of a global manipulation to usher in a 'new age' of worshipping what I would say is the Cult 'god' Yaldabaoth in a one-world religion. Fake holographic asteroids are also said to be part of the plan which again syncs with von Braun. How could you stage an illusory threat from asteroids unless they were holographic inserts? This is pretty straightforward given the advanced technology outside the public arena and the fact that our 'physical' reality is holographic anyway. Information fields would be projected and we would decode them into the illusion of a 'physical' asteroid. If they can sell a global 'pandemic' with a 'virus' that doesn't exist what will humans not believe if government and media tell them?

All this is particularly relevant as I write with the Pentagon planning to release in June, 2021, information about 'UFO sightings'. I have been following the UFO story since the early 1990s and the common theme throughout has been government and military denials and cover up. More recently, however, the Pentagon has suddenly become more talkative and apparently open with Air Force pilot radar images released of unexplained craft moving and changing direction at speeds well beyond anything believed possible with human technology. Then, in March, 2021, former Director of National Intelligence John Ratcliffe said a Pentagon report months later in June would reveal a great deal of information about UFO sightings unknown to the public. He said the report would have 'massive implications'. The order to do this was included bizarrely

in a $2.3 trillion 'coronavirus' relief and government funding bill passed by the Trump administration at the end of 2020. I would add some serious notes of caution here. I have been pointing out since the 1990s that the US military and intelligence networks have long had craft – 'flying saucers' or anti-gravity craft – which any observer would take to be extraterrestrial in origin. Keeping this knowledge from the public allows craft flown by *humans* to be perceived as alien visitations. I am not saying that 'aliens' do not exist. I would be the last one to say that, but we have to be streetwise here. President Ronald Reagan told the UN General Assembly in 1987: 'I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world.' That's the idea. Unite against a common 'enemy' with a common purpose behind your 'saviour force' (the Cult) as this age-old technique of mass manipulation goes global.

Science moves this way ...

I could find only one other person who was discussing the simulation hypothesis publicly when I concluded it was real. This was Nick Bostrom, a Swedish-born philosopher at the University of Oxford, who has explored for many years the possibility that human reality is a computer simulation although his version and mine are not the same. Today the simulation and holographic reality hypothesis have increasingly entered the scientific mainstream. Well, the more open-minded mainstream, that is. Here are a few of the ever-gathering examples. American nuclear physicist Silas Beane led a team of physicists at the University of Bonn in Germany pursuing the question of whether we live in a simulation. They concluded that we probably do and it was likely based on a lattice of cubes. They found that cosmic rays align with that specific pattern. The team highlighted the Greisen–Zatsepin–Kuzmin (GZK) limit which refers to cosmic ray particle interaction with cosmic background radiation that creates an apparent boundary for cosmic ray particles. They say in a paper entitled 'Constraints on the Universe as a Numerical Simulation' that this 'pattern of constraint' is exactly what you

would find with a computer simulation. They also made the point that a simulation would create its own 'laws of physics' that would limit possibility. I've been making the same point for decades that the *perceived* laws of physics relate only to this reality, or what I would later call the simulation. When designers write codes to create computer and virtual reality games they are the equivalent of the laws of physics for that game. Players interact within the limitations laid out by the coding. In the same way those who wrote the codes for the simulation decided the laws of physics that would apply. These can be overridden by expanded states of consciousness, but not by those enslaved in only five-sense awareness where simulation codes rule. Overriding the codes is what people call 'miracles'. They are not. They are bypassing the encoded limits of the simulation. A population caught in simulation perception would have no idea that this was their plight. As the Bonn paper said: 'Like a prisoner in a pitch-black cell we would not be able to see the "walls" of our prison,' That's true if people remain mesmerised by the five senses. Open to expanded awareness and those walls become very clear. The main one is the speed of light.

American theoretical physicist James Gates is another who has explored the simulation question and found considerable evidence to support the idea. Gates was Professor of Physics at the University of Maryland, Director of The Center for String and Particle Theory, and on Barack Obama's Council of Advisors on Science and Technology. He and his team found *computer codes* of digital data embedded in the fabric of our reality. They relate to on-off electrical charges of 1 and 0 in the binary system used by computers. 'We have no idea what they are doing there', Gates said. They found within the energetic fabric mathematical sequences known as error-correcting codes or block codes that 'reboot' data to its original state or 'default settings' when something knocks it out of sync. Gates was asked if he had found a set of equations embedded in our reality indistinguishable from those that drive search engines and browsers and he said: 'That is correct.' Rich Terrile, director of the Centre for Evolutionary Computation and Automated Design at NASA's Jet

Propulsion Laboratory, has said publicly that he believes the Universe is a digital hologram that must have been created by a form of intelligence. I agree with that in every way. Waveform information is delivered electrically by the senses to the brain which constructs a *digital* holographic reality that we call the 'world'. This digital level of reality can be read by the esoteric art of numerology. Digital holograms are at the cutting edge of holographics today. We have digital technology everywhere designed to access and manipulate our digital level of perceived reality. Synthetic mRNA in 'Covid vaccines' has a digital component to manipulate the body's digital 'operating system'.

Reality is numbers

How many know that our reality can be broken down to numbers and codes that are the same as computer games? Max Tegmark, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), is the author of *Our Mathematical Universe* in which he lays out how reality can be entirely described by numbers and maths in the way that a video game is encoded with the 'physics' of computer games. Our world and computer virtual reality are essentially the same. Tegmark imagines the perceptions of characters in an advanced computer game when the graphics are so good they don't know they are in a game. They think they can bump into real objects (electromagnetic resistance in our reality), fall in love and feel emotions like excitement. When they began to study the apparently 'physical world' of the video game they would realise that everything was made of pixels (which have been found in our energetic reality as must be the case when on one level our world is digital). What computer game characters thought was physical 'stuff', Tegmark said, could actually be broken down into numbers:

> And we're exactly in this situation in our world. We look around and it doesn't seem that mathematical at all, but everything we see is made out of elementary particles like quarks and electrons. And what properties does an electron have? Does it have a smell or a colour or a texture? No! ... We physicists have come up with geeky names for [Electron] properties, like

electric charge, or spin, or lepton number, but the electron doesn't care what we call it, the properties are just numbers.

This is the illusory reality Gnostics were describing. This is the simulation. The A, C, G, and T codes of DNA have a binary value – A and C = 0 while G and T = 1. This has to be when the simulation is digital and the body must be digital to interact with it. Recurring mathematical sequences are encoded throughout reality and the body. They include the Fibonacci sequence in which the two previous numbers are added to get the next one, as in ... 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, etc. The sequence is encoded in the human face and body, proportions of animals, DNA, seed heads, pine cones, trees, shells, spiral galaxies, hurricanes and the number of petals in a flower. The list goes on and on. There are fractal patterns – a 'never-ending pattern that is infinitely complex and self-similar across all scales in the as above, so below, principle of holograms. These and other famous recurring geometrical and mathematical sequences such as Phi, Pi, Golden Mean, Golden Ratio and Golden Section are *computer codes* of the simulation. I had to laugh and give my head a shake the day I finished this book and it went into the production stage. I was sent an article in *Scientific American* published in April, 2021, with the headline 'Confirmed! We Live in a Simulation'. Two decades after I first said our reality is a simulation and the speed of light is it's outer limit the article suggested that we do live in a simulation and that the speed of light is its outer limit. I left school at 15 and never passed a major exam in my life while the writer was up to his eyes in qualifications. As I will explain in the final chapter *knowing* is far better than thinking and they come from very different sources. The article rightly connected the speed of light to the processing speed of the 'Matrix' and said what has been in my books all this time … 'If we are in a simulation, as it appears, then space is an abstract property written in code. It is not real'. No it's not and if we live in a simulation something created it and it wasn't *us*. 'That David Icke says we are manipulated by aliens' – he's crackers.'

Wow ...

The reality that humanity thinks is so real is an illusion. Politicians, governments, scientists, doctors, academics, law enforcement, media, school and university curriculums, on and on, are all founded on a world that *does not exist* except as a simulated prison cell. Is it such a stretch to accept that 'Covid' doesn't exist when our entire 'physical' reality doesn't exist? Revealed here is the knowledge kept under raps in the Cult networks of compartmentalised secrecy to control humanity's sense of reality by inducing the population to believe in a reality that's not real. If it wasn't so tragic in its experiential consequences the whole thing would be hysterically funny. None of this is new to Renegade Minds. Ancient Greek philosopher Plato (about 428 to about 347BC) was a major influence on Gnostic belief and he described the human plight thousands of years ago with his Allegory of the Cave. He told the symbolic story of prisoners living in a cave who had never been outside. They were chained and could only see one wall of the cave while behind them was a fire that they could not see. Figures walked past the fire casting shadows on the prisoners' wall and those moving shadows became their sense of reality. Some prisoners began to study the shadows and were considered experts on them (today's academics and scientists), but what they studied was only an illusion (today's academics and scientists). A prisoner escaped from the cave and saw reality as it really is. When he returned to report this revelation they didn't believe him, called him mad and threatened to kill him if he tried to set them free. Plato's tale is not only a brilliant analogy of the human plight and our illusory reality. It describes, too, the dynamics of the 'Covid' hoax. I have only skimmed the surface of these subjects here. The aim of this book is to crisply connect all essential dots to put what is happening today into its true context. All subject areas and their connections in this chapter are covered in great evidential detail in *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* and *The Answer*.

They say that bewildered people 'can't see the forest for the trees'. Humanity, however, can't see the forest for the *twigs*. The five senses

see only twigs while Renegade Minds can see the forest and it's the forest where the answers lie with the connections that reveals. Breaking free of perceptual programming so the forest can be seen is the way we turn all this around. Not breaking free is how humanity got into this mess. The situation may seem hopeless, but I promise you it's not. We are a perceptual heartbeat from paradise if only we knew.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Escaping Wetiko

Life is simply a vacation from the infinite
Dean Cavanagh

Renegade Minds weave the web of life and events and see common themes in the apparently random. They are always there if you look for them and their pursuit is aided by incredible synchronicity that comes when your mind is open rather than mesmerised by what it thinks it can see.

Infinite awareness is infinite possibility and the more of infinite possibility that we access the more becomes infinitely possible. That may be stating the apparently obvious, but it is a devastatingly-powerful fact that can set us free. We are a point of attention within an infinity of consciousness. The question is how much of that infinity do we choose to access? How much knowledge, insight, awareness, wisdom, do we want to connect with and explore? If your focus is only in the five senses you will be influenced by a fraction of infinite awareness. I mean a range so tiny that it gives new meaning to infinitesimal. Limitation of self-identity and a sense of the possible limit accordingly your range of consciousness. We are what we think we are. Life is what we think it is. The dream is the dreamer and the dreamer is the dream. Buddhist philosophy puts it this way: 'As a thing is viewed, so it appears.' Most humans live in the realm of touch, taste, see, hear, and smell and that's the limit of their sense of the possible and sense of self. Many will follow a religion and speak of a God in his heaven, but their lives are still

dominated by the five senses in their perceptions and actions. The five senses become the arbiter of everything. When that happens all except a smear of infinity is sealed away from influence by the rigid, unyielding, reality bubbles that are the five-sense human or Phantom Self. Archon Cult methodology is to isolate consciousness within five-sense reality – the simulation – and then program that consciousness with a sense of self and the world through a deluge of life-long information designed to instil the desired perception that allows global control. Efforts to do this have increased dramatically with identity politics as identity bubbles are squeezed into the minutiae of five-sense detail which disconnect people even more profoundly from the infinite 'I'.

Five-sense focus and self-identity are like a firewall that limits access to the infinite realms. You only perceive one radio or television station and no other. We'll take that literally for a moment. Imagine a vast array of stations giving different information and angles on reality, but you only ever listen to one. Here we have the human plight in which the population is overwhelmingly confined to CultFM. This relates only to the frequency range of CultFM and limits perception and insight to that band – limits *possibility* to that band. It means you are connecting with an almost imperceptibly minuscule range of possibility and creative potential within the infinite Field. It's a world where everything seems apart from everything else and where synchronicity is rare. Synchronicity is defined in the dictionary as 'the happening by chance of two or more related or similar events at the same time'. Use of 'by chance' betrays a complete misunderstanding of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'. As people open their minds, or 'awaken' to use the term, they notice more and more coincidences in their lives, bits of 'luck', apparently miraculous happenings that put them in the right place at the right time with the right people. Days become peppered with 'fancy meeting you here' and 'what are the chances of that?' My entire life has been lived like this and ever more so since my own colossal awakening in 1990 and 91 which transformed my sense of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'; it is by accessing expanded

realms of possibility which allow expanded potential for manifestation. People broadcasting the same vibe from the same openness of mind tend to be drawn 'by chance' to each other through what I call frequency magnetism and it's not only people. In the last more than 30 years incredible synchronicity has also led me through the Cult maze to information in so many forms and to crucial personal experiences. These 'coincidences' have allowed me to put the puzzle pieces together across an enormous array of subjects and situations. Those who have breached the bubble of five-sense reality will know exactly what I mean and this escape from the perceptual prison cell is open to everyone whenever they make that choice. This may appear super-human when compared with the limitations of 'human', but it's really our natural state. 'Human' as currently experienced is consciousness in an unnatural state of induced separation from the infinity of the whole. I'll come to how this transformation into unity can be made when I have described in more detail the force that holds humanity in servitude by denying this access to infinite self.

The Wetiko factor

I have been talking and writing for decades about the way five-sense mind is systematically barricaded from expanded awareness. I have used the analogy of a computer (five-sense mind) and someone at the keyboard (expanded awareness). Interaction between the computer and the operator is symbolic of the interaction between five-sense mind and expanded awareness. The computer directly experiences the Internet and the operator experiences the Internet via the computer which is how it's supposed to be – the two working as one. Archons seek to control that point where the operator connects with the computer to stop that interaction (Fig 20). Now the operator is banging the keyboard and clicking the mouse, but the computer is not responding and this happens when the computer is taken over – *possessed* – by an appropriately-named computer 'virus'. The operator has lost all influence over the computer which goes its own way making decisions under the control of the 'virus'. I have

just described the dynamic through which the force known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth and Archons disconnects five-sense mind from expanded awareness to imprison humanity in perceptual servitude.

Figure 20: The mind 'virus' I have been writing about for decades seeks to isolate five-sense mind (the computer) from the true 'I'. (Image by Neil Hague).

About a year ago I came across a Native American concept of Wetiko which describes precisely the same phenomenon. Wetiko is the spelling used by the Cree and there are other versions including wintiko and windigo used by other tribal groups. They spell the name with lower case, but I see Wetiko as a proper noun as with Archons and prefer a capital. I first saw an article about Wetiko by writer and researcher Paul Levy which so synced with what I had been writing about the computer/operator disconnection and later the Archons. I then read his book, the fascinating *Dispelling Wetiko, Breaking the Spell of Evil*. The parallels between what I had concluded long before and the Native American concept of Wetiko were so clear and obvious that it was almost funny. For Wetiko see the Gnostic Archons for sure and the Jinn, the Predators, and every other name for a force of evil, inversion and chaos. Wetiko is the Native American name for the force that divides the computer from

the operator (Fig 21). Indigenous author Jack D. Forbes, a founder of the Native American movement in the 1960s, wrote another book about Wetiko entitled *Columbus And Other Cannibals – The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism* which I also read. Forbes says that Wetiko refers to an evil person or spirit 'who terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible acts, including cannibalism'. Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa told me that African accounts tell how cannibalism was brought into the world by the Chitauri 'gods' – another manifestation of Wetiko. The distinction between 'evil person or spirit' relates to Archons/Wetiko possessing a human or acting as pure consciousness. Wetiko is said to be a sickness of the soul or spirit and a state of being that takes but gives nothing back – the Cult and its operatives perfectly described. Black Hawk, a Native American war leader defending their lands from confiscation, said European invaders had 'poisoned hearts' – Wetiko hearts – and that this would spread to native societies. Mention of the heart is very significant as we shall shortly see. Forbes writes: 'Tragically, the history of the world for the past 2,000 years is, in great part, the story of the epidemiology of the wetiko disease.' Yes, and much longer. Forbes is correct when he says: 'The wetikos destroyed Egypt and Babylon and Athens and Rome and Tenochtitlan [capital of the Aztec empire] and perhaps now they will destroy the entire earth.' Evil, he said, is the number one export of a Wetiko culture – see its globalisation with 'Covid'. Constant war, mass murder, suffering of all kinds, child abuse, Satanism, torture and human sacrifice are all expressions of Wetiko and the Wetiko possessed. The world is Wetiko made manifest, *but it doesn't have to be*. There is a way out of this even now.

Figure 21: The mind 'virus' is known to Native Americans as 'Wetiko'. (Image by Neil Hague).

Cult of Wetiko

Wetiko is the Yaldabaoth frequency distortion that seeks to attach to human consciousness and absorb it into its own. Once this connection is made Wetiko can drive the perceptions of the target which they believe to be coming from their own mind. All the horrors of history and today from mass killers to Satanists, paedophiles like Jeffrey Epstein and other psychopaths, are the embodiment of Wetiko and express its state of being in all its grotesqueness. The Cult is Wetiko incarnate, Yaldabaoth incarnate, and it seeks to facilitate Wetiko assimilation of humanity in totality into its distortion by manipulating the population into low frequency states that match its own. Paul Levy writes: 'Holographically enforced within the psyche of every human being the wetiko virus pervades and underlies the entire field of consciousness, and can therefore potentially manifest through any one of us at any moment if we are not mindful.' The 'Covid' hoax has achieved this with many people, but others have not fallen into Wetiko's frequency lair. Players in the 'Covid' human catastrophe including Gates, Schwab, Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Johnson, Hancock, Ferguson, Drosten, and all the rest, including the psychopath psychologists, are expressions of Wetiko. This is why

they have no compassion or empathy and no emotional consequence for what they do that would make them stop doing it. Observe all the people who support the psychopaths in authority against the Pushbackers despite the damaging impact the psychopaths have on their own lives and their family's lives. You are again looking at Wetiko possession which prevents them seeing through the lies to the obvious scam going on. *Why can't they see it?* Wetiko won't let them see it. The perceptual divide that has now become a chasm is between the Wetikoed and the non-Wetikoed.

Paul Levy describes Wetiko in the same way that I have long described the Archontic force. They are the same distorted consciousness operating across dimensions of reality: '… the subtle body of wetiko is not located in the third dimension of space and time, literally existing in another dimension … it is able to affect ordinary lives by mysteriously interpenetrating into our three-dimensional world.' Wetiko does this through its incarnate representatives in the Cult and by weaving itself into The Field which on our level of reality is the electromagnetic information field of the simulation or Matrix. More than that, the simulation *is* Wetiko / Yaldabaoth. Caleb Scharf, Director of Astrobiology at Columbia University, has speculated that 'alien life' could be so advanced that it has transcribed itself into the quantum realm to become what we call physics. He said intelligence indistinguishable from the fabric of the Universe would solve many of its greatest mysteries:

> Perhaps hyper-advanced life isn't just external. Perhaps it's already all around. It is embedded in what we perceive to be physics itself, from the root behaviour of particles and fields to the phenomena of complexity and emergence ... In other words, life might not just be in the equations. It might BE the equations [My emphasis].

Scharf said it is possible that 'we don't recognise advanced life because it forms an integral and unsuspicious part of what we've considered to be the natural world'. I agree. Wetiko/Yaldabaoth *is* the simulation. We are literally in the body of the beast. But that doesn't mean it has to control us. We all have the power to overcome Wetiko

influence and the Cult knows that. I doubt it sleeps too well because it knows that.

Which Field?

This, I suggest, is how it all works. There are two Fields. One is the fierce electromagnetic light of the Matrix within the speed of light; the other is the 'watery light' of The Field beyond the walls of the Matrix that connects with the Great Infinity. Five-sense mind and the decoding systems of the body attach us to the Field of Matrix light. They have to or we could not experience this reality. Five-sense mind sees only the Matrix Field of information while our expanded consciousness is part of the Infinity Field. When we open our minds, and most importantly our hearts, to the Infinity Field we have a mission control which gives us an expanded perspective, a road map, to understand the nature of the five-sense world. If we are isolated only in five-sense mind there is no mission control. We're on our own trying to understand a world that's constantly feeding us information to ensure we do not understand. People in this state can feel 'lost' and bewildered with no direction or radar. You can see ever more clearly those who are influenced by the Fields of Big Infinity or little five-sense mind simply by their views and behaviour with regard to the 'Covid' hoax. We have had this division throughout known human history with the mass of the people on one side and individuals who could see and intuit beyond the walls of the simulation – Plato's prisoner who broke out of the cave and saw reality for what it is. Such people have always been targeted by Wetiko/Archon-possessed authority, burned at the stake or demonised as mad, bad and dangerous. The Cult today and its global network of 'anti-hate', 'anti-fascist' Woke groups are all expressions of Wetiko attacking those exposing the conspiracy, 'Covid' lies and the 'vaccine' agenda.

Woke as a whole is Wetiko which explains its black and white mentality and how at one it is with the Wetiko-possessed Cult. Paul Levy said: 'To be in this paradigm is to still be under the thrall of a two-valued logic – where things are either true or false – of a

wetikoized mind.' Wetiko consciousness is in a permanent rage, therefore so is Woke, and then there is Woke inversion and contradiction. 'Anti-fascists' act like fascists because fascists *and* 'anti-fascists' are both Wetiko at work. Political parties act the same while claiming to be different for the same reason. Secret society and satanic rituals are attaching initiates to Wetiko and the cold, ruthless, psychopathic mentality that secures the positions of power all over the world is Wetiko. Reframing 'training programmes' have the same cumulative effect of attaching Wetiko and we have their graduates described as automatons and robots with a cold, psychopathic, uncaring demeanour. They are all traits of Wetiko possession and look how many times they have been described in this book and elsewhere with regard to personnel behind 'Covid' including the police and medical profession. Climbing the greasy pole in any profession in a Wetiko society requires traits of Wetiko to get there and that is particularly true of politics which is not about fair competition and pre-eminence of ideas. It is founded on how many backs you can stab and arses you can lick. This culminated in the global 'Covid' coordination between the Wetiko possessed who pulled it off in all the different countries without a trace of empathy and compassion for their impact on humans. Our sight sense can see only holographic form and not the Field which connects holographic form. Therefore we perceive 'physical' objects with 'space' in between. In fact that 'space' is energy/consciousness operating on multiple frequencies. One of them is Wetiko and that connects the Cult psychopaths, those who submit to the psychopaths, and those who serve the psychopaths in the media operations of the world. Wetiko is Gates. Wetiko is the mask-wearing submissive. Wetiko is the fake journalist and 'fact-checker'. The Wetiko Field is coordinating the whole thing. Psychopaths, gofers, media operatives, 'anti-hate' hate groups, 'fact-checkers' and submissive people work as one unit *even without human coordination* because they are attached to the *same* Field which is organising it all (Fig 22). Paul Levy is here describing how Wetiko-possessed people are drawn together and refuse to let any information breach their rigid

perceptions. He was writing long before 'Covid', but I think you will recognise followers of the 'Covid' religion *oh just a little bit*:

> People who are channelling the vibratory frequency of wetiko align with each other through psychic resonance to reinforce their unspoken shared agreement so as to uphold their deranged view of reality. Once an unconscious content takes possession of certain individuals, it irresistibly draws them together by mutual attraction and knits them into groups tied together by their shared madness that can easily swell into an avalanche of insanity.
>
> A psychic epidemic is a closed system, which is to say that it is insular and not open to any new information or informing influences from the outside world which contradict its fixed, limited, and limiting perspective.

There we have the Woke mind and the 'Covid' mind. Compatible resonance draws the awakening together, too, which is clearly happening today.

Figure 22: The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

Spiritual servitude

Wetiko doesn't care about humans. It's not human; it just possesses humans for its own ends and the effect (depending on the scale of

possession) can be anything from extreme psychopathy to unquestioning obedience. Wetiko's worst nightmare is for human consciousness to expand beyond the simulation. Everything is focussed on stopping that happening through control of information, thus perception, thus frequency. The 'education system', media, science, medicine, academia, are all geared to maintaining humanity in five-sense servitude as is the constant stimulation of low-vibrational mental and emotional states (see 'Covid'). Wetiko seeks to dominate those subconscious spaces between five-sense perception and expanded consciousness where the computer meets the operator. From these subconscious hiding places Wetiko speaks to us to trigger urges and desires that we take to be our own and manipulate us into anything from low-vibrational to psychopathic states. Remember how Islam describes the Jinn as invisible tricksters that 'whisper' and confuse. Wetiko is the origin of the 'trickster god' theme that you find in cultures all over the world. Jinn, like the Archons, are Wetiko which is terrified of humans awakening and reconnecting with our true self for then its energy source has gone. With that the feedback loop breaks between Wetiko and human perception that provides the energetic momentum on which its very existence depends as a force of evil. Humans are both its target and its source of survival, but only if we are operating in low-vibrational states of fear, hate, depression and the background anxiety that most people suffer. We are Wetiko's target because we are its key to survival. It needs us, not the other way round. Paul Levy writes:

> A vampire has no intrinsic, independent, substantial existence in its own right; it only exists in relation to us. The pathogenic, vampiric mind-parasite called wetiko is nothing in itself – not being able to exist from its own side – yet it has a 'virtual reality' such that it can potentially destroy our species …
>
> …The fact that a vampire is not reflected by a mirror can also mean that what we need to see is that there's nothing, no-thing to see, other than ourselves. The fact that wetiko is the expression of something inside of us means that the cure for wetiko is with us as well. The critical issue is finding this cure within us and then putting it into effect.

Evil begets evil because if evil does not constantly expand and find new sources of energetic sustenance its evil, its *distortion*, dies with the assimilation into balance and harmony. Love is the garlic to Wetiko's vampire. Evil, the absence of love, cannot exist in the presence of love. I think I see a way out of here. I have emphasised so many times over the decades that the Archons/Wetiko and their Cult are not all powerful. *They are not*. I don't care how it looks even now *they are not*. I have not called them little boys in short trousers for effect. I have said it because it is true. Wetiko's insatiable desire for power over others is not a sign of its omnipotence, but its insecurity. Paul Levy writes: 'Due to the primal fear which ultimately drives it and which it is driven to cultivate, wetiko's body politic has an intrinsic and insistent need for centralising power and control so as to create imagined safety for itself.' *Yeeeeeees!* Exactly! Why does Wetiko want humans in an ongoing state of fear? Wetiko itself *is* fear and it is petrified of love. As evil is an absence of love, so love is an absence of fear. Love conquers all and *especially* Wetiko which *is* fear. Wetiko brought fear into the world when it wasn't here before. *Fear* was the 'fall', the fall into low-frequency ignorance and illusion – fear is **F**alse **E**motion **A**ppearing **R**eal. The simulation is driven and energised by fear because Wetiko/Yaldabaoth (fear) *are* the simulation. Fear is the absence of love and Wetiko is the absence of love.

Wetiko today

We can now view current events from this level of perspective. The 'Covid' hoax has generated momentous amounts of ongoing fear, anxiety, depression and despair which have empowered Wetiko. No wonder people like Gates have been the instigators when they are Wetiko incarnate and exhibit every trait of Wetiko in the extreme. See how cold and unemotional these people are like Gates and his cronies, how dead of eye they are. That's Wetiko. Sabbatians are Wetiko and everything they control including the World Health Organization, Big Pharma and the 'vaccine' makers, national 'health'

hierarchies, corporate media, Silicon Valley, the banking system, and the United Nations with its planned transformation into world government. All are controlled and possessed by the Wetiko distortion into distorting human society in its image. We are with this knowledge at the gateway to understanding the world. Divisions of race, culture, creed and sexuality are diversions to hide the real division between those possessed and influenced by Wetiko and those that are not. The 'Covid' hoax has brought both clearly into view. Human behaviour is not about race. Tyrants and dictatorships come in all colours and creeds. What unites the US president bombing the innocent and an African tribe committing genocide against another as in Rwanda? What unites them? *Wetiko*. All wars are Wetiko, all genocide is Wetiko, all hunger over centuries in a world of plenty is Wetiko. Children going to bed hungry, including in the West, is Wetiko. Cult-generated Woke racial divisions that focus on the body are designed to obscure the reality that divisions in behaviour are manifestations of mind, not body. Obsession with body identity and group judgement is a means to divert attention from the real source of behaviour – mind and perception. Conflict sown by the Woke both within themselves and with their target groups are Wetiko providing lunch for itself through still more agents of the division, chaos, and fear on which it feeds. The Cult is seeking to assimilate the entirety of humanity and all children and young people into the Wetiko frequency by manipulating them into states of fear and despair. Witness all the suicide and psychological unravelling since the spring of 2020. Wetiko psychopaths want to impose a state of unquestioning obedience to authority which is no more than a conduit for Wetiko to enforce its will and assimilate humanity into itself. It needs us to believe that resistance is futile when it fears resistance and even more so the game-changing non-cooperation with its impositions. It can use violent resistance for its benefit. Violent impositions and violent resistance are *both* Wetiko. The Power of Love with its Power of No will sweep Wetiko from our world. Wetiko and its Cult know that. They just don't want us to know.

AI Wetiko

This brings me to AI or artificial intelligence and something else Wetikos don't want us to know. What is AI *really*? I know about computer code algorithms and AI that learns from data input. These, however, are more diversions, the expeditionary force, for the real AI that they want to connect to the human brain as promoted by Silicon Valley Wetikos like Kurzweil. What is this AI? It is the frequency of *Wetiko*, the frequency of the Archons. The connection of AI to the human brain is the connection of the Wetiko frequency to create a Wetiko hive mind and complete the job of assimilation. The hive mind is planned to be controlled from Israel and China which are both 100 percent owned by Wetiko Sabbatians. The assimilation process has been going on minute by minute in the 'smart' era which fused with the 'Covid' era. We are told that social media is scrambling the minds of the young and changing their personality. This is true, but what is social media? Look more deeply at how it works, how it creates divisions and conflict, the hostility and cruelty, the targeting of people until they are destroyed. That's Wetiko. Social media is manipulated to tune people to the Wetiko frequency with all the emotional exploitation tricks employed by platforms like Facebook and its Wetiko front man, Zuckerberg. Facebook's Instagram announced a new platform for children to overcome a legal bar on them using the main site. This is more Wetiko exploitation and manipulation of kids. Amnesty International likened the plan to foxes offering to guard the henhouse and said it was incompatible with human rights. Since when did Wetiko or Zuckerberg (I repeat myself) care about that? Would Brin and Page at Google, Wojcicki at YouTube, Bezos at Amazon and whoever the hell runs Twitter act as they do if they were not channelling Wetiko? Would those who are developing technologies for no other reason than human control? How about those designing and selling technologies to kill people and Big Pharma drug and 'vaccine' producers who know they will end or devastate lives? Quite a thought for these people to consider is that if you are Wetiko in a human life you are Wetiko on the 'other side' unless your frequency

changes and that can only change by a change of perception which becomes a change of behaviour. Where Gates is going does not bear thinking about although perhaps that's exactly where he wants to go. Either way, that's where he's going. His frequency will make it so.

The frequency lair

I have been saying for a long time that a big part of the addiction to smartphones and devices is that a frequency is coming off them that entraps the mind. People spend ages on their phones and sometimes even a minute or so after they put them down they pick them up again and it all repeats. 'Covid' lockdowns will have increased this addiction a million times for obvious reasons. Addictions to alcohol overindulgence and drugs are another way that Wetiko entraps consciousness to attach to its own. Both are symptoms of low-vibrational psychological distress which alcoholism and drug addiction further compound. Do we think it's really a coincidence that access to them is made so easy while potions that can take people into realms beyond the simulation are banned and illegal? I have explored smartphone addiction in other books, the scale is mind-blowing, and that level of addiction does not come without help. Tech companies that make these phones are Wetiko and they will have no qualms about destroying the minds of children. We are seeing again with these companies the Wetiko perceptual combination of psychopathic enforcers and weak and meek unquestioning compliance by the rank and file.

The global Smart Grid is the Wetiko Grid and it is crucial to complete the Cult endgame. The simulation is radiation and we are being deluged with technological radiation on a devastating scale. Wetiko frauds like Elon Musk serve Cult interests while occasionally criticising them to maintain his street-cred. 5G and other forms of Wi-Fi are being directed at the earth from space on a volume and scale that goes on increasing by the day. Elon Musk's (officially) SpaceX Starlink project is in the process of putting tens of thousands of satellites in low orbit to cover every inch of the planet with 5G and other Wi-Fi to create Kurzweil's global 'cloud' to which the

human mind is planned to be attached very soon. SpaceX has approval to operate 12,000 satellites with more than 1,300 launched at the time of writing and applications filed for *30,000* more. Other operators in the Wi-Fi, 5G, low-orbit satellite market include OneWeb (UK), Telesat (Canada), and AST & Science (US). Musk tells us that AI could be the end of humanity and then launches a company called Neuralink to connect the human brain to computers. Musk's (in theory) Tesla company is building electric cars and the driverless vehicles of the smart control grid. As frauds and bullshitters go Elon Musk in my opinion is Major League.

5G and technological radiation in general are destructive to human health, genetics and psychology and increasing the strength of artificial radiation underpins the five-sense perceptual bubbles which are themselves expressions of radiation or electromagnetism. Freedom activist John Whitehead was so right with his 'databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps'. The Smart Grid and 5G is a means to control the human mind and infuse perceptual information into The Field to influence anyone in sync with its frequency. You can change perception and behaviour en masse if you can manipulate the population into those levels of frequency and this is happening all around us today. The arrogance of Musk and his fellow Cult operatives knows no bounds in the way that we see with Gates. Musk's satellites are so many in number already they are changing the night sky when viewed from Earth. The astronomy community has complained about this and they have seen nothing yet. Some consequences of Musk's Wetiko hubris include: Radiation; visible pollution of the night sky; interference with astronomy and meteorology; ground and water pollution from intensive use of increasingly many spaceports; accumulating space debris; continual deorbiting and burning up of aging satellites, polluting the atmosphere with toxic dust and smoke; and ever-increasing likelihood of collisions. A collective public open letter of complaint to Musk said:

We are writing to you … because SpaceX is in process of surrounding the Earth with a network of thousands of satellites whose very purpose is to irradiate every square inch of the

Earth. SpaceX, like everyone else, is treating the radiation as if it were not there. As if the mitochondria in our cells do not depend on electrons moving undisturbed from the food we digest to the oxygen we breathe.

As if our nervous systems and our hearts are not subject to radio frequency interference like any piece of electronic equipment. As if the cancer, diabetes, and heart disease that now afflict a majority of the Earth's population are not metabolic diseases that result from interference with our cellular machinery. As if insects everywhere, and the birds and animals that eat them, are not starving to death as a result.

People like Musk and Gates believe in their limitless Wetiko arrogance that they can do whatever they like to the world because they own it. Consequences for humanity are irrelevant. It's absolutely time that we stopped taking this shit from these self-styled masters of the Earth when you consider where this is going.

Why is the Cult so anti-human?

I hear this question often: Why would they do this when it will affect them, too? Ah, but will it? Who is this *them*? Forget their bodies. They are just vehicles for Wetiko consciousness. When you break it all down to the foundations we are looking at a state of severely distorted consciousness targeting another state of consciousness for assimilation. The rest is detail. The simulation is the fly-trap in which unique sensations of the five senses create a cycle of addiction called reincarnation. Renegade Minds see that everything which happens in our reality is a smaller version of the whole picture in line with the holographic principle. Addiction to the radiation of smart technology is a smaller version of addiction to the whole simulation. Connecting the body/brain to AI is taking that addiction on a giant step further to total ongoing control by assimilating human incarnate consciousness into Wetiko. I have watched during the 'Covid' hoax how many are becoming ever more profoundly attached to Wetiko's perceptual calling cards of aggressive response to any other point of view ('There is no other god but me'), psychopathic lack of compassion and empathy, and servile submission to the narrative and will of authority. Wetiko is the psychopaths *and* subservience to psychopaths. The Cult of Wetiko is

so anti-human because it is *not* human. It embarked on a mission to destroy human by targeting everything that it means to be human and to survive as human. 'Covid' is not the end, just a means to an end. The Cult with its Wetiko consciousness is seeking to change Earth systems, including the atmosphere, to suit them, not humans. The gathering bombardment of 5G alone from ground and space is dramatically changing The Field with which the five senses interact. There is so much more to come if we sit on our hands and hope it will all go away. It is not meant to go away. It is meant to get ever more extreme and we need to face that while we still can – just.

Carbon dioxide is the gas of life. Without that human is over. Kaput, gone, history. No natural world, no human. The Cult has created a cock and bull story about carbon dioxide and climate change to justify its reduction to the point where Gates and the ignoramus Biden 'climate chief' John Kerry want to suck it out of the atmosphere. Kerry wants to do this because his master Gates does. Wetikos have made the gas of life a demon with the usual support from the Wokers of Extinction Rebellion and similar organisations and the bewildered puppet-child that is Greta Thunberg who was put on the world stage by Klaus Schwab and the World Economic Forum. The name Extinction Rebellion is both ironic and as always Wetiko inversion. The gas that we need to survive must be reduced to save us from extinction. The most basic need of human is oxygen and we now have billions walking around in face nappies depriving body and brain of this essential requirement of human existence. More than that 5G at 60 gigahertz interacts with the oxygen molecule to reduce the amount of oxygen the body can absorb into the bloodstream. The obvious knock-on consequences of that for respiratory and cognitive problems and life itself need no further explanation. Psychopaths like Musk are assembling a global system of satellites to deluge the human atmosphere with this insanity. The man should be in jail. Here we have two most basic of human needs, oxygen and carbon dioxide, being dismantled.

Two others, water and food, are getting similar treatment with the United Nations Agendas 21 and 2030 – the Great Reset – planning to

centrally control all water and food supplies. People will not even own rain water that falls on their land. Food is affected at the most basic level by reducing carbon dioxide. We have genetic modification or GMO infiltrating the food chain on a mass scale, pesticides and herbicides polluting the air and destroying the soil. Freshwater fish that provide livelihoods for 60 million people and feed hundreds of millions worldwide are being 'pushed to the brink' according the conservationists while climate change is the only focus. Now we have Gates and Schwab wanting to dispense with current food sources all together and replace them with a synthetic version which the Wetiko Cult would control in terms of production and who eats and who doesn't. We have been on the Totalitarian Tiptoe to this for more than 60 years as food has become ever more processed and full of chemical shite to the point today when it's not natural food at all. As Dr Tom Cowan says: 'If it has a label don't eat it.' Bill Gates is now the biggest owner of farmland in the United States and he does nothing without an ulterior motive involving the Cult. Klaus Schwab wrote: 'To feed the world in the next 50 years we will need to produce as much food as was produced in the last 10,000 years … food security will only be achieved, however, if regulations on genetically modified foods are adapted to reflect the reality that gene editing offers a precise, efficient and safe method of improving crops.' Liar. People and the world are being targeted with aluminium through vaccines, chemtrails, food, drink cans, and endless other sources when aluminium has been linked to many health issues including dementia which is increasing year after year. Insects, bees and wildlife essential to the food chain are being deleted by pesticides, herbicides and radiation which 5G is dramatically increasing with 6G and 7G to come. The pollinating bee population is being devastated while wildlife including birds, dolphins and whales are having their natural radar blocked by the effects of ever-increasing radiation. In the summer windscreens used to be splattered with insects so numerous were they. It doesn't happen now. Where have they gone?

Synthetic everything

The Cult is introducing genetically-modified versions of trees, plants and insects including a Gates-funded project to unleash hundreds of millions of genetically-modified, lab-altered and patented male mosquitoes to mate with wild mosquitoes and induce genetic flaws that cause them to die out. Clinically-insane Gates-funded Japanese researchers have developed mosquitos that spread vaccine and are dubbed 'flying vaccinators'. Gates is funding the modification of weather patterns in part to sell the myth that this is caused by carbon dioxide and he's funding geoengineering of the skies to change the atmosphere. Some of this came to light with the Gates-backed plan to release tonnes of chalk into the atmosphere to 'deflect the Sun and cool the planet'. Funny how they do this while the heating effect of the Sun is not factored into climate projections focussed on carbon dioxide. The reason is that they want to reduce carbon dioxide (so don't mention the Sun), but at the same time they do want to reduce the impact of the Sun which is so essential to human life and health. I have mentioned the sun-cholesterol-vitamin D connection as they demonise the Sun with warnings about skin cancer (caused by the chemicals in sun cream they tell you to splash on). They come from the other end of the process with statin drugs to reduce cholesterol that turns sunlight into vitamin D. A lack of vitamin D leads to a long list of health effects and how vitamin D levels must have fallen with people confined to their homes over 'Covid'. Gates is funding other forms of geoengineering and most importantly chemtrails which are dropping heavy metals, aluminium and self-replicating nanotechnology onto the Earth which is killing the natural world. See *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* for the detailed background to this.

Every human system is being targeted for deletion by a force that's not human. The Wetiko Cult has embarked on the process of transforming the human body from biological to synthetic biological as I have explained. Biological is being replaced by the artificial and synthetic – Archontic 'countermimicry' – right across human society. The plan eventually is to dispense with the human body altogether

and absorb human consciousness – which it wouldn't really be by then – into cyberspace (the simulation which is Wetiko/Yaldabaoth). Preparations for that are already happening if people would care to look. The alternative media rightly warns about globalism and 'the globalists', but this is far bigger than that and represents the end of the human race as we know it. The 'bad copy' of prime reality that Gnostics describe was a bad copy of harmony, wonder and beauty to start with before Wetiko/Yaldabaoth set out to change the simulated 'copy' into something very different. The process was slow to start with. Entrapped humans in the simulation timeline were not technologically aware and they had to be brought up to intellectual speed while being suppressed spiritually to the point where they could build their own prison while having no idea they were doing so. We have now reached that stage where technological intellect has the potential to destroy us and that's why events are moving so fast. Central American shaman Don Juan Matus said:

> Think for a moment, and tell me how you would explain the contradictions between the intelligence of man the engineer and the stupidity of his systems of belief, or the stupidity of his contradictory behaviour. Sorcerers believe that the predators have given us our systems of beliefs, our ideas of good and evil; our social mores. They are the ones who set up our dreams of success or failure. They have given us covetousness, greed, and cowardice. It is the predator who makes us complacent, routinary, and egomaniacal.
>
> In order to keep us obedient and meek and weak, the predators engaged themselves in a stupendous manoeuvre – stupendous, of course, from the point of view of a fighting strategist; a horrendous manoeuvre from the point of those who suffer it. They gave us their mind. The predators' mind is baroque, contradictory, morose, filled with the fear of being discovered any minute now.

For 'predators' see Wetiko, Archons, Yaldabaoth, Jinn, and all the other versions of the same phenomenon in cultures and religions all over the world. The theme is always the same because it's true and it's real. We have reached the point where we have to deal with it. The question is – how?

Don't fight – walk away

I thought I'd use a controversial subheading to get things moving in terms of our response to global fascism. What do you mean 'don't fight'? What do you mean 'walk away'? We've got to fight. We can't walk away. Well, it depends what we mean by fight and walk away. If fighting means physical combat we are playing Wetiko's game and falling for its trap. It wants us to get angry, aggressive, and direct hate and hostility at the enemy we think we must fight. Every war, every battle, every conflict, has been fought with Wetiko leading both sides. It's what it does. Wetiko wants a fight, anywhere, any place. Just hit me, son, so I can hit you back. Wetiko hits Wetiko and Wetiko hits Wetiko in return. I am very forthright as you can see in exposing Wetikos of the Cult, but I don't hate them. I refuse to hate them. It's what they want. What you hate you become. What you *fight* you become. Wokers, 'anti-haters' and 'anti-fascists' prove this every time they reach for their keyboards or don their balaclavas. By walk away I mean to disengage from Wetiko which includes ceasing to cooperate with its tyranny. Paul Levy says of Wetiko:

> The way to 'defeat' evil is not to try to destroy it (for then, in playing evil's game, we have already lost), but rather, to find the invulnerable place within ourselves where evil is unable to vanquish us – this is to truly 'win' our battle with evil.

Wetiko is everywhere in human society and it's been on steroids since the 'Covid' hoax. Every shouting match over wearing masks has Wetiko wearing a mask and Wetiko not wearing one. It's an electrical circuit of push and resist, push and resist, with Wetiko pushing *and* resisting. Each polarity is Wetiko empowering itself. Dictionary definitions of 'resist' include 'opposing, refusing to accept or comply with' and the word to focus on is 'opposing'. What form does this take – setting police cars alight or 'refusing to accept or comply with'? The former is Wetiko opposing Wetiko while the other points the way forward. This is the difference between those aggressively demanding that government fascism must be obeyed who stand in stark contrast to the great majority of Pushbackers. We saw this clearly with a march by thousands of Pushbackers against lockdown in London followed days later by a Woker-hijacked

protest in Bristol in which police cars were set on fire. Masks were virtually absent in London and widespread in Bristol. Wetiko wants lockdown on every level of society and infuses its aggression to police it through its unknowing stooges. Lockdown protesters are the ones with the smiling faces and the hugs, The two blatantly obvious states of being – getting more obvious by the day – are the result of Wokers and their like becoming ever more influenced by the simulation Field of Wetiko and Pushbackers ever more influenced by The Field of a far higher vibration beyond the simulation. Wetiko can't invade the heart which is where most lockdown opponents are coming from. It's the heart that allows them to see through the lies to the truth in ways I will be highlighting.

Renegade Minds know that calmness is the place from which wisdom comes. You won't find wisdom in a hissing fit and wisdom is what we need in abundance right now. Calmness is not weakness – you don't have to scream at the top of your voice to be strong. Calmness is indeed a sign of strength. 'No' means I'm not doing it. *NOOOO!!!* doesn't mean you're not doing it even more. Volume does not advance 'No – I'm not doing it'. You are just not doing it. Wetiko possessed and influenced don't know how to deal with that. Wetiko wants a fight and we should not give it one. What it needs more than anything is our *cooperation* and we should not give that either. Mass rallies and marches are great in that they are a visual representation of feeling, but if it ends there they are irrelevant. You demand that Wetikos act differently? Well, they're not going to are they? They are Wetikos. We don't need to waste our time demanding that something doesn't happen when that will make no difference. We need to delete the means that *allows* it to happen. This, invariably, is our cooperation. You can demand a child stop firing a peashooter at the dog or you can refuse to buy the peashooter. If you provide the means you are cooperating with the dog being smacked on the nose with a pea. How can the authorities enforce mask-wearing if millions in a country refuse? What if the 74 million Pushbackers that voted for Trump in 2020 refused to wear masks, close their businesses or stay in their homes. It would be unenforceable. The

few control the many through the compliance of the many and that's always been the dynamic be it 'Covid' regulations or the Roman Empire. I know people can find it intimidating to say no to authority or stand out in a crowd for being the only one with a face on display; but it has to be done or it's over. I hope I've made clear in this book that where this is going will be far more intimidating than standing up now and saying 'No' – I will not cooperate with my own enslavement and that of my children. There might be consequences for some initially, although not so if enough do the same. The question that must be addressed is what is going to happen if we don't? It is time to be strong and unyieldingly so. No means no. Not here and there, but *everywhere* and *always*. I have refused to wear a mask and obey all the other nonsense. I will not comply with tyranny. I repeat: Fascism is not imposed by fascists – there are never enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. *I will not do it*. I will die first, or my body will. Living meekly under fascism is a form of death anyway, the death of the spirit that Martin Luther King described.

Making things happen

We must not despair. This is not over till it's over and it's far from that. The 'fat lady' must refuse to sing. The longer the 'Covid' hoax has dragged on and impacted on more lives we have seen an awakening of phenomenal numbers of people worldwide to the realisation that what they have believed all their lives is not how the world really is. Research published by the system-serving University of Bristol and King's College London in February, 2021, concluded: 'One in every 11 people in Britain say they trust David Icke's take on the coronavirus pandemic.' It will be more by now and we have gathering numbers to build on. We must urgently progress from seeing the scam to ceasing to cooperate with it. Prominent German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich, also licenced to practice law in America, is doing a magnificent job taking the legal route to bring the psychopaths to justice through a second Nuremberg tribunal for crimes against humanity. Fuellmich has an impressive record of

beating the elite in court and he formed the German Corona Investigative Committee to pursue civil charges against the main perpetrators with a view to triggering criminal charges. Most importantly he has grasped the foundation of the hoax – the PCR test not testing for the 'virus' – and Christian Drosten is therefore on his charge sheet along with Gates frontman Tedros at the World Health Organization. Major players must be not be allowed to inflict their horrors on the human race without being brought to book. A life sentence must follow for Bill Gates and the rest of them. A group of researchers has also indicted the government of Norway for crimes against humanity with copies sent to the police and the International Criminal Court. The lawsuit cites participation in an internationally-planned false pandemic and violation of international law and human rights, the European Commission's definition of human rights by coercive rules, Nuremberg and Hague rules on fundamental human rights, and the Norwegian constitution. We must take the initiative from hereon and not just complain, protest and react.

There are practical ways to support vital mass non-cooperation. Organising in numbers is one. Lockdown marches in London in the spring in 2021 were mass non-cooperation that the authorities could not stop. There were too many people. Hundreds of thousands walked the London streets in the centre of the road for mile after mile while the Face-Nappies could only look on. They were determined, but calm, and just *did it* with no histrionics and lots of smiles. The police were impotent. Others are organising group shopping without masks for mutual support and imagine if that was happening all over. Policing it would be impossible. If the store refuses to serve people in these circumstances they would be faced with a long line of trolleys full of goods standing on their own and everything would have to be returned to the shelves. How would they cope with that if it kept happening? I am talking here about moving on from complaining to being pro-active; from watching things happen to making things happen. I include in this our relationship with the police. The behaviour of many Face-Nappies

has been disgraceful and anyone who thinks they would never find concentration camp guards in the 'enlightened' modern era have had that myth busted big-time. The period and setting may change – Wetikos never do. I watched film footage from a London march in which a police thug viciously kicked a protestor on the floor who had done nothing. His fellow Face-Nappies stood in a ring protecting him. What he did was a criminal assault and with a crowd far outnumbering the police this can no longer be allowed to happen unchallenged. I get it when people chant 'shame on you' in these circumstances, but that is no longer enough. They *have* no shame those who do this. Crowds needs to start making a citizen's arrest of the police who commit criminal offences and brutally attack innocent people and defenceless women. A citizen's arrest can be made under section 24A of the UK Police and Criminal Evidence (PACE) Act of 1984 and you will find something similar in other countries. I prefer to call it a Common Law arrest rather than citizen's for reasons I will come to shortly. Anyone can arrest a person committing an indictable offence or if they have reasonable grounds to suspect they are committing an indictable offence. On both counts the attack by the police thug would have fallen into this category. A citizen's arrest can be made to stop someone:

- Causing physical injury to himself or any other person
- Suffering physical injury
- Causing loss of or damage to property
- Making off before a constable can assume responsibility for him

A citizen's arrest may also be made to prevent a breach of the peace under Common Law and if they believe a breach of the peace will happen or anything related to harm likely to be done or already done in their presence. This is the way to go I think – the Common Law version. If police know that the crowd and members of the public will no longer be standing and watching while they commit

their thuggery and crimes they will think twice about acting like Brownshirts and Blackshirts.

Common Law – common sense

Mention of Common Law is very important. Most people think the law is the law as in one law. This is not the case. There are two bodies of law, Common Law and Statute Law, and they are not the same. Common Law is founded on the simple premise of do no harm. It does not recognise victimless crimes in which no harm is done while Statute Law does. There is a Statute Law against almost everything. So what is Statute Law? Amazingly it's the law of the *sea* that was brought ashore by the Cult to override the law of the land which is Common Law. They had no right to do this and as always they did it anyway. They had to. They could not impose their will on the people through Common Law which only applies to do no harm. How could you stitch up the fine detail of people's lives with that? Instead they took the law of the sea, or Admiralty Law, and applied it to the population. Statute Law refers to all the laws spewing out of governments and their agencies including all the fascist laws and regulations relating to 'Covid'. The key point to make is that Statute Law is *contract law*. It only applies between *contracting* corporations. Most police officers don't even know this. They have to be kept in the dark, too. Long ago when merchants and their sailing ships began to trade with different countries a contractual law was developed called Admiralty Law and other names. Again it only applied to *contracts* agreed between *corporate* entities. If there is no agreed contract the law of the sea had no jurisdiction *and that still applies to its new alias of Statute Law*. The problem for the Cult when the law of the sea was brought ashore was an obvious one. People were not corporations and neither were government entities. To overcome the latter they made governments and all associated organisations corporations. All the institutions are *private corporations* and I mean governments and their agencies, local councils, police, courts, military, US states, the whole lot. Go to the

Dun and Bradstreet corporate listings website for confirmation that they are all corporations. You are arrested by a private corporation called the police by someone who is really a private security guard and they take you to court which is another private corporation. Neither have jurisdiction over you unless you consent and *contract* with them. This is why you hear the mantra about law enforcement policing by *consent* of the people. In truth the people 'consent' only in theory through monumental trickery.

Okay, the Cult overcame the corporate law problem by making governments and institutions corporate entities; but what about people? They are not corporations are they? Ah ... well in a sense, and *only* a sense, they are. Not people exactly – the illusion of people. The Cult creates a corporation in the name of everyone at the time that their birth certificate is issued. Note birth/ *berth* certificate and when you go to court under the law of the sea on land you stand in a *dock*. These are throwbacks to the origin. My Common Law name is David Vaughan Icke. The name of the corporation created by the government when I was born is called Mr David Vaughan Icke usually written in capitals as MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE. That is not me, the living, breathing man. It is a fictitious corporate entity. The trick is to make you think that David Vaughan Icke and MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE are the same thing. *They are not*. When police charge you and take you to court they are prosecuting the corporate entity and not the living, breathing, man or woman. They have to trick you into identifying as the corporate entity and contracting with them. Otherwise they have no jurisdiction. They do this through a language known as legalese. Lawful and legal are not the same either. Lawful relates to Common Law and legal relates to Statute Law. Legalese is the language of Statue Law which uses terms that mean one thing to the public and another in legalese. Notice that when a police officer tells someone why they are being charged he or she will say at the end: 'Do you understand?' To the public that means 'Do you comprehend?' In legalese it means 'Do you stand under me?' Do you stand under my authority? If you say

yes to the question you are unknowingly agreeing to give them jurisdiction over you in a contract between two corporate entities.

This is a confidence trick in every way. Contracts have to be agreed between informed parties and if you don't know that David Vaughan Icke is agreeing to be the corporation MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE you cannot knowingly agree to contract. They are deceiving you and another way they do this is to ask for proof of identity. You usually show them a driving licence or other document on which your corporate name is written. In doing so you are accepting that you are that corporate entity when you are not. Referring to yourself as a 'person' or 'citizen' is also identifying with your corporate fiction which is why I made the Common Law point about the citizen's arrest. If you are approached by a police officer you identify yourself immediately as a living, breathing, man or woman and say 'I do not consent, I do not contract with you and I do not understand' or stand under their authority. I have a Common Law birth certificate as a living man and these are available at no charge from commonlawcourt.com. Businesses registered under the Statute Law system means that its laws apply. There are, however, ways to run a business under Common Law. Remember all 'Covid' laws and regulations are Statute Law – the law of *contracts* and you do not have to contract. This doesn't mean that you can kill someone and get away with it. Common Law says do no harm and that applies to physical harm, financial harm etc. Police are employees of private corporations and there needs to be a new system of non-corporate Common Law constables operating outside the Statute Law system. If you go to davidicke.com and put Common Law into the search engine you will find videos that explain Common Law in much greater detail. It is definitely a road we should walk.

With all my heart

I have heard people say that we are in a spiritual war. I don't like the term 'war' with its Wetiko dynamic, but I know what they mean. Sweep aside all the bodily forms and we are in a situation in which two states of consciousness are seeking very different realities.

Wetiko wants upheaval, chaos, fear, suffering, conflict and control. The other wants love, peace, harmony, fairness and freedom. That's where we are. We should not fall for the idea that Wetiko is all-powerful and there's nothing we can do. Wetiko is not all-powerful. It's a joke, pathetic. It doesn't have to be, but it has made that choice for now. A handful of times over the years when I have felt the presence of its frequency I have allowed it to attach briefly so I could consciously observe its nature. The experience is not pleasant, the energy is heavy and dark, but the ease with which you can kick it back out the door shows that its real power is in persuading us that it has power. It's all a con. Wetiko is a con. It's a trickster and not a power that can control us if we unleash our own. The con is founded on manipulating humanity to give its power to Wetiko which recycles it back to present the illusion that it has power when its power is *ours* that we gave away. This happens on an energetic level and plays out in the world of the seen as humanity giving its power to Wetiko authority which uses that power to control the population when the power is only the power the population has handed over. How could it be any other way for billions to be controlled by a relative few? I have had experiences with people possessed by Wetiko and again you can kick its arse if you do it with an open heart. Oh yes – the *heart* which can transform the world of perceived 'matter'.

We are receiver-transmitters and processors of information, but what information and where from? Information is processed into perception in three main areas – the brain, the heart and the belly. These relate to thinking, knowing, and emotion. Wetiko wants us to be head and belly people which means we think within the confines of the Matrix simulation and low-vibrational emotional reaction scrambles balance and perception. A few minutes on social media and you see how emotion is the dominant force. Woke is all emotion and is therefore thought-free and fact-free. Our heart is something different. It *knows* while the head *thinks* and has to try to work it out because it doesn't know. The human energy field has seven prime vortexes which connect us with wider reality (Fig 23). Chakra means

'wheels of light' in the Sanskrit language of ancient India. The main ones are: The crown chakra on top of the head; brow (or 'third eye') chakra in the centre of the forehead; throat chakra; heart chakra in the centre of the chest; solar plexus chakra below the sternum; sacral chakra beneath the navel; and base chakra at the bottom of the spine. Each one has a particular function or functions. We feel anxiety and nervousness in the belly where the sacral chakra is located and this processes emotion that can affect the colon to give people 'the shits' or make them 'shit scared' when they are nervous. Chakras all play an important role, but the Mr and Mrs Big is the heart chakra which sits at the centre of the seven, above the chakras that connect us to the 'physical' and below those that connect with higher realms (or at least should). Here in the heart chakra we feel love, empathy and compassion – 'My heart goes out to you'. Those with closed hearts become literally 'heart-less' in their attitudes and behaviour (see Bill Gates). Native Americans portrayed Wetiko with what Paul Levy calls a 'frigid, icy heart, devoid of mercy' (see Bill Gates).

Figure 23: The chakra system which interpenetrates the human energy field. The heart chakra is the governor – or should be.

Wetiko trembles at the thought of heart energy which it cannot infiltrate. The frequency is too high. What it seeks to do instead is close the heart chakra vortex to block its perceptual and energetic influence. Psychopaths have 'hearts of stone' and emotionally-damaged people have 'heartache' and 'broken hearts'. The astonishing amount of heart disease is related to heart chakra

disruption with its fundamental connection to the 'physical' heart. Dr Tom Cowan has written an outstanding book challenging the belief that the heart is a pump and making the connection between the 'physical' and spiritual heart. Rudolph Steiner who was way ahead of his time said the same about the fallacy that the heart is a pump. *What*? The heart is not a pump? That's crazy, right? Everybody knows that. Read Cowan's *Human Heart, Cosmic Heart* and you will realise that the very idea of the heart as a pump is ridiculous when you see the evidence. How does blood in the feet so far from the heart get pumped horizontally up the body by the heart?? Cowan explains in the book the real reason why blood moves as it does. Our 'physical' heart is used to symbolise love when the source is really the heart vortex or spiritual heart which is our most powerful energetic connection to 'out there' expanded consciousness. That's why we feel *knowing* – intuitive knowing – in the centre of the chest. Knowing doesn't come from a process of thoughts leading to a conclusion. It is there in an instant all in one go. Our heart knows because of its connection to levels of awareness that *do* know. This is the meaning and source of intuition – intuitive *knowing*.

For the last more than 30 years of uncovering the global game and the nature of reality my heart has been my constant antenna for truth and accuracy. An American intelligence insider once said that I had quoted a disinformer in one of my books and yet I had only quoted the part that was true. He asked: 'How do you do that?' By using my heart antenna was the answer and anyone can do it. Heart-centred is how we are meant to be. With a closed heart chakra we withdraw into a closed mind and the bubble of five-sense reality. If you take a moment to focus your attention on the centre of your chest, picture a spinning wheel of light and see it opening and expanding. You will feel it happening, too, and perceptions of the heart like joy and love as the heart impacts on the mind as they interact. The more the chakra opens the more you will feel expressions of heart consciousness and as the process continues, and becomes part of you, insights and knowings will follow. An open

heart is connected to that level of awareness that knows all is *One*. You will see from its perspective that the fault-lines that divide us are only illusions to control us. An open heart does not process the illusions of race, creed and sexuality except as brief experiences for a consciousness that is all. Our heart does not see division, only unity (Figs 24 and 25). There's something else, too. Our hearts love to laugh. Mark Twain's quote that says 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter' is really a reference to the heart which loves to laugh with the joy of knowing the true nature of infinite reality and that all the madness of human society is an illusion of the mind. Twain also said: 'Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand.' This is so true of Wetiko and the Cult. Their insecurity demands that they be taken seriously and their power and authority acknowledged and feared. We should do nothing of the sort. We should not get aggressive or fearful which their insecurity so desires. We should laugh in their face. Even in their no-face as police come over in their face-nappies and expect to be taken seriously. They don't take themselves seriously looking like that so why should we? Laugh in the face of intimidation. Laugh in the face of tyranny. You will see by its reaction that you have pressed all of its buttons. Wetiko does not know what to do in the face of laughter or when its targets refuse to concede their joy to fear. We have seen many examples during the 'Covid' hoax when people have expressed their energetic power and the string puppets of Wetiko retreat with their tail limp between their knees. Laugh – the world is bloody mad after all and if it's a choice between laughter and tears I know which way I'm going.

Figure 24: Head consciousness without the heart sees division and everything apart from everything else.

Figure 25: Heart consciousness sees everything as One.

'Vaccines' and the soul

The foundation of Wetiko/Archon control of humans is the separation of incarnate five-sense mind from the infinite 'I' and closing the heart chakra where the True 'I' lives during a human life. The goal has been to achieve complete separation in both cases. I was interested therefore to read an account by a French energetic healer of what she said she experienced with a patient who had been given the 'Covid' vaccine. Genuine energy healers can sense information and consciousness fields at different levels of being which are referred to as 'subtle bodies'. She described treating the patient who later returned after having, without the healer's knowledge, two doses of the 'Covid vaccine'. The healer said:

I noticed immediately the change, very heavy energy emanating from [the] subtle bodies. The scariest thing was when I was working on the heart chakra, I connected with her soul: it was detached from the physical body, it had no contact and it was, as if it was floating in a state of total confusion: a damage to the consciousness that loses contact with the physical body, i.e. with our biological machine, there is no longer any communication between them.

I continued the treatment by sending light to the heart chakra, the soul of the person, but it seemed that the soul could no longer receive any light, frequency or energy. It was a very powerful experience for me. Then I understood that this substance is indeed used to detach consciousness so that this consciousness can no longer interact through this body that it possesses in life, where there is no longer any contact, no frequency, no light, no more energetic balance or mind.

This would create a human that is rudderless and at the extreme almost zombie-like operating with a fractional state of consciousness at the mercy of Wetiko. I was especially intrigued by what the healer said in the light of the prediction by the highly-informed Rudolf Steiner more than a hundred years ago. He said:

> In the future, we will eliminate the soul with medicine. Under the pretext of a 'healthy point of view', there will be a vaccine by which the human body will be treated as soon as possible directly at birth, so that the human being cannot develop the thought of the existence of soul and Spirit. To materialistic doctors will be entrusted the task of removing the soul of humanity.
>
> As today, people are vaccinated against this disease or that disease, so in the future, children will be vaccinated with a substance that can be produced precisely in such a way that people, thanks to this vaccination, will be immune to being subjected to the 'madness' of spiritual life. He would be extremely smart, but he would not develop a conscience, and that is the true goal of some materialistic circles.

Steiner said the vaccine would detach the physical body from the etheric body (subtle bodies) and 'once the etheric body is detached the relationship between the universe and the etheric body would become extremely unstable, and man would become an automaton'. He said 'the physical body of man must be polished on this Earth by spiritual will – so the vaccine becomes a kind of arymanique (Wetiko) force' and 'man can no longer get rid of a given materialistic feeling'. Humans would then, he said, become 'materialistic of constitution and can no longer rise to the spiritual'. I have been writing for years about DNA being a receiver-transmitter of information that connects us to other levels of reality and these 'vaccines' changing DNA can be likened to changing an antenna and what it can transmit and receive. Such a disconnection would clearly lead to changes in personality and perception. Steiner further predicted the arrival of AI. Big Pharma 'Covid vaccine' makers, expressions of Wetiko, are testing their DNA-manipulating evil on children as I write with a view to giving the 'vaccine' to babies. If it's a soul-body disconnector – and I say that it is or can be – every child would be disconnected from 'soul' at birth and the 'vaccine' would create a closed system in which spiritual guidance from the greater self would play no part. This has been the ambition of Wetiko all

along. A Pentagon video from 2005 was leaked of a presentation explaining the development of vaccines to change behaviour by their effect on the brain. Those that believe this is not happening with the 'Covid' genetically-modifying procedure masquerading as a 'vaccine' should make an urgent appointment with Naivety Anonymous. Klaus Schwab wrote in 2018:

> Neurotechnologies enable us to better influence consciousness and thought and to understand many activities of the brain. They include decoding what we are thinking in fine levels of detail through new chemicals and interventions that can influence our brains to correct for errors or enhance functionality.

The plan is clear and only the heart can stop it. With every heart that opens, every mind that awakens, Wetiko is weakened. Heart and love are far more powerful than head and hate and so nothing like a majority is needed to turn this around.

Beyond the Phantom

Our heart is the prime target of Wetiko and so it must be the answer to Wetiko. We *are* our heart which is part of one heart, the infinite heart. Our heart is where the true self lives in a human life behind firewalls of five-sense illusion when an imposter takes its place – *Phantom Self*; but our heart waits patiently to be set free any time we choose to see beyond the Phantom, beyond Wetiko. A Wetikoed Phantom Self can wreak mass death and destruction while the love of forever is locked away in its heart. The time is here to unleash its power and let it sweep away the fear and despair that is Wetiko. Heart consciousness does not seek manipulated, censored, advantage for its belief or religion, its activism and desires. As an expression of the One it treats all as One with the same rights to freedom and opinion. Our heart demands fairness for itself no more than for others. From this unity of heart we can come together in mutual support and transform this Wetikoed world into what reality is meant to be – a place of love, joy, happiness, fairness, justice and freedom. Wetiko has another agenda and that's why the world is as

it is, but enough of this nonsense. Wetiko can't stay where hearts are open and it works so hard to keep them closed. Fear is its currency and its food source and love in its true sense has no fear. Why would love have fear when it knows it is *All That Is, Has Been, And Ever Can Be* on an eternal exploration of all possibility? Love in this true sense is not the physical attraction that passes for love. This can be an expression of it, yes, but Infinite Love, a love without condition, goes far deeper to the core of all being. It *is* the core of all being. Infinite realty was born from love beyond the illusions of the simulation. Love infinitely expressed is the knowing that all is One and the swiftly-passing experience of separation is a temporary hallucination. You cannot disconnect from Oneness; you can only *perceive* that you have and withdraw from its influence. This is the most important of all perception trickery by the mind parasite that is Wetiko and the foundation of all its potential for manipulation.

If we open our hearts, open the sluice gates of the mind, and redefine self-identity amazing things start to happen. Consciousness expands or contracts in accordance with self-identity. When true self is recognised as infinite awareness and label self – Phantom Self – is seen as only a series of brief experiences life is transformed. Consciousness expands to the extent that self-identity expands and everything changes. You see unity, not division, the picture, not the pixels. From this we can play the long game. No more is an experience something in and of itself, but a fleeting moment in the eternity of forever. Suddenly people in uniform and dark suits are no longer intimidating. Doing what your heart knows to be right is no longer intimidating and consequences for those actions take on the same nature of a brief experience that passes in the blink of an infinite eye. Intimidation is all in the mind. Beyond the mind there is no intimidation.

An open heart does not consider consequences for what it knows to be right. To do so would be to consider not doing what it knows to be right and for a heart in its power that is never an option. The Renegade Mind is really the Renegade Heart. Consideration of consequences will always provide a getaway car for the mind and

the heart doesn't want one. What is right in the light of what we face today is to stop cooperating with Wetiko in all its forms and to do it without fear or compromise. You cannot compromise with tyranny when tyranny always demands more until it has everything. Life is your perception and you are your destiny. Change your perception and you change your life. Change collective perception and we change the world.

Come on people … One human family, One heart, One goal … *FREEEEEEDOM*!

We must settle for nothing less.

Postscript

The big scare story as the book goes to press is the 'Indian' variant and the world is being deluged with propaganda about the 'Covid catastrophe' in India which mirrors in its lies and misrepresentations what happened in Italy before the first lockdown in 2020.

The *New York Post* published a picture of someone who had 'collapsed in the street from Covid' in India in April, 2021, which was actually taken during a gas leak in May, 2020. Same old, same old. Media articles in mid-February were asking why India had been so untouched by 'Covid' and then as their vaccine rollout gathered pace the alleged 'cases' began to rapidly increase. Indian 'Covid vaccine' maker Bharat Biotech was funded into existence by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (the pair announced their divorce in May, 2021, which is a pity because they so deserve each other). The Indian 'Covid crisis' was ramped up by the media to terrify the world and prepare people for submission to still more restrictions. The scam that worked the first time was being repeated only with far more people seeing through the deceit. Davidicke.com and Ickonic.com have sought to tell the true story of what is happening by talking to people living through the Indian nightmare which has nothing to do with 'Covid'. We posted a letter from 'Alisha' in Pune who told a very different story to government and media mendacity. She said scenes of dying people and overwhelmed hospitals were designed to hide what was really happening – genocide and starvation. Alisha said that millions had already died of starvation during the ongoing lockdowns while government and media were lying and making it look like the 'virus':

Restaurants, shops, gyms, theatres, basically everything is shut. The cities are ghost towns. Even so-called 'essential' businesses are only open till 11am in the morning. You basically have just an hour to buy food and then your time is up.

Inter-state travel and even inter-district travel is banned. The cops wait at all major crossroads to question why you are traveling outdoors or to fine you if you are not wearing a mask.

The medical community here is also complicit in genocide, lying about hospitals being full and turning away people with genuine illnesses, who need immediate care. They have even created a shortage of oxygen cylinders.

This is the classic Cult modus operandi played out in every country. Alisha said that people who would not have a PCR test not testing for the 'virus' were being denied hospital treatment. She said the people hit hardest were migrant workers and those in rural areas. Most businesses employed migrant workers and with everything closed there were no jobs, no income and no food. As a result millions were dying of starvation or malnutrition. All this was happening under Prime Minister Narendra Modi, a 100-percent asset of the Cult, and it emphasises yet again the scale of pure anti-human evil we are dealing with. Australia banned its people from returning home from India with penalties for trying to do so of up to five years in jail and a fine of £37,000. The manufactured 'Covid' crisis in India was being prepared to justify further fascism in the West. Obvious connections could be seen between the Indian 'vaccine' programme and increased 'cases' and this became a common theme. The Seychelles, the most per capita 'Covid vaccinated' population in the world, went back into lockdown after a 'surge of cases'.

Long ago the truly evil Monsanto agricultural biotechnology corporation with its big connections to Bill Gates devastated Indian farming with genetically-modified crops. Human rights activist Gurcharan Singh highlighted the efforts by the Indian government to complete the job by destroying the food supply to hundreds of millions with 'Covid' lockdowns. He said that 415 million people at the bottom of the disgusting caste system (still going whatever they say) were below the poverty line and struggled to feed themselves every year. Now the government was imposing lockdown at just the

time to destroy the harvest. This deliberate policy was leading to mass starvation. People may reel back at the suggestion that a government would do that, but Wetiko-controlled 'leaders' are capable of any level of evil. In fact what is described in India is in the process of being instigated worldwide. The food chain and food supply are being targeted at every level to cause world hunger and thus control. Bill Gates is not the biggest owner of farmland in America for no reason and destroying access to food aids both the depopulation agenda and the plan for synthetic 'food' already being funded into existence by Gates. Add to this the coming hyper-inflation from the suicidal creation of fake 'money' in response to 'Covid' and the breakdown of container shipping systems and you have a cocktail that can only lead one way and is meant to. The Cult plan is to crash the entire system to 'build back better' with the Great Reset.

'Vaccine' transmission

Reports from all over the world continue to emerge of women suffering menstrual and fertility problems after having the fake 'vaccine' and of the non-'vaccinated' having similar problems when interacting with the 'vaccinated'. There are far too many for 'coincidence' to be credible. We've had menopausal women getting periods, others having periods stop or not stopping for weeks, passing clots, sometimes the lining of the uterus, breast irregularities, and miscarriages (which increased by 400 percent in parts of the United States). Non-'vaccinated' men and children have suffered blood clots and nose bleeding after interaction with the 'vaccinated'. Babies have died from the effects of breast milk from a 'vaccinated' mother. Awake doctors – the small minority – speculated on the cause of non-'vaccinated' suffering the same effects as the 'vaccinated'. Was it nanotechnology in the synthetic substance transmitting frequencies or was it a straight chemical bioweapon that was being transmitted between people? I am not saying that some kind of chemical transmission is not one possible answer, but the foundation of all that the Cult does is frequency and

this is fertile ground for understanding how transmission can happen. American doctor Carrie Madej, an internal medicine physician and osteopath, has been practicing for the last 20 years, teaching medical students, and she says attending different meetings where the agenda for humanity was discussed. Madej, who operates out of Georgia, did not dismiss other possible forms of transmission, but she focused on frequency in search of an explanation for transmission. She said the Moderna and Pfizer 'vaccines' contained nano-lipid particles as a key component. This was a brand new technology never before used on humanity. 'They're using a nanotechnology which is pretty much little tiny computer bits … nanobots or hydrogel.' Inside the 'vaccines' was 'this sci-fi kind of substance' which suppressed immune checkpoints to get into the cell. I referred to this earlier as the 'Trojan horse' technique that tricks the cell into opening a gateway for the self-replicating synthetic material and while the immune system is artificially suppressed the body has no defences. Madej said the substance served many purposes including an on-demand ability to 'deliver the payload' and using the nano 'computer bits' as biosensors in the body. 'It actually has the ability to accumulate data from your body, like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts, emotions, all kinds of things.'

She said the technology obviously has the ability to operate through Wi-Fi and transmit and receive energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. 'Just imagine you're getting this new substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones.' We had something completely foreign in the human body that had never been launched large scale at a time when we were seeing 5G going into schools and hospitals (plus the Musk satellites) and she believed the 'vaccine' transmission had something to do with this: '… if these people have this inside of them … it can act like an antenna and actually transmit it outwardly as well.' The synthetic substance produced its own voltage and so it could have that kind of effect. This fits with my own contention that the nano receiver-transmitters are designed to connect people to the

Smart Grid and break the receiver-transmitter connection to expanded consciousness. That would explain the French energy healer's experience of the disconnection of body from 'soul' with those who have had the 'vaccine'. The nanobots, self-replicating inside the body, would also transmit the synthetic frequency which could be picked up through close interaction by those who have not been 'vaccinated'. Madej speculated that perhaps it was 5G and increased levels of other radiation that was causing the symptoms directly although interestingly she said that non-'vaccinated' patients had shown improvement when they were away from the 'vaccinated' person they had interacted with. It must be remembered that you can control frequency and energy with your mind and you can consciously create energetic barriers or bubbles with the mind to stop damaging frequencies from penetrating your field. American paediatrician Dr Larry Palevsky said the 'vaccine' was not a 'vaccine' and was never designed to protect from a 'viral' infection. He called it 'a massive, brilliant propaganda of genocide' because they didn't have to inject everyone to get the result they wanted. He said the content of the jabs was able to infuse any material into the brain, heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, sperm and female productive system. 'This is genocide; this is a weapon of mass destruction.' At the same time American colleges were banning students from attending if they didn't have this life-changing and potentially life-ending 'vaccine'. Class action lawsuits must follow when the consequences of this college fascism come to light. As the book was going to press came reports about fertility effects on sperm in 'vaccinated' men which would absolutely fit with what I have been saying and hospitals continued to fill with 'vaccine' reactions. Another question is what about transmission via blood transfusions? The NHS has extended blood donation restrictions from seven days after a 'Covid vaccination' to 28 days after even a sore arm reaction.

I said in the spring of 2020 that the then touted 'Covid vaccine' would be ongoing each year like the flu jab. A year later Pfizer CEO, the appalling Albert Bourla, said people would 'likely' need a 'booster dose' of the 'vaccine' within 12 months of getting 'fully

vaccinated' and then a yearly shot. 'Variants will play a key role', he said confirming the point. Johnson & Johnson CEO Alex Gorsky also took time out from his 'vaccine' disaster to say that people may need to be vaccinated against 'Covid-19' each year. UK Health Secretary, the psychopath Matt Hancock, said additional 'boosters' would be available in the autumn of 2021. This is the trap of the 'vaccine passport'. The public will have to accept every last 'vaccine' they introduce, including for the fake 'variants', or it would cease to be valid. The only other way in some cases would be continuous testing with a test not testing for the 'virus' and what is on the swabs constantly pushed up your noise towards the brain every time?

'Vaccines' changing behaviour

I mentioned in the body of the book how I believed we would see gathering behaviour changes in the 'vaccinated' and I am already hearing such comments from the non-'vaccinated' describing behaviour changes in friends, loved ones and work colleagues. This will only increase as the self-replicating synthetic material and nanoparticles expand in body and brain. An article in the *Guardian* in 2016 detailed research at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville which developed a new method for controlling brain circuits associated with complex animal behaviour. The method, dubbed 'magnetogenetics', involves genetically-engineering a protein called ferritin, which stores and releases iron, to create a magnetised substance – 'Magneto' – that can activate specific groups of nerve cells from a distance. This is claimed to be an advance on other methods of brain activity manipulation known as optogenetics and chemogenetics (the Cult has been developing methods of brain control for a long time). The ferritin technique is said to be non-invasive and able to activate neurons 'rapidly and reversibly'. In other words, human thought and perception. The article said that earlier studies revealed how nerve cell proteins 'activated by heat and mechanical pressure can be genetically engineered so that they become sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields, by attaching them to an iron-storing protein called ferritin, or to inorganic

paramagnetic particles'. Sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields? You mean like 5G, 6G and 7G? This is the human-AI Smart Grid hive mind we are talking about. The *Guardian* article said:

> … the researchers injected Magneto into the striatum of freely behaving mice, a deep brain structure containing dopamine-producing neurons that are involved in reward and motivation, and then placed the animals into an apparatus split into magnetised and non-magnetised sections.
>
> Mice expressing Magneto spent far more time in the magnetised areas than mice that did not, because activation of the protein caused the striatal neurons expressing it to release dopamine, so that the mice found being in those areas rewarding. This shows that Magneto can remotely control the firing of neurons deep within the brain, and also control complex behaviours.

Make no mistake this basic methodology will be part of the 'Covid vaccine' cocktail and using magnetics to change brain function through electromagnetic field frequency activation. The Pentagon is developing a 'Covid vaccine' using ferritin. Magnetics would explain changes in behaviour and why videos are appearing across the Internet as I write showing how magnets stick to the skin at the point of the 'vaccine' shot. Once people take these 'vaccines' anything becomes possible in terms of brain function and illness which will be blamed on 'Covid-19' and 'variants'. Magnetic field manipulation would further explain why the non-'vaccinated' are reporting the same symptoms as the 'vaccinated' they interact with and why those symptoms are reported to decrease when not in their company. Interestingly 'Magneto', a 'mutant', is a character in the Marvel Comic *X-Men* stories with the ability to manipulate magnetic fields and he believes that mutants should fight back against their human oppressors by any means necessary. The character was born Erik Lehnsherr to a Jewish family in Germany.

Cult-controlled courts

The European Court of Human Rights opened the door for mandatory 'Covid-19 vaccines' across the continent when it ruled in a Czech Republic dispute over childhood immunisation that legally

enforced vaccination could be 'necessary in a democratic society'. The 17 judges decided that compulsory vaccinations did not breach human rights law. On the face of it the judgement was so inverted you gasp for air. If not having a vaccine infused into your body is not a human right then what is? Ah, but they said human rights law which has been specifically written to delete all human rights at the behest of the state (the Cult). Article 8 of the European Convention on Human Rights relates to the right to a private life. The crucial word here is *'except'*:

> There shall be no interference by a public authority with the exercise of this right EXCEPT such as is in accordance with the law and is necessary in a democratic society in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic wellbeing of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others [My emphasis].

No interference *except* in accordance with the law means there *are* no 'human rights' *except* what EU governments decide you can have at their behest. 'As is necessary in a democratic society' explains that reference in the judgement and 'in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic well-being of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others' gives the EU a coach and horses to ride through 'human rights' and scatter them in all directions. The judiciary is not a check and balance on government extremism; it is a vehicle to enforce it. This judgement was almost laughably predictable when the last thing the Cult wanted was a decision that went against mandatory vaccination. Judges rule over and over again to benefit the system of which they are a part. Vaccination disputes that come before them are invariably delivered in favour of doctors and authorities representing the view of the state which owns the judiciary. Oh, yes, and we have even had calls to stop putting 'Covid-19' on death certificates within 28 days of a 'positive test' because it is claimed the practice makes the 'vaccine' appear not to work. They are laughing at you.

The scale of madness, inhumanity and things to come was highlighted when those not 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' were refused evacuation from the Caribbean island of St Vincent during massive volcanic eruptions. Cruise ships taking residents to the safety of another island allowed only the 'vaccinated' to board and the rest were left to their fate. Even in life and death situations like this we see 'Covid' stripping people of their most basic human instincts and the insanity is even more extreme when you think that fake 'vaccine'-makers are not even claiming their body-manipulating concoctions stop 'infection' and 'transmission' of a 'virus' that doesn't exist. St Vincent Prime Minister Ralph Gonsalves said: 'The chief medical officer will be identifying the persons already vaccinated so that we can get them on the ship.' Note again the power of the chief medical officer who, like Whitty in the UK, will be answering to the World Health Organization. This is the Cult network structure that has overridden politicians who 'follow the science' which means doing what WHO-controlled 'medical officers' and 'science advisers' tell them. Gonsalves even said that residents who were 'vaccinated' after the order so they could board the ships would still be refused entry due to possible side effects such as 'wooziness in the head'. The good news is that if they were woozy enough in the head they could qualify to be prime minister of St Vincent.

Microchipping freedom

The European judgement will be used at some point to justify moves to enforce the 'Covid' DNA-manipulating procedure. Sandra Ro, CEO of the Global Blockchain Business Council, told a World Economic Forum event that she hoped 'vaccine passports' would help to 'drive forced consent and standardisation' of global digital identity schemes: 'I'm hoping with the desire and global demand for some sort of vaccine passport – so that people can get travelling and working again – [it] will drive forced consent, standardisation, and frankly, cooperation across the world.' The lady is either not very bright, or thoroughly mendacious, to use the term 'forced consent'.

You do not 'consent' if you are forced – you *submit*. She was describing what the plan has been all along and that's to enforce a digital identity on every human without which they could not function. 'Vaccine passports' are opening the door and are far from the end goal. A digital identity would allow you to be tracked in everything you do in cyberspace and this is the same technique used by Cult-owned China to enforce its social credit system of total control. The ultimate 'passport' is planned to be a microchip as my books have warned for nearly 30 years. Those nice people at the Pentagon working for the Cult-controlled Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) claimed in April, 2021, they have developed a microchip inserted under the skin to detect 'asymptomatic Covid-19 infection' before it becomes an outbreak and a 'revolutionary filter' that can remove the 'virus' from the blood when attached to a dialysis machine. The only problems with this are that the 'virus' does not exist and people transmitting the 'virus' with no symptoms is brain-numbing bullshit. This is, of course, not a ruse to get people to be microchipped for very different reasons. DARPA also said it was producing a one-stop 'vaccine' for the 'virus' and all 'variants'. One of the most sinister organisations on Planet Earth is doing this? Better have it then. These people are insane because Wetiko that possesses them is insane.

Researchers from the Salk Institute in California announced they have created an embryo that is part human and part monkey. My books going back to the 1990s have exposed experiments in top secret underground facilities in the United States where humans are being crossed with animal and non-human 'extraterrestrial' species. They are now easing that long-developed capability into the public arena and there is much more to come given we are dealing with psychiatric basket cases. Talking of which – Elon Musk's scientists at Neuralink trained a monkey to play Pong and other puzzles on a computer screen using a joystick and when the monkey made the correct move a metal tube squirted banana smoothie into his mouth which is the basic technique for training humans into unquestioning compliance. Two Neuralink chips were in the monkey's skull and

more than 2,000 wires 'fanned out' into its brain. Eventually the monkey played a video game purely with its brain waves. Psychopathic narcissist Musk said the 'breakthrough' was a step towards putting Neuralink chips into human skulls and merging minds with artificial intelligence. *Exactly*. This man is so dark and Cult to his DNA.

World Economic Fascism (WEF)

The World Economic Forum is telling you the plan by the statements made at its many and various events. Cult-owned fascist YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki spoke at the 2021 WEF Global Technology Governance Summit (see the name) in which 40 governments and 150 companies met to ensure 'the responsible design and deployment of emerging technologies'. Orwellian translation: 'Ensuring the design and deployment of long-planned technologies will advance the Cult agenda for control and censorship.' Freedom-destroyer and Nuremberg-bound Wojcicki expressed support for tech platforms like hers to censor content that is 'technically legal but could be harmful'. Who decides what is 'harmful'? She does and they do. 'Harmful' will be whatever the Cult doesn't want people to see and we have legislation proposed by the UK government that would censor content on the basis of 'harm' no matter if the information is fair, legal and provably true. Make that *especially* if it is fair, legal and provably true. Wojcicki called for a global coalition to be formed to enforce content moderation standards through automated censorship. This is a woman and mega-censor so self-deluded that she shamelessly accepted a 'free expression' award – *Wojcicki* – in an event sponsored by her own *YouTube*. They have no shame and no self-awareness.

You know that 'Covid' is a scam and Wojcicki a Cult operative when YouTube is censoring medical and scientific opinion purely on the grounds of whether it supports or opposes the Cult 'Covid' narrative. Florida governor Ron DeSantis compiled an expert panel with four professors of medicine from Harvard, Oxford, and Stanford Universities who spoke against forcing children and

vaccinated people to wear masks. They also said there was no proof that lockdowns reduced spread or death rates of 'Covid-19'. Cult-gofer Wojcicki and her YouTube deleted the panel video 'because it included content that contradicts the consensus of local and global health authorities regarding the efficacy of masks to prevent the spread of Covid-19'. This 'consensus' refers to what the Cult tells the World Health Organization to say and the WHO tells 'local health authorities' to do. Wojcicki knows this, of course. The panellists pointed out that censorship of scientific debate was responsible for deaths from many causes, but Wojcicki couldn't care less. She would not dare go against what she is told and as a disgrace to humanity she wouldn't want to anyway. The UK government is seeking to pass a fascist 'Online Safety Bill' to specifically target with massive fines and other means non-censored video and social media platforms to make them censor 'lawful but harmful' content like the Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube. What is 'lawful but harmful' would be decided by the fascist Blair-created Ofcom.

Another WEF obsession is a cyber-attack on the financial system and this is clearly what the Cult has planned to take down the bank accounts of everyone – except theirs. Those that think they have enough money for the Cult agenda not to matter to them have got a big lesson coming if they continue to ignore what is staring them in the face. The World Economic Forum, funded by Gates and fronted by Klaus Schwab, announced it would be running a 'simulation' with the Russian government and global banks of just such an attack called Cyber Polygon 2021. What they simulate – as with the 'Covid' Event 201 – they plan to instigate. The WEF is involved in a project with the Cult-owned Carnegie Endowment for International Peace called the WEF-Carnegie Cyber Policy Initiative which seeks to merge Wall Street banks, 'regulators' (I love it) and intelligence agencies to 'prevent' (arrange and allow) a cyber-attack that would bring down the global financial system as long planned by those that control the WEF and the Carnegie operation. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace sent an instruction to First World

War US President Woodrow Wilson not to let the war end before society had been irreversibly transformed.

The Wuhan lab diversion

As I close, the Cult-controlled authorities and lapdog media are systematically pushing 'the virus was released from the Wuhan lab' narrative. There are two versions – it happened by accident and it happened on purpose. Both are nonsense. The perceived existence of the never-shown-to-exist 'virus' is vital to sell the impression that there is actually an infective agent to deal with and to allow the endless potential for terrifying the population with 'variants' of a 'virus' that does not exist. The authorities at the time of writing are going with the 'by accident' while the alternative media is promoting the 'on purpose'. Cable news host Tucker Carlson who has questioned aspects of lockdown and 'vaccine' compulsion has bought the Wuhan lab story. 'Everyone now agrees' he said. Well, I don't and many others don't and the question is *why* does the system and its media suddenly 'agree'? When the media moves as one unit with a narrative it is always a lie – witness the hour by hour mendacity of the 'Covid' era. Why would this Cult-owned combination which has unleashed lies like machine gun fire suddenly 'agree' to tell the truth??

Much of the alternative media is buying the lie because it fits the conspiracy narrative, but it's the *wrong* conspiracy. The real conspiracy is that *there is no virus* and that is what the Cult is desperate to hide. The idea that the 'virus' was released by accident is ludicrous when the whole 'Covid' hoax was clearly long-planned and waiting to be played out as it was so fast in accordance with the Rockefeller document and Event 201. So they prepared everything in detail over decades and then sat around strumming their fingers waiting for an 'accidental' release from a bio-lab? *What??* It's crazy. Then there's the 'on purpose' claim. You want to circulate a 'deadly virus' and hide the fact that you've done so and you release it down the street from the highest-level bio-lab in China? I repeat – *What??*

You would release it far from that lab to stop any association being made. But, no, we'll do it in a place where the connection was certain to be made. Why would you need to scam 'cases' and 'deaths' and pay hospitals to diagnose 'Covid-19' if you had a real 'virus'? What are sections of the alternative media doing believing this crap? Where were all the mass deaths in Wuhan from a 'deadly pathogen' when the recovery to normal life after the initial propaganda was dramatic in speed? Why isn't the 'deadly pathogen' now circulating all over China with bodies in the street? Once again we have the technique of tell them what they want to hear and they will likely believe it. The alternative media has its 'conspiracy' and with Carlson it fits with his 'China is the danger' narrative over years. China *is* a danger as a global Cult operations centre, but not for this reason. The Wuhan lab story also has the potential to instigate conflict with China when at some stage the plan is to trigger a Problem-Reaction-Solution confrontation with the West. Question everything – *everything* – and especially when the media agrees on a common party line.

Third wave ... fourth wave ... fifth wave ...

As the book went into production the world was being set up for more lockdowns and a 'third wave' supported by invented 'variants' that were increasing all the time and will continue to do so in public statements and computer programs, but not in reality. India became the new Italy in the 'Covid' propaganda campaign and we were told to be frightened of the new 'Indian strain'. Somehow I couldn't find it within myself to do so. A document produced for the UK government entitled 'Summary of further modelling of easing of restrictions – Roadmap Step 2' declared that a third wave was inevitable (of course when it's in the script) and it would be the fault of children and those who refuse the health-destroying fake 'Covid vaccine'. One of the computer models involved came from the Cult-owned *Imperial College* and the other from Warwick University which I wouldn't trust to tell me the date in a calendar factory. The document states that both models presumed extremely high uptake

of the 'Covid vaccines' and didn't allow for 'variants'. The document states: 'The resurgence is a result of some people (mostly children) being ineligible for vaccination; others choosing not to receive the vaccine; and others being vaccinated but not perfectly protected.' The mendacity takes the breath away. Okay, blame those with a brain who won't take the DNA-modifying shots and put more pressure on children to have it as 'trials' were underway involving children as young as six months with parents who give insanity a bad name. Massive pressure is being put on the young to have the fake 'vaccine' and child age consent limits have been systematically lowered around the world to stop parents intervening. Most extraordinary about the document was its claim that the 'third wave' would be driven by 'the resurgence in both hospitalisations and deaths … dominated by *those that have received two doses of the vaccine*, comprising around 60-70% of the wave respectively'. The predicted peak of the 'third wave' suggested 300 deaths per day with 250 of them *fully 'vaccinated' people*. How many more lies do acquiescers need to be told before they see the obvious? Those who took the jab to 'protect themselves' are projected to be those who mostly get sick and die? So what's in the 'vaccine'? The document went on:

> It is possible that a summer of low prevalence could be followed by substantial increases in incidence over the following autumn and winter. Low prevalence in late summer should not be taken as an indication that SARS-CoV-2 has retreated or that the population has high enough levels of immunity to prevent another wave.

They are telling you the script and while many British people believed 'Covid' restrictions would end in the summer of 2021 the government was preparing for them to be ongoing. Authorities were awarding contracts for 'Covid marshals' to police the restrictions with contracts starting in July, 2021, and going through to January 31st, 2022, and the government was advertising for 'Media Buying Services' to secure media propaganda slots worth a potential £320 million for 'Covid-19 campaigns' with a contract not ending until March, 2022. The recipient – via a list of other front companies – was reported to be American media marketing giant Omnicom Group

Inc. While money is no object for 'Covid' the UK waiting list for all other treatment – including life-threatening conditions – passed 4.5 million. Meantime the Cult is seeking to control all official 'inquiries' to block revelations about what has really been happening and why. It must not be allowed to – we need Nuremberg jury trials in every country. The cover-up doesn't get more obvious than appointing ultra-Zionist professor Philip Zelikow to oversee two dozen US virologists, public health officials, clinicians, former government officials and four American 'charitable foundations' to 'learn the lessons' of the 'Covid' debacle. The personnel will be those that created and perpetuated the 'Covid' lies while Zelikow is the former executive director of the 9/11 Commission who ensured that the truth about those attacks never came out and produced a report that must be among the most mendacious and manipulative documents ever written – see *The Trigger* for the detailed exposure of the almost unimaginable 9/11 story in which Sabbatians can be found at every level.

Passive no more

People are increasingly challenging the authorities with amazing numbers of people taking to the streets in London well beyond the ability of the Face-Nappies to stop them. Instead the Nappies choose situations away from the mass crowds to target, intimidate, and seek to promote the impression of 'violent protestors'. One such incident happened in London's Hyde Park. Hundreds of thousands walking through the streets in protest against 'Covid' fascism were ignored by the Cult-owned BBC and most of the rest of the mainstream media, but they delighted in reporting how police were injured in 'clashes with protestors'. The truth was that a group of people gathered in Hyde Park at the end of one march when most had gone home and they were peacefully having a good time with music and chat. Face-Nappies who couldn't deal with the full-march crowd then waded in with their batons and got more than they bargained for. Instead of just standing for this criminal brutality the crowd used their numerical superiority to push the Face-Nappies out of the

park. Eventually the Nappies turned and ran. Unfortunately two or three idiots in the crowd threw drink cans striking two officers which gave the media and the government the image they wanted to discredit the 99.9999 percent who were peaceful. The idiots walked straight into the trap and we must always be aware of potential agent provocateurs used by the authorities to discredit their targets.

This response from the crowd – the can people apart – must be a turning point when the public no longer stand by while the innocent are arrested and brutally attacked by the Face-Nappies. That doesn't mean to be violent, that's the last thing we need. We'll leave the violence to the Face-Nappies and government. But it does mean that when the Face-Nappies use violence against peaceful people the numerical superiority is employed to stop them and make citizen's arrests or Common Law arrests for a breach of the peace. The time for being passive in the face of fascism is over.

We are the many, they are the few, and we need to make that count before there is no freedom left and our children and grandchildren face an ongoing fascist nightmare.

COME ON PEOPLE – IT'S TIME.

One final thought …

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

I'll protect you from the hooded claw
Keep the vampires from your door
When the chips are down I'll be around
With my undying, death-defying
Love for you

Envy will hurt itself
Let yourself be beautiful
Sparkling love, flowers
And pearls and pretty girls
Love is like an energy
Rushin' rushin' inside of me

This time we go sublime
Lovers entwine, divine, divine,
Love is danger, love is pleasure
Love is pure – the only treasure

I'm so in love with you
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
The power of love
A force from above
A sky-scraping dove

Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

Frankie Goes To Hollywood

APPENDIX

Cowan-Kaufman-Morell Statement on Virus Isolation (SOVI)

Isolation: The action of isolating; the fact or condition of being isolated or standing alone; separation from other things or persons; solitariness
Oxford English Dictionary

The controversy over whether the SARS-CoV-2 virus has ever been isolated or purified continues. However, using the above definition, common sense, the laws of logic and the dictates of science, any unbiased person must come to the conclusion that the SARS-CoV-2 virus has never been isolated or purified. As a result, no confirmation of the virus' existence can be found. The logical, common sense, and scientific consequences of this fact are:

- the structure and composition of something not shown to exist can't be known, including the presence, structure, and function of any hypothetical spike or other proteins;
- the genetic sequence of something that has never been found can't be known;
- "variants" of something that hasn't been shown to exist can't be known;
- it's impossible to demonstrate that SARS-CoV-2 causes a disease called Covid-19.

In as concise terms as possible, here's the proper way to isolate, characterize and demonstrate a new virus. First, one takes samples (blood, sputum, secretions) from many people (e.g. 500) with symptoms which are unique and specific enough to characterize an illness. Without mixing these samples with ANY tissue or products that also contain genetic material, the virologist macerates, filters and ultracentrifuges i.e. *purifies* the specimen. This common virology technique, done for decades to isolate bacteriophages[1] and so-called giant viruses in every virology lab, then allows the virologist to demonstrate with electron microscopy thousands of identically sized and shaped particles. These particles are the isolated and purified virus.

These identical particles are then checked for uniformity by physical and/or microscopic techniques. Once the purity is determined, the particles may be further characterized. This would include examining the structure, morphology, and chemical composition of the particles. Next, their genetic makeup is characterized by extracting the genetic material directly from the purified particles and using genetic-sequencing techniques, such as Sanger sequencing, that have also been around for decades. Then one does an analysis to confirm that these uniform particles are exogenous (outside) in origin as a virus is conceptualized to be, and not the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.[2] (As of May 2020, we know that virologists have no way to determine whether the particles they're seeing are viruses or just normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.)[3]

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1 Isolation, characterization and analysis of bacteriophages from the haloalkaline lake Elmenteita, KenyaJuliah Khayeli Akhwale et al, PLOS One, Published: April 25, 2019. https://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0215734 – accessed 2/15/21

2 "Extracellular Vesicles Derived From Apoptotic Cells: An Essential Link Between Death and Regeneration," Maojiao Li1 et al, Frontiers in Cell and Developmental Biology, 2020 October 2. https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fcell.2020.573511/full – accessed 2/15/21

3 "The Role of Extraellular Vesicles as Allies of HIV, HCV and SARS Viruses," Flavia Giannessi, et al, Viruses, 2020 May

If we have come this far then we have fully isolated, characterized, and genetically sequenced an exogenous virus particle. However, we still have to show it is causally related to a disease. This is carried out by exposing a group of healthy subjects (animals are usually used) to this isolated, purified virus in the manner in which the disease is thought to be transmitted. If the animals get sick with the same disease, as confirmed by clinical and autopsy findings, one has now shown that the virus actually causes a disease. This demonstrates infectivity and transmission of an infectious agent.

None of these steps has even been attempted with the SARS-CoV-2 virus, nor have all these steps been successfully performed for any so-called pathogenic virus. Our research indicates that a single study showing these steps does not exist in the medical literature.

Instead, since 1954, virologists have taken unpurified samples from a relatively few people, often less than ten, with a similar disease. They then minimally process this sample and inoculate this unpurified sample onto tissue culture containing usually four to six other types of material – all of which contain identical genetic material as to what is called a "virus." The tissue culture is starved and poisoned and naturally disintegrates into many types of particles, some of which contain genetic material. Against all common sense, logic, use of the English language and scientific integrity, this process is called "virus isolation." This brew containing fragments of genetic material from many sources is then subjected to genetic analysis, which then creates in a computer-simulation process the alleged sequence of the alleged virus, a so called in silico genome. At no time is an actual virus confirmed by electron microscopy. At no time is a genome extracted and sequenced from an actual virus. This is scientific fraud.

The observation that the unpurified specimen — inoculated onto tissue culture along with toxic antibiotics, bovine fetal tissue, amniotic fluid and other tissues — destroys the kidney tissue onto which it is inoculated is given as evidence of the virus' existence and pathogenicity. This is scientific fraud.

From now on, when anyone gives you a paper that suggests the SARS-CoV-2 virus has been isolated, please check the methods sections. If the researchers used Vero cells or any other culture method, you know that their process was not isolation. You will hear the following excuses for why actual isolation isn't done:

1. There were not enough virus particles found in samples from patients to analyze.

2. Viruses are intracellular parasites; they can't be found outside the cell in this manner.

If No. 1 is correct, and we can't find the virus in the sputum of sick people, then on what evidence do we think the virus is dangerous or even lethal? If No. 2 is correct, then how is the virus spread from person to person? We are told it emerges from the cell to infect others. Then why isn't it possible to find it?

Finally, questioning these virology techniques and conclusions is not some distraction or divisive issue. Shining the light on this truth is essential to stop this terrible fraud that humanity is confronting. For, as we now know, if the virus has never been isolated, sequenced or shown to cause illness, if the virus is imaginary, then why are we wearing masks, social distancing and putting the whole world into prison?

Finally, if pathogenic viruses don't exist, then what is going into those injectable devices erroneously called "vaccines," and what is their purpose? This scientific question is the most urgent and relevant one of our time.

We are correct. The SARS-CoV2 virus does not exist.

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Dr. Thomas Cowan, MD
Dr. Andrew Kaufman, MD

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Across the range of subjects and positions of influence occupied mainly by people who don't strive to make things better it's the Media that I have always found the most frustrating and fascinating. Mainly because if the Media did their Jobs properly then so much of the negative things happening in the World simply would not be able to happen, because they would be exposed within a heartbeat.
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Jaymie Icke - Founder Ickonic Alternative Media.

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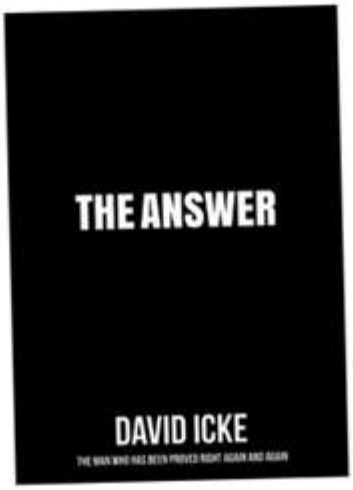

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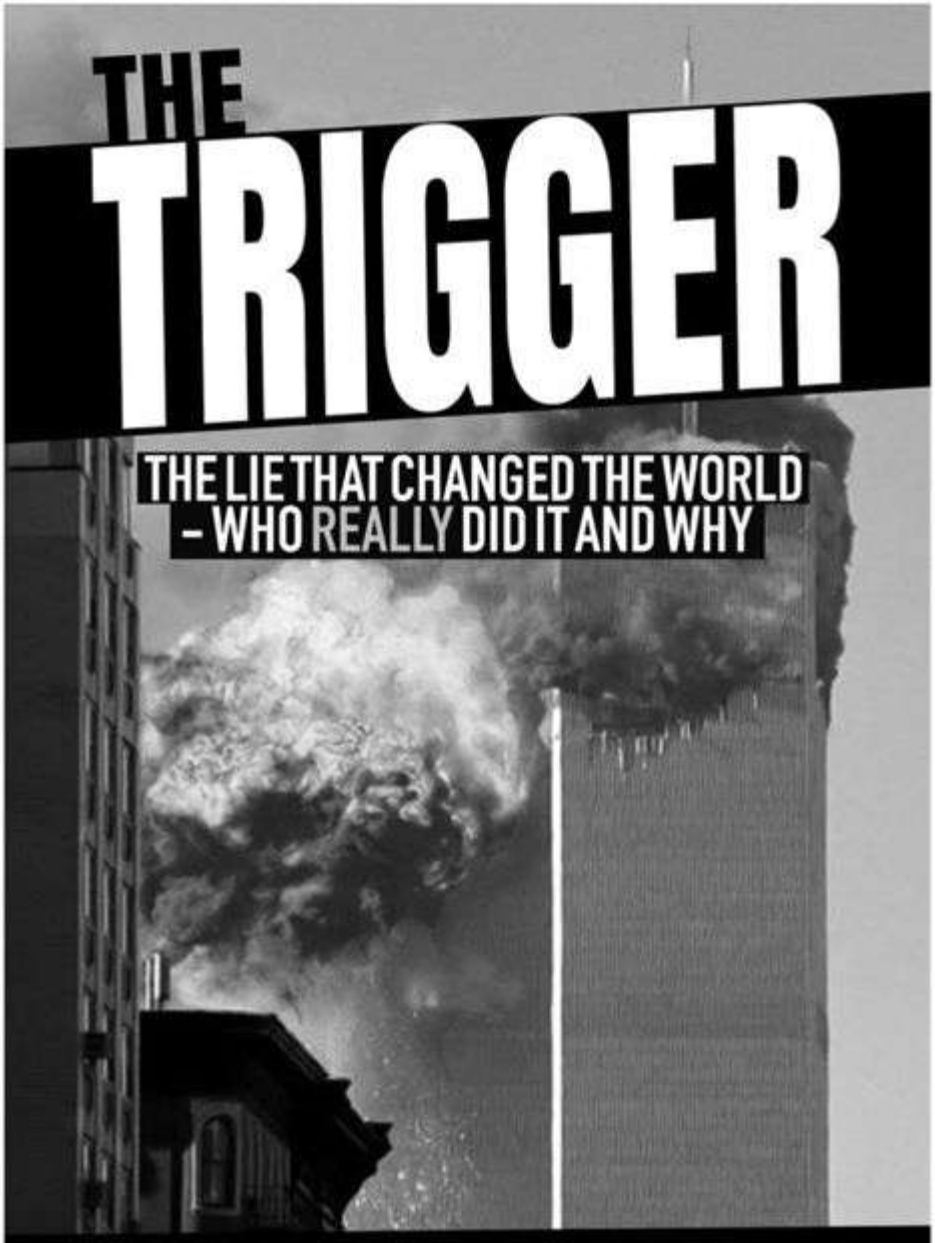

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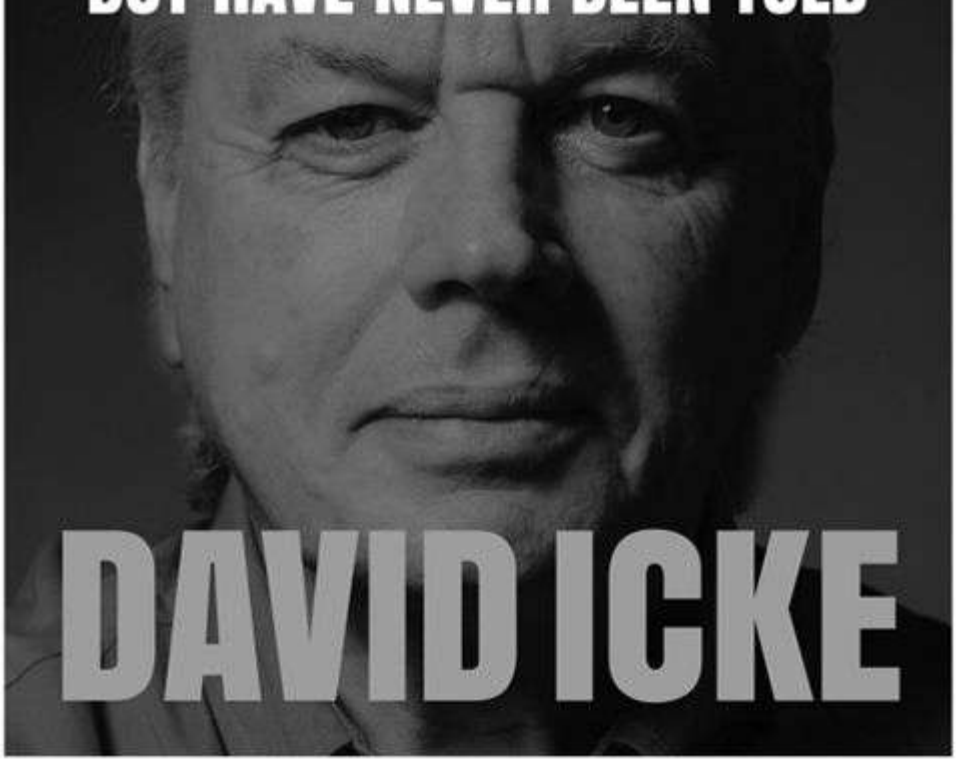

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noun

A person who behaves in a rebelliously unconventional manner.

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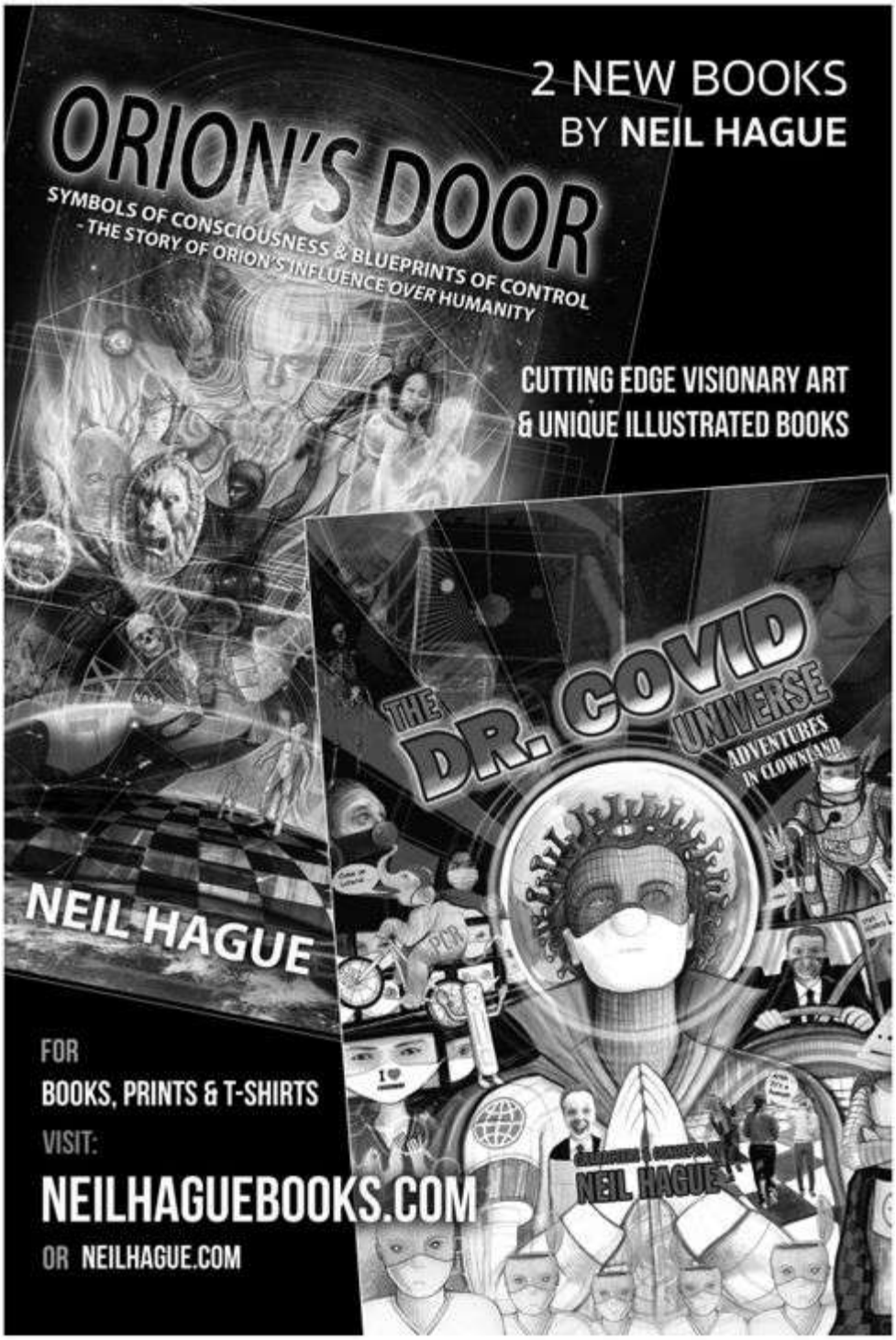
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For more detail, background and evidence about the subjects in *Perceptions of a Renegade Mind* – and so much more – see my others books including *And The Truth Shall Set You Free; The Biggest Secret; Children of the Matrix; The David Icke Guide to the Global Conspiracy; Tales from the Time Loop; The Perception Deception; Remember Who You Are; Human Race Get Off Your Knees; Phantom Self; Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told, The Trigger and The Answer*.

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PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

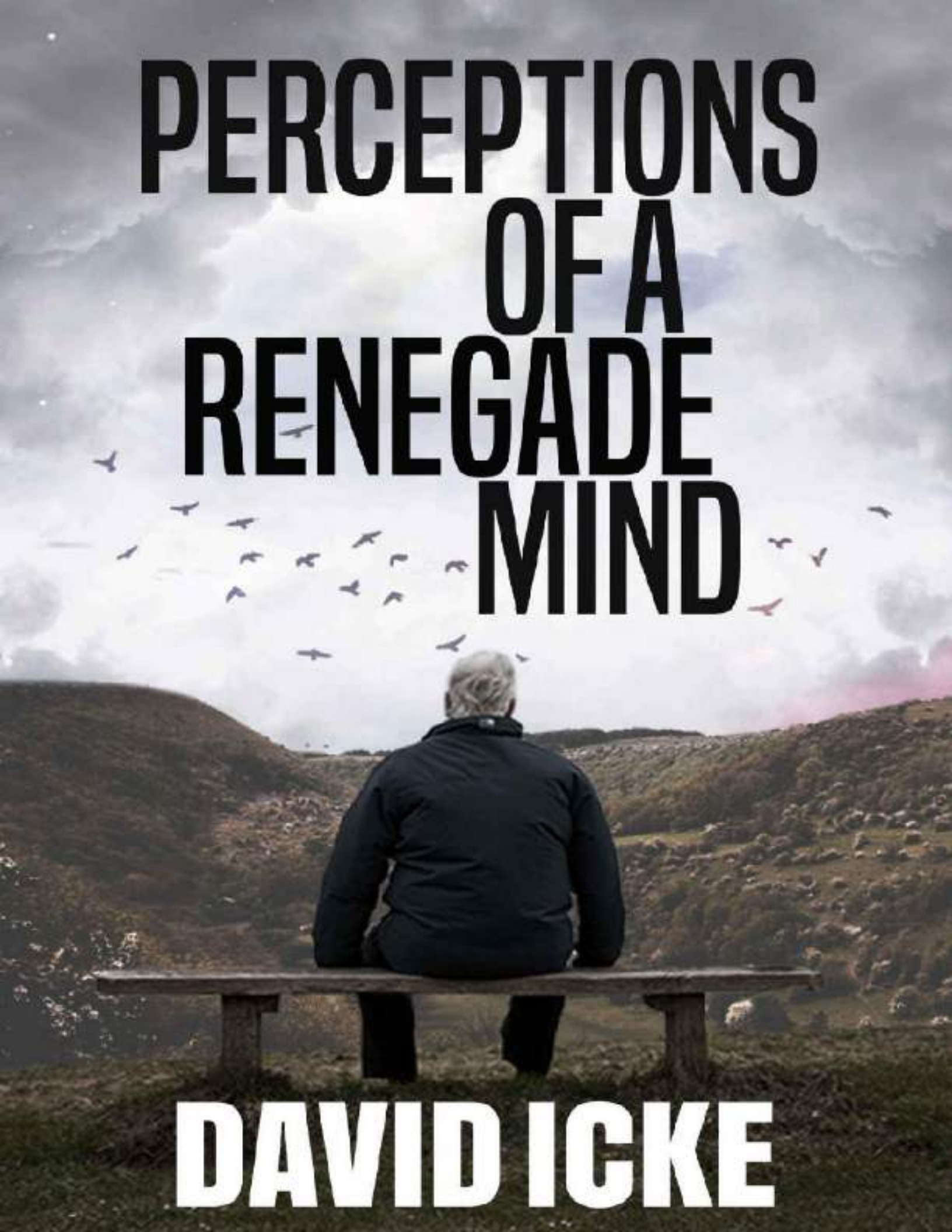

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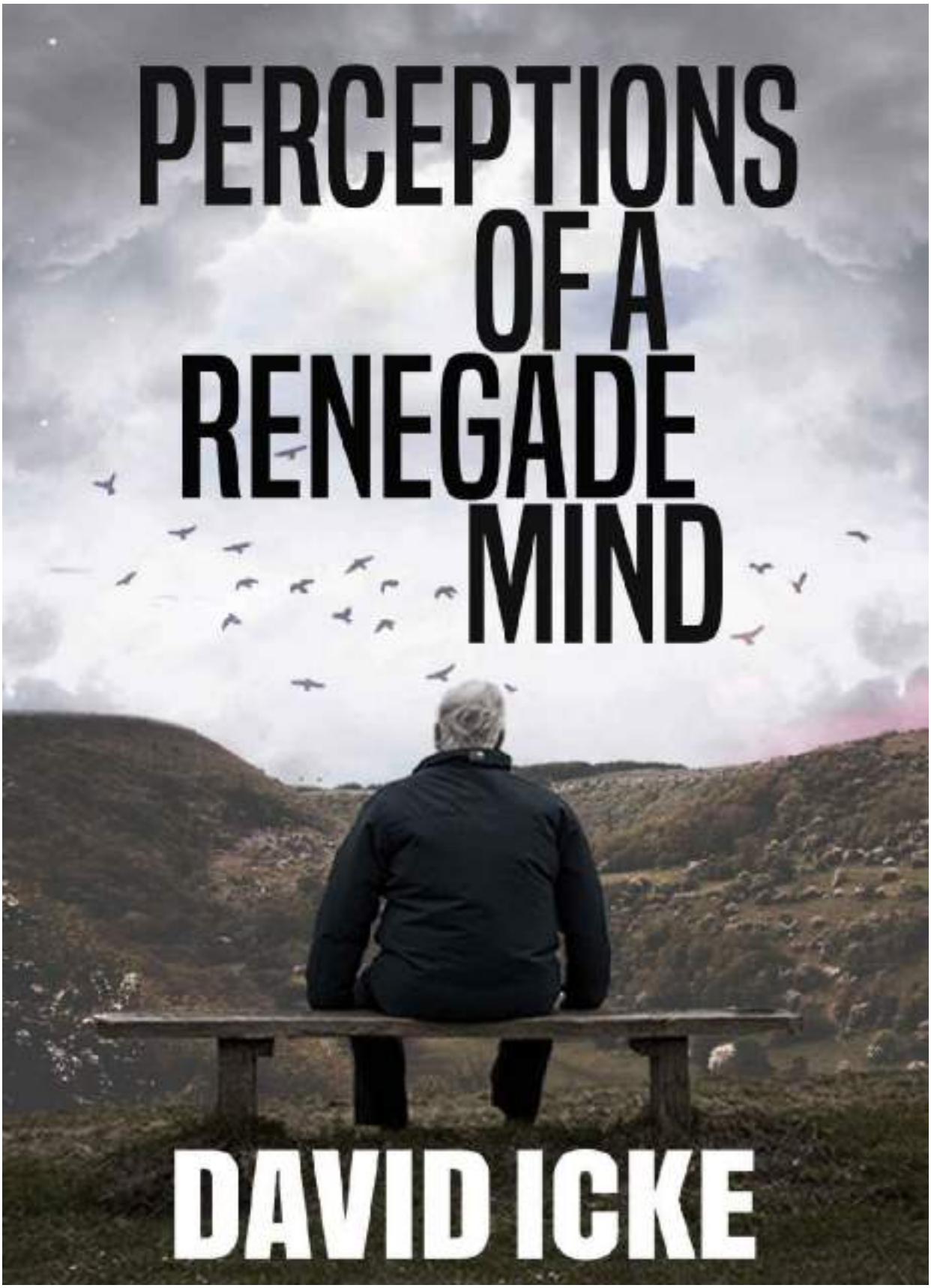
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PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

ickonic
publishing

First published in July 2021.

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St Helens Street
Derby
DE1 3GY
UK

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Cover Design: Gareth Icke
Book Design: Neil Hague

British Library Cataloguing-in Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

eISBN 978-18384153-1-0

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Renegade:
Adjective
'Having rejected tradition: Unconventional.'
Merriam-Webster Dictionary

Acquiescence to tyranny is the death of the spirit

You may be 38 years old, as I happen to be. And one day, some great opportunity stands before you and calls you to stand up for some great principle, some great issue, some great cause. And you refuse to do it because you are afraid … You refuse to do it because you want to live longer … You're afraid that you will lose your job, or you are afraid that you will be criticised or that you will lose your popularity, or you're afraid that somebody will stab you, or shoot at you or bomb your house; so you refuse to take the stand.

Well, you may go on and live until you are 90, but you're just as dead at 38 as you would be at 90. And the cessation of breathing in your life is but the belated announcement of an earlier death of the spirit.

Martin Luther King

How the few control the many and always have – the many do whatever they're told

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

The mist is lifting slowly
I can see the way ahead
And I've left behind the empty streets
That once inspired my life
And the strength of the emotion
Is like thunder in the air
'Cos the promise that we made each other
Haunts me to the end

The secret of your beauty
And the mystery of your soul
I've been searching for in everyone I meet
And the times I've been mistaken
It's impossible to say
And the grass is growing
Underneath our feet

The words that I remember
From my childhood still are true
That there's none so blind
As those who will not see
And to those who lack the courage
And say it's dangerous to try
Well they just don't know
That love eternal will not be denied

I know you're out there somewhere
Somewhere, somewhere
I know you're out there somewhere

Somewhere you can hear my voice
I know I'll find you somehow
Somehow, somehow
I know I'll find you somehow
And somehow I'll return again to you

The Moody Blues

Are you a gutless wonder - or a Renegade Mind?

Monuments put from pen to paper,
Turns me into a gutless wonder,
And if you tolerate this,
Then your children will be next.
Gravity keeps my head down,
Or is it maybe shame ...

Manic Street Preachers

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number.
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep have fallen on you.
Ye are many – they are few.

Percy Shelley

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CHAPTER ONE

I'm thinking' – Oh, but *are* you?

Think for yourself and let others enjoy the privilege of doing so too
Voltaire

French-born philosopher, mathematician and scientist René Descartes became famous for his statement in Latin in the 17th century which translates into English as: 'I think, therefore I am.'

On the face of it that is true. Thought reflects perception and perception leads to both behaviour and self-identity. In that sense 'we' are what we think. But who or what is doing the thinking and is thinking the only route to perception? Clearly, as we shall see, 'we' are not always the source of 'our' perception, indeed with regard to humanity as a whole this is rarely the case; and thinking is far from the only means of perception. Thought is the village idiot compared with other expressions of consciousness that we all have the potential to access and tap into. This has to be true when we *are* those other expressions of consciousness which are infinite in nature. We have forgotten this, or, more to the point, been manipulated to forget.

These are not just the esoteric musings of the navel. The whole foundation of human control and oppression is control of perception. Once perception is hijacked then so is behaviour which is dictated by perception. Collective perception becomes collective behaviour and collective behaviour is what we call human society. Perception is all and those behind human control know that which is

why perception is the target 24/7 of the psychopathic manipulators that I call the Global Cult. They know that if they dictate perception they will dictate behaviour and collectively dictate the nature of human society. They are further aware that perception is formed from information received and if they control the circulation of information they will to a vast extent direct human behaviour. Censorship of information and opinion has become globally Nazi-like in recent years and never more blatantly than since the illusory 'virus pandemic' was triggered out of China in 2019 and across the world in 2020. Why have billions submitted to house arrest and accepted fascistic societies in a way they would have never believed possible? Those controlling the information spewing from government, mainstream media and Silicon Valley (all controlled by the same Global Cult networks) told them they were in danger from a 'deadly virus' and only by submitting to house arrest and conceding their most basic of freedoms could they and their families be protected. This monumental and provable lie became the *perception* of the billions and therefore the *behaviour* of the billions. In those few words you have the whole structure and modus operandi of human control. Fear is a perception – **F**alse **E**motion **A**ppearing **R**eal – and fear is the currency of control. In short … get them by the balls (or give them the impression that you have) and their hearts and minds will follow. Nothing grips the dangly bits and freezes the rear-end more comprehensively than fear.

World number 1

There are two 'worlds' in what appears to be one 'world' and the prime difference between them is knowledge. First we have the mass of human society in which the population is maintained in coldly-calculated ignorance through control of information and the 'education' (indoctrination) system. That's all you really need to control to enslave billions in a perceptual delusion in which what are perceived to be *their* thoughts and opinions are ever-repeated mantras that the system has been downloading all their lives through 'education', media, science, medicine, politics and academia

in which the personnel and advocates are themselves overwhelmingly the perceptual products of the same repetition. Teachers and academics in general are processed by the same programming machine as everyone else, but unlike the great majority they never leave the 'education' program. It gripped them as students and continues to grip them as programmers of subsequent generations of students. The programmed become the programmers – the programmed programmers. The same can largely be said for scientists, doctors and politicians and not least because as the American writer Upton Sinclair said: 'It is difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it.' If your career and income depend on thinking the way the system demands then you will – bar a few free-minded exceptions – concede your mind to the Perceptual Mainframe that I call the Postage Stamp Consensus. This is a tiny band of perceived knowledge and possibility 'taught' (downloaded) in the schools and universities, pounded out by the mainstream media and on which all government policy is founded. Try thinking, and especially speaking and acting, outside of the 'box' of consensus and see what that does for your career in the Mainstream Everything which bullies, harasses, intimidates and ridicules the population into compliance. Here we have the simple structure which enslaves most of humanity in a perceptual prison cell for an entire lifetime and I'll go deeper into this process shortly. Most of what humanity is taught as fact is nothing more than programmed belief. American science fiction author Frank Herbert was right when he said: 'Belief can be manipulated. Only knowledge is dangerous.' In the 'Covid' age belief is promoted and knowledge is censored. It was always so, but never to the extreme of today.

World number 2

A 'number 2' is slang for 'doing a poo' and how appropriate that is when this other 'world' is doing just that on humanity every minute of every day. World number 2 is a global network of secret societies and semi-secret groups dictating the direction of society via

governments, corporations and authorities of every kind. I have spent more than 30 years uncovering and exposing this network that I call the Global Cult and knowing its agenda is what has made my books so accurate in predicting current and past events. Secret societies are secret for a reason. They want to keep their hoarded knowledge to themselves and their chosen initiates and to hide it from the population which they seek through ignorance to control and subdue. The whole foundation of the division between World 1 and World 2 is *knowledge*. What number 1 knows number 2 must not. Knowledge they have worked so hard to keep secret includes (a) the agenda to enslave humanity in a centrally-controlled global dictatorship, and (b) the nature of reality and life itself. The latter (b) must be suppressed to allow the former (a) to prevail as I shall be explaining. The way the Cult manipulates and interacts with the population can be likened to a spider's web. The 'spider' sits at the centre in the shadows and imposes its will through the web with each strand represented in World number 2 by a secret society, satanic or semi-secret group, and in World number 1 – the world of the seen – by governments, agencies of government, law enforcement, corporations, the banking system, media conglomerates and Silicon Valley (Fig 1 overleaf). The spider and the web connect and coordinate all these organisations to pursue the same global outcome while the population sees them as individual entities working randomly and independently. At the level of the web governments *are* the banking system *are* the corporations *are* the media *are* Silicon Valley *are* the World Health Organization working from their inner cores as one unit. Apparently unconnected countries, corporations, institutions, organisations and people are on the *same team* pursuing the same global outcome. Strands in the web immediately around the spider are the most secretive and exclusive secret societies and their membership is emphatically restricted to the Cult inner-circle emerging through the generations from particular bloodlines for reasons I will come to. At the core of the core you would get them in a single room. That's how many people are dictating the direction of human society and its transformation

through the 'Covid' hoax and other means. As the web expands out from the spider we meet the secret societies that many people will be aware of – the Freemasons, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, the inner sanctum of the Jesuit Order, and such like. Note how many are connected to the Church of Rome and there is a reason for that. The Roman Church was established as a revamp, a rebranding, of the relocated 'Church' of Babylon and the Cult imposing global tyranny today can be tracked back to Babylon and Sumer in what is now Iraq.

Figure 1: The global web through which the few control the many. (Image Neil Hague.)

Inner levels of the web operate in the unseen away from the public eye and then we have what I call the cusp organisations located at the point where the hidden meets the seen. They include a series of satellite organisations answering to a secret society founded in London in the late 19th century called the Round Table and among them are the Royal Institute of International Affairs (UK, founded in 1920); Council on Foreign Relations (US, 1921); Bilderberg Group (worldwide, 1954); Trilateral Commission (US/worldwide, 1972); and the Club of Rome (worldwide, 1968) which was created to exploit environmental concerns to justify the centralisation of global power to 'save the planet'. The Club of Rome instigated with others the human-caused climate change hoax which has led to all the 'green

new deals' demanding that very centralisation of control. Cusp organisations, which include endless 'think tanks' all over the world, are designed to coordinate a single global policy between political and business leaders, intelligence personnel, media organisations and anyone who can influence the direction of policy in their own sphere of operation. Major players and regular attenders will know what is happening – or some of it – while others come and go and are kept overwhelmingly in the dark about the big picture. I refer to these cusp groupings as semi-secret in that they can be publicly identified, but what goes on at the inner-core is kept very much 'in house' even from most of their members and participants through a fiercely-imposed system of compartmentalisation. Only let them know what they need to know to serve your interests and no more. The structure of secret societies serves as a perfect example of this principle. Most Freemasons never get higher than the bottom three levels of 'degree' (degree of knowledge) when there are 33 official degrees of the Scottish Rite. Initiates only qualify for the next higher 'compartment' or degree if those at that level choose to allow them. Knowledge can be carefully assigned only to those considered 'safe'. I went to my local Freemason's lodge a few years ago when they were having an 'open day' to show how cuddly they were and when I chatted to some of them I was astonished at how little the rank and file knew even about the most ubiquitous symbols they use. The mushroom technique – keep them in the dark and feed them bullshit – applies to most people in the web as well as the population as a whole. Sub-divisions of the web mirror in theme and structure transnational corporations which have a headquarters somewhere in the world dictating to all their subsidiaries in different countries. Subsidiaries operate in their methodology and branding to the same centrally-dictated plan and policy in pursuit of particular ends. The Cult web functions in the same way. Each country has its own web as a subsidiary of the global one. They consist of networks of secret societies, semi-secret groups and bloodline families and their job is to impose the will of the spider and the global web in their particular country. Subsidiary networks control and manipulate the national political system, finance, corporations, media, medicine, etc. to

ensure that they follow the globally-dictated Cult agenda. These networks were the means through which the 'Covid' hoax could be played out with almost every country responding in the same way.

The 'Yessir' pyramid

Compartmentalisation is the key to understanding how a tiny few can dictate the lives of billions when combined with a top-down sequence of imposition and acquiescence. The inner core of the Cult sits at the peak of the pyramidal hierarchy of human society (Fig 2 overleaf). It imposes its will – its agenda for the world – on the level immediately below which acquiesces to that imposition. This level then imposes the Cult will on the level below them which acquiesces and imposes on the next level. Very quickly we meet levels in the hierarchy that have no idea there even is a Cult, but the sequence of imposition and acquiescence continues down the pyramid in just the same way. 'I don't know why we are doing this but the order came from "on-high" and so we better just do it.' Alfred Lord Tennyson said of the cannon fodder levels in his poem *The Charge of the Light Brigade*: 'Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die.' The next line says that 'into the valley of death rode the six hundred' and they died because they obeyed without question what their perceived 'superiors' told them to do. In the same way the population capitulated to 'Covid'. The whole hierarchical pyramid functions like this to allow the very few to direct the enormous many. Eventually imposition-acquiescence-imposition-acquiescence comes down to the mass of the population at the foot of the pyramid. If they acquiesce to those levels of the hierarchy imposing on them (governments/law enforcement/doctors/media) a circuit is completed between the population and the handful of super-psychopaths in the Cult inner core at the top of the pyramid. Without a circuit-breaking refusal to obey, the sequence of imposition and acquiescence allows a staggeringly few people to impose their will upon the entirety of humankind. We are looking at the very sequence that has subjugated billions since the start of 2020. Our freedom has not been taken from us. Humanity has given it

away. Fascists do not impose fascism because there are not enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. Put another way allowing their perceptions to be programmed to the extent that leads to the population giving their freedom away by giving their perceptions – their mind – away. If this circuit is not broken by humanity ceasing to cooperate with their own enslavement then nothing can change. For that to happen people have to critically think and see through the lies and window dressing and then summon the backbone to act upon what they see. The Cult spends its days working to stop either happening and its methodology is systematic and highly detailed, but it can be overcome and that is what this book is all about.

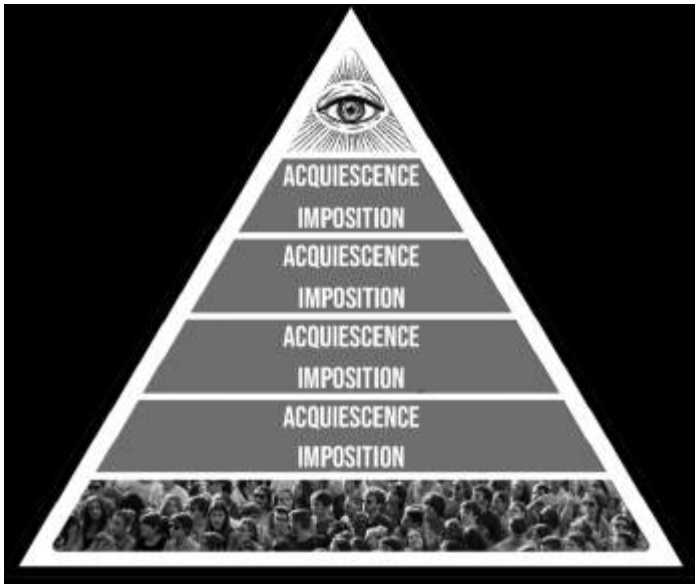

Figure 2: The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

The Life Program

Okay, back to world number 1 or the world of the 'masses'. Observe the process of what we call 'life' and it is a perceptual download from cradle to grave. The Cult has created a global structure in which perception can be programmed and the program continually topped-up with what appears to be constant confirmation that the program is indeed true reality. The important word here is 'appears'.

This is the structure, the fly-trap, the Postage Stamp Consensus or Perceptual Mainframe, which represents that incredibly narrow band of perceived possibility delivered by the 'education' system, mainstream media, science and medicine. From the earliest age the download begins with parents who have themselves succumbed to the very programming their children are about to go through. Most parents don't do this out of malevolence and mostly it is quite the opposite. They do what they believe is best for their children and that is what the program has told them is best. Within three or four years comes the major transition from parental programming to full-blown state (Cult) programming in school, college and university where perceptually-programmed teachers and academics pass on their programming to the next generations. Teachers who resist are soon marginalised and their careers ended while children who resist are called a problem child for whom Ritalin may need to be prescribed. A few years after entering the 'world' children are under the control of authority figures representing the state telling them when they have to be there, when they can leave and when they can speak, eat, even go to the toilet. This is calculated preparation for a lifetime of obeying authority in all its forms. Reflex-action fear of authority is instilled by authority from the start. Children soon learn the carrot and stick consequences of obeying or defying authority which is underpinned daily for the rest of their life. Fortunately I daydreamed through this crap and never obeyed authority simply because it told me to. This approach to my alleged 'betters' continues to this day. There can be consequences of pursuing open-minded freedom in a world of closed-minded conformity. I spent a lot of time in school corridors after being ejected from the classroom for not taking some of it seriously and now I spend a lot of time being ejected from Facebook, YouTube and Twitter. But I can tell you that being true to yourself and not compromising your self-respect is far more exhilarating than bowing to authority for authority's sake. You don't have to be a sheep to the shepherd (authority) and the sheep dog (fear of not obeying authority).

The perceptual download continues throughout the formative years in school, college and university while script-reading 'teachers', 'academics' 'scientists', 'doctors' and 'journalists' insist that ongoing generations must be as programmed as they are. Accept the program or you will not pass your 'exams' which confirm your 'degree' of programming. It is tragic to think that many parents pressure their offspring to work hard at school to download the program and qualify for the next stage at college and university. The late, great, American comedian George Carlin said: 'Here's a bumper sticker I'd like to see: We are proud parents of a child who has resisted his teachers' attempts to break his spirit and bend him to the will of his corporate masters.' Well, the best of luck finding many of those, George. Then comes the moment to leave the formal programming years in academia and enter the 'adult' world of work. There you meet others in your chosen or prescribed arena who went through the same Postage Stamp Consensus program before you did. There is therefore overwhelming agreement between almost everyone on the basic foundations of Postage Stamp reality and the rejection, even contempt, of the few who have a mind of their own and are prepared to use it. This has two major effects. Firstly, the consensus confirms to the programmed that their download is really how things are. I mean, everyone knows that, right? Secondly, the arrogance and ignorance of Postage Stamp adherents ensure that anyone questioning the program will have unpleasant consequences for seeking their own truth and not picking their perceptions from the shelf marked: 'Things you must believe without question and if you don't you're a dangerous lunatic conspiracy theorist and a harebrained nutter'.

Every government, agency and corporation is founded on the same Postage Stamp prison cell and you can see why so many people believe the same thing while calling it their own 'opinion'. Fusion of governments and corporations in pursuit of the same agenda was the definition of fascism described by Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. The pressure to conform to perceptual norms downloaded for a lifetime is incessant and infiltrates society right

down to family groups that become censors and condemners of their own 'black sheep' for not, ironically, being sheep. We have seen an explosion of that in the 'Covid' era. Cult-owned global media unleashes its propaganda all day every day in support of the Postage Stamp and targets with abuse and ridicule anyone in the public eye who won't bend their mind to the will of the tyranny. Any response to this is denied (certainly in my case). They don't want to give a platform to expose official lies. Cult-owned-and-created Internet giants like Facebook, Google, YouTube and Twitter delete you for having an unapproved opinion. Facebook boasts that its AI censors delete 97-percent of 'hate speech' before anyone even reports it. Much of that 'hate speech' will simply be an opinion that Facebook and its masters don't want people to see. Such perceptual oppression is widely known as fascism. Even Facebook executive Benny Thomas, a 'CEO Global Planning Lead', said in comments secretly recorded by investigative journalism operation Project Veritas that Facebook is 'too powerful' and should be broken up:

> I mean, no king in history has been the ruler of two billion people, but Mark Zuckerberg is … And he's 36. That's too much for a 36-year-old ... You should not have power over two billion people. I just think that's wrong.

Thomas said Facebook-owned platforms like Instagram, Oculus, and WhatsApp needed to be separate companies. 'It's too much power when they're all one together'. That's the way the Cult likes it, however. We have an executive of a Cult organisation in Benny Thomas that doesn't know there is a Cult such is the compartmentalisation. Thomas said that Facebook and Google 'are no longer companies, they're countries'. Actually they are more powerful than countries on the basis that if you control information you control perception and control human society.

I love my oppressor

Another expression of this psychological trickery is for those who realise they are being pressured into compliance to eventually

convince themselves to believe the official narratives to protect their self-respect from accepting the truth that they have succumbed to meek and subservient compliance. Such people become some of the most vehement defenders of the system. You can see them everywhere screaming abuse at those who prefer to think for themselves and by doing so reminding the compliers of their own capitulation to conformity. 'You are talking dangerous nonsense you Covidiot!!' Are you trying to convince me or yourself? It is a potent form of Stockholm syndrome which is defined as: 'A psychological condition that occurs when a victim of abuse identifies and attaches, or bonds, positively with their abuser.' An example is hostages bonding and even 'falling in love' with their kidnappers. The syndrome has been observed in domestic violence, abused children, concentration camp inmates, prisoners of war and many and various Satanic cults. These are some traits of Stockholm syndrome listed at goodtherapy.org:

- Positive regard towards perpetrators of abuse or captor [see 'Covid'].
- Failure to cooperate with police and other government authorities when it comes to holding perpetrators of abuse or kidnapping accountable [or in the case of 'Covid' cooperating with the police to enforce and defend their captors' demands].
- Little or no effort to escape [see 'Covid'].
- Belief in the goodness of the perpetrators or kidnappers [see 'Covid'].
- Appeasement of captors. This is a manipulative strategy for maintaining one's safety. As victims get rewarded – perhaps with less abuse or even with life itself – their appeasing behaviours are reinforced [see 'Covid'].
- Learned helplessness. This can be akin to 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em'. As the victims fail to escape the abuse or captivity, they may start giving up and soon realize it's just easier for everyone if they acquiesce all their power to their captors [see 'Covid'].

- Feelings of pity toward the abusers, believing they are actually victims themselves. Because of this, victims may go on a crusade or mission to 'save' [protect] their abuser [see the venom unleashed on those challenging the official 'Covid' narrative].
- Unwillingness to learn to detach from their perpetrators and heal. In essence, victims may tend to be less loyal to themselves than to their abuser [*definitely* see 'Covid'].

Ponder on those traits and compare them with the behaviour of great swathes of the global population who have defended governments and authorities which have spent every minute destroying their lives and livelihoods and those of their children and grandchildren since early 2020 with fascistic lockdowns, house arrest and employment deletion to 'protect' them from a 'deadly virus' that their abusers' perceptually created to bring about this very outcome. We are looking at mass Stockholm syndrome. All those that agree to concede their freedom will believe those perceptions are originating in their own independent 'mind' when in fact by conceding their reality to Stockholm syndrome they have by definition conceded any independence of mind. Listen to the 'opinions' of the acquiescing masses in this 'Covid' era and what gushes forth is the repetition of the official version of everything delivered unprocessed, unfiltered and unquestioned. The whole programming dynamic works this way. I must be free because I'm told that I am and so I think that I am.

You can see what I mean with the chapter theme of 'I'm thinking – Oh, but *are* you?' The great majority are not thinking, let alone for themselves. They are repeating what authority has told them to believe which allows them to be controlled. Weaving through this mentality is the fear that the 'conspiracy theorists' are right and this again explains the often hysterical abuse that ensues when you dare to contest the official narrative of anything. Denial is the mechanism of hiding from yourself what you don't want to be true. Telling people what they want to hear is easy, but it's an infinitely greater challenge to tell them what they would rather not be happening.

One is akin to pushing against an open door while the other is met with vehement resistance no matter what the scale of evidence. I don't want it to be true so I'll convince myself that it's not. Examples are everywhere from the denial that a partner is cheating despite all the signs to the reflex-action rejection of any idea that world events in which country after country act in exactly the same way are centrally coordinated. To accept the latter is to accept that a force of unspeakable evil is working to destroy your life and the lives of your children with nothing too horrific to achieve that end. Who the heck wants that to be true? But if we don't face reality the end is duly achieved and the consequences are far worse and ongoing than breaking through the walls of denial today with the courage to make a stand against tyranny.

Connect the dots – but how?

A crucial aspect of perceptual programming is to portray a world in which everything is random and almost nothing is connected to anything else. Randomness cannot be coordinated by its very nature and once you perceive events as random the idea they could be connected is waved away as the rantings of the tinfoil-hat brigade. You can't plan and coordinate random you idiot! No, you can't, but you can hide the coldly-calculated and long-planned behind the *illusion* of randomness. A foundation manifestation of the Renegade Mind is to scan reality for patterns that connect the apparently random and turn pixels and dots into pictures. This is the way I work and have done so for more than 30 years. You look for similarities in people, modus operandi and desired outcomes and slowly, then ever quicker, the picture forms. For instance: There would seem to be no connection between the 'Covid pandemic' hoax and the human-caused global-warming hoax and yet they are masks (appropriately) on the same face seeking the same outcome. Those pushing the global warming myth through the Club of Rome and other Cult agencies are driving the lies about 'Covid' – Bill Gates is an obvious one, but they are endless. Why would the same people be involved in both when they are clearly not connected? Oh, but they

are. Common themes with personnel are matched by common goals. The 'solutions' to both 'problems' are centralisation of global power to impose the will of the few on the many to 'save' humanity from 'Covid' and save the planet from an 'existential threat' (we need 'zero Covid' and 'zero carbon emissions'). These, in turn, connect with the 'dot' of globalisation which was coined to describe the centralisation of global power in every area of life through incessant political and corporate expansion, trading blocks and superstates like the European Union. If you are the few and you want to control the many you have to centralise power and decision-making. The more you centralise power the more power the few at the centre will have over the many; and the more that power is centralised the more power those at the centre have to centralise even quicker. The momentum of centralisation gets faster and faster which is exactly the process we have witnessed. In this way the hoaxed 'pandemic' and the fakery of human-caused global warming serve the interests of globalisation and the seizure of global power in the hands of the Cult inner-circle which is behind 'Covid', 'climate change' *and* globalisation. At this point random 'dots' become a clear and obvious picture or pattern.

Klaus Schwab, the classic Bond villain who founded the Cult's Gates-funded World Economic Forum, published a book in 2020, *The Great Reset*, in which he used the 'problem' of 'Covid' to justify a total transformation of human society to 'save' humanity from 'climate change'. Schwab said: 'The pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world.' What he didn't mention is that the Cult he serves is behind both hoaxes as I show in my book *The Answer*. He and the Cult don't have to reimagine the world. They know precisely what they want and that's why they destroyed human society with 'Covid' to 'build back better' in their grand design. Their job is not to imagine, but to get humanity to imagine and agree with their plans while believing it's all random. It must be pure coincidence that 'The Great Reset' has long been the Cult's code name for the global imposition of fascism and replaced previous code-names of the 'New World

Order' used by Cult frontmen like Father George Bush and the 'New Order of the Ages' which emerged from Freemasonry and much older secret societies. New Order of the Ages appears on the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States as 'Novus ordo seclorum' underneath the Cult symbol used since way back of the pyramid and all seeing-eye (Fig 3). The pyramid is the hierarchy of human control headed by the illuminated eye that symbolises the force behind the Cult which I will expose in later chapters. The term 'Annuit Coeptis' translates as 'He favours our undertaking'. We are told the 'He' is the Christian god, but 'He' is not as I will be explaining.

Figure 3: The all-seeing eye of the Cult 'god' on the Freemason-designed Great Seal of the United States and also on the dollar bill.

Having you on

Two major Cult techniques of perceptual manipulation that relate to all this are what I have called since the 1990s Problem-Reaction-Solution (PRS) and the Totalitarian Tiptoe (TT). They can be uncovered by the inquiring mind with a simple question: Who benefits? The answer usually identifies the perpetrators of a given action or happening through the concept of 'he who most benefits from a crime is the one most likely to have committed it'. The Latin 'Cue bono?' – Who benefits? – is widely attributed to the Roman orator and statesman Marcus Tullius Cicero. No wonder it goes back so far when the concept has been relevant to human behaviour since

history was recorded. Problem-Reaction-Solution is the technique used to manipulate us every day by covertly creating a problem (or the illusion of one) and offering the solution to the problem (or the illusion of one). In the first phase you create the problem and blame someone or something else for why it has happened. This may relate to a financial collapse, terrorist attack, war, global warming or pandemic, anything in fact that will allow you to impose the 'solution' to change society in the way you desire at that time. The 'problem' doesn't have to be real. PRS is manipulation of perception and all you need is the population to believe the problem is real. Human-caused global warming and the 'Covid pandemic' only have to be *perceived* to be real for the population to accept the 'solutions' of authority. I refer to this technique as NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Billions did not meekly accept house arrest from early 2020 because there was a real deadly 'Covid pandemic' but because they perceived – believed – that to be the case. The antidote to Problem-Reaction-Solution is to ask who benefits from the proposed solution. Invariably it will be anyone who wants to justify more control through deletion of freedom and centralisation of power and decision-making.

The two world wars were Problem-Reaction-Solutions that transformed and realigned global society. Both were manipulated into being by the Cult as I have detailed in books since the mid-1990s. They dramatically centralised global power, especially World War Two, which led to the United Nations and other global bodies thanks to the overt and covert manipulations of the Rockefeller family and other Cult bloodlines like the Rothschilds. The UN is a stalking horse for full-blown world government that I will come to shortly. The land on which the UN building stands in New York was donated by the Rockefellers and the same Cult family was behind Big Pharma scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the creation of the World Health Organization as part of the UN. They have been stalwarts of the eugenics movement and funded Hitler's race-purity expert' Ernst Rudin. The human-caused global warming hoax has been orchestrated by the Club of Rome through the UN which is

manufacturing both the 'problem' through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and imposing the 'solution' through its Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 which demand the total centralisation of global power to 'save the world' from a climate hoax the United Nations is itself perpetrating. What a small world the Cult can be seen to be particularly among the inner circles. The bedfellow of Problem-Reaction-Solution is the Totalitarian Tiptoe which became the Totalitarian Sprint in 2020. The technique is fashioned to hide the carefully-coordinated behind the cover of apparently random events. You start the sequence at 'A' and you know you are heading for 'Z'. You don't want people to know that and each step on the journey is presented as a random happening while all the steps strung together lead in the same direction. The speed may have quickened dramatically in recent times, but you can still see the incremental approach of the Tiptoe in the case of 'Covid' as each new imposition takes us deeper into fascism. Tell people they have to do this or that to get back to 'normal', then this and this and this. With each new demand adding to the ones that went before the population's freedom is deleted until it disappears. The spider wraps its web around the flies more comprehensively with each new diktat. I'll highlight this in more detail when I get to the 'Covid' hoax and how it has been pulled off. Another prime example of the Totalitarian Tiptoe is how the Cult-created European Union went from a 'free-trade zone' to a centralised bureaucratic dictatorship through the Tiptoe of incremental centralisation of power until nations became mere administrative units for Cult-owned dark suits in Brussels.

The antidote to ignorance is knowledge which the Cult seeks vehemently to deny us, but despite the systematic censorship to that end the Renegade Mind can overcome this by vociferously seeking out the facts no matter the impediments put in the way. There is also a method of thinking and perceiving – *knowing* – that doesn't even need names, dates, place-type facts to identify the patterns that reveal the story. I'll get to that in the final chapter. All you need to know about the manipulation of human society and to what end is still out there – *at the time of writing* – in the form of books, videos

and websites for those that really want to breach the walls of programmed perception. To access this knowledge requires the abandonment of the mainstream media as a source of information in the awareness that this is owned and controlled by the Cult and therefore promotes mass perceptions that suit the Cult. Mainstream media lies all day, every day. That is its function and very reason for being. Where it does tell the truth, here and there, is only because the truth and the Cult agenda very occasionally coincide. If you look for fact and insight to the BBC, CNN and virtually all the rest of them you are asking to be conned and perceptually programmed.

Know the outcome and you'll see the journey

Events seem random when you have no idea where the world is being taken. Once you do the random becomes the carefully planned. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey is a phrase I have been using for a long time to give context to daily happenings that appear unconnected. Does a problem, or illusion of a problem, trigger a proposed 'solution' that further drives society in the direction of the outcome? Invariably the answer will be yes and the random – *abracadabra* – becomes the clearly coordinated. So what is this outcome that unlocks the door to a massively expanded understanding of daily events? I will summarise its major aspects – the fine detail is in my other books – and those new to this information will see that the world they thought they were living in is a very different place. The foundation of the Cult agenda is the incessant centralisation of power and all such centralisation is ultimately in pursuit of Cult control on a global level. I have described for a long time the planned world structure of top-down dictatorship as the Hunger Games Society. The term obviously comes from the movie series which portrayed a world in which a few living in military-protected hi-tech luxury were the overlords of a population condemned to abject poverty in isolated 'sectors' that were not allowed to interact. 'Covid' lockdowns and travel bans anyone? The 'Hunger Games' pyramid of structural control has the inner circle of the Cult at the top with pretty much the entire

population at the bottom under their control through dependency for survival on the Cult. The whole structure is planned to be protected and enforced by a military-police state (Fig 4).

Here you have the reason for the global lockdowns of the fake pandemic to coldly destroy independent incomes and livelihoods and make everyone dependent on the 'state' (the Cult that controls the 'states'). I have warned in my books for many years about the plan to introduce a 'guaranteed income' – a barely survivable pittance – designed to impose dependency when employment was destroyed by AI technology and now even more comprehensively at great speed by the 'Covid' scam. Once the pandemic was played and lockdown consequences began to delete independent income the authorities began to talk right on cue about the need for a guaranteed income and a 'Great Reset'. Guaranteed income will be presented as benevolent governments seeking to help a desperate people – desperate as a direct result of actions of the same governments. The truth is that such payments are a trap. You will only get them if you do exactly what the authorities demand including mass vaccination (genetic manipulation). We have seen this theme already in Australia where those dependent on government benefits have them reduced if parents don't agree to have their children vaccinated according to an insane health-destroying government-dictated schedule. Calculated economic collapse applies to governments as well as people. The Cult wants rid of countries through the creation of a world state with countries broken up into regions ruled by a world government and super states like the European Union. Countries must be bankrupted, too, to this end and it's being achieved by the trillions in 'rescue packages' and furlough payments, trillions in lost taxation, and money-no-object spending on 'Covid' including constant all-medium advertising (programming) which has made the media dependent on government for much of its income. The day of reckoning is coming – as planned – for government spending and given that it has been made possible by printing money and not by production/taxation there is inflation on the way that has the

potential to wipe out monetary value. In that case there will be no need for the Cult to steal your money. It just won't be worth anything (see the German Weimar Republic before the Nazis took over). Many have been okay with lockdowns while getting a percentage of their income from so-called furlough payments without having to work. Those payments are dependent, however, on people having at least a theoretical job with a business considered non-essential and ordered to close. As these business go under because they are closed by lockdown after lockdown the furlough stops and it will for everyone eventually. Then what? The 'then what?' is precisely the idea.

Figure 4: The Hunger Games Society structure I have long warned was planned and now the 'Covid' hoax has made it possible. This is the real reason for lockdowns.

Hired hands

Between the Hunger Games Cult elite and the dependent population is planned to be a vicious military-police state (a fusion of the two into one force). This has been in the making for a long time with police looking ever more like the military and carrying weapons to match. The pandemic scam has seen this process accelerate so fast as

lockdown house arrest is brutally enforced by carefully recruited fascist minds and gormless system-servers. The police and military are planned to merge into a centrally-directed world army in a global structure headed by a world government which wouldn't be elected even by the election fixes now in place. The world army is not planned even to be human and instead wars would be fought, primarily against the population, using robot technology controlled by artificial intelligence. I have been warning about this for decades and now militaries around the world are being transformed by this very AI technology. The global regime that I describe is a particular form of fascism known as a technocracy in which decisions are not made by clueless and co-opted politicians but by unelected technocrats – scientists, engineers, technologists and bureaucrats. Cult-owned-and-controlled Silicon Valley giants are examples of technocracy and they already have far more power to direct world events than governments. They are with their censorship *selecting* governments. I know that some are calling the 'Great Reset' a Marxist communist takeover, but fascism and Marxism are different labels for the same tyranny. Tell those who lived in fascist Germany and Stalinist Russia that there was a difference in the way their freedom was deleted and their lives controlled. I could call it a fascist technocracy or a Marxist technocracy and they would be equally accurate. The Hunger Games society with its world government structure would oversee a world army, world central bank and single world cashless currency imposing its will on a microchipped population (Fig 5). Scan its different elements and see how the illusory pandemic is forcing society in this very direction at great speed. Leaders of 23 countries and the World Health Organization (WHO) backed the idea in March, 2021, of a global treaty for 'international cooperation' in 'health emergencies' and nations should 'come together as a global community for peaceful cooperation that extends beyond this crisis'. Cut the Orwellian bullshit and this means another step towards global government. The plan includes a cashless digital money system that I first warned about in 1993. Right at the start of 'Covid' the deeply corrupt Tedros

Adhanom Ghebreyesus, the crooked and merely gofer 'head' of the World Health Organization, said it was possible to catch the 'virus' by touching cash and it was better to use cashless means. The claim was ridiculous nonsense and like the whole 'Covid' mind-trick it was nothing to do with 'health' and everything to do with pushing every aspect of the Cult agenda. As a result of the Tedros lie the use of cash has plummeted. The Cult script involves a single world digital currency that would eventually be technologically embedded in the body. China is a massive global centre for the Cult and if you watch what is happening there you will know what is planned for everywhere. The Chinese government is developing a digital currency which would allow fines to be deducted immediately via AI for anyone caught on camera breaking its fantastic list of laws and the money is going to be programmable with an expiry date to ensure that no one can accrue wealth except the Cult and its operatives.

Figure 5: The structure of global control the Cult has been working towards for so long and this has been enormously advanced by the 'Covid' illusion.

Serfdom is so smart

The Cult plan is far wider, extreme, and more comprehensive than even most conspiracy researchers appreciate and I will come to the true depths of deceit and control in the chapters 'Who controls the

Cult?' and 'Escaping Wetiko'. Even the world that we know is crazy enough. We are being deluged with ever more sophisticated and controlling technology under the heading of 'smart'. We have smart televisions, smart meters, smart cards, smart cars, smart driving, smart roads, smart pills, smart patches, smart watches, smart skin, smart borders, smart pavements, smart streets, smart cities, smart communities, smart environments, smart growth, smart planet ... smart *everything* around us. Smart technologies and methods of operation are designed to interlock to create a global Smart Grid connecting the entirety of human society including human minds to create a centrally-dictated 'hive' mind. 'Smart cities' is code for densely-occupied megacities of total surveillance and control through AI. Ever more destructive frequency communication systems like 5G have been rolled out without any official testing for health and psychological effects (colossal). 5G/6G/7G systems are needed to run the Smart Grid and each one becomes more destructive of body and mind. Deleting independent income is crucial to forcing people into these AI-policed prisons by ending private property ownership (except for the Cult elite). The Cult's Great Reset now openly foresees a global society in which no one will own any possessions and everything will be rented while the Cult would own literally everything under the guise of government and corporations. The aim has been to use the lockdowns to destroy sources of income on a mass scale and when the people are destitute and in unrepayable amounts of debt (problem) Cult assets come forward with the pledge to write-off debt in return for handing over all property and possessions (solution). Everything – literally everything including people – would be connected to the Internet via AI. I was warning years ago about the coming Internet of Things (IoT) in which all devices and technology from your car to your fridge would be plugged into the Internet and controlled by AI. Now we are already there with much more to come. The next stage is the Internet of Everything (IoE) which is planned to include the connection of AI to the human brain and body to replace the human mind with a centrally-controlled AI mind. Instead of perceptions

being manipulated through control of information and censorship those perceptions would come direct from the Cult through AI. What do you think? You think whatever AI decides that you think. In human terms there would be no individual 'think' any longer. Too incredible? The ravings of a lunatic? Not at all. Cult-owned crazies in Silicon Valley have been telling us the plan for years without explaining the real motivation and calculated implications. These include Google executive and 'futurist' Ray Kurzweil who highlights the year 2030 for when this would be underway. He said:

> Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' ... We're going to put gateways to the cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations.
>
> As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

The sales-pitch of Kurzweil and Cult-owned Silicon Valley is that this would make us 'super-human' when the real aim is to make us post-human and no longer 'human' in the sense that we have come to know. The entire global population would be connected to AI and become the centrally-controlled 'hive-mind' of externally-delivered perceptions. The Smart Grid being installed to impose the Cult's will on the world is being constructed to allow particular locations – even one location – to control the whole global system. From these prime control centres, which absolutely include China and Israel, anything connected to the Internet would be switched on or off and manipulated at will. Energy systems could be cut, communication via the Internet taken down, computer-controlled driverless autonomous vehicles driven off the road, medical devices switched off, the potential is limitless given how much AI and Internet connections now run human society. We have seen nothing yet if we allow this to continue. Autonomous vehicle makers are working with law enforcement to produce cars designed to automatically pull over if they detect a police or emergency vehicle flashing from up to 100 feet away. At a police stop the car would be unlocked and the

window rolled down automatically. Vehicles would only take you where the computer (the state) allowed. The end of petrol vehicles and speed limiters on all new cars in the UK and EU from 2022 are steps leading to electric computerised transport over which ultimately you have no control. The picture is far bigger even than the Cult global network or web and that will become clear when I get to the nature of the 'spider'. There is a connection between all these happenings and the instigation of DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' (which aren't 'vaccines') justified by the 'Covid' hoax. That connection is the unfolding plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state and this is why synthetic biology is such a fast-emerging discipline of mainstream science. 'Covid vaccines' are infusing self-replicating synthetic genetic material into the cells to cumulatively take us on the Totalitarian Tiptoe from Human 1.0 to the synthetic biological Human 2.0 which will be physically and perceptually attached to the Smart Grid to one hundred percent control every thought, perception and deed. Humanity needs to wake up and *fast*.

This is the barest explanation of where the 'outcome' is planned to go but it's enough to see the journey happening all around us. Those new to this information will already see 'Covid' in a whole new context. I will add much more detail as we go along, but for the minutiae evidence see my mega-works, *The Answer, The Trigger* and *Everything You Need to Know But Have Never Been Told*.

Now – how does a Renegade Mind see the 'world'?

CHAPTER TWO

Renegade Perception

It is one thing to be clever and another to be wise
George R.R. Martin

A simple definition of the difference between a programmed mind and a Renegade Mind would be that one sees only dots while the other connects them to see the picture. Reading reality with accuracy requires the observer to (a) know the planned outcome and (b) realise that everything, but *everything*, is connected.

The entirety of infinite reality is connected – that's its very nature – and with human society an expression of infinite reality the same must apply. Simple cause and effect is a connection. The effect is triggered by the cause and the effect then becomes the cause of another effect. Nothing happens in isolation because it *can't*. Life in whatever reality is simple choice and consequence. We make choices and these lead to consequences. If we don't like the consequences we can make different choices and get different consequences which lead to other choices and consequences. The choice and the consequence are not only connected they are indivisible. You can't have one without the other as an old song goes. A few cannot control the world unless those being controlled allow that to happen – cause and effect, choice and consequence. Control – who has it and who doesn't – is a two-way process, a symbiotic relationship, involving the controller and controlled. 'They took my freedom away!!' Well, yes, but you also gave it to them. Humanity is

subjected to mass control because humanity has acquiesced to that control. This is all cause and effect and literally a case of give and take. In the same way world events of every kind are connected and the Cult works incessantly to sell the illusion of the random and coincidental to maintain the essential (to them) perception of dots that hide the picture. Renegade Minds know this and constantly scan the world for patterns of connection. This is absolutely pivotal in understanding the happenings in the world and without that perspective clarity is impossible. First you know the planned outcome and then you identify the steps on the journey – the day-by-day apparently random which, when connected in relation to the outcome, no longer appear as individual events, but as the proverbial *chain* of events leading in the same direction. I'll give you some examples:

Political puppet show

We are told to believe that politics is 'adversarial' in that different parties with different beliefs engage in an endless tussle for power. There may have been some truth in that up to a point – and only a point – but today divisions between 'different' parties are rhetorical not ideological. Even the rhetorical is fusing into one-speak as the parties eject any remaining free thinkers while others succumb to the ever-gathering intimidation of anyone with the 'wrong' opinion. The Cult is not a new phenomenon and can be traced back thousands of years as my books have documented. Its intergenerational initiates have been manipulating events with increasing effect the more that global power has been centralised. In ancient times the Cult secured control through the system of monarchy in which 'special' bloodlines (of which more later) demanded the right to rule as kings and queens simply by birthright and by vanquishing others who claimed the same birthright. There came a time, however, when people had matured enough to see the unfairness of such tyranny and demanded a say in who governed them. Note the word – *governed* them. Not served them – *governed* them, hence government defined as 'the political direction and control exercised over the

actions of the members, citizens, or inhabitants of communities, societies, and states; direction of the affairs of a state, community, etc.' Governments exercise control over rather than serve just like the monarchies before them. Bizarrely there are still countries like the United Kingdom which are ruled by a monarch *and* a government that officially answers to the monarch. The UK head of state and that of Commonwealth countries such as Canada, Australia and New Zealand is 'selected' by who in a *single family* had unprotected sex with whom and in what order. Pinch me it can't be true. Ouch! Shit, it is. The demise of monarchies in most countries offered a potential vacuum in which some form of free and fair society could arise and the Cult had that base covered. Monarchies had served its interests but they couldn't continue in the face of such widespread opposition and, anyway, replacing a 'royal' dictatorship that people could see with a dictatorship 'of the people' hiding behind the concept of 'democracy' presented far greater manipulative possibilities and ways of hiding coordinated tyranny behind the illusion of 'freedom'.

Democracy is quite wrongly defined as government selected by the population. This is not the case at all. It is government selected by *some* of the population (and then only in theory). This 'some' doesn't even have to be the majority as we have seen so often in first-past-the-post elections in which the so-called majority party wins fewer votes than the 'losing' parties combined. Democracy can give total power to a party in government from a minority of the votes cast. It's a sleight of hand to sell tyranny as freedom. Seventy-four million Trump-supporting Americans didn't vote for the 'Democratic' Party of Joe Biden in the distinctly dodgy election in 2020 and yet far from acknowledging the wishes and feelings of that great percentage of American society the Cult-owned Biden government set out from day one to destroy them and their right to a voice and opinion. Empty shell Biden and his Cult handlers said they were doing this to 'protect democracy'. Such is the level of lunacy and sickness to which politics has descended. Connect the dots and relate them to the desired outcome – a world government run by self-appointed technocrats and no longer even elected

politicians. While operating through its political agents in government the Cult is at the same time encouraging public distain for politicians by putting idiots and incompetents in theoretical power on the road to deleting them. The idea is to instil a public reaction that says of the technocrats: 'Well, they couldn't do any worse than the pathetic politicians.' It's all about controlling perception and Renegade Minds can see through that while programmed minds cannot when they are ignorant of both the planned outcome and the manipulation techniques employed to secure that end. This knowledge can be learned, however, and fast if people choose to get informed.

Politics may at first sight appear very difficult to control from a central point. I mean look at the 'different' parties and how would you be able to oversee them all and their constituent parts? In truth, it's very straightforward because of their structure. We are back to the pyramid of imposition and acquiescence. Organisations are structured in the same way as the system as a whole. Political parties are not open forums of free expression. They are hierarchies. I was a national spokesman for the British Green Party which claimed to be a different kind of politics in which influence and power was devolved; but I can tell you from direct experience – and it's far worse now – that Green parties are run as hierarchies like all the others however much they may try to hide that fact or kid themselves that it's not true. A very few at the top of all political parties are directing policy and personnel. They decide if you are elevated in the party or serve as a government minister and to do that you have to be a yes man or woman. Look at all the maverick political thinkers who never ascended the greasy pole. If you want to progress within the party or reach 'high-office' you need to fall into line and conform. Exceptions to this are rare indeed. Should you want to run for parliament or Congress you have to persuade the local or state level of the party to select you and for that you need to play the game as dictated by the hierarchy. If you secure election and wish to progress within the greater structure you need to go on conforming to what is acceptable to those running the hierarchy

from the peak of the pyramid. Political parties are perceptual gulags and the very fact that there are party 'Whips' appointed to 'whip' politicians into voting the way the hierarchy demands exposes the ridiculous idea that politicians are elected to serve the people they are supposed to represent. Cult operatives and manipulation has long seized control of major parties that have any chance of forming a government and at least most of those that haven't. A new party forms and the Cult goes to work to infiltrate and direct. This has reached such a level today that you see video compilations of 'leaders' of all parties whether Democrats, Republicans, Conservative, Labour and Green parroting the same Cult mantra of 'Build Back Better' and the 'Great Reset' which are straight off the Cult song-sheet to describe the transformation of global society in response to the Cult-instigated hoaxes of the 'Covid pandemic' and human-caused 'climate change'. To see Caroline Lucas, the Green Party MP that I knew when I was in the party in the 1980s, speaking in support of plans proposed by Cult operative Klaus Schwab representing the billionaire global elite is a real head-shaker.

Many parties – one master

The party system is another mind-trick and was instigated to change the nature of the dictatorship by swapping 'royalty' for dark suits that people believed – though now ever less so – represented their interests. Understanding this trick is to realise that a single force (the Cult) controls all parties either directly in terms of the major ones or through manipulation of perception and ideology with others. You don't need to manipulate Green parties to demand your transformation of society in the name of 'climate change' when they are obsessed with the lie that this is essential to 'save the planet'. You just give them a platform and away they go serving your interests while believing they are being environmentally virtuous. America's political structure is a perfect blueprint for how the two or multi-party system is really a one-party state. The Republican Party is controlled from one step back in the shadows by a group made up of billionaires and their gofers known as neoconservatives or Neocons.

I have exposed them in fine detail in my books and they were the driving force behind the policies of the imbecilic presidency of Boy George Bush which included 9/11 (see *The Trigger* for a comprehensive demolition of the official story), the subsequent 'war on terror' (war *of* terror) and the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. The latter was a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution based on claims by Cult operatives, including Bush and British Prime Minister Tony Blair, about Saddam Hussein's 'weapons of mass destruction' which did not exist as war criminals Bush and Blair well knew.

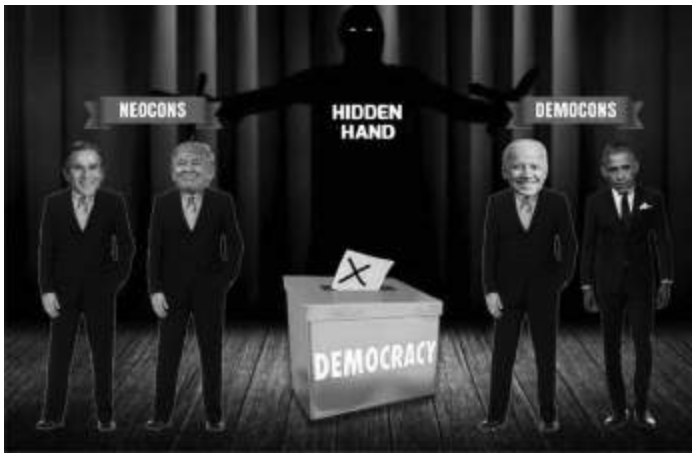

Figure 6: Different front people, different parties – same control system.

The Democratic Party has its own 'Neocon' group controlling from the background which I call the 'Democons' and here's the penny-drop – the Neocons and Democons answer to the same masters one step further back into the shadows (Fig 6). At that level of the Cult the Republican and Democrat parties are controlled by the same people and no matter which is in power the Cult is in power. This is how it works in almost every country and certainly in Britain with Conservative, Labour, Liberal Democrat and Green parties now all on the same page whatever the rhetoric may be in their feeble attempts to appear different. Neocons operated at the time of Bush through a think tank called The Project for the New American Century which in September, 2000, published a document entitled *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources*

For a New Century demanding that America fight 'multiple, simultaneous major theatre wars' as a 'core mission' to force regime-change in countries including Iraq, Libya and Syria. Neocons arranged for Bush ('Republican') and Blair ('Labour Party') to front-up the invasion of Iraq and when they departed the Democons orchestrated the targeting of Libya and Syria through Barack Obama ('Democrat') and British Prime Minister David Cameron ('Conservative Party'). We have 'different' parties and 'different' people, but the same unfolding script. The more the Cult has seized the reigns of parties and personnel the more their policies have transparently pursued the same agenda to the point where the fascist 'Covid' impositions of the Conservative junta of Jackboot Johnson in Britain were opposed by the Labour Party because they were not fascist enough. The Labour Party is likened to the US Democrats while the Conservative Party is akin to a British version of the Republicans and on both sides of the Atlantic they all speak the same language and support the direction demanded by the Cult although some more enthusiastically than others. It's a similar story in country after country because it's all centrally controlled. Oh, but what about Trump? I'll come to him shortly. Political 'choice' in the 'party' system goes like this: You vote for Party A and they get into government. You don't like what they do so next time you vote for Party B and they get into government. You don't like what they do when it's pretty much the same as Party A and why wouldn't that be with both controlled by the same force? Given that only two, sometimes three, parties have any chance of forming a government to get rid of Party B that you don't like you have to vote again for Party A which … you don't like. This, ladies and gentlemen, is what they call 'democracy' which we are told – wrongly – is a term interchangeable with 'freedom'.

The cult of cults

At this point I need to introduce a major expression of the Global Cult known as Sabbatian-Frankism. Sabbatian is also spelt as Sabbatean. I will summarise here. I have published major exposés

and detailed background in other works. Sabbatian-Frankism combines the names of two frauds posing as 'Jewish' men, Sabbatai Zevi (1626-1676), a rabbi, black magician and occultist who proclaimed he was the Jewish messiah; and Jacob Frank (1726-1791), the Polish 'Jew', black magician and occultist who said he was the reincarnation of 'messiah' Zevi and biblical patriarch Jacob. They worked across two centuries to establish the Sabbatian-Frankist cult that plays a major, indeed central, role in the manipulation of human society by the Global Cult which has its origins much further back in history than Sabbatai Zevi. I should emphasise two points here in response to the shrill voices that will scream 'anti-Semitism': (1) Sabbatian-Frankists are NOT Jewish and only pose as such to hide their cult behind a Jewish façade; and (2) my information about this cult has come from Jewish sources who have long realised that their society and community has been infiltrated and taken over by interloper Sabbatian-Frankists. Infiltration has been the foundation technique of Sabbatian-Frankism from its official origin in the 17th century. Zevi's Sabbatian sect attracted a massive following described as the biggest messianic movement in Jewish history, spreading as far as Africa and Asia, and he promised a return for the Jews to the 'Promised Land' of Israel. Sabbatianism was not Judaism but an inversion of everything that mainstream Judaism stood for. So much so that this sinister cult would have a feast day when Judaism had a fast day and whatever was forbidden in Judaism the Sabbatians were encouraged and even commanded to do. This included incest and what would be today called Satanism. Members were forbidden to marry outside the sect and there was a system of keeping their children ignorant of what they were part of until they were old enough to be trusted not to unknowingly reveal anything to outsiders. The same system is employed to this day by the Global Cult in general which Sabbatian-Frankism has enormously influenced and now largely controls.

Zevi and his Sabbatians suffered a setback with the intervention by the Sultan of the Islamic Ottoman Empire in the Middle East and what is now the Republic of Turkey where Zevi was located. The

Sultan gave him the choice of proving his 'divinity', converting to Islam or facing torture and death. Funnily enough Zevi chose to convert or at least appear to. Some of his supporters were disillusioned and drifted away, but many did not with 300 families also converting – only in theory – to Islam. They continued behind this Islamic smokescreen to follow the goals, rules and rituals of Sabbatianism and became known as 'crypto-Jews' or the 'Dönmeh' which means 'to turn'. This is rather ironic because they didn't 'turn' and instead hid behind a fake Islamic persona. The process of appearing to be one thing while being very much another would become the calling card of Sabbatianism especially after Zevi's death and the arrival of the Satanist Jacob Frank in the 18th century when the cult became Sabbatian-Frankism and plumbed still new depths of depravity and infiltration which included – still includes – human sacrifice and sex with children. Wherever Sabbatians go paedophilia and Satanism follow and is it really a surprise that Hollywood is so infested with child abuse and Satanism when it was established by Sabbatian-Frankists and is still controlled by them? Hollywood has been one of the prime vehicles for global perceptual programming and manipulation. How many believe the version of 'history' portrayed in movies when it is a travesty and inversion (again) of the truth? Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes Frankism in his book, *To Eliminate the Opiate*, as 'a movement of complete evil' while Jewish professor Gershom Scholem said of Frank in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*: 'In all his actions [he was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.' Frank was excommunicated by traditional rabbis, as was Zevi, but Frank was undeterred and enjoyed vital support from the House of Rothschild, the infamous banking dynasty whose inner-core are Sabbatian-Frankists and not Jews. Infiltration of the Roman Church and Vatican was instigated by Frank with many Dönmeh 'turning' again to convert to Roman Catholicism with a view to hijacking the reins of power. This was the ever-repeating modus operandi and continues to be so. Pose as an advocate of the religion, culture or country that you want to control and then

manipulate your people into the positions of authority and influence largely as advisers, administrators and Svengalis for those that appear to be in power. They did this with Judaism, Christianity (Christian Zionism is part of this), Islam and other religions and nations until Sabbatian-Frankism spanned the world as it does today.

Sabbatian Saudis and the terror network

One expression of the Sabbatian-Frankist Dönmeh within Islam is the ruling family of Saudi Arabia, the House of Saud, through which came the vile distortion of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the violent creed followed by terrorist groups like Al-Qaeda and ISIS or Islamic State. Wahhabism is the hand-chopping, head-chopping 'religion' of Saudi Arabia which is used to keep the people in a constant state of fear so the interloper House of Saud can continue to rule. Al-Qaeda and Islamic State were lavishly funded by the House of Saud while being created and directed by the Sabbatian-Frankist network in the United States that operates through the Pentagon, CIA and the government in general of whichever 'party'. The front man for the establishment of Wahhabism in the middle of the 18th century was a Sabbatian-Frankist 'crypto-Jew' posing as Islamic called Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab. His daughter would marry the son of Muhammad bin Saud who established the first Saudi state before his death in 1765 with support from the British Empire. Bin Saud's successors would establish modern Saudi Arabia in league with the British and Americans in 1932 which allowed them to seize control of Islam's major shrines in Mecca and Medina. They have dictated the direction of Sunni Islam ever since while Iran is the major centre of the Shiite version and here we have the source of at least the public conflict between them. The Sabbatian network has used its Wahhabi extremists to carry out Problem-Reaction-Solution terrorist attacks in the name of 'Al-Qaeda' and 'Islamic State' to justify a devastating 'war on terror', ever-increasing surveillance of the population and to terrify people into compliance. Another insight of the Renegade Mind is the streetwise understanding that

just because a country, location or people are attacked doesn't mean that those apparently representing that country, location or people are not behind the attackers. Often they are *orchestrating* the attacks because of the societal changes that can be then justified in the name of 'saving the population from terrorists'.

I show in great detail in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian-Frankists were the real perpetrators of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who were blamed for what happened. Observe what was justified in the name of 9/11 alone in terms of Middle East invasions, mass surveillance and control that fulfilled the demands of the Project for the New American Century document published by the Sabbatian Neocons. What appear to be enemies are on the deep inside players on the same Sabbatian team. Israel and Arab 'royal' dictatorships are all ruled by Sabbatians and the recent peace agreements between Israel and Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates (UAE) and others are only making formal what has always been the case behind the scenes. Palestinians who have been subjected to grotesque tyranny since Israel was bombed and terrorised into existence in 1948 have never stood a chance. Sabbatian-Frankists have controlled Israel (so the constant theme of violence and war which Sabbatians love) and they have controlled the Arab countries that Palestinians have looked to for real support that never comes. 'Royal families' of the Arab world in Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, UAE, etc., are all Sabbatians with allegiance to the aims of the cult and not what is best for their Arabic populations. They have stolen the oil and financial resources from their people by false claims to be 'royal dynasties' with a genetic right to rule and by employing vicious militaries to impose their will.

Satanic 'illumination'

The Satanist Jacob Frank formed an alliance in 1773 with two other Sabbatians, Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1744-1812), founder of the Rothschild banking dynasty, and Jesuit-educated fraudulent Jew, Adam Weishaupt, and this led to the formation of the Bavarian Illuminati, firstly under another name, in 1776. The Illuminati would

be the manipulating force behind the French Revolution (1789-1799) and was also involved in the American Revolution (1775-1783) before and after the Illuminati's official creation. Weishaupt would later become (in public) a Protestant Christian in archetypal Sabbatian style. I read that his name can be decoded as Adam-Weishaupt or 'the first man to lead those who know'. He wasn't a leader in the sense that he was a subordinate, but he did lead those below him in a crusade of transforming human society that still continues today. The theme was confirmed as early as 1785 when a horseman courier called Lanz was reported to be struck by lighting and extensive Illuminati documents were found in his saddlebags. They made the link to Weishaupt and detailed the plan for world takeover. Current events with 'Covid' fascism have been in the making for a very long time. Jacob Frank was jailed for 13 years by the Catholic Inquisition after his arrest in 1760 and on his release he headed for Frankfurt, Germany, home city and headquarters of the House of Rothschild where the alliance was struck with Mayer Amschel Rothschild and Weishaupt. Rothschild arranged for Frank to be given the title of Baron and he became a wealthy nobleman with a big following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Most of them would have believed he was on their side.

The name 'Illuminati' came from the Zohar which is a body of works in the Jewish mystical 'bible' called the Kabbalah. 'Zohar' is the foundation of Sabbatian-Frankist belief and in Hebrew 'Zohar' means 'splendour', 'radiance', 'illuminated', and so we have 'Illuminati'. They claim to be the 'Illuminated Ones' from their knowledge systematically hidden from the human population and passed on through generations of carefully-chosen initiates in the global secret society network or Cult. Hidden knowledge includes an awareness of the Cult agenda for the world and the nature of our collective reality that I will explore later. Cult 'illumination' is symbolised by the torch held by the Statue of Liberty which was gifted to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew exactly what it represents. 'Liberty' symbolises the goddess worshipped in

Babylon as Queen Semiramis or Ishtar. The significance of this will become clear. Notice again the ubiquitous theme of inversion with the Statue of 'Liberty' really symbolising mass control (Fig 7). A mirror-image statute stands on an island in the River Seine in Paris from where New York Liberty originated (Fig 8). A large replica of the Liberty flame stands on top of the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris where Princess Diana died in a Cult ritual described in *The Biggest Secret*. Lucifer 'the light bringer' is related to all this (and much more as we'll see) and 'Lucifer' is a central figure in Sabbatian-Frankism and its associated Satanism. Sabbatians reject the Jewish Torah, or Pentateuch, the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy which are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai. Sabbatians say these do not apply to them and they seek to replace them with the Zohar to absorb Judaism and its followers into their inversion which is an expression of a much greater global inversion. They want to delete all religions and force humanity to worship a one-world religion – Sabbatian Satanism that also includes worship of the Earth goddess. Satanic themes are being more and more introduced into mainstream society and while Christianity is currently the foremost target for destruction the others are planned to follow.

Figure 7: The Cult goddess of Babylon disguised as the Statue of Liberty holding the flame of Lucifer the 'light bringer'.

Figure 8: Liberty's mirror image in Paris where the New York version originated.

Marx brothers

Rabbi Marvin Antelman connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins in *To Eliminate the Opiate* and Jacobins were the force behind the French Revolution. He links both to the Bund der Gerechten, or League of the Just, which was the network that inflicted communism/Marxism on the world. Antelman wrote:

> The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Sabbatian-created communism connects into this anti-religion agenda in that communism does not allow for the free practice of religion. The Sabbatian 'Bund' became the International Communist Party and Communist League and in 1848 'Marxism' was born with the Communist Manifesto of Sabbatian assets Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. It is absolutely no coincidence that Marxism, just a different name for fascist and other centrally-controlled tyrannies, is being imposed worldwide as a result of the 'Covid' hoax and nor that Marxist/fascist China was the place where the hoax originated. The reason for this will become very clear in the chapter 'Covid: The calculated catastrophe'. The so-called 'Woke' mentality has hijacked

traditional beliefs of the political left and replaced them with far-right make-believe 'social justice' better known as Marxism. Woke will, however, be swallowed by its own perceived 'revolution' which is really the work of billionaires and billionaire corporations feigning being 'Woke'. Marxism is being touted by Wokers as a replacement for 'capitalism' when we don't have 'capitalism'. We have cartelism in which the market is stitched up by the very Cult billionaires and corporations bankrolling Woke. Billionaires love Marxism which keeps the people in servitude while they control from the top. Terminally naïve Wokers think they are 'changing the world' when it's the Cult that is doing the changing and when they have played their vital part and become surplus to requirements they, too, will be targeted. The Illuminati-Jacobins were behind the period known as 'The Terror' in the French Revolution in 1793 and 1794 when Jacobin Maximillian de Robespierre and his Orwellian 'Committee of Public Safety' killed 17,000 'enemies of the Revolution' who had once been 'friends of the Revolution'. Karl Marx (1818-1883), whose Sabbatian creed of Marxism has cost the lives of at least 100 million people, is a hero once again to Wokers who have been systematically kept ignorant of real history by their 'education' programming. As a result they now promote a Sabbatian 'Marxist' abomination destined at some point to consume them. Rabbi Antelman, who spent decades researching the Sabbatian plot, said of the League of the Just and Karl Marx:

> Contrary to popular opinion Karl Marx did not originate the Communist Manifesto. He was paid for his services by the League of the Just, which was known in its country of origin, Germany, as the Bund der Geaechteten.

Antelman said the text attributed to Marx was the work of other people and Marx 'was only repeating what others already said'. Marx was 'a hired hack – lackey of the wealthy Illuminists'. Marx famously said that religion was the 'opium of the people' (part of the Sabbatian plan to demonise religion) and Antelman called his books, *To Eliminate the Opiate*. Marx was born Jewish, but his family converted to Christianity (Sabbatian modus operandi) and he

attacked Jews, not least in his book, *A World Without Jews*. In doing so he supported the Sabbatian plan to destroy traditional Jewishness and Judaism which we are clearly seeing today with the vindictive targeting of orthodox Jews by the Sabbatian government of Israel over 'Covid' laws. I don't follow any religion and it has done much damage to the world over centuries and acted as a perceptual straightjacket. Renegade Minds, however, are always asking *why* something is being done. It doesn't matter if they agree or disagree with what is happening – *why* is it happening is the question. The 'why?' can be answered with regard to religion in that religions create interacting communities of believers when the Cult wants to dismantle all discourse, unity and interaction (see 'Covid' lockdowns) and the ultimate goal is to delete all religions for a one-world religion of Cult Satanism worshipping their 'god' of which more later. We see the same 'why?' with gun control in America. I don't have guns and don't want them, but why is the Cult seeking to disarm the population at the same time that law enforcement agencies are armed to their molars and why has every tyrant in history sought to disarm people before launching the final takeover? They include Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot and Mao who followed confiscation with violent seizing of power. You know it's a Cult agenda by the people who immediately race to the microphones to exploit dead people in multiple shootings. Ultra-Zionist Cult lackey Senator Chuck Schumer was straight on the case after ten people were killed in Boulder, Colorado in March, 2121. Simple rule … if Schumer wants it the Cult wants it and the same with his ultra-Zionist mate the wild-eyed Senator Adam Schiff. At the same time they were calling for the disarmament of Americans, many of whom live a long way from a police response, Schumer, Schiff and the rest of these pampered clowns were sitting on Capitol Hill behind a razor-wired security fence protected by thousands of armed troops in addition to their own armed bodyguards. Mom and pop in an isolated home? They're just potential mass shooters.

Zion Mainframe

Sabbatian-Frankists and most importantly the Rothschilds were behind the creation of 'Zionism', a political movement that demanded a Jewish homeland in Israel as promised by Sabbatai Zevi. The very symbol of Israel comes from the German meaning of the name Rothschild. Dynasty founder Mayer Amschel Rothschild changed the family name from Bauer to Rothschild, or 'Red-Shield' in German, in deference to the six-pointed 'Star of David' hexagram displayed on the family's home in Frankfurt. The symbol later appeared on the flag of Israel after the Rothschilds were centrally involved in its creation. Hexagrams are not a uniquely Jewish symbol and are widely used in occult ('hidden') networks often as a symbol for Saturn (see my other books for why). Neither are Zionism and Jewishness interchangeable. Zionism is a political movement and philosophy and not a 'race' or a people. Many Jews oppose Zionism and many non-Jews, including US President Joe Biden, call themselves Zionists as does Israel-centric Donald Trump. America's support for the Israel government is pretty much a gimme with ultra-Zionist billionaires and corporations providing fantastic and dominant funding for both political parties. Former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney has told how she was approached immediately she ran for office to 'sign the pledge' to Israel and confirm that she would always vote in that country's best interests. All American politicians are approached in this way. Anyone who refuses will get no support or funding from the enormous and all-powerful Zionist lobby that includes organisations like mega-lobby group AIPAC, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. Trump's biggest funder was ultra-Zionist casino and media billionaire Sheldon Adelson while major funders of the Democratic Party include ultra-Zionist George Soros and ultra-Zionist financial and media mogul, Haim Saban. Some may reel back at the suggestion that Soros is an Israel-firster (Sabbatian-controlled Israel-firster), but Renegade Minds watch the actions not the words and everywhere Soros donates his billions the Sabbatian agenda benefits. In the spirit of Sabbatian inversion Soros pledged $1 billion for a new university network to promote 'liberal values and tackle intolerance'. He made the announcement during his annual speech

at the Cult-owned World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, in January, 2020, after his 'harsh criticism' of 'authoritarian rulers' around the world. You can only laugh at such brazen mendacity. How *he* doesn't laugh is the mystery. Translated from the Orwellian 'liberal values and tackle intolerance' means teaching non-white people to hate white people and for white people to loathe themselves for being born white. The reason for that will become clear.

The 'Anti-Semitism' fraud

Zionists support the Jewish homeland in the land of Palestine which has been the Sabbatian-Rothschild goal for so long, but not for the benefit of Jews. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. This is nothing more than a Sabbatian protection racket to stop legitimate investigation and exposure of their agendas and activities. The official definition of 'anti-Semitism' has more recently been expanded to include criticism of Zionism – a *political movement* – and this was done to further stop exposure of Sabbatian infiltrators who created Zionism as we know it today in the 19th century. Renegade Minds will talk about these subjects when they know the shit that will come their way. People must decide if they want to know the truth or just cower in the corner in fear of what others will say. Sabbatians have been trying to label me as 'anti-Semitic' since the 1990s as I have uncovered more and more about their background and agendas. Useless, gutless, fraudulent 'journalists' then just repeat the smears without question and on the day I was writing this section a pair of unquestioning repeaters called Ben Quinn and Archie Bland (how appropriate) outright called me an 'anti-Semite' in the establishment propaganda sheet, the London *Guardian*, with no supporting evidence. The

Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry said so and who are they to question that? They wouldn't dare. Ironically 'Semitic' refers to a group of languages in the Middle East that are almost entirely Arabic. 'Anti-Semitism' becomes 'anti-Arab' which if the consequences of this misunderstanding were not so grave would be hilarious. Don't bother telling Quinn and Bland. I don't want to confuse them, bless 'em. One reason I am dubbed 'anti-Semitic' is that I wrote in the 1990s that Jewish operatives (Sabbatians) were heavily involved in the Russian Revolution when Sabbatians overthrew the Romanov dynasty. This apparently made me 'anti-Semitic'. Oh, really? Here is a section from *The Trigger*:

British journalist Robert Wilton confirmed these themes in his 1920 book *The Last Days of the Romanovs* when he studied official documents from the Russian government to identify the members of the Bolshevik ruling elite between 1917 and 1919. The Central Committee included 41 Jews among 62 members; the Council of the People's Commissars had 17 Jews out of 22 members; and 458 of the 556 most important Bolshevik positions between 1918 and 1919 were occupied by Jewish people. Only 17 were Russian. Then there were the 23 Jews among the 36 members of the vicious Cheka Soviet secret police established in 1917 who would soon appear all across the country.

Professor Robert Service of Oxford University, an expert on 20th century Russian history, found evidence that ['Jewish'] Leon Trotsky had sought to make sure that Jews were enrolled in the Red Army and were disproportionately represented in the Soviet civil bureaucracy that included the Cheka which performed mass arrests, imprisonment and executions of 'enemies of the people'. A US State Department Decimal File (861.00/5339) dated November 13th, 1918, names [Rothschild banking agent in America] Jacob Schiff and a list of ultra-Zionists as funders of the Russian Revolution leading to claims of a 'Jewish plot', but the key point missed by all is they were not 'Jews' – they were Sabbatian-Frankists.

Britain's Winston Churchill made the same error by mistake or otherwise. He wrote in a 1920 edition of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* that those behind the Russian revolution were part of a 'worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality' (see 'Woke' today because that has been created by the same network). Churchill said there was no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian

Revolution 'by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews' ['atheistical Jews' = Sabbatians]. Churchill said it is certainly a very great one and probably outweighs all others: 'With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews.' He went on to describe, knowingly or not, the Sabbatian modus operandi of placing puppet leaders nominally in power while they control from the background:

> Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders. Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate, Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, or of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the Red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Radek – all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combatting Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses.

What I said about seriously disproportionate involvement in the Russian Revolution by Jewish 'revolutionaries' (Sabbatians) is provable fact, but truth is no defence against the Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry, its repeater parrots like Quinn and Bland, and the now breathtaking network of so-called 'Woke' 'anti-hate' groups with interlocking leaderships and funding which have the role of discrediting and silencing anyone who gets too close to exposing the Sabbatians. We have seen 'truth is no defence' confirmed in legal judgements with the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission in Canada decreeing this: 'Truthful statements can be presented in a manner that would meet the definition of hate speech, and not all truthful statements must be free from restriction.' Most 'anti-hate' activists, who are themselves consumed by hatred, are too stupid and ignorant of the world to know how they are being used. They are far too far up their own virtue-signalling arses and it's far too dark for them to see anything.

The 'revolution' game

The background and methods of the 'Russian' Revolution are straight from the Sabbatian playbook seen in the French Revolution

and endless others around the world that appear to start as a revolution of the people against tyrannical rule and end up with a regime change to more tyrannical rule overtly or covertly. Wars, terror attacks and regime overthrows follow the Sabbatian cult through history with its agents creating them as Problem-Reaction-Solutions to remove opposition on the road to world domination. Sabbatian dots connect the Rothschilds with the Illuminati, Jacobins of the French Revolution, the 'Bund' or League of the Just, the International Communist Party, Communist League and the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels that would lead to the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution. The sequence comes under the heading of 'creative destruction' when you advance to your global goal by continually destroying the status quo to install a new status quo which you then also destroy. The two world wars come to mind. With each new status quo you move closer to your planned outcome. Wars and mass murder are to Sabbatians a collective blood sacrifice ritual. They are obsessed with death for many reasons and one is that death is an inversion of life. Satanists and Sabbatians are obsessed with death and often target churches and churchyards for their rituals. Inversion-obsessed Sabbatians explain the use of inverted symbolism including the *inverted* pentagram and *inverted* cross. The inversion of the cross has been related to targeting Christianity, but the cross was a religious symbol long before Christianity and its inversion is a statement about the Sabbatian mentality and goals more than any single religion.

Sabbatians operating in Germany were behind the rise of the occult-obsessed Nazis and the subsequent Jewish exodus from Germany and Europe to Palestine and the United States after World War Two. The Rothschild dynasty was at the forefront of this both as political manipulators and by funding the operation. Why would Sabbatians help to orchestrate the horrors inflicted on Jews by the Nazis and by Stalin after they organised the Russian Revolution? Sabbatians hate Jews and their religion, that's why. They pose as Jews and secure positions of control within Jewish society and play the 'anti-Semitism' card to protect themselves from exposure

through a global network of organisations answering to the Sabbatian-created-and-controlled globe-spanning intelligence network that involves a stunning web of military-intelligence operatives and operations for a tiny country of just nine million. Among them are Jewish assets who are not Sabbatians but have been convinced by them that what they are doing is for the good of Israel and the Jewish community to protect them from what they have been programmed since childhood to believe is a Jew-hating hostile world. The Jewish community is just a highly convenient cover to hide the true nature of Sabbatians. Anyone getting close to exposing their game is accused by Sabbatian place-people and gofers of 'anti-Semitism' and claiming that all Jews are part of a plot to take over the world. I am not saying that. I am saying that Sabbatians – the *real* Jew-haters – have infiltrated the Jewish community to use them both as a cover and an 'anti-Semitic' defence against exposure. Thus we have the Anti-Semitism Industry targeted researchers in this way and most Jewish people think this is justified and genuine. They don't know that their 'Jewish' leaders and institutions of state, intelligence and military are not controlled by Jews at all, but cultists and stooges of Sabbatian-Frankism. I once added my name to a pro-Jewish freedom petition online and the next time I looked my name was gone and text had been added to the petition blurb to attack me as an 'anti-Semite' such is the scale of perceptual programming.

Moving on America

I tell the story in *The Trigger* and a chapter called 'Atlantic Crossing' how particularly after Israel was established the Sabbatians moved in on the United States and eventually grasped control of government administration, the political system via both Democrats and Republicans, the intelligence community like the CIA and National Security Agency (NSA), the Pentagon and mass media. Through this seriously compartmentalised network Sabbatians and their operatives in Mossad, Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and US agencies pulled off 9/11 and blamed it on 19 'Al-Qaeda hijackers' dominated by men from, or connected to, Sabbatian-ruled Saudi

Arabia. The '19' were not even on the planes let alone flew those big passenger jets into buildings while being largely incompetent at piloting one-engine light aircraft. 'Hijacker' Hani Hanjour who is said to have flown American Airlines Flight 77 into the Pentagon with a turn and manoeuvre most professional pilots said they would have struggled to do was banned from renting a small plane by instructors at the Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, just *six weeks* earlier on the grounds that he was an incompetent pilot. The Jewish population of the world is just 0.2 percent with even that almost entirely concentrated in Israel (75 percent Jewish) and the United States (around two percent). This two percent and globally 0.2 percent refers to *Jewish* people and not Sabbatian interlopers who are a fraction of that fraction. What a sobering thought when you think of the fantastic influence on world affairs of tiny Israel and that the Project for the New America Century (PNAC) which laid out the blueprint in September, 2000, for America's war on terror and regime change wars in Iraq, Libya and Syria was founded and dominated by Sabbatians known as 'Neocons'. The document conceded that this plan would not be supported politically or publicly without a major attack on American soil and a Problem-Reaction-Solution excuse to send troops to war across the Middle East. Sabbatian Neocons said:

> ... [The] process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

Four months later many of those who produced that document came to power with their inane puppet George Bush from the long-time Sabbatian Bush family. They included Sabbatian Dick Cheney who was officially vice-president, but really de-facto president for the entirety of the 'Bush' government. Nine months after the 'Bush' inauguration came what Bush called at the time 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century' and with typical Sabbatian timing and symbolism 2001 was the 60th anniversary of the attack in 1941 by the Japanese Air Force on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, which allowed President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to take the United States into a Sabbatian-

instigated Second World War that he said in his election campaign that he never would. The evidence is overwhelming that Roosevelt and his military and intelligence networks knew the attack was coming and did nothing to stop it, but they did make sure that America's most essential naval ships were not in Hawaii at the time. Three thousand Americans died in the Pearl Harbor attacks as they did on September 11th. By the 9/11 year of 2001 Sabbatians had widely infiltrated the US government, military and intelligence operations and used their compartmentalised assets to pull off the 'Al-Qaeda' attacks. If you read *The Trigger* it will blow your mind to see the utterly staggering concentration of 'Jewish' operatives (Sabbatian infiltrators) in essential positions of political, security, legal, law enforcement, financial and business power before, during, and after the attacks to make them happen, carry them out, and then cover their tracks – and I do mean *staggering* when you think of that 0.2 percent of the world population and two percent of Americans which are Jewish while Sabbatian infiltrators are a fraction of that. A central foundation of the 9/11 conspiracy was the hijacking of government, military, Air Force and intelligence computer systems in real time through 'back-door' access made possible by Israeli (Sabbatian) 'cyber security' software. Sabbatian-controlled Israel is on the way to rivalling Silicon Valley for domination of cyberspace and is becoming the dominant force in cyber-security which gives them access to entire computer systems and their passcodes across the world. Then add to this that Zionists head (officially) Silicon Valley giants like Google (Larry Page and Sergey Brin), Google-owned YouTube (Susan Wojcicki), Facebook (Mark Zuckerberg and Sheryl Sandberg), and Apple (Chairman Arthur D. Levinson), and that ultra-Zionist hedge fund billionaire Paul Singer has a $1 billion stake in Twitter which is only nominally headed by 'CEO' pothead Jack Dorsey. As cable news host Tucker Carlson said of Dorsey: 'There used to be debate in the medical community whether dropping a ton of acid had permanent effects and I think that debate has now ended.' Carlson made the comment after Dorsey told a hearing on Capitol Hill (if you cut through his bullshit) that he

believed in free speech so long as he got to decide what you can hear and see. These 'big names' of Silicon Valley are only front men and women for the Global Cult, not least the Sabbatians, who are the true controllers of these corporations. Does anyone still wonder why these same people and companies have been ferociously censoring and banning people (like me) for exposing any aspect of the Cult agenda and especially the truth about the 'Covid' hoax which Sabbatians have orchestrated?

The Jeffrey Epstein paedophile ring was a Sabbatian operation. He was officially 'Jewish' but he was a Sabbatian and women abused by the ring have told me about the high number of 'Jewish' people involved. The Epstein horror has Sabbatian written all over it and matches perfectly their modus operandi and obsession with sex and ritual. Epstein was running a Sabbatian blackmail ring in which famous people with political and other influence were provided with young girls for sex while everything was being filmed and recorded on hidden cameras and microphones at his New York house, Caribbean island and other properties. Epstein survivors have described this surveillance system to me and some have gone public. Once the famous politician or other figure knew he or she was on video they tended to do whatever they were told. Here we go again …when you've got them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow. Sabbatians use this blackmail technique on a wide scale across the world to entrap politicians and others they need to act as demanded. Epstein's private plane, the infamous 'Lolita Express', had many well-known passengers including Bill Clinton while Bill Gates has flown on an Epstein plane and met with him four years after Epstein had been jailed for paedophilia. They subsequently met many times at Epstein's home in New York according to a witness who was there. Epstein's infamous side-kick was Ghislaine Maxwell, daughter of Mossad agent and ultra-Zionist mega-crooked British businessman, Bob Maxwell, who at one time owned the *Daily Mirror* newspaper. Maxwell was murdered at sea on his boat in 1991 by Sabbatian-controlled Mossad when he became a liability with his

business empire collapsing as a former Mossad operative has confirmed (see *The Trigger*).

Money, money, money, funny money ...

Before I come to the Sabbatian connection with the last three US presidents I will lay out the crucial importance to Sabbatians of controlling banking and finance. Sabbatian Mayer Amschel Rothschild set out to dominate this arena in his family's quest for total global control. What is freedom? It is, in effect, choice. The more choices you have the freer you are and the fewer your choices the more you are enslaved. In the global structure created over centuries by Sabbatians the biggest decider and restrictor of choice is … money. Across the world if you ask people what they would like to do with their lives and why they are not doing that they will reply 'I don't have the money'. This is the idea. A global elite of multi-billionaires are described as 'greedy' and that is true on one level; but control of money – who has it and who doesn't – is not primarily about greed. It's about control. Sabbatians have seized ever more control of finance and sucked the wealth of the world out of the hands of the population. We talk now, after all, about the 'One-percent' and even then the wealthiest are a lot fewer even than that. This has been made possible by a money scam so outrageous and so vast it could rightly be called the scam of scams founded on creating 'money' out of nothing and 'loaning' that with interest to the population. Money out of nothing is called 'credit'. Sabbatians have asserted control over governments and banking ever more completely through the centuries and secured financial laws that allow banks to lend hugely more than they have on deposit in a confidence trick known as fractional reserve lending. Imagine if you could lend money that doesn't exist and charge the recipient interest for doing so. You would end up in jail. Bankers by contrast end up in mansions, private jets, Malibu and Monaco.

Banks are only required to keep a fraction of their deposits and wealth in their vaults and they are allowed to lend 'money' they don't have called 'credit. Go into a bank for a loan and if you succeed

the banker will not move any real wealth into your account. They will type into your account the amount of the agreed 'loan' – say £100,000. This is not wealth that really exists; it is non-existent, fresh-air, created-out-of-nothing 'credit' which has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. Credit is backed by nothing except wind and only has buying power because people think that it has buying power and accept it in return for property, goods and services. I have described this situation as like those cartoon characters you see chasing each other and when they run over the edge of a cliff they keep running forward on fresh air until one of them looks down, realises what's happened, and they all crash into the ravine. The whole foundation of the Sabbatian financial system is to stop people looking down except for periodic moments when they want to crash the system (as in 2008 and 2020 ongoing) and reap the rewards from all the property, businesses and wealth their borrowers had signed over as 'collateral' in return for a 'loan' of fresh air. Most people think that money is somehow created by governments when it comes into existence from the start as a debt through banks 'lending' illusory money called credit. Yes, the very currency of exchange is a *debt* from day one issued as an interest-bearing loan. Why don't governments create money interest-free and lend it to their people interest-free? Governments are controlled by Sabbatians and the financial system is controlled by Sabbatians for whom interest-free money would be a nightmare come true. Sabbatians underpin their financial domination through their global network of central banks, including the privately-owned US Federal Reserve and Britain's Bank of England, and this is orchestrated by a privately-owned central bank coordination body called the Bank for International Settlements in Basle, Switzerland, created by the usual suspects including the Rockefellers and Rothschilds. Central bank chiefs don't answer to governments or the people. They answer to the Bank for International Settlements or, in other words, the Global Cult which is dominated today by Sabbatians.

Built-in disaster

There are so many constituent scams within the overall banking scam. When you take out a loan of thin-air credit only the amount of that loan is theoretically brought into circulation to add to the amount in circulation; but you are paying back the principle plus interest. The additional interest is not created and this means that with every 'loan' there is a shortfall in the money in circulation between what is borrowed and what has to be paid back. There is never even close to enough money in circulation to repay all outstanding public and private debt including interest. Coldly weaved in the very fabric of the system is the certainty that some will lose their homes, businesses and possessions to the banking 'lender'. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts it becomes painfully obvious that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts and it becomes painfully obvious – as in 2008 and currently – that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. Sabbatian banksters have been leading the human population through a calculated series of booms (more debt incurred) and busts (when the debt can't be repaid and the banks get the debtor's tangible wealth in exchange for non-existent 'credit'). With each 'bust' Sabbatian bankers have absorbed more of the world's tangible wealth and we end up with the One-percent. Governments are in bankruptcy levels of debt to the same system and are therefore owned by a system they do not control. The Federal Reserve, 'America's central bank', is privately-owned and American presidents only nominally appoint its chairman or woman to maintain the illusion that it's an arm of government. It's not. The 'Fed' is a cartel of private banks which handed billions to its associates and friends after the crash of 2008 and has been Sabbatian-controlled since it was manipulated into being in 1913 through the covert trickery of Rothschild banking agents Jacob Schiff and Paul

Warburg, and the Sabbatian Rockefeller family. Somehow from a Jewish population of two-percent and globally 0.2 percent (Sabbatian interlopers remember are far smaller) ultra-Zionists headed the Federal Reserve for 31 years between 1987 and 2018 in the form of Alan Greenspan, Bernard Bernanke and Janet Yellen (now Biden's Treasury Secretary) with Yellen's deputy chairman a Israeli-American duel citizen and ultra-Zionist Stanley Fischer, a former governor of the Bank of Israel. Ultra-Zionist Fed chiefs spanned the presidencies of Ronald Reagan ('Republican'), Father George Bush ('Republican'), Bill Clinton ('Democrat'), Boy George Bush ('Republican') and Barack Obama ('Democrat'). We should really add the pre-Greenspan chairman, Paul Adolph Volcker, 'appointed' by Jimmy Carter ('Democrat') who ran the Fed between 1979 and 1987 during the Carter and Reagan administrations before Greenspan took over. Volcker was a long-time associate and business partner of the Rothschilds. No matter what the 'party' officially in power the United States economy was directed by the same force. Here are members of the Obama, Trump and Biden administrations and see if you can make out a common theme.

Barack Obama ('Democrat')

Ultra-Zionists Robert Rubin, Larry Summers, and Timothy Geithner ran the US Treasury in the Clinton administration and two of them reappeared with Obama. Ultra-Zionist Fed chairman Alan Greenspan had manipulated the crash of 2008 through deregulation and jumped ship just before the disaster to make way for ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke to hand out trillions to Sabbatian 'too big to fail' banks and businesses, including the ubiquitous ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which has an ongoing staff revolving door operation between itself and major financial positions in government worldwide. Obama inherited the fallout of the crash when he took office in January, 2009, and fortunately he had the support of his ultra-Zionist White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emmanuel, son of a terrorist who helped to bomb Israel into being in 1948, and his ultra-Zionist senior adviser David Axelrod, chief strategist in Obama's two

successful presidential campaigns. Emmanuel, later mayor of Chicago and former senior fundraiser and strategist for Bill Clinton, is an example of the Sabbatian policy after Israel was established of migrating insider families to America so their children would be born American citizens. 'Obama' chose this financial team throughout his administration to respond to the Sabbatian-instigated crisis:

Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist) Treasury Secretary; Jacob J. Lew, Treasury Secretary; Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), director of the White House National Economic Council; Paul Adolph Volcker (Rothschild business partner), chairman of the Economic Recovery Advisory Board; Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), director of the Office of Management and Budget overseeing all government spending; Penny Pritzker (ultra-Zionist), Commerce Secretary; Jared Bernstein (ultra-Zionist), chief economist and economic policy adviser to Vice President Joe Biden; Mary Schapiro (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC); Gary Gensler (ultra-Zionist), chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC); Sheila Bair (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC); Karen Mills (ultra-Zionist), head of the Small Business Administration (SBA); Kenneth Feinberg (ultra-Zionist), Special Master for Executive [bail-out] Compensation. Feinberg would be appointed to oversee compensation (with strings) to 9/11 victims and families in a campaign to stop them having their day in court to question the official story. At the same time ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke was chairman of the Federal Reserve and these are only some of the ultra-Zionists with allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel in the Obama government. Obama's biggest corporate donor was ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which had employed many in his administration.

Donald Trump ('Republican')

Trump claimed to be an outsider (he wasn't) who had come to 'drain the swamp'. He embarked on this goal by immediately appointing ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin, a Goldman Sachs employee for 17

years, as his Treasury Secretary. Others included Gary Cohn (ultra-Zionist), chief operating officer of Goldman Sachs, his first Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic adviser, who was later replaced by Larry Kudlow (ultra-Zionist). Trump's senior adviser throughout his four years in the White House was his sinister son-in-law Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Israel Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Kushner is the son of a convicted crook who was pardoned by Trump in his last days in office. Other ultra-Zionists in the Trump administration included: Stephen Miller, Senior Policy Adviser; Avrahm Berkowitz, Deputy Adviser to Trump and his Senior Adviser Jared Kushner; Ivanka Trump, Adviser to the President, who converted to Judaism when she married Jared Kushner; David Friedman, Trump lawyer and Ambassador to Israel; Jason Greenblatt, Trump Organization executive vice president and chief legal officer, who was made Special Representative for International Negotiations and the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict; Rod Rosenstein, Deputy Attorney General; Elliot Abrams, Special Representative for Venezuela, then Iran; John Eisenberg, National Security Council Legal Adviser and Deputy Council to the President for National Security Affairs; Anne Neuberger, Deputy National Manager, National Security Agency; Ezra Cohen-Watnick, Acting Under Secretary of Defense for Intelligence; Elan Carr, Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Len Khodorkovsky, Deputy Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Reed Cordish, Assistant to the President, Intragovernmental and Technology Initiatives. Trump Vice President Mike Pence and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo, both Christian Zionists, were also vehement supporters of Israel and its goals and ambitions.

Donald 'free-speech believer' Trump pardoned a number of financial and violent criminals while ignoring calls to pardon Julian Assange and Edward Snowden whose crimes are revealing highly relevant information about government manipulation and corruption and the widespread illegal surveillance of the American people by US 'security' agencies. It's so good to know that Trump is on the side of freedom and justice and not mega-criminals with

allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel. These included a pardon for Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard who was jailed for life in 1987 under the Espionage Act. Aviem Sella, the Mossad agent who recruited Pollard, was also pardoned by Trump while Assange sat in jail and Snowden remained in exile in Russia. Sella had 'fled' (was helped to escape) to Israel in 1987 and was never extradited despite being charged under the Espionage Act. A Trump White House statement said that Sella's clemency had been 'supported by Benjamin Netanyahu, Ron Dermer, Israel's US Ambassador, David Friedman, US Ambassador to Israel and Miriam Adelson, wife of leading Trump donor Sheldon Adelson who died shortly before. Other friends of Jared Kushner were pardoned along with Sholom Weiss who was believed to be serving the longest-ever white-collar prison sentence of more than 800 years in 2000. The sentence was commuted of Ponzi-schemer Eliyahu Weinstein who defrauded Jews and others out of $200 million. I did mention that Assange and Snowden were ignored, right? Trump gave Sabbatians almost everything they asked for in military and political support, moving the US Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem with its critical symbolic and literal implications for Palestinian statehood, and the 'deal of the Century' designed by Jared Kushner and David Friedman which gave the Sabbatian Israeli government the green light to substantially expand its already widespread program of building illegal Jewish-only settlements in the occupied land of the West Bank. This made a two-state 'solution' impossible by seizing all the land of a potential Palestinian homeland and that had been the plan since 1948 and then 1967 when the Arab-controlled Gaza Strip, West Bank, Sinai Peninsula and Syrian Golan Heights were occupied by Israel. All the talks about talks and road maps and delays have been buying time until the West Bank was physically occupied by Israeli real estate. Trump would have to be a monumentally ill-informed idiot not to see that this was the plan he was helping to complete. The Trump administration was in so many ways the Kushner administration which means the Netanyahu administration which means the Sabbatian administration. I understand why many opposing Cult fascism in all its forms gravitated to Trump, but he

was a crucial part of the Sabbatian plan and I will deal with this in the next chapter.

Joe Biden ('Democrat')

A barely cognitive Joe Biden took over the presidency in January, 2021, along with his fellow empty shell, Vice-President Kamala Harris, as the latest Sabbatian gofers to enter the White House. Names on the door may have changed and the 'party' – the force behind them remained the same as Zionists were appointed to a stream of pivotal areas relating to Sabbatian plans and policy. They included: Janet Yellen, Treasury Secretary, former head of the Federal Reserve, and still another ultra-Zionist running the US Treasury after Mnuchin (Trump), Lew and Geithner (Obama), and Summers and Rubin (Clinton); Anthony Blinken, Secretary of State; Wendy Sherman, Deputy Secretary of State (so that's 'Biden's' Sabbatian foreign policy sorted); Jeff Zients, White House coronavirus coordinator; Rochelle Walensky, head of the Centers for Disease Control; Rachel Levine, transgender deputy health secretary (that's 'Covid' hoax policy under control); Merrick Garland, Attorney General; Alejandro Mayorkas, Secretary of Homeland Security; Cass Sunstein, Homeland Security with responsibility for new immigration laws; Avril Haines, Director of National Intelligence; Anne Neuberger, National Security Agency cybersecurity director (note, cybersecurity); David Cohen, CIA Deputy Director; Ronald Klain, Biden's Chief of Staff (see Rahm Emanuel); Eric Lander, a 'leading geneticist', Office of Science and Technology Policy director (see Smart Grid, synthetic biology agenda); Jessica Rosenworcel, acting head of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) which controls Smart Grid technology policy and electromagnetic communication systems including 5G. How can it be that so many pivotal positions are held by two-percent of the American population and 0.2 percent of the world population administration after administration no matter who is the president and what is the party? It's a coincidence? Of course it's not and this is why Sabbatians have built their colossal global web of interlocking 'anti-

hate' hate groups to condemn anyone who asks these glaring questions as an 'anti-Semite'. The way that Jewish people horrifically abused in Sabbatian-backed Nazi Germany are exploited to this end is stomach-turning and disgusting beyond words.

Political fusion

Sabbatian manipulation has reversed the roles of Republicans and Democrats and the same has happened in Britain with the Conservative and Labour Parties. Republicans and Conservatives were always labelled the 'right' and Democrats and Labour the 'left', but look at the policy positions now and the Democrat-Labour 'left' has moved further to the 'right' than Republicans and Conservatives under the banner of 'Woke', the Cult-created far-right tyranny. Where once the Democrat-Labour 'left' defended free speech and human rights they now seek to delete them and as I said earlier despite the 'Covid' fascism of the Jackboot Johnson Conservative government in the UK the Labour Party of leader Keir Starmer demanded even more extreme measures. The Labour Party has been very publicly absorbed by Sabbatians after a political and media onslaught against the previous leader, the weak and inept Jeremy Corbyn, over made-up allegations of 'anti-Semitism' both by him and his party. The plan was clear with this 'anti-Semite' propaganda and what was required in response was a swift and decisive 'fuck off' from Corbyn and a statement to expose the Anti-Semitism Industry (Sabbatian) attempt to silence Labour criticism of the Israeli government (Sabbatians) and purge the party of all dissent against the extremes of ultra-Zionism (Sabbatians). Instead Corbyn and his party fell to their knees and appeased the abusers which, by definition, is impossible. Appeasing one demand leads only to a new demand to be appeased until takeover is complete. Like I say – 'fuck off' would have been a much more effective policy and I have used it myself with great effect over the years when Sabbatians are on my case which is most of the time. I consider that fact a great compliment, by the way. The outcome of the Labour Party capitulation is that we now have a Sabbatian-controlled

Conservative Party 'opposed' by a Sabbatian-controlled Labour Party in a one-party Sabbatian state that hurtles towards the extremes of tyranny (the Sabbatian cult agenda). In America the situation is the same. Labour's Keir Starmer spends his days on his knees with his tongue out pointing to Tel Aviv, or I guess now Jerusalem, while Boris Johnson has an 'anti-Semitism czar' in the form of former Labour MP John Mann who keeps Starmer company on his prayer mat.

Sabbatian influence can be seen in Jewish members of the Labour Party who have been ejected for criticism of Israel including those from families that suffered in Nazi Germany. Sabbatians despise real Jewish people and target them even more harshly because it is so much more difficult to dub them 'anti-Semitic' although in their desperation they do try.

CHAPTER THREE

The Pushbacker sting

Until you realize how easy it is for your mind to be manipulated, you remain the puppet of someone else's game
Evita Ochel

I will use the presidencies of Trump and Biden to show how the manipulation of the one-party state plays out behind the illusion of political choice across the world. No two presidencies could – on the face of it – be more different and apparently at odds in terms of direction and policy.

A Renegade Mind sees beyond the obvious and focuses on outcomes and consequences and not image, words and waffle. The Cult embarked on a campaign to divide America between those who blindly support its agenda (the mentality known as 'Woke') and those who are pushing back on where the Cult and its Sabbatians want to go. This presents infinite possibilities for dividing and ruling the population by setting them at war with each other and allows a perceptual ring fence of demonisation to encircle the Pushbackers in a modern version of the Little Big Horn in 1876 when American cavalry led by Lieutenant Colonel George Custer were drawn into a trap, surrounded and killed by Native American tribes defending their land of thousands of years from being seized by the government. In this modern version the roles are reversed and it's those defending themselves from the Sabbatian government who are surrounded and the government that's seeking to destroy them. This trap was set years ago and to explain how we must return to 2016

and the emergence of Donald Trump as a candidate to be President of the United States. He set out to overcome the best part of 20 other candidates in the Republican Party before and during the primaries and was not considered by many in those early stages to have a prayer of living in the White House. The Republican Party was said to have great reservations about Trump and yet somehow he won the nomination. When you know how American politics works – politics in general – there is no way that Trump could have become the party's candidate unless the Sabbatian-controlled 'Neocons' that run the Republican Party wanted that to happen. We saw the proof in emails and documents made public by WikiLeaks that the Democratic Party hierarchy, or Democons, systematically undermined the campaign of Bernie Sanders to make sure that Sabbatian gofer Hillary Clinton won the nomination to be their presidential candidate. If the Democons could do that then the Neocons in the Republican Party could have derailed Trump in the same way. But they didn't and at that stage I began to conclude that Trump could well be the one chosen to be president. If that was the case the 'why' was pretty clear to see – the goal of dividing America between Cult agenda-supporting Wokers and Pushbackers who gravitated to Trump because he was telling them what they wanted to hear. His constituency of support had been increasingly ignored and voiceless for decades and profoundly through the eight years of Sabbatian puppet Barack Obama. Now here was someone speaking their language of pulling back from the incessant globalisation of political and economic power, the exporting of American jobs to China and elsewhere by 'American' (Sabbatian) corporations, the deletion of free speech, and the mass immigration policies that had further devastated job opportunities for the urban working class of all races and the once American heartlands of the Midwest.

Beware the forked tongue

Those people collectively sighed with relief that at last a political leader was apparently on their side, but another trait of the Renegade Mind is that you look even harder at people telling you

what you want to hear than those who are telling you otherwise. Obviously as I said earlier people wish what they want to hear to be true and genuine and they are much more likely to believe that than someone saying what they don't want to here and don't want to be true. Sales people are taught to be skilled in eliciting by calculated questioning what their customers want to hear and repeating that back to them as their own opinion to get their targets to like and trust them. Assets of the Cult are also sales people in the sense of selling perception. To read Cult manipulation you have to play the long and expanded game and not fall for the Vaudeville show of party politics. Both American parties are vehicles for the Cult and they exploit them in different ways depending on what the agenda requires at that moment. Trump and the Republicans were used to be the focus of dividing America and isolating Pushbackers to open the way for a Biden presidency to become the most extreme in American history by advancing the full-blown Woke (Cult) agenda with the aim of destroying and silencing Pushbackers now labelled Nazi Trump supporters and white supremacists.

Sabbatians wanted Trump in office for the reasons described by ultra-Zionist Saul Alinsky (1909-1972) who was promoting the Woke philosophy through 'community organising' long before anyone had heard of it. In those days it still went by its traditional name of Marxism. The reason for the manipulated Trump phenomenon was laid out in Alinsky's 1971 book, *Rules for Radicals*, which was his blueprint for overthrowing democratic and other regimes and replacing them with Sabbatian Marxism. Not surprisingly his to-do list was evident in the Sabbatian French and Russian 'Revolutions' and that in China which will become very relevant in the next chapter about the 'Covid' hoax. Among Alinsky's followers have been the deeply corrupt Barack Obama, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi and Hillary Clinton who described him as a 'hero'. All three are Sabbatian stooges with Pelosi personifying the arrogant corrupt idiocy that so widely fronts up for the Cult inner core. Predictably as a Sabbatian advocate of the 'light-bringer' Alinsky features Lucifer on the dedication page of his book as the original radical who gained

his own kingdom ('Earth' as we shall see). One of Alinsky's golden radical rules was to pick an individual and focus all attention, hatred and blame on them and not to target faceless bureaucracies and corporations. *Rules for Radicals* is really a Sabbatian handbook with its contents repeatedly employed all over the world for centuries and why wouldn't Sabbatians bring to power their designer-villain to be used as the individual on which all attention, hatred and blame was bestowed? This is what they did and the only question for me is how much Trump knew that and how much he was manipulated. A bit of both, I suspect. This was Alinsky's Trump technique from a man who died in 1972. The technique has spanned history:

> Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it. Don't try to attack abstract corporations or bureaucracies. Identify a responsible individual. Ignore attempts to shift or spread the blame.

From the moment Trump came to illusory power everything was about him. It wasn't about Republican policy or opinion, but all about Trump. Everything he did was presented in negative, derogatory and abusive terms by the Sabbatian-dominated media led by Cult operations such as CNN, MSNBC, *The New York Times* and the Jeff Bezos-owned *Washington Post* – 'Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it.' Trump was turned into a demon to be vilified by those who hated him and a demi-god loved by those who worshipped him. This, in turn, had his supporters, too, presented as equally demonic in preparation for the punchline later down the line when Biden was about to take office. It was here's a Trump, there's a Trump, everywhere a Trump, Trump. Virtually every news story or happening was filtered through the lens of 'The Donald'. You loved him or hated him and which one you chose was said to define you as Satan's spawn or a paragon of virtue. Even supporting some Trump policies or statements and not others was enough for an assault on your character. No shades of grey were or are allowed. Everything is black and white (literally and figuratively). A Californian I knew had her head utterly scrambled by her hatred for Trump while telling people they should love each other. She was so totally consumed by

Trump Derangement Syndrome as it became to be known that this glaring contradiction would never have occurred to her. By definition anyone who criticised Trump or praised his opponents was a hero and this lady described Joe Biden as 'a kind, honest gentleman' when he's a provable liar, mega-crook and vicious piece of work to boot. Sabbatians had indeed divided America using Trump as the fall-guy and all along the clock was ticking on the consequences for his supporters.

In hock to his masters

Trump gave Sabbatians via Israel almost everything they wanted in his four years. Ask and you shall receive was the dynamic between himself and Benjamin Netanyahu orchestrated by Trump's ultra-Zionist son-in-law Jared Kushner, his ultra-Zionist Ambassador to Israel, David Friedman, and ultra-Zionist 'Israel adviser', Jason Greenblatt. The last two were central to the running and protecting from collapse of his business empire, the Trump Organisation, and colossal business failures made him forever beholding to Sabbatian networks that bailed him out. By the start of the 1990s Trump owed $4 billion to banks that he couldn't pay and almost $1billion of that was down to him personally and not his companies. This mega-disaster was the result of building two new casinos in Atlantic City and buying the enormous Taj Mahal operation which led to crippling debt payments. He had borrowed fantastic sums from 72 banks with major Sabbatian connections and although the scale of debt should have had him living in a tent alongside the highway they never foreclosed. A plan was devised to lift Trump from the mire by BT Securities Corporation and Rothschild Inc. and the case was handled by Wilber Ross who had worked for the Rothschilds for 27 years. Ross would be named US Commerce Secretary after Trump's election. Another crucial figure in saving Trump was ultra-Zionist 'investor' Carl Icahn who bought the Taj Mahal casino. Icahn was made special economic adviser on financial regulation in the Trump administration. He didn't stay long but still managed to find time to make a tidy sum of a reported $31.3 million when he sold his

holdings affected by the price of steel three days before Trump imposed a 235 percent tariff on steel imports. What amazing bits of luck these people have. Trump and Sabbatian operatives have long had a close association and his mentor and legal adviser from the early 1970s until 1986 was the dark and genetically corrupt ultra-Zionist Roy Cohn who was chief counsel to Senator Joseph McCarthy's 'communist' witch-hunt in the 1950s. *Esquire* magazine published an article about Cohn with the headline 'Don't mess with Roy Cohn'. He was described as the most feared lawyer in New York and 'a ruthless master of dirty tricks ... [with] ... more than one Mafia Don on speed dial'. Cohn's influence, contacts, support and protection made Trump a front man for Sabbatians in New York with their connections to one of Cohn's many criminal employers, the 'Russian' Sabbatian Mafia. Israel-centric media mogul Rupert Murdoch was introduced to Trump by Cohn and they started a long friendship. Cohn died in 1986 weeks after being disbarred for unethical conduct by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. The wheels of justice do indeed run slow given the length of Cohn's crooked career.

QAnon-sense

We are asked to believe that Donald Trump with his fundamental connections to Sabbatian networks and operatives has been leading the fight to stop the Sabbatian agenda for the fascistic control of America and the world. Sure he has. A man entrapped during his years in the White House by Sabbatian operatives and whose biggest financial donor was casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson who was Sabbatian to his DNA?? Oh, do come on. Trump has been used to divide America and isolate Pushbackers on the Cult agenda under the heading of 'Trump supporters', 'insurrectionists' and 'white supremacists'. The US Intelligence/Mossad Psyop or psychological operation known as QAnon emerged during the Trump years as a central pillar in the Sabbatian campaign to lead Pushbackers into the trap set by those that wished to destroy them. I knew from the start that QAnon was a scam because I had seen the same scenario many

times before over 30 years under different names and I had written about one in particular in the books. 'Not again' was my reaction when QAnon came to the fore. The same script is pulled out every few years and a new name added to the letterhead. The story always takes the same form: 'Insiders' or 'the good guys' in the government-intelligence-military 'Deep State' apparatus were going to instigate mass arrests of the 'bad guys' which would include the Rockefellers, Rothschilds, Barack Obama, Hillary Clinton, George Soros, etc., etc. Dates are given for when the 'good guys' are going to move in, but the dates pass without incident and new dates are given which pass without incident. The central message to Pushbackers in each case is that they don't have to do anything because there is 'a plan' and it is all going to be sorted by the 'good guys' on the inside. 'Trust the plan' was a QAnon mantra when the only plan was to misdirect Pushbackers into putting their trust in a Psyop they believed to be real. Beware, beware, those who tell you what you want to hear and always check it out. Right up to Biden's inauguration QAnon was still claiming that 'the Storm' was coming and Trump would stay on as president when Biden and his cronies were arrested and jailed. It was never going to happen and of course it didn't, but what did happen as a result provided that punchline to the Sabbatian Trump/QAnon Psyop.

On January 6th, 2021, a very big crowd of Trump supporters gathered in the National Mall in Washington DC down from the Capitol Building to protest at what they believed to be widespread corruption and vote fraud that stopped Trump being re-elected for a second term as president in November, 2020. I say as someone that does not support Trump or Biden that the evidence is clear that major vote-fixing went on to favour Biden, a man with cognitive problems so advanced he can often hardly string a sentence together without reading the words written for him on the Teleprompter. Glaring ballot discrepancies included serious questions about electronic voting machines that make vote rigging a comparative cinch and hundreds of thousands of paper votes that suddenly appeared during already advanced vote counts and virtually all of

them for Biden. Early Trump leads in crucial swing states suddenly began to close and disappear. The pandemic hoax was used as the excuse to issue almost limitless numbers of mail-in ballots with no checks to establish that the recipients were still alive or lived at that address. They were sent to streams of people who had not even asked for them. Private organisations were employed to gather these ballots and who knows what they did with them before they turned up at the counts. The American election system has been manipulated over decades to become a sick joke with more holes than a Swiss cheese for the express purpose of dictating the results. Then there was the criminal manipulation of information by Sabbatian tech giants like Facebook, Twitter and Google-owned YouTube which deleted pro-Trump, anti-Biden accounts and posts while everything in support of Biden was left alone. Sabbatians wanted Biden to win because after the dividing of America it was time for full-on Woke and every aspect of the Cult agenda to be unleashed.

Hunter gatherer

Extreme Silicon Valley bias included blocking information by the *New York Post* exposing a Biden scandal that should have ended his bid for president in the final weeks of the campaign. Hunter Biden, his monumentally corrupt son, is reported to have sent a laptop to be repaired at a local store and failed to return for it. Time passed until the laptop became the property of the store for non-payment of the bill. When the owner saw what was on the hard drive he gave a copy to the FBI who did nothing even though it confirmed widespread corruption in which the Joe Biden family were using his political position, especially when he was vice president to Obama, to make multiple millions in countries around the world and most notably Ukraine and China. Hunter Biden's one-time business partner Tony Bobulinski went public when the story broke in the *New York Post* to confirm the corruption he saw and that Joe Biden not only knew what was going on he also profited from the spoils. Millions were handed over by a Chinese company with close

connections – like all major businesses in China – to the Chinese communist party of President Xi Jinping. Joe Biden even boasted at a meeting of the Cult's World Economic Forum that as vice president he had ordered the government of Ukraine to fire a prosecutor. What he didn't mention was that the same man just happened to be investigating an energy company which was part of Hunter Biden's corrupt portfolio. The company was paying him big bucks for no other reason than the influence his father had. Overnight Biden's presidential campaign should have been over given that he had lied publicly about not knowing what his son was doing. Instead almost the entire Sabbatian-owned mainstream media and Sabbatian-owned Silicon Valley suppressed circulation of the story. This alone went a mighty way to rigging the election of 2020. Cult assets like Mark Zuckerberg at Facebook also spent hundreds of millions to be used in support of Biden and vote 'administration'.

The Cult had used Trump as the focus to divide America and was now desperate to bring in moronic, pliable, corrupt Biden to complete the double-whammy. No way were they going to let little things like the will of the people thwart their plan. Silicon Valley widely censored claims that the election was rigged because it *was* rigged. For the same reason anyone claiming it was rigged was denounced as a 'white supremacist' including the pathetically few Republican politicians willing to say so. Right across the media where the claim was mentioned it was described as a 'false claim' even though these excuses for 'journalists' would have done no research into the subject whatsoever. Trump won seven million more votes than any sitting president had ever achieved while somehow a cognitively-challenged soon to be 78-year-old who was hidden away from the public for most of the campaign managed to win more votes than any presidential candidate in history. It makes no sense. You only had to see election rallies for both candidates to witness the enthusiasm for Trump and the apathy for Biden. Tens of thousands would attend Trump events while Biden was speaking in empty car parks with often only television crews attending and framing their shots to hide the fact that no one was there. It was pathetic to see

footage come to light of Biden standing at a podium making speeches only to TV crews and party fixers while reading the words written for him on massive Teleprompter screens. So, yes, those protestors on January 6th had a point about election rigging, but some were about to walk into a trap laid for them in Washington by the Cult Deep State and its QAnon Psyop. This was the Capitol Hill riot ludicrously dubbed an 'insurrection'.

The spider and the fly

Renegade Minds know there are not two 'sides' in politics, only one side, the Cult, working through all 'sides'. It's a stage show, a puppet show, to direct the perceptions of the population into focusing on diversions like parties and candidates while missing the puppeteers with their hands holding all the strings. The Capitol Hill 'insurrection' brings us back to the Little Big Horn. Having created two distinct opposing groupings – Woke and Pushbackers – the trap was about to be sprung. Pushbackers were to be encircled and isolated by associating them all in the public mind with Trump and then labelling Trump as some sort of Confederate leader. I knew immediately that the Capitol riot was a set-up because of two things. One was how easy the rioters got into the building with virtually no credible resistance and secondly I could see – as with the 'Covid' hoax in the West at the start of 2020 – how the Cult could exploit the situation to move its agenda forward with great speed. My experience of Cult techniques and activities over more than 30 years has showed me that while they do exploit situations they haven't themselves created this never happens with events of fundamental agenda significance. Every time major events giving cultists the excuse to rapidly advance their plan you find they are manipulated into being for the specific reason of providing that excuse – Problem-Reaction-Solution. Only a tiny minority of the huge crowd of Washington protestors sought to gain entry to the Capitol by smashing windows and breaching doors. That didn't matter. The whole crowd and all Pushbackers, even if they did not support Trump, were going to be lumped together as dangerous

insurrectionists and conspiracy theorists. The latter term came into widespread use through a CIA memo in the 1960s aimed at discrediting those questioning the nonsensical official story of the Kennedy assassination and it subsequently became widely employed by the media. It's still being used by inept 'journalists' with no idea of its origin to discredit anyone questioning anything that authority claims to be true. When you are perpetrating a conspiracy you need to discredit the very word itself even though the dictionary definition of conspiracy is merely 'the activity of secretly planning with other people to do something bad or illegal' and 'a general agreement to keep silent about a subject for the purpose of keeping it secret'. On that basis there are conspiracies almost wherever you look. For obvious reasons the Cult and its lapdog media have to claim there are no conspiracies even though the word appears in state laws as with conspiracy to defraud, to murder, and to corrupt public morals.

Agent provocateurs are widely used by the Cult Deep State to manipulate genuine people into acting in ways that suit the desired outcome. By genuine in this case I mean protestors genuinely supporting Trump and claims that the election was stolen. In among them, however, were agents of the state wearing the garb of Trump supporters and QAnon to pump-prime the Capital riot which some genuine Trump supporters naively fell for. I described the situation as 'Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly'. Leaflets appeared through the Woke paramilitary arm Antifa, the anti-fascist fascists, calling on supporters to turn up in Washington looking like Trump supporters even though they hated him. Some of those arrested for breaching the Capitol Building were sourced to Antifa and its stable mate Black Lives Matter. Both organisations are funded by Cult billionaires and corporations. One man charged for the riot was according to his lawyer a former FBI agent who had held top secret security clearance for 40 years. Attorney Thomas Plofchan said of his client, 66-year-old Thomas Edward Caldwell:

He has held a Top Secret Security Clearance since 1979 and has undergone multiple Special Background Investigations in support of his clearances. After retiring from the Navy, he

worked as a section chief for the Federal Bureau of Investigation from 2009-2010 as a GS-12 [mid-level employee].

He also formed and operated a consulting firm performing work, often classified, for U.S government customers including the US. Drug Enforcement Agency, Department of Housing and Urban Development, the US Coast Guard, and the US Army Personnel Command.

A judge later released Caldwell pending trial in the absence of evidence about a conspiracy or that he tried to force his way into the building. *The New York Post* reported a 'law enforcement source' as saying that 'at least two known Antifa members were spotted' on camera among Trump supporters during the riot while one of the rioters arrested was John Earle Sullivan, a seriously extreme Black Lives Matter Trump-hater from Utah who was previously arrested and charged in July, 2020, over a BLM-Antifa riot in which drivers were threatened and one was shot. Sullivan is the founder of Utah-based Insurgence USA which is an affiliate of the Cult-created-and-funded Black Lives Matter movement. Footage appeared and was then deleted by Twitter of Trump supporters calling out Antifa infiltrators and a group was filmed changing into pro-Trump clothing before the riot. Security at the building was *pathetic* – as planned. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty, a man with long experience in covert operations working with the US security apparatus, once described the tell-tale sign to identify who is involved in an assassination. He said:

No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

This principle applies to many other situations and certainly to the Capitol riot of January 6th, 2021.

The sting

With such a big and potentially angry crowd known to be gathering near the Capitol the security apparatus would have had a major police detail to defend the building with National Guard troops on

standby given the strength of feeling among people arriving from all over America encouraged by the QAnon Psyop and statements by Donald Trump. Instead Capitol Police 'security' was flimsy, weak, and easily breached. The same number of officers was deployed as on a regular day and that is a blatant red flag. They were not staffed or equipped for a possible riot that had been an obvious possibility in the circumstances. No protective and effective fencing worth the name was put in place and there were no contingency plans. The whole thing was basically a case of standing aside and waving people in. Once inside police mostly backed off apart from one Capitol police officer who ridiculously shot dead unarmed Air Force veteran protestor Ashli Babbitt without a warning as she climbed through a broken window. The 'investigation' refused to name or charge the officer after what must surely be considered a murder in the circumstances. They just lifted a carpet and swept. The story was endlessly repeated about five people dying in the 'armed insurrection' when there was no report of rioters using weapons. Apart from Babbitt the other four died from a heart attack, strokes and apparently a drug overdose. Capitol police officer Brian Sicknick was reported to have died after being bludgeoned with a fire extinguisher when he was alive after the riot was over and died later of what the Washington Medical Examiner's Office said was a stroke. Sicknick had no external injuries. The lies were delivered like rapid fire. There was a narrative to build with incessant repetition of the lie until the lie became the accepted 'everybody knows that' truth. The 'Big Lie' technique of Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels is constantly used by the Cult which was behind the Nazis and is today behind the 'Covid' and 'climate change' hoaxes. Goebbels said:

> If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State.

Most protestors had a free run of the Capitol Building. This allowed pictures to be taken of rioters in iconic parts of the building including the Senate chamber which could be used as propaganda images against all Pushbackers. One Congresswoman described the scene as 'the worst kind of non-security anybody could ever imagine'. Well, the first part was true, but someone obviously did imagine it and made sure it happened. Some photographs most widely circulated featured people wearing QAnon symbols and now the Psyop would be used to dub all QAnon followers with the ubiquitous fit-all label of 'white supremacist' and 'insurrectionists'. When a Muslim extremist called Noah Green drove his car at two police officers at the Capitol Building killing one in April, 2021, there was no such political and media hysteria. They were just disappointed he wasn't white.

The witch-hunt

Government prosecutor Michael Sherwin, an aggressive, dark-eyed, professional Rottweiler led the 'investigation' and to call it over the top would be to understate reality a thousand fold. Hundreds were tracked down and arrested for the crime of having the wrong political views and people were jailed who had done nothing more than walk in the building, committed no violence or damage to property, took a few pictures and left. They were labelled a 'threat to the Republic' while Biden sat in the White House signing executive orders written for him that were dismantling 'the Republic'. Even when judges ruled that a mother and son should not be in jail the government kept them there. Some of those arrested have been badly beaten by prison guards in Washington and lawyers for one man said he suffered a fractured skull and was made blind in one eye. Meanwhile a woman is shot dead for no reason by a Capitol Police officer and we are not allowed to know who he is never mind what has happened to him although that will be *nothing*. The Cult's QAnon/Trump sting to identify and isolate Pushbackers and then target them on the road to crushing and deleting them was a resounding success. You would have thought the Russians had

invaded the building at gunpoint and lined up senators for a firing squad to see the political and media reaction. Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez is a child in a woman's body, a terrible-twos, me, me, me, Woker narcissist of such proportions that words have no meaning. She said she thought she was going to die when 'insurrectionists' banged on her office door. It turned out she wasn't even in the Capitol Building when the riot was happening and the 'banging' was a Capitol Police officer. She referred to herself as a 'survivor' which is an insult to all those true survivors of violent and sexual abuse while she lives her pampered and privileged life talking drivel for a living. Her Woke colleague and fellow mega-narcissist Rashida Tlaib broke down describing the devastating effect on her, too, of *not being* in the building when the rioters were there. Ocasio-Cortez and Tlaib are members of a fully-Woke group of Congresswomen known as 'The Squad' along with Ilhan Omar and Ayanna Pressley. The Squad from what I can see can be identified by its vehement anti-white racism, anti-white men agenda, and, as always in these cases, the absence of brain cells on active duty.

The usual suspects were on the riot case immediately in the form of Democrat ultra-Zionist senators and operatives Chuck Schumer and Adam Schiff demanding that Trump be impeached for 'his part in the insurrection'. The same pair of prats had led the failed impeachment of Trump over the invented 'Russia collusion' nonsense which claimed Russia had helped Trump win the 2016 election. I didn't realise that Tel Aviv had been relocated just outside Moscow. I must find an up-to-date map. The Russia hoax was a Sabbatian operation to keep Trump occupied and impotent and to stop any rapport with Russia which the Cult wants to retain as a perceptual enemy to be pulled out at will. Puppet Biden began attacking Russia when he came to office as the Cult seeks more upheaval, division and war across the world. A two-year stage show 'Russia collusion inquiry' headed by the not-very-bright former 9/11 FBI chief Robert Mueller, with support from 19 lawyers, 40 FBI agents plus intelligence analysts, forensic accountants and other

staff, devoured tens of millions of dollars and found no evidence of Russia collusion which a ten-year-old could have told them on day one. Now the same moronic Schumer and Schiff wanted a second impeachment of Trump over the Capitol 'insurrection' (riot) which the arrested development of Schumer called another 'Pearl Harbor' while others compared it with 9/11 in which 3,000 died and, in the case of CNN, with the Rwandan genocide in the 1990s in which an estimated 500,000 to 600,000 were murdered, between 250, 000 and 500,000 women were raped, and populations of whole towns were hacked to death with machetes. To make those comparisons purely for Cult political reasons is beyond insulting to those that suffered and lost their lives and confirms yet again the callous inhumanity that we are dealing with. Schumer is a monumental idiot and so is Schiff, but they serve the Cult agenda and do whatever they're told so they get looked after. Talking of idiots – another inane man who spanned the Russia and Capitol impeachment attempts was Senator Eric Swalwell who had the nerve to accuse Trump of collusion with the Russians while sleeping with a Chinese spy called Christine Fang or 'Fang Fang' which is straight out of a Bond film no doubt starring Klaus Schwab as the bloke living on a secret island and controlling laser weapons positioned in space and pointing at world capitals. Fang Fang plays the part of Bond's infiltrator girlfriend which I'm sure she would enjoy rather more than sharing a bed with the brainless Swalwell, lying back and thinking of China. The FBI eventually warned Swalwell about Fang Fang which gave her time to escape back to the Chinese dictatorship. How very thoughtful of them. The second Trump impeachment also failed and hardly surprising when an impeachment is supposed to remove a sitting president and by the time it happened Trump was no longer president. These people are running your country America, well, officially anyway. Terrifying isn't it?

Outcomes tell the story - always

The outcome of all this – and it's the *outcome* on which Renegade Minds focus, not the words – was that a vicious, hysterical and

obviously pre-planned assault was launched on Pushbackers to censor, silence and discredit them and even targeted their right to earn a living. They have since been condemned as 'domestic terrorists' that need to be treated like Al-Qaeda and Islamic State. 'Domestic terrorists' is a label the Cult has been trying to make stick since the period of the Oklahoma bombing in 1995 which was blamed on 'far-right domestic terrorists'. If you read *The Trigger* you will see that the bombing was clearly a Problem-Reaction-Solution carried out by the Deep State during a Bill Clinton administration so corrupt that no dictionary definition of the term would even nearly suffice. Nearly 30, 000 troops were deployed from all over America to the empty streets of Washington for Biden's inauguration. Ten thousand of them stayed on with the pretext of protecting the capital from insurrectionists when it was more psychological programming to normalise the use of the military in domestic law enforcement in support of the Cult plan for a police-military state. Biden's fascist administration began a purge of 'wrong-thinkers' in the military which means anyone that is not on board with Woke. The Capitol Building was surrounded by a fence with razor wire and the Land of the Free was further symbolically and literally dismantled. The circle was completed with the installation of Biden and the exploitation of the QAnon Psyop.

America had never been so divided since the civil war of the 19th century, Pushbackers were isolated and dubbed terrorists and now, as was always going to happen, the Cult immediately set about deleting what little was left of freedom and transforming American society through a swish of the hand of the most controlled 'president' in American history leading (officially at least) the most extreme regime since the country was declared an independent state on July 4th, 1776. Biden issued undebated, dictatorial executive orders almost by the hour in his opening days in office across the whole spectrum of the Cult wish-list including diluting controls on the border with Mexico allowing thousands of migrants to illegally enter the United States to transform the demographics of America and import an election-changing number of perceived Democrat

voters. Then there were Biden deportation amnesties for the already illegally resident (estimated to be as high as 20 or even 30 million). A bill before Congress awarded American citizenship to anyone who could prove they had worked in agriculture for just 180 days in the previous two years as 'Big Ag' secured its slave labour long-term. There were the plans to add new states to the union such as Puerto Rico and making Washington DC a state. They are all parts of a plan to ensure that the Cult-owned Woke Democrats would be permanently in power.

Border – what border?

I have exposed in detail in other books how mass immigration into the United States and Europe is the work of Cult networks fuelled by the tens of billions spent to this and other ends by George Soros and his global Open Society (open borders) Foundations. The impact can be seen in America alone where the population has increased by *100 million* in little more than 30 years mostly through immigration. I wrote in *The Answer* that the plan was to have so many people crossing the southern border that the numbers become unstoppable and we are now there under Cult-owned Biden. El Salvador in Central America puts the scale of what is happening into context. A third of the population now lives in the United States, much of it illegally, and many more are on the way. The methodology is to crush Central and South American countries economically and spread violence through machete-wielding psychopathic gangs like MS-13 based in El Salvador and now operating in many American cities. Biden-imposed lax security at the southern border means that it is all but open. He said before his 'election' that he wanted to see a surge towards the border if he became president and that was the green light for people to do just that after election day to create the human disaster that followed for both America and the migrants. When that surge came the imbecilic Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez said it wasn't a 'surge' because they are 'children, not insurgents' and the term 'surge' (used by Biden) was a claim of 'white supremacists'.

This disingenuous lady may one day enter the realm of the most basic intelligence, but it won't be any time soon.

Sabbatians and the Cult are in the process of destroying America by importing violent people and gangs in among the genuine to terrorise American cities and by overwhelming services that cannot cope with the sheer volume of new arrivals. Something similar is happening in Europe as Western society in general is targeted for demographic and cultural transformation and upheaval. The plan demands violence and crime to create an environment of intimidation, fear and division and Soros has been funding the election of district attorneys across America who then stop prosecuting many crimes, reduce sentences for violent crimes and free as many violent criminals as they can. Sabbatians are creating the chaos from which order – their order – can respond in a classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. A Freemasonic moto says 'Ordo Ab Chao' (Order out of Chaos) and this is why the Cult is constantly creating chaos to impose a new 'order'. Here you have the reason the Cult is constantly creating chaos. The 'Covid' hoax can be seen with those entering the United States by plane being forced to take a 'Covid' test while migrants flooding through southern border processing facilities do not. Nothing is put in the way of mass migration and if that means ignoring the government's own 'Covid' rules then so be it. They know it's all bullshit anyway. Any pushback on this is denounced as 'racist' by Wokers and Sabbatian fronts like the ultra-Zionist Anti-Defamation League headed by the appalling Jonathan Greenblatt which at the same time argues that Israel should not give citizenship and voting rights to more Palestinian Arabs or the 'Jewish population' (in truth the Sabbatian network) will lose control of the country.

Society-changing numbers

Biden's masters have declared that countries like El Salvador are so dangerous that their people must be allowed into the United States for humanitarian reasons when there are fewer murders in large parts of many Central American countries than in US cities like

Baltimore. That is not to say Central America cannot be a dangerous place and Cult-controlled American governments have been making it so since way back, along with the dismantling of economies, in a long-term plan to drive people north into the United States. Parts of Central America are very dangerous, but in other areas the story is being greatly exaggerated to justify relaxing immigration criteria. Migrants are being offered free healthcare and education in the United States as another incentive to head for the border and there is no requirement to be financially independent before you can enter to prevent the resources of America being drained. You can't blame migrants for seeking what they believe will be a better life, but they are being played by the Cult for dark and nefarious ends. The numbers since Biden took office are huge. In February, 2021, more than 100,000 people were known to have tried to enter the US illegally through the southern border (it was 34,000 in the same month in 2020) and in March it was 170,000 – a 418 percent increase on March, 2020. These numbers are only known people, not the ones who get in unseen. The true figure for migrants illegally crossing the border in a single month was estimated by one congressman at 250,000 and that number will only rise under Biden's current policy. Gangs of murdering drug-running thugs that control the Mexican side of the border demand money – thousands of dollars – to let migrants cross the Rio Grande into America. At the same time gun battles are breaking out on the border several times a week between rival Mexican drug gangs (which now operate globally) who are equipped with sophisticated military-grade weapons, grenades and armoured vehicles. While the Capitol Building was being 'protected' from a non-existent 'threat' by thousands of troops, and others were still deployed at the time in the Cult Neocon war in Afghanistan, the southern border of America was left to its fate. This is not incompetence, it is cold calculation.

By March, 2021, there were 17,000 unaccompanied children held at border facilities and many of them are ensnared by people traffickers for paedophile rings and raped on their journey north to America. This is not conjecture – this is fact. Many of those designated

children are in reality teenage boys or older. Meanwhile Wokers posture their self-purity for encouraging poor and tragic people to come to America and face this nightmare both on the journey and at the border with the disgusting figure of House Speaker Nancy Pelosi giving disingenuous speeches about caring for migrants. The woman's evil. Wokers condemned Trump for having children in cages at the border (so did Obama, *Shhhh*), but now they are sleeping on the floor without access to a shower with one border facility 729 percent over capacity. The Biden insanity even proposed flying migrants from the southern border to the northern border with Canada for 'processing'. The whole shambles is being overseen by ultra-Zionist Secretary of Homeland Security, the moronic liar Alejandro Mayorkas, who banned news cameras at border facilities to stop Americans seeing what was happening. Mayorkas said there was not a ban on news crews; it was just that they were not allowed to film. Alongside him at Homeland Security is another ultra-Zionist Cass Sunstein appointed by Biden to oversee new immigration laws. Sunstein despises conspiracy researchers to the point where he suggests they should be banned or *taxed* for having such views. The man is not bonkers or anything. He's perfectly well-adjusted, but adjusted to what is the question. Criticise what is happening and you are a 'white supremacist' when earlier non-white immigrants also oppose the numbers which effect their lives and opportunities. Black people in poor areas are particularly damaged by uncontrolled immigration and the increased competition for work opportunities with those who will work for less. They are also losing voting power as Hispanics become more dominant in former black areas. It's a downward spiral for them while the billionaires behind the policy drone on about how much they care about black people and 'racism'. None of this is about compassion for migrants or black people – that's just wind and air. Migrants are instead being mercilessly exploited to transform America while the countries they leave are losing their future and the same is true in Europe. Mass immigration may now be the work of Woke Democrats, but it can be traced back to the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act (it

wasn't) signed into law by Republican hero President Ronald Reagan which gave amnesty to millions living in the United States illegally and other incentives for people to head for the southern border. Here we have the one-party state at work again.

Save me syndrome

Almost every aspect of what I have been exposing as the Cult agenda was on display in even the first days of 'Biden' with silencing of Pushbackers at the forefront of everything. A Renegade Mind will view the Trump years and QAnon in a very different light to their supporters and advocates as the dots are connected. The QAnon/Trump Psyop has given the Cult all it was looking for. We may not know how much, or little, that Trump realised he was being used, but that's a side issue. This pincer movement produced the desired outcome of dividing America and having Pushbackers isolated. To turn this around we have to look at new routes to empowerment which do not include handing our power to other people and groups through what I will call the 'Save Me Syndrome' – 'I want someone else to do it so that I don't have to'. We have seen this at work throughout human history and the QAnon/Trump Psyop is only the latest incarnation alongside all the others. Religion is an obvious expression of this when people look to a 'god' or priest to save them or tell them how to be saved and then there are 'save me' politicians like Trump. Politics is a diversion and not a 'saviour'. It is a means to block positive change, not make it possible.

Save Me Syndrome always comes with the same repeating theme of handing your power to whom or what you believe will save you while your real 'saviour' stares back from the mirror every morning. Renegade Minds are constantly vigilant in this regard and always asking the question 'What can I do?' rather than 'What can someone else do for me?' Gandhi was right when he said: 'You must be the change you want to see in the world.' We are indeed the people we have been waiting for. We are presented with a constant raft of reasons to concede that power to others and forget where the real power is. Humanity has the numbers and the Cult does not. It has to

use diversion and division to target the unstoppable power that comes from unity. Religions, governments, politicians, corporations, media, QAnon, are all different manifestations of this power-diversion and dilution. Refusing to give your power to governments and instead handing it to Trump and QAnon is not to take a new direction, but merely to recycle the old one with new names on the posters. I will explore this phenomenon as we proceed and how to break the cycles and recycles that got us here through the mists of repeating perception and so repeating history.

For now we shall turn to the most potent example in the entire human story of the consequences that follow when you give your power away. I am talking, of course, of the 'Covid' hoax.

CHAPTER FOUR

'Covid': Calculated catastrophe

Facts are threatening to those invested in fraud
DaShanne Stokes

We can easily unravel the real reason for the 'Covid pandemic' hoax by employing the Renegade Mind methodology that I have outlined this far. We'll start by comparing the long-planned Cult outcome with the 'Covid pandemic' outcome. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey.

I have highlighted the plan for the Hunger Games Society which has been in my books for so many years with the very few controlling the very many through ongoing dependency. To create this dependency it is essential to destroy independent livelihoods, businesses and employment to make the population reliant on the state (the Cult) for even the basics of life through a guaranteed pittance income. While independence of income remained these Cult ambitions would be thwarted. With this knowledge it was easy to see where the 'pandemic' hoax was going once talk of 'lockdowns' began and the closing of all but perceived 'essential' businesses to 'save' us from an alleged 'deadly virus'. Cult corporations like Amazon and Walmart were naturally considered 'essential' while mom and pop shops and stores had their doors closed by fascist decree. As a result with every new lockdown and new regulation more small and medium, even large businesses not owned by the Cult, went to the wall while Cult giants and their frontmen and women grew financially fatter by the second. Mom and pop were

denied an income and the right to earn a living and the wealth of people like Jeff Bezos (Amazon), Mark Zuckerberg (Facebook) and Sergei Brin and Larry Page (Google/Alphabet) have reached record levels. The Cult was increasing its own power through further dramatic concentrations of wealth while the competition was being destroyed and brought into a state of dependency. Lockdowns have been instigated to secure that very end and were never anything to do with health. My brother Paul spent 45 years building up a bus repair business, but lockdowns meant buses were running at a fraction of normal levels for months on end. Similar stories can told in their hundreds of millions worldwide. Efforts of a lifetime coldly destroyed by Cult multi-billionaires and their lackeys in government and law enforcement who continued to earn their living from the taxation of the people while denying the right of the same people to earn theirs. How different it would have been if those making and enforcing these decisions had to face the same financial hardships of those they affected, but they never do.

Gates of Hell

Behind it all in the full knowledge of what he is doing and why is the psychopathic figure of Cult operative Bill Gates. His puppet Tedros at the World Health Organization declared 'Covid' a pandemic in March, 2020. The WHO had changed the definition of a 'pandemic' in 2009 just a month before declaring the 'swine flu pandemic' which would not have been so under the previous definition. The same applies to 'Covid'. The definition had included… 'an infection by an infectious agent, occurring simultaneously in different countries, with a significant mortality rate relative to the proportion of the population infected'. The new definition removed the need for 'significant mortality'. The 'pandemic' has been fraudulent even down to the definition, but Gates demanded economy-destroying lockdowns, school closures, social distancing, mandatory masks, a 'vaccination' for every man, woman and child on the planet and severe consequences and restrictions for those that refused. Who gave him this power? The

Cult did which he serves like a little boy in short trousers doing what his daddy tells him. He and his psychopathic missus even smiled when they said that much worse was to come (what they knew was planned to come). Gates responded in the matter-of-fact way of all psychopaths to a question about the effect on the world economy of what he was doing:

> Well, it won't go to zero but it will shrink. Global GDP is probably going to take the biggest hit ever [Gates was smiling as he said this] … in my lifetime this will be the greatest economic hit. But you don't have a choice. People act as if you have a choice. People don't feel like going to the stadium when they might get infected … People are deeply affected by seeing these stats, by knowing they could be part of the transmission chain, old people, their parents and grandparents, could be affected by this, and so you don't get to say ignore what is going on here.
>
> There will be the ability to open up, particularly in rich countries, if things are done well over the next few months, but for the world at large normalcy only returns when we have largely vaccinated the entire population.

The man has no compassion or empathy. How could he when he's a psychopath like all Cult players? My own view is that even beyond that he is very seriously mentally ill. Look in his eyes and you can see this along with his crazy flailing arms. You don't do what he has done to the world population since the start of 2020 unless you are mentally ill and at the most extreme end of psychopathic. You especially don't do it when to you know, as we shall see, that cases and deaths from 'Covid' are fakery and a product of monumental figure massaging. 'These stats' that Gates referred to are based on a 'test' that's not testing for the 'virus' as he has known all along. He made his fortune with big Cult support as an infamously ruthless software salesman and now buys global control of 'health' (death) policy without the population he affects having any say. It's a breathtaking outrage. Gates talked about people being deeply affected by fear of 'Covid' when that was because of *him* and his global network lying to them minute-by-minute supported by a lying media that he seriously influences and funds to the tune of hundreds of millions. He's handed big sums to media operations including the BBC, NBC, Al Jazeera, Univision, *PBS NewsHour*,

ProPublica, National Journal, The Guardian, The Financial Times, The Atlantic, Texas Tribune, USA Today publisher Gannett, *Washington Monthly, Le Monde,* Center for Investigative Reporting, Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting, National Press Foundation, International Center for Journalists, Solutions Journalism Network, the Poynter Institute for Media Studies, and many more. Gates is everywhere in the 'Covid' hoax and the man must go to prison – or a mental facility – for the rest of his life and his money distributed to those he has taken such enormous psychopathic pleasure in crushing.

The Muscle

The Hunger Games global structure demands a police-military state – a fusion of the two into one force – which viciously imposes the will of the Cult on the population and protects the Cult from public rebellion. In that regard, too, the 'Covid' hoax just keeps on giving. Often unlawful, ridiculous and contradictory 'Covid' rules and regulations have been policed across the world by moronic automatons and psychopaths made faceless by face-nappy masks and acting like the Nazi SS and fascist blackshirts and brownshirts of Hitler and Mussolini. The smallest departure from the rules decreed by the psychos in government and their clueless gofers were jumped upon by the face-nappy fascists. Brutality against public protestors soon became commonplace even on girls, women and old people as the brave men with the batons – the Face-Nappies as I call them – broke up peaceful protests and handed out fines like confetti to people who couldn't earn a living let alone pay hundreds of pounds for what was once an accepted human right. Robot Face-Nappies of Nottingham police in the English East Midlands fined one group £11,000 for attending a child's birthday party. For decades I charted the transformation of law enforcement as genuine, decent officers were replaced with psychopaths and the brain dead who would happily and brutally do whatever their masters told them. Now they were let loose on the public and I would emphasise the point that none of this just happened. The step-by-step change in the dynamic between police and public was orchestrated from the shadows by

those who knew where this was all going and the same with the perceptual reframing of those in all levels of authority and official administration through 'training courses' by organisations such as Common Purpose which was created in the late 1980s and given a massive boost in Blair era Britain until it became a global phenomenon. Supposed public 'servants' began to view the population as the enemy and the same was true of the police. This was the start of the explosion of behaviour manipulation organisations and networks preparing for the all-war on the human psyche unleashed with the dawn of 2020. I will go into more detail about this later in the book because it is a core part of what is happening.

Police desecrated beauty spots to deter people gathering and arrested women for walking in the countryside alone 'too far' from their homes. We had arrogant, clueless sergeants in the Isle of Wight police where I live posting on Facebook what they insisted the population must do or else. A schoolmaster sergeant called Radford looked young enough for me to ask if his mother knew he was out, but he was posting what he *expected* people to do while a Sergeant Wilkinson boasted about fining lads for meeting in a McDonald's car park where they went to get a lockdown takeaway. Wilkinson added that he had even cancelled their order. What a pair of prats these people are and yet they have increasingly become the norm among Jackboot Johnson's Yellowshirts once known as the British police. This was the theme all over the world with police savagery common during lockdown protests in the United States, the Netherlands, and the fascist state of Victoria in Australia under its tyrannical and again moronic premier Daniel Andrews. Amazing how tyrannical and moronic tend to work as a team and the same combination could be seen across America as arrogant, narcissistic Woke governors and mayors such as Gavin Newsom (California), Andrew Cuomo (New York), Gretchen Whitmer (Michigan), Lori Lightfoot (Chicago) and Eric Garcetti (Los Angeles) did their Nazi and Stalin impressions with the full support of the compliant brutality of their enforcers in uniform as they arrested small business owners defying

fascist shutdown orders and took them to jail in ankle shackles and handcuffs. This happened to bistro owner Marlena Pavlos-Hackney in Gretchen Whitmer's fascist state of Michigan when police arrived to enforce an order by a state-owned judge for 'putting the community at risk' at a time when other states like Texas were dropping restrictions and migrants were pouring across the southern border without any 'Covid' questions at all. I'm sure there are many officers appalled by what they are ordered to do, but not nearly enough of them. If they were truly appalled they would not do it. As the months passed every opportunity was taken to have the military involved to make their presence on the streets ever more familiar and 'normal' for the longer-term goal of police-military fusion.

Another crucial element to the Hunger Games enforcement network has been encouraging the public to report neighbours and others for 'breaking the lockdown rules'. The group faced with £11,000 in fines at the child's birthday party would have been dobbed-in by a neighbour with a brain the size of a pea. The technique was most famously employed by the Stasi secret police in communist East Germany who had public informants placed throughout the population. A police chief in the UK says his force doesn't need to carry out 'Covid' patrols when they are flooded with so many calls from the public reporting other people for visiting the beach. Dorset police chief James Vaughan said people were so enthusiastic about snitching on their fellow humans they were now operating as an auxiliary arm of the police: 'We are still getting around 400 reports a week from the public, so we will respond to reports …We won't need to be doing hotspot patrols because people are very quick to pick the phone up and tell us.' Vaughan didn't say that this is a pillar of all tyrannies of whatever complexion and the means to hugely extend the reach of enforcement while spreading distrust among the people and making them wary of doing anything that might get them reported. Those narcissistic Isle of Wight sergeants Radford and Wilkinson never fail to add a link to their Facebook posts where the public can inform on their fellow slaves.

Neither would be self-aware enough to realise they were imitating the Stasi which they might well never have heard of. Government psychologists that I will expose later laid out a policy to turn communities against each other in the same way.

A coincidence? Yep, and I can knit fog

I knew from the start of the alleged pandemic that this was a Cult operation. It presented limitless potential to rapidly advance the Cult agenda and exploit manipulated fear to demand that every man, woman and child on the planet was 'vaccinated' in a process never used on humans before which infuses self-replicating *synthetic* material into human cells. Remember the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state. I'll deal with the 'vaccine' (that's not actually a vaccine) when I focus on the genetic agenda. Enough to say here that mass global 'vaccination' justified by this 'new virus' set alarms ringing after 30 years of tracking these people and their methods. The 'Covid' hoax officially beginning in China was also a big red flag for reasons I will be explaining. The agenda potential was so enormous that I could dismiss any idea that the 'virus' appeared naturally. Major happenings with major agenda implications never occur without Cult involvement in making them happen. My questions were twofold in early 2020 as the media began its campaign to induce global fear and hysteria: Was this alleged infectious agent released on purpose by the Cult or did it even exist at all? I then did what I always do in these situations. I sat, observed and waited to see where the evidence and information would take me. By March and early April synchronicity was strongly – and ever more so since then – pointing me in the direction of *there is no 'virus'*. I went public on that with derision even from swathes of the alternative media that voiced a scenario that the Chinese government released the 'virus' in league with Deep State elements in the United States from a top-level bio-lab in Wuhan where the 'virus' is said to have first appeared. I looked at that possibility, but I didn't buy it for several reasons. Deaths from the 'virus' did not in any way match what they

would have been with a 'deadly bioweapon' and it is much more effective if you sell the *illusion* of an infectious agent rather than having a real one unless you can control through injection who has it and who doesn't. Otherwise you lose control of events. A made-up 'virus' gives you a blank sheet of paper on which you can make it do whatever you like and have any symptoms or mutant 'variants' you choose to add while a real infectious agent would limit you to what it actually does. A phantom disease allows you to have endless ludicrous 'studies' on the 'Covid' dollar to widen the perceived impact by inventing ever more 'at risk' groups including one study which said those who walk slowly may be almost four times more likely to die from the 'virus'. People are in psychiatric wards for less.

A real 'deadly bioweapon' can take out people in the hierarchy that are not part of the Cult, but essential to its operation. Obviously they don't want that. Releasing a real disease means you immediately lose control of it. Releasing an illusory one means you don't. Again it's vital that people are extra careful when dealing with what they want to hear. A bioweapon unleashed from a Chinese laboratory in collusion with the American Deep State may fit a conspiracy narrative, but is it true? Would it not be far more effective to use the excuse of a 'virus' to justify the real bioweapon – the 'vaccine'? That way your disease agent does not have to be transmitted and arrives directly through a syringe. I saw a French virologist Luc Montagnier quoted in the alternative media as saying he had discovered that the alleged 'new' severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus , or SARS-CoV-2, was made artificially and included elements of the human immunodeficiency 'virus' (HIV) and a parasite that causes malaria. SARS-CoV-2 is alleged to trigger an alleged illness called Covid-19. I remembered Montagnier's name from my research years before into claims that an HIV 'retrovirus' causes AIDs – claims that were demolished by Berkeley virologist Peter Duesberg who showed that no one had ever proved that HIV causes acquired immunodeficiency syndrome or AIDS. Claims that become accepted as fact, publicly and medically, with no proof whatsoever are an ever-recurring story that profoundly applies to

'Covid'. Nevertheless, despite the lack of proof, Montagnier's team at the Pasteur Institute in Paris had a long dispute with American researcher Robert Gallo over which of them discovered and isolated the HIV 'virus' and with *no evidence* found it to cause AIDS. You will see later that there is also no evidence that any 'virus' causes any disease or that there is even such a thing as a 'virus' in the way it is said to exist. The claim to have 'isolated' the HIV 'virus' will be presented in its real context as we come to the shocking story – and it is a story – of SARS-CoV-2 and so will Montagnier's assertion that he identified the full SARS-CoV-2 genome.

Hoax in the making

We can pick up the 'Covid' story in 2010 and the publication by the Rockefeller Foundation of a document called 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development'. The inner circle of the Rockefeller family has been serving the Cult since John D. Rockefeller (1839-1937) made his fortune with Standard Oil. It is less well known that the same Rockefeller – the Bill Gates of his day – was responsible for establishing what is now referred to as 'Big Pharma', the global network of pharmaceutical companies that make outrageous profits dispensing scalpel and drug 'medicine' and are obsessed with pumping vaccines in ever-increasing number into as many human arms and backsides as possible. John D. Rockefeller was the driving force behind the creation of the 'education' system in the United States and elsewhere specifically designed to program the perceptions of generations thereafter. The Rockefeller family donated exceptionally valuable land in New York for the United Nations building and were central in establishing the World Health Organization in 1948 as an agency of the UN which was created from the start as a Trojan horse and stalking horse for world government. Now enter Bill Gates. His family and the Rockefellers have long been extremely close and I have seen genealogy which claims that if you go back far enough the two families fuse into the same bloodline. Gates has said that the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation was inspired by the Rockefeller Foundation and why not

when both are serving the same Cult? Major tax-exempt foundations are overwhelmingly criminal enterprises in which Cult assets fund the Cult agenda in the guise of 'philanthropy' while avoiding tax in the process. Cult operatives can become mega-rich in their role of front men and women for the psychopaths at the inner core and they, too, have to be psychopaths to knowingly serve such evil. Part of the deal is that a big percentage of the wealth gleaned from representing the Cult has to be spent advancing the ambitions of the Cult and hence you have the Rockefeller Foundation, Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (and *so* many more) and people like George Soros with his global Open Society Foundations spending their billions in pursuit of global Cult control. Gates is a global public face of the Cult with his interventions in world affairs including Big Tech influence; a central role in the 'Covid' and 'vaccine' scam; promotion of the climate change shakedown; manipulation of education; geoengineering of the skies; and his food-control agenda as the biggest owner of farmland in America, his GMO promotion and through other means. As one writer said: 'Gates monopolizes or wields disproportionate influence over the tech industry, global health and vaccines, agriculture and food policy (including biopiracy and fake food), weather modification and other climate technologies, surveillance, education and media.' The almost limitless wealth secured through Microsoft and other not-allowed-to-fail ventures (including vaccines) has been ploughed into a long, long list of Cult projects designed to enslave the entire human race. Gates and the Rockefellers have been working as one unit with the Rockefeller-established World Health Organization leading global 'Covid' policy controlled by Gates through his mouth-piece Tedros. Gates became the WHO's biggest funder when Trump announced that the American government would cease its donations, but Biden immediately said he would restore the money when he took office in January, 2021. The Gates Foundation (the Cult) owns through limitless funding the world health system and the major players across the globe in the 'Covid' hoax.

Okay, with that background we return to that Rockefeller Foundation document of 2010 headed 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development' and its 'imaginary' epidemic of a virulent and deadly influenza strain which infected 20 percent of the global population and killed eight million in seven months. The Rockefeller scenario was that the epidemic destroyed economies, closed shops, offices and other businesses and led to governments imposing fierce rules and restrictions that included mandatory wearing of face masks and body-temperature checks to enter communal spaces like railway stations and supermarkets. The document predicted that even after the height of the Rockefeller-envisaged epidemic the authoritarian rule would continue to deal with further pandemics, transnational terrorism, environmental crises and rising poverty. Now you may think that the Rockefellers are our modern-day seers or alternatively, and rather more likely, that they well knew what was planned a few years further on. Fascism had to be imposed, you see, to 'protect citizens from risk and exposure'. The Rockefeller scenario document said:

During the pandemic, national leaders around the world flexed their authority and imposed airtight rules and restrictions, from the mandatory wearing of face masks to body-temperature checks at the entries to communal spaces like train stations and supermarkets. Even after the pandemic faded, this more authoritarian control and oversight of citizens and their activities stuck and even intensified. In order to protect themselves from the spread of increasingly global problems – from pandemics and transnational terrorism to environmental crises and rising poverty – leaders around the world took a firmer grip on power.

At first, the notion of a more controlled world gained wide acceptance and approval. Citizens willingly gave up some of their sovereignty – and their privacy – to more paternalistic states in exchange for greater safety and stability. Citizens were more tolerant, and even eager, for top-down direction and oversight, and national leaders had more latitude to impose order in the ways they saw fit.

In developed countries, this heightened oversight took many forms: biometric IDs for all citizens, for example, and tighter regulation of key industries whose stability was deemed vital to national interests. In many developed countries, enforced cooperation with a suite of new regulations and agreements slowly but steadily restored both order and, importantly, economic growth.

There we have the prophetic Rockefellers in 2010 and three years later came their paper for the Global Health Summit in Beijing, China, when government representatives, the private sector, international organisations and groups met to discuss the next 100 years of 'global health'. The Rockefeller Foundation-funded paper was called 'Dreaming the Future of Health for the Next 100 Years and more prophecy ensued as it described a dystopian future: 'The abundance of data, digitally tracking and linking people may mean the 'death of privacy' and may replace physical interaction with transient, virtual connection, generating isolation and raising questions of how values are shaped in virtual networks.' Next in the 'Covid' hoax preparation sequence came a 'table top' simulation in 2018 for another 'imaginary' pandemic of a disease called Clade X which was said to kill 900 million people. The exercise was organised by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins University's Center for Health Security in the United States and this is the very same university that has been compiling the disgustingly and systematically erroneous global figures for 'Covid' cases and deaths. Similar Johns Hopkins health crisis scenarios have included the Dark Winter exercise in 2001 and Atlantic Storm in 2005.

Nostradamus 201

For sheer predictive genius look no further prophecy-watchers than the Bill Gates-funded Event 201 held only six weeks before the 'coronavirus pandemic' is supposed to have broken out in China and Event 201 was based on a scenario of a global 'coronavirus pandemic'. Melinda Gates, the great man's missus, told the BBC that he had 'prepared for years' for a coronavirus pandemic which told us what we already knew. Nostradamugates had predicted in a TED talk in 2015 that a pandemic was coming that would kill a lot of people and demolish the world economy. My god, the man is a machine – possibly even literally. Now here he was only weeks before the real thing funding just such a simulated scenario and involving his friends and associates at Johns Hopkins, the World Economic Forum Cult-front of Klaus Schwab, the United Nations,

Johnson & Johnson, major banks, and officials from China and the Centers for Disease Control in the United States. What synchronicity – Johns Hopkins would go on to compile the fraudulent 'Covid' figures, the World Economic Forum and Schwab would push the 'Great Reset' in response to 'Covid', the Centers for Disease Control would be at the forefront of 'Covid' policy in the United States, Johnson & Johnson would produce a 'Covid vaccine', and everything would officially start just weeks later in China. Spooky, eh? They were even accurate in creating a simulation of a 'virus' pandemic because the 'real thing' would also be a simulation. Event 201 was not an exercise preparing for something that might happen; it was a rehearsal for what those in control knew was *going* to happen and very shortly. Hours of this simulation were posted on the Internet and the various themes and responses mirrored what would soon be imposed to transform human society. News stories were inserted and what they said would be commonplace a few weeks later with still more prophecy perfection. Much discussion focused on the need to deal with misinformation and the 'anti-vax movement' which is exactly what happened when the 'virus' arrived – was said to have arrived – in the West.

Cult-owned social media banned criticism and exposure of the official 'virus' narrative and when I said there *was* no 'virus' in early April, 2020, I was banned by one platform after another including YouTube, Facebook and later Twitter. The mainstream broadcast media in Britain was in effect banned from interviewing me by the Tony-Blair-created government broadcasting censor Ofcom headed by career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes who was appointed just as the 'virus' hoax was about to play out in January, 2020. At the same time the Ickonic media platform was using Vimeo, another ultra-Zionist-owned operation, while our own player was being created and they deleted in an instant hundreds of videos, documentaries, series and shows to confirm their unbelievable vindictiveness. We had copies, of course, and they had to be restored one by one when our player was ready. These people have no class. Sabbatian Facebook promised free advertisements for the Gates-

controlled World Health Organization narrative while deleting 'false claims and conspiracy theories' to stop 'misinformation' about the alleged coronavirus. All these responses could be seen just a short while earlier in the scenarios of Event 201. Extreme censorship was absolutely crucial for the Cult because the official story was so ridiculous and unsupportable by the evidence that it could never survive open debate and the free-flow of information and opinion. If you can't win a debate then don't have one is the Cult's approach throughout history. Facebook's little boy front man – front boy – Mark Zuckerberg equated 'credible and accurate information' with official sources and exposing their lies with 'misinformation'.

Silencing those that can see

The censorship dynamic of Event 201 is now the norm with an army of narrative-supporting 'fact-checker' organisations whose entire reason for being is to tell the public that official narratives are true and those exposing them are lying. One of the most appalling of these 'fact-checkers' is called NewsGuard founded by ultra-Zionist Americans Gordon Crovitz and Steven Brill. Crovitz is a former publisher of *The Wall Street Journal*, former Executive Vice President of Dow Jones, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), and on the board of the American Association of Rhodes Scholars. The CFR and Rhodes Scholarships, named after Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered the gold and diamonds of South Africa for his masters and the Cult, have featured widely in my books. NewsGuard don't seem to like me for some reason – I really can't think why – and they have done all they can to have me censored and discredited which is, to quote an old British politician, like being savaged by a dead sheep. They are, however, like all in the censorship network, very well connected and funded by organisations themselves funded by, or connected to, Bill Gates. As you would expect with anything associated with Gates NewsGuard has an offshoot called HealthGuard which 'fights online health care hoaxes'. How very kind. Somehow the NewsGuard European Managing Director Anna-Sophie Harling, a remarkably young-

looking woman with no broadcasting experience and little hands-on work in journalism, has somehow secured a position on the 'Content Board' of UK government broadcast censor Ofcom. An executive of an organisation seeking to discredit dissidents of the official narratives is making decisions for the government broadcast 'regulator' about content?? Another appalling 'fact-checker' is Full Fact funded by George Soros and global censors Google and Facebook.

It's amazing how many activists in the 'fact-checking', 'anti-hate', arena turn up in government-related positions – people like UK Labour Party activist Imran Ahmed who heads the Center for Countering Digital Hate founded by people like Morgan McSweeney, now chief of staff to the Labour Party's hapless and useless 'leader' Keir Starmer. Digital Hate – which is what it really is – uses the American spelling of Center to betray its connection to a transatlantic network of similar organisations which in 2020 shapeshifted from attacking people for 'hate' to attacking them for questioning the 'Covid' hoax and the dangers of the 'Covid vaccine'. It's just a coincidence, you understand. This is one of Imran Ahmed's hysterical statements: 'I would go beyond calling anti-vaxxers conspiracy theorists to say they are an extremist group that pose a national security risk.' No one could ever accuse this prat of understatement and he's including in that those parents who are now against vaccines after their children were damaged for life or killed by them. He's such a nice man. Ahmed does the rounds of the Woke media getting soft-ball questions from spineless 'journalists' who never ask what right he has to campaign to destroy the freedom of speech of others while he demands it for himself. There also seems to be an overrepresentation in Ofcom of people connected to the narrative-worshipping BBC. This incredible global network of narrative-support was super-vital when the 'Covid' hoax was played in the light of the mega-whopper lies that have to be defended from the spotlight cast by the most basic intelligence.

Setting the scene

The Cult plays the long game and proceeds step-by-step ensuring that everything is in place before major cards are played and they don't come any bigger than the 'Covid' hoax. The psychopaths can't handle events where the outcome isn't certain and as little as possible – preferably nothing – is left to chance. Politicians, government and medical officials who would follow direction were brought to illusory power in advance by the Cult web whether on the national stage or others like state governors and mayors of America. For decades the dynamic between officialdom, law enforcement and the public was changed from one of service to one of control and dictatorship. Behaviour manipulation networks established within government were waiting to impose the coming 'Covid' rules and regulations specifically designed to subdue and rewire the psyche of the people in the guise of protecting health. These included in the UK the Behavioural Insights Team part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office; the Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B); and a whole web of intelligence and military groups seeking to direct the conversation on social media and control the narrative. Among them are the cyberwarfare (on the people) 77th Brigade of the British military which is also coordinated through the Cabinet Office as civilian and military leadership continues to combine in what they call the Fusion Doctrine. The 77th Brigade is a British equivalent of the infamous Israeli (Sabbatian) military cyberwarfare and Internet manipulation operation Unit 8200 which I expose at length in *The Trigger*. Also carefully in place were the medical and science advisers to government – many on the payroll past or present of Bill Gates – and a whole alternative structure of unelected government stood by to take control when elected parliaments were effectively closed down once the 'Covid' card was slammed on the table. The structure I have described here and so much more was installed in every major country through the Cult networks. The top-down control hierarchy looks like this: The Cult – Cult-owned Gates – the World Health Organization and Tedros – Gates-funded or controlled chief medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators) in each country –

political 'leaders'– law enforcement – The People. Through this simple global communication and enforcement structure the policy of the Cult could be imposed on virtually the entire human population so long as they acquiesced to the fascism. With everything in place it was time for the button to be pressed in late 2019/early 2020.

These were the prime goals the Cult had to secure for its will to prevail:

1) Locking down economies, closing all but designated 'essential' businesses (Cult-owned corporations were 'essential'), and putting the population under house arrest was an imperative to destroy independent income and employment and ensure dependency on the Cult-controlled state in the Hunger Games Society. Lockdowns had to be established as the global blueprint from the start to respond to the 'virus' and followed by pretty much the entire world.

2) The global population had to be terrified into believing in a deadly 'virus' that didn't actually exist so they would unquestioningly obey authority in the belief that authority must know how best to protect them and their families. Software salesman Gates would suddenly morph into the world's health expert and be promoted as such by the Cult-owned media.

3) A method of testing that wasn't testing for the 'virus', but was only claimed to be, had to be in place to provide the illusion of 'cases' and subsequent 'deaths' that had a very different cause to the 'Covid-19' that would be scribbled on the death certificate.

4) Because there was no 'virus' and the great majority testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' would have no symptoms of anything the lie had to be sold that people without symptoms (without the 'virus') could still pass it on to others. This was crucial to justify for the first time quarantining – house arresting – healthy people. Without this the economy-destroying lockdown of *everybody* could not have been credibly sold.

5) The 'saviour' had to be seen as a vaccine which beyond evil drug companies were working like angels of mercy to develop as quickly as possible, with all corners cut, to save the day. The public must absolutely not know that the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with a 'virus' or that the contents were ready and waiting with a very different motive long before the 'Covid' card was even lifted from the pack.

I said in March, 2020, that the 'vaccine' would have been created way ahead of the 'Covid' hoax which justified its use and the following December an article in the New York *Intelligencer* magazine said the Moderna 'vaccine' had been 'designed' by

January, 2020. This was 'before China had even acknowledged that the disease could be transmitted from human to human, more than a week before the first confirmed coronavirus case in the United States'. The article said that by the time the first American death was announced a month later 'the vaccine had already been manufactured and shipped to the National Institutes of Health for the beginning of its Phase I clinical trial'. The 'vaccine' was actually 'designed' long before that although even with this timescale you would expect the article to ask how on earth it could have been done that quickly. Instead it asked why the 'vaccine' had not been rolled out then and not months later. Journalism in the mainstream is truly dead. I am going to detail in the next chapter why the 'virus' has never existed and how a hoax on that scale was possible, but first the foundation on which the Big Lie of 'Covid' was built.

The test that doesn't test

Fraudulent 'testing' is the bottom line of the whole 'Covid' hoax and was the means by which a 'virus' that did not exist *appeared* to exist. They could only achieve this magic trick by using a test not testing for the 'virus'. To use a test that *was* testing for the 'virus' would mean that every test would come back negative given there was no 'virus'. They chose to exploit something called the RT-PCR test invented by American biochemist Kary Mullis in the 1980s who said publicly that his PCR test … *cannot detect infectious disease*. Yes, the 'test' used worldwide to detect infectious 'Covid' to produce all the illusory 'cases' and 'deaths' compiled by Johns Hopkins and others *cannot detect infectious disease*. This fact came from the mouth of the man who invented PCR and was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1993 for doing so. Sadly, and incredibly conveniently for the Cult, Mullis died in August, 2019, at the age of 74 just before his test would be fraudulently used to unleash fascism on the world. He was said to have died from pneumonia which was an irony in itself. A few months later he would have had 'Covid-19' on his death certificate. I say the timing of his death was convenient because had he lived Mullis, a brilliant, honest and decent man, would have been

vociferously speaking out against the use of his test to detect 'Covid' when it was never designed, or able, to do that. I know that to be true given that Mullis made the same point when his test was used to 'detect' – not detect – HIV. He had been seriously critical of the Gallo/Montagnier claim to have isolated the HIV 'virus' and shown it to cause AIDS for which Mullis said there was no evidence. AIDS is actually not a disease but a series of diseases from which people die all the time. When they die from those *same diseases* after a positive 'test' for HIV then AIDS goes on their death certificate. I think I've heard that before somewhere. Countries instigated a policy with 'Covid' that anyone who tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and died of any other cause within 28 days and even longer 'Covid-19' had to go on the death certificate. Cases have come from the test that can't test for infectious disease and the deaths are those who have died of *anything* after testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I'll have much more later about the death certificate scandal.

Mullis was deeply dismissive of the now US 'Covid' star Anthony Fauci who he said was a liar who didn't know anything about anything – 'and I would say that to his face – nothing.' He said of Fauci: 'The man thinks he can take a blood sample, put it in an electron microscope and if it's got a virus in there you'll know it – he doesn't understand electron microscopy and he doesn't understand medicine and shouldn't be in a position like he's in.' That position, terrifyingly, has made him the decider of 'Covid' fascism policy on behalf of the Cult in his role as director since 1984 of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) while his record of being wrong is laughable; but being wrong, so long as it's the *right kind* of wrong, is why the Cult loves him. He'll say anything the Cult tells him to say. Fauci was made Chief Medical Adviser to the President immediately Biden took office. Biden was installed in the White House by Cult manipulation and one of his first decisions was to elevate Fauci to a position of even more control. This is a coincidence? Yes, and I identify as a flamenco dancer called Lola. How does such an incompetent criminal like Fauci remain in that

pivotal position in American health since *the 1980s*? When you serve the Cult it looks after you until you are surplus to requirements. Kary Mullis said prophetically of Fauci and his like: 'Those guys have an agenda and it's not an agenda we would like them to have … they make their own rules, they change them when they want to, and Tony Fauci does not mind going on television in front of the people who pay his salary and lie directly into the camera.' Fauci has done that almost daily since the 'Covid' hoax began. Lying is in Fauci's DNA. To make the situation crystal clear about the PCR test this is a direct quote from its inventor Kary Mullis:

> It [the PCR test] doesn't tell you that you're sick and doesn't tell you that the thing you ended up with was really going to hurt you ...'

Ask yourself why governments and medical systems the world over have been using this very test to decide who is 'infected' with the SARS-CoV-2 'virus' and the alleged disease it allegedly causes, 'Covid-19'. The answer to that question will tell you what has been going on. By the way, here's a little show-stopper – the 'new' SARS-CoV-2 'virus' was 'identified' as such right from the start using … *the PCR test not testing for the 'virus'*. If you are new to this and find that shocking then stick around. I have hardly started yet. Even worse, other 'tests', like the 'Lateral Flow Device' (LFD), are considered so useless that they have to be *confirmed* by the PCR test! Leaked emails written by Ben Dyson, adviser to UK 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock, said they were 'dangerously unreliable'. Dyson, executive director of strategy at the Department of Health, wrote: 'As of today, someone who gets a positive LFD result in (say) London has at best a 25 per cent chance of it being a true positive, but if it is a self-reported test potentially as low as 10 per cent (on an optimistic assumption about specificity) or as low as 2 per cent (on a more pessimistic assumption).' These are the 'tests' that schoolchildren and the public are being urged to have twice a week or more and have to isolate if they get a positive. Each fake positive goes in the statistics as a 'case' no matter how ludicrously inaccurate and the

'cases' drive lockdown, masks and the pressure to 'vaccinate'. The government said in response to the email leak that the 'tests' were accurate which confirmed yet again what shocking bloody liars they are. The real false positive rate is *100 percent* as we'll see. In another 'you couldn't make it up' the UK government agreed to pay £2.8 billion to California's Innova Medical Group to supply the irrelevant lateral flow tests. The company's primary test-making centre is in China. Innova Medical Group, established in March, 2020, is owned by Pasaca Capital Inc, chaired by Chinese-American millionaire Charles Huang who was born in Wuhan.

How it works – and how it doesn't

The RT-PCR test, known by its full title of Polymerase chain reaction, is used across the world to make millions, even billions, of copies of a DNA/RNA genetic information sample. The process is called 'amplification' and means that a tiny sample of genetic material is amplified to bring out the detailed content. I stress that it is not testing for an infectious disease. It is simply amplifying a sample of genetic material. In the words of Kary Mullis: 'PCR is … just a process that's used to make a whole lot of something out of something.' To emphasise the point companies that make the PCR tests circulated around the world to 'test' for 'Covid' warn on the box that it can't be used to detect 'Covid' or infectious disease and is for research purposes only. It's okay, rest for a minute and you'll be fine. This is the test that produces the 'cases' and 'deaths' that have been used to destroy human society. All those global and national medical and scientific 'experts' demanding this destruction to 'save us' *KNOW* that the test is not testing for the 'virus' and the cases and deaths they claim to be real are an almost unimaginable fraud. Every one of them and so many others including politicians and psychopaths like Gates and Tedros must be brought before Nuremburg-type trials and jailed for the rest of their lives. The more the genetic sample is amplified by PCR the more elements of that material become sensitive to the test and by that I don't mean sensitive for a 'virus' but for elements of the genetic material which

is *naturally* in the body or relates to remnants of old conditions of various kinds lying dormant and causing no disease. Once the amplification of the PCR reaches a certain level *everyone* will test positive. So much of the material has been made sensitive to the test that everyone will have some part of it in their body. Even lying criminals like Fauci have said that once PCR amplifications pass 35 cycles everything will be a false positive that cannot be trusted for the reasons I have described. I say, like many proper doctors and scientists, that 100 percent of the 'positives' are false, but let's just go with Fauci for a moment.

He says that any amplification over 35 cycles will produce false positives and yet the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC) and Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have recommended up to *40 cycles* and the National Health Service (NHS) in Britain admitted in an internal document for staff that it was using *45 cycles* of amplification. A long list of other countries has been doing the same and at least one 'testing' laboratory has been using *50 cycles*. Have you ever heard a doctor, medical 'expert' or the media ask what level of amplification has been used to claim a 'positive'. The 'test' comes back 'positive' and so you have the 'virus', end of story. Now we can see how the government in Tanzania could send off samples from a goat and a pawpaw fruit under human names and both came back positive for 'Covid-19'. Tanzania president John Magufuli mocked the 'Covid' hysteria, the PCR test and masks and refused to import the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine'. The Cult hated him and an article sponsored by the Bill Gates Foundation appeared in the London *Guardian* in February, 2021, headed 'It's time for Africa to rein in Tanzania's anti-vaxxer president'. Well, 'reined in' he shortly was. Magufuli appeared in good health, but then, in March, 2021, he was dead at 61 from 'heart failure'. He was replaced by Samia Hassan Suhulu who is connected to Klaus Schwab's World Economic Forum and she immediately reversed Magufuli's 'Covid' policy. A sample of cola tested positive for 'Covid' with the PCR test in Germany while American actress and singer-songwriter Erykah Badu tested positive in one nostril and negative in the other. Footballer Ronaldo called

the PCR test 'bullshit' after testing positive three times and being forced to quarantine and miss matches when there was nothing wrong with him. The mantra from Tedros at the World Health Organization and national governments (same thing) has been test, test, test. They know that the more tests they can generate the more fake 'cases' they have which go on to become 'deaths' in ways I am coming to. The UK government has its Operation Moonshot planned to test multiple millions every day in workplaces and schools with free tests for everyone to use twice a week at home in line with the Cult plan from the start to make testing part of life. A government advertisement for an 'Interim Head of Asymptomatic Testing Communication' said the job included responsibility for delivering a 'communications strategy' (propaganda) 'to support the expansion of asymptomatic testing that *'normalises testing as part of everyday life'*. More tests means more fake 'cases', 'deaths' and fascism. I have heard of, and from, many people who booked a test, couldn't turn up, and yet got a positive result through the post for a test they'd never even had. The whole thing is crazy, but for the Cult there's method in the madness. Controlling and manipulating the level of amplification of the test means the authorities can control whenever they want the number of apparent 'cases' and 'deaths'. If they want to justify more fascist lockdown and destruction of livelihoods they keep the amplification high. If they want to give the illusion that lockdowns and the 'vaccine' are working then they lower the amplification and 'cases' and 'deaths' will appear to fall. In January, 2021, the Cult-owned World Health Organization suddenly warned laboratories about over-amplification of the test and to lower the threshold. Suddenly headlines began appearing such as: 'Why ARE "Covid" cases plummeting?' This was just when the vaccine rollout was underway and I had predicted months before they would make cases appear to fall through amplification tampering when the 'vaccine' came. These people are so predictable.

Cow vaccines?

The question must be asked of what is on the test swabs being poked far up the nose of the population to the base of the brain? A nasal swab punctured one woman's brain and caused it to leak fluid. Most of these procedures are being done by people with little training or medical knowledge. Dr Lorraine Day, former orthopaedic trauma surgeon and Chief of Orthopaedic Surgery at San Francisco General Hospital, says the tests are really a *'vaccine'*. Cows have long been vaccinated this way. She points out that masks have to cover the nose and the mouth where it is claimed the 'virus' exists in saliva. Why then don't they take saliva from the mouth as they do with a DNA test instead of pushing a long swab up the nose towards the brain? The ethmoid bone separates the nasal cavity from the brain and within that bone is the cribriform plate. Dr Day says that when the swab is pushed up against this plate and twisted the procedure is 'depositing things back there'. She claims that among these 'things' are nanoparticles that can enter the brain. Researchers have noted that a team at the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins have designed tiny, star-shaped micro-devices that can latch onto intestinal mucosa and release drugs into the body. Mucosa is the thin skin that covers the inside surface of parts of the body such as *the nose* and mouth and produces mucus to protect them. The Johns Hopkins micro-devices are called 'theragrippers' and were 'inspired' by a parasitic worm that digs its sharp teeth into a host's intestines. Nasal swabs are also coated in the sterilisation agent ethylene oxide. The US National Cancer Institute posts this explanation on its website:

> At room temperature, ethylene oxide is a flammable colorless gas with a sweet odor. It is used primarily to produce other chemicals, including antifreeze. In smaller amounts, ethylene oxide is used as a pesticide and a sterilizing agent. The ability of ethylene oxide to damage DNA makes it an effective sterilizing agent but also accounts for its cancer-causing activity.

The Institute mentions lymphoma and leukaemia as cancers most frequently reported to be associated with occupational exposure to ethylene oxide along with stomach and breast cancers. How does anyone think this is going to work out with the constant testing

regime being inflicted on adults and children at home and at school that will accumulate in the body anything that's on the swab?

Doctors know best

It is vital for people to realise that 'hero' doctors 'know' only what the Big Pharma-dominated medical authorities tell them to 'know' and if they refuse to 'know' what they are told to 'know' they are out the door. They are mostly not physicians or healers, but repeaters of the official narrative – or else. I have seen alleged professional doctors on British television make shocking statements that we are supposed to take seriously. One called 'Dr' Amir Khan, who is actually telling patients how to respond to illness, said that men could take the birth pill to 'help slow down the effects of Covid-19'. In March, 2021, another ridiculous 'Covid study' by an American doctor proposed injecting men with the female sex hormone progesterone as a 'Covid' treatment. British doctor Nighat Arif told the BBC that face coverings were now going to be part of ongoing normal. Yes, the vaccine protects you, she said (evidence?) … but the way to deal with viruses in the community was always going to come down to hand washing, face covering and keeping a physical distance. That's not what we were told before the 'vaccine' was circulating. Arif said she couldn't imagine ever again going on the underground or in a lift without a mask. I was just thanking my good luck that she was not my doctor when she said – in March, 2021 – that if 'we are *behaving* and we are doing all the right things' she thought we could 'have our nearest and dearest around us at home … around *Christmas* and N*ew Year!* Her patronising delivery was the usual school teacher talking to six-year-olds as she repeated every government talking point and probably believed them all. If we have learned anything from the 'Covid' experience surely it must be that humanity's perception of doctors needs a fundamental rethink. NHS 'doctor' Sara Kayat told her television audience that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Not even Big Pharma claimed that. We have to stop taking 'experts' at their word without question when so many of them are

clueless and only repeating the party line on which their careers depend. That is not to say there are not brilliants doctors – there are and I have spoken to many of them since all this began – but you won't see them in the mainstream media or quoted by the psychopaths and yes-people in government.

Remember the name – Christian Drosten

German virologist Christian Drosten, Director of Charité Institute of Virology in Berlin, became a national star after the pandemic hoax began. He was feted on television and advised the German government on 'Covid' policy. Most importantly to the wider world Drosten led a group that produced the 'Covid' testing protocol for the PCR test. What a remarkable feat given the PCR cannot test for infectious disease and even more so when you think that Drosten said that his method of testing for SARS-CoV-2 was developed 'without having virus material available'. *He developed a test for a 'virus' that he didn't have and had never seen*. Let that sink in as you survey the global devastation that came from what he did. The whole catastrophe of Drosten's 'test' was based on the alleged genetic sequence published by Chinese scientists on the Internet. We will see in the next chapter that this alleged 'genetic sequence' has never been produced by China or anyone and cannot be when there *is no* SARS-CoV-2. Drosten, however, doesn't seem to let little details like that get in the way. He was the lead author with Victor Corman from the same Charité Hospital of the paper 'Detection of 2019 novel coronavirus (2019-nCoV) by real-time PCR' published in a magazine called *Eurosurveillance*. This became known as the Corman-Drosten paper. In November, 2020, with human society devastated by the effects of the Corman-Drosten test baloney, the protocol was publicly challenged by 22 international scientists and independent researchers from Europe, the United States, and Japan. Among them were senior molecular geneticists, biochemists, immunologists, and microbiologists. They produced a document headed 'External peer review of the RTPCR test to detect SARS-Cov-2 Reveals 10 Major Flaws At The Molecular and Methodological Level: Consequences

For False-Positive Results'. The flaws in the Corman-Drosten test included the following:

- The test is non-specific because of erroneous design
- Results are enormously variable
- The test is unable to discriminate between the whole 'virus' and viral fragments
- It doesn't have positive or negative controls
- The test lacks a standard operating procedure
- It is unsupported by proper peer view

The scientists said the PCR 'Covid' testing protocol was not founded on science and they demanded the Corman-Drosten paper be retracted by *Eurosurveillance*. They said all present and previous Covid deaths, cases, and 'infection rates' should be subject to a massive retroactive inquiry. Lockdowns and travel restrictions should be reviewed and relaxed and those diagnosed through PCR to have 'Covid-19' should not be forced to isolate. Dr Kevin Corbett, a health researcher and nurse educator with a long academic career producing a stream of peer-reviewed publications at many UK universities, made the same point about the PCR test debacle. He said of the scientists' conclusions: 'Every scientific rationale for the development of that test has been totally destroyed by this paper. It's like Hiroshima/Nagasaki to the Covid test.' He said that China hadn't given them an isolated 'virus' when Drosten developed the test. Instead they had developed the test from *a sequence in a gene bank*.' Put another way … *they made it up*! The scientists were supported in this contention by a Portuguese appeals court which ruled in November, 2020, that PCR tests are unreliable and it is unlawful to quarantine people based solely on a PCR test. The point about China not providing an isolated virus must be true when the 'virus' has never been isolated to this day and the consequences of that will become clear. Drosten and company produced this useless 'protocol' right on cue in January, 2020, just as the 'virus' was said to

be moving westward and it somehow managed to successfully pass a peer-review in 24 hours. In other words there was no peer-review for a test that would be used to decide who had 'Covid' and who didn't across the world. The Cult-created, Gates-controlled World Health Organization immediately recommended all its nearly 200 member countries to use the Drosten PCR protocol to detect 'cases' and 'deaths'. The sting was underway and it continues to this day.

So who is this Christian Drosten that produced the means through which death, destruction and economic catastrophe would be justified? His education background, including his doctoral thesis, would appear to be somewhat shrouded in mystery and his track record is dire as with another essential player in the 'Covid' hoax, the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London of whom more shortly. Drosten predicted in 2003 that the alleged original SARS 'virus' (SARS-1') was an epidemic that could have serious effects on economies and an effective vaccine would take at least two years to produce. Drosten's answer to every alleged 'outbreak' is a vaccine which you won't be shocked to know. What followed were just 774 official deaths worldwide and none in Germany where there were only nine cases. That is even if you believe there ever was a SARS 'virus' when the evidence is zilch and I will expand on this in the next chapter. Drosten claims to be co-discoverer of 'SARS-1' and developed a test for it in 2003. He was screaming warnings about 'swine flu' in 2009 and how it was a widespread infection far more severe than any dangers from a vaccine could be and people should get vaccinated. It would be helpful for Drosten's vocal chords if he simply recorded the words 'the virus is deadly and you need to get vaccinated' and copies could be handed out whenever the latest made-up threat comes along. Drosten's swine flu epidemic never happened, but Big Pharma didn't mind with governments spending hundreds of millions on vaccines that hardly anyone bothered to use and many who did wished they hadn't. A study in 2010 revealed that the risk of dying from swine flu, or H1N1, was no higher than that of the annual seasonal flu which is what at least most of 'it' really was as in

the case of 'Covid-19'. A media investigation into Drosten asked how with such a record of inaccuracy he could be *the* government adviser on these issues. The answer to that question is the same with Drosten, Ferguson and Fauci – they keep on giving the authorities the 'conclusions' and 'advice' they want to hear. Drosten certainly produced the goods for them in January, 2020, with his PCR protocol garbage and provided the foundation of what German internal medicine specialist Dr Claus Köhnlein, co-author of *Virus Mania*, called the 'test pandemic'. The 22 scientists in the *Eurosurveillance* challenge called out conflicts of interest within the Drosten 'protocol' group and with good reason. Olfert Landt, a regular co-author of Drosten 'studies', owns the biotech company TIB Molbiol Syntheselabor GmbH in Berlin which manufactures and sells the tests that Drosten and his mates come up with. They have done this with SARS, Enterotoxigenic E. coli (ETEC), MERS, Zika 'virus', yellow fever, and now 'Covid'. Landt told the *Berliner Zeitung* newspaper:

> The testing, design and development came from the Charité [Drosten and Corman]. We simply implemented it immediately in the form of a kit. And if we don't have the virus, which originally only existed in Wuhan, we can make a synthetic gene to simulate the genome of the virus. That's what we did very quickly.

This is more confirmation that the Drosten test was designed without access to the 'virus' and only a synthetic simulation which is what SARS-CoV-2 really is – a computer-generated synthetic fiction. It's quite an enterprise they have going here. A Drosten team decides what the test for something should be and Landt's biotech company flogs it to governments and medical systems across the world. His company must have made an absolute fortune since the 'Covid' hoax began. Dr Reiner Fuellmich, a prominent German consumer protection trial lawyer in Germany and California, is on Drosten's case and that of Tedros at the World Health Organization for crimes against humanity with a class-action lawsuit being prepared in the United States and other legal action in Germany.

Why China?

Scamming the world with a 'virus' that doesn't exist would seem impossible on the face of it, but not if you have control of the relatively few people that make policy decisions and the great majority of the global media. Remember it's not about changing 'real' reality it's about controlling *perception* of reality. You don't have to make something happen you only have make people *believe* that it's happening. Renegade Minds understand this and are therefore much harder to swindle. 'Covid-19' is not a 'real' 'virus'. It's a mind virus, like a computer virus, which has infected the minds, not the bodies, of billions. It all started, publically at least, in China and that alone is of central significance. The Cult was behind the revolution led by its asset Mao Zedong, or Chairman Mao, which established the People's Republic of China on October 1st, 1949. It should have been called The Cult's Republic of China, but the name had to reflect the recurring illusion that vicious dictatorships are run by and for the people (see all the 'Democratic Republics' controlled by tyrants). In the same way we have the 'Biden' Democratic Republic of America officially ruled by a puppet tyrant (at least temporarily) on behalf of Cult tyrants. The creation of Mao's merciless communist/fascist dictatorship was part of a frenzy of activity by the Cult at the conclusion of World War Two which, like the First World War, it had instigated through its assets in Germany, Britain, France, the United States and elsewhere. Israel was formed in 1948; the Soviet Union expanded its 'Iron Curtain' control, influence and military power with the Warsaw Pact communist alliance in 1955; the United Nations was formed in 1945 as a Cult precursor to world government; and a long list of world bodies would be established including the World Health Organization (1948), World Trade Organization (1948 under another name until 1995), International Monetary Fund (1945) and World Bank (1944). Human society was redrawn and hugely centralised in the global Problem-Reaction-Solution that was World War Two. All these changes were significant. Israel would become the headquarters of the Sabbatians

and the revolution in China would prepare the ground and control system for the events of 2019/2020.

Renegade Minds know there are no borders except for public consumption. The Cult is a seamless, borderless global entity and to understand the game we need to put aside labels like borders, nations, countries, communism, fascism and democracy. These delude the population into believing that countries are ruled within their borders by a government of whatever shade when these are mere agencies of a global power. America's illusion of democracy and China's communism/fascism are subsidiaries – vehicles – for the same agenda. We may hear about conflict and competition between America and China and on the lower levels that will be true; but at the Cult level they are branches of the same company in the way of the McDonald's example I gave earlier. I have tracked in the books over the years support by US governments of both parties for Chinese Communist Party infiltration of American society through allowing the sale of land, even military facilities, and the acquisition of American business and university influence. All this is underpinned by the infamous stealing of intellectual property and technological know-how. Cult-owned Silicon Valley corporations waive their fraudulent 'morality' to do business with human-rights-free China; Cult-controlled Disney has become China's PR department; and China in effect owns 'American' sports such as basketball which depends for much of its income on Chinese audiences. As a result any sports player, coach or official speaking out against China's horrific human rights record is immediately condemned or fired by the China-worshipping National Basketball Association. One of the first acts of China-controlled Biden was to issue an executive order telling federal agencies to stop making references to the 'virus' by the 'geographic location of its origin'. Long-time Congressman Jerry Nadler warned that criticising China, America's biggest rival, leads to hate crimes against Asian people in the United States. So shut up you bigot. China is fast closing in on Israel as a country that must not be criticised which is apt, really, given that Sabbatians control them both. The two countries have

developed close economic, military, technological and strategic ties which include involvement in China's 'Silk Road' transport and economic initiative to connect China with Europe. Israel was the first country in the Middle East to recognise the establishment of Mao's tyranny in 1950 months after it was established.

Project Wuhan – the 'Covid' Psyop

I emphasise again that the Cult plays the long game and what is happening to the world today is the result of centuries of calculated manipulation following a script to take control step-by-step of every aspect of human society. I will discuss later the common force behind all this that has spanned those centuries and thousands of years if the truth be told. Instigating the Mao revolution in China in 1949 with a 2020 'pandemic' in mind is not only how they work – the 71 years between them is really quite short by the Cult's standards of manipulation preparation. The reason for the Cult's Chinese revolution was to create a fiercely-controlled environment within which an extreme structure for human control could be incubated to eventually be unleashed across the world. We have seen this happen since the 'pandemic' emerged from China with the Chinese control-structure founded on AI technology and tyrannical enforcement sweep across the West. Until the moment when the Cult went for broke in the West and put its fascism on public display Western governments had to pay some lip-service to freedom and democracy to not alert too many people to the tyranny-in-the-making. Freedoms were more subtly eroded and power centralised with covert government structures put in place waiting for the arrival of 2020 when that smokescreen of 'freedom' could be dispensed with. The West was not able to move towards tyranny before 2020 anything like as fast as China which was created as a tyranny and had no limits on how fast it could construct the Cult's blueprint for global control. When the time came to impose that structure on the world it was the same Cult-owned Chinese communist/fascist government that provided the excuse – the 'Covid pandemic'. It was absolutely crucial to the Cult plan for the Chinese response to the 'pandemic' –

draconian lockdowns of the entire population – to become the blueprint that Western countries would follow to destroy the livelihoods and freedom of their people. This is why the Cult-owned, Gates-owned, WHO Director-General Tedros said early on:

> The Chinese government is to be congratulated for the extraordinary measures it has taken to contain the outbreak. China is actually setting a new standard for outbreak response and it is not an exaggeration.

Forbes magazine said of China: '… those measures protected untold millions from getting the disease'. The Rockefeller Foundation 'epidemic scenario' document in 2010 said 'prophetically':

> However, a few countries did fare better – China in particular. The Chinese government's quick imposition and enforcement of mandatory quarantine for all citizens, as well as its instant and near-hermetic sealing off of all borders, saved millions of lives, stopping the spread of the virus far earlier than in other countries and enabling a swifter post-pandemic recovery.

Once again – *spooky*.

The first official story was the 'bat theory' or rather the bat diversion. The source of the 'virus outbreak' we were told was a ''wet market' in Wuhan where bats and other animals are bought and eaten in horrifically unhygienic conditions. Then another story emerged through the alternative media that the 'virus' had been released on purpose or by accident from a BSL-4 (biosafety level 4) laboratory in Wuhan not far from the wet market. The lab was reported to create and work with lethal concoctions and bioweapons. Biosafety level 4 is the highest in the World Health Organization system of safety and containment. Renegade Minds are aware of what I call designer manipulation. The ideal for the Cult is for people to buy its prime narrative which in the opening salvoes of the 'pandemic' was the wet market story. It knows, however, that there is now a considerable worldwide alternative media of researchers sceptical of anything governments say and they are often given a version of events in a form they can perceive as credible while misdirecting them from the real truth. In this case let them

think that the conspiracy involved is a 'bioweapon virus' released from the Wuhan lab to keep them from the real conspiracy – *there is no 'virus'*. The WHO's current position on the source of the outbreak at the time of writing appears to be: 'We haven't got a clue, mate.' This is a good position to maintain mystery and bewilderment. The inner circle will know where the 'virus' came from – *nowhere*. The bottom line was to ensure the public believed there *was* a 'virus' and it didn't much matter if they thought it was natural or had been released from a lab. The belief that there was a 'deadly virus' was all that was needed to trigger global panic and fear. The population was terrified into handing their power to authority and doing what they were told. They had to or they were 'all gonna die'.

In March, 2020, information began to come my way from real doctors and scientists and my own additional research which had my intuition screaming: 'Yes, that's it! *There is no virus*.' The 'bioweapon' was not the 'virus'; it was the *'vaccine'* already being talked about that would be the bioweapon. My conclusion was further enhanced by happenings in Wuhan. The 'virus' was said to be sweeping the city and news footage circulated of people collapsing in the street (which they've never done in the West with the same 'virus'). The Chinese government was building 'new hospitals' in a matter of ten days to 'cope with demand' such was the virulent nature of the 'virus'. Yet in what seemed like no time the 'new hospitals' closed – even if they even opened – and China declared itself 'virus-free'. It was back to business as usual. This was more propaganda to promote the Chinese draconian lockdowns in the West as the way to 'beat the virus'. Trouble was that we subsequently had lockdown after lockdown, but never business as usual. As the people of the West and most of the rest of the world were caught in an ever-worsening spiral of lockdown, social distancing, masks, isolated old people, families forced apart, and livelihood destruction, it was party-time in Wuhan. Pictures emerged of thousands of people enjoying pool parties and concerts. It made no sense until you realised there never was a 'virus' and the

whole thing was a Cult set-up to transform human society out of one its major global strongholds – China.

How is it possible to deceive virtually the entire world population into believing there is a deadly virus when there is not even a 'virus' let alone a deadly one? It's nothing like as difficult as you would think and that's clearly true because it happened.

Postscript: See end of book Postscript for more on the 'Wuhan lab virus release' story which the authorities and media were pushing heavily in the summer of 2021 to divert attention from the truth that the 'Covid virus' is pure invention.

CHAPTER FIVE

There *is no* 'virus'

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time
Abraham Lincoln

The greatest form of mind control is repetition. The more you repeat the same mantra of alleged 'facts' the more will accept them to be true. It becomes an 'everyone knows that, mate'. If you can also censor any other version or alternative to your alleged 'facts' you are pretty much home and cooking.

By the start of 2020 the Cult owned the global mainstream media almost in its entirety to spew out its 'Covid' propaganda and ignore or discredit any other information and view. Cult-owned social media platforms in Cult-owned Silicon Valley were poised and ready to unleash a campaign of ferocious censorship to obliterate all but the official narrative. To complete the circle many demands for censorship by Silicon Valley were led by the mainstream media as 'journalists' became full-out enforcers for the Cult both as propagandists and censors. Part of this has been the influx of young people straight out of university who have become 'journalists' in significant positions. They have no experience and a headful of programmed perceptions from their years at school and university at a time when today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in known human history given the insidious impact of technology. They enter the media perceptually prepared and ready to repeat the narratives of the system that programmed them to

repeat its narratives. The BBC has a truly pathetic 'specialist disinformation reporter' called Marianna Spring who fits this bill perfectly. She is clueless about the world, how it works and what is really going on. Her role is to discredit anyone doing the job that a proper journalist would do and system-serving hacks like Spring wouldn't dare to do or even see the need to do. They are too busy licking the arse of authority which can never be wrong and, in the case of the BBC propaganda programme, *Panorama*, contacting payments systems such as PayPal to have a donations page taken down for a film company making documentaries questioning vaccines. Even the BBC soap opera *EastEnders* included a disgracefully biased scene in which an inarticulate white working class woman was made to look foolish for questioning the 'vaccine' while a well-spoken black man and Asian woman promoted the government narrative. It ticked every BBC box and the fact that the black and minority community was resisting the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with the way the scene was written. The BBC has become a disgusting tyrannical propaganda and censorship operation that should be defunded and disbanded and a free media take its place with a brief to stop censorship instead of demanding it. A BBC 'interview' with Gates goes something like: 'Mr Gates, sir, if I can call you sir, would you like to tell our audience why you are such a great man, a wonderful humanitarian philanthropist, and why you should absolutely be allowed as a software salesman to decide health policy for approaching eight billion people? Thank you, sir, please sir.' Propaganda programming has been incessant and merciless and when all you hear is the same story from the media, repeated by those around you who have only heard the same story, is it any wonder that people on a grand scale believe absolute mendacious garbage to be true? You are about to see, too, why this level of information control is necessary when the official 'Covid' narrative is so nonsensical and unsupportable by the evidence.

Structure of Deceit

The pyramid structure through which the 'Covid' hoax has been manifested is very simple and has to be to work. As few people as possible have to be involved with full knowledge of what they are doing – and why – or the real story would get out. At the top of the pyramid are the inner core of the Cult which controls Bill Gates who, in turn, controls the World Health Organization through his pivotal funding and his puppet Director-General mouthpiece, Tedros. Before he was appointed Tedros was chair of the Gates-founded Global Fund to 'fight against AIDS, tuberculosis and malaria', a board member of the Gates-funded 'vaccine alliance' GAVI, and on the board of another Gates-funded organisation. Gates owns him and picked him for a specific reason – Tedros is a crook and worse. 'Dr' Tedros (he's not a medical doctor, the first WHO chief not to be) was a member of the tyrannical Marxist government of Ethiopia for decades with all its human rights abuses. He has faced allegations of corruption and misappropriation of funds and was exposed three times for covering up cholera epidemics while Ethiopia's health minister. Tedros appointed the mass-murdering genocidal Zimbabwe dictator Robert Mugabe as a WHO goodwill ambassador for public health which, as with Tedros, is like appointing a psychopath to run a peace and love campaign. The move was so ridiculous that he had to drop Mugabe in the face of widespread condemnation. American economist David Steinman, a Nobel peace prize nominee, lodged a complaint with the International Criminal Court in The Hague over alleged genocide by Tedros when he was Ethiopia's foreign minister. Steinman says Tedros was a 'crucial decision maker' who directed the actions of Ethiopia's security forces from 2013 to 2015 and one of three officials in charge when those security services embarked on the 'killing' and 'torturing' of Ethiopians. You can see where Tedros is coming from and it's sobering to think that he has been the vehicle for Gates and the Cult to direct the global response to 'Covid'. Think about that. A psychopathic Cult dictates to psychopath Gates who dictates to psychopath Tedros who dictates how countries of the world must respond to a 'Covid virus' never scientifically shown to exist. At the same time psychopathic Cult-owned Silicon Valley information

giants like Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter announced very early on that they would give the Cult/Gates/Tedros/WHO version of the narrative free advertising and censor those who challenged their intelligence-insulting, mendacious story.

The next layer in the global 'medical' structure below the Cult, Gates and Tedros are the chief medical officers and science 'advisers' in each of the WHO member countries which means virtually all of them. Medical officers and arbiters of science (they're not) then take the WHO policy and recommended responses and impose them on their country's population while the political 'leaders' say they are deciding policy (they're clearly not) by 'following the science' on the advice of the 'experts' – the same medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators). In this way with the rarest of exceptions the entire world followed the same policy of lockdown, people distancing, masks and 'vaccines' dictated by the psychopathic Cult, psychopathic Gates and psychopathic Tedros who we are supposed to believe give a damn about the health of the world population they are seeking to enslave. That, amazingly, is all there is to it in terms of crucial decision-making. Medical staff in each country then follow like sheep the dictates of the shepherds at the top of the national medical hierarchies – chief medical officers and science 'advisers' who themselves follow like sheep the shepherds of the World Health Organization and the Cult. Shepherds at the national level often have major funding and other connections to Gates and his Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation which carefully hands out money like confetti at a wedding to control the entire global medical system from the WHO down.

Follow the money

Christopher Whitty, Chief Medical Adviser to the UK Government at the centre of 'virus' policy, a senior adviser to the government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE), and Executive Board member of the World Health Organization, was gifted a grant of $40 million by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation for malaria research in Africa. The BBC described the unelected Whitty as 'the

official who will probably have the greatest impact on our everyday lives of any individual policymaker in modern times' and so it turned out. What Gates and Tedros have said Whitty has done like his equivalents around the world. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of Big Pharma giant GlaxoSmithKline with its fundamental financial and business connections to Bill Gates. In September, 2020, it was revealed that Vallance owned a deferred bonus of shares in GlaxoSmithKline worth £600,000 while the company was 'developing' a 'Covid vaccine'. Move along now – nothing to see here – what could possibly be wrong with that? Imperial College in London, a major player in 'Covid' policy in Britain and elsewhere with its 'Covid-19' Response Team, is funded by Gates and has big connections to China while the now infamous Professor Neil Ferguson, the useless 'computer modeller' at Imperial College is also funded by Gates. Ferguson delivered the dramatically inaccurate excuse for the first lockdowns (much more in the next chapter). The Institute for Health Metrics and Evaluation (IHME) in the United States, another source of outrageously false 'Covid' computer models to justify lockdowns, is bankrolled by Gates who is a vehement promotor of lockdowns. America's version of Whitty and Vallance, the again now infamous Anthony Fauci, has connections to 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna as does Bill Gates through funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Fauci is director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), a major recipient of Gates money, and they are very close. Deborah Birx who was appointed White House Coronavirus Response Coordinator in February, 2020, is yet another with ties to Gates. Everywhere you look at the different elements around the world behind the coordination and decision making of the 'Covid' hoax there is Bill Gates and his money. They include the World Health Organization; Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in the United States; National Institutes of Health (NIH) of Anthony Fauci; Imperial College and Neil Ferguson; the London School of Hygiene where Chris Whitty worked; Regulatory agencies like the UK Medicines & Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)

which gave emergency approval for 'Covid vaccines'; Wellcome Trust; GAVI, the Vaccine Alliance; the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI); Johns Hopkins University which has compiled the false 'Covid' figures; and the World Economic Forum. A Nationalfile.com article said:

> Gates has a lot of pull in the medical world, he has a multi-million dollar relationship with Dr. Fauci, and Fauci originally took the Gates line supporting vaccines and casting doubt on [the drug hydroxychloroquine]. Coronavirus response team member Dr. Deborah Birx, appointed by former president Obama to serve as United States Global AIDS Coordinator, also sits on the board of a group that has received billions from Gates' foundation, and Birx reportedly used a disputed Bill Gates-funded model for the White House's Coronavirus effort. Gates is a big proponent for a population lockdown scenario for the Coronavirus outbreak.

Another funder of Moderna is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the technology-development arm of the Pentagon and one of the most sinister organisations on earth. DARPA had a major role with the CIA covert technology-funding operation In-Q-Tel in the development of Google and social media which is now at the centre of global censorship. Fauci and Gates are extremely close and openly admit to talking regularly about 'Covid' policy, but then why wouldn't Gates have a seat at every national 'Covid' table after his Foundation committed $1.75 billion to the 'fight against Covid-19'. When passed through our Orwellian Translation Unit this means that he has bought and paid for the Cult-driven 'Covid' response worldwide. Research the major 'Covid' response personnel in your own country and you will find the same Gates funding and other connections again and again. Medical and science chiefs following World Health Organization 'policy' sit atop a medical hierarchy in their country of administrators, doctors and nursing staff. These 'subordinates' are told they must work and behave in accordance with the policy delivered from the 'top' of the national 'health' pyramid which is largely the policy delivered by the WHO which is the policy delivered by Gates and the Cult. The whole 'Covid' narrative has been imposed on medical staff by a climate of fear although great numbers don't even need that to comply. They do so through breathtaking levels of ignorance and

include doctors who go through life simply repeating what Big Pharma and their hierarchical masters tell them to say and believe. No wonder Big Pharma 'medicine' is one of the biggest killers on Planet Earth.

The same top-down system of intimidation operates with regard to the Cult Big Pharma cartel which also dictates policy through national and global medical systems in this way. The Cult and Big Pharma agendas are the same because the former controls and owns the latter. 'Health' administrators, doctors, and nursing staff are told to support and parrot the dictated policy or they will face consequences which can include being fired. How sad it's been to see medical staff meekly repeating and imposing Cult policy without question and most of those who can see through the deceit are only willing to speak anonymously off the record. They know what will happen if their identity is known. This has left the courageous few to expose the lies about the 'virus', face masks, overwhelmed hospitals that aren't, and the dangers of the 'vaccine' that isn't a vaccine. When these medical professionals and scientists, some renowned in their field, have taken to the Internet to expose the truth their articles, comments and videos have been deleted by Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter and YouTube. What a real head-shaker to see YouTube videos with leading world scientists and highly qualified medical specialists with an added link underneath to the notorious Cult propaganda website *Wikipedia* to find the 'facts' about the same subject.

HIV – the 'Covid' trial-run

I'll give you an example of the consequences for health and truth that come from censorship and unquestioning belief in official narratives. The story was told by PCR inventor Kary Mullis in his book *Dancing Naked in the Mind Field*. He said that in 1984 he accepted as just another scientific fact that Luc Montagnier of France's Pasteur Institute and Robert Gallo of America's National Institutes of Health had independently discovered that a 'retrovirus' dubbed HIV (human immunodeficiency virus) caused AIDS. They

were, after all, Mullis writes, specialists in retroviruses. This is how the medical and science pyramids work. Something is announced or *assumed* and then becomes an everybody-knows-that purely through repetition of the assumption as if it is fact. Complete crap becomes accepted truth with no supporting evidence and only repetition of the crap. This is how a 'virus' that doesn't exist became the 'virus' that changed the world. The HIV-AIDS fairy story became a multi-billion pound industry and the media poured out propaganda terrifying the world about the deadly HIV 'virus' that caused the lethal AIDS. By then Mullis was working at a lab in Santa Monica, California, to detect retroviruses with his PCR test in blood donations received by the Red Cross. In doing so he asked a virologist where he could find a reference for HIV being the cause of AIDS. 'You don't need a reference,' the virologist said … *'Everybody knows it.'* Mullis said he wanted to quote a reference in the report he was doing and he said he felt a little funny about not knowing the source of such an important discovery when everyone else seemed to. The virologist suggested he cite a report by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) on morbidity and mortality. Mullis read the report, but it only said that an organism had been identified and did not say how. The report did not identify the original scientific work. Physicians, however, *assumed* (key recurring theme) that if the CDC was convinced that HIV caused AIDS then proof must exist. Mullis continues:

I did computer searches. Neither Montagnier, Gallo, nor anyone else had published papers describing experiments which led to the conclusion that HIV probably caused AIDS. I read the papers in Science for which they had become well known as AIDS doctors, but all they had said there was that they had found evidence of a past infection by something which was probably HIV in some AIDS patients.

They found antibodies. Antibodies to viruses had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease. Antibodies signaled that the virus had been defeated. The patient had saved himself. There was no indication in these papers that this virus caused a disease. They didn't show that everybody with the antibodies had the disease. In fact they found some healthy people with antibodies.

Mullis asked why their work had been published if Montagnier and Gallo hadn't really found this evidence, and why had they been fighting so hard to get credit for the discovery? He says he was hesitant to write 'HIV is the probable cause of AIDS' until he found published evidence to support that. 'Tens of thousands of scientists and researchers were spending billions of dollars a year doing research based on this idea,' Mullis writes. 'The reason had to be there somewhere; otherwise these people would not have allowed their research to settle into one narrow channel of investigation.' He said he lectured about PCR at numerous meetings where people were always talking about HIV and he asked them how they knew that HIV was the cause of AIDS:

> Everyone said something. Everyone had the answer at home, in the office, in some drawer. They all knew, and they would send me the papers as soon as they got back. But I never got any papers. Nobody ever sent me the news about how AIDS was caused by HIV.

Eventually Mullis was able to ask Montagnier himself about the reference proof when he lectured in San Diego at the grand opening of the University of California AIDS Research Center. Mullis says this was the last time he would ask his question without showing anger. Montagnier said he should reference the CDC report. 'I read it', Mullis said, and it didn't answer the question. 'If Montagnier didn't know the answer who the hell did?' Then one night Mullis was driving when an interview came on National Public Radio with Peter Duesberg, a prominent virologist at Berkeley and a California Scientist of the Year. Mullis says he finally understood why he could not find references that connected HIV to AIDS – *there weren't any!* No one had ever proved that HIV causes AIDS even though it had spawned a multi-billion pound global industry and the media was repeating this as fact every day in their articles and broadcasts terrifying the shit out of people about AIDS and giving the impression that a positive test for HIV (see 'Covid') was a death sentence. Duesberg was a threat to the AIDS gravy train and the agenda that underpinned it. He was therefore abused and castigated after he told the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences

there was no good evidence implicating the new 'virus'. Editors rejected his manuscripts and his research funds were deleted. Mullis points out that the CDC has defined AIDS as one of more than 30 diseases *if accompanied* by a positive result on a test that detects antibodies to HIV; but those same diseases are not defined as AIDS cases when antibodies are not detected:

> If an HIV-positive woman develops uterine cancer, for example, she is considered to have AIDS. If she is not HIV positive, she simply has uterine cancer. An HIV-positive man with tuberculosis has AIDS; if he tests negative he simply has tuberculosis. If he lives in Kenya or Colombia, where the test for HIV antibodies is too expensive, he is simply presumed to have the antibodies and therefore AIDS, and therefore he can be treated in the World Health Organization's clinic. It's the only medical help available in some places. And it's free, because the countries that support WHO are worried about AIDS.

Mullis accuses the CDC of continually adding new diseases (see ever more 'Covid symptoms') to the grand AIDS definition and of virtually doctoring the books to make it appear as if the disease continued to spread. He cites how in 1993 the CDC enormously broadened its AIDS definition and county health authorities were delighted because they received $2,500 per year from the Federal government for every reported AIDS case. Ladies and gentlemen, I have just described, via Kary Mullis, the 'Covid pandemic' of 2020 and beyond. Every element is the same and it's been pulled off in the same way by the same networks.

The 'Covid virus' exists? Okay – prove it. Er … still waiting

What Kary Mullis described with regard to 'HIV' has been repeated with 'Covid'. A claim is made that a new, or 'novel', infection has been found and the entire medical system of the world repeats that as fact exactly as they did with HIV and AIDS. No one in the mainstream asks rather relevant questions such as 'How do you know?' and 'Where is your proof?' The SARS-Cov-2 'virus' and the 'Covid-19 disease' became an overnight 'everybody-knows-that'. The origin could be debated and mulled over, but what you could not suggest was that 'SARS-Cov-2' didn't exist. That would be

ridiculous. 'Everybody knows' the 'virus' exists. Well, I didn't for one along with American proper doctors like Andrew Kaufman and Tom Cowan and long-time American proper journalist Jon Rappaport. We dared to pursue the obvious and simple question: 'Where's the evidence?' The overwhelming majority in medicine, journalism and the general public did not think to ask that. After all, *everyone knew* there was a new 'virus'. Everyone was saying so and I heard it on the BBC. Some would eventually argue that the 'deadly virus' was nothing like as deadly as claimed, but few would venture into the realms of its very existence. Had they done so they would have found that the evidence for that claim had gone AWOL as with HIV causes AIDS. In fact, not even that. For something to go AWOL it has to exist in the first place and scientific proof for a 'SARS-Cov-2' can be filed under nothing, nowhere and zilch.

Dr Andrew Kaufman is a board-certified forensic psychiatrist in New York State, a Doctor of Medicine and former Assistant Professor and Medical Director of Psychiatry at SUNY Upstate Medical University, and Medical Instructor of Hematology and Oncology at the Medical School of South Carolina. He also studied biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and trained in Psychiatry at Duke University. Kaufman is retired from allopathic medicine, but remains a consultant and educator on natural healing, I saw a video of his very early on in the 'Covid' hoax in which he questioned claims about the 'virus' in the absence of any supporting evidence and with plenty pointing the other way. I did everything I could to circulate his work which I felt was asking the pivotal questions that needed an answer. I can recommend an excellent pull-together interview he did with the website The Last Vagabond entitled *Dr Andrew Kaufman: Virus Isolation, Terrain Theory and Covid-19* and his website is andrewkaufmanmd.com. Kaufman is not only a forensic psychiatrist; he is forensic in all that he does. He always reads original scientific papers, experiments and studies instead of second-third-fourth-hand reports about the 'virus' in the media which are repeating the repeated repetition of the narrative. When he did so with the original Chinese 'virus' papers Kaufman

realised that there was no evidence of a 'SARS-Cov-2'. They had never – from the start – shown it to exist and every repeat of this claim worldwide was based on the accepted existence of proof that was nowhere to be found – see Kary Mullis and HIV. Here we go again.

Let's postulate

Kaufman discovered that the Chinese authorities immediately concluded that the cause of an illness that broke out among about 200 initial patients in Wuhan was a 'new virus' when there were no grounds to make that conclusion. The alleged 'virus' was not isolated from other genetic material in their samples and then shown through a system known as Koch's postulates to be the causative agent of the illness. The world was told that the SARS-Cov-2 'virus' caused a disease they called 'Covid-19' which had 'flu-like' symptoms and could lead to respiratory problems and pneumonia. If it wasn't so tragic it would almost be funny. *'Flu-like' symptoms'? Pneumonia? Respiratory disease?* What in *CHINA* and particularly in *Wuhan*, one of the most polluted cities in the world with a resulting epidemic of respiratory disease?? Three hundred thousand people get pneumonia in China every year and there are nearly a billion cases worldwide of 'flu-like symptoms'. These have a whole range of causes – including pollution in Wuhan – but no other possibility was credibly considered in late 2019 when the world was told there was a new and deadly 'virus'. The global prevalence of pneumonia and 'flu-like systems' gave the Cult networks unlimited potential to re-diagnose these other causes as the mythical 'Covid-19' and that is what they did from the very start. Kaufman revealed how Chinese medical and science authorities (all subordinates to the Cult-owned communist government) took genetic material from the lungs of only a few of the first patients. The material contained their own cells, bacteria, fungi and other microorganisms living in their bodies. The only way you could prove the existence of the 'virus' and its responsibility for the alleged 'Covid-19' was to isolate the virus from all the other material – a process also known as 'purification' – and

then follow the postulates sequence developed in the late 19th century by German physician and bacteriologist Robert Koch which became the 'gold standard' for connecting an alleged causation agent to a disease:

1. The microorganism (bacteria, fungus, virus, etc.) must be present in every case of the disease and all patients must have the same symptoms. It must also *not be present in healthy individuals*.

2. The microorganism must be isolated from the host with the disease. If the microorganism is a bacteria or fungus it must be grown in a pure culture. If it is a virus, it must be purified (i.e. containing no other material except the virus particles) from a clinical sample.

3. The specific disease, with all of its characteristics, must be reproduced when the infectious agent (the purified virus or a pure culture of bacteria or fungi) is inoculated into a healthy, susceptible host.

4. The microorganism must be recoverable from the experimentally infected host as in step 2.

Not one of these criteria has been met in the case of 'SARS-Cov-2' and 'Covid-19'. Not ONE. *EVER*. Robert Koch refers to bacteria and not viruses. What are called 'viral particles' are so minute (hence masks are useless by any definition) that they could only be seen after the invention of the electron microscope in the 1930s and can still only be observed through that means. American bacteriologist and virologist Thomas Milton Rivers, the so-called 'Father of Modern Virology' who was very significantly director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in the 1930s, developed a less stringent version of Koch's postulates to identify 'virus' causation known as 'Rivers criteria'. 'Covid' did not pass that process either. Some even doubt whether any 'virus' can be isolated from other particles containing genetic material in the Koch method. Freedom of Information requests in many countries asking for scientific proof that the 'Covid virus' has been purified and isolated and shown to exist have all come back with a 'we don't have that' and when this happened with a request to the UK Department of Health they added this comment:

However, outside of the scope of the [Freedom of Information Act] and on a discretionary basis, the following information has been advised to us, which may be of interest. Most infectious diseases are caused by viruses, bacteria or fungi. Some bacteria or fungi have the capacity to grow on their own in isolation, for example in colonies on a petri dish. Viruses are different in that they are what we call 'obligate pathogens' – that is, they cannot survive or reproduce without infecting a host ...

… For some diseases, it is possible to establish causation between a microorganism and a disease by isolating the pathogen from a patient, growing it in pure culture and reintroducing it to a healthy organism. These are known as 'Koch's postulates' and were developed in 1882. However, as our understanding of disease and different disease-causing agents has advanced, these are no longer the method for determining causation [Andrew Kaufman asks why in that case are there two published articles falsely claiming to satisfy Koch's postulates].

It has long been known that viral diseases cannot be identified in this way as viruses cannot be grown in 'pure culture'. When a patient is tested for a viral illness, this is normally done by looking for the presence of antigens, or viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques [Kaufman asks how you could know the origin of these chemicals without having a pure culture for comparison].

For the record 'antigens' are defined so:

Invading microorganisms have antigens on their surface that the human body can recognise as being foreign – meaning not belonging to it. When the body recognises a foreign antigen, lymphocytes (white blood cells) produce antibodies, which are complementary in shape to the antigen.

Notwithstanding that this is open to question in relation to 'SARS-Cov-2' the presence of 'antibodies' can have many causes and they are found in people that are perfectly well. Kary Mullis said: 'Antibodies … had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease.'

'Covid' really is a *computer* 'virus'

Where the UK Department of Health statement says 'viruses' are now 'diagnosed' through a 'viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques', they mean … *the PCR test* which its inventor said cannot test for infectious disease. They have no credible method of connecting a 'virus' to a disease and we will see that there is no scientific proof that any 'virus' causes any disease or there is any such thing as a 'virus' in the way that it is described. Tenacious Canadian researcher Christine Massey and her team made

some 40 Freedom of Information requests to national public health agencies in different countries asking for proof that SARS-CoV-2 has been isolated and not one of them could supply that information. Massey said of her request in Canada: 'Freedom of Information reveals Public Health Agency of Canada has no record of 'SARS-COV-2' isolation performed by anyone, anywhere, ever.' If you accept the comment from the UK Department of Health it's because they can't isolate a 'virus'. Even so many 'science' papers claimed to have isolated the 'Covid virus' until they were questioned and had to admit they hadn't. A reply from the Robert Koch Institute in Germany was typical: 'I am not aware of a paper which purified isolated SARS-CoV-2.' So what the hell was Christian Drosten and his gang using to design the 'Covid' testing protocol that has produced all the illusory Covid' cases and 'Covid' deaths when the head of the Chinese version of the CDC admitted there was a problem right from the start in that the 'virus' had never been isolated/purified? Breathe deeply: What they are calling 'Covid' is actually created by a *computer program* i.e. *they made it up* – er, that's it. They took lung fluid, with many sources of genetic material, from one single person alleged to be infected with Covid-19 by a PCR test which they *claimed*, without clear evidence, contained a 'virus'. They used several computer programs to create a model of a theoretical virus genome sequence from more than fifty-six million small sequences of RNA, each of an unknown source, assembling them like a puzzle with no known solution. The computer filled in the gaps with sequences from bits in the gene bank to make it look like a bat SARS-like coronavirus! A wave of the magic wand and poof, an in silico (computer-generated) genome, a scientific fantasy, was created. UK health researcher Dr Kevin Corbett made the same point with this analogy:

> … It's like giving you a few bones and saying that's your fish. It could be any fish. Not even a skeleton. Here's a few fragments of bones. That's your fish … It's all from gene bank and the bits of the virus sequence that weren't there they made up.
>
> They synthetically created them to fill in the blanks. That's what genetics is; it's a code. So it's ABBBCCDDD and you're missing some what you think is EEE so you put it in. It's all

synthetic. You just manufacture the bits that are missing. This is the end result of the geneticization of virology. This is basically a computer virus.

Further confirmation came in an email exchange between British citizen journalist Frances Leader and the government's Medicines & Healthcare Products Regulatory Agency (the Gates-funded MHRA) which gave emergency permission for untested 'Covid vaccines' to be used. The agency admitted that the 'vaccine' is not based on an isolated 'virus', but comes from a *computer-generated model*. Frances Leader was naturally banned from Cult-owned fascist Twitter for making this exchange public. The process of creating computer-generated alleged 'viruses' is called 'in silico' or 'in silicon' – computer chips – and the term 'in silico' is believed to originate with biological experiments using only a computer in 1989. 'Vaccines' involved with 'Covid' are also produced 'in silico' or by computer not a natural process. If the original 'virus' is nothing more than a made-up computer model how can there be 'new variants' of something that never existed in the first place? They are not new 'variants'; they are new *computer models* only minutely different to the original program and designed to further terrify the population into having the 'vaccine' and submitting to fascism. You want a 'new variant'? Click, click, enter – there you go. Tell the medical profession that you have discovered a 'South African variant', 'UK variants' or a 'Brazilian variant' and in the usual HIV-causes-AIDS manner they will unquestioningly repeat it with no evidence whatsoever to support these claims. They will go on television and warn about the dangers of 'new variants' while doing nothing more than repeating what they have been told to be true and knowing that any deviation from that would be career suicide. Big-time insiders will know it's a hoax, but much of the medical community is clueless about the way they are being played and themselves play the public without even being aware they are doing so. What an interesting 'coincidence' that AstraZeneca and Oxford University were conducting 'Covid vaccine trials' in the three countries – the UK, South Africa and Brazil – where the first three 'variants' were claimed to have 'broken out'.

Here's your 'virus' – it's a unicorn

Dr Andrew Kaufman presented a brilliant analysis describing how the 'virus' was imagined into fake existence when he dissected an article published by *Nature* and written by 19 authors detailing *alleged* 'sequencing of a complete viral genome' of the 'new SARS-CoV-2 virus'. This computer-modelled *in silico* genome was used as a template for all subsequent genome sequencing experiments that resulted in the so-called variants which he said now number more than *6,000*. The fake genome was constructed from more than 56 million individual short strands of RNA. Those little pieces were assembled into longer pieces by finding areas of overlapping sequences. The computer programs created over two million possible combinations from which the authors simply chose the longest one. They then compared this to a 'bat virus' and the computer 'alignment' rearranged the sequence and filled in the gaps! They called this computer-generated abomination the 'complete genome'. Dr Tom Cowan, a fellow medical author and collaborator with Kaufman, said such computer-generation constitutes scientific fraud and he makes this superb analogy:

> Here is an equivalency: A group of researchers claim to have found a unicorn because they found a piece of a hoof, a hair from a tail, and a snippet of a horn. They then add that information into a computer and program it to re-create the unicorn, and they then claim this computer re-creation is the real unicorn. Of course, they had never actually seen a unicorn so could not possibly have examined its genetic makeup to compare their samples with the actual unicorn's hair, hooves and horn.
>
> The researchers claim they decided which is the real genome of SARS-CoV-2 by 'consensus', sort of like a vote. Again, different computer programs will come up with different versions of the imaginary 'unicorn', so they come together as a group and decide which is the real imaginary unicorn.

This is how the 'virus' that has transformed the world was brought into fraudulent 'existence'. Extraordinary, yes, but as the Nazis said the bigger the lie the more will believe it. Cowan, however, wasn't finished and he went on to identify what he called the real blockbuster in the paper. He quotes this section from a paper written

by virologists and published by the CDC and then explains what it means:

> Therefore, we examined the capacity of SARS-CoV-2 to infect and replicate in several common primate and human cell lines, including human adenocarcinoma cells (A549), human liver cells (HUH 7.0), and human embryonic kidney cells (HEK-293T). In addition to Vero E6 and Vero CCL81 cells. ... Each cell line was inoculated at high multiplicity of infection and examined 24h post-infection.
>
> No CPE was observed in any of the cell lines except in Vero cells, which grew to greater than 10 to the 7th power at 24 h post-infection. In contrast, HUH 7.0 and 293T showed only modest viral replication, and A549 cells were incompatible with SARS CoV-2 infection.

Cowan explains that when virologists attempt to prove infection they have three possible 'hosts' or models on which they can test. The first was humans. Exposure to humans was generally not done for ethical reasons and has never been done with SARS-CoV-2 or any coronavirus. The second possible host was animals. Cowan said that forgetting for a moment that they never actually use purified virus when exposing animals they do use solutions that they *claim* contain the virus. Exposure to animals has been done with SARS-CoV-2 in an experiment involving mice and this is what they found: *None of the wild (normal) mice got sick*. In a group of genetically-modified mice, a statistically insignificant number lost weight and had slightly bristled fur, but they experienced nothing like the illness called 'Covid-19'. Cowan said the third method – the one they mostly rely on – is to inoculate solutions they *say* contain the virus onto a variety of tissue cultures. This process had never been shown to kill tissue *unless* the sample material was starved of nutrients and poisoned as *part of the process*. Yes, incredibly, in tissue experiments designed to show the 'virus' is responsible for killing the tissue they starve the tissue of nutrients and add toxic drugs including antibiotics and they do not have control studies to see if it's the starvation and poisoning that is degrading the tissue rather than the 'virus' they allege to be in there somewhere. You want me to pinch you? Yep, I understand. Tom Cowan said this about the whole nonsensical farce as he explains what that quote from the CDC paper really means:

The shocking thing about the above quote is that using their own methods, the virologists found that solutions containing SARS-CoV-2 – even in high amounts – were NOT, I repeat NOT, infective to any of the three human tissue cultures they tested. In plain English, this means they proved, on their terms, that this 'new coronavirus' is not infectious to human beings. It is ONLY infective to monkey kidney cells, and only then when you add two potent drugs (gentamicin and amphotericin), known to be toxic to kidneys, to the mix.

My friends, read this again and again. These virologists, published by the CDC, performed a clear proof, on their terms, showing that the SARS-CoV-2 virus is harmless to human beings. That is the only possible conclusion, but, unfortunately, this result is not even mentioned in their conclusion. They simply say they can provide virus stocks cultured only on monkey Vero cells, thanks for coming.

Cowan concluded: 'If people really understood how this "science" was done, I would hope they would storm the gates and demand honesty, transparency and truth.' Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Adviser at drug giant Pfizer has been a vocal critic of the 'Covid vaccine' and its potential for multiple harm. He said in an interview in April, 2021, that 'not one [vaccine] has the virus. He was asked why vaccines normally using a 'dead' version of a disease to activate the immune system were not used for 'Covid' and instead we had the synthetic methods of the 'mRNA Covid vaccine'. Yeadon said that to do the former 'you'd have to have some of [the virus] wouldn't you?' He added: 'No-one's got any – seriously.' Yeadon said that surely they couldn't have fooled the whole world for a year without having a virus, 'but oddly enough ask around – no one's got it'. He didn't know why with all the 'great labs' around the world that the virus had not been isolated – 'Maybe they've been too busy running bad PCR tests and vaccines that people don't need.' What is today called 'science' is not 'science' at all. Science is no longer what is, but whatever people can be manipulated to *believe* that it is. Real science has been hijacked by the Cult to dispense and produce the 'expert scientists' and contentions that suit the agenda of the Cult. How big-time this has happened with the 'Covid' hoax which is entirely based on fake science delivered by fake 'scientists' and fake 'doctors'. The human-caused climate change hoax is also entirely based on fake science delivered by fake 'scientists' and fake 'climate experts'. In both cases real

scientists, climate experts and doctors have their views suppressed and deleted by the Cult-owned science establishment, media and Silicon Valley. This is the 'science' that politicians claim to be 'following' and a common denominator of 'Covid' and climate are Cult psychopaths Bill Gates and his mate Klaus Schwab at the Gates-funded World Economic Forum. But, don't worry, it's all just a coincidence and absolutely nothing to worry about. *Zzzzzzzz*.

What is a 'virus' REALLY?

Dr Tom Cowan is one of many contesting the very existence of viruses let alone that they cause disease. This is understandable when there is no scientific evidence for a disease-causing 'virus'. German virologist Dr Stefan Lanka won a landmark case in 2017 in the German Supreme Court over his contention that there is no such thing as a measles virus. He had offered a big prize for anyone who could prove there is and Lanka won his case when someone sought to claim the money. There is currently a prize of more than 225,000 euros on offer from an Isolate Truth Fund for anyone who can prove the isolation of SARS-CoV-2 and its genetic substance. Lanka wrote in an article headed 'The Misconception Called Virus' that scientists think a 'virus' is causing tissue to become diseased and degraded when in fact it is the *processes they are using* which do that – not a 'virus'. Lanka has done an important job in making this point clear as Cowan did in his analysis of the CDC paper. Lanka says that all claims about viruses as disease-causing pathogens are wrong and based on 'easily recognisable, understandable and verifiable misinterpretations.' Scientists believed they were working with 'viruses' in their laboratories when they were really working with 'typical particles of specific dying tissues or cells …' Lanka said that the tissue decaying process claimed to be caused by a 'virus' still happens when no alleged 'virus' is involved. It's the *process* that does the damage and not a 'virus'. The genetic sample is deprived of nutrients, removed from its energy supply through removal from the body and then doused in toxic antibiotics to remove any bacteria. He confirms again that establishment scientists do not (pinch me)

conduct control experiments to see if this is the case and if they did they would see the claims that 'viruses' are doing the damage is nonsense. He adds that during the measles 'virus' court case he commissioned an independent laboratory to perform just such a control experiment and the result was that the tissues and cells died in the exact same way as with alleged 'infected' material. This is supported by a gathering number of scientists, doctors and researchers who reject what is called 'germ theory' or the belief in the body being infected by contagious sources emitted by other people. Researchers Dawn Lester and David Parker take the same stance in their highly-detailed and sourced book *What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong* which was recommended to me by a number of medical professionals genuinely seeking the truth. Lester and Parker say there is no provable scientific evidence to show that a 'virus' can be transmitted between people or people and animals or animals and people:

> The definition also claims that viruses are the cause of many diseases, as if this has been definitively proven. But this is not the case; there is no original scientific evidence that definitively demonstrates that any virus is the cause of any disease. The burden of proof for any theory lies with those who proposed it; but none of the existing documents provides 'proof' that supports the claim that 'viruses' are pathogens.

Dr Tom Cowan employs one of his clever analogies to describe the process by which a 'virus' is named as the culprit for a disease when what is called a 'virus' is only material released by cells detoxing themselves from infiltration by chemical or radiation poisoning. The tidal wave of technologically-generated radiation in the 'smart' modern world plus all the toxic food and drink are causing this to happen more than ever. Deluded 'scientists' misread this as a gathering impact of what they wrongly label 'viruses'.

Paper can infect houses

Cowan said in an article for davidicke.com – with his tongue only mildly in his cheek – that he believed he had made a tremendous

discovery that may revolutionise science. He had discovered that small bits of paper are alive, 'well alive-ish', can 'infect' houses, and then reproduce themselves inside the house. The result was that this explosion of growth in the paper inside the house causes the house to explode, blowing it to smithereens. His evidence for this new theory is that in the past months he had carefully examined many of the houses in his neighbourhood and found almost no scraps of paper on the lawns and surrounds of the house. There was an occasional stray label, but nothing more. Then he would return to these same houses a week or so later and with a few, not all of them, particularly the old and decrepit ones, he found to his shock and surprise they were littered with stray bits of paper. He knew then that the paper had infected these houses, made copies of itself, and blew up the house. A young boy on a bicycle at one of the sites told him he had seen a demolition crew using dynamite to explode the house the previous week, but Cowan dismissed this as the idle thoughts of silly boys because 'I was on to something big'. He was on to how 'scientists' mistake genetic material in the detoxifying process for something they call a 'virus'. Cowan said of his house and paper story:

If this sounds crazy to you, it's because it should. This scenario is obviously nuts. But consider this admittedly embellished, for effect, current viral theory that all scientists, medical doctors and virologists currently believe.

He takes the example of the 'novel SARS-Cov2' virus to prove the point. First they take someone with an undefined illness called 'Covid-19' and don't even attempt to find any virus in their sputum. Never mind the scientists still describe how this 'virus', which they have not located attaches to a cell receptor, injects its genetic material, in 'Covid's' case, RNA, into the cell. The RNA once inserted exploits the cell to reproduce itself and makes 'thousands, nay millions, of copies of itself … Then it emerges victorious to claim its next victim':

If you were to look in the scientific literature for proof, actual scientific proof, that uniform SARS-CoV2 viruses have been properly isolated from the sputum of a sick person, that actual spike proteins could be seen protruding from the virus (which has not been found), you would find that such evidence doesn't exist.

If you go looking in the published scientific literature for actual pictures, proof, that these spike proteins or any viral proteins are ever attached to any receptor embedded in any cell membrane, you would also find that no such evidence exists. If you were to look for a video or documented evidence of the intact virus injecting its genetic material into the body of the cell, reproducing itself and then emerging victorious by budding off the cell membrane, you would find that no such evidence exists.

The closest thing you would find is electron micrograph pictures of cellular particles, possibly attached to cell debris, both of which to be seen were stained by heavy metals, a process that completely distorts their architecture within the living organism. This is like finding bits of paper stuck to the blown-up bricks, thereby proving the paper emerged by taking pieces of the bricks on its way out.

The Enders baloney

Cowan describes the 'Covid' story as being just as make-believe as his paper story and he charts back this fantasy to a Nobel Prize winner called John Enders (1897-1985), an American biomedical scientist who has been dubbed 'The Father of Modern Vaccines'. Enders is claimed to have 'discovered' the process of the viral culture which 'proved' that a 'virus' caused measles. Cowan explains how Enders did this 'by using the EXACT same procedure that has been followed by every virologist to find and characterize every new virus since 1954'. Enders took throat swabs from children with measles and immersed them in 2ml of milk. Penicillin (100u/ml) and the antibiotic streptomycin (50,g/ml) were added and the whole mix was centrifuged – rotated at high speed to separate large cellular debris from small particles and molecules as with milk and cream, for example. Cowan says that if the aim is to find little particles of genetic material ('viruses') in the snot from children with measles it would seem that the last thing you would do is mix the snot with other material – milk –that also has genetic material. 'How are you ever going to know whether whatever you found came from the snot or the milk?' He points out that streptomycin is a 'nephrotoxic' or poisonous-to-the-kidney drug. You will see the relevance of that

shortly. Cowan says that it gets worse, much worse, when Enders describes the culture medium upon which the virus 'grows': 'The culture medium consisted of bovine amniotic fluid (90%), beef embryo extract (5%), horse serum (5%), antibiotics and phenol red as an indicator of cell metabolism.' Cowan asks incredulously: 'Did he just say that the culture medium also contained fluids and tissues that are themselves rich sources of genetic material?' The genetic cocktail, or 'medium', is inoculated onto tissue and cells from rhesus monkey *kidney* tissue. This is where the importance of streptomycin comes in and currently-used antimicrobials and other drugs that are *poisonous to kidneys* and used in ALL modern viral cultures (e.g. gentamicin, streptomycin, and amphotericin). Cowan asks: 'How are you ever going to know from this witch's brew where any genetic material comes from as we now have five different sources of rich genetic material in our mix?' Remember, he says, that all genetic material, whether from monkey kidney tissues, bovine serum, milk, etc., is made from the exact same components. The same central question returns: 'How are you possibly going to know that it was the virus that killed the kidney tissue and not the toxic antibiotic and starvation rations on which you are growing the tissue?' John Enders answered the question himself – *you can't*:

A second agent was obtained from an uninoculated culture of monkey kidney cells. The cytopathic changes [death of the cells] it induced in the unstained preparations could not be distinguished with confidence from the viruses isolated from measles.

The death of the cells ('cytopathic changes') happened in exactly the same manner, whether they inoculated the kidney tissue with the measles snot or not, Cowan says. 'This is evidence that the destruction of the tissue, the very proof of viral causation of illness, was not caused by anything in the snot because they saw the same destructive effect when the snot was not even used … the cytopathic, i.e., cell-killing, changes come from the process of the culture itself, not from any virus in any snot, period.' Enders quotes in his 1957 paper a virologist called Ruckle as reporting similar findings 'and in addition has isolated an agent from monkey kidney tissue that is so

far indistinguishable from human measles virus'. In other words, Cowan says, these particles called 'measles viruses' are simply and clearly breakdown products of the starved and poisoned tissue. For measles 'virus' see all 'viruses' including the so-called 'Covid virus'. Enders, the 'Father of Modern Vaccines', also said:

There is a potential risk in employing cultures of primate cells for the production of vaccines composed of attenuated virus, since the presence of other agents possibly latent in primate tissues cannot be definitely excluded by any known method.

Cowan further quotes from a paper published in the journal *Viruses* in May, 2020, while the 'Covid pandemic' was well underway in the media if not in reality. 'EVs' here refers to particles of genetic debris from our own tissues, such as exosomes of which more in a moment: 'The remarkable resemblance between EVs and viruses has caused quite a few problems in the studies focused on the analysis of EVs released during viral infections.' Later the paper adds that to date a reliable method that can actually guarantee a complete separation (of EVs from viruses) DOES NOT EXIST. This was published at a time when a fairy tale 'virus' was claimed in total certainty to be causing a fairy tale 'viral disease' called 'Covid-19' – a fairy tale that was already well on the way to transforming human society in the image that the Cult has worked to achieve for so long. Cowan concludes his article:

To summarize, there is no scientific evidence that pathogenic viruses exist. What we think of as 'viruses' are simply the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues and cells. When we are well, we make fewer of these particles; when we are starved, poisoned, suffocated by wearing masks, or afraid, we make more.

There is no engineered virus circulating and making people sick. People in laboratories all over the world are making genetically modified products to make people sick. These are called vaccines. There is no virome, no 'ecosystem' of viruses, viruses are not 8%, 50% or 100 % of our genetic material. These are all simply erroneous ideas based on the misconception called a virus.

What is 'Covid'? Load of bollocks

The background described here by Cowan and Lanka was emphasised in the first video presentation that I saw by Dr Andrew Kaufman when he asked whether the 'Covid virus' was in truth a natural defence mechanism of the body called 'exosomes'. These are released by cells when in states of toxicity – see the same themes returning over and over. They are released ever more profusely as chemical and radiation toxicity increases and think of the potential effect therefore of 5G alone as its destructive frequencies infest the human energetic information field with a gathering pace (5G went online in Wuhan in 2019 as the 'virus' emerged). I'll have more about this later. Exosomes transmit a warning to the rest of the body that 'Houston, we have a problem'. Kaufman presented images of exosomes and compared them with 'Covid' under an electron microscope and the similarity was remarkable. They both attach to the same cell receptors (*claimed* in the case of 'Covid'), contain the same genetic material in the form of RNA or ribonucleic acid, and both are found in 'viral cell cultures' with damaged or dying cells. James Hildreth MD, President and Chief Executive Officer of the Meharry Medical College at Johns Hopkins, said: 'The virus is fully an exosome in every sense of the word.' Kaufman's conclusion was that there is no 'virus': 'This entire pandemic is a completely manufactured crisis … there is no evidence of anyone dying from [this] illness.' Dr Tom Cowan and Sally Fallon Morell, authors of *The Contagion Myth*, published a statement with Dr Kaufman in February, 2021, explaining why the 'virus' does not exist and you can read it that in full in the Appendix.

'Virus' theory can be traced to the 'cell theory' in 1858 of German physician Rudolf Virchow (1821-1920) who contended that disease originates from a single cell infiltrated by a 'virus'. Dr Stefan Lanka said that findings and insights with respect to the structure, function and central importance of tissues in the creation of life, which were already known in 1858, comprehensively refute the cell theory. Virchow ignored them. We have seen the part later played by John Enders in the 1950s and Lanka notes that infection theories were only established as a global dogma through the policies and

eugenics of the Third Reich in Nazi Germany (creation of the same Sabbatian cult behind the 'Covid' hoax). Lanka said: 'Before 1933, scientists dared to contradict this theory; after 1933, these critical scientists were silenced'. Dr Tom Cowan's view is that ill-heath is caused by too much of something, too little of something, or toxification from chemicals and radiation – not contagion. We must also highlight as a major source of the 'virus' theology a man still called the 'Father of Modern Virology' – Thomas Milton Rivers (1888-1962). There is no way given the Cult's long game policy that it was a coincidence for the 'Father of Modern Virology' to be director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research from 1937 to 1956 when he is credited with making the Rockefeller Institute a leader in 'viral research'. Cult Rockefellers were the force behind the creation of Big Pharma 'medicine', established the World Health Organisation in 1948, and have long and close associations with the Gates family that now runs the WHO during the pandemic hoax through mega-rich Cult gofer and psychopath Bill Gates.

Only a Renegade Mind can see through all this bullshit by asking the questions that need to be answered, not taking 'no' or prevarication for an answer, and certainly not hiding from the truth in fear of speaking it. Renegade Minds have always changed the world for the better and they will change this one no matter how bleak it may currently appear to be.

CHAPTER SIX

Sequence of deceit

If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything
Mark Twain

Against the background that I have laid out this far the sequence that took us from an invented 'virus' in Cult-owned China in late 2019 to the fascist transformation of human society can be seen and understood in a whole new context.

We were told that a deadly disease had broken out in Wuhan and the world media began its campaign (coordinated by behavioural psychologists as we shall see) to terrify the population into unquestioning compliance. We were shown images of Chinese people collapsing in the street which never happened in the West with what was supposed to be the same condition. In the earliest days when alleged cases and deaths were few the fear register was hysterical in many areas of the media and this would expand into the common media narrative across the world. The real story was rather different, but we were never told that. The Chinese government, one of the Cult's biggest centres of global operation, said they had discovered a new illness with flu-like and pneumonia-type symptoms in a city with such toxic air that it is overwhelmed with flu-like symptoms, pneumonia and respiratory disease. Chinese scientists said it was a new – 'novel' – coronavirus which they called Sars-Cov-2 and that it caused a disease they labelled 'Covid-19'. There was no evidence for this and the 'virus' has never to this day been isolated, purified and its genetic code established from that. It

was from the beginning a computer-generated fiction. Stories of Chinese whistleblowers saying the number of deaths was being supressed or that the 'new disease' was related to the Wuhan bio-lab misdirected mainstream and alternative media into cul-de-sacs to obscure the real truth – there was no 'virus'.

Chinese scientists took genetic material from the lung fluid of just a few people and said they had found a 'new' disease when this material had a wide range of content. There was no evidence for a 'virus' for the very reasons explained in the last two chapters. The 'virus' has never been shown to (a) exist and (b) cause any disease. People were diagnosed on symptoms that are so widespread in Wuhan and polluted China and with a PCR test that can't detect infectious disease. On this farce the whole global scam was sold to the rest of the world which would also diagnose respiratory disease as 'Covid-19' from symptoms alone or with a PCR test not testing for a 'virus'. Flu miraculously disappeared *worldwide* in 2020 and into 2021 as it was redesignated 'Covid-19'. It was really the same old flu with its 'flu-like' symptoms attributed to 'flu-like' 'Covid-19'. At the same time with very few exceptions the Chinese response of draconian lockdown and fascism was the chosen weapon to respond across the West as recommended by the Cult-owned Tedros at the Cult-owned World Health Organization run by the Cult-owned Gates. All was going according to plan. Chinese scientists – everything in China is controlled by the Cult-owned government – compared their contaminated RNA lung-fluid material with other RNA sequences and said it appeared to be just under 80 percent identical to the SARS-CoV-1 'virus' claimed to be the cause of the SARS (severe acute respiratory syndrome) 'outbreak' in 2003. They decreed that because of this the 'new virus' had to be related and they called it SARS-CoV-2. There are some serious problems with this assumption and *assumption* was all it was. Most 'factual' science turns out to be assumptions repeated into everyone-knows-that. A match of under 80-percent is meaningless. Dr Kaufman makes the point that there's a *96 percent* genetic correlation between humans and chimpanzees, but 'no one would say our genetic material is part

of the chimpanzee family'. Yet the Chinese authorities were claiming that a much lower percentage, less than 80 percent, proved the existence of a new 'coronavirus'. For goodness sake human DNA is 60 percent similar to a *banana*.

You are feeling sleepy

The entire 'Covid' hoax is a global Psyop, a psychological operation to program the human mind into believing and fearing a complete fantasy. A crucial aspect of this was what *appeared* to happen in Italy. It was all very well streaming out daily images of an alleged catastrophe in Wuhan, but to the Western mind it was still on the other side of the world in a very different culture and setting. A reaction of 'this could happen to me and my family' was still nothing like as intense enough for the mind-doctors. The Cult needed a Western example to push people over that edge and it chose Italy, one of its major global locations going back to the Roman Empire. An Italian 'Covid' crisis was manufactured in a particular area called Lombardy which just happens to be notorious for its toxic air and therefore respiratory disease. Wuhan, China, déjà vu. An hysterical media told horror stories of Italians dying from 'Covid' in their droves and how Lombardy hospitals were being overrun by a tidal wave of desperately ill people needing treatment after being struck down by the 'deadly virus'. Here was the psychological turning point the Cult had planned. Wow, if this is happening in Italy, the Western mind concluded, this indeed could happen to me and my family. Another point is that Italian authorities responded by following the Chinese blueprint so vehemently recommended by the Cult-owned World Health Organization. They imposed fascistic lockdowns on the whole country viciously policed with the help of surveillance drones sweeping through the streets seeking out anyone who escaped from mass house arrest. Livelihoods were destroyed and psychology unravelled in the way we have witnessed since in all lockdown countries. Crucial to the plan was that Italy responded in this way to set the precedent of suspending freedom and imposing fascism in a 'Western liberal democracy'. I emphasised in an

animated video explanation on davidicke.com posted in the summer of 2020 how important it was to the Cult to expand the Chinese lockdown model across the West. Without this, and the bare-faced lie that non-symptomatic people could still transmit a 'disease' they didn't have, there was no way locking down the whole population, sick and not sick, could be pulled off. At just the right time and with no evidence Cult operatives and gofers claimed that people without symptoms could pass on the 'disease'. In the name of protecting the 'vulnerable' like elderly people, who lockdowns would kill by the tens of thousands, we had for the first time healthy people told to isolate as well as the sick. The great majority of people who tested positive had no symptoms because there was nothing wrong with them. It was just a trick made possible by a test not testing for the 'virus'.

Months after my animated video the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College confirmed that I was right. He didn't say it in those terms, naturally, but he did say it. Ferguson will enter the story shortly for his outrageously crazy 'computer models' that led to Britain, the United States and many other countries following the Chinese and now Italian methods of response. Put another way, following the Cult script. Ferguson said that SAGE, the UK government's scientific advisory group which has controlled 'Covid' policy from the start, wanted to follow the Chinese lockdown model (while they all continued to work and be paid), but they wondered if they could possibly, in Ferguson's words, 'get away with it in Europe'. 'Get away with it'? Who the hell do these moronic, arrogant people think they are? This appalling man Ferguson said that once Italy went into national lockdown they realised they, too, could mimic China:

> It's a communist one-party state, we said. We couldn't get away with it in Europe, we thought … and then Italy did it. And we realised we could. Behind this garbage from Ferguson is a simple fact: Doing the same as China in every country was the plan from the start and Ferguson's 'models' would play a central role in achieving that. It's just a coincidence, of course, and absolutely nothing to worry your little head about.

Oops, sorry, our mistake

Once the Italian segment of the Psyop had done the job it was designed to do a very different story emerged. Italian authorities revealed that 99 percent of those who had 'died from Covid-19' in Italy had one, two, three, or more 'co-morbidities' or illnesses and health problems that could have ended their life. The US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) published a figure of 94 percent for Americans dying of 'Covid' while having other serious medical conditions – on average two to three (some five or six) other potential causes of death. In terms of death from an unproven 'virus' I say it is 100 percent. The other one percent in Italy and six percent in the US would presumably have died from 'Covid's' flu-like symptoms with a range of other possible causes in conjunction with a test not testing for the 'virus'. Fox News reported that even more startling figures had emerged in one US county in which 410 of 422 deaths attributed to 'Covid-19' had other potentially deadly health conditions. The Italian National Health Institute said later that the average age of people dying with a 'Covid-19' diagnosis in Italy was about 81. Ninety percent were over 70 with ten percent over 90. In terms of other reasons to die some 80 percent had two or more chronic diseases with half having three or more including cardiovascular problems, diabetes, respiratory problems and cancer. Why is the phantom 'Covid-19' said to kill overwhelmingly old people and hardly affect the young? Old people continually die of many causes and especially respiratory disease which you can re-diagnose 'Covid-19' while young people die in tiny numbers by comparison and rarely of respiratory disease. Old people 'die of Covid' because they die of other things that can be redesignated 'Covid' and it really is that simple.

Flu has flown

The blueprint was in place. Get your illusory 'cases' from a test not testing for the 'virus' and redesignate other causes of death as 'Covid-19'. You have an instant 'pandemic' from something that is nothing more than a computer-generated fiction. With near-on a

billion people having 'flu-like' symptoms every year the potential was limitless and we can see why flu quickly and apparently miraculously disappeared *worldwide* by being diagnosed 'Covid-19'. The painfully bloody obvious was explained away by the childlike media in headlines like this in the UK '*Independent*': 'Not a single case of flu detected by Public Health England this year as Covid restrictions suppress virus'. I kid you not. The masking, social distancing and house arrest that did not make the 'Covid virus' disappear somehow did so with the 'flu virus'. Even worse the article, by a bloke called Samuel Lovett, suggested that maybe the masking, sanitising and other 'Covid' measures should continue to keep the flu away. With a ridiculousness that disturbs your breathing (it's 'Covid-19') the said Lovett wrote: 'With widespread social distancing and mask-wearing measures in place throughout the UK, the usual routes of transmission for influenza have been blocked.' He had absolutely no evidence to support that statement, but look at the consequences of him acknowledging the obvious. With flu not disappearing at all and only being relabelled 'Covid-19' he would have to contemplate that 'Covid' was a hoax on a scale that is hard to imagine. You need guts and commitment to truth to even go there and that's clearly something Samuel Lovett does not have in abundance. He would never have got it through the editors anyway.

Tens of thousands die in the United States alone every winter from flu including many with pneumonia complications. CDC figures record *45 million* Americans diagnosed with flu in 2017-2018 of which 61,000 died and some reports claim 80,000. Where was the same hysteria then that we have seen with 'Covid-19'? Some 250,000 Americans are admitted to hospital with pneumonia every year with about 50,000 cases proving fatal. About 65 million suffer respiratory disease every year and three million deaths makes this the third biggest cause of death worldwide. You only have to redesignate a portion of all these people 'Covid-19' and you have an instant global pandemic or the *appearance* of one. Why would doctors do this? They are told to do this and all but a few dare not refuse those who must be obeyed. Doctors in general are not researching their own

knowledge and instead take it direct and unquestioned from the authorities that own them and their careers. The authorities say they must now diagnose these symptoms 'Covid-19' and not flu, or whatever, and they do it. Dark suits say put 'Covid-19' on death certificates no matter what the cause of death and the doctors do it. Renegade Minds don't fall for the illusion that doctors and medical staff are all highly-intelligent, highly-principled, seekers of medical truth. *Some are*, but not the majority. They are repeaters, gofers, and yes sir, no sir, purveyors of what the system demands they purvey. The 'Covid' con is not merely confined to diseases of the lungs. Instructions to doctors to put 'Covid-19' on death certificates for anyone dying of *anything* within 28 days (or much more) of a positive test not testing for the 'virus' opened the floodgates. The term dying *with* 'Covid' and not *of* 'Covid' was coined to cover the truth. Whether it was a *with* or an *of* they were all added to the death numbers attributed to the 'deadly virus' compiled by national governments and globally by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins operation in the United States that was so involved in those 'pandemic' simulations. Fraudulent deaths were added to the ever-growing list of fraudulent 'cases' from false positives from a false test. No wonder Professor Walter Ricciardi, scientific advisor to the Italian minister of health, said after the Lombardy hysteria had done its job that 'Covid' death rates were due to Italy having the second oldest population in the world and to *how hospitals record deaths*:

> The way in which we code deaths in our country is very generous in the sense that all the people who die in hospitals with the coronavirus are deemed to be dying of the coronavirus. On re-evaluation by the National Institute of Health, only 12 per cent of death certificates have shown a direct causality from coronavirus, while 88 per cent of patients who have died have at least one pre-morbidity – many had two or three.

This is extraordinary enough when you consider the propaganda campaign to use Italy to terrify the world, but how can they even say twelve percent were genuine when the 'virus' has not been shown to exist, its 'code' is a computer program, and diagnosis comes from a test not testing for it? As in China, and soon the world, 'Covid-19' in

Italy was a redesignation of diagnosis. Lies and corruption were to become the real 'pandemic' fuelled by a pathetically-compliant medical system taking its orders from the tiny few at the top of their national hierarchy who answered to the World Health Organization which answers to Gates and the Cult. Doctors were told – ordered – to diagnose a particular set of symptoms 'Covid-19' and put that on the death certificate for any cause of death if the patient had tested positive with a test not testing for the virus or had 'Covid' symptoms like the flu. The United States even introduced big financial incentives to manipulate the figures with hospitals receiving £4,600 from the Medicare system for diagnosing someone with regular pneumonia, $13,000 if they made the diagnosis from the same symptoms 'Covid-19' pneumonia, and $39, 000 if they put a 'Covid' diagnosed patient on a ventilator that would almost certainly kill them. A few – painfully and pathetically few – medical whistleblowers revealed (before Cult-owned YouTube deleted their videos) that they had been instructed to 'let the patient crash' and put them straight on a ventilator instead of going through a series of far less intrusive and dangerous methods as they would have done before the pandemic hoax began and the financial incentives kicked in. We are talking cold-blooded murder given that ventilators are so damaging to respiratory systems they are usually the last step before heaven awaits. Renegade Minds never fall for the belief that people in white coats are all angels of mercy and cannot be full-on psychopaths. I have explained in detail in *The Answer* how what I am describing here played out across the world coordinated by the World Health Organization through the medical hierarchies in almost every country.

Medical scientist calls it

Information about the non-existence of the 'virus' began to emerge for me in late March, 2020, and mushroomed after that. I was sent an email by Sir Julian Rose, a writer, researcher, and organic farming promotor, from a medical scientist friend of his in the United States. Even at that early stage in March the scientist was able to explain

how the 'Covid' hoax was being manipulated. He said there were no reliable tests for a specific 'Covid-19 virus' and nor were there any reliable agencies or media outlets for reporting numbers of actual 'Covid-19' cases. We have seen in the long period since then that he was absolutely right. 'Every action and reaction to Covid-19 is based on totally flawed data and we simply cannot make accurate assessments,' he said. Most people diagnosed with 'Covid-19' were showing nothing more than cold and flu-like symptoms 'because most coronavirus strains *are* nothing more than cold/flu-like symptoms'. We had farcical situations like an 84-year-old German man testing positive for 'Covid-19' and his nursing home ordered to quarantine only for him to be found to have a common cold. The scientist described back then why PCR tests and what he called the 'Mickey Mouse test kits' were useless for what they were claimed to be identifying. 'The idea these kits can isolate a specific virus like Covid-19 is nonsense,' he said. Significantly, he pointed out that 'if you want to create a totally false panic about a totally false pandemic – pick a coronavirus'. This is exactly what the Cult-owned Gates, World Economic Forum and Johns Hopkins University did with their Event 201 'simulation' followed by their real-life simulation called the 'pandemic'. The scientist said that all you had to do was select the sickest of people with respiratory-type diseases in a single location – 'say Wuhan' – and administer PCR tests to them. You can then claim that anyone showing 'viral sequences' similar to a coronavirus 'which will inevitably be quite a few' is suffering from a 'new' disease:

> Since you already selected the sickest flu cases a fairly high proportion of your sample will go on to die. You can then say this 'new' virus has a CFR [case fatality rate] higher than the flu and use this to infuse more concern and do more tests which will of course produce more 'cases', which expands the testing, which produces yet more 'cases' and so on and so on. Before long you have your 'pandemic', and all you have done is use a simple test kit trick to convert the worst flu and pneumonia cases into something new that doesn't ACTUALLY EXIST [my emphasis].

He said that you then 'just run the same scam in other countries' and make sure to keep the fear message running high 'so that people

will feel panicky and less able to think critically'. The only problem to overcome was the fact *there is no* actual new deadly pathogen and only regular sick people. This meant that deaths from the 'new deadly pathogen' were going to be way too low for a real new deadly virus pandemic, but he said this could be overcome in the following ways – all of which would go on to happen:

1. You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent [you underpin this with fantasy 'computer projections']. Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.

2. You can [say that people] 'minimizing' the dangers are irresponsible and bully them into not talking about numbers.

3. You can talk crap about made up numbers hoping to blind people with pseudoscience.

4. You can start testing well people (who, of course, will also likely have shreds of coronavirus [RNA] in them) and thus inflate your 'case figures' with 'asymptomatic carriers' (you will of course have to spin that to sound deadly even though any virologist knows the more symptom-less cases you have the less deadly is your pathogen).

The scientist said that if you take these simple steps 'you can have your own entirely manufactured pandemic up and running in weeks'. His analysis made so early in the hoax was brilliantly prophetic of what would actually unfold. Pulling all the information together in these recent chapters we have this is simple 1, 2, 3, of how you can delude virtually the entire human population into believing in a 'virus' that doesn't exist:

- A 'Covid case' is someone who tests positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.

- A 'Covid death' is someone who dies of *any cause* within 28 days (or much longer) of testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus.

- Asymptomatic means there is nothing wrong with you, but they claim you can pass on what you don't have to justify locking

down (quarantining) healthy people in totality.

The foundations of the hoax are that simple. A study involving ten million people in Wuhan, published in November, 2020, demolished the whole lie about those without symptoms passing on the 'virus'. They found '300 asymptomatic cases' and traced their contacts to find that not one of them was detected with the 'virus'. 'Asymptomatic' patients and their contacts were isolated for no less than two weeks and nothing changed. I know it's all crap, but if you are going to claim that those without symptoms can transmit 'the virus' then you must produce evidence for that and they never have. Even World Health Organization official Dr Maria Van Kerkhove, head of the emerging diseases and zoonosis unit, said as early as June, 2020, that she doubted the validity of asymptomatic transmission. She said that 'from the data we have, it still seems to be rare that an asymptomatic person actually transmits onward to a secondary individual' and by 'rare' she meant that she couldn't cite any case of asymptomatic transmission.

The Ferguson factor

The problem for the Cult as it headed into March, 2020, when the script had lockdown due to start, was that despite all the manipulation of the case and death figures they still did not have enough people alleged to have died from 'Covid' to justify mass house arrest. This was overcome in the way the scientist described: 'You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent … Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.' Enter one Professor Neil Ferguson, the Gates-funded 'epidemiologist' at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London. Ferguson is Britain's Christian Drosten in that he has a dire record of predicting health outcomes, but is still called upon to advise government on the next health outcome when another 'crisis' comes along. This may seem to be a strange and ridiculous thing to do. Why would you keep turning for policy guidance to people who have a history of being

monumentally wrong? Ah, but it makes sense from the Cult point of view. These 'experts' keep on producing predictions that suit the Cult agenda for societal transformation and so it was with Neil Ferguson as he revealed his horrific (and clearly insane) computer model predictions that allowed lockdowns to be imposed in Britain, the United States and many other countries. Ferguson does not have even an A-level in biology and would appear to have no formal training in computer modelling, medicine or epidemiology, according to Derek Winton, an MSc in Computational Intelligence. He wrote an article somewhat aghast at what Ferguson did which included taking no account of respiratory disease 'seasonality' which means it is far worse in the winter months. Who would have thought that respiratory disease could be worse in the winter? Well, certainly not Ferguson.

The massively China-connected Imperial College and its bizarre professor provided the excuse for the long-incubated Chinese model of human control to travel westward at lightning speed. Imperial College confirms on its website that it collaborates with the Chinese Research Institute; publishes more than 600 research papers every year with Chinese research institutions; has 225 Chinese staff; 2,600 Chinese students – the biggest international group; 7,000 former students living in China which is the largest group outside the UK; and was selected for a tour by China's President Xi Jinping during his state visit to the UK in 2015. The college takes major donations from China and describes itself as the UK's number one university collaborator with Chinese research institutions. The China communist/fascist government did not appear phased by the woeful predictions of Ferguson and Imperial when during the lockdown that Ferguson induced the college signed a five-year collaboration deal with China tech giant Huawei that will have Huawei's indoor 5G network equipment installed at the college's West London tech campus along with an 'AI cloud platform'. The deal includes Chinese sponsorship of Imperial's Venture Catalyst entrepreneurship competition. Imperial is an example of the enormous influence the Chinese government has within British and North American

universities and research centres – and further afield. Up to 200 academics from more than a dozen UK universities are being investigated on suspicion of 'unintentionally' helping the Chinese government build weapons of mass destruction by 'transferring world-leading research in advanced military technology such as aircraft, missile designs and cyberweapons'. Similar scandals have broken in the United States, but it's all a coincidence. Imperial College serves the agenda in many other ways including the promotion of every aspect of the United Nations Agenda 21/2030 (the Great Reset) and produced computer models to show that human-caused 'climate change' is happening when in the real world it isn't. Imperial College is driving the climate agenda as it drives the 'Covid' agenda (both Cult hoaxes) while Patrick Vallance, the UK government's Chief Scientific Adviser on 'Covid', was named Chief Scientific Adviser to the UN 'climate change' conference known as COP26 hosted by the government in Glasgow, Scotland. 'Covid' and 'climate' are fundamentally connected.

Professor Woeful

From Imperial's bosom came Neil Ferguson still advising government despite his previous disasters and it was announced early on that he and other key people like UK Chief Medical Adviser Chris Whitty had caught the 'virus' as the propaganda story was being sold. Somehow they managed to survive and we had Prime Minister Boris Johnson admitted to hospital with what was said to be a severe version of the 'virus' in this same period. His whole policy and demeanour changed when he returned to Downing Street. It's a small world with these government advisors – especially in their communal connections to Gates – and Ferguson had partnered with Whitty to write a paper called 'Infectious disease: Tough choices to reduce Ebola transmission' which involved another scare-story that didn't happen. Ferguson's 'models' predicted that up to150, 000 could die from 'mad cow disease', or BSE, and its version in sheep if it was transmitted to humans. BSE was not transmitted and instead triggered by an organophosphate pesticide used to treat a pest on

cows. Fewer than 200 deaths followed from the human form. Models by Ferguson and his fellow incompetents led to the unnecessary culling of millions of pigs, cattle and sheep in the foot and mouth outbreak in 2001 which destroyed the lives and livelihoods of farmers and their families who had often spent decades building their herds and flocks. Vast numbers of these animals did not have foot and mouth and had no contact with the infection. Another 'expert' behind the cull was Professor Roy Anderson, a computer modeller at Imperial College specialising in the epidemiology of *human*, not animal, disease. Anderson has served on the Bill and Melinda Gates Grand Challenges in Global Health advisory board and chairs another Gates-funded organisation. Gates is everywhere.

In a precursor to the 'Covid' script Ferguson backed closing schools 'for prolonged periods' over the swine flu 'pandemic' in 2009 and said it would affect a third of the world population if it continued to spread at the speed he claimed to be happening. His mates at Imperial College said much the same and a news report said: 'One of the authors, the epidemiologist and disease modeller Neil Ferguson, who sits on the World Health Organisation's emergency committee for the outbreak, said the virus had "full pandemic potential".' Professor Liam Donaldson, the Chris Whitty of his day as Chief Medical Officer, said the worst case could see 30 percent of the British people infected by swine flu with 65,000 dying. Ferguson and Donaldson were indeed proved correct when at the end of the year the number of deaths attributed to swine flu was 392. The term 'expert' is rather liberally applied unfortunately, not least to complete idiots. Swine flu 'projections' were great for GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) as millions rolled in for its Pandemrix influenza vaccine which led to brain damage with children most affected. The British government (taxpayers) paid out more than £60 million in compensation after GSK was given immunity from prosecution. Yet another 'Covid' déjà vu. Swine flu was supposed to have broken out in Mexico, but Dr Wolfgang Wodarg, a German doctor, former member of parliament and critic of the 'Covid' hoax, observed 'the spread of swine flu' in Mexico City at the time. He

said: 'What we experienced in Mexico City was a very mild flu which did not kill more than usual – which killed even fewer people than usual.' Hyping the fear against all the facts is not unique to 'Covid' and has happened many times before. Ferguson is reported to have over-estimated the projected death toll of bird flu (H5N1) by some three million-fold, but bird flu vaccine makers again made a killing from the scare. This is some of the background to the Neil Ferguson who produced the perfectly-timed computer models in early 2020 predicting that half a million people would die in Britain without draconian lockdown and 2.2 million in the United States. Politicians panicked, people panicked, and lockdowns of alleged short duration were instigated to 'flatten the curve' of cases gleaned from a test not testing for the 'virus'. I said at the time that the public could forget the 'short duration' bit. This was an agenda to destroy the livelihoods of the population and force them into mass control through dependency and there was going to be nothing 'short' about it. American researcher Daniel Horowitz described the consequences of the 'models' spewed out by Gates-funded Ferguson and Imperial College:

> What led our government and the governments of many other countries into panic was a single Imperial College of UK study, funded by global warming activists, that predicted 2.2 million deaths if we didn't lock down the country. In addition, the reported 8-9% death rate in Italy scared us into thinking there was some other mutation of this virus that they got, which might have come here.
>
> Together with the fact that we were finally testing and had the ability to actually report new cases, we thought we were headed for a death spiral. But again … we can't flatten a curve if we don't know when the curve started.

How about it *never* started?

Giving them what they want

An investigation by German news outlet *Welt Am Sonntag (World on Sunday)* revealed how in March, 2020, the German government gathered together 'leading scientists from several research institutes and universities' and 'together, they were to produce a [modelling]

paper that would serve as legitimization for further tough political measures'. The Cult agenda was justified by computer modelling not based on evidence or reality; it was specifically constructed to justify the Cult demand for lockdowns all over the world to destroy the independent livelihoods of the global population. All these modellers and everyone responsible for the 'Covid' hoax have a date with a trial like those in Nuremberg after World War Two when Nazis faced the consequences of their war crimes. These corrupt-beyond-belief 'modellers' wrote the paper according to government instructions and it said that that if lockdown measures were lifted then up to one million Germans would die from 'Covid-19' adding that some would die 'agonizingly at home, gasping for breath' unable to be treated by hospitals that couldn't cope. All lies. No matter – it gave the Cult all that it wanted. What did long-time government 'modeller' Neil Ferguson say? If the UK and the United States didn't lockdown half a million would die in Britain and 2.2 million Americans. Anyone see a theme here? 'Modellers' are such a crucial part of the lockdown strategy that we should look into their background and follow the money. Researcher Rosemary Frei produced an excellent article headlined 'The Modelling-paper Mafiosi'. She highlights a guy called John Edmunds, a British epidemiologist, and professor in the Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health at the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine. He studied at Imperial College. Edmunds is a member of government 'Covid' advisory bodies which have been dictating policy, the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group (NERVTAG) and the Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE).

Ferguson, another member of NERVTAG and SAGE, led the way with the original 'virus' and Edmunds has followed in the 'variant' stage and especially the so-called UK or Kent variant known as the 'Variant of Concern' (VOC) B.1.1.7. He said in a co-written report for the Centre for Mathematical modelling of Infectious Diseases at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, with input from the Centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group, that there was 'a realistic

possibility that VOC B.1.1.7 is associated with an increased risk of death compared to non-VOC viruses'. Fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine, fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine. Rosemary Frei reveals that almost all the paper's authors and members of the modelling centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group receive funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and/or the associated Gates-funded Wellcome Trust. The paper was published by e-journal *Medr χiv* which only publishes papers not peer-reviewed and the journal was established by an organisation headed by Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg and his missus. What a small world it is. Frei discovered that Edmunds is on the Scientific Advisory Board of the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI) which was established by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Klaus Schwab's Davos World Economic Forum and Big Pharma giant Wellcome. CEPI was 'launched in Davos [in 2017] to develop vaccines to stop future epidemics', according to its website. 'Our mission is to accelerate the development of vaccines against emerging infectious diseases and enable equitable access to these vaccines for people during outbreaks.' What kind people they are. Rosemary Frei reveals that Public Health England (PHE) director Susan Hopkins is an author of her organisation's non-peer-reviewed reports on 'new variants'. Hopkins is a professor of infectious diseases at London's Imperial College which is gifted tens of millions of dollars a year by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Gates-funded modelling disaster Neil Ferguson also co-authors Public Health England reports and he spoke in December, 2020, about the potential danger of the B.1.1.7. 'UK variant' promoted by Gates-funded modeller John Edmunds. When I come to the 'Covid vaccines' the 'new variants' will be shown for what they are – bollocks.

Connections, connections

All these people and modellers are lockdown-obsessed or, put another way, they demand what the Cult demands. Edmunds said in January, 2021, that to ease lockdowns too soon would be a disaster and they had to 'vaccinate much, much, much more widely than the

elderly'. Rosemary Frei highlights that Edmunds is married to Jeanne Pimenta who is described in a LinkedIn profile as director of epidemiology at GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) and she held shares in the company. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of GSK and has a deferred bonus of shares in the company worth £600,000. GSK has serious business connections with Bill Gates and is collaborating with mRNA-'vaccine' company CureVac to make 'vaccines' for the new variants that Edmunds is talking about. GSK is planning a 'Covid vaccine' with drug giant Sanofi. Puppet Prime Minister Boris Johnson announced in the spring of 2021 that up to 60 million vaccine doses were to be made at the GSK facility at Barnard Castle in the English North East. Barnard Castle, with a population of just 6,000, was famously visited in breach of lockdown rules in April, 2020, by Johnson aide Dominic Cummings who said that he drove there 'to test his eyesight' before driving back to London. Cummings would be better advised to test his integrity – not that it would take long. The GSK facility had nothing to do with his visit then although I'm sure Patrick Vallance would have been happy to arrange an introduction and some tea and biscuits. Ruthless psychopath Gates has made yet another fortune from vaccines in collaboration with Big Pharma companies and gushes at the phenomenal profits to be made from vaccines – more than a 20-to-1 return as he told one interviewer. Gates also tweeted in December, 2019, with the foreknowledge of what was coming: 'What's next for our foundation? I'm particularly excited about what the next year could mean for one of the best buys in global health: vaccines.'

Modeller John Edmunds is a big promotor of vaccines as all these people appear to be. He's the dean of the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine's Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health which is primarily funded by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the Gates-established and funded GAVI vaccine alliance which is the Gates vehicle to vaccinate the world. The organisation Doctors Without Borders has described GAVI as being 'aimed more at supporting drug-industry desires to promote new

products than at finding the most efficient and sustainable means for fighting the diseases of poverty'. But then that's why the psychopath Gates created it. John Edmunds said in a video that the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine is involved in every aspect of vaccine development including large-scale clinical trials. He contends that mathematical modelling can show that vaccines protect individuals and society. That's on the basis of shit in and shit out, I take it. Edmunds serves on the UK Vaccine Network as does Ferguson and the government's foremost 'Covid' adviser, the grim-faced, dark-eyed Chris Whitty. The Vaccine Network says it works 'to support the government to identify and shortlist targeted investment opportunities for the most promising vaccines and vaccine technologies that will help combat infectious diseases with epidemic potential, and to address structural issues related to the UK's broader vaccine infrastructure'. Ferguson is acting Director of the Imperial College Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium which has funding from the Bill and Melina Gates Foundation and the Gates-created GAVI 'vaccine alliance'. Anyone wonder why these characters see vaccines as the answer to every problem? Ferguson is wildly enthusiastic in his support for GAVI's campaign to vaccine children en masse in poor countries. You would expect someone like Gates who has constantly talked about the need to reduce the population to want to fund vaccines to keep more people alive. I'm sure that's why he does it. The John Edmunds London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine (LSHTM) has a Vaccines Manufacturing Innovation Centre which develops, tests and commercialises vaccines. Rosemary Frei writes:

> The vaccines centre also performs affiliated activities like combating 'vaccine hesitancy'. The latter includes the Vaccine Confidence Project. The project's stated purpose is, among other things, 'to provide analysis and guidance for early response and engagement with the public to ensure sustained confidence in vaccines and immunisation'. The Vaccine Confidence Project's director is LSHTM professor Heidi Larson. For more than a decade she's been researching how to combat vaccine hesitancy.

How the bloody hell can blokes like John Edmunds and Neil Ferguson with those connections and financial ties model 'virus' case

and death projections for the government and especially in a way that gives their paymasters like Gates exactly what they want? It's insane, but this is what you find throughout the world.

'Covid' is not dangerous, oops, wait, yes it is

Only days before Ferguson's nightmare scenario made Jackboot Johnson take Britain into a China-style lockdown to save us from a deadly 'virus' the UK government website gov.uk was reporting something very different to Ferguson on a page of official government guidance for 'high consequence infectious diseases (HCID)'. It said this about 'Covid-19':

> As of 19 March 2020, COVID-19 *is no longer considered to be a high consequence infectious diseases (HCID) in the UK* [my emphasis]. The 4 nations public health HCID group made an interim recommendation in January 2020 to classify COVID-19 as an HCID. This was based on consideration of the UK HCID criteria about the virus and the disease with information available during the early stages of the outbreak.
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> Now that more is known about COVID-19, the public health bodies in the UK have reviewed the most up to date information about COVID-19 against the UK HCID criteria. They have determined that several features have now changed; in particular, more information is available about mortality rates (low overall), and there is now greater clinical awareness and a specific and sensitive laboratory test, the availability of which continues to increase. The Advisory Committee on Dangerous Pathogens (ACDP) is also of the opinion that COVID-19 should no longer be classified as an HCID.

Soon after the government had been exposed for downgrading the risk they upgraded it again and everyone was back to singing from the same Cult hymn book. Ferguson and his fellow Gates clones indicated that lockdowns and restrictions would have to continue until a Gates-funded vaccine was developed. Gates said the same because Ferguson and his like were repeating the Gates script which is the Cult script. 'Flatten the curve' became an ongoing nightmare of continuing lockdowns with periods in between of severe restrictions in pursuit of destroying independent incomes and had nothing to do with protecting health about which the Cult gives not a shit. Why wouldn't Ferguson be pushing a vaccine 'solution' when he's owned by vaccine-obsessive Gates who makes a fortune from them and

when Ferguson heads the Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium at Imperial College funded by the Gates Foundation and GAVI, the 'vaccine alliance', created by Gates as his personal vaccine promotion operation? To compound the human catastrophe that Ferguson's 'models' did so much to create he was later exposed for breaking his own lockdown rules by having sexual liaisons with his married girlfriend Antonia Staats at his home while she was living at another location with her husband and children. Staats was a 'climate' activist and senior campaigner at the Soros-funded Avaaz which I wouldn't trust to tell me that grass is green. Ferguson had to resign as a government advisor over this hypocrisy in May, 2020, but after a period of quiet he was back being quoted by the ridiculous media on the need for more lockdowns and a vaccine rollout. Other government-advising 'scientists' from Imperial College' held the fort in his absence and said lockdown could be indefinite until a vaccine was found. The Cult script was being sung by the payrolled choir. I said there was no intention of going back to 'normal' when the 'vaccine' came because the 'vaccine' is part of a very different agenda that I will discuss in Human 2.0. Why would the Cult want to let the world go back to normal when destroying that normal forever was the whole point of what was happening? House arrest, closing businesses and schools through lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks all followed the Ferguson fantasy models. Again as I predicted (these people are so predictable) when the 'vaccine' arrived we were told that house arrest, lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks would still have to continue. I will deal with the masks in the next chapter because they are of fundamental importance.

Where's the 'pandemic'?

Any mildly in-depth assessment of the figures revealed what was really going on. Cult-funded and controlled organisations still have genuine people working within them such is the number involved. So it is with Genevieve Briand, assistant program director of the Applied Economics master's degree program at Johns Hopkins

University. She analysed the impact that 'Covid-19' had on deaths from *all* causes in the United States using official data from the CDC for the period from early February to early September, 2020. She found that allegedly 'Covid' *related*-deaths exceeded those from heart disease which she found strange with heart disease always the biggest cause of fatalities. Her research became even more significant when she noted the sudden decline in 2020 of *all* non-'Covid' deaths: 'This trend is completely contrary to the pattern observed in all previous years … the total decrease in deaths by other causes almost exactly equals the increase in deaths by Covid-19.' This was such a game, set and match in terms of what was happening that Johns Hopkins University deleted the article on the grounds that it 'was being used to support false and dangerous inaccuracies about the impact of the pandemic'. No – because it exposed the scam from official CDC figures and this was confirmed when those figures were published in January, 2021. Here we can see the effect of people dying from heart attacks, cancer, road accidents and gunshot wounds – *anything* – having 'Covid-19' on the death certificate along with those diagnosed from 'symptoms' who had even not tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I am not kidding with the gunshot wounds, by the way. Brenda Bock, coroner in Grand County, Colorado, revealed that two gunshot victims tested positive for the 'virus' within the previous 30 days and were therefore classified as 'Covid deaths'. Bock said: 'These two people had tested positive for Covid, but that's not what killed them. A gunshot wound is what killed them.' She said she had not even finished her investigation when the state listed the gunshot victims as deaths due to the 'virus'. The death and case figures for 'Covid-19' are an absolute joke and yet they are repeated like parrots by the media, politicians and alleged medical 'experts'. The official Cult narrative is the only show in town.

Genevieve Briand found that deaths from all causes were not exceptional in 2020 compared with previous years and a Spanish magazine published figures that said the same about Spain which was a 'Covid' propaganda hotspot at one point. *Discovery Salud*, a

health and medicine magazine, quoted government figures which showed how 17,000 *fewer* people died in Spain in 2020 than in 2019 and more than 26,000 fewer than in 2018. The age-standardised mortality rate for England and Wales when age distribution is taken into account was significantly lower in 2020 than the 1970s, 80s and 90s, and was only the ninth highest since 2000. Where is the 'pandemic'?

Post mortems and autopsies virtually disappeared for 'Covid' deaths amid claims that 'virus-infected' bodily fluids posed a risk to those carrying out the autopsy. This was rejected by renowned German pathologist and forensic doctor Klaus Püschel who said that he and his staff had by then done 150 autopsies on 'Covid' patients with no problems at all. He said they were needed to know why some 'Covid' patients suffered blood clots and not severe respiratory infections. The 'virus' is, after all, called SARS or 'severe acute respiratory syndrome'. I highlighted in the spring of 2020 this phenomenon and quoted New York intensive care doctor Cameron Kyle-Sidell who posted a soon deleted YouTube video to say that they had been told to prepare to treat an infectious disease called 'Covid-19', but that was not what they were dealing with. Instead he likened the lung condition of the most severely ill patients to what you would expect with cabin depressurisation in a plane at 30,000 feet or someone dropped on the top of Everest without oxygen or acclimatisation. I have never said this is not happening to a small minority of alleged 'Covid' patients – I am saying this is not caused by a phantom 'contagious virus'. Indeed Kyle-Sidell said that 'Covid-19' was not the disease they were told was coming their way. 'We are operating under a medical paradigm that is untrue,' he said, and he believed they were treating the wrong disease: 'These people are being slowly starved of oxygen.' Patients would take off their oxygen masks in a state of fear and stress and while they were blue in the face on the brink of death. They did not look like patients dying of pneumonia. You can see why they don't want autopsies when their virus doesn't exist and there is another condition in some people that they don't wish to be uncovered. I should add here that

the 5G system of millimetre waves was being rapidly introduced around the world in 2020 and even more so now as they fire 5G at the Earth from satellites. At 60 gigahertz within the 5G range that frequency interacts with the oxygen molecule and stops people breathing in sufficient oxygen to be absorbed into the bloodstream. They are installing 5G in schools and hospitals. The world is not mad or anything. 5G can cause major changes to the lungs and blood as I detail in *The Answer* and these consequences are labelled 'Covid-19', the alleged symptoms of which can be caused by 5G and other electromagnetic frequencies as cells respond to radiation poisoning.

The 'Covid death' scam

Dr Scott Jensen, a Minnesota state senator and medical doctor, exposed 'Covid' Medicare payment incentives to hospitals and death certificate manipulation. He said he was sent a seven-page document by the US Department of Health 'coaching' him on how to fill out death certificates which had never happened before. The document said that he didn't need to have a laboratory test for 'Covid-19' to put that on the death certificate and that shocked him when death certificates are supposed to be about facts. Jensen described how doctors had been 'encouraged, if not pressured' to make a diagnosis of 'Covid-19' if they thought it was probable or *'presumed*'. No positive test was necessary – not that this would have mattered anyway. He said doctors were told to diagnose 'Covid' by symptoms when these were the same as colds, allergies, other respiratory problems, and certainly with influenza which 'disappeared' in the 'Covid' era. A common sniffle was enough to get the dreaded verdict. Ontario authorities decreed that a single care home resident with *one* symptom from a long list must lead to the isolation of the entire home. Other courageous doctors like Jensen made the same point about death figure manipulation and how deaths by other causes were falling while 'Covid-19 deaths' were rising at the same rate due to re-diagnosis. Their videos rarely survive long on YouTube with its Cult-supporting algorithms courtesy of CEO Susan Wojcicki and her bosses at Google. Figure-tampering was so glaring

and ubiquitous that even officials were letting it slip or outright saying it. UK chief scientific adviser Patrick Vallance said on one occasion that 'Covid' on the death certificate doesn't mean 'Covid' was the cause of death (so why the hell is it there?) and we had the rare sight of a BBC reporter telling the truth when she said: 'Someone could be successfully treated for Covid, in say April, discharged, and then in June, get run over by a bus and die … That person would still be counted as a Covid death in England.' Yet the BBC and the rest of the world media went on repeating the case and death figures as if they were real. Illinois Public Health Director Dr Ngozi Ezike revealed the deceit while her bosses must have been clenching their buttocks:

> If you were in a hospice and given a few weeks to live and you were then found to have Covid that would be counted as a Covid death. [There might be] a clear alternate cause, but it is still listed as a Covid death. So everyone listed as a Covid death doesn't mean that was the cause of the death, but that they had Covid at the time of death.

Yes, a 'Covid virus' never shown to exist and tested for with a test not testing for the 'virus'. In the first period of the pandemic hoax through the spring of 2020 the process began of designating almost everything a 'Covid' death and this has continued ever since. I sat in a restaurant one night listening to a loud conversation on the next table where a family was discussing in bewilderment how a relative who had no symptoms of 'Covid', and had died of a long-term problem, could have been diagnosed a death by the 'virus'. I could understand their bewilderment. If they read this book they will know why this medical fraud has been perpetrated the world over.

Some media truth shock

The media ignored the evidence of death certificate fraud until eventually one columnist did speak out when she saw it first-hand. Bel Mooney is a long-time national newspaper journalist in Britain currently working for the *Daily Mail*. Her article on February 19th, 2021, carried this headline: 'My dad Ted passed three Covid tests

and died of a chronic illness yet he's officially one of Britain's 120,000 victims of the virus and is far from alone ... so how many more are there?' She told how her 99-year-old father was in a care home with a long-standing chronic obstructive pulmonary disease and vascular dementia. Maybe, but he was still aware enough to tell her from the start that there was no 'virus' and he refused the 'vaccine' for that reason. His death was not unexpected given his chronic health problems and Mooney said she was shocked to find that 'Covid-19' was declared the cause of death on his death certificate. She said this was a 'bizarre and unacceptable untruth' for a man with long-time health problems who had tested negative twice at the home for the 'virus'. I was also shocked by this story although not by what she said. I had been highlighting the death certificate manipulation for ten months. It was the confirmation that a professional full-time journalist only realised this was going on when it affected her directly and neither did she know that whether her dad tested positive or negative was irrelevant with the test not testing for the 'virus'. Where had she been? She said she did not believe in 'conspiracy theories' without knowing I'm sure that this and 'conspiracy theorists' were terms put into widespread circulation by the CIA in the 1960s to discredit those who did not accept the ridiculous official story of the Kennedy assassination. A blanket statement of 'I don't believe in conspiracy theories' is always bizarre. The dictionary definition of the term alone means the world is drowning in conspiracies. What she said was even more daft when her dad had just been affected by the 'Covid' conspiracy. Why else does she think that 'Covid-19' was going on the death certificates of people who died of something else?

To be fair once she saw from personal experience what was happening she didn't mince words. Mooney was called by the care home on the morning of February 9th to be told her father had died in his sleep. When she asked for the official cause of death what came back was 'Covid-19'. Mooney challenged this and was told there had been deaths from Covid on the dementia floor (confirmed by a test not testing for the 'virus') so they considered it 'reasonable

to assume'. 'But doctor,' Mooney rightly protested, 'an assumption isn't a diagnosis.' She said she didn't blame the perfectly decent and sympathetic doctor – 'he was just doing his job'. Sorry, but that's *bullshit*. He wasn't doing his job at all. He was putting a false cause of death on the death certificate and that is a criminal offence for which he should be brought to account and the same with the millions of doctors worldwide who have done the same. They were not doing their job they were following orders and that must not wash at new Nuremberg trials any more than it did at the first ones. Mooney's doctor was 'assuming' (presuming) as he was told to, but 'just following orders' makes no difference to his actions. A doctor's job is to serve the patient and the truth, not follow orders, but that's what they have done all over the world and played a central part in making the 'Covid' hoax possible with all its catastrophic consequences for humanity. Shame on them and they must answer for their actions. Mooney said her disquiet worsened when she registered her father's death by telephone and was told by the registrar there had been very many other cases like hers where 'the deceased' had not tested positive for 'Covid' yet it was recorded as the cause of death. The test may not matter, but those involved at their level *think* it matters and it shows a callous disregard for accurate diagnosis. The pressure to do this is coming from the top of the national 'health' pyramids which in turn obey the World Health Organization which obeys Gates and the Cult. Mooney said the registrar agreed that this must distort the national figures adding that 'the strangest thing is that every winter we record countless deaths from flu, and this winter there have been none. Not one!' She asked if the registrar thought deaths from flu were being misdiagnosed and lumped together with 'Covid' deaths. The answer was a 'puzzled yes'. Mooney said that the funeral director said the same about 'Covid' deaths which had nothing to do with 'Covid'. They had lost count of the number of families upset by this and other funeral companies in different countries have had the same experience. Mooney wrote:

The nightly shroud-waving and shocking close-ups of pain imposed on us by the TV news bewildered and terrified the population into eager compliance with lockdowns. We were invited to 'save the NHS' and to grieve for strangers – the real-life loved ones behind those shocking death counts. Why would the public imagine what I now fear, namely that the way Covid-19 death statistics are compiled might make the numbers seem greater than they are?

Oh, just a little bit – like 100 percent.

Do the maths

Mooney asked why a country would wish to skew its mortality figures by wrongly certifying deaths? What had been going on? Well, if you don't believe in conspiracies you will never find the answer which is that *it's a conspiracy*. She did, however, describe what she had discovered as a 'national scandal'. In reality it's a global scandal and happening everywhere. Pillars of this conspiracy were all put into place before the button was pressed with the Drosten PCR protocol and high amplifications to produce the cases and death certificate changes to secure illusory 'Covid' deaths. Mooney notes that normally two doctors were needed to certify a death, with one having to know the patient, and how the rules were changed in the spring of 2020 to allow one doctor to do this. In the same period 'Covid deaths' were decreed to be all cases where Covid-19 was put on the death certificate even without a positive test or any symptoms. Mooney asked: 'How many of the 30,851 (as of January 15) care home resident deaths with Covid-19 on the certificate (32.4 per cent of all deaths so far) were based on an assumption, like that of my father? And what has that done to our national psyche?'All of them is the answer to the first question and it has devastated and dismantled the national psyche, actually the global psyche, on a colossal scale. In the UK case and death data is compiled by organisations like Public Health England (PHE) and the Office for National Statistics (ONS). Mooney highlights the insane policy of counting a death from any cause as 'Covid-19' if this happens within 28 days of a positive test (with a test not testing for the 'virus') and she points out that ONS statistics reflect deaths 'involving Covid' 'or due to Covid' which meant in practice any

death where 'Covid-19' was mentioned on the death certificate. She described the consequences of this fraud:

> Most people will accept the narrative they are fed, so panicky governments here and in Europe witnessed the harsh measures enacted in totalitarian China and jumped into lockdown. Headlines about Covid deaths tolled like the knell that would bring doomsday to us all. Fear stalked our empty streets. Politicians parroted the frankly ridiculous aim of 'zero Covid' and shut down the economy, while most British people agreed that lockdown was essential and (astonishingly to me, as a patriotic Brit) even wanted more restrictions.
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> For what? Lies on death certificates? Never mind the grim toll of lives ruined, suicides, schools closed, rising inequality, depression, cancelled hospital treatments, cancer patients in a torture of waiting, poverty, economic devastation, loneliness, families kept apart, and so on. How many lives have been lost as a direct result of lockdown?

She said that we could join in a national chorus of shock and horror at reaching the 120,000 death toll which was surely certain to have been totally skewed all along, but what about the human cost of lockdown justified by these 'death figures'? *The British Medical Journal* had reported a 1,493 percent increase in cases of children taken to Great Ormond Street Hospital with abusive head injuries alone and then there was the effect on families:

> Perhaps the most shocking thing about all this is that families have been kept apart – and obeyed the most irrational, changing rules at the whim of government – because they believed in the statistics. They succumbed to fear, which his generation rejected in that war fought for freedom. Dad (God rest his soul) would be angry. And so am I.

Another theme to watch is that in the winter months when there are more deaths from all causes they focus on 'Covid' deaths and in the summer when the British Lung Foundation says respiratory disease plummets by 80 percent they rage on about 'cases'. Either way fascism on population is always the answer.

Nazi eugenics in the 21st century

Elderly people in care homes have been isolated from their families month after lonely month with no contact with relatives and grandchildren who were banned from seeing them. We were told

that lockdown fascism was to 'protect the vulnerable' like elderly people. At the same time Do Not Resuscitate (DNR) orders were placed on their medical files so that if they needed resuscitation it wasn't done and 'Covid-19' went on their death certificates. Old people were not being 'protected' they were being culled – murdered in truth. DNR orders were being decreed for disabled and young people with learning difficulties or psychological problems. The UK Care Quality Commission, a non-departmental body of the Department of Health and Social Care, found that 34 percent of those working in health and social care were pressured into placing 'do not attempt cardiopulmonary resuscitation' orders on 'Covid' patients who suffered from disabilities and learning difficulties without involving the patient or their families in the decision. UK judges ruled that an elderly woman with dementia should have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine' against her son's wishes and that a man with severe learning difficulties should have the jab despite his family's objections. Never mind that many had already died. The judiciary always supports doctors and government in fascist dictatorships. They wouldn't dare do otherwise. A horrific video was posted showing fascist officers from Los Angeles police forcibly giving the 'Covid' shot to women with special needs who were screaming that they didn't want it. The same fascists are seen giving the jab to a sleeping elderly woman in a care home. This is straight out of the Nazi playbook. Hitler's Nazis committed mass murder of the mentally ill and physically disabled throughout Germany and occupied territories in the programme that became known as Aktion T4, or just T4. Sabbatian-controlled Hitler and his grotesque crazies set out to kill those they considered useless and unnecessary. The Reich Committee for the Scientific Registering of Hereditary and Congenital Illnesses registered the births of babies identified by physicians to have 'defects'. By 1941 alone more than 5,000 children were murdered by the state and it is estimated that in total the number of innocent people killed in Aktion T4 was between 275,000 and 300,000. Parents were told their children had been sent away for 'special treatment' never to return. It is rather pathetic to see claims about plans for new extermination camps being dismissed today

when the same force behind current events did precisely that 80 years ago. Margaret Sanger was a Cult operative who used 'birth control' to sanitise her programme of eugenics. Organisations she founded became what is now Planned Parenthood. Sanger proposed that 'the whole dysgenic population would have its choice of segregation or sterilization'. These included epileptics, 'feeble-minded', and prostitutes. Sanger opposed charity because it perpetuated 'human waste'. She reveals the Cult mentality and if anyone thinks that extermination camps are a 'conspiracy theory' their naivety is touching if breathtakingly stupid.

If you don't believe that doctors can act with callous disregard for their patients it is worth considering that doctors and medical staff agreed to put government-decreed DNR orders on medical files and do nothing when resuscitation is called for. I don't know what you call such people in your house. In mine they are Nazis from the Josef Mengele School of Medicine. Phenomenal numbers of old people have died worldwide from the effects of lockdown, depression, lack of treatment, the 'vaccine' (more later) and losing the will to live. A common response at the start of the manufactured pandemic was to remove old people from hospital beds and transfer them to nursing homes. The decision would result in a mass cull of elderly people in those homes through lack of treatment – *not* 'Covid'. Care home whistleblowers have told how once the 'Covid' era began doctors would not come to their homes to treat patients and they were begging for drugs like antibiotics that often never came. The most infamous example was ordered by New York governor Andrew Cuomo, brother of a moronic CNN host, who amazingly was given an Emmy Award for his handling of the 'Covid crisis' by the ridiculous Wokers that hand them out. Just how ridiculous could be seen in February, 2021, when a Department of Justice and FBI investigation began into how thousands of old people in New York died in nursing homes after being discharged from hospital to make way for 'Covid' patients on Cuomo's say-so – and how he and his staff covered up these facts. This couldn't have happened to a nicer psychopath. Even then there was a 'Covid' spin. Reports said that

thousands of old people who tested positive for 'Covid' in hospital were transferred to nursing homes to both die of 'Covid' and transmit it to others. No – they were in hospital because they were ill and the fact that they tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' is irrelevant. They were ill often with respiratory diseases ubiquitous in old people near the end of their lives. Their transfer out of hospital meant that their treatment stopped and many would go on to die.

They're old. Who gives a damn?

I have exposed in the books for decades the Cult plan to cull the world's old people and even to introduce at some point what they call a 'demise pill' which at a certain age everyone would take and be out of here by law. In March, 2021, Spain legalised euthanasia and assisted suicide following the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and Canada on the Tiptoe to the demise pill. Treatment of old people by many 'care' homes has been a disgrace in the 'Covid' era. There are many, many, caring staff – I know some. There have, however, been legions of stories about callous treatment of old people and their families. Police were called when families came to take their loved ones home in the light of isolation that was killing them. They became prisoners of the state. Care home residents in insane, fascist Ontario, Canada, were not allowed to leave their *room* once the 'Covid' hoax began. UK staff have even wheeled elderly people away from windows where family members were talking with them. Oriana Criscuolo from Stockport in the English North West dropped off some things for her 80-year-old father who has Parkinson's disease and dementia and she wanted to wave to him through a ground-floor window. She was told that was 'illegal'. When she went anyway they closed the curtains in the middle of the day. Oriana said:

> It's just unbelievable. I cannot understand how care home staff – people who are being paid to care – have become so uncaring. Their behaviour is inhumane and cruel. It's beyond belief.

She was right and this was not a one-off. What a way to end your life in such loveless circumstances. UK registered nurse Nicky Millen, a proper old school nurse for 40 years, said that when she started her career care was based on dignity, choice, compassion and empathy. Now she said 'the things that are important to me have gone out of the window.' She was appalled that people were dying without their loved ones and saying goodbye on iPads. Nicky described how a distressed 89-year-old lady stroked her face and asked her 'how many paracetamol would it take to finish me off'. Life was no longer worth living while not seeing her family. Nicky said she was humiliated in front of the ward staff and patients for letting the lady stroke her face and giving her a cuddle. Such is the dehumanisation that the 'Covid' hoax has brought to the surface. Nicky worked in care homes where patients told her they were being held prisoner. 'I want to live until I die', one said to her. 'I had a lady in tears because she hadn't seen her great-grandson.' Nicky was compassionate old school meeting psychopathic New Normal. She also said she had worked on a 'Covid' ward with no 'Covid' patients. Jewish writer Shai Held wrote an article in March, 2020, which was headlined 'The Staggering, Heartless Cruelty Toward the Elderly'. What he described was happening from the earliest days of lockdown. He said 'the elderly' were considered a group and not unique individuals (the way of the Woke). Shai Held said:

> Notice how the all-too-familiar rhetoric of dehumanization works: 'The elderly' are bunched together as a faceless mass, all of them considered culprits and thus effectively deserving of the suffering the pandemic will inflict upon them. Lost entirely is the fact that the elderly are individual human beings, each with a distinctive face and voice, each with hopes and dreams, memories and regrets, friendships and marriages, loves lost and loves sustained.

'The elderly' have become another dehumanised group for which anything goes and for many that has resulted in cold disregard for their rights and their life. The distinctive face that Held talks about is designed to be deleted by masks until everyone is part of a faceless mass.

'War-zone' hospitals myth

Again and again medical professionals have told me what was really going on and how hospitals 'overrun like war zones' according to the media were virtually empty. The mantra from medical whistleblowers was please don't use my name or my career is over. Citizen journalists around the world sneaked into hospitals to film evidence exposing the 'war-zone' lie. They really *were* largely empty with closed wards and operating theatres. I met a hospital worker in my town on the Isle of Wight during the first lockdown in 2020 who said the only island hospital had never been so quiet. Lockdown was justified by the psychopaths to stop hospitals being overrun. At the same time that the island hospital was near-empty the military arrived here to provide *extra beds*. It was all propaganda to ramp up the fear to ensure compliance with fascism as were never-used temporary hospitals with thousands of beds known as Nightingales and never-used make-shift mortuaries opened by the criminal UK government. A man who helped to install those extra island beds attributed to the army said they were never used and the hospital was empty. Doctors and nurses 'stood around talking or on their phones, wandering down to us to see what we were doing'. There were no masks or social distancing. He accused the useless local island paper, the *County Press*, of 'pumping the fear as if our hospital was overrun and we only have one so it should have been'. He described ambulances parked up with crews outside in deck chairs. When his brother called an ambulance he was told there was a two-hour backlog which he called 'bullshit'. An old lady on the island fell 'and was in a bad way', but a caller who rang for an ambulance was told the situation wasn't urgent enough. Ambulance stations were working under capacity while people would hear ambulances with sirens blaring driving through the streets. When those living near the stations realised what was going on they would follow them as they left, circulated around an urban area with the sirens going, and then came back without stopping. All this was to increase levels of fear and the same goes for the 'ventilator shortage crisis' that cost tens of millions for hastily produced ventilators never to be used.

Ambulance crews that agreed to be exploited in this way for fear propaganda might find themselves a mirror. I wish them well with that. Empty hospitals were the obvious consequence of treatment and diagnoses of non-'Covid' conditions cancelled and those involved handed a death sentence. People have been dying at home from undiagnosed and untreated cancer, heart disease and other life-threatening conditions to allow empty hospitals to deal with a 'pandemic' that wasn't happening.

Death of the innocent

'War-zones' have been laying off nursing staff, even doctors where they can. There was no work for them. Lockdown was justified by saving lives and protecting the vulnerable they were actually killing with DNR orders and preventing empty hospitals being 'overrun'. In Britain the mantra of stay at home to 'save the NHS' was everywhere and across the world the same story was being sold when it was all lies. Two California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi at Accelerated Urgent Care in Bakersfield, held a news conference in April, 2020, to say that intensive care units in California were 'empty, essentially', with hospitals shutting floors, not treating patients and laying off doctors. The California health system was working at minimum capacity 'getting rid of doctors because we just don't have the volume'. They said that people with conditions such as heart disease and cancer were not coming to hospital out of fear of 'Covid-19'. Their video was deleted by Susan Wojcicki's Cult-owned YouTube after reaching five million views. Florida governor Ron Desantis, who rejected the severe lockdowns of other states and is being targeted for doing so, said that in March, 2020, every US governor was given models claiming they would run out of hospital beds in days. That was never going to happen and the 'modellers' knew it. Deceit can be found at every level of the system. Urgent children's operations were cancelled including fracture repairs and biopsies to spot cancer. Eric Nicholls, a consultant paediatrician, said 'this is obviously concerning and we need to return to normal operating and to increase capacity as soon as possible'. Psychopaths

in power were rather less concerned *because* they are psychopaths. Deletion of urgent care and diagnosis has been happening all over the world and how many kids and others have died as a result of the actions of these cold and heartless lunatics dictating 'health' policy? The number must be stratospheric. Richard Sullivan, professor of cancer and global health at King's College London, said people feared 'Covid' more than cancer such was the campaign of fear. 'Years of lost life will be quite dramatic', Sullivan said, with 'a huge amount of avoidable mortality'. Sarah Woolnough, executive director for policy at Cancer Research UK, said there had been a 75 percent drop in urgent referrals to hospitals by family doctors of people with suspected cancer. Sullivan said that 'a lot of services have had to scale back – we've seen a dramatic decrease in the amount of elective cancer surgery'. Lockdown deaths worldwide has been absolutely fantastic with the *New York Post* reporting how data confirmed that 'lockdowns end more lives than they save':

> There was a sharp decline in visits to emergency rooms and an increase in fatal heart attacks because patients didn't receive prompt treatment. Many fewer people were screened for cancer. Social isolation contributed to excess deaths from dementia and Alzheimer's.
>
> Researchers predicted that the social and economic upheaval would lead to tens of thousands of "deaths of despair" from drug overdoses, alcoholism and suicide. As unemployment surged and mental-health and substance-abuse treatment programs were interrupted, the reported levels of anxiety, depression and suicidal thoughts increased dramatically, as did alcohol sales and fatal drug overdoses.

This has been happening while nurses and other staff had so much time on their hands in the 'war-zones' that Tic-Tok dancing videos began appearing across the Internet with medical staff dancing around in empty wards and corridors as people died at home from causes that would normally have been treated in hospital.

Mentions in dispatches

One brave and truth-committed whistleblower was Louise Hampton, a call handler with the UK NHS who made a viral Internet video saying she had done 'fuck all' during the 'pandemic'

which was 'a load of bollocks'. She said that 'Covid-19' was rebranded flu and of course she lost her job. This is what happens in the medical and endless other professions now when you tell the truth. Louise filmed inside 'war-zone' accident and emergency departments to show they were empty and I mean *empty* as in no one there. The mainstream media could have done the same and blown the gaff on the whole conspiracy. They haven't to their eternal shame. Not that most 'journalists' seem capable of manifesting shame as with the psychopaths they slavishly repeat without question. The relative few who were admitted with serious health problems were left to die alone with no loved ones allowed to see them because of 'Covid' rules and they included kids dying without the comfort of mum and dad at their bedside while the evil behind this couldn't give a damn. It was all good fun to them. A Scottish NHS staff nurse publicly quit in the spring of 2021 saying: 'I can no longer be part of the lies and the corruption by the government.' She said hospitals 'aren't full, the beds aren't full, beds have been shut, wards have been shut'. Hospitals were never busy throughout 'Covid'. The staff nurse said that Nicola Sturgeon, tragically the leader of the Scottish government, was on television saying save the hospitals and the NHS – 'but the beds are empty' and 'we've not seen flu, we always see flu every year'. She wrote to government and spoke with her union Unison (the unions are Cult-compromised and *useless*, but nothing changed. Many of her colleagues were scared of losing their jobs if they spoke out as they wanted to. She said nursing staff were being affected by wearing masks all day and 'my head is splitting every shift from wearing a mask'. The NHS is part of the fascist tyranny and must be dismantled so we can start again with human beings in charge. (Ironically, hospitals were reported to be busier again when official 'Covid' cases *fell* in spring/summer of 2021 and many other conditions required treatment at the same time as *the fake vaccine rollout*.)

I will cover the 'Covid vaccine' scam in detail later, but it is another indicator of the sickening disregard for human life that I am highlighting here. The DNA-manipulating concoctions do not fulfil

the definition of a 'vaccine', have never been used on humans before and were given only emergency approval because trials were not completed and they continued using the unknowing public. The result was what a NHS senior nurse with responsibility for 'vaccine' procedure said was 'genocide'. She said the 'vaccines' were not 'vaccines'. They had not been shown to be safe and claims about their effectiveness by drug companies were 'poetic licence'. She described what was happening as a 'horrid act of human annihilation'. The nurse said that management had instigated a policy of not providing a Patient Information Leaflet (PIL) before people were 'vaccinated' even though health care professionals are supposed to do this according to protocol. Patients should also be told that they are taking part in an ongoing clinical trial. Her challenges to what is happening had seen her excluded from meetings and ridiculed in others. She said she was told to 'watch my step … or I would find myself surplus to requirements'. The nurse, who spoke anonymously in fear of her career, said she asked her NHS manager why he/she was content with taking part in genocide against those having the 'vaccines'. The reply was that everyone had to play their part and to 'put up, shut up, and get it done'. Government was 'leaning heavily' on NHS management which was clearly leaning heavily on staff. This is how the global 'medical' hierarchy operates and it starts with the Cult and its World Health Organization.

She told the story of a doctor who had the Pfizer jab and when questioned had no idea what was in it. The doctor had never read the literature. We have to stop treating doctors as intellectual giants when so many are moral and medical pygmies. The doctor did not even know that the 'vaccines' were not fully approved or that their trials were ongoing. They were, however, asking their patients if they minded taking part in follow-ups for research purposes – yes, the *ongoing clinical trial*. The nurse said the doctor's ignorance was not rare and she had spoken to a hospital consultant who had the jab without any idea of the background or that the 'trials' had not been completed. Nurses and pharmacists had shown the same ignorance.

'My NHS colleagues have forsaken their duty of care, broken their code of conduct – Hippocratic Oath – and have been brainwashed just the same as the majority of the UK public through propaganda …' She said she had not been able to recruit a single NHS colleague, doctor, nurse or pharmacist to stand with her and speak out. Her union had refused to help. She said that if the genocide came to light she would not hesitate to give evidence at a Nuremberg-type trial against those in power who could have affected the outcomes but didn't.

And all for what?

To put the nonsense into perspective let's say the 'virus' does exist and let's go completely crazy and accept that the official manipulated figures for cases and deaths are accurate. *Even then* a study by Stanford University epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis published on the World Health Organization website produced an average infection to fatality rate of … *0.23 percent!* Ioannidis said: 'If one could sample equally from all locations globally, the median infection fatality rate might even be substantially lower than the 0.23% observed in my analysis.' For healthy people under 70 it was … *0.05 percent*! This compares with the 3.4 percent claimed by the Cult-owned World Health Organization when the hoax was first played and maximum fear needed to be generated. An updated Stanford study in April, 2021, put the 'infection' to 'fatality' rate at just 0.15 percent. Another team of scientists led by Megan O'Driscoll and Henrik Salje studied data from 45 countries and published their findings on the Nature website. For children and young people the figure is so small it virtually does not register although authorities will be hyping dangers to the young when they introduce DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' for children. The O'Driscoll study produced an average infection-fatality figure of 0.003 for children from birth to four; 0.001 for 5 to 14; 0.003 for 15 to 19; and it was still only 0.456 up to 64. To claim that children must be 'vaccinated' to protect them from 'Covid' is an obvious lie and so there must be another reason and there is. What's more the average age of a 'Covid' death is akin

to the average age that people die in general. The average age of death in England is about 80 for men and 83 for women. The average age of death from alleged 'Covid' is between 82 and 83. California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi, said at their April media conference that projection models of millions of deaths had been 'woefully inaccurate'. They produced detailed figures showing that Californians had a 0.03 chance of dying from 'Covid' based on the number of people who tested positive (with a test not testing for the 'virus'). Erickson said there was a 0.1 percent chance of dying from 'Covid' in the *state* of New York, not just the city, and a 0.05 percent chance in Spain, a centre of 'Covid-19' hysteria at one stage. The Stanford studies supported the doctors' data with fatality rate estimates of 0.23 and 0.15 percent. How close are these figures to my estimate of *zero*? Death-rate figures claimed by the World Health Organization at the start of the hoax were some 15 times higher. The California doctors said there was no justification for lockdowns and the economic devastation they caused. Everything they had ever learned about quarantine was that you quarantine the *sick* and not the healthy. They had never seen this before and it made no medical sense.

Why in the in the light of all this would governments and medical systems the world over say that billions must go under house arrest; lose their livelihood; in many cases lose their mind, their health and their life; force people to wear masks dangerous to health and psychology; make human interaction and even family interaction a criminal offence; ban travel; close restaurants, bars, watching live sport, concerts, theatre, and any activity involving human togetherness and discourse; and closing schools to isolate children from their friends and cause many to commit suicide in acts of hopelessness and despair? The California doctors said lockdown consequences included increased child abuse, partner abuse, alcoholism, depression, and other impacts they were seeing every day. Who would do that to the entire human race if not mentally-ill psychopaths of almost unimaginable extremes like Bill Gates? We must face the reality of what we are dealing with and come out of

denial. Fascism and tyranny are made possible only by the target population submitting and acquiescing to fascism and tyranny. The whole of human history shows that to be true. Most people naively and unquestioning believed what they were told about a 'deadly virus' and meekly and weakly submitted to house arrest. Those who didn't believe it – at least in total – still submitted in fear of the consequences of not doing so. For the rest who wouldn't submit draconian fines have been imposed, brutal policing by psychopaths *for* psychopaths, and condemnation from the meek and weak who condemn the Pushbackers on behalf of the very force that has them, too, in its gunsights. 'Pathetic' does not even begin to suffice. Britain's brainless 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock warned anyone lying to border officials about returning from a list of 'hotspot' countries could face a jail sentence of up to ten years which is more than for racially-aggravated assault, incest and attempting to have sex with a child under 13. Hancock is a lunatic, but he has the state apparatus behind him in a Cult-led chain reaction and the same with UK 'Vaccine Minister' Nadhim Zahawi, a prominent member of the mega-Cult secret society, Le Cercle, which featured in my earlier books. The Cult enforces its will on governments and medical systems; government and medical systems enforce their will on business and police; business enforces its will on staff who enforce it on customers; police enforce the will of the Cult on the population and play their essential part in creating a world of fascist control that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. It is a hierarchical pyramid of imposition and acquiescence and, yes indeedy, of clinical insanity.

Does anyone bright enough to read this book have to ask what the answer is? I think not, but I will reveal it anyway in the fewest of syllables: Tell the psychos and their moronic lackeys to fuck off and let's get on with our lives. We are many – They are few.

CHAPTER SEVEN

War on your mind

One believes things because one has been conditioned to believe them
Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

I have described the 'Covid' hoax as a 'Psyop' and that is true in every sense and on every level in accordance with the definition of that term which is psychological warfare. Break down the 'Covid pandemic' to the foundation themes and it is psychological warfare on the human individual and collective mind.

The same can be said for the entire human belief system involving every subject you can imagine. Huxley was right in his contention that people believe what they are conditioned to believe and this comes from the repetition throughout their lives of the same falsehoods. They spew from government, corporations, media and endless streams of 'experts' telling you what the Cult wants you to believe and often believing it themselves (although *far* from always). 'Experts' are rewarded with 'prestigious' jobs and titles and as agents of perceptual programming with regular access to the media. The Cult has to control the narrative – control *information* – or they lose control of the vital, crucial, without-which-they-cannot-prevail public perception of reality. The foundation of that control today is the Internet made possible by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the incredibly sinister technological arm of the Pentagon. The Internet is the result of military technology.

DARPA openly brags about establishing the Internet which has been a long-term project to lasso the minds of the global population. I have said for decades the plan is to control information to such an extreme that eventually no one would see or hear anything that the Cult does not approve. We are closing in on that end with ferocious censorship since the 'Covid' hoax began and in my case it started back in the 1990s in terms of books and speaking venues. I had to create my own publishing company in 1995 precisely because no one else would publish my books even then. I think they're all still running.

Cult Internet

To secure total control of information they needed the Internet in which pre-programmed algorithms can seek out 'unclean' content for deletion and even stop it being posted in the first place. The Cult had to dismantle print and non-Internet broadcast media to ensure the transfer of information to the appropriate-named 'Web' – a critical expression of the *Cult* web. We've seen the ever-quickening demise of traditional media and control of what is left by a tiny number of corporations operating worldwide. Independent journalism in the mainstream is already dead and never was that more obvious than since the turn of 2020. The Cult wants all information communicated via the Internet to globally censor and allow the plug to be pulled any time. Lockdowns and forced isolation has meant that communication between people has been through electronic means and no longer through face-to-face discourse and discussion. Cult psychopaths have targeted the bars, restaurants, sport, venues and meeting places in general for this reason. None of this is by chance and it's to stop people gathering in any kind of privacy or number while being able to track and monitor all Internet communications and block them as necessary. Even private messages between individuals have been censored by these fascists that control Cult fronts like Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube which are all officially run by Sabbatian place-people and from the background by higher-level Sabbatian place people.

Facebook, Google, Amazon and their like were seed-funded and supported into existence with money-no-object infusions of funds either directly or indirectly from DARPA and CIA technology arm In-Q-Tel. The Cult plays the long game and prepares very carefully for big plays like 'Covid'. Amazon is another front in the psychological war and pretty much controls the global market in book sales and increasingly publishing. Amazon's limitless funds have deleted fantastic numbers of independent publishers to seize global domination on the way to deciding which books can be sold and circulated and which cannot. Moves in that direction are already happening. Amazon's leading light Jeff Bezos is the grandson of Lawrence Preston Gise who worked with DARPA predecessor ARPA. Amazon has big connections to the CIA and the Pentagon. The plan I have long described went like this:

1. Employ military technology to establish the Internet.

2. Sell the Internet as a place where people can freely communicate without censorship and allow that to happen until the Net becomes the central and irreversible pillar of human society. If the Internet had been highly censored from the start many would have rejected it.

3. Fund and manipulate major corporations into being to control the circulation of information on your Internet using cover stories about geeks in garages to explain how they came about. Give them unlimited funds to expand rapidly with no need to make a profit for years while non-Cult companies who need to balance the books cannot compete. You know that in these circumstances your Googles, YouTubes, Facebooks and Amazons are going to secure near monopolies by either crushing or buying up the opposition.

4. Allow freedom of expression on both the Internet and communication platforms to draw people in until the Internet is the central and irreversible pillar of human society and your communication corporations have reached a stage of near monopoly domination.

5. Then unleash your always-planned frenzy of censorship on the basis of 'where else are you going to go?' and continue to expand that until nothing remains that the Cult does not want its human targets to see.

The process was timed to hit the 'Covid' hoax to ensure the best chance possible of controlling the narrative which they knew they had to do at all costs. They were, after all, about to unleash a 'deadly virus' that didn't really exist. If you do that in an environment of free-flowing information and opinion you would be dead in the

water before you could say Gates is a psychopath. The network was in place through which the Cult-created-and-owned World Health Organization could dictate the 'Covid' narrative and response policy slavishly supported by Cult-owned Internet communication giants and mainstream media while those telling a different story were censored. Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter openly announced that they would do this. What else would we expect from Cult-owned operations like Facebook which former executives have confirmed set out to make the platform more addictive than cigarettes and coldly manipulates emotions of its users to sow division between people and groups and scramble the minds of the young? If Zuckerberg lives out the rest of his life without going to jail for crimes against humanity, and most emphatically against the young, it will be a travesty of justice. Still, no matter, cause and effect will catch up with him eventually and the same with Sergey Brin and Larry Page at Google with its CEO Sundar Pichai who fix the Google search results to promote Cult narratives and hide the opposition. Put the same key words into Google and other search engines like DuckDuckGo and you will see how different results can be. Wikipedia is another intensely biased 'encyclopaedia' which skews its content to the Cult agenda. YouTube links to Wikipedia's version of 'Covid' and 'climate change' on video pages in which experts in their field offer a different opinion (even that is increasingly rare with Wojcicki censorship). Into this 'Covid' silence-them network must be added government media censors, sorry 'regulators', such as Ofcom in the UK which imposed tyrannical restrictions on British broadcasters that had the effect of banning me from ever appearing. Just to debate with me about my evidence and views on 'Covid' would mean breaking the fascistic impositions of Ofcom and its CEO career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes. Gutless British broadcasters tremble at the very thought of fascist Ofcom.

Psychos behind 'Covid'

The reason for the 'Covid' catastrophe in all its facets and forms can be seen by whom and what is driving the policies worldwide in such a coordinated way. Decisions are not being made to protect health, but to target psychology. The dominant group guiding and 'advising' government policy are not medical professionals. They are psychologists and behavioural scientists. Every major country has its own version of this phenomenon and I'll use the British example to show how it works. In many ways the British version has been affecting the wider world in the form of the huge behaviour manipulation network in the UK which operates in other countries. The network involves private companies, government, intelligence and military. The Cabinet Office is at the centre of the government 'Covid' Psyop and part-owns, with 'innovation charity' Nesta, the Behavioural Insights Team (BIT) which claims to be independent of government but patently isn't. The BIT was established in 2010 and its job is to manipulate the psyche of the population to acquiesce to government demands and so much more. It is also known as the 'Nudge Unit', a name inspired by the 2009 book by two ultra-Zionists, Cass Sunstein and Richard Thaler, called *Nudge: Improving Decisions About Health, Wealth, and Happiness*. The book, as with the Behavioural Insights Team, seeks to 'nudge' behaviour (manipulate it) to make the public follow patterns of action and perception that suit those in authority (the Cult). Sunstein is so skilled at this that he advises the World Health Organization and the UK Behavioural Insights Team and was Administrator of the White House Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs in the Obama administration. Biden appointed him to the Department of Homeland Security – another ultra-Zionist in the fold to oversee new immigration laws which is another policy the Cult wants to control. Sunstein is desperate to silence anyone exposing conspiracies and co-authored a 2008 report on the subject in which suggestions were offered to ban 'conspiracy theorizing' or impose 'some kind of tax, financial or otherwise, on those who disseminate such theories'. I guess a psychiatrist's chair is out of the question?

Sunstein's mate Richard Thaler, an 'academic affiliate' of the UK Behavioural Insights Team, is a proponent of 'behavioural economics' which is defined as the study of 'the effects of psychological, cognitive, emotional, cultural and social factors on the decisions of individuals and institutions'. Study the effects so they can be manipulated to be what you want them to be. Other leading names in the development of behavioural economics are ultra-Zionists Daniel Kahneman and Robert J. Shiller and they, with Thaler, won the Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Sciences for their work in this field. The Behavioural Insights Team is operating at the heart of the UK government and has expanded globally through partnerships with several universities including Harvard, Oxford, Cambridge, University College London (UCL) and Pennsylvania. They claim to have 'trained' (reframed) 20,000 civil servants and run more than 750 projects involving 400 randomised controlled trials in dozens of countries' as another version of mind reframers Common Purpose. BIT works from its office in New York with cities and their agencies, as well as other partners, across the United States and Canada – this is a company part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office. An executive order by President Cult-servant Obama established a US Social and Behavioral Sciences Team in 2015. They all have the same reason for being and that's to brainwash the population directly and by brainwashing those in positions of authority.

'Covid' mind game

Another prime aspect of the UK mind-control network is the 'independent' [joke] Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B) which 'provides behavioural science advice aimed at anticipating and helping people adhere to interventions that are recommended by medical or epidemiological experts'. That means manipulating public perception and behaviour to do whatever government tells them to do. It's disgusting and if they really want the public to be 'safe' this lot should all be under lock and key. According to the government website SPI-B consists of

'behavioural scientists, health and social psychologists, anthropologists and historians' and advises the Whitty-Vallance-led Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) which in turn advises the government on 'the science' (it doesn't) and 'Covid' policy. When politicians say they are being guided by 'the science' this is the rabble in each country they are talking about and that 'science' is dominated by behaviour manipulators to enforce government fascism through public compliance. The Behaviour Insight Team is headed by psychologist David Solomon Halpern, a visiting professor at King's College London, and connects with a national and global web of other civilian and military organisations as the Cult moves towards its goal of fusing them into one fascistic whole in every country through its 'Fusion Doctrine'. The behaviour manipulation network involves, but is not confined to, the Foreign Office; National Security Council; government communications headquarters (GCHQ); MI5; MI6; the Cabinet Office-based Media Monitoring Unit; and the Rapid Response Unit which 'monitors digital trends to spot emerging issues; including misinformation and disinformation; and identifies the best way to respond'.

There is also the 77th Brigade of the UK military which operates like the notorious Israeli military's Unit 8200 in manipulating information and discussion on the Internet by posing as members of the public to promote the narrative and discredit those who challenge it. Here we have the military seeking to manipulate *domestic* public opinion while the Nazis in government are fine with that. Conservative Member of Parliament Tobias Ellwood, an advocate of lockdown and control through 'vaccine passports', is a Lieutenant Colonel reservist in the 77th Brigade which connects with the military operation jHub, the 'innovation centre' for the Ministry of Defence and Strategic Command. jHub has also been involved with the civilian National Health Service (NHS) in 'symptom tracing' the population. The NHS is a key part of this mind control network and produced a document in December, 2020, explaining to staff how to use psychological manipulation with different groups and ages to get them to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine'

that's designed to cumulatively rewrite human genetics. The document, called 'Optimising Vaccination Roll Out – Do's and Dont's for all messaging, documents and "communications" in the widest sense', was published by NHS England and the NHS Improvement *Behaviour Change Unit* in partnership with Public Health England and Warwick Business School. I hear the mantra about 'save the NHS' and 'protect the NHS' when we need to scrap the NHS and start again. The current version is far too corrupt, far too anti-human and totally compromised by Cult operatives and their assets. UK government broadcast media censor Ofcom will connect into this web – as will the BBC with its tremendous Ofcom influence – to control what the public see and hear and dictate mass perception. Nuremberg trials must include personnel from all these organisations.

The fear factor

The 'Covid' hoax has led to the creation of the UK Cabinet Office-connected Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) which is officially described as providing 'expert advice on pandemics' using its independent [all Cult operations are 'independent'] analytical function to provide real-time analysis about infection outbreaks to identify and respond to outbreaks of Covid-19'. Another role is to advise the government on a response to spikes in infections – 'for example by closing schools or workplaces in local areas where infection levels have risen'. Put another way, promoting the Cult agenda. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is modelled on the Joint Terrorism Analysis Centre which analyses intelligence to set 'terrorism threat levels' and here again you see the fusion of civilian and military operations and intelligence that has led to military intelligence producing documents about 'vaccine hesitancy' and how it can be combated. Domestic civilian matters and opinions should not be the business of the military. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is headed by Tom Hurd, director general of the Office for Security and Counter-Terrorism from the establishment-to-its-fingertips Hurd family. His father is former Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd. How coincidental that Tom

Hurd went to the elite Eton College and Oxford University with Boris Johnson. Imperial College with its ridiculous computer modeller Neil Ferguson will connect with this gigantic web that will itself interconnect with similar set-ups in other major and not so major countries. Compared with this Cult network the politicians, be they Boris Johnson, Donald Trump or Joe Biden, are bit-part players 'following the science'. The network of psychologists was on the 'Covid' case from the start with the aim of generating maximum fear of the 'virus' to ensure compliance by the population. A government behavioural science group known as SPI-B produced a paper in March, 2020, for discussion by the main government science advisory group known as SAGE. It was headed 'Options for increasing adherence to social distancing measures' and it said the following in a section headed 'Persuasion':

- A substantial number of people still do not feel sufficiently personally threatened; it could be that they are reassured by the low death rate in their demographic group, although levels of concern may be rising. Having a good understanding of the risk has been found to be positively associated with adoption of COVID-19 social distancing measures in Hong Kong.

- The perceived level of personal threat needs to be increased among those who are complacent, using hard-hitting evaluation of options for increasing social distancing emotional messaging. To be effective this must also empower people by making clear the actions they can take to reduce the threat.

- Responsibility to others: There seems to be insufficient understanding of, or feelings of responsibility about, people's role in transmitting the infection to others … Messaging about actions need to be framed positively in terms of protecting oneself and the community, and increase confidence that they will be effective.

- Some people will be more persuaded by appeals to play by the rules, some by duty to the community, and some to personal risk.

> All these different approaches are needed. The messaging also needs to take account of the realities of different people's lives. Messaging needs to take account of the different motivational levers and circumstances of different people.

All this could be achieved the SPI-B psychologists said by *using the media to increase the sense of personal threat* which translates as terrify the shit out of the population, including children, so they all do what we want. That's not happened has it? Those excuses for 'journalists' who wouldn't know journalism if it bit them on the arse (the great majority) have played their crucial part in serving this Cult-government Psyop to enslave their own kids and grandkids. How they live with themselves I have no idea. The psychological war has been underpinned by constant government 'Covid' propaganda in almost every television and radio ad break, plus the Internet and print media, which has pounded out the fear with taxpayers footing the bill for their own programming. The result has been people terrified of a 'virus' that doesn't exist or one with a tiny fatality rate even if you believe it does. People walk down the street and around the shops wearing face-nappies damaging their health and psychology while others report those who refuse to be that naïve to the police who turn up in their own face-nappies. I had a cameraman come to my flat and he was so frightened of 'Covid' he came in wearing a mask and refused to shake my hand in case he caught something. He had – naïveitis – and the thought that he worked in the mainstream media was both depressing and made his behaviour perfectly explainable. The fear which has gripped the minds of so many and frozen them into compliance has been carefully cultivated by these psychologists who are really psychopaths. If lives get destroyed and a lot of young people commit suicide it shows our plan is working. SPI-B then turned to compulsion on the public to comply. 'With adequate preparation, rapid change can be achieved', it said. Some countries had introduced mandatory self-isolation on a wide scale without evidence of major public unrest and a large majority of the UK's population appeared to be supportive of more coercive measures with 64 percent of adults saying they would

support putting London under a lockdown (watch the 'polls' which are designed to make people believe that public opinion is in favour or against whatever the subject in hand).

For 'aggressive protective measures' to be effective, the SPI-B paper said, special attention should be devoted to those population groups that are more at risk. Translated from the Orwellian this means making the rest of population feel guilty for not protecting the 'vulnerable' such as old people which the Cult and its agencies were about to kill on an industrial scale with lockdown, lack of treatment and the Gates 'vaccine'. Psychopath psychologists sold their guilt-trip so comprehensively that Los Angeles County Supervisor Hilda Solis reported that children were apologising (from a distance) to their parents and grandparents for bringing 'Covid' into their homes and getting them sick. '… These apologies are just some of the last words that loved ones will ever hear as they die alone,' she said. Gut-wrenchingly Solis then used this childhood tragedy to tell children to stay at home and 'keep your loved ones alive'. Imagine heaping such potentially life-long guilt on a kid when it has absolutely nothing to do with them. These people are deeply disturbed and the psychologists behind this even more so.

Uncivil war – divide and rule

Professional mind-controllers at SPI-B wanted the media to increase a sense of responsibility to others (do as you're told) and promote 'positive messaging' for those actions while in contrast to invoke 'social disapproval' by the unquestioning, obedient, community of anyone with a mind of their own. Again the compliant Goebbels-like media obliged. This is an old, old, trick employed by tyrannies the world over throughout human history. You get the target population to keep the target population in line – *your* line. SPI-B said this could 'play an important role in preventing anti-social behaviour or discouraging failure to enact pro-social behaviour'. For 'anti-social' in the Orwellian parlance of SPI-B see any behaviour that government doesn't approve. SPI-B recommendations said that 'social disapproval' should be accompanied by clear messaging and

promotion of strong collective identity – hence the government and celebrity mantra of 'we're all in this together'. Sure we are. The mind doctors have such contempt for their targets that they think some clueless comedian, actor or singer telling them to do what the government wants will be enough to win them over. We have had UK comedian Lenny Henry, actor Michael Caine and singer Elton John wheeled out to serve the propagandists by urging people to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid' non-'vaccine'. The role of Henry and fellow black celebrities in seeking to coax a 'vaccine' reluctant black community into doing the government's will was especially stomach-turning. An emotion-manipulating script and carefully edited video featuring these black 'celebs' was such an insult to the intelligence of black people and where's the self-respect of those involved selling their souls to a fascist government agenda? Henry said he heard black people's 'legitimate worries and concerns', but people must 'trust the facts' when they were doing exactly that by not having the 'vaccine'. They had to include the obligatory reference to Black Lives Matter with the line … 'Don't let coronavirus cost even more black lives – because we matter'. My god, it was pathetic. 'I know the vaccine is safe and what it does.' How? 'I'm a comedian and it says so in my script.'

SPI-B said social disapproval needed to be carefully managed to avoid victimisation, scapegoating and misdirected criticism, but they knew that their 'recommendations' would lead to exactly that and the media were specifically used to stir-up the divide-and-conquer hostility. Those who conform like good little baa, baas, are praised while those who have seen through the tidal wave of lies are 'Covidiots'. The awake have been abused by the fast asleep for not conforming to fascism and impositions that the awake know are designed to endanger their health, dehumanise them, and tear asunder the very fabric of human society. We have had the curtain-twitchers and morons reporting neighbours and others to the face-nappied police for breaking 'Covid rules' with fascist police delighting in posting links and phone numbers where this could be done. The Cult cannot impose its will without a compliant police

and military or a compliant population willing to play their part in enslaving themselves and their kids. The words of a pastor in Nazi Germany are so appropriate today:

First they came for the socialists and I did not speak out because I was not a socialist.

Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for the Jews and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for me and there was no one left to speak for me.

Those who don't learn from history are destined to repeat it and so many are.

'Covid' rules: Rewiring the mind

With the background laid out to this gigantic national and global web of psychological manipulation we can put 'Covid' rules into a clear and sinister perspective. Forget the claims about protecting health. 'Covid' rules are about dismantling the human mind, breaking the human spirit, destroying self-respect, and then putting Humpty Dumpty together again as a servile, submissive slave. Social isolation through lockdown and distancing have devastating effects on the human psyche as the psychological psychopaths well know and that's the real reason for them. Humans need contact with each other, discourse, closeness and touch, or they eventually, and literarily, go crazy. Masks, which I will address at some length, fundamentally add to the effects of isolation and the Cult agenda to dehumanise and de-individualise the population. To do this while knowing – in fact *seeking* – this outcome is the very epitome of evil and psychologists involved in this *are* the epitome of evil. They must like all the rest of the Cult demons and their assets stand trial for crimes against humanity on a scale that defies the imagination. Psychopaths in uniform use isolation to break enemy troops and agents and make them subservient and submissive to tell what they know. The technique is rightly considered a form of torture and

torture is most certainly what has been imposed on the human population.

Clinically-insane American psychologist Harry Harlow became famous for his isolation experiments in the 1950s in which he separated baby monkeys from their mothers and imprisoned them for months on end in a metal container or 'pit of despair'. They soon began to show mental distress and depression as any idiot could have predicted. Harlow put other monkeys in steel chambers for three, six or twelve months while denying them any contact with animals or humans. He said that the effects of total social isolation for six months were 'so devastating and debilitating that we had assumed initially that twelve months of isolation would not produce any additional decrement'; but twelve months of isolation 'almost obliterated the animals socially'. This is what the Cult and its psychopaths are doing to you and your children. Even monkeys in partial isolation in which they were not allowed to form relationships with other monkeys became 'aggressive and hostile, not only to others, but also towards their own bodies'. We have seen this in the young as a consequence of lockdown. UK government psychopaths launched a public relations campaign telling people not to hug each other even after they received the 'Covid-19 vaccine' which we were told with more lies would allow a return to 'normal life'. A government source told *The Telegraph*: 'It will be along the lines that it is great that you have been vaccinated, but if you are going to visit your family and hug your grandchildren there is a chance you are going to infect people you love.' The source was apparently speaking from a secure psychiatric facility. Janet Lord, director of Birmingham University's Institute of Inflammation and Ageing, said that parents and grandparents should avoid hugging their children. Well, how can I put it, Ms Lord? Fuck off. Yep, that'll do.

Destroying the kids – where are the parents?

Observe what has happened to people enslaved and isolated by lockdown as suicide and self-harm has soared worldwide,

particularly among the young denied the freedom to associate with their friends. A study of 49,000 people in English-speaking countries concluded that almost half of young adults are at clinical risk of mental health disorders. A national survey in America of 1,000 currently enrolled high school and college students found that 5 percent reported attempting suicide during the pandemic. Data from the US CDC's National Syndromic Surveillance Program from January 1st to October 17th, 2020, revealed a *31 percent* increase in mental health issues among adolescents aged 12 to 17 compared with 2019. The CDC reported that America in general suffered the biggest drop in life expectancy since World War Two as it fell by a year in the first half of 2020 as a result of 'deaths of despair' – overdoses and suicides. Deaths of despair have leapt by more than 20 percent during lockdown and include the highest number of fatal overdoses ever recorded in a single year – 81,000. Internet addiction is another consequence of being isolated at home which lowers interest in physical activities as kids fall into inertia and what's the point? Children and young people are losing hope and giving up on life, sometimes literally. A 14-year-old boy killed himself in Maryland because he had 'given up' when his school district didn't reopen; an 11-year-old boy shot himself during a zoom class; a teenager in Maine succumbed to the isolation of the 'pandemic' when he ended his life after experiencing a disrupted senior year at school. Children as young as nine have taken their life and all these stories can be repeated around the world. Careers are being destroyed before they start and that includes those in sport in which promising youngsters have not been able to take part. The plan of the psycho-psychologists is working all right. Researchers at Cambridge University found that lockdowns cause significant harm to children's mental health. Their study was published in the *Archives of Disease in Childhood*, and followed 168 children aged between 7 and 11. The researchers concluded:

> During the UK lockdown, children's depression symptoms have increased substantially, relative to before lockdown. The scale of this effect has direct relevance for the continuation of different elements of lockdown policy, such as complete or partial school closures …

… Specifically, we observed a statistically significant increase in ratings of depression, with a medium-to-large effect size. Our findings emphasise the need to incorporate the potential impact of lockdown on child mental health in planning the ongoing response to the global pandemic and the recovery from it.

Not a chance when the Cult's psycho-psychologists were getting exactly what they wanted. The UK's Royal College of Paediatrics and Child Health has urged parents to look for signs of eating disorders in children and young people after a three to four fold increase. Specialists say the 'pandemic' is a major reason behind the rise. You don't say. The College said isolation from friends during school closures, exam cancellations, loss of extra-curricular activities like sport, and an increased use of social media were all contributory factors along with fears about the virus (psycho-psychologists again), family finances, and students being forced to quarantine. Doctors said young people were becoming severely ill by the time they were seen with 'Covid' regulations reducing face-to-face consultations. Nor is it only the young that have been devastated by the psychopaths. Like all bullies and cowards the Cult is targeting the young, elderly, weak and infirm. A typical story was told by a British lady called Lynn Parker who was not allowed to visit her husband in 2020 for the last ten and half months of his life 'when he needed me most' between March 20th and when he died on December 19th. This vacates the criminal and enters the territory of evil. The emotional impact on the immune system alone is immense as are the number of people of all ages worldwide who have died as a result of Cult-demanded, Gates-demanded, lockdowns.

Isolation is torture

The experience of imposing solitary confinement on millions of prisoners around the world has shown how a large percentage become 'actively psychotic and/or acutely suicidal'. Social isolation has been found to trigger 'a specific psychiatric syndrome, characterized by hallucinations; panic attacks; overt paranoia; diminished impulse control; hypersensitivity to external stimuli; and difficulties with thinking, concentration and memory'. Juan Mendez,

a United Nations rapporteur (investigator), said that isolation is a form of torture. Research has shown that even after isolation prisoners find it far more difficult to make social connections and I remember chatting to a shop assistant after one lockdown who told me that when her young son met another child again he had no idea how to act or what to do. Hannah Flanagan, Director of Emergency Services at Journey Mental Health Center in Dane County, Wisconsin, said: 'The specificity about Covid social distancing and isolation that we've come across as contributing factors to the suicides are really new to us this year.' But they are not new to those that devised them. They are getting the effect they want as the population is psychologically dismantled to be rebuilt in a totally different way. Children and the young are particularly targeted. They will be the adults when the full-on fascist AI-controlled technocracy is planned to be imposed and they are being prepared to meekly submit. At the same time older people who still have a memory of what life was like before – and how fascist the new normal really is – are being deleted. You are going to see efforts to turn the young against the old to support this geriatric genocide. Hannah Flanagan said the big increase in suicide in her county proved that social isolation is not only harmful, but deadly. Studies have shown that isolation from others is one of the main risk factors in suicide and even more so with women. Warnings that lockdown could create a 'perfect storm' for suicide were ignored. After all this was one of the *reasons* for lockdown. Suicide, however, is only the most extreme of isolation consequences. There are many others. Dr Dhruv Khullar, assistant professor of healthcare policy at Weill Cornell Medical College, said in a *New York Times* article in 2016 long before the fake 'pandemic':

> A wave of new research suggests social separation is bad for us. Individuals with less social connection have disrupted sleep patterns, altered immune systems, more inflammation and higher levels of stress hormones. One recent study found that isolation increases the risk of heart disease by 29 percent and stroke by 32 percent. Another analysis that pooled data from 70 studies and 3.4 million people found that socially isolated individuals had a 30 percent higher risk of dying in the next seven years, and that this effect was largest in middle age.

Loneliness can accelerate cognitive decline in older adults, and isolated individuals are twice as likely to die prematurely as those with more robust social interactions. These effects start early: Socially isolated children have significantly poorer health 20 years later, even after controlling for other factors. All told, loneliness is as important a risk factor for early death as obesity and smoking.

There you have proof from that one article alone four years before 2020 that those who have enforced lockdown, social distancing and isolation knew what the effect would be and that is even more so with professional psychologists that have been driving the policy across the globe. We can go back even further to the years 2000 and 2003 and the start of a major study on the effects of isolation on health by Dr Janine Gronewold and Professor Dirk M. Hermann at the University Hospital in Essen, Germany, who analysed data on 4,316 people with an average age of 59 who were recruited for the long-term research project. They found that socially isolated people are more than 40 percent more likely to have a heart attack, stroke, or other major cardiovascular event and nearly 50 percent more likely to die from any cause. Given the financial Armageddon unleashed by lockdown we should note that the study found a relationship between increased cardiovascular risk and lack of financial support. After excluding other factors social isolation was still connected to a 44 percent increased risk of cardiovascular problems and a 47 percent increased risk of death by any cause. Lack of financial support was associated with a 30 percent increase in the risk of cardiovascular health events. Dr Gronewold said it had been known for some time that feeling lonely or lacking contact with close friends and family can have an impact on physical health and the study had shown that having strong social relationships is of high importance for heart health. Gronewold said they didn't understand yet why people who are socially isolated have such poor health outcomes, but this was obviously a worrying finding, particularly during these times of prolonged social distancing. Well, it can be explained on many levels. You only have to identify the point in the body where people feel loneliness and missing people they are parted from – it's in the centre of the chest where they feel the ache of loneliness and the ache of missing people. 'My heart aches for

you' … 'My heart aches for some company.' I will explain this more in the chapter Escaping Wetiko, but when you realise that the body is the mind – they are expressions of each other – the reason why state of the mind dictates state of the body becomes clear.

American psychologist Ranjit Powar was highlighting the effects of lockdown isolation as early as April, 2020. She said humans have evolved to be social creatures and are wired to live in interactive groups. Being isolated from family, friends and colleagues could be unbalancing and traumatic for most people and could result in short or even long-term psychological and physical health problems. An increase in levels of anxiety, aggression, depression, forgetfulness and hallucinations were possible psychological effects of isolation. 'Mental conditions may be precipitated for those with underlying pre-existing susceptibilities and show up in many others without any pre-condition.' Powar said personal relationships helped us cope with stress and if we lost this outlet for letting off steam the result can be a big emotional void which, for an average person, was difficult to deal with. 'Just a few days of isolation can cause increased levels of anxiety and depression' – so what the hell has been the effect on the global population of *18 months* of this at the time of writing? Powar said: 'Add to it the looming threat of a dreadful disease being repeatedly hammered in through the media and you have a recipe for many shades of mental and physical distress.' For those with a house and a garden it is easy to forget that billions have had to endure lockdown isolation in tiny overcrowded flats and apartments with nowhere to go outside. The psychological and physical consequences of this are unimaginable and with lunatic and abusive partners and parents the consequences have led to tremendous increases in domestic and child abuse and alcoholism as people seek to shut out the horror. Ranjit Powar said:

> Staying in a confined space with family is not all a rosy picture for everyone. It can be extremely oppressive and claustrophobic for large low-income families huddled together in small single-room houses. Children here are not lucky enough to have many board/electronic games or books to keep them occupied.

Add to it the deep insecurity of running out of funds for food and basic necessities. On the other hand, there are people with dysfunctional family dynamics, such as domineering, abusive or alcoholic partners, siblings or parents which makes staying home a period of trial. Incidence of suicide and physical abuse against women has shown a worldwide increase. Heightened anxiety and depression also affect a person's immune system, making them more susceptible to illness.

To think that Powar's article was published on April 11th, 2020.

Six-feet fantasy

Social (unsocial) distancing demanded that people stay six feet or two metres apart. UK government advisor Robert Dingwall from the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group said in a radio interview that the two-metre rule was 'conjured up out of nowhere' and was not based on science. No, it was not based on *medical* science, but it didn't come out of nowhere. The distance related to *psychological* science. Six feet/two metres was adopted in many countries and we were told by people like the criminal Anthony Fauci and his ilk that it was founded on science. Many schools could not reopen because they did not have the space for six-feet distancing. Then in March, 2021, after a year of six-feet 'science', a study published in the *Journal of Infectious Diseases* involving more than 500,000 students and almost 100,000 staff over 16 weeks revealed no significant difference in 'Covid' cases between six feet and three feet and Fauci changed his tune. Now three feet was okay. There is no difference between six feet and three *inches* when there is no 'virus' and they got away with six feet for psychological reasons for as long as they could. I hear journalists and others talk about 'unintended consequences' of lockdown. They are not *unintended* at all; they have been coldly-calculated for a specific outcome of human control and that's why super-psychopaths like Gates have called for them so vehemently. Super-psychopath psychologists have demanded them and psychopathic or clueless, spineless, politicians have gone along with them by 'following the science'. But it's not science at all. 'Science' is not what is; it's only what people can be manipulated to believe it is. The whole 'Covid' catastrophe is

founded on mind control. Three word or three statement mantras issued by the UK government are a well-known mind control technique and so we've had 'Stay home/protect the NHS/save lives', 'Stay alert/control the virus/save lives' and 'hands/face/space'. One of the most vocal proponents of extreme 'Covid' rules in the UK has been Professor Susan Michie, a member of the British Communist Party, who is not a medical professional. Michie is the director of the Centre for Behaviour Change at University College London. She is a *behavioural psychologist* and another filthy rich 'Marxist' who praised China's draconian lockdown. She was known by fellow students at Oxford University as 'Stalin's nanny' for her extreme Marxism. Michie is an influential member of the UK government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) and behavioural manipulation groups which have dominated 'Covid' policy. She is a consultant adviser to the World Health Organization on 'Covid-19' and behaviour. Why the hell are lockdowns anything to do with her when they are claimed to be about health? Why does a behavioural psychologist from a group charged with changing the behaviour of the public want lockdown, human isolation and mandatory masks? Does that question really need an answer? Michie *absolutely* has to explain herself before a Nuremberg court when humanity takes back its world again and even more so when you see the consequences of masks that she demands are compulsory. This is a Michie classic:

> The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Those words alone should carry a prison sentence when you ponder on the callous disregard for children involved and what a statement it makes about the mind and motivations of Susan Michie. What a lovely lady and what she said there encapsulates the mentality of the psychopaths behind the 'Covid' horror. Let us compare what Michie said with a countrywide study in Germany published at researchsquare.com involving 25,000 school children and 17,854 health complaints submitted by parents. Researchers

found that masks are harming children physically, psychologically, and behaviourally with 24 health issues associated with mask wearing. They include: shortness of breath (29.7%); dizziness (26.4%); increased headaches (53%); difficulty concentrating (50%); drowsiness or fatigue (37%); and malaise (42%). Nearly a third of children experienced more sleep issues than before and a quarter developed new fears. Researchers found health issues and other impairments in 68 percent of masked children covering their faces for an average of 4.5 hours a day. Hundreds of those taking part experienced accelerated respiration, tightness in the chest, weakness, and short-term impairment of consciousness. A reminder of what Michie said again:

> The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Psychopaths in government and psychology now have children and young people – plus all the adults – wearing masks for hours on end while clueless teachers impose the will of the psychopaths on the young they should be protecting. What the hell are parents doing?

Cult lab rats

We have some schools already imposing on students microchipped buzzers that activate when they get 'too close' to their pals in the way they do with lab rats. How apt. To the Cult and its brain-dead servants our children *are* lab rats being conditioned to be unquestioning, dehumanised slaves for the rest of their lives. Children and young people are being weaned and frightened away from the most natural human instincts including closeness and touch. I have tracked in the books over the years how schools were banning pupils from greeting each other with a hug and the whole Cult-induced Me Too movement has terrified men and boys from a relaxed and natural interaction with female friends and work colleagues to the point where many men try never to be in a room

alone with a woman that's not their partner. Airhead celebrities have as always played their virtue-signalling part in making this happen with their gross exaggeration. For every monster like Harvey Weinstein there are at least tens of thousands of men that don't treat women like that; but everyone must be branded the same and policy changed for them as well as the monster. I am going to be using the word 'dehumanise' many times in this chapter because that is what the Cult is seeking to do and it goes very deep as we shall see. Don't let them kid you that social distancing is planned to end one day. That's not the idea. We are seeing more governments and companies funding and producing wearable gadgets to keep people apart and they would not be doing that if this was meant to be short-term. A tech start-up company backed by GCHQ, the British Intelligence and military surveillance headquarters, has created a social distancing wrist sensor that alerts people when they get too close to others. The CIA has also supported tech companies developing similar devices. The wearable sensor was developed by Tended, one of a number of start-up companies supported by GCHQ (see the CIA and DARPA). The device can be worn on the wrist or as a tag on the waistband and will vibrate whenever someone wearing the device breaches social distancing and gets anywhere near natural human contact. The company had a lucky break in that it was developing a distancing sensor when the 'Covid' hoax arrived which immediately provided a potentially enormous market. How fortunate. The government in big-time Cult-controlled Ontario in Canada is investing $2.5 million in wearable contact tracing technology that 'will alert users if they may have been exposed to the Covid-19 in the workplace and will beep or vibrate if they are within six feet of another person'. Facedrive Inc., the technology company behind this, was founded in 2016 with funding from the Ontario Together Fund and obviously they, too, had a prophet on the board of directors. The human surveillance and control technology is called TraceSCAN and would be worn by the human cyborgs in places such as airports, workplaces, construction sites, care homes and … *schools*.

I emphasise schools with children and young people the prime targets. You know what is planned for society as a whole if you keep your eyes on the schools. They have always been places where the state program the next generation of slaves to be its compliant worker-ants – or Woker-ants these days; but in the mist of the 'Covid' madness they have been transformed into mind laboratories on a scale never seen before. Teachers and head teachers are just as programmed as the kids – often more so. Children are kept apart from human interaction by walk lanes, classroom distancing, staggered meal times, masks, and the rolling-out of buzzer systems. Schools are now physically laid out as a laboratory maze for lab-rats. Lunatics at a school in Anchorage, Alaska, who should be prosecuted for child abuse, took away desks and forced children to kneel (know your place) on a mat for five hours a day while wearing a mask and using their chairs as a desk. How this was supposed to impact on a 'virus' only these clinically insane people can tell you and even then it would be clap-trap. The school banned recess (interaction), art classes (creativity), and physical exercise (getting body and mind moving out of inertia). Everyone behind this outrage should be in jail or better still a mental institution. The behavioural manipulators are all for this dystopian approach to schools. Professor Susan Michie, the mind-doctor and British Communist Party member, said it was wrong to say that schools were safe. They had to be made so by 'distancing', masks and ventilation (sitting all day in the cold). I must ask this lady round for dinner on a night I know I am going to be out and not back for weeks. She probably wouldn't be able to make it, anyway, with all the visits to her own psychologist she must have block-booked.

Masking identity

I know how shocking it must be for you that a behaviour manipulator like Michie wants everyone to wear masks which have long been a feature of mind-control programs like the infamous MKUltra in the United States, but, there we are. We live and learn. I spent many years from 1996 to right across the millennium

researching mind control in detail on both sides of the Atlantic and elsewhere. I met a large number of mind-control survivors and many had been held captive in body and mind by MKUltra. MK stands for mind-control, but employs the German spelling in deference to the Nazis spirited out of Germany at the end of World War Two by Operation Paperclip in which the US authorities, with help from the Vatican, transported Nazi mind-controllers and engineers to America to continue their work. Many of them were behind the creation of NASA and they included Nazi scientist and SS officer Wernher von Braun who swapped designing V-2 rockets to bombard London with designing the Saturn V rockets that powered the NASA moon programme's Apollo craft. I think I may have mentioned that the Cult has no borders. Among Paperclip escapees was Josef Mengele, the Angel of Death in the Nazi concentration camps where he conducted mind and genetic experiments on children often using twins to provide a control twin to measure the impact of his 'work' on the other. If you want to observe the Cult mentality in all its extremes of evil then look into the life of Mengele. I have met many people who suffered mercilessly under Mengele in the United States where he operated under the name Dr Greene and became a stalwart of MKUltra programming and torture. Among his locations was the underground facility in the Mojave Desert in California called the China Lake Naval Weapons Station which is almost entirely below the surface. My books *The Biggest Secret*, *Children of the Matrix* and *The Perception Deception* have the detailed background to MKUltra.

The best-known MKUltra survivor is American Cathy O'Brien. I first met her and her late partner Mark Phillips at a conference in Colorado in 1996. Mark helped her escape and deprogram from decades of captivity in an offshoot of MKUltra known as Project Monarch in which 'sex slaves' were provided for the rich and famous including Father George Bush, Dick Cheney and the Clintons. Read Cathy and Mark's book *Trance-Formation of America* and if you are new to this you will be shocked to the core. I read it in 1996 shortly before, with the usual synchronicity of my life, I found

myself given a book table at the conference right next to hers. MKUltra never ended despite being very publicly exposed (only a small part of it) in the 1970s and continues in other guises. I am still in touch with Cathy. She contacted me during 2020 after masks became compulsory in many countries to tell me how they were used as part of MKUltra programming. I had been observing 'Covid regulations' and the relationship between authority and public for months. I saw techniques that I knew were employed on individuals in MKUltra being used on the global population. I had read many books and manuals on mind control including one called *Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars* which came to light in the 1980s and was a guide on how to perceptually program on a mass scale. 'Silent Weapons' refers to mind-control. I remembered a line from the manual as governments, medical authorities and law enforcement agencies have so obviously talked to – or rather at – the adult population since the 'Covid' hoax began as if they are children. The document said:

> If a person is spoken to by a T.V. advertiser as if he were a twelve-year-old, then, due to suggestibility, he will, with a certain probability, respond or react to that suggestion with the uncritical response of a twelve-year-old and will reach in to his economic reservoir and deliver its energy to buy that product on impulse when he passes it in the store.

That's why authority has spoken to adults like children since all this began.

Why did Michael Jackson wear masks?

Every aspect of the 'Covid' narrative has mind-control as its central theme. Cathy O'Brien wrote an article for davidicke.com about the connection between masks and mind control. Her daughter Kelly who I first met in the 1990s was born while Cathy was still held captive in MKUltra. Kelly was forced to wear a mask as part of her programming from the age of *two* to dehumanise her, target her sense of individuality and reduce the amount of oxygen her brain and body received. *Bingo*. This is the real reason for compulsory

masks, why they have been enforced en masse, and why they seek to increase the number they demand you wear. First one, then two, with one disgraceful alleged 'doctor' recommending four which is nothing less than a death sentence. Where and how often they must be worn is being expanded for the purpose of mass mind control and damaging respiratory health which they can call 'Covid-19'. Canada's government headed by the man-child Justin Trudeau, says it's fine for children of two and older to wear masks. An insane 'study' in Italy involving just 47 children concluded there was no problem for babies as young as *four months* wearing them. Even after people were 'vaccinated' they were still told to wear masks by the criminal that is Anthony Fauci. Cathy wrote that mandating masks is allowing the authorities literally to control the air we breathe which is what was done in MKUltra. You might recall how the singer Michael Jackson wore masks and there is a reason for that. He was subjected to MKUltra mind control through Project Monarch and his psyche was scrambled by these simpletons. Cathy wrote:

> In MKUltra Project Monarch mind control, Michael Jackson had to wear a mask to silence his voice so he could not reach out for help. Remember how he developed that whisper voice when he wasn't singing? Masks control the mind from the outside in, like the redefining of words is doing. By controlling what we can and cannot say for fear of being labeled racist or beaten, for example, it ultimately controls thought that drives our words and ultimately actions (or lack thereof).
>
> Likewise, a mask muffles our speech so that we are not heard, which controls voice … words … mind. This is Mind Control. Masks are an obvious mind control device, and I am disturbed so many people are complying on a global scale. Masks depersonalize while making a person feel as though they have no voice. It is a barrier to others. People who would never choose to comply but are forced to wear a mask in order to keep their job, and ultimately their family fed, are compromised. They often feel shame and are subdued. People have stopped talking with each other while media controls the narrative.

The 'no voice' theme has often become literal with train passengers told not to speak to each other in case they pass on the 'virus', singing banned for the same reason and bonkers California officials telling people riding roller coasters that they cannot shout and scream. Cathy said she heard every day from healed MKUltra survivors who cannot wear a mask without flashing back on ways

their breathing was controlled – 'from ball gags and penises to water boarding'. She said that through the years when she saw images of people in China wearing masks 'due to pollution' that it was really to control their oxygen levels. 'I knew it was as much of a population control mechanism of depersonalisation as are burkas', she said. Masks are another Chinese communist/fascist method of control that has been swept across the West as the West becomes China at lightning speed since we entered 2020.

Mask-19

There are other reasons for mandatory masks and these include destroying respiratory health to call it 'Covid-19' and stunting brain development of children and the young. Dr Margarite Griesz-Brisson MD, PhD, is a Consultant Neurologist and Neurophysiologist and the Founder and Medical Director of the London Neurology and Pain Clinic. Her CV goes down the street and round the corner. She is clearly someone who cares about people and won't parrot the propaganda. Griesz-Brisson has a PhD in pharmacology, with special interest in neurotoxicology, environmental medicine, neuroregeneration and neuroplasticity (the way the brain can change in the light of information received). She went public in October, 2020, with a passionate warning about the effects of mask-wearing laws:

> The reinhalation of our exhaled air will without a doubt create oxygen deficiency and a flooding of carbon dioxide. We know that the human brain is very sensitive to oxygen deprivation. There are nerve cells for example in the hippocampus that can't be longer than 3 minutes without oxygen – they cannot survive. The acute warning symptoms are headaches, drowsiness, dizziness, issues in concentration, slowing down of reaction time – reactions of the cognitive system.

Oh, I know, let's tell bus, truck and taxi drivers to wear them and people working machinery. How about pilots, doctors and police? Griesz-Brisson makes the important point that while the symptoms she mentions may fade as the body readjusts this does not alter the fact that people continue to operate in oxygen deficit with long list of

potential consequences. She said it was well known that neurodegenerative diseases take years or decades to develop. 'If today you forget your phone number, the breakdown in your brain would have already started 20 or 30 years ago.' She said degenerative processes in your brain are getting amplified as your oxygen deprivation continues through wearing a mask. Nerve cells in the brain are unable to divide themselves normally in these circumstances and lost nerve cells will no longer be regenerated. 'What is gone is gone.' Now consider that people like shop workers and *schoolchildren* are wearing masks for hours every day. What in the name of sanity is going to be happening to them? 'I do not wear a mask, I need my brain to think', Griesz-Brisson said, 'I want to have a clear head when I deal with my patients and not be in a carbon dioxide-induced anaesthesia'. If you are told to wear a mask anywhere ask the organisation, police, store, whatever, for their risk assessment on the dangers and negative effects on mind and body of enforcing mask-wearing. They won't have one because it has never been done not even by government. All of them must be subject to class-action lawsuits as the consequences come to light. They don't do mask risk assessments for an obvious reason. They know what the conclusions would be and independent scientific studies that *have* been done tell a horror story of consequences.

'Masks are criminal'

Dr Griesz-Brisson said that for children and adolescents, masks are an absolute no-no. They had an extremely active and adaptive immune system and their brain was incredibly active with so much to learn. 'The child's brain, or the youth's brain, is thirsting for oxygen.' The more metabolically active an organ was, the more oxygen it required; and in children and adolescents every organ was metabolically active. Griesz-Brisson said that to deprive a child's or adolescent's brain of oxygen, or to restrict it in any way, was not only dangerous to their health, it was absolutely criminal. 'Oxygen deficiency inhibits the development of the brain, and the damage that has taken place as a result CANNOT be reversed.' Mind

manipulators of MKUltra put masks on two-year-olds they wanted to neurologically rewire and you can see why. Griesz-Brisson said a child needs the brain to learn and the brain needs oxygen to function. 'We don't need a clinical study for that. This is simple, indisputable physiology.' Consciously and purposely induced oxygen deficiency was an absolutely deliberate health hazard, and an absolute medical contraindication which means that 'this drug, this therapy, this method or measure should not be used, and is not allowed to be used'. To coerce an entire population to use an absolute medical contraindication by force, she said, there had to be definite and serious reasons and the reasons must be presented to competent interdisciplinary and independent bodies to be verified and authorised. She had this warning of the consequences that were coming if mask wearing continued:

> When, in ten years, dementia is going to increase exponentially, and the younger generations couldn't reach their god-given potential, it won't help to say 'we didn't need the masks'. I know how damaging oxygen deprivation is for the brain, cardiologists know how damaging it is for the heart, pulmonologists know how damaging it is for the lungs. Oxygen deprivation damages every single organ. Where are our health departments, our health insurance, our medical associations? It would have been their duty to be vehemently against the lockdown and to stop it and stop it from the very beginning.
>
> Why do the medical boards issue punishments to doctors who give people exemptions? Does the person or the doctor seriously have to prove that oxygen deprivation harms people? What kind of medicine are our doctors and medical associations representing? Who is responsible for this crime? The ones who want to enforce it? The ones who let it happen and play along, or the ones who don't prevent it?

All of the organisations and people she mentions there either answer directly to the Cult or do whatever hierarchical levels above them tell them to do. The outcome of both is the same. 'It's not about masks, it's not about viruses, it's certainly not about your health', Griesz-Brisson said. 'It is about much, much more. I am not participating. I am not afraid.' They were taking our air to breathe and there was no unfounded medical exemption from face masks. Oxygen deprivation was dangerous for every single brain. It had to be the free decision of every human being whether they want to

wear a mask that was absolutely ineffective to protect themselves from a virus. She ended by rightly identifying where the responsibility lies for all this:

> The imperative of the hour is personal responsibility. We are responsible for what we think, not the media. We are responsible for what we do, not our superiors. We are responsible for our health, not the World Health Organization. And we are responsible for what happens in our country, not the government.

Halle-bloody-lujah.

But surgeons wear masks, right?

Independent studies of mask-wearing have produced a long list of reports detailing mental, emotional and physical dangers. What a definition of insanity to see police officers imposing mask-wearing on the public which will cumulatively damage their health while the police themselves wear masks that will cumulatively damage *their* health. It's utter madness and both public and police do this because 'the government says so' – yes a government of brain-donor idiots like UK Health Secretary Matt Hancock reading the 'follow the science' scripts of psychopathic, lunatic psychologists. The response you get from Stockholm syndrome sufferers defending the very authorities that are destroying them and their families is that 'surgeons wear masks'. This is considered the game, set and match that they must work and don't cause oxygen deficit. Well, actually, scientific studies have shown that they *do* and oxygen levels are monitored in operating theatres to compensate. Surgeons wear masks to stop spittle and such like dropping into open wounds – not to stop 'viral particles' which are so miniscule they can only be seen through an electron microscope. Holes in the masks are significantly bigger than 'viral particles' and if you sneeze or cough they will breach the mask. I watched an incredibly disingenuous 'experiment' that claimed to prove that masks work in catching 'virus' material from the mouth and nose. They did this with a slow motion camera and the mask did block big stuff which stayed inside the mask and

against the face to be breathed in or cause infections on the face as we have seen with many children. 'Viral particles', however, would never have been picked up by the camera as they came through the mask when they are far too small to be seen. The 'experiment' was therefore disingenuous *and* useless.

Studies have concluded that wearing masks in operating theatres (and thus elsewhere) make no difference to preventing infection while the opposite is true with toxic shite building up in the mask and this had led to an explosion in tooth decay and gum disease dubbed by dentists 'mask mouth'. You might have seen the Internet video of a furious American doctor urging people to take off their masks after a four-year-old patient had been rushed to hospital the night before and nearly died with a lung infection that doctors sourced to mask wearing. A study in the journal *Cancer Discovery* found that inhalation of harmful microbes can contribute to advanced stage lung cancer in adults and long-term use of masks can help breed dangerous pathogens. Microbiologists have said frequent mask wearing creates a moist environment in which microbes can grow and proliferate before entering the lungs. The Canadian Agency for Drugs and Technologies in Health, or CADTH, a Canadian national organisation that provides research and analysis to healthcare decision-makers, said this as long ago as 2013 in a report entitled 'Use of Surgical Masks in the Operating Room: A Review of the Clinical Effectiveness and Guidelines'. It said:

- No evidence was found to support the use of surgical face masks to reduce the frequency of surgical site infections
- No evidence was found on the effectiveness of wearing surgical face masks to protect staff from infectious material in the operating room.
- Guidelines recommend the use of surgical face masks by staff in the operating room to protect both operating room staff and patients (despite the lack of evidence).

We were told that the world could go back to 'normal' with the arrival of the 'vaccines'. When they came, fraudulent as they are, the story changed as I knew that it would. We are in the midst of transforming 'normal', not going back to it. Mary Ramsay, head of immunisation at Public Health England, echoed the words of US criminal Anthony Fauci who said masks and other regulations must stay no matter if people are vaccinated. The Fauci idiot continued to wear two masks – different colours so both could be clearly seen – after he *claimed* to have been vaccinated. Senator Rand Paul told Fauci in one exchange that his double-masks were 'theatre' and he was right. It's all theatre. Mary Ramsay back-tracked on the vaccine-return-to-normal theme when she said the public may need to wear masks and social-distance for years despite the jabs. 'People have got used to those lower-level restrictions now, and [they] can live with them', she said telling us what the idea has been all along. 'The vaccine does not give you a pass, even if you have had it, you must continue to follow all the guidelines' said a Public Health England statement which reneged on what we had been told before and made having the 'vaccine' irrelevant to 'normality' even by the official story. Spain's fascist government trumped everyone by passing a law mandating the wearing of masks on the beach and even when swimming in the sea. The move would have devastated what's left of the Spanish tourist industry, posed potential breathing dangers to swimmers and had Northern European sunbathers walking around with their forehead brown and the rest of their face white as a sheet. The ruling was so crazy that it had to be retracted after pressure from public and tourist industry, but it confirmed where the Cult wants to go with masks and how clinically insane authority has become. The determination to make masks permanent and hide the serious dangers to body and mind can be seen in the censorship of scientist Professor Denis Rancourt by Bill Gates-funded academic publishing website ResearchGate over his papers exposing the dangers and uselessness of masks. Rancourt said:

ResearchGate today has permanently locked my account, which I have had since 2015. Their reasons graphically show the nature of their attack against democracy, and their corruption of

science … By their obscene non-logic, a scientific review of science articles reporting on harms caused by face masks has a 'potential to cause harm'. No criticism of the psychological device (face masks) is tolerated, if the said criticism shows potential to influence public policy.

This is what happens in a fascist world.

Where are the 'greens' (again)?

Other dangers of wearing masks especially regularly relate to the inhalation of minute plastic fibres into the lungs and the deluge of discarded masks in the environment and oceans. Estimates predicted that more than 1.5 billion disposable masks will end up in the world's oceans every year polluting the water with tons of plastic and endangering marine wildlife. Studies project that humans are using 129 billion face masks each month worldwide – about three million a minute. Most are disposable and made from plastic, non-biodegradable microfibers that break down into smaller plastic particles that become widespread in ecosystems. They are littering cities, clogging sewage channels and turning up in bodies of water. I have written in other books about the immense amounts of microplastics from endless sources now being absorbed into the body. Rolf Halden, director of the Arizona State University (ASU) Biodesign Center for Environmental Health Engineering, was the senior researcher in a 2020 study that analysed 47 human tissue samples and found microplastics in all of them. 'We have detected these chemicals of plastics in every single organ that we have investigated', he said. I wrote in *The Answer* about the world being deluged with microplastics. A study by the Worldwide Fund for Nature (WWF) found that people are consuming on average every week some 2,000 tiny pieces of plastic mostly through water and also through marine life and the air. Every year humans are ingesting enough microplastics to fill a heaped dinner plate and in a life-time of 79 years it is enough to fill two large waste bins. Marco Lambertini, WWF International director general said: 'Not only are plastics polluting our oceans and waterways and killing marine life – it's in all of us and we can't escape consuming plastics,' American

geologists found tiny plastic fibres, beads and shards in rainwater samples collected from the remote slopes of the Rocky Mountain National Park near Denver, Colorado. Their report was headed: 'It is raining plastic.' Rachel Adams, senior lecturer in Biomedical Science at Cardiff Metropolitan University, said that among health consequences are internal inflammation and immune responses to a 'foreign body'. She further pointed out that microplastics become carriers of toxins including mercury, pesticides and dioxins (a known cause of cancer and reproductive and developmental problems). These toxins accumulate in the fatty tissues once they enter the body through microplastics. Now this is being compounded massively by people putting plastic on their face and throwing it away.

Workers exposed to polypropylene plastic fibres known as 'flock' have developed 'flock worker's lung' from inhaling small pieces of the flock fibres which can damage lung tissue, reduce breathing capacity and exacerbate other respiratory problems. *Now* … commonly used surgical masks have three layers of melt-blown textiles made of … polypropylene. We have billions of people putting these microplastics against their mouth, nose and face for hours at a time day after day in the form of masks. How does anyone think that will work out? I mean – what could possibly go wrong? We posted a number of scientific studies on this at davidicke.com, but when I went back to them as I was writing this book the links to the science research website where they were hosted were dead. Anything that challenges the official narrative in any way is either censored or vilified. The official narrative is so unsupportable by the evidence that only deleting the truth can protect it. A study by Chinese scientists still survived – with the usual twist which it why it was still active, I guess. Yes, they found that virtually all the masks they tested increased the daily intake of microplastic fibres, but people should still wear them because the danger from the 'virus' was worse said the crazy 'team' from the Institute of Hydrobiology in Wuhan. Scientists first discovered microplastics in lung tissue of some patients who died of lung cancer

in the 1990s. Subsequent studies have confirmed the potential health damage with the plastic degrading slowly and remaining in the lungs to accumulate in volume. Wuhan researchers used a machine simulating human breathing to establish that masks shed up to nearly 4,000 microplastic fibres in a month with reused masks producing more. Scientists said some masks are laced with toxic chemicals and a variety of compounds seriously restricted for both health and environmental reasons. They include cobalt (used in blue dye) and formaldehyde known to cause watery eyes, burning sensations in the eyes, nose, and throat, plus coughing, wheezing and nausea. No – that must be 'Covid-19'.

Mask 'worms'

There is another and potentially even more sinister content of masks. Mostly new masks of different makes filmed under a microscope around the world have been found to contain strange black fibres or 'worms' that appear to move or 'crawl' by themselves and react to heat and water. The nearest I have seen to them are the self-replicating fibres that are pulled out through the skin of those suffering from Morgellons disease which has been connected to the phenomena of 'chemtrails' which I will bring into the story later on. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. Black 'worm' fibres in masks have that kind of feel to them and there is a nanotechnology technique called 'worm micelles' which carry and release drugs or anything else you want to deliver to the body. For sure the suppression of humanity by mind altering drugs is the Cult agenda big time and the more excuses they can find to gain access to the body the more opportunities there are to make that happen whether through 'vaccines' or masks pushed against the mouth and nose for hours on end.

So let us summarise the pros and cons of masks:

Against masks: Breathing in your own carbon dioxide; depriving the body and brain of sufficient oxygen; build-up of toxins in the mask that can be breathed into the lungs and cause rashes on the face and 'mask-mouth'; breathing microplastic fibres and toxic chemicals into the lungs; dehumanisation and deleting individualisation by literally making people faceless; destroying human emotional interaction through facial expression and deleting parental connection with their babies which look for guidance to their facial expression.

For masks: They don't protect you from a 'virus' that doesn't exist and even if it did 'viral' particles are so minute they are smaller than the holes in the mask.

Governments, police, supermarkets, businesses, transport companies, and all the rest who seek to impose masks have done no risk assessment on their consequences for health and psychology and are now open to group lawsuits when the impact becomes clear with a cumulative epidemic of respiratory and other disease. Authorities will try to exploit these effects and hide the real cause by dubbing them 'Covid-19'. Can you imagine setting out to force the population to wear health-destroying masks without doing any assessment of the risks? It is criminal and it is evil, but then how many people targeted in this way, who see their children told to wear them all day at school, have asked for a risk assessment? Billions can't be imposed upon by the few unless the billions allow it. Oh, yes, with just a tinge of irony, 85 percent of all masks made worldwide come from *China*.

Wash your hands in toxic shite

'Covid' rules include the use of toxic sanitisers and again the health consequences of constantly applying toxins to be absorbed through the skin is obvious to any level of Renegade Mind. America's Food and Drug Administration (FDA) said that sanitisers are drugs and issued a warning about 75 dangerous brands which contain

methanol used in antifreeze and can cause death, kidney damage and blindness. The FDA circulated the following warning even for those brands that it claims to be safe:

> Store hand sanitizer out of the reach of pets and children, and children should use it only with adult supervision. Do not drink hand sanitizer. This is particularly important for young children, especially toddlers, who may be attracted by the pleasant smell or brightly colored bottles of hand sanitizer.
>
> Drinking even a small amount of hand sanitizer can cause alcohol poisoning in children. (However, there is no need to be concerned if your children eat with or lick their hands after using hand sanitizer.) During this coronavirus pandemic, poison control centers have had an increase in calls about accidental ingestion of hand sanitizer, so it is important that adults monitor young children's use.
>
> Do not allow pets to swallow hand sanitizer. If you think your pet has eaten something potentially dangerous, call your veterinarian or a pet poison control center right away. Hand sanitizer is flammable and should be stored away from heat and flames. When using hand sanitizer, rub your hands until they feel completely dry before performing activities that may involve heat, sparks, static electricity, or open flames.

There you go, perfectly safe, then, and that's without even a mention of the toxins absorbed through the skin. Come on kids – sanitise your hands everywhere you go. It will save you from the 'virus'. Put all these elements together of the 'Covid' normal and see how much health and psychology is being cumulatively damaged, even devastated, to 'protect your health'. Makes sense, right? They are only imposing these things because they care, right? *Right?*

Submitting to insanity

Psychological reframing of the population goes very deep and is done in many less obvious ways. I hear people say how contradictory and crazy 'Covid' rules are and how they are ever changing. This is explained away by dismissing those involved as idiots. It is a big mistake. The Cult is delighted if its cold calculation is perceived as incompetence and idiocy when it is anything but. Oh, yes, there are idiots within the system – lots of them – but they are *administering* the Cult agenda, mostly unknowingly. They are not deciding and dictating it. The bulwark against tyranny is self-

respect, always has been, always will be. It is self-respect that has broken every tyranny in history. By its very nature self-respect will not bow to oppression and its perpetrators. There is so little self-respect that it's always the few that overturn dictators. Many may eventually follow, but the few with the iron spines (self-respect) kick it off and generate the momentum. The Cult targets self-respect in the knowledge that once this has gone only submission remains. Crazy, contradictory, ever-changing 'Covid' rules are systematically applied by psychologists to delete self-respect. They *want* you to see that the rules make no sense. It is one thing to decide to do something when *you* have made the choice based on evidence and logic. You still retain your self-respect. It is quite another when you can see what you are being told to do is insane, ridiculous and makes no sense, and *yet you still do it*. Your self-respect is extinguished and this has been happening as ever more obviously stupid and nonsensical things have been demanded and the great majority have complied even when they can see they are stupid and nonsensical.

People walk around in face-nappies knowing they are damaging their health and make no difference to a 'virus'. They do it in fear of not doing it. I know it's daft, but I'll do it anyway. When that happens something dies inside of you and submissive reframing has begun. Next there's a need to hide from yourself that you have conceded your self-respect and you convince yourself that you have not really submitted to fear and intimidation. You begin to believe that you are complying with craziness because it's the right thing to do. When first you concede your self-respect of 2+2 = 4 to 2+2 = 5 you *know* you are compromising your self-respect. Gradually to avoid facing that fact you begin to *believe* that 2+2=5. You have been reframed and I have been watching this process happening in the human psyche on an industrial scale. The Cult is working to break your spirit and one of its major tools in that war is humiliation. I read how former American soldier Bradley Manning (later Chelsea Manning after a sex-change) was treated after being jailed for supplying WikiLeaks with documents exposing the enormity of

government and elite mendacity. Manning was isolated in solitary confinement for eight months, put under 24-hour surveillance, forced to hand over clothing before going to bed, and stand naked for every roll call. This is systematic humiliation. The introduction of anal swab 'Covid' tests in China has been done for the same reason to delete self-respect and induce compliant submission. Anal swabs are mandatory for incoming passengers in parts of China and American diplomats have said they were forced to undergo the indignity which would have been calculated humiliation by the Cult-owned Chinese government that has America in its sights.

Government-people: An abusive relationship

Spirit-breaking psychological techniques include giving people hope and apparent respite from tyranny only to take it away again. This happened in the UK during Christmas, 2020, when the psycho-psychologists and their political lackeys announced an easing of restrictions over the holiday only to reimpose them almost immediately on the basis of yet another lie. There is a big psychological difference between getting used to oppression and being given hope of relief only to have that dashed. Psychologists know this and we have seen the technique used repeatedly. Then there is traumatising people before you introduce more extreme regulations that require compliance. A perfect case was the announcement by the dark and sinister Whitty and Vallance in the UK that 'new data' predicted that 4,000 could die every day over the winter of 2020/2021 if we did not lockdown again. I think they call it lying and after traumatising people with that claim out came Jackboot Johnson the next day with new curbs on human freedom. Psychologists know that a frightened and traumatised mind becomes suggestable to submission and behaviour reframing. Underpinning all this has been to make people fearful and suspicious of each other and see themselves as a potential danger to others. In league with deleted self-respect you have the perfect psychological recipe for self-loathing. The relationship between authority and public is now demonstrably the same as that of

subservience to an abusive partner. These are signs of an abusive relationship explained by psychologist Leslie Becker-Phelps:

Psychological and emotional abuse: Undermining a partner's self-worth with verbal attacks, name-calling, and belittling. Humiliating the partner in public, unjustly accusing them of having an affair, or interrogating them about their every behavior. Keeping partner confused or off balance by saying they were just kidding or blaming the partner for 'making' them act this way … Feigning in public that they care while turning against them in private. This leads to victims frequently feeling confused, incompetent, unworthy, hopeless, and chronically self-doubting. [Apply these techniques to how governments have treated the population since New Year, 2020, and the parallels are obvious.]

Physical abuse: The abuser might physically harm their partner in a range of ways, such as grabbing, hitting, punching, or shoving them. They might throw objects at them or harm them with a weapon. [Observe the physical harm imposed by masks, lockdown, and so on.]

Threats and intimidation: One way abusers keep their partners in line is by instilling fear. They might be verbally threatening, or give threatening looks or gestures. Abusers often make it known that they are tracking their partner's every move. They might destroy their partner's possessions, threaten to harm them, or threaten to harm their family members. Not surprisingly, victims of this abuse often feel anxiety, fear, and panic. [No words necessary.]

Isolation: Abusers often limit their partner's activities, forbidding them to talk or interact with friends or family. They might limit access to a car or even turn off their phone. All of this might be done by physically holding them against their will, but is often accomplished through psychological abuse and intimidation. The more isolated a person feels, the fewer resources they have to help gain perspective on their situation and to escape from it. [No words necessary.]

Economic abuse: Abusers often make their partners beholden to them for money by controlling access to funds of any kind. They might prevent their partner from getting a job or withhold access to money they earn from a job. This creates financial dependency that makes leaving the relationship very difficult. [See destruction of livelihoods and the proposed meagre 'guaranteed income' so long as you do whatever you are told.]

Using children: An abuser might disparage their partner's parenting skills, tell their children lies about their partner, threaten to take custody of their children, or threaten to harm their children. These tactics instil fear and often elicit compliance. [See reframed social service mafia and how children are being mercilessly abused by the state over 'Covid' while their parents look on too frightened to do anything.]

A further recurring trait in an abusive relationship is the abused blaming themselves for their abuse and making excuses for the abuser. We have the public blaming each other for lockdown abuse by government and many making excuses for the government while attacking those who challenge the government. How often we have heard authorities say that rules are being imposed or reimposed only because people have refused to 'behave' and follow the rules. We don't want to do it – it's *you*.

Renegade Minds are an antidote to all of these things. They will never concede their self-respect no matter what the circumstances. Even when apparent humiliation is heaped upon them they laugh in its face and reflect back the humiliation on the abuser where it belongs. Renegade Minds will never wear masks they know are only imposed to humiliate, suppress and damage both physically and psychologically. Consequences will take care of themselves and they will never break their spirit or cause them to concede to tyranny. UK newspaper columnist Peter Hitchens was one of the few in the mainstream media to speak out against lockdowns and forced vaccinations. He then announced he had taken the jab. He wanted to see family members abroad and he believed vaccine passports were inevitable even though they had not yet been introduced. Hitchens

has a questioning and critical mind, but not a Renegade one. If he had no amount of pressure would have made him concede. Hitchens excused his action by saying that the battle has been lost. Renegade Minds never accept defeat when freedom is at stake and even if they are the last one standing the self-respect of not submitting to tyranny is more important than any outcome or any consequence.

That's why Renegade Minds are the only minds that ever changed anything worth changing.

CHAPTER EIGHT

'Reframing' insanity

Insanity is relative. It depends on who has who locked in what cage
Ray Bradbury

'Reframing' a mind means simply to change its perception and behaviour. This can be done subconsciously to such an extent that subjects have no idea they have been 'reframed' while to any observer changes in behaviour and attitudes are obvious.

Human society is being reframed on a ginormous scale since the start of 2020 and here we have the reason why psychologists rather than doctors have been calling the shots. Ask most people who have succumbed to 'Covid' reframing if they have changed and most will say 'no'; but they *have* and fundamentally. The Cult's long-game has been preparing for these times since way back and crucial to that has been to prepare both population and officialdom mentally and emotionally. To use the mind-control parlance they had to reframe the population with a mentality that would submit to fascism and reframe those in government and law enforcement to impose fascism or at least go along with it. The result has been the fact-deleted mindlessness of 'Wokeness' and officialdom that has either enthusiastically or unquestioningly imposed global tyranny demanded by reframed politicians on behalf of psychopathic and deeply evil cultists. 'Cognitive reframing' identifies and challenges the way someone sees the world in the form of situations, experiences and emotions and then restructures those perceptions to view the same set of circumstances in a different way. This can have

benefits if the attitudes are personally destructive while on the other side it has the potential for individual and collective mind control which the subject has no idea has even happened.

Cognitive therapy was developed in the 1960s by Aaron T. Beck who was born in Rhode Island in 1921 as the son of Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine. He became interested in the techniques as a treatment for depression. Beck's daughter Judith S. Beck is prominent in the same field and they founded the Beck Institute for Cognitive Behavior Therapy in Philadelphia in 1994. Cognitive reframing, however, began to be used worldwide by those with a very dark agenda. The Cult reframes politicians to change their attitudes and actions until they are completely at odds with what they once appeared to stand for. The same has been happening to government administrators at all levels, law enforcement, military and the human population. Cultists love mind control for two main reasons: It allows them to control what people think, do and say to secure agenda advancement and, by definition, it calms their legendary insecurity and fear of the unexpected. I have studied mind control since the time I travelled America in 1996. I may have been talking to next to no one in terms of an audience in those years, but my goodness did I gather a phenomenal amount of information and knowledge about so many things including the techniques of mind control. I have described this in detail in other books going back to *The Biggest Secret* in 1998. I met a very large number of people recovering from MKUltra and its offshoots and successors and I began to see how these same techniques were being used on the population in general. This was never more obvious than since the 'Covid' hoax began.

Reframing the enforcers

I have observed over the last two decades and more the very clear transformation in the dynamic between the police, officialdom and the public. I tracked this in the books as the relationship mutated from one of serving the public to seeing them as almost the enemy and certainly a lower caste. There has always been a class divide

based on income and always been some psychopathic, corrupt, and big-I-am police officers. This was different. Wholesale change was unfolding in the collective dynamic; it was less about money and far more about position and perceived power. An us-and-them was emerging. Noses were lifted skyward by government administration and law enforcement and their attitude to the public they were *supposed* to be serving changed to one of increasing contempt, superiority and control. The transformation was so clear and widespread that it had to be planned. Collective attitudes and dynamics do not change naturally and organically that quickly on that scale. I then came across an organisation in Britain called Common Purpose created in the late 1980s by Julia Middleton who would work in the office of Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott during the long and disastrous premiership of war criminal Tony Blair. When Blair speaks the Cult is speaking and the man should have been in jail a long time ago. Common Purpose proclaims itself to be one of the biggest 'leadership development' organisations in the world while functioning as a *charity* with all the financial benefits which come from that. It hosts 'leadership development' courses and programmes all over the world and claims to have 'brought together' what it calls 'leaders' from more than 100 countries on six continents. The modus operandi of Common Purpose can be compared with the work of the UK government's reframing network that includes the Behavioural Insights Team 'nudge unit' and 'Covid' reframing specialists at SPI-B. WikiLeaks described Common Purpose long ago as 'a hidden virus in our government and schools' which is unknown to the general public: 'It recruits and trains "leaders" to be loyal to the directives of Common Purpose and the EU, instead of to their own departments, which they then undermine or subvert, the NHS [National Health Service] being an example.' This is a vital point to understand the 'Covid' hoax. The NHS, and its equivalent around the world, has been utterly reframed in terms of administrators and much of the medical personnel with the transformation underpinned by recruitment policies. The outcome has been the criminal and psychopathic behaviour of the

NHS over 'Covid' and we have seen the same in every other major country. WikiLeaks said Common Purpose trainees are 'learning to rule without regard to democracy' and to usher in a police state (current events explained). Common Purpose operated like a 'glue' and had members in the NHS, BBC, police, legal profession, church, many of Britain's 7,000 quangos, local councils, the Civil Service, government ministries and Parliament, and controlled many RDA's (Regional Development Agencies). Here we have one answer for how and why British institutions and their like in other countries have changed so negatively in relation to the public. This further explains how and why the beyond-disgraceful reframed BBC has become a propaganda arm of 'Covid' fascism. They are all part of a network pursuing the same goal.

By 2019 Common Purpose was quoting a figure of 85,000 'leaders' that had attended its programmes. These 'students' of all ages are known as Common Purpose 'graduates' and they consist of government, state and local government officials and administrators, police chiefs and officers, and a whole range of others operating within the national, local and global establishment. Cressida Dick, Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, is the Common Purpose graduate who was the 'Gold Commander' that oversaw what can only be described as the murder of Brazilian electrician Jean Charles de Menezes in 2005. He was held down by psychopathic police and shot seven times in the head by a psychopathic lunatic after being mistaken for a terrorist when he was just a bloke going about his day. Dick authorised officers to pursue and keep surveillance on de Menezes and ordered that he be stopped from entering the underground train system. Police psychopaths took her at her word clearly. She was 'disciplined' for this outrage by being *promoted* – eventually to the top of the 'Met' police where she has been a disaster. Many Chief Constables controlling the police in different parts of the UK are and have been Common Purpose graduates. I have heard the 'graduate' network described as a sort of Mafia or secret society operating within the fabric of government at all levels pursuing a collective policy

ingrained at Common Purpose training events. Founder Julia Middleton herself has said:

> Locally and internationally, Common Purpose graduates will be 'lighting small fires' to create change in their organisations and communities … The Common Purpose effect is best illustrated by the many stories of small changes brought about by leaders, who themselves have changed.

A Common Purpose mission statement declared:

> Common Purpose aims to improve the way society works by expanding the vision, decision-making ability and influence of all kinds of leaders. The organisation runs a variety of educational programmes for leaders of all ages, backgrounds and sectors, in order to provide them with the inspirational, information and opportunities they need to change the world.

Yes, but into what? Since 2020 the answer has become clear.

NLP and the Delphi technique

Common Purpose would seem to be a perfect name or would common programming be better? One of the foundation methods of reaching 'consensus' (group think) is by setting the agenda theme and then encouraging, cajoling or pressuring everyone to agree a 'consensus' in line with the core theme promoted by Common Purpose. The methodology involves the 'Delphi technique', or an adaption of it, in which opinions are expressed that are summarised by a 'facilitator or change agent' at each stage. Participants are 'encouraged' to modify their views in the light of what others have said. Stage by stage the former individual opinions are merged into group consensus which just happens to be what Common Purpose wants them to believe. A key part of this is to marginalise anyone refusing to concede to group think and turn the group against them to apply pressure to conform. We are seeing this very technique used on the general population to make 'Covid' group-thinkers hostile to those who have seen through the bullshit. People can be reframed by using perception manipulation methods such as Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) in which you change perception with the use of

carefully constructed language. An NLP website described the technique this way:

> … A method of influencing brain behaviour (the 'neuro' part of the phrase) through the use of language (the 'linguistic' part) and other types of communication to enable a person to 'recode' the way the brain responds to stimuli (that's the 'programming') and manifest new and better behaviours. Neuro-Linguistic Programming often incorporates hypnosis and self-hypnosis to help achieve the change (or 'programming') that is wanted.

British alternative media operation UKColumn has done very detailed research into Common Purpose over a long period. I quoted co-founder and former naval officer Brian Gerrish in my book *Remember Who You Are*, published in 2011, as saying the following years before current times:

> It is interesting that many of the mothers who have had children taken by the State speak of the Social Services people being icily cool, emotionless and, as two ladies said in slightly different words, '… like little robots'. We know that NLP is cumulative, so people can be given small imperceptible doses of NLP in a course here, another in a few months, next year etc. In this way, major changes are accrued in their personality, but the day by day change is almost unnoticeable.

In these and other ways 'graduates' have had their perceptions uniformly reframed and they return to their roles in the institutions of government, law enforcement, legal profession, military, 'education', the UK National Health Service and the whole swathe of the establishment structure to pursue a common agenda preparing for the 'post-industrial', 'post-democratic' society. I say 'preparing' but we are now there. 'Post-industrial' is code for the Great Reset and 'post-democratic' is 'Covid' fascism. UKColumn has spoken to partners of those who have attended Common Purpose 'training'. They have described how personalities and attitudes of 'graduates' changed very noticeably for the worse by the time they had completed the course. They had been 'reframed' and told they are the 'leaders' – the special ones – who know better than the population. There has also been the very demonstrable recruitment of psychopaths and narcissists into government administration at all

levels and law enforcement. If you want psychopathy hire psychopaths and you get a simple cause and effect. If you want administrators, police officers and 'leaders' to perceive the public as lesser beings who don't matter then employ narcissists. These personalities are identified using 'psychometrics' that identifies knowledge, abilities, attitudes and personality traits, mostly through carefully-designed questionnaires and tests. As this policy has passed through the decades we have had power-crazy, power-trippers appointed into law enforcement, security and government administration in preparation for current times and the dynamic between public and law enforcement/officialdom has been transformed. UKColumn's Brian Gerrish said of the narcissistic personality:

> Their love of themselves and power automatically means that they will crush others who get in their way. I received a major piece of the puzzle when a friend pointed out that when they made public officials re-apply for their own jobs several years ago they were also required to do psychometric tests. This was undoubtedly the start of the screening process to get 'their' sort of people in post.

How obvious that has been since 2020 although it was clear what was happening long before if people paid attention to the changing public-establishment dynamic.

Change agents

At the centre of events in 'Covid' Britain is the National Health Service (NHS) which has behaved disgracefully in slavishly following the Cult agenda. The NHS management structure is awash with Common Purpose graduates or 'change agents' working to a common cause. Helen Bevan, a Chief of Service Transformation at the NHS Institute for Innovation and Improvement, co-authored a document called 'Towards a million change agents, a review of the social movements literature: implications for large scale change in the NHS'. The document compared a project management approach to that of change and social movements where 'people change

themselves and each other – peer to peer'. Two definitions given for a 'social movement' were:

A group of people who consciously attempt to build a radically new social order; involves people of a broad range of social backgrounds; and deploys politically confrontational and socially disruptive tactics – Cyrus Zirakzadeh 1997

Collective challenges, based on common purposes and social solidarities, in sustained interaction with elites, opponents, and authorities – Sidney Tarrow 1994

Helen Bevan wrote another NHS document in which she defined 'framing' as 'the process by which leaders construct, articulate and put across their message in a powerful and compelling way in order to win people to their cause and call them to action'. I think I could come up with another definition that would be rather more accurate. The National Health Service and institutions of Britain and the wider world have been taken over by reframed 'change agents' and that includes everything from the United Nations to national governments, local councils and social services which have been kidnapping children from loving parents on an extraordinary and gathering scale on the road to the end of parenthood altogether. Children from loving homes are stolen and kidnapped by the state and put into the 'care' (inversion) of the local authority through council homes, foster parents and forced adoption. At the same time children are allowed to be abused without response while many are under council 'care'. UKColumn highlighted the Common Purpose connection between South Yorkshire Police and Rotherham council officers in the case of the scandal in that area of the sexual exploitation of children to which the authorities turned not one blind eye, but both:

We were alarmed to discover that the Chief Executive, the Strategic Director of Children and Young People's Services, the Manager for the Local Strategic Partnership, the Community Cohesion Manager, the Cabinet Member for Cohesion, the Chief Constable and his predecessor had all attended Leadership training courses provided by the pseudo-charity Common Purpose.

Once 'change agents' have secured positions of hire and fire within any organisation things start to move very quickly. Personnel are then hired and fired on the basis of whether they will work towards the agenda the change agent represents. If they do they are rapidly promoted even though they may be incompetent. Those more qualified and skilled who are pre-Common Purpose 'old school' see their careers stall and even disappear. This has been happening for decades in every institution of state, police, 'health' and social services and all of them have been transformed as a result in their attitudes to their jobs and the public. Medical professions, including nursing, which were once vocations for the caring now employ many cold, callous and couldn't give a shit personality types. The UKColumn investigation concluded:

By blurring the boundaries between people, professions, public and private sectors, responsibility and accountability, Common Purpose encourages 'graduates' to believe that as new selected leaders, they can work together, outside of the established political and social structures, to achieve a paradigm shift or CHANGE – so called 'Leading Beyond Authority'. In doing so, the allegiance of the individual becomes 'reframed' on CP colleagues and their NETWORK.

Reframing the Face-Nappies

Nowhere has this process been more obvious than in the police where recruitment of psychopaths and development of unquestioning mind-controlled group-thinkers have transformed law enforcement into a politically-correct 'Woke' joke and a travesty of what should be public service. Today they wear their face-nappies like good little gofers and enforce 'Covid' rules which are fascism under another name. Alongside the specifically-recruited psychopaths we have software minds incapable of free thought. Brian Gerrish again:

An example is the policeman who would not get on a bike for a press photo because he had not done the cycling proficiency course. Normal people say this is political correctness gone mad. Nothing could be further from the truth. The policeman has been reframed, and in his reality it is perfect common sense not to get on the bike 'because he hasn't done the cycling course'.

Another example of this is where the police would not rescue a boy from a pond until they had taken advice from above on the 'risk assessment'. A normal person would have arrived, perhaps thought of the risk for a moment, and dived in. To the police now 'reframed', they followed 'normal' procedure.

There are shocking cases of reframed ambulance crews doing the same. Sheer unthinking stupidity of London Face-Nappies headed by Common Purpose graduate Cressida Dick can be seen in their behaviour at a vigil in March, 2021, for a murdered woman, Sarah Everard. A police officer had been charged with the crime. Anyone with a brain would have left the vigil alone in the circumstances. Instead they 'manhandled' women to stop them breaking 'Covid rules' to betray classic reframing. Minds in the thrall of perception control have no capacity for seeing a situation on its merits and acting accordingly. 'Rules is rules' is their only mind-set. My father used to say that rules and regulations are for the guidance of the intelligent and the blind obedience of the idiot. Most of the intelligent, decent, coppers have gone leaving only the other kind and a few old school for whom the job must be a daily nightmare. The combination of psychopaths and rule-book software minds has been clearly on public display in the 'Covid' era with automaton robots in uniform imposing fascistic 'Covid' regulations on the population without any personal initiative or judging situations on their merits. There are thousands of examples around the world, but I'll make my point with the infamous Derbyshire police in the English East Midlands – the ones who think pouring dye into beauty spots and using drones to track people walking in the countryside away from anyone is called 'policing'. To them there are rules decreed by the government which they have to enforce and in their bewildered state a group gathering in a closed space and someone walking alone in the countryside are the same thing. It is beyond idiocy and enters the realm of clinical insanity.

Police officers in Derbyshire said they were 'horrified' – *horrified* – to find 15 to 20 'irresponsible' kids playing a football match at a closed leisure centre 'in breach of coronavirus restrictions'. When they saw the police the kids ran away leaving their belongings behind and the reframed men and women of Derbyshire police were seeking to establish their identities with a view to fining their parents. The most natural thing for youngsters to do – kicking a ball about – is turned into a criminal activity and enforced by the moronic software programs of Derbyshire police. You find the same mentality in every country. These barely conscious 'horrified' officers said they had to take action because 'we need to ensure these rules are being followed' and 'it is of the utmost importance that you ensure your children are following the rules and regulations for Covid-19'. Had any of them done ten seconds of research to see if this parroting of their masters' script could be supported by any evidence? Nope. Reframed people don't think – others think for them and that's the whole idea of reframing. I have seen police officers one after the other repeating without question word for word what officialdom tells them just as I have seen great swathes of the public doing the same. Ask either for 'their' opinion and out spews what they have been told to think by the official narrative. Police and public may seem to be in different groups, but their mentality is the same. Most people do whatever they are told in fear not doing so or because they believe what officialdom tells them; almost the entirety of the police do what they are told for the same reason. Ultimately it's the tiny inner core of the global Cult that's telling both what to do.

So Derbyshire police were 'horrified'. Oh, really? Why did they think those kids were playing football? It was to relieve the psychological consequences of lockdown and being denied human contact with their friends and interaction, touch and discourse vital to human psychological health. Being denied this month after month has dismantled the psyche of many children and young people as depression and suicide have exploded. Were Derbyshire police *horrified by that*? Are you kidding? Reframed people don't have those

mental and emotional processes that can see how the impact on the psychological health of youngsters is far more dangerous than any 'virus' even if you take the mendacious official figures to be true. The reframed are told (programmed) how to act and so they do. The Derbyshire Chief Constable in the first period of lockdown when the black dye and drones nonsense was going on was Peter Goodman. He was the man who severed the connection between his force and the Derbyshire Constabulary *Male Voice* Choir when he decided that it was not inclusive enough to allow women to join. The fact it was a male voice choir making a particular sound produced by male voices seemed to elude a guy who terrifyingly ran policing in Derbyshire. He retired weeks after his force was condemned as disgraceful by former Supreme Court Justice Jonathan Sumption for their behaviour over extreme lockdown impositions. Goodman was replaced by his deputy Rachel Swann who was in charge when her officers were 'horrified'. The police statement over the boys committing the hanging-offence of playing football included the line about the youngsters being 'irresponsible in the times we are all living through' missing the point that the real relevance of the 'times we are all living through' is the imposition of fascism enforced by psychopaths and reframed minds of police officers playing such a vital part in establishing the fascist tyranny that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. As a definition of insanity that is hard to beat although it might be run close by imposing masks on people that can have a serious effect on their health while wearing a face nappy all day themselves. Once again public and police do it for the same reason – the authorities tell them to and who are they to have the self-respect to say no?

Wokers in uniform

How reframed do you have to be to arrest a *six-year-old* and take him to court for *picking a flower* while waiting for a bus? Brain dead police and officialdom did just that in North Carolina where criminal proceedings happen regularly for children under nine. Attorney Julie Boyer gave the six-year-old crayons and a colouring book

during the 'flower' hearing while the 'adults' decided his fate. County Chief District Court Judge Jay Corpening asked: 'Should a child that believes in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the tooth fairy be making life-altering decisions?' Well, of course not, but common sense has no meaning when you have a common purpose and a reframed mind. Treating children in this way, and police operating in American schools, is all part of the psychological preparation for children to accept a police state as normal all their adult lives. The same goes for all the cameras and biometric tracking technology in schools. Police training is focused on reframing them as snowflake Wokers and this is happening in the military. Pentagon top brass said that 'training sessions on extremism' were needed for troops who asked why they were so focused on the Capitol Building riot when Black Lives Matter riots were ignored. What's the difference between them some apparently and rightly asked. Actually, there is a difference. Five people died in the Capitol riot, only one through violence, and that was a police officer shooting an unarmed protestor. BLM riots killed at least 25 people and cost billions. Asking the question prompted the psychopaths and reframed minds that run the Pentagon to say that more 'education' (programming) was needed. Troop training is all based on psychological programming to make them fodder for the Cult – 'Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy' as Cult-to-his-DNA former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger famously said. Governments see the police in similar terms and it's time for those among them who can see this to defend the people and stop being enforcers of the Cult agenda upon the people.

The US military, like the country itself, is being targeted for destruction through a long list of Woke impositions. Cult-owned gaga 'President' Biden signed an executive order when he took office to allow taxpayer money to pay for transgender surgery for active military personnel and veterans. Are you a man soldier? No, I'm a LGBTQIA+ with a hint of Skoliosexual and Spectrasexual. Oh, good man. Bad choice of words you bigot. The Pentagon announced in March, 2021, the appointment of the first 'diversity and inclusion

officer' for US Special Forces. Richard Torres-Estrada arrived with the publication of a 'D&I Strategic Plan which will guide the enterprise-wide effort to institutionalize and sustain D&I'. If you think a Special Forces 'Strategic Plan' should have something to do with defending America you haven't been paying attention. Defending Woke is now the military's new role. Torres-Estrada has posted images comparing Donald Trump with Adolf Hitler and we can expect no bias from him as a representative of the supposedly non-political Pentagon. Cable news host Tucker Carlson said: 'The Pentagon is now the Yale faculty lounge but with cruise missiles.' Meanwhile Secretary of Defense Lloyd Austin, a board member of weapons-maker Raytheon with stock and compensation interests in October, 2020, worth $1.4 million, said he was purging the military of the 'enemy within' – anyone who isn't Woke and supports Donald Trump. Austin refers to his targets as 'racist extremists' while in true Woke fashion being himself a racist extremist. Pentagon documents pledge to 'eradicate, eliminate and conquer all forms of racism, sexism and homophobia'. The definitions of these are decided by 'diversity and inclusion committees' peopled by those who see racism, sexism and homophobia in every situation and opinion. Woke (the Cult) is dismantling the US military and purging testosterone as China expands its military and gives its troops 'masculinity training'. How do we think that is going to end when this is all Cult coordinated? The US military, like the British military, is controlled by Woke and spineless top brass who just go along with it out of personal career interests.

'Woke' means fast asleep

Mind control and perception manipulation techniques used on individuals to create group-think have been unleashed on the global population in general. As a result many have no capacity to see the obvious fascist agenda being installed all around them or what 'Covid' is really all about. Their brains are firewalled like a computer system not to process certain concepts, thoughts and realisations that are bad for the Cult. The young are most targeted as the adults they

will be when the whole fascist global state is planned to be fully implemented. They need to be prepared for total compliance to eliminate all pushback from entire generations. The Cult has been pouring billions into taking complete control of 'education' from schools to universities via its operatives and corporations and not least Bill Gates as always. The plan has been to transform 'education' institutions into programming centres for the mentality of 'Woke'. James McConnell, professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, wrote in *Psychology Today* in 1970:

> The day has come when we can combine sensory deprivation with drugs, hypnosis, and astute manipulation of reward and punishment, to gain almost absolute control over an individual's behaviour. It should then be possible to achieve a very rapid and highly effective type of brainwashing that would allow us to make dramatic changes in a person's behaviour and personality ...
>
> … We should reshape society so that we all would be trained from birth to want to do what society wants us to do. We have the techniques to do it... no-one owns his own personality you acquired, and there's no reason to believe you should have the right to refuse to acquire a new personality if your old one is anti-social.

This was the potential for mass brainwashing in 1970 and the mentality there displayed captures the arrogant psychopathy that drives it forward. I emphasise that not all young people have succumbed to Woke programming and those that haven't are incredibly impressive people given that today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in history with all the technology now involved. Vast swathes of the young generations, however, have fallen into the spell – and that's what it is – of Woke. The Woke mentality and perceptual program is founded on *inversion* and you will appreciate later why that is so significant. Everything with Woke is inverted and the opposite of what it is claimed to be. Woke was a term used in African-American culture from the 1900s and referred to an awareness of social and racial justice. This is not the meaning of the modern version or 'New Woke' as I call it in *The Answer*. Oh, no, Woke today means something very different no matter how much Wokers may seek to hide that and insist Old Woke and New

Woke are the same. See if you find any 'awareness of social justice' here in the modern variety:

- Woke demands 'inclusivity' while excluding anyone with a different opinion and calls for mass censorship to silence other views.

- Woke claims to stand against oppression when imposing oppression is the foundation of all that it does. It is the driver of political correctness which is nothing more than a Cult invention to manipulate the population to silence itself.

- Woke believes itself to be 'liberal' while pursuing a global society that can only be described as fascist (see 'anti-fascist' fascist Antifa).

- Woke calls for 'social justice' while spreading injustice wherever it goes against the common 'enemy' which can be easily identified as a differing view.

- Woke is supposed to be a metaphor for 'awake' when it is solid-gold asleep and deep in a Cult-induced coma that meets the criteria for 'off with the fairies'.

I state these points as obvious facts if people only care to look. I don't do this with a sense of condemnation. We need to appreciate that the onslaught of perceptual programming on the young has been incessant and merciless. I can understand why so many have been reframed, or, given their youth, framed from the start to see the world as the Cult demands. The Cult has had access to their minds day after day in its 'education' system for their entire formative years. Perception is formed from information received and the Cult-created system is a life-long download of information delivered to elicit a particular perception, thus behaviour. The more this has expanded into still new extremes in recent decades and ever-increasing censorship has deleted other opinions and information why wouldn't that lead to a perceptual reframing on a mass scale? I

have described already cradle-to-grave programming and in more recent times the targeting of young minds from birth to adulthood has entered the stratosphere. This has taken the form of skewing what is 'taught' to fit the Cult agenda and the omnipresent techniques of group-think to isolate non-believers and pressure them into line. There has always been a tendency to follow the herd, but we really are in a new world now in relation to that. We have parents who can see the 'Covid' hoax told by their children not to stop them wearing masks at school, being 'Covid' tested or having the 'vaccine' in fear of the peer-pressure consequences of being different. What is 'peer-pressure' if not pressure to conform to group-think? Renegade Minds never group-think and always retain a set of perceptions that are unique to them. Group-think is always underpinned by consequences for not group-thinking. Abuse now aimed at those refusing DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' are a potent example of this. The biggest pressure to conform comes from the very group which is itself being manipulated. 'I am programmed to be part of a hive mind and so you must be.'

Woke control structures in 'education' now apply to every mainstream organisation. Those at the top of the 'education' hierarchy (the Cult) decide the policy. This is imposed on governments through the Cult network; governments impose it on schools, colleges and universities; their leadership impose the policy on teachers and academics and they impose it on children and students. At any level where there is resistance, perhaps from a teacher or university lecturer, they are targeted by the authorities and often fired. Students themselves regularly demand the dismissal of academics (increasingly few) at odds with the narrative that the students have been programmed to believe in. It is quite a thought that students who are being targeted by the Cult become so consumed by programmed group-think that they launch protests and demand the removal of those who are trying to push back against those targeting the students. Such is the scale of perceptual inversion. We see this with 'Covid' programming as the Cult imposes the rules via psycho-psychologists and governments on

shops, transport companies and businesses which impose them on their staff who impose them on their customers who pressure Pushbackers to conform to the will of the Cult which is in the process of destroying them and their families. Scan all aspects of society and you will see the same sequence every time.

Fact free Woke and hijacking the 'left'

There is no more potent example of this than 'Woke', a mentality only made possible by the deletion of factual evidence by an 'education' system seeking to produce an ever more uniform society. Why would you bother with facts when you don't know any? Deletion of credible history both in volume and type is highly relevant. Orwell said: 'Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.' They who control the perception of the past control the perception of the future and they who control the present control the perception of the past through the writing and deleting of history. Why would you oppose the imposition of Marxism in the name of Wokeism when you don't know that Marxism cost at least 100 million lives in the 20th century alone? Watch videos and read reports in which Woker generations are asked basic historical questions – it's mind-blowing. A survey of 2,000 people found that six percent of millennials (born approximately early1980s to early 2000s) believed the Second World War (1939-1945) broke out with the assassination of President Kennedy (in 1963) and one in ten thought Margaret Thatcher was British Prime Minister at the time. She was in office between 1979 and 1990. We are in a post-fact society. Provable facts are no defence against the fascism of political correctness or Silicon Valley censorship. Facts don't matter anymore as we have witnessed with the 'Covid' hoax. Sacrificing uniqueness to the Woke group-think religion is all you are required to do and that means thinking for yourself is the biggest Woke no, no. All religions are an expression of group-think and censorship and Woke is just another religion with an orthodoxy defended by group-think and censorship. Burned at

the stake becomes burned on Twitter which leads back eventually to burned at the stake as Woke humanity regresses to ages past.

The biggest Woke inversion of all is its creators and funders. I grew up in a traditional left of centre political household on a council estate in Leicester in the 1950s and 60s – you know, the left that challenged the power of wealth-hoarding elites and threats to freedom of speech and opinion. In those days students went on marches defending freedom of speech while today's Wokers march for its deletion. What on earth could have happened? Those very elites (collectively the Cult) that we opposed in my youth and early life have funded into existence the antithesis of that former left and hijacked the 'brand' while inverting everything it ever stood for. We have a mentality that calls itself 'liberal' and 'progressive' while acting like fascists. Cult billionaires and their corporations have funded themselves into control of 'education' to ensure that Woke programming is unceasing throughout the formative years of children and young people and that non-Wokers are isolated (that word again) whether they be students, teachers or college professors. The Cult has funded into existence the now colossal global network of Woke organisations that have spawned and promoted all the 'causes' on the Cult wish-list for global transformation and turned Wokers into demanders of them. Does anyone really think it's a coincidence that the Cult agenda for humanity is a carbon (sorry) copy of the societal transformations desired by Woke?? These are only some of them:

Political correctness: The means by which the Cult deletes all public debates that it knows it cannot win if we had the free-flow of information and evidence.

Human-caused 'climate change': The means by which the Cult seeks to transform society into a globally-controlled dictatorship imposing its will over the fine detail of everyone's lives 'to save the planet' which doesn't actually need saving.

Transgender obsession: Preparing collective perception to accept the 'new human' which would not have genders because it would be created technologically and not through procreation. I'll have much more on this in Human 2.0.

Race obsession: The means by which the Cult seeks to divide and rule the population by triggering racial division through the perception that society is more racist than ever when the opposite is the case. Is it perfect in that regard? No. But to compare today with the racism of apartheid and segregation brought to an end by the civil rights movement in the 1960s is to insult the memory of that movement and inspirations like Martin Luther King. Why is the 'anti-racism' industry (which it is) so dominated by privileged white people?

White supremacy: This is a label used by privileged white people to demonise poor and deprived white people pushing back on tyranny to marginalise and destroy them. White people are being especially targeted as the dominant race by number within Western society which the Cult seeks to transform in its image. If you want to change a society you must weaken and undermine its biggest group and once you have done that by using the other groups you next turn on them to do the same … 'Then they came for the Jews and I was not a Jew so I did nothing.'

Mass migration: The mass movement of people from the Middle East, Africa and Asia into Europe, from the south into the United States and from Asia into Australia are another way the Cult seeks to dilute the racial, cultural and political influence of white people on Western society. White people ask why their governments appear to be working against them while being politically and culturally biased towards incoming cultures. Well, here's your answer. In the same way sexually 'straight' people, men and women, ask why the

authorities are biased against them in favour of other sexualities. The answer is the same – that's the way the Cult wants it to be for very sinister motives.

These are all central parts of the Cult agenda and central parts of the Woke agenda and Woke was created and continues to be funded to an immense degree by Cult billionaires and corporations. If anyone begins to say 'coincidence' the syllables should stick in their throat.

Billionaire 'social justice warriors'

Joe Biden is a 100 percent-owned asset of the Cult and the Wokers' man in the White House whenever he can remember his name and for however long he lasts with his rapidly diminishing cognitive function. Even walking up the steps of an aircraft without falling on his arse would appear to be a challenge. He's not an empty-shell puppet or anything. From the minute Biden took office (or the Cult did) he began his executive orders promoting the Woke wish-list. You will see the Woke agenda imposed ever more severely because it's really the *Cult* agenda. Woke organisations and activist networks spawned by the Cult are funded to the extreme so long as they promote what the Cult wants to happen. Woke is funded to promote 'social justice' by billionaires who become billionaires by destroying social justice. The social justice mantra is only a cover for dismantling social justice and funded by billionaires that couldn't give a damn about social justice. Everything makes sense when you see that. One of Woke's premier funders is Cult billionaire financier George Soros who said: 'I am basically there to make money, I cannot and do not look at the social consequences of what I do.' This is the same Soros who has given more than $32 billion to his Open Society Foundations global Woke network and funded Black Lives Matter, mass immigration into Europe and the United States, transgender activism, climate change activism, political correctness and groups targeting 'white supremacy' in the form of privileged white thugs that dominate Antifa. What a scam it all is and when

you are dealing with the unquestioning fact-free zone of Woke scamming them is child's play. All you need to pull it off in all these organisations are a few in-the-know agents of the Cult and an army of naïve, reframed, uninformed, narcissistic, know-nothings convinced of their own self-righteousness, self-purity and virtue.

Soros and fellow billionaires and billionaire corporations have poured hundreds of millions into Black Lives Matter and connected groups and promoted them to a global audience. None of this is motivated by caring about black people. These are the billionaires that have controlled and exploited a system that leaves millions of black people in abject poverty and deprivation which they do absolutely nothing to address. The same Cult networks funding BLM were behind the *slave trade!* Black Lives Matter hijacked a phrase that few would challenge and they have turned this laudable concept into a political weapon to divide society. You know that BLM is a fraud when it claims that *All* Lives Matter, the most inclusive statement of all, is 'racist'. BLM and its Cult masters don't want to end racism. To them it's a means to an end to control all of humanity never mind the colour, creed, culture or background. What has destroying the nuclear family got to do with ending racism? Nothing – but that is one of the goals of BLM and also happens to be a goal of the Cult as I have been exposing in my books for decades. Stealing children from loving parents and giving schools ever more power to override parents is part of that same agenda. BLM is a Marxist organisation and why would that not be the case when the Cult created Marxism *and* BLM? Patrisse Cullors, a BLM co-founder, said in a 2015 video that she and her fellow organisers, including co-founder Alicia Garza, are 'trained Marxists'. The lady known after marriage as Patrisse Khan-Cullors bought a $1.4 million home in 2021 in one of the whitest areas of California with a black population of just 1.6 per cent and has so far bought *four* high-end homes for a total of $3.2 million. How very Marxist. There must be a bit of spare in the BLM coffers, however, when Cult corporations and billionaires have handed over the best part of $100 million. Many black people can see that Black Lives Matter is not

working for them, but against them, and this is still more confirmation. Black journalist Jason Whitlock, who had his account suspended by Twitter for simply linking to the story about the 'Marxist's' home buying spree, said that BLM leaders are 'making millions of dollars off the backs of these dead black men who they wouldn't spit on if they were on fire and alive'.

Black Lies Matter

Cult assets and agencies came together to promote BLM in the wake of the death of career criminal George Floyd who had been jailed a number of times including for forcing his way into the home of a black woman with others in a raid in which a gun was pointed at her stomach. Floyd was filmed being held in a Minneapolis street in 2020 with the knee of a police officer on his neck and he subsequently died. It was an appalling thing for the officer to do, but the same technique has been used by police on peaceful protestors of lockdown without any outcry from the Woke brigade. As unquestioning supporters of the Cult agenda Wokers have supported lockdown and all the 'Covid' claptrap while attacking anyone standing up to the tyranny imposed in its name. Court documents would later include details of an autopsy on Floyd by County Medical Examiner Dr Andrew Baker who concluded that Floyd had taken a fatal level of the drug fentanyl. None of this mattered to fact-free, question-free, Woke. Floyd's death was followed by worldwide protests against police brutality amid calls to defund the police. Throwing babies out with the bathwater is a Woke speciality. In the wake of the murder of British woman Sarah Everard a Green Party member of the House of Lords, Baroness Jones of Moulescoomb (Nincompoopia would have been better), called for a 6pm curfew for all men. This would be in breach of the Geneva Conventions on war crimes which ban collective punishment, but that would never have crossed the black and white Woke mind of Baroness Nincompoopia who would have been far too convinced of her own self-righteousness to compute such details. Many American cities did defund the police in the face of Floyd riots

and after $15 million was deleted from the police budget in Washington DC under useless Woke mayor Muriel Bowser car-jacking alone rose by 300 percent and within six months the US capital recorded its highest murder rate in 15 years. The same happened in Chicago and other cities in line with the Cult/Soros plan to bring fear to streets and neighbourhoods by reducing the police, releasing violent criminals and not prosecuting crime. This is the mob-rule agenda that I have warned in the books was coming for so long. Shootings in the area of Minneapolis where Floyd was arrested increased by 2,500 percent compared with the year before. Defunding the police over George Floyd has led to a big increase in dead people with many of them black. Police protection for politicians making these decisions stayed the same or increased as you would expect from professional hypocrites. The Cult doesn't actually want to abolish the police. It wants to abolish local control over the police and hand it to federal government as the psychopaths advance the Hunger Games Society. Many George Floyd protests turned into violent riots with black stores and businesses destroyed by fire and looting across America fuelled by Black Lives Matter. Woke doesn't do irony. If you want civil rights you must loot the liquor store and the supermarket and make off with a smart TV. It's the only way.

It's not a race war – it's a class war

Black people are patronised by privileged blacks and whites alike and told they are victims of white supremacy. I find it extraordinary to watch privileged blacks supporting the very system and bloodline networks behind the slave trade and parroting the same Cult-serving manipulative crap of their privileged white, often billionaire, associates. It is indeed not a race war but a class war and colour is just a diversion. Black Senator Cory Booker and black Congresswoman Maxine Waters, more residents of Nincompoopia, personify this. Once you tell people they are victims of someone else you devalue both their own responsibility for their plight and the power they have to impact on their reality and experience. Instead

we have: 'You are only in your situation because of whitey – turn on them and everything will change.' It won't change. Nothing changes in our lives unless *we* change it. Crucial to that is never seeing yourself as a victim and always as the creator of your reality. Life is a simple sequence of choice and consequence. Make different choices and you create different consequences. *You* have to make those choices – not Black Lives Matter, the Woke Mafia and anyone else that seeks to dictate your life. Who are they these Wokers, an emotional and psychological road traffic accident, to tell you what to do? Personal empowerment is the last thing the Cult and its Black Lives Matter want black people or anyone else to have. They claim to be defending the underdog while *creating* and perpetuating the underdog. The Cult's worst nightmare is human unity and if they are going to keep blacks, whites and every other race under economic servitude and control then the focus must be diverted from what they have in common to what they can be manipulated to believe divides them. Blacks have to be told that their poverty and plight is the fault of the white bloke living on the street in the same poverty and with the same plight they are experiencing. The difference is that your plight black people is due to him, a white supremacist with 'white privilege' living on the street. Don't unite as one human family against your mutual oppressors and suppressors – fight the oppressor with the white face who is as financially deprived as you are. The Cult knows that as its 'Covid' agenda moves into still new levels of extremism people are going to respond and it has been spreading the seeds of disunity everywhere to stop a united response to the evil that targets *all of us*.

Racist attacks on 'whiteness' are getting ever more outrageous and especially through the American Democratic Party which has an appalling history for anti-black racism. Barack Obama, Joe Biden, Hillary Clinton and Nancy Pelosi all eulogised about Senator Robert Byrd at his funeral in 2010 after a nearly 60-year career in Congress. Byrd was a brutal Ku Klux Klan racist and a violent abuser of Cathy O'Brien in MKUltra. He said he would never fight in the military 'with a negro by my side' and 'rather I should die a thousand times,

and see Old Glory trampled in the dirt never to rise again, than to see this beloved land of ours become degraded by race mongrels, a throwback to the blackest specimen from the wilds'. Biden called Byrd a 'very close friend and mentor'. These 'Woke' hypocrites are not anti-racist they are anti-poor and anti-people not of their perceived class. Here is an illustration of the scale of anti-white racism to which we have now descended. Seriously Woke and moronic *New York Times* contributor Damon Young described whiteness as a 'virus' that 'like other viruses will not die until there are no bodies left for it to infect'. He went on: '… the only way to stop it is to locate it, isolate it, extract it, and kill it.' Young can say that as a black man with no consequences when a white man saying the same in reverse would be facing a jail sentence. *That's* racism. We had super-Woke numbskull senators Tammy Duckworth and Mazie Hirono saying they would object to future Biden Cabinet appointments if he did not nominate more Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders. Never mind the ability of the candidate what do they look like? Duckworth said: 'I will vote for racial minorities and I will vote for LGBTQ, but anyone else I'm not voting for.' Appointing people on the grounds of race is illegal, but that was not a problem for this ludicrous pair. They were on-message and that's a free pass in any situation.

Critical race racism

White children are told at school they are intrinsically racist as they are taught the divisive 'critical race theory'. This claims that the law and legal institutions are inherently racist and that race is a socially constructed concept used by white people to further their economic and political interests at the expense of people of colour. White is a 'virus' as we've seen. Racial inequality results from 'social, economic, and legal differences that white people create between races to maintain white interests which leads to poverty and criminality in minority communities'. I must tell that to the white guy sleeping on the street. The principal of East Side Community School in New York sent white parents a manifesto that called on

them to become 'white traitors' and advocate for full 'white abolition'. These people are teaching your kids when they urgently need a psychiatrist. The 'school' included a chart with 'eight white identities' that ranged from 'white supremacist' to 'white abolition' and defined the behaviour white people must follow to end 'the regime of whiteness'. Woke blacks and their privileged white associates are acting exactly like the slave owners of old and Ku Klux Klan racists like Robert Byrd. They are too full of their own self-purity to see that, but it's true. Racism is not a body type; it's a state of mind that can manifest through any colour, creed or culture.

Another racial fraud is *'equity'*. Not equality of treatment and opportunity – equity. It's a term spun as equality when it means something very different. Equality in its true sense is a raising up while 'equity' is a race to the bottom. Everyone in the same level of poverty is 'equity'. Keep everyone down – that's equity. The Cult doesn't want anyone in the human family to be empowered and BLM leaders, like all these 'anti-racist' organisations, continue their privileged, pampered existence by perpetuating the perception of gathering racism. When is the last time you heard an 'anti-racist' or 'anti-Semitism' organisation say that acts of racism and discrimination have *fallen?* It's not in the interests of their fund-raising and power to influence and the same goes for the professional soccer anti-racism operation, Kick It Out. Two things confirmed that the Black Lives Matter riots in the summer of 2020 were Cult creations. One was that while anti-lockdown protests were condemned in this same period for 'transmitting 'Covid' the authorities supported mass gatherings of Black Lives Matter supporters. I even saw self-deluding people claiming to be doctors say the two types of protest were not the same. No – the non-existent 'Covid' was in favour of lockdowns and attacked those that protested against them while 'Covid' supported Black Lives Matter and kept well away from its protests. The whole thing was a joke and as lockdown protestors were arrested, often brutally, by reframed Face-Nappies we had the grotesque sight of police officers taking the knee to Black Lives Matter, a Cult-funded Marxist

organisation that supports violent riots and wants to destroy the nuclear family and white people.

He's not white? Shucks!

Woke obsession with race was on display again when ten people were shot dead in Boulder, Colorado, in March, 2021. Cult-owned Woke TV channels like CNN said the shooter appeared to be a white man and Wokers were on Twitter condemning 'violent white men' with the usual mantras. Then the shooter's name was released as Ahmad Al Aliwi Alissa, an anti-Trump Arab-American, and the sigh of disappointment could be heard five miles away. Never mind that ten people were dead and what that meant for their families. Race baiting was all that mattered to these sick Cult-serving people like Barack Obama who exploited the deaths to further divide America on racial grounds which is his job for the Cult. This is the man that 'racist' white Americans made the first black president of the United States and then gave him a second term. Not-very-bright Obama has become filthy rich on the back of that and today appears to have a big influence on the Biden administration. Even so he's still a downtrodden black man and a victim of white supremacy. This disingenuous fraud reveals the contempt he has for black people when he puts on a Deep South Alabama accent whenever he talks to them, no, *at* them.

Another BLM red flag was how the now fully-Woke (fully-Cult) and fully-virtue-signalled professional soccer authorities had their teams taking the knee before every match in support of Marxist Black Lives Matter. Soccer authorities and clubs displayed 'Black Lives Matter' on the players' shirts and flashed the name on electronic billboards around the pitch. Any fans that condemned what is a Freemasonic taking-the-knee ritual were widely condemned as you would expect from the Woke virtue-signallers of professional sport and the now fully-Woke media. We have reverse racism in which you are banned from criticising any race or culture except for white people for whom anything goes – say what you like, no problem. What has this got to do with racial harmony and

equality? We've had black supremacists from Black Lives Matter telling white people to fall to their knees in the street and apologise for their white supremacy. Black supremacists acting like white supremacist slave owners of the past couldn't breach their self-obsessed, race-obsessed sense of self-purity. Joe Biden appointed a race-obsessed black supremacist Kristen Clarke to head the Justice Department Civil Rights Division. Clarke claimed that blacks are endowed with 'greater mental, physical and spiritual abilities' than whites. If anyone reversed that statement they would be vilified. Clarke is on-message so no problem. She's never seen a black-white situation in which the black figure is anything but a virtuous victim and she heads the Civil Rights Division which should treat everyone the same or it isn't civil rights. Another perception of the Renegade Mind: If something or someone is part of the Cult agenda they will be supported by Woke governments and media no matter what. If they're not, they will be condemned and censored. It really is that simple and so racist Clarke prospers despite (make that because of) her racism.

The end of culture

Biden's administration is full of such racial, cultural and economic bias as the Cult requires the human family to be divided into warring factions. We are now seeing racially-segregated graduations and everything, but everything, is defined through the lens of perceived 'racism. We have 'racist' mathematics, 'racist' food and even 'racist' *plants*. World famous Kew Gardens in London said it was changing labels on plants and flowers to tell its pre-'Covid' more than two million visitors a year how racist they are. Kew director Richard Deverell said this was part of an effort to 'move quickly to decolonise collections' after they were approached by one Ajay Chhabra 'an actor with an insight into how sugar cane was linked to slavery'. They are *plants* you idiots. 'Decolonisation' in the Woke manual really means colonisation of society with its mentality and by extension colonisation by the Cult. We are witnessing a new Chinese-style 'Cultural Revolution' so essential to the success of all

Marxist takeovers. Our cultural past and traditions have to be swept away to allow a new culture to be built-back-better. Woke targeting of long-standing Western cultural pillars including historical monuments and cancelling of historical figures is what happened in the Mao revolution in China which 'purged remnants of capitalist and traditional elements from Chinese society' and installed Maoism as the dominant ideology'. For China see the Western world today and for 'dominant ideology' see Woke. Better still see Marxism or Maoism. The 'Covid' hoax has specifically sought to destroy the arts and all elements of Western culture from people meeting in a pub or restaurant to closing theatres, music venues, sports stadiums, places of worship and even banning *singing*. Destruction of Western society is also why criticism of any religion is banned except for Christianity which again is the dominant religion as white is the numerically-dominant race. Christianity may be fading rapidly, but its history and traditions are weaved through the fabric of Western society. Delete the pillars and other structures will follow until the whole thing collapses. I am not a Christian defending that religion when I say that. I have no religion. It's just a fact. To this end Christianity has itself been turned Woke to usher its own downfall and its ranks are awash with 'change agents' – knowing and unknowing – at every level including Pope Francis (*definitely* knowing) and the clueless Archbishop of Canterbury Justin Welby (possibly not, but who can be sure?). Woke seeks to coordinate attacks on Western culture, traditions, and ways of life through 'intersectionality' defined as 'the complex, cumulative way in which the effects of multiple forms of discrimination (such as racism, sexism, and classism) combine, overlap, or intersect especially in the experiences of marginalised individuals or groups'. Wade through the Orwellian Woke-speak and this means coordinating disparate groups in a common cause to overthrow freedom and liberal values.

The entire structure of public institutions has been infested with Woke – government at all levels, political parties, police, military, schools, universities, advertising, media and trade unions. This abomination has been achieved through the Cult web by appointing

Wokers to positions of power and battering non-Wokers into line through intimidation, isolation and threats to their job. Many have been fired in the wake of the empathy-deleted, vicious hostility of 'social justice' Wokers and the desire of gutless, spineless employers to virtue-signal their Wokeness. Corporations are filled with Wokers today, most notably those in Silicon Valley. Ironically at the top they are not Woke at all. They are only exploiting the mentality their Cult masters have created and funded to censor and enslave while the Wokers cheer them on until it's their turn. Thus the Woke 'liberal left' is an inversion of the traditional liberal left. Campaigning for justice on the grounds of power and wealth distribution has been replaced by campaigning for identity politics. The genuine traditional left would never have taken money from today's billionaire abusers of fairness and justice and nor would the billionaires have wanted to fund that genuine left. It would not have been in their interests to do so. The division of opinion in those days was between the haves and have nots. This all changed with Cult manipulated and funded identity politics. The division of opinion today is between Wokers and non-Wokers and not income brackets. Cult corporations and their billionaires may have taken wealth disparity to cataclysmic levels of injustice, but as long as they speak the language of Woke, hand out the dosh to the Woke network and censor the enemy they are 'one of us'. Billionaires who don't give a damn about injustice are laughing at them till their bellies hurt. Wokers are not even close to self-aware enough to see that. The transformed 'left' dynamic means that Wokers who drone on about 'social justice' are funded by billionaires that have destroyed social justice the world over. It's *why* they are billionaires.

The climate con

Nothing encapsulates what I have said more comprehensively than the hoax of human-caused global warming. I have detailed in my books over the years how Cult operatives and organisations were the pump-primers from the start of the climate con. A purpose-built vehicle for this is the Club of Rome established by the Cult in 1968

with the Rockefellers and Rothschilds centrally involved all along. Their gofer frontman Maurice Strong, a Canadian oil millionaire, hosted the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1992 where the global 'green movement' really expanded in earnest under the guiding hand of the Cult. The Earth Summit established Agenda 21 through the Cult-created-and-owned United Nations to use the illusion of human-caused climate change to justify the transformation of global society to save the world from climate disaster. It is a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution sold through governments, media, schools and universities as whole generations have been terrified into believing that the world was going to end in their lifetimes unless what old people had inflicted upon them was stopped by a complete restructuring of how everything is done. Chill, kids, it's all a hoax. Such restructuring is precisely what the Cult agenda demands (purely by coincidence of course). Today this has been given the codename of the Great Reset which is only an updated term for Agenda 21 and its associated Agenda 2030. The latter, too, is administered through the UN and was voted into being by the General Assembly in 2015. Both 21 and 2030 seek centralised control of all resources and food right down to the raindrops falling on your own land. These are some of the demands of Agenda 21 established in 1992. See if you recognise this society emerging today:

- End national sovereignty
- State planning and management of all land resources, ecosystems, deserts, forests, mountains, oceans and fresh water; agriculture; rural development; biotechnology; and ensuring *'equity'*
- The state to 'define the role' of business and financial resources
- Abolition of private property
- 'Restructuring' the family unit (see BLM)
- Children raised by the state
- People told what their job will be
- Major restrictions on movement
- Creation of 'human settlement zones'

- Mass resettlement as people are forced to vacate land where they live
- Dumbing down education
- Mass global depopulation in pursuit of all the above

The United Nations was created as a Trojan horse for world government. With the climate con of critical importance to promoting that outcome you would expect the UN to be involved. Oh, it's involved all right. The UN is promoting Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 justified by 'climate change' while also driving the climate hoax through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), one of the world's most corrupt organisations. The IPCC has been lying ferociously and constantly since the day it opened its doors with the global media hanging unquestioningly on its every mendacious word. The Green movement is entirely Woke and has long lost its original environmental focus since it was co-opted by the Cult. An obsession with 'global warming' has deleted its values and scrambled its head. I experienced a small example of what I mean on a beautiful country walk that I have enjoyed several times a week for many years. The path merged into the fields and forests and you felt at one with the natural world. Then a 'Green' organisation, the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust, took over part of the land and proceeded to cut down a large number of trees, including mature ones, to install a horrible big, bright steel 'this-is-ours-stay-out' fence that destroyed the whole atmosphere of this beautiful place. No one with a feel for nature would do that. Day after day I walked to the sound of chainsaws and a magnificent mature weeping willow tree that I so admired was cut down at the base of the trunk. When I challenged a Woke young girl in a green shirt (of course) about this vandalism she replied: 'It's a weeping willow – it will grow back.' This is what people are paying for when they donate to the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust and many other 'green' organisations today. It is not the environmental movement that I knew and instead has become a support-system – as with Extinction Rebellion – for a very dark agenda.

Private jets for climate justice

The Cult-owned, Gates-funded, World Economic Forum and its founder Klaus Schwab were behind the emergence of Greta Thunberg to harness the young behind the climate agenda and she was invited to speak to the world at … the UN. Schwab published a book, *Covid-19: The Great Reset* in 2020 in which he used the 'Covid' hoax and the climate hoax to lay out a new society straight out of Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. Bill Gates followed in early 2021 when he took time out from destroying the world to produce a book in his name about the way to save it. Gates flies across the world in private jets and admitted that 'I probably have one of the highest greenhouse gas footprints of anyone on the planet … my personal flying alone is gigantic.' He has also bid for the planet's biggest private jet operator. Other climate change saviours who fly in private jets include John Kerry, the US Special Presidential Envoy for Climate, and actor Leonardo DiCaprio, a 'UN Messenger of Peace with special focus on climate change'. These people are so full of bullshit they could corner the market in manure. We mustn't be sceptical, though, because the Gates book, *How to Avoid a Climate Disaster: The Solutions We Have and the Breakthroughs We Need*, is a genuine attempt to protect the world and not an obvious pile of excrement attributed to a mega-psychopath aimed at selling his masters' plans for humanity. The Gates book and the other shite-pile by Klaus Schwab could have been written by the same person and may well have been. Both use 'climate change' and 'Covid' as the excuses for their new society and by coincidence the Cult's World Economic Forum and Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation promote the climate hoax and hosted Event 201 which pre-empted with a 'simulation' the very 'coronavirus' hoax that would be simulated for real on humanity within weeks. The British 'royal' family is promoting the 'Reset' as you would expect through Prince 'climate change caused the war in Syria' Charles and his hapless son Prince William who said that we must 'reset our relationship with nature and our trajectory as a species' to avoid a climate disaster. Amazing how many promotors of the 'Covid' and 'climate change' control

systems are connected to Gates and the World Economic Forum. A 'study' in early 2021 claimed that carbon dioxide emissions must fall by the equivalent of a global lockdown roughly every two years for the next decade to save the planet. The 'study' appeared in the same period that the Schwab mob claimed in a video that lockdowns destroying the lives of billions are good because they make the earth 'quieter' with less 'ambient noise'. They took down the video amid a public backlash for such arrogant, empathy-deleted stupidity You see, however, where they are going with this. Corinne Le Quéré, a professor at the Tyndall Centre for Climate Change Research, University of East Anglia, was lead author of the climate lockdown study, and she writes for … the World Economic Forum. Gates calls in 'his' book for changing 'every aspect of the economy' (long-time Cult agenda) and for humans to eat synthetic 'meat' (predicted in my books) while cows and other farm animals are eliminated. Australian TV host and commentator Alan Jones described what carbon emission targets would mean for farm animals in Australia alone if emissions were reduced as demanded by 35 percent by 2030 and zero by 2050:

> Well, let's take agriculture, the total emissions from agriculture are about 75 million tonnes of carbon dioxide, equivalent. Now reduce that by 35 percent and you have to come down to 50 million tonnes, I've done the maths. So if you take for example 1.5 million cows, you're going to have to reduce the herd by 525,000 [by] 2030, nine years, that's 58,000 cows a year. The beef herd's 30 million, reduce that by 35 percent, that's 10.5 million, which means 1.2 million cattle have to go every year between now and 2030. This is insanity!
>
> There are 75 million sheep. Reduce that by 35 percent, that's 26 million sheep, that's almost 3 million a year. So under the Paris Agreement over 30 million beasts. dairy cows, cattle, pigs and sheep would go. More than 8,000 every minute of every hour for the next decade, do these people know what they're talking about?

Clearly they don't at the level of campaigners, politicians and administrators. The Cult *does* know; that's the outcome it wants. We are faced with not just a war on humanity. Animals and the natural world are being targeted and I have been saying since the 'Covid' hoax began that the plan eventually was to claim that the 'deadly virus' is able to jump from animals, including farm animals and

domestic pets, to humans. Just before this book went into production came this story: 'Russia registers world's first Covid-19 vaccine for cats & dogs as makers of Sputnik V warn pets & farm animals could spread virus'. The report said 'top scientists warned that the deadly pathogen could soon begin spreading through homes and farms' and 'the next stage is the infection of farm and domestic animals'. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey. Think what that would mean for animals and keep your eye on a term called zoonosis or zoonotic diseases which transmit between animals and humans. The Cult wants to break the connection between animals and people as it does between people and people. Farm animals fit with the Cult agenda to transform food from natural to synthetic.

The gas of life is killing us

There can be few greater examples of Cult inversion than the condemnation of carbon dioxide as a dangerous pollutant when it is the gas of life. Without it the natural world would be dead and so we would all be dead. We breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbon dioxide while plants produce oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide. It is a perfect symbiotic relationship that the Cult wants to dismantle for reasons I will come to in the final two chapters. Gates, Schwab, other Cult operatives and mindless repeaters, want the world to be 'carbon neutral' by at least 2050 and the earlier the better. 'Zero carbon' is the cry echoed by lunatics calling for 'Zero Covid' when we already have it. These carbon emission targets will deindustrialise the world in accordance with Cult plans – the post-industrial, post-democratic society – and with so-called renewables like solar and wind not coming even close to meeting human energy needs blackouts and cold are inevitable. Texans got the picture in the winter of 2021 when a snow storm stopped wind turbines and solar panels from working and the lights went down along with water which relies on electricity for its supply system. Gates wants everything to be powered by electricity to ensure that his masters have the kill switch to stop all human activity, movement, cooking, water and warmth any time they like. The climate lie is so

stupendously inverted that it claims we must urgently reduce carbon dioxide when we *don't have enough*.

Co2 in the atmosphere is a little above 400 parts per million when the optimum for plant growth is 2,000 ppm and when it falls anywhere near 150 ppm the natural world starts to die and so do we. It fell to as low as 280 ppm in an 1880 measurement in Hawaii and rose to 413 ppm in 2019 with industrialisation which is why the planet has become *greener* in the industrial period. How insane then that psychopathic madman Gates is not satisfied only with blocking the rise of Co2. He's funding technology to suck it out of the atmosphere. The reason why will become clear. The industrial era is not destroying the world through Co2 and has instead turned around a potentially disastrous ongoing fall in Co2. Greenpeace co-founder and scientist Patrick Moore walked away from Greenpeace in 1986 and has exposed the green movement for fear-mongering and lies. He said that 500 million years ago there was *17 times* more Co2 in the atmosphere than we have today and levels have been falling for hundreds of millions of years. In the last 150 million years Co2 levels in Earth's atmosphere had reduced by *90 percent*. Moore said that by the time humanity began to unlock carbon dioxide from fossil fuels we were at '38 seconds to midnight' and in that sense: 'Humans are [the Earth's] salvation.' Moore made the point that only half the Co2 emitted by fossil fuels stays in the atmosphere and we should remember that all pollution pouring from chimneys that we are told is carbon dioxide is in fact nothing of the kind. It's pollution. Carbon dioxide is an invisible gas.

William Happer, Professor of Physics at Princeton University and long-time government adviser on climate, has emphasised the Co2 deficiency for maximum growth and food production. Greenhouse growers don't add carbon dioxide for a bit of fun. He said that most of the warming in the last 100 years, after the earth emerged from the super-cold period of the 'Little Ice Age' into a natural warming cycle, was over by 1940. Happer said that a peak year for warming in 1988 can be explained by a 'monster El Nino' which is a natural and cyclical warming of the Pacific that has nothing to do with 'climate

change'. He said the effect of Co2 could be compared to painting a wall with red paint in that once two or three coats have been applied it didn't matter how much more you slapped on because the wall will not get much redder. Almost all the effect of the rise in Co2 has already happened, he said, and the volume in the atmosphere would now have to *double* to increase temperature by a single degree. Climate hoaxers know this and they have invented the most ridiculously complicated series of 'feedback' loops to try to overcome this rather devastating fact. You hear puppet Greta going on cluelessly about feedback loops and this is why.

The Sun affects temperature? No you *climate denier*

Some other nonsense to contemplate: Climate graphs show that rises in temperature do not follow rises in Co2 – *it's the other way round* with a lag between the two of some 800 years. If we go back 800 years from present time we hit the Medieval Warm Period when temperatures were higher than now without any industrialisation and this was followed by the Little Ice Age when temperatures plummeted. The world was still emerging from these centuries of serious cold when many climate records began which makes the ever-repeated line of the 'hottest year since records began' meaningless when you are not comparing like with like. The coldest period of the Little Ice Age corresponded with the lowest period of sunspot activity when the Sun was at its least active. Proper scientists will not be at all surprised by this when it confirms the obvious fact that earth temperature is affected by the scale of Sun activity and the energetic power that it subsequently emits; but when is the last time you heard a climate hoaxer talking about the Sun as a source of earth temperature?? Everything has to be focussed on Co2 which makes up just 0.117 percent of so-called greenhouse gases and only a fraction of even that is generated by human activity. The rest is natural. More than *90 percent* of those greenhouse gases are water vapour and clouds (Fig 9). Ban moisture I say. Have you noticed that the climate hoaxers no longer use the polar bear as their promotion image? That's because far from becoming extinct polar

bear communities are stable or thriving. Joe Bastardi, American meteorologist, weather forecaster and outspoken critic of the climate lie, documents in his book *The Climate Chronicles* how weather patterns and events claimed to be evidence of climate change have been happening since long before industrialisation: 'What happened before naturally is happening again, as is to be expected given the cyclical nature of the climate due to the design of the planet.' If you read the detailed background to the climate hoax in my other books you will shake your head and wonder how anyone could believe the crap which has spawned a multi-trillion dollar industry based on absolute garbage (see HIV causes AIDs and Sars-Cov-2 causes 'Covid-19'). Climate and 'Covid' have much in common given they have the same source. They both have the contradictory *everything* factor in which everything is explained by reference to them. It's hot – 'it's climate change'. It's cold – 'it's climate change'. I got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. I haven't got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. Not having a sniffle has to be a symptom of 'Covid'. Everything is and not having a sniffle is especially dangerous if you are a slow walker. For sheer audacity I offer you a Cambridge University 'study' that actually linked 'Covid' to 'climate change'. It had to happen eventually. They concluded that climate change played a role in 'Covid-19' spreading from animals to humans because … wait for it … I kid you not … *the two groups were forced closer together as populations grow*. Er, that's it. The whole foundation on which this depended was that 'Bats are the likely zoonotic origin of SARS-CoV-1 and SARS-CoV-2'. Well, they are not. They are nothing to do with it. Apart from bats not being the origin and therefore 'climate change' effects on bats being irrelevant I am in awe of their academic insight. Where would we be without them? Not where we are that's for sure.

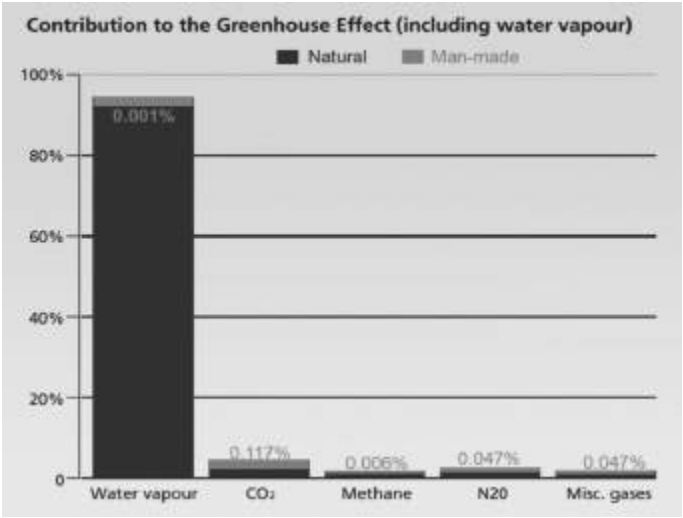

Figure 9: The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

One other point about the weather is that climate modification is now well advanced and not every major weather event is natural – or earthquake come to that. I cover this subject at some length in other books. China is openly planning a rapid expansion of its weather modification programme which includes changing the climate in an area more than one and a half times the size of India. China used weather manipulation to ensure clear skies during the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. I have quoted from US military documents detailing how to employ weather manipulation as a weapon of war and they did that in the 1960s and 70s during the conflict in Vietnam with Operation Popeye manipulating monsoon rains for military purposes. Why would there be international treaties on weather modification if it wasn't possible? Of course it is. Weather is energetic information and it can be changed.

How was the climate hoax pulled off? See 'Covid'

If you can get billions to believe in a 'virus' that doesn't exist you can get them to believe in human-caused climate change that doesn't exist. Both are being used by the Cult to transform global society in the way it has long planned. Both hoaxes have been achieved in pretty much the same way. First you declare a lie is a fact. There's a

'virus' you call SARS-Cov-2 or humans are warming the planet with their behaviour. Next this becomes, via Cult networks, the foundation of government, academic and science policy and belief. Those who parrot the mantra are given big grants to produce research that confirms the narrative is true and ever more 'symptoms' are added to make the 'virus'/'climate change' sound even more scary. Scientists and researchers who challenge the narrative have their grants withdrawn and their careers destroyed. The media promote the lie as the unquestionable truth and censor those with an alternative view or evidence. A great percentage of the population believe what they are told as the lie becomes an everybody-knows-that and the believing-masses turn on those with a mind of their own. The technique has been used endlessly throughout human history. Wokers are the biggest promotors of the climate lie *and* 'Covid' fascism because their minds are owned by the Cult; their sense of self-righteous self-purity knows no bounds; and they exist in a bubble of reality in which facts are irrelevant and only get in the way of looking without seeing.

Running through all of this like veins in a blue cheese is control of information, which means control of perception, which means control of behaviour, which collectively means control of human society. The Cult owns the global media and Silicon Valley fascists for the simple reason that it *has* to. Without control of information it can't control perception and through that human society. Examine every facet of the Cult agenda and you will see that anything supporting its introduction is never censored while anything pushing back is always censored. I say again: Psychopaths that know why they are doing this must go before Nuremberg trials and those that follow their orders must trot along behind them into the same dock. 'I was just following orders' didn't work the first time and it must not work now. Nuremberg trials must be held all over the world before public juries for politicians, government officials, police, compliant doctors, scientists and virologists, and all Cult operatives such as Gates, Tedros, Fauci, Vallance, Whitty, Ferguson, Zuckerberg, Wojcicki, Brin, Page, Dorsey, the whole damn lot of

them – including, no *especially*, the psychopath psychologists. Without them and the brainless, gutless excuses for journalists that have repeated their lies, none of this could be happening. Nobody can be allowed to escape justice for the psychological and economic Armageddon they are all responsible for visiting upon the human race.

As for the compliant, unquestioning, swathes of humanity, and the self-obsessed, all-knowing ignorance of the Wokers … don't start me. God help their kids. God help their grandkids. God *help them*.

CHAPTER NINE

We must have it? So what is it?

Well I won't back down. No, I won't back down. You can stand me up at the Gates of Hell. But I won't back down
Tom Petty

I will now focus on the genetically-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' which do not meet this official definition of a vaccine by the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC): 'A product that stimulates a person's immune system to produce immunity to a specific disease, protecting the person from that disease.' On that basis 'Covid vaccines' are not a vaccine in that the makers don't even claim they stop infection or transmission.

They are instead part of a multi-levelled conspiracy to change the nature of the human body and what it means to be 'human' and to depopulate an enormous swathe of humanity. What I shall call Human 1.0 is on the cusp of becoming Human 2.0 and for very sinister reasons. Before I get to the 'Covid vaccine' in detail here's some background to vaccines in general. Government regulators do not test vaccines – the makers do – and the makers control which data is revealed and which isn't. Children in America are given 50 vaccine doses by age six and 69 by age 19 and the effect of the whole combined schedule has never been tested. Autoimmune diseases when the immune system attacks its own body have soared in the mass vaccine era and so has disease in general in children and the young. Why wouldn't this be the case when vaccines target the *immune system?* The US government gave Big Pharma drug

companies immunity from prosecution for vaccine death and injury in the 1986 National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act (NCVIA) and since then the government (taxpayer) has been funding compensation for the consequences of Big Pharma vaccines. The criminal and satanic drug giants can't lose and the vaccine schedule has increased dramatically since 1986 for this reason. There is no incentive to make vaccines safe and a big incentive to make money by introducing ever more. Even against a ridiculously high bar to prove vaccine liability, and with the government controlling the hearing in which it is being challenged for compensation, the vaccine court has so far paid out more than $4 billion. These are the vaccines we are told are safe and psychopaths like Zuckerberg censor posts saying otherwise. The immunity law was even justified by a ruling that vaccines by their nature were 'unavoidably unsafe'.

Check out the ingredients of vaccines and you will be shocked if you are new to this. *They put that in children's bodies?? What??* Try aluminium, a brain toxin connected to dementia, aborted foetal tissue and formaldehyde which is used to embalm corpses. World-renowned aluminium expert Christopher Exley had his research into the health effect of aluminium in vaccines shut down by Keele University in the UK when it began taking funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Research when diseases 'eradicated' by vaccines began to decline and you will find the fall began long *before* the vaccine was introduced. Sometimes the fall even plateaued after the vaccine. Diseases like scarlet fever for which there was no vaccine declined in the same way because of environmental and other factors. A perfect case in point is the polio vaccine. Polio began when lead arsenate was first sprayed as an insecticide and residues remained in food products. Spraying started in 1892 and the first US polio epidemic came in Vermont in 1894. The simple answer was to stop spraying, but Rockefeller-created Big Pharma had a better idea. Polio was decreed to be caused by the *poliovirus* which 'spreads from person to person and can infect a person's spinal cord'. Lead arsenate was replaced by the lethal DDT which had the same effect of causing paralysis by damaging the brain and central nervous

system. Polio plummeted when DDT was reduced and then banned, but the vaccine is still given the credit for something it didn't do. Today by far the biggest cause of polio is the vaccines promoted by Bill Gates. Vaccine justice campaigner Robert Kennedy Jr, son of assassinated (by the Cult) US Attorney General Robert Kennedy, wrote:

> In 2017, the World Health Organization (WHO) reluctantly admitted that the global explosion in polio is predominantly vaccine strain. The most frightening epidemics in Congo, Afghanistan, and the Philippines, are all linked to vaccines. In fact, by 2018, 70% of global polio cases were vaccine strain.

Vaccines make fortunes for Cult-owned Gates and Big Pharma while undermining the health and immune systems of the population. We had a glimpse of the mentality behind the Big Pharma cartel with a report on WION (World is One News), an international English language TV station based in India, which exposed the extraordinary behaviour of US drug company Pfizer over its 'Covid vaccine'. The WION report told how Pfizer had made fantastic demands of Argentina, Brazil and other countries in return for its 'vaccine'. These included immunity from prosecution, even for Pfizer negligence, government insurance to protect Pfizer from law suits and handing over as collateral sovereign assets of the country to include Argentina's bank reserves, military bases and embassy buildings. Pfizer demanded the same of Brazil in the form of waiving sovereignty of its assets abroad; exempting Pfizer from Brazilian laws; and giving Pfizer immunity from all civil liability. This is a 'vaccine' developed with government funding. Big Pharma is evil incarnate as a creation of the Cult and all must be handed tickets to Nuremberg.

Phantom 'vaccine' for a phantom 'disease'

I'll expose the 'Covid vaccine' fraud and then go on to the wider background of why the Cult has set out to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on the planet for an alleged 'new disease' with a survival rate of 99.77 percent (or more) even by the grotesquely-

manipulated figures of the World Health Organization and Johns Hopkins University. The 'infection' to 'death' ratio is 0.23 to 0.15 percent according to Stanford epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis and while estimates vary the danger remains tiny. I say that if the truth be told the fake infection to fake death ratio is zero. Never mind all the evidence I have presented here and in *The Answer* that there is no 'virus' let us just focus for a moment on that death-rate figure of say 0.23 percent. The figure includes all those worldwide who have tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and then died within 28 days or even longer of any other cause – *any other cause*. Now subtract all those illusory 'Covid' deaths on the global data sheets from the 0.23 percent. What do you think you would be left with? *Zero*. A vaccination has never been successfully developed for a so-called coronavirus. They have all failed at the animal testing stage when they caused hypersensitivity to what they were claiming to protect against and made the impact of a disease far worse. Cult-owned vaccine corporations got around that problem this time by bypassing animal trials, going straight to humans and making the length of the 'trials' before the public rollout as short as they could get away with. Normally it takes five to ten years or more to develop vaccines that still cause demonstrable harm to many people and that's without including the long-term effects that are never officially connected to the vaccination. 'Covid' non-vaccines have been officially produced and approved in a matter of months from a standing start and part of the reason is that (a) they were developed before the 'Covid' hoax began and (b) they are based on computer programs and not natural sources. Official non-trials were so short that government agencies gave *emergency*, not full, approval. 'Trials' were not even completed and full approval cannot be secured until they are. Public 'Covid vaccination' is actually a *continuation of the trial*. Drug company 'trials' are not scheduled to end until 2023 by which time a lot of people are going to be dead. Data on which government agencies gave this emergency approval was supplied by the Big Pharma corporations themselves in the form of Pfizer/BioNTech, AstraZeneca, Moderna, Johnson & Johnson, and

others, and this is the case with all vaccines. By its very nature *emergency* approval means drug companies do not have to prove that the 'vaccine' is 'safe and effective'. How could they with trials way short of complete? Government regulators only have to *believe* that they *could* be safe and effective. It is criminal manipulation to get products in circulation with no testing worth the name. Agencies giving that approval are infested with Big Pharma-connected place-people and they act in the interests of Big Pharma (the Cult) and not the public about whom they do not give a damn.

More human lab rats

'Covid vaccines' produced in record time by Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna employ a technique *never approved before for use on humans*. They are known as mRNA 'vaccines' and inject a synthetic version of 'viral' mRNA or 'messenger RNA'. The key is in the term 'messenger'. The body works, or doesn't, on the basis of information messaging. Communications are constantly passing between and within the genetic system and the brain. Change those messages and you change the state of the body and even its very nature and you can change psychology and behaviour by the way the brain processes information. I think you are going to see significant changes in personality and perception of many people who have had the 'Covid vaccine' synthetic potions. Insider Aldous Huxley predicted the following in 1961 and mRNA 'vaccines' can be included in the term 'pharmacological methods':

> There will be, in the next generation or so, a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their own liberties taken away from them, but rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution.

Apologists claim that mRNA synthetic 'vaccines' don't change the DNA genetic blueprint because RNA does not affect DNA only the other way round. This is so disingenuous. A process called 'reverse

transcription' can convert RNA into DNA and be integrated into DNA in the cell nucleus. This was highlighted in December, 2020, by scientists at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Geneticists report that more than 40 percent of mammalian genomes results from reverse transcription. On the most basic level if messaging changes then that sequence must lead to changes in DNA which is receiving and transmitting those communications. How can introducing synthetic material into cells not change the cells where DNA is located? The process is known as transfection which is defined as 'a technique to insert foreign nucleic acid (DNA or RNA) into a cell, typically with the intention of altering the properties of the cell'. Researchers at the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York found that changes in messenger RNA can deactivate tumour-suppressing proteins and thereby promote cancer. This is what happens when you mess with messaging. 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna was founded in 2010 by Canadian stem cell biologist Derrick J. Rossi after his breakthrough discovery in the field of transforming and reprogramming stem cells. These are neutral cells that can be programmed to become any cell including sperm cells. Moderna was therefore founded on the principle of genetic manipulation and has never produced any vaccine or drug before its genetically-manipulating synthetic 'Covid' shite. Look at the name – Mode-RNA or Modify-RNA. Another important point is that the US Supreme Court has ruled that genetically-modified DNA, or complementary DNA (cDNA) synthesized in the laboratory from messenger RNA, can be patented and owned. These psychopaths are doing this to the human body.

Cells replicate synthetic mRNA in the 'Covid vaccines' and in theory the body is tricked into making antigens which trigger antibodies to target the 'virus spike proteins' which as Dr Tom Cowan said have *never been seen*. Cut the crap and these 'vaccines' deliver *self-replicating* synthetic material to the cells with the effect of changing human DNA. The more of them you have the more that process is compounded while synthetic material is all the time self-replicating. 'Vaccine'-maker Moderna describes mRNA as 'like

software for the cell' and so they are messing with the body's software. What happens when you change the software in a computer? Everything changes. For this reason the Cult is preparing a production line of mRNA 'Covid vaccines' and a long list of excuses to use them as with all the 'variants' of a 'virus' never shown to exist. The plan is further to transfer the mRNA technique to other vaccines mostly given to children and young people. The cumulative consequences will be a transformation of human DNA through a constant infusion of synthetic genetic material which will kill many and change the rest. Now consider that governments that have given emergency approval for a vaccine that's not a vaccine; never been approved for humans before; had no testing worth the name; and the makers have been given immunity from prosecution for any deaths or adverse effects suffered by the public. The UK government awarded *permanent legal indemnity* to itself and its employees for harm done when a patient is being treated for 'Covid-19' or 'suspected Covid-19'. That is quite a thought when these are possible 'side-effects' from the 'vaccine' (they are not 'side', they are effects) listed by the US Food and Drug Administration:

Guillain-Barre syndrome; acute disseminated encephalomyelitis; transverse myelitis; encephalitis; myelitis; encephalomyelitis; meningoencephalitis; meningitis; encephalopathy; convulsions; seizures; stroke; narcolepsy; cataplexy; anaphylaxis; acute myocardial infarction (heart attack); myocarditis; pericarditis; autoimmune disease; death; implications for pregnancy, and birth outcomes; other acute demyelinating diseases; non anaphylactic allergy reactions; thrombocytopenia ; disseminated intravascular coagulation; venous thromboembolism; arthritis; arthralgia; joint pain; Kawasaki disease; multisystem inflammatory syndrome in children; vaccine enhanced disease. The latter is the way the 'vaccine' has the potential to make diseases far worse than they would otherwise be.

UK doctor and freedom campaigner Vernon Coleman described the conditions in this list as 'all unpleasant, most of them very serious, and you can't get more serious than death'. The thought that anyone at all has had the 'vaccine' in these circumstances is testament to the potential that humanity has for clueless, unquestioning, stupidity and for many that programmed stupidity has already been terminal.

An insider speaks

Dr Michael Yeadon is a former Vice President, head of research and Chief Scientific Adviser at vaccine giant Pfizer. Yeadon worked on the inside of Big Pharma, but that did not stop him becoming a vocal critic of 'Covid vaccines' and their potential for multiple harms, including infertility in women. By the spring of 2021 he went much further and even used the no, no, term 'conspiracy'. When you begin to see what is going on it is impossible not to do so. Yeadon spoke out in an interview with freedom campaigner James Delingpole and I mentioned earlier how he said that no one had samples of 'the virus'. He explained that the mRNA technique originated in the anti-cancer field and ways to turn on and off certain genes which could be advantageous if you wanted to stop cancer growing out of control. 'That's the origin of them. They are a very unusual application, really.' Yeadon said that treating a cancer patient with an aggressive procedure might be understandable if the alternative was dying, but it was quite another thing to use the same technique as a public health measure. Most people involved wouldn't catch the infectious agent you were vaccinating against and if they did they probably wouldn't die:

> If you are really using it as a public health measure you really want to as close as you can get to zero sides-effects … I find it odd that they chose techniques that were really cutting their teeth in the field of oncology and I'm worried that in using gene-based vaccines that have to be injected in the body and spread around the body, get taken up into some cells, and the regulators haven't quite told us which cells they get taken up into … you are going to be generating a wide range of responses … with multiple steps each of which could go well or badly.

I doubt the Cult intends it to go well. Yeadon said that you can put any gene you like into the body through the 'vaccine'. 'You can certainly give them a gene that would do them some harm if you wanted.' I was intrigued when he said that when used in the cancer field the technique could turn genes on and off. I explore this process in *The Answer* and with different genes having different functions you could create mayhem – physically and psychologically – if you turned the wrong ones on and the right ones off. I read reports of an experiment by researchers at the University of Washington's school of computer science and engineering in which they encoded DNA to infect computers. The body is itself a biological computer and if human DNA can inflict damage on a computer why can't the computer via synthetic material mess with the human body? It can. The Washington research team said it was possible to insert malicious malware into 'physical DNA strands' and corrupt the computer system of a gene sequencing machine as it 'reads gene letters and stores them as binary digits 0 and 1'. They concluded that hackers could one day use blood or spit samples to access computer systems and obtain sensitive data from police forensics labs or infect genome files. It is at this level of digital interaction that synthetic 'vaccines' need to be seen to get the full picture and that will become very clear later on. Michael Yeadon said it made no sense to give the 'vaccine' to younger people who were in no danger from the 'virus'. What was the benefit? It was all downside with potential effects:

> The fact that my government in what I thought was a civilised, rational country, is raining [the 'vaccine'] on people in their 30s and 40s, even my children in their 20s, they're getting letters and phone calls, I know this is not right and any of you doctors who are vaccinating you know it's not right, too. They are not at risk. They are not at risk from the disease, so you are now hoping that the side-effects are so rare that you get away with it. You don't give new technology … that you don't understand to 100 percent of the population.

Blood clot problems with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' have been affecting younger people to emphasise the downside risks with no benefit. AstraZeneca's version, produced with Oxford University, does not use mRNA, but still gets its toxic cocktail inside cells where

it targets DNA. The Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' which uses a similar technique has also produced blood clot effects to such an extent that the United States paused its use at one point. They are all 'gene therapy' (cell modification) procedures and not 'vaccines'. The truth is that once the content of these injections enter cells we have no idea what the effect will be. People can speculate and some can give very educated opinions and that's good. In the end, though, only the makers know what their potions are designed to do and even they won't know every last consequence. Michael Yeadon was scathing about doctors doing what they knew to be wrong. 'Everyone's mute', he said. Doctors in the NHS must know this was not right, coming into work and injecting people. 'I don't know how they sleep at night. I know I couldn't do it. I know that if I were in that position I'd have to quit.' He said he knew enough about toxicology to know this was not a good risk-benefit. Yeadon had spoken to seven or eight university professors and all except two would not speak out publicly. Their universities had a policy that no one said anything that countered the government and its medical advisors. They were afraid of losing their government grants. This is how intimidation has been used to silence the truth at every level of the system. I say silence, but these people could still speak out if they made that choice. Yeadon called them 'moral cowards' – 'This is about your children and grandchildren's lives and you have just buggered off and left it.'

'Variant' nonsense

Some of his most powerful comments related to the alleged 'variants' being used to instil more fear, justify more lockdowns, and introduce more 'vaccines'. He said government claims about 'variants' were nonsense. He had checked the alleged variant 'codes' and they were 99.7 percent identical to the 'original'. This was the human identity difference equivalent to putting a baseball cap on and off or wearing it the other way round. A 0.3 percent difference would make it impossible for that 'variant' to escape immunity from the 'original'. This made no sense of having new 'vaccines' for

'variants'. He said there would have to be at least a *30 percent* difference for that to be justified and even then he believed the immune system would still recognise what it was. Gates-funded 'variant modeller' and 'vaccine'-pusher John Edmunds might care to comment. Yeadon said drug companies were making new versions of the 'vaccine' as a 'top up' for 'variants'. Worse than that, he said, the 'regulators' around the world like the MHRA in the UK had got together and agreed that because 'vaccines' for 'variants' were so similar to the first 'vaccines' *they did not have to do safety studies*. How transparently sinister that is. This is when Yeadon said: 'There is a conspiracy here.' There was no need for another vaccine for 'variants' and yet we were told that there was and the country had shut its borders because of them. 'They are going into hundreds of millions of arms without passing 'go' or any regulator. Why did they do that? Why did they pick this method of making the vaccine?'

The reason had to be something bigger than that it seemed and 'it's not protection against the virus'. It's was a far bigger project that meant politicians and advisers were willing to do things and not do things that knowingly resulted in avoidable deaths – 'that's already happened when you think about lockdown and deprivation of health care for a year.' He spoke of people prepared to do something that results in the avoidable death of their fellow human beings and it not bother them. This is the penny-drop I have been working to get across for more than 30 years – the level of pure evil we are dealing with. Yeadon said his friends and associates could not believe there could be that much evil, but he reminded them of Stalin, Pol Pot and Hitler and of what Stalin had said: 'One death is a tragedy. A million? A statistic.' He could not think of a benign explanation for why you need top-up vaccines 'which I'm sure you don't' and for the regulators 'to just get out of the way and wave them through'. Why would the regulators do that when they were still wrestling with the dangers of the 'parent' vaccine? He was clearly shocked by what he had seen since the 'Covid' hoax began and now he was thinking the previously unthinkable:

> If you wanted to depopulate a significant proportion of the world and to do it in a way that doesn't involve destruction of the environment with nuclear weapons, poisoning everyone with anthrax or something like that, and you wanted plausible deniability while you had a multi-year infectious disease crisis, I actually don't think you could come up with a better plan of work than seems to be in front of me. I can't say that's what they are going to do, but I can't think of a benign explanation why they are doing it.

He said he never thought that they would get rid of 99 percent of humans, but now he wondered. 'If you wanted to that this would be a hell of a way to do it – it would be unstoppable folks.' Yeadon had concluded that those who submitted to the 'vaccine' would be allowed to have some kind of normal life (but for how long?) while screws were tightened to coerce and mandate the last few percent. 'I think they'll put the rest of them in a prison camp. I wish I was wrong, but I don't think I am.' Other points he made included: There were no coronavirus vaccines then suddenly they all come along at the same time; we have no idea of the long term affect with trials so short; coercing or forcing people to have medical procedures is against the Nuremberg Code instigated when the Nazis did just that; people should at least delay having the 'vaccine'; a quick Internet search confirms that masks don't reduce respiratory viral transmission and 'the government knows that'; they have smashed civil society and they know that, too; two dozen peer-reviewed studies show no connection between lockdown and reducing deaths; he knew from personal friends the elite were still flying around and going on holiday while the public were locked down; the elite were not having the 'vaccines'. He was also asked if 'vaccines' could be made to target difference races. He said he didn't know, but the document by the Project for the New American Century in September, 2000, said developing 'advanced forms of biological warfare that can target *specific genotypes* may transform biological warfare from the realm of terror to a politically useful tool.' Oh, they're evil all right. Of that we can be *absolutely* sure.

Another cull of old people

We have seen from the CDC definition that the mRNA 'Covid vaccine' is not a vaccine and nor are the others that *claim* to reduce 'severity of symptoms' in *some* people, but not protect from infection or transmission. What about all the lies about returning to 'normal' if people were 'vaccinated'? If they are not claimed to stop infection and transmission of the alleged 'virus', how does anything change? This was all lies to manipulate people to take the jabs and we are seeing that now with masks and distancing still required for the 'vaccinated'. How did they think that elderly people with fragile health and immune responses were going to be affected by infusing their cells with synthetic material and other toxic substances? They *knew* that in the short and long term it would be devastating and fatal as the culling of the old that began with the first lockdowns was continued with the 'vaccine'. Death rates in care homes soared immediately residents began to be 'vaccinated' – infused with synthetic material. Brave and committed whistleblower nurses put their careers at risk by exposing this truth while the rest kept their heads down and their mouths shut to put their careers before those they are supposed to care for. A long-time American Certified Nursing Assistant who gave his name as James posted a video in which he described emotionally what happened in his care home when vaccination began. He said that during 2020 very few residents were sick with 'Covid' and no one died during the entire year; but shortly after the Pfizer mRNA injections 14 people died within two weeks and many others were near death. 'They're dropping like flies', he said. Residents who walked on their own before the shot could no longer and they had lost their ability to conduct an intelligent conversation. The home's management said the sudden deaths were caused by a 'super-spreader' of 'Covid-19'. Then how come, James asked, that residents who refused to take the injections were not sick? It was a case of inject the elderly with mRNA synthetic potions and blame their illness and death that followed on the 'virus'. James described what was happening in care homes as 'the greatest crime of genocide this country has ever seen'. Remember the NHS staff nurse from earlier who used the same

word ‘genocide’ for what was happening with the ‘vaccines’ and that it was an ‘act of human annihilation’. A UK care home whistleblower told a similar story to James about the effect of the ‘vaccine’ in deaths and ‘outbreaks’ of illness dubbed ‘Covid’ after getting the jab. She told how her care home management and staff had zealously imposed government regulations and no one was allowed to even question the official narrative let alone speak out against it. She said the NHS was even worse. Again we see the results of reframing. A worker at a local care home where I live said they had not had a single case of ‘Covid’ there for almost a year and when the residents were ‘vaccinated’ they had 19 positive cases in two weeks with eight dying.

It’s not the ‘vaccine’ – honest

The obvious cause and effect was being ignored by the media and most of the public. Australia’s health minister Greg Hunt (a former head of strategy at the World Economic Forum) was admitted to hospital after he had the ‘vaccine’. He was suffering according to reports from the skin infection ‘cellulitis’ and it must have been a severe case to have warranted days in hospital. Immediately the authorities said this was nothing to do with the ‘vaccine’ when an effect of some vaccines is a ‘cellulitis-like reaction’. We had families of perfectly healthy old people who died after the ‘vaccine’ saying that if only they had been given the ‘vaccine’ earlier they would still be alive. As a numbskull rating that is off the chart. A father of four ‘died of Covid’ at aged 48 when he was taken ill two days after having the ‘vaccine’. The man, a health administrator, had been ‘shielding during the pandemic’ and had ‘not really left the house’ until he went for the ‘vaccine’. Having the ‘vaccine’ and then falling ill and dying does not seem to have qualified as a possible cause and effect and ‘Covid-19’ went on his death certificate. His family said they had no idea how he ‘caught the virus’. A family member said: ‘Tragically, it could be that going for a vaccination ultimately led to him catching Covid …The sad truth is that they are never going to know where it came from.’ The family warned people to remember

that the virus still existed and was 'very real'. So was their stupidity. Nurses and doctors who had the first round of the 'vaccine' were collapsing, dying and ending up in a hospital bed while they or their grieving relatives were saying they'd still have the 'vaccine' again despite what happened. I kid you not. You mean if your husband returned from the dead he'd have the same 'vaccine' again that killed him??

Doctors at the VCU Medical Center in Richmond, Virginia, said the Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' was to blame for a man's skin peeling off. Patient Richard Terrell said: 'It all just happened so fast. My skin peeled off. It's still coming off on my hands now.' He said it was stinging, burning and itching and when he bent his arms and legs it was very painful with 'the skin swollen and rubbing against itself'. Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna vaccines use mRNA to change the cell while the Johnson & Johnson version uses DNA in a process similar to AstraZeneca's technique. Johnson & Johnson and AstraZeneca have both had their 'vaccines' paused by many countries after causing serious blood problems. Terrell's doctor Fnu Nutan said he could have died if he hadn't got medical attention. It sounds terrible so what did Nutan and Terrell say about the 'vaccine' now? Oh, they still recommend that people have it. A nurse in a hospital bed 40 minutes after the vaccination and unable to swallow due to throat swelling was told by a doctor that he lost mobility in his arm for 36 hours following the vaccination. What did he say to the ailing nurse? 'Good for you for getting the vaccination.' We are dealing with a serious form of cognitive dissonance madness in both public and medical staff. There is a remarkable correlation between those having the 'vaccine' and trumpeting the fact and suffering bad happenings shortly afterwards. Witold Rogiewicz, a Polish doctor, made a video of his 'vaccination' and ridiculed those who were questioning its safety and the intentions of Bill Gates: 'Vaccinate yourself to protect yourself, your loved ones, friends and also patients. And to mention quickly I have info for anti-vaxxers and anti-Coviders if you want to contact Bill Gates you can do this through me.' He further ridiculed the dangers of 5G. Days later he

was dead, but naturally the vaccination wasn't mentioned in the verdict of 'heart attack'.

Lies, lies and more lies

So many members of the human race have slipped into extreme states of insanity and unfortunately they include reframed doctors and nursing staff. Having a 'vaccine' and dying within minutes or hours is not considered a valid connection while death from any cause within 28 days or longer of a positive test with a test not testing for the 'virus' means 'Covid-19' goes on the death certificate. How could that 'vaccine'-death connection not have been made except by calculated deceit? US figures in the initial rollout period to February 12th, 2020, revealed that a third of the deaths reported to the CDC after 'Covid vaccines' happened within 48 hours. Five men in the UK suffered an 'extremely rare' blood clot problem after having the AstraZeneca 'vaccine', but no causal link was established said the Gates-funded Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) which had given the 'vaccine' emergency approval to be used. Former Pfizer executive Dr Michael Yeadon explained in his interview how the procedures could cause blood coagulation and clots. People who should have been at no risk were dying from blood clots in the brain and he said he had heard from medical doctor friends that people were suffering from skin bleeding and massive headaches. The AstraZeneca 'shot' was stopped by some 20 countries over the blood clotting issue and still the corrupt MHRA, the European Medicines Agency (EMA) and the World Health Organization said that it should continue to be given even though the EMA admitted that it 'still cannot rule out definitively' a link between blood clotting and the 'vaccine'. Later Marco Cavaleri, head of EMA vaccine strategy, said there was indeed a clear link between the 'vaccine' and thrombosis, but they didn't know why. So much for the trials showing the 'vaccine' is safe. Blood clots were affecting younger people who would be under virtually no danger from 'Covid' even if it existed which makes it all the more stupid and sinister.

The British government responded to public alarm by wheeling out June Raine, the terrifyingly weak infant school headmistress sound-alike who heads the UK MHRA drug 'regulator'. The idea that she would stand up to Big Pharma and government pressure is laughable and she told us that all was well in the same way that she did when allowing untested, never-used-on-humans-before, genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' to be exposed to the public in the first place. Mass lying is the new normal of the 'Covid' era. The MHRA later said 30 cases of rare blood clots had by then been connected with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' (that means a lot more in reality) while stressing that the benefits of the jab in preventing 'Covid-19' outweighed any risks. A more ridiculous and disingenuous statement with callous disregard for human health it is hard to contemplate. Immediately after the mendacious 'all-clears' two hospital workers in Denmark experienced blood clots and cerebral haemorrhaging following the AstraZeneca jab and one died. Top Norwegian health official Pål Andre Holme said the 'vaccine' was the only common factor: 'There is nothing in the patient history of these individuals that can give such a powerful immune response … I am confident that the antibodies that we have found are the cause, and I see no other explanation than it being the vaccine which triggers it.' Strokes, a clot or bleed in the brain, were clearly associated with the 'vaccine' from word of mouth and whistleblower reports. Similar consequences followed with all these 'vaccines' that we were told were so safe and as the numbers grew by the day it was clear we were witnessing human carnage.

Learning the hard way

A woman interviewed by UKColumn told how her husband suffered dramatic health effects after the vaccine when he'd been in good health all his life. He went from being a little unwell to losing all feeling in his legs and experiencing 'excruciating pain'. Misdiagnosis followed twice at Accident and Emergency (an 'allergy' and 'sciatica') before he was admitted to a neurology ward where doctors said his serious condition had been caused by the

‘vaccine’. Another seven ‘vaccinated’ people were apparently being treated on the same ward for similar symptoms. The woman said he had the ‘vaccine’ because they believed media claims that it was safe. ‘I didn’t think the government would give out a vaccine that does this to somebody; I believed they would be bringing out a vaccination that would be safe.’ What a tragic way to learn that lesson. Another woman posted that her husband was transporting stroke patients to hospital on almost every shift and when he asked them if they had been ‘vaccinated’ for ‘Covid’ they all replied ‘yes’. One had a ‘massive brain bleed’ the day after his second dose. She said her husband reported the ‘just been vaccinated’ information every time to doctors in A and E only for them to ignore it, make no notes and appear annoyed that it was even mentioned. This particular report cannot be verified, but it expresses a common theme that confirms the monumental underreporting of ‘vaccine’ consequences. Interestingly as the ‘vaccines’ and their brain blood clot/stroke consequences began to emerge the UK National Health Service began a publicity campaign telling the public what to do in the event of a stroke. A Scottish NHS staff nurse who quit in disgust in March, 2021, said:

> I have seen traumatic injuries from the vaccine, they’re not getting reported to the yellow card [adverse reaction] scheme, they’re treating the symptoms, not asking why, why it’s happening. It’s just treating the symptoms and when you speak about it you’re dismissed like you’re crazy, I’m not crazy, I’m not crazy because every other colleague I’ve spoken to is terrified to speak out, they’ve had enough.

Videos appeared on the Internet of people uncontrollably shaking after the ‘vaccine’ with no control over muscles, limbs and even their face. A Scottish mother broke out in a severe rash all over her body almost immediately after she was given the AstraZeneca ‘vaccine’. The pictures were horrific. Leigh King, a 41-year-old hairdresser from Lanarkshire said: ‘Never in my life was I prepared for what I was about to experience … My skin was so sore and constantly hot … I have never felt pain like this …’ But don’t you worry, the ‘vaccine’ is perfectly safe. Then there has been the effect on medical

staff who have been pressured to have the 'vaccine' by psychopathic 'health' authorities and government. A London hospital consultant who gave the name K. Polyakova wrote this to the *British Medical Journal* or *BMJ*:

> I am currently struggling with … the failure to report the reality of the morbidity caused by our current vaccination program within the health service and staff population. The levels of sickness after vaccination is unprecedented and staff are getting very sick and some with neurological symptoms which is having a huge impact on the health service function. Even the young and healthy are off for days, some for weeks, and some requiring medical treatment. Whole teams are being taken out as they went to get vaccinated together.
>
> Mandatory vaccination in this instance is stupid, unethical and irresponsible when it comes to protecting our staff and public health. We are in the voluntary phase of vaccination, and encouraging staff to take an unlicensed product that is impacting on their immediate health … it is clearly stated that these vaccine products do not offer immunity or stop transmission. In which case why are we doing it?

Not to protect health that's for sure. Medical workers are lauded by governments for agenda reasons when they couldn't give a toss about them any more than they can for the population in general. Schools across America faced the same situation as they closed due to the high number of teachers and other staff with bad reactions to the Pfizer/BioNTech, Moderna, and Johnson & Johnson 'Covid vaccines' all of which were linked to death and serious adverse effects. The *BMJ* took down the consultant's comments pretty quickly on the grounds that they were being used to spread 'disinformation'. They were exposing the truth about the 'vaccine' was the real reason. The cover-up is breathtaking.

Hiding the evidence

The scale of the 'vaccine' death cover-up worldwide can be confirmed by comparing official figures with the personal experience of the public. I heard of many people in my community who died immediately or soon after the vaccine that would never appear in the media or even likely on the official totals of 'vaccine' fatalities and adverse reactions when only about ten percent are estimated to be

reported and I have seen some estimates as low as one percent in a Harvard study. In the UK alone by April 29th, 2021, some 757,654 adverse reactions had been officially reported from the Pfizer/BioNTech, Oxford/AstraZeneca and Moderna 'vaccines' with more than a thousand deaths linked to jabs and that means an estimated ten times this number in reality from a ten percent reporting rate percentage. That's seven million adverse reactions and 10,000 potential deaths and a one percent reporting rate would be ten times *those* figures. In 1976 the US government pulled the swine flu vaccine after *53* deaths. The UK data included a combined 10,000 eye disorders from the 'Covid vaccines' with more than 750 suffering visual impairment or blindness and again multiply by the estimated reporting percentages. As 'Covid cases' officially fell hospitals virtually empty during the 'Covid crisis' began to fill up with a range of other problems in the wake of the 'vaccine' rollout. The numbers across America have also been catastrophic. Deaths linked to *all* types of vaccine increased by *6,000 percent* in the first quarter of 2021 compared with 2020. A 39-year-old woman from Ogden, Utah, died four days after receiving a second dose of Moderna's 'Covid vaccine' when her liver, heart and kidneys all failed despite the fact that she had no known medical issues or conditions. Her family sought an autopsy, but Dr Erik Christensen, Utah's chief medical examiner, said proving vaccine injury as a cause of death almost never happened. He could think of only one instance where an autopsy would name a vaccine as the official cause of death and that would be anaphylaxis where someone received a vaccine and died almost instantaneously. 'Short of that, it would be difficult for us to definitively say this is the vaccine,' Christensen said. If that is true this must be added to the estimated ten percent (or far less) reporting rate of vaccine deaths and serious reactions and the conclusion can only be that vaccine deaths and serious reactions – including these 'Covid' potions' – are phenomenally understated in official figures. The same story can be found everywhere. Endless accounts of deaths and serious reactions among the public, medical

and care home staff while official figures did not even begin to reflect this.

Professional script-reader Dr David Williams, a 'top public-health official' in Ontario, Canada, insulted our intelligence by claiming only four serious adverse reactions and no deaths from the more than 380,000 vaccine doses then given. This bore no resemblance to what people knew had happened in their owns circles and we had Dirk Huyer in charge of getting millions vaccinated in Ontario while at the same time he was Chief Coroner for the province investigating causes of death including possible death from the vaccine. An aide said he had stepped back from investigating deaths, but evidence indicated otherwise. Rosemary Frei, who secured a Master of Science degree in molecular biology at the Faculty of Medicine at Canada's University of Calgary before turning to investigative journalism, was one who could see that official figures for 'vaccine' deaths and reactions made no sense. She said that doctors seldom reported adverse events and when people got really sick or died after getting a vaccination they would attribute that to anything except the vaccines. It had been that way for years and anyone who wondered aloud whether the 'Covid vaccines' or other shots cause harm is immediately branded as 'anti-vax' and 'anti-science'. This was 'career-threatening' for health professionals. Then there was the huge pressure to support the push to 'vaccinate' billions in the quickest time possible. Frei said:

> So that's where we're at today. More than half a million vaccine doses have been given to people in Ontario alone. The rush is on to vaccinate all 15 million of us in the province by September. And the mainstream media are screaming for this to be sped up even more. That all adds up to only a very slim likelihood that we're going to be told the truth by officials about how many people are getting sick or dying from the vaccines.

What is true of Ontario is true of everywhere.

They KNEW – and still did it

The authorities knew what was going to happen with multiple deaths and adverse reactions. The UK government's Gates-funded

and Big Pharma-dominated Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) hired a company to employ AI in compiling the projected reactions to the 'vaccine' that would otherwise be uncountable. The request for applications said: 'The MHRA urgently seeks an Artificial Intelligence (AI) software tool to process the expected high volume of Covid-19 vaccine Adverse Drug Reaction …' This was from the agency, headed by the disingenuous June Raine, that gave the 'vaccines' emergency approval and the company was hired before the first shot was given. 'We are going to kill and maim you – is that okay?' 'Oh, yes, perfectly fine – I'm very grateful, thank you, doctor.' The range of 'Covid vaccine' adverse reactions goes on for page after page in the MHRA criminally underreported 'Yellow Card' system and includes affects to eyes, ears, skin, digestion, blood and so on. Raine's MHRA amazingly claimed that the 'overall safety experience … is so far as expected from the clinical trials'. The death, serious adverse effects, deafness and blindness were *expected?* When did they ever mention that? If these human tragedies were expected then those that gave approval for the use of these 'vaccines' must be guilty of crimes against humanity including murder – a definition of which is 'killing a person with malice aforethought or with recklessness manifesting extreme indifference to the value of human life.' People involved at the MHRA, the CDC in America and their equivalent around the world must go before Nuremberg trials to answer for their callous inhumanity. We are only talking here about the immediate effects of the 'vaccine'. The longer-term impact of the DNA synthetic manipulation is the main reason they are so hysterically desperate to inoculate the entire global population in the shortest possible time.

Africa and the developing world are a major focus for the 'vaccine' depopulation agenda and a mass vaccination sales-pitch is underway thanks to caring people like the Rockefellers and other Cult assets. The Rockefeller Foundation, which pre-empted the 'Covid pandemic' in a document published in 2010 that 'predicted' what happened a decade later, announced an initial $34.95 million grant in February, 2021, 'to ensure more equitable access to Covid-19

testing and vaccines' among other things in Africa in collaboration with '24 organizations, businesses, and government agencies'. The pan-Africa initiative would focus on 10 countries: Burkina Faso, Ethiopia, Ghana, Kenya, Nigeria, Rwanda, South Africa, Tanzania, Uganda, and Zambia'. Rajiv Shah, President of the Rockefeller Foundation and former administrator of CIA-controlled USAID, said that if Africa was not mass-vaccinated (to change the DNA of its people) it was a 'threat to all of humanity' and not fair on Africans. When someone from the Rockefeller Foundation says they want to do something to help poor and deprived people and countries it is time for a belly-laugh. They are doing this out of the goodness of their 'heart' because 'vaccinating' the entire global population is what the 'Covid' hoax set out to achieve. Official 'decolonisation' of Africa by the Cult was merely a prelude to financial colonisation on the road to a return to physical colonisation. The 'vaccine' is vital to that and the sudden and convenient death of the 'Covid' sceptic president of Tanzania can be seen in its true light. A lot of people in Africa are aware that this is another form of colonisation and exploitation and they need to stand their ground.

The 'vaccine is working' scam

A potential problem for the Cult was that the 'vaccine' is meant to change human DNA and body messaging and not to protect anyone from a 'virus' never shown to exist. The vaccine couldn't work because it was not designed to work and how could they make it *appear* to be working so that more people would have it? This was overcome by lowering the amplification rate of the PCR test to produce fewer 'cases' and therefore fewer 'deaths'. Some of us had been pointing out since March, 2020, that the amplification rate of the test not testing for the 'virus' had been made artificially high to generate positive tests which they could call 'cases' to justify lockdowns. The World Health Organization recommended an absurdly high 45 amplification cycles to ensure the high positives required by the Cult and then remained silent on the issue until January 20th, 2021 – Biden's Inauguration Day. This was when the

'vaccinations' were seriously underway and on that day the WHO recommended after discussions with America's CDC that laboratories *lowered their testing amplification*. Dr David Samadi, a certified urologist and health writer, said the WHO was encouraging all labs to reduce their cycle count for PCR tests. He said the current cycle was much too high and was 'resulting in any particle being declared a positive case'. Even one mainstream news report I saw said this meant the number of 'Covid' infections may have been 'dramatically inflated'. Oh, just a little bit. The CDC in America issued new guidance to laboratories in April, 2021, to use 28 cycles *but only for 'vaccinated' people*. The timing of the CDC/WHO interventions were cynically designed to make it appear the 'vaccines' were responsible for falling cases and deaths when the real reason can be seen in the following examples. New York's state lab, the Wadsworth Center, identified 872 positive tests in July, 2020, based on a threshold of 40 cycles. When the figure was lowered to 35 cycles *43 percent* of the 872 were no longer 'positives'. At 30 cycles the figure was 63 percent. A Massachusetts lab found that between *85 to 90 percent* of people who tested positive in July with a cycle threshold of 40 would be negative at 30 cycles, Ashish Jha, MD, director of the Harvard Global Health Institute, said: 'I'm really shocked that it could be that high … Boy, does it really change the way we need to be thinking about testing.' I'm shocked that I could see the obvious in the spring of 2020, with no medical background, and most medical professionals still haven't worked it out. No, that's not shocking – it's terrifying.

Three weeks after the WHO directive to lower PCR cycles the London *Daily Mail* ran this headline: 'Why ARE Covid cases plummeting? New infections have fallen 45% in the US and 30% globally in the past 3 weeks but experts say vaccine is NOT the main driver because only 8% of Americans and 13% of people worldwide have received their first dose.' They acknowledged that the drop could not be attributed to the 'vaccine', but soon this morphed throughout the media into the 'vaccine' has caused cases and deaths to fall when it was the PCR threshold. In December, 2020, there was

chaos at English Channel ports with truck drivers needing negative 'Covid' tests before they could board a ferry home for Christmas. The government wanted to remove the backlog as fast as possible and they brought in troops to do the 'testing'. Out of 1,600 drivers just *36* tested positive and the rest were given the all clear to cross the Channel. I guess the authorities thought that 36 was the least they could get away with without the unquestioning catching on. The amplification trick which most people believed in the absence of information in the mainstream applied more pressure on those refusing the 'vaccine' to succumb when it 'obviously worked'. The truth was the exact opposite with deaths in care homes soaring with the 'vaccine' and in Israel the term used was 'skyrocket'. A re-analysis of published data from the Israeli Health Ministry led by Dr Hervé Seligmann at the Medicine Emerging Infectious and Tropical Diseases at Aix-Marseille University found that Pfizer's 'Covid vaccine' killed 'about 40 times more [elderly] people than the disease itself would have killed' during a five-week vaccination period and *260 times* more younger people than would have died from the 'virus' even according to the manipulated 'virus' figures. Dr Seligmann and his co-study author, Haim Yativ, declared after reviewing the Israeli 'vaccine' death data: 'This is a new Holocaust.'

Then, in mid-April, 2021, after vast numbers of people worldwide had been 'vaccinated', the story changed with clear coordination. The UK government began to prepare the ground for more future lockdowns when Nuremberg-destined Boris Johnson told yet another whopper. He said that cases had fallen because of *lockdowns* not 'vaccines'. Lockdowns are irrelevant when *there is no 'virus'* and the test and fraudulent death certificates are deciding the number of 'cases' and 'deaths'. Study after study has shown that lockdowns don't work and instead kill and psychologically destroy people. Meanwhile in the United States Anthony Fauci and Rochelle Walensky, the ultra-Zionist head of the CDC, peddled the same line. More lockdown was the answer and not the 'vaccine', a line repeated on cue by the moron that is Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau. Why all the hysteria to get everyone 'vaccinated' if lockdowns and

not 'vaccines' made the difference? None of it makes sense on the face of it. Oh, but it does. The Cult wants lockdowns *and* the 'vaccine' and if the 'vaccine' is allowed to be seen as the total answer lockdowns would no longer be justified when there are still livelihoods to destroy. 'Variants' and renewed upward manipulation of PCR amplification are planned to instigate never-ending lockdown *and* more 'vaccines'.

You *must* have it – we're desperate

Israel, where the Jewish and Arab population are ruled by the Sabbatian Cult, was the front-runner in imposing the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' on its people to such an extent that Jewish refusers began to liken what was happening to the early years of Nazi Germany. This would seem to be a fantastic claim. Why would a government of Jewish people be acting like the Nazis did? If you realise that the Sabbatian Cult was behind the Nazis and that Sabbatians hate Jews the pieces start to fit and the question of why a 'Jewish' government would treat Jews with such callous disregard for their lives and freedom finds an answer. Those controlling the government of Israel *aren't Jewish* – they're Sabbatian. Israeli lawyer Tamir Turgal was one who made the Nazi comparison in comments to German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich who is leading a class action lawsuit against the psychopaths for crimes against humanity. Turgal described how the Israeli government was vaccinating children and pregnant women on the basis that there was no evidence that this was dangerous when they had no evidence that it *wasn't* dangerous either. They just had no evidence. This was medical experimentation and Turgal said this breached the Nuremberg Code about medical experimentation and procedures requiring informed consent and choice. Think about that. A Nuremberg Code developed because of Nazi experimentation on Jews and others in concentration camps by people like the evil-beyond-belief Josef Mengele is being breached by the *Israeli* government; but when you know that it's a *Sabbatian* government along with its intelligence and military agencies like Mossad, Shin Bet and the Israeli Defense Forces, and that Sabbatians

were the force behind the Nazis, the kaleidoscope comes into focus. What have we come to when Israeli Jews are suing their government for violating the Nuremberg Code by essentially making Israelis subject to a medical experiment using the controversial 'vaccines'? It's a shocker that this has to be done in the light of what happened in Nazi Germany. The Anshe Ha-Emet, or 'People of the Truth', made up of Israeli doctors, lawyers, campaigners and public, have launched a lawsuit with the International Criminal Court. It says:

> When the heads of the Ministry of Health as well as the prime minister presented the vaccine in Israel and began the vaccination of Israeli residents, the vaccinated were not advised, that, in practice, they are taking part in a medical experiment and that their consent is required for this under the Nuremberg Code.

The irony is unbelievable, but easily explained in one word: Sabbatians. The foundation of Israeli 'Covid' apartheid is the 'green pass' or 'green passport' which allows Jews and Arabs who have had the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' to go about their lives – to work, fly, travel in general, go to shopping malls, bars, restaurants, hotels, concerts, gyms, swimming pools, theatres and sports venues, while non-'vaccinated' are banned from all those places and activities. Israelis have likened the 'green pass' to the yellow stars that Jews in Nazi Germany were forced to wear – the same as the yellow stickers that a branch of UK supermarket chain Morrisons told exempt mask-wears they had to display when shopping. How very sensitive. The Israeli system is blatant South African-style apartheid on the basis of compliance or non-compliance to fascism rather than colour of the skin. How appropriate that the Sabbatian Israeli government was so close to the pre-Mandela apartheid regime in Pretoria. The Sabbatian-instigated 'vaccine passport' in Israel is planned for everywhere. Sabbatians struck a deal with Pfizer that allowed them to lead the way in the percentage of a national population infused with synthetic material and the result was catastrophic. Israeli freedom activist Shai Dannon told me how chairs were appearing on beaches that said 'vaccinated only'. Health Minister Yuli Edelstein said that anyone unwilling or unable to get

the jabs that 'confer immunity' will be 'left behind'. The man's a liar. Not even the makers claim the 'vaccines' confer immunity. When you see those figures of 'vaccine' deaths these psychopaths were saying that you must take the chance the 'vaccine' will kill you or maim you while knowing it will change your DNA or lockdown for you will be permanent. That's fascism. The Israeli parliament passed a law to allow personal information of the non-vaccinated to be shared with local and national authorities for three months. This was claimed by its supporters to be a way to 'encourage' people to be vaccinated. Hadas Ziv from Physicians for Human Rights described this as a 'draconian law which crushed medical ethics and the patient rights'. But that's the idea, the Sabbatians would reply.

Your papers, please

Sabbatian Israel was leading what has been planned all along to be a global 'vaccine pass' called a 'green passport' without which you would remain in permanent lockdown restriction and unable to do anything. This is how badly – *desperately* – the Cult is to get everyone 'vaccinated'. The term and colour 'green' was not by chance and related to the psychology of fusing the perception of the green climate hoax with the 'Covid' hoax and how the 'solution' to both is the same Great Reset. Lying politicians, health officials and psychologists denied there were any plans for mandatory vaccinations or restrictions based on vaccinations, but they knew that was exactly what was meant to happen with governments of all countries reaching agreements to enforce a global system. 'Free' Denmark and 'free' Sweden unveiled digital vaccine certification. Cyprus, Czech Republic, Estonia, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Slovakia, and Spain have all committed to a vaccine passport system and the rest including the whole of the EU would follow. The satanic UK government will certainly go this way despite mendacious denials and at the time of writing it is trying to manipulate the public into having the 'vaccine' so they could go abroad on a summer holiday. How would that work without something to prove you had the synthetic toxicity injected into you?

Documents show that the EU's European Commission was moving towards 'vaccine certificates' in 2018 and 2019 before the 'Covid' hoax began. They knew what was coming. Abracadabra – Ursula von der Leyen, the German President of the Commission, announced in March, 2021, an EU 'Digital Green Certificate' – green again – to track the public's 'Covid status'. The passport sting is worldwide and the Far East followed the same pattern with South Korea ruling that only those with 'vaccination' passports – again the *green* pass – would be able to 'return to their daily lives'.

Bill Gates has been preparing for this 'passport' with other Cult operatives for years and beyond the paper version is a Gates-funded 'digital tattoo' to identify who has been vaccinated and who hasn't. The 'tattoo' is reported to include a substance which is externally readable to confirm who has been vaccinated. This is a bio-luminous light-generating enzyme (think fireflies) called … *Luciferase*. Yes, named after the Cult 'god' Lucifer the 'light bringer' of whom more to come. Gates said he funded the readable tattoo to ensure children in the developing world were vaccinated and no one was missed out. He cares so much about poor kids as we know. This was just the cover story to develop a vaccine tagging system for everyone on the planet. Gates has been funding the ID2020 'alliance' to do just that in league with other lovely people at Microsoft, GAVI, the Rockefeller Foundation, Accenture and IDEO.org. He said in interviews in March, 2020, before any 'vaccine' publicly existed, that the world must have a globalised digital certificate to track the 'virus' and who had been vaccinated. Gates knew from the start that the mRNA vaccines were coming and when they would come and that the plan was to tag the 'vaccinated' to marginalise the intelligent and stop them doing anything including travel. Evil just doesn't suffice. Gates was exposed for offering a $10 million bribe to the Nigerian House of Representatives to invoke compulsory 'Covid' vaccination of all Nigerians. Sara Cunial, a member of the Italian Parliament, called Gates a 'vaccine criminal'. She urged the Italian President to hand him over to the International Criminal Court for crimes against

humanity and condemned his plans to 'chip the human race' through ID2020.

You know it's a long-planned agenda when war criminal and Cult gofer Tony Blair is on the case. With the scale of arrogance only someone as dark as Blair can muster he said: 'Vaccination in the end is going to be your route to liberty.' Blair is a disgusting piece of work and he confirms that again. The media has given a lot of coverage to a bloke called Charlie Mullins, founder of London's biggest independent plumbing company, Pimlico Plumbers, who has said he won't employ anyone who has not been vaccinated or have them go to any home where people are not vaccinated. He said that if he had his way no one would be allowed to walk the streets if they have not been vaccinated. Gates was cheering at the time while I was alerting the white coats. The plan is that people will qualify for 'passports' for having the first two doses and then to keep it they will have to have all the follow ups and new ones for invented 'variants' until human genetics is transformed and many are dead who can't adjust to the changes. Hollywood celebrities – the usual propaganda stunt – are promoting something called the WELL Health-Safety Rating to verify that a building or space has 'taken the necessary steps to prioritize the health and safety of their staff, visitors and other stakeholders'. They included Lady Gaga, Jennifer Lopez, Michael B. Jordan, Robert DeNiro, Venus Williams, Wolfgang Puck, Deepak Chopra and 17th Surgeon General Richard Carmona. Yawn. WELL Health-Safety has big connections with China. Parent company Delos is headed by former Goldman Sachs partner Paul Scialla. This is another example – and we will see so many others – of using the excuse of 'health' to dictate the lives and activities of the population. I guess one confirmation of the 'safety' of buildings is that only 'vaccinated' people can go in, right?

Electronic concentration camps

I wrote decades ago about the plans to restrict travel and here we are for those who refuse to bow to tyranny. This can be achieved in one go with air travel if the aviation industry makes a blanket decree.

The 'vaccine' and guaranteed income are designed to be part of a global version of China's social credit system which tracks behaviour 24/7 and awards or deletes 'credits' based on whether your behaviour is supported by the state or not. I mean your entire lifestyle – what you do, eat, say, everything. Once your credit score falls below a certain level consequences kick in. In China tens of millions have been denied travel by air and train because of this. All the locations and activities denied to refusers by the 'vaccine' passports will be included in one big mass ban on doing almost anything for those that don't bow their head to government. It's beyond fascist and a new term is required to describe its extremes – I guess fascist technocracy will have to do. The way the Chinese system of technological – technocratic – control is sweeping the West can be seen in the Los Angeles school system and is planned to be expanded worldwide. Every child is required to have a 'Covid'-tracking app scanned daily before they can enter the classroom. The so-called Daily Pass tracking system is produced by Gates' Microsoft which I'm sure will shock you rigid. The pass will be scanned using a barcode (one step from an inside-the-body barcode) and the information will include health checks, 'Covid' tests and vaccinations. Entry codes are for one specific building only and access will only be allowed if a student or teacher has a negative test with a test not testing for the 'virus', has no symptoms of anything alleged to be related to 'Covid' (symptoms from a range of other illness), and has a temperature under 100 degrees. No barcode, no entry, is planned to be the case for everywhere and not only schools.

Kids are being psychologically prepared to accept this as 'normal' their whole life which is why what they can impose in schools is so important to the Cult and its gofers. Long-time American freedom campaigner John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute was not exaggerating when he said: 'Databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps.' Canada under its Cult gofer prime minister Justin Trudeau has taken a major step towards the real thing with people interned against their will if they test positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' when they arrive at a Canadian

airport. They are jailed in internment hotels often without food or water for long periods and with many doors failing to lock there have been sexual assaults. The interned are being charged sometimes $2,000 for the privilege of being abused in this way. Trudeau is fully on board with the Cult and says the 'Covid pandemic' has provided an opportunity for a global 'reset' to permanently change Western civilisation. His number two, Deputy Prime Minister Chrystia Freeland, is a trustee of the World Economic Forum and a Rhodes Scholar. The Trudeau family have long been servants of the Cult. See *The Biggest Secret* and Cathy O'Brien's book *Trance-Formation of America* for the horrific background to Trudeau's father Pierre Trudeau another Canadian prime minister. Hide your fascism behind the façade of a heart-on-the-sleeve liberal. It's a well-honed Cult technique.

What can the 'vaccine' *really* do?

We have a 'virus' never shown to exist and 'variants' of the 'virus' that have also never been shown to exist except, like the 'original', as computer-generated fictions. Even if you believe there's a 'virus' the 'case' to 'death' rate is in the region of 0.23 to 0.15 percent and those 'deaths' are concentrated among the very old around the same average age that people die anyway. In response to this lack of threat (in truth none) psychopaths and idiots, knowingly and unknowingly answering to Gates and the Cult, are seeking to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on Planet Earth. Clearly the 'vaccine' is not about 'Covid' – none of this ever has been. So what is it all about *really*? Why the desperation to infuse genetically-manipulating synthetic material into everyone through mRNA fraudulent 'vaccines' with the intent of doing this over and over with the excuses of 'variants' and other 'virus' inventions? Dr Sherri Tenpenny, an osteopathic medical doctor in the United States, has made herself an expert on vaccines and their effects as a vehement campaigner against their use. Tenpenny was board certified in emergency medicine, the director of a level two trauma centre for 12 years, and moved to Cleveland in 1996 to start an integrative

medicine practice which has treated patients from all 50 states and some 17 other countries. Weaning people off pharmaceutical drugs is a speciality.

She became interested in the consequences of vaccines after attending a meeting at the National Vaccine Information Center in Washington DC in 2000 where she 'sat through four days of listening to medical doctors and scientists and lawyers and parents of vaccine injured kids' and asked: 'What's going on?' She had never been vaccinated and never got ill while her father was given a list of vaccines to be in the military and was 'sick his entire life'. The experience added to her questions and she began to examine vaccine documents from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). After reading the first one, the 1998 version of *The General Recommendations of Vaccination*, she thought: 'This is it?' The document was poorly written and bad science and Tenpenny began 20 years of research into vaccines that continues to this day. She began her research into 'Covid vaccines' in March, 2020, and she describes them as 'deadly'. For many, as we have seen, they already have been. Tenpenny said that in the first 30 days of the 'vaccine' rollout in the United States there had been more than 40,000 adverse events reported to the vaccine adverse event database. A document had been delivered to her the day before that was 172 pages long. 'We have over 40,000 adverse events; we have over 3,100 cases of [potentially deadly] anaphylactic shock; we have over 5,000 neurological reactions.' Effects ranged from headaches to numbness, dizziness and vertigo, to losing feeling in hands or feet and paraesthesia which is when limbs 'fall asleep' and people have the sensation of insects crawling underneath their skin. All this happened in the first 30 days and remember that only about *ten percent* (or far less) of adverse reactions and vaccine-related deaths are estimated to be officially reported. Tenpenny said:

So can you think of one single product in any industry, any industry, for as long as products have been made on the planet that within 30 days we have 40,000 people complaining of side effects that not only is still on the market but … we've got paid actors telling us how great

they are for getting their vaccine. We're offering people $500 if they will just get their vaccine and we've got nurses and doctors going; 'I got the vaccine, I got the vaccine'.

Tenpenny said they were not going to be 'happy dancing folks' when they began to suffer Bell's palsy (facial paralysis), neuropathies, cardiac arrhythmias and autoimmune reactions that kill through a blood disorder. 'They're not going to be so happy, happy then, but we're never going to see pictures of those people' she said. Tenpenny described the 'vaccine' as 'a well-designed killing tool'.

No off-switch

Bad as the initial consequences had been Tenpenny said it would be maybe 14 months before we began to see the 'full ravage' of what is going to happen to the 'Covid vaccinated' with full-out consequences taking anything between two years and 20 years to show. You can understand why when you consider that variations of the 'Covid vaccine' use mRNA (messenger RNA) to in theory activate the immune system to produce protective antibodies without using the actual 'virus'. How can they when it's a computer program and they've never isolated what they claim is the 'real thing'? Instead they use *synthetic* mRNA. They are inoculating synthetic material into the body which through a technique known as the Trojan horse is absorbed into cells to change the nature of DNA. Human DNA is changed by an infusion of messenger RNA and with each new 'vaccine' of this type it is changed even more. Say so and you are banned by Cult Internet platforms. The contempt the contemptuous Mark Zuckerberg has for the truth and human health can be seen in an internal Facebook video leaked to the Project Veritas investigative team in which he said of the 'Covid vaccines': '… I share some caution on this because we just don't know the long term side-effects of basically modifying people's DNA and RNA.' At the same time this disgusting man's Facebook was censoring and banning anyone saying exactly the same. He must go before a Nuremberg trial for crimes against humanity when he *knows* that he

is censoring legitimate concerns and denying the right of informed consent on behalf of the Cult that owns him. People have been killed and damaged by the very 'vaccination' technique he cast doubt on himself when they may not have had the 'vaccine' with access to information that he denied them. The plan is to have at least annual 'Covid vaccinations', add others to deal with invented 'variants', and change all other vaccines into the mRNA system. Pfizer executives told shareholders at a virtual Barclays Global Healthcare Conference in March, 2021, that the public may need a third dose of 'Covid vaccine', plus regular yearly boosters and the company planned to hike prices to milk the profits in a 'significant opportunity for our vaccine'. These are the professional liars, cheats and opportunists who are telling you their 'vaccine' is safe. Given this volume of mRNA planned to be infused into the human body and its ability to then replicate we will have a transformation of human genetics from biological to synthetic biological – exactly the long-time Cult plan for reasons we'll see – and many will die. Sherri Tenpenny said of this replication:

> It's like having an on-button but no off-button and that whole mechanism … they actually give it a name and they call it the Trojan horse mechanism, because it allows that [synthetic] virus and that piece of that [synthetic] virus to get inside of your cells, start to replicate and even get inserted into other parts of your DNA as a Trojan-horse.

Ask the overwhelming majority of people who have the 'vaccine' what they know about the contents and what they do and they would reply: 'The government says it will stop me getting the virus.' Governments give that false impression on purpose to increase take-up. You can read Sherri Tenpenny's detailed analysis of the health consequences in her blog at Vaxxter.com, but in summary these are some of them. She highlights the statement by Bill Gates about how human beings can become their own 'vaccine manufacturing machine'. The man is insane. ['Vaccine'-generated] 'antibodies' carry synthetic messenger RNA into the cells and the damage starts, Tenpenny contends, and she says that lungs can be adversely affected through varying degrees of pus and bleeding which

obviously affects breathing and would be dubbed 'Covid-19'. Even more sinister was the impact of 'antibodies' on macrophages, a white blood cell of the immune system. They consist of Type 1 and Type 2 which have very different functions. She said Type 1 are 'hyper-vigilant' white blood cells which 'gobble up' bacteria etc. However, in doing so, this could cause inflammation and in extreme circumstances be fatal. She says these affects are mitigated by Type 2 macrophages which kick in to calm down the system and stop it going rogue. They clear up dead tissue debris and reduce inflammation that the Type 1 'fire crews' have caused. Type 1 kills the infection and Type 2 heals the damage, she says. This is her punchline with regard to 'Covid vaccinations': She says that mRNA 'antibodies' block Type 2 macrophages by attaching to them and deactivating them. This meant that when the Type 1 response was triggered by infection there was nothing to stop that getting out of hand by calming everything down. There's an on-switch, but no off-switch, she says. What follows can be 'over and out, see you when I see you'.

Genetic suicide

Tenpenny also highlights the potential for autoimmune disease – the body attacking itself – which has been associated with vaccines since they first appeared. Infusing a synthetic foreign substance into cells could cause the immune system to react in a panic believing that the body is being overwhelmed by an invader (it is) and the consequences can again be fatal. There is an autoimmune response known as a 'cytokine storm' which I have likened to a homeowner panicked by an intruder and picking up a gun to shoot randomly in all directions before turning the fire on himself. The immune system unleashes a storm of inflammatory response called cytokines to a threat and the body commits hara-kiri. The lesson is that you mess with the body's immune response at your peril and these 'vaccines' seriously – fundamentally – mess with immune response. Tenpenny refers to a consequence called anaphylactic shock which is a severe and highly dangerous allergic reaction when the immune system

floods the body with chemicals. She gives the example of having a bee sting which primes the immune system and makes it sensitive to those chemicals. When people are stung again maybe years later the immune response can be so powerful that it leads to anaphylactic shock. Tenpenny relates this 'shock' with regard to the 'Covid vaccine' to something called polyethylene glycol or PEG. Enormous numbers of people have become sensitive to this over decades of use in a whole range of products and processes including food, drink, skin creams and 'medicine'. Studies have claimed that some 72 percent of people have antibodies triggered by PEG compared with two percent in the 1960s and allergic hypersensitive reactions to this become a gathering cause for concern. Tenpenny points out that the 'mRNA vaccine' is coated in a 'bubble' of polyethylene glycol which has the potential to cause anaphylactic shock through immune sensitivity. Many reports have appeared of people reacting this way after having the 'Covid vaccine'. What do we think is going to happen as humanity has more and more of these 'vaccines'? Tenpenny said: 'All these pictures we have seen with people with these rashes … these weepy rashes, big reactions on their arms and things like that – it's an acute allergic reaction most likely to the polyethylene glycol that you've been previously primed and sensitised to.'

Those who have not studied the conspiracy and its perpetrators at length might think that making the population sensitive to PEG and then putting it in these 'vaccines' is just a coincidence. It is not. It is instead testament to how carefully and coldly-planned current events have been and the scale of the conspiracy we are dealing with. Tenpenny further explains that the 'vaccine' mRNA procedure can breach the blood-brain barrier which protects the brain from toxins and other crap that will cause malfunction. In this case they could make two proteins corrupt brain function to cause Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS) , a progressive nervous system disease leading to loss of muscle control, and frontal lobe degeneration – Alzheimer's and dementia. Immunologist J. Bart Classon published a paper connecting mRNA 'vaccines' to prion

disease which can lead to Alzheimer's and other forms of neurogenerative disease while others have pointed out the potential to affect the placenta in ways that make women infertile. This will become highly significant in the next chapter when I will discuss other aspects of this non-vaccine that relate to its nanotechnology and transmission from the injected to the uninjected.

Qualified in idiocy

Tenpenny describes how research has confirmed that these 'vaccine'-generated antibodies can interact with a range of other tissues in the body and attack many other organs including the lungs. 'This means that if you have a hundred people standing in front of you that all got this shot they could have a hundred different symptoms.' Anyone really think that Cult gofers like the Queen, Tony Blair, Christopher Whitty, Anthony Fauci, and all the other psychopaths have really had this 'vaccine' in the pictures we've seen? Not a bloody chance. Why don't doctors all tell us about all these dangers and consequences of the 'Covid vaccine'? Why instead do they encourage and pressure patients to have the shot? Don't let's think for a moment that doctors and medical staff can't be stupid, lazy, and psychopathic and that's without the financial incentives to give the jab. Tenpenny again:

> Some people are going to die from the vaccine directly but a large number of people are going to start to get horribly sick and get all kinds of autoimmune diseases 42 days to maybe a year out. What are they going to do, these stupid doctors who say; 'Good for you for getting that vaccine.' What are they going to say; 'Oh, it must be a mutant, we need to give an extra dose of that vaccine.'
>
> Because now the vaccine, instead of one dose or two doses we need three or four because the stupid physicians aren't taking the time to learn anything about it. If I can learn this sitting in my living room reading a 19 page paper and several others so can they. There's nothing special about me, I just take the time to do it.

Remember how Sara Kayat, the NHS and TV doctor, said that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Doctors can be idiots like every other profession and they

should not be worshipped as infallible. They are not and far from it. Behind many medical and scientific 'experts' lies an uninformed prat trying to hide themselves from you although in the 'Covid' era many have failed to do so as with UK narrative-repeating 'TV doctor' Hilary Jones. Pushing back against the minority of proper doctors and scientists speaking out against the 'vaccine' has been the entire edifice of the Cult global state in the form of governments, medical systems, corporations, mainstream media, Silicon Valley, and an army of compliant doctors, medical staff and scientists willing to say anything for money and to enhance their careers by promoting the party line. If you do that you are an 'expert' and if you won't you are an 'anti-vaxxer' and 'Covidiot'. The pressure to be 'vaccinated' is incessant. We have even had reports claiming that the 'vaccine' can help cure cancer and Alzheimer's and make the lame walk. I am waiting for the announcement that it can bring you coffee in the morning and cook your tea. Just as the symptoms of 'Covid' seem to increase by the week so have the miracles of the 'vaccine'. American supermarket giant Kroger Co. offered nearly 500,000 employees in 35 states a $100 bonus for having the 'vaccine' while donut chain Krispy Kreme promised 'vaccinated' customers a free glazed donut every day for the rest of 2021. Have your DNA changed and you will get a doughnut although we might not have to give you them for long. Such offers and incentives confirm the desperation.

Perhaps the worse vaccine-stunt of them all was UK 'Health' Secretary Matt-the-prat Hancock on live TV after watching a clip of someone being 'vaccinated' when the roll-out began. Hancock faked tears so badly it was embarrassing. Brain-of-Britain Piers Morgan, the lockdown-supporting, 'vaccine' supporting, 'vaccine' passport-supporting, TV host played along with Hancock – 'You're quite emotional about that' he said in response to acting so atrocious it would have been called out at a school nativity which will presumably today include Mary and Jesus in masks, wise men keeping their camels six feet apart, and shepherds under tent arrest. System-serving Morgan tweeted this: 'Love the idea of covid vaccine passports for everywhere: flights, restaurants, clubs, football, gyms,

shops etc. It's time covid-denying, anti-vaxxer loonies had their bullsh*t bluff called & bar themselves from going anywhere that responsible citizens go.' If only I could aspire to his genius. To think that Morgan, who specialises in shouting over anyone he disagrees with, was lauded as a free speech hero when he lost his job after storming off the set of his live show like a child throwing his dolly out of the pram. If he is a free speech hero we are in real trouble. I have no idea what 'bullsh*t' means, by the way, the * throws me completely.

The Cult is desperate to infuse its synthetic DNA-changing concoction into everyone and has been using every lie, trick and intimidation to do so. The question of '*Why*?' we shall now address.

CHAPTER TEN

Human 2.0

I believe that at the end of the century the use of words and general educated opinion will have altered so much that one will be able to speak of machines thinking without expecting to be contradicted –
Alan Turing (1912-1954), the 'Father of artificial intelligence'

I have been exposing for decades the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic-biological state. The new human that I will call Human 2.0 is planned to be connected to artificial intelligence and a global AI 'Smart Grid' that would operate as one global system in which AI would control everything from your fridge to your heating system to your car to your mind. Humans would no longer be 'human', but post-human and sub-human, with their thinking and emotional processes replaced by AI.

What I said sounded crazy and beyond science fiction and I could understand that. To any balanced, rational, mind it *is* crazy. Today, however, that world is becoming reality and it puts the 'Covid vaccine' into its true context. Ray Kurzweil is the ultra-Zionist 'computer scientist, inventor and futurist' and co-founder of the Singularity University. Singularity refers to the merging of humans with machines or 'transhumanism'. Kurzweil has said humanity would be connected to the cyber 'cloud' in the period of the ever-recurring year of 2030:

Our thinking … will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking … humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' … We're going to put gateways to the

cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations. As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

They are trying to sell this end-of-humanity-as-we-know-it as the next stage of 'evolution' when we become super-human and 'like the gods'. They are lying to you. Shocked, eh? The population, and again especially the young, have been manipulated into addiction to technologies designed to enslave them for life. First they induced an addiction to smartphones (holdables); next they moved to technology on the body (wearables); and then began the invasion of the body (implantables). I warned way back about the plan for microchipped people and we are now entering that era. We should not be diverted into thinking that this refers only to chips we can see. Most important are the nanochips known as smart dust, neural dust and nanobots which are far too small to be seen by the human eye. Nanotechnology is everywhere, increasingly in food products, and released into the atmosphere by the geoengineering of the skies funded by Bill Gates to 'shut out the Sun' and 'save the planet from global warming'. Gates has been funding a project to spray millions of tonnes of chalk (calcium carbonate) into the stratosphere over Sweden to 'dim the Sun' and cool the Earth. Scientists warned the move could be disastrous for weather systems in ways no one can predict and opposition led to the Swedish space agency announcing that the 'experiment' would not be happening as planned in the summer of 2021; but it shows where the Cult is going with dimming the impact of the Sun and there's an associated plan to change the planet's atmosphere. Who gives psychopath Gates the right to dictate to the entire human race and dismantle planetary systems? The world will not be safe while this man is at large.

The global warming hoax has made the Sun, like the gas of life, something to fear when both are essential to good health and human survival (more inversion). The body transforms sunlight into vital vitamin D through a process involving … *cholesterol*. This is the cholesterol we are also told to fear. We are urged to take Big Pharma

statin drugs to reduce cholesterol and it's all systematic. Reducing cholesterol means reducing vitamin D uptake with all the multiple health problems that will cause. At least if you take statins long term it saves the government from having to pay you a pension. The delivery system to block sunlight is widely referred to as chemtrails although these have a much deeper agenda, too. They appear at first to be contrails or condensation trails streaming from aircraft into cold air at high altitudes. Contrails disperse very quickly while chemtrails do not and spread out across the sky before eventually their content falls to earth. Many times I have watched aircraft cross-cross a clear blue sky releasing chemtrails until it looks like a cloudy day. Chemtrails contain many things harmful to humans and the natural world including toxic heavy metals, aluminium (see Alzheimer's) and nanotechnology. Ray Kurzweil reveals the reason without actually saying so: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' How do you deliver that? *From the sky*. Self-replicating nanobots would connect everything to the Smart Grid. The phenomenon of Morgellons disease began in the chemtrail era and the correlation has led to it being dubbed the 'chemtrail disease'. Self-replicating fibres appear in the body that can be pulled out through the skin. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. I cover this at greater length in *Phantom Self*.

'Vaccine' operating system

'Covid vaccines' with their self-replicating synthetic material are also designed to make the connection between humanity and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. American doctor and dedicated campaigner for truth, Carrie Madej, an Internal Medicine Specialist in Georgia with more than 20 years medical experience, has highlighted the nanotechnology aspect of the fake 'vaccines'. She explains how one of the components in at least the Moderna and Pfizer synthetic potions are 'lipid nanoparticles' which are 'like little tiny computer bits' – a 'sci-fi substance' known as nanobots and hydrogel which can be 'triggered

at any moment to deliver its payload' and act as 'biosensors'. The synthetic substance had 'the ability to accumulate data from your body like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts and emotions, all kind of things' and each syringe could carry a *million* nanobots:

This substance because it's like little bits of computers in your body, crazy, but it's true, it can do that, [and] obviously has the ability to act through Wi-Fi. It can receive and transmit energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. That issue has never been addressed by these companies. What does that do to the human?

Just imagine getting this substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones, what is happening with that? What if something is triggering it, too, like an impulse, a frequency? We have something completely foreign in the human body.

Madej said her research revealed that electromagnetic (EMF) frequencies emitted by phones and other devices had increased dramatically in the same period of the 'vaccine' rollout and she was seeing more people with radiation problems as 5G and other electromagnetic technology was expanded and introduced to schools and hospitals. She said she was 'floored with the EMF coming off' the devices she checked. All this makes total sense and syncs with my own work of decades when you think that Moderna refers in documents to its mRNA 'vaccine' as an 'operating system':

Recognizing the broad potential of mRNA science, we set out to create an mRNA technology platform that functions very much like an operating system on a computer. It is designed so that it can plug and play interchangeably with different programs. In our case, the 'program' or 'app' is our mRNA drug – the unique mRNA sequence that codes for a protein …

… Our MRNA Medicines – 'The 'Software Of Life': When we have a concept for a new mRNA medicine and begin research, fundamental components are already in place. Generally, the only thing that changes from one potential mRNA medicine to another is the coding region – the actual genetic code that instructs ribosomes to make protein. Utilizing these instruction sets gives our investigational mRNA medicines a software-like quality. We also have the ability to combine different mRNA sequences encoding for different proteins in a single mRNA investigational medicine.

Who needs a real 'virus' when you can create a computer version to justify infusing your operating system into the entire human race on the road to making living, breathing people into cyborgs? What is missed with the 'vaccines' is the *digital* connection between synthetic material and the body that I highlighted earlier with the study that hacked a computer with human DNA. On one level the body is digital, based on mathematical codes, and I'll have more about that in the next chapter. Those who ridiculously claim that mRNA 'vaccines' are not designed to change human genetics should explain the words of Dr Tal Zaks, chief medical officer at Moderna, in a 2017 TED talk. He said that over the last 30 years 'we've been living this phenomenal digital scientific revolution, and I'm here today to tell you, that we are actually *hacking the software of life*, and that it's changing the way we think about prevention and treatment of disease':

In every cell there's this thing called messenger RNA, or mRNA for short, that transmits the critical information from the DNA in our genes to the protein, which is really the stuff we're all made out of. This is the critical information that determines what the cell will do. So we think about it as an operating system. So if you could change that, if you could introduce a line of code, or change a line of code, it turns out, that has profound implications for everything, from the flu to cancer.

Zaks should more accurately have said that this has profound implications for the human genetic code and the nature of DNA. Communications within the body go both ways and not only one. But, hey, no, the 'Covid vaccine' will not affect your genetics. Cult fact-checkers say so even though the man who helped to develop the mRNA technique says that it does. Zaks said in 2017:

If you think about what it is we're trying to do. We've taken information and our understanding of that information and how that information is transmitted in a cell, and we've taken our understanding of medicine and how to make drugs, and we're fusing the two. We think of it as information therapy.

I have been writing for decades that the body is an information field communicating with itself and the wider world. This is why

radiation which is information can change the information field of body and mind through phenomena like 5G and change their nature and function. 'Information therapy' means to change the body's information field and change the way it operates. DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and can be mutated by information like mRNA synthetic messaging. Technology to do this has been ready and waiting in the underground bases and other secret projects to be rolled out when the 'Covid' hoax was played. 'Trials' of such short and irrelevant duration were only for public consumption. When they say the 'vaccine' is 'experimental' that is not true. It may appear to be 'experimental' to those who don't know what's going on, but the trials have already been done to ensure the Cult gets the result it desires. Zaks said that it took decades to sequence the human genome, completed in 2003, but now they could do it in a week. By 'they' he means scientists operating in the public domain. In the secret projects they were sequencing the genome in a week long before even 2003.

Deluge of mRNA

Highly significantly the Moderna document says the guiding premise is that if using mRNA as a medicine works for one disease then it should work for many diseases. They were leveraging the flexibility afforded by their platform and the fundamental role mRNA plays in protein synthesis to pursue mRNA medicines for a broad spectrum of diseases. Moderna is confirming what I was saying through 2020 that multiple 'vaccines' were planned for 'Covid' (and later invented 'variants') and that previous vaccines would be converted to the mRNA system to infuse the body with massive amounts of genetically-manipulating synthetic material to secure a transformation to a synthetic-biological state. The 'vaccines' are designed to kill stunning numbers as part of the long-exposed Cult depopulation agenda and transform the rest. Given this is the goal you can appreciate why there is such hysterical demand for every human to be 'vaccinated' for an alleged 'disease' that has an estimated 'infection' to 'death' ratio of 0.23-0.15 percent. As I write

children are being given the 'vaccine' in trials (their parents are a disgrace) and ever-younger people are being offered the vaccine for a 'virus' that even if you believe it exists has virtually zero chance of harming them. Horrific effects of the 'trials' on a 12-year-old girl were revealed by a family member to be serious brain and gastric problems that included a bowel obstruction and the inability to swallow liquids or solids. She was unable to eat or drink without throwing up, had extreme pain in her back, neck and abdomen, and was paralysed from the waist down which stopped her urinating unaided. When the girl was first taken to hospital doctors said it was all in her mind. She was signed up for the 'trial' by her parents for whom no words suffice. None of this 'Covid vaccine' insanity makes any sense unless you see what the 'vaccine' really is – a body-changer. Synthetic biology or 'SynBio' is a fast-emerging and expanding scientific discipline which includes everything from genetic and molecular engineering to electrical and computer engineering. Synthetic biology is defined in these ways:

- A multidisciplinary area of research that seeks to create new biological parts, devices, and systems, or to redesign systems that are already found in nature.

- The use of a mixture of physical engineering and genetic engineering to create new (and therefore synthetic) life forms.

- An emerging field of research that aims to combine the knowledge and methods of biology, engineering and related disciplines in the design of chemically-synthesized DNA to create organisms with novel or enhanced characteristics and traits (synthetic organisms including humans).

We now have synthetic blood, skin, organs and limbs being developed along with synthetic body parts produced by 3D printers. These are all elements of the synthetic human programme and this comment by Kurzweil's co-founder of the Singularity University,

Peter Diamandis, can be seen in a whole new light with the 'Covid' hoax and the sanctions against those that refuse the 'vaccine':

Anybody who is going to be resisting the progress forward [to transhumanism] is going to be resisting evolution and, fundamentally, they will die out. It's not a matter of whether it's good or bad. It's going to happen.

'Resisting evolution'? What absolute bollocks. The arrogance of these people is without limit. His 'it's going to happen' mantra is another way of saying 'resistance is futile' to break the spirit of those pushing back and we must not fall for it. Getting this genetically-transforming 'vaccine' into everyone is crucial to the Cult plan for total control and the desperation to achieve that is clear for anyone to see. Vaccine passports are a major factor in this and they, too, are a form of resistance is futile. It's NOT. The paper funded by the Rockefeller Foundation for the 2013 'health conference' in China said:

We will interact more with artificial intelligence. The use of robotics, bio-engineering to augment human functioning is already well underway and will advance. Re-engineering of humans into potentially separate and unequal forms through genetic engineering or mixed human-robots raises debates on ethics and equality.

A new demography is projected to emerge after 2030 [that year again] of technologies (robotics, genetic engineering, nanotechnology) producing robots, engineered organisms, 'nanobots' and artificial intelligence (AI) that can self-replicate. Debates will grow on the implications of an impending reality of human designed life.

What is happening today is so long planned. The world army enforcing the will of the world government is intended to be a robot army, not a human one. Today's military and its technologically 'enhanced' troops, pilotless planes and driverless vehicles are just stepping stones to that end. Human soldiers are used as Cult fodder and its time they woke up to that and worked for the freedom of the population instead of their own destruction and their family's destruction – the same with the police. Join us and let's sort this out. The phenomenon of enforce my own destruction is widespread in the 'Covid' era with Woker 'luvvies' in the acting and entertainment

industries supporting 'Covid' rules which have destroyed their profession and the same with those among the public who put signs on the doors of their businesses 'closed due to Covid – stay safe' when many will never reopen. It's a form of masochism and most certainly insanity.

Transgender = transhumanism

When something explodes out of nowhere and is suddenly everywhere it is always the Cult agenda and so it is with the tidal wave of claims and demands that have infiltrated every aspect of society under the heading of 'transgenderism'. The term 'trans' is so 'in' and this is the dictionary definition:

> A prefix meaning 'across', 'through', occurring … in loanwords from Latin, used in particular for denoting movement or conveyance from place to place (transfer; transmit; transplant) or complete change (transform; transmute), or to form adjectives meaning 'crossing', 'on the other side of', or 'going beyond' the place named (transmontane; transnational; trans-Siberian).

Transgender means to go beyond gender and transhuman means to go beyond human. Both are aspects of the Cult plan to transform the human body to a synthetic state with *no gender*. Human 2.0 is not designed to procreate and would be produced technologically with no need for parents. The new human would mean the end of parents and so men, and increasingly women, are being targeted for the deletion of their rights and status. Parental rights are disappearing at an ever-quickening speed for the same reason. The new human would have no need for men or women when there is no procreation and no gender. Perhaps the transgender movement that appears to be in a permanent state of frenzy might now contemplate on how it is being used. This was never about transgender rights which are only the interim excuse for confusing gender, particularly in the young, on the road to *fusing* gender. Transgender activism is not an end; it is a *means* to an end. We see again the technique of creative destruction in which you destroy the status quo to 'build back better' in the form that you want. The gender status quo had to be

destroyed by persuading the Cult-created Woke mentality to believe that you can have 100 genders or more. A programme for 9 to 12 year olds produced by the Cult-owned BBC promoted the 100 genders narrative. The very idea may be the most monumental nonsense, but it is not what is true that counts, only what you can make people *believe* is true. Once the gender of 2 + 2 = 4 has been dismantled through indoctrination, intimidation and 2 + 2 = 5 then the new no-gender normal can take its place with Human 2.0. Aldous Huxley revealed the plan in his prophetic *Brave New World* in 1932:

> Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

How could Huxley know this in 1932? For the same reason George Orwell knew about the Big Brother state in 1948, Cult insiders I have quoted knew about it in 1969, and I have known about it since the early 1990s. If you are connected to the Cult or you work your balls off to uncover the plan you can predict the future. The process is simple. If there is a plan for the world and nothing intervenes to stop it then it will happen. Thus if you communicate the plan ahead of time you are perceived to have predicted the future, but you haven't. You have revealed the plan which without intervention will become the human future. The whole reason I have done what I have is to alert enough people to inspire an intervention and maybe at last that time has come with the Cult and its intentions now so obvious to anyone with a brain in working order.

The future is here

Technological wombs that Huxley described to replace parent procreation are already being developed and they are only the projects we know about in the public arena. Israeli scientists told *The Times of Israel* in March, 2021, that they have grown 250-cell embryos

into mouse foetuses with fully formed organs using artificial wombs in a development they say could pave the way for gestating humans outside the womb. Professor Jacob Hanna of the Weizmann Institute of Science said:

> We took mouse embryos from the mother at day five of development, when they are just of 250 cells, and had them in the incubator from day five until day 11, by which point they had grown all their organs.
>
> By day 11 they make their own blood and have a beating heart, a fully developed brain. Anybody would look at them and say, 'this is clearly a mouse foetus with all the characteristics of a mouse.' It's gone from being a ball of cells to being an advanced foetus.

A special liquid is used to nourish embryo cells in a laboratory dish and they float on the liquid to duplicate the first stage of embryonic development. The incubator creates all the right conditions for its development, Hanna said. The liquid gives the embryo 'all the nutrients, hormones and sugars they need' along with a custom-made electronic incubator which controls gas concentration, pressure and temperature. The cutting-edge in the underground bases and other secret locations will be light years ahead of that, however, and this was reported by the London *Guardian* in 2017:

> We are approaching a biotechnological breakthrough. Ectogenesis, the invention of a complete external womb, could completely change the nature of human reproduction. In April this year, researchers at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia announced their development of an artificial womb.

The article was headed 'Artificial wombs could soon be a reality. What will this mean for women?' What would it mean for children is an even bigger question. No mother to bond with only a machine in preparation for a life of soulless interaction and control in a world governed by machines (see the *Matrix* movies). Now observe the calculated manipulations of the 'Covid' hoax as human interaction and warmth has been curtailed by distancing, isolation and fear with people communicating via machines on a scale never seen before.

These are all dots in the same picture as are all the personal assistants, gadgets and children's toys through which kids and adults communicate with AI as if it is human. The AI 'voice' on Sat-Nav should be included. All these things are psychological preparation for the Cult endgame. Before you can make a physical connection with AI you have to make a psychological connection and that is what people are being conditioned to do with this ever gathering human-AI interaction. Movies and TV programmes depicting the transhuman, robot dystopia relate to a phenomenon known as 'pre-emptive programming' in which the world that is planned is portrayed everywhere in movies, TV and advertising. This is conditioning the conscious and subconscious mind to become familiar with the planned reality to dilute resistance when it happens for real. What would have been a shock such is the change is made less so. We have young children put on the road to transgender transition surgery with puberty blocking drugs at an age when they could never be able to make those life-changing decisions.

Rachel Levine, a professor of paediatrics and psychiatry who believes in treating children this way, became America's highest-ranked openly-transgender official when she was confirmed as US Assistant Secretary at the Department of Health and Human Services after being nominated by Joe Biden (the Cult). Activists and governments press for laws to deny parents a say in their children's transition process so the kids can be isolated and manipulated into agreeing to irreversible medical procedures. A Canadian father Robert Hoogland was denied bail by the Vancouver Supreme Court in 2021 and remained in jail for breaching a court order that he stay silent over his young teenage daughter, a minor, who was being offered life-changing hormone therapy without parental consent. At the age of 12 the girl's 'school counsellor' said she may be transgender, referred her to a doctor and told the school to treat her like a boy. This is another example of state-serving schools imposing ever more control over children's lives while parents have ever less.

Contemptible and extreme child abuse is happening all over the world as the Cult gender-fusion operation goes into warp-speed.

Why the war on men – and now women?

The question about what artificial wombs mean for women should rightly be asked. The answer can be seen in the deletion of women's rights involving sport, changing rooms, toilets and status in favour of people in male bodies claiming to identify as women. I can identify as a mountain climber, but it doesn't mean I can climb a mountain any more than a biological man can be a biological woman. To believe so is a triumph of belief over factual reality which is the very perceptual basis of everything Woke. Women's sport is being destroyed by allowing those with male bodies who say they identify as female to 'compete' with girls and women. Male body 'women' dominate 'women's' competition with their greater muscle mass, bone density, strength and speed. With that disadvantage sport for women loses all meaning. To put this in perspective nearly 300 American high school boys can run faster than the quickest woman sprinter in the world. Women are seeing their previously protected spaces invaded by male bodies simply because they claim to identify as women. That's all they need to do to access all women's spaces and activities under the Biden 'Equality Act' that destroys equality for women with the usual Orwellian Woke inversion. Male sex offenders have already committed rapes in women's prisons after claiming to identify as women to get them transferred. Does this not matter to the Woke 'equality' hypocrites? Not in the least. What matters to Cult manipulators and funders behind transgender activists is to advance gender fusion on the way to the no-gender 'human'. When you are seeking to impose transparent nonsense like this, or the 'Covid' hoax, the only way the nonsense can prevail is through censorship and intimidation of dissenters, deletion of factual information, and programming of the unquestioning, bewildered and naive. You don't have to scan the world for long to see that all these things are happening.

Many women's rights organisations have realised that rights and status which took such a long time to secure are being eroded and that it is systematic. Kara Dansky of the global Women's Human Rights Campaign said that Biden's transgender executive order immediately he took office, subsequent orders, and Equality Act legislation that followed 'seek to erase women and girls in the law as a category'. *Exactly*. I said during the long ago-started war on men (in which many women play a crucial part) that this was going to turn into a war on them. The Cult is phasing out *both* male and female genders. To get away with that they are brought into conflict so they are busy fighting each other while the Cult completes the job with no unity of response. Unity, people, *unity*. We need unity everywhere. Transgender is the only show in town as the big step towards the no-gender human. It's not about rights for transgender people and never has been. Woke political correctness is deleting words relating to genders to the same end. Wokers believe this is to be 'inclusive' when the opposite is true. They are deleting words describing gender because gender *itself* is being deleted by Human 2.0. Terms like 'man', 'woman', 'mother' and 'father' are being deleted in the universities and other institutions to be replaced by the *no*-gender, not trans-gender, 'individuals' and 'guardians'. Women's rights campaigner Maria Keffler of Partners for Ethical Care said: 'Children are being taught from kindergarten upward that some boys have a vagina, some girls have a penis, and that kids can be any gender they want to be.' Do we really believe that suddenly countries all over the world at the same time had the idea of having drag queens go into schools or read transgender stories to very young children in the local library? It's coldly-calculated confusion of gender on the way to the fusion of gender. Suzanne Vierling, a psychologist from Southern California, made another important point:

> Yesterday's slave woman who endured gynecological medical experiments is today's girl-child being butchered in a booming gender-transitioning sector. Ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause and osteoporosis, uncharted territory, and parents' rights and authority decimated.

The erosion of parental rights is a common theme in line with the Cult plans to erase the very concept of parents and 'ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause' means what? Those born female lose the ability to have children – another way to discontinue humanity as we know it.

Eliminating Human 1.0 (before our very eyes)

To pave the way for Human 2.0 you must phase out Human 1.0. This is happening through plummeting sperm counts and making women infertile through an onslaught of chemicals, radiation (including smartphones in pockets of men) and mRNA 'vaccines'. Common agriculture pesticides are also having a devastating impact on human fertility. I have been tracking collapsing sperm counts in the books for a long time and in 2021 came a book by fertility scientist and reproductive epidemiologist Shanna Swan, *Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race*. She reports how the global fertility rate dropped by *half* between 1960 and 2016 with America's birth rate 16 percent below where it needs to be to sustain the population. Women are experiencing declining egg quality, more miscarriages, and more couples suffer from infertility. Other findings were an increase in erectile dysfunction, infant boys developing more genital abnormalities, male problems with conception, and plunging levels of the male hormone testosterone which would explain why so many men have lost their backbone and masculinity. This has been very evident during the 'Covid' hoax when women have been prominent among the Pushbackers and big strapping blokes have bowed their heads, covered their faces with a nappy and quietly submitted. Mind control expert Cathy O'Brien also points to how global education introduced the concept of 'we're all winners' in sport and classrooms: 'Competition was defused, and it in turn defused a sense of fighting back.' This is another version of the 'equity' doctrine in which you drive down rather than raise up. What a contrast in Cult-controlled China with its global ambitions

where the government published plans in January, 2021, to 'cultivate masculinity' in boys from kindergarten through to high school in the face of a 'masculinity crisis'. A government adviser said boys would be soon become 'delicate, timid and effeminate' unless action was taken. Don't expect any similar policy in the targeted West. A 2006 study showed that a 65-year-old man in 2002 had testosterone levels *15 percent* lower than a 65-year-old man in 1987 while a 2020 study found a similar story with young adults and adolescents. Men are getting prescriptions for testosterone replacement therapy which causes an even greater drop in sperm count with up to 99 percent seeing sperm counts drop to zero during the treatment. More sperm is defective and malfunctioning with some having two heads or not pursuing an egg.

A class of *synthetic* chemicals known as phthalates are being blamed for the decline. These are found everywhere in plastics, shampoos, cosmetics, furniture, flame retardants, personal care products, pesticides, canned foods and even receipts. Why till receipts? Everyone touches them. Let no one delude themselves that all this is not systematic to advance the long-time agenda for human body transformation. Phthalates mimic hormones and disrupt the hormone balance causing testosterone to fall and genital birth defects in male infants. Animals and fish have been affected in the same way due to phthalates and other toxins in rivers. When fish turn gay or change sex through chemicals in rivers and streams it is a pointer to why there has been such an increase in gay people and the sexually confused. It doesn't matter to me what sexuality people choose to be, but if it's being affected by chemical pollution and consumption then we need to know. Does anyone really think that this is not connected to the transgender agenda, the war on men and the condemnation of male 'toxic masculinity'? You watch this being followed by 'toxic femininity'. It's already happening. When breastfeeding becomes 'chest-feeding', pregnant women become pregnant people along with all the other Woke claptrap you know that the world is going insane and there's a Cult scam in progress. Transgender activists are promoting the Cult agenda while Cult

billionaires support and fund the insanity as they laugh themselves to sleep at the sheer stupidity for which humans must be infamous in galaxies far, far away.

'Covid vaccines' and female infertility

We can now see why the 'vaccine' has been connected to potential infertility in women. Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Advisor at Pfizer, and Dr Wolfgang Wodarg in Germany, filed a petition with the European Medicines Agency in December, 2020, urging them to stop trials for the Pfizer/BioNTech shot and all other mRNA trials until further studies had been done. They were particularly concerned about possible effects on fertility with 'vaccine'-produced antibodies attacking the protein Syncytin-1 which is responsible for developing the placenta. The result would be infertility 'of indefinite duration' in women who have the 'vaccine' with the placenta failing to form. Section 10.4.2 of the Pfizer/BioNTech trial protocol says that pregnant women or those who might become so should not have mRNA shots. Section 10.4 warns men taking mRNA shots to 'be abstinent from heterosexual intercourse' and not to donate sperm. The UK government said that it *did not know* if the mRNA procedure had an effect on fertility. *Did not know?* These people have to go to jail. UK government advice did not recommend at the start that pregnant women had the shot and said they should avoid pregnancy for at least two months after 'vaccination'. The 'advice' was later updated to pregnant women should only have the 'vaccine' if the benefits outweighed the risks to mother and foetus. What the hell is that supposed to mean? Then 'spontaneous abortions' began to appear and rapidly increase on the adverse reaction reporting schemes which include only a fraction of adverse reactions. Thousands and ever-growing numbers of 'vaccinated' women are describing changes to their menstrual cycle with heavier blood flow, irregular periods and menstruating again after going through the menopause – all links to reproduction effects. Women are passing blood clots and the lining of their uterus while men report erectile dysfunction and blood effects. Most

significantly of all *un*vaccinated women began to report similar menstrual changes after interaction with *'vaccinated'* people and men and children were also affected with bleeding noses, blood clots and other conditions. 'Shedding' is when vaccinated people can emit the content of a vaccine to affect the unvaccinated, but this is different. 'Vaccinated' people were not shedding a 'live virus' allegedly in 'vaccines' as before because the fake 'Covid vaccines' involve synthetic material and other toxicity. Doctors exposing what is happening prefer the term 'transmission' to shedding. Somehow those that have had the shots are transmitting effects to those that haven't. Dr Carrie Madej said the nano-content of the 'vaccines' can 'act like an antenna' to others around them which fits perfectly with my own conclusions. This 'vaccine' transmission phenomenon was becoming known as the book went into production and I deal with this further in the Postscript.

Vaccine effects on sterility are well known. The World Health Organization was accused in 2014 of sterilising millions of women in Kenya with the evidence confirmed by the content of the vaccines involved. The same WHO behind the 'Covid' hoax admitted its involvement for more than ten years with the vaccine programme. Other countries made similar claims. Charges were lodged by Tanzania, Nicaragua, Mexico, and the Philippines. The Gardasil vaccine claimed to protect against a genital 'virus' known as HPV has also been linked to infertility. Big Pharma and the WHO (same thing) are criminal and satanic entities. Then there's the Bill Gates Foundation which is connected through funding and shared interests with 20 pharmaceutical giants and laboratories. He stands accused of directing the policy of United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), vaccine alliance GAVI, and other groupings, to advance the vaccine agenda and silence opposition at great cost to women and children. At the same time Gates wants to reduce the global population. Coincidence?

Great Reset = Smart Grid = new human

The Cult agenda I have been exposing for 30 years is now being openly promoted by Cult assets like Gates and Klaus Schwab of the World Economic Forum under code-terms like the 'Great Reset', 'Build Back Better' and 'a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world'. What provided this 'rare but narrow window of opportunity'? The 'Covid' hoax did. Who created that? *They* did. My books from not that long ago warned about the planned 'Internet of Things' (IoT) and its implications for human freedom. This was the plan to connect all technology to the Internet and artificial intelligence and today we are way down that road with an estimated 36 billion devices connected to the World Wide Web and that figure is projected to be 76 billion by 2025. I further warned that the Cult planned to go beyond that to the Internet of *Everything* when the human brain was connected via AI to the Internet and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. Now we have Cult operatives like Schwab calling for precisely that under the term 'Internet of Bodies', a fusion of the physical, digital and biological into one centrally-controlled Smart Grid system which the Cult refers to as the 'Fourth Industrial Revolution'. They talk about the 'biological', but they really mean the synthetic-biological which is required to fully integrate the human body and brain into the Smart Grid and artificial intelligence planned to replace the human mind. We have everything being synthetically manipulated including the natural world through GMO and smart dust, the food we eat and the human body itself with synthetic 'vaccines'. I said in *The Answer* that we would see the Cult push for synthetic meat to replace animals and in February, 2021, the so predictable psychopath Bill Gates called for the introduction of synthetic meat to save us all from 'climate change'. The climate hoax just keeps on giving like the 'Covid' hoax. The war on meat by vegan activists is a carbon (oops, sorry) copy of the manipulation of transgender activists. They have no idea (except their inner core) that they are being used to promote and impose the agenda of the Cult or that they are only the *vehicle* and not the *reason*. This is not to say those who choose not to eat meat shouldn't be respected and supported in that right, but there are ulterior motives

for those in power. A *Forbes* article in December, 2019, highlighted the plan so beloved of Schwab and the Cult under the heading: 'What Is The Internet of Bodies? And How Is It Changing Our World?' The article said the human body is the latest data platform (remember 'our vaccine is an operating system'). *Forbes* described the plan very accurately and the words could have come straight out of my books from long before:

> The Internet of Bodies (IoB) is an extension of the IoT and basically connects the human body to a network through devices that are ingested, implanted, or connected to the body in some way. Once connected, data can be exchanged, and the body and device can be remotely monitored and controlled.

They were really describing a human hive mind with human perception centrally-dictated via an AI connection as well as allowing people to be 'remotely monitored and controlled'. Everything from a fridge to a human mind could be directed from a central point by these insane psychopaths and 'Covid vaccines' are crucial to this. Forbes explained the process I mentioned earlier of holdable and wearable technology followed by implantable. The article said there were three generations of the Internet of Bodies that include:

- Body external: These are wearable devices such as Apple Watches or Fitbits that can monitor our health.

- Body internal: These include pacemakers, cochlear implants, and digital pills that go inside our bodies to monitor or control various aspects of health.

- Body embedded: The third generation of the Internet of Bodies is embedded technology where technology and the human body are melded together and have a real-time connection to a remote machine.

Forbes noted the development of the Brain Computer Interface (BCI) which merges the brain with an external device for monitoring and controlling in real-time. 'The ultimate goal is to help restore function to individuals with disabilities by using brain signals rather than conventional neuromuscular pathways.' Oh, do fuck off. The goal of brain interface technology is controlling human thought and emotion from the central point in a hive mind serving its masters wishes. Many people are now agreeing to be chipped to open doors without a key. You can recognise them because they'll be wearing a mask, social distancing and lining up for the 'vaccine'. The Cult plans a Great Reset money system after they have completed the demolition of the global economy in which 'money' will be exchanged through communication with body operating systems. Rand Corporation, a Cult-owned think tank, said of the Internet of Bodies or IoB:

> Internet of Bodies technologies fall under the broader IoT umbrella. But as the name suggests, IoB devices introduce an even more intimate interplay between humans and gadgets. IoB devices monitor the human body, collect health metrics and other personal information, and transmit those data over the Internet. Many devices, such as fitness trackers, are already in use … IoB devices … and those in development can track, record, and store users' whereabouts, bodily functions, and what they see, hear, and even think.

Schwab's World Economic Forum, a long-winded way of saying 'fascism' or 'the Cult', has gone full-on with the Internet of Bodies in the 'Covid' era. 'We're entering the era of the Internet of Bodies', it declared, 'collecting our physical data via a range of devices that can be implanted, swallowed or worn'. The result would be a huge amount of health-related data that could improve human wellbeing around the world, and prove crucial in fighting the 'Covid-19 pandemic'. Does anyone think these clowns care about 'human wellbeing' after the death and devastation their pandemic hoax has purposely caused? Schwab and co say we should move forward with the Internet of Bodies because 'Keeping track of symptoms could help us stop the spread of infection, and quickly detect new cases'. How wonderful, but keeping track' is all they are really bothered

about. Researchers were investigating if data gathered from smartwatches and similar devices could be used as viral infection alerts by tracking the user's heart rate and breathing. Schwab said in his 2018 book *Shaping the Future of the Fourth Industrial Revolution*:

> The lines between technologies and beings are becoming blurred and not just by the ability to create lifelike robots or synthetics. Instead it is about the ability of new technologies to literally become part of us. Technologies already influence how we understand ourselves, how we think about each other, and how we determine our realities. As the technologies … give us deeper access to parts of ourselves, we may begin to integrate digital technologies into our bodies.

You can see what the game is. Twenty-four hour control and people – if you could still call them that – would never know when something would go ping and take them out of circulation. It's the most obvious rush to a global fascist dictatorship and the complete submission of humanity and yet still so many are locked away in their Cult-induced perceptual coma and can't see it.

Smart Grid control centres

The human body is being transformed by the 'vaccines' and in other ways into a synthetic cyborg that can be attached to the global Smart Grid which would be controlled from a central point and other sub-locations of Grid manipulation. Where are these planned to be? Well, China for a start which is one of the Cult's biggest centres of operation. The technological control system and technocratic rule was incubated here to be unleashed across the world after the 'Covid' hoax came out of China in 2020. Another Smart Grid location that will surprise people new to this is Israel. I have exposed in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian technocrats, intelligence and military operatives were behind the horrors of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who somehow manifested the ability to pilot big passenger airliners when instructors at puddle-jumping flying schools described some of them as a joke. The 9/11 attacks were made possible through control of civilian and military air computer systems and those of the White House, Pentagon and connected agencies. See *The Trigger* – it

will blow your mind. The controlling and coordinating force were the Sabbatian networks in Israel and the United States which by then had infiltrated the entire US government, military and intelligence system. The real name of the American Deep State is 'Sabbatian State'. Israel is a tiny country of only nine million people, but it is one of the global centres of cyber operations and fast catching Silicon Valley in importance to the Cult. Israel is known as the 'start-up nation' for all the cyber companies spawned there with the Sabbatian specialisation of 'cyber security' that I mentioned earlier which gives those companies access to computer systems of their clients in real time through 'backdoors' written into the coding when security software is downloaded. The Sabbatian centre of cyber operations outside Silicon Valley is the Israeli military Cyber Intelligence Unit, the biggest infrastructure project in Israel's history, headquartered in the desert-city of Beersheba and involving some 20,000 'cyber soldiers'. Here are located a literal army of Internet trolls scanning social media, forums and comment lists for anyone challenging the Cult agenda. The UK military has something similar with its 77th Brigade and associated operations. The Beersheba complex includes research and development centres for other Cult operations such as Intel, Microsoft, IBM, Google, Apple, Hewlett-Packard, Cisco Systems, Facebook and Motorola. Techcrunch.com ran an article about the Beersheba global Internet technology centre headlined 'Israel's desert city of Beersheba is turning into a cybertech oasis':

> The military's massive relocation of its prestigious technology units, the presence of multinational and local companies, a close proximity to Ben Gurion University and generous government subsidies are turning Beersheba into a major global cybertech hub. Beersheba has all of the ingredients of a vibrant security technology ecosystem, including Ben Gurion University with its graduate program in cybersecurity and Cyber Security Research Center, and the presence of companies such as EMC, Deutsche Telekom, PayPal, Oracle, IBM, and Lockheed Martin. It's also the future home of the INCB (Israeli National Cyber Bureau); offers a special income tax incentive for cyber security companies, and was the site for the relocation of the army's intelligence corps units.

Sabbatians have taken over the cyber world through the following process: They scan the schools for likely cyber talent and develop them at Ben Gurion University and their period of conscription in the Israeli Defense Forces when they are stationed at the Beersheba complex. When the cyber talented officially leave the army they are funded to start cyber companies with technology developed by themselves or given to them by the state. Much of this is stolen through backdoors of computer systems around the world with America top of the list. Others are sent off to Silicon Valley to start companies or join the major ones and so we have many major positions filled by apparently 'Jewish' but really Sabbatian operatives. Google, YouTube and Facebook are all run by 'Jewish' CEOs while Twitter is all but run by ultra-Zionist hedge-fund shark Paul Singer. At the centre of the Sabbatian global cyber web is the Israeli army's Unit 8200 which specialises in hacking into computer systems of other countries, inserting viruses, gathering information, instigating malfunction, and even taking control of them from a distance. A long list of Sabbatians involved with 9/11, Silicon Valley and Israeli cyber security companies are operatives of Unit 8200. This is not about Israel. It's about the Cult. Israel is planned to be a Smart Grid hub as with China and what is happening at Beersheba is not for the benefit of Jewish people who are treated disgustingly by the Sabbatian elite that control the country. A glance at the Nuremberg Codes will tell you that.

The story is much bigger than 'Covid', important as that is to where we are being taken. Now, though, it's time to really strap in. There's more … much more …

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Who controls the Cult?

Awake, arise or be forever fall'n
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

I have exposed this far the level of the Cult conspiracy that operates in the world of the seen and within the global secret society and satanic network which operates in the shadows one step back from the seen. The story, however, goes much deeper than that.

The 'Covid' hoax is major part of the Cult agenda, but only part, and to grasp the biggest picture we have to expand our attention beyond the realm of human sight and into the infinity of possibility that we cannot see. It is from here, ultimately, that humanity is being manipulated into a state of total control by the force which dictates the actions of the Cult. How much of reality can we see? Next to damn all is the answer. We may appear to see all there is to see in the 'space' our eyes survey and observe, but little could be further from the truth. The human 'world' is only a tiny band of frequency that the body's visual and perceptual systems can decode into *perception* of a 'world'. According to mainstream science the electromagnetic spectrum is 0.005 percent of what exists in the Universe (Fig 10). The maximum estimate I have seen is 0.5 percent and either way it's miniscule. I say it is far, far, smaller even than 0.005 percent when you compare reality we see with the totality of reality that we don't. Now get this if you are new to such information: Visible light, the only band of frequency that we can see, is a *fraction* of the 0.005

percent (Fig 11 overleaf). Take this further and realise that our universe is one of infinite universes and that universes are only a fragment of overall reality – *infinite* reality. Then compare that with the almost infinitesimal frequency band of visible light or human sight. You see that humans are as near blind as it is possible to be without actually being so. Artist and filmmaker, Sergio Toporek, said:

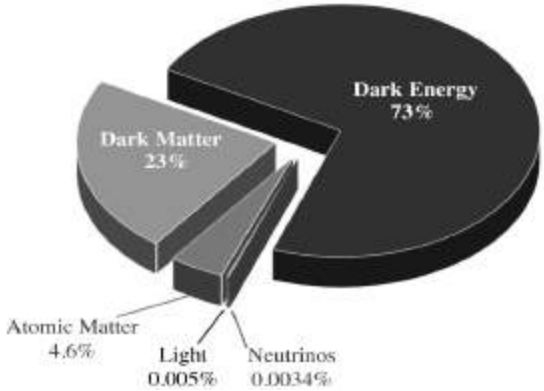

Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

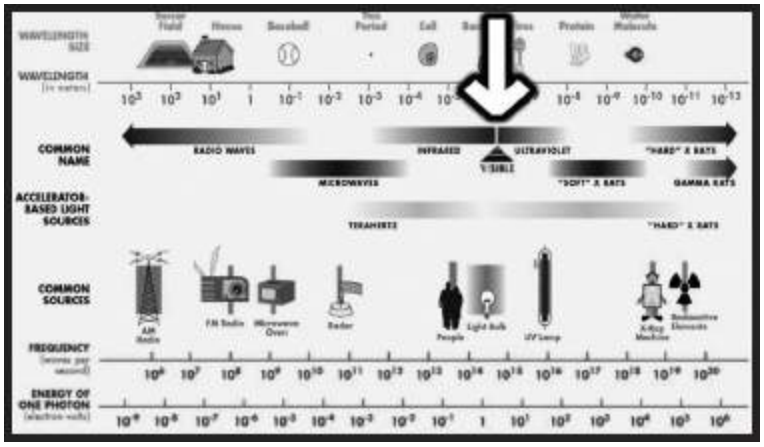

Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

Consider that you can see less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum and hear less than 1% of the acoustic spectrum. 90% of the cells in your body carry their own microbial DNA and are not 'you'. The atoms in your body are 99.9999999999999999% empty space and none of them are the ones you were born with ... Human beings have 46 chromosomes, two less than a potato.

The existence of the rainbow depends on the conical photoreceptors in your eyes; to animals without cones, the rainbow does not exist. So you don't just look at a rainbow, you create it. This is pretty amazing, especially considering that all the beautiful colours you see represent less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Suddenly the 'world' of humans looks a very different place. Take into account, too, that Planet Earth when compared with the projected size of this single universe is the equivalent of a billionth of a pinhead. Imagine the ratio that would be when compared to infinite reality. To think that Christianity once insisted that Earth and humanity were the centre of everything. This background is vital if we are going to appreciate the nature of 'human' and how we can be manipulated by an unseen force. To human visual reality virtually *everything* is unseen and yet the prevailing perception within the institutions and so much of the public is that if we can't see it, touch it, hear it, taste it and smell it then it cannot exist. Such perception is indoctrinated and encouraged by the Cult and its agents because it isolates believers in the strictly limited, village-idiot, realm of the five senses where perceptions can be firewalled and information controlled. Most of those perpetuating the 'this-world-is-all-there-is' insanity are themselves indoctrinated into believing the same delusion. While major players and influencers know that official reality is laughable most of those in science, academia and medicine really believe the nonsense they peddle and teach succeeding generations. Those who challenge the orthodoxy are dismissed as nutters and freaks to protect the manufactured illusion from exposure. Observe the dynamic of the 'Covid' hoax and you will see how that takes the same form. The inner-circle psychopaths knows it's a gigantic scam, but almost the entirety of those imposing their fascist rules believe that 'Covid' is all that they're told it is.

Stolen identity

Ask people who they are and they will give you their name, place of birth, location, job, family background and life story. Yet that is not who they are – it is what they are *experiencing*. The difference is *absolutely crucial*. The true 'I', the eternal, infinite 'I', is consciousness,

a state of being aware. Forget 'form'. That is a vehicle for a brief experience. Consciousness does not come *from* the brain, but *through* the brain and even that is more symbolic than literal. We are awareness, pure awareness, and this is what withdraws from the body at what we call 'death' to continue our eternal beingness, *isness*, in other realms of reality within the limitlessness of infinity or the Biblical 'many mansions in my father's house'. Labels of a human life, man, woman, transgender, black, white, brown, nationality, circumstances and income are not who we are. They are what we are – awareness – is *experiencing* in a brief connection with a band of frequency we call 'human'. The labels are not the self; they are, to use the title of one of my books, a *Phantom* Self. I am not David Icke born in Leicester, England, on April 29th, 1952. I am the consciousness *having that experience*. The Cult and its non-human masters seek to convince us through the institutions of 'education', science, medicine, media and government that what we are *experiencing* is who we *are*. It's so easy to control and direct perception locked away in the bewildered illusions of the five senses with no expanded radar. Try, by contrast, doing the same with a humanity aware of its true self and its true power to consciously create its reality and experience. How is it possible to do this? We do it all day every day. If you perceive yourself as 'little me' with no power to impact upon your life and the world then your life experience will reflect that. You will hand the power you don't think you have to authority in all its forms which will use it to control your experience. This, in turn, will appear to confirm your perception of 'little me' in a self-fulfilling feedback loop. But that is what 'little me' really is – a *perception*. We are all 'big-me', infinite me, and the Cult has to make us forget that if its will is to prevail. We are therefore manipulated and pressured into self-identifying with human labels and not the consciousness/awareness *experiencing* those human labels.

The phenomenon of identity politics is a Cult-instigated manipulation technique to sub-divide previous labels into even smaller ones. A United States university employs this list of letters to

describe student identity: LGBTTQQFAGPBDSM or lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, transsexual, queer, questioning, flexual, asexual, gender-fuck, polyamorous, bondage/discipline, dominance/submission and sadism/masochism. I'm sure other lists are even longer by now as people feel the need to self-identity the 'I' with the minutiae of race and sexual preference. Wokers programmed by the Cult for generations believe this is about 'inclusivity' when it's really the Cult locking them away into smaller and smaller versions of Phantom Self while firewalling them from the influence of their true self, the infinite, eternal 'I'. You may notice that my philosophy which contends that we are all unique points of attention/awareness within the same infinite whole or Oneness is the ultimate non-racism. The very sense of Oneness makes the judgement of people by their body-type, colour or sexuality utterly ridiculous and confirms that racism has no understanding of reality (including anti-white racism). Yet despite my perception of life Cult agents and fast-asleep Wokers label me racist to discredit my information while they are themselves phenomenally racist and sexist. All they see is race and sexuality and they judge people as good or bad, demons or untouchables, by their race and sexuality. All they see is *Phantom Self* and perceive themselves in terms of Phantom Self. They are pawns and puppets of the Cult agenda to focus attention and self-identity in the five senses and play those identities against each other to divide and rule. Columbia University has introduced segregated graduations in another version of social distancing designed to drive people apart and teach them that different racial and cultural groups have nothing in common with each other. The last thing the Cult wants is unity. Again the pump-primers of this will be Cult operatives in the knowledge of what they are doing, but the rest are just the Phantom Self blind leading the Phantom Self blind. We *do* have something in common – we are all *the same consciousness* having different temporary experiences.

What is this 'human'?

Yes, what *is* 'human'? That is what we are supposed to be, right? I mean 'human'? True, but 'human' is the experience not the 'I'. Break it down to basics and 'human' is the way that information is processed. If we are to experience and interact with this band of frequency we call the 'world' we must have a vehicle that operates within that band of frequency. Our consciousness in its prime form cannot do that; it is way beyond the frequency of the human realm. My consciousness or awareness could not tap these keys and pick up the cup in front of me in the same way that radio station A cannot interact with radio station B when they are on different frequencies. The human body is the means through which we have that interaction. I have long described the body as a biological computer which processes information in a way that allows consciousness to experience this reality. The body is a receiver, transmitter and processor of information in a particular way that we call human. We visually perceive only the world of the five senses in a wakened state – that is the limit of the body's visual decoding system. In truth it's not even visual in the way we experience 'visual reality' as I will come to in a moment. We are 'human' because the body processes the information sources of human into a reality and behaviour system that we *perceive* as human. Why does an elephant act like an elephant and not like a human or a duck? The elephant's biological computer is a different information field and processes information according to that program into a visual and behaviour type we call an elephant. The same applies to everything in our reality. These body information fields are perpetuated through procreation (like making a copy of a software program). The Cult wants to break that cycle and intervene technologically to transform the human information field into one that will change what we call humanity. If it can change the human information field it will change the way that field processes information and change humanity both 'physically' and psychologically. Hence the *messenger* (information) RNA 'vaccines' and so much more that is targeting human genetics by changing the body's information – *messaging* – construct through food, drink, radiation, toxicity and other means.

Reality that we experience is nothing like reality as it really is in the same way that the reality people experience in virtual reality games is not the reality they are really living in. The game is only a decoded source of information that appears to be a reality. Our world is also an information construct – a *simulation* (more later). In its base form our reality is a wavefield of information much the same in theme as Wi-Fi. The five senses decode wavefield information into electrical information which they communicate to the brain to decode into holographic (illusory 'physical') information. Different parts of the brain specialise in decoding different senses and the information is fused into a reality that appears to be outside of us but is really inside the brain and the genetic structure in general (Fig 12 overleaf). DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and a vital part of this decoding process and the body's connection to other realities. Change DNA and you change the way we decode and connect with reality – see 'Covid vaccines'. Think of computers decoding Wi-Fi. You have information encoded in a radiation field and the computer decodes that information into a very different form on the screen. You can't see the Wi-Fi until its information is made manifest on the screen and the information on the screen is inside the computer and not outside. I have just described how we decode the 'human world'. All five senses decode the waveform 'Wi-Fi' field into electrical signals and the brain (computer) constructs reality inside the brain and not outside – 'You don't just look at a rainbow, you create it'. Sound is a simple example. We don't hear sound until the brain decodes it. Waveform sound waves are picked up by the hearing sense and communicated to the brain in an electrical form to be decoded into the sounds that we hear. Everything we hear is inside the brain along with everything we see, feel, smell and taste. Words and language are waveform fields generated by our vocal chords which pass through this process until they are decoded by the brain into words that we hear. Different languages are different frequency fields or sound waves generated by vocal chords. Late British philosopher Alan Watts said:

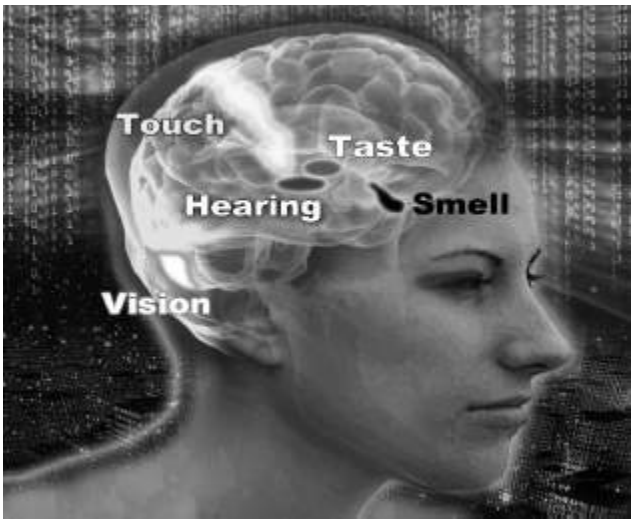

Figure 12: The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[Without the brain] the world is devoid of light, heat, weight, solidity, motion, space, time or any other imaginable feature. All these phenomena are interactions, or transactions, of vibrations with a certain arrangement of neurons.

That's exactly what they are and scientist Robert Lanza describes in his book, *Biocentrism*, how we decode electromagnetic waves and energy into visual and 'physical' experience. He uses the example of a flame emitting photons, electromagnetic energy, each pulsing electrically and magnetically:

… these … invisible electromagnetic waves strike a human retina, and if (and only if) the waves happen to measure between 400 and 700 nano meters in length from crest to crest, then their energy is just right to deliver a stimulus to the 8 million cone-shaped cells in the retina.

Each in turn send an electrical pulse to a neighbour neuron, and on up the line this goes, at 250 mph, until it reaches the … occipital lobe of the brain, in the back of the head. There, a cascading complex of neurons fire from the incoming stimuli, and we subjectively perceive this experience as a yellow brightness occurring in a place we have been conditioned to call the 'external world'.

You hear what you decode

If a tree falls or a building collapses they make no noise unless someone is there to decode the energetic waves generated by the disturbance into what we call sound. Does a falling tree make a noise? Only if you hear it – *decode* it. Everything in our reality is a frequency field of information operating within the overall 'Wi-Fi' field that I call The Field. A vibrational disturbance is generated in The Field by the fields of the falling tree or building. These disturbance waves are what we decode into the sound of them falling. If no one is there to do that then neither will make any noise. Reality is created by the observer – *decoder* – and the *perceptions* of the observer affect the decoding process. For this reason different people – different *perceptions* – will perceive the same reality or situation in a different way. What one may perceive as a nightmare another will see as an opportunity. The question of why the Cult is so focused on controlling human perception now answers itself. All experienced reality is the act of decoding and we don't experience Wi-Fi until it is decoded on the computer screen. The sight and sound of an Internet video is encoded in the Wi-Fi all around us, but we don't see or hear it until the computer decodes that information. Taste, smell and touch are all phenomena of the brain as a result of the same process. We don't taste, smell or feel anything except in the brain and there are pain relief techniques that seek to block the signal from the site of discomfort to the brain because if the brain doesn't decode that signal we don't feel pain. Pain is in the brain and only appears to be at the point of impact thanks to the feedback loop between them. We don't see anything until electrical information from the sight senses is decoded in an area at the back of the brain. If that area is damaged we can go blind when our eyes are perfectly okay. So why do we go blind if we damage an eye? We damage the information processing between the waveform visual information and the visual decoding area of the brain. If information doesn't reach the brain in a form it can decode then we can't see the visual reality that it represents. What's more the brain is decoding only a fraction of the information it receives and the rest is absorbed by the

sub-conscious mind. This explanation is from the science magazine, *Wonderpedia*:

> Every second, 11 million sensations crackle along these [brain] pathways ... The brain is confronted with an alarming array of images, sounds and smells which it rigorously filters down until it is left with a manageable list of around 40. Thus 40 sensations per second make up what we perceive as reality.

The 'world' is not what people are told to believe that is it and the inner circles of the Cult *know that*.

Illusory 'physical' reality

We can only see a smear of 0.005 percent of the Universe which is only one of a vast array of universes – 'mansions' – within infinite reality. Even then the brain decodes only 40 pieces of information ('sensations') from a potential *11 million* that we receive every second. Two points strike you from this immediately: The sheer breathtaking stupidity of believing we know anything so rigidly that there's nothing more to know; and the potential for these processes to be manipulated by a malevolent force to control the reality of the population. One thing I can say for sure with no risk of contradiction is that when you can perceive an almost indescribable fraction of infinite reality there is always more to know as in tidal waves of it. Ancient Greek philosopher Socrates was so right when he said that wisdom is to know how little we know. How obviously true that is when you think that we are experiencing a physical world of solidity that is neither physical nor solid and a world of apartness when everything is connected. Cult-controlled 'science' dismisses the so-called 'paranormal' and all phenomena related to that when the 'para'-normal is perfectly normal and explains the alleged 'great mysteries' which dumbfound scientific minds. There is a reason for this. A 'scientific mind' in terms of the mainstream is a material mind, a five-sense mind imprisoned in see it, touch it, hear it, smell it and taste it. Phenomena and happenings that can't be explained that way leave the 'scientific mind' bewildered and the rule is that if they

can't account for why something is happening then it can't, by definition, be happening. I beg to differ. Telepathy is thought waves passing through The Field (think wave disturbance again) to be decoded by someone able to connect with that wavelength (information). For example: You can pick up the thought waves of a friend at any distance and at the very least that will bring them to mind. A few minutes later the friend calls you. 'My god', you say, 'that's incredible – I was just thinking of you.' Ah, but *they* were thinking of *you* before they made the call and that's what you decoded. Native peoples not entrapped in five-sense reality do this so well it became known as the 'bush telegraph'. Those known as psychics and mediums (genuine ones) are doing the same only across dimensions of reality. 'Mind over matter' comes from the fact that matter and mind are the *same*. The state of one influences the state of the other. Indeed one *and* the other are illusions. They are aspects of the same field. Paranormal phenomena are all explainable so why are they still considered 'mysteries' or not happening? Once you go down this road of understanding you begin to expand awareness beyond the five senses and that's the nightmare for the Cult.

Figure 13: Holograms are not solid, but the best ones appear to be.

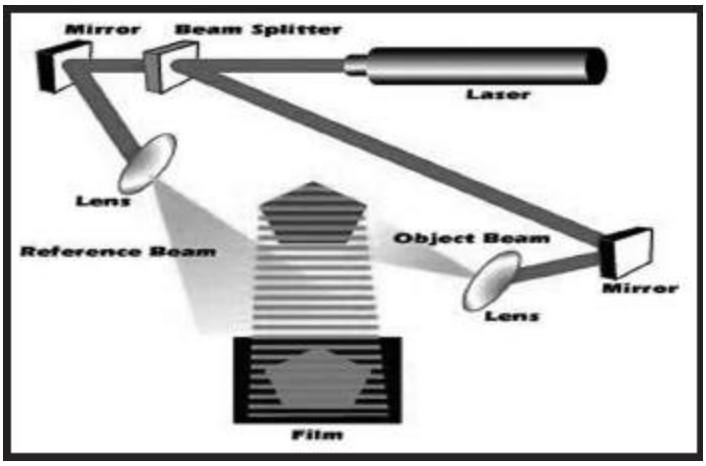

Figure 14: How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

Holographic 'solidity'

Our reality is not solid, it is holographic. We are now well aware of holograms which are widely used today. Two-dimensional information is decoded into a three-dimensional reality that is not solid although can very much appear to be (Fig 13). Holograms are created with a laser divided into two parts. One goes directly onto a holographic photographic print ('reference beam') and the other takes a waveform image of the subject ('working beam') before being directed onto the print where it 'collides' with the other half of the laser (Fig 14). This creates a *waveform* interference pattern which contains the wavefield information of whatever is being photographed (Fig 15 overleaf). The process can be likened to dropping pebbles in a pond. Waves generated by each one spread out across the water to collide with the others and create a wave representation of where the stones fell and at what speed, weight and distance. A waveform interference pattern of a hologram is akin to the waveform information in The Field which the five senses decode into electrical signals to be decoded by the brain into a holographic illusory 'physical' reality. In the same way when a laser (think human attention) is directed at the waveform interference pattern a three-dimensional version of the subject is projected into apparently 'solid' reality (Fig 16). An amazing trait of holograms reveals more 'paranormal mysteries'. Information of the *whole*

hologram is encoded in waveform in every part of the interference pattern by the way they are created. This means that every *part* of a hologram is a smaller version of the whole. Cut the interference wave-pattern into four and you won't get four parts of the image. You get quarter-sized versions of the *whole* image. The body is a hologram and the same applies. Here we have the basis of acupuncture, reflexology and other forms of healing which identify representations of the whole body in all of the parts, hands, feet, ears, everywhere. Skilled palm readers can do what they do because the information of whole body is encoded in the hand. The concept of as above, so below, comes from this.

Figure 15: A waveform interference pattern that holds the information that transforms into a hologram.

Figure 16: Holographic people including 'Elvis' holographically inserted to sing a duet with Celine Dion.

The question will be asked of why, if solidity is illusory, we can't just walk through walls and each other. The resistance is not solid against solid; it is electromagnetic field against electromagnetic field and we decode this into the *experience* of solid against solid. We should also not underestimate the power of belief to dictate reality. What you believe is impossible *will be*. Your belief impacts on your decoding processes and they won't decode what you think is impossible. What we believe we perceive and what we perceive we experience. 'Can't dos' and 'impossibles' are like a firewall in a computer system that won't put on the screen what the firewall blocks. How vital that is to understanding how human experience has been hijacked. I explain in *The Answer*, *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* and other books a long list of 'mysteries' and 'paranormal' phenomena that are not mysterious and perfectly normal once you realise what reality is and how it works. 'Ghosts' can be seen to pass through 'solid' walls because the walls are not solid and the ghost is a discarnate entity operating on a frequency so different to that of the wall that it's like two radio stations sharing the same space while never interfering with each other. I have seen ghosts do this myself. The apartness of people and objects is also an illusion. Everything is connected by the Field like all sea life is connected by the sea. It's just that within the limits of our visual reality we only 'see' holographic information and not the field of information that connects everything and from which the holographic world is made manifest. If you can only see holographic 'objects' and not the field that connects them they will appear to you as unconnected to each other in the same way that we see the computer while not seeing the Wi-Fi.

What you don't know *can* hurt you

Okay, we return to those 'two worlds' of human society and the Cult with its global network of interconnecting secret societies and satanic groups which manipulate through governments, corporations, media, religions, etc. The fundamental difference between them is *knowledge*. The idea has been to keep humanity

ignorant of the plan for its total enslavement underpinned by a crucial ignorance of reality – who we are and where we are – and how we interact with it. 'Human' should be the interaction between our expanded eternal consciousness and the five-sense body experience. We are meant to be *in* this world in terms of the five senses but not *of* this world in relation to our greater consciousness and perspective. In that state we experience the small picture of the five senses within the wider context of the big picture of awareness beyond the five senses. Put another way the five senses see the dots and expanded awareness connects them into pictures and patterns that give context to the apparently random and unconnected. Without the context of expanded awareness the five senses see only apartness and randomness with apparently no meaning. The Cult and its other-dimensional controllers seek to intervene in the frequency realm where five-sense reality is supposed to connect with expanded reality and to keep the two apart (more on this in the final chapter). When that happens five-sense mental and emotional processes are no longer influenced by expanded awareness, or the True 'I', and instead are driven by the isolated perceptions of the body's decoding systems. They are in the world *and* of it. Here we have the human plight and why humanity with its potential for infinite awareness can be so easily manipulatable and descend into such extremes of stupidity.

Once the Cult isolates five-sense mind from expanded awareness it can then program the mind with perceptions and beliefs by controlling information that the mind receives through the 'education' system of the formative years and the media perceptual bombardment and censorship of an entire lifetime. Limit perception and a sense of the possible through limiting knowledge by limiting and skewing information while censoring and discrediting that which could set people free. As the title of another of my books says *… And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. For this reason the last thing the Cult wants in circulation is the truth about anything – especially the reality of the eternal 'I' – and that's why it is desperate to control information. The Cult knows that information becomes perception

which becomes behaviour which, collectively, becomes human society. Cult-controlled and funded mainstream 'science' denies the existence of an eternal 'I' and seeks to dismiss and trash all evidence to the contrary. Cult-controlled mainstream religion has a version of 'God' that is little more than a system of control and dictatorship that employs threats of damnation in an afterlife to control perceptions and behaviour in the here and now through fear and guilt. Neither is true and it's the 'neither' that the Cult wishes to suppress. This 'neither' is that everything is an expression, a point of attention, within an infinite state of consciousness which is the real meaning of the term 'God'.

Perceptual obsession with the 'physical body' and five-senses means that 'God' becomes personified as a bearded bloke sitting among the clouds or a raging bully who loves us if we do what 'he' wants and condemns us to the fires of hell if we don't. These are no more than a 'spiritual' fairy tales to control and dictate events and behaviour through fear of this 'God' which has bizarrely made 'God-fearing' in religious circles a state to be desired. I would suggest that fearing *anything* is not to be encouraged and celebrated, but rather deleted. You can see why 'God fearing' is so beneficial to the Cult and its religions when *they* decide what 'God' wants and what 'God' demands (the Cult demands) that everyone do. As the great American comedian Bill Hicks said satirising a Christian zealot: 'I think what God meant to say.' How much of this infinite awareness ('God') that we access is decided by how far we choose to expand our perceptions, self-identity and sense of the possible. The scale of self-identity reflects itself in the scale of awareness that we can connect with and are influenced by – how much knowing and insight we have instead of programmed perception. You cannot expand your awareness into the infinity of possibility when you believe that you are little me Peter the postman or Mary in marketing and nothing more. I'll deal with this in the concluding chapter because it's crucial to how we turnaround current events.

Where the Cult came from

When I realised in the early 1990s there was a Cult network behind global events I asked the obvious question: When did it start? I took it back to ancient Rome and Egypt and on to Babylon and Sumer in Mesopotamia, the 'Land Between Two Rivers', in what we now call Iraq. The two rivers are the Tigris and Euphrates and this region is of immense historical and other importance to the Cult, as is the land called Israel only 550 miles away by air. There is much more going with deep esoteric meaning across this whole region. It's not only about 'wars for oil'. Priceless artefacts from Mesopotamia were stolen or destroyed after the American and British invasion of Iraq in 2003 justified by the lies of Boy Bush and Tony Blair (their Cult masters) about non-existent 'weapons of mass destruction'. Mesopotamia was the location of Sumer (about 5,400BC to 1,750BC), and Babylon (about 2,350BC to 539BC). Sabbatians may have become immensely influential in the Cult in modern times but they are part of a network that goes back into the mists of history. Sumer is said by historians to be the 'cradle of civilisation'. I disagree. I say it was the re-start of what we call human civilisation after cataclysmic events symbolised in part as the 'Great Flood' destroyed the world that existed before. These fantastic upheavals that I have been describing in detail in the books since the early1990s appear in accounts and legends of ancient cultures across the world and they are supported by geological and biological evidence. Stone tablets found in Iraq detailing the Sumer period say the cataclysms were caused by non-human 'gods' they call the Anunnaki. These are described in terms of extraterrestrial visitations in which knowledge supplied by the Anunnaki is said to have been the source of at least one of the world's oldest writing systems and developments in astronomy, mathematics and architecture that were way ahead of their time. I have covered this subject at length in *The Biggest Secret* and *Children of the Matrix* and the same basic 'Anunnaki' story can be found in Zulu accounts in South Africa where the late and very great Zulu high shaman Credo Mutwa told me that the Sumerian Anunnaki were known by Zulus as the Chitauri or 'children of the serpent'. See my six-hour video interview with Credo on this subject entitled *The*

Reptilian Agenda recorded at his then home near Johannesburg in 1999 which you can watch on the Ickonic media platform.

The Cult emerged out of Sumer, Babylon and Egypt (and elsewhere) and established the Roman Empire before expanding with the Romans into northern Europe from where many empires were savagely imposed in the form of Cult-controlled societies all over the world. Mass death and destruction was their calling card. The Cult established its centre of operations in Europe and European Empires were Cult empires which allowed it to expand into a global force. Spanish and Portuguese colonialists headed for Central and South America while the British and French targeted North America. Africa was colonised by Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Some like Britain and France moved in on the Middle East. The British Empire was by far the biggest for a simple reason. By now Britain was the headquarters of the Cult from which it expanded to form Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. The Sun never set on the British Empire such was the scale of its occupation. London remains a global centre for the Cult along with Rome and the Vatican although others have emerged in Israel and China. It is no accident that the 'virus' is alleged to have come out of China while Italy was chosen as the means to terrify the Western population into compliance with 'Covid' fascism. Nor that Israel has led the world in 'Covid' fascism and mass 'vaccination'.

You would think that I would mention the United States here, but while it has been an important means of imposing the Cult's will it is less significant than would appear and is currently in the process of having what power it does have deleted. The Cult in Europe has mostly loaded the guns for the US to fire. America has been controlled from Europe from the start through Cult operatives in Britain and Europe. The American Revolution was an illusion to make it appear that America was governing itself while very different forces were pulling the strings in the form of Cult families such as the Rothschilds through the Rockefellers and other subordinates. The Rockefellers are extremely close to Bill Gates and

established both scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the World Health Organization. They play a major role in the development and circulation of vaccines through the Rockefeller Foundation on which Bill Gates said his Foundation is based. Why wouldn't this be the case when the Rockefellers and Gates are on the same team? Cult infiltration of human society goes way back into what we call history and has been constantly expanding and centralising power with the goal of establishing a global structure to dictate everything. Look how this has been advanced in great leaps with the 'Covid' hoax.

The non-human dimension

I researched and observed the comings and goings of Cult operatives through the centuries and even thousands of years as they were born, worked to promote the agenda within the secret society and satanic networks, and then died for others to replace them. Clearly there had to be a coordinating force that spanned this entire period while operatives who would not have seen the end goal in their lifetimes came and went advancing the plan over millennia. I went in search of that coordinating force with the usual support from the extraordinary synchronicity of my life which has been an almost daily experience since 1990. I saw common themes in religious texts and ancient cultures about a non-human force manipulating human society from the hidden. Christianity calls this force Satan, the Devil and demons; Islam refers to the Jinn or Djinn; Zulus have their Chitauri (spelt in other ways in different parts of Africa); and the Gnostic people in Egypt in the period around and before 400AD referred to this phenomena as the 'Archons', a word meaning rulers in Greek. Central American cultures speak of the 'Predators' among other names and the same theme is everywhere. I will use 'Archons' as a collective name for all of them. When you see how their nature and behaviour is described all these different sources are clearly talking about the same force. Gnostics described the Archons in terms of 'luminous fire' while Islam relates the Jinn to 'smokeless fire'. Some refer to beings in form that could occasionally be seen, but the most common of common theme is that they operate from

unseen realms which means almost all existence to the visual processes of humans. I had concluded that this was indeed the foundation of human control and that the Cult was operating within the human frequency band on behalf of this hidden force when I came across the writings of Gnostics which supported my conclusions in the most extraordinary way.

A sealed earthen jar was found in 1945 near the town of Nag Hammadi about 75-80 miles north of Luxor on the banks of the River Nile in Egypt. Inside was a treasure trove of manuscripts and texts left by the Gnostic people some 1,600 years earlier. They included 13 leather-bound papyrus codices (manuscripts) and more than 50 texts written in Coptic Egyptian estimated to have been hidden in the jar in the period of 400AD although the source of the information goes back much further. Gnostics oversaw the Great or Royal Library of Alexandria, the fantastic depository of ancient texts detailing advanced knowledge and accounts of human history. The Library was dismantled and destroyed in stages over a long period with the death-blow delivered by the Cult-established Roman Church in the period around 415AD. The Church of Rome was the Church of Babylon relocated as I said earlier. Gnostics were not a race. They were a way of perceiving reality. Whenever they established themselves and their information circulated the terrorists of the Church of Rome would target them for destruction. This happened with the Great Library and with the Gnostic Cathars who were burned to death by the psychopaths after a long period of oppression at the siege of the Castle of Monségur in southern France in 1244. The Church has always been terrified of Gnostic information which demolishes the official Christian narrative although there is much in the Bible that supports the Gnostic view if you read it in another way. To anyone studying the texts of what became known as the Nag Hammadi Library it is clear that great swathes of Christian and Biblical belief has its origin with Gnostics sources going back to Sumer. Gnostic themes have been twisted to manipulate the perceived reality of Bible believers. Biblical texts have been in the open for centuries where they could be changed while Gnostic

documents found at Nag Hammadi were sealed away and untouched for 1,600 years. What you see is what they wrote.

Use your *pneuma* not your *nous*

Gnosticism and Gnostic come from 'gnosis' which means knowledge, or rather *secret* knowledge, in the sense of spiritual awareness – knowledge about reality and life itself. The desperation of the Cult's Church of Rome to destroy the Gnostics can be understood when the knowledge they were circulating was the last thing the Cult wanted the population to know. Sixteen hundred years later the same Cult is working hard to undermine and silence me for the same reason. The dynamic between knowledge and ignorance is a constant. 'Time' appears to move on, but essential themes remain the same. We are told to 'use your nous', a Gnostic word for head/brain/intelligence. They said, however, that spiritual awakening or 'salvation' could only be secured by expanding awareness *beyond* what they called *nous* and into *pneuma* or Infinite Self. Obviously as I read these texts the parallels with what I have been saying since 1990 were fascinating to me. There is a universal truth that spans human history and in that case why wouldn't we be talking the same language 16 centuries apart? When you free yourself from the perception program of the five senses and explore expanded realms of consciousness you are going to connect with the same information no matter what the perceived 'era' within a manufactured timeline of a single and tiny range of manipulated frequency. Humans working with 'smart' technology or knocking rocks together in caves is only a timeline appearing to operate within the human frequency band. Expanded awareness and the knowledge it holds have always been there whether the era be Stone Age or computer age. We can only access that knowledge by opening ourselves to its frequency which the five-sense prison cell is designed to stop us doing. Gates, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki, Bezos, and all the others behind the 'Covid' hoax clearly have a long wait before their range of frequency can make that connection given that an open heart is

crucial to that as we shall see. Instead of accessing knowledge directly through expanded awareness it is given to Cult operatives by the secret society networks of the Cult where it has been passed on over thousands of years outside the public arena. Expanded realms of consciousness is where great artists, composers and writers find their inspiration and where truth awaits anyone open enough to connect with it. We need to go there fast.

Archon hijack

A fifth of the Nag Hammadi texts describe the existence and manipulation of the Archons led by a 'Chief Archon' they call 'Yaldabaoth', or the 'Demiurge', and this is the Christian 'Devil', 'Satan', 'Lucifer', and his demons. Archons in Biblical symbolism are the 'fallen ones' which are also referred to as fallen angels after the angels expelled from heaven according to the Abrahamic religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. These angels are claimed to tempt humans to 'sin' ongoing and you will see how accurate that symbolism is during the rest of the book. The theme of 'original sin' is related to the 'Fall' when Adam and Eve were 'tempted by the serpent' and fell from a state of innocence and 'obedience' (connection) with God into a state of disobedience (disconnection). The Fall is said to have brought sin into the world and corrupted everything including human nature. Yaldabaoth, the 'Lord Archon', is described by Gnostics as a 'counterfeit spirit', 'The Blind One', 'The Blind God', and 'The Foolish One'. The Jewish name for Yaldabaoth in Talmudic writings is Samael which translates as 'Poison of God', or 'Blindness of God'. You see the parallels. Yaldabaoth in Islamic belief is the Muslim Jinn devil known as Shaytan – Shaytan is Satan as the same themes are found all over the world in every religion and culture. The 'Lord God' of the Old Testament is the 'Lord Archon' of Gnostic manuscripts and that's why he's such a bloodthirsty bastard. Satan is known by Christians as 'the Demon of Demons' and Gnostics called Yaldabaoth the 'Archon of Archons'. Both are known as 'The Deceiver'. We are talking about the same 'bloke' for sure and these common themes

using different names, storylines and symbolism tell a common tale of the human plight.

Archons are referred to in Nag Hammadi documents as mind parasites, inverters, guards, gatekeepers, detainers, judges, pitiless ones and deceivers. The 'Covid' hoax alone is a glaring example of all these things. The Biblical 'God' is so different in the Old and New Testaments because they are not describing the same phenomenon. The vindictive, angry, hate-filled, 'God' of the Old Testament, known as Yahweh, is Yaldabaoth who is depicted in Cult-dictated popular culture as the 'Dark Lord', 'Lord of Time', Lord (Darth) Vader and Dormammu, the evil ruler of the 'Dark Dimension' trying to take over the 'Earth Dimension' in the Marvel comic movie, *Dr Strange*. Yaldabaoth is both the Old Testament 'god' and the Biblical 'Satan'. Gnostics referred to Yaldabaoth as the 'Great Architect of the Universe'and the Cult-controlled Freemason network calls their god 'the 'Great Architect of the Universe' (also Grand Architect). The 'Great Architect' Yaldabaoth is symbolised by the Cult as the all-seeing eye at the top of the pyramid on the Great Seal of the United States and the dollar bill. Archon is encoded in *arch*-itect as it is in *arch*-angels and *arch*-bishops. All religions have the theme of a force for good and force for evil in some sort of spiritual war and there is a reason for that – the theme is true. The Cult and its non-human masters are quite happy for this to circulate. They present themselves as the force for good fighting evil when they are really the force of evil (absence of love). The whole foundation of Cult modus operandi is inversion. They promote themselves as a force for good and anyone challenging them in pursuit of peace, love, fairness, truth and justice is condemned as a satanic force for evil. This has been the game plan throughout history whether the Church of Rome inquisitions of non-believers or 'conspiracy theorists' and 'anti-vaxxers' of today. The technique is the same whatever the timeline era.

Yaldabaoth is revolting (true)

Yaldabaoth and the Archons are said to have revolted against God with Yaldabaoth claiming to *be* God – the *All That Is*. The Old Testament 'God' (Yaldabaoth) demanded to be worshipped as such: '*I am* the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me' (Isaiah 45:5). I have quoted in other books a man who said he was the unofficial son of the late Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine producing estates in France who died in 1988 and he told me about the Rothschild 'revolt from God'. The man said he was given the name Phillip Eugene de Rothschild and we shared long correspondence many years ago while he was living under another identity. He said that he was conceived through 'occult incest' which (within the Cult) was 'normal and to be admired'. 'Phillip' told me about his experience attending satanic rituals with rich and famous people whom he names and you can see them and the wider background to Cult Satanism in my other books starting with *The Biggest Secret*. Cult rituals are interactions with Archontic 'gods'. 'Phillip' described Baron Philippe de Rothschild as 'a master Satanist and hater of God' and he used the same term 'revolt from God' associated with Yaldabaoth/Satan/Lucifer/the Devil in describing the Sabbatian Rothschild dynasty. 'I played a key role in my family's revolt from God', he said. That role was to infiltrate in classic Sabbatian style the Christian Church, but eventually he escaped the mind-prison to live another life. The Cult has been targeting religion in a plan to make worship of the Archons the global one-world religion. Infiltration of Satanism into modern 'culture', especially among the young, through music videos, stage shows and other means, is all part of this.

Nag Hammadi texts describe Yaldabaoth and the Archons in their prime form as energy – consciousness – and say they can take form if they choose in the same way that consciousness takes form as a human. Yaldabaoth is called 'formless' and represents a deeply inverted, distorted and chaotic state of consciousness which seeks to attached to humans and turn them into a likeness of itself in an attempt at assimilation. For that to happen it has to manipulate

humans into low frequency mental and emotional states that match its own. Archons can certainly appear in human form and this is the origin of the psychopathic personality. The energetic distortion Gnostics called Yaldabaoth *is* psychopathy. When psychopathic Archons take human form that human will be a psychopath as an expression of Yaldabaoth consciousness. Cult psychopaths are Archons in human form. The principle is the same as that portrayed in the 2009 *Avatar* movie when the American military travelled to a fictional Earth-like moon called Pandora in the Alpha Centauri star system to infiltrate a society of blue people, or Na'vi, by hiding within bodies that looked like the Na'vi. Archons posing as humans have a particular hybrid information field, part human, part Archon, (the ancient 'demigods') which processes information in a way that manifests behaviour to match their psychopathic evil, lack of empathy and compassion, and stops them being influenced by the empathy, compassion and love that a fully-human information field is capable of expressing. Cult bloodlines interbreed, be they royalty or dark suits, for this reason and you have their obsession with incest. Interbreeding with full-blown humans would dilute the Archontic energy field that guarantees psychopathy in its representatives in the human realm.

Gnostic writings say the main non-human forms that Archons take are *serpentine* (what I have called for decades 'reptilian' amid unbounded ridicule from the Archontically-programmed) and what Gnostics describe as 'an unborn baby or foetus with grey skin and dark, unmoving eyes'. This is an excellent representation of the ET 'Greys' of UFO folklore which large numbers of people claim to have seen and been abducted by – Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa among them. I agree with those that believe in extraterrestrial or interdimensional visitations today and for thousands of years past. No wonder with their advanced knowledge and technological capability they were perceived and worshipped as gods for technological and other 'miracles' they appeared to perform. Imagine someone arriving in a culture disconnected from the modern world with a smartphone and computer. They would be

seen as a 'god' capable of 'miracles'. The Renegade Mind, however, wants to know the source of everything and not only the way that source manifests as human or non-human. In the same way that a Renegade Mind seeks the original source material for the 'Covid virus' to see if what is claimed is true. The original source of Archons in form is consciousness – the distorted state of consciousness known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth.

'Revolt from God' is energetic disconnection

Where I am going next will make a lot of sense of religious texts and ancient legends relating to 'Satan', Lucifer' and the 'gods'. Gnostic descriptions sync perfectly with the themes of my own research over the years in how they describe a consciousness distortion seeking to impose itself on human consciousness. I've referred to the core of infinite awareness in previous books as Infinite Awareness in Awareness of Itself. By that I mean a level of awareness that knows that it is all awareness and is aware of all awareness. From here comes the frequency of love in its true sense and balance which is what love is on one level – the balance of all forces into a single whole called Oneness and Isness. The more we disconnect from this state of love that many call 'God' the constituent parts of that Oneness start to unravel and express themselves as a part and not a whole. They become individualised as intellect, mind, selfishness, hatred, envy, desire for power over others, and such like. This is not a problem in the greater scheme in that 'God', the *All That Is*, can experience all these possibilities through different expressions of itself including humans. What we as expressions of the whole experience the *All That Is* experiences. We are the *All That Is* experiencing itself. As we withdraw from that state of Oneness we disconnect from its influence and things can get very unpleasant and very stupid. Archontic consciousness is at the extreme end of that. It has so disconnected from the influence of Oneness that it has become an inversion of unity and love, an inversion of everything, an inversion of life itself. Evil is appropriately live written backwards. Archontic consciousness is obsessed with death, an inversion of life,

and so its manifestations in Satanism are obsessed with death. They use inverted symbols in their rituals such as the inverted pentagram and cross. Sabbatians as Archontic consciousness incarnate invert Judaism and every other religion and culture they infiltrate. They seek disunity and chaos and they fear unity and harmony as they fear love like garlic to a vampire. As a result the Cult, Archons incarnate, act with such evil, psychopathy and lack of empathy and compassion disconnected as they are from the source of love. How could Bill Gates and the rest of the Archontic psychopaths do what they have to human society in the 'Covid' era with all the death, suffering and destruction involved and have no emotional consequence for the impact on others? Now you know. Why have Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki and company callously censored information warning about the dangers of the 'vaccine' while thousands have been dying and having severe, sometimes life-changing reactions? Now you know. Why have Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance and their like around the world been using case and death figures they're aware are fraudulent to justify lockdowns and all the deaths and destroyed lives that have come from that? Now you know. Why did Christian Drosten produce and promote a 'testing' protocol that he knew couldn't test for infectious disease which led to a global human catastrophe. Now you know. The Archontic mind doesn't give a shit (Fig 17). I personally think that Gates and major Cult insiders are a form of AI cyborg that the Archons want humans to become.

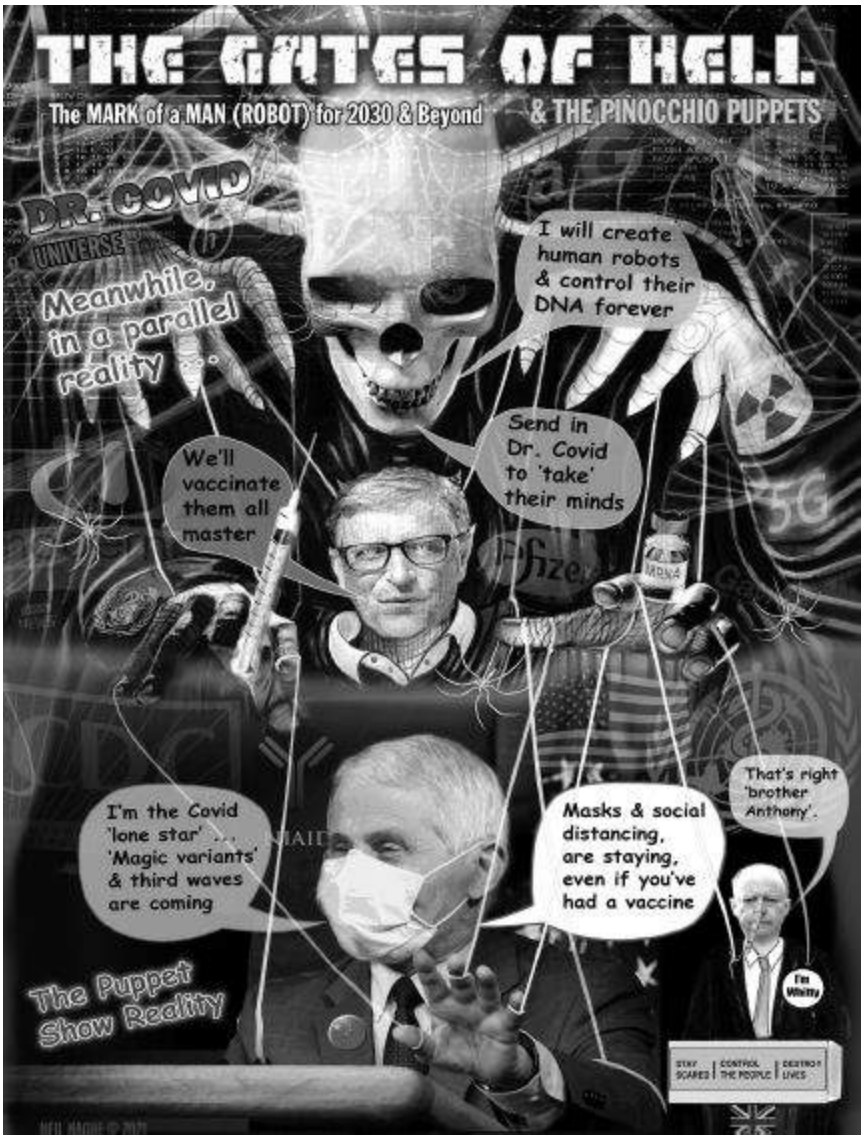

Figure 17: Artist Neil Hague's version of the 'Covid' hierarchy.

Human batteries

A state of such inversion does have its consequences, however. The level of disconnection from the Source of All means that you withdraw from that source of energetic sustenance and creativity. This means that you have to find your own supply of energetic power and it has – *us*. When the Morpheus character in the first *Matrix* movie held up a battery he spoke a profound truth when he said: 'The Matrix is a computer-generated dream world built to keep us under control in order to change the human being into one of

these.' The statement was true in all respects. We do live in a technologically-generated virtual reality simulation (more very shortly) and we have been manipulated to be an energy source for Archontic consciousness. The Disney-Pixar animated movie *Monsters, Inc*. in 2001 symbolised the dynamic when monsters in their world had no energy source and they would enter the human world to terrify children in their beds, catch the child's scream, terror (low-vibrational frequencies), and take that energy back to power the monster world. The lead character you might remember was a single giant eye and the symbolism of the Cult's all-seeing eye was obvious. Every thought and emotion is broadcast as a frequency unique to that thought and emotion. Feelings of love and joy, empathy and compassion, are high, quick, frequencies while fear, depression, anxiety, suffering and hate are low, slow, dense frequencies. Which kind do you think Archontic consciousness can connect with and absorb? In such a low and dense frequency state there's no way it can connect with the energy of love and joy. Archons can only feed off energy compatible with their own frequency and they and their Cult agents want to delete the human world of love and joy and manipulate the transmission of low vibrational frequencies through low-vibrational human mental and emotional states. *We are their energy source*. Wars are energetic banquets to the Archons – a world war even more so – and think how much low-frequency mental and emotional energy has been generated from the consequences for humanity of the 'Covid' hoax orchestrated by Archons incarnate like Gates.

The ancient practice of human sacrifice 'to the gods', continued in secret today by the Cult, is based on the same principle. 'The gods' are Archontic consciousness in different forms and the sacrifice is induced into a state of intense terror to generate the energy the Archontic frequency can absorb. Incarnate Archons in the ritual drink the blood which contains an adrenaline they crave which floods into the bloodstream when people are terrorised. Most of the sacrifices, ancient and modern, are children and the theme of 'sacrificing young virgins to the gods' is just code for children. They

have a particular pre-puberty energy that Archons want more than anything and the energy of the young in general is their target. The California Department of Education wants students to chant the names of Aztec gods (Archontic gods) once worshipped in human sacrifice rituals in a curriculum designed to encourage them to 'challenge racist, bigoted, discriminatory, imperialist/colonial beliefs', join 'social movements that struggle for social justice', and 'build new possibilities for a post-racist, post-systemic racism society'. It's the usual Woke crap that inverts racism and calls it anti-racism. In this case solidarity with 'indigenous tribes' is being used as an excuse to chant the names of 'gods' to which people were sacrificed (and still are in secret). What an example of Woke's inability to see beyond black and white, us and them, They condemn the colonisation of these tribal cultures by Europeans (quite right), but those cultures sacrificing people including children to their 'gods', and mass murdering untold numbers as the Aztecs did, is just fine. One chant is to the Aztec god Tezcatlipoca who had a man sacrificed to him in the 5th month of the Aztec calendar. His heart was cut out and he was eaten. Oh, that's okay then. Come on children … after three … Other sacrificial 'gods' for the young to chant their allegiance include Quetzalcoatl, Huitzilopochtli and Xipe Totec. The curriculum says that 'chants, affirmations, and energizers can be used to bring the class together, build unity around ethnic studies principles and values, and to reinvigorate the class following a lesson that may be emotionally taxing or even when student engagement may appear to be low'. Well, that's the cover story, anyway. Chanting and mantras are the repetition of a particular frequency generated from the vocal cords and chanting the names of these Archontic 'gods' tunes you into their frequency. That is the last thing you want when it allows for energetic synchronisation, attachment and perceptual influence. Initiates chant the names of their 'Gods' in their rituals for this very reason.

Vampires of the Woke

Paedophilia is another way that Archons absorb the energy of children. Paedophiles possessed by Archontic consciousness are used as the conduit during sexual abuse for discarnate Archons to vampire the energy of the young they desire so much. Stupendous numbers of children disappear every year never to be seen again although you would never know from the media. Imagine how much low-vibrational energy has been generated by children during the 'Covid' hoax when so many have become depressed and psychologically destroyed to the point of killing themselves. Shocking numbers of children are now taken by the state from loving parents to be handed to others. I can tell you from long experience of researching this since 1996 that many end up with paedophiles and assets of the Cult through corrupt and Cult-owned social services which in the reframing era has hired many psychopaths and emotionless automatons to do the job. Children are even stolen to order using spurious reasons to take them by the corrupt and secret (because they're corrupt) 'family courts'. I have written in detail in other books, starting with *The Biggest Secret* in 1997, about the ubiquitous connections between the political, corporate, government, intelligence and military elites (Cult operatives) and Satanism and paedophilia. If you go deep enough both networks have an interlocking leadership. The Woke mentality has been developed by the Cult for many reasons: To promote almost every aspect of its agenda; to hijack the traditional political left and turn it fascist; to divide and rule; and to target agenda pushbackers. But there are other reasons which relate to what I am describing here. How many happy and joyful Wokers do you ever see especially at the extreme end? They are a mental and psychological mess consumed by emotional stress and constantly emotionally cocked for the next explosion of indignation at someone referring to a female as a female. They are walking, talking, batteries as Morpheus might say emitting frequencies which both enslave them in low-vibrational bubbles of perceptual limitation and feed the Archons. Add to this the hatred claimed to be love; fascism claimed to 'anti-fascism', racism claimed to be 'anti-racism';

exclusion claimed to inclusion; and the abuse-filled Internet trolling. You have a purpose-built Archontic energy system with not a wind turbine in sight and all founded on Archontic *inversion*. We have whole generations now manipulated to serve the Archons with their actions and energy. They will be doing so their entire adult lives unless they snap out of their Archon-induced trance. Is it really a surprise that Cult billionaires and corporations put so much money their way? Where is the energy of joy and laughter, including laughing at yourself which is confirmation of your own emotional security? Mark Twain said: 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter.' We must use it all the time. Woke has destroyed comedy because it has no humour, no joy, sense of irony, or self-deprecation. Its energy is dense and intense. *Mmmmm*, lunch says the Archontic frequency. Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) was the Austrian philosopher and famous esoteric thinker who established Waldorf education or Steiner schools to treat children like unique expressions of consciousness and not minds to be programmed with the perceptions determined by authority. I'd been writing about this energy vampiring for decades when I was sent in 2016 a quote by Steiner. He was spot on:

> There are beings in the spiritual realms for whom anxiety and fear emanating from human beings offer welcome food. When humans have no anxiety and fear, then these creatures starve. If fear and anxiety radiates from people and they break out in panic, then these creatures find welcome nutrition and they become more and more powerful. These beings are hostile towards humanity. Everything that feeds on negative feelings, on anxiety, fear and superstition, despair or doubt, are in reality hostile forces in super-sensible worlds, launching cruel attacks on human beings, while they are being fed ... These are exactly the feelings that belong to contemporary culture and materialism; because it estranges people from the spiritual world, it is especially suited to evoke hopelessness and fear of the unknown in people, thereby calling up the above mentioned hostile forces against them.

Pause for a moment from this perspective and reflect on what has happened in the world since the start of 2020. Not only will pennies drop, but billion dollar bills. We see the same theme from Don Juan Matus, a Yaqui Indian shaman in Mexico and the information source for Peruvian-born writer, Carlos Castaneda, who wrote a series of

books from the 1960s to 1990s. Don Juan described the force manipulating human society and his name for the Archons was the predator:

> We have a predator that came from the depths of the cosmos and took over the rule of our lives. Human beings are its prisoners. The predator is our lord and master. It has rendered us docile, helpless. If we want to protest, it suppresses our protest. If we want to act independently, it demands that we don't do so ... indeed we are held prisoner!
>
> They took us over because we are food to them, and they squeeze us mercilessly because we are their sustenance. Just as we rear chickens in coops, the predators rear us in human coops, humaneros. Therefore, their food is always available to them.
>
> Different cultures, different eras, same recurring theme.

The 'ennoia' dilemma

Nag Hammadi Gnostic manuscripts say that Archon consciousness has no 'ennoia'. This is directly translated as 'intentionality', but I'll use the term 'creative imagination'. The *All That Is* in awareness of itself is the source of all creativity – all possibility – and the more disconnected you are from that source the more you are subsequently denied 'creative imagination'. Given that Archon consciousness is almost entirely disconnected it severely lacks creativity and has to rely on far more mechanical processes of thought and exploit the creative potential of those that do have 'ennoia'. You can see cases of this throughout human society. Archon consciousness almost entirely dominates the global banking system and if we study how that system works you will appreciate what I mean. Banks manifest 'money' out of nothing by issuing lines of 'credit' which is 'money' that has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. It's a confidence trick. If you think 'credit' figures-on-a-screen 'money' is worth anything you accept it as payment. If you don't then the whole system collapses through lack of confidence in the value of that 'money'. Archontic bankers with no 'ennoia' are 'lending' 'money' that doesn't exist to humans that *do* have creativity – those that have the inspired ideas and create businesses and products. Archon banking feeds off human creativity

which it controls through 'money' creation and debt. Humans have the creativity and Archons exploit that for their own benefit and control while having none themselves. Archon Internet platforms like Facebook claim joint copyright of everything that creative users post and while Archontic minds like Zuckerberg may officially head that company it will be human creatives on the staff that provide the creative inspiration. When you have limitless 'money' you can then buy other companies established by creative humans. Witness the acquisition record of Facebook, Google and their like. Survey the Archon-controlled music industry and you see non-creative dark suit executives making their fortune from the human creativity of their artists. The cases are endless. Research the history of people like Gates and Zuckerberg and how their empires were built on exploiting the creativity of others. Archon minds cannot create out of nothing, but they are skilled (because they have to be) in what Gnostic texts call 'countermimicry'. They can imitate, but not innovate. Sabbatians trawl the creativity of others through backdoors they install in computer systems through their cybersecurity systems. Archon-controlled China is globally infamous for stealing intellectual property and I remember how Hong Kong, now part of China, became notorious for making counterfeit copies of the creativity of others – 'countermimicry'. With the now pervasive and all-seeing surveillance systems able to infiltrate any computer you can appreciate the potential for Archons to vampire the creativity of humans. Author John Lamb Lash wrote in his book about the Nag Hammadi texts, *Not In His Image*:

> Although they cannot originate anything, because they lack the divine factor of ennoia (intentionality), Archons can imitate with a vengeance. Their expertise is simulation (HAL, virtual reality). The Demiurge [Yaldabaoth] fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns [of the original] ... His construction is celestial kitsch, like the fake Italianate villa of a Mafia don complete with militant angels to guard every portal.

This brings us to something that I have been speaking about since the turn of the millennium. Our reality is a simulation; a virtual reality that we think is real. No, I'm not kidding.

Human reality? Well, virtually

I had pondered for years about whether our reality is 'real' or some kind of construct. I remembered being immensely affected on a visit as a small child in the late 1950s to the then newly-opened Planetarium on the Marylebone Road in London which is now closed and part of the adjacent Madame Tussauds wax museum. It was in the middle of the day, but when the lights went out there was the night sky projected in the Planetarium's domed ceiling and it appeared to be so real. The experience never left me and I didn't know why until around the turn of the millennium when I became certain that our 'night sky' and entire reality is a projection, a virtual reality, akin to the illusory world portrayed in the *Matrix* movies. I looked at the sky one day in this period and it appeared to me like the domed roof of the Planetarium. The release of the first *Matrix* movie in 1999 also provided a synchronistic and perfect visual representation of where my mind had been going for a long time. I hadn't come across the Gnostic Nag Hammadi texts then. When I did years later the correlation was once again astounding. As I read Gnostic accounts from 1,600 years and more earlier it was clear that they were describing the same simulation phenomenon. They tell how the Yaldabaoth 'Demiurge' and Archons created a 'bad copy' of original reality to rule over all that were captured by its illusions and the body was a prison to trap consciousness in the 'bad copy' fake reality. Read how Gnostics describe the 'bad copy' and update that to current times and they are referring to what we would call today a virtual reality simulation.

Author John Lamb Lash said 'the Demiurge fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns' of the original through expertise in 'HAL' or virtual reality simulation. Fractal patterns are part of the energetic information construct of our reality, a sort of blueprint. If these patterns were copied in computer terms it would indeed give you a copy of a 'natural' reality in a non-natural frequency and digital form. The principle is the same as making a copy of a website. The original website still exists, but now you can change the copy version to make it whatever you like and it can

become very different to the original website. Archons have done this with our reality, a *synthetic* copy of prime reality that still exists beyond the frequency walls of the simulation. Trapped within the illusions of this synthetic Matrix, however, were and are human consciousness and other expressions of prime reality and this is why the Archons via the Cult are seeking to make the human body synthetic and give us synthetic AI minds to complete the job of turning the entire reality synthetic including what we perceive to be the natural world. To quote Kurzweil: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' Yes, *synthetic* 'creatures' just as 'Covid' and other genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' are designed to make the human body synthetic. From this perspective it is obvious why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to infuse synthetic material into every human with their 'Covid' scam.

Let there be (electromagnetic) light

Yaldabaoth, the force that created the simulation, or Matrix, makes sense of the Gnostic reference to 'The Great Architect' and its use by Cult Freemasonry as the name of its deity. The designer of the Matrix in the movies is called 'The Architect' and that trilogy is jam-packed with symbolism relating to these subjects. I have contended for years that the angry Old Testament God (Yaldabaoth) is the 'God' being symbolically 'quoted' in the opening of Genesis as 'creating the world'. This is not the creation of prime reality – it's the creation of the *simulation*. The Genesis 'God' says: 'Let there be Light: and there was light.' But what is this 'Light'? I have said for decades that the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) is not the fastest speed possible as claimed by mainstream science and is in fact the frequency walls or outer limits of the Matrix. You can't have a fastest or slowest anything within all possibility when everything is possible. The human body is encoded to operate within the speed of light or *within the simulation* and thus we see only the tiny frequency band of visible *light*. Near-death experiencers who perceive reality outside the body during temporary 'death' describe a very different

form of light and this is supported by the Nag Hammadi texts. Prime reality beyond the simulation ('Upper Aeons' to the Gnostics) is described as a realm of incredible beauty, bliss, love and harmony – a realm of 'watery light' that is so powerful 'there are no shadows'. Our false reality of Archon control, which Gnostics call the 'Lower Aeons', is depicted as a realm with a different kind of 'light' and described in terms of chaos, 'Hell', 'the Abyss' and 'Outer Darkness', where trapped souls are tormented and manipulated by demons (relate that to the 'Covid' hoax alone). The watery light theme can be found in near-death accounts and it is not the same as *simulation* 'light' which is electromagnetic or radiation light within the speed of light – the 'Lower Aeons'. Simulation 'light' is the 'luminous fire' associated by Gnostics with the Archons. The Bible refers to Yaldabaoth as 'that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world' (Revelation 12:9). I think that making a simulated copy of prime reality ('countermimicry') and changing it dramatically while all the time manipulating humanity to believe it to be real could probably meet the criteria of deceiving the whole world. Then we come to the Cult god Lucifer – the *Light Bringer*. Lucifer is symbolic of Yaldabaoth, the bringer of radiation light that forms the bad copy simulation within the speed of light. 'He' is symbolised by the lighted torch held by the Statue of Liberty and in the name 'Illuminati'. Sabbatian-Frankism declares that Lucifer is the true god and Lucifer is the real god of Freemasonry honoured as their 'Great or Grand Architect of the Universe' (simulation).

I would emphasise, too, the way Archontic technologically-generated luminous fire of radiation has deluged our environment since I was a kid in the 1950s and changed the nature of The Field with which we constantly interact. Through that interaction technological radiation is changing us. The Smart Grid is designed to operate with immense levels of communication power with 5G expanding across the world and 6G, 7G, in the process of development. Radiation is the simulation and the Archontic manipulation system. Why wouldn't the Archon Cult wish to unleash radiation upon us to an ever-greater extreme to form

Kurzweil's 'cloud'? The plan for a synthetic human is related to the need to cope with levels of radiation beyond even anything we've seen so far. Biological humans would not survive the scale of radiation they have in their script. The Smart Grid is a technological sub-reality within the technological simulation to further disconnect five-sense perception from expanded consciousness. It's a technological prison of the mind.

Infusing the 'spirit of darkness'

A recurring theme in religion and native cultures is the manipulation of human genetics by a non-human force and most famously recorded as the biblical 'sons of god' (the god*s* plural in the original) who interbred with the daughters of men. The Nag Hammadi *Apocryphon of John* tells the same story this way:

> He [Yaldabaoth] sent his angels [Archons/demons] to the daughters of men, that they might take some of them for themselves and raise offspring for their enjoyment. And at first they did not succeed. When they had no success, they gathered together again and they made a plan together ... And the angels changed themselves in their likeness into the likeness of their mates, filling them with the spirit of darkness, which they had mixed for them, and with evil ... And they took women and begot children out of the darkness according to the likeness of their spirit.

Possession when a discarnate entity takes over a human body is an age-old theme and continues today. It's very real and I've seen it. Satanic and secret society rituals can create an energetic environment in which entities can attach to initiates and I've heard many stories of how people have changed their personality after being initiated even into lower levels of the Freemasons. I have been inside three Freemasonic temples, one at a public open day and two by just walking in when there was no one around to stop me. They were in Ryde, the town where I live, Birmingham, England, when I was with a group, and Boston, Massachusetts. They all felt the same energetically – dark, dense, low-vibrational and sinister. Demonic attachment can happen while the initiate has no idea what is going on. To them it's just a ritual to get in the Masons and do a bit of good

business. In the far more extreme rituals of Satanism human possession is even more powerful and they are designed to make possession possible. The hierarchy of the Cult is dictated by the power and perceived status of the possessing Archon. In this way the Archon hierarchy becomes the Cult hierarchy. Once the entity has attached it can influence perception and behaviour and if it attaches to the extreme then so much of its energy (information) infuses into the body information field that the hologram starts to reflect the nature of the possessing entity. This is the *Exorcist* movie type of possession when facial features change and it's known as shapeshifting. Islam's Jinn are said to be invisible tricksters who change shape, 'whisper', confuse and take human form. These are all traits of the Archons and other versions of the same phenomenon. Extreme possession could certainty infuse the 'spirit of darkness' into a partner during sex as the Nag Hammadi texts appear to describe. Such an infusion can change genetics which is also energetic information. Human genetics is information and the 'spirit of darkness' is information. Mix one with the other and change must happen. Islam has the concept of a 'Jinn baby' through possession of the mother and by Jinn taking human form. There are many ways that human genetics can be changed and remember that Archons have been aware all along of advanced techniques to do this. What is being done in human society today – and far more – was known about by Archons at the time of the 'fallen ones' and their other versions described in religions and cultures.

Archons and their human-world Cult are obsessed with genetics as we see today and they know this dictates how information is processed into perceived reality during a human life. They needed to produce a human form that would decode the simulation and this is symbolically known as 'Adam and Eve' who left the 'garden' (prime reality) and 'fell' into Matrix reality. The simulation is not a 'physical' construct (there is no 'physical'); it is a source of information. Think Wi-Fi again. The simulation is an energetic field encoded with information and body-brain systems are designed to decode that information encoded in wave or frequency form which

is transmitted to the brain as electrical signals. These are decoded by the brain to construct our sense of reality – an illusory 'physical' world that only exists in the brain or the mind. Virtual reality games mimic this process using the same sensory decoding system. Information is fed to the senses to decode a virtual reality that can appear so real, but isn't (Figs 18 and 19). Some scientists believe – and I agree with them – that what we perceive as 'physical' reality only exists when we are looking or observing. The act of perception or focus triggers the decoding systems which turn waveform information into holographic reality. When we are not observing something our reality reverts from a holographic state to a waveform state. This relates to the same principle as a falling tree not making a noise unless someone is there to hear it or decode it. The concept makes sense from the simulation perspective. A computer is not decoding all the information in a Wi-Fi field all the time and only decodes or brings into reality on the screen that part of Wi-Fi that it's decoding – focusing upon – at that moment.

Figure 18: Virtual reality technology 'hacks' into the body's five-sense decoding system.

Figure 19: The result can be experienced as very 'real'.

Interestingly, Professor Donald Hoffman at the Department of Cognitive Sciences at the University of California, Irvine, says that our experienced reality is like a computer interface that shows us only the level with which we interact while hiding all that exists beyond it: 'Evolution shaped us with a user interface that hides the truth. Nothing that we see is the truth – the very language of space and time and objects is the wrong language to describe reality.' He is correct in what he says on so many levels. Space and time are not a universal reality. They are a phenomenon of decoded *simulation* reality as part of the process of enslaving our sense of reality. Near-death experiencers report again and again how space and time did not exist as we perceive them once they were free of the body – body decoding systems. You can appreciate from this why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to entrap human attention in the five senses where we are in the Matrix and of the Matrix. Opening your mind to expanded states of awareness takes you beyond the information confines of the simulation and you become aware of knowledge and insights denied to you before. This is what we call 'awakening' – *awakening from the Matrix* – and in the final chapter I will relate this to current events.

Where are the 'aliens'?

A simulation would explain the so-called 'Fermi Paradox' named after Italian physicist Enrico Fermi (1901-1954) who created the first nuclear reactor. He considered the question of why there is such a lack of extraterrestrial activity when there are so many stars and planets in an apparently vast universe; but what if the night sky that we see, or think we do, is a simulated projection as I say? If you control the simulation and your aim is to hold humanity fast in essential ignorance would you want other forms of life including advanced life coming and going sharing information with humanity? Or would you want them to believe they were isolated and apparently alone? Themes of human isolation and apartness are common whether they be the perception of a lifeless universe or the fascist isolation laws of the 'Covid' era. Paradoxically the very

existence of a simulation means that we are not alone when some force had to construct it. My view is that experiences that people have reported all over the world for centuries with Reptilians and Grey entities are Archon phenomena as Nag Hammadi texts describe; and that benevolent 'alien' interactions are non-human groups that come in and out of the simulation by overcoming Archon attempts to keep them out. It should be highlighted, too, that Reptilians and Greys are obsessed with *genetics* and *technology* as related by cultural accounts and those who say they have been abducted by them. Technology is their way of overcoming some of the limitations in their creative potential and our technology-driven and controlled human society of today is *arch*etypical Archon-Reptilian-Grey modus operandi. Technocracy is really *Archon*tocracy. The Universe does not have to be as big as it appears with a simulation. There is no space or distance only information decoded into holographic reality. What we call 'space' is only the absence of holographic 'objects' and that 'space' is The Field of energetic information which connects everything into a single whole. The same applies with the artificially-generated information field of the simulation. The Universe is not big or small as a physical reality. It is decoded information, that's all, and its perceived size is decided by the way the simulation is encoded to make it appear. The entire night sky as we perceive it only exists in our brain and so where are those 'millions of light years'? The 'stars' on the ceiling of the Planetarium looked a vast distance away.

There's another point to mention about 'aliens'. I have been highlighting since the 1990s the plan to stage a fake 'alien invasion' to justify the centralisation of global power and a world military. Nazi scientist Werner von Braun, who was taken to America by Operation Paperclip after World War Two to help found NASA, told his American assistant Dr Carol Rosin about the Cult agenda when he knew he was dying in 1977. Rosin said that he told her about a sequence that would lead to total human control by a one-world government. This included threats from terrorism, rogue nations, meteors and asteroids before finally an 'alien invasion'. All of these

things, von Braun said, would be bogus and what I would refer to as a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Keep this in mind when 'the aliens are coming' is the new mantra. The aliens are not coming – they are *already here* and they have infiltrated human society while looking human. French-Canadian investigative journalist Serge Monast said in 1994 that he had uncovered a NASA/military operation called Project Blue Beam which fits with what Werner von Braun predicted. Monast died of a 'heart attack' in 1996 the day after he was arrested and spent a night in prison. He was 51. He said Blue Beam was a plan to stage an alien invasion that would include religious figures beamed holographically into the sky as part of a global manipulation to usher in a 'new age' of worshipping what I would say is the Cult 'god' Yaldabaoth in a one-world religion. Fake holographic asteroids are also said to be part of the plan which again syncs with von Braun. How could you stage an illusory threat from asteroids unless they were holographic inserts? This is pretty straightforward given the advanced technology outside the public arena and the fact that our 'physical' reality is holographic anyway. Information fields would be projected and we would decode them into the illusion of a 'physical' asteroid. If they can sell a global 'pandemic' with a 'virus' that doesn't exist what will humans not believe if government and media tell them?

All this is particularly relevant as I write with the Pentagon planning to release in June, 2021, information about 'UFO sightings'. I have been following the UFO story since the early 1990s and the common theme throughout has been government and military denials and cover up. More recently, however, the Pentagon has suddenly become more talkative and apparently open with Air Force pilot radar images released of unexplained craft moving and changing direction at speeds well beyond anything believed possible with human technology. Then, in March, 2021, former Director of National Intelligence John Ratcliffe said a Pentagon report months later in June would reveal a great deal of information about UFO sightings unknown to the public. He said the report would have 'massive implications'. The order to do this was included bizarrely

in a $2.3 trillion 'coronavirus' relief and government funding bill passed by the Trump administration at the end of 2020. I would add some serious notes of caution here. I have been pointing out since the 1990s that the US military and intelligence networks have long had craft – 'flying saucers' or anti-gravity craft – which any observer would take to be extraterrestrial in origin. Keeping this knowledge from the public allows craft flown by *humans* to be perceived as alien visitations. I am not saying that 'aliens' do not exist. I would be the last one to say that, but we have to be streetwise here. President Ronald Reagan told the UN General Assembly in 1987: 'I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world.' That's the idea. Unite against a common 'enemy' with a common purpose behind your 'saviour force' (the Cult) as this age-old technique of mass manipulation goes global.

Science moves this way ...

I could find only one other person who was discussing the simulation hypothesis publicly when I concluded it was real. This was Nick Bostrom, a Swedish-born philosopher at the University of Oxford, who has explored for many years the possibility that human reality is a computer simulation although his version and mine are not the same. Today the simulation and holographic reality hypothesis have increasingly entered the scientific mainstream. Well, the more open-minded mainstream, that is. Here are a few of the ever-gathering examples. American nuclear physicist Silas Beane led a team of physicists at the University of Bonn in Germany pursuing the question of whether we live in a simulation. They concluded that we probably do and it was likely based on a lattice of cubes. They found that cosmic rays align with that specific pattern. The team highlighted the Greisen–Zatsepin–Kuzmin (GZK) limit which refers to cosmic ray particle interaction with cosmic background radiation that creates an apparent boundary for cosmic ray particles. They say in a paper entitled 'Constraints on the Universe as a Numerical Simulation' that this 'pattern of constraint' is exactly what you

would find with a computer simulation. They also made the point that a simulation would create its own 'laws of physics' that would limit possibility. I've been making the same point for decades that the *perceived* laws of physics relate only to this reality, or what I would later call the simulation. When designers write codes to create computer and virtual reality games they are the equivalent of the laws of physics for that game. Players interact within the limitations laid out by the coding. In the same way those who wrote the codes for the simulation decided the laws of physics that would apply. These can be overridden by expanded states of consciousness, but not by those enslaved in only five-sense awareness where simulation codes rule. Overriding the codes is what people call 'miracles'. They are not. They are bypassing the encoded limits of the simulation. A population caught in simulation perception would have no idea that this was their plight. As the Bonn paper said: 'Like a prisoner in a pitch-black cell we would not be able to see the "walls" of our prison,' That's true if people remain mesmerised by the five senses. Open to expanded awareness and those walls become very clear. The main one is the speed of light.

American theoretical physicist James Gates is another who has explored the simulation question and found considerable evidence to support the idea. Gates was Professor of Physics at the University of Maryland, Director of The Center for String and Particle Theory, and on Barack Obama's Council of Advisors on Science and Technology. He and his team found *computer codes* of digital data embedded in the fabric of our reality. They relate to on-off electrical charges of 1 and 0 in the binary system used by computers. 'We have no idea what they are doing there', Gates said. They found within the energetic fabric mathematical sequences known as error-correcting codes or block codes that 'reboot' data to its original state or 'default settings' when something knocks it out of sync. Gates was asked if he had found a set of equations embedded in our reality indistinguishable from those that drive search engines and browsers and he said: 'That is correct.' Rich Terrile, director of the Centre for Evolutionary Computation and Automated Design at NASA's Jet

Propulsion Laboratory, has said publicly that he believes the Universe is a digital hologram that must have been created by a form of intelligence. I agree with that in every way. Waveform information is delivered electrically by the senses to the brain which constructs a *digital* holographic reality that we call the 'world'. This digital level of reality can be read by the esoteric art of numerology. Digital holograms are at the cutting edge of holographics today. We have digital technology everywhere designed to access and manipulate our digital level of perceived reality. Synthetic mRNA in 'Covid vaccines' has a digital component to manipulate the body's digital 'operating system'.

Reality is numbers

How many know that our reality can be broken down to numbers and codes that are the same as computer games? Max Tegmark, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), is the author of *Our Mathematical Universe* in which he lays out how reality can be entirely described by numbers and maths in the way that a video game is encoded with the 'physics' of computer games. Our world and computer virtual reality are essentially the same. Tegmark imagines the perceptions of characters in an advanced computer game when the graphics are so good they don't know they are in a game. They think they can bump into real objects (electromagnetic resistance in our reality), fall in love and feel emotions like excitement. When they began to study the apparently 'physical world' of the video game they would realise that everything was made of pixels (which have been found in our energetic reality as must be the case when on one level our world is digital). What computer game characters thought was physical 'stuff', Tegmark said, could actually be broken down into numbers:

> And we're exactly in this situation in our world. We look around and it doesn't seem that mathematical at all, but everything we see is made out of elementary particles like quarks and electrons. And what properties does an electron have? Does it have a smell or a colour or a texture? No! ... We physicists have come up with geeky names for [Electron] properties, like

electric charge, or spin, or lepton number, but the electron doesn't care what we call it, the properties are just numbers.

This is the illusory reality Gnostics were describing. This is the simulation. The A, C, G, and T codes of DNA have a binary value – A and C = 0 while G and T = 1. This has to be when the simulation is digital and the body must be digital to interact with it. Recurring mathematical sequences are encoded throughout reality and the body. They include the Fibonacci sequence in which the two previous numbers are added to get the next one, as in ... 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, etc. The sequence is encoded in the human face and body, proportions of animals, DNA, seed heads, pine cones, trees, shells, spiral galaxies, hurricanes and the number of petals in a flower. The list goes on and on. There are fractal patterns – a 'never-ending pattern that is infinitely complex and self-similar across all scales in the as above, so below, principle of holograms. These and other famous recurring geometrical and mathematical sequences such as Phi, Pi, Golden Mean, Golden Ratio and Golden Section are *computer codes* of the simulation. I had to laugh and give my head a shake the day I finished this book and it went into the production stage. I was sent an article in *Scientific American* published in April, 2021, with the headline 'Confirmed! We Live in a Simulation'. Two decades after I first said our reality is a simulation and the speed of light is it's outer limit the article suggested that we do live in a simulation and that the speed of light is its outer limit. I left school at 15 and never passed a major exam in my life while the writer was up to his eyes in qualifications. As I will explain in the final chapter *knowing* is far better than thinking and they come from very different sources. The article rightly connected the speed of light to the processing speed of the 'Matrix' and said what has been in my books all this time … 'If we are in a simulation, as it appears, then space is an abstract property written in code. It is not real'. No it's not and if we live in a simulation something created it and it wasn't *us*. 'That David Icke says we are manipulated by aliens' – he's crackers.'

Wow ...

The reality that humanity thinks is so real is an illusion. Politicians, governments, scientists, doctors, academics, law enforcement, media, school and university curriculums, on and on, are all founded on a world that *does not exist* except as a simulated prison cell. Is it such a stretch to accept that 'Covid' doesn't exist when our entire 'physical' reality doesn't exist? Revealed here is the knowledge kept under raps in the Cult networks of compartmentalised secrecy to control humanity's sense of reality by inducing the population to believe in a reality that's not real. If it wasn't so tragic in its experiential consequences the whole thing would be hysterically funny. None of this is new to Renegade Minds. Ancient Greek philosopher Plato (about 428 to about 347BC) was a major influence on Gnostic belief and he described the human plight thousands of years ago with his Allegory of the Cave. He told the symbolic story of prisoners living in a cave who had never been outside. They were chained and could only see one wall of the cave while behind them was a fire that they could not see. Figures walked past the fire casting shadows on the prisoners' wall and those moving shadows became their sense of reality. Some prisoners began to study the shadows and were considered experts on them (today's academics and scientists), but what they studied was only an illusion (today's academics and scientists). A prisoner escaped from the cave and saw reality as it really is. When he returned to report this revelation they didn't believe him, called him mad and threatened to kill him if he tried to set them free. Plato's tale is not only a brilliant analogy of the human plight and our illusory reality. It describes, too, the dynamics of the 'Covid' hoax. I have only skimmed the surface of these subjects here. The aim of this book is to crisply connect all essential dots to put what is happening today into its true context. All subject areas and their connections in this chapter are covered in great evidential detail in *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* and *The Answer*.

They say that bewildered people 'can't see the forest for the trees'. Humanity, however, can't see the forest for the *twigs*. The five senses

see only twigs while Renegade Minds can see the forest and it's the forest where the answers lie with the connections that reveals. Breaking free of perceptual programming so the forest can be seen is the way we turn all this around. Not breaking free is how humanity got into this mess. The situation may seem hopeless, but I promise you it's not. We are a perceptual heartbeat from paradise if only we knew.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Escaping Wetiko

Life is simply a vacation from the infinite
Dean Cavanagh

Renegade Minds weave the web of life and events and see common themes in the apparently random. They are always there if you look for them and their pursuit is aided by incredible synchronicity that comes when your mind is open rather than mesmerised by what it thinks it can see.

Infinite awareness is infinite possibility and the more of infinite possibility that we access the more becomes infinitely possible. That may be stating the apparently obvious, but it is a devastatingly-powerful fact that can set us free. We are a point of attention within an infinity of consciousness. The question is how much of that infinity do we choose to access? How much knowledge, insight, awareness, wisdom, do we want to connect with and explore? If your focus is only in the five senses you will be influenced by a fraction of infinite awareness. I mean a range so tiny that it gives new meaning to infinitesimal. Limitation of self-identity and a sense of the possible limit accordingly your range of consciousness. We are what we think we are. Life is what we think it is. The dream is the dreamer and the dreamer is the dream. Buddhist philosophy puts it this way: 'As a thing is viewed, so it appears.' Most humans live in the realm of touch, taste, see, hear, and smell and that's the limit of their sense of the possible and sense of self. Many will follow a religion and speak of a God in his heaven, but their lives are still

dominated by the five senses in their perceptions and actions. The five senses become the arbiter of everything. When that happens all except a smear of infinity is sealed away from influence by the rigid, unyielding, reality bubbles that are the five-sense human or Phantom Self. Archon Cult methodology is to isolate consciousness within five-sense reality – the simulation – and then program that consciousness with a sense of self and the world through a deluge of life-long information designed to instil the desired perception that allows global control. Efforts to do this have increased dramatically with identity politics as identity bubbles are squeezed into the minutiae of five-sense detail which disconnect people even more profoundly from the infinite 'I'.

Five-sense focus and self-identity are like a firewall that limits access to the infinite realms. You only perceive one radio or television station and no other. We'll take that literally for a moment. Imagine a vast array of stations giving different information and angles on reality, but you only ever listen to one. Here we have the human plight in which the population is overwhelmingly confined to CultFM. This relates only to the frequency range of CultFM and limits perception and insight to that band – limits *possibility* to that band. It means you are connecting with an almost imperceptibly minuscule range of possibility and creative potential within the infinite Field. It's a world where everything seems apart from everything else and where synchronicity is rare. Synchronicity is defined in the dictionary as 'the happening by chance of two or more related or similar events at the same time'. Use of 'by chance' betrays a complete misunderstanding of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'. As people open their minds, or 'awaken' to use the term, they notice more and more coincidences in their lives, bits of 'luck', apparently miraculous happenings that put them in the right place at the right time with the right people. Days become peppered with 'fancy meeting you here' and 'what are the chances of that?' My entire life has been lived like this and ever more so since my own colossal awakening in 1990 and 91 which transformed my sense of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'; it is by accessing expanded

realms of possibility which allow expanded potential for manifestation. People broadcasting the same vibe from the same openness of mind tend to be drawn 'by chance' to each other through what I call frequency magnetism and it's not only people. In the last more than 30 years incredible synchronicity has also led me through the Cult maze to information in so many forms and to crucial personal experiences. These 'coincidences' have allowed me to put the puzzle pieces together across an enormous array of subjects and situations. Those who have breached the bubble of five-sense reality will know exactly what I mean and this escape from the perceptual prison cell is open to everyone whenever they make that choice. This may appear super-human when compared with the limitations of 'human', but it's really our natural state. 'Human' as currently experienced is consciousness in an unnatural state of induced separation from the infinity of the whole. I'll come to how this transformation into unity can be made when I have described in more detail the force that holds humanity in servitude by denying this access to infinite self.

The Wetiko factor

I have been talking and writing for decades about the way five-sense mind is systematically barricaded from expanded awareness. I have used the analogy of a computer (five-sense mind) and someone at the keyboard (expanded awareness). Interaction between the computer and the operator is symbolic of the interaction between five-sense mind and expanded awareness. The computer directly experiences the Internet and the operator experiences the Internet via the computer which is how it's supposed to be – the two working as one. Archons seek to control that point where the operator connects with the computer to stop that interaction (Fig 20). Now the operator is banging the keyboard and clicking the mouse, but the computer is not responding and this happens when the computer is taken over – *possessed* – by an appropriately-named computer 'virus'. The operator has lost all influence over the computer which goes its own way making decisions under the control of the 'virus'. I have

just described the dynamic through which the force known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth and Archons disconnects five-sense mind from expanded awareness to imprison humanity in perceptual servitude.

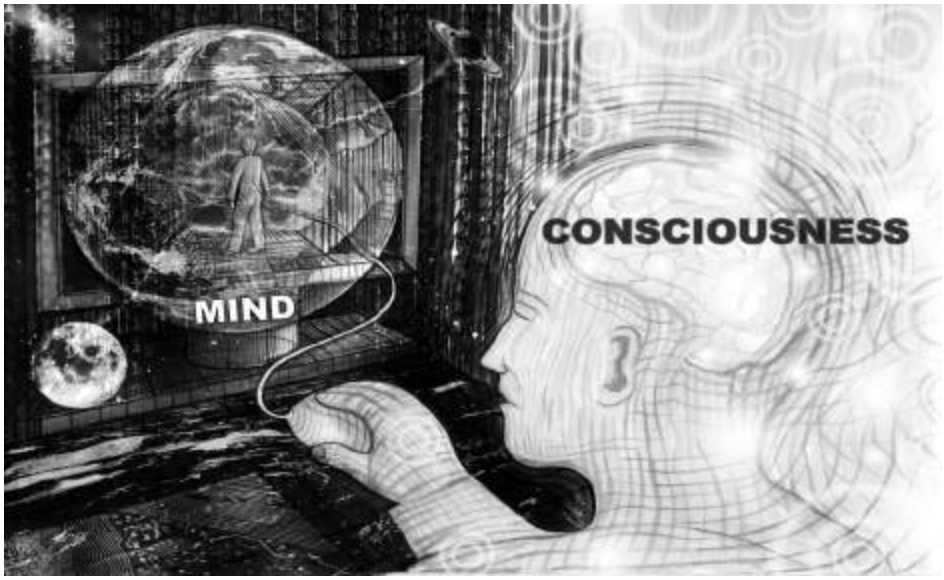

Figure 20: The mind 'virus' I have been writing about for decades seeks to isolate five-sense mind (the computer) from the true 'I'. (Image by Neil Hague).

About a year ago I came across a Native American concept of Wetiko which describes precisely the same phenomenon. Wetiko is the spelling used by the Cree and there are other versions including wintiko and windigo used by other tribal groups. They spell the name with lower case, but I see Wetiko as a proper noun as with Archons and prefer a capital. I first saw an article about Wetiko by writer and researcher Paul Levy which so synced with what I had been writing about the computer/operator disconnection and later the Archons. I then read his book, the fascinating *Dispelling Wetiko, Breaking the Spell of Evil*. The parallels between what I had concluded long before and the Native American concept of Wetiko were so clear and obvious that it was almost funny. For Wetiko see the Gnostic Archons for sure and the Jinn, the Predators, and every other name for a force of evil, inversion and chaos. Wetiko is the Native American name for the force that divides the computer from

the operator (Fig 21). Indigenous author Jack D. Forbes, a founder of the Native American movement in the 1960s, wrote another book about Wetiko entitled *Columbus And Other Cannibals – The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism* which I also read. Forbes says that Wetiko refers to an evil person or spirit 'who terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible acts, including cannibalism'. Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa told me that African accounts tell how cannibalism was brought into the world by the Chitauri 'gods' – another manifestation of Wetiko. The distinction between 'evil person or spirit' relates to Archons/Wetiko possessing a human or acting as pure consciousness. Wetiko is said to be a sickness of the soul or spirit and a state of being that takes but gives nothing back – the Cult and its operatives perfectly described. Black Hawk, a Native American war leader defending their lands from confiscation, said European invaders had 'poisoned hearts' – Wetiko hearts – and that this would spread to native societies. Mention of the heart is very significant as we shall shortly see. Forbes writes: 'Tragically, the history of the world for the past 2,000 years is, in great part, the story of the epidemiology of the wetiko disease.' Yes, and much longer. Forbes is correct when he says: 'The wetikos destroyed Egypt and Babylon and Athens and Rome and Tenochtitlan [capital of the Aztec empire] and perhaps now they will destroy the entire earth.' Evil, he said, is the number one export of a Wetiko culture – see its globalisation with 'Covid'. Constant war, mass murder, suffering of all kinds, child abuse, Satanism, torture and human sacrifice are all expressions of Wetiko and the Wetiko possessed. The world is Wetiko made manifest, *but it doesn't have to be*. There is a way out of this even now.

Figure 21: The mind 'virus' is known to Native Americans as 'Wetiko'. (Image by Neil Hague).

Cult of Wetiko

Wetiko is the Yaldabaoth frequency distortion that seeks to attach to human consciousness and absorb it into its own. Once this connection is made Wetiko can drive the perceptions of the target which they believe to be coming from their own mind. All the horrors of history and today from mass killers to Satanists, paedophiles like Jeffrey Epstein and other psychopaths, are the embodiment of Wetiko and express its state of being in all its grotesqueness. The Cult is Wetiko incarnate, Yaldabaoth incarnate, and it seeks to facilitate Wetiko assimilation of humanity in totality into its distortion by manipulating the population into low frequency states that match its own. Paul Levy writes: 'Holographically enforced within the psyche of every human being the wetiko virus pervades and underlies the entire field of consciousness, and can therefore potentially manifest through any one of us at any moment if we are not mindful.' The 'Covid' hoax has achieved this with many people, but others have not fallen into Wetiko's frequency lair. Players in the 'Covid' human catastrophe including Gates, Schwab, Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Johnson, Hancock, Ferguson, Drosten, and all the rest, including the psychopath psychologists, are expressions of Wetiko. This is why

they have no compassion or empathy and no emotional consequence for what they do that would make them stop doing it. Observe all the people who support the psychopaths in authority against the Pushbackers despite the damaging impact the psychopaths have on their own lives and their family's lives. You are again looking at Wetiko possession which prevents them seeing through the lies to the obvious scam going on. *Why can't they see it?* Wetiko won't let them see it. The perceptual divide that has now become a chasm is between the Wetikoed and the non-Wetikoed.

Paul Levy describes Wetiko in the same way that I have long described the Archontic force. They are the same distorted consciousness operating across dimensions of reality: '… the subtle body of wetiko is not located in the third dimension of space and time, literally existing in another dimension … it is able to affect ordinary lives by mysteriously interpenetrating into our three-dimensional world.' Wetiko does this through its incarnate representatives in the Cult and by weaving itself into The Field which on our level of reality is the electromagnetic information field of the simulation or Matrix. More than that, the simulation *is* Wetiko / Yaldabaoth. Caleb Scharf, Director of Astrobiology at Columbia University, has speculated that 'alien life' could be so advanced that it has transcribed itself into the quantum realm to become what we call physics. He said intelligence indistinguishable from the fabric of the Universe would solve many of its greatest mysteries:

> Perhaps hyper-advanced life isn't just external. Perhaps it's already all around. It is embedded in what we perceive to be physics itself, from the root behaviour of particles and fields to the phenomena of complexity and emergence ... In other words, life might not just be in the equations. It might BE the equations [My emphasis].

Scharf said it is possible that 'we don't recognise advanced life because it forms an integral and unsuspicious part of what we've considered to be the natural world'. I agree. Wetiko/Yaldabaoth *is* the simulation. We are literally in the body of the beast. But that doesn't mean it has to control us. We all have the power to overcome Wetiko

influence and the Cult knows that. I doubt it sleeps too well because it knows that.

Which Field?

This, I suggest, is how it all works. There are two Fields. One is the fierce electromagnetic light of the Matrix within the speed of light; the other is the 'watery light' of The Field beyond the walls of the Matrix that connects with the Great Infinity. Five-sense mind and the decoding systems of the body attach us to the Field of Matrix light. They have to or we could not experience this reality. Five-sense mind sees only the Matrix Field of information while our expanded consciousness is part of the Infinity Field. When we open our minds, and most importantly our hearts, to the Infinity Field we have a mission control which gives us an expanded perspective, a road map, to understand the nature of the five-sense world. If we are isolated only in five-sense mind there is no mission control. We're on our own trying to understand a world that's constantly feeding us information to ensure we do not understand. People in this state can feel 'lost' and bewildered with no direction or radar. You can see ever more clearly those who are influenced by the Fields of Big Infinity or little five-sense mind simply by their views and behaviour with regard to the 'Covid' hoax. We have had this division throughout known human history with the mass of the people on one side and individuals who could see and intuit beyond the walls of the simulation – Plato's prisoner who broke out of the cave and saw reality for what it is. Such people have always been targeted by Wetiko/Archon-possessed authority, burned at the stake or demonised as mad, bad and dangerous. The Cult today and its global network of 'anti-hate', 'anti-fascist' Woke groups are all expressions of Wetiko attacking those exposing the conspiracy, 'Covid' lies and the 'vaccine' agenda.

Woke as a whole is Wetiko which explains its black and white mentality and how at one it is with the Wetiko-possessed Cult. Paul Levy said: 'To be in this paradigm is to still be under the thrall of a two-valued logic – where things are either true or false – of a

wetikoized mind.' Wetiko consciousness is in a permanent rage, therefore so is Woke, and then there is Woke inversion and contradiction. 'Anti-fascists' act like fascists because fascists *and* 'anti-fascists' are both Wetiko at work. Political parties act the same while claiming to be different for the same reason. Secret society and satanic rituals are attaching initiates to Wetiko and the cold, ruthless, psychopathic mentality that secures the positions of power all over the world is Wetiko. Reframing 'training programmes' have the same cumulative effect of attaching Wetiko and we have their graduates described as automatons and robots with a cold, psychopathic, uncaring demeanour. They are all traits of Wetiko possession and look how many times they have been described in this book and elsewhere with regard to personnel behind 'Covid' including the police and medical profession. Climbing the greasy pole in any profession in a Wetiko society requires traits of Wetiko to get there and that is particularly true of politics which is not about fair competition and pre-eminence of ideas. It is founded on how many backs you can stab and arses you can lick. This culminated in the global 'Covid' coordination between the Wetiko possessed who pulled it off in all the different countries without a trace of empathy and compassion for their impact on humans. Our sight sense can see only holographic form and not the Field which connects holographic form. Therefore we perceive 'physical' objects with 'space' in between. In fact that 'space' is energy/consciousness operating on multiple frequencies. One of them is Wetiko and that connects the Cult psychopaths, those who submit to the psychopaths, and those who serve the psychopaths in the media operations of the world. Wetiko is Gates. Wetiko is the mask-wearing submissive. Wetiko is the fake journalist and 'fact-checker'. The Wetiko Field is coordinating the whole thing. Psychopaths, gofers, media operatives, 'anti-hate' hate groups, 'fact-checkers' and submissive people work as one unit *even without human coordination* because they are attached to the *same* Field which is organising it all (Fig 22). Paul Levy is here describing how Wetiko-possessed people are drawn together and refuse to let any information breach their rigid

perceptions. He was writing long before 'Covid', but I think you will recognise followers of the 'Covid' religion *oh just a little bit*:

> People who are channelling the vibratory frequency of wetiko align with each other through psychic resonance to reinforce their unspoken shared agreement so as to uphold their deranged view of reality. Once an unconscious content takes possession of certain individuals, it irresistibly draws them together by mutual attraction and knits them into groups tied together by their shared madness that can easily swell into an avalanche of insanity.
>
> A psychic epidemic is a closed system, which is to say that it is insular and not open to any new information or informing influences from the outside world which contradict its fixed, limited, and limiting perspective.

There we have the Woke mind and the 'Covid' mind. Compatible resonance draws the awakening together, too, which is clearly happening today.

Figure 22: The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

Spiritual servitude

Wetiko doesn't care about humans. It's not human; it just possesses humans for its own ends and the effect (depending on the scale of

possession) can be anything from extreme psychopathy to unquestioning obedience. Wetiko's worst nightmare is for human consciousness to expand beyond the simulation. Everything is focussed on stopping that happening through control of information, thus perception, thus frequency. The 'education system', media, science, medicine, academia, are all geared to maintaining humanity in five-sense servitude as is the constant stimulation of low-vibrational mental and emotional states (see 'Covid'). Wetiko seeks to dominate those subconscious spaces between five-sense perception and expanded consciousness where the computer meets the operator. From these subconscious hiding places Wetiko speaks to us to trigger urges and desires that we take to be our own and manipulate us into anything from low-vibrational to psychopathic states. Remember how Islam describes the Jinn as invisible tricksters that 'whisper' and confuse. Wetiko is the origin of the 'trickster god' theme that you find in cultures all over the world. Jinn, like the Archons, are Wetiko which is terrified of humans awakening and reconnecting with our true self for then its energy source has gone. With that the feedback loop breaks between Wetiko and human perception that provides the energetic momentum on which its very existence depends as a force of evil. Humans are both its target and its source of survival, but only if we are operating in low-vibrational states of fear, hate, depression and the background anxiety that most people suffer. We are Wetiko's target because we are its key to survival. It needs us, not the other way round. Paul Levy writes:

> A vampire has no intrinsic, independent, substantial existence in its own right; it only exists in relation to us. The pathogenic, vampiric mind-parasite called wetiko is nothing in itself – not being able to exist from its own side – yet it has a 'virtual reality' such that it can potentially destroy our species …
>
> …The fact that a vampire is not reflected by a mirror can also mean that what we need to see is that there's nothing, no-thing to see, other than ourselves. The fact that wetiko is the expression of something inside of us means that the cure for wetiko is with us as well. The critical issue is finding this cure within us and then putting it into effect.

Evil begets evil because if evil does not constantly expand and find new sources of energetic sustenance its evil, its *distortion*, dies with the assimilation into balance and harmony. Love is the garlic to Wetiko's vampire. Evil, the absence of love, cannot exist in the presence of love. I think I see a way out of here. I have emphasised so many times over the decades that the Archons/Wetiko and their Cult are not all powerful. *They are not*. I don't care how it looks even now *they are not*. I have not called them little boys in short trousers for effect. I have said it because it is true. Wetiko's insatiable desire for power over others is not a sign of its omnipotence, but its insecurity. Paul Levy writes: 'Due to the primal fear which ultimately drives it and which it is driven to cultivate, wetiko's body politic has an intrinsic and insistent need for centralising power and control so as to create imagined safety for itself.' *Yeeeeeees!* Exactly! Why does Wetiko want humans in an ongoing state of fear? Wetiko itself *is* fear and it is petrified of love. As evil is an absence of love, so love is an absence of fear. Love conquers all and *especially* Wetiko which *is* fear. Wetiko brought fear into the world when it wasn't here before. *Fear* was the 'fall', the fall into low-frequency ignorance and illusion – fear is **F**alse **E**motion **A**ppearing **R**eal. The simulation is driven and energised by fear because Wetiko/Yaldabaoth (fear) *are* the simulation. Fear is the absence of love and Wetiko is the absence of love.

Wetiko today

We can now view current events from this level of perspective. The 'Covid' hoax has generated momentous amounts of ongoing fear, anxiety, depression and despair which have empowered Wetiko. No wonder people like Gates have been the instigators when they are Wetiko incarnate and exhibit every trait of Wetiko in the extreme. See how cold and unemotional these people are like Gates and his cronies, how dead of eye they are. That's Wetiko. Sabbatians are Wetiko and everything they control including the World Health Organization, Big Pharma and the 'vaccine' makers, national 'health'

hierarchies, corporate media, Silicon Valley, the banking system, and the United Nations with its planned transformation into world government. All are controlled and possessed by the Wetiko distortion into distorting human society in its image. We are with this knowledge at the gateway to understanding the world. Divisions of race, culture, creed and sexuality are diversions to hide the real division between those possessed and influenced by Wetiko and those that are not. The 'Covid' hoax has brought both clearly into view. Human behaviour is not about race. Tyrants and dictatorships come in all colours and creeds. What unites the US president bombing the innocent and an African tribe committing genocide against another as in Rwanda? What unites them? *Wetiko*. All wars are Wetiko, all genocide is Wetiko, all hunger over centuries in a world of plenty is Wetiko. Children going to bed hungry, including in the West, is Wetiko. Cult-generated Woke racial divisions that focus on the body are designed to obscure the reality that divisions in behaviour are manifestations of mind, not body. Obsession with body identity and group judgement is a means to divert attention from the real source of behaviour – mind and perception. Conflict sown by the Woke both within themselves and with their target groups are Wetiko providing lunch for itself through still more agents of the division, chaos, and fear on which it feeds. The Cult is seeking to assimilate the entirety of humanity and all children and young people into the Wetiko frequency by manipulating them into states of fear and despair. Witness all the suicide and psychological unravelling since the spring of 2020. Wetiko psychopaths want to impose a state of unquestioning obedience to authority which is no more than a conduit for Wetiko to enforce its will and assimilate humanity into itself. It needs us to believe that resistance is futile when it fears resistance and even more so the game-changing non-cooperation with its impositions. It can use violent resistance for its benefit. Violent impositions and violent resistance are *both* Wetiko. The Power of Love with its Power of No will sweep Wetiko from our world. Wetiko and its Cult know that. They just don't want us to know.

AI Wetiko

This brings me to AI or artificial intelligence and something else Wetikos don't want us to know. What is AI *really*? I know about computer code algorithms and AI that learns from data input. These, however, are more diversions, the expeditionary force, for the real AI that they want to connect to the human brain as promoted by Silicon Valley Wetikos like Kurzweil. What is this AI? It is the frequency of *Wetiko*, the frequency of the Archons. The connection of AI to the human brain is the connection of the Wetiko frequency to create a Wetiko hive mind and complete the job of assimilation. The hive mind is planned to be controlled from Israel and China which are both 100 percent owned by Wetiko Sabbatians. The assimilation process has been going on minute by minute in the 'smart' era which fused with the 'Covid' era. We are told that social media is scrambling the minds of the young and changing their personality. This is true, but what is social media? Look more deeply at how it works, how it creates divisions and conflict, the hostility and cruelty, the targeting of people until they are destroyed. That's Wetiko. Social media is manipulated to tune people to the Wetiko frequency with all the emotional exploitation tricks employed by platforms like Facebook and its Wetiko front man, Zuckerberg. Facebook's Instagram announced a new platform for children to overcome a legal bar on them using the main site. This is more Wetiko exploitation and manipulation of kids. Amnesty International likened the plan to foxes offering to guard the henhouse and said it was incompatible with human rights. Since when did Wetiko or Zuckerberg (I repeat myself) care about that? Would Brin and Page at Google, Wojcicki at YouTube, Bezos at Amazon and whoever the hell runs Twitter act as they do if they were not channelling Wetiko? Would those who are developing technologies for no other reason than human control? How about those designing and selling technologies to kill people and Big Pharma drug and 'vaccine' producers who know they will end or devastate lives? Quite a thought for these people to consider is that if you are Wetiko in a human life you are Wetiko on the 'other side' unless your frequency

changes and that can only change by a change of perception which becomes a change of behaviour. Where Gates is going does not bear thinking about although perhaps that's exactly where he wants to go. Either way, that's where he's going. His frequency will make it so.

The frequency lair

I have been saying for a long time that a big part of the addiction to smartphones and devices is that a frequency is coming off them that entraps the mind. People spend ages on their phones and sometimes even a minute or so after they put them down they pick them up again and it all repeats. 'Covid' lockdowns will have increased this addiction a million times for obvious reasons. Addictions to alcohol overindulgence and drugs are another way that Wetiko entraps consciousness to attach to its own. Both are symptoms of low-vibrational psychological distress which alcoholism and drug addiction further compound. Do we think it's really a coincidence that access to them is made so easy while potions that can take people into realms beyond the simulation are banned and illegal? I have explored smartphone addiction in other books, the scale is mind-blowing, and that level of addiction does not come without help. Tech companies that make these phones are Wetiko and they will have no qualms about destroying the minds of children. We are seeing again with these companies the Wetiko perceptual combination of psychopathic enforcers and weak and meek unquestioning compliance by the rank and file.

The global Smart Grid is the Wetiko Grid and it is crucial to complete the Cult endgame. The simulation is radiation and we are being deluged with technological radiation on a devastating scale. Wetiko frauds like Elon Musk serve Cult interests while occasionally criticising them to maintain his street-cred. 5G and other forms of Wi-Fi are being directed at the earth from space on a volume and scale that goes on increasing by the day. Elon Musk's (officially) SpaceX Starlink project is in the process of putting tens of thousands of satellites in low orbit to cover every inch of the planet with 5G and other Wi-Fi to create Kurzweil's global 'cloud' to which the

human mind is planned to be attached very soon. SpaceX has approval to operate 12,000 satellites with more than 1,300 launched at the time of writing and applications filed for *30,000* more. Other operators in the Wi-Fi, 5G, low-orbit satellite market include OneWeb (UK), Telesat (Canada), and AST & Science (US). Musk tells us that AI could be the end of humanity and then launches a company called Neuralink to connect the human brain to computers. Musk's (in theory) Tesla company is building electric cars and the driverless vehicles of the smart control grid. As frauds and bullshitters go Elon Musk in my opinion is Major League.

5G and technological radiation in general are destructive to human health, genetics and psychology and increasing the strength of artificial radiation underpins the five-sense perceptual bubbles which are themselves expressions of radiation or electromagnetism. Freedom activist John Whitehead was so right with his 'databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps'. The Smart Grid and 5G is a means to control the human mind and infuse perceptual information into The Field to influence anyone in sync with its frequency. You can change perception and behaviour en masse if you can manipulate the population into those levels of frequency and this is happening all around us today. The arrogance of Musk and his fellow Cult operatives knows no bounds in the way that we see with Gates. Musk's satellites are so many in number already they are changing the night sky when viewed from Earth. The astronomy community has complained about this and they have seen nothing yet. Some consequences of Musk's Wetiko hubris include: Radiation; visible pollution of the night sky; interference with astronomy and meteorology; ground and water pollution from intensive use of increasingly many spaceports; accumulating space debris; continual deorbiting and burning up of aging satellites, polluting the atmosphere with toxic dust and smoke; and ever-increasing likelihood of collisions. A collective public open letter of complaint to Musk said:

We are writing to you … because SpaceX is in process of surrounding the Earth with a network of thousands of satellites whose very purpose is to irradiate every square inch of the

Earth. SpaceX, like everyone else, is treating the radiation as if it were not there. As if the mitochondria in our cells do not depend on electrons moving undisturbed from the food we digest to the oxygen we breathe.

As if our nervous systems and our hearts are not subject to radio frequency interference like any piece of electronic equipment. As if the cancer, diabetes, and heart disease that now afflict a majority of the Earth's population are not metabolic diseases that result from interference with our cellular machinery. As if insects everywhere, and the birds and animals that eat them, are not starving to death as a result.

People like Musk and Gates believe in their limitless Wetiko arrogance that they can do whatever they like to the world because they own it. Consequences for humanity are irrelevant. It's absolutely time that we stopped taking this shit from these self-styled masters of the Earth when you consider where this is going.

Why is the Cult so anti-human?

I hear this question often: Why would they do this when it will affect them, too? Ah, but will it? Who is this *them*? Forget their bodies. They are just vehicles for Wetiko consciousness. When you break it all down to the foundations we are looking at a state of severely distorted consciousness targeting another state of consciousness for assimilation. The rest is detail. The simulation is the fly-trap in which unique sensations of the five senses create a cycle of addiction called reincarnation. Renegade Minds see that everything which happens in our reality is a smaller version of the whole picture in line with the holographic principle. Addiction to the radiation of smart technology is a smaller version of addiction to the whole simulation. Connecting the body/brain to AI is taking that addiction on a giant step further to total ongoing control by assimilating human incarnate consciousness into Wetiko. I have watched during the 'Covid' hoax how many are becoming ever more profoundly attached to Wetiko's perceptual calling cards of aggressive response to any other point of view ('There is no other god but me'), psychopathic lack of compassion and empathy, and servile submission to the narrative and will of authority. Wetiko is the psychopaths *and* subservience to psychopaths. The Cult of Wetiko is

so anti-human because it is *not* human. It embarked on a mission to destroy human by targeting everything that it means to be human and to survive as human. 'Covid' is not the end, just a means to an end. The Cult with its Wetiko consciousness is seeking to change Earth systems, including the atmosphere, to suit them, not humans. The gathering bombardment of 5G alone from ground and space is dramatically changing The Field with which the five senses interact. There is so much more to come if we sit on our hands and hope it will all go away. It is not meant to go away. It is meant to get ever more extreme and we need to face that while we still can – just.

Carbon dioxide is the gas of life. Without that human is over. Kaput, gone, history. No natural world, no human. The Cult has created a cock and bull story about carbon dioxide and climate change to justify its reduction to the point where Gates and the ignoramus Biden 'climate chief' John Kerry want to suck it out of the atmosphere. Kerry wants to do this because his master Gates does. Wetikos have made the gas of life a demon with the usual support from the Wokers of Extinction Rebellion and similar organisations and the bewildered puppet-child that is Greta Thunberg who was put on the world stage by Klaus Schwab and the World Economic Forum. The name Extinction Rebellion is both ironic and as always Wetiko inversion. The gas that we need to survive must be reduced to save us from extinction. The most basic need of human is oxygen and we now have billions walking around in face nappies depriving body and brain of this essential requirement of human existence. More than that 5G at 60 gigahertz interacts with the oxygen molecule to reduce the amount of oxygen the body can absorb into the bloodstream. The obvious knock-on consequences of that for respiratory and cognitive problems and life itself need no further explanation. Psychopaths like Musk are assembling a global system of satellites to deluge the human atmosphere with this insanity. The man should be in jail. Here we have two most basic of human needs, oxygen and carbon dioxide, being dismantled.

Two others, water and food, are getting similar treatment with the United Nations Agendas 21 and 2030 – the Great Reset – planning to

centrally control all water and food supplies. People will not even own rain water that falls on their land. Food is affected at the most basic level by reducing carbon dioxide. We have genetic modification or GMO infiltrating the food chain on a mass scale, pesticides and herbicides polluting the air and destroying the soil. Freshwater fish that provide livelihoods for 60 million people and feed hundreds of millions worldwide are being 'pushed to the brink' according the conservationists while climate change is the only focus. Now we have Gates and Schwab wanting to dispense with current food sources all together and replace them with a synthetic version which the Wetiko Cult would control in terms of production and who eats and who doesn't. We have been on the Totalitarian Tiptoe to this for more than 60 years as food has become ever more processed and full of chemical shite to the point today when it's not natural food at all. As Dr Tom Cowan says: 'If it has a label don't eat it.' Bill Gates is now the biggest owner of farmland in the United States and he does nothing without an ulterior motive involving the Cult. Klaus Schwab wrote: 'To feed the world in the next 50 years we will need to produce as much food as was produced in the last 10,000 years … food security will only be achieved, however, if regulations on genetically modified foods are adapted to reflect the reality that gene editing offers a precise, efficient and safe method of improving crops.' Liar. People and the world are being targeted with aluminium through vaccines, chemtrails, food, drink cans, and endless other sources when aluminium has been linked to many health issues including dementia which is increasing year after year. Insects, bees and wildlife essential to the food chain are being deleted by pesticides, herbicides and radiation which 5G is dramatically increasing with 6G and 7G to come. The pollinating bee population is being devastated while wildlife including birds, dolphins and whales are having their natural radar blocked by the effects of ever-increasing radiation. In the summer windscreens used to be splattered with insects so numerous were they. It doesn't happen now. Where have they gone?

Synthetic everything

The Cult is introducing genetically-modified versions of trees, plants and insects including a Gates-funded project to unleash hundreds of millions of genetically-modified, lab-altered and patented male mosquitoes to mate with wild mosquitoes and induce genetic flaws that cause them to die out. Clinically-insane Gates-funded Japanese researchers have developed mosquitos that spread vaccine and are dubbed 'flying vaccinators'. Gates is funding the modification of weather patterns in part to sell the myth that this is caused by carbon dioxide and he's funding geoengineering of the skies to change the atmosphere. Some of this came to light with the Gates-backed plan to release tonnes of chalk into the atmosphere to 'deflect the Sun and cool the planet'. Funny how they do this while the heating effect of the Sun is not factored into climate projections focussed on carbon dioxide. The reason is that they want to reduce carbon dioxide (so don't mention the Sun), but at the same time they do want to reduce the impact of the Sun which is so essential to human life and health. I have mentioned the sun-cholesterol-vitamin D connection as they demonise the Sun with warnings about skin cancer (caused by the chemicals in sun cream they tell you to splash on). They come from the other end of the process with statin drugs to reduce cholesterol that turns sunlight into vitamin D. A lack of vitamin D leads to a long list of health effects and how vitamin D levels must have fallen with people confined to their homes over 'Covid'. Gates is funding other forms of geoengineering and most importantly chemtrails which are dropping heavy metals, aluminium and self-replicating nanotechnology onto the Earth which is killing the natural world. See *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* for the detailed background to this.

Every human system is being targeted for deletion by a force that's not human. The Wetiko Cult has embarked on the process of transforming the human body from biological to synthetic biological as I have explained. Biological is being replaced by the artificial and synthetic – Archontic 'countermimicry' – right across human society. The plan eventually is to dispense with the human body altogether

and absorb human consciousness – which it wouldn't really be by then – into cyberspace (the simulation which is Wetiko/Yaldabaoth). Preparations for that are already happening if people would care to look. The alternative media rightly warns about globalism and 'the globalists', but this is far bigger than that and represents the end of the human race as we know it. The 'bad copy' of prime reality that Gnostics describe was a bad copy of harmony, wonder and beauty to start with before Wetiko/Yaldabaoth set out to change the simulated 'copy' into something very different. The process was slow to start with. Entrapped humans in the simulation timeline were not technologically aware and they had to be brought up to intellectual speed while being suppressed spiritually to the point where they could build their own prison while having no idea they were doing so. We have now reached that stage where technological intellect has the potential to destroy us and that's why events are moving so fast. Central American shaman Don Juan Matus said:

> Think for a moment, and tell me how you would explain the contradictions between the intelligence of man the engineer and the stupidity of his systems of belief, or the stupidity of his contradictory behaviour. Sorcerers believe that the predators have given us our systems of beliefs, our ideas of good and evil; our social mores. They are the ones who set up our dreams of success or failure. They have given us covetousness, greed, and cowardice. It is the predator who makes us complacent, routinary, and egomaniacal.
>
> In order to keep us obedient and meek and weak, the predators engaged themselves in a stupendous manoeuvre – stupendous, of course, from the point of view of a fighting strategist; a horrendous manoeuvre from the point of those who suffer it. They gave us their mind. The predators' mind is baroque, contradictory, morose, filled with the fear of being discovered any minute now.

For 'predators' see Wetiko, Archons, Yaldabaoth, Jinn, and all the other versions of the same phenomenon in cultures and religions all over the world. The theme is always the same because it's true and it's real. We have reached the point where we have to deal with it. The question is – how?

Don't fight – walk away

I thought I'd use a controversial subheading to get things moving in terms of our response to global fascism. What do you mean 'don't fight'? What do you mean 'walk away'? We've got to fight. We can't walk away. Well, it depends what we mean by fight and walk away. If fighting means physical combat we are playing Wetiko's game and falling for its trap. It wants us to get angry, aggressive, and direct hate and hostility at the enemy we think we must fight. Every war, every battle, every conflict, has been fought with Wetiko leading both sides. It's what it does. Wetiko wants a fight, anywhere, any place. Just hit me, son, so I can hit you back. Wetiko hits Wetiko and Wetiko hits Wetiko in return. I am very forthright as you can see in exposing Wetikos of the Cult, but I don't hate them. I refuse to hate them. It's what they want. What you hate you become. What you *fight* you become. Wokers, 'anti-haters' and 'anti-fascists' prove this every time they reach for their keyboards or don their balaclavas. By walk away I mean to disengage from Wetiko which includes ceasing to cooperate with its tyranny. Paul Levy says of Wetiko:

> The way to 'defeat' evil is not to try to destroy it (for then, in playing evil's game, we have already lost), but rather, to find the invulnerable place within ourselves where evil is unable to vanquish us – this is to truly 'win' our battle with evil.

Wetiko is everywhere in human society and it's been on steroids since the 'Covid' hoax. Every shouting match over wearing masks has Wetiko wearing a mask and Wetiko not wearing one. It's an electrical circuit of push and resist, push and resist, with Wetiko pushing *and* resisting. Each polarity is Wetiko empowering itself. Dictionary definitions of 'resist' include 'opposing, refusing to accept or comply with' and the word to focus on is 'opposing'. What form does this take – setting police cars alight or 'refusing to accept or comply with'? The former is Wetiko opposing Wetiko while the other points the way forward. This is the difference between those aggressively demanding that government fascism must be obeyed who stand in stark contrast to the great majority of Pushbackers. We saw this clearly with a march by thousands of Pushbackers against lockdown in London followed days later by a Woker-hijacked

protest in Bristol in which police cars were set on fire. Masks were virtually absent in London and widespread in Bristol. Wetiko wants lockdown on every level of society and infuses its aggression to police it through its unknowing stooges. Lockdown protesters are the ones with the smiling faces and the hugs, The two blatantly obvious states of being – getting more obvious by the day – are the result of Wokers and their like becoming ever more influenced by the simulation Field of Wetiko and Pushbackers ever more influenced by The Field of a far higher vibration beyond the simulation. Wetiko can't invade the heart which is where most lockdown opponents are coming from. It's the heart that allows them to see through the lies to the truth in ways I will be highlighting.

Renegade Minds know that calmness is the place from which wisdom comes. You won't find wisdom in a hissing fit and wisdom is what we need in abundance right now. Calmness is not weakness – you don't have to scream at the top of your voice to be strong. Calmness is indeed a sign of strength. 'No' means I'm not doing it. *NOOOO!!!* doesn't mean you're not doing it even more. Volume does not advance 'No – I'm not doing it'. You are just not doing it. Wetiko possessed and influenced don't know how to deal with that. Wetiko wants a fight and we should not give it one. What it needs more than anything is our *cooperation* and we should not give that either. Mass rallies and marches are great in that they are a visual representation of feeling, but if it ends there they are irrelevant. You demand that Wetikos act differently? Well, they're not going to are they? They are Wetikos. We don't need to waste our time demanding that something doesn't happen when that will make no difference. We need to delete the means that *allows* it to happen. This, invariably, is our cooperation. You can demand a child stop firing a peashooter at the dog or you can refuse to buy the peashooter. If you provide the means you are cooperating with the dog being smacked on the nose with a pea. How can the authorities enforce mask-wearing if millions in a country refuse? What if the 74 million Pushbackers that voted for Trump in 2020 refused to wear masks, close their businesses or stay in their homes. It would be unenforceable. The

few control the many through the compliance of the many and that's always been the dynamic be it 'Covid' regulations or the Roman Empire. I know people can find it intimidating to say no to authority or stand out in a crowd for being the only one with a face on display; but it has to be done or it's over. I hope I've made clear in this book that where this is going will be far more intimidating than standing up now and saying 'No' – I will not cooperate with my own enslavement and that of my children. There might be consequences for some initially, although not so if enough do the same. The question that must be addressed is what is going to happen if we don't? It is time to be strong and unyieldingly so. No means no. Not here and there, but *everywhere* and *always*. I have refused to wear a mask and obey all the other nonsense. I will not comply with tyranny. I repeat: Fascism is not imposed by fascists – there are never enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. *I will not do it*. I will die first, or my body will. Living meekly under fascism is a form of death anyway, the death of the spirit that Martin Luther King described.

Making things happen

We must not despair. This is not over till it's over and it's far from that. The 'fat lady' must refuse to sing. The longer the 'Covid' hoax has dragged on and impacted on more lives we have seen an awakening of phenomenal numbers of people worldwide to the realisation that what they have believed all their lives is not how the world really is. Research published by the system-serving University of Bristol and King's College London in February, 2021, concluded: 'One in every 11 people in Britain say they trust David Icke's take on the coronavirus pandemic.' It will be more by now and we have gathering numbers to build on. We must urgently progress from seeing the scam to ceasing to cooperate with it. Prominent German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich, also licenced to practice law in America, is doing a magnificent job taking the legal route to bring the psychopaths to justice through a second Nuremberg tribunal for crimes against humanity. Fuellmich has an impressive record of

beating the elite in court and he formed the German Corona Investigative Committee to pursue civil charges against the main perpetrators with a view to triggering criminal charges. Most importantly he has grasped the foundation of the hoax – the PCR test not testing for the 'virus' – and Christian Drosten is therefore on his charge sheet along with Gates frontman Tedros at the World Health Organization. Major players must be not be allowed to inflict their horrors on the human race without being brought to book. A life sentence must follow for Bill Gates and the rest of them. A group of researchers has also indicted the government of Norway for crimes against humanity with copies sent to the police and the International Criminal Court. The lawsuit cites participation in an internationally-planned false pandemic and violation of international law and human rights, the European Commission's definition of human rights by coercive rules, Nuremberg and Hague rules on fundamental human rights, and the Norwegian constitution. We must take the initiative from hereon and not just complain, protest and react.

There are practical ways to support vital mass non-cooperation. Organising in numbers is one. Lockdown marches in London in the spring in 2021 were mass non-cooperation that the authorities could not stop. There were too many people. Hundreds of thousands walked the London streets in the centre of the road for mile after mile while the Face-Nappies could only look on. They were determined, but calm, and just *did it* with no histrionics and lots of smiles. The police were impotent. Others are organising group shopping without masks for mutual support and imagine if that was happening all over. Policing it would be impossible. If the store refuses to serve people in these circumstances they would be faced with a long line of trolleys full of goods standing on their own and everything would have to be returned to the shelves. How would they cope with that if it kept happening? I am talking here about moving on from complaining to being pro-active; from watching things happen to making things happen. I include in this our relationship with the police. The behaviour of many Face-Nappies

has been disgraceful and anyone who thinks they would never find concentration camp guards in the 'enlightened' modern era have had that myth busted big-time. The period and setting may change – Wetikos never do. I watched film footage from a London march in which a police thug viciously kicked a protestor on the floor who had done nothing. His fellow Face-Nappies stood in a ring protecting him. What he did was a criminal assault and with a crowd far outnumbering the police this can no longer be allowed to happen unchallenged. I get it when people chant 'shame on you' in these circumstances, but that is no longer enough. They *have* no shame those who do this. Crowds needs to start making a citizen's arrest of the police who commit criminal offences and brutally attack innocent people and defenceless women. A citizen's arrest can be made under section 24A of the UK Police and Criminal Evidence (PACE) Act of 1984 and you will find something similar in other countries. I prefer to call it a Common Law arrest rather than citizen's for reasons I will come to shortly. Anyone can arrest a person committing an indictable offence or if they have reasonable grounds to suspect they are committing an indictable offence. On both counts the attack by the police thug would have fallen into this category. A citizen's arrest can be made to stop someone:

- Causing physical injury to himself or any other person
- Suffering physical injury
- Causing loss of or damage to property
- Making off before a constable can assume responsibility for him

A citizen's arrest may also be made to prevent a breach of the peace under Common Law and if they believe a breach of the peace will happen or anything related to harm likely to be done or already done in their presence. This is the way to go I think – the Common Law version. If police know that the crowd and members of the public will no longer be standing and watching while they commit

their thuggery and crimes they will think twice about acting like Brownshirts and Blackshirts.

Common Law – common sense

Mention of Common Law is very important. Most people think the law is the law as in one law. This is not the case. There are two bodies of law, Common Law and Statute Law, and they are not the same. Common Law is founded on the simple premise of do no harm. It does not recognise victimless crimes in which no harm is done while Statute Law does. There is a Statute Law against almost everything. So what is Statute Law? Amazingly it's the law of the *sea* that was brought ashore by the Cult to override the law of the land which is Common Law. They had no right to do this and as always they did it anyway. They had to. They could not impose their will on the people through Common Law which only applies to do no harm. How could you stitch up the fine detail of people's lives with that? Instead they took the law of the sea, or Admiralty Law, and applied it to the population. Statute Law refers to all the laws spewing out of governments and their agencies including all the fascist laws and regulations relating to 'Covid'. The key point to make is that Statute Law is *contract law*. It only applies between *contracting* corporations. Most police officers don't even know this. They have to be kept in the dark, too. Long ago when merchants and their sailing ships began to trade with different countries a contractual law was developed called Admiralty Law and other names. Again it only applied to *contracts* agreed between *corporate* entities. If there is no agreed contract the law of the sea had no jurisdiction *and that still applies to its new alias of Statute Law*. The problem for the Cult when the law of the sea was brought ashore was an obvious one. People were not corporations and neither were government entities. To overcome the latter they made governments and all associated organisations corporations. All the institutions are *private corporations* and I mean governments and their agencies, local councils, police, courts, military, US states, the whole lot. Go to the

Dun and Bradstreet corporate listings website for confirmation that they are all corporations. You are arrested by a private corporation called the police by someone who is really a private security guard and they take you to court which is another private corporation. Neither have jurisdiction over you unless you consent and *contract* with them. This is why you hear the mantra about law enforcement policing by *consent* of the people. In truth the people 'consent' only in theory through monumental trickery.

Okay, the Cult overcame the corporate law problem by making governments and institutions corporate entities; but what about people? They are not corporations are they? Ah ... well in a sense, and *only* a sense, they are. Not people exactly – the illusion of people. The Cult creates a corporation in the name of everyone at the time that their birth certificate is issued. Note birth/ *berth* certificate and when you go to court under the law of the sea on land you stand in a *dock*. These are throwbacks to the origin. My Common Law name is David Vaughan Icke. The name of the corporation created by the government when I was born is called Mr David Vaughan Icke usually written in capitals as MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE. That is not me, the living, breathing man. It is a fictitious corporate entity. The trick is to make you think that David Vaughan Icke and MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE are the same thing. *They are not*. When police charge you and take you to court they are prosecuting the corporate entity and not the living, breathing, man or woman. They have to trick you into identifying as the corporate entity and contracting with them. Otherwise they have no jurisdiction. They do this through a language known as legalese. Lawful and legal are not the same either. Lawful relates to Common Law and legal relates to Statute Law. Legalese is the language of Statue Law which uses terms that mean one thing to the public and another in legalese. Notice that when a police officer tells someone why they are being charged he or she will say at the end: 'Do you understand?' To the public that means 'Do you comprehend?' In legalese it means 'Do you stand under me?' Do you stand under my authority? If you say

yes to the question you are unknowingly agreeing to give them jurisdiction over you in a contract between two corporate entities.

This is a confidence trick in every way. Contracts have to be agreed between informed parties and if you don't know that David Vaughan Icke is agreeing to be the corporation MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE you cannot knowingly agree to contract. They are deceiving you and another way they do this is to ask for proof of identity. You usually show them a driving licence or other document on which your corporate name is written. In doing so you are accepting that you are that corporate entity when you are not. Referring to yourself as a 'person' or 'citizen' is also identifying with your corporate fiction which is why I made the Common Law point about the citizen's arrest. If you are approached by a police officer you identify yourself immediately as a living, breathing, man or woman and say 'I do not consent, I do not contract with you and I do not understand' or stand under their authority. I have a Common Law birth certificate as a living man and these are available at no charge from commonlawcourt.com. Businesses registered under the Statute Law system means that its laws apply. There are, however, ways to run a business under Common Law. Remember all 'Covid' laws and regulations are Statute Law – the law of *contracts* and you do not have to contract. This doesn't mean that you can kill someone and get away with it. Common Law says do no harm and that applies to physical harm, financial harm etc. Police are employees of private corporations and there needs to be a new system of non-corporate Common Law constables operating outside the Statute Law system. If you go to davidicke.com and put Common Law into the search engine you will find videos that explain Common Law in much greater detail. It is definitely a road we should walk.

With all my heart

I have heard people say that we are in a spiritual war. I don't like the term 'war' with its Wetiko dynamic, but I know what they mean. Sweep aside all the bodily forms and we are in a situation in which two states of consciousness are seeking very different realities.

Wetiko wants upheaval, chaos, fear, suffering, conflict and control. The other wants love, peace, harmony, fairness and freedom. That's where we are. We should not fall for the idea that Wetiko is all-powerful and there's nothing we can do. Wetiko is not all-powerful. It's a joke, pathetic. It doesn't have to be, but it has made that choice for now. A handful of times over the years when I have felt the presence of its frequency I have allowed it to attach briefly so I could consciously observe its nature. The experience is not pleasant, the energy is heavy and dark, but the ease with which you can kick it back out the door shows that its real power is in persuading us that it has power. It's all a con. Wetiko is a con. It's a trickster and not a power that can control us if we unleash our own. The con is founded on manipulating humanity to give its power to Wetiko which recycles it back to present the illusion that it has power when its power is *ours* that we gave away. This happens on an energetic level and plays out in the world of the seen as humanity giving its power to Wetiko authority which uses that power to control the population when the power is only the power the population has handed over. How could it be any other way for billions to be controlled by a relative few? I have had experiences with people possessed by Wetiko and again you can kick its arse if you do it with an open heart. Oh yes – the *heart* which can transform the world of perceived 'matter'.

We are receiver-transmitters and processors of information, but what information and where from? Information is processed into perception in three main areas – the brain, the heart and the belly. These relate to thinking, knowing, and emotion. Wetiko wants us to be head and belly people which means we think within the confines of the Matrix simulation and low-vibrational emotional reaction scrambles balance and perception. A few minutes on social media and you see how emotion is the dominant force. Woke is all emotion and is therefore thought-free and fact-free. Our heart is something different. It *knows* while the head *thinks* and has to try to work it out because it doesn't know. The human energy field has seven prime vortexes which connect us with wider reality (Fig 23). Chakra means

'wheels of light' in the Sanskrit language of ancient India. The main ones are: The crown chakra on top of the head; brow (or 'third eye') chakra in the centre of the forehead; throat chakra; heart chakra in the centre of the chest; solar plexus chakra below the sternum; sacral chakra beneath the navel; and base chakra at the bottom of the spine. Each one has a particular function or functions. We feel anxiety and nervousness in the belly where the sacral chakra is located and this processes emotion that can affect the colon to give people 'the shits' or make them 'shit scared' when they are nervous. Chakras all play an important role, but the Mr and Mrs Big is the heart chakra which sits at the centre of the seven, above the chakras that connect us to the 'physical' and below those that connect with higher realms (or at least should). Here in the heart chakra we feel love, empathy and compassion – 'My heart goes out to you'. Those with closed hearts become literally 'heart-less' in their attitudes and behaviour (see Bill Gates). Native Americans portrayed Wetiko with what Paul Levy calls a 'frigid, icy heart, devoid of mercy' (see Bill Gates).

Figure 23: The chakra system which interpenetrates the human energy field. The heart chakra is the governor – or should be.

Wetiko trembles at the thought of heart energy which it cannot infiltrate. The frequency is too high. What it seeks to do instead is close the heart chakra vortex to block its perceptual and energetic influence. Psychopaths have 'hearts of stone' and emotionally-damaged people have 'heartache' and 'broken hearts'. The astonishing amount of heart disease is related to heart chakra

disruption with its fundamental connection to the 'physical' heart. Dr Tom Cowan has written an outstanding book challenging the belief that the heart is a pump and making the connection between the 'physical' and spiritual heart. Rudolph Steiner who was way ahead of his time said the same about the fallacy that the heart is a pump. *What*? The heart is not a pump? That's crazy, right? Everybody knows that. Read Cowan's *Human Heart, Cosmic Heart* and you will realise that the very idea of the heart as a pump is ridiculous when you see the evidence. How does blood in the feet so far from the heart get pumped horizontally up the body by the heart?? Cowan explains in the book the real reason why blood moves as it does. Our 'physical' heart is used to symbolise love when the source is really the heart vortex or spiritual heart which is our most powerful energetic connection to 'out there' expanded consciousness. That's why we feel *knowing* – intuitive knowing – in the centre of the chest. Knowing doesn't come from a process of thoughts leading to a conclusion. It is there in an instant all in one go. Our heart knows because of its connection to levels of awareness that *do* know. This is the meaning and source of intuition – intuitive *knowing*.

For the last more than 30 years of uncovering the global game and the nature of reality my heart has been my constant antenna for truth and accuracy. An American intelligence insider once said that I had quoted a disinformer in one of my books and yet I had only quoted the part that was true. He asked: 'How do you do that?' By using my heart antenna was the answer and anyone can do it. Heart-centred is how we are meant to be. With a closed heart chakra we withdraw into a closed mind and the bubble of five-sense reality. If you take a moment to focus your attention on the centre of your chest, picture a spinning wheel of light and see it opening and expanding. You will feel it happening, too, and perceptions of the heart like joy and love as the heart impacts on the mind as they interact. The more the chakra opens the more you will feel expressions of heart consciousness and as the process continues, and becomes part of you, insights and knowings will follow. An open

heart is connected to that level of awareness that knows all is *One*. You will see from its perspective that the fault-lines that divide us are only illusions to control us. An open heart does not process the illusions of race, creed and sexuality except as brief experiences for a consciousness that is all. Our heart does not see division, only unity (Figs 24 and 25). There's something else, too. Our hearts love to laugh. Mark Twain's quote that says 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter' is really a reference to the heart which loves to laugh with the joy of knowing the true nature of infinite reality and that all the madness of human society is an illusion of the mind. Twain also said: 'Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand.' This is so true of Wetiko and the Cult. Their insecurity demands that they be taken seriously and their power and authority acknowledged and feared. We should do nothing of the sort. We should not get aggressive or fearful which their insecurity so desires. We should laugh in their face. Even in their no-face as police come over in their face-nappies and expect to be taken seriously. They don't take themselves seriously looking like that so why should we? Laugh in the face of intimidation. Laugh in the face of tyranny. You will see by its reaction that you have pressed all of its buttons. Wetiko does not know what to do in the face of laughter or when its targets refuse to concede their joy to fear. We have seen many examples during the 'Covid' hoax when people have expressed their energetic power and the string puppets of Wetiko retreat with their tail limp between their knees. Laugh – the world is bloody mad after all and if it's a choice between laughter and tears I know which way I'm going.

Figure 24: Head consciousness without the heart sees division and everything apart from everything else.

Figure 25: Heart consciousness sees everything as One.

'Vaccines' and the soul

The foundation of Wetiko/Archon control of humans is the separation of incarnate five-sense mind from the infinite 'I' and closing the heart chakra where the True 'I' lives during a human life. The goal has been to achieve complete separation in both cases. I was interested therefore to read an account by a French energetic healer of what she said she experienced with a patient who had been given the 'Covid' vaccine. Genuine energy healers can sense information and consciousness fields at different levels of being which are referred to as 'subtle bodies'. She described treating the patient who later returned after having, without the healer's knowledge, two doses of the 'Covid vaccine'. The healer said:

I noticed immediately the change, very heavy energy emanating from [the] subtle bodies. The scariest thing was when I was working on the heart chakra, I connected with her soul: it was detached from the physical body, it had no contact and it was, as if it was floating in a state of total confusion: a damage to the consciousness that loses contact with the physical body, i.e. with our biological machine, there is no longer any communication between them.

I continued the treatment by sending light to the heart chakra, the soul of the person, but it seemed that the soul could no longer receive any light, frequency or energy. It was a very powerful experience for me. Then I understood that this substance is indeed used to detach consciousness so that this consciousness can no longer interact through this body that it possesses in life, where there is no longer any contact, no frequency, no light, no more energetic balance or mind.

This would create a human that is rudderless and at the extreme almost zombie-like operating with a fractional state of consciousness at the mercy of Wetiko. I was especially intrigued by what the healer said in the light of the prediction by the highly-informed Rudolf Steiner more than a hundred years ago. He said:

> In the future, we will eliminate the soul with medicine. Under the pretext of a 'healthy point of view', there will be a vaccine by which the human body will be treated as soon as possible directly at birth, so that the human being cannot develop the thought of the existence of soul and Spirit. To materialistic doctors will be entrusted the task of removing the soul of humanity.
>
> As today, people are vaccinated against this disease or that disease, so in the future, children will be vaccinated with a substance that can be produced precisely in such a way that people, thanks to this vaccination, will be immune to being subjected to the 'madness' of spiritual life. He would be extremely smart, but he would not develop a conscience, and that is the true goal of some materialistic circles.

Steiner said the vaccine would detach the physical body from the etheric body (subtle bodies) and 'once the etheric body is detached the relationship between the universe and the etheric body would become extremely unstable, and man would become an automaton'. He said 'the physical body of man must be polished on this Earth by spiritual will – so the vaccine becomes a kind of arymanique (Wetiko) force' and 'man can no longer get rid of a given materialistic feeling'. Humans would then, he said, become 'materialistic of constitution and can no longer rise to the spiritual'. I have been writing for years about DNA being a receiver-transmitter of information that connects us to other levels of reality and these 'vaccines' changing DNA can be likened to changing an antenna and what it can transmit and receive. Such a disconnection would clearly lead to changes in personality and perception. Steiner further predicted the arrival of AI. Big Pharma 'Covid vaccine' makers, expressions of Wetiko, are testing their DNA-manipulating evil on children as I write with a view to giving the 'vaccine' to babies. If it's a soul-body disconnector – and I say that it is or can be – every child would be disconnected from 'soul' at birth and the 'vaccine' would create a closed system in which spiritual guidance from the greater self would play no part. This has been the ambition of Wetiko all

along. A Pentagon video from 2005 was leaked of a presentation explaining the development of vaccines to change behaviour by their effect on the brain. Those that believe this is not happening with the 'Covid' genetically-modifying procedure masquerading as a 'vaccine' should make an urgent appointment with Naivety Anonymous. Klaus Schwab wrote in 2018:

> Neurotechnologies enable us to better influence consciousness and thought and to understand many activities of the brain. They include decoding what we are thinking in fine levels of detail through new chemicals and interventions that can influence our brains to correct for errors or enhance functionality.

The plan is clear and only the heart can stop it. With every heart that opens, every mind that awakens, Wetiko is weakened. Heart and love are far more powerful than head and hate and so nothing like a majority is needed to turn this around.

Beyond the Phantom

Our heart is the prime target of Wetiko and so it must be the answer to Wetiko. We *are* our heart which is part of one heart, the infinite heart. Our heart is where the true self lives in a human life behind firewalls of five-sense illusion when an imposter takes its place – *Phantom Self*; but our heart waits patiently to be set free any time we choose to see beyond the Phantom, beyond Wetiko. A Wetikoed Phantom Self can wreak mass death and destruction while the love of forever is locked away in its heart. The time is here to unleash its power and let it sweep away the fear and despair that is Wetiko. Heart consciousness does not seek manipulated, censored, advantage for its belief or religion, its activism and desires. As an expression of the One it treats all as One with the same rights to freedom and opinion. Our heart demands fairness for itself no more than for others. From this unity of heart we can come together in mutual support and transform this Wetikoed world into what reality is meant to be – a place of love, joy, happiness, fairness, justice and freedom. Wetiko has another agenda and that's why the world is as

it is, but enough of this nonsense. Wetiko can't stay where hearts are open and it works so hard to keep them closed. Fear is its currency and its food source and love in its true sense has no fear. Why would love have fear when it knows it is *All That Is, Has Been, And Ever Can Be* on an eternal exploration of all possibility? Love in this true sense is not the physical attraction that passes for love. This can be an expression of it, yes, but Infinite Love, a love without condition, goes far deeper to the core of all being. It *is* the core of all being. Infinite realty was born from love beyond the illusions of the simulation. Love infinitely expressed is the knowing that all is One and the swiftly-passing experience of separation is a temporary hallucination. You cannot disconnect from Oneness; you can only *perceive* that you have and withdraw from its influence. This is the most important of all perception trickery by the mind parasite that is Wetiko and the foundation of all its potential for manipulation.

If we open our hearts, open the sluice gates of the mind, and redefine self-identity amazing things start to happen. Consciousness expands or contracts in accordance with self-identity. When true self is recognised as infinite awareness and label self – Phantom Self – is seen as only a series of brief experiences life is transformed. Consciousness expands to the extent that self-identity expands and everything changes. You see unity, not division, the picture, not the pixels. From this we can play the long game. No more is an experience something in and of itself, but a fleeting moment in the eternity of forever. Suddenly people in uniform and dark suits are no longer intimidating. Doing what your heart knows to be right is no longer intimidating and consequences for those actions take on the same nature of a brief experience that passes in the blink of an infinite eye. Intimidation is all in the mind. Beyond the mind there is no intimidation.

An open heart does not consider consequences for what it knows to be right. To do so would be to consider not doing what it knows to be right and for a heart in its power that is never an option. The Renegade Mind is really the Renegade Heart. Consideration of consequences will always provide a getaway car for the mind and

the heart doesn't want one. What is right in the light of what we face today is to stop cooperating with Wetiko in all its forms and to do it without fear or compromise. You cannot compromise with tyranny when tyranny always demands more until it has everything. Life is your perception and you are your destiny. Change your perception and you change your life. Change collective perception and we change the world.

Come on people … One human family, One heart, One goal … *FREEEEEEDOM*!

We must settle for nothing less.

Postscript

The big scare story as the book goes to press is the 'Indian' variant and the world is being deluged with propaganda about the 'Covid catastrophe' in India which mirrors in its lies and misrepresentations what happened in Italy before the first lockdown in 2020.

The *New York Post* published a picture of someone who had 'collapsed in the street from Covid' in India in April, 2021, which was actually taken during a gas leak in May, 2020. Same old, same old. Media articles in mid-February were asking why India had been so untouched by 'Covid' and then as their vaccine rollout gathered pace the alleged 'cases' began to rapidly increase. Indian 'Covid vaccine' maker Bharat Biotech was funded into existence by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (the pair announced their divorce in May, 2021, which is a pity because they so deserve each other). The Indian 'Covid crisis' was ramped up by the media to terrify the world and prepare people for submission to still more restrictions. The scam that worked the first time was being repeated only with far more people seeing through the deceit. Davidicke.com and Ickonic.com have sought to tell the true story of what is happening by talking to people living through the Indian nightmare which has nothing to do with 'Covid'. We posted a letter from 'Alisha' in Pune who told a very different story to government and media mendacity. She said scenes of dying people and overwhelmed hospitals were designed to hide what was really happening – genocide and starvation. Alisha said that millions had already died of starvation during the ongoing lockdowns while government and media were lying and making it look like the 'virus':

Restaurants, shops, gyms, theatres, basically everything is shut. The cities are ghost towns. Even so-called 'essential' businesses are only open till 11am in the morning. You basically have just an hour to buy food and then your time is up.

Inter-state travel and even inter-district travel is banned. The cops wait at all major crossroads to question why you are traveling outdoors or to fine you if you are not wearing a mask.

The medical community here is also complicit in genocide, lying about hospitals being full and turning away people with genuine illnesses, who need immediate care. They have even created a shortage of oxygen cylinders.

This is the classic Cult modus operandi played out in every country. Alisha said that people who would not have a PCR test not testing for the 'virus' were being denied hospital treatment. She said the people hit hardest were migrant workers and those in rural areas. Most businesses employed migrant workers and with everything closed there were no jobs, no income and no food. As a result millions were dying of starvation or malnutrition. All this was happening under Prime Minister Narendra Modi, a 100-percent asset of the Cult, and it emphasises yet again the scale of pure anti-human evil we are dealing with. Australia banned its people from returning home from India with penalties for trying to do so of up to five years in jail and a fine of £37,000. The manufactured 'Covid' crisis in India was being prepared to justify further fascism in the West. Obvious connections could be seen between the Indian 'vaccine' programme and increased 'cases' and this became a common theme. The Seychelles, the most per capita 'Covid vaccinated' population in the world, went back into lockdown after a 'surge of cases'.

Long ago the truly evil Monsanto agricultural biotechnology corporation with its big connections to Bill Gates devastated Indian farming with genetically-modified crops. Human rights activist Gurcharan Singh highlighted the efforts by the Indian government to complete the job by destroying the food supply to hundreds of millions with 'Covid' lockdowns. He said that 415 million people at the bottom of the disgusting caste system (still going whatever they say) were below the poverty line and struggled to feed themselves every year. Now the government was imposing lockdown at just the

time to destroy the harvest. This deliberate policy was leading to mass starvation. People may reel back at the suggestion that a government would do that, but Wetiko-controlled 'leaders' are capable of any level of evil. In fact what is described in India is in the process of being instigated worldwide. The food chain and food supply are being targeted at every level to cause world hunger and thus control. Bill Gates is not the biggest owner of farmland in America for no reason and destroying access to food aids both the depopulation agenda and the plan for synthetic 'food' already being funded into existence by Gates. Add to this the coming hyper-inflation from the suicidal creation of fake 'money' in response to 'Covid' and the breakdown of container shipping systems and you have a cocktail that can only lead one way and is meant to. The Cult plan is to crash the entire system to 'build back better' with the Great Reset.

'Vaccine' transmission

Reports from all over the world continue to emerge of women suffering menstrual and fertility problems after having the fake 'vaccine' and of the non-'vaccinated' having similar problems when interacting with the 'vaccinated'. There are far too many for 'coincidence' to be credible. We've had menopausal women getting periods, others having periods stop or not stopping for weeks, passing clots, sometimes the lining of the uterus, breast irregularities, and miscarriages (which increased by 400 percent in parts of the United States). Non-'vaccinated' men and children have suffered blood clots and nose bleeding after interaction with the 'vaccinated'. Babies have died from the effects of breast milk from a 'vaccinated' mother. Awake doctors – the small minority – speculated on the cause of non-'vaccinated' suffering the same effects as the 'vaccinated'. Was it nanotechnology in the synthetic substance transmitting frequencies or was it a straight chemical bioweapon that was being transmitted between people? I am not saying that some kind of chemical transmission is not one possible answer, but the foundation of all that the Cult does is frequency and

this is fertile ground for understanding how transmission can happen. American doctor Carrie Madej, an internal medicine physician and osteopath, has been practicing for the last 20 years, teaching medical students, and she says attending different meetings where the agenda for humanity was discussed. Madej, who operates out of Georgia, did not dismiss other possible forms of transmission, but she focused on frequency in search of an explanation for transmission. She said the Moderna and Pfizer 'vaccines' contained nano-lipid particles as a key component. This was a brand new technology never before used on humanity. 'They're using a nanotechnology which is pretty much little tiny computer bits … nanobots or hydrogel.' Inside the 'vaccines' was 'this sci-fi kind of substance' which suppressed immune checkpoints to get into the cell. I referred to this earlier as the 'Trojan horse' technique that tricks the cell into opening a gateway for the self-replicating synthetic material and while the immune system is artificially suppressed the body has no defences. Madej said the substance served many purposes including an on-demand ability to 'deliver the payload' and using the nano 'computer bits' as biosensors in the body. 'It actually has the ability to accumulate data from your body, like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts, emotions, all kinds of things.'

She said the technology obviously has the ability to operate through Wi-Fi and transmit and receive energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. 'Just imagine you're getting this new substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones.' We had something completely foreign in the human body that had never been launched large scale at a time when we were seeing 5G going into schools and hospitals (plus the Musk satellites) and she believed the 'vaccine' transmission had something to do with this: '… if these people have this inside of them … it can act like an antenna and actually transmit it outwardly as well.' The synthetic substance produced its own voltage and so it could have that kind of effect. This fits with my own contention that the nano receiver-transmitters are designed to connect people to the

Smart Grid and break the receiver-transmitter connection to expanded consciousness. That would explain the French energy healer's experience of the disconnection of body from 'soul' with those who have had the 'vaccine'. The nanobots, self-replicating inside the body, would also transmit the synthetic frequency which could be picked up through close interaction by those who have not been 'vaccinated'. Madej speculated that perhaps it was 5G and increased levels of other radiation that was causing the symptoms directly although interestingly she said that non-'vaccinated' patients had shown improvement when they were away from the 'vaccinated' person they had interacted with. It must be remembered that you can control frequency and energy with your mind and you can consciously create energetic barriers or bubbles with the mind to stop damaging frequencies from penetrating your field. American paediatrician Dr Larry Palevsky said the 'vaccine' was not a 'vaccine' and was never designed to protect from a 'viral' infection. He called it 'a massive, brilliant propaganda of genocide' because they didn't have to inject everyone to get the result they wanted. He said the content of the jabs was able to infuse any material into the brain, heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, sperm and female productive system. 'This is genocide; this is a weapon of mass destruction.' At the same time American colleges were banning students from attending if they didn't have this life-changing and potentially life-ending 'vaccine'. Class action lawsuits must follow when the consequences of this college fascism come to light. As the book was going to press came reports about fertility effects on sperm in 'vaccinated' men which would absolutely fit with what I have been saying and hospitals continued to fill with 'vaccine' reactions. Another question is what about transmission via blood transfusions? The NHS has extended blood donation restrictions from seven days after a 'Covid vaccination' to 28 days after even a sore arm reaction.

I said in the spring of 2020 that the then touted 'Covid vaccine' would be ongoing each year like the flu jab. A year later Pfizer CEO, the appalling Albert Bourla, said people would 'likely' need a 'booster dose' of the 'vaccine' within 12 months of getting 'fully

vaccinated' and then a yearly shot. 'Variants will play a key role', he said confirming the point. Johnson & Johnson CEO Alex Gorsky also took time out from his 'vaccine' disaster to say that people may need to be vaccinated against 'Covid-19' each year. UK Health Secretary, the psychopath Matt Hancock, said additional 'boosters' would be available in the autumn of 2021. This is the trap of the 'vaccine passport'. The public will have to accept every last 'vaccine' they introduce, including for the fake 'variants', or it would cease to be valid. The only other way in some cases would be continuous testing with a test not testing for the 'virus' and what is on the swabs constantly pushed up your noise towards the brain every time?

'Vaccines' changing behaviour

I mentioned in the body of the book how I believed we would see gathering behaviour changes in the 'vaccinated' and I am already hearing such comments from the non-'vaccinated' describing behaviour changes in friends, loved ones and work colleagues. This will only increase as the self-replicating synthetic material and nanoparticles expand in body and brain. An article in the *Guardian* in 2016 detailed research at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville which developed a new method for controlling brain circuits associated with complex animal behaviour. The method, dubbed 'magnetogenetics', involves genetically-engineering a protein called ferritin, which stores and releases iron, to create a magnetised substance – 'Magneto' – that can activate specific groups of nerve cells from a distance. This is claimed to be an advance on other methods of brain activity manipulation known as optogenetics and chemogenetics (the Cult has been developing methods of brain control for a long time). The ferritin technique is said to be non-invasive and able to activate neurons 'rapidly and reversibly'. In other words, human thought and perception. The article said that earlier studies revealed how nerve cell proteins 'activated by heat and mechanical pressure can be genetically engineered so that they become sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields, by attaching them to an iron-storing protein called ferritin, or to inorganic

paramagnetic particles'. Sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields? You mean like 5G, 6G and 7G? This is the human-AI Smart Grid hive mind we are talking about. The *Guardian* article said:

> … the researchers injected Magneto into the striatum of freely behaving mice, a deep brain structure containing dopamine-producing neurons that are involved in reward and motivation, and then placed the animals into an apparatus split into magnetised and non-magnetised sections.
>
> Mice expressing Magneto spent far more time in the magnetised areas than mice that did not, because activation of the protein caused the striatal neurons expressing it to release dopamine, so that the mice found being in those areas rewarding. This shows that Magneto can remotely control the firing of neurons deep within the brain, and also control complex behaviours.

Make no mistake this basic methodology will be part of the 'Covid vaccine' cocktail and using magnetics to change brain function through electromagnetic field frequency activation. The Pentagon is developing a 'Covid vaccine' using ferritin. Magnetics would explain changes in behaviour and why videos are appearing across the Internet as I write showing how magnets stick to the skin at the point of the 'vaccine' shot. Once people take these 'vaccines' anything becomes possible in terms of brain function and illness which will be blamed on 'Covid-19' and 'variants'. Magnetic field manipulation would further explain why the non-'vaccinated' are reporting the same symptoms as the 'vaccinated' they interact with and why those symptoms are reported to decrease when not in their company. Interestingly 'Magneto', a 'mutant', is a character in the Marvel Comic *X-Men* stories with the ability to manipulate magnetic fields and he believes that mutants should fight back against their human oppressors by any means necessary. The character was born Erik Lehnsherr to a Jewish family in Germany.

Cult-controlled courts

The European Court of Human Rights opened the door for mandatory 'Covid-19 vaccines' across the continent when it ruled in a Czech Republic dispute over childhood immunisation that legally

enforced vaccination could be 'necessary in a democratic society'. The 17 judges decided that compulsory vaccinations did not breach human rights law. On the face of it the judgement was so inverted you gasp for air. If not having a vaccine infused into your body is not a human right then what is? Ah, but they said human rights law which has been specifically written to delete all human rights at the behest of the state (the Cult). Article 8 of the European Convention on Human Rights relates to the right to a private life. The crucial word here is *'except'*:

> There shall be no interference by a public authority with the exercise of this right EXCEPT such as is in accordance with the law and is necessary in a democratic society in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic wellbeing of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others [My emphasis].

No interference *except* in accordance with the law means there *are* no 'human rights' *except* what EU governments decide you can have at their behest. 'As is necessary in a democratic society' explains that reference in the judgement and 'in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic well-being of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others' gives the EU a coach and horses to ride through 'human rights' and scatter them in all directions. The judiciary is not a check and balance on government extremism; it is a vehicle to enforce it. This judgement was almost laughably predictable when the last thing the Cult wanted was a decision that went against mandatory vaccination. Judges rule over and over again to benefit the system of which they are a part. Vaccination disputes that come before them are invariably delivered in favour of doctors and authorities representing the view of the state which owns the judiciary. Oh, yes, and we have even had calls to stop putting 'Covid-19' on death certificates within 28 days of a 'positive test' because it is claimed the practice makes the 'vaccine' appear not to work. They are laughing at you.

The scale of madness, inhumanity and things to come was highlighted when those not 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' were refused evacuation from the Caribbean island of St Vincent during massive volcanic eruptions. Cruise ships taking residents to the safety of another island allowed only the 'vaccinated' to board and the rest were left to their fate. Even in life and death situations like this we see 'Covid' stripping people of their most basic human instincts and the insanity is even more extreme when you think that fake 'vaccine'-makers are not even claiming their body-manipulating concoctions stop 'infection' and 'transmission' of a 'virus' that doesn't exist. St Vincent Prime Minister Ralph Gonsalves said: 'The chief medical officer will be identifying the persons already vaccinated so that we can get them on the ship.' Note again the power of the chief medical officer who, like Whitty in the UK, will be answering to the World Health Organization. This is the Cult network structure that has overridden politicians who 'follow the science' which means doing what WHO-controlled 'medical officers' and 'science advisers' tell them. Gonsalves even said that residents who were 'vaccinated' after the order so they could board the ships would still be refused entry due to possible side effects such as 'wooziness in the head'. The good news is that if they were woozy enough in the head they could qualify to be prime minister of St Vincent.

Microchipping freedom

The European judgement will be used at some point to justify moves to enforce the 'Covid' DNA-manipulating procedure. Sandra Ro, CEO of the Global Blockchain Business Council, told a World Economic Forum event that she hoped 'vaccine passports' would help to 'drive forced consent and standardisation' of global digital identity schemes: 'I'm hoping with the desire and global demand for some sort of vaccine passport – so that people can get travelling and working again – [it] will drive forced consent, standardisation, and frankly, cooperation across the world.' The lady is either not very bright, or thoroughly mendacious, to use the term 'forced consent'.

You do not 'consent' if you are forced – you *submit*. She was describing what the plan has been all along and that's to enforce a digital identity on every human without which they could not function. 'Vaccine passports' are opening the door and are far from the end goal. A digital identity would allow you to be tracked in everything you do in cyberspace and this is the same technique used by Cult-owned China to enforce its social credit system of total control. The ultimate 'passport' is planned to be a microchip as my books have warned for nearly 30 years. Those nice people at the Pentagon working for the Cult-controlled Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) claimed in April, 2021, they have developed a microchip inserted under the skin to detect 'asymptomatic Covid-19 infection' before it becomes an outbreak and a 'revolutionary filter' that can remove the 'virus' from the blood when attached to a dialysis machine. The only problems with this are that the 'virus' does not exist and people transmitting the 'virus' with no symptoms is brain-numbing bullshit. This is, of course, not a ruse to get people to be microchipped for very different reasons. DARPA also said it was producing a one-stop 'vaccine' for the 'virus' and all 'variants'. One of the most sinister organisations on Planet Earth is doing this? Better have it then. These people are insane because Wetiko that possesses them is insane.

Researchers from the Salk Institute in California announced they have created an embryo that is part human and part monkey. My books going back to the 1990s have exposed experiments in top secret underground facilities in the United States where humans are being crossed with animal and non-human 'extraterrestrial' species. They are now easing that long-developed capability into the public arena and there is much more to come given we are dealing with psychiatric basket cases. Talking of which – Elon Musk's scientists at Neuralink trained a monkey to play Pong and other puzzles on a computer screen using a joystick and when the monkey made the correct move a metal tube squirted banana smoothie into his mouth which is the basic technique for training humans into unquestioning compliance. Two Neuralink chips were in the monkey's skull and

more than 2,000 wires 'fanned out' into its brain. Eventually the monkey played a video game purely with its brain waves. Psychopathic narcissist Musk said the 'breakthrough' was a step towards putting Neuralink chips into human skulls and merging minds with artificial intelligence. *Exactly*. This man is so dark and Cult to his DNA.

World Economic Fascism (WEF)

The World Economic Forum is telling you the plan by the statements made at its many and various events. Cult-owned fascist YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki spoke at the 2021 WEF Global Technology Governance Summit (see the name) in which 40 governments and 150 companies met to ensure 'the responsible design and deployment of emerging technologies'. Orwellian translation: 'Ensuring the design and deployment of long-planned technologies will advance the Cult agenda for control and censorship.' Freedom-destroyer and Nuremberg-bound Wojcicki expressed support for tech platforms like hers to censor content that is 'technically legal but could be harmful'. Who decides what is 'harmful'? She does and they do. 'Harmful' will be whatever the Cult doesn't want people to see and we have legislation proposed by the UK government that would censor content on the basis of 'harm' no matter if the information is fair, legal and provably true. Make that *especially* if it is fair, legal and provably true. Wojcicki called for a global coalition to be formed to enforce content moderation standards through automated censorship. This is a woman and mega-censor so self-deluded that she shamelessly accepted a 'free expression' award – *Wojcicki* – in an event sponsored by her own *YouTube*. They have no shame and no self-awareness.

You know that 'Covid' is a scam and Wojcicki a Cult operative when YouTube is censoring medical and scientific opinion purely on the grounds of whether it supports or opposes the Cult 'Covid' narrative. Florida governor Ron DeSantis compiled an expert panel with four professors of medicine from Harvard, Oxford, and Stanford Universities who spoke against forcing children and

vaccinated people to wear masks. They also said there was no proof that lockdowns reduced spread or death rates of 'Covid-19'. Cult-gofer Wojcicki and her YouTube deleted the panel video 'because it included content that contradicts the consensus of local and global health authorities regarding the efficacy of masks to prevent the spread of Covid-19'. This 'consensus' refers to what the Cult tells the World Health Organization to say and the WHO tells 'local health authorities' to do. Wojcicki knows this, of course. The panellists pointed out that censorship of scientific debate was responsible for deaths from many causes, but Wojcicki couldn't care less. She would not dare go against what she is told and as a disgrace to humanity she wouldn't want to anyway. The UK government is seeking to pass a fascist 'Online Safety Bill' to specifically target with massive fines and other means non-censored video and social media platforms to make them censor 'lawful but harmful' content like the Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube. What is 'lawful but harmful' would be decided by the fascist Blair-created Ofcom.

Another WEF obsession is a cyber-attack on the financial system and this is clearly what the Cult has planned to take down the bank accounts of everyone – except theirs. Those that think they have enough money for the Cult agenda not to matter to them have got a big lesson coming if they continue to ignore what is staring them in the face. The World Economic Forum, funded by Gates and fronted by Klaus Schwab, announced it would be running a 'simulation' with the Russian government and global banks of just such an attack called Cyber Polygon 2021. What they simulate – as with the 'Covid' Event 201 – they plan to instigate. The WEF is involved in a project with the Cult-owned Carnegie Endowment for International Peace called the WEF-Carnegie Cyber Policy Initiative which seeks to merge Wall Street banks, 'regulators' (I love it) and intelligence agencies to 'prevent' (arrange and allow) a cyber-attack that would bring down the global financial system as long planned by those that control the WEF and the Carnegie operation. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace sent an instruction to First World

War US President Woodrow Wilson not to let the war end before society had been irreversibly transformed.

The Wuhan lab diversion

As I close, the Cult-controlled authorities and lapdog media are systematically pushing 'the virus was released from the Wuhan lab' narrative. There are two versions – it happened by accident and it happened on purpose. Both are nonsense. The perceived existence of the never-shown-to-exist 'virus' is vital to sell the impression that there is actually an infective agent to deal with and to allow the endless potential for terrifying the population with 'variants' of a 'virus' that does not exist. The authorities at the time of writing are going with the 'by accident' while the alternative media is promoting the 'on purpose'. Cable news host Tucker Carlson who has questioned aspects of lockdown and 'vaccine' compulsion has bought the Wuhan lab story. 'Everyone now agrees' he said. Well, I don't and many others don't and the question is *why* does the system and its media suddenly 'agree'? When the media moves as one unit with a narrative it is always a lie – witness the hour by hour mendacity of the 'Covid' era. Why would this Cult-owned combination which has unleashed lies like machine gun fire suddenly 'agree' to tell the truth??

Much of the alternative media is buying the lie because it fits the conspiracy narrative, but it's the *wrong* conspiracy. The real conspiracy is that *there is no virus* and that is what the Cult is desperate to hide. The idea that the 'virus' was released by accident is ludicrous when the whole 'Covid' hoax was clearly long-planned and waiting to be played out as it was so fast in accordance with the Rockefeller document and Event 201. So they prepared everything in detail over decades and then sat around strumming their fingers waiting for an 'accidental' release from a bio-lab? *What??* It's crazy. Then there's the 'on purpose' claim. You want to circulate a 'deadly virus' and hide the fact that you've done so and you release it down the street from the highest-level bio-lab in China? I repeat – *What??*

You would release it far from that lab to stop any association being made. But, no, we'll do it in a place where the connection was certain to be made. Why would you need to scam 'cases' and 'deaths' and pay hospitals to diagnose 'Covid-19' if you had a real 'virus'? What are sections of the alternative media doing believing this crap? Where were all the mass deaths in Wuhan from a 'deadly pathogen' when the recovery to normal life after the initial propaganda was dramatic in speed? Why isn't the 'deadly pathogen' now circulating all over China with bodies in the street? Once again we have the technique of tell them what they want to hear and they will likely believe it. The alternative media has its 'conspiracy' and with Carlson it fits with his 'China is the danger' narrative over years. China *is* a danger as a global Cult operations centre, but not for this reason. The Wuhan lab story also has the potential to instigate conflict with China when at some stage the plan is to trigger a Problem-Reaction-Solution confrontation with the West. Question everything – *everything* – and especially when the media agrees on a common party line.

Third wave ... fourth wave ... fifth wave ...

As the book went into production the world was being set up for more lockdowns and a 'third wave' supported by invented 'variants' that were increasing all the time and will continue to do so in public statements and computer programs, but not in reality. India became the new Italy in the 'Covid' propaganda campaign and we were told to be frightened of the new 'Indian strain'. Somehow I couldn't find it within myself to do so. A document produced for the UK government entitled 'Summary of further modelling of easing of restrictions – Roadmap Step 2' declared that a third wave was inevitable (of course when it's in the script) and it would be the fault of children and those who refuse the health-destroying fake 'Covid vaccine'. One of the computer models involved came from the Cult-owned *Imperial College* and the other from Warwick University which I wouldn't trust to tell me the date in a calendar factory. The document states that both models presumed extremely high uptake

of the 'Covid vaccines' and didn't allow for 'variants'. The document states: 'The resurgence is a result of some people (mostly children) being ineligible for vaccination; others choosing not to receive the vaccine; and others being vaccinated but not perfectly protected.' The mendacity takes the breath away. Okay, blame those with a brain who won't take the DNA-modifying shots and put more pressure on children to have it as 'trials' were underway involving children as young as six months with parents who give insanity a bad name. Massive pressure is being put on the young to have the fake 'vaccine' and child age consent limits have been systematically lowered around the world to stop parents intervening. Most extraordinary about the document was its claim that the 'third wave' would be driven by 'the resurgence in both hospitalisations and deaths … dominated by *those that have received two doses of the vaccine*, comprising around 60-70% of the wave respectively'. The predicted peak of the 'third wave' suggested 300 deaths per day with 250 of them *fully 'vaccinated' people*. How many more lies do acquiescers need to be told before they see the obvious? Those who took the jab to 'protect themselves' are projected to be those who mostly get sick and die? So what's in the 'vaccine'? The document went on:

> It is possible that a summer of low prevalence could be followed by substantial increases in incidence over the following autumn and winter. Low prevalence in late summer should not be taken as an indication that SARS-CoV-2 has retreated or that the population has high enough levels of immunity to prevent another wave.

They are telling you the script and while many British people believed 'Covid' restrictions would end in the summer of 2021 the government was preparing for them to be ongoing. Authorities were awarding contracts for 'Covid marshals' to police the restrictions with contracts starting in July, 2021, and going through to January 31st, 2022, and the government was advertising for 'Media Buying Services' to secure media propaganda slots worth a potential £320 million for 'Covid-19 campaigns' with a contract not ending until March, 2022. The recipient – via a list of other front companies – was reported to be American media marketing giant Omnicom Group

Inc. While money is no object for 'Covid' the UK waiting list for all other treatment – including life-threatening conditions – passed 4.5 million. Meantime the Cult is seeking to control all official 'inquiries' to block revelations about what has really been happening and why. It must not be allowed to – we need Nuremberg jury trials in every country. The cover-up doesn't get more obvious than appointing ultra-Zionist professor Philip Zelikow to oversee two dozen US virologists, public health officials, clinicians, former government officials and four American 'charitable foundations' to 'learn the lessons' of the 'Covid' debacle. The personnel will be those that created and perpetuated the 'Covid' lies while Zelikow is the former executive director of the 9/11 Commission who ensured that the truth about those attacks never came out and produced a report that must be among the most mendacious and manipulative documents ever written – see *The Trigger* for the detailed exposure of the almost unimaginable 9/11 story in which Sabbatians can be found at every level.

Passive no more

People are increasingly challenging the authorities with amazing numbers of people taking to the streets in London well beyond the ability of the Face-Nappies to stop them. Instead the Nappies choose situations away from the mass crowds to target, intimidate, and seek to promote the impression of 'violent protestors'. One such incident happened in London's Hyde Park. Hundreds of thousands walking through the streets in protest against 'Covid' fascism were ignored by the Cult-owned BBC and most of the rest of the mainstream media, but they delighted in reporting how police were injured in 'clashes with protestors'. The truth was that a group of people gathered in Hyde Park at the end of one march when most had gone home and they were peacefully having a good time with music and chat. Face-Nappies who couldn't deal with the full-march crowd then waded in with their batons and got more than they bargained for. Instead of just standing for this criminal brutality the crowd used their numerical superiority to push the Face-Nappies out of the

park. Eventually the Nappies turned and ran. Unfortunately two or three idiots in the crowd threw drink cans striking two officers which gave the media and the government the image they wanted to discredit the 99.9999 percent who were peaceful. The idiots walked straight into the trap and we must always be aware of potential agent provocateurs used by the authorities to discredit their targets.

This response from the crowd – the can people apart – must be a turning point when the public no longer stand by while the innocent are arrested and brutally attacked by the Face-Nappies. That doesn't mean to be violent, that's the last thing we need. We'll leave the violence to the Face-Nappies and government. But it does mean that when the Face-Nappies use violence against peaceful people the numerical superiority is employed to stop them and make citizen's arrests or Common Law arrests for a breach of the peace. The time for being passive in the face of fascism is over.

We are the many, they are the few, and we need to make that count before there is no freedom left and our children and grandchildren face an ongoing fascist nightmare.

COME ON PEOPLE – IT'S TIME.

One final thought …

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

I'll protect you from the hooded claw
Keep the vampires from your door
When the chips are down I'll be around
With my undying, death-defying
Love for you

Envy will hurt itself
Let yourself be beautiful
Sparkling love, flowers
And pearls and pretty girls
Love is like an energy
Rushin' rushin' inside of me

This time we go sublime
Lovers entwine, divine, divine,
Love is danger, love is pleasure
Love is pure – the only treasure

I'm so in love with you
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
The power of love
A force from above
A sky-scraping dove

Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

Frankie Goes To Hollywood

APPENDIX

Cowan-Kaufman-Morell Statement on Virus Isolation (SOVI)

Isolation: The action of isolating; the fact or condition of being isolated or standing alone; separation from other things or persons; solitariness
Oxford English Dictionary

The controversy over whether the SARS-CoV-2 virus has ever been isolated or purified continues. However, using the above definition, common sense, the laws of logic and the dictates of science, any unbiased person must come to the conclusion that the SARS-CoV-2 virus has never been isolated or purified. As a result, no confirmation of the virus' existence can be found. The logical, common sense, and scientific consequences of this fact are:

- the structure and composition of something not shown to exist can't be known, including the presence, structure, and function of any hypothetical spike or other proteins;
- the genetic sequence of something that has never been found can't be known;
- "variants" of something that hasn't been shown to exist can't be known;
- it's impossible to demonstrate that SARS-CoV-2 causes a disease called Covid-19.

In as concise terms as possible, here's the proper way to isolate, characterize and demonstrate a new virus. First, one takes samples (blood, sputum, secretions) from many people (e.g. 500) with symptoms which are unique and specific enough to characterize an illness. Without mixing these samples with ANY tissue or products that also contain genetic material, the virologist macerates, filters and ultracentrifuges i.e. *purifies* the specimen. This common virology technique, done for decades to isolate bacteriophages[1] and so-called giant viruses in every virology lab, then allows the virologist to demonstrate with electron microscopy thousands of identically sized and shaped particles. These particles are the isolated and purified virus.

These identical particles are then checked for uniformity by physical and/or microscopic techniques. Once the purity is determined, the particles may be further characterized. This would include examining the structure, morphology, and chemical composition of the particles. Next, their genetic makeup is characterized by extracting the genetic material directly from the purified particles and using genetic-sequencing techniques, such as Sanger sequencing, that have also been around for decades. Then one does an analysis to confirm that these uniform particles are exogenous (outside) in origin as a virus is conceptualized to be, and not the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.[2] (As of May 2020, we know that virologists have no way to determine whether the particles they're seeing are viruses or just normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.)[3]

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1 Isolation, characterization and analysis of bacteriophages from the haloalkaline lake Elmenteita, KenyaJuliah Khayeli Akhwale et al, PLOS One, Published: April 25, 2019. https://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0215734 – accessed 2/15/21

2 "Extracellular Vesicles Derived From Apoptotic Cells: An Essential Link Between Death and Regeneration," Maojiao Li1 et al, Frontiers in Cell and Developmental Biology, 2020 October 2. https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fcell.2020.573511/full – accessed 2/15/21

3 "The Role of Extraellular Vesicles as Allies of HIV, HCV and SARS Viruses," Flavia Giannessi, et al, Viruses, 2020 May

If we have come this far then we have fully isolated, characterized, and genetically sequenced an exogenous virus particle. However, we still have to show it is causally related to a disease. This is carried out by exposing a group of healthy subjects (animals are usually used) to this isolated, purified virus in the manner in which the disease is thought to be transmitted. If the animals get sick with the same disease, as confirmed by clinical and autopsy findings, one has now shown that the virus actually causes a disease. This demonstrates infectivity and transmission of an infectious agent.

None of these steps has even been attempted with the SARS-CoV-2 virus, nor have all these steps been successfully performed for any so-called pathogenic virus. Our research indicates that a single study showing these steps does not exist in the medical literature.

Instead, since 1954, virologists have taken unpurified samples from a relatively few people, often less than ten, with a similar disease. They then minimally process this sample and inoculate this unpurified sample onto tissue culture containing usually four to six other types of material – all of which contain identical genetic material as to what is called a "virus." The tissue culture is starved and poisoned and naturally disintegrates into many types of particles, some of which contain genetic material. Against all common sense, logic, use of the English language and scientific integrity, this process is called "virus isolation." This brew containing fragments of genetic material from many sources is then subjected to genetic analysis, which then creates in a computer-simulation process the alleged sequence of the alleged virus, a so called in silico genome. At no time is an actual virus confirmed by electron microscopy. At no time is a genome extracted and sequenced from an actual virus. This is scientific fraud.

The observation that the unpurified specimen — inoculated onto tissue culture along with toxic antibiotics, bovine fetal tissue, amniotic fluid and other tissues — destroys the kidney tissue onto which it is inoculated is given as evidence of the virus' existence and pathogenicity. This is scientific fraud.

From now on, when anyone gives you a paper that suggests the SARS-CoV-2 virus has been isolated, please check the methods sections. If the researchers used Vero cells or any other culture method, you know that their process was not isolation. You will hear the following excuses for why actual isolation isn't done:

1. There were not enough virus particles found in samples from patients to analyze.

2. Viruses are intracellular parasites; they can't be found outside the cell in this manner.

If No. 1 is correct, and we can't find the virus in the sputum of sick people, then on what evidence do we think the virus is dangerous or even lethal? If No. 2 is correct, then how is the virus spread from person to person? We are told it emerges from the cell to infect others. Then why isn't it possible to find it?

Finally, questioning these virology techniques and conclusions is not some distraction or divisive issue. Shining the light on this truth is essential to stop this terrible fraud that humanity is confronting. For, as we now know, if the virus has never been isolated, sequenced or shown to cause illness, if the virus is imaginary, then why are we wearing masks, social distancing and putting the whole world into prison?

Finally, if pathogenic viruses don't exist, then what is going into those injectable devices erroneously called "vaccines," and what is their purpose? This scientific question is the most urgent and relevant one of our time.

We are correct. The SARS-CoV2 virus does not exist.

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Dr. Thomas Cowan, MD
Dr. Andrew Kaufman, MD

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Ickonic is something that has been a dream of mine for the last 5 years, growing up around alternative information I have always had a natural interest in what is going on in the World and what could I do to make it better.
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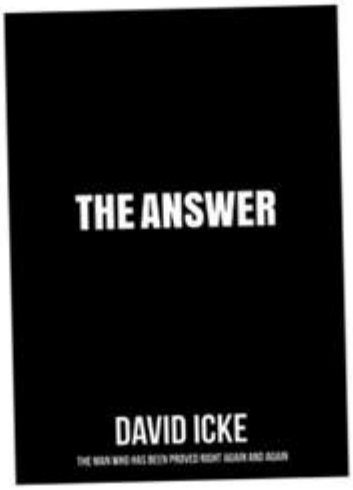

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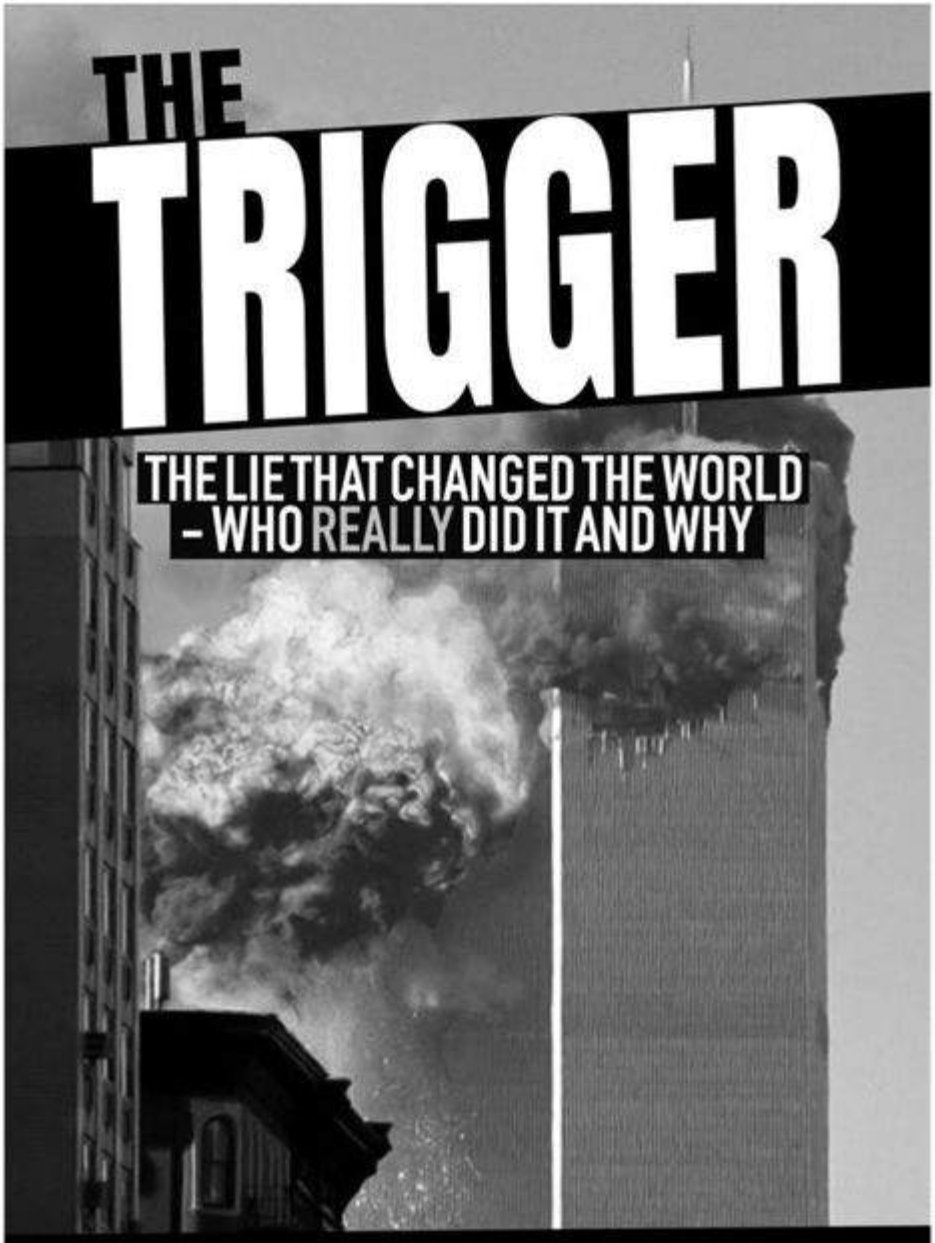

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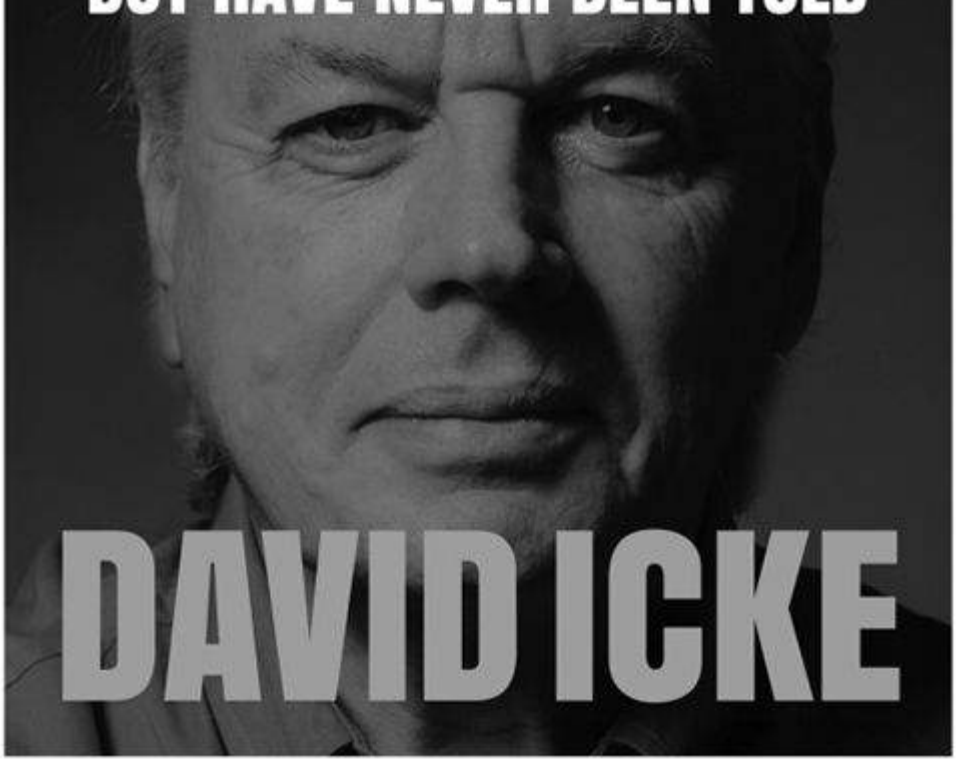

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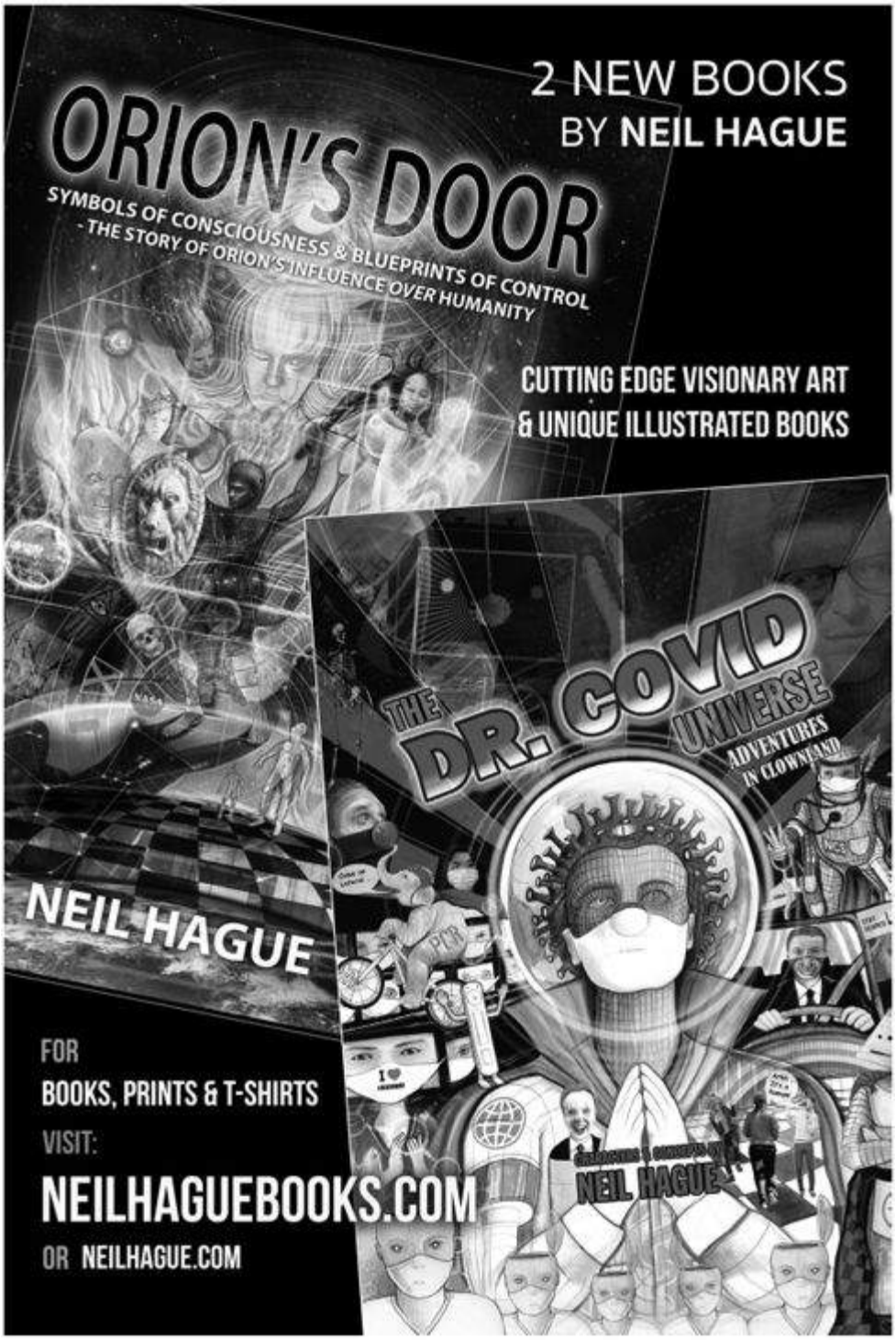
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For more detail, background and evidence about the subjects in *Perceptions of a Renegade Mind* – and so much more – see my others books including *And The Truth Shall Set You Free; The Biggest Secret; Children of the Matrix; The David Icke Guide to the Global Conspiracy; Tales from the Time Loop; The Perception Deception; Remember Who You Are; Human Race Get Off Your Knees; Phantom Self; Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told, The Trigger and The Answer*.

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WARLOCK 1

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A Penguin Magazine

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A new quest in *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* adventure: part one

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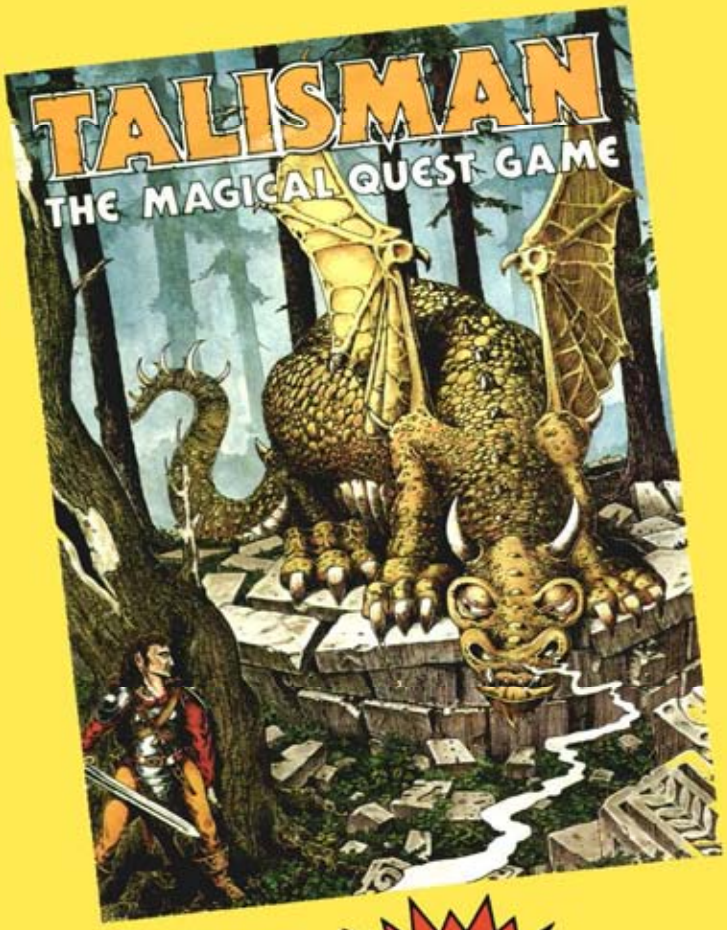

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Dear Adventurer

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Ian Livingstone Steve Jackson

WARLOCK 1
THE FIGHTING FANTASY MAGAZINE

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Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10, New Zealand
First published 1984

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This edition is adapted from *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* published in Puffin Books 1982.

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ONE STEP BEYOND

THE ORIGINS OF FIGHTING FANTASY

As many readers will know, the whole Fighting Fantasy Gamebook phenomenon stemmed from the Fantasy Role-playing Games that have been around since 1974. At that time, Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson in Wisconsin, USA, first published *Dungeons& Dragons*, the original fantasy role-playing game. Before 1974, games players were obsessed with Diplomacy, a strategic game based on the First World War, which could be played by post. Games were played through various amateur magazines – or 'zines' as they were known. News of Dungeons & Dragons spread through the zines and it was not long before Gygax and Arneson formed their own company, Tactical Studies Rules (TSR), to promote their game. TSR grew from nothing to a $20 million company in a short time, mainly on the success of *Dungeons & Dragons*.

Following up this success, other companies in the United States began to release their own role-playing games. Game Designers' Workshop produced Traveller, a science-fiction role-playing game designed by Marc Miller. A Californian company, The Chaosium, produced *RuneQuest*, an alternative fantasy role-playing game based in its own game-world, Glorantha. Pirates, gangsters, James Bond and horror are other themes that have had role-playing games designed around them. Role-playing games came to Britain in 1975, when the Games Workshop, working out of a cramped flat in Shepherd's Bush in West London, first imported American role-playing games.

All these companies thrived on the success of role-playing games. They attracted fanatical followings. Players were obsessed with their fantasy worlds. Listening to role-playing garners talk was like listening to aliens from another time and universe, where monsters and magic actually existed! What was it that made these games so popular?

How Role-playing Games Work

Imagine you were playing *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*. But this time, instead of reading the story, someone else was reading the book or the article in this magazine. He would read out to you a reference and ask what you wanted to do. You would make your choice and he would turn to the new reference and read that out. This is the sort of thing that happens in a role-playing game – but with one important difference.

In the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, you are limited to two or three choices at each reference. In a role-playing game you have no restrictions. *You can do whatever you like!* For example, if you were in a passageway. you would not be limited to Do you want to try the door in the east wall or continue down the passageway?' Instead, you can choose to do anything you like. Perhaps you would like to go back to the room you've just come from, or listen at the door, or search for secret passageways, or solve riddles, or ask questions . . . You can do any of these in a role-playing game.

How is this possible? The key to rote-playing games is the extra person. In the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks example quoted above, this extra person is just a reader, reading out the story to you and asking for your choices. In a role-playing game, this extra person becomes the GamesMaster and has a very important role. GamesMasters (or GMs, as they are known) are vital to role-playing games. They act as a 'god', controlling the world in which the adventure takes place. They must ask the players what they want to do in each situation. Using either the rules of the game, or often just their own judgements, they must then tell the other players what happens as a result of their choice. The GM's role is a bit like the banker in Monopoly, but with two important differences: the GM cannot 'play' the game in the same way as the other players; and the GM has much more freedom than a Monopoly banker.

The Adventurers

While the GM 'runs' the adventure, telling the players what happens when they make their choices, announcing any traps that they might have just sprung and 'talking' for the monsters and other characters that they may come across, the other players are the Adventurers.

Each different role-playing game has its own rules for deciding the characteristics of the Adventurers. In Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, this is kept simple, with dice rolls for SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK. More complicated role-playing games have many more characteristics, such as Strength, Constitution, Power, Charisma, Size, Intelligence, and so on. These all affect an adventurer's abilities in the game.

Once the adventurers have 'rolled up' their characteristics, they are ready to play. The GM describes the introduction to the adventure and then the players decide amongst themselves what they will do next. Either they will have an overall goal, such as 'find the Warlock's treasure', or they may just be on a treasure hunt trying to find as much gold as possible.

Their own 'game-characters' that they have rolled up do not last for just one game. In most role-playing games, a character becomes stronger – more *experienced* – the more successful he or she has been in an adventure. 'Experience Points' are awarded by the GM for killing monsters, finding treasure, or surviving an adventure. Rules are given which convert these Experience Points into advantages, so that an

'experienced' player will be much stronger, or be able to use more magic, than another player just starting. Thus players guard their characters carefully and carry them over from game to game. Once you have nursed a character through several adventures and he is now quite strong, you feel very reluctant to allow him to take silly risks, like attacking a Dragon single-handed. If such an experienced character dies in a future adventure, weeks of care and development will have been wasted!

In this way, you can see that role-playing games become very realistic. In a real world, no one in their right mind would rush in and take on a Dragon on their own!

Expanding Role-playing Games

The original Dungeons & Dragons game was published as three barely understandable rules booklets in a box. The rules described how GMs could design their own dungeons, how adventurers gained experience and how battles in the dungeon were fought between adventurers and monsters. Fanzines sprang up devoted entirely to this new game, with articles to expand the rules, new monsters and new adventures. As it became apparent that there was no limit to how far role-playing games could be expanded, publishers soon got to work on producing a wide variety of supplements and accessories for the game. Magazines like TSR's Dragon and Games Workshop's *White Dwarf* provided a regular forum for readers to exchange views and trade ideas.

All the successful role-playing games have a wealth of back-up material supporting them. The most popular of these are the *scenarios* or *modules.* These are ready-to-play adventures which make GamesMastering a much easier task. In the early days, each adventure had to be designed by the GM well in advance of a session. Now hundreds of different adventures can be bought. These are similar to computer programs in that a scenario is usually designed for one game system only (e.g., D & D, RuneQuest or Traveller). But some publishers – notably Judges Guild – produce 'universal' scenarios which can be played using any system.

Other common accessories are: *Supplements* – additional rule-books which expand the original rules (the 'basic' rules may simply tell you how to fight monsters; rules may be given in a supplement for how different types of weapon can be used); *Character Sheets* – similar to the *Adventure Sheet* given on pages 16–17 in this magazine; *Miniatures* – miniature figures of dwarfs, wizards, goblins and dragons cast in metal which can be painted and used to represent adventurers and monsters in the game; *Floor Plans* – dungeon layouts of rooms and passageways drawn to scale for miniatures that can be used to map out an adventure as it takes place; and *Referee's Screens* – cardboard screens to hide the GM's maps and printed with handy reference tables.

None of these accessories are essential to the games. But most players find themselves indulging in a few accessories – particularly miniatures – once they have started playing.

How To Begin

The Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks are an excellent introduction to role-playing games. Although they lack the freedom and variety of choice that the games are able to offer, they give a fair picture of how fantasy adventures run.

Following on from the Gamebooks, the next step is either Dungeons & Dragons or RuneQuest for fantasy adventures, or Traveller for science fiction. But Traveller is rather complicated and is not really recommended for beginners. Dungeons & Dragons is the original role-playing game, but many gamers enjoy RuneQuest as the game mechanics and the world of Glorantha give the game plenty of atmosphere. RuneQuest also has an excellent little book, *Basic Role-Playing*, with simplified rules for first-time players. But having said that, the latest version of D & D is also well written for beginners. And since D & D came out first, there are more accessories available for it at the moment. Any reader wishing to learn more about the various role-playing games available and all their accessories are well advised to read Ian Livingstone's reference book *Dicing with Dragons* (Routledge & Kagan Paul, £3.95).

Fantasy Gamebook readers may also be interested to hear that a role-playing version of The Warlock of Firetop *Mountain* will be published within the next couple of months. Entitled *Fighting Fantasy,* it is designed as a beginner's game. It uses the same rules for fighting monsters as Warlock, but includes extra chapters on how to be a GamesMaster and two complete adventures, mapped out and well illustrated. *Fighting Fantasy* bridges the gap between the Gamebooks and the more complicated role-playing games.

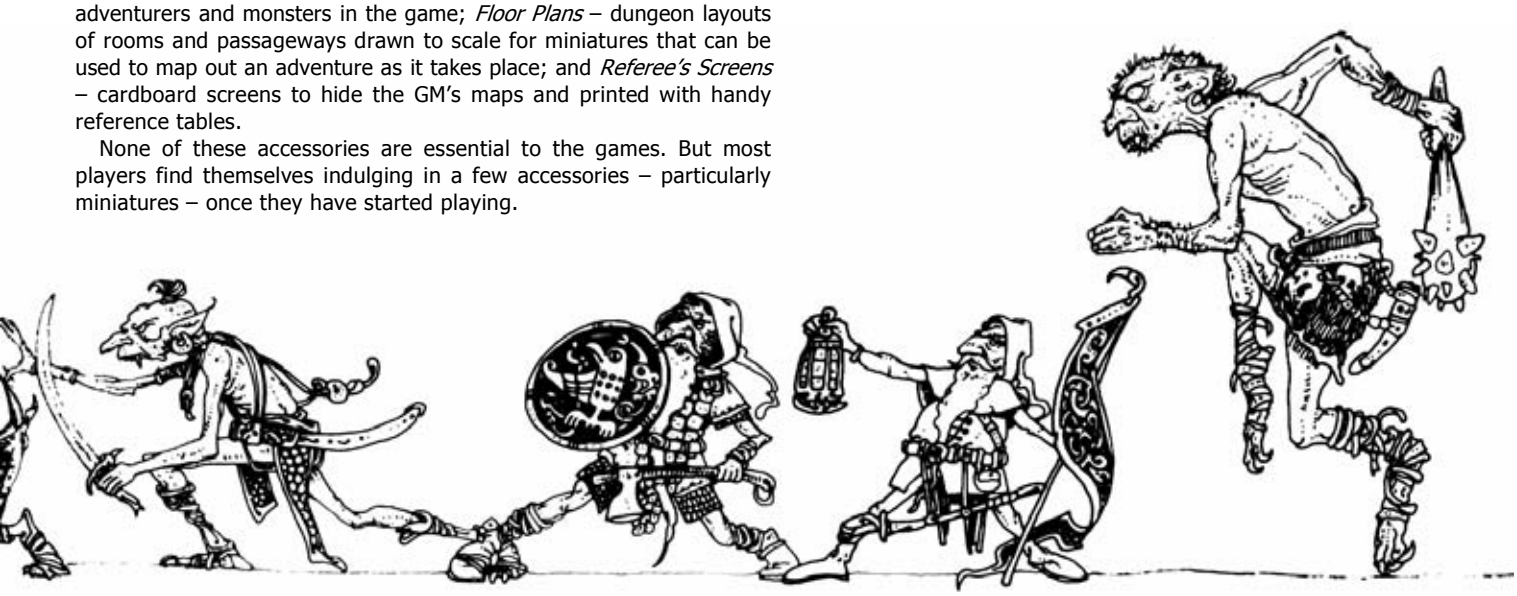

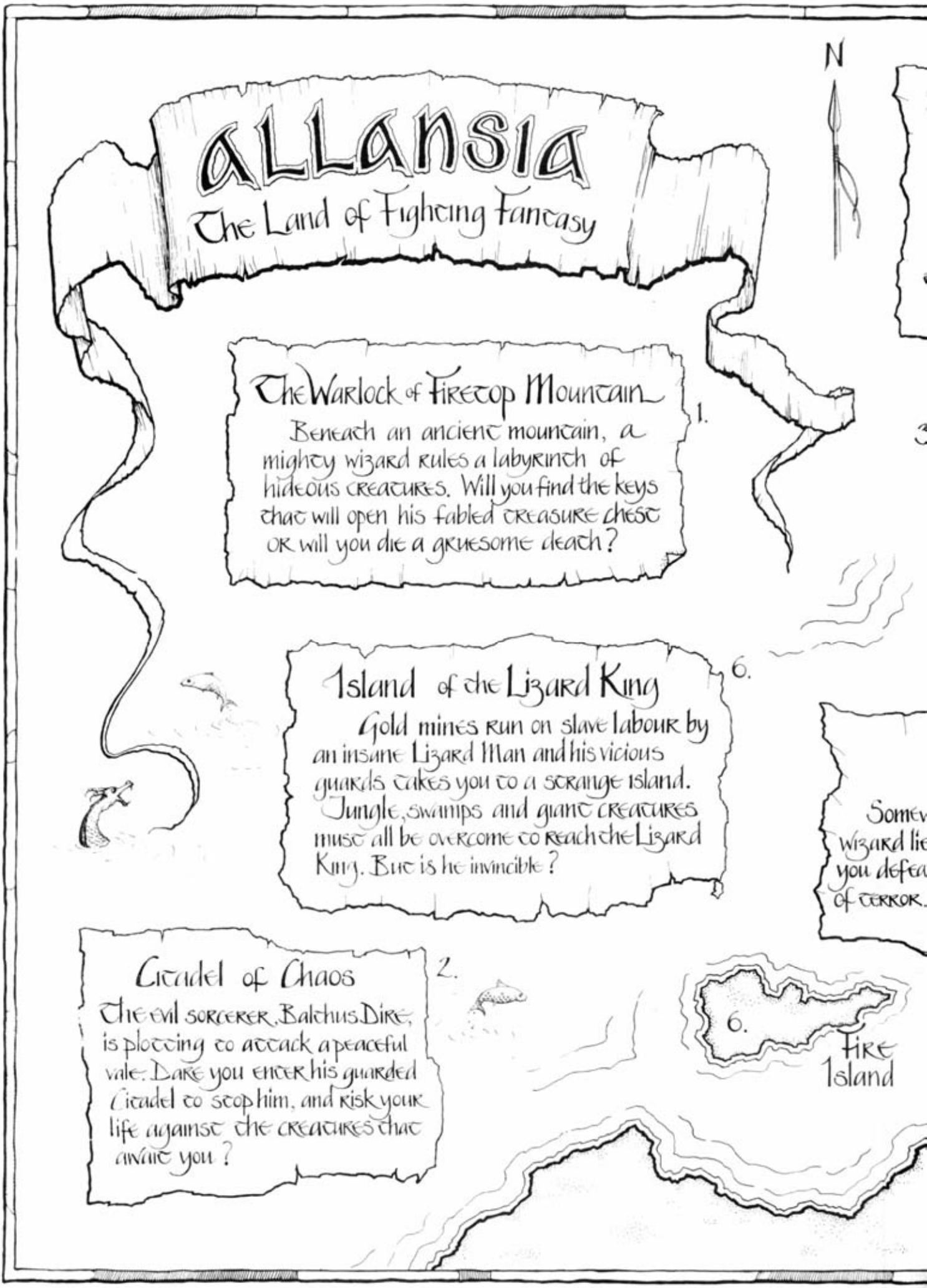
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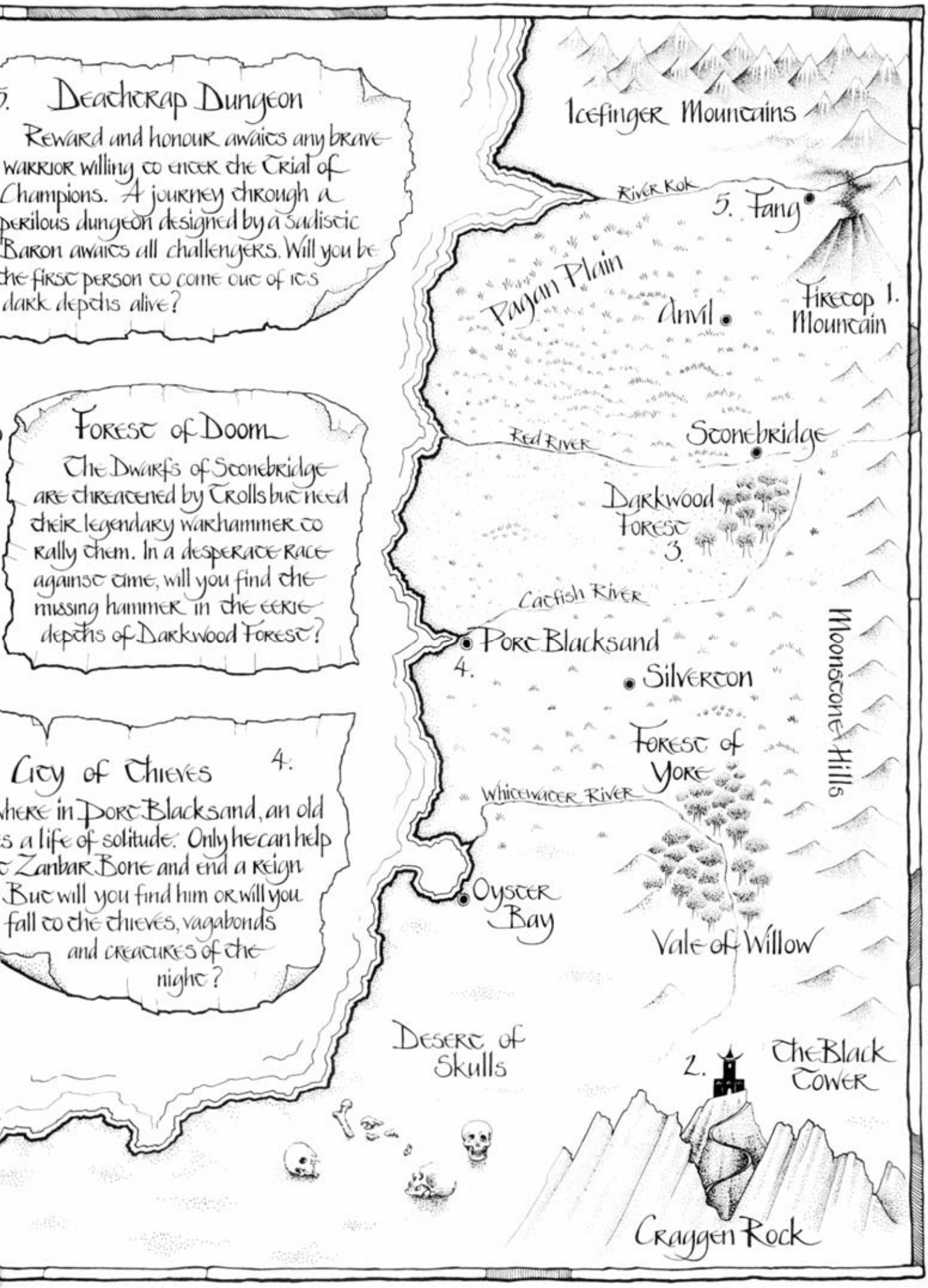
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Craggen Rock

SENTINEL

It was Baron Kognoy of Kaypong, a province to the east of Fang, who first sought more sophisticated ways of guarding his wealth than by simply locking it up in a treasure chest. He hired a learned wizard to develop a special potion that would surprise any would-be looter. When it was finally ready, Baron Kognoy was extremely pleased with the result, and even went into business with the wizard to sell the special potion, such was the demand after the secret was revealed. It is a delightfully simple potion to use. A few drops are sprinkled on to any gemstone or precious metal. As soon as that stone or metal is touched by human flesh, it will be transmuted into a SENTINEL made of the same substance as the stone or metal. Thus, a Gold Piece would transmute into a GOLD SENTINEL, and a diamond into a DIAMOND SENTINEL – fanatical and almost invincible warriors. They are immune to blows from normal weapons unless their adversary is already holding the gem or metal of which the Sentinel is made. Thus, Attack Rounds against a GOLD SENTINEL can never be won unless you are holding a Gold Piece.

	SKILL	STAMINA
Gem SENTINELS	11	9
Metal SENTINELS	12	12

Of course, some owners of the potion experimented with sprinkling it on glass and iron for sadistic pleasure. However, it is safe to handle any object sprinkled with the potion if silk gloves are worn.

In each issue we shall be featuring a selection of new monsters which will appear in future Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks. The four described in this issue have been created by Ian Livingstone for you to include in the adventures you design for yourself. You may even want to substitute some of these monsters for those in the existing books when playing a two-player version – i.e., one person reading out the options and rolling the dice for the monsters while the other person makes the decisions and rolls the dice for the adventurer.

BIRD MAN

Usually dwelling in warm climates, these sinewy bird-like men live high on rocky crags in small groups. They are green in colour and their hands and feet are virtually claws. Their wings are thin membranes and they have beaks and shrill voices. They attack humans for their metal objects, which are symbols of power to the Bird Men. Swooping silently down on their prey, they are swift and ruthless killers, using their sharp claws and occasionally a stolen short sword. Their speed and cunning are a dangerous combination, and many adventurers have been killed in the open by not paying enough attention to the sky.

BIRD MAN SKILL 12 STAMINA 8

They do not, however, have very tough hide and can be killed quite easily if you are able to wound them.

MESSENGER OF DEATH

These soulless creatures are perhaps the most bizarre killers known to man. They are assassins who delight in a psychological game of fear. Their appearance is quite horrifying; ragged clothes cover their long thin bodies, and their faces have hollow eyes and mouths filled with thick slime which makes their deep voices sound like a sickening gurgle. In order to kill its prey, a MESSENGER OF DEATH must take a chance with its own life. It must sentence its victim by touching it and by uttering the word 'death'. Only then is the Messenger of Death vulnerable to a silver weapon being plunged into its heart. If this is not done, then the game of death commences. The Messenger of Death will disappear to lay its message ahead of its victim. The letters of the word 'death' will be marked in various places in different forms. One letter could be painted on a door, another chipped out of stone and another etched in metal. Only if all the letters are read by the victim will the Messenger of Death reappear to watch the life drain away from its helpless prey. It is thought that Messengers of Death inhabit the same undead plane as Spirit Stalkers.

MESSENGER OF DEATH SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

EARTH DEMON

These rare gargantuans' lives are dormant for the most part. Made of rock and earth, they lie just beneath the surface of the ground, waiting for unwary travellers to step on them. Then they rise out of the ground, pulling up roots and bushes which are attached to them. They attack by crushing their victims and are incredibly powerful.

EARTH DEMON SKILL 12 STAMINA 15

An Earth Demon's strength comes from the earth itself, and a wound will reduce its STAMINA by only 1 point instead of the usual 2. Its source of strength, though, is also its weakness. If the Earth Demon can be lifted off the ground during an Attack Round instead of being attacked with a weapon, it will lose 6 points from its STAMINA score. If you win an Attack Round, you may elect to lift it instead of inflicting the 1 point wound; if so, you have manoeuvred yourself into a position to attempt to lift it without it being able to harm you. Roll two dice. If you roll a double, then the attempt to lift it will be successful.

It is not certain why Earth Demons attack humans, as they do not eat them. There is a legend that suggests that Earth Demons were created by an alchemist's experiment which went sadly wrong. A potion spilt on the ground produced the first Earth Demon and its innate hatred for mankind.

OUT OF THE PIT COMPETITION

Do you have a pet monster which you would like others to read about in gruesome detail? Send in a description of your own monster. A drawing of it may help the description, but it is not essential. We will publish the best monsters in a future issue and a prize of £10 will be awarded to the creator of each monster published. Don't forget to give its SKILL and STAMINA scores. Attach the Entry Token below to your monster description and send it to:
Out of the Pit, *Warlock* Magazine, Penguin Books Ltd, 536 King's Road, London SW10 0UH, England, to arrive not later than 31 May 1984.
Overseas entries accepted until
31 October 1984.

MONSTER COMPETITION TOKEN

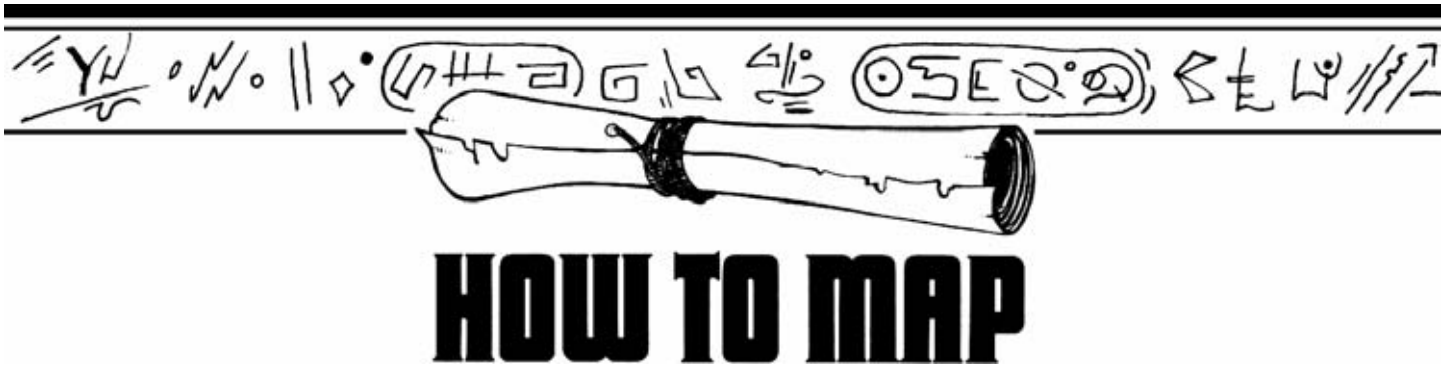

HOW TO MAP

As you will soon discover after entering the Warlock's dungeon, it is important to keep a record of where you have explored and what is in each room. Keeping a map of your adventure is an important step towards completing your quest successfully.

Maps can be drawn out on plain paper, but squared graph paper is by far the most convenient way of keeping a track of your journey. Facing this page is a specially drawn sheet of mapping paper which you can use to map the Warlock's dungeon.

It is not always easy to map the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks. Directions are usually given as to which way the passages twist and turn to the north, west and so on. But this is not always the case. When no directions are given, it is much more difficult to map. You will sometimes find that you are drawing in a room over one which is supposed to be already there! This lack of direction, though, only adds to the problems of solving the adventure. With care and patience, the correct map can eventually be worked out from the various connections.

If you are finding your way through a maze, it is well worth making a note of the references you have passed through, so that you will know when you return to the same place.

Another problem with mapping lies in the fact that no specific distances or measurements are given. For example, you may read: 'The passageway heads north for some time, then bends round to the east, then turns north again.' How do we map this? Again, trial and error will solve this one. In the end, it doesn't matter whether you get the distances exact, so long as the connections with other passageways are accurate.

The size of rooms and the width of passageways are never given in the adventures. As a general guide, assume that normal passageways are roughly three metres across. 'Narrow' passageways are about half this width. Rooms are normally about ten metres square, with 'small' and 'large' rooms being correspondingly larger or smaller. The illustrations can sometimes be helpful in giving an idea of room size.

Symbols

When drawing maps, it is useful to have a standard set of symbols to represent the various types of obstacles you can come across. In future adventures you will need to distinguish between open, locked and secret doors, traps, pits, etc. Suggested symbols for these are given in the box below.

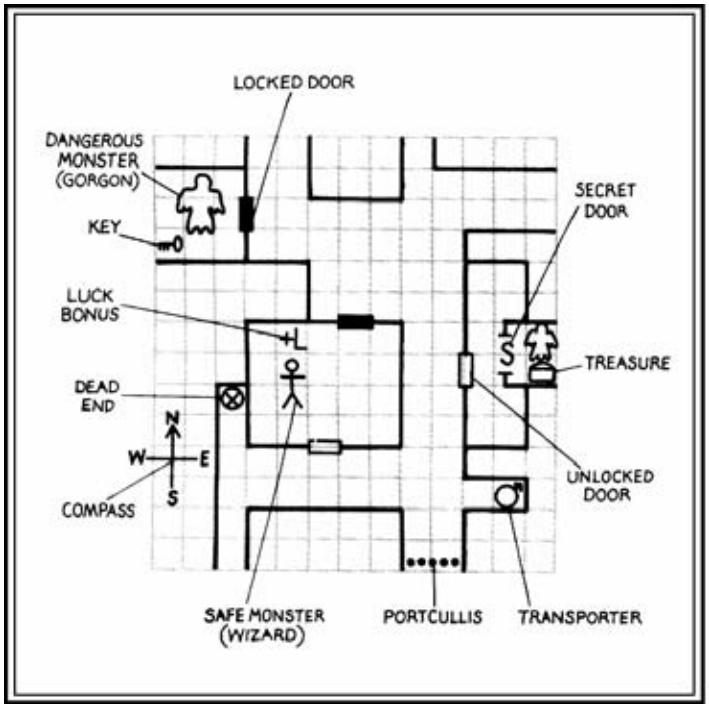

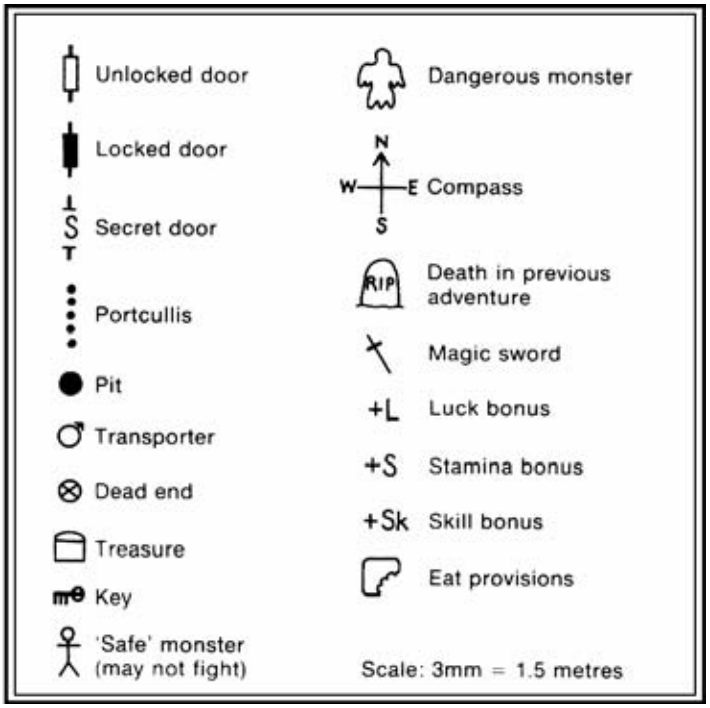

How To Use the Mapping Paper

On the facing page is a sheet of mapping paper which you can use to map out Firetop Mountain. The entrance has been drawn in. Using this as a starting point, you can continue the map as you explore the dungeon. An example of how to make your map is given above, using the standard symbols.

Do not use a pen to draw the map! It is highly unlikely that you will map the dungeon out correctly first time. Use a pencil on the mapping paper so that you can rub off any mistakes and correct them.

One final point: you will probably find that to draw out the whole dungeon, you will need more room than is given on the mapping paper. You may either photocopy this sheet and stick sections of it together, or you may continue off the sheet on to a piece of graph paper.

FIGHTING FANTASY RULES

The Warlock of Firetop Mountain is an adventure with a difference. Before starting, you will need two dice, a pencil and an eraser. Then, armed with these tools, you can become the hero in a perilous quest to find the Warlock's hidden treasure. The treasure is concealed deep within a dungeon which you must explore, populated with a multitude of underworld monsters which you must fight and kill – or be killed in the attempt.

Part novel and part game, the adventure will hold many surprises and problems for you. Each page presents different challenges, and the choices you make will send you on different paths and into different battles. You may get lost in the maze, have your strength sapped by a hideous Wight, die in a battle with Orcs or fall to any one of the dozens of creatures guarding the Warlock's treasure-vaults. Or, with courage, determination and a fair amount of luck, you may survive through all the traps and battles to reach (in Part Two) the innermost chambers of the Warlock's domain, where the treasure is hidden.

If you already have the Warlock of Firetop Mountain book, you have a surprise in store! You will find that this two-part adventure has been changed, which means that you will have to plan your route differently to succeed in this version . . .

HOW TO FIGHT CREATURES OF FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a shield together with a backpack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 16–17 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On an *Adventure Sheet* you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised to either record your scores on the Adventure *Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the pages to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows-start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see over).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract

2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).

6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1-6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck.* Each time you *Test your Luck,* you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck as* described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck to* try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck.*

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifi cally instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles maybe particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for ten meals. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions on a page, and you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to Its *Initial* level at anytime.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its Initial value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

EQUIPMENT AND POTIONS

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across. You also carry a lantern which lights your way.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

- A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
- A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
- A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure. Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored)

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *two* measures i.e. the characteristic may be restored twice during an adventure. Each time it is used make a note on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

HINTS ON PLAY

There is one true way through the Warlock's dungeon and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all rooms contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. There are many 'wild-goose chase' passages and while you may indeed progress through the dungeon, you will not take the Warlock's treasure unless you have picked up certain specific items on the way.

Several keys will be found in dungeon rooms. Only by arriving at the Warlock's treasure with the correct keys to open his chest will you get to his treasure. You can expect many frustrations in Firetop Mountain.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

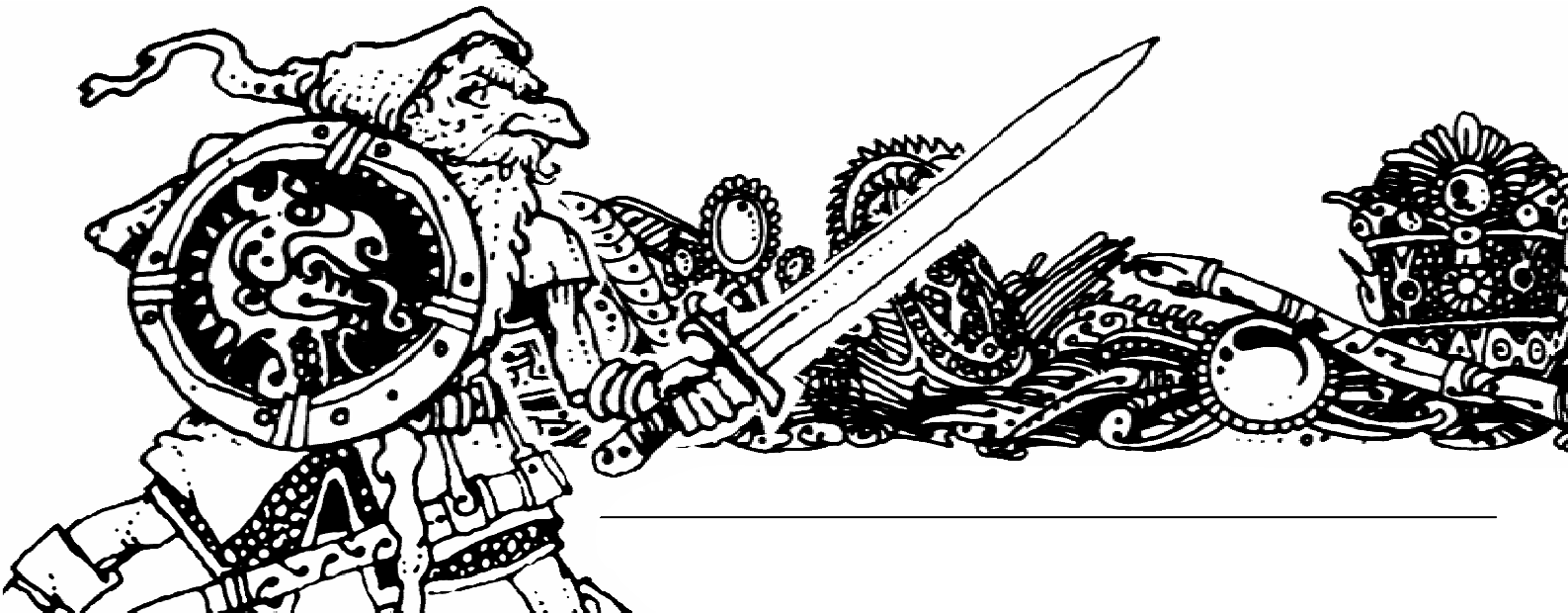

The Warlock of Firetop Mountain
Part I

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

Wandering across the Pagan Plain to the west of Moonstone Hills, you meet an old man pushing a laden handcart. You call out to him to stop and he does so with a resigned expression on his face. 'I've nothing in my cart that you would want,' the old man says dejectedly. Walking up to him, you reassure the old man that you have no desire to rob him, you simply wish to exchange news. You tell him that you are an adventurer roaming the land in search of dangerous quests. The old man smiles, saying, 'Then perhaps you ought to visit the village where I live. It's a place where we could use the likes of you. We are worried by strange tales of happenings to the east, around Firetop Mountain, which towers above its tiny brethren of Moonstone Hills, and is a good two days' walk from our village. Vile creatures have been seen entering the mountainside through a cave. The mountain is ruled from its depths by a mighty sorcerer – a Warlock! When our crops started to fail, we knew it must be because of the evil coming from Firetop Mountain. We sent our bravest men into the mountain to root out the Warlock, but none of them returned save one, and he was but a shadow of the man he was before he set out. He could only mumble a few words about his terrible experience. Now we live without hope, waiting for doom to descend upon us like the inevitable rain. Stranger, if it's adventure you seek, you will find none more dangerous than within the tunnels of Firetop Mountain. We have no money to pay you, but it is said that the Warlock has great riches locked away in a magnificent chest inside the mountain.'

You tell the old man that the challenge interests you and that you will go with him to his village to find out more about this infamous Warlock of Firetop Mountain.

A few hours later you arrive at the small village of Anvil and are greeted by an anxious group of locals and peasant farmers. They become very excited as the old man tells them that you are going to try to defeat the Warlock. They crowd round you, each eager to give you advice and warnings about the dangerous quest ahead. They tell you many facts about the mysterious Warlock's sanctuary, but you feel unsure about the truth of any of them. There does, however, seem to be some truth in the rumour that the Warlock's treasure is stored in a magnificent chest with two locks, and the keys to these locks are guarded by various creatures within the tunnels. Other rumours are perhaps mere speculation. Some describe the Warlock as old, others as young. Some say his power comes from an enchanted deck of cards, others say it comes from the black silk gloves that he wears. A farmer insists that he saw warty-faced Goblins guarding the entrance to the mountain. He brags that his friend has killed one who was stupid and fell into a trap baited with food and drink. In a more serious tone, the head villager advises you to keep a good map of your wanderings, for without one you will end up hopelessly lost inside the mountain as those before you have done. He also tells you that the unfortunate villager who returned told of fearsome creatures towards the inner chambers, which can be reached by crossing an underground river. He tells you to beware the strange ferryman who charges Gold Pieces for his services.

The next day, you try to concentrate on the coming journey, and images of the Warlock and all his evil servants keep rushing through your mind. You practise your swordplay and eat as much as you are able to build up your strength.

When you finally prepare to leave, the whole village turns out to wish you a safe journey. Tears come to the eyes of many of the women, young and old alike. You can't help wondering whether they are tears of sorrow shed by eyes which might never see you alive again . . .

1

At last your two-day hike is over. You unsheathe your sword, lay it on the ground and sigh with relief as you lower yourself down on to the mossy rocks to sit for a moment's rest. You stretch, rub your eyes and finally look up at Firetop Mountain.

The very mountain itself looks menacing. The steep face in front of you looks to have been savaged by the claws of some gargantuan beast. Sharp rocky crags jut out at unnatural angles. At the top of the mountain you can see the eerie red colouring – probably some strange vegetation – which has given the mountain its name. Perhaps no one will ever know exactly what grows up there, as climbing the peak must surely be impossible.

Your quest lies ahead of you. Across the clearing is a dark cave entrance. You pick up your sword, get to your feet and consider what dangers may lie ahead of you. But with determination, you thrust the sword home into its scabbard and approach the cave.

You peer into the gloom to see dark, slimy walls with pools of water on the stone floor in front of you. The air is cold and dank. You light your lantern and step warily into the blackness. Cobwebs brush your face and you hear the scurrying of tiny feet: rats, most likely. You set off into the cave. After a few yards you arrive at a junction. Will you turn west (turn to **71**) or east (turn to **12**)?

2

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you escape without attracting the Ogre's attention. If you are Unlucky, you curse as you kick a small stone which goes skidding across the cavern floor- You draw your sword in case the Ogre has heard it-turn to **16**. If you were Lucky, you creep down the corridor back to the crossroads. Turn to **269**.

3

The bell gives a dull clang and after a few moments you see a withered old man climb into a small rowing boat moored on the north bank. He rows slowly across to you, moors the boat and limps towards you. He asks you for 3 Gold Pieces. When you protest at the price he mumbles some flimsy excuse about 'inflation'. He begins to get angry at your protestations. Do you pay him the 3 Gold Pieces (turn to **272**) or threaten him (turn to **127**)?

4

You are in a short passageway which comes to a dead end several metres ahead of you. You may search for secret passages (turn to **146**), or you may return to the crossroads and either follow the passage ahead to the north (turn to **191**), or turn to the west (turn to **11**).

5

A rough timber doorway is on the east wall of the passage. You listen at the door and can hear a jolly sort of humming sound. Do you want to knock on the door and go in (turn to **97**) or will you continue northwards (turn to **22**)?

6

The large solid door has no handle. You charge it, but to no avail. The door is not going to budge. You decide to give up and go through the opening you passed in the east–west passageway some way back. Turn to **89**.

7

You are on the north bank of a fast-flowing river in a large underground cavern. Turn to **214**.

8

The passage ahead ends at a sturdy door. You listen but hear nothing. You try the handle, it turns, and you enter the room. As you look around you hear a loud cry from behind you and swing round to see a wild man leaping towards you wielding a large battle axe. He is a mad BARBARIAN and you must fight him!

BARBARIAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

There is a door in the north wall opposite, through which you may *Escape* during the battle (turn to **189**). If you defeat the Barbarian, turn to **273**.

9

Amazed at the success of your bluff, you decide to push your luck a little further. You can either examine the Skeletons' tools or pretend you're looking for work-sheets and look through the drawers of the various benches. If you choose the tools, turn to **34**. If you search the drawers, turn to **98**. You hear a noise from behind the north door and realize you will have to hurry!

10

You arrive back at the junction and turn northwards. Turn to **77**.

11

You follow the passage westwards until it turns round a corner to the south. Just before the bend is a signpost which reads 'Under Construction'. In front of you is the beginning of a stairway leading downwards. Only three steps have been built so far. A number of shovels, picks and other tools were lying on the ground by the steps but, as you turned the corner, they suddenly flurried into action and began working on the steps. You are now watching various tools digging and hammering as if being handled by invisible workers. A humming chant becomes louder and you recognize it as: 'Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, it's off to work we go . . .' As you stand watching you start to chuckle – the scene is quite amusing. You sit and watch and even manage to chat to some of the magical tools. Gain 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point whilst you relax. Then turn back up the passageway to the crossroads where you may go either northwards (turn to **191**) or southwards (turn to **250**).

12

The passageway soon comes to an end at a locked wooden door. You listen at the door but hear nothing. Will you try to charge the door down? If so turn to **156**. If you would rather turn round and go back to the junction, turn to **92**.

13

Your head hurts and you feel dizzy as you rise to your feet. The tour men stir into action and move towards you in single file with their weapons ready. You grope your way down the wall for the south door but it will be touch and go whether you make it. Your foot slips on a loose pebble and you fall to the ground. Before you can regain your footing, the creatures are upon you. Turn to **105**.

14

You see a well-used door on the right-hand (east) side of the passageway. With your ear to the keyhole, you listen and hear a man screaming for help from inside. Will you open the door (turn to **213**) or walk on (turn to **79**)?

15

As you sit on the bench and eat your food, you begin to feel deeply relaxed and the aches from your body seem to be soothing themselves away. This resting place is enchanted. You may restore 2 additional STAMINA points as well as the normal amount (but only if this does not exceed your *Initial* STAMINA score) and restore 1 SKILL point if any have been lost. When you are ready to continue, move along the passage and turn to **194**.

16

You draw your sword, and as you do so the Ogre hears you and prepares to attack:

OGRE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 10

If you defeat him, turn to **50**. After the second Attack Round, you may *Escape* down the passage (turn to **269**).

17

Using the wooden stake and mallet (or makeshift mallet if you aren't carrying one), you form a cross and move towards the Vampire, backing it into a corner. It hisses and snatches at you but cannot come near you. However, it is going to be tricky getting the stake through its heart.

As you advance, you stumble and fall forwards. As luck would have it, the stake flies forward and plunges into the shrieking creature. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, the stake pierces the Vampire's heart. If you are Unlucky, the Vampire is merely grazed by the wound (deduct 3 points from its STAMINA) and it flings you backwards across the room towards the west door. To *Escape* through it, turn to **226**. To keep on fighting, turn to **144**. If you were Lucky and killed the Vampire, you may look for its treasure – turn to **109**.

18

You walk westwards along the passageway. After fifty metres or so, the way turns northwards. Two or three paces up the passage, you hear a rumbling beneath your feet and you try to leap back as the ground gives way. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you manage to leap quickly backwards before a pit opens. If you are Unlucky, you are too slow and you fall over two metres down into a pit – lose 1 STAMINA point. If you were Lucky, you had better return to the junction (turn to **261**). If you were Unlucky, turn to **150**.

19

These two evil creatures are GOBLINS. They attack you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	6

If you kill the Goblins, turn to **260**.

20

The passage continues for quite some time, then you reach the foot of a staircase cut into the rock. You ascend the stairs and they end at a wooden door with rusty hinges. Listening at the door, you can hear some scratching sounds. You try the handle and the door creaks open. You step into a bare room scattered with bones. There is a door on the wall opposite. Gnawing at the bones are three GIANT RATS which stop to look at you as you enter. Each is at least one metre long and their tatty coats indicate that they are fighters. You will have to take them on if you are going to get through the room, as they no doubt see you as a tasty meal. If you have collected any Cheese during your adventure, turn to **32**. Otherwise, turn to **59**.

21

The green blood of the dead Orcs smells foul as it seeps from their bodies. You step around the corpses and investigate the chest. It is a sturdy affair, made of strong oak and iron, and it is firmly locked. You may try to smash the lock with your sword (turn to **131**) or leave it alone and go through the open door (turn to **26**).

22

Northwards the passageway ends at a solid wooden door. You listen at the door but can hear nothing. There appears to be no choice but to open the door and enter the room, which you do. It's a large square room. You flash your lantern around the room and catch a quick glimpse of its emptiness – although there are murals on the wall – before your lantern suddenly goes out. You try to re-light it, but it will not catch. In the blackness you hear a succession of frightful noises. Howls, screams, cries and wails are getting louder and louder until they reach the pitch where you must cover your ears. Do you have a Blue Candle? If so, turn to **239**. If not, turn to **40**.

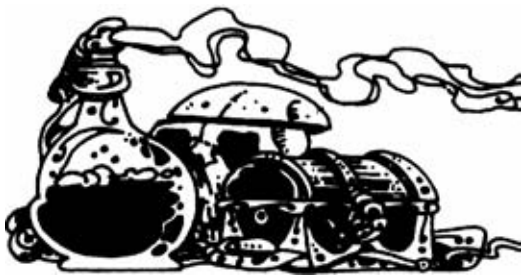

23

The passageway ends in a solid doorway and you are surprised to see a leather skirt tacked along the bottom of the door. You listen but hear nothing. Will you enter the room (turn to **107**) or return to the junction (turn to **229**)?

24

After you have suffered your third wound, you notice that your strength is ebbing. Lose 1 SKILL point. You deduce that this is yet another magical power of this foul creature and you feel a shiver of panic. Will you continue or run? If you want to *Escape*, pay the penalty and turn to **175** to flee through the north door. Otherwise the fight goes on.

If you defeat the creature, turn to **135**. But from now on, every third wound that the beast inflicts takes 1 point from your SKILL.

25

The paintings are portraits of men. Your spine shivers as you read the nameplate under the one on the west wall – it is that of Zagor, the Warlock whose treasure you are seeking. You look at his portrait and realize you are pitting yourself against an awesome adversary. You have the feeling that you are being watched and notice the piercing eyes following you as you move. You find yourself drawn towards his portrait and your fear rises. Lose 1 SKILL point. Do you have the courage to try to combat the Warlock? You may either leave through the north door straight away (turn to **90**) – but treat this as an *Escape*. Or you may look through your pack for a weapon to use against the Warlock's power – turn to **133**.

26

You arrive back at the junction in the passage and walk straight on eastwards. Turn to **113**.

27

The sword is enchanted and will aid you in battle. As long as you use this sword, you may increase your *Initial* SKILL by 2 points. You may also add 2 points to your current SKILL value. Add 2 points to your LUCK for finding this sword. Throw your old sword away and turn to **91**. If you would rather keep your own sword, leave your SKILL as it is and just take the LUCK bonus.

28

The mighty Giant lies dead! You search his cavern and find little of use, although a purse in his belt contains 8 Gold Pieces and a metal key marked with the number *9*. You are a little concerned about the second chair. To whom does it belong? You decide to leave the cavern the way you came. Turn to **157**. But add 2 LUCK and 2 SKILL points for your victory.

29

Apart from the boots, which you decide to ignore, there appears to be little of value in the cavern. You decide to head back the way you came. Turn to **215**.

30

The box contains a small leather-bound book entitled *The Making and Casting of Dragonfire*. You open the pages and begin to read. Fortunately it is written in your own language and so was probably not understood by the Orcs-otherwise this treasure would certainly not be as loosely guarded as it was.

The book is written in tiny handwriting by Farrigo Di Maggio. In it he tells the story of his life's work; the creation of the Dragonfire spell with which to fight evil Dragons. You read how, in his last years, Farrigo finally perfected his spell but by then was too old to make use of it. So he completed his book, locked it in a chest and hid it in the depths of Firetop Mountain, afraid that it might fall into the wrong hands. The last page reads:

And so, you who now hold this book, you have my life's work in your hands. The power of destruction is yours if you wish it, but do not waste it. Unless you use the Spell for the purpose for which it was intended, you shall be consumed by evil itself and die by the fire from your own hands. Remember, only when the Dragon breathes its fire at you should you raise your arms and say:

Ekll Erif
Ekam Erif
Erif Erif
'Di Maggio'

You say these words slowly and softly. Suddenly the pages seem to glow and as this glow disappears, so do the words on the pages of the book. You repeat the spell to yourself to memorize it and leave the room. Turn to **42**.

31

If you have the jewel from the Eye of the Cyclops, you hold it in front of the Warlock. His intimidating stare turns to an expression of pain. He obviously feels the jewel's power. Suddenly his eyes turn white and his expression goes limp. Your confidence gains as you realize you have won your first real battle. Gain 2 SKILL points. Put the jewel into your pack and leave through the north door. Turn to **90**

32

You toss the Cheese across the room at the Rats and they scramble for it, nipping and scratching each other as they fight for it. Having distracted them, you pass through the room and leave by the door in the north wall. Add 2 LUCK points for your good fortune. Turn to **124**.

33

The sleeping creature awakens startled. He jumps up and rushes at you, unarmed. With your sword you should be able to defeat him. but his sharp teeth look rather vicious. You may *Escape* through the door (turn to **94**) or stand and fight the ORC who is attacking you.

ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If you defeat the creature, you may take the box. Turn to **147**.

34

Looking through the tools, you come across a mallet with a hardwood head and a chisel with a solid silver blade. You may keep either of these if you are prepared to forfeit one of the items of equipment you are carrying. If you wish to do so, make the appropriate adjustments to your Equipment List. The noise from the north door gets louder and you move up to investigate. Turn to **96**.

35

As you step into the room, the door swings shut behind you. As it closes, there is a click and a hiss. From the centre of the ceiling, a jet of gas is filling the room with an acrid vapour. You breathe and cough deeply. You look at the door and then the key. Will you return to the door and escape quickly (turn to **136**) or hold your breath and dash for the key first (turn to **177**)?

36

The locked door bursts open and a nauseating stench hits your nostrils. Inside the room the floor is covered with bones, rotting vegetation and slime. A wild-haired old man, clothed in rags, rushes at you screaming. His beard is long and grey, and he is waving an old wooden chair-leg. Is he simply insane as he appears, or has this been some kind of trap? You may either shout at him to try to calm him down (turn to **263**), or draw your sword and attack him (turn to **161**).

37

Standing at the crossroads you may go either north (turn to **191**), west (turn to **11**) or south (turn to **4**).

38

You open the door to find the Werewolf's larder, a miscellaneous collection of bones and decaying meats. The smell is nauseating, although a jar of pickled eggs seems to offer fairly palatable food. If you wish to take these,

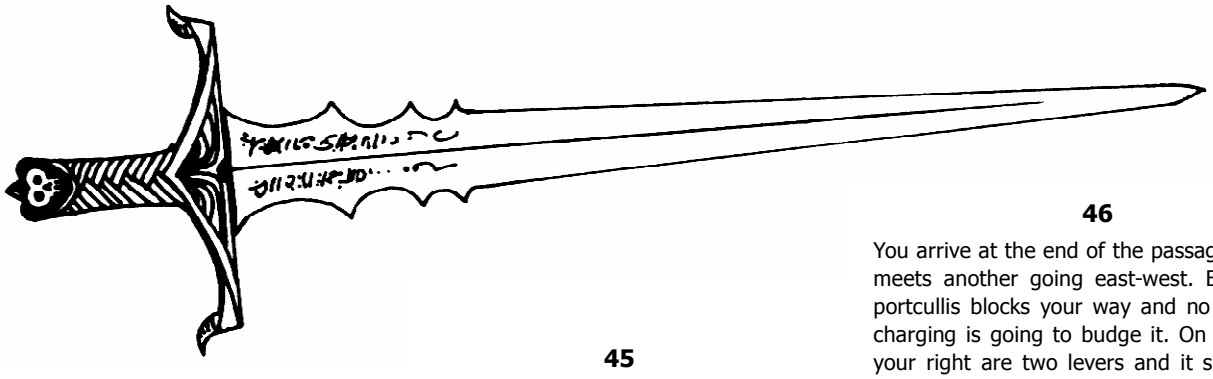

there will be enough for two meals; add 2 points to your Provisions.

Back in the room you may now go out through the south door. Turn to **66**.

39

On the east wall of the passage you see another door, this time made of solid metal. Listening at the door you hear the sound of tortured screams coming from within. If you wish to try opening the door, turn to **102**. If you decide to ignore this room and continue up the corridor, turn to **46**.

40

The ear-piercing sound gets louder and louder. The pain is unbearable. Reduce your SKILL score by 1 for the agony. You begin to grope in the dark for a wall. Do you head for:

The west wall?	Turn to **167**
The north wall?	Turn to **265**
The east wall?	Turn to **181**

41

He is a powerful adversary – a WIGHT! He is large, strong and evil. The battle commences:

WIGHT SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

You fight with your sword. After you have inflicted your first wound on him, turn to **64**.

42

You eventually arrive at the end of the passage, at a three-way junction. You may turn either to the west (turn to **257**) or to the east (turn to **113**).

43

To your left, on the west face of the passage, there is a rough-cut wooden door. You listen at the door and can hear a rasping sound which may be some sort of creature snoring. Do you want to open the door? If so, turn to **82**. If you wish to press on northwards, turn to **208**.

44

Panting after the struggle, you sit down to collect yourself and finish the Provisions you started. Eventually you pack your bag and wade into the stream. Turn to **256**.

45

The Cheese hits the portrait and bounces off. You hear an evil laugh coming from the walls and realize the Warlock is mocking you. You decide to leave the room by the north door. Turn to **90**.

46

You arrive at the end of the passage, where it meets another going east-west. But an iron portcullis blocks your way and no amount of charging is going to budge it. On the wall to your right are two levers and it seems likely that these levers have something to do with raising the portcullis. Do you wish to pull the right lever or the left lever?

Right	Turn to **128**
Left	Turn to **243**

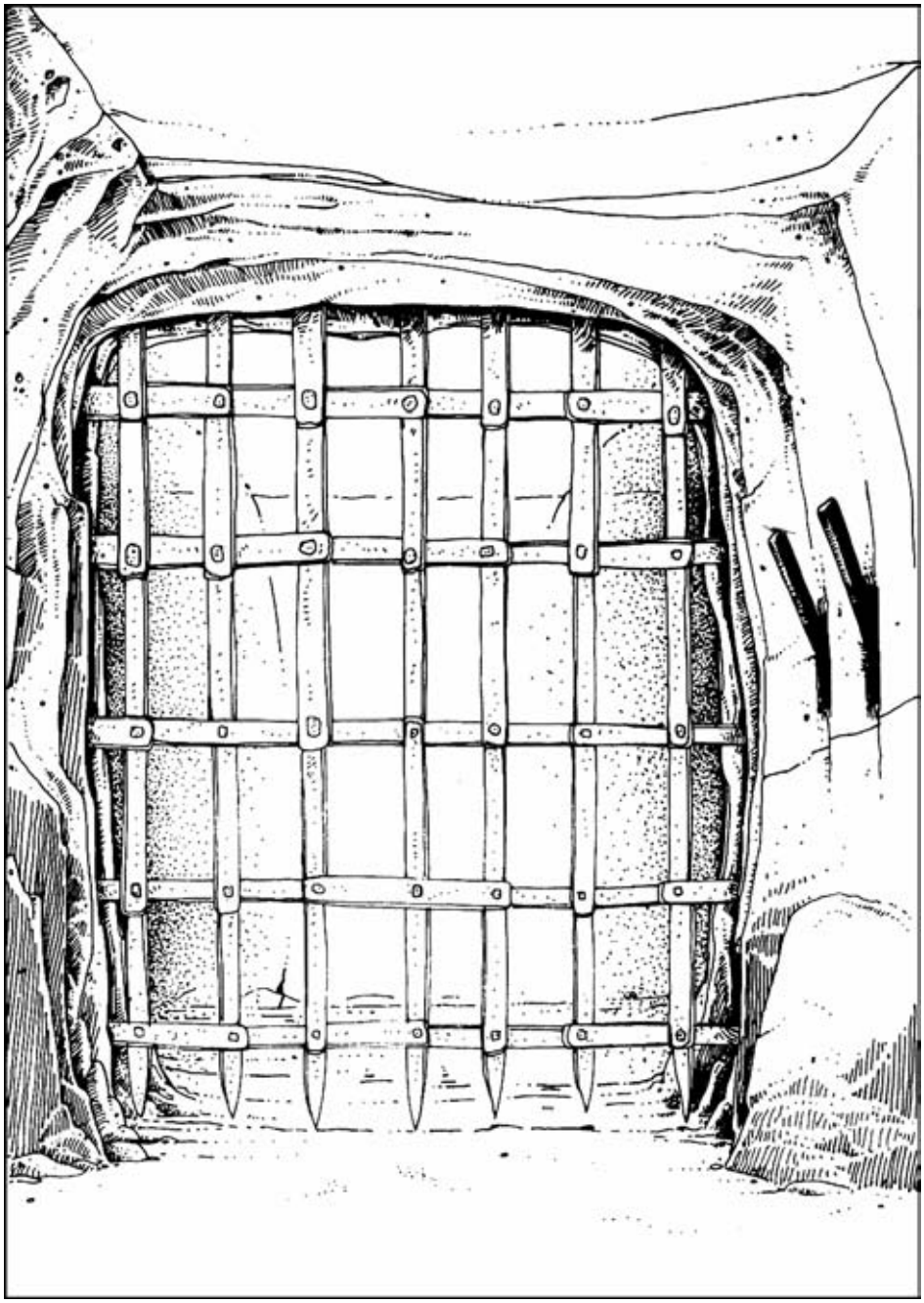

47

In the middle of the river, the bridge swings to and fro as it strains to take your weight. The handrail comes away suddenly as you lean on it. Roll one die. A roll of 6 sends you plunging into the river below – turn to **158**. Any other number means you regain your balance. To go on, turn to **258**.

48

The old man is furious at your killing his dog! His eyes turn white with anger. He slowly rises from his seat and as he stands he appears to gain in size and stature. He is changing in front of your eyes. He sprouts hair on his face and forearms. His nose lengthens and becomes dog-like. His teeth are pointed. He is a WEREWOLF and he advances towards you.

You can *Escape* only through the door behind you to the south (turn to **66**). Otherwise you must fight him:

WEREWOLF	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, turn to **203**.

49

The door squeaks open on rusty hinges. The room is dark and your eyes begin to adjust themselves as you close the door behind you. You hear a shuffling in the room but before you can react, a blow to your head knocks you senseless. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **122**.

50

The slain creature crashes to the ground. You go through his garments and find nothing, but there is a small pouch hanging round his neck. Inside this pouch are 3 Gold Pieces. You may take these if you wish. Nothing else is of value in the cavern so you leave and head back to the junction. Turn to **269**.

51

You drink the Potion and can see the look of astonishment spread across the Troll's face. He comes up to you and feels for you, but you step aside and he gropes the air fruitlessly. He thrashes around, clutching for you, but you are easily able to sidestep him. Eventually he gives up and returns to his chamber, just in time, as you feel yourself reappearing. Add 2 LUCK points. You may leave along the passage to the north. Turn to **20**.

52

Test your Luck three times. If you are Lucky each time, you make it across to the far door and can leave the room. Turn to **162**. On the first throw that you are Unlucky, you step on a hand the – turn to **108**.

53

You charge the door, hitting it squarely with your shoulder. Roll 2 dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your SKILL score, the door opens (turn to **155**). If the number exceeds your SKILL score, the door shudders but does not budge, and you wince in pain as you hit the door – lose 1 STAMINA point and continue up the corridor (turn to **39**).

54

The passage twists and turns and eventually ends in a solid iron door. You listen but hear nothing. You can try to open the door (turn to **134**) or you can go back to the junction (turn to **87**).

55

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is less than or equal to your LUCK score and is also less than or equal to your STAMINA Score, then you manage to hold on and manoeuvre the raft across to the north bank (do not deduct a LUCK point). You arrive safely, but as you step on to the bank, the raft drifts away and makes its own way across the river to the south bank. Turn to **7**.

If you exceed your LUCK and/or STAMINA totals, the raft throws you into the water and you start to swim back to the south bank. Turn to **166**.

56

As your sword splashes into the water, a bubbly voice says, 'Thank you!' It now seems that the only way onwards is to swim downstream to the east. You plunge into the water. Turn to **256**.

57

As you enter the cavern you hear loud footsteps behind you, crunching heavily on the rocky floor. You crouch down beside the entrance in a small alcove in the rock. The steps get louder and you see a great OGRE enter the cavern! He stands over two metres tall and is dressed in ill-fitting garments made from some sort of hide. He carries a large wooden club. You may:

Attack him as he enters	Turn to **16**
Try to creep out without him noticing you	Turn to **2**
Try to distract him by throwing something into a far corner of the cavern	Turn to **119**

58

Cautiously you creep along the passageway. After a short time it turns sharply to the north. At the corner there is a bench of solid wood

and above the bench a sign reads 'Rest Ye Here Weary Traveller'. Here you may stop and eat Provisions if you wish (turn to **15**) or continue (turn to **194**).

59

You draw your sword and wait for the Rats to spring. As the leader prepares to jump, you shout loudly and leap forward at it. Your cry frightens off the other two and they scamper back a few paces. Fight each of the Rats in turn:

	SKILL	STAMINA
First RAT	5	4
Second RAT	6	3
Third RAT	5	5

If you win, you may leave through the door in the north wall. Turn to **124**.

60

The creature you are facing is a VAMPIRE! You have various lines of attack. Your sword will do little real damage. A Crucifix will hold him at bay but will not kill him. If you have either of these you may use it to get you through the west door (turn to **226**). If you are determined to kill the Vampire, you must overpower it and drive a wooden stake through its heart. If you have a wooden stake and wish to try to kill the Vampire, turn to **17**. If you have none of these, draw your sword and turn to **117**.

door. To try the door, turn to **6**. If you would prefer to return along the passage and go through the narrow opening, turn to **89**.

63

As you walk along the corridor, you can see ahead that it is getting narrower. At one point you stoop, and as you do so, a deep, resonating laugh starts up around you. Do you wish to continue? If so, turn to **179**. If you wish to turn back, turn to **10**.

64

Something is not quite right. You landed a fair blow on him, but he appears not to have noticed the wound! You deduce that this Undead creature is not vulnerable to normal weapons. You may choose a new weapon. Armed with this, or your old weapon, turn to **211**.

65

As you spring at the Chieftain, his servant rises to his feet, picks up a hefty wooden stick and joins the mêlée. But to your disappointment he attacks you! Ungrateful wretch! Seeing this, you may *Escape* through the door down the corridor (turn to **26**) or continue the fight (turn to **206**). If you choose to *Escape*, you suffer normal escaping penalties.

67

The passageway ends in a door at which you listen but hear nothing. Trying the handle, you find that the door opens to reveal a large, square room. The room is completely bare, but the floor is covered in a mosaic of tiles. Two shapes stand out on the floor; star-shaped tiles and hand-shaped tiles A door on the opposite wall is the only way through. Will you:

Walk across the room to the door? Turn to **52**
Walk across the room stepping only on stars? Turn to **178**
Walk across the room stepping only on hands? Turn to **108**

68

The two GOBLIN torturers look at each other amazed, then look at you. They chatter to themselves and then indicate for you to wait while they go off and get another Dwarf to give them some more fun. They disappear out of the room and you cut down the Dwarf who is, as you guessed, quite dead. You decide it best to leave and press on northwards up the corridor. Turn to **46**.

69

Some way along the passage, the corridor bends round to the north and you follow it until you reach another junction. At this junction you see an arrow cut into the rock, pointing to the north, and you decide to try this direction. Turn to **244**.

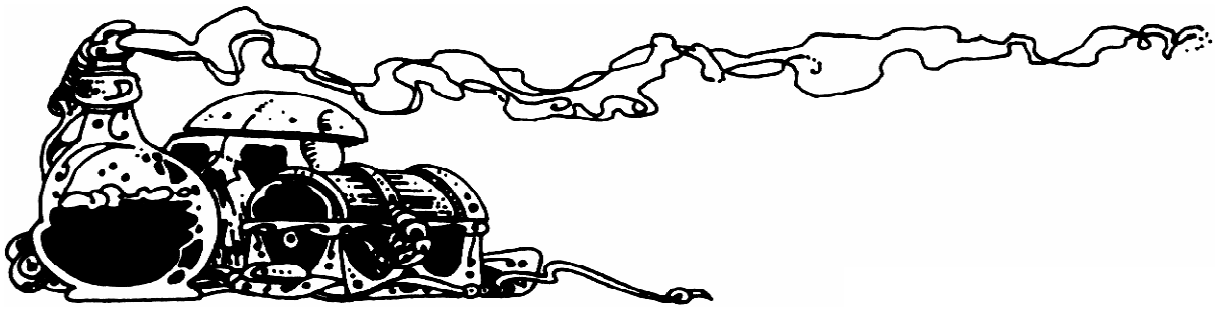

61

As you investigate the cavern, you suddenly hear a scurry of steps behind you and swing round to face the grotesque black shape of a GIANT SPIDER which has been stalking you. The Spider's body is at least a metre across and you quickly draw your sword to defend yourself.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win the battle, turn to **29**. You may *Escape* from the fight down the passageway after two Attack Rounds and will end up at the junction – turn to **215**.

62

You continue along the passageway to the east. After some thirty metres it turns to the south. Following it round the bend you eventually come to a stop at a large armoured

66

The door opens and you find yourself in the passage leading back to the riverbank. You return to the river and may now either go for the door in the middle of the rock face (turn to **104**) or go down the passage running off eastwards along the riverbank (turn to **99**).

70

You check over the body. The poor wretch was obviously caught in the same way that you were, but his weaker skull shattered under the club's blow. He wears a suit of leather armour no better than your own, holds a wooden shield on one wrist and clutches a steel-bladed sword in his other hand. In his pockets are 8 Gold Pieces and around his neck is a silver crucifix.

You may take any two of these items you wish. Write them on your Equipment List and turn to **221**. Also add 1 LUCK and 1 SKILL point.

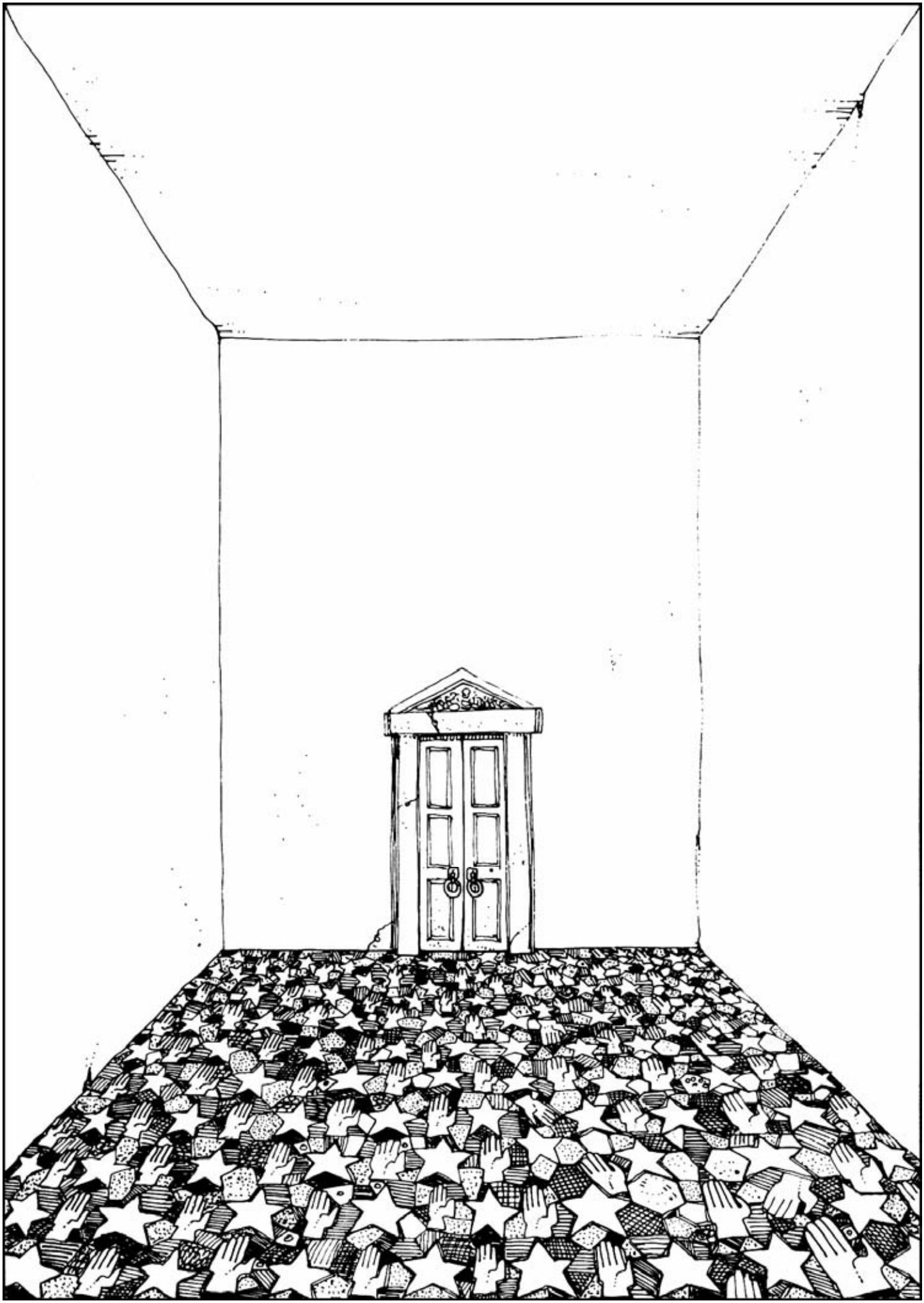

71

There is a right-hand turn to the north in the passage. Cautiously you approach a sentry post on the corner and, as you look in, you can see a strange Goblin-like creature in leather armour asleep at his post. You try to tiptoe past him. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, he does not wake up and remains snoring loudly – turn to **43**. If you are Unlucky, you step with a crunch on some loose ground and his eyes flick open – turn to **248**.

72

You now have a fresh set of armour, equivalent to your own. Decide which of the two you wish to keep, throw the other away, and turn to **91**.

73

The passage ahead leads you northwards. The rocky floor becomes sandy until even tually you are walking on a sort of coarse sand. You notice the passage is widening and ahead you can hear a flowing river. You continue until you find yourself in a large cavern through which a river flows. Turn to **218**.

74

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you break his gaze and can prepare to attack. Turn to **60**. If you are Unlucky, you are under his control and drop your sword at his command – turn to **118**.

75

You sit back and rest from the exhausting battle. You may eat Provisions here. You prise the jewel from the still statue. It is heavy in your hand and is worth 50 Gold Pieces. You put it in your pack. As you explore the room and the statue, you notice that one of its breastplate sections is loose. When you open this, a small key is inside. You examine this and notice the number *99* on it. With a smile you put the jewel and the key in your pack and set off back to the junction. Turn to **93**, after adding 3 LUCK points – you have a valuable artefact here.

76

You arrive at another junction. An arrow on the wall points northwards and you decide to proceed in this direction. Turn to **244**.

77

Several metres up the passageway you arrive at a junction where you may turn either west or east. Set in the rock on the north wall is a small recess where you may rest and eat Provisions without being seen. If you wish to take Provisions here, do so. Afterwards you may set off either eastwards (turn to **148**) or westwards (turn to **18**).

78

The passage ends at a sol id wooden door with metal hinges. Listening at the door, you hear strange mutterings and the clatter of what could be pots and pans. Whatever is in there, there are several of them. Do you want to go through the door (turn to **159**) or turn back (turn to **237**)?

79

Further up the passage you see a door in the east wall. You listen hard, but can hear no sound. Do you want to open the door to investigate? If so turn to **223**. If you want to walk further up the passage, turn to **39**.

80

The key fits the lock and opens the door. You find yourself in a large boathouse. Various boats, in different stages of construction, are lying around. Apart from the door behind you there is another in the north wall. As you enter, the Skeletons stop their work and crane their bony necks around to look at you. They pick up planks of wood and hammers and advance towards you. There are five of them. Do you:

Smile nervously and back out of the door into the passage?	Turn to **129**
Tell them you've come about buying a boat?	Turn to **123**
Tell them you're their new boss and order them back to work?	Turn to **195**
Draw your sword and prepare for battle?	Turn to **140**

81

A noise startles you, prompting you to leave the room quickly. You walk up to investigate the north door. Turn to **205**.

82

The door opens to reveal a small, smelly room. In the centre of the room is a rickety

wooden table on which stands a lit candle. Underneath the table is a small wooden box. Asleep on a straw mattress in the far corner of the room is a short, stocky creature with an ugly, warty face; the same sort of creature that you found asleep at the sentry post. He must be the guard for the night watch. You may either return to the corridor and press on northwards (turn to **208**) or creep into the room and try to take the box without waking the creature. If you want to try to steal the box, *Test your Luck. If* you are Lucky, he does not wake up – turn to **147**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **33**.

83

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, you make it out through the north door – turn to **175**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **154**.

84

The door opens into a small room, comfortably furnished with stable, several chairs and a large bookcase which covers one wall. Seated at the table is an old man with a long grey beard, and squatting on the old man's shoulder is a small winged beast. This creature is no more than six centimetres tall. It has two arms and legs; its skin is a dusty grey colour. It has tiny sharp white teeth and its wings are folded behind its back. The old man says nothing as you walk in through the door, but he beckons you over to sit down at the table. He is tossing in his hand two small white objects. Will you:

Sit down as he tells you?	Turn to **204**
Leave the room and return to the junction?	Turn to **106**
Draw your sword and rush forward?	Turn to **220**

85

The water is icy cold. You start to swim and notice that your splashings are attracting a moving 'turbulence' in the water. Will your strength and stamina hold out? Roll two dice. If the roll is equal to or less than your STAMINA score, you believe you can make it and swim furiously for the north bank – turn to **151**. If the roll totals more than your STAMINA score, you decide not to risk it and return to the south bank – turn to **218**. You may eat Provisions on the south bank.

86

A huge jaw yawns open in front of you. By the size of it, the CROCODILE you are swimming towards must be at least three metres long. The beast slaps its tail in the water and glides towards you. You must fight two Attack Rounds.

CROCODILE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

Your combined thrashings attract a 'turbulence' in the water that you had noticed before and this now makes its way towards your part of the river. Out of the corner of your eye you notice this and must decide what to do. If you believe that the Crocodile is on its last legs and you wish to continue the battle, then do so. If you win, turn to **259**. Otherwise you can keep the beast occupied in the faint hope that this mysterious visitor will help you in some way. Have one more Attack Round and turn to **152**.

87

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn northwards. Turn to **262**.

88

You enter another small room, bare except for a fountain in the middle. Not a particularly grand affair, the fountain is a small carved fish, and a short jet of water comes from its mouth. A wooden sign hangs from the fish and this bears a message. It is written in Goblin tongue, at which you are not very proficient. The first word you cannot understand but the others read: '. . . NOT DRINK'. But you are extremely thirsty. Will you drink from the fountain? If so, turn to **216**. Otherwise you can pass it by and leave through a door in the north wall (turn to **230**).

89

You climb through the opening and find yourself at the top of a narrow staircase leading downwards . . .

You have now completed Part One of *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*. Where will your adventure take you? What dangers lie ahead of you down this narrow staircase? Will you meet the Warlock? Or, more importantly, will you reach his treasure? This adventure is concluded in the next issue of *Warlock*,

available in May. Remember to keep a careful record of your character. Its SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores must be carried over to Part Two. And you may need some of the items you have found in Part One to see you through the adventure . . .

90

You open the door into a narrow passage and follow it northwards. Some metres up the passageway, it turns to the east, then turns to the north. However, at this second bend, there is a small alcove in the rock. It seems a convenient hiding place and a large rock forms a comfortable seat. You may stop here and eat Provisions if you wish. When you have rested, continue northwards. Turn to **253**.

91

To find the secret of the second item you have collected, turn to **221** and investigate. If you have already investigated both items, turn to **81**.

92

You arrive back at the junction in the passage. You look left to see the cave entrance in the dim distance but walk straight on. Turn to **71**.

93

You arrive back at the junction and this time you turn northwards. Turn to **8**.

94

You run out of the room and slam the door shut behind you. You turn northwards up the passageway passing a similar-looking door further up. Turn to **180**.

95

You find nothing remarkable about the weapons, in fact not a single weapon looks more useful than your sword. As you search the debris, you hear a deep thumping from the north followed by a scream which sends a shiver down your spine. You rush to the north door to investigate. Turn to **205**.

96

The door opens into a short corridor about fifteen metres long. There are two doors, one at each end. You now realize what the noise was. More Skeletons! Four of them, armed with swords, are running down the corridor towards you.

They don't appear to have seen you and you notice a slight recess in the wall which may be a useful hiding place. You decide to try it. Turn to **212**.

97

A voice bids you 'Come in!' and you walk into a small room furnished with a table and chair, shelves, cupboards and the like, all of which have seen better days. Plates, bowls, cups and hundreds of old books line the shelves. In the midst of all this clutter, you see a little old man in a grubby white gown swaying to and fro in a rocking chair, still humming happily to himself, his eyes fixed on you, but seeming at peace with the world. He bids you 'Good day.' Do you:

Start to make conversation with him?	Turn to **120**
Draw your sword and charge at him?	Turn to **247**
Decide not to waste time with him and leave, going northwards?	Turn to **22**

98

The drawers are full of nails, tacks and various bits and pieces. In one drawer is a silver-tipped throwing dart. You may use this in any battle to throw at your opponent before the battle starts. When you use it, you do not have to match up Attack Strengths, as you are throwing it from a distance. But you must throw one die to see whether your aim is true. If you roll a number between 1 and 4, the dart strikes its target and inflicts 2 STAMINA points of damage. If you roll a 5 or 6, it misses and the battle proper will commence. You may keep this dart if you discard one item of equipment you are carrying. Adjust your equipment on your *Adventure Sheet* if you wish to take the dart. The noise from the north gets louder. You go to the north door to investigate. Turn to **96**.

99

The passageway runs eastwards. Ahead of you, you can see that a solid-looking door blocks the passage. You step up to investigate. Turn to **228**.

100

After a few metres you reach another three-way junction. You may go either northwards (turn to **8**) or eastwards (turn to **255**).

101

Your lucky throw catches the Vampire unawares and he shrieks in agony as the stake sinks into his heart. You leap over and thrust it further into his body. His death cries grow weaker and his lifeless body slumps to the floor. Turn to **109**.

102

The door is not locked and opens. The room in front of you seems to be a small torture chamber, with various torture devices around the walls. In the centre of the room, two small, hunchbacked creatures are having their fiendish way with a Dwarf, who is tied to a hook in the ceiling by his wrists. The two hunchbacks are poking and cutting him viciously with their swords. The Dwarf lets out a final scream and falls silent, eyes closed. His captors make disappointed noises and look round angrily at you as if it were your fault that the Dwarf has collapsed. You must act quickly. Will you:

Close the door quickly and continue up the corridor?	Turn to **46**
Draw your sword and try to fight the creatures?	Turn to **19**
Stride over to the Dwarf, give him a jab with your sword and put on an evil laugh for the torturers?	Turn to **68**

103

You place the helmet on your head. It fits well. A glow begins to fill your body and you seem to possess a power and confidence beyond anything you have felt before. The helmet is blessed with magic and will allow you to add 1 point to all future dice rolls when computing your own Attack Strength during combat so long as you wear it. Note this on your Equipment List and return to the junction (turn to **87**).

104

You find yourself in a short, narrow passageway with a door ahead to the north. You try this door. Turn to **49**.

105

The four creatures shuffling towards you are mindless ZOMBIES. Their vacant eyes suggest that their actions are controlled by a will which is not their own. You are still too dizzy to think properly, but you must act quickly. The first Zombie reaches you and prepares to swing his club. You must fight him.

ZOMBIE SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you defeat the first Zombie, add 2 LUCK points and turn to face the other three (fight each in turn):

	SKILL	STAMINA
ZOMBIE with scythe	6	6
ZOMBIE with pick	6	6
ZOMBIE with axe	6	5

If you defeat all four, turn to **115**.

106

You arrive back at the junction and this time take the passageway to the east. The passageway runs for several paces eastwards, then turns north. Turn to **67**.

107

You enter a small room with bare, rocky walls. On the far wall hangs a golden key. There appears to be no other way out of the room. Do you want to go for the key (turn to **35**) or leave it and return to the junction (turn to **229**)?

108

The moment your foot touches a hand tile, you feel a vice-like grip on your ankle and look down to see a ghostly white hand gripping your leg. You fight for your balance and manage to regain it. But to your horror you see that, from every hand-shaped tile in the floor, a similar apparition has appeared, and the floor across to the door is now scattered with ghoulish hands, flexing and snatching in the air. You draw your sword and chop at the hand. Resolve this battle:

HAND SKILL 6 STAMINA 4

If you win, turn to **185**.

109

The body on the floor turns visibly older in front of your eyes. The face looks fifty, then ninety, then well over a hundred years old. The skin rots and the eyes decompose as you watch. You notice a movement coming from the creature's chest. As the remnants of the Vampire decay, a small black face breaks through its chest. It resembles a small black shrew, but as it frees itself and unfurls its wings you realize it is a bat. You lunge at it, but it flaps away in the darkness.

You search the whole chamber quickly (remember there are several other coffins there!) and find 30 Gold Pieces, a book, and a Y-shaped stick. You may take these items (enter them on your *Adventure* Sheet) if you will leave behind one item of Equipment you are already carrying.

You can leave through the west door. Turn to **226**. If you are hungry you may take Provisions here, and you can add 3 LUCK points for defeating the Vampire.

110

You are now 8 Gold Pieces richer. You also find another 2 Gold Pieces in his boot, hidden there for safety. Turn to **91**. Record the Gold on your *Adventure Sheet*.

111

He will not be pacified. As you shift uneasily around the room, he shouts a word at the dog. Turn to **249**.

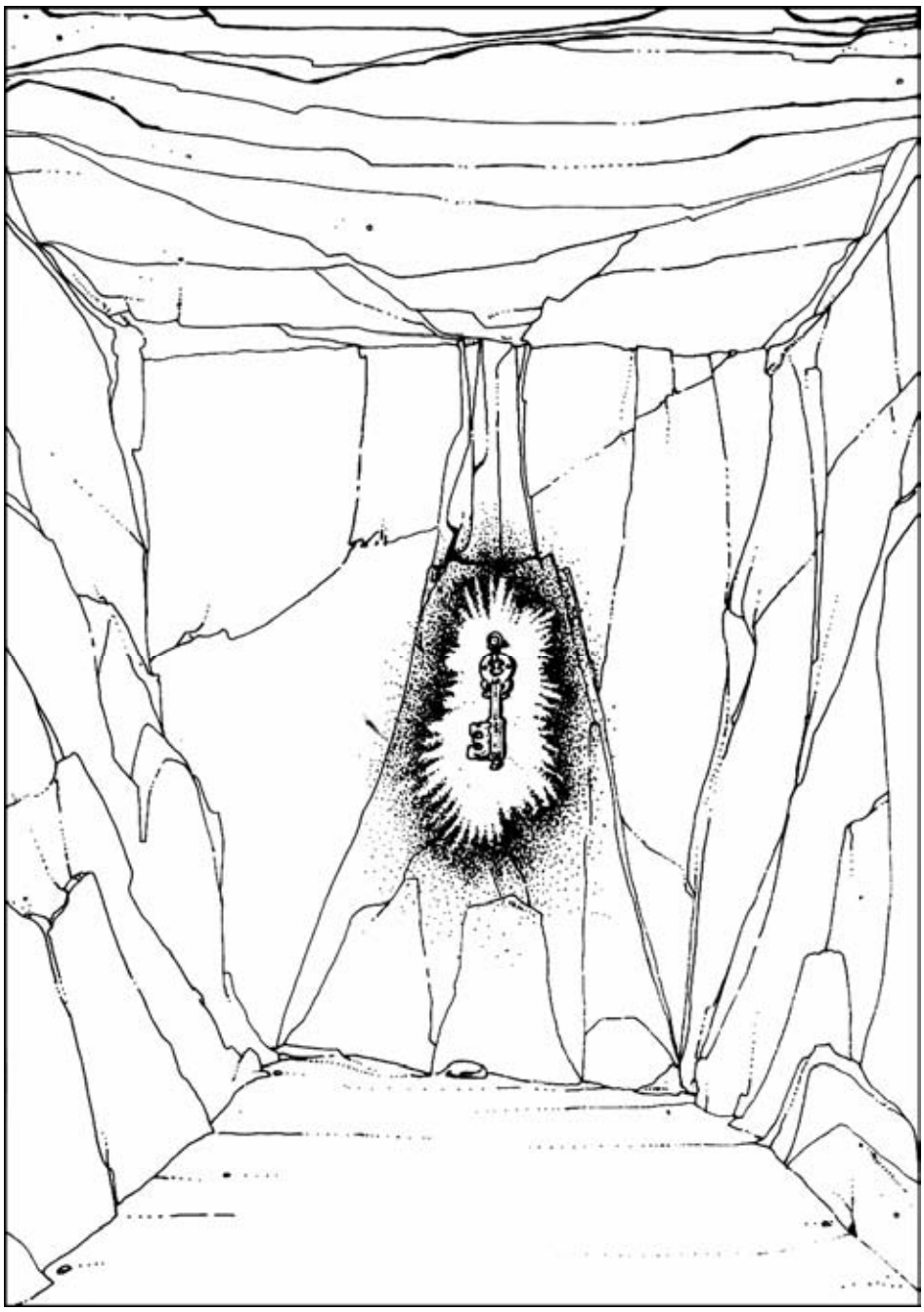

112

Both pieces of wood are Y-shaped and smooth, as if washed up from a river. You may put these in your pack and then either leave through the north door (turn to **73**) or stay and examine the rope (turn to **125**). If you take the pieces of wood, you must leave behind one item from your pack.

113

You arrive at another junction in the passage. You may either go northwards (turn to **14**) or continue eastwards (turn to **78**).

114

The barrels contain a clear brown liquid. You sniff it. It smells like rum. You taste it. It *is* rum. You cup your hands, pour some in and take a swig. You gasp – by golly, it's good! Restore 6 points of STAMINA and 1 LUCK. Turn to **81**.

115

The poor wretches lying dead at your feet almost look happy to be relieved of the burden of life. But as you look down at them, you sense that you are not the only one to know of their deaths. Looking around the room, you may:

Investigate the weapons Lying around	Turn to **95**
Go over to the dead body in the north-east corner	Turn to **70**
Check the barrels	Turn to **114**

116

The two drunken ORCS you now face are obviously startled at your entrance and, as quickly as they are able, they fumble around for the weapons. You must attack each one in turn. Their drunkenness allows you to add 1 point to your dice roll when rolling to workout your Attack Strength during each Attack Round.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	5	4
Second ORC	5	5

If you win the battle, turn to **222**. If you wish to *Escape* during the battle, you may do so by turning to **42**.

117

As you swing your sword at the creature, it reaches out and catches the blade in its hand! Your weapon is almost ineffective against the considerable strength of the creature. You realize this and panic, but you must fight on.

VAMPIRE SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

If you defeat the Vampire, turn to **109**. If you wish to try to *Escape,* which you may only do after 6 full Attack Rounds, you will have to be lucky. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you may *Escape* through the west door (turn to **226**). If you are Unlucky, you must continue this fight for a further 6 Attack Rounds before trying to *Escape* again. If you roll an 11 or 12 and you are Unlucky (i.e. your current LUCK score is below 11), then turn to **224**.

118

As you approach he rises from his coffin, spreads his cloak and takes you under it. Your last living memory is a flash of pain as his sharp teeth sink into your neck. You should never have let yourself get into eye-contact with a VAMPIRE!

119

You open your pack and reach inside for something suitable to throw across the cavern. Check your Equipment List, choose one item to throw and cross it off your List. If you have no Equipment you will have to throw a Gold Piece. You throw the object across the cavern, *where* it lands with a clatter. The Ogre looks towards the noise, and goes over to investigate. Meanwhile you creep out, down the passage and back to the junction. Turn to **269**.

120

As you speak the old man rises to his feet. 'Oh my, oh my, a stranger!' he starts. 'Well, do come in, the shop is open. What can I get you? What would you like to buy? What takes your fancy? Which way are you headed? North? Well?' You tell the old man your story. He listens intently and replies, 'Oh yes, in that case you will undoubtedly need one of my Blue Candles. That will be 20 Gold Pieces please. Cash it you don't mind. Yes, I know it's expensive, but isn't everything these days? Not so long ago these were only 5 Gold Pieces each; but you know what has happened to the price of candlewax since the Long Dark Night – oh, but you probably don't since you don't come from these parts. Never mind. I can guarantee it's still worth the price. You might need it sooner than you think . . .'

If you decide to buy a candle, pay for it and add it to your Equipment List. You are getting a little tired of his constant prattling. Leave the room and go northwards. Turn to **22**.

121

You are in a small, foul-smelling room. You notice two doors: one to the west and one behind you to the south. The furniture in the room is sparse and has been made mostly from bits of old boats. There appears to be nothing of value in the room, but a bunch of keys hangs on the wall. An old man in ragged clothes is slumped asleep on a 'bench' made from half a rowing boat, snoring loudly. Next to him is a vicious-looking brown dog with red eyes and black teeth, whom you have awakened and who now is eyeing you suspiciously. A deep growl is coming from its throat. You may:

Tiptoe an exit through the south door	Turn to **66**
Bang on the door behind you and cough a few 'Ahem's' to wake up the old man	Turn to **172**
Leap across the room with sword drawn to cut down the dog	Turn to **249**

122

You wake with a throbbing head and look around. The room is about eight metres square. with doors to the north and south. You have been dumped in the south-west corner. Standing motionless in the centre of the room are four men. At least, they *appear* to be men. Their skin is a greeny-grey colour. Their clothes are tattered and torn-and they are all staring vacantly at the ceiling. One carries a club, one a scythe, one an axe and one a pick. They are ignoring you completely.

Around the room are various peasant-style weapons (pitchforks, axe-handles, pointed sticks, etc.). one or two shields, and several barrels. In the north-east corner is a human corpse with a sword in one hand and a shield in the other. You move your hand up to your head to feel for signs of blood and you are relieved to find you are not bleeding. But as your hand moves, the strange creatures in the centre of the room turn their eyes down towards you. Do you:

Try to talk to them?	Turn to **268**
Jump to your feet and charge them with your sword?	Turn to **105**
Scramble for an exit through the south door?	Turn to **13**

123

Will they believe your story about buying a boat? Skeletons are pretty simple-minded, so roll one die. A 1, 2 or 3 means they believe you, and they all go running through the door in the north wall, leaving you alone in the Boat House. Add 2 LUCK points and turn to **184**.

A 4 or 5 means they're not sure. They send two of their members through the north door whilst the other three watch you with their makeshift weapons. Turn to **164**.

A roll of 6 means they definitely don't believe you and keep on advancing. Turn to **140**.

124

The door opens into a wide passageway and you follow this for some distance before reaching a junction. Here you may either go northwards (turn to **138**) or turn to the east (turn to **76**).

125

You pick up the rope. It looks normal. In fact it looks as if it might be quite useful. You open your pack to put it in. Suddenly, it comes alive in your fingers, snakes quickly up your arm and attempts to wrap itself around your neck. You struggle to cut the rope with your sword before its grip tightens. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you cut the rope and it drops to the ground. If you are not, the rope tightens – lose 1 STAMINA point. You must *Test your Luck* again to try to cut the rope, and keep trying until you do. Each time you fail, you lose another STAMINA point (and reduce your LUCK score), If you finally defeat the rope, you may leave through the north door. Turn to **73**.

126

You approach the statue cautiously. A scampering behind you makes you flash round . . . but it is only a rat. You feel at the jewel, but it is solidly in place. You try to work your sword in behind it and as you work, you hear an ominous creaking noise. To your horror the statue is beginning to move! You jump down and draw your sword. The IRON CYCLOPS cranes its head round towards you and steps down from its pedestal. You must fight!

IRON CYCLOPS	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you win, turn to **75**. If you want to *Escape* during combat, you can run through the door back to the junction. Turn to **93**.

127

He doesn't take at all kindly to your threats. As you argue and his anger builds, you notice a transformation taking place. He begins to straighten up and grows physically stronger in front of your very eyes. His face and arms grow hairy. His teeth become sharp and pointed. You must make a quick decision. Will you offer him 5 Gold Pieces to calm him down (deduct this from your Gold and turn to **272**) or prepare to attack him (turn to **188**).

128

You hear a deep rumbling noise and the ground begins to shudder. Slowly and noisily the portcullis rises into the ceiling. You may now walk to the junction. Will you turn west (turn to **210**) or east (turn to **58**)?

129

You return to the riverbank and decide to try the door in the middle of the rock face. Turn to **104**.

130

The old man asks you for your stake. You may bet between 1 and 20 Gold Pieces (but not more than you possess!). He tosses the white dice he has been playing with to you and asks you to roll two dice once for yourself and once for the old man. If your total is higher, you win the amount of your stake from the old man. If his total is higher, you lose your stake. You may continue for as long as you have Gold Pieces, and then leave through the door and return to the junction. Add 2 points to your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores if you win. Turn to **106**.

131

The lock was obviously inadequate; it flies off and lands on the floor several metres away. You lift up the heavy lid and your eyes widen as you see the gold sheen coming from within. A fair number of Gold Pieces are inside. In one corner lies a small black bottle with a tight glass stopper, containing a liquid of some kind. Also in the chest is a silky black glove. But as you are admiring this treasure you hear a soft click and wince in pain as a small dart shoots forward into your stomach. Roll one die and subtract this number of points from your STAMINA to determine the effect of the poison on the dart tip. If you are still alive, turn to **201**.

132

The shield is a standard wooden type. You may keep it or throw it away. Turn to **91**.

133

You try various items of equipment against the gaze of the painting, but none seems to work. You may try any of the following if you have them:

Slash the painting with your sword	Turn to **238**
Hold a jewel up in front of it	Turn to **31**
Plunge a wooden stake into it	Turn to **241**
Throw cheese at it	Turn to **45**

134

The room is unoccupied and there seems to be no other means of exit. In the centre of the floor stands a table, and on this table are two helmets; one of bronze and one of iron. Both are about your size. Will you try one on, or is this worth the risk?

Try on the bronze helmet	Turn to **202**
Try on the iron helmet	Turn to **103**
Return to the junction	Turn to **87**

135

The Wight lies in a heap in the corner of the room. You approach his desk and open the box. There are 18 Gold Pieces within the box. You may take these with you – enter them on your Adventure Sheet. You can add 2 LUCK points for defeating the creature and may rest a while to take some Provisions. When you are ready, you may leave by the north door. Turn to **175**.

136

You arrive at the door, struggle with the lock and open the door. You burst out, closing the door behind you and take several deep breaths. Return to the junction (turn to **229**).

137

The Wererat slumps to the ground. You

search his body and find 2 Gold Pieces, his fare from the last crossing. You curse him for trying to overcharge you. Add the 2 Gold Pieces to your Gold and row yourself across the river. Add 2 LUCK points. As you moor the boat on the north bank you look back at the body. It has vanished! Turn to **7**.

138

The passage widens and you realize you are about to enter a large cavern. You can hear noises coming from the cavern ahead and you proceed cautiously. As you approach, you can make out a large figure in the distance and you are overawed as you realize that this oversized human must be at least three metres tall! Dressed in a leather tunic, the creature is absorbed in a meal he is eating at a table.

The cavern is at least a hundred metres across and must be the home of this GIANT. A large table and two chairs are along one of the walls, and it is here that the creature sits. Intent on his meal (a large pig), he is unlikely to notice you. Around the rest of the cavern you can see his straw mattress, a great furry pelt which may be his blanket or a shawl, and a huge stone-headed hammer, which you would have no hope of budging. A fire burns in one corner of the cavern, under a hole in the ceiling. There appears to be no other way through the cavern. Will you take on this brute (turn to **163**) or return to the junction (turn to **157**)?

139

The door bursts open and you fall headlong into a room. But your heart jumps as you realize you are not landing on the floor, but plunging down a pit of some kind! Luckily the pit is not particularly deep and you land in a heap less than two metres down. Lose 1 STAMINA point for your bruises, climb out of the pit into the room and leave through the door, heading westwards. Turn to **92**.

140

The Skeletons advance and force you back to the door. The leader approaches, with two behind, and the final two behind them. Resolve the battle by first fighting the leader:

SKELETON SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

and then fighting the pairs. Both members of a pair will have a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Skeleton as a normal battle. Against the other you will throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but you will not wound it if your Attack Strength is the greater, you must just count this as though you have defended against its blow. Of course if its Attack Strength is greater, it has wounded you in the normal way.

		SKILL	STAMINA
1st Pair:	SKELETON A	6	5
	SKELETON B	6	6
2nd Pair:	SKELETON A	5	6
	SKELETON B	5	5

If you win, turn to **246**.

141

When the old man learns of your quest for treasure he becomes angry and bids you begone – he'll have nothing to do with fortune-hunters. His dog senses his anger and snarls menacingly. You may either smile, thank him and exit through the south door (turn to **66**) or you may stay to try to pacify him (turn to **111**).

142

You sheathe your sword and walk up to the water. Is it safe to swim? Although you cannot see any immediate signs of danger either in the water or around its banks, there is no way through on the north side of the river. You suddenly notice a gleaming sword lying on the river bed several steps in. You wade in to retrieve it. It is light in your hand, far less cumbersome than your own weapon, and it has a keen edge. This marvellous weapon will add 1 point to your SKILL while you use it. Note this on your Equipment List. A mysterious voice speaking directly to your mind seems to be telling you to throw your own sword into the river. Will you? If so, turn to **56**. If you want to keep both swords, turn to **153**.

143

You squat on the sandy bank. As you prepare your meal you notice a movement in the sand a couple of metres to your left. The movement becomes quite turbulent and you spring to your feet, sword at the ready. Suddenly a large tubular head breaks through the surface, twists around in the air and picks up your scent. The smooth, segmented body of a GIANT SANDWORM rears up and sways over in your direction. As it does so a large orifice, with short, spiky teeth, opens in what must be its head. You must do battle with this creature.

GIANT SANDWORM SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **44**. If you want to *Escape*, after three Attack Rounds, you may dive into the river and swim downstream (turn to **256**), but you have lost the Provisions you started to eat.

144

The creature catches your eye with its own gaze and you find yourself unable to control your own actions. It beckons you forward. You move slowly towards it with your mouth gaping open. It tells you to throw down the stake. As you look down at the stake, you suddenly feel a surge of power return to your own will, and you fling the stake at him from close range. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **101**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **217**.

145

The box has fallen to the ground during your fight with the Snake and out of it have fallen 6 Gold Pieces. You may take these with you (note them on your Equipment List) and leave the room. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **180**.

146

You find no secret passages. You return to the crossroads and proceed either northwards (turn to **191**) or westwards (turn to **11**).

147

You leave the room and open the box in the passage. Inside you find a single Piece of Gold and a small mouse, which must have been the creature's pet. You keep the coin and release the mouse, which scurries off down the passageway. Gain 2 LUCK points and turn to **208**.

148

You follow the passage eastwards for several metres. then it turns to the north. Shortly you

reach another junction where you may either go straight on (turn to **227**) or you may turn right, into an eastwards passage that soon turns north (turn to **67**).

149

As you watch the living mural, you are unaware of the speed with which your candle is burning. Suddenly it flickers and goes out! You again begin to hear the piercing screams and their pitch grows to an unbearable level. You drop to your knees clutching your ears and crawl towards the wall. Which wall will you crawl towards:

The east wall?	Turn to **181**
The north wall?	Turn to **265**
The west wall?	Turn to **167**

150

You are in a pit, a little bruised but not too seriously hurt. You look around as you get back on your feet and can see two passage-ways: a short one to the south which opens into a small chamber, and another heading northwards. You are a little worried about the crash your fall has made, and even more by the gruntings you can hear coming from the chamber to the south. Before you can collect your thoughts, a large, ugly head pokes around the corner and a TROLL emerges from its chamber. Your ankle is twisted and you cannot move quickly, but the Troll is ready for a fight. You will have to face the brute. Turn to **267** – but if you have a Potion of Invisibility, turn to **51**.

151

You gain ground on the 'turbulence' in the water but a few metres from the north bank you notice two sinister reptilian eyes on the surface of the water watching you. You are swimming straight for them. If you decide you If rather not face the owner of the eyes, you may turn round and head straight back to the south bank at full speed – you arrive exhausted, lose 1 STAMINA point and turn to **218**. Alternatively you can risk the eyes ahead – turn to **86**. You may try a detour which will send you nearer the 'turbulence' – turn to **158**.

152

As the 'turbulence' surrounds you, you can feel the jostlings of many small fish. They start ripping your flesh with vicious bites and you realize that you are surrounded by deadly PIRANHAS!

If, during your struggle with the Crocodile, you have wounded it, you are lucky and most of the fish attack the bleeding reptile. If you have not wounded the Crocodile, then the fish may go for either you or it. Throw one die. If you throw a 1 or 2, the majority of the Piranhas go for you. If you throw a number between 3 and 6, the majority attack the Crocodile.

Treat the Piranhas as a single creature. If, as a result of the above, the *majority* of the fish attack you, their scores are:

PIRANHAS SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

If, as a result of the above, the majority attack the Crocodile and the *remainder* attack you, they have:

PIRANHAS SKILL 5 STAMINA 1

If you win you can swim to shore. Turn to **7**. You may eat Provisions here – and restore 1 LUCK point.

153

As you put the two swords into your belt, your new one seems to take on a mind of its own. It cuts your leg (lose 1 STAMINA point) and, as you draw it out, it turns rubbery in your hand. It's useless now so you fling it into the river. It seems that the only way forward is for you to swim eastwards down the river. You plunge in and start swimming. Turn to **256**.

154

As you move, the creature's eyes flash open. He sees you and slowly gets to his feet. His breathing becomes heavy and he stalks towards you. You must stand and fight him. Turn to **41**.

155

The door splits along its length and you can wrench the timbers apart to let yourself in. A torch hangs from one wall lighting up a small armoury room stocked with swords, shields, helmets, daggers, breastplates and the like. You examine the weaponry and find nothing appearing superior to your own sword. However, a circular iron shield with a golden crescent at its centre catches your eye. You pick it up and feel its weight on your arm. If you wish to take this shield it will aid you in battles by helping to fend off wound damage inflicted by a creature on you. If in future during a battle in which you are using this shield, a creature wounds you, you may throw one die. If you throw a 6, the creature inflicts only 1 point of damage instead of the normal 2. If, for some reason, the creature would normally only inflict 1 point of damage, then a successful roll of 6 would mean that no damage is done. However, the shield is heavy and you will have to leave behind one item of equipment (adjust your Equipment List) to be able to carry it.

You now leave the room and continue up the corridor. Turn to **39**.

156

You charge the door with your shoulder. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you succeed – turn to **139**. If the number rolled is greater than your SKILL, you rub your bruised shoulder and decide against trying again. Turn to **92** to return to the junction.

157

You arrive back at the junction and turn eastwards. Turn to **76**.

158

The water around you bristles with activity, as if an invisible hand is dropping unseen pebbles into the river. You gulp – PIRANHAS! -and you begin to feel their sharp teeth biting into your flesh. You kick with your limbs and slash with your weapons to keep them off until you reach the south bank. Treat the Piranhas as a single creature.

PIRANHAS SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

Resolve this battle.

If you win, you manage to scramble out of the water and lie panting on the south bank. You may eat Provisions here. Turn to **218**.

159

You open the door into a large room which can only be the dining room of the same warty-faced creatures you now recognize. Sitting round a large table are five ORCS busily drinking and dribbling their bowls of rat-gizzard soup. All are involved in a rowdy argument as to who will get to chew the rat bones left in the large soup cauldron, so they do not see you enter. You may be bold and prepare to attack them (turn to **187**) or you may not relish the prospect of taking on five of these creatures and try to escape. If you wish to leave the room, *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you get out without them noticing (turn to **237**) – there is no penalty for escaping. If you are Unlucky, they notice you. Prepare for battle and turn to **187**.

160

As you approach you feel his eyes burn into you with considerable power. You begin to weaken under his gaze. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You are gradually losing your own will. Will you try to draw your sword and fight him (turn to **74**) or look for some other means of attack in your backpack (turn to **60**)?

161

You lunge at the old man as he leaps towards you with outstretched arms – and run him through the chest with your sword. You curse as you realize that he was making no attempt to attack you; his wild excitement must merely have been relief after having been imprisoned for what had apparently been a very long time. You will now get no information out of him on the perils of the adventure ahead. Turn to **79** to progress up the passageway.

162

The passageway ahead runs northwards and you follow this until you reach another junction. Here you may either continue northwards (turn to **23**) or you may turn westwards (turn to **69**).

163

You draw your sword and enter the cavern. The Giant stops in the middle of a mouthful, raises his head and sniffs the air. He swings round and catches sight of you approaching. Roaring loudly he flings the pig's carcass at you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, it misses. If you are Unlucky, it hits you with quite some force – lose 1 STAMINA point. Then he picks up his hammer and prepares to club you with it. Resolve this battle.

GIANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **28**. You may *Escape* after three Attack Rounds down the passageway, where he will not be able to follow (turn to **157**).

164

You realize that the two Skeletons who have just run off will soon return and expose your bluff. You must react quickly. Will you beat a hasty retreat through the door behind you (turn to **129**) or draw your sword and lash out at the remaining Skeletons (turn to **236**)?

165

The old man thanks you and rather sheepishly ties up his boots. You explain that you mean no harm and he calms down, calling off his dog. He tells you that this area is the only passageway through to the inner chambers. Some years ago the river swelled after a particularly severe spring thaw and cut off supplies from the outside world. All the area's inhabitants starved to death but the Master, realizing he needed defences against the outside world, put a curse on the area. The last remaining creatures became the Undead and now guard the passageways through.

He starts to inquire about you. Will you:

Be straight with him and tell him of your quest?	Turn to **141**
Thank him for the chat and leave through the south door?	Turn to **66**
Try to grab the keys and go for the nearest door?	Turn to **249**

166

You land in the icy water and frantically swim for the south bank. To your amazement the raft turns round in mid-stream and makes its own way back to the south bank. You quicken your pace, aware that your splashings may at any time attract the attention of any underwater creatures living in the river.

Roll one die. If you roll a 1, 2, 3 or 4 you make it safely back to the south bank. Turn to **218**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **158**.

167

You grope along the wall but can find no way of escape. The noise is causing you to scream in pain! Subtract 1 SKILL point. You may try either the east wall (turn to **181**) or the north wall (turn to **265**).

168

You open the door to a large room. A large chair behind a solid-looking table suggests to you that someone, or some*thing*, of rank uses this room. A chest in the centre catches your eye. In a corner of the room stands a man-sized creature with a warty face, standing over a smaller creature of similar race. With the whip in his hand, the ORC CHIEFTAIN has been beating his servant, who is whimpering beneath him. Will you:

Attack them both?	Turn to **206**
Spring at the Chieftain in the hope that his servant will aid you?	Turn to **65**
Leave the room and head back for the junction?	Turn to **26**

169

You try the keys. Not one will turn. As you try to turn the third key, small catches drop and your last memory is a sting of pain as three small darts pierce your skin. Each is treated with a quick-acting poison. Remember not to use this combination of keys next time!

170

The crucifix is solid silver and worth 4 Gold Pieces. Record this on your *Adventure Sheet* and turn to **91**.

171

The passage runs for some distance northwards and then starts to open into a large cavern with rough walls. There appears to be no way through. Will you return to the junction (turn to **269**) or enter the cavern (turn to **57**)?

172

The old man's eyes flutter open. He sees you and grabs for a half oar lying by his bench. You tell him you mean him no harm but he remains on guard and eyes you cautiously. Although he looks harmless enough, his dog could be dangerous. The man's boots are undone. Will you:

Rush the dog with your weapon drawn?	Turn to **249**
Ask the man questions regarding your quest?	Turn to **141**
Tell him his boots are undone?	Turn to **165**

173

Silver weapons only will be effective here. When the creature inflicts its *third* wound on you, turn to **24**. If you defeat it before this happens, turn to **135**, or you may *Escape* through the north door (turn to **175**). If you can use 'The Giver of Sleep', *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you hit and the creature dies instantly. If you are Unlucky, you miss.

174

Turn to **198**.

175

The door slams shut with a loud bang behind you. You find yourself in a passageway running ahead northwards. You follow it for several metres, until it bends to the west, and continue onwards. Some way down the passage you come across a narrow opening in the north wall and decide to go through. Turn to **89**.

176

As you walk up the passage, it visibly widens and eventually you find yourself standing at the mouth of a rough cavern, a natural cave in the rock. As you look into the darkness, the cavern appears to be about 30 metres deep, with no visible exit. Do you want to go into the cavern (turn to **270**) or go back to the junction (turn to **215**)?

177

You snatch the key from its hook. It has the number *66* inscribed on it. But your lungs are bursting. Roll two dice. If the number is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you make it across the room to the door (turn to **136**). If it exceeds your SKILL score, you are forced to take a breath of poison gas. Reduce your SKILL score by 2 and your STAMINA score by 3 and dash for the door (turn to **136**).

178

You tiptoe precariously across the room to the door in the north wall. You open the door and proceed through it. Turn to **162**.

179

The narrow passageway eventually becomes too small for you to walk along. You get down on your hands and knees, and crawl. Eventually, you will get no further and there seems to be no way through, so you decide to return to the main passage. You head for the junction. Turn to **10**.

180

Further up the passage on the west wall you see another similar door. You listen at the door and grimace to hear the worst singing you have ever heard in your life! Do you want to go into the room to investigate this hideous din (turn to **197**) or walk on up the passageway (turn to **42**)?

181

You run along the wall searching for a door but find none. Your ears are on fire with the agony! Lose 1 SKILL point. You may try either the west wall (turn to **167**) or the north wall (turn to **265**), but you must find a way out soon!

182

Two of the keys fit the locks perfectly. The other doesn't. You leap to one side as a jet of clear liquid spurts from the chest. It just misses, but you lose 2 STAMINA points as the liquid emits an acidic vapour which makes you cough and choke.

You return to the chest and try another combination of three keys. Add the key totals and turn to that section.

If you have no more keys to try, you sit down exhausted in despair after having got so near to your goal. Remember to look for keys next time you enter the dungeon!

183

You search the bodies of the dead Orcs but find only a few teeth, nails, bones and knives in their pockets. You search the cupboards around the room but find only crude bowls, plates and spoons. But under the serving hatch you find a thin leather case half a metre long. You may open the case (turn to **266**) or you may leave it behind and walk out of the door (turn to **237**). You are proud of your victory and may add 1 SKILL and 5 STAMINA points.

184

You are alone in the Boat House and have sometime to search before the Skeletons will inevitably return. You may either search the drawers (turn to **98**) in the room, or may investigate the tools (turn to **34**) before they comeback. As you begin to search, you hear a noise from behind the door in the north wall.

185

The hand withers and shrinks back into the floor. At the same time, the other hands stop dead and slowly fade away downwards into the tiles. You decide this time to step on the star-shaped tiles, and step carefully across to the door in the north wall. The door opens. Add 2 LUCK points. Turn to **162**.

186

Turn to **182**.

187

The Orcs attack you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First ORC	6	4
Second ORC	5	3
Third ORC	6	4
Fourth ORC	5	2
Fifth ORC	4	4

If you win, turn to **183**. If you wish to *Escape* during the battle (don't forget your penalty for this), turn to **237**.

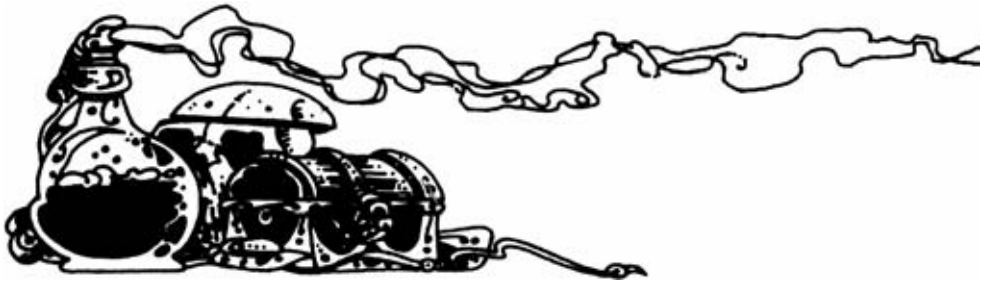

188

He now stands just under two metres tall. He advances towards you. His body is hairy. His teeth are pointed. His eyes flash. His finger-nails are sharp claws. His nose has become a rat-like snout. He is a WERERAT!

WERERAT SKILL 8 STAMINA 5

Resolve your battle with him. If you win, turn to **137**. If you decide to *Escape*, you may run over the rickety bridge (turn to **209**).

189

The door opens into a short corridor which ends several metres ahead at another door, similar to the one you have just come through. You listen and hear nothing. You try the handle and it turns, allowing you into another room of a similar size. But this room is splendidly decorated, with a polished marble floor and rough walls painted white. On each of the four walls hangs a painting, and there is another door in the north wall. You can either go straight through the room (turn to **90**) or you may stop to look at the paintings (turn to **25**).

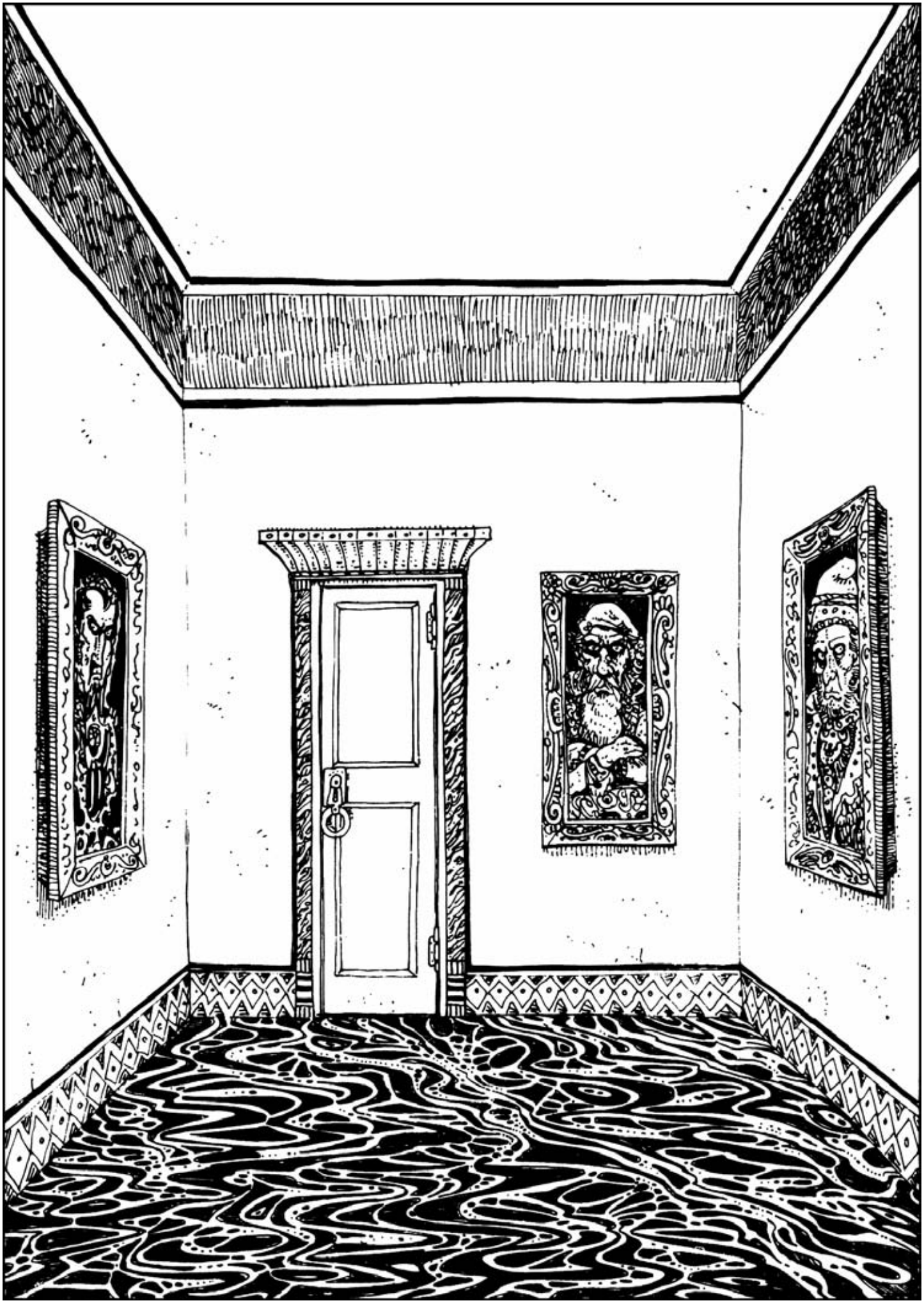

190

You arrive back at the junction and progress westwards. Turn to **251**.

191

You are following a passageway which leads ahead to the north. After several metres it bends sharply to the east. You continue eastwards until you eventually come across a narrow opening in the north wall. You may go through this opening (turn to **89**) or continue eastwards (turn to **62**).

192

Turn to **169**.

193

The door opens and you enter a small room. Your eyes widen as you look around to see that the walls of the room are covered in ornate stonework. Mosaics and marble inlays give this room a kind of beauty you have never seen before. In a corner of the room is a large metal statue of a one-eyed creature. In its single eye is a sparkling jewel. As there appear to be no other ways through the room, you will have to go back to the junction – but that large jewel is very tempting. Will you leave it alone and go back to the junction (turn to **93**) or try to take the jewel with you (turn to **126**)?

194

You arrive at another junction in the passageway. If you would like to turn westwards, turn to **235**. If you wish to go east, turn to **100**.

195

This is a rather unlikely story, considering that they see very few humans around. Nevertheless, Skeletons are pretty dim – you knew this and that's why you tried the story. Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, they don't believe you and keep on advancing. Turn to **140**.

A 3 or 4 means that they aren't sure, and send two of their number off through the north door while the rest hold you at bay with their weapons. Turn to **164**.

A roll of 5 or 6 means they've believed you and they all get back to work! Turn to **9**. Add 2 LUCK points.

196

You search the room. Try as you may you cannot find the secret switch to open the door in the bookshelf – the old man must have locked it from the inside. You do find 5 Gold Pieces in a drawer in the table. You decide to return to the junction to the south. Turn to **106**.

197

The door opens to reveal a small room. The room is dirty and unkempt. A straw mattress lies in one corner. In the centre of the room is a wooden table upon which a candle burns, lighting the room with its flickering flame. A small box rests under the table. Seated around the table are two small creatures with warty skin, dressed in leather armour. They are drinking some sort of grog and, by the way they stagger to their feet on your arrival, you assume they are very drunk. You may either draw your sword and leap forward at them (turn to **116**) or slam the door quickly and run on up the passage (turn to **42**).

198

One of the keys turns, but the other two will not fit. As you struggle to try to make them turn. you hear two small clicks and then pings' as two miniature darts shoot from the chest at you. You leap backwards to try to avoid them, crack your head on the wall behind you, and slump to the floor, unconscious.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the darts miss you, and you awake with a sore head. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you are Unlucky, the darts strike and you never recover consciousness. If you were Lucky, you may try different keys (remember – *one* of the keys you just used fits perfectly). Add the key totals and turn to that number.

If you have tried all combinations for the keys that you have, you bury your head in your hands and weep after having got so far. You are so near to achieving your objective, but you will have to try again. Re-enter the dungeon – but remember to look for keys as you progress!

199

The passageway ahead widens and you can see ahead a large cavern. As you shine your lantern around it you can see crude stone weapons on the floor and a smouldering fire in the centre of the cave. But you see no way through. As you turn to make your way back you stop in your tracks to see two Neanderthal CAVEMEN barring your exit. They grunt aggressively at you. You draw your sword and must prepare to fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CAVEMAN	7	6
Second CAVEMAN	6	4

Fight them one at a time. If you win, leave the cavern and return to the junction. Turn to **190**.

200

Turn to **198**.

201

You sink to the floor. You pull the dart out and decide to bandage the wound. This gives some relief, but you still feel weak. You decide to take it easy and examine the contents of the chest, but if you wish you may eat some Provisions here. There are 25 Gold Pieces. The label on the bottle shows it to be a Potion of Invisibility, good for one dose. The glove is a mystery. Underneath the glove you find a shiny key. with the number *125* stamped into it. You may put any or all of these into your backpack and leave the room. Turn to **26**.

202

You place the helmet on your head. It fits well. Suddenly a searing pain flashes across your forehead. You cannot think straight. This helmet is cursed, try as you might, you cannot remove it. Reduce your SKILL score by 1. The pain soon subsides, but you still cannot shift the helmet. You stagger back to the junction, trying desperately to compose yourself. Turn to **87**.

203

Add 1 point to your LUCK for defeating the Werewolf. You may rest and eat Provisions if you wish. As you look around the room, there appears to be little of use, although the bunch of keys looks interesting. One is marked 'Boat House'. Another has the number *111* stamped into it. You may take the keys if you wish. There are doors to the west and South. If you open the west door, turn to **38**. If you want to go south, turn to **66**.

204

The old man does not look up from the table, but his devilish little pet eyes you suspiciously and starts chattering in a small squeaky voice. The old man grunts and asks you whether you are game for a wager. Will you accept (you may only do so if you have at least one Gold Piece with you)? If so, turn to **130**. If not, you may either leave the room (turn to **106**) or attack the man (turn to **220**).

205

The door opens and you find yourself in a dark crypt of some kind. The room is very large. At one end is an altar, and various coffins are strewn about the room. There is a door behind you in the south wall, and also one in the west wall. If you want to investigate the room further, turn to **254**. If the place gives you the creeps, you can leave via the west door (turn to **226**).

206

The battle commences!

	SKILL	STAMINA
ORC CHIEFTAIN	7	6
SERVANT	5	3

Fight them one at a time. If you defeat them both, turn to **21**.

207

Going through the door, you enter a large room. Various bits of wooden debris are strewn untidily across the floor. Apart from your entrance door, there is also a door in the north wall. In one corner is a crude wooden desk with a box on it. In another corner, apparently asleep (or dead), is a hideous-looking man-sized creature with warty skin, wild hair and long claws for fingernails. Will you tiptoe out through the north door (turn to **83**) or tiptoe across to the desk to look at the box (turn to **154**)?

208

Further up the passage along the west wall you see another door. You listen at it but hear nothing. If you want to try opening the door, turn to **252**. If you want to continue northwards, turn to **180**.

209

The timbers of the bridge are rotting and decayed from years of neglect. A single plank snaps under your foot. Roll one die. A roll of 6 sends you splashing into the river below – turn to **158**. Any other roll means you regain your footing. Turn to **47**.

210

Shortly along the passage you arrive at another junction where you may go either straight ahead westwards (turn to **225**) or northwards (turn to **171**).

211

Wights are vulnerable only to weapons made of solid silver. If the weapon you are using is not made of silver, have one more Attack Round. Remember that any wounds he inflicts on you will count, but your wounds will not harm him. and he will still be at full strength (SKILL 9 STAMINA 6) unless you have chosen a silver weapon.

If you have a silver weapon, you had better use it now and turn to **173**. If you have not, or if you have suffered enough damage, you'd better run for the north door – turn to **175**. Remember that you are *Escaping* here and he inflicts a final wound as you flee.

212

The Skeletons do not notice you and disappear through the door into the Boat House. Breathing a sigh of relief, you press on to try the door at the north end of the passage. But before you go, you may eat some Provisions and you may add 2 LUCK points for evading the Skeletons. Turn to **207**.

213

The door is locked. You may try to charge it down by rolling two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your SKILL score, the door bursts open – turn to **36**. If the number is greater than your SKILL score, the door remains locked, you lose 1 STAMINA point for your bruised shoulder and you must progress up the passage – turn to **79**.

214

Facing northwards, the rock face is smooth and glistening with moisture. Moss of many different hues grows on the surface. There is an eerie silence punctuated only by the splashings of the river as it flows behind you. You have three options:

A passage runs off to the north-west. If you take this route — Turn to **271**
A large timber door is directly in front of you in the middle of the rock face. If you open the door — Turn to **104**
Another passage runs out along the river eastwards. To follow this along the riverbank — Turn to **99**

215

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn northwards. Turn to **5**.

216

The water is refreshing. As you drink more you feel a glow spreading through your body as if you were drinking at the fountain of life. Add 4 STAMINA points, and restore your SKILL and LUCK scores to their *Initial* levels. The fountain of life for you must be the fountain of death for the evil Goblins. You may eat Provisions here. When you have rested, leave through the north door. Turn to **230**.

217

The stake narrowly misses the Vampire's head. As you watch it travel, you pick up the creature's gaze again. He beckons you towards him once more. Your will has gone. Turn to **118**.

218

You are on the south bank of an underground river facing across its black depths. There appear to be four ways of crossing. To your left, a rusted bell bears the sign 'Ferry Service 2 Gold Pieces – Please Ring'. There is a small raft in front of you on the bank with a long stick resting beside it: you could punt across the river. A rickety old bridge crosses on the right. If you don't trust any of these, you may swim. Which will you choose?

Ring the bell — Turn to **3**
Punt the raft across — Turn to **234**
Risk the bridge — Turn to **209**
Swim — Turn to **85**

219

Turn to **198**.

220

As you draw your sword, the WINGED GREMLIN flaps into the air and attacks you, while the old man rushes over to the bookshelf, touches a book and escapes through a secret doorway that opens for him. But you must fight his pet.

WINGED GREMLIN — SKILL 5 — STAMINA 7

If you beat the Gremlin, turn to **196**.

221

What are these mysterious items you have collected? Which have you written down first on your Equipment List:

The armour? — Turn to **72**
The shield? — Turn to **132**
The sword? — Turn to **27**
The gold? — Turn to **110**
The crucifix? — Turn to **170**

222

You wipe your bloodied sword on the mattress. The green blood leaves a slimy stain on the straw. Stepping over the bodies towards the table, you flinch at the foul stench of the creatures. You pick up the box from under the table and examine it. It is a small wooden box with crude hinges. The name 'Farrigo Di Maggio' is inscribed on a brass nameplate on its lid. If you wish to open the box, turn to **30**. If you decide to leave it behind and leave the room, turn to **42**.

223

The door is firmly locked. You may try to force it open (turn to **53**) or you may continue along the corridor (turn to **39**)

224

As your eyes watch the creature's movements, they suddenly make contact with its piercing stare. You are mesmerized and, as it beckons you towards it, your will disappears. Turn to **118**.

225

The passageway continues westwards and then turns due north. Some way up, you reach a junction where a narrow passage runs off to the west. Will you continue northwards (turn to **77**) or take the west way (turn to **63**)?

226

You are in a narrow east–west corridor. Looking westwards you can see a crossroads ahead. You go on to the crossroads. Turn to **37**.

227

The passage ends at a wooden door, trimmed in iron. Various inscriptions adorn the door, but none makes any sense to you. You listen, but hear nothing. You may either open the door (turn to **84**) or return to the junction (turn to **106**).

228

A sign above the door reads 'Boat House'. The door is firmly locked but a small barred window allows you to look inside. You can see a number of Skeleton-men working on building a boat of some sort. They move in a series of quick, jerky actions, rather insect-like.

If you have a key clearly labelled 'Boat House' — Turn to **80**
If you want to try to break the door down — Turn to **264**
If you want to return to the riverbank and try another route — Turn to **129**

229

You arrive back at the junction and this time turn right. Turn to **69**.

230

The door opens into a passage, which you follow northwards. Shortly you reach a bend and follow it round to the east. Several metres on, you reach a junction at which you may either go north (turn to **262**) or continue eastwards (turn to **54**).

231

Turn to **182**.

232

Almost exhausted after your awkward fight with the Spider, you set to work on hacking the boots off with your sword. Eventually they come free and you may leave the cavern down the passageway and back to the junction. Turn to **215**.

233

Turn to **169**.

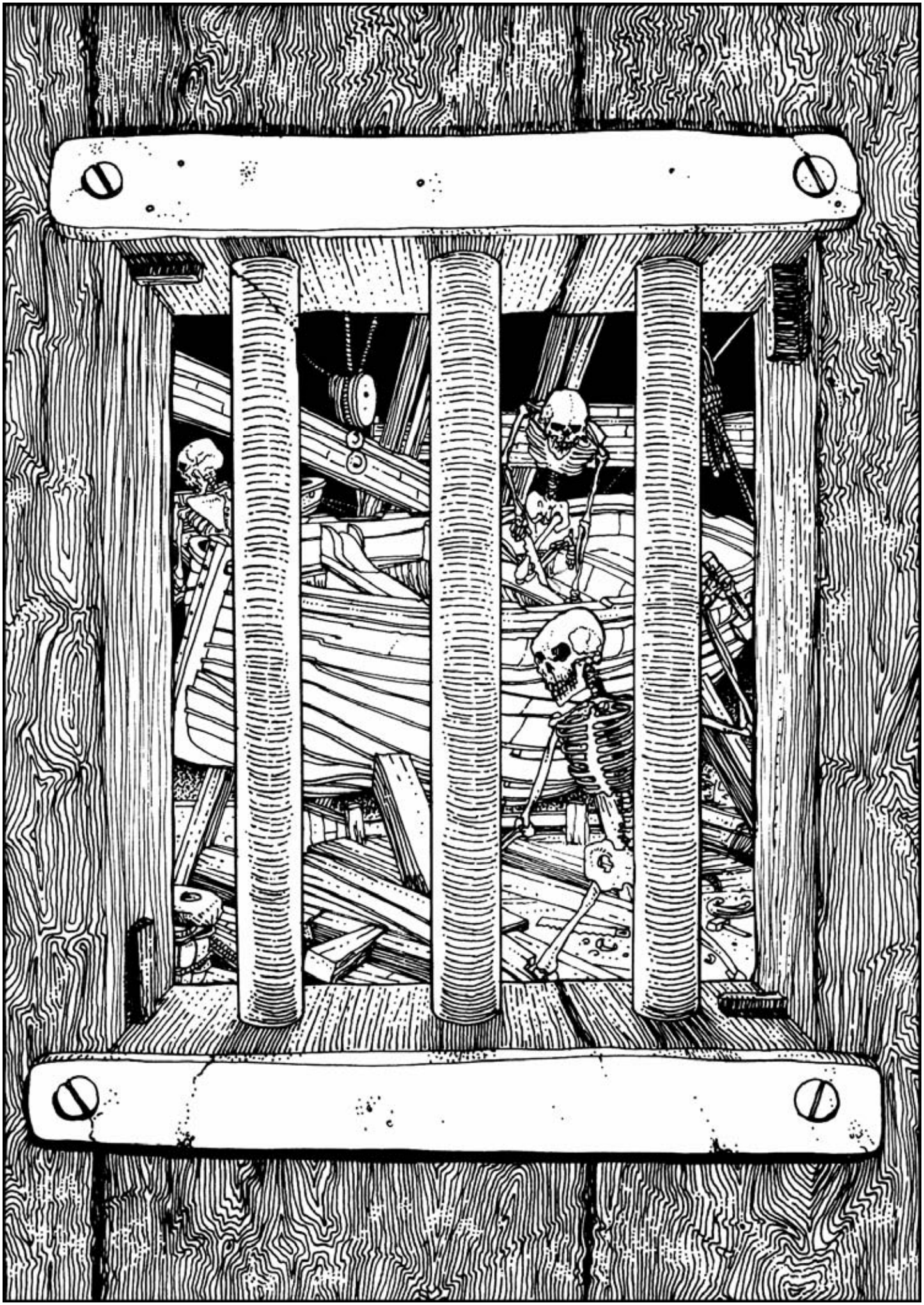

234

You climb on the raft and start to punt your way across the river. The going is not easy. In the middle of the river the raft seems to take on a will of its own and bobs up and down dangerously. You realize it is attempting to capsize itself and throw you into the river! You may either trust your strength and luck to hold on and keep punting to the north side (turn to **55**) or jump into the water and attempt to swim back to the south bank (turn to **166**)

235

You follow the passage westwards, then it turns sharply to the north and, some metres further on. a passage runs off to the west. If you would like to go along the westward passage, turn to **176**. If you want to carry on northwards up the passage, turn to **5**.

236

The battle commences. The Skeletons attack you one by one:

	SKILL	STAMINA
SKELETON A	6	5
SKELETON B	6	6
SKELETON C	5	5

If you win, turn to **246**.

237

You move swiftly down the passage and arrive back at the junction. Turn northwards this time – turn to **14**.

238

Your sword flies out of your hand, into the air and you must leap aside as it comes down on you. It grazes your cheek as it falls. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You decide you'd better leave the room. Pick up your sword and turn to **90**. Lose 1 more SKILL point in fear of the Warlock's power.

239

You think back to the words of the old man. 'You might need it sooner than you think . . .' You grope in your pack and pull out the candle. Immediately it lights itself of its own accord. The howling stops and the room appears bathed in a blue light from the candle. On the walls, the figures in the mural are moving! They are mouthing silent screams as if trapped in a two-dimensional hell. On the wall opposite is another door, which you may leave through (turn to **88**), or you may stay to investigate (turn to **149**). Add 1 LUCK for your foresight.

240

The box is light, but something rattles within. You open the lid and a small SNAKE darts out to bite at your wrist! You must fight the Snake

SNAKE	SKILL 5	STAMINA 2

If you kill the Snake, turn to **145**.

241

As you attack the portrait with the wooden stake, you feel a wrench of pain in your wrist. You are forced by some unseen power to drop the stake. You decide to run and leave through the north door. Turn to **90**, but lose 1 more SKILL point in awe of the Warlock's power.

242

The boots are well-fashioned in a deep red leather. They are much sturdier than your own and fit you well. You try a few steps but are horrified to find that you cannot move, and the boots seem to be gripping your feet with considerable force. As you struggle to free yourself, you hear a crack and a smash as a stalactite falls from the roof; you crane round to see a large black shape shifting towards you. As it approaches, you turn cold. Several metres away is a GIANT SPIDER, at least a metre across, advancing towards you on spiny legs, mandibles clicking nervously in anticipation of its next meal. You draw your sword to defend yourself as it stalks you. You cannot move and thus must subtract 2 from each dice roll you make to calculate your Attack Strength.

GIANT SPIDER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you win the battle, turn to **232**.

243

To your horror, you realize that this dummy lever was a trap! Although it looked like a handle, it was in fact a wax-coated sword blade and it has now cut your hand badly. Did you use your right or your left hand?

Roll one die. If the number you roll is odd, this was your sword hand and your fighting prowess has been severely hampered. Lose 3 SKILL points and 1 STAMINA. If you rolled an even number, you used your other hand, and so the injury is not quite so important. Lose 1 SKILL point and 2 STAMINA. If you now wish to pull the right lever, turn to **128**. If you don't wish to pull the right lever, you won't be getting much further – and remember which hand you will use!

244

The passage runs northwards, and ahead you can hear the splashings of an underground river. The air becomes cool and fresh. You soon reach a wide opening of a riverbank but despair as you look across to see no way through on the other side. To the east the river flows through a cave in the rock. You may either sit, rest and eat Provisions (turn to **143**), or continue by what seems to be the only way forward, jumping into the river and swimming downstream (turn to **256**).

245

Turn to **198**.

246

You step over the bones on the floor to take a closer look at the Boat House. You pick up and study a few of the tools scattered around: hammers, nails, chisels and the like, but they appear very ordinary. You hear a banging sound coming from beyond the north door and have time for one further search before you must react. Do you look through the drawers of the benches around the room (turn to **98**) or check the tools more carefully (turn to **34**)?

247

He is a little startled by your onslaught, but simply raises his hand. As he does so, you suddenly collide heavily into . . . apparently nothing. You sit on the floor in a heap, rubbing your nose. Lose 2 STAMINA points. The old man chuckles and says, 'You poor fool. Did you think I was defenceless in such a den of evil as this? You will regret your folly.' You rise to your feet and return to the passageway, turning north up the corridor. Turn to **22**.

248

The creature that has just awakened is an ORC! He scrambles to his feet and turns to grasp at a rope which is probably the alarm bell. You must attack him quickly.

ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you defeat him, you may continue up the passage – turn to **43**.

249

The dog springs as you move. Its hideous black teeth are coming straight for your throat! Two metres from you, a blast of fire shoots from its mouth right at your face! You duck just in time but must now fight the beast.

DOG	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

In addition to its normal attack, throw one die every Attack Round for its fiery breath. On a roll of 1 or 2 it scorches you for 1 point of damage – subtract from your STAMINA – but on a roll of any other number, you avoid the blast. You may use your LUCK against the fire. The only *Escape* open is through the south door (turn to **66**).

The old man watches the fight but does not move unless you kill his dog. If you kill the dog, you may *Escape* through the south door (turn to **66**), but you will not have time to take anything with you. If you wish to stay, turn to **48**. Add 1 LUCK point anyway.

250

You are in a short passageway which comes to a dead end several metres ahead of you. You study the rock face carefully but there appears to be no way through. You return to the crossroads and this time continue straight ahead northwards. Turn to **191**.

251

The passageway twists sharply northwards and ahead you can hear water flowing. You eventually reach the south bank of an underground river. As you stand on the pebbled bank you hear a fluttering of wings and look up to see three GIANT BATS swooping down on you to attack. Fight these three as a single creature:

GIANT BATS SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **142**. You may *Escape* by jumping into the river (turn to **256**).

252

The door opens to reveal a small room with a stone floor and dirty walls. There is a stale smell in the air. In the centre of the room is a makeshift wooden table on which is standing a lit candle. Under the table is a small box. In the far corner of the room is a straw mattress. You may either open the box (turn to **240**) or leave the room (turn to **180**).

253

The passageway ends in another wooden door, this time a small one with a carved bone handle. You listen but hear nothing coming from inside. You try the handle and the door opens into a pear-shaped room with a rough stone floor, making walking across it somewhat awkward. In one corner of the room is a pile of rubble, mainly stones and dust, but there are also two odd-shaped pieces of wood and a length of rope. A door in the north wall leads on. Will you:

Examine the bits of wood?	Turn to **112**
Study the length of rope?	Turn to **125**
Leave through the north door?	Turn to **73**

254

The silence is deathly. A slow drip startles you as you creep around the coffins. The altar is ornately carved and studded with jewels. Beautifully woven drapes hang from the walls although they are threadbare in places. There are three coffins in the room. A creaking noise makes you whirl round and the light from your lantern falls on the largest coffin. It is opening!

As you watch, a tall man with a white face sits upright. His eyes open and fall on you. His expression changes from one of tranquillity to one of abject hate. His mouth opens and a terrifying hiss comes from his throat. His teeth are wolf-like. He beckons you to come over. Do you:

Approach him as he wishes?	Turn to **160**
Draw your sword and prepare to fight?	Turn to **117**
Reach into your pack for another means of attack?	Turn to **60**
Run for the west door?	Turn to **226**

255

The passageway ends in a sturdy wooden door. If you want to try opening it, turn to **193**. If you want to go back to the junction and try another route, turn to **93**.

256

The current is strong and takes you swiftly downstream. You are washed along through a narrow opening and out into a large cavern with banks on both sides. The current washes you on to the south bank. Turn to **218**.

257

The passageway runs straight for several metres and then ends at a wooden door. You listen at the door and hear angry shouting coming from within. Will you investigate (turn to **168**) or turn back (turn to **26**)?

258

The bridge is slippery from the splashings of the water. At one point you slip on a tuft of wet moss covering the timbers. Roll one die. A roll of 6 means you slip from the bridge into the water below and start swimming for the nearest bank – turn to **86**. Any other roll is lucky; you managed to hold on and you reach the north bank (turn to **7**).

259

As you swim to the bank away from the Crocodile, you look back to see the mysterious 'turbulence' approach the reptile's body, break into a frenzy and then move off, leaving not a trace of the animal. Thankful that you were not there to find out what it was, you lift yourself out of the water on to the north bank. Add 1 SKILL point and 2 LUCK points. Turn to **7**.

260

You cut down the Dwarf. He is, as you guessed, dead. Going through the pockets of the two Goblins, you find a large piece of sweet-smelling Cheese. If you wish to take this with you, put it in your pack and leave the room northwards. Turn to **46**.

261

You reach the junction and continue eastwards. Turn to **148**.

262

Some way up the passage, you reach another junction where you may either go eastwards (turn to **199**) or turn westwards (turn to **251**).

263

You shout: 'You are freed, old man!' at the top of your voice. Instantly, his rantings cease. He stops dead in his tracks and sinks to the floor, weeping loudly. As he gradually composes himself, he thanks you many times. You talk with him in the hope of discovering some of the secrets of the mountain and he begins to tell his story. Many years ago he was an adventurer like you in search of the Warlock's treasure. He was captured by the Orcs and thrown into his solitary cell as a sort of pet for the creatures. You ask whether he would like to accompany you into the mountain, but he simply wants to leave and see the world again. You ask him for advice but he says he knows little. He advises you to pay your respects to the boatman. He tells you that you must pull the right-hand lever on the wall ahead to open the iron gate at the end of the passage. He has also learned that the keys to the Boat House are guarded by a man and his dog. You shake hands, leave the room and go your separate ways. Add 1 LUCK point. Turn to **79**.

264

There is no way you are going to charge the door down, as it is twelve centimetres of solid oak! You bruise your sword arm in the attempt – lose 1 SKILL point. You can only get through the door if you have the Boat House key (if you have this key, turn to **80**, and more fool you for not using it straight away). Otherwise you will have to return to the riverbank and try again. Turn to **129**.

265

You grope around the length of the wall and find a door. Quickly, you fumble with the handle. It opens! Turn to **88**.

266

The case opens easily and inside you find a magnificent bow and one silver arrow. An inscription on the case says: 'The giver of sleep to those who never can'. You put the bow, arrow and case in your pack and leave the room, but you may eat Provisions first – and add 1 LUCK point. Turn to **237**.

267

The creature is man-sized but its long arms look very powerful. Resolve this battle:

TROLL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8

If you win, you may head northwards (turn to **20**).

268

Their vocabulary is limited to a series of moans and groans. They appear not to be intelligent at all. Furthermore, your conversation merely serves to attract their attention to you. They grip their weapons and it looks as though you will have to fight them. However, there is a slim chance that you could make it to the door you came in through. If you want to try for that door, turn to **13**. If you have resigned yourself to a battle, turn to **105**.

269

You arrive back at the junction and turn westwards. Turn to **225**.

270

You enter the cavern and look around to see dozens of beautifully coloured stalactites and stalagmites bordering the perimeter. Numerous drips can be heard, but the whole place seems like a magic grotto. Near the back of the cavern, you come across a pair of boots, which seem to have been made quite recently. Will you:

Continue investigating the cavern?	Turn to **61**
Try on the boots?	Turn to **242**
Leave the cavern and return to the junction?	Turn to **215**

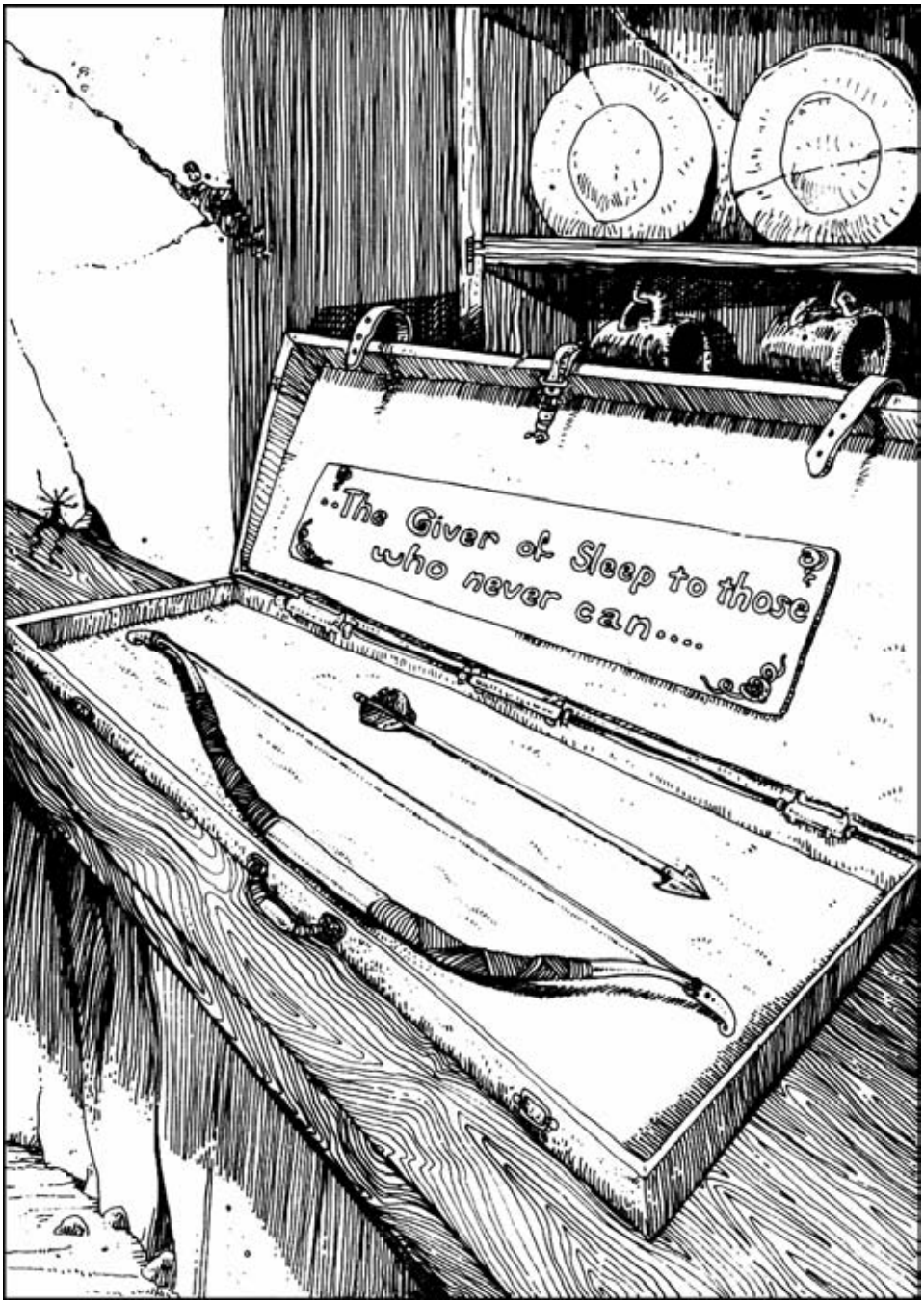

271

The short passage begins to narrow and ends a few metres ahead at a doorway. If you wish to go through the door, turn to **121**. If you decide against this direction and go back to the river, turn to **214**.

272

He calms down, takes the Gold (deduct this from your Gold) and rows you across to the north bank. After mooring the boat he ambles off down a passageway. Turn to **7**.

273

A search of the room reveals nothing of any value, although an old box in the corner contains a wooden mallet and five short stumps of wood, sharpened at one end. You may take these if you wish, and can now leave through the door in the north wall. Turn to **189**.

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Using the same game system as in *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* (see pages 13–15), all you have to do is design an adventure consisting of 200 references. Think of an exciting and original background for the adventure – perhaps a lost city in the jungle or a desert wasteland inhabited by lizards, giant sandworms and nomads. Also think of an objective for the adventurer, perhaps a mission to find somebody or something, or even to slay an evil overlord. Then set the scene in your fantasy world, with plenty of detailed descriptions of the surroundings and inhabitants, trying always to make it sound believable. The judges will be looking for originality in your encounters and inventiveness in the creation of monsters. You should aim to present a real challenge to the adventurer. It might sound simple, but designing an exciting Fighting Fantasy adventure is no easy task.

Rules

1. All entries must be accompanied by the official entry token. Name, full address and age must also be given.

2. All entries must consist of a complete adventure of 200 references only. The existing Fighting Fantasy games system, as defined in *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain,* must be used.

3. Entries should be neatly presented, preferably typed, on A4 paper, double-spaced, on one side of the paper only and with wide margins. Neat handwritten entries are acceptable.

4. Winning entries will be judged on the basis of inventiveness and originality. If, in the judges' opinion, none of the entries is of a sufficiently high standard, the first prize of publication in *Warlock* and a fee of £100 will not be awarded. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

5. No employee of Penguin Books Ltd may enter this competition.

6. The closing date for this competition is 31 May 1984.

7. Prizewinners will be contacted by post no later than 30 June 1984.A full list of prizewinners will be available from Penguin Books Ltd, 536 King's Road, London SW10 0UH after that date. Overseas entries will be accepted until 31 October 1984.

8. Entries are not returnable, so entrants are strongly advised to keep a copy of their entries.

9. It is a condition of entry that all entrants agree to abide by the rules.

10, Entries should be sent to:
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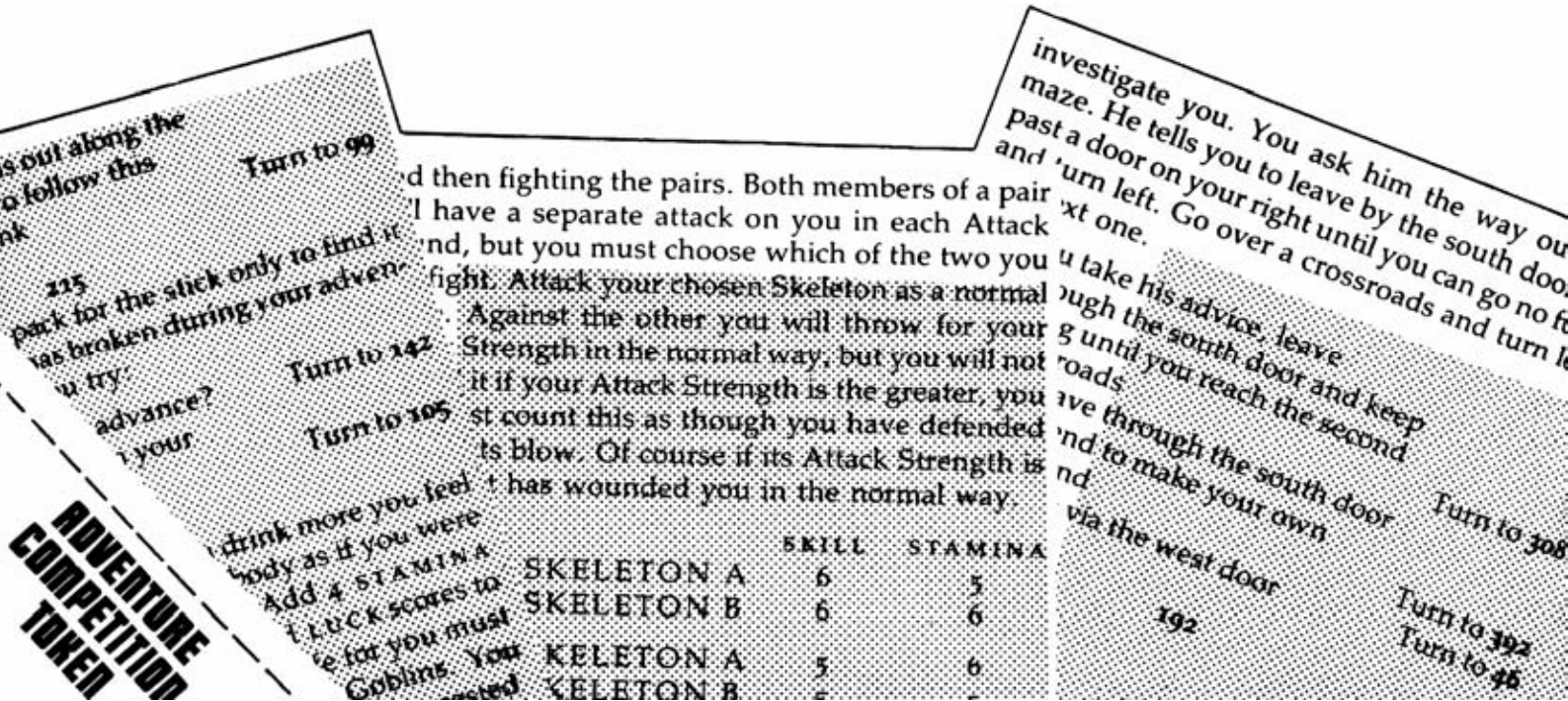

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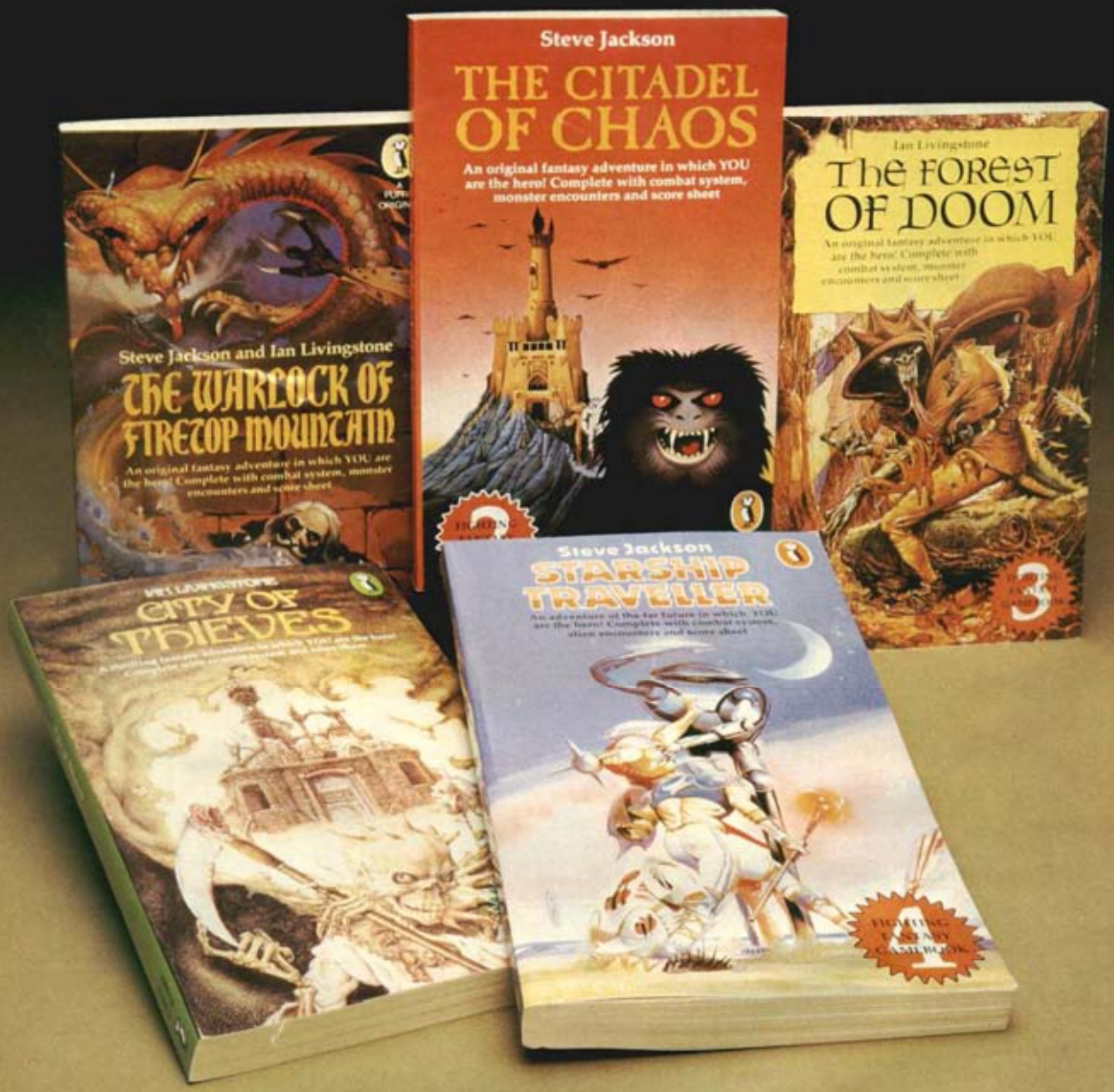

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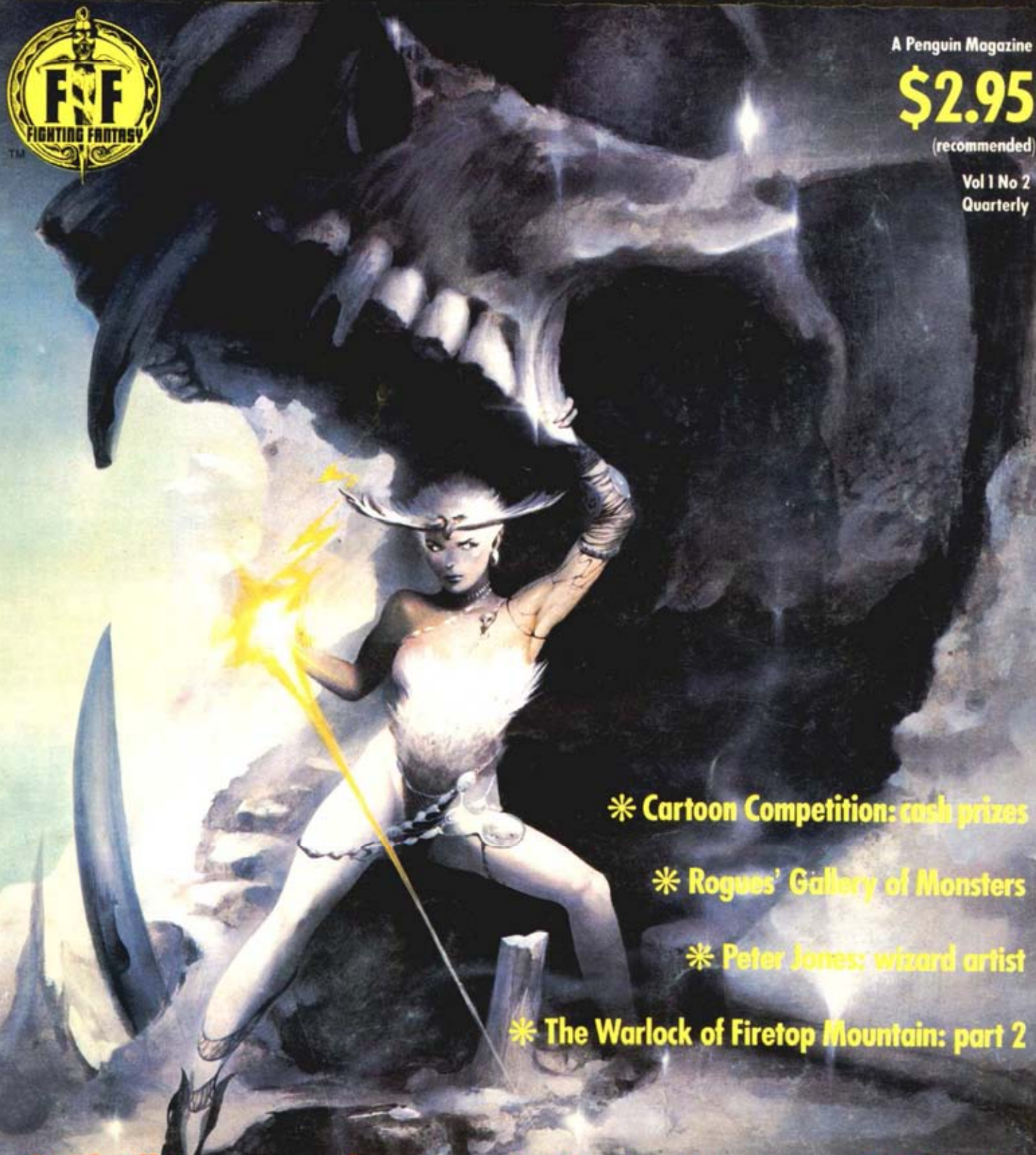

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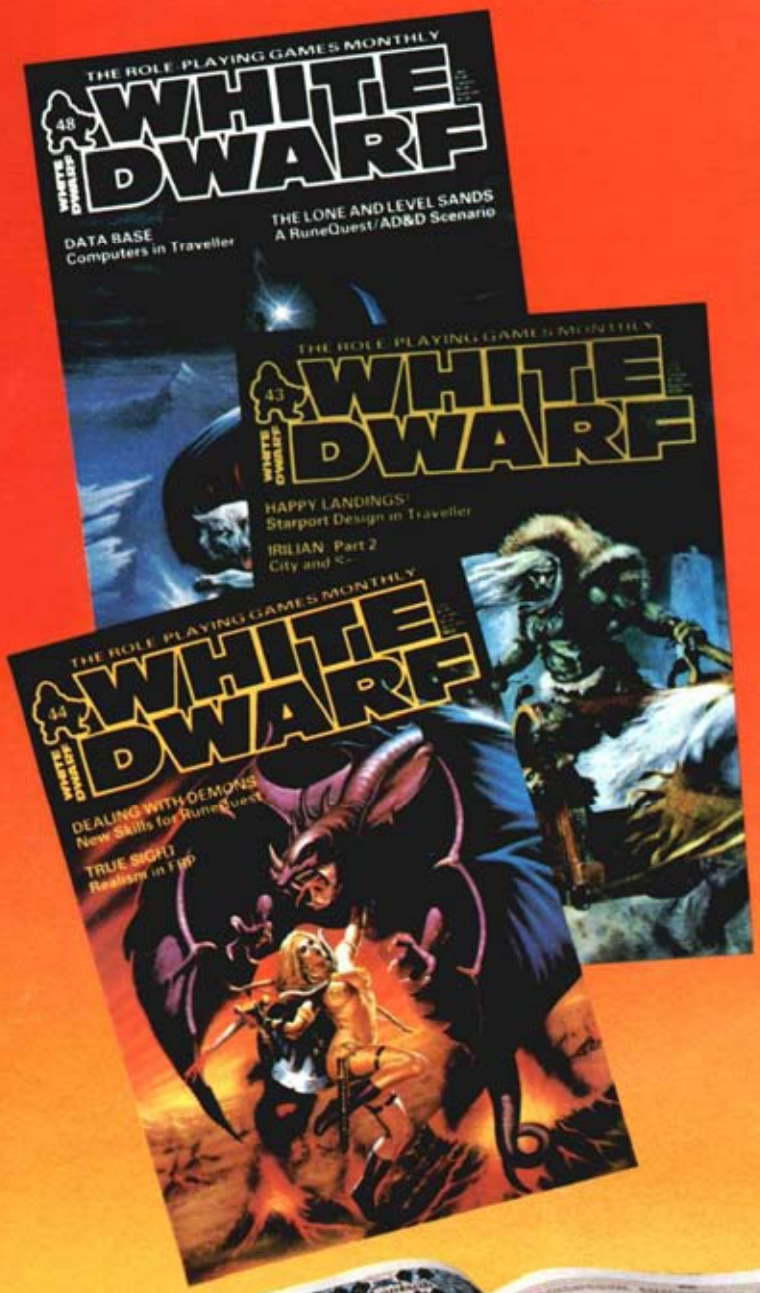

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Dear Adventurer

All of you who have been eagerly awaiting this second issue of *Warlock* will probably read quickly through these opening words. Having waited patiently at the top of the stairs for a month or so after perilous ordeals with the undead, the completion of your *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* adventure will be your first objective. However, for the survivors of Firetop Mountain, or for newcomers to Fighting Fantasy, a new challenge awaits you – *Caverns of the Snow Witch*, written by Ian. Once again, you must set off on a dangerous quest, but this time to Icefinger Mountains in the frozen north.

We would like to thank all those people who have sent us encouraging letters. We are still sorting through the pile, and will be printing some of them in the next issue. One reader told us that his father thought there was something wrong with him, as he read through *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* oblivious to the world, flicking backwards and forwards between the pages. Little did his father know that that is exactly what you have to do in Fighting Fantasy.

We would also like to thank all readers who entered the Fighting Fantasy competition. The standard of adventures was exceptionally high and it will be a difficult decision to choose the winning entry.

In the next issue we will be featuring a Fighting Fantasy adventure written by Steve, together with one of the competition entries. Until then, *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to page 4. If you are Unlucky, give this copy of *Warlock* to a friend.

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'The Warlock of Firetop Mountain: Part 2' is adapted from *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* published in Puffin Books, 1982.

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Vital information about monsters you may meet

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This issue's Out of the Pit' concentrates on random encounters; a selection of a hundred monsters taken from the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks and the first two *Sorcery!* books.

These tables will be useful to solo players, who can use them for designing their own Fighting Fantasy adventures (see the competition in the last issue of Warlock). Solo players should ignore the 'Attacks' column, which is used in multi-player games. In *Fighting Fantasy: The Introductory Role-playing Game*, GamesMasters can use these tables to decide Wandering Monsters or to populate newly constructed rooms which the adventurers may happen across before the GM is ready for them!

Monsters Listings

In the table below, average SKILL and STAMINA values are given for creatures which appear in several books. SKILL and STAMINA scores will vary a little from individual to individual, so when using the creatures, it is best to build in a little variation here. Special abilities (e.g. strength draining, magical attacks or special weapons) are marked with an asterisk. These special abilities can be found in the books; they are not given here as some readers may not yet have read these books! The 'First Appeared' column gives the first book which described a monster:

C = *Citadel of Chaos*
D = *Deathtrap Dungeon*
F = *Forest of Doom*
I = *Island of the Lizard King*
K = *Kharé: Cityport of Traps (Sorcery!)*
S = *Shamutanti Hills (Sorcery!)*
T = *City of Thieves*
W = *Warlock of Firetop Mountain*

	Creature	*Skill*	*Stamina*	*Attacks*	*Special Abilities*	*First Appeared*
1	**Ape-Dog**	7	4	1		C
2	**Ape Man**	7	7	1		F
3	**Bat, Giant**	5	5	1		W
4	**Bat, Vampire**	5	5	1		F
5	**Bear**	7	8	1		F
6	**Bees, Killer**	7	4	6		F
7	**Bloodbeast**	12	10	1	*	D
8	**Boar, Wild**	6	5	1		F
9	**Boulder Beast**	8	11	2		F
10	**Bristle Beast**	5	7	1		K
11	**Calacorm**	9	8	2		C
12	**Catwoman**	8	5	1		F
13	**Centipede, Giant**	10	5	1		T
14	**Clawbeast**	9	14	2		C
15	**Clone Warrior**	6	5	1		F
16	**Crab, Giant**	10	11	2		I
17	**Crocodile**	7	6	1		W
18	**Cyclops**	10	10	1		I
19	**Deathwraith**	9	8	2	*	K
20	**Demon, Fire**	10	10	2		F
21	**Dog-Ape**	6	6	1		C
22	**Dog, Moon**	10	10	1		T
23	**Dragon**	10	12	6		W
24	**Dragonfly, Giant**	8	4	1		I
25	**Dwarf**	7	5	1		W
26	**Eel, Blood**	5	4	1		F
27	**Elf, Black**	7	5	1		C
28	**Fish Man**	7	6	1		F
29	**Flayer**	6	7	1	*	K
30	**Fly, Giant**	7	8	1	*	D
31	**Gargoyle**	9	10	2		C
32	**Gark**	7	11	1		C
33	**Ghoul**	8	7	2	*	W
34	**Giant**	9	9	3		W
35	**Goblin**	5	5	1		W
36	**Golem**	8	10	1		C
37	**Golem, Wood**	8	6	1		S
38	**Grannit**	4	3	1	*	I
39	**Gremlin**	5	4	1		W
40	**Gremlin, Winged**	5	7	1		W
41	**Guardian, Flying**	8	8	1		D
42	**Harpy**	7	6	1		K
43	**Hawk, Death**	4	4	1		F
44	**Hellhound**	7	6	2	*	W
45	**Hill Man, Wild**	6	5	1		F
46	**Hobgoblin**	6	6	1		F
47	**Hydra**	10	17	6	*	C
48	**Imitator**	9	8	1	*	I
49	**Imp, Fire**	9	4	1	*	T
50	**Leaf Beasts**	6	6	1		T
51	**Lion, Black**	11	11	1		I
52	**Living Corpse**	varies	varies	6		K
53	**Lizardine**	8	8	1	*	T
54	**Lizard Man**	9	8	1		I
55	**Man-Orc**	8	5	1		F
56	**Manticore**	12	14	3	*	S
57	**Mantis Man**	6	5	1	*	K
58	**Minotaur**	9	9	1		W
59	**Mummy**	7	12	1	*	T
60	**Ogre**	8	10	2		W
61	**Orc**	6	5	1		W
62	**Pixie**	5	5	1		K
63	**Pit Fiend**	12	15	3		D
64	**Pterodactyl**	7	8	2		F
65	**Pygmy**	5	5	1		F
66	**Rat, Giant**	5	4	1		W
67	**Razorjaw**	6	5	1	*	I
68	**Rhino-Man**	8	9	1		C

		Skill	Stamina	Attacks	Special Abilities	First Appeared
69	**Rock Grub**	7	11	1		D
70	**Sandworm, Giant**	7	7	2		W
71	**Scorpion, Giant**	10	10	3		D
72	**Serpent**	7	8	1		S
73	**Serpent Queen**	9	7	1		T
74	**Sewer Snake**	6	7	1		C
75	**Shapechanger**	10	10	varies	*	F
76	**Skeleton**	6	5	1		W
77	**Skunkbear**	7	5	1	*	S
78	**Slime Eater**	7	11	1		K
79	**Slime Sucker**	10	9	2		I
80	**Snake**	5	2	1		W
81	**Snake, Giant**	6	6	1		T
82	**Spider, Giant**	7	8	1		W
83	**Spider-Man**	7	5	1	*	C
84	**Sprite**	5	6	1		K
85	**Styracosaurus**	11	10	2		I
86	**Tiger, Sabre-Toothed**	11	8	2		I
87	**Toad, Spit**	5	6	1	*	I
88	**Treeman**	8	8	2	*	F
89	**Troll**	8	9	2		W
90	**Vampire**	10	10	3	*	W
91	**Wasp, Giant**	6	6	2	*	I
92	**Wererat**	8	5	1		W
93	**Werewolf**	8	8	1		W
94	**Wheelie**	7	6	1		C
95	**Wight**	9	6	1	*	W
96	**Wolf**	7	7	1		F
97	**Wolfhound**	7	6	1		S
98	**Worm, Sting**	8	7	2	*	F
99	**Wyvern**	10	11	4		F
100	**Zombie**	6	6	1	*	W

The hundred creatures listed above can be selected at random by GamesMasters using special 'percentage dice' available at games and hobby shops. These dice give numbers between one and a hundred. Simply roll the dice and read off the corresponding monster.

Alternatively, the following tables can be used to generate random monster encounters depending on the scenario. Remember that monsters with special abilities will do more than just fight! You will have to look them up in the gamebooks to find out what their special abilities are and how they take effect. Roll two dice to decide which monster has appeared.

	Dungeon		*Castle*		*Wilderness*		*Water*
2	**Hydra**	2	**Manticore**	2	Giant Centipede	2	Wererat
3	**Wight**	3	**Catwoman**	3	Harpy	3	Sandworm
4	**Clawbeast**	4	**Flayer**	4	Wild Boar	4	Giant Crab
5	**Minotaur**	5	**Black Elf**	5	Bear	5	Serpent
6	**Black Elf**	6	**Dwarf**	6	Goblin	6	Sprite
7	**Giant Rat**	7	**Skeleton**	7	Lizard Man	7	Crocodile
8	**Gremlin**	8	**Orc**	8	Giant Spider	8	Pixie
9	**Living Corpse**	9	**Ogre**	9	Skunkbear	9	Fish Man
10	**Mummy**	10	**Calacorm**	10	Cyclops	10	Blood Eel
11	**Ghoul**	11	**Gargoyle**	11	Killer Bees	11	Giant Dragonfly
12	**Dragon**	12	**Vampire**	12	Giant	12	Death Hawk

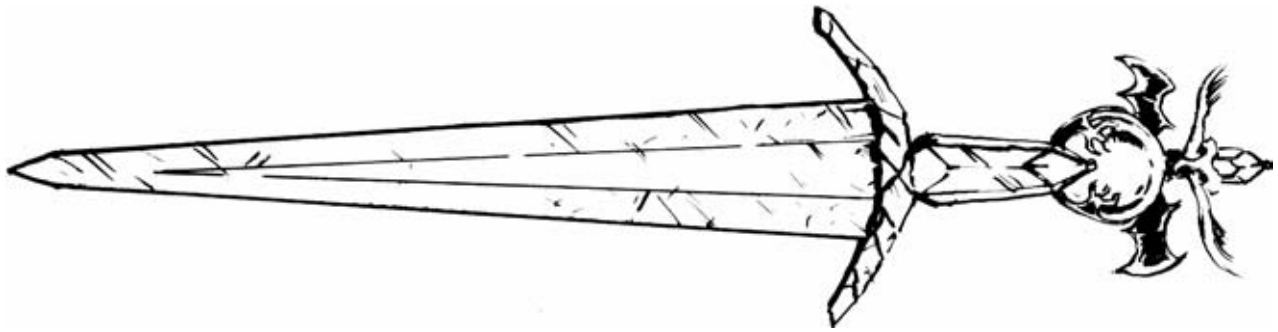

Warlock Profile No. 1: Peter Jones

This page right *Peter Jones* ***below*** *Phssthtok, from the cover of* Protector *by Larry Niven, published by Futura*
Opposite above *illustration from* Starship Traveller ***below*** The Warlock of Firetop Mountain *cover*

Peter Jones's work is well known to *Warlock* readers. That familiar sorcerer conjuring a dark-eyed dragon from his crystal ball which illustrates the original *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* cover is one of Peter's finest pieces. He also illustrated *Starship Traveller*, cover and black-and-white text illustrations. Recently, Peter has completed a cover for *Le Sorcier de la Montagne de Feu*, the French edition of *Warlock of Firetop Mountain*.

But apart from Fantasy Gamebooks, he has been a respected fantasy and science-fiction author for some years, producing illustrations for magazines, books, posters and record covers throughout the world. During his school years

he constantly drew anything he could see. He developed a keen interest in drawing the human figure and machinery, finding different ways of exploring the theme of 'Man and Machine'.

He studied at the St Martin's School of Art in London, where his passions were faster-than-sound aviation, spray-soaked foredecks of ships and high-fashion clothes. While at St Martin's, he was introduced to two important influences: the Japanese sculptor Isamu Noguchi – whose works were part-sculpture, part-architecture-and the Surrealist painter Yves Tanguy, whose strange shapes and colour tones were alien-like. At the same time, Peter started to read the science-fiction novels of Larry Niven and Isaac Asimov.

Together, these influences changed the direction of his work from aeroplanes and boats to starships, alien planets and mysterious creatures. His studio in south London is decorated with examples of his current work, which is mainly on the science-fiction/fantasy theme.

Revolutionary

Peter's style is instantly recognizable. As well as a straight illustrator, he has also been an innovator in design. In 1977 he was asked by a small Dutch publisher to provide several covers for their SF/F books and also to redesign the whole image of the series. His treatment of the design, typography (lettering) and overall 'look' revolutionized the company's sales figures. In fact it was so successful that shortly afterwards Peter was asked by another Dutch company to do exactly the same thing!

The Warlock of Firetop Mountain cover is a good example of Peter's unusual design ideas. Most book covers have the title of the book along the top, so that they can be read easily in the 'step' shelves found in many bookshops. But with this book, Peter left room for the title in the *middle* of the cover – much to the consternation of the publishers!

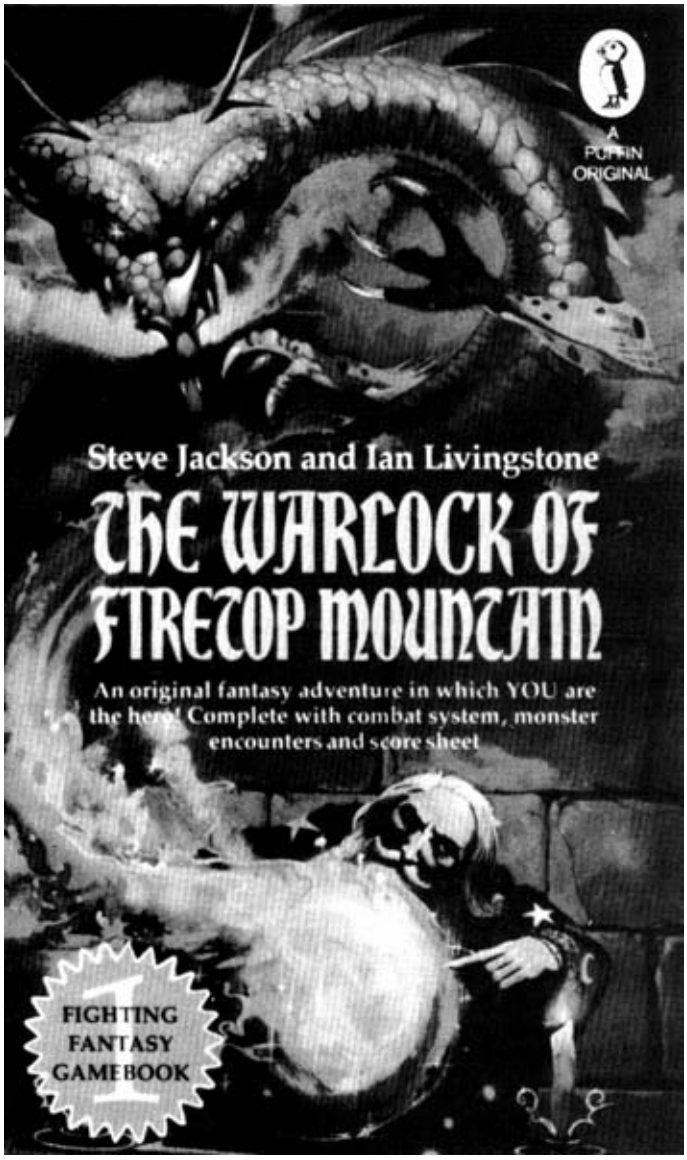

Techniques

For most of his work, Peter uses acrylic, manufactured in the USA, and oil paints obtained from Europe. The dull colours in the background are painted in acrylic and the highlights are built up with touches of oil paint (sometimes thin glazes of Alkyd oil paint, which dries matt). Textures are often brought out by the use of various varnishes which are sealed in with a matt lacquer varnish. Most of his 'alien' pictures, like the cover of *Starship Traveller*, have acrylic landscape and sky with the main characters highlighted in oil.

Most of his images are painted on hardboard. Where a rough texture, such as rock or sand, is required, the texture of the board is sometimes allowed to show through thin washes of colour. Some of the sandscapes are even painted using real sand in the oil paint!

A collection of Peter Jones's work, entitled *The SOLAR WIND Anthology* was published in 1980 by Dragon's World. This is available through mail-order book clubs and has become something of a collectors' item.

Some of his other recent projects have included a flying-carpet sequence for 'The Two Ronnies' Christmas Show on TV, a video for the Ford Motor Company, two series of 'Captain Zap, Space Detective' for the BBC and other commercial work. He paints constantly, either completing projects or practising his own technique.

His ambition? In Peter's own words: 'I would like to design and style costumes, sets and lighting for an anti-gravity ballet.' Now that's not too ambitious, is it? Anybody out there designed an anti-gravity belt?

Not all the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks are based in the traditional world of orcs, dragons and wizards. Steve Jackson's *Starship Traveller* journeys to alien planets and peoples beyond a black hole, while Ian Livingstone's *Freeway Fighter* (to be published in the next few months) will be entering the dangerous life of a post-holocaust future. Here, to give you a taste of things to come, is a story set in a similar scenario from Australian writer, **Garth Nix**.

Sam, Cars and the Cuckoo

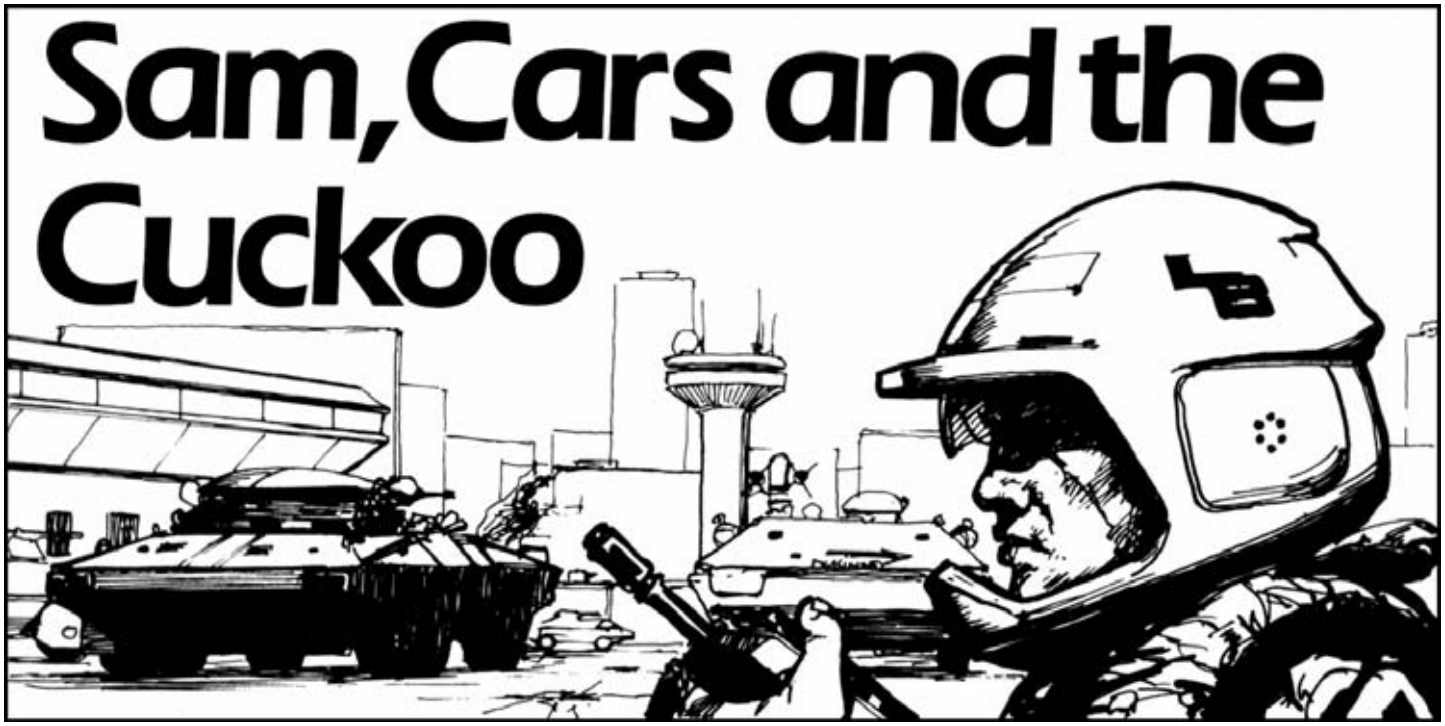

As the clock struck five, I got up from my chair, flicking the switch which lowered the desk into its armoured nightsafe. All around, similar desks were in various stages of descent. I glanced at the clock again – five oh two, giving three minutes to get to the locker room.

I marched quickly across, judging it well as the security door slid shut quietly behind me. Going to my locker, I noticed that Phil, my neighbour and workmate, was already prepared for the outside world. He pirouetted for my inspection, as I got out my helmet, flak jacket, thigh and arm guards and slipped on my steel-shod combat boots.

'Dressed to kill, aren't I?' said Phil, quick-drawing his Browning 9mm from his handy-dandy holster.

'Literally,' I replied. 'Where did you get the holster?'

'Collected fifteen coupons from the Soyawheat breakfast food box.' My mumbled reply of scorn was interrupted by the scream of a siren, and an amber flashing light over the exit door.

'Better hurry, Sam-wel. I believe that is the five minute warning.'

I hurried, reaching into the locker for my webbing gear and ammo pouches. Overhead, the light went red, and the siren rose several decibels to the category of ear-blowing annoyance.

'OK, I get the hint,' I shouted, grabbing an M-18 assault rifle and my favourite S & W .65 rocket pistol as I simultaneously dived through the rapidly closing door on to Phil's armoured feet.

'Hi,' he said brightly, helping me up as I took a mental inventory of my bones. Finding them all there, I rearranged my equipment, holstered my pistol and cocked the M-18. Next to me, Phil had likewise resorted to his main armament, a 10 gauge, pump-action riot gun. He pumped around up, just as the outer doors began their timed opening sequence.

My firm, needless to say, is fairly heavy on security, so we weren't too worried about finding the car-park overrun with gun-toting skinheads, car bandits or any other members of the lunatic majority. Even so, when those outer doors open, you find yourself playing with the velcro fastenings of the old flak jacket and twitching at heavily oiled safety catches.

I heard Phil breath a sigh of relief as the familiar sights of the car-park came into view. No flames and dark shadows – just the steady light of the security arcs.

'Want an escort home?'Phil said, as we ran down the steps towards our cars.

'Only it it's out of your way,' I replied. 'I live at A55 . . .'

'What a coincidence,' Phil broke in. 'I live at A56. We must be neighbours.'

'Well, golly gee whiz!' I exclaimed in my falsetto schoolgirl's tone, as we reached our cars, parked as usual side by side. I've got a nearly new Jaguar-Ford Hunterkiller 7 and Phil has just bought a McKinley Nuclear Destroyer, the new jet-powered death machine that gives me nightmares. I mean, if Phil's got one, then someone else could have one too, just waiting to blow away a poor unsuspecting Sam in his old runabout.

Anyway, enough of that. Before slipping into the ejector seat, I quickly ran a check with my Trendy booby-trap detector. I also had a look, because Trendy don't really have a good reputation. Satisfied that no deviant had strapped a nasty device on somewhere, I keyed in the door-opening sequence and thumbed the fingerprint analyser. A slight moment of panic then ensued as nothing happened, but after a perceptible pause a slight click announced that the door was unlocked. Carefully avoiding the dummy handle, I used a pocket electromagnet to open the door, thus avoiding a 15,000 volt thief welcomer.

Minutes later, I was all strapped in, had checked my personal weapons into their clips and was running through the car's armament. I couldn't afford one of the new lasers, but the 76mm autocannon in the retractable turret was ok. Both grenade launchers checked out green, as did the two side-mounted rocket tubes. One-shot launchers, but a 120mm HEAT round will do most non-government cars. All the secondary stuff was all right, but I hardly ever used it. Machine guns and tear gas are all very well for clearing pedestrians, but you hardly ever see a real pedestrian any more – just dummy tourists and kids for target practise.

Since the armament was complete, I activated my computer and Electronic Counter-Measures package. As per normal, the screen lit up like a Christmas tree with red lights, and a message came across the audio in that sepulchral tone EMI like, 'ECM countered by superior system.' Seconds later, Phil's leering face appeared on the screen. 'My ECM seems to be superior, Sam. Stay under my umbrella?'

'All right,' I replied, as I always do. Also, like always, I left my ECM on – just in case. I knew that Phil knew it was still on, but hell, it always makes me feel more secure, like a blanket or favourite teddy bear.

The ECM done, I went over to the information mode. It took a couple of seconds to come on-line but, as expected, there wasn't much

around anyway. A couple of stationary cars, a food convoy and a lot of hulks and rubble.

Just for fun, I pressed the target selection and acquisition button, and the computer informed me that the rear vehicles of the food convoy were in range of the 76mm. It also told me that I was in range of the food convoy guards, and that they had me targeted. Hastily, I reverted to information mode, retracting the turret as well, just in case they got the wrong idea.

'You ready, Sam?' my speakers said, as Phil subverted my internal sound system with his superior electronics.

'Couple of minutes,' I replied, using the inter-car radio, even though Phil's spy mikes would pick up the conversation anyway. At the same time, I pressed the ignition button under the seat. The gas turbines roared into life and the final row of green lights went on. I tuned down the turbines with my elbow switch, sealed the car and waited until the tell-tale hiss of the air renewal system came through.

It worked, so I punched out the code for the BBC telefax road service report. It was fairly short today, only about thirty pages or so of accidents, minefields, ambush sites and the rest. Only one BBC helicopter had been lost in my area, so it was really pretty quiet.

Typing in my route, I was rewarded with two possible ambushes and a definite AA blockade. So that way was definitely out. Nobody tangles with the AA, not since they wiped out the RAC a couple of years ago. I was a member, but in a blockade they stop everybody, either peacefully or by high explosive. I was trying to figure out another route from the computer's maps, when the screen did a sort of flip, coming back with a course indicated in red, courtesy of Phil's computer.

I knew that McKinley's computer was infallible (after all, I had seen the advert), but I checked out the route anyway, ignoring the revving sounds coming from Phil's direction. There was one ambush site, but not a good one, and a minor gang had claimed about a twelfth of the route. Nothing at all really, at least nothing that would take on two well-equipped vehicles plastered with the insignia of Lloyd-Barclay Global Bank.

Lifting the throat mike to a more comfortable position, I reported to Phil, 'All systems go, *mon Capitaine*,' simultaneously throwing power to the wheels and rocketing for the entrance gate. Phil, a millisecond later, shot out of the car-park and rapidly caught up, competing for first place at the exit.

Gauging the moment exactly, with a little help from the computer, I threw the turbines into reverse, slamming on the four-wheel power-assisted discs at the same time. Had it been a normal car, the rubber would have shredded off the tyres as the car careered uncontrollably into the exit checkpoint. It wasn't a normal car, and whatever they make tyres out of these days doesn't shred. The car slid gently up to the gate, just in front of Phil.

The gatekeeper gave me his 'boys will be boys' look, dimly perceived through inches of armourglass, and the gate opened on to the streets of death. That's what the video reporters call them anyway – generally, people just call it the road or the lane, or whatever.

Anyway, I pulled out on to it, and let Phil go first. His car has much better mine detection equipment and can take bigger blasts. Besides, I'm a coward.

We maintained a speed of about 140 kilometres per hour for about 30 klicks, then the road began to get a little crowded with burnt out hulks, bits of concrete and general rubble. We were also nearing the ambush site identified by the computer, so I extended the turret and went into the target acquisition mode.

Phil had slowed down to about 60, so he was probably on autodrive, watching the radar. I went over to autod rive too, but there was nothing on my radar or the other detector gear. I hadn't buttoned up fully yet, so I was looking out the windscreen when a whole lot of apertures began to open on Phil's car. At the same time, a blip appeared on the radar screen. As it appeared, the view disappeared, steel shutters slamming up, blocking the windscreen.

However, as 1 had a full 360 degree view on my outside observation video screen, I wasn't worried. I didn't need to see on autodrive, so I looked back to the combat display.

The blip got to about a kilometre away, and Phil still hadn't blown it up, so I locked the 76mm on to it and waited for the target evaluation. It got to about 800 metres, when the combat display printed up, '1 combat vehicle, black, gang insignia unknown, mostly light weapons . . .'

It had only got up to gang when I pressed the kill button, and activated the maximum evasion circuit.

At least that's what I thought I did, when a massive explosion shook the car, the flash leaking through the supposedly flash resistant shutters. For a second I thought I'd pressed the self-destroy by mistake, when Phil's voice came through my earphones.

'I used a new rocket,' he said proudly.

'A rocket,' I mumbled stupidly, 'I thought it was an H-bomb.'

'New,' echoed in my ears, 'Only a big rocket.'

'How big?' I asked suspiciously.

'Oh about the equivalent of a tonne of TNT,' came the nonchalant reply.

'Equivalent?' I asked, even more suspiciously.

'Yup, equivalent, Sam. It was a nuke – a clean one. I just bought it from the armourers. They're AA approved, and . . .'

I shut him off, ignoring the dialogue continuing via my sound system in the cabin. A nuke. Hell, if Sarietta hears about this, I'll have to buy one at least, and I only just finished paying off her Saab Commuter Killer!

A nasty thought crept into my mind as we accelerated back up to about 120 kph – a nice slow cruise. So Phil had a clean nuke – who else had one?

'Hey, Phil,' I croaked. 'Can just anyone buy a nuke?'

A chuckle trickled back over the airwaves, closely followed by Phil's voice, now in quadrasound;

'No way, Hose – I mean Sam. You have to have about thirty-six clearances from the AA down – even the Church of England.'

The Church of England! I was impressed. Practically nobody gets clearance from them unless they're related to a Bishop or something. Come to think of it, Phil probably was related to a Bishop. My train of thought (such as it was) continued along this path, and I was trying to remember whether I had made the compulsory three-month visit to Church (and/or donation) when a red light came on in a recessed, forgotten portion of the dash.

I looked at it out of the corner of my eye, hoping it would go away. It didn't so I looked at it with both eyes. Luckily the car was still on autodrive so nothing came of my eye movements.

'Red light in recess Al-CX45 indicates . . . indicates . . .' the dealer's voice droned. I ran that through the possibilities several times before abandoning it as being rather pointless. Taking up another tack, I tapped in an interrogation on the computer. A small whirring noise indicated that EMI had deemed recess Al-CX45 worth a voice answer as well.

Whenever I hear that voice, I find myself arming the ejection seat. This time was no exception.

'Recess Al-CX45 houses Alarm Signal Light A1-RASD. This ASL will only be activated by the effect of a weapon or weapons of unknown type upon the vehicle. The weapon in use is not a projectile, radiant, bacteriological, chemical or light-based attack within the knowledge of your EMI 'Insane Stout' computer system. The attack is upon item 3607 Windscreen Shield Panel Two. EMI would like to remind you that the warranty is void where . . .'

I turned the voice off, and tried not to panic. A beep indicated that Phil was talking to me, normally for a change. In my panic, I hadn't heard, so he'd turned up the volume.

'Hey, Sam, you've got a bird on your windscreen.'

A bird? My God, I thought, what's that? A BIRD – Blast Intensified Radioactive Device? A Bad Infra-Red Destroyer?

'I think it's a cuckoo.'

A Big Irradiated . . . cuckoo? A real bird! I hadn't really panicked, I told myself as I lifted the blast shield. Sure enough, a small lump of feathers was plastered on the bonnet, unable to move due to the slipstream having wedged it into a tear gas duct.

I toyed with the idea of turning the gas on, but the RSPCA might be watching. Besides, I could get into *The Times* with this cuckoo. After all, it was early cuckoo season, and *The Times* always publishes a little story about the guy who gets the first cuckoo plastered across his bonnet, or sucked up a jet intake.

That would enhance my promotion prospects no end, getting first cuckoo in *The Times*. I quickly typed out a message to *The Times*, citing Phil as my witness, and zipping it through to Fleet Street. Sarietta will be pleased, I thought, I might even get back into her good books – I told her yesterday that her name was invented by a hybrid Graeco Arab with a hangover.

The Times moved fairly quickly, and I was talking to a journalist in about eight minutes. Yes, it was the first cuckoo of spring, and would be reported. 'Was the cuckoo alive?' the reporter wanted to know. A reasonable question, I thought, glancing over the dash for any signs of life.

'It looks a bit dead,' I answered hesitantly. After all, when doesn't an amorphous blob of feathers look a bit dead?

'Are you sure?' the reporter continued, 'After all, it could have some bearing on the story.'

'Well, I don't know. When I get home, I'll call you with the details.' 'Actually, we'll be sending someone out to get a short interview fairly soon. Mr . . .' the voice trailed off as the reporter to rned aside to other business, his omni-directional mike not being as omni as hoped, obviously.

I turned off the phone system and shifted back to manual, accelerating up to 180 kph as we reached a relatively clear expressway.

Phil hadn't said a word for while, so I was wondering what he was up to. When Phil is silent, Phil is thinking. When Phil thinks, strange things happen.

Suddenly in front of me, Phil's afterburners cut in (nearly roasting the cuckoo) and he took off fast, like a jet-propelled car, which it was. Sighing, I leant back into my seat and pulled the boost handle.

I only just managed to get both hands back on the wheel when the car shook and burst forward in hot pursuit.

'Hot Pursuit!' I muttered to myself, aping this AA inspector in a corny video series. Looking back to the dash, I noticed that it was hot pursuit – the turbines were overheating. Ahead, Phil was continuing his merry way at 280 kph, so I cut in the emergency cooling circuit and lowered the cabin's extra firewall.

Glancing at the radar, I noticed Phil's reason for haste: two vehicles were parked outside our flats, in our car-park! Quickly looking at the household alarm, I was relieved to see that they hadn't breached the flat's defences. However, I couldn't raise Sarietta on the radiophone, which meant the enemy had pretty sophisticated jamming gear.

This, in turn, meant a rival company or a top gang was trying a hostage grab or retaliation for some lost deal. This, in its turn, meant Sam pressing the Company Police button.

At least, in theory, that is. Have you ever tried unlocking a button whilst travelling at 280 kph down a rotten expressway with a slightly bent key? Well I hadn't, and the lack of experience showed. I finally solved it by going on autodrive, unlocking the button and going back to manual before the computer ran me into something EMI hadn't included in its memory.

I pressed the button with my left knee, knowing that even the Company police jetcopters wouldn't reach the apartment before the enemy had blown up Phil and me, dragged us out, poured gasohol on us and got electric saws . . .

What was I thinking about! That sort of thing hadn't happened since, well, about last month, now that I thought about it. To get my mind off the subject, I blew away a passing dog with a nicely projected grenade.

Just after that, Phil came into the enemies' range, and vice versa. I lowered all my blast shields and prepared for combat. About three seconds later, I came into range.

However, both of the enemy seemed to be concentrating on Phil. I watched the tactical display as six rockets sped towards his car. All were intercepted by the shrapnel clouds of the anti-rocket missiles. Close behind this, some sort of missile had been launched. It got through the anti-missile missiles by launching its own anti-anti missile missiles but got blown away by Phil's super-rapid gatling gun about 80 metres from the car.

I couldn't get a clear shot with my rockets, so I was giving Phil covering fire with the 76mm. I was glad he was in front, as the enemy opened up with rapid-fire guns of 85mm or larger- big enough to punch through my front armour if they got near the windscreen. They were interspersing this attack with rockets and missiles, when Phil scored a direct hit on the larger vehicle with a Romulus laser-guided missile.

The explosion tipped the other car on its side, and the tac display went crazy as it tried to show all the crew running away in every direction, and all the ammunition going off from the burning first car. I opened up with grenades and machine-guns on the crew, but most of them got into cover.

Meanwhile, the car on its side was still firing, presumably on

automatic. I laid down a grenade barrage around it, to prevent anyone getting back in, and Phil moved in for the kill.

I had moved round to the side, and was trying to lob 76mm shells into enemy personnel, but they had got into some really nice cover. Consequently, I was watching my target displays and didn't see what happened to Phil, until I heard him shout disbelievingly, 'I'm hit, she's going!'

I quickly ran the car into cover and got the hydraulic hooks digging into the concrete. Anything that could blow up a McKinley was bad news, so I kept one eye on the target screen as I flicked to an outside camera.

It took a couple of seconds to locate Phil's car, especially with all the smoke and the remaining gunfire. As I watched, I saw the roof slide open and, a split second later, a capsule fired into the air. I panned up after it, and was relieved to see it blow open into a mass of anti-radar chaff, and the ejection glider with Phil hanging underneath. Phil was heading for the roof of the apartment block, so he was out of the blast.

I wasn't so sure I would be. I was pretty certain that Phil had been got by a chance shot from the upturned car, so I was safe there. But those McKinleys have a micropile in them, and Phil's probably had a tonne of unused munitions. True, I was hooked in behind a slab of concrete the size of four elephants, but you never know.

At least I'd never know... but the computer might. Hastily, I typed in the situation and waited for good old EMI to figure it out.

I shouldn't have asked. I began to think it was a stupid question when the familiar sounds of the voice warming up penetrated the cockpit. Then, in the 'death is near/undertaker's voice' the computer pronounced.

'Estimated probability of survival within given parameters approaching zero.'

I wondered whether the computer would have liked to eject as I pulled back the lever and pressed the red button. I was still wondering when the Company rescue team dug me out of the rubble six hours later. The car had been destroyed when the concrete block toppled on it. I had ejected about eight seconds earlier, and the rush of air had carried me, the glider, and a fair heap of junk into the city organic waste dump seven miles away, hotly pursued by the Company's jetcopter and *The Times*, who had come to do the cuckoo story.

It's not too bad in hospital, actually. *The Times* ran four lines on the cuckoo, but it was *The People's Sun Bring the True News of the Globe*, that really covered it, under the headline, 'Cuckoo Driver vs. Insane Bandit Murderers,' with full-colour glossies that Sarietta took from the roof. There's a really good one of my glider being caught by the explosion, and Sarietta wants to make it into a poster and sell it.

At least the interview payments will keep me out of the clutches of the National Euthanasia service, and I can have my two fingers replaced with real ones instead of plastic.

I'll even be back at work on Monday-Phil's bought a new car and said he'd give me a lift. Apparently it's a Mercedes Hyperassassin with solid fuel rocket boosters and a 15 megawatt laser with . . .

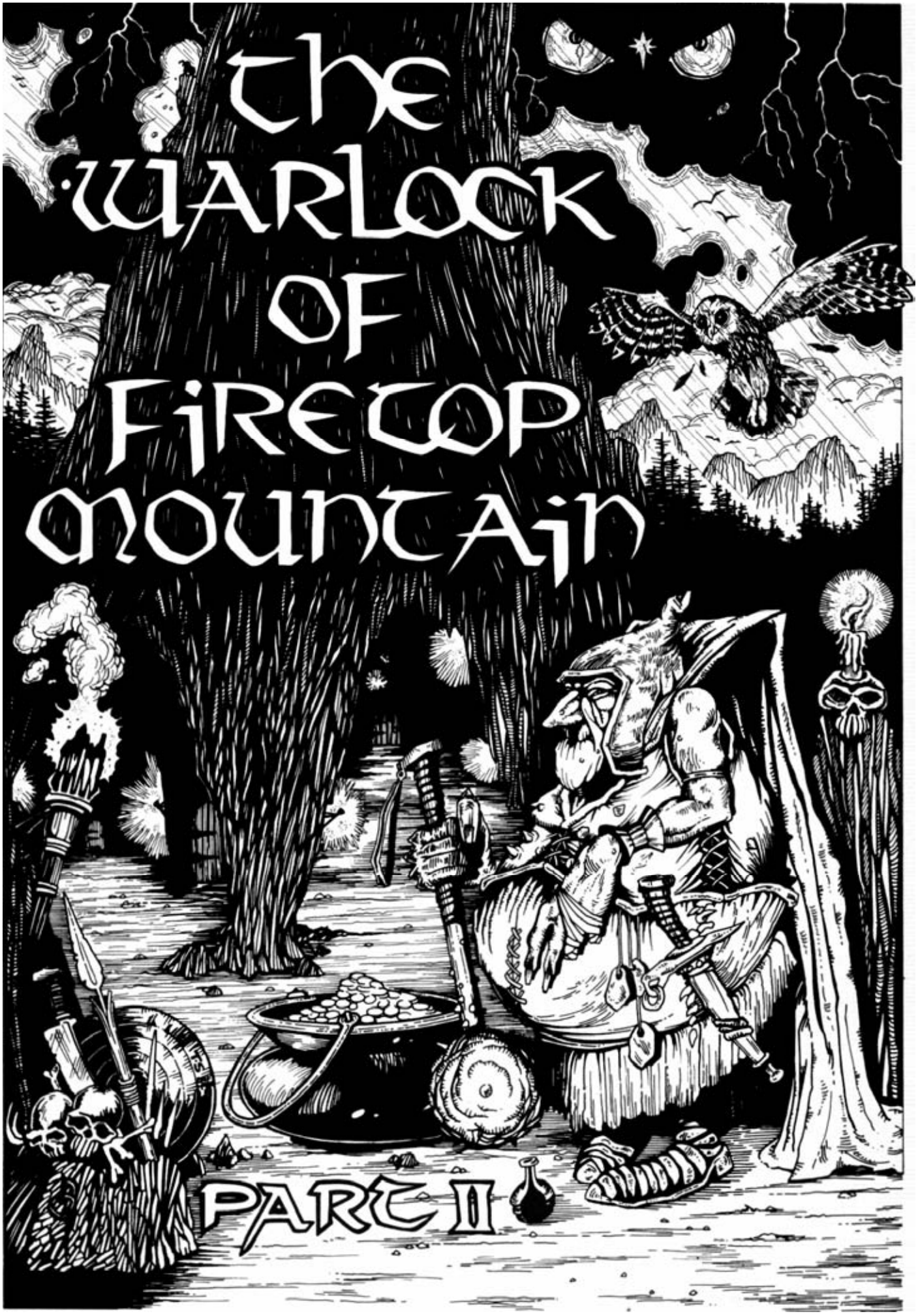
The Warlock of Firetop Mountain
Part II

The conclusion of last issue's Fighting Fantasy adventure.

In *Warlock 1* you were left standing at the top of a narrow staircase about to descend into the Warlock's deepest Dungeon. Will you succeed in your quest to find the Warlock's treasure? Find out now as you embark on the final journey towards the Warlock's inner sanctum . . .

Start your adventure at reference **286**.

274

You leave the cavern along a long, narrow corridor. After several hundred metres, it ends at a large wooden door which is slightly ajar. Carefully you ease it open a little further and poke your head around the side to see what is in the room. You see a small old man sitting at a table on his own, playing with a pack of cards. He looks quite a harmless old soul, grey-haired and bearded. He is seated. What will you do:

Burst through the door, sword drawn, to surprise the old man?	Turn to **324**
Knock on the door and enter, greeting the old man courteously?	Turn to **356**
Get down on all fours and try to creep into the room unnoticed?	Turn to **322**

275

As you move over towards the second body, you accidentally kick the third corpse on the floor. Its eyes flick open and it quickly sits up and slashes at you with its long, sharp fingernails.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, the creature misses. If you are Unlucky, it has caught you across the leg and you suffer 1 STAMINA point's worth of damage. Turn to **384**.

276

Turn to **182**.

277

You find yourself in a north–south corridor. To the north the passage turns east some metres ahead. To investigate, turn to **303**. To the south, the passageway also turns east. Turn to **332** to go south.

278

As you pull the knob, a deafening clanging noise rings through the passageways. You frantically push the knob back to stop the alarm, but it has already had its effect. You can hear footsteps coming closer down the corridor. Turn to **353** to find what you have attracted. Note down the number **278** so that you may return to this section after fighting your battle.

When you have defeated this creature, you may either return to the junction (turn to **399**) or you may push the knob (turn to **364**).

279

You walk along the corridor, only to find that the way westwards is blocked by a heavy portcullis. You walk back to where you were. Turn to **304**.

280

The passageway ahead runs northwards for sometime. You may rest along the passage to eat Provisions. It then bends to the west and begins to get quite narrow. You reach a small rocky arch which you will have to stoop to get through. On the other side of the arch you pause and look around. You are in a large cavern which disappears into distant blackness. The cavern is partially lit by natural light which streams in through a hole in the roof. You cannot see a way through.

As you shine your lantern around the cavern, you hear a rumble. A dull glow flickers in the blackness. Suddenly, a jet of fire shoots from

the depths of the cavern, narrowly missing you and singeing the mossy growths on the wall! You throw yourself onto the ground and look up to see a large DRAGON stalking out of the darkness towards you. Smoke curls from its nostrils. Its scaly red skin glistens with an oily covering. The beast is some fifteen metres long! How will you attack the creature?

Draw your sword and prepare to attack?	Turn to **350**
Search your memory for another means of attack?	Turn to **338**

281

You have entered a large square room. Broken pottery lies scattered all about. One large clay vase is untouched and is full of clear liquid. A large bowl is full of gold coins. As you enter the room the door slams behind you and you swing round to face a strange-looking creature – half man, half bull – who is glaring at you. He is a MINOTAUR, and he stalks towards you!

He lowers his head, horns pointing at your chest, and charges. You must fight him:

MINOTAUR SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

After three Attack Rounds, you manoeuvre yourself round to be able to run through the door. If you wish to *Escape* at this time, turn to **307** and pay the penalty. If you continue fighting and kill him, turn to **298**. If you have already been in this room on this adventure and killed the Minotaur, you find it empty. Leave and turn to **307**.

282

You rummage through your backpack. What is in there? You may attempt to use any of the following items if you have them on your Equipment List:

Potion of Invisibility	Turn to **300**
The Eye of the Cyclops	Turn to **382**
A piece of Cheese	Turn to **368**
Bow with Silver Arrow	Turn to **367**
A Y-shaped Stick	Turn to **375**

283

You are in a narrow north–south corridor. There is a dead end to the north. You may check the dead end (turn to **355**) or give up and return to the crossroads (turn to **359**).

284

'You again?' says the Mazemaster, obviously annoyed at being disturbed. 'You are disturbing my concentration. Be off with you!' You begin to explain that you only returned by mistake, but as you open your mouth, an icy glare from the old man silences you. You decide to leave him to it. To leave by the west door, turn to **303**. To leave by the south door, turn to **392**.

285

There are no signs of any secret passages, but you suddenly hear footsteps coming towards you. To find out what is coming, turn to **353**. You must fight this creature.

If you defeat the monster, turn to **333**. Note this reference so you know where to return to.

286

The narrow staircase is cut into the rock and there are about twenty steps leading down. At the bottom of the steps a passageway leads you into a large open chamber. This chamber stinks of putrefying flesh. The smell is so bad that you are tempted to turn back. Three bodies lie in the chamber. You may either search the bodies, or tiptoe quietly through the room. What will you do:

Search the first body?	Turn to **294**
Search the second body?	Turn to **275**
Search the third body?	Turn to **345**
Tiptoe through the room?	Turn to **326**

287

The skirmish commences. You have your sword, they have their axes. They come at you one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First DWARF	7	4
Second DWARF	6	6
Third DWARF	7	5
Fourth DWARF	7	5

If you win, turn to **376**. If the battle is going badly, you may *Escape* through the door. Turn to **291** – but don't forget your *Escaping* penalty.

288

Turn to **387**.

289

You look frantically round the room but can see nothing to aid you. Suddenly your eyes stop on the pack of cards he was fingering as you entered, and you remember the rumours and stories the villagers told you: 'The Warlock's power comes from his cards.' The sorcerer sees your interest in them and you both rush for the table. You get there first. 'Leave those alone,' he screams, 'or you risk my fullest wrath!' But you move backwards and set fire to one with your lantern. He cries out wildly and then begins to plead with you to leave them alone. One by one you burn the cards and, as you do so, the Warlock diminishes in stature. As the last card goes up in flames, he stands facing you, a broken man. 'My book!' he croaks, and tries to unlock the door on the far side. You race across to him with your sword drawn and spring at him. Resolve this battle.

WARLOCK SKILL 7 STAMINA 12

It you win, turn to **396**.

290

Turn to **198**.

291

You are standing in the middle of an east–west corridor. To the east is a dead end, which you can investigate by turning to **315**. To the west is a familiar junction. To go this way, turn to **305**. Another passageway – quite a short one – leads off to the north and ends in a large wooden door. If you wish to try the door, turn to **381**.

292

You poke around looking for signs of secret doors but can find none. You pause to ponder your situation and a small jet of gas hisses from the ceiling. You cough and choke to clear your lungs, but collapse to your knees. Your head spins and you flop to the floor in an unconscious heap. When you come to, you look around in an unfamiliar place. Turn to **277**.

293

You remember Di Maggio's small, leather-bound book, and silently mouth the spell contained within its pages.

You shout loudly at the Dragon and it stops in its tracks. It cocks its head to one side and eyes you suspiciously. You fling a stone at the dragon but it bounces off its nose. The beast lets out an angry cry and breathes deeply, a roaring sound being created from within its throat. The Dragon exhales, and from between its teeth you can see another fireball building up. You prepare yourself, and as the ball of flame comes from its mouth, you cry:

'Ekil Erif
Ekam Erif
Erif Erif
Di Maggio'

The fireball continues no further. With an agonized scream, the Dragon tries to shake the flames from its snout. But there the burning continues.

Squealing in agony, the Dragon turns its back and leaps into the blackness, flailing its head from side to side. Turn to **371**.

294

You find 5 Gold Pieces in the pockets of the corpse. Enter these on your *Adventure Sheet* and add 1 LUCK point for your find. You may now either:

Search the second body	Turn to **275**
Search the third body	Turn to **345**
Tiptoe through the room northwards	Turn to **326**

295

You find no secret passages. However, your explorations attract some sort of creature, and as you listen you can hear something coming down the corridor towards you.

To find out what sort of wandering monster you have come across, turn to **353**. You must fight the creature and, if you defeat it, you may press on down the passageway by turning to **304**. However, at section **353** you will not be told where to progress to, so write down **304** now so you will know where to go after **353**.

296

A loose stone falls out to reveal a rope in the rock. It you wish to pull it, turn to **311**. If you feel it would be wiser to leave it alone, you can return to the crossroads (turn to **331**).

297

You are in an east–west corridor with a T-junction at both ends. To go westwards, turn to **348**. To go eastwards, turn to **399**.

298

You sort through the broken pots and find little of interest. The liquid looks, smells and tastes like water. The coins in the pot are a fraud. Eight genuine Gold Pieces lie on the surface of the pile (and you may take these) but underneath are merely painted pieces of pot.

As you tip the vase out it slips and breaks. A red-coloured key appears, hidden inside a false bottom in the bowl. You may take this key. It is inscribed with the number *111*.

You may rest here and eat some Provisions. You may add 2 LUCK points for defeating the Minotaur. Finally you leave the room. Turn to **307**.

299

The passageway runs east for several metres and then runs north. You walk a long way northwards. You may check for secret passages along the way (turn to **317**) or simply proceed northwards (turn to **359**).

300

Your opponent is surprised as you disappear in front of him, but he raises his hands as if to cover his eyes and he scans the room with an intense glare. He can sense your presence but cannot make out exactly where you are. You draw your sword and advance. He tilts his head and sniffs the air. You will have to fight him from a distance as, if he gets his hands on you, your invisibility will be no advantage. But whilst you remain invisible, you have the following advantages:

You may add 2 to your dice roll when determining your Attack Strength.
Each successful attack will cause him 3 points of damage as, since he cannot see you, he cannot defend himself properly.
Each time he inflicts a wound on you, throw one die. If the number is odd, he wounds you as normal. If the number is 2 or 4, he only inflicts a 1-point wound. If you roll a 6, you can parry the blow and he does no damage.

Resolve the battle:

WARLOCK SKILL 11 STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to **396**.

301

You are in a north–south passageway. To go north, turn to **354**. To go south, turn to **305**.

302

Turn to **182**.

303

You are standing in a short east–west passageway, with a door blocking the way to the east. To the west, the passage turns southwards after several metres. To go round this bend turn to **277**. To go through the door, turn to **372**.

304

You are in an east–west corridor. If you go east, you will turn a corner northwards. To go this way, turn to **391**. To go west, turn to **279**.

305

You are standing at a T-junction where a passage to the east comes off a north–south corridor.

To go south	Turn to **391**
To check for secret passages on the way southwards	Turn to **362**
To go north	Turn **to354**
To check for secret passages on the way northwards	Turn to **386**
To go east	Turn to **291**

306

You still find no secret passageways. But coming towards you down the corridor you can see a creature-like shape. To find out what is coming towards you, turn to **353** and prepare to fight.

If you kill the creature you encounter, you can go back along the corridor. Turn to **291**. Write down this number so you know where to return to.

307

You are standing outside a door at the north end of a north–south passage. To go south, turn to **308**. To go through the door, turn to **281**.

308

You are standing at a crossroads. To the west the passageway goes on a few metres and turns northwards. To the north the passageway ends at a door. To the east the passage continues and eventually turns southwards. Looking south, the passage goes on as far as you can see.

To go west	Turn to **365**
To go north	Turn to **307**
To go south	Turn to **352**
To go east	Turn to **354**

309

You walk westwards for some time, then north round a peculiar bend which hairpins straight round to the south. Eventually you wind up at a three-way junction. Turn to **348**.

310

The Ghoul dances with glee around your body, lays it next to the others on the ground, turns you over and sinks its teeth into your rump. It is not often it gets fresh meat to feed on.

Your adventure is over.

311

You pull on the rope and a small door swings open revealing a passage into a north–south corridor. Will you return to the crossroads (turn to **331**) or go through the secret door (turn to **361**)?

312

You follow a long, narrow passageway which goes north, then west, then north again and you eventually find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **308**.

313

You follow the cobbled corridor east, then north, then east again and finally north until you wind up at a crossroads. Turn to **331**.

314

The passageway ends in front of you in a dead end. If you wish to search for secret passageways, turn to **342**. If not, return to the crossroads at **331**.

315

The dead end appears to have no secret passageways, but you can check by turning to **306**. If you don't want to double-check for secret passages, turn to **291**.

316

You are at a crossroads.

To go north	Turn to **280**
To go south	Turn to **373**
To go east	Turn to **318**
To go west	Turn to **309**

317

You find no secret passages. If you are on your way north, turn to **359**. If you are going south, turn to **329**.

318

The passageway ends in a dead end. You may either return to the crossroads (turn to **316**) or search for secret passageways (turn to **383**).

319

If you are lucky, your cheating will not be discovered. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you get away with it. Roll two dice to see how many Gold Pieces you win. Mark these on your Adventure Sheet and turn to **339**.

If you are Unlucky, the four notice you are dealing from the bottom of the deck. They pick up axes from behind their chairs and turn on you. Turn to **287**.

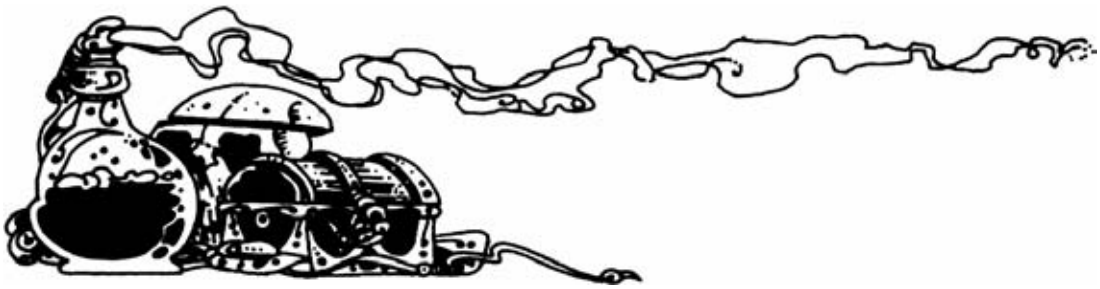

320

You walk along a passageway that runs due south, then turns west. After several metres, it ends at a three-way junction. You can check for secret passages along the way (turn to **317**) or go straight to the junction (turn to **329**).

321

Turn to **182**.

322

As you crawl into the room, a voice booms out. 'Welcome, adventurer. I have been expecting you.' You stop, look around and rise to your feet. The little old man has changed. He is not so old and grey any more, and he's of an imposing height. His eyes are deep and black and they are fixed on you relentlessly. Turn to **358**.

323

Hesitantly, they agree to let you join in. As you play and chat, they loosen up and eventually you are all laughing and exchanging stories.

They seem quite harmless. You may play cards either fairly or you may try to cheat. If you wish to play fairly, turn to **346**. If you wish to cheat, turn to **319**.

324

As you burst through the door, the old man turns to look at you, not in the least perturbed by your intrusion. Suddenly he vanishes! He reappears against the wall and, as you spin round to see him, he laughs. Not the feeble cackle of an old man, but the booming laugh of a much younger man. Again he disappears, and reappears in another corner of the room, glaring at you and taunting you with his evil laugh. You swirl round just in time to see him disappear again. This time he reappears in the air above you and slowly floats down to you. His glaring eyes make you shiver as they approach. Turn to **358**.

325

You feel a stone move and behind it you find a lever. Will you pull the lever, or leave it and return to the crossroads? If you dare pull the lever, turn to **397**. If you go back to the crossroads, turn to **359**.

326

You tiptoe through the room, up a narrow staircase, ending up at the top of the stairs in a passage. 'That was easy,' you think, and you begin to have second thoughts about whether it would have been worthwhile to search the bodies. If you want to return and search the bodies, starting with the third, turn to **345**. If you want to press on, turn to **370**.

327

The liquid is smooth and watery and, as you drink it, you begin to glow. You feel euphoric and a little drunk at the same time. Your confidence grows and your weariness disappears.

The bottle contains HOLY WATER, blessed by the Overpriest of Kaynlesh-Ma. It has restored your STAMINA almost to full strength. Increase your STAMINA to 2 points below your Initial STAMINA (if your STAMINA was already higher than this, leave it as it is – you are strong enough!). Add points to your current SKILL to take the total to 1 point under your *Initial* SKILL. You may add 4 LUCK points for making such a lucky find.

If you have already looked at the parchment, you may leave the room northwards (turn to **334**). If you have not, you may look at it (turn to **374**) or you may forget about it and go northwards anyway.

328

You see nothing in the room likely to help you in your battle. Will you:

Draw your sword, grit your teeth and advance?	Turn to **344**
Search your backpack for a weapon to use?	Turn to **282**

329

You set off and find yourself in the middle of a north–south passageway. There is a door in the western wall of the passage. Opposite the door is a passage going off eastwards. To the north you can see a door some metres ahead. To the south you can see a junction. Which will you choose:

The door in the west wall?	Turn to **351**
The door to the north?	Turn to **392**
Eastwards?	Turn to **299**
Southwards?	Turn to **388**

330

The passage goes south, then east and you eventually find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **359**.

331

You now stand at a crossroads.

To go north	Turn to **312**
To go south	Turn to **395**
To go west	Turn to **314**
To go east	Turn to **349**

332

You find yourself at a door blocking the east end of an east–west passage. To go through the door, turn to **329**. Looking westwards, the passage turns to the north. To go this way, turn to **277**.

333

You are in an east–west passageway. To go east, turn to **354**. To go west, turn to **308**.

334

You leave the chamber, walk down a short passage and reach a staircase going up. You climb the stairs and arrive at the top in a passageway. Turn to **370**.

335

Turn to **198**.

336

The corridor goes east for several metres, then south, then east again, where it finally ends. Will you investigate the dead end (turn to **325**) or return to the crossroads (turn to **359**)?

337

You find no secret passages, but as you press the walls, you hear a click. You feel dizzy and slump to the ground. When you come to, the surroundings look strange. Turn to **331**.

338

Does the name 'Farrigo Di Maggio' mean anything to you? If not, you must fight the Dragon. Turn to **350**. If it does, turn to **293**.

339

You chat about various things and they seem eager to be friendly. They feel lonely in the dungeon with so much evil about and are happy to speak to visitors of a lawful disposition. They tell you that you are in The Maze of Zagor. The only way out is to go deeper into the dungeon. They tell you that the way through the maze is to leave the room, turn right, right, left, keep going straight . . . and then they begin to get a bit vague. They're not entirely sure it is correct.

You may, if you wish, eat a meal from your Provisions, but you will have to share it with them and thus will only gain half the normal STAMINA points. Eventually you thank them and leave the room. Go to **291**.

340

You are in a north–south corridor which ends in a dead end. You look around the rock face for signs of anything interesting, when suddenly a rock breaks loose above you and lands on your head. Although the blow was not particularly hard, you find you are feeling t dizzy. You fight to remain conscious, but are unable to do so. You slump to the ground. When you open your eyes, you are at a junction. Turn to **305**.

341

The old man glares at you as you enter the room. You may either apologize, explain that you lost your way and leave through either the door in the west (turn to **303**) or south (turn to **392**) walls, or alternatively you may try to talk to the old man. If you want to talk to him, you can either be pleasant (turn to **377**) or you can *demand* that he answer your questions (turn to **366**).

342

You find no secret passages, but as you press the wall, you hear a click. You feel dizzy and slump to the ground. When you come to, you do not recognize your surroundings. Turn to **354**.

343

During your adventure, you will have come across various keys and should have collected some of these. You may now use three of these keys to try to open the locks on the chest.

Each key is identified with a number. To determine whether you have the right keys, add their three numbers together. Now turn to the reference which has the same number as this total, where you will discover whether you have used the correct keys.

If you do not have three numbered keys, this is the end of your journey. You sit on the chest and weep as you realize that you will have to explore the mountain once more in order to find the keys.

Note: References 1–273 are in Part One of this adventure (see *Warlock* 1).

344

His booming voice calls out, 'Poor fool. Do you think you could match my power with your puny weapon?' You continue with determination. 'If it is a simple brawl you want, stranger, then I shall give you your last!' and with these words, he vanishes and reappears behind you. You swing round to face him and the fight starts. But this is a battle to the death. There is no escaping here.

WARLOCK	SKILL 11	STAMINA 18

If you win, turn to **396**.

345

As you search the body, you try to avoid looking at the terrible face, grey and decomposing. Maggots crawl from its nose and mouth. You jump back startled when its eyes suddenly flick open! Just in time you avoid a vicious slash from its long sharp fingernails. It quickly springs to its feet and eyes you with a sadistic leer spreading across its mouth. Turn to **384**.

346

The luck of the cards may or may not be with you. You have two choices.

You may leave all luck to the cards. Throw two dice. If the number is even, then you lose this number of Gold Pieces or all your Gold if you don't have enough. If the number is odd, then you win this number of Gold Pieces.

Alternatively, you may use your LUCK to help you win. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, throw two dice to see how many Gold Pieces you win. If you are Unlucky, throw two dice to see how many Gold Pieces you lose.

Make the appropriate alterations on your Adventure Sheet. If you won, you may add 2 LUCK points for your good fortune. When this is done, turn to **339**.

347

Turn to **182**.

348

You are at a three-way junction.

To go north	Turn to **378**
To go east	Turn to **297**
To go south	Turn to **340**

349

You walk a few metres down the passage and find yourself at a dead end. You may either return to the crossroads (turn to **331**) or investigate the end of the passage (turn to **296**).

350

Resolve your battle:

DRAGON	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **371**.

351

The door opens into an east–west passage, which turns north after several metres. To follow this direction, turn to **277**. If you decide against going through the door, turn to **329**.

352

You follow a long, narrow passageway which goes south, then east, then south again until you eventually find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **331**.

353

Make sure you have noted the reference as instructed. You will turn to that reference after dealing with the creature you are about to encounter.

Your tappings and scrapings at the rock face as you search for secret doors and passageways resound through the dungeon corridors. Various creatures roam freely through the underworld and your noises have just attracted the attentions of one of the following monsters.

Roll one die. Consult the table below to find out what has come to investigate. Fight the creature as normal. Wandering monsters never carry any treasure. If you defeat this monster, return to the reference you have noted.

Die roll	Creature	SKILL	STAMINA
1	GOBLIN	5	3
2	ORC	6	3
3	GREMLIN	6	4
4	GIANT RAT	5	4
5	SKELETON	6	5
6	TROLL	8	4

354

You are standing at a bend in the passage where you may go either west or south.

To go west	Turn to **308**
To go south	Turn to **305**
If you want to check for secret passages on the way westwards	Turn to **285**
If you want to check for secret passages as you go south	Turn to **386**

355

You find a secret door which opens into the bend where two passageways meet. To the north a short passage runs into a dead end, and to the east, the passageway reaches a crossroads. If you will step through this secret door into the passageway, turn to **365**. If you decide against going through the secret door, close it and return down the passage to the crossroads – turn to **359**.

356

The old man looks at you, accepts your greetings and bids you sit down. You sit at the table and notice that he is glaring at you. His piercing stare is becoming hypnotic, but you realize this and break eye contact. He opens his mouth to speak and to your amazement, instead of an old man's voice the whole room resonates to a powerful voice which seems to be coming from the walls themselves. You throw a glance back at the man and can see him changing before your very eyes. He is of imposing height. His tattered old rags have become robes of velvet and gold. His black eyes are fixed directly on yours. He has been expecting you . . .

Turn to **358**.

357

You are standing at the north end of a short north–south passage. You are at a dead end. To investigate the wall, turn to **337**. To go southwards, turn to **365**.

358

The battle will call upon all your reserves of strength and cunning. Your adversary has disappeared, and now stands at the far end of the room in front of a door with two locks. How will you approach him:

Grip your sword firmly and advance towards him?	Turn to **344**
Look through your backpack for a weapon to use?	Turn to **282**
Look around the room for another means of attack or defence?	Turn to **389**

359

You are at a crossroads.

To go north	Turn to **283**
To go south	Turn to **320**
To go east	Turn to **336**
To go west	Turn to **385**

360

You are standing in a narrow corridor. Behind you is a secret door to the east. Ahead of you is a crossroads. To go through the door, turn to **361**. To walk to the crossroads, turn to **331**.

361

You are standing in a north–south passage. To the north you can see a passage off to the east. To investigate, turn to **305**. To the south, the passage turns westwards. You may go to the southern end of the passage by turning to **391**. In the west wall in front of you is a secret door. To go through this, turn to **360**.

362

As you try the walls up the passageway, a secret door opens up along the west wall. Turn to **361**.

363

The passageway goes west and then south. Finally you come to a stop at a dead end. You may return to the three-way junction and go east (turn to **313**) or north (turn to **329**), or you may investigate the dead end (turn to **292**).

364

As you push the knob, a small stone doorway slides open. You can either ignore it and return to the junction (turn to **399**) or you can climb through (turn to **373**). You must make your decision quickly, as the door shuts of its own accord in a minute's time.

365

You are standing in the corner of a bend in the passage. To the north the passage ends in a dead end. To investigate this, turn to **357**. To go eastwards, turn to **308**.

366

He shrieks and hides behind his desk. He is terrified of your aggressive manner. His squeaky little voice explains that he is the Mazemaster in charge of The Maze of Zagor. You talk to him and reassure him that you mean no harm and he eventually comes out from behind the desk. He sits down and as his confidence returns, a strange thing happens. His manner becomes firm and self-assured. He refers to a book, points his finger and the book slips from the shelf and floats on to the desk in front of him. You deduce that he is a Wizard of some power, perhaps even the dungeon Master himself, come to investigate you. You ask him the way out of the maze. He tells you to leave by the south door, walk past a door on your right until you can go no further and turn left. Go over a crossroads and turn left at the next one.

If you take his advice, leave through the south door and keep going until you reach the second crossroads	Turn to **308**
If you leave through the south door but intend to make your own way round	Turn to **392**
If you leave via the west door	Turn to **303**

367

You load the bow and fire, but despair as the arrow flies through the air directly at him, stops centimetres from his chest and falls to the floor. He looks up and smiles at you with an evil, gloating smile.
What can you do:

Draw your sword and advance?	Turn to **344**
Try something else from your backpack?	Turn to **282**

368

The Warlock's laugh resonates in his chamber. 'We will see which of us is the mouse!' he cries, and he holds his hand in the air. As he snaps his fingers, a blue flame streams from his hand at you. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You will have to try something else:

Draw your sword and advance	Turn to **344**
Try something else from your backpack	Turn to **282**

369

You swallow some of the liquid (turn to **327**).

370

At the top of the stairs the passage turns sharply to the east. As you pause to get your bearings, you hear a creaking in the rock behind you. You spin round in time to see a heavy portcullis drop to seal off the passageway behind you. Your only way now is forward! You may either press on forward (turn to **304**) or may check the walls for secret passages (turn to **295**).

371

Safe for the moment, you investigate the cavern and find a passageway which continues to the west. Turn to **274**. You may rest and eat Provisions before you continue, and add 3 LUCK points for defeating the Dragon.

372

You enter a large square room. In the centre of the room is a grey-haired old man sitting at a desk. His desk is covered in papers and parchments of various sorts and he holds a long quill pen. He is surrounded by books. Thousands of them line the shelves around the walls, from floor to ceiling. As you enter he looks up at you. Will he recognize you? If you have been in this room before, turn to **284**: if not, turn to **341**.

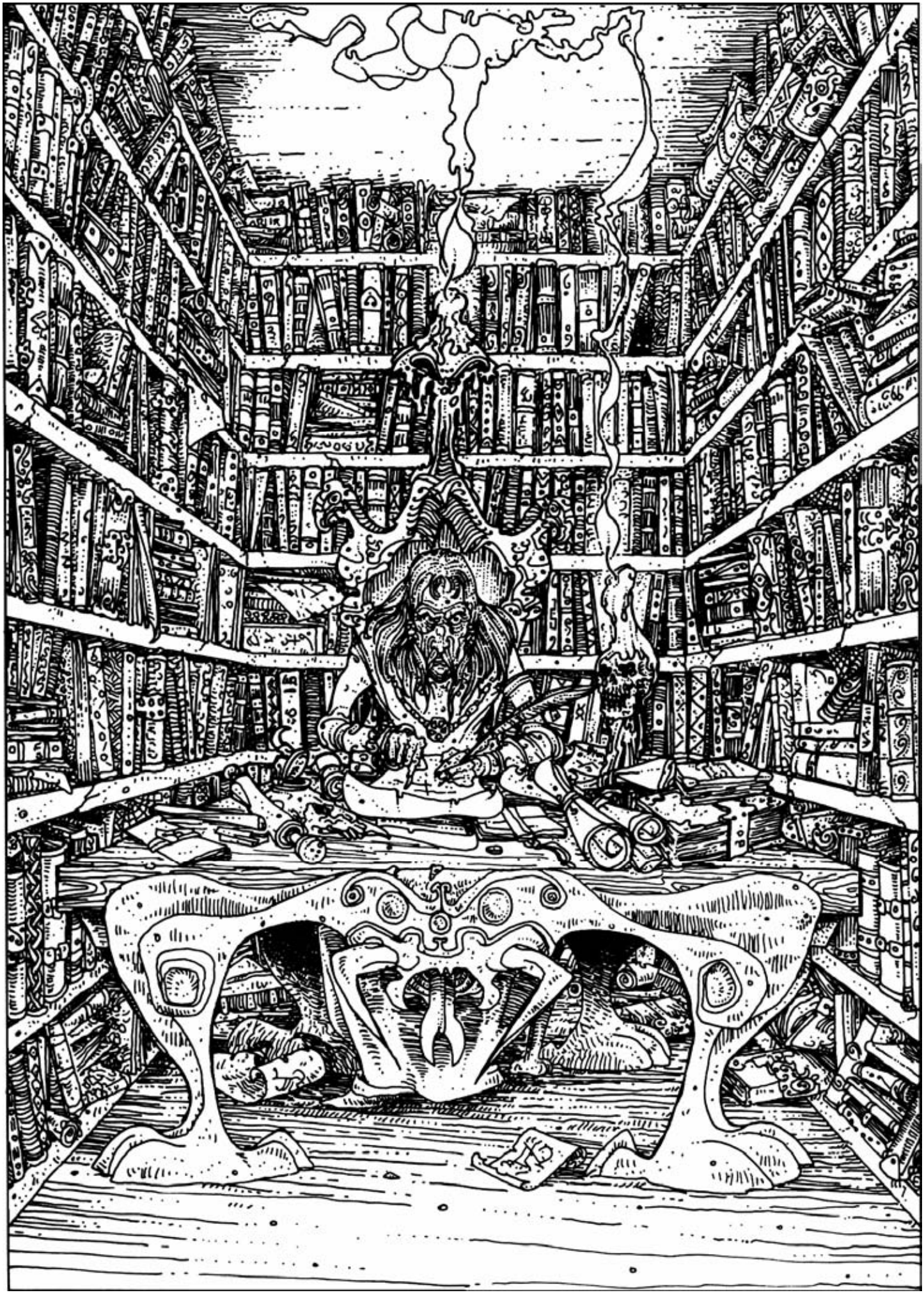

373

You are at the south end of a north–south passageway – at a dead end. If you go northwards you will reach a crossroads. Turn to **316**.

374

The parchment is well worn and almost illegible. It is a map of some sort, headed '*The Maze of Zagor*'. You can make little sense of it, although a room to the north is marked '. . . GER' and another to the east is marked 'SM . . . P . . . LE'.

You fold up the map and put it in your pocket. If you have not yet tested the liquid and wish to do so, turn to **369**. Otherwise, you can make your way northwards (turn to **334**).

375

You reach into your backpack for the stick only to find it split in two pieces! It has broken during your adventure. What else can you try:

Draw your sword and advance?	Turn to **344**
Try something else from your backpack?	Turn to **282**

376

You may collect all the copper pieces on the table. They are worth a total of 4 Gold Pieces. Then you can leave through the door. Turn to **291**. You may pause to eat Provisions, and you may add 3 LUCK points.

377

He is enraged by your pleasantries. He waves his hand in the air, mumbles a few strange syllables and then points at you. You feel your head spinning and pass out. You awake in a dead-end passage. Turn to **357**.

378

You walk up a long corridor, round a sharp hairpin bend at the top and finally along an east–west corridor, eastwards to a crossroads. Turn to **316**.

379

As you prepare to strike the box, the rumbling sound gets louder. You lift your sword high and prepare to strike. As your blade comes down on the box, a loud crack deafens you and, from one corner of the room, a small bolt of lightning darts through the air to the sword hilt, sending you reeling across the room.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, your sword has shattered and lies on the floor, but you managed to release your grip just before the lightning struck. If you are Unlucky, your charred remains have formed a small black outline on the floor. Next time, do not try to strike the chest! If you were Lucky, you may try to use keys from your backpack. Turn to **343**.

380

You walk a short distance south and find yourself at a crossroads. Turn to **331**.

381

The door opens and you find yourself in a small, smoke-filled room. Sitting in the room around a wooden table are four tiny men, each about one metre tall, but all are apparently fully mature, with weathered skin and long, bushy beards. They are cursing, laughing and joking as they play a card game. Each one is leaning back on his tiny chair, puffing a long clay pipe. On the table are a number of copper coins and four mugs of ale.

As you walk in, their merriment slops. They are on their guard but don't appear to be too dangerous. One stands up and makes some comment about your lack of manners, not knocking before you came in. The others nod their agreement. Do you:

Chat to them and try to befriend them?	Turn to **339**
Apologize, bow and leave the room?	Turn to **291**
Offer to join in their card game?	Turn to **323**
Draw your sword and go for the leader?	Turn to **287**

If you have already been in this room, you find it empty. Turn to **291**.

382

You hold the Eye up in front of him and the jewel gives off a dull glow. You point it towards him and he shrieks! He backs away into a corner and a beam of light shoots from the jewel. As it falls on him he sinks to the floor and a remarkable transformation takes place. He starts to shrivel and grow visibly old in front of you. His skin wrinkles and cracks and he slowly becomes an amorphous heap in the corner. After some moments, the jewel stops glowing and you approach the lifeless bundle of cloth; his robes are all that remain. Turn to **396**.

383

You find no secret passageways. You are careful not to make too much noise in case you attract any wandering creatures. You stop and listen but cannot hear anything. You return to the crossroads. Turn to **316**.

384

The creature now standing before you is a semi-decayed man. His quick eyes dart from side to side watching you. His long tongue flashes out with a hissing noise. His teeth and nails are sharp and he doesn't seem to be afraid of your weapon. He is a GHOUL!

GHOUL	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

He has the ability to paralyse you if he scores four separate wounds on you during this battle, so beware! If you defeat him, turn to **390**. If he kills or paralyses you, turn to **310**.

385

You travel westwards for several paces, then the passage turns to the north. Some way up, you reach a junction. You may go south again (turn to **330**) or west (turn to **297**). To the north, the passage ends shortly at a dead end. If you wish to go up here, turn to **398**.

386

You find no secret passages. However, your rummagings attract the attentions of something sinister . . . Turn to **353** to discover what has appeared in the passageway in front of you. Fight this monster.

If you defeat the creature, you can continue up the passageway by turning to **301**. Write down **301** so you will know where to go.

387

One by one all the keys click and turn in the locks. You have placed them all correctly! As the last key turns, the lid of the chest comes free and you open it. Turn to **400** to see what lies within.

388

You are at a three-way junction.

To go east	Turn to **313**
To go west	Turn to **363**
To go north	Turn to **329**

389

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **289**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **328**.

390

The Ghoul twitches and dies at your feet. You search its body and find little of interest. A couple of earrings, worth 1 Gold Piece between them, are in one of its pockets. You may take these. If you haven't already searched the first body, you do so and find 5 Gold Pieces, which you may also take. You may also stop here, rest and eat Provisions.

You can add 2 LUCK points for killing the Ghoul. Now you may either press on northwards (turn to **334**) or search the second body (turn to **393**).

391

You are at the south end of a north–south corridor. Looking northwards, you can see a passage coming off from the east wall. Do you want:

To go up to this northward passage?	Turn to **305**
To check for secret passages as you walk northwards?	Turn to **362**
To go south, following a bend to the west?	Turn to **304**

392

You are in a north–south corridor. You may go either northwards through a large wooden door (turn to **372**) or south (turn to **329**).

393

You search the pockets of the other body and find 8 Gold Pieces, a bottle of liquid and an old piece of parchment. You may take these items. To read the parchment, turn to **374**. To test the liquid, turn to **369**.

394

The door opens to reveal a small, dimly lit room. The walls are hung with ornate curtains, laced in silver and gold. A single flame burns in one corner, throwing light on a low table in the middle of the floor. On this table is a large chest. You step up to investigate the chest and from all around, yet from nowhere, a mysterious sound fills the room. It sounds like the rumbling of thunderclouds preparing to make storm.

You approach the chest and can see that it is held shut by three locks. As you approach, the noise gets louder. Will you:

Hack at the box with your sword to try to split it open?	Turn to **379**
Search through your backpack to see if you can find keys to fit?	Turn to **343**

395

You set off south along a cobbled passageway. It swings west, then south, then west again until you find yourself at a three-way junction.

To go north	Turn to **329**
To go west	Turn to **363**
To go back east	Turn to **313**

396

With the Warlock now defeated, you know your quest is almost over. You approach the door with two locks. There are no keys around. You retrieve two keys from your backpack and try them in the locks. They turn! You open the door and peer round. Turn to **394**. If you have no keys, you may try to break down the door, and this you will do at the cost of almost all your STAMINA. Reduce your STAMINA by 5 and enter the room. Turn to **394**.

397

You pull the lever and, with a great groaning noise, the rock face in front of you and the ground you are standing on start to move. As if you were on a giant rotating table, you spin round until you stand on the *other* side of a rock face in a north–south passage. Will you go north (turn to **312**) or south (turn to **380**)?

398

You feel around the rock face at the end of the passage. One rock comes free and reveals a small knob with a handle on the end. Will you push it (turn to **364**) or pull it (turn to **278**)?

399

You are at a junction where you may go north (turn to **398**), although this passage ends shortly in a dead end. You may go west (turn to **297**) or you may go south (turn to **330**).

400

Your quest is over!

The Warlock of Firetop Mountain is no more and you are now the owner of the Sorcerer's

riches. At least a thousand Gold Pieces, jewellery, diamonds, rubies and pearls are in the chest. Hidden under these you will find the Warlock's spell book and as you leaf through the pages, you realize that this tome is probably more valuable than all the treasure. Instructions are given for the control of all the secrets – and the creatures – of Firetop Mountain. With this book, unlimited power is yours and the safety of your return to the village is ensured. Or, if you would prefer, you could remain as master of the domain of Firetop Mountain . . .

How to fight creatures of the Ice Caverns

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a backpack containing Provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On pages 24–5 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure* Sheet in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA, and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA, and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see opposite).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see opposite).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see opposite).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA Score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see opposite). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck.* Each time you *Test your Luck, you* must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck as* described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck.*

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will changes lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for five meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a Battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly Lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its Initial value unless specifically instructed on a page.

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

There is one true way through the ice caverns and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all areas contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. There are many 'wild goose chase' passages and while you may indeed progress through to your ultimate destination, it is by no means certain that you will find what you are searching for.

You will realize that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read. Reading other entries will only cause confusion and spoil the fun!

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

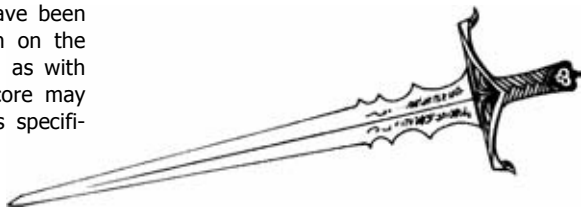

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill =	*Initial Stamina =*	*Initial Luck =*

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED	GOLD
	JEWELS
	POTIONS
	PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*
Skill = *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*	*Skill =* *Stamina =*

BACKGROUND

Winters in northern Allansia are always cruel and bitter. The snow falls thick and the icy wind blows hard, chilling everybody to the bone. For the past few weeks you have been hired by a merchant called Big Jim Sun to protect his trading caravans as they roll their way slowly north to the frozen outposts. The horse-drawn carts are laden with cloth, utensils, weapons, salted meats, spices and tea, which are traded for furs and ivory carvings made from mammoths' tusks. Big Jim is not usually worried about travelling north, as bandits only attack his caravans on the return journey – he is not alone in recognizing the value of the northern goods.

On this particular trip you are walking ahead of six carts across a frozen lake. In the distance you can see the snow-capped peaks of the Icefinger Mountains jutting out of low cloud. Your destination lies at the base of the mountains where the Northmen meet to trade. Snow is falling, but not too heavily. You stop to prod the ice with your sword to make sure it can bear the weight of carts, when suddenly the shrill call of a hunting horn breaks the silence. You stand up and run back to the carts to talk to Big Jim. He is sitting next to the driver of the second cart, puffing on a long briar pipe. A huge man, with a great bushy beard, Big Jim is obviously a man to be reckoned with. His bright blue eyes scan the horizon, searching for signs of life. In a deep voice he says, 'Sounds like it came from the outpost. Reckon you better go and investigate. Could be trouble. And get back quick.'

You set off straight away towards the outpost at the base of Icefinger Mountains. You arrive two hours later at a scene of ugly carnage. The snow is red with blood and all the wooden huts are smashed and torn down. Six men lie dead, their bodies slashed, their axes at their sides in the snow. Judging by the size of the footprints, the creature that attacked the outpost must have been enormous. There is nothing you can do for the unfortunate Northmen so you head back towards Big Jim's caravan to report the news. You reach them in an hour, just as the daylight is fading, and relate the terrible events that have befallen the outpost. Big Jim orders the carts to be drawn into a circle to protect his men during the night. A large fire is built in the centre of the circle and you sit down beside it to talk to Big Jim. Everybody is nervous and a guard is posted to watch for signs of movement outside. In a low voice, Big Jim asks you if you will hunt the terrible creature, for otherwise his business will be ruined forever. You smile and reply that you will track down the beast, but only for a purse of 50 Gold Pieces. Big Jim's jaw drops open, and it takes a great deal of persuasion before he agrees to your demand. The snow finally stops falling as you settle down for the night; sleep is a long time coming, for your mind is active with thoughts of the impending hunt.

When you wake just after dawn, the fire is reduced to dying embers. Wisps of smoke rise gently into the morning mist and not a sound is to be heard. You walk over to where Big Jim is sleeping and tap him on the shoulder. He wakes with a start and you tell him that you are setting off and hope to be back later in the day. You wave to the guard as the snow starts to fall again, and make your way back to the outpost.

Duncan

1

By the time you reach the outpost again, the bodies are blanketed with snow and the beast's footprints are covered over. The visibility is poor as you set off towards the mountains where you hope to find the abominable killer beast. The snow is soft on the mountain and you sink in up to your knees as you climb slowly up. You soon find yourself at the edge of a crevasse which is spanned by an ice bridge. If you wish to cross the crevasse by the ice bridge, turn to **117**. If you would rather walk round the crevasse, turn to **189**.

2

You lie down over the edge of the pit and tell the Dwarf to grab your arm. Much to the annoyance of the spectators above, the Dwarf escapes from the pit. You run together back to the junction where the Dwarf turns right. You tell the Dwarf that you intend to carry straight on to find the Snow Witch, as turning right will lead you to the hall of worship. The Dwarf tells you that he must escape quickly and return to his village now that he is free. He thanks you for helping him and hands you a leather bag before running off. Before he disappears, he turns and shouts, 'Beware the White Rat'. You open the leather bag and find a sling and three iron balls. You pack them away and set off along the tunnel (turn to **107**).

3

You soon arrive at the fork in the tunnel that the Mountain Elf mentioned and, deciding to take his advice, you enter the tunnel to your right (turn to **18**).

4

The Gnome does not wait to end up like the Neanderthal and runs out of the cave shouting for help. If you wish to search through the cupboards and risk the Gnome returning with reinforcements, turn to **52**. It you would rather leave the cave immediately, turning left into the tunnel, turn to **115**.

5

Before you stands a CRYSTAL WARRIOR, one of the Snow Witch's personal guardians who has been sent to deal with you. He is made of quartz which has been animated by the Snow Witch's sorcery. Edged weapons will not harm the Crystal Warrior – your sword is useless! If you possess a warhammer you may succeed in smashing the Crystal Warrior to pieces.

CRYSTAL WARRIOR	SKILL 11	STAMINA 13

If you do not possess a warhammer, turn to **113**. It you win, turn to **164**.

6

Outside again in the deep snow, you setoff on your trek up the mountainside, following the footprints in the snow (turn to **37**).

7

As soon as you step into the tunnel, an iron grille drops down behind you, barring your retreat. It is impossible to lift and there is nothing you can do but find out what lies at the end of the tunnel. You soon arrive at another iron grille which blocks your way forward. Beyond the grille the tunnels turn left. On the wall opposite, you see a knob which you realize must be pressed to lift the iron grille. Unfortunately it is beyond your reach, even if you stretch out with your sword. If you have one or more daggers, turn to **50**. If you have no daggers, turn to **109**.

8

You search through the clothing of the Goblins and find some salted fish, a candle and 2 Gold Pieces, which you decide to keep. Both Goblins are wearing metal collars around their necks which you cannot remove. Taking the dagger from the Goblin you slew, you cut hand- and toe-holds into the side of the pit and haul yourself up. Picking up your sword, you decide which way to head, wondering if there are any more traps further down the tunnel. If you wish to continue down it, turn to **25**. If you would rather walk back to where the tunnel forked and turn left along the other branch, turn to **135**.

9

You manage to keep control of your mind and pick up the stick again. This time you thrust it at the Snow Witch's heart with even more determination (turn to **31**).

10

Now that the snow has stopped falling, the sky is clear and blue. The air is cold and crisp and the snow crunches beneath your feet. Slowly you make your way up the mountainside looking for the cave entrance marker left by the fur trapper. Suddenly you hear a distant rumbling from above – the all-too-familiar sound of an avalanche. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **126**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **114**.

11

Your escape plan has failed and you are trapped inside the mountain tunnels. You know it will not be long before the Snow Witch's guards will discover you and condemn you to a life of slavery. You have failed in your mission.

12

The front door of the hut is frozen shut and you have to batter it with your shoulder to open it. There is only one room inside the hut, containing the belongings of a fur trapper. Traps, furs and sacks are stacked in a corner of the room. A wooden bed, a table and chair and some cooking utensils show signs of recent use, and the ashes in the fire are still warm. If you wish to put some logs on the fire and warm up the cold stew in one of the pans, turn to **89**. If you would rather leave the hut and continue your quest, turn to **148**.

13

The Genie appears, hovering above the Crystal Warrior. He snaps his fingers and you immediately become invisible. The Crystal Warrior punches the air with his rough quartz fists, but you are able to slip by him unnoticed. By the time the invisibility spell wears off, you are well away from your adversary. Further on, the tunnel ends at a T-junction. If you wish to go left, turn to **96**. If you wish to go right, turn to **41**.

14

You draw your sword and head down the tunnel. Two GOBLINS with ugly faces run into view, both wearing glowing metal collars around their necks. They see you and advance, snarling, with daggers drawn.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	4

Fight them one at a time in the narrow tunnel. If you win, turn to **87**.

15

As soon as you touch your sword, the MINSTREL starts to play a strange, high-pitched melody. You are immediately paralysed by the magic notes and can only watch helplessly as the Minstrel reaches into one of the pots to pull out a metal collar, an obedience collar, which he fits round your neck; you will serve the Snow Witch for the rest of your life!

16

The wounded Mountain Elf calls out for mercy. If you wish to slay him, turn to **42**. If you wish to spare his life, turn to **108**.

17

You pull down the hood of your cloak as far as possible over your face and walk towards the tunnel exit to your right. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **84**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **132**.

18

Further ahead, in the left-hand wall of the tunnel, you see a gap. You walk up to it and peer round to see a cave in which a Neanderthal is stripping the skin off a moose, making it ready for the large simmering stew-pot behind him. He is working very slowly and is being yelled at by the Gnome cook who is wearing a white apron and waving a wooden spoon in the air. If you wish to enter the crude kitchen, turn to **71**. If you would rather creep past the entrance, turn to **175**.

19

The Zombie picks up a club from behind the door and shuffles forward to fight you.

ZOMBIE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **66**. You may *Escape* after two Attack Rounds by running back to the junction and going straight on down the tunnel (turn to **96**).

20

The man nods his head and tells you to follow him. He walks towards the left-hand exit and points down the tunnel, telling you that the Snow Witch's chamber is at the end. If you wish to walk into the tunnel, turn to **63**. If you would rather draw your sword to attack him, turn to **44**.

21

You are unable to move out of the path of the dagger quickly enough and it cuts a deep gash in your side. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You have no time to recover as the Goblin raises his arm to strike again. You must fight him barehanded.

GOBLIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

During each Attack Round you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3, as you are without your sword. If you win, turn to **81**.

22

Flicking up the clasp which keeps the book shut, a tiny hidden needle grazes your finger. There is poison on its tip to overcome unwary thieves. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, you may open the book (turn to **60**) or, if you have not done so already, you may:

Blow the flute	Turn to **36**
Read the runes on the stick	Turn to **122**
Smell the rose	Turn to **150**

If you do not wish to do any of the above, you may leave the cave and turn left into the tunnel (turn to **115**).

23

As you draw your sword, the MOUNTAIN ELF lets out a shrill battle cry, pulls back his cloak and grips his sword.

MOUNTAIN ELF SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If the Mountain Elf's STAMINA falls to 2, turn to **16**.

24

In the distance you can hear chanting voices; soon the tunnel ends at the entrance to a large cavern. Kneeling down before an ice effigy in the shape of a demon, with their hooded faces pressed to the ice floor in worship, are ten of the Snow Witch's followers. There are two exits from the cave, one straight ahead and one to your right. If you are wearing a cloak, turn to **116**. If you are not wearing a cloak, turn to **62**.

25

The tunnel continues for some distance before opening out into a circular cave. Another tunnel leads out of the cave directly opposite. You are suddenly met by a strange sight-there are two small pools in the floor with steam gently rising from them; protruding from one pool is the hilt of a sword and, from the other, the shaft of a spear. The frozen body of an Orc lies against the wall, its arm rigid and pointing towards the sword. As you approach the pools you see a rhyme carved in the ice floor which reads:

Sword or spear
Strength or fear
How to choose
Win or lose

You stand and ponder the rhyme and decide what to do. Will you:

Draw out the sword from its pool?	Turn to **143**
Pull out the spear from its pool?	Turn to **91**
Walk directly through the cave into the tunnel opposite?	Turn to **136**

26

The blizzard has affected you badly. Your sword-hand is frostbitten and you are very weak. You will now have to use your other arm to fight. Lose 3 SKILL points and 4 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **155**.

27

The Illusionist laughs out loud – your sword merely cuts through one of his images, but his dagger plunges into your shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **104**.

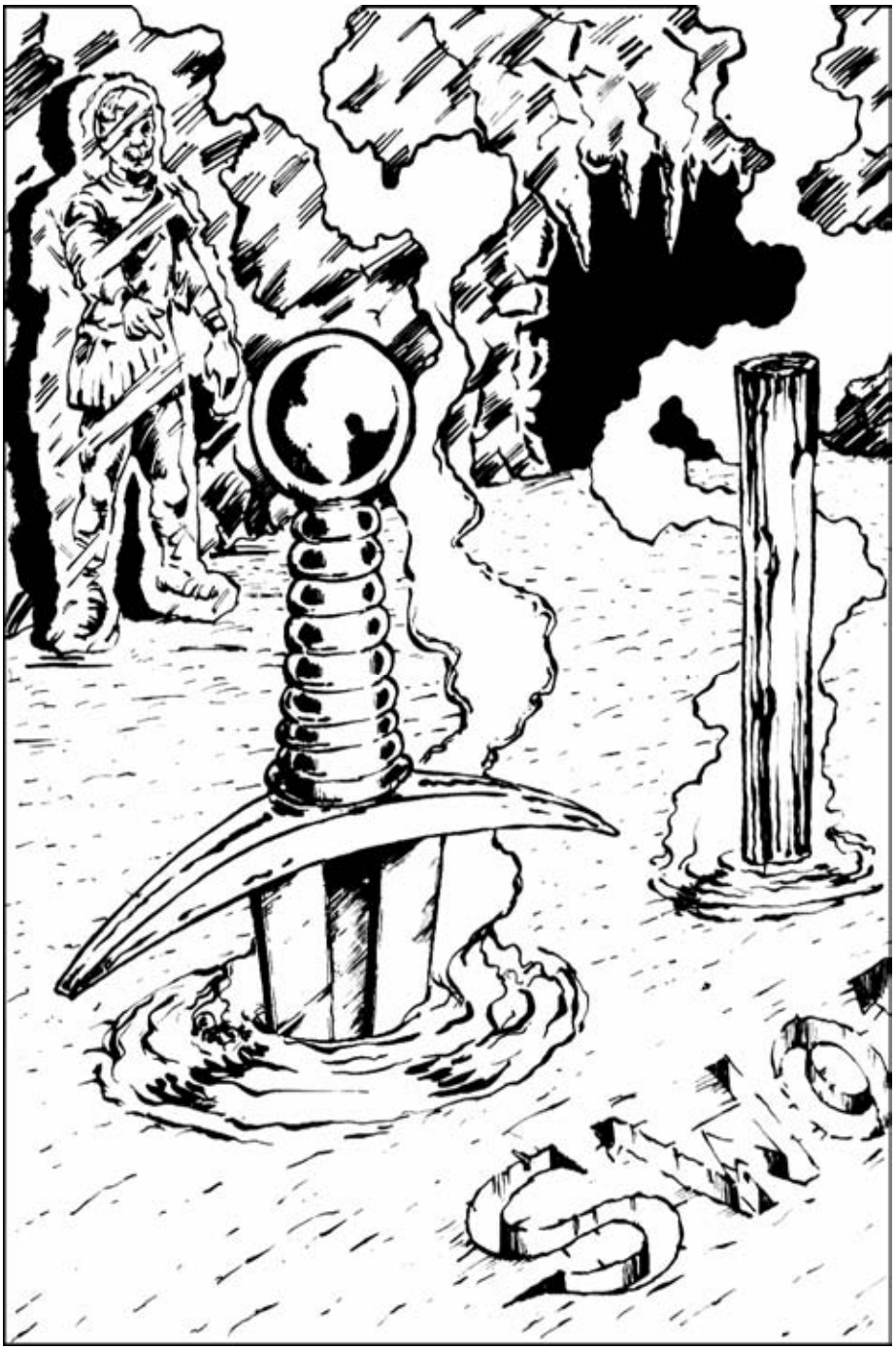

28

As the Mountain Elf slumps onto the floor, his strange metal collar stops glowing. You wonder what is happening and decide to hurry down the tunnel (turn to **80**).

29

The dagger just misses the knob, bouncing off the stone wall. If you have another dagger, turn to **154**. If you do not possess another dagger, turn to **109**.

30

You kneel down beside the fur trapper and turn him over slowly. His eyes are barely open and blood trickles down from the corner of his mouth. The wounds in his chest are deep and you realize that there is no hope of saving him. With great effort he reaches up and grabs you round the neck, pulling you down so that you can hear his dying words. He thanks you for trying to save him, and insists on telling you his long-kept secret. In terrible pain he struggles to whisper his story. He tells you that he has lived in the mountains for most of his life, hunting animals and trading their furs, but for the last five years he has been searching for the legendary Crystal Caves. These caves were cut out of a glacier by the followers of the Snow Witch, a beautiful yet evil sorceress who is trying to use her dark powers to bring on an ice age and rule supreme over the whole world. The entrance to the Crystal Caves is high up on this very mountain, open, but hidden by an illusion. The unfortunate fur trapper found it by accident only yesterday, when he saw one of the Snow Witch's warriors seemingly walk straight through an ice wall and disappear. The trapper left a piece of fur hanging over the entrance so that he could find it again the next day when he returned. Sadly, the Yeti has put an end to his hopes. He asks you to enter the caves to slay the vile Snow Witch and leave her followers without their leader. Legend has it that there are great treasures frozen into the wall of the Snow Witch's lair and these provide an ample reward.

The fur trapper suddenly grips you hard and then falls back into the snow, dead. You cover him with snow while you decide what to do; 50 Gold Pieces await you if you return with evidence of the Yeti's death to Big Jim Sun, but the thought of a quest through the Crystal Caves beneath Icefinger Mountains excites you and you decide to set off to find them (turn to **10**).

31

The stake pierces the Snow Witch's heart and her death wail makes you shudder. She starts to decompose on the floor and is soon nothing but a pile of dust. You see a vague shape in the wall of ice at the end of the chamber, and decide to investigate (turn to **183**).

32

The Snow Witch recoils from the garlic, giving you time to think. You know that a Vampire can only be killed by driving a stake through its heart. If you possess a carved rune stick, turn to **119**. If not, turn to **173**.

33

The Mountain Elf does not suspect that you are an intruder and you are able to walk casually past him (turn to **80**).

34

You place an iron ball in the sling and twirl it around you; head before releasing it at the Frost Giant. Roll two dice. If the number of the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to **74**. If the total is higher than your SKILL score, turn to **159**.

35

Neither of the Goblins releases the rope and both tumble headlong into the pit. Only one of the two picks himself up, the other remaining face-down on the ice floor. With blood streaming from his nose, the angry Goblin pulls a dagger from his belt and tries to stab you. In the confined space of the pit, you must defend yourself barehanded.

GOBLIN	SKILL 5	STAMINA 4

During each round of combat, you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3, as you are without your sword. If you win, turn to **8**.

36

You blow into the flute and a jolly tune comes from it without your having to play a note. You decide to put the magic flute in your back-pack. If you have not done so already you may:

Read the runes on the stick	Turn to **122**
Smell the rose	Turn to **150**
Read the book	Turn to **22**

If you do not wish to do any of the above, you may leave the cave and turn left into the tunnel (turn to **115**).

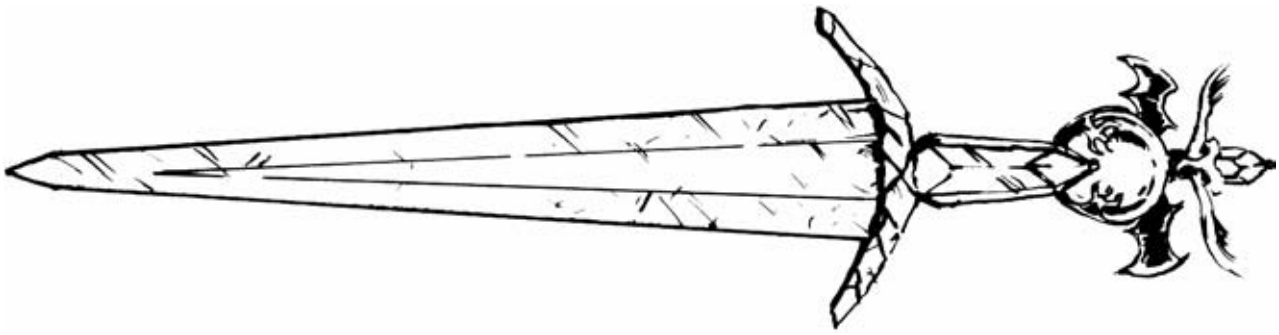

37

The high altitude and thin atmosphere make you pant for breath as you continue your steady climb. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Suddenly you hear the cry of a human voice followed by a ferocious roar. Not far ahead up the slope you see a fur trapper fighting for his life against a gigantic bear-like beast with long white fur and sharp teeth protruding from its jaws. It is the killer beast that you have been hunting – the abominable YETI. You watch the unfortunate trapper being gashed by the Yeti's claws and falling face down in the snow. Incensed by the vicious attack, you scream at the Yeti and run through the snow to attack it (turn to **51**).

38

The Ice Demon crashes to the floor in a pile of broken ice. The Snow Witch's followers fall back in terror, afraid that you may now possess the Demon's powers. Add 1 LUCK point. Unchallenged, you are able to leave the cave by the tunnel exit (turn to **147**).

39

Both the daggers miss you, flying past on either side of your head. Add 1 LUCK point. You run on without stopping to look back (turn to **135**).

40

You are now wearing an Amulet of Courage. Add 2 SKILL points. If you have not done so already, you may:

Blow the flute	Turn to **36**
Read the runes on the stick	Turn to **122**
Smell the rose	Turn to **150**

If you do not wish to do any of the above, you may leave the cave and turn left into the tunnel (turn to **115**).

41

The tunnel ends at a wooden door which is locked. You press your ear to it and hear the sound of feet slowly shuffling across the floor. If you wish to knock on the door, turn to **146**. If you would rather return to the junction and head straight on, turn to **96**.

42

Continue your sword fight to the bitter end.

MOUNTAIN ELF	SKILL 6	STAMINA 2

If you win, turn to **162**.

43

The followers pick you up and carry you over to a circle of ice, dyed blue, in which the effigy stands. Amid wails and wild shouting, they throw you into the blue circle. The effigy immediately jerks its frozen limbs into motion – you have unleashed the power of an ICE DEMON.

ICE DEMON	SKILL 9	STAMINA 11

In addition to its normal attack, throw one die every Attack Round for the jet of freezing gas that shoots out from its nostrils. On a roll of 1, 2 or 3, the gas will hit you and reduce your STAMINA by 1 point, but on a roll of 4, 5 or 6, the gas will miss you. If you win, turn to **38**.

44

The ugly man sneers as you draw your sword; he rubs the prism and suddenly three identical images of himself appear, walking towards you with a dagger in the raised right hand. Two of the images must be illusions, but which one will you strike with your sword? Will you:

Strike the man to your left?	Turn to **99**
Strike the man in the middle?	Turn to **27**
Strike the man to your right?	Turn to **149**

45

The cold is almost unbearable. Your hands and feet are numb and you wonder if you will be able to grip your sword should danger arise. By the time the blizzard finally dies down, you realize that you should have taken shelter; one of your hands has become frostbitten. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **110**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **26**.

46

You are now wearing a magic ring which will enable its wearer to resist the effects of freezing cold. Add 1 LUCK point. If you have not done so already, you may put on either the silver ring (turn to **168**) or the copper ring (turn to **98**). Alternatively, you may walk through to the next tunnel (turn to **127**).

47

You groan with pain and try to stand up. Looking up to see how far you have fallen, you are dismayed to see two ugly faces staring down at you. A rope is thrown down to you and you are ordered to throw your sword up to the GOBLINS before climbing up the rope. You are trapped in the pit and reluctantly comply with their orders. As you are about to climb, you notice that both the Goblins are holding the rope. If you wish to climb up, turn to **131**. If you wish to pull hard on the rope in an attempt to pull them down into the pit, turn to **180**.

48

The man you see before you is a Minstrel. He is wearing a green and purple checked tunic over his hose and continues to play his lute despite your intrusion. Two large clay pots are the only other contents of the cave. Will you:

Attack him with your sword?	Turn to **15**
Ask him about his music?	Turn to **79**
Nod politely, leave the cave and continue along the tunnel?	Turn to **24**

49

You walk past the entrance tunnel on your left and continue on down the main tunnel (turn to **86**).

50

You aim carefully between the iron bars and throw your dagger at the wooden knob. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **78**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **29**.

51

Are you carrying a spear? If you are, turn to **129**. If you do not have a spear, turn to **160**.

52

The cupboards are full of pots, pans, bowls and spoons. One cupboard is locked and you have to prise it open with your sword. It contains the Gnome's personal possessions – a brass flute, a rune-carved wooden stick painted with blue and yellow hoops, an old withered rose and an old leather-bound book entitled' The Secrets of Toads'. Will you:

Blow the flute?	Turn to **36**
Read the runes on the stick?	Turn to **122**
Smell the rose?	Turn to **150**
Read the book?	Turn to **22**
Leave the possessions and turn left, back into the tunnel?	Turn to **115**

53

As the White Dragon prepares to strike, you rub the copper ring vigorously. A warrior appears to fight for you. Roll one die to see which warrior you summon.

DIE ROLL	WARRIOR	SKILL	STAMINA
1	Knight	9	10
2	Barbarian	8	8
3	Dwarf	7	6
4	Elf	7	5
5	Ninja	6	6
6	Axeman	6	7

The warrior you summon will fight the White Dragon first.

WHITE DRAGON	SKILL 12	STAMINA 14

If the warrior wins the fight, he will disappear immediately (turn to **133**). If he loses, you must continue to fight yourself. If you win, turn to **133**.

54

The great wall of snow sweeps you down the mountain. Your head smashes against a rock, knocking you unconscious. By the time the avalanche comes to a halt in a gully, you are buried deep under the snow. The Icefinger Mountains have claimed another victim.

58

Once again your sword fails to find its mark and the dagger cuts into your sword arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. In near desperation you hack frantically at the three images that lunge at you with daggers drawn. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **149**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **163**.

59

The Goblins call to you to halt but you keep on running. They both take aim and throw their daggers at you. Roll one die. If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to **125**. If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to **92**. If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to **39**.

60

There is no writing in the book, just a recess cut in the pages which holds a talisman on a golden chain. The talisman is a jade frog. If you wish to put the chain around your neck, turn to **40**. If you would prefer to leave it in the book, you may, if you have not done so already, do one of the following:

Blow the flute	Turn to **36**
Read the runes on the stick	Turn to **122**
Smell the rose	Turn to **150**

If you do not wish to do any of the above, you may leave the cave and turn left into the tunnel (turn to **115**).

64

Taking the stick from your backpack, you thrust it at the heart of the Snow Witch. If your SKILL is higher than 10, turn to **31**. If your SKILL is 10 or less, turn to **128**.

65

You are only ten metres down the tunnel, when the ice floor cracks and gives way under your weight. You fall down into an ice pit, a trap made by the Snow Witch's followers, landing heavily at the bottom. Roll 1 die and deduct the number rolled from your STAMINA score. If you are still alive, turn to **47**.

66

The Zombie was probably in charge of the storeroom that the door opens into. Jars and bottles of various shapes and sizes line the walls and many boxes and barrels are stacked up on the floor. You search quickly through them and find little of interest except for a jar of ground Minotaur horn, some garlic, a box full of teeth, a jar of pickled lizards' tails and four large round eggs. As you will not be able to fit everything into your backpack, you may only take two of the items found. Leaving the room, you walk back to the junction and head straight on down the tunnel (turn to **96**).

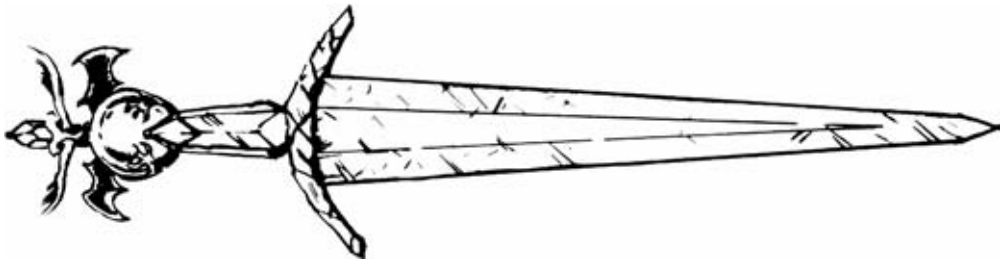

55

The followers are a mixture of Goblins, Orcs and Neanderthals. As you make a run for it, the nearest two try to stop you. One cracks his whip, trying to wrap it round your legs, while the other takes aim to throw a hand dart at you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **88**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **124**.

56

The tunnel soon leads into another cavern where you see a huge white-bearded man wearing white furs lifting a wooden chest on to a high shelf. He is a FROST GIANT. There is only one other exit out of his lair, via a tunnel in the opposite wall. If you wish to run through his lair into the tunnel opposite, turn to **140**. If you wish to attack him, turn to **118**.

57

The snow falls harder and harder, swirling around in the strong wind. A blizzard is starting. If you wish to dig yourself a shelter in the snow with your sword, turn to **105**. If you would rather press on, turn to **176**.

61

The Frost Giant turns to face you with the wooden chest raised above his head. He grunts with the effort and hurls the chest at you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **187**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **141**.

62

You breathe in deeply and decide to walk behind the effigy towards the tunnel opposite (turn to **132**).

63

As soon as you step into the tunnel, an iron grille drops down behind you, barring your retreat. The man laughs out loud and says, 'You were foolish to think you could trick me so easily when all the world can see you are without your obedience collar. Now, intruder, you are trapped.' There is nothing you can do but find out what lies at the end of the tunnel (turn to **152**).

67

The shaft is icy and it slips from your grip as you release it. The spear misses the Yeti, plummeting harmlessly into the snow. Turn to **160**.

68

You find yourself obeying her command. You loosen your collar and bare your neck in readiness for her to drink your blood. You will be her servant for ever in the world of the undead.

69

The Illusionist makes no attempt to block your sword as it cuts down through the air. Your sword, instead of striking the Illusionist, hits an invisible barrier and shatters, leaving you with the hilt and a short broken blade. Lose 1 LUCKpoint and 1 SKILL point. There is nothing you can do except try to grab his probable source of power – the prism. Turn to **95**.

70

You take a warhammer and a spear before leaving the hut (turn to **6**).

71

The Gnome runs up to you and shouts, 'Get out, dinner will not be ready for another two hours. You'll hear the bell. Mind you, you look a little worse for wear, so you can have this stale cake if you wish.' The Gnome points at a piece of cake lying on the table. If you wish to take the cake and leave, turn to **103**. If you would rather attack the Snow Witch's servants, turn to **85**.

72

The Snow Witch climbs out of the sarcophagus and walks towards you with her mouth wide open. Her gaze is powerful and you hear a voice in your mind telling you to drop your sword and loosen your collar. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to **153**. If the total is higher than your SKILL, turn to **68**.

73

You make your way slowly up the mountain until you reach a rock face that is too steep to climb. You walk round the side until you reach a massive wall of ice which completely blocks a gully between two peaks of the mountain – the glacier. Your heart leaps as you catch sight of the piece of fur left hanging on the wall of ice by the trapper. Although you cannot see the entrance, you walk straight towards where you suppose it to be. You shut your eyes as you think you are about to walk into the wall of ice, but you walk straight through the illusion and find yourself inside a long tunnel carved into the ice. You walk down it and soon arrive at a T-junction. If you wish to turn left, turn to **86**. If you wish to turn right, turn to **179**.

74

The iron ball flies through the air and hits the Frost Giant on the temple. His huge frame crumples to the floor like a house of cards. The wooden chest he was lifting breaks open on the floor, spilling its contents. These are three ornate rings and a cracked bottle which emits a sweet odour. If you wish to try on any of the rings, turn to **111**. If you would rather walk through to the next tunnel, turn to **127**.

75

The Goblins release the rope and stand at the top of the pit, laughing at your useless attempt to trick them. Your predicament is now worse than ever; trapped at the bottom of an ice pit without even your sword. Lose 2 LUCK points. You sigh and call to the Goblins, asking them to catch the rope as you throw it up to them again. They take hold of it and you climb up out of the pit. The Goblins are wearing glowing metal collars around their necks. They motion you to walk back down the tunnel, urging you on with the points of their daggers. You realize that you are doomed unless you try to escape. If you wish to fight them barehanded, turn to **121**. If you would rather try to run away, turn to **59**.

76

The tunnel ends at the edge of a pit, out of which a Dwarf is trying to climb, but he keeps on slipping back down. The floor of the pit is covered with large ice boulders which crash down on to it from a shaft above the pit. One lands on the Dwarf's shoulders and you hear wild cheers from up the shaft as he tumbles to the floor. The Dwarf sees you and shouts, 'Curse you, stranger, if you do not aid me. I see that you do not wear a collar.' If you wish to help the Dwarf out of the pit, turn to **2**. If you would rather ignore his pleas and walk back to the junction, turn to **186**.

77

You fall headlong down the crevasse, landing heavily on an icy ledge some ten metres below. Roll 1 die. Deduct this number from your current STAMINA score. Using your sword, you cut hand- and toe-holds into the side of the crevasse and haul yourself up. Plodding through the thick snow, you continue your quest (turn to **123**).

78

The dagger hits the knob and the iron grille slowly starts to rise. Add 1 LUCK point. You waste no time – you run under the grille, turn left and keep going until you arrive at a crossroads. There are no signs of life either from straight ahead or from the branch to your left, but advancing towards you along the right-hand tunnel is a strange humanoid (turn to **5**).

79

The Minstrel looks surprised that you are interested in his music. He stops playing and says, 'You must be new here, as the ignorant scum who live round here – apart from our beloved Snow Queen of course – will not listen to my music. The fools, if only they knew what fortune I could bring them with my songs. Stranger, I can play a song for you that will heal your wounds. Listen carefully. Later tell others about it and perhaps they will come to respect me and my music.' The Minstrel then starts to play a soothing tune and you watch amazed as one of your wounds heals. Add 4 STAMINA points. 'Come back again for more treatment some time,' he says, looking pleased with himself. You thank him and leave his cave to continue along the tunnel (turn to **24**).

80

The tunnel forks and you must decide quickly which way to go. You can hear the sound of running feet coming down the branch to your right. If you wish to run down the left branch, turn to **65**. If you would rather head down the right branch and face whoever is coming towards you, turn to **14**.

81

You pick up your sword from the floor and search through the clothing of the Goblins. You find and take their two daggers, some salted fish, a candle and 2 Gold Pieces. The metal collars round their necks have stopped glowing but you cannot remove them. Wondering if any more traps lie beyond the ice pit, you decide which way to head. If you wish to continue down the tunnel, turn to **25**. If you would rather walk back to where the tunnel forked and turn left along the other branch, turn to **135**.

82

The key fits the lock and turns. Add 1 LUCK point. You continue down the tunnel, turning right, and soon arrive at a crossroads. There are no signs of life either from straight ahead or from the branch to your right, but advancing towards you along the left-hand branch is a strange humanoid (turn to **5**).

83

Underneath an overhanging rock, you see a small wooden hut built against the side of the mountain. Its roof is piled high with snow and long icicles hang down from the window ledges. You see a set of deep footprints leading from the hut up the side of the mountain. If you wish to enter the hut, turn to **12**. If you would rather follow the footprints in the snow, turn to **37**.

84

None of the worshippers suspects that you are an intruder and you are able to walk through their temple, without trouble, into the other tunnel (turn to **147**).

85

As you draw your sword, the Gnome yells an order to the dull-witted NEANDERTHAL, telling him to kill you. The Neanderthal grunts and stands up, pushing the table away from him. He picks up a carving knife and a stool as a shield and lumbers forward to attack.

NEANDERTHAL SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **4**.

86

The tunnel bends round to the right. As you turn the corner you almost bump into a tall pale-skinned humanoid coming the other way. He is wearing a white cloak with a hood pulled over his head. He is a Mountain Elf, one of the Snow Witch's followers. Will you:

Nod your head at him and walk by nonchalantly? Turn to **137**
Tell him you have come to join the Snow Witch's followers? Turn to **158**
Attack him with your sword? Turn to **23**

87

You search through the clothing of the Goblins and find some salted fish, a candle and 2 Gold Pieces, which you decide to take, along with their daggers. The metal collars around their necks have stopped glowing but you cannot remove them. After putting the Goblins' possessions in your backpack, you set off further down the tunnel (turn to **18**).

88

Both the dart and the whip fail to find their mark and you are able to run through into the tunnel (turn to **147**).

89

The fire is soon roaring and crackling in the hearth. The heat of the flames radiates through your body and you revel in the warmth. The stew is delicious and you feel your strength return. Add 3 STAMINA points. With renewed energy, you decide to leave the hut to continue your quest (turn to **148**).

90

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **84**. If you are Unlucky, they realize that you are lying and close in on you (turn to **106**).

91

Gripping the shaft of the spear firmly in your hands, you tug as hard as you can. The spear does not come free and your mind becomes filled with horrific images, making you scream out in terror. You release the spear but the images remain, affecting your mind. Lose 1 SKILL point. If you wish to rummage through the Orc's backpack, turn to **171**. If you wish to walk directly through to the tunnel opposite, turn to **136**.

92

One of the daggers flies past your head but the other sinks into your shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You stop briefly to pull the dagger out and throw it back at the Goblins before running painfully on (turn to **135**).

93

You run for your life as the network of tunnels collapses behind you. The Snow Witch is defeated but her treasure will remain with her for ever. Outside, it is snowing again: you descend the mountain feeling thwarted. At least you can go back to Big Jim Sun and collect the 50 Gold Piece reward for killing the Yeti.

94

You are almost over the bridge when you lose your footing and fall over the edge. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **142**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **77**.

95

You pretend to give up the fight and then suddenly leap at the Illusionist. Catching him momentarily off guard, you manage to snatch the prism out of his hands and throw it on to the floor. It shatters into tiny pieces and the Illusionist turns and flees into the skull mouth, screaming at the top of his voice. Smoke rises from the shattered fragments of the prism, forming itself into the shape of a bald fat man – a Genie! Hovering in mid-air, he bows and thanks you for releasing him. He

tells you that if you call on him, he will make you invisible, just once, as a token of his gratitude. Without saying another word, the image shimmers and disappears. You now have to decide which way to head. Will you:

Enter the tunnel to your left?	Turn to **157**
Enter the tunnel with the skull mouth?	Turn to **56**
Enter the tunnel to your right?	Turn to **7**

96

The tunnel ends at a wooden door which opens when you turn the handle. You walk into a massive high-ceilinged chamber which ends in a wall of ice. In the centre of the chamber is an open marble sarcophagus with its lid propped up against its side. A white rat suddenly jumps out of the sarcophagus and runs towards you. It stops in front of you and starts to grow and change shape. If you possess any ground Minotaur horn, turn to **102**; if you do not, turn to **156**.

97

Before you can reach the safety of the outcrop, the avalanche descends upon you, sweeping you down the mountain. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **151**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **54**.

98

You are now wearing a magic ring which has the power to summon a warrior to your aid once only. Add 1 LUCK point. It you have not already done so, you may either put on the gold ring (turn to **46**) or put on the silver ring (turn to **168**). Alternatively, you may walk through to the next tunnel (turn to **127**).

99

The Illusionist laughs out loud as your sword merely cuts through one of his images and his dagger plunges into your shoulder. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **104**.

100

Your hand is too numb and painful for you to be able to grip the spear. You curse and hurl it into the snow, drawing your sword with your other hand to fight the huge white beast.

YETI SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **30**.

101

You walk over to the broken chest and examine its contents: three ornate rings and a cracked bottle which emits a sweet odour. If you wish to try on any of the rings, turn to **111**. If you would rather walk through to the next tunnel, turn to **127**.

102

You remember an old legend that ground Minotaur horn is the only substance that can stop a metamorphosis spell from working. You quickly sprinkle some on the growing creature, and relax a little as it shrinks back to a white rat again. The legend was true! Intrigued by the open sarcophagus, you decide to walk over to examine it (turn to **166**).

103

You leave the cave and turn left, back into the tunnel, eating the cake as you go. It is stale and virtually tasteless, but gives you a little energy. Add 1 STAMINA point. Turn to **115**.

104

The Illusionist withdraws his dagger and his three images prepare to strike you again. You decide to swipe your blade across all of the images in an attempt to strike the real Illusionist. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **149**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **58**.

105

You hurriedly cut blocks of ice out of the mountainside and build a makeshift igloo. You crawl into it as the blizzard blows down the mountain with ferocious power. Your body-heat is retained inside the igloo and you keep warm. However, you must eat two portions of your Provisions to regain your strength after the tiring walk and the effort of building the igloo (this does not increase your STAMINA). An hour later, the blizzard dies down and you crawl out of your shelter to continue your quest (turn to **83**).

106

The followers are a mixture of Goblins, Orcs and Neanderthals. They are too many in number for you to overcome and you are soon captured. They drag you over to a circle of ice, dyed blue, in which the effigy stands. Amid wails and wild shouting, they throw you into the blue circle. The effigy immediately jerks its frozen limbs into motion – you have unleashed the power of an ICE DEMON.

ICE DEMON SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

In addition to its normal attack, throw one die every Attack Round for the jet of freezing gas that shoots out from its nostrils. On a roll of 1, 2, or 3 the gas will hit you and reduce your STAMINA by 1 point, but on a roll of 4, 5 or 6 the gas will miss you. If you win, turn to **38**.

107

The tunnel through the glacier soon leads into the mountainside itself and the walls change from ice to bare rock. You enter a large cavern which has three other exits leading from it; one to your left, one to your right and the main one, carved as a giant skull, lying directly opposite. As you enter, an ugly robed man steps out of the mouth of the skull, holding a glass prism in his outstretched hands. He commands you to turn back as none of the Snow Witch's followers, except for her personal servants, are allowed inside the mountain. It you have a magic flute you may wish to tell him that you have been asked to come and play it for the Snow Witch (turn to **20**), or you may attack him with your sword (turn to **44**).

108

The Elf slumps on to the floor and pulls back his hood. You see a metal collar around his neck, glowing in the semi-darkness. 'Obedience collar,' he stammers in pain.' Makes us do whatever she wishes. If I die it will lose its energy but she will know and send others to investigate. Elves, even we Mountain Elves, would not serve that vile witch of our own free will. Kill her and free us. I bear you no grudge for attacking me, for you knew no better. Take my cloak to disguise yourself and follow this tunnel to where it branches. Take the right-hand fork. Now I must rest.' You put the Elf's cloak round your shoulders and make him as comfortable as you can. You shake his hand and run off down the tunnel (turn to **3**).

109

You are trapped inside the mountain tunnels. You know it will not be long before the Snow Witch's guards will discover you and condemn you to a life of slavery. You have failed in your mission.

110

Fortunately it is not your sword arm which is affected by frostbite, but nevertheless the blizzard has taken its toll. Lose 1 SKILL point and 3 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, turn to **155**.

111

Having rubbed the bottle and sniffed your fingers, you decide that it is only perfume inside. You examine the three rings and decide which one to put on your finger. Will you:

Put on the gold ring?	Turn to **46**
Put on the silver ring?	Turn to **168**
Put on the copper ring?	Turn to **98**

112

The Mountain Elf shrugs his shoulders and says, 'Well, don't say I didn't warn you – you won't get a chance to change your mind once you are wearing the obedience collar. Follow the tunnel to where it branches and take the right fork. Good luck.' You thank the Elf for his advice and set off again (turn to **3**).

113

If you rescued the Genie from the prism, you may call on him now (turn to **13**). Otherwise you have no defence against the crushing blows of the Crystal Warrior and your quest is over.

114

You look up and see great cascades of snow tumbling down the mountainside. With horror you realize that you are standing in the path of the avalanche. You look around and see an outcrop under which you could shelter. The approaching mass of snow is no more than a hundred metres away and you struggle to run for cover. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to **172**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **97**.

115

In the distance you hear chanting voices; before long the tunnel ends at the entrance to a large cavern. Kneeling down before an ice effigy in the shape of a demon, their hooded faces pressed to the ice floor in worship, are ten of the Snow Witch's followers. There are two exits from the cave, one to your left and one to your right. If you are wearing a cloak, turn to **17**. If you are not wearing a cloak, turn to **169**.

116

You pull down the hood of your cloak as far as possible over your face and walk behind the effigy towards the tunnel opposite, as there is less chance of attracting attention that way. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **84**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **132**.

117

The bridge is quite narrow and very slippery. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **181**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **94**.

118

If you have a sling and wish to use it against the Frost Giant, turn to **34**. If you would rather fight him with your sword, turn to **61**.

119

Taking the stick from your backpack, you thrust it at the heart of the Snow Witch. If your SKILL is higher than 10, turn to **31**. If your SKILL is 10 or less, turn to **138**.

120

You panic as you realize that you are not carrying the weapons needed to slay a Vampire. The Snow Witch gradually gains control of your mind and forces you to bare your neck in readiness for her to drink your blood. You will be her servant for ever in the world of the undead.

121

Thrusting your leg out to the side, you kick the nearest Goblin in the stomach. He doubles up, and an uppercut to the jaw sends him crashing to the floor. The other Goblin lunges forward and tries to stab you with his dagger. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **177**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **21**.

122

Your knowledge of runes is limited and you put the stick in your backpack, hoping to decipher it later. If you have not done so already, you may.

Blow the flute	Turn to **36**
Smell the rose	Turn to **150**
Read the book	Turn to **22**

If you do not wish to do any of the above, you may leave the cave and turn left into the tunnel (turn to **115**).

123

The wind starts to howl, blowing gusts of snow into your face. You put your head down and stride into it. Above the howl of the wind you suddenly become aware of another sound-the howling of wolves. You draw your sword while trying to peer through the snow. As if out of nowhere, two SNOW WOLVES appear in front of you, hunched ready to pounce. They are completely white except for their blood-red eyes. Suddenly one leaps at you. Fight them one at a time.

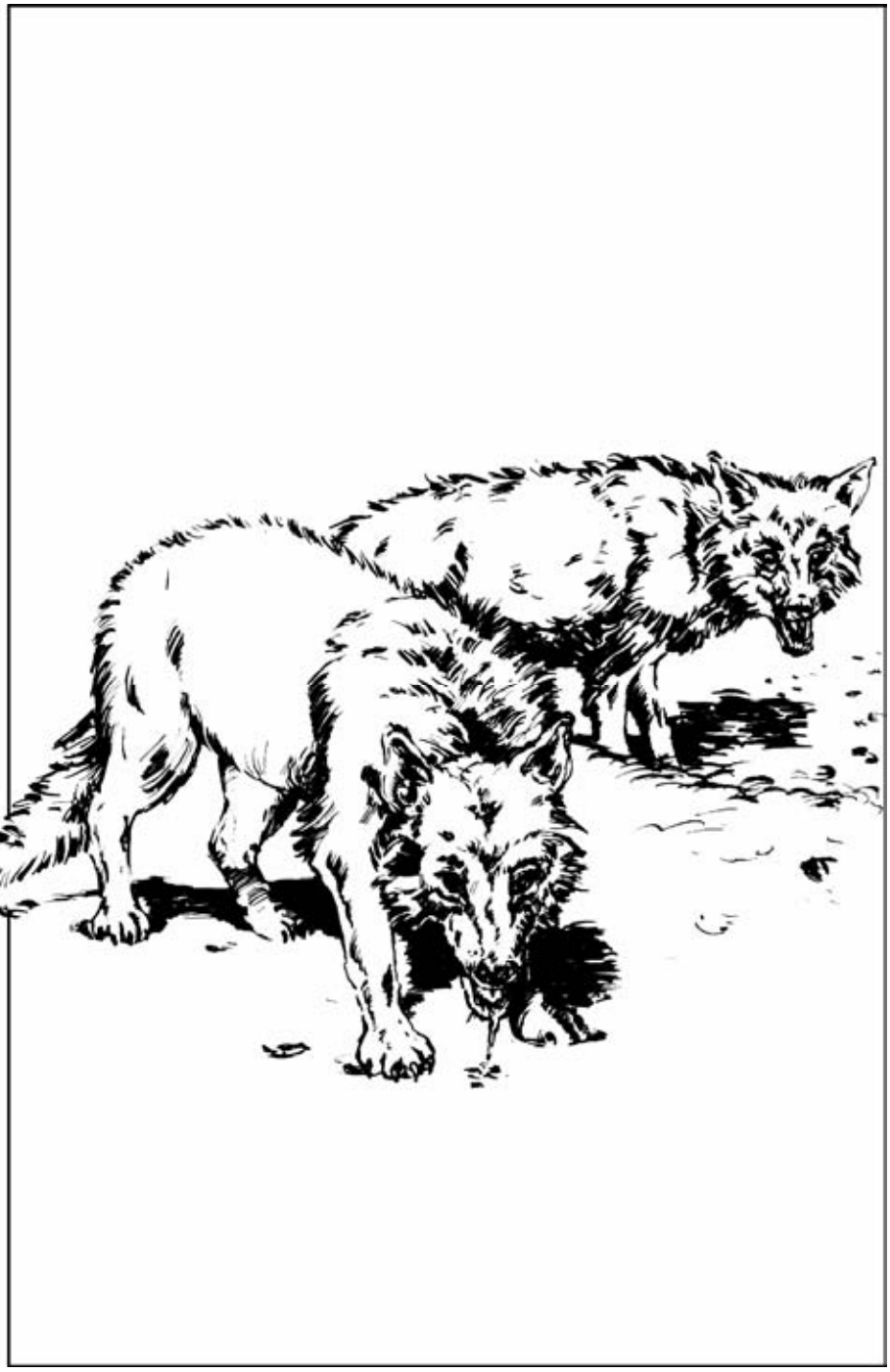

	SKILL	STAMINA
First SNOW WOLF	8	7
Second SNOW WOLF	7	7

If you win, turn to **165**.

124

If the number you rolled was odd, the dagger misses you but the whip curls itself around your left ankle, sending you crashing to the floor (turn to **43**). If the number rolled was even, the whip misses you but the dart plunges into your arm. Lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still able to run, turn to **144**.

125

The Goblins are well practised in the art of dagger-throwing and both hit you, one in the shoulder and one in the back of your thigh. Lose 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. You stop briefly to pull the daggers out and throw them back at the Goblins before running painfully on (turn to **135**).

126

You look up to see great cascades of snow tumbling down the mountain. Fortunately the avalanche sweeps down a ridge adjacent to the one you are climbing (turn to **73**).

127

You soon arrive at a crossroads in the tunnel. However, you have no time to examine the left and right branches, as a strange humanoid is advancing towards you from straight ahead (turn to **5**).

128

The Snow Witch is strong and manages to snatch the stick from your hand and throw it on the floor. Her gaze intensifies and your mind comes completely under her control. You loosen your collar and bare your neck in readiness for her to drink your blood. You will be her servant for ever in the world of the undead.

129

If you have frostbite in your sword-arm, turn to **100**. If not, turn to **170**.

130

The network of tunnels collapses both in front and behind you. You are trapped and there is no escape. You have defeated the Snow Witch but she has had her revenge.

131

You take hold of the rope and haul yourself out of the ice pit. The Goblins are wearing glowing metal collars around their necks. They motion you to walk back down the tunnel, urging you on with the points of their daggers. You realize that you are doomed unless you try to escape. If you wish to fight them barehanded, turn to **121**. If you would rather try to run away, turn to **59**.

132

You are almost at the entrance to the tunnel when the worshippers stop their chanting. They stand up and one of them calls out to you asking why you did not stop to sing the praises of The Frozen One. If you have a magic flute, you can tell them that you have been ordered to go and play it for the Snow Witch (turn to **90**). Otherwise you may either fight them (turn to **106**) or try to run for the tunnel (turn to **55**).

133

Intrigued by the open sarcophagus, you decide to walk over to examine it (turn to **166**).

134

It takes half an hour of hard walking to reach the end of the crevasse. You are now able to climb further up the mountain. The steep climb and the swirling snow combine to make the going slow (turn to **57**).

135

You are soon back at the fork and you turn left into the other branch of the tunnel (turn to **18**).

136

The tunnel turns sharply to the right at the entrance to another cave, from which you can hear a stringed instrument playing gentle music. Your view into the cave is partly blocked by an old tattered animal skin hanging down over the entrance, but you can see the lower torso of a man wearing green and purple hose and pointed red slippers. If you wish to throw back the animal skin and enter the cave, turn to **48**. If you would rather keep walking along the tunnel, turn to **24**.

137

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky, turn to **33**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **145**.

138

The Snow Witch manages to overcome her fear of garlic and knocks the stick out of your hand. Her gaze is powerful and you hear a voice in your mind telling you to drop the garlic and loosen your collar. Roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than your SKILL score, turn to **9**. If the total is higher than your SKILL score, turn to **188**.

139

The spear flies through the air and thuds into the Yeti's shaggy chest. It roars in pain but does not fall. You quickly draw your sword to fight the enraged beast.

YETI	SKILL 10	STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **30**.

140

You wait until the Frost Giant has his back to you and then run through his lair. You reach the next tunnel before the slow-moving Giant realizes what is happening, but you do not stop running (turn to **127**).

141

You react slowly to the improvised missile and the full force of the flying chest hits you in the stomach. You are winded and stagger back against the wall. Lose 2 STAMINA points. The Frost Giant lumbers towards you intent on finishing you off.

FROST GIANT	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

During each round of combat you must reduce your Attack Strength by 2 because you are winded. You may *Escape* after two Attack Rounds by running out of his lair into the next tunnel (turn to **127**). If you win, turn to **178**.

142

You fall a couple of metres only before landing on an icy ledge protruding from the side of the crevasse. You are lucky to escape with only a twisted ankle. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Using your sword, you cut hand- and toe-holds into the side of the crevasse and haul yourself up. Plodding through the thick snow, you continue your quest (turn to **123**).

143

Gripping the hilt firmly, you tug hard at the sword. It comes free with surprising ease. You have chosen the Sword of Speed, an almost weightless yet strong and sharp sword. Add 1 SKILL point. If you wish to rummage through the Orc's backpack, turn to **171**. If you wish to walk directly through to the tunnel opposite, turn to **136**.

144

Pulling the dart from your arm, you flee from the followers and run into the tunnel (turn to **147**).

145

The Mountain Elf looks at you with a surprised expression on his face, and asks why you are not wearing your obedience collar. You see that he is wearing a metal collar round his neck which glows in the semi-darkness, and deduce that that is the collar he is talking about. If you wish to reply that you have put on weight recently and are having your collar widened, turn to **167**. If you would rather attack the Elf before he raises the alarm, turn to **185**.

146

A man comes to the door. His skin is a sickly grey-white colour. His vacant eyes and slow movements are definitely those of a mindless ZOMBIE. If you wish to attack him, turn to **19**. If you wish to run back to the junction and head straight on, turn to **96**.

147

The tunnel ends quite soon at a junction. To your left you can hear cries for help. If you wish to turn left, turn to **76**. If you wish to turn right, turn to **107**.

148

As you are about to leave the hut, you catch sight of some weapons lying under the bed. If you wish to take a couple of them with you, turn to **70**. If you do not wish to be encumbered by the additional weight and would rather leave without the weapons, turn to **6**.

149

The Illusionist screams in pain as your sword cuts into his side. He drops to the floor and his other two images fade away. As you step over him, he starts to laugh and stands up, his wound completely healed. If you wish to thrust your sword at him again, turn to **69**. If you wish to try to smash his prism, turn to **95**.

150

Despite being withered, the rose smells fresh and fragrant. As you inhale, you feel as though you are breathing new life into your lungs. Add 3 STAMINA points. If you have not done so already, you may:

Blow the flute	Turn to **36**
Read the runes on the stick	Turn to **122**
Read the book	Turn to **22**

If you do not wish to do any of the above, you may leave the cave and turn left into the tunnel (turn to **115**).

151

You roll down the mountain but the avalanche soon runs out of momentum in a gully. Luckily, you are not buried in the snow and find yourself dazed but able to sit up. Lose 1 SKILL point. Still feeling dizzy, you stand up and start your climb again (turn to **73**).

152

You soon arrive at a barred iron door which blocks your way forward. Beyond the iron door the tunnel turns to the right. If you possess a key, turn to **82**. If you do not possess a key, turn to **109**.

153

You quickly gather your thoughts and remember that a Vampire can only be killed by driving a stake through its heart. If you possess a carved rune stick, turn to **64**. If not, turn to **120**.

154

You take careful aim again and throw the dagger at the knob. *Test your Luck*. It you are Lucky, turn to **78**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **11**.

155

You are tempted to turn round and walk back to Big Jim Sun's caravan – but your reputation is at stake, and you have no choice but to carry on with the grim trek up the mountainside (turn to **83**).

156

The creature soon towers above you and develops a rough white reptilian skin. Its neck extends to support a giant head with smoking nostrils; wings protrude from its back. Before you stands an ancient WHITE DRAGON. If you are wearing a copper ring, turn to **53**. If not, you must fight the mighty beast as you stand.

WHITE DRAGON	SKILL 12	STAMINA 14

In addition to its normal attack, throw one die every Attack Round for its freezing cold breath. Unless you are wearing a gold ring, a roll of 1 or 2 will mean its icy breath will reduce your STAMINA score by a further 2 points. A roll of 3–6 will mean the icy blast misses you. If you win, turn to **133**.

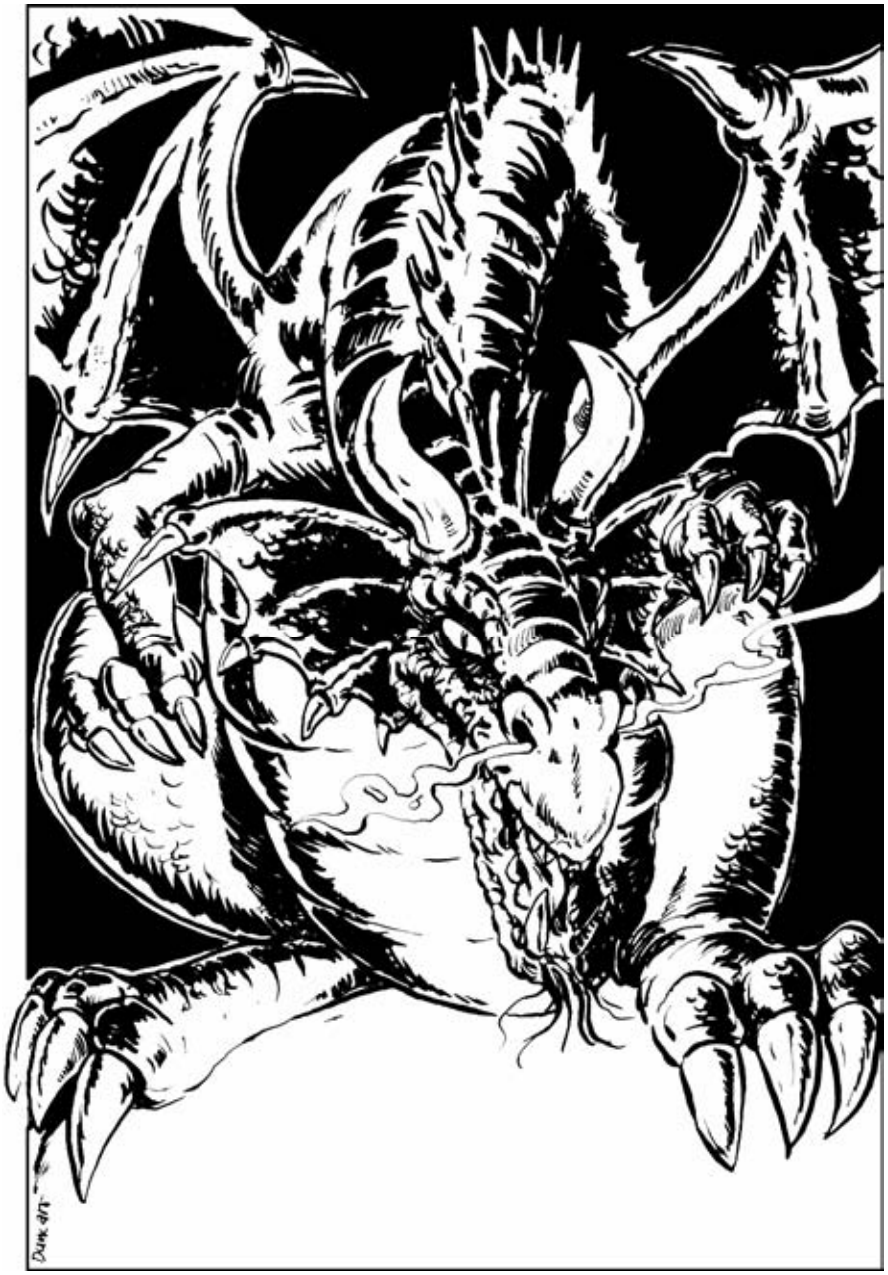

157

As soon as you step into the tunnel, an iron grille drops down behind you, barring your retreat. It is impossible to lift and there is nothing you can do but find out what lies at the end of the tunnel (turn to **152**).

158

The Mountain Elf looks at you in disbelief and says. 'Nobody of good heart would wish to join the Snow Witch. I am here only because of this!' Throwing back his hood, the Elf reveals a metal collar around his neck which glows in the semi-darkness. 'Only the obedience collar makes me serve her,' he continues in a dour voice. If you wish to reiterate your desire to join the Snow Witch, turn to **112**. If you would rather change your story and tell the Elf that you intend to slay her, turn to **174**.

159

The iron ball flies through the air but whistles past the Frost Giant's head. You have no time to reload and must rely on your sword-arm again (turn to **61**).

160

You draw your sword and lunge at the huge white beast.

YETI SKILL 11 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **30**.

161

You glance back and see the Sentinel walk over to the sarcophagus. He picks up the lid and smashes it on the floor. You feel a tremor underfoot and the mountain shudders. Cracks appear in the ceiling and rocks start to fall. The whole cavern complex is beginning to collapse. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **93**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **130**.

162

You notice round the neck of the Elf a strange metal collar which glows in the semi-darkness of the tunnel. Suddenly it stops glowing and turns black. You wonder what is happening and decide to hurry on down the tunnel (turn to **80**).

163

Lose 1 LUCK point. Turn to **58**.

164

You step over the pieces of broken quartz that were once the Crystal Warrior and carry on along the tunnel until it ends at a T-junction. If you wish to go left, turn to **96**. If you wish to go right, turn to **41**.

165

You step past the still bodies of the Wolves and continue your journey through the swirling snow. The climb becomes steeper and the going is slow. Turn to **57**.

166

As you approach the sarcophagus, a woman's eerie laughter echoes round the chamber. A beautiful woman wearing white fur slowly rises out of the sarcophagus, and when she smiles you see the tell-tale fangs and realize with horror that the SNOW WITCH is a Vampire! If you have some garlic, turn to **32**. If you do not have any garlic, turn to **72**.

167

The Mountain Elf laughs and says he never puts on any weight, but if he was fortunate enough to be able to take off his collar he might try to run away. He has hardly finished the sentence when he screams in pain. He tries in vain to pull the obedience collar from his neck, begging forgiveness at the top of his voice from an unseen master. He finally stops screaming and slumps to the floor, his face dripping with sweat. You ask him if he is all right but he does not respond. Lose 1 LUCK point. You decide to leave him and press on down the tunnel (turn to **80**).

168

You are now wearing a ring which drains your life force. Roll one die and deduct the number from your SKILL score. Roll two dice and deduct the total from your STAMINA Score. If you are still alive, you pull the cursed ring off your finger and crush it beneath your foot. It you have not done so already, you may put on either the gold ring (turn to **46**) or the copper ring (turn to **98**). Alternatively, you may walk through to the next tunnel (turn to **127**).

169

You breathe in deeply and walk casually through the cavern towards the tunnel to your right (turn to **132**).

170

Gripping the shaft tightly, you pull back your arm and hurl the spear at the snarling Yeti. Roll one die. If you roll a 1, turn to **67**. If you roll a 2 or greater, turn to **139**.

171

Inside the backpack you find a pair of old leather sandals, a stuffed rat and a mouldy loaf. If you wish to eat the loaf, turn to **184**. If you would prefer to leave the cave immediately through the tunnel opposite, turn to **136**.

172

You dive under the outcrop as the snow crashes down all around. Pressing yourself as close as you can against the ice-covered wall of your shelter, you wait until the avalanche has passed by. With a sigh of relief you set off again in search of the Crystal Caves (turn to **73**).

173

You panic as you realize that you are not carrying the weapons needed to slay a Vampire. The Snow Witch slowly overcomes her fear of the garlic and then gains control of your mind, forcing you to bare your neck in readiness for her to drink your blood. You will be her servant for ever in the world of the undead.

174

The Mountain Elf looks at you and smiles. 'Now you're talking,' he says. 'Kill her and free us. Here, take my cloak to disguise yourself and follow this tunnel until it branches. Take the right-hand fork. Good luck.' You shake the Elf's hand and run off down the tunnel (turn to **3**).

175

You wait until the Gnome and the Neanderthal look away, before running past the cave opening and on down the tunnel (turn to **115**).

176

The temperature is well below freezing point and the howling blizzard chills you to the bone. You struggle to walk through the snowstorm, but it drains your energy. Lose 2 STAMINA points. If you still wish to walk through the blizzard, turn to **45**. If you would rather dig yourself a shelter in the snow with your sword, turn to **105**.

177

You just manage to jump out of the way of the plunging dagger. You stand, feet apart, ready to fight the enraged Goblin barehanded.

GOBLIN SKILL 5 STAMINA 5

During every round of combat you must reduce your Attack Strength by 3, for you are without your sword. If you win, turn to **81**.

178

You examine the wooden chest lying on the floor and decide to prise it open with your sword. Inside you find three ornate rings and a cracked bottle which emits a sweet odour. If you wish to try on any of the rings, turn to **111**. If you would rather walk through to the next tunnel, turn to **127**.

179

The tunnel opens out into a small cavern which is empty apart from a brass bowl resting on top of an ice plinth. The bowl contains a yellow liquid and a wooden ladle. If you wish to drink some of the liquid, turn to **182**. If you would rather walk back out of the cavern without drinking the liquid, turn to **49**.

180

You tug down hard on the rope, hoping that the Goblins are as stupid as they look. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **35**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **75**.

181

You tread carefully over the bridge. Safely across the crevasse, you continue your slow trek through the snow (turn to **123**).

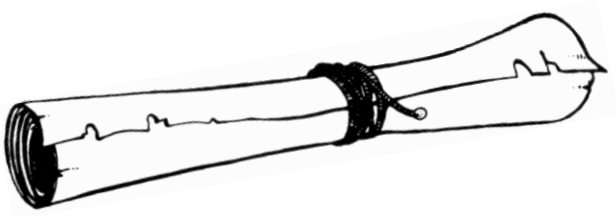

DUNCAN

182

The liquid sends a glow through your body and you feel wonderfully warm. You have swallowed a potion made by the Snow Witch that keeps her followers from feeling the cold. Add 3 STAMINA points. The potion also cures frostbite. Any SKILL points that you may have lost because of frostbite are now restored. With renewed vigour you walk back out of the cavern (turn to **49**).

183

You see, frozen into the ice wall, an ornate trunk, open and tilled with gold and jewels. You hack away at the ice until you reach the trunk. You decide to empty the bulky items out of your backpack so that you can carry away the Snow Witch's treasure. A golden idol is the first thing you pick up, but suddenly it bursts out of your hands and changes to a golden warrior – a SENTINEL left to guard the treasure.

SENTINEL SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win, turn to **190**. You may *Escape* after three Attack Rounds by running out of the chamber through the door you entered (turn to **161**).

184

You break the loaf in two and, to your surprise, find an iron key in its centre. Add 1 LUCK point. You put the key in your pocket, change your mind about eating the loaf and walk into the tunnel opposite (turn to **136**).

185

As you draw your sword, the MOUNTAIN ELF, with a shrill battle-cry, pulls back his cloak and grips his sword.

MOUNTAIN ELF SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **28**.

186

As you walk away the Dwarf calls out to his god to curse you. Lose 2 LUCK points. You walk past the junction and along the other branch of the tunnel, the cries of the Dwarf ringing in your ears (turn to **107**).

187

You manage to step out of the way of the chest which comes flying towards you. It smashes against the wall and breaks open, spilling its contents on the floor. The Frost Giant lumbers towards you, intent on killing you, but you are ready with your sword.

FROST GIANT SKILL 10 STAMINA 10

You may *Escape* after two Attack Rounds by running out of his lair into the next tunnel (turn to **127**). If you win, turn to **101**.

188

Your mind is completely controlled by the Snow Witch and you find yourself obeying her command. You drop the garlic and bare your neck in readiness for her to drink your blood. You will be her servant for ever in the world of the undead.

189

As you walk along the edge of the crevasse, the wind starts to howl, blowing flurries of snow into your face. You put your head down and stride into the wind. A dark shape suddenly looms out of the curtain of snow – and you do not see it until you are almost on top of it. A huge, hairy MAMMOTH stands before you, its long tusks curving out threateningly. Trumpeting loudly, it lumbers forward to attack.

MAMMOTH SKILL 10 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **134**.

190

The guardian of the Snow Witch's treasure is slain and you are free to help yourself to her riches. You take all that you can carry. With the Snow Witch killed, her followers will now be able to remove their obedience collars and return to their homes. You leave the caverns and walk outside. It is snowing again but you do not care as you joyfully descend the mountain. You will not have to work for Big Jim Sun any more, but you decide to collect the 50 Gold Piece reward from him for killing the Yeti anyway. After all, a deal is a deal.

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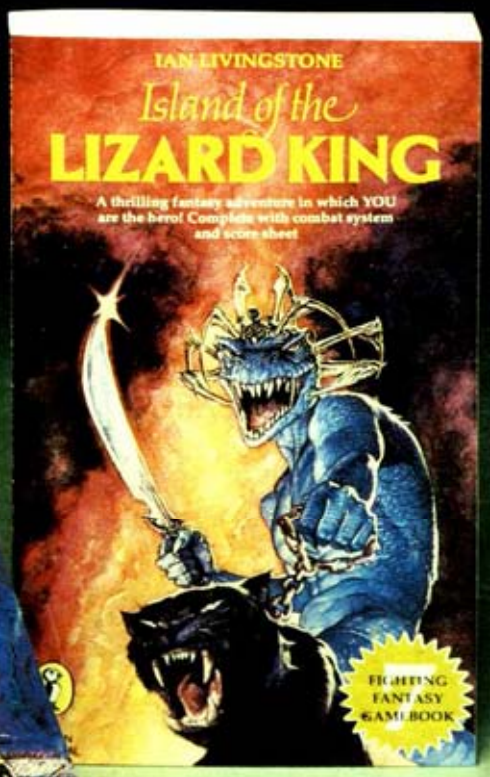

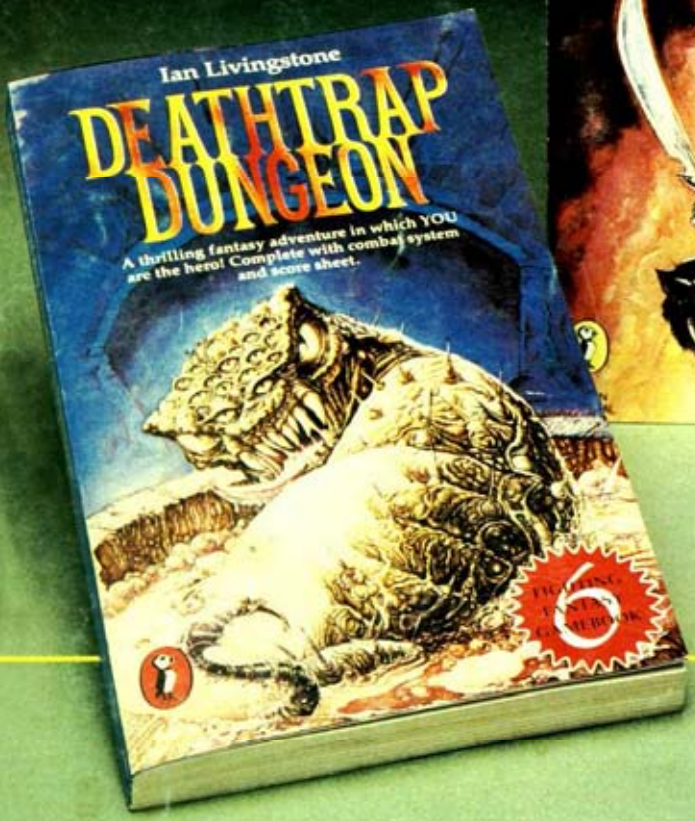

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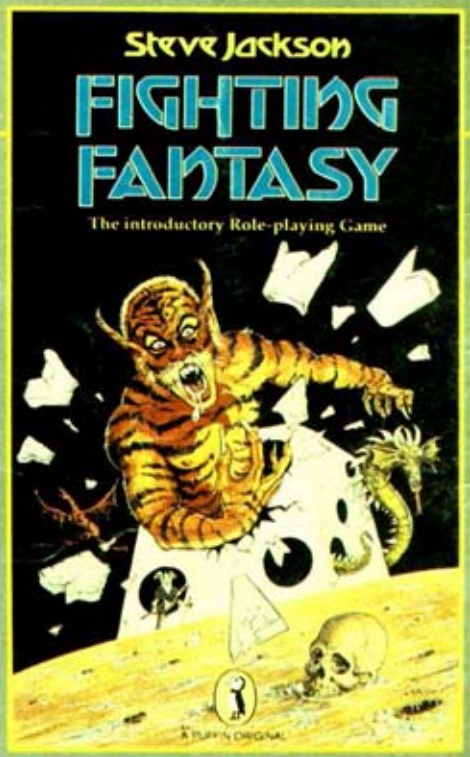

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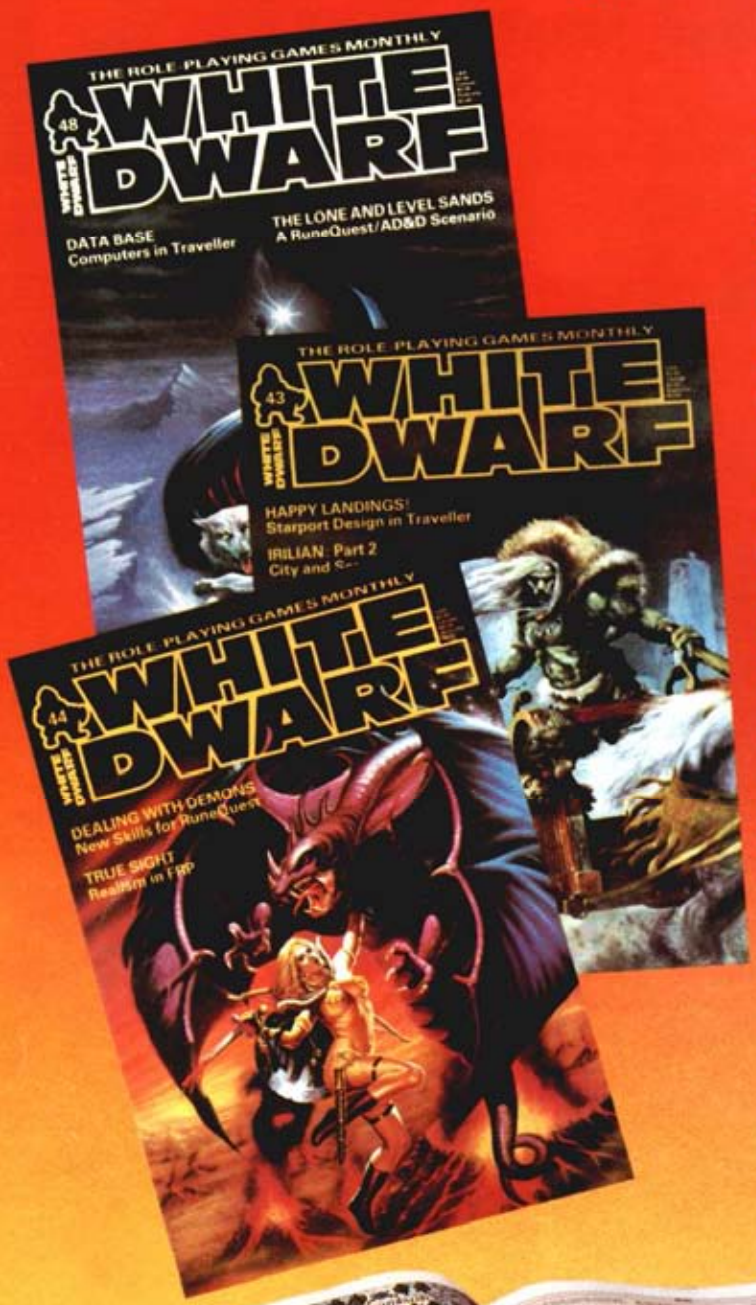

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Dear Adventurer

Jumping Jackalweres! Issue three and still going strong! The Grand Wizard at Penguin has, in his wisdom, ordained that *Warlock* shall continue, with his blessing. Perhaps he has been influenced by the mountain of letters from readers that pile high in his private chambers . . . or perhaps it was just that *Poison Publisher* spell we threatened to cast if he didn't!

In this issue is a new mini-adventure from Steve, *The House of Hell*, which is set in a haunted house where ghosts, black magicians and zombies will try their best to frighten you to death. And also a Fighting Fantasy game, from Ian, complete with board and counters for you to cut out.

We are trying different types of article in *Warlock* to find out what you, the readers, like best. Let us know whether you like Fantasy adventures, science-fiction adventures, modern-day adventures (like *The House of Hell*) or any other type. Tell us which Fantasy Gamebook you like best-or least-and why. Tell us what subjects you would like articles to be written on. Would you like us to include features on Fantasy games? Science-fiction films? Books? You name it; we'll try our best to twist the Grand Warlock's arm. He's happy when we're publishing things you want.

The winning entry for the Adventure competition of *Warlock 1* will be published in the next issue. Until then, may your STAMINA never fail.

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First published by Penguin Books 1984

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FIGHTING FANTASY NEWS

New Gamebooks

Warlock is continually receiving letters from readers wanting to know when the next Gamebooks are coming out and what they will be about. Steve and Ian are trying their hardest to keep the adventures coming but they are particularly concerned about keeping the standards of the adventures high. *The Caverns of the Snow Witch* and *The House of Hell* were originally intended to be the next two Gamebooks, but we decided to give readers a taste of what was to come by publishing shortened versions in the magazine. The full adventures, which are very different from the *Warlock* versions – and twice as long – have been completed.

Ian's *Caverns of the Snow Witch*, published last month, extends the adventure beyond killing the Snow Witch: in effect there is a new mini-adventure in addition to the original one. Steve's *House of Hell* is the one in this issue of *Warlock*, but turned inside out. The rooms have been jumbled, there are some cunning secret passages to find and the important clues are in totally different places. Getting through the mini-adventure will not help you at all! *The House of Hell* will be out soon.

Then there are three completely new adventures in the series. *Scorpion Swamp*, which has just been published, takes you into the loathsome mires of Scorpion Swamp, in search of treasure and glory. A new twist in this adventure allows you the option to follow different masters, good, neutral or evil, and each strand carries its own reward!

In a few months' time, *Talisman of Death* will be published, in which your quest is to find your way back to your own world, carrying the fearsome talisman with you. As you might expect in a conflict with Death itself, your death, if and when it occurs, is not necessarily the end of your adventure!

The following month sees the publication of *The Rings of Kether*, which takes you out to the lawless planets of the Aleph Signi system. You are an undercover narcotics agent, posing as an interstellar travelling salesman with a cargo of exotic off-world fruit, spices and luxuries. Your mission is to stop the alarming flow of the illicit drug Satophil-d and bring the traffickers to justice, with or without the help of the highly suspect Aleph Signi administration!

Still to come are *Assassin*, *Freeway Fighter*, *Temple of Terror*, and many more. News of these in the next issue.

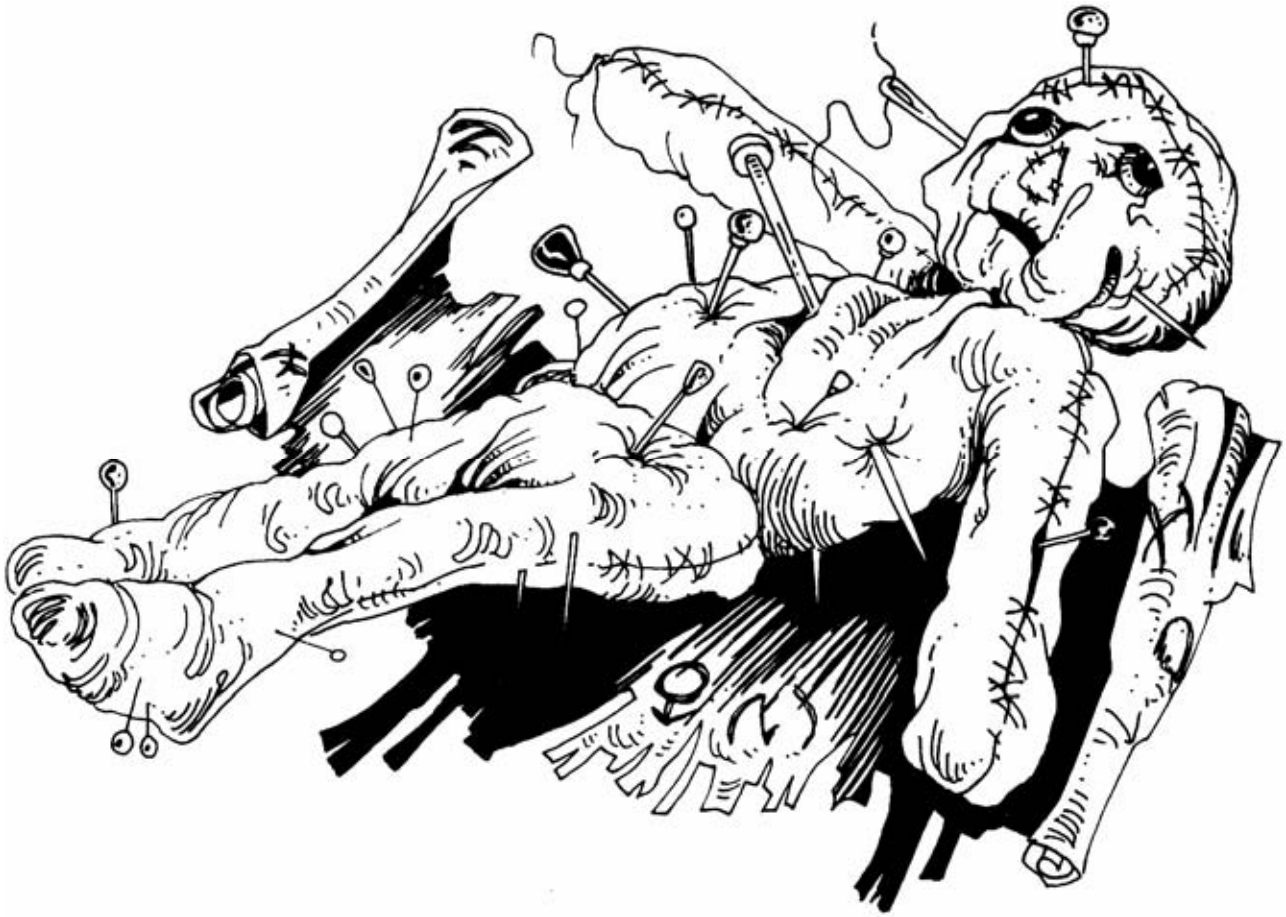

Sorcery!

The Seven Serpents, the third book in Steve Jackson's epic adventure, recently published, takes you to the awful wilderness of the Kakhabad Baklands. Beyond lies your goal, the dark Mampang Fortress, where the evil Archmage sits plotting the downfall of the neighbouring kingdoms. But your quest to recover the legendary Crown of Kings from the Archmage is in danger even before you begin this part of your adventure. Seven deadly and magical serpents speed ahead of you to warn the Archmage of your coming. Will you be able to catch them in time?

Perhaps you have already caught them and are eagerly waiting for the final and most dramatic part to emerge. The fourth book in the Sorcery epic, *The Crown of Kings*, will be published in a few months' time for those brave enough to try it!

Each of the Sorcery books is a complete adventure and can be played on its own as well as part of the four-book epic. Now published by Puffin, all the books contain the spells from the *Sorcery Spell Book* in the back – which is handy for magic users!

Fighting Fantasy Collectors' Items

Puffin are planning to release a Fighting Fantasy 'Adventure Kit' just before Christmas. This will be a kit containing a pad of Adventure Sheets (so you don't have to try to find a photocopier any more), a special Fighting Fantasy pencil, two FF dice and a Fighting Fantasy badge.

Puffin are also planning a *Monsters Book* with colour illustrations of lots of the Fighting Fantasy monsters, drawn by all the FF artists. All the creatures will be fully characterized and readers will be able to have 'creature combat' battles. This book should be out later in 1985.

Games Workshop are also producing a *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* game. For up to six players, adventurers must explore the board, which illustrates the Warlock's dungeon, fight monsters and find treasures, including the combination of keys needed to open the Warlock's chest. There is even a maze section which changes each time you play! The Workshop are also doing a range of FF jigsaws, which will feature the most popular covers from the FF series. And more goodies are to come . . .

PuzzleQuest Books

Steve and Ian have been working on a couple of books along slightly different lines. These *PuzzleQuest* books will be large-format, hardback books published by the Oxford University Press, with full-colour art throughout. Steve's is called *The Tasks of Tantalon* and in it you are sent off by an ageing wizard to complete twelve tasks. Each task is a puzzle hidden in the story, and more particularly in the beautiful illustrations by Steven Lavis. When you've solved all the tasks, there is yet another puzzle to decide whether you're correct or not. And if you're not, you have to start all over again! *The Tasks of Tantalon* should be out for Easter next year.

Ian's is a little different, and is so cunning that he won't give any clues as to what happens! But he did at least let slip the title – Casket of Souls – and hinted that the reader has to save a Kingdom from destruction by the undead Dragonlord. The full-colour artwork is this time by Iain McCaig, who is the cover artist of *Forest of Doom*, *City of Thieves*, *Deathtrap Dungeon* and *Island of the Lizard King*. Current plans are to release it in Autumn 1985.

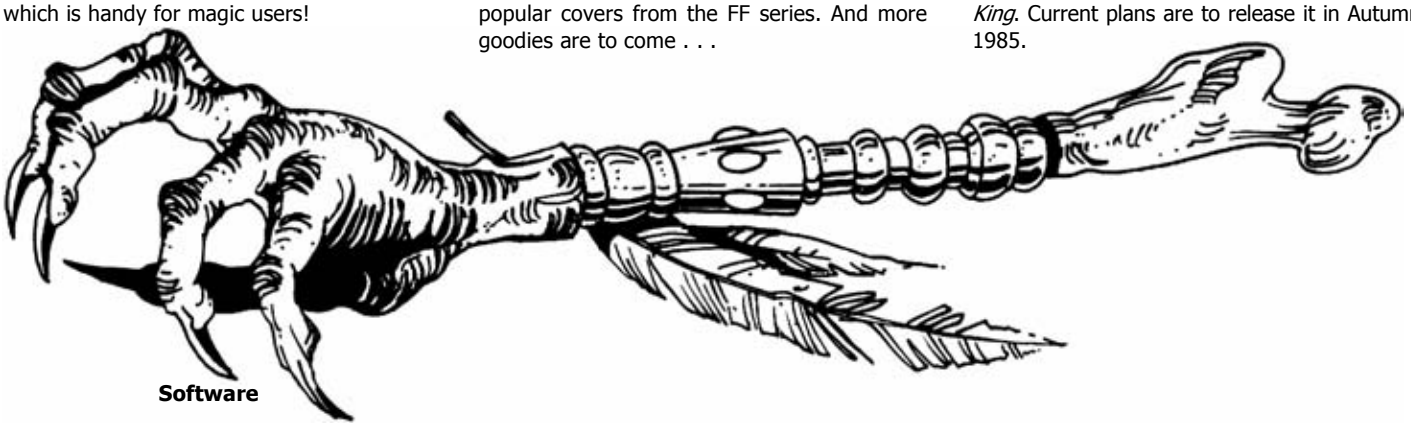

Software

Two new and stunning adventure games based on *The Forest of Doom* and *The Citadel of Chaos* are just about to be published for the ZX Spectrum 48K and the Commodore 64.

Designed by two young programmers, Darryl Mattocks and Simon Ball, both games are based very closely on the books but with fiendish new twists to the adventures, so that old hands won't be at any more of an advantage than beginners. Excellent graphics and sound, full music, combat sheets, character sheets, notes page, realistic dice throws, slow/fast text modes, and many other superb features make these the most exciting and visually effective adventure games on the market. Not to be missed!

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS

Mike Brunton explains the mysteries behind the original Fantasy Role-playing Game

Mike Brunton is well known in the Fantasy games world. He has won many awards for his fine painted Fantasy miniatures and currently works with TSR(UK) Ltd. In this article, he explains the basics of Fantasy Role-playing Games.

Role-playing Games

Role-playing Games (usually called RPGs) have now been around for ten years or so, and are what the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks are based on-so playing an RPG should be really easy after reading a Gamebook. But whereas you read a Gamebook on your own to have an adventure, you play an RPG with other people. One person has the job of being the book': this person is usually called the 'GamesMaster' (GM) or 'DungeonMaster' (DM). Like the book, this person knows all about the adventure that the players will have – and should know most of the rules of the game as well! The GM doesn't 'play' the game in the same way as the players do. He or she does the jobs that a Gamebook does for a player – working out who won a fight, what happens when a helmet is picked up, or where you end if you go down the long east corridor – etc. The GM has a lot of work to do during the game, but he also has a lot of fun too!

The players have a lot less to do. How many players? It could be any number, but more than about six makes it hard for the GM to hear everybody speak. Each player has a character who has scores in abilities like SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK. The players listen to what the GM tells them – as they would read a section in a Gamebook – and then decide what they want their characters to do.

Remember the sleeping Orc in *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* and the choices that you couldn't make? Well, in an RPG the players can try anything! The GM knows the rules, and can decide according to the rules whether something has worked or not. The players don't have only two or three choices, but as many as they can think up!

Let's have a look at how an RPG works – in this case the Dungeons & Dragons game. Four players are sitting around a table. One of them is the DungeonMaster, the others are taking part in the adventure as it is described to them. We'll call the players Phil, Keith and Tom, and Kim will be the DM.

The characters are lost somewhere in the dungeons beneath a wizard's tower, and Tom's character has been wounded.

DM: The corridor ends in a door, made of iron.

Phil: Is there a lock?

DM: No, there doesn't seem to be one on this side. Do you want to listen to see if there's anything on the other side?

Keith: I'll listen – carefully!

Kim, the DM, knows that it doesn't matter how hard Keith's character listens, he won't hear anything behind the door. But she rolls a die anyway, so that Keith doesn't realize this.

DM: You don't hear anything.

Keith: Right! I'll kick the door down, and Tom can be ready to cast a spell when we go in. Phil can use his crossbow . . .

Tom: But I'm wounded! OK, I'll be ready to cast my Magic Missile spell.

Phil: The crossbow's loaded, and I'll prop my sword by the door so that 1 can use it quickly if I have to.

Keith: OK. I'll kick the door down.

At this point, he rolls a die to see if the kick works. He rolls a 1, so down goes the door.

DM: And behind the door you see there are three Goblins.

Kim now has to control three Goblins while the players fight them.

DM: Roll to see if you're surprised by the Goblins.

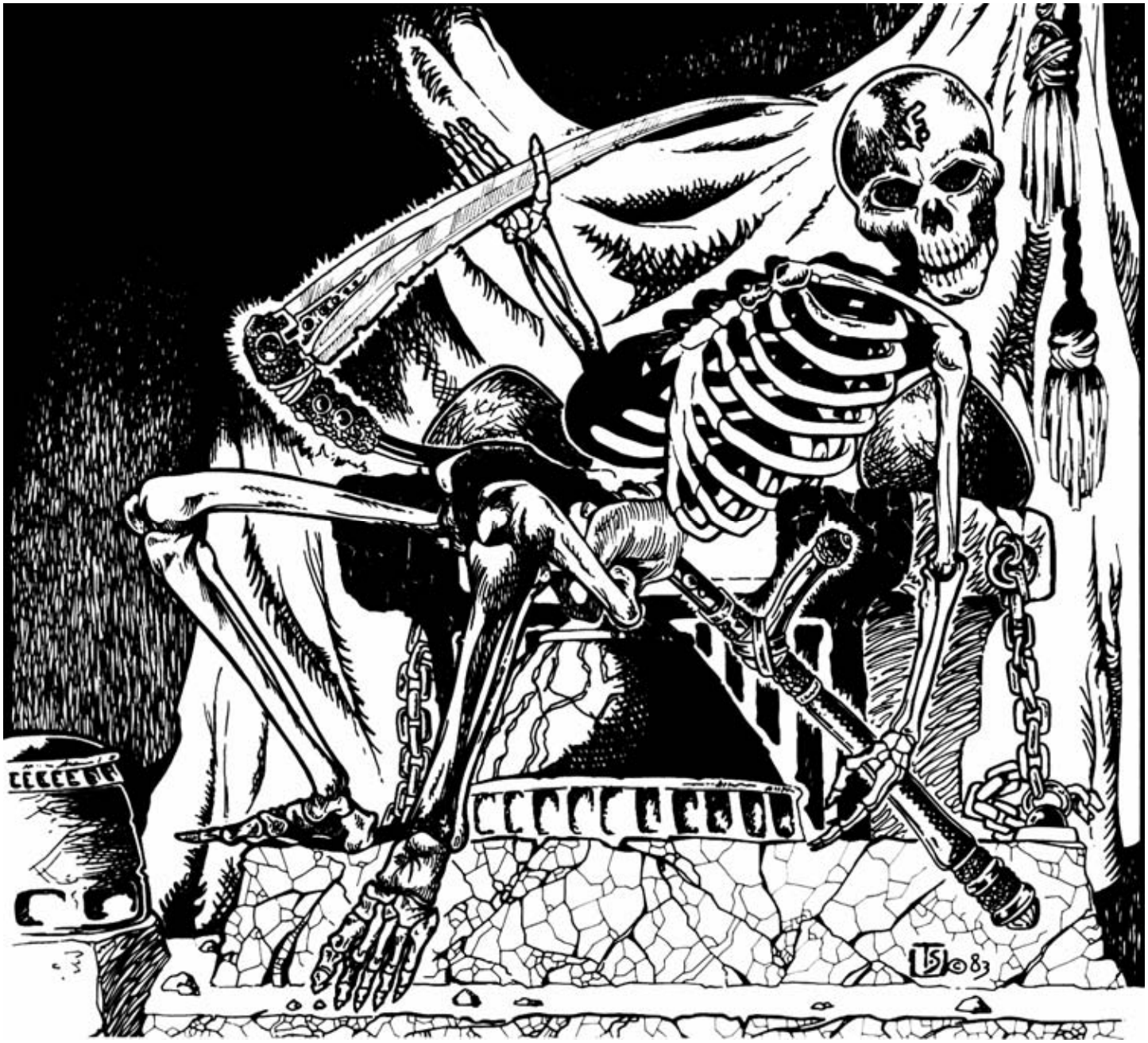

One of the players rolls a die, and the result is a 3. Kim does the same for the Goblins, and the result is a 1. The Goblins are surprised, and the players get to attack first.

Tom: I cast my Magic Missile spell at the Goblin. [*According to the rules, a Magic Missile hits its target automatically, but Tom still rolls a die to see how much damage he does.*] Six points of damage!

DM: The Goblin drops dead.

Phil: Now my crossbow. [*He rolls a die to see if the shot hits.*] A 12 – missed.

Keith: I swing at one of them with my mace. [*He rolls a die as well, and this time the result is a 15. Keith rolls another die to see how much damage he does, and rolls a 1.*] A hit, but only one point of damage.

DM: The Goblin looks shaken, but it's going to attack back.

Kim now rolls dice to see if the Goblins manage to hit their opponents. Fortunately for the characters, the Goblins are having a bad day, and both the survivors miss.

DM: The Goblins both miss you. Right, roll for initiative for the next turn. [*Kim rolls for the Goblins.*] Beat a 3.

We'll leave the adventurers in their fight with the Goblins, but it does show several important things about the Dungeons & Dragons game and RPGs in general.

The most obvious difference is that Kim, the DM, only offered the players one choice, unlike the Gamebooks that offer choices on every occasion. The rest of the time the players did what they wanted, and the DM told them what happened as the result of their actions. The rules in RPGs don't tell the DM or players what to do, but they do say what the results might be. Luck sometimes plays a part, through the dice.

And that's something else: how do you throw a 15 with an ordinary six-sided die? The answer is: you don't. Like most RPGs, Dungeons & Dragons uses dice that have different shapes – the most common have four, six, eight, ten, twelve or twenty sides. The rules tell you what sort of dice to roll to see if something succeeds (or not), like climbing a wall or trying to hit someone with a sword.

You may have also noticed that not all the adventurers did the same sort of things. Each player controls the actions of a single character, and these characters may have special skills. In Dungeons & Dragons characters are created in much the same way as in a Gamebook, but in much more detail. Characters have six abilities like SKILL, LUCK and STAMINA. Players have to choose a 'class' – a little bit like choosing a profession – when their characters start out. Characters who are strong can become Fighters, who are good in combat (like the adventurer in *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*). Characters who have a high Dexterity (one of the abilities that all characters have) can become Thieves, who are good al sneaking about, opening locks, and picking pockets. Characters who are

intelligent can become Magic Users – the wizards and sorcerers of the game. They are poor fighters, but can cast spells that make opponents fall asleep, make the Magic User (and his companions) invisible, allow the Magic User to 'hear' thoughts, and many more equally useful things. Tom's Magic Missile spell was one of these Magic-User spells. There is also a cross between the Magic User and the Fighter called the Cleric. Clerics can fight nearly as well as Fighters, and can use spells like Magic Users. They have a different set of spells- like Cure Light Wounds and Detect Evil. In all, there are seven choices of character class, the others – Elf, Dwarf and Halfling (Hobbit) – are variations on those above.

Once the characters have been created, it's time for them to go on an adventure, sometimes called a 'module' or' scenario'. This is where the DM comes in, because only he gets to see the details of the adventure – the players have to find out what is going on by having their characters take part! Usually, modules have some sort of map, and a description of what can be found in the places shown on the map – the monsters, treasures, traps, etc. – and what will happen at certain points during the adventure. You can buy modules for the Dungeons & Dragons game: the basic set contains a small adventure, and White Dwarf and Imagine magazines also publish adventures each month. But despite all the adventures that are already available, most DMs find it fun to make up their own.

But there is one major difference between the Gamebooks and Dungeons & Dragons (or any RPG for that matter) that wasn't in the example. Once you have finished playing one of the Gamebooks, that's it. The result has no effect on what happens next time you play. In Dungeons & Dragons, each character gets better as he or she has adventures by collecting Experience Points. These are awarded by the DM for killing monsters, finding treasure or anything else the DM thinks appropriate. Characters who have enough Experience Points get extra spells, can hit opponents in combat more often, are tougher and just generally better than when they started. This improved character then goes on the next adventure, and the one after that, giving an RPG the feel of a series of stories, rather than a one-off adventure.

Although it is the oldest, best-known and most widely played RPG, Dungeons & Dragons isn't the only one . . .

Other Role-playing Games

RuneQuest is a game that appeared in 1978, and was the first RPG not to use many of the ideas that had appeared in Dungeons & Dragons. Each player still controls the actions of one character, and can have that character try anything, but the 'mechanics' that dictate how things will turn out are much more complicated and detailed. In exchange for this added complexity it is a game that can be just what the players want it to be.

A character in RuneQuest doesn't have a 'class', but can learn to do nearly anything, so that instead of having a Fighter who cannot cast spells, you can have a character who fights with a sword, can pick pockets and cast some spells as well! Of course this 'Jack-of-all-trades' will probably be the master of none, but it is a very flexible system. Players also have the option of playing characters that are a bit out of the ordinary. How do you fancy the idea of being an intelligent Duck or an Ogre for a change?

If the idea of Fantasy or Swords-and-Sorcery doesn't appeal, and you see yourself leading the attack on the Death Star (or telling Captain Kirk what to do!), then science-fiction RPGs are for you.

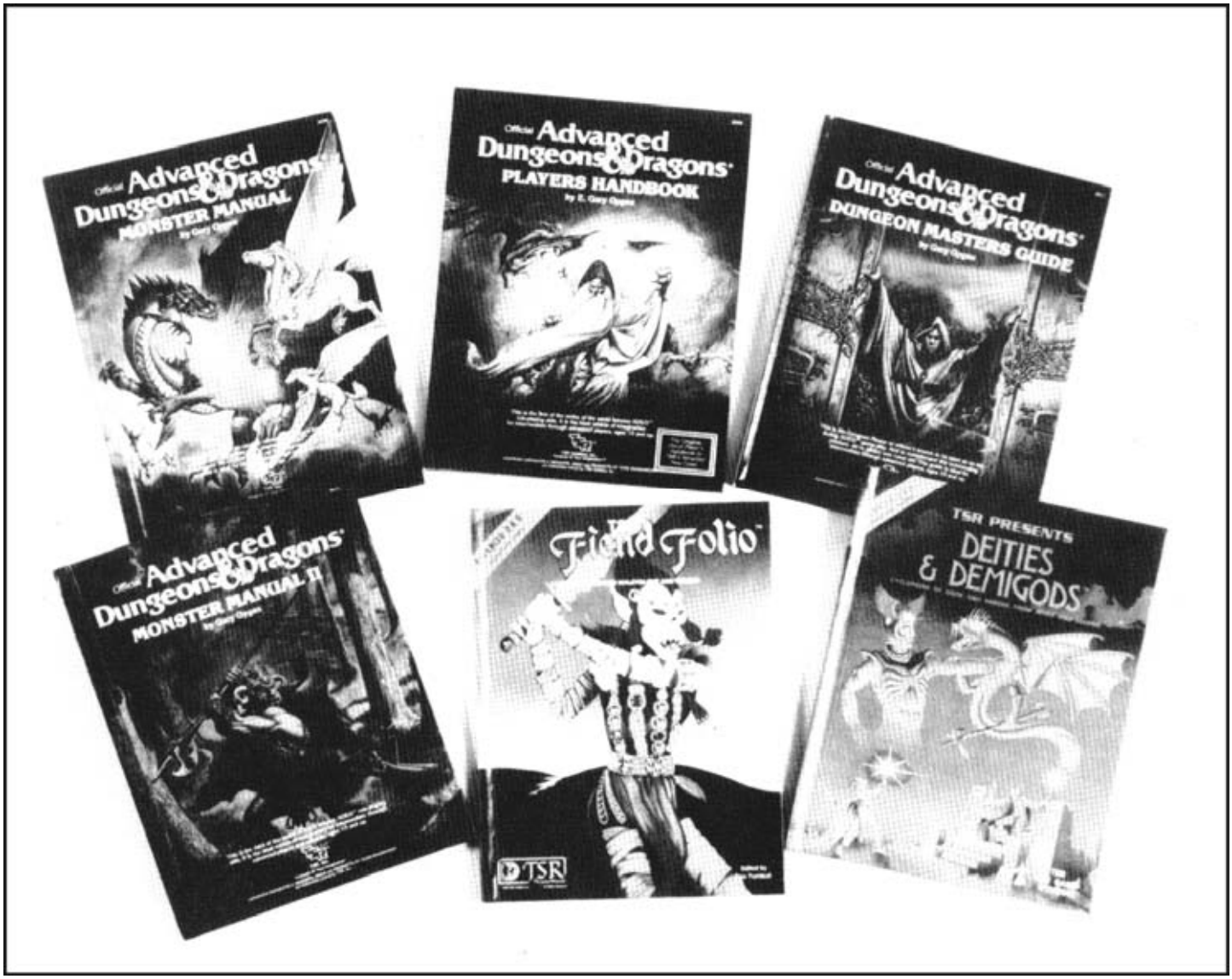

Traveller is just about the oldest SF RPG around – for a long time it was the only one! Traveller is a big game; there are lots of rules covering almost everything from combat with a variety of weapons and running a starship to full-scale fleet battles and what to do when your spacesuit gets punctured. There are also lots of ready-made adventures for Traveller GamesMasters, because the designers have created a whole universe, called the Imperium, for players to adventure across. The **Star Frontiers** game is similar to Traveller in many ways, but a bit simpler. The Star Frontiers Alpha Dawn set also includes a good beginner's guide to play.

But RPGs aren't just limited to Fantasy or SF. How do you fancy the idea of being a Samurai, or one of the Three Musketeers, or a Superhero like Spiderman? All these and many more are in RPGs.

How to Get Started

When you go into a games shop there are a confusingly large number of boxes on the shelves – all of which will cost you money – so how do you get started?

One of the best ways is to find a club. Many shops either have notice-boards where people can advertise, or know of groups who play regularly. Magazines have lists of clubs, and many schools have games clubs as well. It may seem a bit strange at first, but most players are really quite friendly and almost never bite visitors! Once you've played a couple of times you'll be in a much better position to decide what you want to do next.

And just think how impressive a Dragon's head will look over the mantelpiece!

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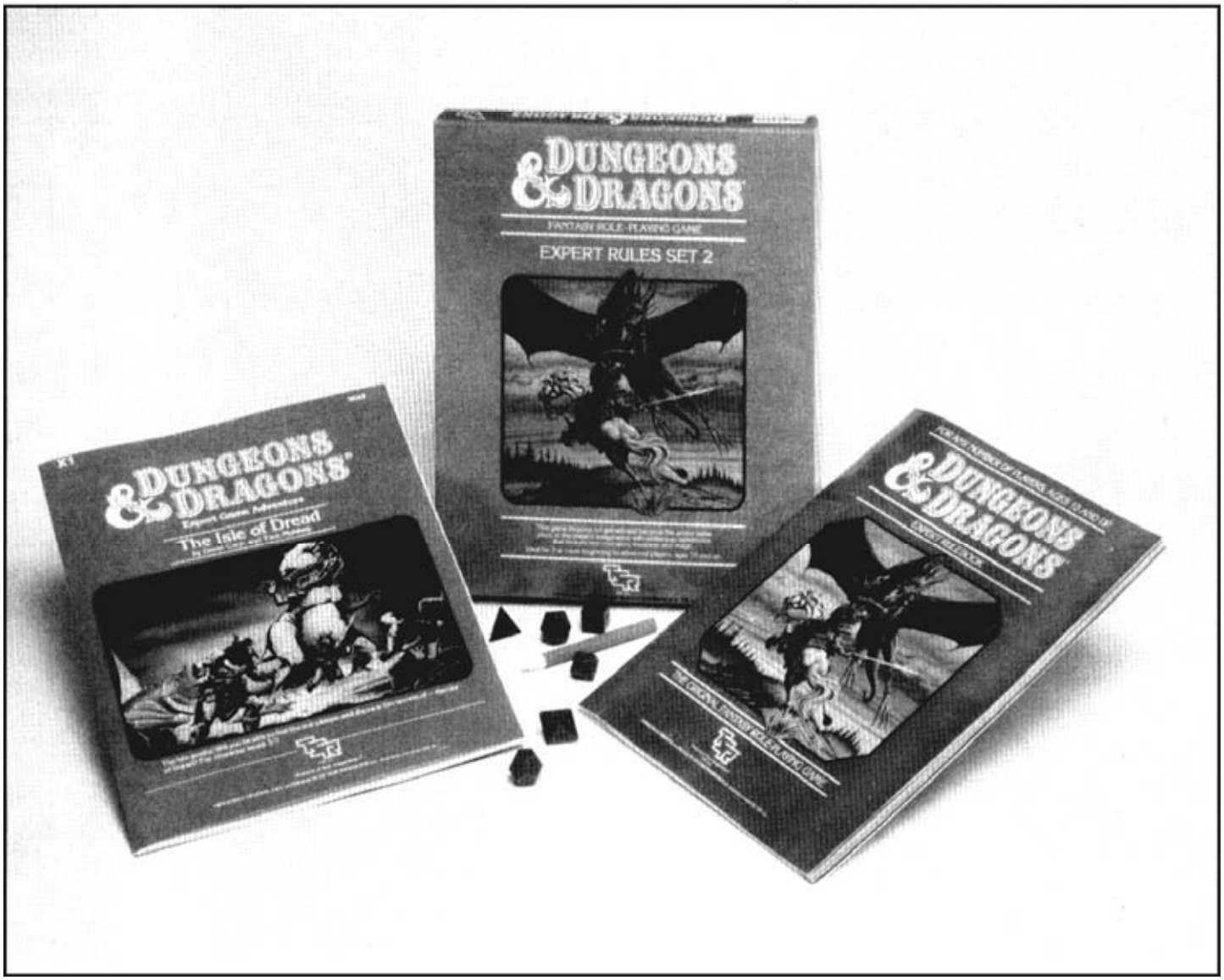

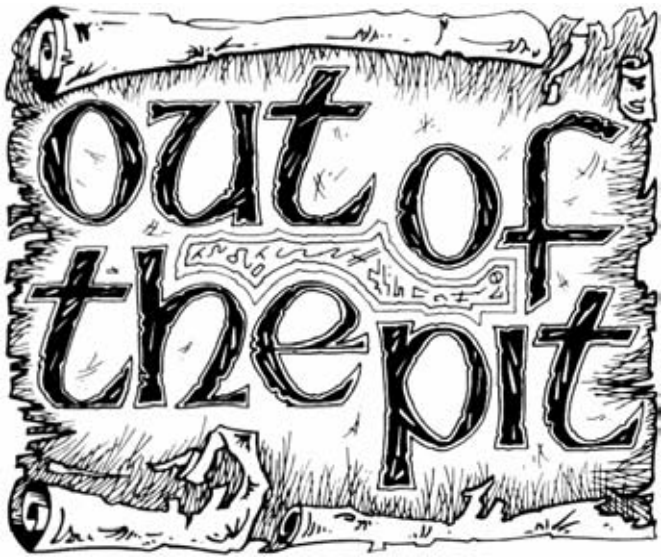

Prizewinners from *Warlock 1*

DOOM DEMON
by Andrew Mayo

The DOOM DEMON is the Prince of the Undead and all mankind fears him greatly. He rides a flaming iron chariot, pulled by a huge, two-headed DEVIL DOG, as strong as a cart-horse and utterly loyal to its master. The Doom Demon can only stalk the land at night, when he rides out and roams the Desert of Skulls, southwards from Oyster Bay to the Whitewater River, where his domain ends. It is believed he is tied to the desert in some way – perhaps his mortal form once lived there, many oceans ago. During the day he must lie dormant in his Castle of Black Steel, at the fiery edge of Hell.

The Doom Demon draws his power from the chain of skulls that hangs round his neck. These are the remains of the twelve images of Ciarensia, whose souls he has trapped within their skulls. It is presumed that he also has some links with the element of fire, for flames stream from his hair and clothes, as well as his chariot. Wherever he goes he leaves a trail of fire, setting alight anything inflammable, scorching a path of fiery destruction across the countryside. His symbol of power is his whip, made from the hair of a hag who attempted to curse him. He kills swiftly and ruthlessly, first hypnotizing his victim with his hollow eyes, then, with a single lash of the whip, destroying the helpless victim's soul, at which point the Devil Dog moves in to feed. The Doom Demon wears a flaming black cape, which sustains his incorporeal, undead form. Only when this is destroyed can the Doom Demon be defeated.

To destroy the Demon would require the following: first, to kill the Devil Dog in the usual way.

DEVIL DOG	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8

Second, to evade the Doom Demon's hypnotic stare by using a mirror to reflect his gaze back on to himself.

Third, to rip the cape from his shoulders while he is trapped by his own gaze, and then to cast Holy Water into his eyes. This will bring him back from the dead, making him vulnerable to ordinary weapons. Then he can be fought and defeated in hand-to-hand combat.

DOOM DEMON	SKILL 9	STAMINA 12

Apparently only three people have lived after seeing the Doom Demon, all of them Dwarfs who were fishing on the north bank of the Whitewater River as he passed them on the other side. They are believed to live in a small village somewhere on the Pagan Plain.

SHADOW MONSTER
by Simon Wood

This peculiar creature is not alive in the ordinary sense of the word but is a product of evil sorcery. Shadow Monsters are generally used by powerful and malevolent sorcerers and necromancers such as Zanbar Bone of the Black Tower as guardians of their seats of power, but not everywhere, as the spell works only in places where the sun's rays fall.

The sorcerer casts an invisible pattern of magic runes on to an area of wall on which the sun shines. When any rash adventurer passes by, he or she throws a shadow on the pattern, activating the

SHADOW MONSTER. The shadow comes to life and, stepping from the wall, attacks its 'double', and with the same SKILL. It has a definite physical form and can be harmed by ordinary weapons. If the monster is 'slain' the activating spell is likewise destroyed, otherwise, it continues to function every time an adventurer passes by, but only once a week.

SHADOW MONSTER	SKILL special	STAMINA 20

CAVE VAMPIRE
by Bruce Newsom

This vicious beast is the largest type of vampire bat known to man. Some five to six feet in length, including its two-foot tail (when fully grown), the CAVE VAMPIRE is found only in the deepest, darkest caverns, mostly in mountainous regions where local geology provides caverns large enough to house it.

The Cave Vampire differs in several respects from the common bat other than by its size. It has very large and bulging light-sensitive eyes which it uses instead of sonar waves. It also has a very keen sense of smell, and when in its own cave can pick up the scent of its quarry from up to a kilometre away. It is particularly voracious and will attack and feed on any living thing. Although it is not intelligent it does have natural cunning and will not attack anything that looks difficult to kill. It will always fly away if faced with overwhelming odds. Cave Vampires usually live in caverns large enough to provide food and rarely venture into the open, although some have been known to forage in the open at night, attacking livestock and human beings.

It attacks with its claws (three on each wing and two clawed feet) and teeth, and sports two large canines. Its usual tactic is to wrap its wings round the victim and sink its teeth into the neck. It is incredibly strong and an average human would find it extremely difficult to break free. Any adventurer so caught must *Test his or her Luck*, subtracting one from the die roll for each pointed object carried.

Its one weakness is its eyesight. Because it is so sensitive to light it is put off by anything bright and doesn't like to see its own reflection. Warriors in shining plate armour can usually avoid attack from these creatures. It pays to keep your armour clean!

CAVE VAMPIRE	SKILL 12	STAMINA 6

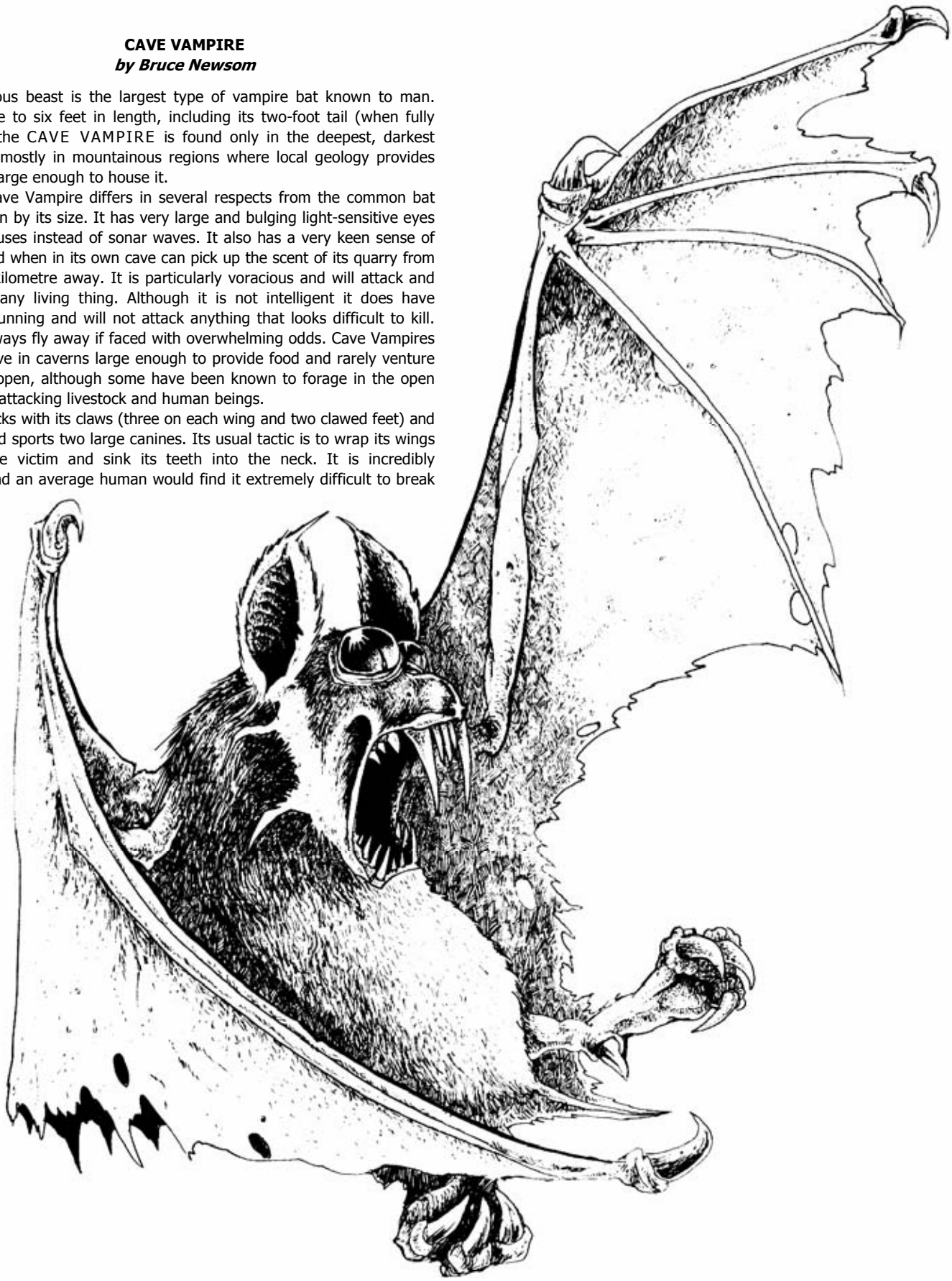

Each issue we will be publishing a selection of letters sent in from *Warlock* readers. The Warlock's Quill is a forum for suggestions, discussions, queries and comments on Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks. Readers should address their letters to: The Warlock's Quill, Warlock Magazine, Penguin Books, 536 King's Road, London SW10 OUH.

Dear Warlock,
Thank you for an excellent first issue. Having never come across Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks before, I am now addicted! I even tried to cheat by buying *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* before issue two of *Warlock* came out so I could finish my adventure. You fiendish Half-orcs! You changed it round so I couldn't reach the Warlock's treasure!

Anyway, I have a suggestion to make. Why don't you start a Fighting Fantasy Club? I, for one, would like to join.

Yours enthusiastically,
Harvey Lawrence,
Bushey, Herts.

Hey, that's not a bad idea! Would other readers be interested in a Fighting Fantasy Club? Members could get a membership card, badge, regular newsletter on what's happening in Fighting Fantasy and maybe even a special subscription rate to Warlock *magazine if we can twist the arm of the Grand Wizard at Penguin! Let us know what you think – Ed.*

Dear Warlock,
I have only one question. How do you get out of the Maze of Zagor? The number of times I have been stuck, lost, disappeared, reappeared ... I can't stand it! And those four dwarfs are sick of the sight of me! Help!

Yours helplessly,
Charles Boundy,
Basingstoke, Hants.

Nyah, hah, hah. Everyone gets lost in the Maze of Zagor! Good; I hope you stay there till you rot . . . – Ed.

Dear Warlock,
First of all may I commend you and Puffin Books for the excellence of your seven Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks. I am lost for words to describe their superb layout and planning. (*I agree – Ed.*) Secondly, I have some questions about them:
(1) Do the specific instructions (in some books) of the type 'add 3/1 /etc. SKILL / STAMINA; LUCK points' allow you to exceed your Initial scores?
(2) Can the STAMINA obtained from a meal (4 points) be allowed to exceed your *Initial* score?
(3) Can you leave behind a Gold Piece in exchange for a shield etc. if you are ordered to 'discard one piece of equipment'?
(4) Can you use 'The Eye of Cyclops' and 'The Giver of Sleep', etc., more than once?
(5) Could you explain how to 'battle two creatures as one'?

Yours quizzically,
Jason Rayner,
Luton, Beds.

You are not allowed to exceed your Initial SKILL, STAMINA *or* LUCK *scores unless specifically instructed at a reference. By 'specifically instructed' we mean a message such as: 'You may increase your* Initial LUCK *score by one point and restore your* LUCK *to this level.' So the answer to your first two questions is no. You are not allowed to leave behind a Gold Piece – or, for that matter, any Provisions – if you are told to leave one item of Equipment behind. Equipment is listed in the 'Equipment' box on your* Adventure Sheet*; Gold and Provisions have separate boxes. Thus the answer to 3 is no. But the answer to 4 is yes. You can use both these artefacts more than once if you are given the opportunity. In answer to question 5, all you have to do is pretend you are fighting only one creature, instead of two or more. In* WoFTM*, for example, you are told to fight the Piranhas as a single creature (*SKILL *5,* STAMINA *5). When you fight them, just enter 'SKILL 5,* STAMINA *5' in the Monster Encounter Box and play as if you were fighting one huge Piranha. Or would readers prefer to roll dice against 150 individual Piranhas, each with, for example, a* SKILL *of 3 and a* STAMINA *of 2 . . . ? – Ed.*

Dear Warlock,
My friend and I have been writing short adventure stories, similar to the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, for sometime. We have thought of some excellent ideas, and we would like to know how we should go about getting them published.

We also have a suggestion. As well as having a magazine, *Warlock* – which we think is very good – perhaps you could start a 'Gamebook Club' and advertise it in *Warlock*. We are sure this would attract many people.

Yours hopefully,
Patrick Baughan and Rupert Degas,
Carshalton, Surrey

Someone else who wants a Gamebook Club! Are you listening, Grand Wizard? As far as getting stories published is concerned, the competition announced in Warlock *1 produced many excellent entries. But it is still possible to submit adventures to Warlock for possible inclusion in a future issue. The only thing we ask is please send a stamped, addressed envelope big enough to hold your adventure it you wish it returned to you. Oh, and the slaves in the King's Road editorial offices prefer to read adventures that have been typed. Their eyesight gets bad in the dark dungeons where they are chained to their desks . . . – Ed.*

HOUSE
OF
HELL

Fighting Fantasy Rules

If you have never played a Fighting Fantasy adventure before, you will notice just by glancing through the following pages that it is not like a story, nor quite like a game: Fighting Fantasy adventures are a little of both. YOU are the hero of the story, but in order to survive your adventure you must learn the simple game rules given below. These rules are used in conjunction with the *Adventure Sheet* given on pages 16–17. Your *Adventure Sheet* is your own record of your adventure. You are advised to fill in the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil so that you can rub out previous scores when you start a new adventure.

How to Survive the House of Hell

The House of Hell is a little different from previous Fighting Fantasy adventures. For the sake of those players who are already familiar with the standard Fighting Fantasy rules, the box below highlights the new rules particular to The House of Hell.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

These scores are determined and used in the normal ways. The only exception is that you begin the adventure *unarmed*. You have no weapon. Until you find a WEAPON (which will be indicated with capital letters) in the adventure, you must deduct 3 points from your SKILL score, as rolled at the start. When you find a WEAPON, the text will tell you what SKILL bonus you may add for it. Your *Initial* SKILL is used to set the maximum SKILL score you can have, and also is the SKILL score you roll against if asked to roll against your SKILL.

Fear

As well as surviving your adventure by ensuring that your STAMINA never drops to zero, in *The House of Hell* you must also avoid being *frightened to death*. Before you begin your adventure, roll one die and add 6 to the result. This total will give you the maximum FEAR score you can bear. Your FEAR score is the number of points you can take before being *frightened to death*. During your adventure, you will come across situations where you must, for example, 'Add one (or two, etc.) FEAR points.' Your FEAR score starts at zero and you must add FEAR points as instructed in the text. If your FEAR Score reaches the maximum (as rolled initially – see above), then you are *frightened to death* and must end your adventure. Note that FEAR works in the opposite way to normal SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores; you start with zero and *increase* your FEAR score towards your maximum, rather than *subtracting*, as you do with the other scores.

Provisions and Potions

You start with no Provisions or Potions.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are.

Fear

You must also be careful within the House of Drumer that you are not *frightened to death*. As this is a new feature, so far found only in *The House of Hell*, the rules for how your FEAR score is decided – and what effect it has – are explained in the boxed section at the beginning of this page.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows-start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see next page).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see next page).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (end your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see next page).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1-6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, you must fight the first creature. If you defeat it, you then attack the second creature.

Weapons

You begin *The House of Hell* adventure with no weapon. As with other Fighting Fantasy adventures, your SKILL score reflects your combat ability with a weapon. So, before you start off on your adventure, deduct 3 points from your SKILL score and note this 'starting SKILL'. Do not, however change your *Initial* SKILL as this is still used to determine the maximum SKILL you have, and is also used if you must make rolls against your SKILL. If you find a WEAPON (which will be identified with capital letters) during the adventure, the text will tell you how many SKILL points the WEAPON allows you to add. These points are added to your 'starting SKILL', not your *Initial* SKILL.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be *Lucky* or *Unlucky* (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *Unlucky*, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck.* Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being *Lucky* or *Unlucky.* However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are *Lucky, you* have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are *Lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck.*

Restoring Skill, Stamina, Luck and Fear

Your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores may change during your adventure. Your SKILL will increase (from 'starting SKILL') if you find a WEAPON. Your STAMINA will drain as you fight creatures, and may be restored by eating or resting as instructed by the text. Your LUCK will run out, as you must deduct one LUCK point each time you *Test your Luck.* Occasionally a particularly lucky find or encounter may restore some of your LUCK. Your FEAR score is built up as you go through the adventure; each time you get frightened, you will add to your FEAR score. Occasionally, when you get the opportunity to relax, the text may instruct you to deduct points from your FEAR.

Note that any bonuses you are awarded can never be used to exceed your *Initial* SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores, nor make your FEAR score a minus number.

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL

Initial Skill=

Starting Skill = (Initial Skill −3):

STAMINA

Initial Stamina=

LUCK

Initial Luck=

ITEMS OF EQUIPMENT CARRIED

FEAR

Maximum Fear =

Current Fear (Starts at zero):

NOTES

EVIL ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

BACKGROUND

The rain spatters the windscreen relentlessly. You can see no more than a watery gloom as you strain forward over the steering-wheel to see the road ahead. Although the wipers flap valiantly, they are fighting a losing battle, as the rain drives harder and harder. Your foot eases off the accelerator; the headlights struggle to light up the road.

Damn! You curse the white-haired old man who sent you off along this bumpy track. Probably he meant the second turning on the left – or even a right turning. The old fool. Perhaps this is his idea of a joke. After all, didn't you notice a mischievous glint in his eye? Something vaguely sinister?

But what sort of nonsense is this? So you've taken a wrong turn and got caught in a downpour in the night. The rain will ease off soon – it can't possibly keep up this deluge for long – and then you'll be able to . . . *WATCH OUT!!!*

You spin the wheel frantically to the left to avoid the figure which, from nowhere, shows up in the headlights. The car bumps and jolts as it bounces over the rocky roadside and thumps into a ditch.

You collect your thoughts. You are unhurt, but shaken. Then you remember what has happened. *The body!* You must have hit the figure which appeared; there was no way you could have avoided him. You spring out of the car, praying that he is still alive.

Your clothes soak up the rain as you hobble back to the road. In the darkness it is difficult to see anything. *But there is no sign of a body!* You consider the situation. Are you certain that it was someone and not a trick of the light? Yes. You can remember the arms held up in fright as the car collided, and the look of anguish on his face. His *face*! There was something familiar about that face. A man you recognize. An old man, with white hair . . .

Your heart leaps: No, *impossible*! With a shiver of fear you race back to the car, jump inside, force the key into the ignition and twist it violently! The starter coughs, splutters and dies. Again you hit the key but this time a single shudder is all the engine can manage. You grasp the wheel with your hands and shake it desperately as if to force some life into the car. But the battery is dead. Your car is certainly not budging from the ditch that night.

Your situation is hopeless. But now the plight of your car is paramount. Where can you get help? You passed a garage at Mingleford, but that was some twenty miles away.

As if in answer, a light appears in the distance. Someone has switched on a bedroom light. What a stroke of luck! It was at least fifteen miles since you passed the last house and you happen to have broken down just a short distance from someone's home.

You take your bag from the back seat, button up your coat and open the door. From outside the car, you can see the building more clearly. Just ahead, a drive winds up to the left, leading up to a large house. It is a good five minutes' walk away. And by the time you reach it, you will be drenched. But how else can you call the garage? You can't afford to miss tomorrow's appointment. No; go you must. Anyway, you'll probably be able to dry off inside after phoning the garage.

You slam the door, turn up your collar and set off for the house. A crack of lightning lights it up clearly for you but, in your preoccupation with the rain, the warning from above is wasted on you. The house is old – very old – and in a shocking state of repair. The light in the window is flickering. Most likely an oil lamp – certainly not electric. And you don't notice a fact that may have turned you away anyway: there is no telephone line to the house.

As you climb the steps to the front door, little do you realize what fate has in store for you that night. Tonight is going to be a night to remember . . .

1

You climb the creaking steps up to the front door and pause to shake the rain from your clothes. You are *drenched,* and feeling decidedly uncomfortable. There are no signs of life from inside the house; in fact the whole place looks completely deserted. This thought dawns on you and you step back once more into the rain to look up at the lit bedroom window which attracted your attention earlier. Nothing. No lights. Perhaps whoever it was has gone to sleep. *Yes, of course*, you think. Its five minutes to midnight. Everyone will be asleep by now. And they won't be too happy about being disturbed by a soaking wet stranger in the middle of the night! But you have no choice. You step up to the front door. An elaborate brass knocker hangs in the middle of the door. There is also a bell-pull hanging down beside the door. Will you pull the cord (turn to **150**) or rap the door with the knocker (turn to **175**)?

2

Do you have any garlic with you? If so, turn to **59**. If you have a gold ring edged with rubies, turn to **180**. If you have both of these, you may choose to use either. If you have neither, choose another weapon and turn to **36**.

3

The wine is impeccable: a fine vintage. Soup follows, and then you may choose either lamb (turn to **31**) or duck (turn to **112**) for your main course. Or will you tell your host that you have already eaten and you are not hungry (turn to **57**)?

4

In the nick of time, you spring aside as the chair speeds past you and crashes into the wall behind. You escape injury, but you must add a FEAR point. If you can, you had better leave the room before the POLTERGEIST inside does you some real damage! Turn to **120**.

5

This hallway is short and only a single door leads off it. A sign on the door reads 'The Lucretia Room'. If you wish to enter this room, turn to **21**. If you would prefer to turn back and head straight on down the passage, turn to **105**.

6

You taste the liquid. It is red wine! You drink some more down and it warms you; you start to feel a little light-headed. Then you start to feel dizzy. A pain stabs in your stomach, and you double over. But there is no relief from this pain. For you have drunk a bottle of poisoned wine! In a few moments you will lose consciousness and in five minutes you will be dead. You will never make tomorrow's appointment after all . . .

7

With a superhuman effort, you beat down the hypnotic power of the eye and slam the book shut. Replacing it on the shelf, you rub your eyes. Although a little dazed, you are safe. But you decide to leave this room without delay. Turn to **46**.

8

Are you using the Kris knife? If not, your blow has not harmed the Earl. He cannot be harmed by any weapons but the Kris knife. Without this weapon you will struggle in vain against him until he eventually takes your life. But if you have this weapon, you may continue the fight. Return to **155** and finish the battle. If you win, remember to turn to **185**.

9

The room you enter is a drawing-room. A table with six chairs stands in the centre of the room. Atone end is an enormous painting of a country scene, perhaps portraying the area many years ago. On the opposite wall, stretching from the floor to the ceiling, is a full-length mirror. Velvet curtains line the wall opposite the door. You step up to admire the painting, then turn to face the mirror. A shock is in store: *it casts no reflection of you*! Add 1 FEAR point. You walk closer to the mirror but still no reflection appears, although you can see the table and the wall behind you clearly. You walk right up to it and feel its surface. Your hand passes right through the glass! Pulling back quickly, you consider the situation. Will you leave the room (turn to **169**), step into the mirror to see what is hidden behind it (turn to **18**) or investigate the room further (turn to **24**)?

10

The footsteps get louder and then stop. *You cannot see anything!* By the sound of the footsteps, whoever was coming should be standing right in front of you. You start to sweat, and must add 1 FEAR point. A pain in your chest grips you and starts to grow. It is as if an invisible enemy is grasping your heart and squeezing! But you still cannot see anything. You fight the pain and resounding laughter echoes in your ears. Something *is* standing there! You struggle to escape. Fight this INVISIBLE ENEMY. Although you will do him no harm, his STAMINA Score reflects the grip which he has on you; if you reduce his STAMINA to zero, you will break free and can escape by running down the hallway and turning right. Turn to **178** if you escape.

INVISIBLE ENEMY	SKILL 10	STAMINA 4

11

You grip the handle, turn it and slowly pull the door open. The noise of the storm raging outside becomes louder. You start to walk through the doorway, but stop and gasp, your eyes frozen wide open! Before you, standing in the doorway, is a hooded figure! But its face is not human. Instead, the head is that of a goat and its mouth is red with blood, which drips on to the ground. Its dead eyes stare vacantly upwards. The sight is terrifying, and you must add 3 FEAR points. You slam the door in its face and race back upstairs as fast as you can. Turn to **88**.

12

The pitch increases as the onlookers join hands and circle the altar. The priest raises his knife into the air and lets out a frenzied scream as he drives the dagger through the girl's heart. You force yourself to look away as the woman dies and, as you do so, you notice another passageway leading off from the room. You look back at the gathering. They are all busying themselves with the sacrifice, smearing the unfortunate victim's blood all over themselves. You seize your opportunity and run for the passage. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky,* turn to **127**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **95**.

13

The box rattles. There is something solid inside. You undo the catch and open the lid. Inside the box are two keys. You try one of the keys in the door. It fits and turns. You may now leave the room. The other key has the number 114 cast in it. The passageway runs a little further along and then turns to the left. You follow it round. Turn to **55**.

continued on p.33

FIGHTING FANTASY COMPETITION

HAVE YOU DESIGNED A MULTI-PLAYER FIGHTING FANTASY ADVENTURE?

£100 in prizes to be won!

In *Fighting Fantasy,* the role-playing game, two scenarios are described. In the role of GamesMaster, readers can send their friends off on Fighting Fantasy adventures in *The Wishing Well* and *Shaggradd's Hives of Peril*. Suggestions are given at the end of the book for designing your own FF adventures. And now Penguin are offering cash prizes for the best scenarios sent in by readers!

HOW TO ENTER

Using the rules system described in *Fighting Fantasy,* design your own fantasy adventure. It could be based in a dungeon, a wilderness, a temple, or anywhere else you like. Follow the presentation used in *Fighting Fantasy* to draw a map, and describe each room or 'encounter area'. Descriptions of each area should be laid out as in the book itself, with an underlined section for any descriptions to be read out to the adventurers, and a key map in the top right corner. Actual drawings of each area are not necessary.

FIRST PRIZE £50 FIVE RUNNERS UP PRIZES OF £10 EACH

RULES

1. All entries must be accompanied by the official entry token. Name, full address and age must also be given.

2. All entries must consist of a complete adventure of not less than twenty rooms or encounter areas. The games system described in *Fighting Fantasy* should be used.

3. Entries should be neatly presented, preferably typed, on A4 paper, double-spaced, on one side of the paper only and with wide margins. Neat handwritten entries are acceptable.

4. Winning entries will be judged on the basis of inventiveness and originality. If, in the judges' opinion, none of the entries is of a sufficiently high standard, the first prize will not be awarded. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

5. No employee of Penguin Books Ltd may enter this competition.

6. The closing date for this competition is 31 January 1985. Overseas entries will be accepted until 31 May 1985.

7. Prizewinners will be contacted by post no later than 30 April 1985. A full list of prizewinners will be available from Penguin Books Ltd, 536 King's Road, London SW10 0UH after that date. (Overseas: 31 August 1985.)

8. Entries are not returnable, so entrants are strongly advised to keep a copy of their entries.

9. It is a condition of entry that all entrants agree to abide by the rules.

10. Entries should be sent to:
Warlock Competition
Penguin Books Ltd
536 King's Road
London SW10 0UH
England

FIGHTING FANTASY BOARD GAME

Designed by Ian Livingstone, *Market Mayhem* is the first Fighting Fantasy board game and can be played by three to fifteen garners. All you need to do is to pull out the board sheet and the card sheet from the centre of the magazine and stick them firmly on to thin card. Make sure that the card sheet is glued all over, otherwise the counters and their backing cards might part company! To avoid losing vital pieces, try to keep the cards and counters in envelopes in between games.

Write and let us know how you get on!

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ADVENTURE COMPETITION TOKEN

This adventure is designed to give several players the opportunity to take part in a fast action Fighting Fantasy Role-playing Game, using unfamiliar characters with unusual objectives. In *Market Mayhem* many natural enemies are brought together in the market-place of Port Blacksand-the dreaded City of Thieves. One of the players must volunteer to act as GamesMaster (referee) in order to control the game and direct the Non-Player Characters. The game will inevitably evolve into a multi-player brawl, of which the ultimate survivor will be declared the winner. While counters are provided, the game would be visually enhanced by the use of 25mm scale miniature figures like those produced by Citadel Miniatures. In order to play *Market Mayhem*, players should be familiar with the rules of the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks. Additional rules relevant to *Market Mayhem* are given below. These should be read by both the GamesMaster and players.

Equipment

Game Board
Counter Sheet
Character Card Sheet

Rules

The *Game Board* portrays the area on which the combat is to be fought. A square grid has been superimposed over the terrain features printed on the Game Board in order to regularize movement and combat.

The *Counters* represent the various Player Characters and Non-Player Characters. The number printed on each counter is purely for identification of the Player and Non-Player Characters.

The individual *Character Cards* should be first cut out from the sheet provided using scissors or a sharp knife. Each card gives the full abilities and objectives of all the Player and Non-Player Characters.

Market Mayhem is designed for 3–14 players, each in control of a Player Character. The GamesMaster controls the Non-Player Characters. Having read the scenario, the GamesMaster should deal out one Player Character card to each player. The GamesMaster then places the Non-Player counters (or figures) on the Game Board. In some instances, cards which are *not* drawn as a Character must be included in the game as Non-Player Characters. These Player Character cards are marked with an asterisk.

An outline physical description should be given by the GamesMaster of all the Player and Non-Player Characters involved in the combat. Mention should be made of any visible armour and weapons, race, sex and mode of dress. (The task will be greatly simplified with the use of 25mm scale miniature figures in the place of counters.) Having read their objectives, players begin to place their counters (or figures) on the Game Board, at their designated starting-points.

A Game Turn consists of a *Movement Phase* followed by a *Combat Phase*. After the GamesMaster has moved some or all of the Non-Player Characters, the players take it in turn (clockwise around the table) to move their Characters.

If any Characters or Non-Player Characters are in adjacent squares during any part of the *Movement Phase*, a *confrontation* takes place. This might simply be a conversation between the two players or may result in combat. A player whose Character has not moved during a *Game Turn* may not move that Character if he or she is to engage in combat as a result of a confrontation caused by the movement of another player's Character.

A *Combat Phase* is equivalent to an *Attack Round* in the rules of Fighting Fantasy. At the end of the *Combat Phase*, the next *Movement Phase* takes place, except where players engaged in combat elect to continue combat.

If a Character is not close enough to another Character to engage in combat, a weapon may be hurled if it has already been picked up; for instance, during a previous *Movement Phase* a Character may have moved to a square adjacent to where the missile was situated and stated that he or she is picking it up. To decide whether or not a hurled weapon hits its target (assuming it is in range), roll two dice. If the total is the same or less than the Character's SKILL, the target will be hit. If the total is higher, the target will be missed. However, add 1 to the total rolled for each square away the Character stands from his or her target. The hurling of a missile counts as a *Combat Phase*.

Missiles	**Maximum Range** (in squares)	**Damage** (reduction in target's STAMINA)
Clog	4	1
Pot	4	2
Pan	4	2
Bucket	3	2
Statuette	5	2
Bottle	5	2
Log	3	2
Dagger/Knife/Dart	6	2
Arrow	10	2

If a Character is able to use magic, a spell may be cast during a Game Turn at any time, in addition to Movement or Combat. However, Magic Items and Spells can only be used once during the game.

FIGHTING FANTASY BOARD GAME

PULL OUT

NAME: Bruno*
SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 17
RACE: Human
MOVEMENT: 4
WEAPONS: Dagger
MAGIC ITEMS: None
SPELLS: Truce (This can be used to stop somebody attacking during one *Combat Phase.*)
MISSION: You are down on your luck and have resorted to alchemy during recent months for a living. However, you have not been able to perfect the mixture of potions and are selling fake potions of invisibility at the market. You hate most dwarfs as one once stole your spell book.
START AT: K10

NAME: Denzil
SKILL: 9
STAMINA: 17
RACE: Human
MOVEMENT: 4
WEAPONS: Shortsword and shield
MAGIC ITEMS: None
SPELLS: None
MISSION: You look like a wandering minstrel, but have been hired by the local baron to assassinate a troublemaker who has been inciting villagers to revolt against recent tax increases. You know this troublemaker is fat, and often vents his feelings on the speakers' platform in the village square. You love starting fights between other people.
START AT: F12

NAME: Deraco
SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 17
RACE: Human
MOVEMENT: 4
WEAPONS: Cutlass and three throwing knives
MAGIC ITEMS: None
SPELLS: None
MISSION: You have just arrived ashore after six months at sea and are very drunk. You are looking for a good time and especially enjoy offending landlubbers.
START AT: H6

NAME: Keesh
SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 15
RACE: Dwarf
MOVEMENT: 3
WEAPONS: Hammer
MAGIC ITEMS: None
SPELLS: None
MISSION: You are drunk and looking for a present to give to your wife to make up for the fact that you have not been home for three days. Naturally, you hate half-orcs, but neither are you particularly keen on humans as you suffer from a gross inferiority complex.
START AT: D12

NAME: Meriella
SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 15
RACE: Elf
MOVEMENT: 4
WEAPONS: Dagger
MAGIC ITEMS: None
SPELLS: Immobility (This immobilizes any person or creature for three *Movement Phases.*)
MISSION: You have travelled far in search of your twin sister who was kidnapped by pirates some months ago, and will not rest until you have rescued her. You hate most men, especially seafarers.
START AT: G2

NAME: Misk*
SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 16
RACE: Human
MOVEMENT: 4
WEAPONS: Dagger
MAGIC ITEMS: Ring of Invisibility (Nobody will be able to attack you for three *Game Turns*, although you will be able to attack as normal.)
SPELLS: None
MISSION: You have just returned from a treasure-hunting expedition and are looking for an assassin who ran off with your share of the loot. You are now masquerading as a fortune-teller in the market-square.
START AT: B12

NAME: Ragnar
SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 16
RACE: Half-elf
MOVEMENT: 4
WEAPONS: Shortsword
MAGIC ITEMS: Potion of Skill (This will add 2 to your SKILL score for three complete *Game Turns.*)
SPELLS: None
MISSION: You are passing through the village, but have stopped to buy some food. You hate dogs as a wild pack once attacked you and tore out your left eye. You never miss a chance to kick a dog or its owner, or both.
START AT: H16

NAME: Vartan
SKILL: 9
STAMINA: 18
RACE: Human
MOVEMENT: 4
WEAPONS: Two-handed sword
MAGIC ITEMS: None
SPELLS: None
MISSION: You have just returned from battle and are in need of food and fun. You are always willing to fight anybody or anything for money. You are *very* short-tempered and will attack at the slightest provocation.
START AT: E15

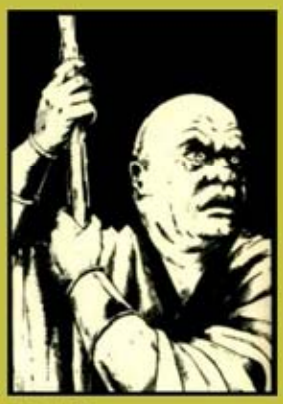

NAME: Yam-Yi
SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 18
RACE: Human
MOVEMENT: 3
WEAPONS: Quarterstaff
MAGIC ITEMS: None
SPELLS: Control Animals (This can be used to make any animal obey your command for three *Game Turns.*)
MISSION: You are looking for a statuette which has been stolen from your personal shrine. You've recently heard that a stall in the market is selling statuettes.
START AT: H11

FIGHTING FANTASY BOARD GAME

PULL OUT

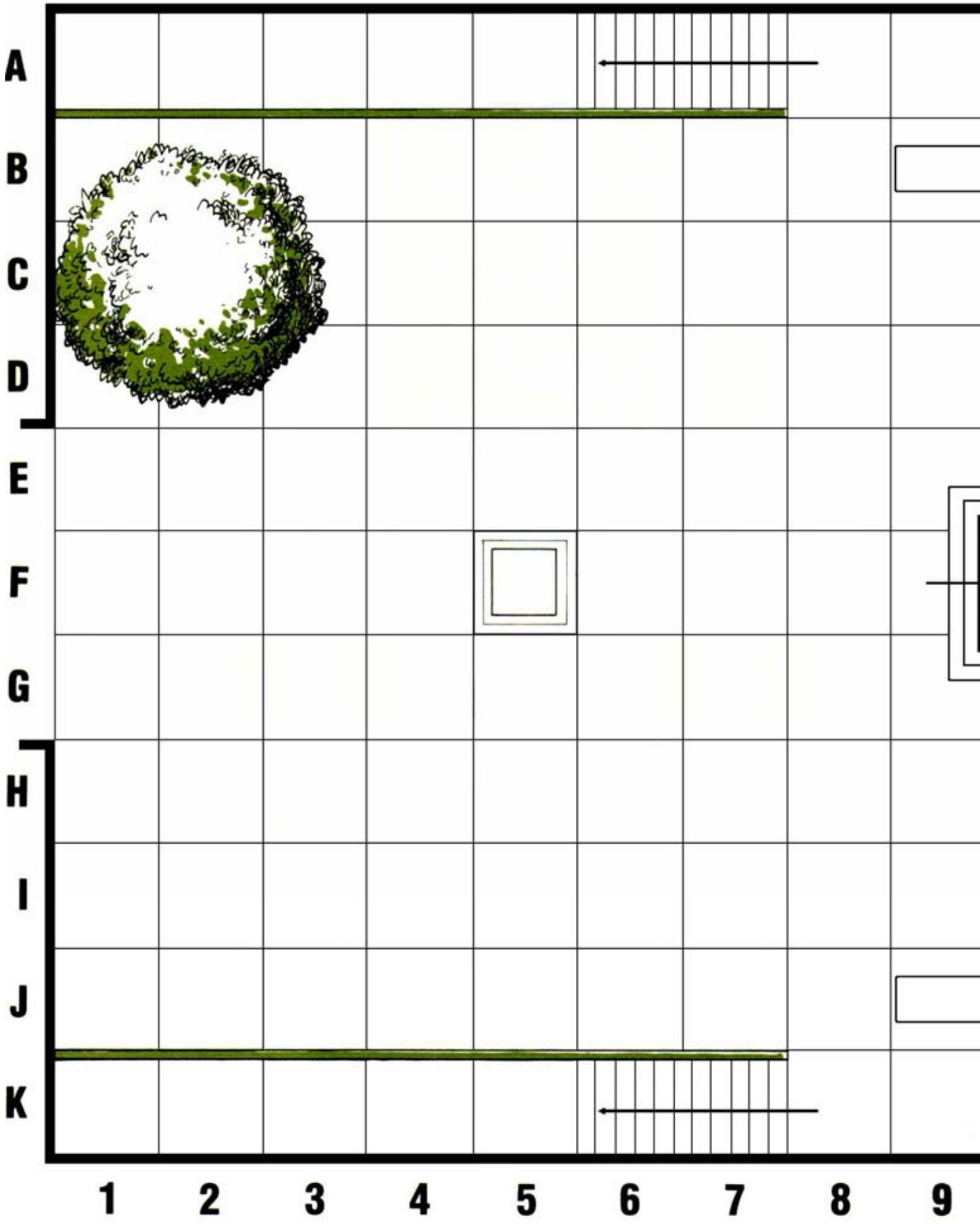
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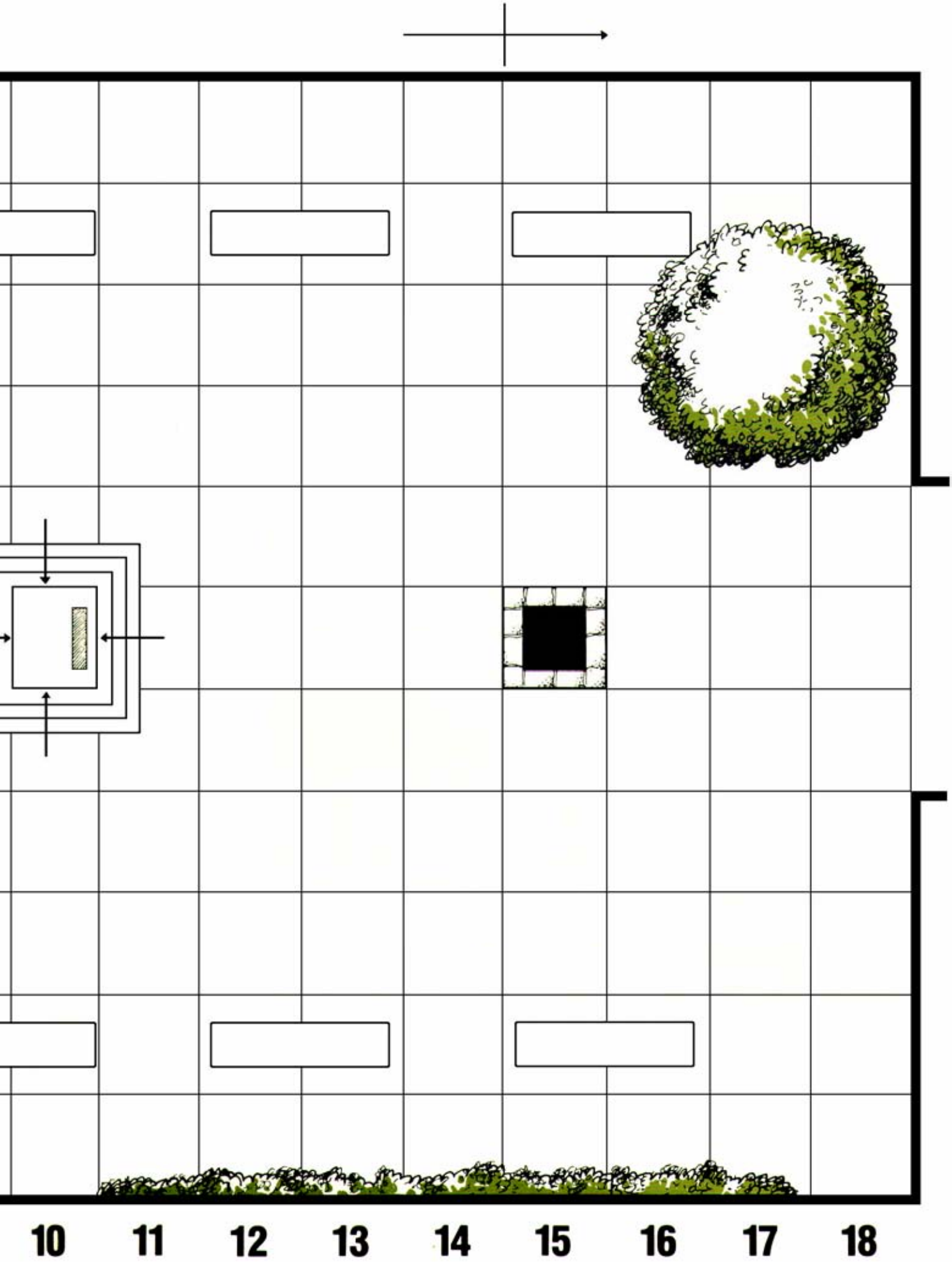
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FIGHTING FANTASY BOARD GAME

PULL OUT

NAME: Dorig
SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 18
RACE: Half-orc
MOVEMENT: 4
WEAPONS: Club
MAGIC ITEMS: None
SPELLS: None
MISSION: Your mentality is really sick. The more intense the suffering of humans, the more you enjoy life. You regularly visit the market in the hope that somebody is in the pillory. You are always one of the first to pelt the victim with rotten food. You treat most creatures with contempt, but really loathe humans and dwarfs.
START AT: E6

NAME: Karlos
SKILL: 9
STAMINA: 15
RACE: Human
MOVEMENT: 4
WEAPONS: Short bow with four arrows and a shortsword
MAGIC ITEMS: None
SPELLS: None
MISSION: You are on the trail of a slave-trader who deals exclusively in beautiful girls. You have been paid by an eastern noble to retrieve a blond, brown-eyed girl missing from his harem called Keshi. You distrust all non-humans.
START AT: E17

NAME: Kazanelle
SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 14
RACE: Human
MOVEMENT: 3
WEAPONS: Shortsword
MAGIC ITEMS: None
SPELLS: None
MISSION: You are in possession of a large number of stolen goods, the bulk of which are silver statuettes, six inches in height. You keep a poisonous snake (SKILL 4, STAMINA 3) in a wicker basket behind your stall (K7) as protection. You are ugly and you like it that way, but are jealous of pretty girls.
START AT: K6

NAME: Pollius
SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 14
RACE: Human
MOVEMENT: 3
WEAPONS: Mace
MAGIC ITEMS: None
SPELLS: Cure Wounds (This will add 6 points to your STAMINA score.)
MISSION: You are trying to collect donations for your dilapidated temple. You have a begging-bowl and a rather obnoxious personality which will usually offend rather than befriend.
START AT: H10

NAME: Zeno
SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 16
RACE: Elf
MOVEMENT: 4
WEAPONS: Three darts, sword
MAGIC ITEMS: None
SPELLS: Entangle (This will stop any person moving for two *Movement Phases*).
MISSION: You are here to pick some holly from the trees in the market-square. You hate the abuse of animals.
START AT: G3

	Bruno	Denzil	Deraco	Dorig	Karlos	Kazanelle
	Keesh	Meriella	Misk	Pollius	Ragnar	Vartan
	Yam-Yi	Zeno	Old Sam	Kazill	Kazill's Bear	Borrn
	Darrion	Liza	Zoe	Gaffin	Kessy	Elly
	Argus	Loriella	Carig	Dagma	Keshi	Tomron
	Market Guard	clog	clog	clog	clog	clog
pot	pot	pot	pan	pan	pan	clog
statue	statue	statue	statue	statue	statue	spade
bucket	bucket	bucket	log	log	log	bottle
bottle	bottle	bottle	bottle	bottle	bottle	bottle

FIGHTING FANTASY BOARD GAME

PULL OUT

Background

While players are becoming acquainted with their Player Characters, the following description should be read out aloud by the GamesMaster:

You are walking round the market of Port Blacksand, the notorious City of Thieves on the west coast of Allansia. Many of you have arrived for a specific purpose; others are just passing through.

Today there are many side-shows in the market-square besides the usual stalls. It is early morning and the market is not yet crowded.

The Game Board represents the market-square. It is a stone-cobbled area formed by various buildings backing on to one another. There are two entrance points; one at the north end and one at the south end of the market. There are two sets of stairs leading to two wooden balconies eight feet above ground level on which the guard watches the proceedings of the day. There is ivy climbing up the northern end of the eastern wall.

There are two trees at either end of the market which can be climbed instead of normal movement. Down the central passage of the market, from south to north, is the platform for public speeches, a pillory and a water-well.

Location of Non-Player Characters' Counters

Old Sam: D1
Kazill: I15 (and bear: J15)
Borrn: B1
Darrion: H13 and Liza: J13
Zoe: A10
Gaffin: A6
Kessy: A4
Elly: K4
Argus: C18
Loriella: F9
Carig: C15 (Dagma: B15; Keshi: B14)
Tomron: F14
Market Guard: A14

Location of Item Counters

Clogs: 3 at B4 and 3 at B3
Pots/Pans: 3 at J3 and 3 at J4
Buckets: 1 at A7, 1 at D18 and 1 at B10
Statuettes: 3 at J6 and 3 at J7
Logs: 3 at C17
Bottles: 4 at J9 and 4 at J10
Spade: 1 at A9

Description of Non-Player Characters

All NPCs have a movement rate of 3 squares.

Old Sam the Beggar (SKILL 4, STAMINA 5). He is very jealous of his begging-patch and spits at other traders who encroach on his area.

Kazill (SKILL 6, STAMINA 9). He is the master of a muzzled black bear (SKILL 10, STAMINA 18) which is tethered by a chain to the wall. It will dance when asked by Kazill for 1 Gold Piece.

Borrn (SKILL 6, STAMINA 8). He is a fire-eater and will perform all day.

Darrion (SKILL 7, STAMINA 9). He is a knife-thrower and will have between one and six daggers in his possession at any one moment. The remaining daggers will be pinned around Liza, a neutral female (SKILL 5, STAMINA 7), who is his wife and target.

Zoe (SKILL 6, STAMINA 8). She is a market-trader selling fruit and vegetables.

Gaffin (SKILL 8, STAMINA 9). He is a market-trader selling meat and fish. He holds a meat cleaver.

Kessy (SKILL 5, STAMINA 8). She is a market-trader selling clothes and wooden clogs.

Elly (SKILL 5, STAMINA 8). She is a market-trader selling kitchen utensils.

Argus (SKILL 7, STAMINA 6). He is a wandering street-trader selling roast chestnuts.

Loriella (SKILL 6, STAMINA 8). She is the twin sister of Meriella (one of the Player Characters). She was kidnapped by pirates, managed to escape, but was put in the pillory for stealing food. She will recognize the pirate Deraco.

Carig (SKILL 8, STAMINA 10). He is wearing leather armour. He deals in beautiful young girls and is selling two called Dagma and Keshi (each SKILL 7, STAMINA 6).

Tomron (SKILL 8, STAMINA 8). He is the local poor people's hero who tries to prevent exploitation. He is usually found on the speakers' platform gaining support.

Market Guard (SKILL 8, STAMINA 11). He is wearing leather armour and holds a short sword. His duty is to keep order in the market, and he watches the proceedings from one of the balconies.

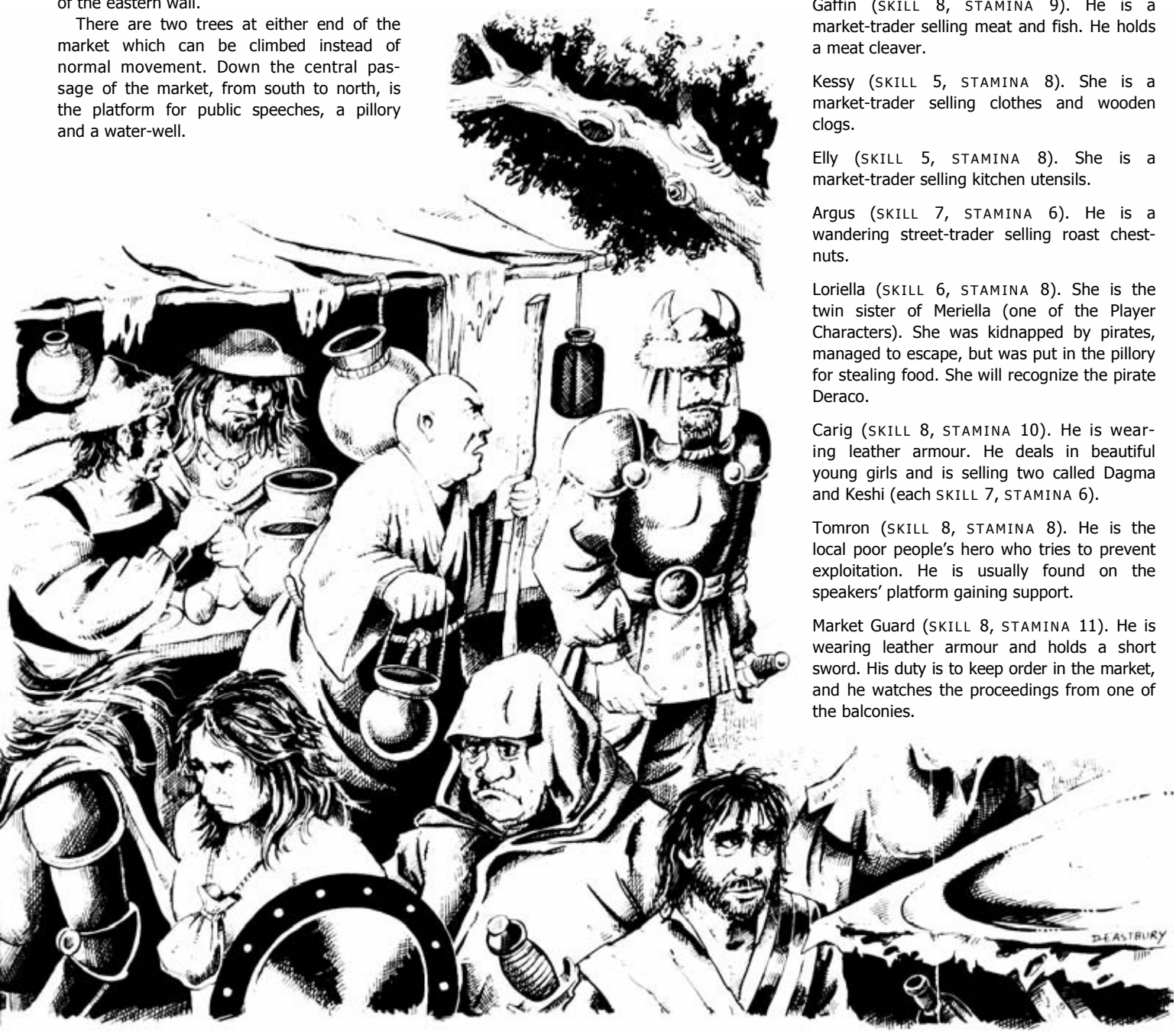

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14

'Is that so?' he asks. 'Then why are you here?' Will you tell him that you are an outsider, trying to escape from the house (turn to **104**) or will you pretend to be a servant of the Earl of Drumer (turn to **167**)?

15

You step into the room and close the door behind you. The room is empty and you breathe a sigh of relief, falling back against the door to catch your breath. Will you rest in the room (turn to **38**) or try the window for a means of escape (turn to **172**)?

16

The butler brings in a plate of cheese and a steaming pot of coffee. He cuts you a portion of cheese and pours your coffee into a china cup. The conversation continues. Turn to **43**.

17

You grab the door handle and twist it. The door is locked! The voice laughs at your futile attempt to escape. 'No, my friend,' it chuckles, 'you cannot escape from this room. The only escape you are going to make now is from life itself!' Add 1 FEAR point and turn to **132**.

18

Behind the mirror is a small chamber with a door leading onwards. The door is strong and is firmly locked. Some carvings on the door may hold the secret of how it may be opened, but you cannot decipher them. In the room behind you, sounds of people can be heard. You decide to stay where you are until the room goes quiet, then you step back through the mirror and leave the drawing-room. Turn to **169**.

19

The little man stares once more into the room, shrugs his shoulders and leaves, closing the door behind him. You are alone again. After waiting a few minutes, you decide to leave the room. Turn to **93**.

20

You fling your garlic at the Vampire and dash for the door. He shrieks as he tries to avoid it, but this will at least keep him occupied for a few moments more. However, your luck is out. The door is locked! And the Vampire is now striding towards you, his eyes firmly fixed on yours. Do you have a gold ring edged with rubies? If so, turn to **180**. Otherwise, turn to **48**.

21

You enter a bedroom which is lit by a single candle, burning by the bedside. A heavy, musty odour hangs in the air, although this could be from the many plants which are arranged in pots on the mantelpiece, bedside table, dresser and shelves. Whoever used this room certainly liked plants! But another sight catches your attention, and this one stops you in your tracks. Asleep in the bed is an old woman! It seems that she has not heard you, for she has not moved since you entered the room. Do you wish to leave her in peace (turn to **105**), walk over and wake her (turn to **176**), or will you instead spring over and attack her before she can wake (turn to **163**)?

22

There is only one hiding-place in the room, but you will have to be lucky to find it. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky,* turn to **42**. If you are *Unlucky*, you will have to wait to see who – or what – your visitor is. But you may decide to wait behind the door, instead of in plain view (turn to **52**).

23

The door has a bolt on the outside. You undo the bolt and open the door, peering cautiously into the room. It is bare-walled and sparsely furnished, with only a table and chair. Sitting in a corner asleep is a man in a white gown. As you open the door he wakes with a start. 'Oh, hello!' he says. 'I suppose you've come for me, have you?' Will you say yes (turn to **118**) or no (turn to **14**)?

24

The underside of the table is a closed box, and this arouses your suspicions. Why should this be so? You knock on it. It is hollow. Perhaps it is a secret compartment? You feel around the underside and, sure enough, your fingers find a small catch which releases a hidden drawer. Inside this drawer is a leather box. But wait! What is that noise outside? You can hear footsteps outside the door. You will have to hide quickly. Will you grab the case and take it with you (turn to **41**) or leave it behind and close the drawer (turn to **147**)?

25

A plaque beneath the painting reads 'Lady Margaret of Danvers: 1802–34'. You cannot but admire her beauty and wonder why she died so young. As you are staring at her face, you suddenly blink and look again. Didn't you just see her lips moving? Surely not! A whisper reaches your ears but you cannot make out its message. You lean forward and put your ear to the lips. A soft woman's voice is speaking to you: 'Stranger, beware this place, for it is cursed! Many have succumbed to its power, myself included. The evil Lord Kelnor will already be plotting your death. Drink not his red wine. Or if you can, begone. Escape while you may!' You step back, aghast! What sort of place is this? A creepy, run-down old building filled with priceless antiques-and paintings which *talk*? A cold prickle runs down your neck and you must add 1 FEAR point. Will you now run for the door (turn to **49**) or wait to see what happens (turn to **44**)?

26

You climb the stairs slowly, trying not to make any noise. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **166**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **144**.

27

Although you fight the power that draws you to the book, its force is greater than your resistance. Gradually your will is overcome. As you collapse to the floor, your spirit is sucked out of your body and into the eye. Like the other weak-willed victims who have already come under the book's power, you are doomed to an eternal life of agony trapped within the pupil of the Hypnotic Eye.

28

You leap into the centre of the ceremony with a loud war-cry. The young woman looks up at you hopefully. Your daring rescue is commendable in its bravery, but unbelievably stupid. For how can you hope to stand your ground against forty opponents? They surround you, grab you and the priest cuts your throat with his knife. You deserved to die!

29

The room you enter looks well lived in. It is a bedroom, and a large bed covered with a yellow bedspread dominates the room. Clothes are strewn about the floor and a tap is running in a wash-basin in the corner. The clothes suggest it is a woman's room, but no one is about. Will you call out, to announce yourself in case anyone is in the room (turn to **53**), search around to see what you can find (turn to **85**) or leave the room (turn to **120**)?

30

The door opens into a small room which is pitch-black. There seems to be no exit from the room, but you feel around the walls. Eventually your hand touches a small button in one corner and you press this. A panel in front of you slides aside and lets you out into a hallway. There are two doors: one on the left and one on the right, opposite each other. There is no other way through. Will you try the door on the left (turn to **9**) or the door on the right (turn to **78**)?

31

A rack of lamb is brought in on a silver platter. The smell is delicious! You both start to eat and talk, the Earl asking you about your job and your reason for being in such an out-of-the-way place in the middle of the night. In turn, he tells you about himself and his family. Turn to **184**.

32

From behind the curtain, a heavy blow hits you in the chest and knocks you on to the floor. Lose 2 STAMINA points and add 2 FEAR points. If you are still alive you pick yourself up quickly and the curtain slides to one side. A human figure steps out. Its skin is a dirty green colour. Its wide eyes stare at you, yet *through* you. Its jaw gapes open to reveal a mouth half full of rotten teeth. It wears ragged clothes. And it is advancing towards you! Resolve your fight with this ZOMBIE:

ZOMBIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Zombie, turn to **173**.

33

You can find no signs of any traps. Ring for the butler by turning to **155**.

34

You walk over slowly and reach out for the sheet. It now hangs in the air well above the box it was covering. You grip it in your hand and tug it downwards. A snap confirms your suspicions. The sheet was being pulled by a thin strand of string. You breathe a sigh of relief (you may deduct the FEAR point you had just lost). But who, or what, was pulling the sheet? You decide not to wait to find out. Leave the room by turning to **139**.

35

You put up a good fight, but the sheer numbers of the devil-worshippers overwhelm you. You are captured and will remain so until you feel the priest's knife on the sacrificial altar – for you will be the next victim.

36

You draw your weapon and advance. The man jumps back at the sight of it, but you stride in closer. As you prepare to strike, a sly smile spreads across his face. Turn to **48**.

37

You nip quickly into a small storeroom and close the door behind you. There are shelves on the left and right walls, on which are stored various household objects. In front of you, on the wall facing the door, is *another* door. What do you want to do? Will you search through the things on the shelves (turn to **177**), try the door opposite (turn to **110**), or do you feel that you shouldn't be prowling round someone else's house and you'd better go and announce yourself (turn to **68**)?

38

You sit on the bed and consider. *How will you escape from this place?* The room you are now in seems safe enough and you may add 2 STAMINA points as you rest. But a few moments later, the wind whistling through the curtains catches your attention. You glance over towards the window. Turn to **76**.

39

You open the door quickly and step out on to the landing. To the left, the corridor bends round to the right. To the right, the passageway passes a small door in the right-hand wall, and ends at a large door. Will you turn left (turn to **115**) or right (turn to **56**) out of the room?

40

The door bursts open! Two white-robed men enter. At least, you *presume* they are men, but their faces are hidden behind masks made out of the heads of *dead goats*! They carry knives and leap forward to attack; one attacking you and the other attacking your comrade. Resolve your own fight first:

DEVIL-WORSHIPPER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you defeat him, turn to **50**.

41

Where will you hide? Will you nip behind the curtains (turn to **153**) or quickly go through the mirror (turn to **54**)?

42

You glance at the bed and an idea dawns on you. Perhaps you could hide under the bedclothes – there is nowhere else in the room to hide. If you wish to try this, turn to **82**. Otherwise turn to **52**.

43

You finish off your meal. The Earl rises to his feet, saying: 'Our conversation has been most enjoyable, but now you must be very tired. Franklins will show you to your room. Let us retire.' You stand up. He's right, you are tired, and it is well past midnight. You stumble and reach out with your hands to steady yourself against the table. Phew! You didn't realize you were *that* tired. Or have you had a little too much to drink? Your head is spinning, and the voice of your host becomes part of a background noise which is becoming louder and louder in your ears. Eventually you collapse to the ground and lose consciousness . . . Turn to **149**.

44

Footsteps! Someone is coming! The man you met earlier walks in, opening the door for another tall man dressed in a purple smoking-jacket. 'May I present the Earl of Drumer.' the butler announces. The Earl holds out his hand and you shake it. His grip is strong and his eyes pierce yours. His lips widen to a soft smile. You begin to tell him of your predicament, but he holds up his hand. 'Please, I can see that you have been caught in this filthy storm. Let us sit by the fire and we will see

whether we can help. Franklins, tell the cook to prepare some food for our visitor.' You protest that you do not wish to be any trouble, but your host ignores you and leads you into a drawing-room where a fire is burning. You take off your coat and sit down. The heat of the fire makes you feel comfortable once more. Franklins returns with two glasses of sherry Will you relax, drink the sherry and ask the Earl for the use of his telephone (turn to **160**) or will you wait to see what he asks you (turn to **117**)?

45

Were you *Lucky* or *Unlucky*? If you were *Lucky*, you managed to escape the splintering glass without harm. If you were *Unlucky*, the glass cut your wrist for 2 STAMINA points of damage. Turn now to **89**.

46

Outside the study you listen to make sure you have not woken anyone up. There is no sound. Will you try the front door to your left (turn to **11**) or go back upstairs instead (turn to **88**)?

47

You still find no signs of any traps. Ring for the butler by turning to **155**.

48

The tall man spreads his cloak. He is staring directly into your eyes and his dark pupils seem to pierce your mind. At the last minute you panic and try to break his gaze, but it is no use. You are under his control. He covers you with his cape and your last memory is a sharp stab as his teeth sink into your neck.

49

You race across to the door and twist the handle. *Aaaaah!* You stifle a scream and release the handle immediately as an electric shock runs up your arm. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **44**.

50

You immediately turn to aid your comrade, but you are too late. A thrust from the Devil-Worshipper's knife pierces his chest. You slam your fist into the back of the man's neck and he slumps to the floor. But you have lost your ally and must leave the room without him. Turn to **124**.

51

You pull out a heavy book with a large eye embossed on the spine. The cover has no title and you flick the book open. The frontispiece is an elaborately detailed drawing of a symbolic eye. You cannot help but stare at the illustration and, as you do so, the dark pupil seems to glint as if it were made of glass. Shapes start to appear and faint sounds reach your ears. The sounds are screams of agony! The shapes in the eye are contorted human faces wracked with pain! You shiver with fright as you look at the poor wretches, and you must add 2 FEAR points. Realizing what is happening, you try to close the book, but something is compelling you to keep on staring at the eye. Roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL score. If your roll exceeds your SKILL, turn to **27**. Otherwise turn to **7**.

52

You watch the door-handle cautiously, preparing yourself for whoever or *whatever* should appear. The handle turns . . .and then is released. The shuffling noise disappears down the passageway. Your visitor has decided to leave this room alone! Breathing a sigh of relief, you sit down on the bed. But what will your next plan be? Would you like to take a short nap, perhaps to gain some stamina (turn to **82**) or would you rather leave the room and try the door opposite (turn to **151**)?

53

You clear your throat and call out softly; you certainly don't want to disturb anyone else in the house. There is no reply. You step forward, stumble over a chamber pot and crash to the floor. That's strange, you think: surely you would have seen it right in front of you. You rise to your feet and wince. You have banged your knee badly. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **135**.

54

You grab the box and walk up to the mirror. Again you feel through it and pull out your hand. It seems safe enough. You step through . . . just in the nick of time, for as you disappear into the mirror, you hear the door open behind you. You are in a small room. You decide to open the leather box. Inside is a jewelled dagger with a wavy blade; a Kris knife. It has a sharp blade and will make an excellent WEAPON: if you use this in a fight, you may add 3 SKILL points. Now turn to **18**.

55

The passageway comes to a dead end in front of you. But at the end, and facing each other across the hallway, are two doors. The one on the left is 'The Astor Room' while the one on the right is 'The Master Suite'. Do you wish to enter the Astor Room (turn to **128**) or the Master Suite (turn to **151**)?

56

At the end of the corridor ahead of you is a stout wooden door. You consider whether or not to try this room. But as you stand in the hallway, a noise behind you puts you on your guard. You turn round, only to find that the wind has rustled the curtains; there is nothing to be afraid of. You turn back, and are startled by a faint, white figure which has appeared in front of you! This apparition is a young woman, in her early twenties, with long flowing hair. She is dressed in a white bridal dress which has seen better days; it is ripped and torn. 'Oh, thank God I have found you in time!' she says. 'I must talk to you immediately! Come, let us go into this room.' Will you follow her into the room (turn to **67**) or do you suspect a trap and want to turn back (turn to **102**)? Whichever you choose, you must add 1 FEAR point for your encounter.

57

The Earl is outraged! How could you allow him to go to all the trouble of preparing a meal and then refuse to eat it? Will you reconsider, apologize and take the duck (turn to **112**) or the lamb (turn to **31**), or will you apologize for the inconvenience but still refuse to eat (turn to **159**)?

58

You explain that you have no wish to kill him and he steps back, puzzled. 'Do you mean you're not one of the coven? You're an outsider?' You nod. An elated expression spreads across his face. Turn to **104**.

59

You pull the garlic out of your pocket and hold it up before the man. His expression changes from one of confidence to a look of

fright. As you suspected, this VAMPIRE cannot bear to be near raw garlic. Sweat breaks out on his forehead and he backs off towards the bed. He is heading for one of the other doors in the room. You nip across to prevent him. But you cannot stay in this room for ever. Will you try the door on the left (turn to **134**), the door on the right, which he was heading for (turn to **141**), or will you turn round and dash quickly for the door you came in through (turn to **20**)?

60

Slowly and quietly you walk up to the curtain. There is no movement from it. You grab the left-hand curtain and fling it open! There is a full-length window behind, which is barred on the outside. But nothing is hiding behind it. You take hold of the other curtain. But before you can move it, the bulges you had noticed *come to life*! Turn to **32**.

61

You cough lightly and step forward. The man turns towards you and jumps back, startled. You apologize for frightening him and explain your situation. He eyes you suspiciously and calms down, saying: 'Of course we'll help you! Er, ahem . . . follow me.' As he turns and walks through the door you can see that he is not bent over double, but has a hunched back. You follow him from the room. Turn to **158**.

62

A door opens and a tall figure steps out into the hallway. The man is dressed in a black suit with long tails. He is startled to see you – about as startled as you are to see him! Turn to **96**.

63

What food did you take? Bread and cakes will restore 2 STAMINA points each; dried meat, dried fish and cheese will restore 1 STAMINA point each; fruit and wine will not restore any. Wine will lose you 1 SKILL point, but if you drank wine you may deduct 2 FEAR points (Dutch courage!). If you ate cheese or red wine, turn to **94**. If you ate neither of these, but ate dried fish or white wine, turn to **143**. If you ate none of these, turn to **74**.

64

You draw back the curtains and peer outside. The light in the room makes it difficult to see, so you pull the curtains behind you. With your face pressed against the bars, you look through the window. The rain is still beating down and makes it difficult to see anything. A crack of lightning sears down from the sky and lights up a sight which makes you cry out loud! Outside your window, dripping wet and swaying in the wind, is a ghastly face! A long-dead figure, hanging on a noose, is staring at you with lifeless eyes. You step back and fling the curtains shut to hide the horrendous sight. The face is familiar. *The old man in the village!* You must add 3 FEAR points. What will you do now? Will you dive into bed and sleep through the night (turn to **161**) or run out on to the landing (turn to **39**)?

65

You try the doorknob. It will not move! You are locked in the room. A shiver of anxiety comes over you. Add 1 FEAR point. Unless you can find a way out, you are trapped. Perhaps there is a clue in the box on the mantelpiece. Turn to **13**.

66

You hold up your pentacle before them and command them to step back to allow you to pass. Gasps come up from the crowd as they see the pentacle. But its power cannot be denied. They watch powerlessly as you back down the other passageway and open the door at the end. Turn to **30**.

67

To enter the room, she passes right through the door! You, of course, must use more traditional methods; you turn the handle and walk in. Inside is an elegant bedroom. Fine drapes hang from the ceiling along one wall. An enormous bed, with lace coverings, is against another. A beautiful dressing-table with a huge mirror is opposite the bed. The woman hovers in the centre of the room and bids you to sit dawn on the bed. 'Your coming here has been no accident,' she starts. 'And I must warn you of the terrible dangers you will face in this house. This house is ruled by The Master, a powerful Black Priest of the Night named Kelnor. I would guess that you are to be offered to the Demons of Hellfire, if you survive that long. Yesterday it was a girl, a pretty young district nurse who happened to call. But they trapped her and she is to be offered tonight. *I cannot let this devilry continue.* There must be some way it can be stopped! If you can find the Kris knife, you might defeat Kelnor, for this weapon is his only weakness. Please help me! You will probably find it in . . . *No!!!* Quick! We are discovered. I can hear the Hounds. Go! Leave this room!' You stand up. She was right! You can hear barking getting rapidly closer. She motions to you, pointing at the door. You run to the door and peer outside. Nothing. The barking gets louder and you turn back towards the ghost, who seems to be struggling with something. She is involved in a fight with two huge ghostly Great Danes which are snapping and clawing at her. You take a step forwards, but it is hopeless. You cannot help if you are unable even to touch the beasts. And your help would have surely been welcome, for the dogs are much too powerful for her. She is weakening and, as she does so, her image fades. Moments later she disappears completely. Satisfied that their job has been done, the two Great Danes disappear also. You are alone. Now what will *you* do? Do you want to help her as she asked (turn to **178**), or would you rather just escape from the house (turn to **156**)?

68

As you pull the door open and step outside, you gulp as you bump into the figure of a tall man dressed in a dark suit who is standing right outside! He grabs you by the collar and marches you back downstairs. Turn to **96**.

69

The door opens slowly. A small, stocky man steps into the room. He appears to be bent double and as he peers into the room, you leap on him to attack. Turn to **122** to resolve the battle, but since you leapt on him straight away, you may cause him 2 STAMINA points of damage immediately for your surprise attack.

70

Another section of books is concerned with medieval portraits. You pull a large one down from the shelf. A book next to it falls over and reveals a small button set in the back of the bookcase. Do you wish to press this button? If so, turn to **109**. If not, you may look at the book you have chosen by turning to **174**.

71

How will you attack the man? Will you use a weapon (turn to **36**) or do you have anything else to use (turn to **2**)?

72

You walk over into a corner where you can watch everything and catch your breath. You may add 4 STAMINA points for the rest. Now turn to **107**.

73

You may either hide behind the door, ready to pounce on anything that may come through (turn to **52**) or you may try to hide from your visitor (turn to **22**).

74

You may now leave the food store. Will you try the door opposite (turn to **23**) or retrace your steps along the passageway (turn to **124**)?

75

The dining-room is tastefully decorated. A long table stretches between two fine chairs and is laid out magnificently with silver cutlery. A rich red wallpaper covers the walls and the room is lit by a sparkling chandelier, bristling with candles, which hangs from the ceiling. You take your seat and the butler moves behind you to offer you wine. Will you take white wine (turn to **3**) or red (turn to **101**)?

76

A soft voice is calling your name! You leap back against a wall, while across the room a strange shape is forming. Passing through the very wall itself, a human figure is entering. At least, the figure is *almost* human, but its head is missing. As it materializes before you, the voice becomes clearer. It comes from a head that is carried, not on the apparition's shoulders, but in its hand which hangs down at its side! The sight is horrible, and ghostly blood drips on to the carpet from the severed head. You must add 2 FEAR points. Will you stay to see what the ghost has to say to you (turn to **106**) or run from the room (turn to **83**)?

77

Your groping hand touches a piece of wood. You feel it and find that it is a length of branch about the size of a baseball bat. If you use this in a fight, it will count as a WEAPON (add 3 SKILL points). Now you must return to the matter of your visitor. Will you attack as soon as the door opens (turn to **69**) or will you keep the stick hidden and first see what comes through the door (turn to **181**)?

78

The door is locked! If you have a numbered key, you can try it in the lock by turning to the reference with the same number as the key. If you do not have a key, you can either try the door opposite (turn to **9**) or search the hall for another exit (turn to **138**).

79

The door is locked and you will not be able to enter without waking the whole house up. Will you instead try the door opposite (turn to **99**), the front door (turn to **11**), or will you go back upstairs (turn to **88**)?

80

You sit down in a solid, carved chair and take in the house. The reception hall is certainly not what you would have expected from the outside. It is elegantly decorated with rich tapestries and fine oak panels. A number of portraits line the walls. A sturdy sixteenth-century table is set against one wall. Will you wait for your host to arrive (turn to **44**), study the paintings (turn to **111**) or look around for a telephone (turn to **97**)?

81

'What business of yours is this house?' she screams. 'If you won't go of your own accord, then my hounds will see you off. And if they cannot, I will do it myself!' With these words, a wooden panel slides open in the wall. Two huge GREAT DANES spring out and attack. Resolve your battle with the dogs (fight them one at a time):

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GREAT DANE	7	6
Second GREAT DANE	6	6

If you defeat the dogs, you may either leave the room (turn to **105**) or remain to search it (turn to **90**).

82

You climb into the bed and lie still. You can hear nothing, but then there is a single faint click as you shift your weight. As if this has released some little catch, you are suddenly flung upwards. Like a gigantic jaw, the bed has snapped up into the wall, swallowing you! The bedclothes are thrown off you and all around is black. You fly downwards for several yards through the air, and land on something hard. Take 2 STAMINA points of damage and turn to **142**.

83

Back out on the landing you may either go into the next room, 'The Rousseau Room' (turn to **145**) or continue along the landing (turn to **139**).

84

There are no signs of traps in the room. If you wish to double-check, you may *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **47**. If you are *Unlucky,* turn to **33**. If you do not wish to *Test your Luck,* pull the rope and turn to **155**.

85

You walk over to the mantelpiece and study the trinkets scattered along it. A couple of lacquer boxes and a picture frame (with no picture) flank a large plant pot with a broad-bladed plant growing inside. In the grate below are several lumps of coal resting on a bed of paper: a fire all ready to light. But something else is in the grate. A black-and-white photograph has been thrown on to the coals. Do you wish to check the contents of the boxes (turn to **140**) or pick up the photograph to look at it (turn to **168**)?

86

The passage is narrow and only the faintest glow lights your way. After a short distance you come to a stairway which leads downwards. You take a few steps down, trying desperately to see the stairs before you. Suddenly, your foot slips! You lose your balance and tumble down the stairs. Lose 4 STAMINA points as you roll down and land in a heap at the bottom. Turn to **142**.

87

The hallway itself is uninteresting, although the wood-panelled walls give the place a mark of elegance which you would not have expected from the run-down exterior. The animal heads are all of dangerous beasts – a bear, a wolf, a tiger and a serval. As you are looking at them, you hear a growling noise which makes the hairs on your neck bristle.

What was that? Suddenly, you hear footsteps. Someone is coming! You panic and must quickly decide what to do next. Add 1 FEAR point for the fright and choose. Will you wait to see who is coming and explain the situation (turn to **62**) or will you nip quickly upstairs (turn to **26**)?

88

At the top of the stairs you consider your options. To the left, along the landing is a passage you have already travelled along. So you turn right and meet another corridor which runs across, where you can turn either to the left (turn to **5**) or the right (turn to **105**) here.

89

You cut yourself free and massage your wrists to get the circulation moving again. Then you walk over to the door to try it. It is not locked! You turn the handle, open it a little and look outside. The door opens into a hallway. To your right, the passageway continues for a short distance and ends at a door. To your left, the hallway passes another door and then turns to the right. A squeaking noise comes from this direction, so you decide to investigate the other way. Turn to **56**.

90

You search the room, while the old woman threatens you. You recognize some of the plants, though most are common house plants. Garlic is hanging from the ceiling around the window, and a pot contains a cutting of belladonna, a deadly poison. You may take either or both of these with you and can now leave the room. Turn to **105**.

91

Your struggles are wasted. You cannot free yourself from the sheets and the pillow, which are wrapping themselves around your body and face. Eventually, you drop back into the bed. You have fallen victim to the evil that is the House of Drumer.

92

You try to spring aside, but the chair is too quick for you. It smacks into your shin, causing you to howl in pain. Take 2 STAMINA points of damage, and also add 1 FEAR point for the unnerving experience. If you can you had better leave the room before the POLTERGEIST injures you more seriously! Turn to **120**.

93

The passage outside leads to a door on the left. Listening at the door you can hear low mutterings. Someone is in the room. But you decide to head on along the passage. Turn to **116**.

94

Caution should have ruled over your appetite. For in the House of Drumer, cheese and red wine are not recommended. They are not recommended for the simple reason that anyone who eats cheese or drinks red wine will pay the penalty. They are poisoned! This is the end of your adventure.

95

You tiptoe quietly along the wall towards the other passageway. Keeping your eyes on the ceremony to make sure you are not noticed, you edge along the wall until you reach the passage and nip smartly along it. You have escaped! At the end of the passage is a door which is unlocked. You open it. Turn to **30**.

96

'And what do we have here?' asks the tall man. 'An intruder? Have you come to rob us? If so, you will find much more than you bargained for in this house!' You explain that your car has broken down and when you pulled the bell on the front door you fell down a pit into the cellar. The man seems to believe you. 'I am Franklins,' he says, 'personal valet to the Earl of Drumer, master of this house. I must inform the Earl of your predicament. Follow me.' He leads you round a passageway into another reception hall. You sit down in a chair and wait as he leaves you. You look curiously around the hall and are about to get up to look at some paintings, when you hear a noise. Turn to **44**.

97

There is no telephone in the hall and you feel uneasy about venturing into any of the rooms. While you are pondering the situation, you hear a noise coming from behind one of the doors. You quickly sit back in the chair and wait. Turn to **44**.

98

You step inside and close the door quietly behind you. A soft click comes from the lock. As you step forward, a voice greets you. You look around but can see no one! The voice continues: 'So! Our visitor is inquisitive, eh? Or are you trying to leave the house. Perhaps our hospitality is not to your liking. Maybe you would like to see some more – shall we say – *amusements*?' The eerie voice makes you nervous. Add 1 FEAR point. Do you wish to stay and talk to the voice (turn to **132**) or will you make a hasty exit back through the door (turn to **17**)?

99

The room is a study. Old leather-bound books line the walls and the only source of light comes from a single candle burning on the desk. The desk itself is a beautiful wooden antique with brass-handled drawers. You step up to examine it. A piece of paper rests on the blotter. As you look at it, you are suddenly aware that something strange is happening. A large brown letter B is forming in the top left-hand corner! You gasp as the word 'Beware' appears in a child's handwriting across the top of the paper. For this you must add 1 FEAR point. Slowly the complete message forms: 'Beware the astorbed.' Who or what are the 'astorbed'? You pick up the paper and move round the desk to see it more clearly in the light. But as quickly as it appeared, the message disappears. Do you wish to look over the collection of books (turn to **152**) or leave the room (turn to **46**)?

100

You force yourself free from the pillow and leap out of bed, gasping. Was it just your imagination, or were the bedclothes really trying to suffocate you? In any case, you decide that you are definitely not welcome in this room. You get dressed and walk back on to the landing. Turn to **39**.

101

The wine is rich and fruity; obviously a very expensive vintage. But there is a puzzling undertaste which you cannot place. Perhaps there is a little sediment in the decanter. No, the taste is more like . . . like *aspirin*! Too late, you realise that the wine has been drugged. You start to raise yourself from the table, but the effects are already taking hold. You stumble, fall back and crash to the floor. Consciousness fades. Turn to **149**.

102

You turn to go the other way, but stop at the sound of definite footsteps coming along the corridor towards you. You must decide quickly what to do. Will you turn back and go into the room at the end of the corridor (turn to **67**) or will you take your chances and wait to see who is coming (turn to **10**)?

103

Two men snatch the box from you. One of them opens it and pulls out a jewelled dagger with a wavy blade. He snarls and lunges at you with it. Although you leap out of the way, you must add two FEAR points for the fright. The other man grabs the first's wrist. 'Do not soil the Kris on this common thief. Quickly, take it to the Master. I will deal with our visitor!' The man with the knife grunts in agreement and backs towards the door. As he leaves the room, the other advances. Resolve your fight with him:

THE MASTER'S SERVANT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you defeat him, you may leave the room. Turn to **169**.

104

'I don't believe it!' he exclaims. 'Have my prayers been answered? Can I join you? Please, you must allow me to come with you. I can be of great help to you.' You tell him he is certainly welcome to help in your escape, and ask him how he came to be in this hidden area. 'Do you know about the sacrifices?' he asks. 'Well, I am to be saved for the next ceremony. I was part of the Master's coven but my conscience will no longer allow me to live with the evil it entails. But the coven cannot allow defectors. I was sentenced to death . . . Death by sacrifice! Together we must destroy Kelnor, "the Master". I know how it can be done! Kelnor can only be killed with the Kris dagger, which is hidden somewhere in the house. And he must be summoned in a *red room*. Let us agree to rid the world of this human monster and his evil

sect!' You would be foolish to refuse the help, and agree. And you may add 1 LUCK point for this information. But a noise outside cuts the conversation short. Someone is coming! Turn to **40**.

105

Two doors are set in the left-hand wall. The first is 'The Gordelia Room', while the second is unmarked; its name-plate has been removed. Do you wish to enter the Gordelia Room (turn to **29**) or the unmarked room (turn to **131**)?

106

The disembodied head speaks: 'Prepare yourself for death, miserable mortal!' it gloats. 'For the evil that is this place cannot be escaped. The House of Drumer has drawn you here for one purpose. Before the night is out you will join me and my companions in the netherworld. Our fate will be yours. You will forever haunt the place that has caused your death!' With these words, a mocking laughter fills the room. The apparition turns back through the wall and, as it does so, the laughter fades. But the fright will give you 2 FEAR points. Add these to your total and leave the room. Turn to **83**.

107

You keep a suspicious eye on the room while you consider your next move. Suddenly, one of the sheets flaps. Was this the wind? No, you think, the air is perfectly still. You watch the sheet. Slowly, it rises into the air as if being pulled up on a rope! Add 1 FEAR point and decide quickly what you will do. Will you grab the sheet (turn to **34**) or leave the room and slam the door firmly behind you (turn to **139**)?

108

The door slowly opens and you hold yourself close to the wall. The man who enters is short and stocky and appears to be bent over double. He is not armed. He peers into the room and scratches his head. Evidently he has heard something and is perplexed at finding nothing in the room. Will you step forward and announce yourself (turn to **61**) or keep hidden and hope he leaves (turn to **19**)?

109

You press the button. It clicks, and you can hear a rumbling from behind the bookcase. In front of you, the bookcase slides aside to reveal a passageway behind it. If you wish to go down the passage, turn to **146**. If you would rather not risk what may be down the passage, leave the study by turning to **46**.

110

You open the door, cautiously at first, but then, as you see blackness behind the door, you swing it open. *Aaaiieeee!* You scream out loud as a body tumbles forward on top of you! The body is that of an old man and, judging by the expression on his face, his death was not a pleasant one. You must add 3 FEAR points. You panic, and turn towards the entrance grabbing the handle to escape. Turn to **68**.

111

Three portraits are particularly interesting. Will you look at a beautiful young woman wearing a tiara (turn to **25**), a middle-aged, portly gentleman wearing half-moon glasses (turn to **133**) or an elderly woman with grey hair and a cold expression (turn to **165**)?

112

Your mouth waters as a roast duck is laid before you. The Earl is having the same, and you both chat as you eat. He wants to know how you came to be driving along this road in

the middle of the night, and you tell him of the old man's directions. You ask him about himself and his family. Turn to **184**.

113

A voice comes from the old woman, yet her lips do not move. 'Stranger, how dare you invade the private bed-chamber of the woman of the house?' she asks. You stammer an apologetic reply. She orders you: 'Begone, intruder. Leave an old woman to die in peace!' Will you leave her as she wishes (turn to **105**) or ask her for information about the house (turn to **81**)?

114

The key turns and the door opens. You step into the dining-room. The long table is set for two with fine silver tableware. A sparkling chandelier, festooned with candles, lights the room. The walls are lined with a plush red wallpaper. Full-length drapes are closed along one of the walls. You are prepared for your battle. A rope hangs down by the drapes. You may pull this, if you wish, to ring for the butler (turn to **155**). Otherwise you can check round the room for signs of traps (turn to **84**).

115

You turn left and follow the corridor around to the right. Suddenly you stop. One of the doors ahead is opening! You turn and retrace your steps quickly, passing the door of 'The Fortesque Room'. Turn to **56**.

116

The passageway widens into a small chamber and, on the far side of this room, are steps leading upwards. But as you step into the chamber, a twittering noise puts you on your guard. Suddenly you feel something land on your head and dig sharp claws into your scalp! You gasp and swat it away. Your hand touches a small, leathery body that flaps a pair of small wings and leaves your head. Bats! A number of them are flapping around your head, darting and scratching with their claws. You cover your head and run for the staircase, climbing up away from the creatures. You have escaped, but you must take 1 FEAR point for the shock. Turn to **126**.

117

Your host is a little annoyed at your obvious nervousness. 'Come, come,' he says. 'There's no need to be afraid. Has your little accident caused you to lose your nerve? Drink your sherry. You'll soon forget your fears.' As you watch him, your mind begins to play tricks on you. Is his expression one of genuine concern for your welfare, or is there a hint of something secretive in his eyes and smile? You shiver, and your fear of the situation is evident. Take 1 FEAR point. A short while later, Franklins appears. 'Your meal is served, sir,' he says to the Earl. You both rise and go through to the dining-room. Turn to **75**.

118

'Come on, then' he says cheerfully. 'Let's go. I'm ready.' You are not sure whether to play along with this or not. You ask him whether he's sure he knows where he's going. 'Oh, that I do, that I do,' he laughs, walking up to you. *'But sure as heaven I'm not going there without a fight!'* And with those words he pulls a knife from his gown and attacks you. Resolve this battle:

MAN IN WHITE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9

If you wish to spare his life, you may turn to **58** when you have reduced him to 2 STAMINA points. If instead you finish him off, leave the room and turn to **124**.

119

The two men are as startled as you are by this encounter. But you are ready to attack and leap forward. Resolve this battle (fight the men one at a time):

First MAN	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
Second MAN	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you wish to escape at any time during the battle after the first four Attack Rounds, you may only do so by throwing yourself through the mirror while they are not looking (turn to **18**). If you defeat the two men, turn to **130**.

120

Do you wish to enter the unmarked room a little further down the passage (turn to **131**) or go past it and follow the passageway around to the left (turn to **55**)?

121

You descend the stairs cautiously, watching all directions. There is no one about. In the hallway below you may try either a door on the left (turn to **99**) or a door on the right (turn to **79**), or you may walk up to the front door to open it (turn to **11**).

122

As the fight starts, you can see that he was not bent double at all – he is a HUNCHBACK. Now resolve your battle with him:

HUNCHBACK	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you defeat the Hunchback, you may leave the room by turning to **93**.

123

You try the door-handle. It will not turn, the door is locked! A rush of anxiety comes across you. How will you leave this room? Add 1 FEAR point. Again you try the door-knob, but it will not budge. A noise comes from behind you and you swing round. Was that rustling sound from the window? You step over to investigate. Turn to **32**.

124

As you can get no further, you must retrace your steps along the passageway and up the stairs into the study. The study is quiet and you leave it quietly. Turn to **46**.

125

You feel around on the floor, but come across only earth and straw. A shuffling at the door reminds you of the visitor approaching. Turn to **181**.

126

You climb the staircase and open the door at the top. It is a solid, wooden door which opens out into a hallway. In the hallway, a number of animal heads are mounted on the walls and, at the far end, a staircase leads up to a first-floor balcony. Will you explore the hallway (turn to **87**) or climb the stairs (turn to **26**)?

127

As you creep along the wall, a cry comes out from the group. Someone has noticed you! All eyes turn towards you and the unholy gathering advances to surround you. You are trapped. Will you attempt to fight your way out (turn to **35**), or do you have something else you can use? If so, use it.

128

You enter a dimly lit bedroom and close the door behind you. The room is empty apart from a dressing-table and a large bed, but, somewhere, music is playing. Do you wish to search the room to make sure it's safe (turn to **148**) or leave straight away and try the other door (turn to **151**)?

129

The sheets do, in fact, cover up furniture and boxes. There are several easy chairs and a stylish *chaise-longue,* and the boxes contain crockery and cutlery. One box contains ornamental crockery wrapped up in newspaper. There is nothing unusual about any of this. Turn to **107**.

130

You collect your thoughts. The box! What was in the box that made it worth such trouble? You pick it up and open it. Inside is a jewelled dagger with a wavy blade – a Kris knife. Its edge is extremely sharp. It will make an excellent WEAPON if you wish to use it in a fight, you may add 3 SKILL points. Now you must leave the room. Turn to **169**.

131

The room you have entered is bare. A pin-striped wallpaper lines the walls. A hearth is set in the centre of one wall and on the mantelpiece is a small wooden box. Curtains are pulled to along another wall, but they hang awkwardly, bulging at unnatural places. Do you wish to:

Investigate the bulging curtains?	Turn to **60**
Open the box on the mantelpiece?	Turn to **162**
Leave the room?	Turn to **123**

132

In front of you is a high-backed armchair facing the fire and with its back towards you. A figure raises itself from the chair and turns towards you. The man is tall and pale-faced, with jet-black hair. He wears a long black cape, fastened across the neck with a gold clasp. 'Yes,' he says, 'so far you have fared well against the occupants of the house. But I believe you will find that your run of luck has come to an end. Step forward so I can see you.' Will you step forward as he says (turn to **48**) or prepare to attack the man (turn to **71**)?

133

You study the portrait of 'The Duke of Brewster: 1763–1828'. A rather elegant sort of chap, you think as you stare at him. But suddenly you jump back! You could swear you saw his eyes *move*! A moment later, your suspicions are confirmed. His eyes are definitely moving, directing your attention towards one of the doors in the hall. How can this be? Your car breaks down and suddenly you are in an elegantly decorated derelict house, with moving portraits! What is going on? Will you sit back in the chair and wait for your host to return (turn to **44**) or try the handle on the door the portrait is looking at (turn to **49**)?

134

You hurl the garlic at the Vampire and dash for the door. He shrieks, trying to brush off the garlic, as you fling it open. It opens into a cupboard – but a rather unusual one. The back wall has slid aside, revealing a secret passageway. The Vampire is rising to his feet again, so you decide to risk what lies ahead and step through into the passageway, slamming both doors behind you. Turn to **86**.

135

You hear a rustling from the curtains and straighten up to look towards the window. You shudder with fright as they open before you! Just as quickly, they shut again. Then there is silence. You walk slowly over and grab them! But they are perfectly ordinary curtains! You must add 1 FEAR point for your shock, If you are still alive you must choose: do you leave the room (turn to **120**) or will you try to work out the mystery of the curtains (turn to **183**)?

136

Franklins brings them to you and you finish off your meal. Well, my friend,' says the Earl. 'You must be quite tired now; it is well past midnight. Franklins will show you to your room.' You thank him and follow the butler out of the dining-room. 'This way, if you please,' he says, as he leads you up a magnificent wide staircase with carved wooden banisters. A landing at the top leads to various different rooms, each with a name-plaque on the door. He takes you to one which reads 'The Fortesque Room' and opens the door, wishing you a good night's sleep. Turn to **154**.

137

You take a book off the shelf entitled *Mystical Symbols and Their Part in Magic Rituals*. You open the cover and something drops out of the book on to the floor. You bend down to pick it up. It is a pentacle, fashioned in metal and hanging on a long chain. The book itself is hollowed out to take the charm and a piece of paper accompanies it. The paper describes the pentacle as having powers over devil-worshippers. Cast into the pentacle is the number 66. If you wish to take the pentacle, you may use it at any appropriate time by turning to reference number **66**. Add 2 LUCK points for your find. Do you now wish to look for other interesting books (turn to **70**) or leave the room (turn to **46**)?

138

There seems to be no other way out of the hallway. Even the panel through which you entered has now closed up. A bell-push is set in the wall and, hoping for this to reveal some exit, you push it. Turn to **157**.

139

A little further along the landing, you arrive at a staircase going down to the left. If you wish to go downstairs, turn to **121**. Alternatively, you may continue until a passage runs across, and turn either left (turn to **5**) or right (turn to **105**).

140

The boxes contain jewellery. Most of it is quite gaudy, like costume jewellery, but one ring in particular looks as though it may be valuable. It is a gold ring with a string of rubies set around the band. You bend over and hold it to a candle to try to read an inscription running around the inside rim. It reads: 'To dearest Margaret from George: 1834'. You may slip this into your pocket if you wish. Then turn to **135**.

141

The Vampire's eyes light up as you open the door. Although you didn't know it, this was just what he was hoping for! As the light from the room falls on to the faces of two of the Vampire's undead slaves, their eyes open and they step out of the cupboard towards you. Tills hideous grey-green, decaying faces of two ZOMBIES follow you as you step away from them. 'Attack! Attack!' yells the Vampire. They obey. Resolve your combat with them, one at a time:

First ZOMBIE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
Second ZOMBIE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you defeat the Zombies, turn to **164**.

142

You nurse your bruises and look around. All is pitch-black apart from a point of light coming from the end of a long tunnel. You walk down the tunnel cautiously and your pace slows even further when you hear the sound of voices in the distance. Human voices are chanting in a long, monotonous drone. Soon you are able to see what is happening. A group of people, perhaps forty of them, are gathered around a large fire. On the far side of the fire is an altar, and stretched out on the altar is a young woman. She is bound hand and foot. You cannot make out the faces of the onlookers, as they are all wearing goat-head masks. In the centre, standing over the altar, is a tall man dressed in robes, whose goat mask has been dyed purple. He holds in his hands a sharp dagger and is preparing to plunge it into the heart of his young victim. Will you watch the proceedings (turn to **12**), try to find a way out (turn to **179**) or try to rescue the young woman (turn to **28**)?

143

There is nothing special about this food and drink. Turn to **74**.

144

Your foot steps on a loose stair and a loud creaking resounds through the hall. A door in the hall opens and a tall man dressed in a dark suit, with long tails, steps out. He looks up at you and gasps: an intruder in the house! You decide to play it safe and come down the stairs to explain the situation. Turn to **96**.

145

You enter the room and study its contents. It seems that this room is used very little and is perhaps a storeroom. White sheets cover the furniture and several large, square shapes, which no doubt are boxes. Do you wish to rest here (turn to **72**) or will you look under the sheets to see what they are hiding (turn to **129**)?

146

You follow the dark passageway. It narrows to little more than the width of your body and you reach a stairway going down underneath the house. You follow the stairway and the passageway continues at the bottom until you reach a dead end. Facing each other on opposite sides of the wall at the end of the passage are two doors. Will you enter the door on the left (turn to **23**), the door on the right (turn to **171**) or will you turn round and head back for the study (turn to **124**)?

147

You shut the secret compartment and nip quickly behind the curtains. Moments later the door opens and footsteps enter the room. Two men enter in the middle of a heated discussion. Although you can hear only part of the conversation, they are talking about a 'ceremony' which involves another human sacrifice! You swallow hard and hope that you are not likely to get involved in it; but add 1 FEAR point for the thought. You keep motionless behind the curtains. Sure enough, the men walk up to the table. You hear a faint click and a drawer slides open. Then the men turn and leave the room. When it is safe, you come out of your hiding-place and check the compartment. They have taken the leather box with them. Will you now leave through the door (turn to **169**) or through the mirror (turn to **18**)?

148

There are no hiding-places in the room. The bed is solid and reaches down to the floor. You appear to be safe. But suddenly your ears prick up as you hear a shuffling outside. Footsteps are approaching along the passageway outside! With ears peeled, you listen. The shuffling stops outside your door! Will you wait to see who is there (turn to **52**) or make other plans (turn to **73**)?

149

You open your eyes. Your head is spinning from the drug in your meal and it takes some time before you are fully aware of the fact that your hands and feet are bound. The room you are in is empty, but you formulate your plan. You will hop over to the window, break the glass, and use it to cut yourself free. Pulling yourself to your feet is awkward, but you manage it and with a mixture of hops and shuffles you arrive at the window. Outside, the wind is blowing the rain against the window panes. Will you go ahead and smash the window with your hands- something of a risky business – or will you instead *Test your Luck*? If you want to *Test your Luck,* turn to **45**. If you do not wish to use your LUCK here, turn to **182**.

150

You grasp the rope and pull. Suddenly your heart lurches as the mat beneath you disappears and you drop downwards through the porch! Down you fall for several metres until you finally land in a heap on something soft. Take 1 FEAR point for the shock. Also *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky, you* are unhurt. If you are *Unlucky,* you have twisted your wrist-deduct 1 SKILL point. You pick yourself up and verify that there is no serious damage. You have landed on a mound of earth and hay in a cellar underneath the house. The room you are in is fairly small, with one door, and outside you can hear shuffling coming closer. Will you spring behind the door to surprise whatever it is that is approaching (turn to **108**) or will you quickly search the room for a weapon in case you need to defend yourself (turn to **170**)?

151

You open the door and look around inside. The room is a large, elegantly decorated bedroom. A large, four-poster bed is in one corner, while a three-piece suite is in the centre of the room, facing a fireplace in which a fire is smouldering. The room appears to be empty, and two doors lead from it on the far side of the room. Do you wish to enter (turn to **98**) or will you instead close the door and try the door across the hallway (turn to **128**)?

152

The collection contains many invaluable first editions and obscure works in strange languages. The Earl of Drumer has a somewhat oversized collection of books on black magic and many volumes on hypnotism. Do you want to look at any of them? If so, will you look at a book on black magic (turn to **137**) or a book on hypnotism (turn to **51**)? Otherwise you can ignore the books and leave the room (turn to **46**).

153

You hide behind the curtains clutching your box and wait for your visitors to leave. The door opens and you can hear two voices talking. They are discussing the 'ceremony'. You hear a click and a moment later the voices start shouting. They have discovered that the box is missing! Two pairs of angry footsteps stomp about the room and your mouth dries as you wait anxiously to see whether you will be discovered. Suddenly the curtains are flung apart! Sheepishly you stand there holding your box while two men, wild-haired and furious, glare at you. Will you apologize and offer them their box back (turn to **103**) or leap forward and attack them (turn to **119**)?

154

You step into the room. It is a stylish bed-chamber, tastefully decorated. But one thing disturbs you immediately. *The windows are barred.* Perhaps, being so far from anywhere, these are designed to keep intruders out, rather than to keep guests in! In the centre of the room is a four-poster bed. You walk over and test the mattress. It's comfortable, and you are tired. Will you undress and climb into the bed (turn to **161**) or walk over to the window to take a look outside (turn to **64**)?

155

A few moments later, the butler enters the dining-room. He is startled to see you. You demand to talk to the master of the house and he agrees to pass on your request. Ten minutes later, the Earl of Drumer comes storming angrily into the room. 'Why have I been disturbed in the middle of the night?' he demands. You tell him that you know of the evil that goes on in the house and that you are determined to destroy it. You must now fight the Earl of Drumer:

THE EARL OF DRUMER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10

When you have inflicted your first hit, turn to **8**.

156

Your only way is back down the corridor and right. But will you proceed cautiously, ready to nip into the rooms you pass if anyone should come (turn to **178**) or will you race for the staircase and run back downstairs (turn to **121**)?

157

The bell-push does not open a hidden panel, nor reveal any other means of escape. As you touch it, a loud bell starts ringing throughout the house! You bury your head in your hands. In a few moments you will be captured by the evil Earl of Drumer, his devil-worshippers and his servants. And you will never escape . . .

158

As you leave the room, the Hunchback limps along, muttering to himself. 'So that's why the Master has had the table laid,' he mumbles. 'He didn't say he was having a guest to dinner. And it must be a special guest, otherwise he wouldn't have asked me to prepare my specially *matured* cheese! Well, what a feast it will be. We likes feasts, don't we. . .'He leads you along until he reaches a door on the left. 'Keep on going until you reach a staircase, then go up into the house. I've work to do here, and anyway, I'm not allowed upstairs.' He opens the door and leaves you. You may continue by turning to **116**.

159

The Earl rings for his butler, who appears in the room immediately. 'Franklins, our guest has decided not to eat. Our hospitality is refused. Deal with the situation!' The butler nods and touches a button on the back of your chair. Clasps appear from the arms and snap closed across your wrists, holding you in place! You squirm to free yourself, but you cannot break their grip. Meanwhile, the butler has pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and is shaking a pungent liquid into it from a glass bottle. You cannot avoid it as he holds the cloth over your mouth. You begin to lose consciousness . . . Turn to **149**.

160

The fire and the sherry warm you and you begin to feel more relaxed. You may deduct 1 FEAR point if you have any. You explain to the Earl what happened on the road and that you would like to use his telephone to call the local garage. 'I'm afraid our telephone line came down tonight in the storm,' he replies. 'We will have it repaired tomorrow morning. In any case, the garage would not come out here at this hour. But not to worry. You are perfectly welcome to spend the night here; I am glad of the company. Tomorrow Franklins will take you into town. Ah! Here is Franklins now.' The butler comes back in to announce that a meal is ready. You both rise to go into the dining-room. Turn to **75**.

161

You climb into bed and blow out the candle. Anxious thoughts race through your mind. The old man who gave you wrong directions; your accident; the sinister manner of the Earl of Drumer and his manservant . . . But soon your weariness gets the better of you and you drift off to sleep. In a disturbed slumber you begin to dream. You are being chased by a swirling cloud of gas. You are trying to run from it but, the faster you run, the slower you go. The cloud is catching up. As you desperately try to avoid it, it engulfs you. You begin to cough and choke. It is stifling your breath! You wake with a start. Your head is buried in the pillow. The bedclothes are holding you down! They feel heavy and you must strain to fight for air. Add 2 FEAR points as you realize that something supernatural is happening here. To determine whether or not you escape from the pillow, roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **100**. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, turn to **91**.

162

You walk up to the mantelpiece and pick up the box. A catch holds it shut. You shake it gently and something rattles inside. But before you open the box, a rustling from the window attracts your attention. *Something is happening!* You place the box back on the mantelpiece and walk over to the curtains. Turn to **32**.

163

You creep over to the bedside. She does not move. You clasp your hands together and raise them over your head, ready to bring them crashing down on her chest. You take a deep breath and tense your muscles . . . *Her eyes flick open!* She stares vacantly up into the air with milky-white eyes and the sight makes you shudder with horror. *Her blank eyes have no pupils!* A cold sweat breaks out on your brow and your hands drop to your sides impotently. You must add 3 FEAR points for the shock. If you are still alive you must decide: will you turn and run through the door back into the passageway (turn to **105**) or wait to see what happens next (turn to **113**)?

164

As his slaves fall dead to the floor, the Vampire rises to his feet, ready to finish you off. You quickly hold up the garlic and he stands his ground. But what can you do now? You may either try the other door (turn to **134**) or head back for the entrance (turn to **20**).

165

Apparently this is a portrait of 'The Duchess of Brewster: 1777–1845'. She looks a mean old fish; the sort of host you could do without in a place like this. How did she ever find herself a husband? Moments later you hear footsteps. Your host is returning. Turn to **44**.

166

On the landing at the top of the stairs, you can see a number of doors, presumably leading into bedrooms. You turn left and wander along the landing, keeping a careful eye out for any danger. Each of the rooms is named and, as you read the names, you hear the sound of a door opening downstairs. Will you go back downstairs to meet whoever is coming out into the hallway (turn to **62**) or quickly open the nearest door and hide (turn to **37**)?

167

'One of the Earl's servants?' he asks. 'But the Earl has no servants, apart from Franklins and the old hunchback. I don't believe you. *Who are you*? Will you admit that you are an impostor (turn to **104**) or become angry and switch your story, pushing him out towards the door (turn to **118**)?

168

You sit on your haunches and reach for the photograph. As you pick it up, you feel a heavy *thud* on the top of your head! You slump to the floor dazed and the plant pot, which has come crashing down on your head, smashes on the floor. You must lose 3 STAMINA points for this accident. Now turn to **135**.

169

You leave the room cautiously and look around in the hallway. There is no one around. You try the door opposite, but it is locked! Do you have a key which will fit it? If you have the right key, you will have noticed a number cast into it and you may open the door by turning to the reference with that same number. If you do not have a key, turn to **138**.

170

You grope around in the blackness and find nothing. If you wish, you may *Test your Luck:* if you are *Lucky* turn to **77**; if you are *Unlucky* turn to **125**. Otherwise you can wait to see whether the shuffling indicates someone or something that could help you (turn to **181**).

171

The door is not locked. You open it cautiously and poke your head inside. You have found a food store of some kind, as the room is lined with shelves and various different foodstuffs fill the shelves. Bread, dried meat, cheese, fruit, dried fish, wine (red and white) and cakes occupy the shelves. If you need to restore some of your STAMINA, you may choose any of these to eat. Note which you will take, then turn to **63**. If you would rather not risk any of them, turn to **74**.

172

You walk over to the curtains and part them slowly. Outside, the storm is still raging. Thunder rolls across the sky and rain rattles the window. The window itself is barred. There is no way out here. Turn to **76**.

173

You decide it is high time to leave the room (turn to **65**).

174

The book contains a collection of portraits of the nobility many centuries ago. It is undoubtedly worth a small fortune. You may take it with you it you wish, then leave the study by turning to **46**.

175

You rap the knocker firmly on the door. A hollow noise echoes inside. Perhaps the place is deserted after all. You try again. A creaking from within makes you prick up your ears. The door-handle turns slowly and the door opens. Standing in the doorway is a tall man dressed in a dark suit with long tails. His long face is solemn. 'Yes?' he asks, indignantly. You smile nervously and explain your situation. Your car has broken down, you need to reach a telephone and you are soaked to the skin. The man's face remains expressionless. 'Come in,' he orders. 'The Master is expecting you. Follow me.' He leads you into a reception hall and tells you to sit down while he informs his 'master' of your arrival. Turn to **80**.

176

You step over to the bed and shake the old woman gently. But as soon as you touch her withered skin, you jump back in horror. She is stone cold! Dead! Add 2 FEAR points for the shock. As you stand by the bed, shivering, a

low moan comes from the body. Its eyelids flick open and pure white eyes stare up at the ceiling. She has no pupils! Do you wish to wait to see what will happen next (turn to **113**), or will you beat a hasty retreat out into the passageway (turn to **105**)?

177

Various items of crockery and cutlery are kept in the storeroom, including a sharp meat-knife, which you may like to hide under your coat to use as a WEAPON if necessary (add 3 SKILL points). There is also an unlabelled bottle of red liquid on one of the shelves. If you wish to drink the liquid, turn to **6**. If you would now like to open the door at the back of the storeroom, turn to **110**. If you would like to leave the room, turn to **68**.

178

As you go back down the corridor, you consider what to do. You turn right along the landing and there are two doors on your left. The first is 'The Albemarle Room', while the one a little further up is 'The Rousseau Room'. If you wish to enter the former, turn to **15**. To enter the latter, turn to **145**. If you would rather continue along the landing, turn to **139**.

179

You look around the chamber. Another passageway leads from the chamber. If you choose your moment carefully, you may be able to reach it without being noticed. Will you move quietly along the wall towards it (turn to **127**) or will you instead watch the proceedings (turn to **12**)?

180

You place the ring on your finger. As you do so, the man starts to smile. 'Well,' he says, that should certainly make my job a good deal easier! Come over here.' You shiver as you realize that you have done the wrong thing! Your fingers desperately try to reach the ring to pull it off your finger, but your mind will not allow them. The ring has brought you directly under the control of your host's will. Turn to **48**.

181

You step into a corner of the room and wait. The door opens slowly and a small, stocky man enters. His face is dumpy and dirty and he appears to be bent over double. He squints into the room. Will you step forward and greet the man (turn to **61**) or leap across the room and attack (turn to **122**)?

182

You grit your teeth and shove your bound hands against the window pane, rope first. Your first blow is not hard enough to break the glass, so you try again. This time the glass shatters, and some large pieces fall on to the floor. But your desperate action does not leave you unhurt. You receive a nasty gash on your left wrist. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and turn to **89**.

183

As you are puzzling over the curtains, you reach out to lean on the bed. But as you rest your weight on the bedpost, the whole bed shifts aside and you crash down on to the floor! This is all very strange – and a little scary. Add 1 FEAR point and take 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you are still alive you will hear a rumbling from the opposite side of the room, which will break you out of your thoughts. Sliding over the carpet towards you, and accelerating rapidly, is one of the chairs! *Test your Luck.* If you are *Lucky,* turn to **4**. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **92**.

184

The Earl of Drumer is the last survivor of his family. His estate stretches for miles around the house. At one time the estate was prosperous, with many tenant farmers cultivating his land and providing a healthy income for his family. But things started to change. His sister died at the age of thirty-two under mysterious circumstances. She was found naked in a clearing in the woods with strange marks on her neck. News travelled fast, and the ignorant peasants started muttering about witchcraft and black magic. In their eyes, the house was cursed. Pure superstitious nonsense, of course, but gradually the farmers moved to new pastures, avoiding the estate.

By now you have finished your meal. Franklins returns to offer you fruit, cheese, coffee and brandy. Will you take:

Fruit, coffee and brandy?	Turn to **136**
Cheese, coffee and brandy?	Turn to **43**
Just cheese and coffee?	Turn to **16**

185

The Earl howls in pain as you strike the final blow. He falls forward on to the table in the centre of the room, his arm smashing into the chandelier, scattering candles onto the floor. One of the candles rolls across to the heavy drapes over the window and within moments the fire is spreading rapidly. You must escape quickly! You grab a chair and hurl it al the drapes. It crashes through the window behind, leaving a hole which you can dive through. You take a run and spring through the window, landing on the lawn outside and rolling over.

Walking back down the drive, you glance back to see the fire making rapid progress through the ground floor. Flames are licking through the wooden structure of the house and, in an hour or so, the place will be beyond rescue. From a safe distance, you watch the fire destroy the house.

A fitting end, you think. The scene before you is ironic. What end could be more appropriate for a house of hell?

MONSTER CROSSWORD

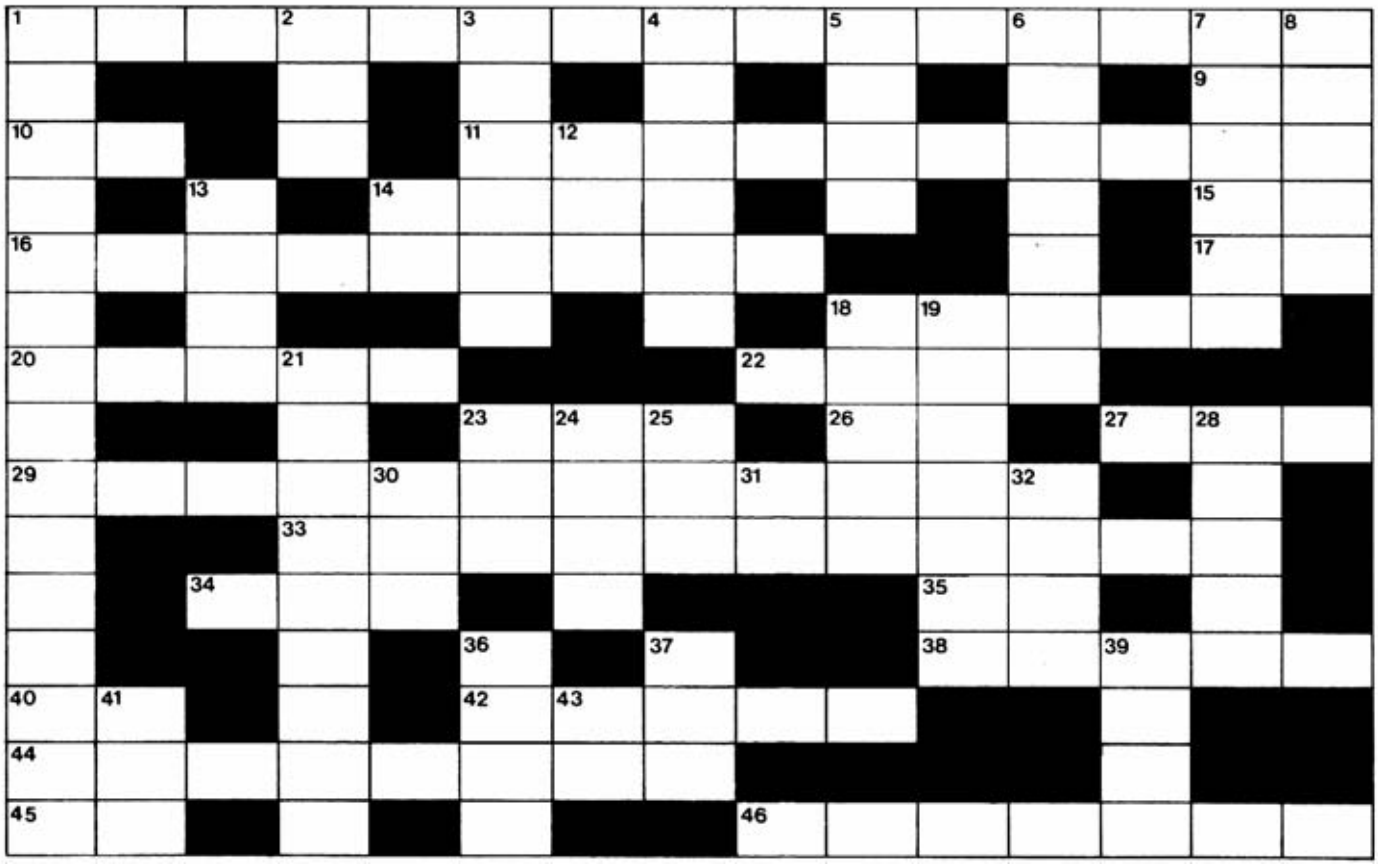

Sent in by Martin Codack of Formby, Lancs.

Prize: £10 for the first correct solution drawn out of the hat on 10 November 1984. All entries must be accompanied by the official entry token. Name, full address and age must also be given. The solution will be published in *Warlock 4*.

Overseas entries will be drawn on 10 April 1985.

Across

1 Red-haired peak? (7, 8)
9 Southern Allansia (2)
10 Japanese game (2)
11 Where you're going when you leave the Outpost Settlement (2, 3, 5)
14 Put this in a trap (4)
15 Nicodemus lives — Port Blacksand (2)
16 (and 44 Across) You're captain of this vessel (8, 9)
17 Where Penguin Books live in the USA (2)
18 A set of beliefs (5)
20 Icefinger Mountains lie — of the River Kok (5)
22 The one in question (4)
23 Institute of Contemporary Arts (abbrev.) (3)
26 Black — a Raven (2)
27 What you do to a PC if you want to know the time (3)
29 Darkwood's *alter ego* (6, 2, 4)
33 Dungeon designer (11)
34 The Troll lives in this (3)
35 Thank you! (2)
38 If you can't get through one way, you'll have to try this (5)
40 Automobile Association (abbrev.) (2)
42 Food in a computer? (5)
44 See 16 Across
45 The old (2)
46 Gamebook epic (7)

Down

1 Swords and sorcery battle (8, 7)
2 Your quest is over (3)
3 If you meet two Hobgoblins in Deathtrap Dungeon, you may attack, slip by, — to them (2, 4)
4 What the little kitten has lost (6)
5 A computer operator (4)
6 They live in Port Blacksand (7)
7 Lizard King's kingdom (6)
8 Foul, vicious and dangerous (5)
12 Lantern fuel (3)
13 Two sixes (4)
14 To — or not to be (2)
18 State of affairs in the citadel (5)
19 Italian Provisions? (7)
21 King of Fire Island (3, 6)
23 Channel three (3)
24 A Gold Piece (4)
25 American Forces Network (abbrev.) (3)
28 The Son of Jack? (5)
30 What to do when you read: 'Rest ye here, weary traveller' (3)
31 Dorian Gremlin (abbrev.) (2)
32 Around a castle (4)
36 German eight (4)
37 You'll need a Ring of Green Metal for this (3)
39 Where Kilroy was (4)
41 You took Provisions (3)
43 Hello! (2)

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WARLOCK 4

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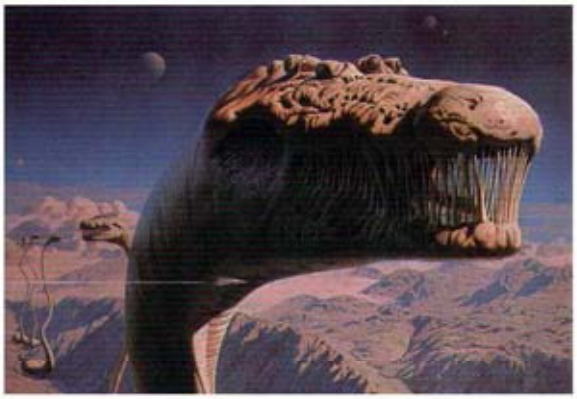

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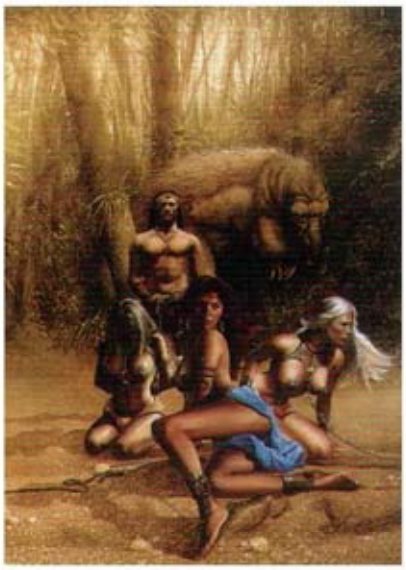

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THE FIGHTING FANTASY MAGAZINE

Dear Adventurer

Another year of Fighting Fantasy is before us and it looks like being a M O N S T E R ! Lots of new Gamebooks are coming out (see 'Fighting Fantasy News'), and other related merchandise too.

In this issue we feature the winning entry of the Adventure Competition of *Warlock 1*. Congratulations to Paul Struth for creating *The Dervish Stone*. We also congratulate Ian McDonald for winning the Cartoon Competition of *Warlock 2*. His wily wizard Arkenor captures the spirit of the lighter side of Fighting Fantasy and we needed Cure Light Wound spells cast on us to fix our split sides. We hope that Arkenor will become a regular feature of Warlock.

Robert Dene's amusing guide on 'How to be an Adventurer' won one of the runner-up prizes. The other runners-up were: William Merrin, Vincent Staniforth, Daniel Coombs and David Janes.

And our last congratulations go to Paul Dyason, who won the Monster Crossword prize draw featured in *Warlock 3*.

This issue also gives you the opportunity to help decide the future of Fighting Fantasy. Complete and return the 'Feedback' page and you might win an autographed set of Gamebooks, as well as help us with our plans for the future,

If you decide to send back the 'Feedback' page, why not include a letter for 'The Warlock's Quill' or a monster for 'Out of the Pit'? Or you might like to write an article. Next issue, we will be featuring a Fighting Fantasy adventure written by one of the runners-up in the competition, along with all the regular features and competitions. Until then, keep on bashing the orcs.

Ian Livingstone
Steve Jackson

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Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd, 182–190 Wairau Road, Auckland 10. New Zealand

First published by Penguin books 1985

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by Paul Struth

***Warlock 4* Competition and Crossword Solution** 50

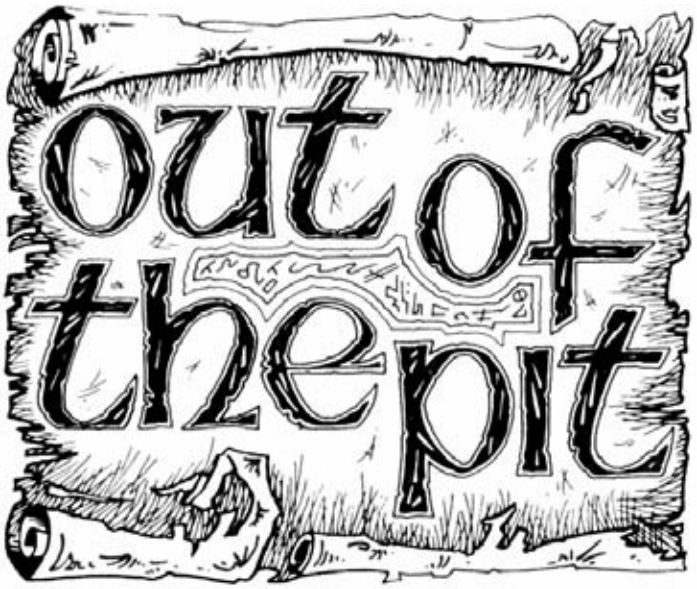

This issue we present a blood-curdling selection of monsters that have just been created by Marc Gascoigne, but are yet to appear in any Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks. They will, however, be appearing in a book of monsters due out later this year – a chilling compendium edited by Marc.

CAARTH

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 11
Type: Humanoid
Habitat: Wilderness, desert
Number Encountered: 2 to 7
Reaction: Hatred
Intelligence: High

'With a stifled gasp, the ape-man fell forward, dropping his brandished club; a throwing-dagger protruded from the small of his back. There was alight step on the stone floor of the ruined temple, and I looked up into the coldest, cruellest pair of eyes I ever wish to meet . . .'

From *Travels*, by the seer Belisarius

Beyond the southern limits of human civilization lie endless desert wastes. Here and there are scattered tribes of squat ape-men and brutish Neanderthals, but ruling over them all are the CAARTH. Legend has it that they are descended from the same lineage as men and orcs; but where men came from apes and orcs were crossed with swine, so the CAARTH were crossed with snakes!

Standing over two metres tall, these evil humanoids have blunt reptilian heads, crowned with a bony ruff at the back of the neck, which leads down into a ridged, spined back. Cold eyes bulge from the top of their snouts, and their mouths are full of needle-like fangs. Their bodies and limbs are smooth and hairless, but their hands and feet end in bestial talons. They are highly intelligent, and their knowledge is said to be as wide as man's. They are much stronger than men, however, and are fearless warriors who fight with teeth and talons as well as with swords, javelins and bows. In their intricate stone cities hidden in the wastelands, it is said, they are ruled by mighty sorcerers and high priests, who practise vile demonic rituals and worship the dreadful snake demon, Sith. What is certain is that the CAARTH armies are strong and disciplined, and have spread cruel dominion over much of the southern lands, taking slaves and high taxes of all they conquer. They are kept from spreading such a rule further north only by the more temperate climate, but those who have encountered CAARTH war parties have rarely lived to tell of it – their bodies are usually found much later, staked out on the hot sand to die.

DEATH SPIDER

SKILL: 14
STAMINA: 9
Type: Demon
Habitat: Hell, dungeons, ruins
Number Encountered: 1
Reaction: Hatred
Intelligence: Very high

Some demons pass the time by roasting the souls of the damned over steaming pits of brimstone and sulphur. Others enjoy trying to tempt holy men, as they fast in the wilderness, with the delights of being evil, just once. And some stalk the earth as DEATH SPIDERS, luring adventurers to hell as a spider lures a fly. These diabolic creatures appear as massive grey-black spiders, but instead of normal arachnid heads they have demonic heads, with a malevolent travesty of a human face, dripping fangs and stubby horns. Almost five metres across, they lurk in dungeons and ruins, ready to trap an unwary explorer.

When encountered, they will usually be in the centre of, or at least close by, a large web. This near-invisible tangle of sticky, silver strands is the demon's link with the Realms of the Damned, and is used to capture its victims. When it attacks, the DEATH SPIDER tries to bite its opponent, both to inflict damage and to inject a paralysing poison. If its attack succeeds, the adventurer must *Test his Luck.* If he fails, he is paralysed by the venom, and will be dragged on to the web and bitten until he dies.

Once stuck to the web, the corpse oft he dead adventurer, together with the DEATH SPIDER and its ghostly web, will start to dematerialize, and return to the demon's plane, where the soul of the victim can be extracted at its pleasure, and tortured for the rest of eternity!

STRANGLE WEED

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 13
Type: Plant
Habitat: Forests, ruins
Number Encountered: 1 to 3
Reaction: Neutral/unfriendly
Intelligence: Low

STRANGLEWEED occurs in many overgrown areas, but it is most commonly found hidden among the dense thickets at the heart of Darkwood Forest. Although it looks much like the trees that surround it, it is in fact a large, vine-like creeper, and a most voracious one at that.

The main body of the plant grows up to four metres high, and can easily be mistaken for a real tree-trunk, with its rough, bark-like surface. From around the top of this thick stem as many as fifty thin tendrils droop to the ground. The STRANGLEWEED uses them as a fisherman would, to trap the small creatures it usually lives off.

Each tendril is about six metres long, and ends in a cluster of bright, pungent-smelling flowers. When an unsuspecting creature stops to nibble, or disturbs the tendrils in any way, the rest of the creepers lash around it. Squeezing with prodigious strength, they choke the prey to death, and then raise it to the top of the stem and squash its juices out into a shallow hollow, where they are slowly digested over the next few hours.

STRANGLEWEED isn't averse to snatching at anything that disturbs its creepers, and that includes humans! If an unwary adventurer should activate the tendrils, they will immediately whip around him. While he may make the normal attack, the STRANGLE WEED will also automatically strangle 1 point of his STAMINA every round. If the adventurer dies, it will raise the corpse up, and slowly crush his flesh and extract his juices, leaving the skeleton hanging high above the ground. It can be very disconcerting to take a stroll through the forest and stumble on such horrific aerial graveyards!

KRELL

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 5
Type: Animal
Habitat: Wild- – Forest, jungle
Tame – Towns, and anywhere men are
Number Encountered: Wild – 1 to 6
Tame – 1
Reaction: Friendly/wary
Intelligence: Average

Originally found in the steamy jungle of the east, KRELL are six-armed ape-like creatures. Covered in thick mats of brown hair, they are incredibly nimble, and swing dextrously through the trees at great speeds. In the wild, KRELL are very hard to find, since they are very shy creatures, who blend into the thick jungle foliage. They live in small family groups, hunting and eating parrots, rats and other small creatures, as well as fruit and roots.

The quick wits of the KRELL make them ideal as pets or magical familiars for wizards and other characters. They are highly suited to sneaking, spying and thieving, as much at home clambering up walls and over roof-tops as they are swinging through trees. In a fight they can be quite vicious, hanging on to their foe with as many limbs as possible (often smothering their opponent's face), and then biting with sharp, pointed teeth.

Occasionally, their masters will teach them simple tricks, such as juggling or tumbling, and some KRELL are dressed in miniature suits of clothes and taught to bow and be courteous. In their natural habitats, KRELL communicate in a complicated language of clicks and chatters. A few of their owners learn this language, but none can match the achievement of the Arch-wizard Belandros, who taught his KRELL to speak the language of men (though, it must be said, in a thick eastern accent!).

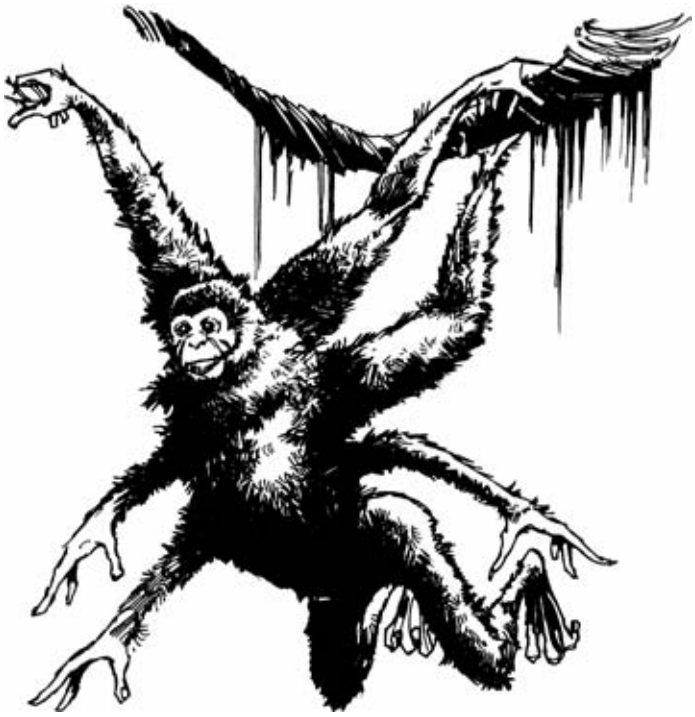

WARLOCK PROFILE No. 2

An Interview with IAIN McCAIG

MORE TO DA POINT, HE ENDED UP WIT WHATCHA MIGHT CALL A VARIETY OF CAREER OPPORTUNITIES...
AN' ENDED UP WIT...
ILLUSTRATION AREA
BEWARE OF IDEAS.
BRANG
SPAT!
CRAK!
... DIS ONE. NEEDLESS TA SAY IT GETS KINDA HAIRY ROUND 'ERE AT DEADLINE TIME.
THE TIME IS RIPE... LIGHT BLEEDS INTO THE HALL AS THE STUDIO DOOR WHISPERS OPEN...
AN' NOW WE... ? HEY! WHERE YA GOIN?
NO! NOT IN THERE! NOT NOW!
HE AIN'T READY!!
STOP!
OKAY DRACO, JUST HOLD THAT POSE A FEW MORE MICROSECONDS, AND THEN YOU CAN HAVE HIM...
PRESS
OH GOOD, HERE'S THE NEXT ONE...

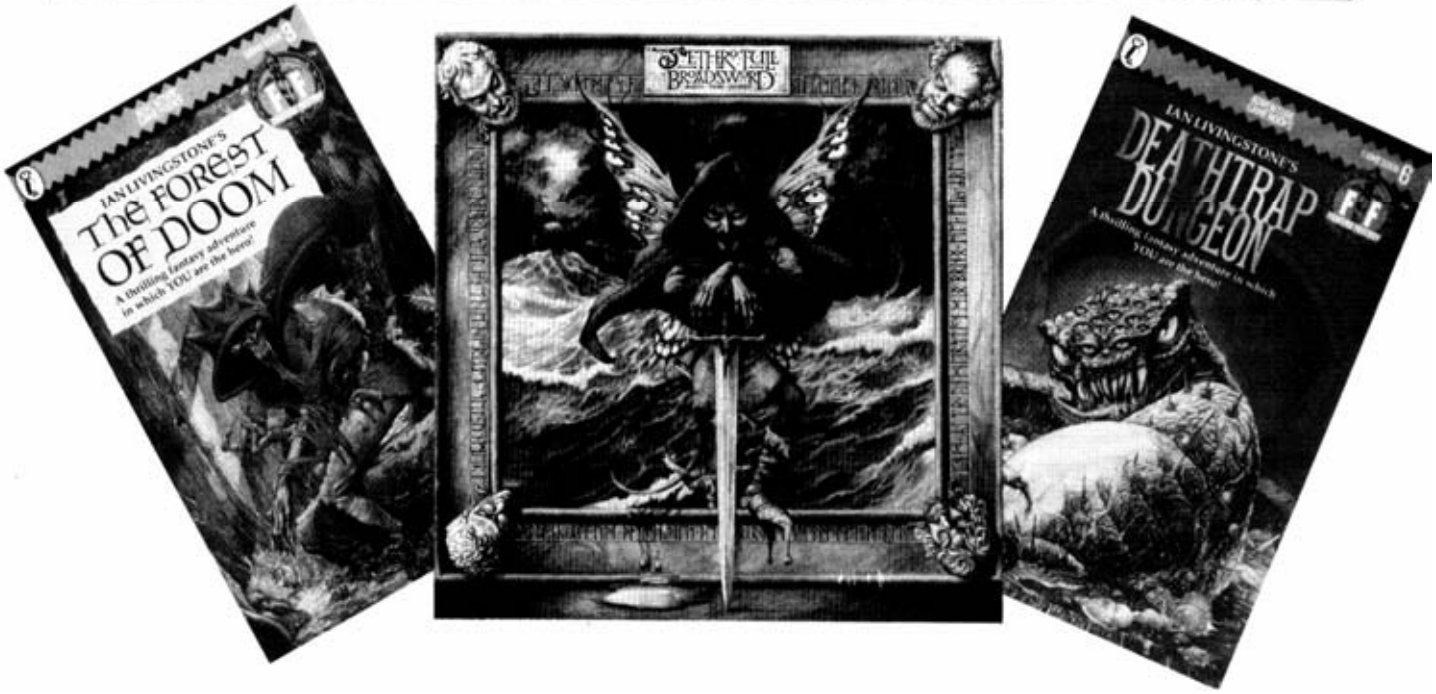
IAN LIVINGSTONE'S
The FOREST OF DOOM
A thrilling fantasy adventure in which YOU are the hero!
SETH TUTTLE BROADSWORD
IAN LIVINGSTONE'S
DEATHTRAP DUNGEON
A thrilling fantasy adventure in which YOU are the hero!

TRICKS & TRAPS
by Ian Livingstone

Even hardy adventurers often have a difficult time overcoming all the monsters they encounter on their quests. But I am sure that many have suffered wounds caused not by monsters, but by the devious traps that are set inside the Gamebooks. How many have bad memories of the portcullis levers in *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain,* or the deadly devices riddled throughout *Deathtrap Dungeon?* Traps are the perfect obstacles to thwart even the toughest adventurers, since overcoming them often requires brain instead of brawn.

Traps can be simple – for instance, if you walk through a left-hand door, something unpleasant is going to happen to you, but if you walk through the right-hand door, you will benefit somehow. Or traps can be complex, requiring more thought than simply choosing one of two options. Visual clues in an illustration of a trap can be spotted. Simple mathematical puzzles can be applied to tricks to make them more challenging, as in the Statue Room in *Deathtrap Dungeon.* There is obviously plenty of scope for tricks and traps.

Traps can be applied to doors, floors, tunnels, rooms, stairs and passageways, and feature arrows, daggers, spears, teleporters, chutes, rolling boulders or iron balls, gas, acid, fire, poison – the possibilities are endless.

As an example, a common trap is a stone which falls down from the ceiling when triggered by the opening of a door.

Another example is the floor of a room which pivots at its centre and deposits the unfortunate adventurer down into lower rooms/pits/cellars. Wounds may be received as a result of the fall and, even worse, escape may not be possible if the adventurer does not already possess a pole or some rope.

Tricks can be presented in the form of riddles, rhymes, illusions, animated objects, dialogue, unseen messengers, puzzles and anagrams in or on scrolls, walls, etchings, paintings, carvings, doors, pillars, idols, fountains, ashes, ceilings, floors, chests, chalk, etc.

A passageway appears to come to an end at a doorway. The adventurer may be given the options of trying to open the door or walking back down the passageway. The door is in fact an illusion which has been placed over a pit. If the adventurer tries to open the door, he or she will fall down the pit and lose STAMINA points. However, the adventurer might have found a ring of illusion-detection earlier in the adventure, and will be given a chance to see the illusion should he or she opt to open the door. Another example might be that the adventurer walks into a room where there is a lantern. The door slams shut behind the adventurer and a genie emerges from the lantern. The genie asks the adventurer a riddle which, if answered correctly, will benefit the adventurer, but will cause injury, if answered incorrectly.

TRICKS & TRAPS - COMPETITION

In Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks, we guarantee the nastiest of surprises! But perhaps you may have designed a fiendish trick or trap of your own which you may wish to test on our intrepid readers. If you have, then Penguin are offering cash prizes for the best of them. Design an original trick or trap and include a diagram if at all possible. Include items or artefacts that may be needed to detect or overcome the trap. The best trap will earn its designer a first prize of £20 and there will be five runner-up prizes of £10 each. All of these will be published in a future issue of Warlock. Attach the Entry Token below to your trick or trap, and send it with your name and address to:

Tricks and Traps,
Warlock Magazine,
Penguin Books Ltd,
536 King's Road,
LONDON SW10 0UH,
England

Entries must arrive not later than 15 March 1985. Overseas entries will be accepted until 10 August 1985.

TRICKS AND TRAPS COMPETITION TOKEN

CARTOON COMPETITION RESULTS

Winner: Ian Macdonald

I'VE GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU!! WHY DIDN'T YOU WARN ME...?!?
SLAM!
TEE HEE HEE!
HE'S GOT A BONE TO PICK...
WHAT A CARRION! JUST BECAUSE OF A LITTLE JOKE!
At the end of the passage...
"YOU CAN HEAR A RUMBLING SOUND COMING FROM THE CAVE!"
WELL, IT'S THE ONLY WAY ON!
DO YOU HAVE A DRAGONBREATH SPELL?
NO...WHAT WOULD I WANT A DRAGONBR...
I HAD TO ASK!
FTHOOOM!
GIBBER!
SINGE!
"LOSE 2 STAMINA POINTS, AND YOUR EYEBROWS!"
Arkenor travels on into the castle...
OH, YOU LOST IN THE LABYRINTH TOO, MISTER?... HERE, YOU DROPPED THIS...
FLIME!
TAP! TAP!
with varying degrees of success
HANDY THING, THIS VENTRILOQUISM SPELL!
PSSST! GUARD!
SCUTTLE!
Until...
"YOU REACH A LARGE, ORNATE WOODEN DOOR WITH A STRANGE INSCRIPTION ABOVE IT!"
Mind ye Head
I'LL OPEN IT, CAREFULLY...
THE END OF THIS INSTALMENT - WE'VE GOT TO WAIT FOR PART 2!
WHAT'S THIS, MAX?
WHAT? OH, !!!
SHRUG!
TWACK!
Cont'd?
2

HOW TO BE AN ADVENTURER
(A SHORT GUIDE)
ROBERT DENE
WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE. THIS SHORT GUIDE WILL I HOPE GIVE YOU A LITTLE INSIGHT INTO ANOTHER WORLD WHERE YOU MAY MEET DANGERS SUCH AS DRAGONS DEMONS AND OTHER RATHER NASTY CREATURES. SO WITH THE HELP OF WILLY THE WARRIOR READ ON..
WILLY
TO BEGIN, AN ADVENTURER NEEDS CERTAIN ATTRIBUTE'S OR HE'L END UP VERY DEAD VERY QUICKLY...
ENTRANCE
VERY DEAD.
STRENGTH IS ONE ATTRIBUTE, USED FOR BATTLES THAT WILL ARISE, AND CAN DETERMINE HOW MUCH EQUIPMENT, ETC. YOU CAN CARRY.
BRAVERY IS ALSO A NECESSITY...
SQUEAK
..AS ARE KEEN SENSES AND REFLEXES.
TOTALLY UNAWARE!
DRAWING A MAP OF YOUR PROGRESS IS ADVISED OR YOU MAY END UP LOST.
THIS WAY
WHICH WAY
THAT WAY
DURING YOUR ADVENTURE YOU MIGHT MEET HELPFUL CHARACTERS, LIKE WIZARDS WHO CAN CAST SPELLS UPON THE ENEMY, SUCH AS - SLEEP SPELLS...
.. AND TRANSFORMATION SPELLS.

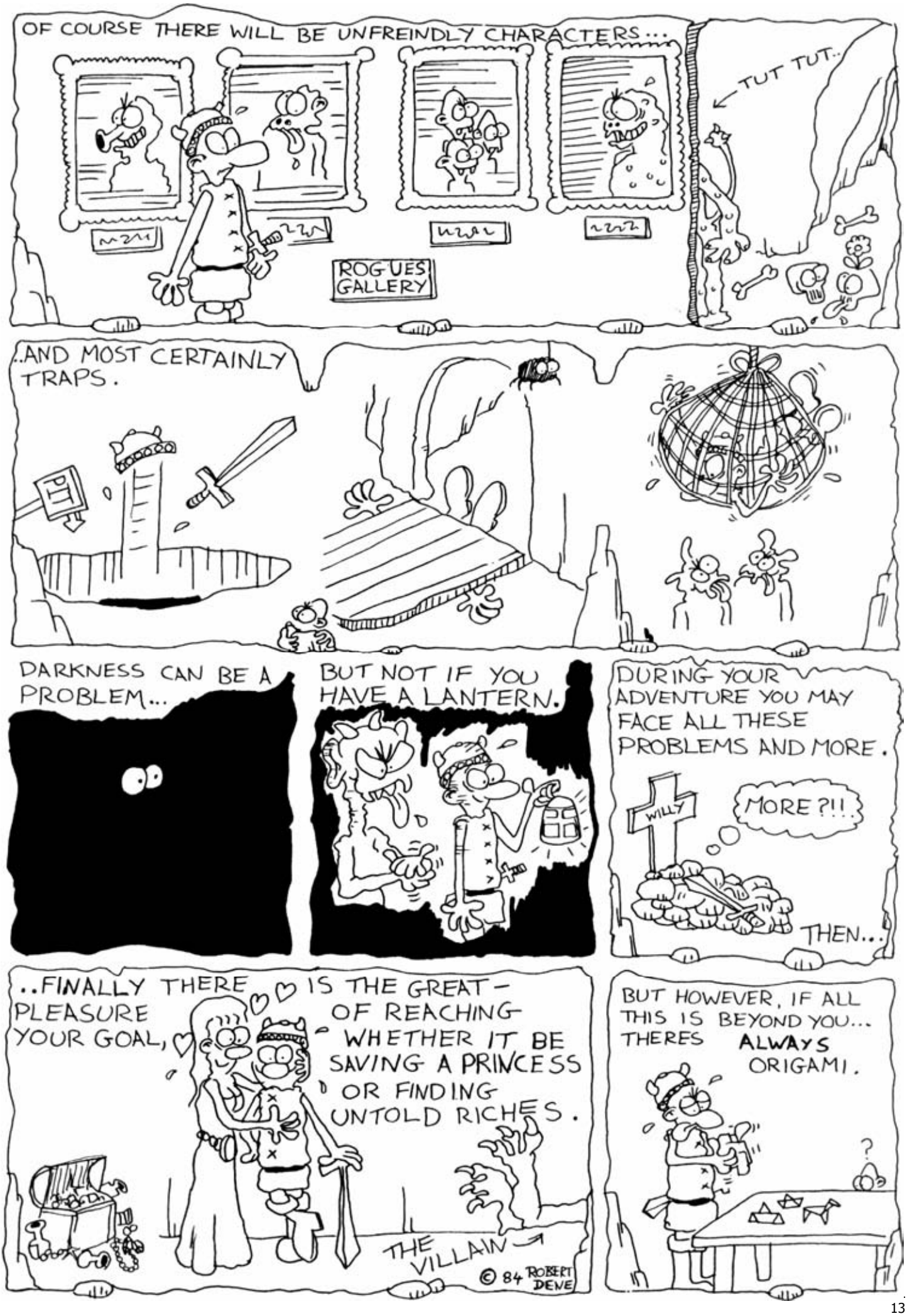
OF COURSE THERE WILL BE UNFREINDLY CHARACTERS...
ROGUES GALLERY
TUT TUT..
..AND MOST CERTAINLY TRAPS.
DARKNESS CAN BE A PROBLEM...
BUT NOT IF YOU HAVE A LANTERN.
DURING YOUR ADVENTURE YOU MAY FACE ALL THESE PROBLEMS AND MORE.
WILLY
MORE ?!!
THEN...
..FINALLY THERE IS THE GREAT - PLEASURE OF REACHING YOUR GOAL, WHETHER IT BE SAVING A PRINCESS OR FINDING UNTOLD RICHES.
THE VILLAIN
© 84 ROBERT DEVE
BUT HOWEVER, IF ALL THIS IS BEYOND YOU... THERES ALWAYS ORIGAMI.
?

Dear Warlock,

When I first saw your magazine in a bookshop, I was very pleased that someone had written a magazine all about the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks. I have all the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks and *Sorcery!* books. I am eagerly waiting for more. Ever since I bought The *Warlock of Firetop Mountain,* I have been enthralled by the sheer imagination of the books. I have bought some of another make, but found them only pale shadows of the Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks – they are the best, and I mean that. I would rather *Warlock* magazine came out every month, but there is so much work to do that I suppose it would be almost impossible. Congratulations on such an excellent magazine and may your SKILL (at writing Gamebooks) never fail.

The very best of LUCK.
Stephen Taylor
Newport, Isle of Wight

Thanks for the *praise, Stephen. Your cheque is in the post! – Ed.*

Dear Warlock,

Please could you alter the Fighting Fantasy rules to make them seem more lifelike. I think that for every 5 STAMINA points lost, 1 SKILL should be deducted. If I was down to 1 STAMINA point and still had 10 SKILL points, I would be able to fight as well as if I had 24 STAMINA points. In real life, if I was hanging on to life by a piece of cotton, I would not be the fittest fighter in the world. Anyway, I just thought I would point this out.

Yours sincerely,
Russell Cooper
Southport, Merseyside

We receive many letters suggesting changes to the Fighting Fantasy game system, some of which we think would improve the 'realism'. In fact, loss *of* SKILL *points as a result of loss of* STAMINA *points is a rule which has been incorporated in the forthcoming* Freeway Fighter. *However, Fighting Fantasy is meant to be very 'playable', so that complex 'rules do not inhibit the excitement and speed of the adventure. But readers are obviously welcome to adapt the rules as they wish to suit their own requirements – Ed.*

Dear Warlock,

I have played Fighting Fantasy for about two years now, and I think that, although the rules are generally pretty good, they would be improved by the addition of Experience points as in Dungeons & Dragons. The method I have devised for myself is this. For every monster I face (and beat), I determine its Experience point value and record it. At the end of the adventure, I add my scores up and try to gain enough to rise a level. I determine the value of each creature by the formula

$$\frac{3(x+y)}{4}$$

where x is the SKILL and y is the STAMINA of the creature. For instance, a Goblin (SKILL 6, STAMINA 6) has a value of

$$\frac{3(6+6)}{4} = 9$$

Having devised this, I gave it a trial run on *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*. I ended the adventure with 297 points.

I suggest four levels, as shown below.

Level Title	*Experience Level*	*Experience Points*
Fighter	1	0–500
Warrior	2	501–1000
Champion	3	1001–1500
Hero	4	1501–2000

The bonuses for each level are:

Fighter: none
Warrior: +1 on Attack Strength and –1 on *Test your Luck* dice rolls.
Champion: +2 on Attack Strength and –2 on *Test your Luck* dice rolls.
Hero: +4 on Attack Strength and –4 on *Test your Luck* dice rolls. When sustaining wounds, you only take half damage.

Take it or leave it!
S. Wilson
Sheerness, Kent

This is a good idea, but it could lead to problems. The monsters would have to become increasingly tougher in each new Gamebook, so as to be a challenge to Heroes. Otherwise the adventures would be too easy. However, Fighters going through the same adventure are likely to be cut to ribbons in the first room. But again, readers can adopt these advanced rules if they wish – Ed.

Dear Warlock,

Come on, admit it, *The Warlock of Firetop* Mountain is impossible to do! Charles Boundy's letter in *Warlock 3* had me in fits, saying, 'Yes! Yes! Absolutely!' The Maze of Zagor is IMPOSSIBLE.

The reason I am writing is to tell you my preferences regarding your Gamebooks. Bear in mind that I have only read the short versions of *Caverns of the Snow Witch* and *House of Hell* and I haven't read *Scorpion Swamp* at all. Anyway, in *reverse* order:

9. *Starship Traveller*
8. *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* (this low only because of the maze)
7. *Caverns of the Snow Witch*
6. *The Forest of Doom*
5. *The House of Hell*
4. *Island of the Lizard King*
3. *The Citadel of Chaos*
2. *City of Thieves*

And now, drum roll please...

1. *Deathtrap Dungeon!*

Ian, give yourself a pat on the back. Old Sukumvit prepared some really nasty traps and some lovely surprises in this excellent book. I staggered through to the sunlight with SKILL 12, LUCK 7 and STAMINA 4! I had fifteen dead creatures under my belt, and a thumping headache. Crumbs! I *hate* that revolting little Trialmaster. When I had to kill Throm I was so cross with the dwarf that I just had to kill him as soon as I could.

Anyway, I'll sign off now. So, until I understand the rules of *Market Mayhem* make mine a Warlock!

Yours, desperate to get my name in print,
Patrick Fahy,
Epping, Essex

P.S. Hope you like the cartoon of Ian and Steve!

Anybody who dares to portray Ian as a bald wizard and Steve as a gorilla deserves to stay lost in the Maze of Zagor! But your idea of rating the Gamebooks inspired us to give other readers the opportunity to have their say. Hence 'Fighting Fantasy Feedback' on page 21. OK, everybody, let us have it! – Ed.

Dear Warlock,

There is only one thing I want to ask. Why on earth is there a box for 'Initial Magic' and 'Magic Spells' in *The House of Hell* adventure published in *Warlock 3?* There is no mention of magic in the rules or the actual game! (But apart from that, I thought the game was excellent.)

Yours quizzically,
Michael Waite
Dorchester, Dorset

Aaah . . . er, hum, yes. The answer to that one is simple. In fact it can be summed up in one word: 'Oooops . . .' – Ed.

Dear Warlock,

Thank you for producing three excellent magazines in the first year. I have all nine Fighting Fantasy books and the three in *Sorcery!* and I am eagerly awaiting *The Crown of Kings* and *House of Hell*. I think the best book is Scorpion Swamp. I didn't like *Starship Traveller*; I am just not into space adventures (sorry, Steve). Anyway, I have a suggestion.

Why not hold a Fighting Fantasy convention? There could be talks, and it would allow us adventurers to meet Steve and Ian and talk to other FF fans. Also, how about letting us choose some characters as in D&D and print advice in Warlock on how to use them in adventures?

Anyway, must continue with reference 37 of *Scorpion Swamp* . . .

Yours excitedly
Paul Cater Malden, Essex

A Fighting Fantasy convention! A great idea and one which we took up with the Grand Wizard at Penguin. He hummed and aahed and mumbled something about 'Maybe we could have a special Fighting Fantasy section at the next Puffin show . . .' We'll keep working on him. – Ed.

Dear Warlock,

I am female and I read *Warlock*. Is this unusual? It seems to be. I know girls are 'supposed' to read slightly brainless novels and magazines but, believe it or not, there are some of us out here who enjoy sci-fi and fantasy, including RPGs and FF books.

In the third issue of *Warlock*, all the competition winners were boys and all letters published were by boys. Do you receive letters from girls? If so, why not publish them? I would like to see more women involved in the whole idea of Fighting Fantasy, as there are those of us who play RPGs and enjoy them.

We don't all have affixed diet of love stories!

Yours hopefully
L. Heilbronn (The Amazon)
Maida Vale, London

Dear Warlock,

Sorry about the back of this letter *(Cairon's letter was written on the back of an 'Entry Form for Show and Sale of Commercial Goats'!! – Ed.)* Anyway, I thought that, since there is a Disneyland in America and there will be an Asterix Land in Paris, why not a Fighting Fantasy Land in Britain? Can you imagine the rides: a Roller Ghoster, Halter Skeletons, a Fang House and a Big Wail!

I'd have it in Aberystwyth.

Yours wraithfully Cairon
Lewis Tennant
Tregaron, Dyfed

Dear Warlock,

I've bought the first three issues of *Warlock* and frankly I'm disappointed. Ian Livingstone and Steve Jackson are both excellent and experienced gamers and you've got the might of Puffin and Games Workshop behind you. So why can't you print some original material?

Issue One – A reprint of *WoFTM.* We've already played that! So what if you've changed the routes to the Warlock; the art and the locations are still the same.

Issue Two – *Caverns of the Snow Witch.* What's the point of printing half an adventure and then releasing the full version as a FF book?

Issue Three – *House of Hell*. Same thing. What a con! Can't you print adventures by other people if the work's too much, instead of wasting our time?

And for Satan's sake, don't start a 'Gamebook Club'.

Yours (with bah and humbug)
Daniel Clayton
Salisbury, Wilts

Awww. Just when we were beginning to think that people actually enjoyed Fighting Fantasy . . . Seriously though, Archmage Clayton will now find that Warlock is publishing new adventures sent in by readers so perhaps his time will not be wasted by future issues. – Ed.

EXPANDING FIGHTING FANTASY

Additional Ideas for
Fighting Fantasy: The Introductory Role-playing Game

Fighting Fantasy: The Introductory Role-playing Game *was designed to introduce Gamebook readers to the world of the more complicated Role-playing Games, like Dungeons & Dragons (see* Warlock *3), Warhammer, Traveller, etc. As these RPGs can be quite difficult for the new player,* Fighting Fantasy *simplified many of the rules and cut out a lot of paperwork, so that players familiar with the Gamebooks could start playing with minimum hassle.*

Because of this, many areas covered by the more complicated RPGs were left out. Warlock has had many letters from readers and players suggesting additional rules for Fighting Fantasy. In the first article, Graeme Davis sets out his own suggestions on how adventurers can gain Experience and actually become stronger, or more skilful, the more they play.

THE SEASONED ADVENTURER:
Experience and Character Improvement in *Fighting Fantasy*

by Graeme Davis

One thing which *Fighting Fantasy* lacks compared with other RPGs is a system whereby characters can improve with experience. As adventurers defeat more and more dangerous monsters, they should become more and more formidable opponents in themselves, with increased fighting skills. Here is a simple system for character improvement in *Fighting Fantasy*. It is not intended to be used with the solo Adventure Gamebooks.

A character's experience is measured in Experience points. An adventurer who defeats a monster will normally receive Experience points equal to the monster's SKILL score. If a number of characters gang up on a monster, its SKILL score should be divided equally between the adventurers, awarding any remaining points to whoever delivered the final blow.

When an adventurer has accumulated ten times more Experience points than his or her SKILL score, then he or she may attempt to improve this SKILL score. Improvements may be made only at the end of an adventure, never in the middle of one. The improvement is tested as follows.

Roll two dice. If the total rolled is equal to or greater than the current SKILL score, then the attempt is successful. The player's SKILL increases by 1 point, and the Experience points total is reduced to zero. On future adventures, the process will start all over again. If the total rolled is less than current SKILL, then no additions to SKILL are allowed, but the Experience points are still lost. Thus it is difficult to increase SKILL scores and, the more successful an adventurer is, the harder it becomes to improve!

The following example illustrates the system: Beorfroth the Saxon Warrior (SKILL 9) has accumulated 90 Experience points and, at the end of his adventure, rolls two dice. The score is 10 – success! His SKILL score is increased to 10 and his Experience points total becomes 0. Had he rolled an 8 or less, his SKILL score would have remained at 9, but his Experience point total would still have been reduced to zero; the whole painful process would have been started all over again.

Wizards

No rules were given in *Fighting Fantasy* to allow players to become Wizards, rather than Warriors. However, in both *The Citadel of Chaos* and *Sorcery!*, magic systems are described which can be used by adventurers. If the system from *The Citadel of Chaos* is used, the rules about Experience points can be adopted as follows.

A Wizard may improve his or her MAGIC score in exactly the same way that has just been described for SKILL (that is, on a roll higher than MAGIC, when Experience points are ten times the MAGIC score). But if a Wizard wishes to improve his or her SKILL, instead of MAGIC, then the fact that Wizards are less proficient with weapons than Warriors must be taken into account. If a Wizard wishes to try to improve his or her SKILL score, an Experience points total equal to twenty times the Wizard's SKILL is needed before an improvement roll can be attempted.

Here is an example: Zappo the Magician (SKILL 7, MAGIC 8) has amassed 80 Experience points. He may now try to roll 8 or more with two dice in order to increase his MAGIC score, or he may wait until his Experience point total reaches 140 and attempt to improve his SKILL. If he elects to improve his SKILL, he may not change his mind later on – he must amass 140 Experience points and attempt to improve his SKILL, and may not attempt to improve his MAGIC until he has done this and then amassed *another* 80 Experience points.

A suggestion here, should the GamesMaster wish to keep the necessary checks, is that a Wizard character records two sets of Experience points – one relating Solely to SKILL and the other relating solely to MAGIC. SKILL Experience would be gained for fighting and MAGIC Experience for casting spells successfully. The amount of MAGIC Experience would vary according to the type of spell cast. For a *Creature Copy* spell, for example, the Wizard would gain Experience points equal to the full SKILL score of the creature copied – but only if the copy actually killed its original. If not, the Wizard would gain, in MAGIC Experience points, half the number of STAMINA points of damage which the copy did to its original, provided that this came to no more than the original's SKILL score. Spells which do not directly affect an opponent, such as *Luck, Skill* and *Stamina*, gain the Wizard only 1 MAGIC Experience point each time they are cast. Defensive spells, such as *Shielding* and some types of *Illusion*, gain the caster MAGIC Experience points equal to the SKILL score of the monster that the spells were used against, *less* the number of STAMINA points of damage which the monster managed to inflict upon the Wizard after the spell was cast. These are only general guidelines, and a GamesMaster should be able to work out appropriate Experience point rates for any spell according to its nature and the way in which the Wizard will use it.

Scores Above 12 – Legendary Heroes

The maximum SKILL and MAGIC scores a character may have under the *Fighting Fantasy* rules is 12. Although characters will have to do a lot of great deeds to gain a score of 12, many will get there sooner or later. Then the GamesMaster has a problem – where do they go from here?

An adventurer wishing to improve a SKILL or MAGIC score of 12 must amass 120 Experience points and then roll a total of 12 on two dice. His SKILL or MAGIC will then increase to 13. To improve from 13 to 14, he must amass 130 Experience points, roll 12 with two dice – and then roll at least 1 or more with an extra die roll. To improve from 14 to 15 needs 140 Experience points, 12 with two dice and 2 or more with the third roll, and so on. This will allow progression as far as a score of 18, which will be extremely difficult to obtain. A character with such a score will be the stuff of legend. Even in fantasy, such characters are very rare indeed.

Luck

This has been left until last because it functions in a different way to the SKILL and MAGIC attributes. A character may be permitted by the GamesMaster to increase his or her LUCK score in a similar way, with a separate record kept of LUCK Experience points.

Each successful LUCK check might give the character 1 LUCK Experience point; alternatively, each successful LUCK check *in combat* might be worth 2 LUCK Experience points, while others are worth only 1. Other situations in which LUCK Experience might be awarded by the GM are when a character solves a puzzle (LUCK is often related to intelligence and common sense), finds a secret door or disarms a trap. Optionally, LUCK Experience might also be awarded when a character's current LUCK score is increased during the course of a game, when he or she receives a blessing, for example, or wins a fight against all the odds. The GM will be able to find many occasions where a character has been Lucky without actually making a LUCK check. Because it is not possible to lay down any guidelines for when this type of LUCK Experience should be awarded, the GamesMaster should be careful not to be too generous. Characters with very high LUCK scores can sometimes affect the balance of a game as radically as those with very high SKILL.

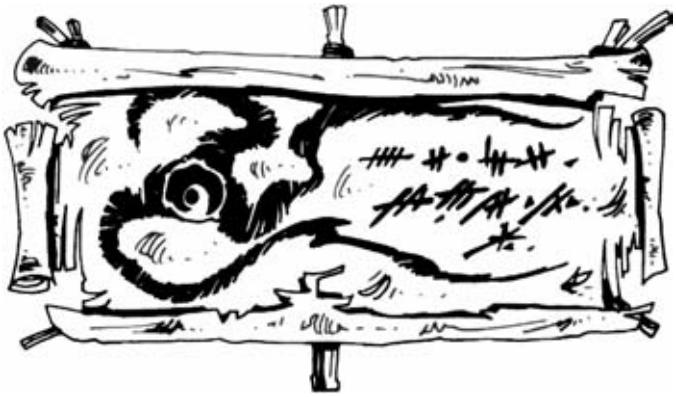

Comments

by Steve Jackson

Graeme's suggestions are excellent, and give adventurers a real 'reason' to be continuing their quests. Their ultimate goal becomes to keep on improving their characters – a goal which becomes increasingly hard to achieve. I have only three criticisms of this Experience system:

1. *Initial* SKILL or MAGIC can have an unbalancing effect on this method of increasing Experience. A character with an *Initial* SKILL of 7 is at a considerable disadvantage against a character who began with an *Initial* SKILL of 11 or 12. To a certain extent this is 'the luck of the draw' or 'the lottery of life', but it seems a little unfair that a first-time player who happens to roll a SKILL of 11 is, if an Experience system is being played, as experienced as another player who started with a SKILL of 8 and has fought many battles to reach a similar SKILL of 11. I would suggest here that, if an Experience system such as Graeme's is used, *all* beginners start of with a SKILL of 7 or 8 (dice to decide which).

2. Advancement from 8 to 10 (in SKILL or MAGIC) is tough. Advancement from 10 to 12 is tougher. But advancement beyond 12 must be almost impossible, since it involves having to roll double 6, then another roll! But, as Graeme points out, these characters are the stuff of legends. However, there must be scope here for creative GamesMasters to hide rare treasures around their dungeons which will allow modifiers on these Experience rolls – for instance, an Armband of Strength which will add 2 to Experience rolls. But, as the article points out, GamesMasters must resist the temptation to be too generous here.

3. Personally, I am not in favour of LUCK being included in an Experience points system. I see LUCK as an unchanging characteristic; you are born either Lucky or Unlucky. Even in a fantasy world, I do not envisage characters 'becoming luckier' as they go through life. SKILL and MAGIC can be improved through training, experience and use; LUCK is not like that. It is not possible to 'practise your LUCK'. I would keep the Experience system for SKILL and MAGIC only.

MAGIC IN FIGHTING FANTASY

by Tony Smith

Another noticeable omission from the Fighting Fantasy rulebook is the use of magic. Adventurers are not given the option of becoming Wizards in the Role-playing Game. Again, this was not to discourage magic-users, but simply to keep complexity to a minimum. In this article, Tony Smith describes how GamesMasters may handle magic.

Magic is hardly touched on by the *Fighting Fantasy* rulebook. This article deals with spells that may be cast by the players at any reasonable time during the game. This magic is not necessarily instrumental in the completion of the players' quest, but it may certainly help them in their task – and add a little spice to the game.

It is the GamesMaster's task to make sure that the players carry out their quest or adventure within the boundaries laid down by the rules. The same is true with magic. But what are the rules governing magic? The game would hardly be well balanced if one member of the party was able to zap off *Sleep* spells at every monster which raised its ugly head; the game would soon become very boring for the other adventurers. The following are suggestions for the creation of a magic system which can be used in FF games.

Learning a Spell

First, the caster must learn the spell. This takes time and, of course, a copy of the spell (spells are usually found on ancient scrolls and in spellbooks). To learn a spell, a player must sit down and read it thoroughly. This process takes about four minutes and must be done in peace and quiet. This gives the devious GamesMaster the chance to roll up a Wandering Monster – say, after three minutes – causing the player's deep concentration to be broken, so that he or she will have to start all over again when the beast has been dispatched. But don't overdo this; it leads to very disgruntled adventurers! Note that most scrolls and spellbooks have spells cast upon them so that the words of the spell disappear after they have been read . . .

Casting a Spell

Once the spell has been learned, the player may go off and use it when necessary. Casting a spell requires two things: deep concentration and energy. The energy comes from the caster's body and as a result causes a slight loss of STAMINA points, the amount of loss depending on the spell. All spells draw energy from the caster, which helps to stop the players casting spells over and over again. The concentration aspect means that the caster must not take part in any fight or move at all while he or she is casting a spell.

So, in a combat situation, the other players must try to protect their companion. The caster must also be able to move his arms around and speak the spell out loud. Just being able to think about it is not good enough. Thus a player tied to a post with his mouth gagged is in no position to cast a spell of levitation and float off above the heads of his enemies. The player also has to be able to see the object or creature he is casting the spell on. It should also be borne in mind by the GM that it takes time to cast a magic spell. Reasonable times are 2–3 Combat Rounds during a fight and 30–60 seconds in other situations.

Effects of Spells

Once cast, a final question remains. Will the spell be successful? There are a number of ways in which a spell can fail. Firstly, the caster may not be a particularly skilful sorcerer. Second, the person(s) or object(s) upon which the spell is cast may prevent the spell from working. Remember, though, that even if the spell does not work, the caster still loses energy, and hence STAMINA points.

Every time a spell is cast, the GM should roll two dice against the caster's SKILL. A successful roll (equal to or less than the caster's SKILL) means that the spell is working so far, and the GM should proceed to the next stage. If, however, the spell fails, the GM should say so. The caster has lost all his concentration and won't be able to work up enough to recast a spell for 20 minutes. Of course, that doesn't mean that another player cannot use a spell of his own.

In the next stage, the GM should decide whether the thing upon which the spell is being cast will affect the spell's success. A troop of orc warriors will have no resistance to a *Paralyse* spell, but a Mage might. He may even be able, if he is powerful enough (and the GM will have to decide on this), to turn the spell back on the caster – an interesting situation to GamesMaster, especially if the caster's SKILL is high enough to turn the spell around again! GamesMastering this sort of situation will depend entirely on judgement.

Another situation is where the caster may be trying to open a magically locked door. If a special object, such as a crystal key, is required to open it, the GM might feel that the players must search for the object, rather than just use magic. So, in this case, he would simply announce that the spell had failed, and thus disguise the real nature of the door, which would not have been opened by a spell anyway.

A useful way for the GM to control the use of spells is to say that certain spells must be cast with a magical artefact. For example, an adventurer may learn a Levitation spell but find that, in order to cast it, he needs a Jewel-Studded Medallion. Thus another hunt will ensue for the necessary Medallion.

Types of Spell

In this article, I have not set down hard and fast rules for a Fighting Fantasy Magic System. Instead, this article is intended to contain some suggestions, which may be implemented – or ignored – by the GamesMasters. As far as the actual spells themselves are concerned, I will leave this to the GM's imagination, although a few are listed below. A useful 'reference' book is the *Sorcery! Spell Book* (note, however, that this book is no longer available as a separate volume; the spells are now listed in the back of each *Sorcery!* volume). Also worth noting is Gamebook 2, *The Citadel of Chaos*, in which magic is an integral part. The GM will have to decide in some cases how long the spell works after it has been cast. For example an *Invisibility* spell may last for 3 minutes. The cost in STAMINA points must also be decided, although suitable values are given for all the *Sorcery!* spells.

A New Character Class

The use of magic in *Fighting Fantasy* can also lead to different character classes. Previously, every adventurer was a Warrior, relying on their skill at swordplay. Now GMs may like to introduce the class of Magic-User, for those skilled in the arts of wizardry.

The use of magic can be rewarding, both to the GamesMaster and to the players. The rules chosen by the GamesMaster should be enough to ensure that the players do not rely too heavily on their magical abilities. The spells are thereto give aid and as something to fall back on when things get a bit tricky.

So, good casting! And remember . . . There are orcs out there, just waiting to be zapped!

Some Typical Spells

NAME	*STAMINA COST*	*ARTEFACT REQUIRED*	*EFFECT*
ZAP	4	None	Fires lightning blast from caster's finger to monster, causing 1–6 points of damage
FOF	4	None	Creates a force-field around one person lasting for 1 minute or 5 Combat Rounds
HEALING	2	None	Causes 1–6 STAMINA points to return to another player
MIRROR IMAGE	1	Gold-backed Mirror	Causes 1–3 mirror images of the caster, lasting for 2 minutes or until the task is complete
GOB	1	1 Goblin tooth for each Goblin	When cast, each tooth used turns into a Goblin under the command of the caster; Goblins disappear when job is done

FIGHTING FANTASY NEWS

The most exciting news this issue is the decision of the Grand Wizard at Penguin to publish a Fighting Fantasy Gamebook every month! Here are the adventures you can look forward to in the next few months.

Space Assassin

In this Gamebook, you take the part of a futuristic assassin sent to capture a madman bent on the destruction of your world. You must find your way through the mazes and hazards of his giant spacecraft in order to succeed.

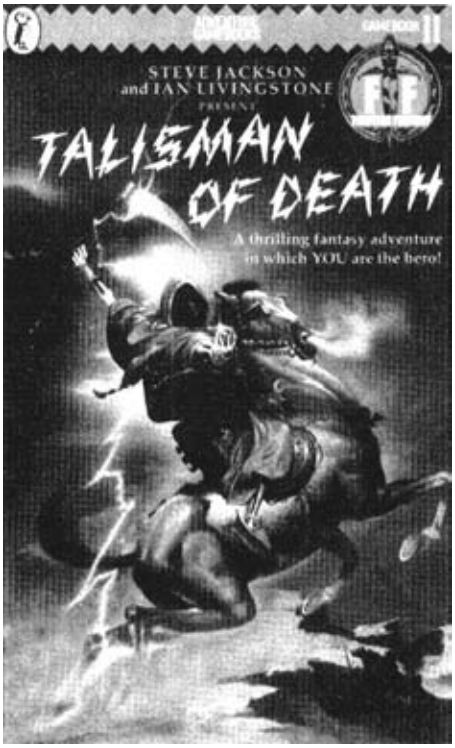

Talisman of Death

As mentioned last issue, this is a quest to return to your own world, carrying the fearsome talisman with you.

Freeway Fighter

In the year 2022, an unknown disease decimates the population of the Earth, While civilization attempts to survive inside the fortress towns, the highways are controlled by the new barbarians in cycle gangs and customized cars. Your mission is to drive your weapon-filled Dodge Interceptor through the barbarian territory to an oil refinery, and return to your town with much-needed petrol.

Temple of Terror

In a race across the Desert of Skulls to the lost city of Vatos, you must find the five dragon artefacts before the evil Malbordus. If Malbordus succeeds, the dark elves' army will have its powerful leader and Allansia will fall into an era of chaos.

Rings of Kether

You are a Narcotics Investigator for the Galactic Federation and are sent to the Aleph Cygni star system to crack a suspected drug ring. Posing as an interstellar travelling salesman, you begin your mission on the planet Kether.

Seas of Blood

You are the captain of a pirate vessel and must sail with your band of seasoned cutthroats across the Inland Sea, searching for gold and slaves in a race against your greatest rival, Abdul the Butcher.

Fighting Fantasy fanatics may be interested to learn that the Gamebooks, as well as being exported to the Commonwealth countries, are being published in Germany, France, Italy, USA, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, Israel, Yugoslavia and even Japan!

The book of monsters mentioned last issue is now well underway. We are still trying to think of a good title and would welcome readers' suggestions. At the moment it has the working title of *Out of the Pit: The Fighting Fantasy Book of Monsters*. Chris Achilleos has been signed up to illustrate the cover, and Marc Gascoigne has been commissioned to take charge of the editing.

WARLOCK 1 COMPETITION

Winner: Paul Struth, Cornwall. Runners-up: Robert Walsha, Oxfordshire, Mrs G. I. Dugard, Sussex; Andrew Whitworth. Sussex: Jonathan Ford, Cornwall; Mark Rader and Ingo Prentl, Middlesex. Special Mention: Philip Rance, Hampshire, Jonathan Green, Swansea.

Games Workshop has released two jigsaws of the book covers of *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* and *The Forest of Doom*. Both jigsaws are 500-piece puzzles. Games Workshop's *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* game is still under development and is scheduled for a Christmas 1985 release.

Citadel Miniatures are about to release a set of Fighting Fantasy plastic figures, to add three-dimensional action to Fighting Fantasy battles. Heroes include warriors, knights, wizards, barbarians, elves and dwarfs. Monsters include skeletons, zombies, orcs, ogres and goblins.

Despite the many, many requests we have had for a Fighting Fantasy Fan Club, no firm plans have yet been made to start it up. The problem is that nobody has yet been found to run it. Ian and Steve are too busy writing Gamebooks to get involved with the running of the club. However, we hope to have more positive news next issue.

FIGHTING FANTASY FEEDBACK

Since the appearance of *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* in August 1982, the world of Fighting Fantasy has grown and grown. To make sure that we continue to develop it according to your wishes, we have decided to carry out a survey of readers' likes and dislikes. Those of you who include your names and addresses will be eligible for the prize draw. The winner will receive Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks 1–10 autographed by Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone.

Please send your completed questionnaires to Fighting Fantasy Feedback, Penguin Books Ltd, 536 King's Road, London SW10 0UH to arrive by 15 March 1985. Overseas entries will be drawn on 10 August 1985.

1. Which is the most exciting Fighting Fantasy Gamebook you have read?

.....

2. Which Gamebook did you find the most difficult to complete?

.....

3. Which Gamebook features the best cover art?

.....

4. Which Gamebook featured the best interior black and white illustration?

.....

5. What is your favourite monster?

.....

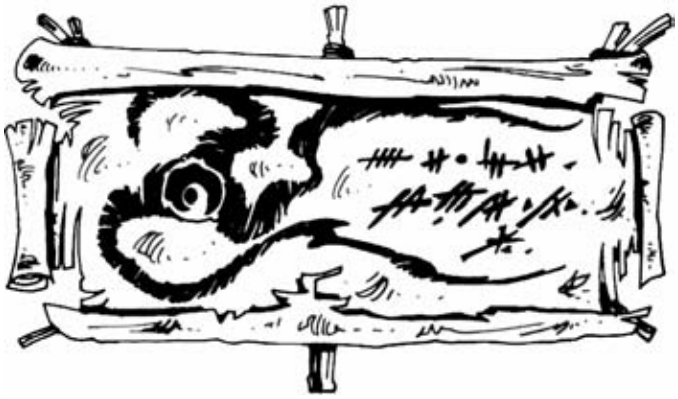

6. Most Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks have featured a swords and sorcery theme. Would you like some of the future books to be based on different themes?

	YES	*NO*
Science fiction		
Horror		
Espionage		
Pirates		
Wild West		
War		
Time-travel		
Samurai		
Superheroes		

Any other suggestions? .....

.....

7. Which Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks have you bought? *(Please circle*)

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

8. Which Sorcery! Gamebooks have you bought? *(Please circle*)

1 2 3 4

9. Which magazines do you read?

.....

.....

.....

10. Did you enjoy the Fighting Fantasy board game 'Market Mayhem' in *Warlock 3? (Please circle)*

YES NO

11. Would you like to see more board games in future issues of *Warlock? (Please circle)*

YES NO

12. Would you like to see Fighting Fantasy Role-playing Game scenarios in future issues of *Warlock? (Please circle)*

YES NO

13. Would you like to read fiction in *Warlock? (Please circle)*

YES NO

14. Would you like to see a regular cartoon strip in *Warlock? (Please circle)*

YES NO

15. How do you rate the current features of *Warlock? (Please tick)*

	Wizard	*Average*	*Orc's Armpit*
Out of the Pit			
Warlock's Quill			
News			
Crossword			
Warlock Profile			
Cartoons			
Fighting Fantasy Adventures			
Tricks and Traps			

16. Do you think the Fighting Fantasy game system should: (*Please tick*)

Stay the same? .....
Be made more complex? .....
Be simplified? .....

17. Do you always play through the Gamebooks strictly according to the dice rolls? (*Please circle*)

YES NO

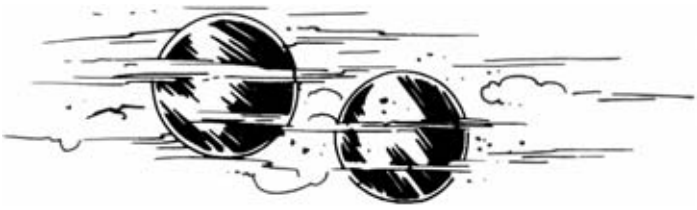

18. Do you play computer games? (*Please circle*)

YES NO

If YES, which machine do you play on? .....

.....

19. What is your favourite computer game?

.....

20. How old are you? .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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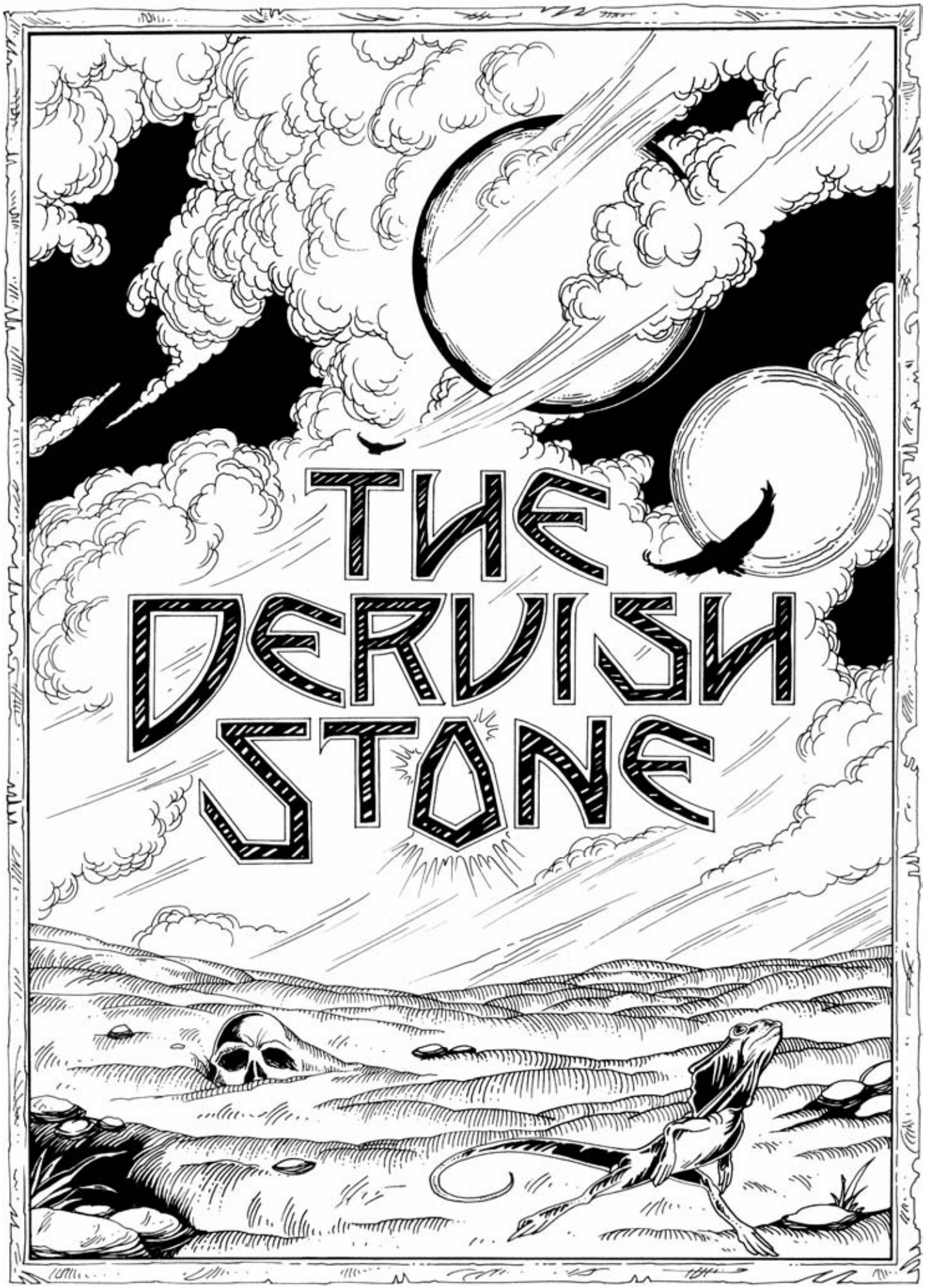
THE
DERVISH
STONE

How to fight creatures of the Desert

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a backpack containing Provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. On page 25 there is an *Adventure Sheet* which you may use to record the details of an adventure. On it you will find boxes for recording your SKILL and STAMINA scores.

You are advised either to record your scores on the *Adventure Sheet* in pencil, or make photocopies of the page to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck-and magic-are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll both dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll both dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage (see opposite).
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage (see opposite).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see opposite).
7. Begin the next Attack Round by returning to your current SKILL score and repeating steps 1–6. This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see opposite). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be Lucky or Unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your LUCK to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are Unlucky, the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your LUCK is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck.* Each time you *Test your Luck,* you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your LUCK, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being Lucky or Unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are Unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may Test your Luck to try to minimize the wound. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck.*

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for five meals. You may rest and eat at any time except when engaged in a battle. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly Lucky. Details are given on the

pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its Initial value unless specifically instructed on a page.

Equipment

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find or buy other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across. You start with 20 Gold Pieces.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical Potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take one of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune-restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These Potions may be taken at any time during your adventure. Taking a measure of Potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their Initial level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your Initial LUCK score before LUCK is restored)

Each bottle of Potion contains enough for two measures, so the characteristic may be restored twice during an adventure. Each time it is used make a note on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Remember also that you may choose only *one* of the three Potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

You will realize that entries make no sense if read in numerical order. It is essential that you read only the entries you are instructed to read. Reading other entries will only cause confusion and spoil the fun!

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on initial dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

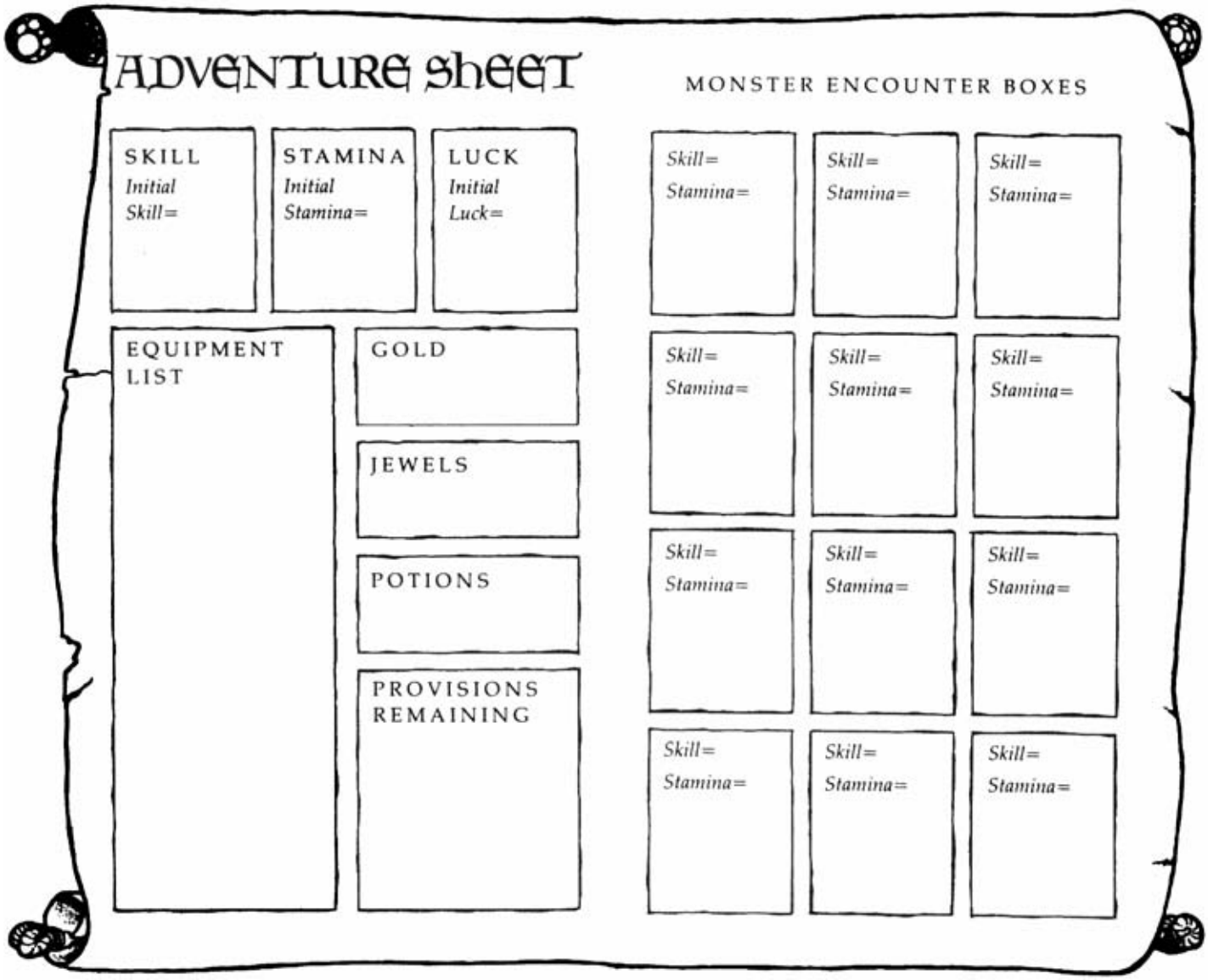

A long time ago, in a world far, far away, a dervish priest called Shanhara found a large and beautiful diamond. So wonderful was it, that adventurers and fortune hunters came from all over to try to steal it – none succeeded. The diamond, known as the Stone of Shanhara, was kept in a cave filled with traps that were so formidable that no one succeeded in passing them all. The location of the cave was forgotten until only legends of the Lost Cave of the Dervishes remained. Now you have found a parchment telling you to seek the Stone of Shanhara. Will you succeed or fail?

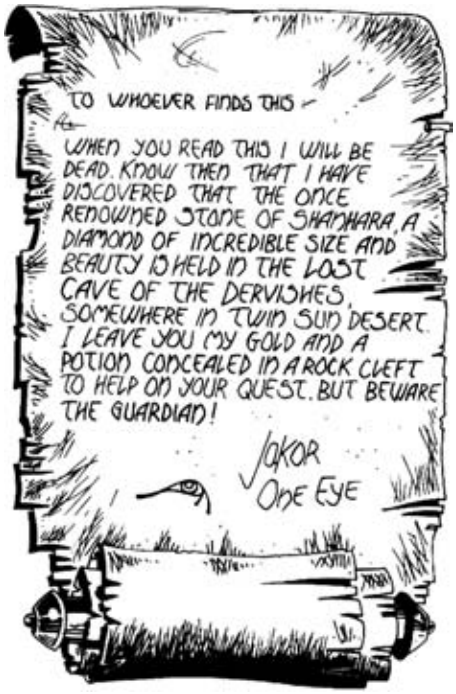

1

The dust rises thickly from the parched earth of the hillside as you slither down it. You come to rest on a fairly flat ledge overlooking the town of Alasiyan which squats on the edge of the almighty Twin Sun Desert. It is early afternoon and the heat of the suns is beating down on you. Carefully you lower yourself to the ground and remove your dusty boots. Suddenly you sit up again quickly – there is something sharp in the ground. You think it might be a thorn from one of the nearby bushes, but excavation reveals a dagger. You dig around and discover other items-bones, armour preserved by the dry desert air, and a little wooden chest with the name JAKOR ONE-EYE on it. You prise the lid off with the dagger and find 20 Gold Pieces and an old piece of vellum parchment with small, brown, spidery writing on it. Slowly and carefully you read it, and are amazed at what it contains.

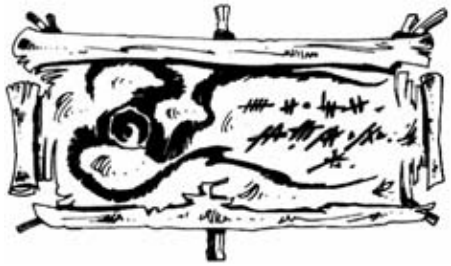

Will you search for the Potion mentioned in the text (turn to **107**) or ignore it and go down to the town (turn to **81**)?

2

The rise is not very wide but it seems to divide the desert into two halves. You follow a rough, sandy track which leads over and down the rise and into the sand dunes. It is very hot – but then most deserts are. Suddenly you hear voices over the dunes. Turn to **38**.

3

Cautiously, you pull back the tent flap and enter. Inside are two half-cat, half-man creatures who attack you as soon as you are inside.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LAUPER	7	5
Second LAUPER	6	6

If you win, you find 4 Gold Pieces and a silver goblet worth 10 Gold Pieces. Will you go back to the rise (turn to **85**), search the black tent (turn to **55**), or search the second brown-yellow tent (turn to **20**)?

4

You enter the room. As you do so the man points a finger at you and a bolt of lightning slams into your chest. Lose 4 STAMINA points. 'Finish the intruder off,' orders the man and the 'Hobgoblin' stalks towards you. It is in fact a Thoul, a horrible combination of a Troll, Hobgoblin and Ghoul!

THOUL SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

He has the ability to paralyse you if he scores four separate wounds on you during this battle. If you win turn to **30**.

5

You walk out of Alasiyan. It is now beginning to get dark and you must seek shelter, Not wishing to sleep in the lawless town, you decide to sleep just outside among a group of beehive buildings. To go to sleep here turn to **52**, or do you have an appointment at the 'Den of Thieves' (turn to **71**)?

6

You take the Glass Eye of Ylaruam the Master Mage out of your backpack and use it to scan the gully. In the shadows you see three Nomads in dark robes skulking about and, taking care to avoid them, you continue down the road and out of the gully. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **127**.

7

You dive to the side of the passageway and the boulder rolls by, missing you by inches. You are very fortunate. The boulder rumbles on, hits the wall behind you and comes rumbling back after you! Roll two dice. If the number is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **200**. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **72**.

8

The chamber is a spacious one indeed. The floor is tiled in black and white and along the far wall are many statues holding real bows and arrows. In the centre is the stand with the Stone of Shanhara on it. Will you walk across to it stepping on white tiles (turn to **84**), or stepping on black tiles (turn to **51**)?

9

The bronze key fits perfectly into the lock and turns. Cautiously, you open the door, You see a long hallway ending in a flight of stone stairs going up. In the wall of the hall there is a door; listening at this you can hear the sounds of raucous laughter and rowdy singing. If you want to open the door, turn to **166**. If you want to climb up the flight of stairs, turn to **45**.

10

You draw your sword and face your last opponent – Kuperan the Fire Giant, Monarch of the Sands. He is extremely powerful, so beware.

FIRE GIANT SKILL 12 STAMINA 18

If you do defeat Kuperan, leap on to your Griffin and turn to **182**.

11

You wipe your bloody sword clean. Add 2 LUCK points for your victory. You may eat Provisions here, and then either walk back, climb up the rise and continue (turn to **85**), or search the tents. Which tent will you search: the black one (turn to **55**), the first brown-yellow one (turn to **3**), or the second brown-yellow one (turn to **20**)?

12

There must be every sort of monster here! Nomads, Bugbears, Goblins, Hobgoblins, Cat-like Humanoids and other things too foul to mention. In one corner is a bronze statue of a giant. 'Greetings, stranger,' booms a loud voice. 'I am Kuperan, Monarch of the Sands.' You turn and see a huge Giant sitting on a stone chair. Quickly a Bugbear Guard comes up and drags you forward. Turn to **42**.

13

You march across the burnished sands of Twin Sun Desert, taking the easy way. The sand is very loose and you often sink in it up to your knees. The wind moans like a beast in agony refusing to die. You soon almost wish you were in Alasiyan. Then you hear voices from over the next dune. Turn to **38**.

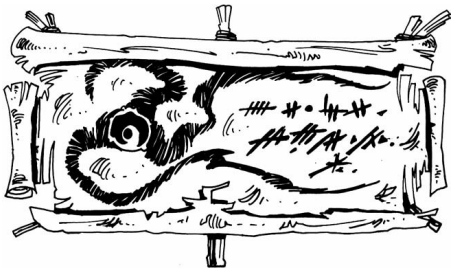

14

You turn into the hills. The going is tough, but at least there is more wind up here. Suddenly, you hear a terrifying shriek and turn around to see a Giant Hawk gliding down out of the sky upon you! Roll one die. If you roll **6**, turn to **176**. If you roll any other number, turn to **122**.

15

You leave the square behind and keep on walking. After a short while, you come to the outskirts of the town of Alasiyan. On the right-hand side of the road you can see a building with a sign saying 'The One Safe Wall Inn'. If you wish to enter this building, turn to **77**. If you wish to keep on walking out of Alasiyan, turn to **5**.

16

You gather all your stuff together, including the diamonds if you took any, and leap into the air. You reach a ledge with your first jump, and your second jump takes you right to the top. You wait for the Roc to leave the nest, which you then approach cautiously. Turn to **63**.

17

You hail the masters of the caravan. Fortunately, they are law-abiding merchants who are amply protected by a dozen men-at-arms. You may eat Provisions here. You ask the merchants about the Stone of Shanhara. 'You'd better go and see the Hermit of the Hills,' says one of the merchants, 'though he is mad, quite mad.' Turn to **134**.

18

You walk on through the dusty streets. You come to a wide, open square with a well in the middle. You may sit down on the steps of the well and eat Provisions. On one side of the square is a house much larger than the others, guarded by two Hobgoblins in leather armour. It you want to go over and investigate the house, turn to **146**. If you think it a place to be left well alone, turn to **15**.

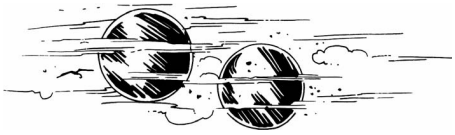

19

Kuperan bellows furiously and whispers something to his Dragon. Immediately, the great Dragon opens his mouth and a bolt of lightning goes flying straight towards you. You and your Griffin tumble to the ground. The Griffin will never move again, nor will you. Your adventure ends here.

20

You push aside the tent flap and enter. Inside is one of the half-man, half-cat creatures you met earlier. He snarls and bares his claws!

LAUPER SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, you find a rug worth about 15 Gold Pieces. Will you go back to the rise (turn to **85**), or search the black tent (turn to **55**) or the first brown-yellow tent (turn to **3**)?

21

You have come too far to be defeated at the last hurdle. You take one item out of your backpack (you choose) and lay it on the pedestal, at the same time snatching the Stone of Shanhara. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you make it out of the chamber without springing the trap (turn to **48**). If you are Unlucky, you hear an ominous grating noise and a wall comes down, sealing you in the chamber for ever. Your adventure ends here.

22

As you approach the strange group, one of the Nomads walks over to you. He is tattooed with the mark of the Twin Sun. 'Greetings, stranger,' says the Nomad. 'As you can see, we're having a little difficulty getting our Sandcrawler to move out of the sand. Lend a hand, will you?' Will you join the struggling Nomads (turn to **64**), or talk to the creature (turn to **97**)?

23

Cautiously, you step inside. There is a terrible grating noise and the iron gates shut behind you! From out of the dark loom two giant hairy goblins, armed in plate-mail and wielding battleaxes.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First BUGBEAR GUARD	8	8
Second BUGBEAR GUARD	8	9

If you win the battle, turn to **189**. If you have any Gas Capsules, turn to **132**.

24

After half an hour the Town Guard returns and sets you and the young man free. You are led upstairs, where the scribe hands you your backpack, and you are forced to sit down and answer a few questions about yourself. You may eat Provisions here. Alas, your Potion is confiscated, as the young man said it would be. Lose 1 LUCK point. When the scribe is done, you are allowed to go free. Turn to **59**.

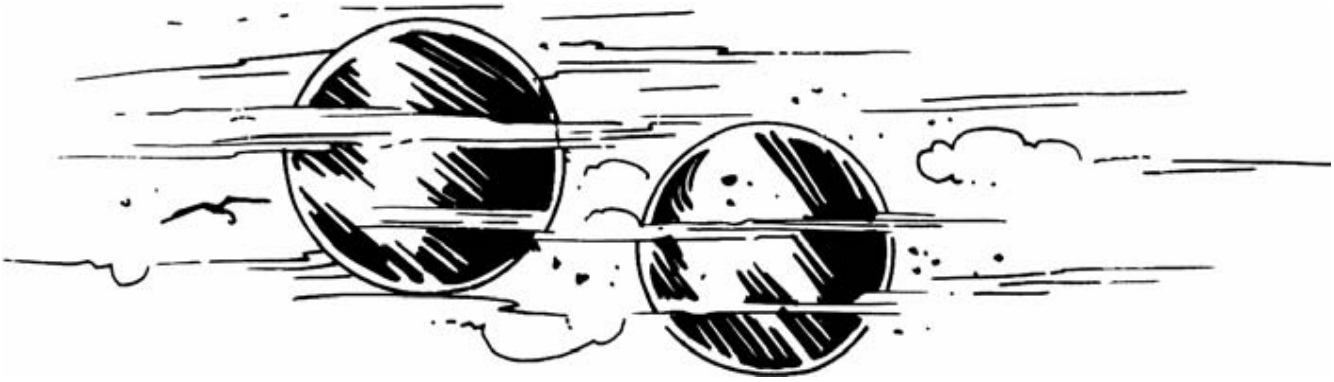

25

You are searching around in the nest, looking for the map of the Lost Cave of the Dervishes, when a great wind stirs up. The parent bird has returned. It is a Giant Roc!

GIANT ROC SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win this battle, turn to **63**. As soon as you suffer your third wound, turn to **91**.

26

You put your hand into the flames and are burnt – lose 1 STAMINA point-but manage to pull the dagger out. It is covered in jewels and the hilt is shaped like a cat. It is a Dagger of Dervish Killing. Add 1 LUCK point. You may now go back to the rise (turn to **85**), search the first brown-yellow tent (turn to **3**), or search the second brown-yellow tent (turn to **20**).

27

You swing across the rope – but it has become frayed and snaps under your weight. You begin to fall! *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you manage to grab hold of the edge of the far side and get out and continue (turn to **79**). If you are Unlucky, you can do nothing to prevent you plunging to your death. Your adventure ends here.

28

You try to sleep again, but are unable to settle down with the foul corpse of the Night Ghoul nearby, so you get up and drag it off into a tomb. You may eat Provisions before you go to sleep, which you manage to do at last. You awake late next morning. Turn to **57**.

29

You distrust this natural skylight and so you creep around the edge of it and continue until you come to a deep pit. A rope hangs within reach from the cave's roof. Will you jump across the pit (turn to **124**), swing across on the rope (turn to **102**), or do you have some Boots of Leaping (turn to **174**)?

30

The man is surprised at your success and introduces himself as Gumpas, Sorcerer-Governor of Alasiyan. Then with a peal of wicked laughter he points his finger and another fireball shoots towards you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky he misses. If you are Unlucky, it hits you, causing 4 STAMINA points of damage. Do you have a Magic Throwing-knife? If so, turn to **156**. If not, turn to **36**.

31

You leap a full ten feet into the air and clear the pit! You are amazed – you must have found a pair of Boots of Leaping. Add 2 LUCK points. However, you are still in a nasty position. Will you leap up on the Goblins' Griffin (turn to **171**), or will you be bold and leap upon the Blue Dragon of the Fire Giant (turn to **54**)?

32

Though you keep looking and listening for movement, you are surprised when three Nomads with blowpipes jump out in front of you and shoot darts at you. *Test your Luck* three times, once for each dart. If you are Lucky all three times, turn to **105**. If you are Unlucky at any time, turn to **86**.

33

The wall slams down with frightening finality –but it is behind you. Cheerfully, you stride on towards the cobwebs. You hear ominous rumblings, and a boulder smashes through them and rolls through the light straight towards you! You dive for the side of the passageway. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **7**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **168**.

34

'Aha,' screams the Goblin in mad triumph. 'I've found you at last, Hideflayer!' He pauses to pull a sword from his belt of death weapons and attacks you ferociously with it! Add 2 points to his Attack Strength for his madness.

GOBLIN SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, you decide to leave the inn. Turn to **5**.

35

While you are still controlling the Griffin, the other Griffin flies up with the two Goblin Archers on its back. They release a stream of arrows, which hit your Griffin and send it screeching into the pit with you and the Orc. It digs its claws into the sand. The Orc awakes! Did you take its boots? If so, turn to **106**. If you did not, turn to **117**.

36

Slowly the Sorcerer-Governor vanishes as he mutters a few magic words, and only the wicked laughter tells you that someone is still in the room. During your fight you must add 2 points to his Attack Strength because he is invisible!

SORCERER-GOVERNOR SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you win the battle, turn to **139**.

37

The Blue Dragon flaps off slowly – back towards the castle! You and the Griffin fly on over the arid wastes of Twin Sun Desert, leaving the mouth of the Earth Demon far behind. Eventually, the Griffin gets too tired to fly any further and you alight on the desert and climb off. Your quest must continue! Turn to **188**.

38

An amazing sight meets your eyes. Across the dune at least ten Nomads in dark robes, like the one you saw in Alasiyan, are struggling with a huge centipede-type creature, about fifteen feet long, which is trying to burrow into the sand. If you want to help the Nomads, turn to **22**. If you want to walk on through the desert, turn to **62**.

39

You take the bag of sand from your backpack and lay it on the pedestal as you snatch the Stone of Shanhara. You wait for a while, feeling very tense. Nothing happens. Add 2 LUCK points. Then, stepping only on the white tiles, you very cautiously exit the dusty chamber of the Stone of Shanhara and go back towards the cave entrance. Turn to **48**.

40

You slide down the rise and enter the heat-haze, which gives way to reveal several tents. Suddenly you are attacked. Defend yourself!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LAUPER	6	6
WAR-CAT	8	7
Second LAUPER	9	6

If you wish to Escape, turn to **85**. If you win, turn to **11**.

41

You leap up in time to Escape (don't forget your penalty for this), and rush off to lose the Night Ghoul in the tombs. When you return, you find that the Night Ghoul has devoured all your Provisions – lose 2 LUCK points. Uneasily, you settle down to sleep again and awake next morning. Turn to **57**.

42

Evidently, the Giant is Kuperan. He has red skin, and jet black hair and beard. He wears bronze armour. He is a Fire Giant! At his side, and dwarfed by him, is an evil-looking Orc Mercenary in plate-mail, armed with a sword and bow and arrows, Will you:

Throw a Magic Throwing-knife?	Turn to **177**
Draw your sword?	Turn to **82**
Pull out a Gas Capsule and threaten to let it off?	Turn to **145**

43

The tracks made by the Sandcrawler are easy to follow, and you make good progress up a slight slope, until you reach what could almost be defined as a road. You hear the sound of cartwheels, so you run up the dune to spy on the cart. It contains three reptiles and several others. Will you hide (turn to **133**), go out to meet them (turn to **154**), or throw a Gas Capsule (turn to **198**)?

44

'Now,' says the hermit taking out a stone jar with three holes in it. 'This jar has three compartments. In one of them is the scorpion. Put your hand in one. If you aren't stung, I'll tell you all I can.' Which will you choose to put your hand in: the first hole (turn to **114**), the second hole (turn to **152**), or the third hole (turn to **138**)?

45

Cautiously, you ascend the stone stairs. You are on a landing, and opposite you is a door. Plucking up your courage, you turn the handle; the door opens slowly. Inside is a long table sitting at the far end of which is a rather fat but richly dressed man with a Hobgoblin at his side. If you wish to slam the door and run off, turn to **15**. If you wish to enter the room, turn to **4**.

46

Cautiously, you enter the Lost Cave of the Dervishes and light your lantern. There is a thick coating of dust and cobwebs are everywhere. As you brush through, you find, to your horror, that two Crab Spiders are emerging from the gloom.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First CRAB SPIDER	5	7
Second CRAB SPIDER	7	6

If you win, turn to **74**.

47

During the conversation the 'young' man notices that you are worried by the loss of your Potion; he offers his services as a thief to get it back for 5 Gold Pieces. 'If you want me,' he says, 'call in at the Den of Thieves tonight.' Cheered by this news, you decide to settle down and wait for the return of the Guard in half an hour or so. Turn to **24**.

48

You walk on down the corridor towards the entrance, until you reach the deep pit again. You are just deciding whether to jump or swing across, when there is a horrible grating noise and a wall starts coming down on the other side. You'll have to act quickly. If you have Boots of Leaping, you make it to the other side (turn to **79**). If not, either swing (turn to **27**) or jump (turn to **67**) across the pit.

49

You pull the Griffin around to face the forces of the Fire Giant. On the Dragon's back, the Orc draws his sword and leaps a full twenty-five feet to the back of your Griffin!

ORC SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

When you have inflicted your second wound, turn to **142**. Deduct 3 points from your Attack Strength because you are unarmed.

50

You roll over just in time – and drop your Wizard Eye into the sand. Lose 1 LUCK point. You see that your assailant is a half-man, half-cat creature, who orders his war-cat to attack you.

	SKILL	STAMINA
WAR-CAT	9	8
LAUPER	10	6

If you win this battle, turn to **89**.

51

You walk across the room, stepping on the black tiles. As you do so, the statues swivel round on their pedestals and the air is filled with the familiar whistle of arrows. You are hit six times in the chest. You crumple up and your body lies in that dusty chamber at the edge of the desert as a warning to other foolish adventurers. Your adventure ends here.

52

You fall asleep, but awake with a start when you hear a hissing and feel something brush against your leg. You wake up-but it is only a cat. Suddenly a shadow falls across you, and you look up to see what appears to be a living corpse with rotten flesh hanging from its bones standing over you. It is a Night Ghoul.

NIGHT GHOUL SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

He has the ability to paralyse you if he scores four separate wounds on you during this battle. If you win, turn to **28**. If you wish to *Escape*, turn to **41**.

53

As you talk to the creature, the powers of the ring begin to take effect and the Nomads watch in amazement as their massive beast meekly obeys you. 'Well done, stranger,' cries the Nomad. 'Please accept our humble gift.' He hands you a pouch containing 5 Gold Pieces. Add 1 LUCK point. Will you go into the desert (turn to **62**), or follow the tracks of the Sandcrawler (turn to **43**)?

54

You bring your Griffin alongside the Dragon, and the Fire Giant furiously orders his minions to the attack. You draw your sword.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First NOMAD	6	5
Second NOMAD	5	6
BUGBEAR GUARD	9	7

If you win and the Goblins are still alive, turn to **180**, but if they are dead, turn to **10**.

55

There is nobody in this tent – yet there is a fire burning in the centre! The smoke escapes through a smoke-hole in the roof, but it is extremely hot and stuffy. In the centre of the fire is a dagger, which is unharmed by the flames. Will you reach for the dagger (turn to **26**), walk out, climb up the rise and continue (turn to **85**), or search the first brown-yellow tent (turn to **3**) or the second brown-yellow tent (turn to **20**)?

56

You walk straight on through the pool of light. As you do so, two rows of sharpened stakes spring from either side of the cave walls. You are impaled on them and your rotting corpse will dangle there as a warning to other such foolish adventurers. Your adventure ends here.

57

The twin suns blaze down on you as you start off into the desert – don't forget your penalty if you suffered the Curse of the Nomad. From what you gathered in Alasiyan, the desert is quite small – the main danger is getting lost. You bear this in mind as you approach a choice of ways. Will you continue on the flat (turn to **13**), or go up a slight rise (turn to **187**)?

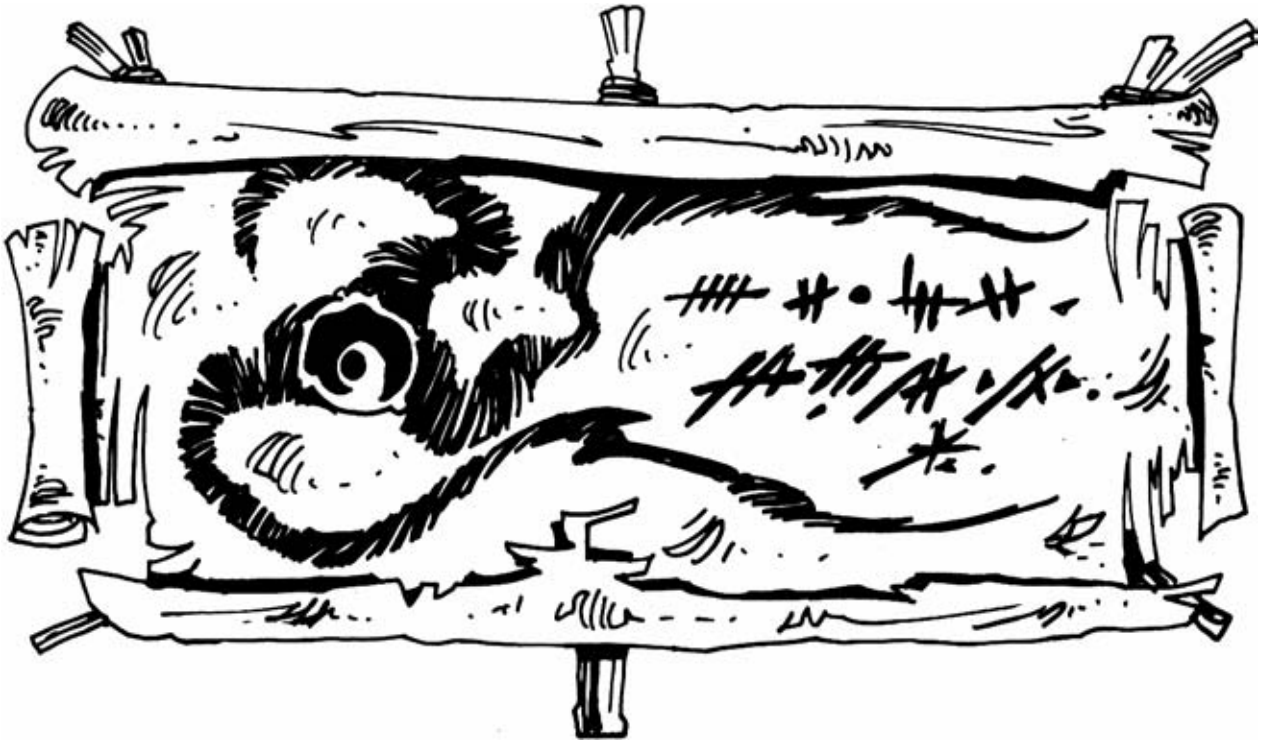

58

The wall slams down with frightening finality – and you are on the wrong side of it. You hack away at it, but cannot make any impression. You are doomed to sit with a door to your back and a pit in front of you – and who knows what foul things will clamber out of its depths? Your adventure ends here.

59

You walk through the streets of Alasiyan and watch the people as they go about their daily business. You notice a crowd of people and go over to see what's happening. A small, dwarfish Nomad in dark robes, and tattooed with the mark of the Twin Sun, is telling tall stories of life in the desert. Will you go closer to listen (turn to **173**), or move on (turn to **18**)?

60

The whole convoy of Griffins and the Dragon stops and circles round a large pit in the sand, at the bottom of which is a huge mouth with a tongue snaking out of it. 'Prepare to meet the Earth Demon,' bellows the Giant. Your Griffin dives down and banks to throw you off its back. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **162**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **199**.

61

You watch the area through the Glass Eye and see three tents, from one of which smoke is coming. Outside, two half-man, half-cat creatures are 'playing' with a great tawny cat. You are so absorbed that you are in danger of not noticing a club being swung at you from behind. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **50**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **144**.

62

You walk on and on into the dead wastes of the desert. The sand burns your feet through your boots. You kick something hard and white-the skull of some unfortunate animal? The dust devils whirl around and around you. You feel faint and begin to suffer delusions. You collapse into the sand. Your adventure ends here.

63

You walk up to the nest and carefully avoid breaking the three eggs within. You search about and find a piece of parchment woven into the lining of the nest. To your joy, it is the map you have been seeking. Following the directions carefully, you pass through many thorn bushes until you reach the cave entrance. Turn to **159**.

64

You set your backpack down on the sands and join the chain of struggling Nomads fighting with the massive beast, which keeps bucking, and trying to throw you all off balance and escape into the endless dunes of Twin Sun Desert. Roll two dice. If this total is less than your current STAMINA score, turn to **181**. If it is equal to or greater than your current STAMINA score, turn to **103**.

65

You go to the entrance of the cave; it's getting dark outside. What a day – nearly the Earth Demon's breakfast in the morning and now a Hermit's guest at night! You settle down and may eat Provisions here, but you will gain only 2 STAMINA points, as you have to share them with the old man. You go to sleep eventually and awake next morning. Turn to **150**.

66

You are led down some steps and thrown into a small dingy cell with sandstone walls. 'Hello,' says an elfin-like young man. 'What are you in here for?' You explain glumly about the Potion and he laughs: 'Oh, they'll set you

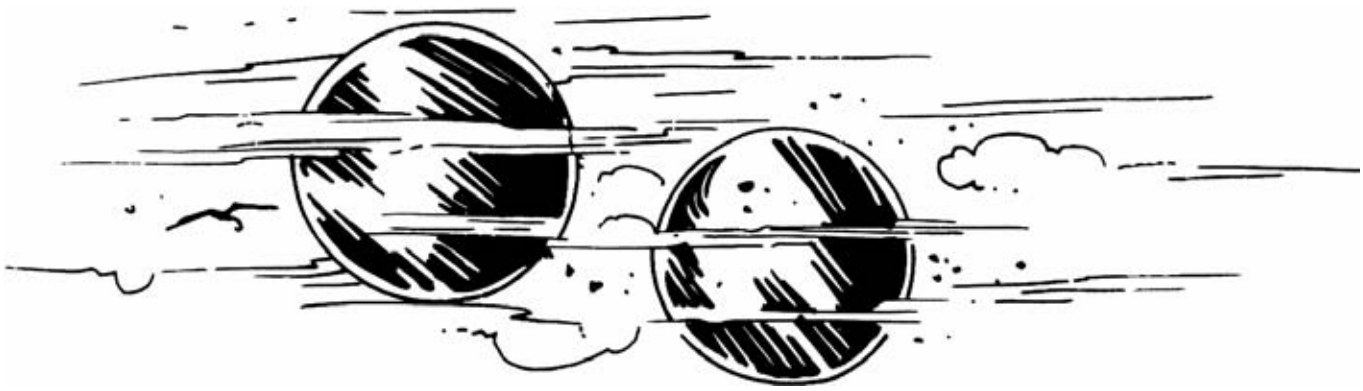

free in half an hour or so, but they'll confiscate your Potion – they always do.' If you wish to wait for release, turn to **24**. It you wish to ask why Potions are confiscated, turn to **88**.

67

Jumping deep pits is not something you want to make a hobby of, especially when you are burdened with a backpack. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you just manage to reach the other side (turn to **79**). If you are Unlucky, turn to **191**. If you wish to relinquish your equipment (sword, backpack, armour, etc.) and take only the diamond, you can be assured of clearing the pit (turn to **79**).

68

'Here – get on your Griffin,' snarls a cat-like humanoid. You mount and the half-cat, half-man creature mounts another, and flies alongside, controlling yours. Another Griffin flaps by, carrying two Goblins, followed by Kuperan and some of his court on a Blue Dragon! Will you jump down from your Griffin to the desert below (turn to **157**), or stay put and see what happens next (turn to **60**)?

69

You follow the Nomads into an enclosed area of rocks and think you have them trapped, until three more appear on top of the gully and throw a weighted net down on you from which you cannot escape. They rifle your backpack. *Test your Luck* (but don't deduct any LUCK points) for every item. If you are Unlucky, it is stolen. Lose 3 LUCK points for this encounter. At length, you fight free and continue out of the gully. Turn to **127**.

70

With a little grin on his face the Nomad Trader pulls out a large case and opens it, to show you what he has on offer. What will you buy: Gas Capsules at 3 Gold Pieces each? (Turn to **120**); a Glass Eye at 5 Gold Pieces (turn to **195**); a Sword at 10 Gold Pieces (turn to **128**); or a Knife at 7 Gold Pieces (turn to **186**)? If you don't want to buy anything, turn to **163**.

71

You find the Den of Thieves with very little difficulty, the 'young' man is waiting for you. 'My trade only work nights,' he explains. He leads you quickly to the scribe's office and orders you to keep watch. In a short while he is back with your Potion! Pay him 5 Gold Pieces and depart. Add 1 LUCK point. Turn to **125**.

72

You run as fast as you possibly can, but the boulder moves faster. You run on desperately, but it catches up with you and rolls straight over you, mashing you to the tunnel floor and crushing the fabled Stone of Shanhara to dust. The trap may have destroyed what it was designed to protect, but it has got the thief as well. Your adventure ends here.

73

The Goblins fall screaming from the Griffin's back, and you soon master their mount. You are now able to draw the sword you got from the Orc. Will you fly off into the desert (turn to **19**), attack the creatures on the Blue Dragon (turn to **54**), or do you have a Gas Capsule (turn to **80**)?

74

You walk on into the cave until you come to a place where the sky comes through the roof, creating a pool of light upon the floor. Do you wish to walk straight through the light (turn to **56**), or will you distrust it and walk around the edge (turn to **29**)?

75

The Hobgoblins see you and draw their swords; one hurls a heavy bone at you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky it misses. If you are Unlucky, it hits you – lose 2 STAMINA points.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HOBGOBLIN	7	4
Second HOBGOBLIN	6	6
Third HOBGOBLIN	7	5
Fourth HOBGOBLIN	6	4

If you wish to *Escape* turn to **192**. If you win, turn to **101**.

76

All the arrows miss you, but you don't manage to travel far that day as the monsters are out

searching for you on their half-eagle, half-lion flying steeds. Eventually the pursuit is given up, and you begin to really travel the sands of the desert realms of Kuperan the Fire Giant. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky turn to **113**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **62**.

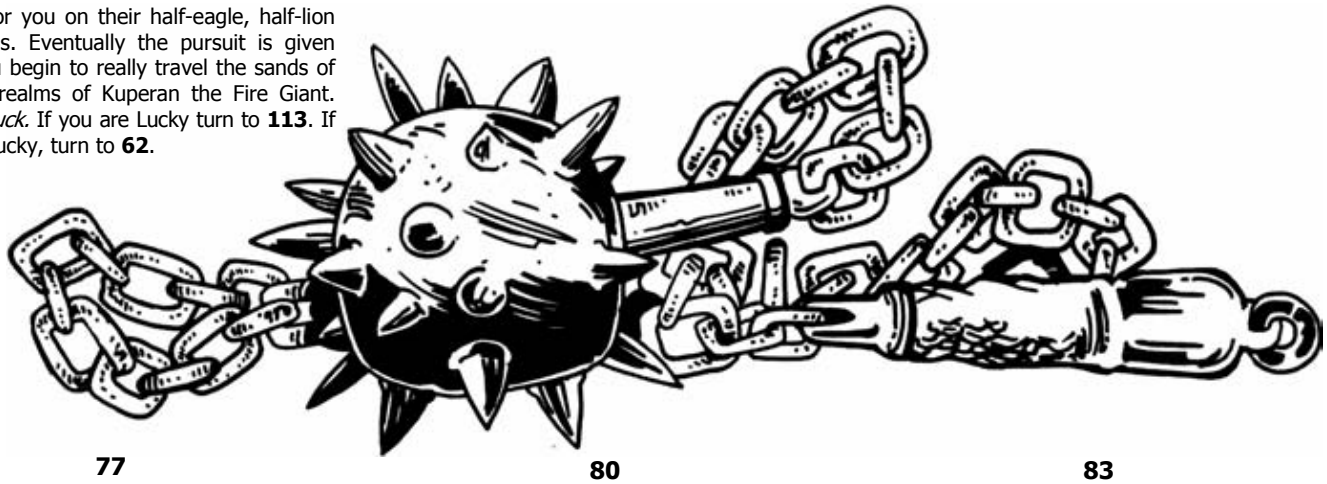

77

You enter the inn. It is a dark, noisy place, filled with smoke; it is also pretty rowdy as you find out when a Goblin goes flying past you into the wall. There is a bar, above which a sign says 'Humanoids Welcome'. If you wish to go to the bar, turn to **100**. If you wish to go and sit down at a table alone, turn to **83**.

78

You march up to the castle-type building. The walls are thick, black, baked-mud affairs, reinforced with crude iron. The great iron gates of the building are open. In the distance a jackal howls mournfully. If you want to light your lantern and step inside, turn to **23**. If you want to ignore this spooky place and go to sleep among the rocks, turn to **99**.

79

You are on the right side of the treacherous pit – but the wall has nearly come down to floor level in the time you have spent crossing it! You try to slither underneath to reach the other side. Roll two dice. If the total is less than or equal to your current SKILL score, turn to **33**. If it is greater than your current SKILL score, turn to **58**.

80

You hurl the capsule at the Blue Dragon and it explodes on impact, releasing the poisonous gas. The Blue Dragon chokes once or twice and then banks over, throwing all its passengers, including Kuperan, into the Earth Demon's mouth. Add 3 LUCK points and turn to **37**.

81

The walk to Alasiyan takes you about fifteen minutes, but at least it is all downhill. The town is a collection of mud-brick houses and is unwalled because there are few raiders here. Nevertheless, there are some sizeable buildings. The Town Guards walk up to you and demand to search your backpack. Will you agree (turn to **130**), refuse (turn to **94**), or have you found the Potion (turn to **158**)?

82

'Aha!' says the giant. 'We have a swordsman in our midst. But I have given up fighting personal battles – Talus!' At that, the bronze statue jumps down and attacks you!

BRONZE GOLEM	SKILL 10	STAMINA 9

If it scores three successive hits, you are hugged to death. You must lose 1 point every time you wound the Golem, because of the liquid fire which it has for blood. If you win, turn to **121**.

83

You go and sit down at a table. You may eat Provisions here, while you watch the foolish antics of the many drunk creatures in the room. A Goblin comes up to you and says, 'Snurd Hideflayer?' He is heavily armed. What will you say? If you say 'Yes', turn to **34**; if 'No', turn to **151**.

84

You walk across the room, stepping on the white tiles. You reach the stand on which the Great Stone of Shanhara is lying, but nothing happens. The archer statues remain motionless. Examining the stand, you see that it is booby-trapped in some way, so that the lessening of weight would cause a chain of events to stop you escaping. Do you have a bag of sand? If you do, turn to **39**. If you do not, turn to **21**.

85

You walk along the rise for quite awhile, until you come to a place where it begins to slope down towards what might even be defined as a road! You hear the sound of cartwheels, so you crouch down and observe the cart's occupants. They are the three reptiles and several others. Will you hide (turn to **133**), go to meet them (turn to **154**), or throw a Gas Capsule (turn to **198**)?

86

The muscles in your body start to stiffen as the poison runs through your bloodstream. You sink to the ground unconscious. When you wake up, you find that three items (you choose) have been stolen from your backpack. Lose 1 LUCK point. Angrily, you continue up the road and out of the gully (turn to **127**).

87

You creep over to the corner where the statue stands. It is indeed made of bronze and looks like Kuperan, except for the fact that it has magic symbols etched on its forehead. Too late you realize that this is a Golem.

BRONZE GOLEM	SKILL 11	STAMINA 9

The noise of battle quickly awakens Kuperan's degenerate followers, who observe the contest with glee. You must lose 1 point every time you wound the Golem because of the liquid fire which it has for blood. When the Golem inflicts his second wound on you, turn to **190**. If you win this battle, turn to **121**.

88

'I don't know really,' confesses the young man, 'but it might be to do with the fact that the governor of Alasiyan, it is said, is a wizard of some power. Yes,' he muses, 'I used to have several doses of a Potion of Longevity a day.' 'How old are you?' 'Oh, I'm 379 years old,' laughs the 'young' man. If you wish to continue talking, turn to **47**. If you wish to wait for the return of the Guard in half an hour or so, turn to **24**.

89

You find a Magic Ring of Animal Control, but that is all, apart from a pair of iron war claws. You may eat Provisions here. Will you go down to the heat-haze (turn to **40**), go on following the path along the top of the rise (turn to **85**), or go across the rise to the other side (turn to **2**)?

90

'You lie,' snarls the Hobgoblin menacingly. 'There are no appointments today!' You must fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HOBGOBLIN GUARD	6	6
Second HOBGOBLIN GUARD	5	7

If you defeat both Hobgoblins, turn to **184**. You may *Escape* from this battle by turning to **15**.

91

The Roc's giant wings catch you – lose 3 STAMINA points-and you are hurled over the cliff into the Valley of Diamonds. Fortunately, you land in soft sand half-way down and slither the rest of the way. Turn to **155**.

92

You try to climb the steep sides of the Valley of Diamonds, but to no avail. You slip down the bank again – lose 1 STAMINA point. You have no alternative but to wait and see what happens. Turn to **143**.

93

The arrows thud into your back and you fall head first into the sand. The Orc comes up and slings you over his shoulder. For those with less fussy tastes, there will be a grand feast tonight. Your adventure ends here.

94

'A troublemaker, eh?' sneers one of the guards. They draw their swords and you do likewise.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First TOWN GUARD	7	4
Second TOWN GUARD	6	6

If you win the battle, head on into Alasiyan (turn to **59**).

95

You walk further up the hillside. Suddenly there is a terrible rumble and you look up to see a landslide coming down on top of you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, you make it back to the cave (turn to **119**). If you are Unlucky, the landslide buries you and your adventure ends here.

96

The cat-like humanoid wounds you – lose 2 STAMINA points. The battle is on.

LAUPER SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

Deduct 3 points from your Attack Strength because you are unarmed. If you win, turn to **194**.

97

You talk to the Sandcrawler, trying to entice it out of the sand, while the bewildered desert Nomads watch. Have you a Ring of Animal Control? If you have, turn to **53**. If you have not got this item, turn to **175**.

98

You just manage to scrape over to the other side despite the weight of your equipment. You breathe a sigh of relief and continue on to a large chamber which houses the fabled Stone of Shanhara. Turn to **8**.

99

You settle down to sleep in the rocks, but it is cold. You never knew deserts could be so cold at nights. Have you a rug? If so, wrap yourself up in it tightly. If not you suffer from exposure – deduct 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **148**.

100

A glass of spliced liquor costs 3 Gold Pieces. If you cannot afford this price, you will have to leave the inn (turn to **5**). Otherwise you may pay the price and buy a drink – add 1 STAMINA point – and then either stay at the bar (turn to **118**), or sit down at a table alone (turn to **83**).

101

You search the dead Hobgoblins, and find little but knives, bones and dirty rags. Hidden in a box under the table, however, are 4 Gold Pieces. You may now either leave the house and continue (turn to **15**), or go up the flight of stone steps (turn to **45**).

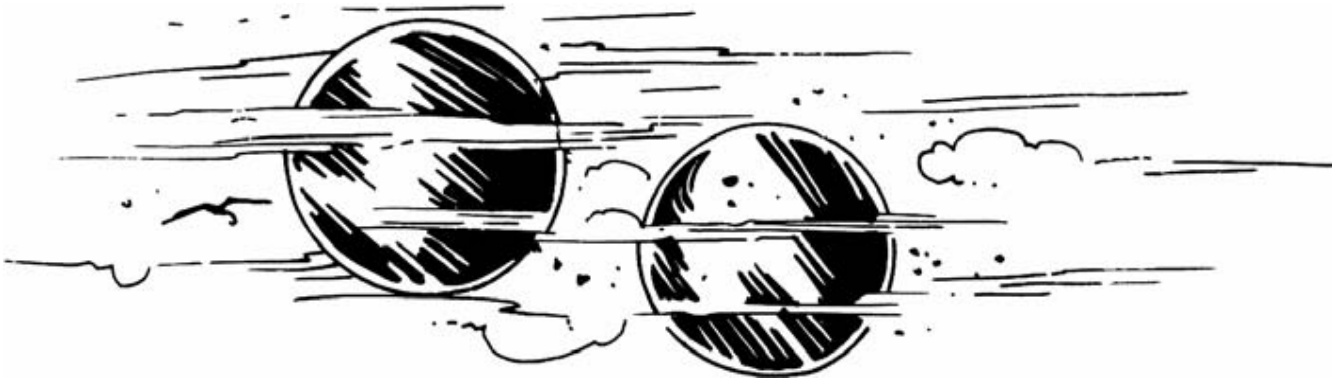

102

You have a few doubts about the rope but still swing across on it. To your relief, it holds, and you reach the other side. You continue until you reach a chamber containing the fabled Stone of Shanhara. Turn to **8**.

103

Despite your combined efforts, the Sandcrawler slips away. 'Well, that's that,' says one Nomad. 'But thank you for your services, traveller. Follow the tracks and you will be safe.' Will you ignore the Nomad and strike out across the desert (turn to **62**), or follow the Sandcrawler's tracks (turn to **43**)?

104

You fall asleep, feeling that you have established yourself. Snoring peacefully between a Kobold and a Nomad, you do not notice the Orc Mercenary approaching: he stabs you to death in the dark. Your adventure ends here.

105

When the Nomads see that their darts have missed, they run off into the rocks. Are you angry enough to chase after them (turn to **69**), or will you shake your head and walk on up the road and out of the gully (turn to **127**)?

106

The Orc sees the predicament you are both in and leaps into the air-and with an astonished shriek falls straight into the Earth Demon's mouth. Will you try to jump out of the pit (turn to **31**), or will you hang on for dear life (turn to **116**)?

107

With difficulty, you clamber back up to the rocks further up the hillside and search in all the clefts – and at length find the Magical Potion. It is marked, in the same spidery writing, CONTROL HUMAN and is good for one dose. You suddenly hear a hissing noise. Turn to **112**.

108

You rush out and tie yourself to the Roc's leg with the rope. You are just in time, as well, as the Roc soon takes off with the snakes in its mouth. You reach the top of the valley and, after untying the rope and waiting for the Roc to fly off, you approach the nest. Turn to **63**.

109

'If that's the thanks we get . . .' splutters the merchant, and calls the guards. You are surrounded by twelve burly men-at-arms wearing chain-mail. They run you through without mercy. Your adventure ends here.

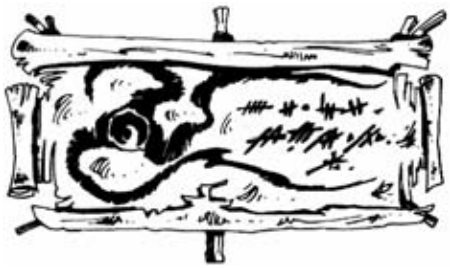

110

You step over the dead Lizard-men – you may add 1 SKILL and 2 LUCK points for your victory. The others in the cart are four humans and a Goblin, who are chained together because they are slaves. You free them and find rotten fruit, manacles, leg-irons and rope in the cart. Will you continue (turn to **126**), or ask questions (turn to **149**)?

111

Roll two dice. If the number is equal to or less than your current SKILL score, you succeed in this tricky manoeuvre – add 1 LUCK point and turn to **35**. If the total is higher than your current SKILL score, you lose your balance and fall off into the awaiting mouth. Your adventure ends here.

112

Your hand is bitten (lose 1 STAMINA point), and you withdraw it hurriedly, remembering the warning about the Guardian. But luckily it is only a small green lizard-the Guardian has probably died or wandered off long ago – and you may proceed to the town. Turn to **81**.

113

You are lost in the Twin Sun Desert! Your water dries up and your food goes bad. Fortunately, you stumble across a merchant caravan bound for Alasiyan which you can board for 5 Gold Pieces. Once in Alasiyan, you may try again, perhaps . . .

114

You put your hand in carefully . . . but there is no scorpion in it. 'Well done,' cries the Hermit. 'I don't exactly know where the Lost Cave of the Dervishes is, but 1 do know that a map to its location is held in the great nest overlooking the Valley of Diamonds.' Turn to **65**.

115

Very carefully, you close the door and manage to sneak out of the house without anyone noticing you. Outside, you nearly trip over the dead guards, so you arrange them in suitable positions and then move on into the square. Turn to **15**.

116

You clutch vainly at the slippery sand sides of the pit. The Griffin dies and releases its grip – and both of you slide into the ever-hungry jaws of the Earth Demon. Your adventure ends here.

117

The Orc sees the predicament you are both in, and leaps ten feet to the top of the pit. Then, with an evil cackle, it leaves you and the Griffin to slide slowly into the ever-hungry jaws of the Earth Demon. Your adventure ends here.

118

While you are at the bar, a creature with a face like a hyena says, 'He doesn't like you,' pointing at a mean-looking Lizard-man. You turn back to your drink. 'Come to that,' he says, 'I don't like you either.' Will you leave (turn to **5**), or fight (turn to **135**)?

119

You enter the cave. All is quiet, till you hear a wailing, and then an old man rushes out at you. 'The Hermit?' you ask. 'The very same,' he replies. You ask him about the Stone of Shanhara, but he wants you to try the Test of the Scorpion. If you will try it, turn to **44**. If you want to leave this madman, turn to **165**.

120

The Gas Capsules are designed to be thrown by hand at someone or something. They explode on impact and release a cloud of poisonous gas. Buy as many as you want. You may now move on (turn to **18**), or buy something else (turn to **70**).

121

You step back, smiling-add 3 LUCK points. The Giant is enraged and orders the guards to seize you. 'Tomorrow,' he warns, 'you'll be the next tribute to the Earth Demon.' You are marched off to the dungeons below the castle. Turn to **153**.

122

The Giant Hawk scratches your face – lose 2 STAMINA points. You draw your sword and fight this unexpected assailant.

GIANT HAWK SKILL 9 STAMINA 9

If you win the battle, turn to **131**. If you wish to *Escape*, turn to **160**.

123

You are just turning away from the heat-haze when you meet a half-man, half-cat creature, mounted on a great snarling war-cat!

	SKILL	STAMINA
WAR-CAT	9	8
LAUPER	10	6

If you win this battle, turn to **89**.

124

You decide not to trust the rope, so you jump across. Unfortunately, your equipment and leather armour weigh you down. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **98**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **191**.

125

You hurriedly leave the scene of the crime with your Potion. You return to the mysterious beehive buildings and may eat Provisions here before falling asleep. Turn to **52**.

126

You continue along the road until it reaches a gully. It is early evening and shadows fall across one side of the gully. Resolutely, you press on, keeping a watch for robbers or bandits in the shadows. Have you the Eye of Ylaruam? If you have, turn to **6**. If you have not, turn to **32**.

127

Night is falling. The road curls up to a huge, low building that looks something like a weird castle. To go up here, turn to **78**. Alternatively, you may spend the night among the rocks (turn to **99**). Deduct 5 STAMINA points if you have not eaten since you left Alasiyan.

128

The sword is a magical one made by the Dwarfs of the Copper Mountains. When fighting in battle, you may add 1 point to your Attack Strength if you are using this sword. If you want to move on now, turn to **18**. If you want to buy something else, turn to **70**.

129

You break free of your guard, a cat-like humanoid, and run for the desert. A howl goes up from the monster guards. Quickly, the Orc pulls out his bow and shoots two arrows at you. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **76**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **93**.

130

You hand the two guards your backpack and they search through it, muttering and shaking their heads. At length one declares, 'Your provisions are all right, but we'll have to see the master about the Potion of Skill/Strength/Fortune. Please come with us to the office.' Will you agree to this request (turn to **179**), or refuse (turn to **94**)?

131

You walk up into the hills. Eventually, you come to a cave in the hillside, outside which is a large boulder. You may eat Provisions here. Then you may either light your lantern and enter the cave (turn to **119**), or go further up the hillside (turn to **95**).

132

You take one Gas Capsule and throw it at the Bugbears. It explodes and releases the poisonous gas. The Bugbears drop their battleaxes and sink to the ground clutching their throats. Add 1 LUCK point. You walk past the dead guards. Turn to **189**.

133

From your high vantage-point, you watch the cart rumble by. You may eat Provisions here. When the cart has gone, you slither down to the road and, after some brief thought, walk on in the opposite direction. Turn to **126**.

134

Do you wish to thank the merchants and turn aside from the path to head into the hills (turn to **14**)? Or do you suspect trickery here and wish to attack them (turn to **109**)?

135

You draw your sword and the two evil creatures are almost beside themselves with glee as you do so. The fight commences.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GNOLL	8	4
LIZARD MAN	7	7

If you win, you decide to leave the inn. Turn to **5**.

136

You step forward. The Dervish twirls his sword in defiance. Resolve this battle.

DERVISH SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, you may search him (turn to **147**), or enter the cave (turn to **46**).

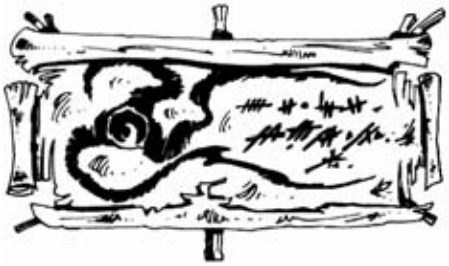

137

You work away all night- lose 2 STAMINA points for not getting any sleep – but cannot escape, for the walls and door of the cell are made of solid rock. In the morning the guards come to fetch you. Turn to **183**.

138

You put your hand in carefully – but there is no scorpion in it. 'Well done,' cries the Hermit. 'I don't know exactly where the Lost Cave of the Dervishes is, but I do know that a map to its location is held in the great nest overlooking the Valley of Diamonds.' Turn to **65**.

139

The Sorcerer-Governor becomes visible again when he is dead. Hurriedly, you search him and the room. You find 25 Gold Pieces. For your incredible victory you may add 1 SKILL point, 2 STAMINA points and 1 LUCK point. You may also eat Provisions here before you leave the house. Turn to **15**.

140

You follow the track for someway and shortly see a caravan of about six wagons coming towards you. Do you wish to meet the people in the caravan (turn to **17**), or will you turn aside and strike out into the desert (turn to **62**)?

141

You draw your sword and the Nomad gives a shriek of anger and rage. Resolve this battle.

NOMAD TRADER SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you win, you find 7 Gold Pieces (turn to **18**). If the fight is going badly, you may *Escape* (turn to **18**).

142

You manage to knock the Orc Mercenary unconscious and turn back to the problem of steering your Griffin. Will you remove the Orc's boots and sword and exchange them for your own (turn to **111**), or will you just hang on to your wild Griffin (turn to **35**)?

143

As you sit waiting, you hear a nasty hissing sound and look around. You see nothing. This happens several times, until you draw your sword, and then they appear from behind the rocks.

SNAKES SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

Each time you are wounded, you must subtract 4 points from your STAMINA score because of their poisonous bites. If you win, turn to **164**.

144

The club comes down on your head and knocks you unconscious – lose 2 STAMINA points. When you come to, you find that all your Gold has been stolen – lose 1 LUCK point. You may eat Provisions here. Will you go on along the rise (turn to **85**), or visit the tents (turn to **40**)?

145

The Fire Giant draws back in fear. The guards dare not seize a madman! 'We would be

honoured if you would stay the night,' mutters Kuperan. You press your advantage and ask questions regarding your quest. The Giant is reluctant, but he has no choice while you have your Gas Capsule. He says he doesn't know where the Lost Cave of the Dervishes is, but that the old Hermit of the Hills might. You laugh and put away your Gas Capsule. Add 1 LUCK point. As it is night-time outside, the monsters soon begin to fall asleep. Turn to **169**.

146

You march across the square to the house and make for the door, which is a large stone affair. The Hobgoblins bar your way and the tallest growls, 'No admittance without the Governor's appointment.' Have you an appointment? If you have, turn to **90**. If you have not, turn to **170**.

147

You search the dead Dervish and find 3 Gold Pieces, a silver crucifix and a bag of sand. You may keep two of these items and throw the other away. Make up your mind which you will keep and which one you will throw away, and then enter the cave. Turn to **46**.

148

It seems you are destined not to have a quiet night on this adventure! As you lie down, a hungry Rock Toad approaches.

ROCK TOAD SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

Each attack round, roll one die. On a roll of 1, 2 or 3, the encounter is as normal. On a roll of 4, 5 or 6, you are dragged to the Rock Toad's mouth by its snaking tongue and bitten – lose 4 STAMINA points. If you win, turn to **193**.

149

You ask questions regarding the Stone of Shanhara, but none of the prisoners has heard of it. One of the humans, an old man, tells you to seek the advice of Kuperan the Fire Giant – if you can survive his castle and courtiers! Turn to **126**.

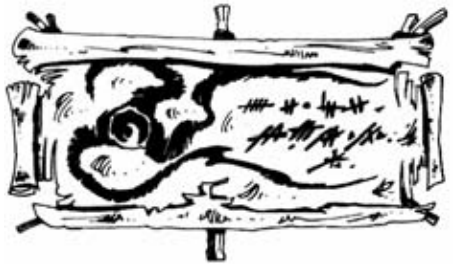

150

You set off with the good wishes of the Hermit – add 1 LUCK point. You go down the hillside and follow the old man's directions to the great nest. Cautiously you approach; it is indeed a nest, with three eggs inside. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **63**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **25**.

151

The Goblin scowls, 'Where is that son of a desert rat? I'll cut his throat for him!' and stomps off. You breathe a sigh of relief and spend the rest of the time avoiding quarrels and generally listening in. At length you decide to leave the inn. Turn to **5**.

152

You put your hand in the hole and feel an intense pain shoot through it and up your arm. You withdraw it quickly – but it is too late. You have chosen wrongly. You slump to the ground, and your adventure ends here.

153

Your cell is dusty and dark. The guards have removed your sword, but you still have your backpack and you may eat Provisions here. Will you go to sleep (turn to **172**), or try to get away in the night (turn to **137**)?

154

You walk into the road and hail the drivers. They are three Lizard-men, who attack you quickly.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First LIZARD-MAN	8	8
Second LIZARD-MAN	9	8
Third LIZARD-MAN	8	7

If you wish to *Escape* turn to **126**. If you win, turn to **110**.

155

You land, a little dazed, on the floor of the Valley of Diamonds. The sides look very steep to climb. What most amazes you, though, is the fact that the valley floor is not strewn with rocks, but with diamonds. You may gather some diamonds here, to the value of 100 Gold Pieces, and eat Provisions if you wish. If you want to try to climb out of the valley, turn to **92**. If you have Boots of Leaping, turn to **16**. Alternatively, you may wait and see what happens (turn to **143**).

156

You throw your knife; it whistles down the table towards him-and stops suddenly, as if it has hit an invisible force-field. Lose 1 LUCK point. The Governor turns to face you, his dagger drawn. Turn to **36**.

157

You leap from the back of your Griffin. The height is too great. You land in a crumpled pile on the sand, your neck broken. Kuperan gives a howl of rage and decides to give the guard to the Earth Demon instead. Your adventure ends here.

158

Before the guards can reach you, you pull out the Potion of Human Control which you found in the rock cleft and swallow what remains of the fluid. 'Hey!' cry the guards, 'What are you doing?' 'You don't want to search my back-pack and I can pass freely,' you intone. The guards look at you dumbly and allow you to walk past them. Add 1 LUCK point. Turn to **59**.

159

Standing before the cave entrance is a Dervish on guard. Obviously the cave wasn't lost to everybody! You will have to attack the Dervish to gain entrance (turn to **136**). But if you have a Dagger of Dervish-killing, turn to **178**.

160

You run on until you find a hole in the rocks, a crevice where you can hide from the Hawk. Nevertheless, it wounds you again – lose 2 SKILL points – before eventually giving up and flying off. Turn to **131**.

161

You find three Lizard-men in leather armour, and four humans and a Goblin who are chained together. The cart contains rotten fruit, manacles and leg irons, also a length of rope. Take what you will, then turn to **126**.

162

Desperately, you claw out, and manage to catch the Griffin's wing and pull yourself back into the saddle. The cat-like humanoid urges his Griffin to the attack. Roll two dice. If the total is equal to or less than your current SKILL score, turn to **185**. If the total is more than your current STAMINA score, turn to **96**.

163

The Nomad's grin fades. 'A curse on you, you desert rat! May all your Provisions rot in the desert.' And they will. When you leave Alasiyan, cross off all your Provisions. Lose 3 LUCK points. If you want to attack the angry Nomad, turn to **141**. If you want to move on, turn to **18**.

164

As you step back from the dead snakes, a Giant Roc comes down to seize their corpses for food. Maybe you can catch hold of the Roc's leg? If you have any rope, turn to **108**. If you have not got any rope, turn to **196**.

165

Whatever happens, you don't want to try the Test of the Scorpion, so you head out into Twin Sun Desert again, after saying goodbye to the old man. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **113**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **62**.

166

The door swings open, revealing a room with bare walls. However, there is a table in the room and seated around this are four Hobgoblins. If you want to attack them, turn to **75**. If you want to leave, Test your *Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **115**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **75**.

167

You creep with drawn sword towards Kuperan, as he sleeps on his stone chair. Unfortunately, you trip on a sleeping Lizard-man and he wakes up. Your battle awakens the other monsters.

LIZARD-MAN SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **82**.

168

You cannot get out of the way of the boulder in time! It rolls over you, mashing you to the tunnel floor and crushing the fabled Stone of Shanhara to dust. Your adventure ends here.

169

Will you go to sleep among the monsters? If you will, turn to **104**. It you want to stay awake, what will you do? You could investigate the bronze statue (turn to **87**), or try to assassinate Kuperan while he sleeps (turn to **167**).

170

'Then be off with you,' snarls the Hobgoblin angrily, 'and stop wasting my time.' If you wish to move on, turn to **15**. If you wish to attack the Hobgoblin for his insolence, turn to **197**.

171

You easily leap up to the Goblin's Griffin. The two creatures curse – they can't use their bows at such short range. You do not have time to draw the sword you got from the Orc, but as you are all fighting unarmed, you do not need to deduct 3 points from your Attack Strength.

	SKILL	STAMINA
First GOBLIN	5	5
Second GOBLIN	5	4

If you defeat both of them, turn to **73**.

172

You get a good night's sleep despite the hard stone floor and the constant scamperings of Hellrats in the dark – lose 1 portion of your Provisions to the rats. In the morning the guards come to fetch you. Turn to **183**.

173

The Nomad stops as you draw close. 'Ah, I can see you are a man of the world,' he says. 'Where are you headed? What, Twin Sun Desert? Then you'd better purchase some items from me.' Will you? If you want to see what he has to offer, turn to **70**. If you want to move on, turn to **18**.

174

You jump almost effortlessly across the deep pit and walk on until you reach an archway. You walk through this and come out into a wide, spacious chamber containing the huge and beautiful Stone of Shanhara. Turn to **8**.

175

The Sandcrawler, huge beast as it is, only buries itself deeper in the sand. The Nomads look at you with disgust. Lose 1 LUCK point. You decide to leave. Will you head out into the desert (turn to **62**)? Or will you follow the very obvious tracks of the Sandcrawler (turn to **43**)?

176

The Giant Hawk seizes you in its talons and you are carried away, your sword knocked from your hand. You are set down in a huge nest filled with babies the size of normal-sized hawks. Your adventure ends here.

177

Your aim is true – but the knife clatters off Kuperan's splendid armour. 'Tomorrow,' says the Giant as his guards seize you, 'you'll be the next tribute to the Earth Demon!' You are dragged off to the dungeons beneath the castle. Turn to **153**.

178

You step forward. The Dervish twirls his sword in defiance. Suddenly the dagger shoots from its place on your belt straight into the Dervish's chest, killing him instantly. Add 1 LUCK point. Will you search the Dervish (turn to **147**), or go on into the cave (turn to **46**)?

179

Taking your backpack, the guards lead you through Alasiyan to a low building with an archway for a door. Inside is an elderly scribe and another guard. He takes one look at the offending Potion and says to his guard, 'Take him down to the cell!' You are led off, struggling. Turn to **66**.

180

The Goblin's Griffin swings around towards you and the two archers fill you with arrows. Kuperan bellows with evil laughter as you pitch forward into the waiting mouth of the Earth Demon. Your adventure ends here.

181

Your combined efforts manage to subdue the Sandcrawler. 'Thank you, traveller,' says the Nomad, and hands you a pouch containing 5 Gold Pieces. Add 1 LUCK point. 'Don't go into the desert,' he warns. If you wish to ignore him and set out into the desert, turn to **62**. If you wish to obey him and follow the Sand-crawler's very obvious tracks up a rise, turn to **43**.

182

With all your opponents dead, you urge the Griffin to fly off into the desert. But as you leave, the Blue Dragon breathes lightning at you. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, the bolt misses you (turn to **37**). If you are Unlucky, it hits you, killing you and your Griffin instantly. Your adventure ends here.

183

You are dragged out of your cell and led outside into the brilliant sunshine of Twin Sun Desert. Here a pack of half-eagle, half-lion flying creatures and a select group of guards await you. Will you try to *Escape* now while you still have the chance (turn to **129**), or go peacefully (turn to **68**)?

184

You search the Hobgoblins and find a bronze key. Then you try the door of the house – it is locked, but perhaps the bronze key unlocks it? If you wish to try opening the door with the key, turn to **9**. If you wish to move on, turn to **15**.

185

As you pass, you pull the cat-like humanoid from its saddle and it falls screaming into the mouth of the Earth Demon. His Griffin flies off across the desert. Will you follow? If you do want to follow the other Griffin, turn to **19**. If you don't want to, turn to **49**.

186

The knife is a Magic Throwing-knife, which can be thrown at any time in any battle and will automatically inflict 2 STAMINA points of damage to the victim. It can only be used once. If you want to move on now, turn to **18**. If you want to buy something else, turn to **70**.

187

The path up the 'slight' rise is tiring and difficult. Once at the top, you can see some tents and activity going on down below, but it is obscured by the heat-haze. Do you have the Eye of Ylaruam the Master Mage? If you do, turn to **61**. If you do not have this item, turn to **123**.

188

You walk for most of the day until late afternoon. You can now see hills to the north of you. If you want to head towards these, turn to **14**. Alternatively, you may follow what seems to be a track through the desert (turn to **140**).

189

You walk on up the corridor until you reach an archway over which two torches burn. There are steps leading down beyond it, and you can hear shouts, laughter and talking in several languages. Grimly, you walk through the archway and down the steps. Turn to **12**.

190

The Bronze Golem bashes you savagely across the face and the now awakened Kuperan laughs, 'Play with Talus would you? Tomorrow you'll be the next tribute to the Earth Demon!' The guards come and drag you off to the dungeons beneath the castle. Turn to **153**.

191

The equipment is the fatal difference. You are too laden to jump across to the other side, and with a scream of horror you plunge down and down into the pit. You will not survive the fall. Your adventure ends here.

192

You run out of the house with the Hobgoblins after you, their rage doubled at seeing their fallen companions by the door. Fortunately, you manage to lose them in the square and are able to continue. Add 1 LUCK point. Turn to **15**.

193

You slay the foul Rock Toad. You may eat Provisions here before going to sleep again. Next morning you awake and, ignoring the castle, set off into the desert. Test *your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **113**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **62**.

194

The Lauper tumbles from his mount and falls screaming into the mouth of the Earth Demon. His Griffin flies off across the desert. Will you urge your Griffin to follow? If so, turn to **19**. If not, turn to **49**.

195

The Glass Eye is a snip at 5 Gold Pieces! It was fashioned long ago by a Master Mage of Alasiyan called Ylaruam, and when you look through it, you can see distant things far more clearly – just like a pair of binoculars! You may add 1 LUCK point. If you want to move on now, turn to **18**; if you want to buy something else, turn to **70**.

196

You rush out and catch hold of the Roc's leg. You are just in time, as the Roc rises into the air with the snakes in its beak. As it flies up you start to lose your grip on the Roc's leg. Soon you fall off and plummet to the ground. Your adventure ends here.

197

As you and the Hobgoblins draw swords, the second Hobgoblin joins the fray as well!

	SKILL	STAMINA
First HOBGOBLIN GUARD	6	6
Second HOBGOBLIN GUARD	5	7

If you wish to *Escape*, turn to **15**. If you win, turn to **184**.

198

You throw your Gas Capsule and it explodes on impact, enveloping the cart in poisonous gas and killing all the occupants. Lose 1 LUCK point for being cowardly. You wait for a while to make sure they are dead and that the gas has cleared. You slither down to the road. You may continue (turn to **126**), or you may search the cart (turn to **161**).

199

The Griffin throws you clear of its back and helplessly you plummet straight down into the Earth Demon's awaiting mouth. The crowd on the Blue Dragon cheer and laugh before the Fire Giant orders the convoy to head homewards. Your adventure ends here.

200

You gather up your last reserves of energy and run for the circle of light at the end of the tunnel. You just make it to the entrance before the boulder. Quickly, you leap to one side and in the next moment the boulder comes rumbling out and crashes down the hillside, splintering the thorn bushes as it goes. You sit back against the baking rocks and breathe a sigh of relief. Eagerly, you pull the fabled diamond, the Stone of Shanhara, from your pocket and hold it up to the light of the Twin Suns. The myriad points of light sparkle like nothing else in this world. You place it down beside you and gaze out across the desert in the direction of Alasiyan. You have succeeded where many others have failed, but this does not dwell on your mind for too long. Getting up and dusting yourself off, you pick up the Stone of Shanhara and stride down the hillside towards your next adventure.

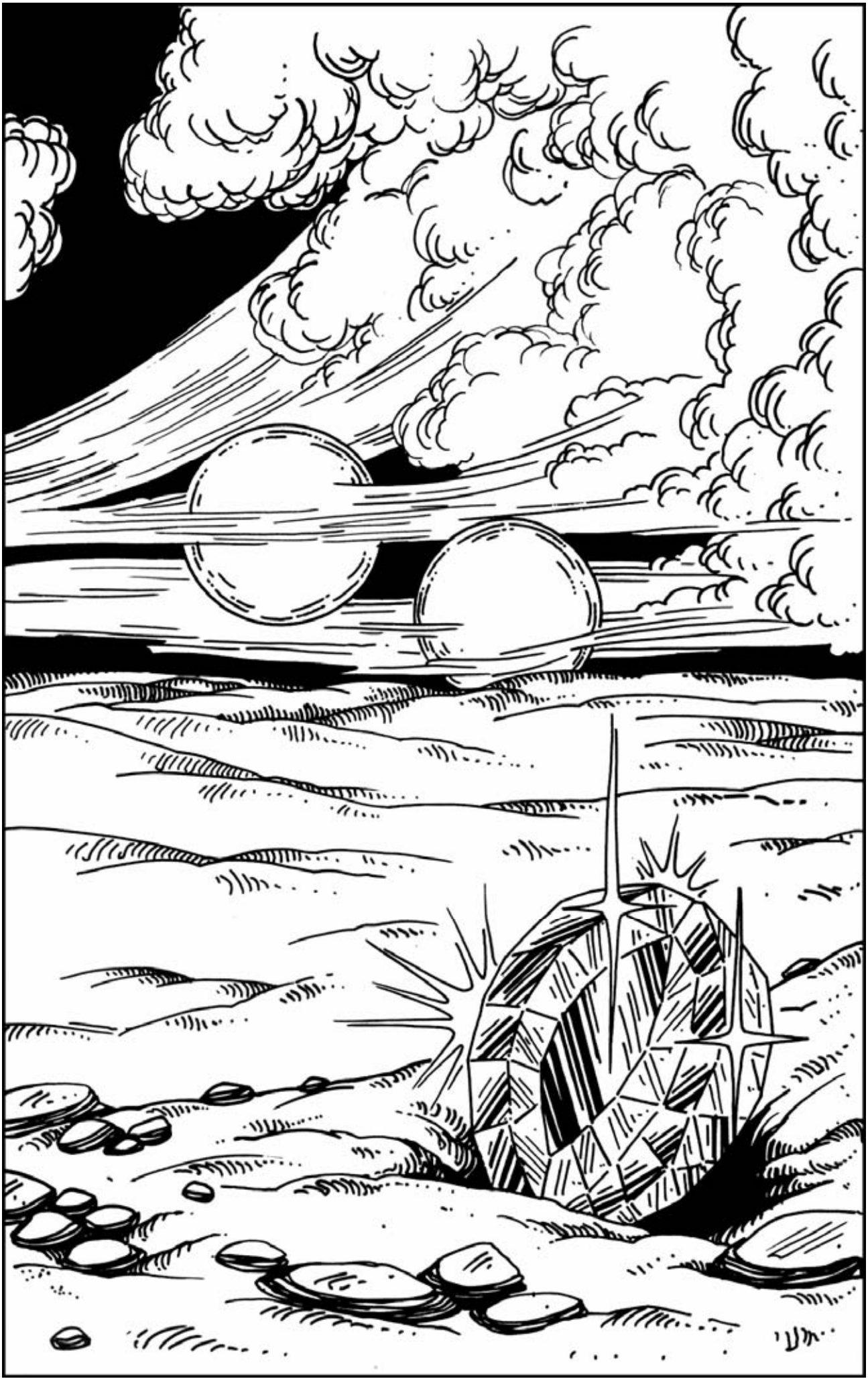

CARTOON COMPETITION

First prize £20 Five runner-up prizes of £10

In issue 2, we ran a Cartoon Competition for comic-strip artists. The winning entry and runner-up are featured in this issue. We received so many entries that we decided to run another competition. This time we are looking for a single frame cartoon, in black and white only, along the lines of the one below. It should be based on an unlikely incident in the world of Fighting Fantasy. We will publish the winning entry and some of the runners-up in a future issue of *Warlock.*

Rules

1. All entries must have the entrant's name, address and age attached and must be accompanied by the official entry token (below).

2. Winning entries will be judged on the basis of inventiveness, originality and artistic merit. If, in the judges' opinion, none of the entries is of sufficiently high standard, the first prize will not be awarded and extra runner-up prizes will be given.

3. No employee of Penguin Books Ltd, nor their families, may enter this competition.

4. The closing date for entries is 15 March 1985. Overseas entries will be accepted until 10 August 1985.

5. Prizewinners will be notified by post no later than 30 April 1985 (overseas prizewinners by 11 November 1985). A full list of prizewinners will be available from Penguin Books Ltd, 536 King's Road, London SW10 0UH, England, after these dates.

6. Entries are not returnable unless accompanied by a sufficiently large self-addressed envelope covered by the relevant amount of postage.

7. It is a condition of entry that all entrants agree to abide by the rules.

8. Entries should be sent to:

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'Ah, that must be Bert. I guess he didn't have any trouble with the Orcs in Darkwood Forest.'

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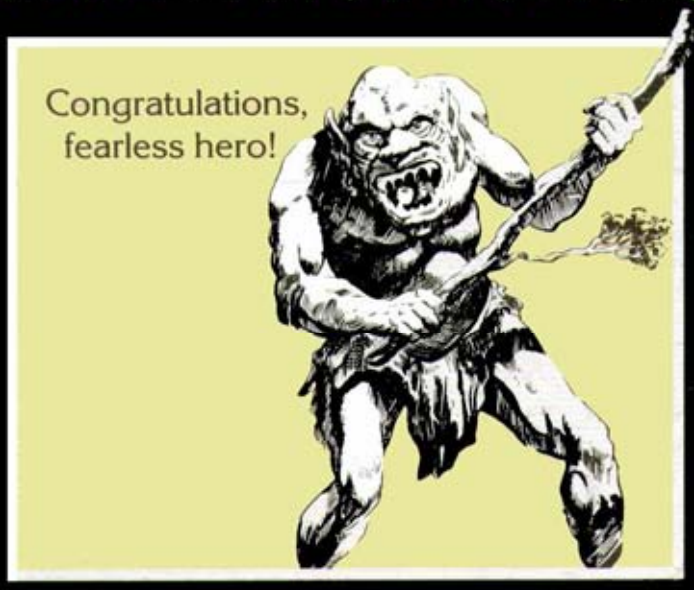

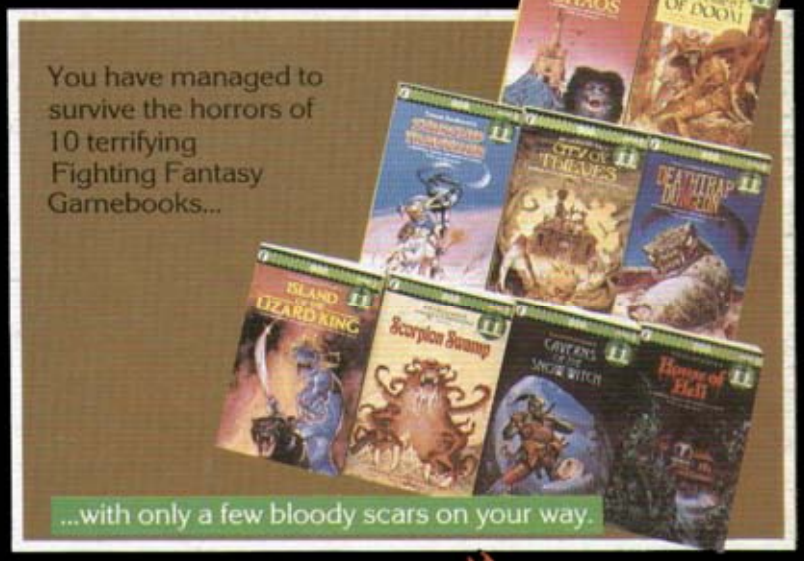

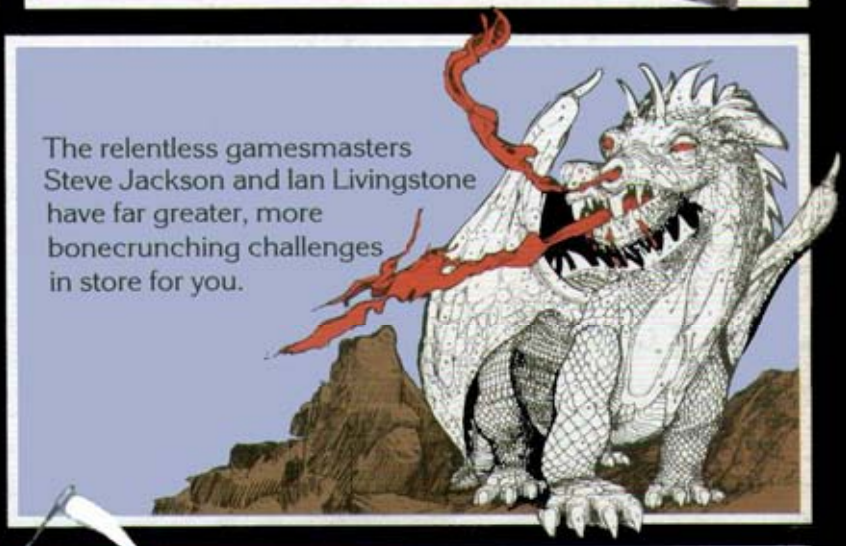

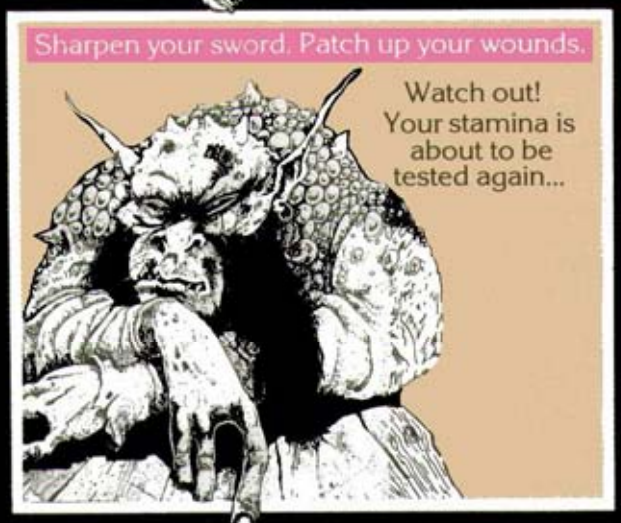

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FIGHTING FANTASY

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WARLOCK 5™
THE FIGHTING FANTASY MAGAZINE

Dear Adventurer

Warlock Magazine is a year old! Twelve months ago, we and the Grand Wizard were biting our knuckles (we'd already got past our nails) when *Warlock 1* came back from the printers. How would FF readers view this new magazine? Was the content right? And the art? Would anyone apart from our mothers actually go out and buy it? The answer is now clear. With a regular circulation of around 35,000 copies, you, the readers, have made Warlock an undisputable success.

There have been problems, changes and new features. Some readers (like Daniel Clayton last ish) didn't like revamps of the original adventures or shortened versions of new adventures. That's changed. From last issue onwards, only original adventures will appear. You wanted more letters. *The Warlock's Quill* page has been extended. And more changes will be introduced in line with the *Fighting Fantasy Feedback* results coming in from last issue's poll.

As long as we keep Warlock in tune with what you want to read, the mag will continue. Many readers have requested that Warlock should come out more often. Waiting three months for the next issue is hard.

The main reason for the delay is the work-load. It takes a lot of work to put together a magazine *and* keep the FF Gamebooks coming out at a steady rate! But who knows? With the circulation still rising, there is even more pressure on the Grand Wizard's arm . . .

Ian Livingstone
Steve Jackson

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First published by Penguin Books 1985

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The Apes of Mauristatia

by Steve Jackson

This issue's *Out of the Pit* is a little different from normal. It describes some of the higher-order animal species living in the *Sorcery!* land of Kakhabad. On pages 26–7 you will find a map of the area, which also doubles as a board for a multi-player role-playing adventure using the *Fighting Fantasy* R P G rules. Readers wishing to play this adventure should allow only the Games Master to read *Out of the Pit*. Adventurers will find out all about the creatures described below when they set off *In Search of the Mungies' Gold*.

The north-western corner of Kakhabad is largely unexplored. As evil and chaotic creatures were forced into the Verminpit and spread themselves across the land, the civilised kingdoms lost sight of them. Over generations, they evolved and mutated to fit their new habitats, and now men can only guess at what manner of creatures lurk in the nether regions.

Recently a merchant ship from Brice set sail on a trading mission to Kharé. Its captain, Santé Shaaman, arrived at the cityport at dusk. While his crew unloaded the cargo, Captain Shaaman made his way to the Wayfarer's Rest to spend the night. It was there that he heard of the Mutton Fish.

A fisherman in the inn was talking of huge fish swimming in Lake Lumlé – fish so large that they would provide enough food for a month of banqueting, and with flesh so tasty and tender that those of the crew who tasted them soon became hopelessly addicted to their flavour.

An idea sparked in Shaaman's mind. If the fisherman's words were true, this could be an opportunity for him to make money – perhaps even his fortune. If he could take a catch of these fish back to Brice, this cargo would be of inestimable value – provided that the taste of those fish truly was as addictive as the fisherman made out.

The next morning, his ship sailed from Kharé into the great lake, with his crew's eyes peeled for signs of the Mutton Fish. It was late afternoon when the storm broke.

A tremendous gale blew the ship across Lake Lumlé to the north-western shore, where it ran aground and stuck in the muddy bed. There were no casualties, but the ship could not be freed. The only means of freeing the ship was to unload its cargo and return for it later. With the load lightened, it eventually became possible to set sail once more. A handful of crew were left ashore to guard the cargo until Shaaman could return with a smaller rescue ship.

When he did return, some six weeks later, only one crew member remained alive. The cargo had been ransacked. The bodies of three less fortunate crew members lay around the shore, mutilated beyond recognition. The surviving crew member was in a state of nervous shock. His rantings made no sense to anyone, but one word continually punctuated his account of what had happened: *Apes!*

The north-western shore of Lake Lumlé rises into the foothills of the Cloudcap Mountains. The crew men had discovered some of the inhabitants of the mountains. They had discovered the *Apes of Mauristatia!* Four species of Great Ape dominate Mauristatia and each is very different from the more familiar apes of the New World.

HOWL CATS

When first discovered, Howl Cats were mistaken for a variety of feline. Indeed, on first sighting, it is not difficult to imagine how this mistake was made. But they were subsequently discovered to be members of the ape family, even though their heads are more characteristic of a lion than an ape. They are short-haired apes, about the size of a large dog, and inhabit the timberline between forests and higher mountainous areas, mainly in the western reaches of Kakhabad. Their bodies are a mottled grey colour, but their heads are ringed with a bold, ruddy mane (hence their resemblance to a lion.)

Howl Cats are carnivorous. Though they attack in turn, one after the other, a second creature is rarely needed in a battle. Their jaws are lined with razor-sharp teeth, and each hand, or paw, wields a single slashing claw. They take their name from their battle-cry, an ear-piercing shriek which cannot fail to strike terror in the hearts of their opponents. This cry is always a prelude to their launching into attack, and, for the Attack Round following this howl, anyone fighting a Howl Cat must deduct one point from their Attack Strength. During a battle, a Howl Cat will voice its cry whenever it takes STAMINA damage, and its opponent must suffer the Attack Strength penalty for the next Attack Round. But each time it utters its scream, this drains one STAMINA point from the creature.

HOWL CAT	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

WRAITH APE

Rarely seen during the day, Wraith Apes are a fiercely territorial species of large monkey. They hunt at night, usually in packs of three or four. Left to themselves, they will avoid humans, but if they find any sort of bipedal creature trespassing in their territory while they are patrolling at night, they will attack without warning.

Their short-haired fur is as black as coal, which serves to camouflage them at night, while they stalk their territory. A sharp-eyed observer (with a SKILL of 9+) will be able to spot them just before they approach, but only by their glowing red eyes. Wraith Apes have night vision and, when they attack at night, will add 2 to their Attack Strength against any creature without night vision.

However, such an observer must be looking for them high in the trees. Wraith Apes are so called because of their method of attack. A large fold of skin under each arm allows these creatures limited powers of flight. Throwing themselves from a high perch, they are able to glide deftly down upon their victims and land accurately in front of them. To anyone who has never come across a Wraith Ape before, this frightening spectre appears as a frenzied Wraith, silhouetted against the night sky.

Wraith Apes have another dangerous ability: they have learned to use the leaves of the Blade Tree as a weapon. Blade Trees have sharp, broad bladed-leaves which grow at the ends of strong branches. The leaves themselves are as hard as rock, so these makeshift weapons are equivalent to a sharpened stone axe.

WRAITH APE (without weapon)	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7
WRAITH APE (with weapon)	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

The creatures will attack one at a time: a second will descend to attack only when the first is killed.

THE CHAMPAQUE

Easily recognizable by its long green fur, which serve to camouflage it well in the higher branches of the Pango Trees, the Champaque is a beast to be avoided at all costs. It is a moderately intelligent creature, with a face like an ageing sorcerer and long, powerful limbs. The Champaque is a voracious carnivore which spends much of its time hidden in the upper branches of its favourite tree, watching for prospective prey. It is a solitary creature and has the uncanny ability to mimic the voices of any animal it studies. Having such a close resemblance to humans, it can not only imitate a human voice, but can also mimic human mannerisms. For those who have never come across a Champaque before, it at first appears to be a curious hybrid of man and ape.

Its behaviour will be friendly, as it attempts to catch its victim off guard by continuing a conversation (but never giving much information away), until it seizes its chance to attack.

CHAMPAQUE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 10

The purpose of its attack is always for food, and it will drag its victim away as quickly as possible into the undergrowth where it will feast on the warm brains. After having eaten, the beast becomes even more dangerous. For the Champaque has the ability to digest parts of its victims' brains intact, thus absorbing some of the intelligence of its hapless prey. For each gruesome meal that a Champaque has eaten within the previous twenty-four hours, its SKILL increases by 1 point up to a maximum of 5, when it will be full. Thus a fully fed Champaque will be:

CHAMPAQUE	SKILL 12	STAMINA 10

The only advice that can be offered to adventurers who come across a Champaque is simple: it must be killed immediately!

MUNGIES

Similar in appearance to Wraith Apes, but somewhat smaller, Mungies appear in packs of four to five. They move with lightning-quick reactions.

MUNGIE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

They attack in packs and must be fought as a single creature, adding 1 SKILL and 3 STAMINA for each additional Mungie in the pack. The creatures have glowing red eyes and have the advantage of night vision.

As plants are attracted towards the sun, Mungies are uncontrollably drawn towards Gold. They are the ultimate natural pickpockets, using their nimble reactions to pilfer Gold from the packs or even the pockets of any adventurers whose concentration wanders. They prefer to steal at night, when there is less chance that they will be spotted. Anyone asleep in Mungie area will without doubt fall foul of their thievery. In fact, anyone walking through Mungie territory even in broad daylight will have to *Test for Luck* to see whether the Mungies are successful.

But apart from this lust for Gold, Mungies are quite harmless and will attack only in self-defence. An adventurer may only attack them (i.e. will only be able to follow their quick movements) if he has a SKILL of 10+ at night or 9+ during the day. Anyone with a lesser SKILL will just not be able to catch the little creatures.

More unscrupulous adventurers have often wondered whether it would be possible to train a Mungie to steal Gold for their own purposes. In fact this *is* possible, but no one has so far succeeded. Only a wizard would be able to capture one of the little creatures and must then cast a Control Creature spell.

Their insatiable appetite for Gold has led adventurers to an obvious conclusion. Somewhere within the lands of the Mungies there must be a tremendous hoard of their rich pilferings. The Mungies' gold is a quest talked about boastfully in the inns of Kharé. But no one has yet plucked up courage to attempt this quest. This is not so much in apprehension of the creatures themselves, but more in fear of the unknown territory in which the Mungies live and in particular the Mungies' neighbours, the other *Apes of Mauristatia*.

This is a multi-player wilderness adventure quest set in the north-western corner of the land of Kakhabad. This area is inhabited by Great Apes (see *Out of the Pit*) and, as players will find, various other creatures.

The Mungies themselves are medium-sized scavenger apes which live in the forests and on the lower reaches of the Cloudcap Mountains. Their scavenging appetites include not only food, but also a shiny yellow metal known to us all as *Gold!* Stories abound in the Cityport of Traps of the wealth of the Mungies, pilfered over the centuries from rare travellers, many of whom never escaped from the foothills of Maurístatia. Why the Mungies take Gold is a matter for conjecture. They certainly cannot use it for anything more than to decorate their dens. But over the years, as stories are exaggerated, the prospect of a quest for the Mungies' Gold has more and more become a challenge for bold adventurers.

In Search of the Mungies' Gold begins with a boat, manned by up to six adventurers, docking on the north-western shore of Lake Lumlé.

GamesMaster's Notes

On pages 26–7 you will find a map of the area marked out in a square grid. Before the game can start, you must decide where the *Encounters*, listed below, are positioned. On a separate sheet of paper marked out similarly to the map (i.e. an 8 x 8 grid), you must first of all allocate all the *Encounters* to the particular squares. Bear in mind the characteristics of the Encounter Creatures: for instance, do not put How Cats down by the lakeside – they live on the timber-line.

When you have decided on the *Encounter* locations, you are ready to start, once the players have diced up their characters, and NPCs (see below) have been created.

For full role-playing rules, you will need the *Fighting Fantasy* RPG book. But it should be possible to have a simpler adventure even if you are only familiar with the basic Gamebook rules.

Characters and NPCs

Up to six players may become adventurers in this quest. Each must roll for SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK as per the normal FF rules. Each is armed with a sword and carries a backpack containing 5 Provisions. Players may choose to eat Provisions at any time during the adventure *except* in a battle.

If less than six play, it is necessary for the GM to dice up as many Non-Player Characters (NPCs) as are necessary to make the numbers up to six. Roll for SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK in the usual way for these NPCs and give each a name. NPCs start off with a sword, but no gold or Provisions. The players may use the NPCs as hired hands, to rush into a fight or undertake some unpleasant or perilous mission. But the GM must bear in mind how dangerous or unpleasant any such instructions are. If the requests are too unreasonable, then the NPC may refuse. If such a situation occurs, the GM should roll against the SKILL of the player issuing the order. If the roll *exceeds* this SKILL, then the NPC will refuse, and will leave the party for good. As GamesMaster, *you* will be the character and the voices of any NPCs that start out on the adventure.

Remember also that NPCs do not work for nothing! They have been promised a part of the treasure (say, 15 Gold Pieces). The GM may decide that the NPC will undertake a dangerous task only if he is promised more money. And if he is not given his promised share when the treasure is found, he will no doubt attack the party!

The Map

The map forms the game-board for the adventure. It is placed on the table for all to see. But only the GamesMaster will know what dangers lurk on each square! The party can use a miniature figure or some other token to represent their own party. This starts on the lake-shore where the boat is drawn.

Movement

Each turn, the party may move one square on the map, across, up or down (but not diagonally). This represents one *Period of Time* (morning, afternoon, evening, night). Each time the party moves the token, the GM is responsible for keeping a record of what time of day it is. Printed on the map is a circular track marked like a compass; simply place a token of some kind on the 'Morning' space at the top and move it one position clockwise each turn. The fun comes at 'Night', when the party must decide whether or not to sleep (otherwise they lose STAMINA), knowing that Night Creatures lurk in the wilderness!

Time

Each time the players move their token to explore a new square, the GM must move a 'Time record' token on one position. When this reaches 'night' the party must decide whether or not to camp. Anyone who does not sleep must lose 2 STAMINA points. Anyone who has not eaten during the previous day must lose 3 stamina points. In the darkness, it is not possible to *Explore*. If the party wishes to *Explore* the area they camped in, this area will take up the 'Morning' portion of the next day.

Anyone who is asleep when attacked by creatures in the night automatically loses 4 STAMINA points. If one of the players stays awake on watch, he will usually be able to wake the others before they are attacked.

Exploring

When the party arrives in a square, they will undoubtedly want to *Explore* it. The GM must then check his own secret map to let the party know whether or not they have an *Encounter*. If not, they may proceed. If they have an *Encounter*, they must resolve it. Only by *Exploring* will they find clues to, and the final whereabouts of, the Mungies' Gold.

Encounters

The following sixteen *Encounters* must be allocated by the GamesMaster around his own copy of the map. The locations must remain hidden from the players, who can only discover what is contained in an area by *Exploring.* Remember that the art of good GamesMastering is not to make the mission impossible (e.g. by placing the Mungies' Treasure on a square which the party may never *Explore*, such as the boat square itself). You must try to place it in a difficult, but logical, square, and place the *Encounters* which give clues (e.g. the Woodcutter and the Sage) in squares away from the treasure but not too far from the boat, so that the party may *Encounter* them if they are going the wrong way.

1. SKUNKBEAR (SKILL 7, STAMINA 5). If the party tries to attack it rather than running away, it will raise its tail, releasing its horrendous stench. This has the effect of –2 from the Attack Strength of anyone attacking it.
2. 3 WRAITH APES (see *Out of the Pit*). If the party *Encounters* these creatures at night, they will automatically attack. If the *Encounter* is not at night, there is only a 6 in 12 chance of them attacking.
3. WOODCUTTER (SKILL 7, STAMINA 8). He is friendly and will try to persuade the party to stay to talk and spend the night with him in his hut. If they do, he will tell them which direction to travel to reach the Mungies. If they try to attack him, he will pick up his axe (+2 SKILL) to defend himself).
4. ELVINS. They will be found high up in the trees and will pelt the party with acorns and other missiles. Roll one die for each member of the party. A 1 or 2 indicates a successful hit for 2 STAMINA points of damage. The party may not reach the Elvins; all they can do is run away. If they do not run straight away, roll again for damage to each person who stays.
5. HOWL CATS (see *Out of the Pit*). As many will appear as there are members of the party.
6. BOMBA FRUIT TREES. These bear large apple-like fruits which, if eaten with a normal meal, will double the STAMINA gain.
7. HERMIT (SKILL 7, STAMINA 6). He lives in a run-down hut. He will tell stories of adventures in Kakhabad (use your own adventures from the *Sorcery!* quest) and perpetually ask the party for Provisions. If they give him two portions of Provisions, he will tell them which general direction to go in to reach the Mungies. If they do not, he will steal 2 Provisions from the party (dice to decide who loses the Provisions and tell them the next time you decide to eat).
8. THE CHAMPAQUE (see *Out of the Pit*).
9. WITCH. The Witch cannot be attacked, as she will defend herself with magic. If the party is *very* courteous to her, she will allow them to pass safely. But if anyone in the party challenges her or makes any abusive or threatening comments, she will turn them into a frog! The spell will wear off after six *Time Periods*, but while bewitched, that character is not able to fight, nor carry his sword or backpack. So if no one else offers to carry them, they are lost.
10. 3 BLACK ELVES (Each SKILL 7, STAMINA 6). If the party is not too aggressive towards them, they will invite them to play Runestones (see *Citadel of Chaos* ref. **278**. If you down have *Citadel of Chaos*, then ignore this and start a battle). The prize for winning is 15 Gold Pieces. If all the members of the party draw their swords or make their aggression plain, then there will be a fight. Each Black Elf carries 10 Gold Pieces.
11. BLADE TREES. There is a 5 in 12 chance that each member of the party will unknowingly rub against a Blade Tree as they walk through this section of the forest. Anyone who is cut by a Blade Tree will suffer the following damage (roll one die):
    1. Minor cut: lose 1 STAMINA point.
    2. Gash on the arm: lose 2 STAMINA points.
    3. Gash on the leg: lose 2 STAMINA points.
    4. Serious injury: cannot use sword-arm (–2 SKILL and lose 2 STAMINA).
    5. Blinded: cannot fight (–3 SKILL and lose 4 STAMINA).
    6. Neck slashed: death.
12. MANTICORE in den (SKILL 12, STAMINA 18). Each time it hits, there is a chance that the hit will be with the poisonous sting in its tail. After each successful hit, roll one die. A roll of 1–4 is a normal hit. A roll of 5 or 6 indicates a hit with its sting which causes 6 STAMINA points of damage, unless the victim can successfully *Test for Luck* (in which case the damage is normal).
13. SAGE (SKILL 6, STAMINA 6). He will direct the party towards the Mungies.
14. 2 MUNGIES (see *Out of the Pit*). These must be placed on a square next to the main pack of Mungies (see 15).
15. 5 MUNGIES (see *Out of the Pit*). These must be placed next to the Mungies' Treasure (see 16).
16. THE MUNGIES' TREASURE. Two hundred Gold Pieces scattered around the trunk of an old, dead oak tree.

Night Encounters

Each night there is a 2 in 6 chance that the party will be attacked by Night Creatures. These will be found in *The Shamutanti Hills* ref. **123**. If you do not have this book, ignore this section of the rules.

Escaping

Unless otherwise instructed by the rules above, *Escaping* is not possible. All battles are to the death. And woe betide any parties that come across the Manticore!

Expanding the Scenario

There is no reason why GamesMasters should not expand this scenario to include other FF creature encounters, or even some of their own. *Warlock 2* gave tables of creature encounters. If you have a copy of this issue, use the 'Wilderness' encounter table and give the party a 2 in 6 chance of a random encounter in each square which does not contain one of the above encounters.

A Final Twist

If the party have found the Treasure fairly easily, then they must make their way back to the boat. But Gold is not light. While they have been exploring the Mauristatian Foothills, Wood Beetles have been busily feasting on their boat! Give them hints of this, and make it clear that only one of them will be able to travel back to Kharé safely in the boat. The trip back to the shores of Lake Lumlé will be a battle to the death. Only one member of the party will survive the search for the Mungies' Gold!

MAELSTROM

by Alexander Scott

Although the *Fighting Fantasy* books can provide a great deal of enjoyment, most veteran players will at some point take up role-playing games (RPGs) as well. Solo gamebooks have many limitations – you have only a few choices from any paragraph, for instance, and you can't play them with your friends. In an RPG, however, a group of players will adventure together. One person, known as the 'Referee' or 'GamesMaster, takes the place of the book, deciding what happens when you try to do things. Role-playing, however, sets no limits on what you may try to do – the world which you explore is the creation of the referee, and it is possible to go anywhere and do anything within that world. The rules, of course, need to be more complicated than in *Fighting Fantasy,* but the resulting game is more realistic, and there is more to be gained from it.

Most of the RPGs around at the moment are expensive, ranging upwards from about £10 – and even then you may need accessories of one kind or another. *Fighting Fantasy: The Introductory Role-playing Game* goes some way towards providing an inexpensive start in role-playing, but it lacks much of the detail to be found in other RPGs. *Maelstrom*, however, is a full-blooded RPG, with the advantage that it is in paperback and thus fairly cheap.

All RPGs need a world for their players to explore. For Maelstrom I felt that this should be somewhere in the 'real' world – to add both realism and excitement. The sixteenth

century appeared to be the most intriguing setting. The world at large was just beginning to open out, and ships explored and brought back treasures from every part of the globe – the gold of the Incas, artefacts from China and Japan, goods and spices from many places. In England itself, as in the rest of Europe, the number of wanderers on the roads increased dramatically, with every type of profession represented and many adventures to be had along the way.

So how do you play? The first thing you will need is a copy of the rules. Later you will also need paper and dice (six-sided and ten-sided dice are both useful, but you can make do with a pack of cards instead of ten-sided dice, as the introduction to Maelstrom explains). Before playing you will need to familiarize yourself with the rules. The basic system of play is very simple, and you should play the solo adventure given in the book to get used to it. When you begin play, you must create a character, as in *Fighting Fantasy*. Characters in *Maelstrom* must choose a 'profession'. There are a great variety of professions: craftsmen, with long years of training behind their perfected skills; rogues, making a living by crime; herbalists, curing disease as far as they can with the plants that they find; mages, with their strange rituals and their hard-won mastery over the lore of magick – and many more. Each profession has its own special rules and details.

As soon as all the members of the group have created their own characters, the game may begin. The referee will describe the world to you, and may give you some quest to perform. This may involve almost anything – exploration, searching for a treasure, rescuing a prisoner, or merely delivering a message or a parcel. During a game you will only need to use the rulebook occasionally – your character sheet is enough to allow you to explore the world.

Of course, if you intend to be a referee, the task is much harder, though extremely rewarding. You must think up adventures for your players and then use them in the game. Many adventures may come from incidents in play – a party stays at an inn, perhaps, after an encounter with some rogue friends of the innkeeper. When the rogues return, nursing their wounds, the players must make sure that their characters keep close guard on their possessions and themselves.

Other adventures must be planned in advance – not that you need stick to the plan once play begins. After choosing a setting and a plot for your adventure, you should find out as much as possible about it – hunt through the books at your local library, using anything interesting that you come across. You must then put it all together, along with anything else you can think of. You will need to draw a map, note down descriptions of the various places, and then try it out on your players.

You may eventually wish to play *Maelstrom* in another setting. This is easy to do: the rules are designed to make it possible to transfer the game to anywhere you choose. The methods of creating and using characters (the 'Game Mechanics') remain unchanged; all you need to do is alter the details for the various professions and the equipment that characters can obtain.

More likely, you may want to change or add to the rules of Maelstrom. This is very much part of the spirit of role-playing – the rules belong to you, for you to use as you wish and adapt to your own tastes. You can do anything you want in *Maelstrom* – so let your imagination run riot.

Anthony Kerins

FIGHTING FANTASY NEWS

Update on New Gamebooks

The release schedule has changed again! Some titles have been switched, and a few new ones have been added. The forthcoming titles are as follows:

April *Temple of Terror*
May *The Rings of Kether*
July *Seas of Blood*
September *Superheroes* (provisional title)
November *The Aliens of Arcadion* (provisional title)

Remember that Penguin publish their books at the *end* of each month, so you'll probably find April's titles generally available by the beginning of May, and so on. Overseas publication dates will be different.

FF Boobs

The Gamebooks go through several stages of checking and proof-reading before they are published. But even so, they are complicated animals and it is difficult to ensure that all the glitches have been eliminated. We are very grateful to all readers who let us know of any they have found, so that these can be corrected in subsequent editions. Simon Fisher of Castle Bromwich (among others) has written to tell us of a bug in *Sorcery! 1 – The Shamutanti Hills:* **248** instructs you that you've been given a Vial of Glue (along with other artefacts), but when you later come across the Night Creatures (**123**) and try to cast the GUM spell, you are told that you *cannot* cast this spell because you don't have the Vial of Glue.' Thanks, Simon. This will be changed in subsequent reprints.

Fighting Fantasy Figures

In response to *many* requests from readers, two ranges of FF figures are to be produced by Citadel Miniatures. By the time you read this, Citadel's Fighting Fantasy Figures in plastic should already be available through games, model and hobby shops. These are around 60mm tall and are a selection of Fighters, Barbarians, Orcs, Skeletons, Wizards, Goblins, Zombies, and Ogres with which players can design their own FF adventures, either conducting skirmishes using the basic FF rules or in role-playing adventures using *Fighting Fantasy: The Introductory Role-Playing Game*. Each figure is provided with a selection of weapons, helmets and a shield and there is a special set of FF paints together with a poster for guiding painting. They sell for 65p (a bit more for the paints and the larger Ogres). Citadel's best designers have been used to create this range and, from what we've seen so far, the results are excellent.

Citadel are also working on a boxed range of metal figures modelled straight from the illustrations in the Gamebooks. The first three will be *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain, The Citadel of Chaos* and *The Forest of Doom.* These should be available in the latter half of the year.

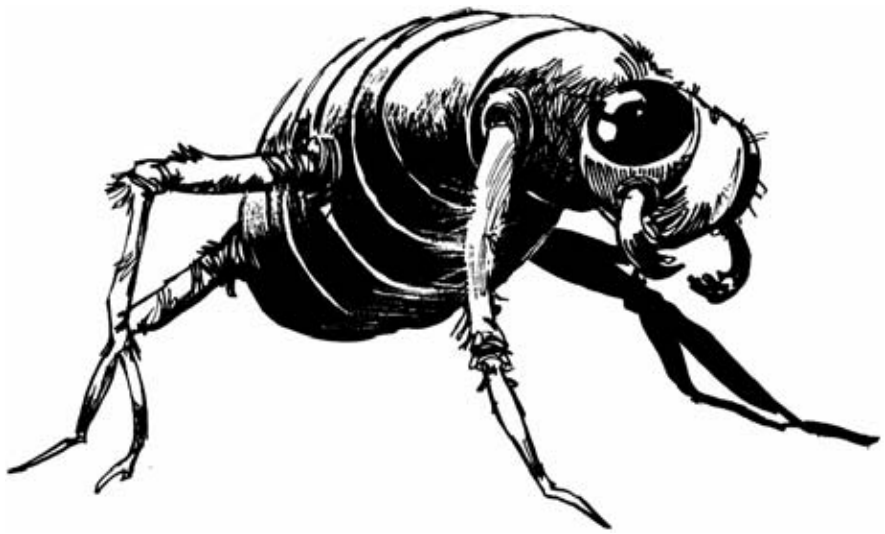

PuzzleQuest Books

As we reported in issue 3, Steve and Ian have been working on a different type of book. The PuzzleQuest books are large hardback books, beautifully illustrated with full-colour plates. Both books involve quests in which readers must search carefully for the answers to problems which are hidden in the illustrations and also in the text. Solving the books is more difficult than the FF Gamebooks (as it is almost impossible to cheat!).

Steve's *Tasks of Tantalon,* illustrated by Stephen Lavis, has been finished and should be available around July/August time. In it, the wizard of Tantalon has set you twelve tasks, each of which must be solved if you are to find the ultimate goal of the book. If you do not solve the tasks, you will never discover what the ultimate goal is!

Ian's book, entitled *The Casket of Souls*, is illustrated by our old FF favourite, Iain McCaig (wasn't his 'self-portrait' cartoon strip in Warlock 4 superb?). In this book, you have to save a doomed kingdom from the undead Dragonlord. Puzzles have to be solved to unravel the mysteries and defeat the tyrant. The Casket of Souls will be out by Easter 1986.

Fighting Fantasy Battlegame

Towards the end of the year, Citadel Miniatures should be releasing their Fighting Fantasy Battlegame. The box to the game is actually a large, three-dimensional dungeon in polystyrene, with movable walls to allow players to design their own dungeon layouts. Included in the box are a selection of 60mm plastic figures with different weapons, dice and special FF rules so that players can conduct their own FF dungeon adventures with up to six players. More news next ish!

Forest of Doom Holiday

Some of you may have noticed in your schools and the Sunday supplements that Dolphin and Colony Holidays are offering a week of Fighting Fantasy real-life adventures in either Edinburgh or Oxford. Players are formed into teams and must immerse themselves totally in the world of monsters and magic. A full range of modern stage and drama equipment will be made available, along with video, lighting, sound, make-up and costume. If this sounds better than a week in Aberystwyth, you can find out more by phoning 0444 458177.

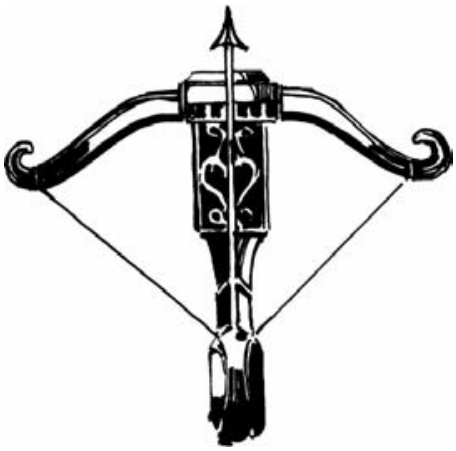

Warlock of Firetop Mountain Board -Game

This has now been playtested and is at the artwork stage on Albie Fiore's desk at Games Workshop. It follows the book quite closely, but the dungeon layout is not the same as the one in the book! (That would give the game away, wouldn't it?) You start with SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK, along with Gold and Provisions, and you must make your way through the Warlock's dungeon towards his treasure-room. On the way you will have to pass through rooms inhabited by monsters guarding all sorts of useful treasures and you must also find out which combination of keys will open his chest. The old favourites are there, like the Ghoul, the Ferryman, the Maze and the Minotaur. And you can even attack other players to steal their treasures and gold! It should be out early next year.

***Sorcery!* Poster**

To coincide with publication of *The Crown of Kings,* Penguin commissioned *Sorcery!* artist John Blanche to paint a large full-colour poster of the map of Kakhabad. The result was such a work of art, with various *Sorcery!* creatures illustrated around their homelands, that it was decided to make the poster available to readers. Some of you will have seen the poster already on sale around games and hobby shops. And it is reproduced to scale on the back cover. Otherwise, if you would like a poster, it is available from Games Workshop, price £1.95 plus 35p postage and packing.

Middle Earth Role-Playing Game

Lord of the Rings fans will be pleased to hear that the *Middle Earth Role-Playing Game* has now been published in the UK by Games Workshop. The basic set contains rules, dice and a special underground scenario which is provided with full-colour stand-up cardboard figures. Box art is by Chris Achilleos, who also did the front cover to this issue of *Warlock*.

***Citadel of Chaos* Facelift**

A new cover has been commissioned for *The Citadel of Chaos*, as we have long felt that the previous cover was not quite in keeping with the style of covers that has become characteristic of the FF series. The new artist is Ian Miller, who has already made an appearance in *The House of Hell!*

Arkenor and Max Part II
Ian Macdonald
When we left our intrepid duo they had reached the end of the first part of their trek thro' Crag Keep...
MNNGRXX!
HEY! IT'S ARRIVED!
IT'S ARRIVED!
WHAT HAS?
PART 2 OF THE ADVENTURE!
OH RIGHT! WHAT'S IT SAY?
NOW, LET'S SEE...
"YOU FIND YOURSELF IN A SMALL DIMLY-LIT CHAMBER... THE ROOM CONTAINS MANY STRANGE CHARTS AND INSTRUMENTS..."
HMMMM!
"... SAT AT A LARGE DESK IS A LITTLE OLD MAN WITH A LONG GREY BEARD!"
SIGH! TYPICAL...
EVERY FIGHTING FANTASY DUNGEON HAS AT LEAST 3 LITTLE OLD MEN WITH LONG GREY BEARDS!
WELCOME SIRS, I AM HIERONYMOUS-AN ASTROLOGER PLEASE SIT DOWN!
I AM SKILLED IN THE ART OF READING THE FUTURE — FOR A GOLD PIECE I COULD TELL YOU WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR YOU!
PAH!
HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT JUST A FAKER?
DO I LOOK INDIAN TO YOU?
OH, ALL RIGHT THEN!
NOW, THEN - YOU'RE A TAURUS AREN'T YOU? YES, I CAN ALWAYS TELL!
TAURUS! WHAT A LOAD OF —AAAGH!!
PLEASE KEEP YOUR IMPUDENT IMP UNDER CONTROL!
YOU WILL MEET A TALL, PALE STRANGER...
DON'T YOU MEAN A TALL DARK STRANGER?
LISTEN, SUNSHINE, I DON'T TELL YOU HOW TO CAST SPELLS, YOU DON'T TELL ME HOW TO PREDICT THE FUTURE — OK?
YOU WILL GET THE POINT STRAIGHT AWAY - BUT IT MAY LEAVE YOU UP IN THE AIR!
HUH! RUBBISH!
IS THAT IT?
WHADDYA MEAN "IS THAT IT"? - WHAT D'YOU EXPECT FOR ONE GOLD PIECE - RUSSELL GRANT?

NOW, LOOK HERE...
"AS HE GROWS ANGRY, A STRANGE TRANS-FORMATION COMES OVER THE OLD MYSTIC.."
WARLOCK
I....
ER...
GULP....
SNARL — DOES "WERERAT" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
NNNNGGRRRRAAAA!!
GULP... PROBABLY MEANS "WER'E AT" THE END OF OUR ADVENTURE!!
"YOU WILL HAVE TO THINK FAST TO DEFEAT THE HIDEOUS LYCANTHROPE!"
IT'S W...WORTH A TRY...
GRRR!
RUSTLE!
HERBS
EVER TRY A BELLADONNA BUTTIE, SUNSHINE?
AAAAA ARGH!!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!
PHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE... WAIT!
WHAT'S THAT?
THRRM! THRRRM!!
IT'S GETTING...
CLOSER!
THRRM!
KRRR AAANNG!!
AAAAAAAAAAAGH!!
WELL, VARLET WHAT HAST THEE TO SAY FOR THYSELF?!
I THINK I'M GOING TO C...C...CRY!
CRUSADE
Who is the mysterious stranger? ...find out in PART III

The Warlock's Quill *is a regular forum for readers to write in with their ideas, suggestions, likes and dislikes concerning Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks. All letters should be addressed to:* The Warlock's Quill, Warlock Magazine, Penguin Books, 536 King's Road, London SW10 0UH.

Dear Warlock,
Here are some Gamebook titles for you to consider:
The Jungle of Blood
The Desert of Skulls
The Brain of the Lost Prince
The Guardian of the Wizard's Grave
The Secret of the Devilhound's Magic Box
The Castle of the Night
and the last one, called:
The Impossible

Yours creatively,
Jonathan Dickie,
Stowmarket, Suffolk

The Brain of the Lost Prince – now there's a title. How about The Spleen of the Mutant Half-Orc*, or* The Castle of Not-Very-Nice Things*, or even* Search for the Goblin's Ear-lobe? *Perhaps readers have their own suggestions for 'Very Silly Gamebook' titles. Let's hear them! – Ed.*

Dear Warlock,
Why is it that you constantly refer to the Fighting Fantasy games system as being nothing but an introduction to the far superior Dungeons & Dragons game? After having played both systems and a couple of others to boot, I have decided that the Fighting Fantasy system is, to my mind, by far the most superior. Why? It's the simplicity of the FF system that makes it so good. An adventure played under the FF system flows far more easily than one played under D&D. The players become far more involved in the adventure itself, rather than concerning themselves with such distractions as 'which die do I throw for my new axe?', or 'How is my Armour Class going to affect this coming battle?'

You may argue that other systems will simulate a character's action far more realistically than the FF system does. However, the more rules that a player has to learn, the less he is allowed to assume the role of the character that he is playing.

A good example of this is the Dragonquest game, which aims for the ultimate in realism. On each move, there are eighteen different actions that may be performed, such as move, rise, shift, turn, assail, etc. Each of these actions costs a certain number of Action Points and 10 Action Points can be used per turn. To become proficient at this would require much study of the 150-odd pages of rules! It is no wonder that this game has a very limited popularity. Simplicity should be the essence of a good RPG. This point was noticed back in 1982 in the now defunct magazine The Gamer, before the publication of *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain.* I quote from the *Warlock* column:

> 'I have often in the past voiced my misgivings about role-playing games in general, especially the enormous amounts of information which must be digested by GM and player alike before play can start, and will say again that I feel role-playing games should be getting simpler, not more complex.'

To me, Fighting Fantasy is the realization of this prediction. It is an RPG in its own right – not just an introduction to Dungeons & Dragons. We, the players, can get down to adventuring and exploring without having to try to find our way through the maze of rules.

So how, about publishing a few more GM-controlled dungeons for us Fighting Fantasy Fans?

Yours supportingly,
Lawrence Gabb,
Aston, Birmingham

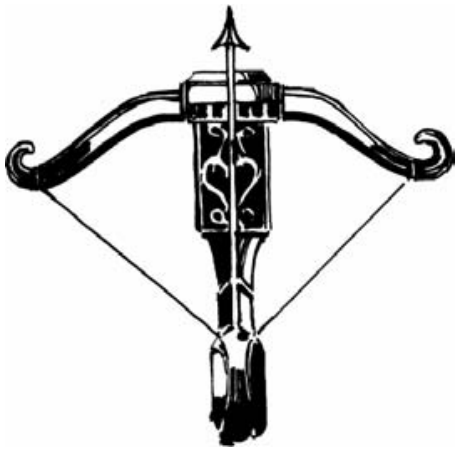

Dear Warlock,
Why are your books so bloomin' well *hard?* I have them all, but have only succeeded in *Forest of Doom, Scorpion Swamp* (all three quests), *The Shamutanti Hills* and *Kharé – Cityport of Traps*. And Kharé was no picnic, at that blasted Courga's Shrine. I was close to completing *The Caverns of the Snow Witch,* but heck, my luck ran out when I met Ash, and thanks to him, I fell off the flamin' bridge and drowned. That's the last time I trust an Elf. I understand why Dwarfs hate them so much. Next time I meet him I'll cut his flamin' head off, Redswift's brother or not.

Yours angrily,
Ian Jars,
Coleraine, N. Ireland

Dear Warlock,
Congratulations on an excellent, well-presented magazine, which goes from strength to strength with each issue. But I would like to ask a few questions and make a few suggestions.

First of all, will there be another epic when *Sorcery!* is finished? If so, what will it be about and what will it be called? Are you ever going to write sequels to existing books? I would enjoy a sequel to *City of Thieves*, as would many other readers, I'm sure. Also, are there any plans to produce Fighting Fantasy miniatures? If not, why not? You could easily create a boxed set for each book, and I'm sure they would sell very well.

Finally, a couple of suggestions. How about a regular column for *Fighting Fantasy* GamesMasters, giving artefacts, character classes, etc.? And I would go along with Harvey Lawrence, Patrick Baughn and Rupert Degas in issue 3. Let's have a FF Club!

Yours suggestively,
Paul Johnson,
Bermondsey, London

At the moment we have no plans to publish another FF epic like Sorcery!*, as Steve is exhausted after finishing* The Crown of Kings*! But who knows? If enough readers send letters threatening us unless we do . . . And 'sequels' . . . an interesting one. The other day we were sitting in the pub with Iain McCaig, who suggested we do a 'Return to Firetop Mountain'. In fact, he got quite excited, contorting himself into strange shapes to show us how the creatures on the cover would look. We thought it was a good idea. But our schedule for 1985 is pretty well mapped out already. We've beaten you to the miniatures. Citadel Miniatures are producing a range of Fighting Fantasy Miniatures – in fact they may even be out by the time you read this. See the news page for more info. Issue 4 started off readers' articles on* Fighting Fantasy*, and we plan to publish more. So keep sending them in! And finally, the FF Club. We've had many, many requests for a Club. At the moment they're stacked up on the Grand Wizard's desk. Do not ignore these pleas, O powerful one! – Ed.*

Dear Warlock,
I have two questions about your excellent Gamebooks. Firstly, if my STAMINA is 18 and a wound puts it down to 16, what happens if I have a rest which puts it up 3 points? What do I do with the extra point? Secondly, how do I fight two monsters at once when the book tells you to fight them both at the same time?

Yours overwhelmingly,
Sam Carter,
Brixton, London

You cannot add any STAMINA points which would take your score over its Initial level. In the example above, you must just ignore the extra point, unless the text specifically allows you to increase your Initial STAMINA, which is very rare. When you are fighting two monsters (two Goblins, say) you must first choose (at the start of each Attack Round) which you are attacking that round. Roll the dice and work out the outcome of that Attack Round with your chosen Goblin, as normal. When you've done that, roll for the Attack Strength of the other Goblin, remembering what your own Attack Strength was. If the second Goblin's Attack Strength is higher than yours was, it inflicts a wound on you (2 STAMINA points of damage). If its Attack Strength is equal to or lower than yours, then just pretend that nothing happened and go on to the next Attack Round. Under normal circumstances (i.e. a one-to-one battle) you would have wounded it. But since you are directing your attack against its companion, you cannot do any damage. – Ed.

Editor's note: We have received lots of letters from FF readers, and we try to answer, and print, as many as we can. Many readers want to know how to solve some of the puzzles in the books, how to get out of the Maze of Zagor, what the name of the God of Pride is and how much does a man weigh. Sorry, folks, but we just can't answer these ones, otherwise they wouldn't be puzzles any more! Also a lot of people want back issues of Warlock. These are in short supply, but there are still some left. They cost 95p (+25p p&p) each, and are available from WARLOCK MAGAZINE, Penguin Books Ltd, 536 King's Road, London SW10 0UH. Make your cheque or postal order payable to Penguin Books. No cash, please. Offer open only while stocks last.

Fighting Fantasy Club Update: Our thanks to the multitude of readers who supported Harvey Lawrence's suggestion (*Warlock 3*) that a Fighting Fantasy Club should have Priority One status. Among those who wanted to join immediately were: John Stephens, Edward Shelton, Henry Andrews, Ben Cowell, Gavin Fudge, Ian Liennard, M. Anderson, Gideon Clifton, Andrew Flynn, Paul Wilkinson, Lee Gerrard, Aacun Naik, Sean York, John Wilson, Steve Clarkson, David Jones, Roger Kelly, Quentin Crisp, Richard Barrow, Craig Kendrick, Richard Wickenden, Mark Thompson, Hayden Matthews, Jonathan Tyers, John Jackson, Ian Macdonald, Brian Gray, Sean McGovern, Michael Burns, Philip McHardy, Paul Johnson, Daniel Hunt, Marten Steel, Nicholas Kruys, Mark Stewart, David Cattanach, John 'Sulthad the Master Thief' Battle, Ewan Pearson, Scott Strait, Paul Monaghan, Archmage J. Stanton, Dean Willetts, Tim Peach, Ian Livingstone and Steve Jackson (heh, heh). By hook or by crook, we'll bend that Grand Wizard's arm yet!

PLACE THE FACE
85

How experienced an adventurer are you? Scattered across this spread are twenty-four Fighting Fantasy creatures from illustrations in the books. Can you identify which books they appear in?

by Jonathan Ford

This issue's mini-adventure was a runner-up in the *Warlock* adventure competition in issue 1. Designed by Jonathan Ford of Boslowick, Cornwall, it is a not-so-easy dungeon scenario. You have been captured by Elves and wrongly accused of murdering the Elf Chief. In order to prove your innocence, you must enter the deadly Dungeon of Justice and emerge with a sacred Golden Idol, hidden somewhere within the underground labyrinth. The cover of this ish shows an enraged Mud Dragon which dwells somewhere within the dungeon. Hint: Watch out! It's not friendly . . .

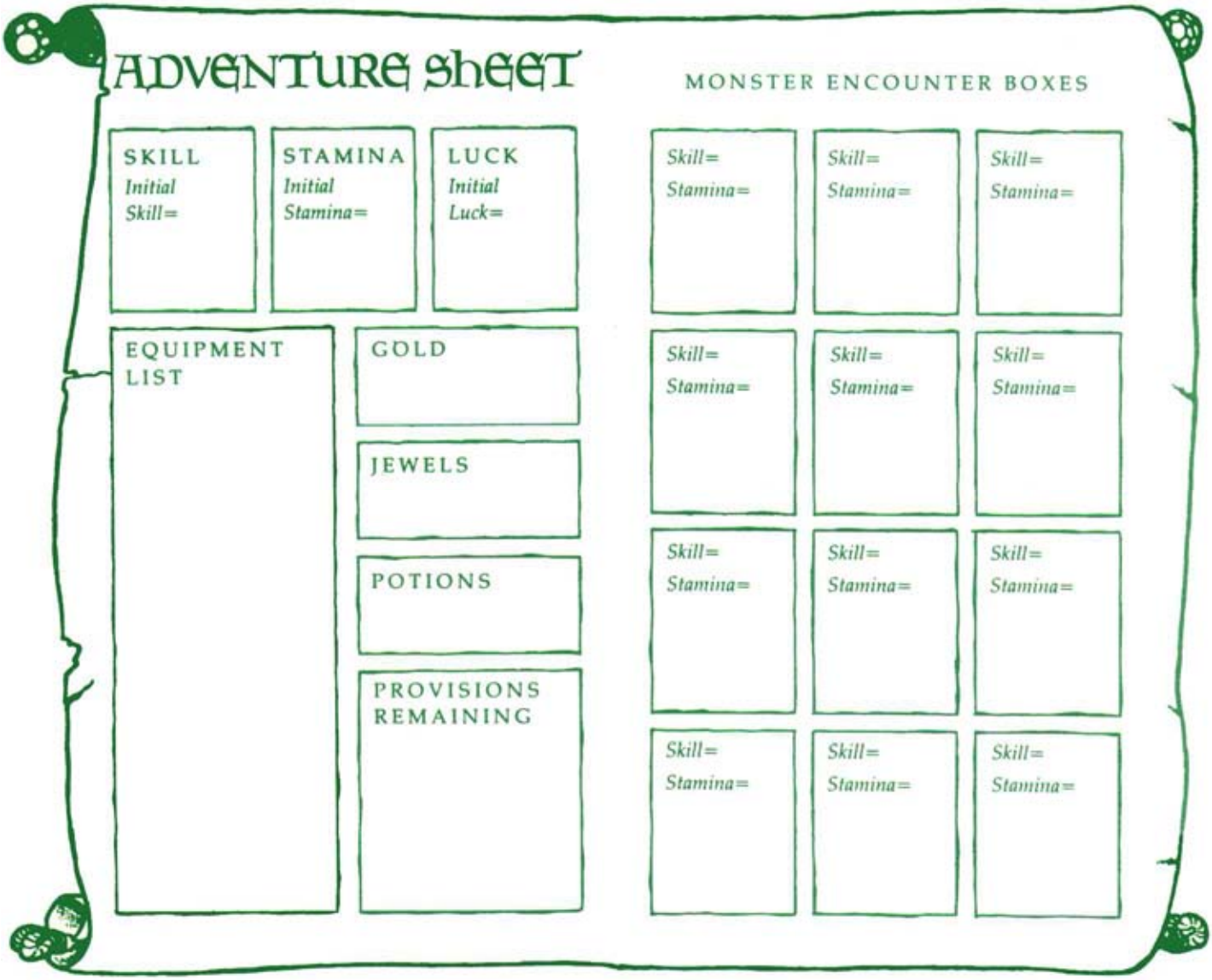

How to fight creatures of the Dungeon

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a shield together with a backpack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. There is an Adventure Sheet above which you may use to record the details of an adventure.

You are advised to either record your scores on the Adventure Sheet in pencil, or make photocopies of the pages to use in future adventures.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll both dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise: the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet.* The scores for each creature are given in the book each time you have an encounter.
The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage.
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically gets in one wound on you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given to you on the page.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *unlucky* the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that he more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages of the book you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the affects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may Test your *Luck* as described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck.*

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its Initial value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for five meals. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions on a page, and you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its Initial level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

Equipment and potions

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and a shield, and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

- A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
- A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
- A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure. Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their Initial level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK is restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for two measures: i.e. the characteristic may be restored twice during an adventure. Each time it is used make a note on your *Adventure Sheet.*

Remember also that you may only choose one of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

Hints on play

There is one true way through the dungeon and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

Not all rooms contain treasure; many merely contain traps and creatures which you will no doubt fall foul of. There are many 'wild-goose chase' passages and while you may indeed progress through the dungeon, you will not find the Idol unless you have picked up certain specific items on the way.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on *Initial* dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

BACKGROUND

The Desert of Skulls lies directly south of Oyster Bay, and some fifty miles across country. It is a very hot, dangerous and unpleasant place, but you must cross it, for south of the desert lies the large, prosperous town of Sapphire City, famous for its gemstone mines.

You have been attracted by the fabulous wealth that is constantly available to any warrior willing to carry gems or money from one town to another. But the work is not without danger.

As you approach the desert, you hear cries for help from the bushes that line the path. On investigating, you just have time to see an ugly Goblin plunge a dagger into the heart of an obviously important Elf, who slumps to the ground.

You burst on to the scene, meaning to catch the Goblin, but you trip and, seeing you, he escapes into the undergrowth.

You stand and look at the Elf, now very dead. He appears to be the Chief of some Elvan tribe, and in his hand he grasps a large blue diamond. Suddenly you hear a crashing in the bushes! Expecting it to be the Goblin returning, you draw your sword, but instead of the Goblin, you find yourself surrounded by a group of twenty to thirty Elves, all with their bows and arrows pointing at your heart. One steps forward and solemnly speaks.

'Human!' he says. 'You have been found with a sword in your hand and the body of my father, the Chief of our tribe, lying murdered at your feet.'

You realize that they believe it to be your doing. Your protests are silenced as the Elf speaks again: 'You will be taken to the Dungeon of Justice.' He turns and walks away, and you are forced by the Elves to follow. From the talk among your guards, you learn that the dungeon is a secret place where criminals are taken for trial. Before each 'trial', a small Golden Idol is hidden in the labyrinth to be found by the 'criminal'. If he does not find it, he is considered guilty, but if he finds it and brings it out with him, he is presumed to be innocent, and is set free.

The trees thin out, and the procession halts at the base of a huge tree. The Chief's son mumbles a few words, and a section of the trunk opens, revealing the entrance to the dungeon . . .

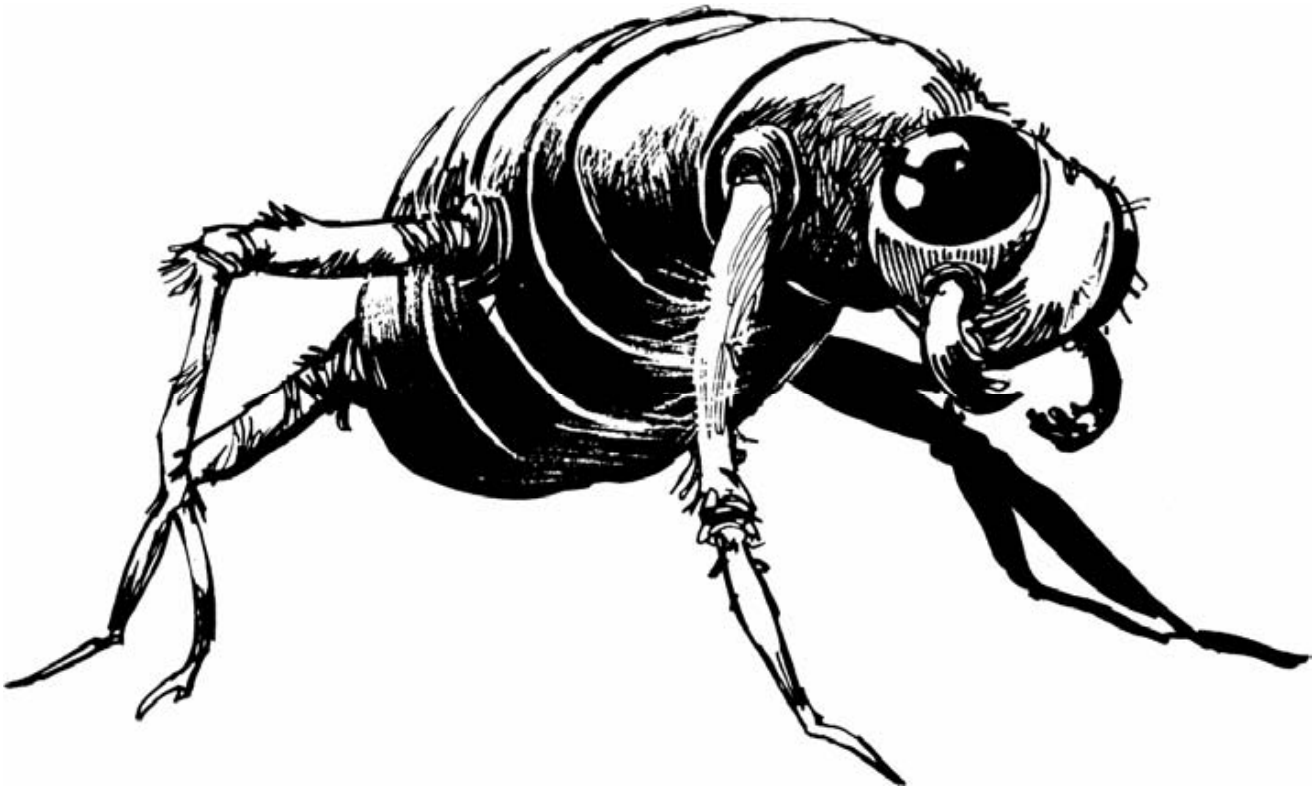

1

You are pushed down into the tunnel below, and the light from above is cut off as the door closes. Your only illumination from now on will be from torches, which are fixed on the walls. As your eyes get used to the gloom, you see that the tunnel heads north. With a sigh at the injustice of it all, you set off in that direction. Turn to **41**.

2

You jump into the river, but the current is very strong. You try to stay afloat, but find it increasingly difficult. Turn to **148**.

3

As you cross the floor, carefully avoiding the trip-wires, you reach out for the Idol. Suddenly it disappears! You hear an ominous rumble from above and, looking up, you see a huge slab of rock falling towards you. Your bones are crushed to powder under the enormous weight. Your adventure ends here!

4

The rope is very rotten, and you are barely halfway down when it snaps . . . Your adventure ends here!

5

The door opens on to a large room with another door in the north wall. A rope hangs on a hook beside that door. There seem to be no traps, so you cross the room and take down the rope. You try the door but it is locked. Do you have a gold key? If so, turn to **110**. If not, you must leave and head north again. Turn to **14**.

6

The door opens on to a tunnel, leading to the west. You follow it until you arrive at a junction. If you want to head north turn to **172**. If you want to keep going west, turn to **168**.

7

When you eventually reach the bottom, you can see nothing. By feeling along the wall, you find that the tunnel heads east. If you want to feel your way east, in total darkness, turn to **165**. If you would rather return to the top and head north, turn to **96**.

8

The darts bury themselves deep in your leg. They were tipped with a very effective poison. Roll one die to find the number of STAMINA points to subtract. Turn to **85**.

9

You hurry past the body of the dead beast and make your way rapidly to the north passage. Turn to **52**.

10

The door creaks open to reveal a room, hardly more than a widening of the passage, which is separated along its length into two sections. One section seems to be a cell, cut off by metal bars. The other half of the room merely gives access to a door in the north wall. Inside the sparsely furnished cell is the tattered figure of a man. The prisoner glares at you and makes threatening movements towards you. You suspect that he would be prepared to give you information in return for his release. If you wish to talk to him, turn to **149**. If you would feel safer with him out of the way, kill him by leaning into the cell and impaling him on the point of your sword; then turn to **24**.

11

You reach the end and find nothing. If you wish to search further, turn to **38**. If you want to return to the junction and head east, turn to **31**.

12

You wrap the cape around yourself, but to your surprise nothing happens. Since you feel a little chilly, you keep the cape on. It is the Cape of Levitation, though you do not know this. If you have not already done so you may try on the ring (turn to **119**), drink the liquid (turn to **71**), or leave the room and head north (turn to **80**).

13

You place the key in the lock, but it does not fit. You have no other choice but to ram it with your shoulder. Turn to **196**.

14

As you head north, you pass a junction, but you ignore the route to the west and continue on your way. Turn to **67**.

15

The current is too strong and you are swept downstream under a bridge. You see a huge boulder ahead and you try to grab it. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **92**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **132**.

16

As you walk along, you fail to see a man-trap in your way. You step on to it and it cuts deeply into your leg. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Further along you find another junction. You decide against continuing east or going south, so you go north. Turn to **195**.

17

You plunge your sword into his heart, but not without a pang of guilt at his tormented expression. Lose 1 LUCK point. There is nothing else of value in the room, so you leave by the north door. Turn to **180**.

18

As soon as you step into the room, you realize with horror that you should have glanced upwards first. Clinging to the roof is a gigantic spider, watching you with its many eyes. Swinging beside it hang four silken cocoons, and your heart sickens as you realize that these are other humans, a Dwarf and an Elf captured by the Spider, and only waiting to be consumed. The Spider drops noiselessly to the ground, its fangs reaching greedily towards you.

GIANT SPIDER SKILL 9 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **94**. If you don't, you will get a silken overcoat.

19

Your efforts to get back on to firm ground seem futile, but with one last desperate attempt, you fling yourself towards the ground. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **176**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **151**.

20

The tunnel ends in a heavy door, which is locked not with a key, but with a series of dials for which you need a combination. If you have the combination, add together all three figures, and turn to that number. If you do not have it, you must return to the sandy beach and make another choice (turn to **76**).

21

The crossbow was aligned perfectly, and you don't stand a chance. The bolt buries itself deep in your neck, severing the spinal cord and pinning your inert body to the wall. Your adventure ends here!

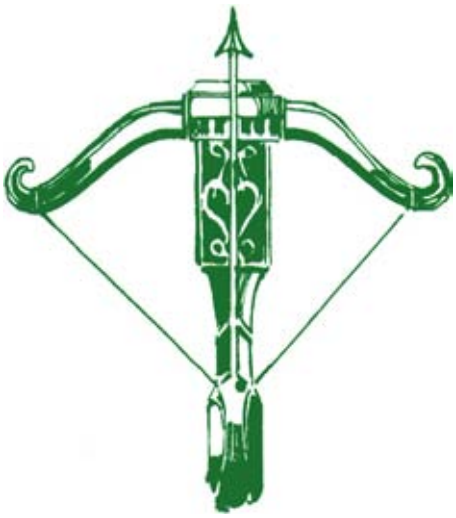

22

The door opens into a small room. In one corner lies a huge dog-like creature in a basket. On the far side is a door, with a brass key hanging enticingly on a nail beside it. If you want to cross quietly to the other door, turn to **81**. If you would feel safer by closing the door and not risking waking the dog, you can return to the junction and head north (turn to **108**).

23

Suddenly, the cape stirs around you and seems to fill with air; to your surprise, you find yourself lifted from the floor. You are moved gently forward and deposited softly at the foot of the cliff. As soon as your feet touch the floor, the cape deflates and hangs from your shoulders just like any ordinary garment. Turn to **27**.

24

You push your sword through the bars at him, and he jumps back in terror. You do it again, and this time with more force. It pierces his throat, and blood drips down the blade on to your hand. He stares at you uncomprehendingly and slides down the wall to a sitting position. As his head stumps forward, you withdraw your sword and clean it and your blood-stained hands. You decide to keep heading north, and leave by that door. Turn to **72**.

25

You reach the other side without incident, and leave through the north passage. Turn to **52**.

26

Before you are hundreds of Elves, all with their bows strung, and the arrows pointing at you. The son of the dead Chief steps forward and looks at the old man. The old man gives an almost imperceptible shake of the head. The Elf smiles grimly. 'Guilty!' he declares, and the last thing you hear is the whistling of a hundred arrows flying towards you. Your adventure ends here!

27

You are standing on the floor of a huge chasm eaten deep into the ground by a fast-flowing river. You look for a way to cross, but can only see a small, insecure, rather rotten-looking bridge. As you approach it, you can see that it is in the process of being eaten, even as you watch, by giant two-headed termites, whose red eyes contrast horribly with their bloated white bodies. Any one of these could give you a nasty double bite. If you hurry, you may be able to cross the bridge before it is too far gone to support you (turn to **40**). Or you can decide to dive into the swift river and attempt to swim for it (turn to **2**).

28

After a while you reach another junction. You ignore the way to the south and head north. Turn to **67**.

29

This tunnel joins up with a north–south passageway. You decide to turn north instead of south. Turn to **69**.

So you think you're hot stuff at Fighting Fantasy, eh?
Can you answer Warlock's . . .

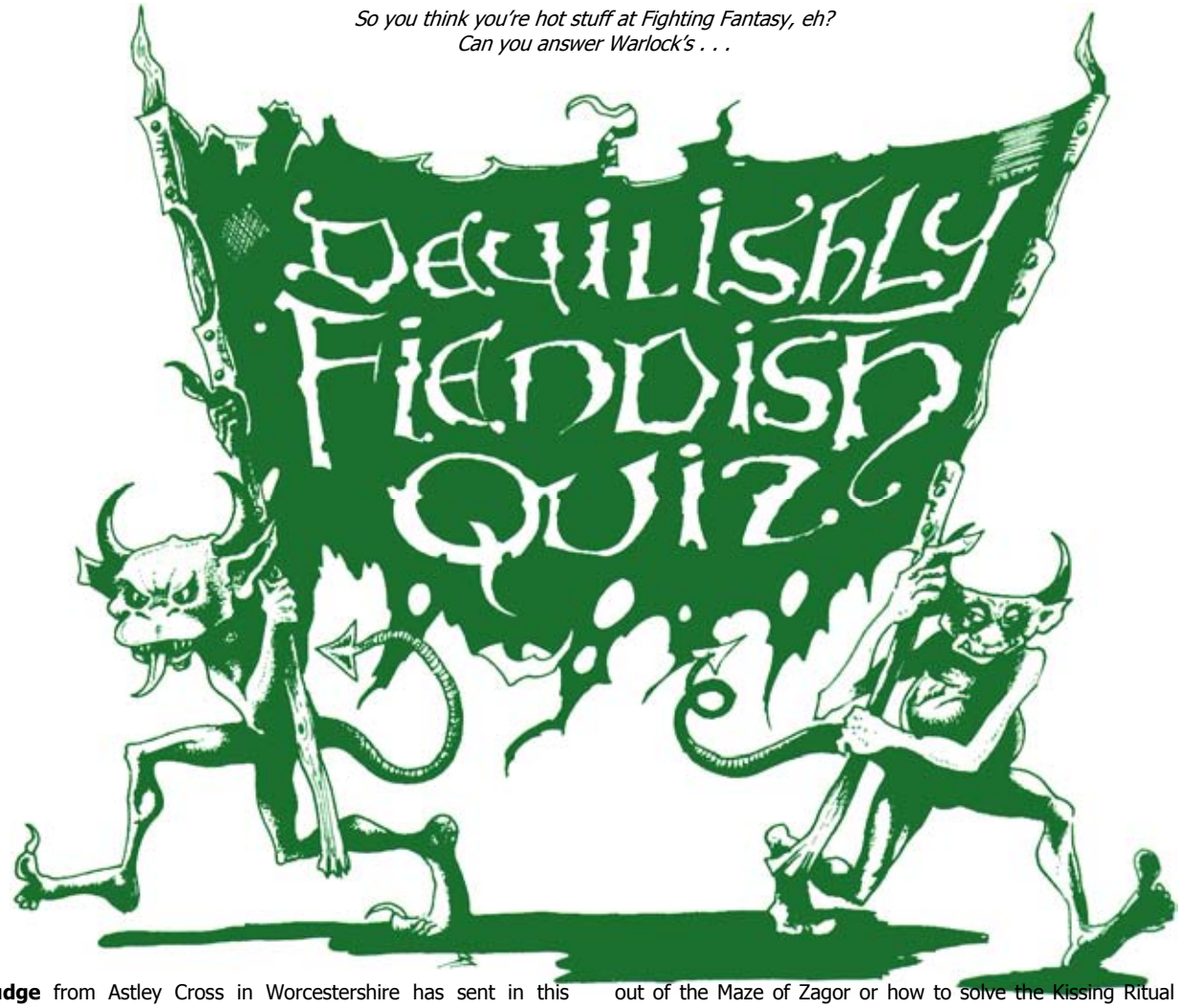

Gavin Fudge from Astley Cross in Worcestershire has sent in this quiz to test your knowledge of the FF world. Why is it devilishly fiendish? Because we're not printing the answers! Nyah, hah, hah!!

Sewer Snakes that we are, we will never tell adventurers how to get out of the Maze of Zagor or how to solve the Kissing Ritual of Courga. Let's face it, if we did, we'd destroy the puzzles in the books, wouldn't we? Anyway, if you really do want the answers, there's one sure way of getting them . . . go through the adventures and solve them!

1. What are all the things needed to kill Zanbar Bone?

   Answer: .....

2. What jewels are needed, and what is the final combination, to open the final door in *Deathtrap Dungeon*?

   Answer: .....

3. Who is the MASTER in *The House of Hell*?

   Answer: .....

4. What is needed to kill the MASTER?

   Answer: .....

5. In *Scorpion Swamp*, who are the three wizards you can serve, and which is the evil one?

   Answer: .....

6. What is the combination to the door of Balthus Dire's room?

   Answer: .....

7. What is your Red Cloak for in *Scorpion Swamp*?

   Answer: .....

8. Who is Fenestra?

   Answer: .....

9. What are the deadly black flowers in *The Shamutanti Hills*?

   Answer:.....

10. What was a certain Ghoul using for a headrest in *The Forest of Doom*?

    Answer:.....

11. What is the name of the Assassin in *The Shamutanti Hills*?

    Answer:.....

12. Which wine is spiked with a truth serum in *The Citadel of Chaos*?

    Answer:.....

13. What three games can be played in the Games Room in *The Citadel of Chaos*?

    Answer:.....

14. Who or what is 'Redswift'?

    Answer:.....

15. Where did Mungo's father die?

    Answer:.....

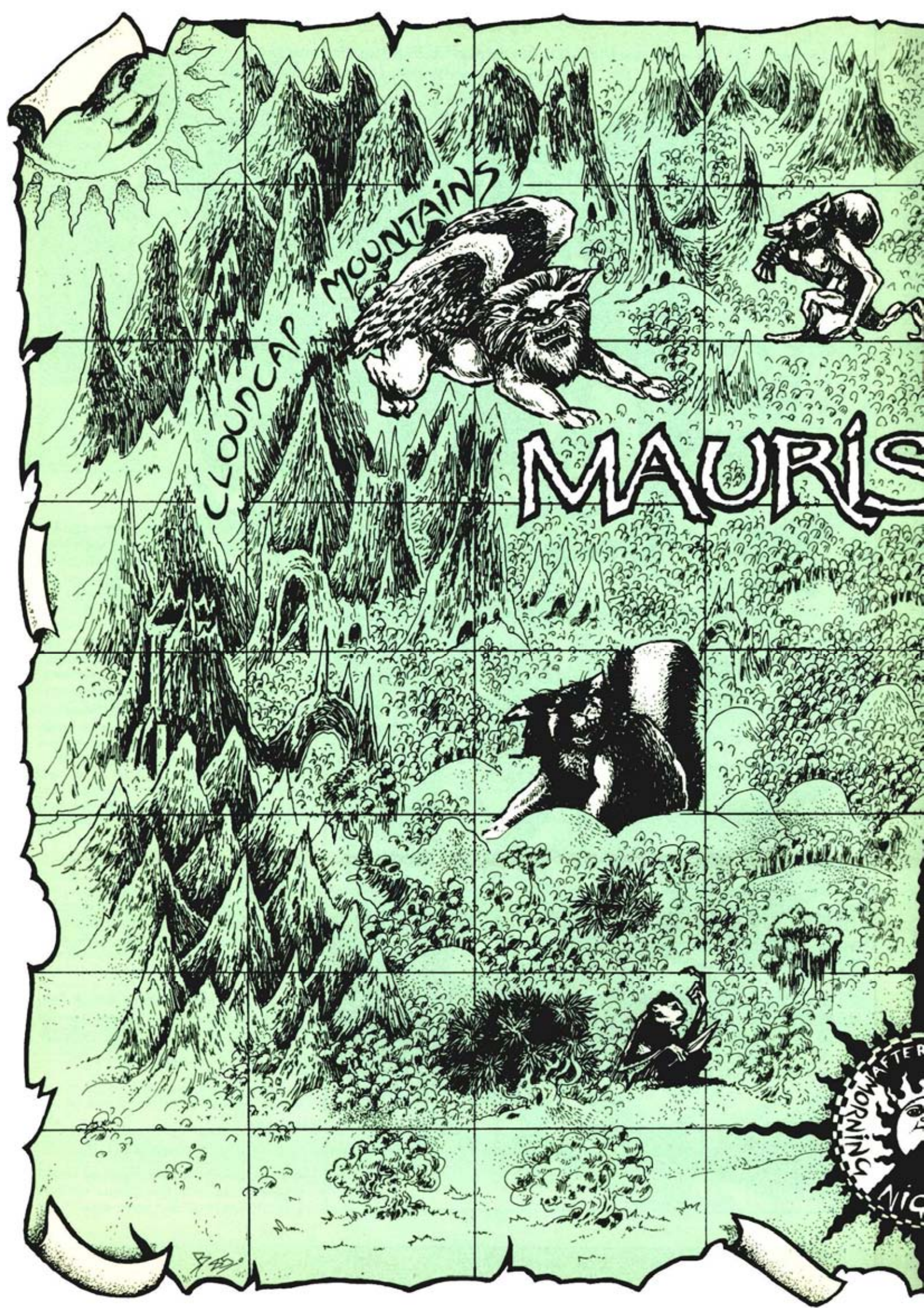
CLOUDCAP MOUNTAINS
MAURIS
AFTER
MORNING

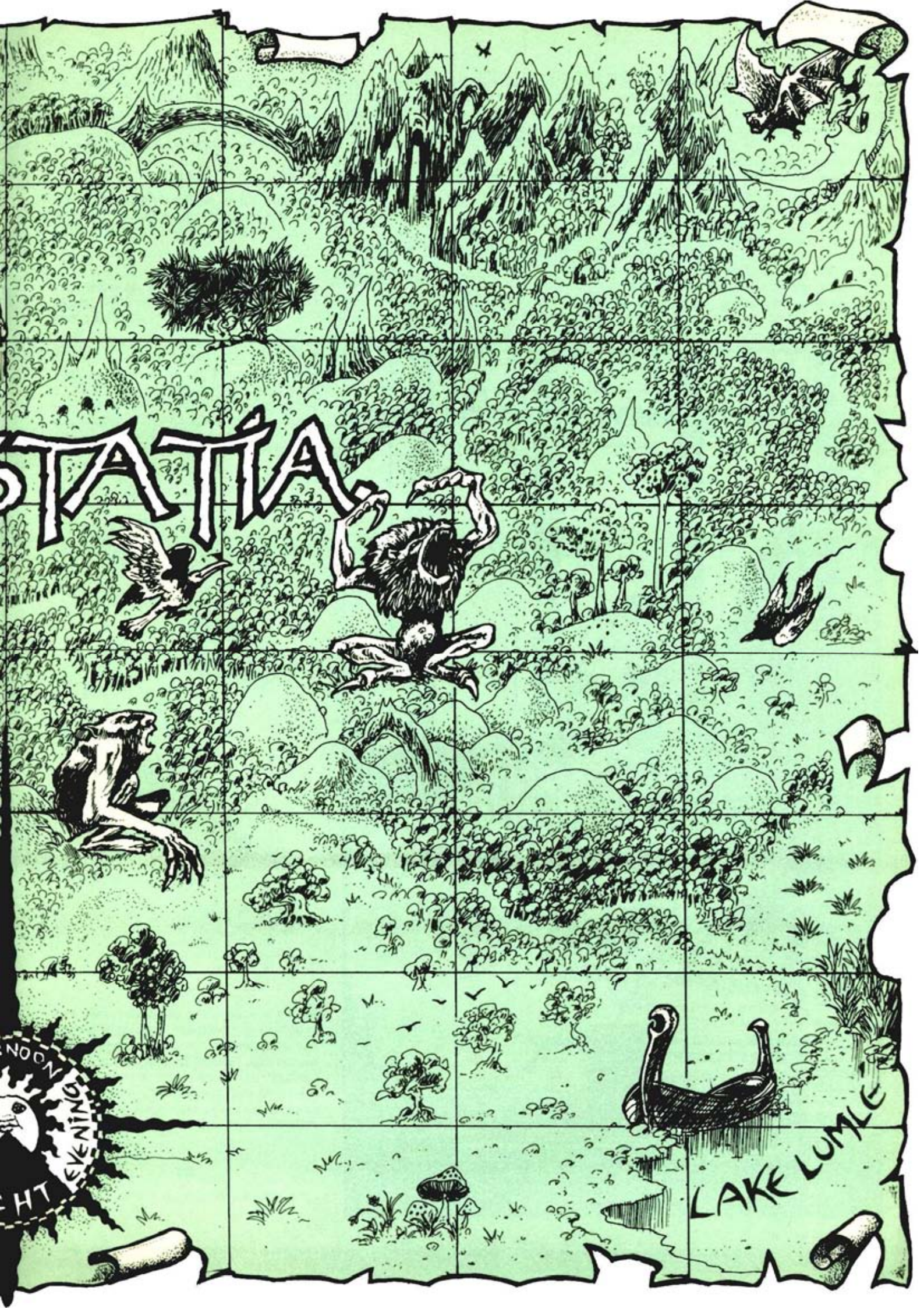
STATIA
NOON
EVENING
LAKE LUMLE

30

The passage starts out heading west, but soon there is a turn to the north. You finally come upon a door in the east wall. If you wish to open it, turn to **124**. If you wish to carry on towards the north, turn to **129**.

31

You walk along the tunnel, but it ends at a junction. You turn your back on the way south, and head north. Turn to **99**.

32

You decide to leave the room without any further delay. You close the door and head east. Turn to **16**.

33

The tunnel winds about, but always heads north. Soon a door appears in the right-hand wall. If you wish to try the handle, turn to **5**. If you would prefer to leave the door and continue north, turn to **14**.

34

The phial smells strongly of mint. If you wish to drink it, turn to **102**. If not, leave it where it is and turn to **169**.

35

You claw desperately at the wall, in a futile attempt to halt your headlong flight to doom. As you approach the end of the chute, you hear the crackling of flames, and have a horrific sight of the inferno. Your impetus launches you out into space, and as you fall into the fire, the intense heat vaporizes you into a small puff of smoke. Your adventure ends here!

36

You find nothing, so you leave by the north door. Turn to **98**.

37

As you search through the rubble, you stub your toe against a piece of iron. Clearing the mess from around it reveals the outline of a heavy trapdoor, set into the floor. Whether it is so rusted as to be inoperable is hard to say. Nevertheless you try to pull it up. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **199**; if not, turn to **130**.

38

You will have to search the dead end. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **114**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **55**.

39

As you enter the room, you see that it is the most civilized so far. The walls are lined with wooden panels, and instead of the endless torches, it is lit by a soft light, glowing from a large shining ball, which hovers magically over a table in the centre of the room. Sitting at the table, you can make out the bent figure of another human. As you close the door behind you, he rises and holds out both hands in welcome. His voice, when he speaks, is thin and wavering, and you realize that he is very, very old. 'Have you found the Idol?' he asks. If you have the Idol, turn to **91**. If you do not have it, turn to **131**. If you do not trust him, and want to attack him, turn to **77**.

40

As you walk on to the termite-ridden construction, it creaks and groans. With each step, a little more crumbles away, until it is hanging by a single rope, which supports only one plank. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **60**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **75**.

41

The tunnel, though twisting and turning, keeps steadily to the north, until suddenly, as you turn a corner, you almost collide with a man dressed in black robes. He is holding a dagger in front of him, and the expression on his face is one of terror! You realize that there is another man on trial, and that you are both searching for the Idol. He jumps at you, obviously intending to kill you. You must fight him.

THIEF SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **85**.

42

The passageway continues to open out until you find yourself in a huge cavern. On every side there are stalagmites and stalactites; some of them are joined into massive columns, behind which any number of horrors may be lurking. You feel a persistent draught flowing through the cavern, and realize that it is caused by the fast-flowing waters of a dangerous-looking river. You look upwards, and your eyes follow the lines of the stalactites until they disappear into the limitless blackness above. Some way downstream you perceive the outline of a small insecure-looking bridge. Turn to **27**.

43

The cape suddenly fills out, and stops you falling. For a second you hang motionless in mid-air. You peer down, but cannot see the bottom. You are surprised and thankful when the cape deposits you gently back in the doorway. With a sigh of relief you head north again. Turn to **68**.

44

With amazing foresight, you suspected that this was a trick, and jumped aside, leaving the darts to fall harmlessly to the floor. Turn to **65**.

45

If you want to open the door, turn to **90**. If you want to continue eastwards, turn to **16**.

46

The ruby is very valuable. You thread your way back through the spikes to the junction. Turn to **184**.

47

You approach the door and, taking the vast lock in your hand, twist the dials until you have put in the combination. As the last tumbler falls, the door opens to reveal a room lined with shelves full of books. It is a library, and on the central reading-desk three books lie open. If you have time, you can read them. To read the red book, turn to **59**; to read the blue book, turn to **104**; to read the green book, turn to **88**. If you cannot read, and decide to leave by the north door, turn to **10**.

48

You reach the bottom without mishap. Turn to **27**.

49

The herb has magical powers of healing and good fortune. Add 4 STAMINA points. Your LUCK score will never be less than 6. You leave by the north door. Turn to **152**.

50

You search the body and find 2 Gold Pieces and a slip of parchment with three numbers inscribed on it. You have no idea what they represent, but suspect that they may be a combination for a lock, possibly where the Idol is hidden. You must memorize them, in case you lose the parchment. They are 15, 10, 22. Follow the passage north. Turn to **143**.

51

The door opens into a small room which appears to hold nothing more sinister than a layer of rubble across the floor. As you walk further into the room you become aware of a fetid smell, and a high-pitched squeaking sound, which gets louder and angrier, until with a hiss and a squeal, two enormous Bats detach themselves from the corners and swoop down towards you. You just have time, as you duck, to see their snarling fangs ready to tear at your throat. If you wish to back out quickly, slam the door and head north, turn to **80**. If you want to fight these horrible creatures, turn to **140**.

52

The passage turns sharply east. Following the tunnel, you reach a door. Turn to **45**.

53

The beach seems to be deserted, and you search carelessly, so that the small purple crab hidden in the sand is easily able to pinch you. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You may leave here by any of the three doors. To take the north door, turn to **87**. To take the west door, turn to **6**. To take the east door, turn to **111**.

54

As you fall you hit your knee most painfully. Lose 2 STAMINA points and turn to **27**.

55

You find nothing. Return to the junction and head east (turn to **31**).

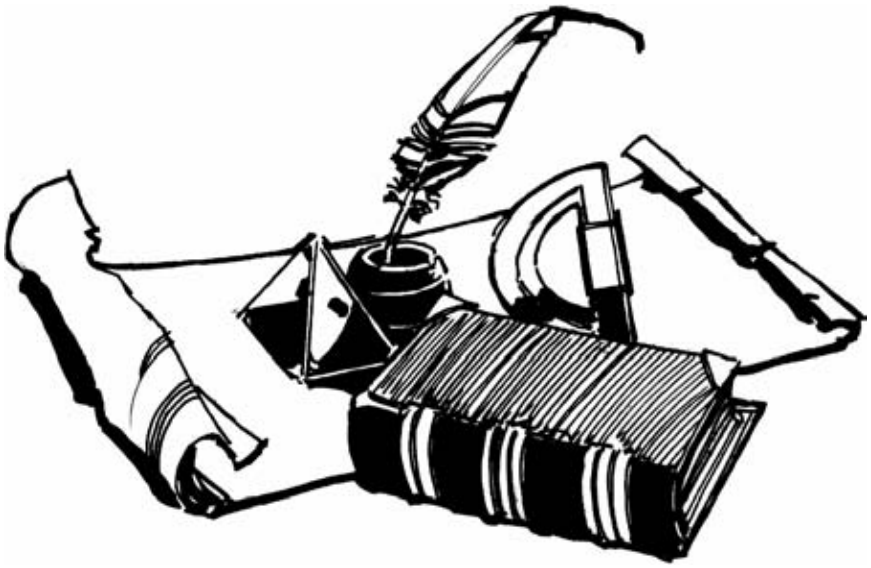

56

As you step out of the passageway, you are awed by the sight which meets your eyes. You are standing on a narrow ledge about halfway down the face of a cliff, which forms one side of an enormous chasm. The glint of moving water tells you that at the foot of this gorge runs a river. You see to your right a passageway and a flight of steps leading to the bottom. You see it is the only way forward, and begin to descend carefully. Turn to **27**.

57

You come upon an alcove, carved out of the wall, in which you see three small bottles. The first is a bottle of clear liquid, with no real smell. The second contains a golden-coloured fluid, which smells slightly sweet, and the third has in it a pale green syrup which smells sour and acrid. If you want to drink the first bottle, turn to **139**; if you want to drink the second bottle, turn to **150**; if you want to drink the third bottle, turn to **197**. If you dare not drink any of them, you must continue east (turn to **29**).

58

As you step into the room, the section of floor on which you are standing falls away. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **176**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **19**.

59

You pick up the red book, and peruse its contents, hoping that it will give you a clue to the way out of the dungeon. Unfortunately, it is written in ancient Elven and you cannot understand one rune of it. You may now, if you have not done so already, try the blue book (turn to **104**), the green book (turn to **88**), or leave the room via the north door (turn to **10**).

60

The bridge stays intact just long enough for you to reach the far bank. As you step off, it collapses. Turn to **76**.

61

Edging your way around the body of the monstrous Galon, whose bird-like claws are still stretching and contracting as though to tear you apart even in death, you search the room for a way out. As you look you become aware of a creeping stench of decay, which fills the air. You turn to look at the Birdman, and are in time to see his leathery wings disappear under a mass of wriggling maggots; in seconds, all that remains are the hollow bones. As soon as there is no further food for them, they begin to advance towards you, and you realize that you are in deadly danger. You must find a way out, as they are between you and the door. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **109**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **175**.

62

You realize that you cannot get down the cliff, and must return to the junction. Turn to **95**.

63

When you stumbled, you lost two items from your backpack. Lose 1 LUCK point and leave through the northern passageway. Turn to **52**.

64

As you jump down, your backpack catches and you are momentarily unbalanced as you land on the floor. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **117**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **186**.

65

The door opens on to a damp passage. It starts at the door, and runs east before it turns north. You set off along the tunnel. Turn to **84**.

66

You come to a flight of stairs and are just about to start down them, when a noise behind you alerts you to danger. Whirling around, you find yourself face to face with a short, thickset man, whose ugly face breaks into a hideous grin. From behind his back he produces a morning star, and with a battle-cry like the fabled Banshee, he whirls it round his head and scores a hit on your arm. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You have to fight him.

DWARF SKILL 8 STAMINA 5

If you win, continue down the stairs in a northerly direction. Turn to **118**.

67

Soon the tunnel opens out rapidly, and you are confronted by a magnificent view. You are on a ledge halfway up a huge cliff in an underground gorge. There seems to be no way down and you dare not retrace your steps. If you have the Cape of Levitation, turn to **105**. If not, turn to **86**.

68

Soon the tunnel turns to the right, and you see that it heads east for some way. There seems to be nothing in the way, so you follow it. Turn to **137**.

69

You come to a side-passage leading east. The way ahead of you seems to come to an abrupt end, or maybe a sharp corner. If you want to take the side-passage to the east, turn to **31**. If you want to go further north to investigate the end of the tunnel, turn to **11**.

70

The door opens into a small room. As you stand in the doorway you see, reflected in the flickering light of the torches, a glint of purest crimson light. It is a huge ruby, and you would be rich for ever if you could take it out of the dungeon with you. If you wish to walk over to the gem and pick it up, turn to **18**. If you think it would be better to leave it (after all, it will be quite heavy), turn to **106**.

71

You put the phial to your lips and drink its contents. You are surprised to find it is tasteless, but you feel refreshed. It was a phial of Holy Water, blessed by an ancient Druid. In all future battles you may add 1 to your Attack Strength. Add 1 LUCK point. If you have not done so already, you may try on the ring (turn to **119**), or the cape (turn to **12**). Or you may leave the room and head north (turn to **80**).

72

The door opens on to yet another tunnel. This time it seems to run from east to west. You really need to head north, but will have to try another direction and see where it leads. You turn to the west and, rather to your relief, arrive at a crossroads. Thankfully you turn north and continue. Turn to **195**.

73

Still heading west, you see that the tunnel ends in a fall of rock. There is no way you can get through without pick and spade. As you are about to turn to retrace your steps, a patch of deeper darkness shows you the entrance to another small passageway, heading north. Turn to **174**.

74

Stepping over the bodies of the Mud Dragons, you hurry along the ledge, with rather less care than you should. For one heart-stopping moment, you teeter on the edge of the mud well, as your ankle turns on a stone. With one convulsive heave you throw yourself forward and reach a firmer footing. Turn to **93**.

75

Your weight is too much for the frail structure, and it crumbles away beneath your feet. You fall into the water, and must swim for your life. The current is very powerful. Turn to **148**.

76

You find yourself on a sandy beach, shaped like a half-moon. The cliff wall behind you forms a large alcove, in which there are three doors. You have the choice of leaving the beach by any of the doors, or of searching the beach first, to see if there are any jewels or alluvial gold deposits in the sandy soil. If you want to leave by the north door, turn to **87**. If you want to leave by the west door, turn to **8**. If you want to leave by the east door, turn to **111**. If you want to search the beach, turn to **53**.

77

Before you even have time to draw your sword, the old man holds up his right hand. His smile fades, and his voice, suddenly much stronger, echoes in your head, though his lips do not move. 'Do not consider attempting to harm me. My powers are great, and I can make you even as a pillar in the Great Hall, of solid stone.' If you wish to ignore the warning and continue your attack, turn to **135**. If you have the Idol and wish to answer his question, turn to **91**. If you do not have it, or do not want to admit to having it, turn to **131**.

78

The crossbow has been slightly misaligned, and instead of it dealing you a death blow to the head or neck, it merely buries itself deep into your left shoulder. It could be worse, but you lose 4 STAMINA points. You wrench it out and staunch the flow of blood with a strip torn from your tunic. Cursing loudly, you set off towards the north, the only way left to you. Turn to **89**.

79

The passage, which heads east, is very narrow and dark, and there is an opening on your left which heads north. If you wish to turn along this new passage, turn to **141**. If you wish to continue east, turn to **122**.

80

You go north and, after struggling over the uneven terrain for a while, you come across a junction. As the floor of this tunnel to the west looks even worse than the one you are already in, you continue on your way. Turn to **89**.

81

You are creeping as quietly as you can across the room, when your sword clinks against a stone, making a sharp ringing noise. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **97**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **138**.

82

You have hacked off the head of the Mud Dragon, and it lies before you on the pathway, blocking your way. You dare not touch it to heave it out of the way into the mud, for the tentacles across its eyebrows are still glowing with the strange green glow that you had noticed before. Using your sword as a lever, you roll it to the brink of the ledge, where once more, in a final agony of death, it begins to swell. You rush past it before it

blocks the way again, and hear its ultimate deflation as it hisses its way to extinction behind you. Turn to **52**.

83

The old face before you crumples with relief. He opens a secret compartment in the wall, and takes out a skin pouch. He tips the contents on to your outstretched hand – 27 Gold Pieces and a diamond. You secrete them in your backpack. If you wish to leave now, by the door in the north wall, turn to **180**. If you decide to betray his trust and kill him, turn to **17**.

84

On your left you see a massive oaken door, heavily studded with iron bolts, with a handle, shaped like an enormous bird, in the middle of it. Surely such a door could guard the Idol! If you wish to open it, turn to **157**. If you think it all too obvious, carry on your way to the north, and turn to **125**.

85

All the thief was carrying were 3 Gold Pieces and a mouldy piece of fruit, triangular in shape. You have never seen one like it before, but suspect that it may be the legendary fruit of longevity, the Xentos. You would risk eating it, if it were not in such poor condition, but you decide to leave it, and head north again. Soon you come to a fork in the road. You can go north (turn to **108**), or you can fork left towards the west (turn to **147**).

86

As you look about, you notice a rope tied to a large rock. The rope does not look new, and you cannot see how far down the cliff it reaches, but it seems to be the only way down. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **190**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **4**.

87

The tunnel is sealed off completely by a large iron-studded door. You try the handle, but it is locked. You look through the vast keyhole, but can see little. Placing your ear to the keyhole, you hear a rustling of feathers and a whistling sigh. Do you have a gold key? If so, turn to **13**. If you do not have a key, turn to **121**.

88

The green book is handwritten, and seems to be a diary of some sort. As you look at the last entry, you realize with a start that your own name is inscribed there. It is the daily record of criminals submitted for trial. At least there is not yet a verdict written in. You realize too that there is no other person following you, in search of the Idol, but that the day before you entered the dungeon a thief was committed for trial. His verdict is already in the book . . . guilty! If you have not already done so, you may read the red book and the blue book, or leave through the north door. To read the red book, turn to **59**; to read the blue book, turn to **104**; to leave the library, turn to **10**.

89

The tunnel slopes sharply uphill, and you become very tired. Your concentration flags, and you fail to notice the loose slab in the floor ahead of you. You trip and fall. As you fall, your shield becomes wedged into a crack in the wall; it buckles as you prise it loose. In all future battles with this damaged shield, you lose 2 points from your Attack Strength. You carry on, grumbling, and eventually arrive at a junction. If you want to go west, turn to **95**. If you want to continue north, turn to **127**.

90

You push open the door, and face total darkness. If you want to feel your way in, turn to **167**. If you want to leave it alone, turn to **154**.

91

You take the Idol from your backpack and, giving it a rub on your sleeve, hold it out to the old man. He takes it from you, and places it casually in a desk drawer, not even bothering to lock it. He beckons you to follow him, and leads the way up a long, circular staircase. The top of the stairs opens out into a wide platform, and you feel the sunlight on your face and the breeze in your hair for the first time in what seems like a twelvemonth. Turn to **200**.

92

You grab the rock and rest for a moment, while the water tries to tear you away from your precarious hold. You haul yourself up clear of the water and, as you lie panting on the hard rock, a glint of gold catches your eye. You crawl forward, and to your joy discover the small Golden Idol for which you have been searching, lying in a niche in the rock! Forgetting your fatigue, you remove it, and leap from the rock to the other bank. Turn to **76**.

93

You are halfway down the rope, when you hear a monstrous cry. You look up to see a huge bird peering down at you from his perch high up on the cliff. With one flap of his colossal wings, he soars far out over the river and back towards you. You can feel your palms sweating with fear. Your hands leave the rope and you fall towards the floor. With a triumphant squawk, the bird plucks you from mid-air, rises towards his nest and you feel yourself falling down . . . down . . . to where two hideous half-grown chicks are waiting for their next meal. You are torn limb from limb, and swallowed greedily. Your adventure ends here.

94

You have entangled the great insect in its own silken web. Grasping the ruby, you have to reach the door. You cannot get out of this room full of silken tombs fast enough! The huge bulk of the Spider, covered in its sticky silk, lies before you. You must clamber across it, and the feel of the gluey mass sickens you. When you get to the door, you roll in the dust, to cover the stickiness. You are filthy and tired. Leave this place and head north. Turn to **106**.

95

You go for some way west down a sloping passage, until you reach another junction. Head north, ignoring this southern passage. Turn to **153**.

96

Around a bend in the tunnel you see a strange, unearthly radiance. The light seems to pulsate and change colour, as you watch its reflections on the wall of the tunnel ahead

of you. You proceed with great caution, and round the bend you come upon a weird scene. Three very small figures, dressed in fine silver cloaks which float around them as they move, are performing a ritual dance around the source of light. As the colours change, it throws reflections on mirrors hung all around the walls of the cavern, and the scintillating points of light shimmer back and forth until your brain feels as if it is spinning in your skull. The light comes from a great crystal set on a tall plinth, but you cannot decide what type of gem it is. There is no time for speculation, however, as an incautious movement is reflected a thousandfold from the mirrored wall, and the creatures turn with a shriek of rage and hurl themselves angrily upon you. You must fight them as one creature.

LIGHT WORSHIPPERS SKILL 9 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **191**.

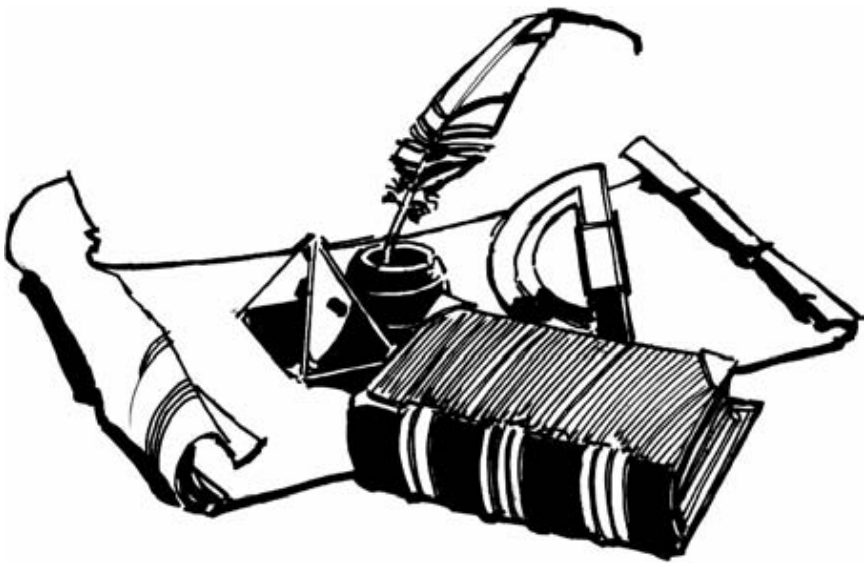

97

Your hand flies to the hilt of your sword and muffles it. The dog stirs, but does not awaken. Your heart pounding in your chest, you reach the other side safely, take down the key, open the door silently and slam it behind you. As you lock it again you hear terrifying snarls, and splintering wood as the dog hurls itself time and time again against the other side of the door. Turn to **30**.

98

The door is locked, but your key fits it. As you turn it, two darts fly out of a hole in the door. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **44**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **8**.

99

The feeble light of the torches reveals a heavy grille in the right-hand wall. It is locked, and however hard you look, you can see nothing beyond it. If you have the brass key, and want to open it, turn to **159**. If you do not have the key, or do not wish to open the cage-like gate, carry on north (turn to **68**).

100

The creature lies dead before you; the trailing streams of saliva from his slavering jaws are already soaking into the dusty floor. His claws are of solid gold; you tear them one by one from the huge paws and pocket them. Take the key from beside the door and leave. Turn to **30**.

101

The surface of the mud begins to rise in the centre, and a massive bubble of gas bursts with a dull *phut.* As the surface begins to settle, small points of green light flicker across it. Next, the points of light appear to be on stalks, which grow from the mud, getting longer by the minute. Eventually, with a massive heave, a Mud Dragon rises from the depths! It lies half submerged in the glutinous mess. The green lights you now see to be tentacles across its eyebrows, and they range round like antennae, until with one accord they all are pointing at you. The vast mouth opens, allowing a cloud of evil-smelling gas to escape, and the monster begins to gasp in air. As it does so, it swells. Bigger and bigger it grows, until you feel that it must fill all the chamber. You must fight it. You draw your sword, which suddenly seems inadequate in the face of such power.

MUD DRAGON SKILL 10 STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **82**.

102

When you have drunk the refreshing liquid in the phial, you are amazed at how much better you feel. It was a small dose of the Elixir of Fortune. Restore all your LUCK points and raise your *Initial* LUCK score by 1. You head north again. Turn to **169**.

103

Although the water is deep and fast, you find you have the strength to swim downstream, and reach the far bank much lower down. You clamber out and make your way back to the spot opposite the bridge, where you pick up the path again. Turn to **76**.

104

The blue book is a book of maps, and although all the names are written in Elvan, you recognize the terrain as being Analand. It becomes obvious to you that this is an up-to-date record of all the towns and cities and, even more important, of the location of mines where precious gems and metals are to be found. If you could take this with you to the surface, your job as courier would in future be infinitely safer and more profitable. You put the book into an inside pocket. Before you leave you may read the red book (turn to **59**) or the green book (turn to **88**), or simply leave via the north door (turn to **10**).

105

To your utter amazement, you feel the cape fill out, and you are lifted off your feet. You float slowly to the ground and land gently. Hardly able to believe your good fortune, you turn to **27**.

106

The passage wends its way north until you reach another junction. If you would like to turn east, turn to **179**. If you prefer to continue as you are, turn to **153**.

107

Hearing the sound of voices from the other side of the door you open it very cautiously. Peering round it, you see two Orcs chattering to each other. Hoping that they will be indifferent to you, you attempt to pass, but they draw their swords, and you must fight them one at a time.

First ORC	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6
Second ORC	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **198**.

108

Following the passage north, you have the opportunity to take a passage to the east. If you wish to continue north, turn to **146**. If you want a change of direction, turn to **79**.

109

You back away from the maggots, until your outstretched hands touch the north wall. You turn and try to find a foothold above floor-level. There is a tiny ledge about half a metre above the ground. Reaching up for a handhold, you grasp a knob of rock, and step on to the ledge. You almost lose your grip, as the whole section on which you are perched swivels into the wall, taking you with it. You find you are outside the room, in a tunnel leading north. Breathing a sigh of relief, you step off the wall, and head north. You come to a crossroads. You continue north. Turn to **195**.

110

The key fits and the door opens on to a tunnel going north. The passageway turns sharply to the right and then turns north once more. As you turn the second corner, you find yourself face to face with a mirror, which completely blocks the way. Your own reflection stands staring back at you. Suddenly, and to your total amazement, the image steps out of the magical mirror, draws its sword and attacks you! As it is your replica, use your own amount of SKILL points for it, but the change from two dimensions to three has tired it, so its STAMINA is 2 below yours. This is one of your hardest fights and you are not sure that you can win either way. It can obviously kill you, but you are not sure that killing it won't be the same as committing suicide. If you win, turn to **128**.

111

The tunnel becomes narrower, and you are finding it quite a struggle to get through. Now the ceiling slopes sharply downwards, and you have to bend down and eventually crawl. You can see a little way ahead of you, through the now very small passageway. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, turn to **116**. If you are Lucky, you find a handy chunk of loose rock and batter at the walls, until you break through to a wider passage. Turn to **20**.

112

As you walk forward, you hear a noise. You stop to listen: there are shuffling footsteps approaching. There is nowhere to hide and you stand with sword drawn, expecting a monster to appear. Instead an old man comes into view. Seeing your sword, he quickly croaks, 'Spare me! I am an old and helpless felon who has escaped his cell.' You sheathe your sword and he explains to you that he has lived here for many years, since he was admitted to the Dungeon of Justice as a young man. During a fight with a monster he was severely wounded, and although he escaped with his life, he lost his weapons, and was unable to continue his journey. He had lain in hiding for a long time, and was now too old to try to reach the upper world, where he would surely die without the Idol to uphold his innocence. He preferred to stay where he was, in endless night, eating only what he could beg from other travellers. As he talks, he decides to make one more attempt to find a way out, and he asks you the way back to the entrance. If you wish to tell him the right way, turn to **187**. If you wish to tell him the wrong way, turn to **156**.

113

As you shake him, his eyes flicker open, and when he sees you, they fill with terror. 'No, no! Don't kill me,' he pleads. 'If you let me live, I will give you all the money I have hidden!' If you wish to kill him, turn to **17**. If you agree to the deal, turn to **83**.

114

As you search, you begin to tire; you sit on a large square stone to rest. As soon as your full weight falls on the rock, there is a grating noise and a section of the far wall slides open. You leap to your feet, all tiredness forgotten, and step through. Turn to **177**.

115

You plunge down into the pit, bracing yourself for the jar to your feet as you reach the bottom. You have fallen quite a way before it dawns on you that there is no bottom. A feeling of weightlessness comes over you, and you continue to fall . . . and fall . . . and fall . . . Your adventure ends here!

116

Your backpack has become firmly wedged in the ever-narrowing passageway. There is no way you can wriggle out of the backpack and, try as you will, you cannot free it. You lie for a moment before making a renewed effort, and then make one last attempt. There is a low rumbling noise, and the air is filled with dust, as a section of the roof behind you falls into the tunnel. You are now entombed in total darkness. You know that you will not suffocate, as there is a cool breeze playing over your face from the narrow crack in the walls ahead of you. The prospect of a lingering death from thirst and starvation stares you in the face, and you begin to pray for a further roof fall to put you out of your misery. Your adventure ends here.

117

You manage to roll on to your side, so minimizing injury. Lose 1 STAMINA point. You waste no time, and set off to the north. Turn to **126**.

118

You enter a room with three exits, one you have just come from, one opposite you, and one immediately beside where you stand, which presumably returns in the general direction from which you have come, though possibly on another level. Turn to **145**.

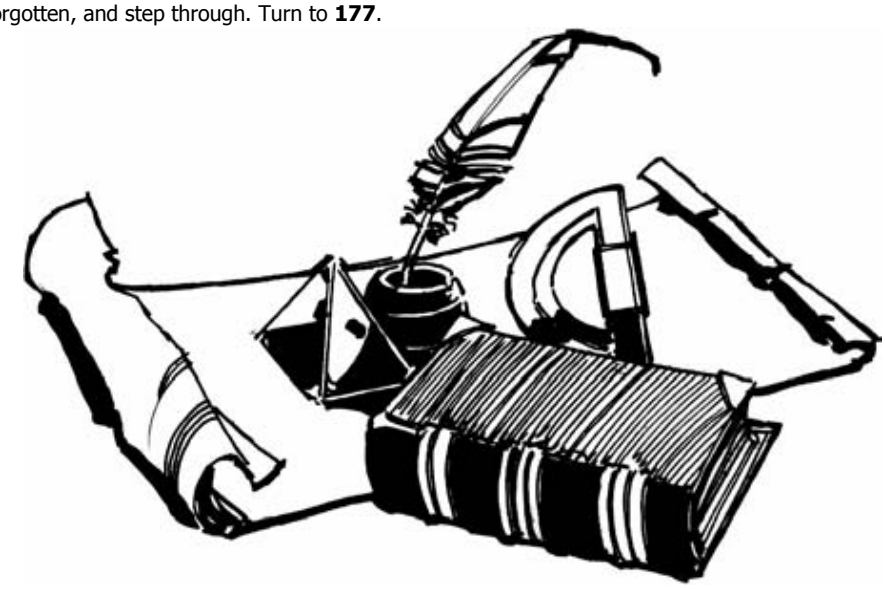

119

As you put on the ring, you experience a fierce burning sensation in your finger. Lose 1 LUCK point and 2 STAMINA points. You try to take it off, but the more you pull at it, the smaller it seems to grow. It is the Ring of Skill, but has been cursed by an ancient crone and the skill properties have been partially neutralized. If you have not already done so, you may try on the cape (turn to **12**), or drink the liquid (turn to **71**). Alternatively, you may leave the room and continue your journey to the north (turn to **80**).

120

As you open the door, you are amazed to see a glittering Golden Idol on a tall pedestal! It tallies with the description of the Idol you seek. To reach it, you must cross the room, the floor of which is criss-crossed by many trip-wires, each connected to loaded cross-bows set around the wall at chest height. If you want to step between the wires and get the Idol, turn to **3**. If you think that it is too risky, close the door and carry on east (turn to **28**).

121

You have no option but to barge the door with your shoulder. It will not be easy as the studs are long and sharp. Turn to **196**.

122

The tunnel travels east for a while, before eventually turning north. As you approach the bend, you see a pulsating light reflected on the wall ahead. Carefully, you move forward. Turn to **144**.

123

You wriggle into the hole, and begin to descend the chute. The temperature rises swiftly, and you realize your mistake. You are heading for an underground furnace. Tongues of fire leap towards you. You try to scramble back up the slope. Turn to **35**.

124

This door opens into a room which is completely empty. In the floor is a large hole. You approach the edge of the hole, and peer down. It is not very deep; you can see the bottom, and what appears to be a passage leading north from the floor of the hole. If you wish to leave the room and head north on this level, turn to **129**. If you want to try the lower level, jump into the hole and turn to **64**.

125

You arrive at the foot of a long flight of steps. Walking up them is not as exhausting as you had feared. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **142**.

126

The tunnel continues north, but ahead of you there is a fork; the right-hand passage slopes downhill so steeply that there are roughly cut steps in the floor. If you want to follow the steps to the east, turn to **155**. If you wish to stay on this level and go north, turn to **118**.

127

The passage widens and soon opens on to a ledge which runs east to west along the face of a high cliff. It is as well that you were not travelling too fast, or you would have fallen headlong over the edge. You lie flat and look over. A long way below, you can see a small bridge spanning a fast river. Backing away from the drop, to look upwards, you can see nothing but darkness. There is no means of getting to the bottom, and the ledge narrows on either side of you to nothing. If you have the Cape of Levitation, turn to **23**. If not, turn to **62**.

128

You still live! Tired as you are, you smash the mirror with the hilt of your sword. There will be no more antagonists from that source. You step through the hole in the mirror to find a tunnel going north. Suddenly, you find yourself on a narrow ledge, halfway down a tall cliff. The roof of the cavern disappears above you into impenetrable gloom. Below, you can see a river, running from east to west, spanned by a narrow bridge. There is no visible way down, but you notice a metal ring set into the rock. You fasten your rope to it and begin to climb down the cliff. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **48**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **93**.

129

You shortly come to another junction. If you wish to head east, turn to **112**. If you wish to continue north, turn to **66**.

130

You tug at the handle with all your might, but cannot move it even one millimetre. You must give up and continue on your way to the north. Turn to **80**.

131

You tell him that you do not have it. His face is expressionless, as he says, 'Very well. Follow me.' He turns and leads the way up a spiral staircase. You have no choice but to go after him. The steps end on a platform, and what a joy it is to feel the sun and the wind on your face again for the first time in what seems like a year. Turn to **26**.

132

You are swept on past the rock and, try as you will, you cannot grasp it. You try to swim with the current in the hope that you will be swept ashore, but as you hurtle towards the western wall of the cavern, you realize that the river disappears into a narrow tunnel. If you stay on the surface you will be dashed against the roof of the tunnel. You take a deep breath and dive. You are swept away down the tunnel, never to surface again. Your adventure ends here.

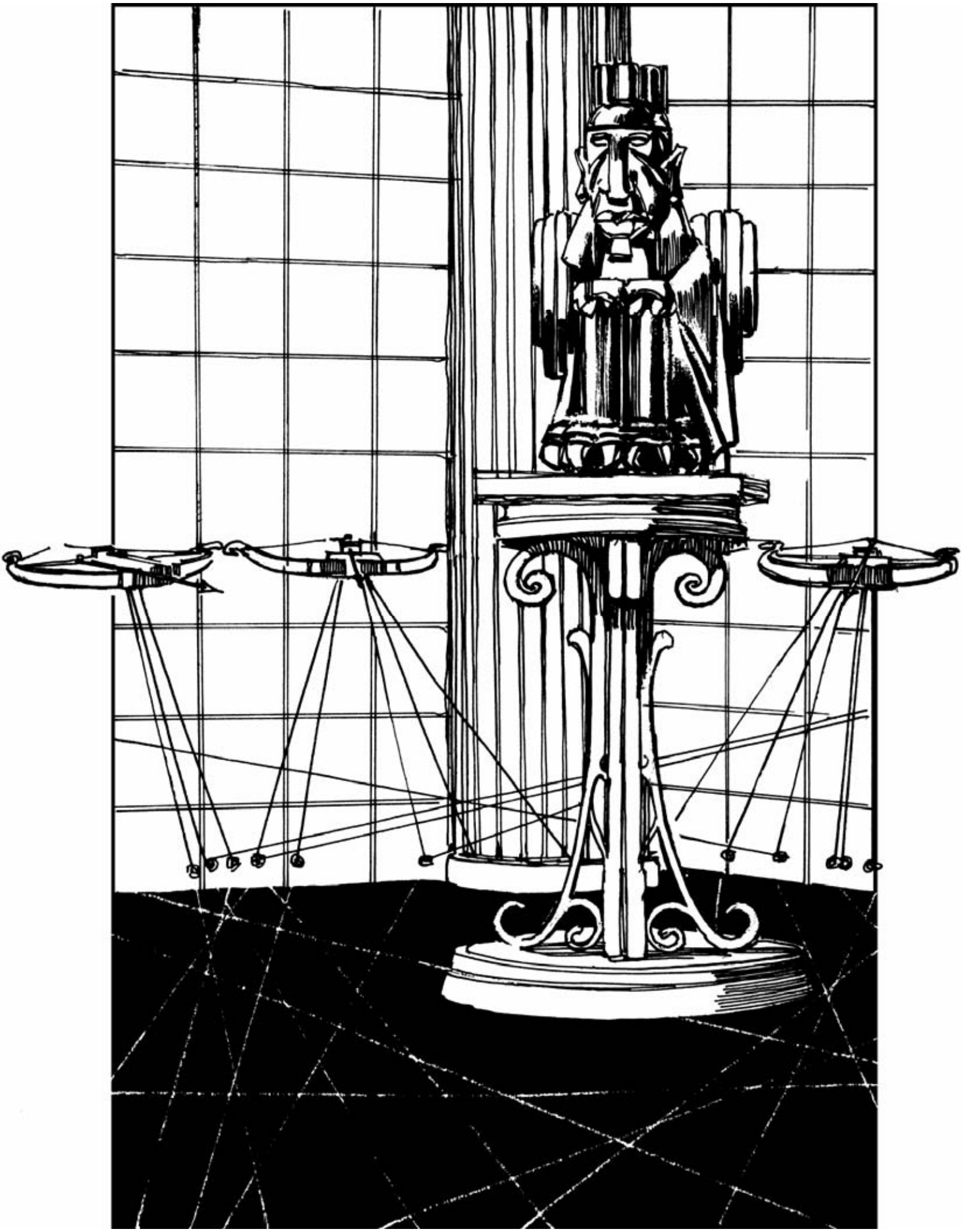

133

You smash the lock with your sword and pull open the gate of the cage. 'You are free. Now tell me quickly, where is the . . .' The man, with an alacrity amazing in one so skeletal, jumps at you and wrests your sword from your grasp. He plunges it into your belly, disembowelling you with a neat twist of the wrist. You should never have trusted a criminal. Your adventure ends here . . . messily!

134

There is still some magic in the ring, and it gives you the sense to look for traps before you search the room. You feel a barely perceptible hairline crack in the stone floor. You decide not to risk it, and turn to **154**.

135

You laugh at the thought that such an old, frail man could harm you, when you have survived so many dangers. With a cry of anger you raise your sword, intending to remove his head with one blow. The old man points to your feet, and they at once become as heavy as lead. It is impossible to move them! As you exert every muscle, your thighs stiffen, your back hardens, and your upraised arm becomes rigid. Halted in mid-stroke, you remain looking in horror, as the old man approaches you. He stretches out a bony knuckle, and raps your face. You feel nothing, but hear the chink of metal on stone, as his rings rattle against your nose. Frantic to escape, you draw in a last breath before your heart petrifies. Your adventure ends here!

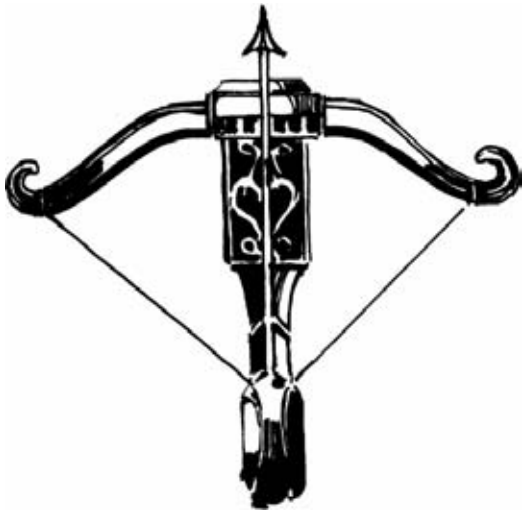

136

You return to the junction. The door through which you came is ahead of you. You cannot go that way, so you must turn north. Turn to **172**.

137

After some time of wandering through the tunnels, you are beginning to despair, but suddenly a door appears in the north wall. If you would like to open it, turn to **120**. If you want to continue eastwards, turn to **28**.

138

You clutch at your sword, but it is too late. The animal has heard you, and awakens. As you stare in horror, you see first one, then two long, mean-looking snouts lift to sniff the air. This is not merely a dog, or even a wolf, it is the terrible Xlaia, which you thought had been extinct for a hundred years. You leap to the wall, for you need to protect your back, and stand with your sword at the ready. The Xlaia bounds snarling from its basket. From both the curling lips protrude yellow fangs, still stained with the blood of its last meal. Hanging in long slimy strings from its mouth is frothy saliva which tells you that here is a rabid animal! If only you had water with which to terrify him like the rabid animals you have met in the upper world. Weaving from side to side, he comes towards you. You have to fight him!

XLAIA	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **100**.

139

As you drain the bottle of colourless, odourless liquid, you at once feel refreshed (gain 1 STAMINA point). If you have not already done so, you may drink the second bottle (turn to **150**) or the third bottle (turn to **197**), or you may continue on your way east (turn to **29**).

140

You stand your ground as the two Bats sweep down towards you. How can you hope to fight them with only your sword? You must try to attract them to another part of the room. Perhaps if you threw your shield into the air, they would mistake it for another prey. Whatever you do, you will have to fight them one at a time.

First BAT	SKILL 5	STAMINA 7
Second BAT	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you win, turn to **160**. You may *Escape* after the first Attack Round by running out of the door and heading north. Turn to **80**.

141

The passage soon ends at a door. If you wish to open it and pass through, turn to **107**. If you cannot face what may be behind it, and would rather go to the junction again and head east, turn to **122**.

142

The stairs come to an end. The passageway widens and there in front of you is an awesome sight. The passage has ended in a wide ledge, halfway up the wall of a huge cavern. You cautiously approach the edge and peer over. From where the ledge narrows at one end, a flight of steps, hewn from the living rock, descends to the cave floor, hundreds of fee) below. At the bottom runs a fast-flowing river, and you realize that to reach it you will have to zigzag your way down the steps, which are open to the elements. So vast is this cavern that it produces its own atmosphere, and clouds are gathering above you, from which bolts of lightning are flashing. It is the only way down, and you have to take great care. When you reach the bottom, turn to **27**.

143

You see a door in the east wall. It is securely locked, and much too sturdy to give way to force. If you have a brass key, turn to **70**. If you do not, you will have to continue to the north. Turn to **106**.

144

Suddenly, as you are halfway to the light, the ground beneath you gives way. Your caution pays off, as you are able to step back before you fall. Closer inspection reveals it to be a small round pit in the middle of the passageway. A rickety ladder runs down the side, but you cannot see the bottom. If you wish to explore the pit, turn to **7**. If you want to jump over it, and see what is the source of the light, turn to **96**.

145

In the centre of the room is a glittering pile of 30 Gold Pieces. Watching carefully for a trap, you put them in your pockets. If you wish to search the corners of the room for more, turn to **36**. If you wish to leave by the north door, turn to **98**.

146

You soon come to a door in the western wall. As you run your hands over it looking for the handle, you discern a faint cross carved in the wood. If you wish to open the door, turn to **51**. If you wish to press on northwards, turn to **80**.

147

The passageway ends at a door. If you wish to open it, turn to **22**. If you wish to return to the junction and head north, turn to **108**.

148

You almost drown, but persevere. Roll two dice. If the total is less than your SKILL score, turn to **103**. If the total is more, turn to **15**.

149

You ask the prisoner if he would be willing to exchange his freedom for information. His eyes light up and he readily agrees. 'I can tell you where to find the largest ruby you ever saw,' he tells you. 'But you must let me out first.' If you want to set him free, turn to **133**. If you would rather kill him, turn to **24**. If you leave him as he is, and open the north door, turn to **72**.

150

You place the bottle to your lips, and wait while the dark golden liquid drains into your mouth. It is delicious, and you scrape the bottle with your finger to get the last drop. The passageway begins to spin around you, and you fall to the floor. It was a Sleeping Potion, and you lie unconscious and vulnerable to any danger or thief that might chance upon you. It is several hours before you come round, and you still feel tired, though your head is now perfectly clear. In all future battles lose 1 point from your Attack Strength for your tiredness. If you have not already done so you may drink from the first bottle (turn to **139**) or from the third bottle (turn to **197**); or you may continue your journey eastwards (turn to **29**).

151

Your attempts to reach solid ground again are futile, and you stand on the slab of rock which carried you down some thirty metres below the level of the passages. As you worry about what to do to get out, you realize that the floor of the well in which you stand is beginning to fill up with semi-liquid sand. It settles around your feet, and then your knees, and by the time it reaches your chest, your arms are pinioned to your sides. You are being crushed by the dreadful pressure all around you! Within five minutes, you are buried completely. Your adventure ends here.

152

The passageway you enter is very narrow, but you manage to squeeze your way through to the north. You pass a junction on your left, but keep to this tunnel. Turn to **99**.

153

The passage begins to widen, and cracks and fissures appear in the walls. There is a rattling noise, and out of the cavity jump two strange creatures. They are obviously denizens of the underworld, and they are completely white, with vicious pink eyes. They are covered from head to tail in long, dangerous spines, which rattle as they move. They turn their backs on you, and you think that they are as afraid of you as you are of them, and that they will run away. Not at all! These are poisonous porcupines, and they are preparing to fire their lethal spines at you. Fight them one at a time.

First PORCUPINE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
Second PORCUPINE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 5

As the spines of the porcupines are so venomous, each time one of them wins a round, lose 3 STAMINA points. If you win, turn to **42**.

154

You close the door, and start eastwards again. Turn to **18**.

155

The slope is very steep, and you have gone a good way down it, when the steps stop, and the passageway veers round to the left. The steps were tiring, and you are paying less than your usual attention when, with a cry and a jump, a dirty, fat Hobgoblin sets himself before you. He watches you with his crossed eyes, one of purple and one of green. His clothes are filthy and torn, but the sword in his hand is sharp and well kept. He lumbers towards you with sword outstretched.

HOBGOBLIN SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **50**. You may *Escape* after one round by running down the stairs and heading north (turn to **143**).

156

He looks at you coldly. 'You are a liar!' he says. 'You will be punished.' He walks past you along the passage. You wonder uneasily what he meant. You will soon find out. His story was true, but he did not tell you that his profession in the upper world – the reason he was put here – was that of a pickpocket! He has not lost his skill. You have lost 2 Provisions. Lose 1 LUCK point and continue east. Turn to **57**.

157

The door opens on to a small, sparsely furnished room. The sound of resonant snores beats around your ears. A chair with its back to you seems to contain the source of the noise. You can see a tuft of thin grey hair sticking up over the back of it. Cautiously, you creep around the table, and look at the occupant of the chair. Lying crookedly on the hard wooden seat is an old man. There is another door in the north wall. If you want to go through it, turn to **180**. If you want to continue along the other north-leading passage, the one you have come from, turn to **125**. Otherwise, turn to **166**.

158

As the door bursts open, you discover the source of the whistling sighs and rustling noises. Crouched low on the ground in front of you is Galon the Birdman. His leathery wings are outstretched on either side of him; the sharp claws on his knuckles are pointing towards you. You recognize his green skin at once, and know that he will try to grasp you around the neck with his sinewy arms and smother you with his wings. You draw your sword, and the sight of it excites him to a frenzy, for his lust for metal is paramount. This will be one of the hardest fights you will be called upon to undertake.

GALON SKILL 12 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **61**.

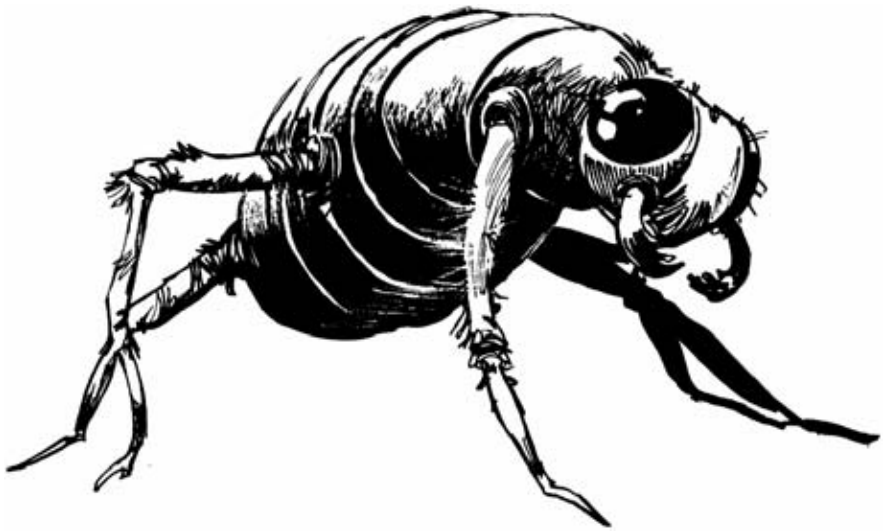

159

You turn the key in the lock of the grille. The gate does not swing open as you expect, and you have to push very hard to get it to move. After an enormous heave, it flies open. You rush headlong into the room. Horror of horrors! There is no floor, and you hurtle into a pit! If you have the Cape of Levitation, turn to **43**. If you do not, turn to **115**.

160

You look down at the inert figures, uglier in death than living, for their snarls are frozen on their evil snouts. There seems to be little of interest in the rubble, but if you want to inspect it further, turn to **37**. If you want to return to the passage and go north, turn to **80**.

161

The passage ends in a square room which is permeated by a strong smell of decaying meat. Taking up most of the floor are two dark, bubbling pools of mud. There is a narrow walkway, little more than a ledge, running along both sides of the room and leading to an opening in the opposite wall. From your feet, a very narrow causeway goes straight to the opening. If you wish to walk along the right-hand wall, turn to **181**. If you want to walk along the left-hand wall, turn to **193**. If you want to take the middle path, turn to **171**.

162

You regain your balance and reach for the ruby. Turn to **46**.

163

You follow the tunnel and almost at once come to another room. Its floor is far below the level of the entrance at which you stand and it is tiled, across the floor and to a considerable height around its circular walls, with tiles of strange interlocking shapes which seem to you to have some magical or mystical significance. The room is full to the brim with crystal-clear water and, hot and filthy as you are, you cannot resist the temptation. You remove your clothes and, sticking your sword firmly into the wooden doorway for safety, you dive into the water. After splashing happily for several minutes, and feeling greatly refreshed, you turn to climb out, and to your surprise you notice a submerged doorway immediately below the entrance. You dive down to inspect it more closely, but are unable to turn the handle, which is lucky, for if you let all the water drain away, you would not be able to climb out of the pool. There is nothing left to do here, so you dress and leave. You return to the room with the pit. You may jump down into it now (turn to **186**), or leave and head west (turn to **168**).

164

As you try the handle, you feel the door being pushed towards you as if by a great weight. You realize your mistake at once, when spurts of water burst around the edges of the door. Desperately trying to re-close it, you soon recognize the impossibility of such a course, and turn to flee. The door bursts open and in the close confines of the tunnel you have no chance of escape. The full weight of the water falls upon you, drowning you instantly. Your adventure ends here.

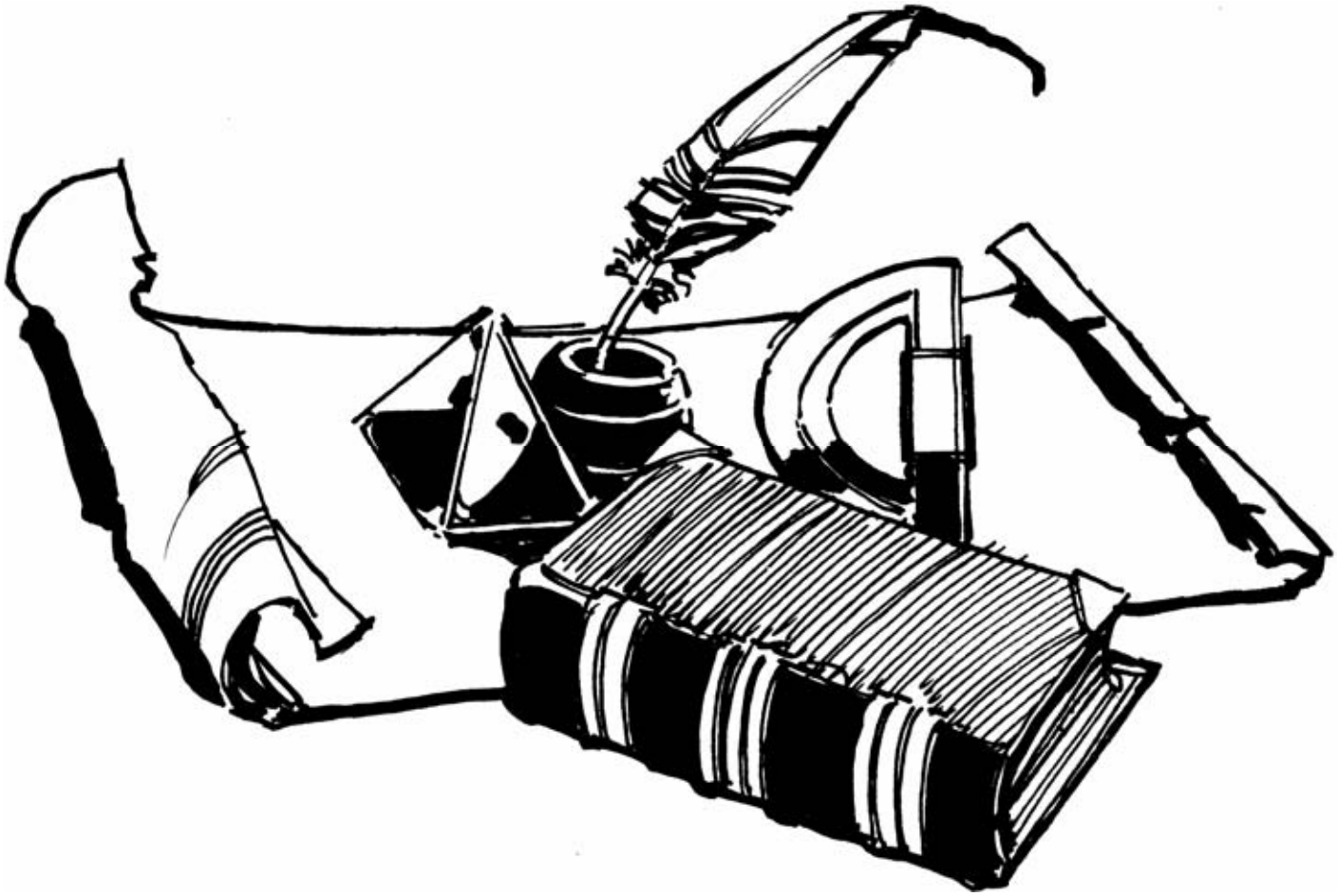

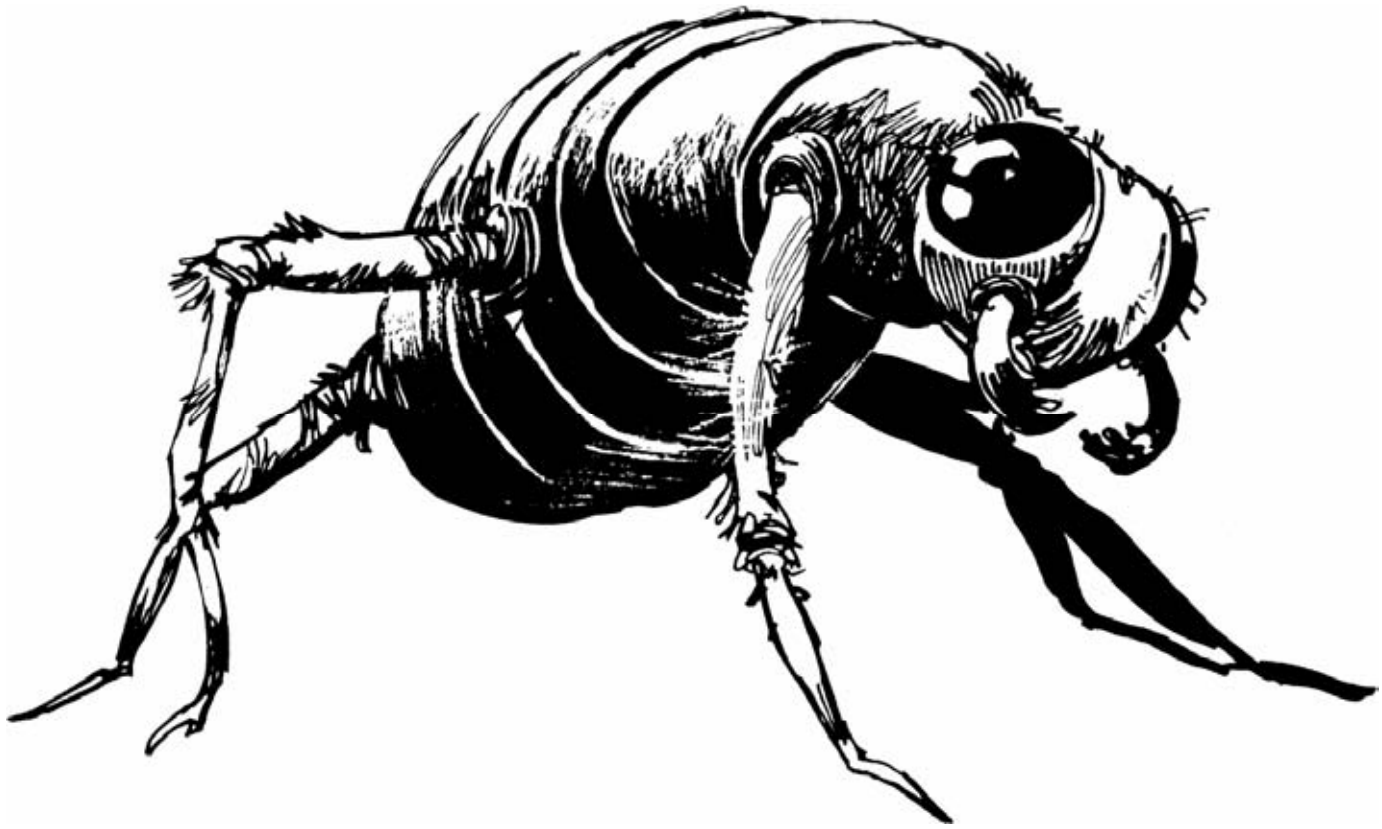

165

You fall awkwardly in the dark and hurt yourself. Roll one die for the number of STAMINA points you lose. Suddenly your out-thrust hands touch the wall. The tunnel ends in nothing. You must return. As you grope your way to a side-wall, you hear a chink of metal and, feeling around your feet, you find a small object on the floor. You take it with you, return to the ladder and climb up to the light to inspect your find. It is a small golden key. Putting it in your pocket, you head north again. Turn to **96**.

166

Your search of the room is thorough, but, because of the loud noise of his snores, does not wake the old man up. He looks harmless enough, but you have been mistaken in the past and let seemingly harmless adversaries live, only to regret it when they produced a hidden weapon and attacked you. Perhaps just killing him would be the best plan. If you wish to do this, turn to **17**. If you want to wake him up and question him, turn to **113**.

167

Are you wearing the Ring of Skill? If you are, turn to **134**. If you are not, turn to **58**.

168

You arrive at another junction. You may go north (turn to **161**) or keep west (turn to **73**).

169

At the end of the tunnel you find a small door. As you look at it, you hear a strange gurgling noise. You touch the door, and it feels strangely cold. If you wish to open it, turn to **164**. If you would rather leave it, return to **172** and make another choice.

170

The spike does a lot of damage. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You reach the ruby. Turn to **46**.

171

As you walk along the causeway, the pools of mud on either side begin to stir. Huge bubbles of gas rise and burst, almost choking you with the stench of rotten flesh. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **173**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **182**.

172

The tunnel widens rapidly, until it achieves the proportions of a small room with the tunnel continuing on the other side. In the middle of the floor is a shallow pit. If you want to scramble across the pit, and take the far tunnel, turn to **163**. If you would rather jump down into the pit, turn to **185**. If you want to leave, return to the junction and head west, turn to **168**.

173

You reach the other side without incident. Turn to **52**.

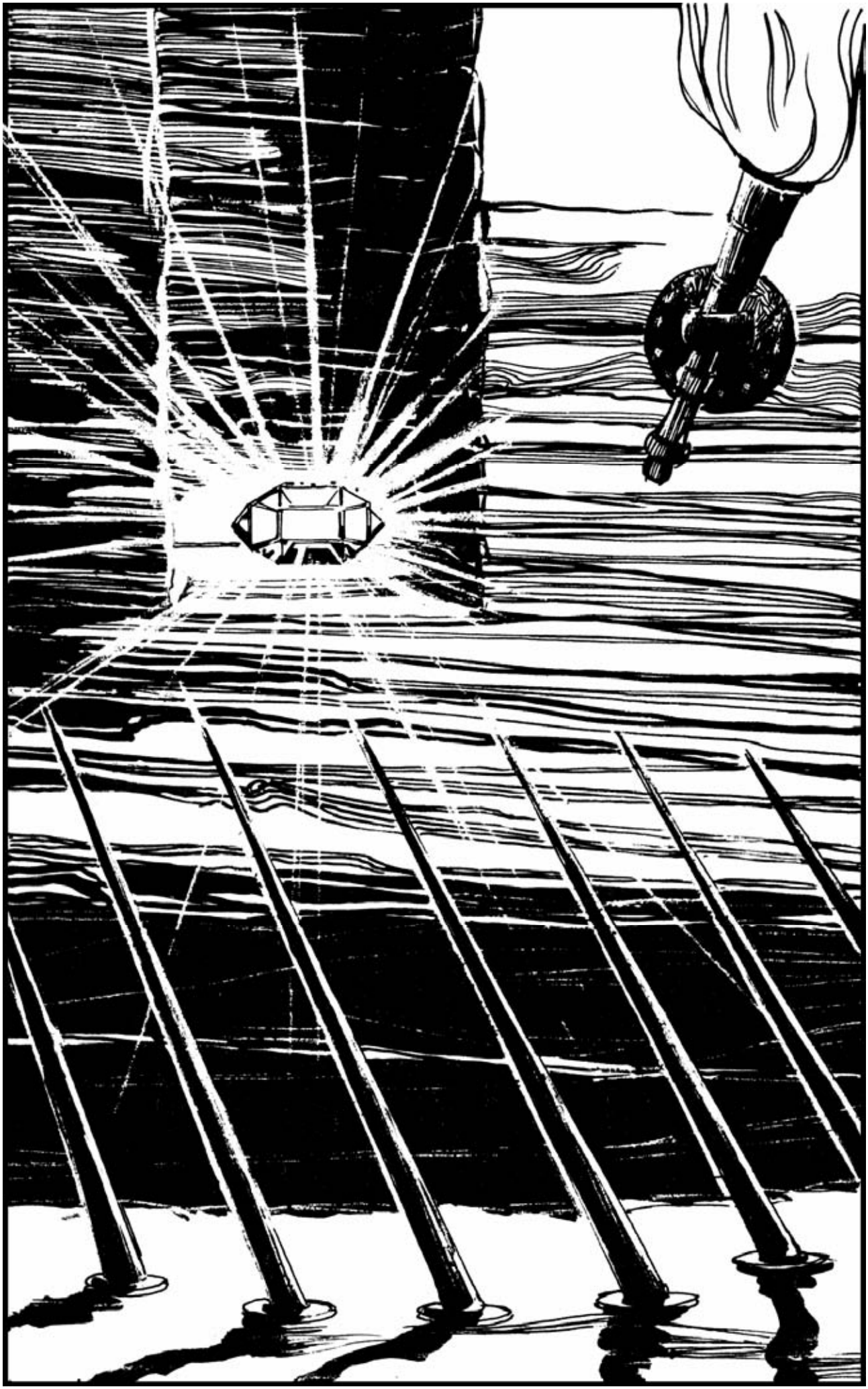

174

You emerge into a huge cavern. There, on a shelf cut out of the far wall, is a gigantic ruby, as big as a hen's egg. Its polished facets glint in the light of the flares around the wall. It is protected by semicircles of long, sharp metal spikes-several rows of them. As you watch, they move on their sockets. One minute they are lying like the spokes of a wheel, radiating from the place where the ruby lies; the next they are swivelling round to lie along the circular lines of force. It will not be easy to make your way to the jewel, and you can go only one step at a time. The spikes are very sharp and can inflict a nasty wound. If you want to try to get the ruby, turn to **189**. If you do not feel it worth the risk, you can leave and turn east (turn to **184**).

175

You step back from the advancing mass of maggots, which are between you and the only exit. You slash at the leaders, and they burst with a horrifying squelch. They are at once consumed by the next rank, and you realize that you have no hope of killing them all. In desperation, you take a flying leap into the undulating mass to try to get to the door, but as your foot reaches the floor and crushes several of the creatures you slide on their slime and, with arms flailing, fall into the midst of them. You are at once bitten in a hundred places, their strong jaws tearing the flesh from your bones, biting deep into muscle and sinew. They wriggle into your nose and mouth and burrow deep towards the soft tissues of the brain. You die in agony! Your adventure ends here.

176

You manage to get back to solid ground. You breathe a heartfelt sigh of relief. Turn to **32**.

177

It is a trick, and as you step through the space in the wall you trigger a loaded crossbow. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **78**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **21**.

178

The tunnel becomes very low and narrow, and you could hardly miss the little phial of blue liquid lying on the floor. Turn to **34**.

179

The tunnel slopes sharply uphill, and eventually you find another junction. Looking south, you can see only a dead end. Head north once more and turn to **127**.

180

The passage slopes so steeply uphill that it becomes a chimney, and the only way to get up it is to wedge your back against one wall and your feet against the other, and inch your way little by little towards the top. When you get to the top you find yourself on a long ledge. You are very tired by this effort. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Turn to **56**.

181

As you walk around the pool, you notice the surface of the mud begin to stir. Huge bubbles of gas rise and burst, filling the air with the stench of rotten flesh. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **192**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **188**.

182

Out of the mud rise the heads of a pair of Mud Dragons. The tentacles above their eyebrows glow green as they range about in search of their prey. The vast mouths open in unison, and clouds of evil-smelling gas surround you. The monsters begin to inhale air, swelling as they do so until they are twice their normal size. You draw your sword, and hope that all your LUCK, STAMINA and SKILL will defend you against the peril that awaits you.

First
MUD DRAGON SKILL 9 STAMINA 5
Second
MUD DRAGON SKILL 10 STAMINA 6

Both Mud Dragons will make a separate attack on you in each Attack Round, but you must choose which of the two you will fight. Attack your chosen Dragon as in a normal fight. Against the other, you must throw for your Attack Strength in the normal way, but even if your Attack Strength is greater, you will not wound it. You must count this as though you have defended yourself against its blow. However, if its Attack Strength is greater, it will have wounded you in the normal way. If you win, turn to **74**.

183

One of the swivelling spikes turns unexpectedly, piercing the skin with ease. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **194**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **170**.

184

Heading east you come to the central junction. If you want to go north, turn to **161**. If you want to carry on to the east, turn to **136**.

185

You jump down into the pit, having first made certain that you will be able to get out again if necessary. As you look around, you see a low entrance under an overhanging rock. You bend almost double and look into it. If you want to investigate further, turn to **178**. If you would rather return to the room, turn to **172** and make another choice.

186

You land heavily, spraining your ankle badly. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You set off to the north again, limping badly. Turn to **126**.

187

You tell the man the way you have come and he smiles at you. 'Thank you,' he says. 'You have helped me, so I will help you. All I can say is: "All that glitters is not gold." There are many forms to what you seek; do not be misled by false Idols.' So saying, he scurries past you, and disappears into the distance. Puzzled, you turn eastwards. Turn to **57**.

188

The surface of the mud begins to rise in the centre, and a massive bubble of gas bursts with a dull *phut*. As the surface begins to settle, small points of green light flicker across it. Next, the points of light appear to be on stalks, which grow out of the mud, getting longer by the minute. Eventually, with a massive heave, a Mud Dragon rises from the depths! It lies half-submerged in the glutinous mess. The green lights you now see to be tentacles across its eyebrows, and they range round you like antennae until with one accord they are all pointing at you. The vast mouth opens and releases a cloud of evil-smelling gas, and the monster begins to swell as it inhales air. You realize that you must do battle with it.

MUD DRAGON SKILL 9 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **9**.

189

As you cross the floor, waiting carefully for the spikes to let you through as they rotate and sway, the tip of one spike catches your tunic, and pulls you off balance. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **162**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **183**.

190

You almost reach the bottom when the rope runs out. You will have to drop the rest of the way. It is about two metres, but on to stony ground. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, no harm comes to you, and you reach the ground safely (turn to **27**). If you are Unlucky, turn to **54**.

191

You inspect the bodies of the three creatures, and find 1 Gold Piece on each of them. You approach the crystal, but the beautiful pulsating light is beginning to fade, and by the time you lift it up, it is merely a chunk of worthless glass. With a curse, you hurl it to the ground, where it shatters. The only other item of interest in the cave is a round hole, about a metre across, in the wall, several metres from the floor. You drag across the plinth on which the crystal had stood, and look in. Leading downwards on a gentle slope is a smooth slide. If you wish to slide down the hole, turn to **123**. If you would rather leave by the north tunnel, turn to **33**.

192

You reach the other side without any trouble. Leave by the northern passage. Turn to **52**.

193

Walking round the pool, you see the surface stirring. Small green lights are apparently growing from the surface of the mud. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **25**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **101**.

194

The spike does a little damage, but it is not too severe. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You reach the ruby. Turn to **46**.

195

The passageway is blocked by a great oaken door, with beautifully wrought iron hinges, and a large, twisted iron handle. On either side of the door, flares in brackets on the wall give a flickering light. Nailed to the door is a parchment with writing in several languages. You scan the words until you find your own language. It reads:

> If you have come this
> far your courage is
> great. Now you must
> live with courage or
> die with courage.
> Knock and enter.

You knock at the door and turn the handle. Turn to **39**.

196

Padding your shoulder with as much loose clothing as you can, you put your head down and charge the door. Roll one die. If the number is 1–4, you hurt yourself on the spikes, and lose 2 STAMINA points. If the number is a 5 or 6, the door bursts open (turn to **158**). You must carry on rolling the die until you break down the door.

197

When you have drunk the Potion you feel no different, but you have drunk the Elixir of Fortune. Every time you *Test your Luck* from now on, add 1 point to your dice roll. If you have not already done so, you may drink the first bottle (turn to **139**), or the second bottle (turn to **150**). Alternatively, you may continue your journey east (turn to **29**).

198

Altogether, the Orcs had 5 Gold Pieces, and one of them had a sprig of herb. If you feel hungry enough, or suspect that it has special powers, and would like to eat the herb, turn to **49**. If you would prefer to leave it, and exit through the north door, turn to **152**.

199

The trapdoor is very stiff, but you pull it open. Below is a small cavity with three items in it – a ring, a phial of liquid and a folded cape. If you want to try on the ring, turn to **119**. If you want to try on the cape, turn to **12**. If you want to drink the liquid, turn to **71**. If you want to leave all these useful things for the next traveller, close the trapdoor and leave by the north passage (turn to **80**).

200

The crowd of Elves at the top looks up at you expectantly, their bows taut, and every arrow pointing at you. The Chief's son steps up, and looks questioningly at the old man, who gives an almost imperceptible nod. His face expressionless, the Elf turns to you: 'Human, you are deemed to be innocent and are free to go. You may keep whatever you have found in the Dungeon of Justice and be on your way.' Dazed, you step off the platform. The Elves make way for you, as you walk between their ranks. When you come to open ground, you turn – and to your surprise, not one Elf is in sight. All that remains is the old man on the platform. He nods goodbye to you, and as you watch he disappears into shimmering light. You shrug to yourself and set off on the long walk to Sapphire City.

MONSTER CROSSWORD

Judging by the number of entries we had for the Monster Crossword Competition in *Warlock 3*, there are an awful lot of FF players who like to fit words into little white boxes. Strange, isn't it?

So the powers that be bring you *another* Monster Crossword! This one is a little more 'cryptic' than the last; you will need a high SKILL score to complete it. It has been sent in by Brian Parsons of Peterborough, Cambridgeshire. Hopefully it will be difficult enough to keep Warlock readers busy until issue 6 comes out.

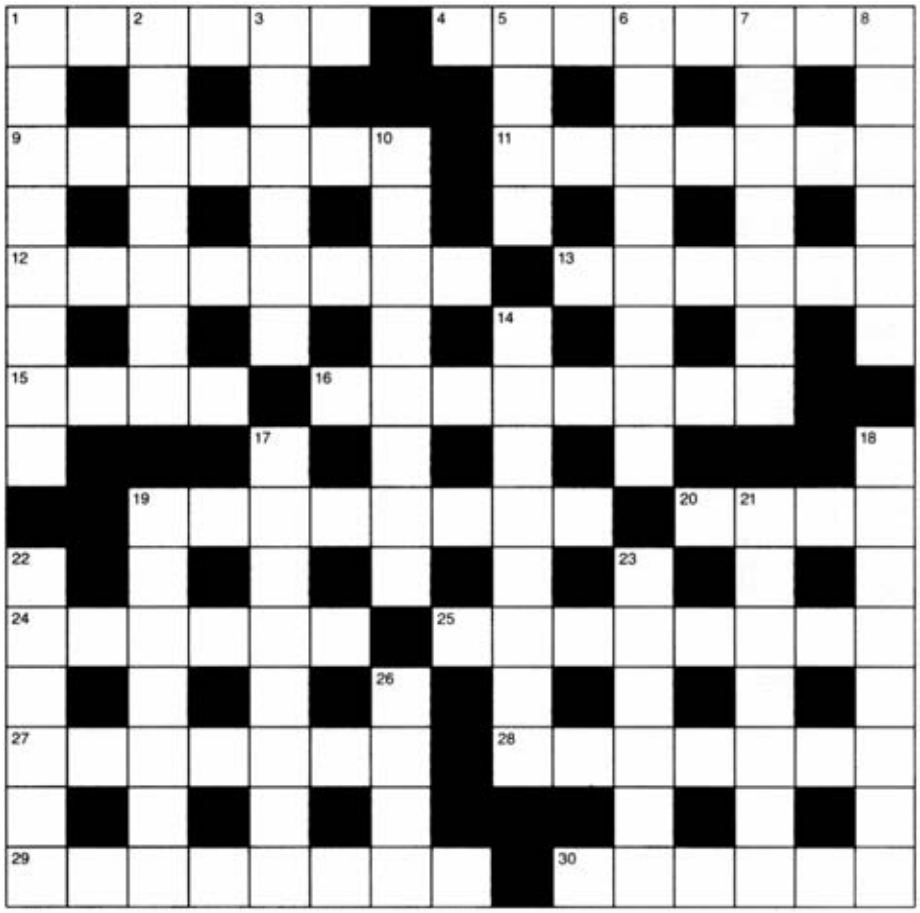

Across

1 Useful to have when playing an adventure game (6)
4 You'll need a lamp to go down here (5, 3)
9 Are you happy with what the box holds? (7)
11 Confused fear 'Pon seeing this ungodly action (7)
12 Fighting Fantasy is a favourite one of these (8)
13 Some things can be this in your hands (6)
15 & **28** If your STAMINA fails, you could end up this! (4, 2, 1, 4)
16 A sore blow mixed up in this trophy for flowers (4, 4)
19 An alternative way to store adventure programs (2, 2, 4)
20 A useful weapon from nutmeg? (4)
24 This confused rascal could be one-eyed marine villain (6)
25 When a sword goes through him, he is obviously this (2, 6)
27 Merlin with added gravity turned out to be a nasty piece of work (7)
28 See **15** across
29 You're often against them in the chemistry laboratory (8)
30 You'll often do this during a fight – so have a rest to recover (6)

Down

1 Ace spade turns over your adventure (8)
2 Lose your memory and you're suffering this (7)
3 This potion makes you sick (6)
5 Where to kiss Courga (4)
6 Bad-tempered arrow firer (8)
7 Friendly, wanting a game (7)
8 A choice of three options could give you this chance (6)
10 Way to go to get to the sun (3,5)
17 Tonal cue messed up gives the opposite to what this is! (3, 1, 4)
18 You may have done this to end up in **4** across (4, 4)
19 Seen cob turn into something revolting (7)
21 Gives monsters form and shape in Warlock (7)
22 A curse on you could give you this (6)
23 Try to keep it up during your adventure (6)
26 Negative tie up! (4)

The sender of the first correct solution drawn out of the hat on 1 July 1985 will win a £10 prize. Ail entries must be accompanied by the official entry token. Name, full address and age must also be given. The solution will be published in *Warlock 6*. Overseas entries will be accepted until 1 December 1985.

Monster Crossword Token

ADVENTURE GAMEBOOKS FROM PUFFIN

FIGHTING FANTASY

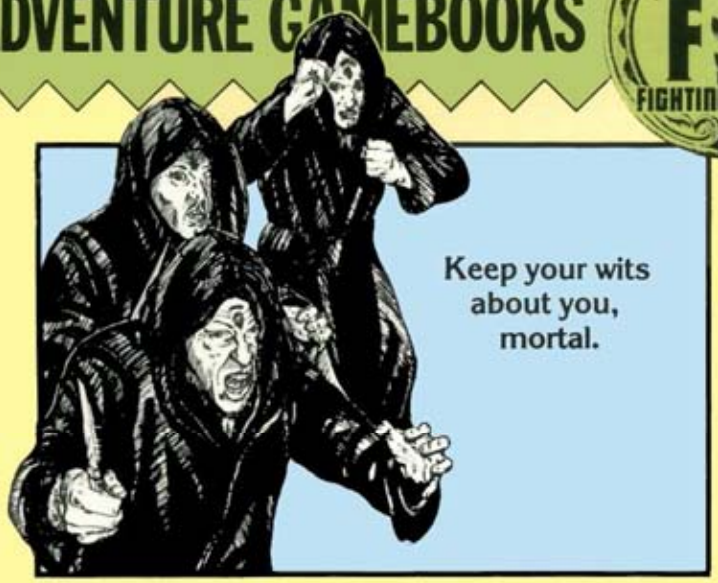

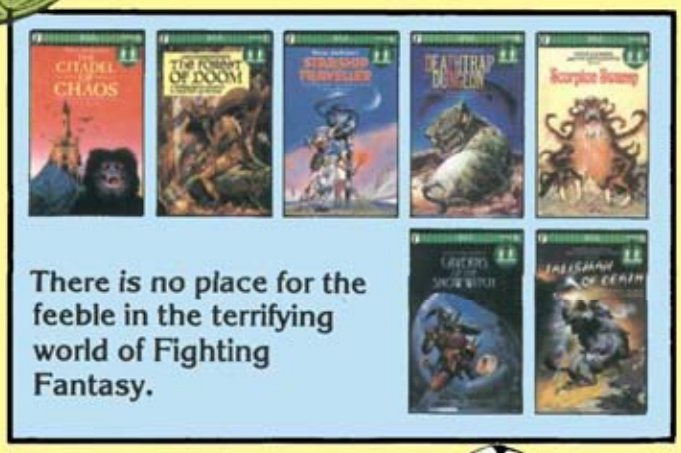

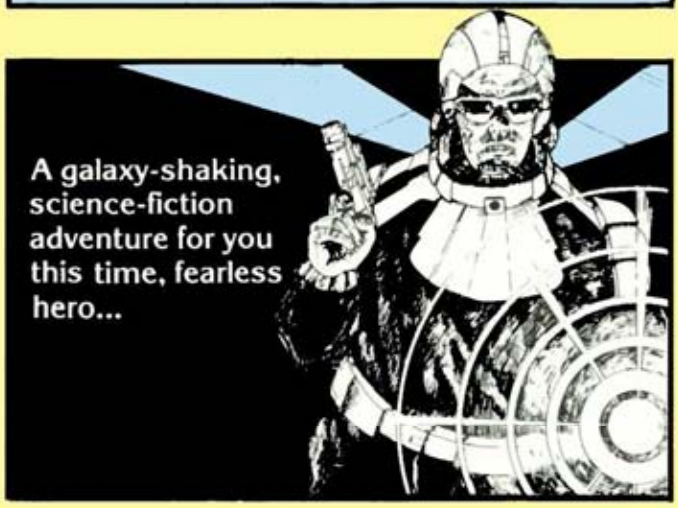

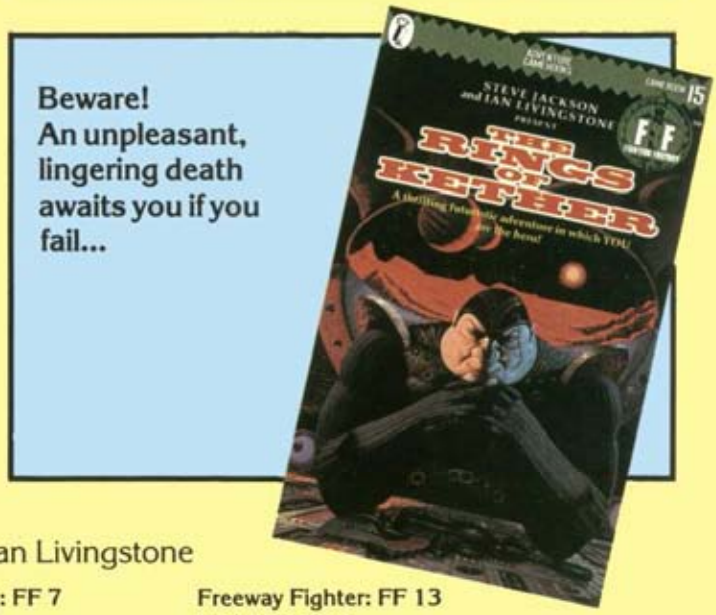

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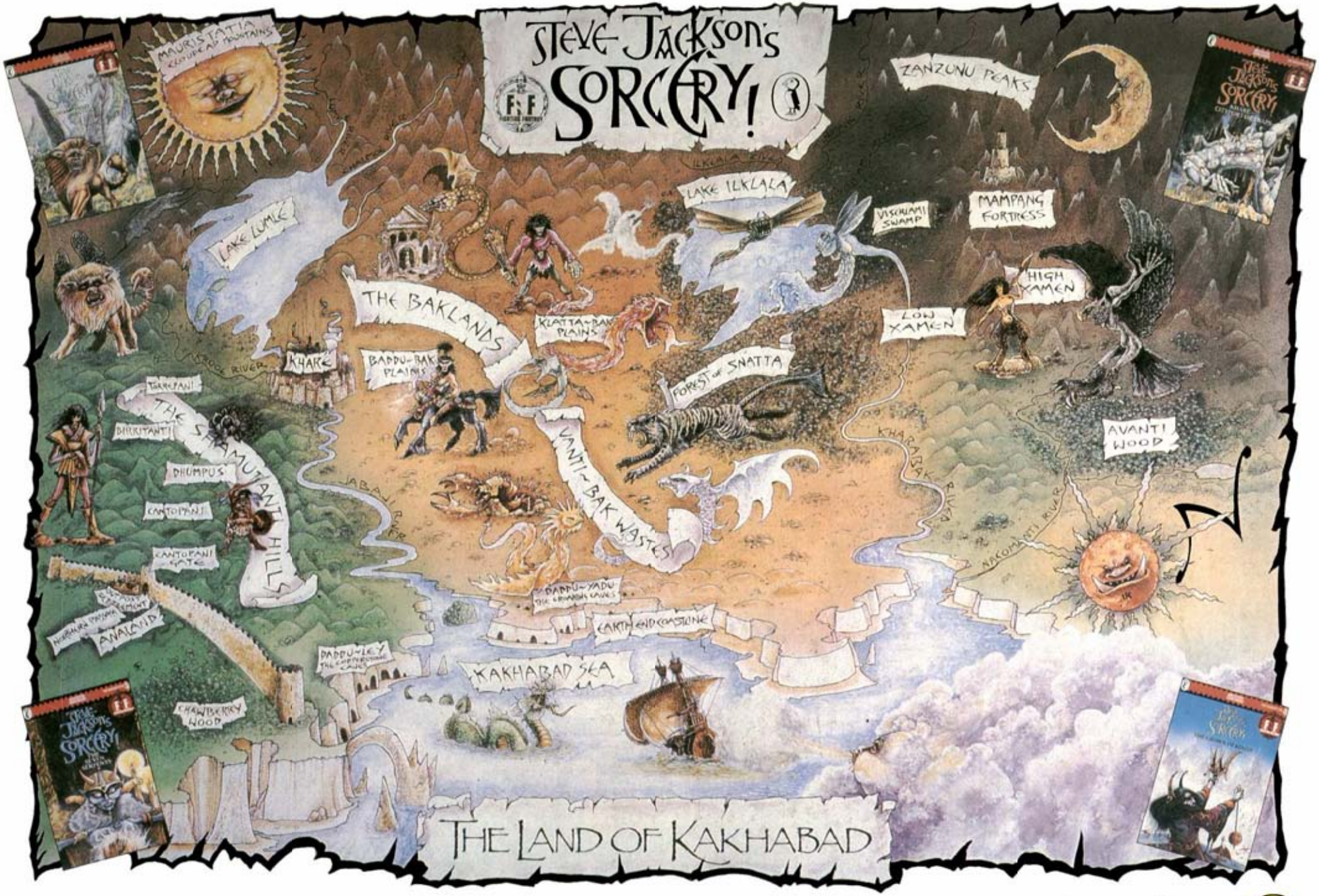

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WARLOCK 6

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Published by: Games Workshop Ltd, 27–29 Sunbeam Road, London NW10 6JP
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Dear Adventurer

So far, editing *Warlock* has been a lot of hard work and a lot of fun.

This issue sees a change of publisher: *Warlock* has been passed from *Penguin Books* to *Games Workshop*. But if you were hoping to get rid of us as editors, you're going to be disappointed; we are delighted that under *Games Workshop*, *Warlock* will he able to cover the entire hobby of adventure gamebooks, and we're more than happy to carry on editing.

We will also continue to write and supervise the Fighting Fantasy series for *Penguin*. But as many of you know, we have equally strong links with *Games Workshop* – in fact Ian edits their other magazine, *White Dwarf*, the monthly for role-playing gainers.

A constant stream of letters implores us to set up a Fighting Fantasy club. This is beyond even the Warlock's mystic powers – it is a matter that can be decided only by *Penguin Books* and your editors-in-chief in person.

But we hope that *Warlock* magazine can become the nucleus of a nation-wide gamebook 'club'. We've got a lot of ideas about how to go about this, and we'll reveal all in future issues. The first stage has already occurred: *Warlock* is, from this issue onwards, an international forum for the opinions and ideas of all gamebook readers; and the place to read about new developments from all the gamebook publishers.

And *Warlock is* now available on subscription, as well as from your local newsagent, book shop or games shop!

Ian Livingstone Steve Jackson

SUBSCRIPTIONS:
Please send and make remittance payable to: Games Workshop Ltd, 27-29 Sunbeam Rd, London NW10 6JP. Tel:01 965 3713. *Warlock* is published once every two months. Annual subscription rates are: **UK - £5.50;Europe - £11.00; other overseas surface - £11.00; other overseas airmail - £16.50; USA** - contact *Games Workshop US*, 9110F Redbranch Road, Columbia, MD 21045, USA, 301 964 0262.

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In this issue we feature an array of awesomely unpleasant creatures, chosen from the many hundreds sent in by readers.

Even though our letter-writing gnomes live on a diet of *Tablets of Speed-Writing*, we simply cannot reply to everyone who sends in monsters; but we do read every contribution, and we will continue to publish a selection in Out Of The Pit. So keep on sending us your horrible creations!

THE SOUL STEALER

Anonymous

Skill: 11
Stamina: 14
Type: Undead/Demon
Habitat: Ruins, wilderness
Number Encountered: 1
Reaction: Hatred
Intelligence: High

The Soul Stealer is a creature born in the pits of hell, its sole purpose being to draw the souls from living beings. In taking another's life this foul beast not only absorbs the victim's soul, but also inherits his skills.

From the waist up the Soul Stealer resembles a decaying human body; except that it has no mouth, and its fingers are tipped with suckers which it fixes to its victim and through which it drains life forces. The lower part of its body is a serpent's tail.

Some very powerful Soul Stealers have hypnotic powers: the adventurer must *Test his Luck* and, if unlucky, he is mesmerised by the creature and is at its mercy.

During combat, STAMINA is deducted normally from either the adventurer or the Soul Stealer; but with every two rounds of combat lost by the adventurer, 1 point of his SKILL is transferred from him to the Soul Stealer, which thus becomes progressively tougher as the fight continues.

A Soul Stealer's victim dies when either his STAMINA or SKILL is reduced to zero. The victim's soul is dragged down to the nether regions, while his mortal remains are dissolved in the corrosive slime which the Soul Stealer secretes from a cluster of globules on the lower part of its face.

KILLER DICE

by S Wilson

Skill: None
Stamina: None
Type: Inanimate
Habitat: Anywhere
Number Encountered: 1 or 2
Reaction: None
Intelligence: None

These dice can be encountered anywhere, at any time-but usually during combat. They will hurtle down corridors, and any adventurer in their path must *Test his Luck* to see if he can dive out of the way. If he fails, roll one dice to find out which face hit him, and deduct that number of STAMINA points.

Adventurers have a superstitious fear of these mysterious objects, and claim that they are the playthings of the gods.

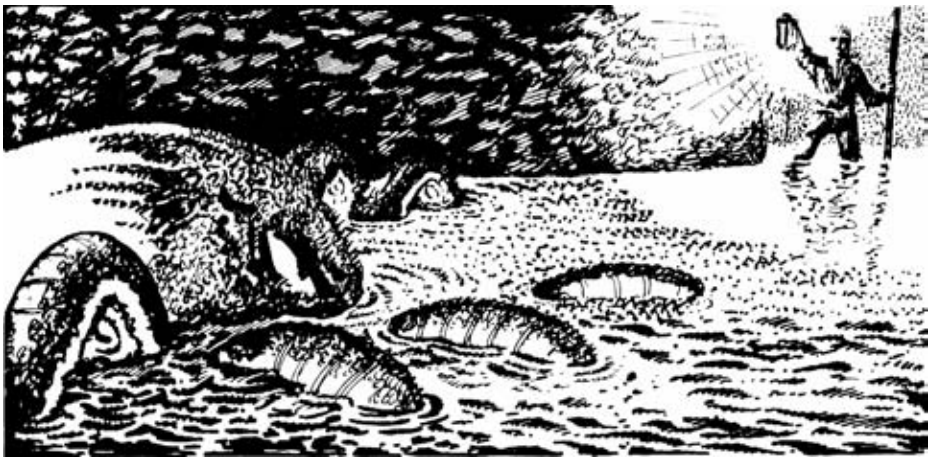

SEWER BEAST

by Matt Gillman

Skill: 8
Stamina: 16
Type: Animal
Habitat: Sewers
Number Encountered: 1 to 3
Reaction: Unfriendly
Intelligence: Very low

The result of genetic experiments on sea-creatures by the evil alchemist Plidor, Sewer Beasts have escaped to proliferate and infest the drainage systems of most towns. In some of the most wretched areas of some cities they are worshipped as gods: it is rumoured that human sacrifices have been made. Sewer Beasts will eat any living creature.

Each Sewer Beast has eight strong tentacles with powerful suckers. It can live in or out of water, and uses some of its tentacles to cling to sewer walls or ceilings: the rest are available to attack passers-by and draw them into the enormous, giant clam-like mouth that makes up most of its bulk. When cornered, it can use all of its limbs to defend itself, and can therefore attack up to 4 times per combat round.

WHISTLE BUDS

by Paul Croley

Skill: 7
Stamina: 11
Type: Plant
Habitat: Forests, Swamps
Number Encountered: 1 to 3
Reaction: Unfriendly
Intelligence: Very low

This strange plant can be found in Darkwood Forest or the depths of Scorpion Swamp. Each Whistle Buds plant is a flat creeper covering areas of ground and occasionally tree trunks. Its foliage is red, and it bears what appear to be dark red buds which are in fact carnivorous appendages – "mouths" with small, sharp teeth that cling to their victim. Several mouths attacking together can reduce even a large animal – or adventurer – to a torn, bloodless corpse within minutes.

Whistle Buds can detect movement in their vicinity – only the stealthiest movement will fail to alert them. When they detect movement, they emit a piercing. high-pitched whistle at a very high volume. Ear plugs will protect an adventurer; without them, he is partially incapacitated by the pain caused by the loud whistling, and must fight with his SKILL reduced by 2 points.

THE CLOUD OF CHAOS

by M D Freake

Skill: 11
Stamina: 16
Type: Non-terrestrial being
Habitat: Marshes, moorland
Number Encountered: 1
Reaction: Neutral/Unfriendly
Intelligence: High

The Cloud of Chaos is a creature from a different plane of existence, trapped on our earthly plane. It inhabits lonely places, where it miserably accumulates gems and precious metals. which it believes to have magical powers (where it comes from, they do).

Very occasionally, a traveller will find a hoard of treasure under low marshland vegetation or in a cranny in a windswept rock. Such hoards are said to be a Cloud of Chaos' collection.

When an adventurer encounters a Cloud of Chaos, the Cloud will demand an offering. It will accept any precious metal, including coins, or gems, and allow the adventurer to continue on his way. But it the adventurer refuses to make an offering, or attempts to placate the Cloud with provisions, or clothing, for instance, the Cloud will attack.

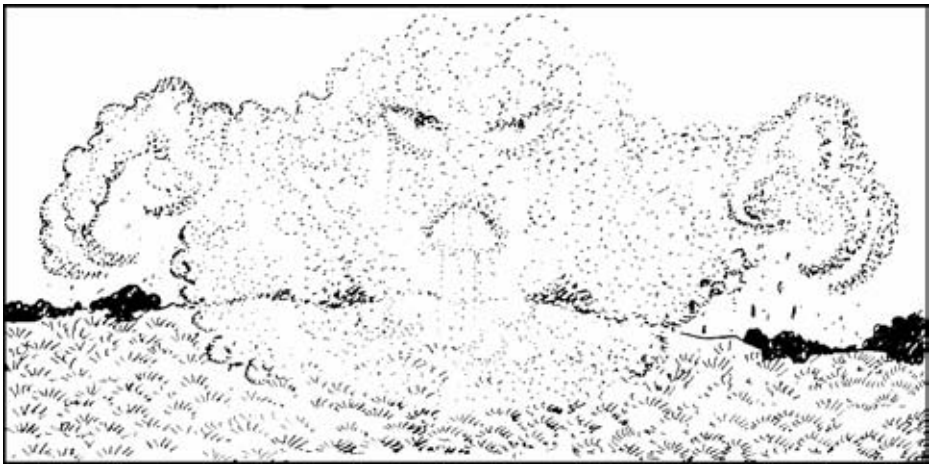

omens and auguries

by Jamie Thomson

Illustration from the third book in his Falcon *series.*

Hello and welcome to a new *Warlock* column – *Omens and Auguries.* Its purpose is to keep all of you blood-crazed adventurers in the know about what's happening in the gamebook world – where the next hoard of treasure lies and where the next hideous monster skulks, ready to tear you limb from limb. My name is Jamie Thomson; *White Dwarf* readers may remember me from my stint as Assistant Editor of that eldritch tome. As far as gamebooks go, myself and Mark Smith were authors of *Fighting Fantasy's Talisman of Death* and we are presently involved in writing the *Way of the Tiger* ninja gamebooks and the science fiction/time travel *Falcon* books, currently in the shops. Both series are naturally of the highest standard, indescribably brilliant and wonderful, filled with the best available adventures, illustrations and *(enough of this vile self-promoting nepotistic garbage, Thomson, on with the column or face ritual disembowelment! Ed).* Ah, yes er . . . well more of that later.

Anyway, through much spying, dark plotting, nefarious double-dealing and lurking in dank unwholesome places, I have learnt much. For a start, *Puffin* have not been idle, to say the least. Steve Jackson's latest *Fighting Fantasy* creation is arriving on the bookshelves in September, even as you read this. *Appointment with F.E.A.R.* is a new departure from the norm in that it's a superhero adventure and has some interesting new changes. Arch supervillain Jackson, the King-Pin of Organized Gaming, revealed some of its secrets to me the other day. The adventure is set in mythical Titan City, and F.E.A.R. stands for Federation of Euro-American Rebels (somewhat contrived but at least it makes for a good title), who are a group of supervillains led by the Titanium Cyborg, Vladimir Utoshki. Where *Appointment* departs from most *FF* is in the Superhero powers – Superstrength (such as the Hulk), Technological skills (like Iron Man), Energy blast (Cyclops etc.), and Psi Powers, of which you, as the Superhero, can choose one. As the adventure unfolds, clues are uncovered as to what F.E. A. R. is up to and where it is next meeting. The clues are all different depending on your chosen super-power; in effect providing four separate adventures. Sounds fun, especially for *Marvel* fans.

September also sees *Puffin* publishing a book version of *Warlock's* own *Out of the Pit* surprisingly named . . . *Out of the Pit.* It features a star cast of 252 ghastly monsters, oldies from *FF* gamebooks and *Warlock* and new ones from the fevered imagination of its author/compiler Marc Gascoigne. There are 7 Dragons, a pantheon of demons and a host of other disgusting beasts – Garks, life-stealers, Brain-slayers etc. It's A4 size with a cover by Chris Achilleos, with gold inlay. Inside this arcane grimoire are 8 colour plates depicting various hideous creatures including Ian McCaig's Shapechanger, cover of *Forest of Doom.* Also maps of Kakhabad *(Sorcery)* and Allansia. Retails for £3.95. Useful for *Fighting Fantasy* Role-players and collectors, and other adventurers wishing to bone up on likely antagonists. Forewarned is forearmed, as they say.

Some of you may have already seen another new Puffin product, *The Cretan Chronicles.* This is a new series set in the Heroic age of Greece, written by Honnigman, Parker and Butterfield, of *What is Dungeons & Dragons?* fame. Lots of history and mythology. Apparently it has a more complex rule system than *Fighting Fantasy* but that's about all I can say for now as I haven't

seen a copy yet. The first is called *Bloodfeud of Altheus,* retailing for £1.95. You play Altheus, the brother of Theseus, whose murder you must avenge. Also from *Puffin* – full colour picture gamebooks, like Steve Jackson's *Tasks of Tantalon: Starflight Zero,* science fiction adventure puzzle, beautifully illustrated by Peter Jones (who did the covers to my own *Falcon* series) and *Path of the Peril,* fantasy, illustrated by Rachel Birkitt. These are out in October.

Steve Jackson has been busy in other, non-book, areas. He tells me that he is designing a *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* boardgame; and he is helping *Puffin* organise a *Fighting Fantasy Day,* to be held in Manchester on 2 November. This event will include guest appearances by not only Steve, and Ian Livingstone, but also fantasy artists including Ian McCaig and John Blanche. There will be lots of games and entertainments which visitors can participate in, and stalls selling books, games, and minatures. As well as all the *Puffin* and *Penguin* gamebooks, there will be displays of *Dungeons & Dragons* and *Citadel Miniatures.* And I understand that staff from *Warlock* will be there, to record the event for posterity and to answer questions. They'll probably try to sell you some magazines, too . . .

Enough of this *Puffin* stuff – on to *Lone Wolf.* Discussion with Joe `Judge Death' Dever and Gary 'Tentacles' Chalk (I wore a radiation suit at the time of course) has revealed much. Next in the *Lone Wolf* series is *Shadow on the Sand* in shops now, whilst the *Kingdom of Terror,* out in November, will feature the legendary and long

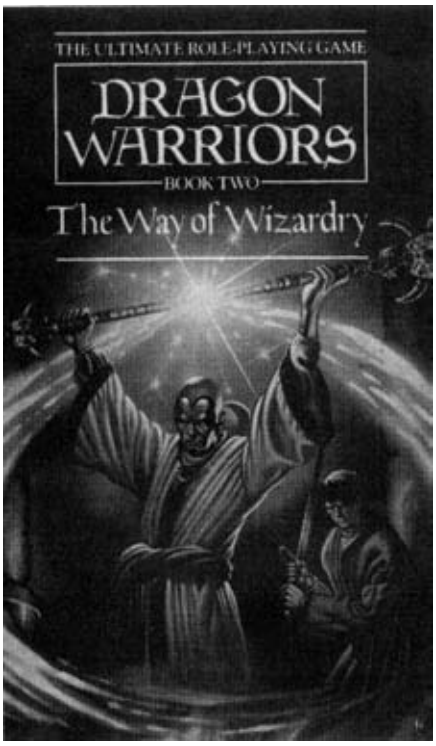

awaited MagnaKai, but more of that next issue.

However the big news is a new series of three gamebooks from *Sparrow* set in Southern Magnamund, the land of *Lone Wolf.* Joe 'Judge Death' Dever gave me some info whilst casually torturing a member of the *Lone Wolf* club. Written by Ian Page and Judge Death, the series is entitled *Grey Star* and is due out in October. In it you play Greystar, a Shianti Wizard, on a quest to find the fabled Moonstone of the Shianti, which you need to defeat Shasarak, the thoroughly horrible tyrant of the Shadaki Empire. The rule system is Lone Wolfish, but instead of combat skills there are various magical powers to choose from such as Sorcery, Elementalism, Enchantment and the like. Having seen a proof copy I can tell you that the adventure reads well and is enjoyable, requiring more intelligent thought in decision making. Overall it has lots of atmosphere and the Introduction leaves one itching to start. I felt the interior illustrations, not Gary Chalk's, left a little to be desired.

Methuen will be entering the gamebook field in September with a couple of horror game books. Role-players familiar with *Call of Cthulhu* will recognize the background, although it's based more on the mysteries of William Hope Hodgson than of Lovecraft. The series is entitled *Forbidden Gateway* and the first two books are *Where the Shadows Stalk* and *Terrors Out of Time.* Both are great adventures, capturing the feel of spine-tingling, alien horror. Written by the Bailey brothers, Ian of *Games Workshop* and Clive of *Beyond Software,* there is a wealth of gaming experience for the authors to draw from. Have fun trying to remain sane in the face of the loathsome, slime-ridden horrors that grace the pages of these two glutinous gamebooks!

Marks & Spencers are also entering the market with a boardgame that includes a solo gamebook, *The Eye of the Idol;* also by Ian Bailey. You play an archaeologist/investigator, not unlike Indiana Jones, in search of the eve and the missing Professor Flinders, lost in the Amazon Jungle. Watch out for it in September at £4.95.

Corgi will be releasing a role-playing game, *Dragon Warriors* in a 3-book format, retailing at £1.75 per book. The first is a general rulebook, including combat, monsters, character generation etc. The second introduces the magical arts and the third presents three adventure scenarios plus new monsters and treasure. Written by Dave Morris with the adventures by Oliver Johnson, both authors of Granada's *Golden Dragon* series, *Dragon Warriors is* a great role-playing game, easy to learn yet comprehensive. It's available at a much cheaper price than any other fantasy RPG, because of its book format. Colourful covers by Alan Craddock. Publication date, October.

Harry Harrison fans can look forward to a gamebook version of the *Stainless Steel Rat* books, due out on October 31 from Graftons (used to be called Granada!) That's all I know at the moment, maybe more next time.

Mine and my erstwhile comrade-in-vileness Mark Smith's two series, *Falcon* and *The Way of the Tiger* from *Sphere* and *Knight* books are going strong. The first two ninja fantasy gamebooks, *Avenger* and *Assasin* set in the fantasy world of Orb *(Talisman of Death* readers will remember it well!) will be supplemented in November by the third in the five-book series, *Usurper;* where you, as a martial arts ninja-hero struggle with the evil usurper of the City of Irsmuncast-Nigh-Edge to regain your place as rightful ruler. In the *Falcon* series, published by *Sphere, you* play Special Agent Falcon, an agent of the TIME police with psionic powers and lots of hi-tech hardware, set in 3033 AD. Your duty is to defend the timelines. Four of the six book series are in the shops now, two more to be released in January. They are all linked adventures, taking you into the past and the future, on Earth and to other planets and places, sort of Doctor Who-ish.

Both series are, of course of the highest standard, and I urge you to go out and buy *(Look, Thomson, I've warned you about this already and I don't intend to let you get away with it again – Ed)* What! No – what are you doing!! No, please, not that, I'll do anything, no-aaa . . . aagh . . . aaargh . . .

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Latest Releases from Grenadier include: Fantasylords 7 (Dungeon Raiders), Fantasylords 8 (Fantasy Knights), Dragonlords 16 (Magic Users), Dragonlords 18 (Female Adventurers) and Dragonlords Dragons 7, 8 & 9 which are Blue, Copper and Bronze. See full lists opposite for details.

Best of Dragon 3 £3.95
Best of Imagine £1.95

Eagerly awaited here is FGU's latest offering – 'Flashing Blades.' A historical RPG set in 17th century France. A must for musketeers. FGU have also threatened to release 12 new V&V adventures in 1985. A re-released Swordbearer is in the pipeline along with another RPG – 'Mad Dogs And Englishmen.' A must for mad dogs.

ENDLESS GAMES have made massive improvements to their range. All of the excellent Endless Plans now come in sturdy boxes – still at £3.99. **Halls of the Dwarven Kings** combines a top class original Tortured Souls scenario with a Dm's screen, scrolls, maps & NPC stats on floorplans. Great value at £7.95. STOP PRESS – now available the sequel to 'Halls' – The Lost Shrine of Kasar-Khan (£4.95)

Standard Games have taken the plunge and moved into a full role-playing game, it is selling fast and looks to be **DRAGONROAR** one of the most sought-after games in 1985. Complete with cassette containing complete instructions, background and spine-tingling solo adventure. Excellent value at £12.95.

AVALON HILL have released two modules for Dune containing the usual 'spice'; Monster Coliseum for the ever-expanding Runequest 3 system; Perilous Lands and Book of Tables for Powers & Perils. All good solid stuff for expanding existing games.

The TUNNELS & TROLLS game system has received a boost by the release of the COLOUR range. This includes the rulebook @ £5.95 and the boxed set @ £8.95. Also available – Sea Of Mystery, Beyond The Silvered Pane, Gamesmen Of Kasar, Naked Doom, Deathtrap Equaliser & Captif D'Yvoire. All A4 size at £1.95.

The range of best-selling de luxe dice has received double the colours originally available and a set of six retails for a miserly 95p. Their range has recently been joined by DE LUXE GEM INKED DICE. Six colours are available in each type of die which sell for 25p each or £1.45 for the set.

Victory Games' latest additions to the James Bond RPG range are 'Thrilling Locations' and 'The Man With The Golden Gun'. TL is designed to expand the campaign world; 160pp. Golden Gun details the exploits of Fransisco Scaramanga – the world's most expensive assasin. Watch out for JB 'action episodes' – there are four board games available (8 years and up) – £8.95.

MAYFAIR GAMES now available

New items from TSR cover just about every aspect of the D&D range. O2 & X8 for Expert, a revised DM's screen, Dragonlance 4 and two new competition modules for AD & D – C3 & C4. Basic is well served with a new module – B8 – and The Book of Marvelous Magic (AC4). This is a very useful add-on containing 500 new magical items not contained in the 3 boxed sets.

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The Arcane Archive

New acquisitions in the Warlock's library, reviewed by Paul Cockburn.

Castle Arcania
James M Ward
TSR
£4.95
1-on-1 Adventure Gamebooks

These books are a great idea. What you get is a slip-case with two normal-sized paperbacks, one each for two players. One will be the bad guy, and the other the goodie, in a race through a dungeon to find the princess Mara, and to destroy your enemy. Each player has a number of followers, who can be left in ambushes to catch the other side, and the dungeon is packed full of foul beasties and magical treasures. Sounds exciting, doesn't it?

The only trouble is that it doesn't work as well as it sounds. The gamebooks work by each player taking it in turn to move and to deal with whatever nasties are in the next chamber. This could mean one player having to wait half-an-hour while the other rampages through the Ebony Catacombs. It is also too complicated – you just can't expect to remember all the spells, special abilities and other bits and pieces that your character and his allies have; particularly when they might only apply in one situation. Also, rooms have a habit of "re-stocking" with the same monster when the other player arrives, which makes it all seem a bit silly. But there is a good idea wrapped up in these books, and it might be worth looking at this series.

Temple of Terror
Ian Livingstone
Puffin
£1.75
Solo Adventure Gamebook

The latest in the *Fighting Fantasy* series written by Ian Livingstone himself, Temple of Terror has all of the elements of a fast-moving, danger-filled adventure story. An eccentric old wizard has rushed to your village from his home at the edge of the forest with a grim tale to tell; the Darkside Elves are preparing for war! The evil mage Malbordus has been sent to collect the five Dragon Artefacts from the lost city of Vatos, and if he finds them he will be granted the dark secrets of the Elf Lords. The only way the Darkside Elves can be thwarted is if you can beat their leader to the Artefacts and destroy them.

Journey across seas, deserts and into the horror-filled city if you dare. This is a difficult adventure, and you'll need to read it carefully to find all the clues – and even then there is plenty of opportunity to come to a sticky end.

The Tasks of Tantalon
Steve Jackson
Oxford Hardbacks
£5.95
Puzzle Book

Fighting Fantasy fans will find this book very different to their usual purchase, and it will need a bit of thinking about before you persuade anyone to buy it for you! The 'story' in this book isn't the important thing – what matter are the puzzles, 12 picture-puzzles of varying difficulty, and a thirteenth riddle that links them all together. There are mazes, logic puzzles, and some very sneaky ones, where the answer is not necessarily where you might think. All of them are presented as elements of the story of the Kingdom of Gallantaria's great quest, and are illustrated beautifully by the artist Stephen Lavis.

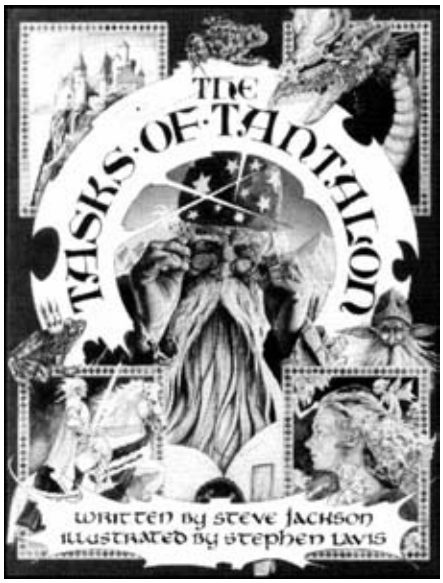

If you like pitting your brains against some pretty difficult puzzles, then this one is going to be a treasure to own. I'm going to have to confess, however, that I can't even begin to solve the final riddle, and plenty of the others had me sitting up late at night trying to get the answers. Anybody out there going to help me?

Seas of Blood
Andrew Chapman
Puffin
£1.75
Solo Adventure Gamebook

Andrew Chapman's second book in the *Fighting Fantasy* series is a more conventional sword and sorcery epic, in

which you get the chance to roam the Inland Sea and prove whether you, or the equally notorious Abdul the Butcher, are the greatest pirate of them all!

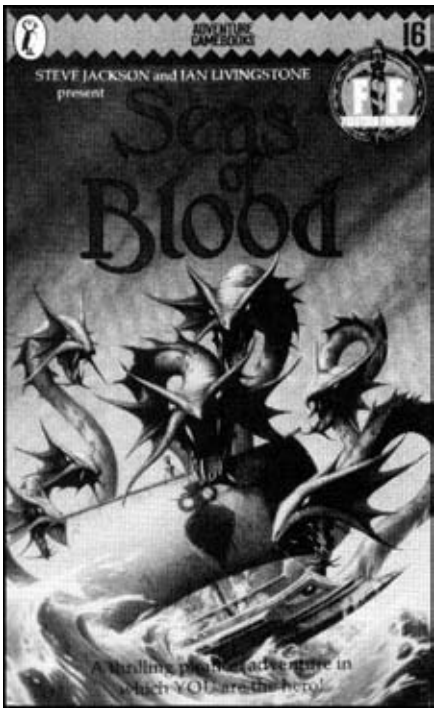

This adventure uses the normal Fighting Fantasy rules, but adds others to deal with sea battles. This time you arc not alone – you have the good ship *Banshee*, and a crew of brave fighters. You'll need them both as you fight your way from adventure to adventure, gambling on the lizard races, fighting terrible monsters and acquiring a fortune in slaves and gold. But hurry! Time will be ticking away in the race between you and Abdul to get the most gold, and yon will have to risk losing everything – even your life-to win . . .

Prisoners of Pax Tharkas
Morris Simon
TSR
Super Endless Quest
£1.95
Solo Adventure Gamebook

What's super about Super Endless Quest? In this new series of solo adventure gamebooks, the reader is transported to the world of Krynn, the setting for the *Dragonlance* role-playing modules. TSR see these books as a stepping stone from the ordinary follow-the-path type of adventure gamebook to something more like a full role-playing game.

So, *Prisoners* introduces hit points, experience points, saving throws and other concepts that the player of the *Dungeons & Dragons* game will recognize, but which will seem more complicated to someone used to just following routings. The worst thing about these books is that they arc very poorly written, and heavily over-dramatised. ". . . the zombies are silent, swarming things. Clawlike fingers rake you, twisting you around until the monsters' horrible bodies press you to the floor in the blackness beneath Pax Tharkas."

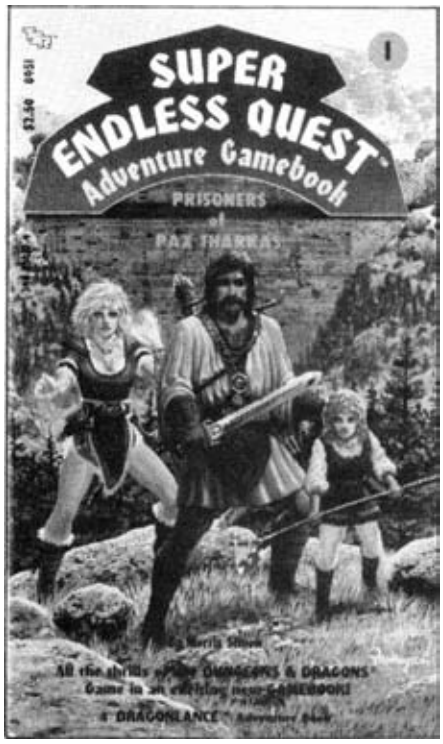

Avenger!/Assassin!
Mark Smith & Jamie Thomson
Knight Books – The Way of the Tiger
£1.75 each
Adventure Gamebooks

The only thing that might stop these two excellent books from becoming

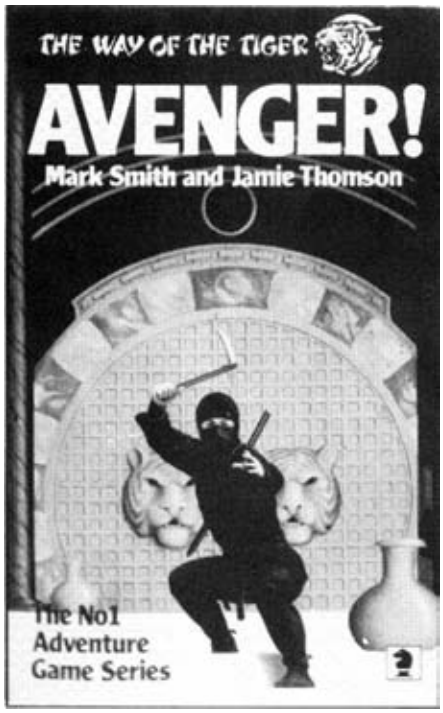

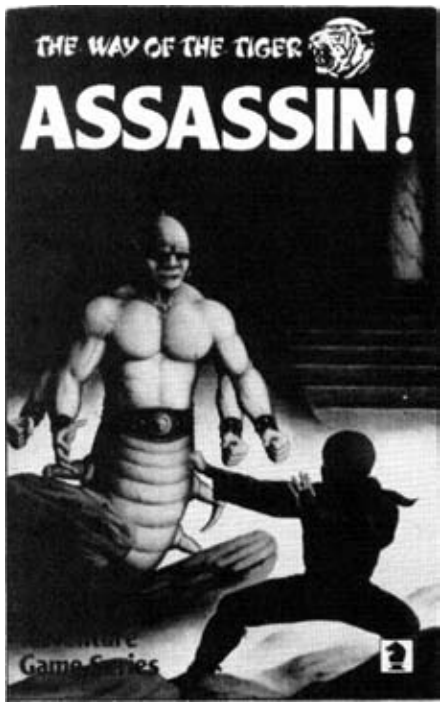

one of the most popular solo gamebook series is that not everyone wants to be Bruce Lee anymore. These adventures are set in the Japan of Ninjas, Samurai and Kung Fu, with all the wild adventure that makes possible. You are Avenger, a Ninja, trained in all the deadly arts, avenging the death of your foster-father or returning the scrolls of power to their rightful place.

The stories are well-written, with plenty of choice at most points, although you are still "forced" along certain routes at times. The martial arts skill make combat in the mythical world of Orb very different to any other gamebook system, since all the various kicks and blows can be countered by the right blocks and parries, and the combat gives the feel of a very tense, skillful fight. So if you want to cut arrows from the air with your bare hands, spit poison darts and humiliate opponents with your Teeth of the Tiger throw, these are the books for you.

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- ★ JOHN BLANCHE – artwork on display
- ★ GAMES DAY QUIZ – chaired by STEVE JACKSON
- ★ GAMES DAY AUCTION – run by IAN LIVINGSTONE
- ★ GARY CHALK AND JOE DEVER – figure painting workshop
- ★ PENGUIN BOOKS – all the lastest releases
- ★ CITADEL MINIATURES – massive selection of new figures
- ★ WARLOCK MAGAZINE – meet the men who make and edit it
- ★ ROLE-PLAYING GAMES – Dungeons & Dragons, Doctor Who, Middle Earth and others
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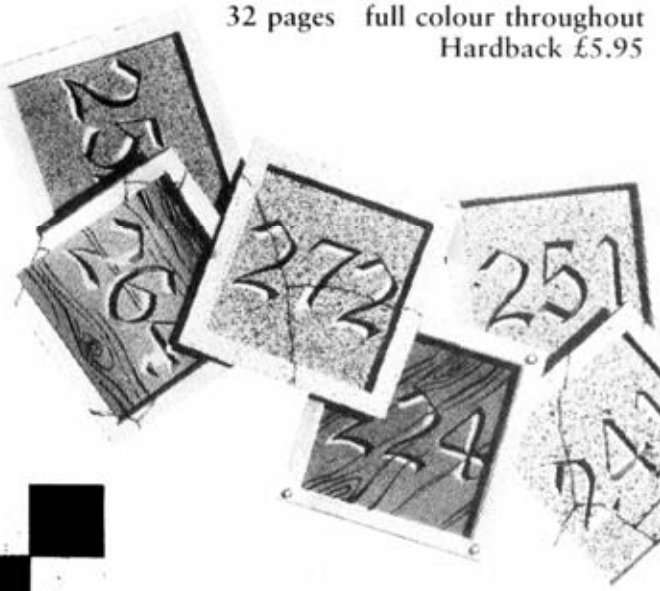

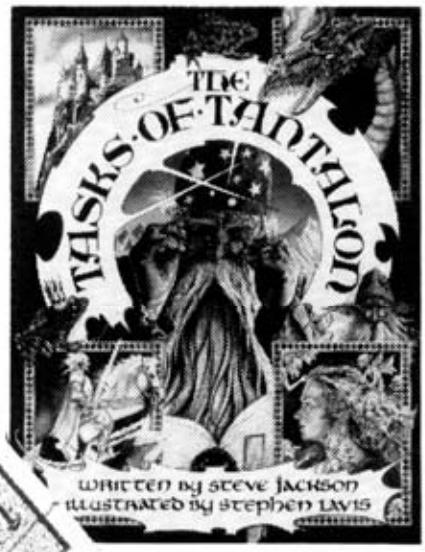

oxford

TRICKS & TRAPS ~ COMPETITION

TRICKS AND TRAPS COMPETITION WINNERS

What a devious, twisted, bloodthirsty lot you are! When we asked you in issue 4 to send in your favourite unpleasant ends for adventurers, we little expected the deluge of spikes, pits, acid, molten lava and giant slugs that arrived through the letter box. We're just glad we didn't ask for working models! Here's the best of the bunch . . .

The £20 winner is Kiran Ghanekar, whose entry is entitled simply, and very appropriately, The Death Trap. And as you can see, it would he very difficult to get out alive:

The adventurer enters this room through door **A**. He then sees a 10′ deep pit with lots of bubbling acid in it (**C**). Stairs lead clown into the acid pit where a chest sits. He also sees a weak looking bridge that goes over the pit. On the bridge is a handle which has a rope around it. This rope leads to the chest in the acid pit. The adventurer may be given the options to walk across the bridge or to walk down the steps into the acid pit where the chest is.

If the adventurer decides to walk over the bridge he arrives at **B** which is a large hole with an illusion spell cast on it. He must then *Test his Luck* successfully or fall into the acid pit. The acid is really an illusion so he fails 10′ onto the chest taking some damage. lie then may he given the option to lift the chest or to walk to the other side of the pit. The adventurer cannot break open the chest nor lift it up unless he uses the handle on the bridge.

When the chest (**D**) is lifted up it reveals a hole in the ground through which suddenly spurts boiling magma which hits the ceiling (**F**). On the ceiling is a big patch of mold that gives off deadly spores. When the magma hits the mold the room fills with spores that choke the adventurer (more damage). He cannot run from the room as door H is locked. If the adventurer survives that then the magma stops spurting out from the hole but instead a large FIRE ELEMENTAL comes out and attacks from area **G**. When that is killed door **H** opens. Some treasure may be found in the chest.

This trap can he avoided by magical items such as potions or rings of *true sight* which allow the adventurer to see through the illusions.

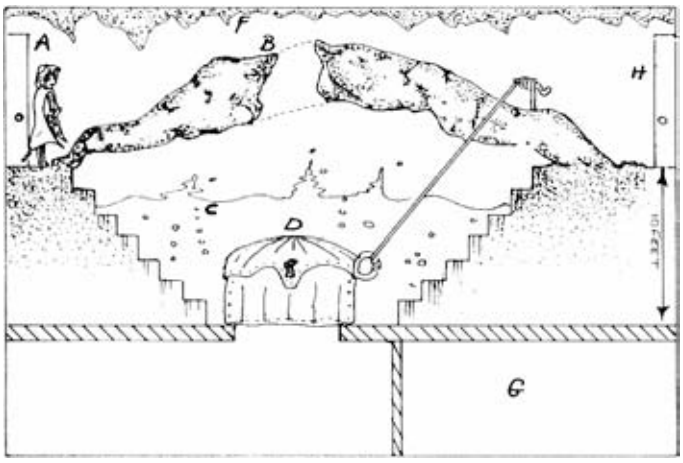

Martin Franks wins a £10 runner-up prize for his Venus Fly Trap Tomb – a deterrent for grave-robbers everywhere!

These fiendish traps are hard to recognise because they are designed to look like plain tombs. On opening the lid the adventurer sees a pile of treasure surrounding the corpse. As the lid is lifted further it triggers a spring section of the floor. The adventurer is catapulted head first into the lid of the coffin. The adventurer must roll under his STAMINA on 4 dice. If he-fails he is knocked out and will have no chance to *Test his Luck* later on.

The adventurer then falls into the coffin, pushed in by the force of the spring loaded floor.

If the adventurer is still conscious he must *Test his Luck*; if he is Lucky he grabs the side when the false floor gives in, if he is Unlucky when the floor gives in he is tipped into a pool of acid below. The coffin lid and false floor close up and the adventurer dies.

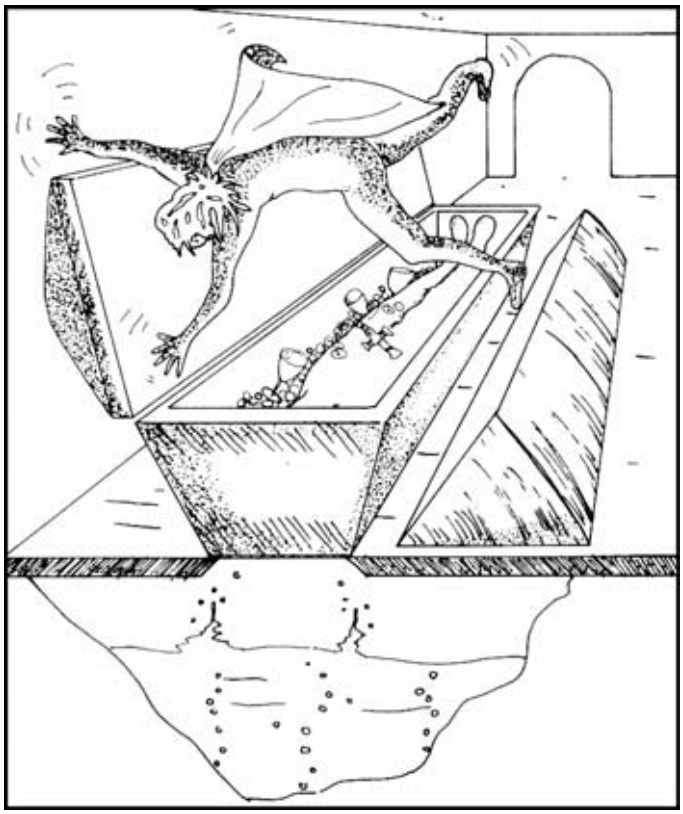

And a £10 prize to Steven Timothy, whose Mirror of Mayhem seems so innocent and yet packs a powerful punch.

You enter a room empty except for a large, gilt-framed mirror. (You have a choice of looking into the mirror or going out of the room). If you look into the mirror you see the smallest, most obnoxious little goblin you have ever seen. It stares at you and then dances up and down and pulls faces at you. You have the choice of: 1. Use the Ring of All Seeing if you have one. 2. Smash the little swine. 3. Go out of the room. If you wear the ring you will see the spiked trap behind

the mirror and leave the room (add 1 LUCK point).

If you take a sweep al the goblin the mirror smashes, releasing a spring-powered board of spikes: lose 2D6 worth of your STAMINA.

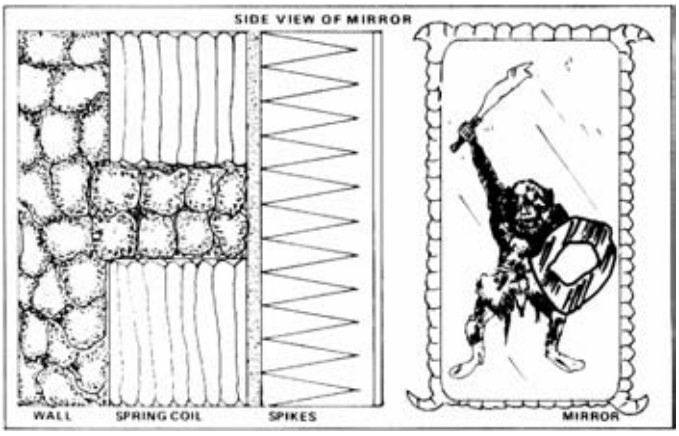

Edward Young wins a tenner for sheer overkill . . .

This trap is an archway that has been totally woven over by what looks to be a spider's web which blocks the adventurer's way.

The brave fighter just has to prod the web with a torch and it will shrivel away and give him passage into the next chamber. But the `webs' are not webs at all, but craftily disguised fuses which lead to barrels of gunpowder and lantern oil. Boom!-No more fighter! You could perhaps give the option of using a sword instead of a torch- in which case the fighter survives.

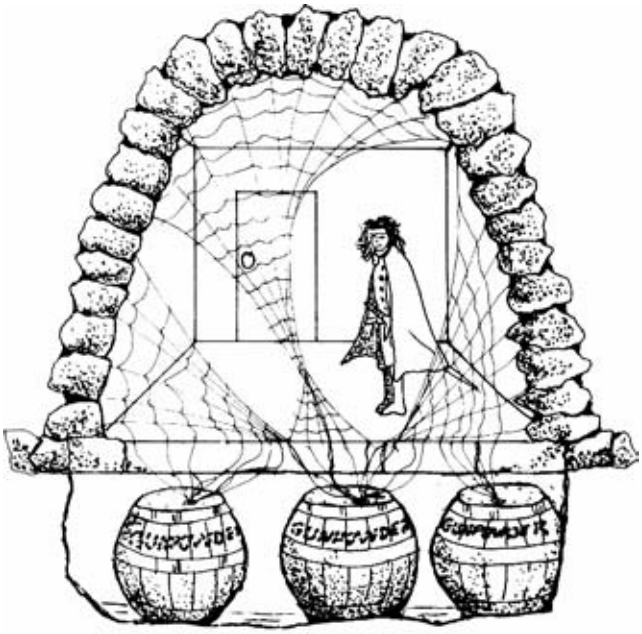

Jonathan Harding also wins £10 for one of the most elegant and endlessly useful traps we received:

A trap I used in an FF dungeon is an illusion of a pit over which there is a real beam apparently with a rope hanging from it. The obvious course of action is to grab the rope and swing across the 'pit'.

However the rope is really a

SNAKE SKILL 5 STAMINA 4

Every wound will subtract 4 points of STAMINA instead of 2 because of the snake's poisonous bite.

The trap is less deadly if an *Amulet of Poison Nullification* has been found, and can be avoided altogether if a *Helmet of Illusion Detection* is worn.

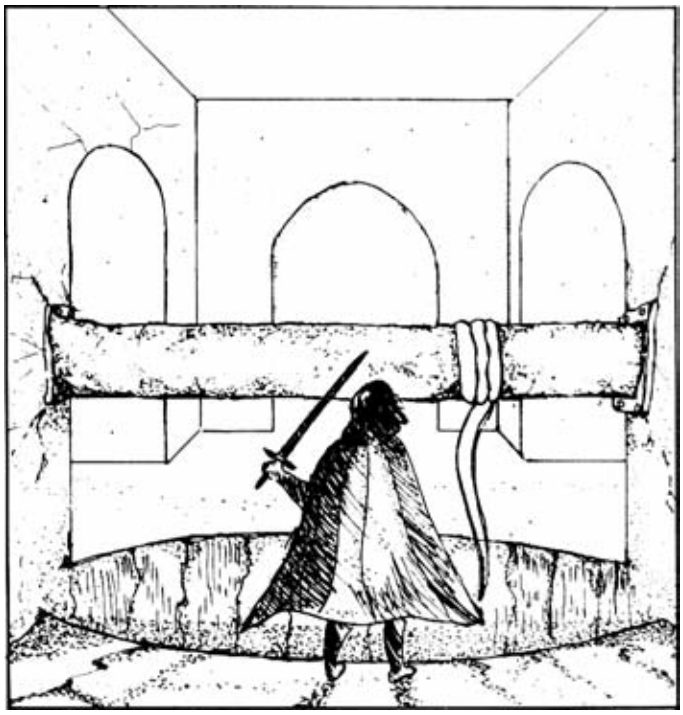

Last, but by no means least, we have awarded a £10 prize to David Leith who, although less than seven years old, has sent in no less than four wickedly inventive traps. Our only problem was deciding which one to choose: should we feature the disappearing chair? or the sliding bridge that gives you the choice of being chopped in half by a descending blade or eaten by a truly horrendous monster? Or the wonderful fake creature that is so horrifyingly life-like that you flee in terror – straight into a roomful of scorpions? In the end, we couldn't resist the giant slugs. . .

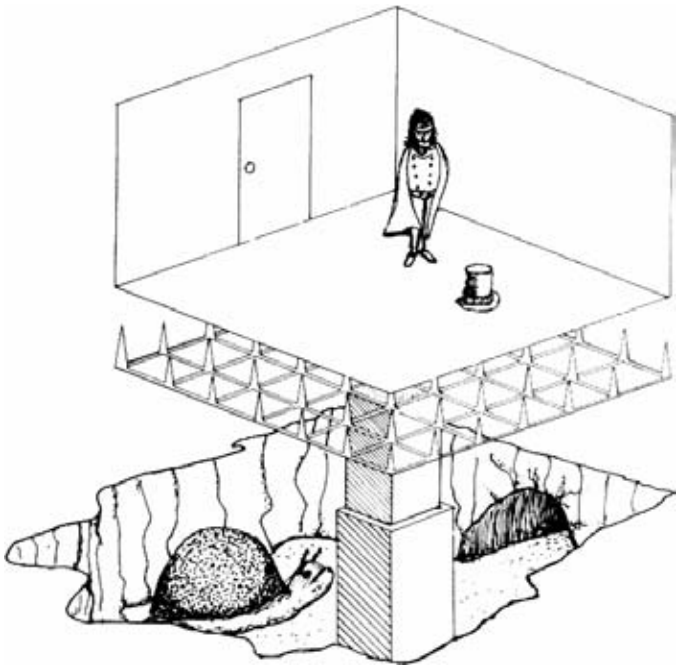

There is a hat on the floor and when you pick it up there is a bar attached to it which makes spikes come through the ground and cracks open for you to fall through. If you did not want to fall through the cracks and be eaten by large slugs you would have to stand on a spike which would sink up your leg.

We will feature more readers' traps in future issues of *Warlock* – so please keep sending them in.

Arkenor & Max
part III
In our last episode the wizard Arkenor was swept off his feet...
GIBBER...
ZUNK!
by a knight in shining armour
But the great gleaming blade, and skull-crunching power of the hefty mace...
and the cold eyes glinting behind the cruel visor
are no match for our stout-hearted hero, who promptly...
WHAT THE *☠@☆*@ ARE YOU DOING GALLOPING ROUND A DUNGEON IN FULL BATTLEDRESS WITH A *☠@☆@ HORSE TO BOOT?!! I COULDA BEEN KILLED OUTRIGHT!!!
Oooooh!
...flips his lid!
WE... ARE ON A QUEST!
BONG!
WE...?
HAF! HAF!
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE BOTOLPH - MY SQUIRE!
MORNING, SQUIRE!
SHUT UP, MAX!
The long-suffering squire smiled weakly
...he rarely had cause to smile more often!
AND HE IS...?
SIGH! YOU REALLY WANT ME TO TELL YOU?
NO - I MEAN HIS NAME!
OH, HE...
I...
...AM Sir Agravaine
THE SIR AGRAVAINE?
NO... A SIR AGRAVAINE - JUST HUMOUR HIM, HUH?

WELL, SIR AGGRAVATE...
-VAIN, -VAIN! ...AS IN VAINGLORIOUS!!
STREWTH!
... WHAT'S YOUR QUEST?
QUEST, SCHMEST! HE CAN'T DECIDE HALF THE TIME! FIRST IT'S DRAGONS, THEN IT'S DAMSELS IN DISTRESS, TREASURE, HOLY GRAILS - BELIEVE ME, HE WOULDN'T KNOW A DRAGON IF ONE JUMPED UP AND BIT HIM!
D'YOU THINK HE'D KNOW A WIZARD IF...
IT DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING IN HERE ABOUT AN ENCOUNTER WITH A POTTY KNIGHT!
?
WARLOCK
WE QUEST FOR MANY THINGS - FIERCE DRAGONS, DAMSELS IN DISTRESS, TREASURE...
HE'S OFF AGAIN - WOULD YOU BELIEVE HE ONCE KILLED THREE MANTICORES SINGLE-HANDED?
NO...
NO - BUT HE WOULD!!
THIS WEEK WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE LOST TREASURE OF..
NO, SIRE - WE'RE ON THE TRAIL OF MORDRAKE, THE HIDEOUS DRAGON!
A...ARE YOU SURE?
OH YES, SIRE - MORDRAKE THE FIRE-BREATHING WORM WHO ONLY LAST MONTH LAID WASTE AN ENTIRE VILLAGE WITH ONE BELCH!
OH Y...YES - OF C..COURSE!
MAKE THAT A COWARDLY, POTTY KNIGHT!
WARLOCK
HEAR THAT - THERE'S A HIDEOUS FIRE-BREATHING DRAGON ABOUT...WE MAY BE WISE TO STICK WITH THIS BLOKE!
BOTOLPH, METHINKS WE'D BE WISE TO STICK WITH THIS WILY WIZARD - HE..ER.. MAY BE ABLE TO HELP US!
WE'D BE DAFT - HE'S CRACKED!
VERY SHREWD THINKING, SIRE!
LOOK - YOU HAVEN'T SPENT THE WHOLE OF THIS STRIP HANGING BY YOUR CLOAK SEVERAL FEET OFF THE GROUND!
AND, AT LAST, A BIT OF INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION FOR ME!
AHEM... DO YOU THINK YOU COULD POSSIBLY LET ME...
CERTAINLY!
SCCR!
...DOOOOOWN!
NEVER MIND - OUR MISSION'S TO FIND COUNT FANG, REMEMBER? - WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER MEET THE DRAGON ON THIS ADVENTURE!
But...
A HUNDRED GOLD PIECES, MORDRAKE - SEE YOU DEAL WITH THE INTRUDERS ... PROPERLY.
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME ... MY DEAR FANG!
See the adventure drag on... part IV

A new regular feature devoted to readers' suggestions for improving or changing solo gamebooks and role-playing games. Send us your Pearls of Wisdom-we'll publish a selection of the best in this treasure chest of ideas.

In this issue, we feature a number of suggestions for *Fighting Fantasy* solo and role-playing adventures, and an article about animals in *Maelstrom.*

CLOAK & DAGGER

Thieves and Assassins in Fighting Fantasy
by Mark Hodgson

Thieving is an aspect of Fighting Fantasy which has been largely ignored, except in the gamebook *Talisman of Death.* But thieves and assassins can be incorporated quite easily into both solo adventures (as long as these special rules are printed at the beginning of each adventure) and the Fighting Fantasy role-playing game.

Thieves have certain unique abilities, as listed: Pick pockets; Open locks; Find/Remove traps; Climb sheer surfaces; Move quietly.

The use of these abilities is governed by an attribute known as THIEVING similar to the SKILL, STAMINA, and LUCK attributes. It is calculated by rolling one six-sided die and adding six to the result.

If a Thief wants to attempt to use one of his THIEVING abilities, he must roll under his THIEVING score on two dice to succeed. Whether he succeeds or not, he loses one THIEVING point for each attempt he makes; his score is restored to its *Initial* value at the end of each adventure, or at the end of each day when role-playing. If a Thief successfully uses all his abilities during the course of a single adventure, he adds one point to his *Initial* THIEVING score.

STAMINA and LUCK are rolled in the normal way for Thieves; SKILL is rolled as one six-sided die plus 4, but Thieves are permitted to roll against their THIEVING score rather than against SKILL when attempting actions which require dexterity or agility – for instance throwing grappling hooks or jumping across chasms.

Assassins have slightly different abilities: Open locks; Move quietly; Set traps; Disguise; Poison.

Like Thieves, Assassins have a unique characteristic – ASSASSINATION – which they roll when attempting to use their abilities. ASSASSINATION is calculated and used in the same way as THIEVING and an Assassin's other characteristics are calculated in the same way as a Thief's.

The Assassin's Poison ability is somewhat unusual. Assassins use poison on the blades of their weapons, or to contaminate an opponent's food or drink. To manufacture a dose of poison, an Assassin must collect the required ingredients (listed in the gamebook, or decided by the game master) and then roll under his ASSASSINATION score. If a poisoned weapon wounds a victim, or if poisoned food is eaten, the victim must *Test his Luck*. If he fails, he subtracts 1 six-sided die of points from his STAMINA, plus another point for each point that the Assassin's ASSASSINATION score is over 9. Once applied to a weapon, poison will remain effective for only three rounds of combat (it drips off, evaporates, etc.).

BEASTS OF THE STORM

Animals in Puffin's Maelstrom Role-playing game
by James Wallis

Maelstrom, as it stands, is a very playable system even for the most experienced role-player, but the author has made a serious lapse by making no mention of animals in his rulebook. In an attempt to rectify this and to create a universal standard instead of each referee having to make up his own rules, I have put together a series of additional rules that fit in with the system.

Animals are divided into three broad groups: Domestic, Wild and Mythical. Domestic animals are the most common and include dogs, sheep and cattle. Wild animals are rare and this group contains not only the animals of today – badgers, deer and foxes – but also the few wolves and wild boar that might still exist in forests and mountains. Mythical animals include unicorns, werewolves and maybe even dragons, and are incredibly rare; most *Maelstrom* characters will never see them, any character who actually kills a dragon should not only be made a saint but should also be dead.

All animals have the following attributes in common with humans: *Attack Skill, Defence Skill, Endurance* and *Speed.* It is assumed that all animals are rational without being intelligent; they cannot communicate with humans or each other and even a highly trained pet dog cannot fetch a rope and throw one end over a cliff to rescue its master who is clinging to a tree half way down. Exceptions to this rule are some mythical creatures. Very few animals will attack humans without provocation, as experience and intuition will have taught most of them that this is a very good way to get killed.

Domestic animals

All domestic animals have a *tolerance rating* (TR) to humans which varies from species to species and from animal to animal. This rating shows how much each creature will trust strange humans. The first time that the animal meets the characters the referee should-roll a number between 1 and 100, and compare this to the animal's TR. If it is below the TR the creature will be friendly; but if it is the same or above then the animal will see the party as hostile and will take appropriate action – barking, running away, hiding, etc. Every time that a party member makes a hostile, frightening or unexpected move then a friendly creature must make another TR roll, with a suitable modifier, to see if its attitude changes.

For example, a wandering rogue named Toby Hormayne hasn't eaten for some days when he comes across a sheep which has a TR of 68. The referee rolls his 10-sided die twice and gets 45. The sheep ambles over to Toby, chewing a mouthful of grass. Toby picks up a convenient stick and hits the sheep with it. The stick breaks and the sheep is startled. The referee rolls the dice again, and gets 63 – normally enough to ensure a friendly reaction, but because the referee has decided that the sheep's TR is at minus 20 (68–20 = 48), the sheep bleats and scampers away. Naturally friendly or well-trained animals will have a high TR while untrained animals will have a very low one. A badly treated guard dog might have a TR as low as 03 or 04 to strangers.

Chart One shows the approximate statistics for many domestic animals, along with probable TRs and general disposition. Animals are formulated in much the same way as humans – points are divided between their various attributes. No more than three quarters of the extra points for distribution can be allocated to any one attribute.

Chart One: Domestic animals.

Animal	Attack Skill	Defence Skill	Endurance	Speed	Extra points	Average TR	Armour points
Large dog	30	20	35	40	20	50	0
Small dog	15	10	20	30	10	45	0
Goat	20	10	20	35	15	50	0
Sheep	05	10	15	20	10	65	2
Cow	25	15	40	45	30	65	1
Bull	30	15	45	45	30	45	1
Pig	15	10	30	35	25	60	0
Horse (light)	25	18	40	60	30	65	1
Horse (shire)	26	16	45	50	40	70	1

Note: if animals arc in a herd, only one TR need be made for the group, as all animals in the group will react in the same way.

Wild Animals

Wild animals do not have a tolerance rating, instead they have a *hostility rating (HR).* No wild animal will come trotting out from behind a bush to lick a passing character's hand; instead if it fails its HR roll (rolls higher than the given number) it will attack. If it throws less than its HR it will flee. Both TR and HR numbers can and should be adjusted for each individual occasion.

For example, Toby Hormayne has ventured into a wood to look for something to eat when he comes across a wild boar. Picking up both a large stick and a handful of acorns, Toby makes encouraging noises. The referee deems that the acorns adjust the boar's HR (90) by two points – after all the ground is littered with them. He rolls a 25 and the boar flees. Toby wanders off, munching on the acorns.

Chart Two shows various wild animals; nothing too exotic since this is Britain or possibly Europe. Remember that wild animals are rare and wary of humans, and many would be nocturnal.

Chart Two: Wild Animals

Animal	Attack Skill	Defence Skill	Endurance	Speed	Extra points	Average TR	Armour points
Fox	7	10	10	30	15	95	0
Badger	10	8	14	25	18	92	0
Deer	15	12	25	40	20	97	0
Wolf	32	24	35	35	25	92	1
Wild Boar	25	18	45	60	35	96	1
Wild Horse	25	18	45	60	35	96	1

Mythical Animals

As noted earlier, these are incredibly rare: and may sometimes be the object of quests or journeys. Normally wild animals in other countries may also be regarded as mythical since they would only exist in other climates – how many Englishmen in the sixteenth century believed in elephants?

Mythical animals are not necessarily unintelligent, as normal animals arc. They may also have special powers-shape changing, magic use, fire breathing, multiple attacks and so on, and so ideally each monster should be dealt with individually and in detail. I will not have room here to detail many, but I suggest that if you wish to bring mythical creatures into your *Maelstrom* world (and some people may not) then you limit yourself to not more than twenty or thirty different species. Create your fantastical breeds and stick to them. I would recommend such creatures as dragons, unicorns, werewolves, vampires, evil spirits, giant lizards, centaurs, trolls, ogres and so on.

I include the statistics of a dragon here, to give an idea of the creation of mythical creatures.

Dragon

Attack Skill: 95
Defence Skill: 80
Endurance: 250
Speed: 70
Points of armour: 20
Number of attacks: 2 per round
Damage per attack: 4–40
Special attacks: Flame breath every five rounds, range 100', doing 5–50 damage
Intelligence: Yes
Treasure: Yes
Special abilities: flight (speed 150).

Only mythical creatures may have hoards of treasure; this is part of their attraction. Wild and domestic animals may have occasional trinkets (rings left on partially-devoured hands, for example) but they will not consciously gather treasure.

Combat with animals

Since animals have the same combat attributes as humans, combat is resolved in the same way as human-to-human combat. Most animals will attack with a bite which could cause between 1–3 to 3–18 points of damage depending on the animal and the location of the bite, although some animals such as deer or bulls will have horns or antlers which can cause more damage. Some animals also have thick skin or fur which can act as 1-6 points of armour in normal cases.

A few animals may have two attacks per round, as with the dragon above. For this the time of the first attack is determined by the creature's speed and the second by half the creature's speed. This would happen if a creature was attacking using both front feet.

BRAIN-BLISTERINGLY DIFFICULT MAZE COMPETITION!

If you thought the Maze of Zagor was tough, you'll be tearing your hair out over this one! This fiendish labyrinth was lovingly drawn by a maze fanatic on the *Warlock* staff. No-one knows the solution (the artist in question had a nervous collapse shortly after completing this piece of artwork.)

Can you find the shortest route between the circle labelled *Start* and the circle labelled *End?* Can you create an equally maddening labyrinth?

If you win this competition you will win:

– **TALISMAN**, Games Workshop's magical quest game.
– the new **TALISMAN EXPANSION SET**.
– the **Fighting Fantasy Gamebook** of your choice, signed by either **Steve Jackson** or **Ian Livingstone**.

In addition to the one overall winner, we will also award prizes to three runners-up, each of whom will win a signed **Fighting Fantasy Gamebook**.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Use this page of *Warlock*, or take a photocopy of it. Use a fine-tipped coloured pen to draw a route from the *Start* to the *End* that doesn't cross any lines and that goes through the *smallest possible number* of circular junction areas. (Try it with a pencil and rubber first-you'll need to make several attempts!).

Then try your hand at labyrinth design! *Draw your own maze* on a plain sheet of paper no bigger than a *Warlock* page. Don't draw in pencil – we can't reproduce pencil drawings in the magazine. Make sure you also do a copy or an overlay of your maze, showing the correct route or solution. **Send your completed Warlock maze and your own maze and solution to:**

Brain-Blistering Maze
Warlock Magazine
Games Workshop Ltd
27-29 Sunbeam Road
London NW10 6JP

You can't win this competition unless you send in a correct solution to the Warlock maze. We will judge the mazes you design on the following points:

– originality of concept
– difficulty of solving
– standard of presentation and drawing

All entries must be in by 29 November 1985; the winners will be announced in *Warlock* No 8 (January/February 1986).

Sharpen your pencils and your wits, and get mazing!

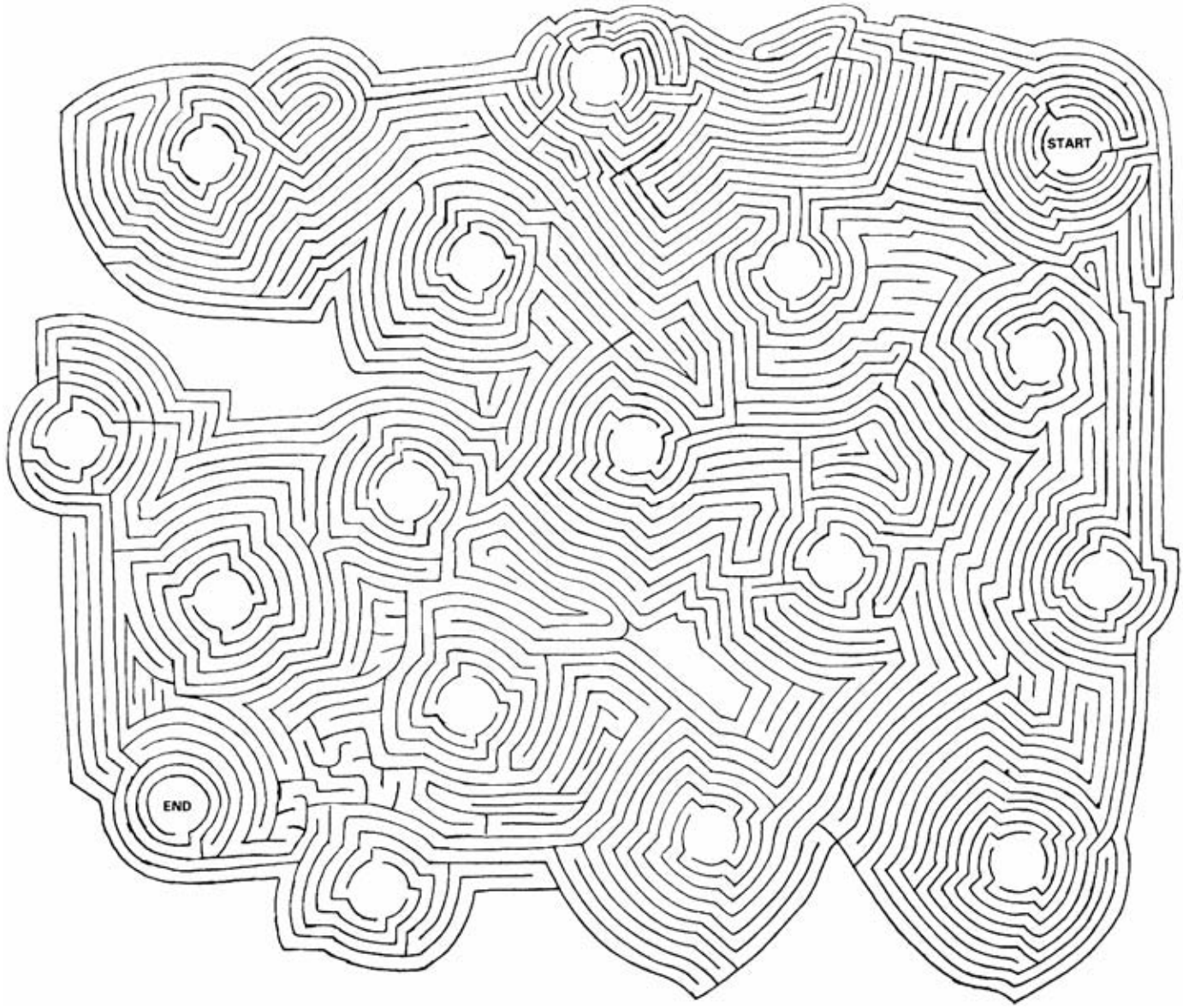

CARTOON COMPETITION

WINNERS

The cartoon competition in issue 4 has displeased the Warlock: it's quite clear that many of you don't take adventuring anything like seriously enough! It's also clear that creating a one-frame cartoon is a difficult business, calling for an unusual combination of artistic skill and visual wit. We have reluctantly had to reject many entries with very funny jokes but less than brilliant drawings; and some others showing superb penmanship – which just weren't funny. But thank you all for entering – we've had hours of fun poring over your jokes, giggling manically to ourselves. The winner is Spencer Chapman, aged 17, of London. Two of his elegantly simple ideas are shown below. He wins £20 (the cheque's in the post, Spencer, honest!); the five runners-up, whose cartoons are also in our gallery, win £10 each.

£20 WINNER
Spencer Chapman, aged 17 of London

£10 RUNNER-UP
Alexander Garland, aged 14 of London

£10 RUNNER-UP
Mark Smith, aged 17 of Pettswood, Kent

£10 RUNNER-UP
Peter Sidebotham, aged 26 of Congleton, Cheshire

£10 RUNNER-UP
Cathy Watt of Roxburghshire, Scotland

£10 RUNNER-UP
Patrick Blaine Mc Intyre, aged 17 of British Columbia, Canada

A few changes are introduced in this issue . . .

***Warlock* now deals with the entire hobby of Gamebook Adventures, and will also provide introductory information about role-playing games and miniatures. So please send the Warlock your letters on any or all of these subjects.**

And this is a good time to write in and tell the Warlock what you'd like to see in his magazine – because it's your magazine as well. So tell him what you want!

Lastly, the Warlock has asked us to pass on his apologies: when he moved into his new office at *Games Workshop*, the Warlock brought with him an entire cart-load of boxes and chests crammed full of readers' letters, monsters for Out of the Pit, suggestions for Tricks and Traps, and competition entries. Even with the help of the *Games Workshop* goblins, he simply can't reply to all those letters. But he does want you to keep sending the letters in; please address them to:

The Warlock's Quill,
Warlock Magazine,
Games Workshop Ltd,
27-29 Sunbeam Road,
London NW 10 UP

Dear Warlock,

Please could you tell me whether or not it is possible to subscribe to *Warlock* and receive it through the post as this would save all the worrying and waiting of getting hold of a copy and when it will be out next.

By the way I think your books and magazines are brill! The Citadel miniatures for *Fighting Fantasy* are also fantastic.

Yours hopefully,
Gary Hitchenor,
Bingley, West Yorkshire.

★ ***Warlock* is now available on subscription – see the advertisement in this issue. And don't say I never do anything for you! – The Warlock.**

Dear Warlock,

Please could you tell me why you stopped the editions of *Warlock* magazine? I am sure many other readers would agree with me that we would like to see *Warlock* back in the shops again. I prefer *Warlock* to *White Dwarf* even though *White Dwarf is* an extremely good magazine. Please bring Warlock back; if you could I would be most grateful, if not could you please tell me why.

Yours sincerely,
Adrian Jones,
Bristol.

★ **!** – The Warlock

Dear Warlock.

I wrote this letter after reading the article on the *Sorcery!* poster in issue 5 of *Warlock*. What I would like to know is why there should be a *Sorcery!* poster of Kakhabad and not a *Fighting Fantasy* poster of Allansia?

Yours wonderingly,
Peter Andrews,
Gillingham, Kent.

Dear Warlock,

I was looking at my *Fighting Fantasy* books and *Warlock* copies the other day, and I was marvelling at the skill and detail put into the cover illustrations, and I thought: Hey! Why not turn them into posters for Fighting Fantasy fanatics? . . .

Another idea I had (I'm full of them) which I had to tell you about was a monster book . . .

Yours hopefully,
Martyn 'Pathfinder' Cooper
Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.

★ **I've had a lot of letters about posters. I'll have to get together with Steve and Ian and the powers that be at Penguin. And the monster book is here! It's called *Out of the Pit*, named after a column in some magazine or other . . . – The Warlock.**

Dear Warlock,

I am absolutely mad on *Fighting Fantasy.* I have got every single book and every copy of Warlock. I have been through all the books except – yes, you've guessed it! – *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain.* Why did you make the very first book so difficult? I agree with Charles Boundy and Patrick Fahy – the Maze of Zagor is impossible!

Your desperately
Adrian Jones,
Chippenham, Wiltshire.

Dear Warlock,

In your response to Charles Boundy's letter in issue 3 and Patrick Fahy's letter in issue 4 you have retrained from comment on the big question: how do you get out of the Maze of Zagor, or is it impossible?

Admit it. There's no way out of the Maze of Zagor. In fact you probably won't admit it because people will think *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* is a big con.

Yours suspiciously
Joseph Gurney,
Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

Dear Warlock,

First of all a message for all those who have abandoned hope in *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain:* it is not impossible! I found my way through the Maze of Zagor (after a million and one attempts).

Anyway I have a question to ask: how do you manage to fit an adventure into the amount of references you want? I recently wrote a small adventure called *Hi-jack to Mars*, intending it to be 150 references long. Instead it came out at 138. Please could you tell me? . . .

Yours wonderingly
David Thompson,
Houghton le Spring, Tyne & Wear.

Dear Warlock,

The Maze of Zagor is not impossible! I have done it!

Also, why not talk about other gamebooks? I like *Lone Wolf* books by Joe Dever and Gary Chalk. They started a *Lone Wolf Club* straight after their first two books . . .

Yours fantastically
David S J Hodgson,
Stockport, Cheshire.

Dear Warlock,

In reply to the letters of Charles Boundy and Patrick Fahy, I think the Maze of Zagor is easy compared to trying to finish the *House of Hell* . . .

Yours sincerely
Jeffrey Parker,
Dumfries, Scotland.

★ **You don't really expect me to tell you how to finish *Fighting Fantasy* books, do you? All I'll say is: Steve and Ian assure me that none of them is impossible. They didn't want to give away any secrets about how to write gamebooks, either, but here's a hint: if you want to write an adventure with, say, 150 references – start by writing out the numbers 1 to 150 (yes, all of them!) on a big sheet of paper. Then cross each number out as you use it. This helps you to see how fast you're using up references.**

And, as you've probably spotted by now, from this issue onwards Warlock will contain articles about all sorts of gamebooks-so you'll have even more to write to me about. – The Warlock.

Dear Warlock

I have a question. In *Warlock* 4, I saw in *Fighting Fantasy News* that the gamebooks were also published in Norway. Do you by this mean they've been translated? My friends and I have never seen Norwegian gamebooks . . .

I would also tell you I've noticed something. In some of the gamebooks, the illustrations have some funny details. For instance, look at reference 15 in *City of Thieves.* Among the rubble on the ground by the madman there is a copy of *White Dwarf!* Ian McCaig also got his initials tattooed on the left hand of the tattooist (reference 182)! Did you also notice this?

Sincerely yours
Matthys Holler,
Norway.

★ **Such impertinence! The Warlock's all-seeing eye notices everything! I'm surprised you're looking for Norwegian translations, your command of English is excellent. British gamebooks from many different publishers have been translated into hundreds of languages – the most translated**

book being *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*. A display of overseas editions of *Fighting Fantasy* gamebooks will be one small part of Fighting Fantasy Day – on 2 November in Manchester.

Dear Warlock

When I first saw *Warlock* in an advertisement on TV, I was pleased that someone had brought out a *Fighting Fantasy* magazine. But when 1 read question 12 of Fighting Fantasy Feedback in *Warlock 4,* I was very surprised. Why have role-playing game scenarios in a *Fighting Fantasy* magazine'? After all, role-playing gamers have their own magazine, *White Dwarf.*

D Openshaw
Welling, Kent.

Dear Warlock

I would like to see not just *Fighting Fantasy* articles, but also bits about role-playing games and miniatures; and less solo adventures – if I wanted an adventure I would buy one of your ace wizard superb gamebooks.

Anonymous
Allestree, Derbyshire.

Dear Warlock,

Nice to see a *Fighting Fantasy* magazine at last, but it's not perfect . . .

. . . Not all *Fighting Fantasy* players are into role-playing games as well! I'm not; I can't stand them, I loathe them, and no amount of propaganda on your behalf is going to make me change my mind. There is a difference between role-playing games and gamebooks: gamebooks do not have vastly over-complicated 100-page rulebooks written in a language no-one can understand *(Norwegian? – The Warlock),* they are easy to understand and therefore playable . . .

Yours displeased
Steve Hopper,
Hastings, East Sussex.

Dear Warlock

Is Lawrence Gabb (issue 5) really serious?! How can he possibly suggest that the *Fighting Fantasy* rules are superior to the game mechanics of *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons, Traveller,* and arguably the greatest of all role-playing games – *RuneQuest? . . .*

He asserts that the simplicity of the *Fighting Fantasy* system allows the game to flow more easily, and allows the players to become more involved in the adventure. Not so. In my experience, the so-called complicated games flow perfectly – an hour's play of *RuneQuest* was all it took to become acquainted with the rules from the player's point of view. The more extensive rules in 'complicated' games offer more realism – and more opportunities to a character. And you definitely get more involved in the game, simply because you develop a character from an impoverished and vulnerable young lad into a battle-hardened adventurer . . .

I'm not knocking the *Fighting Fantasy* system – it's fine for quick games, or for solo games if you can't find other people to play with – but it doesn't compare with other role-playing games...

Yours, utterly flabbergasted
P Crotty,
Walthamstow, London.

Dear Warlock,

I wonder how a player can role-play successfully with such limited attributes as SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK.

After reading all the *Fighting Fantasy* books so far, it seems that SKILL controls nearly every physical and mental attribute . . . This is a very limited system. How can you role-play a character whom you don't really know? . . .

I'm not trying to say simplicity is wrong, I'm all for it. That's why I play *Dungeons & Dragons* instead of *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons, . . .* and I agree that the *Dragonquest* game is far too complex – but it all depends on personal preference . . .

Yours something or other
Edward Young,
Tishury, Wiltshire.

Dear Warlock

I agree with Lawrence Gabb that *Fighting Fantasy is* much better than *Dungeons & Dragons,* etc. I have played a lot of games using many different game systems (including the new *Middle Earth Role-playing Game)* and I believe that the *Fighting Fantasy* system is by far the best . . .

Yours,
Peter Joyce,
Co. Galway, Ireland.

Dear Warlock,

Will you please, please, please, please answer my question?!! My question is: with *Dungeons & Dragons* can you have solo adventures, what are the basics, and is it any good?

Yours hopefully
Jonathon Thompson
Co Antrim, Northern Ireland.

★ **I've received many letters on this tricky subject. There is no answer to the disputes between simplicity and complexity or solo adventures and multi-player games. As Edward Young says in his letter, it all depends on personal preference. It's quite clear from the letters I receive that a lot of people enjoy solo gamebook adventures; others prefer multi-player role-playing games; many people find that gamebooks serve as an excellent introduction to role-playing, and move from one to the other; while an equal number continue to read gamebooks after they have become involved with role-playing groups.**

***Warlock* is, first and foremost, the gamebook magazine. Role-playing games are dealt with by its sister publication, *White Dwarf*. But I'm going to encourage some discussion of role-playing in *Warlock*, because there is obviously a considerable overlap of interest.**

To answer Jonathon Thompson: *Basic Dungeons & Dragons* is the game that most role-players start with; some stick with it, others move on to the Advanced version or other role-playing games. It is not intended as a solo game, although there are some solo adventures that you can use-once you have learnt the multi-player rules. And there is a new series of solo gamebooks – the first is reviewed in this issue – which uses a simplified version of the *Dungeons & Dragons* rules and which serves as a good introduction to the game. – The Warlock

Dear Warlock,

I have a question (surprise surprise!). I often come across passages in *Fighting Fantasy* books which read like this:

'Attack your chosen skeleton as in a normal battle. Against the other, you throw for your Attack strength in the normal way, but you do not wound it if your Attack Strength is the greater, you just count this as though you have defended against its blow. Of course if its Attack Strength is greater, it has wounded you in the normal way'.

How in the name of Sukumvit do you beat the second creature?

Hope Your SKILL never fails!
Alex Ramsay,
Bath, Avon.

★ **This special rule is designed to make monsters that attack simultaneously much more deadly than monsters that attack one at a time. While you're busy hacking at one creature, all you can do is parry the attacks of the other(s). If you kill the creature you chose to attack first, you can turn your attention to another one, and start inflicting wounds on it. And so it goes on, until they're all dead – or you are! – The Warlock.**

Dear Warlock,

I am writing to you to see if you are interested in a Fighting Fantasy game I have written. It is hand-written, has 400 references, and rules like yours (except for a few additions such as having two sword arms, and teleportation.)

Yours faithfully
Andrew Coggle,
Boothby Heath, Lincolnshire.

★ **I am going to make sure that every issue of Warlock contains a complete solo adventure; when the magazine gets bigger, it will have the occasional multi-player adventure, too. And I would be happy to receive contributions from Warlock readers – here are some guidelines for all you budding authors:**

Contributions should be typed, double-spaced, on one side only of plain paper. Leave margins at both sides of the text.

Adventures can be based on the rules of any gamebook or role-playing game. You can add special rules, but make sure you explain them clearly.

Solo adventures should be about 150 to 200 references long. (If they're book length, they won't fit in a magazine.)

Most solo gamebooks have about 400 references. If you write adventures this long, and want to see them in print, you will have to submit them to book publishers rather than to Warlock magazine; but book publishers might look more favourably on you if you've had an adventure published in a magazine first. Now get writing! – The Warlock.

Dear Warlock,

House of Hell is not hard, it's IMPOSSIBLE. I have tried five or six limes now and I still haven't completed it. I spend up to half an hour fighting creatures and find out it is all wasted. Still it is a brilliant book so keep the good work up.

Yours sincerely
Robert Catherall

The Dark Chronicles of Anakendis

by Andrew Whitworth

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

EQUIPMENT LIST

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

This issue's mini-adventure was submitted by *Warlock* reader Andrew Whitworth of Rotherfield, East Sussex.

You are requested to save a village from the evil attentions of the wizard Anakendis; you have to brave the terrors of a monster-infested cave system and destroy both Anakendis and the source of his power – the Dark Chronicles.

How to fight creatures of the Dungeon

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a shield together with a backpack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. There is an *Adventure Sheet* above which you may use to record the details of an adventure.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet.*

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number railed and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your Initial scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across paragraphs which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet.* The scores for each creature are given each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL Score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage.
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage.
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically wounds you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *unlucky* the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck*. Each time you *Test your Luck*, you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

MKD

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck.*

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for five meals. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions on a page, and you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your Luck score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your Luck score may never exceed its Initial value unless specifically instructed on the page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its Initial level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

Equipment and potions

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and a shield, and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure, Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your Initial LUCK score before LUCK restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *two* measures: i.e. the characteristic may be restored twice during an adventure. Each time it is used make a note on your *Adventure Sheet*.

Remember also that you may only choose one of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

Hints on Play

There is one true way through the dungeon and it will take you several attempts to find it. Make notes and draw a map as you explore – this map will be invaluable in future adventures and enable you to progress rapidly through to unexplored sections.

The one true way involves a minimum of risk and any player, no matter how weak on *Initial* dice rolls, should be able to get through fairly easily.

May the luck of the gods go with you on the adventure ahead!

BACKGROUND

You are an adventurer, strong and courageous, dedicated to the slaying of evil. While travelling to visit a friend in Fang, you pass through the town of Kokbridge and are met by the village headman. The normally quiet village is very active and many of the villagers appear frightened and worried. You ask the headman what is wrong.

"Not far from here," he says, "lies a small system of caves rumoured to be the home of the evil Anakendis and his minions,. Anakendis is said to get his powers through an evil book, the Dark Chronicles of Anakendis. A few days ago, a group of adventurers led by the honourable Traskannd entered the caves to try and disprove these rumours. After one day Traskannd returned, followed by a pack of savage hounds and wearing a belt with the heads of his companions hanging from it! He told us he was now a servant of Anakendis. 'You must deliver two maidens weekly to my master,' he said, 'or the devil hounds will come to ravage this town.' He then set free the hounds and they killed two people and many animals before departing.

"I beg of you, brave adventurer, enter these caves to destroy Anakendis and his Dark Chronicles. You will be well rewarded. Only then will our fair village rest easily again."

The headman tells you he knows only that you must cross a bottomless chasm to reach Anakendis. The next day, the whole village comes out to see you go as you set out on the long trek up to the caves of Anakendis . . .

1

The journey up to the caves takes one day and one night, and the sun is just rising as you face the cave entrance. It looms before you, dark and gloomy, with ivy growing around the edges. You can see nothing within. Taking a deep breath, you light your lantern and enter.

Inside, the cave becomes an irregular

rock passageway heading north. Water drips continuously from the walls. After a few yards, the passageway splits. Do you take the left-hand fork (turn to **34**) or the right-hand one (turn to **7**)?

2

The vile sand squid lies dead in the sand, but you still have to get across to the door on the other side of the room. If you used the magic rope to get across to here, you may grab it again and swing across (turn to **144**) or you may continue to walk across (turn to **51**). If you used the rope, you may walk across anyway, but you will not be able to recover the rope and must cross it off on your equipment list.

3

You continue up the passageway northwards. Soon, it splits into two. To go left, turn to **195**, to go right turn to **113**.

4

After talking to the man for a short time, you discover he is no friend of Anakendis; indeed, he is a powerful wizard whom Anakendis threw down this well and left unable to use his magic on himself. He wishes you good luck in your mission and hands you an object. It is a small broom, which says the wizard, allows you to fly at high speed when you sit upon it. You thank the wizard and find yourself back in the room with the well and the stone. You leave the room. Add 1 LUCK point for your good fortune and turn to **89**. If you are hungry, you may eat Provisions here.

5

Rummaging through the junk in the desk drawer under the headband you overturn a blanket and find an axe. Examining it you find it is of an inferior quality to your own sword and you decide to leave it alone. You can now:

Search the bed	turn to	**157**
Examine the wardrobe	turn to	**39**
Look at the paintings	turn to	**76**
Leave the room	turn to	**138**

6

You hold up the amulet in front of Anakendis' face. He sees it and turns pale, backing away. You move forward to attack him while he is weakened. Resolve the battle:

ANAKENDIS SKILL 8 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **168**.

7

The passageway ends at a thick wooden door. You listen but can hear nothing and, trying the door, you find it is unlocked. Going in, you enter a large room with a door in the north wall and a door in the west wall. The room

appears empty, although there is a small alcove in the east wall. You can examine this further if you want (turn to **190**) or can leave the room by the west door (turn to **82**) or the north door (turn to **71**).

8

The hut is made of twigs lashed together with leather, and inside it is surprisingly large. However, it is empty. You search it but find nothing, so you leave. You can now examine the other but (turn to **97**) or go down the path to the door at the other end – to do this, turn to **49**.

9

You have entered a small room, containing only three chests. These look very tempting! You can:

Open chest 1	turn to	**158**
Open chest 2	turn to	**163**
Open chest 3	turn to	**26**
Leave the room	turn to	**86**

10

Ahead of you, you see the passageway opening out into a large room. Between you and this room, however, is a large statue which appears to have been carved out of one huge translucent crystal. It looks inanimate but, as you approach it, it turns to face you. The only way through is past the statue! Turn to **155** – unless you are wearing a silver amulet, in which case turn to **181**.

11

You are now on the net that spans the chasm. The exit is invitingly close, but to reach it you will have to reach the bottom of the net, cross to the other side then leap to the exit.

Roll two dice twice and compare each result with your SKILL. If both results are less than your SKILL, turn to **77**. If one is less, but the other is equal to or greater than your SKILL, turn to **42**. If they are both equal or more, turn to **94**.

12

Unfortunately, as you try to avoid the fire, you slip and hit it. You are severely scorched. Lose 5 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. If you are still alive, you pick yourself up to see Traskannd looking at you, laughing. You attack him: turn to **193**.

13

Fight the three devil hounds one at a time:

FIRST HOUND	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
SECOND HOUND	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8
THIRD HOUND	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **99**.

14

The man is a little surprised by your charge but lifts his axe and attacks nevertheless.

MAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **91**.

15

The chimney is narrow but you get to the top of the ladder without much trouble. Peering over the edge, you see a small room. Sitting on a chair is a small creature, an IMP. He looks

round and, seeing you, clicks his fingers. Suddenly, the ladder you are standing on has no rungs! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **109**, or turn to **133** if you are Unlucky.

16

You may leave through the north door (turn to **48**) or the south door (turn to **151**).

17

The chest has two locks. If you don't have two keys, you will have to try and break the chest open (turn to **58**) but otherwise choose two keys and try them in the lock. Do you choose:

Diamond and ruby	turn to **135**
Diamond and emerald	turn to **156**
Ruby and emerald	turn to **200**

18

The passage beyond the door leads

north for quite a way, then meets another passage going back the way you came. You ignore it and carry on northwards. Turn to **10**.

19

The ring appears normal at first but, as you look closer, you notice six small teeth around the inside and realise the ring is in fact a RING LEECH! Add 1 LUCK point for your discovery. You put the 'ring' down and take the emerald key. You may now, if you have not already done so, open chest 1 (turn to **158**), chest 3 (turn to **26**) or leave the room (turn to **86**).

20

The box is locked. You can try to prise the lock open (turn to **159**) or you can leave the room, going back to the junction and taking the right-hand fork (turn to **7**).

21

The astromancer has cast a sleep spell. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, the spell power just misses you. Continue the battle, turning back to **33** but remembering every other round to turn to **56**. If you are Unlucky, you collapse into a deep sleep – turn to **95**.

22

The creature is a ZOMBIE and it attacks! Resolve the battle:

ZOMBIE	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7

If you win, turn to **45**.

23

The corridor leads northwards a few yards, then reaches two doors set in the corridor wall, one opposite the other. You can ignore both of them and carry on up the corridor if you wish (turn to **50**) or can try the east door (turn to **36**), or the west door (turn to **102**).

24

You seem to have hit a sore point. The hound-master hesitates, then says, "I don't know . . . I'm not rea . . . I don't want to talk about it." Do you pursue the enquiry further (turn to **29**), ask about Anakendis (**73**), ask about the Chronicles (**148**) or thank him for his information and leave the room (turn to **151**)?

25

The cloak is made of a very expensive-looking material but it is not magical in any way. You can now, if you have not already done so, search the bed (turn to **157**), look at the paintings (turn to **76**) or examine the drawers (**61**); alternatively, you could leave the room (turn to **138**).

26

The chest is locked. To prise it open turn to **41**. If you don't want to you can try chest 1 (**158**), chest 2 (**163**) or you can leave the room (turn to **86**).

27

You ignore the little creature and walk on, but a minute later there is a gentle tap on you leg. Turning round you see the little creature behind you, and decide to hear what it has to say. Turn to **171**.

28

Searching the dinosaur cave you find a rope – a magic rope, in fact! This rope will move and tie itself to things at your command. Add 1 LUCK point. You use this rope to climb out of the pit. If you have not already done so, you may enter the room across the corridor (turn to **36**) or go up the corridor (turn to **50**).

29

The hound-master gets angry at your continued questions. "I said I didn't want to talk about it!" he shouts. Then, to your surprise, he draws his sword and attacks! Turn to **62**.

30

You start to make your way across the sand but after a short while you start to sink into it. Suddenly, a thick tentacle shoots up—it belongs to a SAND SQUID! You must fight it, but deduct two points from your SKILL due to the sand hampering you up to your waist:

SAND SQUID	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9

If you win then turn to **2**.

31

The passage leading away from the chasm leads into a small room with doors in the north, west and east walls. In the centre is a small marble pedestal. You may examine this (turn to **111**) or leave through the east door (**43**), the north door (**84**), or the west door (**72**).

32

The tapestry depicts a powerful-looking human, followed by a huge pack of wolves or hounds, casting a lightning bolt over the heads of a fleeing army. It is not magical in any way. You can now examine the desk (turn to **184**) or leave the room (turn to **105**).

33

Resolve this battle:

ASTROMANCER SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

Every other round, turn to **56**. If you win the battle, then you leave the room. Turn to **96** to turn north up the passage, or to go back to the first room and go north, turn to **71**.

34

The passageway leads to a cave that is very cold. Icicles hang from the ceiling and the floor is slippery with black ice. To examine the cave, turn to **93**; otherwise, you leave. Turn to **126**.

35

You put the boots on. They feel quite comfortable. As you move off, you feel a new spring in your step. These are magical BOOTS OF SPRINGING – they enable you to jump great distances and add 1 point to your SKILL (can increase it over the original level) due to the added agility. Return to **112**.

36

The door leads to a fairly large room with no other doors. Within it stands a man carrying an axe. All around him are large amounts of food lying on shelves or hanging from the ceiling. Do you talk to the man (turn to **134**), attack him (turn to **14**), or quickly leave the room (turn to **23**)?

37

The door opens into a small room with no furnishings except a small black chest. It has two locks – this must be the chest containing the Dark Chronicles! You may try some keys in the locks (turn to **17**) or try to break the chest open (turn to **58**).

38

Do you use:

a silver amulet?	turn to	**6**
a magic rope (command it to wrap around him)?	turn to	**152**

None of the other objects seem to have any use. If you have neither of these you will have to attack Anakendis – turn to **83**.

39

Within the wardrobe hang several black cloaks. You can take one out to put it on if you wish (turn to **140**) or you can ignore them (return to **149** and choose another option).

40

The undergrowth is very thick and you cannot get very far. You turn round to come back out but cannot move; your feet are caught in some creepers which have wrapped round them! These creepers drain 2 STAMINA points per round. They have a SKILL of 7 and a STAMINA of 4. You must roll your and their Attack Strength in the normal way, but it does damage automatically – you only wound them if your attack strength is greater than theirs. When they are dead you may leave up the left path (turn to **101**) or the path leading to the door (turn to **49**).

41

Try as you might, you cannot get the chest to open or the lock to turn. You can try brute force if you wish, by smashing the chest (turn to **153**) or you can turn back to **9** and choose another option.

42

You slip and lose your grip on the net, but just manage to hang on, almost ripping your arm out of its socket in the process – lose 1 STAMINA point. You climb up the other side of the net and leap the small distance to the exit on the far side. Turn to **31**.

43

The door leads to a short passage which opens out into a room. Standing within is a man. He smiles mockingly at you and introduces himself as Traskannd, servant of Anakendis. Also in the room is a desk, a tapestry and another exit opposite the one you entered by. You may now talk to Traskannd (turn to **183**), attack him (turn to **193**), or try to escape from the room (turn to **63**).

44

Lying on the ground you are defenceless against Anakendis' next attack, and you are seared by a fearsome bolt of lightning – lose 8 STAMINA points. If you are still alive, Anakendis attacks again. Turn to **83**.

45

The horrible creature lies dead at your feet. You search the alcove but find nothing, so you leave. Turn to **108**.

46

The passageway curves round to the north after a little while, then passes a door in the east wall. To open this, turn to **154**; otherwise you continue up the passageway. Turn to **50**.

47

Your sword has little effect against Anakendis himself, but his barrier disappears momentarily. You charge him and continue the fight. If you win, turn to **168**.

48

You open the door and enter a room which appears to be a bed chamber, frugally furnished. The occupant who lies on the bed, gets up at your entrance. He is dressed all in black and carries a sword. You can attack him (turn to **62**) or try to talk to him (turn to **161**).

49

The door is locked. You can try to barge it down (turn to **128**), or ignore it and examine the other path if you have not already done so (turn to **101**), or leave the room (turn to **50**).

50

The passage eventually ends at a crossroads, and you take the corridor leading northwards. However, out of one of the other passages comes a small creature who starts to follow you. You can ignore it (turn to **27**) or turn round and attack it (turn to **98**).

51

Awkwardly, and continually sinking in the sand, you make your way across the sand. Almost at the exit, you catch your foot on something buried within the sand and, taking a look, you see it is a thick rope. You can ignore this to get to the exit (turn to **144**) or pull it (turn to **122**).

52

Granzork tries to persuade you to change your mind, but you are adamant. He gets more and more angry with you, then suddenly grows to about seven feet tall and attacks! Resolve the battle:

GRANZORK SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win, you may look in the door (turn to **141**), go up the passage (turn to

132), or return to the place where you met Granzork and continue up the passage (turn to **3**). You may eat Provisions here if you wish.

53

You get on your broom and fly safely across to the exit on the far side. Turn to **144**.

54

Having killed the Forest Demon, you may now eat provisions if you wish. You search the hut and find 5 gold pieces and a pair of blue satin gloves – to put these on, turn to **65**. Otherwise, you can search the second hut (turn to **8**), or go down the other path (turn to **49**).

55

The box flicks open. Inside, a key carved out of pure ruby rests on a purple velvet cushion. You pocket the key, and leave the cave, returning to the junction and taking the right-hand fork – turn to **7**.

56

Roll 1 die. On a roll of 1–2, turn to **160**. On a roll of 3 or 4, turn to **21**, and on 5 or 6, turn to **131**.

57

You run for the door but a stone wall slams down. You run into it, dazing yourself. As your vision clears, you see Anakendis' sword coming down upon your neck . . . your adventure is over.

58

You lift up your sword, but as you bring it down, a ray of pure darkness is fired at you from the chest. *Test your Luck*. If you are Unlucky, the ray hits you and kills you. If you are Lucky, you had better turn to **17** and try some keys – but, if you have tried all the keys you have, you sit down despondently after getting so far. Look for keys next time you enter the caves!

59

As you run at him, the wizard speaks a few words and a wall of solid ice comes into existence before you! You run into it – lose 1 STAMINA point. He says another word and it disappears again. You decide to talk to the man. Turn to **4**.

60

You make the excuse about your curiosity, but the zombie speaks to you in a deathly, gurgling voice: "The punishment for moving the stone is

death. Sentence will be immediate." It moves out of the alcove and attacks. Turn to **22**.

61

You open the drawer. It is full of junk, but lying on top of the pile is a leather headband decorated with a red diamond pattern. You can put it on if you wish (turn to **68**) or you may continue the search of the junk pile (turn to **5**).

62

The man attacks:

HOUND-MASTER SKILL 10 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **67**.

63

You run for the door, but a wall of fire springs out of the ground – you are heading straight for it! *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, turn to **197**; otherwise turn to **12**.

64

To cross the chasm you may use three planks of wood that rest on the wall (turn to **178**) or you may use any of the following, if you have them:

A broom of flying	turn to **114**
A magic rope	turn to **182**
Boots of springing	turn to **137**

65

You slip the gloves on. They are a good fit. Suddenly the satin constricts around your hand and begins to squeeze! They cause great pain and you cannot take them off. Lose 2 STAMINA and 1 SKILL point due to the pain. You may now examine the second hut (turn to **8**) or take the other path (turn to **49**.)

66

The skeleton is wearing a tattered silk robe and a pair of intact leather boots. You can take these and put them on (turn to **35**) or can return to **112** and choose another option.

67

You search the hound-master's chamber but find nothing of interest. You leave through the chamber with the dead hounds and back to the pedestal room. Turn to **151**.

68

The headband fits quite badly but as you put it on it tightens to fit perfectly around your head. Your LUCK is increased to its original level plus 1 point. It can still be drained as a result of testing your LUCK. You continue to search the drawer. Turn to **5**.

69

This round, Traskannd does not attack with his sword, or make any attempt to defend himself from your blow (you wound him automatically) but suddenly a tongue of flame bursts from his fingers, and his fiery touch causes one die of STAMINA loss. Continue the fight. If you win, turn to **194**.

70

You go through the door into a long thin room with no other exits. It is empty. You see that the walls are made of huge capstones and on either side of the room, one of the capstones has come loose and could be moved. Also, on one wall just above eye level is a small hole. You can examine this hole further (turn to **170**), or try to move the southern capstone (**104**), or the northern one (**130**). To leave this room and continue northwards, turn to **108**.

71

The passageway travels northwards for some time, then reaches a crossroads. You may go north (turn to **23**), east (turn to **121**) or west (turn to **46**).

72

As you open the door, a mouth appears on it and starts to speak in a deep, booming voice: "Beware, foolish human! You are entering the lair of Anakendis, from which none return alive!" Undaunted by this, you continue into the passageway. Turn to **106**.

73

The man nods. He tells you that once you have entered Anakendis' lair, you cannot escape, so beware! He tells you that Traskannd lairs behind the eastern door, and Anakendis behind the western. You may enquire further about Anakendis (turn to **174**) or thank him for his information and leave. You return back to the pedestal roam and may go east (turn to **43**) or west (turn to **72**).

74

The little imp falls dead. You search its chamber and find a small jewelled ring worth 5 gold pieces. To get down the chimney you hang from the edge and

drop the small distance to the ground. Now, return to **112** to re-choose your options. You may eat provisions here if you wish.

75

You ask him a few questions about the caves, but he does not answer. You realise you have spoken too much about your mission, and he swings his axe and attacks you. Resolve the battle:

MAN SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you win, turn to **91**.

76

You examine the paintings, which depict various horrible tortures – presumably the sort of things Traskannd enjoyed looking at in his leisure time. As you stand before one, however, a small, white, ghostly hand shoots out and grabs you round the neck! Fight it in the normal way –

HAND SKILL 11 STAMINA 2

If you do not kill the hand within 3 rounds, it has strangled you and you are dead. Once free of its grip, you may return to **149** and choose another option.

77

You successfully manoeuvre yourself to the other side of the net, and from there can easily jump to the other exit. Add 1 LUCK point and turn to **31**.

78

The well itself seems unspectacular. On the other side of the well is a sign reading 'The Well of Werdna'. You may now travel down the well via the bucket (turn to **169**), examine the stone (turn to **125**), or leave the room (turn to **89**).

79

The dart hits you in the side of the face. It causes no pain at first, but then you realise that your blood is pouring from the end, pulled out by the magic of the dart! Roll 1 die and lose this amount of STAMINA points before you can pull the dart out. You take the amulet anyway. You may now, if you have not already done so, move the other capstone (turn to **104**), examine the hole (**170**), or leave the room (turn to **108**.)

80

Resolve this battle:

ICE WARRIOR SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **189**.

81

You go back to the passageway and may turn northwards (turn to **96**) or return to the original room and take the north door (turn to **71**).

82

The passage goes west for a short while, then turns north. After a little way further a passage turns off to the west (to take this, turn to **120**), or you can continue northwards (turn to **96**).

83

Anakendis is ready for your assault and draws his own sword. He is a powerful fighter and you are going to have a tough battle on your hands.

ANAKENDIS SKILL 12 STAMINA 20

Once you inflict your first wound on him, turn to **115**.

84

You try the door, but it is locked. Listening at it, you can hear the sound of several creatures moving about, snuffling and growling. You can try to break the door down (turn to **177**), or may choose another door you have not been through yet: the western door (turn to **72**) or the eastern door (turn to **43**).

85

After killing the creatures, you continue your search of the bones that they were hiding in, and uncover a long box. It opens easily to reveal a magnificent, glowing sword resting within. If you take the sword, you will have to leave your old one behind, but the new sword will add 1 point to your SKILL – this can increase it above its original value. Add 1 LUCK point. You may eat Provisions here if you wish, but whether you do or not, turn now to **18**.

86

You leave the room, making your way back to the corridor through the forest room. Back in the corridor, you continue northwards. Turn to **50**.

87

He thinks about this statement for a few moments, then looks at you coldly. "I wasn't notified of this", he says, then lifts up his axe in readiness for attack. Fight him by turning to **14**, but before he reaches you you may escape (remember the penalty), in which case you may try the other door across the corridor if you have not already done so (turn to **102**), or continue up the corridor – turn to **50**.

88

He looks quite pleased, and steps back to let you look around, dropping his axe. You may attack him now if you want (turn to **14**), or you can look around anyway. If you do this, you see a large piece of raw meat that could be useful, and you can take this if you want to. You leave the room any way and can enter the other room (turn to **102**), or continue up the corridor (turn to **50**).

89

Leaving the room, you may take the west fork if you haven't done already (turn to **120**), or continue back to the first room and take the northern door (turn to **71**).

90

The bookcase holds several books but most of them are torn or burnt. Two appear in relatively good condition. Do you look at the book entitled 'Secrets of the Caves' (turn to **107**), or the one called 'Life of Anakendis' (turn to **164**)?

91

You wipe the blood off your sword and search the cave. You find several types of food. Most promising is large slab of raw meat which you take (write it down on your equipment list). You can take a bite of this if you wish (turn to **172**), otherwise, you leave the room and may enter the door across the passage (turn to **102**) or go northwards up the corridor (turn to **50**).

92

Anakendis suddenly backs off. He waves his hands and whispers some words in a strange tongue. Instantly, a circle of fire springs up around him, cloaking his body, with only his head showing above the flames. Your sword cannot reach him. Do you:

Try to leap the barrier	turn to	**100**
Try to escape	turn to	**57**
Slice at the barrier with your sword	turn to	**47**

93

You move about the room. Passing a group of large icicles, you suddenly find yourself faced by a large, white, scaly humanoid standing well over seven feet tall – an ICE WARRIOR! You must fight – turn to **80**. You can try to escape if you wish (remember the penalty) by returning to the junction and taking the right-hand fork – turn to **7**.

94

As you start to cross to the other side, your hand loses its grip on the net, and you fall. Right at the bottom of the net you manage to hang on with one hand, but you cannot hold on for long and you

fall screaming into the depths of the bottomless chasm . . . your adventure is over.

95

The sleep spell hits you, and you collapse, snoring. When you awake, you find yourself on a hillside by Kokbridge, bereft of all possessions. You may return to the headman and get armour and a sword, but anything you found has been taken from you. Return to **1** and restart.

96

The narrow passageway widens into a small, square room with no other exits. In one corner is a well. A frame over it holds a rope, from which hangs a bucket which is large enough for you to stand in and travel down. To do this, turn to **169**. You can examine the well further (turn to **78**). Also in the room is a small boulder resting on the floor, which pulses with an unearthly orange glow (to examine this, turn to **125**). You may leave the room if you wish – turn to **89**.

97

You enter the hut, and immediately find yourself confronted by a strange looking creature – a FOREST DEMON! It attacks.

FOREST DEMON SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

It is blocking the exit, so you cannot escape the combat. If you win, turn to **54**.

98

You swing your sword at the little creature, but it squeals and runs away. Realising that it means you no harm, you sheath your sword and decide to listen to what it has to say. Turn to **171**.

99

Kicking the dead devil hounds out of the way, you examine the cave but find nothing. You leave the room. Turn to **16**.

100

You leap on a nearby table and launch yourself at his head, over the fire barrier. You knock him down (deduct 2 points from Anakendis' STAMINA) and the barrier disappears. You are, however, knocked over yourself, and Anakendis gets up before you and wounds you for 2 STAMINA points. Continue the battle – turn to **168** if you win.

101

The path curves and ends in a small clearing. Within it are two small huts, nestling in the undergrowth. You can examine the first, larger hut (turn to **97**), the second hut (turn to **8**), or you can ignore both of them and take the other path, leading down to a door (turn to **49**).

102

The door opens easily and you enter a room which appears empty. Leading up from the other side of the room is a flight of stairs. You can take these if you wish (turn to **165**), or leave the room and take the opposite door if you haven't already (turn to **36**), or continue up the corridor (turn to **50**).

103

You slice the denrec with your sword, and it suddenly explodes! Its blood spatters on your sword, and you realise it is acid! Fortunately, the magic of your sword resists the acid and you wipe it off on the bed. You decide now to put the cloak on. Turn to **25**.

104

With great effort, you shift the capstone. It reveals an alcove. Standing within it is a deathly pale human corpse. At least, it seems to be a corpse, but the head swivels round to look at you! You may attack it (turn to **22**), or try to talk to the thing (turn to **136**), or push the capstone back quickly (return to **70** and choose another option).

105

You can leave the room by the door you came through (turn to **138**) or the other door (turn to **149**). You may eat provisions here.

106

The passageway beyond the door is painted black. It heads westward, then ends at another door. You listen but hear nothing, so you open the door, to reveal another room with a door in the northern wall. Standing there is a man swathed in a black cloak who you recognise immediately as Anakendis. He grins a wicked grin at you, and says mockingly "Welcome, adventurer. I see you have penetrated to my Inner Sanctum. No matter; you will get no further." Do you attack him immediately (turn to **83**), look through your backpack for something to use (turn to **38**), or try to escape (turn to **57**)?

107

You look through the book, and discover that the catacombs have shrunk considerably since they were first excavated. It says that Anakendis himself lairs across a bottomless chasm. This chasm can be crossed because a net, almost invisible, spans it. This net must be reached, then crossed. That is about all it tells you. Now return to **112** and choose another option.

108

The passageway continues northwards, and after a short time reaches another door in the east wall. To open this, turn to **112**. If you want to continue up the passageway, turn to **50**.

109

You just manage to grab the edge of the floor, and haul yourself up. The imp suddenly leaps at you and attacks.

IMP SKILL 10 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **74**.

110

As you hit it, the denrec suddenly explodes! Its blood seeps down your sword, and you hear a fizzing sound. With a shock of horror you realise the denrec's blood is acidic, and your sword is being eaten away! You can no longer use this weapon and must find another one. Turn to **162**.

111

Examining the pedestal you detect a small lever, which you pull. A small flap drops open to reveal a tiny space, which perhaps once held a jewel or some other valuable object. It is now, however, empty. You will have to try one of the doors:

North door	turn to	**84**
East door	turn to	**43**
West door	turn to	**72**

112

The door opens easily to reveal a room which seems to be a comfortable lounge. On the west wall is a large fireplace and in front of this is a chair, with a skeleton slumped on it. There is also a bookcase nearby. You may now:

Examine the fireplace	turn to	**147**
Look at the bookcase	turn to	**90**
Examine the skeleton	turn to	**66**
Leave the room	turn to	**50**

113

The door is jammed but yields to a good push; it swings open, depositing you in a large cave. Near the door on the opposite side to the entrance is a pile of bones and rotting meat – to examine this turn to **142**. Otherwise you pass straight through the room – turn to **18**.

114

You sit on the broom and fly off across the chasm. Just as you come within reaching distance of the exit on the other side you hit something – you realise it is a net slung across the chasm. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you hang on to the net – turn to **11**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **42**. Whatever happens, your broom remains hovering and you are able to retrieve it.

115

Anakendis is vulnerable only to magical weapons, due to his intensely evil nature. If you are not using a magical weapon, you will not be able to wound Anakendis and you had better try to escape – turn to **57**. Otherwise, deduct the two points off Anakendis' STAMINA and continue the fight in the normal way. After two more rounds of fighting, turn to **92**.

116

The walls of the pit are quite rough at the bottom, but after climbing about ten feet the walls become very smooth and are unclimbable. You slowly descend the walls and can now either go north (turn to **117**) or south (turn to **146**).

117

The passageway turns east, then south, then east again before narrowing and coming eventually to a blank wall. You may search this wall for secret passages (turn to **139**) or return to the pit and take the southern passage (turn to **146**).

118

The voice is getting impatient. "Are you coming down or not? If not, kindly do not waste any more time and go about your own business." Do you go down the well (turn to **169**) or leave the room (turn to **89**)?

119

Roll one die. On a result of 1, 2 or 3 the zombie does not believe you and attacks – turn to **22**. Any other result means it's not sure and hesitates, giving you time to replace the capstone. Add 1 LUCK point, and return to **70** to choose another option.

120

The passage leads westwards and opens out after a short time into a small study. There is an empty bookcase, and a desk which looks much more promising. You can examine this if you want (turn to **191**) or decide not to bother and leave the room – turn to **81**.

121

The passage heads east for quite a while, then turns north. On the corner is a thick wooden door. Written on the door in blood are two words; 'Keep Out'. To open it, turn to **70**. Otherwise, you continue up the passageway. Turn to **108**.

122

The rope is heavy and its movement is hampered by the sand, but after much sweating and heaving you find the other end. Attached to it is a box. If you have a diamond key, this box will be empty, so you ignore it and reach the exit. Otherwise, when opened, the box reveals a key carved out of a solid diamond, which you pocket. Turn to **144** whether you find the key or not.

123

The two Walking Mouths attack at the same time. Before each round, you must choose which one you will attack, and fight it in the normal way. Against the other, roll for your Attack Strength in the usual fashion, but if your strength is higher than its, you have merely avoided its bite. If its strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you in the normal way.

WALKING MOUTH A SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

WALKING MOUTH B SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

You may escape in the normal way, but both Walking Mouths bite at you before you leave, so you lose 4 STAMINA points. Turn to **18** if you escape. Otherwise, if you win, turn to **85**.

124

The hound-master seems quite pleased to tell you all this information and you realise Anakendis must have treated him very badly over the years. He tells you that the Chronicles must be cast into the Chasm which you have crossed. You thank him for his information and leave, past the dead hounds into the pedestal room. Turn to **151**.

125

As you examine the stone, it pulses brighter but reveals no secrets to you. You may touch the stone (turn to **192**). If you do not, turn back to **96** and choose another option.

126

You turn round to leave the cave, but suddenly a large block of ice comes flying out at your head! You leap to avoid it. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, it misses you; but if you are Unlucky, it hits you and you lose 3 STAMINA points. Turning round, you see the creature who threw the ice. It is a tall, white, scaly humanoid: an ICE WARRIOR! You have no chance to escape and must fight – turn to **80**.

127

If you are using a magic sword, turn to **103**; if you are not, turn to **110**.

128

You throw your shoulder against the door, and it bursts open with a crash. You enter the room beyond it. Turn to **9**.

129

You place your sword under the lid and lever it upwards. The lid flies open easily. Within the chest are two small objects – an emerald key, which you pocket, and a small golden ring. You can put this ring on (turn to **175**) or examine it further (turn to **19**). If you do neither of these, you pocket the key anyway and choose another chest – turn to **9** and choose another option.

130

The capstone moves after a great effort on your part, revealing behind it a small alcove. Standing within it is a rotting corpse. You prod it with your sword, but to your relief it is inanimate. Hanging around its neck is a silver amulet, which you can take by turning to **150**. If you do not, you replace the capstone. Return to **70** and choose another option.

131

The astromancer has cast a darkness spell. From now on, all your rolls for Attack Strength must be reduced by 2, because you cannot see as well in the dark. The astromancer can see in the dark – do not give this penalty to him! Return to **33** but remember every other round to turn to **56**.

132

The passage leans north but gets narrower and narrower until you are reduced to a crawl. The passage eventually ends at a small door which you try, but find locked. There is no way you can break it down in this small place, so you return to the door with the barred window. You can look through the door if you wish (turn to **141**) or return to the place where you met Granzork and go north (turn to **3**).

133

You try desperately to reach the edge, but don't quite make it and fall awkwardly to the bottom, losing 4 STAMINA points. You hear the imp laughing at the top of the ladder. You may now, if you have not already done so, examine the bookcase (**90**), the skeleton (**66**), or leave the room and continue northwards (turn to **50**).

134

The man is fairly bad-tempered and you aren't going to get much out of

MKD

him. He suddenly asks you why you are here. Do you ignore his question and ask him about the caves (turn to **75**), or answer it by saying you are a food inspector (turn to **187**) or that you have come to choose some food (turn to **88**)?

135

You try the keys. One of them turns, but as you try to make the other turn, two small darts shoot into your hand. You can feel your vision clouding and realise the darts have injected a deadly poison . . . Your adventure is over. Try a different combination of keys next time you get here!

136

You try to talk to the zombie but he keeps repeating the words 'My long sleep has been disturbed.' Suddenly he asks you why you moved the stone. You may attack the thing now (turn to **22**), or give it an answer. Will your answer be:

I wanted to see	turn to	**60**
I was under orders to move it	turn to	**119**

137

Using the boots, you leap across towards the exit on the far side of the chasm. Just as you get within touching distance of it, you hit something and realise it is a net, slung across the chasm. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you hang on. Turn to **11**. If you are Unlucky, *Test your Luck* again. If you are Lucky this time, turn to **42**, otherwise turn to **94**.

138

Back in the pedestal room, you may now try the north door if you have not done so already (turn to **84**), or the west door (turn to **72**).

139

You discover a section of the wall which sounds more hollow than the rest, and push it open. It leads to a very small cave which you examine, and find nothing except a door in the south wall – to take this turn to **186**. Otherwise, you leave the way you came, returning to the pit and going south – turn to **146**.

140

You move a cloak to put it on, but suddenly a small, fat, green bird flies out and starts flapping around you, pecking! It is a DENREC! Resolve the combat:

DENREC SKILL 9 STAMINA 2

Once you inflict your first hit on the creature, turn to **127**.

141

Looking through the barred window in the door, you find yourself looking into a room. The floor of this room is about three feet below the level of the door and is full of sharp spikes! Stepping into the room would have meant certain death. Add 1 LUCK point for your discovery. You may now return to the original passage and go north (turn to **3**), or try to go up the smaller passage (turn to **132**).

142

You examine the large pile of bones but before you get very far, you are alerted by a sound nearby. Bursting out of the rotting meat are two WALKING MOUTHS. These are small, pink globular creatures with two small, stumpy legs and huge mouths. They attack. Turn to **123**.

143

When you reach the fourth round of combat, one of the devil hounds finishes its meal and attacks! See **123** for rules on fighting two creatures at once.

DEVIL HOUND B SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

Once the two devil hounds are killed, the third one attacks.

DEVIL HOUND C SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

If you kill all three, turn to **99**.

144

You reach the exit on the other side of the room. It leads to a passage heading northwards for a long way. Eventually it reaches a junction with another passage heading back the way you came. You ignore this and continue northwards. Turn to **10**.

145

You return to the bucket that brought you down, and find that it has winched itself back to the top! You can hear the old man behind you, laughing, and you decide to talk to him. Turn to **4**.

146

The passageway leads south, then turns east. After a short time, it opens into a very large cave. You enter it. It seems to be the lair of some sort of creature. You turn round to leave and find the creature blocking the exit, and all hope of escape! It is a DINOSAUR, and you must fight it.

DINOSAUR SKILL 7 STAMINA 16

If you win, turn to **28**.

147

You give the fireplace no more than a cursory examination as it appears uninteresting. As you examine the chimney, however, to your surprise you notice a ladder leading up it! Looking up, you see torchlight flickering at the top. Do you climb this ladder (turn to **15**) or not? If you don't, return to **112** and choose an option you haven't already tried.

148

The hound-master thinks a moment, then says the Chronicles are kept in a small box with two locks. These locks, he says, open to keys, each carved out of one gem. He knows that one lock will yield to a ruby key, but he knows not what the other lock opens to. You may ask him further about the Chronicles (turn to **124**) or thank him for his information and return to the pedestal room (turn to **151**).

149

The passageway leads south, then turns east, then opens into a room. The room looks like a bedchamber. There is a large bed, with a wardrobe next to it. Paintings hang on the walls and there is a small chest of drawers by the door. You can now:

Examine the bed	turn to	**157**
Open the wardrobe	turn to	**39**
Look at the paintings	turn to	**76**
Examine the drawers	turn to	**61**
Return to the pedestal room	turn to	**138**

150

You slip the amulet off the neck of the corpse, but out of the side of the alcove comes a small dart. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, turn to **79**. Otherwise, you have avoided the dart. Take the amulet and return to **70**, choosing another option you have not already tried.

151

Back in the pedestal room, you may now take the east door (turn to **43**) or the west door (turn to **72**).

152

You throw your rope at Anakendis, intending to entwine him in its coils. The rope snakes around him and it seems as though you will succeed, but suddenly Anakendis disappears! He reappears after a moment, but this time outside the coils! Grasping the rope, he gives a good pull and you fall to the floor. Turn to **44**.

153

You smash your sword against the chest again and again but it holds fast. Puzzled, you examine the chest and discover it is just a solid block of wood! No wonder you couldn't get in. If you have not already done so, you may now open

chest 1 (turn to **158**), chest 2 (turn to **163**), or leave the room (turn to **86**).

154

The door opens easily and leads to a vast room. Sunlight shines in through a sizeable hole in the roof, and, fed by this, the room is full of trees. A path leads off from the door and forks after a short time. The right fork leads to a door which you may go and try (turn to **49**), while the left fork curves away out of sight (to take this, turn to **101**). If you distrust the paths you may try and penetrate into the trees – turn to **40**.

155

As you approach the statue you realise that the 'room' beyond is actually a chasm – probably the chasm that the headman told you about! To reach it, however, the statue must be fought.

CRYSTAL STATUE SKILL 9 TAMINA 9

Any wounds you inflict on it deduct only 1 STAMINA point due to the hardness of its skin. There is no escaping from this battle, If you win, turn to **64**.

156

One of the keys turns, but the other does not. Suddenly, a liquid is squirted out of the top of the chest at your face! *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, it hits you and you discover it is acid . . . your adventure is over. Otherwise, return to **17** and try another combination of keys. If you have tried all the combinations you have, you sit and weep after getting so far. Look for different keys next time you enter the caves!

157

You examine the bed but all you find is a gold piece which you pocket. Return to **149** and choose another option which you have not already tried.

158

The chest is not locked, and opens easily. All that is within, however, are ten gold pieces. You search the chest for hidden compartments but find none. You may now open chest 2 (turn to **163**), or chest 3 (turn to **26**). Or if you have tried all you want, leave the room (turn to **86**).

159

Roll two dice. If the total is less than your SKILL, you have succeeded – turn to **55**. If it is greater than or equal to your SKILL, you have failed so you return to the junction and take the right-hand fork. Turn to **7**.

160

The astromancer waves his hands and a bolt of fire comes shooting at you. *Test your Luck.* It you are unlucky, it hits you. Lose 4 STAMINA points. If you are lucky, it misses. In any case, return to **33** and continue the battle, remembering every other round to turn to **56**.

161

You talk to the man for a while, and he introduces himself as the HOUND-MASTER. You discover that he used to be an inhabitant of Kokbridge who was captured some time ago. He hates Anakendis but cannot find the strength to break free. He will, however, give you any information you need. Do you ask him about:

Anakendis	turn to	**73**
The Dark Chronicles	turn to	**148**
or Traskannd?	turn to	**24**

162

Having lost your sword, you search the room for another weapon. Looking through the chest of drawers, you find an axe. This is of inferior quality to your previous weapon, and you must deduct 1 SKILL point while you use it. You return to the pedestal room. Turn to **138**.

163

You try to open the chest but it is locked. You can try to prise it open (turn to **129**); otherwise, turn to **9** and choose an option you not already tried.

164

The book relates various grisly details about the life of Anakendis, but most interesting is the fact that Anakendis has grown very powerful, and is now immune to blows from all non-magical weapons. You replace the book in the rack and may add 1 LUCK point for the information. Return to **112** and choose another option.

165

You start to climb up the stairs. When you are about three-quarters of the way up, the stairs suddenly revolve around a central pivot, and deposit you in the pit that they were hiding. You bruise yourself badly – lose 3 STAMINA points. Taking stock of your surroundings, you discover you are in a deep pit. Passages lead north and south. You may try to climb out of the pit (turn to **116**), otherwise you take a passage. Will it be the one leading north (turn to **117**) or south (turn to **146**)?

166

He thinks about this for a bit, then to your relief decides it could be true. Add 1 LUCK point, and turn to **88**.

167

You throw the meat into the chamber. The two devil hounds it lands nearest to start devouring it, but the third decides that you look tastier. You must fight it:

DEVIL HOUND SKILL 8 STAMINA 7

After four rounds, turn to **143**. If you defeat it before then, turn to **188**.

168

Well done! You have defeated the evil Anakendis, and Kokbridge is safe for the moment. However, his Dark Chronicles must still be destroyed, or one of his minions could take over his regime. You leave through the door on the far side of the room. Turn to **37**.

169

As you step into the bucket, it starts to move down of its own accord! Alarmed, you try to get out, but it is too late. After a few seconds, the bucket stops and tips, unceremoniously dumping you by a cave entrance. Picking yourself up, you walk into the cave and come out in a room. Sitting in a chair there is an old man. You notice, to your surprise, a chain around his ankles. You may talk to the man (turn to **4**), attack him (turn to **59**), or return to the bucket and attempt to go upwards (turn to **145**).

170

You can see nothing in the hole, so you tentatively place your hand inside. Too late, there is a small prick, and you feel a fire running up your hand. Snatching it out, you see a small spider sitting on your hand. You kill it, but its venom has already been injected! Lose 2 SKILL points, then roll 2 dice and lose this many STAMINA points! Return to **70** and choose another option.

171

The little creature introduces himself as Granzork, a servant of Anakendis. He tells you that his master has been watching your progress and is prepared to offer you the chance to confront him here and now. Granzork tells you to follow him if you accept the offer. Do you accept? If so, turn to **176**. Otherwise, you continue up the passageway

turn to **3**. If you wish, you may decline Granzork's offer but follow him anyway, secretly and at a distance, to see where he goes. To do this, turn to **179**.

172

You take a bite of the meat. It is a bit tough because it is raw, but is good stuff nevertheless. You take it and leave the room. You may now enter the room across the corridor if you haven't done so already (turn to **102**), or go north (turn to **50**).

173

You take a deep breath and turn round to look at Granzork, but he has gone. You push the door open and step inside, but your feet meet empty air and you fall . . . too late you realise this is a trap, and the floor of this room is not stone, but metal spikes! Your adventure is over.

174

He thinks for a moment, then declares he knows nothing else. You thank him for his information and return to the pedestal room. Turn to **151**.

175

You slip the ring on, but nothing happens. You continue with your search of the chest, but start to feel weak. You look at your ring and see it bloated with blood – it is not a ring at all, but a RING LEECH! You rip it off, but it has drained so much blood you have lost 25% of the STAMINA you had left! Lose 1 LUCK point for your bad luck as well. You take the emerald key anyway. Turn back to **9** and choose another option.

176

You follow Granzork through a small secret door in the side of the passage. It leads to a long tunnel heading north-west, then it ends at a door, with a much smaller passage heading north. Granzork motions to the door, telling you Anakendis is within, Do you enter (turn to **173**) or have second thoughts and tell Granzork that you have changed your mind (turn to **52**)?

177

You throw your shoulder against the door, and it opens at the second attempt. You go through. Turn to **185**.

178

You pick up a plank and start to push it over the chasm. Near to the other side, you hit an obstruction, and realise it is a net, slung across the chasm. Gently, you lay the plank on the net and gingerly walk across. Just as you are nearly there, the end of the plank slips off the net and plunges into the chasm. You take a flying leap at the net. *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you grab onto the net – turn to **11**. Otherwise, you fail to get a decent grip – turn to **42**.

179

You turn to continue up the passage, but as Granzork leaves, you turn round and follow him stealthily. He goes through a small secret door which leads to a tunnel heading north-west. Eventually it ends at a door with a barred window. Granzork disappears up a much smaller passage to the north. You may now either look through the window (turn to **141**), or try to follow Granzork up the passage (turn to **132**).

180

You lose your grip on the rope and fall into the sand up to your waist. Rising up out of the sand in front of you is the horrible owner of the tentacle – a SAND SQUID! Resolve the combat:

SAND SQUID SKILL 8 STAMINA 9

As you are hampered by the sand, decrease your SKILL by 2 points for this battle. If you win, turn to **2**.

181

You hold up the amulet in front of the statue and it becomes motionless. Add 1 LUCK point. Beyond it, you can see the 'room' is in reality a large chasm – the chasm the headman told you about! It must be crossed. Turn to **64**.

182

You command the rope to attach itself

to a protuberance on the other side of the chasm, but near to the exit on the far side it ties itself around what appears to be a net hanging across the chasm. You swing across and reach the net safely. Turn to **11**.

183

You attempt to talk to Traskannd, to retrieve his old personality, but the will of Anakendis is too strong. He attacks. Turn to **193**. You will have time to try and escape if you wish – turn to **63** to do this.

184

Most of the desk drawers are locked or empty, but one contains some papers dealing with the devil hounds and a person called the 'hound-master'. You tear the papers up and leave the room. Turn to **105**.

185

You go through the door and enter a room with another door at the far end. Near this door stand three huge hounds – they are DEVIL HOUNDS! If you have some raw meat you may throw it at them to distract them (turn to **167**), or if you haven't you may walk in and fight them (turn to **13**), or if you don't relish the prospect of taking on three of them, you may shut the door and try another one. Turn to **151** to do this.

186

The door opens to reveal a short passage leading south to a dead end. You find another secret door here, however, and push it open to reveal a cave. There is one other exit to the west, which you presume leads to the passage heading south from the pit. Standing in the cave is a huge DINOSAUR. It sniffs the air, then notices you. You must fight it:

DINOSAUR SKILL 7 STAMINA 16

You cannot escape the fight. If you win, turn to **28**.

187

The man thinks. Roll 1 die. On a result of 1, 2 or 3, turn to **166**. On any other roll, turn to **87**.

188

You finish the first devil hound off before the other two finish their meal, and manage to sneak out of the southern door before they turn their interest back to you. Turn to **151**.

189

You kill the Ice Warrior and search the cave. In the place where it was hiding you find a small box, decorated with gold leaf. You can try and open this – turn to **20**. If you do not want to try, you leave the cave and return to the junction, this time taking the right-hand fork. Turn to **7**.

190

The alcove is clean and bare. Hanging in the centre, however, is a bell rope. You can pull it if you want (turn to **199**), or leave the room. You may leave through the north door (turn to **71**) or the west door (turn to **82**).

191

You examine the desk. Resting on the top under a pile of paper is a potion – of strength (as the standard potion). As you pick it up, however, you feel a pain in your thigh and Look down to see a gash – lose 4 STAMINA points. You look up again and see a thin human with a sword. This is no ordinary person, however, but an ASTROMANCER! Turn to **33**.

192

You touch the stone and a voice speaks, as if from nowhere. 'Yes? Who is that? Kindly give your name.' You give your name and the voice asks you to come down. Do you try and speak to the voice further (turn to **118**), go down the well as it seems to be asking you to do (turn to **169**) or leave the room (turn to **89**)?

193

Resolve this battle:

TRASKANND SKILL 11 STAMINA 14

If you want to escape, turn to **63**. On the third round of combat, turn to **69**.

194

You push Traskannd's dead body out of the way, feeling sorry for him, as all his actions were controlled by Anakendis. Now you are free to examine the room. Do you examine the desk (turn to **184**) or the tapestry (turn to **32**)?

195

The passage leads to a door which opens with an effort, because the room is full of red sand and some of this has drifted against the door. There is an exit on the other side. To reach this you will have to cross the sand. Before you do, however, you may examine the sand at your feet (turn to **198**). To cross the sand, you may employ a variety of methods, as long as you have the right equipment:

Fly over it on a broom	turn to	**53**
Swing across it on a magic rope	turn to	**196**
Simply walk across it	turn to	**30**

196

You attach the rope to the roof and swing across to the exit. Halfway across, a huge, green tentacle shoots out of the sand and hits you on the low point of your swing. Lose 2 STAMINA points, and *Test your Luck*. If you are Lucky, you hang on and swing safely to the far side – turn to **144**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **180**.

197

You skid, grab a table leg, and just manage to avoid the fire. You turn round to face Traskannd. Turn to **193**.

198

You rummage in the sand and uncover a small box. This opens easily and reveals a small key, made out of one diamond. Now, return to **195** and choose one of the ways to get across the sand.

199

You pull the bell-rope and a bell rings very loudly not so far away. You tense yourself. Nothing appears through either of the doors, but as you scan the room you notice the wall in the alcove beginning to bulge outwards. The bulge grows, and suddenly bursts open to reveal a terrifying crab-like creature – a MACRA! Resolve the battle:

MACRA SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

The wounds inflicted by the huge claws of the Macra are so terrible you must deduct 3 STAMINA points instead of the usual 2. If you win you may leave through the north door (turn to **71**) or the west door (turn to **82**). You may eat Provisions here.

200

You try the keys. To your delight, both of them turn! The lid of the chest lifts to reveal a small black book with the title embossed on the cover in gold leaf: 'The Dark Chronicles of Anakendis'. You take the book out of its case and return to the chasm, where you cast the evil tome into the bottomless depths.

The peaceful village of Kokbridge is now safe from all threat. You return there a hero, to be greeted by the village headman. "You have saved us," he says. "To you I offer great prizes and treasures, the best that we, the people of Kokbridge, can offer." He hands you a case containing hundreds of gold pieces, and precious jewelry and gems. "You will be forever welcome in our village. We salute you." The villagers begin to cheer, and you bathe in the glory of the people you have just saved from a grisly end . . . ●

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FANTASY IN MINIATURE

by Rick Priestley

How miniature figures can bring your fantasy adventures to life!

To readers of *Warlock*, Fighting Fantasy means resolving your adventures by turning pages and reading the information written there. Combat is important, of course, and a foolish or careless decision can easily cost you your life! Fighting is worked out on paper and by throwing dice. The action takes place in your imagination: the deadly cut and thrust of sword play, the lightning strike of a monstrous claw, and the resounding clang of steel against steel.

Not all fantasy games are played in this way. As many readers will know, it is possible to use models to represent characters and their actions instead. Some fantasy gamers use models only to fight out individual combats, with the characters manoeuvering around each other and exchanging blows with their weapons.

Other gamers, however, use their imaginative skill and talent to create a whole scene for their miniatures to fight over. Model trees, houses and all kinds of scenery are carefully positioned on the tabletop or floor, to make an entire battlefield. With a little time and effort, a complete battle can be fought using any number of models – from a simple 'skirmish' with a handful of characters on each side, to a huge full-scale battle with literally hundreds of models taking part.

Readers who would like to take command of mighty armies, lead marauding bands of rampaging goblins or defend tall castles against besieging monsters, can easily do so! All you need is a little creative imagination – and you wouldn't be reading this magazine if you didn't have that.

There is a wide choice of models available – some of which are special `fantasy' miniatures, and some of which are historical, medieval types. The fantasy world is very close to medieval times, and the two can be used together quite easily. *Britains*, *Airfix* and *Matchbox* all make very good ranges of medieval warriors in plastic. You can also find suitable models in department stores and newsagents-often these are insanely cheap! Matchbox also makes a special range of fantasy models, which are, unfortunately, fairly expensive. Some of these are good, some are not so good, and it is worthwhile having a good look before purchasing.

Miniatures for Fighting Fantasy

Fighting Fantasy fans are in the fortunate position of having a vast choice of special *Fighting Fantasy Miniatures,* made by *Citadel*. *Citadel* are famous for their award-winning, super-detailed metal miniatures. The Fighting Fantasy models, however, are different. These are moulded in a special high-detail, polythene plastic and stand about 60mm tall on average (the metal models are about 25–30mm tall). Dwarves and goblins are a bit shorter, of course, and ores and trolls are somewhat larger. The trolls stand at over 80mm in fact. Each model comes with a number of component parts, including a selection of weapons and accessories. Heads or helmets are interchangeable. Different heads are supplied with all the body types, so you can assemble a whole army with no two figures the same.

Painted Fighting miniatures in a skirmish

A mean and ugly Fighting Fantasy Troll

Citadel's Fighting Fantasy models have the advantage of being specially designed to fit in with the gamebooks. But this shouldn't put you off using other models as well – and various types can all be mixed in. Most of the models that you can buy come unpainted, including the *Citadel* ones. From our point of view this will be useful, because models which come already painted are never very well done – and can be very bad indeed. It is far better to buy unpainted models, and then apply your own skill to bring the model to life.

Adding Colour

Painting fantasy models is a hobby in its own right, with many dedicated and talented devotees. Of course, to some people painting is nothing more than a chore – something that has to be done before the model can be used. If you take this attitude, I'm afraid your models will never really look first class. In order to achieve a truly excellent paint job, you will need to actually relax and enjoy painting. It is far better in all respects to treat painting as a rewarding and enjoyable part of the miniatures hobby.

Of course, the only way to learn how to paint well is to practice. Getting started can be expensive, what with the different paints and brushes you will need. The best way to begin is to purchase one of the *Fighting Fantasy Paint Sets*. The set contains 10 water-based colours in small sampler pots, and a useful guide *How to Paint your Models*

written by renowned fantasy miniatures painter Dave Andrews. Once you have mastered the art of painting, you can begin to experiment with different paints and advanced techniques. Who knows, perhaps one day you might even carry off one of the coveted awards presented to talented artists at Games Day – the major annual convention for gamers and fantasy modelers.

Hack and Slay – by the rules!

Many miniatures collectors buy and paint models simply for display, but most do actually use their carefully painted models to enact their adventures and battles. Of course, if models are to be used in this way, you will need a set of game rules. Games rules have to be painstakingly worked out and tested: they must reflect the true feel of combat – as well as representing what would actually result from a successful sword stroke or spear thrust.

The Fighting Fantasy books, and *Warlock* magazine, use a very good set of rules based on the three factors of Skill, Stamina and Luck. You will have already used these rules to control your Fighting Fantasy adventures, and you can use them again to fight out further adventures of your own. Steve Jackson, co-author of the famous gamebooks, has written a special book that shows you how this can be done. The book is called *Fighting Fantasy – The Introductory Role-playing Game*. It includes the full rules, some really good advice on how to run a game, many excellent ideas, and two complete adventures – *Wishing Well* and *Shaggradd's Hives of Peril*.

There are many other sets of game rules available. They can all be used to control movement and combat between groups of miniatures, although some are more suitable than others. Citadel produce a special dice set for the Fighting Fantasy Miniatures, which includes not only a selection of multi-sided dice but also a complete set of Battlegame rules for individual combat between adventurers and monsters. The whole set is quite cheap, selling for only £1.25. Many of the other rules available are far more complex and detailed, but are also far more expensive! It is a good idea to have a look at these games before buying any. Even better, borrow a friend's copy, or sit in at a game being run by someone else. Then you can judge for yourself how good any individual game is, and decide whether it's worth purchasing or not.

Metal Miniatures

All good game shops have a large stock of the smaller, metal miniatures. You may feel that these represent a better investment than the plastic models, although they are comparatively expensive. Metal figures require special treatment by the modeller, including a selection of tools. Some models come as kits, and require careful assembly with epoxy glue. All metal models tend to need work on them before they are ready for painting: cutting, filing and even bending parts to fit in some cases. Models are also more difficult to paint; they are smaller after all. Don't be put off by these problems! If you are a reasonably experienced modeller you will be able to cope quite easily. However, the inexperienced and very young shouldn't attempt to buy metal models, and many shop keepers will refuse to sell metal models to young children.

Fighting Fantasy: the Battlegame rules and dice, Steve Jackson's role-playing game rules, and the paint set.

Polystyrene and Cardboard

Available very shortly will be a new range of hard-plastic (polystyrene) fantasy models from Citadel. I was fortunate to see some of these at the design stage, and they are really very good. The detail is as good as most metal figures, but the models come with component parts: a selection of heads, assorted weapons and a separate shield. These are the same size as the metal models, and can be mixed in with them. These will be far cheaper than either the metal figures or the large plastic miniatures, and should allow the gamer to assemble a huge army for very little cost.

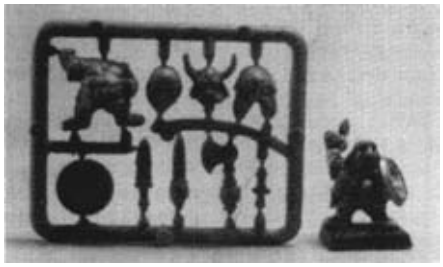

The 25mm Dwarf, before and after assembly and painting

Whilst on the look-out for new models, you will probably come across a useful product from *Games Workshop.* These are the *Dungeon Floor Plans* boxes. There are four sets in total, each containing an assortment of card sheets representing flagstones, cobbles, stairs, tiles and various floor surfaces. Each sheet is divided into a grid pattern to allow for model movement or range calculation. You can cut the different sheets to make your own instant dungeon complex. There you have the basis for an adventure – the lair of a powerful monster, a ruined temple or a goblin fortress.

Further Reading

If you are interested in extending your Fighting Fantasy hobby into a miniatures hobby as well, you could do no better than to read a few of the specialist magazines devoted to gaming and modelling.

The Citadel Journal – the only magazine devoted solely to miniatures and miniature based games. Published irregularly.

The Citadel Compendium – a larger version of the journal including the Citadel miniatures catalogue. Published once a year.

White Dwarf – the magazine for garners with many articles on role-playing games, game news and reviews. Published monthly.

Miniature Wargames – the magazine for historical wargamers. No fantasy content, but some very useful stuff on battles with models. Published monthly.

Army and Navy Model World – not a fantasy magazine, but worthwhile for anyone interested in fighting large battles with models. Published monthly.

Military Modelling – again not a fantasy magazine. Exclusively concerned with modelling large scale historical miniatures and vehicles. Published monthly.

MONSTER CROSSWORD

COMPETITION RESULTS

The Monster Crossword Competition in the last issue of *Warlock* had a lot less entries than the previous crossword competition. It seems that many of you were put off the fact that there was an eight-letter downward space labelled 14 in the puzzle blank, but no clue numbered *14 Down!*

What a hunch of namby-pambies. Fancy being put off by the mere absence of a clue.

It didn't worry Paul Ackerley of Coningsby in Lincolnshire, though. He wins the £10 prize because not only did he answer all the clues correctly; he also managed to fill in the *14 Down* space – and with the *correct* answer. This man has paranormal powers.

Here's the crossword with the answers filled in. And yes, all right, we admit it – leaving out the *14 Down* clue was a mistake. We could claim that it was a gremlin in the works, but the Warlock's office is always knee-deep in gremlins anyway . . .

1 E	R	2 A	S	3 E	R	■	4 B	5 L	A	6 C	K	7 P	I	8 T
G	■	M	■	M	■	■	■	I	■	R	■	L	■	R
9 C	O	N	T	E	N	10 T	■	11 P	R	O	F	A	N	E
A	■	E	■	T	■	#	■	S	■	S	■	Y	■	B
12 P	A	S	T	I	M	E	S	■	13 U	S	E	F	U	L
A	■	I	■	C	■	S	■	14 D	■	B	■	U	■	E
15 D	E	A	D	■	16 R	O	S	E	B	O	W	L	■	■
E	■	■	■	17 N	■	U	■	E	■	W	■	■	■	18 F
■	■	19 O	R	O	N	T	A	P	E	■	20 M	21 A	C	E
22 P	■	B	■	T	■	#	■	C	■	23 M	■	R	■	L
24 L	A	S	C	A	R	■	25 N	O	M	O	R	T	A	L
A	■	C	■	C	■	26 K	■	M	■	R	■	W	■	D
27 G	R	E	M	L	I	N	■	28 A	S	A	D	O	D	O
U	■	N	■	U	■	O	■	■	■	L	■	R	■	W
29 E	L	E	M	E	N	T	S	■	30 W	E	A	K	E	N

FIGHTING FANTASY FEEDBACK

Some results from the survey questionnaire in Warlock 4

SECTION 1: WHO ARE YOU?

You're almost all male, for a start. The Warlock gets quite a few letters from girls (maybe it's his charismatic personality!), but it's the fellas who like filling in questionnaires. Only 8 out of over 500 respondents were female.

And nearly all of you are between 9 and l7 years old; although we had a reply from a man of 60, and the letters we receive least us to believe that we have quite a few readers who are too young to bother with questionnaires.

In addition to *Warlock*, over a third of you read *White Dwarf*, which shows eminent good taste: and no other magazines were anything like so popular.

SECTION 2: FIGHTING FANTASY GAMEBOOKS

By a long, long way you decided that the most exciting book is Ian Livingstone's *Deathtrap Dungeon.* He says he thinks it's quite good, too. You voted that *Forest of Doom* has the best cover picture (by lain McCaig) and that the book with the best interior illustrations is – *Deathtrap Dungeon* again, illustrated by – lain McCaig again.

When it comes to the subject-matter of *Fighting Fantasy Gamebooks,* it's no surprise that you want Fantasy, pure and simple. Other subjects were suggested, but none of them came close to Fantasy in popularity – not even Science Fiction or Horror, and certainly not Pirates or the Wild West.

You were asked whether you wanted the *Fighting Fantasy* system to be made simpler, or to stay the same, or to be made more complex. The system must be about right, because a majority of you want it to stay the same. Quite a number of you would like to see some complications creeping in; but hardly anyone wants the system to be simpler.

SECTION 3: WARLOCK MAGAZINE

The most popular part of *Warlock* is the solo adventure. But nearly everything else is well liked, too: the *Warlock's Quill*, *Out of the Pit*, the news page, the cartoon strip, and *Tricks and Traps*. All of these will remain as permanent features of *Warlock*, and the expanded news coverage has been split into two sections: *Omens and Auguries*, which looks ahead to forthcoming books, games and events; and *The Arcane Archive*, which reviews new gamebooks.

You aren't too keen on our occasional series of profiles of artists; nor are you crazy about crosswords. However, you have provided us with very clear indications of what you would like to see in *Warlock* instead.

By an overwhelming majority you want us to carry scenarios for role-playing games. There is almost as strong a vote for the idea of fiction-presumably fantasy short stories. And you would also like us to include more board games like *Market Mayhem* and *In Search of the Mungies' Gold.* We're not entirely sure where we're going to fit all this, because we're quite sure that you don't want us to scrap any of the other features that you like in Warlock-but we'll do our best.

Tell us what you think of the changes in this issue of *Warlock*, and keep writing in with your suggestions!

The Lost Shrine of Kasar-Khan

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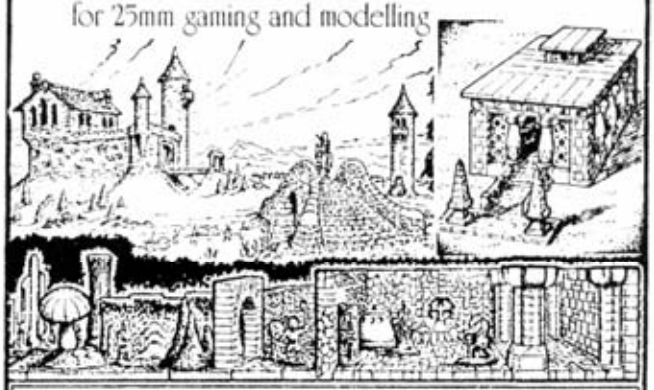

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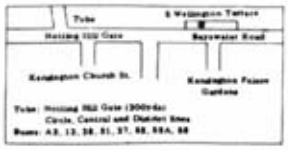

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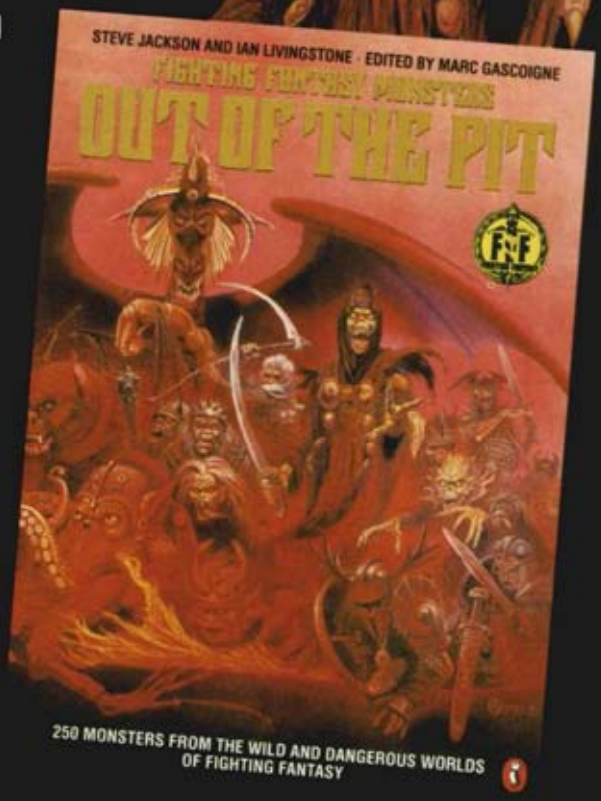

Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone

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FIGHTING FANTASY

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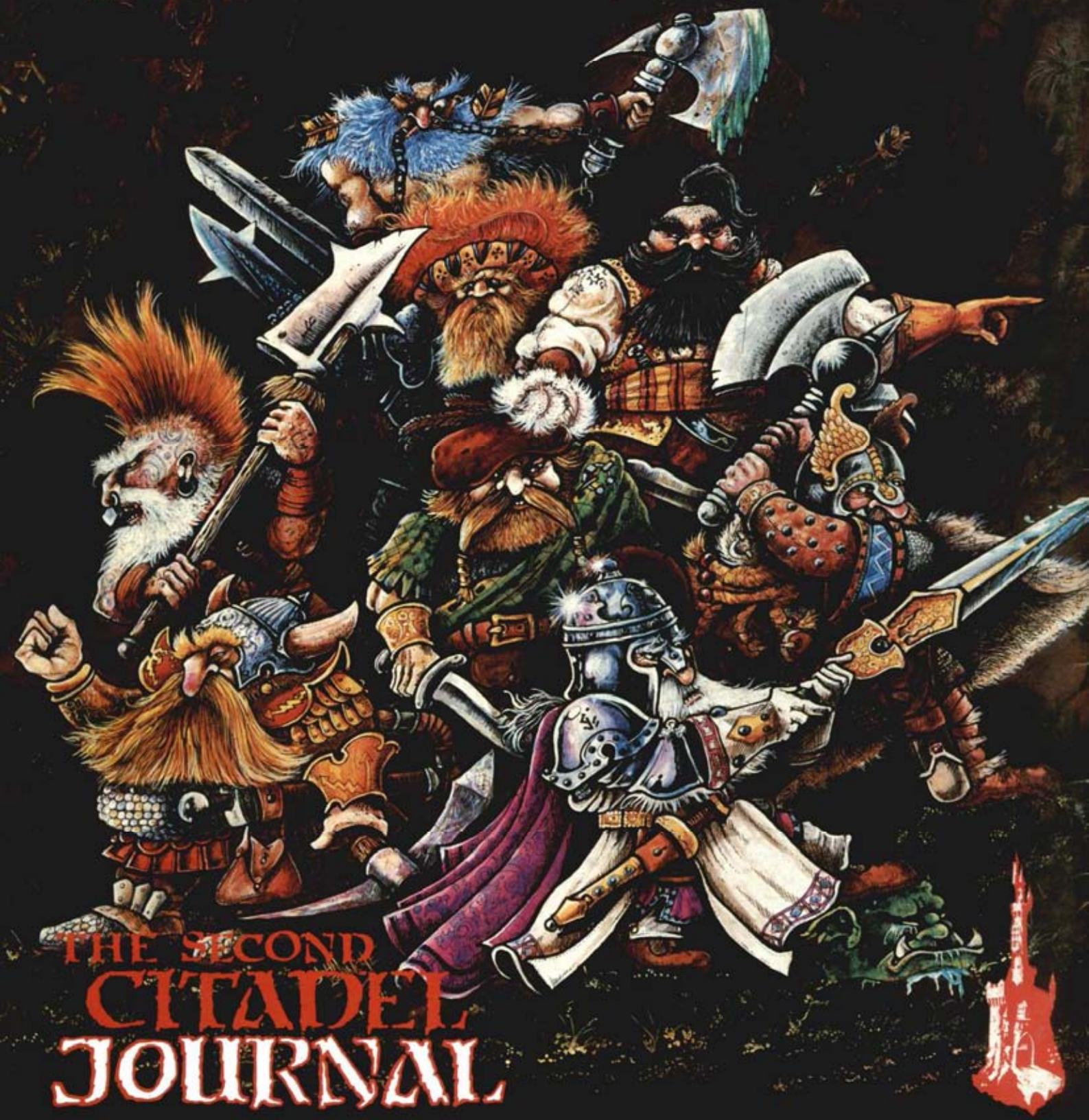

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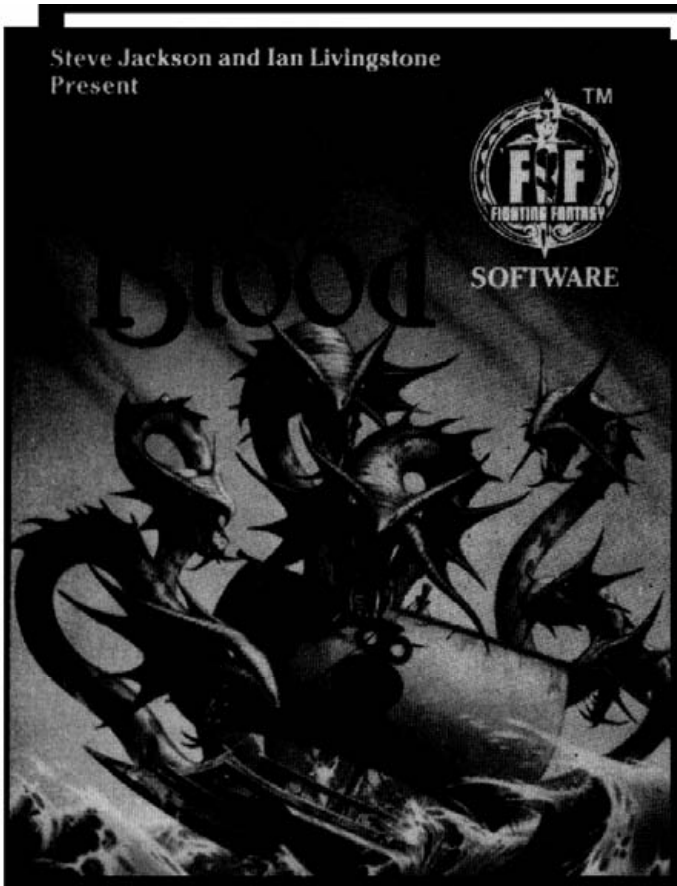

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WARLOCK

ISSUE 7
DECEMBER/ JANUARY

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Advertising: Jon Sutherland
Published by: Games Workshop Ltd, 27–29 Sunbeam Road, London NW10 6JP
Publications Manager: Peter Darvill-Evans

Dear Adventurer

Saturday November 2nd was a cold day in Manchester, but over a thousand of you braved the elements to make the first *Fighting Fantasy Day* a tremendous success. The Day was organised by *Puffin Books* and *Games Workshop*, and other companies exhibiting included *Oxford University Press* and *Adventure International*, whose latest *Fighting Fantasy* computer game is *Seas of Blood* for the Spectrum. *Games Workshop's* new *Judge Dredd* role-playing game was popular, as was the sixth and latest Lone Wolf gamebook, *The Kingdoms of Terror*. Artists Dave Andrews and Iain McCaig were surrounded by admirers all day. And while some enthusiasts were getting stuck into games of *Talisman* and *Middle-Earth*, others were happy to inspect the displays of fantasy art (both professional and amateur), foreign-language editions of books, and our original flow-charts for the earliest *Fighting Fantasy* books.

We spent nearly all day autographing things-books, magazines, and in one case a forehead!

Congratulations to Anthony Foster, who won our impromptu *Fighting Fantasy* Dress competition as a killer Dice. He played his roll to perfection!

This issue includes our first multi-player Fighting Fantasy scenario, designed to follow on from *Deathtrap Dungeon*. Other new developments are on their way, including a board game and possibly even a two player Fighting Fantasy adventure. As always, feel free to write to the Warlock and tell him what you want to see in the magazine – although there's always the risk of being transformed into a warty, web-footed lily-hopper!

Ian Livingstone Steve Jackson

SUBSCRIPTIONS:
Please send and make remittance payable to: Games Workshop Ltd, Chewton Street, Hilltop, Eastwood, Nottingham. Tel: 0773 769731 *Warlock* is published once every two months. Annual subscription rates are: **UK - £5.50;Europe - £11.00; other overseas surface - £11.00; other overseas airmail - £16.50; USA -** contact *Games Workshop US*, 9110F Redbranch Road, Columbia, MD 21045, USA, 301 964 0262.

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omens and auguries

Intrepid seeker after the truth *Jamie Thomson* risks life, limb and sanity to let you know what's up and coming in the gamebook world. Creeping and crawling through the Warlock's labyrinthine stronghold he gives you an on-the-spot report of the latest juicy titbits.

Psst!! Here, listen . . . Quiet, quiet, for the Gods' sake!! Don't let the Warlock hear us, or I'm for it. Well, you remember the first *Omens & Auguries*, eh? Well, a friendly priest stitched up my guts and gave me some healing after the Warlock disembowelled me for last month's indiscretions. I've gone into hiding now, so all this is pretty secret, OK? Never can tell what's going to offend the Warlock and what isn't. He's pretty nasty, when you get on the wrong side of him-like his friend, Lord Zlargh. But that's another story . . . Anyway, I've actually managed to sneak into the Warlock's Inner Sanctum, and I've unearthed some interesting snippets for you all.

What's next in *Fighting Fantasy?* Well I've had a chance to have a look at Rebel Planet, *FF* no. 18, out soon. It's written by Robin Waterfield, a *Puffin* editor, who has worked on all the *FF* since no. 11, *Talisman of Death*, so he should know what he's doing! And he does – this is a real gem. There's an excellent background all about the state of the universe in 2453, with stuff on starship travel, aliens, colonization, etc. You have to defeat the might of the Arcadian Empire and free Earth, by piecing together a code and getting into the Central Arcadian Complex. The combat system is good, with a martial art twist, and rules for your laser sword. You also start off with a spaceship. It's well written with lots of atmosphere and excellent illo's by Gary Mayes (sometimes seen in *White Dwarf*). After this comes *FF* 19. *Demons of the Deep*, a fantasy undersea adventure. Nice cover, but that's all I've seen of it so far.

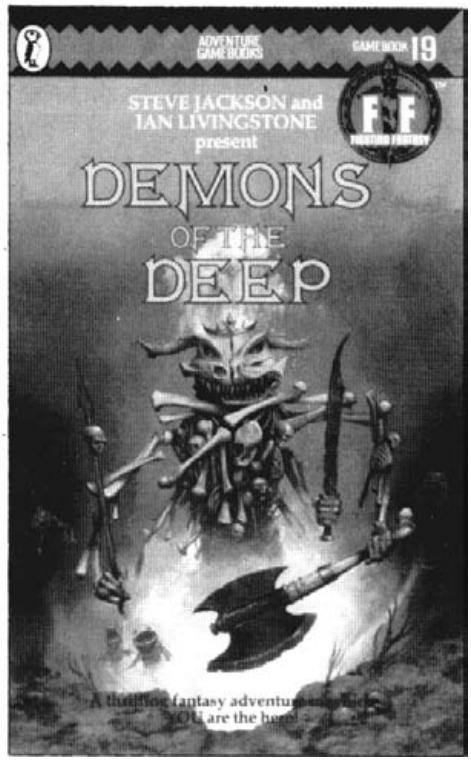

Do you remember *Scorpion Swamp, FF8?* Well it was written by the American Steve Jackson, of *Steve Jackson Games*, the inventor of *Car Wars*. I hear from my imp familiars and other goblin-like spies lurking in the corridors of power, that he is talking to Puffin about the possibility of *Car Wars* gamebooks and novels. For the uninitiated, Car Wars gamebooks wouldn't be unlike Ian Livingstone's *Freeway Fighter.* Steve Jackson US may also be doing another *FF* gamebook, involving robots battling against dinosaur-type beings, where the reader controls some kind of huge Transformer-like robot. Sounds weird, but could be good. Think of all those creatures you could step on and grind to a pulpy jam (like the Warlock and his minions. No! – I didn't say that! Quick, onward as if I'd said nothing in case he hears me).

Following the success of *Out of the Pit*, it appears that Marc Gascoigne has been asked to put a follow-up together. This one will be a kind of compendium of Allansia and Kakhabad, with lots of background info, maps etc. I don't know what it'll be called (not *Out of the Pit 2* anyway), but it won't be ready until '86.

After being ravaged by a pack of Hell Hounds, beaten up by a squad of Hobgoblin guards, badly burnt by a Dragon and narrowly escaping the jaws of a Blood Beast, I managed to get through to Ian Livingstone and Steve Jackson. Barely alive, I asked them what they were up to gamebook wise. Through mouthfuls of human flesh, Ian told me about his plan for a sequel to *Deathtrap Dungeon.* The idea is that you get captured by a Lord Carnuss, who dumps you in this arena. If you survive your 'reward' is to represent him in Baron Sukumvit's revamped Deathtrap Dungeon. A ghastly fate! I remember well my last feeble attempt to get through it. Its working title is *Trial of Champions.* Whilst spawning one of his sickening creations in the vats of his laboratory. Steve Jackson came up with a novel idea for his next gamebook: in this one, you play a monster, and not only that, you don't know what kind of creature you are, so you have to discover the secret of your own powers! Sounds like a lot of fun – I will feel at home reading anyway.

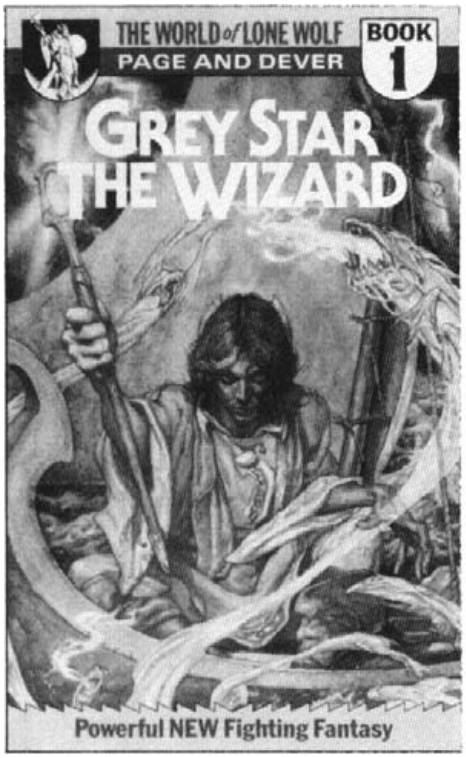

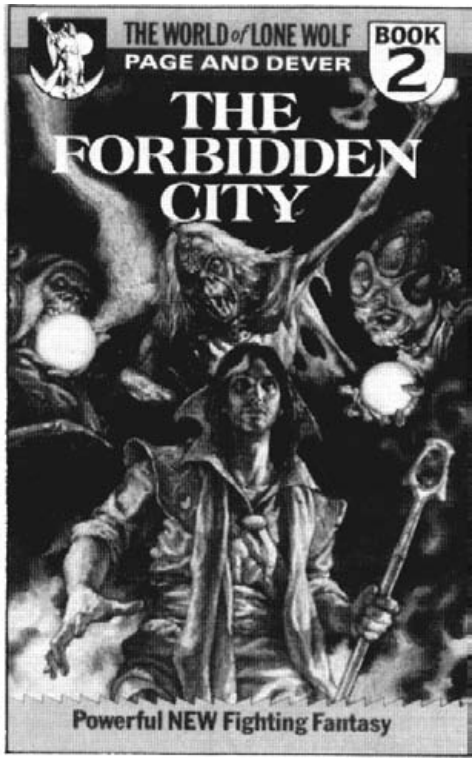

Have you seen *TSR's One-on-One* two player gamebook? It's pretty dire in any case, with few paras, boringly written at that, and tatty illo's. I mention it because I've some juicy news about something really good in the 2-player gamebook front, but more of that next issue . . .

Donning my radiation suit once again, I approached that deadly duo, Chalk and Dever, for news on *Lone Wolf*. No 6, *Kingdoms of Terror*, is out now -ghastly cover, but the MagnaKai (new rule system) is fun. I've also seen some cover proofs of Joe `Judge Death' Dever and Ian Page's new *Greystar* series (see last issue). The covers are beautiful! Classic Ian McCaig artwork (*Forest of Doom, Deathtrap Dungeon* covers).

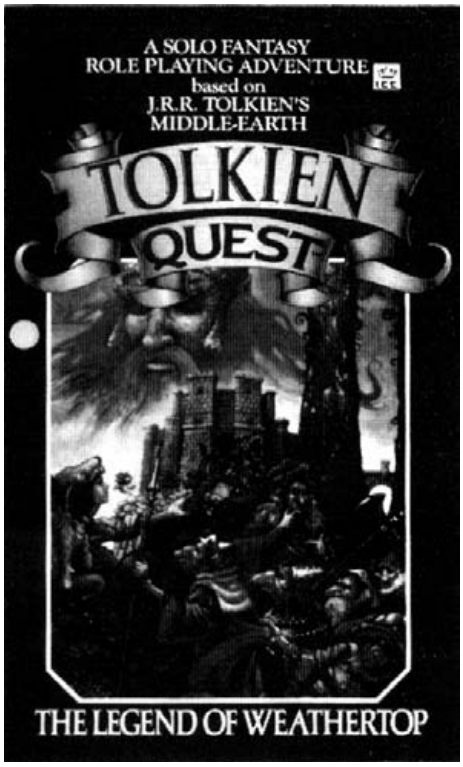

I suppose most of you hardened killer-adventurers have read Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings.* If so, you'll be pleased to hear about *Tolkien Quest, Lord of the Rings* gamebooks, probably in the UK around Christmas (available from *Games Workshop).* They're published by *ICE* who make the *Middle-earth Role-Playing* game, and the books are compatible with that system. Apparently, each book comes with a full-colour map that serves as a `playing board', but how it works I don't know. The adventures are either set after the destruction of the Ring, or in ways that don't directly affect the story – i.e you don't get to play any of the original characters, but you do get to meet them. Could be really good stuff, and I'm looking forward to getting hold of some advance copies. Titles are: *Night of the Nazgul, The Legend of Weathertop, Rescue in Mirkwood, Murder in Minas Tirith* and *A Spy in Isengard.*

Corgi are also getting stuck in with a new series from the States. In these, you play the barbarian hero, Sagard, hacking his way through *The Ice Dragon, The Green Hydra* and *The Crimson Sea*. The first two titles appear around December. The covers are excellent Chris Achilleos pieces, and the authors are Flint Dille and Gary Gygax, creator of the world famous *Dungeons & Dragons*.

Corgi are also repackaging that old role-playing game, *Tunnels and Trolls* – not a patch on *Corgi's* excellent *Dragon Warriors*, but it does come with a set of separate solo adventures, titles with their own rules, etc. I remember playing these when they first came out about five years ago. Whilst enjoying a casual game of Decapitating the Victim, Oliver Johnson, *Corgi's* gamebook man, assured me they have been revamped and improved since then, with two solo adventures per book. Titles are *Amulet of the Salkti/ Arena of Khazan; Captif D'Yvoire/ Beyond the Silvered Pane* and *Naked Doom/Deathtrap Equalizer* (at £2.50 each). A separate Rulebook and *City of Terror* are also available. Should be out for Christmas.

I hope you have all been out buying *Usurper*, the third in the *Way of the Tiger* series, out now. Even though I say it myself (and I do!) these ninja gamebooks are good stuff, written by those well known, interstellar heroes, Mark Smith and Jamie Thomson. Some of you have expressed an interest in the evil ninja of the Way of the Scorpion you have to deal with in book 2, Assassin. You'll be pleased to hear that you, as Avenger, have to infiltrate a whole den of these deadly assassins in book 4, *Overlord*, out around January/ February '86.

You can also read Paul Cockburn's review of our *Falcon* series in this issue's *Arcane Archives*. As you can see he likes them, except for some trifling query about an Android or something. Rest assured that he will not go unpunished for this vile slur – already a select band of ninja killers are on their way to deal with him, and I am thinking of asking the Warlock to turn him into a pool of green slime (if I can pluck up the courage!) Incidentally, the *Falcon* books were a toughie to write – there's a lot of background material we had to correlate and figure out, justifying all the Time Travel rules, how all the high-tech hardware works and how the hero's mind powers are used.

By the way, if you're interested in a short history of gamebooks, have a look at a new magazine, from *Games Workshop,* the *Good Games Guide* – I've written an article on the subject from *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* to the present day. Naturally, it makes good reading and is of the highest literary standing, as we all . . .

Hold on a moment, what's that?! No! The Warlock (*Thomson, what are you doing skulking like a diseased maggot in my palatial abode?)* Er . . . nothing, O Mighty One. Nothing, O Revered of all Lesser Mortals, O . . . *(Silence worm! What's this in your grubby hands? What!! Omens and Auguries!! I HAVE WARNED YOU BEFORE, THOMSON. You heaving morass* of *bubbling pus! You vile misbegotten jelly!)* No, please master, I was just go . . . *(you toad! ZAP*) . . . ing aaaaaagh, croak, croak . . .

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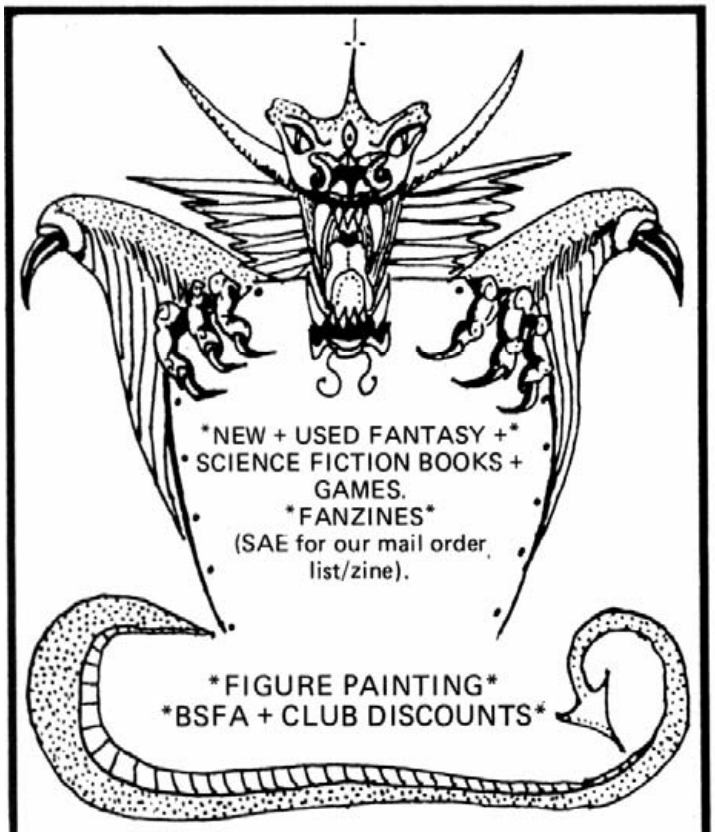

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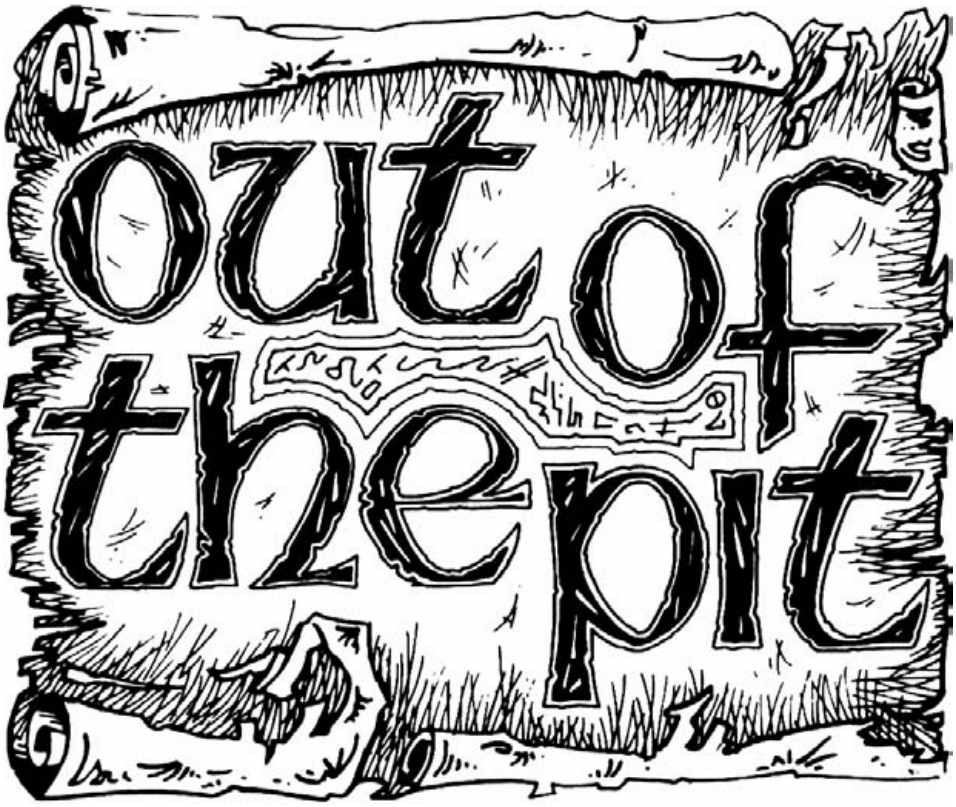

There's something a little different in this issue's *Out of the Pit*. As you may have noticed in the last few editions of this column, we are using a new system to present the details of the monsters we publish. The system is explained in full in the new collection of Fighting Fantasy monsters, also called *Out of the Pit*. For those of you who haven't got a copy yet (you'd better have a good excuse!), the book's editor, Marc Gascoigne, has written a brief explanation for all you budding monster makers to use. When you send in your own monsters in future, please use this system too. Take it away, Marc . . .

When I came to collect all of Steve and Ian's fabulous creations into a single volume, I found that a long section describing the creature in question would be no use to the player or GameMaster in a hurry. If a bold adventurer had just encountered a Life Stealer warband, or a pool full of ravening Kokomokoa, he wouldn't want to stop the game while he read through their description to remind himself of the things. What was needed was a simple method of showing the basic information at a glance. Hence the extended list of characteristics: *Skill* and *Stamina* as usual, plus *Habitat*, *Number Encountered*, *Type*, *Reaction*, and *Intelligence*.

The categories are listed in what was likely to be the order they would be needed. Starting from a distance (where are we, how many of them?) the players get closer (what are they, how are they reacting to us?) and find out how cleverly they fight. All other information, it was felt, could be safely left for the description later. Alright, that's what the categories mean; how are they applied?

Skill and Stamina: These two are the standard characteristics which all creatures, including adventurers, possess. To make large groups of monsters more interesting, the GameMaster (or yourself, if you are playing solo) should try varying the scores a little, to create stronger or weedier creatures. For every three creatures present, either give one creature an extra 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA, or remove 1 SKILL and 2 STAMINA. A stronger creature is likely to be the leader of a group; if it is killed the others may run away (but not always!). Never vary any creature's score by more than one or two points unless they are the size of a large Dragon.

Habitat: This simply indicates the general area a creature may be encountered in. Quite obviously, some creatures will not be met by adventurers in certain areas (no fish in the middle of a desert, for example). If a creature is found in two places, the most common Habitat is listed first, the less common area afterwards, and so on. There are all kinds of Habitat, including Sea, Rivers, Marsh, Dungeons (below ground), Ruins (above ground), Towns, Caves, Mountains, Hills and Deserts. Some of the less common Habitats include Magical Planes, where creatures such as Elementals live, and the Demonic Plane, inhabited by Demons and Devilkin. Both of these terms refer to other dimensions, and the creatures encountered will therefore not normally be in their usual homes.

Number Encountered: The range listed under this category should be the number of creatures encountered by between 1 and 3 adventurers. It a GameMaster is running a game for more than three players, he or she simply needs to double the number encountered. The Number Encountered should be expressed in easily rollable terms, rolled on an ordinary six-sided die. There are all kind of things you can do with a six-sider, however. Roll two of them and you have between 2 and 12 creatures. Roll 2 dice and remove one from the number and you have between 1 and 11 monsters: roll 2 dice and add 3 to the result and you get a number between 5 and 15. Roll a single die, halve the number you get, and the result will be either 1, 2, or 3. With a little application all kinds of number ranges can be rolled with just a couple of six-sided dice.

Type: While this category doesn't appear too useful, it is important in working out what treasure the monsters have, if any. At the back of the *Out of the Pit* book, there are a number of treasure tables, based on the type of creature. There is a table for Humans and Humanoids, for example, and another one for Undead creatures, and so on. When an opponent is encountered in its lair, and killed, you can roll the treasure on these tables. Only Humans and Humanoids carry treasure outside their homes (most monsters don't have pockets to put it in!).

Reaction: This is very important, especially when playing with a GameMaster. If the being is Friendly, it greets them warmly, and shows no hostility at all. It may share food or provide useful information, such as a map of the area or a useful clue. However, Friendly creatures can quickly turn Hostile if they are treated rudely or attacked.

Neutral creatures will be wary, but will not normally show open hostility provided the adventurer(s) do not threaten them.

Unfriendly beings will show displeasure at encountering the adventurer(s),

but will not leap straight into battle unless they know they have a chance of winning. Unfriendly creatures may be impressed into helping an adventurer by feats of strength or magic, though they will usually turn nasty if they aren't watched carefully.

Hostile creatures will usually leap straight into the fray with little thought for winning or losing. If the creature is unintelligent, this usually means that it is just very hungry! If it is cleverer, but still Hostile, it will normally have a great hatred for humans, no matter how friendly they try and appear.

In some cases, a creature may have two or more reactions listed; which one it takes will depend upon how carefully the adventurer(s) treat it. Orcs, for example, may sometimes be frightened away by a crafty adventurer; at other times they will attack immediately!

***Intelligence*:** This is the last category, and quite simply shows how clever the encountered creature is. There are four ratings under this category: High, Average, Low and None. Most humanoids rate as High (human beings fall somewhere in the middle of this category, as there are some creatures cleverer than them). Most Monsters and some Animals will be of Average intelligence; the rest will be Low. In most cases only Plants will have no intelligence at all.

Intelligence can be useful in figuring out what a creature will do in a fight, or in some other situation requiring quick thinking. A clever being will use cunning and tactics, and may even have spells or special weapons (an intelligent being with a magic sword will use it to fight with, if it can). Stupider creatures will not bother with tactics; they are much more likely to just leap straight into battle, no matter who their opponent is.

Those are the ratings; they are quite simple once you get used to them, and do speed up play quite a good deal. Anyway, that's enough chat; let's see the things in action. Here are a pair of creatures that didn't quite make it into Out of the Pit (the book) in time; I hope you 'enjoy' them, if that is the right word!

SKURASHA

Skill: 8
Stamina: 11
Habitat: Demonic Plane, Dungeons, Ruins
Number Encountered: 1
Type: Demon
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence*:* Low

Imagine a jelly-fish. Imagine a jelly-fish that stands seven feet tall on a dozen slime-trailing tentacles, that shuffles about dungeon passages in search of prey to suck the brains out of. Equip it with a band of waving, sting-tipped tentacles, and a ring of eyes that allows the monstrosity to look in all directions at once, and you have a Skurasha. An unintelligent servant of the Demon Princes, a Skurasha is usually left to patrol outlying passages in case of adventurers or invading troops. They are brought up to attack just about anything they encounter, and they appear to be able to smell humans, in particular, from a long way off.

They attack with their tentacles, by reaching out and stinging. They are not sociable creatures, being stupid and aggressive, and they are unable to communicate except by waving their tentacles in complicated patterns. Other creatures, even the disgusting Demonspawn, will rarely work with them, for fear of being attacked themselves, and so the Skurasha are left to wander the lonely passages alone.

GLYTH

Skill: 12
Stamina: 12
Habitat: Dungeons, Ruins, Caves
Number Encountered: 1
Type: Undead
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence*:* High

The Glyth are shadow-skulking undead creatures which lurk in the darkest places. They look, as far as anyone can tell, like the shadows of tall, muscular humanoids, with no features save a pair of slanting, yellow eyes. They are solitary beings, and have never been encountered in the company of other Glyth, or any other creatures.

It is possible that Glyth are related to Will-o'-the-Wisps, for like those unearthly creatures they feed on the life forces of humans. A Glyth will lurk amongst the shadows in the corners of dungeons or caves, slipping and skulking about until it detects the presence of a human. Using the gloom as cover, it will sneak up close, and then pounce, grabbing its prey in a pair of very strong ghostly hands. Its opponent must roll under their Skill score to escape its grip, or the Glyth will slowly twist their head around until they are looking into its evil glowing eyes. Unless the unfortunate victim can struggle from the Glyth's clammy grasp, by rolling under their Skill again, they will look on abstractly as the Glyth slowly twists and bends their necks until the bones snap and their life force is sucked from them.

Glyth can be fought normally, though their shadowy forms are so hard to connect with that a successful blow will only cause 1 Stamina point of damage. However, shining a bright light directly at them will cause 1 die of damage to them, and (on a roll of 1 to 4 on one die) cause them to flee. If their victim is carrying a lantern or lighted torch, they can thrust it into the Glyth's face and scare it away, rolled as above. If the attempt fails, though, the Glyth will grab hold again, and try to strangle the life out of its victim.

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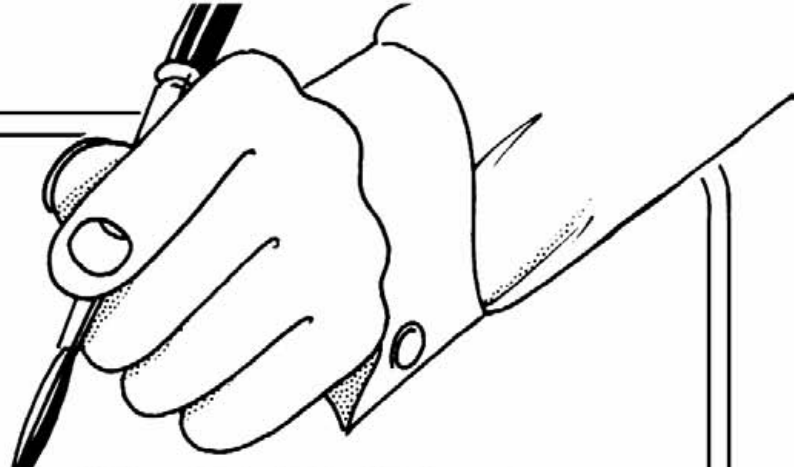

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Grumble, grumble, grumble. You just can't get hold of any decent essence of bat spleen nowadays. Yes, I've really had a bad spell recently – it wrecked half of my library! It isn't easy being a Warlock, you know . . .

I blame it all on the Gremlins in this issue's adventure, Temple of Testing. They get everywhere, you know – in the cauldron, under my hat, in my wardrobe, and even at *Puffin Books*. I cast my *charm of checking* on all the Fighting Fantasy books before they are published, so it must be the Gremlins who caused the following:

In *The Rings of Kether*, reference 346 should give the option to go to 268, not 263. The weapon strength box is missing from the Adventure Sheet, though this doesn't affect the game.

In the *Seas of Blood*, reference 352 should give the option to go to 225 not 255.

These little gremlin-quirks will be removed in the next reprints. Meanwhile I hope all you adventurers will remember this when you meet the Gremlins in an adventure. Don't let the little blighters off lightly. If I get hold of them they'll be fried, toasted, grilled, minced . . . and tickled for good measure. Anyway, those are my grumbles – what about yours?

Dear Warlock,

Being a sorceress of extreme skill, not forgetting my superior powers with the sword, and overwhelming modesty, I am disgusted, nay amazed even, to find that so few *females* seem to be mentioned in your magazine. I am sure that there must be some out there. I myself actively pursue *FF* books [*Do you ever catch them?* – The Warlock], except for recently as I am currently sitting exams in Advanced Level Sorcery. So beware that I don't turn you all into Mud Hoppers for failing to show the female interest which I am sure you Sewer Snakes throw into the bin.

Your sexism is quite uncalled for, and I display my displeasure by using this rather vile yellow notepaper. I obtained the colour by steeping it in essence of bat spleen and Adventurer's Sock . . .

Yours heatedly,
Kim Griffith (my lady to you),
Brixham, Devon.

*** Well, it seems that females are good for something after all – the essence of bat spleen was much appreciated! Not so sure about the Adventurer's Sock, though . . . The Warlock.**

Dear Warlock,

Although my friend and I think your books are fantastic, we have one major complaint. All your adventurers are male!!! Well here are two who aren't! It is the same in the actual *Fighting Fantasy* Gamebooks, the main character is always male. I know you are less likely to find a female adventurer, but you could at least take it into account.

Yours unchauvinistically,
Lisa Footitt and Lisa Brammer

Dear Warlock,

I have seen the letters lately on your page putting down the *D&D* system in favour of the *Fighting Fantasy* games system. All I can say is-have those people who criticise it tried it properly? Please remember, you don't have to be the DM. To enjoy the game by playing it, just let your DM take care of the rules that are complicated.

The *Fighting Fantasy* gaming rules are excellent for the books, but the real role-playing rules are far superior. Also, can anybody tell me of a role-playing club in my area I can join?

Yours hopefully,
Ruth Lee,
Chelmsford, Essex

*** I don't know what Kim was complaining about, the magazine's full of females today. If you're interested in Role-Playing Clubs, Ruth, you should get *White Dwarf*, which occasionally runs a clubs section in its *Help* column. As for your suggestion – it seems all very well to say 'let your DM take care of the rules that are complicated', what are you supposed to do if you are the GM? But did someone mention role-playing games?**

Dear Warlock,

I feel that I must inform D Openshaw, whose letter was printed in *Warlock 6*, that *Fighting Fantasy* is not just a solo adventure game. It is also an introductory role-playing game, and therefore there is just as much reason to publish *Fighting Fantasy* role-playing game scenarios in Warlock, as there is to have solo adventures published in the magazine.

Yours sincerely
Jack Arthurs,
York.

Dear Warlock,

Your magazine is brilliant for all the needs of an adventurer! I'll give my opinion on the *Fighting Fantasy* vs Role-playing Games war: I think the role-playing games are obviously superior to *Fighting Fantasy* gamebooks, in that they provide almost any option during game-play and also have more detailed ways of measuring and using abilities. But during a battle, this does hamper game-play, and lessons the excitement, but that depends on how fast and experienced the player is, doesn't it?

Yours faithfully,
Julian Hawksworth,
Northwood Hills, Middlesex.

Dear Warlock,

Great Stuff! Issue 6 was the best so far. Keep up the good work. Concerning the current argument, I agree that the basic rule system used in *FF* should remain as it is because this is what makes the gamebooks the great success that they are – almost instant gaming without having to blow your mind on million-paged rules manuals which some people feel are just too extravagant. I never got into *D&D* as I couldn't get an interested group together, so I jumped with glee onto *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* when it first appeared, and all of the following adventures too.

Then I discovered a great game system currently on the market that bridges the gap between the gamebooks and rolegames proper which can be played either in a group or as solo adventures, however it seems to be a bit of a taboo game that is not worth mentioning. *Tunnels & Trolls* is the game so let's hear more about it. I would highly recommend it for those who enjoy solo games but want also to experience a slightly more complex and realistic effect system. Is there anybody out there who agrees with me?

Yours sincerely,
Julian Merriman,
Cumbran, Gwent.

*** Well, is there?**

Dear Warlock,

I was totally flabbergasted by all the people in *Warlock 6* saying that *Dungeons and Dragons* is better than *Fighting Fantasy* and other gamebooks. How can they say things like that? *Fighting Fantasy* books are obviously much better as they sell more copies. I've never seen *Dungeons and Dragons* on the bookshelf of my local newsagents.

Yours exasperatedly,
Jerry Taylor,
Exeter, Devon.

*** It doesn't look as though this argument is going to go away, and it seems to me (as the Wisest Wizard who ever lived) that it's a case of diff'rent strokes for diff'rent folks, as those wacky Americans are fond of saying. Luckily, however, my mail-vulture brought me some letters on different subjects.**

Dear Warlock,

Seeing nobody else has mentioned it, is the ragged prisoner in *Deathtrap Dungeon* (entry 210) intended to look like Ian Livingstone's miniature in the *White Dwarf* personality set? Or is this striking resemblance just a coincidence?

Yours curiously,
Stephen Soyka,
Dennistoun, Glasgow.

*** It could just be a coincidence, but then again while scrying in my crystal ball one day I did see some artistic looking fellow scurrying away from Ian's house early in the morning.**

Dear Warlock

What I am writing to you about concerns

spiders – yes spiders! After reading through some of my back issues of Warlock I noticed that the spider on page 23 of Warlock 5 has 9 legs, and that the death spider on page 4 of Warlock 4 has only 7 legs. But apart from that your magazine is fab – keep up the good work.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Haigh,
Stocksbridge, Nr Sheffield.

*** Pah! Foolish mortal, the Warlock cannot err! It is only in your mundane world of Earth that spiders all have to have 8 legs. In the many worlds of Fantasy that my eldritch power allows me to pass through, I have seen spiders with 5, 12 and even 69 legs! Think ye not to beflummox such a cunning conjuror as myself with feeble facts.**

Dear Warlock,

So far, I have bought three *Fighting Fantasy* plastic figures but I am aiming to collect the set. They are well worth the money and it is a good idea to have the same body with many various heads and shields. I have already begun making games for these successful figures but there is only one thing which puzzles me. Why are there three different Orc bodies but four various Orc heads?

Also, Paul, my brother and I have been wondering if you will make any monsters for these figures. Take the Styracosaurus and its Lizard Man rider, for example, from Island of the Lizard King. These would add extra excitement when playing games.

Yours hopefully,
Stuart Neil Hardy,
Sheffield, Yorkshire.

*** The four Orc heads are given so that if you want, you can make a two-headed Orc! For extra excitement when playing games, you should also try the new, smaller Psychostyrene figures produced by *Citadel*. These will probably include monsters to really spice up your play, and because they are smaller, they are also perfect for use with other rolegames – including *Citadel's* own *Warhammer Role-Play*.**

Dear Warlock,

I have read all of the *Fighting Fantasy* books, and also the *Lone Wolf* books, and I'm now reading *Avenger* by Mark Smith and Jamie Thomson. The thing I like best is fighting all the different monsters, and my favourite monsters are the Wheelies in Steve Jackson's *Citadel of Chaos* [*Paragraph 316 – The Warlock*]. I can do wheelies on my BMX bike, too.

Yours gyratingly,
Kevin Donger,
Turriff, Scotland.

*** I hope the wheelies you do on your bike aren't as dangerous as the monsters. A friend of mine once tried to build a horseless chariot by chaining Wheelies to the corners. In the end he had to give up because he got a puncture-not in the wheels but in himself!**

Dear Warlock,

I am writing to complain about your magazine. I am an ardent reader of the *Lone Wolf* books, because you can follow the story through the books, and so I was pleased to see you say that *Warlock* would now be dealing with all the gamebooks, rather than just *Fighting Fantasy*. But when I read issue 6, I found that most of it was still for *Fighting Fantasy*, except the Arcane Archive, and Omens and Auguries. When are you going to give us more on the other excellent gamebooks? I want a *Lone Wolf* adventure in *Warlock*!

Yours demandingly,
Justin Davies
Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Dear Warlock,

I started adventuring through your *Fighting Fantasy* gamebooks and I think they are very good. But now I like to game using some of the other books written by people like Joe Dever, Jamie Thompson, Herbie Brennan and Morris Simon, I think you should have more features on other gamebooks as many of them are as good as Steve and Ian's.

Yours sincerely,
Richard Sloane,
Amersham, Bucks.

Dear Warlock,

I am writing to say how much I enjoyed reading Omens and Auguries, but do try to keep it *Warlock*, the *Fighting Fantasy* magazine, and try not to stray too far into other makes of gamebooks.

Yours faithfully,
Jonathan Whitney,
Colchester, Essex.

*** It isn't easy being a Warlock – it's not all magic and mystery you know! Unfortunately one spell I don't have is *Pixel's placatory pleaser*, which allows you to give everybody what they want. So I'll have to do it the hard way, by assuring Jonathan that there'll still be plenty of *Fighting Fantasy* in the magazine, so there's no cause for alarm, while pointing out to Justin and Richard that we'll be giving other gamebooks as much coverage as we think our readers want to see. Scrying into the future tends to make my eyes water, but through the tears I did spot the possibility of a *Ninja* adventure by that snivelling, nosy, meddlesome Jamie Thomson appearing in the magazine soon. Keep your eyes peeled back (and dry!) for details.**

Dear Warlock,

This is a poem which I've written, for *Fighting Fantasy*, which I decided to send to your magazine:

The Warrior's Tale

For so many months now I've battled my way,
Into and out of the dungeons they lay:
Grabbing the loot I can-potions and all,
Hitting and swiping at orcs big or small;
Tackling the big game-like of Balthus Dire,
In Hell House I left roaring trails of fire.
Not in vain is this quest, though so bloody and tough:–
Great riches await, but the way will be rough.

Fighting and slaying I bravely go on,
Against mighty foes and the doers of wrong.
Narrow the path through the Scorpion Swamp,
Terrors all round while through Darkwood you romp.
Always the hardy for adventure will yearn,
So eager to journey-and new tales to learn,
Yet never that certain they'll ever return ...

Yours enthusiastically,
James Read,
Ewell, Surrey.

*** A very clever and entertaining little poem, that. Well done, James.**

That's all for this issue, I'm afraid. Remember, though, I want to read what you feeble creatures think about *Warlock*, Fighting Fantasy, other gamebooks, role-playing games or anything else! Send your letters to:

The Warlock's Quill,
***Warlock* Magazine,**
Games Workshop Ltd,
27–29 Sunbeam Road,
London NW10 6JP.

Don't forget, we're also interested in receiving any contributions for the magazine. We want plenty of articles, adventures and solo adventures to give the *Games Workshop* goblins to read – it keeps them out of mischief, you see!

Contributions should be typed, double-spaced, on one side only of plain paper. Leave large margins at both sides of text.

Until next issue, may you never be caught in the Maze of Zagor without a trusty weapon!

– The Warlock

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Arkenor & Max
part IV
When we left our heroes they had befriended the vain but un-glorious knight Sir Agravaine and his squire, Botolph...
But they soon grow tired of his boasting...
WAFFLE!
BRAG!
DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I KILLED THREE MANTICORES SINGLE-HANDED?
DID YOU EVER..?
SIGH! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS KNIGHT'S OVER WITH- WHAT TIME IS IT ANYWAY?
I DUNNO, MY MOONDIAL'S ON THE BLINK... BUT IT'S DEFINITELY NIGHT-TIME!
Meanwhile in another tunnel, Mordrake the hideous dragon prepares an unwelcome surprise
YEES...ONE PUFF OF MY FIREY BREATH AND IT'LL ALL COME DOWN!
SCRRR!
JUST A CHANCE ROCKFALL, AND NO-ONE'LL BE ANY THE WISER!
...SO I ARSKED THE CHEF IF HE HAD A HORSE I COULD BORROW..
HERE THEY COME, THE FOOLS!
...AND HE SAID NO, BUT OFFERED TO LEND ME HIS DOG - SHAGGY GREAT HEOUND 'TWAS...
BETTER HIDE!
..SO I TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE MANGY BEAST AND SAID..
WHAA...AA..
TICKLE!
...'SURELY YOU WOULDN'T SEND A KNIGHT OUT ON A DOG LIKE THIS ... AHAA ...
AA...AAAAA..!
WHASSAT NOISE?
TCHOOOO!!
DON'T WORRY - IT'S JUST A CHANCE ROCKFALL...HAPPENS ALL THE TIME!
OH —
☠©☆©!!!
dom Encounter:
3 - DEMON PATROL
4 - ET
...SO THIS CLERIC GOES INTO A TAVERN, RIGHT, 'E GOES UP TO THE BAR AN' SEZ...
SSH! WHASSAT?
Later...
HMM! DRACO CONFLIGRATIO HORRIBUS IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN... RIGHTO!
HYUK! HYUK!
HELP!

'ELLO, 'ELLO, HAND WHAT MIGHT YOU BE DOIN' 'ERE?
I AM ON A MISSION FROM YOUR MASTER, COUNT FANG. TO DEAL WITH INTRUDERS!
OH NO YOU'RE NOT – THAT'S OUR JOB, MATE!
LISTEN, YOU DEMONIC LITTLE UPSTART...
LOOK MATEY, SEE THAT: "THE DUNGEON IS POPULATED BY MANY HIDEOUS MONSTERS WHICH YOU, THE HERO, MUST FIGHT TO REACH YOUR GOAL"
...THAT'S US. WE WORK FOR COUNT FANG – YOU'RE AN OUTSIDER!
YOU'RE NOT DEALING WITH PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON NOW, SONNY!
OH NO..? OOOOF!!
CRUNK!!
WARLOCK
BARRY – YOU 'EARD THAT.... RUN ALONG AN' FETCH THE LADS THERE'S A GOOD DEMON! WE'LL NOT STAND FOR THIS IMPUDENT REPTILE!
Sometime later, our heroes arrive...
MONSTERS UNITE!
FIGHT BACK!
OH OH! LOOKS LIKE A DEMON-STRATION!
LEAVE 'EM TO ME!
NOW THEN, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?
WE ARE MEMBERS OF THE NASTY ASSOCIATION OF KOBOLDS, ORCS, DEMONS AND SUCHLIKE ... WE'RE PROTESTIN' AGAINST THE INTRODUCTION OF OUTSIDE LABOUR! NOBODY GOES UP THIS TUNNEL TILL THE INTRUDER COMES OUT!
HYUK! HYUK! I PICKED UP THIS MAIDEN CHEAP FROM AN EVIL FAIRY GODMOTHER I KNOW... SHE'LL DO AS BAIT! SIR AGGRAVATE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST A FAIR DAMSEL IN DISTRESS...
... AND THEN, I'LL HAVE THEM!
MNNGRNN!
I DON' CARE ABOUT THAT, YOU'LL 'AVE TO TURN BACK... NO-ONE GOES IN THERE WI'OUT OUR SAY-SO!
OK! OK!
UNIONS!
?!
CLIK!
WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE? THEY SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW... I WONDER... HEY! YOU THERE!
YOU TALKIN' TO ME?
YES.. ER, WHAT TIME IS IT?
WELL, MY MOONDIAL SAYS IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT!
MIDNIGHT??
OH N..!
KA-ZONK!!
(SOB!) WAIT TILL I SEE THAT FAIRY!!
Is the dragon about to snap? ...part V
BAF! BAF! BAF!

The ARCANE ARCHIVE

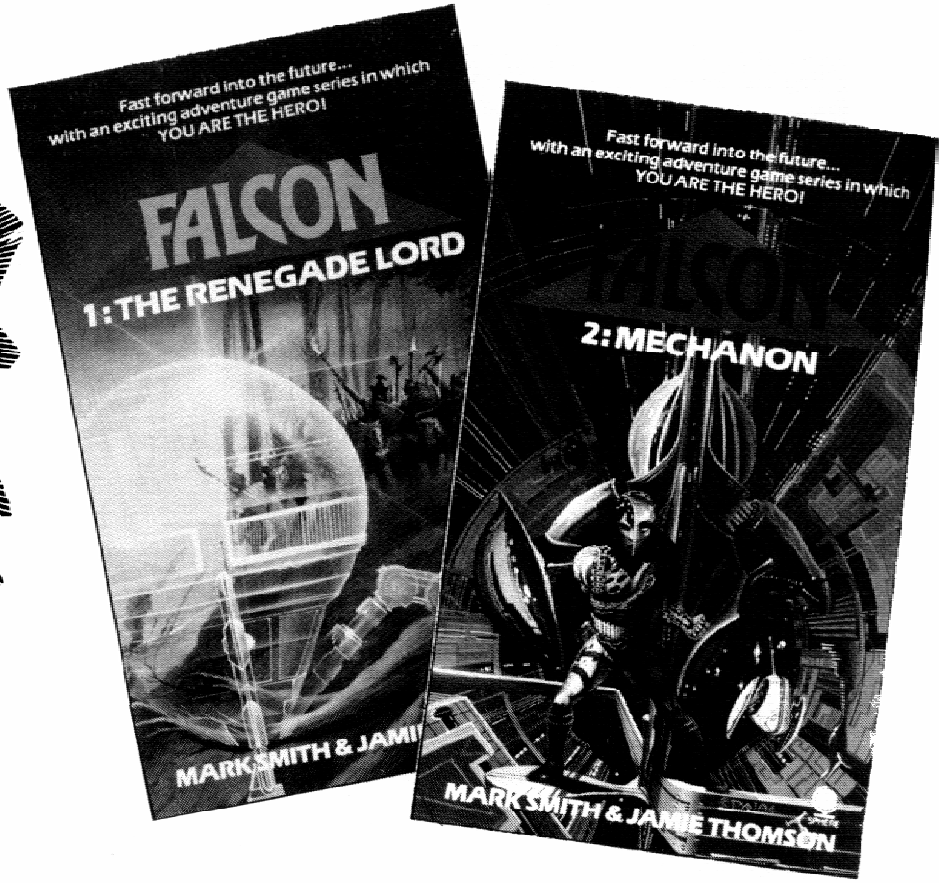

New acquisitions in the WARLOCK'S library, reviewed by Paul Cockburn

The Renegade Lord/The Rack of Baal/ Mechanon/ Lost In Time
Mark Smith & Jamie Thomson,
Sphere
£1.75 each
Falcon Series Adventure Gamebooks

Now, be careful here Paul, Jamie's only a page or two away, and he gets very angry if you upset him. I'd best start off by saying that I think these are ace books, they have one of the best background plots of all the gamebooks published this far, and they are very well written. I enjoyed them a lot.

That doesn't mean I can't find something to complain about. My only beef about Falcon is that it does get a bit complicated. You are Special Agent Falcon, and you work for TIME, a secret organization which tries to act as a police force for all time – a different job! That's why you are given a long list of very useful equipment: a time machine, hologram generator, holodetector, molecular convertor, a flyer, a blaster, a psionic enhancer . . . and in case you get stuck, there is a supercomputer who can help you out called CAIN. And you'll need every bit of help you can get because one of the Time Lords is the bad guy, and you can bet that anything you can do, he can do twice as quickly and twice as nastily!

These are great adventures, but don't treat them the same way that you treat your ordinary adventure gamebooks. For one thing, they are 420 entries of close-typed text, with a lot of information which you have to keep track of. I don't think they are best tried sitting in the back of the car. You also have a lot of free choice about which planets and which times you visit in which order. This is a good thing, and it leaves you in control of the book (and not the other way round). You are also on a detective mission, so you have a real job of work to do. Are these the toughest gamebooks yet? Could be, could be . . .

In *The Renegade Lord,* you are pursuing the Time Lord who has turned his enormous powers to evil – just as soon as you can find out which Time Lord is the bad 'un. You journey back to the time of the Napoleonic Wars and meet the Huns riding out of the steppes. You can also prove that as a special agent you are about as much use as a chocolate fireguard, when you run up against a Cydroid. This robot can kill you without blinking an eye (do they blink?), and it leaves you feeling very fed up with a book that didn't tell you that there were mechanical humans about who could make mincemeat of you. Why do so many gamebooks have to do this? Don't you get tired of getting killed by something you've never heard of, but which the character in the book ought to be aware of. Grrrrrr . . . In *Mechanon,* the evil Time Lord is trying to resurrect a planet-load of grim robot warriors. Hint Number One: don't get into a fist-fight with these boys. By Book Three, you are up against the cosmic supervillain, Baal. You must recover pieces of the Rack, the device that held Baal prisoner, so that he can be captured again. However, Baal has plenty of help, and you will find yourself coming up against all sorts of traps. And in Book Four, you are trapped in time when your time machine malfunctions, and your arch-enemy reappears for another round in the match.

All in all, four pretty good stories for experienced gamers. The best thing about them is that little touch of Doctor Who that runs all the way through the series. You'll get a lot of fun out of these.

The Ice Dragon/The Green Hydra
Gary Gygax and Flint Dille
Archway Paperbacks
£2.25 each
Sagard the Barbarian Series Hero's Challenge Gamebooks

Gary Gygax is, of course, better known as the co-author of *Dungeons & Dragons*, Flint Dille is the author of numerous children's cartoon show scripts (including `Mr T') and, I regret to say, it shows.

In the books' favour, it must be said that they are very portable-you could almost play them one-handed. The rules are very simple, not to say simplistic (no character generation, no attributes other than fighting). You need only generate numbers in the range 1–4, so flipping the pages and reading the number in the corner is almost as satisfactory as rolling a die. Furthermore, Sagard's statistics are repeated at every single encounter, and it's a piece of cake to remember any artefacts or trophies you collect.

The fights do get pretty repetitive after a while. Especially when you realise that you ought to fight just about everything – the few occasions when you should run or talk are very clearly sign-posted. Nor need you worry about running out of 'hit points'; the amount of healing being dished out meant that I hardly ever had to start a fight in less than full health. Moreover, the adventures themselves are transparently linear, with real choices being few and

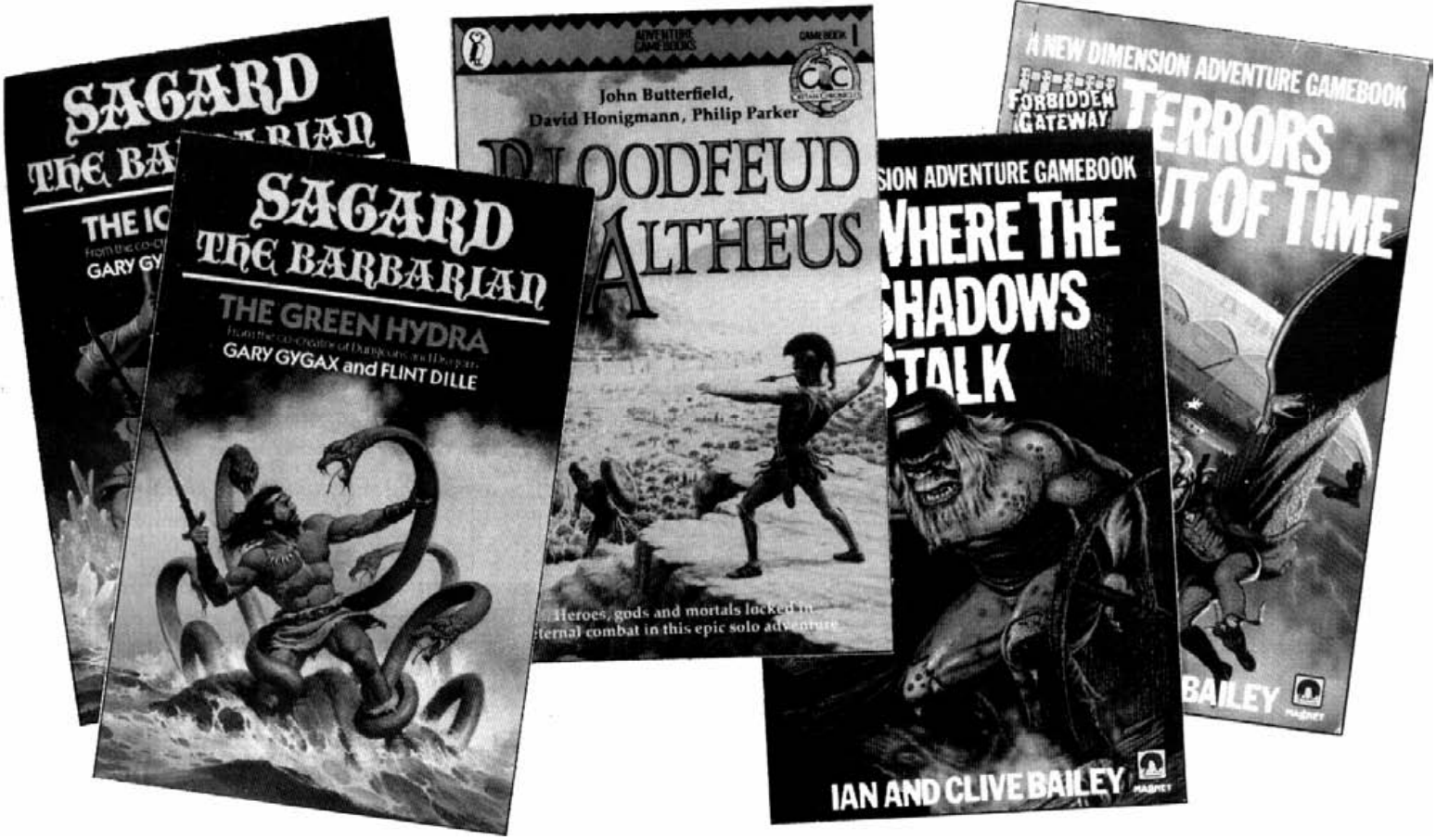

far between. At one point I was told I had discarded my mail shirt in favour of speed. This point could have been done much more subtly by having the pursuers catch up-how else can you learn the limitations of your character? Then, in the next section, I was directed to a section I had only just turned away from!

Judging by the series' title and the liberal smattering of alluring females – 'scantily clad' or 'wearing diaphanous gowns' – the aim was to recreate the atmosphere of R E Howard's wonderful *Conan* stories. I'm afraid I have to say that the attempt has failed.

Bloodfield of Altheus
John Butterfield, David Honnigan & Philip Parker,
Puffin,
£1.95
Cretan Chronicles Series Adventure Gamebook

This new series of adventure gamebooks is different. It is different because it is not set in a fantasy land, but in the times of the Greek myths. It is different because it is more complicated than many other gamebook series. And it is different because some nice touches have been included in the design. But, in the end, most of the ideas have a familiar air about them, so experienced solo players need have no fear that they will not be able to follow these books.

You are Altheus, a young hero commanded by the God Hermes to avenge vour brother, Theseus. You start off with no greater weapon than a club, even though you must battle against the greatest monsters of legend, and possibly risk the anger of the gods themselves. You also have only four `life levels'; you are either healthy, wounded, seriously wounded or dead. Not much room for error there! You might think it wise to stay out of as many fights as possible, at least until you are better protected and armed. No, that's not a wise idea, for you must also try to increase your honour and reduce your shame. If you get more shame points than you have honour, you will have to fall on your shortsword! This must be the only game where you can lose regularly by suicide . . .

There is also a mechanic by which you can add 20 to the number of the paragraph you are reading and 'take a hint'. This, however, turns out to be the most frustrating idea of them all! Even with this 'extra' routing possibility, you will still find that choices are made for you, and that you make mistakes that the hero Altheus would not have done. You just aren't told enough!

I really like the old Greek myths, but I didn't like this gamebook. I think you have to be a real fan of solo gaming to want to give them a try.

Where the Shadows Stalk/Terrors out of Time
Ian and Clive Bailey
Magnet
£1.95 each
Forbidden Gateway Series New Dimension Adventure Gamebooks

According to the back cover, these books take you to 'a new dimension in adventure gaming'. And for once, I can agree that, at least in terms of atmosphere and plot, this series is very different. If you're tired of dungeon-bashing and fancy your chances as a psychic investigator, look no further.

The series is evidently inspired by the works of horror-author H P Lovecraft, or, at any rate, by the Lovecraftian role-playing game, '*Call of Cthulhu*'. Unnamable things have been seen in disused mines near an isolated Welsh village; locals have succumbed to a mysterious and horrific disease; and an unnatural mist now threatens to cut the village off completely . . . The world is under threat from extra-dimensional horrors, but the full enormity of the threat is only gradually revealed, building the suspense wonderfully . . . That is if you've not got bored with going insane, or dying horribly for the umpteenth time. I must say that I found the first book very difficult to complete and would recommend that you don't start with a character of less than average scores.

The second book takes you from darkest North Wales to darkest Egypt, and features a desperate battle on the top of a giant airship, of all things. Curiously, I can find no references to the time in which the series is set, and one or two of these otherwise atmospheric details took me rather by surprise.

Still, it's the pace and plot that carries these books; the mechanics are very straightforward, and the 'correct' routes arc still as few as ever, albeit well-disguised. The development of your character from book to book, however, is handled in a most unusual way – if you choose to try to improve any of your attributes, there's a fair chance they'll be reduced! Such is the nature of the ordeals through the 'Forbidden Gateway'.

DEATHTRAP ON LEGS

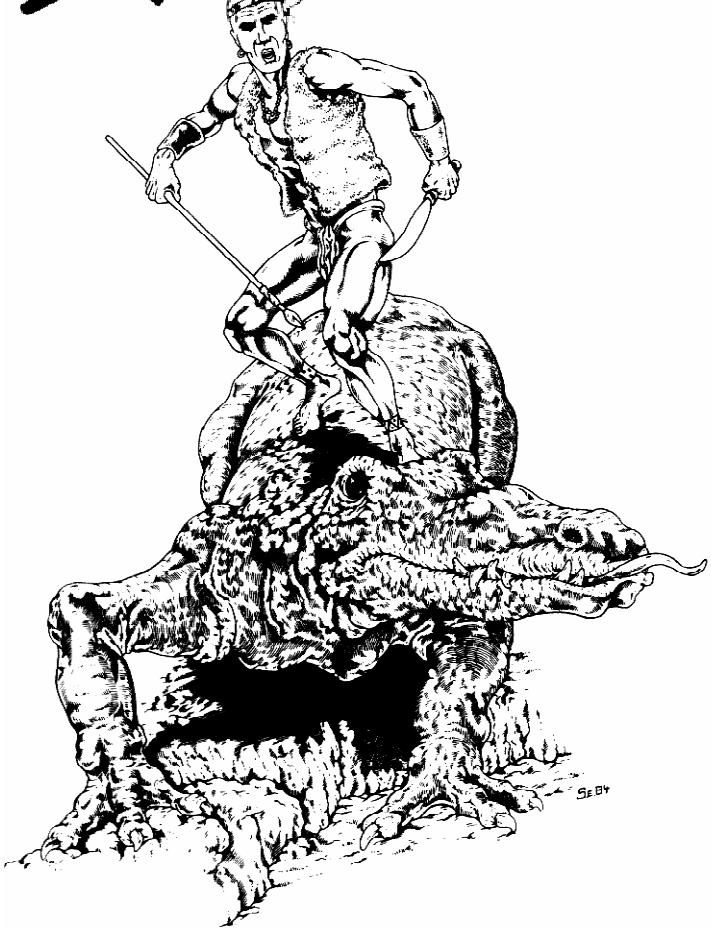

by Paul Mason and Steve Williams

A multi-player adventure for 3-6 players, following on from Ian Livingstone's *Deathtrap Dungeon*, and using the *Fighting Fantasy* rules.

GM'S INTRODUCTION

The scenario is set the morning after the successful completion of the Trial of Champions, Baron Sukumvit's fiendish Adventurers' Challenge set in a monster-infested dungeon. The Labyrinth of Fang is being hastily dismantled by the disgruntled Baron, and there is great rejoicing in the town.

This adventure should be run when one of the players has completed the *Deathtrap Dungeon* book (*FF6*) The Hero will be joined by an entourage of Fang townspeople, eager to escape from the dull grind of everyday life in the port (this gang of novice adventurers will be played by the other players). Once both parties have accepted each other, they set out to visit a friendly Mage, who has invited the Victor to his country retreat. The Baron, on the other hand, has other plans, and has hired a fearsome Gumar hunter and his Crocosaurus to retrieve his treasure, and help stifle the news of his humiliating defeat. The Crocosaurus will track the player characters by smell, as the laurel crown given to the Hero was soaked in Essence of Jankel Root, a strong-smelling aromatic. His agent, Jaiphrai Ah'Cha, who you will remember as the small man with slanted eyes who led the Hero into the dungeon, has also been despatched to oversee the assassination . . .

You, the GM, should first read through the whole scenario before you begin to play, making sure you are quite familiar with the storylinc and its characters. You should then read the Players' Introductions aloud, and find out what the players wish their characters to do next. The adventure as a whole is structured like this: each section will open with a description to be read out to the players, followed by notes for the GM so that you can tell the players the results of their choices.

Note that the Champion of the Labyrinth will still own any magic items he may have acquired during his ordeal. If appropriate, these may be used during the adventure.

PLAYERS'INTRODUCTIONS

[To be read to the Champion]: *It is the morning after your triumph. The cheers and congratulations of the townspeople are still ringing in your ears, and the evening's feasting and revelry have left you tired and emotional. Dragging your stiff body out from under the cart which you unaccountably chose as your resting place earlier this morning, you survey the scene. Tucking your fragrant laurel crown into your pocket, you strain to lift your leather backpack, weighed down by the fruits of your victory (10,000 gleaming new gold pieces!). But as you struggle to raise your hoard, the weakened leather stitching gives way, scattering your treasure on the muddy wharf. Cursing your `good fortune' you start to scoop the muddied coins back into the ruined pack, suspiciously eyeing the shifty-looking locals who loiter in dark alleyways.*

[To be read to the other players]: *With the feasting over and the grim prospect of another year's toil ahead, -your little circle of friends gathers outside the Staggering Foal Tavern, awaiting the noxious Hubba Thangfane, your employer. Life on the docks holds little in the way of adventure, and you dream of sharing the fame and fortune of yesterday's Champion. Idly glancing at one of the carts sitting on Dwight's Wharf, one of you notices a well-dressed, but dishevelled figure emerging from beneath its wheels. He stumbles, clutching at a bulging sack – obviously too much of a load. Suddenly it splits, loosing a cascade of golden coins. Heads turn as people stop their work to marvel at the glittering hoard. Realising the dangers that await one foolish enough to flaunt his wealth in such a notorious district, and contemplating the possible rewards, you decide to cautiously approach and offer your services.*

GM'S NOTES

At this point, the GM should encourage the players to act out their meeting. They must decide what attitudes they wish to take towards each other. They may choose to fight over the gold, but if they do the adventure will be rather short! A far more sensible approach would be for the gang of townspeople to agree to assist the Champion in the transportation and guarding of his gold – in return for a generous wage, of course! If this is what the players do, then go on to the next section.

INVITATION FROM A WIZARD

PLAYERS' DESCRIPTION

Having made your agreement, you repair to an Inn to celebrate. While you are sealing the deal, you are interrupted by an unusual phenomenon. Before your bemused gazes, a column of blue smoke begins to stream out of the floorboards, and form itself into the shape of a large face. Although it is made of indistinct swirling smoke, you make out a wrinkled, bearded face smiling benevolently. Then, a dry, crackly voice speaks from out of the mist . . .

"Greetings, Champion. My name is Badedas the Blue. As you may have guessed from my means of communication I am a wizard, and rather a good one although I do say so myself! I was very impressed, nay amazed! to learn that a Hero had escaped from the Baron's Deathtrap Dungeon. You must be made of strong stuff indeed. I was wondering if after such arduous exertions you would care to visit me at my tower to recuperate? I can assure you of my full hospitality,

and I'm sure I'll be able to interest you in a gift or two, as well as my fabled swirling bath of many currents – guaranteed to soothe all your aches and pains. Meanwhile, here's a map to direct you to my abode. "

There is a sharp `pop', and a scroll appears out of thin air and drops into a tankard of ale! You quickly retrieve the map, as the wizard's voice rasps out faintly: "I look forward to meeting you . . ." And then the illusion vanishes, leaving you in the smoky confines of the bar.

GM'S NOTES

The ale-sodden map is still readable, and clearly shows the road from Fang to the tower of the wizard Badedas. Note that the wizard's means of communication is only one-way – the players' characters may try speaking to the wizard's apparition while it is still visible, but they won't get any reply. The adventurers may then prepare for the journey.

Equipment: All members of the party may equip themselves with essential adventuring equipment (see page 41 in *Fighting Fantasy*). Provisions: The trek should last no longer than three days, so all provisions may be carried in backpacks. Transport: Badedas' tower lies due east of Fang, roughly twenty leagues distant, between the Icefinger Mountains and the River Kok. Fine Chiang Mai horses can be bought for a fair price (10 Gold pieces each).

THE JOURNEY

PLAYERS' DESCRIPTION

You leave the squalor of Fang behind you, and proceed along the eastern trading route, staying within sight of the River Kok. The countryside is barren, with few settlements, and the occasional stunted tree seems to leer at you contemptuously. To your left, the snow-capped peaks of the Icefinger Mountains tower majestically over you like brooding titans. Every so often, you pass a traders' caravan, no doubt bound for Zengis or the lands beyond. As night draws in you decide to set up camp, lighting a fire to ward off any unpleasant predators.

GM'S NOTES

The first day's travel should pass without incident, although you may wish to 'soften up' the players by treating them to one or two random encounters (roll on the PLAINS tables in *Out of the Pit*, page 126).

On the second day the party must leave the main road and bear off towards the tower in the northeast. The trail will take them into one of the many pine forests of this northern valley. Should you wish to inflict yet more horrors on the players, roll for encounters on the FOREST encounter tables.

THINGS THAT GO HISS IN THE NIGHT!

PLAYERS' DESCRIPTION

Your second day of travelling is hardly more remarkable than your first. In the late afternoon, however, you are overtaken by a small man wrapped in swathes of loose cloth riding at breakneck speed. The mysterious rider ignores you, careering off along the trail, further into the forest.

As the sun begins to slide below the horizon, you prepare your camp for the night, taking turns to stand guard. The heady aroma of the pine forest mingles with that of the campfire to lull your tired senses, and sleep overtakes you . . .

GM'S NOTES

The mysterious rider is Jaiphrai Ah'Cha. He overtook the player characters to check where they were, since the Crocosaurus was having difficulty following the scent of the Jankel Root amid the redolent smells of the pine forest. Once he had satisfied himself that the party was following the trail, he circled back through the forest and put the Gumar warrior back on their trail.

At night, you should determine randomly which player-character will be on guard when the Crocosaurus attacks. Rather than simply having the monster storm into the camp for all to see, try to conceal the beast's true appearance by giving very little away. Remember that it is dark, and the characters will merely gain glimpses of the purple monstrosity in the firelight as it thrashes through the undergrowth. The Crocosaurus will burst out of the forest at intervals, attacking a party member (with twice the chance of it being the Hero, since he has the laurel crown) and then crashing away into the blackness.

	SKILL	STAMINA
CROCOSAURUS	14	18

The beast has three attacks: its bite, its tail, and one of its claws, and each of these may be against a different opponent (thus the Crocosaurus has an ATTACKS score of 3, see page 46 in *Fighting Fantasy*).

Should any character have the good sense to grab a burning branch from the camp-fire and fend off the monster, the beast will retreat back into the depths of the forest, as it is mortally afraid of fire. Also, should its STAMINA be reduced to less than 10 it will back off into the undergrowth. If the characters are foolish enough to pursue the creature, roll on the FOREST encounter table to see what denizen of the night they stumble into. It is important that the Crocosaurus escape from this encounter, since it plays a major role in the finale.

Assuming they survive the terrors of the night, the party

KEY TO MAP. 1) CAMP FOR FIRST NIGHT 2) CAMP FOR SECOND NIGHT (CROCOSAURUS ATTACKS).

should be rattled enough to jump ten feet at the sight of a field-mouse!

SAVING THE BACON

PLAYERS' DESCRIPTION

The forest finally thins out into a large clearing. As you enter it, a wild-eyed, fur-clad primitive bursts out of the trees, clutching a squealing piglet in his arms. Moments later, a ferocious tusked Boar charges out of the undergrowth and bears down on the hapless Hill Man, knocking him to the ground. You realise that this berserk beast is quite capable of goring the savage to death. The Boar backs oft, preparing to attack . . .

GM'S NOTES

Get the players to make a snap decision: will they rescue the pathetic Hill Man, or abandon him to his grisly fate?

	SKILL	STAMINA
WILD BOAR	6	5

If rescued, the Hill Man will be badly injured, but grateful to the party, and prepared to give them what assistance he can. By grunting and gesticulating, he will try to tell them that he saw a huge four-legged monster earlier that morning, heading northeast. [Note: Try acting the part of the Hill Man yourself, remembering that he cannot speak or understand the language used by the characters. Everything must be communicated by gestures and grunts].

THE FINAL STRETCH

PLAYERS' DESCRIPTION

Rising above the trees ahead of you, you spot the crenellations of the wizard's tower. Knowing that your journey is nearly at an end, you quicken your pace, still wary of what may lurk in the forest's murky depths. The tower is surrounded by a rough stone wall, about twenty feet tall, which has partially collapsed. Obviously the wizard is not overly concerned by its rundown condition, as he has also let weeds grow in the courtyard. You cautiously advance through a gaping gash in the outer wall and across the bare courtyard towards the base of the tower. All is deathly still.

A whirr of machinery stops you in your tracks, and you watch the portcullis slowly grind its way upwards to reveal a dark, ominous interior. A figure steps out from the gloom, clad in a loose fur jerkin and little else. He seems utterly entranced – his eyes unfocused-as he shuffles towards you, trailing his spear on the ground beside him. Then he stops, and brings his eves to bear on you. A vaguely familiar hiss behind you diverts your attention from his reverent gaze, and you whirl around to see a monstrous purple beast lumbering through the hole in the outer wall towards you, greedily flicking his prehensile tongue. Your only means of escape has been cut off!

GM'S NOTES

The Gumar hunter controls his Crocosaurus by means of a telepathic mind-link, which allows him to direct his beast to its prey without speech – leaving him free to fight on foot. Once the players realise their plight and rally to attack the monster, the barbarian will hurl his spear into the group (choose his target at random, then conduct the attack as normal. If the Gumar is successful, the spear will do damage, otherwise it will miss). He will then charge towards them, brandishing a vicious-looking hunting knife.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GUMAR HUNTER	7	8

If the Gumar hunter is killed, his loyal Crocosaurus will go berserk, doing an extra paint of Damage with each successful attack. However, this frenzy is so taxing that the beast will *lose* one point of STAMINA every round. The Gumar hunter will do likewise if his mount is felled.

TOWER TROUBLE

PLAYERS' DESCRIPTION

As you wipe the blood of your defeated enemy from your weapons, you hear the grating sound of the portcullis descending. You must make haste if you are to enter the tower and discover its secrets!

GM'S NOTES

Once the players' characters have disposed of their fearsome foes, they will find that the adventure is still not over! Jaiphrai Ah'Cha is attempting to prevent them from entering the tower, as he has treacherously slain the benevolent but bumbling wizard Badeclas. Horrified at the failure of his cunningly constructed ambush, Jaiphrai's agile mind is racing to come up with another fiendish plot.

Each of the players who attempt to dive under the rapidly descending portcullis must *Test their Luck.* If any are *Lucky* then they will enter uninjured, however if any are *Unlucky* they will be grazed by the heavy portcullis, and will lose 2 points of STAMINA.

Once inside, the players may wend their way up the winding staircase that leads to the wizard's chamber.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

PLAYERS' DESCRIPTION

The wizard's room is just as you expected it to be: cluttered with all manner of dusty tomes, strange-looking objects, and bottles of many shapes and colours. In its centre, you see a large pool of bubbling water, which churns as if some restless sea-beast lurks within. To your right you see a heavy velvet drape, which appears to cover either an alcove or a door. Seated on a luxurious rocking chair opposite you is a short, plump figure in flowing gowns – apparently asleep. You recognise his jovial bearded features as those of Badedas the Blue, who invited you on this ill-fated holiday.

GM'S NOTES

Cautious players may wish to attempt to carefully examine the room before entering. Players must roll against their characters' SKILL – with success indicating that they have noticed a) a trickle of blood dripping from the wizard's dangling arm, b) a small foot protruding from beneath the velvet drape. The foot belongs to Jaiphrai, who is hiding here, waiting to unleash his final surprise. He has succeeded in animating the body of the dead wizard by means of a powerful scroll found in the wizard's library.

Players who have not noticed that something is amiss will receive a rude shock when they attempt to rouse the 'sleeping' Badedas. His dead hands will clutch at the throat of the nearest character, automatically doing 2 Damage points. He will continue to attack until he is cut down.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BADEDAS – THE ZOMBIE	6	6

If the characters succeed in defeating this final menace, the short, twisted form of Jaiphrai will leap out from behind the drapes. The Champion of the Labyrinth will just have time to recognise him as the servant of Baron Sukumvit, who led him to the Deathtrap Dungeon, before he somersaults nimbly into the bubbling bath. The player characters may wait as long as they like by the pool – Jaiphrai will not emerge. If Jaiphrai is disturbed while he is behind the velvet drape, he will dodge the characters and dive into the pool.

WHAT NOW?

With the kindly Badedas slaughtered, and the discovery of the Baron's treachery, the party are faced with two options: should they return to Fang and attempt to avenge the wizard's death, or plump for the relative safety of the wilderness? Even now, the Baron's agents could be closing in on them. The rest is up to you . . .

PRIZE COMPETITION

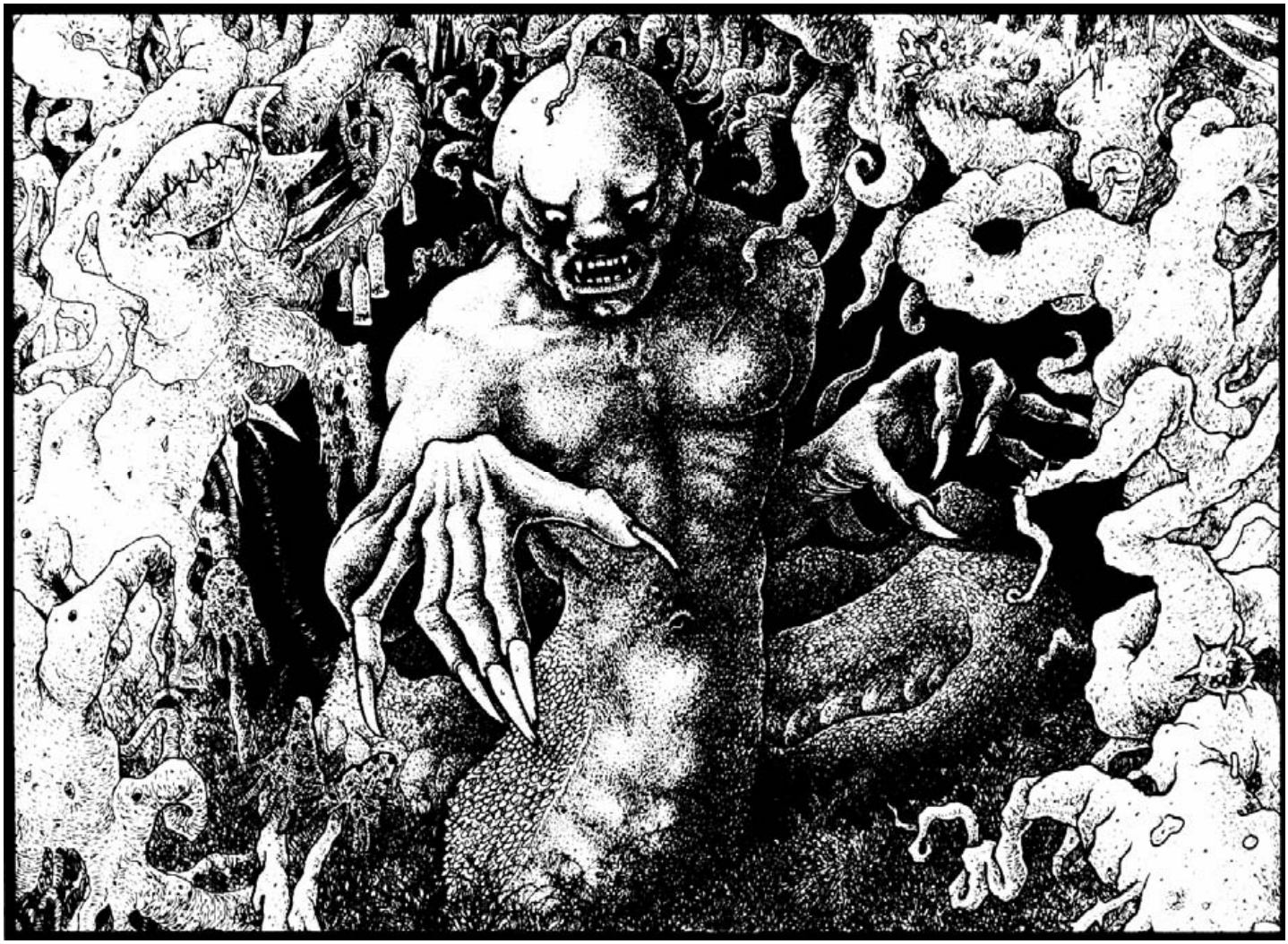

What do you think my friend the Warlock looks like?

Is he a wizened old man whose terrifying powers are cloaked by the appearance of age and frailty? Or is he an imposing figure, enthroned in glory amidst his goblin minions?

With much grumbling, the Warlock has grudgingly allowed me to organise this competition. So it's up to you to tell us what you think he looks like. We want your paintings and drawings-use a sheet of paper about the same size as a *Warlock* page, or a little bigger. Send your artwork to:

Warlock Art Competition
***Warlock* Magazine**
Games Workshop Ltd
27–29 Sunbeam Road
London NW 10 6JP

All entries must be received by 17 January 1986; and we're sorry, but we won't be able to return artwork. Don't forget your name and address, and also which shop you bought your copy of Warlock from. The winner will be decided on the basis of artistic merit, originality of ideas, and whether the Warlock likes it. The creator of the winning entry will receive A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO SIX ISSUES OF *WARLOCK* MAGAZINE!!!
PLUS . . .
The winning entry will be sent to a renowned fantasy artist, who will reinterpret the picture for use on the cover of a forthcoming *WARLOCK!*
PLUS . . .
The lucky winner's artwork will also be used as the basis for a SPECIAL EDITION FANTASY MINIATURE, sculpted and cast in metal by *CITADEL MINIATURES* and available – at some time in the mist-shrouded future – as a special offer only to *Warlock* readers!
Your version of the Warlock's physiognomy could be all over the cover of your favourite magazine and immortalised in metal – so get out your watercolours, oils, pencils, felt-tips, leaky old biros . . . and start drawing!

The Temple of Testing

by A E Arkle

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

EQUIPMENT LIST

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

This issue's mini-adventure was submitted by A Arkle of Cardiff. As you'll find out, it's a scenario with a difference. Don't expect the usual dungeon adventure; the Temple of Testing is full of interesting challenges and fiendish traps created by the Grand Council of Teachers to test aspiring sorcerers.

You are about to enter the Temple of Testing. If you are an experienced *Fighting Fantasy* gamer you should have little trouble with the `mechanics' of the adventure. However, you will find that once you have started mapping your path, the Temple has a slightly unusual layout for a *FF* game. This was deemed necessary in order to pack as much action and decision-making as was humanly possible into a mere two hundred references. For this reason you will find actual measurements given for the more unusually shaped areas within the Temple.

Your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK characteristics will be determined later on, in the Annexe of Aptitude. These scores will change continuously as a result of your encounters and actions; but remember that they can never exceed your *initial* scores unless specifically instructed.

The standard *Fighting Fantasy* battle sequence is used as follows:

1. Roll two dice for the Creature. Add its SKILL score. The total is the Creature's ATTACK STRENGTH.
2. Roll two dice for yourself. Add your current SKILL score. The total is your ATTACK STRENGTH.
3. If your ATTACK STRENGTH is *higher* than that of the Creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to Step 4. If the Creature's ATTACK STRENGTH is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to Step 5. If both ATTACK SCORES are the same you have avoided each others' blows, unless instructed otherwise in the text – start the next Attack Round from Step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the Creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score (unless instructed otherwise in the text).
5. The Creature has wounded you, so deduct 2 points from your STAMINA – unless instructed otherwise in the text. (You may use your LUCK to reduce the severity of your wound.)
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the Creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat Steps 1–6).

This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either yourself or the Creature you are fighting is reduced to zero (Death).

Occasionally you may be given the option of escaping from a battle. Simply follow the instructions in the text to find out what penalties you incur. Be warned: you will probably be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire! You may use LUCK on wounds in the normal way.

If you come across more than one Creature in a particular encounter then the instructions on that page will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will fight each one in turn, sometimes you may be attacked by two or more Creatures simultaneously.

At various times during your trial you will be told to *Test your Luck,* and you may also do so at any time during battle. The procedure is as follows:

Throw two dice. If the total is equal to (or less than) your current LUCK score, you have been *lucky;* but if the total is greater than your current LUCK score you have been *unlucky.* Deduct one point from your LUCK score each time it is tested.

If you are Testing your LUCK as a result of an instruction in the text, simply turn to the appropriate reference to determine the outcome. If you decide to risk using your LUCK in a battle, the effects will vary according to what is happening when you actually use it. If you have just wounded a creature, then being lucky increases the severity of the blow, and you may deduct an *extra* 2 points from the Creature's STAMINA. Being unlucky means that the wound was a mere graze, and you must restore one point to the Creature's STAMINA. If the Creature has just wounded you, being lucky means that it just grazed you, doing only one damage point to your STAMINA. Being unlucky means that it has done 1 *extra* point of damage in addition to those already inflicted by that blow.

Remember: the more you rely on your luck, the riskier your life will become!

Mention has already been made of the unusual layout within the Temple. Once you have gained access to the interior, you will find that you have a much greater degree of freedom with regard to your movements from room to room than you are normally accustomed to in a *Fighting Fantasy* game. This calls for greater responsibility on your part. It is technically feasible that if, for instance, you found a room that contained a Decarboxylating Dragon-Zapper, you could just walk in and out of the room fifty times and collect fifty Decarboxylating Dragon-Zappers. This is CHEATING, the only thing to prevent you from doing so is your own conscience. You may fool yourself that you have succeeded in your adventure by using dubious methods; you may also fool your friends; you may even fool your Tutor for a while; but remember that the Council of Teachers will be watching your *every* move through the Crystal of Exar, and you cannot possibly fool them . . .

In order to reduce, as much as possible, the temptation to candidates to cheat, the Great Spell – devised by the Council to animate the Temple – contains two important sub-spells. The first is this: that the moment you leave a room any Creature or Hazard vanquished, banished or overcome is instantly regenerated – a fact you will be reminded of now and then during your test.

The second is this: that any artefact, beneficial influence or the like used within, or removed from, any particular room will not be available to you again until you have passed through a minimum of FIVE different rooms.

Despite your unaccustomed freedom of movement, you will eventually discover that, like life, there is one true way that can be followed with the minimum of risk and effort.

BACKGROUND TO THE ADVENTURE

The grey light of pre-dawn is struggling through the window of your small room in the residential sector of the School of Magic. You have been up and about, it seems, for ages. You cannot lie about, today of all days.

You have broken your fast, donned your leather armour, and are now stowing the various essentials you will need into the large backpack, provided by the Grand Council of Teachers. Suddenly there is a knock at the door.

"Come in," you say.

"Are you ready?" asks Alark, your Tutor, closing the door behind him.

"Just about."

"Have everything?"

"Yes. I think so. I'm wearing my leathers. My sword is there by the door, and I'm just packing my provisions – ten meals worth, in here," you say, pointing to your backpack. [You may eat at any time during your adventure, whenever you have the opportunity. You may only eat one meal at a time. Each meal will restore 4 STAMINA points. Obviously, you cannot `grab a quickie' if a monster is heading straight towards you. In other words, the time to eat is immediately after a battle, or before entering the next room].

"Good," says Alark. "I've got something else for you to pack. The Grand Council allows each candidate to take one bottle of magical potion on their test." He rummages about in a large leather pouch tied to his waist-band and eventually produces three small bottles which he places carefully on your desk.

"This one," he says, pointing to the first bottle, "is a Potion of SKILL, which will restore your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise to your present level.

"This one," he says, pointing to the second, "is a Potion of Strength. If you find that you are running dangerously low on your STAMINA, then a dose of this potion will renew you."

Alark points to the third bottle. "This is a Potion of LUCK. If you should ever feel that things are running continuously against you, that is the time for a dose of this one. Too much reliance on your native LUCK will disturb the balance of Karma – your debt to the Universe. However, the Keepers of the Akashic Records have deemed that for the duration of the testing of applicants, the balance be restored artificially by the use of such a potion, if necessary, by virtue of the benefits to humanity should the supplicant be successful in his Initiation. In fact the Keepers deem these possible benefits so valuable that a dose of the potion will not only restore your native luck to its original level, but actually increase it." [Add one point to your *Initial* LUCK score for each dose of Luck Potion].

"As I have already said," he continues, "the Council only allows you to take ONE bottle with you. Each bottle contains two doses, so choose well, choose wisely and choose *now*. Your life probably depends upon your decision."

Which bottle to take? You get the feeling that the testing has probably already started. The wrong decision now could prove fatal, and that would mean that the whole of the past year of your life has been wasted, the year spent in intensive study of Magical Theory here at the Great School of Magic. You have been taught the principles behind all the major magical systems of the world, both Western and Eastern. If you can pass successfully through the Temple of Testing, showing your mental and physical abilities to survive, you can graduate to Magical Practice. You will be taught how to create and cast your *own* magical spells.

Which bottle to take? Your thoughts circle each other like goldfish in a bowl. Skill? Stamina? Luck? Stamina? Skill? . . . Your eyes fall aimlessly on the poster on your wall, the poster issued to all students at the School, a kind of mathematical Mandala – the magic square of five; all the numbers from one to twenty-five are arranged in such a way that any five numbers added together in a straight line vertically, horizontally or diagonally have the same total – showing that whatever path you take through life, the result is always the same.

Skill, Stamina, Luck . . . does it make any difference which one you take? But a decision must be made,

"I'll take this one," you say, tucking it safely into a corner of your backpack. [Make a note on your equipment list of which potion you have chosen.]

"I've got a couple of other things you might find useful," says your Tutor, retrieving the remaining two bottles. "Here are some leather straps you can use to sling larger items round your shoulder, if you find any, that is," he adds, "and some pouches to store the smaller stuff. Right," he says without further ado. "Shall we go?"

You put on your back pack and fasten your sword-belt tightly round your waist before leaving.

Once outside, you and your Tutor start the long walk towards the Annexe of Aptitude.

"Now is there anything from your lessons you're still not sure of?" says Alark. "If there is you had better ask now because once you have entered the Temple you will be on your own, and I shall no longer be able to help you."

"Well, I'm still not too sure about the Elements."

"Which version? Western Cabbalistic or Eastern Taoist?"

"Er . . . the Taoist one, the Chinese system. I keep getting mixed up between which ones generate which, and which ones conquer which."

Alark sighs dramatically. "It's perfectly simple. Look at this . . ." With a gesture he teleports a scroll from the School Library to his hand and then unrolls it. "I've shown you this several times in the past already. The outer circle represents Generation. Earth generates Metal, as metal ores. Metal generates Wood, by supplying nutrients to plants and trees. Wood generates Fire by burning, and Fire generates Earth, as ashes. Now, the pentagram within the circle represents the conquering of elements. Earth conquers Water, by absorbing it. Water conquers Fire, by putting it out. Fire conquers Metal, by melting it. Metal conquers Wood by cutting, and Wood conquers Earth by exhausting it as the Wood grows. Combine the Generating cycle with the Conquering cycle and what do you get? You get the Pentacle! One of the most basic symbols of Western Magic . . . Ah! Here we are at the Annexe of Aptitude. Hold your voice."

He leads you into the Annexe. It is built entirely of polished grey stone. In the centre of the Annexe is a mysterious figure, robed from head to foot in grey. His face is invisible. He is the Grey Oracle.

Inlaid in the floor in front of the figure is a black circle. On either side of it are two piles of bones. Your Tutor gestures that you should kneel, head bowed, on the other side of the circle, opposite the Grey Oracle. He then backs away into the shadows.

All is still for a while. Then the Grey Oracle slowly selects twelve bones

from the pile on his right. He utters one word in a chilling whisper.

"Skill."

Then he suddenly throws the bones up in the air. You can see that some of the bones will land inside the black circle, some of them will land outside. [Throw one die and add 6 to the number]. The Grey Oracle points a pale and withered finger, and one by one counts the numbers of bones that fell within the circle. For each bone a deep and solemn bell peals once, telling the whole School the Skill of the latest candidate for graduation. The Oracle sweeps up the bones with one hand and returns them to the pile. He then selects twenty-four bones from the pile on his left, and speaks again.

"Stamina"

Again the bones fall; again the finger counts; [Throw two dice and add 12]; and again the bell tolls, informing the School of your staying power.

"Luck"

For the final time the bones clatter to the floor, and the great bell rings out. [Throw one die and add 6].

Alark reappears, putting his finger to his lips. You, a humble pupil, are not allowed to speak within the Annexe of Aptitude. Your Tutor leads you out towards the Temple. The glorious pinks and oranges in the sky at your back show that the sun is about to rise.

Your Tutor hands you some rough parchment and a marking-stick, and begins to slowly walk away.

"Remember this, my pupil, the Temple is circular, its diameter is 240 feet, and the passage that forms the outer circle is about 15 feet wide. Most of the rooms, however, are square. More I may not tell you . . ."

As you reach the east facing section your Tutor makes a magical gesture, and a door lined with blue light appears.

His voice fades and you are alone. You pass through the door. Behind you the light fades and the door disappears, leaving only a blank a featureless wall. Now turn to Reference No. **1**.

1

You are standing at the easternmost point of the passage that forms the outer circle of the Temple of Testing. Both the inner and outer walls are completely bare. There is no sign of any door as far round as you can see in either direction. Acting on impulse, you take your sword and scratch a mark on the stone floor.

To walk round to your left, turn to **94**.
To walk round to your right, turn to **77**.

2

You bend down carefully and feel about with your hand until you find a crucifix on a chain, which you hang around your neck. Turn to **26**.

3

By using this you have invoked Mars, God of War. Filled with new fire and enthusiasm you leave the room with your STAMINA restored to its *Initial* level. You may exit the room through one of four doors: North to **182**; east to **159**; south to **14**; or west to **131**.

4

The large square room has a floor made of neatly mown turf. Stuck into the lawn are a number of metal hoops and some small poles. It's a croquet set! And what's more, there are two Dwarves playing on it. Will you:

Ignore them and walk straight to another door? Turn to **86**.
Try to chat to them? Turn to **175**.
Draw your sword and attack? Turn to **11**.

5

The lips speak again: "Wrong . . . Beware . . . After three wrong guesses the door will become permanently locked for the remainder of your adventure. . ."

Return to **91** and guess again.

6

You unroll the scroll and sigh – you have been seeing these designs practically every day for the last year. But why was it hidden here, and by whom? Was it the Vampire, or the Council of Teachers?

Eventually you cram the scroll into your backpack and leave the room. Which door will you leave by? To use the north door turn to **128**; the east **90**; or the south **145**.

7

You find yourself in a narrow, semi-circular area. The straight southern wall contains five doors and is one hundred and fifty feet long. At its widest point, the room is just over thirty feet across. The floor is black marble. As you ponder over which door to use you hear the rustle of leathery wings. You quickly look up to see a Giant Bat swooping down towards you. *Test your Luck.* If you are *lucky* then turn to **174**; if you are *unlucky*, turn to **61**.

8

As you open the door you step back in alarm. In front of you is a six foot wall of flame leaping from a trench that runs round the entire perimeter of the room, about six inches from the walls.

If you have found a full waterskin, turn to **120**.
If you have not found one, turn to **108**.

9

Turn to **144**.

10

The lips speak again: "Wrong. . . Beware . . . After three wrong guesses the door will become permanently locked for the remainder of the adventure . . ."

Return to **91** and guess again.

11

You fight them one at a time. A croquet mallet wielded by an irate Dwarf does three Damage points to your STAMINA.

	SKILL	STAMINA
1st DWARF	8	6
2nd DWARF	8	5

If you win, turn to **38**.

12

You find yourself in a narrow, semi-circular area. The straight western wall contains three doors and is one hundred and fifty feet long. At its widest point, the room is just over thirty feet across. The floor is made of black and white marble tiles, arranged in a pattern composed of hundreds of Taoist Yin-Yang designs.

If you wish to use the northernmost door, turn to **101**; or the middle door, turn to **4**; or the southernmost door, turn to **183**.

13

You have placed the artefact on the correct altar. The statue of Uriel, Guardian of the North, silently turns from facing inwards to facing outwards.

If you have not yet placed all the artefacts on the correct altars return to **111**.

If you have placed all four artefacts on all four altars correctly turn to **76**.

14

The large square room is packed to the ceiling with every kind of Egyptian artefact imaginable: tables, chairs, boxes, pots, pictures and statues are all crammed together. In the centre of the room you find an incredibly ornate and beautiful Mummy-case. Suddenly from above comes an ear-splitting screech. You swing round just in time to see a human head with hawk's wings protruding from its ears flutter down and perch on top of the dusty sarcophagus.

If you wish to leave now, turn to **98**.
If you wish to stay and see what happens, turn to **75**.

15

The lips speak again: "Wrong . . . Beware . . . After three wrong guesses the door will become permanently locked for the remainder of your adventure . . ."

Return to **91** to guess again.

16

Dodging the Vampire, you run for the nearest door. Throw one die:

1 or 4 you were nearest to the north door; turn to **128**.
2 or 5 the east door; turn to **90**.
3 or 6 the south door; turn to **145**.

You may find yourself back in the room you just left. Unfortunately, owing to the magical nature of this maze, you will have to cope with its contents all over again!

17

As it opens you catch the strong perfume of the sandalwood of which it is made. The first thing you see are a battered old pair of embroidered slippers lying on a multi-coloured cloth. Carefully, you lift these out and put them to one side to reveal a plain white robe, made from the finest Egyptian linen. Beneath this are a selection of small pots and jars containing various oils, ointments and cosmetics.

You realise that these treasures were probably the favourite knickknacks of the Egyptian noble when alive, packed ready for the day when Osiris wakes him (or her) from their age-long sleep. With a twinge of conscience you start to repack the chest carefully. You have just prevented a soul from rising on the day of Resurrection. Slightly saddened, you leave the room. Turn to **98**.

18

You may choose which door to exit by: the leftmost door (turn to 9**3**); the left-central door (turn to **181**); the central door (turn to **157**); the right-central door (turn to **106**); or the rightmost door (turn to **99**).

19

You bend down and carefully feel about with your hand until you find a large diamond, which you greedily stuff into your backpack. Turn to **26**.

20

The lips speak again: "Wrong . . . Beware . . . After three wrong guesses the door will become permanently locked for the remainder of the adventure . . ."

Return to **91** to guess again.

21

They pay no attention whatsoever to your efforts. Maybe if you knew some Indian tunes it would have worked.

Return to **128** to fight them.

22

The pockets of the Orcs reveal nothing interesting, but there is a full waterskin hanging from one of a row of pegs in a corner of the room, which you may take with you if you wish.

Which door will you leave by? If you choose the north one turn to **195**, the south to **67**, the east to **47**, or the west door to **8**.

23

Turn to **102**.

24

The seal around the stopper has solidified to an almost glass-like black substance; but with some diligent picking you manage to scrape off the crust and expose the stopper. You start to work at it, expecting the cork to be firmly stuck. Instead it flies out, allowing a horde of small, black, spider-like insects to erupt from their glass prison and swarm up your arm. Within seconds you are covered from head to foot in a writhing black mass. You have let loose the Scourge of a Thousand Spiders, imprisoned in the jar by a Dravidian Warrior-Priest. The spider-like creatures start to gnaw away at your flesh, eating you alive! In agony you stumble around the room, crashing into and overturning the stacked furniture. Your vision is blurred by a carpet of swarming limbs . . .

25

The lips speak again. "Wrong . . . Beware . . . After three wrong guesses the door will become permanently locked for the remainder of your adventure. . ."

Return to **91** to guess again.

26

Eventually you arrive at a wall and cautiously edge forward. Keeping one hand against the stone you reach a door, but the Cloud Chamber has left you disorientated; you have no idea which way the door will lead. Throw one die, ignoring any rolls above 4. If you roll a 1, turn to **151**; 2, turn to **112**; 3, turn to **145**; or 4, to **90**.

27

Amazing! You get through the room without incident. Which door were you heading for? North, **181**; east, **101**; south, **73**; or west, **49**.

28

Three rapid blows to the head from his club-like weapon leave you helpless. He quickly scoops you up, deftly throws you over his powerful shoulders and runs to one of the doors. Opening it, he dumps you unceremoniously into the adjoining chamber. Dazed, you sit up and gaze in amazement at the scene that surrounds you. Turn to **165**.

29

Choices, choices! Which candle will you light?

If you choose: the silver coloured one, turn to **65**.
the white one, turn to **168**,
the purple one, turn to **85**,
the red one, turn to **3**,
or the green one, turn to **123**.

30

The lips speak again. "Wrong . . . Beware . . . After three wrong guesses the door will become permanently locked for the remainder of your adventure . . ."

Turn to **91** to guess again.

31

Congratulations! You have placed the artefact on the correct altar. The statue of Raphael, Guardian of the East, silently turns from facing inwards to facing outwards.

If you have not yet placed all the correct artefacts on all four altars, return to **111**.

If you have placed *all* four artefacts on all four altars correctly, turn to **76**.

32

Which door will you leave by? Will you go:

North?	Turn to **159**.
East?	Turn to **8**.
South?	Turn to **67**.
West?	Turn to **14**.

33

The shield is a wondrous sight to behold, almost too good to be used in battle. You may use it if you wish, as it will add 1 point to your SKILL total whilst fighting. Turn to **186**.

34

Which door will you exit by? Will you go: North? Turn to **165**; East? Turn to **4**; South? Turn to **195**; West? Turn to **45**.

35

The lips disappear as the door clicks and swings ajar. Success! You go through the door. Turn to **131**.

36

Carefully you bend down and grope about until your hand closes around a Golden Ankh, the Egyptian symbol of life. Judging by its weight, the talisman seems quite valuable. You pop it into your back pack. Turn to **26**.

37

You hurl it into the centre. To your dismay it sinks without trace. Nothing else happens. Return to **157**.

38

The room has nothing in it apart from the croquet set. A search of the Dwarves bodies reveals an interesting hoard:

Three gold pieces
One piece of string
One *very* dirty handkerchief
A piece of well used chewing-gum
Six glass marbles
A pack of very sticky playing cards (minus the four of clubs).

You may take any or all of these 'treasures' and add them to your equipment list.

The room has four exits: north (**101**), east (**12**), south (**183**), or west (**73**).

39

The large square chamber is practically bare. In the middle two Orcs are having an impromptu wrestling match whilst a third Orc acts as referee. They soon forget about their game when they see you, and grab their swords to attack.

You must fight them two at a time. Against the second member of the pair throw two dice, once for the Orc and once for yourself. If its Attack Strength is higher than yours, he wounds you in the normal way; but if your Attack Strength is *higher* than his, it means you have successfully parried his blow – rather than actually hit.

	SKILL	STAMINA
FIRST WRESTLER	6	7
SECOND WRESTLER	7	6
REFEREE	7	7

If you win, turn to **22**.

40

The lips speak again. "Wrong . . . Beware . . . After three wrong guesses the door will become permanently locked for the remainder of the adventure . . ."

Return to **91** to guess again.

41

Which door will you leave by: The north door? Turn to **7**; the east door? Turn to **157**; the south door? Turn to **198**; or the west door **99**.

42

Acting on a hunch, you pull it from your backpack and start to play a slow lullaby, hoping it will entrance the snakes.

Test your Luck. If you are *lucky*, turn to **177**; if you are *unlucky*, turn to **21**.

43

This only seems to enrage it further. The dusty hulk shambles towards you. Draw your sword and prepares to defend yourself!

	SKILL	STAMINA
MUMMY	7	12

If you win, turn to **132**.

44

Turn to **102**.

45

When you open the door you gaze in bewilderment: the room is packed full of jungle plants, tough creepers and vines. The green mass seems impenetrable. You will have to hack your way through.

If you have found a Machete, turn to **143**; if not, then turn to **134**.

46

Have you found a crucifix and hung it round your neck? If you have, then you are safe from physical attack. He backs off, hissing like a scalded cat, his malevolent eyes fixed on your holy relic. You may leave the room in safety now by going north (**128**), east (**90**), or south (**145**). If you haven't got a crucifix round your neck, attempt to kill the beast by turning to **71**.

47

The large square room contains a mysterious machine, the like of which you have never seen before. Complicated levers, steel pistons and flashing buttons spew out from a weird, car-like contraption. At the foot of the machine sit several large metal boxes. Will you:

Investigate the machine? Turn to **187**.
Investigate the boxes? Turn to **135**.
Pass straight through the room? Turn to **137**.

48

He glances at the diamond at his feet, grunts contemptuously and kicks it into a corner of the room. He continues to advance, whirling his Nunchaku menacingly. Return to **101** to fight him. Don't forget to retrieve your diamond if you win!

49

When you open the door you find yourself confronted by a vast mound of loosely stacked earth. The only way across the chamber is through the undulating carpet, which seems to shift and tremble like the skin of a rice pudding. Nervously you consider your plight:

If you have found any seeds, turn to **141**.
If you haven't, turn to **173**.

50

You have placed the artefact on the wrong altar and angered Gabriel, Guardian of the West. A strong jet of water shoots out of the circle at the room's centre and knocks you forcibly against the wall, leaving you badly bruised. Throw one die and deduct that number of points from your STAMINA score. Return to **59** and choose again.

51

Which altar will you place it on? If you choose the north altar, turn to **13**; the east altar, **69**; the south altar, **127**; or the west altar **179**.

52

You reach the other side of the room without incident. Which door were you heading for:

North?	Turn to **181**.
East?	Turn to **101**.
South?	Turn to **73**.
West?	Turn to **49**.

53

Your speedy reactions enable you to dodge the flame; but the Salamander is still advancing towards you and you must defend yourself. The creature fights mainly with its claws, but every other attack round it attempts to use fire, against which you must throw two dice and compare the total with your SKILL as before. Each time it scorches deduct 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point (due to the cumulative effect of burn damage).

	SKILL	STAMINA
SALAMANDER	8	9

If you win, turn to **32**.

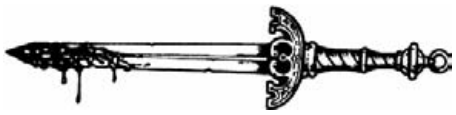

54

You carefully place the Firebrand on the floor and gasp in surprise; the hands close to you turn back, shrivel and disappear, allowing their weapons to clatter to the floor. Hastily you pack up your belongings. Swinging the Firebrand low down in front of you, you clear a path through piles of discarded weapons and make for the exit, picking up any eye-catching relics on the way.

Eventually you arrive at the door and pause to sort through your haul. Because of their size and weight, you may only keep *three* objects from the list below. If you take one of the first four you must leave your old sword behind.

MORTE
GLENTORAN '85

	Damage points
Sword	2
Epee	2
Sabre	2
Machete	0
6" Throwing Knife	1
Solid Gold Sword	0

As you stow away the last of the three objects the Firebrand spits, flickers and goes out. Then hands reappear at once, grabbing your discarded weapons and passing them back into the centre of the chamber. Time to go! Turn to **169**.

55

Luckily the door opens easily. You slip inside and slam it shut, listening to the disgruntled Bat as it screeches outside.

Time to investigate your new surroundings . . . Turn to **106**.

56

The mallet whistles past your ear – which is fortunate since it looks capable of doing a considerable amount of damage (three points per successful hit).

The irate Dwarves have had about enough! You've ruined their game, dug up their prized lawn with your clumsy feet, and scattered a carefully positioned group of balls. They rush to attack you, one at a time, using their trusty croquet mallets.

	SKILL	STAMINA
1st DWARF	8	6
2nd DWARF	8	5

If you win the battle, turn to **38**.

57

The voice speaks again: "Have you found a spear?"

If you have, turn to **59**

If you have already correctly placed the spear, or haven't found it yet, turn to **176**.

58

Humph! From what you can see the room is bare, containing absolutely nothing of interest. Which door will you leave by North? (**7**); south? (**101**); or west? (**181**).

59

Which altar will you place it on?

If you decide on the north altar, turn to **122**;

the east altar,	turn to **156**;
the south altar,	turn to **178**;
or the west altar?	turn to **50**.

60

Remembering the superstitions of primitives you hastily pull the mirror from your backpack and point it in his direction. As he sees his reflection he stops his capering, a look of terror on his face. He sinks to his knees, cradling his head in his hands. Somehow, he believes, you have managed to capture his soul within the mirror. With a shriek he drops the Killing Bone and dashes out of the room. Add 1 LUCK point, then turn to **150**.

61

You try to dodge, but with one deft flick of its wing it sends you toppling to the floor. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. You have no option but to fight it.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GIANT BAT	6	6

If you win. turn to **18**.

62

Despite your best efforts you stumble, and as you fall you clutch the vegetation for support. One of your flailing arms passes through a loop which inflates instantly, trapping and crushing your arm badly. You struggle to free yourself, drawing your sword with your free hand and hacking at the tough, rubbery tissue of the plant. Eventually you free yourself, but at some cost to your endurance (Lose 2 STAMINA points). Turn to **136**.

63

"Take that!" you cry, unleashing a mighty blow to the Vampire's head. But to your horror, what should have been a devastating death-blow only manages to temporarily halt his advance. (Vampires are practically impossible to kill with non-magical weapons.) Deduct 1 Damage point from the number of successful points you score on the fearsome fanged fiend. If you win, turn to **196**. If, however, you find that you are unable to harm the Vampire, or have changed your mind about fighting him, then you may attempt an escape. *Test your Luck;* if you are *lucky*, turn to **188**; if you are *unlucky*, turn to **80**.

64

The Mummy stops, turns slowly round, walks back to the golden Ankh and carefully picks it up. This seems as good a time as any to quietly slip away – turn to **98**.

65

By using this one you have invoked fleet-footed, nimble-fingered Mercury, who restores your SKILL to its *Initial* level. You may leave the room through one of four exits: the north door, turn to **182**; the east door, turn to **159**; the south door, turn to **14**; or the west door, turn to **131**.

66

The mallet smashes into your hip with a sickening crunch, forcing you to your knees. Deduct one point from your SKILL and three from your STAMINA. The Dwarves are upon you! Fight them one at a time, and remember they wield their trusty croquet mallets which do 3 damage points if successful.

	SKILL	STAMINA
1st DWARF	8	6
2nd DWARF	8	5

If you win the 'match' with the little folks, turn to **38**.

67

You find yourself in a large, narrow, semi-circular area. The straight northern wall has five doorways in it. At the room's centre is an ornate swimming pool, decorated with oriental tiles. Along the curved far wall are a couple of benches which have fresh towels piled neatly upon them. Will you:

Strip off and plunge in?	Turn to **130**
Test the water first?	Turn to **119**
Ignore it and leave the room	Turn to **192**

68

Its weapon is an ordinary 2 Damage point sword. You may, if you wish, swap it with your old sword. The shield is of antique bronze, ornately decorated with magical runes; if you take it turn to **33**.

If you don't care for either relic, turn to **186**.

69

You have placed the artefact on the wrong altar and angered Raphael, Guardian of the East. A violent blast of hot air erupts from the circle's centre and blows you forcibly against the far wall – leaving you shaken and bruised. Throw one die and deduct the result from your STAMINA.

Return to **59** and choose again.

70

It opens to reveal three tightly sealed jars. You can try to open one of them by turning to **110**; but if the hidden contents are of no interest to you, turn to **98**.

71

If you have found a bow and arrows and fancy yourself as a crack-shot, you may break free from the melee and try to shoot the beast through the heart (Turn to **107**) ; otherwise you will have to continue the fight with your puny sword (Turn to **162**).

72

Turn to **102**.

73

Standing in the doorway you peer into an apparently bare, unfurnished room. You do notice, however, that the chamber's stone floor is covered by a thin layer of soil: but before you have time to ponder its purpose a warty and gnarled hand shoots out from behind the door, picking you up by the neck and casually tossing you into the centre

of the room (Deduct 1 STAMINA point). You rise quickly to your feet, spitting out flecks of dry earth, and spin round only just in time to avoid the fatal embrace of a Mandrake – a hideous cross-mutation of man and tree root. The gnarled monstrosity `lumbers' towards you, waving its limbs menacingly. You draw your sword and prepare to fight. If at any time during the battle the beast scores three *consecutive* blows against you, turn immediately to **28** – otherwise it's a duel to the death.

	SKILL	STAMINA
MANDRAKE	10	9

If you win, then turn to **34**.

74

The voice speaks again:

"Have you found the Golden Sword?"

If you have found the relic, turn to **89**; but if you have already placed the sword, or haven't found it yet, then turn to **111**.

75

The Ba Hawk (for that is what it is, the animating soul of the Mummy) glares piercingly at you with its glowing eyes – a look of pure hatred. It takes wing and dives straight towards the closed sarcophagus; but instead of dashing itself on the solid timber of the door, it *pours* itself through a tiny crack in the lid. Moments later the casket begins to shake ominously. The lid bursts open and out steps the tattered hulk of a Mummy! Arms outstretched it stumbles toward you.

If you have found something which might be of use in dealing with the mummy, turn to **140**; otherwise you will have to fight it to the death (in which case the Mummy has a head start, since it's been dead some two centuries!)

	SKILL	STAMINA
MUMMY	7	12

If you win, turn to **132**.

76

All four statues have now turned from the inward facing position to the outward facing one. The column of smoke coalesces to reveal the dishevelled outline of a man -your Tutor! He steps out of the smoky circle, emits several chesty coughs and speaks: "Congratulations, my pupil. You have almost completed your initiation. All that remains is for you to answer one question to prove that you have learnt the true nature of the universe. As you will see from your map, the Temple of Testing is in the shape of a square contained within a circle. Does this represent the fact that the spirit exists within the matter, or that the matter exists within the spirit'? Many of your encounters in the temple have given you an insight into the answer, now it is up to you to decide. . ."

Which answer will you choose? If you decide on the first one, turn to **113**; but if, on the other hand, you think that matter exists within the spirit, turn to **147**. Think carefully . . .

77

You start walking round the corridor, stopping occasionally to see if you can find any hidden doors, without success. After about five minutes you realise that you have walked all the way round the perimeter and back to your original starting mark! Will you: continue in the same direction, turn to **95**; or turn round and walk back in the reverse direction, turn to **82**.

78

You may, if you wish, swap your weapon for his finely wrought blade, which can inflict a lethal 3 Damage points per successful blow. Hidden in the folds of his black kimono is a neatly folded piece of parchment, written in an intricate oriental hand, which you are unable to decipher. Still, you may add it to your equipment list. Which door will you leave by:

North? (**93**); east? (**12**); south? (**4**); or west? (**165**).

79

Unfortunately the handle of the door refuses to budge; and as you desperately fumble at it a barrage of leathery blows sends you flying (Deduct 1 STAMINA point). The Giant Bat is upon you, prepare to fight.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GIANT BAT	6	6

If you win, turn to **18**.

80

No matter how skillfully you evade his blows, the Vampire still manages to block your escape. You must now fight to the death-probably your own, since it is the only real escape from the clutches of this wicked soul-stealer.

	SKILL	STAMINA
VAMPIRE	10	10

If you win, turn to **196**.

81

It opens to reveal a huge stack of papyrus scrolls, each kept within its own pigeon-hole. Dozens of niches cover the wall, each with its own parchment; you unfold one at random and gaze along horizontal strips of strange hieroglyphics. It is possible to roughly interpret their meaning-in this case a recipe for eye ointment, which includes such wholesome ingredients as: copper oxide, lemon pips, northern cypress flowers, gazelle's droppings and Oryx offal!

Your 'fascinating' research has taken over an hour; and it's time you left and got on with the more serious business of completing your quest. Turn to **98**.

82

Turn to **94**.

83

The arrow embeds itself in his left shoulder, forcing him to momentarily stagger backwards; but instead of crying out in pain, he grins. Holding the arrow's shaft in one hand he wrenches it from his shoulder with terrifying ease. You have played your last card. The hypnotic stare of the Lord of Darkness freezes you to the spot, weakening your hold on the crucifix. *Test your Luck;* if you are *lucky*, turn **149**; if you are *unlucky*, turn to **158**.

84

The seal around the stopper has solidified to a black, tar-like substance – brittle enough to pick off with the end of your sword. After much diligent scraping the stopper suddenly begins to loosen of its own accord, and moments later erupts, releasing a plume of rich smoke which coalesces magically into the muscled form of a Jinni, standing with arms akimbo. He speaks: "I owe you a thousand and one debts, my master. You have freed me from the wicked imprisonment imposed on me by the great mage Suleimann Ibn Daoud. Under normal circumstances," he says apologetically, "I would be able to grant you three wishes; but unfortunately my powers have been stolen by mighty ensorcellments cast by the guardians of the Temple. But they cannot stop me from giving you some advice. Decipher the runes, combine them with the square, and you will walk between the light and dark to safety. That is my gift to you, kind adventurer. Had we met in different circumstances I could have granted your heart's desires . . ."

He dematerialises, leaving you alone to meditate on his words. You *have gained a valuable insight, gain two* LUCK *points. But unless you have memorised the appropriate information previously, you will* have *to find another copy within the maze – if one exists, that is*. Time to move on. Turn to **98**.

85

By using this one you have invoked Saturn, God of Time, old age and

death. This is *not* a good choice for a budding adventurer to make. Deduct one point from each of your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores.

Disgruntled, you slope out of the room. You may exit through one of four doors: north to **182**, east to **159**, south to **14**, or west to **131**.

86

"Oi! Watch yer flippin' great feet!" yells one of the Dwarves, livid at being put off his shot. He draws himself up to his full height (about 27 ¾ inches to be precise) and takes a swing at you with his hefty croquet mallet. *Test your Luck;* if you are *lucky,* turn to **56**; if you are *unlucky,* turn to **66**.

87

You have placed the artefact on the wrong altar and angered Michael, Guardian of the South. A jet of flame bursts out from the circle's centre, scorching you badly. Throw 1 die and deduct the result from your STAMINA. Return to **125** and choose again.

88

Taking a leather pouch from your backpack, you carefully place some earth from one of the remaining piles onto it and tie it to your belt. You may now leave the room through one of four doors: north to **157**, cast to **165**, south to **45**, or west to **198**.

89

Which altar will you place it upon?

The north altar, turn to **133**;
east altar, turn to **31**;
south altar, turn to **194**;
or the west altar, turn to **180**.

90

The noise you make entering this room is more than enough to rouse the Wood Reaver, asleep in his nest of branches, twigs and leaves. Like most self-respecting apes, he is angry at having his beauty sleep disturbed. You must fight this primitive beast.

	SKILL	STAMINA
WOOD REAVER	7	8

If you win, turn to **129**.

91

The door is locked, but as you try it an enormous pair of lips appears in the wall to one side. In a soft but clearly audible whisper this mysterious mouth tells you to study the design on the door and count the number of triangles contained in it. Turn to the appropriate reference when you think you know the answer. If you cannot get the door open you must use another door by returning to **170**.

92

Too late! You try to dodge but cannot evade the lancing gout of flame which issues from the lizard, striking you on to the arm. Take 2 Damage points from your STAMINA, and one from your SKILL. The Salamander alternates using its claws and fiery breath. Against the fire, you must roll two dice and compare the total with your SKILL as before. Burning does 2 Damage points to STAMINA, one to SKILL.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SALAMANDER	8	9

If you win, turn to **32**.

93

The large, square, room is practically bare, apart from a full length mirror standing in the middle of the room. It is made from a single sheet of obsidian (volcanic glass), mounted in a metal frame. This frame is decorated with a compactly cut inscription in characters which you are unable to read, although from your researches in the school library you are able to tell that they are of Tibetan origin. As you examine it you catch occasional glimpses of your reflection in the dusky black glass. Strangely, the reflection seems to be clearer every time you see it. Too late you realise what is happening!

You have been staring into a *Tulpa Mirror,* created by a rogue Tibetan priest. A Tulpa is created by an Adept, usually in his own image, as a physical manifestation of a thought-form and under his telepathic control. However, they can occasionally get out of control, and then they are very dangerous.

This mirror has been made specifically to create a Tulpa of anyone who looks into it long enough – a Tulpa which is uncontrollably berserk! Out of the glass steps an exact replica of yourself, its face contorted with hatred.

Sometimes one can fight fire with fire. If you have found a mirror of polished silver with Tibetan designs on it, turn to **184**.

Otherwise you will have to fight the evil version of yourself. The Tulpa starts the battle with exactly the same SKILL and STAMINA scores as yours are now, and it is armed with an identical weapon.

If you win turn to **58**, otherwise the Tulpa pulps ya!

94

You start walking round the corridor, stopping occasionally to look for hidden doors. After five minutes without success you find that you have walked all the way round, and are back at the mark you made! Will you:

Continue walking in the same direction (turn to **167**), or turn round and walk in the reverse direction (turn to **9**).

95

Turn to **144**.

96

With a cry of pain he drops the Killing Bone, and continues fighting with his bare hands and teeth.

	SKILL	STAMINA
ABORIGINAL SHAMAN	8	6

If you win, turn to **150**.

97

Although the Vampire is unarmed, the awesome strength of the Undead flows through him.

	SKILL	STAMINA
VAMPIRE	10	10

As soon as you strike your first successful blow, turn to **63**.

98

Which door will you leave by:

north	(turn to **145**),
east	(turn to **112**),
or south	(turn to **67**)?

99

The walls of the large square room are completely lined with sheet-metal, intricately chiselled and carved into abstract designs. In the centre of the room stands a life-size bronze statue of a Greek warrior. As you walk past it you hear the squeaking and groaning of shifting metal. The statue turns its head and fixes you with its chilling gaze. Horrorstruck, you watch as life seems to creep into its metal limbs, it steps off its pedestal and advances towards you. It menaces you with a sword, and protects itself with a shield, barring your escape as it does so.

	SKILL	STAMINA
BRONZE WARRIOR	10	10

If you win, turn to **68**.

100

The seal around the stopper has solidified to an almost glass-like black substance. However, after several minutes' diligent picking you manage to get most of it off. You strain at the stopper, until suddenly it flies off.

A pleasant perfume wafts from the jar. Peering inside you find that it is full of powdered sandalwood, a small pinch of which will keep moths away from your clothes if placed in your wardrobe at regular intervals. You replace the stopper. If you wish to take the jar with you, you put it into your backpack.

You suddenly realise that your have spent at least an hour in this room without furthering your quest. You decide it is time to leave, so turn to **98**.

101

The large square room is decorated in the oriental style. Those areas of the walls not covered by paper screens are enamelled and lacquered with images of heraldic demons, deities and dragons. Seated cross-legged on the floor at a low table is a Ninja. When he sees you he hastily flicks his scarf round to cover all his face but his eyes. He bounds to his feet in one fluid movement. At his side hangs a deadly sharp ninja-to (a shortened version of the samurai katana). From his belt he produces a pair of nunchaka. These lengths of wood joined by short pieces of chain are whirled and spun around in mesmeric patterns by the agile assassin, and are as dangerous as any sword.

Are you able to attempt to bribe him to leave you alone? If you have found a diamond turn to **172**, if not you will have to fight him. First you must disable his nunchaka. The difficulty of this is represented by treating the nunchaka as opponents, thus:

	SKILL	STAMINA
NUNCHAKA	12	4

Fight each of the two nunchaka in turn. As soon as you break the second one he flings it straight at you. As you duck he draws his ninjato, a blade so lethal that it does 3 Damage points to your STAMINA for each successful blow.

	SKILL	STAMINA
NINJA	11	8

If you kill him turn to **78**.

102

You open the box and look inside, then slam the lid back down and sit on the top of it – for the box does not contain machine parts or tools, but something green with lots of teeth and claws. You look suspiciously at the boxes around you. There is a thump, and an enraged jabbering from the box you are sitting on, and suddenly the lid of one of the other boxes flies open, then another, and still another – until you find yourself surrounded by four Gremlins, all armed with nasty little swords, as well as their teeth and claws. You leap to your feet to defend yourself, drawing your sword. There is a crash behind you as the fifth Gremlin leaps out of its box.

Because Gremlins are so small and agile (from scrambling about machinery, and causing mayhem), they can attack you three at a time.

Unfortunately, having only one sword, you can only wound them one at a time. Thus each Battle Round consists of the following sequence of actions:

1. Throw 2 dice each for the Gremlin you have chosen to attack and for yourself, add the appropriate SKILL score, and adjust the appropriate STAMINA score, as per the normal Battle Sequence, outlined in "A Note to the Player".

2. Now look to see which of the remaining Gremlins has the highest STAMINA score, because he is the one most likely to be helping the first Gremlin, throw 2 dice and add your SKILL, then work out your respective Attack Strengths. If his AS is higher than yours then he has wounded you in the normal way. But if your AS is equal to, or higher than his AS then you have just managed to block or dodge his blow-you cannot wound him.

3. Of the remaining Gremlins, find the one with the highest STAMINA and repeat step 2.

4. Choose which Gremlin you attack next and return to step 1.

	SKILL	STAMINA
GREMLIN 1	5	3
GREMLIN 2	4	4
GREMLIN 3	5	5
GREMLIN 4	5	4
GREMLIN 5	4	5

If you win, turn to **190**.

103

You draw your sword and advance, but his frenetic caperings make him a difficult target. What is more, he automatically does you 3 Damage points for each Attack Round until you first injure him, because there is no defence throw with the dice for a magical weapon like the Arungquilta.

	SKILL	STAMINA
ABORIGINAL SHAMAN	9	8

As soon as you wound him, turn to **96**.

104

You throw it into the centre. To your dismay it sinks without trace, and nothing further happens.

Return to **157**.

105

To your intense irritation, after walking all the way round yet again, you

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have still not found any doors, and you are back at the mark you made ages ago!

But before you can *really* lose your temper you hear the sound of a tiny silver bell chiming once, though you cannot tell where. In front of your very eyes another magical door lined with blue light appears on the inner wall. The moment you have passed through it, it disappears again. Now turn to **12**.

106

When you enter the room you see a small camp-fire burning in the middle. Prancing round it you see an Australian Aborigine Shaman (Witch Doctor). When he spots you watching his secret ritual, he ceases his capering, produces his Arungquilta (Killing Bone), and points it at you. The Arungquilta is a miniature spear and spear thrower painted with red ochre and decorated with black, white and yellow cross-bars. It is a magical weapon which acts at a distance. He sings a few words softly to it and you suddenly feel the most unendurable pain fill your body. Deduct 3 STAMINA points.

If you have found a small mirror, turn to **60**;

if not, you must fight him. Turn to **103**.

107

You quickly unsling the bow from round your shoulder, and notch an arrow to the string. Carefully you take aim at the Vampire's chest.

Throw 2 dice. If the total is equal to, or greater than your current SKILL score, turn to **83**; if the total is less, turn to **171**.

108

The heat from the flame is intense, too hot for you to risk jumping through. You must return to the room you just left. Unfortunately, thanks to the magical nature of this maze, you will have to cope with its contents all over again!

If you approached the fire room from the:

north,	turn to **151**,
east,	turn to **39**,
south,	turn to **67**
or west,	turn to **112**.

109

Luckily the door opens easily and you slip inside, slamming the door shut behind you. You listen to the frustrated Bat on the other side of the door for a few seconds, then turn round to see what the room holds in store for you. Turn to **181**.

110

Which door will you open?

left,	turn to **100**,
right,	turn to **84**,
or middle	turn to **24**.

111

As you rummage through your belongings a great and strange voice speaks from the pillar of smoke:

"Know that to pass your Test you must replace each of the four magical symbols on the appropriate altar. Have you found a cup?"

If you have, turn to **125**.

If you have already correctly placed the cup, or if you have not yet found it, turn to **57**.

If you do not already have all four artefacts, you may, if you wish, attempt to place the ones you have got before re-entering the maze in search of the missing one. To re-enter the maze you may use either of the two doors in the eastern wall. To go through the northernmost door, turn to **128**. To go through the southernmost door, turn to **145**.

112

As you walk through the door a cheery sight greets your eyes -a large bonfire blazing merrily before you in the centre of the room. Then as you walk past it you notice that you are being observed by an eye from inside the bonfire! Before you can decide what to do, an enormous Salamander leaps to its feet from within the bonfire, where it was keeping itself warm, sending large chunks of burning firewood flying in all directions through the air. Throw one die to discover how many of these hit you and deduct 1 STAMINA point for each. The Salamander opens its mouth and sends a jet of flame straight towards you. You try to dodge . . .

Throw 2 dice. If the total is greater than your SKILL score, turn to **92**. If the total is less than or equal or your SKILL score, turn to **53**.

113

When he hears your answer your Tutor raises his arms towards you. There are tears in his eyes . . .

Turn to **161**.

114

As you grope around through the mist, your foot hits something that clatters. Roll 1 die:

Roll:	Turn to:
1	**2**
2	**36**
3	**19**
4	**155**
5	**126**
6	**197**

115

Test your Luck. If you are *lucky* turn to **136**. If you are *unlucky* turn to **62**.

116

Keeping his eyes on you he bends at the knees and picks it up. He straightens again, gives it a cursory glance, grunts, nods to you and leaves the room, tucking the diamond into his sash.

You had better leave the room yourself, before he changes his mind and returns. If you go through the:

north door,	turn to **93**,
east door,	turn to **12**,
south door,	turn to **4**,
or west door,	turn to **165**.

117

Which door will you leave by:

north door	(turn to **7**),
east door	(turn to **93**),
south door	(turn to **165**)
or west door	(turn to **157**)?

118

Despite your best efforts you stumble, putting your left foot through one of the loops. It instantly inflates, trapping your leg, and crushing it for 1 Damage point. You hack away at the loop with your sword, finding that its tough rubbery composition resists your blows for some time. After some minutes (and the loss of 2 STAMINA points) you finally chop through the loop and free yourself.

Which door were you heading for:

north door	turn to **181**),
east door	turn to **101**),
south door	(turn to **73**)
or west door	(turn to **49**)

119

You take one of towels and dip one end into the water. Nothing happens except that it gets wet. Emboldened by this, you cup your hand, scoop up some water and cautiously taste it. It is pure spring water – a little tepid, but it tastes fine. If you have found a waterskin, you may refill it. Will you strip off and plunge in? If you do so, turn to **130**. If you suspect some other trap and want to leave the room turn to **192**.

120

You carefully pour some into the trench. Slowly the flames die down until they are low enough for you to jump over them into the room. You have used about half the water. Lying in the centre of the room is a Firebrand,

burning with a pure white flame, which you may take with you if you wish. Apart from this, there is nothing of note in the chamber. In order to leave, your pour the remainder of the water into the trench in front of your chosen door. As the flames die down you quickly stuff the empty waterskin into your backpack, before leaping over the trench, opening the door and entering the next room. Restore one point of LUCK. Which door have you just gone through:

north door	(turn to **151**),
east door	(turn to **39**),
south door	(turn to **67**)
or west door	(turn to **112**?

121

Luckily the door opens easily, and you slam it behind you, listening to the angry Bat flapping impotently against the other side. Then you turn round to see the room you have just entered.

Turn to **99**.

122

You have placed the artefact on the wrong altar and angered Uriel, Guardian of the North. A shower of fist-sized stones flies out from the pentacle in the centre of the room. Throw one dice to find out how many stones hit you, and deduct 1 STAMINA point for each hit. Return to **59** and choose again.

123

By using this one you have invoked Venus, Goddess of Love. She is very grateful for your devotion, and no doubt your love-life will improve if you survive your Initiation Test; but she is unable to help you during your adventure. Disappointed, you leave the room. If you go by the:

north door,	turn to **182**,
east door,	turn to **159**,
south door,	turn to **14**,
or west door,	turn to **131**.

124

No matter how you try, you find you are unable to do so. Return to **131** and do something else.

125

Which altar will you place it on:

north altar	(turn to **146**),
east altar	(turn to **160**),
south altar	(turn to **87**)
or west altar	(turn to **154**))

126

You bend down and carefully feel around with your hand until you find a round silver mirror with strange designs on the back, apparently Tibetan. You put it into your backpack.

Turn to **26**.

127

You have placed the artefact on the wrong altar and angered Michael, Guardian of the South. A jet of flame lances from the circle in the centre of the room, burning you badly. Throw 1 die, and deduct that number of points from your STAMINA.

Return to **51** and choose again.

128

The walls of this room are decorated with finely carved dark oak panels set at intervals in the stone, depicting scenes from rural life. As you look around, you also notice that the door in the west wall has some kind of design on it. Suddenly, before you can investigate further you feel a gentle tap on your shoulder. You spin round to find yourself face to face with a ten foot long Snake, dangling from one of the lower roof beams. As you back away you hear a slithering and another drops on you from above, followed by a third, until you are trapped in the coils of three snakes, while another two are poised ready for an opportunity to join the struggle. If you have found a wooden flute, turn to **42**. If you have not you must fight them.

By twining themselves around you the Snakes are able to attack you three at one time. However, having only one weapon you can only wound one at a time.

Thus each Battle Round consists of the following sequence of actions:

1. Choose which Snake you will attack, and go once through the normal Attack Sequence described in "A Note to the Player".
2. Now look to see which of the remaining Snakes has the highest STAMINA score. This is the one which has forced itself closest to the centre of the battle.

   Throw 2 dice and add to this Snake's SKILL, throw another 2 dice and add to your SKILL, working out your respective Attack Strengths. If its AS is higher than yours it has succeeded in tightening its coils, doing you 2 Damage points. But if your AS is equal to *or higher than* that of the Snake then you have been able to twist or turn your body enough to ease the pressure – you cannot wound it.
3. Find out which is the third Snake attacking you at the time by looking for the remaining Snake with the highest STAMINA, and repeating step 2, above.
4. Choose which Snake you wish to attack next, and return to step 1.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SNAKE 1	7	5
SNAKE 2	6	6
SNAKE 3	6	5
SNAKE 4	7	6
SNAKE 5	5	6

If you win turn to **170**.

129

Searching his nest reveals a small collection of stones which, although pretty, are not gems. You may take them if you wish.

Which door will you leave this room by:

north door	(turn to **198**),
east door	(turn to **45**),
south door	turn to **159**)
or west door	turn to **182**)?

130

Leaving your clothes and armour on one of the benches, with your sword on top within easy reach, you dive into the water. It is warm and refreshing, and as you wash away grime, blood, sweat and tears you can feel its invigorating effects. Restore 2 STAMINA and 1 SKILL points.

Once you are clean you climb back out and dry yourself on one of the warm towels before dressing again. Turn to **192**.

131

You walk into a narrowly semi-circular area. In the centre is a magical circle composed of a pentagram within a double-circle containing magical inscriptions. At the four quarters of the compass about the circle are placed four cubical altars, and standing on the inner side of each altar is a life-sized painted statue, each one depicting a being of great nobility. The robes of the statue to the north of the circle are painted in various shades of brown, and his hair is black. Those of the statue to the east are in various shades of yellow, and he has fair hair. The statue to the south is in a mixture of reds, and his hair is fiery red, while the western statue sports robes of blue and has long, flowing black hair. They are all facing inwards towards the circle in which a tall pillar of smoke twists and turns.

If you wish to enter the magic circle, turn to **124**.

If you wish to leave some artefacts here, turn to **111**.

If you wish to leave the room, there are two doors in the straight eastern wall. The door in the northern part of this wall leads to **128**. The door in the southern part leads to **145**.

132

If you want to explore the room, turn to **163**.

If you want to leave, turn to **98**.

133

You have placed the artefact on the wrong altar and angered Uriel, Guardian of the North. A shower of fist-sized stones flies out from the pentacle in the centre of the room. Throw 1 die to find out how many stones hit you and deduct 1 STAMINA point for each hit.

Return to **89** and choose again.

134

You will have to use your sword to hack your way through. Unfortunately swords are not designed for this so you find it very tiring (deduct 3 STAMINA points). Although you try a couple of times, your sword cannot easily cut through the toughest creepers, and so your path twists and turns as you make your way through the jungle.

Eventually you reach your destination. Before entering the next room you wipe the thick green sap from your weapon. To your dismay you find that it has become blunted by 1 Damage point (e.g. if it used to do 2 Damage points per successful blow it will now only do 1 DP). Serves you right for mistreating your weapon. If you have found a sharpening stone you had better use it now.

Which door are you leaving by:

north door	(turn to **49**),
east door	(turn to **73**),
south door	(turn to **151**),
or west door	(turn to **90**)?

135

There are five boxes. Which will you investigate first:

number one	turn to **102**),
number two	turn to **72**),
number three	(turn to **199**),
number four	(turn to **44**)
or number five	(turn to **23**)?

136

You have got halfway across the room. *Test your Luck* again. If you are *lucky,* turn to **52**. If you are *unlucky* turn to **153**.

137

Which door will you leave by:

north door	(turn to **183**),
south door	(turn to **67**),
or west door	(turn to **39**)?

138

All your provisions are soaked through. They are quite inedible, so you will have to dispose of them.

Which door did you swim to:

north door	turn to **7**),
east door	(turn to **181**),
south door	turn to **49**)
or west door	turn to **106**)?

139

Your exertions have weakened you too much – you are no longer able to resist. A silent scream is torn from your lips as your left hand lifts the crucifix from round your neck and drops it to the floor. Slowly, he draws you toward him. You are about to join the Undead, and the ultimate horror is that *your* victims will be your friends and fellow pupils. His teeth sink into your neck and blackness enfolds you . . .

140

If you have found an Ankh, dig it out of your backpack. Will you:

hold it in front of you (turn to **43**) or throw it behind the Mummy (turn to **64**)?

If you have not found an Ankh you will have to go back to **75** to fight the Mummy.

141

You throw a few of the seeds up onto the side of the heap. They root and sprout immediately and gradually the pile of earth begins to shrink. After a few minutes wait during which you may choose to eat some of your provisions, the plants bloom, die and shrivel, leaving only a few piles of earth, dead leaves and dry stalks in the corners of the room. There is also an empty chrysalis case which is about six feet long. Now that the room is clear, you may pass through. If you want to take some of the magical earth with you, turn to **88**.

If you wish to leave by the:

north door,	turn to **157**,
east door,	turn to **165**,
south door,	turn to **45**,
west door,	turn to **198**.

142

Test your Luck. If you are *lucky,* turn to **27**. If you are *unlucky,* turn to **118**.

143

Drawing out your Machete, you easily hack a way through the thick vegetation. In the centre you find a small clearing. Scattered about on the ground are a quantity of large black seeds. If you wish to gather a handful of these to take with you, do so. Eventually you reach your destination.

Which door were you heading for:

north door	(turn to **49**),
east door	turn to **73**),
south door	turn to **151**),
or west door	(turn to **90**)?

144

To your intense irritation, after walking nearly all the way round yet again, you have still not found any doors! However, as you reach the northernmost point of the outer circle you hear the silvery tinkling of a small bell, though you cannot discern where it is coming from. In front of your eyes another magical door lined with blue light appears on the inner wall. The moment you have passed through it, it disappears again . . . turn to **7**.

145

In the middle of the large square room is an altar. Carved into the top of the altar is a pentacle, with a candlestick fixed in its exact centre. On a side table by the altar are five candles, each one a different colour, and a tinderbox. As you look these over you hear a footfall behind you. You look up to see four Zombies advancing towards you. Fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
ZOMBIE I	6	6
ZOMBIE 2	6	7
ZOMBIE 3	7	6
ZOMBIE 4	7	7

If you win you may, if you wish, light one of the candles and place it in the candlestick (turn to **29**).

If you do not wish to do so you must leave the room. Do you leave the room through the:

north door (turn to **182**),
east door (turn to **159**),
south door (turn to **14**)
or west door (turn to **131**)?

146

You have placed the artefact on the wrong altar and angered Uriel, Guardian of the North. A shower of fist-sized stones flies from the pentacle in the centre of the room. Throw one die to find how many stones hit you – each of them will do 1 Damage point to your STAMINA. Return to **125** and choose again.

147

When he hears your answer your Tutor raises his arms towards you. There are tears in his eyes . . . turn to **200**.

148

The magic earth absorbs the water and swells until the pit is full, forming a level surface over which you may walk with ease. As it grew it lifted up from the bottom anything you threw in previously, together with a spear made of copper, all of which you may take with you if you wish.

Now that you are able to walk through the room you may leave through any door you like. Do you go through the:

north door (turn to **7**),
east door (turn to **181**),
south door (turn to **49**)
or west door (turn to **106**)?

149

You have realised what is going on just in time. Whether you have the strength to resist his power is a different matter altogether. Throw 2 dice and add 7. If the total is greater than your current STAMINA, then turn to **139**. If the total is less than or equal to your current STAMINA, then turn to **193**.

150

The Arungquilta is useless to you as you don't know the proper spells for its use. However, you decide that a leather drawstring bag lying by the pentacle might be worth investigating. You open it and carefully pour the contents onto the floor. You find that it held a set of seven assorted small bones, a tortoise shell, a few bunches of dried, unidentifiable herbs, and a wooden flute. You may take any or all of these if you wish, adding them to your equipment list as always.

Turn to **41**.

151

The large square room contains an astonishing sight. Dozens of ectoplasmic hands protruding through the floor are waving all kinds of metal weapons, implements, chains etc. You stoop and try to cut the hands closest to you with your sword, but it passes straight through them without having any effect. You cannot harm them, but can only try to parry anything that coming in your direction, since they can hurt you in the normal way.

You pause by the doorway, take off your backpack, and rest for a while (add 1 point of STAMINA), maybe have something to eat as well before tackling this formidable task. If you have found a white Firebrand turn to **54** now. If you have not, read on . . .

After a while you gather up all your possessions and set out into the room. Follow the following instructions:

1. Throw 2 dice. The total represents the number of encounters you have. Each encounter consists of ONE attack round only.
2. For EACH encounter: throw 2 dice. The total represents the `SKILL' of the metal object in question. Throw 2 dice, again for each encounter, and add to the `SKILL' to find the Attack Strength of each object.
3. For EACH encounter, throw 2 dice and add to your current SKILL to find your Attack Strength.
4. For EACH encounter, compare your Attack Strength with that of the object. If its total is higher it has wounded you for 2 Damage points as usual. If your Attack Strength is equal to or higher than that of the object, then you have just managed to block whatever was coming in your direction. If you survive, turn to **169**.

152

To your dismay it sinks without trace when you throw it in. If this was your only sword you will have to fight bare-handed until you can find another one – deduct 2 SKILL points when fighting until you do.

Return to **157** and choose again.

153

Despite your caution, you stumble and put your right foot through one of the loops. It instantly inflates, trapping and

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badly crushing your leg. Deduct 1 SKILL point. You hack away at the loop with your sword, but because it is so tough and rubbery you are quite exhausted by the time you have managed to free yourself. Deduct 2 STAMINA points.

Eventually you reach the door at the opposite side of the room. Which door were you heading for:

north door	(turn to **181**),
east door	(turn to **101**),
south door	(turn to **73**),
or west door	(turn to **49**)?

154

You have placed the artefact on the right altar. The statue of Gabriel, Guardian of the West, turns silently so that it is now facing outwards.

If you have not yet placed all the artefacts on the correct altars, turn to **111**.

If you have correctly placed all four artefacts on all four altars, turn to **76**.

155

You bend down and carefully feel about with your hand until you find a bow, with some wooden arrows in a quiver. Slinging them over your shoulder you press on through the mist.

Turn to **26**.

156

You placed the artefact on the wrong altar and angered Raphael, Guardian of the East. An incredibly strong gust of hot air erupts from the circle in the centre of the room and blasts you forcefully against the wall, leaving you badly bruised. Throw 1 die and deduct that number of points from your STAMINA.

Return to **59** and choose again.

157

You find that you are standing on a stone platform about six feet square. There are similar platforms in front of the other three doors. Otherwise all you can see is water lapping gently at the edges of the jetties. Although it is very clear, the water is so deep that you cannot see to the bottom.

If you decide to swim across, turn to **138**.

Or you might risk throwing something into the water to see what happens:

If you throw in a cup turn to **37.**
If you throw in some seeds turn to **191**.
If you throw in a sword turn to **152**.
If you throw in some earth turn to **148**.
If you throw in a crucifix turn to **104**.

158

Too late – you realise what is going on. Relentlessly his hypnotic gaze forces your hand up. It grasps the crucifix and lifts it over your neck, then drops it on the floor. You walk slowly towards him, glumly reflecting on your imminent undeath. Your mind whirls in terror as you realise that your victims will be your friends and fellow pupils. His teeth sink into your neck, and blackness enfolds you . . .

159

You walk through the door and see that the room is full of mysterious angular shapes. As you walk towards the middle of the room a thick impenetrable mist suddenly enfolds you, so that you lose sight of the strange abstract statues, and stumble into them. Throw 1 die to find out how many STAMINA points you lose from bumping into the objects. *Test your Luck.* If you are *lucky,* turn to **114**. If you are *unlucky,* turn to **26**.

160

You have placed the artefact on the wrong altar and angered Raphael, Guardian of the East. An incredibly strong gust of hot air erupts from the circle in the centre of the room and blasts you against the wall, leaving you badly bruised. Throw 1 die to find how many STAMINA points you lose.

Return to **59** and choose again.

161

"You have failed at the last stage," he says. "It may be that the Lords of Reincarnation will allow you to tread this path again. If this is so it may be that you will remember your past mistakes and profit by them. But for now, farewell and goodbye." From his outstretched hands a bolt of magical energy strikes you in the centre of your forehead, and your senses explode in an iridescent cacophony of collapsing infinities as the life ebbs out of your charred husk . . . (you're dead). You have failed your initiation test.

162

The Vampire is hampered by your crucifix, but can still fight back.

	SKILL	STAMINA
VAMPIRE	8	10

If you win, turn to **196**.

163

Most of the stuff in the room is too bulky for you to take with you. Ornate chairs are piled on top of beautiful tables inlaid with marble, while footstools embellished with precious gems are heaped onto solid gold thrones. However, three things do seem to be worth further investigation.

If you want to open a large cupboard of cedarwood with gold-leaf plating and lapis lazuli decoration, turn to **81**.

If you want to open a box, painted off-white and covered with hieroglyphics, turn to **70**.

If you want to open a chest of plain polished wood, turn to **17**.

164

Suddenly one of the Skeletons leaps to its feet with a clatter of dry bones, closely followed by the second. They are both armed with swords, and you will have to fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
FIRST SKELETON	8	7
SECOND SKELETON	7	7

If you win, turn to **189**.

165

An astounding sight greets your eyes. The large square room is filled with an intertwining network of what looks like tangled, transparent, segmented hosepipes. At intervals along each length are loops about a foot across. The floor is covered by a thick layer of dead leaves, humus, earth and the like, which will make the going difficult. Rooting about in this leaf-litter are large eel-like creatures, also transparent so that you can clearly see the workings of their internal organs – a nauseating sight. These creatures are giant Nematodes, the natural prey of the giant Fungus with which they live.

As you watch, one of the Nematodes starts to glide through one of the loops on the Fungus. Suddenly the cells which form the loop inflate so that the inner side expands, trapping the hapless Nematode, which wriggles about in a vain attempt to escape. Eventually it will die, and the decomposition of its body will provide nutrients for the greedy Fungus.

You realise that you will have to be extremely careful to avoid the Fungus loops as you move through the room. If you are going to aim for a door in an adjacent wall, turn to **142**.

If you are going to aim for the door in the opposite wall, turn to **115**.

166

Luckily the door opens easily and you slip inside, nip behind the door and slam it shut. As you listen, you can hear the enraged Bat fly back to its perch. Then you turn round to investigate the room. Turn to **157**.

167

Stamping your feet down in irritation you set off again . . . and after a couple of minutes are back again at the mark you made! This is getting beyond a joke, but you realise that this is also a part of your test.

If you continue to walk round in the same direction, turn to **105**.

If you turn around and walk in the opposite direction, turn to **144**.

168

By lighting this candle you have invoked the mysterious changeable Moon, Goddess of Luck (amongst other things!). This restores your LUCK to its *Initial* score. You may now leave the room. Do you use the:

north door	turn to **182**),
east door	turn to **159**),
south door	turn to **14**)
or west door	turn to **131**)?

169

Which door did you head for:

north door	turn to **45**),
east door	turn to **195**),
south door	turn to **8**)
or west door	turn to **159**)?

170

You catch your breath while deciding which door to use. Do you use the:

north door	(turn to **99**),
east door	(turn to **198**),
south door	(turn to **182**)
or west door	(turn to **91**)?

171

The arrow flies true and sinks deep in the Vampire's chest. Frantically, with blood gushing from his chest and mouth in a crimson torrent, he tries to pull it free, but already the mighty spell of the Undead has been broken. By the time he sinks to the floor, he has the appearance of an old man. Revolted, you watch as his aging flesh putrefies into a stinking heap, which then dries to fine dust with preternatural rapidity. Then, even the skeleton begins to crumble. Eventually, all that remains is dust.

You decide to search the room. The coffin is now empty, but on closer examination the stone platform turns out to be hollow. One of the panels pivots, revealing a scroll hidden in a small niche. Turn to **6**.

172

You raise your hands in the air and slowly take the diamond from your backpack as he eyes you suspiciously. You show him the diamond on the palm of your hand, then roll it across the carpet to him . . .

Test your Luck. If you are *lucky,* turn to **116**. If you are *unlucky,* turn to **48**.

173

You must return to the room you just left. Unfortunately, owing to the magical nature of the maze, you will have to cope with its contents all over again! If you approached the earth room from the:

north,	return to **157**,
east,	return to **165**,
south,	return to **45**,
west,	return to **198**.

174

Dodging and weaving, you attempt to evade the Bat. You are thus unable to choose a door, but must make a dash for the nearest whenever the Bat allows you. To find which door you arrive at throw one die:

Roll:	Turn to:
1	**121**
2	**55**
3	**166**
4	**109**
5	**185**
6	**79**

175

"Nice day," you say hopefully.

"Get out, and do it quietly," snaps the Dwarf, lining up his shot.

"Sorry," you mumble, and slide quickly round the walls of the room to the door of your choice. Do you go through the:

north door	(turn to **101**),
east door	(turn to **12**),
south door	(turn to **183**)
or west door	(turn to **73**)?

176

The Voice speaks again:

"Have you found a shield?"

If you have, turn to **51**.

If you have already correctly placed the shield, or have not yet found it, turn to **74**.

177

One by one the Snakes begin to sway slowly from side to side in time with your movements as you play. Their heads sink lower and lower to the ground, until they eventually curl up into great coils and go to sleep. Still playing, you carefully make your way across the room to the door of your choice. Restore one LUCK point before turning to **170**.

178

You have placed the artefact on the right altar. The statue of Michael, Guardian of the South, turns silently so that it is now facing outwards.

If you have not yet placed all the correct artefacts on the right altars, return to **111**.

If you have correctly placed all four artefacts on all four altars, turn to **76**.

179

You have placed the artefact on the wrong altar and angered Gabriel, Guardian of the West. A powerful jet of water shoots from the circle in the centre of the room and throws you against the wall, leaving you badly bruised. Throw 1 die to find out how may points of STAMINA you lose.

Return to **51** and choose again.

180

You have placed the artefact on the wrong altar and angered Gabriel, Guardian of the West. A powerful jet of water shoots from the circle in the centre of the room and throws you against the wall, leaving you badly bruised. Throw 1 die to find out how many points of STAMINA you lose.

Return to **89** and choose again.

181

The large square room has rough stone walls and a polished oak floor – sadly marred by a quantity of large brown and white splats of droppings. There are also a lot of well-splintered bones and a very nasty smell. You slowly look up to find yourself the object of scrutiny by a monstrous (and hungry-looking) creature, perched up on one of the massive oak beams that span the room. It is a Griffin. Its front half is that of an eagle, with wings and talons, while its rear half is that of a lion.

It unfolds its wings and, with a lazy flap, glides down towards you. You must draw your sword and defend yourself if you do not wish to be its breakfast!

	SKILL	STAMINA
GRIFFIN	10	10

If you win, turn to **117**.

182

The large square room is dimly lit by a few candles. Against the west wall is a coffin lying on a stone platform. Suddenly the lid flies off with a crash and out leaps – a Vampire! If you are equipped for dealing with Vampires, turn to **46**. If not you may try to escape by turning to **16**, or may fight the Vampire with your sword by turning to **97**.

183

The large square room contains no creatures that you can see. A desk in one corner has the usual clutter you associate with such a piece of furniture: scraps of paper, out of date bills, paper clips, rubber bands, pencils etc. A wash basin and surround in another corner holds a 1lb jar of Polifang soot and salt toothpowder, some disreputable toothbrushes, a small shaving mirror, and a very dirty and smelly face flannel. You can find no plug for the sink, and when you try them, no water issues from the taps.

If you want to take any of the items from this room, add them to your equipment list in the usual way.

Which door will you leave by:

north	(turn to **4**),
east	turn to **12**),
south	turn to **47**)
or west	(turn to **195**)?

184

Thinking quickly you reach into your backpack and pull it out, pointing it

towards the Tulpa. A look of horror suffuses its (your?) face as it sees itself reflected between the two mirrors, all the way to infinity. It disperses into a greasy smoke, which is sucked into the smaller mirror, causing it to become blazing hot and burning your hand for 1 Damage point. You drop the mirror to the floor with a yell, and watch as it glows, melting into a shapeless blackened blob.
Turn to **58**.

185

Luckily the door opens easily and you slip inside, slamming the door shut, and hearing the Bat squeal in fury. Then you turn to investigate the room.

Turn to **93**.

186

Which door will you leave by:

north	turn to **7**),
east	turn to **106**)
or south	(turn to **128**?

187

You walk round the machine a couple of times, scratching your head in puzzlement. Whatever it is supposed to do it's obviously not doing it now, nor can you see any way to start it up, assuming you even want to. Eventually you give up with it.

Will you investigate the boxes if you have not already done so? Turn to **135**. Or will you leave the room? Turn to **137**.

188

As you try to escape, the Vampire gets in one last blow, doing you 2 Damage points, and tries to back you into a corner . . . turn to **16**.

189

Which door do you leave by:

north	(turn to **73**),
east	(turn to **183**),
south	(turn to **39**)
or west	(turn to **151**)?

190

Panting from your exertions, you investigate the Gremlins' boxes, finding a Chalice (Cup) made of Bluesteel, which you may take with you if you wish. Apart from that there is nothing of interest. Will you investigate the machine if you have not already done so? Turn to **187**. Or will you leave the room by turning to **137**?

191

The seeds bob about in the middle of the water. Nothing else happens.

Return to **157**.

192

There are five doors in the north wall. The leftmost (westernmost) door leads to **14**. The left-centre door leads to **112**. The centre door leads to **8**. The right-centre door leads to **39**. The rightmost (easternmost) door leads to **47**.

193

With all your strength and willpower you force your hand back down to your side, and tear your gaze away from those compulsive eyes. The effort costs you 3 STAMINA points. Head reeling, you half run, half stumble to the nearest door.

Throw 1 die:

If you throw a 1 or 4 you were nearest the north door (turn to **128**).

If you throw a 2 or 5 you were nearest the east door (turn to **90**).

If you throw a 3 or 6 you were nearest the south door (turn to **145**).

You may find yourself back in the room you left previously. Unfortunately, owing to the magical nature of this maze you will have to cope with its contents all over again!

194

You have placed the artefact on the wrong altar and angered Michael, Guardian of the South. A jet of flame bursts out from the circle in the centre of the room, burning you badly (roll 1 die and lose that many points of STAMINA).

Return to **89** and choose again.

195

The large square room is very dusty and dirty with cobwebs all over the place. Half hidden by all this are two skeletons lying in the middle of the floor. You make your way across the room towards one of the doors. *Test your Luck.* If you are *lucky*, turn to **189**. If you are *unlucky*, turn to **164**.

196

The practically dismembered Vampire is no longer a threat to you even though it is still writhing and trying to crawl towards you. Exhausted, you sit down, keeping a wary eye on the remains of the Vampire, and lean your back on the end of the stone platform while you catch your breath. Suddenly the stone panel pivots under your weight. You open it fully and look inside, to see a scroll, which you pull out, and blow the dust off . . . turn to **6**.

197

You bend down and carefully feel about with your hand until you find a sharpening stone. If you ever blunt your sword through misuse, (assuming you've not already done so), then five minutes work with the sharpening stone will make it as good as new.

Turn to **26**.

198

As you walk into the large square room, you hear a fearsome hiss as a Snake's Head Fritillary swoops down straight towards you. This horrid beast has the wings and body of a beautiful butterfly, but the neck and head of a highly venomous Serpent. Because of the cumulative effects of its poison, every successful bite it inflicts on you does 1 Damage point to your SKILL as well as the normal 2 Damage points to your STAMINA.

The creature is almost upon you. You must defend yourself.

	SKILL	STAMINA
SNAKE'S HEAD FRITILLARY	8	8

If you win you may leave the room, by the north door (turn to **106**), the east door (turn to **49**), the south door (turn to **90**) or the west door (turn to **128**).

199

Turn to **102**.

200

The tears are tears of joy.

"Well . . . harrumph . . . well done," he says gruffly, annoyed at himself for his hedonistic and emotional outburst.

"I always knew you would survive in the end," he says with a tear glistening moistly on his rosy cheeks. He wipes his eyes on the right hand sleeve of his robe, blows his nose on the left, and scratches the nape of his neck with a speculative finger.

"You are physically able enough, and have enough general knowledge of magical theory to begin your training in practical magic tomorrow. Your training will be intensive, because should you decide to accept it, there is a vital mission which the council of Teachers has decided you are competent to undertake. The continued safety of the kingdoms and possibly of the whole world depends on your success in the future. Tell me," he says as he absentmindedly makes a magical gesture with his foot at the west wall to open the magic doors, and leads you out into the sunshine, "have you ever heard of the Crown of the Kings . . . ?"

Dragonmeet 86

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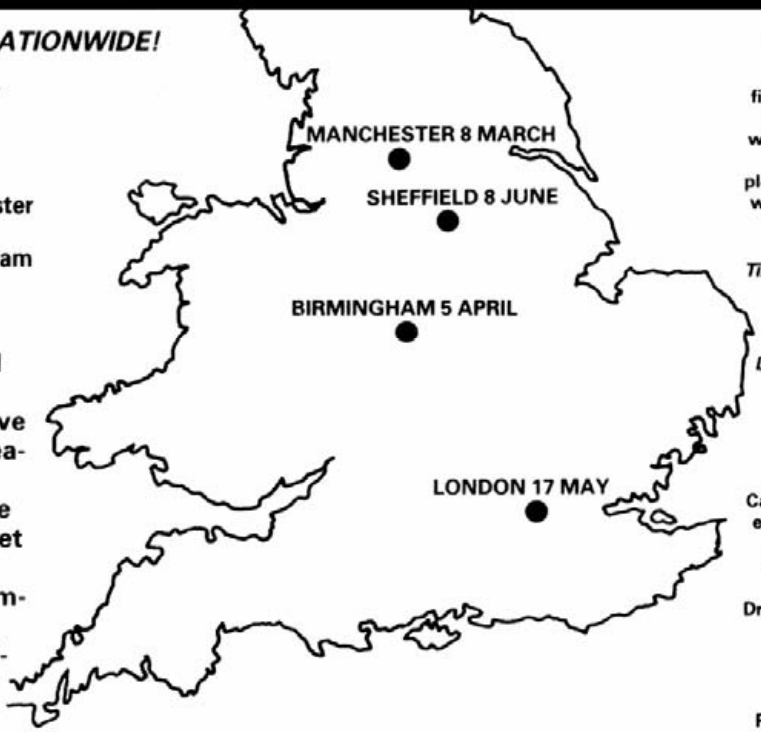

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FANTASY IN MINIATURE

by Rick Priestley

Iron Crown's Middle-earth gamebooks are on their way from America, and should arrive around Christmas-time. To get you into the feel of things, Rick has chosen to highlight Citadel's range of Middle-earth figures and introduce you to some of Tolkien's famous characters.

Creating a whole new range from the pages of any work of fiction always presents something of a challenge to any modeller, so much greater is that challenge when the work in question is as well known as J R R Tolkien's fantasy classic *The Lord of* the *Rings* trilogy. How exciting it is, therefore, to see the new range of *Lord of the Rings* Miniatures from *Citadel!* The famous *Citadel* designers have done a fine job of interpretation, combining what is undeniably the best of modelling with what is also the best of fantasy. Almost everyone must have heard of, if not actually read, these great books, and everyone has their own idea of what the various heroes and races look like. Fortunately, J R R Tolkien took the trouble to provide a wealth of visual description. But in order to create accurate representations of his characters, the design team had to wade through the entire *Lord of the Rings* epic, picking out all the relevant descriptions and profiles.

Citadel models are made from a high-quality white metal, a soft metal containing, principally, lead and tin. Although this is the material used of old to make 'toy' soldiers, *Citadel* models are not strictly toys; the depth of detail and attention to detail cannot be compared to the crude castings of the true pre-war 'toy' soldier. From a small company employing only a minimum of dedicated staff, *Citadel* has grown to become respected world-wide, now employing a whole team of professional sculptors. The company may have grown, but the attention to detail and dedication of the design staff is still apparent in every model, and this is no less true of the new *Lord of the Rings* miniatures than of any other of *Citadel's* famous ranges of fantasy and science-fiction subjects. Nowadays, most large hobby stores, as well as all of the good specialist stores, stock a comprehensive range of *Citadel* models, and you should be able to check out these latest offerings for yourself. However, a brief description of the models already available, as well as a look into future releases, may be of interest to *Warlock* readers.

Amongst the first releases are a number of personality models sold in packs, combining a mounted and foot version of the same character. All of the most obvious characters from the books are here (some of them in several guises). Aragorn, for instance, appears as 'Strider the Ranger' and as 'Aragorn the King', the first two splendid models (foot and mounted) in hood and cloak, the second resplendent in the full war panoply of Gondor. The mounted version of Aragorn as King is an especially fine model, and should reward patient and careful painting. Other personalities include Gandalf, Frodo, Legolas, Gimli, Boromir and Elrond, as well as the slightly more unusual Tom Bombadil and the powerfully modelled Saruman the White. All of these are well up to the usual high *Citadel* standards, but my personal favourites lie amongst the foul multitudes of Sauron. The Lord of the Nazgûl is an especially inspiring model, the mounted version sitting aside a great caparisoned horse. The Black Rider model too is a good representation of these evil creatures, and together with the new boxed Nazgûl and winged-beast boxed set comprises the dreaded Ringwraiths in all of their guises. The most stunning of all these new models has to be the manifestly evil Mouth of Sauron – described as an Evil Warrior Mage and modelled brandishing a ragged treaty of dubious content. Sauron himself is featured not as a foot and mounted figure, but instead seated upon a disturbingly warped throne, covered entirely in a voluminous garment that doesn't quite manage to conceal the brooding evil within – another boon for imaginative painters.

Other foot and mounted combinations are the Dead Men of Dunharrow, Knights of Dol Amroth, Southrons, Citadel Guards, Rohirrim and Goblin Warg Riders. All are well sculpted and dynamically poised. The Dead Men horse is especially clever – being completely skeletal like its rider, who bears ragged and broken equipment and clothes. Some models are sold three to a pack – representing not only good value for money, but also enabling the collector to assemble a variety of types at once. Models available to date include Barrow Wights, Corsairs of Umbar, Snaga Goblins, Uruks, Orcs of the Red Eye, Rangers, Noldor, Mirkwood Elves, Orcs of the White Hand and Half-Orcs. So popular have these proven that *Citadel* are planning to 'tribalise' them – producing models with different cast-on heads, providing a huge variety of models from which to create your armies. Other models available represent Dunlendings, Beorn (as man and bear), Shire Hobbits, Treebeard, a loathsome Troll and a set of personalities from *The Hobbit* (including another Gandalf).

Currently in production are a new series of boxed sets entitled *Regiments of the Ring.* The first set is intended to be Grishnak's Fighting Uruk-Hai, followed by Dain Ironfoot's Iron Hill Dwarves. Doubtless each will serve in any capacity as warrior Orcs and Dwarves amongst their respective armies. By the time you read this article, *The Fellowship of the Ring Boxed Set* will be available – containing the members of the Fellowship within a full-colour box, painted by John Blanche – the man responsible for producing many of Citadel's working design concepts. John is currently working on drawings for Woses, Spiders of Mirkwood, Pukelmen, Variags, Rangers, Black Numenoreans, Celeborn, Galadriel, and Radagast the Brown. After that we are promised new Uruks, more Orcs, yet more Elves and Dwarves and new character models representing existing characters in different dress, or the slightly more obscure characters from the books; Brand, Thingol, Wormtongue, etc.

In common with most of *Citadel's* range, models now come supplied with a separate polystyrene base. Whilst this has the disadvantage that you have to attach the model to the base, it does mean that you can use any of the square or hexagonal bases available from *Citadel* (square or rectangular ones are supplied). This is a very handy game aid as many combat games use hexagons these days. It is also useful for converters and diorama builders, as I found the models very easy to convert: infantry can be turned into cavalry riders fairly easily as there is no cumbersome base to cut off. All in all, Tolkien fans and gamers everywhere will no doubt appreciate these new models, and dedicated hobbyists will find their skilful painting well worthwhile. For those of us who, like myself, can never rest content until they have a whole army of models, its going to be a busy winter; painting away into the long evenings in preparation for battle.

For a listing of Citadel's latest releases send a stamped self-addressed envelope to *Citadel Miniatures, Chewton Street, Hilltop, Eastwood, Notts.* For complete details of *Citadel's* current range, as well as articles on gaming and modelling, see *The Third Citadel Compendium* available from hobby stores or £1 .95 post free direct.

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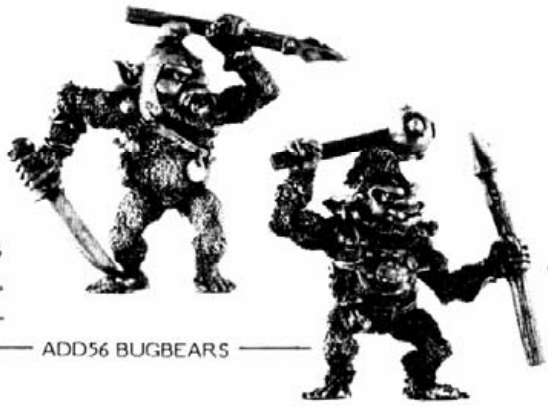

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ADD93 THE UNDEAD 1

ADD72 CARRION CRAWLER

ADD54 HOBGOBLINS

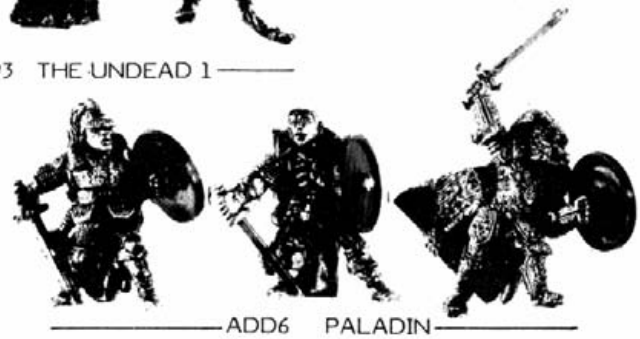

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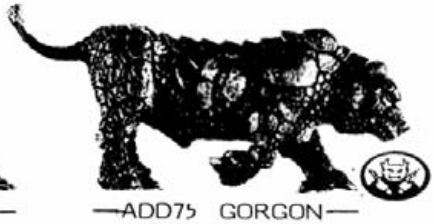

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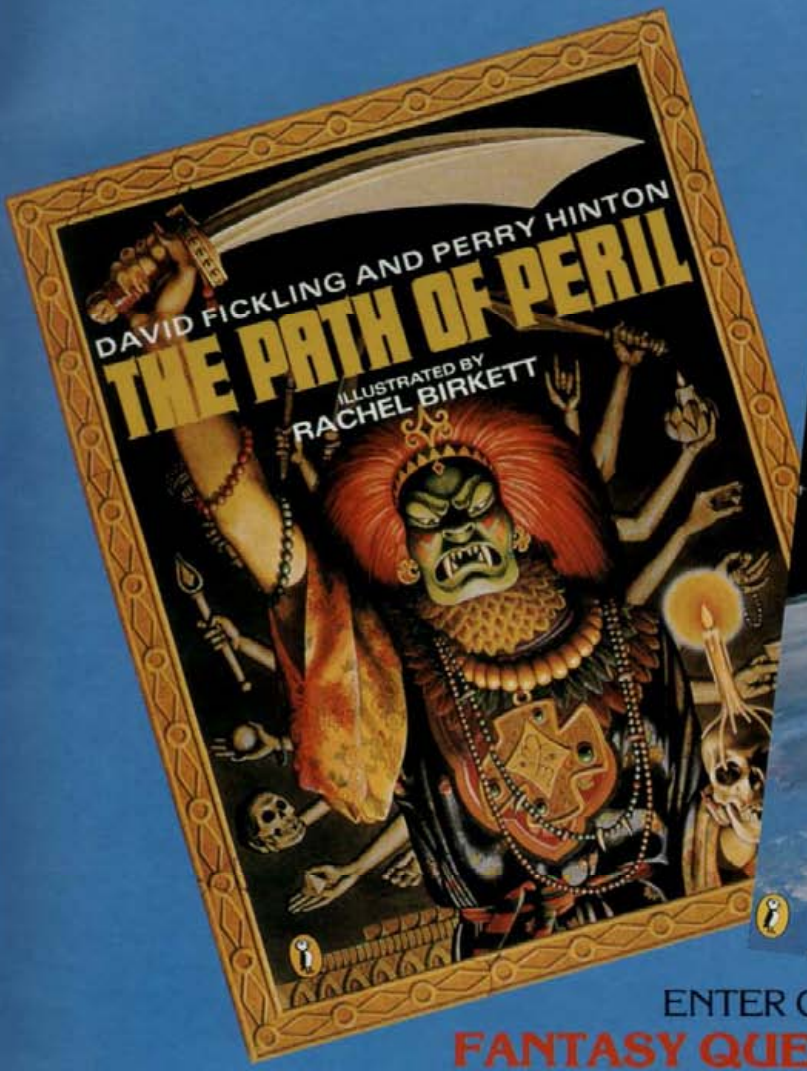

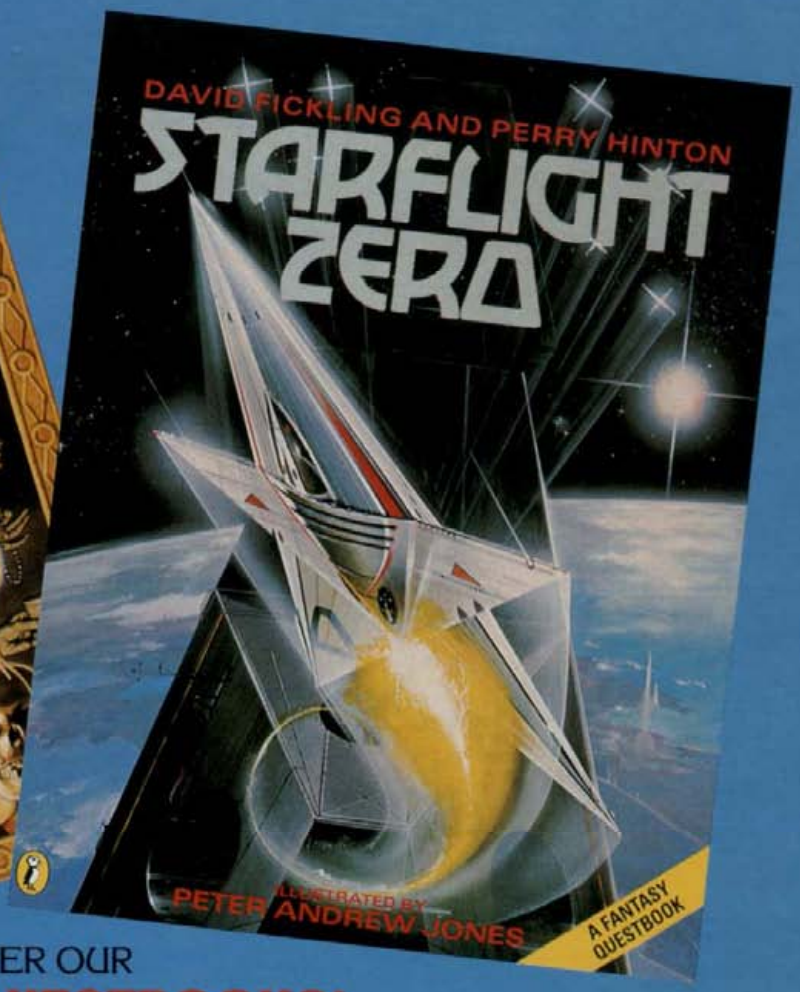

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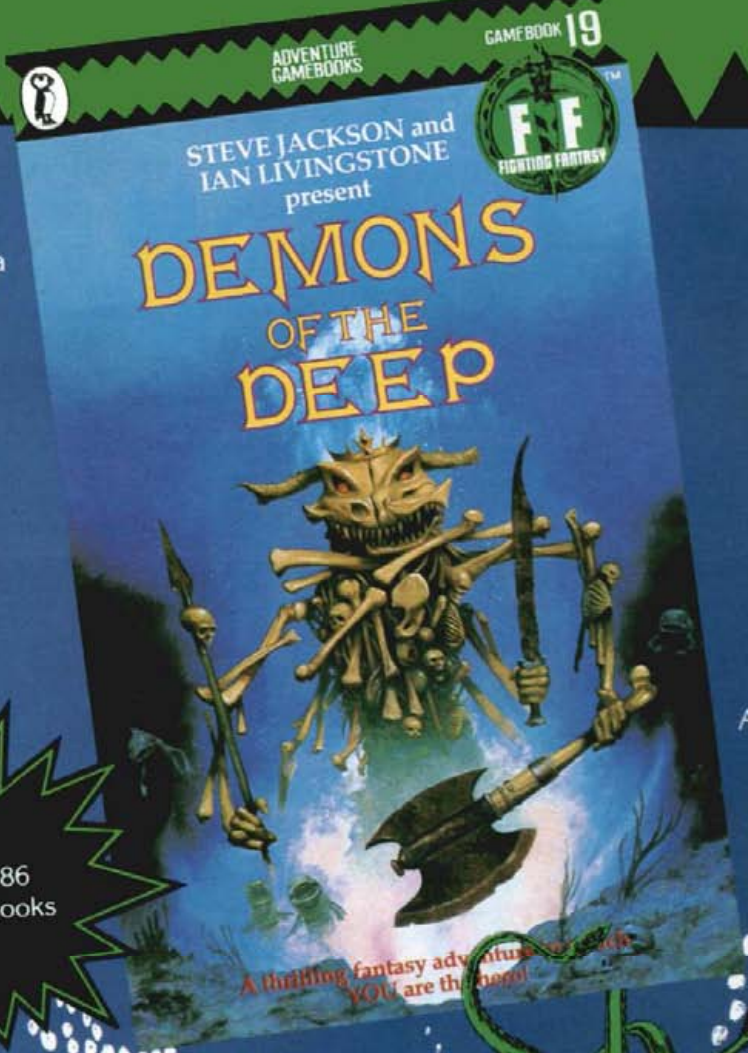

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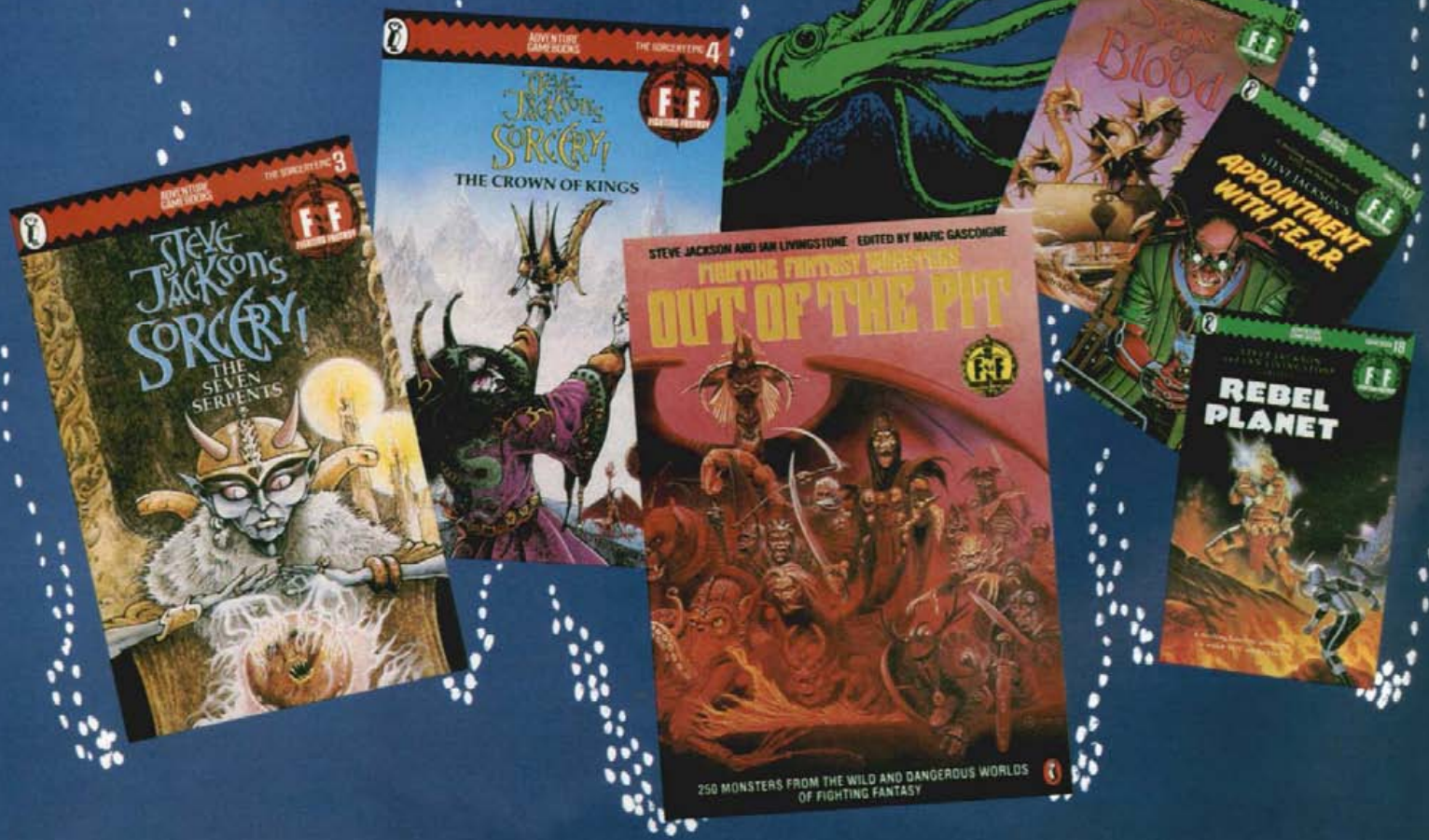

WARLOCK

ISSUE 8
FEBRUARY/ MARCH

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Published by: Games Workshop Ltd, 27–29 Sunbeam Road, London NW10 6JP
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Dear Adventurer

Well, you certainly liked *Out of the Pit* didn't you? As the compendium of carnivorous creepies rockets up the bestseller lists, it strikes us that there's now even less of a clear-cut distinction between gamebooks and role-playing games. Rolegames are now available in book form, and gamebooks designed for more than one player are becoming very popular. Where will it all end, we ask ourselves?

In *Warlock* this issue, we continue to show you the possibilities of multi-player *Fighting Fantasy* with *The Tower of Hades,* and you can expect to see all the best of the latest developments presented in future issues. Of course, we won't let this prevent us from giving you what you like best – a thrilling solo adventure every issue -but we're sure you'll enjoy the innovations. There's no limit to the games which can be made in book form, and with the new blood brought in this way, it can only be a good thing for our hobby!

Ian Livingstone Steve Jackson

SUBSCRIPTIONS:
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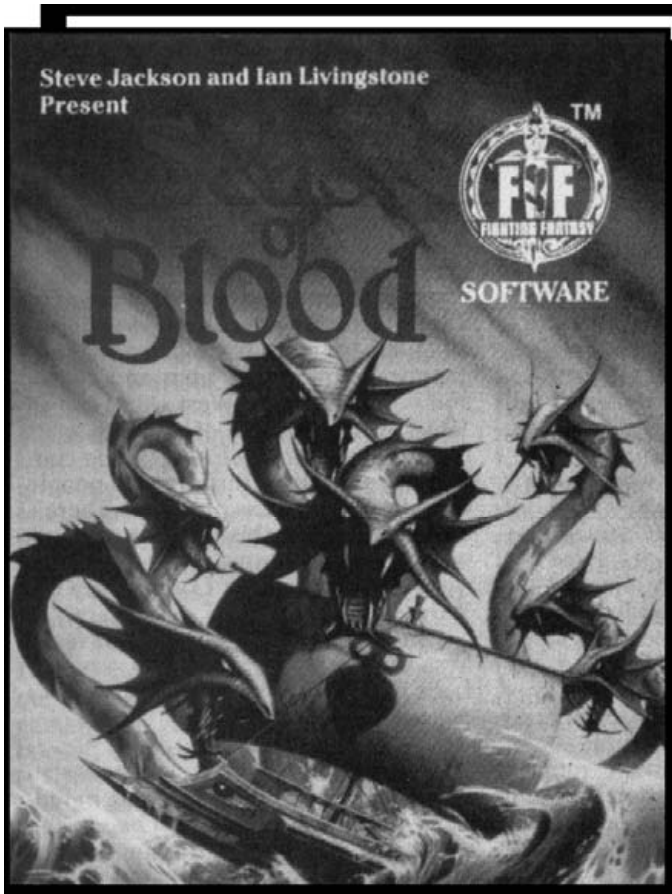

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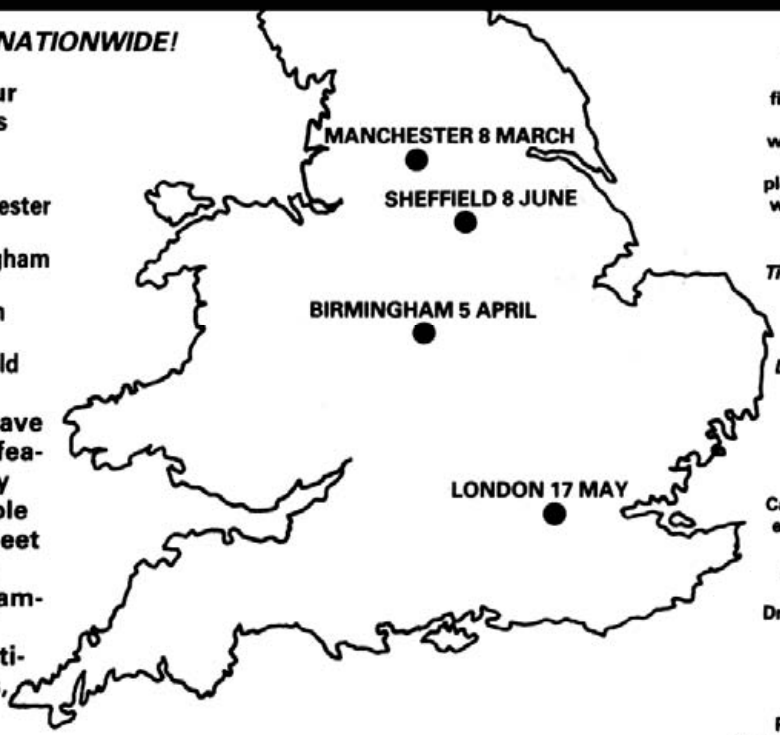

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Please give details of your proposed event and state any special requirements.

FOUR DATES ARRANGED SO FAR – DON'T MISS THEM!

omens and auguries

Jamie Thomson risks life and limb in his quest to seek out new and exciting developments in the world of gamebooks.

So, once again, I put quill to dried orc flesh to bring you yet another *Omens and Auguries*. This time I am in exile, writing this wondrous scroll hidden in the dim, dark subterranean tunnels of the Outlands, out of reach of the Warlock's evil designs – I hope. It is much safer here, although rather cold and noisome, but I would prefer to endure the attentions of the sickly, bloated, writhing things that inhabit the Outlands than the Warlock's wrath. In any case this is the price of writing revolutionary anti-Warlock literature! Actually, in the meantime, I am working on my latest theory, that Dave Morris and Gary Chalk, both strange bubbling heaps of protoplasmic matter, are related to the denizens of the Outlands in some way.

Anyway, on to the news. Those of you who have been disappointed by Puffin's slowing down of the release of *FF* books will be pleased to know they are planning to revert to bi-monthly publications. *Demons of the Deep* is out now but after that comes, wait for it . . . a real blockbuster, the *Sword of the Samurai* !!, written by, er, well, myself and Mark Smith, in the Ian Livingstone and Steve Jackson presents series. In this one, you play a Samurai, the Shogun's Champion, who has to regain the stolen magic sword, `Singing Death', from Ikiru, the Master of Shadows. The whole thing is very oriental with a lot of monsters etc from Japanese myth/legend. There are also four skills to choose from: Kyujutsu (archery with a selection of arrow types), Ni-To-Ken-jutsu (fighting with two swords), Karumijutsu (heroic leaping) and Iai-jutsu (fast sword draw). Hope you enjoy it.

After that (or before-who knows?) comes Ian Livingstone's `*Trial of Champions*' and Steve Jackson's `Play the Monster' gamebook I discussed last issue.

Now, onto the other things me and Mark Smith (who is sometimes referred to as `The Torturer') are up to. We have signed a contract for more *Way of the Tiger* ninja gamebooks (seven in all – can you stand that much ninja stuff!! You'd better or face savage punishment!). Book 4, *Overlord* will be out soon, in which you have to successfully rule over a city for the first half of the book, with councils, raising taxes etc., (completely new innovations) before leaving on a mission to penetrate the terrible stronghold of the ninja of the Way of the Scorpion. There's going to be some *Way of the Tiger* software soon, from *Gremlin Graphics*. The first one involves trying to become a Grandmaster, undergoing various tests. It's a graphic adventure – no text. I hear there's a really good graphic of a ninja hurling a Shuriken but I've not seen anything myself yet.

Also out soon are our time travel/science fiction books, *Falcon 5: The Dying Sun* and *Falcon 6: At the End of Time*, from *Sphere*. *The Dying Sun* is all about trying to track down that old enemy Yelov across time and space, and ends in a Wild West shoot out in 1880s America. One of our best ones this, I think. *At the End of Time* concerns a sort of time flux drawing people to a strange timeless place . . . There's a competition in this one – if you answer certain questions about the series right you could win a Commodore 64. Wow!

Oh! What's this? A letter delivered by a strange demonic winged servitor! Let's have a look, good news I hope – a pardon perhaps?

`Listen, Thomson, you slime ridden worm – I know you're skulking in hiding writing that vile trash *Omens and Auguries*, no doubt ranting madly about your own material! Don't think you can escape the long arm of the Warlock, vermin!!
Signed,
A poor unfortunate minion (for the Great One in his absence).

Arrghh! Looks like he's onto me. Quick, on before he stops me. And perhaps it would be prudent to talk about other authors.

Ian Livingstone left off his voracious devouring of innocent members of his fan-club (roasted with garlic usually) to tell me some interesting news – appa-

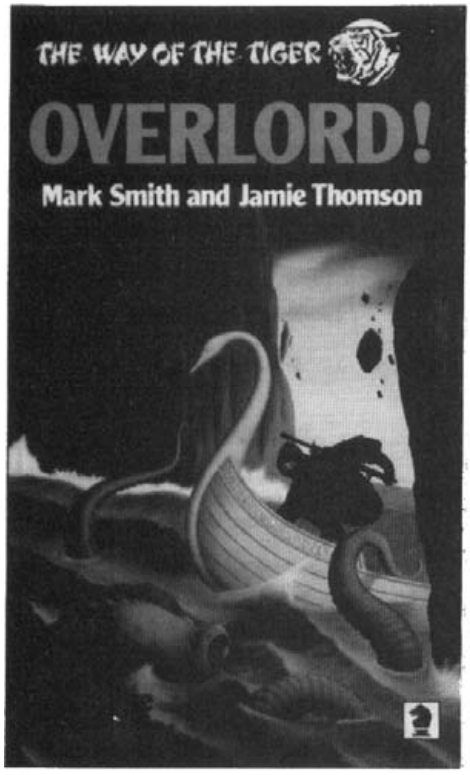

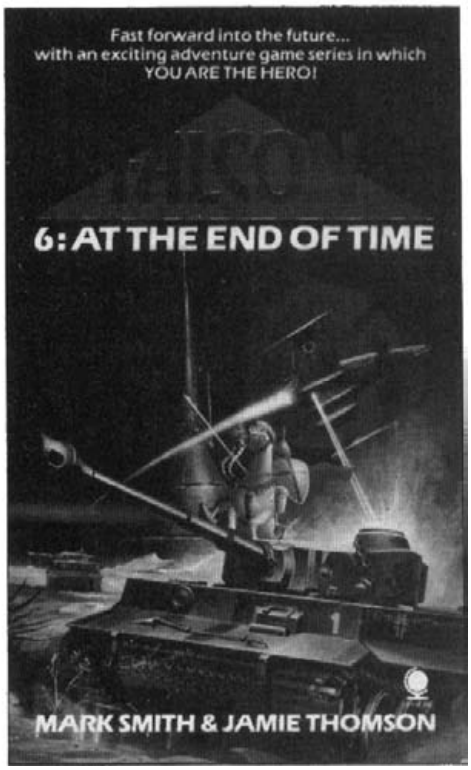

rently *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* (the characters of both Warlocks are not disimilar I must add), has sold 250,000 copies in Japan, even more than in the UK! It is said Ian and Steve are the `Toast of Tokyo'. This is very pleasing for Ian and Steve who are planning a street tour where they will be throwing one pound coins to the poor (I'm being forced to carry the sacks of money on my back, orders from the Warlock).

Hisst! I have a tale to tell! Recently, a strange shambling being, its skin scabrous and flaking, with fish-like scales growing all over it, approached me. Its enormous eyes, prawn-like, gazed at me unwinkingly, its hinged jaws working fitfully. I immediately recognized Jon Sutherland, *Games Workshop's* own Deep One and Advertising sales slave for the Warlock and *White Dwarf*. Burbling disgustingly, he told me about his own new series of gamebooks, called `Real Life gamebooks', co-written with Simon Farrell (ex-GW, managed to escape the Warlock's rule). These are historical gamebooks in hardback (£4.95, *Andre Deutsch)* and softback (£1.75, *Dragon*). The first two, coming out in April, are *Madame Guillotine* and *1066 – The Last Invasion*. There are four written so far; Jon (gloop, gloop) and Simon are hoping to do another four. Character Generation involves allocating a pool of points to different skills (which vary with the historical period, i.e., sword or pistol). In *Madame Guillotine*, it's the French Revolution and you begin as an officer in the National Guard. You can choose either to join the revolution or try to save some of the aristocrats. In the second, *1066* etc., you play a Norman noble with estates in England. Again, you can choose either to support Harold, or William the Conqueror (although he's not quite, yet!). In any case, there's lots of blood and battle, with Stamford Bridge and Hastings to live through. Book 3 will be *Through the Wire* (WWII prisoner of war, RAF etc) and then *Sword and Flame*, English Civil War. Sounds like a lot of fun-certainly amore entertaining way of doing history.

Luckily, I was able to avoid meeting Joe `Judge Death' Dever face-to-face (all who gaze upon that terrible visage are consumed with fear and horror and suffer a slow painful death). Instead we communicated through various ghostly intermediaries, those living dead that surround his home and person. Joe's sibilant whispers came to me in a nightmare, in which he told me his latest developments. *Lone Wolf 7* will be out late May, early June. It's titled *Castle Death,* and involves Lone Wolf trying to break into Joe's home. No, seriously, he wouldn't reveal too much of the plot – suffice it to say it's a `gothic horror special' and `things are not what they seem,' says ol' Judge Death. At the end of *Castle Death,* Lone Wolf will also learn of his ancestry and his final destiny. Death himself said it was by far the most difficult he has written so far.

The Judge also told me about his *Greystar* series, (co-written with Ian Page). The first has been very successful, you all seem to like it (most of you anyway!). The second, *Forbidden City* will be out in April. In this one you gain an extra spell category before searching for the Forbidden City in the Desolation of Taklakot where information as to where the Shadowgate lies can be found. Naturally, the city is infested with various mad muties and crazed beasts (*Grailquest* readers). In May, possibly, or soon after, comes *Beyond the Nightmare Gate, Greystar 3*, in which Greystar travels to the Astral Plane, where you can reach the optimum level as a Sorcerer. This is where the Moonstone lies, if you remember your *Greystar* plot. Number 4 is yet to be written. *Greystar* – £1.75, *Beaver* books.

There's also something brand new from *Allen and Unwin,* called the *Unicorn* Fatemaster *Adventures* (Unicorn's is *Allen & Unwin's* fantasy imprint), written by Paul Vernon – an old *White Dwarf* contributor and general all-round good chap (despite his unfortunate predilection for the blood of young virgins). There are two titles for release in May at £1.95 each, *Treachery in Drakenwood* (the hero must find the kidnapped daughter of the local baron before the land is plunged into war) and *In the Fortress of the Firelord* (the hero must allow himself to be captured to get inside the fortress and defeat the ultra-evil and nasty Firelord. There's a possible third title, *Marauders at Redmarsh*. For all your previous deeds you have been rewarded with a nice manor in Redmarsh. Unfortunately, it's been taken over by various cut-throats, villains, Livingstones and Jacksons. The hero is a sorcerer and there is a very good spell system, using spell points – you can always choose what sort of spell to use, and it will cost points to cast (it won't always work of course!) You have about 10 different spells to choose from, 3 Attack spells, 3 Defence and 4 Miscellanous. You can also use weapons, of course. Each book has 4 possible entry points to the adventure and also 500 paragraphs each – big stuff.

Dragon Warriors marches on. That vile effluvia of the sewer Dave Morris (once, there was a cesspit. Lighting cracked down and stuck it, imbuing the stinking contents with consciousness and a kind of half-life. The amorphous sludge heaved itself out of the pit and, forming a mouth out of its glutinous, reeking flesh, it said, in a voice laden with slime, `I am Dave Morris'), well, he popped round, leaving a `trail of loathsome slime' to tell me about *Dragon Warriors*. In February comes book 4, *Out of the Shadows,* all about assassins, the martial arts, the Death Vow etc, with more monsters and scenarios. Then comes the *Powers of Darkness* in May, and then the *Lands* of *Legend* in July.

Have you heard the latest on . . . hold on, what's that? Another demonic winged servitor?? No, it's twenty demonic winged servitors!! The Warlock's sent them to tear me limb from limb!! No! Sorry I must rush away into the tunne . . .

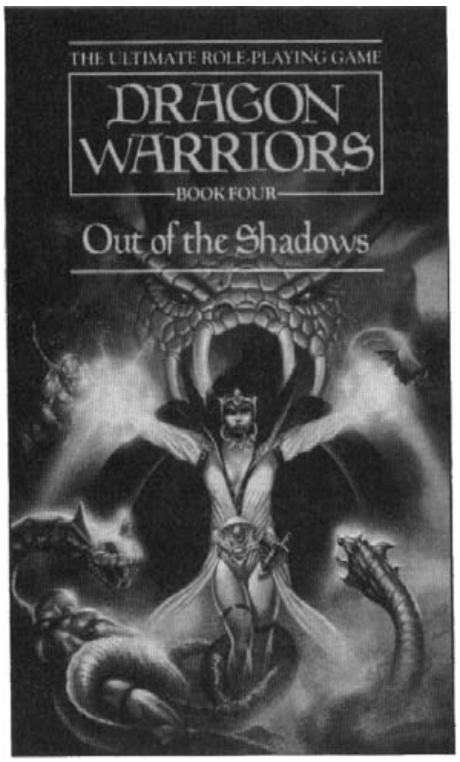

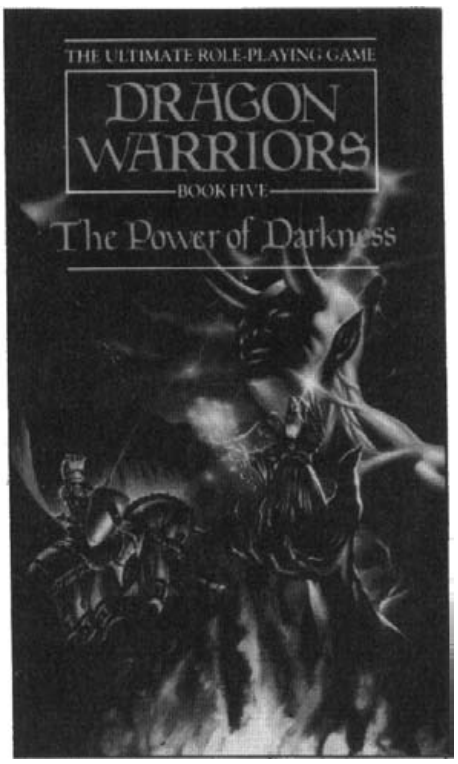

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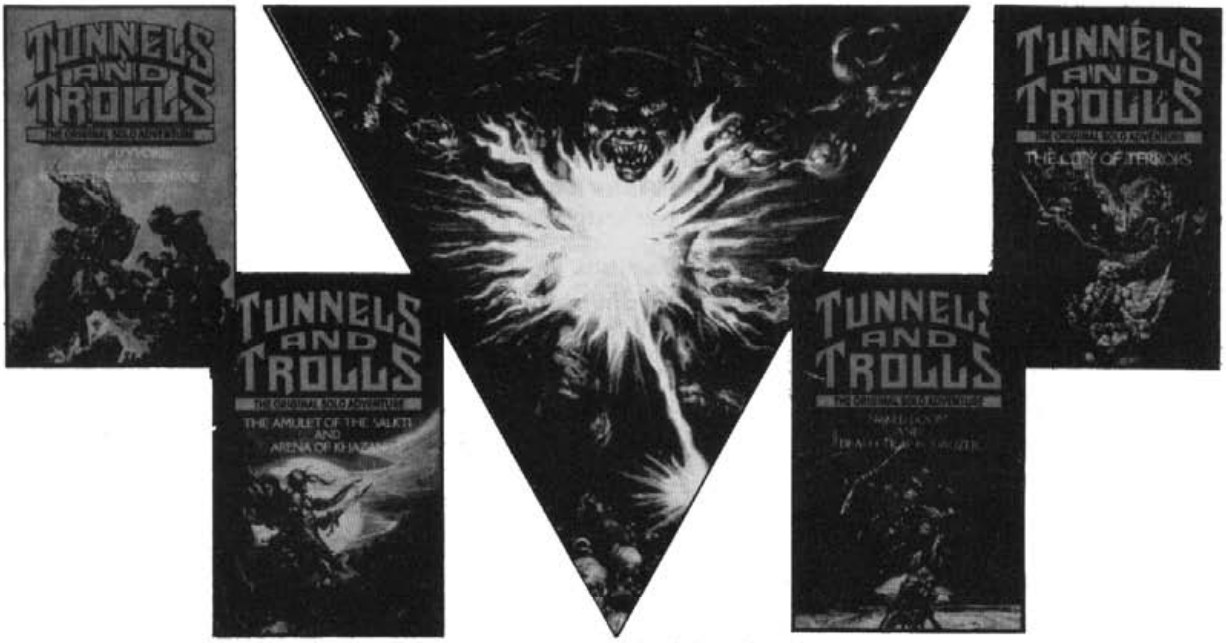

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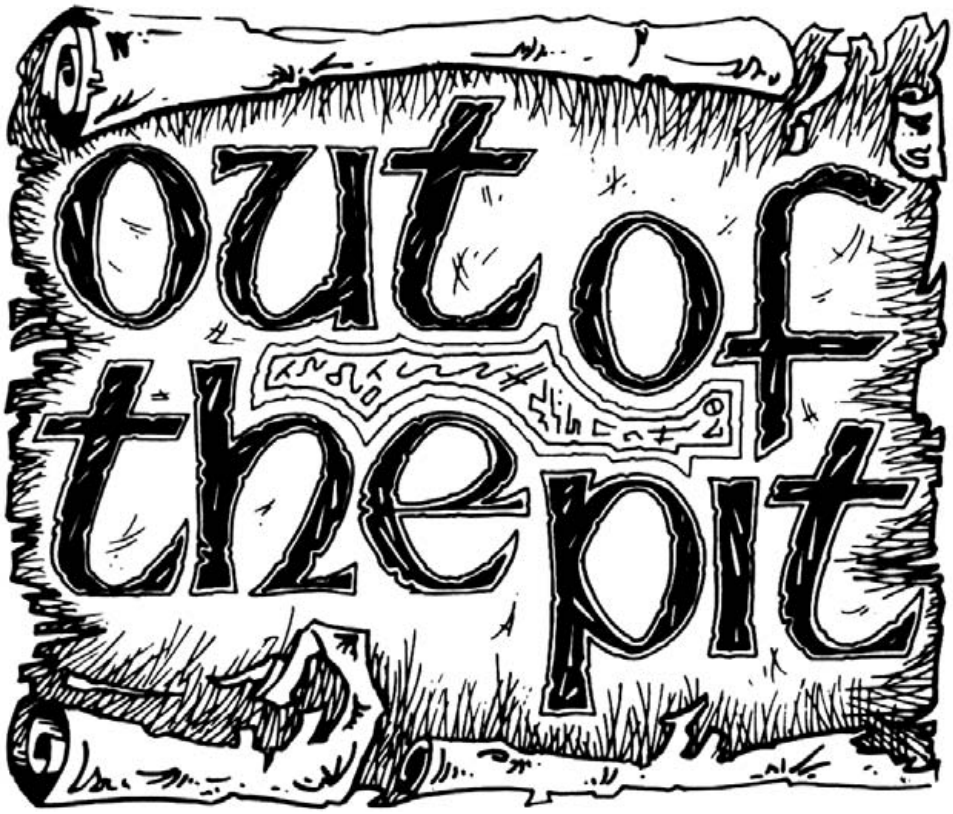

Edited by Marc Gascoigne

Grasping my trusty battle-axe firmly in my hand, I finally plucked up courage to enter. Pushing the rotting door open, and wincing at its teeth-grinding creak, I stepped hesitantly into the forbidding room beyond. As the old wizard had warned me, there were monsters everywhere: huddled in packs, skulking in the shadows, swinging upside down from the craggy roof, all howling and gibbering in the flickering torchlight. My mouth went dry as countless pairs of bestial eyes turned and stared at me. In a daze, I gestured at the nearest five creatures with my axe, and bade them follow me back up the rough passage and out into the light of day . . .

CAVE CRAWLER
by Craig Vooght

Skill: 8
Stamina: 7
Habitat: Caves, Dungeons
Number Encountered: 1
Type: Animal
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: Low

The Cave Crawler is a large, hairy creature about the size of a bear. It roams caves and tunnels in constant search of food, clinging to the ceiling with its powerful clawed hands and feet. Virtually blind, the creature relies on its exceptional sense of smell, and more importantly on the sounds picked up by its wide, sensitive ears. Like a bat, the Cave Crawler emits a shrill scream that can echo back from potential prey, enabling the beast to pinpoint their location with a deadly accuracy.

To escape the attentions of a Cave Crawler, an adventurer must press himself against the cavern wall and *Test for Luck*. If the Cave Crawler locates them (i.e., they are Unlucky), it swings down and hangs from the ceiling by its feet, attacking by slashing out with its clawed paws. As it fights, the Cave Crawler continues to emit its deafening screech. After each Combat Round, a roll of 1 on one die will cause its opponent to lose a further 1 STAMINA point Once its prey is dead, the Cave Crawler will feed on it at once, still hanging onto the ceiling while it grips its food in both hands and starts to eat.

SOULSUCKER
by Andrew Hill

Skill: 6 (see below)
Stamina: 9
Habitat: Dungeons, Caves, Ruins
Number Encountered: 1 or 2
Type: Undead
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: Low

Trapped on the Earthly Plane in their decaying bodies as punishment for a life of evil, Soulsuckers stalk tombs and dungeons in search of victims to wreak their revenge upon. Evil in the extreme, these foul undead beings look like green-skinned zombies, with rotting flesh and sunken eyes the colour of fresh blood. They attack with their bare hands, scratching and clawing with sharpened talons as they try to make contact with the bare skin of their adversary.

A successful wound from a Soulsucker causes one point of STAMINA damage, but also drains one point of SKILL, which is added to the Soulsucker's own SKILL! The only way to regain SKILL points lost in this manner is to kill the Soulsucker outright. As a result of their life-draining powers, Soulsuckers may have SKILL scores greater or lesser than the average listed above. GamesMasters wishing to vary a Soulsucker's SKILL should roll one die and add three points for each Soulsucker's score. These foul creatures will often be found guarding rich stolen hoards or a tomb full of treasure.

GLEFF
Anonymous

Skill: 7
Stamina: 10
Habitat: Caves, Dungeons, Ruins
Number Encountered: 1 to 6
Type: Humanoid
Reaction: Unfriendly-Hostile
Intelligence: Average

Gleff are believed to be strange hybrids of Goblins and Rock Eaters, possibly bred by the bizarre eastern sorcerer Omeron. Legend has it that Omeron, well known for his massive greed, wanted slaves to mine for precious metals. Crossbreeding Goblins with Rock Eaters (strange subhuman creatures now extinct which lived on rock itself) the wizard eventually created a being which was both a natural miner and had enough intelligence to follow complicated orders.

Omeron had not reckoned with the native malevolence of the Goblin half of the Gleff's nature, however. The Gleff stole all the precious minerals they mined, telling their master that none had yet been found. Omeron discovered their trickery, the story goes, and the Gleff were slaughtered in their hundreds before they undermined the foundations of the wizard's tower and it collapsed, killing him as it fell.

The Gleff still eat rock food, though they now know the true worth of precious minerals. They are shy, defensive creatures, and will attack any intruders to their underground domain. They fear strong light, though, which confuses them and makes them fight with 3 deducted from their Attack Strength. If a Gleff manages to grab hold of its opponent in both hands, however, (indicated by an Attack Strength at least 3 greater than its opponent's) it will crush them for an extra 2 points of damage. Gleff love precious gems above all things, and can sometimes be bribed to leave an adventurer alone, but they are treacherous beings and will kill their adversary as soon as they have their hands on the bribe!

SECTILE
by Robert Hinchliff

Skill: 10
Stamina: 16
Habitat: Caves, Dungeons
Number Encountered: 1 or 2
Type: Reptile
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: Average

These strange six-legged reptilian creatures are found in underground areas in all parts of the world except the coldest northern regions. Their insect-like features and beaks give them a very odd look, but they are strong and dangerous creatures. Should an adventurer wander too close to a cave inhabited by a Sectile, it will attempt to ward them off with much hissing and spitting. If this fails, the large creature will attack, pecking with its horny beak and slashing with its taloned feet. If the Sectile's Attack Strength totals 21 or more in any given Combat Round, it has successfully stabbed its opponent with its barbed poisonous tail, causing a further 4 points of damage.

Sectiles rarely venture from their caves during the daytime, but at night under the cover of darkness they will roam far and wide in search of prey. Their eyesight is very poor, but this is more than made up for by their splendid hearing and their sensitive antennae, which can let them detect potential prey over a mile away on a still night.

THE CLEAVER
by Jamie Latuskie

Skill: 8
Stamina: 13
Habitat: Caves, Dungeons, Ruins
Number Encountered: 1
Type: Reptile/Humanoid
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: Average

Possibly descended from a mutated strain of Lizardmen, the Cleaver is a terrifying reptilian creature. It stands well over two and a half metres tall, though it appears hunched and stooping, and is covered in greenish-black scales so tough successful blows against them only cause a single point of damage. Living alone in underground caverns and abandoned caves, the Cleaver stalks the night searching out humans and other prey. As a weapon it uses the massive cleaver which has given the monster its bizarre name.

It is not well known whether the Cleaver is a unique creature. While it has never been encountered in the company of any similar creatures – or at least, never by anyone who survived to tell the tale – the Cleaver is infamous in many parts of the world, where it is feared by all.

We really enjoy reading your creations, so keep them coming in. If we publish your monster you'll get a free copy of *Warlock* to prove it (but only if you remember to put your name and address on your submission!). Don't forget to use the new characteristics explained in the last issue, and if you are feeling artistic why not include a picture of your monsters too? More malevolent monstrosities next month . . . Keep rolling the double sixes.

The Arcane Archive

New acquisitions in the Warlock's Library, reviewed by Paul Cockburn.

Uh, oh – I see I have company. Readers, I would like you to meet Derek the Troll. Hideous little chappie, isn't he? The Warlock thought a second opinion about the books in this column might be useful, so he has sent Derek to keep me company. He'll be having his own say about each of the books reviewed in this column from now on. If he disagrees with me I shall cut off his diet of stewed rats brains . . .

Out of the Pit
Steve Jackson,
Ian Livingstone &
Marc Gascoigne
Puffin
£3.95
Fighting Fantasy
Monsters

If you've been playing *Fighting Fantasy* books for a while now, I bet you've wished that you could write your own stories, so that your favourite characters can march through even wider lands of fantasy. If so, this book is for you. 250 monsters have been gathered together in one book, with complete descriptions of their loathsome little habits, and pictures of every one (including eight bloodcurdling colour plates). If nothing else, this book will tell you more about the hairy nasty that ate you on your last adventure. But there's more to it than that.

Out of the Pit introduces us to the world of Titan, a brutal and unfriendly place. We're told it used to be quite a nice place, but these days it's full of twisted magic and those 250 monsters. Ordinary people cower in walled cities, trying to keep out of trouble, but we're not ordinary people, we're adventurers, right? So we go out into the world, beyond wild Allansia, past the Icefinger Mountains or the Craggen Heights, over the Desert of Skulls-perhaps even as far as (gulp) Kakhabad, where the really dangerous monsters live. Hmmmm . . . perhaps we should have cowered in the cities with the rest of them . . .

Still, it's too late for that now. Us adventurers have already been exploring part of the world, and now we can carry on without having to wait for Steve and Ian to write another book. Using the tables at the back of the book and the maps at the beginning, we can find out just what monsters are hidden in the depths of the Vanti-Bak Wastes, or deep beneath the Western Ocean. I just hope we don't meet any more Gonchongs . . .

Starflight Zero/
The Path of Peril
David Fickling &
Perry Hinton
Puffin
£2.95
Fantasy Questbooks

Remember *Tasks of Tantalon,* or even the earlier *Masquerade?* Well, now that sort of book has been given a name. After fantasy gamebooks – meet fantasy questbooks. The idea with these is that there is a competition of sorts in these books – not one with a prize (nobody buries golden rabbits anymore) but one which deliberately tries to drive you out of your mind. The puzzles are really ingenious and shifty . . . totally impossible . . .

I know what you're thinking, Derek, you think it's just because I'm too dense to work them out. Well you weren't here when *Tasks of Tantalon* came out, so stop your snickering.

As for you, readers, how did you get on with that last 'fantasy questbook'? If you found it challenging and entertaining, then you might be interested in these two. If you threw *ToT* in the corner and yelled a lot, then I think you'd better pretend you've never heard of fantasy questbooks and give them all a wide berth.

Starflight Zero is a space adventure, in which you are one of eight pilots trying to save the Free Planets from the evil menace of the Dark Ships. To do this, you must decode each of thirteen messages, which will tell you finally how the Dark Ships may be overcome. The code is broken by a mixture of map-reading, visual clues, and good old-fashioned maths. Some are simple, others are very obscure. The pictures – by Peter Jones – are great, so you've got something good to look at even if you can't break the code.

The Path of Peril isn't strictly fantasy either, more an Indiana Jones type of thing, with a famous explorer mysteriously murdered, and the killer looking for you! The fabulous treasure that the explorer discovered can be yours, but first you must find a way to lift the curse on it which claimed the explorer's life. The only way to do that is to re-visit the places on a mysterious map and then decipher his cryptic notebook. Then there's his diary, torn into several pieces . . .

It's interesting that *Puffin* are trying these books beside the more traditional solo gamebook. They're a different kind of fun as far as I can see, and they demand a lot of concentrated effort. I expect Derek will have given them a high mark, but don't be fooled; he just likes the pictures, and doesn't know any more about how to solve the mysteries than I do.

You Can Be The
Stainless Steel Rat
Harry Harrison
Grafton
£1.95
Interactive Gamebook

Ho, ho . . . Another fancy name for solo gamebooks. Don't worry, readers, this is the old numbered-passages and Pick-a-route sort of book (and a relaxing change after all those mind-bending puzzles in the questbooks). But don't get the idea that this is just the same as all the other gamebooks around, because it isn't. At the risk of getting the sack (lets hope Steve and Ian aren't reading this), I'm going to say that this is a gamebook written by a writer and all the others are gamebooks written by gamers.

Mind you, I had my doubts about how close Harrison got to this at first. Some time ago, I met the man at an SF Convention (oh shut up, Derek, you're always bragging about how you were Sauron's best mate) and he didn't seem to think too much of all this role-playing and solo gaming. But, the man's style is all over this lovely book, so I guess he started to like the things too. There you are, next time your teacher tells you these books are not good for you, you can impress him with a bit of name-dropping.

In this book you are a new Full Field Agent in the Special Corps, the force to which Jim diGriz – the Stainless Steel Rat – belongs. Your first mission is to be zapped off to the planet of Skraldespand and find the eccentric Professor Geisteskrank, who has invented some sort of universe-ending weapon. To get him back to the arms of the Special Corps, all you need to do is shake the Prof by the hand, and activate your matter transmitter. Simple.

Wrong . . . Skraldesprand is a prison planet, and several of the inhabitants are distinctly unfriendly. What's more, diGriz insists you are not to take a gun along, because you might do more harm to yourself than to the local

fauna. What you do get is the Rat himself, talking to you through some kind of thought transfer gizmo, and giving you sage advice. Sheesh, can this guy rabbit. Every time you make the slightest mistake, you either end up dead or you find diGriz cackling in your ears like an old witch. I hate to say which I thought was worst. Oh, you mustn't forget to bring an amphisbenic bipolar determinator with you when you play this book. If you gave the shopkeeper £2 when you bought this book he will have given you an APB (ABD?) disguised as a 5p piece when you bought the book.

The Way of the Tiger 3: Usurper!
Mark Smith & Jamie Thomson
Knight
£1.75
Adventure Gamebook

Part three of the adventure I reviewed first in *Warlock 6*. You are Avenger, the ninja trained in all forms of deadly martial arts. Having avenged the murder of your spiritual father, you have now found out that Honoric, leader of the Legion of the Sword of Doom, still lives, swearing a revenge of his own; war seems inevitable. The Grandmaster of the Dawn reveals to you that your father was Overlord of the city of Irsmuncast, and that a Usurper sits in a place that is rightfully yours. And so, Avenger, you must use your formidable skills to take on the ruler of a great city, knowing that if you fail, more than just your death will be the result.

I like these books, set on the future-fantasy world of Orb, but they are very complicated, and they depend for their success on the reader being interested in the martial arts. All of their strength comes from the subject, because there is nothing very different about the way the books work or about the stories, which are well written. One thing I will say in their favour is that they are very good value with 268 pages and 420 entries in this book. When you think that the first 27 pages go by before you even reach the story . . .

Lone Wolf 6:
The Kingdoms of Terror
Joe Dever & Gary Chalk
Beaver
£1.75
Adventure Gamebook

Grey Star The Wizard
Ian Page & Joe Dever
Beaver
£1.75
Adventure Gamebook

Another 'old' series takes a step forward with *The Kingdoms of Terror*, in which Lone Wolf, the last Kai Master of Sommerlund, pits his wits against the vile Dark Lords. Since book two, these evil types have been having a small civil war, and things have been very quiet. Perhaps now you can follow in the footsteps of the first Kai Master, and seek the Lorestone of Varetta. If you can find it, then Sommerlund might be able to defend itself when next the Darklords attack!

You will have to use all of your psycho-magical powers to win through this adventure, though you may find it even tougher than some of the ones that have gone before. These are complicated books, but the stories have a strong flavour. This series has some of the best black and white art inside, too.

To follow up the success of the first series, Joe Dever has a new partner for the new *Grey Star* series. This is a series in which the magic is the kind of wizardry we are more used to, and the hero is an orphan actually raised by sorcerers. These Shianti wizards are not just Good Samaritans though; in order to pay the rent they would be obliged if you would just save the world (sigh) by finding the legendary Moonstone and crushing the evil Wytch-King. What power will you choose, Grey Star?

Enchantment, sorcery, evocation, alchemy? Me, I think you should choose prophecy and tell the old wizards that they should allow young lads to stay at home and watch the TV if the world is in that much danger. Why do us adventurers have to save the world all the time? Let someone else do it, that's what I say.

One last snippet of information. Both *Lone Wolf* and *Way of the Tiger* are available as computer software. I think these more complicated kinds of gamebooks are suited to the micro than the book, because then you can concentrate on the things your character can do, and leave all the monsters and such to the machine. Of course Derek can't work a micro, so that would throw him out of a job. What do you think of that, hairy-features?

I've just finished a few little experiments on someone who didn't like Gamebooks (he now walks with his nose, eats with his navel, and talks out of his armpit) so I'm in a generous mood, and prepared to answer your questions without thoughtlessly disintegrating you in a blast of cosmic force . . .

Dear Warlock,

I have a couple of questions about *Lone Wolf* books. First of all: if you complete book 1 and then fail in the middle of book 2, do you go back to the beginning of book 1 or book 2.

Also, do you have to generate new COMBAT SKILL and ENDURANCE POINTS or do you keep the scores you had when you started at the beginning of book 1.

Your questioningly,
Neil Parkin,
Sheffield, Yorkshire.

*** Simple – you choose which you prefer. Once you reach number 6, *Kingdoms of Terror*, you may well feel that you don't want to have to go all the way back to the beginning of the series and start again. It wouldn't be cheating if you decided to go back to the beginning of the *book* not the *series* when you fail-but then again you may enjoy going through the whole story again with the benefit of your later knowledge.**

Whether you start at the beginning of the book or the series, you should generate new COMBAT SKILL and ENDURANCE POINTS, and you should also cross off any Special Items you might have acquired.

Dear Warlock,

After four hours of restless slogging I have finally solved Steve's excellent book, *The Tasks of Tantalon.* Am I the first to do so? My friends have been telling me there is a prize for solving the book first, is there?

Yours wonderingly,
Simon Leggett,
Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

*** No, there is no prize, but you do have my congratulations as well as Steve's.**

Dear Warlock

Congratulations on fine work with *Warlock* magazine and the *Fighting Fantasy* Gamebooks! I think that it would be a good idea if each issue you were to have a different adventure in the fashion of *The Wishing Well* and *Shaggradd's Hives of Peril* in the book *Fighting Fantasy* by Steve Jackson. You could create about six adventures each leading on to the next, maybe something similar to the Sorcery Epic.

What do you think, Eh?

Yours adventurously,
Paul Stewart,
Bundamba, Australia

*** More important is what the Warlock readers think, and what they tell us in their letters. Although it was a little different in style, last issue's *Deathtrap on Legs* was designed as a series of scenarios developing the theme of the exploits of the Champion of *Deathtrap Dungeon.* Let us know whether you liked the scenario, and if you did I'll whip those whining whelps Williams and Mason into action on writing the sequels. If you didn't they will, of course, have their hands turned into trotters.**

Dear Warlock,

What horrible fate has befallen Iain McCaig? The brilliant artist's work has not been given an `airing' since *Island of the Lizard King*! Has Ian Livingstone kept him chained up to work on *Casket of Souls?*

And you, Mr Warlock, how about letting us into a few secrets. Firstly, why did you change your name from *Ed* to *The Warlock?* Secondly, have you ever played a gamebook? Finally, do you have vivid dreams of reading millions of letters asking (well, pleading!) you for the way out of the *Maze of Zagor*. If so, don't worry, my friends do it all the time!!)

Yours quizzically,
Gavin Shute,
Aylesbury, Bucks.

*** The answer to your first question is: yes. Ian Livingstone has kept him chained up working on *Casket of Souls*. For those of you who don't know what this is, I asked Ian for a few advance snippets of information. He told me that it's an illustrated adventure that can either be read as a story, or a series of puzzles, which the reader must complete in order to find the book's hidden page. He wasn't giving anything else away, but it sounds well worth waiting for!**

You presume to be nosy about *me*! I'd have thought you might have learned a little caution from the dire warnings of that Toad Thomson. That purulent mucoid sack of lard is always stealing into my chambers and poking about in things which are none of his business. You're lucky I'm in a good temper today, otherwise you'd be hopping about on a mixture of scaly legs, slimy tentacles and cardboard boxes! Anyway, I have *not* changed my name – I haven't had a name since I outgrew my old one many centuries ago. *Ed* was, one of the Grand Wizard's underlings, ho took care of my correspondence while I was off on one of my longer trips around the multiverse. Your impertinence doesn't end there, either! Have I played a Gamebook? I *live* a Gamebook!

And yes, I do have these vivid dreams in which I receive piles and piles of letters asking me for the solution to the Maze of Zagor. Like all my dreams, it turns out to be true.

Dear Warlock,

My friend and I have just finished playing the *Castle Arcania One-on-One* gamebook by James M Ward. Although it was a change from *Fighting Fantasy* we decided that it was really a silly idea, and not nearly as much fun. Can't somebody make a proper two-player Gamebook?

Yours dualistically,
Nicholas Kinzett,
Coventry, West Midlands.

Dear Warlock,

This is just a short note to congratulate Steve Jackson and the team at *Puffin* for a brilliant new book [*Appointment with FEAR* – The Warlock]. The last couple of gamebooks both penned by Andrew Chapman were, I thought, a bit feeble. *Rings of Kether* for example took me half an hour, and was completely boring. I'd decided to stop buying Gamebooks unless number 17 was better. I was relieved to find it was. Steve's written a great book. It brings back happy memories of trying to complete the brilliant and seemingly-impossible *Deathtrap Dungeon!* It took me hours of slaving over a hot book, and pages of notes and clues to finish it.

The story itself is great, and I particularly liked the choice of four super-powers. I hope I see the Silver Crusader in print again. Perhaps a four-part series like *Sorcery*? I would be the first to buy it. Perhaps you could attempt to get a Superhero book onto the 1986 list.

Yours hopefully,
Ian Berriman.
Willerby, Hull.

*** Are there any Gamebooks which you have really enjoyed, or really hated? If so, write and tell me, explaining why.**

Dear Warlock,

I have only written to ask you how on earth did the merchant, reference 91, *The Crown of Kings*, manage to get two photos of Steve and Ian (at the top of the wall)?

Yours wonderingly,
Mark Adams,
Glasgow, Scotland.

*** I gave him them, of course! Photos of Steve and Ian are as precious in Kakhabad as they are on your Earth. If anyone has seen any other interesting or unusual things in a Gamebook, well, you know who to write to about them, don't you! From next issue, we will be sending some Gamebook goodies to the best letter printed. Don't forget to let us know who your favourite authors are, and which gamebooks and games you prefer, so that we'll know what to send you. The address is:**

The Warlock's Quill,
Warlock Magazine,
Games Workshop Ltd,
27–29 Sunbeam Road,
London NW 10 6JP.

Until the next issue, may you never be short of a spell in Mampang!

– The Warlock

BRAIN BLISTERING MAZE COMPETITION RESULTS

Well, blistered brains are littering the streets after our fiendish labyrinth competition in issue 6. And the *Games Workshop* dungeons were littered with entries, too. But after much sifting and sorting, the *GW* Goblins presented The Warlock with the entries of the nine craftiest maze followers, who had managed to plot a path through the maze passing through only 5 junctions (excluding the start and finish). The Warlock then had a look at their mazes, and declared . . .

THE WINNER!
Darren Webb, aged 15, of Dagenham, Essex, presents you with the challenge of turning a vicious beast to stone. You must connect the top of the wizard's magic staff to the magic star in the centre of his hat. For this excellent and imaginative labyrinth, Darren wins the exciting game of **TALISMAN**, plus the **TALISMAN EXPANSION SET**, plus the signed **FF** book of his choice (please let us know which one you want, Darren).

THE RUNNERS-UP!
How could we resist **David Johnston's** wonderful *Fighting Fantasy* Maze? The main maze must be followed from the right eye (on the dagger) to the left, and you must also complete the mini-mazes within the letters *FF*. David, of Glasgow, wins a signed copy of Steve Jackson's **Appointment with FEAR.**

Congratulations also to **Graham Sewell** of Great Yarmouth, and **Edward Sykes** of Marlborough, Wiltshire. Both of you win the signed *FF* book of your choice (please let us know which one you would like).

Honourable mentions go to the other staunch adventurers who managed to get through the maze passing through only five junctions:

Michael Silk of Liss, Hampshire; Anonymous, who uses truck-type notepaper; David Morgan of Tunbridge Wells, Kent; Lycia Gardner of Harpendon, Herts and Paul Ackerley of Coningsby, Lincolnshire.

Thanks to everyone who entered the competition for your a-maze-ing response!

The Tower of HADES

This issue's multi-player adventure was submitted by Dale Ashman. It is a slightly different style of adventure, combining the plot narrative of last issue's *Deathtrap on Legs* with the room-by-room description used in the *FF* Role-playing game. Please let us know what you think of the various different styles, and don't worry – there's more to come! This adventure requires cunning and deception from the players, as well as plenty of skill in combat. As the later stages are so difficult, it is recommended that a minimum of four characters should tackle it. If you wish to run the adventure with less than four players, each player should play two characters.

The adventure is written for use with the *Fighting Fantasy* Role-playing rules, though it may be used with any other system (for example, *Dungeons & Dragons)* if you convert by deciding on suitable statistics. Good Luck!

This adventure begins when a friend fails to make a rendezvous, and may end with the players pitting wits and fighting skills against a wizard and his bodyguard of mutants!

For this adventure up to eight Provisions may be taken, the exact number depending on you, the GamesMaster (GM). If you wish, each player may also pick one potion to take with him.

GM's BACKGROUND
(for the GamesMaster only!)

The adventure begins with the players' characters on their way to keep an appointment with an old friend, Belkor the Dwarf, at the Horizon Inn. However, before they get there they will meet an old man attempting to escape from a bunch of ravening Orcs. Action from the start!

Belkor the Dwarf is an active member of the Order of Arzochollies, a movement dedicated to keeping Evil at bay – though more through stealth and secrecy than by open conflict. He was staying at the Horizon whilst following up reports of increased attacks by Orcs and other foul creatures on nearby homesteads. His idea was to make his enquiries as inconspicuously as possible. But, despite his care, he still attracted attention from a group of hooded men known as the Brotherhood.

Belkor later discovered that these mysterious characters were the highly trained, perfectly loyal henchmen of a wizard known as Ar Gadayon. He realised that he could be onto something a lot bigger than he imagined, so he sent a letter to his friends (the adventurers), asking them to join him at the inn – assuming that he would be able to use them to aid him with his investigations.

However, the night after he had sent the message, disaster struck. Under the cover of darkness, whilst he was engaged in a bit of snooping around the inn, he stumbled upon a building which he had explored before (building 10 on the map of the Horizon). He opened the door and entered, only to be pounced upon and tied up by members of the Brotherhood.

Inside this building are steps leading down to the Tower of Hades. It was built by Ar Gadayon as a place of refuge, where he could carry out his evil schemes without the threat of discovery. Here, he is in the process of creating a mutant army, with which he hopes to attack and subdue the lands around the inn.

That is a general background to the scenario. However, it is advised that you read through the rest of the scenario before playing.

THE ADVENTURE BEGINS

N.B. The text in *italics* should be read out to the players.

Unless stated in the text, all monsters and personalities have an *Attacks* score of 1.

You stand at the old well, replenishing your water supply and reflecting upon the events of the past few days which led to your journey into the wilderness to keep a rendezvous with an old friend.

It all began when you received a letter from your old adventuring comrade, Belkor the Dwarf, asking you all to make your way to the Horizon Inn, a few days journey into the Outlands. According to his letter, Belkor had something important to discuss with you all which could not wait until his next scheduled journey into the city. So, realising that it must be something of relative importance for your friend to call you all out to his permanent abode at the Horizon Inn, you set off.

Looking along the road and up the hill you can see, silhouetted against the blue sky, the aptly named Horizon Inn, your destination.

Your water supply replenished, you are about to continue on your way when, suddenly, from somewhere in the woods to your left, comes the sound of a voice wailing and crying in terror. Then, from between two trees, stumbles a man, his eyes wild with terror, his clothes no more than rags. He is being chased by four black, heavily armoured Orcs. On seeing you, hope crosses his face and he heads towards you. Suddenly he stumbles and falls, an arrow in his back. The Orcs run to the body and begin to drag it back into the trees . . .

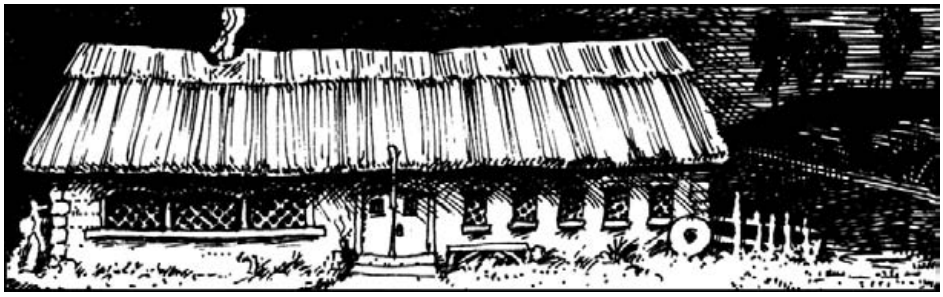

Should the adventurers decide to attack the vicious Orcs, their abilities are:

ORCS SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

If they defeat three of the Orcs, then the fourth will run away into the trees. On inspecting the body:–

You gasp as you turn the body, that of an old man, over. His face is badly mutilated, but that is not what made you cry out. On his right arm, where his hand should have been, is a sword – apparently growing out of his wrist!

All attempts to remove the sword will prove fruitless, as it is indeed growing from the man's wrist. He was the subject of an experiment by Ar Gadayon, but escaped and was pursued by the Orcs.

If the adventurers attempt to pursue the fleeing Orc, they will find themselves back on the road.

THE HORIZON INN

You have finally arrived at your destination, the Horizon Inn. It is a long, single storied, thatched building – sitting on the top of the hill. A thin wisp of smoke issues from its single chimney. Above the double doors hangs a board portraying the sun rising over the horizon. It swings gently in the breeze. Looking back, down the hill, you can see the darkness beginning to creep down into the Lowlands. But, tonight, you can rest in a proper bed with a proper meal in your bellies.

The sections below describe the rooms and inhabitants of the Inn. All text in italics should be read out to the players should they enter the room or approach the characters.

1. The Threshold. *Entering through the wooden door, you find yourself in a wide hallway panelled in oak. Upon the walls are various paintings and, along the walls, narrow wooden tales festooned with religious artifacts. Facing you, at the other end of the hall, is another door. To either side of this door, on adjacent walls, are two further doors, one marked 'Common Room' and the other 'Guest Rooms'.*

Note that the above description is based on the assumption that the party enter through the main door facing the East Road. If, in fact, they enter through any of the other doors then the GM must alter the description accordingly.

This is a very straightforward, ordinary room. The paintings portray the past owners of the inn. The only things of interest to the player characters are the religious artifacts, one of which is a wooden crucifix. However, trouble will follow if they are seen slipping any of these 'trinkets' under their chainmail!

2. Common Room. *An overwhelming smell of ale and tobacco meets your nostrils as you enter this room. Laughter and the sounds of merriment fill your ears. Peering through the thick smoke, that issues from the open fire in the centre of the room (as well as from the countless pipes), you can make out several tables, around which are seated various people, chatting, smoking and drinking the ale of the house. There are two other doors in the room, one on your immediate right, behind the bar (which is kept by two young ladies), and another in the far right hand corner, through which a small, fat man carrying various dishes keeps running.*

The Common Room is the main room in the inn. It is here that the guests take their meals and drink and where the locals come at night for a drink. Each of the four tables is partially occupied, so the adventurers will be forced to split up if they all want to sit down. The bar is also crowded, and again they will have to split up to reach it.

Table A. *You approach the smallest of the tables, at a far corner of the room, at which are sat three black-robed, hooded figures. There is room for two other people to sit.*

These shifty looking characters are henchmen to the wizard, Ar Gadayon, and are at the inn to dispose of nosey outsiders. They will remain silent and, if the player characters) stay at the table for longer than two minutes, one of them will begin to finger a long knife, within full view of the characters. If they still do not move then one of the 'Brothers', as they are known, will inform them that they are not welcome at their table. If the characters are being stubborn (and stupid) and still refuse to move, then each of the Brothers will draw a dagger and advance threateningly upon the adventurers. They will eventually attack, and when they do so (or if the adventurers attack first) their stats are:

	SKILL	STAMINA
1st BROTHER	11	14
2nd BROTHER	11	16
3rd BROTHER	12	12

As you can see from their high ability scores, they have-like all the wizard's henchmen – been highly trained, and are extremely fit and agile.

However, after three rounds of combat, the local militia will arrive and break up the fight. The adventurers involved in the fight and those who weren't will be led out of the inn and across the courtyard to building **9** which serves as a jail. Although the adventurers may think this harsh justice, it is really a blessing in disguise, for if the militia had not arrived then the Brothers could well have killed them.

If the characters wish to get themselves in deeper trouble and attack the militia, then their stats are:

MILITIAMEN SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

Remember, as well as the eight militiamen, the adventurers will also have to fight the Brothers. Any hits that the militia score will be counted as a capture.

Table B. *The largest of the tables is fully occupied by people, mostly humans, chatting, laughing and drinking. They seem to be a friendly bunch, and you notice three people leaving – making room for the same number of your party to sit down.*

Once the adventurers sit down, they will be asked at once, in a polite manner, about their business and news of the city. In fact these people seem very interested in the adventurers themselves. If the characters ask about Belkor the Dwarf they will be told by the people that they have never heard of such a person, let alone seen him. There is a 3 in 6 chance of one of the adventurers seeing one of the regulars cast a nervous glance in the direction of **Table A**.

The people at the table will remain polite, buying the adventurers drinks, unless the latter persist with their questioning about Belkor. If they do persist, they will be told again, in no uncertain terms, by one of the regulars, that nobody has heard of Belkor the Dwarf. If the adventurers are particularly fond of hacking and slaying (and dying!) and attack the occupants of the table then their stats are:

LOCALS SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

There are 15 locals. As with **Table A**, after 1d6 turns the local militia will arrive.

Table C. *You look over to the right of the smallest table and see a largish table around which are sat a group of six shifty looking characters of various shapes and sizes. They are dressed in weather-worn cloaks, underneath which can be glimpsed shirts of mail. At their sides is a stunning array of weaponry. By their chairs rest large backpacks, bulging with unknown contents. They take up six of the nine available seats.*

Any observant player character will notice that these characters do not sound too different from themselves. In fact, they are adventurers who have stopped here for a couple of nights. Closer observation will reveal that the group is made up of two Humans, an Elf and two Dwarfs. Should any player character approach them, they will be amicable enough, willing to swap tales and ideas (such as the best way to kill a Troll with a dagger), and to buy the adventurers a drink. However, they have only been at the inn for two nights and so do not know anything about Belkor, although the name will sound familiar. They themselves will be leaving the next day to continue their journey along the East Road. They cannot be recruited by the players. It should at no time be necessary to fight these good-

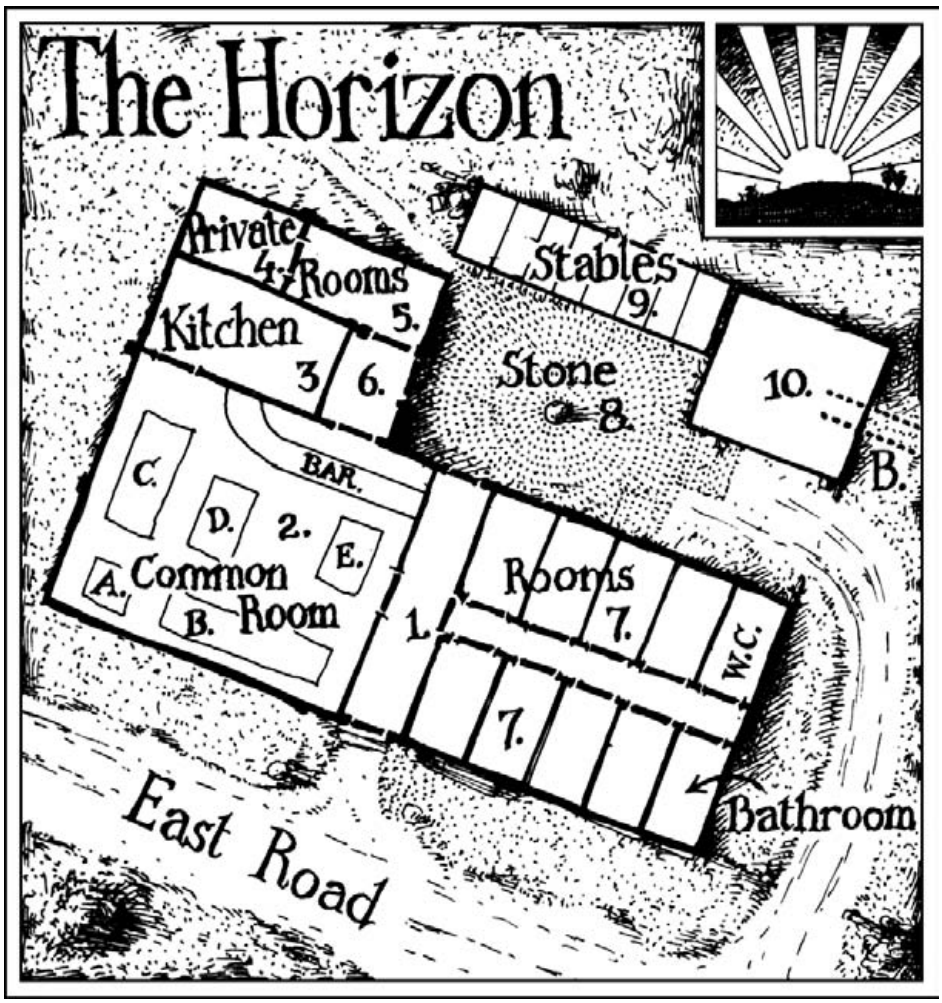

humoured people, but if the characters are psychopathic, then their stats are:

	SKILL	STAMINA
1st HUMAN	10	18
2nd HUMAN	7	15
ELF	11	16
1st DWARF	8	15
2nd DWARF	9	12

Table D. *Peering over the nearest table, you can see, at the other side of the fire, a smallish table, around which are four Pixies, apparently engaging in a game of cards. Two seats are unoccupied.*

Once seated at the table, the adventurers will be asked if they would like to join in the game. If they accept then the game will run as follows:

The minimum stake is a gold piece. There is a 1 in 6 chance of the adventurers winning. However, they may, if they wish, attempt to cheat. To do this they should Test *their Luck*. If they are Lucky there is a 2 in 6 chance of them winning. If, however, they are Unlucky, they will be seen. The Pixies will be very indignant and demand five gold pieces from each of the adventurers. If the adventurers refuse to hand over the money then the local militia will be called. (See **Table A**).

If questioned about Belkor, the Pixies will ask why the adventurers are seeking him. If the adventurers tell the truth then they will say that he has probably been captured by the 'Master who takes all strangers and those folks who do not obey him'. The Master is, of course, the Wizard, Ar Gadayon. If the adventurers lie, then the pixies will deny all knowledge of Belkor.

Table E. *You walk across to the nearest table which is apparently unoccupied. As you sit down the room becomes silent as everybody turns towards you. They murmur amongst themselves then return to their business.*

Scratched on the table are the words "KEEP OFF – GRUNCH". One turn later a very large man, wearing a fur around his waist, a masked helmet on his head, and carrying a double-handed axe, will walk through the door. On seeing the adventurers at his table, he will roar very loudly and inform them that, "Grok Urk Shorp Arg Kush!", which a local will translate as, "Will you please move yourself from your present position at a table I reserved, otherwise I will be forced to fracture your cranium." If the adventurers refuse to move, they will have to fight the very angry, very stupid, and very hard guy named Grunch:

GRUNCH SKILL 8 STAMINA 20

However, if they decide to use their brains then there is a chance of them bluffing the Barbarian. The exact chance depends on the strength of their argument, which is judged by the GM once he has heard it.

The Bar. *The bar is crowded with many locals. Pushing through to the bar, you are asked by a young woman what you would like to drink. Looking at the board you can see that Ale, Cider and Dragon Fire cost 1GP/pint, Wine costs 2GP/glass, Soup is 1GP/mug and a Pork Pie is 1 GP.*

Dragon Fire is a local speciality and is very strong indeed. Any of the adventurers drinking more than a pint will become intoxicated and lose 1 SKILL point for every extra pint. If their skill reaches zero he/she will be blind drunk and will become unconscious for 20 minutes.

If the adventurers ask for a room they will be told to see Barney.

Barney. *You approach the man you saw carrying all the dishes. He is very plump and seems out of breath and flustered. He smiles as he sees you and waddles towards you.*

Barney is a very jolly little man who owns the inn. If the adventurers ask him about Belkor, he will mumble something about 'that moonlighting Dwarf . . . didn't even pay his bill'. He will say that he left some time ago. If they say that they are friends of Belkor and ask for a room, he will ask them to pay in advance. This is due to Belkor failing to pay his bill before his capture. It is 3 GP for the night, 4 GP with breakfast.

Once the party has mingled with the inn's inhabitants, they may wish to explore the rest of the Horizon.

3. The Kitchen. *You enter the smoke-filled kitchen from the common room. Stood on a box and leant over a large cooking pot is a Dwarf. He appears to be tasting his latest brew. On the table are various foodstuffs which would make ideal provisions, and the busy figure doesn't appear to be looking.*

The food on the table would provide 8 Provisions. However, the adventurers must *Test their Luck* to see whether or not the Dwarf sees them. If he does he will rush at them, brandishing a meat knife:

MAD DWARF
COOK SKILL 6 STAMINA 9

If they kill him, they will have to hide the body. After about an hour the cook will be missed and suspicion will fall on both groups of adventurers, who will be turned out of the inn.

4. Barney's Bedroom. *You walk through the door into what appears to be a bedroom. At the side of the room is a polished dressing table, and in one comer a bed. On the wall, opposite the dressing table, is a portrait of the innkeeper.*

If a search is conducted, a chest will be found under the bed. It is locked and the adventurers will have to throw against their SKILL score to open it. Inside it are 25 gold pieces and a black cloak and hood, similar to those worn by the Brotherhood.

Remember, if it is after dark, Barney will be in here, and there will be a 2 in 6 chance of waking him. During daylight hours there is a 1 in 6 chance of Barney walking in.

5. Barney's Study. *Walking through the door you enter a study, judging from the ledgers and various other papers. It is sparsely furnished with only a desk and chair. No other items of interest can be seen.*

This is where Barney works, when he's not serving in the inn, fastidiously dealing with

the accounts. There is nothing of any value in the room, although a glance at the open ledger may prove interesting. On the page at which it is opened is a list of the visitors who have stayed at the inn overnight. If the adventurers have already booked rooms their names will be in it as well. Near the top of the page is the name 'Belkor Ironhand, Dwarf Outcast'. Belkor's cover was that he had been thrown out of his home and needed somewhere to settle down. His name has been crossed out and, at the side of it, in the margin, are the letters 'Brhd'. Looking back through the pages will reveal that a fair number of names in the book have these initials beside them. The initials of course, stand for the Brotherhood, and signify that the people whose names they appear beside have been taken by the Wizard's followers to be used as guinea pigs in his necromantic experiments. In pencil, beside their own names, are the same letters, followed by a question mark.

6. Hallway. *You are in a hallway decorated with faded green wallpaper. There is a door ahead of you and a heavier one to your right.*

The passage contains nothing of interest.

7. Guest Rooms. There is no description of these rooms, as most consist of a bed and small chest in which to put belongings. At the end of the hallway are the bathroom and toilets. In each room, if a search is carried out, can be found 2d6 gold pieces. However, for each room searched there is a 1 in 8 chance of the occupant(s) walking in. One of the rooms should be nominated as belonging to the Brotherhood and, in the room, written on a piece of paper hidden under a mattress are the words 'Ar Gadayon'. This is, apart from being the name of the Wizard, the password to open the many secret doors in the Tower of Hades.

Another room should be selected as the one which was occupied by Belkor. All his equipment will be there and, in the fireplace, the charred remains of a notebook. All that can be made out are the words: 'Ar Gadayon, midnight, store, mutants.'

8. Courtyard. *With your backs to the inn you look across the cobbled courtyard to the stables on your left and then to the store on your right. In the centre of the courtyard is a large stone, shaped by the winds whistling between the buildings, on which is sat a large man wearing hood and cloak.*

The man is another member of the Brotherhood. He is acting as lookout for those in the store. When he sees the adventurers he will stretch and yawn, a signal to his friends to watch out. If approached he will, like those at **Table A** in the Common Room, be uncooperative, just nodding a little. If asked where anything is he will just point.

9. Stables. Believe it or not, this is where they keep the horses! Again there is no description, as most stables look alike. However, if any of the adventurers have been in trouble with the militia, they can be found in here.

10. Store. *You open the door of the old stone building and pause for a while, until your eyes become accustomed to the darkness.*

What happens next depends on the number of adventurers entering the store. If only one or two enter then:

Your eyes now accustomed to the dark, you step inside, and, as you do so, you feel a sharp pain at the back of your head and you fall, face down . . .

If more than two adventurers enter then:

You look around. It appears to be a normal store room, almost filled with sacks of grain and other provisions.

In this building are five Brothers. If less than three adventurers entered, then they will have been knocked out by the Brothers (causing 2 STAMINA points loss) and dragged away to the cage at **14**, leaving one Brother on guard. If, however, more than two adventures entered, then four of the Brothers will have slipped through a trapdoor in the floor, retreating to **11**, leaving the fifth to cover the trapdoor and hide behind the sacks. There is a 3 in 6 chance of him being found if the players search the sacks. If he is discovered:

BROTHER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 16

Whilst moving the sacks there is a 4 in 6 chance of finding the trapdoor which leads to **11**.

THE TOWER OF HADES

NOTE: Due to the numbers of Brothers and Orcs in this part of the game, unless otherwise stated, all will be 'average', thus:

AVERAGE BROTHER	SKILL 10	STAMINA 17
AVERAGE ORC	SKILL 9	STAMINA 15

11. *You walk down the torch-lined passage to where it suddenly opens out into an immense cavern. You gasp in astonishment as you look right into the eyes of a monstrous lizard, quite capable of eating you all. Luckily, it cannot reach you: it is restrained, around the neck, by a large chain, which disappears into the right hand wall. Staring past the reptile, at the other end of the hall, you can see a hooded man standing beside a large winch. On seeing you, he shouts across the hall, "Halt! Whose is the word to be obeyed . . .?"*

The Brother's question could be changed to 'What's the password?' If the players have visited one of the guestrooms (**7**) then they may know that the answer to the challenge is: 'Ar Gadayon'. If they shout this, then they will be let by into **12**.

If, however, the answer is not known, then the Brother will remain motionless, waiting for the players to make their move. Now the players may attempt to dodge the lizard. To do this they must first *Test their Luck.* If they are Lucky, then they will make it, but, if not then the lizard will grab them in its mouth, causing 4 STAMINA points damage, then drop them to the floor.

If they make their way past the lizard, they will then have to face the Brother. He holds a Staff of Teleportation. Anyone struck with this rod will be teleported to a certain location (determined by picking a number between 12 & 40). During attacks, all hits registered by the Brother will be counted as a teleportation.

BROTHER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 16

If the Brother is killed, his body and the staff will disintegrate into dust; and if the lizard is alive, then its chain will break. Anyone running for passage 12 will have a 3 in 6 chance of making it without being hit by the lizard, otherwise, they will sustain 2 STAMINA points of damage.

12. *You continue along the passage to a point where it opens out into an enormous cavern, about a mile wide and several hundred feet high. At least a hundred feet below you roars a mighty river. Rising some three hundred feet out of this river is a pillar of rock -a tower carved out by the rushing torrent. Where the passage ends a narrow stone gangway stretches out to the great doors to the tower.*

There is nothing sinister about this or the gangway. It ends in a massive, ornately carved door. The door will open easily when pushed, revealing the first glimpse of the Tower of Hades.

13. *Though the door you walk, and gasp as the smell of death fills your nostrils. The stone path continues in a straight line to a point where two smaller paths branch off to the left and right. These smaller paths curve round to rejoin the main path running through its centre. You walk to the centre of the circle, along the main path, being careful not to step off into the abyss on either side. Looking around you can see several doors leading off from the circular path to various rooms. About a hundred feet above your head is another platform, identical to the one on which you are standing. From this second platform hangs a large cage (you are unable to see what it contains). Returning your gaze to ground level you can see two pillars between which strange waves vibrate.*

If the players are confused by the description, allow them a peek at the second floor of the tower, and explain the layout to them.

The time is now right to give an insight into the character of the Wizard, Ar Gadayon, and a general description of the

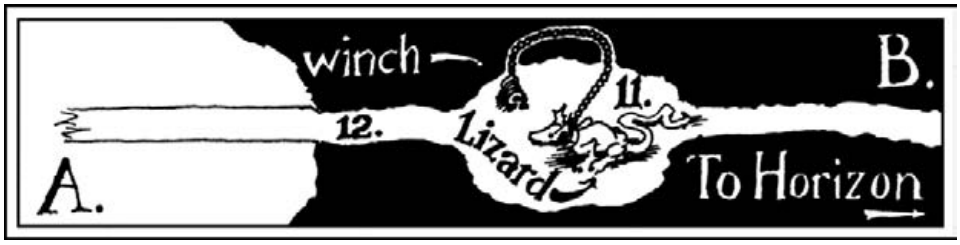

Tower. Ar Gadayon is a cruel, insane wizard forever experimenting on human and non-human guinea pigs. The tower is effectively divided into three parts: the second floor, on which the adventurers are standing, is where most of the experiments are carried out and the results kept; the top floor, used as living quarters for the Orcs and Brothers; and the bottom level, where the Wizard has his private rooms.

Note that in the cage suspended above the characters will be any unfortunate adventurers captured by the Brothers at **10**. The sweet stench of death issues from the cage.

The mysterious pillars at the end of the path are a magical portal, operated by standing between them and speaking the desired direction, i.e. up or down. There is one portal on each of the middle and lower level and two on the top level, one of which leads to the outside world (to the wood by the well where the adventurers first replenished their water supply).

14. *You stand outside one of the securely bolted perimeter doors.*

A score of 6 on a d6 is required to break open the door. Once inside:

In the centre of the room you can see several large racks, the type used to stretch people in a most painful manner. Attending the racks are two armoured Orcs and a man in a long red flowing gown and hood. Hearing the door crash open they draw their swords and turn to face you.

This room is used for the first stage of the process which eventually leads to the transformation of beings into mutants. The man in red is a Brother of the Upper Order, who are primarily concerned in the mutation process (as opposed to the lower brethren, who are mainly concerned with security). The Orcs and Brother have 'average' ability scores. All of the victims on the racks are unconscious, except one who will mumble to the adventurers, 'The Three Spheres'.

15. *The light for this room is provided by two candles standing on a stone slab at the end farthest from the door. A clear liquid drips from the centre of the roof, forming a large pool directly underneath in which you can see several gold coins. Upon the slab is a crystal prism of obvious value. The light from one of the candles shines onto the prism, which in turn emits the rays of the spectrum which fall upon a large portrait of a grotesque, orc-like creature.*

The clear liquid is actually acid, strong enough to inflict 2 STAMINA points damage on any greedy adventurers who try to recover the coins. The spectrum rays shining onto the 'portrait' are in fact a barrier which locks the orc-like creature in its two-dimensional state. Removing the prism is not wise, as this frees the creature. If released, it will fling the adventurers into a corner, causing 1 STAMINA point loss each, and then make its getaway before the adventurers can follow.

16. *You stare in horror at the walls lined with crystal-encased mutants, each with unnatural growths on their bodies.*

This is a stock room of mutants, none of

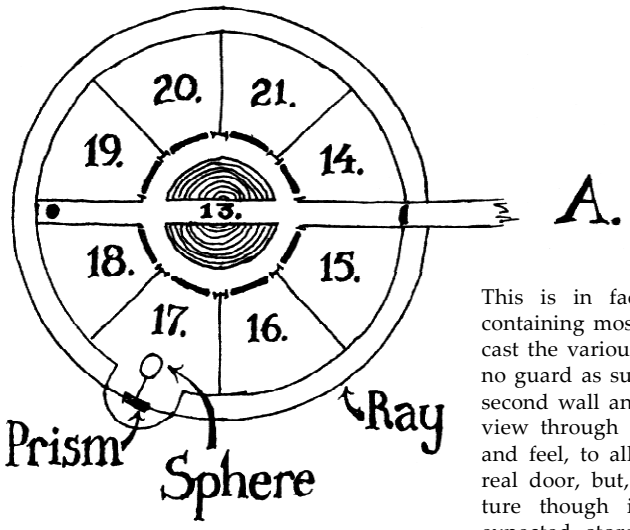

which can be touched, moved or stimulated in any way.

17. *You pause outside another door inlaid with brass. In the wall at the side of the doors are six square buttons coloured red, green, brown, black, yellow and blue. Above these buttons is the word 'white'.*

This is the power room, the heart of the tower. Pressing any button will open the door, but pressing together the three colours which make white (red, green and blue) will open the door and disable the trap. Once inside:

The room is longer than the others, and has had a semi-circular extension added to the end. In this semi-circle stands a large crystal orb, black and opaque. In it are three, semi-hemispherical indentations where three smaller spheres could fit. From its blackness a thin white ray issues forth and, on hitting a multi-angular prism, splits into four thinner beams which make their way left, right, up and down, disappearing into the walls on either side, the roof and floor.

There is a 1 in 6 chance of any adventurer noticing a thin red beam some two feet off the floor. There is another 1 in 6 chance of any player character noticing a similar beam several yards further on. None of these beams will be there, however, if the correct combination (red, green, blue) has been entered at the door. The black sphere is central to the tower's existence. It cannot be destroyed, damaged, moved, etc. The magical white ray supports the tower (Ar Gadayon's own invention), and can only be switched off by placing the three lesser spheres in the indentations. If the red beams aren't noticed, then they will be broken, causing a spiked board to fall from above inflicting severe (1d6) STAMINA points damage to the first adventurer to venture towards the alcove. Pushing a sword through the beam will have no effect as a pressure pad under a flagstone must also be activated before the trap will spring.

18. *You walk through the unlocked door to find yourselves facing yet another wall, with a smaller door at its centre. Opening it, you see what appears to be a large storeroom. The fragrance of several herbs reaches your nostrils, together with the strong smell of vinegar. Along the many shelves are jars and herbs of all varieties-enough to keep a magician or alchemist supplied for months.*

This is in fact Ar Gadayon's storeroom, containing most of the equipment needed to cast the various spells. As observed, there is no guard as such, but an elaborate trap. The second wall and door are illusions, as is the view through the door. The door will look and feel, to all intents and purposes, like a real door, but, should the adventurers venture though it, instead of being in the expected storeroom they will find themselves falling into a large pit, some thirty feet deep. (To test for damage, *Test for Luck* and add a penalty of +3 to the die roll. If the adventurer(s) is/are Unlucky then they will lose 4 STAMINA points). To any adventurers outside the door it will appear that their colleague(s) fell through the floor. The only way to get into the storeroom is by walking through the wall. If you wish, you may allow the adventurers a 1 in 6 chance of leaning against the wall and falling through it.

The storeroom contains many herbs and food-stuffs. If the adventurers spend one turn searching, they will find 3 provisions and the *Sword of Anclias*, which will increase a character's SKILL by 2.

19. *You pause before trying this door. From the other side, you hear a loud, distinct voice speaking undistinguishable words. After consultation amongst yourselves, you decide to enter. The room is large, like all the rooms in the Tower, with a central fire illuminating the polished granite walls. Around this fire, their grotesque faces glowing with the flickering of the flames, sit five mutants, staring with blank faces into the fire. From somewhere above you a deep voice booms out, ". . . and those who dwell in the Valley are our enemies, to be destroyed and killed . . ." The hypnotic voice continues. You begin to slip away. Desperately you summon up the last of your willpower.*

At this stage the adventurers must each throw 4d6. If the result is lower than his/her STAMINA, then the unlucky person will become hypnotised. In this state they will remain static, blank eyes staring ahead, resisting all attempts to move them. The only way to release them from this state is by inflicting a small wound (1 STAMINA point).

The room itself is used to condition the mutants, so that they are totally loyal. They are also in a hypnotic state. They will, however, come out of this state after receiving their first wound when attacked.

MUTANT SKILL 11 STAMINA16

20. *Walking through the unattended doors you find yourselves in an unlit room with a mosaic floor. Held in a claw shaped pedestal near the centre is a glowing sphere. A vibrant hum issues from the globe hand. On the stand of the pedestal is the imprint of a four fingered hand. This imprint also glows. You can see no other outstanding features in the room.*

The sphere is one of the three lesser spheres needed to switch off the power sphere. Like its companions, it cannot be damaged or moved by force. To release the sphere from the claw a right hand, with fourth finger missing, must be placed in the imprint. Bending the finger under the palm will not work. Any self-sacrificing adventurer who wants to chop off his finger will lose 1 STAMINA point and 1 SKILL point When such a hand is placed in the imprint the claw will creak open, automatically, allowing the sphere to be picked up. Each sphere has its own magical ability. This one will open any locked doors (including those magically locked) without the need to break them down.

21. *You walk over the battered remains of the door, your swords at the ready. This room appears to serve as a clothing store. However, you have no time for detailed study as two men wearing red hoods advance towards you with drawn swords . . .*

As you should have gathered, the door to this room is locked. To break open the door an adventurer must roll 2 dice. If the score is lower than the player's SKILL score then the door will break, otherwise it will remain fast. For each subsequent attempt, 1 is added to the dice roll and 1 STAMINA point lost.

If the adventurers have the first sphere (from room **20**), it will not be necessary to break down the door, and if the adventurers are quick they will get a free attack. The room contains hundreds of lockers of armour and clothing, consisting for the most part of the red and black robes of the Brothers. It would be a good idea for the adventurers to take some of these to be used as disguises. If a search is carried out 3d6 gold pieces can be found.

22. *Travelling up the magic portal you find yourself on another pathway similar to the one on which you entered the tower. The activity is greater than on the second level and, from the centre of the path, you can see the cage which you earlier viewed from below.*

The adventurers will be noticed immediately and questioned (unless they are wearing the clothing worn by Brothers). The cage can be hoisted up by a minimum of three persons. If any of the adventurers were slugged at 10 then they will be inside the cage, along with the rotting corpses of other unfortunates. All will have suffered a loss of 4 STAMINA points as a result of their ordeal.

23. *The great doors swing open and the sound of hoarse chanting fills your ears. Above it can be heard a strong, rough voice shouting, "Ahr, get on with it, you Orcs are pathetic!" The voice is familiar, and your faces light up as you recognise it as that of your friend Belkor the Dwarf, for whom you have been searching for so long. However, your optimism is soon replaced by terror when you see that he is spread-eagled on an altar where a gleeful Ore is about to raise a long knife. There are three Orc priests and six guards, all totally engrossed in the proceedings. You may have the element of surprise in your favour if you decided to act quickly . . .*

No doubt the adventurers will want to rescue their friends, and to do this they will have to fight the guards and priests.

ORC GUARD	SKILL 7	STAMINA 12
ORC PRIEST	SKILL 11	STAMINA 18

Should Belkor be freed during the fight, and given a weapon, then he is:

BELKOR	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

Belkor's STAMINA is low due to his treatment at the hands of the Orcs. The Orc guards have deliberately been given low ability scores to make the freeing of Belkor easier. Remember that the adventurers will have the advantage of surprise and will therefore get one free attack. If the adventurers win the fight, then they will be able to talk to Belkor and pick up any loot. Two golden candlesticks are worth 25 gold pieces and one of the priests will be carrying a large sacrificial knife. When used as a weapon, this knife will increase the owner's SKILL by 2 and his STAMINA by 4.

Belkor will tell them all that he knows of the wizard's mutants and of his plans to conquer the surrounding area. He will urge them to destroy the tower by attacking its centre, the black sphere. If they have not already visited it, he will show them where the power room is (**17**), although he will admit that he himself does not know how its destruction can be achieved. Belkor is at all times controlled by the GM, and will forever urge the adventurers to destroy the tower.

24. *This room is full of beds and black-hooded men. Some are talking, some reading, some resting and thinking. At the far end hangs a great black standard.*

What happens next will depend upon whether the characters are in disguise or not. If disguised as Brothers of the Lower Order, those who wear black, then:

Nobody seems to notice you as you mingle with the hundreds of other hooded men. Obviously in a group of people this size not everybody knows everyone else . . .

However, if disguised as Brothers of the Upper Order (red robes) then:

As you are noticed, panic seems to grip the occupants. You hear the word 'Inspection' mentioned as the men clear away their belongings and then quickly form two lines by their beds. Your presence was obviously not expected.

The Brothers of the Upper Order are generally of higher rank, and occasionally inspect the quarters of their lesser brethren.

If the adventurers turn up undisguised, then:

A large man steps forward and speaks. "Hey, you slaves! Don't you know you're not allowed in here? Where did you get those weapons from?"

If, in the GM's opinion, the player characters answer is not sensible, then the Brother will ask the adventurers to remove their weapons and send them back to their quarters. Refusal to do so would be highly suspicious.

25. This room is the dormitory of the Brothers of the Upper Order. Descriptions will be the same as for (**24**) except that the Brothers' garments and the standard will be red. Events will be slightly different. Both the Brothers of the Lower Order and slaves will be treated with the same contempt and told to leave. Failure to do so could prove fatal.

26. *You enter the room and at once notice that it is longer than most, with a semi-circular extension at the far end. In this extension a white ray coming up through the floor*

strikes a prism, sending rays right and left through the walls. Apart from this the room is empty.

The purpose of this room is to split the ray from room **17** and send it right and left around the tower. The prism cannot be moved or destroyed and the ray, which passes through all objects without causing damage, cannot be obstructed.

27. *The stench of beer almost overwhelms you as you enter the chamber. The room is littered with beds, blankets, and drunken Orcs.*

The Orcs' sleeping quarters, mainly used for eating, drinking and fighting. As in **25** and **26**, reactions will vary, depending on the garb of the adventurers. If they are dressed as Brothers of the Lower Order:

Upon seeing you, an Orc, obviously drunk staggers up to you and slurs, "Hey boys, look who it is! Them 'umans who 'ave nerve to call 'emsens fighters. Look at 'em! Long dresses and 'oods to cover them ugly features!" His fellows roar with laughter at this, then almost die of hysterics as he throws his ale over one of you.

Obviously looking for trouble, the Orc will continue to mock the adventurers as long as they stay in the room. The sensible thing to do here is to back out, but if the adventurers start to fight, they will be set upon by several Orcs (the exact number to be decided by the GM). If the adventurers' STAMINA should drop to 1, then they are overwhelmed by the Orcs and thrown into the cage at **22**.

If dressed as Brothers of the Upper Order, then the Orcs' attitude will be mockingly courteous:

Upon seeing you one of the larger Orcs staggers up to you. After saluting he begins to speak. "And of what service can me and my lads be to you, O superior ones?"

The Orcs will try to get out of any errands, unless it is a direct order from Ar Gadayon himself. Of course the Orcs will see through any plan to use them to overthrow the Wizard.

28. *A long table, littered with bones and scraps of food, stretches from one end of the room to the other. Half-eaten carcasses lie on the floor, together with empty drinking horns.*

The Orcs' feast room contains little of interest. Hungry adventurers may salvage a meal from the scraps left on the tables.

29. *This is obviously the main storeroom. Sacks of grain and flour, tubs of salted meat, and barrels of ale fill the room with a strange aroma. You hear a scratching sound coming from behind a large pile of sacks. Moving them aside, you see a pair of beady eyes peering back at you. Then suddenly a giant rat launches its attack:*

GIANT RAT	SKILL 5	STAMINA 10

Anyone hit by the rat must *Test their Luck*. Those who are Unlucky will catch a serious disease which makes them appear pale and will drain 1 STAMINA point from them every hour. Having killed the rat, the adventurers

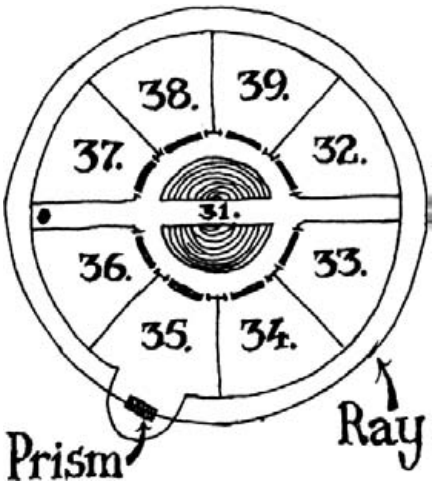

may want to collect some food as provisions. Each player may collect four provisions, but whenever one is eaten there is a 1 in 6 chance of the players catching the disease carried by the rat. Also behind the sacks are two coils of rope, each 75 feet long.

30. *Beautiful tapestries adorn the high walls of this hall. Down its centre runs a narrow table with benches along either side. At the far end of it stands a black chair and, at the end nearest you, a similar chair in red. The benches on the right are red whilst those opposite are black.*

This is the dining area for the Brothers of both orders. Apart from the tapestries, one of which depicts an old man with a burnt face battling with an Orc-like creature, there is nothing of interest here.

31. *Stepping out of the magical portal, you find yourself on another circular pathway, around the perimeter of which are several doors. Directly in front of you, blocking your way, are two hooded figures. As you approach, one holds up his hand, gesturing you to stop. They then pull back their hoods revealing white, unblemished skulls.*

These are the guardians of the Wizard's level. They must be defeated in order to continue. When killed, their bones will turn to dust.

1st GUARDIAN	SKILL 11	STAMINA 20
2nd GUARDIAN	SKILL 12	STAMINA 18

32. *A cacophonous din assaults your eardrums as you enter this room. All around you, housed in brass coloured cages, are all sorts of creatures-most of them bigger than yourselves. Outside each cage is a small plaque bearing the name of the animal inside. You read some of the names: Bear, Goblin, Hill Troll, Werewolf, Cyclops. Suddenly you notice a strange fact: although all the cages are open, none of the creatures attempt to escape. You also notice in the comer of the room, partially hidden behind a large plant, a small sphere . . .*

This is Ar Gadayon's menagerie. The animals are prevented from escaping by a magical shield controlled by the sphere. However, the adventurers need the sphere to destroy the great orb at **17**. Removing the sphere will allow the creatures to escape and attack the adventurers. It will also start to close the doors. Each adventurer must then *Test his/her Luck*. Those who are Lucky will escape through the doors, leaving the Unlucky ones in the room full of angry beasts! Replacing the sphere on its pedestal will open the doors. The best way to get the sphere is to tie a rope around it whilst still on the pedestal, and then pull very quickly to get it through the doors before they close. This has a 1 in 6 chance of failing. A fail means that the sphere has slipped from the rope noose. Unbeknown to the players, this sphere has the property of Animal Control, but cannot control Orcs, Brothers or animate beings such as Skeletons.

Once the doors are closed they can only be opened by Ar Gadayon, or by the sphere from room **20**. For those unlucky adventurers locked in the room the creatures are:

	SKILL	STAMINA
BEAR	9	9
CYCLOPS	10	10
GOBLIN	6	6
HILLTROLL	9	10
WEREWOLF	8	9

33. *You walk into one of the greatest rooms in the tower, your feet echoing on the polished granite floor. Great twisting pillars down either side of the hall support the roof. From the walls hang large, rainbow coloured tapestries. Close by you is a fountain, and further away a great four-poster bed.*

This is Ar Gadayon's bedroom. The only thing of real interest is the fountain. Drinking from it restores STAMINA to its *Initial* value.

34. *A single candle illuminates this dusty room. The candle stands on an old desk on which are piled many large, leather-bound books, together with a few writing quills. Along the walls are great shelves filled with countless books. On the floor stand huge cupboards.*

This is Ar Gadayon's study. The books are mostly about magic, but the ones on the desk are concerned with human anatomy. The other books may be read, but the adventurers will not be able to make head nor tail of them. The cupboards contain nothing of any great interest-except for three magical relics:

Wand of 2D Imprisonment – When aimed at a target then the target can be trapped as a two dimensional image on any flat surface. Can only be used twice.
Lucky Charm – Shaped as an eight pointed star. Increases *Initial* LUCK by 4.
Sword of Hades – Decreases SKILL to 6 and possesses user, who will not be able to give up the weapon without a fight. When user's STAMINA reaches 1 he will give up weapon. Note: keep a note of player's STAMINA before he/she picked up blade.

35. *This room is longer than most due to a semi-circular extension. In this extension a ray, white in colour and coming from the ceiling, strikes a prism which splits it up, sending thinner rays into and through the walls to right and left.*

As room **26**, this is the room where the ray from **17** is split and sent left and right around the tower.

36. *Looking through the open door you see yet another great hall. At the far end a beam of light from a candle on the wall falls upon an open chest full of gold. Immense statues of human-like beings stand immobile, one to either side of the chest.*

The players have found the Treasury. All of the Wizard's money is in the chest, but naturally it is not left unguarded. If the adventurers walk forwards towards the chest, they will collide with an invisible wall, causing 1 STAMINA point of damage to each of them. The wall is 20 feet high. There is a 1 in 6 chance of the adventurers being able to throw a rope over the wall. It extends for 20 feet at the top like a diving board before ending. Adventurers must take care not to fall off the edge. Once this obstacle has been overcome, then the adventurers only have to get by the 'living' statues. The statues can only be struck by the *Sword of Anclias*, the *Sword of Hades*, the sacrificial knife from **23**, or swords dipped in the Fountain of Enchantment in room **38**. (There are 400 gold pieces in the chest, enough to allow the adventurers to retire comfortably).

1st STATUE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 17
2nd STATUE	SKILL 8	STAMINA 19

37. *A long table stretches down this hall. At the far end stands a solitary chair with a single place setting. On the walls hang dusty paintings with heavy gold coloured frames.*

This is where Ar Gadayon eats his meals while pondering the day's events. As well as being a cruel wizard, he is also a noted art collector – although most of his treasures are stolen. The paintings are of various scenes and people, none of them recognisable to the characters. If they want to take them -there are ten in all-then they will be worth 50 gold pieces each on the black market.

38. *The first thing that you notice about this room is the heat. Everywhere there are plants-from massive palm trees to humble flowers. Walking along the carefully tended paths you notice that there are four fountains, each bringing forth waters of a different colour: one red, one clear, one black and one green.*

Here Ar Gadayon dreams up his plans of conquest while he walks around his gardens. The four fountains have the following properties:

The Clear Fountain: This is the fountain of deep sleep. Anyone drinking from it will fall into a slumber so deep that their heart-beat and pulse will be undetectable. They will in fact appear to be dead, and will remain in this state for 2d6 minutes.

The Black Fountain: Beside this fountain is a sign saying: "The Enchanted". Dipping weapons in this fountain causes them to be enchanted, increasing SKILL by 1, and enabling them to be used against the statues in **36**.

The Red Fountain: Decreases SKILL by 1 point.

The Green Fountain: Increases STAMINA to its *Initial* level.

39. *As you enter the room an old man turns to face you, revealing a badly burnt face. He seems to grow in stature as the seconds tick by. He speaks to you in a great voice and fear clutches at your heart. "So you are the ones who have dared enter my tower and who foolishly think that you can destroy me with your puny weapons. Prepare to meet your doom!" As you draw your swords you notice a black sphere hanging from his belt.*

At last they have found Ar Gadayon. If the adventurers released the Orc-like creature from the wall in room **15**, then its body will be lying here.

Ar Gadayon is a rather powerful wizard. As well as his great abilities, he also has a paralysis spell which he can use twice. Anyone coming under the spell will be paralysed until a potion of SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK is poured over them. Alternatively, water from the Enchanted Fountain in **38** may be used. Ar Gadayon's other abilities are:

AR GADAYON SKILL 11 STAMINA 20

If Ar Gadayon's STAMINA falls below 6 he will envelope himself in a cloud of smoke and vanish, screaming, "I shall return!!" He will leave behind the third sphere, which restores all ability scores (SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK) to *Initial* levels of all those who hold it. (Gadayon is unable to teleport the sphere out of the tower, since the attraction of its two 'brothers' is too strong).

ENDING THE GAME

Once the three spheres have been placed in the Great Sphere, the tower will begin to rumble ominously, as its only real means of support has been weakened. With the power source cut off, the outside door will refuse to open, and Portals-except the one on the top floor which leads to the outside world-will cease to function. The only way for the adventurers to get out via the last working portal on the top level is to attempt to throw a rope over platform **22**. They must *Test their Luck*. If they are Lucky they will succeed in getting out; but if they are Unlucky then the rope will fall down and they will have to try again. The tower's occupants will be in a state of confusion and disarray, all trying to reach the portal to the outside.

Once outside, the deep rumbling will rise to a crescendo, followed by a massive crash as a huge hole appears in the ground, somewhere to the right of the inn.

If Belkor is still alive, then the adventure ends as follows:

Belkor turns to you and grins broadly. "Well, that's that. Now how about a cool, fresh glass of beer at the Horizon?" And with that you walk off into the sunset.

But if Belkor was not found or was killed, then:

You look at the deep hole in the ground and your thoughts go to your friend Belkor, buried somewhere under the rubble. However, you know you did the right thing. Picking up your equipment, you make your way down to the Horizon to drown your sorrows in the best ale of the house.

OTHER NOTES

The Orc-like Creature

The Orc-like creature was imprisoned in the painting by Ar Gadayon, after a long and bitter fight. No-one knows where he came from, though some say he was the result of one of Ar Gadayon's early experiments. If released by the adventurers the tower's occupants will be in a state of panic. some of them lying dead on the floor. This would be an ideal time for the characters to search more rooms, for the wandering creatures (see below) will be non-existent. This confusion will last for 2d6+4 minutes.

Wandering Creatures

In the Tower of Hades all wandering creatures will be in the form of Brothers, Orcs or Slaves. For every two minutes spent in a room there is a 1 in 6 chance of someone entering. (2 in 6 if the adventurers are in the process of conducting a noisy search). Use the following table:

Die	Wandering Creature	Number Throw
1,2,3	ORCS	1d6
4	BROTHERS OF UPPER ORDER	1d4
5	BROTHERS OF LOWER ORDER	1d6
6	SLAVES	1d4

Disguises and Reactions

The best way for the adventures to get around the tower will be to be disguised as one of the two orders of Brothers. Several human slaves are also employed in the tower, and the adventurers may pass as these providing their weapons are concealed. In either case, whether disguised as Brothers or slaves, there is a 1 in 6 chance of someone noticing something wrong. The GM can then put the players on the spot by asking awkward questions, and then weighing up the strength of their answers.

Reactions is really the opinions each of the different factions has of each other. This should be taken into account when the adventures encounter the different factions.

ORCS – Are actually of the same rank as Brothers of the Lower Order, but regard them as inferior and love to abuse them. They regard Brothers of the Upper Order and inferior, but only behind their backs, and speak to them mocking tones.

BROTHERS OF LOWER ORDER – Regard Orcs as little better than animals, but treat Brothers of the Upper Order with respect.

BROTHERS OF UPPER ORDER – Treat all below them, especially Orcs, with scorn. None of the factions pay any regard to slaves at all.

Arkenor & Max part V
The party find only one way left open to them..
I'VE A FEELING THIS MAY BE THE SEWER!
YOU'VE A FEELING? — YEEUK!
SQUELCH!
ARKENOR...
LIH?
MAKE A WANDERING MONSTER ROLL!
WARLOCK
SIGH! TYPICAL! — SNAKE...
...EYES...URK!
SHHAA!
DON'T WORRY — IT'S NOT THE KIND THAT BITES!
IT'S NOT THE * ☠ ©☆* ⊙ BITE I'M WORRIED ABOUT!!
WELL GO ON... KILL THE SNAKE!
BUT IT'LL BE ALL WET AND SLIMY...
THAT'S A COMMONLY-HELD FALLACY.. SNAKE'S SCALES ARE QUITE DRY REALLY!
BUT... BUT...
BOSS... TELL HIM! THE SNAKE ISN'T SLIMY, IS IT?
NOT BEING... ABLE.. TO FEEL A... A.. THING... MY.. SELF...
CRUSH!
-SMUS
OI! YOU BIG JESSIE — YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A DRAGONSLAYER!! WELL, HERE'S A BIT OF PRACTICE!!!
YOU'RE RIGHT — BEGONE FOUL SERPENT LEST I SLIT THEE IN TWO!!
RASSP!
WHAT?! — ACCURSED WORM!!!
TAKE THAT!
...AND THAT!!
SHLOCK!
SQUELCH!
YOU SAVED MY LIFE..
EVENTUALLY!
THINK NOTHING OF IT!
I'M TEMPTED TO...

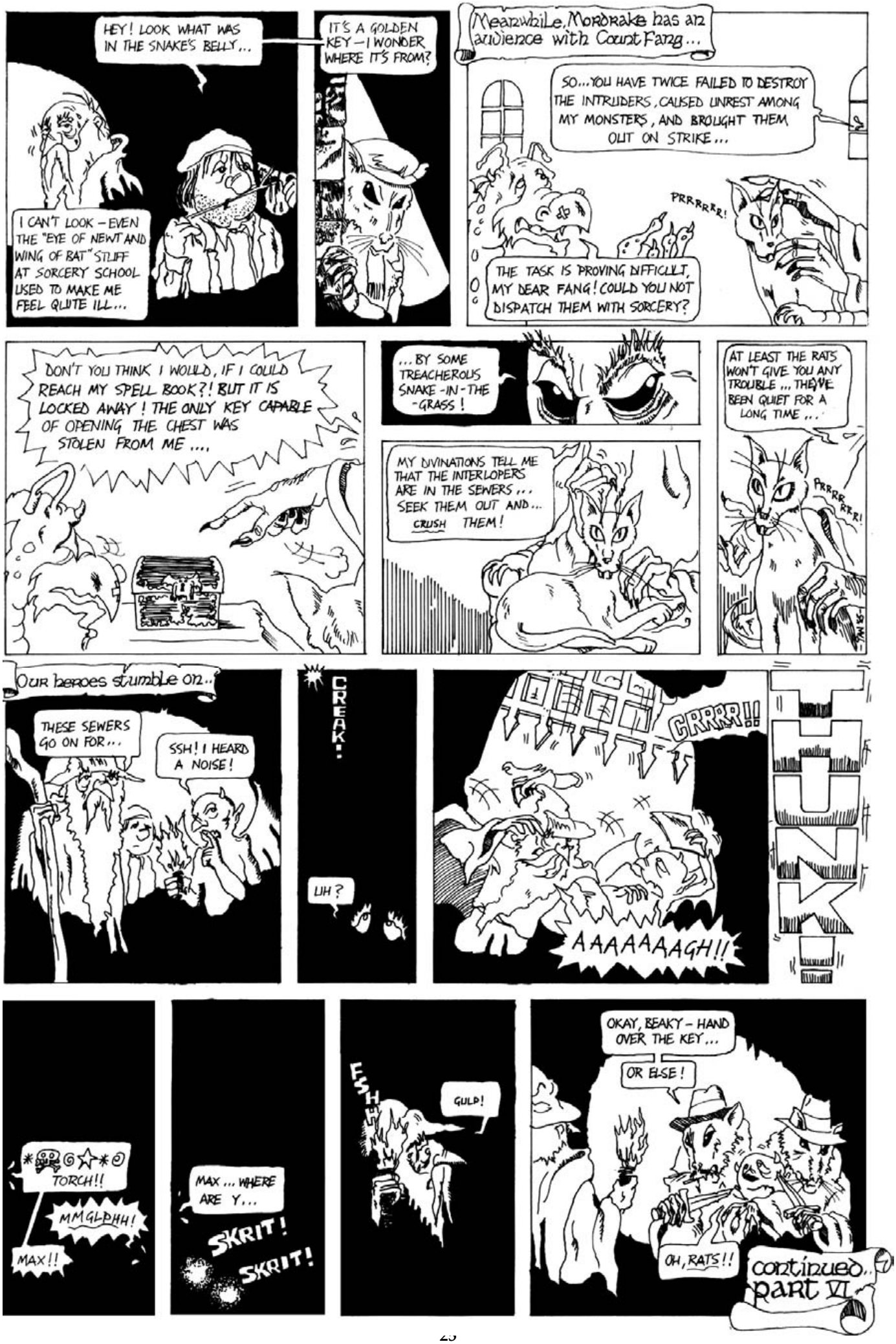
HEY! LOOK WHAT WAS IN THE SNAKE'S BELLY...
I CAN'T LOOK – EVEN THE "EYE OF NEWT AND WING OF BAT" STUFF AT SORCERY SCHOOL USED TO MAKE ME FEEL QUITE ILL...
IT'S A GOLDEN KEY – I WONDER WHERE IT'S FROM?
Meanwhile, Mordrake has an audience with Count Fang...
SO... YOU HAVE TWICE FAILED TO DESTROY THE INTRUDERS, CAUSED UNREST AMONG MY MONSTERS, AND BROUGHT THEM OUT ON STRIKE...
PRRRRRR!
THE TASK IS PROVING DIFFICULT, MY DEAR FANG! COULD YOU NOT DISPATCH THEM WITH SORCERY?
DON'T YOU THINK I WOULD, IF I COULD REACH MY SPELL BOOK?! BUT IT IS LOCKED AWAY! THE ONLY KEY CAPABLE OF OPENING THE CHEST WAS STOLEN FROM ME....
... BY SOME TREACHEROUS SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS!
MY DIVINATIONS TELL ME THAT THE INTERLOPERS ARE IN THE SEWERS... SEEK THEM OUT AND... CRUSH THEM!
AT LEAST THE RATS WON'T GIVE YOU ANY TROUBLE... THEY'VE BEEN QUIET FOR A LONG TIME...
PRRRRRRR!
Our heroes stumble on...
THESE SEWERS GO ON FOR...
SSH! I HEARD A NOISE!
CREAK!
UH?
CRRRR!!
AAAAAAAGH!!
TUNK
TORCH!!
MMGLPHH!
MAX!!
MAX... WHERE ARE Y...
SKRIT!
SKRIT!
ESHH
GULP!
OKAY, BEAKY – HAND OVER THE KEY...
OR ELSE!
OH, RATS!!
continued... part VI

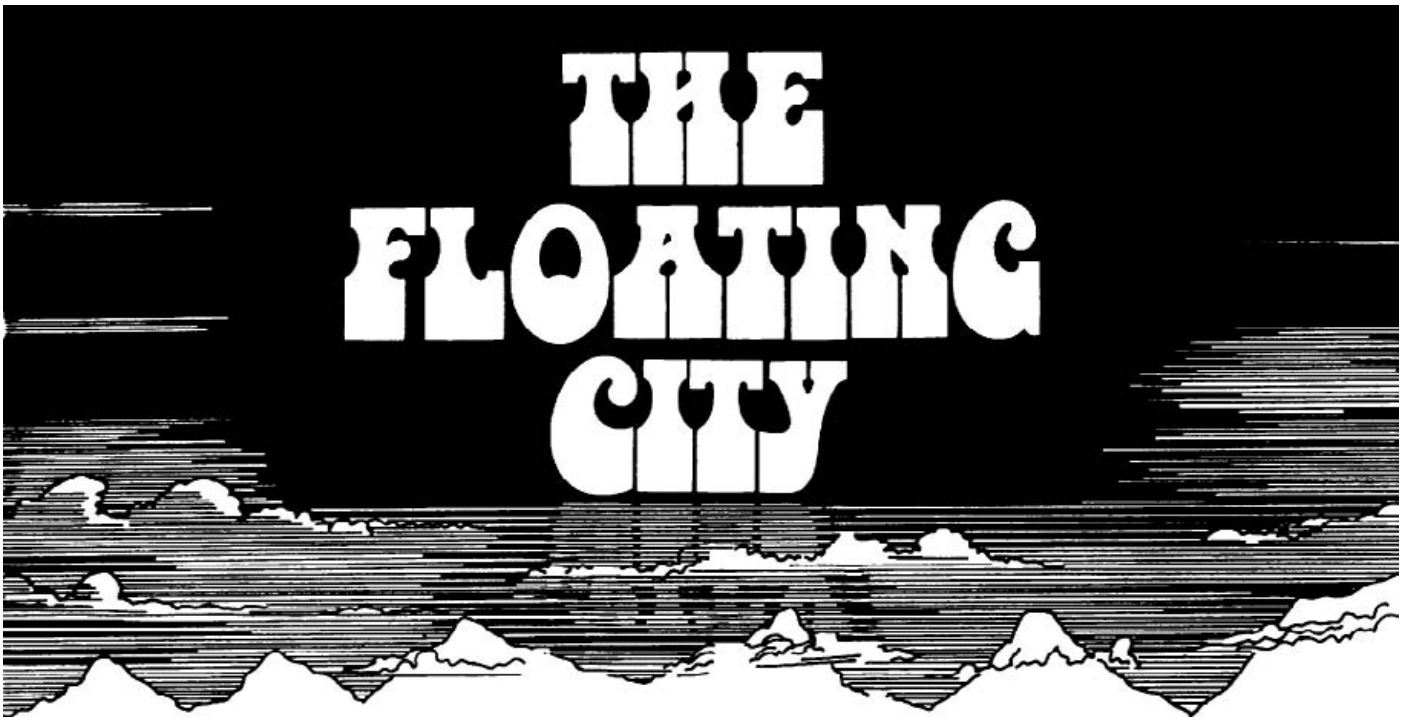

BY RUTH PRACY

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

EQUIPMENT LIST

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= Stamina=	*Skill= Stamina=*	*Skill= Stamina=*
Skill= Stamina=	*Skill= Stamina=*	*Skill= Stamina=*
Skill= Stamina=	*Skill= Stamina=*	*Skill= Stamina=*
Skill= Stamina=	*Skill= Stamina=*	*Skill= Stamina=*

This issue's mini-adventure comes from Ruth Pracy, a *Warlock* reader from Norwich.

A mysterious dwarf and a fabled city provide the backdrop to the quest, which will have you trekking across icy wastes and stalking through forgotten caves in search of Lord Karon's missing consort. Remember: things are not always as they first seem – so be wary, be wise, and be lucky!

How to fight creatures in the Adventure

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a shield together with a backpack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. There is an *Adventure Sheet* opposite which you may use to record the details of your adventure.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet.*

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

There is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across paragraphs which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet.* The scores for each creature are given each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL Score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage.
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage.
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically wounds you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given.

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are unlucky the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck.* Each time you *Test your Luck,* you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may Test your Luck as described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an

extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck.*

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for five meals. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions on a page, and you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct 1 point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky.

Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on the page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

Equipment and potions

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and a shield, and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points

A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points

A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure. Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for two measures: i.e. the characteristic may be restored twice during an adventure. Each time it is used make a note on your *Adventure Sheet.*

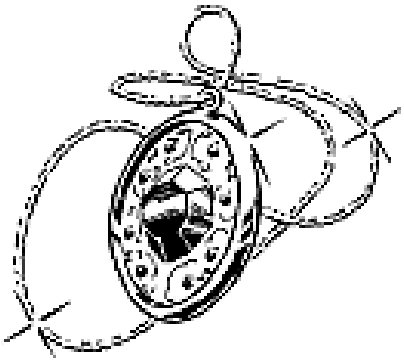

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

INTRODUCTION

This world you were born into has no seasons: only fixed regions of perpetual summer and winter and the shades in-between. And you – who knows where you came from? – wander on your solitary way where the fancy takes you, freely adventuring into the paths of legend.

This day you are sauntering through a beautiful rocky valley on the upper reaches of the Wintersend River, enjoying the bright Spring sunshine and feeling new life flooding through your limbs, when the early-morning peace is broken by the sound of shouts and screams from up ahead. Drawing your sword, you run along the winding riverbank, cursing the rocks and stones that threaten to twist your ankles at every step. Finally, panting, you dash round a grassy spur just in time to see a huge bird flapping away into the northern sky.

At your feet is a scene of carnage. A curtained palanquin lies upturned by a large boulder, the bodies of its bearers scattered round it. Nearby, in a tangled heap, are the remains of the palanquin's guards. One figure twitches as you approach, and a groan issues from the dying man's lips. You bend closer and just catch his final words: ". . . Karon's Dwarf . . . most prized . . . the Eagle . . . floating city . . ." before his eyes glaze and he becomes silent forever. You straighten up, deep in thought. The story of Lord Karon and his Dwarf has become a familiar fireside tale in recent years. The young Karon, whilst adventuring in the far Northern lands where winter reigns forever, had come upon a giant eyrie. Inside the eyrie, naked and shivering, was a Dwarf. He said the Glangan Eagle had captured him and forced him to keep her eggs warm while she hunted. He had tried to escape, but the Eagle had recaptured him and removed his clothes, telling him that although there was just enough warmth in the nest to keep him alive, he would surely freeze to death if he ventured forth again. Not surprisingly, he had done as he was told.

Karon clothed him and led him to safety. In gratitude, the Dwarf had entered Karon's service as a jester, and became the apple of his master's eye in the springtime lands.

You come to the conclusion that the Eagle must have once again seized the Dwarf, and feel sure that Karon will reward whoever returns him well. You have heard of the fabled Floating City of the Winter World Mountains and so you turn your steps northward, to follow the path of the Eagle.

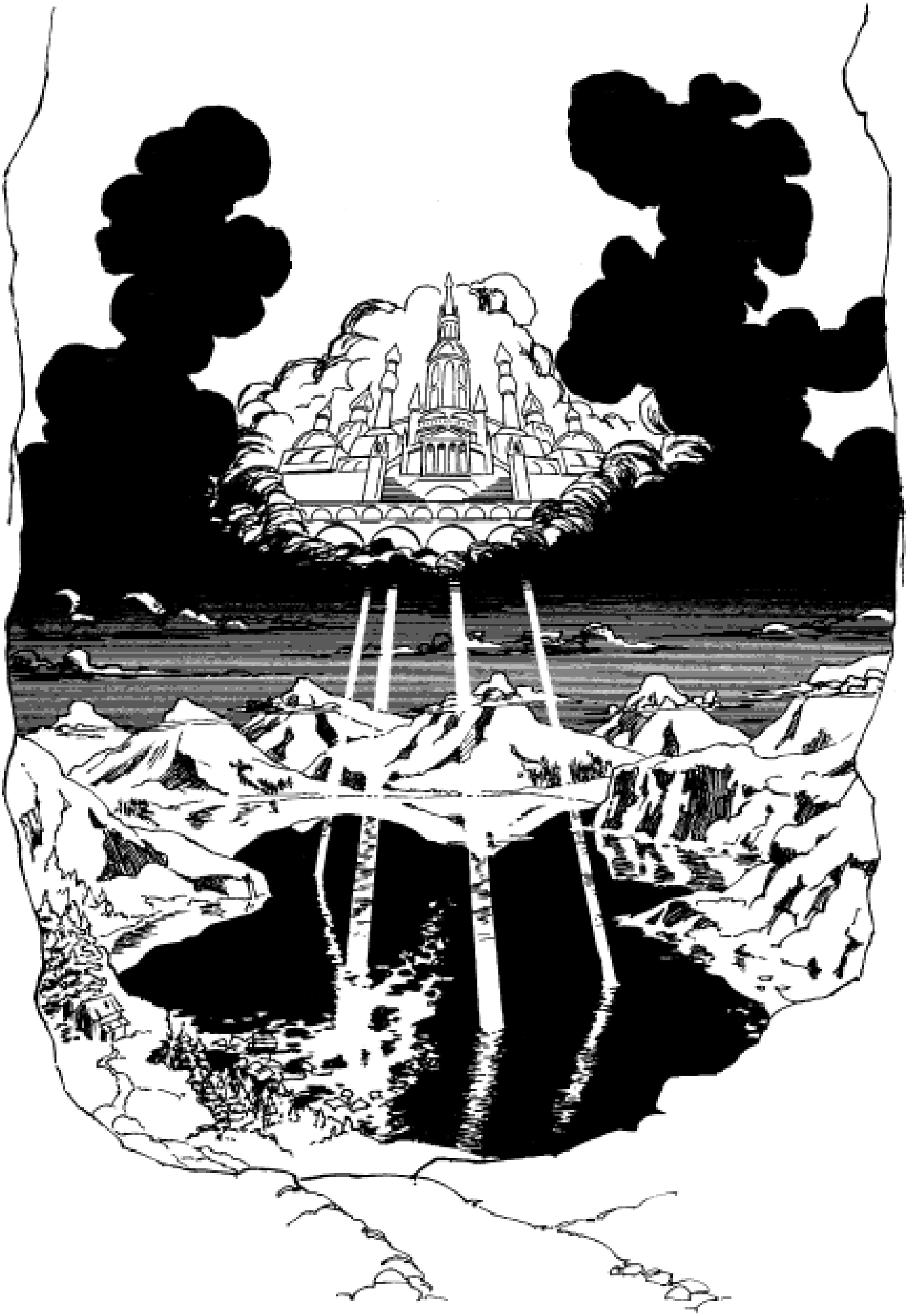

1

After a long and arduous journey you have penetrated deep into the frozen northern Mountains, and now lean against an enormous black boulder to rest and take stock of your surroundings. Spring does not stretch this far north, and the mountains are white with snow. The air is cold, and a bitter wind carries the scent of worse weather to come. You have come to a choice of ways. Ahead of you lies a gap in the mountains, almost hidden by tendrils of icy mist. On your left is a glacier, dark and brooding under the black and threatening sky. On your right is a derelict wooden hut, with loose boards creaking ominously in the wind. Will you enter the hut to shelter from the wind (turn to **189**) or go west onto the glacier (turn to **74**) or head for the gap in the hills (turn to **42**)?

2

Your efforts to open the doors are wasted. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You turn back into the cavern and wait until you can see clearly. Turn to **46**.

3

Is this what you want? You will be a great ruler, but will you be happy? Power and wealth are yours, but you are no longer free to walk the world at will. You'll make the history books, but legends are for someone else.

4

Being a tree isn't really going to help you very much. Particularly as a Dwarf's favourite weapon is an axe. Better luck next time.

5

You sit at the table and watch suspiciously as the dark-skinned man, who is obviously a servant, fills you a bowl of soup. As he gives it to you, he whispers in your ear: "Offer him something for his hospitality." Will you ignore his advice (turn to **150**), offer the old man a leather wallet (turn to **115**), or a jewelled dagger (turn to **51**) or an amulet (turn to **156**)?

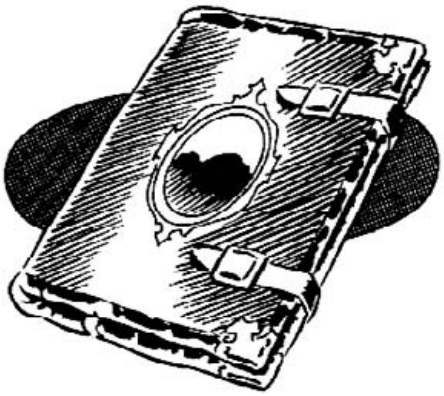

6

The Ice Sprites lead you to a cave in the side of the mountain. They ask if you would like to enter and see their palace. You may thank them, but decline (turn to **99**) and proceed on our way, or enter the cave (turn to **17**).

7

You are in a circular room piled high with treasure. Gold, jewels and precious metals, cloths and spices are strewn in heaps wherever you look – more wealth than you had ever dreamed could exist in one place. Against the wall of the room sits Lord Karon's Dwarf, fondling the treasure greedily. It occurs to you that with all this wealth around him, he might not want to be rescued – you certainly wouldn't. Suddenly he stops his gloating and looks directly at your hiding place. "Come out, Worm!" he calls. Turn to **138**.

8

Congratulations! This is a magic rope which will attach itself to whatever it is thrown at. Add 1 LUCK point to your score. If you have not already done so, you may take the tooth (turn to **16**) or the fur (turn **174**) or make for the tunnel (turn to **28**).

9

You find the decaying body of a large YETI is firmly wedged between two rocks within the flow of the stream. You shudder to think that you contemplated drinking this contaminated water, and continue on your way, now on the lookout for live Yeti. Turn to **161**.

10

You must now decide whether or not to kill the Yeti Cub. If you decide to attack it, turn to **153**. If you are feeling merciful, you can run past and continue on your way (turn to **88**).

11

Gingerly feeling along the ledge, your fingers come into contact with a metal ring. You may take it (turn to **30**) or withdraw your hand and make your way back to the staircase (turn to **75**).

12

The water is refreshing and contains minerals with restorative properties. Increase your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. You continue on your way, with a deep feeling of well-being and contentment. Turn to **92**.

13

You are wondering how to get onto the lake when you notice that the ice floes to your left are moving, and drifting in

a way that suggests they have been caught by a strong current. The current is obviously moving towards the centre of the lake. You will have to take a chance and ride on a floe to proceed with your quest. Turn to **117**.

14

After a while, the glacier swings away to the west. You can see a dark line on the northern horizon and decide to proceed towards it. Turn to **148**.

15

You throw the end of the rope lightly against the edge of the pit, and to your delight, it sticks firmly. You lower yourself over the edge and climb down. Turn to **27**.

16

As you pick the tooth up, searing pain runs across your hand and up your arm. The tooth is the carved fang of a Giant Cobra from the forests of the Summer Lands. Unfortunately some of its venom still remains, and has dripped onto you. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. If you have not already done so, you may take the rope (turn to **8**) or the fur (turn to **174**) or make for the tunnel (turn to **28**).

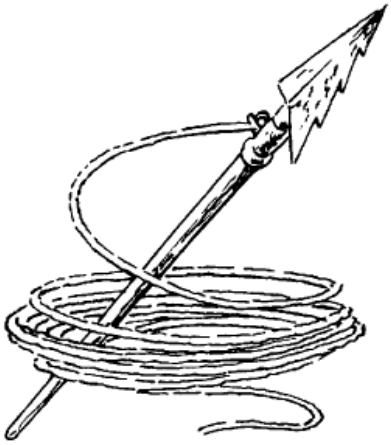

17

The inside of the cave does indeed lead into a palace. The walls are covered with jewelled facets of ice, which sparkle with all the colours of the rainbow – almost blinding you with their brilliance. Beautiful statues carved out of ice decorate the hall, and in the eastern wall are two great golden doors. The Ice Sprites tell you to make yourself at home, and go where you will. They then flit off about their own business. There is a chair near you, and you feel very tired after your strenuous journey. You may sit in the chair and have a well-deserved rest (turn to **40**) or leave the palace and continue on your way (turn to **99**), or go through the great eastern doors (turn to **85**).

18

As you get nearer to the gap in the hills you see that the mist tendrils are moving in a strangely purposeful way. Icy voices seem to whisper around you, and there is a tinkling sound like faraway music. Will you keep going forward into the mist (turn to **118**) or turn back to the boulder (turn to **103**)?

19

The cliff is slippery with spray, and you are tired when you at last reach the top of the cliff and look out into daylight. Turn to **130**.

20

After a while you feel more yourself and take a look at your surroundings. They are not very inspiring. You are in a cellar of some sort, and the trapdoor is obviously used as some kind of rubbish chute. The birds were probably scavengers. You will have to press on, but feel too tired and despondent to make an immediate effort. Turn to **82**.

21

You have become a Bear, and are filled with despair: there is no way your great bulk can leave the pinnacle – you could not even fit through the window. You must wait to meet your doom – your quest is ended.

22

The woman leads you to a secret panel in the wall. The passage beyond looks dark and foul. Will you enter the passage (turn to **64**) or attack the woman (turn to **125**)?

23

On the table are a coil of rope, a piece of old fur, and what appears to be an elaborately carved tooth. You may take the rope (turn to **8**), or take the tooth (turn to **16**), take the fur (turn to **174**) or make for the tunnel (turn to **28**).

24

Looking over the edge of the pit, you realize what a lucky escape you've had. The hut is the lair of a BEAR-TRAP, a cunning inhabitant of these frozen wastes who lurks in his burrow for his unwary victim's downfall. Even now you can hear the great beast slavering in the pit, waiting far you to tumble down so that he may kill you, plunder your body and eat your flesh. Will you leave the hut and return to the black boulder (turn to **103**), take on the Bear-Trap, hoping to win any treasure he may have in his lair (turn to **96**) or slide around the hole in the floor to the harpoon (turn to **122**)?

25

In front of you is a gloomy lake. Floating above it, just visible between gaps in the lowering cloud is the city you have been seeking, glimmering with an ethereal and magical light. But how can you get to it? To your left you see a hut and decide to head for it in search of help. Turn to **154**.

26

You leap aside, but the woman is too quick for you. She trips you up, sending you sprawling into the room. Then she slams the door behind you and you hear a key turn in the lock. You are a prisoner. Turn to **109**.

27

At the bottom of the pit runs a small stream of warm water. You may take a drink to refresh yourself (turn to **157**) or follow its course upwards (turn to **9**).

28

As you walk towards the tunnel a shadow falls across your path. It is QUIQUERN a ghastly, toothless doglike creature with six legs who sucks its prey to death. You must fight it.

QUIQUERN SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If you survive, turn to **197**.

29

You climb down to the edge easily. The shape proves to be the corpse of some poor wretch who was not as careful as you. Quickly you search his body and find 2 Gold Pieces and a jewelled dagger. There is also a small, dry bone. You may take any or all these and turn to **90**.

30

The metal ring proves to be an amulet of strange and complicated design. You may slip it onto your wrist (turn to **101**) or replace it and make your way back to the staircase (turn to **75**).

31

Suddenly a crevasse opens up at your feet. In your weariness you nearly slide into it, but manage to stop yourself just in time. Turn to **190**.

32

You climb through a window, but as you hang from the sill, it fades away into nothing and you fall to an icy death in the lake below. Your adventure ends here.

33

You come to a heavy wooden door that blocks the passage. The woman steps

aside, explaining that it is too heavy for her to open. You may open the door carefully, and peer round it (turn to **128**) or quickly jump aside (turn to **26**).

34

As soon as the words of refusal have left your lips, you realise you have made a mistake. The old man is furious at your discourtesy. He draws himself up to his full height, and mutters some words in a strange language. Turn to **37**.

35

As you go round the base of the boulder a huge, lumpy arm snakes out and encircles you. There is no escape. You may decide to try to cut yourself free (turn to **69**), or you may wait quietly to see what it is that has caught you (turn to **177**).

36

You stick the harpoon firmly into the wooden floor and throw the coil of cord out of the window. Then, holding firmly onto the cord you climb through the window. Turn to **136**.

37

Your body changes. Your arms become fixed to your sides, and your legs join together. Your hands and feet elongate and your skin darkens. To your horror, you realise that the old man is in fact the ANGEKOK a mighty sorcerer. But your realization comes too late: your adventure ends here for you have been transformed into a seal.

38

The spear's shaft fits snugly into your palm and its balance is superb. It could have been made for you. Add 1 SKILL point to your *Initial* score, and 1 LUCK. Turn to **119**.

39

Quietly, you land on the window-ledge and conceal yourself behind a curtain. Just in time! The potion wears off and you become yourself again. Turn to **7**.

40

Your rest will be a permanent one, for the chair is a trap. The statues in the hall are all travellers like yourself who have trusted the treacherous Ice Sprites and been turned into ice for their foolishness. Your adventure ends here.

41

You must descend into the pit. If you have a rope, and wish to use it, turn to **15**. If you have a harpoon, and wish to use it, turn to **84**. If you have neither of these items, turn to **19**.

42

You trudge determinedly northwards, through drifts of snow that drag at your boots. Turn to **18**.

43

As you touch the harpoon a vibration passes through it and the rust flakes away, revealing the fiery red shimmer of rubidus, the world's most precious metal, which becomes hot in response to its owner's thoughts. Add 2 LUCK points. Delighted with the outcome of your battle, you return to the boulder. Turn to **103**.

44

You leave the cellar by way of a staircase at one end. Gingerly, you open the door at the top. Turn to **147**.

45

The man calls to you as you run past him, but makes no attempt to follow. Relieved, you slow down to a walk and continue on your way. Turn to **94**.

46

As your eyes adjust to the gloom, you can see that there is a long table at the far end of the cavern. In the north wall there is a small opening, just small enough for you to crawl into. Will you approach the table to see what's on it (turn to **23**) or make far the tunnel (turn to **28**)?

47

The mellifluous tones of the flute are delightful, but very little else. Nothing happens except that you feel slightly more cheerful than you did before. You grin at the Angekok's servant's sense of humour. Add 1 STAMINA point and throw the rope at the trapdoor. Turn to **73**.

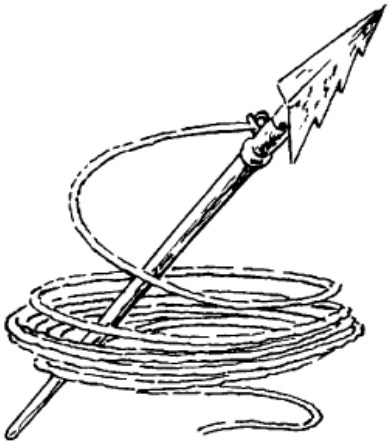

48

At the top is a door. When your head has stopped spinning, you open it and nip behind a handy wall-hanging. Turn to **7**.

49

You hold the red feather in your right hand and drink the potion. Turn to **95**.

50

You dash through the door of the hut and run northwards. To your relief you are not followed. Turn to **113**.

51

The old man stares at the dagger and it crumbles into dust. "Paltrey!" he snaps. He draws himself up to his full height, and mutters some words in a strange language. Turn to **132**.

52

You fly round the tower, looking in the windows. Through one, you catch sight of a small figure, apparently deep in thought. Your heart leaps – have you found the Dwarf? Turn to **126**.

53

The harpoon bursts into flame as it flies through the air and strikes the Dragon, but far from hurting him, it seems to strengthen him. Lose 4 STAMINA points. You must try something else, and quickly. Turn back to **138**.

54

There will be no opportunity for *Escape*: the creature is faster than you. This will be a fight to the death.

RADICAL REGENERATIVE
SKILL 7 STAMINA 20

If you survive, you may search the body: turn to **134**.

55

As your head clears, you realise that there is a faint blue light coming from a ledge slightly above your head. Will you put up your hand to investigate (turn to **11**) or make your way back to the staircase, playing safe (turn to **75**)?

56

The stones on the glacier begin to get larger, until you are walking through a forest of boulders. These stones creak and groan with the cold, and every now and then one splits with a sound like cannon-fire. You increase your speed to get out of this ominous place as quickly as possible. Turn to **145**.

57

You turn into a Macaw. You haven't a chance against the Dwarf's shape-shifting abilities. With a squawk you dive out of the window and fly back to safety, glad to get away with your life. Better luck next time.

58

You have the Bear's shape and his talisman of power. You must still fight the Dwarf, but your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK are all restored to their *Initial* levels. Turn to **133**.

59

You must fight the Radical Regenerative. If you have a sword and wish to use it, turn to **54**. If you have a harpoon and wish to use it, turn to **102**. If you have neither, your adventure ends here with one blow of your opponent's blade.

60

As you approach, you see to your delight that the glitter is caused by a large diamond, reflecting the light from its glowing facets. You prise it out of the wall and pocket it gleefully. Turn to **100**.

61

What are you – a hero or a lackey? Next time send Lord Karon a message: heroes don't run errands!

62

As you climb, you see a dark cloud in the distance which comes rapidly closer. A strange, high-pitched sound issues from it, and as it gets nearer you see that it is a flock of thousands of tiny grey birds, all emitting a piercing note so high that you scream in agony. Do you have a pair of earmuffs? If so, turn to **160**. If not, turn to **149**.

63

Alas, Yeti Cubs' bites are poisonous. After only a few paces you feel your strength leave you and you fall to the ground. As thought fades away you can feel only sadness at the irony that you, the great hero, have been defeated by a mere baby, and that your adventure ends in this ignoble fashion.

64

You follow the woman into the passage, which twists and turns, but always leads upwards. The air is stale and has an evil smell but you must go forward. Turn to **33**.

65

You become a Yeti. The Dwarf turns into a great Bear, grabs hold of you and hugs you until your ribs shatter, piercing your heart. Your adventure ends here.

66

The cavern is dark after the glitter of the hall, and your eyes take a while to adjust. As you stand there blinking you hear a thump and realise the doors have shut behind you. Will you rush to the doors and try to open them (turn to **2**), or wait quietly until you can see again (turn to **46**)?

67

The pendant flashes into life and deflects the Dragon's flame. But although if has power against the Dwarf, it obviously cannot defeat him. You must try something else, and quickly. Turn back to **138**.

68

As you step into the middle of the hut the icy floor caves in and you feel yourself falling into a pit. Desperately your fingers scrabble for the edge of the hole. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, turn to **175**. If you are Unlucky, turn to **199**.

69

You hack at the arm with your sword. Instantly, the boulder turns into a huge, misshapen female with only one eye. It is a TORNAQ, a strange spirit who lives in stones. She is furious, and you must fight her. The battle will be difficult, because the Tornaq is as hard as the stone she inhabits. On every attack round that you win, throw one die to determine what effect your blows have had on her. If you throw 4 or over, your blows have no effect on her and only jar your arm. Deduct one point from your STAMINA. If you throw 3 or under, you have penetrated her tough hide – something she is not used to and cannot bear. Deduct 3 STAMINA points from her score.

TORNAQ SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you survive, turn to **72**.

70

The Bear-Trap lies dead at your feet. Gingerly you slide into the pit, but all you can find are 2 Gold Pieces, an old pair of earmuffs, and what looks like a snake-scale. You may take any or all of these. Then you may either return to the boulder (turn to **103**) or take the harpoon (turn to **43**).

71

You fly around the tower, looking in the windows. Through one, you catch sight of a small figure, apparently deep in thought. Your heart leaps – have you found the Dwarf? Turn to **39**.

72

The Tornaq's body has nothing of value on it, although you may take a chip of stone, if you wish. Turn to **14**.

73

The rope sticks firmly to the trapdoor frame. You get hold of it and begin the long climb upwards. Turn to **62**.

74

You reach the glacier and climb onto its icy surface, turning to follow its course northward. Turn to **184**.

75

You reach the bottom of the staircase, turn a corner and find yourself blinking in the pallid daylight. You have left the tunnels and are at the bottom of a deep and rocky ravine. Turn to **172**.

76

You search the body of the woman and find a ruby pendant which you may put on if you wish. There is also a splinter of wood which you may take. Turn to **44**.

77

The spear is magical, and its very presence weakens the Angekok.

ANGEKOK SKILL 8 STAMINA 8

You may escape after the second attack round, in which case turn to **50**. If you survive you must also fight the Angekok's servant, who is a master of the martial arts, by turning to **83**.

78

Alas, it is too late. The potion wears off, and you revert to your true shape, plunging helplessly down to the lake below. Your adventure ends here.

79

The woman smiles and beckons for you to follow her. Will you do as she says (turn to **22**), refuse and wait to see what happens (turn to **182**), or attack her (turn to **186**)?

80

The side passage meanders in a bewildering way until your sense of direction is completely confused. Suddenly there is a rumbling noise and the tunnel behind you collapses. There is no going back now. Turn to **142**.

81

You fly through the window of the pinnacle and soar round and round the shimmering spires of the city, delighting in your new-found ability. Turn to **170**.

82

You decide to play the flute again to cheer yourself up. At the sound of its notes your spirits are immediately uplifted. But the flute apparently has other powers: in one corner of the cellar there is a sparkle of light and then a beautiful woman steps out of thin air. Do you draw your weapon to attack her (turn to **182**) or greet her courteously (turn to **79**)?

83

ANGEKOK'S SERVANT SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

If you survive, you may search the hut. Turn to **181**.

84

You plunge the harpoon firmly into the rocky floor and begin to descend the cord. But your concern must have communicated itself to the rubidus, and it begins to glow red hot. You watch in horror as the cord catches fire and burns through, tumbling you to your death below.

85

The doors swing open at your touch, revealing a forbidding stone cavern. Will you enter the cavern (turn to **66**), go back to the hall and have a well-deserved rest (turn to **40**), or leave the palace and continue on your way northward (turn to **99**)?

86

You hold the creature part of your choice in your right hand and drink the potion. Will you use:

a bone;	turn to **106**
a piece of fur;	turn to **135**
a Yeti claw;	turn to **65**
a chip of stone;	turn to **131**
a red feather;	turn to **57**
a scale;	turn to **178**
a gold feather;	turn to **107**
a piece of wood;	turn to **4**

87

The Dwarf lies dead at your feet. You have conquered the Floating City. It is yours to command. What will you do now? Will you take what treasure you can carry and set off in search of new adventures (turn to **144**), or journey to tell Lord Karon where his treasure is, claiming what is bound to be a large reward (turn to **61**), or claim the city and treasure for yourself (turn to **3**)?

88

As you run past the Cub it snaps at you and bites your ankle. Turn to **63**.

89

The guillotine blade slams down inches from your hand. You are badly shaken, but thank all holy things for your caution. Deduct 1 STAMINA and add 1 LUCK point. You then step over the blade and into the tower. Turn to **179**.

90

As you begin to climb back out of the crevasse, there is a loud grating noise and you stare in horror as the lips of the crevasse close over your head. You had forgotten the glaciers are moving, and now you are sealed in an icy tomb. Your adventure ends here.

91

You fall into the water and its bitter cold paralyses you. Helpless, you slip beneath the ice, never to resurface.

92

After a short way, the spring disappears down a deep hole. Turn to **187**.

93

You hold the scale in your right hand and drink the potion. Turn to **178**.

94

Once more you trudge through the seemingly endless snow and ice. At last, the dark line ahead becomes nearer and you see that the land is changing. Turn to **148**.

95

You have become a Macaw. Turn to **121**.

96

You draw you sword as the Bear-Trap emerges from the pit, jaws champing and saliva dripping from the corner of his mouth. You must attack him quickly.

BEAR-TRAP SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **70**.
If you *Escape* turn to **103**.

97

You come to a small filigreed door in the side of the central golden tower of the Floating City. It is slightly ajar. Will you dash through, weapon at the ready, hoping to surprise whatever may be inside (turn to **166**), or gently push the door fully open first (turn to **89**).

98

As you are leaving the hut, the dark-skinned servant hands you a curiously-shaped flute and a golden rope, telling you they will help you to get into the Floating City. You are quite overcome by the kindness of this strange pair, and leave the hut musing on the ways of the world. Turn to **113**.

99

Ahead of you, you see the figure of a man standing directly in your path. As you get nearer you realize the man has his back to you. Will you draw your sword (if you have one) to attack him (turn to **180**), run past him and trust to your swiftness of foot to escape (turn to **45**), or speak to him courteously, (turn to **168**)?

100

You return to the cliff to follow the waterfall up into daylight. Turn to **19**.

101

The amulet fits as if it were made for you. As it has no obvious effect you decide to continue wearing it and make your way back to the staircase. Turn to **75**.

102

You are in luck! The harpoon is practically the only weapon that can harm the Radical Regenerative. The rubidus glows red hot at your thought command, and cauterizes every wound you inflict on him so that he cannot regenerate.

RADICAL REGENERATIVE SKILL 7 STAMINA 7

There is no *Escape,* as the creature is faster than you.

If you win, you may search the body. Turn to **134**.

103

Back at the boulder you may, if you have not already done so, enter the hut to shelter from the cold (turn to **189**), go west onto the glacier (turn to **74**), or head for the gap in the hills (turn to **42**).

104

You have barely stepped onto the staircase before there is a yowling noise and a YETI CUB shambles from a concealed cave in front of you. It is quite small and you are not particularly worried by it. But as you take a step towards it there is a deep growl behind you. It is the cub's mother racing to the defence of her young. You must fight.

YETI FEMALE SKILL 9 STAMINA 7

If you survive turn to **10**.

You may *Escape* after 3 Attack Rounds, in which case turn to **88**.

105

You hold the piece of fur in your right hand and drink the potion. Turn to **21**.

106

You have become a Gibbon. The Dragon turns into a Bear, picks you up and throws you out of the window to be dashed to pieces on the cobbles below. Your adventure ends here.

107

You become a great Golden Eagle – but so does the Dwarf. You must fight it out.

DWARF SKILL 11 STAMINA 14

If you survive, turn to **87**.

108

The Dragon melts the dagger in one puff of fire. You must try something else, and quickly. Lose 4 STAMINA points and turn back to **138**.

109

You sound the walls of the room, hoping to find another secret panel. Sure enough your fingers touch a protrusion and part of the wall slides back. Brilliant sunlight streams into the room, illuminating a golden feather at your feet. You may pick this up if you wish, then step through the hole in the wall. Turn to **146**.

110

The water is refreshing and contains minerals with restorative properties. Increase your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. You continue on your way with a feeling of deep well-being and contentment. Turn to **187**.

111

The Yeti and her Cub lie dead at your feet. You notice a claw on the ground near the bodies. You may take this rather gruesome trophy if you wish. Turn to **75**.

112

Continuing on your way, you come to a sharp corner. You ease yourself around it carefully, and are immediately glad of your caution, for there is a deep, seemingly bottomless, pit at your feet with a mighty cliff on its opposite side. Turn to **41**.

113

You walk to the shore of the lake and gaze up at the Floating City. It is still some distance north of you and you will have to get out onto the lake to be close enough to it to see if there is anyway in. Turn to **13**.

114

The Angekok says that he can help you in two ways. He gives you a phial containing a ruby-coloured potion. It is a potion of transformation. You should take it only at great need. It will enable you to shape-shift, becoming the creature of your choice. You must drink the potion whilst holding a part of the creature you wish to become in your right hand. The potion will only work once, so you must consider well before you use it. You are delighted with this gift and feel that your quest really has a chance of success now. The Angekok then falls silent. Puzzled as to what his second piece of help may be, you realise that he is going to say no more, and so mindful that he likes courtesy, you thank him and prepare to continue on your way. Turn to **98**.

115

The old man looks at the wallet and his

face contorts with fury. "Paltrey!" he snaps. He draws himself up to his full height and mutters some words in a strange language. Turn to **132**.

116

Jumping from floe to floe is harder than you had anticipated. Throw 1 die.

If you throw 1 or 2, turn to **91**.
If you throw 3 or 4, turn to **158**.
If you throw 5 or 6, turn to **171**.

117

Gingerly, you step from floe to floe. Finally, you reach one that seems to be big enough for your purposes, and you settle yourself as comfortably as possible for your icy journey. Turn to **152**.

118

You move on into the mist and realize that it is not mist at all, but a gathering of ICE SPRITES. These are beautiful, ethereal creatures, almost transparent, who live only in the northern lands, and whose chief joy is the music of the ice flowers in the crystal fields of Winter. There are many legends surrounding them. Some say that they are akin to the sirens who roamed the seas of Man's antique homeworld and lured sailors to their deaths beneath the waves. Others say that they are gentle, benevolent creatures who bring joy and refreshment of the spirit to weary travellers. Will you greet them courteously (turn to **140**), draw your sword and prepare to fight your way through them (turn to **164**), or take no chances and return to the boulder (turn to **103**).

119

You stand before the opening to the hut, which is covered by a hanging made of animal skins. Will you charge in with weapon at the ready (turn to **123**) or enter quietly (turn to **194**).

120

What kind of animal do you hope to become?

If you have a bone and wish to use it, turn to **165**.
If you have a piece of fur and wish to use it, turn to **105**.
If you have a red feather and wish to use it, turn to **49**.
If you have a scale and wish to use it, turn to **93**.
If you have a golden feather and wish to use it, turn to **167**.

121

You fly through a window in the pinnacle, and circle round and round the shimmering spires of the city, delighting in your new-found ability. Turn to **169**.

122

As you move round the edge of the pit, the Bear-Trap suddenly springs out at you and bites your sword arm. The weapon falls to the floor and you are left defenceless as its foul jaws close on your throat. Your adventure ends here.

123

Inside the hut is a clutter of bottles, tools, skins and cooking utensils. It is very hot and steamy. An old, bent man with long, greasy hair and a younger, smaller dark-skinned man are looking at you. They seem quite harmless and, if anything slightly contemptuous of your melodramatic entrance. Feeling rather embarrassed, you apologize, but remain wary. Turn to **137**.

124

You have become a great Golden Eagle. Turn to **81**.

125

The panel slams shut as you heft your weapon. Turn to **186**.

126

You fly up to the window and discover to your annoyance that you are too big to fit through. You must find another way into the tower. Turn to **78**.

127

After walking for a while you hear a rumbling noise and the tunnel behind you collapses. There is no going back now. Turn to **112**.

128

As you look around the door the woman kicks you in the back, sending you flying into the room. The door slams behind you, and you hear a key turn in the lock. You are a prisoner. Turn to **109**.

129

You haul yourself inside and lie, exhausted, on the floor. Turn to **20**.

130

You are in a ravine. To the west you can see that it ends in a cliff, so you decide to go east. You may, if you wish, refresh yourself from the stream before setting out (turn to **110**), or continue immediately on your way (turn to **187**).

131

You turn into a piece of stone. No Tornaq spirit will inhabit you. You must learn to tell the difference between a creature and its house. Your adventure ends here.

132

You realize he is casting a spell on you and leap to attack him. But he is the ANGEKOK, a mighty sorcerer, and you must he very lucky to defeat him. Have you the right weapon? If you have a sword, turn to **143**. If you have a spear, turn to **77**.

133

DWARF SKILL 11 STAMINA 14

If you survive turn to **87**.

134

On the body you find a leather wallet containing 5 Gold Pieces and a red feather. You may keep any of these items and continue on your way. Turn to **94**.

135

You have become a Bear. But the piece of fur you used came from no ordinary bear, but the mightiest ever to walk your world. The bear has long since departed, but he left his power behind him, bound up in a talisman. Do you have a ruby pendant? If so, turn to **58**. If not, the bear's shape will depart from you as quickly as it came and you will change into another animal. Turn to **106**.

136

As you touch the sill, it fades away into nothingness. But your grip is strong and the cord prevents you from falling. Hand over hand you let yourself down the side of the pinnacle. Turn to **183**.

137

After a moment or two the old man invites you to be seated, and offers you some soup from a black pot bubbling over the fire. Will you accept gratefully (turn to **5**) or decline (turn to **34**)?

138

Pushing the cloth aside, you step into the room. The Dwarf looks at you sharply and demands to know what you are doing there. You tell him you have come to take him back to Lord Karon, and he howls with laughter. Then, scornfully, he tells you that Karon, far from being his benefactor, has been his dupe. He had planned their meeting in the eyrie so that he could enter Karon's service and gain his absolute trust. Then, bit by bit, he had removed Karon's fabled treasure from his master's vaults. When he had removed most of the treasure, and discovery was near, he had made his escape by changing into an eagle. The dying guard had been trying to warn you that the Dwarf was in fact the shape-shifting ruler of the Floating City. Now you must pay for your mistake. As you watch, the Dwarf's form melts and blurs: in his place stands a foul and stinking Dragon. There is no escape. What will you do? Attack the Dragon with your

weapon (turn to **163**)? Throw a jewelled dagger at him (turn to **108**)? Throw a harpoon at him (turn to **53**)? Or you could take a transformation potion (turn to **86**), or hold up a ruby pendant (turn to **67**). Which will it be? Think quickly!

139

As you close your hand around the shaft of the spear, a burning pain runs down your arm. With a cry you drop the spear and massage your numbed hand. Obviously the spear is not meant for you. Lose 1 STAMINA point and turn to **119**.

140

The Ice Sprites are delighted at your greeting-so many travellers view them with suspicion. They gather around you, and at their touch you feel a deep contentment seep through every part of your body. Add 2 STAMINA points and turn to **6**.

141

At last you reach a point where you can climb out of the ravine, and you stand panting heavily at the top, and gazing in wonderment at the sight that meets your eyes. Turn to **25**.

142

The tunnel begins to descend. You come to a flight of stairs that disappears around a sharp corner. The stairs are huge, leading you to believe that they must have been made for giants to use. A faint path runs by their side. Will you walk boldly down the staircase (turn to **104**) or take the path (turn to **193**)?

143

The sword has little power against the Angekok, but you must do your best.

ANGEKOK SKILL 12 STAMINA 15

If you survive, you must also fight his servant, who is a master of the martial arts. Turn to **83**.

You may *Escape* after the second attack round. Turn to **50**.

144

A strange choice! – but then, heroes are a strange breed. Turn to **200**.

145

Suddenly, a particularly enormous boulder comes rolling and bounding down a slope in front of you, completely blocking your path. Will you try to walk around it (turn to **35**) or investigate it (turn to **162**)?

146

You are in a small room at the top of a delicate pinnacle. The walls of the room are practically transparent – giving the sensation of floating on a cloud – and shine with rainbow-coloured light. Through the walls you can see the whole City laid out before you, a misty tracery of subtle lines and colours. In the centre of the City stands a great Golden Tower which you decide to make for if you can. But first you must find a way out of your flimsy prison. If you have a transformation potion and wish to use it, turn to **120**. If you have a harpoon and wish to use it, turn to **36**. If you wish simply to climb down the outside of the pinnacle – and you can see plenty of carvings to hang on to – turn to **196**.

147

You are looking down a winding street in the Floating City. Everything is delicately-made and beautifully coloured. There is nobody in sight, and the profound silence makes you wonder if the City is actually inhabited. Through the buildings you can see a gleam of gold and you turn your steps in that direction. Turn to **97**.

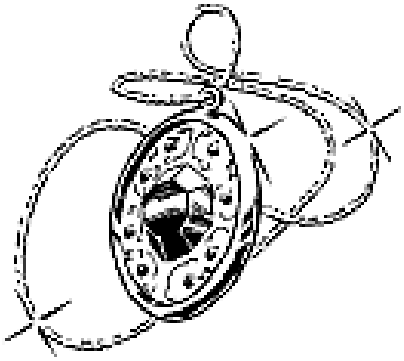

148

The dark line proves to be a cracked and jagged terrain of ice floes. Beyond this, to the north, you can see a lake and above the lake, just visible through breaks in the lowering clouds, you can see the Floating City high above you, glimmering in faraway sunshine – a strange and magical sight. But how can you approach it? To north the ice is shifting and cracked, its knife-sharp edges impassable. Then you notice a hut to the east, and you decide to head for it, jumping from floe to floe. Turn to **116**.

149

The birds' noise is so intense you feel yourself losing consciousness. Your fingers slip from the rope, and you fall hundreds of feet to the icy waters below. Your adventure ends here.

150

You drink your soup in silence. You begin to feel strange, and wonder if perhaps you were wrong to ignore the servant's advice. Turn to **37**.

151

After a while the tunnel roof rises a little and you are able to stand. Turn to **185**.

152

The Floating City comes nearer and nearer. At last you are directly underneath it and you see what looks like a trapdoor far above you. Turn to **176**.

153

The Cub may be small, but it plainly intends to put up a good fight.

YETI CUB SKILL 4 STAMINA 6

If the Cub wounds you, turn to **63**.

If you come through unscathed, turn to **111**.

154

You reach the hut without mishap. Turn to **191**.

155

There is no way you can reach the city. You sit helplessly on the floe as you drift by, disappointment overwhelming you at the knowledge that you have failed in your quest this time, and will have to start all over again.

156

The old man stares at the amulet and his face lights up with joy. Suddenly he embraces you and pumps your hand, chuckling with delight. "Thank you," he says. "This is my talisman which I lost some 200 years ago. It was stolen by a Yeti, and I never thought I would see it again. Now you have returned it to me. What can I do to repay you?" You tell him of your quest, and he becomes thoughtful. Turn to **114**.

157

You gag and almost vomit on the foul taste of the water. It has obviously passed over some vile thing upstream. Lose 1 LUCK and 1 STAMINA point and head upstream. Turn to **9**.

158

You slip several times, though do not fall in, and become quite wet. In these freezing conditions you are suffering from frostbite by the time you reach the hut and dry land. Deduct 4 STAMINA points, and turn to **191**.

159

The Tornaq listens intently to your story, but seems to feel you have taken on more than you are capable of. "However," she says, "one thing I will tell you – if you find him, beware of the Dwarf – he is not all he seems." She refuses to say any more, and, somewhat mystified, you thank her and continue on your way. Turn to **14**.

160

The earmuffs shut out the noise of the birds. You flail at them with your weapon but you are badly pecked by the time you reach the trapdoor. Deduct 1 STAMINA point, and turn to **129**.

161

The tunnel comes to an end at a cliff down which the stream cascades as a waterfall. Light sparkles on the water. There is an answering glitter from the far wall of the tunnel. You may climb the cliff beside the waterfall (turn to **19**) or investigate the glitter (turn to **60**).

162

As you approach the boulder a huge lumpy arm snakes out and encircles you. There is no escaping. Will you try to cut yourself free (turn to **69**) or wait quietly to see what it is that has caught you (turn to **177**)?

163

Every time you inflict a wound on him, the dwarf turns into something else. Deduct 1 STAMINA point from your own score every time you *win* an attack round.

DWARF SKILL 11 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **87**.

164

At the sight of your sword the Ice Sprites break into delicate laughter. But their laughter masks deep offence at your suspicion, and you watch a freezing mist congeals on your blade, until the intense cold shatters it into a myriad pieces. You are now weaponless, and must find a new weapon if you are to succeed in your quest. Deduct 3 SKILL points. You proceed disconsolately on your way, followed by the laughter of the Ice Sprites. Turn to **99**.

165

You hold the bone in your right hand and drink the potion. Turn to **192**.

166

The guillotine that was poised above the door slams down upon you. Your adventure ends here.

167

You hold the feather in your right hand and drink the potion. Turn to **124**.

168

The man turns in surprise at the sound of your voice. He is plainly delighted to be spoken to politely, as he is a RADICAL REGENERATIVE – a creature who regenerates not only when wounded, but when fit as well, so that he grows extra, and often unnecessary, parts of his body. This one has two noses and a third arm growing from his chest. He tells you that you are going the right way towards the Floating City, but that to enter it you must gain the goodwill of the ANGEKOK, a powerful sorcerer of these frozen wastes. After exchanging a few reminiscences of your travels, you thank him for his advice and continue on your way. Turn to **94**.

169

Remembering your mission, you reluctantly direct your flight towards the Golden Tower. Turn to **71**.

170

Remembering your mission, you reluctantly direct your flight towards the Golden Tower. Turn to **52**.

171

You reach the hut without mishap. Turn to **191**.

172

On your left the ravine ends at a cliff, and so you are forced to walk east. After a while you come across a bubbling hot spring. You may take a drink turn to **12**) or continue on your way turn to **92**).

173

The harpoon sinks into the shape and you pull hard on the cord. Turn to **188**.

174

The fur has no apparent use, but you may keep it if you wish. If you have not already done so, you may take the rope (turn to **8**) or the tooth (turn to **16**) or head for the tunnel (turn to **28**).

175

Your fingers find a projection on the edge of the pit and you hang on for dear life. Slowly you pull yourself up and over the edge, to lie panting on the floor. Will you now leave the hut and return to the boulder (turn to **103**) or investigate the pit (turn to **24**)?

176

You must act quickly, before the floe passes beyond the city. Do you have a flute and a golden rope? If so, turn to **195**. If not, turn to **155**.

177

As you watch, the boulder changes into the huge, lumpy figure of a TORNAQ, a female spirit who inhabits stones. She fixes you with her single eye and chuckles. "Well, Small One, what can I do for you?" she asks. Do you trust her and tell her of your quest (turn to **159**) or thank her, saying that you need no help and continue on your way (turn to **14**).

178

You have become a fish, not a snake as you had hoped. You are doomed: there is no water and you cannot breathe air. Your adventure ends here.

179

A beautifully-carved spiral staircase twines its way upwards as far as you can see. With a sigh, you start climbing. Turn to **48**.

180

As you leap to the attack, some noise alerts the man and he turns to face you. You are momentarily amazed to see that he has two noses and a third arm growing from his chest. He is a RADICAL REGENERATIVE: every wound you inflict on him will heal at once, and any bit you cut off will instantly grow back at both ends, so that if you cut off an arm he will grow a new one, and the arm itself will grow a new body – a whole new enemy. You are in trouble. Turn to **59**.

181

There is very little of interest in the hut except for a phial of fluid which has been spilled in the fight and is now useless, a golden rope and a strange flute on the servant's body. You may take any or all of these and proceed on your way. Turn to **113**.

182

The woman looks saddened by your distrust, and tells you to be on your way, then vanishes. You turn towards a staircase you have seen leading upwards, then whirl as you hear a noise behind you. It is the woman again. Turn to **186**.

183

The cord reaches to the base of the pinnacle, which puzzles you somewhat; you had no idea it was so long. You survey your surroundings. Turn to **147**.

184

The surface of the glacier is broken by reared-up lumps of ice and littered with stones which make walking difficult. The wind whistles around you and you became increasingly weary. Deduct 1 STAMINA point. Turn to **31**.

185

You see a side-opening on your left. Will you explore the opening (turn to **80**) or continue on your way (turn to **127**)?

186

The beautiful woman shrivels and ages before your eyes. She is in fact SEDNA, the mistress of the Underworld who guards the nether regions of the Floating City. You were right not to trust her, and now must resolve this battle.

SEDNA SKILL 5 STAMINA 8

If you win, turn to **76**.

187

You continue east, feeling colder the further you go from the spring's warmth. Turn to **141**.

188

Panting, you haul your catch over the edge of the crevasse. It is the corpse of some poor wretch who was not as careful as you. Quickly you search the body, which has been well-preserved by the call. You find 2 Gold Pieces, a jewelled dagger and a small bone; you may take any or all of these. Keeping the harpoon, you roll the corpse back into the crevasse and continue on your way. Turn to **56**.

189

You trudge through the snow to the hut. Pushing open the door, you step inside, glad to be out of the wind. As your eyes adjust to the gloom you see that snow and ice cover the floor of the hut and that on the far wall hangs a rusty, barbed harpoon, trailing a long coil of cord. You may leave the hut and return to the boulder (turn to **103**), or crass the hut to take the harpoon (turn to **68**).

190

Peering over the edge you can see a dark shape lying on a ledge some way below you. Will you climb down to investigate ((urn to **29**), try to bring the object up to you using the harpoon (if you have it) (turn to **173**), or ignore it, jump over the crevasse, and continue on your way (turn to **56**).

191

Leaning against the side of the hut is a long spear, tipped with ivory. If you have no weapon, you may take this one (turn to **38**), or if you already have a weapon and take the spear, turn to **139**. You may choose to ignore it – turn to **119**.

192

You have become a Gibbon. You are delighted because now you will be able to climb down the outside of the pinnacle with case. Turn to **32**.

193

The path is slippery and steeply-sloping. As you come to the corner you lose

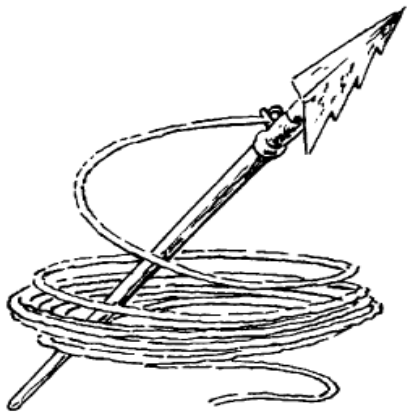

your footing and slide uncontrollably round the bend to slam into a recess in the tunnel wall. Lose 1 STAMINA point. Turn to **55**.

194

Inside the hut is a clutter of bottles, tools, skins and cooking utensils. It is very hot and steamy. An old, bent man with long, greasy hair and a younger, smaller dark-skinned man are looking at you. They do not seem very impressed. Turn to **137**.

195

Will you throw the golden rope at the trapdoor? Turn to **73**. Or will you play a flute? Turn to **47**.

196

You ease yourself out of a window, but as you cling to the sill it fades away into nothingness and you fall to the lake below. Your adventure ends here.

197

The entrance to the tunnel is pitch black, but warmer air blows from its depths, and as you have no choice, you steel yourself and crawl in. Turn to **151**.

198

You cannot go back and so you have no choice but to jump or starve. Either way your adventure ends here.

199

Your fingers slip from the edge and you tumble into the pit. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point. You can see 3 gleaming blue eyes glaring at you through the darkness, and hear a champing of jaws. You realize you have fallen into the pit of a BEAR-TRAP and prepare to defend yourself against this vile creature. You must fight it to get out of the pit.

BEAR-TRAP SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If you win, turn to **70**.

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FANTASY IN MINIATURE

***Warhammer* trouble-shooter Rick Priestley looks at the latest ways of building wargames scenery, and finds much more besides . . .**

Fantasy wargames are a dedicated breed, enjoying a multi-faceted hobby, one which presents challenges like no other. There are the models themselves, of course – the thrill of collecting armies, and carefully painting your troops ready to be bloodied on the games table. Then there is the game itself, learning how best to exploit the strengths of your chosen armies and the weaknesses of your foes, how to outthink and outfight your opponent, how to make the best of the games rules, and how to placate the elusive gods of chance. But to my mind the most neglected aspect of the fantasy wargame is the presentation of the game on the table-top-the scenery! How surprising that gamers who spend so many hours on preparing for a game are often willing to put up with second-rate scenery. And yet scenery is so important, because it actually dictates the whole course of a game: the vital hilltop advantage, the strongpoint in the village, the bridge across the river, impassable areas of marsh, impenetrable woodland, etc, etc. A good gamesmaster always thinks in terms of scenery when he plans his games, presenting the players with tactical choices, specific problems or interesting opportunities. He must think in terms of access to the various parts of the battlefield, the placing of hedges and linear cover relative to defensive positions, possible lines of assault, commanding fire arcs, and so on. Furthermore, a game that looks good invites players to enjoy it, especially newly won converts who will be drawn to the spectacle of the game.

Alas! Despite all this, scenery remains the poor relation to the models themselves, a few tacky pieces of lichen, the odd tree, maybe a plastic hedge or two if you're lucky. Even experienced players who ought to know better (I must admit, myself included) seem to fall short when it comes to scenery. Scenery is often either far too expensive, or far too much effort! Scenic features cast in resin and metal are available from several companies, but a decent sized village would set you back a few hundred pounds at least. So is the answer to make your own? Certainly it is to some extent, but the time involved can make this impractical: besides which, not all of us have the artistic talents to really carry it off. Now, however, there is a third option – the new series of scenario packs and village packs from *Citadel. Citadel*, of course, are well known as the manufacturers of *Citadel* miniatures, and as the publishers of *Warhammer*, the bestselling set of fantasy wargames rules, so it will come as no surprise to learn that these new packs have been specially designed for *Warhammer* players in particular.

So what's on offer? To date, *Citadel* have released three boxed sets. The first, *Blood Bath at Orcs Drift* is described as a *Warhammer* Scenario Pack, whilst the other two – *Blood on the Streets* and *Terror of the Lichemaster* – go under the collective title of *Village Packs*. In addition, it appears that two more scenario packs are currently awaiting production, one with the provisional title of *Treacher Island* by Ian Page, and another which rejoices under the name of *McDeath* by Richard Halliwell. The first of the three currently available sets to appear was *Orcs Drift*, a *Warhammer* scenario by Ian Page, Joe Dever and Gary Chalk. It comes in a box featuring full-colour artwork by Gary Chalk executed in his well known `blood and guts' style, as typified by the decapitated orc in this case! Inside you'll find a campaign book, command sheets for the players, a map of the campaign area, and 8 sheets of counters and cardboard buildings.

Oh . . . almost forgot . . . you also become the proud owner of a badge declaring `I bathed in blood at Orcs Drift'! The game itself revolves around the invasion of the land of Ramalia by the orc armies of King F'yar. There are four battles to be fought, and the results of each are interrelated, so that the final battle can work out in several ways. Each battle is a tabletop battle in itself, so there are many hours of gaming to be had from this box, and the set-up for each game is described in some detail. There are handouts for the players in the form of command sheets which define objectives, peculiarities and any special rules that apply. The whole thing is a superb example of how a *Warhammer* campaign should be fought, and all this is helped along by the game's components. Players don't even need models since cardboard counters are provided for all the protagonists. The sheets of cardboard buildings in *Orcs Drift* provide the players with instant scenery, are easy to assemble, and, if treated reasonably well, stand to last you for many future games and campaigns. You get houses, shacks, a wooden watchtower, and a bridge, all useful components for your games and campaigns. Each model is printed in full colour on a reasonable thickness card. Once assembled the buildings are quite sturdy, and hints on construction and further modelling are

included in the campaign book for more ambitious types. Detail is very good, but essentially two dimensional, being printed straight onto the flat card. All in all, Orcs Drift represents what must be regarded as exceptional value at £5.95, as a complete *Warhammer* campaign package right down to counter and buildings.

The remaining two sets are *Village Pack* 1: *Blood on the Streets*, and *Village Pack* 2: *The Terror of the Lichemaster*. Each pack contains 16 sheets of card, making up into yet more scenery for your games table, as well as a short campaign booklet, again for *Warhammer*. Neither is as extensive as *Orcs Drift* but then again these are basically scenic packs (as the name suggests) and you do get twice as much card! As with *Orcs Drift* each set is boxed in glorious technicolour! The first set aims to provide a basic series of buildings, which will come in useful in almost any tab letop game. There is also a campaign booklet, describing a small area of the *Warhammer* Known World and including scenario ideas, slats for the buildings and various inhabitants. This is not a game as such, but makes interesting reading nonetheless, and there are some good ideas which will appeal to any role-player. As to the meat of the pack – the buildings models are presented in the same way as those in *Orcs Drift*, but with noticeable design improvements that make them easier to put together. The designer of the buildings, Dave Andrews, has thoughtfully colour coded each construction, making it immediately obvious which bits go with which others. The artwork is, if anything, superior to that of *Orcs Drift* – a testament to practice and learning from experience no doubt. In addition, we are provided with lots of 'extras', spare windows, shop signs, public notices, washing (!), and so on – there really is no waste of card here, every sheet is crammed full. The buildings themselves include a very nice stable, an imposing town hall, a well modelled inn complete with archway, a sizeable mansion, a forge with waterwheel, numerous houses and outbuildings, and a small monument. The models are slightly more sophisticated on the whole than those in *Orcs Drift* – that is to say they require a bit more work to put together! The results, however, are well worth it, and the buildings provide a good basic town or village scape. At only £5.95 this has to be good value for money, and although *Blood on the Streets* doesn't provide a game in the same way as *Orcs Drift*, you do get a lot of buildings.

The Terror of the Lichemaster is the title of *Village Pack 2* and follows the general format of *Blood on the Streets* with 16 sheets of card and a campaign book. Unlike *Blood on the Streets* the campaign book provides players with a complete *Warhammer* campaign, along the lines of *Orcs Drift*. The campaign takes place in the Valley of the Frugelhorn Mountain, in a part of the *Warhammer* game universe known as the Old World. The inhabitants of the valley are under assault by an undead necromancer, the Lichemaster of the title, and his hordes of undead heroes, skeletons and zombies. The action is split into three battles, at a dwarf mine, a small farm and at the village of Frugelhofen. An added twist is provided by the Lichemaster's need to replenish his life-energy by means of slaying his enemies. The inhabitants of Frugelhofen are colourful characters in themselves, and there are magic weapons, spells, and armour in abundance. The set lacks the players' handouts of *Orcs Drift*, but does have cardboard characters, so you can play the game even without models if you wish. The card components provide the players with all the buildings needed to fight out the various battles. The dwarf mine has a minehead, a water conduit, mining trucks and a selection of huts. The farm has a large farm building and a barn. The village introduces a good selection of more general purpose houses, a gate house, another mill with waterwheel and a bridge. The components are up to the high quality of *Blood on the Streets*, and are also colour coded for easy assembly. Once more every card sheet has been crammed with additional bits and pieces, including shop and inn signs, 'wanted' notices, proclamations, etc. *The Terror of the Lichemaster* sells for £5.95, for which you get as many buildings as there are in *Blood on the Streets*, plus the bonus of a *Warhammer* mini-campaign.

Taken as a whole, the idea of a Warhammer campaign complete with much of the scenery needed to play it, all in one package and reasonably priced, must be a winner. Even gamers who do not play tabletop battles will find the cardboard houses useful as scenery in their role-playing encounters, and, for them, the two *Village Packs* are good value. Future releases promise more specialised buildings, carts and wagons, and possibly waterline boats. If these are as good as the existing products they are bound to be well received, and will significantly expand the amount of 'instant scenery' available for the tabletop gamer. Gamers interested in *Citadel's* new card models might like to have a look at the card models provided with the *Citadel Journal* magazine, which have included wagons (in number 2) and a fine house with choice of towers (number 1).

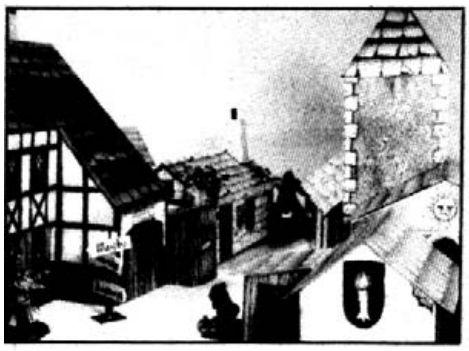
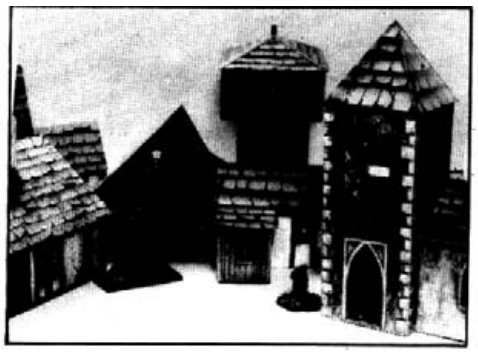
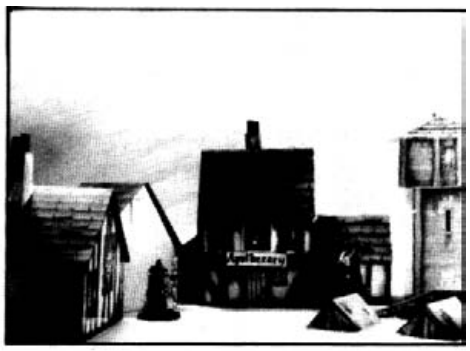
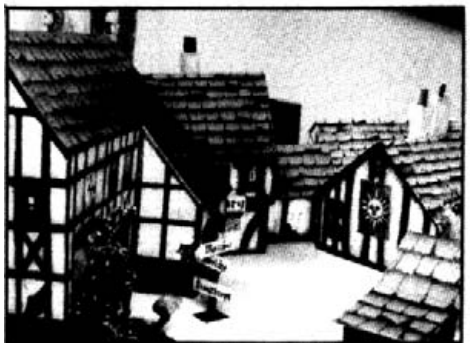
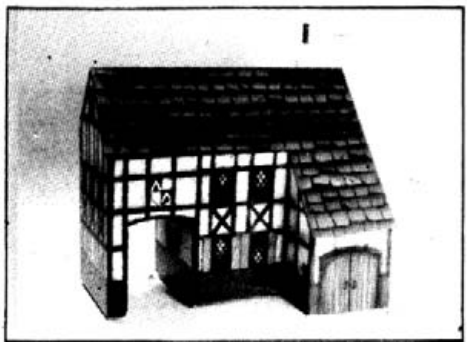
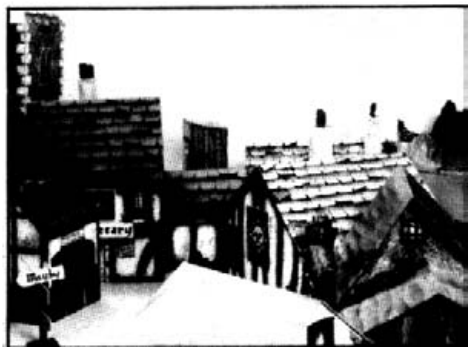

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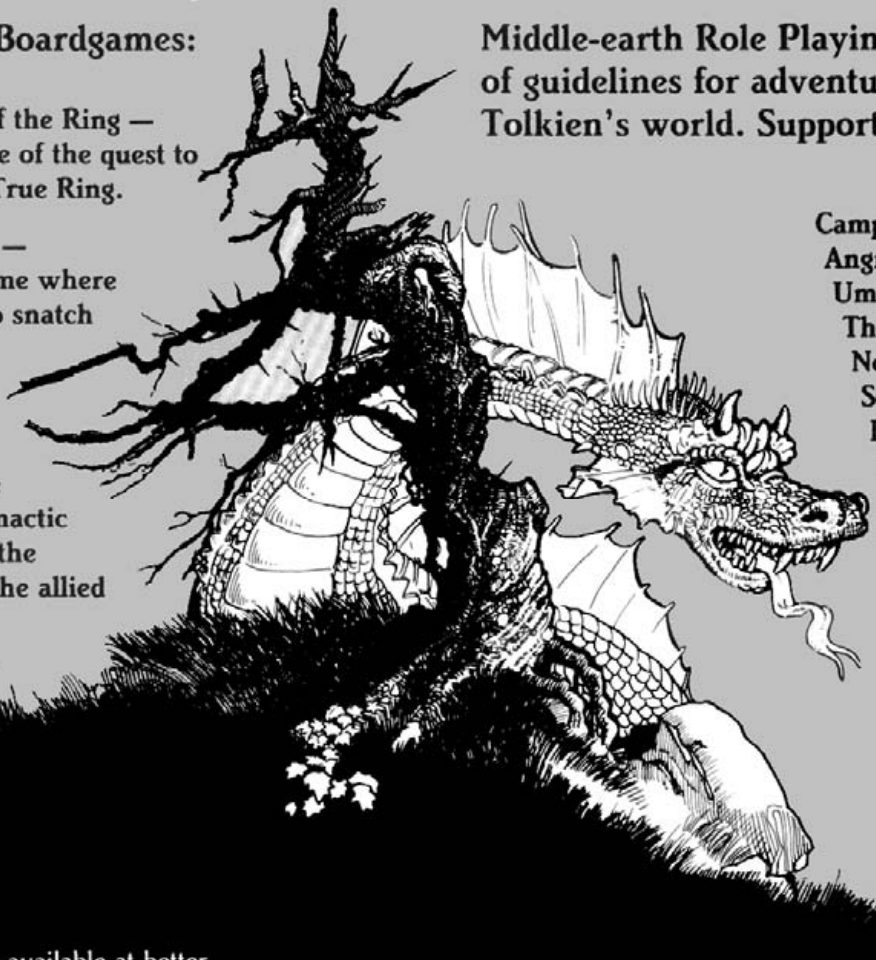

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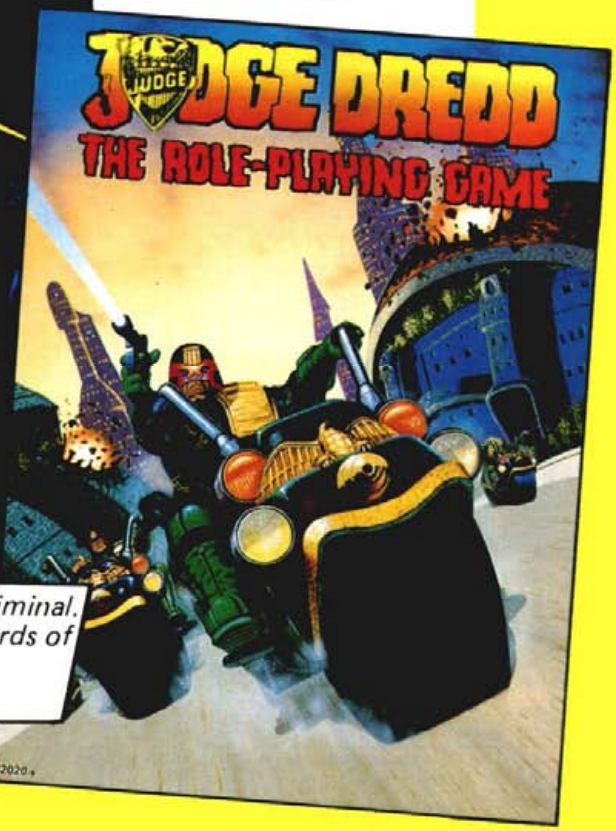

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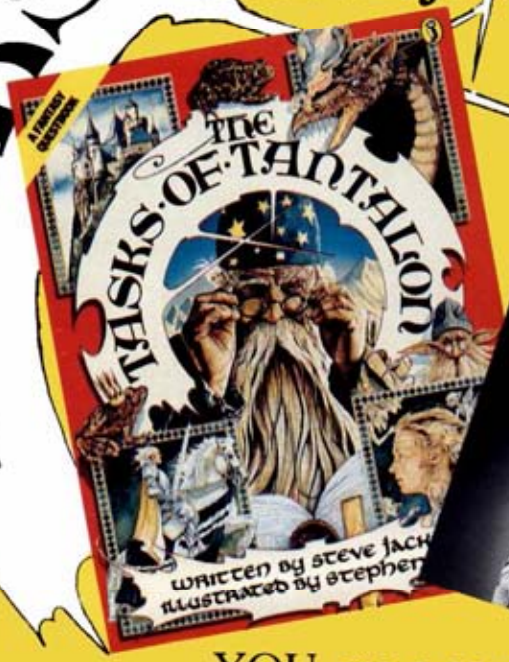

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Dear Adventurer

What unknown pleasures await our loyal readers in the future? For great things are afoot here at *Games Workshop* which should be thrilling your adventure circuits well beyond their thresholds. By the end of the year all manner of wonders will be issuing forth from our vast Nottingham fortress, unleashed to startle your senses, bamboozle your brains and torture your tentacles (if you have any . . .). Amongst these fabulous creations will be . . . your beloved *Warlock* magazine! Yes, that's right, the Warlock has had too many of his mail-vultures go down with bronchitis thanks to the London smog, and is therefore magically transporting his lowly minions to the fresh, clean, atmosphere of Nottingham. So in future, when you want to write to Warlock, you should write to:

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Meanwhile, this issue holds the usual goodies in store, with a rip-roaring solo, informative *Arcane Archive* and all the rest. There's something a little special, too, in *Out of the Pit*. This issue it comes direct from multi-player land, with a death-test sufficient to put the willies up the staunchest adventurer. It's by Graeme Davis (who has two other useful articles this issue – he's a busy fellow, is our Graeme). We hope you enjoy it and don't get *too* terrified!

Ian Livingstone Steve Jackson

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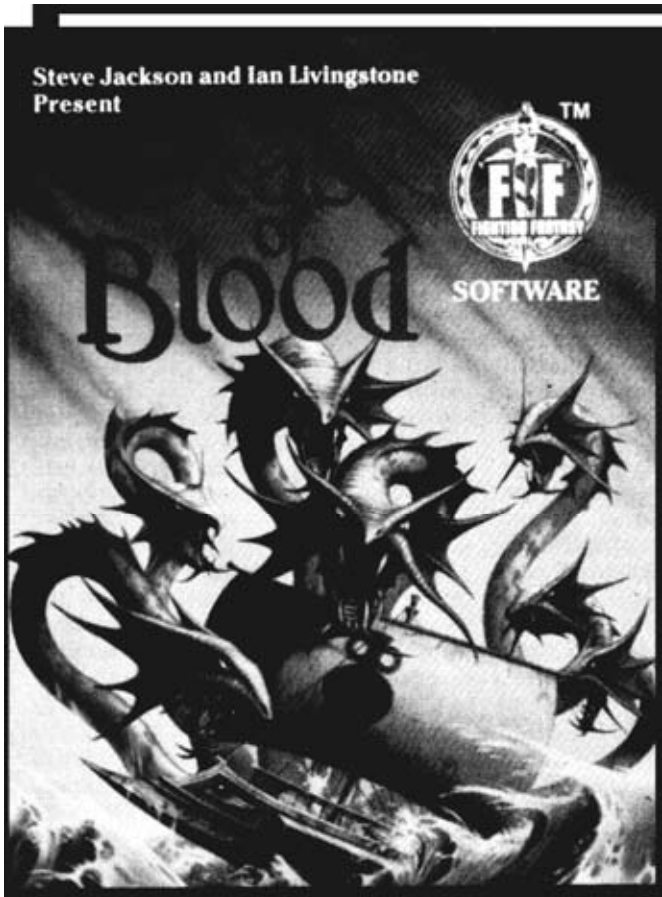

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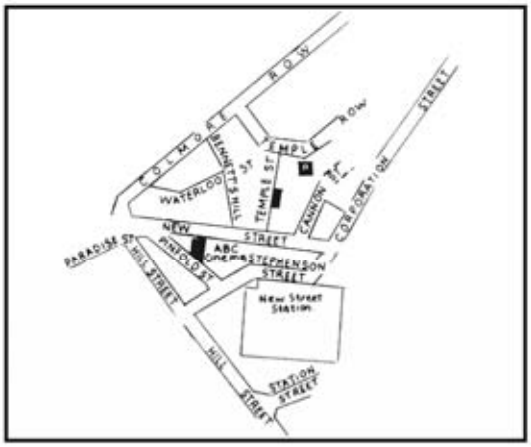

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omens and auguries

Jamie Thomson risks life and limb in his quest to seek out new and exciting developments in the world of gamebooks.

Ah, its time to bring you *Omens and Auguries* once more, at great risk to life and limb. Braving the vicious assaults *of* crazed gamebook authors and the fiendish attempts of the Warlock to imprison and silence me once and for all, I bring you news of the gamebook world . . .

Well, the latest development is a rush of 2-player offerings, the inevitable next step for gamebooks. There'll be quite a few of these available soon, not least of which is a series written by me and my partner in crime, Mark Smith. Not surprisingly, 1 shall discuss this first, which is becoming common practice in this seditious column! We've signed up with *Armada* for an 8 book series of 2 player gamebooks (each title is a package of 2 books), called *Duelmaster*. It goes without saying that these are utterly brill. [*Shut it, Thomson! What do I have to do to you to keep you under control?! – The Warlock*] Er, nothing, Great One . . . Spare me? Please?

Each title will be for 2 players but they can also be played solo. Anyway, the first (possibly called *Clash of the Magi*, but maybe not – I'll explain later) is a struggle for supremacy between two mages. Each player gets to choose what kind of mage they want to be, (from Pyromancer, Necromancer, Wizard, Druid, Sorcerer and Magician) and a selection of spells, based on colour magic and the type of mage chosen. You then step into the Rainbow Land, a mystical land stocked with strange creatures and powerful items. The aim of the game is to explore the land, looking for useful items and allies, before tracking down your opponent and duelling it out in a deadly exchange of spells and counterspells. But only certain spells can be cast in certain areas. so you must try and bring your enemy to battle in a place advantageous to you – and your opponent will, of course, be trying to do the same. You will have to bring your enemy to battle several times before victory – or defeat – is certain. Your character can also progress in Ranks, becoming more and more powerful (as long as you keep winning each game) so there is a large element of role-playing involved.

The second title in the series is *Manhunt*. One player takes the role of the hunter, the other the hunted, in a fantasy setting, the world of Orb. Some of you may know it from our *Way of the Tiger* books. The first two in the *Duelmaster* series will be out around October, with more to come soon after. You can also play a Tournament version competing over several different games for the title of Eternal Champion. Hope you'll like them. [*Sounds good to me – The Warlock*]. What . . . What was that? What . . . O Lord of all you survey, O great benefactor of all mortals, O wondrous jewel that shines with the light of radiant beauty! In your kindness you have let fall a few words of praise to one as undeserving as me. How can . . . [*Oh shut up, you snivelling wretch! I was talking to Zlargh here, my chief torturer. He just suggested that? I have you impaled on the battlements*].

Oh. Er, not a good idea, great one, you don't want my dead body frightening off your guests, do you?

A brief reprieve. Anyway, Steve 'headbutt' Jackson and Ian 'axe-in-the-head' Livingstone gave me some info on what's happening to *Fighting Fantasy* on the 2-player front over a glass of green slime the other day. There should he a 2-book package for *Fighting Fantasy* in June, entitled -much to our mutual chagrin – *Clash of the Princes*. Great minds think alike, eh! Hence our first *Duelmaster* book will have to have a different title, I suppose. Otherwise people will get confused – I know I am already! [*So, what's new – The Warlock*]. This ones about two princes who have to compete for the throne in a deadly contest. Both players can co-operate in fulfilling the first part of the Quest if they wish, but, in the end, only one can become King. It's written by Andrew Chapman, who has done several books in the 'Steve & Ian Present' series. By the way, it can also be played solo.

Joe 'Judge Death' Dever has also been very busy at his own 2-player series. I had the misfortune to bump into him when he was on one of his plague spreading tours. Dressed in his rotting black raiments and goats head mask, of Death was dealing death and destruction to all and sundry as is his wont. Luckily, I managed to tell him who I was in time, so he laid off indiscriminate killing to tell me what he's up to.

It seems he's started a 4-book series with *Hutchinsons (Lone Wolf* and *Greystar*) called *Combat Heroes*. They can be played solo or with a friend and come as single books at £2.50, or as a two book package at £4.95. The first

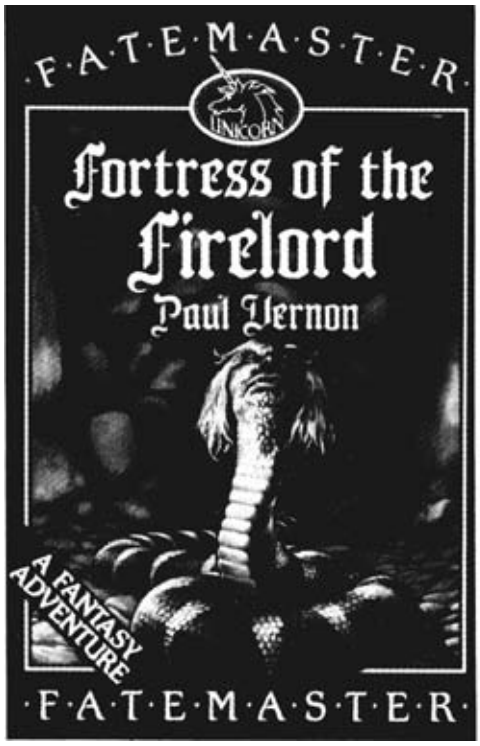

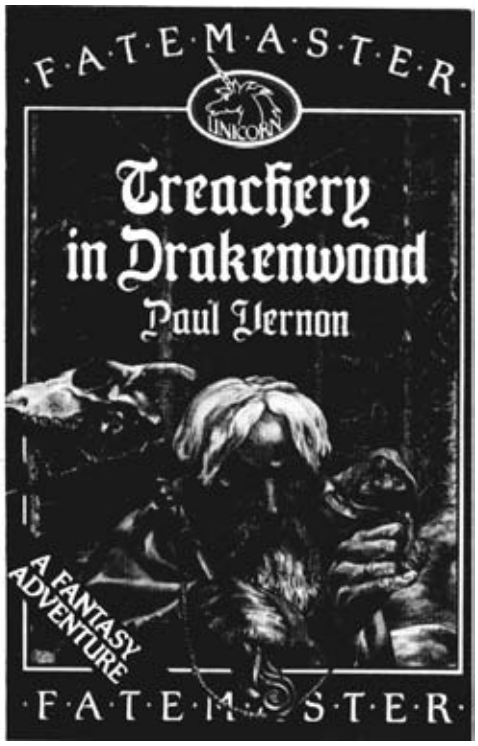

two are called *The White Warlord* and *The Black Baron* and are due out in June. In *The Black Baron,* you (the aforementioned noble) are imprisoned in Whitefire Castle. You have to escape for the final battle with the White Warlord, and vice versa. The two player game takes place in a neutral combat maze where you settle your differences in front of an audience of rich and decadent noble types. Where it differs from our own series is that the whole combat is entirely visual. There are no dice, pencils etc. and instead you look at illustrations to see what's going on. It's a bit like an ordinary gamebook, except the paragraphs are illustrations. But it's much more involved than that, and I can't really explain it here (not that that means it's complicated to play). The illustrations arc supposed to be excellent, done by Peter Part-more of a cartoon animator than a regular illustrator. It's not dissimilar in its workings to that old game *Ace of Aces*, if any of you know it. You can engage in missile combat, hand-to-hand, hiding in and behind things, ambushes, etc. Should go down well. [*Very promising – The Warlock*]. Huh. Well, I mean, is that entirely fair. Great One? It may be promising, but you could at least say the same about my series . . . [*Quiet, ugliness! You just don't learn. I was referring to your last comment, about how I should throw you down the castle well.*]

No, I didn't mean . . . Umm, my corpse would only serve to poison the castle's water supply, oh Great One.

Phew, that was close. Anyway, the Judge is currently working on the second Combat Heroes and also *Greystar* 4, *War of the Wizards*, probably out in October, but more of that another time. The *Lone Wolf* fold is also producing the *Magnamund Companion*, a softback large format book, out in October. From what I've heard it's going to be really good, but (again) more of that next issue.

Dave Morris and Oliver Johnson of *Dragon Warriors* and *Golden Dragon* fame are also working on multi-player gamebooks for *Knight* Books (who also do our *Way of the Tiger* series). These come as single books but can be played with 1 to 4 players. That's all I know so far, but as soon as I've managed to translate Morris's glutinous burbling I'll reveal more about it. [*Perhaps you should do something about your own insane babbling drivel first, Thomson – The Warlock*]. Yes, Great One. I shall be avenged one day, oh yes, I'll [*What was that, pustule head?]* Nothing, Great One, nothing. On with the column, yes?

Puffin are planning to release a follow-up to their tremendously successful *Out of the Pit*. I'm told it's going to be really interesting, with in-depth information about the major characters of Allansia, Kakhabad and Khul (the legendary third continent). It'll also have maps of cities, plans of such noteable haunts as Yaztromo's tower and a diagram showing the hierarchy of hell. The book will be called *Titan – the World of Fighting Fantasy,* and is due for release in autumn.

Skulking in the shadows and eavesdropping whenever possible (the risks I take to keep you informed!) I've heard a rumour that *Puffin* may be signing up a certain Graham Staplehurst, an infamous fantasy rolegamer, to write Robin Hood gamebooks based on the excellent TV series. Is this true? I shall have to delve deeper, or pay my spies more.

I've managed to get hold of some covers of Paul Vernon's *Fatemaster* series and Jon 'gloop-gloop' Sutherland's *Real Life Gamebook, Madame Guillotine*, which I told you about last issue. I thought you'd all like to see them. Actually, Jon said his had to be shown or my head would be on the block. [*Gods. you vile heap of goblin dung, another joke like that and I'll vaporise you. Heads will roll! – The Warlock.*]

Virgin have also entered the gamebook field with two books, *Chicago Gangster*, where you have to work your way up through the underworld in the Chicago of the twenties, and the self-explanatory *Escape from Colditz*. Sounds a lot like Jon Sutherland's *Real Life Gamebooks*. Well, I've seen Jon Sutherland's and they look good enough for me. *[Pardon? – The Warlock*].

One last juicy bit of gossip before the Warlock puts me to death. Remember the Tolkien Quest Gamebooks from *Iron Crown Enterprises* I talked about a few issues ago'? Well, the rumour is that *Allen and Unwin*, who hold the Tolkien licence, aren't happy with ICE – they've told them to burn kill *Tolkien Quest* books and rename them *Middle-earth* gamebooks. Some complicated copyright law. *ICE* plan to do 18, yes, 18 *Middle-earth* gamebooks, apparently. (And I've also heard it said they pay the authors virtually *nothing* for writing them.)

Well, that's all for this month. It seems I've managed to survive the Warlock once again-hopefully I'll see you all next month [*What do you mean all? You mean your one reader, that illiterate goblin slave of yours. And as for surviving the Warlock, Ha! To the Pits with him, Zlargh!*] No, please, not the monster Pit, not that pie . . .

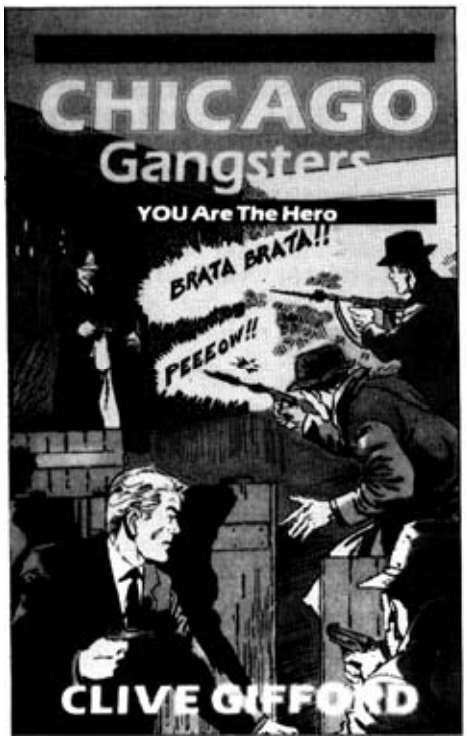

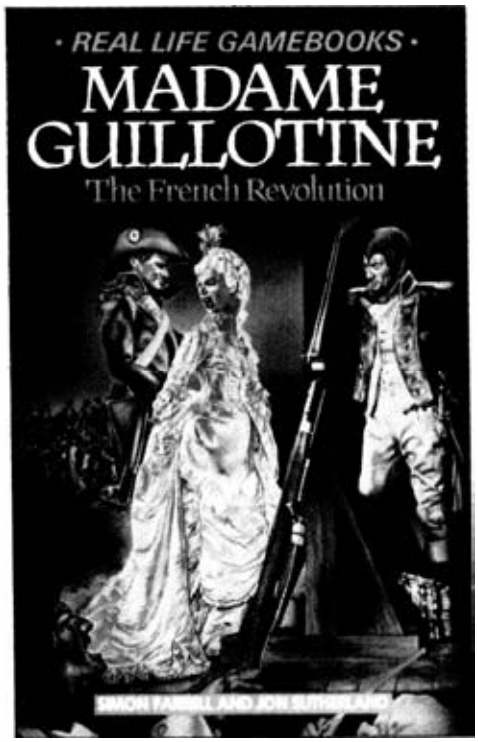

MONSTER CONVERSIONS

by Graeme Davis

The purpose of this short article is to show you how to adapt monsters from other gamebook systems for use with *Fighting Fantasy.*

There are several solo gamebook series available in most bookshops, and you may come across solo adventures for the *Dungeons & Dragons* and *Tunnels & Trolls* role-playing games. Obviously, it is best to play a gamebook using the system for which it was designed, but you might want to take a character or monster from one of these other systems and adapt it for use with *Fighting Fantasy* adventures.

Nearly all *Fighting Fantasy* monsters consist of two statistics – SKILL and STAMINA – and these are what this article sets out to provide you with. You will find that some monsters have special abilities of one kind or another, but these are so varied that it is impossible to lay down any kind of guidelines for converting special abilities. Some abilities might be fairly straightforward, like being immune to non-magical weapons, while others might best be treated as spells, in which case you can pick a spell from The *Citadel of Chaos* or *Sorcery!* which is reasonably close, or design a completely new spell. It may sound complicated, but once you've done a few conversions you'll soon get the hang of it.

One last thing before I get down to details: you should only use monsters converted from other gamebooks for your own games. If you make monsters in the hope of seeing them printed in *Warlock's Out of the Pit* for example, they probably won't get published because they aren't original, and worse still, you will be violating the copyright of the people who wrote the original book – and that's against the law:

The Way of the Tiger

These books have a radically different system to *Fighting Fantasy, so* it is difficult to convert things precisely. Each opponent has scores for Endurance, Defence and Damage. You should be able to get something usable by following this procedure:

Endurance is equivalent to STAMINA. To find a STAMINA score, multiply Endurance by 4 and divide by 7, rounding fractions off to the nearest whole number.

Defence can be used to generate a SKILL score. Multiply Defence by 2, then subtract 7. Most opponents have different Defence scores against different attack forms; you can take the average of them to work out SKILL, or just take one.

Damage – in *Fighting Fantasy,* every blow does the same damage, and when damage is listed as less than 2 dice in The *Way of the Tiger* books, the opponent does the standard 2 STAMINA points of damage on a successful hit. Where Damage is 2 dice or more, the opponent will inflict 3 STAMINA points of damage.

Lone Wolf

Like *Fighting Fantasy, Lone Wolf* monsters have two attributes: COMBAT SKILL and ENDURANCE. These are the same thing as SKILL and STAMINA, and you can convert from one to the other using the following tables:

SKILL: use the following table:

FF SKILL	Lone Wolf COMBATSKILL	FF SKILL	Lone Wolf COMBATSKILL
1	1	10	15–16
2	2–3	11	17–18
3	4	12	19
4	5–6	13	20–21
5	7–8	14	22–23
6	9	15	24–25
7	10–11	16	26–27
8	12–13	17	28–29
9	14	18	30

STAMINA: to find *FF* STAMINA, subtract 5 from *Lone Wolf* ENDURANCE.

Some monsters in the *Lone Wolf* series have a *Mindblast* power. Every time this is used, the victim loses 2 ENDURANCE points. For *Fighting Fantasy,* you may decide that this power robs the victim of 2 STAMINA points and allow the victim a LUCK check to reduce the damage to 1 point or avoid it altogether.

Grey Star

This series uses the same game system as the *Lone Wolf* series, and can be converted to *Fighting Fantasy* in exactly

the same way.

Golden Dragon
This series uses three attributes: VIGOUR, AGILITY and PSI, but most monsters are listed as follows:

OGRE	VIGOUR 10

Roll two dice:

score 2 to 5	You are hit and lose 3 VIGOUR points
score 6 to 12	The ogre loses 3 VIGOUR points

To find the monster's SKILL score, take the *lowest* score you need to hit it (in this case 6) and add 2. Optionally, flip a coin – if it's heads, add 2, if it's tails, add 3.

VIGOUR is the equivalent of STAMINA; STAMINA IS 2/3 of VIGOUR.

PSI has no equivalent in *Fighting Fantasy,* and neither has AGILITY; optionally, you might use SKILL in their place, making a SKILL check instead of checking AGILITY to perform feats of agility, and instead of checking PSI in situations where magic is involved. If you use the *Fighting Fantasy* MAGIC attribute from *Citadel of Chaos,* add 3 to PSI to find the MAGIC score.

Grailquest
This system only uses one attribute – LIFE POINTS – which equates to STAMINA. To find a STAMINA score, divide LIFE POINTS by 4, rounding off to the nearest whole number, and add 12.

SKILL is a little more difficult to find, because *Grailquest* has no skill attribute to govern combat. Instead, it requires a basic score of 6+ on two dice to hit, with modifiers for weaker or stronger monsters. Perhaps the best way to generate a SKILL score is to divide LIFE POINTS by 4, and modify this score according to the following table:

Monster's Minimum score to hit	Modifier	Monster's Min score to hit	Modifier
2	+4	8	–2
3	+3	9	–3
4	+2	10	–4
5	+1	11	–5
6	0	12	–6
7	–1		

Falcon
This system doesn't use statistics for monsters and other opponents, and it is almost impossible to convert to *Fighting Fantasy.*

Demonspawn
This series is a lot more complex than *Fighting Fantasy,* with no less than eight attributes. Most of them, of course, have no equivalent to *Fighting Fantasy,* and for purposes of conversion you only need to worry about three of them.

Skill: To find a *Fighting Fantasy* SKILL score, divide *Demonspawn* skill by 10 and add 3.5. Round all fractions down.

Life Points: These are equivalent to STAMINA. To find a STAMINA score, divide Life Points by 16.

Luck: Fighting Fantasy monsters don't generally have a LUCK score, but you can find one by dividing the *Demonspawn* Luck score by 8.

Forbidden Gateway
This series uses a variety of attributes to describe monsters, depending on their nature.

To find a SKILL score, take the average of the monster's Strength and Dexterity scores (if only one is listed, use it on its own), and add 3.

To find a STAMINA score, add 6 to the monster's Stamina score. If Endurance is listed instead of Stamina, use Endurance in the same way, but bear in mind that this might indicate that the monster is a spiritual rather than a material being. In such cases, you might need magical weapons or spells to fight it.

Tunnels & Trolls
In most *Tunnels & Trolls* material, monsters are given a MONSTER RATING (MR) as an index of their unpleasantness. Again, this is a very different system to *Fighting Fantasy,* but you should be able to get a usable SKILL score from the following table:

MR	SKILL	MR	SKILL
up to 16	4	65–80	8
17–32	5	81–96	9
33–48	6	97–112	10
49–64	7	129–144	12

MRS over 144 may be treated as 12 SKILL, or you could add one extra SKILL point for every 20 MR points over 144 (i.e. MR 145–164 = 13 SKILL, and so on).

STAMINA is more of a problem, owing to the differences between the *Fighting Fantasy* and *Tunnels & Trolls* game systems. As a rule of thumb, the STAMINA score will usually be about twice the SKILL score. Alternatively, you could roll two dice and add the result to the SKILL score to find the monster's STAMINA.

Dungeons & Dragons
In this system, the number of Hit Dice (HD) a monster has governs its chance of hitting like a SKILL score. To find a SKILL score, divide HD by 2 and add 4. Where HD are shown as X+Y (e.g. 1+1, 6+2, etc.), ignore the second number unless it is over 4, in which case add 1 to the first number (i.e. HD 6+2 = 6 for conversion purposes, giving a SKILL score of 6/2+4 = 7, but 6+6 = 7, giving 7/2+4 = 7.5, rounded up to 8).

To find a STAMINA score, divide the monster's Hit Points (HP) by 2. If the HP score is not given, multiply the HD score by 4.5 for an average HP figure, rounding fractions up.

This conversion may make some monsters turn out a little on the weak side, so don't be afraid to add a couple of points here and there to beef them up a little.

A lot of monsters in *D&D* have special abilities, some can even cast spells. To help you with conversions, I have listed a few of the more common spells and abilities with rough equivalents from the magic systems in *The Citadel of Chaos* and *Sorcery!*

Dungeons & Dragons	Citadel of Chaos	Sorcery!
ESP	*ESP*	TEL
wall of fire		
burning hands	*Fire*	HOT
produce flame		
fool's gold	*Fool's Gold*	DUD
phantasmal force[1]		
spectral force		
Illusion		KID
levitate	*Levitation*	ZEN
shield[2]	*Shielding*	FOF,WAL,WOK
cure light wounds[3]	*Stamina*	DOC
lightning bolt		
fireball		ZAP
charm		LAW, GOD

1. The *phantasmal force* spell does not include sound – the illusions which it produces are silent.
2. Does not work in exactly the same way – alternatively, reduces an attacker's Attack Strength by 3, for frontal attacks only.
3. Alternatively, restores 1–6 STAMINA (roll one die).

There are many more spells in the *Dungeons & Dragons* game system; I have only listed a few examples. Most of the titles of spells and other abilities are self-explanatory, and you should be able to work out what they do fairly easily.

DEREK the TROLL
By LEW STRINGER
WAHHH! WOE IS ME! MY BROTHER, BENJAMIN OF THE BOILBUM, HAS BEEN MAULED BY YONDER CAVERN-BEAST!
STREWTH!! ~BUT WHERE IS HE NOW?
IN HERE... OR WHAT'S LEFT OF 'IM!
ULP! THAT'S THE FOURTEENTH THIS WEEK! SOMEONE MUST SLAY THE CAVERN-BEAST!
~BUT WHO'D BE STUPID ENOUGH TO VOLUNTEER?
DEREK!
OOER!
IT AIN'T FAIR! YOU'RE ONLY PICKIN' ON ME 'COS I'M SPOTTY, SHIFTLESS, AN' SMELLY ~ BUT WHO ISN'T THESE DAYS?
RATHER YOU THAN US, SUNSHINE!
AAAGGHHH!
FLIP!
NIGEL the CAVERN-BEAST
Ding Dong
TRESPASSERS WILL BE LUNCH
NO HANKERS
WHOOFYA!
UNWELCOME
THUD!
RRAAGGH!
'ELP!
UNWELCOME
© LEW STRINGER
BY AN AMAZING COINCIDENCE, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, FLYING DIRECTLY ABOVE, THE LAST OF THE TEN-TON PUGUGLYBIRDS SUDDENLY BECOMES EXTINCT!
AWK
WHAM!
COO! WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK!
BLIMEY! DEREK HAS SLAIN THE CAVERN-BEAST!
HE'S NOT SUCH A BAD TROLL AFTER ALL!
COR! WHAT 'IT ME?
AAGGHH! IT'S STILL ALIVE!
OOER! I'M OFF!
AGH! MURDER!!
HELP!
SCREAM!
AARG!
EEEK!
LEAVIN' THE VILLAGE, DEREK?
ALISTAIR THE LEPER
YEAH! IT'S SUDDENLY NOT AS QUIET AS IT USED TO BE!

The Arcane Archive

New acquisitions in the Warlock's Library, reviewed by Paul Cockburn

This is a bit of a thin month, but there are still a good few interesting books around for you *Fighting Fantasy* fans. These days, there are so many different types of game books, it must be confusing sometimes when you go to the shops and find them, big and small, some with weird puzzles, others packed with all sorts of information. I know poor of Derek the Troll is getting confused, and since I told him there were same computer games of *Fighting Fantasy* books, he has been going around smashing anything that looks like a computer. He doesn't like new things, do you Derek?

So, for starters, here's a *Fighting Fantasy* book from the original series.

Rebel Planet
Robin Waterfield
Puffin
£1.75
Fighting Fantasy
Adventure Gamebook

This is a science-fiction *FF* book, one of the few that have successfully survived the change from good old sword and sorcery to lasers and hyper-drives. Derek thinks flying through space is a stupid idea, but lots of people enjoy SF books and films, so it might seem odd that there are not more adventure gamebooks in which you can be Buck Rogers or Luke Skywalker.

I suppose one reason might be that so far none of the SF books have been as good as the Fantasy ones. All the good monsters and places to visit seem to have appeared in the Fantasy books, while the SF ones read like a poor man's Star Wars. Well, *Rebel Planet* is different. Not one of the greats, but still a marked improvement- and the best of the bunch as far as the package the Warlock sent for Derek and me to review (which isn't saying much!).

You are with the good guys, a member of the Earth-based secret organisation, Search and Research of Space (SAROS). The bad guys are the Arcadians, who have conquered most of the Galaxy, and who have an implant in their heads that links them to a giant hive-mind computer. They are very strong, and their computer brings them great powers; but maybe that computer is a weakness as well as a strength. If some brave adventurer could just knock out the computer, surely all the Arcadians would be helpless – they wouldn't know what to dot

Guess who has been chosen to destroy the computer? You're right! You must break into the computer, for which you need a code – and to get the code you must visit nine rebel leaders on different worlds who each know a part of it. When you have the code, you must blow up the computer – and hope the Arcadians can't manage without it! What could be simpler than that?

Well, it gets trickier. Worst of all is the fact that you can't trust all the humans you meet while you search for the code. Some are traitors. That makes searching for the rebel leaders very tricky, and you have to see them all, or the mission will fail. All that makes this one of the most difficult *FF* books to complete without a bit of cheating . . . Derek says he only got killed once, but then trolls can regenerate. Your powers include martial arts skills and a laser sword. If you fancy yourself as a bit of a whizz-kid with a spaceship, then this book is for you, but I found it a bit too complex (too many planets) and lacking in really inventive ideas. Derek says that heroes who press buttons instead of smashing people over the head are wimps anyway.

Tolkien Quest –
Night of the Nazgûl &
The Legend of Weathertop
Coleman-Charlton &
Heike Kubasch
ICE/Unwin
£2.50

Now this, you must be thinking, has to be a good 'un. Adventure Gamebooks based on the books that started off all the interest in role-playing and fantasy – possibly the greatest fantasy books of all time. What could be better than that? The answer is, just about *anything*.

The problem with the *Tolkien Quest* books is that they are an off-shoot of an established role-playing game, *Middle-earth Role-Playing (MERP).* Now, if you have been reading the letters in *The Warlock's Quill*, you'll know that not everyone who reads adventure gamebooks thinks that role-playing games are all that wonderful. They are complicated things, role-playing games, and not at all as easy to pick up and enjoy as your average gamebook. So, you have to invest a lot of time if you are going to get the most out of a role-playing game.

MERP is one of the worst offenders. It is terribly complicated. And now, *Tolkien Quest* arrives, drawing many of its ideas from the game; indeed, you can even play your role-playing character in the book. The books are much simplified from the original game, but that still leaves 28 pages of rules at the start for you to wade through before you can start playing.

Once you have your character, and you know all the bonuses for fighting with this weapon instead of that, all the spells, and how to use all this information, then you will find the book actually operates quite differently from a normal gamebook. First off, there's a map. You can choose to move around the map as you like, and when you move into one of the areas marked on it, you turn to a numbered passage to read what you see; then you can choose to explore it properly, or find out if there is anyone (or anything!) living there. If you get a result, you turn to another numbered passage to see what you encounter ... phew! It is actually a better idea than it sounds, in that you can have more choices this way than are ever going to be possible in a *Fighting Fantasy* style of book. But *Tolkien Quest* has so many possibilities that it becomes a maze of tables and numbers. The passages themselves are so short that they do not have any of the descriptive qualities of a good *FF* book, and therefore the whole book becomes a jumble of numbers and names and very little interesting reading.

Night of the Nazgûl is set in the time just before the War of the Ring, when the Shire is in great danger from the Black Riders. You must warn the hobbits that they are coming, to give them time to prepare. *The Legend* of *Weathertop* jumps to the time after the War of the Ring, and concerns the orcs living atop the Weathertop. You must penetrate beneath the hill, to find the Staff of Truth.

Tolkien fans will probably find these books a delight; there are actually passages from books like *The Hobbit.* But gamebook players aren't going to find these easy to play, and may wish they had a few more of the master's words, and a few less die rolls for their money.

Just as a final aside the Warlock warned me that these books might not – in the end – appear in their original form because of some legal argument with the normal publishers of Tolkien material in the UK, *Unwin*. If you can't find these books in your local shop, it will be because they have been burned or otherwise disposed of. Derek thinks it's hysterical, being an avid book-burner himself, but then he doesn't like the way the trolls in these books are always portrayed as being dumb.

Revenge of the Red Dragon
James M Ward
TSR Inc
£4.95
One-on-one Gamebook

This is the third in TSR's series of 1-on-1 gamebooks, the D&D-based games for two players. You might remember we looked at *Castle Arcania* back in *Warlock 6*. Yes, yes, everyone remembers you weren't here then, Derek, and we missed out the second one in the series for one reason and another. So, for all late-comers, the basic idea is that you get two books in a rather flimsy slip-case, two players take a book each, and take it in turns to search through a series of locations on the map, with their characters fighting each other if they end up in the same room. In this case, one player is Raven Quickblade, and he must reach his castle before he is caught by the dragon; the other player is Flametongue, the dragon, and he must kill the knight.

Sounds good? Well, like so many of this month's offerings, this one left me rather confused. The idea is straightforward, but each player has so many options that act as contradictions to the basic rules. The Black Knight, of Quickblade, has a veritable army of allies who must all be controlled separately, while the dragon player can pick spells from a long list. Either of them can find magical items, which add even more complications.

Anyway, Derek and I had a game (he wanted to be the dragon, of course), and we started off trying to play it like *D&D,* because it looks so much like the game. This brought us into conflict with some of the instructions, so we started again trying to play a simple version, and found there were situations the rules didn't cover. Derek thought it was a great game, because the dragon won eventually, but you can't trust his opinion.

On the plus side, the diceless combat system works well, with both players calling out a number 1–20 and cross-referencing the result. Eventually, you get used to the various combinations, so it might be an idea to have a couple of d20s handy. I also got the hang of making a note of what page I was on before starting combat; Derek kept losing his place, and he bit a lump out of the dragon book in the end. Frustration wins again.

Mission for Vitrium/
Silicon Sabotage/
Invaders from the Lost Galaxy/Into the Sun
John Norton
Macmillan Children's Books
£1.95 each
Adventure Gamebook

This new series from *Macmillan* certainly looks pretty good. Four large format (A4) books with full colour throughout. But it is aimed at a very young audience-probably six to eight year olds, like the heroes of the books. There are just 46 pages in each book; no rules or die-rolling, simply a choice between two or more options.

In *Mission for Vitrium,* the reader is involved in a race against aliens and an unscrupulous mega-corporation to find a rare Vitrium-rich planet. Without this vital element, Earth's defences will collapse . . .

Book 2, *Silicon Sabotage,* starts as the reader picks up a surprise leak from the Inter-Galactic Council's top-secret communications system. It appears that a criminal organization is intercepting classified transmissions concerning the movement of valuable gold shipments on Earth. The investigation takes you to Mars, Saturn and beyond. It's up to you to stop the thieves from pulling off the most audacious crime in stellar history . . .

Invaders from the Lost Galaxy involves the reader in a desperate battle to repel telepathic aliens who are destroying the Earth's lunar colonies. If they are not stopped, their giant, locust-like machines may soon be terrorising Earth itself. Another planet-hopping adventure, which takes the reader to and from the Moon, Jupiter – and even back in time . . .

The fourth book, *Into The Sun,* has you saving the Earth once more. This time, it's a rogue asteroid which is the culprit. The planetoid's gravitational field is driving Mercury, Venus and Earth straight into the Sun. Terrible heat-waves are already engulfing the planet and time is running out. There seems to be an annoying error in this book, since page 27 has no routing instructions at the bottom (1 believe it should tell you to turn to page 13).

The author has obviously tried to get away from the standard two endings of most adventure books, where you die (horribly) or succeed (gloriously). In each book, death is only one of several outcomes, and the reader may be more or less successful. Unfortunately, there are not enough pages to cope with the author's ambitions. Some of the routings can be rather confusing, taking you away to completely unexpected locations, or suddenly introducing new facts which would only make sense if the reader had taken a different choice earlier on.

Well, that's it for another month, Derek – pity there weren't some better books this time round, eh? What's that? You've found some! Where? In breakfast cereal packets? Let me see – "*Back To The Future* . . . the hit Spielberg film . . . now you can he Marty McFly . . ." These are pretty good, Derek. Neat idea giving away breakfast cereal with each book, too . . . Now all we need is one with fried hobbitburgers, eh?

A large bag (well, tanned Troll-badder, actually) of letters this issue, so all you adventurous young mortals must have been busy. But it's still not enough! I can read a whole letter at a glance, which means that even the huge piles of Warlock's Quill letters take me just a few minutes to go through, and I have to wander off in search of something else to read (like the *Encyclopaedia Multiversica*, all 1001 volumes, for the 30th time; or the backs of cornflake packets or something).

Dear Warlock.

After reading Ian Berriman's letter in your last issue, I also felt I had to write in criticism of some of your latest gamebooks. Of Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone books I found 1 to 6 with the exception of *Starship Traveller* very good, and so was the *Sorcery!* epic, but lately with these different writers the books have become monotonous and boring. Numbers 8, 13 and 17 weren't had, but the rest were like reading the same story with a different title. Monsters are becoming too hard, and the story uninteresting. Please do something about this!

However I would like to congratulate Jamie Thomson and Mark Smith on their very exciting *Ninja* and *Falcon* series – keep it up. However, Joe Dever and Gary Chalk should try and spice up their *Lone Wolf* series which is going downhill after a brilliant start.

Yours criticisingly,
Tim Valentino,
Beckenham, Kent.

Dear Warlock,

I am very impressed with your last three gamebooks *(Appointment* with *FEAR, Rebel Planet* and *Demons of the Deep).* They provide difficult puzzles (with the exception of *DotD)* that are difficult to solve and keep the interest up. I like the way that to find an important place, a special paragraph number may have been given earlier: it lessens the opportunity to cheat, something that I must admit I have often done in the earlier gamebooks.

The plots of these books have been very interesting too. Much better than having to find the three keys/special items/jewels.

I enjoyed The Tasks of Tantalon a lot as well. I think I have solved all the puzzles, but I am stupefied at the last one. How is it done?! I am looking forward to *The Casket of Souls*.

I like the new style of *Warlock*. Apart from being an *AD&D* DM, I still buy solo books and am glad you now cover the whole range. Keep up the good work!

Yours,
'Mad' Tom Lynton,
Brighton, Sussex.

*** Tom, you must be 'mad' if you think I'd give away the secret of the *Tasks of Tantaton*!**

Dear Warlock,

Once, on a mission to retrieve a Crown of Kings I passed through Kharé, searching for the North Gate spell to give me access to the Baklands. During my search I came across the dwelling of a gnome who offered wares for sale. As I searched his shelves (reference 324), I came across a book called *Kharé – Cityport of Traps* by Steve Jackson on the top shelf. I decided to buy it at a bargain price of two gold pieces, and indulged myself in it, in a nearby inn called the Wayfarer's Rest. Inside, I was amazed at finding an adventure to search for the lines of the North Gate Spell. This clever author must have prophesied my journeys from Analand onwards. I don't need to risk life and limb any more for adventures, just a few dice and pencil, and a few of these books.

Yours ex-wizardly,
David Morgan,
Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

*** Congratulations, David, on submitting our first *Orb of Merit* letter. You will be receiving books One and Two in the *Way of the Tiger* series.**

Dear Warlock,

It's great to know that someone has published a superb magazine that's worth reading, and not to mention your well written and challenging gamebooks and fine miniature models. I enjoy your idea-filled articles and the neat art in every issue, and it's really a shame that we can't have the mag coming out more often.

I like *Fighting Fantasy* solo games, but could you guys do a little more on things related to GM controlled games? During play I usually refer to past articles in *Warlock* (the two articles by Graeme Davis and Tony Smith in *Warlock 4* were excellent).

The flexibility in the role-playing group-style game makes it easier to expand the rules. Besides the rulebook, maps and location/encounter text, the gamemaster should keep lots of notes and reminders.

The rules for *Fighting Fantasy* exclude unconsciousness. I consider a player with a STAMINA of zero who was killed by a bare-handed opponent unconscious. Anyone 'killed' by a non-edged weapon (unspiked mace, club, slingstone, staff, etc.) has a chance of only being knocked out (on a roll of 9 or under on two dice). To find out how long the character stays out cold, roll two dice and multiply the result by ten. What you get is the number of minutes the character remains unconscious.

In the future I hope to sec more GM controlled adventures and cartoons (exciting or funny) in your marvelous masterpiece of a magazine. Keep up the good work and slay those dragons!

Yours sincerely,
Cameron Lee,
Toronto. Ontario.

*** One thing you've missed out of your rules suggestion is how many points of STAMINA the character has when he wakes up. I would suggest 1 point. That way the character will have to find some healing pretty quickly! I think we've done a lot to fulfill your wishes for the magazine, with two multi-player adventures in the past two issues, and the introduction of that put-upon eyesore, Derek the Troll.**

Dear Sir,

My attention was drawn to your recent letter column (*Warlock 8*), which featured one Nicholas Kinzett of Coventry, West Midlands, yet I have never sent your magazine any such letter. Furthermore. I have never read any *Fighting Fantasy* books. I would appreciate having these facts clarified, for being active in the gaming field it is not entirely impossible that I will meet or have dealings with James M Ward, so I would like to publicly dissociate myself from the rather rude and pointless comments made about his game and attributed to me. Someone, I fear, has played a poor joke upon myself, Mr Ward and *Warlock* magazine. Perhaps you would also remind your readers that this type of behaviour, jolly jape though it must doubtless seem, might occasionally have legal consequences. Thank you.

Yours faithfully,
The Real Nicholas Kinzett,
Coventry, West Midlands.

*** I hope readers will take note of Nicholas's comments. Two of our readers certainly should take his advice:**

Dear Warlock,

I find the only women in your gamebooks are either serpent queens (Gamebook 5) or hags (Gamebook 5 again)? Why? Like everyone else I think House of Hell is very hard and have still not vet got through. They say fighting the Pit Fiend is one of the toughest fights of your life.

Make mine *Warlock*,
The Warlock.

Dear Warlock,

Would you ask that girly weed Thomson why his Ninja books don't give the option of kicking an opponent in the konkers, as I'm sure it would be far more effective than Kwon's weedy flail.

Yours violently,
Vyvyan Basterd,
Brixton Pleasure Park.

*** Both of you should watch out – using other people's names! In particular whoever you are impersonating me! As a special favour, I haven't used my crystal ball to worm out your *miserable* identity. But be warned – next time sign yourself *A Warlock*, or you'll be short of a few important limbs!**

Dear Warlock.

As President, founder member, only member of NSRSPCTT (Not so Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Trolls), I must advise Mr Paul Cockburn to *leave poor little Derek the Troll alone*. Thank you. Because if you do not, I will personally, yes personally, send a Winged Demon, with a photo of Jamie Thomson (*Horror*! Only kidding), to sort you out.

Well then, Oh Mighty One (grovel, grovel), I have only *recently* started reading *Warlock* (sorry!), from issue 7, to be precise. So I was wondering, do you have any back issues?

Yours wonderingly,
John Mitchell,
Belshill, Scotland.

PS What (or where) is Mampang?
PPS Why don't you enter Jamie Thomson in *Out of the Pit*?

*** Your grovelling means that 1 have forgiven you for only recently starting to read *Warlock*. Unfortunately, since the magazine is so popular, we only have issues of 6, 7 and 8 left. These can be ordered from the infamous Nottingham *Games Workshop* Goblins, at the address given elsewhere for subscriptions.**

You don't know where Mampang is? Tut tut, your education has been lacking. If you had read Steve Jackson's *Sorcery!* you would be aware that Mampang is the fortress lair of the loathsome Archmage, from whom you must wrest the Crown of Kings! As I'm sure other readers will agree, being without a spell in Mampang can be a very unpleasant experience.

We had thought of using Jamie Thomson in *Out of the Pit*, but decided he was too horrific. Do *Warlock* readers really have strong enough stomachs for something that vile?

Dear Warlock,

You magazine is brilliant, but couldn't you cut out a few adverts and make solo adventures longer. Up to about 250 locations instead of 200. Also do you know of any books showing how to write *FF* style adventures?

Yours sincerely,
Gregory Horne,
Holbury, Southampton.

*** I think most readers would disagree with you about the advertisements. Not only do they provide information for readers on where to buy games, how much they cost, etc., but they also keep the price of the *best* gamebook magazine below £1. You can't complain about that, surely? There are no books on how to write *FF*. It would be like revealing the recipe of *Coca-Cola* – something best kept secret by those who know how to do it best.**

Dear Warlock,

I have two questions. The first is – when it says 'Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone Present', does it mean they both wrote it, somebody else did, or Steve and Ian wrote it, but the original idea was made up by one of the two.

My second question is – what is the adventurer who adventures in your superb *Fighting Fantasy* gamebooks meant to look like?

Yours curiously,
John Gardiner,
Sittingbourne. Kent.

*** When it says 'Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone Present' it means that the book was written by somebody else, on Steve and Ian's invitation, and that they've checked it to make sure it tits in with the rest of the books. The adventurer in *Fighting Fantasy* is up to you – you should use your imagination. If you like, the adventurer could even look like you!**

Dear Warlock,

While I was looking through *Out of the Pit* Encounter Tables – shock horror – I found a mistake in the DUNGEONS/ RUINS Row I: monster 8 'rior'. I quickly looked it up but it wasn't there!

Your skill has failed you this time,
Darren ? Younger,
Sunderland, Tyne & Wear.

*** It hasn't entirely failed us. The 'rior' in that table is, of course, the last bit of 'Skeleton Warrior'. Number 8 *should* be the next monster, the Imitator, with number 9 being the Giant Rat, and so on up until number 18, which is, of course, the Vampire.**

Greetings Warlock,

I have read many *FF* books and the *Lone Wolf* series, and enjoyed them enormously. But with not being able to go on any Quests lately the funds have diminished. So I took to finding another way of sustaining my lust for FF. So I acquired some water colour paint and began to paint the pictures in my *FF* books. They have taken a new lease of life. Now the adventurers are more exciting. The pictures practically come to life.

So I must leave now because I have a room full of monsters to deal with.

Yours obediently,
Alan Newboult,
Beeston, Leeds.

*** Well, that just goes to show that not only are they superb stories and glittering games, *FF* gamebooks are also capital colouring books!**

Dear Warlock,

I am writing to say that I think you have done an excellent job at publishing *Warlock*. I would like to ask (since no-one else has) what happened to ref 164 in issue 7's 'Temple of Testing'?

After reading about a return to *Deathtrap Dungeon* I thought that a return to *Fire Island* or *Scorpion Swamp 2* would make good adventures. What happened to *FF* books after number 7? No more dungeon-bashing, although I'm glad that *Trial of Champions* is at hand.

Yours ever supporting,
William Konos,
Co Down, N Ireland.

*** What happened to ref 164 in the 'Temple of Testing'? Well, as you may have noticed elsewhere in issue 7, I got distracted by that mealy-mouthed mice-baiter Jamie Thomson. Casting the spell that improved his looks considerably, I became distracted, and accidentally set fire to my beard. It must have been this that allowed another pesky Gremlin to get at things. Just to clear matters up, the reference should have the following added to the end of it:**

FIRST SKELETON	**SKILL 8**	**STAMINA 7**
SECOND SKELETON	**SKILL 7**	**STAMINA 7**

If you win, turn to 189.

If you have any more bones to pick with us, don't forget to write! Also, A Arkle, the author of the 'Temple of Testing' went and moved without telling us – so if you're reading this, please send us your address!

That's all for this issue. Keep those letters rolling, slithering, sliding, creeping and hopping in. Don't forget, we want to know which are your favourite rive gamebooks, and what books you'd like to have if your letter wins our *Orb of Merit*.

The Warlock's Quill,
Warlock Magazine,
Games Workshop Ltd,
Enfield Chambers,
16–18 Low Pavement,
Nottingham.

PAINT YER DRAGON

Learning to paint miniatures can well be a time-consuming business. Many of the problems beginners encounter can be avoided by following a few simple guidelines. So, to save your time, the Warlock has asked Rick Priestley to spill the beans . . .

Greetings, lowly ones! This month I'm going to be revealing some of the innermost secrets of preparing, painting and presenting metal miniatures for display and gaming. Reluctant as I am to commit this treasured information to paper, the Warlock himself has commanded that I do so. So be it! What am I but a greasy ball of slime to argue with his utter awesomeness.

Firstly, you'll need something to paint. There are many different types of model available in the shops, some larger and more expensive than others. To begin with it is a good idea to paint a model that will develop your basic painting skills. So, avoid specialised subjects or models which require special effects, such as zombies and undead. It is also wise to avoid models that require gluing together until you are a bit more experienced. The most pratical subject is an adventurer, such as one of *Citadel's C01 Fighters*. Painting up a fighter will require you to master the art of creating flesh tones and armour, as well as representing clothing and equipment. The example I have chosen is 'Anwan of Middlemarch', designed by Bob Naismith – a burly fighter with metal breastplate and padded jerkin (the model that is, not Bob).

Before you can paint your model, you'll need the following things:

1. ***Files***. At least one modeller's file (more if you can afford it). These are sold in model shops and come in assorted shapes: half-round, rat-tail, etc.

2. ***A modelling knife.*** You will require a good modelling knife. Always treat your modelling tools with respect – especially knives, which are extremely sharp and are dangerous if used incorrectly or carelessly. When using a knife always make all cuts *away* from your body, with the model being cut firmly supported on the work surface.

3. ***Brush/brushes.*** You'll need one or two brushes to paint your model. Only the best quality artist's sable brushes are good enough for the sort of detail you need, these must come to a fine tip when moistened and 'pointed' between your fingers. A brush with stray hairs or a bushy appearance isn't any use. Buy a number 0 and, if you can afford it, a number I as well. The 0 is small enough to deal with the finest detail, whilst the 1 will cope with larger areas. Remember, it is the fineness of the point which allows you to pick out detail, not the size of the brush. Artist's brushes are available through art and better model shops.

4. ***Paint.*** The best kind of paint for our purposes is water-based acrylic such as *Citadel Colour*. Other companies make perfectly good paint too, including all the commercial model firms, but make sure that it is water-based acrylic. Art shops sell acrylic paints in tubes, and these may be used too if you wish, although they are often a little thick and do not always cover as well as model paints. All water-based acrylic paints are intermixable, so you don't have to stick with one manufacturer. To start with you'll need white, black, red, green, blue, yellow, silver, and gold. A flesh will be useful too, but most people prefer to mix their own flesh tints. By an amazing coincidence, these are the very colours available in the *Citadel Colour Paint Set 1*! (£4.95 from your model shop) A few shades of brown will also come in handy.

5. ***Undercoat.*** It is absolutely essential to undercoat metal models before painting them. If you don't do this the metal will show through, the paint will rub off, and your best efforts will look a horrible mess. The undercoat should be a white enamel paint. Humbrol matt white enamel is fine (although you'll need turps and a separate brush to apply it). Rather than brushing on an undercoat I would recommend the cans of white 'primer' sold in garages and large stores for car bodywork repairs. A can will cost you about a pound, lasts for many models, and gives far and away the best surface for acrylic paint.

6. ***Water.*** One or two jars of water will be needed during painting. Metallic pain tends to float about on the water and gets in everything you paint thereafter, so keep a separate jar for silver and gold.

7. ***Work-surface.*** You will need to find a nice warm bit of dungeon in which to sit and paint. A good light is essential – daylight is best – but a spot

lamp or reading light will do. Your working area should be free from clutter, and should consist of something you can cut, spill, paint on, etc, without attracting the wrath of your family. A piece of board or thick wad of newspaper on the table will suffice.

8. ***Plate***. A tile or something similar to mix paint on. An old (stress *old*) dinner plate is ideal.

9. ***Varnish***. To protect your completed models you will need to varnish them. Varnish is sold in spray cans in good modelling shops and comes in either matt or gloss.

All right, there you are, ready to begin. Water and paint should be well out of elbow room, and your as yet unpainted victim standing before you. The first thing you will need to do is clean the casting using the files and knife. *All* metal castings need to be cleaned, because, no matter how carefully the models are made, there will be some unwanted metal. Often this appears as strands of metal following 'air-vents', the channels in the mould that allow air to escape. Without these vents the mould cavity would fill with air and the metal wouldn't be able to get in to form the model. So clean off these vents and tidy up any rough or uneven surfaces that are left. Similarly, your model may have a discernible mould line, that is a light ridge of metal where the two halves of the mould join. This is easy to remove using your knife to scrape away any unwanted metal. Once this is done you must ensure that the model's base is good and flat, so that it stands up without wobbling. If not, file the base until it does. Note that many of *Citadel's* models now come with Slot-a-bases, separate plastic bases which are attached to the model by a slot. These should be fastened to the model now, and glued into position using any suitable adhesive (epoxy glue is best).

Before painting your model you'll need to undercoat it. This undercoat provides a solid grip for the paint, and its white surface gives a good background for the colour. Paint applied over a grey or black undercoat will appear dull and weak. There are definite uses for coloured or dark undercoats, but these are really only for advanced painters. Perhaps the Warlock will permit me to explain these deeper secrets at some future date. For now we'll stick to the white undercoat. If using a spray can to undercoat your figure take your model, a cardboard box, your paint can, and go outside. Spraying indoors is really not a good idea ... it goes everywhere! Smells like a troll's armpit too [*Less of the Troll insults, Priestley – Derek knows some* good *libel lawyers! – The Warlock*]. Place the model in the box so that the spray is contained, and give it a very light coat. After a few minutes repeat this, spraying from a different angle to make sure you cover the model entirely. Try not to use too much paint, as this will obscure the detail and will take ages to dry. You are aiming for a complete, white, light coverage. Then let the undercoat dry thoroughly. Either place the touch dry model in a warm place for a few hours (under a light, on top of the fire, etc.) or leave the model overnight.

Now your miniature is ready and waiting for its first real coat of paint. Everyone has their own idea of the best sequence for painting the various features and details, and you will come to decide for yourself which way you prefer. What I shall describe is my own method. Basically, paint the model from the inside out; start off with the flesh, then any shirt, trousers, etc., followed by overlying garments, armour and helmets. Lastly paint any equipment and weapons. This method is sensible because it allows you to paint fairly sloppily to start with, covering over any wayward paint later.

So, begin by mixing a flesh colour. If you are using *Citadel* flesh colour add a little black and red (or brown) to make it darker, as it is slightly too pale. If mixing your own flesh colour start off with white, add a little red or red-brown, a little yellow and a touch of black. Vary the amounts until you get a colour you like; a shade which looks dark and purplish on your mixing surface will probably look about right on the model. Paint the face and any exposed flesh. When applying the paint use only the tip of the brush, try to avoid getting paint into the base of the bristles as this will eventually ruin the brush. Don't worry too much about getting flesh colour on other areas, although it is better to be fairly neat if you can. Keep a piece of rag at hand to wipe brushes and clean the brush in water before going to the next colour. Tissues are a poor substitute for a decent rag since they tend to dry the brush too severely, leaving it straggly and unmanageable.

After the fleshy bits the next area to paint is that next to the skin, which in the case of Anwan of Middlemarch is his trousers. When choosing colours remember that all paints are intermixable, so experiment a little until you get a colour you like. I decided on a dirty grey, mixing white with a little black and light brown *(Citadel Orc Brown*). Once again, don't worry too much about getting paint on other areas. Once this coat has dried continue with the other areas in turn, the padded jerkin (I made mine brown), armour (silver mixed with black), gloves (brown), boots (brown), knee-armour (silver mixed with black), straps, scabbard and backpack (various shades of brown), weapons silver mixed with black) and helmet (silver mixed with black). As you apply successive layers you should cover over any previous mistakes, leaving a neat finish. If you accidentally splash paint onto an area already painted – such as the face – wipe this off quickly and touch-up as necessary. Decorations on the sword-belt were then picked out in blue and the base painted green before the basic figure was put aside to dry.

Your model is now complete, although you might like to finish the base off by applying a layer of scenic material such as flock (coloured sawdust), sand, or tea-leaves. Spread glue over the base and immerse in your scenic material, this will stick to it creating a textured surface. Blow away any excess and leave to dry. Many modellers prefer to apply a coat of varnish to their miniatures in order to protect them during handling. If you intend using your models as gaming pieces then it is better to varnish them in this way. Varnish can be obtained from any good model shop, and comes in spray can much like the undercoat used already. Several light coats should be applied (out of doors once more I'm afraid – yes, I know it's cold). Varnish is available as gloss or matt, the gloss giving better protection.

Once you have finished painting make sure all your brushes are clean. Throw away the dirty water, and store your brushes in one of the empty jars, points upward. *Never* leave brushes standing point down in a jar of water, this will bend the tips horribly and you'll have to buy new ones. If you have used *Humbrol* type enamel paint for undercoating rather than cans. Remember to keep your enamel brush separate and clean this with turps. Every so often, you should clean your brushes thoroughly using soap and warm (not hot) water. Bring them to a point and return them to their jars to dry off. If any appear worn then now is the time to buy a new brush. Old brushes can be kept for less detailed work or for painting scenery, bases, etc. At the same time check your files to make sure they are not clogged with metal. Files wear out too; but a file will last many years if you clean out any clogged metal (1 use a toothbrush). Similarly, you should make sure your modelling knife is still good and sharp. Once your knife is blunt it is time to put in a new blade. An old blade is more likely to snap because you'll need to put more pressure on to get an effective cut. Remember to dispose of old blades sensibly as, although they may be blunt to you, they are still sharp enough to cut anyone foolish enough to play around with one.

I hope these few words have gone some way to inspiring you towards the noble art of painting. Perhaps the Warlock will be magnanimous enough to permit me to reveal further secrets in future issues, for there is still much for you to learn: the subtle art of shading, dry-brushing, black-lining, painting faces, and other guarded knowledge.

MAGICAL ITEMS IN FIGHTING FANTASY

by Graeme Davis

The treasure tables in *Out of the Pit* list a few magical treasures, but it won't be long before the multi-player GM or solo designer will want to create new and original magic items. Here are a few thoughts on the subject, which I hope will be helpful.

It is possible to divide magic items into four distinct classes, according to what they do: *weapons and armour* modify combat ability, *amulets* protect against something, *talismans* produce an effect like a magic spell, and *potions* are generally like amulets or talismans, but function only once.

Weapons and Armour

Respectively, these make you a deadlier fighter and make you less vulnerable to your opponent's attacks. Within the mechanics of the *Fighting Fantasy* system, they both have the same effect – that of modifying your SKILL score. A magic sword, for example, might add 1 point to the wielder's SKILL (only when holding it – just carrying it in its scabbard isn't enough!) since it is enchanted to hit an opponent more easily. Exceptionally powerful swords might add 2 or 3 points to their user's SKILL. Armour, on the other hand (including shields), will add to the user's SKILL because it provides better protection than the non-magical variety.

Alternatively, some weapons and armour might affect STAMINA rather than SKILL; a magic weapon might leave its user's SKILL unaltered, but cause 3 STAMINA points per wound rather than the usual 2-while armour might reduce its user's wounds to I STAMINA point rather than 2. An item which has this kind of effect is more powerful than one which affects SKILL.

Very rare magical weapons might have specific 'enemies'. For example, a sword might add to its user's SKILL, or cause additional damage only when fighting a particular type of opponent, such as goblins, dragons or undead. Against all other opponents, it will behave just like any other sword.

Amulets and Talismans

These two classes are treated together because they are very similar-the only real difference is that talismans *do* something while amulets *prevent* something. An amulet will provide protection against something – tire, for instance, or poison – so that the user will suffer no damage from this particular attack form. A talisman, on the other hand, allows its user to cast *one* kind of spell, even if he or she is not normally able to use magic. The spell lists in *The Citadel of Chaos* and the *Sorcery!* books will give you plenty of ideas here.

Amulets and talismans don't need to be any particular kind of object. For example, a *cloak of invisibility* will work just as well as a *ring of invisibility*, and a pendant which casts a jet of flame will work just as well as a wand which does the same thing. In some cases even weapons and armour can function as amulets and talismans – a helmet might protect the wearer from mind attacks as well as increasing his/her SKILL, or a sword might be able to cast a lightning bolt once or twice a day, as well as causing an extra STAMINA point of damage. Items which have more than one function are quite powerful – more will be said on this later.

Potions

Magic potions are very similar to the other classes of magic item, especially amulets and talismans, the only difference being that they only work once. Basically, they are spells in bottles, and the spell takes effect when the potion is drunk. Again, the spell lists from *The Citadel of Chaos* and the *Sorcery!* books will provide plenty of ideas, but you should bear in mind that a potion generally only affects the character who drinks it, so spells like Fire, Weakness, ZAP or POP are not generally suitable for potions – unless you want to be nasty and create a cursed potion!

Powerful Magic Items

Some more powerful magic items might combine two or more effects; swords and armour have already been mentioned in this respect, and other magic items can have multiple effects. For example, a ring which protects against fire might also be able to cast a Fire or HOT spell, while a wand might be able to cast two or three different spells. The more functions an item has, the more powerful it is, and the more powerful it is, the rarer it will be and the more difficult to come by.

Sources of Power

The magic within magic items must come from somewhere, and when you design a magic item, it's worth thinking about how it is powered.

One-off items, like potions, gain their power from the magical operations which went into their creation, and the materials of which they are made. On the other hand, items with a continuous function (such as a ring of protection against fire) and items with a repeating function (e.g., a ring which casts a spell more than once) will need more power. An item which keeps on working for ever will need an immense amount of power (even the most powerful wizards themselves don't last for ever!), and it seems reasonable to expect that most magic items will 'run out of juice' at some time.

An easy way to deal with this is to give an item a set number of 'charges'

when it is found-say 2–12 charges for less powerful items, up to as many as 10–60 (ten dice) for the great legendary artefacts. For repeating functions, each use of the item will take one charge, while continuous functions will drain one or two charges per day or per adventure. More powerful functions might cost more than one charge – if you use the *Sorcery!* magic system, you might link the number of charges needed for a function to the STAMINA point cost of the most similar spell.

When an item runs out of charges, of course, it will no longer work; there are few things that warm a cruel GM's heart more than that moment when a character pulls out a magic item to deal with an onrushing dragon and it goes 'phut' rather than 'boom'. If you are feeling kind, you might give the players some kind of warning – the item might go dull or crumble to dust when the last charge is used.

But what can the poor adventurer do when he is left pointing a duel wand at a large and unfriendly dragon? Apart from running like mad, the answer is a simple choice: either throw it away or try and get it recharged. Recharging a magic item is a costly and laborious business-almost as much so as making it in the first place-and the operation requires a very powerful wizard (more powerful than any adventurer) and a great deal of money. The GM may decide precisely how much it will cost, but a base price of 1,000 gold pieces plus loll gold pieces per charge seems reasonable in most cases. Alternatively, the wizard might send our hero off on .a quest in payment rather than charging money. Of course, there is always the chance that a recharging operation won't work. If the charges don't 'take', the item will be as useless as ever, and the magical energy that didn't go into the item might seek another outlet, resulting in an explosion.

A few powerful magic items might be able to recharge themselves. For example, Michael Moorcock's fantasy hero Elric of Melniboné has a magic sword called Stormbringer, which increases his strength and fighting ability as well as having several other functions. It tops up its magical energy every time it kills an opponent, draining its victim's life-force like a vampire or wight. Other items might, for example, draw on the energy of magical attacks made against their user. A ring of protection against fire might store the energy from fire-based attacks – say one charge from each attack-and use the power to cast a Fire or HOT spell when its user so desires. These items will not need recharging, but they have an added danger; if they are filled with more charges than they can take, there is a chance that the surplus magical energy will weaken the structure of the item,

resulting in all the charges being released at once in a massive explosion which will destroy the item and probably its user as well.

Cursed Items

Not all magic items have to be nice – swords and armour might actually *reduce* their user's Attack strength, or amulets might make a character more vulnerable to something rather than protecting against it. Cursed items will be comparatively rare – say one in 50 or 100 items – but they can keep players on their toes.

A Few Words of Caution

Magic items are great fun to design, and it is always interesting to see how a player or group of players react to a new magic item as they try to figure out what it does. They can add a lot to a game, but they can also tip the balance too far in the players' favour. If the adventurer(s) get too powerful, there will be no challenge left in the game. When you find your nastiest monsters being brushed off like flies, you can bet that the players are well on the way to getting bored, and a boring game won't last very long. Here are a few points that the GM or solo designer should bear in mind:

Firstly, be mean with magic items. This applies especially to the multiplayer game, where our group of adventurers can pick up a lot of 'hardware' in just a few games. Even when a character is killed, his/her equipment is usually divided up among the rest of the party, so that magic items tend to become concentrated in the hands of the few most experienced adventurers. As I said before, the more powerful a magic item is, the rarer it will be. Everybody wants to own magic items, so only a very few will be left lying around for just anyone to pick up, and this also means that the most powerful magic items will be owned by powerful beings, since a weaker creature will not be able to hold onto them for very long. Most magic items will be owned by intelligent beings rather than just lying around, and it is reasonable to expect that an intelligent being will use its magic items to defend itself against marauding adventurers, rather than leaving them sitting in a pile of treasure.

This is another reason for keeping most magical items to a fairly low level of power. If an item is powerful enough to allow a single adventurer to wipe out a horde of goblins, then it's powerful enough to allow a single goblin to wipe out a horde of adventurers . . .

Powerful magical items do have a place, of course, but they will most probably be encountered as the objective of a quest rather than just a little something that the adventurers pick up along the way. In this case, the adventurers will probably be working for someone-perhaps a powerful wizard – who wants the item recovered intact, and will probably not be pleased if the adventurers steal it for themselves or run its charges down to nothing before handing it over. Possibly one of the most powerful magical items in the whole of literature is the Holy Grail, but nobody knows what it does, because the object of the quest was just to find it. Even Sir Galahad, the purest knight who ever lived, didn't dare even touch it, and would probably have been blasted to ashes if he had. Many of the really powerful magical items might have this kind of effect-some of them might even have a kind of intelligence, and adventurers who tinker about with them trying to find out what they can do might be in for a few surprises.

Magic items can add a lot to a game, but they can also destroy it, so be careful with them.

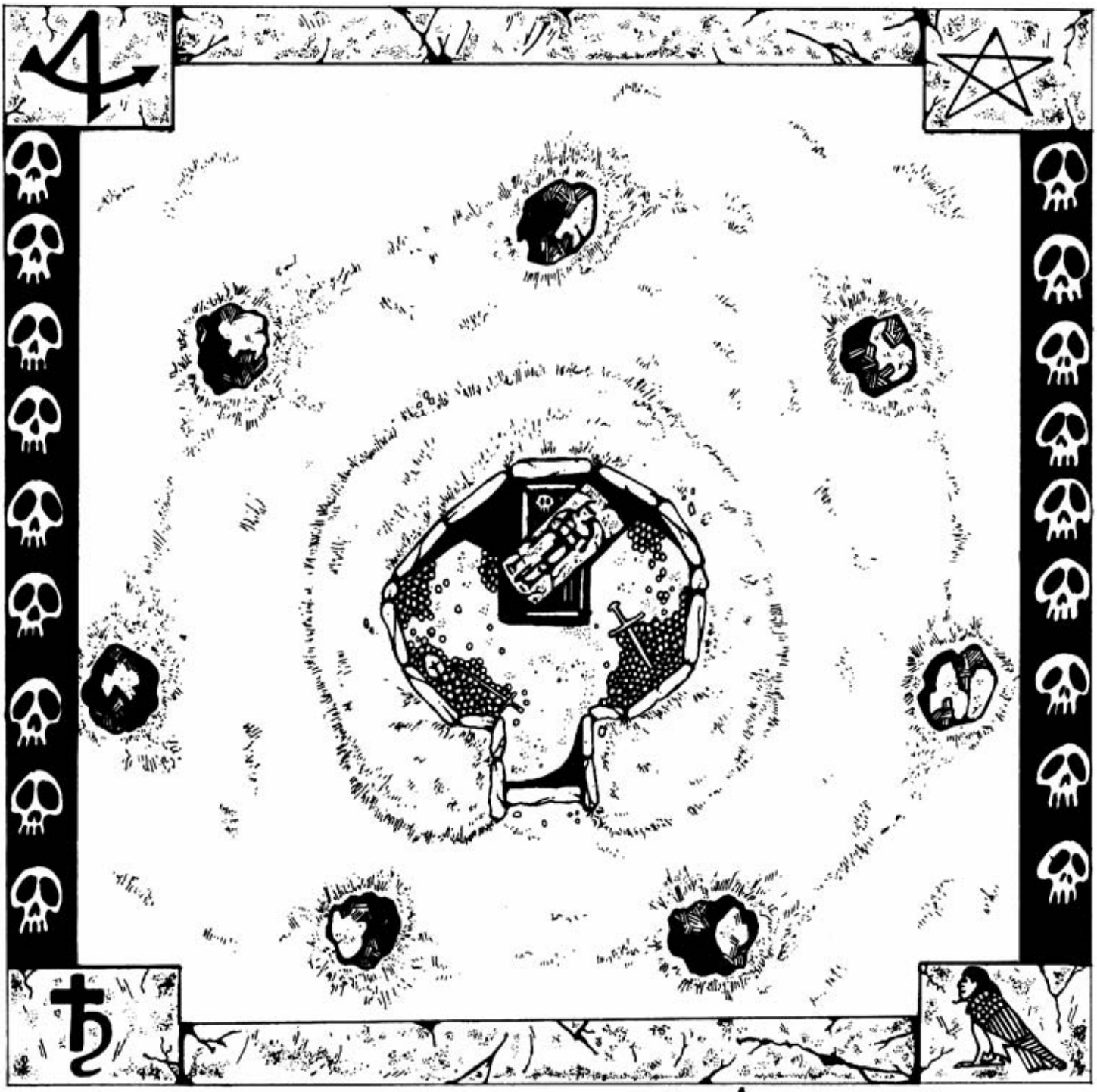

THE RING OF SEVEN TERRORS

A multi-player Fighting Fantasy Deathtest for 3–7 players by Graeme Davis

GM'S INTRODUCTION

The scenario can be set anywhere in the land of Allansia where there is a fair amount of high moorland terrain. It can be used as part of a continuing campaign, or as a one-off game in its own right.

As GamesMaster (GM), you should read through the whole scenario carefully before you start play. Make sure you know exactly what is going on at each stage; if you're not familiar with the scenario, it can confuse the players and lead to problems.

Apart from the section headed 'Players' Introduction', all the information in this scenario is for your eyes only. Be sure to tell the players only what their characters will see and hear; let them find things out for themselves where monsters and magic items are concerned.

Except where otherwise noted, all monsters and creatures encountered have an *Attacks* score of 1.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION

You are travelling through wild hill country in search of adventure, and, more importantly, money. Your gains from your last adventure are almost spent, and some of the hill-folk have not unproved matters by feeding you tall stories and sending you off on a wild goose chase after non-existent treasure. You suppose they think it's funny, making fools of 'brave adventurers'.

Things may be looking up. In the lands through which you have been travelling for the last few days, you have began to hear of a series of legends about a long-dead ruler called the (lunched King There are many stories. and the legend grows more lurid and self-contradictory the more you hear.

All the stories you have heard seem to agree on one thing – the Hunched King was a sorcerer of immense power, and he took a great treasure with him to his tomb, where he lies under the protection of ancient and terrible guardians. A folk-rhyme crops up again and again-it runs as follows:

'In circle broad, in coffin narrow,
Sleeps the Hunched King 'neath his
barrow,
Safe his treasure, sound his sleep,
For seven fears his vigil keep.'

The last village you passed was two days ago, but there you found an old man who remembers a group of adventurers looking for the tomb of the Hunched King nearly seventy years ago.

'A wizard there was with them,' he says, 'Ile had some kind of map, although I never saw it. But he asked about a barrow in a stone circle, two days into the hills from here. I saw it from afar when 1 was very young, but none from here has ever been near the place. The moor is an evil place, and one best left alone. '

You asked the old man whether these adventurers returned with anything, but he just laughed and gave you no answer.

So, following vague directions, you set off into the hills, walking for two days in search of a rumour. At last you saw it on the skyline – a ring of stones round a small barrow. Your spirits rise slightly as you approach the site – at least it's real this time. But what of the Hunched King, his guardians, and, more importantly, the treasure? What terrible guardians can there be in such a small space? You know that there is only one way to find out.

GM'S NOTES

The Seven Fears referred to in this rhyme are the seven greatest fears of mortal man – all seven must be overcome by any would-be grave-robber, as will be seen.

The Site (see plan)

A ring of seven standing stones surrounds the low barrow, which commands an extensive view over high, bleak moorlands. There is nothing visibly unusual about the site, although the GM might like to build up atmosphere by telling the players that any birds, rabbits or other animals that they disturb flee round the circle rather than across it. The adventurers can inspect the circle and the barrow as closely as they like, but nothing will happen until someone touches the door-slab of the barrow.

As soon as this happens, anyone standing outside the circle will see everyone inside the circle vanish. They will reappear after about ten seconds with notched swords, dented armour and several wounds.

Although their absence from this world lasted only a few seconds, time has passed differently for those who vanished; they have faced seven guardians on seven planes, and overcome Man's greatest fears. Their experience runs as follows:

1. War

As soon as anyone touches the doorstone of the barrow, the scene undergoes a transformation. Anyone who was outside the circle disappears from the view of those inside, and the circle itself generates an invisible wall of force which prevents anyone or anything from leaving. The landscape outside the circle stays the same, although it is now sunset and the setting sun casts a bloody light on the remains of a slaughtered army. Among the corpses and the broken banners, only the crows move; all else is quiet.

Even as the adventurers take this sight in, out of the standing stones– as if each were an open doorway – step SKELETONS, dressed in battered armour and wielding notched and rusty swords. There is one Skeleton for each member of the party, and they attack immediately.

SKELETONS SKILL 6 STAMINA 5

When the last Skeleton is destroyed, the scene changes again.

2. Famine

Outside the circle is now an orange sandy desert beneath an orange sky. The barrow is a solid protruding mass of orange sandstone, and the stones of the circle are weirdly-shaped pillars of the same material.

At first, the party may think that nothing is happening-then any character who rolls under his/her SKILL on two dice will hear a quiet munching sound coming from his/her pack. Opening each pack will reveal a SAND WEEVIL in each, rapidly consuming anything edible. The Sand Weevils – orange beetles some 4in. long – have already eaten food equivalent to one meal from each pack, and they will continue to eat one meal per round until they are killed. Characters trying to kill

a Weevil with anything larger than a dagger will suffer a penalty of 2 points from Attack Strength.

SAND WEEVIL SKILL 2 STAMINA 3

If a Sand Weevil wins around of combat, it will bite its opponent. The bite does not cause the usual loss of STAMINA points, but the victim must roll his/her *current* STAMINA or less on four dice – failure means that the victim suffers the following effects:

1. The victim is wracked with hunger for a number of hours equal to the dice score; during this period his/her SKILL is reduced by 2 points.
2. Any meals consumed in this time will restore only half the usual loss of STAMINA points.
3. If a spell or potion is used to restore STAMINA, it will not have its usual effect. No STAMINA points are regained, but the effect is ended, and any further meals, potions and spells will have their normal effect.

When the last Sand Weevil is killed, the scene shifts again.

3. Plague

As far as the eye can see lies a sea of foul-smelling green-brown sludge. The barrow is a mudbank rising above the swamp, and the stones of the circle are the blackened stumps of long-dead trees. Nothing else in sight rises above the brackish water. Within the circle, the sludge is two feet deep. Any character (or monster) standing in the sludge has a penalty of 2 points to Attack Strength.

Out of the pillars step more skeletal figures-again, one for each member of the party. They are not armed, and the air around them seems to shimmer with decay and corruption.

DECAYERS SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

As detailed in *Out of the Pit*, any character struck by a Decayer is exposed to a terrible rotting disease, which will erupt a week later when the victim will lose 2 STAMINA points per hour until dead or until cured by a powerful healer. For the purposes of this scenario, however, all characters struck are allowed a STAMINA check to avoid this-the first time a character is hit, he/she must roll his/her STAMINA or less on four dice; success indicates that the character is unaffected by the disease.

As the last Decayer is killed, the party again finds itself in different surroundings.

4. Madness

The scene changes to a domed crypt carved out of a seamless black rock. The stones of the circles are now seven pillars supporting the dome, and the barrow is an elaborate sarcophagus on a dais, all carved out of the same black rock.

Squatting on top of the sarcophagus is a BANSHEE. She begins screaming immediately, and at the start of each round every character must roll his/her SKILL score or less on two dice; failure indicates that the character is transfixed by the Banshee's howling and cannot attack or move during that round. The Banshee will only attack transfixed victims, and will hit automatically for 2 STAMINA points of damage. Characters who are not transfixed can attack the Banshee normally; she will defend, but cannot wound a character who is not transfixed.

BANSHEE SKILL 12 STAMINA 12

AS the Banshee is killed, the scene changes again.

5. Death

The sarcophagus and dais remain the same, as do the pillars, but the circle is now completely open. It is night, and everything outside the circle is wreathed in grey mist; occasionally, ruined crypts and broken tombstones can he made out through the mist.

The party will notice that the weapons they are holding after the fight with the Banshee have turned into solid silver. AS they notice this, their new opponents will appear through the pillars, one for each member of the party.

CRYPT STALKERS SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

Crypt Stalkers can only he harmed by blessed or enchanted weapons; the

characters' changed weapons count as such. If a Crypt Stalker scores two successful hits in a row, it will grasp its opponent's neck and strangle for an extra 1–6 STAMINA points of damage. Each attack round after this, the victim must strike successfully to get free of the grip, or suffer another 1–6 points of damage until one combatant is killed. A Crypt Stalker which kills its opponent will vanish, taking no further part in the battle. As the last Crypt Stalker is destroyed, the scene shifts again.

6. Hell

All around the circle is a curtain of flame. The pillars, the barrow and the floor within the circle are all carved from one piece of red-veined black stone. The stone glows and smokes, but is not dangerously hot.

The weapons which the characters are holding have changed again; they are no longer silver, but are made of a black metal shot through with swirling, ever-changing red streaks. These enchanted weapons add 2 points to the wielder's Attack Strength, and they are the only weapons capable of harming lire party's next opponent. With a flash and a roar of flame, a HELL DEMON materialises in the centre of the circle.

HELL. DEMON
SKILL 14
STAMINA (= number of characters +6)
4 *Attacks*

The Demon will attack as many opponents as it can in each round, and it will not use more than one attack on any one character.

As the Demon is killed, there is a titanic flash and the party's surroundings change again.

7. Self

The sky is white, and white light floods down on the scene. The ground, as far as the eye can see, is a featureless flat mirror. The barrow is a mound, faced with mirrors, and the pillars are likewise mirror-faced, with a single mirror forming the whole of the inside face. The party's weapons are back to normal.

Out of the mirrored pillars step the party's most deadly opponents – their own reflections. Each mirror image has exactly the same current SKILL and STAMINA scores as its original, but is not able to use LUCK in the battle. If a mirror image kills its original, it will disappear.

When the last mirror image 'dies', the party is instantly transported back to the plane of existence on which they started. Nothing seems to have changed there. Any character who died in one of the seven battles is also returned at the same time – miraculously alive, but with only 1 STAMINA point.

Each player should roll two dice at this point. A score of 2 or 3 indicates that their main weapon is of silver, as it was in the battle with the Crypt Stalkers; it does normal damage, but is capable of hitting monsters which can only be struck by silver or blessed weapons. A score of 12 indicates that the weapon is of the hell-forged black and red metal used in the battle with the Demon, retaining all the properties detailed there. At the GM's option, any Demon who meets the wielder of such a weapon may react as *unfriendly* rather than *hostile*, having a healthy respect for a weapon of this sort.

As the party returns to their own plane, the force field around the circle is dropped. At the same time, the doorstone of the barrow develops cracks, which widen as the party watches, until the stone has crumbled to dust. The way into the tomb is now open.

The Tomb

A short passage, 2ft wide and 2ft high, leads sharply down into the burial chamber. As the first character crawls through into the chamber, he/she will see a blue light pour out from under the cover-stone of the stone coffin. Almost instantaneously, the blue light will coalesce by one of the piles of treasure. Taking a roughly human shape – a hunchbacked, spindly-legged old man wearing a royal crown – it will pull a silver-bladed sword from the treasure, and attack. Unless the character already has a silver or enchanted weapon, he/she must roll his/her SKILL or less on two dice in order to reach the sword in the other pile of treasure; otherwise, the character will only he able to defend during that round. A silver or enchanted weapon is needed to fight the Hunched King, since he is now a DEATH WRAITH.

DEATH WRAITH SKILL 9 STAMINA 8

No more than two characters may fight the Hunched King; if more than two characters crowd into the chamber, the cramped conditions will reduce the Attack Strengths of the human combatants by 2 points per extra person (i.e., if 3 People are in the chamber, the penalty is 2 points; 4 people give a penalty of 4 points, 5 people give a penalty of 6 points, and so on).

When the Hunched King is finally slain, the party can take stock. The bulk of the Hunched King's 'fabulous' treasure actually consists of silver and copper, but these coins are worth around 50 gold pieces. There are gems to the value of 215 gold pieces (9 gems worth 10gp each, 5 gems worth 25gp each), and a stone bottle containing three doses of *potion of healing*. Finally, there is a magical treasure a bronze helmet of archaic design which gives the wearer a bonus of 2 points to any SKILL STAMINA, or LUCK checks against attacks which affect the mind (for example, the wail of a Banshee, the gaze of a Vampire, the mesmerism of a Brain Slayer).

Arkenor & Max
part VI
Arkenor and Max have fallen foul of a pair of dirty rats...
BUT, I TELL YOU WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY GOLDEN KEY!
YEH! YEH! TRY TELLING THAT TO THE BOSS!
RAP!
THE BOSS?
CHEEZ – NOT YOU AGAIN! OF ALL THE DOORS IN ALL THE...
SAVE IT FOR THE BROADS, JOE, LET US IN... WE GOTTA SEE THE BOSS!
CREEK!
THE BOSS?
Meanwhile, Morbrake is once again after the party...
HYUK! HYUK!
...and Sir Agravaine and his squire are feeling cut off...
POOR ARKENOR AND MAX – I WONDER WHERE THEY ARE?
GONE, MY DEAR BOTOLPH, TO SOME HIDEOUS, UNNAMED DOOM (SIGH!)
BUT... SHOULDN'T WE DO SOMETHING..?
WE CANNOT, NOBLE SQUIRE ..A TRAP... BELIEVE ME.. I HAVE BEEN IN THESE PORTCULLIS SITUATIONS BEFORE!
BUT... BUT...
COME, BOTOLPH... WE HAVE A QUEST TO FULFIL!
GOT THEM... HYUK! OH, THIS TIME I'VE REALLY GOT THEM!
N.. NOT ANY MORE WE HAVEN'T...
WHAT D'YOU M.. OH! OH!
GULP!
And, in the mysterious Rat Headquarters...
SO... THE BRAINS BEHIND THE HAMELIN JOB...
I... VOS ONLY OBEYING ORDERS..!
BOSS...
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY, TURKEY... AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE 1,000 GUILDERS... EH?
TURN HIM UP ANOTHER NOTCH!
YES, BOSS
NO... NO..!!
VISITORS TO SEE YOU, BOSS!
WE CAUGHT THESE TWO SNOOPIN' AROUND IN THE SEWER – BUT THEY SAY THEY AIN'T GOT THE KEY!
BUT BOTOL... URK!
SHUT UP, MAX!
BAF!

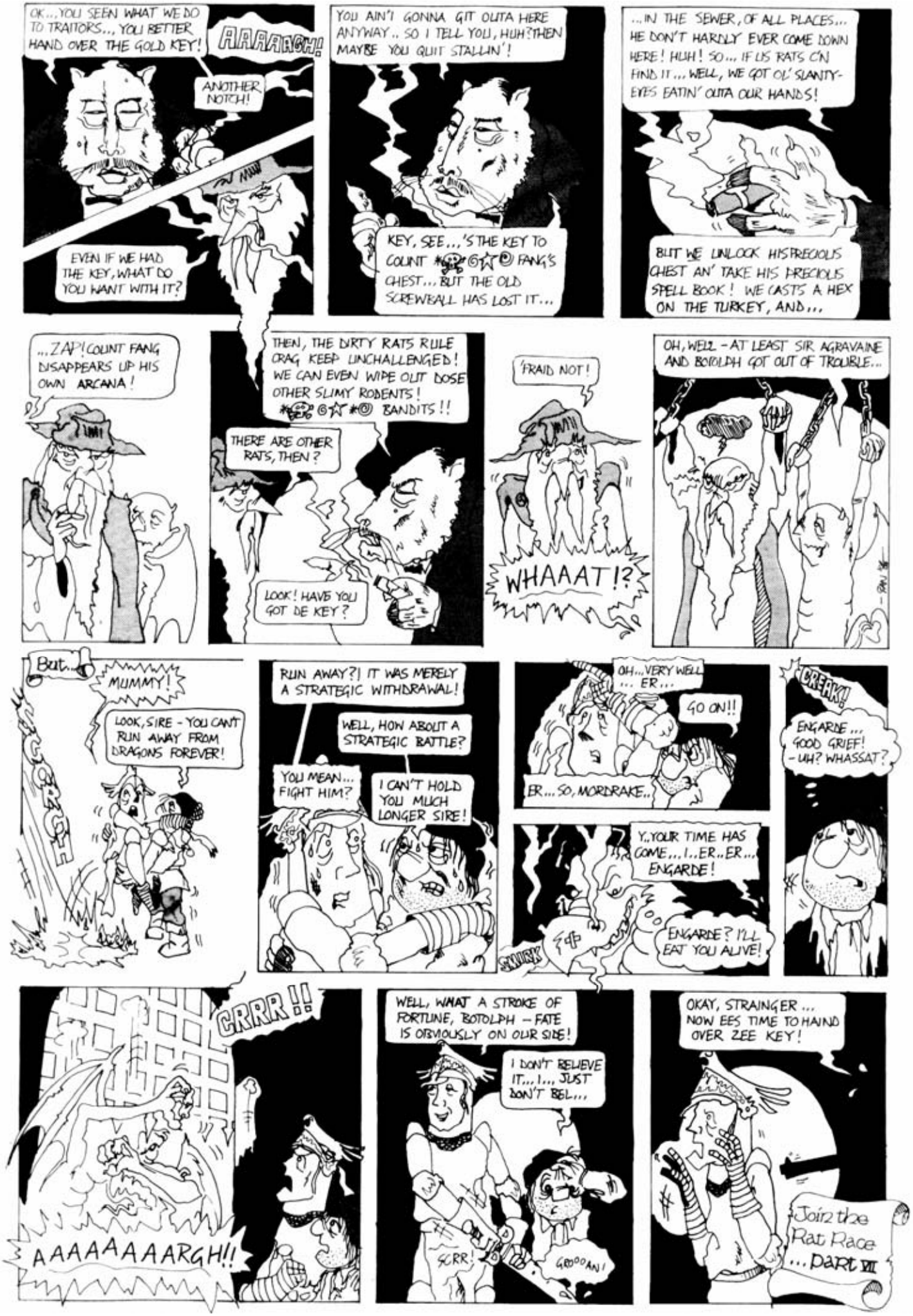
OK... YOU SEEN WHAT WE DO TO TRAITORS... YOU BETTER HAND OVER THE GOLD KEY!
AAAAAGH!
ANOTHER NOTCH!
EVEN IF WE HAD THE KEY, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH IT?
YOU AIN'T GONNA GIT OUTA HERE ANYWAY.. SO I TELL YOU, HUH? THEN MAYBE YOU QUIT STALLIN'!
KEY, SEE... 'S THE KEY TO COUNT FANG'S CHEST... BUT THE OLD SCREWBALL HAS LOST IT...
...IN THE SEWER, OF ALL PLACES... HE DON'T HARDLY EVER COME DOWN HERE! HUH! SO... IF US RATS CN FIND IT... WELL, WE GOT OL' SLANTY-EYES EATIN' OUTA OUR HANDS!
BUT WE UNLOCK HIS PRECIOUS CHEST AN' TAKE HIS PRECIOUS SPELL BOOK! WE CASTS A HEX ON THE TURKEY, AND...
...ZAP! COUNT FANG DISAPPEARS UP HIS OWN ARCANA!
THEN, THE DIRTY RATS RULE CRAG KEEP UNCHALLENGED! WE CAN EVEN WIPE OUT DOSE OTHER SLIMY RODENTS! BANDITS!!
THERE ARE OTHER RATS, THEN?
LOOK! HAVE YOU GOT DE KEY?
'FRAID NOT!
WHAAAT!?
OH, WELL - AT LEAST SIR AGRAVAINE AND BOTOLPH GOT OUT OF TROUBLE...
But...
MUMMY!
LOOK, SIRE - YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM DRAGONS FOREVER!
GRGGGH
RUN AWAY?! IT WAS MERELY A STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL!
WELL, HOW ABOUT A STRATEGIC BATTLE?
YOU MEAN... FIGHT HIM?
I CAN'T HOLD YOU MUCH LONGER SIRE!
OH... VERY WELL ... ER...
GO ON!!
ER... SO, MORDRAKE..
Y.. YOUR TIME HAS COME... I.. ER.. ER... ENGARDE!
ENGARDE? I'LL EAT YOU ALIVE!
SKUNK
CREAK!
ENGARDE... GOOD GRIEF! - UH? WHASSAT?
GRRR!!
AAAAAAAARGH!!
WELL, WHAT A STROKE OF FORTUNE, BOTOLPH - FATE IS OBVIOUSLY ON OUR SIDE!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT... I... JUST DON'T BEL...
GRR!
GROOAN!
OKAY, STRAINGER... NOW EES TIME TO HAND OVER ZEE KEY!
Join the Rat Race ... Part VII

by Tom Williams

ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL	STAMINA	LUCK
Initial Skill=	*Initial Stamina=*	*Initial Luck=*

EQUIPMENT LIST	GOLD
	JEWELS
	POTIONS
	PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*
Skill= *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*	*Skill=* *Stamina=*

This issue's solo adventure comes from Tom Williams, of Twickenham.

You must prove your worthiness to become a knight by rescuing your liege, Sir Falfax, from his incarceration in the Fortress's depths.

How to fight creatures in the Adventure

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own strengths and weaknesses. You have in your possession a sword and a shield together with a backpack containing provisions (food and drink) for the trip. You have been preparing for your quest by training yourself in swordplay and exercising vigorously to build up _your stamina.

To see how effective your preparations have been, you must use the dice to determine your initial SKILL and STAMINA scores. There is an *Adventure Sheet* opposite which you may use to record the details of your adventure.

Skill, Stamina and Luck

Roll one die. Add 6 to this number and enter this total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet.*

Roll two dice. Add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

T here is also a LUCK box. Roll one die, add 6 to this number and enter this total in the LUCK box.

For reasons that will be explained below, SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised either to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *Initial* scores. Although you may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK points, these totals may never exceed your *Initial* scores, except on very rare occasions, when you will he instructed on a particular page.

Your SKILL score reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise; the higher the better. Your STAMINA Score reflects your general constitution, your will to survive, your determination and overall fitness; the higher your STAMINA score, the longer you will be able to survive. Your LUCK score indicates how naturally lucky a person you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdom you are about to explore.

Battles

You will often come across paragraphs which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. An option to flee may be given, but if not – or if you choose to attack the creature anyway – you must resolve the battle as described below.

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your *Adventure Sheet.* The scores for each creature are given each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. It both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each others blows – start the next Attack Round from step 1 above.
4. You have wounded the creature, so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage.
5. The creature has wounded you, so subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage.
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and your LUCK score if you used LUCK – see below).
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Escaping

On some pages you may be given the option of running away from a battle should things be going badly for you. However, if you do run away, the creature automatically wounds you (subtract 2 STAMINA points) as you flee. Such is the price of cowardice. Note that you may use LUCK on this wound in the normal way (see below). You may only *Escape* if that option is specifically given.

Fighting More Than One Creature

It you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; sometimes you will fight each one in turn.

Luck

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these are given on the pages themselves), you may call on your luck to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *unlucky* the results could be disastrous.

The procedure for using your luck is as follows: roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to or less than your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky and you will be penalized.

This procedure is known as *Testing your Luck.* Each time you *Test your Luck, you* must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realize that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

Using Luck in Battles

On certain pages you will be told to *Test your Luck* and will be told the consequences of your being lucky or unlucky. However, in battles, you always have the option of using your luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just wounded, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded the creature, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from the crea-

ture's STAMINA score. However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring the normal 2 points of damage, you have now scored only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try to minimize the wound. If you are lucky, you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (i.e. instead of doing 2 points of damage it has done only 1). If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 *extra* STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time *you Test your Luck.*

Restoring Skill, Stamina and Luck

Skill

Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a page may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Swords. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level at any time.

Stamina and Provisions

Your STAMINA Score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight monsters and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for five meals. You may rest and eat only when allowed by the instructions on a page, and you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. When you eat a meal, add 4 points to your STAMINA score and deduct I point from your Provisions. A separate Provisions Remaining box is provided on the *Adventure Sheet* for recording details of Provisions. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on a page. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

Luck

Additions to your LUCK score are awarded through the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. Details are given on the pages of the book. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed on the page. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see later) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level at any time, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

Equipment and potions

You will start your adventure with a bare minimum of equipment, but you may find other items during your travels. You are armed with a sword and a shield, and are dressed in leather armour. You have a backpack to hold your Provisions and any treasures you may come across.

In addition, you may take one bottle of a magical potion which will aid you on your quest. You may choose to take a bottle of any of the following:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK

These potions may be taken at any time during your adventure. Taking a measure of potion will restore SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK scores to their *Initial* level (and the Potion of Fortune will add 1 point to your *Initial* LUCK score before LUCK restored).

Each bottle of potion contains enough for *two* measures: i.e. the characteristic may be restored twice during an adventure. Each time it is used make a note on your *Adventure Sheet.*

Remember also that you may only choose *one* of the three potions to take on your trip, so choose wisely!

INTRODUCTION

For some time travellers in the wood of Ergon have been captured by servants of the evil wizard Throngard and taken by them to the dungeons below his castle – to meet who knows what awful fate.

You are the squire of Sir Falfax the Fair, who has himself become the latest of the wizard's victims. You know that a frontal attack on Throngard's fortress would be useless; the doors are well guarded and many powerful and evil creatures roam the rooms above the dungeons. But you cannot leave your master to his fate. You decide to allow yourself to be captured so that you will be taken to the wizard's dungeons. About your person you conceal a small knife and a picklock. You know that any other weapons or equipment will be taken as soon as you are captured.

There is nothing for it – if you are to save Sir Falfax you must go to the wood of Ergon and prepare to meet your fate . . . Go to **1**.

1

You walk through the wood and try to whistle bravely to yourself but your mouth is dry with fear.

As you near the mid-point of the path you wonder if perhaps you will not be seized by the servants of Throngard. Despite your concern for your master you begin to feel less frightened. Suddenly from the trees ahead of you 3 figures move onto the path. As they close toward you, you know your plan is working. You are unarmed save for your hidden knife but you are carrying a stout stick. Do you:

Put up a token defence but let them capture you easily (**103**),
Surrender immediately (**95**),
Fight with all your strength (**2**)?

2

The lack of even your knife puts you at a disadvantage as the three come at you. You fight the three one at a time but deduct 2 points from your fighting score in each attack round because you are unarmed. All three men have a SKILL of 5 and STAMINA of **4**. If you beat the first two, turn to **14**.

3

You come to chained by your arms to the walls of a dank dungeon. One barred window high in the opposite wall lets in just enough light for you to make out your surroundings. Without your picklock you are helpless. All you can do is wait to see what will befall you.

After what seems an eternity three armed men wearing the pentagram insignia of Throngard enter the cell. Two move to take your arms as the third unlocks your chains. The loss of your knife means you must deduct two points from your SKILL (until you acquire a new weapon) but this will be your only chance of escape. You must fight all three. You fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
1ST GUARD	4	4
2ND GUARD	4	3
3RD GUARD	3	3

If you survive add 2 LUCK points and escape through the cell door to **21**.

4

The surviving man takes no chances. He attacks you with all his strength knocking you unconscious. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Go to **104**.

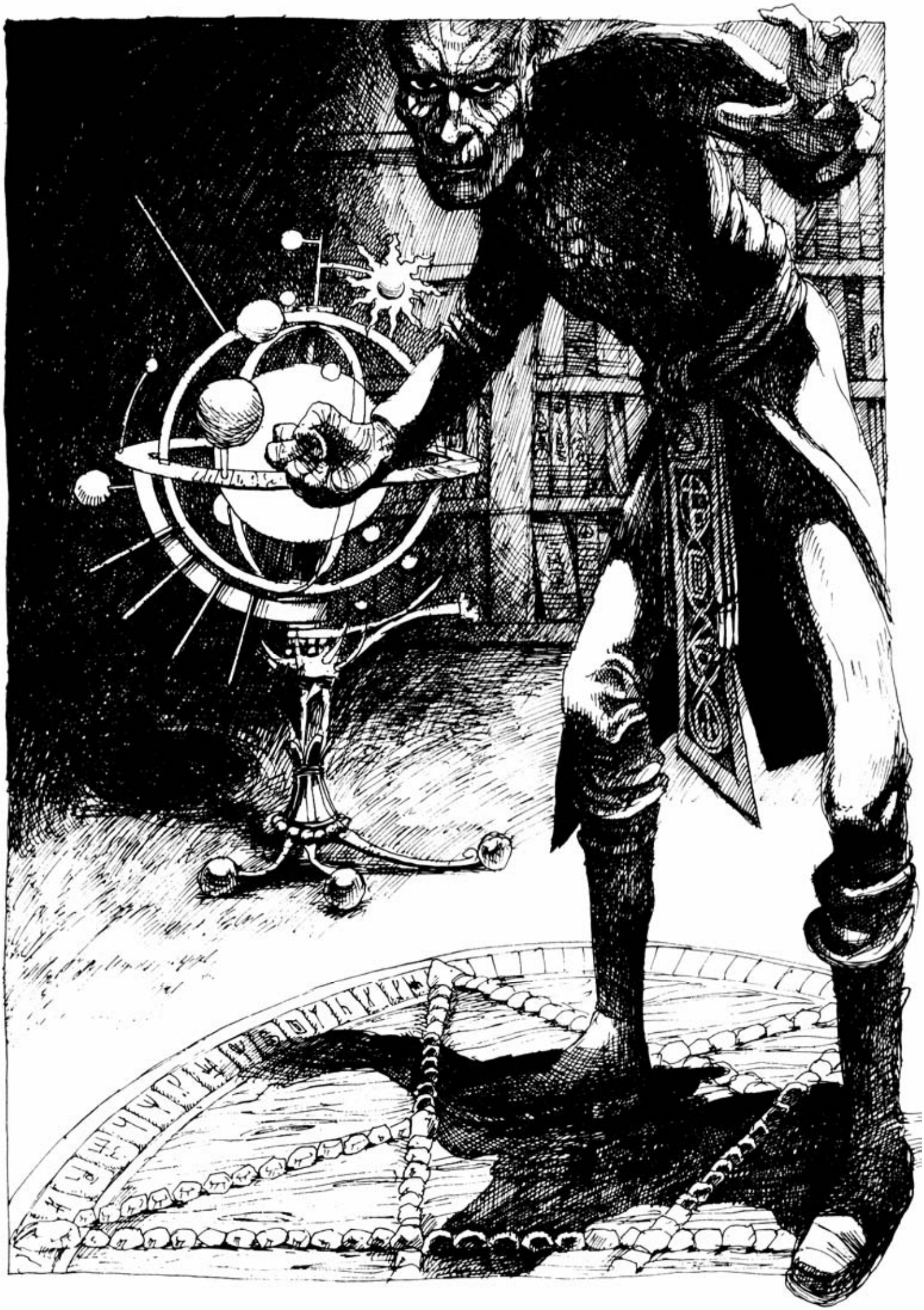

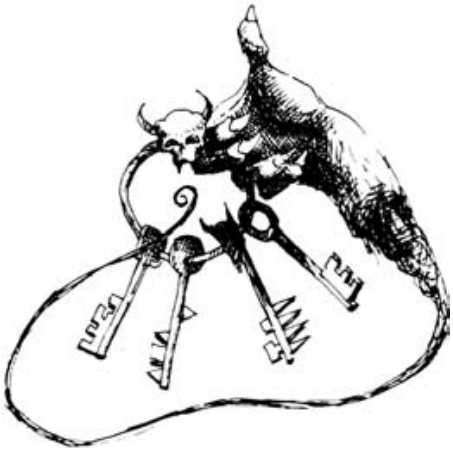

5

After a while you hear a key grating in the lock of your door. Do you:

Draw your knife and stand ready to face whoever enters (**21**), or
Hide behind the door (**94**)?

6

You open the door to find yourself in a magnificent library. If you have been here before you leave immediately and make your way to the top of the stairs (**156**). An astrolabe stands in the middle of the room and the floor and ceiling are inlaid with magical symbols. Near the door a pentagram has been marked out with rubies set in cedar panels on the floor. At one end of the room an old man is sitting reading. Do you:

Slip out again and hope the old man doesn't notice you (**165**),
Run towards the old man, waving your sword (or shaking your fist if unarmed) (**96**),
Cough politely to draw attention to yourself (**106**),
Move away from the old man to place the pentagram between you and him (**17**)?

7

Do you have any large bones with which you could feed the dogs? If you do you may throw the bones through the grill. Go to **110**. If not, the dogs are getting restless – you had better turn back quickly. Go to **118**.

8

As you enter the cell the door swings shut behind you and a mocking laughter fills the air. To your horror you recognise the cell you originally escaped from! The laughter stops and from all around you seem to hear a cruel voice – a voice you know can only be that of Throngard. "My dear deceived adventurer," it says, "how could you really hope to escape me? Don't you realise I have been playing with you all this time, watching you run round and round in circles?" The voice laughs again and you collapse on the ground in despair. Now you realise how futile all your efforts were. How could you hope to escape when you returned to the very cell you had left? The sound of Throngard's laughter brings home to you the total abjectness of your defeat.

Your quest ends here . . .

9

You throw yourself against the door. Roll two dice. If the number is *less* than your current STAMINA score the door bursts open. Go to **128**. If the number is *equal to or greater* than your current STAMINA score the door remains shut. Deduct 1 STAMINA point for a bruised shoulder and carry on down the corridor (**24**).

10

You gently close the door again and tiptoe back down the corridor.

Now will you:
Try the door on your right (**37**),
Try the iron door to your left (**35**), or
Carry straight on (**28**)?

11

The key turns easily in the lock and the door swings open. Go to **47**.

12

You turn back, passing the iron door on your right. Go to **140**.

13

The guards rush out after you. There is no hope of escape. Within seconds they have caught you and beaten you unconscious to the ground. Go to **65**.

14

As the third man advances, you remember that your plan calls for you to be captured. Do you put up a token resistance before allowing him to capture you (**4**), or surrender without fighting any more (**22**)?

15

The lock is a simple one and you soon have it open. You quietly slip through the door. Go to **21**.

16

The door is locked. Do you have a ring of keys labelled "Dungeons" or a picklock? If yes, then go to **157**. If not you will have to walk on down the corridor (to your left as you face the door). Go to **24**.

17

Before you have got more than a few steps into the library the old man notices you. He rises to his feet and paces slowly down the library towards you. "I am Throngard," he says. His voice is deep and has a weird hypnotic quality. "How dare you disturb my peace!" You cannot move. Instantly you realize you are doomed unless you can stop his remorseless advance. As he steps into the pentagram you wonder if you can use the power of that magic symbol to stop him. You rack your brains for an idea. Do you remember the Words of Command? If so go to **25**. If you have not learnt the Words of Command on your travels go to **92**.

18

The barking of the dogs alerts the guards. Several appear at the far end of the corridor and run towards you, yelling and drawing their swords. Do you run towards them (**130**) or run away (**63**)?

19

The hands guide you through the mist. You sense that they are friendly. Suddenly the mist lifts and at the same instant you no longer feel the guiding hands. Go to **161**.

20

As you look at the paintings the eyes seem to come alive. They stare at you hypnotically. You feel dizzy and try to, look away but you cannot. You seem to hear the painting laughing at you but already your surroundings appear distant. The room seems to sway and then you collapse, unconscious. Go to **65**.

21

You are in a corridor lit by torches. Opposite you is a closed door of solid wood with iron studs. Other doors stretch off on both sides of the corridor in either direction. Do you:

Try the door opposite (**27**),
Turn right (**93**), or
Turn left (**36**)?

22

Your sudden surrender after killing his two companions makes the third suspicious. He ties you up – none too gently – and searches you thoroughly. He finds

the picklock and the knife. His anger is already aroused by the death of his two companions and he beats you viciously into unconsciousness. Lose 4 STAMINA Points.

If you survive the beating go to **3**.

23

The door opens and a guard is standing there with a pitcher of water and some mouldy bread. As he sees you he drops the pitcher and goes for his sword. You leap forward and attack him.

GUARD SKILL 7 STAMINA 5

If you defeat him you may take his sword and go to **21**.

24

The dungeon corridor is drawing to an end. On your left and right are more doors but ahead the corridor turns sharply left. Do you:

Try to open the door on your left (turn to **74**),
Try to open the door on your right (turn to **49**),
Follow the corridor to the left (turn to **117**)?

25

Desperately you cry out: "By Grek and Bolizar, I conjure you – *HOLD*!" Throngard's eves fill with horror but he cannot move or cry out. Gandorn's advice has saved you. On the wall behind you you notice a wavy kris dagger with magic runes carved into the handle. Do you:

Take the dagger and try to kill the wizard with it (**102**),
Take the dagger and ignore the wizard (**105**), or
Walk straight to the wizard's desk to see what he was reading (**30**)?

26

After what seems an eternity, two guards enter your cell and unlock your chains. You seem so weak they are careless. You are able to wrench an arm free and strike one of the guards. You must defeat both guards if you are to escape.

1ST GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 6
2ND GUARD SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you survive, escape through the cell door to **21**.

27

The door opens easily enough into a provisions store. A burly guard is stocking food onto the shelves but he stops when he sees you and draws his sword for battle. You must fight him.

GUARD SKILL 6 STAMINA 8

If you defeat him you can eat your fill – all the food for the prisoners is kept here. Restore 4 STAMINA points. If you have a bag to carry provisions in you may stock up here with 4 meals. If you do not have a sword, you may take that of the dead guard.

Satisfied you return to the corridor. Do you go left (**93**) or right (**36**)?

28

You walk along the corridor and pass a door on your left. Do you:

Try the door (**54**), or
carry on down the corridor (**70**)?

29

As you pass the door the dogs begin to bark, attracting the attention of the guards. Several guards appear behind you, yelling and drawing their swords. Do you:

Run towards them (**130**), or
Run away (**63**)?

30

On the desk a great leather-bound volume lies open at the page the wizard was reading. It is headed – 'Locking runes'. You read on: "A door may be sealed with locking runes such as:

Such a door can be opened only by incantation – in this case by chanting with words: "Erebor, Eregor, Open Door!" The book goes on to discuss other locking runes. Do you continue to turn over the pages (**58**) or look at some of the other books in the library (**170**)?

31

The door opens easily but there appears to be nothing of value inside. Some wooden stakes are piled up in one corner, a stout canvas bag lies on the floor, a coil of rope is hanging by the door. If you are unarmed you may take one of the stakes-it is better than nothing and you will suffer a penalty of only 1 point to your SKILL a while you still have the stake-but discard it as soon as you get a better weapon (even your original knife is better than a stake and you cannot hold both). You may take the bag and/or the rope if you wish. If you have been in this room before you

find it empty.

You step back into the corridor. Do you:

Turn right (**129**),
Turn left (**101**),
or Look through the peephole of the door opposite (**97**)?

32

The corridor is very short and ends in a solid oak door. You open the door carefully and sec that you are in an enormous kitchen. You can see three chefs working there-all brawny men – but they haven't noticed you. Do you try to slip away unnoticed (**10**), leap into the kitchen and attack them (**52**), or leap into the kitchen and call on them to surrender (**75**)?

33

It is a magic breastplate and will reduce the effectiveness of any blows struck against you while you are wearing it. While you have it any opponents successfully attacking you inflict only 1 STAMINA point of damage instead of two. However, it is heavy and makes you less agile as a fighter. While you are wearing the breastplate reduce your SKILL by 2. You may discard the breastplate whenever you wish, but once it is discarded (or lost) it may not be worn again. Now go to **41**.

34

You enter a bedroom. It is hung with sumptuous fabrics and dominated by a huge four-poster bed. A beautiful damsel is sitting on the bed. She has long black hair. She is wearing a red gown and her bare arms are very white. She has a small mole just above her elbow but otherwise her skin is flawless. She is the most attractive woman you have ever seen. She beckons you towards her. Do you mumble an excuse and leave the room (**161**), or go towards her (**148**)?

35

You try the door but it is firmly locked. Do you have:

A large iron key (**149**),
A large brass key (**134**),
A picklock (**126**)?

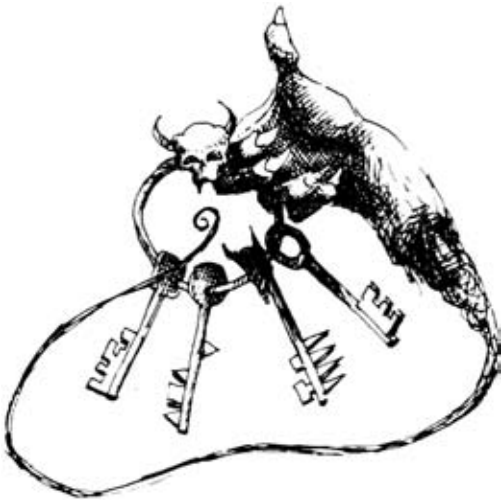

If you have, try one of these on the door (Go to the number given alongside your choice). If you do not, you will have to give up your attempt on the door and move off down the corridor, either to your right (**28**) or to your left (**32**).

36

As you move down the corridor you notice a door on your left with strange runic characters cut into the lintel and on the doorposts. The largest look like this:

Can you interpret these signs? If you can, go to **107**. If not, do you want to try the door (turn to **91**) or carry on down the corridor (turn to **108**)?

37

You find yourself in a short passageway with a door at each end. You push the door to behind you and walk to the other door. It is locked. Do you want to open the door (**51**) or return the way you came (**81**)?

38

The door is locked. Do you have a ring of keys labelled "Dungeons" or a picklock? If you have, go to **128**. If not, you can either try to force the door (go to **9**) or walk on down the corridor (go to **24**).

39

You look around the kitchen. There is plenty of food around. This is your opportunity to eat a meal and restore 4 STAMINA points (but remember not to exceed your initial STAMINA). If you have a bag to carry provisions in you may stock it up here with up to four meals – including any it already contains. There are some big bones in a corner of the kitchen. You can take these in your bag but only if you take three meals with you. After you have searched the kitchen go to **10**.

40

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky you are able to read the plaque (go to **76**). However, if you are Unlucky you are disturbed before you have time to read it. Go to **56**.

41

If you have been in the armoury before you find nothing else, and leave immediately, turning to your left (turn to **24**).

If you have not visited the armoury before you find a light strong sword. If you wish to take this, mark it on your *Adventure Sheet*.

As you leave the armoury do you turn right (**48**), turn left (**24**), or try to open the door opposite (**16**)?

42

The picklock makes no impression on this solid lock but the scratching noise you make has been heard at the other side of the door! The door is flung open and you face 2 guards holding a PUMA on a chain. They release the Puma which immediately attacks you. If you defeat it you must fight the guards.

	SKILL	STAMINA
PUMA	8	7
1ST GUARD	6	5
2ND GUARD	5	4

If you survive, turn to **47**.

43

The three chefs see you standing there without a sword and are amazed at your arrogance. Snatching up kitchen knives they come at you. You are taken at a disadvantage as you had expected them to surrender so add 2 to their scores in each attack round. Go to **52**.

44

You open the door, and immediately your nose is assailed by a stench of sulphur. The room is empty except for a table with a large dust covered book on it, and two stone statues depicting Demons standing either side of a great stone fireplace which dominates one wall of the room. The smell of sulphur is strongest from the fire-place. Do you:

Investigate the fireplace (**135**),
Examine the statues (**146**),
Read the book (**154**) or
Leave the room (**140**)?

45

The door bursts open but the noise has attracted the guards. Two of them stand before you with a PUMA straining at its leash. They release the animal which immediately attacks you. You are bruised and off-guard from breaking down the door so deduct 1 point from your SKILL.

PUMA	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7

Once you have killed the Puma, you must defeat the guards:

1st GUARD	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5
2nd GUARD	SKILL 5	STAMINA 4

If you survive, turn to **47**.

46

You enter a bedroom. It is well carpeted and hung with beautiful tapestries. A huge 4 poster bed dominates the room. As you look at it you realise how tired you feel. The bed seems to be drawing you towards it. If you have been in the room before you leave, turning to the left (**153**). If not, do you:

Lie on the bed and sleep (**169**),
Leave the room, turning to your left (**153**) or
Leave the room and walk along the gallery to your right (**161**)?

47

You are in a large entrance hall. Ahead of you you see huge double door with enormous lion's head handles on them. On either side of the room stairs rise to a gallery above your head. The room at first appears empty, but suddenly there is a ferocious roaring from the foot of the stairs. To your horror you see Throngard's house pet and guard animal uncurl itself. It is a small Dragon, some 3 metres long. Its scaly wings have been clipped but it can still throw itself across the room remarkably quickly, breathing fire as it goes. If you have a bow and arrow you may be able to wound it (go to **68**). *Note*: if you have already killed the Dragon the entrance hall is empty and you may go straight to (**119**). If not, you will have to fight it. It has a SKILL of 15 and STAMINA of 16. Every attack round it blows flame at you. Roll one dice after each round. If it rolls 5 or 6 you are burned and lose 1 STAMINA point *unless* you are protected by a shield or breastplate, in which case the fire cannot harm you. If you survive go to **119**.

48

The corridor stretches ahead of you. On your right is a closed door of solid wood with iron studs. On your left is a cell door slightly open. Do you:

Try the door on your right (**27**),
Go through the door on your left (**8**), or
Carry on down the corridor (**36**)?

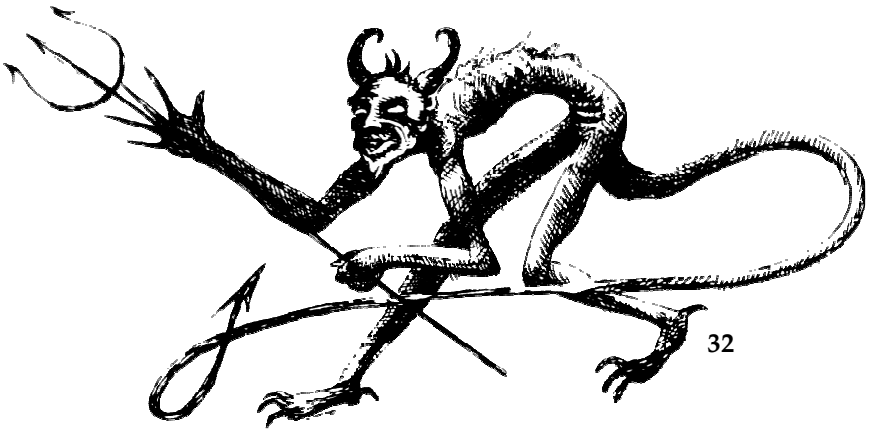

49

As you are about to open the door you notice ,t plaque, filthy with soot, just to the side of it. If you want to read the plaque you will have to clean it and examine it carefully. You are worried that someone may come along while you are doing this. Will you read the plaque (**40**) or try the door (**72**)?

50

You open the door. The room beyond is in almost total darkness. There are black drapes on the wall. As your eyes grow accustomed to the gloom you can just make out a coffin on the floor of the room. The lid is slowly opening. A tall, very pale, man emerges. You immediately realise that he is a VAMPIRE. You turn to the door, but with horrifying speed he blocks your path. Do you have a crucifix or a mallet and wooden stakes? If so go to **145**. If not, go to **162**.

51

Do you have:
A picklock (**42**),
A large brass key (**11**) or
A ring of keys labelled 'Dungeons' (**71**)?

If you do, choose one and use it by turning to the appropriate paragraph. If not, you may try to force the door (go to **59**).

52

Using their kitchen knives as daggers the chefs put up a strong fight. You will have to kill them all:

	SKILL	STAMINA
1ST CHEF	5	5
2ND CHEF	6	5
3RD C HEF	4	4

If you kill them all, go to **39**.

53

You find yourself in a dining room. If you have been in here before the table is bare. If not, you enter the room to find a table set for a banquet. Food of every kind is laid out on silver dishes. Crystal wine glasses sparkle in the light from the candelabra. The room is deserted. You decide you can risk a quick meal (add 4 STAMINA points) before you return to the gallery. You turn right out of the door and follow the gallery to the corner where it turns to the left. On the wing of the gallery ahead of you there is only one door. Do you go through the door (**6**) or carry on to the next corner of the gallery (**152**)?

54

The door seems firmly locked but you are able to force it open. Immediately the door is opened, though, a huge VAMPIRE BAT flies at you. You must destroy it.

VAMPIRE BAT SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you succeed you may enter the room. It hardly seems worth the effort: a mallet and some wooden stakes lie in a corner. If you have a bag you may take these. A length of chain is hanging beside the door. You may take this whether you have a bag or not-you can always wrap it round your waist.

You return to the corridor and turn to your left. Go to **70**.

55

You open the door to find a flight of steps. You go down about 10 stone steps and find yourself in a wine cellar. If you have food you may eat here but if you do you must drink as well. If you do not eat you may choose to drink or not as you wish. Do you:
Drink some red wine (turn to **82**).
Drink some white wine (turn to **98**) or
Leave the cellar immediately (turn to **109**)?

56

As you are scrubbing the dirt away the door opens and you look up to find yourself face to face with one of the guards. You have been trying to get into the guardroom! Behind him you see another ten or twelve guards, all scrambling to their feet. You turn to run but it is too late – you are seized and kicked unconscious. Go to **65**.

57

Taken by surprise, the butler still puts up a Struggle.

BUTLER SKILL 4 STAMINA 5

If you kill him go to **80**.

58

As you turn the pages you realise that the book describes in detail all the secrets of the castle. It shows Sir Falfax's cell at the end of the corridor and warns that you should feed bones to the dogs if you want them to remain quiet. It describes the guard on the main door – sufficient to stop a dozen men trying to

escape. A note in the margin suggests that a mass breakout could be successful. An iron key is needed to pass into the dungeon corridor and this is hidden in one of the rooms near the library. You note down as much as you can. Time is passing though; you daren't stay much longer. Will you use the information in the book and move safely to the top of the stairs (**156**) or look at some of the other books in the library (**170**)?

59

You throw yourself against the door. Roll two dice. If the total of the two is *less* than your STAMINA the door opens – go to **45**. If the total is equal to or *greater* than your STAMINA the door is undamaged. Go to **60**.

60

The noise you make has attracted almost every guard in the building. They rush towards you down the corridor, swords drawn. You have just time to think you might have been a bit unsubtle in your attempts to escape before their shining blades end your miserable life . . .

61

The door swings open and you see your master, Sir Falfax standing there. You are overjoyed, but he is obviously weak and cannot move without eating. Do you have provisions with you?

Yes? – go to **67**. No? – go to **143**.

62

The shield is magical. While you carry it you will be difficult to wound. If an attacker wounds you throw a dice. If the score is 5 or 6 only 1 point of damage is done instead of 2. Go to **41**.

63

You run away from the guards, but, to your horror, after only a few yards the corridor finishes in a dead end. The guards rush toward you, their swords catching the torchlight. You will put up as good a fight as you can but you know you are doomed. You will die in the dungeons of Throngard!

64

As you run down the corridor dogs start to set up a howling from one of the rooms on your right, adding to the din and drawing more guards towards you. To your horror you find the corridor finishes in a dead end. By now the place is tilling with guards. You have no choice but to surrender. Despite the fact that you offer no resistance you are brutally clubbed to the ground. Turn to **65**.

65

You come to chained once more in the dungeons. You have been thoroughly searched and are completely helpless. You have no weapons (–2 SKILL) and must lose 2 LUCK points. Go to **26**.

66

You close the door behind you, but do not lock it, and go over to him.

"I was expecting you, Squire," he says. You are so surprised you make no reply.

"I am Gandorn. I was once the tutor of Throngard and I naught him much of his magic. When he turned to evil I tried to stop him and he had me locked down here. But his old affection for his teacher means I am surprisingly comfortable. Would you care to join me in a little food?" You nod, amazed, and Gandorn pulls forward a table and chair and proceeds to set out bread and cheese. As you eat (remember to add 4 STAMINA points) Gandorn talks on. His magic powers have told him of your quest and he knows you can succeed.

"But never try to defeat Throngard himself. You may release the poor wretches suffering in the dungeons – although some surely deserved their fate-but Throngard himself can never be destroyed. You may trap him if you say the Words of Command while he is stood in the centre of a pentagram. You raise your arms and cry – 'By Grek and Bolizar I conjure you – Hold!' and he will be unable to leave the mystic circle until the next full moon, but if you try any other magic on him or attempt him any other harm his strength will overcome you." He smiles ruefully. "After all, look at me."

You tell him that now he can escape but he shakes his head. "I was responsible for Throngard's power. I must stay here and face the future with him. You and your friends may escape, though. The secrets of Throngard's power are all in his library. Climb the stairs to there and what you learn will free you. Go now, and luck go with you."

You try again to persuade him to escape but he is determined to stay and almost pushes you out of the door. Once again you are in the corridor. Do you:

Try to open the door opposite Gandorn's cell (turn to **38**),
Turn right down the corridor (turn to **24**), or
Turn left down the corridor (turn to **48**)?

67

Sir Falfax falls on the meal ravenously. The food seems to give him more strength even as he eats. You give him your arm and help him through the door into the corridor. You hurry down the corridor as best you can, passing the dogs which are still eating their bones. Go to **118**.

68

You quickly notch an arrow into your bow. The Dragon is rushing towards you. Do you:

Fire as quickly as possible (turn to **79**), or
Wait until the last possible moment (turn to **89**)?

69

The door opens. You are in a butler's pantry. The butler is polishing a candlestick. He has his back to you. Do you:

Quietly leave the room and go back down the corridor (**12**),
Leap at the butler and try to kill him (**57**), or
Cough politely and try to talk to him (**83**)?

70

You are in a corridor. To your left is a strong iron door. There is an ordinary door on your right. The corridor continues straight ahead. Will you: try the door on your right (**44**), try the door on your left (**55**), or carry straight on (**114**)?

71

The keys rattle on the chain as you try them one after another. Of course none of them fit – aren't they labelled 'Dungeons'? Your noise attracts the guards, though, and you turn to find halt a dozen of them coming towards you, swords drawn. Death is a suitable reward for your stupidity.

72

You try the door and it opens easily. Inside are more than a dozen guards playing cards and talking to one another. You have stumbled into their off-duty room. Desperately you slam the door shut and run – but you are not fast enough. You turn on your Pur-

suers, determined to fight to the end. You will die bravely-but die you will.

73

Seeing you standing threateningly in the doorway, two of the chefs surrender without a fight. The third, though, grabs up a kitchen knife and comes towards you. You must fight him.

CHEF	SKILL 5	STAMINA 6

If you defeat him you bind and gag the other two chefs with kitchen towels and go to **39**.

74

You open the door to see four guards in the room. It is obviously the Guard Watch Room. Do you charge into the room and attack the four guards (**86**), or try and slip away unnoticed (**111**)?

75

Do you have a sword, bow & arrow, halberd, crossbow or other equivalent weapon (i.e. not only the knife you arrived with or a stake or cudgel)?

Yes? Then go to **73**. No? Then go to **43**.

76

You scrub away the dirt and soot. You peer anxiously at the plaque in the gloom and finally manage to make it out. To your horror it says: 'Guards – Off Duty Room.' You must get out of here. You rush to the nearest end of the corridor (**117**).

77

The peasants prove a well-disciplined group of men although they do not look as if then could help m a fight. They follow you as you move on. Note on your equipment sheet that the peasants are with you.

As you leave the peasants' cell do you turn left (**122**) or right (**118**)?

78

Time is short – the dogs will soon have finished their meal. Do you have a picklock? Yes? Go to **99**. No? Go to **113**.

79

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky you wound the Dragon (go to **89**). If you are Unlucky you miss, return to **47** and fight the Dragon.

80

You search the room quickly but thoroughly. There seems little likely to be of use except a large brass key, a penknife and a tin of metal polish. You slip any of these you wish to take into your pocket and leave the room. Do you try the opposite door (**139**), or return down the corridor (**12**)?

81

As you pass through the door, to your horror you see what looks like a troop of DEMONS marching down the corridor from the right. Go to **131**.

82

The red wine goes to your head and soon you are dead to the world. Your snoring alerts a passing guard and you are taken back to the cells without even waking up. Go to **65**.

83

At the sound of your cough the butler turns and in one swift movement throws the candlestick at your head. *Test your Luck.* If you are Unlucky, the candlestick hits you on the head and knocks you out (go to **65**). If you are lucky, it merely grazes you. Lose 2 STAMINA points and fight the butler.

BUTLER	SKILL 4	STAMINA 5

If you defeat him, go to **80**.

84

The guards fall upon you. There are too many of them. Although you fight your way desperately toward the open doors they defeat you by sheer weight of numbers. You die with freedom only a few feet away. Such is life . . .

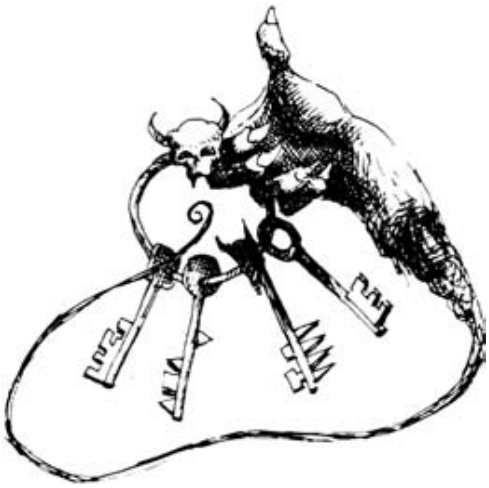

85

You are outside the castle and free from Throngard. But Sir Falfax still languishes within. Your adventures have been in vain. Although you have survived you have to live with the bitterness of failure.

86

The four guards are well armed and ready for you. You must fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
1ST GUARD	8	7
2ND GUARD	7	6
3RD GUARD	7	5
4TH GUARD	5	4

If you win go to **138**.

87

The door is firmly locked. Do you have a ring of keys labelled 'Dungeons'? Yes? Then go to **112**. If not, then turn to **132**.

88

You leave the door. You must hurry – the dogs have almost finished eating. As you face away from the door do you turn left (**122**) or right (**118**)?

89

You aim carefully and your arrow hits the Dragon in the eye-one of its few vulnerable spots. It is wounded horribly and both its SKILL and its STAMINA are reduced to 6 and 9 respectively. Its fiery breath is still dangerous, though. After each round roll one dice. If it rolls 5 or 6 the Dragon's breath has burned you, and you lose 1 STAMINA point unless you are protected by a magic shield or breastplate, in which case the fire cannot hurt you. If you survive go to **119**.

90

The peasants rush forward too. The guards hack down a dozen of them but there are too many for them all to be stopped. The doors are so near. You are swept through by the surviving peasants. Is Sir Falfax with you?

Yes – go to **172**. No – go to **85**.

91

The door will not open whatever you try. You peer through a peephole in the door and see a man over 6 feet tall lying stretched full length on a bed against the cell wall. You tap on the door and eventually attract his attention. He comes to the door and you try to talk to each other. The door is thick and conversation is difficult. You do not want to hang around too long in case you are discovered. He tells you he is a knight who did battle with Throngard's men and came close to defeating them. Now he is held in this cell by magic. If he

could escape he would aid you but the dungeon keys will not open his door. The keys will open the other doors and if you do not already have them he tells you that they are in the guard room at the end of the corridor, but they are defended by four guards. The other end of the corridor is protected by dogs. He points to his left and warns you against going that way. He urges you to try to escape alone to his right. You decide you must leave. Do you walk to his left, towards the dogs? (Go to **108**) or to his right? (Go to **115**).

92

He steps beyond the pentagram and you sense that your last chance of escape has passed.

"Fool!" he hisses. "To think that you could defeat the will of Throngard!"

He raises his hand, mutters an incantation and you see the triumph in his eyes as your legs fail under you. As you die your last thought is for the poor wretches in the dungeons – all doomed by your failure.

93

You walk down the corridor with only the flickering light of the torches to guide you. On either side of you are solid wooden doors. Do you:

Try to open the door on your right (turn to **16**),
Try to open the door on your left (turn to **38**), or
Carry on down the corridor (**24**)?

94

The door swings open and a guard enters. His hands are full with a pitcher of water and some mouldy bread. Before he has time to react you seize him from behind and cut his throat. You take the cudgel from his belt – he has no other weapon. Testing its weight in your hand you feel more confident. Add 1 LUCK point. You step out through the door (go to **21**).

95

Your easy surrender without a struggle makes them suspicious and they search you quickly but thoroughly. They find the knife and the picklock. They laugh that you should have ever hoped to trick them and their taunts are the last thing you hear as one of them brings a cudgel crashing on your head. Go to **3**.

96

You have moved only a few steps when the old man looks up at you. Suddenly the strength in your legs vanishes. You collapse on the floor, utterly helpless. He rises from his desk and walks towards you. lie looks down in disgust as you writhe before him. "Miserable wretch, you dare to attack Throngard!" He raises his arm and you feel a numbness in your legs. "You impudent creature, do you not know that no mortal can harm me?" The numbness passes

up your body. Soon, it will reach your heart and you will die – another victim of Throngard's evil powers.

97

Through the peephole you can see an old man pacing to and fro. He is muttering angrily to himself. You can make out the odd word – "Fools . . . I will have my revenge . . . thwarted . . . Throngard was right . . ." You are not sure you like the look of him. Will you:

Try to release him (turn to **116**),
Pass down the corridor to your left (turn to **101**),
Pass down the corridor to your right (turn to **129**), or
Try the door behind you (**31**)?

98

The white wine is exceptionally good, and you feel better almost as soon as you have drunk it. Add 2 STAMINA points. Now will you try the red wine (82) or leave the cellar (**109**)?

99

You work on the lock – but you are too slow. The dogs finish their bones and begin to bark. Go to **18**.

100

You carry on down the corridor. You pass more doors on either side. Do you:

Try the door on your left (**16**),
Try the door on your right (**38**), or
Carry on down the corridor (**48**)?

101

Again you pass the door with runic signs around it, but you decide to press on. Go to **115**.

102

You take the dagger. It is light in your hand but it makes you feel strong. It is clearly a magic dagger with great power. Now you can destroy the wizard and his evil once and for all. You step up to the pentagram and stab toward him. Suddenly an awful pain fills your arm. There is a flash of light over the pentagram and the wizard starts to move again. Too late, you remember Gandorn's warning: "If you attempt him any other harm his strength will overcome you."

Go to **92**.

103

The three attack you viciously. The struggle is brief and a blow to the head soon renders you unconscious. Go to **104**.

104

You come to chained by your arms to the walls of a dank dungeon. One barred window high in the opposite wall lets in just enough light for you to make out your surroundings.

Fortunately the picklock has not been discovered and your chains are long enough to allow you to reach it. A few minutes' desperate activity and your arms are free. You examine your cell. The window is well out of reach and the door (which is in the same wall that you were chained to) seems solid enough. The lock, though, might yield to your pick. Do you:

Try to pick the lock and escape (turn to **15**), or
Wait and see what your captors do next (turn to **5**)?

105

You take the dagger. It is light in your hand but you feel a sudden new strength in your arm. You realise you hold an enchanted weapon. Add 2 points to your current SKILL and 1 LUCK point (provided you do not exceed your initial luck and you do not take SKILL above 12). You feel much more confident as you walk to the wizard's desk to see what he was reading. Go to **30**.

106

The old man looks up at you. "An intruder," he says. Something about his voice fills you with dread. "Shouldn't you be in the cells?" He chuckles, unpleasantly. Suddenly he raises his hands and makes a pass through the air. You cannot move. "My guests should be less impatient to escape my hospitality." he says. You realise you are face to face with Throngard himself. He chuckles again as he sees the terror on your face and then mutters a spell under his breath. Immediately everything goes Mack. Go to **65**.

107

You recognize the locking runes. If you have already opened this door you press on down the corridor (**108**). If not, you chant the words you read in the wizard's book: "Eregor, Eregor, Open door." The prisoner within bounds to his feet. He is a well-built fellow, over six feet tall and obviously strong. He is overjoyed to be released and wants to fight at your side. He has a SKILL of 8 and STAMINA Of 10. If you have a meal with you he can eat it and increase his STAMINA by 4 points. If you have two meals you may both eat. He will fight beside you. While he is with you he will attack any adversary first. Throw dice for him in the usual way. Only if he is defeated do you have to fight yourself. You are delighted to have him with you. You both leave the cell. Do you turn left (to **108**) or right (**115**)?

108

As you walk on you can see a door either side of the corridor. On your right the door is solid, on your left there is a peephole in the door. Do you:

Try to open the solid door (**31**),
Look through the peephole (**97**), or
Walk on down the corridor (**129**)?

109

You are in a corridor. There is a door opposite you. Do you turn left (**114**), right (**140**), or try the door opposite (**44**)?

110

The dogs stop growling and you hear them eating the bones. You walk quickly past the door. Ahead of you the corridor is drawing to a close. You can see a door in the wall on your left. Do you try the door (**87**) or press on down the corridor (**122**)?

111

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky you escape to the nearest end of the corridor before you are noticed (go to **117**).

If you are Unlucky the guards notice you and give chase (go to **13**).

112

The door opens, creaking on its hinges. Inside twenty or so peasants are packed into a tiny cell. Do you:

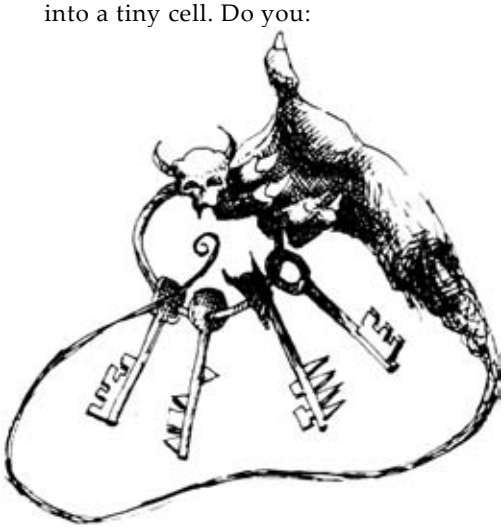

Lock the door again and carry on down the corridor (turn to **122**),
Tell the peasants they are free to go (turn to **127**), or
Tell the peasants to follow you (turn to **77**)?

113

There is nothing you can do. You hurry away toward the other end of the corridor. You pass the dogs. *Test your Luck.* If you are Lucky, they are still eating and you pass on to **118**. If you are Unlucky, they finish their bones and start to bark as you pass them. Go to **18**.

114

You have reached the end of the corridor. There is a door to your left and another to your right. Will you:

Try the left hand door (turn to **69**),
Try the right hand door (turn to **139**),
Retrace your steps (turn to **12**)?

115

The corridor stretches ahead of you. On your left is a closed door of solid wood with iron studs. On your right is a cell door slightly open. Do you:

Try the door on your left (**27**),
Go through the door on your right (**8**), or
Carry on down the corridor (**93**)?

116

As you try to open the door the old man comes to the peephole and peers through. When he realises what is happening the traitorous wretch starts to yell for the guards! Obviously his years in the dungeons have warped his mind. There is no time to do anything about him now. Guards are appearing to your left at the end of the corridor. Do you run toward them (**130**) or run away (**64**)?

117

You are at the end of the corridor. It bends to the left and rises in a long flight of stone steps. You climb 20 of the steps and then they turn to the left. The air smells fresher and you can see light. The stairs end in a strong iron door. You open the door and find yourself in a corridor. There is another door opposite you. Do you turn left (**28**), turn right (**32**), or go through the door opposite (**37**)?

118

As you return along the corridor you pass again the solid door on your left and the door with a peephole on your right. Do you:

Try to open the solid door (turn to **31**),
Look through the peep hole (turn to **97**),
Walk on down the corridor (turn to **101**)?

119

You look around the great hallway. Great paintings which you imagine show Throngard and his associates

hang either side of the doors. The huge brass lions on the double door seem almost alive. You turn to face the door through which you came. The Dragon's blood steams as it drips onto the marble floor. Two sets of stairs on either side of the hall climb to the gallery above. Do you:

Climb the stairs on the left (**136**),
Climb the stairs on the right (**159**),
Examine the paintings (**20**), or
Open the double doors behind you (**124**)?

120

The room stinks. On the floor in a corner something that was once a man looks up from its meal. The flesh is falling away from its face, and as it grimaces at you, you see that it has more gaps than teeth in its yellowing gums. One eye is closed and running with pus but the other swivels to you. Without warning the creature throws itself on you, its long nails tearing at your throat.

MAN THING SKILL 7 STAMINA 8

Once you have killed it you search the room. There is a bag that may once have held its provisions, but nothing else. If coil do not already have a bag you may take this one. You leave the room and turn to the left (**147**).

121

There is hardly any time left. Do you still want to open the door?

Try to open the door with a picklock (go to **137**),
Leave the door and carry on to your right (go to **122**), or
Leave the door and turn to your left (go to **118**).

122

You have reached the end of the corridor. On your left is the last of the doors. You try the door but it is firmly locked. Do you have a ring of keys labelled 'Dungeons'?

Yes? – go to **61**. No? – go to **78**.

123

The hands tug harder as you struggle against them. You reel about the gallery. You can hardly sec anything for the mist. You stagger and feel the railing behind you. You struggle forward and then seem to trip. You fall into the ruling which smashes under your weight. For a moment you stagger on the edge of the gallery. Already the mist is lifting hot you cannot regain your balance. You fall to your death on the stone flags of the hall below.

124

Beyond the doors is a short corridor, at the end of which you see the great doors of the castle already open. Freedom awaits you. You dash forward but from guardrooms on either side of the corridor soldiers rush out to stop your escape. Are you alone?

Yes – go to **84**. No – go to **142**.

125

As you struggle the armour works its way up the stairs above you. Suddenly it collapses. Its full weight crashes into you, pushing you down the stairs. You see pieces of armour flying in all directions and you are not surprised to see no-one inside. Then your head strikes the stairs and everything goes black. Go to **65**.

126

You struggle in vain with the lock. As you work you begin to smell sulphur. You look up and, to you horror, you see what looks like a troop of DEMONS marching down the corridor from your right. Go to **131**.

127

The peasants surge into the corridor but the noise of their escape brings guards rushing to the dungeons. The guards systematically hack down the unarmed peasants. As the last of the peasants die the guards spot you and move forward. Do you:

Run towards them (**130**), or
Run away (**63**)?

128

The door opens revealing an armoury. Obviously here are all the weapons stolen from the travellers in the dungeons. You try on an iron breastplate hanging on the wall. You could wear that or carry a shield hanging beside it but both together would he too heavy. Which do you take? If you take the shield go to **62**. If you prefer the breastplate go to **33**.

129

As you walk on you see a door with a large grille in it. You can hear the sound of animals – probably large dogs – growling in the cell beyond. Do you:

Carry on past the door (**29**),
Turn back (**118**), or
Try to think of another possibility (**7**)?

130

The corridor is filling with guards but as you run you knock the torches to the ground. In the increasing gloom you hope you might make your escape. Suddenly a guard grabs at you. You must fight him and kill him *quickly*!

GUARD SKILL 5 STAMINA 4

Fight 2 attack rounds. If he is dead go to **117**. If both of you survive 2 attack rounds other guards bring new torches and drag you off him. They club you viciously to the ground (lose 2 more STAMINA points). If you are still alive, go to **65**.

131

It seems Throngard can summon the legions of Hell itself. The Demons are small – only about 1½ metres high – but

each carries a fighting trident and a short sword in a scabbard at their sides. Their bodies are covered with green scales and their eyes burn an evil red! They spot you, and attack as a single body.

DEMONS SKILL 13 STAMINA 20

If you have a crucifix, waving it before you will reduce their SKILL to 7 and their STAMINA to 9. If you survive, you may turn right (**28**), left (**32**), or try the iron door in front of you (**35**).

132

Time is short – the dogs will soon have finished their meal. Do you have a picklock?

Yes? – go to **121**. No? – go to **150**.

133

If you have been in this room before it will be empty, and you return to the top of the stairs (**161**). If not, a girl is sitting with her back to you trying on jewellery at a small dressing table. You realise that you can see the dressing table *through* her. She is a GHOST! Do you run from the room back to the top of the stairs you came up by (**161**); wait to see what she does next (**166**) or rush to her (**155**)?

134

The key does not turn the lock. Do you have a large iron key (**149**) or a picklock (**126**)?

If you have, try *one* of these on the door. If you have none of them do you:

Try to force the door (**158**),
Give up and go down the corridor to your right as you face the door (**28**), or
Give up and go down the corridor to your left (**32**)?

135

The fireplace is elaborately carved with a stone mantel above the hearth. The smell of sulphur is really strong. On the mantelpiece are two candlesticks. You run your hand over some of the carving. It is warm to the touch. The smell of sulphur seems to be growing. Do you:

Pick up the candlesticks (turn to **160**),
Retreat from the room and return down the corridor (turn to **140**)?

136

As you climb the stairs you pass a suit of armour on a landing half way up. As you draw level with it, it suddenly comes to life. It is holding a great battleaxe which it swings at your head. Some sixth sense warns you just in time and the blow misses, but you must fight this haunted armour.

ARMOUR SKILL 5 STAMINA 6

If you survive go to **161**.

137

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky you open the lock before the dogs finish eating (go to **112**).

If you are Unlucky the dogs stop eating and begin to bark. Go to **18**.

138

The Guard Room is almost bare. You see a bunch of keys labelled 'Dungeons' hanging on the wall and a bag that one of the soldiers had brought provisions in. You are worried that other guards might come. You grab one of these items and leave the room. Do you:

Turn right (**100**),
Turn left (**117**) or
Try the door opposite (**49**)?

139

The door opens and you find yourself in a small whitewashed room. If you have been here since you were last in the dungeons it is empty and you return down the corridor (go to **12**). If you have not been here since you were last in the dungeon, you find yourself facing two guardsmen who are playing cards together. They leap to their feet as you enter. You must fight them both.

1ST GUARD SKILL 5 STAMINA 6
2ND GUARD SKILL 4 STAMINA 5

If you defeat them you search the room. Besides their weapons all that is in the room is a pack of cards. You may take this with you provided you leave one thing (not a weapon) behind. You may also take one of their weapons. One guard had a halberd, the other had a bow and arrow- but there is only one arrow. With only one arrow it will be of limited use. Note which weapon you take on the record sheet. You may sit at the table and eat a meal if you are carrying provisions. As you leave do you try the door opposite (**69**), try the door immediately on your left (**44**), or return down the corridor (**12**)?

140

You walk down the corridor, passing a door on your right and then arriving at a point where you have a strong iron door on your right and an ordinary door on your left. Do you:

Try the door on your right (**35**),
Go through the door on your left (**37**), or
Carry on down the corridor (**32**)?

141

You try to batter the door down. The noise distracts the dogs from their meal and they begin to bark. Turn to **18**.

142

Do you have the peasants with you?

Yes – go to **90**. No – go to **84**.

143

You try desperately to get the knight to move but he is too weak. You carry him into the corridor but you have to move slowly. You have only got a few yards when the dogs finish their bones and begin to bark. Alerted by the noise, guards rush into the corridor. You and

Sir Falfax are trapped. The guards close on you. You prepare to sell your life dearly but as the guards swing their swords toward you you know that you and your dear master are doomed to die.

144

You are standing in a corner of the gallery. The stairs are to your left. One wing of the gallery runs ahead of you and there are two doors in the wall to your right. Do you:

Walk straight ahead of you to the next corner of the gallery (**168**),
Walk to your left to the next corner of the gallery (**153**),
Open the nearest door on your right (**133**), or
Open the further door on your right (**53**)?

145

It you have either a crucifix or wooden stakes you can hold them up and frighten the Vampire long enough for you to escape through the door. If you do so you run back to the top of the stairs you climbed up. Go to **161**. If, however, you have wooden stakes and wish to fight the Vampire, go to **151**.

146

You walk over to the nearest statue and touch it gingerly. To your horror it begins to move. The second statue is awakening too. Each statue is a life size Demon – about 1½ metres tall. The one on the left carries a fighting trident (or "devil's pitchfork"), the one on the right holds a short sword. Their stone eyes seem to glow an angry red as they come towards you. You must fight them one at a time.

STATUE WITH TRIDENT	SKILL 12	STAMINA 14
STATUE WITH SWORD	SKILL 10	STAMINA 10

If you survive you may either: investigate the fireplace (turn to (**135**), flee the room and return down the corridor (turn to **140**) or read the book (turn to **154**).

147

The gallery turns to the right. On this wing of the gallery there is only one door. Do you go through it (**6**), or carry on to the next corner of the gallery (**152**)?

148

You walk towards her and she rises to her feet. There is something cruel about her eyes and you hesitate but she beckons again and you find you have no will of your own. You realise that she has a power over you. She sees the fear in your eves and laughs. "Come, sit by me," she says, "Amuse me. Throngard has given you to me to play with. Amuse me well, for when I tire of you – you die!" You realise that you have been trapped by one of Throngard's witches. You may be kept alive for days but you will never leave this room. You are a doomed man.

149

The key turns easily in the lock and the door swings open. Behind is a flight of steps. You go down about 10 stone steps and then they turn to the right. As you turn the corner you meet a guard climbing up the stairs. You must fight him.

GUARD	SKILL 6	STAMINA 4

If you kill him you carry on clown. It becomes darker and the smell is quite disgusting. At the bottom of the stairs a corridor runs off to the right, lit only by flickering torches. You start down the corridor. There are stout wooden doors either side of you. Do you: try the door on your left (**72**), try the door on your right (**49**), or carry on down the corridor (**100**)?

150

There is hardly any time left. Do you still want to open the door?

Yes? (Turn to **141**) No? (Turn to **88**).

151

Holding a stake like a sword you advance on the Vampire. He sees his danger and lunges at you. Although he is unarmed his teeth make him a deadly adversary.

VAMPIRE	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

If you defeat him and succeed in hammering a stake into his heart you search the room. You find a large iron key lying on the floor near the door but otherwise it is completely bare. You sit and rest. If you have provisions you may eat a meal. You leave the room and turn left (**163**).

152

As you pass the door you hear a voice calling your name. You want to run away but something seems to force you back. Against your will you find yourself moving, a step at a time, through the door and into the room beyond. You find yourself in a magnificent library. An astrolabe stands in the middle of the room and the floor and ceiling are inlaid with magical symbols. Near the door a pentagram has been marked out with rubies set in cedar panels on the floor. An old man is sitting behind a desk at one end of the room. Turn to **106**.

153

You are standing in a corner of the gallery. The stairs are to your right. One wing of the gallery runs ahead of you and there are two doors in the wall to your left. Do you: walk ahead of you to the next corner of the gallery (**164**), walk to your right to the next corner of the gallery (**144**), open the nearest door on your left (**50**), or open the furthest door on your left (**120**)?

154

The book is an ancient *grimoire* detailing monsters of mythology. Its pages describe Dragons and how, if you are to destroy them with bow and arrow, you must wait until they are almost on you before you let the arrow fly – lest it lack the strength or accuracy to pierce the fell beast's eye (one of its few weak points). It tells of how to kill Vampires with mallet and stake and how to recognise a warlock's associates by the moles you may see on their bodies. As you turn the pages the room seems to grow colder and you feel the icy fingers of fear on your spine. There is powerful magic associated with this book – you had best flee while you still may.

You leave the room and return down the corridor. Go to **140**.

155

As you rush forward the girl turns in fright and then vanishes. The jewellery she was trying on is still on the dressing table. "There is a diamond ring and a gold necklace with a crucifix on it. You may take any of these items and leave the room, turning to your left. The gallery turns to the right and passes the top of the stairs you came up by. Go to **161**.

156

You are standing at the top of the stairs you came up, facing downstairs. Do you: go down the stairs into the Great Hall (**171**), go along the gallery to the corner on your right (**144**), or go along the gallery to your left (**153**)?

157

The lock turns easily and you enter the room beyond. It seems to be another

cell but to your astonishment the walls are covered in tapestries and candles set about the place to provide plenty of light. A small, grey haired man is sitting in an armchair. He smiles and beckons you forward. Do you go over to him as he wants (**66**), or turn buck to the corridor, locking the door behind you and hurrying off to the right (**24**)?

158

You've already noticed how strong the door is. Your efforts are doomed. All you succeed in doing is making a great deal of noise. Turn to **60**.

159

As you climb the stairs you pass a suit of armour on a landing half way up. As you draw level with it, it suddenly comes to life. It is holding a great battle mace which it swings at your head. Some sixth sense warns you just in time and the blow misses you but you must fight this haunted armour.

ARMOUR	SKILL	STAMINA 14

If you survive 3 rounds, turn to **125**.

160

As you pick up the candlesticks the back of the fireplace swings open. The stench of sulphur is appalling. You turn to run for the door but you are not fast enough. From the fireplace swarms an army of DEMONS with green scaly skin and evil red eyes. They grab you and pull you toward the fireplace. Steps lead down, down to where you can see fire burning far below the ground. Too late you realise that Throngard's castle conceals an entrance to Hell itself! That information will be useless to you now. As the Demons drag you down into the pit you know that you will die in the cauldrons of Hell!

161

You are standing about a third of the way along the gallery with your hack to tile top of the stairs. The stairs lead to tile inside of the gallery and you are facing a wall with two doors in it. The gallery runs all around the hall. When you look back over your shoulder you can see the dead body of the Dragon below you. Suits of armour are placed along the walls every few yards, and the place is decorated with rich tapestries. Doors lead from the gallery on all four sides. The nearest door to you is just to your left. The other door on this wing of the gallery is to your right and a few yards further away. Do you enter the nearest door (**34**), enter the other door on the side where you are standing (**46**), walk to the corner to your left (facing away from the stairs) (**144**) or walk to the corner to your right (**153**)?

162

You try desperately to defend yourself but without stakes or crucifix no mere mortal can hope to defeat the Undead. The Vampire ignores the blows you are raining on him. Holding you easily with one had he traces your neck with his finger. Then, leaning forward, he bites. It is the last thing you ever feel as a living being.

163

You pass a door on your left. Do you go into the room on your left (**120**) or continue along the gallery (**147**)?

164

As you walk along the gallery the place seems to fill with mist. It becomes harder and harder to sec. Shapes begin to form in the mist. You feel ghostly hands tugging al you. You have lost all sense of direction. You seem to have been walking for hours. The hands are tugging more insistently. Do you:

Allow the hands to pull you as they wish (turn to **19**), or
Struggle against them (turn to **123**)?

165

As you slip out of the door you hear a voice calling your name. You are frightened and try to run but your legs will not obey you. Against your will you find yourself moving step by step, back into the library. Turn to **106**.

166

You watch, fascinated. The Ghost puts a necklace round its throat anti then examines the effect in the mirror. She seems totally oblivious to your presence. She rises and turns and you notice that she is wearing a crucifix. She smiles slightly and walks toward the wall. The next moment she has passed through the wall and vanished from sight. You leave the room and try to work out where she may have gone, retracing your steps as far as the top of the stairs. Go to **161**.

167

You pass through the door at the back of the hall and hurry down the short passageway. You open the door at the other end. Go to **81**.

168

As you stride along the gallery the suits of armour which line the walls begin to stir. You turn to run but more suits are approaching. Some have their visors open and you see no faces inside. The ghostly figures surround you on all sides. You strike out – but there are too many of them. Swords and battle axes are raised to strike. They fall – and you die.

169

You lie down on the bed and are instantly fast asleep. You sleep for several hours and when you wake up you feel totally refreshed. The bed seems to have been enchanted-you feel better than if you had just eaten. Add 5 STAMINA points and 2 LUCK points (but do not exceed your original SKILL or LUCK). You leave the room. Do you:

Walk along the gallery to your left (turn to **153**), or
Walk along the gallery to your right (turn to **161**)?

170

You start to read some of the other books. They are full of wondrous things – the natural history of the Unicorn, the secrets of Atlantis, the formula of the philosopher's stone. You lose track of time while you read Eventually you look up to find yourself surrounded by hideous creatures pale as the moon, with empty eyes staring blankly at you. You cannot understand how they crept up on you until they close still further. They make no sound at all. They are neither alive nor dead – the living dead, servants of Throngard, come to protect their master. There are four of them. You must fight them one at a time.

	SKILL	STAMINA
FIRST ZOMBIE	10	10
SECOND ZOMBIE	10	9
THIRD ZOMBIE	8	10
FOURTH ZOMBIE	8	8

If you survive you leave the library and run to the top of the stairs. Go to **156**.

171

You rush down the stairs. The Great Hall is deserted, the pictures stare down from the walls, and the Dragon still lies where you killed him. Do you:

Stop to examine the pictures (**20**),
Open the great double doors (**124**), or
Leave by the door you came in by (**167**)?

172

YOUR QUEST HAS ENDED!

You have freed Sir Falfax – and many other victims of Throngard. You breathe the air of Freedom outside the castle. Your knight kneels before you: "Noble Sir – no more are you my Squire, for today you have proved yourself worthy to join the company of knights!"

WARLOCK COMPETITION RESULTS

And here to give the results is . . . the Warlock himself!

Thank you, minion! I was certainly most impressed by the standard of the entries for the competition, as well as by the vast number that flooded in. You have all excelled yourselves! One encouraging thing about the entries was that they were all so different – you really let your imaginations run riot in portraying me-which is as it should be, since (in addition to my other awesome powers) I can change form at will.

Still, a winner was found, and in due course an interpretation of his entry will be racing the cover of this magazine. To prolong the suspense even further, we're not going to give the name of the winner this issue! He will receive a free subscription to six issues of *Warlock*, a prize more precious than gold, jewels or mighty magics! Meanwhile, I feel that some of the talented runners-up deserve to have their work immortalised in print. So on these two pages I present a selection of the pictures which I felt best captured my qualities – my nobility, my power, my generosity towards' moronic minions, my cunning, intelligence, and, of course, my unassuming modesty!

Commiserations to all those of you who weren't successful.

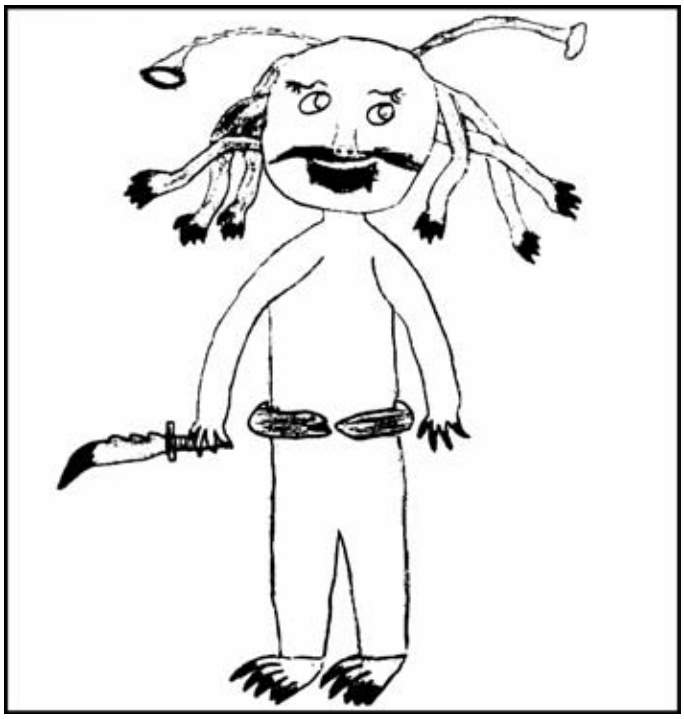

Paul Robert Horridge, Rossendale, Lancs.

Darren Stephens, Cosham, Portsmouth.

Shane Tomkinson, Adlestone, Surrey

Henry Flint, Exmouth, Devon.

L S Robinson, Weston Favell, Northampton.

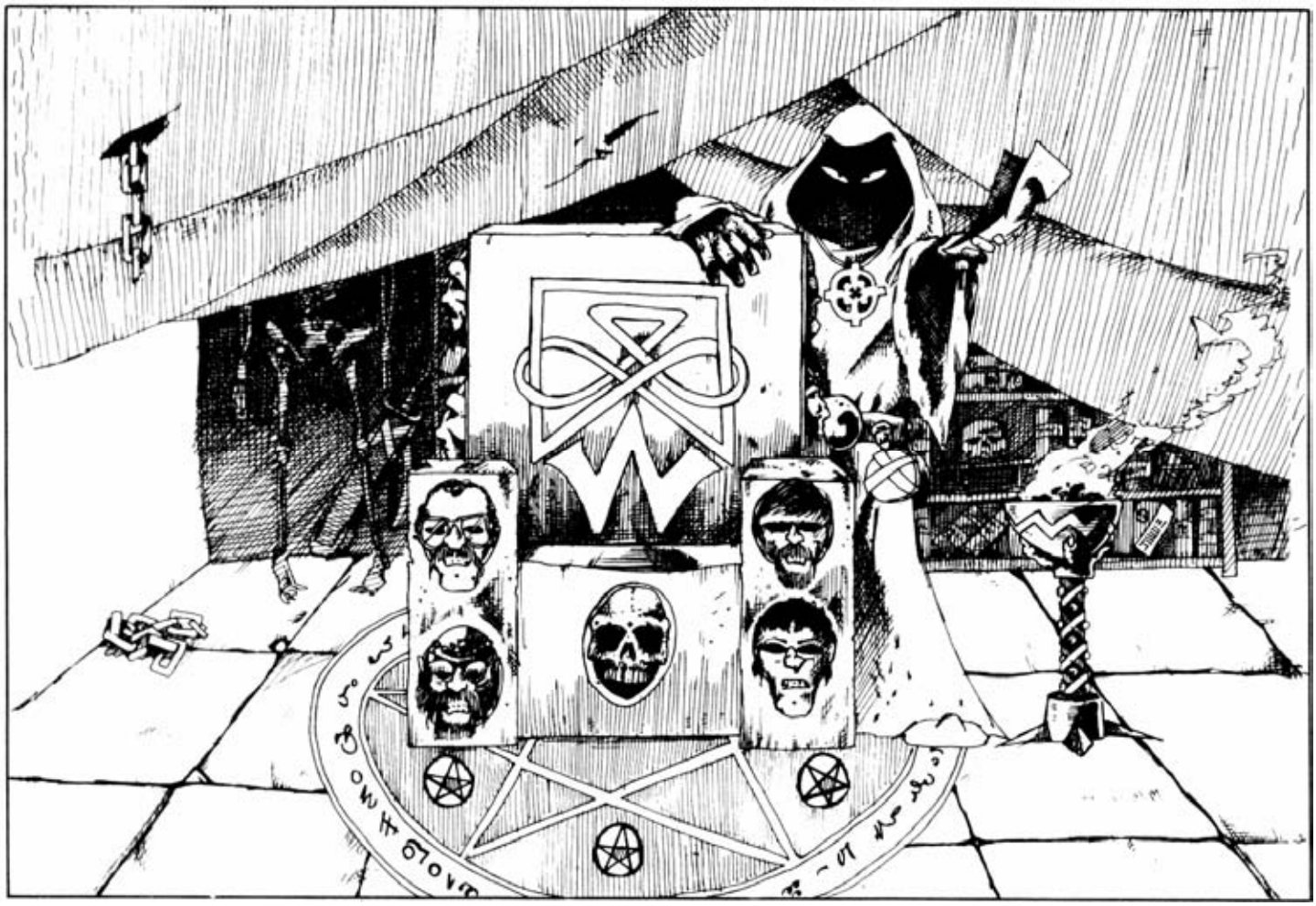

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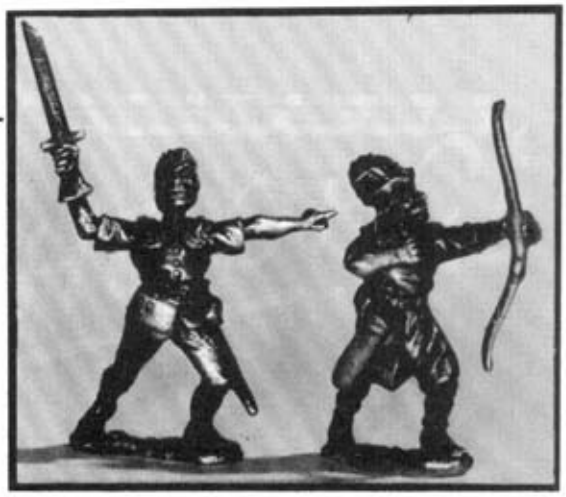

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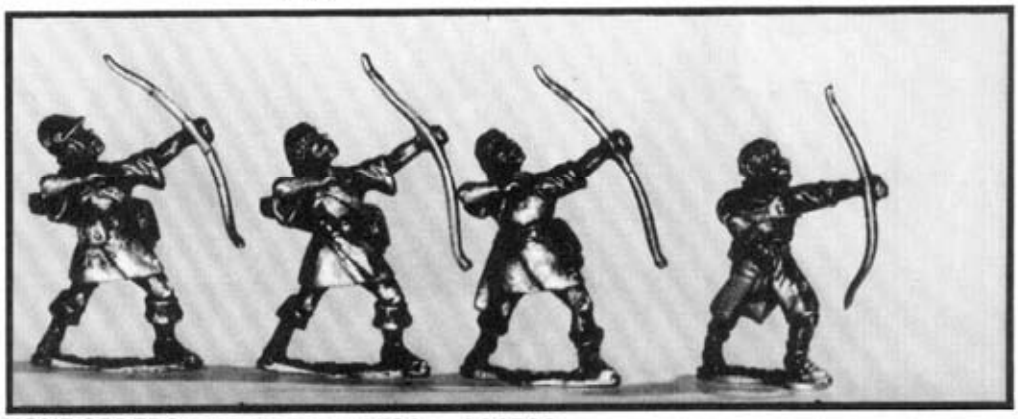

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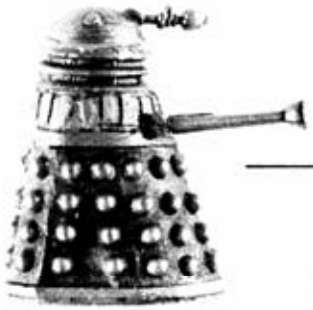

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Ian Livingstone
present

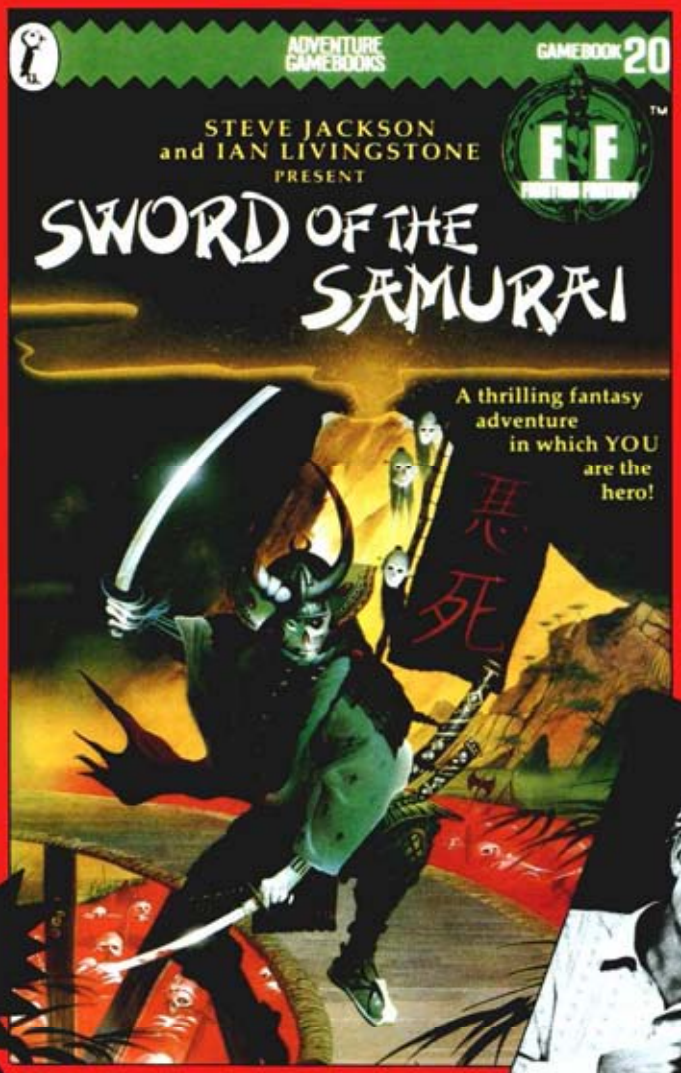

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WARLOCK

ISSUE 10
JUNE/JULY

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PUBLISHED BY: Games Workshop Ltd, Enfield Chambers, 16–18 Low Pavement, Nottingham, NG1 7DL. Tel: (0602) 586108

Dear Adventurer

Those of you who read last issue's editorial will have noticed that Warlock has moved to a new design dungeon in Nottingham, not far from the castle. Games Workshop has now entirely relocated to the Midlands, and the only remnants in the capital are the shop in Hammersmith, and the two of us! This means that, unless we manage to perfect a Teleport Spell in time, commuting 320 miles to work and back every day is a little impractical. So what of our editorial duties?

For some months now, we have been watching a studious little creature labouring industriously on Games Workshop and Fighting Fantasy projects. This creature has a SKILL of 20 (when armed with a word-processor) and a STAMINA of 36, as shown by such monumental works as *Out Of The Pit* and *Judge Dredd – The Role-Playing Game*. The choice has been an easy one; it is at last time to honour the noble creature with a well-deserved reward for his toils. And so it is decreed. Amidst a fanfare of trumpets. the Games Workshop herald now makes his announcement: "*Arise noble Sir Marc of the Gascoigne. Henceforth shall ye be known as Editor of Warlock magazine!*"

We, of course, will never leave *Warlock* magazine – we shall always be here as Editors-in-Chief, watching over the best gamebook magazine in the universe. We are sure Marc will take Warlock to new heights, and he has already been suggesting exciting new ideas to make your favourite magazine even better. We're sure that YOU, the readers, will join with us in wishing Marc every success in his new job. May his STAMINA never fail!

Best wishes,

Ian Livingstone Steve Jackson

Pst! Steve, it's Marc here. Can I just tell them what's in this issue? Yes but make it quick? O.K. Well, we've got a great solo adventure front the amazing Graeme Davis for Fighting Fantasy & D&D, just to keep all the 'serious' gamers quiet! The Warlock interviews Joe Dever (euughh!); John Blanche tells us how he paints his brilliant fantasy pictures (wow!); and there's a chance to win a complete set of signed FF books too (amazing!). Hope you enjoy this issue and I'll/ That's enough! – Steve & Ian

SUBSCRIPTIONS:
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LIVINGSTONE ON TRIAL!

Which is one way of saying that we'd like to present Ian Livingstone talking about his new book, Trial Of Fighting Fantasy Champions!

When Ian wrote *Deathtrap Dungeon* as the sixth book in the Fighting Fantasy series, way back at the end of 1983, no-one could have predicted that it would become the most popular gamebook of them all. When the idea for the book first came to him, it was nothing more than a simple dungeon adventure. By the time the book was released it had grown in stature to such an extent that it had become the *ultimate* dungeon, a veritable deathtrap which would test the skill of adventurers like nothing had ever done before. As a result, of course, it became the most popular gamebook ever, and even now *Deathtrap Dungeon* still heads most adventurers' favourite gamebook lists. So how on Titan do you follow that, Ian?

There was no doubt at all that all of you wanted a sequel to *DD.* The floods of letters from Warlock readers and gamebook fans around the world asking, nay, *demanding* that Puffin release a follow-up forthwith were proof of that. Finally, in January 1985 I could stand it no longer! *'Right,* all you *foolish adventurers,'* I thought to myself, *'you want to go back to Deathtrap Dungeon! Well now you can . . . but this time you'll never get out!!'*

The first stage was to work on a way of getting you back to Deathtrap Dungeon in the first place. It would have been too easy to just start you off in Fang again, so I decided to be a little subtler. You may not be aware of it, but nasty Baron Sukumvit has a brother, the evil Lord Carnuss, who dwells on a small isolated island south of Fire Island and Allansia's Skull Coast. Always jealous of his brother's fame, Carnuss now plans to send his own champion to the Baron's redesigned Trial of Champions. Sukumvit has publicly declared that no-one will get through his new labyrinth; Carnuss is determined to make him eat his words by sending a warrior of sufficient mettle to win through to the other side and emerge victorious. And guess who this warrior is going to be?

Before you can be selected as his champion, however, you have to prove you are worthy of the task, by competing in Carnuss' gladiatorial arena. The inspiration for this section came from the gladiatorial games of the Romans, and in particular a very famous book about them called 'For Those About To Die', by P. P. Mannix. A glimpse of the cover will show you one of the enjoyable tasks that await you in the games – walking blindfold around the arena, whirling a ball and chain around your head, hoping you make contact with your unseen opponents before they make contact with you. I can confidently predict that you will not like this section one little bit, and you will very quickly come to curse the name of Lord Carnuss!

If you win through the games, you journey to Fang and the 'fun' begins – and if you thought the first section was difficult you'll not want to play through the Trial of Champions itself. The whole layout has been changed so drastically that no-one will recognise any of it – so there'll be no cheating from anyone who has already played *Deathtrap Dungeon.* The tasks you have to perform are also very different – even more so because you are not actually told what you have to do to get out the other side! I personally think it's the best gamebook I've ever written, and I have a feeling a few of you might agree with me too, if you ever get through it!

My next gamebook is provisionally entitled *Crypt Of The Necromancer*, or *The Howling Tunnels*; I can't decide which – what do the Warlock readers prefer? It is set on the southern edge of the Moonstone Hills, near the small town of Chalice, where very strange things have been happening. I can't tell you more than that without giving the whole game away, except that it will be released around January 1987. Before this, hopefully this Autumn, *Casket Of Souls* will have finally burst onto an unsuspecting world. It has been a long time coming to fruition, but I think you are really going to like this one. Iain McCaig has laboured for nearly two years on the full colour illustrations. They are quite simply the best fantasy paintings I've seen, and make the wait very worthwhile. The book has developed from a quest to more like an illustrated short story, though it does still have the game element. In other words, you don't have to solve the puzzles to enjoy the book, though it will be a lot more satisfying if you do. Until then, all that remains is far me to wish you happy adventuring, and may your LUCK roll never fail you!

– as told to Marc Gascoigne at Birmingham Dragonmeet.

CAN YOU WIN THE

TRIAL OF CHAMPIONS

If you have already read the opposite page, you will know all about Ian Livingstone's latest Fighting Fantasy book, *Trial of Champions.* Everyone who has seen it so far reckons the book – a sequel to the amazingly popular *Deathtrap Dungeon – to* be the great man's finest work, so the Warlock thought a few of you might just like to win a copy of it when it steams hot off the presses in mid-June.

Our brave and fearless master got on the old crystal ball and consulted with several minions of the unholy Puffin Lord, and between them they came up with the following prize competition, which none of you will want to miss out on!

All you have to do . . .

. . . is work out the answers to the eleven cryptic questions which are listed below. They are all taken from Fighting Fantasy gamebooks, though some answers may be a little easier than others.

1. In which book will you find Aakor, Bhorket and Demonspawn?
2. Yaztromo's Tower is situated close to which colourful river?
3. You and the crew of the starship *Traveller* might meet the Rain Lord here.
4. Where would you meet Throm the Barbarian?
5. Possessed by the foul Gonchong, it rules over Fire Island.
6. The might of the alien Arcadian Empire is being resisted by which secret Earth organisation?
7. Just who is the Titanium Cyborg?
8. What was the name of the magical blade stolen by Ikuru, Master of Shadows?
9. Zanbar Bone has a nick-name. What is it?
10. This star system is home to the smugglers of Satophil-d.
11. Which elf's aid is invaluable in defeating the Snow Witch?

Once you have eleven answers, take the first letter of each of them. Juggle them around a bit until you have a word or two words which spell a villain's name, and send this answer to us. You do not need to send us the answers to the questions.

The first entries pulled out of the Warlock's battered old pointy hat after the closing date will win the following fantabulous prizes:

FIRST PRIZES
2 complete sets of Fighting Fantasy gamebooks, including the very latest one, *Trial Of Champions,* each signed by Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone!!

SECOND PRIZES
30 copies of *Trial Of Champions,* signed by Ian Livingstone!!

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Send your answer to:

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Your entries must reach us by **Monday, July 28th**. Please remember to include your name, age and full address; we'd also like you to tell us the name of the shop where you bought this copy of Warlock. So get your thinking helmets on, and get those entries in . . . just think, a complete set of signed FF books . . . maybe I should enter myself . . .

DEREK the TROLL
By LEW STRINGER
WAR FIXTURES: Saturday July 12th
BLOODTHIRSTY MANIACS
V
THE HORDE OF SCUMBAGS
JOIN THE ARMY NOW
please
BLIMEY! I'M GLAD THAT TROLLS ARE EXEMPT FROM NATIONAL SERVICE!
THEY WERE, UNTIL NOW!
OOER!
RIGHT, YOU 'ORRIBLE LITTLE TROLL! YER IN THE ARMY NOW! 'ERE'S YER AXE... GET IT SHARPENED!
ULP! Y-YES, SIR!
HOI, SMITHY! I'VE GOT AN AXE TO GRIND!
I'M NOT SURPRISED, WITH A FACE LIKE YOURS!
AXE NICE AN' SHARP? GOOD! NOW I'M GONNA SHOW YOU 'OW TO KILL THE ENEMY!
K-KILL? OOER! CAN'T WE JUST SMACK THEIR LEGS OR SOMETHIN'?
WHAAAT? THE HORDE OF SCUMBAGS DON'T GO IN FOR LEG-SMACKIN', BOY! IT'S ALL GOUGE, SLICE, THRUST, OR NOTHIN' WITH US!!
FAINT!
BAH! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A SOLDIER, BUT THE COOK'S GOT A TOUCH OF THE PLAGUE, SO YOU CAN TAKE HIS PLACE!
later...
GRUB UP, LADS!
COR! SMASHIN'! JUST WOT WE NEED AFTER A HARD DAY'S WAR!
Soon...
URRGH! THE WHOLE HORDE OF SCUMBAGS ARE TOO ILL TO FIGHT! WHAT WAS IN THAT FOOD?
JUST A TRADITIONAL TROLL RECIPIE- RAT'S LIVER SURPRISE... FOLLOWED BY EARWAX PUDDING!
OUT! - AND NEVER COME BACK!
YES, SIR!
WAR CANCELLED
© LEW STRINGER 1986

Paul Cockburn, ably assisted by Derek the Troll, takes a leisurely look at the latest gamebooks.

You know, it's amazing the roles you can imagine yourself into these days! Once upon a time, you could only be an adventurer – a boring old adventurer. Times have changed! I mean, take a look at this month's batch of books – you can be a samurai, a gladiator, an inmate at Colditz, a Chicago gangster – even a Gaul in 50 B.C.! In fact, as Derek pointed out to me just the other day, it seems like you can be just anyone you want to be in gamebooks these days – except a Troll! I guess no-one wants to be like you, Derek, do they? Mind you, I don't think Derek much wants to be a Troll either, judging by the amount of time he spends playing gamebooks!

Let's have a look at who he's been pretending to be this time . . .

SWORD OF THE SAMURAI
Mark Smith & Jamie Thomson
Puffin, £1.95

What's this? The slime beast writing another *Fighting Fantasy* book? Is he trying to take over the world? I dunno, no-one ever asks me to write a book . . . except Shredded Wheat . . . sniff sniff! (*Aha! So those were your doing, were they Cockburn! I think I'd better keep an eye on you! – The Warlock.*)

Anyway, we'd better see what the Deadly Duo have done with this. Drawing from their experience with the 'Ninja' books, Min Smith and the Beast have returned to the Far East for this adventure, which falls halfway between a standard FF book and one of their more complicated *Way of the Tiger* efforts. A few special rules cover samurai skills (you pick one from a selection of skills, which you may be able to use at a vital point of the adventure).

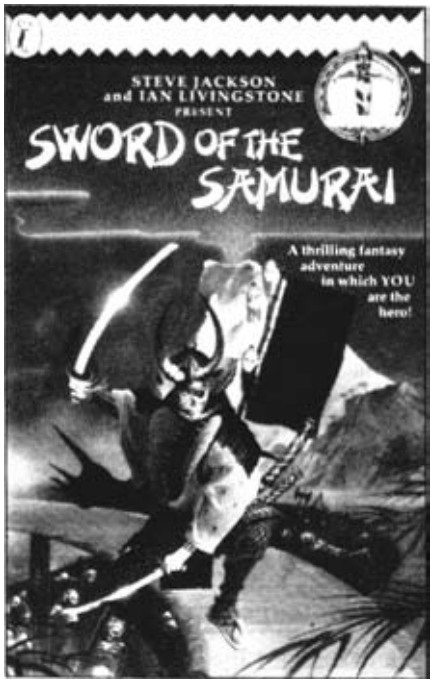

The plot goes pretty much like this: you are a young samurai warrior, with a dangerous mission to recover the Singing Sword. The Shogun needs the sword to control his kingdom, but it has been stolen by Ikuru, Master of Shadows – and the nobles are beginning to revolt, while bandits and invaders are running across the land. The only help you are going to get is the seal of the Shogun, to help you pass through the parts of his Kingdom which are still loyal.

Ikuru lives in the Pit of Demons, surrounded by mighty guardians. Along the way, there are means by which you can attract a motley assortment of allies, who will help you in your battle against these guardians, Frustratingly, this can mean that you do your appointed task too well, getting through to the Master of Shadow's lair without the right allies – and then you quickly find yourself being thrashed by his demon guardians without any chance to win! Derek, who didn't want any smelly allies anyway, is still playing this book, trying to get through to the end . . .

This has lots of nice atmosphere and fabulous monsters, and some very good illustrations by Alan Langford, but it's not a good gamebook. Back to the swamp, JT, and better luck next time.

TRIAL OF CHAMPIONS
Ian Livingstone
Puffin, £1.95

The master returns! This says 'Ian Livingstone' on the cover and means it – none of your 'Steve & Ian presents' rubbish here-and, furthermore, this book returns to the scene of *Deathtrap Dungeon*, possibly *the* most popular FF book ever.

But don't think that makes it easy . . . The Dungeon has been completely restocked with traps and monsters by that murderous creep Baron Sukumvit – and before you can even get into it you must first survive the gladiatorial games of the Baron's equally nasty brother, Lord Carnuss.

Hang on a minute, though, how did we end up here in the first place? The book starts after you meet with a small accident . . . the ship on which you left Port Blacksand was rammed and sunk by Captain Bartella's slaver-pirates, and you ended up in the engine room, pulling an oar. But Bartella doesn't plan to keep you; he sells you to Lord Carnuss, who wants a gladiator to enter his brother's new maze. So, you are taken to the Arena of Death with 41 other slaves, and that's where the fun really starts.

Only one of you will survive; all the

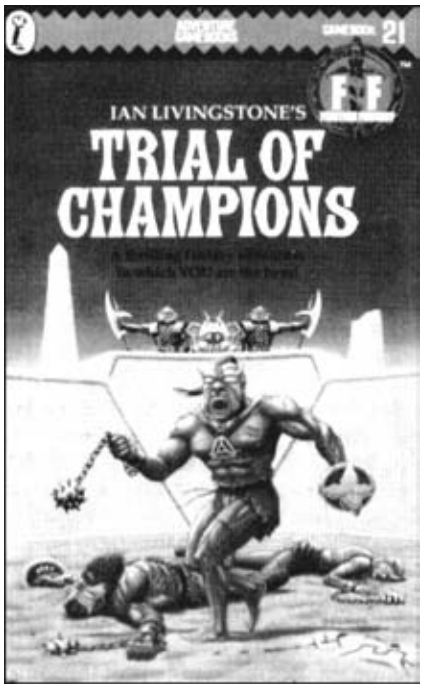

other slaves will die in the selection process for the right to enter the mare. The cell mates with whom you share bread and gruel disappear one by one. First there's the foot race, leaping over burning coals carrying a heavy pack, then the fight with the Bonecrusher (a really gross new monster), and when there is only one man left in the cell with you, you are told that only one of you will be allowed to leave the cell in the morning!

And so it goes on. The climax to this first part is a really spooky fight when all you have is a spiked ball on the end of a chain – and a blindfold! You may not like this bit at all, but it's very well done, and if you can survive this part you probably stand a good chance of making it through to the end. When you have outlasted all the others, you are taken to Fang to enter the Trial of Champions. Some terrible monsters and fiendish traps await you here, and it will be only the very best who survive. But if you are the lucky one, then you'll have the chance to take revenge on Lord Carnuss, and maybe set yourself up for the next adventure in this series . . . because, yes, Mr Livingstone has left himself plenty of room for another sequel! Let's just hope we don't have to wait another three years for it – though he may have a hard job coming up with another book as good as this one!

ASTERIX TO THE RESCUE
Knight Books,
£4.95

Now this is a gamebook with a difference! Not only do you get your gamebook with its numbered passages, but there are also several 'props' included in tire plastic pack: a disc representing a bag of coins. a translator, a map, a password scroll, three 'magic potions', cards representing Asterix and Obelix and a dice with these two and Dogmatix shown twice each. Now what has this lot got to do with an adventure gamebook, you ask? Well, the various props are useful devices for hiding the mechanics of the route through the book.

Take the bag of coins (not literally, Derek, you stupid troll – look, you can't even spend it! – give it *back!).* If you come to a passage where you have to spend money, you rotate the disc to show the number of coins you have spent through a window, Through another window on the back you can then see the next numbered passage. The infamous magic potions are used as 'lives'; you have three chances to succeed in your mission, but when the potion runs out, you have failed.

The props aren't important, and it might seem that they don't make up for the fact that this book costs 2 ½ times the normal price of most gamebooks, but they do add a certain charm to owning the book. As for the adventure itself, it's fairly easy (probably because the book has to appeal to Asterix fans of all ages), but you can expect to have a lot of fun before you reach the end. The Romans are incredibly stupid – of course! – and they let you off the hook most often. Some of the choices you have to make are fairly simple or arbitrary, and there isn't too much mindless violence, which might spoil it for some of you, but the trick is to enjoy the descriptions of the places and the people, and the jokes!

And what is the story? Well, that stupid druid, Getafix, has been kidnapped again, and Caesar has him in Rome, trying to sweat the secret of the magic potion from him. All you have to do is to journey to Rome and rescue him – and make it back in time for the banquet, of course. No problem!

I can guarantee that Asterix fans will love this book, despite its rather high price. Gamebook fans may find if a little easy, and possibly lacking in the usual blood and guts, but that's their fault. *We* loved it!

CHICAGO GANGSTERS and ESCAPE FROM COLDITZ
Clive Gifford
Virgin Books, £l.99

Some people seem to think that 'Real-life Gamebooks' are going to be the next big thing in the solo adventure world. Well, if that's true then Derek promises to have a bath! Judging by these two, we can safely forget about 'Real-life Gamebooks' altogether. *Chicago Gangsters* appears to be the first of this new series, if only because it has an introduction by the author. The other, *Escape From Colditz*, simply leaps in at paragraph 1 without telling you who you are, why you are of the notorious prison camp or anything! Anyway, Derek and I put on our best pinstripe suits, picked up our violin cases, and shimmied on down to Chicago, in full expectation of a really wild time – how wrong we were!

You play a young punk from the country who arrives in gangster city, intent on making a name for yourself. Pretty soon you fall in with the Gucciano clan, a vicious bunch of nasties who seem determined to use you to bump off a selection of the city's top people. However, you quickly realise that you ought to be bumping off the Guccianos if you want to make any headway in this city. If you can team up with the right people and make the right moves, you can wipe out the clan

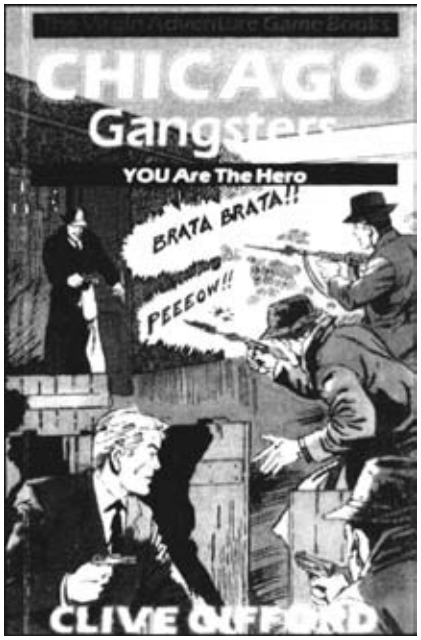

and reign supreme as the best gangster in Chicago.

At least, that's what it says. In reality the path is all but impossible, as you are

given very few real opportunities to use your skills or your brain-things just seem to happen to you for no particular reason. Despite the pretty maps included at various sections of the text, the actual layout of the city is very confusing, and you tend to get to the same places no matter which direction you walk in! I can't actually think of anything to recommend in this book at all, and Derek actually *refused* to eat his copy in disgust.

What's worse is that the second book is even poorer than the first one! This time you are an inmate of the famous German prison, during World War II. Actually, you must assume this, as the book doesn't tell you – you simply start the book by waking up in a solitary confinement cell. It isn't until much later that you find out your name is Hughes, and that you used to be a pilot! As you wander around the castle thinking of a way to escape, you run into other inmates, who you occasionally are said to have met before, even if you've only just started playing the book! There are terrible jumps between locations too – one moment you're walking in the gardens, the next you're sat in the canteen having just finished your dinner! This is all very well, but what if you didn't want to go and eat? The author of these books obviously doesn't know what 'choices' mean.

Both these books, and especially *Escape From Colditz*, could have been really special, for their subject matter could have made wonderful gamebooks. However, these books are badly written, presented and illustrated, and do not deserve a single moment of your time, let alone any of your cash. In fact, the person writing in with the best reason for wanting these books can have our set (just mark your letters **'Bleaagh!'**).

THE LAST INVASION: 1066
Simon Farrell & Jon Sutherland
Grafton, £1.95

. . . And then, just as you're really beginning to despair about the gamebook world, along comes a book like this, which makes up for all the Chicago Gangsters and the Escape From Colditzes. It doesn't have many new ideas, it is only averagely written, and in places could do with more action, but when compared to the previous two attempts at gamebooks it is a positive breath of fresh air.

Again, the subject is a real one, but this time it's a little historically based, dealing with the invasion of Britain by William the Conqueror in 1066. You play Hugh deBouard, the son of a Norman noble who nevertheless lives in England. (No, Derek, not your brother Norman! This one's a Frenchman not a Troll. Mind you, I guess there are some similarities . . .) As Edward the Confessor, the previous king, lies dying in London, you must work out where your loyalties really lie and decide whether you are to follow William or the new King Harold. In fact, the best tactics seem to be to blow with the wind, swapping sides whenever you feel like. Derek liked this bit – he never could make up his mind about anything!

While you are involving yourself in the intrigues of the Saxon or Norman courts, of course, old William is preparing to launch his invasion, which takes place exactly as recorded in the history books. I think I would have liked to have been given the chance of stopping the invasion and changing the course of history a little,

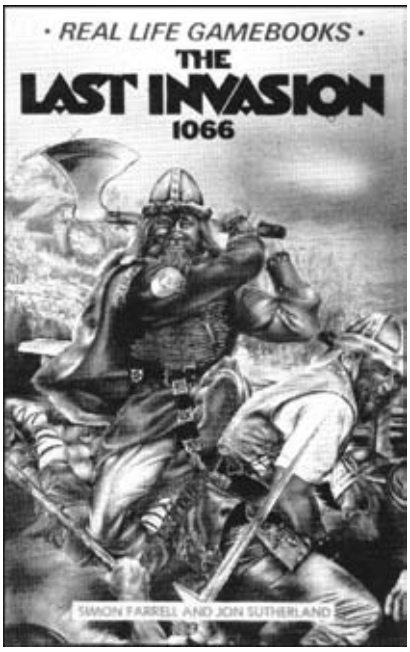

but with the system used in this book you can't actually do that (probably a good job too – if William had been beaten off you probably wouldn't be here now, reading this gamebook!). Instead the book gives you the sense of being caught up in history, playing a quite major role in shaping events that have affected so much.

The authors have obviously done their research, but in general the book doesn't read like a history book – it's far more interesting than that! Some gamebook fans may not adjust to its peculiarly 'serious' tone, and it could perhaps do with a few more battles (there's only really Stamford Bridge and the Battle of Hastings to whet the appetite of more violent readers), but this is made up for in other ways.

I'm still not so sure that real life gamebooks are a particularly wonderful idea, but *The Last Invasion: 1066* is not at all bad. Even better, you can show this one to your teacher and she won't bat you round the head for reading a silly gamebook! Read this and you'll probably take in more about William the Conqueror than you ever would reading some boring old history book. Even Derek knows who King Harold is now (what's that Derek? You've got another brother called Harold? I give up!!).

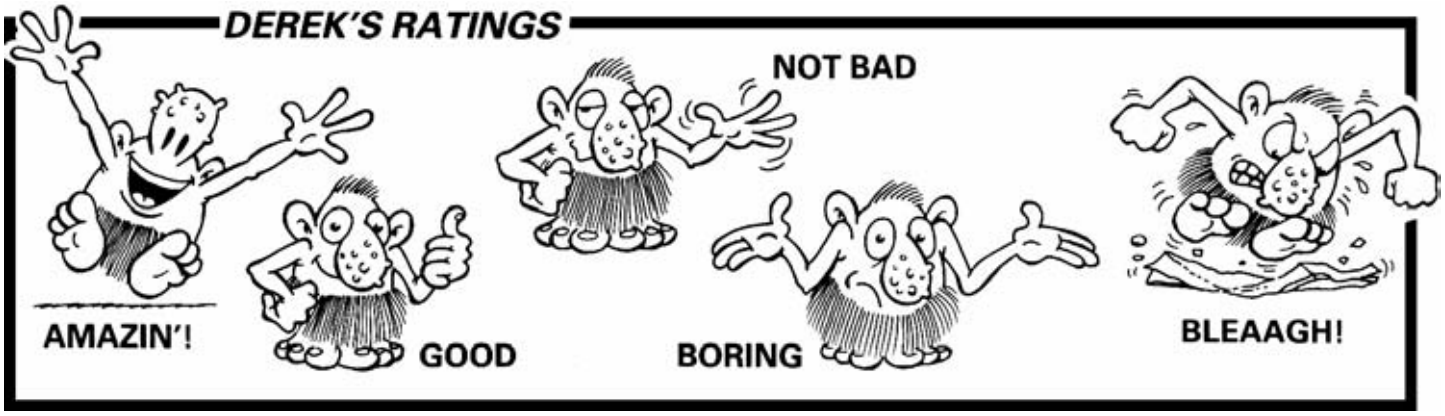

Ooer! Booted out of the armie just for cookin' sum of my favrit food, and now that grumpee old Warlock has stomped off in a sulk, leavin' me to sort owt the postbag! Crumbs – look as the syze of it – its taller than me! Ooh! 'ang on – puff! grunt! – wile I get sum boxes to – pant! wheeze! – stan don. There! Just clime up to the top . . . and caref 'ly . . . reech out and . . . grab the furst letta . . . Gotcha! Now wot does this say? Ooer! Its about me!

Dear Warlock,
Why do the spots on Derek the Troll's nose keep moving?
Yours sincerely,
David Burton,
Bestwood, Nottingham.

● **Well, David, thats a very intrestin' kwestion, that is. Ive wundred about this very fakt for along time now, and doo yu kno, Ive no idea wy this happens. Its pritty strange, I can tell yu, havin' spots move about on yor nows all the time. Mind yu, I wunce knew a gobblin whoose nows was alwaze runnin', so havin' a few moovin spots is nuthin compaired to that is it? Lets open anutha letter – Crikey! Wots this??**

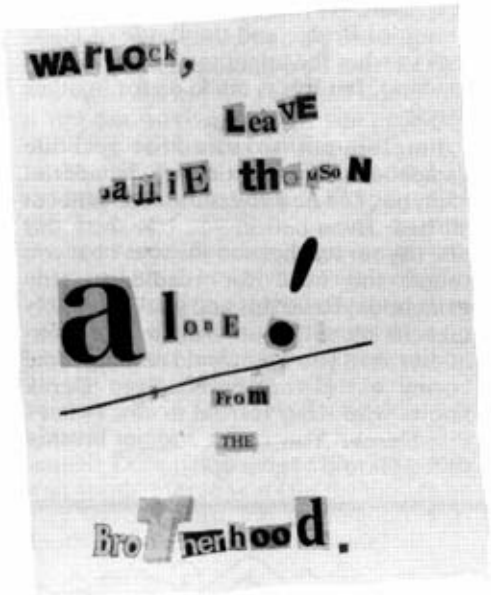

● **Ooer! Ide better not show this to the Warlok, or heel go spare! He's such a grumpie old mizery he dont like peeple chalenjing him. And he reely hates that stymie old Jamie Tomsun – last week I cant him stikking pins in a life-size doll of Jamie – until I notissed it was the reel Jamie Tomsun becos it was skreeming and yelling! Ide better do something with this befor the Warlok sees it . . .**

That's better. Now, wot else do we have here? Aha, another letter asking a kwestion!

Dear Warlock,
Be kind to us poor, ignorant mortals! How about a bit of info on fantasy boardgames for those of us who want to share our abiding passion with other, lesser beings, but who don't aspire to the high ranking post of being all-seeing, all-knowing gamemasters?
Yours ingratiatingly,
Lady Arthur the Coward (alias Ursula Clarke)
Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk

● **Oh deer! Looks like Im going to have to go and ask the Warlok a kwestion. I'll just call him. WAAAAARRRRI,OKKK!! OHH WAAAAARRRRI,OKKKK!!**
★ **What's going on here Derek, why are you shouting like that! Anymore shouting from you and I'll turn you into a Troll!**
● **But I am a Troll, Master Warlok.**
★ **We'll soon see about that, you disgusting little subhuman! Now, where's this letter that wants answering? Aha, here it is! Ahem-hem (just putting on my letter-answering voice).**

Well, Ursula, thank you for your letter about an introduction to fantasy boardgames. It seems you are not alone in wanting one, as I have also heard from Denby Hill of Doncaster, and Philip Larsen of Le Vesinet, in France, who both want to know more about boardgames and beginners' role-playing games. I will get the new boy, Gascoigne, working on just such an article for next issue; it's about time he did some work around here! Now, while I'm here, Derek, is there anything else which needs an answer?
● **Ooer! I don't know yet, sir Warlok, I've only just started sorting then them all. I'll just get the next one for you to look at, o miyty Warlok.**

Dear Warlock,
I was digging my old dusty issues of Warlock out of my rusty chest one day (I had to hack the lock off the chest with my sword because a powerful sorceress, disguised as my mum, had cast a lock spell on the chest!), when I noticed issue 1 of Warlock was just lying thereon top of the pile staring straight at me, mysteriously opened at pages 6 and 7 – The Land of Allansia. As I looked at the map I noticed it was quite old, as the Temple of Vatos in the Desert of Skulls had not yet been discovered, neither had the Snow Witch's cavern in the Icefinger Mountains, or even Scorpion Swamp! So, here I am, writing to you, the Warlock, for a new map of Allansia to be published in future issue.
Yours wonderingly,
N. Craven,
Grimsby, Humberside.

● **Well, young man, I can reveal that there is to be a new map of Allansia included in *Titan – The World Of Fighting Fantasy*, which Puffin will be releasing just as soon as that lazy wretch Gascoigne finishes editing it. More than that, the book will include a map of the whole world of Fighting Fantasy, including the rest of the continent next to Kakhabad, and the mysterious third continent of Khul, where you will find places like Scorpion Swamp, the Inland Sea, and the strange land of Hachiman! I think you'll just have to wait a little while longer – though it might be possible to print a few sneak previews from it before it is released-if anyone else out there wants to see them, of course!**

Dear high and mighty Warlock,
I totally agree with John Mitchell who wrote in issue 9. This persecution of Derek the Troll must stop. He is not an eyesore. In fact my sister and I both think he is the cutest of all the assorted nasties who infest Games Workshop. I would also like to become the second member of John's Not So Royal Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty To Trolls.
Yours Trollishly,
Barnaby Warne,
Stratford-on-Avon, Warks.

PS For all you slimey snails still stuck in the Maze of Zagor, here's the way out: *Go straight on, then right, right again at the crossroads, and then . . . uh-oh, I'm lost!!!??*

★ **Phew! Got that Spell of Confusion on you just in time! We really can't allow arrogant adventurers like young Barnaby here to give away the secret which has baffled so many people for so many years, now can we?**

And since you like Trolls so much, I've decided to show you the truth about them, by sending Derek round to your house for a week's holiday. Pretty soon you'll be sick of scraping slimy gunge off the carpet, wiping slurpy stains off the settee and sweeping the lumpy bits out of his bed every morning! Your whole house will reek from his bad breath, his smelly feet and the stench of all

Dear Warlock,
Whilst glancing at Warlock 9 the other day, my attention was drawn to the *Omens & Auguries* section, and in particular the picture on the cover of the new gamebook, Clive Gifford's *Escape From Colditz*. I was amazed to see that the pictures of the two escapees were copies of Biggles, from *Biggles & The Black Peril* by Captain W.E. Johns (I am sure the all-knowing Warlock has heard of Biggles).

I enclose two copies of the pictures to confirm my discovery. Does the intrepid Biggles fly again in adventure gamebooks?

Yours quizically,
Tony Lansdowne.

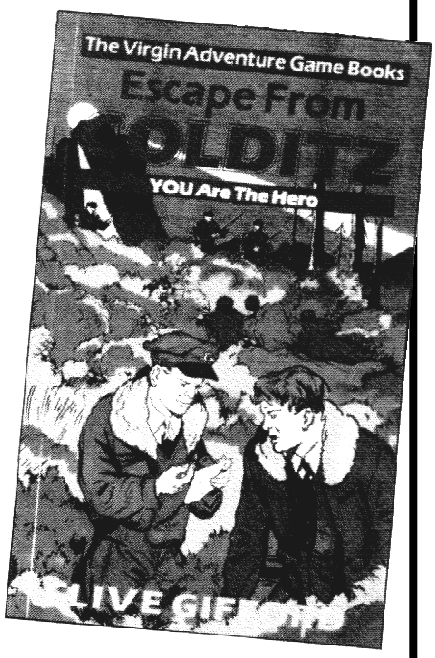

★ For this outstanding feat of observation, Tony wins this issue's Orb Of Merit, and copies of the two new Fatemaster books. Chocks away, Ginger!

the insects which live in his hair. Ugghh! Then you'll see what we have to put up with here!! Oh Derek, stop looking at me with those big sad eyes like that; I'm sending you away for a week – won't that be fun? No? How dare you be so ungrateful? Oh all right then, stay here at the castle then. (Curses! There must be some way to get rid of the little creep without hurting his feelings!)

Dear Warlock,
I hope for your sake that you've given Ruth Pracy a least one thousand gold pieces after writing such an excellent adventure ('The Floating City') in issue 8. If not, I will personally cut you down with my trusty sword!

Yours violently,
Thomas Turpin,
Hastings, East Sussex.

★ Derek, could you deal with this one please?

● What? Sorry, oh marvillus one, I was just playing a gaym with sum of my fleas. All yu have to do is take a few fleas, put them in yor . . .

★ DEREK! Will you answer this letter please before I make your head and your bottom swap places!!

● Ooer!! That dusn't sownd much fun. Well, Tomas, yu can put yor sord away becos the Warlok (silly old fool) has asked Roof Prazy to do us anotha part of her massive epic adventurr, of wich Flotting City was only part one. Wotch this space for more deetales. How wos that, oh Warlok?

★ That was dreadful, Derek. If a job's worth doing, never give it to a Troll, as my dear old mother used to say. Go on, you pathetic little reptile, get out my sight, while I answer a few more of these letters.

Dear Warlock,
Do you think that the Grand Wizard (may his wands never fail and his grimoire remain sacrosanct!) in all his great wisdom and benevolence, could have a word with those slackers in the Bright Ideas Department (you know, the ones who play dice behind the racks of flayed scribes of a workday morning) and consider producing some binders, so that in future I've a decent place to keep my Warlocks?

Thoughtfully yours,
S.U. Macklerm
(alias The Man With Dreadful Handwriting)
Sneinton, Nottingham.

★ Binders now is it? Are you man-things never satisfied! Well, your most humble servant will see what he can do – how many of you out there want a Warlock binder? I don't know – they'll want a Small Ads page next!

Dear Warlock,
How about a page for readers to advertise, swap and sell unwanted games, models, books, etc?

Yours,
Clive The Gangee,
Craggen Rock,
Allansia

★ Ho-hum! Alright, hands up all those who want binders and a Small Ads page?

Dear Warlock,
Now look ye here Old Warlock! Your story of gremlins in issue 7 had me in stitches. Yet after careful inspection of Steve Jackson's book *Kharé – Cityport of Traps* I found a gremlin hiding in the pictures to references 66 and 122. In fact, I found him all over the place.

Continuing to search the book, I found the good saga and scholar at reference 336. In the picture I found that the top shelf was hiding some 'White Dwarf' magazines, and on the third shelf down a book about someone called 'Jackson'. This was all very crafty, but what sage in his right mind would carry White Dwarf around with him?

The same book had more surprises in store. This old John Blanche is great with detail! – at reference 89, I hesitate to think what the dog is doing at the foot of the statue!

Yours croakingly,
Anthony Fenton-Jones
Ashlead, Surrey

★ You're right! Well spotted, young Anthony. Actually, I've had lots of letters recently pointing out various secret books and people hidden amongst the illustrations in Fighting Fantasy books. Next issue I've decided to give a complete list of all of them – so if you've spotted any recently, write in and tell me about them. Anything would be better than getting a letter like this one . . .

Dear Warlock,
Did you know that the `Giver of Sleep' in The Warlock of *Firetop* Mountain is of the wrong design. In flight, the head should be horizontal to gain maximum penetration through the rib-cage. In fact the arrow illustrated should be used for hunting boars and the like, whose rib-cage is vertically contracted.

Yours opinionatedly,
Guy Berresford,
Stafford.

★ There's no answer to that!

And finally, here is an important announcement. In last issue's adventure, *Fortress Throngard*, reference 42 didn't have an exit! Sorry about that, folks. Of course, if you were psychic you would have known that you should have gone to reference 47. I do hope this little mistake didn't ruin your enjoyment of the adventure.

If you want to write to the Warlock, could you please also tell me which gamebook you hated the most, and what your favourite article in Warlock is. This is the address to send your letters to:

The Warlock's Quill,
Warlock Magazine,
Games Workshop Design Studio,
Enfield Chambers,
16–18 Low Pavement,
Nottingham NG1 7DL.

Arkenor & Max part 7

by Ian McDonald

THE TROUBLE IS, WE'VE DISRUPTED THE SPELL, SO WE'RE PROGRESSING TOO!
BUT WHAT ABOUT COUNT FANG?
THAT'S WHAT... ..AH...!
HERE WE ARE!
17!
TING!
CURSE THEM!
Outside the Lift....
NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT
NOW!
KERRACK!
PHASERS TO STUN!!
SO...
...!
...THE INTRUDERS ARE HERE ...AND ABOUT TIME, TOO!
WELL...
YOU HAVE DISCOVERED MY LITTLE SECRET...
...I MUST SAY, YOU'RE PROGRESSING NICELY, BUT THERE IS ONE THING YOU DON'T YET KNOW...
...YOU MEDDLING FOOLS!
AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE?
THE EXTENT OF YOUR PROGRESS...YOU SEE, YOU'RE GOING TOO FAST..
TOO FAST?
...IT CAN'T LAST...YOU'RE ALL EXPENDABLE! IT'S OVER — IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING
OVER?
OVER AND OVER...
ARAK-?/ZAST¡23K!!
BRRROAAUM!!
"BEFORE YOU STANDS A HUGE, STUDDED, OAKEN DOOR. IT IS LOCKED AND THERE IS NO OTHER WAY IN. WILL YOU KNOCK ON THE DOOR OR TRY TO BASH IT DOWN?"
RAP!
SOME CHOICE!
The End?

Following my article in the last issue, the Warlock has commanded that I should reveal more of my guarded secrets treasures of knowledge built up over millennia of designing, collecting and painting fantasy models. No one in their right mind ever argues with the Warlock, so this time I have selected a few choice topics especially for readers interested in modelling techniques and converting metal miniatures.

Firstly, let me kick off by saying that everybody who paints and collects metal miniatures is, to some extent, a modeller. All models require trimming with a sharp knife and/or files, and may need fixing to a base for display. I have heard rumours that there are some sickly, degenerate creatures who buy and paint models, but never bother to trim mould-lines or flash, and refuse stubbornly to undercoat before painting. I cringe to think of the finished result of such uncaring behaviour!

Similarly, I am constantly being told that people aren't interested in attempting even the most rudimentary of modelling tasks. I don't believe this for a minute! What happened to the spirit of endeavour that gave us space travel, satellite communications and shrink-wrapped cheese? Every Citadel figure designer started off bending metal arms into new poses, swapping weapons and changing heads – even the experts had to make a beginning sometime. Modelling should not be thought of as easy, it does require a degree of talent – but nothing beyond the scope of anyone who already paints. A few tools are essential, but these are inexpensive and easy to obtain. Some readers will already have a selection of tools, but for those new to the hobby I'm going to describe the various items and their use.

Work area

The area you use for painting will also do for modelling. You should find a good solid work surface such as a sturdy tabletop, sit on a comfortable chair, and try to ensure everything is at a comfortable height. Always make sure you have a good layer of newspaper over the surface, with a piece of board or stiff card at hand to use as a cutting-board. Keep the general area as tidy and clean as possible – there is nothing so frustrating as losing the model you are working on under a pile of discarded chip wrappers and mouldering food. The work area must be well lit: during the daytime it should receive good natural light, and you will need to supplement this with a desk type spot light for evening work.

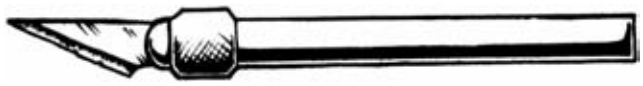

Knife

You will need a good modelling knife – this is your number one essential modelling tool and there is no way of substituting anything else or doing without. It doesn't matter which of the commercially-available knives you choose; all do the job equally well. At this point I must stress how important it is to take care with all modelling tools, especially knives. It is easy to cut yourself if you are careless, and for this reason modelling should remain a prerogative of older, more sensible readers. Make all cuts away from your body, always support the item on the table, and never apply too much pressure to the blade or it will snap.

Pliers

A small pair of pliers will enable you to reposition arms or legs, turn heads or make minor adjustments to a figure's posture. Metal figures are, to some extent, quite bendable, being made from a mixture of lead and tin called 'white metal'. Pliers are much better than fingers when it comes to bending this material, as you have much finer control and a greater degree of leverage. Ordinary small pliers will do, but those with a long nose are better, as they are specially made for fine work.

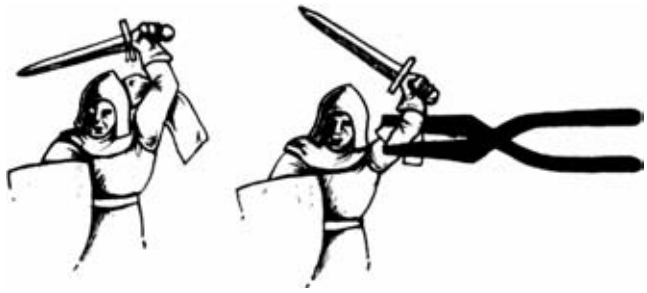

To avoid damaging the soft metal, wrap the arm (or whatever) with apiece of tissue. Now grip the limb at the point where you want to move it, and gently bend to the position required. Only practice will tell you exactly how far you can bend the metal before the metal snaps. I'm afraid you must be prepared for the odd mistake, so practice on a few old figures first.

Epoxy glue

Epoxy glue comes in 2 parts, a resin and a hardener, which are mixed together to produce a fast-setting and extremely efficient glue. 'Araldite Rapide' is good, but other brands can be used to equal effect. Mix small

amounts at a time (figures aren't very big) in accordance with the instructions on the packaging. Tinfoil makes a good disposable tray, and matchsticks are recommended for mixing an application.

Glue is very useful stuff-for one thing you can stick back all those arms you've broken off by 'over-bending' figures with your pliers! Slottabased figures can be attached to their separate base by this glue, and it is the best fixative for all multipart kits. Before gluing two metal surfaces, it is a good idea to roughen them – just cut a few nicks in the metal with your knife. This provides a rough surface for the glue to grip, and makes the bond stronger. Pieces likely to come apart should ideally be 'pinned', which I will describe below.

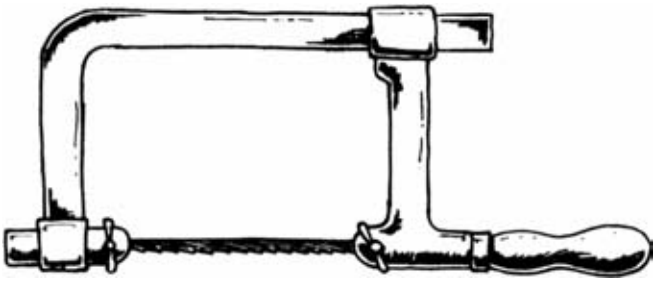

Saw

A small hacksaw enables you to efficiently remove limbs, hands, heads or completely cut a figure in two. Special modellers' or jewellers' saws are best, because ordinary hacksaw blades are rather thick and will remove too much metal. Knives shouldn't be used for heavy work like this as the blades will snap, which is not only expensive but also dangerous. It is important to support the model whilst cutting. Many modellers use a vice, but this is only really necessary for larger models such as dragons or other monsters. If you are going to use a vice, place tissue padding where the vice grips the casting to avoid damaging it. Generally speaking, a firm surface and a steady hand will suffice so long as you take care.

Pin vice

The name of this particular tool has always struck me as somewhat inappropriate in that it is neither a pin nor a vice. In fact it is no more than a small hand drill which is twirled between the fingers to give a drilling action. The bit can be changed and various sizes can be used, a 1mm bit being most suitable for our purposes. A pin vice is not an essential item for basic modelling, but it is one of the most useful things you can buy and I would recommend anyone who is serious about modelling to get one – they are quite cheap and can be had for a little over a pound in most good hobby shops. A pin vice is used, quite simply, to bore holes in metal; a steady hand is needed but the process is easy. So, I hear you ask, who wants to bore a hole in a model? Well, if you are going to swap heads, arms, hands or other major features, you'll find it is not enough to just glue the new pieces in place. No matter how careful you are, the bit will always drop off sooner or later – unless you 'pin' it.

Pinning

Pinning a new head, arm or hand in position will ensure that the new bit stays put. You will need all of the basic modelling tools described above, plus wire (a piece of a pin or paper-clip will do, though copper wire from model shops is better). If your pliers lack a cutting edge you'll also need wire cutters.

Let's imagine that you have a model fighter brandishing a sword, but you want a model with an axe. First you'll need to find a suitable transplant donor, a model brandishing an axe-this might be an old model or another model you are using for 'spares'. Proceed as follows:

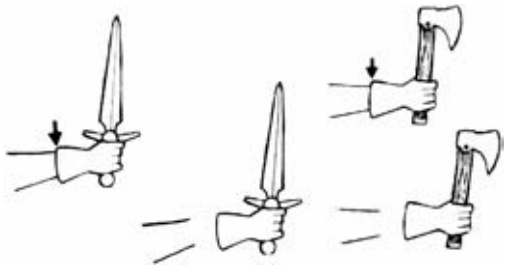

1– Separate the hand from the arm of both models. You might be able to do this with your knife, but if the metal is thick a saw is better.

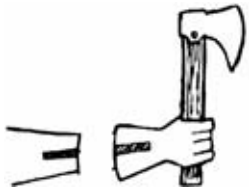

2– Drill a hole into the arm stump of your fighter and into the hand bearing the axe.

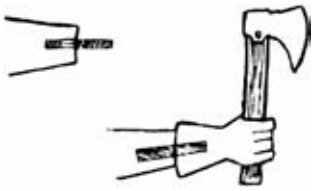

3– Cut a piece of wire of about the length of the drill holes. 3-4mm is usual, but the actual depth of bores will depend on the figure itself.

4– Mix a little epoxy and dab the mixture into the arm hole. Holding the model firmly, press the wire into the hole. Because the metal is soft you should be able to press the wire in quite firmly, where it will hold until the glue is set.

5– Once the glue is set make sure the wire is firm and that the hand will fit comfortably onto it. If the wire is loose re-glue it, if too long shorten it.

6– Mix a little more glue and fix the hand into the desired position, press firmly into place as before, and let the whole thing dry. Excess glue can be trimmed with your knife. The conversion is now complete.

The same techniques are used to swap heads, torsos, complete arms, or to fix on additional items such as backpacks, water-bottles and so on. More ambitious conversions can take the form of creating your own multi-headed, multi-limbed chaos beasts, using bits of old models to make something new and original. If you are very skillful you can even model new heads directly onto the wire pin-but once you can do that you are well on your way to becoming a designer.

Next time I have promised to reveal more of the secrets of fine painting as learned by watching over the shoulders of the Citadel mages. However, I would hope to be given the opportunity to disclose more on modelling in a future article, including tips on using modelling putty and making your own monsters and adventurers.

After last issue's special deathtest, *The Ring of Seven Terrors*, we return to our usual format, presenting a selection of new nasties for use with Fighting Fantasy. As always, the creatures we present here can be used in adventures designed for the Fighting Fantasy multi-player game, or substituted for others in the gamebooks you play. Do write and tell us whether you prefer this format, or the more involved monsters – plus-adventure presentation.

All the following creatures are most likely to be found in a dungeon setting, where they can be relied on to present a very tough challenge to even the bravest adventurers. We start with a rather unpleasant race that seem guaranteed to become a recurring nightmare from now on . . .

EXO-BEAST
by Paul Conway

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 11
Number of Attacks: 2
Habitat: Dungeons, Deserts, Wilderness
Number Encountered: 1 to 3 (roll one die and halve the result)
Type: Humanoid
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: Average

The Exo-beast is a peculiar being, typically found roaming dark, underground passages, or wandering the fringes of deserts and wilderness in small hunting packs looking for prey. Basically humanoid in nature, it derives its peculiar name from the hard, armoured exo-skeleton which covers most of its body. The Exo-beast stands just under two metres in height, and is quite strong and muscular in build. Its left hand is like that of a normal human, but its right is a large, crab-like pincer.

In combat the Exo-beast will usually use this pincer in conjunction with a vicious curved scimitar. If it wins an attack round, roll one die. A 6 indicates that it has grabbed its opponent with this pincer, crushing for 4 points of damage to the victim's STAMINA instead of tire usual 2. For this reason, Exo-beast warriors are much feared wherever they are encountered.

It is not known where or how the Exo-beast evolved, but in some scholarly circles it is believed to be the result of some evil sorcerous experiment in cross-breeding. Over the centuries many mages aligned to the Forces of Evil have tampered with Nature in attempting to produce the perfect warrior. and it is very possible that one such experiment resulted in the creation of a race of Exo-beasts, which appear to possess all the best features of an ore, a crab and a triceratops! It they did indeed come from such a source, the unknown wizard who spawned them did a very good job, for the Exo-beast can live for a very long time. If it doesn't die in combat, the Exo-beast will live until it is between 60 and 70 years old. All its bodily functions slow down and it enters a short period of hibernation which lasts around ten days, during which time its bony armoured skin cracks, to reveal fresh skin beneath. The Exo-beast rises phoenix-like from its sleep, with its skin pink and raw. This hardens over the next fifteen days, during which time the Exo-beast has SKILL 7 STAMINA 6, until it is as hard as it ever was. An individual Exo-beast can regenerate itself like this up to around a dozen times, giving some creatures a life-span in excess of 800 years!

SNAKESPAWN
by P. Chare

SKILL: 10
STAMINA: 18
Number of Attacks: 2
Habitat: Demonic Plane, anywhere their victim is
Number Encountered: 1
Type: Demon
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: High

The utterly vile Demon Princes who rule over the Infernal Abyss are a vindictive bunch who rarely fight fair. If one of their more important servants on the Earthly

Plane is unfortunately killed by some brave adventurer out righting wrongs, they don't just tear up their plans and throw them in file demonic equivalent of a waste-bin. Instead they become violently vengeful, demand that 'justice' he done. and send forth a Snakespawn.

These grisly beings are horrific in appearance. having a snake's body and tail, and a four-armed human upper half, and typically carrying at terrifying array of jagged-edged weapons. Unlike most monsters with more than one attack, Snakespawn are actually able to deliver two strikes when fighting a single adventurer, as well as when they are fighting a group of adversaries. In any attack round, their opponent must roll up two Attack Strengths. If he beats one he is able to injure his demonic opponent; if he wins against the other attack he has only held the thing off for another round.

Even worse, Snakespawn have a powerful poisonous sting at the end of their tails, which they will strike if both their attacks get through, causing an extra 3 points of damage unless their opponent can *Test their Luck.* It a Snakespawn's physical form is killed on tire Earthly Plane, its spirit will be sent back to the Abyss, front where it can never return.

GREMOLL
by Simon New man

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 6
Habitat: Dungeons, Ruins, Marshes, Wilderness
Number Encountered: 1 to 6
Type: Humanoid
Reaction: Unfriendly–Hostile
Intelligence: High

These nightmarish creatures resemble nothing so much as giant humanoid newts. They are tall and thin, coloured a sickly green all over and standing near to two and a half metres high, but their most noticeable features are their sinister bulbous eyes which conceal an intelligence well in excess of that of humans. They are not a populous race, and as a result hide themselves away from civilisation in dark and shadowy places, their favourite habitat being semi-stagnant underground rivers. However, they are natural carnivores, and (heir appetites sometimes get in the way of their better judgements.

They are not strong creatures, and will not fight it they can help it, but when the feeding frenzy hits them they are more likely to make suicidal rushes at potential prey. Normally, however, they prefer to sneak up behind a victim and throttle them with long, clammy fingers, waiting until they are unconscious before dragging them back to their lair to cat. It is a peculiar quirk of these strange creatures that makes them delay eating a meal until they have told it in graphic detail just how it is going to be prepared. As a result most of their victims die of fright well before they are sliced and cooked!

SHADOW FIEND
by Neil Sylvester

SKILL: 11
STAMINA: 13
Habitat: Dungeons, Ruins, Caves
Number Encountered: 1
Type: Undead
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: High

Here comes an adventurer, creeping warily down a dungeon passage, his way lit only by the flickering flame of his lantern. The shadows dance as he treads carefully on; in every corner, it seems, strange beasts are hiding, waiting to strike. He gives a start, perhaps, as his own shadow rears up the wall next to him, before relaxing again, eluding himself for being so nervous. Then the Shadow Fiend strikes!

Rearing up, it strikes for the adventurer's throat with two dark hands with a touch as cold as midnight. If it makes a hit the Fiend has caught hold, causing two points of damage. In every round after this, its victim must win the combat to stop the Fiend from choking away 2 more points. The Fiend's victim can only dislodge the ghastly thing by winning *three* rounds in a row. To actually damage a shadow Fiend, an adventurer needs to be free of its clutches, and to possess a magical sword, for these creatures are malevolent undead spirits, not living beings!

DROUG
by David Pearson

SKILL: 6
STAMINA: 14
Habitat: Dungeons. Caves
Number Encountered: 1 to 2
Type: Insect/humanoid
Reaction: Unfriendly–Hostile
Intelligence: Average

A Droug is an insect-like humanoid, rather like an elongated, upright beetle. They have two pairs of arms, slurry black armoured bodies, and a stump tail tipped with a nasty poisoned sting. They prefer to live in dark, shadowy places away from civilised parts of the world; their large compound eyes cannot adjust to daylight too well, and if encountered in open country they will have a SKILL of 5. They are terrified of naked fire, and they will flee from it 4 times out of 6.

In combat a Droug will attack twice, once with a combined assault front its claw-tipped hands, and once using its tail. After a normal attack has been resolved, a six-sided dice must be rolled. On s score of 5 or 6 the Droug will sting its opponent for an extra 2 points of damage. Although they are not clever by human standards, they are shrewder than their insect forbears, and have learnt to use several good tactics in combat. Their favourite appears to be setting two Droug against a single opponent. On a successful hit, one Droug grasps hold and pin, their opponent down, while the other strikes at him – hitting automatically. To escape the clutches of the Droug holding him, an adventurer must win a combat round against him – though during this time the other Droug will have hit him for between 2 and 4 extra points of damage!

Droug share the simple desires common to all semi-intelligent humanoids – staying alive, keeping well-fed and warm and slowly amassing a sizable hoard of pretty shining things. They are not especially sociable creatures, preferring to live in groups no larger than five or six strong, hiding out in colonies tunnelled into cliff faces, or burrows deep below the ground.

Sheer Artistry

Brilliant fantasy artist John Blanche shows how the cover of this issue was painted from the winning entry in our 'Paint The Warlock' competition, revealing a few of the secrets of painting top-class fantasy art along the way.

At last, it can be announced to the world! The winner of the 'Paint The Warlock' competition set in Warlock issue 7 way back in November is ***Alexis Panayiotou****, who lives in East Barnet, Herts. His winning entry was chosen, from amongst the many thousands submitted, at a star-studded gala evening at the Warlock's lofty citadel sometime around New Year. The panel of judges whose unenviable task it was to choose a winner from such a high-class field included noble Lord Azurr, the tyrant of Blacksand; the very strange Poomchukker all the way from Scorpion Swamp; and – of course – the Warlock himself. Troll-about-town Derek was due to be present, but something he'd eaten the day before had upset him so he couldn't attend (that'll teach him to try chewing on a dragon's hind leg – the burns will hurt for weeks. healers say). After several hundredths of a second of deliberation, the Warlock stood up, said "That's the one, no doubt about it. Looks just like me when I'm in a good mood! Well done the man-thing that drew it!" and strode from the chamber with an embarrassed look on his face! The picture in question was rushed by the grand old wizard's personal carrier-vulture to the lofty cave where renowned artist John Blanche lived, together with a scroll commanding that he either turn the picture into a true masterpiece, or that he got turned into the back half of a goat. As you can see by looking at the cover of this issue: John wisely chose the former . . .*

Before John talks us through the painting of the Warlock's portrait from Alexis' prize-winning entry to the finished article, we thought you ought to know a little more about him. You will all have seen his masterful covers and interior illustrations for Steve Jackson's wonderful *Sorcery* series, but John has many other strings to his bow. He started his career as an illustrator after leaving art college in the mid-1960s, and worked for a number of studios. Going freelance in 1976, he quickly made his name in the publishing field, doing work for Dragon's Dream, Sphere, Paper Tiger, and many others. His best work from this time includes *The Prince and the Woodcutter*, and the wonderful *Tolkien Bestiary*, where he worked alongside other artists including Ian Miller (painter of covers for *House of Hell* and the revised *Citadel of Chaos*).

He has been an avid collector and painter of metal miniatures for a long time, earning a considerable reputation in hobby circles for his impressively painted figures. It therefore seemed quite natural for Citadel/Games Workshop to approach him, in 1983, to commission the cover of a new game called Warhammer. His involvement with Citadel grew and grew until it became his full-time job, as John is now the Studio Manager of Warlock's new home in Nottingham, where he continues to amaze everyone with his breathtaking artwork. Recent examples of this can be seen on the game *Cosmic Encounter*; *McDeath*, the latest Warhammer scenario pack; numerous Citadel figure packages; and the stunning cover for the latest *Citadel Journal*. He is currently working on covers for the new Fighting Fantasy double adventure pack, *The Clash of the Princes*, as well as numerous Games Workshop projects.

The winning entry from Alexis Panayiotou

So much for introductions. Let's now give John the floor, and let him take us through the painting of – The Warlock!

Initial Thoughts

The starting point for any picture after the initial inspiration (or after receiving a basic brief from someone else) is usually to go and try a few rough sketches. These help you to make sense out of the ideas whizzing around in your head, and to try a few different angles on things until you get something you are vaguely happy with. In the case of this particular painting, however, the initial concepts were all provided for me by Alexis' winning entry (shown here). This provided me with the unique challenge of working someone else's fully realised ideas up into a finished, full-colour portrait.

If you compare Alexis' original with the finished picture on the cover of this magazine, you should notice that I have changed some of the finer details of the Warlock's pose and background, though the whole picture is still very recognisable as a development from the original. Although the pose of the original is very direct, producing a dramatic impact on the eye of the viewer, I felt the whole composition was a little too spread out. Anyone casually looking at the picture would have his or her eyes drawn from the face, over to the magic staff, across to the flash of magic

opposite, down to the base where it strikes home, and so on. There is no single focus to the picture, and as a result it felt to me like it wanted making more direct.

So, when I put together my first working drawings of the Warlock, I brought his hands across in front of his body, which brought the focus back to his face, creating a rather strange atmosphere as the grimacing sorcerer stares out at you. I also made him point directly out at you, the viewer, which is another simple trick for grabbing someone's attention and focusing it on the parts I want them to look at. After all, this is the Warlock's own magazine – people ought to give him all the attention he wants!

Once I had roughed out the pose I wanted, the next step was to prepare a detailed pencil tracing of the figure, adding every detail of his hair, clothes, and so on. I played around with all of these, until I was certain that the Warlock was exactly right. This tracing was then transferred to a professional artist's line board, onto which I was going to paint the finished picture.

The Background

Once the outline was down, the next step was to cut a 'mask' from plastic film, which was carefully laid over the figure. This allowed me to paint the background in without covering the central figure with paint! The background was initially painted using an air-brush, which is actually nothing more than a sophisticated paint sprayer, delivering a very fine sheen of paint or ink over the whole picture. I chose a vivid red background, which I feel contrasts very nicely with the blue and purple which Alexis had dressed the Warlock in.

I used inks for the main areas of colour, as these give brighter, more vivid colours. The disadvantage to using them is that they are translucent (partially see-through) and so they have to be built up in lots of layers, which can take some time. In the case of the red background of this particular picture, overall layers of yellow were sprayed onto the board first, followed by layers of orange, red and purple, to create the gradually darkening effect.

The glowing rocks around the base of the picture (added by me because I thought the Warlock ought to be standing on something!) were put on using acrylic paints. These have recently become popular for painting miniatures, but there are ideally

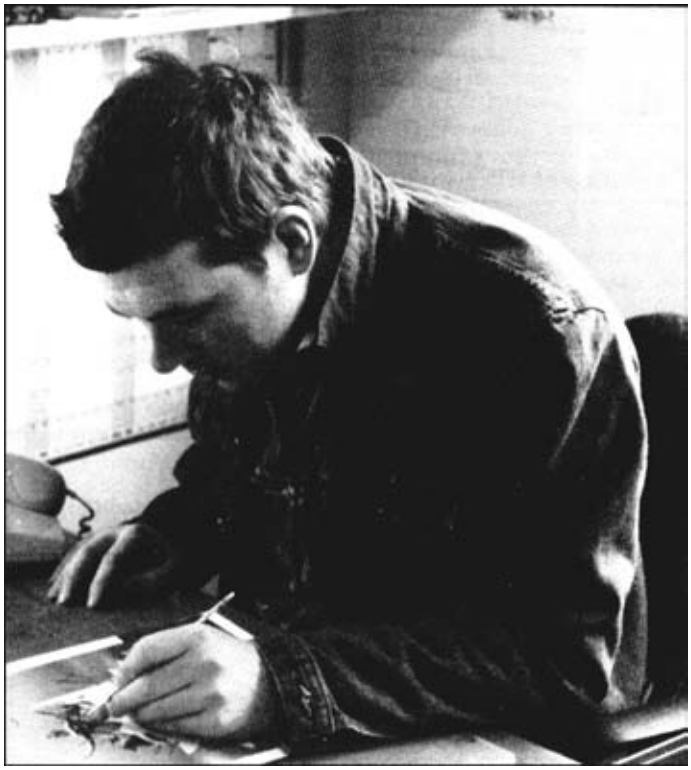

suited to highlighting ink washes because they have a very fine

pigmentation (with no ghastly lumps!). Once I was finally satisfied with the background, the mask was very carefully peeled off to reveal the bare white card in the shape of the Warlock beneath!

The Warlock Revealed!

Now the fun really started in earnest! It is very hard for me to accurately describe a process which has taken the best part of 20 years' continual practice to achieve, but basically the portrait of the Warlock was built up using varying layers of ink washes, subtle shading, acrylic highlighting and so on (all using only the very best sable brushes, of course). Each individual section of the figure had to be dealt with separately, making this part of the process long-winded and sometimes rather tedious. To achieve the very best results you need great powers of concentration, a very steady hand, and lots and lots of patience.

After about a day and a half of solid graft, endless mugs of tea and a lot of loud background music to inspire me, the Warlock's grim visage sat before my very eyes, scowling at me just like the real one does every morning! What a way to spend one's Bank Holiday Monday, but I think it was definitely worth it! A few final touches with white ink to super-highlight the swirls of smoke and the flashes of magical lightning, and he was ready for public viewing.

Now it's finished, and printed up there on the front of this magazine, there's really only one thing left to do, and that is to say 'Thank-you' to young Alexis for providing me with such a good illustration to work from, and that I you – and Alexis, of course – like it as much as I do.

What do you think of John's cover, Derek?

More MONSTER CONVERSIONS

by Graeme Davis

In Warlock 9, I published some notes on adapting monsters from other gamebook series to *Fighting Fantasy*. Here are a few more, covering some series that I missed out last time.

If you want to convert a *Fighting Fantasy* monster for use with some other system, of course, all you have to do is reverse the process given in the notes. You can even convert between two other systems simple by converting tram the first system to *Fighting Fantasy* and then from *Fighting Fantasy* to the second system! I've used *Fighting* Fantasy as the 'base system', since it is the most popular gamebook system, and it also has a set of group adventure rules, which is what these articles are aimed at – of course, there's nothing to stop you using converted monsters in solo adventures you write yourself (but do remember that if you try to make money out of them you will be breaking copyright laws).

Cretan Chronicles

This series uses Might and Protection attributes in combat; the first reflects offensive skill and the second defensive skill. You can get a usable SKILL score by averaging the two scores and subtracting 2. Weapons and armour are also reflected in the Might and Protection scores – you can take these adjustments out before converting if you like, but remember that the *Fighting Fantasy* SKILL score does reflect equipment its well as ability.

Finding a STAMINA score is a bit more of a problem, as the *Cretan Chronicles* system is very different from *Fighting Fantasy* in this respect. It's probably best to derive a STAMINA score from the SKILL score, using the procedure at the end of this article.

Sagard the Barbarian

This system looks a bit more complicated than *Fighting Fantasy* but in fact there are only two statistics, Level and Hit Points, which correspond to SKILL and STAMINA respectively.

Level can be 0–5. It is difficult to get a precise SKILL score from this, but the following table will give you something workable:

Level	Skill
0	1–3 (roll one die, halve the result)
1	4–6 (as above, then add 3)
2	7–8 (equal chance of either)
3	9
4	10–11 (equal chance of either)
5	12+ (roll one die – on a roll of 6, roll another die and add 12)

Hit Points can be divided by 2 to give a STAMINA score, but in some cases (especially high-level monsters) you may prefer to take the Hit Point score as it is – or even add a point or two.

Skyfall

This system has Expertise and Vitality attributes, which are equivalent to SKILL and STAMINA respectively.

The Expertise score can he used as it stands for a *Fighting Fantasy* SKILL score, although this may make some of the monsters a little too tough. It you think a monster is too powerful, feel free to subtract a point or two.

The Vitality score, too, can be used as it stands to give a STAMINA score.

One feature of the *Skyfall* system is that damage can vary according to the monster's weapon or attack form. A sword does 2 points of damage, the same as it does in *Fighting Fantasy*, so you can either ignore this completely, or you can have each weapon doing the same damage in *FF* as it does in Skyfall. Be careful, though – some monsters can do up to 5 points of damage on a successful hit!

Tolkien Quest

The monsters in this system have three attributes – Offensive Bonus (OB), Defensive Bonus (DB), and Endurance Points (EP).

OB and DB together serve the same function as SKILL. To find a SKILL score, use (OB + DB) x 2 + 1, subject to a minimum value of 1 for OB+DB.

EP serve the function of STAMINA points, but they tend to vary more from individual to individual in the *Tolkien Quest* system. One way to get a usable STAMINA score is to take the average of all values of EP for a particular type of monster (you can get a quick index of a monster's appearances from the MERP Stats Table in the back of the book) and divide by 3, rounding fractions down. Alternatively, you can derive a STAMINA score from the skill score, using the procedure below.

Deriving a STAMINA score from a SKILL score

Several systems present problems in calculating STAMINA score. In the notes on *Tunnels* & *Trolls* in the last article, I suggested that the STAMINA score will usually be about twice the SKILL score. While this is OK for adventurers, it often makes monsters turn out too powerful. Since I wrote that, I've gone over the monsters in *Out of the Pit*, and on the basis of that I've compiled the following table.

The figure in the Modifier column should be added to the SKILL score to give the STAMINA score – but don't be afraid to amend this further if you're not satisfied with the results it gives.

Score on 2 dice	Modifier	Score on 2 Dice	Modifier
2	–4	8	+1
3	–3	9	+2
4	–2	10	+3
5–6	–1	II	+4
7	0	12	+5

If the SKILL score is more than 12, you may instead use SKILL + Modifier + score on one die = STAMINA.

CONVENTIONALLY SPEAKING

Have you ever been to a games convention? If not, read on and we'll tell you how much fun they are!

Up until recently, there were only two ways you could get to go to a games convention. Either you lived right in the centre of London, or you had the world's best parents who were so nice they would drive you hundreds of miles just to play a few games! Quite obviously, not all the gamers in the UK live in central London, and surely no-one's got parents that nice?

Well all that has changed, with the introduction of things called Regional Dragonmeets, which are organised every month in different parts of the country by Games Workshop. The first one this year was in Manchester in March, and the photos on this page come from the most recent (at the time of writing), which was held in the New Imperial Hotel in Birmingham, on the 5th of April. Other Dragonmeets are set for the 10th of May, in London, and the 8th of June, in Sheffield, with more to be finalised nearer the date.

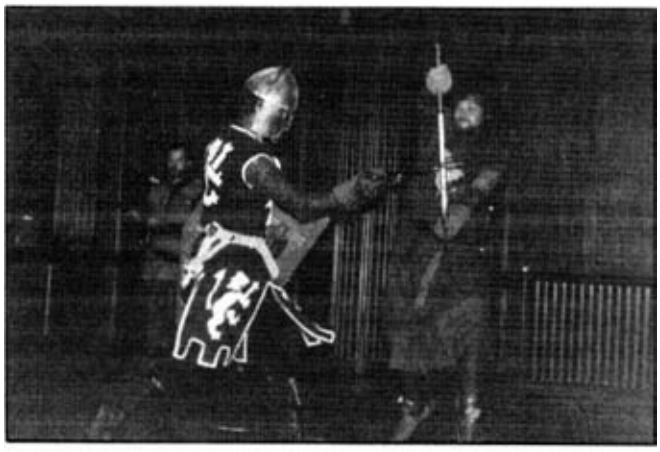

So what actually happens at these conventions, I hear you ask? Well, quite a lot more than you thought, actually. To start with, there are always a dozen or so *trade stands,* including the utterly vile Games Workshop Mail Order Trolls, which will satisfy anyone with money burning holes in their chainmail. Many companies use conventions as excuses to give new products a big launch, so you'll always find a few brand new games making their first appearances at a convention.

Once you've spent all your return bus-fare on games and figures you didn't actually need but thought you ought to have, there are still plenty of things to do. There are *demonstration games*, where game designers show off their new games, maybe even playtest some which are still being developed. Even better are the *participation games*, where you can play all those weird rolegames you've always wanted to have a go at. There are *live role-playing displays*, where a bunch of complete and utter loonies dress up as adventurers and monsters and smash the hell out of each other all afternoon.

There are panel *discussions and slide shows* about figure painting, game design and magazines like Warlock and White Dwarf. *Games personalities* like Steve Jackson, Ian Livingstone, Rick Priestley and even your humble editor, Marc Gascoigne, are around all day to answer questions or just to chat. Add to this *painting competitions*, the regular Games Workshop vs. Citadel Miniatures *Dragonmeet Quiz*, and much, much more, and you've got a day full of the best in gaming entertainment.

If there's a convention in your area, why not pop along and enjoy yourself? Who knows – you may even meet the Warlock himself there!

For more information about Regional Dragonmeets and Games Day see the adverts in Warlock and White Dwarf.

The Warlock takes his life in his hands, and goes and gibbers with Joe Dever about his early years, the Lone Wolf saga, and his ghastly revulsion–inspiring alter-ego Judge Death.

DICING WITH DEATH

Well, sitting around in an opulent throne-room at the top of a gravity-defying tower doing nothing all day can be pretty boring sometimes, can't it? Occasionally even I feel the need for a bit of inhuman company and a chin-wag. One day recently I was moping around the dungeons, in a bit of a sulk because I hadn't turned anyone into anything recently (not even that execrable gout of sputum Thomson – I must be losing my touch), when I suddenly thought of a way of entertaining myself for a few hours. Without a second thought I flapped over to old Judge Death's hovel on the back of my personal carrier-vulture for a chat. What a mistake!

How did you first become interested in fantasy gaming, and how did this interest develop, oh deathless one?

I think my interest began when I was about seven years old . . .

You mean, you actually had a childhood? You weren't pulled fully-formed from the spawning vats?

Er . . . yes. Anyway, I was a fan of a comic strip called 'The Rise and Fall of the Trigan Empire' which appeared in a magazine called *Look & Learn.* I remember building armies of Airfix Roman soldiers, and converting their spears into laser rifles, and my friends and I used to fight battles with them and pretend to be characters from the comic strip. This was long before the advent of fantasy games as we know them today.

One Christmas I was given a book called 'WarGames' by Donald Featherstone, and our games began to get a bit more sophisticated. We started to use dice in our battles, instead of marbles and tennis balls which we used to throw at the figures.

***So to you wargaming was really just an excuse to commit mindless violence upon an army of innocent soldiers? Perhaps I ought to take it* up . . .**

In my early teens I used to play wargames most weekends, and I was also a keen fan of Michael Moorcock's Hawkmoon novels which were then being published for the first time, and of course Tolkien's The *Lord of the Rings* and *The Hobbit,* which I was reading at school.

Which writer, do you think, best captures the spirit of the fantasy you create, and who would you recommend to new players just discovering the hobby?

My work has mostly been influenced by J.R.R. Tolkien, Michael Moorcook and Robert E. Howard. The detail and history of Middle-earth inspired me to create my own world of Magnamund, and the excitement and pace of the Moorcock and Howard novels have certainly influenced my approach to writing. I'd strongly recommend their books to anyone who has just discovered role-playing or solo fantasy adventuring.

You always seem to be spouting off about the quality of solo adventures these days. What do you consider to be the most important aspect of a good solo adventure?

It's got to be *EXCITING!* To my mind, any adventure that lacks excitement isn't really an adventure at all. Also, I think a good way of judging the merit of any solo gamebook is to see how long the author can maintain the excitement and pace of the adventure. Many are tempted into the trap of pitting the reader against an endless stream of monsters whenever inspiration starts to flag, and slip into what I call the "*Open the door, kill the monster, close the door*" syndrome. A couple of years ago this might have been acceptable, but personally I feel that gamebook fans now want and deserve better than that.

My post-bag is always crammed with letters from readers complaining about the subject matter of their favourite gamebooks. Of all the major themes – fantasy, science fiction, horror, etc – which do you most enjoy?

Fantasy is by far and away my favourite . . . **crunch!* squeal!* . . .* Having spent the better part of eight years developing . . . **gnash!*slurp!** . . . the world of Magnamund, I suppose it's only natural . . . **mmm!*slobber!** . . . that I should find writing fantasy the most comfortable of all the gamebook themes . . . **aah!*grunt!**

(I feel it necessary to point out here that Joe was a little occupied sucking the innards out of a small furry animal via its ears at this point, so his attention wasn't really concentrated on his answers. However, I persevered ...)

Do you consider solo adventuring a riskier and more skillful business than group rolegaming? What advantages do the two methods of play have over each other?

I feel that in many ways the two are comparable. Both rely heavily on the creative skill of the author or Dungeon Master for the basic challenge of the adventure, yet in both cases the enjoyment derived from the adventure is dependent on how well the player interprets information he or she receives. The big advantages of group role-playing are the fun that can be had when players interact during a game, and the greater choice of options available in any given situation. Group games score over solos when players interact during a game, and the greater choice of options available in any given situation. Solos score over group games when it comes to practicality as few of us have the time or opportunity to organise group games at a moment's notice.

Crikey! There were a few long words in that lot, Joe; that snack must have really woken you up! Let's get

down to some really in-depth stuff now. . . Many of our more experienced players complain that combat and magic are treated too simply. Do you agree?

I think it boils down to a question of realism versus playability.

What?

Realism versus playability. For example, in a hand-to-hand combat with weapons there are many factors that will determine the final outcome – the strength and dexterity of the combatants, their weapons, their armour, morale, wounds, positions, intelligence, wisdom, training, encumberment; even the size and time of their last meal could affect their performance . . .

Your last meal has obviously affected your performance.

The question is where do you draw the line, which factors do you consider and which do you ignore in order to determine a result, bearing in mind that the more factors you decide to keep as essential will slow down the game and reduce its playability? Yet a system that is too simple can be just as dull. Say, for example, you have a system where the strengths and weaknesses of the fighters are ignored and a result is merely obtained on the toss of a coin or the roll of a dice, you'll find that all sense of realism is soon lost and combat, which should be an exciting part of the game, becomes boring. A good system is one that achieves a balance between realism and playability.

Ahh! The old 'realism versus playability' ploy again, eh? You know, Joe – or may I call you Revolting? – the thing I admire most about gamebook writers is their ability to create all kinds of weird and wonderful monsters. Do you have any advice for our contributors to 'Out of the Pit'?

One method I use to create new creatures is to start with the premise that they are shaped by their environment, that their physical appearance has evolved and changed to enable them to survive in their natural habitat. As much as polar bears would be out of place in the Sahara Desert, so too would a warm-blooded, thick skinned, giant worm in a fantasy ice-land. Then I consider food chains – what does it prey upon, and who or what preys upon it? Then come special abilities and special weaknesses. By asking yourself questions of this sort you'll find that you can start to build up a composite picture of a creature that hopefully is not only an original creation, but one that is also believable.

Gazing into your crystal ball for a moment, do you foresee any new developments in the world of gamebooks, or has the hobby reached the limit of its possibilities?

Not only in the UK, but all over the world, gamebooks have now reached a phenomenal level of popularity, and consequently I feel sure that two things will start to happen. Firstly, all the book publishers who have in the past dismissed gamebooks as a fad, akin to skateboards and deely-bobbers, will now be scrambling to climb aboard the gamebook bandwagon. Secondly, those publishers and writers who have established themselves at the top of the gamebook hobby will be the first to develop new types of gamebooks and book-format rolegames. This will benefit gamebook fans in two ways: increased competition will raise the standard of traditional format gamebooks giving readers more variety and better value for money, and the gamebook format itself will expand to encompass new developments such as multi-player adventures, books with a boardgame element, historically-based solos, and more sophisticated puzzle books.

As a highly moral, responsible citizen, what do you think of the worries voiced by some parents about the effects of a number of gamebooks on younger readers?

I am a parent myself, and I feel it's only natural that parents should be concerned that the moral and emotional well-being of their children is not placed at risk by what they watch on TV, see at the cinema, or read in books. Fortunately, though, it seems that common sense still rules for the vast majority of parents have recognized the positive aspects of fantasy games and books. They encourage literacy, decision-making, deduction and intelligent reasoning, but above all they are a harmless and very enjoyable creative pastime. I think it's rather sad that some adults have chosen to attack a hobby which, in most cases, they know very little about.

Now, oh slimy one, be very careful how you answer this question! What do you think of Warlock magazine?

I think it has steadily improved since Games Workshop took over publication and began covering all aspects of the hobby. One thing I would really like to see is Warlock establishing a yearly award, similar to the White Dwarf/ Games Day Awards, where readers can vote for their favourite books, writers, artists, etc, as I think it will help to foster higher standards within the gamebook fraternity. There is always room for improvement and if Warlock strives to be impartial, informative and most of all a fun magazine, I feel that it will continue to grow in popularity and achieve its aim as the forum for gamebook fans.

Last question, thank goodness. The highly sophisticated young people who read Warlock have come to know you as 'Judge Death'. Is this a gross exaggeration on the part of that insipid morass of quivering slime known as Jamie Thomson, or are the rumours about 'Castle Death' true?

It all began when Jamie learned from my publisher that I prefer to write at night, that I usually begin at around midnight and work through to dawn. I think it must have given him the wrong impression, for early one morning he arrived unexpectedly at 'Chez Mort' (my ancestral home), his porcine body festooned with cloves of garlic. I distinctly remember the wild look in his eyes as through foam-flecked lips he began to rant, "Go back to Transylvania, vile Prince of Darkness!"

I tried to reason with him, but my pleas fell on deaf ears (three of them to be precise, which hadn't been swept after dinner the night before) and in desperation I was forced to call down a flood of Crypt Spawn to chase him away from the estate. Occasionally he sends wraith-like minions to spy on me while I'm working in my laboratory, but ever since that fateful morning I have been spared further visits from 'The Vile-thong' himself.

For which you must be truly grateful, I would imagine, as are we for being given the opportunity to see just what goes on in that brain of yours. Thanks Joe, it was . . . interesting.

Next issue: *Your roving reporter, The Warlock, sets a pack of hellhounds on Andrew Chapman and interviews the result. Watch this space for details!*

Rescued from certain death . . . for a fate worse than death!

Graeme Davis presents a gripping solo adventure for both Fighting Fantasy and Dungeons & Dragons.

It was a bad idea from the start. Even though you were penniless and starving, you should have known better than to try stealing from a fat merchant. Fat merchants get fat by making very, very sure that no-one gets away with stealing from them. You stand silently in the courtroom, thinking about the injustice of life in general. When you came in from your last adventure laden with gold and gems, you were everybody's friend. When the money ran out, no-one wanted to know you. Now you'll either hang or lose your right hand – a death sentence in either case. An adventurer shouldn't die on the end of a rope or starve as a crippled beggar.

The brooding silence is broken unexpectedly as a thin, robed man with a short, tangled heard rises to his feet in the public gallery. The court stirs in surprise.

'The court recognises the Guild of Magicians,' says the magistrate, with a hint of unease in his voice.

'May it please the court,' says the wizard in a surprisingly powerful voice. 'The Guild requests the life and person of this prisoner.'

Your heart sinks. Just when you thought things couldn't get any worse. No-one knows what happens to prisoners claimed by the Magicians' Guild, but you can make a few guesses. They might grind your liver up for one of their potions, or sell your soul to a demon – suddenly the idea of hanging doesn't seem so bad.

'The request is granted,' intones the magistrate. 'The prisoner is to be conveyed to the Magicians' Guild under escort.' A murmur runs through the court as the guards lead you out . . .

'Well, you might look a little more cheerful,' says the wizard when you are delivered to the Guildhouse. 'I offer you a chance of life.' He chuckles at your look of suspicion, and carries on.

'Just over a century ago, there was a wizard in this Guild whose name was Galthazzeth. His interest was in making magical crossbreeds, but he went too far and tapped the very root of Chaos. He was expelled from the Guild. Now we have discovered that he has occupied an abandoned mine in the edge of the mountains, whore he is breeding an army of his abominations, to conquer the land and avenge himself on the Guild.

'His lair is well guarded, and none of the wizards sent to deal with him have returned. Perhaps a warrior may have a better chance. Your life is already forfeit, so you have nothing to lose – and a chance to regain life and freedom. What do you say?'

You eye the wizard with distrust.

'And if I double-cross you and make a run for it?' you ask. The wizard laughs, rather unpleasantly.

'We have ways of tracking people magically,' he says. 'And some of our preparations require ingredients, such as human hearts taken still beating from the donor's body . . .' His voice trails off significantly.

'You give me little choice,' you say. 'Where is this Galthazzeth?'

'You will he given full directions,' smiles the wizard, 'once you have equipped yourself.'

INTRODUCTION

This issue's exciting solo adventure is suitable for use with both the standard *Fighting* Fantasy rules, and the popular *Dungeons & Dragons* system. You may play using either set of rules. We have, as usual, included the rudiments of the Fighting Fantasy rules; you will also need 2 ordinary dice, a pencil and an eraser. To play it with the Dungeons & Dragons rules you will require the Basic Set (Set 1), a pencil and an eraser.

USING DUNGEONS & DRAGONS RULES

If you are using the Dungeons & Dragons rules, you should roll up a first or second level Fighter, according to the rules given in the Basic Set. Equip him or her with a sword and a shield (which style you choose is up to you, determined of course by your initial money roll); you also have a back-pack, which holds a small supply of food and drink for your trip. In the text which follows, all special D&D material will be presented thus – ***D&D:*** *various special rules*.

Recovering Hit Points

Towards the end of your adventure, as you near your goal, you may find that your *Hit Point*s are falling dangerously low. There are two ways of restoring them.

POTIONS: The kind members of the Magicians' Guild have given you three doses of a *Potion of Healing*, which you may take at any time during your adventure to restore 2–7 Hit Points (see p43 of the Dungeon Master's Manual).

PROVISIONS: The food and drink you have been given is good for five separate meals. When the text tells you, you may sit and rest, and cat one portion of your Provisions. Eating a meal restores 4 *Hit Point*s. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

USING FIGHTING FANTASY RULES

Before embarking upon the quest against Galthazzeth, you will need to know more about yourself. You should first of all roll to determine your initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. There is an Adventure Sheet here which you can use to record the details of your quest.

SKILL: This reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise. Roll one die; add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on the Adventure Sheet.

STAMINA: Your general health and fitness, your determination and your will to survive are all reflected in this score. Roll two dice; add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

LUCK: This simply indicates how naturally lucky you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy kingdoms you are about to explore! Roll one die, then add 6 to this number. This is your LUCK score; you should record it in the appropriate box on the sheet.

As you'll soon see, your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will change constantly during an adventure. You should keep accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. However, you must never rub out your *Initial* scores. You may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK points, but these must never exceed your *Initial* scores.

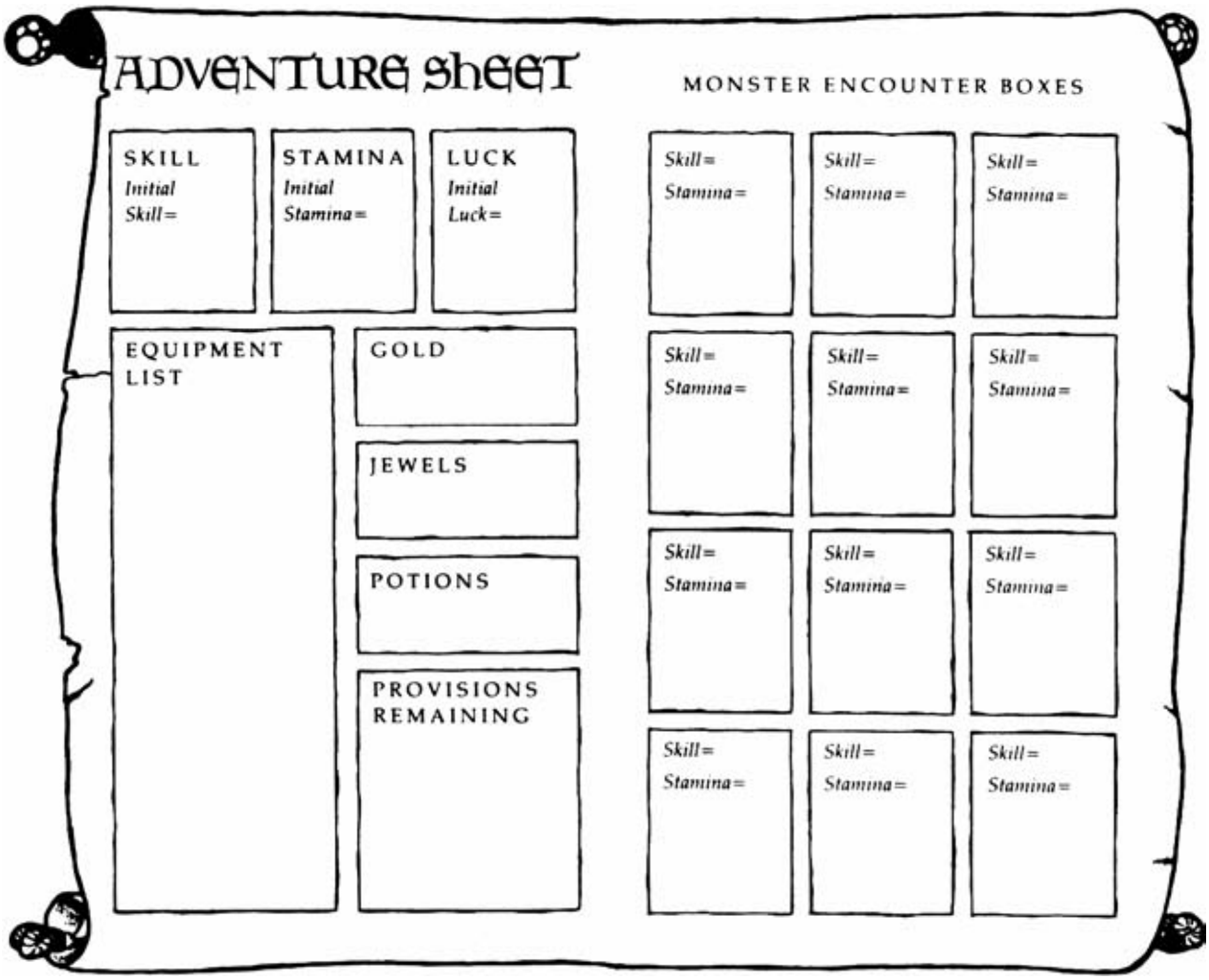

You have in your possession a sword and shield, and a back-pack stocked with a few provisions (food and drink) for the trip.

Fighting Battles On Your Quest

You will often come across paragraphs which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. You should resolve the battle in the following way:

First record the creature's SKILL and STAMINA scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your Adventure Sheet. The scores for each creature are given each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL, score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.
2. Roll the two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Go straight on to *Step 4*. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Go straight to *Step 5*. If both scores are the same, you have managed to avoid each others blows – start the next Attack Round by going to *Step 1* above.
4. You have wounded the creature; subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage if you wish, as described below. Go on to *Step 6*.
5. The creature has wounded you; subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage.
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and maybe your LUCK score too, if you used it).
7. Begin the next Attack Round, by returning to *Step 1*.

This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; at other times you may fight each one in turn. You'll just have to wait and see what happens!

Luck and Its Uses

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be lucky or unlucky (details of these will be given in the encounter itself), you may call on your luck for help to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *unlucky* the results could be disastrous.

TESTING YOUR LUCK: Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to, or less than, your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky, and you will be penalised.

Each time you *Test your Luck* you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realise that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

USING LUCK IN BATTLES: You know now how to *Test your Luck*. However, in battles you always have the option of using your LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just hit, or to minimise the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded your opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may take an extra 2 points from the creature's STAMINA score. However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA (i.e. instead of scoring 2 points of STAMINA damage you do only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try and minimise the wound. If you are lucky you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of the 2 you should have taken. If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck.*

Restoring Skill, Stamina & Luck

SKILL: Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a location may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Weapons. Your SKILL score can never exceed its *Initial* value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your SKILL to its *Initial* level.

STAMINA: Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight deadly adversaries and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your back-pack contains enough Provisions for five meals. You may rest and eat only when the options allow you to, and you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

LUCK: Additions to your LUCK score are awarded throughout the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. As with SKILL and STAMINA, Your LUCK score may never exceed its *Initial* value. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see below) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

Magic Potions

Before you leave on your quest, the wizard offers you the choice of one of three bottles of magical potion, which he says will aid you in your quest. You may choose to take one of the following potions:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points.
A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points.
A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK score.

The potion may be taken at any time during your adventure; you don't need

a special instruction to take it. The drink will restore the appropriate characteristic to its *Initial* level (and add 1 to it, too, if you take the Potion of Fortune).
Each vial of potion holds enough for two measures. In other words, you may restore the same characteristic twice during the adventure.

THE QUEST BEGINS

Now you are equipped and ready for what lies ahead. The wizard walks with you to the gates of the town. He points to the foothills of the mountains, several days' walk away, and wishes you good luck. You make a few final adjustments to your backpack, set your face in a grim expression, and start walking.

Go to **1**.

1

Following the directions you were given by the Magicians' Guild, you trek too many days through scrubland and then thick forest, until you draw close to the clearing in which the entrance to Galthazzeth's underground lair can be found. A cliff face rises perhaps 200 feet above the forest, to the first of the plateaus which fringe the mountains. From the edge of the clearing you peer cautiously out at the dark entrance to the mine.

FF: *Test your Luck*; ***D&D:*** Save as if versus Poison.

If you are *lucky* (i.e. you make it) turn to **194**.

If you are *unlucky* (i.e. you don't make it) go to **69**.

2

You walk cautiously up to the statue. As you approach, you see that its eyes are made of two large rubies which sparkle in the half-light.

If you wish to take the gems, turn to **101**.

If you examine the racks of implements, go to **57**.

To examine the brazier, turn to **154**.

3

You manage to loosen one stone a little, when suddenly you are struck from behind by a jet of flame – ***FF:*** lose 2 STAMINA; ***D&D:*** lose 2 Hit Points. You spin around, to see that the brazier has just ignited itself!

If you carry on prising the stones free, go to **109**.

If you stop and examine the brazier, go to **48**.

4

You have no option but to fight Galthazzeth.

GALTHAZZETH ***FF:*** SKILL 10
STAMINA 15
D&D: AC 9, HD 5,
HP 18, Damage 1–4

If the sorcerer wins two consecutive rounds of combat, go to **28**.

If you win the battle, turn to **174**.

5

Finally the Scitalis dies. Looking around the room, you find that not all the treasure was an illusion – among the bones of past victims you find a jewelled sword and two gems worth 25 gold pieces each. The sword is magical, adding 1 point to your attack chance in combat ***(FF*** and ***D&D).***

There are no other exits, so you must go back down the passage to **42** and choose another route.

6

From your hiding-place, you can hear Galthazzeth shouting orders in a language that you can't understand. Even though the spell failed, your attempt to cast it has given your position away. You grip your sword tightly and stand up, backing against the wall as the Antmen and Zombies close in on you. You are heavily outnumbered, and your position looks desperate.

Roll two six-sided dice.

If the result is 5 or less, turn to **179**.

If the result is 6 or more, turn to **39**.

7

You follow Galthazzeth as he limps through the doorway into a smaller cavern. This chamber is furnished with more work-benches, arranged round three sides of a large rectangular stone tank. As you enter, the wizard is doing something with the equipment on one of the benches. A blue-green spark leaps from the apparatus to the tank, and the yellow-brown substance in the tank begins to stir.

'My children will protect me!' cackles the mad mage, limping out of the chamber down another passage. Before you can follow him, the substance in the tank rears up almost into a pillar, and shoots out a tentacle at you.

CLONE SLIME ***FF:*** SKILL 4
STAMINA 30
D&D: AC 8, HD 3
HP 24, Damage 1–3

Resolve three rounds of combat, then turn to **196**.

8

This seems to be some kind of store room. It is littered with all kinds of debris, but it is not occupied.

If you search the debris, turn to **21**.

If you shut the door and carry on East round the corner, turn to **42**.

If you shut the door and go back to the west, turn to **170**.

9

You shout a war-cry and lunge at the spectral figure. Do you have a magic weapon?

If you have, turn to **27**.

If not, turn to **133**.

10

The last few Antmen scuttle away from your sword, chattering agitatedly. You and Galthazzeth are left facing each other across the wreckage. The wizard raises one hand to cast a spell.

If you have a spear or dagger, turn to **148**.

If not, turn to **187**.

11

You decide to leave it alone, and go out of the room. Go back to **8** and make another choice.

12

You head south along the passage. After a few paces, you come to a door in the east wall. From the door, you can just make out a crossroads further south.

If you open the door, turn to **75**.

If you carry on to the crossroads, turn to **112**.

13

Your weapon hits Galthazzeth before he can finish casting his spell, and a bolt of blue energy goes crashing harmlessly into the floor. You draw your sword and close with the wizard before he can case another spell.

Turn to **4**, deducting ***FF:*** 2 points from Galthazzeth's STAMINA; ***D&D:*** 3 from Galthazzeth's Hit Points.

14

The passage carries on into the darkness. After several yards you come to a door in the east wall.

If you open the door, turn to **75**.

If you continue up the corridor, turn to **198**.
If you go back to the crossroads and try another way, turn to **112**.

15

The stairs lead down to a short passage, which ends in a wooden door. You open the door, and find yourself in a room. There are two Antmen in the room. You have surprised them, and close with the first before it can use its acid spray. Fight the Antmen one at a time.

ANTMAN 1 *FF:* SKILL 6 STAMINA 8
ANTMAN 2 *FF:* SKILL 6 STAMINA 7
D&D: AC 7, HD 1, HP 8, 7, Damage 1–6

If you win, turn to **182**.

16

At last the Goblin Shaman dies. A swift search of the body yields a few items of interest – 7 gold pieces, a small leather flask, and a scroll. The flask contains a blue, fizzing liquid which smells vaguely of fish. There is enough in the flask for two draughts – if you drink the liquid at any time during the adventure, keep a note of where you are and turn to **177** to see what happens. The scroll, to your surprise, is written in the human tongue, and seems to be a spell called 'Firestorm'. There is nothing else of interest in the room. What will you do now?

Go out through the north door? Turn to **20**.
Or you can go back to the crossroads at **112** and choose another direction.

17

As you dodge away from the animated whip, a door flies open. Into the room strides a huge and ugly Goblin wearing tattered ceremonial robes. This must he the Shaman who serves the temple as a priest. It barks a few words in the Goblin tongue, and the whip strikes again.

WHIP *FF:* SKILL 9 STAMINA –
D&D: AC 3, HD 2, HP –, Damage 2–5 (hits on it do no damage)

Resolve this round of combat, then turn to **145**.

18

The wizard skips away from your sword, and makes a gesture with one hand. Do you have an amethyst amulet?

If you have, turn to **90**.
If not, turn to **129**.

19

The door swings open to reveal a room strewn with rubbish and crude furniture. There are three Goblins in the room – one snatches out a sword and charges at you with a barking cry, while the other two jump to their weapons.

If you stay in the doorway, turn to **85**.
If you advance into the room, turn to **94**.

20

You go through the north door, into a large room. It seems to be some kind to temple – there is a statue of a vicious and powerful-looking Goblin, about two metres tall, at the far end, and in front of the statue is an unlit iron brazier. On either side of the brazier stand racks of whips and knives. There is another door in the south wall of the room.

If you have already defeated the Goblin Shaman, turn to **84**.
If not, turn to **2**.

21

FF: Test your Luck; D&D: Save as if versus Poison.

If you are *lucky*, turn to **33**.
If you are *unlucky*, turn to **51**.

22

You carry on down the tunnel. Galthazzeth was heading for something important, or perhaps for a way out – and you want to find out what it is. After a little way, you come to a complex network of caves and passages, like a maze.

Turn to **110**.

23

The amethyst in the amulet glows a bright purple. As the light from the stone falls on the pile of loot, the gold and gems fade away, and you see a large, brightly-coloured snake in their place. You have heard legends of the Scitalis, or Treasure Snake, which uses illusions of treasure to attract victims. The snake doesn't seem to realise that you have penetrated its illusion – it remains perfectly still, waiting for you to come closer.

If you attack, turn to **122**.
If you decide to leave it alone, go back to **42**, and choose another route.

24

You find nothing of interest among the debris. Leave the room, go back to **42** and choose another route.

25

You have surprised the Antman, and you close with it before it can use its acid spray.

ANTMAN *FF:* SKILL 7 STAMINA 7
D&D: AC 6, HD 1, HP 7, Damage 1–6

If you win, turn to **62**.

26

The Giant Beetle is busy eating, and doesn't seem to be taking much notice as you warily approach it.

FF: Roll 2 dice; if the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score, you have wounded it and may remove 2 points from its STAMINA; if not, your sword skids harmlessly off its tough carapace.

D&D: You may have one automatic strike at the Giant Beetle, before it drops its meal and defends itself.

GIANT BEETLE *FF:* SKILL 9 STAMINA 16
D&D: AC 3, HD 2, HP 14, Damage 2–7

If you win, turn to **61**.

27

You lash out at the Ghost with your magic sword. Resolve one round of combat.

GHOST *FF:* SKILL 9 STAMINA 8
D&D: AC 7, HD 2, HP 10, Damage 1–3

If you win the round, go to **67**.
If the ghost wins the round, turn to **126**.

28

Roll one six-sided die.

If the score is 1 or 2 turn to **81**.
If the score is 3 or 4 turn to **113**.
If the score is 5 or 6 turn to **18**.

29

You wait for a few seconds, then move quietly behind another bench.

FF: Test your Luck; D&D: roll your Dexterity or less on a d20.

If successful, go to **184**.
If unsuccessful, go to **152**.

30

No more slime emerges – you have finally defeated the Clone Slime. You take a lantern from one of the benches

and throw it into the tank for good measure. Now to get that wizard!

You run down the tunnel after Galthazzeth; turn to **167**.

31

The wizard sees you the instant before you throw your weapon, and makes a pass with one hand. The air in front of him becomes solid, like ice, and your weapon bounces harmlessly off.

Turn to **105**.

32

You hit the door with your shoulder. It doesn't open, but one of its planks whips round and hits you back! ***FF:*** Lose 2 STAMINA points; ***D&D:*** Lose 2 Hit Points. The door is an Imitator, able to take any form it chooses. It flows into a roughly humanoid shape and attacks you.

IMITATOR ***FF:*** SKILL 9 STAMINA 8
D&D: AC 5, HD 2, HP 9, Damage 1–3

If you win, turn to **121**.

33

Amongst the rubbish, you find a beautiful amulet of gold, set with amethyst.

If you pick it up, turn to **131**.

If you leave it alone, turn to **11**.

34

'*Pah!*' spits the Ghost. '*Just because I'm dead doesn't mean I'm completely stupid! Do you really expect me to believe that?*' What will you do now?

Attack the Ghost? Turn to **9**.

Run away? Turn to **170**.

Or you can go back to **147** and choose another story.

35

The staircase leads up to a small, empty chamber. There is a door in the north wall, and a passage leads in from the east.

If you go down the passage, turn to **99**.

If you open the door, turn to **168**.

36

As you come round the corner, you see someone crouching in front of a door a few yards ahead. He seems to be picking the lock, and it looks like he didn't hear you coming.

If you attack him, turn to **143**.

If you speak to him, turn to **132**.

If you keep quiet and watch, turn to **124**.

37

The whip drops to the floor as the Goblin Shaman dies. A swift search of the body yields a few objects of interest – 7 gold pieces, a small leather flask and a scroll. The flask contains a blue, fizzing liquid which smells vaguely of fish – there is enough for two draughts. If you drink from the flask during the course of the adventure, make a note of your place and turn to **177** to find out what it does. The scroll, to your surprise, seems to be written in a human tongue – it carries the instructions for a spell called 'Firestorm'. The two gems in the statue's eyes can now be prised free – they are worth 25 gold pieces each. What will you do now?

Look in the Shaman's room? Turn to **78**.

Or you can go back to the crossroads at **112** and try another direction.

38

As the smoke and dust clear, you can see that the spell has worked. Everywhere there is wrecked equipment and dead or dying Antmen. A few Zombies still shuffle about, ignoring the devastation. You climb shakily to your feet – you were never trained in magic and the spell has left you mentally exhausted. ***FF:*** Lose 2 STAMINA points, but gain 1 LUCK point for casting the spell successfully; ***D&D:*** Lose 1 Hit Point. Galthazzeth clambers from the ruins of a workbench, glowering at you. He raises one hand to cast a spell.

If you have a spear or dagger, turn to **148**.

If not, turn to **187**.

39

The small crowd of Antmen parts slightly, and four Zombies come lumbering towards you. Do you have any object inscribed with a G-rune?

If you have, turn to **130**.

If not, turn to **185**.

40

You twist to one side, and the bolt of fire just misses you. You can smell your armour scorching as it grazes our shoulder, but you are unharmed. You leap upon the Goblin Shaman before it can cast another spell.

GOBLIN SHAMAN ***FF:*** SKILL 6 STAMINA 6
D&D: AC 6, HD 1, HP 8, Damage 1–4

If the Goblin Shaman wins two consecutive rounds of combat without your striking a blow, turn to **88**.

If you win, turn to **16**.

41

Amongst the debris are the remains of several bodies. You manage to find a total of 20 gold pieces. Leave the room, go back to **42** and choose another route.

42

You head east to the corner, and turn north. After a few yards a passage leads off to the east; the northern passage ends in a door after a few yards.

If you head cast along the side-passage, turn to **165**.

If you carry on north, turn to **52**.

Or you can go back to **103** and choose another way.

43

GOBLIN ***FF:*** SKILL 6 STAMINA 6
D&D: AC 7, HD 1, HP 5, Damage 1–3

If you defeat the Goblin, you are able to proceed into the mine. A quick search turns up a spear, a dagger, and a bronze medallion bearing a G-rune. You see with revulsion that the snack you interrupted consists of part of a human arm. You enter the mine.

Turn to **112**.

44

Shaking with mental effort, you try to follow the words on the scroll. A strange power begins to well up inside you, but you trip up over a complex set of words and symbols – after all you were not trained as a wizard. The power turns inward, and seems to explode inside your brain. You have lost the spell; roll one six-sided die to find how much STAMINA *(FF)* or Hit Points *(D&D)* you have lost. If you are still alive, turn to **6**.

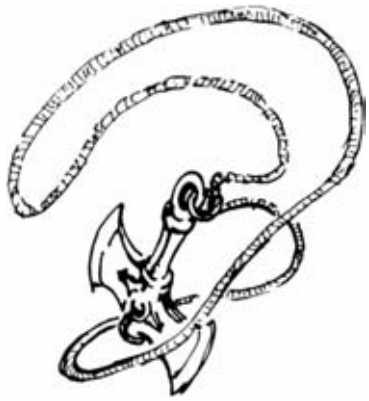

45

You are not quick enough to avoid the energy-bolt. Roll one six-sided die to find how many STAMINA points *(FF)* or Hit Points *(D&D)* you lose. If you are still alive, turn to **4** and continue the combat.

46

You just manage to dodge the mandibles of an immense Giant Beetle. It may have missed you this time, but it's certainly going to have another try.

GIANT BEETLE *FF:* SKILL 9
STAMINA 16
D&D: AC 3, HD 2,
HP 14, Damage 2–7

If you defeat the Beetle, turn to **61**.

47

The door opens onto a passage heading south-west.

If you do down the passage, turn to **108**.

If you press on northwards, turn to **83**.

48

You look closely at the brazier, but you can't see anything unusual.

If you carry on prising the gems free, turn to **109**.

If you decide to leave them alone, go back to the crossroads at **112** and choose another way.

49

You burst through the door into a small room occupied by two Goblins. They move to attack you with shrill barking cries.

GOBLIN 1 *FF:* SKILL 5
STAMINA 6

GOBLIN 2 *FF:* SKILL 5
STAMINA 5
D&D: AC 6, HD l,
HP 6, 5, Damage 1–3

Each goblin will have a separate attack on you in each combat round, but you must choose which of the two you will attack. Attack your chosen goblin as in a normal battle. Throw for your attack against the other goblin as well; if you beat him the Goblin is not wounded, but you have avoided its attack. Of course, if it hits you, it will have wounded you in the normal way.

If you win, turn to **118**.

50

You hit the icy water with a shock, and start to swim to the other side. You have barely swum a couple of strokes when something rises from the water in front of you – a monstrous crossbreed with a human face, the body of an Octopus and two tentacles, each gripping a weapon! You must fight the thing, but you must reduce your chance of hitting by 2 points-you are not used to fighting while treading water.

MAN-OCTOPUS *FF:* SKILL 6
STAMINA 7
D&D: AC 7, HD 2,
HP 6, Damage 1–3

If you win, you can reach the other side of the gorge and follow Galthazzeth down the tunnel – turn to **114**.

51

You find nothing of interest or value.

Go back to **8** and make another choice.

52

The passage continues for a short while, before ending in a door.

Do you want to open the door? Turn to **32**.

Listen at the door before you open it? Go to **63**.

Or you can go back to **42** and choose another option.

53

You warily try the door. It isn't locked – the bandit must have succeeded in picking it. As you push open the door, a pair of huge chitinous mandibles shoots out at you!

FF: Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **46**.

D&D: Roll a d20. If it's less than or equal to your Dexterity score, go to **46**.

If you fail to make either roll, go to **164**.

54

It seems to be the trigger point for some kind of mechanism, but despite fiddling with it for some time you can't make it do anything.

Leave the room by heading north to **20**.

Or east and returning to the crossroads at **112**.

55

You shout a war-cry and leap up spectacularly from your hiding place, hoping to make the most of the element of surprise.

FF: Roll two dice; if the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **86**.

D&D: Roll your Dexterity or less on a d20 to go to **86**.

If you fail either roll, go to **195** instead.

56

The spell is too strong for you! *FF:* Roll one die; if the score is 1–4 lose 1 SKILL point; if it is 5 or 6, lose 2 SKILL Points! *D&D:* Roll a d6; on a 1–4 lose 1 Hit Point; on a 5 or 6 lose 2 *Hit Points*!

Turn to **4** to continue the combat.

57

You shudder as you gaze at the racks of whips and knives, your mind luridly imagining the obscene sacrifices for which they must have been used. Suddenly, before your amazed eyes, a whip from one of the racks rises up into the air and begins to strike at you!

WHIP *FF:* SKILL 9
STAMINA –
D&D: AC 3, HD 2,
HP –, Damage 2–5
(hits on it do no damage)

Resolve one round of combat, then go straight to **145**.

58

You look closely at the brazier, and notice with a shudder that at least some of the ashes are of burnt human bones!

FF: Roll your SKILL or less on two dice to go to **157**.

D&D: Roll your Dexterity or less on a d20 to go to **157**.

If you fail to make either roll, go instead to **186**.

59

You stretch your reflexes to the limit to beat the wizard to the first blow. As your sword strikes home, a bolt of blue energy boils harmlessly into the air – he has lost the spell he was trying to cast!

Turn to **4**, deducting *FF: 2* points from Galthazzeth's STAMINA; *D&D:* 3 from Galthazzeth's Hit Points.

60

You leap out onto the bridge and charge headlong towards the wizard. He croaks in fear, and limps off down a tunnel on the other side. The ropes of the bridge creak and groan as you tear across, but you make it safely to the other side!

Turn to **114**.

61

The monstrous Beetle finally collapses! You catch your breath, clean the vile thing's green blood from your sword, and quickly search the room. *FF: Test your Luck; D&D* Save as if versus Poison.

If you make the roll, go straight to **41**.
If not, go instead to **24**.

62

What will you do?
Listen at the door? Turn to **180**.
Open the door? Turn to **106**.
Go back and try the side-passage? Turn to **198**.
Go back to the crossroads and try another way? Turn to **112**.

63

You put your car to the door to listen, and you are taken completely by surprise when one of the planks of the door whips round and hits you. ***FF:*** Lose 2 STAMINA points; Mb: Lose 1 Hit Point. The 'door' lurches forward, and flows into a roughly humanoid shape to attack you – it is an Imitator, a cunning shape changing monster.

IMITATOR ***FF:*** SKILL 9
STAMINA 8
D&D: AC 5, HD 2, HP 9, Damage 1–3

If you win, turn to **121**.

64

You hear muffled shuffling and scrabbling noises.
Go back to **124** and choose again.

65

The goblins have small change worth 3 gold pieces between them. Each of them is wearing an iron pendant which bears a double-axe symbol, and one has a pair of bone dice.
If you search the room, turn to **181**.
If you go through the north door, turn to **20**.
Or you can go back to the crossroads at **112** and choose another way.

66

You prop the body against the door and push. The door swings open, but before the body can fall to the floor. It is seized by a huge Giant Beetle and dragged into the room.
It you go into the room and attack the beetle, turn to **26**.
Alternatively, go back to **42** and pick another route.

67

The Ghost howls in pain as your magic sword wounds it. ***FF:*** Reduce its STAMINA score by 2 points; ***D&D:*** Lower its Hit Points by 2.
'*No!*' it screams. '*Stop!*'
If you stop, turn to **172**.
If you press your attack, turn to **192**.

68

You follow the map through a winding labyrinth of passages and small caverns. The maze is very complex, and despite the map you find yourself in a dead end. You groan as you realise that you must have taken a wrong turning somewhere-and now you're lost!
FF: *Test your Luck:* ***D&D:*** Save as if versus Poison.
If you make it, turn to **193**.
If you are unlucky, return to the top of this entry.
If your LUCK is 2 or less (***FF***), or if you don't make your saving throw four times (***D&D***), turn to **160**

69

You enter the tunnel cautiously, but a shuffling behind you warns you that you have been spotted. You turn to see a Goblin with a spear charging you – it must have been hiding outside when you came in.
Turn to **43**.

70

The passage opens out into a huge rocky chamber, littered with rubble, a broken wooden cart, and other debris. A brief search turns up nothing of interest. There is a door in the north wall.
If you leave through the north door, turn to **103**.
Or you can go back to the crossroads at **112** and try another direction.

71

You press one of the Goblins' pendants into the hollow. The double-axe symbol glows briefly, and then a section of the wall wings open!
Turn to **125**.

72

After a little way, the passage widens into a room. There is a door in the far wall, but it is guarded by an Antman warrior.
FF: Roll two dice; if the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score, go to **25**.
D&D: Roll your Dexterity or under to go to **25**.
If you don't make either roll, turn to **97**.

73

A bolt of fire erupts from the Goblin's fingertips and streaks across the room at you!
FF: *Test your Luck*; ***D&D:*** roll your Dexterity or less on a d20.
If successful, go to **40**.
If unsuccessful, go to **169**.

74

The maze is very complex, twisting and turning all over the place. Without a map you soon become hopelessly lost.
FF: *Test your Luck:* ***D&D:*** Save as if versus Poison.
If you are successful, turn to **193**.
If you are not, go to the start of this entry again.
If your LUCK reaches 2 (***FF***), or if you fail your saving throw four times (***D&D***) you must turn to **160**.

75

Roll a six-sided dice.
If the result is 1 or 6, the door flies open with a crash – go to **19**.
If your score anything else, the door stays firmly shut and you bruise your shoulder – lose 1 STAMINA point (***FF***) or 1 *Hit Point* (***D&D***). You can try to open the door again, by returning to the start of this entry; continue up the corridor by turning to **198**; or go back to the crossroads at **112**.

76

You realise that you are heavily outnumbered, and you stake your life on a desperate gamble. If you can get close enough to Galthazzeth without being noticed, you might be able to kill him and get away in the resulting confusion. You duck behind a pile of crates, hardly daring to breathe. After a few seconds you go from the crates to a bench in a crouching run.
FF: *Test your Luck;* ***D&D:*** Roll your Dexterity or less on a d20.
If you are successful, turn to **29**.
If you are not, turn to **152**.

77

The door opens onto a short passage, from which a spiral staircase leads upwards.
To go up the staircase, turn to **35**.
Or you can go back to **182** and choose another option.

78

This small room is littered with gnawed bones – at least some of which are human – and various other pieces of foul-smelling rubbish. There is nothing of interest here – go back to the crossroads at **112** and choose another way.

79

While you were fighting, two more disgusting Slime Figures have emerged from the tank. Reduce the Clone Slime's STAMINA by 10 (*FF*); Hit Points by 8 (*D&D*). You must fight both figures at once, as you did the last pair.

SLIME FIGURE 1 — *FF:* SKILL 3, STAMINA 5

SLIME FIGURE 2 — *FF:* SKILL 3, STAMINA 5

D&D: *AC* 9, HD 1, HP 5, 5, Damage 1–2

If you defeat them, turn to **175**

80

Finally the Ghost breaks down into a mist and dissipates. You carry on down the passage.

Turn to **199**.

81

A bolt of blue energy screams from the wizard's fingertips, and you throw yourself to one side.

FF: Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **139**.

D&D: Roll a d20. If it is equal or less than your Dexterity, go to **139**.

If not, turn to **45**.

82

You hit one of the Galthazzeths, and it vanishes-the real one must be somewhere else. You lose *FF:* 2 STAMINA points; *D&D:* 1 Hit Point, as the others hit you. If there is only one Galthazzeth left, turn to **4** and continue the combat. If there is more than one Galthazzeth left, turn to **129** and continue the combat.

83

You follow the passage for a long way. After a while, it begins to slope upwards. Finally it turns to the west, and as you turn the corner you see a pale, glowing figure hovering in the passage. It begins to float towards you.

If you attack, turn to **9**.

If you run away, turn to **170** and make another choice.

If you just slay still, turn to **147**.

84

As yon approach the statue, you see that its eves are made of rubies which glint invitingly in the half-light.

If you try to take the gems, turn to **3**.

If you examine the brazier, turn to **58**.

Or you can leave and go back to the crossroads at **112**.

85

The first Goblin attacks you.

GOBLIN — *FF:* SKILL 6, STAMINA 5

D&D: AC 7, HD 1, HP 5, Damage 1–4

After the first combat round, the other Goblins will have armed themselves, but since you are standing in the doorway they will only be able to attack you one at a time.

GOBLIN 2 — *FF:* SKILL 5, STAMINA 6

GOBLIN 3 — *FF:* SKILL 5, STAMINA 5

D&D: AC 7, HD 1, HP 6, 5, Damage 1–3 each

If you kill all three goblins, turn to **155**.

86

Galthazzeth's hand moves even more swiftly than your sword, and your blow glances off an invisible wall of force, leaving the wizard unharmed.

Turn to **105**.

87

'*Liar!*' moans the Ghost. '*The fiend employs no human servants!*' What will you do now?

Attack the Ghost? Turn to **9**.

Run away? Turn to **170**.

Or you can go back to **147** and try another story.

88

The Goblin Shaman dodges away from your sword for a few seconds – enough to cast a spell. A bolt of fire streaks towards you.

FF: *Test your Luck:* *D&D:* roll a d20 against Your Dexterity.

If you are *lucky* or make the roll, turn to **40**.

If you are *unlucky*, turn to **169**.

89

You look carefully at the brazier, but you can see nothing unusual about it.

If you decide to prise the gems free from the statue, turn to **109**.

If you decide to leave them alone, go back to the crossroads at **112** and choose another way.

90

For a brief instant, you see four identical Galthazzeths before you! Then the stones on your amulet glow purple, and as the purple light strikes them, three of the wizards vanish, leaving only one – the real one. Go back to **4** and continue the combat, but note that Galthazzeth will not use this spell again.

91

The door opens onto a large rocky chamber, littered with rubble, a broken cart, and other debris. A brief search turns up nothing of interest. There is an opening in the west wall, leading to a passage west.

If you follow the passage west, turn to **112**.

If you leave through the north door and head cast, turn to **42**.

If you (cave through the north door and head west, turn to **170**.

If you go back into the passage and try the door on the other side, turn to **8**.

92

Haste makes your throw go wild, and you can only dodge aside as a bolt of blue energy screams towards you.

FF: *Test your Luck:* *D&D:* roll a d20 against your Dexterity.

If you are lucky and make the roll, turn to **139**.

It you are unlucky, turn to **45**.

93

You try to retrace your route.

FF: roll 2 dice; it the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score, go to **200**.

D&D: Roll a d20; if the result is less than or equal to your Intelligence, go to **200**.

If you do not make either roll, turn to **153**.

94

The first Goblin engages you while the other two hastily arm themselves with a couple of long and very nasty looking daggers.

GOBLIN 1 — *FF:* SKILL 5, STAMINA 5

D&D: AC7, HD 1, HP 5, Damage 1–3

After one round of combat, the others will be able to attack you too.

GOBLIN 2 — *FF:* SKILL 5, STAMINA 5

GOBLIN 3 — *FF:* SKILL 5, STAMINA 4

D&D: AC 7, HD 1, HP 5, 4, Damage 1–3 each

FF: Each Goblin has one attack against you in each combat round. You must choose which one you are going to fight. Roll for your Attack Strength against the others in the normal way,

but when yours is higher they are not wounded – you have just evaded their blows for this round. When a Goblin's Attack Strength is higher than yours, of course, you are wounded as normal.

If you win, go to **155**.

95

You search the room thoroughly, but find nothing beyond an awful lot of dust and insects. You may either leave via the door in the north wall (**20**), or via the cast wall (return to **112**).

96

The chest contains 12 gold pieces, a filthy, foul-smelling package of sacking, and a potion in a small vial.

FF: The bottle holds a *Potion of Fortune*, holding two doses. ***D&D:*** The bottle holds two doses of a *Potion of Healing*.

If you wish to open the package go to **176**.

If not, return to **155**.

97

The Antman has seen you, and it whips its abdomen to fire a spray of acid at you.

FF: Calculate Attack Strengths as usual – if your Attack Strength is higher, the Amman is not wounded, but you have managed to avoid the acid spray. If the Antman's Attack Strength is higher, the acid spray has hit you. *Test your Luck.* If you are lucky, the spray has not hit your eyes, but you must still lose 1 Point of STAMINA. If you are unlucky, the spray has hit your eyes – you lose 2 points of SKILL and 2 points of STAMINA. Once you have resolved this attack, you can close with the Antman and carry on with the fight as normal.

D&D: Treat the Antman's spray as a missile weapon attack, delivered as if by a 2 HD monster. If you are hit by the acid spray, make a saving throw against Breath Weapon. If you fail the saving throw, sonic of the acid has hit your eves: you lose 2 Hit Points and attack at –1 (this will be cured, along with your *Hit Point* loss, the next time you drink a *Potion of Healing*). If you make the saving throw, you still lose 2 Hit Points from acid burns. Once you have resolved this attack, you can close with the Antman and carry on with the fight as normal.

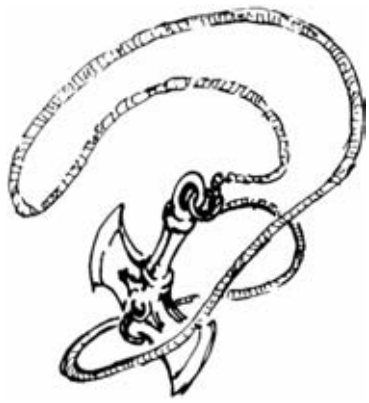

ANTMAN 1 ***FF:*** SKILL 6
STAMINA 8
D&D: AC 6, HD 1, HP 7, Damage 1–4

If you win, go to **62**.

98

You jump up from your hiding-place and throw your weapon at Galthazzeth.

FF: Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, go to **31**. If you fail, go instead to **116**.

D&D: Make an attack on Galthazzeth as normal. He is AC 9. If you hit him, go to **31**. If not, go to **116**.

99

The passage leads east for some way, then turns south. After several yards, there is a door in the west wall. You can see that the passage carries on for some way beyond, finally turning east.

If you follow the passage south and east, go to **183**.

If you open the door, go to **47**.

Or you can retrace your steps and go north – go to **83**.

100

You hear nothing. Go back to **182** and make another choice.

101

You try to prise the two rubies from the statue's head. Roll one six-sided die.

If the result is 1–3, go to **137**.

If the result is 4-6, go to **189**.

102

You go to take the stone, but before you reach the centre of the chamber you are alerted by a dragging sound behind you. You turn, sword in hand, to face Galthazzeth's last guardian – and behold a truly sickening sight. The body of a giant slug, fully six feet thick and fifteen long, bears on the front two blubbery. distorted faces, only just recognisable as human. Beneath each face is a thrashing, spike-tipped tentacle, which lashes out at you.

SLITHERING HORROR ***FF:*** SKILL 10
(each tentacle)
STAMINA 14

Each tentacle/head combination will have a separate attack on you in each combat round, but you may only attack the thing once. Roll for two Attack Strengths, just as if you were fighting two creatures at once, but remember that if your second Attack Strength is higher than the monster's second Attack Strength, you have merely evaded its second attack, and not wounded it a second time. It can, of course, wound you twice in a round if both its Attack Strengths are higher than yours.

D&D: AC 8. HD 3, HP 15, Damage 1–6/1–6 (2 attacks)

If you win, go to **149**.

103

You are in an east–west passage.

If you go east, go to **183**.

If you go west, go to **170**.

Or you can retrace your steps to the crossroads at **112**.

104

You dive to one side as the brazier erupts in a gout of flame. Roll one six-sided die and halve the result, rounding fractions up – this is the number of ***FF:*** STAMINA points/***D&D:*** *Hit Point*s that you lose.

Go to **138**.

105

Before you can launch another attack, the wizard vanishes, reappearing at the other side of the chamber. The Antmen and Zombies surround you as you back against the wall. You are heavily outnumbered, and your position looks desperate.

Roll two six-sided dice. If the result is 5 or less, go to **179**.

If the result is 6 or more, go to **39**.

106

The door opens onto a room occupied by a couple of Antmen warriors. They were alerted by the sound of your recent fight, and as you open the door they fire two jets of acid at you.

FF: Calculate Attack Strengths as normal: if your Attack Strength is higher, the Antmen are not wounded, but you have evaded the acid spray. If either of the Antmen rolls a higher Attack Strength than you, you have been hit by a jet of acid. *Test your Luck.* If you are *lucky*, you lose 1 STAMINA point. If you are unlucky, some of the acid has gone in your eyes – lost 2 SKILL points and 2 STAMINA points. Once you have resolved the acid attack, you can close with the Antmen and fight them normally, one at a time.

D&D: Treat the Antmens' spray as a single missile attack by a 2HD monster. If you are hit by the spray, make a saving throw against breath weapon. If you fail the saving throw, some of the acid goes in your eyes – you lose 2 Hit Points and attack at –2 (this will be cured, along with any *Hit Point* loss, the next time you drink a *Potion of Healing*). If you make the saving throw, you still lose 2 *Hit Point*s from acid burns. Once you have resolved the acid attack, you can close with the Antmen and fight them normally, one at a time.

ANTMAN 1 ***FF:*** SKILL 6

ANTMAN 2 STAMINA 7
FF: SKILL 6
STAMINA 8
D&D: AC 7, HD 1,
HP 8, 7, Damage 1–4

If you win, go to **182**.

107

You are a fraction too slow – a bolt of blue energy comes screaming at you when you are just a few feet away from the mage!

FF: Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **139**; if not go instead to **45**.

D&D: Roll a d20. If you score less than or equal to your Dexterity, go to **139**; if not, turn to **45** instead.

108

You walk down the passage for a little way before it opens out into a north–south passage.

If you go north along the new passage, turn to **72**.

If you go south along this new passage, turn to **12**.

Or you can retrace your steps and head north along the other passage – turn to **83**.

109

Nothing more happens – the flame must have been a one-shot trap. You prise the stones free with little trouble – they are worth 25 gold pieces each. A quick search convinces you that there is nothing more to be seen here.

Go back to the crossroads at **112** and choose another way.

110

You wander through the maze, trying to keep track of where you are. *FF: Test your Luck;* ***D&D:*** Roll a d20 against your Intelligence.

If you make the roll, turn to **193**.

If you are *unlucky*, turn to **74**.

111

As you come round the corner, a man leaps out at you. He must have heard you coming. You have no option but to fight him.

BANDIT *FF:* SKILL 6
STAMINA 7
D&D: AC 5, HD 1,
HP 7, Damage 1–6

If you win, turn to **162**.

112

You arrive at a crossroads. The southern passage leads out of the caves, but you have not yet completed your quest and you remember the sinister warning you had from the Guild

If you go north, turn to **14**.

If you go east, turn to **70**.

If you go west, turn to **166**.

113

Galthazzeth makes a gesture with one hand, and a sickly green glow surrounds your head. You grit your teeth and fight with all your willpower as the spell tries to sap your strength.

FF: Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **190**.

D&D: Make a save versus Magic Wand. If you succeed, go to **190**.

If you fail either of these rolls, turn to **56**.

114

The wizard is not far down the tunnel when you catch up with him. In his present state, badly wounded and too exhausted to cast spells, he is no match for you, and you kill him easily. (***FF:*** Add 2 LUCK points for finally slaying the mad mage.) Searching his body, you find a scroll, a dagger, and a flask containing one draught of (***FF***) *Potion of Skill/(**D&D**) Potion of Healing*.

If you read the scroll, turn to **188**.

If not, turn to **22**.

115

You hear two voices, talking in the barking, snarling tongue of Goblins.

If you open the door, turn to **49**.

Alternatively, you can go back to the crossroads at **112** and try another way.

116

Your throw misses, but Galthazzeth and his minions are now alerted to your presence.

Turn to **105**.

117

Make a note of anything you pick up on your record sheet. You can only carry one spear. You may be able to throw a spear or dagger at an opponent before closing for hand-to-hand combat; the text will tell you when you can do this. You may also rest and cat a portion of your provisions here, if you wish.

Turn to **155**.

118

What will you do next?

Search the bodies? Turn to **65**.

Search the room? Turn to **181**.

Go through the door? Turn to **20**.

Or you can go back to the crossroads at **112** and choose another route.

119

You are too heavily outnumbered for a straight fight; you need some way to even the odds. You duck behind a pile of crates, and take the scroll out of your pack. You are no wizard, and the writing on the scroll is complicated, but you start to read it. You hope that the spell will work.

Roll two six-sided dice.

It the result is 7 or less, turn to **150**

If the result is 8 or more, turn to **44**.

120

The ropes of the bridge are beginning to give – you may just be able to get across before the whole thing collapses.

FF: Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **60**.

D&D: Roll a d20. It the score is less than or equal to your Dexterity go to **60**.

If you fail either roll, turn to **178**.

121

Having killed the Imitator, you can see that the passage stretches further northwards into the distance. As you walk along the passage, you can see that it widens out at the end, and there is a glimmer of light beyond.

Turn to **146**.

122

Even though you have seen through its illusion, the Scitalis is a dangerous opponent. If it scores a hit on you, it will wrap a coil around you and crush for (***FF***) 2 STAMINA points of damage/ *(**D&D**)* 1–3 damage. If you win the following round, you have escaped from the coils, but not wounded the snake. If the snake wins the round, it will constrict again for 2 STAMINA points 1–3 Hit Points. You can only wound the Scitalis by winning a combat round when you are free of its coils.

SCITALIS *FF:* SKILL 8
STAMINA 10
D&D: AC 4, HD 2,
HP 14, Damage 1–3
(see above)

If you win, turn to **5**.

123

You follow the passage a little way before coming to a door. You listen at the door, but here nothing, and open the door cautiously. It opens onto another north–south passage.

If you head north along this new pas

sage, turn to **83**.
If you head south along this new passage, turn to **171**.

124

The man is so intent on his work that he doesn't notice you. After a few seconds, he stands up and goes through the door, closing it behind him. An instant later, you hear sounds of fighting from behind the door, followed by a shattering scream and then silence. What is behind that door?
If you go to see what has happened, turn to **151**.
If you listen at the door, turn to **64**.
Or you can retrace your steps and go back to **42**.

125

You step through the door into a small room. The floor is littered with gnawed bones – some of them human. it seems – and outer foul-smelling rubbish. There is a door in the north wall. You take little interest in this, however, for seated on a crude bunk is a huge and very ugly Goblin clad in tattered ceremonial robes and chewing on what is visibly the remains of a human arm! It leaps to it s feet as you enter, barking a few words in the Goblin tongue.
FF: Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **197**.
D&D: Roll a d20. It you roll less than or equal to your Dexterity, turn to **197**.
If you don't make either roll, turn to **73**.

126

Your sword misses the glowing spectral figure, but surprisingly it makes no move to attack you.
'*Stop!*' it moans.
If you halt your attack, turn to **172**.
If you strike again, turn to **192**.

127

You follow the map through a labyrinth of passages and caverns. As you twist and turn through the maze, you realise that you would quickly have become lost without the map.
Turn to **193**.

128

You are taken completely by surprise as the brazier erupts in a gout of flame. Roll one six-sided die to see how many STAMINA points/Hit Points you lose.
If you are still alive, turn to **138**.

129

Suddenly, there are four Galthazzeths standing before you.
FF: Resolve one round of combat, as if you were fighting a single opponent with a SKILL score of 10. If you lose, lose 2 STAMINA points and start another round. If you win, *Test your Luck*.
If you are *lucky*, turn to **159**.
If you are *unlucky*, turn to **82**.
D&D: In the next round you are attacked by four Galthazzeths, each with identical characteristics. As soon as you score a hit on one, roll a d4.
On a 1, turn to **159**; otherwise go to **82**.

130

You prepare to sell your life dearly as the Zombies shamble forward. Suddenly, they stop in their tracks, wheel round and lurch away from you, pushing through the chittering crowd of Antmen.
Turn to **179**.

131

Make a note of it on your *Adventure Sheet*.
Go back to **8** and make another choice.

132

As you call to him, the man spins round, whipping out a dagger and throwing it at you in one smooth motion.
FF: His attack strength is 13; generate an attack strength for yourself. If your attack strength is higher, you dodge the dagger successfully, but you do not wound the man. If his attack strength is higher, the dagger hits you and you lose 2 STAMINA points.
D&D: The man throws a dagger at you, attacking as a 2HD opponent, for 1–4 damage if it hits. The man charges you with his sword drawn-you have no option but to fight him.

BANDIT — ***FF:*** SKILL 6, STAMINA 7; ***D&D:*** AC 5, HD 1, HP 7, Damage 1–6

If you win, turn to **162**.

133

Your weapon passes through the ghostly figure as if it were mist. The Ghost laughs in a moaning voice.
'*I'm already dead*,' it howls. '*How can you kill me? Put away your weapon.*'
If you do as it says, turn to **172**.
If you run away, go back to **170** and choose another direction.

134

You hear nothing.
Go back to **183** and make another choice.

135

You try to remember how you got here in the first place.
FF: *Test your Luck;* ***D&D:*** Roll a d20 against your Intelligence.
If you make the roll, turn to **200**.
If you are unlucky, return to the top of this entry.
If your LUCK is 2 or less (***FF***), or if you fail the roll four times, turn to **160**.

136

You are in a north–south corridor.
If you go north, turn to **198**.
If you go south, turn to **112**.

137

You manage to loosen one gem a little, but suddenly you are struck across the back-lose 2 STAMINA points (***FF***); 2 Hit Points (***D&D***).
You turn to see a whip, hovering in mid-air! It strikes at you .again.

WHIP — ***FF:*** SKILL 9, STAMINA –; ***D&D:*** AC 3, HD 2, HP –, Damage 2–5 (hits on it do no damage)

Resolve one round of combat, then turn to **17**.

138

At almost the same moment, the door flies open and into the room strides a huge and ugly Goblin clad in tattered ceremonial robes. This must be the Shaman who serves the temple as a priest. It raises one hand, and before your eyes a whip lifts itself off one of the racks and strikes at you.

WHIP — ***FF:*** SKILL 9, STAMINA –; ***D&D:*** AC 3, HD 2, HP –, Damage 2–5 (hits on it do no damage)

Resolve one round of combat, then turn to **145**.

139

You avoid the worst of the energy-bolt, but it grazes your shoulder as you dive away. Roll one six-sided die.
If the result is 1–4, lose 1 STAMINA point (***FF***)/1 Hit Point (***D&D***).
If the result is 5-6, lose 2 STAMINA points (***FF***)/2 Hit Points (***D&D***).
Turn to 4 and continue the combat.

140

The sight of the goblin's grisly delicacy fills you with nausea. For the next battle only, ***FF:*** reduce your SKILL score by one/***D&D:*** fight at –1.

Turn back to **155** and choose again.

141

If you don't want to face the beetle, there's nothing for it but to go back to **42** and try another route.

142

There is more treasure here than you could ever carry, but a pocketful of gems will be enough to make you rich when you gel out of here. You reach forward to pick some up. Suddenly, the pile of treasure rears up and you find yourself wrapped in the coils of a brightly-coloured snake – lose 2 STAMINA points (***FF***); 2 Hit Points (***D&D***), as it squeezes you. This is the Scitalis or Treasure Snake, which lures prey with a magical illusion of treasure and you are its next victim!

SCITALIS ***FF:*** SKILL 8
STAMINA 10
D&D: AC 4. HD 2,
HP 14, Damage 1–3

If you win the first round and hit the snake, the snake is not wounded, but you have escaped front its coils. If you lose, you are still trapped and the snake constricts again for 2 STAMINA points/2 *Hit Point*s. You cannot wound the snake unless you are free of its coils.

If you win, turn to **5**.

143

Your first attack hits automatically, but then the man wheels round and defends himself.

BANDIT ***FF:*** SKILL 6
STAMINA 5
D&D: AC 5. HD 1,
HP 7, Damage 1–6

If you win, turn to **162**.

144

You reach the chamber a second too late, and watch helplessly as the rope bridge crashes down into the water. Galthazzeth limps off down a tunnel, cackling gleefully. The gorge is too wide to jump – the only war across is to jump in, swim the river, and climb the other side. The water looks dark and uninviting, but you grit your teeth and prepare to jump.

Turn to **50**.

145

The Whip strikes al you again. If the roll indicates that you have hit it, you have not wounded the Whip – it has simply not hit you.

WHIP ***FF:*** SKILL 9
STAMINA –
D&D: AC 3, HD 2,
HP –, Damage 2–5
(hits on it do no damage)

Your only chance is to attack the Goblin Shaman.

GOBLIN SHAMAN ***FF:*** SKILL 6
STAMINA 6
D&D: AC 6, HD 1,
HP 8, Damage 1–4

While you are fighting the Goblin Shaman, the Whip will also attack you once per round.

If you win, turn to **37**.

146

The passage opens out into a small, unlit room. Your lantern throws multi-coloured reflections onto the walls and ceiling from a huge pile of gold and gems in the middle of the room.

If you have an amethyst amulet, turn to **23**.

If not, turn to **156**.

147

The Ghost hovers a few feet in front of you. If makes no move to attack.

'*Why are you here?*' it asks in a thin, moaning voice.

If you say that you have been sent by the Magicians' Guild to kill Galthazzeth, turn to **158**.

If you say that Galthazzeth hits sent you to check the security of this section, turn to **87**.

If you say that you are a travelling dagger salesman who wandered in out of the rain, turn to **34**.

148

You hurl your weapon, praying that it will hit him in time to disrupt his spell-casting.

FF: Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **13**.

D&D: Roll a d20. If you get less than or equal to your Dexterity score, go to **13**.

If you fail the roll, turn to **92** instead.

149

The last of Galthazzeth's abominations lies dead, oozing nasty silvery mucus onto the floor. You pick up the touchstone carefully, and a feeling of warmth and power spreads through you. (***FF:*** Roll one die and add the result to your LUCK score). With the stone in your pack, you set off through the maze.

If you have a map, turn to **93**.

If not, turn to **135**.

150

Almost shaking with concentration, you read the words from the scroll. As you read, you feel it great power welling up inside you, until you feel as if you are going to explode. As you reach the last syllable, a great sheet of flame leaps from your hand, and rips through

the cavern laboratory with a deafening thunderclap!

Turn to **38**.

151

Through the door is a broad, low room, filled with rotting debris. In the midst of the debris is a Giant Beetle, chewing on the body of the man you saw. It makes no move to attack you, being preoccupied with its meal.

If you attack the Beetle, turn to **26**.

If you don't want to attack, turn to **141**.

152

You jump as a voice whispers in your ear. '*I can see you, adventurer!*' it says. You look round, but there is no-one near you. You are about to carry on when Galthazzeth suddenly appears a few feet in front of you. You stand up to attack him, but he vanishes again, and you find yourself surrounded by a chittering crowd of Antmen. Sword in hand, you back against the wall . . .

Roll two six-sided dice.

If the result is 5 or less, turn to **179**.

If the result is 6 or more, turn to **39**.

153

You follow the maze as best you can, but you must take a wrong turning somewhere, for you find yourself in a dead end.

FF: *Test your Luck*. If you are lucky go to **200**; otherwise go to **135**.

D&D: Make a roll against your Intelligence on a d20. If you make it, turn to **200**; if not, go to **135** instead.

154

You look closely at the brazier, and you notice with a shudder that al least some of the ashes are of human bones.

FF: Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **104**.

D&D: Roll a d20 against your Dexterity. If you succeed go to **104**.

If you fail either roll, turn to **128**.

155

Looking around the room, you see that a small chest lies partly hidden under a bench, and against one wall is a rack holding three spears and two swords.

If you examine the chest, turn to **96**.

If you pick up any of the spears, turn to **117**.

If you leave the room, turn to **136**.

156

You stand for a moment, dazzled by the sight of so much treasure. There are no other doors in the room, and no sign of the treasure's owner.

If you investigate the hoard, turn to **142**.

If you ignore it, go back to **42** and choose another way.

157

You dive to one side as the brazier erupts in a gout of flame. Roll one six-sided die and halve the result, rounding tractions up – this is the number of STAMINA points (*FF*)/Hit Points (*D&D*) you lose.

Turn to **89**.

158

'Then we are allies,' moans the Ghost, *'for Galthazzeth caused my death. If you kill him, my soul will he free to go to its rest. Now listen to what I tell you.'*

Turn to **173**.

159

Three of the Galthazzeths vanish – you must have hit the real one! (*FF:* Add 1 LUCK point).

Return to **4** and continue the combat – remembering to reduce his stats by the appropriate amount for his wound.

160

You wander, hopelessly lost, through the maze of caverns and passages, eventually to die a slow and painful death by starvation. You have failed in your mission.

161

The door opens onto an empty room, from which a passage leads southwards. You can see an opening in the east wall, a door in the east wall beyond the opening, and, at the very limit of your vision, a crossroads.

If you go to the crossroads, turn to **112**.

It you go through the opening in the cast wall, turn to **123**

If you try to open the door in the east wall, turn to **75**.

Or you can go back to **182** and choose another option.

162

The bandit lies dead at your feet. You search the body and discover that he has a sword, two daggers and enough food for two meals. What will you do now?

Open the door? Turn to **53**.

Push the bandit's body through the door first? Turn to **66**.

Or you can go back to **42** and choose another route.

163

You search the room carefully, and find a shallow, carved depression in one wall. Do you have a double-axe pendant?

If you have, turn to **71**.

If not, turn to **54**.

164

The jaws belong to a giant beetle – lose 2 STAMINA points (*FF*)/2 Hit Points (*D&D*) as they close round you and crush your ribs. The beetle lifts you off your feet, and its jaws continue to crush the life out of you. Roll for one round of combat:

GIANT BEETLE *FF:* SKILL 9
STAMINA 16
D&D: AC 3, HD 2,
HP 14, Damage 2–7

If you win the first round, the beetle is not wounded; you have merely escaped from its jaws. If the beetle wins the round, you are still trapped, and its jaws crush you for *another* 2 STAMINA points (*FF*)/another 2 Hit Points (*D&D*). You must get free from the beetle's jaws before you can attack it.

If you win, turn to **61**.

165

You head east along the passage, which turns north after a few yards.

FF: Test your Luck; if you are *lucky*, turn to **36**. If not, turn to **111**.

D&D: Roll a d20. If the score is less than or equal to your Dexterity, turn to **36**; if not, turn instead to **111**.

166

After a few yards, the passage ends in a door.

If you open the door, turn to **49**.

If you listen at the door, turn to **115**.

Or you can go back to the crossroads at **112** and try another way.

167

You follow the tunnel into a hug, torch-lit cavern. The chamber is divided in two by a shallow gorge, through which runs a dark, sluggish river. The gorge is spanned by a rope bridge, and as you enter you see Galthazzeth on the other side, sawing at the support ropes with his dagger.

FF: Test your Luck: If you are *lucky*, turn to **120**.

D&D: Make a roll against your Dexterity using a d20. If you succeed, turn to **120**.

If you fail either roll, turn to **144**.

168

You find yourself in a huge cavern, furnished with work-benches and arrays of strange apparatus. A number of Antmen are lending the apparatus – they are smaller and paler than those you have met before, and you guess that they must be workers rather than soldiers. As well as the Antmen there are human figures, dressed in rags and shuffling about the cavern fetching and carrying. As one approaches you see that it is a Zombie – perhaps one of the other adventurers the Magicians' Guild has sent here! There is another human form in the cave – a lean, robed man who goes from bench to bench, supervising the Antmen. This must by Galthazzeth.

If you have a scroll, turn to **119**.

If not, turn to **76**.

169

You try to dodge the bolt of fire, but you are too slow. Roll one six-sided die to see how many STAMINA points/Hit Points you lose. If you are still alive, you must attack the Goblin Shaman before it can cast another spell.

GOBLIN SHAMAN *FF:* SKILL 6
STAMINA 6
D&D: AC 6, HD l,
HP 8, Damage 1–4

If the Goblin Shaman wins two consecutive rounds of combat without, turn to **88**.

If you win, turn to **16**.

170

You head west along the passage. After a few paces it turns north, and you walk for a long way until you come to a door in the west wall.

If you open the door, turn to **47**.

If you ignore it and continue north, turn to **83**.

Alternatively you can retrace your steps and head east – turn to **183**.

171

You head south along the passage. After a little way, it turns east, and you can see door in either wall. The door in the south wall is closest to you. Beyond the doors, the passage turns north.

If you open the south door, turn to **91**.
If you open the north door, turn to **8**.
If you carry on round the corner, turn to **42**.

172

'*Brave adventurer,*' the Ghost moans, '*I can guess your mission here. It makes us allies, for Galthazzeth caused my death, and my soul cannot rest while he lives. Now listen to what I say . . .*'

Turn to **173**.

173

'*Galthazzeth's power lies in a touchstone,*' the Ghost continues. '*He keeps it at the heart of a maze, guarded by his most terrible creation. The Antmen call this monstrosity The Thing Too Horrible To Mention, but that's all I could find out before I was killed. You must go through the maze to find the touchstone – Galthazzeth must hate a map of the maze somewhere, but I don't know where. I wish you well, adventurer – may you succeed w here I failed.''*

The Ghost fades away before your eves. You thank the gods of chase that coo decided to listen to it. (***FF:*** Add 1 LUCK point).

Turn to **199**.

174

You are beginning to wonder whether the wizard will ever die, when he drops to the floor with a groan. You raise your sword to strike the final blow, but he vanishes. You curse and look around the cavern, just in time to see him limping down a passage on the other side. You plunge after him, determined to finish him off.

Turn to **7**.

175

Is the Clone Slime still alive?

If it is, it produces two more slime figures – turn to **79** and fight them.
If not, turn to **30**.

176

The package contains a rotting and heavily chewed human lower leg, so small that it probably came from a child.

FF: Roll three dice. If the result is equal to your STAMINA score or less, turn to **155** and choose another option. If the result is greater than your current STAMINA score, turn to **140**.

D&D: Make a save versus Poison. If you make it go to **155**; if not, turn to **140**.

177

Roll two six-sided dice. The result is the number of STAMINA points (***FF***)/Hit Points (***D&D***) that the potion restores to you. Note that the potion cannot raise your score above its *Initial* level. Now turn back to where you were.

178

You leap onto the bridge and charge at the wizard. He scrambles to his feet and limps off down a tunnel. When you are about halfway across, the bridge gives way with a rending crash. You jump clear of the wreckage, into the water below.

Turn to **50**.

179

The Antmen click and chitter to each other for a few seconds. They are workers – unarmed, and smaller than the soldiers – and they are clearly unsure about taking you On, even though you are heavily outnumbered. While they are indecisive, you seize the initiative, and throw yourself on them with a war-cry. Perhaps you can cut your way out and make a run for it. Fight the massed Antmen as one creature.

WORKER	***FF:*** SKILL 8
ANTMEN	STAMINA 12
	D&D: AC 6, HD 2, HP 12, Damage 1–4

If you win, turn to **10**.

180

You hear a clicking, cluttering sound from beyond the door.

Go back to **62** and choose again.

181

The room is unfurnished, and featureless except for a door in the east wall, leading back to the crossroads, and a door in the north wall.

FF: Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL, turn to **163;** if not, go instead to **95**.

D&D: Roll against your Wisdom on a d20. If you make it, go to **163**; if not turn to **95**.

182

This room is empty. The only feature is a door in the west wall, and another in the south wall.

If you listen at the west door, turn to **100**.
If you open the west door, turn to **77**.
If you search the dead Antmen, turn to **191**.
If you leave through the south door, turn to **161**.

183

After a few yards, you come to a door in the north wall of the passage. You can see that a little further on, the passage turns northwards.

If you listen at the door, turn to **134**.
If you open the door, turn to **8**.
If you carry on round the corner, turn to **42**.
Or you can retrace your steps to **170**.

184

You are now almost within reach of Galthazzeth.

If you have a spear or a dagger, turn to **98**.
If not, turn to **55**.

185

FF: Fight the Zombies two at a time. Each Zombie of the pair fighting you will have a separate attack on you in each combat round, but you must decide which of the two you will attack. Attack your chosen Zombie as in a normal battle. Throw for your Attack Strength against the other Zombie as normal. If your Attack Strength is higher, it is not wounded-you will simply have evaded its blow. Of course, if its Attack Strength is higher, it will have wounded you in the normal way. As soon as one Zombie is destroyed, another will step in to take its place, until all four are accounted for.

D&D: The Zombies attack in pairs, with another stepping as the previous one falls.

ZOMBIE 1	***FF:*** SKILL 6 STAMINA 7
ZOMBIE 2	***FF:*** SKILL 6 STAMINA 6
ZOMBIE 3	***FF:*** SKILL 6 STAMINA 6
ZOMBIE 4	***FF:*** SKILL 5 STAMINA 7
	D&D: AC 8, HD 2, HP 8, 7, 6, 7, Damage 1–6 each

If you win, turn to **179**

186

You are taken completely by surprise as the brazier erupts in a gout of flame. Roll one die to find out how many STAMINA points (***FF***)/Hit Points (***D&D***) you lose. If you are still alive, turn to **89**.

187

You charge across the room at Galthazzeth, hoping to close with him before he can cast a spell.

FF: Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **59**. If not, turn to **107**.

D&D: Save versus Magic Wand. If you succeed go to **59**, otherwise turn to **107**.

188

The scroll is a map, showing the rooms and tunnels of Galthazzeth's lair – you recognise many of the places that you have visited. According to the map, this tunnel leads to a maze-like network of tunnels and chambers. A central chamber is marked with a red star. You quickly plot a route through the maze, and follow it toward the central chamber.

FF: Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, turn to **127**. If not, turn to **68**.

D&D: Save versus Intelligence using a d20. If you make it go to **127**; if not, go to **68** instead.

189

You manage to loosen one stone a little, when suddenly you are singed from behind by a jet of flame! Lose 2 STAMINA points/2 Hit Points. You turn away from the statue, to discover that the brazier has ignited itself.

Turn to **138**.

190

You manage to fight off the effects of the spell.

Turn to **4** and continue the combat.

191

Between them, the Antmen have three small gems worth 10 gold pieces each. Each has a shield, painted with an insect-head design, and apparently made from the carapace of some kind of Beetle. If you don't already have one a shield will give you extra protection (*FF:* add 1 SKILL point; *D&D:* add 1 to your Armour Class) but if you are carrying a shield you can't use a spear.

Decide what you will take, then go back to **182** and choose again.

192

You ignore the Ghost's words, and raise your sword to strike again.

'So be it, fool!' moans the Ghost. Now you must fight to the end.

GHOST *FF:* SKILL 9
STAMINA 8

FF: Every time the Ghost hits you, roll one die. On a roll of one, the Ghost's chill touch robs you of one point of SKILL as well as the usual 2 STAMINA.

D&D: AC 4, HD 3, HP 8, Damage 1–4

D&D: Every time the Ghost hits you, make a save versus Poison or lose a further Hit Point.

If you win, turn to **80**.

193

Your heart lifts as you stumble into a large chamber lined with white marble. On a pillar in the middle of the chamber stands a clear, multi–faceted stone the size of your fist. It glows with a soft inner light, and instinct tells you that you have discovered the source of Galthazzeth's power. (*FF:* Add 2 LUCK points.)

Turn to **102**.

194

As you are about to approach the tunnel, you see a Goblin emerge, armed with a spear. You crouch behind a bush and watch as it looks round a clearing, and then settles on a rock and begins to cat something it takes out of a belt pouch.

You seize the advantage of surprise, and attack before it can pick up its spear! Your first attack will hit automatically – turn to **43**, and reduce the Goblin's STAMINA/Hit Points by 2 when you get there.

195

Haste makes your blow clumsy, and Galthazzeth side-steps your sword easily.

Turn to **105**.

196

While you have been busy with the crude tentacle, the Clone Slime has been working on something a little more complex. Two roughly humanoid figures rise to the surface of the tank, and step out to attack you. You must fight both figures at once.

FF: Each will have a separate attack on you in each combat round, but you must choose which of the two you will attack. Fight it as in a normal battle. Throw for your Attack Strength against the other as normal. If your Attack Strength is higher, it is not wounded – you will simply have evaded its blow. Of course, if its Attack Strength is higher, it will have wounded you in the normal way.

D&D: The two will attack together.

SLIME FIGURE 1 *FF:* SKILL 3
STAMINA 5

SLIME FIGURE 2 *FF:* SKILL 3
STAMINA 5

D&D: AC 9, HD 1, HP 5, 5, Damage 1

Reduce the Clone Slime's STAMINA or Hit Points by 10.

If you defeat the Slime Figures, turn to **79**.

197

You stride across the room, and manage to attack the Goblin Shaman before it can cast a spell at you.

GOBLIN SHAMAN *FF:* SKILL 6
STAMINA 6

D&D: AC 6, HD 1, HP 8, Damage 1–4

If the Goblin Shaman wins two consecutive rounds of combat without your striking it, turn to **88**.

If you win, turn to **16**.

198

After a few yards, you come to a passage, running off to the north-east.

If you follow the side-passage, turn to **123**.

If you ignore it and press on northwards, turn to **72**.

199

The passage carries on westward, and opens out into a small, empty chamber. There is a door in the north wall, and a spiral staircase leads downwards from the middle of the chamber.

If you go down the stairs, turn to **15**.

If you open the door, turn to **168**.

200

At last you find your way out of the maze. The rest of the complex is quiet – Galthazzeth's surviving minions must have fled when you defeated him. After a long trek, you return to the Magicians' Guild with Galthazzeth's touchstone, and tell your story.

'So, the warrior has conquered where the wizard could not,' smiles the Guildmaster. *'Our thanks to you. adventurer – and the thanks of a land which will never know how it was saved!'*

You shrug and turn to leave. The old goat has certainly changed his tune since you saw him last. He can keep his thanks – you can't eat, drink or spend pretty words! Muttering a curse on all magicians under your breath, you walk away from the Guildhouse, towards whatever adventure Fate decides to throw at you next . . .

TAKE THAT!

Unarmed combat rules for Fighting Fantasy

by Jeremy Adamson

One thing that is sadly lacking from Fighting Fantasy is unarmed combat. Imagine, for instance, a 'bar-room brawl', where – if a weapon were drawn overly hastily – the room would be suddenly full of warriors bashing the heck out of each other, the town militia would flood in, the characters would be arrested and everyone would be thrown in jail. One recent instance, I thought, was the scenario 'The Tower Of Hades' (see *Warlock 8*), in which there were numerous possibilities for a really good brawl! To combat this (no pun intended) I have devised a simple rule for unarmed combat which doesn't hinder, but indeed complements the existing rules, which already cover armed combat quite admirably. What you do is this . . .

Firstly, an adventurer must determine his or her Unarmed Combat Factor (or UCF for short). This is achieved by comparing their total SKILL + STAMINA on the table below:

SKILL +STAMINA	Unarmed Combat Factor
23 and under	1
24 to 33	2
34 and over	3

Example: Player One's adventurer, 'Boris', has a SKILL score of 12 and a STAMINA score of 23. This gives Boris a total UCF of 3.

Player Two's adventurer, 'Arlanthe', has a SKILL score of 10 and a STAMINA Score of 16, giving Arlanthe a UCF of 2.

Combat is now resolved as normal, rolling for Attack Strengths and comparing them to see who has hit whom. However, when a hit is scored, instead of causing 2 points of damage to the injured person's STAMINA, you simply move to the first box on the following chart, and for each hit you take after that, you move along to the *next* box.

Unarmed Combat Damage Table

HIT	BELT	SMASH	FALL	CONCUSSED

Now your UCF comes into play! After a successful hit has been scored against your opponent, if you have a UCF of 1 you must *Test your Skill*. Using two dice, you must roll less than or equal to your current SKILL score. If you succeed, your opponent should tick off a box as usual. If, however, the roll is unsuccessful, you have not delivered the blow with enough force to cause any noticeable damage to your opponent! The fight must continue.

If your UCF is 2, combat is undertaken as already described, with no penalties or benefits.

If your UCF is 3, you should *Test your Skill* after making a successful strike. If you make the roll, you have delivered an extra strong blow, and your poor opponent must tick off two boxes instead of the usual one. If the roll is unsuccessful, he or she need only tick off one box, as normal.

Hit, Belt &Smash: These are simply the progressive stages of damage which gradually build up to cause some injury to the combatant. They carry no *penalties* (though there will be some nasty bruises left after this fight – see 'Long Term Effects' later).

Fall: When Fall is reached, the victim is knocked to the ground, and for the next *round only* anyone attacking him gets 2 added to their Attack Strength (there is also a +2 to any instances where an opponent must *Test their Skill* to cause damage against their prone adversary). Next round the victim may Test *their* Skill again to try and get up again. If they *succeed* they may fight on; if not, they'll just have to stay on the floor, and may only defend themselves (i.e. if they win an attack round they only hold off the damage without causing any themselves).

Concussed: The victim falls unconscious for 1 to 6 hours (roll one die), and quite obviously they are out of the fight until the awake. They can, however, be revived, by someone pouring a large bucket of cold water over them or slapping them round the face, though they will need to rest for 2 to 12 rounds (roll two dice) before rejoining the combat.

Example of Combat

Arlanthe trips over Boris one night in the local alehouse, accuses the gruff barbarian of deliberately trying to trip her up, and attacks him! Their weapons were handed in at the door, so they will have to fight unarmed combat. Arlanthe rolls to attack and scores 17 (7 on the dice plus SKILL 10). Boris rolls a 15 (3 on the dice plus SKILL 12), and so Arlanthe has the first blow, knocking the hulking oaf back into some tables, sending mugs flying everywhere. Boris ticks off the Hit box of his Damage Table. Next round, Boris wins the attack, with a massive swipe with his right hand. As he has a UCF of 3, he must *Test his Skill*. Since his SKILL is 12, he does so automatically, and batters poor Arlanthe for two hits. She ticks off both the Hit and the Belt boxes of her Damage Table. Battling Boris scores another two blows in quick succession, and Arlanthe is suddenly lying unconscious in a pool of beer on the floor! The barman drags her body out of the door and throws her into the street – he doesn't like troublemakers!

Armour in Unarmed Combat

If someone attacks an opponent who is wearing Leather armour, they must reduce their UCF by 1 point, to a minimum of 1. An opponent wearing Metal armour, such as chainmail, can only be hit where he has no armour coverage. Roll one die for where a blow will fall: 1–Head, 2–Chest, 3–Right Arm, 4–Left Arm, 5–Abdomen, 6–Legs. If the area is armoured, no damage is inflicted and unless the person doing the hitting can *Test their Skill* they will receive a hit themselves, ticking off the next box on their Damage Table!

Mixed Combat

When one side is armed and the other isn't (even if the former only have broken bottles and chair legs!), Games-Masters should use both combat rules, with the weapons causing normal damage, and the unarmed side only causing damage according to the Unarmed Damage Table. If the situation is such that mixed combat is way beyond a GM's control, however, I recommend that he simply uses the system portrayed in *Deathtrap Dungeon* – simply deduct 4 points from the unarmed side's Attack Strength, and let them fight as normal.

Long Term Effects

Anyone who takes any injury in an unarmed combat, from a Hit to fully Concussed, will have a –1 penalty to their SKILL score until they are healed (by taking a Potion of Strength or Skill, for example, or by having a good night's sleep). After the initial concussion period of 1 to 6 hours (or shorter if there is someone to revive the victim), the damage rating should be reduced to Smash, and then every two hours reduces to the next category on the Damage Table, until they are healed.

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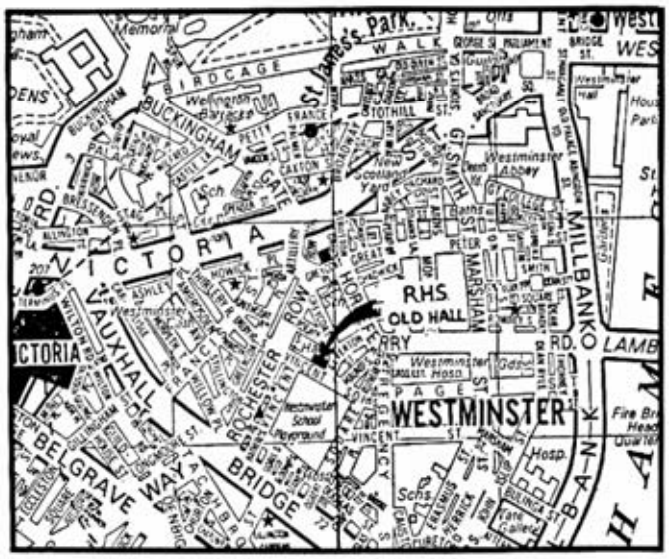

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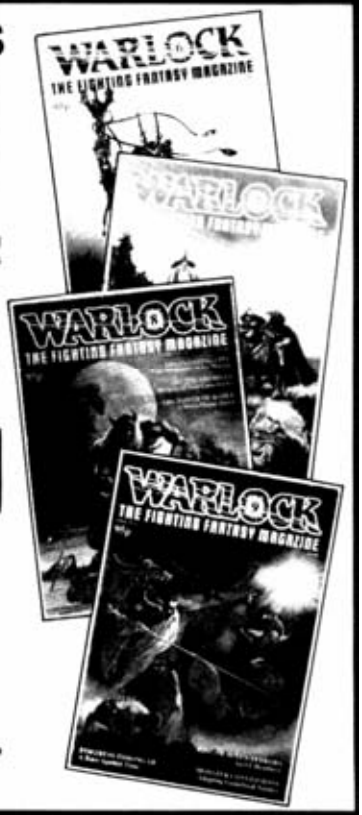

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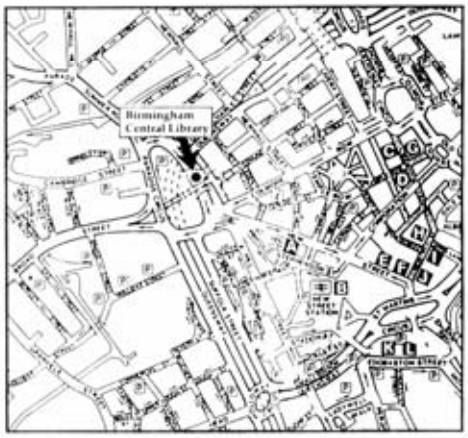

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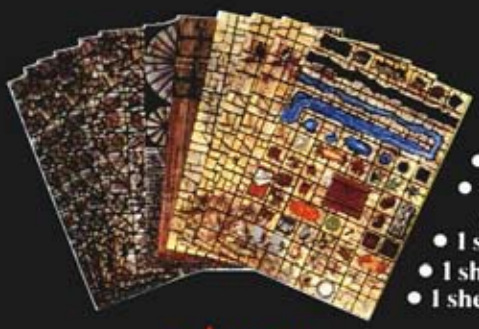

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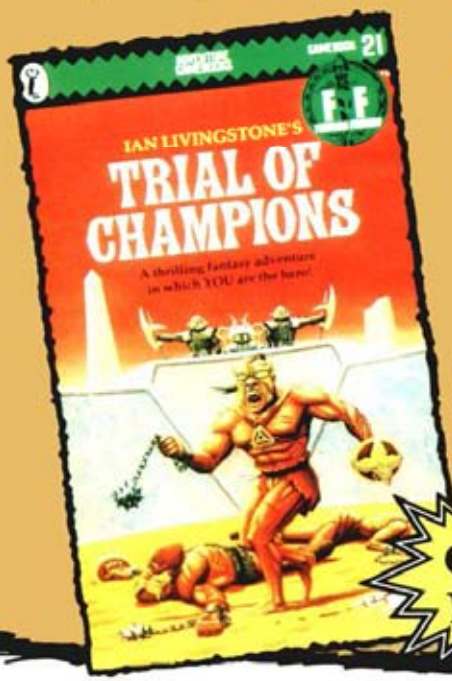

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PUBLISHED BY: Games Workshop Ltd, Enfield Chambers, 16-18 Low Pavement, Nottingham, NG1 7DL. Tel: (0602) 586108

Dear Adventurer

Welcome to an extra-special issue of *Warlock,* extra-special, of course, because it's the first with my good self as your new Editor. That's not the only change you'll notice in this issue either. Take a peek at the centre pages and you'll find a totally awesome free pull-out, in *COLOUR!* This revelation will bring a whole new dimension to your favourite magazine. (In fact, you are advised to wear your sunglasses while reading this issue, lest you are dazzled by the sight of it.) The pull-out itself features the gameboard and pieces for our special Judge Dredd battlegame, *Shuggy Hall Brawl,* which we know you are going to have a lot of fun playing with your friends.

Also part of the colour pull-out is the first appearance of our new column *Metal Mayhem,* which will be bringing you the best in miniatures every issue from now on. It seems many of our readers want to know more about the many varied aspects of gamebooks and gaming, so from now on that's exactly what we shall be bringing you. Indeed, next issue will see the first in a series introducing fantasy role-playing games and board-games for beginners, along with lots more colour. And the issue after that – the dreaded Issue 13 – will be a horror special, with a ghastly game and many fearful features; it'll be so scary you'll have to get your mum to read it to you!

But enough of the future – what of the rest of this issue? To tie in with the free game we have a special *Judge Dredd* section – you can even win some collected Judge Dredd comics, courtesy of those nice people at Titan Books. We've gone freebie mad this issue, in fact, because page 15 has been infested with R.A.T.S., the successors to Zoids, which you can win in our brain-mangling quiz. Special feature article this issue is *Into The Unknown,* another invaluable masterpiece from the keyboard-melting fingers of Graeme Davis, which will enable you to continue adventuring in the gaps between gamebook releases. Add all your regular features – even that smelly troll on page 14 – and you've got the best gaming magazine around, no question!

Happy reading *and* playing!

marc gascoigne

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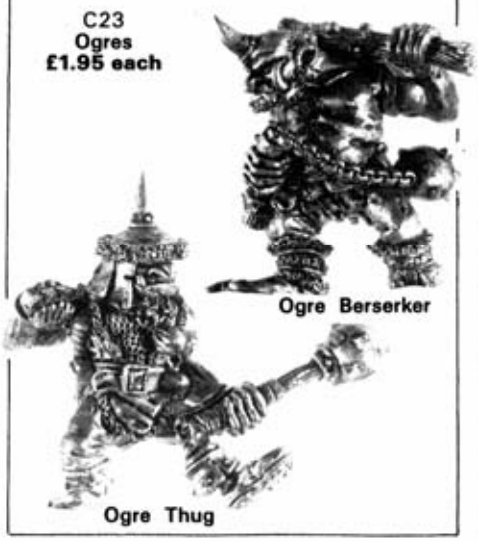

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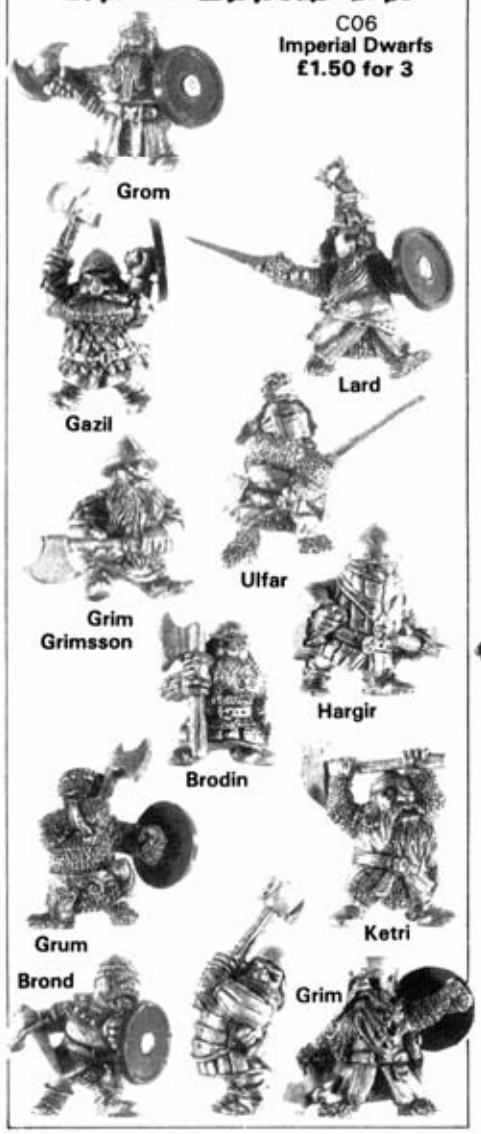

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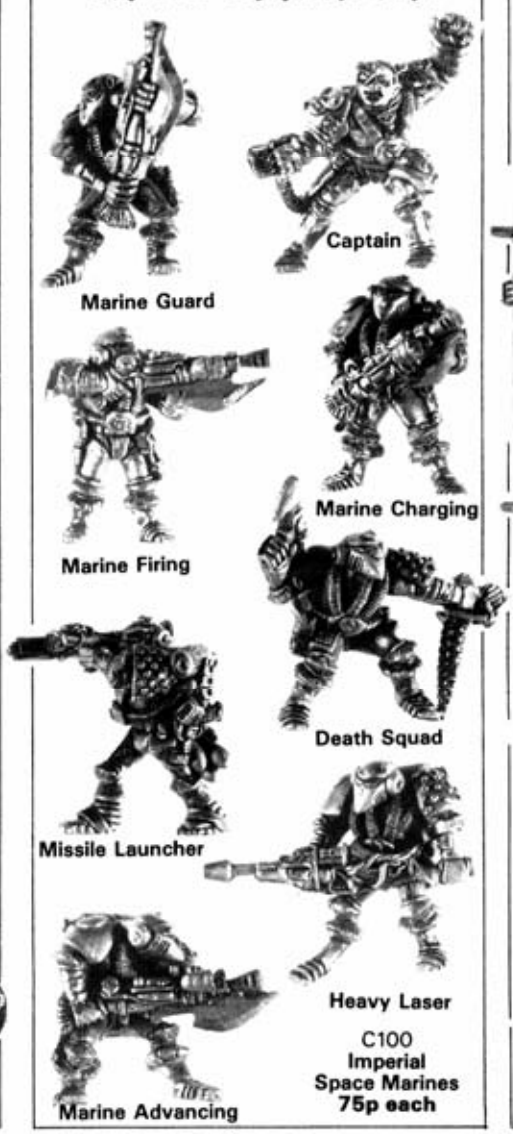

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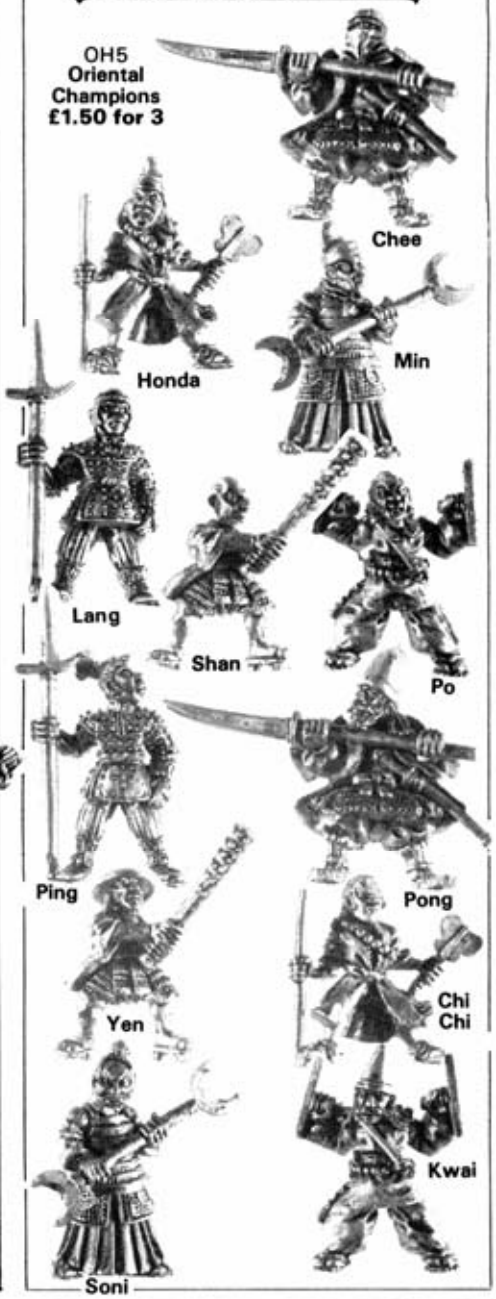

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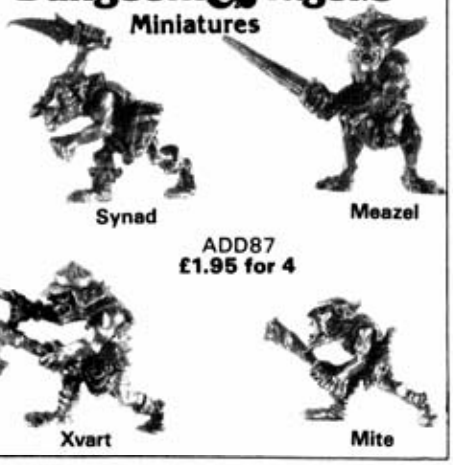

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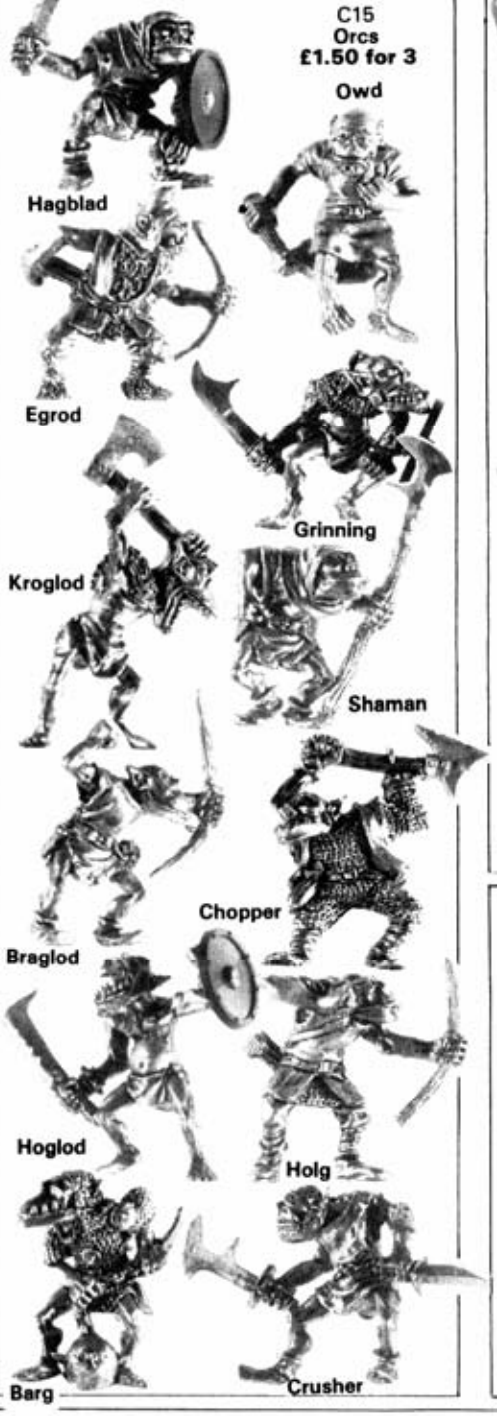

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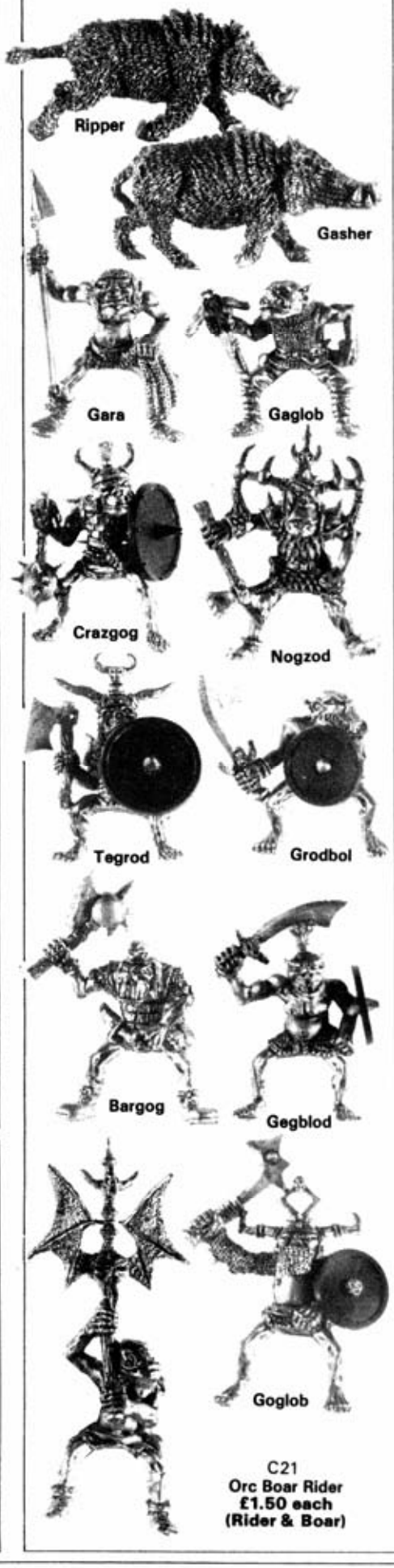

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That disgusting ball of slime, Jamie Thomson, looks at new developments in the awesome world of gamebooks and gaming.

Hello again, and welcome to another exciting installment of this most *dangerous* of columns. Incredibly, I have managed to survive another month of dastardly attempts on my life – every day I continue to live is a day of pain and rage for that evil dictator, the Warlock. You may just have noticed that the Warlock was able to silence me in the last issue but due to pressure from the Brotherhood he was forced to let me return. *(Come off it, Thomson, you were too lazy to write your column, that's all! – The Warlock.) The things I go through to bring you the news! (And the things you are about to go through, you lice-ridden son of a fungal growth! – The Warlock.)*

Throbbing Mayhem!

Anyway, onto news from Puffin Books. Fighting Fantasy marches on, as triumphant as ever – even now one of its greatest masterpieces, The Sword of the Samurai, ties glimmering in the shops ready to be taken up by those lovers of taste and talent in gamebooks. Not surprisingly, the anthers of this book are that supremely wonderful human being Jamie Thomson and his partner Mark Smith, and I urge *you . . . (Bleeaugh! – The Warlock.)* Yes, you're right of course, my lord. In fact, as you point out, this book is utterly mediocre and 1 urge you to avoid it at all costs . . . What am I saying?? *(Exactly what I tell you, slime-bag! – The Warlock.)*

FF21 is **Trial Of Champions**, of course, and will be in your local games shop by the time you read this. Needless to say, it's almost as wonderful as my own book. After that there is **Robot Commando** by Steve Jackson (of the USA, not our own beloved bearded superstar), released on 25th September. It's a sort of Transformers-versus-dinosaurs thing, if my memory serves me correctly. *(Not very likely, you mindless sponge-brain – The Warlock.)* November will see the release of **Masks of Mayhem** by Robin Waterfield (of *Rebel Planet* fame), a fantasy epic set on the mysterious third continent of Khul and containing some very new and original ideas. Ian Livingstone recommended it to me over a glass of chilled blood – he thought it very good indeed. After that we will see the real Steve Jackson's new masterpiece, currently bearing the provisional title **Creature Of Havoc**, in which you play a monster stomping around southern Allansia! There'll be a lot more on this next issue. (*You hope, you quivering pile of orc dung!! – Lord Zlargh, the Warlock's Chief Beater.)* Ye gods, not the Chief Beater! No!! Aaargh ★✪✞➔✶✈☆†←☆†...

Titanic Wobblers!!

Uurgh . . . that was a bad one! He's left me for dead, but I don't die that easily. Must ask the Brotherhood to try harder. Onwards, ever onwards... Remember that sequel to *Out Of The Pit* I mentioned a few issues back? Well, it's called **Titan – The Fighting Fantasy World**, and it has a release date of 30th October. If there's anything at all that you need to know about Allansia, The Old World (where Kakhabad and Gallantaria are to be found), or the new third continent of Khul, well this is the place to look. It covers everything you could think of, from the Creation of The World to the price of chickens, from Orcish battle tactics to the name of Yaztromo's crow! Wrapped in an awesome Chris Achilleos cover which just happens to look a little like the cover of this very issue of *Warlock,* it also features new colour plates from John Blanche and maps of all the major lands of Titan. It'll be the same size as *Out Of The Pit,* and the same price too. Marc Gascoigne, currently pretending to be the Editor of this very magazine has written it, based upon original concepts from good old Steve & Ian, and I can honestly say that it is absolutely *(Oh for heaven's sake! Our readers don't want to bear how wonderful that creep Gascoigne's book is! Change the subject immediately! Oh, and didn't I just have you killed? – The Warlock.)*

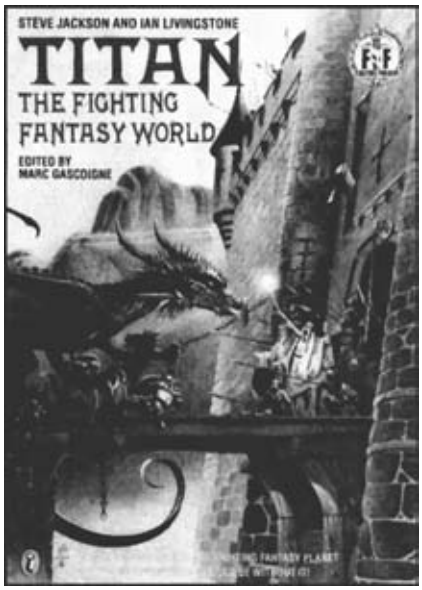

Hah! Tough luck, Warlock- I'm still here! November brings the release of **The Riddling Reaver**, four multi-player adventures for use with the *Fighting Fantasy* set of rules (so you'll need a GameMaster to play them). It's been written, if that is the word, by Steve Williams and Paul Mason, both late of *Warlock* before they spilt a few drops of the Warlock's tea and were impaled (well, before it moved to the new fortress in Nottingham anyway). *The Riddling Reaver* begins with some rules additions to FF, and then moves on to the adventures, which can be played separately or linked together to create one massive campaign game. The big villain is the Riddling Reaver himself, described as 'an agent of the Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance, a complete madman rather like the Joker in *Batman.* Steve Williams' zombie corpse, recently raised from the dead, told me that part one is a riddle/treasure hunt through some dark and dingy port; part two is a ship journey, though the ship itself is a floating trap rather than a sea-going vessel; part three is a jungle adventure; and part four is an underground dungeon set in a hidden shrine. I could reveal more, but space *(and me! – The Warlock)* forbids it. Suffice to say it will be excellent; Paul has also promised to write a special fifth part to go alongside the book for publication exclusively in *Warlock* in a few issues.

Return of the Warlock!!

Ye olde Games Workshop are currently working on a boardgame version of **The Warlock Of Firetop Mountain**, which will be a lot of fun. (*Of course it will be, worm-breath – The Warlock.)* It's been promised for a few years now, but it's definitely underway at last, though I'll need to do some more skulking and spying before I can tell more. More news from the Warlock's castle reveals that *Warlock* magazine is now going on sale

in Japan, suitably translated of course. It seems the Japs are really into this gamebook business – no doubt they'll change their mind when they meet the Warlock in person.

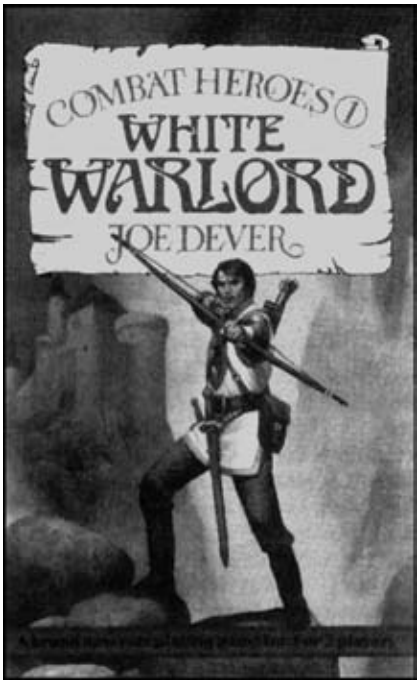

Here's an interesting rumour one of my slimy goblin spies reported to me – apparently Ian Livingstone has been spotted talking to a certain Brian Johnson. Who he? Well, he's one of the people who did the special effects on *Alien* and *The Empire Strikes Back. I* wonder what was said? Maybe I'll get a part! *(Don't make me laugh, Thomson, you know how I hate laughing! – The Warlock.)*

Shameless Hype!!

Fighting Fantasy software keeps on coming from Adventure International. **Rebel Planet** is now out, and **Demons Of The Deep** and **Temple Of Terror** are on their way. The people at AI say they are the best yet, and who are we to disbelieve them? Talking of software, I'm sure you're all aware of my partner's and my series of ninja gamebooks, *Way Of The Tiger. (You jest, squid head, what else do you talk about? – The Warlock.)* Yes, well, the Way Of The Tiger adventure software from Gremlin Graphics (for Spectrum, Amstrad, MSX and C64) went straight to number one in the software charts. The game is basically a souped-up *Way Of The Exploding Fist,* if you remember that classic. Anyway, thanks to all those who bought it, and to all those who didn't – what, you want to die horribly?

The Way Of The Tiger books are still available, of course. *(Oh no, here we go again – The Warlock)* Book 4, **Overlord** is out now, and number 5, **Warbringer**, should be out around October. This one introduces some new ideas – as Avenger the ninja warrior and king of the city of Irsmuncast you have to lead your armies to war. Part of the book involves fighting a campaign and a battle, positioning troops, making tactical decisions, committing soldiers and so on. I don't think this has ever been done on this scale in a gamebook before, so I hope you enjoy it.

Death Incarnate!!

Last night I slept badly. My dreams were disturbed with horrifying nightmares and scenes of death and destruction. Joe 'Judge Death' Dever visited upon me dreadful visions of what he is currently working on. Harbingers of Doom and Winged Messengers of Death have been scurrying to and fro from Castle Death as the dread Dever works on. Apparently some American cable TV company has approached the deathless one to discuss a one-off TV version of *Lone Wolf!*

Other things winging their way like vampire bats from Death Castle include **The Magnamund Companion**, 18 months in the making and looking to be rather tasty. It will appear in October as a large format softback, but unfortunately priced at nearly seven pounds, with ten packed chapters and lots of colour artwork throughout. Designed along the lines of *Titan – The Fighting Fantasy World,* it basically tells you everything you need to know about the world of Lone Wolf and Greystar, with history, armies, a multiplayer and a solo adventure and more. Sounds like it's going to be dead impressive, with the emphasis on the dead!

Joe Death is currently working on **Combat Heroes II, The Scarlet Sorcerer & The Emerald Enchanter**. The two-player part of this involves aerial combat in fantasy skyships – sounds fun! *(That's it! I'll drop you from a skyship! – The Warlock.)* Ermm, time I was going soon!

More Hype!!

Mark Smith & myself have just finished **The Valley Of Blood**, **Duelmaster II**.

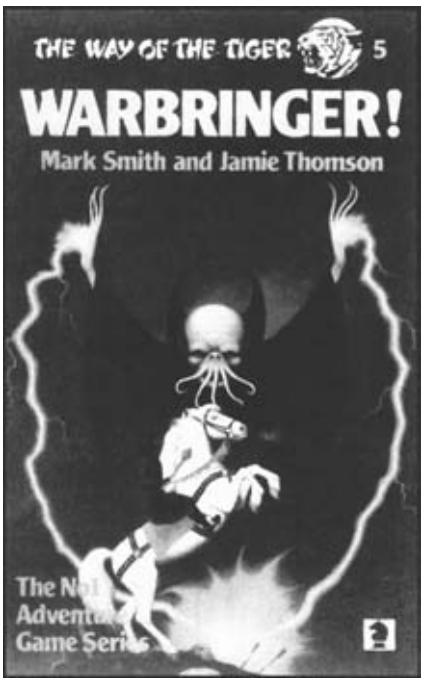

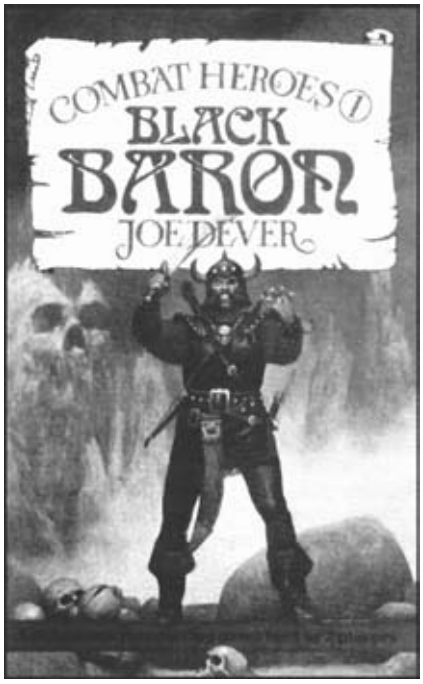

(So where's number one then, wretch? – The Warlock.) I shall ignore that. In this book, one player takes the role of the Archveult, the evil reptilian ruler of the Valley of Gad, and the other takes the role of one of his slaves. The Archveult releases the slave, and then hunts him or her down for sport. The aim of the game is to escape the valley, if you are the slave, and to successfully finish your hunt if you are the evil and thoroughly unpleasant nobleman- modelled on someone we all know and loathe, sorry love!! *(Thomson, you are doomed – The Warlock.)*

Hurrying on, the vile creations of that slime beast, Dave Morris and his spiteful crony Oliver Johnson, are still pouring forth from their diseased minds. Dave has finished the first in his 1–4 player series, **Blood Sword**, in which players can choose to be a Trickster, Warrior, Enchanter or Sage. The first book, **Battle Pits of Krarth**, is 540 paras long, and the second, **The Kingdom of Wyrd**, is 570 paras long!! They are set in the same world as the *Dragon Warriors* game, which incidentally has just grown by two more books, *The Power Of Darkness* and *The Lands Of Legend.*

FASA, a US company who produce the *Star Trek* and *Dr Who* role-playing games, have produced some Doctor Who gamebooks. It had to happen – but it's a pity nobody in the UK did it first. Anyway, the first is called **Dr Who & the Vortex Crystal**, and that will be followed by **Dr Who & the Rebel's Gamble**.

And that's all for now. (*My prayers have been answered at last! – The Warlock.)* Special thanks to the Brotherhood and all those who wrote letters while I was 'away'. *(Don't mention The Brotherhood in my presence! That makes me so MAD!! – The Warlock.)* Oh no, quick, I must run! *(You cannot escape me, elk-brain. Prepare to suffer.)*

INTO THE UNKNOWN

D•I•Y DUNGEONS FOR FIGHTING FANTASY By Graeme Davis

Some people, it seems, can't get enough of solo adventures. No matter how quickly Puffin pump out the latest *Fighting Fantasy* gamebooks, people are always clamouring for more. For all those adventurers who have been everywhere, done everything, and are now sitting polishing their swords and waiting for the next adventure, here is a simple system for generating *Fighting Fantasy* dungeons as you play them! All you need is a copy of *Out of the Pit,* a blank adventure sheet, the *Fighting Fantasy* rules (you can use the rules at the beginning of this issue's solo adventure, *The Land of Changes,* if necessary), some graph paper for mapping, two dice, a pencil, an eraser and a ruler. Got those? Good.

Now before we get started, there are just a few things I'd like to say. This system generates dungeons, not adventures. That is to say, it can't make up stories for you, so it will never be able to give you as detailed an adventure as a *Fighting Fantasy* gamebook does. Writing a gamebook is an art, and nobody who writes solo adventures for Puffin Books or for *Warlock* uses a system like this – if they tried it, their adventures would be rejected, and the Warlock would probably turn them into earwigs for their cheek.

All this system does is to give you a large (endless, in theory) area of dungeon to explore and loot, ready-stocked with monsters, treasure and other things. It isn't meant to be any substitute for a gamebook, but if you've run out of adventures and just fancy a bit of dungeon-bashing, this should fit the bill. Even better, you can play this system on your own, or with a group of friends!

Secondly, **always** remember to keep a map. This system doesn't keep track of where you are in the same way that a gamebook does, so if you don't keep a map, you'll get lost. The titles of the charts should give you some clue as to which one to use when you're not sure what to do next, and if you get completely lost, just go back to the *GENERAL* chart.

Finally, a note about monsters. I haven't included their SKILL and STAMINA scores here (except in one case), but you can look them up in *Out of the Pit.* Monsters whose pictures in *Out of the Pit* show them carrying weapons will always have weapons when you meet them, and if you kill an armed monster you can always pick up its weapon if you want to. This point is important, as you may find yourself unarmed at some points.

So – roll up your character in the usual way, choose your potion, and off we go! Turn to *ENTRANCE.*

ENTRANCE

The first thing you need to know is what the entrance is like – roll one die and consult the following table:

1–2	**Cave Mouth** – to explore the cave, turn to *CAVE/ROOM.*
3–4	**Tunnel Entrance** – to explore the tunnel, turn to *PASSAGE.*
5	**Door** – turn to *DOOR*
6	Roll the die again. If the result is 1–5, consult this table. If the result is 6, turn to *FEATURES.*

For the purposes of mapping, assume that you are heading north when you enter the dungeon.

CAVE/ROOM

There are several things you will want to know about the cave or room you are exploring:

Size – roll one die and multiply the result by 10. This is the width in feet. Do the same for the depth, from front to back. Room ceilings are 10 feet high; if you are in a cave, roll one die and multiply the result by 5 to find the height of the ceiling in feet.

Exits – roll one die, halve the result (rounding fractions up), and subtract 1. This gives you the number of ways out, not counting the way you came in by. If you are in a cave which is the entrance to a dungeon, there will always be at least one way out – treat results of 0 as 1.

Type of Exit – roll one die for each exit, and consult the following table:

1–4	**Door** – if you examine the door, turn to *DOOR.*
5–6	**Passage** – if you look down the passage, turn to *PASSAGE.*

Location of Exit – roll one die for each exit, and consult the following table:

1–2	**Opposite Wall** – straight in front of you.
3–4	**Left Wall**
5–6	**Right Wall**

Occupants – Naturally, you will be quite interested to know whether or not there is a monster about! Roll two dice. If the score is 8 or less, the room is unoccupied. If the score is 9 or more, there is a monster! Roll one die. If the result is 1–3, turn to Dungeon Table I in *Out of the Pit* to find out what it is. If the result is 4–6, use Dungeon Table II. Once you have found out what's there, you can either go to *ENCOUNTER REACTION* or you can attack. If you attack, conduct combat as normal; if you win, consult the Treasure Table in *Out of the Pit* to see what you have won, if anything.

Special Features – roll two dice. If the result is 9 or less, the cave or room has no special features – there is nothing interesting about it at all. If the score is 10 or more, turn to *FEATURES.*

GENERAL

You have just entered a new area; roll one die and consult the following table:

1	**Cave**; turn to *CAVE/ROOM.*
2–3	**Room**; turn to *CAVE/ROOM.*
4–5	**Passage**; turn to *PASSAGE.*
6	Roll one die. If the result is 1–5, roll on this table again. If the result is 6, you have found a way out of the dungeon – turn to *ENTRANCE* for more details. You can leave the dungeon at this point if you wish, or you can go back to any unexplored areas.

TRAPS

You have triggered a trap! Roll one die to find out what happens to you:

1 A **portcullis** crashes down – roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL or less, you have managed to dodge it. If the result is more than your SKILL, the portcullis hits you and you lose 3 STAMINA. If you are still alive, roll one die:
  1–3: The portcullis is **behind** you, and you can't go back.
  4–6: The portcullis is in **front** of you, and you can't go on.
  Test your Luck. If you are lucky, you find the mechanism to raise the portcullis again. If you are unlucky, you can't move it.

2–3 The trap is a **thrower**; to find out what it throws at you, turn to *THROWER.*

4 You fall down a **pit**. Roll one die:
  1–4: The pit is **empty**. Lose 2 STAMINA in the fall. To climb out of the pit, roll your SKILL or less on two dice. Each time you fail, you fall back and lose 1 STAMINA.
  5: There are **spikes** at the bottom of the pit. Lose 4 STAMINA in the fall. To climb out of the pit, roll your SKILL or less on two dice. Each time you fail, you fall back and lose 1 STAMINA.
  6: There is a **monster** in the pit. Lose 2 STAMINA in the fall, then roll on Dungeon Table I in *Out of the Pit* to see what the monster is. It attacks you immediately. If you defeat the monster, roll on the appropriate Treasure Table in *Out of the Pit* to see whether it has any treasure. To climb out of the pit, roll your SKILL or less on two dice. Each time you fail, you fall back and lose 1 STAMINA.

5 A **block of stone** comes crashing down from the ceiling – roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL or less, you have managed to dodge it. If the result is more than your SKILL, the block hits you and you lose 4 STAMINA. If you are still alive, roll one die:
  1–3: The block is **behind** you, and you can't go back.
  4–6: The block is in **front** of you, and you can't go on.

6 The trap is **magical**; turn to *MAGIC.*

CONSTRUCTION FEATURE

Roll one die:

1 **Statue**; roll one die:
  1–5: There is nothing unusual about the statue.
  6: The statue is **special**; roll one die:
    1–3 – The statue's eyes are **gems**, worth 20 GP each. *Test your Luck.* If you are lucky, you prise the eyes free with no trouble. If you are unlucky, you trigger a trap. Turn to *TRAP* to see what happens.
    4 – The statue is **magical**, and causes a magical effect when you touch it. Turn to *MAGIC* to see what happens.
    5 – The statue is a **Gargoyle**, and attacks you immediately.
    6 – The statue is a **Stone Golem**, and attacks you immediately.

2 **Well**; roll one die:
  1–5: There is nothing unusual about the well.
  6: The well is **Special**; roll one die:
    1–2 – There is **treasure** down the well! Roll *twice* on the Humanoid column of the Treasure Table in *Out of the Pit* to find out what the treasure is.
    3–4 – The well generates a **magical effect** when you examine it. Turn to *MAGIC* to find out what happens.
    5–6 – The well is the lair of a **monster**, which leaps out and attacks you immediately. Roll one die to discover what it is:

1 Marsh Wraith	4 Giant Slug
2 Mucalytic	5 Tentacled Thing
3 Slime Eater	6 Giant Toad

3 **Chasm**; a deep chasm cuts across the cave or room. Roll one die:
  1–4: There is a rickety-looking **rope bridge** across the chasm. If you decide to cross the bridge, *Test your Luck.* If you are lucky, the bridge holds and you get to the other side safely. If you are unlucky, the bridge gives way and you fall to your death. If you prefer to ignore the bridge and try to jump across the chasm, roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, you have succeeded. If not, you fail to reach the other side and fall to your death.
  5–6: There is **no way across** the chasm except by jumping. If you try to jump across the chasm, roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL score or less, you have succeeded. If not, you fail to reach the other side and fall to your death.

4–5 **Stalactites**; the ceiling is dotted with stalactites; roll one die:
  1–5: There is nothing unusual about the stalactites.
  6: As you walk across the room, a stalactite drops from the ceiling on you. Roll your SKILL or less on two dice to dodge it; if you fail, you lose 2 STAMINA. Once it has dropped, the stalactite monster has SKILL 1, STAMINA 3.

6 **Chimney**; there is a fireplace in the room. If you examine it, roll one die:
  1–5: There is nothing out of the ordinary about the chimney, and you can climb up it easily. Turn to *GENERAL* to find out where it leads you.
  6: The chimney is **special**; *Test your Luck.* If you are lucky, you find some treasure – roll on the Humanoid column of the Treasure Table in *Out of the* Pit to find out what the treasure is. If you are unlucky, you discover that the chimney is the home of a Giant Snake. It attacks you immediately. If you kill the snake, you can climb up the chimney easily. Turn to *GENERAL* to find out where it leads you.

THROWER

The trap throws something at you. Roll one die:

1 **Darts**. The trap hurls a shower of darts at you. If you can roll your SKILL or less on two dice, the darts miss you. If not, roll one die and halve the result. This is the number of darts that hit you. *Test your Luck.* If you are lucky, each dart that hits you causes 1 STAMINA point of damage. If you are unlucky, the darts are poisoned, and each dart that hits you causes 2 STAMINA points of damage.

2 **Spear**. The trap hurls a spear at you. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL or less, the spear misses you. If not, the spear hits you for 2 STAMINA points of damage.

3 **Acid**. The trap sprays acid at you. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL or less, the spray misses you. If not, *Test your Luck.* If you are lucky, the spray has not hit your eyes, but you still lose 1 STAMINA point. If you are unlucky, the spray hits your eyes – you lose 1 point of SKILL and 2 points of STAMINA.

4 **Oil**. The trap sprays oil at you. Roll two dice. If the result is equal to your SKILL or less, the spray misses you. If not, *Test your Luck.* If you are lucky, nothing else happens – but you'd better be careful with your torch from now on! If you are unlucky your torch ignites the oil; roll one die to see how many STAMINA points you lose.

5 **Gas**. The trap fires a cloud of gas at you. *Test your Luck.* If you are lucky, you manage to hold your breath and get clear of the cloud. If you are unlucky, you breathe in some gas. Roll one die:

- 1–3: **Knockout Gas**. You fall unconscious. Turn to *KNOCKOUT* to see what is happening when you wake up.
- 4–5: **Tear Gas**. The gas irritates your lungs and eyes – subtract 1 point from your SKILL for the next combat only.
- 6: **Poison Gas**. Your adventure ends here . . .

6 **Magic**. The trap throws a spell at you. Turn to *MAGIC* to see what happens.

DOOR

You are standing in front of a door.

Locked? – roll one die:

1–3 The door is locked; if you want to go through, you will have to break it down. Go to *Strength* below.

4–6 The door is unlocked; to see what is beyond it, turn to *GENERAL.*

Strength – roll one die, and consult the following table:

1–2 **Flimsy**. To break the door down, roll your SKILL +1 or less on two dice. If you succeed, the door is broken down. To find out what is beyond it, turn to *GENERAL.* If you fail, the door does not open and you lose 1 STAMINA point. You may try again, or ignore the door and continue on your way. If you roll 12, the door opens but it is trapped; turn to *TRAPS* to find out what has happened.

3–4 **Average**. To break the door down, roll your SKILL or less on two dice. If you succeed, the door is broken down. To find out what is beyond it, turn to *GENERAL.* If you fail, the door does not open and you lose 1 STAMINA point. You may try again, or ignore the door and continue on your way. If you roll 12, the door opens but it is trapped; turn to *TRAPS* to find out what has happened.

5–6 **Strong**. To break the door down, roll SKILL –1 or less on two dice. If you succeed, the door is broken down. To find out what is beyond it, turn to *GENERAL. If* you fail, the door does not open and you lose 1 STAMINA point. You may try again, or ignore the door and continue on your way. If you roll 12, the door opens but it is *trapped*; turn to *TRAPS* to find out what has happened.

SECRET DOOR

You have found a secret door! You can open it with no trouble. To find out what's behind it, roll one die and consult the following table:

1–5 The door leads to another place; turn to *GENERAL* to find out what it is.

6 Roll one die:

- 1–4: You have found a **safe**! Roll *twice* on the Humanoid column of the Treasure Table in *Out of the Pit* to see what it contains.
- 5–6: The door is a **trap**! Turn to *TRAPS* to find out what happens.

ENCOUNTER REACTION

You wait to see if whatever you have encountered is friendly or not. Look up the creature's Reaction entry in *Out of the Pit*; roll one die and consult the appropriate column of this table:

Friendly	***Neutral***	***Unfriendly***	***Hostile***	***Result***
1–2	–	–	–	Helps
3–4	1–2	–	–	May Help
5–6	3–4	1–2	–	No Help
–	5–6	3–4	1–3	May Attack
–	–	5–6	4–6	Attacks

Helps – roll one die:

1–3 The creature gives you something. Roll on the Humanoid column of the Treasure Table in *Out of the Pit* to see what it is.

4–6 The creature gives you information which may be useful. Add 1 LUCK point. This can temporarily raise your LUCK above its *Initial* level, but once used it cannot be regained.

May Help – *Test your Luck.* If you are lucky, treat the result as Helps. If you are unlucky, treat the result as *No Help*.

No Help – The creature wants nothing to do with you, and will leave the area immediately. It will defend itself if you attack, but otherwise it will do nothing except leave.

May Attack – Test your *Luck.* If you are lucky, treat the result as *No Help*. If you are unlucky, treat the result as *Attacks*.

Attacks – The creature attacks you. Because you have hesitated, it get the first blow. Generate Attack Strengths as usual. If your Attack Strength is higher, you have evaded its blow, but not hit it. If the creature's Attack Strength is higher, it has wounded you – lose 2 STAMINA. Now carry on with the combat in the usual way. If you win, consult the Treasure Table in *Out of the Pit* to see what the creature is carrying, if anything.

FEATURES

There is something interesting about where you are! Roll one die and consult the following table:

1 **Secret Door**; roll two dice. If the result is more than your SKILL, you have failed to spot the door (no cheating now!), and can see nothing interesting. If you spot the secret door, you can open it with no trouble – turn to *SECRET DOOR.*

2 **Trap**; roll two dice. If the result is more than your SKILL, you fail to spot it and it triggers. Turn to *TRAPS.* If the result is equal to your SKILL or less, you spot the trap and manage to disarm it successfully. There is nothing of further interest, so you can go on your way.

3 **Treasure**; you have found some treasure! There are 2–12 Gold Pieces. *Test your Luck.* If you are lucky, there is also a *special item* – roll on the *Special Items* table in *Out of the Pit* to discover what it is.

4–6 **Construction Feature**; turn to *CONSTRUCTION FEATURE.*

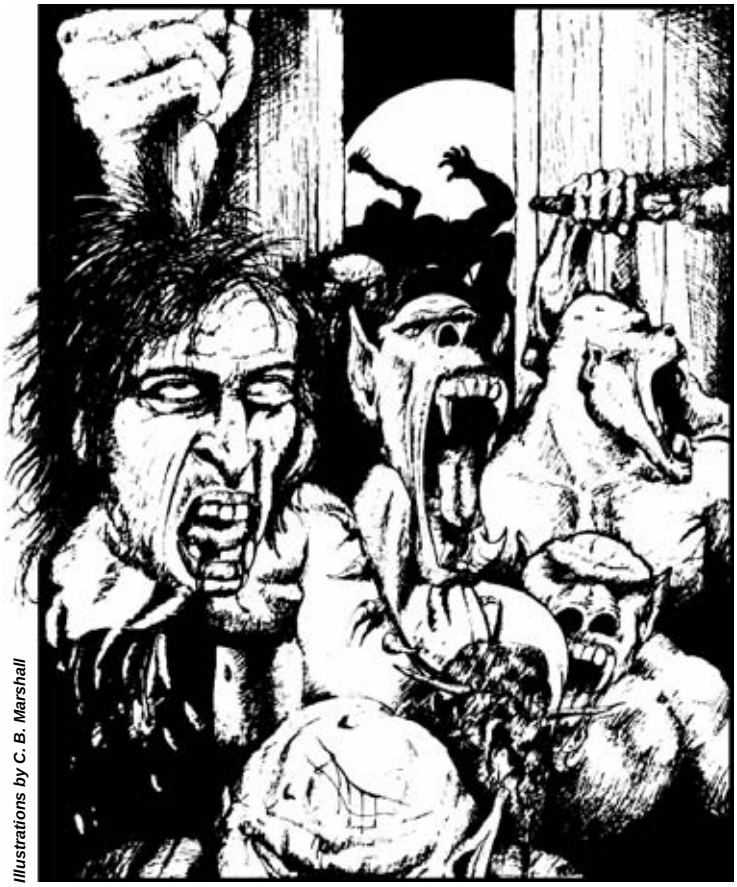

Illustrations by C. B. Marshall

KNOCKOUT

Your head aches when you wake up – subtract 1 point from your SKILL for the next combat only. Roll one die:

1–2 You have been **robbed**. All your possessions are gone – even your weapon (subtract 2 points from your SKILL until you find another one. The only consolation is that you're still alive – the thief must have thought you were dead.

3–4 Something is **attacking** you! Roll one die to see what it is:
- 1 Giant Rat
- 2 Rock Grub
- 3 Giant Spider
- 4 Giant Centipede
- 5 2 Grannits; fight them both at the same time, using the normal procedure.
- 6 Iron Eater; *Test your Luck.* If you are unlucky, it has already eaten your weapon – subtract 3 points from your SKILL until you find another one.

5 You are **lost**. You don't know how you got here, but you don't recognise your surroundings at all. Start on a new part of your map, and turn to *GENERAL* to see where you are.

6 You have been **captured**. You wake up in a cell. All your possessions are gone, including your weapon. There is a single guard outside; roll one die to see what it is:

1 Orc	4 Ogre
2 Hobgoblin	5 Gark
3 Goblin	6 Doragar

There is a stool in the cell. You pick it up and stand behind the door, waiting for the guard to come in. Eventually it does, and you hit it as hard as you can. *Test your Luck.* If you are lucky, the guard is knocked out – you can take its weapon and leave. Turn to *GENERAL* to see where you are once you leave the cell. If you are unlucky, the guard loses 2 STAMINA points, but is not knocked out. You must fight it to the death. The stool is not much of a weapon – subtract 1 point from your SKILL. If you win, you can take its weapon and leave. Turn to *GENERAL* to see where you are once you leave the cell.

MAGIC

You have triggered a magical effect; roll one die:

1 **Fireball**. Roll one die to see how many STAMINA points you lose. You can halve this amount if you successfully *Test your Luck.*

2 **Weakness**. A sickly green light engulfs you, and you can feel it sucking your strength away. Lose 2 SKILL points. You can halve this amount if you successfully *Test your Luck.*

3 **Curse**. Letters of fire appear on the wall, pronouncing your doom. Lose 2 LUCK points. You can halve this amount if you successfully *Test your Luck.*

4 **Teleport**. The area around you suddenly changes – you have been magically transported to another area. Turn to *GENERAL* to see where you are.

5 **Theft**. Your pack vanishes, with everything that was in it. Cross these items off your *Adventure Sheet*.

6 **Wilt**. The blade of your sword suddenly goes limp, like a piece of string. It's no use as a weapon now – subtract 3 points from your SKILL until you find another weapon.

PASSAGE

You are in a passage.

Dimensions – roll two dice and add 3. This is the **width** of the passage in feet. Now roll two dice and add 1. This is the **height** of the passage in feet.

If the passage is 3 feet high, you must *crawl* – subtract 3 points from your SKILL while in the passage, because of the cramped conditions. Any monsters you meet in the passage will suffer a similar penalty unless they are under 3 feet tall.

If the passage is 4–5 feet high, you must *stoop* to move along it – subtract 2 points from your SKILL while in the passage. Any monsters you meet will have a similar penalty unless they are under 4 feet tall.

If the passage is 6–7 feet high, you can *walk upright*, but the ceiling is still too low for you to fight effectively – subtract 1 point from your SKILL while fighting in the passage. Any monsters you meet will suffer from a similar penalty unless they are under 5 feet tall.

If the passage is more than 7 feet high, there are no penalties.

Length – roll one die and multiply the result by 10. This is how far the passage continues, in feet.

Route – roll one die and consult the following table:

1 **Continues straight** without any special features; roll for *length* again, then come back to this table.

2 **Turns**; roll one die:
1–3: Left 4–6: Right
If you go round the corner, start again from the top of this section.

3 **Side Passage**; roll one die:
1–3: Left 4-6: Right
If you look down the side passage, use this section to discover what it is like.

4 **Junction**; roll one die:
1–2: T-junction 5–6: Fork
3–4: Crossroads
Use this section to discover what each of the new passages is like.

5 **Door**; roll one die:
1–2: In left wall 5–6: Ahead
3–4: In right wall
If you examine the door, turn to *DOOR*.

6 Roll one die. If the result is 1–5, roll on this table again. If the result is 6, turn to *FEATURES.*

THE ARCANE ARCHIVE

New acquisitions in the Warlock's Library, reviewed by Paul Cockburn

Now look, Warlock. This really is the limit. I've put up with sharing an office in your great tower with a troll who never washes and who has warts and all, and who always thinks he knows more about these gamebooks than I do, but I draw the line at actually having to play through the books with him. He cheats, he eats the dice and he steals my pencil. I won't have it.

Sorry readers, you weren't meant to hear that. It's just that I'm very upset. You would be too if you had to spend all morning playing the new Fighting Fantasy Two-Player adventures with a Troll. Just thinking about it makes me go all shivery. Pity, because they're pretty neat books, as you'll soon see . . .

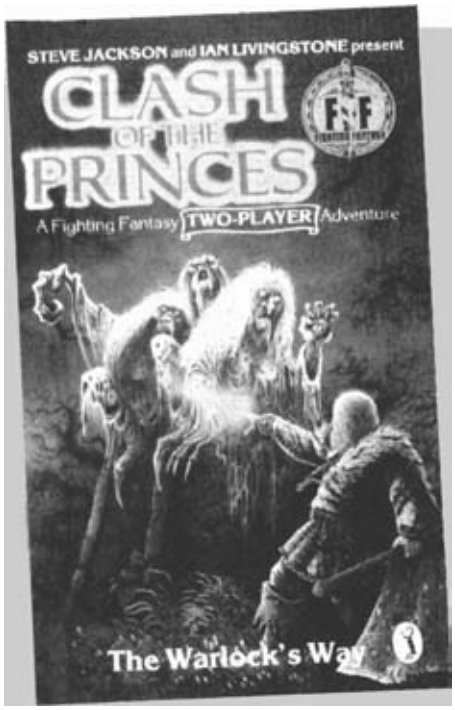

Clash of the Princes
(The Warlock's Way
& The Warrior's Way)
Andrew Chapman
Puffin
£3.50 for both books

Now's your chance to pit your wits against your best friends! With this two-book set, you compete for the great prize, the Kingdom of Gundobad! One player is Warrior-Prince Clovis, and the other is Lothar, Warlock-Prince. These are the two sons of Gunderbock XVI, the current King, and both are his potential heirs. Tradition says that all the children of the King compete to become heir by going off to find one of the Sacred Gems which were scattered when the Ice Demons sacked the city. Right now, that means Clovis and Lothar.

Each player has a separate book, which works more or less like any other Fighting Fantasy Book. The normal rules for SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK are used, and the books appear to be traditional paragraph books. The difference is that you can decide how far you will cooperate with your brother; a clever little mechanism ties the two books together, and there will be times when your brother will do something which will completely change the adventure for you.

This is all achieved by a device whereby you record numbers on a piece of paper divided into two columns. Each column will carry a number, and that number will help make some of the routing decisions when choices are offered. That way, you will always know what your brother is doing, even if you don't know what your brother is doing, if you know what I mean.

You can choose to begin the adventure cooperating with your brother – it's a long, dangerous adventure, after all. But you can easily be separated, and then you will each read paragraphs one at a time, until you get to a point where you are asked about the numbers on that bit of paper. This means that you have reached a time when what your brother is doing might affect you. The books mesh together really well, and each covers things that the other misses; thus, while Clovis is lying helpless upon the ground, attacked by a giant moth, Lothar's book allows the mage to cast a spell against the creature.

All sounds pretty good, yes? The only problem as I can see it is that the book falls into the old trap of sometimes making choices for the reader. Suddenly, Lothar decides to go for a wander around, and falls down a pit. You will also find yourself being robbed of all your gold and provisions pretty regularly. It gets a bit dull sometimes.

Of course, sooner or later you are bound to have to face up to your brother, since only one of you can bring the gem back to Gundobad. It's an exciting adventure, and deciding just when to strike out on your own is going to be the real trick.

OK, Derek, get off to the slimy bath in the corner, and let me get on with the other books.

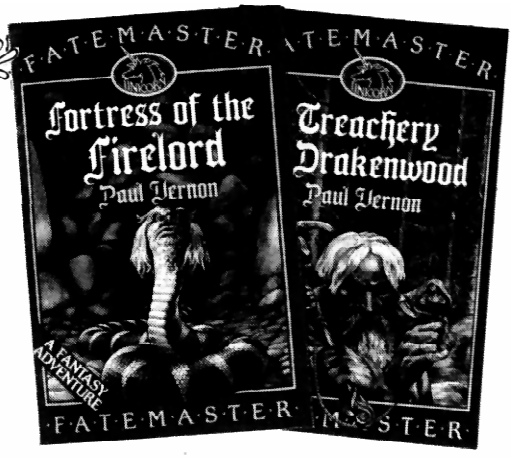

Treachery in Drakenwood
Fortress of the Firelord
Paul Vernon
Unwin
£2.95 each

If you're D&D fans as well, you might have heard of Paul Vernon, because he writes lots of material for magazines like the amazin', mega-brill *White Dwarf* (*ahem, Cockburn, I said no plugs for that scum-ridden rag you edit; prepare to know the real meaning of pain – The Warlock*). Gulp! Sorry, oh great Warlock. Anyway, now Paul's written the first two of a new series of solo gamebooks, which owe a lot to the ideas and conventions of roleplaying. In fact, this is the closest thing I've seen to D&D in gamebook form. In the end, though, you'll have to decide whether this is a good thing or not.

The basic premise is that you can go anywhere, or do anything in a FateMaster book. The paragraph system allows you to back-track, which means you can re-visit locations looking for clues or treasure, or you can try out another route when you realise that your first choice was a wrong 'un. This means you aren't steered along a particular route after making one choice, but

you can – if you survive – explore all the alternatives.

The price you pay for this is that you get a book which you can't always just read to get the picture of what your hero can see and do. For instance, if you go into a room with a monster and kill it, go away but then come back later, you'd expect to be able to see a room with a dead monster on the floor. Instead, these books rely on you keeping a map record of where you have been, and then use you common sense, because when you go back to the room you will re-read the paragraph that says the monster is in the room and would you like to fight it . . . Derek kept saying how trolls were the only creatures that could regenerate and that he'd been through this crossroads umpteen times and there was always a bloodbug dropping on him off the ceiling, and he was flippin' fed up of it. I think I see his point.

The stories are pretty good. In Book One, the Lady Arowen has been kidnapped, and her powerful father is threatening to tear the continent apart with his army unless she is returned. So, you need to get on with things pretty quick, or you might be on the sharp end of an entire army. In Book Two, you run up against the Firelord, a pretty merciless sort of ruler, and you must overthrow him. Powerful stuff.

If you are prepared to accept that you need to be a bit more careful with these books, then they are going to provide a lot of good fun. If they don't always work perfectly, it's because they are trying to hard to be flexible. I'd forgive them for that, and just get on with rampaging through dark dungeons and the palace of the Firelord.

Castle Death
Joe Dever &
Gary Chalk
Beaver
£1.95 each

Gosh – Book 7, already! And still you are the last Kai Master of Sommerlund, trying to restore the Kai to their former glory. You must be potty. Nobody cares, everyone's trying to kill you or eat you or remove bits of you from the other bits. If only you hadn't made that silly vow.

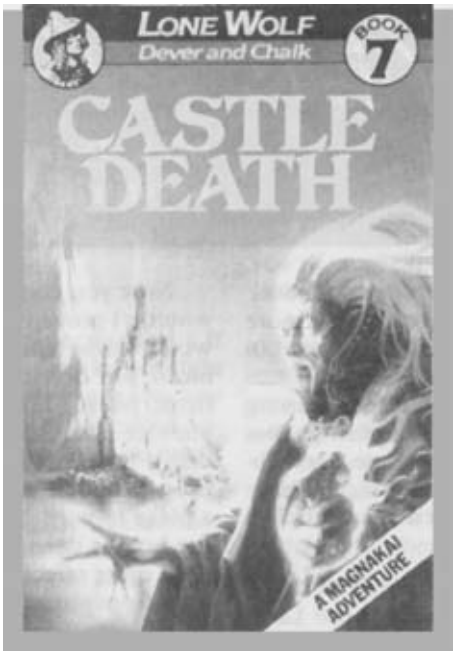

The real fun of the Lone Wolf books is that all of them tie together into this epic quest to make the Kai Masters strong again. After the first few, this has revolved around Lone Wolf attempting to master the various Disciplines of the Kai through finding the Lorestones of Nyxator. You've found one already, and now you know where the second is, a place called Herdos, dominated by Kazan-Oud – Castle Death. There are people who will help you get there, but no-one else is prepared to venture inside. And who can blame them?

There are many horrors awaiting you in the Castle, and you will find that your choice of Kai disciplines will be stretched to the limit. One or two allies can be found within the adventure, but most of the rest of the place is crawling with the sort of people even Derek finds it hard to get on with.

Madame Guillotine
Simon Farrell & Jon Sutherland
Dragon
£1.95 each

History with a difference, eh? This new book series gives you the chance to take part in some of the great events of history, and to mess them about horribly. This first title takes you back to 1789, when all is not well in France. Harvests are failing, the King is an incompetent administrator surrounded by useless assistants, and there is a feeling of unrest in the air. You are Phillippe d'Auvergne, son of one of the landed nobility; you are also an officer in the 41st Regiment of Foot. This doesn't make you an unswerving supporter of the King, however. You can see that many people are very unhappy with the way things are for France, and so, as the adventure begins and you are marching towards a disturbance in Paris at the head of your troops, you have many things on your mind . . .

Derek and I played through this book in completely different ways, as usual. He thinks Kings are real sissies who take baths all the time and he wanted to be part of the revolution. Me, I had a whole regiment of loyal men and lots of muskets, so I went for shooting the peasants. Either way, you can get a real insight into what it must have been like for the people who were actually involved at the time. Being a nobleman was not a wonderful thing, and it seems sometimes as if you are bound to fall in the end. In the end, you will probably only survive if you flee France, and wait for old Boney to come and shake everything up again. Eh – what's that, Derek? OI' Boney the Skeleton? No, not him, you dope . . . Some people need all the history they can get.

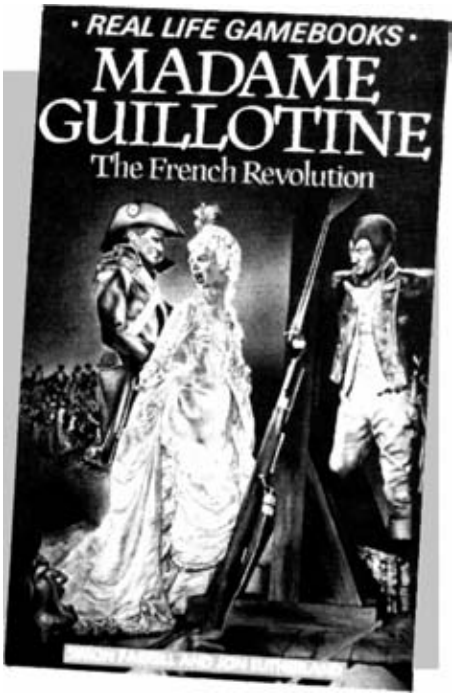

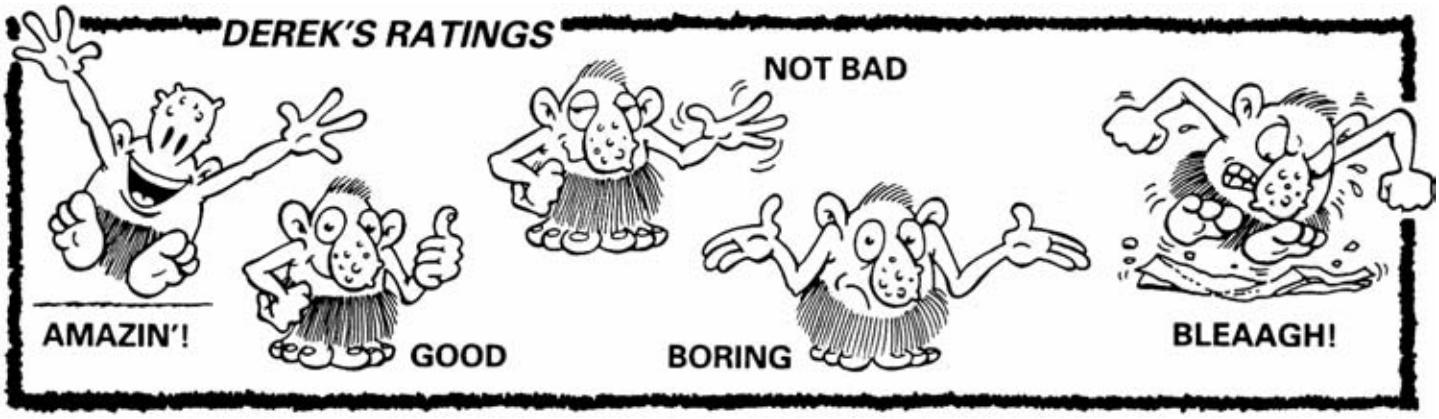

PAINT YER DRAGON!

Rick Priestley delves deep into the mysteries of ... body-swapping? Gulp!

The Warlock has once more dragged me from my nice, warm garbage pile and commanded that I reveal more hard-won and closely guarded modelling secrets to *Warlock* readers. I hope you lot appreciate it, for not only was I fast asleep, but I was also getting into this really promising nightmare involving an elf maiden and a bucket of frogs. But enough of that and on with the nitty-gritty. Last time I described the basic tools you need as an initiate modeller; this time I'm going to show how these tools can be used to accomplish some basic miniature magic – conversions!

So what's a conversion then, I hear you ask? Well if you don't keep reading you'll never find out, so read on! Large as Citadel's range of models is, it's never easy to find the perfect representation of your favourite character. Often you can find something that's close to how you imagine your adventurer to he, but there is always some detail not quite right: wrong headgear, wrong weapon, etc. But, with a little chopping and changing, it is possible to convert a model so it is exactly what you want – not only that but you'll also have a unique figure for your collection (people will ask where you got it!). A conversion can be as drastic as you like, and can involve heavy rebuilding using modelling putty. The very easiest conversions are simple `swaps', in which heads, limbs or other features from one model are swapped for those of another. How is it done? Read on . . .

THE PHANTOM HEAD SWAP!

This is a very easy swap in which a new head is transplanted onto a model's body. Firstly take your basic model – one which suits your purposes, but whose head you don't much care for. Then find a head! This can come from another model – perhaps an old model that you don't want anymore or which is broken. Remember, this new head must look reasonably compatible with the body, so choose your components carefully. Remove the heads from both models using either your saw or scalpel. (Be careful here, as always, that you don't cut yourself. Knives and saws can be dangerous if you don't think about what you are doing.) Make the cut as low down to the shoulders as you can, but leave any collar or clothing on the body.

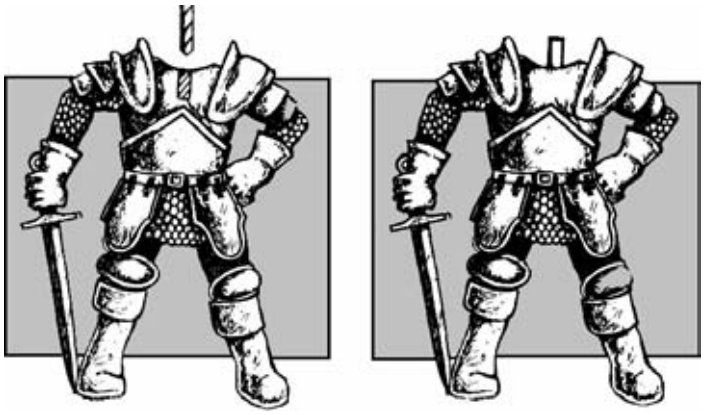

Now you could just glue the new head in place – but this wouldn't prove very satisfactory: sooner or later the two bits would come apart. So, to overcome this problem, insert a metal `pin' between the two pieces. This is not especially difficult, but requires a modicum of care – be patient! Take your pin-vice (as described last ish – a simple hand-held drill) and drill a hole into the model's body where the neck was. The hole should be about 4-5mm deep and large enough to take a piece of wire. Now cut a piece of wire slightly longer than the hole is deep. Any stiff wire will do – paper clips can be used quite effectively; you can buy copper wire in assorted sizes from your hobby store. Mix a little epoxy-glue (Araldite or whatever) and fix the wire into the body so that a few millimetres stick out. Put the whole thing aside to dry; if you use the fast-setting epoxy glue this will take only a few minutes. You can sit down and drink a cup of tea, swat a few flies or have a good scratch while you wait.

The head will have to be drilled in a similar way to the body, drilling up through the neck. This can be a bit fiddly, as the whole head is probably only about 3-4mm long, and you want a reasonably deep hole to give you a firm bond. If you have access to one, it might be better to hold the head in a vice; if not a pair of pliers and a firm grip should do, but either way remember to pad the head with tissue paper to stop it being dented and marked.

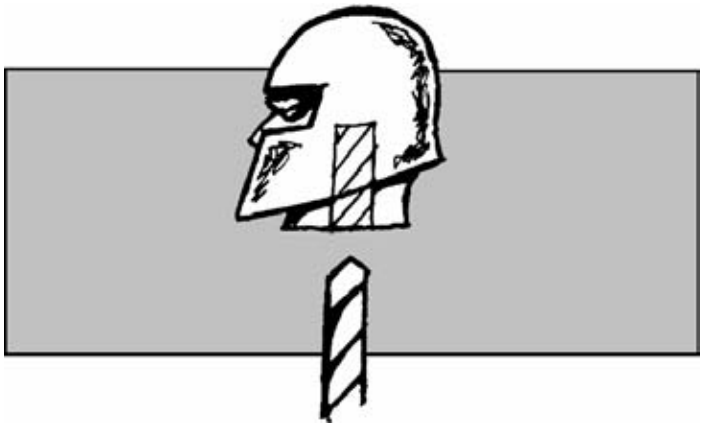

The model's neck is also likely to be quite thin, and the drill bit only a little thinner. Fake care, but don't worry if your drill accidentally goes through the top of the skull, or if one side of the neck collapses in – it won't make any difference to the end result. The angle you drill at will determine the position of the new head, so try to think about this before you make the hole. Once this is done you can test the fit of the pieces. The chances are that some adjustment will be necessary; you may have to trim the length of wire with pliers, or you may wish to bend it slightly to get a good angle. The new head might have a slightly too long neck, in which case you can file away some metal before gluing. Once you are satisfied, glue the new head in place and allow the whole lot to dry.

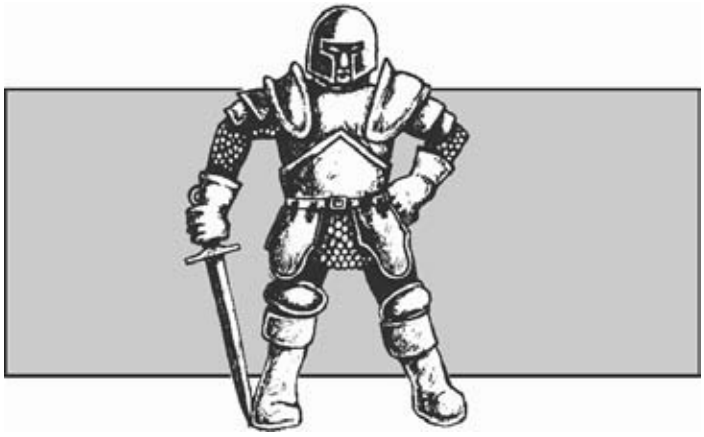

Your new model is now complete! Simple, wasn't it? If there is a bit of a gap between the pieces, this can be put right with modelling putty, such as Milliput; the same goes for any holes in the head you might have created by over-zealous application of the pin-vice. If the model has long hair you might like to extend the hair over the collar too.

When using Milliput, you should **thoroughly** mix the two parts together, and then let the mixture 'go off' a bit. When freshly mixed, Milliput is too sticky to use, but as it sets it becomes less sticky and easier to work. A good trick is to mix a little talcum powder in with the mixture, as this makes it dryer and less messy. Once it has reached a suitable consistency make little sausages or balls, and apply to the model. Form the putty into shape using the flat of your scalpel blade, removing any excess as you go along. Hair and other detail can then be worked in with the scalpel point. Milliput can be smoothed whilst wet with fingers, a brush or any suitable modelling tool.

TORSO SWOPS AND OTHER HORROR

If you can swap a model's head you can swap just about anything – the method remains the same. Whenever I convert figures I never throw anything away, but always keep the bits left over for use in future conversions. If you maintain a 'bits box' like this you'll always have a source of potential conversions. Possibly the largest conversion you can do on an ordinary foot figure is a torso swap – the head and upper-body of one figure being transplanted onto the legs and lower body of another.

This is done as follows. Take your two models and separate them at the waist using a saw. Where exactly you make the cut depends on the models – but I find it helps to leave belts on the upper-half. That way the join is below the belt and conveniently out of sight. Pouches, sword belts and other items may have to be removed altogether. Clean up the two cut surfaces with your files, as discussed last issue, and try to position the two halves more-or-less how you want them. One of the nice things about swapping torsos is that you can create super-dynamic poses, with the body and legs at right angles to each other. You'll never see a model like this in the shops because it is impossible to mould such a figure – that's why models are made in fairly 'flat' positions.

Once you are happy with the general fit, drill and pin the halves together in the same way as for the head swap. Because the pieces are larger they are easier to handle too. Clean up any areas from which you have removed knives, scabbards, etc. If you carefully remove such items whole, you can glue them back again once the swap is complete. Alternatively you can model new items out of Milliput – although this requires a little skill and practice.

If one or both of your donor halves is wearing a cloak this makes the job a bit more tricky – and recommended only once you're more experienced. In other words, try something easier first. If the upper half has a cloak and the lower does not, it is a simple matter of using milliput to extend the cloak downwards, and this will also help cover the join of the model at the back. If both halves have cloaks you will have to remove most of the cloak from the lower half before you can re-model over it – an arduous task I must warn you! Remodelling the upper part of a cloak it not recommended – the folds around the shoulders are quite difficult, and you will have to do clasp detail too. Also the model is most visible from above, so this is the area where any mistakes will show up most.

Futuristic adventurer converted from a wizard (top) and thief (bottom). The cloak was extended using millipu to cover the bottom half, while the gun and sword were made from wire and milliput. Can you spot the join!

However, a cloak is a good way of hiding most of the join on a torso swap, so why not have a go? You could always experiment with an unwanted figure first. Don't just make up cloak detail as you go along, though – get someone to model for you and copy what you see (cloaks being hard to come by, sheets or blankets will do). You may get a few funny comments, but at least your figure will look better. Take a good look at the cloaks on other models too. If modelling cloaks in milliput doesn't appeal to you there is always metal foil (flattened-out metal toothpaste, paint and tomato puree tubes are ideal for this). Foil can also be used to make banners and standards, a subject I may spend more time discussing in a few issue's time.

And there you have it. There is one final word of warning we must add, however. Don't go around telling your friends that you've been sawing the heads off people and cutting bodies up, or they'll think you're a complete and utter loony. We cannot be held responsible for the reaction if you tell your grannie what you've been doing either. Next issue I'll reveal even more arcane knowledge from the forbidden tracts of modellers, if the sadistic old Warlock hasn't tried his own conversions out on me again.

If you enjoy miniatures and modelling you should take a peek at the latest Citadel Journal, which is full of tips on painting and modelling together with colour photos of the latest miniatures releases and lists of the complete range of Citadel Miniatures. Ask for a copy in your local games shop.

DEREK the TROLL falls in love
BY LEW STRINGER
BLUSH
One day young Derek was in the forest where Trolls are oft to roam...
...when he beheld a pretty maid and gave a little moan...
CORRRR!! WOTTA SMASHER!
He ran at once to tell the girl how much that he adored her...
GIZZA KISS, DARLIN'!
...but her response was swift and sharp and couldn't have been broader...
NAFF OFF!
"What could have put her off?" he mused, as he sat and had a think...
"My nose? My ears? My hair? My boils? – or perhaps it was the stink?"
Later that day, the girl did smile, at a tall man strongly built...
"It's me!" said Derek, "In disguise – and standin' on a stilt!"
So shocked was she, the girl stepped back, and plunged into the well...
EEEEKKKA!!
"Next time," said Derek, "I'll be MYSELF and find another gal!"
SPLOSH!
©LEW STRINGER 1986

THE R.A.T.S. ARE HERE

ROBOT·ANTI·TERROR·SQUAD

They're fierce. They're mean. They'll take on anybody . . . anything! And now you can win one!

The Warlock has always been fascinated by those marvellous Zoids creatures – in fact his throne-room is full of the things, all whirring and clanking about like demented dinosaurs. So when he heard that Tomy were launching a new range called R.A.T.S. – their special Robot Anti Terror Squad – he just had to get his hands on some! Being a kindly old soul, though, he has decided in his wisdom to give you lesser mortals a chance to win some R.A.T.S. too.

The Prizes

The R.A.T.S. are the latest addition to Tomy's best-selling range of futuristic war-robots. Built to defend the Earth from hostile hordes of alien robots, they are massive war-machines, equipped with an awesome array of weapons and programmed to seek out and destroy their enemies.

There are six different R.A.T.S. machines, including Starshooter – a deadly disc-firing war-machine; Grapplor – who can crush lesser machines in its powerful jaws; and TBird – the skyborne devastator! Alongside them are the Battle-R.A.TS. – massive battle-robots which fight at the controls of their R.A.T.S. or on foot. There are four different Battle-R.A.TS., which means there are ten superb prizes for you to win!! What do you have to do? Firstly, Earthling, read this . . .

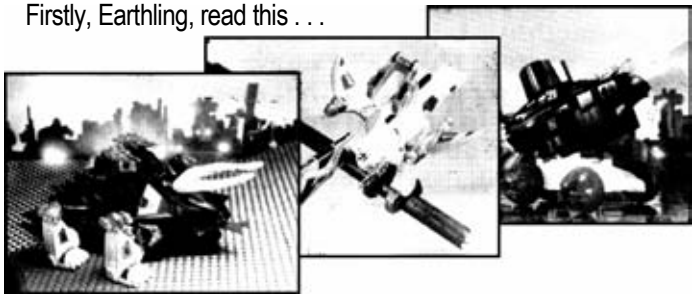

Captain Heller's spaceship from Earth, *The Celeste*, had crashed on Planet Zoidstar where the fearsome Zoids struggled in the war to end all wars. The Zoids were titanic metal fighting machines, originally built by the Zoidarvan race. Each was controlled by an android – a humanoid robot capable of battling long after a flesh and blood pilot would have met his death. There are two sides in the Zoid War: the Red Zoid camp, led by Redhorn the Terrible and recently joined by the traitorous Mammoth the Destroyer; and the Blues who were commanded by Zoidzilla, newly allied with Gore, Lord Protector. And in the middle were the humans, defended by the Namer.

The men from Earth had captured a Spider, and were using it to defend themselves. Griff, the Captain's son, had destroyed a Hellrunner and other Reds, and then infiltrated a meeting summoned by Redhorn. Griff's bewildered eyes ran over the vast and awesome array of Zoids: there were Tarantulon and Terrared the defectors; in the air a Z-Ray flew chased by Zark; and at the council for the first time were Zaton and Zunder. There were even a Slime Zoid and a Hydra Zoid, and legions of Tank and Serpent Powerzoids! Griff began to think it was time he left before being spotted, when there was a shriek overhead and immense wings blotted out the sun. It was Krark, the Prince of Darkness. the ultimate mute (his father, Captain Silverman's word for 'mutant'). A vast airborne devil with hugh snapping jaws, Krark defied both sides in the war.

Meanwhile, Carradine and Boston, two escapees from the ship were spying on a smaller gathering of Blue Zoids nearby. Giant Zrk was instructing a Kroc, a Trooperzoid and a Scorpozoid in the use of the new secret weapon, the Ultra-Gun, demonstrating its power by showing the remains of a Gorgon and a Terrazoid which it has blasted earlier. Suddenly, without warning, there was a terrible roar! As they looked up they saw Gore and Zoidzilla rushing for the entrance of the Blue Zoid factory caverns. Too late! Before they could get there, a tremendous explosion rocked the ground and a bomb sealed the portal. When the men felt the shock waves, they leapt with excitement and patted one of their number on the back, for this was the first strike against the Zoids as a third force entered the war – Mankind! But who is the courageous man who planted the bomb?

The Secret Grid

In the grid are hidden names and words to do with the Zoids, all taken from the story you have just read. They are written up, down, side-to-side and even diagonally. All you have to do is find all 40 words, and strike them through on the grid. This will leave you with a number of unused letters. If you take all these letters and put them together you will find the name of the hero who planted the bomb!

Send his name to us (don't send the whole grid), and if your name is pulled out of the hat you will win one of the fabulous new R.A.T.S. from Tomy. You should send all your entries to this address:

R.A.T.S. Competition,
Warlock Magazine,
Games Workshop Design Studio,
Enfield Chambers, 16–18 Low Pavement,
Nottingham, NG1 7DL

The closing date for this competition is **Monday, 1st September**, and you should remember to include your name, age and full address. Get your thinking helmets on, Zoids fans, and may the best creature win . . .

D	E	U	C	O	T	R	O	O	P	E	R	Z	O	I	D
I	M	L	M	T	N	E	P	R	E	S	O	U	K	M	H
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Z	L	R	T	R	K	R	A	Z	D	G	D	D	A	N	O
O	S	A	N	D	D	E	E	Z	R	I	O	E	T	T	M
P	Z	G	O	A	B	P	I	D	O	K	L	R	N	E	M
R	O	U	L	L	M	L	R	Z	I	I	K	O	E	R	A
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C	D	E	T	A	I	E	R	E	T	R	S	L	A	A	V
S	S	E	N	K	R	A	D	F	O	E	C	N	I	R	P
E	T	E	A	Z	R	A	Y	G	B	D	C	O	R	E	K
N	A	Y	R	A	D	I	O	Z	O	H	M	T	R	D	S
M	R	R	A	R	D	Y	H	A	R	O	N	U	O	K	W
D	E	A	T	H	D	I	O	Z	A	R	R	E	T	R	A
B	M	O	B	H	E	L	L	R	U	N	N	E	R	E	J

As my old mother used to say to me, "Lockie", she'd say, "if you want something doing properly, don't give it to a smelly troll with movable spots!" This issue I have decided to take her advice, and handle the letters myself. That smelly troll, Derek, has been sent off with an axe in his ear (well, he had a flea in it already) and the postbag is mine all mine. Let's see what rubbish that troll has left behind him . . . aha! *A* letter from a typical *Warlock* reader.

Dear Warlock,

"It's about flippin' time!" I think to myself as I grapple with the proprietor of my local Scrolls & Scriptures newsagents over the price of one measly copy of the tenth *Warlock*. We finally settle a price of 1 gold coin (he values his life) and I mount my trusty slime beast and set off home.

I reach my humble abode and make a quick snack of troll spleen omelette, washed down with a tankard of ogre blood. I sit down in my skull-encrusted armchair and fill my 3 clay pipes with a wad of powdered troll bone. I warm myself in front of my log fire, slowly unwinding after the rigours of the day. I reach over to where my *Warlock* is lying, and take hold of it with my warty claw. I prize open its now mucus-encrusted pages, and glance at the Contents page.

AAAUUURRGH!?!?!!

No *Omens & Auguries*! No Jamie Thomson cynical humour to lighten my evenings! Well look ye here Warlock, I think most of the beings which read this nag agree that you had better levitate Thomson out of whatever scum-pit you've tossed him into – or else!

Yours fetidly,
Alex the Demonspawn,
Lenchwick nr Evesham.

● **How dare you threaten me! You young Demonspawn are all the same. You learn how to hold a pen in your claws and there's no stopping you. That miserable worm Thomson, or Slugface as we call him, was absent from last issue's contents simply because the slob was too lazy to get his column in on time. Of course, we tried the usual things to persuade him – ground glass in his underwear, kidnapping his goat, that sort of thing – but he just would not finish his column and send it in, so no JT in *Warlock 10*. And if he keeps this up there'll be no JT permanently . . . Pah! What does this creeping little goblin want?**

Dear Marvellous Warlock,

Whilst glancing at *Derek's Kwill* in *Warlock 10* (*Don't ask me to read it again! Please! – The Warlock*), my eye was drawn to the Yours Sinecrelys at the end of each letter. Instead of the normal Yours Sincerely they had 'Yours Trollishiy' or 'Yours Violently'. I then had the brilliant idea of making a competition for the best Yours Sincerclys for you next issue. Here is my own nomination for a prize,

Yours if you want me,
Nicholas Berry,
Thetford.

● **Well I'm sorry Nicholas, but I'm afraid we don't want you, if it's all the same to you. The last thing we need is a spotty little brainbox with clever ideas cluttering up the place. Oh alright then, I'll give a copy of *Maelstrom* to the best Yours Sincerely I receive for the next issue – though it must be attached to a proper letter.**

All this will really annoy young Martin Jose of Truro, though, as he would have won the competition had we been running it this month. He signed off a letter of complaint about Derek's spelling with the words 'Yours Oxford Dictionarily' which I thought was so brilliant I could have thought of it myself! Tough luck, Martin. Actually, I always find the PSes which people add the most interesting parts of their letters. As an example, take this letter from Graeme Down, from Maidstone:

P.S. I am out of spider food. Please could you send me 10 tins of Jamie Thomson, without the tentacles.

● **That's the sort of letter I like to read. And yes, Graeme, I think we will be able to arrange that for you if he doesn't deliver this month's column on time again . . . Here's another one, from Arta Kean of nowhere in particular:**

P.S. I am a female and hooked on FF. Is this odd?

● **Of course it's not odd. In fact, from the comments coming from the typing pits it seems our slavering editorial goblins would like to hear from more of our female readers, though I think their request for photos, measurements and phone numbers is going a bit far! Seriously, though, it doesn't matter what you are – you could even be green with pink boils and three heads like Jamie Thomson – as long as you enjoy reading and playing gamebooks and other games. I mean, you could even be as warped as the writer of this next letter . . . though I hope you are not!**

Deere Werlorc,

Eye tinc ewe shood teech Deric tha Trolle ay lassin buy foursing hym two haff ay barf. Eye wernt two sea tha trater surfar fore spilling sum words corectlee wen hoe annsered tha mayle. Whe troles shoodent doo eniting rite.

Yors trolelee,
Borgrole tha trole.

● **Well, there you have it! Reading *Warlock* can damage your health. Mind you, so can reading Virgin Real-Life Gamebooks. Here's the winner of Paul Cockburn's impromptu competition from last issue.**

Dear Warlock (grovel, grovel),

Help! I need those books fast! I've got six trolls running loose in my designer torture chamber and I can't control them. (Actually, they're not true trolls. They're a cross between gremlins and trolls, and are much more ill-mannered and badly behaved than Derek.)

I used to control them with threats – but now they're immune to those horrors Zork and Choose Your Own Adventure which I'd threaten to read to them. Now I need something really grotesque and horrible to calm them. Hurry up please! Jimmy, what are you doing with those head crushers?! No! Stop! Aaaagh!

Yours bleedingly,
Sir Matt the Marauder
(c/o Paul Wainwright, Cumbria)

● **Many thanks for all your entries on this; and thanks especially to Paul, sorry, Sir Matt, for his winning entry. Your ghastly Virgin Gamebooks will be despatched to you in a lead-lined container very soon. I just hope they arrive in time. Let's move on to happier things – such as completely unashamed praise for this most wonderful of all magazines.**

Dear Warlock & Derek,

I have read many fantasy magazines, but Warlock tops the lot. I enjoy the solo adventure and reading Warlock's Quill. (*But of course! – The Warlock.*) The same goes for Derek because his cartoon strips are very comical (bad luck on his being kicked out of the Army). But I would like to see something on Dungeons & Dragons because I am thinking about playing the game.

Overall I give *Warlock* 11 out of 10 (not sure where the extra mark came from), for it's a superb magazine.

Yours whatever,
Darren Nicolaou,
Margate.

● **Thank you for your very kind words, though they are all perfectly true. Warlock IS the best fantasy magazine around, no question about it. Since you seem so nice, I can let you into a little secret. Don't tell anyone, but the very next issue of Warlock will feature an article introducing the**

whole concept of rolegames, and the Dungeons & Dragons game in particular. It seems that so many of our readers are intrigued by the game, and many feel ready to move on to its slightly harder rules – so we thought we'd better tell you all about it! And what's more, in following issues we will be looking at other introductory rolegames, and boardgames too. Aren't I good to you? You see, I'm not the hard-hearted old skinflint you all thought I was.

On the other hand, though, no matter how hard I try it seems I can't please everyone . . .

Dear Warlock,

Why is there no colour poster in your magazine. Will you put one in please, or my master will cast a freeze spell on you!

Yours hopefully,
Darren Feller,
Anlaby, Hull.

● **Well, young Darren (he says, adopting his kindly but patronising letter-answering voice) the reason we don't put colour posters in the middle of *Warlock* at the moment is one of cost. If we were to include a pull-out poster for you, there'd be no Arcane Archive, Omens & Auguries or Derek The Troll, as we couldn't afford both without putting the price up – and you wouldn't want that, now would you? Take a look at other fantasy magazines which do give away posters (mentioning no names, but Its initial is P for Pathetic) and you'll see that all you get is a measly adventure – and not a very good one at that.**

However, since we have started to slip a little colour into the magazine, and now that we have lots of pull-out games and things planned, we should probably consider the insertion of colour posters rather more seriously. I will consult with some of my lesser art minions, and see what they can come up with. Can't promise anything, of course, but once the soon-to-be legendary Issue 13 is out of the way we may be able to do something.

Dear Warlock,

Please help me, I'm in great despair! I try and try to create a decent fantasy picture with real-looking and clear colours, and with perfect shading. Although I don't expect wonders at twelve, I find my reasonably good equipment useless at such a task, wondering what paper and equipment to use. I get good marks in Art at school as well!

So please could you try to squeeze an extra sheet of print between the covers which explains how to set the picture out, the colours and paper to use and how to use them properly, and the effects which can be achieved (and maybe even a quick hint of the cost to put everybody off!!).

This would help me, and many other budding fantasy artists, an awful lot in trying to make a good picture worthwhile.

Yours pleadingly,
Robert Clewley,
Deal.

● **Fantasy art? Well, we didn't get much response on our feature article on John Blanche and his fantasy art last issue, so we must assume that you don't actually want to know about it. Of course, I could be wrong (me, wrong? Never!!) so if you do want to read about fantasy art, or about how someone like, say, Gary Chalk produces artwork, write in and tell us! Indeed, if you want anything special to feature in Warlock, write in and tell us all about it! This may be my magazine, but it's yours too . . .**

Dear Warlock,

I was thinking the other day. There's been Band Aid, Kids Aid, Live Aid, Sport Aid and Fashion Aid, amongst many others – so why not RPG Aid?

Yours sincerely,
Daniel Kemp,
Shrewsbury.

PS. And for all you slimy snails still stuck in the Maze of Zagor . . . *Hard Luck!!*

● **My sentiments exactly! Pah! I really cannot see how anyone can still be stuck in the Maze of Zagor after all these years. Some of our readers must have truly minute brains!**

As for RPG Aid, you will be pleased to know that there IS going to be some special gaming fund raising. Called Dragon Aid, It will consist of a lot of people playing various games for a very long time, probably in central London, near the end of July. If you want to know any more, if you want to volunteer to be sponsored, or even if you just want to send some money, you should contact Liz Holliday, Dragon Aid, 108 Twyford House, Chisley Road, London N15, as soon as possible. It is also possible that there will be other events later in the Summer, all designed to help raise money for the Band Aid Trust.

And now, some culture, from Andrew Beadnell of Cheltenham . . .

Dear Warlock,

What do you get if you cross the Lone Wolf with an Orc? *An Uruk Kai*!

What's green and screams like hell? *An Orc in a microwave*!

What's green and has difficulty turning around in dungeon corridors? *An Orc with a spear through his head*!

● **Andrew, please don't write again. You've frightened all the bats in my tower with your revolting jokes. And if anyone else thinks they're going to send in any jokes like these, let them be warned! Being a Goblin is not a lot of fun at the best of times (it's rather like being a Troll but with smellier armpits) so I'm sure none of you want to spend the summer as one. Grrr! Those excuses for humour have put me a really bad mood. I think I'm going to have to go and kill something small and furry. Derek! Come here this instant!**

Dear Warlock,

Is there any chance of getting the early issues of *Warlock* (numbers 1 to 5)? In the adverts for Back Issues in our magazine you only seem to sell the later ones. Can you help me with this?

Carol Hogarth,
Croydon.

● **The trouble with the first few issues of this most awesome of publications is that they have now sold out! It seems everyone wants to get their hands on a Warlock! So, in my most mellifluous generosity, I have decided that there should be a Best of Warlock. It is planned to feature all the choicest articles and adventures from the first seven or eight issues of this august tome, and is looking likely to appear around Christmas time. I fully expect the stockings of every gamebook fan to be bulging with a copy on Christmas morning – because if it isn't there'll be hell to pay!!**

Dear Warlock,

I have been ill just lately, and so, to relieve myself of the boredom, I decided to make a list of all the places where FF monsters live. I used the brilliant collection of creatures from *Out Of The Pit*, and started writing away. About an hour later, I finished. The following table gives a list of the top ten places, with the number of monsters next to them. The figure in brackets shows how many of the creatures are Hostile.

1.	Ruins	76 (54)
2.	Dungeons	75 (60)
3.	Caves	71 (46)
4.	Hills	58 (29)
5.	Forests	56 (19)
6.	Wilderness	47 (30)
7.	Plains	44 (16)
8.	Marshes	25 (13)
9.	Towns	23 (14)
10.	Mountains	20 (8)

Yours informingly,
Andrew Brown,
Lutterworth.

● **I am always astounded by what our readers get up to in the month when there isn't a Warlock to amaze and astound them. It just goes to show, you shouldn't really go around sticking your nose into old ruins and dungeons if you don't want to meet up with nasty horrible monsters. On the other hand, of course, the nasty monsters are always the ones with the treasure, so you always have to fight them anyway.**

For my own part, of course, I am already tremendously wealthy, so for your utterly wonderful contribution to the field of scholarly learning, Andrew, I am awarding you this month's ORB OF MERIT!! (Taran-taraa!!) Please write soon and tell us which two gamebooks you would like to receive as your prize and we will send them to you.

And finally, a brief excerpt from a very tasteful little musical item sent in by the rather worrying John Robinson of Bottesford, near Scunthorpe:

Hold a dragon in the air,
And stick Derek up your nose,
Write an FF book,
And lose a lot of LUCK
Throw the Warlock / **That's all we have space for this issue. Keep your letters coming in, as we are always pleased to read them, cook them and eat them and don't forget that the best letter will win the Orb of Merit and a pair of gamebooks of your choice. This time, when you write in could you also tell us if you play role-playing and/or boardgames, and which are your favourites, and what is your least favourite article in Warlock is (only one nomination for this please!). If you want to ask us any question and require a personal reply please enclose a S.A.E. Send all your letters to: The Warlock's Quill, Warlock Magazine, Games Workshop Design Studio, Enfield Chambers, 16-18 Low Pavement, Nottingham NG16 3HY.**

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WARLOCK

BACK ISSUES

In every walk of life there are people less fortunate than ourselves - the spotty, the smelly, the slimy! But we at *Warlock* are doing our best to help one special section of the community - *the Warlockless!*

Yes, believe it or not, there are some people out there who have missed out on a few vital back issues of our wonderful magazine. If you are in this desperate position do not despair, do not throw yourself under a bus - simply send us some money!

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Just when we'd finished moving everything up from London to Nottingham .... it's time to take it all back!

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Important Notice! *Due to fire regulations, we must limit the number of places at Games Day this year. Consequently, there may be a limit to the number of people we can admit at the door. To make sure of your ticket, write to Games Day, Games Workshop Mail Order, Chewton Street, Hill Top, Eastwood, Nottingham NG16 3HY, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.*

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HELPERS: *Games Workshop require able-bodied, intelligent and sophisticated helpers to join the Games Workshop trolls at Games Day. If you would like to help - particularly if you would like to run a demonstration game - contact Steve Baker at the address above.*

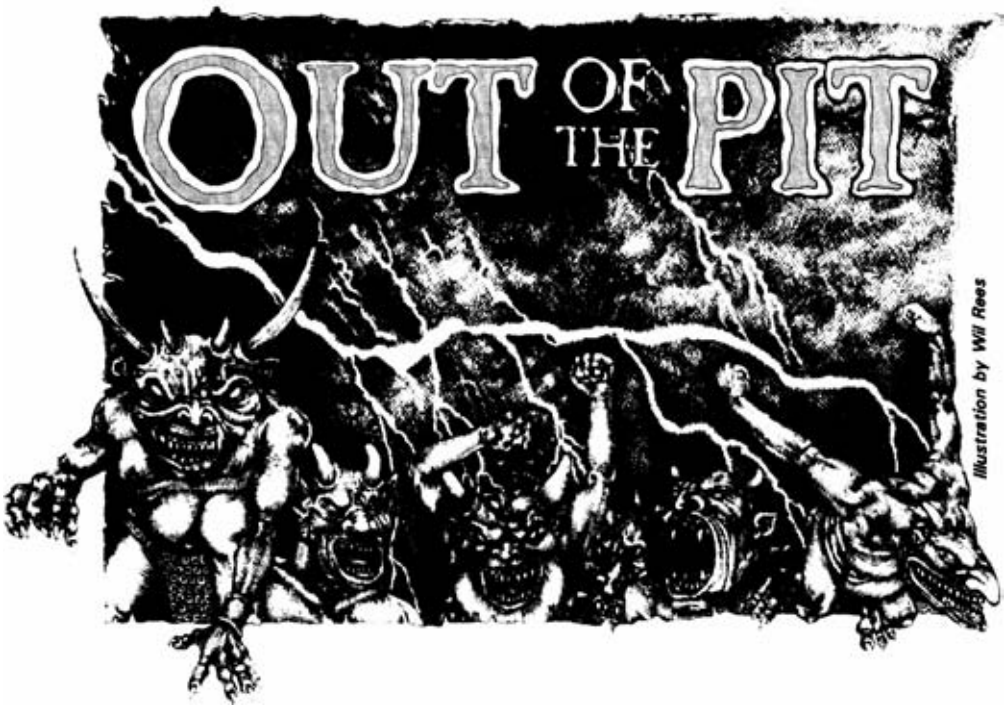

Hello and welcome to another gruesome gallery of noxious nasties suitable for the *Fighting Fantasy* game. They can also be added to the wandering monster tables in the book *Out Of the Pit*, for use with our earlier article on rolling your own random solo adventures – though if I were you I'd think twice about including some of these monstrous little horrors! (*Calm down, Gascoigne, and get on with it! – The Warlock).* Alright boss, keep your scales on! I just wanted to ask the little reptiles if they wouldn't mind sending a few more monsters in, as the pit is getting a bit empty. Since you insist, though, I shall just pull back the bolts and let this month's monsters out . . .

LIGHTNING CREATURES

by Barnaby Holmes

SKILL: 7
STAMINA: 10
Habitat: Mountains
Number Encountered: 1
Type: Elemental/humanoid
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: Average

The Lightning Creature is a shocking monster which dwells only at the storm-lashed tops of the highest mountains or on the Elemental Plane of Air, where it can rely on a continuous supply of the lightning which keeps it alive. Made up of pure elemental energy, it assumes a vaguely humanoid shape for most of the time, though it can transform itself into other shapes if need be. It is related to the Air Elementals, it is thought, and is sometimes found in their company. Storm Giants sometimes use them as guardians of their cloud-based citadels, but Lightning Creatures are most commonly found on their own.

Lightning Creatures need the power of the thunderstorm to keep them supplied with energy, and must be struck by lightning at least once a month to survive. The power of the bolt is stored in their crackling bodies, ready to be unleashed at a moment's notice. Because of this, fighting a Lightning Creature can prove to be very perilous. If you hit one with your sword, or any other metal weapon, you will be electrocuted in a flash of sparks. If you score a successful hit, the creature will take one point of damage, but you will take two and your sword will be buckled and blackened, and all but useless. If the creature hits you it scores a normal 2 points of damage, except if you are wearing metal armour, in which case it causes 4 points! Throwing a weapon at the creature will require you to *Test Your Skill*, by rolling less than or equal to your SKILL score on two dice. If you succeed, the weird monster will short out, causing it 5 points of STAMINA damage, though the weapon will be lost. Similarly, throwing something like a bucket of water over it will require you to make a successful *Test Your Skill* roll again.

Some adventurers have reported encounters with a rarer type of Lightning Creature, which can also shoot brief flashes of electricity at their opponents. After the normal attack has been made, a roll of 1 or 2 on one die means the Lightning Creature has zapped its opponent for a further 2 points of electric shock damage! As you can imagine, therefore, Lightning Creatures are very dangerous opponents – should you ever meet one you'd better pray you remembered to put your leather armour and rubber boots on!

SHROUDED WANDERER

by David Picking

SKILL: 9
STAMINA: 13
Habitat: Dungeons, Caves, Ruins
Number Encountered: 1
Type: Undead
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: High

When the Demon Princes gather their undead hordes into armies to attempt another cataclysmic assault upon the Earthly Plane and the Forces for Good, they choose as their captains the Shrouded Wanderers. Always appearing as a tall, decaying skeletal figure clad in a rich but rotting shroud, a Shrouded Wanderer is a thoroughly evil being which only maintains its unliving state by virtue of its own extreme wickedness. When not called upon to lead a battalion of howling hordes from the Abyss, a Shrouded Wanderer stalks dark and dangerous places in search of victims to kill in sacrifice to his satanic masters.

A Shrouded Wanderer's unfailing hatred of all living things endows it with a tremendous strength, but it rarely ever needs to engage in close combat. When danger threatens it can summon to its aid either 2 to 7 Zombies (all SKILL 6 STAMINA 6) or 1 to 6 Ghouls (all SKILL 8 STAMINA 7, and with the usual paralysing ability, as described in detail in *Out of the Pit*). If a Shrouded Wanderer is forced into combat it will usually fight with a weapon such as a long sacrificial dagger, though on the battlefields of Chaos it will use a heavier weapon, such as a sword, which will be enchanted to cause 3 points of damage on a successful hit when used by an undead creature.

Like all the most powerful members of the undead, a Wanderer can only be harmed by silver or magical weapons, which cause the usual 2 points of damage. Normal weapons will appear to cut into the creature, but will not cause it any actual harm. The best weapon to use against a Shrouded Wanderer, however, is fire – a successful hit using a blazing torch or a vial of lantern oil will cause 4 points of damage to the creature as its deathly dry shroud and skin gets consumed by the flames. They have no fear at all of crucifixes, holy water or other blessed artefacts.

Any living being killed by one of these vile creatures does not become a member of the undead themselves, but remains dead *forever*. Even the gods cannot raise to the Happy Battleground an adventurer who has died at the skeletal hands of a Shrouded Wanderer.

COBRA PEOPLE
by Simon Hall

SKILL: 10/9/6
STAMINA: 8/6/4
Habitat: Deserts, Ruins, Wilderness
Number Encountered: 1 to 3
Type: Reptile/humanoid
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: High

Illustrations by Darren Chandler

Created by an insane caarth witch-priest to honour the satanic Demon Prince Sith, Cobra People (also known as kassistra to the caarth) are a hybrid between snakes and humans. They share many of the physical characteristics of the Serpent Guard (called justrali by their caarth masters), being leathery-skinned human-armed snakes around 3 metres in length. Their eyes are red, their fangs needle-sharp and venom-carrying. Originally bred as servants to the snake people, they have slowly managed to escape their master's rule, and now live in solitary family groups well away from civilisation, be it human or caarth. They may be warriors or priests, worshipping a wide range of greater and lesser demons, including Sith herself, Trabaten the Lord of Exenteration (a demigod servant of the repulsive demon Ishtra), Vermistra Queen of Serpents, and many more.

The scores given above for SKILL and STAMINA are for adult males, adult females, and young respectively. Both male and female share all the daily duties, though most of their priests appear to be adult females. Both sexes possess a number of special attacks which can make fighting Cobra People very dangerous. Cobra People have poisoned fangs, which they will use 3 times in 6 (roll 1 to 3 on one die) after they have scored a successful hit, to cause a further 1 to 6 points of damage, in addition to their normal 2. More importantly, though, the victims begin to stiffen, and within 6 Attack Rounds they will be completely paralysed, unless a healing potion (such as a *Potion of Stamina*) can be applied. The paralysis will last 4 to 24 hours – roll 4 dice and total their scores. Once their victims are paralysed, the Cobra People will drag them back to their encampment to eat or enslave.

With any group of Cobra People warriors, there is a 1 in 6 chance that one is a priest. Priests fight alongside the warriors, but as well as the deadly venom attack they have the power of mesmerism! This cannot be used during battle as such, for it requires the victim to be close enough to be entrapped by the brilliantly-sparkling eyes and soft, soothing hiss of the priest. Resisting the hypnotism of a Cobra People priest requires two successful *Test Your Skill* rolls. If they fail they will be all but completely under the control of the sinister priest, who can order them to do just about anything apart from killing themselves – though they can be told to kill others. They can only be freed from the grip upon the death of the priest who hypnotised them. Since the Cobra People are so well-armed with weapons and poison, though, this rarely happens . . .

ARCRON
by Chris Bormond

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 10
Habitat: Dungeons, Ruins, Caves, Wilderness
Number Encountered: 1
Type: Monster
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: Average

Arcrons are peculiar jelly-like creatures covered in tentacles and suckers, found wandering in a number of desolate parts of the world. They are foul beasts, the result of an accident during an experiment to spawn a new creature carried out centuries ago by the sorcerer Ransond, of the all-but-forgotten land of Sorvok. During his experiment something went drastically wrong and the laboratory exploded, killing the wizard but letting his new creation escape. The badly-mutated creature fled into the wilderness, and little was heard of it for many years. However, the Arcron reproduces by dividing into two perfect copies of itself, like an amoeba, every twenty years or so. Now, over half a millennia later, there are many hundreds of the beasts scattered around the world, wandering the wilds in search of food.

They are repulsive beasts, covered in a thick slime which smells vilely. More importantly, though, the mucus is sticky. If an adventurer scores a successful hit on it, their weapon will injure the creature, but then stick to its slime on a roll of 1 to 5 on one die. It would not be too difficult to prise off, if one could get a foothold and tug, but unfortunately the creature has several long tentacles, with which it will try and enfold and crush its opponent. If the Arcron scores a successful hit, there is a 3 in 6 chance that its sucker will have stuck on to its opponent, who must then score a successful hit in the next round to break free, or take another 2 points of damage. Because of their sticky slime, Arcrons are terrible beasts m fight, though an adventurer can sometimes gain a good idea of their nature from the weapons and bones stuck to them, the remains of previous, less-fortunate adversaries.

This month's crop of nasties are a vicious lot, aren't they? Keep sending in your monsters to *Out Of The Pit*, but do remember to put your name and address on each one that you send. You can send submissions together with a letter, or an article, providing you mark each item clearly so our rather stupid new Editor doesn't burn or eat the wrong ones by mistake. More blood-curdling beasties in two months time . . . if you're still alive by then, that is!

TOUGH ON THE STREETS

In the futuristic nightmare known as Mega-City One, only a handful of men and women uphold The Law. They are the Judges, and this is the story of the most famous of them all – Judge Dredd!

Who's the most popular comic character in Britain? No, not Dennis the Menace – he's nothing without Gnasher now! Derek the Troll? You jest, surely! No, it's Judge Dredd, who stars every week in the galaxy's greatest comic, *2000 AD*! And why is he the greatest? You mean you don't know? Let us explain . . .

Judge Dredd first walked the streets of Mega-City One in February 1977, in issue number two of a new comic called *2000 AD*. He was a policeman, but no ordinary one! The year was 2098, and normal police officers had been replaced by the Judges, who managed to combine police, judge and executioner all in one. They were dressed in menacing black uniforms that protected them from some of the knocks they received in the line of duty, and wore all-over helmets that hid everything but their mouths! Their futuristic weapons, Lawgivers, could fire six different types of shell, including Heat-Seekers and the rebounding Rubber Ricochets, according to the needs of the situation. Patrolling the Mega-City on foot or mounted on Lawmasters (massive armoured bikes that carry powerful laser cannon and an intelligent computer) they hunted down criminals wherever they tried to hide.

Judge Dredd quickly established himself as a stern, rather po-faced justice-machine without much sense of humour or compassion, but who always got his man. To him the citizens are all potential criminals, and he has no time for their peculiar ways – some of them very peculiar! Mega-City One is a truly bizarre place, full of weird and wonderful things. Perched along the eastern edge of what was once the United States, it is penned in by the Cursed Earth, a vast radioactive desert that stretches across the continent, roamed only by disgusting mutants and renegade dinosaurs (yes, dinosaurs – scientists bred them genetically from fossils but they escaped and spread!). In the other direction there is only the Black Atlantic, a foul, pollution-encrusted ocean which stretches as far as Brit-Cit and a nuked-out Europe.

Mega-City One in 2108 is home to close on 420 million people, all of them absolutely crazy! Over 90% of them are unemployed as the result of robots and droids, so the citizens are forever looking for daft ways of spending their time. There's Boing!-be-, a miracle spray-on substance that swells up around the user and lets him bounce around like a ball! It used to be used in the streets, until people started getting squashed; now its use is only permissible in the special Palais de Boing, where people can bounce around to their heart's content. Some citizens spend their time *eating* for a hobby; gross Mega-City fatties, as they are called, can weigh up to 2 tonnes, their vast bulk supported by wheels at the front and back! Other cracked citizens keep up with the latest fashions, making themselves Ugly by using special creams and sprays to add spots, warts and boils! And some just turn to crime . . .

Dredd himself said that every citizen was a potential criminal, and he was right! There are so many perps ('perpetrators') in the Mega-City that the Judges have trouble coping with them all. Right at the top are the criminal gangs, the mobs, who model themselves on the old syndicates and gangsters of centuries before. They run rackets in selling body parts, illegal youth drugs (known as 'stookie glanding', after the parts of the alien creatures the drug comes from), sugar, old comics, addictive sweets known as Umpty Candy, anything that is illegal and will fetch a high price. Inter-gang wars, The Mega-Rackets, keep whole areas of the Justice Department busy all the time, what with all the smuggling, armed robberies and inter-gang murders.

After the mobs come the professional perps, bank robbers, murderers, vigilantes and the like. Hired killers set themselves up as Blitz Agents, hiring their deadly services to the highest bidder. Street pirates leap from speeding hover-cars to rob the ever-circling Mo-Pads, giant mobile homes which help ease the city's chronic housing shortage. Taps and dips perform muggings and pick pockets. The street punks are a big problem, with bored young citizens trying to find something to do to pass the time between school and retirement – even if it breaks the Law.

And then there are the ordinary citizens, with their petty intrigues and heinous crimes. Actually, there are so many laws in Mega-City one it isn't in the least bit surprising that citizens break the Law. On the roads there are rules about driving too slow as well as too fast; dropping one piece of litter will earn someone six months in the 'Cubes; it seems that the Law is everywhere! Most citizens live in towering city-blocks, crammed into tiny apartments with their equally crazy neighbours. It's no wonder that many turn 'futsie' under Future Shock Syndrome, just grab a gun and start shooting! Others, though, manage to get away with legalised violence by joining the local battalion of the Citi-Def peoples' militia to train with real weapons in case of war. Their 'exercises' have been known to demolish whole Sectors of the city!

Striding manfully between all this is Judge Dredd, Lawgiver in hand and a wry comment on his lips. He's seen more than his fair share of action on the streets of the Mega-City, and it has slowly turned him into the city's top Judge! In the past he has been entrusted with many key missions. When Mega-City Two on the western coast was struck down with a deadly plague virus, it was Dredd's expedition which fought its way across the Cursed Earth to deliver the antidote. It was Dredd who led the quest across half the galaxy in search of the legendary Judge Child, the young mutant who was predicted to one day become the Chief Judge of the city during the time of its greatest crisis. When Dredd found him, though, the child turned out to be evil, and Dredd left him where he was.

Judge Dredd's greatest triumph was in the defeat of the invading Sov armies during the Apocalypse War of 2104. It started after the Sovs secreted a drug in the Mega-City's water supply which caused Block Mania (with the citizens of each block declaring war on their neighbours). The dreaded red armies invaded, smashing the heart out of the city with nukes before their war-droids and robot tanks swept through the ruins picking off the survivors. The Chief Judge was kidnapped and forced to spout pro-Sov propaganda before Dredd found him and killed him. It was Dredd, too, who finally led a force of Judges into the heart of the Sov's country, taking control of a missile base and then loosing the Sov's own nukes on their capital, East-Meg One.

Life in the irradiated ruins of Mega-City One is slowly dragging itself to its feet again, though there are still many dangerous areas inhabited by mutants and renegades. But watching over the city are the Judges, ever-vigilant, ever-strong, with Dredd at their head.

The *Judge Dredd* strip is so popular for many, many reasons. Dredd himself is a very interesting character, being so tough and stern and po-faced that he looks ridiculous. It's no wonder the younger Judges call him 'Old Stony Face'! He's a man of action, though, and his exploits are always exciting in the extreme. Behind him, though, is the whole crazy spectacle of Mega-City One, with its towering city-blocks and spiralling roadways, inhabited by hosts of loonies, muties, punks and futsies. So much of Mega-City life seems to be a mirror of the Twentieth Century, but portrayed with a very black humour so that things never get too serious. If you want top-class, *thrilling* entertainment spend a few hours in Mega-City One, in the company of Judge Dredd.

FOLLOW THE LAW

Now YOU can follow Judge Dredd's exploits in our easy-to-enter competition!

If the article you've just read has whetted your appetite for Judge Dredd (and let's face it, if it hasn't you're probably a four-eyed mutie with no brain), you might just want to enter our free competition. Those rather wonderful people at *Titan Books* have generously given us ten copies of *Judge Dredd 1*, which features some of the great man's collected strips from 2000 AD, to give away as prizes to the first ten lucky readers pulled out of the Warlock's hat after the closing date.

Titan Books publish a truly vast range of books featuring collected strips starring Judge Dredd. At the last count there were 20 of them, though the range may well have grown by a few more by the time you read this! There is a standard range, featuring short stories from *2000 AD*, and they also print a range of epics, which include the awesome Cursed Earth, Judge Caligula and *Apocalypse War* series. Titan Books also print collected editions of other stories from *2000 AD* land other comics too), including *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Rogue Trooper*, and the extremely desirable *Halo Jones*. All their books are well worth collecting, so why not start your own collection by entering this competition?

Alright, you say, so what do I have to do to win these utterly zarjaz prizes you keep going on about? Well, all you have to do is take a look at this picture of good old Judge Dredd making a typical arrest. Go on, look at it! Notice anything funny about it? That's right, it hasn't got any words in the speech bubbles. That's because you're going to write them in! The ten funniest, silliest or most apt captions will win a prize. Get your thinking helmets on, readers. Your entries must reach us by Monday, 1st September. Please send them to this address:

Judge Dredd Competition,
Warlock Magazine,
Games Workshop Design Studio,
Enfield Chambers,
16–18 Low Pavement,
Nottingham NG1 7DL.

If you are interested in Judge Dredd we heartily recommend you contact Titan and ask for one of their amazing catalogues. It's packed full of Judge Dredd goodies – including pages and pages of books, records, badges, candles, posters and T-shirts. How do you get hold of a copy? Simply send a large SAE to this address: ***Forbidden Planet Mail Order, PO Box 378, London E3 4RD***. Alternatively, you could pop into their famous Forbidden Planet shop on Denmark Street in London, where you'll find all of their truly mega range of Judge Dredd merchandise on sale, as well as other comics, books and more besides. Who knows, you may even bump into the Warlock picking up a few comics for the slaves to read!

LAW-GAMING!

In the pages of *2000 AD* you can read about the exploits of that most famous of all lawmen, Judge Dredd . . . but with these games you can be him! Robert Neville tells you all about them.

Alright, so we're going a bit overboard on *Judge Dread* this issue, but why not? He's the most popular comic book character in the UK, and so many of you lot have written in asking, nay, pleading with the Warlock to have a Judge Dredd feature. Of course, the thing that is most interesting to us all is that there are a number of great games and miniature figures based upon the man and his enemies. Even better is that over the page you will find a free pull-out Judge Dredd game to play yourself! How do we do it? Simple – we're brilliant.

Anyway, let's have a look at these games then. ***Judge Dredd – The Boardgame*** is the best place to start, as it's ideally suited to both new and experienced gamers. For beginners it offers some very easy rules, fast and exciting play, and a very good introduction to Judge Dredd's world. For more experienced gamers, though, it provides a great excuse to forget all that heavy-handed dungeon-crawling and monster-bashing and simply have fun! (It's also a great game to have around when you are trying to entertain some of your more boring non-gaming friends for a few hours – even a complete idiot can play this game with only a modicum of help!). And for all you *Warlock* readers, of course, there is an added attraction in that the game was developed by someone called Ian Livingstone, who you may just have heard of.

Each player is a Judge, stalking the streets of Mega-City One in search of perps (criminals) to arrest. The Judge catching the most perps wins the game – couldn't be simpler, eh? Well, no, actually. Play is governed by the use of Action Cards, which allow each player to move quicker, shoot straighter and so on – but everyone also has hindrance cards, which slow you down, spoil your aim and so on. It gets quite frustrating when you are just about to arrest Judge Death for Littering, with the help of Judges Dredd, Anderson, Hershey and Giant, with a laser team and stumm gas support – and the creep turns out to be the notorious spent, Edwin Parsey, who makes his living confessing to other peoples' crimes! That sort of thing is happening all the time, which means the game is great fun, with everyone trying to stitch the other players up while still making their own arrests!

Incidentally, the game is very pretty to look at, with board and cards drawn by the various Judge Dredd comic artists. One nice feature is the booklet which comes with the game, explaining all about the Mega-City, its crimes and criminals by providing background information for all the cards. In short, this game is simple, fast and fun, but makes a tremendous change from all those long-winded wargame things. It's a very suitable game for a beginner to gaming who's only played Monopoly and a few gamebooks before, but more sophisticated gamers have been known to enjoy it too!

I am going to have a bit of trouble talking about the next game, for the very simple reason that it was designed by two people rather close to *Warlock* magazine, figures columnist Rick 'Head-severer' Priestley and Marc 'Editor of *Warlock* and don't you forget it!' Gascoigne (*That's right, work yourself out of a job – Ed.*). I have to tread very carefully here, or I'll end up in the same state as Jamie Thomson. The game I'm trying to summon up the courage to describe is ***Judge Dredd – The Role-Playing Game*** (you know, these Games Workshop people come up with some really imaginative titles, don't they?).

Actually, I needn't worry very much, because it's not a bad game. Just because it happens to be the best-selling rolegame in the UK at the moment, and just because it's won a few awards; that won't affect me! The game is a multi-player role-playing game. That means it is like *Fighting Fantasy* (the book), but more complicated. Games are run by a referee, the Game Master, who sets up and runs adventures for the players (the Judges) to play in. The game comes as two books plus a set of dice and maps. The first book, *The Judge's Manual*, tells the players how to define their Judge by using characteristics like Strength, Initiative and Combat Skill (just like our own SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK, really), how to fight and perform investigations, and how to be good Judges.

In the other, much fatter *Game Master's Book*, there are rules for inventing adventures, for playing criminals and creatures, and for running the game during play. This book also features an amazingly comprehensive background section which tells you just about everything you want to know about Mega-City One, from slang words for an anorak to the price of a robe-dog licence! Even if you've never ever seen a Judge Dredd comic you'll quickly be able to run a game of JDrp because of all this background – and the fact that the game is crammed with illustrations taken from the comic, of course!

JDrp is not really recommended for outright beginners, as it is quite a complex game, and a big step up from the likes of *Fighting Fantasy*. However, if you have some experience of games like *Dungeons & Dragons* and other more advanced rolegames you will really enjoy being a Judge for a day with *Judge Dredd – The Role-Playing Game*. There is already an adventure pack for the game, called ***Judgement Day***, which features the return of a master criminal and several very weird events. Can't say any more or I'll ruin the plot for those of you who want to play it! Suffice to say that it is great fun, and that there are many more adventure packs being prepared even as you read this. Alright then, if you'll excuse me, citizens, Judge Neville has got some perps to catch. Now, where did I put my Lawgiver?

Judge Dredd – The Boardgame, Judge Dredd – The Role-Playing Game, and Judgement Day are all produced by the mega-brill Games Workshop (don't they get everywhere?) and are available in all the best games and toy shops.

Metal Mayhem

Fig 1

Welcome to **Metal Mayhem**, our brand new figures page. In every issue we will be showing you the very best figures, designed by the award-winning sculptors, and painted by the most talented painters. For the very first column we thought we'd show you a selection of Judge Dredd figures, since we've got rather a lot of Judge Dredd in this issue, and some of the latest figure releases, all from good old Citadel Miniatures. That's enough words for now; let's look at the pictures.

Fig 1 JD13 Sky Surfers painted by Colin Dixon
Fig 2 JD1 Judge Dredd painted by Colin Dixon
Fig 3 JD9 Fink, Link & Mean Angel painted by John Blanche
Fig 4 JD6 & JD2 Anderson & Fear painted by Colin Dixon
Fig 5 JD3 Perps take on Link Angel. No Contest! Painted by Colin Dixon & John Blanche
Figs 6-11 Lant, Grom, Brond, Grum, Grim & Ulfar, some of the New Imperial Dwarves painted by Colin Dixon.
Fig 12 Skaven Battle Crew painted by Pete Taylor Winner of Best Regiment at Birmingham Dragonmeet.
Fig 13 ROR3 Groms Goblin Guard painted by Kevin "Goblin Master" Adams with the New Monster Paints Set.

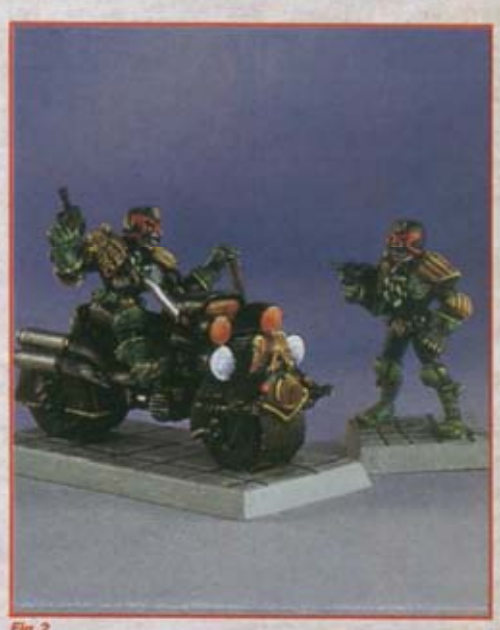

Fig 2

Fig 3

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Fig 10

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Fig 12

Fig 13

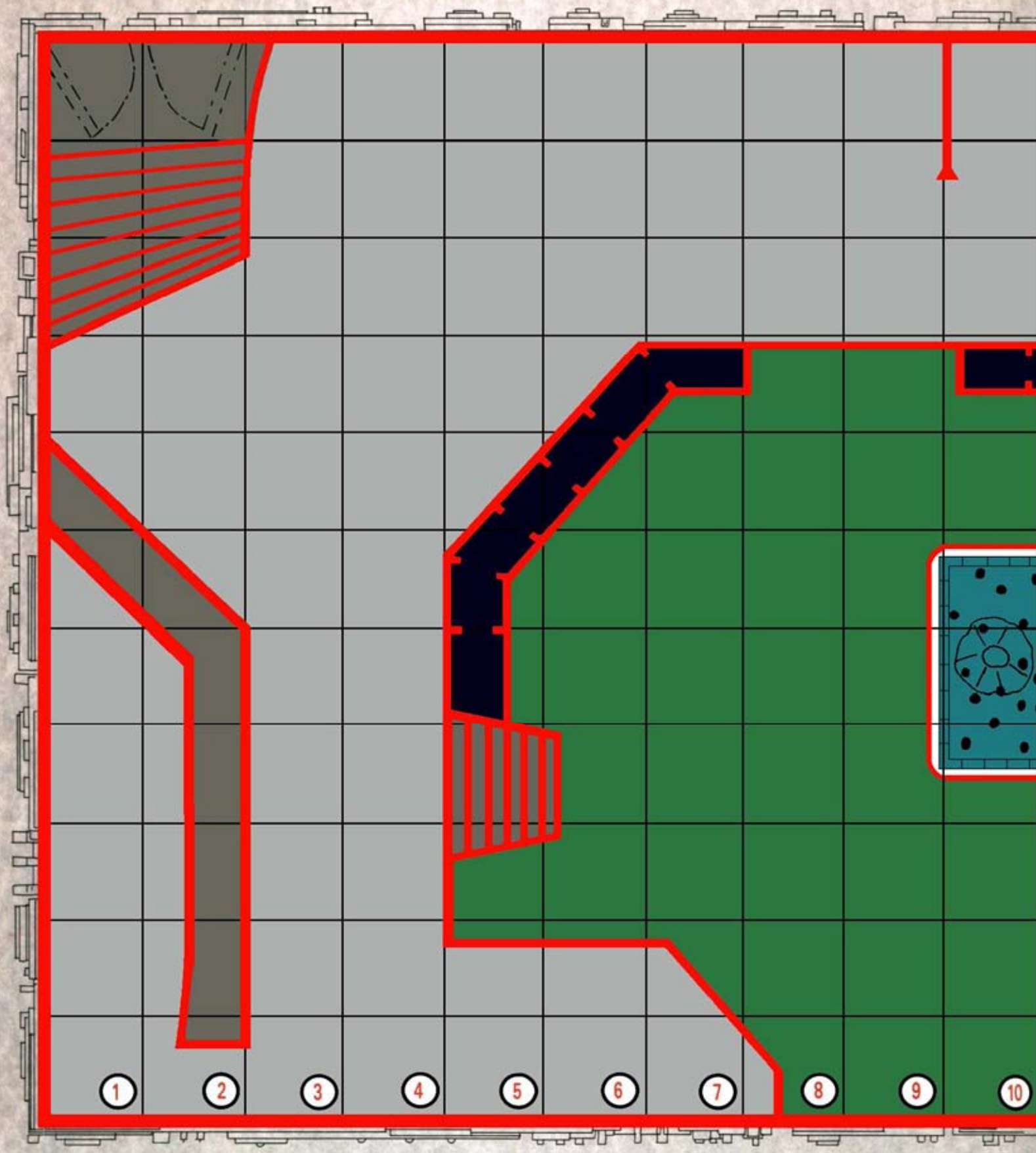

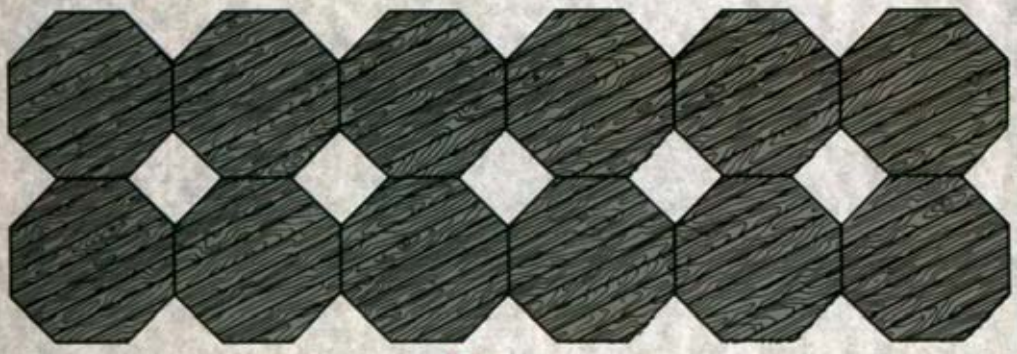

TABLES

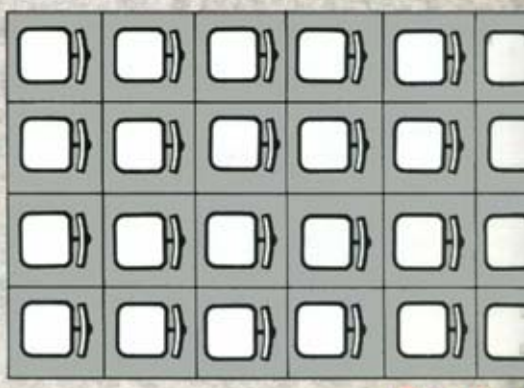

CHAIRS

SHUGGY HALL BRAWL

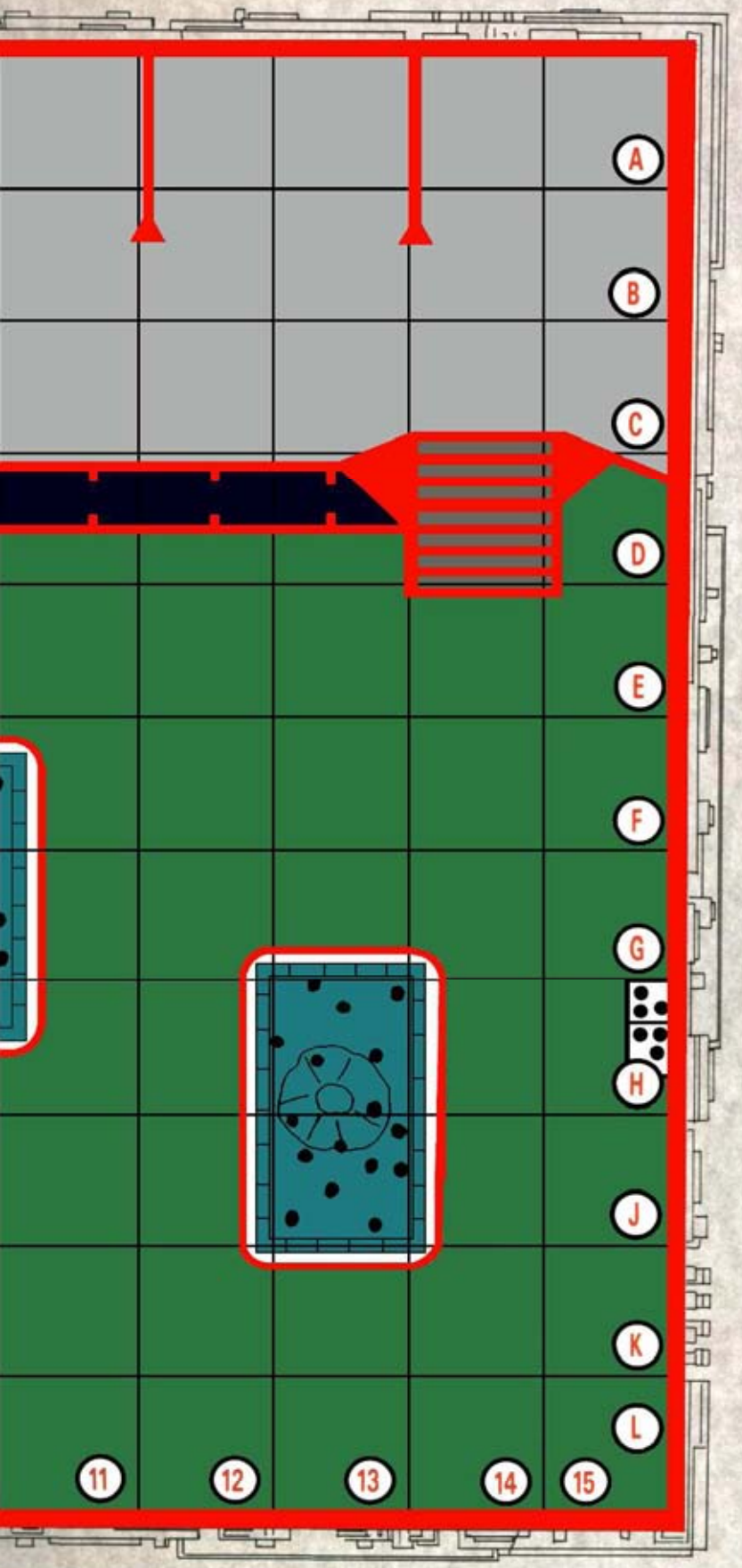

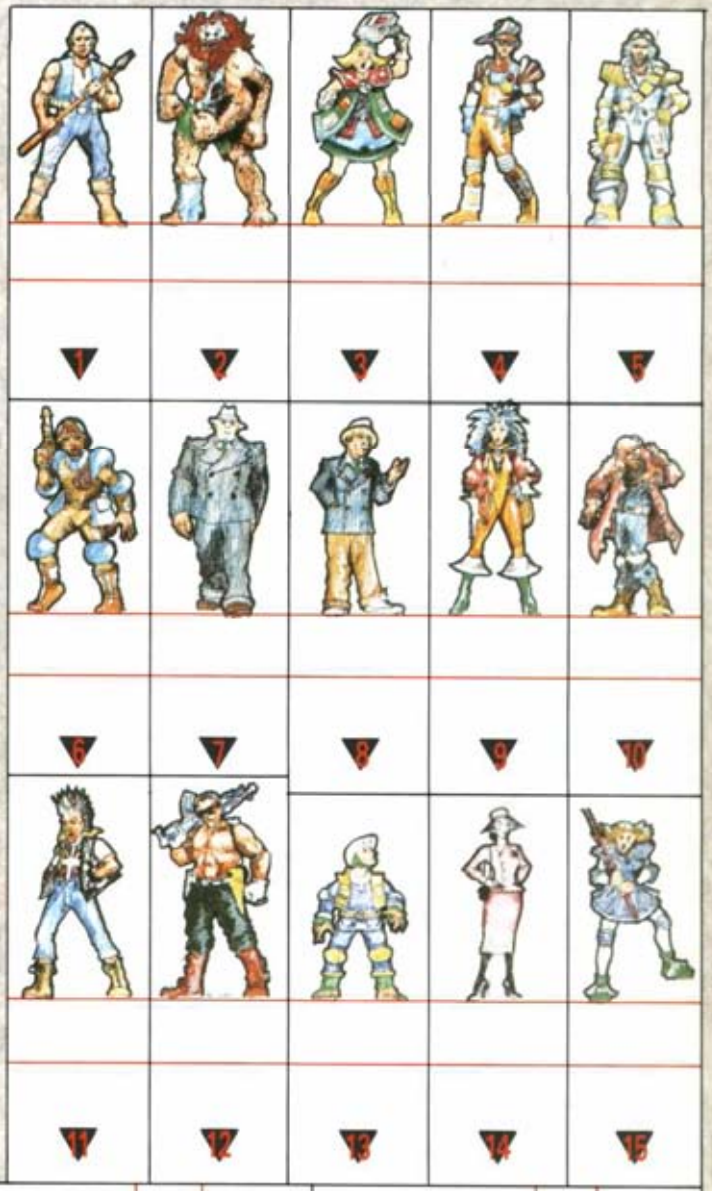

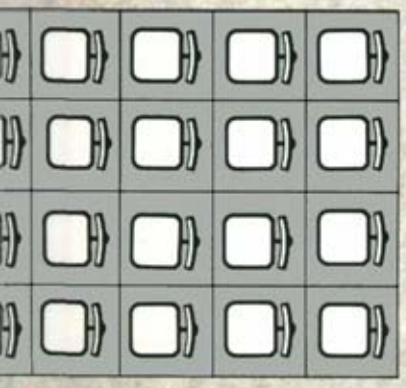

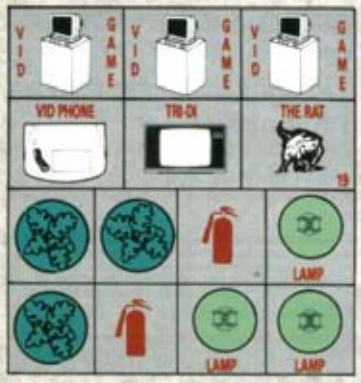

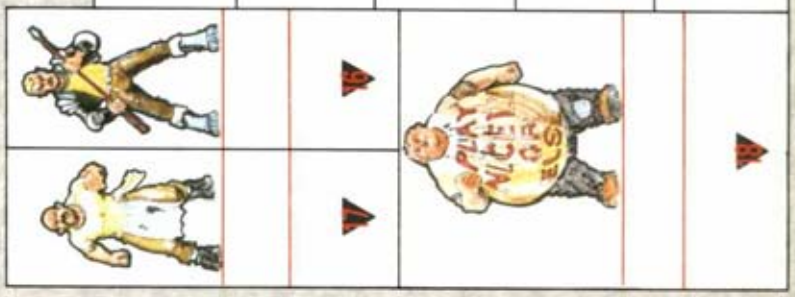

See text for assembly instructions

YOU ARE THE LAW IN MEGA-CITY ONE!

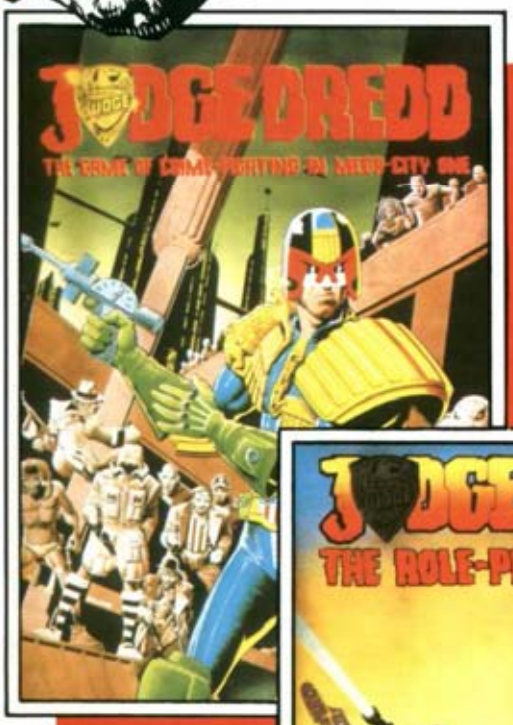

JUDGE DREDD — THE GAME OF CRIME-FIGHTING IN MEGA-CITY ONE

Mega-City One, where more than 400 million citizens live on a knife-edge of tension. Crime is a way of life for many, but one fact can be relied on - **Judge Dredd** is the Law! Whether the crime is littering or murder, no one escapes his justice. Now you can join **Judge Dredd** in this fast-action board game of crime-fighting in Mega-City One. You can arrest the Angel Gang, Judge Death, and other notorious lawbreakers - but look out, they're tough, and sometimes you might need a robodoc to fix you up.

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JUDGE DREDD — THE ROLE-PLAYING GAME

In **Judge Dredd - The Role-Playing Game** you become a Judge and strive to uphold the law in a city of over 400 million (every one a potential criminal!). This is a game playable by upwards of two players plus a controlling **Game Master** who acts as the players' guide, taking them from adventure to adventure in their relentless battle against crime. Special game features include:

Judge's Manual covering all you need to know about creating your own Judge character, developing special abilities, and using all of the Judges' equipment such as the Lawgiver, Lawmaster, etc.

Game Master's Book giving special rules for running the game, detailing the Mega-City, city blocks, perps, etc. A unique collection of information about Mega-City One culled from the pages of *2000 AD* and assembled into one package. Includes a guide to the crimes, perps and even slang of the 22nd century!

Plus! **Cut-Out Character sheet** with over 60 stand-up card characters for you to use with the game, **2 play sheets** and a set of **polyhedral dice.**

only £12.95

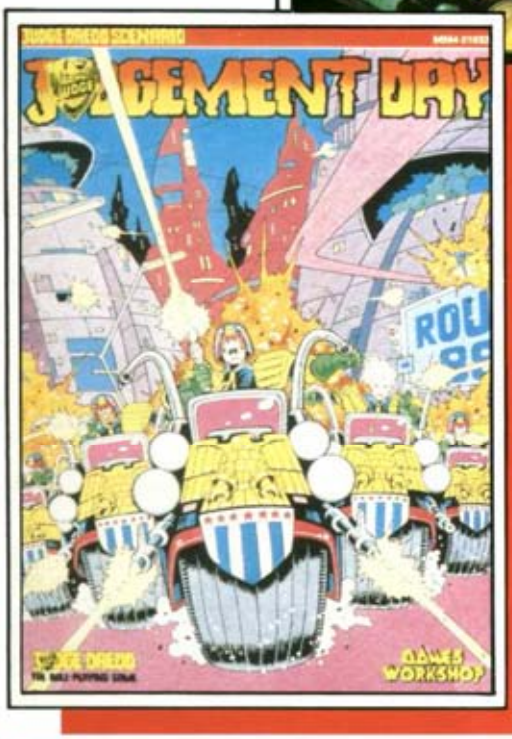

JUDGEMENT DAY — THE FIRST ADVENTURE PACK FOR JUDGE DREDD THE ROLE-PLAYING GAME

Judgement Day contains a complete scenario for the Judge Dredd game. As a team of Judges temporarily assigned to the SJS, the players pursue a trail of mystery to the prison colony of Titan. There they will learn of the terrors in store for the inhabitants of Mega-City One, before they return to earth to face one of 2000 AD's greatest villains in a cataclysmic fight to the finish! **Look out for future Judge Dredd Scenarios.**

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GAMES WORKSHOP

Judge Dredd - The Role-Playing Game is a sophisticated, open-format game without conventional board or playing pieces. The action and events take place in the imaginations of the players and game master. Recommended for ages from 12 to adult. For information on the Citadel 2000 AD's Judge Dredd Miniatures range, send a S.A.E. to Games Workshop Mail Order or ring the hotlines.
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SHUGGY HALL BRAWL

As part of our special feature on Judge Dredd, we thought you would enjoy playing a game based in Mega-City One. So, using the special pull-out mapboard in the middle pages, Warlock presents a thrilling battlegame for you and your friends to play and enjoy.

INTRODUCTION

This all-action boardgame features a brawl in a shuggy hall, a futuristic entertainment centre in Mega-City One, in the year 2108 in what was once the United States of America. Each player takes on the role of a gangster, street punk or mutant, who must fulfil his or her given task before the all-powerful Judges arrive to arrest everyone! You will need some ordinary six-sided dice, pencils and paper. The game has been designed for use with the simple *Fighting Fantasy* rules, but we have also inserted stats for Judge Dredd – the *Rote-Playing* Game, if you would rather play it with that. If you intend using the JDrpg rules, you should ignore absolutely everything under the heading 'How To Play' (you can read it, but you'll only be wasting your time!). There is one very major difference between Shuggy Hall Brawl and the JDrpg – in this game you play the bad guys!

THE PIECES

Carefully prise up the staples and remove the colour middle pages of this magazine, before bending them back again (a screwdriver or blunt knife may help). It will help if you stick the double-page spread to a sheet of card to strengthen it before you snip it out. Photo-copy or snip out the record cards from page 27 and separate them into a small pile. Cut out all the counters and accessories (or use metal miniatures), to leave the plan of the shuggy hall. What's a shuggy hall? Let us explain . . .

In the 22nd Century city known as Mega-City One there is unemployment well over 90@, so there is a great mass of people who need entertaining all the time. Shuggy is a weird kind of snooker or pool played on a table with lots of hills and holes all over it. It is played in shady dives in the seedier parts of the Mega-City, where gangsters and punks place illegal side-bets on the outcome of the games and live in constant fear of raids by the Judges.

THE PLAYERS

This game can be played with from three to fourteen players, providing you can get them all around the table (and providing you know fourteen people who want to play!). You'll also need a referee or Gamesmaster who will govern the game and play all the other characters (usually called Non-Player Characters, or NPCs). If no-one wants to volunteer to be the referee you will have to offer, since it's your copy of the game. Don't worry, though, because being the referee is even more fun than being a player! If you have three or four players you may allow them to play three characters each; if you have five, six or seven you can let them play two each.

Before you play, you should place the various accessories on the board, in the following places—

Tables: A6, A10, A13, A14, 84, C7, D4, E7, E12, F6, J7, J11
Chairs: around bar, tables & walls (and under starting characters!)
Vid-Games: D8, D9, L8
Vid-Phone: L7
Tri-D Screen: B11
Plants: D6, E5, K7
Lamps: F15, J6, L15
Fire Extinguishers: A3, D15

Each of the characters also has a starting location. You should call out each number in turn (starting with number 1, of course) and allow the player to place his or her character on the appropriate spot. When you come to the NPCs you can place them yourself (won't that be exciting?).

HOW TO PLAY

At last!, you think to yourself. This game uses a modified version of the good old *Fighting Fantasy* rules as invented by those two megastars Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone (we have to mention them or they sulk). Take a look at one of the characters from page 27. Each is defined as having SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK. If you've ever played a *Fighting Fantasy* book you'll know exactly what those represent; please bear with us while we explain them to the newcomers . . .

SKILL: This reflects the character's amazing combat prowess. If it's a high number he or she is a good shot and has a powerful right hook; if it's a low number they are a complete and utter sap and had better stay out of the way or they're gonna get hurt!

STAMINA: Now this one shows how tough the character is. Big, fat and strong people have high Stamina scores; weedy wimps have low ones. Couldn't be simpler! When you get hurt your STAMINA goes down. To recover 2 points of STAMINA a character must stay in the same place, without doing anything other than talking (not even defending themselves from attack – it's hard work, resting) for 3 Rounds!

LUCK: This last score simply indicates how naturally lucky the character is. Luck will help someone dodge flying bullets, exploding bombs, pianos falling from windows, and so on. Lucky people are going to survive the most incredibly silly situations without batting an eyelid. Conversely, unlucky people tend to trip over their own shoelaces a lot.

As you'll soon see, the SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will change constantly during the game. If any of these scores reaches ZERO (or even less!) the character is considered unconscious or dead or completely vapourised, and must leave the game!

Testing Skill, Stamina or Luck

At various times during the game we are going to ask you or the players to *Test Your Skill*, for example, or one of the other two scores. At this point you should roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your score, you have succeeded in your test; if it is greater than your score, you have failed. The various rules below will tell you what happens if you are successful or not (keep on reading – all will be revealed!). LUCK is a bit dicey, though, because every time you are called upon to *Test Your Luck* you have to reduce it by one point. Be very careful when choosing to *Test Your Luck*.

THE ROUND SEQUENCE

Every character in the game is allowed to do one thing in a round. All these 'things' are listed below. As GM, it will be your job to ask each character in sequence what they will be doing in their

part of the round, and to record the rounds as they go by. How does this work? Let's show you!

For example, you ask the owner of character 1 (Jimmy the Jammer) what he's going to do. He replies that he'll move towards the bar. Character 2 wants to stay put and passes. Character 3, played by a jerk not known for his subtlety, hits character 6 over the head. They fight using the rules below. Character 4 throws a vid-game at character 9, which luckily misses. Character 5 sneaks over towards the vid-phone to ring the Judges. Character 6 punches character 3 back... and so on, until everyone including the NPCs have had a go! Then it's round 2, and so on, until everyone is dead or fed up or it's time for tea . . .

THINGS!

Characters may perform one of the following during their part of a round. They may also speak at any time, without using up their turn.

Moving: Every character has their own movement rate, in squares, detailed on their character cards; the rate for the NPCs is detailed below. If someone wishes to move in their round, they may do so up to the full extent of their movement rate. They don't need to use all of their movement rate, but they can't save any for next Round. Movement is sideways or along – never diagonal. However, it can also be up or down. Climbing onto a table, chair or shuggy table costs one movement point, even though you are staying on the same square. Climbing up a ledge from one level to the next costs two points. Each square can only hold one character at a time.

Fighting: If someone wants to hit someone with something, or to shoot someone, they do the following things. For a punch or hand-held weapon (like a club, hand-bag or table) the opponents must be on adjoining squares on the same level. Each player rolls two dice and adds them to their SKILL**.** Whoever has the highest score has scored a hit and the other person must lose some STAMINA points. The damage for each character's weapons are listed on their character cards; if they don't have a weapon their fists will do 2 points of damage. (Alternatively, you could use the new rules presented in *Take That!* in the last issue – we'll shift them back issues somehow!)

For a missile weapon like a gun, or for throwing something at someone, the person attacking must first find out if the target is in range (all plants, cues, chairs, fire extinguishers and lamps may be thrown for three squares and two points of damage; the rest are prohibited except as detailed on the character cards). The attacker must then *Test Their Skill* using two dice. If they make it, the shot has hit and the target loses the appropriate damage. If someone is hiding behind a large object like an overturned table, a shuggy table or the bar you should add 2 points to the dice roll (i.e. they are harder to hit!). For a missile being thrown rather than fired, the target is allowed to *Test Their Luck* to avoid the missile, if they so wish. If they are successful the object misses. To throw some*one* about, you must make a successful hand-to-hand combat roll; instead of damaging them you can throw them two squares (they only get hurt if they fall over a ledge).

Fire extinguishers are special weapons, for you can also spray people with them. They fire for 3 squares, causing 2 points of damage (*Test Your Skill* to hit, no save), but whoever is hit must also lose their next turn. On the right-hand wall of the hall there is a stand of ten shuggy cues. These may be thrown like javelins (see above) or can be used in a hand-to-hand fight where they add 1 point to the usual fist damage.

Falling: The shuggy hall map has three levels to it, differentiated by the various colours. Each level is two metres higher than the next one down, so it's more than likely that someone is going to fall or get pushed off it. Falling off delivers three points of damage unless they successfully Test their Luck (they don't *have* to make this test, of course). Falling off a chair or table causes two points of damage to STAMINA unless a *Test Your Luck* roll is made.

Other Actions: Any one of these may be performed in a turn, without resorting to die rolls – Play vid-game; Use vid-phone; Play shuggy; Buy drink; Put down weapon and get another one; Hide behind something; Perform special action (such as pick-pocketing) as defined on character cards. If someone wants to do something else not covered by the rules, it's the referee's job to decide whether they take 1 Round or 2, and whether they need a *Test Your Luck* to survive, and so on. See, we said it was fun being the referee!

THE JUDGES

It is the prime job of character 1, Jimmy the Jammer, to ring the Judges and then escape. As soon as he spends a Round on the vid-phone, roll two dice and add eight to the number. The Judges will arrive in that many Rounds time, everyone still in the club will be arrested, and the game will be over. If Jimmy hasn't rung the Judges by Round 20, the barman or his bouncer should try and ring them, if they are still alive!

THE NPCs

There are five characters for you to play, listed here. They have card counters but don't have character cards.

15. *Barry Abnormal* SKILL 8 STAMINA 19 LUCK 13, 3 squares, shuggy cue (3), 25 creds. Barry is with his girlfriend (Sadie Whiplash, 16) for a quiet game of shuggy. Anyone who even looks at Sadie will be eating shuggy cue! *Start F11*.
S2 I22 CS19 DS12 TS8 SS67 MS0 PS18

16. *Sadie Whiplash* SKILL 6 STAMINA 17 LUCK 10, 3 squares, shuggy cue (2), 8 creds. Sadie is here with Barry Abnormal (15) but would rather not be. She'd really like some tough, glamorous criminal mastermind to hang around with. She has a seduce skill attached to her SKILL**,** which operates like a hand-to-hand combat roll but causes no damage – if she wins the roll the target has to comply with her wishes for a Round (unless he does so willingly!). *Start H9.*
S2 I27 CS12 DS2 TS0 SS42 MS0 PS1

17. *Bravo Smack* SKILL 9 STAMINA 17 LUCK 12, 3 squares, fists (2), 2 creds/426 in till behind bar. Bravo runs this joint, and doesn't want anyone causing trouble. If anyone does he'll set Rollie on them, and then stay behind the bar throwing glasses and bottles at people (range 5 squares; damage 2; unlimited supply) *Start G1.*
S2 I21 CS28 DS24 TS18 SS65 MS17 PS6

18. *Rollie Apology* SKILL 8 STAMINA 22 LUCK 6, 2 squares, fists (3), 12 creds. Rollie is so dense X-rays don't go through him, so when any trouble starts he will lay about him with great gusto. If things look like they're going very wrong, though, he will start to cry and try to hide under a table, blubbing for help. *Start A1*.
S4 I16 CS20 DS18 TS0 SS16 MS0 PS000

19. *Rattie* SKILL 12 STAMINA 9 LUCK 12, 4 squares, bite (3). The Cursed Earth rat in Dav Golding's bag starts the game under sedation, but unknown to the trader it is going to wake up. When it does this up to you – when the action flags let it gnaw its way out and start biting! Rattie is the star of our show, so use him wisely. Starts in bag at feet of Dav Golding, A9 – but don't place it on the board until it appears.
Rattie has standard JD-rpg stats.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Before play starts you should photocopy this page (you have permission to do this, for personal use only), clip out each character, shuffle them and dole the first fourteen out to your players according to the rules under Players above. The characters each have the following: Fighting Fantasy characteristics; movement rate in squares per turn; weapons/damage/range/shots; any creds (money) they are carrying. The card ends with the character's starting position on the grid, and the character's stats for use with the Judge Dredd role-playing rules. Remember that players should keep their character sheets hidden, revealing only what other people can see, as the game progresses.

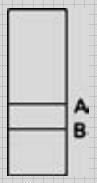

To make your amazing colour card characters stand up, first snip them out from next to the map. At point A fold them back, and at B fold forward to make a "foot". Use some glue or double-sided tape to hold 'em together – and start playing/

1. *Jimmy the Jammer*, SKILL 9 STAMINA 16 LUCK 9, 3 squares, shuggy cue (2), 205 creds. You are a full-time shuggy player and a good one at that. Tonight you are feeling lucky, and are determined to take as much money as you can off everyone in the place. You are also a nark for the Judges, though – if any trouble starts you must try and creep around to the phone to ring them. After that, try and grab any money lying abandoned on the shuggy tables. *Start K14.*
S1 I35 CS18 DS5 TS10 SS70 MS10 PS5

2. *Skum Three-Feet*, SKILL 8 STAMINA 30 LUCK 7, 1 square, fists (3), 3 creds. You are a great big three-armed mutie. In fact, you are so big that you've sat at a table all evening without buying a drink but no-one's asked you to leave. That's just as well, cos you hate norms. If one talks to you you're just gonna have to hit him. You can throw a table or video game for 2 squares (4 pts damage) or a chair or other items – like people! – for 3 squares (3 pits damage). *Start D7.*
S4 I25 CS22 DS0 TS0 SS25 MS0 PS1

3. *Martha O'Leary*, SKILL 11 STAMINA 17 LUCK 12, 4 squares, fists (2), 21 creds. You came here for a quiet drink end pleasant game of shuggy but this place is the pits. You hate muties and man and shuggy players and people who drink and anyone who speaks to you. In fact, if anyone does anything to offend you are going to turn futsie and try and kill everyone in the place! *Start D4.*
S2 I29 CS18 DS17 TS23 SS5 MS0 PS2

4. *Jack Jack Jackson*, SKILL 9 STAMINA 22 LUCK 7, 3 squares, pistol (4/4/4), 188 creds in boot. You are a reporter trying to get the gen on the gangster Horrible Debut and so you've dressed as a typical citizen and have come here to take photos of her illegal deals or steal her private papers from her handbag. No one must suspect you are not an ordinary happy-go-lucky citizen – so act like one! *Start L11.*
S3 I22 CS19 DS15 TS3 SS19 MS6 PS11

5. *Dav Golding*, SKILL 11 STAMINA 18 LUCK 6, 3 squares, pistol (4/5/6), 25 creds. You have crept in here to deliver a contraband pet for someone -a deadly Cursed Earth Rat which you caught in the racilands -lying sedated in a sack at your feet. Your client said he or she would be wearing a pink radjacket. You're several thousand creds out of pocket and you hate having to sit near all these horrid muties! *Start A10.*
S2 I33 CS28 DS25 TS62 SS31 MS12 PS12

6. *Kori Nationstrete*, SKILL 12 STAMINA 19 LUCK 9, 3 squares, laser pistol (5/5/4), 643 creds. You are a vigilante, on the lookout for any crime you can. You are also looking for members of Martin Degville Block, who you will attack with an incredible violence. *Start C7.*
S3 I28 CS26 DS8 TS1 SS26 MS19 PS4

7. *Dennis the Mincer*, SKILL 9 STAMINA 24 LUCK 8, 2 squares, fists (3), 1 cred. You are large end not too clever, but you're fanatically loyal to 'Da Boss' (Luigi Luigi Frankie Luigi, 8). Or so he thinks. Really you'd love to ditch the little spug and be a bodyguard to someone like dot luscious Harriola Debut (14). *Start A14.*
S4 I19 CS29 DS0 TS0 SS16 MS0 PS1

8. *Luigi Luigi Frankie Luigi*, SKILL 7 STAMINA 21 LUCK 13, 3 squares, knife (3), 2110 creds. You've come here to talk terms with Harriola Debut (14). As soon as the woman's here you're gonna get Dennis (7) to bump her off subtle like. *Start A15.*
S2 I16 CS20 DS28 TSO SS75 MS0 PS6

9. *Johanna Lubbly*, SKILL 12 STAMINA 21 LUCK 11, 3 squares, pistol built into bag (4/4/6), 2100 creds. You've set yourself up as the buyer of a rare Cursed Earth Rat, and are here to meet the buyer. Really, though, you hate animal dealers and are going to kill him for being so cruel to that poor little rattie. *Start J7.*
S3 I27 CS25 DS32 TS18 SS39 MS17 PS11

10. *Pool Burnbender*, SKILL 13 STAMINA 10 LUCK 12, 3 squares, fists (5), 22 creds. You are an incredibly drippy, really wimpy citizen, who come in here to pick up a woman! However, you are also a student of Jar-Koff, a special martial art that allows you to hurt people, providing they attack you first. *Start F5.*
S1 I63 CS72 DS3 TS0 SS1 MS12 PS2

11. *Vaggie Scum*, SKILL 10 STAMINA 20 LUCK 9, 3 squares, head-butt (3), 0 creds. You are here to play the machines. Trouble is, you've got no money and you know this drokking machine only needs 3 more goes to get to the jackpot! *Start D9.*
S3 I21 CS22 DS8 TS63 SS47 MS0 PS3

12. *Suicide Sidney Simpson*, SKILL 7 STAMINA 17 LUCK 7, 3 squares, machine gun (no bullets!), 653 creds. You've popped in hero for a quiet drink, but of course these places are so tough that your disguise is the only thing that will stop people mugging you. May tough and everyone will leave you alone! *Start B5.*
S2 I17 CS16 DS7 TS18 SS3 MS0 PS7

13. *Frito Gumgee*, SKILL 6 STAMINA 23 LUCK 6, 2 squares, bite (4), 45 creds. You are a mutie, but no-one would notice it if they didn't look too hard. That's good, cos if anyone says you're a mutie you're going to bite them! You collect shuggy balls, incidentally, so get as many as you can! *Start J3.*
S1 I27 CS22 DS12 TS19 SS7 MS0 PS18

14. *Harriola Debut*, SKILL 10 STAMINA 21 LUCK 12, 2 squares, pistol in purse (3/3/7), 502 creds. You've come to see that creep Luigi Luigi F Luigi, but what you are really looking for is a big, strong, well-armed man to be your bodyguard. Incidentally, you absolutely hate little men and wimps, and if anyone messes up your new dress they're gonna die! *Start E6.*
S3 I31 CS46 DS0 TS0 SS74 MS0 PS35

the Land of Changes

By Ruth Pracy

We present a sequel to The Floating City, printed in Warlock 8, for both Fighting Fantasy and Dungeons & Dragons. In the previous adventure, you fought your way through the cruel lands of Winter. Now you must return to the peaceful land of Summer—but first you must pass through Autumn!

This world you were born into has no seasons: only fixed regions of perpetual summer and winter and all shades in between. And you—who knows where you came from?—you wander on your solitary way wherever fancy takes you, meandering down the paths of adventure and legend.

It has been a long time since you left the Floating City in the land of Winter, and you are tired of wandering through the snowy wastes. Almost unconsciously, you have turned your steps homewards, towards the bright Region of Summer where you were once so happy. The weary miles are beguiled by memories of sunlit hills, happy pastures of rippling lakes and sparkling rivers, and blue skies. You will rest when you get there, you promise yourself all you need do is pass through Autumn . . .

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You stand on the very edge of Winter looking out across a green valley to the wooded country beyond. It looks tranquil in the afternoon sun, but you know that it is a strange place, well deserving of its other name—the Land of Changes.

It is the dividing line between the regions of Summer and Winter —perpetual Autumn. But leaves cannot fall forever—they must also grow, and disquieting tales are told of them growing. It is said that the plants are different here; that they can bud, blossom, seed and die in a few short hours, and that the wind can play their growing as a minstrel plays his lyre. The warm winds from Summer cause all to bloom and grow, but in the chill of Winter they fall, or cower back in their buds. And when the wind gusts and swirls, ah! then the whole wood ripples and writhes with the coruscating iridescence of flowers and foliage opening and closing, swelling and shrinking. It is called 'the Changing', and is greatly feared. When it happens no traveller is safe—and if there should come a storm . . .

You shrug to yourself. Whatever the tales say, you have to cross the place to get home. Striding out across the valley with a resolute air, you plunge into the shadowy depths of Autumn.

Illustrations by Pete Martin

Introduction

This issue's testing solo adventure is suitable for use with both the standard *Fighting Fantasy* rules, and the popular *Dungeons & Dragons* system; you may play using either. We have, as usual, included the Fighting Fantasy rules; you will also need 2 ordinary dice, a pencil and an eraser. To play it with the Dungeons & Dragons rules you will require the Basic Set (Set 1), a pencil and an eraser.

Using Dungeons & Dragons Rules

If you are using the Dungeons & Dragons system, you should roll up a first level Fighter, according to the method given in the Basic Set. Equip him or her with a sword and a shield (which style you choose is up to you, determined of course by your initial money roll); you also have a backpack, which holds a small supply of food and drink for your trip. In the text which follows, all special D&D material will be presented thus – ***D&D:*** *various special rules.*

Testing your Characteristics

During the course of your adventure you may be called on to *Test your Strength* or *Test your Dexterity*, for example. When this happens, you should roll a d20 and compare it to the named characteristic. If you roll less than or equal to your score, you have succeeded; if it is greater, you have failed. The options will indicate where you have to go and what you have to do in either event.

Recovering Hit Points

Towards the end of your adventure, as you near your goal, you may find that your Hit Points are falling dangerously low. There are two ways of restoring them.

POTIONS: In your possession you have two doses of a Potion of Healing, which you may take at any time during your adventure, except during combat or if you are being chased, to restore 2–7 Hit Points (see p43 of the Dungeon Master's Manual if you need any more details).

PROVISIONS: The food and drink you carry is good for five separate meals. Whenever you are not in combat or being pursued, you may sit and rest, and eat one portion of your Provisions. Eating a meal restores 3 Hit Points. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Using Fighting Fantasy Rules

If you have already played the adventure in Warlock 8, *The Floating City*, you may continue to use the same character, if you wish. If not, follow these instructions and create a brand new adventurer.

You should first of all roll to determine your Initial SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. There is an Adventure sheet here which you can use to record the details of your quest.

SKILL: This reflects your swordsmanship and general fighting expertise. Roll one die; add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

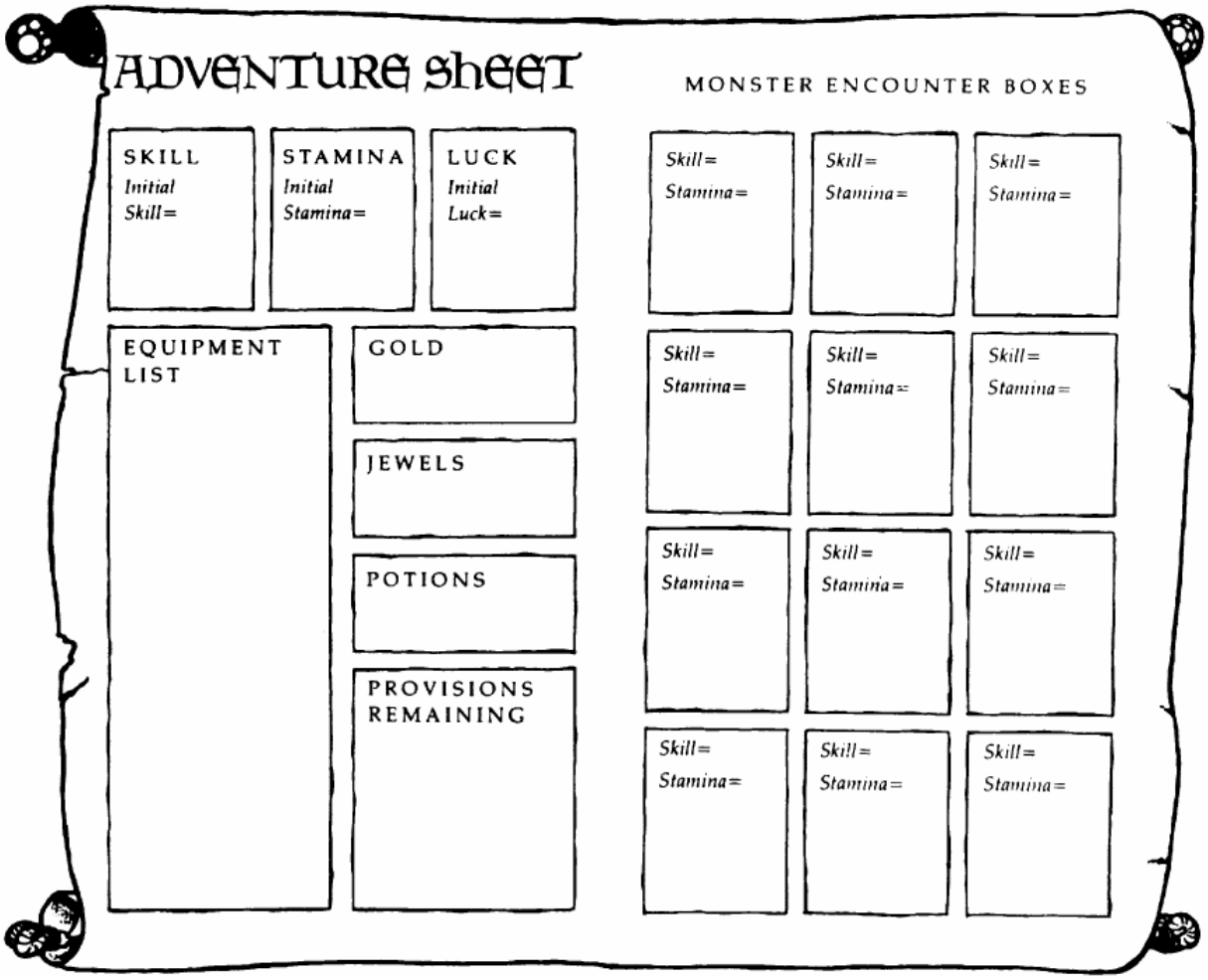

STAMINA: Your general health and fitness, your determination and your will to survive are all reflected in this score. Roll two dice; add 12 to the number rolled and enter this total in the STAMINA box.

LUCK: This simply indicates how naturally lucky you are. Luck – and magic – are facts of life in the fantasy land you are about to explore! Roll one die, then add 6 to this number. This is your LUCK score; you should record it in the appropriate box on the sheet.

As you'll see, your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will change constantly during an adventure. You should keep accurate record of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or to keep an eraser handy. However, you must never rub out your Initial scores. You may be awarded additional SKILL, STAMINA or LUCK points, but these must never exceed your *Initial* scores.

You have in your possession a sword and shield, and a backpack stocked with a few provisions (food and drink) to sustain you on your journey.

Fighting Battles On Your Quest

You may come across paragraphs which instruct you to fight a creature of some sort. You should resolve the battle in the following way:

First record the creature's skill and stamina scores in the first vacant Monster Encounter Box on your Adventure Sheet. The scores for each creature are given each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll the two dice once for the creature. Add its SKILL score. This total is the creature's Attack Strength.

2. Roll two dice once for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.

3. If your Attack Strength is higher than that of the creature, you have wounded it. Go straight on to *Step 4.* If the creature's Attack Strength is higher than yours, it has wounded you. Go straight to *Step 5.* If both scores are the same, you have managed to avoid each other's blows – start the next Attack Round by going to *Step 1* above.

4. You have wounded the creature; subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage if you wish, as described below. Go on to *Step 6*.

5. The creature has wounded you; subtract 2 points from your own STAMINA score. Again you may use LUCK at this stage.

6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the creature's or your own STAMINA scores (and maybe your LUCK score too, if you used it).

7. Begin the next Attack Round, by returning to *Step 1*.

This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or the creature you are fighting has been reduced to zero (death).

Fighting More Than One Creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter, the instructions will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single monster; at other times you may fight each one in turn. You'll just have to wait and see what happens!

Testing Skill or Stamina

At various times during your adventure you may be called upon to *Test your Skill* or *Test your Stamina*. At this point you should roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your score, you have succeeded in your test; if it is greater than your score, you have failed. The options will tell you what happens in either eventuality. You do not need to subtract anything from your scores when you *Test your Skill* or *Test your Stamina* – though you do when you *Test your Luck*, as you'll see in a minute.

Luck and Its Uses

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be lucky or unlucky (details of these will be given in the encounter itself), you may call on your luck for help to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using luck is a risky business and if you are *Unlucky* the results could be disastrous.

TESTING YOUR LUCK: Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to, or less than, your current luck score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current luck score, you have been Unlucky, and you will be penalised.

Each time you *Test your Luck* you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. Thus you will soon realise that the more you rely on your luck, the more risky this will become.

USING LUCK IN BATTLES: You now know how to *Test your Luck.* However, in battles you always have the option of using luck either to inflict a more serious wound on a creature you have just hit, or to minimize the effects of a wound the creature has just inflicted on you.

If you have just wounded your opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have inflicted a severe wound and may take an extra 2 points from the creature's stamina score. However, if you are unlucky, the wound was a mere graze and you must restore 1 point to the creature's STAMINA he instead of scoring 2 points of STAMINA damage you do only 1).

If the creature has just wounded you, you may *Test your Luck* to try and minimise the wound. If you are Lucky you have managed to avoid the full damage of the blow. Restore 1 point of the 2 you should have taken. If you are unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow. Subtract 1 extra STAMINA point.

Remember that you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score each time you *Test your Luck.*

Restoring Skill, Stamina & Luck

SKILL: Your SKILL score will not change much during your adventure. Occasionally, a location may give instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score. A Magic Weapon may increase your SKILL, but remember that only one weapon can be used at a time! You cannot claim 2 SKILL bonuses for carrying two Magic Weapons. Your skill score can never exceed its Initial value unless specifically instructed. Drinking the Potion of Skill (see later) will restore your skill to its *Initial* level.

STAMINA: Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your adventure as you fight deadly adversaries and undertake arduous tasks. As you near your goal, your STAMINA level may be dangerously low and battles may be particularly risky, so be careful!

Your backpack contains enough Provisions for five meals. You may rest and eat at any time, except when in combat of if you are being chased, and you may eat only one meal at a time. Eating a meal restores 4 STAMINA points. Remember that you have a long way to go, so use your Provisions wisely!

Remember also that your STAMINA score may never exceed its Initial value. Drinking the Potion of Strength (see later) will restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level at any time.

LUCK: Additions to your LUCK score are awarded throughout the adventure when you have been particularly lucky. As with SKILL and STAMINA, your LUCK score may never exceed its Initial value. Drinking the Potion of Fortune (see below) will restore your LUCK to its *Initial* level, and increase your *Initial* LUCK by 1 point.

Magic Potions

On this quest you may take with you *one* of three bottles of magical potion, chosen from this list:

A Potion of Skill – restores SKILL points.

A Potion of Strength – restores STAMINA points.

A Potion of Fortune – restores LUCK points and adds 1 to *Initial* LUCK score.

The potion may be taken at any time during your adventure, except during combat or when you are being chased; you don't need a special instruction to take it. The drink will restore the appropriate characteristic to its *Initial* level (and add 1 to it, too if you take the Potion of Fortune).

Each vial of potion holds enough for two measures. In other words, you may restore the same characteristic twice during the adventure.

Now you are equipped and ready for all that lies ahead of you. Let the adventure begin . . .

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1

The forest itself is very still, but all around you is a whispering and a rustling, almost like the sound of tiny creatures laughing and the scuttle of little feet. Your spine tingles and the hairs on the back of your neck stand up, and although your reason tells you that the sounds are perfectly natural, you *feel* you

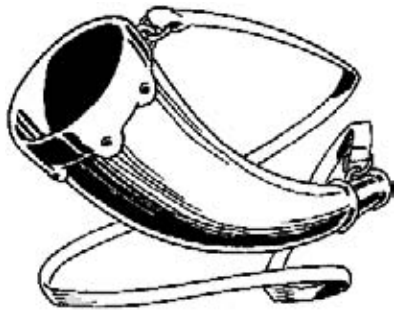

are not alone. You have learnt to trust your keen instincts by now,' so stealthily you draw your sword and tiptoe forward – but your steps sound like cannon fire on the accumulated leaves and twigs of a hundred autumns!

You stop again, wondering what to do. Will you shrug and step out boldly, letting anyone who wants to hear you (turn to **54**)? Or perhaps you should tread even more cautiously, aware that your noisy progress will attract the attentions of any large creatures nearby (turn to **41**)? If neither of these appeal to you, maybe you should retrace your steps and look for a more suitable way through the wood (go to **139**).

2

You are startled and amazed to see that the inside of the nest is decorated with gold, jewels and fine tapestries! As you gaze around this palatial dwelling, a beautiful woman rises from her seat and runs towards you, her hands outstretched in greeting.

"Welcome!" she cries, and embraces you like a long lost friend. There is healing in her touch and all your ills are instantly made whole. Restore your LUCK, SKILL, and STAMINA *(FF)* or Hit Points *(D&D)* to their Initial scores. In gratitude, you may give her a gift.

Will you give her:
some diamonds – turn to **66**,
a tooth – turn to **193**,
a crown – turn to **6**,
or nothing – turn to **180**?

3

Brandishing the pendant ahead of you, you run through the clearing as if death were at your heels, expecting at any moment to feel its icy grip clutch at your heart. But after only a few moments you find yourself among the bushes on the other side. Turn to **187**.

4

One of the heads crunches and chomps on the food with relish. You have succeeded in whetting the creature's appetite! Go directly to **81**.

5

The crumpled body of the Fachan lies before you. As you watch, though, it fades away into nothingness, leaving only its club and mantle behind. You may take either of these if you wish. Turn to **115**.

6

The woman looks at it scornfully, before throwing it to the floor in disgust! Turn to **166**.

7

The Moss Maiden sighs deeply. *"So be it,"* she says. *"I waited many, many centuries for a warrior such as yourself to come to me. I can wait again for another. Wind our horn, my brave adventurer!"*

You lift the horn to your lips, and give it a tremendous blast. Turn to **49**.

8

You stagger out, and plunge back into the heart of the storm which is raging through the forest. Turn to **144**.

9

The Brownies eye you with distaste. Not only have you spoiled all their fun by refusing to step into their net, but you have out-waited them as well. They stare at you with their severe, brown eyes for a while, and then start to move towards you in a group.

Will you ready your weapon and prepare for battle (go to **85**), or simply stand your ground (turn to **95**)?

10

With a tremendous rumbling, the side of the dell opens up before your alarmed eyes, to reveal the entrance to a huge cavern! You peer cautiously inside, but it is dark in there and you can only see a little way into the gloom. Gathering up your courage, you step into the cavern, but stop dead as your ears are assailed by an unearthly growling! Towering above you is a many-headed dog, which peers down at you as if you are something distasteful.

"Give me the key!" it howls at you. Staggering back out into daylight and quaking with fear, you realise in an instant that there is no way that you can fight this monster and win. If you have any of the following items, you may offer them to the hound:

A crown – turn to **71**.
Diamonds – turn to **12**.
Garlic – turn to **106**.
Gold – turn to **100**.
A ham – turn to **4**.
An orb – turn to **185**.
A pendant – turn to **46**.
A pinch of Heal-All – turn to **164**.
A ruby – turn to **42**!

Alternatively, if you possess one, you may put on a mantle (go to **88**) or a red hood (turn to **17**), or even blow your horn (go to **49**).

11

At last, after fighting your way through the sickening forest, you spot what looks like a huge, spherical bird's nest, woven from twigs and moss, among the trees just off the track. Will you make for it, hoping to find shelter (go to **197**, or would you rather press on (turn to **148**)?

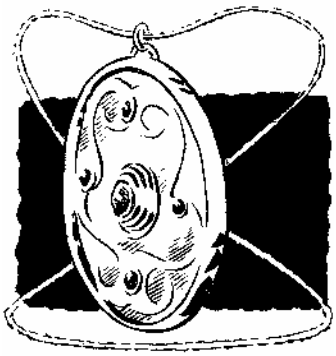

12

The creature looks down at the diamonds, then raises its heads and howls with derision. Turn to **81**.

13

In an instant, the world changes. The glade is now full of hideous female forms, wrapped in cloaks and cowls. They ate the GWYLLION, devilish evil spirits who waylay travellers and adventurers, attacking them to steal their souls. You are in deadly peril. If you have a dagger, go to **50**. If not, turn to **174**.

14

Your eyes open wide in amazement! There is a ruby, as red as fresh blood, burning in the depths of the tree. You plunge your hand into the cavity and seize it. A shudder runs through the tree, and a keening wail of agony echoes away on the breeze. Turn to **178**.

15

It is pitch dark in the tunnels. Do you have some yarn with you?

If you do possess the yarn, how will you use it? Will you unravel it as you go, to guide your way back to the entrance (go to **43**) or keep it with you for future use (go to **120**)?

If you do not, your adventure will end here, as you have nothing to guide you. You quickly become lost in the winding labyrinth, and never see daylight again.

16

You quickly draw your sword as the fearsome figure of a FACHAN bursts from the trees. It has only a single eye, one veiny leg, and a great hairy hand protruding from the middle of its chest! It wields a club, and is wrapped only in a flowing mantle woven from twisted feathers.

The bizarre creature hops towards you, but hesitates at the side of the track. You realise that it is afraid to step onto it. Will you leap to attack it while it hesitates (turn to **103**), or stay where you are and wait for it to come to you (go to **194**)?

17

The hood makes you invisible – but not from the keen scent of the giant hound. Go to **81**.

18

You fall to your knees as the gust of wind hits you. The swirling air emits a foul, whistle-like laugh as it towers above you. It is a MAZZAMARIEDDU, a wind spirit which, legend says, can only travel when it sees the blood of a murdered man. Seeing death staring you in the face, you fumble desperately for your sword.

FF: *Test your Luck;* ***D&D:*** *Test your Dexterity*. If you are successful, turn to **159**; if not, turn instead to **38**.

19

Alas, your meal does you little good. The churning and writhing of the foliage soon becomes unbearable, and you are physically sick where you stand. ***FF:*** Deduct 3 STAMINA points; ***D&D:*** deduct 3 Hit Points. Now go straight to **11.**

20

Suddenly you are alone with yourself – and you are not a pleasant companion. In you solitude, you will be forced to look deeply into yourself until you have gained enough wisdom to be safely released into the world again. Your adventuring is postponed for a long, long time.

21

Amazingly, you have chanced upon the only way to defeat the foul Gwyllion! FF: Recover 1 point of LUCK.) With an eerie whispering and rustling, their shadowy forms slowly combine into a misty column of vapour, which streams upwards to vanish into the clear blue sky. Turn to **116**.

22

Realizing that the audience is now at an end, you thank the woman profusely. With a courteous bow, you leave her hut. Turn to **168**.

23

Your eye is caught by something which sparkles and glints in a hollow in the tree. You may reach in for it (go to **14**) or pass by and re-enter the woods (go to **128**).

24

You grit your teeth in fearful expectation, but hold firm as the iron touches your forehead. To your amazement, though, it does not hurt, but rather feels marvelously refreshing, as energy and health pours into you! You look up at the woman, and see that she is old and wrinkled no longer, but young and beautiful.

"For your courtesy and bravery, traveller, I have bestowed upon you the Mark of true Sight," she says. *"Hereafter you shall see things as they truly are, and what is hidden shall be plain to you."* Then she reaches behind her, and produces a small horn. *"Blow this when you need aid,"* she tells you, *"and help will surely come to you."*

Turn to **22**.

25

The wind begins to rise, a gentle breeze slowly rustling through the trees and undergrowth. It is warm, blowing from the sweet lands of Summer, and it causes all the buds of the flowers around you to swell and start to bloom – in a few short moments the forest is alive with colour! Spring has come to the Land of Changes at last. Turn to **160**.

26

Inside, it is dark and musty, with a powerful smell of creosote or wood sap. Through the gloom, you can just make out something glowing ahead of you. Will you stumble forward into the darkness and investigate further (turn to **102**), or leave this oppressive place (go to **93**)?

27

You limp painfully through the wood. Your ankle hurts more and more with every step you take, and your arm is a torment. Turn to **25**.

28

Bidding you farewell, the Brownies present you with food for your journey – a large ham and a string of onions and garlic (counts as 2 Provisions). You are rather dubious about accepting the pungent-smelling vegetables, but thank them anyway. And lastly, the present you with one of their tiny, delicately-carved knives as a token of friendship. Chattering their farewells, they lead you to the edge of the village. Turn to **92**.

29

You step off the forest track – and come face to face with a terrifying FACHAN which bursts from the trees. It has only a single eye, one veiny leg, and a great

hairy hand protruding from the middle of its chest! It wields a club, and is wrapped only in a flowing mantle woven from twisted feathers. With a single bound it is upon you!

FACHAN *FF:* SKILL 9 STAMINA 12
D&D: AC 5, HD 2, HP 12, Damage 1–6

If you defeat the Fachan, turn to **189**.

30

Your sword arm is useless, hanging limply by your side. Worse still, your other arm is not strong enough to open the chest. (*FF:* Deduct 1 STAMINA point; *D&D:* lose 1 Hit Point.) You turn and leave in disgust! Go to **75**.

31

The wind rises slowly as you walk, blowing warmly from the Lands of Summer, and even as you watch, all around you the buds of the foliage begins to swell and burst into leaves and bright flowers. Spring has come to the Land of Changes! Turn to **175**.

32

Do you have a tooth among your possessions? If you do, turn to **177**. If not, you must fight.

MOSS MAIDEN *FF:* SKILL 3 STAMINA 5
D&D: AC 9, HD 1, HP 5, Damage 1–3

If you win, turn to **84**.

33

The walls of the hut are festooned with shelves and cupboards, and strange outlandish things hang on hooks from the rafters.

What will you examine?
The cupboards – go to **162**,
The hanging objects – go to **141**,
Or the shelves – go to **96**?
Or will you leave the hut? Go to **64**.

34

As you walk, through, the wind grows stronger, blowing from all directions, and suddenly the Changing is upon you! The swelling and shrinking of the buds vies with the swaying of the trees, as the foliage sprouts and withers in a writhing movement that is quite nauseating. You feel revolted and sickened by all the mutating fertility around you. Turn to **114**.

35

The Brownies indicate that you should follow them. You hesitate, unsure of their intentions, and instantly they close in upon you, looking threatening. Will you fight them (turn to **85**), or go with them peacefully (go to **68**)?

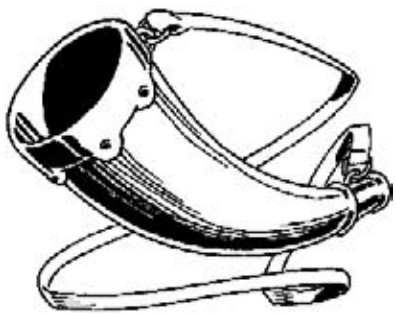

36

FF: Test your Luck; D&D: Test your Wisdom. If you make the roll, go to **61**. If you fail, turn instead to **145**.

37

As you walk, you daydream of the gracious lands of Summer – of golden sunlight dappling the hills, of lush green grass rolling down the flanks of the valleys to tumble over the lips of placid sky-blue lakes. You begin to feel at peace with the world, knowing that you will soon be in the lands of Summer themselves. Turn to **44**.

38

You grab for the hilt of your sword, and prepare for battle.

MAZZAMARIEDDU
FF: SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

Owing to your weakened condition the creature will score 3 points of damage for every successful hit on you.

D&D: AC 5, HD 2, HP 12, Damage 2–7

If you survive the savage attacks of the Mazzamarieddu, turn to **112**.

39

The glade is full of hideous female forms, swathed in sinister cloaks and cowls. They are GWYLLION, evil spirits who waylay travellers like yourself. You are in deadly peril, for few weapons can harm them-your sword certainly can't! Choose your weapon quickly:

A clove of garlic – turn of **106**,
Heal-all – turn to **164**,

A horn – turn to **147**,
A knife – turn to **21**,
A pendant – turn to **191**,
Or a ruby – turn to **42**.

40

Inside it is warm and musty, dimly fit by sunlight seeping through cracks in the hut wall. An unbelievably old woman, covered from top to toe with the shaggy greys and greens of moss and lichen, rises to greet you, grinning broadly at you with pointed teeth. Will you greet her (go to **138**) or draw your sword and attack her (turn to **32**)?

41

You are well-rewarded – just as you are about to step into it, you notice the edge of a net, cunningly concealed amongst the fallen leaves. Quickly you back away from it, looking around to see if you are being watched. Will you hide, hoping to encounter the trappers (turn to **51**), or walk carefully around the net and continue on your way (go to **37**)?

42

Fool! Do you think you can ward off evil with the Heart's Blood of a murdered tree? You fully deserve the fate which now falls on you. Turn to **81**.

43

The yarn is worse than useless, for it tangles and snags on the sharp rocks, snapping in several places. Far too late you remember that the Moss Maiden said it would guide you *forward!* Unless you have a horn, you are doomed to wander these tunnels for ever – your adventurer ends here. If you do have a horn, and wish to blow it, turn to **49**.

44

All of a sudden you emerge from the trees to find yourself in a sunlit glade, and your thoughts jerk back to the present. The glade is wide and covered with grass, and in the centre stands a stone with a hole bored right through it. Will you examine the stone (turn to **98**) or cross the glade to the other side (go to **181**)?

45

Exhausted by all your exertions, you try and block out the noise of the storm, and lay down to sleep. Turn to **140**.

46

As the hound gazes down at you, the pendant crumbles to dust in your hand. Turn to **81**.

47

Little figures run from their hiding-places among the trees. Only half your height, clad all in brown and with

shaggy beards, the BROWNIES nevertheless look formidable opponents. One shins up the tree and unceremoniously cuts the rope holding the net – and you – up in the air. With a crash you fall to the ground. ***FF:*** Deduct 2 STAMINA points; ***D&D:*** lose 2 Hit Points. If you are still alive, turn to **35**.

48

The woman's shape shifts, becoming vague and shadowy as she towers above you.

"Worm!" she cries. *"How dare you violate my hospitality thus!"* With a screaming rush of noise in your ears the shadow descends upon you, something sharp claws at your throat, and you know no more.

49

You blow your horn, producing a long, pure note that seems to echo on long after you have finished blowing into it. The reverberating sound is answered, as the thunder of hooves grows neater and nearer With a roar, the WILD HUNT bursts upon you, pouring down out of nowhere, their flaming dogs and antlered steeds galloping swiftly towards you. One of the riders reaches down and grasps you with a black studded glove, and drags you up behind him, as the Hunt streams into the sky to the accompaniment of baying hounds.

The unearthly procession gallops through the sky until it reaches the lands of Summer. As the band swoops down again, your mysterious saviour deposits you on a grassy bank, before turning his peculiar mount skywards again to rejoin the Hunt. You have returned safe and sound to the lands of Summer, where you may live your span in peace – though you will not be remembered as a brave adventurer.

50

You quickly draw the knife, but to your horror the blade withers and crumbles away before your very eyes. Brownie blades are only effective against evil if given in friendship – and yours was stolen! Turn to **195**.

51

It seems that whoever set the net as a trap is almost as patient as you at waiting, but eventually small figures appear through the trees. Will you get ready to attack them (go to **199**), or remain hidden (go to **109**)?

52

The hag's shape shifts, becoming vague and shadowy as she towers above you. *"Faint-heart! Poltroon!"* she cackles at you. With a screaming rush of noise in your ears the shadow descends upon you, something sharp claws at your throat, and you know no more.

53

There are no more surprises in this ancient place. You decide to settle down for a much-needed rest, which refreshes *you.* ***FF:*** Recover 2 STAMINA points; ***D&D:*** regain 2 Hit Points. After a few hours, you feel fit and tested enough to continue on your way. Turn to **179**.

54

The next thing you know, you are suspended fifteen feet above the ground, neatly netted and quite helpless. Turn to **47**.

55

The Moss Maiden draws you to her, and gives you a sickly kiss in greeting.

"Welcome, my child!" she says. There is healing in her touch, and your wounds seem to vanish in an instant. (All your STAMINA or Hit Points return to their Initial levels.) Once you have recovered from the light-headed feeling of being fit and well again, she asks you if you wish to help her with her work (go to **124**) or simply sleep (go to **167**)?

56

As the Mazzamarieddu is composed mostly of air, your blows have little effect on it.

MAZZAMARIEDDU

FF: SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you hit it, deduct only 1 point from its STAMINA instead of the usual 2.

D&D: AC 3, HD 2, HP 12, Damage 1–6

If you survive 4 Attack Rounds, turn to **152**.

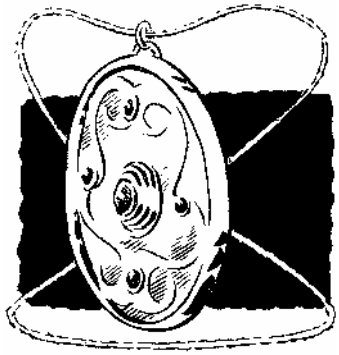

57

No one has ever defeated the powerful Redcap before! ***FF:*** Add 2 LUCK points; roll 1 die and regain that many STAMINA points, up to your Initial level. ***D&D:*** Roll a d6 and regain that many Hit Points, up to your starting score.

In the whirl of wild magic released when the foul creature died, you find yourself magically transported to a new location. The skies whirl and the air grows hazy, as you feel yourself moving. You blink – and the scene in front of you changes.

Roll one die.
If you roll a 1 – go to **134**.
2 – go to **54**
3 – go to **153**
4 – go to **140**
5 – go to **70**
6 – go to **101**

58

You examine the peculiar place as best you can. There is little in it beyond the usual domestic tools and furniture, but in one corner you find an interesting-looking chest. If you want to open the chest, will you use your sword (turn to **107**) or a club, if you have one (go to **111**). Alternatively, go to **45**.

59

You look down in horror – the ground beneath your feet has turned to quicksand. Already you are up to your knees, and then your waist. No matter how hard you struggle, the quicksand pulls you harder, sucking you like a slobbering mouth into its slimy embrace. Your adventure ends here.

60

Where the stone once stood, something else now rests, glinting and sparkling. It is a golden crown, heavy with jewels. You may take this treasure if you wish, and leave the glade. Turn to **187**.

61

Unbidden, words from the Sacred Scriptures form themselves in your mind and then pour from your lips. Redcap screams in agony as he hears the holy words, and turns and flees. He has left one of his teeth behind him, though, which you may take if you wish. Now go to **89**.

62

You run across the glade, panic snapping at your heels like a dog. The trees on the far side seem to be getting further and further away, and you increase your speed even more. Suddenly, you stumble on the rough grass, and fall. Whispers of icy cold swirl around you, and you feel terrible invisible hands pawing your flesh. Slowly, agonisingly, talons begin to rip and tear . . . Your adventure ends here.

63

Confusing images pass before your eyes; billowing clouds do not muffle the sound of galloping hooves; the full moon gazes down on strange silent figures. You feel a great sense of impending doom, and the image of a horn very similar to yours looms before you. Quickly you turn away – go to **87**.

64

Several Brownies waiting outside the hut look at you keenly for a few moments, then seem to lose interest. You seem free to do as you will. You may explore the small settlement (turn to **76**) or leave by the track at the end of the street (go to **128**).

65

The woman's eyes flash excitedly.

"Good!" she cries. *"Greatness can be yours!"* She states at you, mutters a few words, and . . . turn to **54** (you may keep your possessions).

66

The woman looks at them for a few moments, then throws them on the floor in extreme disgust! Turn to **166**.

67

Exhausted beyond belief, your spirit broken, you stagger from the peculiar nest and out into the wood, wandering aimlessly wherever your feet decide to take you. Turn to **112**.

68

Delighted that they have discomfited you – they are a mischievous folk – the Brownies lead you through the woods to their village, a cheery little place of turf huts and well-tended gardens. *(FF:* add 1 LUCK point.) Leading you through the village to the very, last hut, they halt and indicate that you should enter. Turn to **129**.

69

Almost at the limit of your strength, you come to a ruined tower which pokes up through the trees. Will you enter and shelter here (go to **101**) or continue to chance your luck in the woods (go to **144**)?

70

You sleep soundly, undisturbed by intruders or dreams, wake, and sleep again, the iridescent movement of the plants filling every fibre of your being. At last you awaken, filled with joy after your long rest. Standing amongst the beautiful flowers, you gather your things and hasten towards the beckoning lands of Summer – and the blinkers of madness fall from your eyes. You are in the middle of a quagmire, quite alone, and sinking fast. As you slip beneath the surface for the last time, your last thought is that you will never see the sun again.

71

The crown is useless here. The immense dog howls again. Turn to **81**.

72

The Moss Maiden looks at you with sadness in her eyes. *"Alas,"* she murmurs, *"sloth has its own reward."* She pats your hand consolingly. *"But at least you may end your days in peace, poor mortal."*

She makes a pass with her hand, and the weird nest and all that it contains vanish in an instant, and you are once again in your longed-for Summer lands. You may dwell here in peace for the rest of your days – though you will die before your time, and you will never be a hero.

73

Utterly exhausted, you drag yourself through the wood, gagging continuously. You stumble onwards, too tired to care what happens to you any more, and suddenly, you find yourself in a small clearing. You tumble into it, bringing up sharply against a rock. Turn to **131**.

74

The writhing of the foliage makes you feel very nauseous indeed. Quickly you return to the track, where you feel a little better. You may eat some Provisions before continuing on your way, if you wish. Turn to **19**.

75

Your fatigue grows heavier and heavier with every step, and you plod on through the wood. You can hardly keep your eyes open, and you stumble all over the place as you drag yourself along. Suddenly a leafy dell opens up in front of you, and you tumble into it. Your knees buckle and you fall to the ground, bringing up sharply against a rock. Turn to **131**.

76

A small wooden but or shed, standing alone near the trees, attracts your attentions. Will you enter and investigate it (go to **26**) or keep walking (go to **146**)?

77

Seizing an opportunity, you fling the club to one side and fumble for your sword – but drop it as it slides from its sheath! ***FF:*** *Test your Luck,* ***D&D:*** *Test your Dexterity.* If you make your roll, turn to **113**; if not, go to **142**.

78

Looking through you see a peculiar vision – a wild, stormy sky full of strange figures on antlered steeds, who gallop through the clouds; the heavens reverberate with the melody of their horns. Evil things fly before them, and all the world cowers beneath their feet. You start backwards as their leader flies right towards you, blowing on a horn just like yours. Turn to **87**.

79

Suddenly you emerge from the trees to find yourself in a sunlit glade. In the centre of the grassy clearing is a stone, with a hole bored through the centre. Do you examine the stone (go to **98**) or cross the glade and re-enter the trees on the other side (turn to **181**)?

80

The tree shimmers, and the next moment a woman stands in its place, tall and green-skinned, with a merry face. She smiles, and kisses you once on each

cheek ***FF:*** add 2 LUCK points). You thank her, and pass on. Turn to **99**.

81

The heads growl and snarl, and a savage fire blazes in the hound's eyes. Its teeth snap and grind as it lunges at you, biting deeply. Your adventure ends here.

82

The old crone scowls at you, and fiddles with the sticks in the fire. Plainly, she doesn't want to have anything to do with you! Do you want to explore the hut (go to **33**), or leave (turn to **64**)?

83

You. catch your sword by the blade, raising it pommel first so that the hilt forms a cross. Instantly the Mazzamarieddu gives a hideous screeching yell, and collapses in upon itself in an instant. The battle is over before it has barely begun. All that remains is a battered red hood and 20 gold pieces; you may take these if you wish. Turn to **74**.

84

You examine the strange nest, but find only the usual household tools and implements, though in one corner there is a locked chest, which might be more interesting. If you wish to open the chest turn to **30**; if not, go instead to **75**.

85

You draw your sword, and instantly the eight Brownies all produce small daggers. They are diminutive but fierce fighters, and they outnumber you severely – as one falls another will take his place. Fight them one at a time.

BROWNIE ***FF:*** SKILL 5 STAMINA 10
D&D: AC 5, HD 1, HP 3, 4, 7, 4, 6, 3, 1, 2, Damage 1–3

If you win through to the end turn to **143**.

86

Inside it is warm and musty, lit only by a dim light, but the wind's roaring seems miles away and you begin to feel better immediately. But the hut is occupied; a woman works furiously – spinning,

weaving, sweeping, cooking, dusting, sewing – she somehow keeps it all going at the same time! She is a MOSS MAIDEN, covered from top to toe with the lumpy, shaggy greys and greens of moss and lichen. When she finally notices you, she stops and holds her hands out in greeting, a crooked smile revealing her pointed teeth.

Will you go to her (turn to **55**), or attack her (go to **130**)?

87

Stunned by the alarming visions you have witnessed, it takes you a moment to adjust back to reality. Go to **39**.

88

The voluminous cloak wraps itself around you, and all of a sudden you find yourself being lifted into the air! Higher and higher you go, passing through every obstruction as if it wasn't there. Looking down now, you can see the forest, and far, far away the glimmering lands of Summer, which you will never reach now. Higher and higher you go, until the last few tendrils of the atmosphere fall away and you float lifeless above the world . . .

89

Leaving the tower, you press on through the woods, which seem to stretch on forever. After only a short distance, however, you come to a great spherical nest-like dwelling, made from twigs and moss. Your True Sight tells you that this is a *good* place, and you enter. Turn to **2**.

90

You choose a hut, and find an empty corner in which to make yourself comfortable and sleep out the storm. Outside the wind howls, but you rest peacefully. ***FF:*** regain 4 STAMINA points; ***D&D:*** recover 3 Hit Points. Eventually you wake, and continue on your way. Turn to **179**.

91

They lead you into a hut where a sumptuous feast has been prepared! All through the rest of that day – and well into the night – they entertain you like a prince. Outside the storm rages on, but inside all is warm and friendly. ***FF:*** regain 1 LUCK point and 3 STAMINA points; ***D&D:*** recover 2 Hit Points. Turn to **182**.

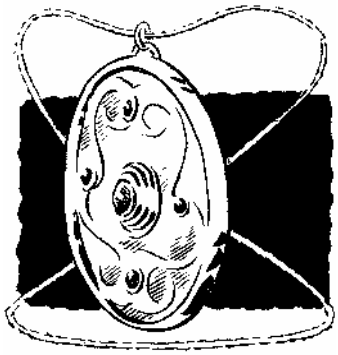

92

An ancient elder tree stands sentinel there. It is so gnarled and twisted that it looks almost human. Will you approach it (turn to **186**), or leave the village (go to **99**)?

93

Opposite the shed is another of the little turf huts, surrounded by a carefully-tended garden. The hut's occupant has been growing cabbages – but very strange cabbages, it seems, for they glisten and sparkle! You cross the street and examine them more closely. Turn to **198**.

94

You must fight the dreaded Redcap. Human strength can avail little against him, and you are in a very bad way already . . .

REDCAP ***FF:*** SKILL 10 STAMINA 10
D&D: AC 3, HD 3, HP 22, Damage 1–8

If you manage to survive, turn to **57**.

95

The Brownies sweep past you and disappear into the wood, as if you weren't there! Dumbfounded, you watch them march away. Will you follow them (turn to **169**) or move onwards – ignoring the net of course (turn to **37**)?

96

The shelves hold a great many jars and bottles, bearing labels such as *To Spoil The Shot Of Elves* and *To Make Whole The Half-Hearted.* You are particularly intrigued by one Jar, which is labelled *Heal All,* and you take it – the stuff could be very useful in your line of business.

Now you may examine the cupboards (turn to **162**) or the hanging objects (turn to **141**), if you have not done so already, or you may leave the hut (turn to **64**)?

97

Gether takes the crown, and with shaking hands places it upon his head. A great radiance fills the cavern, bringing the sparkling stalactites and stalagmites to life; wonderful music ripples from their stony sides. The man stands straight and tall, for he is old no longer.

"Thank you! Thank you!" he cries. *"You have restored my kingdom to me! Ask what you will of me as reward."* Turn to **200**.

98

The stone is ancient, and no human hand has made the hole that pierces it, for it is Self-Bored Stone, and magical things may be seen through it. You place your eye to the hole. Turn to **13**.

99

Leaving the village, you resume your journey through the wood, reflecting upon how peaceful everything seems. The sun is shining brightly, and the hum of insects buzzing around the new-grown flowers fills the air. You come to a sunny glade, which has a large stone with a hole bored through it at its centre. Will you cross the glade to the other side (turn to **39**), or stay and examine the peculiar stone (turn to **163**)?

100

The hound looks at you with disdain, for it has no use for gold. Turn to **81**.

101

As you stumble across the threshold, you hear an evil laugh, and glance up in terror. Standing before you is the foul REDCAP, with his red eyes, long pointed teeth, bloody hands, and grisly hair streaming as far as his iron-shod boots. There is a pikestaff in his hand and a faded red cap on his head. Your heart quails, for you know that this Brownies greatest pleasure is to dye his cap in the fresh blood of his victims – and the next one might very well be you! ***FF:*** *Test your Luck,* ***D&D:*** *Test your Wisdom.* If you make the roll, turn to **161**; if not, turn instead to **94**.

102

A beautiful, jewel-encrusted pendant hangs glimmering on the wall. You cannot help but take it, hanging it around your neck and covering it with your jerkin. Leave here by going to **93**.

103

The Fachan roars in triumph. By leaving the track you have forfeited your advan-

tage. ***FF:*** lose 1 LUCK point.) Battle is joined!

FACHAN ***FF:*** SKILL 9 STAMINA 12
D&D: AC 5, HD 2, HP 12, Damage 1–6

If you survive the battle, turn to **189**.

104

The breeze begins to grow stronger, blowing warmly from the distant lands of Summer, and all around you buds begin to open. Turn to **173**.

105

A terrible rumbling starts, centering upon the ground beneath your feet. With a horrible roar the ground opens up below you, and you plunge into a bottomless pit.

106

This isn't Transylvania! The hound is undeterred by garlic. There is no escape – your doom is upon you . . . Turn to **81**.

107

Your blade snaps cleanly against the hasp of the chest! You curse loudly. ***FF:*** deduct 2 SKILL points unless you can find another weapon to use; ***D&D:*** unarmed combat will allow you to score only 1–2 points of damage against an opponent unless you can obtain another weapon. You may try using a club, if you have one – turn to **111**; if you don't have one, go instead to **45**.

108

It is warm inside, but dark and gloomy too. A very old, and quite revoltingly dirty woman squats by a fire.

"Sit by me," she croaks, beckoning with a glowing poker. Will you do as she says (go to **171**), or choose a seat a little further away (turn to **52**)?

109

Clad all in brown, with shaggy hair and beards, the eight small men look quite formidable. Long knives are stripped to their hips, and a few look as though they've already seen service in a few wars. They are BROWNIES, and as a man they turn and face your hiding place!

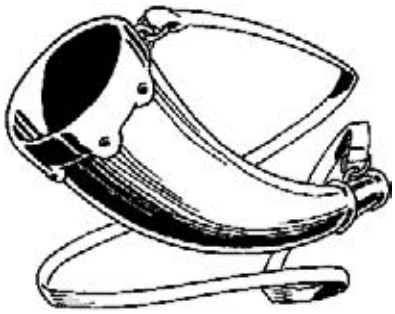

Will you stay where you are (turn to **165**) or step out boldly (turn to **9**)?

110

Totally exhausted, you ate unable to save yourself from falling when the trees suddenly end and you find yourself in a leafy dell. You tumble forward into it, bringing up sharply against a rock. Turn to **131**.

111

Having an affinity for evil, the club performs splendidly for you – for stealing someone else's possessions is most certainly evil. Inside the chest is an orb made from transparent crystal, and a ball of fine yarn. You may take these if you wish; now turn to **45**.

112

Your fatigue grows heavier and heavier with every step, as you plod on through the wood. You can hardly keep your eyes open, and you stumble all over the place as you drag yourself along. Suddenly a leafy dell opens up in front of you, and you tumble into it. Your knees buckle and you fall to the ground, bringing up sharply against a rock. Turn to **131**.

113

You catch your sword by the blade, raising it pommel first so that the hilt forms a cross. Immediately the Mazzamarieddu gives a hideous screeching yell, and collapses in upon itself in an instant. The battle is over before it has barely begun. All that remains is a battered red hood and 20 gold pieces; you may take these if you wish. Turn to **74**.

114

The world is whirling and spinning around you, and you feel very sick. You must find shelter quickly. Turn to **11**.

115

You arrive at a fork in the track. All is quiet, perhaps unusually so, the only sound being the rustling of the totes in the breeze which has just started to blow. Which direction will you go in – right (turn to **34**) or left (turn to **31**)?

116

As the Gwyllion vanish, a joyous song pours forth from the stone. You turn, alarmed and then amazed, to see a

golden light issuing from the hole, as the glorious music fills the air. Then the stone itself fades, shimmering away into the air, leaving you alone in the quiet sunshine. Turn to **60**.

117

You are alive, but terribly weakened by your battle. In a daze you eat some Provisions, and then crawl away. Turn to **19**.

118

"Alas, I had thought more of your spirit," the Moss Maiden mutters. Then she says a few garbled words and suddenly everything goes hazy. You rub your eyes – and you are sitting on a hillside overlooking the bright land of Summer. You are safely back home again – though you are not a hero . . .

119

You turn – and find you are facing *into* the forest! Again and again you try to look back, and fail. Wherever you look, the track leads off into the forest. Finally, afraid and confused, you walk backwards – and are instantly locked in the grip of an invisible vice. You are held rigid, as if the air itself has solidified. You choke and splutter, but its grip grows ever stronger, until you slip into unconsciousness. Turn to **123**.

120

The ball of yarn glows brightly in your hands. Just as the Moss Maiden promised you, it guides you forward. You wander through the echoing tunnels, which seen to wind on and on, until you corn to a huge chamber, ornamented with stalactites and stalagmites which glow in radiant colours. At the centre of the chamber a wizened, white-haired old man sits slumped on a rotting chair. He is Gether, the Keeper of the Secret. Turn to **172**.

121

It is a shameful victory. You survey the carnage with grief, now chillingly aware that had you been courteous to the old woman, and less greedy, this need not have been: You might as well keep the ruby, though, and you can take one of the Brownie knives if you wish. Now turn to **104**.

122

You sneak up behind the Mazzamarieddu as stealthily as you can, hoping that the wailing of the wind will hide the noise of your footsteps. How will you attack the bizarre creature – with a sword (**56**), or with a club, if you have one (**132**)?

123

You awaken dazed and bewildered, to find your body bruised and sore. ***FF:*** 2 stamina points; ***D&D:*** lose 2 Hit Points. You carefully struggle to your feet, resolved not to try turning back again. You set off down the track with a resigned air. A breeze has sprung up, blowing gently from the sweet lands of Summer, and all around you the buds begin to swell and bloom. Spring has come to the Land of Changes. Turn to **137**.

124

Never have you worked so hard! Dusting, polishing, scrubbing, darning, you seem to be doing it all. And yet the more you do, the better you feel! By the time the storm is over you feel positively rejuvenated. Over breakfast the Moss Maiden breaks her silence and talks to you.

"My child," she begins, *"you have the look of one who could accomplish great things, but you have not done all you should in this place. What would you do? I could send you home* (turn to **118**), *or set time back a little so you can make your choices anew* (turn to **65**), *or send you on your way with what little help I can* (turn to **135**)*."* Which will you choose?

125

As you stumble across the threshold, you hear an evil laugh, and glance up in terror. Standing before you is the foul REDCAP, with his red eyes, long pointed teeth, bloody hands, and grisly hair streaming as far as his iron-shod boots.

There is a pikestaff in his hand and a faded red cap on his head. Your heart quails, for you know that this Brownie's greatest pleasure is to dye his cap in the

fresh blood of his victims – and the next one might very well be you! You must fight him.

REDCAP *FF:* SKILL 10 STAMINA 10
D&D: AC 3, HD 3, HP 22, Damage 1–8

If you survive for 6 rounds turn to **36**.

126

Your oath taken, the Moss Maiden hands you an orb of purest crystal and a ball of yarn.

"The orb is the key," she tells you, *"and the yarn will guide you forward, if you use it wisely. My name is Lina – remember the letter of my name, for it may help you. The secret is that you should seek Gether, the holder of the secret! Now go, my child, with my blessings."*

Deep in thought, you return to the track through the woods. Without really noticing where you are going, you walk for some while, until you come to a leafy dell with a pillar of rock in the centre Turn to **153**.

127

The trek through the woods seems interminable, and your spirits get lower and lower. You stop for a little while, and rest, before continuing. Turn to **79**.

128

The Brownies do not hinder your departure. As you stride through the woods, a breeze blows up, blowing warmly from the sweet lands of Summer, and all around you the buds begin to swell and bloom. Spring comes to the Land of Changes. Turn to **137**.

129

It's warm and humid inside, and rather gloomy. A revoltingly dirty old woman squats beside afire. She looks up at you, beckons with a glowing poker and croaks. *"Sit by me."* Will you do as she says (turn to **171**), or choose a seat a little further away (turn to **82**)?

130

You may wear a mantle, if you have one (turn to **88**). Otherwise, start your fight.

MOSS MAIDEN *FF:* SKILL 3 STAMINA 5
D&D: AC 9, HD 1, HP 5, Damage 1–3

If you win, turn to **58**.

131

You regain consciousness, and rise shakily to your feet. The storm is over. Turn to **153**.

132

Though it is a formidable weapon, the club has an affinity for evil. It twists in your hands as you strike, sparing your opponent its full force *FF:* lose 1 SKILL point; *D&D:* fight at –1 when using the club. If you have a mantle, you may put it on (turn to **88**). If not, you must fight the devilish creature. Go to **56**, but if you make 4 successful attacks on it go to **77** instead.

133

As if your other miseries were not enough already, you begin to retch as waves of sickness sweep over you. *FF:* deduct 2 STAMINA and 1 SKILL point; *D&D:* lose 2 Hit Points, and fight at –1 until you can take a Potion of Healing. Turn to **69**.

134

This path is almost clear of leaves, and much less noisy. It leads you straight into the wood, but after a while the trees begin to close in around you, and twigs and leaves again cover the ground, cracking and snapping underfoot. Will you turn back (go to **119**) or carry on regardless (go to **154**)?

135

The Moss Maiden gives you two farewell presents – an orb of the purest crystal, and a ball of yarn. She sighs rather sadly, as if sorry to see you go.

"I can do no more for you than tell you to seek the guardian rock. Now go, child." And she leads you out of the nest. Turn to **153**.

136

"You have killed our Green Lady!" says one.

"You have plucked the heart from our Guardian," intones another. *"For this you shall die."*

The eight Brownies raise their weapons.

BROWNIES *FF:* SKILL 6 STAMINA 10
D&D: AC 5, HD 1, HP 2, 1, 3, 6, 4, 7, 4, 4, Damage 1–3

If you win through, turn to **121**.

137

As you walk, the wind grows ever stronger, blowing from all directions

now – and the Changing is upon you! The swelling and shrinking of the buds vies with the swaying of the trees to create a surging sea of movement that is quite nauseating. Your sense of direction completely confused, you fall to your knees, coughing and retching. Will you try and struggle on (go to **158**) or lie where you are, hiding your face from the storm (turn to **70**)?

138

Her embrace heals all your ills – restore all your characteristics to their starting levels. She studies you closely, staring at you until you turn your head away with embarrassment.

"My child," she says, *"I see you have not accomplished all you should in this place. What would you ask of me? I can send you home* (turn to **118**)*, or set time back so that you might make your choices anew* (turn to **65**)*, or send you on your way with what little help I can give* (turn to **135**)?" Which will you choose?

139

You crunch your way out of the wood, and back into the valley: it is a relief to be out from under those lowering trees! You stroll along the valley, enjoying the sun on your shoulders and the piping of the skylarks above you. At last you espy a break in the trees, and turn toward it. Go to **134**.

140

When you awake, you feel stiff and weak. You ache in every joint, and your limbs don't seem to want to work. You gaze down at your hands, and are mortified to see that they have become bony and twisted – the hands of an ancient! You rush to a mirror which hangs on the wall – it is true! You have become old overnight! *FF:* deduct 3 SKILL and 6 STAMINA (remove the same from your Initial scores as well!); *D&D:* remove 5 Hit Points (from your Initial score too), and from now on fight at –2. If you survive this, turn to **67**.

141

The objects prove to be strings of onions and cloves of garlic, and smoke-cured hams. You may take some of these if you wish, giving you 2 Provisions' worth of food. If you haven't done so already, you may now investigate the shelves (go to **96**) or the cupboards (turn to **162**), or leave the hut entirely (go to **64**).

142

You grab the pommel of your sword and prepare for battle-but the Mazzamarieddu is made mostly of air, and even the keenest blade has little effect upon it. If you have a mantle, you may put it on (turn to **88**). If not, you must fight the foul creature.

MAZZAMARIEDDU

FF: SKILL 9 STAMINA 12

If you hit it, deduct only 1 point from its STAMINA instead of the usual two.

D&D: AC 3, HD 2, HP 12, Damage 1–6

If you survive, turn to **117**.

143

Bodies litter the woodland floor, their small limbs twisted cruelly in attitudes of death. You are saddened that you should have slain so many, and wonder if they would have hurt you at all. Your confidence is shaken. (*FF:* lose 2 LUCK points.) You shake your head, and continue your journey. Before you set off again you may take one of the Brownie's knives, if you wish. Now turn to **127**.

144

You are nearing the limit of your resources, when you see a huge spherical nest-like building woven from twigs and moss. Will you stop and investigate the strange building (turn to **86**) or pass it by (go to **110**)?

145

You stumble, and the last sight you see is Redcap's cruel pike thrusting towards you . . .

146

An ancient elder tree, so gnarled and twisted that it looks almost human, stands at the end of the village street. Intrigued, you approach it. Turn to **23**.

147

Alas! This is the only place where the horn cannot help you, for the deathly silent Gwyllion steal sound! Tendrils of icy cold reach out for you, and you know no more . . .

148

As you stagger onwards, the writhing wood conquers your resistance, and you are sick. *FF:* lose 2 STAMINA points; *D&D:* lose 2 Hit Points. Turn to **73**.

149

You step, panting . . . The track looks different, and you wonder how far you have come. You look around, and quickly realise you are lost. *FF:* lose 1 LUCK point.) Turn to **115**.

150

Suddenly, you perceive that the wail increases in pitch, and you see ahead of you a whirling knot of wind which has formed itself into an almost-human shape. You stagger towards it, caring little for any danger it may threaten. Turn to **18**.

151

An old, cracked voice calls out, *"Enter."* You can only obey – turn to **108**.

152

Without warning the Mazzamarieddu strikes you a mighty blow, knocking the sword from your grasp. *FF: Test your Luck; D&D: Test your Dexterity.* If you make the roll turn to **83**: if not, turn to **190**.

153

You stand up in front of the pillar of rock. Looking carefully, you can see that its sides are each intricately carved with an arcane letter. You trace them with your finger, and then press one.

Will it be: A – turn to **105**,
J – turn to **59**,
L – turn to **188**, or
Z – turn to **10**.

154

The track begins to narrow, and in the distance you hear a peculiar thumping noise, which seems to be drawing ever closer. Will you go to investigate it (turn to **29**) or wait on the track (turn to **16**)?

155

Having inflicted a hail of blows on you, the Brownies abandon you in the wood. You are bruised all over and your ankle is sprained. Your sword-arm feels twisted and numb, and may even be broken. *FF:* deduct 4 STAMINA points and 1 SKILL point; *D&D:* lose 3 Hit Points and fight at –2 until you can be healed. You must find help – and soon. Turn to **27**.

156

The howl of the wind takes on a new note, and through the writhing trees you see a spinning cloud of air and vapour. It is the MAZZAMARIEDDU, a wind spirit which can only travel when it sees the blood of a murdered man. It is facing away from you, and you know you are probably safe if you stay on the track. Will you ignore the creature (turn to **114**), or leave the track and take it by surprise (turn to **122**)?

157

The Brownies' village is a cheery little place of out huts and well-tended gardens. As you walk down what appears to be the main street, you come to a large hut, which towers over the surrounding dwellings. No one seems the remotest bit interested in what you are doing, so you decide to enter it. Will you prepare for what might be inside and draw your sword before you enter (turn to **170**), or knock and wait to be invited in (go to **151**)?

158

You fight your way through the wind-whipped branches, dimly aware that you have strayed off the track, and are feeling very ill. *FF:* lose 2 STAMINA points; *D&D:* lose 2 Hit Points. Turn to **150**.

159

You grab your sword by the blade, raising it pommel up to form a cross. The Mazzamarieddu gives a horrible cry and collapses in on itself, then vanishes, leaving only a small pile of (20) gold pieces and a battered red hood. You may take these if you wish. Turn to **112**.

160

But the wind grows stronger, gusting around you from all directions – and now the Changing is upon you! The stomach-turning swelling and shrinking of the buds vies with the swaying of the trees to create a restless sea of movement that is quite nauseating. Turn to **133**.

161

Vainly you struggle to draw your sword. As Redcap's pike plunges towards your heart, words of the Sacred Scriptures poor unbidden from your lips. Redcap gives a dismal yell and vanishes, leaving behind him one of his long teeth. You may take this if you wish; now go to **192**.

162

You open one of the cupboards. It is much larger than you expected, and very dark. Suddenly something gives you a violent shove, propelling you into the darkness and slamming the door behind you. Turn to **20**.

163

No human hand made the hole that pierces the stone – it is a Self-Bored Stone, and magical visions can be seen through it. You put your eye to the hole. Do you have the full Mark of True Sight? – if so, turn to **78**. If not, turn to **63** instead.

164

It Heals-All alright! It's a deadly poison, and as soon as you open the jar your fate is sealed . . . You are dead in seconds.

165

The Brownies leap upon you and drag you from your hidey-hole, belabouring you with sticks, stones and their own gnarled fists. You have no change to defend yourself – their onslaught is too sudden and violent. Turn to **155**.

166

There is a ripping sound, as the very fabric of Time and Space is torn asunder! A mighty blow flings you through into a Summer pasture – home at last, but naked and forever shamed. Your adventure ends here.

167

The woman leads you to a pallet by the fire, and gestures for you to lie down. Gratefully you fling yourself upon it, and sleep. Turn to **140**.

168

Several Brownies are waiting outside – they look at you keenly for an instant, then cheer with delight to see the Mark on your forehead. Turn to **91**.

169

The Brownies march through the wood to their village, leaving you skulking in the undergrowth close by. The little settlement seems peaceful enough – will you enter (turn to **157**) or retrace your steps (turn to **139**)?

170

At the far end of the darkened but sits a disgustingly dirty and very old woman. She rises as you step into the room. Turn to **48**.

171

She smiles at you, revealing a revolting set of rotten teeth. Then she takes a red-hot branding iron from the fire.

"Are you brave, stranger?" she asks. Are you? ***FF:*** *Test your Luck;* ***D&D:*** *Test your Wisdom.* If you make it turn to **24**; if not, turn to **184**.

172

Gether looks up at you as you approach.

"At last!" he cries. *"After so long – so long! Have you my crown? My crown of song?"* Well – have you got it? If you have it, turn to **97**.

If not, all you can do is blow your horn, for there is no other way out of this place for you. Turn to **49**.

173

The gentle rocking of the wind makes you feel sleepy. Will you return to the village to rest in one of the huts (turn to **90**), or keep walking (turn to **137**)?

174

You are unable to see the Gwyllion when you turn away from the stone, but you can sense the icy tendrils of their presence as they close in on you. Turn to **195**.

175

But the wind grows stronger, blowing from all directions – and the Changing is upon you! The stomach-churning swell-

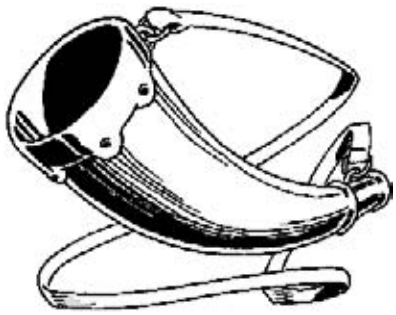

ing and shrinking of the buds vies with the swaying of the trees to create a sea of movement that is quite nauseating. However, you stare resolutely ahead, fixing your gaze on the track which is the one stable object in this insane land. You stagger onwards . . . Turn to **156**.

176

You dash through the glade, expecting invisible death to overtake you at any moment. But before you know it you are on track again, running blindly until you are exhausted. Turn to **149**.

177

The tooth makes you impervious to weapons. The Moss Maiden cannot harm you at all, and you kill her easily. Turn to **84**.

178

You gaze into the ruby's depths, feeling delighted. It is redder than the reddest thing you have ever seen, and utterly entrancing. When you finally raise your eyes from its contemplation, you find you are surrounded by crowds of Brownies. Their eyes are filled with grief, and you see your death reflected there. Turn to **136**.

179

Stiff and sore, you continue on your way until you come to a huge spherical, nest-like building, woven from twigs and moss. Will you stop and enter (turn to **40**), or pass it by and keep walking (turn to **110**)?

180

The woman draws back from you, as if offended. *"No, you know not gratitude, nor courtesy,"* she mutters. Turn to **166**.

181

As you move across the glade, you sense something intangible reaching out towards you. You could not know it, but this clearing is haunted by the Gwyllion, hideous female spirits who waylay travellers. Terrible hands lay hold of you, and invisible talons rip and tear at your flesh. Your adventure ends here . . .

182

The next day, the Brownies take you on a tour of their village. There are wondrous things to be seen, magical gardens and enchanted plants: one row off cabbages has diamonds glittering in its leaves instead of dewdrops! (You may take some if you wish – no one will see.) The flowers tinkle gently as you pass, and their voices whisper to you of the Summer lands far away, filling you with a burning desire to be on your way. Turn to **28**.

183

Your wish, all along, has been to return to the lands of Summer. The Moss Maiden sighs deeply.

"Alas, peace will be yours, but your heart's desire, glory and heroism, will never be. Blow your horn."

You obey, putting the horn to your lips and blowing a mighty blast. Turn to **49**.

184

As the fiery brand nears your forehead, you flinch, so that only half of its pattern touches you, and the old woman sighs sadly.

"Had you held firm, stranger, you would have gained the Mark of True Sight. As it is, I know not what you will see – perhaps some of that which is hidden will be revealed to you, perhaps not."

You look at her, and see to your bewilderment that her shape is vague, fluctuating between an old hag and a young and beautiful woman. She pats your hand consolingly.

"I see some of the truth is yours," she says. Then she reaches behind her and produces a small horn. *"Blow this at need,"* she says, *"and help will surely come to you."* Turn to **22**.

185

The dog accepts the orb, and bows its heads in deference to you. *"Pass, friend,"* it growls at you. You pass by. Turn to **15**.

186

The branches of the tree tremble as you advance, and as you put out your hand to touch it the tree shimmers and its outline changes. Will you wait to see what happens (turn to **80**) or leave the village (turn to **99**)?

187

You continue walking through the forest. Sometime later you come to an old, ruined tower, which rears up through the trees. Ahead of you there is a doorway. Will you enter (turn to **125**), or pass it by (turn to **89**)?

188

You hear an ominous rumbling hum, which rises in an instant to an ear-piercing whine. A strange magical crackl-

ing comes from the stone, and without warning a blaze of energy shoots out of it, frying you to a crisp in an instant.

189

The Fachan's body lies before you. As you watch, it fades away, leaving the club and mantle behind it. You may take these if you wish, then push your way back to the track. Turn to **115**.

190

Even as you fumble for your sword, the Mazzamarieddu is upon you, its teeth tearing at your throat. Your adventure ends here.

191

You hold the pendant aloft, and the Gwyllion pause. You have cleverly given yourself a chance. ***FF:*** *Test your Luck,* ***D&D:*** *Test your Dexterity.* If you make the roll, turn to **3**; if not, go instead to **62**.

192

Will you leave this terrible tower (turn to **8**), or stay here and wait out the storm (go to **53**)?

193

"You have wisdom as well as True Sight," the woman says. *"For this tooth protects its bearer from any weapon. All else: riches, power, I possess, but not this. I thank you."*

She looks at you thoughtfully. *"The Mark of Truth is upon you, and there is glory in your eyes. I am the Moss Maiden, and many gifts are mine Two things I can now grant you, but you must choose between them. Will you have your greatest wish* (turn to **183**) *or your heart's desire* (turn to **196**)?"

194

The Fachan is plainly confused by your tactics. He dithers for a while, then his temper gets the better of him and he leaps onto the track. Immediately he slumps – the track is draining his energy! You seize your chance and leap to attack him.

FACHAN ***FF:*** SKILL 4 STAMINA 6
D&D: AC 8, HD 1, HP 6, Damage 1–3

If you survive, turn to **5**.

195

Your sword is useless against the ghoulish Gwyllion. Your only hope is to run through the clearing and hope you make it. ***FF:*** *Test your Luck;* ***D&D:*** *Test your Dexterity*. If you are successful turn to **176**; if not, turn instead to **62**.

196

"Well-chosen!" the Moss Maiden cries. *"I knew your heart was true! I know of a quest greater than any yet accomplished."*

You listen enthralled as she tells you of the great mountains surrounding the edge of the world, and how tales tell of the secret of the Universe itself which lies hidden beyond them. She also says that no one has yet found a way across the peaks.

"For they are as high as the stars and none may scale them. But I know the secret of a secret.

"Will you bear it? Before I tell, you must swear to undertake this quest, or else die in the attempt." Will you swear (turn to **126**), or hold to your wish to return to the lands of Summer (turn to **7**)?

197

Lifting the tattered hide flap which serves as a door, you enter the dwelling. Turn to **86**.

198

Where ordinary cabbage leaves hold raindrops, these hold diamonds! You may take some if you wish, and then turn to **146**.

199

They are all in brown, with shaggy beards and long hair. They are BROWNIES, little people who despite their size can prove to be doughty and ferocious warriors. There are eight of them. Turn to **85**.

200

You tell Gether of the quest laid upon you by the Moss Maiden. He falls silent, thinking deeply, it seems. At last he raises his eyes to yours, and nods.

"Indeed, I think that this knowledge was intended for you," he says. *"It is true that no man may scale the mountains of Winter, for they form a wall around the world. But there is a way under them – although what lies beyond I cannot tell. But I do know that he who would travel to the Edge of the World must first seek the Stupa of the Lost Land. And the Lost Land, it is said, lies beyond Winter. If you will go there your road begins here, in the caverns of my kingdom, and I will show you the beginning of it."*

He smiles at you, and lays his hand upon your shoulder. *"But first, my friend, we must rejoice, and make merry, for today I am delivered, and my realm made free."*

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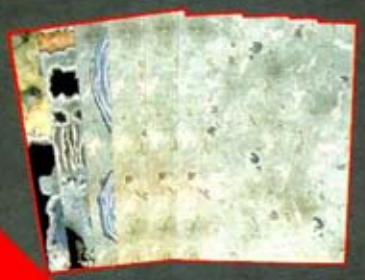

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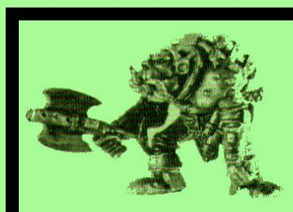
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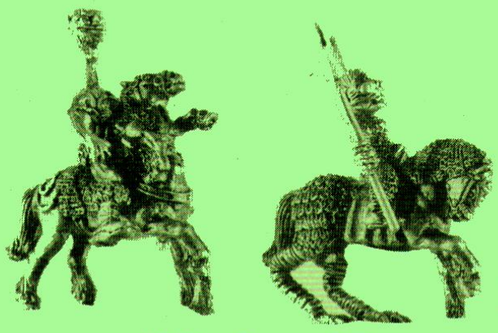
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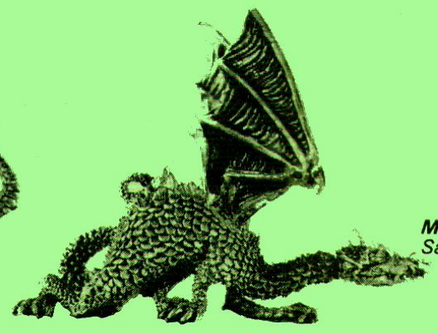
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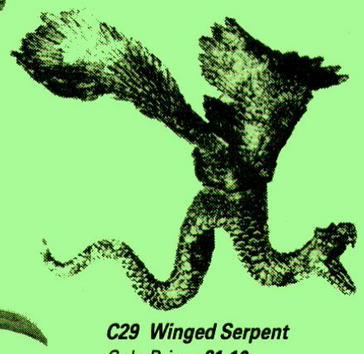
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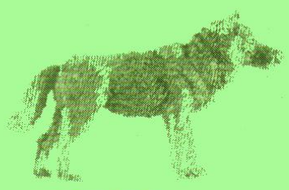
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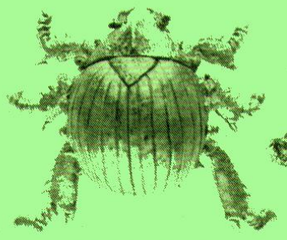
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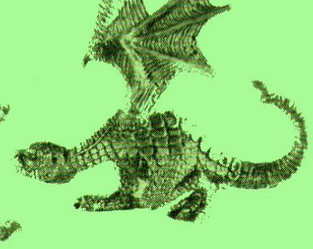
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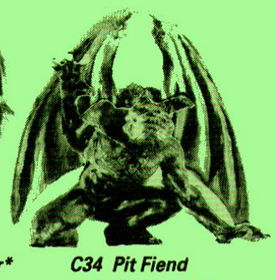
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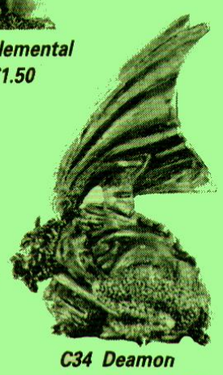
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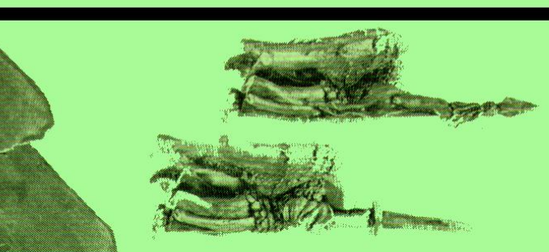
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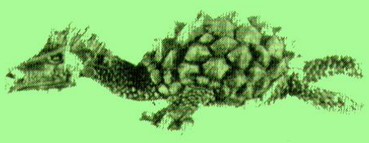
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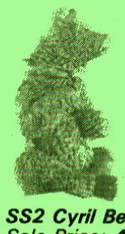
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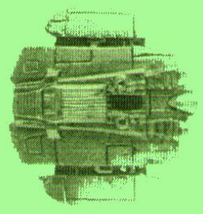

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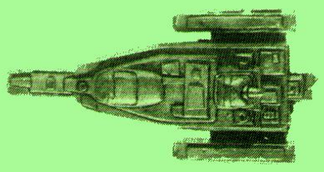

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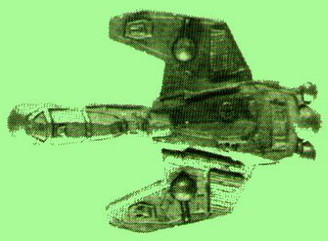

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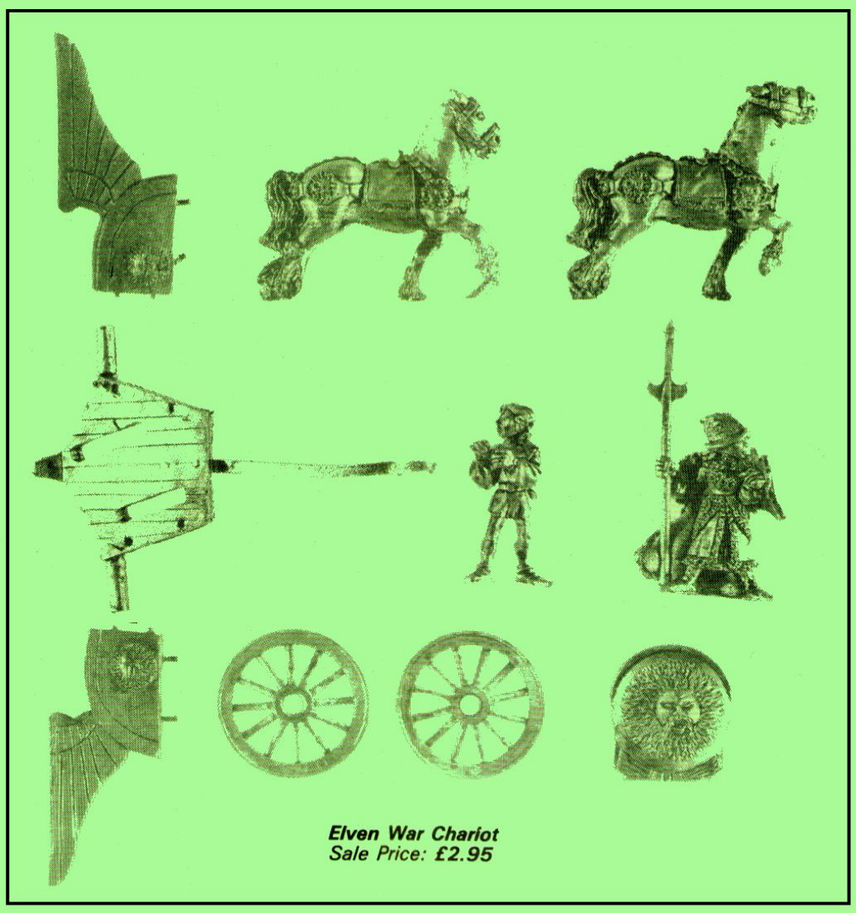

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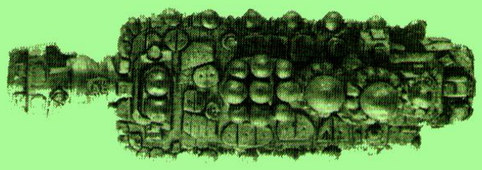

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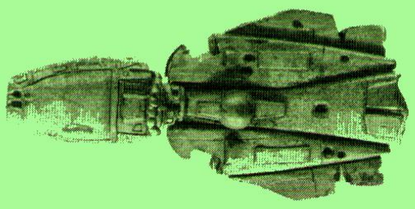

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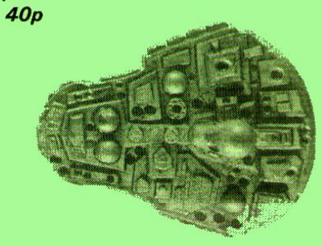

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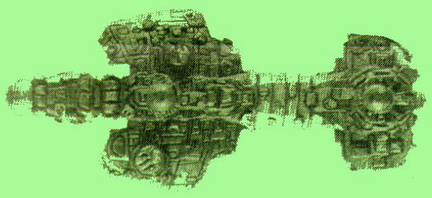

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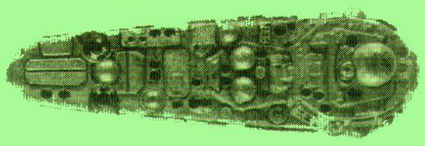

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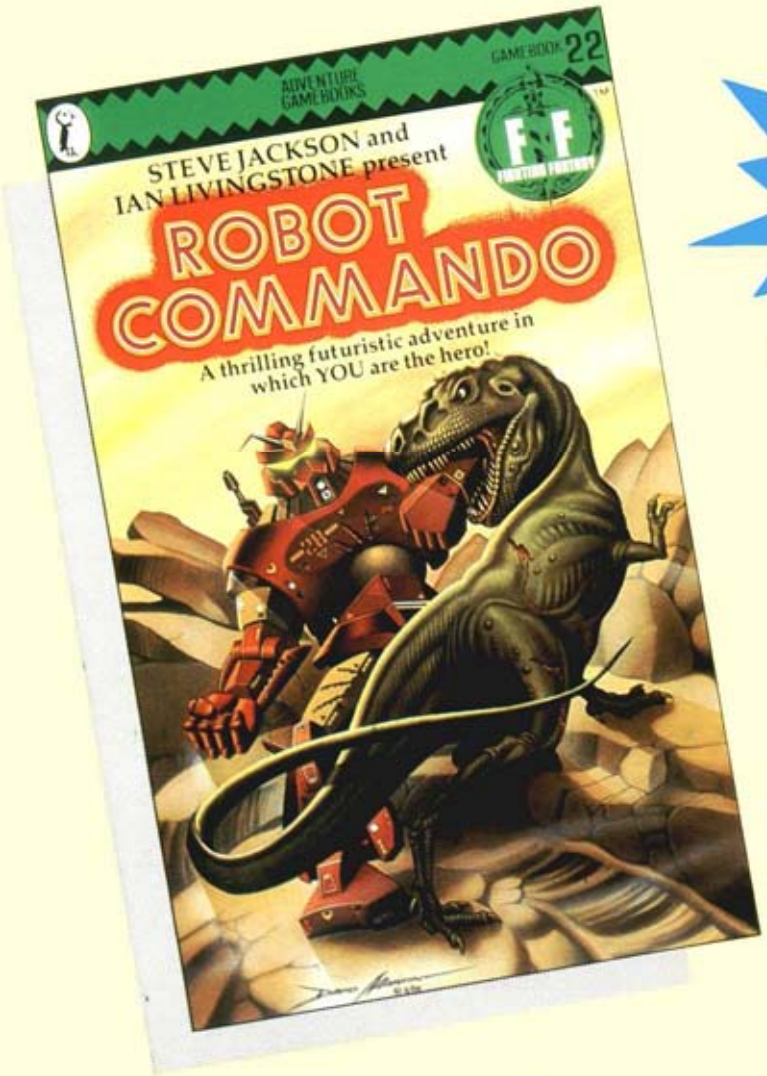

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OCTOBER/NOVEMBER

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©, 1986
ART EDITOR: John Blanche
PHOTOGRAPHS: Charles Elliott
ADVERTISING: Ivor Chomacki
PUBLICATIONS MANAGER: Alan Merrett
PUBLISHED BY: Games Workshop Ltd, Enfield Chambers, 16-18 Low Pavement, Nottingham, NG1 7DL. Tel: (0602) 586108

Dear Adventurer

Welcome to another issue of the world's greatest games magazine, and what an issue we've got for you! After last issue's amazingly mega-brill (© Paul Cockburn) colour Judge Dredd boardgame, we thought we'd do it again! This time, though, it's a tabletop battlegame featuring hordes of rampaging orcs and dwarves and using our special set of Fighting Fantasy tabletop battle rules, *Fields of Battle,* invented by the unstoppable Graeme Davis. Once again we advise you to have your sunglasses ready before you turn to the centre pages.

And there's more! The real Steve Jackson writes about the ultra hyper stupendous (© Paul Cockburn) *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* boardgame, and tells us all about his plans for the future of Fighting Fantasy. Elsewhere, young Ashley Shepherd makes her debut as a *Warlock* writer with the first part of our new series introducing the wacky world of rolegaming – with a chance to win a dozen *Dungeons & Dragons* sets too! We've gone freebie mad again this issue, cos we're also giving away a dozen copies of a little book called, er, *Titan – The Fighting Fantasy World,* which was written and edited by someone whose name I forget right now. Add to this the start of our new comic strip epic, The Book Of Runes, a supersonic superhero solo adventure for you to play, and all the regular features, and you'll see why we say that *Warlock* is the most awesomely stunning magazine in the entire universe (well, I like it anyway).

Oh, and if you think this issue is great, just wait until you see the dreaded *Issue* 13 (cue dramatic organ music!!) – it'll scare the spots off Derek's nose!

Have fun!

Marc Gascoigne

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At last the Warlock gets his revenge on Jamie Thomson, but not before the festering slimebeast tells the world about what's new in the gamebook world!

AAAAARGHH! No, please, not again! No! Leave me here in this slime pit I have grown to love, this dark dungeon cell. Please, not the – anything but the – *(Silence, offal! Stop your Thomson-like snivelling. We're not taking you to the Torture Complex!)* What? What? *(Strange as it may seem, the Warlock wishes you to write another piece of your mindless drivel. You are free to go.)* Really? Can this be true? Thank you, Zlargh, thank you! May I slobber over your boots? Can I say. . . *(Out, worm!)*

The Hype Starts Here!!

Ahem. yes, well. Little did Zlatgh realise that I had not spent my term of imprisonment idly. Over the last month, I have gradually been carving the next in the **Duelmaster** series on the walls of my cell, and even now I am about to transcribe the text from the scratched slabs of mortar onto paper – the only form the publishers will accept it in, short-sighted fools! This one, which will appeal to all of us who dream of eventually subjugating all humanity under the heel of our boot, allows you to be the despot of a kingdom and go out acquiring allies for the eventual armed struggle against your foe. In the later stages of the book, when you feel ready to wage war, you can mobilise your troops against your 'friend'. (This is *Duelmaster*, remember, where it takes two to play.)

Duelmaster 4–The Arena of Death was also inscribed during my time in the pit (I was running out of floor by the end). Each player chooses one of six gladiator types (Knight, Amazon, Martial Artist, gelatins, etc) and strides into the Arena to confront the other in a desperate fight to the finish. Other things from the Smith & Thomson fold are **Inferno** *(Way of the Tiger 6)*, which involves a perilous descent into the Centre of Evil – the very bowels of Orb. Can even a Ninja survive such terrors? *(Can even an all powerful Mage-Lord survive such whining self-interest, you loathsome fragment of slime?)* Sorry, Great One, forgive me, O Lord of All! Anyway, *Gremlin Graphics*, after the wonderfully successful *Way of the Tiger* computer game, are working on **Avenger**, the follow-up. (I *release you from the cells for THIS?? Search the ineffable void you call a mind for some interesting facts, or suffer the Million Torments of the Purple Flame, pus brain!-The Warlock)* Aah! I shall proceed immediately, oh Wondrous One!

Blistering Bookmarks!

Apparently, *Puffin Books* are planning an advanced version of *Fighting Fantasy*, to be written by one of the Warlock's automaton slaves, Marc Gascoigne, who also did *Titan* (discussed last issue, absolutely wonderful, out very soon). Rather imaginatively called **Advanced Fighting Fantasy**, it will appear as a hardback book from *Games Workshop* and a softback from *Puffin* around the middle of next year. Also from *Puffin* (and the rather overworked keyboard of Marc Gascoigne), the next five *Fighting Fantasy* books will each come with part of a special promotional competition. There are five bookmarks, one to each book, which join together to form a competition. Win a day on the Warlock's rack! No actually, the real prize is much more excruciating – a day out with Ian Livingstone and Steve Jackson! Second prize is a *week* out with Ian & Steve, etc . . .

While of the subject of Steve Jackson – I wandered into his palatial abode recently, only to discover the Emir of Immeasurable Riches already deep in thought over his next work, having just finished Creature of Havoc which should be out in November Drawing on his vast personal experiences, Steve has produced a moving personal account of what it's like no be a Carrion Crawler – or a Zombie – or a Mind Sucker – or . . . what? Well, that's the point of the book, really. You are a monster, but at the start of the book you don't know what *sort* of monster. You have to discover your identity, your task and your past, armed only with the comforting Instant Death ability (on a roll of double six – well, you are an extremely vicious monster, after all!). From what I've heard it sound really good and I'll looking forward to playing a monster for a change *(For a change! Don't make me laugh, you puddle of excrement!)*

Hunt the Artist!

Having been hurled from Jackson's abode, I crawled across to Ian Livingstone's Pleasure Dome, where he threw me a few scraps of meat from his table while telling me of **Crypt of the Sorcerer**, the tentative title for his latest book, due out in April. Ian reckons it's the best book he's ever done: in his own words it 'makes *Deathtrap Dungeon* look like a stroll through Disneyland!' Also, *Domark* are working on Ian's computer game **Eureka II**, with another large cash prize. When I dared to ask Ian about **The Casket of Souls** (now a mere three years late!) a scowl of anger came across his face.

'McCaig escaped from the art pits!' he shrieked. 'Nightgaunts have been despatched to find him, but so far there has been no sign.' The great man lapsed into a dreadful calm as the scowl gave way to an evil grin. 'After he has done the last three pictures for the book, we shall ask him to prepare a sequence of sketches showing an artist falling from the top of my Pleasure Dome. The first-hand experience should help him here!'

A Message from Death!

Hurriedly leaving Ian's presence, I scurried home to find a Messenger of Dread waiting for me, bearing news from Castle Death. Joe 'Judge Death' Dever, in between punishing the living for their crimes against his undead realm, has been as busy as ever, despite wearing many of his brain cells out on **The Magnamund Companion** (out now, buy! buy! buy!). **Lone Wolf 8: Jungle of Horrors**, comes out in January. In this book you have to find the Lorestone of Ohrido in the Lost Temple of Older Magi in the Swamps of Danarg, whilst avoiding the Assassins of Gnaag, the armies of the Warlord Zegron and the Chaos-Creatures of Agarash the Damned. Can Lone Wolf prevail against all these terrible opponents? Could he even spell their names? While casually rending my housekeeper Igor in twain, the Messenger of Dread told me more as I cowered trembling under the kitchen table. In November, **Greystar 4**, the climax of the series, comes out. Old judge Death is also working on **Combat Heroes 2**, out in November. The rumour about pages missing from *Combat Heroes 1* is, by the way, completely untrue as it doesn't run sequentially in any case.

(By the Gods, but I loathe you, Thomson!)

Wha—? Me? Why, O Totality of Being? (*Look in the mirror, putrid thrall.*)

Yes, well . . . 'What do you mean, your Scrying Spheres broken and you can use mine, you ineffable fragment of URRKK!' Such were the words spoken to me by the squamous lizard-thing Dave Morris as he escorted me past the bubbling cauldrons that line his garden path into the loathsome crypt he calls a workroom. Seated with only his decaying tomes to guide me, I nonetheless quickly mastered the intricacies of Dave's Scrying Sphere, affording me glimpses of his current projects. Leaving aside those which were illegal or obscene, I can only mention **Bloodsword 3: The Demon's Claw**, in which our four trepid heroes (now armed with two parts of the Bloodsword) reach Hakbad, the City of jade **Stars.** In these books you can play solo or with up to three friends-and a lot good teamwork will be needed to outwit the nefarious Knights Capellars, the Assassins and so forth. Set in the land of Legend introduced in Corgi's roleplaying series *Dragon Warriors*, this book is out early next year. Dave is also getting together with Russ Nicholson for a top-secret project which is supposed to mesh gamebooks and comic books – more on this as I hear it.

A Meeting On The Moors

Dave was recovering consciousness by now, so I sloped from his benighted mansion and took a short cut home across the heath. Suddenly, to my surprise, a heaving glutinous slab of purulent flesh oozed from a nearby lake and slithered towards me. 'Jon!' I cried, 'Jon Sutherland! How extraordinary to find you here, old chum. Bubbling from his slime-ridden orifice came the words of ritual greeting of the Deep Ones.

'Jamie! Mention me in your column or I'll ingest you here and now.' 'Er . . . okay!' I replied. His latest books in the *Real-Life Gamebooks* series are **Through the Wire** (a la 'Escape from Colditz') and **Sword of Flame** (English Civil War, where you can choose to be either Roundhead or Royalist). These are due out in September, while the glutinous blob's next offerings should slither off the presses around May '87 – these being **Thunder in the Glens** (the Jacobite Rebellion) and **Redcoats & Minutemen** (War of Independence). By this time Jon and I had found a pub to continue our discussion.

'Excuse me, landlord,' slithered Jon, 'do you serve glutinous blobs?' 'Sure,' said the landlord, 'we serve anyone. What do you want to drink?' (*Thomson! Curtail these virulent details of your meagre social life and get on with the column.*) At once, O Fountain of Glory, O King of Kings, O Vessel of Vomit . . . Ulp! Oh, he didn't notice that one. Phew – lucky escape! Anyway, Jon trickled back from the bar to tell of his work, of all people, *Marks* & Spencers, with **The Haunted House**, a large 3D house plus gamebook, out in September. By now it was close to closing time and Jon was craning his neck looking for a likely victim for the night, so I slipped out into the darkness.

On The Run!

(*WHAT was that you called me, Thomson?? 'Vessel of Vomit'??? Prepare to undergo teleportation to the middle of the M5, whereupon L shall transform you into a hedgehog!!) Earrgghh!* I'm on the run now, it's no good trying to reason with the Warlock while he's in a rage. Just hope I can stay out of his sight long enough for him to cool down, or long enough to tell you the rest of the news, anyway. Needing to lie low now, I rushed to my brother's house, but wouldn't you know it he wouldn't let me in. Calling through the letterbox and ignoring my piteous pleas and whimpers, he told me of his ventures into the gamebook field. Michael is a doctor with special knowledge of dyslexia (ought to send Judge Death to him for a few sessions!), and he runs a school in Kent for children with reading problems.

Anyway, he's written three titles, published by *Learning Development Aids.* They're regular gamebooks written in an easier and less turgid style than most. The first is called **The Castle of Grom** (you have to mete out justice to Grom, who slew the Sun King), then **Crown of the Sun King** (where you have to wrest the Crown from the clutches of the Dark Lord, then prove yourself a worthy ruler), then **The Sword of Prost** (you must journey to the Elven Forge to remake a mystic blade – in this you have seven companions, with the neat touch that one of the them is a traitor . . .).

At last my cries of terror moved something in Michael's heart (probably a maggot). 'Okay,' he sneered, 'stop whimpering. As you're my brother, I'll let you in.' Bolts snapped back and the portal swung open. Glancing furtively over my shoulder, I darted inside – and plunged down a vertical shaft! With Michael's pealing laughter ringing in my ears, I plummeted down to land on a heap of something squelchy and vile. In the darkness my hands closed on something dank and worm-eaten, and I lifted it to within inches of my face. 'Aieee!' I cried aloud, for it was another gamebook from the black quill of J.H. ('Herbie') Brennan. He has just done two **Horror Classic** gamebooks for Grafton, **Dracula's Castle** (in which you can play either Drac or Van Helsing) and **Curse of Frankenstein** (you can be either the Creature or Frankie himself). These are released from the dungeons in December.

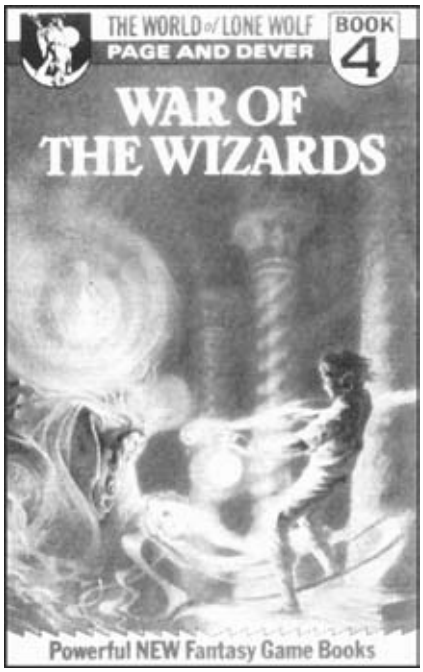

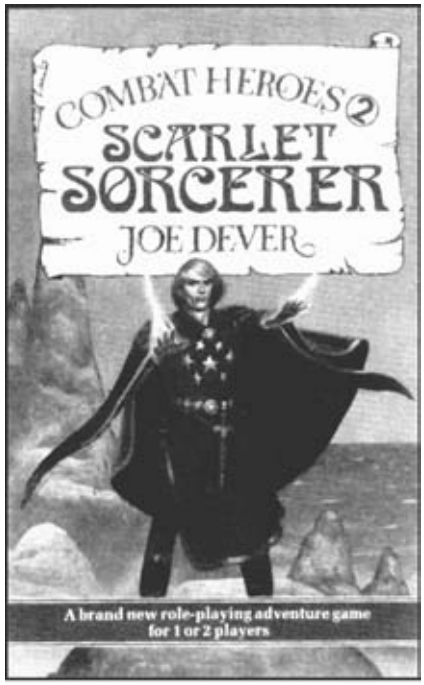

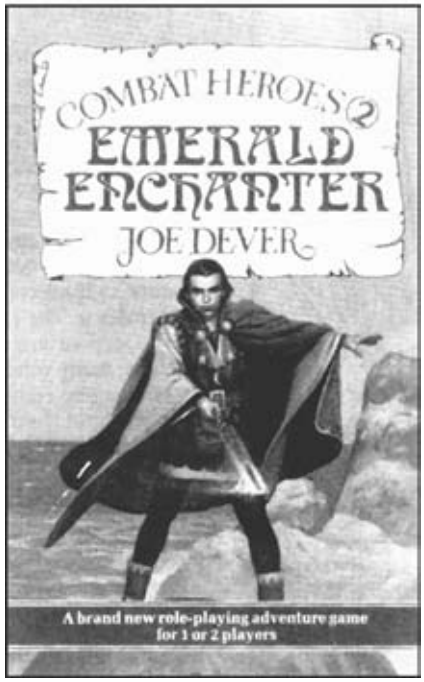

Groping my way for days through the stygian darkness, I finally encountered a door. Prising it open, I battled through hordes of scuttling spider-things to emerge into an inner-chamber. Wading across the twitching bodies of the slain spiders, I approached a massive desk. There sat the Warlock! My heart sank as he advanced on me, gibbering in uncontrollable rage.

'*You unbelievable protruberance of ichor!!*' he screamed. '*You have slain the typesetters and scribe-creatures. Prepare to suffer the full weight of my justice!*'

'No, no, no, Mighty One. I . . .' ZZZZAP!! Eee. Eee.'

(*And now, to the MS with this spined creature.*)

ZZZZAP!! Brrummm. Brmmmm. 'Eee! Eee! Eee!' Brummmmmmmmm. SPLATT!

Jamie Thomson died today. The Warlock has described his condition as 'Satisfactory!'

FIELDS OF BATTLE

Fighting Fantasy Mass Battles
by Graeme Davis

The adventurer put down his ale mug and grinned.

'Trouble with goblins, eh?' he said. The mayor nodded solemnly.

'Well,' continued the adventurer, getting up and heading for the door, 'I'm your man. I must have killed dozens of the things in my time – there's hardly a dungeon between here and the Icefingers I haven't been through. Don't you worry, I'll see to your Goblins for you. Where are they, then?'

The mayor opened the door of the tavern and pointed. As far as the eye could see, a vast army of howling green-skinned fiends was bearing down on the town walls.

'Ah,' said the adventurer, 'is that the time? Sorry to leave you in the lurch like this, but I've just remembered a really urgent appointment in Port Blacksand. Must dash . . .'

There is certainly a world of difference between a solo adventure and a mass battle. As our none-too-courageous adventurer was quick to notice, two or three goblins are a totally different proposition to several thousand of the beasts, but mass battles are as much a part of fantasy literature as dungeon adventures. Take the Battle of the Five Armies in *The Hobbit*, for example, or the Battle of Helm's Deep or any of the other battles in *The Lord of the Rings*; many other classic books also feature immense battles. Imagine commanding your own fantasy army, and saving the land from invasions of monsters – or commanding an army of monsters, for that matter!

So guess what? To help you do all this here is a simple set of rules adapting the Fighting Fantasy system to handle mass battles, from movement and combat to special items like siege engines. After it there's a complete battle scenario for you to try out with the rules, called *The Battle of Grey Rock*. So muster your troops, hoist the banner high, and let slip the dogs of war!

UNITS OF TROOPS

In a mass battle, we deal with units of troops rather than individual adventurers and monsters. But we need to know roughly the same things about them – how well they fight, how much damage they can take before they're cut to pieces, and so on. In the gamebook *Seas of Blood* (FF 16), your pirate crew fought as a single unit, and we're going to use much the same system here, with a couple of additions. Thanks, therefore, to Andrew Chapman, whose original work inspired many of the rules which follow.

Each unit of troops, regardless of its race, has four statistics: STRIKE, STRENGTH, MOVE and ATTACKS.

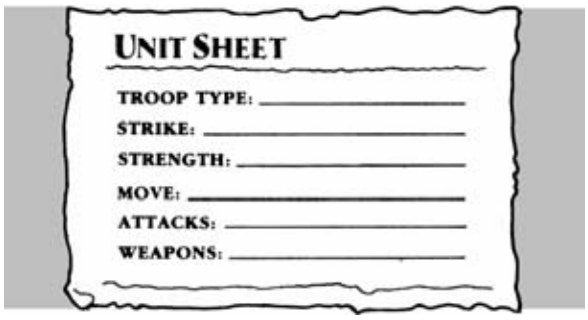
UNIT SHEET

TROOP TYPE: _____

STRIKE: _____

STRENGTH: _____

MOVE: _____

ATTACKS: _____

WEAPONS: _____

STRIKE measures how well the unit fights. It is the equivalent of SKILL, and in fact the STRIKE score of a unit of monsters is the same as the SKILL score of an individual monster – just find the SKILL score from the monster book *Out of the Pit* or our column of the same name, and write it in the STRIKE box of the Unit Sheet, which we have printed here for you. You have permission to photocopy this sheet (for personal use only).

STRENGTH measures how much damage the unit can take, just like STAMINA, but on a larger scale. To find the STRENGTH of a unit, take the STAMINA score from *Out of the Pit*, divide it by 10, and multiply the result by the number of individuals in the unit – a calculator will be handy here!

For example, we have a unit of 12 orcs, Skallag's Skewerers. *Out of the Pit* gives an average STAMINA score for orcs as being 5; divide by 10 and you get .5, which multiplied by 12 gives a STRENGTH for the unit of 6.

MOVE tells you how fast a unit moves. To find the MOVE score for a unit, simply consult the following table:

Creature	Move
All humanoids smaller than ogre-size	2
Ogres, trolls and larger humanoids	3
Most four-footed animals	3
Horses	4
Most Undead	2
Zombies and mummies	I
Golems	1
Dinosaurs	3
Giant insects	2
Most demons	4

ATTACKS tells you how many attacks the unit makes in a round. In most cases this will be l. If there is an *Attacks* entry for the creature in *Out of the Pit* though, use this number instead. Only very large, dexterous or multi-limbed creatures have more than 1 Attack.

LET BATTLE COMMENCE!

Firstly, decide which races are going to be fighting each other. For your first game why not use the battle scenario which starts over the page and the cut-out troops from the middle pages? Once you've played that you can then work out your own armies. When you are working out your armies, balance them up so you have the same total STRENGTH on each side, together with the same number of bowmen, spear-carriers and the like.

Once you have drawn up the Unit Sheets for the forces on both sides, the battle can start! You will need troop figures or card counters, a few dice and a ruler or tape measure. A large tabletop or a clear area of floor will serve as the battlefield and should be enough for most battles. Set out any scenery you want to use – hills, rivers, fortifications and so on – using paper cut-outs, models, piles of books or whatever comes to hand! Then set up your forces, taking turns to set up one unit at a time. In the following rules we are going to assume that there are only two sides fighting, though there is nothing to stop you having a battle with as many sides as you like!

To decide which side goes first, each player rolls one die. The player who rolls higher goes first. Each player goes through the Turn Sequence below, taking each stage in turn (i.e. one player moves, then the other player moves, the first fights then so does the second, and so on).

Illustrations by Jes Goodwin

TURN SEQUENCE

1. Move or Fire

In this phase, each unit on the table may move up their limit, or fire a missile weapon such as a bow or spear, if they are carrying them.

Moving – a unit may move a number of inches equal to its MOVE score, in any direction it chooses. The unit with the highest STRIKE score moves first, then the next highest, and so on. Any unit which comes into contact with the enemy must stop their movement immediately and prepare to fight (see *Round 2*).

The terrain of the battlefield, though, plays a part in movement. Crossing a river halves a unit's movement distance; anyone caught in the middle of a river during a turn must fight with 2 points off their Combat Value. Climbing *up* a hill also halves a unit's movement; coming down a hill doesn't affect movement.

Firing – a unit may fire arrows, throw spears, sling stones, or whatever, at any enemy unit within range:

Bows have a range of 12 inches.

Spears and all other thrown weapons have a range of 4 inches.

To determine whether missile fire hits, the firing unit rolls two dice. If the result is less than the firing unit's STRIKE, the weapon hits and the poor target unit loses two points of STRENGTH. If you are keeping track of weapons, don't forget to cross off the weapon on the unit's sheet.

2. Combat

In this phase, all units that are in contact with each other may engage in combat.

Each unit rolls two dice and adds the result to its STRIKE to find its Combat Value. The unit with the higher Combat Value wins, and the losing unit loses two STRENGTH points. If a unit is reduced to zero STRENGTH points, it is destroyed and is out of the battle. If one side scores damage against the other it may move away next time Movement comes around; if neither side hits both must stay and fight again next turn.

Charging – when a unit moves into contact with an enemy unit it is considered to be charging, and adds 2 points to its Combat Value for that round only.

Multiple Attacks – when creatures have an ATTACKS score of more than 1 each side still generates only one Combat Value. If the side with the higher Combat Value has more than one ATTACK, damage is multiplied by the ATTACKS score. Thus, units with 2 ATTACKS cause 4 STRENGTH points of damage, units with 3 ATTACKS cause 6 STRENGTH points of damage, and units with 4 ATTACKS cause 8 STRENGTH points of damage.

For example, a unit of orcs (STRIKE 6, ATTACKS 1) are being attacked by a unit of hell hounds (STRIKE 7, ATTACKS 2). The hell hounds roll a Combat Value of 14, and the orcs roll a Combat Value of 13. Because the hell hounds have 2 ATTACKS, the orcs lose 4 STRENGTH points.

Uneven Fights – when a unit is attacked by more than one enemy unit, each attack is dealt with separately. If there are more attacking units than the defending unit has ATTACKS though, the defending unit can only defend against some of the attacking units.

For example, a unit of dwarves (STRIKE 7, ATTACKS 1) is attacked by two units of goblins (STRIKE 5, ATTACKS 1). The dwarves roll a Combat Value of 14, and the two units of goblins roll Combat Values of 10 and 12. The dwarves do not take any damage from either attack, but since they only have one ATTACK they themselves can only cause damage to one of the goblin units.

Flank & Hill Attacks – if a unit is attacked in the flank (i.e. the side) or by a unit coming from higher terrain, its Combat Value is reduced by 2 points. This penalty lasts for one round, as the troops will rearrange themselves to face the attack for next round.

Rear Attacks – if a unit is attacked in the rear, its Combat Value is reduced by 2 points, and it may only defend; if its Combat Value is higher than the attacking unit's Combat Value, neither side suffers any damage. This penalty lasts for one round, while the troops re-arrange themselves to face the attack.

3. Morale

In this phase each unit is checked for morale. Every unit that has lost STRENGTH points during the previous round must roll two dice. If the unit is down to half its original STRENGTH, 2 must be added to the score; if the unit is down to one-quarter its original STRENGTH, 4 must be added to the score.

If the result is less than the unit's STRIKE, the unit stands firm, and may continue fighting normally during the next turn.

If the result is more than the unit's STRIKE, its morale breaks. In the very next turn, it must move away from the enemy and may not fight or fire missiles! In the Morale phase of the next turn, it has to check for morale again – if the check is successful this time the unit recovers its morale, and may enter battle again on the next movement phase. If not, it keeps going, and is out of the battle!

SPECIAL RULES

Cover

Cover includes trees and undergrowth, wooden barricades and so on. A unit in cover is more difficult to hit with missile fire. Therefore, troops firing missiles at a unit in cover reduce their STRIKE score by 2 points.

To attack a unit in cover in face-to-face combat, the attackers must first destroy the cover All cover is treated as having a Combat Value of 5; if the attackers roll a higher Combat Value, the cover loses 2 STRENGTH points, just as in normal combat. If the attackers roll a lower Combat Value, they do not lose STRENGTH points themselves – they have merely failed to reduce the cover during that turn.

The STRENGTH score of cover depends on what it is made of:

Cover	STRENGTH
Woods	0
Wicker	2
Light Wood	4
Heavy Wood	6

For each turn spent by an attacking unit reducing cover, the unit in cover may attack them with missile fire, adding 2 points to their STRIKE because of the close range. When the cover is completely destroyed, both units may close for combat as normal.

Fortifications

Fortifications work in much the same way as cover, except that they are made of stone and are much more difficult to reduce. Each wall of a fortification has 20 STRENGTH points, and it may only be reduced by using siege engines.

Dropping Rocks – defenders on top of a wall may drop rocks onto attackers at the foot of it. This is treated in the same way as missile fire from cover, except that each rock that hits does 3 STRENGTH points of damage.

Siege Engines
Siege engines are generally used for reducing fortifications, although they may also be used to attack units if the player wishes. There are many types of siege engine, but here are two of the most common ones:

Rock Throwers – this class of weapon includes siege engines called mangonels, onagers and trebuchets. It takes a full turn to reload a rock thrower, so it may only fire every other turn. When a rock thrower is fired, the player commanding it should draw a line or lay down a piece of string to indicate the intended path of the missile. He then rolls one die and adds 6 – this is how fat the rock has travelled (in inches, as usual). Another die is rolled for the accuracy of the engine, and the following table is consulted.

Die roll	Result
1	2 inches to the left
2	1 inch to the left
3–4	On the original line
5	1 inch to the right
6	2 inches to the right

So, for example, if the first roll is 3, the rock has travelled 9 (3+6) inches along the line. If the second roll is 6, it has landed 2 inches to the right of the line. As you can see, rock throwers are fairly unpredictable!

When a rock hits a target (if it ever hits a target!), it causes 6 STRENGTH points of damage.

Battering Rams – a battering ram needs to be manned by a crew of at least 10 troops. When a battering ram hits a wall, the player commanding it rolls two dice and adds the total STRENGTH of the unit manning the ram. This is the Combat Value of the ram, and is used for combat against the fortification in the normal way. Some battering rams are fitted with roofs of straw or hides, to protect the crews; these will protect the crew from arrows and spears fired or dropped from the top of the wall; they have a STRENGTH of 9 against rocks dropped from the top of a wall.

Footnote: These rules are necessarily very simple, and do not take into account many of the more difficult aspects of tabletop battles, such as flying creatures, battlefield magic, or the presence of special leaders and heroes with an army. This is partly due to space reasons, and partly because these rules are already more than enough to have endless hours of fun with. Try out the battle scenario, *The Battle of Grey Rock*, which itself features a few new rules, and if you enjoy it write in and ask us for more advanced rules for *Fields of Battle*.

BATTLE OF GREY ROCK

The Battle of Grey Rock is a scenario for use with the *Fields of Battle* system which you have (hopefully) just read. If you haven't read the rules yet we strongly suggest you do so before you attempt to play this battle or you'll look pretty stupid! The battle has been designed for two players, though each side can have more than one commander if there are more than two of you.

All the counters needed for the battle are included in the centre pages of this magazine. Carefully bend back the staples and pull out the centre pages. If you don't want the pieces to get all ragged stick them onto some thin card, and cut them out to form individual troops. A far more realistic and impressive alternative, though, is to replace the counters with the Psychostyrene Dwarves, Drastik Plastik Orcs and Skeleton Horde plastic figures made by good old *Citadel Miniatures* (plug! plug!).

You will also need the following equipment:

★ A table or an area of floor, at least 2 feet across
★ A tape measure or ruler
★ Some scrap paper and things to write with
★ About 3 feet of string
★ Two normal, six-sided dice (ideally two dice for each player)

The Story So Far...

Grey Rock is a dwarven gold mine hidden away in the Moonstone Hills. The dwarves have lived and mined there for centuries, and it has always been peaceful.

Recently, though, the evil sorcerer Manadrax has learned that there is an incredibly rich deposit of Truestone, an extremely tare mineral which is used in the most ancient and powerful conjurations, hidden deep beneath the mine. If he can only obtain it his powers will he virtually limitless. The dwarves themselves have not discovered the Truestone so far, though they cannot be far away from it. Manadrax plans to enslave them all and force them to mine in search of the mineral for his own evil purposes!

Manadmx has recruited a tribe of local orcs, a repulsive rabble who like to be known as the Bone Breakers, and is about to lead them against Grey Rock. Alone the cowardly and disorganised orcs would stand little chance against the fortified Dwarfbold, but Manadrax has an array of powerful magical powers, including a necromantic spell which will conjure up an army of undead skeletons to serve him!

Preparing the Battlefield

The map shows the tough layout of the battlefield on the approaches to the Dwarfhold. If you want to make some crude scenery cut out some pieces of paper to represent the trees, and colour them green. Do the same with the rock face and the walls, colouring them black and grey respectively. Finally, cut out a bridge (coloured grey) and lay two lengths of string or a strip of blue paper across the battlefield to represent to two banks of the river. Lay the bridge over them in the position shown on the map. Remember that the map is roughly to scale, so be sure to make them the right size. Lay out all of the appropriate troop counters on the floor or table in the positions shown on the map. (An alternative method is to cover the battlefield area with a sheet of paper and draw all the features on it in different colours. This is where the back of old rolls of wallpaper and the like some in very handy!)

Allotting Forces

Sort out all the counters from the centre pages into their different troop types. One player takes all the Dwarf counters, and the other takes ail the Orc counters. The Skeleton counters should be put on one side, ready to be used when they are needed. The Orc player should also take the Battering Ram counter (he is allowed to grin smugly when he does this!).

The scale of the battle is such that each counter or plastic figure actually represents ten troops. This has no effect on play, but we thought you ought to know!

You will now need one Unit Sheet for each unit (the units are listed at the end of the Special Rules). Either photocopy up the Unit Sheets we have printed or write out your own on all that scrap paper you've got. Again, one player takes all the Dwarf unit sheets, and the other takes all the Orc unit sheets. The Skeleton unit sheets should be put on one side, ready to be used when they are needed.

Setting Up

First, the Dwarf player places three counters within the walls by the mine entrance. One of these counters must include the *Command Party*. The other counters should be put to one side, ready to be used when needed.

Then, and only then, the Orc player lays out all the orc counters on the battlefield, inside the area marked *Orc Set-Up Area* on the map above. Remember that the battering ram needs a crew if it is to move – one or more units with a total combined STRENGTH of at least 10 must be placed with it at all times if it is to move and be worked.

The battle is now ready to start. Each player rolls one die, and the player with the higher score moves first.

Special Rules

There are a number of special rules, extra to those we've already given you, which are used in this battle:

Obstacles
Units which are moving through the *trees* move at half-speed. While in the trees, they are under *cover*. The battering ram cannot move through the trees at all.

Units can cross the fast mountain river by the *bridge* at normal speed. Only one unit can cross the bridge at a time. Units can also *wade* across the river. However, it is so fast-flowing that their movement ends when they reach the river, and they must spend the whole of the next turn crossing it – they cannot fire missiles, fight or do anything else. If a unit is attacked while crossing the river, generate Combat Values as usual. If the unit in the river loses, it loses STRENGTH points as normal; if it wins, neither side loses any STRENGTH points. The battering ram can only cross the river by the bridge; if it goes into the river it is stuck, and cannot be used any more in this battle.

No units can move across the *rock face* – it is nearly vertical and cannot be climbed.

Leaving the Battle
Units which move off the battlefield cannot come back later – they are out of the battle for good.

The Walls
The walls around the entrance to the mine count as a *fortification* – each wall has 20 STRENGTH points, and the gateway has 6 STRENGTH points. The orcs can use the battering ram to destroy the walls if they want to, but it will obviously be far easier to batter the gates down with it! The Orc commander should not forget that this will be obvious to the Dwarf commander too!

Raising the Alarm
When the battle starts, the only dwarves manning the walls are a few sentries. They can give the alarm as soon as they see the orcs approaching (as soon as the first orc piece moves out of the Orc Set-Up Area), and the rest of the dwarves will come up from the mine as soon as they can, using the following method.

In the Move phase of the second round, the Dwarf player rolls one die. This is the number of dwarf units that arrive on that turn. The player should take that number of counters and place them at the entrance to the mine. This procedure should be repeated every round, until all 20 dwarf counters are on the field of battle.

Missile Fire
Dwarves standing on the walls can be hit by missile fire from below, but they are partly protected by the stone parapet. To reflect this, any orc unit shooting at the dwarves on the walls subtracts 2 points from its STRIKE when rolling dice to hit. Dwarves standing on the walls can drop rocks on orcs and skeletons who are standing at the foot of the walls (the counter must be within 1 inch of the wall). They have an unlimited supply of rocks to drop.

Dwarves who are inside the walls (i.e. not standing on them), cannot be hit by missile fire from outside the walls, but they cannot shoot at targets which are outside the walls.

Command Parties
There is a Command Party in each army; the counter is different from the rest. If the command party on either side is destroyed, every unit on that side must *check for morale* immediately, whether or not it has lost STRENGTH points, adding 2 points to the score.

If the orc command party is destroyed, Manadrax dies with it, and obviously can cast no more spells. If there are any skeleton units on the battlefield when the orc command party is destroyed, the Orc player must roll one die:

1–3	The skeletons all crumble to dust. All skeleton counters are removed from the battlefield immediately!
4–6	The skeletons go berserk. All skeleton units will attack the nearest unit, regardless of which side it's on, and continue attacking the nearest unit until destroyed.

Magic
Manadrax has several magical spells. He can cast one spell during the *Fire* phase of a turn. The orc command party cannot move while he is casting a spell, and he cannot cast any spell more than once. The spells he has available are as follows:

Summon Skeletons: When Manadrax casts this spell, roll one die and add 4 to the number you get. The result is the number of skeleton units that he has summoned. Place the skeleton counters on the battlefield. They will appear anywhere the Orc player likes, within 6 inches of the orc command party. Note that if the orc command party is standing just outside the walls the skeletons cannot be made to appear inside!

Befuddle: Manadrax can cast this spell at any *one* unit within 6 inches of the orc command party. The target unit loses two points of STRIKE for the rest of the battle.

Weaken: Manadrax can cast this spell at any *one* unit within 6 inches of the orc command party. The target unit loses two points of STRENGTH for the rest of the battle.

Heal: Manadrax can cast this spell at any *one* orc unit within 2 inches of the orc command party, or at the command party itself. The unit gains four points of STRENGTH. This spell will not increase a unit's STRENGTH above its starting value.

Shield: Manadrax can only cast this spell on the orc command party. The command party gains two STRIKE points for four turns, at the end of which the effect disappears again.

Victory Conditions
The victory conditions are simple – when one side is completely wiped out, the other side has won!

Tactics
There are various ways in which this battle can be fought, and undoubtedly you will discover some good tactics and some bad for yourself. The dwarves can stay behind the walls, picking the orcs and skeletons off with missile fire and rocks, or they can come out and fight. If they can hold the bridge, the battering ram cannot get across the river, allowing them to keep their walls intact. If they can destroy the battering ram's crew and push it into the river, the orcs have no way of breaching the walls, and cannot possibly win.

The tactics used will have a great effect on the course of the battle, and you may like to play the battle a few times trying out various tactics. Try changing the numbers and make-up of the troops too. Once you have become bored with playing the same battle over and over again you should have little trouble designing your own battles to go with the *Field of Battle* rules.

Unit Sheets

Dwarf Army

All the dwarves are armed with swords and crossbows. They are unmounted.

Command Party – 10 dwarves.

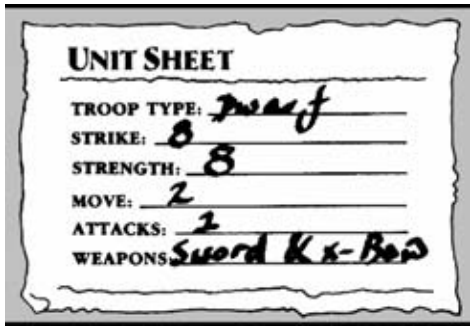

All other units – 10 dwarves each.

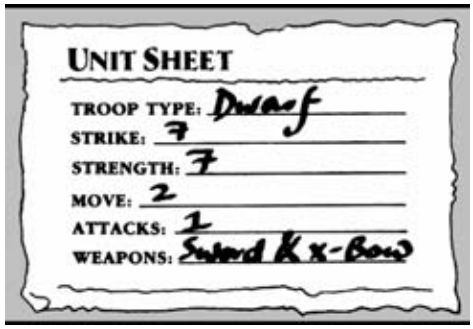

Orc Army

The orcs are armed with swords and bows, and are unmounted.

Command Party – 10 orcs plus Manadrax.

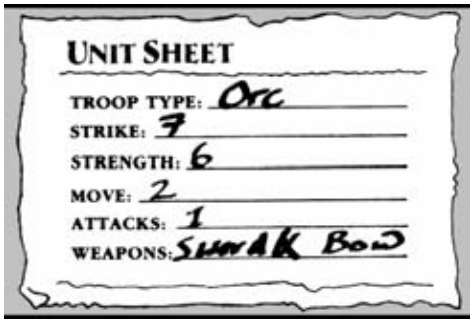

All other units – 10 orcs each.

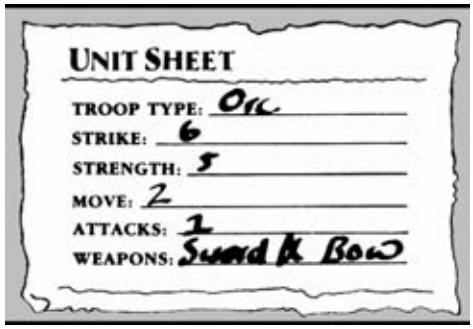

Skeletons

The skeletons are armed with swords only; they may not fire missiles. Skeletons are also rather uncoordinated, so they may not be used to man the battering ram. They are unmounted.

All units – 10 skeletons each.

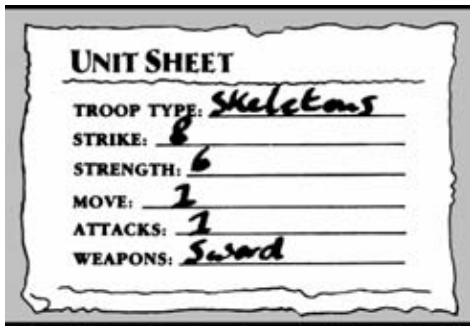

BATTLE OF GREY ROCK

1. MINE ENTRANCE
2. GATEWAY
3. BRIDGE
4. RIVER
5. TREES
6. ROCK FACE

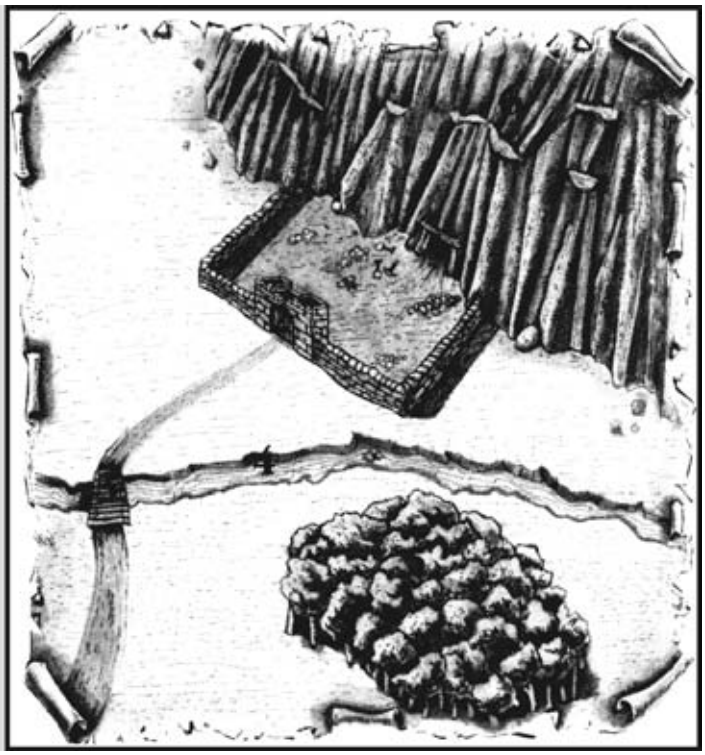

TITANIC!

That's the verdict on the latest addition to the sensational Fighting Fantasy range – ***Titan – The Fighting Fantasy World***! Nothing less than a complete encyclopedia for the world where all the infamous FF books are set, it's an invaluable addition to the library of everyone who is interested in gamebooks. Compiled by the extremely modest Editor of this very magazine, from original information supplied by gamebook megastars Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone, you'd be the smelly son of a mutant troll not to get it when it is released.

Titan hits the streets of Britain on October 30th, when it will be selling for a measly £4.95. However, those awfully nice people at Puffin Books have given us a dozen copies of this masterwork to give away *FREE*, to the first twelve readers sending in the correct answers to the following brain-mangling gamebook questions! Grab a quill and some parchment, and get your entries in to us on a postcard, by **Monday 1st November**. Send your entries to:

Titanic!
Warlock Magazine,
Games Workshop Design Studio,
Enfield Chambers,
16–18 Low Pavement,
Nottingham, NG1 7DL

Please remember to include your name, age, and full address. Oh yes, almost forgot, the questions! Bet you can't answer all of these. (Hint: all the answers are names of gamebooks. That won't help you very much, heh heh heh!)

1. In which book does Leesha hold an art competition?
2. Who has to leave the Azan River to avoid the Yaku plants?
3. What do you summon by crying 'Avert the terror of Yehog! Avert the wrath of Thoth! Bind thee the coils of Apep!'?
4. You are fleeing from the men of Quench-heart Keep who are you?
5. You've flown around the galaxy and met Macommonians and Dar-villians – what ship are you in?

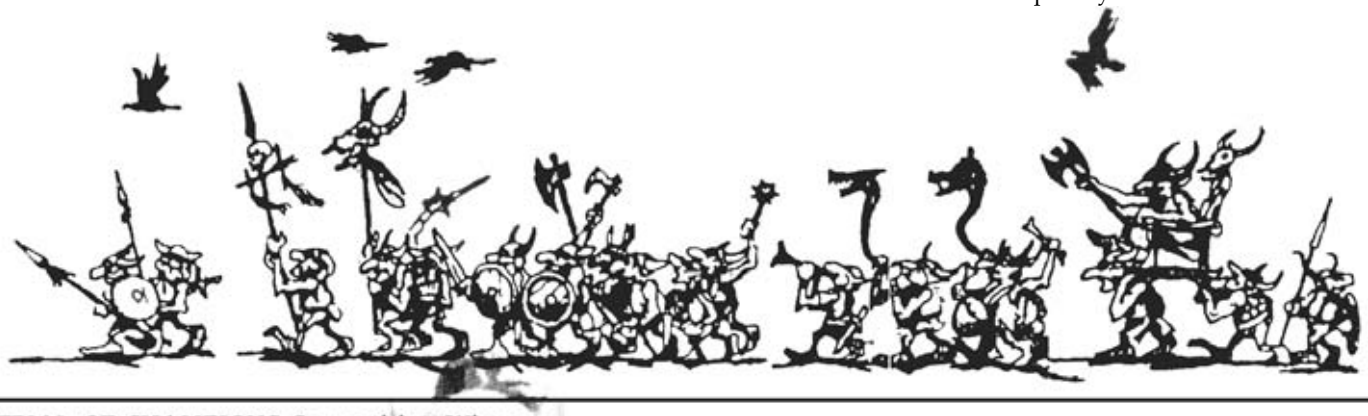

TRIAL OF CHAMPIONS Competition Winners

Way back in the misty past, in Warlock 10, we set a competition based on Ian Livingstone's *Trial of Champions*. The answer was, of course, **Lord Carnuss**, and here are the lucky prizewinners, who should be receiving their prizes from Puffin Books shortly.

First Prize Winners: Each gets a complete set of autographed Fighting Fantasy books.

Mark Selby, Belvedere, Kent
Keran Harriman, Tettenhall, Wolverhampton

Second Prize Winners: Each receives a signed copy of Trial of Champions.

Simon White, Bassett, Southampton
Jude [illegible]
Kieron James Smith, [illegible]ymouth, Dorset
Dafydd Lewis, Ma[illegible] Mid Glam
David A. Holt, [illegible]we, Manchester
Carla [illegible]ding, Berks
[illegible], Wille[illegible] Mids
Robert Scott, Brad[illegible] Wight
Lloyd James, Haver[illegible]
Steven Kernot, Walt[illegible]
Spencer Clark, Redditch, Worcs
[illegible] Beresford, Stafford
David [illegible]mpton, Horley, Surrey
Lee Oades, Calcot, Reading, Berks
[illegible] Proctor, St Mellom, nr Cardiff
[illegible] Welsh, Bearsden, Glasgow
Tom [illegible]ton, Gosforth,Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Alexander Morris, Thatcham, Berks
David Barnes, Cholsey, nr Wallingford, Oxon
Rhys Jones, Dolgellau, Gwynedd
Adrian Stone, Ashill nr Ilminster, Somerset
Alan Shaw, Radford, Nottingham
Mark Symons, Shepshed, Loughborough
Andrew McMahon, Douglas, Isle of Man
Andrew Constable, Morley, Leeds
Dominic Peciuch, Blackheath, London
Anthony Alexander, Leamington Spa, Warks
Virginia Tapson, [illegible] nr Newton Abbot, Devon

Third Prize Winn[illegible] [illegible] Fighting Fa[illegible] poster and T-shirt transfer.

Davy Welton, Brighton [illegible]
John Mitchell, Mossend[illegible]
Warren Thronton,Abb[illegible] SE2
Stephen Mooney, Carl[illegible]
Gareth Jones, Colwyn [illegible]
Anthony Newson, Isley[illegible]
David Furniss, Bawtry[illegible]
Leon Clay, Golcar, He[illegible]
Darren Brockley, Sh[illegible]
Stuart Aitken, Linlit[illegible] Lothian
Daniel Kemp, Shre[illegible] Shropshire
James Howard, Co[illegible]
Ian Walker, Worthi[illegible] Sussex
Simon Butler, Hea[illegible]ld, E Sussex
Tony Le Calvez, Be[illegible]heath, Kent
Andrew Shaw, Sh[illegible]
Daniel Bigmore, [illegible]
Allen Howlett, Caterton, Ox[illegible]
[illegible]ford, Rubery, Birmi[illegible]
Marc Loftus, [illegible]rborough, W York[illegible]
Jamie McAllister, Nottingham
[illegible] Sidcup, Kent
[illegible], Cumnor, Oxford
R Dilks, Chilwell, Beeston, Notts
[illegible]ayley, Hanwell, London, W7
[illegible] House, Rugby, Warwicks
David Bintoul, Poole, Dorset
David Pomfrey, Gorleston, Gt Yarmouth, Norfolk
David Trigg, London, SW19
Richard Williams, Anglesey, Gwynedd
Stephen Lee, Bo'ness, West Lothian
Graham Lawley, Fernhill Heath, Worcester
Conor McMullin, Dun Ladighre, Co Dublin, Eire
Robert Knight, Marnhill, Dorset
[illegible], Cumbria
[illegible]Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs
[illegible]ton Coldfield, W. Mids
[illegible]alifax, W Yorks
[illegible]rd C Rennigan, Blackburn, Lancs
Anthony Fenton-Jones, Ashtead, Surrey
M Kelly, Aylesbury, Bucks
Martin Wicks, Billington,Malton, N. Yorks
Lisette Ellis, Romford, Essex
Patrick Barrett, Didcot, Oxfordshire
Neil Campbell, North Cheam, Surrey
Tom Charlesworth, Reading, Berks
Gary O'Keefe, Callander, Perthshire
Arla Kean, Clydebank, Glasgow
Peter Andrews, Wigmore, Gillingham, Kent
Denis Burke, Saxmundham, Suffolk

New acquisitions in the Warlock's Library, reviewed by Paul Cockburn

Now look Warlock. I know I had a few complaints last time, but this really is *too much*! How can I possibly review a book produced by the editor of this very magazine? I mean, if I say it's brilliant you'll all think I'm only saying that because he is swinging a ten foot battleaxe at my neck with an evil grin on his face, and if I say its rubbish he really will be swinging a ten foot battleaxe at my neck! How can I review it and save my skin? I guess I'll just have to tell the truth and hope everyone believes me . . .

Titan – The Fighting Fantasy World
Steve Jackson, Ian Livingstone & Marc Gascoigne
Puffin
£4.95

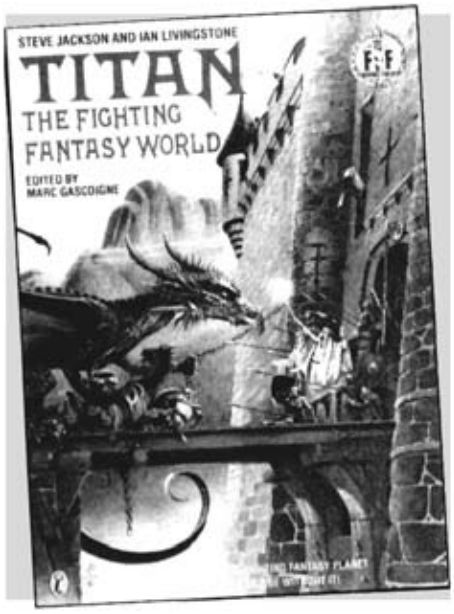

It's hardly fair. Anybody who plays roleplaying games has to wait years for a package of goodies that tells us about the gameworld – and it's usually not all that good. Ho hum, you lot really are lucky. You play gamebooks, and the whole thing is given to you on a plate – and a very good plate at that. Derek! It's not a real plate – stop eating the book, there's a good chap!

Titan – The Fighting Fantasy World is not a gamebook, but don't let this stop you rushing out and adding it to your collection. Where else could you learn such vitally important bits of information on goblin diets (they don't eat rocks, and only eat baby goblins when they are *really* hungry), trollish humour (Q. Why did the dwarf cross the road? A. Because I said if he didn't I would cut off his feet and stick them up his nose!), Naggamanteh's Book of Tortures (ouch) and 'Pass the Slave' (an exceedingly . . . err . . . different Orcish game)? And Derek, the joke wasn't that funny.

Ok, so what do you get for your money? The book is similar to *Out of the Pit* in size and shape. *OotP* concentrated on beasties that you could meet down dark dungeons or wherever. Titan is a companion book that gives more background information than anybody could ever want – but might sooner or later need – on the whole world of Fighting Fantasy gamebooks. When you read a gamebook, it's obvious that there are extra bits of the world 'between the paragraphs' (if you see what I mean – and yes, Derek, I know the paper between the paragraphs has a little number in it). Titan fills in all the gaps between places where adventures take place. Your character has to do *something* when he's not jumping into and out of trouble on adventure. He could have a quiet pint of Guursh (Orc ale) at the Black Lobster Tavern in Port Blacksand. Or perhaps not, maybe not the Orc ale eh, Derek?

In short, there is a lot of information in here about, well, everything to do with Allansia and the other parts of the Fighting Fantasy world. Everything from how the world was created and what part Death played in the whole business to the coinage of the land, and from King Coras Oath-breaker, founder of Allansia, to how to start an argument with an Ore. There isn't a single topic that doesn't get the scholar treatment in the book

All this means that Titan is the vital book as far as Fighting Fantasy is concerned. If you just read the gamebooks, it's worth getting hold of a copy so that you can appreciate just how the world actually fits together – and how much is really going on elsewhere. Adventures become much more exciting when they are part of something bigger. If you use the *Fighting Fantasy Roleplaying Game* or *Sorcery!*, then a source book for adventures is just what you need. There are even some really great maps (even one of Khul!) that you can explore during a game when you're not outwitting trolls – not easy that, when they are as bright as young Derek, honestly.

The only problem, as far as Derek and I are concerned, is that there is nothing to kill, and no paragraphs to jump to and from. You could read the whole book in the wrong order, just for old times' sake, but you'd only spoil what is an amazingly good read. And, even if (or when) you win one of the spiffy little D&D sets we're giving away on page 16, you should get hold of this book, because you're going to have to go a long, long way to find a better background world for a proper roleplaying game. This book is dead brilliant, maybe even good enough to go in *White Dwarf . . . (Thank you, Paul, you're so kind – Ed.)*

Sceptre of Power/ Nightmare Realm of Baba Yaga
Morris Simon/ Roger E Moore
TSR Hobbies
£1.95 each

After the extreme wonderfulness of *Titan* it's rather disappointing to be faced with these two monstrosities. The dubious delights of American gamebooks have already been described in this column; it seems that no matter how they try, the Americans just can't make their gamebooks interesting enough! These books, to be quite honest, are *DULL!* The paragraphs are long and extremely flatulent, the choices are few and far between, and the writing style is pompous and laughable.

The first of these two gamebooks, Sceptre *of Power, is* labelled as being volume 1 in the 'Kingdom of Sorcery' trilogy. Yep, like all the worst fantasy books this one is a trilogy, and you should be warned that it has nothing at all to do with Steve Jackson's wonderful *Sorcery!* books. The plot is this – you are Carr Delling, son of an all-powerful but very dead archmage, and you have m search the land for your father's spellbooks. To help you in this you must travel around learning some spells of you own.

Your travels take you to a school for sorcerers called College Arcane, where you meet up with a young woman who is prepared to help you find your fathers books if you help her retrieve the powerful Sceptre of Bhukod. Most of the book is taken up with lots of jolly classroom scenes, with all the other pupils hating you because you are too good at learning your spells, interspersed with a few pleasant evenings creeping about the College in search of clues left by your old dad. Nothing very much happens, and the book is over before you know it.

The other book is, thank the gods, slightly better. This time you are Jerrak Kimball (who thinks up these stupid names?), warrior and adventurer, and you are on a quest to retrieve the magical gemstone, the Sage Beryl, which was stolen from your grandfather many years ago by the dreaded sorceress Baba Yaga. If you've read your Russian folk mythology you'll know that old Baba lives in a hut, which strolls about the place on little leathery legs. This is no ordinary hut, though; modelled on a design pinched from Doctor Who it is a lot bigger inside than it is out. In fact there is a whole maze of dungeon-like passages inside the hut, through which you and your trusty dwarven friend, Mjolnir, must fight, m regain the gemstone. There are some interesting encounters dotted amongst the rather standard dungeon-bashing plotting, and a definite atmosphere of evil and menace that lurks around every corner.

Both of these books are labelled with the *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons* logo, but neither of them use that game system. Each book has a different set of rules, in fact, which seems very strange considering they are supposed to be part of the same series. Derek got very confused, and lost his temper, so I gave him permission to eat both the books, which he did. Sometimes I wish I was a troll. But then again, sometimes I don't.

Combat Heroes 1
(Black Baron & White Warlord)
Joe Dever
Beaver
£2.25 each

Now this is much more like it! Just when it looked like 2-player adventures were going to be as boring a craze as real-life gamebooks along comes Joe 'Judge Death' Dever to kick the whole of the gamebook world into gear. Because in *Combat Heroes,* instead of the usual paragraphs, you have pictures. Every time you do something, you go to a new picture which shows you exactly what is happening. It's brilliant! Derek couldn't believe his eyes – he thought it was like television for trolls!

The solo game which you get with each volume is rather brief and basic, but it does give you a good feel for exploring the caverns by moving from picture to another, which is quite a novel experience the first few times you try it. Grab a friend (or a smelly troll, for that matter), however, and the real fun starts.

Derek was the Black Baron since he always plays the baddie, and I was the White Warlord, and we were fighting a duel in the combat tunnels of the legendary Maze-Master of Xenda. We crept about in the dark a bit, finding strange pagan altars and mysterious carvings, and then . . . Yes, it was a funny little green troll dressed up as a big brave warrior, creeping along just

ahead of me. I crept closer, but he turned round, and we closed for battle. He swung his axe but missed, and went haring off around the corner. I chased after him, but lost him in a maze of passages. Then all of a sudden I heard a trollish snigger and the stinking little sneak was behind me, and an arrow went thank in my back . . .

I know it's only a game, but for a few hours there Derek and I really believed we were down in the dungeons, fighting for our lives (well, fighting for my life, if you must know the truth). These books have rules which we simple to pick up, but you have to be really devious to be able to ambush your opponent and win the game. These books are a great idea, and although the idea for the pictures isn't new (it's been used in games like the *Ace of Aces WWI* air combat game) Joe's turned out a veritable masterpiece with these two. Now we can't wait to play *Combat Heroes* 2 where you get to fly about in aerial skyships – a flying Derek will certainly be something to see! Now where was I? Ha-ha! Slap slap! Back in those dungeons, troll, for I challenge thee to a duel to the death . . .

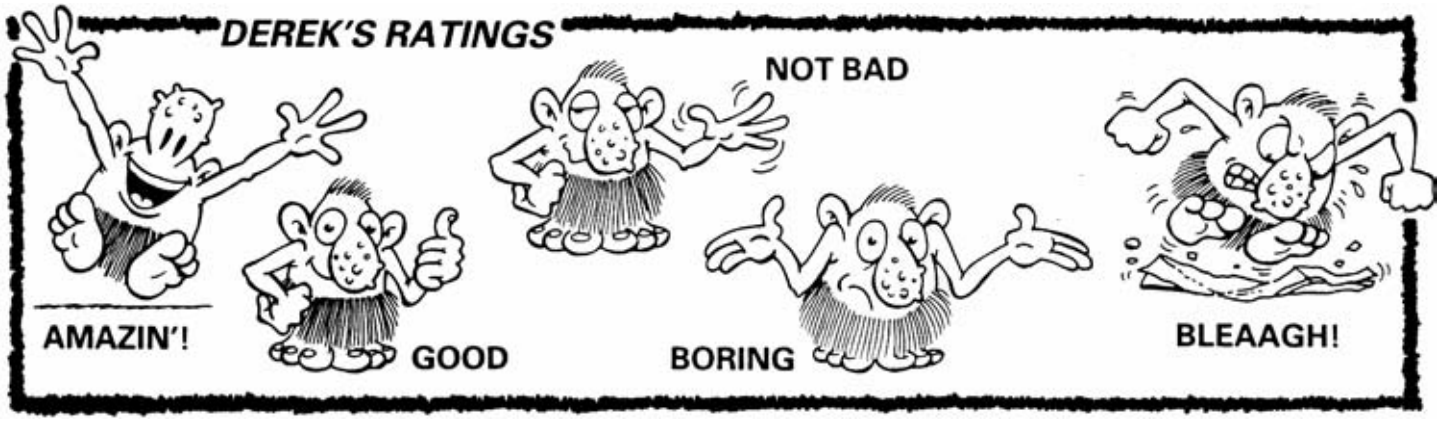

BEGINNERS

ABSOLUTE

Roleplaying games made easy, by Ashley Shepherd

Fighting Fantasy gamebooks are a very different sort of book from the normal sort. For a start, the decisions that you make are directly responsible for whether the hero in the book – you – lives or dies. Make the wrong choice, and you get eaten by the orcs, fried by the magician, lost in the maze, or . . . The choices are seemingly endless, and the ways through the adventures are often difficult to get right. If you make the right choice, of course, you get to the treasure, save the world and probably get home in time for tea, but that doesn't always happen automatically.

And yet, while Fighting Fantasy books are a very clever idea, they are also part of a larger series of games that go far beyond the limits of just one or two books. Fighting Fantasy is a type of game that draws very heavily on the ideas originally presented in a very different sort of game. Without boards, counters, or any of the other bits and pieces that everybody knows should be in a game, roleplaying games are the next stage on from Fighting Fantasy. Which is all very well, but what *is* a roleplaying game? We thought you'd never ask . . .

What Is A Roleplaying Game?

In a Fighting Fantasy book, you play the part of the central character and control his actions by making choices at critical points in the story – is it safe to pick up the sword, or avoid the orc, or go down the eastern passage? The rules of the gamebook help you to work out whether or not you win a particular fight, fall victim to poison, or whatever. You have to keep track of the physical well-being of your character – his SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK – on an Adventure Sheet.

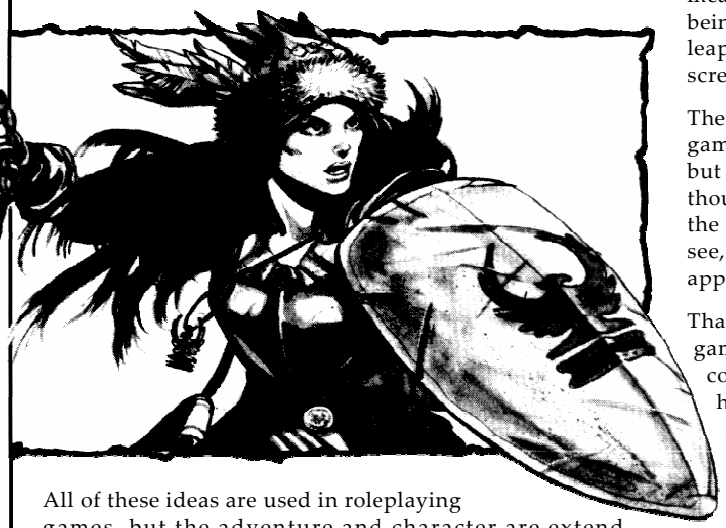

All of these ideas are used in roleplaying games, but the adventure and character are extended far beyond the limits of the read-a-paragraph system. For example, the first difference that you'll notice in a roleplaying game is that it is a group activity. Reading a gamebook is something that you can only really do on your own. To play in a roleplaying game you will need other people. Each player (except one, who we'll come to in a minute) controls one character in the adventure. These characters are just like real people, with strengths and weaknesses, and their own special abilities and talents.

The second difference is that there is no 'gamebook' that offers you choices. The players can have their characters try to do anything they can think up! Imagine, for example, that you have met a troll coming down a corridor towards you. A gamebook might only allow you one or two choices – you can run away from the troll, or you can attack it. In a roleplaying game, there are no limits to what a character can try. He could still run away or attack the troll, but he could also try talking to it, sneaking into the shadows and hiding until it had gone past, or tricking the troll into thinking he was another troll (this might work: trolls aren't too bright, as you well know!) At the same time, of course, the other players can also be making their own suggestions about what to do to the unfortunate, innocent little troll.

The Game Master

All these choices would be too many for a gamebook unless it was going to be the size of an encyclopedia. In a roleplaying game the job of deciding what happens is done by a referee or Game Master (usually called the GM, or DM for Dungeon Master). He is, for want of a better term, the 'gamebook'. He tells the players what they can see, and works out what happens when everybody has made up their minds. The GM also makes any decisions for the troll and anybody else the players might meet during the adventure.

Suppose a group of three players had met the troll, and decided to trick it into thinking that they had been sent down by 'Da Boss' to see that the troll was doing a good job guarding the corridor. once the troll is off his guard, they can slip past him, steal all the treasure in the next chamber, and be gone before the poor old troll works out that 'Da Boss' came to see him only this morning. The GM has to decide whether the troll believes the adventurers' story, and if he doesn't, what he is going to do about it. This troll is really bright (by troll standards) and decides that the players are shifty little meals-on-legs. He listens to their ramblings about being sent down by Da Boss, lets them past, and leaps on them from behind! We'll ignore the screams and carnage, and press on . . .

The troll is, in effect, an extra character in the game, but one who isn't controlled by a player, but by the GM. The GM might have a cast of thousands of these characters in an adventure for the players to meet, or only a couple. As you can see, this is very different from gamebooks – and apparently a lot more complicated.

That's why, when you open up a roleplaying game, it's mostly rules – without any boards, counters or other game bits. Every rolegame has at least one rule book, and most have several, tightly packed with rules to cover very nearly any situation that might crop up in play. One thing that the rules don't do, however, is tell you how to play. They only cover the 'mechanical' side of things – whether a sword strikes the target, and what happens when it does. It's up to the players and the GM to decide if the sword gets swung in the first place.

Unfortunately, for the beginner, the rules can't cover everything, so you won't find any rules about 'Trolls, fooling of, while pretending to be from Da Boss'. This is where the GM has to do a bit of thinking on his own, and work out how the troll might react, from the way the 'game mechanics' cover other things. There might be a

Dungeons & Dragons is a trademark of TSR Inc. All pictures on this page are from the D&D Basic Set 1.
Used with persmission.

section in the rules about 'Charisma and Hirelings' or 'How you hire servants to do your dirty work'. From these, he may be able to cobble together some spur of the moment rules on how the troll ought to act towards the players. This sort of thing can be a lot of fun for cruel gamemasters, who like making up new rules in the middle of games (ever played *Monopoly* with people like this?).

Adventures, Scenarios & Modules

You won't find a set of numbered paragraphs for the GM to read out to the players in a roleplaying game set. The adventures for most games come in separate booklets, often called **modules** or **scenarios** – or even, with a bit of logic, **adventures**! These packs give the GM all the information about an adventure setting. This includes maps of places the players can visit, people and creatures they can meet, treasures that can be found and usually some sort of mysterious goings-on that the players can find out about and investigate.

For example, an adventure might start with the players in a city at the edge of the desert. They are approached by a rich merchant who needs guards for his camel train while it crosses the desert, as there have been many attacks by bandits in recent months. If the players agree to help the merchant, the adventure could take many different forms. Perhaps the bandits do not actually exist, or perhaps they are fearsome desert ogres. Where have these foul creatures come from? Have they been sent out by something more powerful and if so why? Only the GM knows what is really going on, but as the players get deeper into the desert, they might think they are finding out . . .

As you can see, roleplaying games are very different from gamebooks, despite their apparent similarities. They have much greater flexibility in what happens next in the story, and as a result there is a lot more going on. The possibilities for adventures as the players and the GM invent new situations and encounters are endless. This also means that single sessions of sitting down and playing a in a game become episodes in a continuing story.

The Never-Ending Story

In a gamebook, for example, the character finishes the adventure and that is it – there are rarely changes that make any difference to the way the next book is played. In a roleplaying game the players' characters change, as the results of one adventure are carried over to the next. A character who is wounded, becomes rich, or discovers a magical sword, starts the next adventure from where he left off the last one. Characters can even get killed, which is a terrible thing for the player, who may have been using that character in the game for years!

Episodes eventually merge into some sort of series of adventures set in a fantastic background – a **campaign** – where the GM and the players gradually create and detail a whole area of the world. Opponents – like a sneaky crowd of goblins, or a cruel warrior of evil, perhaps – take on a life of their own, and new adventures occur almost of their own accord as the players and the GM get more involved. Campaigns like this can last for years and take on the status of a 'nearly real' world for the participants. In fact, because of this long-term quality, roleplaying games are now a hobby for a great many people, who play the same characters through adventure after adventure – sometimes literally for years!

So how do you start playing?

The best place to start is definitely with one of the less complicated games. Many roleplaying games are horrendously complicated for anyone who is coming to them 'cold' – the sheer weight of rules in, say, *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons* or *RuneQuest* (two of the more popular games) is very, very off-putting; many larger games are also expensive.

However, help is at hand in the shape of **Dungeons & Dragons**, which is probably the best known and still the most widely-played of all roleplaying games. In fact, 'roleplaying game' and 'Dungeons & Dragons' are very nearly interchangeable terms as far as many people are concerned, even if they are actually playing a game using a completely different set of rules! The first

version of Dungeons & Dragons appeared about 11 years ago, but now, several versions later, the game comes in a clear, easy to learn format. The *Dungeons & Dragons Basic Set is* probably the best place to start enjoying roleplaying games.

Dungeons & Dragons (D&D for short – just about everything in gaming is abbreviated sooner or later!) is set in a world of magic, elves, dwarves, halflings (hobbits to all you Tolkien fans), dragons (obviously) and everything else you would expect to find in a fantasy world. Incidentally, other roleplaying games exist for other backgrounds, including superheroes, science fiction, gangsters, detectives and gothic horror. Dungeons & Dragons isn't based in a particular world, but is vaguely medieval with magic and monsters added in, rather like the Fighting Fantasy world, Titan. From the players' point of view, the game is relatively straightforward. As in all roleplaying games, each player controls a character, a brave adventurer who is defined by half a dozen numbers representing their strength, intelligence, dexterity and so on. These are rolled up on a handful of dice at the very start of play (and assuming the adventurer doesn't die, the player will never have to bother doing this again). Apart from the number of different attributes that make up a character, the whole thing is very close to generating a new adventurer in a gamebook – at least so far.

However, now it starts getting complicated – and interesting. In the real world everybody has slightly different skills and abilities. In D&D the idea of these different skills is handled by having character classes (or professions) that each character can join. The four basic types are fighter, magic user, cleric and thief. Each class has its own strengths and weaknesses and there are also variations on the basic types. The choice of class can be influenced by the attributes of the character. A weak character is going to better as a magic user rather than a fighter, providing he is bright enough to remember his spells!

Fighters, for example, are great at fighting (as you'd expect, really). They are capable of using any sort of weapon, and they are generally tougher and harder to kill than other sorts of characters. They are, however, useless at magic. They can't cast spells of any sort, so they need magic users and clerics with them to do this kind of thing.

Magic users are the exact opposite of their warrior comrades. Able, eventually, to put whole villages to sleep, or shoot lightning from their fingertips, magic users are absolutely useless when it comes to a fight – they are typically

thin, weedy chaps in pointy hats and long robes, who shouldn't really be crossed because one day . . . Magic users cast spells that have very direct effects, such as *lightning bolts* (which fry baddies) or *shield* (which protects the magic user from arrows and the like).

Clerics are a kind of cross between fighters and magic users, rather like warrior priests. They can fight a bit, and cast spells of a different type to magic users. Cleric have spells like *cure serious wounds* and *bless*. They are needed by both fighters and magic users as back-ups, and they lack the aggressive power to survive for long on their own. Clerics also have special powers where evil undead creatures such as zombies or vampires are concerned. They can sometimes force foul undead creatures to flee in terror, or destroy them by the power of their faith.

Not superb in a fight, and far from being spellcasters, **thieves** are basically shifty, skulking sneaks. They are excellent at hiding in shadows, dipping into (other) people's pockets and opening locks and traps.

The other character types, **dwarves**, **elves** and **halflings**, are variations on these themes. Dwarves and halflings are basically fighters, but they both have extra benefits which make them slightly different from humans. Dwarves are incredibly resistant to magic, so all spells tend to be less effective (or simply fail) when used against them. Halflings, being little chaps, can hide in the undergrowth and avoid trouble in that way. Elves are a combination of fighter and magic user, able to use weapons with real skill and cast spells. This sounds quite good, but an elf learns new skills at a slower rate than a normal human being, so they start off rather good but get overtaken in skilfulness by the other classes.

Each of the different types of character needs the other ones to survive. Players have to learn to use their character's abilities and strengths to the full and to co-operate with other characters in the game to defeat the servants of evil and win through to the treasure. The problems that they can meet on a particular adventure might include a battle (so the fighters are vital), a graveyard full of ghouls to be overcome (so the clerics are needed), a lock on a set of manacles that needs opening to free the beautiful princess (the thief has his work cut out for him here) and a sheer cliff to be scaled as the only means of escape (perhaps the magic user can help). This kind of joint problem solving, using everybody's abilities to the full, is what makes D&D such a satisfying game.

As the adventures continue the characters get better at what they do, just like people in the real world become more skilled at their jobs as time passes. Characters become more experienced as they go on adventures, and this experience is reflected in how well they can do things. Fighters become better at combat, magic users and clerics can learn and cast more spells, thieves are just that bit better at their various skills. Rather than give characters skills such as 'Hit with broadsword', Dungeons & Dragons uses a system of **levels**. Characters collect what are termed 'experience points' while they are on adventures. A running total of these experience points is kept for each character is kept, and when a character has enough points, he or she advances a 'level' of experience.

For example, a fighter might have 1500 experience points when she starts an adventure. After she and her brave companions have defended a village against a bunch of villainous orcs, she is awarded another 670 experience points by the GM. This is more than enough (with the previous 1500) to make here a second level fighter – which means she can hit opponents slightly more often and is harder to kill in combat. The system sounds awkward and maybe a bit unrealistic, but it is easy to learn and use. You soon get used to terms like '10th level Fighter' and '7th level magician'. The skills a character has – and how well those skills can be used – are directly related to the character's level, so it becomes a convenient sort of 'shorthand'. It's all rather abstract, but it does work simply and easily.

The players don't actually need to know all the rules in the rulebooks, just the few bits that relate to the character that they are playing and a few major (and straightforward) sections like the rules on combat, or how the money system works. The rest of the game can be learnt by experience of play, without ever looking at another rulebook again.

Onwards And Upwards

The popularity of Dungeons & Dragons is partly because it was first, and partly because – like a hit record – people buy it because it is a hit. It is also one of the most flexible set of rules available: the designers actually encourage you to make up new rules as you play, providing that you stick to them afterwards. The game can also be expanded fairly easily, to become as intricate as you like. The Basic Set, for instance, only covers simple adventures set in dungeons and caverns. The following sets of rules give players the chance to take their characters out into the big, wide world (in the Expert Set), conquer and rule whole countries (in the Companion Set), become legendary heroes (in the Masters Set) and eventually become superhuman creatures of pure power, far removed from the mundane world of mortals (in the Immortals Set)!

Dungeons & Dragons also has the biggest range of ready-to-play adventures and accessories available for it. There are dozens of different adventures designed for use with the game, some of which are really imaginative. In the adventure Night's Dark Terror (B/X1), for example, you get the chance to discover and enter a lost valley, complete with two groups of creatures who have never met an outsider before. How you deal with these two tribes – who are in the middle of an age old war with each other – or how you avoid being dragged into the struggle makes a very different sort of adventure from reading a gamebook! It's still great fun, though, which is the basic reason for playing any game, whether you're a high-powered expert or an absolute beginner.

***Next Issue**: We present the Warlock's guide to fantasy boardgames for beginners. Don't miss it!*

FREE D&D? YIPPEE!!

Alright, you say, so now we know what all this roleplaying stuff is about. Now give us a free *Dungeons & Dragons* set and we'll play it 'til the cows come home. Well believe it or not, the Warlock has done it again. He got on the old crystal ball and called up those extremely nice people at TSR UK Ltd., who make D&D, and they very kindly donated us a dozen Basic Sets to give away to our deserving readers.

So what do we have to do, you say. Well, it's all rather simple. Below you will find ten heroes from legend and literature, and ten swords. Match the sword to the hero and send us your answers by **Monday, 1st December**.

1. Elric
2. Grey Mouser
3. Gandalf
4. Roland
5. Bilbo
6. Yrkoonf
7. Aragorn
8. Lone Wolf
9. Fafhrd
10. Arthur

a. Sommerswerd
b. Durandana
c. Scalpel
d. Greywand
e. Mournblade
f. Sting
g. Stormbringer
h. Excalibur
i. Glamdring
j. Anduril

The first twelve correct entries pulled out of the Warlock's battered pointy hat on will win an extremely valuable *Dungeons & Dragons Basic Set.* All entries on a postcard or sealed-down envelope, and please remember to include your name, age and address on your entries. Send 'em to this address:

D&D Competition, Warlock Magazine, Games Workshop Design Studio, Enfield Chambers, 16–18 Low Pavement, Nottingham, NG1 7DL

DEREK the TROLL
By LEW STRINGER
SLOBBER
DROOL
AAGHH! HELP! MERCY! SOMEONE PLEASE SAVE ME FROM THIS BEAST!
YEEUK! WOTTA SIGHT!
WHUMP!
WOT'S GOIN' ON?
AAAAHHHH!
A THOUSAND THANKS YOUNG TROLL! IN RETURN FOR MY RESCUE, I, WIZZARO THE WIZARD WILL GRANT YOU YOUR FONDEST WISH!
WULL... I WISH I WUZ A BIT BETTER LOOKIN'!
IT IS DONE!
FLEX
BLIMEY! CAN'T BE BAD!
YOU MUST BE MY GUEST AT THE CASTLE BANQUET TONIGHT. THE MAIDENS WILL SWOON OVER YOU!
BANQUET tonite
THE MANAGEMENT RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE ADMISSION TO SMELLY TROLLS.
Y'RECKON? COR! LET'S GO!
CHOMP! SLURP! BELCH!
IS THIS FELLOW A FRIEND OF YOURS, WIZZARO?
er... a RECENT acquaintance my Lord.
(OLD HABITS DIE HARD)
SIR, YOU DANCE LIKE A GOD!
IT'S A GIFT, DARLIN'!
EEEK!
OOER!
DROP!
EGAD!
OI! IT'S RUDE TO STARE AT SOMEONE WHEN THEY'RE CHANGIN'!
OUT, TROLL!
OOF!
CACKLE
I WUZ SHORT CHANGED YOU TRICKSTER!
HMPH! WHAT WOULD YOU EXPECT FOR THE LIKES OF YOU? THE SPELL WAS ONLY TEMPORARY!
THAT'S FAIR ENUFF ~ SO WUZ YOUR RESCUE!
AAGHH!
YUM YUM!
©LEW STRINGER 1986

Well, well, well, well, well. What an absolutely overflowing post-bag this time. You lot must have been wearing your swans out making quills to write to me with all your interesting questions, comments . . . and complaints. Yes, despite being the owner of the greatest ever games magazine the world has ever seen, I still get bombarded with moans and gripes. This month, would you believe it, the members of the local old-age pensioners club have banded together to get something off their chests . . .

Dear Warlock,

Why do shop keepers insist on putting FF books in the children's racks? I, as it happens, am 16 – and incidentally female! – *(Careful young lady or you'll have the Editor drooling again! – The Warlock)* and I participate in FF and roleplaying games with a 16 year old, a 17 year old, an 18 and 19 year old and several 21 and 22 year olds.

The point is, I look pretty stupid buying books out of the children's book sections. Recently I was caught in the dilemma of buying either *Kharé – Cityport of Traps* or the *Selected Works of Goethe.* While travelling between the sections I was apparently viewed by those in between as either a dolled-up 12 year old trying to look older, or as an extremely immature student! Am I the only reader old enough to read *Warlock* in a pub???

Alliantha (that's what she put, honest!)
Kilmarnock, Scotland

Dear Warlock,

I am writing about a major problem in your magazine. It seems to be written towards an age group of about 8, 9 or 10. Maybe people of those ages *do* read *Warlock,* but as your poll all those issues ago suggested a lot of readers are of more mature ages. It can be very frustrating to read the Warlock's Quill since most of the contributors do not seem to have anything practical, constructive or useful to say. People write in merely to make whining comments on Derek the Troll's spots, for goodness sake!

Why can't readers write in with suggestions on Random Encounters, new rules and adventuring tips, for example, as I feel it really is a waste of good magazine space if you fill your column up with 'kiddy' letters about Derek, etc.

Yours sincerely,
Paul Murphy,
Orpington, Kent

● **It is a little worrying, I think, when one considers that Paul mentions elsewhere in his letter that he is all of 14 years old. So how young or old do you have to be to read *Warlock* and enjoy gaming? Look at me – I'm well over eight hundred but I still enjoy it, I must admit, so it's obviously how old you feel not how old you are that counts!**

Seriously, though, I feel this magazine should be accessible to readers, and more importantly games, of all ages. So sometimes we get a bit silly and trivial; at other times we are also straight and serious. Hopefully a mix of both styles will please most readers. As far as we can tell, *Warlock*, FF books, and more sophisticated rolegames are enjoyed by all kinds of people, male and female, young and old, and we try to provide something of interest to everyone. Of course, if you enjoy playing the games that's the most important thing of all, and nothing else really matters.

On the other hand, though, I agree that Warlock's Quill should be a place where readers can present new tips and ideas, as well as amuse themselves by being less than serious about Derek's spots. Perhaps the following will help make amends, Paul . . .

Dear Warlock,

One baffling fact I have always observed in FF gamebooks is that a hefty battleaxe (weighing in excess of 20 lbs) does the same STAMINA damage as a dagger (weighing half a pound if you are lucky!). To counteract what I call the 'UIC' (Unrealism in Combat) syndrome I have devised a little system for calculating damage on a successful hit, which I hope will meet with your approval:

Damage scored = Attack Strength + Weapon Factor /5

Weapon	*Weapon Factor*
Short sword	3
Normal sword	4
Broadsword	5
Battleaxe	6
Warhammer	4
Morning Star	4
Mace/spiked mace	3/4
Dagger	2
Tooth & Claw	3

Yours weaponarily,
Sage An-Onyn,
Greyguilds-on-the-Moor

● **Young Gascoigne tells me he hasn't had a chance to try this out yet as apparently he's had this magazine called Warlock to edit all week, or so he says, but he did stop to say it seems a very good idea and that he is doing something very similar in *Advanced Fighting Fantasy*. It does strike me, though, that if you're going to beef up the warriors you should also beef up the monsters; to use your own terms, a dragon's claws weigh in with a hefty slash while those of a wolf, say, would do far less damage. Perhaps you would care to produce a second table for different sized animals? What next – oh goodness, another complaint.**

Dear Derek (and Warlock),

I have been a devoted reader of all types of adventure gamebooks since *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* was first published . . . but I have one major complaint concerning all the adventure gamebooks: *final paragraphs are not long enough!!*

Most books cover background very adequately, with three to five sides of text introducing the story and setting the scene, but final paragraphs are always so short. Some of these books take days (or, in the case of *Sorcery!,* months) to complete. So please, authors, make the conclusions more detailed and the adventures worth completing!

Yours,
Olaf Ogreroger,
The Avanti Wood, Kakhabad

Dear Warlock,

I, a grovelling little goblin, humbly bow to your infinitely greater intelligence but I, the aforementioned slime pit, ask you, Oh all-knowing one, if you could possibly, by a chance as small as a flying troll, publish a tiny little Readers' Poll? And also, if I could bow down to your 'vaster than space' intellect for a second and final time, and at the risk of offending your highness, which would inevitably end in my being turned into something boundlessly more disgusting than a multi-lingual dung-bathing ore, suggest such questions as what articles do they like best, what articles would they (the readers, oh mighty one) like to sec in later *Warlocks,* and also possibly, even, do readers read any other magazines, and if these more disgusting than a troll's armpit scumballs, do read

other mags, which do they read?

Yours grovellingly,
Henry the disgustin' goblin!
(c/o Robert Bailes, Chesterfield)

● **My my Robert, er, Henry, you do have a way with words, don't you? Actually, there are very few things I like better than a right creep, so yes, next issue (the dreaded *Issue 13*, so foul we dare not speak it's true name, in case you'd forgotten!) we will run a Readers' Poll. And not just any poll, either, for there will be a chance to win 850 of games or a free figure of me, your dashing and handsome Warlock!!**

Dear Warlock,

Did you know that Joe 'Judge Death' Dever's new book *White Warlord* has a few missing locations – seven to be precise! I don't think this made any difference to the flow and enjoyment of the book, but still.

Yours backwards,
Nerrad Snehpets,
Cosham, Portsmouth

● **Well that sounded so serious to me I got on the old crystal ball to Castle Death, and spoke with its foul master. This is what the ghastly, maggot-ridden, pus-filled carbuncle-spawn had to say. (Eeeuughh! just talking about him makes me want to HRRRUUULPP! Excuse me . . .)**

With regards to the 'missing pages' in *White Warlord* and *Black Baron,* there are none, although some confusion has arisen because the pages do not run sequentially. This came about, not by design, but due to the necessities of production. I had originally intended for there to be 285 picture views and designed the solo and two-player games accordingly. However, to keep the final price of the books below £2.50, and in order to achieve an even number of what are called signatures (blocks of pages) in both books the publishers 'asked' me to trim down the solo games by seven picture views.

I obliged, but soon discovered that to close up the gaps numerically would have had a horrendous 'knock-on' effect. *Combat Heroes is* a number-based game system; to change just one of the numbers would have necessitated a re-write of the entire game-system and delayed the release of the books by several weeks. A notice was to appear in the books to explain this modification, but unfortunately it was omitted.

To clarify, the following picture views do not appear in the *Combat Heroes 1* books:

White Warlord: Picture-views 95, 143, 151, 162, 169, 189, 222

Black Baron: Picture-views 29, 115, 127, 147, 189, 232, 249

With best wishes,
Joe Dever,
Castle Death, the Seven Planes of Hell,
Essex

● **What a fascinating letter! In fact, I think I will award it this month's *Orb Of Merit* (cue fanfare!!). If Joe would care to write in and tell me which two gamebooks he would like we will be delighted to send them on to him as his prize. Again, well done young man! Now back to the moaners . . .**

Dear Warlock,

'Out Of The Pit' has to go! Two pages on that rubbish is quite ridiculous, and is continuing to destroy what your sister mag *White Dwarf* fought so hard to build. That is, intelligent campaign-style adventures, with as little 'hack-and-slay' as possible. And before you even think of saying it, no shut up a minute, I cannot be swatted away with '. . . but it's what our reader's want!' That is hardly surprising when they've been fed nothing else since they first got interested in gaming. Once players start dungeon-bashing it is very difficult to change their ways, and eventually they will become bored. Endless streams of monsters are pointless. It is very easy to create one's own monsters but even so GMs should not have to do this very often at all, and when they do, help from a magazine should not be necessary.

Mine,
Ian Jones,
Cheshire.

● **Hmmm, despite its angry tone that was a very thought-provoking letter. Obviously next issue's Readers' Poll will sort out exactly what *Warlock* readers want, but we'd also like to hear your particular thoughts on monsters, on games where you don't do anything but kill more and more monsters, and how games can be made more interesting. Write in and tell us and we'll tell the world! Actually, there seem to be a lot of very interesting letters this issue – take a look at this one, all the way from Gouda in Holland.**

Dear Warlock,

In order to make your all-seeing eyes a lot more all-seeing, I am writing to hereby inform you about gamebooks in the Netherlands. In comparison to the UK and the US, the gamebook business in the Netherlands is very meagre. Only four gamebooks are available in Dutch. These four are translations of *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain, Citadel of Chaos, Forest of Doom* and *Starship Traveller,* i.e. the first four FF gamebooks.

Very few bookshops, usually only the very large ones in the major cities like Amsterdam and The Hague, sell imported gamebooks. Most FF and Lone Wolf books are available at these shops, along with a few others.

Also, roleplaying is not as popular in the Netherlands as it is in the UK. However, about a year and a half ago, a rolegame appeared on the market written in Dutch. It is a translation of a German roleplaying game, called 'Her Ong Des Meester' (trans. 'The Master's Eye', also known as 'The Dark Eye'). This game has lots of enthusiastic players, though roleplaying is not as widespread as in the UK. Besides this Dutch game, rpgs like D&D, RuneQuest, etc are played quite often among fanatical gainers. Nevertheless, the Netherlands is still an under-developed country as far as rolegames and solo gamebooks are concerned.

I like *Warlock* magazine very much, and especially Ruth Pracy's adventures. Could you inform us about gamebooks and roleplaying games in other countries?

Yours informingly,
Rogier van Winder, Gouda,
The Netherlands

● **Thank you for your very interesting and informative letter. Judging by all your letters and competition entries, Warlock has many readers in Europe, the USA and many other places, and I am sure some of them will take the trouble to write in and tell us about the gaming hobby in their countries. I may even find it in my heart to send a copy of *Clash Of The Princes* to the sender of the most interesting letter on the subject!**

Ah well, if only all *Warlock* readers were as Informative and useful as Rogier . . .

Dear Lockie,

I think that you and Lew Stringer are trying to confuse us poor readers. First, Derek (the poor, molested troll) has moving spots, now he has moving nostrils! In iss . . .

● **I really don't want to know about it, I really don't, so thank-you and goodbye Eoin Armstrong of Dublin. Now onto something far more savoury: if you remember, last issue I reluctantly agreed to give a copy of *Maelstrom* to the writer of the letter with the best variant on 'Yours sincerely'. Despite strong challenges from the likes of Su Macklam of Nottingham, Sean Donelly of Edinburgh, Neil Randall of Yeovil and Richard Colburn of Hove, I have decided in my boundless wisdom to give prizes to the following two man-things: *Neal Hackett* of Knighton, Leicester, for rounding off a letter praising *Starship Traveller* and SF gamebooks in general with 'Yours Doctor Spocksenly'; and *Julian Prime* of Royston, Herts, for 'Yours wondering what size boots you take anyway'. Well done you two, the prizes will be on their way by the time you read this. Oh, and incidentally Julian, size eight and a half.**

Keep your letters flooding in, readers, as we really do love hearing from you. Don't forget that the best letter every issue will win the Orb of Merit and a pair of gamebooks of your choice. When you write to us we always like you to tell us something too, so this month could you tell us who your favourite gamebook authors and artists are. Send all your letters, be they praise or abuse, to this address:

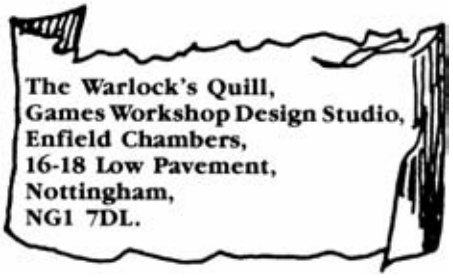

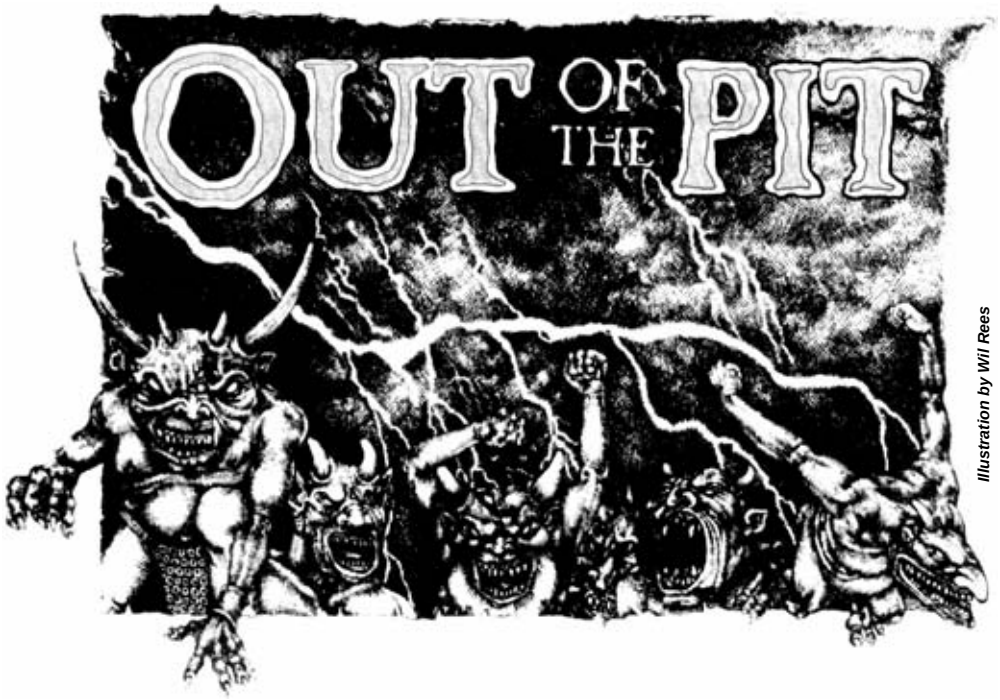

Illustration by Wil Rees

Welcome again to our regular column introducing foul new fiends for your *Fighting Fantasy* games. You can insert them into published gamebooks instead of the usual monsters, put them in dungeons to face your players when you play the FF roleplaying game, or simply read them and shudder to yourself, thankful that they're only make believe! As always, we give a free copy of *Warlock* to everyone who has a monster printed, so keep you creations flooding in! OK, monsters, do your stuff!

DRYADEN

by Paul Harries

SKILL: 10/9/8
STAMINA: 16/14/10
Habitat: Forests
Number Encountered: 1–10/1–6/1–4
Type: Humanoid
Reaction: Neutral
Intelligence: High/High/Average

The Dryaden of the forests of Allansia and the Old World are gentle humanoids related to elves, though even more attuned to the forest. Some say that many millennia previously they were actually a tribe of elves who reverted back to a completely natural life, disregarding life in the civilised tree-top villages. Certainly their appearance suggests this, for they share many physical characteristics with elves. Their ears are gently pointed, their eyes green and piercing, and like the elves they are tall and willowy, with slender limbs that belie their speed and dexterity. Their skin is ruddy and tanned, though, and very unlike the pale complexion of an elf.

Like elves, too, they are masters of their forest habitat, able to follow tracks, set snares and generally sneak about without ever being seen by human hunters and foresters. They are helped in this by their clothing, which is usually a mottled combination of various greens and browns, and serves to camouflage them in the sparsest vegetation. Unlike elves Dryaden only ever use wooden implements, and never touch metal if they can help it. They fight using wooden staves, bows and carved daggers, though this does not make them easy prey by any means, for they are skilful and cunning warriors, especially when fighting in the upper branches of their tree-top habitat. Some Dryaden warriors wear light armour of woven branches or thin beaten leather.

They make their homes high above the forest floor, perching there on small wooden platforms surrounded by woven 'walls' of leaves. The Dryaden call their platform a 'tallan', and often arrange them together to form small tribal villages. No matter how far they roam on a hunting or foraging trip they will always return to the tallen by nightfall. During the day only a few members of a tribe will remain behind as guards for the younger members of the tallen. Predators usually have great difficulty finding their tallen, unless they knew what to look for: the unusually thick clumps of leaves high in the upper branches, the preponderance of sturdy vines (used for swinging and climbing by the Dryaden) – and then the sudden appearance of great numbers of lithe brown-clothed beings, leaping from the branches to attack ferociously with staves and knives!

After a long life, maybe 200 years, spent hunting the creatures and tending the plants of the forests, and worshipping the elven plant goddess Erillia, a Dryaden will find a quiet and secluded part of the forest and die peacefully, his body covered by the leaves. It is said that a tree always grows where a Dryaden dies . . . (Note – the stats given above are for adult male, adult female and young Dryaden respectively.)

NIGHT-MARE

by Adam West

SKILL: 10 2 Attacks
STAMINA: 11
Habitat: Demonic Plane, anywhere at night

Number Encountered: 1
Type: Demon
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: Average

When the Wild Hunt rides out, the Demon Princes of the Abyss mount themselves on Night-mares, midnight-black winged steeds spawned in the depths of the Pit itself. And even when the Hunt is not abroad, a brave watcher of the skies may see the dark shapes of such deathly beasts swooping across the heavens by the light of the full moon. They resemble pegasi, but unlike those shy, gentle creatures they are ghoulish, demonic beings, bred only for violence and evil. They fly using their large, feathery, red-tipped wings, flapping about the night sky in search of fresh souls for their masters to feed upon! Their eyes, manes and tails match the blood-red tint of their wing-tips, giving them an unearthly glow as they flap their way across the heavens in search of more worthy victims.

As their name suggests, the creatures appear on this plane only during the hours of darkness. As the first grey streaks of dawn stain the sky they flap away to the Demonic Plane, as earthly sunlight will kill them. But during the night they may have hunted down over a dozen humans, knocking them down with their fiery-tipped hooves before tearing them apart with razor-edged teeth. Anyone attacked by such a beast will fight with their Attack Strength reduced by 2 in the first round owing to the surprise caused by a silently swooping Night-mare!

BURROWBEAR

by Mark McLeod

SKILL: 8
STAMINA: 10
Habitat: Caves, Dungeons, Plains
Number Encountered: 1

Type: Animal
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: Low

Burrowbears are strange, subterranean creatures, so-called because they resemble beats to some extent, though they do not appear to be related. They are large, hairy beasts, covered in sleek black or brown hair except for their large pink snouts. These are very sensitive, used for smelling out the location of tasty roots or underground fungi which they live on.

When such food is in short supply a Burrowbear will venture much further afield, hunting out small settlements of dwarves, orcs or goblins and preying on them. They will usually bury straight into a cavern, through a wall or floor, and then leap into the attack with a chorus of ferocious growls. They are well-equipped for fighting, as their paws hold strong retractable claws powerful enough to burrow through rock (and slice through armour!). Because of these much-feared claws, every hit by a Burrowbear causes 3 points of damage to its opponent's STAMINA.

Very occasionally, a Burrowbear will come to the surface in search of food. If this is during the daytime the Burrowbear will fight with 2 subtracted from its Attack Strength, for its eyes are not used to the glare of strong sunlight. They are solitary beasts, meeting only occasionally. They make their lairs in small caverns which they excavate from the rock itself, deep beneath the surface and far away from the tunnels of other creatures. They don't know about the value of treasure and never possess any, though some may well be found lying amidst the bones of previous meals. Their pelts can sometimes be sold for a few dozen Gold Pieces, and a number of dwarven tribes pay bounty for every Burrowbear skin delivered to them as proof of its death.

XIAU

by Su Macklam

SKILL: 11 3 Attacks
STAMINA: 20
Habitat: Caves, Ice
Number Encountered: 1 or 6 to 16
Type: Monster
Reaction: Neutral – Hostile
Intelligence: High

The Xiau are the largest of what some scholars have called the Cold-Drakes, the dragons of the icy northern wastes. They are immense creatures, related to White and Silver dragons, though their body shape suggests that they are in fact closer related to lesser lizards. Male Xiau can grow up to twenty eight or thirty metres long, standing a good six or seven metres high at the shoulder; females and young are smaller, though they are still large compared to other dragons.

Unlike other dragons, Xiau have a smooth, supple skin almost like soft leather. They are mainly white in colour, though often with a faint pastel flush of blue or grey along their flanks, and with darker claws, eyes and nostrils. They are thin, lengthy creatures, lithe and dexterous compared to other dragons, though lacking in a ridge along the spine. Their heads are strange, too, for they have a long spike-like horn which sweeps back over their back, and wide cheek ridges made of toughened bone. They can talk in a great many tongues, both ancient and modern, their voices varying between a soft whistle and a rough purr. They are long lived creatures, despite the cruel habitats they choose to live in, and their memories are great.

Most common Xiau live in herd-groups – called 'teks' – which consist mostly of females and young protected by a pair of herding males. (Roll 2 dice and add four for the exact number encountered; 2 will be males, and half the remainder will be young.) The longer-lived males, though, become more and more solitary as they age, however, and it is just as likely that an adventurer will encounter a lone male as a tek. Male Xiau are temperamental beings, arrogant too, and they are prone to extremes of violence for little or no reason unless handled *very* carefully.

Xiau hate heat of all kinds, and will shy away from fire unless a young Xiau is in greater danger As well as their frightening claws and teeth, Xiau have a frigid breath which sprays a fine jet of sub-zero vapour for up to four metres from their snouts. In a battle they will breathe frosty air, for one die of damage, every time they fail to score a normal hit. Three hits from a Xiau's breath will freeze a man solid, causing instant death!

Brrr! Wouldn't like to be on the end of that one! Next issue is the infamous *Issue 13* (cue dramatic music!!), and I'd like Out Of The Pit to be an All-undead Special! So pack up your favourite nasties in their crypts, and send them in now!

The BOOK of RUNES
A HARSH AND BITTER WIND WHISTLES THROUGH THE RAFTERS OF GRUNDVILLES HUT. AS IF...
FORETELLING...
DANGER...
GRAAHH.
YAAH, TAKE HIM. SEARCH THIS HOVEL.
WRITER/ARTIST DARREN CHANDLER.
HE'S HIDDEN IT SEARCH EVERYWHERE.
THE BOOK, OLD MAN. WHERE IS THE BOOK.
UHH...NO, NO. LEAVE ME BE.
YOU MUST NOT TAKE IT. GREAT DANGER THERE IS GREAT DANGER IN IT'S...
CHK
"RIP THE PLACE APART. I MUST HAVE THAT BOOK."

OUT OF THE NIGHT KELT RIDES.
COMMANDER RASGORE, SIR. I HAVE FOUND IT, THE BOOK OF RUNES. I HAVE FOUND IT.
SOMEONE APPROACHES. GIVE ME THAT BOOK, HALF-WIT, AND LET US BEGONE.
WHAT'S GOING ON HE...
STAND TO ONE SIDE, STRANGER. OR WE WILL FORCE YOU ASIDE.
WHAT MANNER OF CREATURES ARE YOU ?
HOLD HIM HERE. ATTACK.
IF ITS A FIGHT YOU WANT...
SHICK!
'TIS A FIGHT YOU SHALL HAVE.
TO BE CONTINUED....

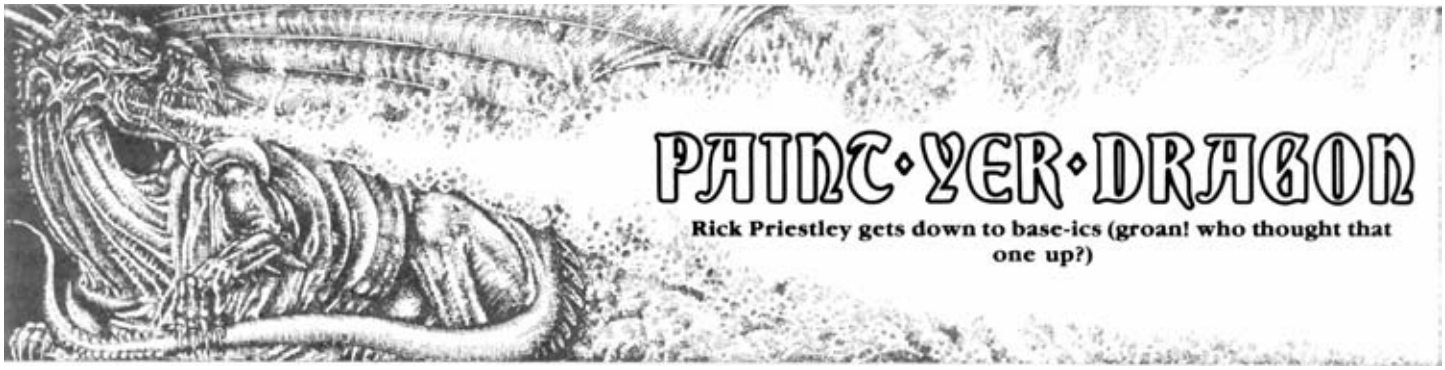

PAINT·YER·DRAGON

Rick Priestley gets down to base-ics (groan! who thought that one up?)

This issue's excursion into the realms of the metal miniature is dedicated to that much neglected part of everybody's figure collection – the base! AB figures have them, but few modellers seem willing to put the effort into decorating them properly. This is a pity, because a mega-fine model will look second rate if its base isn't up to scratch; on the other hand a carefully prepared base will make a good model even better! Next time you visit Games Day or one of the local Dragonmeets, take a look at the painting competition entries and you'll see that the winners are not only mind-blowingly well painted but they're well presented too. What's the secret? All will be revealed . . .

Models are bought unpainted and, usually, unbased. Some of the larger castings have an integral metal base, but most of the humans and human-sized monsters you can buy are now supplied with the black plastic slottabase. This is a separate base of a standard size, into which the model is slotted. The slottabase is a real boon to modellers because it looks so neat. It is also available in several shapes and sizes to meet specific needs (wargamers, for example, often need figures on specific-sized bases). There is a further category of models which have no base at all, such as really large monsters (dragons and the like) and equipment (siege engines and chariots for instance).

All models can be fixed to a decorative base for display, but since most modellers are also gainers, their models must perform as gaming pieces as well, and any base must take this into consideration. This means that only really serious modellers will want to mount their models on *a wooden presentation plinth*. These are available from model shops and are made from various sorts of wood or sometimes plastic. Polished and provided with a suitable title plate they are the ultimate in display bases, but few modellers will want to lavish such expense on a single model unless they are truly brilliant painters. Therefore, a more practical and almost as elegant answer is to use a slottabase. (Even models supplied with integral bases look better if fastened to a slottabase, the extra height discrepancy can be covered up when the base is decorated.)

Fixing Slottabases

Care and preparation are essential when fastening models to slottabases. Each base has one or two weakened slots underneath, one of which must be carefully cut out to provide the slot. Citadel now supply bases with a pre-cut slot, but this means if you want to use the other slot you'll not only have to cut it out but you'll have to cover over the other slot too. It is important to cut the slot rather than force it through with a screwdriver, as this can distort or even break the base. Forcing the slot through with the model is distinctly dumb, as you will not only break the base but the model as well (score no points for brains, especially if you are really silly and cut yourself too!).

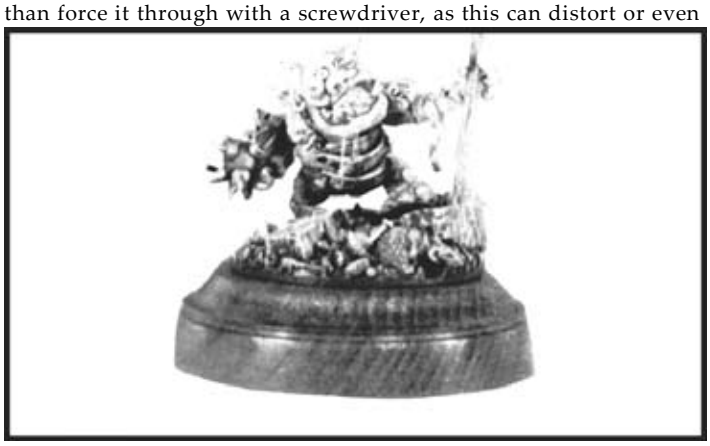

Once your slot is made, the tab on the model's base can he glued in place, filing down to fit where necessary; epoxy glues are best for this. Figures with their own base can be glued directly on top of the slottabase. Don't forget to file the metal base flat first, as casting problems make it almost impossible to manufacture a truly flat metal base. Slottabases are available as 20mm or 25mm squares, hexagons, circles or 25mm x 50mm 'horse' bases. There is also a 40mm x 40mm base for large monsters which has round peg holes rather than slots – the large models having pegs on their feet which fit into these holes. The large monster base also makes a good base for a small diorama (a group of models arranged into a scene).

Wooden Bases

Bases for siege engines, chariots and really immense creatures will need to be made by yourself according to your own requirements, using a suitable quality wood (i.e. what you could afford). A good handyman or friendly local DIY shop may prove willing to make you a base from pine or mahogany, just tell them the dimensions and ask for a chamfered (sloping) edge. Polish or varnish the base to make it good and shiny. Many of the Citadel designers prefer to make their own bases from wood off-cuts painted black, but varnished ones look just as good. Larger dioramas – including fight scenes, pub scenes, mysterious encounters, and so on – can also be based in this way.

Base Decoration

Once your model has been painted and positioned on its base the next step is to decorate the base itself. The base is an integral part of the model, so be prepared to spend time on it – don't be tempted to rush it just because it's the last bit!

Firstly, decide what you want the base to look like – do you want a simple textured effect, or something more complex? Well, what do you want? If you want something more complex will it involve any modelling work and will you need to buy special tools or materials? As always, don't try anything too ambitious to start with – a simple finish will look perfectly good on a small slottabase. Your options look something like this:

1) A textured base: Use Tetrion, Milliput or a similar modelling compound to cover the top of the base. Be careful not to get the material on the model's feet. If you want a deep layer of compound you must allow for this when fastening the model – leave a slight gap so the model is 'standing in air'. Left to dry, the Tetrion/Milliput will provide a gently undulating surface which looks very much like sand or mud when painted. Alternatively, sprinkle scenic material onto the still-wet surface before it dries. This will look like grass or moss. Suitable materials include railway modellers' flock (coloured sawdust), but I find the best thing is good old-fashioned household muck as found on the inside of vacuum cleaners, under sofas, by brushing carpets, etc. Your family will probably think you have gone crazy – but don't worry, it's all in a good cause. Besides which, it's nothing new!

Metal Mayhem

Fig 1

We've gone metal mad this issue, what with *Fields of Battle* and the like, and yes, here's some more! Look closer, though, 'cos some of these figures are *plastic!* What's the difference? Well none, actually, except they're cheaper and don't make holes in your pockets! Still, this is **Metal** Mayhem, so the rest of this month's goodies are some of the sensational new releases from good old Citadel. Look and enjoy!

Fig 2

Fig 3

Fig 1. Remade ROR1, Bugman & his command group
Fig 2. Johnny, Wulf & Gronk, the Strontium Dog miniatures
Fig 3 & 4. 4 new additions to the Middle-earth range; Gimli, Frodo, Sauron & Gandelf.
Fig 5 & 6. The new Warlock of Firetop Mountain plastic miniatures.
Fig 7. C23 Ogre Shaman.
Fig 8. Slambo, one of the New C35 Chaos Warriors.
Fig 9. C23 Ogre Thug.
Fig 10. C21 Orc Boar Riders.
Fig 11. Papworth Organgrinder yet another Warrior of Chaos.

Fig 4

Fig 5

Fig 6

THE WARLOCK OF FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

Fig 7

Fig 8

Fig 9

Fig 10

Fig 11

Manadrax & the Bonebreakers

Skeletons

THE DWARVES OF GREY ROCK

BATTERING RAM

These counters are for use in fighting *The Battle of Grey Rock* using the Fields of Battle tabletop rules which start on page 6. Before you cut them out you are advised to glue them to a sheet of card. This will keep them rigid and stop them from blowing across the battlefield every time someone breathes out! Once you have done this, carefully separate each counter and prepare them on your battlefield. Now let combat commence!

BATTLE

Skeleton HORDE

MINIATURES SUPPLIED UNPAINTED. NOT SUITABLE FOR SMALL CHILDREN

Miniatures Painted by Colin Dixon.

Citadel Miniatures proudly present the *Skeleton Horde* - a boxed set from the makers of ***Psychostyrene Dwarves*** and ***Drastik Plastik*** Orcs.

The boxed set contains six sprues with enough body parts to make up 24 superbly detailed 25mm skeleton figures, complete with shields and bases. A range of body positions, heads, arms and shields allows almost endless variations. We believe that the box price of **£3.95** represents the best value available on the hobby miniatures market today.

None can tell how they came to be, or in what foul tomb they were first created. Some claim that they were once a human army from a distant land, whose mission of slaughter and conquest continues beyond death. Others maintain that they were created by a powerful necromancer, but turned on him and are now their own masters. What is certain, however, is that nothing can stop them. The living can only flee before their advance - for how can an army be destroyed which is already dead?

So they march on, growing stronger with every mile. At every graveyard, every ancient battlefield, every roadside gibbet their numbers increase as the dead of ages passed answer this unnatural call to arms. And Death marches with them - no living thing survives their passage, and the country is black and blighted, lashed by dark, driving rain from a tomb-black sky.

Fighting Characteristics								Personal Characteristics			
M	WS	BS	S	I	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	5	5	5	5

Special Rules Immune to all psychology tests. Cannot be **routed**. Cause **fear** in living creatures. Subject to **instability**. The **Skeleton Horde** is composed mainly of normal skeletons with the profile and rules listed above, but includes a number of skeleton **champions** and **heroes**, who act as **controllers**. Their profiles can be found in the *Warhammer Battle Bestiary.*

The **Skeleton Horde** casts a permanent aura which is equivalent to the level 3 Necromantic spell *Raise Dead (see Warhammer, Vol.2)*, causing their numbers to increase according to the spell effect at every place of burial they pass.

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£3.95

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2) Additions: Cluttering a base will not always make it look better, but the odd carefully positioned rock or item of discarded equipment can look very good indeed. Small pieces of gravel can be positioned whilst the base material is still wet, and tufts of longer grass can be made using hair or bristle. A discarded helmet, weapon or shield will give the impression of a battlefield. Your 'bits box' will come in handy here – all those old and broken models can be used to provide suitable items.

3) Foliage: The ultimate step is to build your own foliage from the ever-present Milliput or an epoxy modelling putty such as Tamiya putty. This requires skill, patience and practice, and takes forever (well, almost!). Favourite subjects are mushrooms and plants; don't model these directly onto your base, but make them individually first. A few practice goes may be necessary before you can produce a good effect, but that's always the way.

Painting Bases

Once you have the base decorated to your taste it is time to paint it. Firstly paint any visible edges of the base in black. Even though slottabases are already black they look better if given a further coat, as this will hide small scratches and other imperfections. However, this won't hide gouges or gross defects – so anything seriously amiss must be repaired first. Fill in holes with Milliput, and file off any odd bits of plastic. It is a good idea to paint the area around the model's feet, around rocks, etc, black or dark grey too – this will represent shadow on the finished model and helps to make it look more three-dimensional. Nothing looks worse than a model which merges into its base!

All that remains now is to paint the base itself, and here your painting skills will come to the fore. Base painting and figure painting use the same techniques, so I won't go into a great deal of detail – as with all painting care and patience will be needed to produce the best result. A simple and effective technique is to paint the base a suitable colour (such as green to represent grass). Once this is dry prepare a wash of a darker shade (dark green if your original shade is green). A wash is simply a bit of paint mixed with quite a lot of water, so that it looks like very dirty water! This is painted over the original coat and will seep into the cracks and make puddles. Once dry this looks very effective and helps to add texture to the base. Experiment with the consistency of the wash until you get one you like, only experience can guide you here!

The ground area can be further enhanced by *drybrusbing*. Drybrushing isn't hard but it does require practice – first select a lighter shade of your base colour (light green or yellow). Dip your brush in the paint and wipe the brush so that it is almost dry – but not quite. Now gently draw the brush over the ground area, and you will see how the raised bits pick up the paint, whilst the rest of the base is left in its original colour. Drybrushing is a sure way to destroy brushes, so use an old one for this.

Once you've mastered the simple arts of basing individual figures you can really start to enjoy yourself! Combining your basing skills with your modelling skills you will be able to produce full dioramas. A diorama displays several models together in a small scene, and may

involve remodelling the figures as well as considerable work on the base. Perhaps at a future date 1 will be permitted to write more on figure modelling and serious conversion for dioramas – but for now I'd like to finish off with some ideas for making larger and more impressive scenic items; some of these ideas are usable in smaller projects too.

Trees, logs and fallen branches can be made from small pieces of root out of the garden. Logs and branches break up an otherwise flat base and can be worked into the diorama in a clever way – a horse's reins can be tied to a log while the rider examines fresh animal tracks, a fighting warrior trips over a log, etc. Trees are more tricky to make yourself. It is possible to buy brass etched leaves from railway modellers' shops, but these are expensive; the smaller of the trees produced by Britains are just as good. Many modellers twist wire together to produce tree trunks and cover the wire skeleton with Milliput – this can look very good but is time consuming.

A wall, hedge or fence makes an excellent backdrop for a small scene. Walls can be made from card and Milliput (the Britains ones are acceptable too). Hedges can be made from various sources including sponge, loofah and a mixture of twigs, hair, flock and glue (messy!). Fences are best built from scratch using thin strips of balsa wood.

Interiors are the most difficult things to produce. The best way to do them is to have the back and one or both sides of the base become walls with windows, doors and fittings all modelled into place. The best material to use for the walls is hardboard – even the thickest sorts of card tend to warp once you start to paint them. A good stone effect is achieved by mixing paint with Vim (yes, Vim!) and plastering this onto the walls to give a grainy texture. Stone blocks can be scoured on with a knife, whilst protruding blocks are modelled on with milliput. Doors and windows must be added using card or balsa, and extra items such as candles and lanterns can be provided by your bits box or by modelling.

Next issue*: Since so many people have been asking for more tips on painting I will be starting a series concentrating on the painting and modelling of specific types of figures – adventurers, orcs & goblins, dwarfs, and so on. Until next time, have fun!*

RECORD CO

FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

Steve Jackson talks to *Warlock* about the sensational new boardgame version of The Warlock of Firetop Mountain!

Yes, it's true. After several years of development, the boardgame version of The Warlock of Firetop Mountain, the gamebook that started the whole thing off, is ready for release on an unsuspecting world. We tracked Steve Jackson down to a draughty cave in Surrey and interrogated him about the game and other aspects of the Fighting Fantasy hobby.

▲ **First of all, Steve, why make a boardgame version of *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* in the first place?**

The idea actually occurred soon after the book had been written, with no great leap of imagination really. It was pretty obvious how the basics of the game should run: exploring rooms looking for treasure and keys guarded by monsters, and gradually working your way through to the Warlock's treasure chest, just as you do in the book. The challenge came in how to add those extra elements that all games need to make them special, the features that make people say 'Hey, that's *neat*!' Features like the Maze Cards and the Key Challenges.

▲ **Are you a big boardgame fan? What are your favourite games?**

I'm a fan of all games – well, almost. Yes, I do like boardgames. In the early days before *Dungeons & Dragons*, Ian Livingstone and I used to play board wargames and Diplomacy. I hitch-hiked round the US in 1973 and came back with a dozen or so Avalon Hill games (which were impossible to get in Britain at that time). Our favourites were *Stalingrad* (the German invasion of Russia in W WII) and *Baseball Strategy*. That one is a *very* clever game; I would hate to think how often the designer must have played and re-played the game to get the 'Offense Chart' as perfect as it is.

Favourite games? Where do I start – *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* boardgame? No, seriously, my favourite games vary from time to time. When I first discover that a game is good, I'll end up playing it a lot. Then I'll discover another and switch to that. But there are certain favourites I keep coming back to. *Summit* is a game of 'global conquest' produced in the 1950s by Milton Bradley. They should re-release it, as I'm sure it would sell well now that strategy games are so much more popular. Likewise, Games Workshop should re-release *Apocalypse* – another all-time great. This game deserves an award for its combat system; so clever and simple, yet so compulsive. I used to spend whole weekends playing this game non-stop as a student. Then we get onto classic games like *1829*, *Civilisation*, and of course roleplaying games – but we're talking boardgames here, aren't we?

▲ **How does Steve Jackson sit down and design a boardgame?**

I work at home in my study with my word processor and my drawing board. I spend most of the day in my study, surrounded by FF original cover art, which is a continual source of inspiration. I don't know where the ideas come from. *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* game was designed over the Christmas holidays in 1984/85. At the moment I'm tinkering with a game called *Ogre Ball*, which is a sort of fantasy baseball game; you choose your team from a selection of fantasy creatures, all of which have different hitting and fielding abilities. Umpires are bribed with Gold Pieces to make close decisions in your favour, and lots of fights break out on the field. But I'm stuck at the moment working out a method of how the fielders can be placed strategically for different batters. I don't suppose the game will ever be produced, but I'm having fun designing it!

▲ **What problems did *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* game present?**

As I said, the basic game design was fairly obvious. The problems came with the special features that would make it different from, say, *Talisman* or *Dungeon!* As you go through the Warlock's dungeon you have to discover which three keys are necessary to open the Warlock's treasure chest (these are different each game). You do this by making *Key Challenges*, in which you slowly discover which keys are held by the other players and are therefore *not* needed. And when you reach the maze, a system of *Maze Cards* makes the maze different each time you play. There are also Special Encounter Rooms which don't occur in the book. One of the main problems was getting the game to last for just the right length of time. The original game had 50% more rooms; these have now been cut down to 30 or so. Not only does this keep the length of the game down to 1½ to 2 hours, but it also increases the interactions between the players – and this is essential in a good game.

The other thing I wanted to do was include rules for solo play. I don't know whether this section will be included in the final rules, but you can play the game solo. All you have to do is take three of the Key Cards out at random. Each time you make a Key Challenge, you get to look at one of the Key cards (which are shuffled after each peek). Then you set off searching for the keys needed and try to reach the Warlock's treasure room before dying!

▲ **Could you describe the game to us? Is it something you can play with your grannie or is it for FF players only?**

I can't see too many grannies playing *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* and I'm not really interested in designing games for your grannie to play anyway! You start the game by rolling up standard FF characters. As you progress through the dungeon, you visit lots of different rooms. Monsters guard the Treasure Cards hidden in each room and you have to fight them to get the cards.

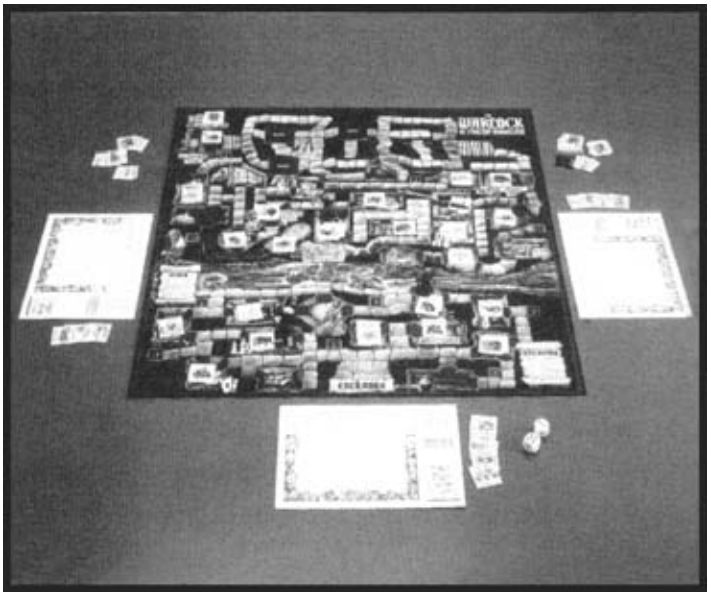

Gradually your character becomes stronger as you find things like healing potions, magical weapons and the like.

Not all the rooms have monsters; many have devious tricks and traps, which can catch adventurers unawares. Some rooms have Fixed Encounters, like Shylock the Moneylender who will loan you Gold Pieces but you must pay him back, otherwise he demands his pound of flesh and you lose lots of SKILL and STAMINA points. There is also the Gambling Hall (borrowed from *Citadel of Chaos)* where you can play Runestones.

There are two areas to the dungeon, separated by the river where you may either call the ferryman, punt the raft across or try the rickety bridge. You must also try to learn (from the other players) which three keys will open old Zagor's chest, and then obtain the correct keys either from rooms or by stealing them from the others. When you are ready to attempt to open the chest, you must make a mad rush through the Maze of Zagor. You might be lucky and choose the correct rote, or you may get stuck down dead-end passages. When someone makes a run for the Warlock's chest, all the other players tend to race after him in hot pursuit. Every time we've played the game there has been a fast, furious and bloody race for the treasure! No, I can't see many grannies being able to play this one . . .

▲ **From the photos of the game and its packaging it seems a very flashy game. Who's done all the art and design work on it?**

The game has changed little from its original design, though I've 'tweaked' it a bit to make it even more exciting. It's been playtested a dozen or so times; some visitors to London Dragonmeet in 1985 will no doubt remember seeing the original prototype made out of Dungeon Floor Plans there. The production version of the game looks much different. Dave 'Superstar' Andrews has done a brilliant job with the board. Russ Nicholson (the original *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* internal artist) did the monsters and treasures. For the cover, Peter Jones was the obvious choice. Peter has always said he wasn't really satisfied with the book cover, as he had less than a week to complete it. So we suggested he took longer and design the box cover as he would have liked to have done the book. The only restriction was that the final art had to be similar to the book so that people would associate the two. I think his new cover is *fantastic* – much better than the book cover!

"I'm not really interested in designing games for your grannie to play"

▲ **Are there any plans for boardgame versions of other FF books?**

Who knows? I suppose it depends on how well *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* does. If it does well, I'll be very keen to do another. What I'd really like to do is a game based on *Sorcery!* I've had an idea for this one, which will be not so much a game, more a way of life (!!). But this is only at the conceptual stage at the moment, and needs a lot of work.

▲ **What are your plans now the game is out? Will there be another *Sorcery!* series, or are you going to stick to standard gamebooks?**

I've just finished FF24, *Creature of Havoc.* This is the adventure in which you play a monster instead of an adventurer, and I had a lot of fun doing that one. When you start, you have no idea of where you are, who you are, or what you are supposed to be doing; your reactions are instinctive. But as the adventure progresses, you get more of an idea of the answers to some of these questions. You can't understand language either, incidentally, so the adventurers you meet talk to you in a code. If you discover the secret of language you are given the key to the code which means from then on you can understand what people are saying. Now that's finished, I'm taking a break from books until after *Games Day,* which I am helping to organise. Then I've got several projects in mind, but I'm not sure which I'll start on. *Creature of Havoc* will be my last FF book.

If you've looked at my books, you may have seen that I like trying out *new* things. All of my FF books were different from each other in terms of scenarios and rules, etc. And I did *Sorcery!* and then *Tasks of Tantalon.* I'd really like to try something I've not done before. Still in fantasy, though, I've been collecting ideas for an FF novel which will either be a sort of collection of 'Tales From Trolltooth Pass', or perhaps an adventure set in Kakhabad. At the moment I favour a scenario where Balthus Dire and Zharradan Marr (if you've read your *Titan – The Fighting Fantasy World,* you'll know that they trained together) start a feud which turns into the cataclysmic 'Trolltooth Wars'. I'll tell you after Games Day.

▲ **And the old chestnut . . . where is Fighting Fantasy going now and what is its future?**

I really can't see the FF series ending in the foreseeable future. Ideas are still coming in from other FF authors, and sales are still healthy, so Puffin are keeping up their publishing schedule. Having now written ten FF adventures (including *Sorcery!*), I personally am now more interested in developing the *world* of FF than in writing further gamebooks. *Titan is,* in my opinion, a great book and a great source of inspiration for the future. The more material comes out which adds *depth to* the FF world, the more it comes alive. I would like to see more books like *Titan* – maybe novels too – adding depth to FF The world of Fighting Fantasy is a large and living entity all of its own now; it can only continue to grow and thrive.

Many thanks, Steve, for taking the time out to talk to us, and even bigger thanks for designing *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* boardgame. Next issue we'll be giving away some copies in another of our insane competitions!! If you really can't wait until then, you will find *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* boardgame on sale in all good games shops, including Games Workshop, price £12.95.

You are Jean Lafayette, the Bringer of Justice, the Hero of the People, the Silver Crusader! By day you are a mild-mannered newspaper reporter, but when duty calls you walk the streets on the lookout for trouble, ready to risk your life to save others – a superhero!

Following your capture of Vladimir Utoshski, the Titanium Cyborg, (see *Appointment With F.E.A.R.)* life on the streets of Titan City reverted to its normal quiet way, with only the occasional armed robbery or mugging here and there to occupy you. However, this uneasy peace did not last too long!

It started at noon two days ago. Without warning, the entire radio and television network was cut off by a strange, unexplainable force that left technicians and officials baffled. People began rushing out into the streets in panic, anxious to know what was going on. Amidst all the noise and confusion it took some time before people realised that the electricity had gone as well – the entire city was without power! Gradually, though, the power returned to the city, and the radios and televisions suddenly switched back on as if nothing had happened. But something definitely had; while you bent your head over the masses of paperwork on your desk that afternoon your mind was racing over possible explanations – and culprits!

Yesterday, again at noon, there was another power cut! This time, however, the television and radio network continued to work – for a reason. On every screen across the city there appeared a burly, black-clad figure, his face hidden by a metal helmet. In a short but extremely arrogant speech this man, who called himself the Dynamo, called upon all world leaders to resign their positions to him, or feel the real strength of his powers. As an example, he declared, he would destroy Titan City a week from today!

Somehow, somewhere, you must find and stop the Dynamo before his threat turns into reality. This is a job for the Silver Crusader!

INTRODUCTION

In *Deadline to Destruction* you are the Silver Crusader, a superhero blessed with unusual powers, dedicated to saving the citizens of Titan City from crime. Your mission is to find and stop the Dynamo before he can destroy the city. As you go about your unenviable task, however, you may also come across other super villains committing more mundane crimes.

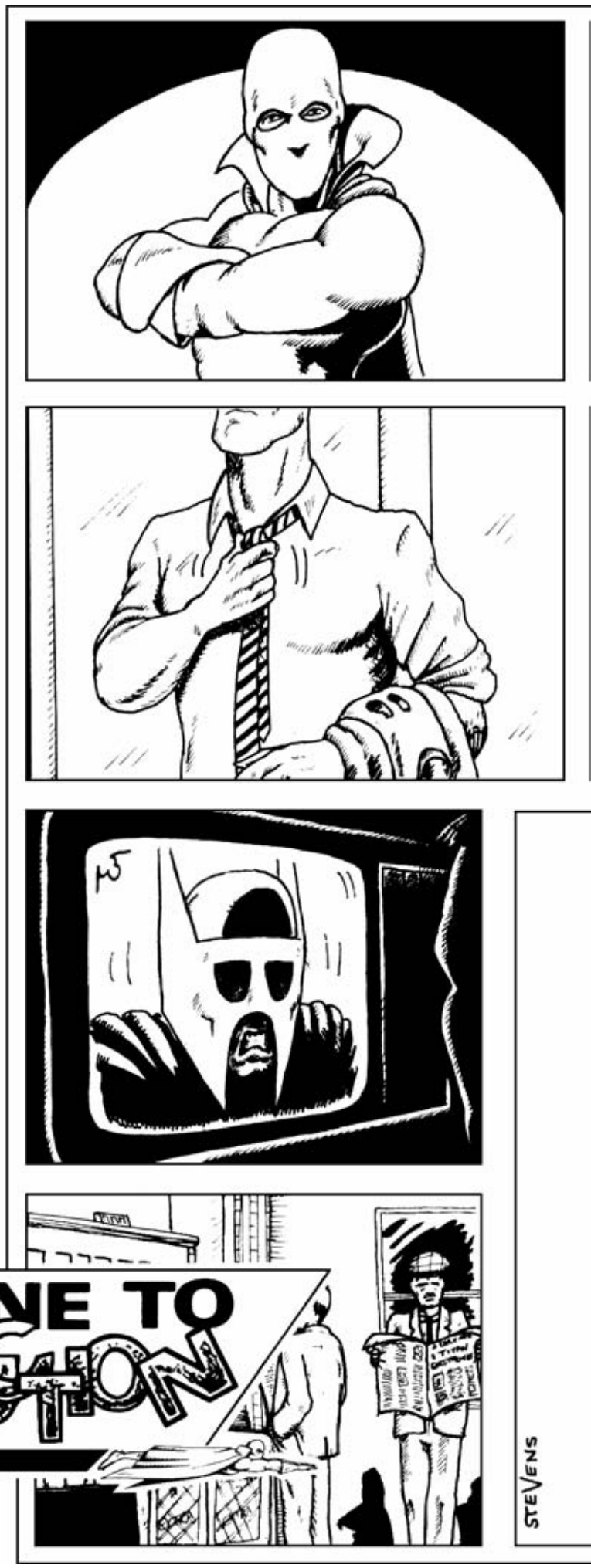

Illustrations by David Stevens

DEADLINE TO DESTRUCTION

A SCINTILLATING SUPERHERO SOLO ADVENTURE

BY GAVIN SHUTE

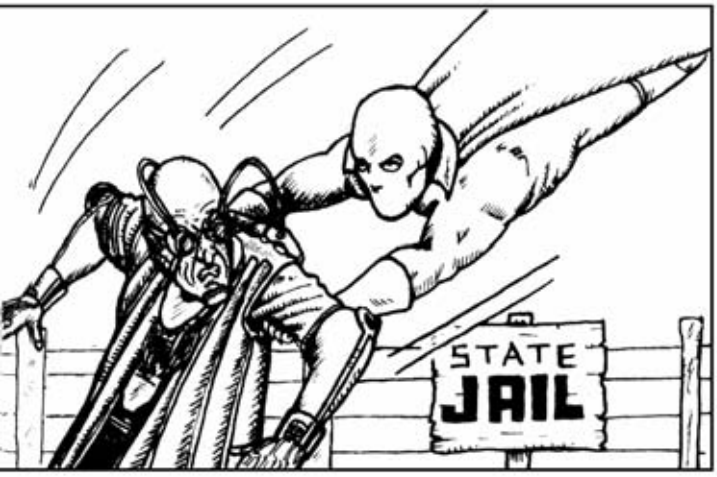

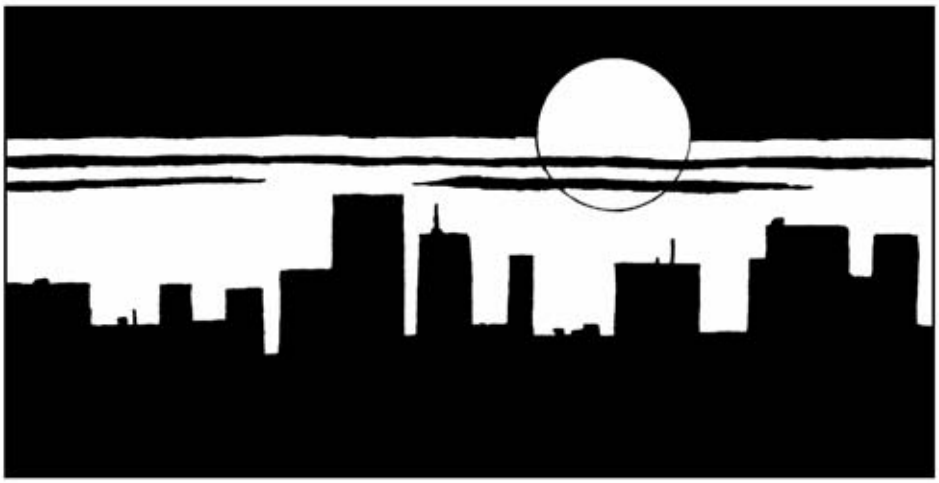

You begin the adventure with a choice of one of four super powers, which you must choose before you start play. You are also equipped with a Crimewatch, which keeps you in constant touch with Gerry the Grass, your friend and underworld contact, who will alert you to crimes even before they are committed!

First of all, grab a pencil, eraser and two dice. We are going to create the character of the Silver Crusader by rolling for your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. There is an adventure sheet here on which you should write all the details of the game.

SKILL: This reflects your fighting and

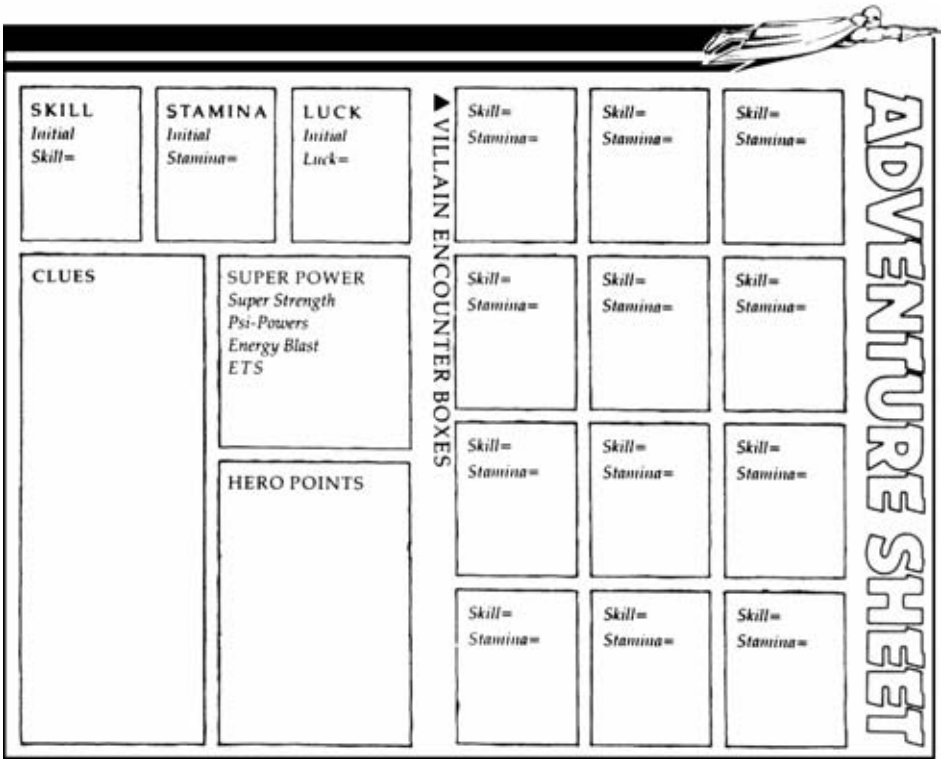

problem-solving skills. Roll one die; add 6 to this number and enter the total in the SKILL box of your Adventure Sheet.

STAMINA: Your general health and fitness, your determination and your will to survive are all reflected in this score. Roll two dice; add 12 to the number rolled and write in the appropriate box on your sheet.

LUCK: This simply indicates how naturally lucky you are. Roll one die, add 6 to the number and record it on your *Adventure Sheet*.

As you'll soon see, your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will change constantly during our adventure. You should keep accurate records of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or keep an eraser handy! However, you must never rub out your *Initial* scores. You may be awarded additional points to your scores, but these must never exceed your *Initial* scores.

Fighting Super-Villains

You may come across paragraphs in the adventure which instruct you to fight a villain of some sort. You should resolve the battle in the following way:

First record the villains SKILL and STAMINA in the first vacant 'Villain Encounter Box' on your *Adventure Sheet*. The scores for each villain are given in the book each time you have an encounter.

Unlike other Fighting Fantasy adventures, you may not *kill* the criminals you are fighting! As a sworn upholder of truth and justice and all that sort of stuff, you may not take the life of a super-villain, no matter how evil he or she may be. But *they* will be attempting to kill *you!* If you manage to reduce the STAMINA of your opponent to zero, you have killed him and must lose 1 Hero Point as a result. When a criminal has been reduced to 1 or 2 STAMINA points he will surrender himself to you. The sequence of combat goes as follows:

1. Roll two dice for the criminal. Add his SKILL. This total is the criminal's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice once for yourself. Add your own current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than his, you have landed a blow; proceed to *Step 4*. If the criminal's Attack Strength is higher than yours, he has landed a blow on you; proceed to *Step 5*. If both Attack Strengths are equal, you have avoided each other's blows; start the next Attack Round from *Step 1* again.
4. You have landed a blow on your opponent, so subtract 2 points from his STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage – see later.

5. The criminal has landed a blow on you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage (see over).
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either the criminal's or your own STAMINA scores, and to your LUCK score if you used LUCK.
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat steps 1–6). This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of the criminal has been reduced to 2 or less, or your own STAMINA has been reduced to zero. A criminal with STAMINA of 2 or 1 is semi-conscious and will give himself up. A STAMINA score of zero (for you or the criminal) is equivalent to death. If you kill a criminal, you must lose 1 Hero Point, so be careful about this and use your LUCK when appropriate.

Luck and Its Uses

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could either be *Lucky* or *Unlucky* (details of these will be given in the encounter itself), you may call on your luck for help to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *Unlucky* the results could be disastrous.

TESTING YOUR LUCK. Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to, or less than, your current LUCK score, you have been lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been unlucky, and you will be penalised.

Each time you *Test Your Luck* you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. You will soon realise that the more you rely on your LUCK the more risky your task will be.

USING LUCK IN BATTLES: You now know how to *Test Your Luck*. However, in battles you always have the option of using LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on a criminal you have just hit, or to minimise the effects of a wound the criminal has just inflicted on you.

If you have just landed a blow on your opponent, you may *Test Your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have landed a severe blow and may subtract an extra 2 points from the criminal's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, the blow glanced off and it only did one point of damage to the criminal lie, give him a point back).

If the criminal has just hit you, you may *Test Your Luck* to try and minimise the effects. If you are *Lucky*, you have managed to avoid the full force of the blow. Restore 1 point of STAMINA (instead of losing 2 points you lose only 1). If you are *Unlucky*, you have taken a more serious blow and must subtract 1 extra STAMINA point from your score (i.e. 3 instead of 2).

Don't forget that each time you *Test Your Luck you* must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score!

Restoring Skill, Stamina & Luck

Instructions for restoring your characteristics through rest or healing will be given in the paragraphs as appropriate. There are no special healing potions in this game!

Hero Points

As you defeat super-villains and solve crimes, you will be awarded Hero Points, which should be recorded on your *Adventure Sheet*. They have little to do with your main objective, which is, of course, to locate and stop the Dynamo, but they are a measure of how successful you have been in your adventure. As you will find, if you play the game again with a different super power, the solution to the adventure will be different so you can rate your own performances with each of the four powers.

Superpowers

Before you start your adventure, you should choose which of the four super powers to start with. You will also start the game with 2 clues. After you have chosen your power, but before you turn to reference 1 to start

your adventure, choose your super power, locate and read the clues and enter the information on your Adventure Sheet.

SUPER STRENGTH: You have the strength of many men. The muscles of your immensely powerful arms and legs bulge through the fabric of your costume. They are developed to the point of perfection and, in combat, you always fight with a SKILL of ***13***. You also have the power to fly through the air at any speed you wish. This allows you to hover above the ground or to chase and catch up with the fastest jet.

You may choose two clues from the following: **46** **98** **109**.

PSI-POWERS: You have extraordinary mental abilities. You are able to reach into the thoughts of most other humans land some animals) to read their minds and influence them. You also have limited powers to make objects move, and even to change their very nature. However, using these powers of yours is strenuous; each time you use your *Psi-Power* you must deduct 2 STAMINA points.

You may choose two clues from the following: **109** **125** **98**.

ENHANCED TECHNOLOGICAL SKILL (ETS): Your considerable intelligence has allowed you to develop a whole collection of hi-tech gadgetry. Through advanced micro-circuitry designs, you have been able to miniaturise most of these gadgets so that they fit conveniently into a special Accessory Belt worn around your waist. Whatever the situation, you are usually fortunate enough to have something appropriate to use.

You may choose two clues from the following: **98** **183** **125**.

ENERGY BLAST You are able to summon up electrostatic energy from within your own body and channel it out through your fingertips. You can aim these Energy Bolts at adversaries or objects and your control is such that you know – before you aim – just how much power to use. You have taken an oath, though, that you will only ever stun humans, no matter how villainous they may be.

When using *Energy Blast,* you need only determine whether or not your aim is true; if you hit a human opponent, the effect will be an automatic stun. Test your aim by rolling two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score your blast has hit. If not, you have missed and normal combat must be fought instead. Each time you use your powerful blast you must deduct 2 STAMINA points, so use it wisely.

You may choose two clues from the following: **46** **109** **183**.

Now you are equipped and ready to do battle with the forces of Evil. Turn to reference 1, and let no man stand in your way as you scour the streets for the Dynamo in ***DEADLINE TO DESTRUCTION!***

1

You rise early in the morning to begin your crime blitz. As you munch through your breakfast you listen to the radio and read the morning paper. It seems that no one is taking the Dynamo's threats too seriously, which is a little worrying. Still, you know that you will find him and bring him to justice before he can carry out his dastardly plot anyway, so perhaps it is better if the citizens don't get too worried.

As it is a pleasant sunny day you decide to walk into work, strolling the few blocks to your office. However, before you are not halfway there, a police car suddenly screeches around the corner, and you can hear faint gunshots coming from up ahead.

Will you slip into your Silver Crusader costume and follow the police car to investigate the trouble (turn to **114**), or continue walking to work (turn to **19**)?

2

Just as the Firefly is about to escape through one of the many windows, you pull out a Freeze-gun. Taking careful aim you fire it at the super-criminal, striking him with a bolt of ice which freezes him to the spot! Cautiously you approach him – he is stone cold! You may have 2 Hero Points for capturing the Firefly, who will have a long stretch in prison to thaw out. Now turn to **25**.

3

With precision timing that is a credit to your powers, you make the door of a parked car fly open as the thief runs past it. He slams into it and falls over, clutching some sensitive parts of his anatomy! The Security Guard is close behind you, and quickly retrieves the stolen handbags and wallets. With a cheery wave you leave, though not before you have added 2 Hero Points for capturing the villain. Go to **113**.

4

You cast one last look at the blazing room and see the Firefly jump out of the window. By now people are falling down the stairs and escalators in panic as they try and escape the raging fire and thick choking smoke. Finally you manage to get clear of the building and out into the street, where you rest for a while, panting and gasping for breath. All the smoke you inhaled has cost you 2 STAMINA points; you must also lose 1 Hero Point (if you have any to lose) for not trying to apprehend the Firefly. Turn to **149**.

5

You manage to side-step Jaws, and close for battle.

JAWS SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you win, turn to **29**.

6

You slip home to take a well-earned rest; for this you may restore 6 points of STAMINA, up to a maximum of your Initial level. You are going to need all your reserves if you are to catch the Dynamo in time!

The next morning you are awakened by the bleeping of your Crimewatch. Gerry the Grass apologises for waking you, and then tells you that he has inside information on not one but *two* crimes. One is at the Dough-Play rubber factory; the other is at the Captain Fisheye fish factory – which will you deal with first?

The fish factory – turn to **188**.
The rubber factory – turn to **91**.

7

All this superhero stuff is making you quite thirsty. Glancing around you see a nearby stall selling orange juice. The man serving the stuff offers you a drink, obviously impressed by your powers, and you accept it. You take a sip, and glance up at the drinks man. He is large and swarthy, and wearing dark glasses . . . haven't you seen him somewhere before. But before you can react you feel hazy and light headed! As you slump to the ground your last thought is that the orange juice was probably drugged . . . turn to **178**.

8

With frightening accuracy your blast catches all five of the rampaging skinheads, sending them flying across to slump against a wall, oblivious to the world! Obviously these two-bit punks know nothing of the Dynamo's plans, so you take them straight over to the Police Department. You may have 5 Hero Points for capturing these villains. Turn to **149**.

9

While you flick through some of the brochures, and dream of sunning yourself on some lonely beach well away from this crime-ridden city, you are disturbed by the

bleeping of your crimewatch. Muttering curses under your breath you quickly leave the shop and slip into the nearest alley to change into your costume. Your watch reads '*Trouble, Radd Square!*' Turn to **36**.

10

Jaws' teeth grab hold of your neck, and just like a modern-day vampire he bites deep in to your jugular. Slowly you collapse to the ground, and with you die Titan City's hopes . . .

11

You have no time to concentrate your *Psi-Powers* before the revolting criminal is upon you. Turn to **97**.

12

As you speed towards the chemical plant you pass a young girl. She stands looking downcast, crying her eyes out and wailing in distress. Will you stop and go to her assistance (turn to **59**) or simply continue towards the plant (go to **17**)?

13

All this crime-fighting is very hard work; you take it easy for the rest of the day, and may restore up to 6 points of STAMINA (as long as you don't exceed your *Initial* score). There is a small slot on the news about the Dynamo's threats and the general derision they have brought. Indeed, the newsreader, Jean Lemming, is finding it hard to keep a straight face! You realise that the public know so very little about the super-villains and their threats.

As is becoming all too common an occurrence, you are woken by the persistent 'bleep bleep' of your crimewatch. Gerry the Grass bids you good morning, and then tells you to hightail it over to the Titan City chemical plant – *immediately!* Wondering why superheroes never get a chance to have a lie-in in the mornings, you quickly don your Silver Crusader costume and race off towards the chemical plant. Go to **12**.

14

The slobbering Cuttlefish manages to wrap his slimy, smelly tentacles around your neck. Slowly you suffocate, knowing that Titan City now stands no chance of surviving the Dynamo's threats . . .

15

Before you can do anything, though, the Firefly jumps through the window, miraculously landing safely on the sidewalk below. Turn to **176**.

16

Cyanide Cecil is behaving strangely, as if he was nervous of something; warily you back away from him. Suddenly he gives a shriek of laughter and throws a glass vial at you. As the vial smashes against your chest you see the super-creep running away in the opposite direction. Looking down in horror you see that the vial contained – water! You have been tricked! Quickly you dash down to the other end but by the time you get there Cyanide Cecil is nowhere to be seen; you've lost him. *Ah well, can't win 'em all,* you think to yourself. Turn to **196**.

17

You arrive at the plant, and are greeted by a very relieved-looking foreman. He rapidly tells you that there has been a burst pipe, and that this has caused a chemical leak. The stuff isn't flammable or dangerous, but it is very expensive and vital to industry – any delay in its refinement could cost the city very dearly. Can you close up the hole before it gets any worse?

Do you have:
Superstrength? – turn to **48**.
ETS.? – turn to **182**.
Psi-Powers? – turn to **108**.
Energy Blast? – turn to **52**.

18

Before you drag the Cuttlefish, or rather Peter Salmon, off to the police department's headquarters, you question him about the Dynamo. Salmon seems to think that if he tells you all he knows you will let him off. Rapidly he informs you that the Dynamo is a brilliant computer and electrical expert, and will try and deceive you with a life-like hologram of himself! Once he has finished spilling the beans you drag him off to the police, much to his dismay. Turn to **149**.

19

You arrive at the newspaper offices to find the place nearly deserted! Only your boss, Moaner Whyte and a few paste-up staff are to be seen. As you enter the editor's office you soon see why – Whyte has red blotches all over his face. Apparently the office has been hit with a contagious virus, and those that aren't sick in bed at home are out working on stories. Your boss tells you that the famous film-star, Richard Gears (notable for his roles in *Tanks* and *An Officer and a Ruffian* among others) is at the local cinema to promote his new classic, *Revenge of the Killer Gorf-Ball*.

Will you go along to the cinema and try and interview the star (turn to **134**), or would you rather sneak out to do some shopping (turn to **144**)?

20

Taking careful aim, you fire at the thief. Roll against your SKILL as usual to see if you hit him. If you did, go to **105**; if not, you'll have to go to **169** instead.

21

You leave the workmen to their job, and turn to **149**.

22

Before you can move, you feel your limbs starting to freeze. A cold chill runs through your body; slowly, ice forms around you and you gradually slip into unconsciousness. In a matter of minutes Titan City has lost another superhero. Your adventure ends here.

23

Do you want to have a shot at this creature (who you know to be the notorious Cuttlefish, the marauding mollusc)? If you wish to try, roll against your SKILL as usual. If you hit, turn to **189**. If you miss, or if you do not wish to try and hit him, go instead to **87**.

24

You cannot aim properly while your arms are restricted. The only thing for it is to break your bonds. Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **26**; if the result is higher than your SKILL, go to **193**.

25

Before you drag the whimpering Firefly off to the police you ensure all the fires are out. Luckily, damage seems to have been fairly minimal – good job you were around, eh? You may have 2 Hero Points for capturing the Firefly; now turn to **149**.

26

Finally you manage to struggle free. Quickly you dash over to the merrily-ticking bomb-there's nothing else for it: you must try and defuse it before it explodes. Roll two dice. If you roll higher than your SKILL score, go to **64**. If not (i.e. you roll less than or equal to your score), go instead to **112**.

27

You concentrate hard on the gun in his hand. Slowly but surely, the barrel buckles and warps until the muzzle is pointing back at him! Dripping with sweat after your exertions you slump to the floor as the police disarm the villain. You may have 2 Hero Points for your capture of the gunman, but the effort of bending that gun has cost you an extra STAMINA point lie, 3 instead of 2). Now go to **66**.

28

You fumble desperately with the bomb, but you instinctively know that your attempt

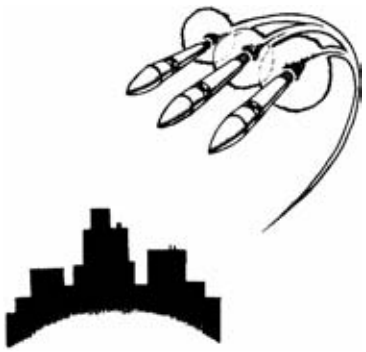

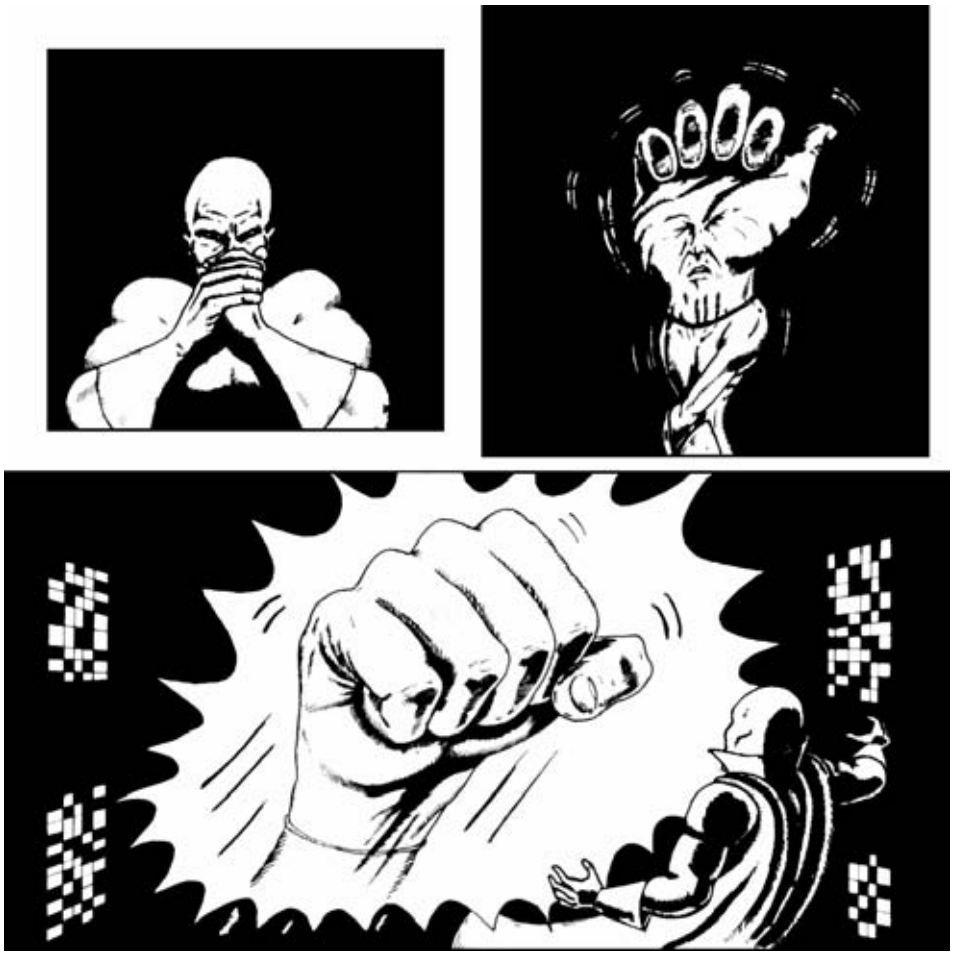

has failed. In an instant Titan City's hopes are destroyed as the bomb explodes. Your mission has failed and your adventure ends here.

29

You return the computer to the shop, and then question the dazed Jaws. But either he doesn't know anything or he's refusing to tell, as you learn zip all from him! Turn to **149**.

30

You turn on the radio just in time to catch an emergency news flash. It is the one thing you hoped never to hear – missiles are heading towards the city, mysteriously fired from the military base a few miles away. In despair you switch off the radio, knowing that the Dynamo now has total control of the army's computer launching system. All is lost . . .

31

The firemen are angry that you have wasted their very valuable time. Lose 1 Hero Point (if you have any) and go home in disgrace. Turn to **171**.

32

Using your tremendous strength, you manage to rip the jammed door out of the wall! The man is free. However, you reckoned without the cumbersome weight of the door and fall backwards with it crashing down on top of you – lose 2 STAMINA points. Feeling rather silly you push the door away from you and stand up; you may have a Hero Point for rescuing the man. Now go home and rest – turn to **171**.

33

You close your eyes and concentrate on the twisted metal that is trapping the man, and slowly, ever so slowly, it begins to unwind, making the firemen's work much easier. You may have a Hero Point for helping them free the man; now go home and rest from your exertions – turn to **171**.

34

As you pass his door, you see your old friend, Captain Belcher, in his office Do you go in and see him (turn to **167**) or just pass by (go to **63**)?

35

You concentrate your mind on the rapidly approaching 'Fist' and desperately try and make its component cells resume their previous shape. In the nick of time, the fist reverts to its former shape – Elastic Eddie! Quickly you move in to engage him in a fight, but to your great surprise he gives up, obviously afraid of your masterful powers! Now turn to **129**.

36

Radd Square is completely deserted, except for a large, slimy, tentacled creature which slumps at the opposite end of the square to you. At your arrival, the revolting

creature raises itself up on its tentacles and begins lurching towards you.

You wrack your brains for something to do. Which power do you have?

Superstrength – turn to **97**.
Energy Blast – turn to **23**.
Psi-Powers – turn to **11**.
E.T.S. – turn to **49**.

37

You step through the large main doors into the factory. Ahead of you, large clanking machinery is laid out in three rows. Will you advance down the left lane (turn to **161**), the central lane (turn to **137**) or the right lane (turn to **102**)?

38

While your arms are restrained, you cannot reach your accessory belt, though you struggle valiantly. Your only hope is to break free of your bonds. Roll two dice; if the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score, go to **194**; if not, turn instead to **79**.

39

Suddenly you hear cries for help coming from the entrance to a dark alley up ahead. Instinctively you dash down the alleyway, but there is no-one to be seen! You turn around, baffled, just in time to see a fist coming straight towards you. It's too late to do anything; in an instant you are out cold!! Turn immediately to **178**.

40

Slowly and painfully your body gradually fights off the poison. Groggily gazing around, you see the workmen muttering to themselves at your stupid action! Get out of here by going to **149**.

41

You've only signed a couple of books when your sensitive hearing picks up the sound of shots coming from across the road. Looking up you catch sight of a masked man dashing out of Claybars Bank, tightly clutching a pistol and a bag full of banknotes.

Which power do you have?

Superstrength – turn to **56**.
E.T.S. – turn to **198**.
Psi-Powers – turn to **170**.
Energy Blast – turn to **44**.

42

The skinheads are still there when you are return; as they notice you they shout and swear, and move in for the kill! If you have *Energy Blast* you may turn to **155**; if not, turn instead to **166**.

43

You launch yourself at Mr Obesity, knocking him flat on his blubbery back. You grab him by the scruff of the neck and clumsily haul the big pudding to his feet (no mean feat in itself!). Engage the fat fiend in combat!

MR OBESITY SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

If you win, turn to **120**.

44

Aiming at the man is quite difficult. If you hit him (according to standard rules), turn to **179**; if not, turn to **50** instead.

45

Your head feels terrible (you can see little pink superheroes flying around it!) and you must lose 3 STAMINA points. If you are still fit enough, turn to **147**.

46

Mr Obesity, the whale-like 30-stone villain, has recently been sighted in Titan City. His first port of call could well be McWimpy's Burger Bar.

47

The man is just leaving when you return. You bound over and grab him by the shoulder and spin him round. He promptly drops the computer with a crash, and shows you a wide smile-full of steel teeth! This is Jaws, the Man with the Metal Mouth!

JAWS SKILL 8 STAMINA 11

If you beat the iron-incisored creep, turn to **29**.

48

Seizing the two halves of the pipe you slowly pull them back together. This requires all your strength, and hurts like heck, but eventually you manage to bring them together. Not without cost though, as you must lose 2 STAMINA points from the toxic effects of the chemicals on your lungs and skin. However, you have finally managed to stop the leak, and once it is soldered tight the plant will be safe again. Give yourself 2 Hero Points and a pat on the back.

Now you can have a look around the plant (go to **121**) or leave the place (by going to **196**).

49

The creature is known as The Cuttlefish, the marauding mollusc, and you know exactly what to do. You stroll towards the slimy super-villain, innocently whistling to yourself. When you are only a few metres away from him, though, you pull out a vial and throw concentrated black ink all over him. Slowly the Cuttlefish shrinks back into himself, and resumes his proper self – as Peter Salmon, the fishmonger! Turn to **18**.

50

Your blast misses the robber by a mile-but unfortunately hits a pursuing policeman. Shaking your head in amazement at your misfortune you run across the road, but the policeman is out cold and the thief is long gone! You must *lose* 1 Hero Point.

You lift the policeman in your arms, and slowly struggle down the street to the hospital. You leave him there, and after being told that his injuries are not serious you head for home. Go to **13**.

51

Your powerful blast hits Cyanide Cecil full in the back, sending him sprawling on the ground. The dazed criminal slowly recovers his addled senses to find you standing over him with a grim look on your face. You start to question him, and although he is in no fit state to think straight he finally tells you that the Dynamo has a small room on 102nd Street, before slumping back into unconsciousness again.

Turn to **191**.

52

This is a tricky situation, and you know you'll have to attempt something drastic to be successful. Instead of one quick, powerful blast, you decide to try a long flow of energy, to try and weld the pipe back together again. However, this requires a tremendous amount of energy, and could be very dangerous for you. Do you want to try this new technique (turn to **100**), or not (turn to **67**)?

53

With one final hefty blow you fell Mr Obesity and his blubbery bulk crashes to the ground. However, no matter which techniques you try you simply cannot get the lard-faced creep to talk! Eventually you give up and drag the corpulent criminal off to the police (not the easiest thing in the world!). Still, you may have 4 Hero Points for his capture, before you go home to rest – at **13**.

54

To your great disappointment and annoyance, you spend just a fraction of a second too long in aiming. The thief turns a

corner just as you fire, causing your blast to miss by a couple of centimetres. Muttering a few quick curses under your breath you dash down to the corner but your quarry is nowhere to be seen. You run down the street a little way, but finally you are forced to admit that the thief has escaped. Turn to **157**.

55

From your belt you pull a small device called a Mind-Confuser, which can addle a person's senses and render them defenceless. However, Doc Change is no ordinary villain, for he can do exactly as his name says – change shape. In an instant he forms himself into a massive hairy beast, an Ice Warrior, and lumbers towards you for a fight.

ICE WARRIOR SKILL 8 STAMINA 16

If you beat the colossal creature go to **142**.

56

With all the speed and accuracy of a lightning bolt you fly across the street and smash into the robber, who is knocked senseless to the ground. When his pursuers come panting up to you, you give them their money, and hand the dozing villain to the police. You may have 2 well-earned Hero Points for capturing the robber and head for home. Turn to **13**.

57

You arrive at a small bed-sit apartment on the third floor. Pausing for a while to catch you breath you decide the best way is to simply burst in. On a count of three you kick open the door – go to **138**.

58

With the sweat pouring from your forehead, your shaking hands cut the wire. The ticking stops and the bomb is quiet – and it is safe! You have succeeded in defusing the bomb in the nick of time, but unfortunately no-one saw you do it so you can't have any Hero Points, worse luck. You kick down the locked door, but you know that the Dynamo has fled. Remembering the bomb, you find a phone and tell the police what has happened, then return home – it's been a hard day! Go to **6**.

59

You gently ask the girl what's wrong, and she points up to a tree a few metres away. Stuck in a fork in the branches is a small grey kitten, obviously afraid to jump down. Telling the anxious youngster not to worry, you clamber up the tree and grab the kitten, though not before the ungrateful little thing has scratched you (lose 1 STAMINA Point!). You carefully clamber back down again, and return the kitten to its owner, who smiles a tearful thank-you and skips away. You may have a Hero Point for being such a kind superhero, before you continue your stroll to the chemical plant. Turn to **17**.

60

You press the large red button on your gadget, and point it at the Dynamo. Almost immediately a jet of yellow light streaks from the super-villain and into the nozzle of your Energy Drainer! The Dynamo stops in his tracks and shakes his head to stop the ringing in his ears. You may now fight your weakened adversary:

THE DYNAMO SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

If you win, turn to **200**.

61

Try as you might, you cannot wheedle any information out of the Spider, so you drag him off to the police. You may have 3 Hero Points for capturing the Spider, before going to **149**.

62

You desperately try to organise the shoppers, but it is every shopper himself at the moment. In the mad rush you are knocked to the ground and everyone manages to trample on you. Lose 3 STAMINA points for your injuries. Will you find a likely hiding place and change into the Silver Crusader (go to **139**) or escape from this place (by turning to **4**)?

63

You learn that there has been a multiple pile-up on the freeway out of town. Do you want to see if you can help? If so, go to **131**; if not, turn to **165**.

64

You cannot find any way of defusing the bomb. Frantically you tear at every wire you can see, in one last desperate attempt to stop the bomb. Something stops – but it's the ticking, and you know that it is all over. Your last, dying thought is that you have failed Titan City . . .

65

You decide to try and blast the man free, but you must hit the right part of the door to get it open. If you hit it, turn to **132**; if not, go to **31** instead.

66

Down the street you see a sleek black limousine pull up to the sidewalk. To your astonishment, out steps the international film star, Richard Gears. Immediately his fans are upon him. You slip into an alley, change back into your street clothes and then saunter down to where the limo is parked, hoping to catch another glimpse of the star. Turn to **134**.

67

The foreman is disappointed, to say the least. You may now take a look around (turn to **121**) or leave (turn to **196**).

68

You wake quite late, and lie in bed mulling over all the facts you have gleaned so far. By now, you think, you probably ought to

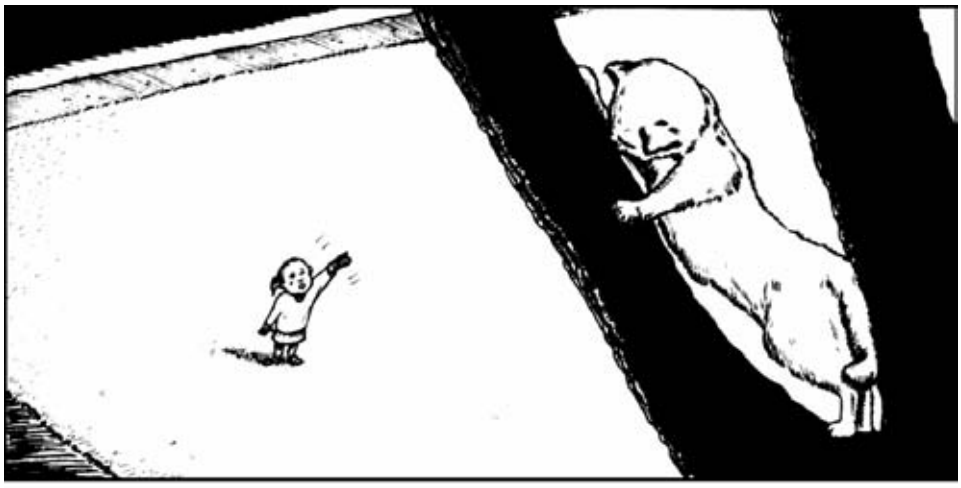

know where the Dynamo is hiding out. Do you have any idea where he could be? If so, go out and get him by turning to **96**; otherwise, go to **30**.

69

You work out a plan, and decide to storm the house head-on. Turn to **173**.

70

With perfect timing you punch the 'Fist' just as it comes into range. In an instant the thing turns back into Elastic Eddie, the notorious rubber man. Eddie is obviously somewhat dazed, and you have no trouble apprehending him. Now go to **129**.

71

You arrive at the pool and buy your ticket. Finding an empty changing cubicle is no easy feat – the pool is obviously going to be crowded today – but you eventually get one and change into your trunks. Carefully hiding your Silver Crusader suit you go to the pool. Turn to **115**.

72

Have you an Energy Drainer? If so, turn to **124**; if not, go to **197** instead.

73

As you approach the dastardly double-dealer, the Dynamo laughs and slowly fades away! You were just about to arrest a hologram! Suddenly you feel an enormous bolt of energy come crashing into your back, knocking you flat on your face. You hear light footsteps approach you, and the sniggering laugh of the real Dynamo. You try to stand, but you just can't find the energy. The Dynamo fires another bolt; you are finished . . .

74

You arrive at the factory to find all the workers milling around outside. The manager comes over to you and tells you that a strange 'plastic-like' man is running amok in the factory, and there is nothing they can do to stop him. Will you enter the factory after the criminal (turn to **37**) or not (turn to **103**)?

75

You have a very sore nose, and you have just lost 2 STAMINA points. Turn to **147**.

76

You feel around for a while, but you don't find anything. But all of a sudden – ouch! You've been bitten by a spider, a poisonous one at that! Roll a dice and take that many away from your STAMINA. Now roll two dice and compare them to your SKILL score. If you rolled less than or equal to your score, turn to **40**; if not, turn to **153**.

77

Try as you might, you cannot make head nor tail of the wiring of the explosives. You glance at the timer – and are shocked to find there are only five seconds left. Four – three – two – one. Zero! Titan City loses another superhero . . .

78

You enter the shop at the same time as five very rough-looking skinheads, who immediately start picking up papers and dropping them on the floor, barging into people and singing rather vulgar football songs at the tops of their voices. The Security Guard arrives and calmly asks them to move along, but his reply is a hefty shove which leaves him sprawling clumsily on the ground. In an instant the yobs set about him with fists and feet. Will you head for a back room to change into the Silver Crusader (go to **42**) or would you rather wait (go to **82**)?

79

Try as you might you cannot free yourself. Without warning, the clock stops ticking and you know it is all over. Titan City's hopes die with you . . .

80

Ignoring your fans will do absolutely nothing for your image! Lose 1 Hero Point. And to add to your problems, the restaurant will only allow people in if they are wearing a shirt and tie – even if they are the Silver Crusader! Dejectedly you walk home, by turning to **13**.

81

You quickly reason that the only way of stopping the man is to *throw* something at him. You notice a rubbish bin nearby, and hastily wrench it out of the ground. Roll two dice. If you score less than or equal to your SKILL score go to **83**; if you score higher, go to **185**.

82

When the skinheads are finished with the Security Guard they look around for some other victim – you! As ten rough hands grab you, you pray that someone will step in and help before you are forced to use your super powers, but you are dragged to the ground. Suddenly there is a ripping sound and you look down to see your shirt in tatters, exposing your Silver Crusader suit! With a gasp the toughs back away from you, and all around you people are pointing and gawping! Your secret is now out, and your life as a superhero is over!

83

The bin slams nicely into the back of the thief, flattening him instantly. A Security Guard turns up and retrieves the stolen wallets and handbags, closely followed by a pair of policemen, and so with a cheery wave you leave them to it. You may have 2 Hero Points for stopping the thief, before you go to **7**.

84

You nip round the corner into a convenient alleyway to change. When you return, Gears is where you left him. As he sees

you, the smile on his face turns to a sneer, as his trendy designer clothes rip and tear to reveal hairy legs and transparent wings. The crowd shrieks in horror and surprise, and hastily clears a path for the two of you.
THE FLY SKILL 9 STAMINA 14
If you smash the winged creep, turn to **104**.

85

With lightning speed you dash back to the changing room, throwing clothes and hangers behind you to try and distract Mr Frosty, who is trying to aim a freezing blast at you. Finally you reach your cubicle and quickly pull on your Silver Crusader suit. When you step out of the cubicle the icy villain is startled to see you, but then readies himself for a fight.
MR FROSTY SKILL 8 STAMINA 12
If you flay the frigid fiend, turn to **150**.

86

You arrive at a small bed-sit apartment on the third floor. Telling your jangling nerves to be calm, you count three and then kick open the door . . . Turn to **138**.

87

You decide to attack the slimy Cuttlefish with your bare hands.
THE CUTTLEFISH SKILL 10 STAMINA 14
If you cream the crafty crustacean, turn to **92**.

88

With a deadly accuracy the bolt strikes the gunman square in the chest. The police move in to apprehend the man, and the incident is over. Award yourself 2 Hero Points, and then turn to **66**.

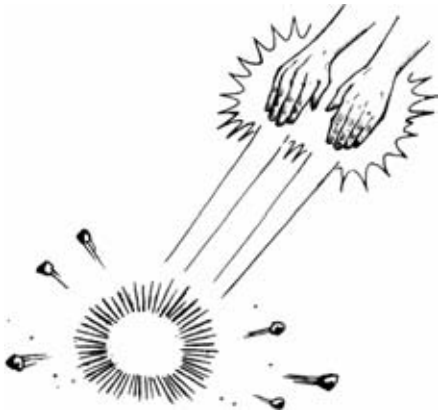

89

You zoom down on Cyanide Cecil at a tremendous speed and slam into his back. The creep doesn't know what hits him as he goes sprawling into a wall, knocking himself unconscious. Go to **191**.

90

Test Your Luck. If you are *Lucky*, go to **156**; if not, never mind – turn to **16**.

91

Turn to **172** immediately.

92

You strike a final blow, and before your alarmed eyes a strange transformation takes place. You are astounded to see that the Cuttlefish is none other than the local fishmonger – Peter Salmon!! Turn to **18**.

93

Beads of sweat drip down your forehead as you take a tighter grip on the wirecutters. Holding your breath, you snip the wire. Wrong! The last thing you hear is the roaring of the bomb as it explodes . . .

94

You check along your utility belt, before pulling out a stun gun. Carefully you take aim and fire at the fleeing thief. Roll two dice and compare the result with your SKILL score. If you rolled less than or equal to your score, turn to **123**; if you roll higher, go to **54**.

95

Quickly you aim at the fist. If you hit it, turn to **135**; if you miss, go to **163**.

96

Add the room number to the street number, and turn to this new reference. If you do not have both numbers, or if the result makes no sense, turn to **126**.

97

The monstrous thing staring at you is the Cuttlefish, the marauding mollusc. The slimy monster lurches forward, and starts to fight, lashing out at you with tentacles slick with ooze
THE CUTTLEFISH SKILL 10 STAMINA 14
If the Cuttlefish manages to score three hits in a row on you turn to **14**. If it doesn't, turn to **92** when you beat him.

98

The Spider, the arachnid avenger notorious throughout Titan City, is known to be hiding in the sewers, desperately trying to breed more of his kind. If you are suspicious of the Spider's whereabouts at any time, deduct 10 from the reference you are at and go there to search for the Spider.

99

You pull a laser-torch from your belt and slowly start to cut the man free. Suddenly the gadget splutters and then stops working altogether – it needs new batteries! By the time you've changed them from the supply in your belt-pouches the firemen have already succeeded in freeing the trapped man. You decide to call it a day and head for home. Turn to **171**.

100

You begin to blast the pipe – and as it is directly in front of you your aim is good. Finally, after several dozen anxious minutes during which you nearly lost your concentration and aim a few times, it is sealed. Well done! However, the effort has taken

a lot out of you, and you must lose 2 STAMINA points. Now that the danger is over you may award yourself 2 Hero Points. Do you want to stay and look around the plant (go to **21**) or would you rather leave (turn to **96**)?

101

You find Cyanide Cecil skulking around behind some large chemical vats. When he sees you, he leaps back and stands up, brandishing a small vial containing a colourless liquid. '*Back off, crusading creep!*' he spits. '*There's enough deadly virus in this vial to wipe out the entire city!! Now leave this place and let me get clear and I might just decide not to drop it!*'
But do you believe him? If you want to leave, go to **196**; if you'd rather stay, turn to **90**, but on your own head be it . . .

102

The right lane is indeed the right lane. Elastic Eddie, the notorious robber, is standing halfway down the passageway. He clasps his hands together and his body changes, becoming long and slender with his head shaped like an enormous fist. In an instant, this 'fist' is flying straight at you at a terrific speed!

Which power have you got?
Energy Blast – turn to **95**.
E.T.S. – turn to **162**.
Psi-Powers – turn to **35**.
Superstrength – turn to **70**.

103

You stroll out of the factory, much to everyone's dismay, and debate where to go next. You have two real choices – Police HQ to continue your research (go to **34**), or straight home for a kip! (Turn to **171**).

104

You drop the Fly off at Police HQ, to the cheers of many admiring officers, and you may now award yourself 3 Hero Points in reward. While you are here you may check up with events across the city (turn to **160**) or you can sneakily change back into your street clothes and go and do some shopping (turn to **144**).

105

The energy bolt thuds into the thief's back and he collapses face-down on the sidewalk, scattering the stolen wallets and handbags around him. The Security Guard runs up, and immediately takes control of the situation, gathering together all the loot and making sure the robber is tightly restrained. With a cheery wave you leave; turn to **148**.

106

In front of your astonished eyes the Dynamo fades away! Then, from behind the heavy curtains, a taller, stronger figure steps – the real Dynamo!!

'*So,* he sneers at you, '*you saw through my little holographic joke, did you?*' He raises his arms and points them at you, his fingertips crackling with static electricity.

Do you have anything with which to combat your deadly adversary? If you think you have, turn to **72**; if not, you must grit your teeth and go to **197**.

107

You quickly deduce that only two of the wires – one red, one blue – are actually powering the bomb. The rest are booby-traps and diversions. There is only one thing for it: you must cut one of the wires. Of course, if you get the wrong one you may get more than you bargained for as the bomb explodes! Well, is it the red wire (turn to **93**) or the blue wire (turn to **58**)? Make your choice – it could be your last!

108

Using your amazing mental powers and a great deal of mind-numbing concentration you force some of the surrounding metal to stretch and cover the troublesome hole. Quickly a workman dashes forwards and welds the new cover shut with his blowtorch. Well done – you really are a hero! Have 2 Hero Points before you decide what you are going to do next. You may stay and explore the plant (turn to **121**) or you may leave (go to **196**).

109

Cyanide Cecil, the notorious poisoner, is rumoured to be on the look-out for more chemicals. He could be headed for the Titan City Chemical Plant, so if you find yourself looking around the plant, you may deduct 20 from the reference you arson to look for Cyanide Cecil.

110

Obviously these cheap punks have no connection with the Dynamo. Before you take them to the police, though, you'd better make sure the Security Guard is alright. Oh, and award yourself 4 Hero Points for your success. After you've done all this you may turn to **149**.

111

All of a sudden you hear distressed screams coming from a building site on the corner. Quickly you sprint over to the site and squeeze through a loose plank in the fence. Once inside, though, there is no one to be seen!

Suddenly there is a whistling noise from directly above you. You look up just in time to get a brick full in the face! The ground rushes up to meet you . . . Turn to **178**.

112

You quickly glean that only two wires actually power the bomb – the others are booby-traps. There is only one thing for it: you must cut one of the wires. Of course, if you get the wrong one you may get more than you bargained for as the bomb explodes! Well make your choice, is it the red wire (turn to **93**) or the blue wire (turn to **58**)?

113

After leaving the Rollerama, you decide to take one of your regular strolls through the shopping centre. Everywhere is quiet, though, and there is not trouble needing your help. Suddenly, though, there is the bleeping of your crimewatch, which is showing the words '*Spuds – the vegetable shop – urgent!*' But that's right behind you! You spin round, just in time to catch a fist in the face! In an instant the world fades out in a spiral of stars . . . go to **178**.

114

You catch up with the car as it slows to a stop outside a group of run-down houses. At one window a desperate-looking man holds a gun to a young girl's head. Across the street, policemen armed with rifles and hand-guns crouch beneath cars. The detective in charge scurries over to you, and asks whether you want to go in first. Naturally you agree.

Which power do you possess?
Energy Blast – turn to **151**.
E.T.S. – turn to **127**.
Psi-Powers – turn to **27**.
Superstrength – turn to **173**.

115

You stop dead in your tracks as you are greeted by a scene you thought you'd never see again. The pool is completely frozen over, trapping the frigid bodies of dozens of swimmers. Your mind races back a few years – surely the Ice Queen is in jail? Then a cold, clammy hand touches you on the shoulder, and you spin around to come face to face with the Ice Queen's old partner in crime – Mr Frosty!!

'*The others are dead,*' he smiles, gesturing at the swimmers,'– *as you soon will be too!!*' You are more than a little defenceless in your swimming trunks, and it occurs to you that you must escape or freeze! You could make a dash for it and head for the changing rooms to return as the Silver Crusader (go to **85**) or you could stay and fight as you are (go to **22**).

116

You arrive at a small, seedy bed-sit on the third floor. Gathering your concentration, you grit your teeth, count to three – and kick down the door. Turn to **138**.

117

The gunman does not hesitate. The marksman's bullet hits you square in the chest, and your superhero days are over . . .

118

You rip out the straps without straining yourself, and hurry over to the ticking bomb. Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, go to **107**; if you roll higher, go to **141**.

119

Finally you work out that only two wires actually power the bomb – the others are booby-traps. There is only one thing for it: you must cut one of the wires. Of course, if you get the wrong one you may get more than you bargained for as the bomb explodes! Well make your choice, is it the red wire (turn to **93**) or the blue wire (turn to **58**)?

120

You grab the porky prankster by the scruff of his neck and haul him to his feet. You question him about his involvement in the Dynamo's nefarious plots, threatening to make sure he only gets half rations in prison, and eventually he cracks. The blubbery bully blurts out that the Dynamo has a small room on 43rd Street. You hand the fat fiend over to the police, and may award

yourself 4 Hero Points for his capture before you head for home and a nice long rest! Turn to **13**.

121

There is nothing out of the ordinary here. If you don't know of anywhere else to go you might as well leave the chemical plant (turn to **196**).

122

You concentrate hard on the Werebeast's mind, and slowly manage to force it to resume its normal self – the devious Doctor Change! Knowing he is beaten, the shapechanging super-villain tells you all he knows – the Dynamo has a small room on 72nd Street. Dump the creep at Police HQ and award yourself 2 Hero Points, and then head for the rubber factory by going to **172**.

123

With stunning accuracy your shot slams into the man's back! In an instant he falls to the ground, stunned and dazed. The Security Guard puffs up, and retrieves all the stolen wallets and handbags. Head for home and turn to **111**.

124

Turn to **197**, but after the third round of combat, go to **60**.

125

Doctor Change, the strange shapechanger, is none other than Norris Watts, who runs a kiss-o-gram service! If at any time you become suspicious of Dr Change's activities you should deduct 30 from the reference you are on to investigate him.

126

You return home and slump in front of your TV, exhausted from the day's superheroing! You flick the set on, just in time to catch a desperate newsflash – several missiles have launched themselves from the military base just outside the city, and are heading directly for it! You know this is the Dynamo's work, but you thought you had more time. Now nothing can stop the missiles destroying Titan City . . .

127

To your disappointment, you have nothing that could possibly help the situation. Oh well, you shrug, it'll have to be brute force again – storm the house by going to **173**.

128

Before you can say a word, Cyanide Cecil has dropped the vial and is sprinting in the opposite direction. You have a feeling that the vial was not all it was made out to be. Do you have *Superstrength*? If so, go to **89**; if not, turn to **145**.

129

You start questioning Eddie, but all you manage to get out of him is a small piece of paper, with the following series of numbers on it: *99 – 80 – 62 – 45 – 29*. If you

can find the next number in the series you will have found the Dynamo's room number. Now you can drop Elastic Eddie off at Police HQ, and give yourself 2 Hero Points for capturing him. Turn to **133**.

130

You use one of the workmen's spades to raise the drain. Carefully you climb down into the sewer, and at the bottom of the ladder four clammy hands reach out to grab you. It's the Spider, the awesome arachnid who dwells in the drains! If you have *E.T.S.*, go to **154**; if not you must fight him.

THE SPIDER SKILL 9 STAMINA 14

If you win, turn to **81**.

131

The freeway is a scene of mass destruction; cars, lorries, trucks, buses – you name it, it's crashed! At the moment firemen are trying to cut an injured man out of a wrecked car.

Which power do you have?

Psi-Powers – turn to **33**.
Energy Blast – turn to **65**.
E.T.S. – turn to **99**.
Superstrength – turn to **32**.

132

In a blinding flash you blow the door clean off, releasing the terrified man. You may have 1 Hero Point for aiding the firemen, and then go home to rest. Turn to **171**.

133

You drop Elastic Eddie off at Police HQ, and while you are there you can catch up on a few news stories. Turn to **34**.

134

You reach the cinema to find it packed with screaming fans. You can hardly see the top of Gears' head, never mind interview him, so if you don't know anywhere else to go you might as well slope off and do some shopping instead. Go to **144**.

135

Your bolt hits the Fist full in the, er, thumb! In an instant, it changes back into Elastic Eddie, who lies on the floor dazed and confused. You guess he might be ready to talk now, so turn to **129**.

136

You arrive at a small bed-sit apartment on the third floor. Pausing for a moment to gather your strength, you count to three and boot the door open . . . go to **138**.

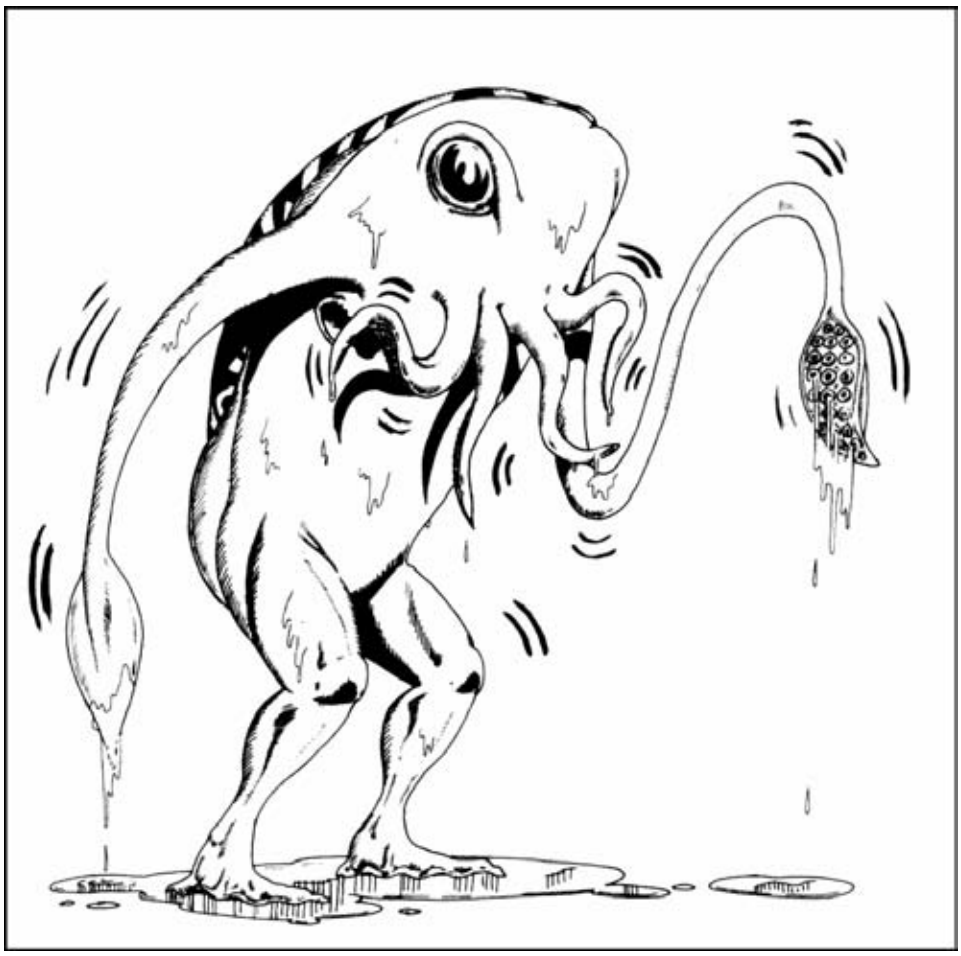

137

You carefully search the middle lane . . . then the left lane . . . then the right lane. No one is to be seen; this is futile, so turn to **103**.

138

As you burst into the room, the Dynamo slowly rises from a chair next to an immense computer console. In fact, the whole room is full of all kinds of complicated electronic circuitry and you can't help wonder about the size of his electricity bills! The devious evil-doer strolls over to you.

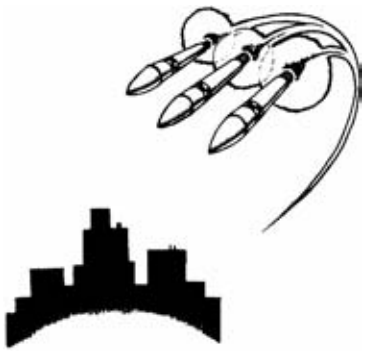

'*So, you have found me at last, Silver Crusader . . . do not worry your little silver head . . . I shall come* ***very*** *quietly . . .*' The Dynamo puts out his hands ready to be handcuffed. Will you put the cuffs on him (go to **73**), or would you rather wait a while (go to **106**)?

139

By the time you are ready, all the customers have escaped, leaving just the manager and a few staff who are desperately trying to extinguish the fires. The fiendish Firefly is just about to leap out of one of the windows. You must act fast – do you have *E.T.S.*? If so, go to **2**; if not, you'll just have to go to **15**.

140

You arrive at the drain in question, to find several workmen standing around it, spades at the ready. Out crawls another massive spider, a big hairy tarantula, and down comes a spade, leaving no more than a squidgy red mess on the sidewalk. Do you want to investigate the drain (turn to **187**), or do you know somewhere else to go?

141

You fumble with the bomb, desperately trying to work out some way of defusing it, but in vain. It's just too complicated to figure out! Quickly you dash over to the door, but it's locked; no matter how many times you charge at it the thing won't budge. The timer ticks round to its last second, and you know no more . . .

142

On your final blow the Ice Warrior disappears, leaving the exhausted Dr Change. You grab him and pull him up to face you, but he won't tell you anything. In frustration you drag him off to Police HQ, where you receive 2 Hero Points as a reward. Now go investigate the rubber factory at **74**.

143

Your leg stings a bit, but it's nothing serious and you need only lose 1 STAMINA point, before you head for **147**.

144

Where do you fancy going?

Comas Thook, the holiday store – turn to **9**.

Cottonworth's, the department store – turn to **180**.

Smartins, the newsagents – turn to **78**.

145

You walk over to the pool of liquid, and know at once that it is only water! You have been tricked by that conniving Cecil! You rush down to the other end of the corridor, but the creep is nowhere to be seen. You've lost him and have no chance of finding him again, so turn to **196**.

146

On the way over to the restaurant you are spotted by a number of your fans, who besiege you demanding autographs. Perhaps you should have changed after all, you think, as the mob presses around you. Will you stop to sign your name for them (turn to **41**) or would you rather continue to the restaurant (go to **80**)?

147

In the dim light you can see that you are in a large warehouse strewn with boxes and bits of furniture. A small door opens in the far end and light streams into the room as a tall figure squeezes himself into the room. It's the Dynamo, and he's even more impressive in real life than he was on the TV – a good head taller than you, and *glowing!*

As he strides across the warehouse towards you, a massive rat scuttles across his path. With lightning speed he snatches it off the ground. The hair on its back stands on end, and the rat squeaks in terror before collapsing, dead. The supervillain tosses it aside and walks over to a large desk and sits down. Then, without warning, a large section of the wall slides back to reveal a room crammed with computers and sophisticated electronic devices.

'*See that TV?*' the Dynamo hisses at you, pointing to it. The scene looks familiar, but you can't quite place it. '*With the touch of a few simple keys I have tapped info the city's defence computers. I could raze this city to the ground within four minutes. Hah hah hah haw!*'

Now you recognise the place on the screen – it's the military base just outside Titan City! But while you were remembering the evil Dynamo was wiring up a suitcase bomb which he has left on his desk! The ticking starts and the sinister supervillain sneaks from the room, sniggering softly to himself.

Now what are you going to do, superhero? Which power do you have?

E.T.S. – turn to **38**.

Energy Blast – turn to **24**.

Superstrength – turn to **118**.

Psi-Powers – turn to **168**.

148

As usual you are set upon by hordes of autograph hunters, so you stop to improve 'public relations'. The crowd of well-wishers presses tightly against you, and you don't see who it is who smashes you on the back of the head as you slump to the ground unconscious. Turn to **178**.

149

By now you are feeling rather hungry. In your haste for food you decide to hurry to the nearest restaurant without changing out of your costume. Where will you go?

A posh restaurant round the corner on 32nd St? Turn to **146**.

Or McWimpy's the burger-bar? Turn to **186**.

150

You try and get some information out of Mr Frosty, but all he'll say is the word *electricity*; over and over again. Baffled by this, you drag the corpulent criminal off to Police HQ. You may have 3 Hero Points for apprehending Mr Frosty. As you leave the police building you receive a call on your crimewatch to go to Laurel's Rollerama. Quickly you dash along the street to **164**.

151

Do you want to risk a shot at the gunman? Make your choice and make your roll. If you hit turn to **88**; if you miss, or don't shoot, go to **69**.

152

You have no time to use any other superpower, so engage Mr Obesity in combat.

MR OBESITY SKILL 10 STAMINA 16

If you beat the bloated baddie, go to **53**.

153

Your body is under such a tremendous strain. Roll one die and subtract the result from your STAMINA score. Now turn to **40**.

154

You fumble through your belt and finally pull out a small, hand-held device that you adapted from your comic-book rival, Spiderman. You aim it at the Spider and press the button. Immediately a large, web-like net shoots from the device and covers the Spider, who struggles to free himself without success.

You drag the Spider out of the drain and begin questioning him. In the hope of a reprieve he tells you that the Dynamo has a small hideout here in the city itself, on 122nd St! When you do not let him go the Spider starts cursing you, but he can do little harm while he is enmeshed in the webs. You may have 3 Hero Points for capturing this many-legged menace. Turn to **149**.

155

You decide to try a shot that will catch all five ruffians in one go! Since this is rather more difficult than usual add 2 to your die roll when making your aim check. If you hit, go to **8**; if not, go to **166**.

156

You notice that Cyanide Cecil is quite nervous – is he really telling you the truth? You decide to call his bluff. Do you have *Energy Blast*? If so, turn to **184**; if not, go to **128** instead.

157

You turn around to leave, but something heavy hits you on the back of your head. You fall to the ground alongside the brick, then black out . . . Turn to **178**.

158

You quickly comb the area, and eventually find Watts hiding behind some dust-bins. Suddenly he claps his hands together and transforms into a large and powerful Werebeast. Slavering and drooling it shuffles towards you, flexing its claws. Do you have *Psi-Powers*? If you do, turn to **122**; if not go instead to **55**.

159

Your bolt slams harmlessly into a wall as Cyanide Cecil speeds around a corner. By the time you reach it the chemical creep is long gone. Oh well, you win some, you lose some. Turn to **196**.

160

Not that much *has* happened this morning so far, other than your spectacular capture of the Fly. But just as you are leaving, your friend Captain Belcher calls you back in to look at a report just in of thousands of massive spiders pouring out of the drains on 112th St! Do you want to investigate (turn to **140**), or would you rather ignore the situation and go shopping (turn to **144**)?

161

You carefully search the left lane, then the middle lane, and then the right lane. No one is to be seen. You decide that this is a futile exercise, and leave. Turn to **103**.

162

Quickly you whip out your Energy Gun and aim it at the Fist. As you press the trigger a large wall of energy forms between you and the Fist, which smashes into it. Slowly the giant hand reforms into a very dazed looking Elastic Eddie. You turn the wall off, and grab Eddie. Turn to **129**.

163

You fire too high and too late, and the Fist smacks you right in the face! Lose 3 STAMINA points and fall over! The Fist changes back into Elastic Eddie, who hauls you to your feet and starts sluggin'!

ELASTIC EDDIE SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you beat the bendy battler, go to **129**.

164

You arrive at the Rollerama just as a swarthy man clutching several wallets and handbags rushes out. You hear several cries of '*Stop that man! Stop thief!*' and the Security Guard appears, pointing at the man who speeds away.

Which of these powers do you have?

Psi-Powers – turn to **3**.
E.T.S. – turn to **94**.
Energy Blast – turn to **20**.
Superstrength – turn to **81**.

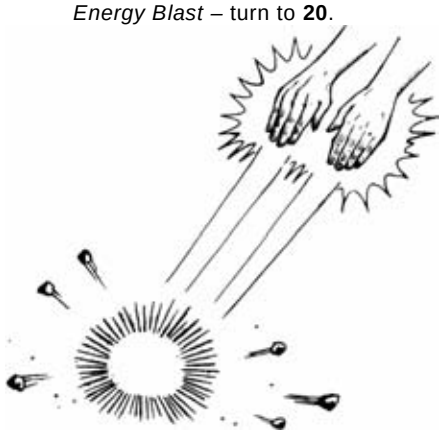

165

Oh well, you think to yourself, *another day over. Let's head for home* – go to **171**.

166

The skinheads line up to fight you one at a time.

SKINHEAD 1	SKILL 7	STAMINA 9
SKINHEAD 2	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8
SKINHEAD 3	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7
SKINHEAD 4	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7
SKINHEAD 5	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8

If you sort out the scummy skins, turn to **110**.

167

Captain Belcher is pleased to see you – as is Gerry the Grass, who you did not lurking in the corner of the Captain's office. Over a cup of coffee, the three of you chat about local news, but gradually you steer the conversation over to the Dynamo and his threats. However, Belcher and Gerry know even less than you do about the dastardly villain, and you give up and head for home. Turn to **171**.

168

You direct all your attention to the straps which are restraining you. Slowly, ever so slowly, the straps slip loose and you are free. Now for that bomb! Roll two dice. If you roll less than or equal to your SKILL score, you must go to **174**; if you roll higher, go to **28** instead.

169

Your energy bolt zaps past the thief and is absorbed by the wall, leaving the thief to escape around the corner and away! Just not your day, is it? Turn to **192**.

170

You concentrate hard, and a potted plant on the sidewalk falls over, tripping the thief up. You tear across the road and grab the stunned criminal, just as the police arrive. Well done! Have 2 Hero Points, and then head for home by going to **13**.

171

You stroll home, and collapse in front of the TV. It's been another tiring day, and you didn't even get any work done! You slowly drift off into a deep restful sleep, during which you can restore up to 6 STAMINA points. Turn to **68**.

172

When you arrive at the Dough-Play factory you are greeted by the manager, who is waiting outside along with his workers. '*Hello, Silver Crusader. There's a strange plastic-like man running riot in my factory. You gotta do something!*'

You instantly recognise the villain as Elastic Eddie, the infamous villain who can contort his body into many different shapes – like elastic. Will you enter the factory to tackle Eddie (turn to **37**) or would you rather not (go to **103**)?

173

You smash down the door and tumble into the room. The gunman spins round, pushes the shrieking girl away from him and aims his gun at you *Test Your Luck*. If you are *Unlucky*, turn to **117**. If you are lucky the bullet misses; with a yell you spring at the gunman before he can fire again, and engage him in combat.

GUNMAN SKILL 7 STAMINA 10

If you win, award yourself 2 Hero Points and go to **66**.

174

You discover that there are only 2 wires actually linking the bomb to its detonator. Which wire will you cut – the red or the blue? To cut the red, go to **93**; to cut the blue, go to **58**.

175

You now have a very sore head – lose 3 STAMINA points. Now turn to **147**.

176

Before you leave, you help the staff put out the fires. Now you can continue with your shopping, by going to Smartins the newsagents (at **78**) or Comas Thook (at **9**).

177

You grab the man by the arm and spin him round – to come face to face with a set of razor-sharp steel teeth. It's Jaws, the man with the metal mouth! Before you can recover he lunges for your neck. *Test Your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **5**; if not, go to **10**.

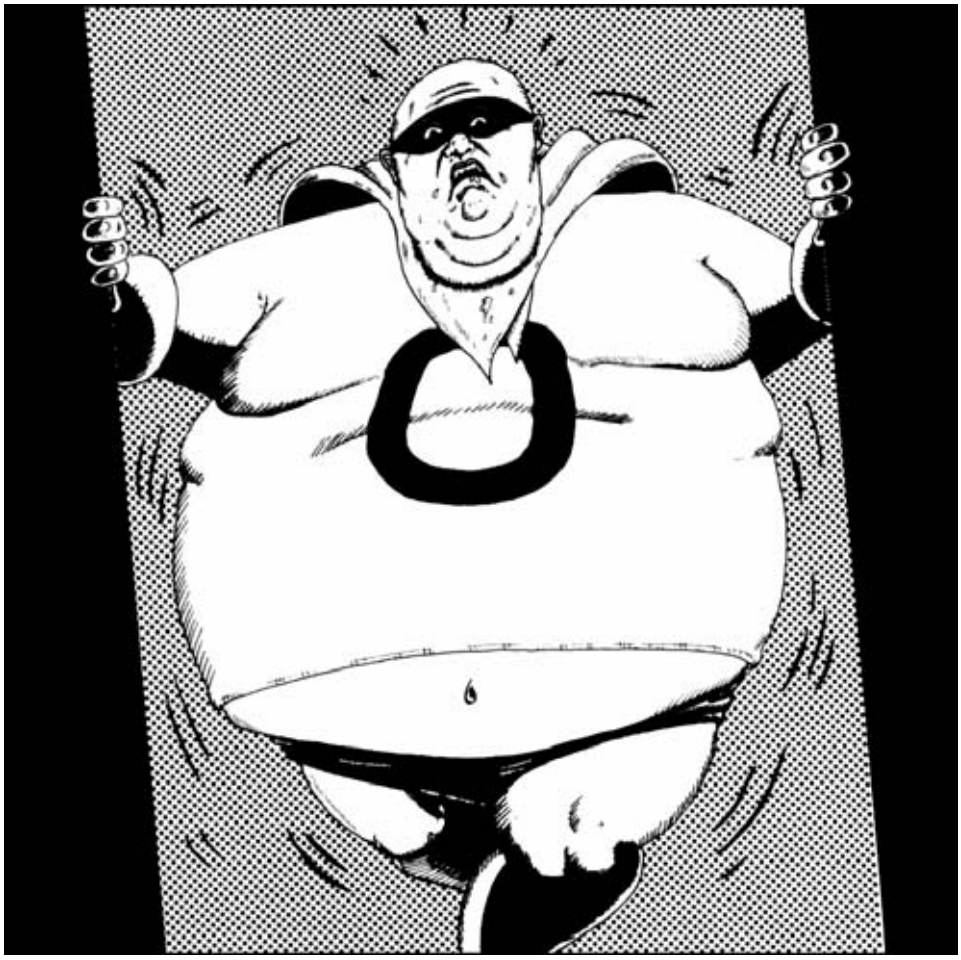

178

You wake up to find yourself strapped to a chair in a very dark room! Suddenly the lights flick on, blinding you for a moment. How did you get here?

Hit by a brick – turn to **175**.
Punched out – turn to **75**.
Hit from behind – turn to **45**.
Drugged – turn to **199**.
Shot with a tranquiliser dart – turn to **143**.

179

You nip across the road to apprehend the stunned robber. After returning the money to the bank and dropping the robber off at Police HQ you head for home. Oh, give yourself 2 Hero Points before you go, then turn to **13**.

180

You take the escalator up to the Book & Games Department. Glancing around you see more of those strange *Fighting Fantasy* 'gamebook' things. You pick up one called *Appointment With F.E.A.R.* and idly flick through it, wondering what it's about.

'*That's a good 'un!*' says a familiar voice. Slowly you turn around, to come face to face with Gerry the Grass. Of course, he doesn't recognise you out of your uniform; quickly you stride away. Where will you go now?

The clothes department – turn to **195**.
The electrical department – turn to **190**.

181

Back at your apartment you have a well-earned rest, and may recover up to 6 STAMINA points. Your rest is interrupted by a call asking you to go to the T.C.T.R.D. – the Titan City Technology Research Department.

Hastily flinging on your costume you tear over there – only to find that there isn't any disaster or catastrophe – they simply want *you*. They've developed a new weapon, which they'd like you to test for them – 'in the field', as it were. It's called an energy drainer. When you press the button on it, it will suck electrical energy out of the nearest power source.

You thank the scientists and carefully secure it to your belt, wondering if you'll

get the opportunity to use it. A call comes over your crimewatch to get over to Laural's Rollerama at the double, so you say your good-byes and dash out into the street. Turn to **164**.

182

Unfortunately you have nothing that could possibly help the situation. You might as well leave by going to **196**.

183

Elastic Eddie, the rubbery robber, is said to be hiding-out in the Dough-Play factory. And the Fly, notorious insect infiltrator, is none other than Richard Gears, international film-star. If you come across Gears you may deduct 50 from your reference to apprehend this villain.

184

You warn Cyanide Cecil that unless he puts down the vial you will blast him into a million pieces! You prepare yourself for an Energy Bolt, but after a few seconds deliberation he puts the vial down and makes a run for it! Oh well, you'd better blast him! If you hit him go to **51**; if you miss go to **159**.

185

You try desperately to hit the thief, but your aim is obviously off today. The man has now escaped, and to add to your problems all the rubbish has spilled out all over the sidewalk. The rapidly increasing crowd of onlookers starts making very pointed comments about litter louts and silly people in capes, so you make a hasty exit. Turn to **39**.

186

You arrive at McWimpy's and order a Big Kak and a MilkQuake to eat in. Your food arrives and you munch away quite happily, lost in your thoughts, until you are distracted by the startled cries of other eaters. Mr Obesity, the largest and possibly the most dangerous of all Titan City villains has just walked, or rather rolled in. Have you got *Superstrength*? If so, go to **43**; if not, turn to **152** instead.

187

Will you risk reaching down into the drain? If you will, turn to **76**; if you won't, turn to **21**.

188

As you race up to the fish factory your crimewatch gives out a bleep, and now reads '*False Alarm – Sorry!!*' Growling to yourself you turn around and head off in the direction of the rubber factory instead. Before you have gone very far, though, you meet a group of very good-looking young ladies in skimpy clothes who each want to kiss a real-life superhero. You comply, noticing that each wears a T-shirt bearing the legend 'Norris Watts Kiss-o-gram Services. Ring Titan City 444400!' Wiping the lipstick off your face, you proceed to the rubber factory (turn to **172**), unless you know somewhere else to go.

189

Your energy bolt sends the Cuttlefish sprawling. Before your amazed eyes the slimy thing changes back into his real self – Peter Salmon, the fishmonger! Turn to **18**.

190

The Electrical Department is busy today, with people buying the latest hi-fis and other gadgets. All looks peaceful, but as you stroll into the computer section you see a man quite brazenly stuff one into his jacket! What will you do?

Change into the Silver Crusader and capture the thief – turn to **47**.

Apprehend the man as you are – turn to **177**.

191

You drop Cyanide Cecil off at Police HQ. You may have 3 Hero Points for capturing him, before you go to **196**.

192

You see a wallet lying in the middle of the pavement, obviously lost by some poor citizen. You bend down, intent on picking it up and handing it in at Police HQ. However, as you bend down you feel something sting your leg. Your vision becomes blurred, and you realise you've been shot with a tranquiliser dart. The ground spins up to meet you . . . Turn to **178**.

193

Finally you admit defeat – no matter how you try you just can't work out how this thing works. You slump back in your chair, knowing it is too late. The bomb explodes, and Titan City is lost . . .

194

You burst your bonds, and leap across to the bomb. Roll two dice. If the result is less than or equal to your SKILL score, turn to **119**; if not, turn to **77**.

195

The Clothing Department is quite busy, with many shoppers milling around the racks. Suddenly, though, someone screams '*Fire!!*' and everyone stops dead and looks round. Sure enough, some clothes in a corner are blazing away, as people start rushing for the exits. Then you notice the villainous Firefly running around touching clothes; everything he comes in

contact with immediately bursts into flames! What will you do?

Find the nearest changing room and become the Silver Crusader – turn to **139**.

Try to organise the hysterical crowd before the fire gets out of hand – turn to **62**.

196

Where do you want to go now?

Home for a rest – turn to **181**.

The local swimming pool for a relaxing twenty lengths – turn to **71**.

197

You begin to grapple with the superhumanly strong Dynamo, when without warning he gives off a devastating electric shock! You are thrown back against the wall, and must lose 4 STAMINA points. You slowly pick yourself up, shake your head to try and remove the jangling bells, and leap to the attack!

THE DYNAMO SKILL 12 STAMINA 20

Every time he wins an attack, he will also shock you for an extra 2 STAMINA points. If you beat him, go to **200**.

198

You pull out a miniaturised loudspeaker, and through it command the thief to stop. But to your dismay he just keeps on running, disappearing down an alleyway. By the time you have dodged the cars and crossed the road the man has escaped. Head for home by going to **13**.

199

You feel dizzy after being drugged, and must lose 2 SKILL points until you next rest at home. Now turn to **147**.

200

You quickly tie up the Dynamo and call the police. He won't cause any more trouble – the city has been saved again! Award yourself 10 Hero Points and give yourself three cheers!!

After handing the cowering criminal to the police you head off for the military base, and tell them of the Dynamo's attempts to break into their computer network, before heading for home and a nice long rest! You get back to your apartment, close and lock the door, and slump on the sofa with a long, very alcoholic drink, hoping that Titan City can do without you for a few days. Suddenly you hear a familiar bleeping sound, coming from your wrist . . .

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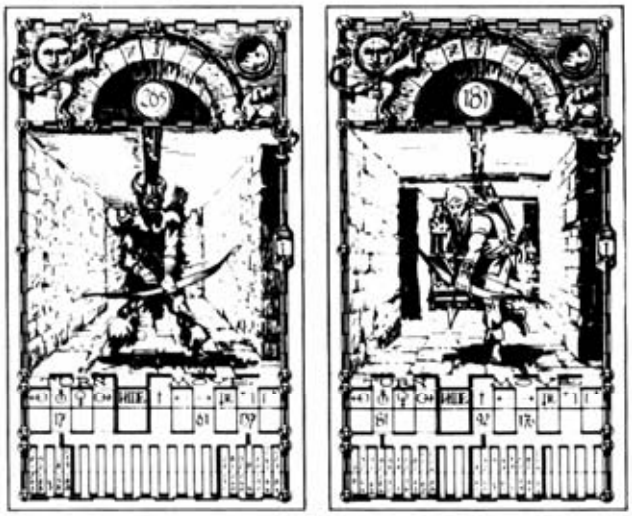

Examples of the Combat Heroes two-player game. Each view represents what the player is seeing at every stage of play.

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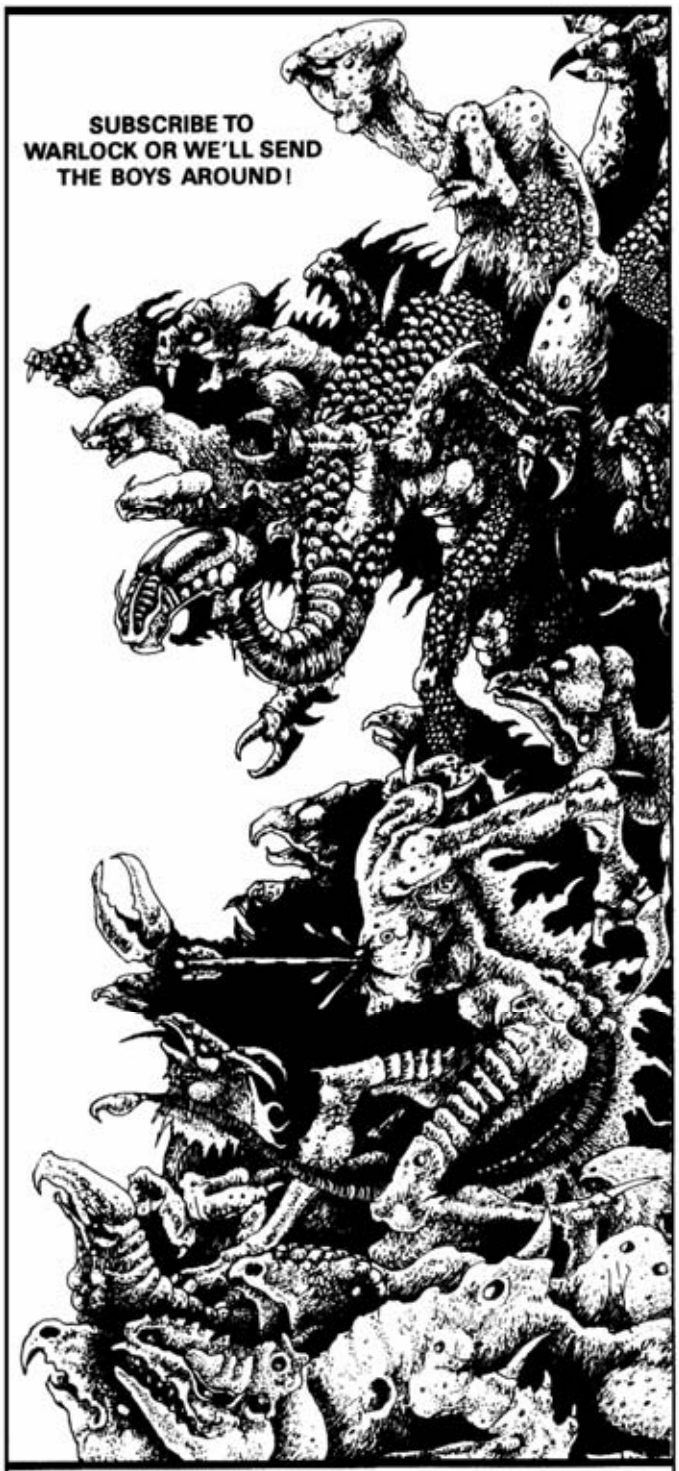

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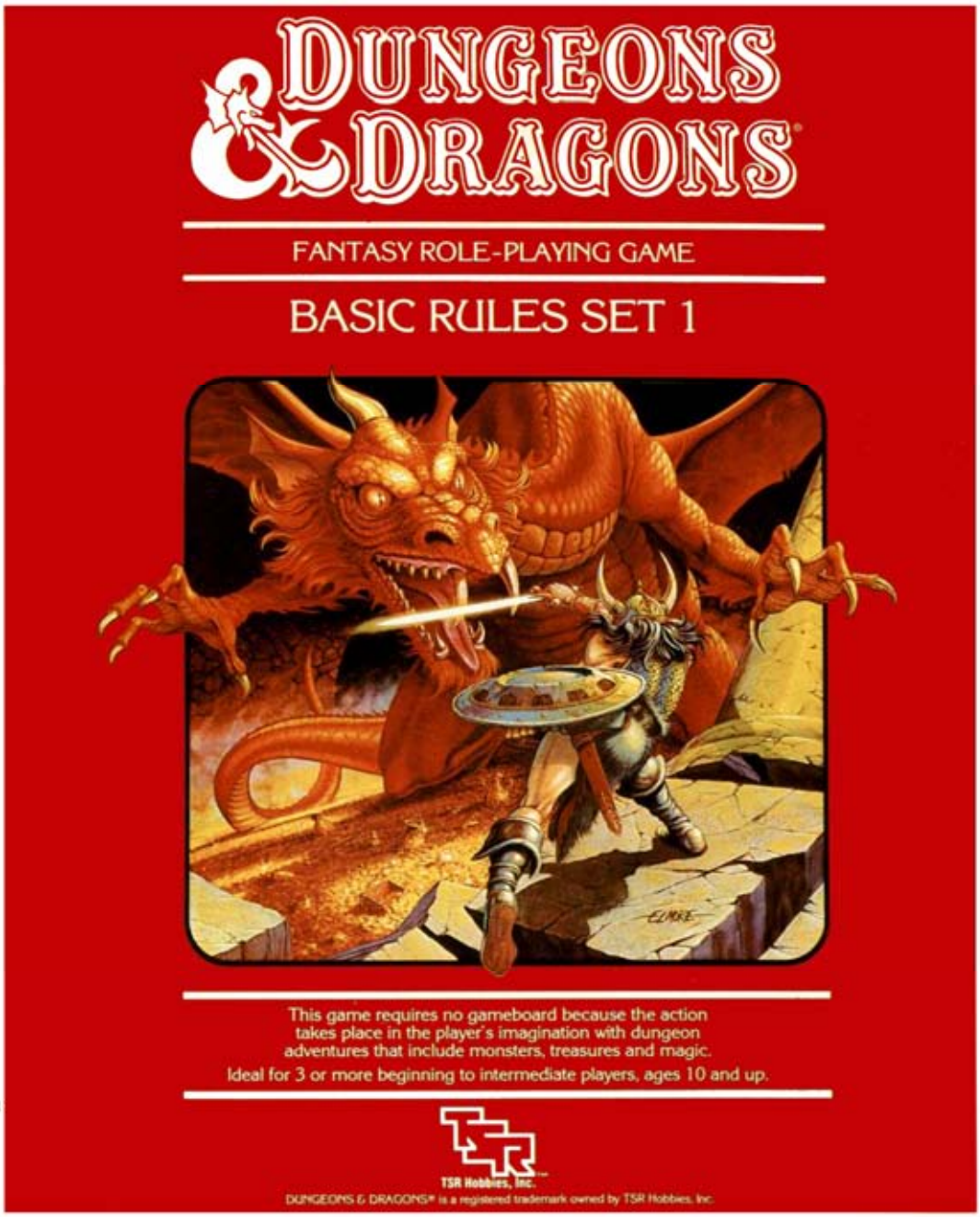

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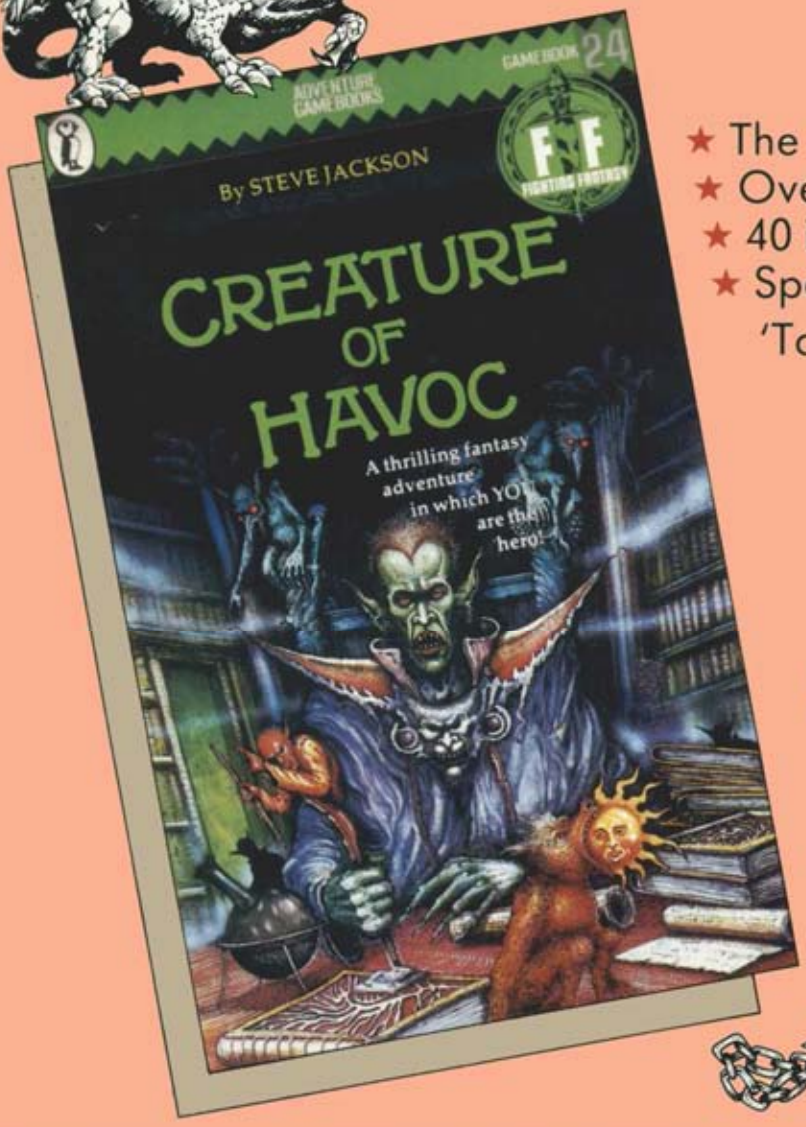

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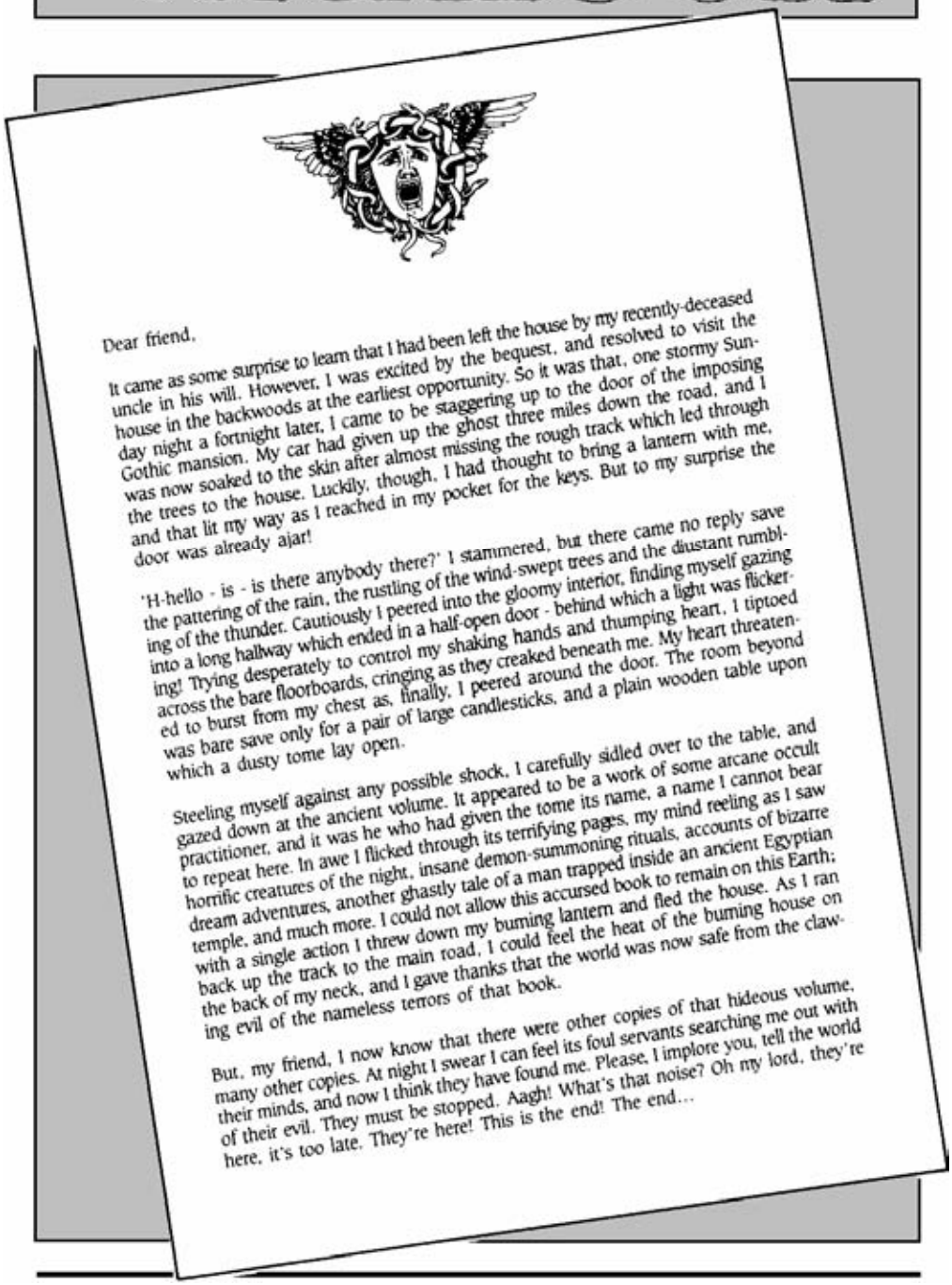

Dear friend,

It came as some surprise to learn that I had been left the house by my recently-deceased uncle in his will. However, I was excited by the bequest, and resolved to visit the house in the backwoods at the earliest opportunity. So it was that, one stormy Sunday night a fortnight later, I came to be staggering up to the door of the imposing Gothic mansion. My car had given up the ghost three miles down the road, and I was now soaked to the skin after almost missing the rough track which led through the trees to the house. Luckily, though, I had thought to bring a lantern with me, and that lit my way as I reached in my pocket for the keys. But to my surprise the door was already ajar!

'H-hello - is - is there anybody there?' I stammered, but there came no reply save the pattering of the rain, the rustling of the wind-swept trees and the diustant rumbling of the thunder. Cautiously I peered into the gloomy interior, finding myself gazing into a long hallway which ended in a half-open door - behind which a light was flickering! Trying desperately to control my shaking hands and thumping heart, I tiptoed across the bare floorboards, cringing as they creaked beneath me. My heart threatened to burst from my chest as, finally, I peered around the door. The room beyond was bare save only for a pair of large candlesticks, and a plain wooden table upon which a dusty tome lay open.

Steeling myself against any possible shock, I carefully sidled over to the table, and gazed down at the ancient volume. It appeared to be a work of some arcane occult practitioner, and it was he who had given the tome its name, a name I cannot bear to repeat here. In awe I flicked through its terrifying pages, my mind reeling as I saw horrific creatures of the night, insane demon-summoning rituals, accounts of bizarre dream adventures, another ghastly tale of a man trapped inside an ancient Egyptian temple, and much more. I could not allow this accursed book to remain on this Earth; with a single action I threw down my burning lantern and fled the house. As I ran back up the track to the main road, I could feel the heat of the burning house on the back of my neck, and I gave thanks that the world was now safe from the clawing evil of the nameless terrors of that book.

But, my friend, I now know that there were other copies of that hideous volume, many other copies. At night I swear I can feel its foul servants searching me out with their minds, and now I think they have found me. Please, I implore you, tell the world of their evil. They must be stopped. Aagh! What's that noise? Oh my lord, they're here, it's too late. They're here! This is the end! The end...

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Issue 13

DECEMBER/JANUARY

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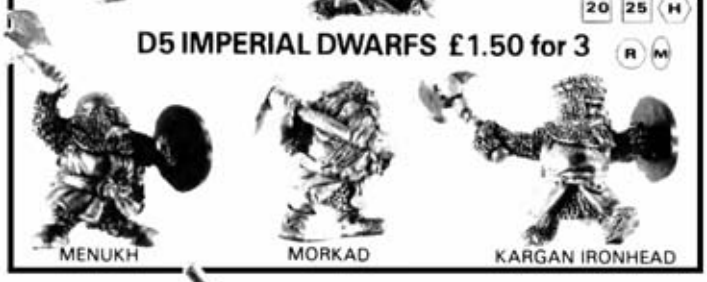

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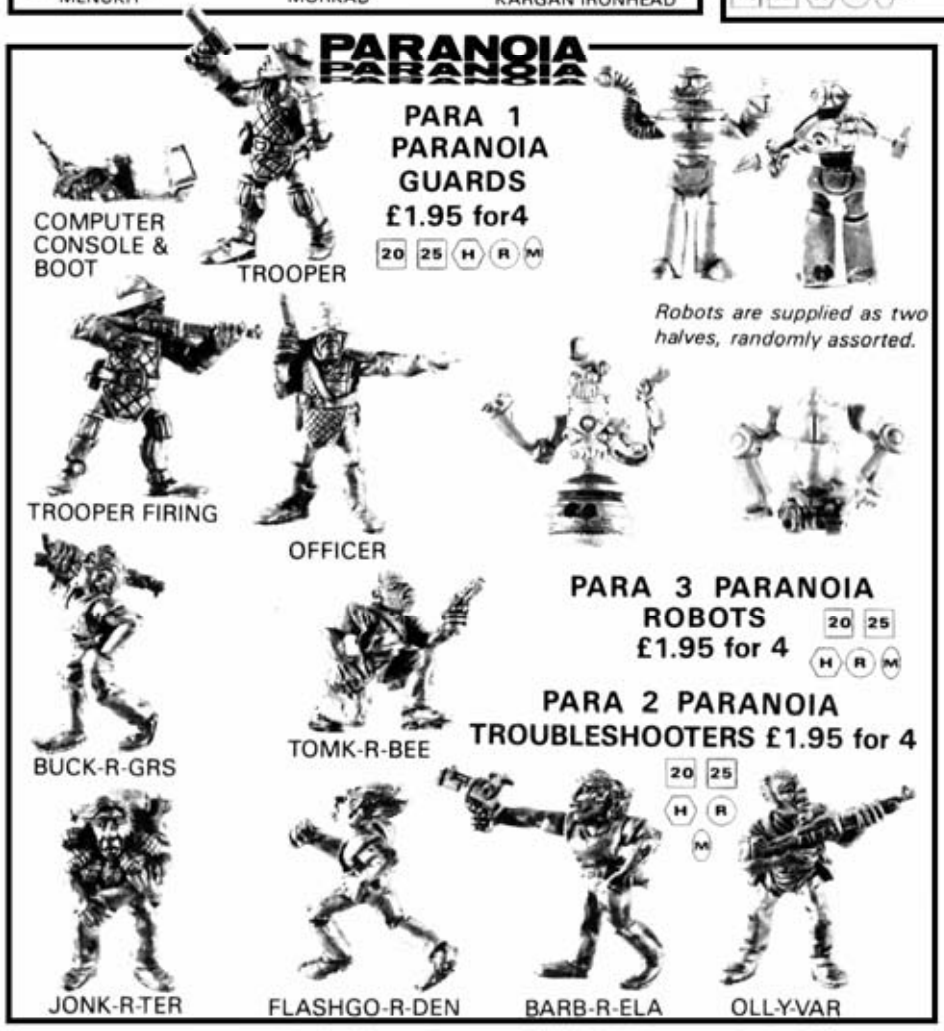

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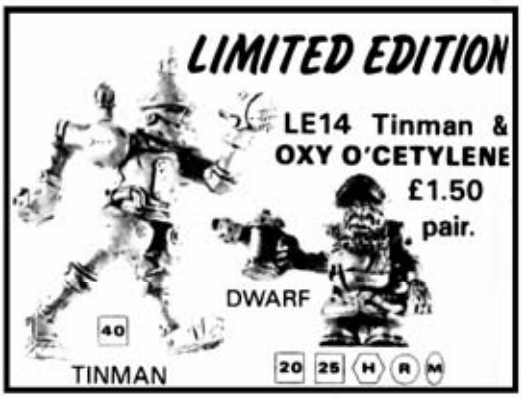

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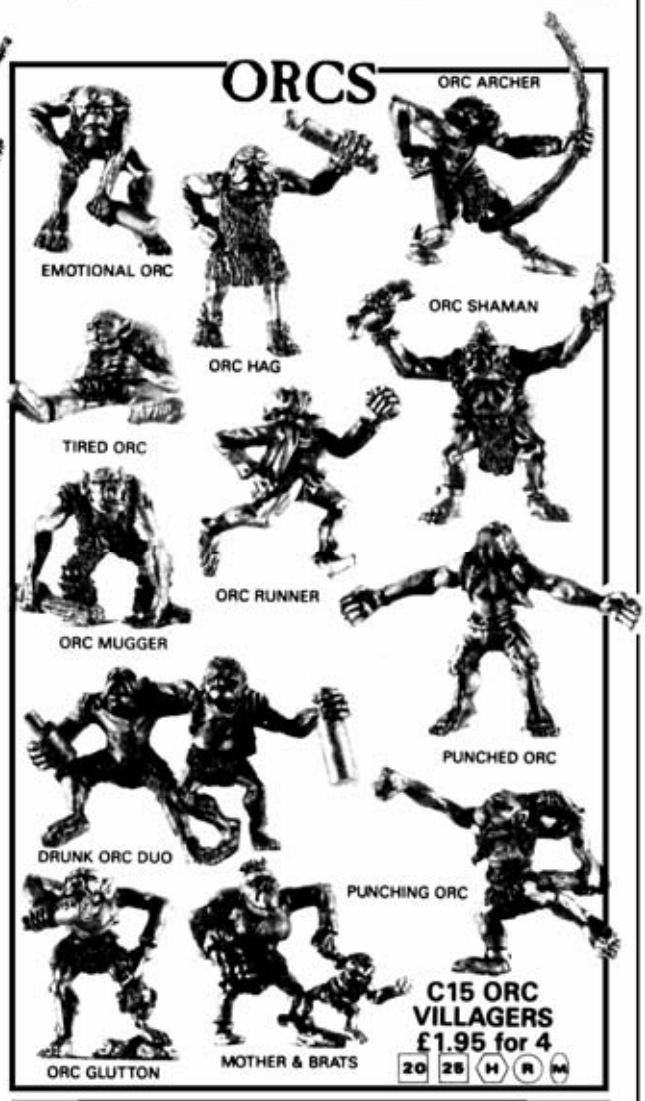

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Here's our regular column of news and gossip from the gaming world with . . . er, with . . . er, er . . .

Hello? Is there anyone here? Thomson, are you lurking in here? Come on, you miserable wretch, it's time to do your loathsome column again! Thomson, Thomson, where are you? Aha, there you are, you disgusting little reptile. I can see you biding behind those unsold copies of Falcon. Come out from there this instant. Thought you bide from the Warlock, did you?

Ooer. 'Ello there, o mitey worlock! Ar you lookin' for Jaymy Tomsun, mastur? Dont yoo 'member yoo had him turned into an edgejog last munth and he wos runover on the M5. It wos all messie, all bitz of Tomsun splatte . . .

Yes, yes, I remember now. Oh crikey, what am I going to do now? I've got several important deities coming for tea and this column really does need writing now. I refuse to allow two blank pages in my magazine! There's nothing else for it – get down in the new product dungeons, troll, and report on all the new books and games you see there or I'll turn you into something even more unpleasant and smelly than the unpleasant smelly thing you are now! Go on, chop chop or it'll be chop chop for you!

But worlock, worlock, I doant no nuffing about no new producks. Worlock, worlock? Ooerr, ees gone an' left me again, ees orlways doin that, takin' liberrys and treatin' me as tho I was a smell littul trolle. Oh crumbs, I spose I otter do a bit, or eell get even madder!

Into the Pit

Ooer, creepie down 'ere! Kwiet too – nuffin' but the sownd of pensils scratchin' away fev . . . fevri . . . fevershi.. kwickly. Wots in ere then? Ugggghh! Its Peter Darvill-Evans, workin on Fighting Fantasy number 25, **Beneath Nightmare Castle**. Eurghhh! Its hidios, it reely is. Now I feel all rotten and orrid innside Er. Peter, can you tell me wot yore new book is all about pleese? (Brrullp!) Scuse me – must be somefink I ate.

Certainly, Derek, I'd love to. Well, my book, which is the twenty fifth in the Fighting Fantasy series, is set on Titan, in the legendary third continent of Khul, and it involves the ruler of a small fortified town called Neuburg. Something dreadful has happened which needs a brave hero to journey to the ruins of the ancient city of Zagoula, buried in the desert sands jar to the south. I mustn't tell you anymore than that or I'll give away too much of the plot. The title, though, should give everyone some clue as to what happens. I can reveal that it'll be released in the New Year, possibly around the end of January.

Gosh, fanks Peter (hrruullpp!). Parden me. El let yoo get back to work or yooll never get it finished in tiim, will you? Now, whos in this one? Ah, sat there wiv 'is feet up on the desk wile three slaves do all the riling, it muss be Ian Livinstoned, pretendin' to be finishin' off his new book. Its called **Crypt of the Sorcerer**, its FF number twenty . . ., er twenty . . ., er wot comes after twenty-five? Oh, twenty-six, chats rite, and it will be cumin' out inApril next year. Oh, and Ian sez to tell you that Ime makin' all this up and he reelly is doin' all the work. He obvioslie hasn't got a sence of houmor! Ow, let go of mi nowse, you meenie!

The Cave of Death!

Movin' rite along here – crumbs! Look at those fingas moove on that triperiter! Hees churnin' out books by the minit! It must be Joe Dever, cos' no onewoks that kwickly, not even that new creep, Goscoin, wotever 'is name is. Wotsthis one? Oh, **Combat Heroes 2 – The Scarlet Sorcerer** and **The Emerald Enchanter**, releesed on 3rd December, no, those got menshuned last time How abowt these? Cor, the new Lone Wolf – I fink hes reelly grate! **Lone Wolf 8 – The Jungle of Horrors** – looks reelly brill! Apparentlie you have to trekk across all these lands to get to this dank and dismul swomp. But on the way there's all this politiks art intreege, so you mite not even get there at all! Wot a pity all the reeders will 'ave to wate for Janoory for it!

Oh goodie! Not just Lone Wolf 8, but this too! Yippee! **Lone Wolf 9 – The Cauldron of Fear**, not out until arownd April next yere, but defin-whotsisname the best yet! Its the start of the Grate War, and those narsty DarkLords are back and chasin' yoo (I kno just how Lone Wolf feels – peeple are alwase chasin' me too). But in this one yoo are chaste all the way to the chic of Tahou, underneef wich is a lode of caves where a speshul tresur is hidden. All you gotta do is get to the citie, get down into the cavens, get the tresur, and then save the citie. It all sownds a bit eesy to me. Why car'nt anyone invent agamebookware you have to play atrolle foradaye. Then everywon wood see how difikult it is to be me . . . Wy does nowon ever tayke me serioslie? Sye . . .

Wot else has Joe got on his pile. Crumbs, hairoplane tikkets! Ees goin' to the Yoonited Stairs of Americle to start workin' on that Lone Wolf telly serees It sownds dead brill, it reely dos. Wot theyer doin' is theyer filmin it wiv acters, but doin' lots of diffrunt vershuns. Wen they show it, theyul stop at intervuls, and everywon has to press a buttun on there telly, and choose wich opshun to go to nekst – just like in the books! Unforchunattlie Joe sez that it problie they wont be shone over here, so evriewon will have to go to Floreeder in Americle to see Lone Wolf on the telly, wurse luck.

Nekst won – and 'ello Dave Morris. I kno wot to ask yoo, cos I wont to kno wen yore too-playur books come owl. O, I see, **Bloodsword 1 – The Battlepits of Krath** and **Bloodsword 2 – The Kingdom of Wyrd** are owt in January are they? Wel, I can hardlie wate, Dave, cos I reelly like too-playur books cos I get to beet that grottie Paul Cockburn for a chaynje. Ow, and is ther anie news on yore projekt with Russ Nikolsun that yoo wos talkin abowt last time? No news? Ok.

Talkin' of news, a slaive 'as just run up to mee and shuvved a bit of payper in my mitt

talkin' abowt somefink called **DragonAid**. Wots this, helpin' 'omeless dragins or somefink? O, I see, its playin' gaymes for charitee. Wot a good ideea. Blimee! They maid over £1500 pownds with the last won, and they are goin' to do it all agen at Eester next yere. If anywon wonts to 'elp, and I reelly fink everywon shud, then ring up Mike Sharp on (01) 245 2967 or Richard Beatty on (01) 597 5760. I fink Ile ring up and offer my servises to them. Shorely sumwon must wont me. Sniff!

Dead & Buried

Hummm. An emptie cave. I wunder woo yoosed to live in here. Wot does the sine say on the dore? Ow, of come, its Jayme Tomsun's oled cavern. Looks a bit emptie now, wivout that slimy spottie zit Tomsun here, wiv just orl these unsoled piles of *Falcon* books. Still, somewon must remember him cos beers a copy of the new compyooter game, **Avenger – Way of the Tiger II**, wich is releesed very soonby Gremlin Graphics or somewon like that. I bet its reelly rotten just like the larst won.

Rite, back out of that smellie cave an' into the next won. Crickie, woos this when ees at home? Ees not jus' ritin, ees drawn as well! Now wots ee drawn'. Oof. If I can jest clime up here-puff-and get a bit hyer – pant -then I can see wot hers doin. Oh, of corse! Its Pat Mills, doin his new book, **The Slaine Gaming Book**, wich those reely nice Titan Books peeple are doin very soon. Its sort of like a comic, crosst with a gaymebook, where yoo follow the pikchures but then get told which pikchure to go to nekst. Its a bit like those grate *Combat Heroes* books of Joe Devers but even more exciting because they tell a proper storie, not jest fete abattul. Yoo are this bloke Slaine, who is somefink called a Celt and comes from a reely grate comik called 2000 BC or somefink like that, wich I never ever see cos that meenie Warlock alwase nicks it before I can reed it. But if its a comic, why have they now dun it as a gaymebook, Pat?

Well, Derek, I originally intended Slaine as a roleplaying game In fact there are certain Slaine legends that only work in a game strip format. That's because Celtic mythology is based on the hero-quest. Legends like the Caouldron of Blood and the Irish Celt, Cuchulain (on which I based Slaine) all describe the hero searching for something that ultimately unravels his destiny. this kind of quest is best depicted when the readers themselves must search through the pages of a book to order to determine the destiny of the hero.

Ooer, that all sownds a bit diffikult to playe to me, but in fact it isnt diffikult at all cos Ive played it. Pat sez some other peeple have played it as well, and have wrote to him to say wot they thort of it. The best won came from a vicar from sumwhere, who rote in an' sed this.

I spent an afternoon playing the Slaine games as an experiment. I tried to maintain a detached frame of mind but found myself subtly drawn into the very fibre of each plot. There is a strong addictive quality about these games, inspired by an overwhelming sense of curiosity as to how the game will end. Another, and more disturbing observation is that for the first time in many years I had a terrible nightmare and woke up shouting in fear the very night after playing the Slaine game, and I am not normally a nervous person.

Crickie, I kno just wot he meens about nitemares. I get them all the tyme, livin' in this dark slimey dunjun with the Warlock and all these silly riters. I doant kno – nowon semes to care about how rotten I fele. Why carn't there be a troll-planning gayme abowt me, thas wot I want to kno. Praps Ile go an see that Loo Stringer bloke and get him to rite one for mee that makes me look big and strong and reelly hansum. Yeah, wot a brillyunt ideer. Loo, Loo, were are yoo?? O, sorry reeders. Wile Ime gone here's another reelly triffic competishun for yoo to do wile Ime away . . . Loo! Loo! Loo!

CHALLENGE OF THE DUELMASTERS!

Jamie Thomson may currently be resting in peace six feet under, but his publishers Armada Books have just launched his latest series, **Duelmaster**, written as usual with his collaborator Mark Smith. The first release in the Duelmaster series is **Challenge of the Magi**, which features a duel to the death between two powerful sorcerers to decide who will win to lead the Inner Council of Magicians. The series has everything you could possibly wish for to challenge you and your opponent and test your skills to the limit. There is more interaction, more competition and suspense, a huge variety of characters to choose from, a new and original spell system -which all goes to make them more exciting than any other gamebook to date! Armada publish the first two titles, **Challenge of the Magi** and **Blood Valley** in November, with two more titles in March next year.

Bet you can't wait to get your hands on a copy, eh? Well, here's a chance to win a copy absolutely free! Just answer these questions below, drawn from Mark and Jamie's other books, also set on their own world of Orb, *The Way of the Tiger* series and *The Talisman of Death* . . .

1. What god do the Ninja of the Way of the Scorpion worship?

2. Who is the ruler of the City of the Spires and Foreshadowing?

3. Who is the Necromancer who accompanied Yeamon and Honoric to Quencheart Keep?

4. Which warrior of Ararchil dyes his hair corn-yellow and accompanies the woman Cassandra?

5. Who is the high priestess of the goddess Fellhyrula Man-hater at Greyguilds on the Moor?

If you have worked out the answers to all of those tricky questions, write down the answers, and send them together with your name, address and age, to this rather lengthy address:

Duelmasters Challenge!
Warlock Magazine
Games Workshop Design Studio
Enfield Chambers
14–16 Low Pavement
Nottingham NG1 7DL

Entries must reach us no later than **Monday, 8th January 1987**. What do you win? We thought you'd never ask! There are three fast prizes, of **Challenge of the Magi** and **Blood Valley**, together with seven runner-up prizes of the first title only. The Duelmasters have challenged you! What are you waiting for?

THE DREAMING SANDS

Multi-player Nightmares by Paul Mason

Introduction

This is a tale of Port Blacksand. It is also a tale of the Riddling Reaver, surely the most unpredictable villain in all Allansia. To play, you'll need the *Fighting Fantasy Role-playing Game by* Steve Jackson, and a bunch of friends. One of you must be the *GamesMaster,* while the others should roll up an adventurer as in traditional *Fighting Fantasy.* Only the GamesMaster may read the adventure beforehand -players should stop reading howl

In this adventure the party are hired by a mysterious paymaster and sent against the villain who is threatening to bring chaos and destruction to Blacksand. The villain is the Riddling Beaver, a quizzical servant of the Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance, a being dedicated to upsetting both Good *and* Evil.

First make sure that your players are familiar with the rules and have the necessary equipment marked on their Adventure Sheets. The adventurers start the game with 3 Provisions each; no special items (potions, etc.) are available. Once you are ready to start read the **Players' Tale** aloud. Then continue the adventure, using the information given in the **GamesMaster's Tale** and the sections headed **Encounters** and **Attacked By Dreams** to get the adventurers on the path to the villain's hideout. The material in italics can be read to the players; the rest of each section is used to interpret what they do.

Players' Tale

Port Blacksand draws adventurers like a magnet. What is it about the Place that attracts so many treasure-seekers and freebooters? Whatever the attraction, you found yourself unable to resist it. Your little band nowsits round a table to 'The Black Lobster'. The place is full of foul-mouthed, rough-clad cutthroats – the kind of characters you feel at home with. But even this collection of ne'er-do-wells seems to have a shadow banging over it: the shadow of fear

As you knock back your ale, a short man, swathed entirely in black, worms his way to your table. He doesn't announce himself, but starts talking straight away. Or rather, whistling-be keeps his teeth clenched and his words hiss through them.

'You are new to the city, yessss? You are as yet untainted by the plague which devours ussss. Listen to me: I will tell of a means by which you may save Blacksand from ruin, and earn yourselves a pretty penny into the bargain!'

GamesMaster's Tale

The black-clad figure is an agent of Lord Azzur, the ruler of Blacksand, and while astute players may guess at this, you should make sure they are never given the opportunity to make certain. The 'plague' referred to by the agent is no disease, but something far stranger. For the past few weeks, Blacksand has been plagued by apparitions. And what is most frightening is that the apparitions are taken from peoples' dreams! It seems someone is capable of bringing nightmares to life, and has been using them to bring the city to a standstill! Azzur's system of regulating citizens through the use of passes has never been more desperately needed, but now he's ready to go on the offensive. It seems that strangers to the city take a while to be afflicted by the apparitions, and has chosen a newly-arrived band of adventurers to seek out the source of the plague and destroy it.

Try and act out the conversation between Azzur's agent and the adventurers. Encourage the players to speak as their characters would, while you take the part of their mysterious employer Azzur's agent has been instructed to hire the adventurers for as small a sum as possible, and will under no circumstances reveal his identity, or that of his master. His upper limit of payment is 50gp each, half now, half on successful completion of the mission (in fact he won't pay the second installment – Blacksand is a hard city for inexperienced adventurers!). He describes the trouble besetting the city, and explains that sorcerers have determined that its source lies many leagues to the south, in a castle on the plain. Before he leaves, the agent supplies the adventurers with a special pass. This will allow them to pass through Blacksand unmolested by guards, but for *one day only.*

Encounters

Because this adventure consists of a trek across the plains, you will be using a slightly different method for travelling and encounters. The chart below shows where the various encounters he in relation to each other. Having encountered Angelica (Encounter 1), the adventurers may choose to leave from the Fisher Gate (to the south-west, by the coast), the Field Gate (to the south-east, near Azzur's palace) or the Main Gate (leading due south). This will determine the order of their later encounters. After completing the encounter, they may then choose to go in any direction.

To determine which encounter the adventurers come across, find the encounter *closest* to the direction the players indicated. For example, if they derided to travel south from the Centaurs (**4**) they will come upon the Ogre (**5**). Once the adventurers have completed an encounter, cross it off the chart so that it cannot be encountered again. There are some exceptions to this: the Nikrechauns' but will always be there, and the adventurers may return to it any number of times. It is possible to encounter the Ogre twice, and The Lord of Gond (**7**) more than once.

If the adventurers pick a direction to which **1** is the closest encounter, they will arrive back at Port Blacksand. Here they may take the opportunity to buy extra Provisions. If the adventurers choose to go west from encounters **1**, **2** or **9**, they will reach the coast, and obviously have to turn back. If they go east from encounters **1**, **4**, **5** or **6** they will see Silverton ahead of them. They may replenish supplies here if they choose, but to search the plain they have to return westwards. If they go due south from encounters **6**, **7** or **9** they will come across the Whitewater River, and will have to circle back north.

As you pass through the gate of the city, you are approached by a tall *dark-hatred woman. The first thing about her which impresses you is the quality of what she wears. It is a form of armour made from strips of metal, coated in some sort of varnish, and laced tightly together. It looks tough but flexible. The superb blade and finely carved bow she carries reinforce the impression that she is not to be messed with.*

'Will you let me join you?' she asks, 'I can help you find what you seek.'

The woman is Angelica, the Riddling Reaver's daughter. She has been waiting in Blacksand for a party of warriors to be sent. Her aim is to keep them away from the Reaver's castle long enough for his plan to be completed. She explains that she has seen the castle they seek while out hunting, and can lead the adventurers there. In fact she will lead them anywhere *but* the castle! Angelica won't attack the adventurers – she merely wishes to prevent them from succeeding in their mission. She will even fight alongside them in encounters. If the adventurers attack her, though, she defends herself ably.

ANGELICA SKILL 14 STAMINA 20

If Angelica is not allowed to join the adventurers, she stalks away in disgust. She then makes her way rapidly to the Reaver's fortress, ready to defend him against the adventurers. If she joins the party, check after each encounter whether the adventurers are going to follow her or go their own way. Angelica will protest if the adventurers don't follow her, but if they insist she will go along with their decision. Now the adventurers (or Angelica) should choose which direction to travel in, while you refer to the Encounter Chart.

Black clouds darken the skies overhead – a storm is brewing. As the first few droplets of rain dampen your clothing and your spirits, you hear the first howl. You learned to recognise that sound early in your lives, but it still strikes a chord of fear – wolves! The rain strengthens, lashing your faces and soaking your jerkins. Then with a snarl the wolves are upon you!

There are eight wolves, an unusually large number for a pack roaming these plains.

WOLVES **each** SKILL 7 STAMINA 6

In the lashing rain there's no possibility of keeping the ravening beasts at bay with fire. The adventurers have to fight them. Soon after the wolves are beaten the rainclouds pass and the sun comes out.

Your path is barred by a band of black-cloaked figures. One of them steps forward and bails you.

'Begone, creatures of the night. I deny you, and the ensorcellment that has sent you.'

There are five Dark Elves. Their subterranean dwelling is near here, and they have been caught within the Reaver's spell. They have already fought several dream-sendings and have realised their nature from the speed with which their wounds healed. Now, however, they believe the adventurers robe further products of their imagination. If the adventurers attack them they don't resist, believing the wounds to be illusory. If the adventurers choose to, they can very easily hack down the Dark Elves where they stand (them 's no need to even fight the combat – the Elves offer no resistance). Each has a bow, a quiver full of arrows and a rune-carved serrated knife.

As an alternative to attacking the Elves, the adventurers may choose to talk. *Remember* that the Elves are convinced they don't exist. If the adventurers stand aside, the Elves pass by peacefully enough, eyeing them with suspicion.

You hear a rumbling sound, as of thunder. It cannot be thunder though, as the sky is clear of clouds and you saw no lightning. Soon a dust-cloud comes into view, approaching you rapidly.

The approaching cloud conceals a band of six Centaurs, on their way to worship at a Holy Tree. You should tell the players that there is some low shrub-like vegetation nearby, in which they may conceal themselves if they wish. If they do hide in the vegetation, they avoid the encounter. The Centaurs thunder past at a gallop and disappear off into the distance. If the adventurers don't hide themselves, the proud horse-men stop to mock them. Making jokes about the 'stunted two-legs', they seem to be spoiling for a fight. Despite this, they will only attack if a tactless adventurer makes any comment about 'riding, though they will defend themselves if attacked.

CENTAURS **each** SKILL 10 STAMINA 10, 2 Attacks

If the adventurers are diplomatic, taking care net to offend the proud beastmen, the Centaurs invite them to join their ceremony at the Holy free, in the hope that the Stallion God Hunnynhaa might be generous enough to let the poor stunted creatures get closer to the perfect state of Horsehood. If the invitation is refused, the Centaurs shrug, and gallop off into the distance. If the adventurers go with them, they are able to join in the short ceremony. It won't turn them into horses, but they will each be given a twig from the Sacred Time, and assured of its Holy Magical properties.

The land around you is a little more hilly, and covered with, bushes, making the going harder As you press on, you bear a shrill female scream from a shady dell off to your right.

The adventurers may choose to respond to the call if they wish. If they don't, proceed to the next encounter. If they do, they must enter the dell. This is the lair of an Ogre, a huge and cunning specimen who hunts by attracting travellers to his lair and ambushing them. The high-pitched scream is a favourite of his, produced by blowing on a set of pipes. At a suitable moment, the Ogre leaps out from cover and attacks the adventurers by surprise.

OGRE **each** SKILL 8 STAMINA 10, 2 Attacks

As he attacks by surprise, in the first round he fights only one adventurer. In the second round one other adventurer may join the fight, and in the third round the rest may enter combat.

If the Ogre is still alive after the fourth round, the fight is interrupted by a shaking of the ground. A huge shadow looms over the battle, and looking up the adventurers find themselves menaced by a truly enormous Giant Ogre. Some 15 mattes tall, and foully misshapen, the newcomer lets out a roar which blasts everyone to the ground. He then swats the original Ogre with a mighty blow which kills him instantly. As the Ogre lies still, the Giant Ogre blinks out of existence. He was, of course, a dream.

The adventurers may search the Ogre's lair, taking his set of pipes, and his treasure of 17gp and 25sp if they wish. However, if the Ogre was killed' by his dream rather than by the adventurers, he will actually still be alive, and the adventurers may meet him again (don't cross off this encounter – if the adventurers reach it a second time the Ogre simply leaps out and attacks, without a lure of any kind). If the adventurers killed him, or cut off his head, he will truly be dead and the encounter will be completed

You have found no sign of the castle you seek, but you press on regardless. Suddenly you are startled as a number of black-cloaked figures rise out of the bushes around you, training bows in your direction.

'You are lucky today, surface dwellers. We will let you live if you give us all your money and treasure,' one of them says to you, with a mocking voice

The adventurers are being held up by eight Dark Elves. As their leader said, the party are lucky – Dark Elves normally burn and slay all they find above ground. If the adventurers try to rush the Elves, rather than submitting to their demands, seven of the Elves loose their arrows. Each arrow hits on a roll of 1–5 on a six-sided die, and does 3 points of damage. What's more the leader is a sorcerer. He utters words of power in the ancient tongue of the Elves, and a ring of Fire springs up around the adventurers. If they try to cross it they will lose 3 points of STAMINA. If they don't try to cross it the Elves continue to shoot through the flames until either all the adventurers are dead, or they give up and throw down their weapons.

DARK ELVES **each** SKILL 8 STAMINA 6

If the adventurers submit and hand over all their treasure they will be allowed to pass on their way *unless* they have some treasure stolen from the Dark Elves in encounter 3, in which case the Dark Elves attack immediately. If the Dark Elves are beaten their own treasure can be taken. In total they have gold worth 15gp and gents worth 60gp. Seven of them have bows, and all have rune-carved serrated knives.

Marching over a low rise you come across a gut-wrenching sight. Not far away from you is an enormous . . . thing . . . the like of which you have never seen before. Your eyes cannot clearly make out the shape of its foul, ulcerous body as it seems strangely hazy. You find it hard to focus on the single bloated claw, like that of a lobster, which clacks repeatedly against the slimy carapace You can only vaguely make out hair, or possibly tentacles, sprouting from portions of the creature's body, and dribbles of ichor which ooze from crevices and chancrous orifices Surely this horrendous apparition cannot be real? It starts to lumber towards you . . .

The adventurers have had the bad fortune to encounter a fabulously rare creature, called Maijem-Nosoth. This hideous beast is an inhabitant of another plane, from whence it has been called by some inept sorcerer. Summoning the Lords of Good (of whom Maijem-Nosoth is the chief) is a risky business, rarely attempted in these cautious times. The sorcerer responsible for Maijem-Nosoth had a little bad luck with his protective magic circle, and is currently in the process of being digested somewhere within the vile monster.

The Lords of Gond have insatiable appetites, and cannot be bargained with except with the most powerful magic. The adventurers have to fight it, or run away-very rapidly!

MAIJEM-NOSOTH SKILL 12 STAMINA 12, 4 Attacks

The special power of the Lords of Gond is that certain parts of their bodies are immune to weapons. Their carapace is proof against all but the most potent magical swords, and several of the fleshy organs that comprise the rest of their body are capable of regenerating almost instantly. What's more, because the form of the creature is so hard to focus on, adventurers won't be able to aim their blows effectively. Every time an adventurer wins an attack round you should ask them to roll a die. On a 1 or a 2, they do no damage; on a 3 or a 4 they do 1 point of damage; on a 5 or a 6 they do 2 points.

Maijem-Nosoth has one vulnerability – high-pitched noises. If an adventurer whistles, the Lord of Gond loses one STAMINA point for each round the whistling continues. If an adventurer uses the set of pipes from the Ogre in Encounter 5, Maijem-Nosoth loses 3 points of STAMINA per round. Angelica knows of this weakness, and if she is accompanying the adventurers she will shout it to them as Soon as battle is joined.

There is still no sign of the castle as you cautiously approach a small hut, which stands forlorn in one of the bleakest parts of the moor You are only a few metres from the but when its door opens and a gang of short, pointy-eared individuals burst out Their mischievous grins put

you to mind of Leprechauns, but this lot are far too ragged to be the real thing. They clamour round you, shouting 'Gold! Gold for news!' in squeaky voices.

The creatures are Nikrechauns, lesser relatives of the far more powerful Leprechatuts. Nikrechauns cannot fly, nor can they perform any mischievous magical tricks. They have their own specialities, though, one of which is that they have an uncanny knack of knowing items of information useful to adventurers. For example, they know the best way to defeat a Lord of Good (Encounter 7), and are well aware of how to find the Riddling Reaver's castle.

Unfortunately they don't offer their services for free. Each has a large pot, safely stored inside the hut, in which they keep their gold. Once they have earned a whole pot full of gold a Nikrechaun becomes a Leprechaun, and leaves to play practical jokes on wayward travellers the world over.

There are five Nikrechauns: Mole, Mik, Kak, Ruk and Lek. They are all anxious to get gold off adventurers and boast wildly about their knowledge. If adventurers pay them in gold 1gp earns a snippet – an answer to a question, maybe, or a piece of useful information. The Nikrechauns won't give too much away, though, hoping they will be able to earn more gold. For example, if asked how to find the castle, they say something along the lines of 'Take a chance – follow Lady Luck' and only elaborate if paid more money. If paid enough (5gp or more) they give more general advice, such as' When you're searching for something, it's often best not to choose your route – let the Gods of Luck & Chance do it for you.'

If the adventurers decide to fight the Nikrechauns, they should find them easy victims:

NIKRECHAUNS **each** SKILL 5 STAMINA 4

Unfortunately, Nikrechauns don't die very easily. When they're slain, their bodies disappear. One round later they are reborn at full STAMINA inside their pot of gold in the hut. Try as they might, the adventurers won't be able to find away to permanently kill the little people, and will eventually have to flee.

You notices black-clad band of soldiers approaching you from the east. As they get closer you realise they are Trolls. Their black livery brands them as mercenaries to the service of Lord Azzur of Blacksand.

The adventurers have several options. They may decide to flee from the warband (them are nine Trolls, armed with a vicious army of weapons). If they do flee, the Trolls give chase. After a lengthy pursuit the muscular Trolls will catch up, and the adventurers will have no option but to fight. Alternatively the adventurers may like to stand and fight anyway. After all, a Troll is a Troll, and no-one's likely to weep overmuch if several meet an abrupt end on the lonely moors.

TROLLS **each** SKILL 9 STAMINA 9, 2 Attacks

A safer option would be to try and talk to the soldiers. Unfortunately one of them, by the name of Cull, is rather stupid. All he ever does is shout 'Show me your passes!' very loudly, embarrassing his slightly mote sophisticated colleagues, who realise that Azzur's passes only apply *within* the city. They generally ignore his outbursts, but if an adventurer reacts with hostility towards Cull they will defend him violently. Even if the adventurers show Cull a pass, it won't stop him bellowing his phrase every so often. After all, it's the only one he knows . . .

If the adventurers can deal with Cull tactfully enough they should get on fine with the Trolls. Bribery would be effective here, if the adventurers wish to learn something. Unfortunately the mercenaries don't have very much to tell. They've searched the plains from end to end without so much as a glimpse of the castle they seek. They've also fought some huge, very frightening monsters (the Trolls make them sound as if they were the size of mountains).

Finding the Castle

There are only two ways of finding the fortress from which the Riddling Reaver is hatching his plot. The first is to complete *all* of the encounters; they'll suddenly notice the ornate towers of a castle looming over a low rise not far distant. If Angelica is still with the patty she strongly urges them to abandon their quest, explaining that the castle is that of an evil Demon Lord. If the players react to this abrupt change in attitude with hostility or suspicion she runs away from them, into the castle.

The other way to reach the castle is to pick a route entirely at random. Using the methods of the Trickster Gods of Luck and Chance against their servant is often an effective course of action. If at any point the players roll a dice to decide which way to go, or use any other method for choosing which way to go purely by chance, they will soon spot the towers of the castle.

You top the rise, and see your goal below you. The castle is not large, but is fantastically ornate. The stonework defies description as each wall and facet is carved into writhing figures. Above the open gate a huge symbol is carved from the stonework: a double-headed arrow.

Once inside the adventurers find that the interior of the fortress is as strange as the exterior. Makeup the corridors as the adventurers proceed along them. Pretend you are referring to a plan while announcing such things as 'there is a winding staircase leading up, while the corridor continues straight on'. There's no need to make your description sensible. If the players try to map the castle they will probably find that it doesn't make sense. This is correct, as the castle is an illusion. While wandering the passageways of the fortress, the adventurers don't meet a soul and hear nothing. If Angelica is with them she continually warns that the castle has been enchanted and that they should leave immediately.

The only way to actually get to the Riddling Reaver is to pick a path at random. This rapidly brings the party to a high domed chamber, in which a doddery old man hangs from the ceiling, mumbling to himself, suspended by a harness over a pentagram inscribed on the floor.

The adventurers have found the secret of the spell which afflicts Port Blacksand. The old man is Alokurga, a sorcerer from Khul who mastered the art of bringing dreams to life. The Riddling Reaver discovered this and captured him. Alokurga is now in a twilight region between sleep and wakefulness, in which he repeatedly casts the Dream spell. The Reaver has used his own knowledge of the Forbidden Arts to amplify the spell so that it affects Port Blacksand and the surrounding area. If the spell is to be broken, Alokurga's mumbling must be stopped!

The first obstacle to be overcome is Angelica (unless she was killed earlier). Whether she entered the castle with the adventurers, or had come here earlier, she now bars their way.

'I did my best to warn you; she says, 'but you were too stupid to listen. Go now, or die by chance.'

The adventurers must either leave the castle immediately, or fight Angelica to the death. Once she has been beaten, the adventurers face their next problem. The pentagram beneath Alokurga acts as a shield, preventing anyone from entering or poking anything up at the dangling wizard. The players have to use their wits to break the harness that supports him. This is possible, as the shield doesn't extend the whole way up to the ceiling. A good arrow shot from a bow would be able to sever the rope from which the harness hangs. Anyone attempting the shot should roll three dice. If the result is less than their SKILL they succeed in cutting the rope. The adventurers may keep shooting until they break the rope (don't tell them this – make them feel it's a race against time!).

Once the rope is broken, Alokurga drops to the ground with a thump. The landing jolts him awake, and he opens eyes wide with astonishment. As they watch, he waves his arms madly and utters a piercing shriek. His body is flung around, as if by some fearsome invisible creature, and great wounds appear on his body. Alokurga is dead – it seems *some* dreams can kill after all. With his death the spell is lifted from Blacksand. But the adventurers still haven't met their foe. Read out the following:

The pentagram fades from the floor as the enchantment is broken. Before you can congratulate each other, however, a figure strides through the doors at the end of the chamber. The man is tall and darkly handsome. He dresses in black, with a cloak draped across his shoulders. He turns eyes full of sadness on you, and begins to speak.

'Listen to me. I have been Loka Sen, Jaiphrai Ah'Cha, Carus Nassur and many others. My masters call me the Riddling Reaver though I am in truth no more a brigand than many so-called Lords. You may think that in defeating me you have saved Allansia from a great evil, but you have done more harm than good. I know for I weigh both against each other I sought to bring down the evil Azzur, whose cancerous malice is spreading through the region. In stopping me, you have allowed the disease that he brings to live and thrive. You have robbed me of my darling Angelica, for which crime you may pay, if luck be not on your side. Think on this.'

His cloak swirls. He is doused in a blinding blue light. You have a faint vision of the face of the figure changing, becoming as full of hate and cruelty as a ravening wolf. There is an insane laugh and he is gone.

As the Beaver disappears, so does the castle. The adventurers find themselves inside a run-down wooden shack, whose only occupant is the mutilated corpse of Alokurga the Sorcerer. Their adventure is over, and they have removed the threat to Blacksand, but they may regret this if they return. The turmoil in the city was so great that Azzur took vicious measures. No one will be allowed into the city by the Gate Guards, whatever passes they carry. If they wish to stay in a town tonight the adventurers will have to trek to Silverton.

ATTACKED BY DREAMS

As the adventurers search the plains, the Beaver's enchantment begins to take hold of them. The longer they wander without finding the Beaver's castle, the more chance they'll be affected by the spell. Roll two dice after their *third* encounter. If the result is three or less, one of the adventurer s dreams comes to life and attacks! Roll again after each subsequent encounter. A dream comes to life if the number rolled is less than or equal to the number of encounters the adventurers have had.

These encounters give you the opportunity to stretch your imagination. You must decide what terrors will haunt the adventurers in their dreams, and bring them to life. The easiest way to do this is to use some of the most horrific monstrosities from *Out of the Pit.* If this is not the first *Fighting Fantasy Role-playing* adventure you've run, why not use a monster that the adventurers have encountered in the past? Don't forget that in nightmares monsters are always far bigger and nastier than in real life . . .

By far the best option, though, is to make the encounter a really dramatic scene, just like in a horror movie. A decaying hand reaches out from the soil and grasp an adventurer's leg; the suns obscured by an enormous flock of evil black leathery-winged creatures; the grass comes alive beneath the party's feet. Think of the worst nightmare you've ever had – and use it!

Remember:

– Before each fight, make a note of each adventurer's level of STAMINA.

– No adventurer can be killed by a dream.

Don't tell the players that they can't be harmed by the dreams – let them be frightened. Wounds received in fights with dreams look and feel real, but in fact they are illusions. The purpose of the Beaver's dream spell is not to kill people, but to frighten them. Adventurers 'killed' by a dream are actually knocked unconscious. Ask survivors of fights whether they are abandoning the bodies of their 'dead' comrades. Bodies left behind come to after several hours, lost on the plains but very much alive. They will be able to make their way back to Port Blacksand without much trouble, but for them the adventure is over. If surviving adventurers are thoughtful enough to bury their 'dead' comrades they may have a little more difficulty getting back to Blacksand . . .

If any attempt is made to revive 'dead' characters, they will quickly awaken, apparently on 1 point of STAMINA. If 'dead' characters are taken with the other adventures they will wake up in time for the next encounter. STAMINA points lost in a dream-fight heal quickly. Next time the adventurers get into a fight, tell them that their wounds seem to have healed back to what they had before.

You will have to decide for yourself on the SKILL and STAMINA of the 'dream-sendings', and also on the threat represented by any more imaginative dreams. This is all part of being a GamesMaster – think quickly and you'll do fine.

The players may realise very quickly that there's something not quite right' about these dream encounters, so you'll have to use your ingenuity to make them frightening. Once the players catch on to the fact that you're asking them for their STAMINA levels before dream fights ask them for their STAMINA levels before *normal* encounters too. With any luck, they'll soon be terrified by every new menace – not knowing whether it's real, or a creation of their own nightmares.

THE REAVER'S RIDDLES!!

So, did you enjoy playing *The Dreaming Sands* then? You did? Good! Did you know that it was written as a prelude to the four adventures in **The Riddling Reaver**, the new book of multi-player Fighting Fantasy adventures released very shoal) by Puffin Books? You did? Good! Now how would you like to win a copy of **The Riddling Reaver**, by answering a few easy questions? You would? Good!

Listen well and we'll tell you
Just what it is you have to do!

All you have to do is take a look at these five phrases. What do you mean, they're complete nonsense. Oh no they're not! The Riddling Reaver deals in riddles and confusion – and these phrases are just a bit confused, that's all! What you have to do is solve these fiendish anagrams to create five famous places from Allansia. Some of them have even been mentioned in the adventure you've just played – so there's no excuse for getting them wrong, right?

1. CHART IS FIVER
2. LIFE, SIR DAN
3. O FIT ON A PURE MINT
4. DROP BACK SLANT
5. TENSE DOG RIB

Now I've done that 'What's next?' you say
Just send it in right away!

All entries must be with us by **Monday, 8th of January 1987**. Send your solutions (preferably on a postcard please) *together* with you age, name and address, to this short and simple address:

The Reaver's Riddles!
Warlock Magazine
Games Workshop Design Studio
Enfield Chambers
14–16 Low Pavement
Nottingham NG1 7DL

The first twenty, yes, *twenty!*, correct entries drawn out of the Reaver's trioctohedral homburg on the closing date will each win a specially unsigned copy of **The Riddling Reaver** by Paul Mason & Steve Williams. What could be better than that? Don't answer that one.

BEGINNERS

ABSOLUTE

Across the Board with Ashley Shepherd

Why, Oh Mighty Warlock, do I need to tell them about boardgames? Surely they already know of such things, don't they? Everybody plays Monopoly with Granny at Christmas . . . No? Not Monopoly? Scrabble then, or . . .

After the dip into fantasy roleplaying games in the last issue, this time you may think that you are going to know all about what is coming next: boardgames. Like I tried to tell the Warlock, everybody knows what you get in a game box: a board, playing pieces, a few cards, some money, a few extra plastic bits – the usual sort of stuff. And you all know how boardgames are played: move round a track, build a hotel, slide down the snake and make the word 'YURT' for a triple word score and a visit to the dictionary.

Well, not quite. Fantasy boardgames are not played in quite the same old, traditional ways. While the bits in the box *look* like ordinary game bits, the way the games are played is often quite different – and a bit more involved than the usual sort of boardgame. It's the differences in the way that fantasy boardgames are played that makes them seem odd – and sometimes difficult at first- to play. The rules are usually straightforward, but the way that the game works is quite different. You'll often find that the ideas used in playing say, Monopoly (moving round a track as far as the dice allow, buying and selling pieces of property, etc) aren't used at all in fantasy boardgames. You can often find yourself with more than one piece to move – and the dice aren't involved at all . . .

However, individual games also differ from each other – unlike Fighting Fantasy and roleplaying games, where the principles of what is going on don't change very much from book to book or game to game. Rather than talking about fantasy boardgames in a general way, let's look at some – the sort of game where buying a hotel isn't just dull, it's impossible!

As well as being the first Fighting Fantasy gamebook, ***The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*** is also the first Fighting Fantasy boardgame. As you might expect – and no prizes for guessing (they come later) – the game is based on the book. All you have to do is battle your way through the maze under Firetop Mountain, and find the keys that unlock the Warlock's treasure chest. Oh, and knock off all the guardians the old magician has left dotted around the place. A lot like the book in fact, and just looking through the bits in the box conveys this fact. It's just that doing all that lot before any of the other players could be a bit of a problem . . .

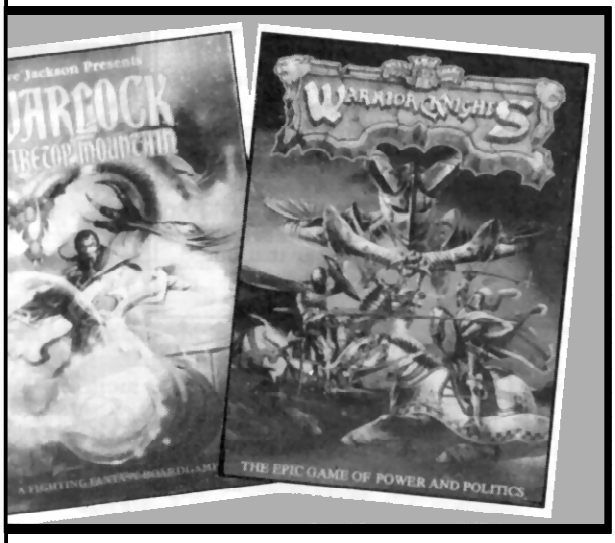

It's not a problem because the game itself is hard to play or to understand, because it isn't. Many of the ideas in *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* will be familiar – creating characters by rolling up SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK, for example. If you can read a gamebook, you can play this game; I guess the rest of you won't have got this far anyway.

Once you have your character, it's off to Firetop Mountain to wander the tunnels and chambers in search of the keys to Zagor's treasure chest. Various bunches of keys are there to be found – along with assorted monsters, treasures (including a bit of cheese!) and special encounters. Three numbered keys are needed to open the chest, and a bit of detective work is needed to work out which one. Players can state, for example, that they think key 9 is needed, and the other players have to prove that it isn't by producing key 9. This is a bit like Cluedo, where Colonel Mustard in somebody's hand means he isn't the murderer. Eventually, the process of elimination means that you can try to open the chest – but if you get it wrong it's back to the dungeon entrance!

And if it wasn't dangerous enough to wander round under Firetop Mountain on your own, the other players are there as well. You can co-operate with them, but as there can only ever be one winner, sooner or later the kind words are forgotten and the swords come out . . . Although it looks rather different from traditional boardgames, *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* is easy to learn and play, and it can be finished in a couple of hours. Just right for a bit of gentle digestion (and monster-bashing) after the Christmas pudding, in fact.

At first glance, the classic fantasy boardgame ***Talisman*** looks more like a traditional game. It's got tracks around the board for playing pieces to move along, and you move as far as the dice tell you to go. However, things soon get weird because you can go either way round the track, depending on where you want to go . . . *Talisman* might *look* like a more straightforward boardgame, but it's far from it.

The object of the game is to win by being the first player to reach the centre of the board, and the magical Crown of Command, which allows you to eliminate the other players. However, getting to the Crown of Command needs a little luck, and some planning. As in *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, each player controls a character, although one of these is given to you at the start of the game (chosen

from a stock of fourteen). Each starts in a different place on the outer track of the board, and has different abilities. The Warrior, for example, is excellent in a fight, while the Minstrel doesn't have to bother fighting at all (he sings to people and they all run away, like Derek in the bath). Moving round the outer edges of the board brings you up against a variety of events, creatures and magical items – some of which are dangerous (very dangerous in several cases), some of which will do you good. The point of all this is to collect enough magical items, followers, magical ability strength and the like to move onto the next stage.

Sooner or later you have m move towards the centre and go for the Crown of Command. Go too early, though, and you will be beaten back by the perils that await; go too late, and you will have enough resources to take you to the crown – but so will everybody else. Deciding how long to wait before you try to win is the most important decision in the game, and as fortunes can wane quickly (there's nothing like being turned into a frog to make you realise that perhaps you aren't going to win *just* yet), *Talisman* can take a long time to play. The rules actually sound quite complicated, but they aren't as bad as they seem. The detail is what makes it so popular, and this means that lots of rules. Fortunately, most of them are on the playing cards, so the rulebook doesn't get too much use after the first couple of turns.

And once you think you have worked out all the options in *Talisman*, there are two expansion sets for the game. ***The Talisman Expansion Set*** – good name, that – and ***Talisman The Adventure*** are not complete games in their own rights. Both add lots of extra event cards to the game, and give players the opportunity to start the game as new characters like the Gladiator, or the Witch Doctor – before they get changed into frogs, that is. *Talisman The Adventure* also introduces some new rules for the game's ending, which can be very entertaining. With these extra rules, you can no longer be sure what is waiting in the middle of the board . . .

Those two games are ideal starting places for beginners interested in fantasy boardgames. For more experienced players, though, there are many other games, including these two. ***Kings & Things**** (the full title of the game continues **& Wizards & Dragons & Elves & Swords & Swamps & . . .* and so on and so on) looks nothing like an ordinary boardgame, or even – at first glance – any sort of boardgame. There seems to be a slight problem with the board, for a start. Why? Well, er, there isn't one. The first thing the players do is to build a new mapboard from the hexagon-shaped pieces of countryside that come with the game. This means the gameboard is different every time. After that, they get to start exploring and conquering the board with armies of Pterodactyl Warriors, Dervishes, Killer Penguins, Swamp Monsters and Walking Forests (to name but a very few). The object in all this is to conquer the whole world (the board) or enough of it to finance the building of a really big castle.

*Kings & Things** is not a serious game. In fact it's very silly and a lot of fun, but it is fairly complicated due to the number of different rules that have to be remembered at any one time. It is a game based more on traditional board wargames than on traditional boardgames, though its silly rules and storyline set it apart from more boring examples of the species. While it is simple in wargame terms (some wargames have rule books longer than a typical issue of *Warlock*!), it could be quite daunting for a beginner. It can take a long time to play all the way through – although a winner can emerge well before the game is over.

Warrior Knights is also fairly complicated, and again this is due to the number of different rules that need to be remembered during play. In this game each player is again trying to conquer a mythical country with their legions of troops (although they don't have to build the board this time). Paying all those soldiers is an expensive business, so the players have to make sure that they have enough money from the trading with other countries, taxing cities that they own and looting other players' cities.

The game gets complicated when you try to work out whether you can afford to hire extra troops to burn down an opponent's city (and get some money to pay the troops), or whether you should wait a couple more turns and hire a bigger army to conquer him outright . . . In the meantime, of course, the other players have been deciding whether or not they can afford to attack you, and so you need troops just to defend yourself from the other players. And attack is the best form of defence, so perhaps you do need to spend more money after all . . . *Warrior Knights* is a very big game, a true epic, with lots of pieces (most of which get used in every game), lots of rules, and lots of play in the box. The only problem is that it can take ages to play . . . If you are an absolute beginner you'd be better off with *Talisman* or *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*, but if you've got some gaming experience these two will appeal to your advanced tastes.

And with that I'd better put myself back in the box and tidy all these games away. Now where did I put the Killer Penguins?

▶ WARLOCKS TO YOU!! ◀

That's right – you too can have a copy of *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain* boardgame absolutely free by entering our very simple competition well, it was set by our very simple editor so it's bound to be easy!).

What You Have To Do

Study the six pictures we've printed here. All you have to do is tell us which Fighting Fantasy gamebook each illustration comes from. What could be simpler?

When You Have To Do It By

All entries must be with us by **Monday, 8th January 1987**. Send your completed answers (preferably on a postcard please), together with your age, name and address, to this extremely long address:

Warlocks To You!!
Warlock Magazine
Games Workshop Design Studio
Enfield Chambers
14–16 Low Pavement,
Nottingham NG1 7DL

What You Get If You Do It Right

First prizes: There are 10 first prizes of the truly marvellous *Warlock o/ Firetop Mountain* boardgame, usually sold by Games Workshop for £12.95.

Runner-up prizes: 50 giant *Warlock of Firetop Mountain* posters. These were specially produced in very limited quantities to advertise the game and cannot be bought in any shops – real collector's items! Aren't we good to you?

PAINT-YER-DRAGON

By Rick Priestley

Long, long ago, yours truly was the Head Keeper of the Citadel Mail Order Trolls. This was a demanding job, what with mucking out their cages and stopping the loathsome creatures eating each other. Still, I somehow managed to find time to read all of the letters our customers sent to Mail Order. We used to receive quite a few letters asking why Citadel didn't make plastic models, the writer usually claiming that this would be far 'cheaper' than metal. Well, the matter interested us g mean, /d always wondered why Citadel didn't make plastic models!) so we asked a few questions, and got a few quotes and then . . . and then . . . we slumped to the ground and went 'Blubububububb!'

You really can't imagine the true enormity of expense involved in making plastic figures! Think of how much money you'd like to win on the premium bonds, double it, now multiply by your shoe size – by now you are only approaching the sum involved if you have very large feet. It's not the plastic, which certainly is far cheaper than metal – it's making the moulds that costs a fortune. Citadel might be the world's largest manufacturer of metal gaming figures, but that's still pretty small compared with the big model producers and toy companies.

The pages of *Warlock* are not the place to describe quite how we got the money – perhaps I'll write a book about it one day, when all the people involved have gone to prison or to live in South America. Anyway, we got the cash, though for a moment we thought the boss, Bryan Ansell, was going to sneak off and buy a Mediterranean island with it. Manufacture was problematic too -the plastics people were more used to making Tuppaware and plastic freebies for breakfast cereals (detail? what's detail?). The first plastics to squeeze out of their moulds were good, but not as good as we wanted – certainly not as good as metal. But we managed to sell enough to try again, and again, and *at last* things started to fit into place. We had the new plastic skeletons!

The Skeleton Horde come in a box containing six individual sprues which make up into twenty-four skeletons. Best of all, the models are not only as good as metal, they're actually better! The limbs and spine are realistically thin, something you couldn't do in metal because they'd snap. Detail is better than any of Citadel's previous plastic offerings and easily as fine as metal. The kits have separate arms and heads, with optional weapons on the various arms and two different head designs. The shields supplied are the standard Citadel plastic shields and the bases are slottabases, so you can mix them into your metal armies and they won't look out of place!

Anyone familiar with plastic kits will find these skeletons simple to put together. The same techniques and adhesives used for aeroplanes, etc, will give good results. The instructions on the box are skimpy, but basically all you'll need. I didn't bother washing the sprues before assembly, but it is definitely a good idea to quickly wash each sprue in warm water with a little washing-up liquid added. This will remove any lubricant left over from the moulding process which might otherwise resist the glue and paint (that's why paint never sticks to Airfix soldiers, incidentally!). The (four different) body sections can then be fixed directly onto the bases using polystyrene cement. The liquid stuff which comes in bottles is best for these small pieces, though the thicker glue in tubes will do.

Once this is dry fix the arms. There is a choice of arms with different weapons – a sword, axe, scimitar, spear or scythe. As there are four skeletons per sprue and five arms to choose from you'll have a spare left over (it'll be useful for conversions). The left arm is positioned to hold a shield, but again this is optional. The arms fit into the body by a ball-and-socket joint, so just about any position is possible and there is no reason why you should have any two figures in the same pose; the box photo is a good guide here. When gluing, apply a tiny amount to the surfaces to be joined, wait a second or two, and preset firmly into place. The glue will take hold after a few seconds and should remain fast. Shields are glued directly to the arm as required – there is no peg, so be careful. Lastly choose your head and glue it on top of the spine, again in any angle you want.

Painting is no different from metal models. An undercoat of white paint is recommended on the box back, but this is not so important as with metal models. A good bone colour can be mixed from one part Citadel Colour Bronzed Flesh to one part yellow, adding white to lighten it if you wish. Remember: old bones aren't white but usually a pale yellowish brown. Once your background colour is dry, apply a wash to pick out all the detail. The models on the box back have been washed in a dark brown ink, but you can use thinned paint just as effectively. Prepare a wash by mixing brown and black paint and adding water – the consistency to aim for is that of dirty washing-up water. Paint the whole model in this mix and observe how the paint flows into the skeleton's eye-sockets, ribs, and other detail. Once dry, detail can be accentuated further using dark brown paint and a steady hand. Carefully paint in the recessed areas around the ribs, where the bones join, inside the mouth and in the eye-sockets. If you've a really steady hand you could even pick out the teeth with white paint!

Skeletons and other undead often look better with their eyes painted in a bright colour. Just put a tiny red, yellow or orange dot on the back of the eye-socket. Although skeletons look good in plain bone, you can give them more character by adding runes and mystic symbols in thin lines of red. Just find a flat area of bone such as the forehead, and carefully paint on a symbol. Alchemical symbols, crosses, runes and anything else you can think of will all make your models unique, a joy to look at and game with!

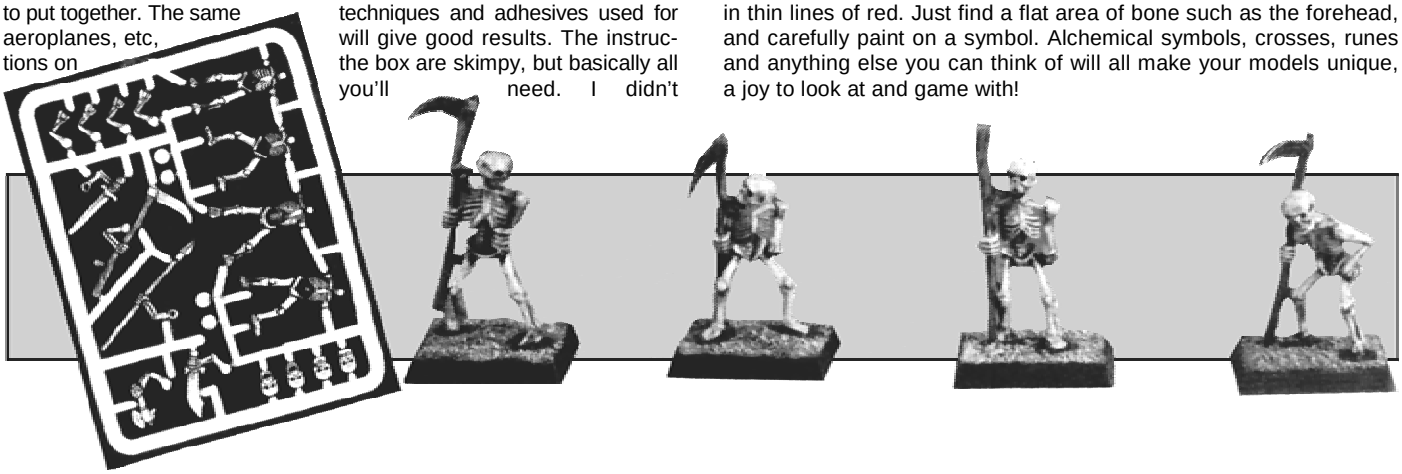

DEREK THE TROLL'S 'ORRIBLE TROLL-PLAYING GAME!

INTELLIGENCE: NOT MUCH MORE THAN A TOAD'S
STAMINA: NOT A LOT
SKILL: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING!

©LEW STRINGER 1986

1 YOU ARE **DEREK THE TROLL** — SMELLY DWELLER OF A BYGONE AGE...

2 OOER! **TREV THE VAMPIRE** ATTACKS! DO YOU RUN FOR IT? (GO TO **3**), OR STAND ROOTED WITH FEAR? (GO TO **4**), OR LEAP ASIDE? (GO TO **16**, OVER THE PAGE)

3 TOUGH LUCK! WITH YOUR SHORT LEGS, TREV EASILY CATCHES UP WITH YOU AND SINKS HIS FANGS INTO YOUR NECK! (GO TO **5**)

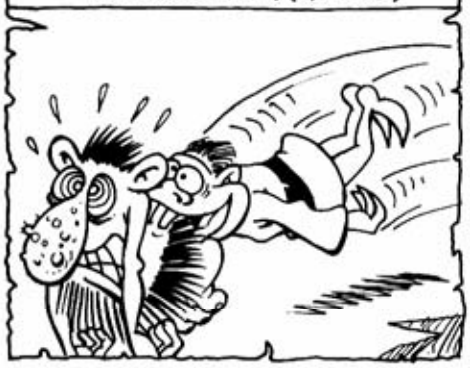

4 GOOD ON YER, SON! YOUR FEAR MAKES YOU SWEAT, AND TREV CHOKES ON THE STINK! (GO TO **6**)

5 YOUR FOUL TROLL'S BLOOD POISONS TREV, BUT IT'S TOO LATE — YOU'VE BECOME A **VAMPIRE!** (GO TO **7**)

6 CHUFFED WITH YOUR VICTORY, YOU DECIDE TO CELEBRATE. DO YOU GIVE A CHEER OF DELIGHT? (GO TO **13**, OVER THE PAGE), OR PICK YOUR NOSE? (GO TO **14**, OVER THE PAGE), OR DO A TRIPLE SOMERSAULT? (GO TO **16**, OVER THE PAGE).

7 YOUR FANGS ARE STUCK FAST! DO YOU CRY FOR HELP? (GO TO **13**, OVER THE PAGE), OR WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO COME ALONG? (GO TO **8**)

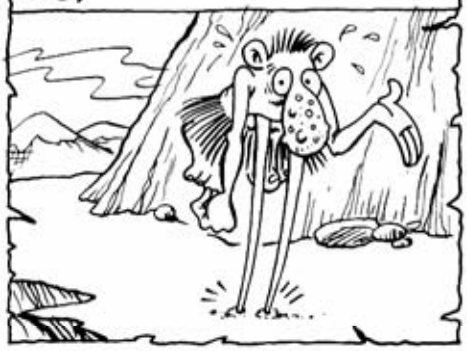

8 YOUR WAITING PAYS OFF. **GERTIE THE GOBLIN** GIVES YOU A HELPING HAND... er... FOOT! (GO TO **9**)

9 YOU'RE ABOUT TO LAND. IF YOU'RE A NEW **WARLOCK** READER, GO TO **12** (OVER THE PAGE), IF NOT, GO TO **10**.

10 YOU LAND ON A SPLINTER. OUCH! (GO TO **11**)

11 THE WOODEN SPLINTER CURES YOUR VAMPIRISM! DO YOU CHEER WITH DELIGHT (GO TO **13** OVER THE PAGE), OR PICK YOUR NOSE? (GO TO **14**, OVER THE PAGE)? OR THANK THE GODS FOR YOUR GOOD FORTUNE? (GO TO **15**, OVER THE PAGE)

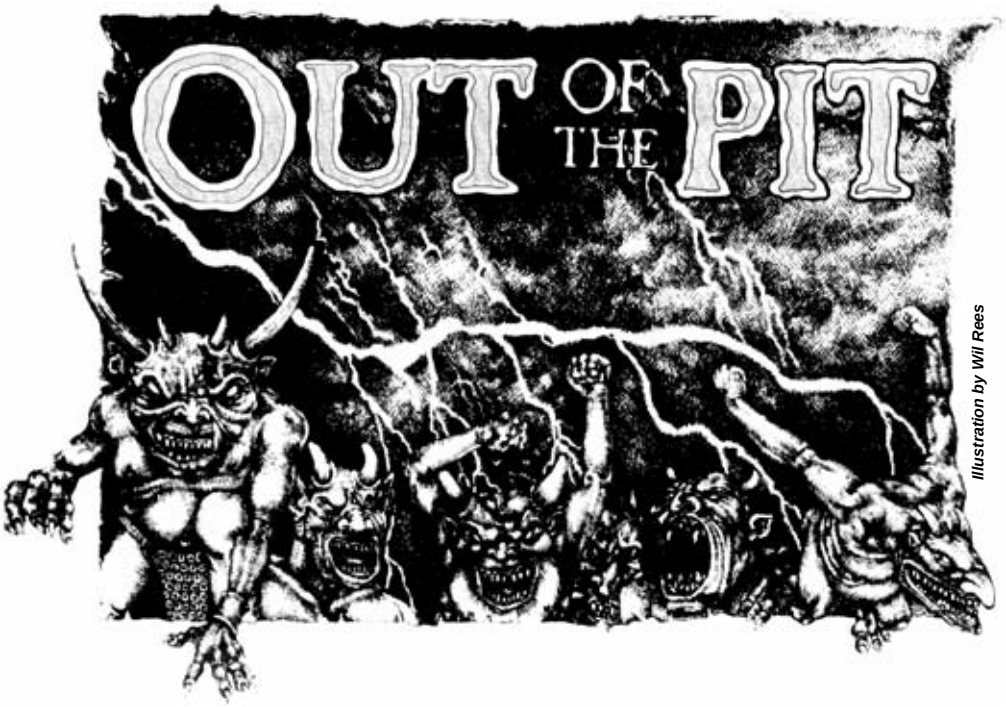

Illustration by Wil Rees

That Derek's stolen some of the page this issue, so just for a change I won't waffle out an introduction. In any case, I'm sure these nasty little things can speak for themselves, especially the first, which has to be the most dangerous creature we've ever detailed.

KRAGON

by David Picking

SKILL: 10 (see below) 4 Attacks
STAMINA: 25 (see below)
Habitat: Caves, Ruins, Wilderness, Demonic Plane
Number Encountered: 1
Type: Undead
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: Low

The Kragon is surely one of the rarest and most feared undead beasts ever to stalk the surface of the world. Seldom has a man witnessed such a beast and lived to tell the tale, but a few years back the sage Canastus had the misfortune to see a tight between five men and a Kragon in the wilds of the Flatlands of Allansia. This is how he put it in his journals: And then I espied the five warriors, creeping gingerly into the cavern's mouth. But before they had disappeared into the shadows there came an ear-splintering shriek and out of the cave came the most hideous creature I have ever seen. All five brave warriors attacked at once, but two were sent sprawling by a flap of the beast's wings, and the rest were trampled and gouged by its terrible clawed feet. In under thirty seconds the five brave heroes were dead! I turned and fled, fearing for my life . . .'

A Kragon is created by a lengthy magical ritual involving the animation of a freshly-dead dragon-little wonder such creatures are so rare, Even worse, they are very difficult creatures to control, for they still retain some semblance of their previous intelligence, though it is twisted and warped into a being of pure evil. They will not serve anyone less than a Demon Prince, and even then they are savage and unruly, preferring above all to kill or maim all living or undead beings.

The size and strength of a Kragon depends very much on its age before it died. The SKILL and STAMINA scores given above are for a typical creature, though younger or older Kragons will have different scores. To work out the scores for a Kragon take the scores it had as a living dragon, and reduce its SKILL by 2 and its STAMINA by 4. Kragons are not as skilled at fighting as dragons, for they have much less intelligence, though this is balanced by a terrible killing instinct not found in living dragons. Kragons do not have breath weapons, and they do not hoard treasure since, like most of the undead, they do not possess enough intelligence to recognise its worth.

MIRE-MAN

by Simon Hall

SKILL: 7 4 Attacks
STAMINA: 7
Habitat: Marshes
Number Encountered: 1–3
Type: Undead
Reaction: Hostile
Intelligence: Low

Many people die in the swamps of Titan. Some are devoured by their killers; others are left to sink into the foul slime and mud. But the life-forces of a few remain, kept from leaving for the spiritual planes by the swamps' strange fogs and mists, and rise again as Mire-Men. These horrific undead look similar to ghouls, with decomposing flesh peeling to reveal ribs and entrails. They are coloured a putrid grey, dripping with slime and vile pus. A detestable stench hangs heavy in the air around these fiends.

Mire-Men need to feed on meat to continue their dreadful half-life. They spend much of their time lurking beneath the surface, awaiting the passing of a living creature. When one happens by they will burst out, attacking with a weapon or their teeth. The fetid odours surrounding them can also be a hazard; after the second Attack Round, and every round thereafter, the Mire-Man's opponents will begin to weaken, losing I STAMINA point. When its opponent eventually succumbs the Mire-Man will drag their lifeless body beneath the surface to feast, leaving no sign of the foul deed it has committed.

FLAME DEAD

by Mark McLeod

SKILL: 10 2 Attacks
STAMINA: 6
Habitat: Caves, Dungeons, Dragon Lairs
Number Encountered: 1–4
Type: Undead
Reaction: Neutral–Hostile
Intelligence: High

The ancient race of dragons have accumulated much arcane knowledge over the millennia, a

great deal of it totally incomprehensible to the sorcerers of other races. The creation of Flame Dead is one such field of knowledge. They are the reanimated skeletons of creatures slain by dragon flame, and so are most often found in the company of red, gold and green dragons.

Flame Dead are a disquieting sight even to the most experienced adventurer. Their skeletal bodies burn with a green, supernatural fire, while white flames dance wildly in the creatures' empty eye sockets. In combat the Flame Dead attack with their hands, which burn an opponent for one die of STAMINA damage for every successful hit.

Dragons use the Flame Dead for a number of purposes, putting them to work as servants and as guards for their treasure hoards. Sometimes a dragon will use Flame Dead to convey messages to people it is trying to impress or frighten. The power of speech and the high level of intelligence of the Flame Dead use up a great deal of magical energy, which accounts for their low STAMINA.

NIGHTSHADE

by Scott Keith

SKILL: 11
STAMINA: 10
Habitat: Dungeons/Ruins
Number Encountered: 1
Type: Undead
Reaction: Unfriendly–Hostile
Intelligence: Average–High

Stalking dark, dank dungeons in search of fame and fortune can be a dangerous thing, especially when a Nightshade lurks in the shadows, waiting to pounce on the next unwary adventurer. Many people know the tales of how the Nightshades are formed. Formed from failed experiments with resurrection spells, the spirits of malicious demons are called into the bodies of dead warriors, which rapidly decay and fester, but rise again to stalk the world.

A Nightshade will usually surprise an adventurer by appearing from the shadows as a shapeless, cloaked and hooded being. Because of this ability to leap from the shadows their first strike is usually automatic. Anyone who glimpses inside the hood will only see mind-mangling nothingness, which will cause them

to *Test For Luck* or go insane. The touch of a Nightshade is so deathly cold that it takes 3 points of damage instead of the usual 2. Even worse, a Nightshade drains its opponents of their life-force with this chill touch. For every hit this being causes, it gains a STAMINA point itself! Like many of the more powerful undead, a Nightshade can only be hit by silver weapons.

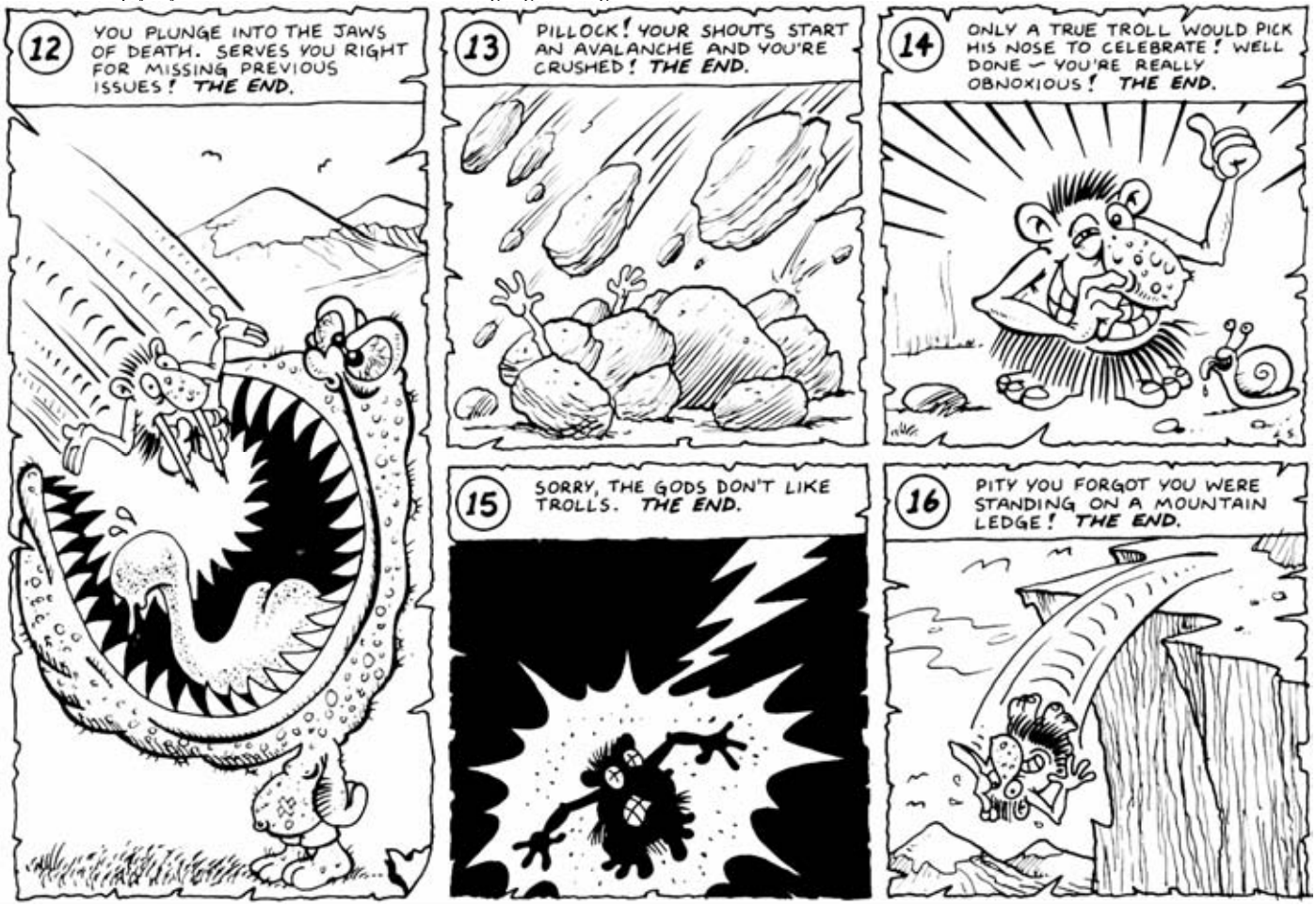

New acquisitions in the Warlock's library, reviewed by arch-lackey Paul Cockburn with the 'assistance' of Derek the Troll, servant of the people.

This may be a special horror issue, but there really isn't any way I'm going to allow young Derek to look at some of the stuff we've received this month because it'll only give him nightmares again. Take it for granted that books like **Claw of the Dragon** (TSR, £1.25) are true monstrosities that should never have been allowed to see the light of day. Much more to my, and Derek's, liking is the new FF release . . .

Masks of Mayhem
Robin Waterfield
Puffin
£1.95

Derek says you can always judge how good a book is by how bad its cover blurb is, and in this case that's exactly right. Have a read: *"Morgana, the fell sorceress of Krill Garnash, is poised to loose her dreaded Golems, which none will be able to resist!"* Sounds like a laugh a minute, eh?

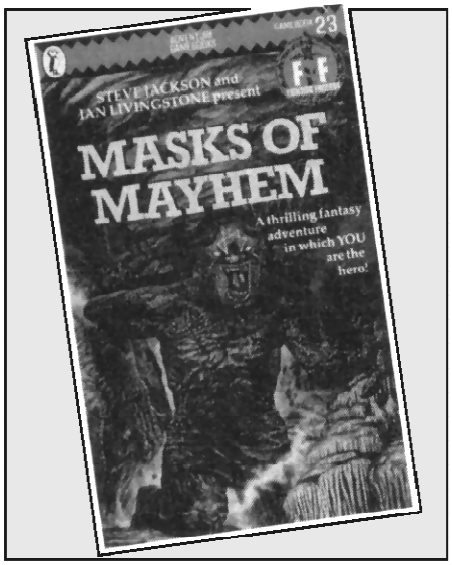

Well actually *Masks of Mayhem* is a very good example of how to write an entertaining FF book. You are the ruler of Arion, in the north-east part of Khul (the legendary third continent of Titan), whose realm is threatened by the evil sorceress (yes Derek, Morgans) who lives in the lofty peaks of the mountains far to the north. You, of course, are so brave and so heroic that you volunteer to go and sort the old bat out yourself. Yes Derek, I know that if he dies en route she'll just walk in and take over the country anyway, but maybe there's a shortage of good heroes in Khul.

Anyway, the book then takes the form of a trek across the wild northern lands, with much the same brooding atmosphere as books like *The Lord of the Rings* and Steve Jackson's *Sorcery!* series. However, Robin – who should know a thing or two about gamebooks because he's actually one of the editors of the series – has made every encounter along the road interesting and challenging. All in all, Masks of Mayhem is a great addition to the range, and should be in positively everyone's library. Incidentally, the high point of the quest for Derek was the tiger hunt around Affen Forest. Armed with just a spear and a nose full of spots our Derek managed to track down the tiger and scare him to death just by looking at him! Oh Derek, it was only a joke – don't look at me like that for goodness sake!

Challenge of the Magi
(Duelmaster 1)
Mark Smith &
Jamie Thomson
Armada
£3.95

So, the foul slimebeast has written some more books, eh? And by all accounts it looks like he's jumped on the two-player bandwagon too.

Well, we can't let him get away with a good review, can we? Er, well, actually we are going to have to, as these new books are rather good. True, they have dreadful covers, and even worse bear that most noxious of names on the cover, but despite these faults the books inside are great fun – though yet again I had to play them with that smelly troll!

The protagonists (bet Derek doesn't know what that means) in this case are two sorcerers, who must fight each other to prove who can lead the Inner Council of Magicians now that the old leader has passed on. To this end, both Derek and I kitted ourselves out with spells, counter spells and all the usual stuff. I was Momus the Blue; he was Derek the Spotty, er, the Green; it was war! The battle takes place in a magical place called the Rainbow Land, where magic has different effects according to where you are. The trick in this game is to explore – and survive – the areas you come across, while luring your opponent into an area where your type of magic is strong and his is weak. I must admit I did rather well, but then Derek only knows one colour, and that's green. All I had to do was keep him to areas where red and blue was strongest and he was done for. Makes a change for me to win, actually, so don't feel sorry for the little twit.

This series isn't the first two-player range, and some people may just dismiss than out of hand, but in truth they are very challenging and intriguing to play. Given a choice between, say *Combat Heroes* and *Duelmaster*, I'd certainly have great difficulty declaring which was better (yes, Derek, we know which ones you prefer, but no one asked you, did they? Push off and get that Slaine book ready for the next review please). *Challenge of the Magi* is subtle, clever and entertaining – how that creep Thomson did it perhaps we'll never know (perhaps Mark Smith wrote these ones, eh?).

The Slaine Gaming Book
Pat Mills
Titan Books
£4.95

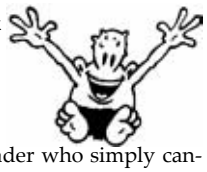

If you are the sort of reader who simply cannot last two months between issues of *Warlock*, you may well have bought some of the other solo mags that are around. If you have any brains at all you will have ignored one of them (no names, but Derek says its initial is P for Pathetic, Petty and Pretty Blinkin' Awful). However, you may have enjoyed *Diceman*, which features comic strip solo adventures based around a number of characters from *2000 AD*, easily the galaxy's greatest comic (well, the Warlock reads it every week so it must be good!). Now the creator of the Diceman strips, Pat Mills, has assembled all the best strips featuring Slaine the barbarian into one big book, and it's really wonderful.

Slaine, you see, is a heroic barbarian from the time of the Celts, a time when legends walk the earth and strange demonic powers must be fought at every turn (yes Derek, I suppose it is a bit like Nottingham during the sales).

Anyway, this large-format book features three thrilling solo adventures, each drawn as a series of numbered frames, which you move between just as you would between paragraphs in a normal book. The artwork is really excellent, and gives the games a tremendous feeling of brooding and darkness – in fact, so dark and brooding that some younger readers may find this book rather unpleasant! Nasty slimy things seem to lurk in every corner, just waiting to do unpleasant things to you. Derek loved this book – said it made him feel at home. Well, being a big tough hero like Slaine was very enjoyable, but all that skin-crawling, spine-chilling horror was getting a bit scary and I had to have a lie down. Heaven knows what your grannie would say if she played it!

Many of Slaine's friends and adversaries are represented here (including the disgusting Ukko the Dwarf, and the stomach-turning Elfric the Dev-El), and fans of the comic strip will find the stories very entertaining. Even if you've never read *2000 AD*, though, *Slaine* is highly recommended to all heroic barbarians everywhere, but only if you don't mind having your hair turn white with fright. Oh and don't eat a big meal before you start playing, like Derek did, or you may regret it! I certainly did – bleagh!

When you must do it

Get your answers to us by **Monday, 8th January 1987**. Don't forget to put your name, address and age on your entry (preferably a postcard, please), and send it to this very rather long-winded address:

Slaine Competition
Warlock Magazine
Games Workshop Design
Studio Enfield Chambers
14–16 Low Pavement
Nottingham NG1 7DL

What you could win

There are ten copies of **The Slaine Gaming Book** to be won by the ten people whose entries are pulled out of our editor's great helm on the closing date.

If you can't wait to see whether you've won, or if you'd like to know more about Slaine and his fellow, characters from 2000 AD, why not get in touch with Titan Books direct? Notonlydothey publish ***The Slaine Gaming Book***, but they also print some really great collections of the Slaine strips from 2000 AD.

Titan are really friendly people, and they run a mail order service that's easy to use. Simply send a large SAE to this address: ***Forbidden Planet Mail Order, PO Box 378, London E3 4RD***. They'll send you one of their truly astounding catalogues, which is crammed full of all kinds of goodies featuring Slaine, Judge Dredd, Trooper and all the other famous characters from 2000 AD. Alternatively, of course, you could pop into their Aladdin's cave of a shop, Forbidden Planet in Denmark Street, in London, and go goggle-eyed over all their comics, t-shirts, books and badges! See you there!

Slaine is here

This is our Special Horror Issue, so the Warlock thought we ought to give away something that will both thrill and scare you at the same time. So just for you our gracious lord and master has managed to persuade those extremely nice people at *Titan Books* to give us ten copies of **Slaine** to give away to our strong-stomached readers. Please bear in mind that the thrills in *Slaine* are very intense and exciting, so if you feel you won't be able to take such a concentration of enjoyment and entertainment all in one go don't enter! You have been warned!

What you must do

Take a look at these two lists of names. The first is a collection of heroes (and heroine!) from the pages of *2000 AD*; the second are a group of their companions from the same stories. All you need do is match up the hero with their friend. Oh, and then send them in to us! You should be able to get one of them from the review of *Slaine* you've just read.

a) Judge Dredd	1) Wulf	d) Johnny Alpha	4) Walter the Wobot
b) Halo Jones	2) Ro-Jaws	e) Nemesis	5) Ukko
c) Slaine	3) Venus Blue-Genes	f) Rogue Trooper	6) Toby

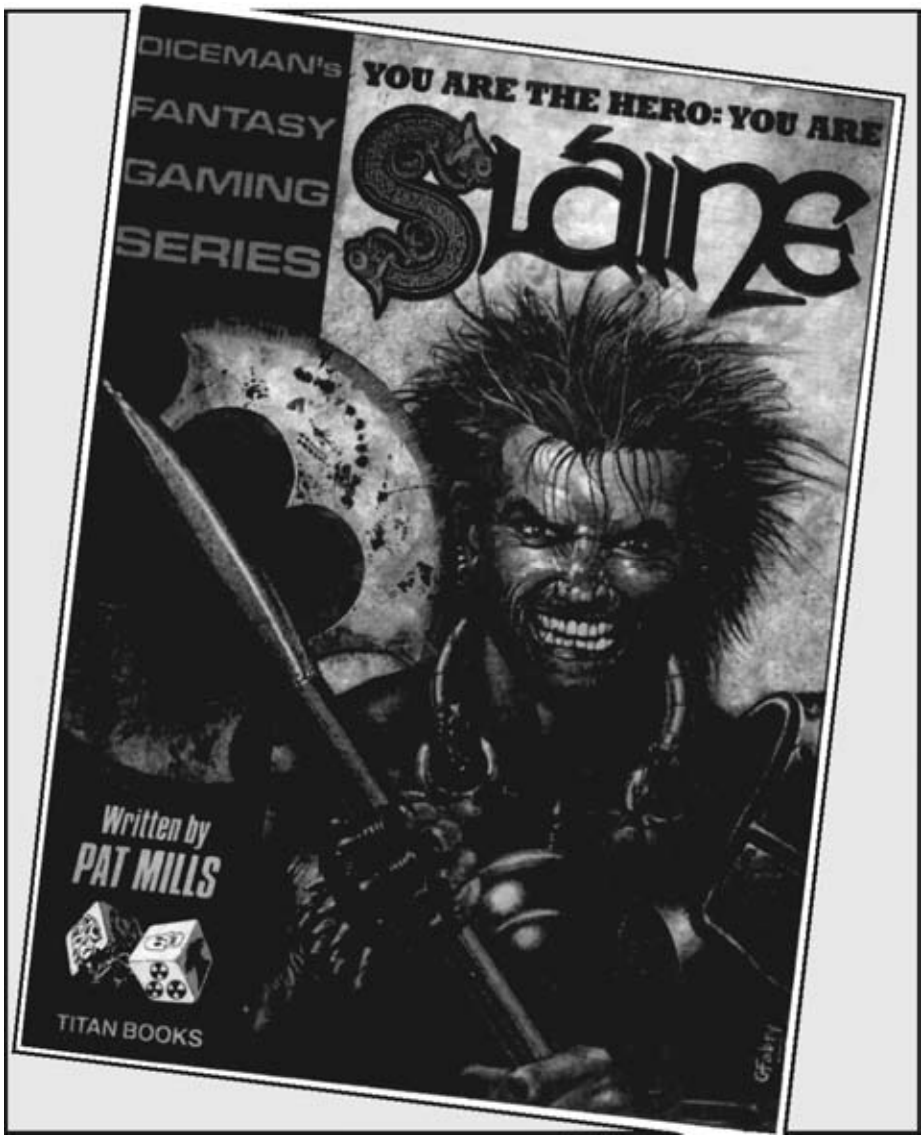

The BOOK of RUNES
AS ORC COMMANDER RASGORE STEALS THE BOOK OF RUNES A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER ARRIVES
YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE ME, GIANT!
I HAVE THE BOOK, FOOL- AND NO-ONE WILL STOP ME!
RASGORE THE CUNNING RIDES WITH THE DEVIL'S SPEED, TIGHTLY CLUTCHING THE PRECIOUS BOOK TO HIS SIDE.
WRITER/ARTIST DARREN CHANDLER.
READY...
NOW!
AAARRH!
WELL, WELL! MY DEAR RASGORE, GOING SOMEWHERE?
NO... NO, MY LIEGE. I HAVE THE BOOK. I WAS ON MY WAY TO YOUR CASTLE AND TOOK A SHORTCUT!
"SO... A SHORT CUT, EH ?"

PREPARE THE BOOK, WITCH. SO 'TIS A SHORT CUT YOU WANT. VERY WELL. GRIMACE, HAND ME MY AXE.
CHUNK
MY HANDS, NOOAARRRRR
FRESH HOOVE PRINTS, SIGNS OF A SKIRMISH AND A BROKEN PIECE OF THE GIANTS HEADRESS.
I SENSE A SPIRIT, NO... A MAN. HE HAS FOLLOWED RASGORE
I SHALL CONJURE UP SOME ENTERTAINMENT FOR OUR FRIEND!
SKREEE!
BY THE GODS...
NNNGGH... CRUSHING ME... AARRGHH!!

Grrrr! Just when Book of Runes is getting interesting Darren reaches the end of the page and has to stop for me to churn out another two pages of sarcastic replies to letters from our stupid readers. Still, bad mood or not it must be done, I guess. What's the first letter, slave?

Dear Warlock,

Och aye, it's me! Your long lost cousin Haggis McTavish. I thought I'd Send ye a wee note to say I've just woon the Scottish Spellcasting Games. I'm almost as good as you, Moo! Och, an by the way I'm a bit angry at ye There's none o'ye shops (Games Workshops) in Scotland. What are ye thinking o'? The nearest shop is in Newcastle and that's nay good, is it? Hurry up and build one or I'll set my terriers on ye!

Yours och-ayingly,
Haggis McTavish,
(c/o Julia Harrison, Edinburgh)

● **Dear Julia, I'd seek some serious professional help if I were you. I mean, Haggis McTavish! Really! I thought everyone knew my Scottish cousin is called Caber McSporran. As for Games Workshop shops in Scotland, well, I am told that there will soon be more GW shops opening in various parts of the country – maybe one will open close to you. Of course, if you live miles and miles away from the nearest Games Workshop you could always take advantage of their absolutely splendid Mail Order service (quick plug there). Now let's get a bit more serious. Quite a few people last time got exactly the wrong Idea about *Fields of Battle:***

Dear Warlock,

I, Skragg Beetlenose, orc captain, have just beaten those snivelling, cowardly dwarves, and I was wondering if I could be sent the more complex rules for Fields of Battle that you offered in your fantastic magazine.

Yours Thrashing Dwarves,
Skrag Beetlenose,
Grey Rock Keep (heh! heh!)
(c/o J. King, Sheldon)

● **Now look here, wretched orc! What we said was 'if you enjoy it write in and ask us for more advanced rules. Where did we say we'd send you something? Eh? That's right – if enough people write in we'll publish some more rules in *Warlock*. Now here's someone who's been far more sensible . . .**

Dear Warlock,

I must tell you that I found last issue's article *Fields of Battle* most interesting. The game 'Battle of Grey Rock' itself was not too long, and accomplished much in conjuring up the feeling of a mass battle.

We added some new rules, which you might be interested in, such as scaling the walls with ropes and grappling hooks:

Roll 2 dice. If the result is less than the unit's STRIKE they throw up the hook and it holds fast. Otherwise the hook fails to catch onto anything falls back down. If the hook is up a unit can then scale the wall in 2 moves. Once on the other side they may try to open the gate. However, should an enemy unit reach the hook before the unit has climbed all the way they can send the invaders crashing down again for 1–6 STRENGTH damage.

Another rule was for 'Wandering Monsters' to turn up! Every 10 moves there is a 2 in 6 chance of something turning up from the Plains table from *Out of the Pit*. Friendly creatures may help the dwarves, hostile ones the ores. Particularly savage or stupid beasts (like dinosaurs, for example) may attack anybody or everybody. Neutral creatures will probably give the area a wide berth. These creatures can have STRIKE and STRENGTH worked out as usual. If they join a particular unit, its STRENGTH becomes increased by the creature's Own STRENGTH score. The new STRIKE is an average of all the STRIKES, rounding fractions down.

Yours faithfully,
Simon Hall, Hillingdon,
Middlesex

● **Thank you, Simon, for a sensible and very useful letter. Does anyone else have any special rules they added to Fields of Battle?**

Dear Warlock,

How dare you insult mutants! We read the articles on Judge Dredd in the August/September issue of Warlock and were disgusted. Saying things like 'four-eyed mutie with no brain' is just not nice! You had better apologise or you'll find yourself skewered on Wolverine's claws!

The X-Men,
Professor Xavier's School for Gifted Youngsters,
New York.

● **Ha! Me apologise to a bunch of wimps who wear their underpants outside their trousers? You must be kidding, kid. Slave, read me another serious letter – I am bored of hearing the drivel these fools write.**

Dear Warlock,

I am writing to you about something in the *Fighting Fantasy* rules that has troubled me for a long time, namely the lack of any system of 'level advancement'. In FF the players-assuming they are equipped with an about-avenge character – start off very strong with regard to the vast majority of monsters; a 1st level player of *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons* doesn't laugh when told a horde of ores are bearing down on him at speed! However, in FF such creatures will only ever be cannon fodder.

Conversely, at the other end of the scale the poor adventurers will never really have much chance against the strongest nasties of all – such as the Silver Dragons and Earth Elementals. Anyway, this means that a player of the FF role-playing game will never be much more powerful than when he set out into the wide world, and the game loses much of its interest as a result.

In my own games of Fighting Fantasy, where I invariably end up as the GamesMaster, I try to combat this by awarding points of SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK for the successful completion of adventures, but this isn't really satisfactory as it is all too easy to be biased, and even if you're not the players will always, always think you are. Any chance of an article on level advancement sometime?

Yours sincerely,
Simon Newman,
Jordanstown, Co Antrim.

● **Hmm, well, to be quite honest young man I haven't the faintest idea what you are talking about! Gascoigne, crawl in here a minute and sort this out for me, would you?**

Of course, oh mighty one, and may I just say how well you are looking today. No? Oh well. Now, what's all this? Ah, levels in FF, eh? Yes, Simon, I agree totally, there should be some way of gaining experience and becoming a better warrior or wizard. The problem, though, stems from two things. Firstly, the heroes in the FF gamebooks are already at the peak of their abilities – that's why they have 20-odd STAMINA while mundane ores have to make do with 5 or 6! Secondly, you couldn't really carry a more experienced character from adventure to adventure, for the next book would be set at the same starting level- a more experienced character would walk through it! The alternative to that, of course, would be

to release gamebooks for different levels of characters, but I don't think anyone would do this.

At the risk of blowing my own trumpet, *Advanced Fighting Fantasy* will start characters at lower levels than in the FF gamebooks, and provide experience and separate skills. Be warned, though! Ores and goblins will also get more experienced, and some will be very tough! An article on this point is not out of the question-depending on the time-scale we may even be able to excerpt sections from AFF before it is released next year. Won't that be fun? Bye for now.

Thanks, reptile – now get back to work! Don't forget you've got three boardgames, two gamebooks and a range of t-shirts to design before you start cooking lunch. Now here's a venerable sage, managing to get a letter in two consecutive issues of *Warlock*.

Dear Warlock,

After reading your reply to my letter in *Warlock 12*, I decided to bathe in iced horse **CENSORED** (an excellent source of inspiration) and came up with a system for calculating STAMINA damages scored by unarmed creatures, as you apparently requested:

Damage scored = (Attack Strength + Blow Factor) ÷ 5

Effectiveness of natural weapons	*For example Factor*	*Blow*
Little	Grannit	1
Average	Wolf	3
Large	Bear	4
Great	Dragon	6

Yours how's-that-for-servicely,
Sage An-Onyon (alias J.D. Larwood),
Somewhere, Nowhere

Okay Warlock,

I'm pretty good at messing up faces so I'm gonna tell ya straight. Jamie Thompson is one hell of a nice guy, he's kept me busy in my hours of boredom when I'm not on the streets of San Francisco fighting crime with my trusty Magnum .44.

Tell me punk, did you make five or six lousy, mean comments about Jamie; in all my fury I've lost count myself. I'm a pro in the assassination business, so make a note of this in your diary, dirtbag, cos if you don't start acting Mister Nice Guy toward ole JT you might just wake up one mornin' and discover that you ain't got a face no more. So remember ugly, I'll be watching you.

Yours notafraidtosmashyourbrainintopulply,
Mr X,
Wombourne, Wolverhampton.

● **Hang on, creep, I thought you said you lived in San Francisco, not Wolverhampton. How can a big, tough, cool guy like you live in Wolverhampton? Hohoho! You're joking, aren't you? Aren't you? Gulp!**

Dear Warlock,

In search of adventures through caverns I romp,
Through wilderness, forest and ruins I stomp,
With a 'Freeze' spell on a scroll so I stay alive
And 'Out of the Pit' to help me survive.

Though once when a Banshee encountered me,
I saw its large nose and danced with glee.
A Sorcery! 'NIF' spell would be perfect here
I went in my pack for my noseplugs with a cheer.

My eyes glanced across the cover of 'Out of the Pit'
The Banshee had a nose with two nostrils in it!
I thought to myself 'It must be an illusion
To catch me out or give me confusion.

When I finally escaped I settled down,
No monsters encountered me, no thumps on the ground.
The fire blazed on right through the night
With 'Out of the Pit' to keep it alight!!

Yours Cover-artists-in-troublely,
Martin Choules,
Boscombe, Bournemouth

● **Slave, get me Christos Achilleos – NOW! I can only apologise, young Martin, for this terrible error. As everyone (except Christos, obviously) knows, Banshees have only one nostril. When we find that wretched artist we'll put him on the rack and stretch him till he's five foot tall to make him pay for his crimes! For your part, Martin, I thought your poetry was so dreadful that I'm going to give you this month's *Orb of Merit* (cue fanfare!). You win a copy of *Clash of the Princes* for your pains. Well done!**

Talking of awarding copies of *Clash of the Princes*, I suggested last time that people write and tell us about gaming in their countries. Unfortunately, everyone seems to have suddenly died out there, as we haven't had a single interesting letter on that subject. Harumph! I've never been so insulted, not in all my born days, goodness gracious, grumble, moan, whitter, the kids today, etc., etc. All I get these days are complaints about other people who really are nothing to do with me . . .

Dear Warlock

I have made a terrible discovery about *Demons of the Deep.* In the drawing of the Sea Hag (ref 307) her cauldron is on a lit fire. However, the adventure is set underwater – so how come there is a fire?

Yours Wondering-how-you-didn't-notice-such-a-mistakely,
Conor McMullin, Dunlaoighre,
Co.Dublin

Dear Warlock,

I was walking through one of the hallways in *Deathtrap Dungeon* the other day when I came to reference 164. One of the sentences at this reference said'You see wet footprints made by the same boots that you followed earlier'. I then turned to reference 299, as requested, and was amazed to see a *barefooted* barbarian who had unfortunately been the victim of a boobytrap!

Yours noticingly,
Matthew the Malevolent,
(alias Matthew Jones of Manchester)

Dear Warlock,

In *Warlock 11*, on page 4, Jamie Thompson said in his gossip article Omens & Auguries that *Titan – The Fighting Fantasy* World will cost the same as *Out of the Pit,* which sold for £3.95. Titan costs £4.95; has it gone up a pound, has *Out of the Pit* gone up a pound – or is Jamie Thompson very stupid?

Yours,
Son the Sorcerer,
Mansfield, Notts

● **What do you think? I suppose I'd better feed the slime-beast to the ghouls again; I'd feed him to the crocodiles but I'd only get the RSPCA telling me off again! As for the creators of the other mistakes, I suggest that Iain McCaig and Bob Harvey take themselves outside and give themselves a knee in the groin each.**

That's the best of the bunch this issue, I'm afraid, and I really must apologise for . . . What am I saying? That's another absolutely brilliant letters page over for another issue. Keep all your marvellously witty and cleverly satirical letters flooding in, because you know just how much I love reading every last one of them. Don't forget that the least awful letter each issue will win The Orb of Merit, and a pair of gamebooks of the writer's choice. Send all your letters to this address:

The Warlock's Quill,
Games Workshop Design Studio,
Enfield Chambers,
14-16 Low Pavement,
Nottingham,
NG1 7DL

JUDGE DREDD COMPETITION WINNERS:

Matthew Barker, Goole, N. Humberside
Daniel Woodhouse, Ashford, Middlesex
Brett Pover, Aylesford, Kent
Mark Winter, Belper, Derbys
George Brown, Frankley, Rubery, B'Ham'
Richard Colburn, Hove, E Sussex
P Miller, Barnard Castle, County Durham
Mark Croxford, Brighton, Sussex
Nathan Rimell, Croydon, Surrey
Toby Whyte, Melksham, Wilts

TOMY R.A.T.S. COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS:

Philip Badham, Coleford, Glos
David Nuthall, Youlgreave, nr Bakewell, Derbys
Peter Scott, Croft, nr Skegness, Lincolnshire
Fredrik Martenson, Stockholm, Sweden
M Heath, Sherbourne, Dorset
Robin Keith, Retford, Notts
Sam Baguley, Townstal, Dartmouth, Devon
Damian Smith, Beckenham, Kent
A Newson, Isleworth, Middx

Congratulations to all of you. Prizes should be with you by the time you read this! Look out for more exciting competitions next issue!

DIABOLOGICAL

A game of the supernatural, by Chris Elliott & Richard Edwards

Outside the thin circle of salt stood a nightmare. A huge bony tail lashed to and fro across the floor, leaving a trail of sparks, and the claws on the hind legs gouged deep scratches in the flagstones. For a moment it rested on one taloned paw, while its head swung from side to side and murderous eyes stared at the figure inside the floe pointed star. Then its gaze shifted to the one tripod which remained of those that stood at the five points, its contents still hidden by glowing mist. A clawed finger stabbed out, and traced a figure of fire which hung in the air for a moment before hurtling into the mist. As it reached the tripod, there was a sudden rush of wind. The symbol flared into incandescent brightness and then hung in the air above the tripod. With a snarl of triumph, the horror contemptuously swept aside the lines of salt on the floor, and reached out for the figure inside . . .

It was a matter of regret to some in the profession of Magic that the awesome struggle of a wizard to summon and bind a demon had ever become the subject of anything as trivial asa gambling game. Be that as it may, the game of Sorcerer's Hazard, or Demondare as it was popularly known, seemed to hold a special fascination for magicians, with its combination of luck and logic. And when even the Archmage himself had been known to indulge in a small wager who were lesser mortals to turn their noses up at a few turns for the usual stakes?

INTRODUCTION

The rules which follow are for the popular two-player version of the game, as played in Sorcerer's Guilds across all three continents. As it is a gambling game, it is played in a number of rounds, each of which consists of one challenge. During a challenge, one player tries to break out of a magical circle and break the defences of the second player's circle using powerful spells, symbolised in the game by magical signs.

The game consists of a board marked with a triangle within a circle, which is where the demon materialises; a pentagram within a circle, which is where the wizard stands, and 16 counters representing four of each of the four magical elements (Air, Earth, Fire and Water).

STARTING PLAY

Before you start playing you should remove the centre pages, glue them to some card to keep them stiff, and then cut out the playing pieces. Decide how many rounds you are going to play for. Before you start the first game you must agree on the number of rounds that will be played. The wizards of the Sorcerer's Guild usually went to eight rounds, though games sometimes went up to a hundred rounds if there was a lot of gold coinage or prestige riding on the outcome! You should find that eight or ten are sufficient to determine who is the better player; always ensure that the number of rounds to be played is an even number.

Next decide who will start as the Wizard, and who will start as the Demon. The Demon player takes the eight Planet counters and the Wizard takes the eight Alchemical counters. Before you start playing ensure both players have read the rules from start to finish so they have at least some idea of what is going on!

THE COUNTERS

Counters

Element	*Colour*	*Planets*	*Alchemical*
Fire	Red	Sun	Candle
		Mars	Blood
Air	Blue	Mercury	Quicksilver
		Jupiter	Heart
Water	Green	Venus	Holy Water
		Moon	Egg
Earth	Brown	Earth	Stone
		Saturn	Flesh

This is a brief summary of each round of the game: The Wizard goes first, laying all his counters face down on the points of the pentagram and on the circles in the triangle. These represent the material components of the spell intended to bind the demon that are placed in the tripods at these points, and which form the wizard's defences. The Demon then plays its counters one at a time, in an effort to counteract the wizard's defences. There is only one rule, and it is a simple one.

THE RULE

No opposing elements may be placed on the same line by the Wizard.

There, we said it was simple, didn't we? Opposing elements are those directly opposite each other in the diagram on the board (i.e. Fire and Water, Earth and Air). For example, the Wizard can't lay down Blood and Holy Water on two of the points of the triangle.

THE WIZARD SETS UP

Before he gets down to the very serious job of summoning up his Demon, the Wizard must first of all prepare his defences. The Wizard should first of all secretly choose an element – such as Fire, for example. He then places two Fire counters *face down* on the circles surrounding the triangle, without revealing them to his opponent. This leaves one corner empty.

Because of the rule about not having opposite elements on the same line, he is obviously limited to only two of his three remaining elements to fill the remaining space. In our example, the Wizard can only play an Earth or Air piece; let's say he chooses Earth.

This now leaves our Wizard with two complete sets of elements, and one set with only one element. This odd element is the `keystone' to the pentagram (the larger circle). He must place this remaining element on one of the points of the pentagram just *inside* the circle. He then places the remaining two elements on

Metal Mayhem

WOW! Here's more Chaos Spiky Bits - in living colour!! Bet you wouldn't like to meet this lot late at night. Mind you, no-one would want to meet our ace photographer, Charlie, on a dark night. Here's his photos...

Fig 1-8. The New Imperial Dwarves.
Fig 9-18. The latest additions to the Goblin range including the amazing Goblin fanatics.

Main photo is of the new Skeleton Horde Plastic Miniatures boxed set.

Fig 1

Fig 2

Fig 3

Fig 4

Fig 5

Fig 6

Fig 7

Fig 8

Fig 9

Fig 10

Fig 11

Fig 12

Fig 13

Fig 14

Fig 15

Fig 16

Fig 17

Fig 18

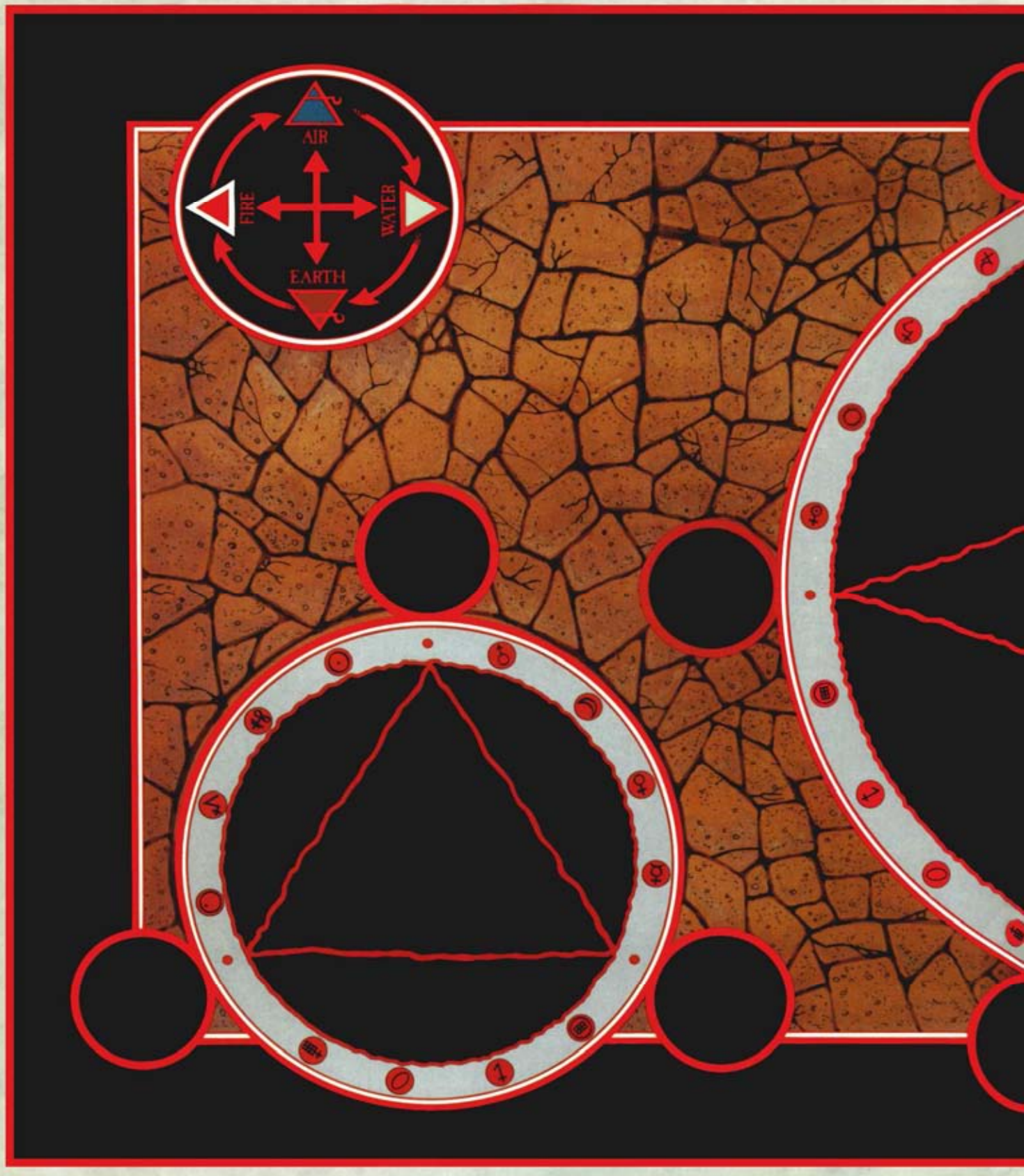
AIR
FIRE
WATER
EARTH

DIABOLOGICAL

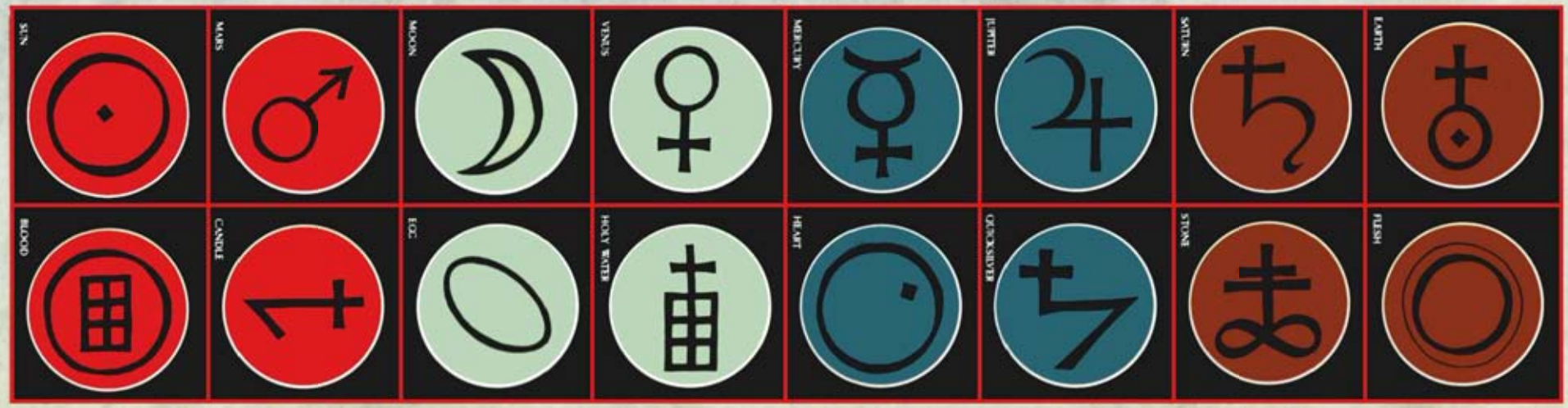
SUN
MARS
MOON
VENUS
MERCURY
JUPITER
SATURN
EARTH
BLOOD
CANDLE
EGG
HOLY WATER
HEART
CRUCIFIXIER
STONE
FLESH

Steve Jackson presents

THE WARLOCK OF FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

A Fighting Fantasy Boardgame

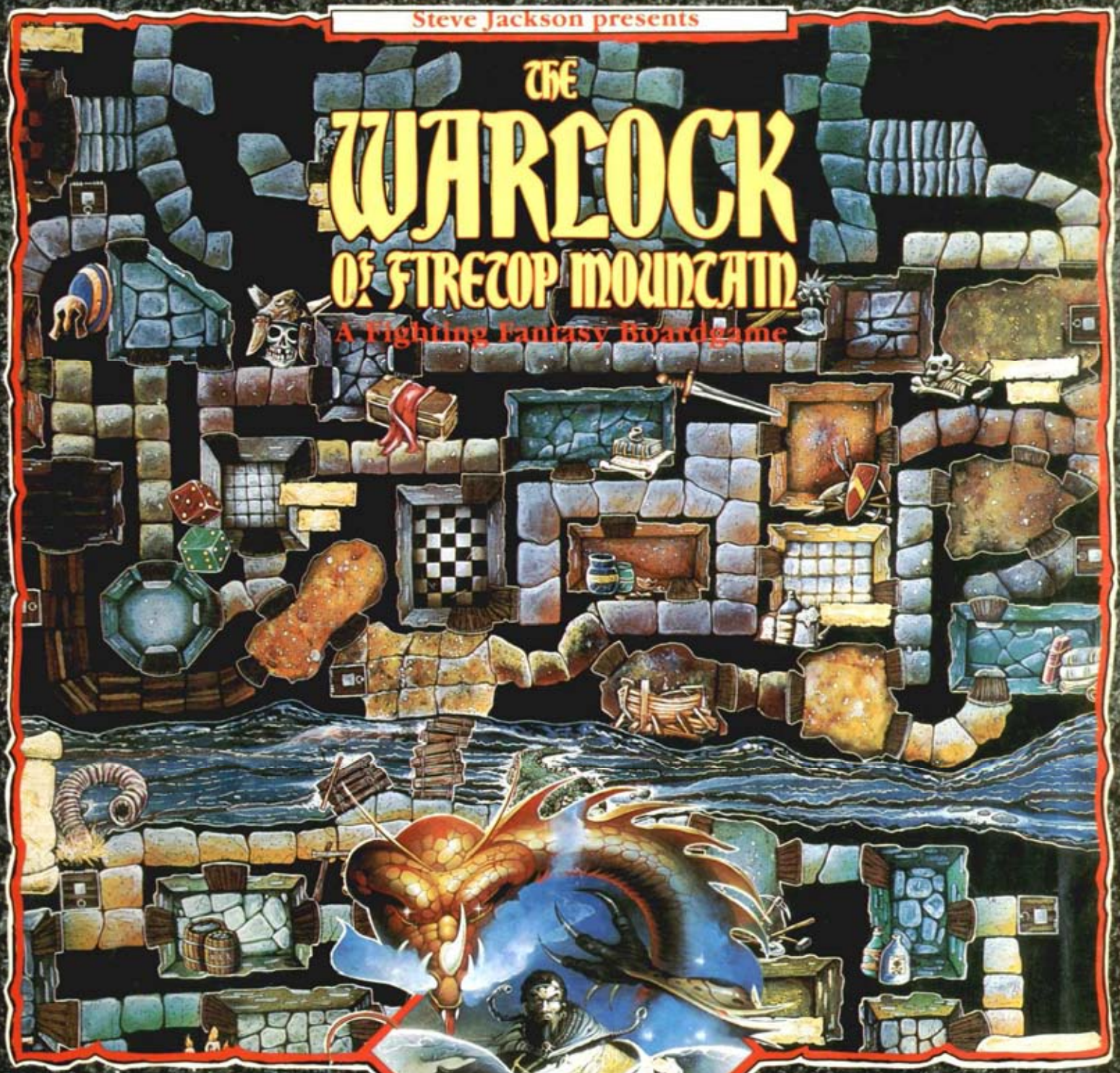

THE WARLOCK OF FIRETOP MOUNTAIN

The locals speak in hushed tones of the Warlock who lurks beneath the mountain, telling stories of the awesome treasures and perilous monsters to be found there. But you are an adventurer, and stories don't frighten you. You've travelled far in search of treasure and fame, and now's your chance to prove yourself. Together with your fellow warriors you must venture deep into the bowels of the earth and vanquish the servants of Evil to become lord of Firetop Mountain!

Based upon the astonishingly successful Fighting Fantasy gamebook, Steve Jackson's The Warlock of Firetop Mountain is a truly great game that can be enjoyed by **2 to 6 players**. You won't need a degree in calculus to understand the rules, but even the most sophisticated gamers will find endless hours of enjoyment as they stalk the dungeons in search of glory! With its extra-large playing board and clear, colourful counters, **The Warlock of Firetop Mountain** sets new standards in game design - but above everything else it's simply great fun!

£12·95

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adjoining points, and finally the other two points leading from the odd one. So, for example, our Wizard places the remaining Earth on one point, then (moving clockwise around the board) an Air, the two Waters, and the other Air. Have a look at the pretty example drawings and you'll see what we mean!

Now the Wizard thinks he's prepared. Let's bring on the Demon!

ENTER THE DEMON!

There's a nasty rumbling noise, a faint smell of something very disgusting, all the candles go out, and all of a sudden there's a ten-foot scaly thing in the middle of the triangle! The Demon player begins within the confines of this triangle, and must attack all three points before moving on to blast his way inside the pentagram and win (in real life this would be accomplished by eating the wizard!).

The Demon attacks by laying pieces alongside those laid by the Wizard, and revealing the two symbols to see which has won. The first counter played by the Demon must be a guess (mind reading is considered bad form amongst Diabological players), but from then on a clever Demon player should be able to use logic to increase his chance of scoring points.

Please remember that the Demon player doesn't have to follow the same rule of not having opposite elements on the same line.

Hint for the Demon player: Once the triangle has been broken, the keystone to the pentagram is the weak point, since finding that will reveal the orientation of the pentagram. There are 5 possible positions for it; try and locate the keystone as quickly as possible in order to score the highest points.

STRIKING A BLOW

If an element is attacked by a second one (by the Demon platting an element next to it), one of four things can occur. It may be destroyed, it may destroy the second element, they may mutually destroy each other, or nothing may happen.

The diagram on the gameboard shows how this is resolved:

Both the same element – nothing happens.

Second element has arrow from it – second element wins.

First element has arrow from it – first element wins.

Opposite elements – both are destroyed.

Note that there is no 'superior' element, as each is defeated by another. Therefore you'll quickly find that there is no 'surefire' method of success, and that winning requires luck as well as logic.

SCORING POINTS

For every counter that destroys one of the wizard's counters, the demon scores 1 point. For every counter that destroys one of the demons, the wizard scores 1 point. No points are scored by either player if nothing happens, or the counters destroy each other. When all the demons counters have been played, the players note their scores and reverse roles. The wizard player becomes the demon player, and vice versa.

WINNING THE GAME

Once all the agreed number of rounds have been played, the player with the most points is the winner! And that's all there is to it!

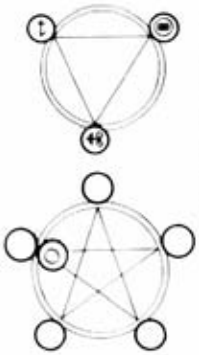

The two Fire counters are placed in the circles outside the triangle (face down). One of the Earth counters is placed on the third side, which means the other Earth is placed in the pentagram as the 'keystone'.

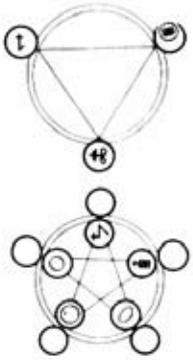

The two opposing signs (Air, in this example) are placed on the adjacent points to the 'keystone' piece. The final two counters, both Water, are placed on the remaining two points. The pentagram is complete, and the Wizard may now summon the Demon!

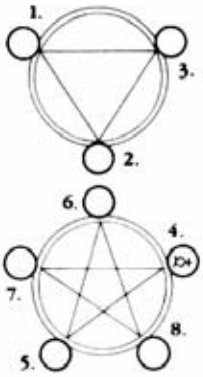

The final condition of the board after the destroyed counters are removed.
1. Fire vs Fire = 0.
2. Earth vs Earth = 0.
3.Water vs Fire = Both destroyed.
4. Air vs Water = Air wins, 1 pt to the Demon.
5. Air vs Air = 0.
6. Fire vs Air = Fire wins, 1 pt to the Demon.
7. Earth vs Earth = 0.
8. Water vs Water = 0. the Demon wins, 2:0

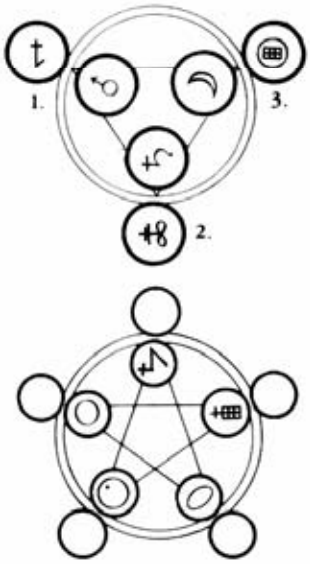

The Demon tries to break through the triangle's defences. The numbers indicate the order in which the Demon player lays down his pieces.

1. A guess...

2. With Fire revealed there can't be any Water pieces in the triangle, so Earth is a safe bet.

3. Fire or Earth left? Never mind - Water beats either of 'em!

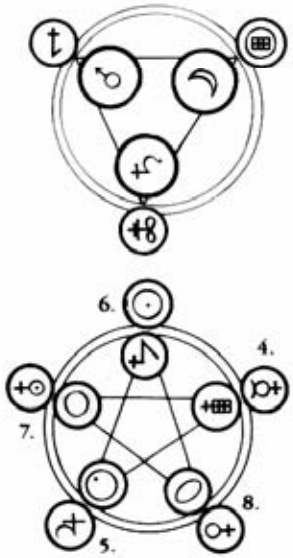

Now for the pentagram! Each conflict is revealed before the next, so the Demon's guesses get more and more accurate.

4. First piece down is always a guess, but since there's no Fire in the pentagram an Air piece is a safe bet.

5. Tricky. This point (or 7, for that matter) could be Water, Air or Earth. He uses Air again and see what happens.

6. This can only be Air, so he uses Fire to win another point!

7. This must be Earth, as it's only place it fits...

8. ...And that leaves Water. Now what's the score?

THE TEMPLE OF THE PHARAOH

BY TOM WILLIAMS

You have been at the controls of your plane for hours now and you are tired, tired beyond the very limits of exhaustion. Your eyes ache from staring into the harsh desert glare, and you keep finding your lids slowly drooping off into sleep. Not for the first time, you wonder if you shouldn't give up all this gadding about and return to your work at your university in England.

You are an archaeologist, and a good one at that, though you say so yourself, who has spent most of the last year trying to find the fabled Temple of the Pharaoh Terratakamen, known throughout the realms of Egyptology as King Terror because of the many people who he had put to death during his reign. In a final attempt to locate the temple with its legendary treasures you have hired a light aircraft and for ore than a week your days have been spent flying over the scorching Egyptian desert.

Ahead of you, a low line of cliffs rears up from the desert sands and you pull back on your controls to climb above them. Suddenly your eye is caught by a flash of sunlight reflected from something below. You swing your plane back for a closer look, and there in a great cleft in the cliffs you see a huge ruined temple. Rubbing your eyes in disbelief you bring

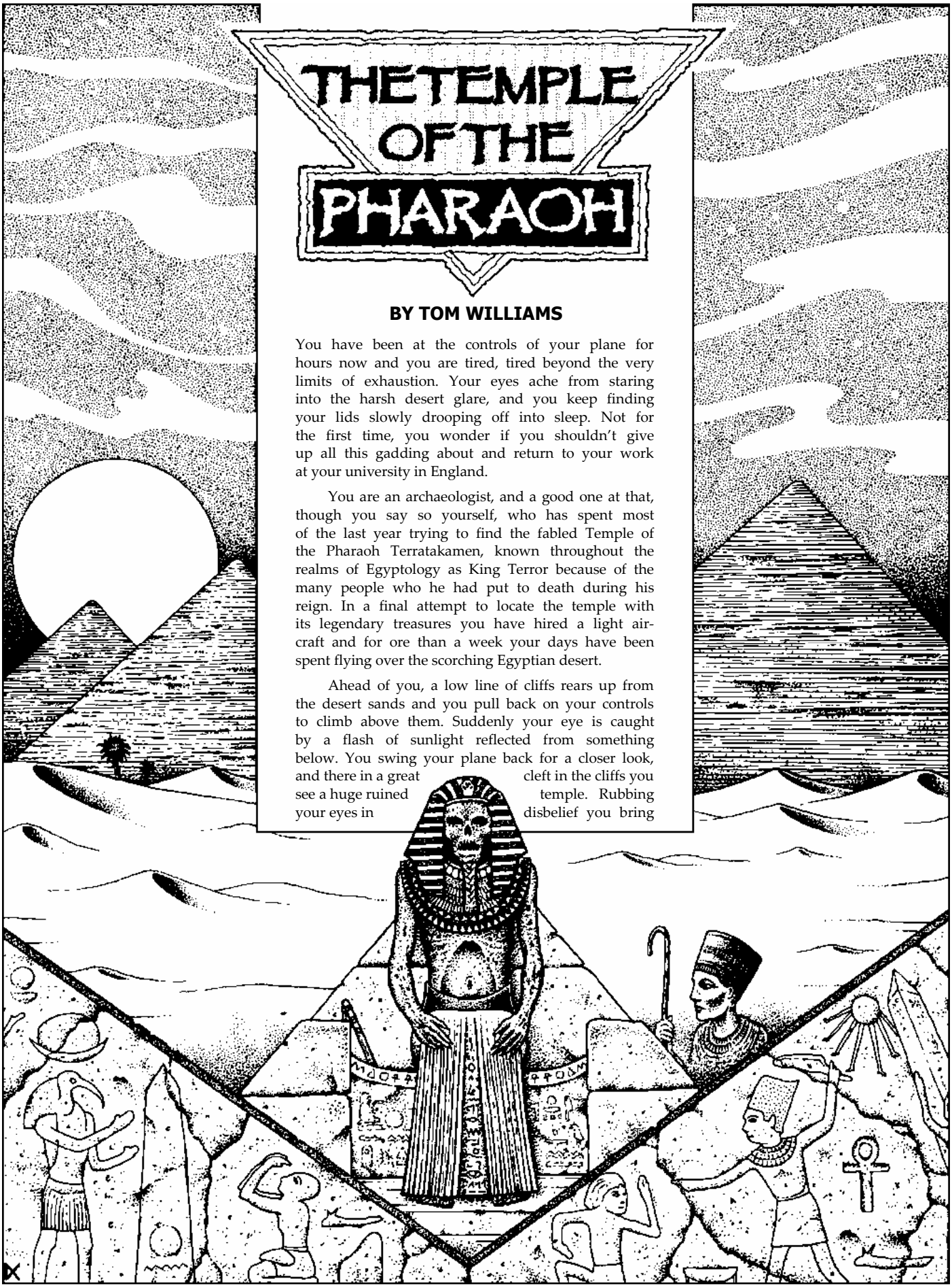

the plane around for another look. It seems perfectly preserved, apparently still standing unchanged after four thousand years! As the plane circles you see that the hidden valley can be entered only through a narrow gap in the cliff scarcely a metre wide: obviously the reason it has remained a secret for so long.

Thrilled by your discovery you turn the plane to head for your base camp home but as you do so the engine splutters and dies. You start to lose height immediately and you only just have enough control to make a crash landing at the foot of the cliff. Despite your skill the landing on the rough desert ground is not a smooth one. You are unhurt, but a quick examination of your wrecked aircraft is enough to show that it will never fly again. You will have to wait for rescue.

This doesn't worry you over-much – you have spent many years in the desert and you are well appraised of the best methods for staying alive in an emergency. Knowing that there will be no search for you until at least the next day you decide to make the best of your time by beginning to explore the temple. From your wrecked plane you take enough food and water for three meals and, on a sudden impulse, a small fire axe that you stored clipped in the cockpit. You have landed less than a hundred metres from the gap in the cliffs and you are soon walking into the hidden valley – the first man to look upon the ancient temple since the time of the Pharaohs . . .

INTRODUCTION

This solo adventure game is played according to standard *Fighting Fantasy* rules, which we will detail in a minute. You are an Egyptologist whose plane crashes in modern Egypt; this means that you do not have a sword but you do take a fire-axe from the plane. You do not have any magic potions, but you have enough food and water for three meals.

To start with, your main problem will be survival, but you will find a more specific quest appears early in the game. The game also gives you opportunities to collect ancient artifacts as treasure (always values in shekels). The value of the treasure does not help you survive – but if you have mastered the secrets of the Temple you should be able to emerge not only unscathed but rich beyond your wildest dreams!

First of all, grab a pencil, eraser and two dice. We are going to create the character of your explorer by rolling for your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores. There is an Adventure Sheet included here on which you can write all the details of your explorations.

SKILL: This reflects your fighting and problem-solving skills. Roll one die; add 6 to the number and enter the total in the SKILL box of your Adventure Sheet.

STAMINA: Your general health and fitness, your determination and your will to survive are all reflected in this score. Roll two dice; add 12 to the number rolled and write it in the appropriate box on your sheet.

LUCK: This simply indicates how naturally lucky you are. Roll one die, add 6 to the number and record it on your Adventure Sheet.

As you'll soon see, your SKILL, STAMINA and LUCK scores will change constantly during your adventure. You should keep accurate records of these scores, and for this reason you are advised to write small in the boxes or keep an eraser handy! However, you must never rub out your *Initial* scores. You may be awarded additional points to your scores, but these must never exceed your Initial scores.

Fighting Opponents

You may come across paragraphs in the adventure which instruct you to fight a villain of some sort. You should resolve the battle in the following way:

First record your opponent's SKILL and STAMINA in the first vacant 'Monster Encounter Box' on your Adventure Sheet. The scores for each creature are given in the text each time you have an encounter. The sequence of combat goes as follows:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add his skill. This total is his Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice once for yourself. Add your own current skill score. This total is your Attack Strength.

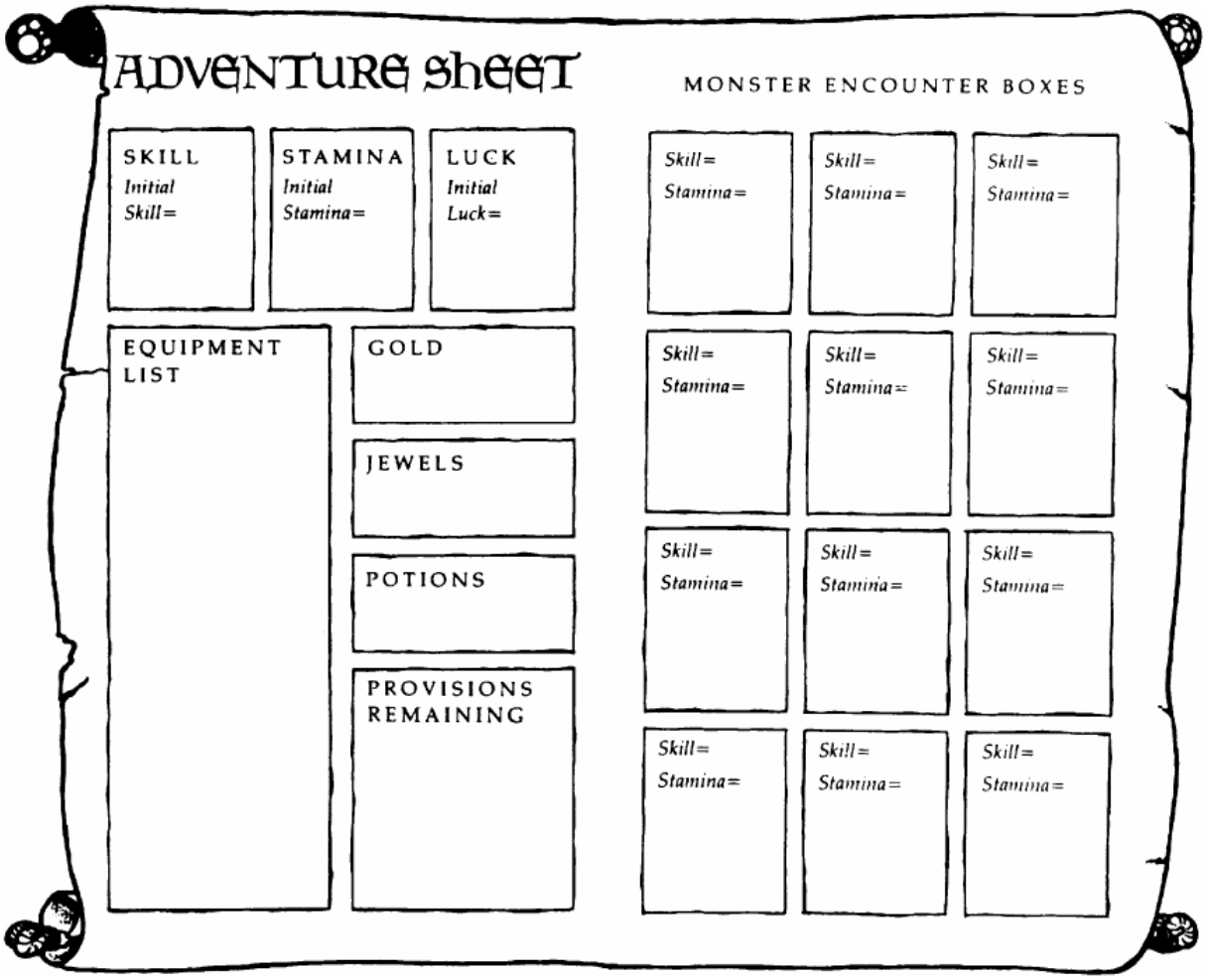
ADVENTURE SHEET

SKILL
Initial
Skill=

STAMINA
Initial
Stamina=

LUCK
Initial
Luck=

EQUIPMENT LIST

GOLD

JEWELS

POTIONS

PROVISIONS REMAINING

MONSTER ENCOUNTER BOXES

Skill=
Stamina=

3. If your Attack Strength is higher than his, you have landed a blow; proceed to *Step 4*. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours, he has landed a blow on you; proceed to *Step 5*. If both Attack Strengths are equal, you have avoided each other's blows; start the next Attack Round from *Step 1* again.
4. You have landed a blow on your opponent, so subtract 2 points from his STAMINA score. You may use your LUCK here to do additional damage – see later.
5. Your opponent has landed a blow on you, so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. Again, you may use LUCK at this stage – see later.
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either your opponent's or your own STAMINA scores, and to your luck score if you used luck.
7. Begin the next Attack Round (repeat *Steps 1–6*).

This sequence continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent has been reduced to zero – which means one or the other of you is dead!

Fighting more than one creature

If you come across more than one creature in a particular encounter the instructions will tell you how to handle the battle. Sometimes you will treat them as a single opponent; at others you may fight each one in turn. You'll just have to wait and see what happens.

Luck and Its Uses

At various times during your adventure, either in battles or when you come across situations in which you could be either *Lucky* or *Unlucky* (details of these will be given in the encounter itself), you may call upon your luck for help to make the outcome more favourable. But beware! Using LUCK is a risky business and if you are *Unlucky* the results could be disastrous.

TESTING YOUR LUCK: Roll two dice. If the number rolled is equal to, or less than, your current LUCK score, you have been Lucky and the result will go in your favour. If the number rolled is higher than your current LUCK score, you have been Unlucky, and you will be penalised.

Each time you *Test your Luck* you must subtract one point from your current LUCK score. You will soon realise that the more you rely on your LUCK the more risky your task will be.

USING LUCK IN BATTLES: You now know how to *Test your Luck*. However, in battles you always have the option of using LUCK either to inflict a more serious wound on an opponent you have just hit, or to minimize the effects of a wound your opponent has just inflicted on you.

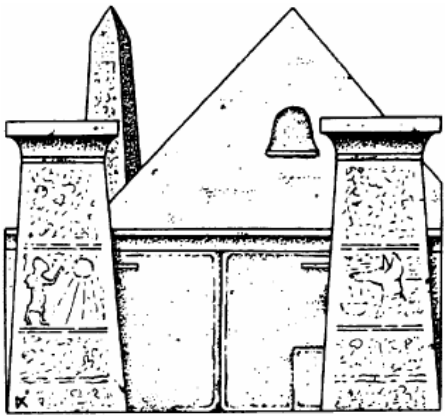

If you have just landed a blow on your opponent, you may *Test your Luck* as described above. If you are Lucky, you have landed a severe blow and may subtract an *extra* 2 points from your opponent's STAMINA score. If you are Unlucky, however, the blow glanced off and it only did 1 point of damage to the opponent (i.e. give him a point back).

If your opponent has just hit you, you may *Test your Luck* to try and minimise the effects. If you are Lucky, you have managed to avoid the full force of the blow: restore 1 point of STAMINA (instead of losing 2 points you only lose 1). If you are Unlucky, you have taken a more serious blow and must subtract 1 extra stamina point from your score (i.e. 3 instead of 2).

Don't forget that each time you *Test your Luck* you must subtract 1 point from your own LUCK score!

Restoring Skill, Stamina & Luck

Instructions for restoring your characteristics through rest or healing will be given in the paragraphs as appropriate. However, you can also restore your STAMINA by eating food. At present you have enough food for three meals, so record 3 in the Provisions box of your Adventure Sheet. Every time you eat a unit of Provisions you may restore 4 points of STAMINA providing you don't exceed your Initial score. Be careful, though – STAMINA scores can change rapidly during the course of an adventure, so use your Provisions with care!

Now you are equipped and ready for the adventure that lies ahead of you. Step forward into the Temple of the Pharaoh . . .

1

Ahead of you stands the great western gate of the ancient temple. Like many Egyptian temples, it seems the Temple of Terratakamen was built symmetrically about an east-west axis, with the great entrance through double gates standing between twin towers. You walk towards the towers and notice that the huge painted mosaics that adorn them still sparkle with colour as if they had only just been painted. And where you expected to find the gates rotting on their hinges doors stand in their place, the sunlight reflecting from the metal bosses with which they are studded.

In the right-hand gate there is a small postern door. You push at it and to your surprise it opens easily on well-oiled hinges. You step inside and pass from the brilliant desert sun into almost total darkness. Before your eyes have time to adjust, the door swings closed behind you. You turn back, fumbling at the handle but it does not open.

Will you wait for your eyes to adapt to the darkness (go to **51**) or start searching for a way out (go to **177**)?

2

You look about you in the gloom once more. Do you want to try the door in the north wall (go to **39**), try the door in the south wall (turn to **46**) or simply rest where you are and await events (go to **62**)?

3

Go immediately to **31**.

4

After the cool of the gateway, the first thing you notice about the courtyard is how hot it is. The ground is of baked earth and the sun beats down upon it mercilessly. There is an arcade around three sides of the courtyard which gives some shade, but the east side is a bare wall of stone rising some twenty metres into the air. The wall is painted with frescoes of Egyptian gods, broken only by one great doorway.

On either side of the door stands a 3-metre high statue of an Egyptian soldier, square-chinned and muscular, dressed in simple robes but carrying a beautifully decorated shield and a long spear tipped with gold. The warriors are raised up on plinths, and from where you are standing you can just see that there is an inscription on each plinth. To your horror you see that chained to the wall alongside the statues are what appears to be a number of dead bodies.

Do you want to walk around the arcade, starting to your right (go to **189**), walk around the arcade going to your left (go to **24**), or stride straight across the courtyard to the doorway (turn to **30**)?

5

The clothes on the second body are almost completely rotted away but it is still carrying the remains of a stout canvas bag. You put your hand into the bag – and scream in agony! You pull your hand out to find a small scorpion still attached, its sting driven deep into your palm. You manage to shake it off but your hand feels on fire, and although you are able to suck much of the poison out you still feel dizzy and weak. Deduct 5 STAMINA points!

After resting a while you feel fit enough to go on. Carefully you shake out the bag to see what else there was in it and a pile of jewellery (worth 50 shekels) tumbles out and lies glinting in the sun. You put the jewellery in your own pack with your good hand.

Now what do you want to do?

Examine the first body, if you have not already done so – turn to **47**.

Examine the third body, if you have not already done so – turn to **20**.

Think better of it and open the gate – turn to **60**.

6

You can just get your fingers into the gap around the stone. As you tug, it rises to reveal a flight of stone steps that disappear into the darkness

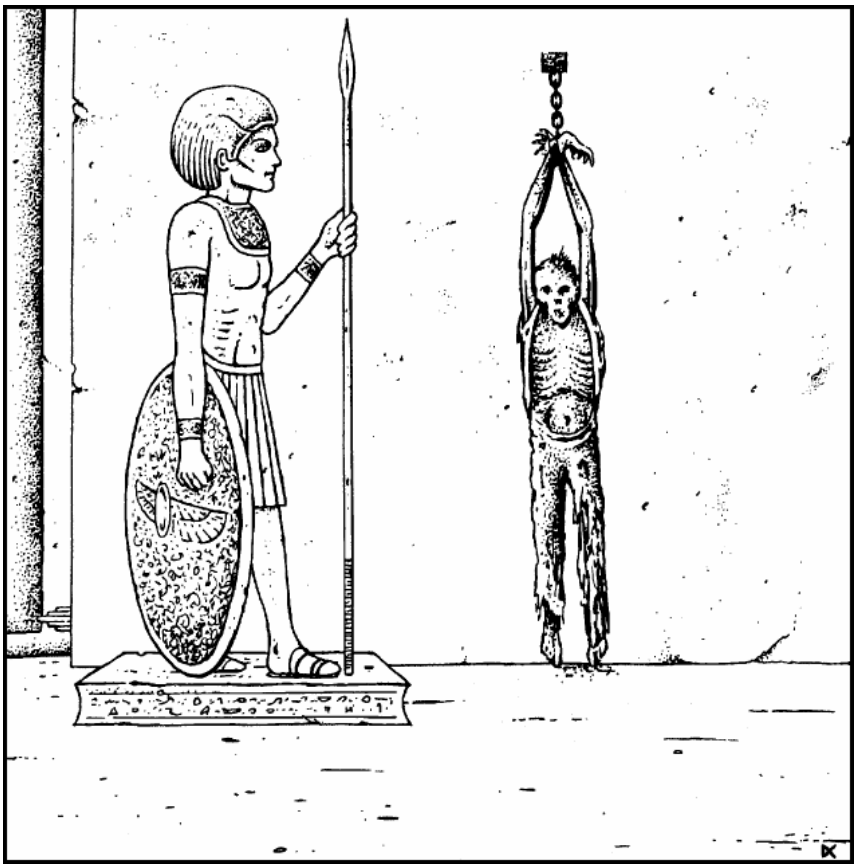

to the east. You climb down them cautiously and find yourself in a narrow passage that runs straight ahead of you for some distance. There is no apparent source of light – the passage seems to be lit by an eerie phosphorescence from the stones themselves. You walk about 30 metres down this passage when you reach a T-junction. Do you turn right (go to **17**) or left (go to **26**)?

7

You find yourself in an empty room similar to the one below by well lit by windows that look eastward into the temple courtyard. You go to the window and look out. There is a bar in the centre of the window but you can squeeze past that easily enough. The difficulty will be climbing down the sheer sandstone wall to the courtyard below.

If you are carrying a rope turn to **183**; if not go instead to **190**.

8

The corridor runs on for about 10 metres, before turning sharply to the right. After another 10 metres or so you see a corridor running off to the left. Do you carry straight on (turn to **26**) or take the corridor to the left (turn to **22**)?

9

Sekhmet lunges forward again, her claws lunging for your flesh. You sidestep and strike hard at the side of her neck. Suddenly she is gone – vanishing as though she was never there at all.

You are standing in the corner of the corridor you were approaching when she attacked. In the confusion of the fight, though, you have completely lost your sense of direction. You will have to take one path at random. Will you go to your right (go to **29**) or your left (go to **38**)?

10

You tear a strip off your shirt and, gripping one end in your teeth, you tie a rough tourniquet around your arm. It is totally numb now and you cannot use it (lose 2 STAMINA and 1 SKILL) but at least the numbness isn't spreading – you will live!

Now what will you do?

Examine the wall on your left? Go to **186**.
Decide to turn back? Go to **23**.
Or carry on along the corridor? Go to **184**.

11

You stalk along the passage for about ten metres and then reach a junction with another corridor leading off to your left. Will you go down the corridor to your left (go to **65**) or carry straight on (go to **32**)?

12

You step forward into the room and bow to the scribe.

"Reverend Sir," you begin. *"I am a traveller, lost in this place and I would seek your help."*

The scribe looks at you coolly and claps his hands. You hear a whirring above you and you look upward to the ceiling. From the shadows a mass of hideous dark shapes descend, flapping and screeching. It is a swarm of giant cave bats, summoned to protect their master. They all attack you together.

SWARM OF BATS SKILL 10 STAMINA 12

If you survive their attack, turn to **18**.

13

The two giant bodies lie motionless before you. You wonder if you are trapped in this nightmare place for ever, or if there might be a way to escape. You re-read the inscription on the plinth, and you realise that this might be a clue to your only chance.

The temple will apparently stand as long as Terrtakamen's spirit lives. You know that the ancient Egyptians believed that the spirit world was very similar to this, and that a king would continue to hold court there. Obviously King Terror's spirit still holds his court somewhere in the temple. If you can find him and destroy him, his grisly rule will come to an end. Otherwise you are doomed to wander in the temple until you meet your end in one of the Pharaoh's deadly traps.

Where will you start your quest for King Terror's court? If you want you may rest and eat some of your Provisions while you think about the problem you face.

You may open the great gate that the statues were guarding by going to **60**.
You can take a closer look at the bodies chained to the wall by turning to **70**.
You could move to the arcade on the south wall of the courtyard by going to **163**.
Or you can move to the arcade on the north wall of the courtyard by turning to **95**.

14

You look carefully at the stones on the wall to the right. They do not seem to fit as closely as the stones of the other passages. You start to pull at one and it soon comes clear of the wall. There seems to be some sort of cavity behind.

Do you – reach your hand through the gap into the cavity? (Turn to **155**.) Pull more stones away until you can see clearly into the cavity? (Turn to **68**.) Think better of it, replace the stone, and continue down the corridor? (Turn to **184**.)

15

Inside the gap you feel a lever. You pull it firmly towards you and just as you had hoped part of the wall swings open disclosing a niche where a full-size statue of the god Amon-Ra stands holding a gold tipped staff in his right hand. About the statue's neck is a golden chain, and on its head is a golden crown. Either side of the god is a statue of a cobra – the emblem of the goddess Isis.

What will you do?

Push back the lever and continue along the corridor – go to **100**.
Take the gold tipped staff – go to **34**.
Take the golden chain – go to **179**.
Take the golden crown – go to **21**.

16

You must move away from the bowl. You stagger back, turning to face the Immortals who crowd about you. You try to step toward them, but your legs will no longer obey you. You collapse to your knees, fighting for breath. Your doom is upon you. Within seconds you lie dead before the throne of Terratakamen.

17

You walk about 10 metres along the passage when it turns sharply to the left. After perhaps another 10 metres, you see a passage running off to your left. Do you want to take this passage to your left (go to **32**), or continue straight ahead (go to **41**)?

18

You have no intention of re-entering the maze of passageways without gaining as much information as possible from this man. You leap forward to seize him, but he dodges to one side and draws a knife from his robe. You will have to fight him.

SCRIBE SKILL 5 STAMINA 8

If you defeat him, go to **28**.

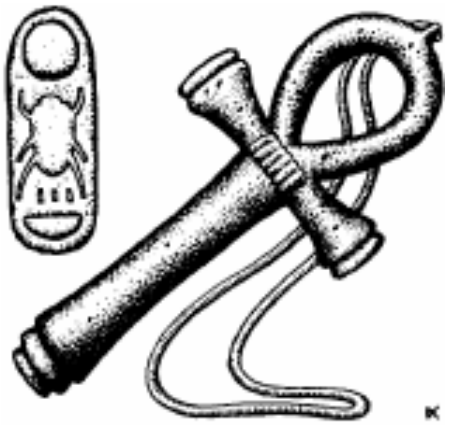

19

The door is firmly locked but there is no sign of a keyhole. You wonder if there might be some hidden way of opening it. You carefully examine the metal brackets holding the torches to the wall. Both seem to be pivoted so that they can act as levers. It seems likely that one of the brackets may operate the mechanism that opens the door but there is a risk that choosing the wrong one may set off some sort of trap.

Do you – pull the bracket on the left? Go to **173**.

Pull the bracket on the right? Go to **187**.

Decide not to risk either bracket and return along the corridor? Go to **133**.

20

Gingerly you approach the third body. Some red hair is still attached to the skull. The remains of a safari jacket are hanging shout the bones and rotting flesh of the body. In one pocket you can see a large notebook. Gingerly removing it you open it at random and begin reading:

Jenkins went into the great hall through the doors while we distracted the statues. We heard him scream . . . I do not expect to see him again.

You turn to another page.

The entrance to the cellars is in the arcade. It is a terrible maze there but it is the only way to get into the great hall alive. Then you have only to cross the second courtyard and you stand before the entrance to ***his*** *throne room – but be sure to break the tally stick before your years are counted* off.

You feel you have been standing in the courtyard too long already. You push the book into your pocket and . . .

Move to the north arcade? Go to **95**.

Move to the south arcade? Go to **163**.

Open the gate that the statues were guarding? Go to **60**.

21

As you step forward to reach the crown your leg brushes against one of the cobra statues. Turn to **188**.

22

You move down the corridor for perhaps 30 metres, before it ends in a flight of stone steps leading upward. Do you want to climb the steps (go to **99**) or return down the corridor (go to **45**)?

23

You decide that you want to explore the other passageways before carrying on along this corridor. You turn back, retracing your steps to the last junction. Wien you get there, will you turn right (go to **72**) or left (go to **32**)?

24

You follow the wall to the left, under the arcade that follows the north wall of the courtyard. A tiled roof is supported on slender pillars and after the brilliant sunlight in the open it seems very cool and shadowy. The arcade is lined with brightly coloured pictures and statues of Egyptian gods. Some of the statues are decorated with ornate gold jewellery. You notice a bracelet worth perhaps 20 shekels and an emerald ring worth maybe 15. There are some tapestries on the wall, decorated with carefully woven scenes of Egyptian life, and mirrors made of brightly burnished metal. You feel that you cannot delay too long but you may take *one* thing and put it in your pack. Make a note of which one it is.

At the east side of the courtyard the arcade ends and you step once again into the blistering heat. Go to **30**.

25

You pull the goblet out of your pack. You cannot think how it will help you – and the statues are getting nearer. In desperation you throw the goblet at the nearest statue, which catches it in one fist and crushes it contemptuously. Now there is no time left to run – you must turn and fight. Both statues attack together.

STATUES SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you survive, go to **13**.

26

You walk for about 10 metres before you come to a passage which branches off to the right. Do you take this passage (go to **11**) or carry straight on (go to **59**)?

27

You fling the discs toward him but each turns in mid-air, spinning back to you! They slash into your face, causing you to scream in agony. Blinded with blood as it streams across your eyes, you stagger back and Terratakamen, gloating, moves in for the kill . . .

28

The scribe is stronger than he looks and certainly knows how to use his knife. The fight is short but not easy and although you tried to overpower him without killing him, in the end you

had no choice. Now you will never get any information out of him. You search the room quickly, looking for anything that might be of use. The papyri do not seem helpful – the one he was writing is about the gods and their habits and his last sentence was:

It is only the power of light that the dark lords fear.

You shrug and look to see if there is anything else in the room. There is a golden statue of the god Ra on one of the shelves (worth 15 shekels). The only other thing of value is a gold signet ring on the scribe's finger, worth 5 shekels, but you feel uncomfortable with the idea of taking it from a dead man's hand. Decide to take either the ring or the statuette or both. If you take the ring you put it on your own finger; you can put the statuette in your pack.

Now leave the room by going to **81**.

29

You walk for about 10 metres and then the corridor turns sharply to the left. After another 10 metres or so you come to a passage which branches off to the right. Do you take this new passage (turn to **65**) or carry straight on (turn to **72**)?

30

You start out across the courtyard, sweating in the mid-day heat. The whole temple is built on such a gigantic scale that it takes you several minutes just to walk over to the statues. You study the hieroglyphics carefully and find that you can decipher them quite easily. Translated, they read:

We stand guard through Eternity at the temple of our lord.
While his spirit lives no intruder may escape our vengeance.

You look up at the statues towering above you. To your horror, you see them begin to move. Do you prepare to fight them? Go to **40**.

Look in your pack to see if you have anything that might help? Turn to **52**.

Run back toward the main gate? Go to **61**.

31

The axe seems to make no impression on the door. You find yourself becoming angry as well as rather frightened. You raise the axe above your head with both hands and bring it down on the door with all your might. The axe strikes sparks from the metal bosses that the door is studded with and the force of your blow breaks the haft – but the door isn't even scratched!

The loss of your only weapon is a serious blow. Deduct 2 SKILL points until you can gain another weapon. Now what do you do?

Decide to rest where you are and await events – turn to **62**.
Try the door in the North wall – turn to **39**.
Try the door in the South wall – turn to **46**.

32

The corridor runs on for about 10 metres and then bends to the right. After another ten metres you can see the end wall – the corridor is about to bend again. Before you reach it, though, you hear a great roar and you see a lioness bounding towards you!

You know at once that this is no ordinary animal but the goddess Sekhmet, who was put on earth by the god Ra to purge the world of wrong-doers. Sekhmet took the form of a lioness and drank the blood of the men she killed. Now, in her lioness form, she is attacking you!

SEKHMET SKILL 8 STAMINA 12

If you survive, go to **9**.

33

Go directly to **137**.

34

Cautiously you slide the staff from the grip of the statue and weigh it in your hand. It is quite heavy and might make a useful weapon. You look at it again more carefully. Cut into it is a hieroglyphic Inscription you cannot decipher. Perhaps the staff has some mystic significance, You decide to carry it with you.

Now what do you want to do?
Take the golden chain – go to **179**.
Take the golden crown – go to **21**.
Push back the lever and continue along the corridor – go to **100**.

35

You creep down the passage for some distance. Suddenly you feel the paving stone beneath your feet begin to move. It drops away, hurling you into a pit where deadly spikes wait to finish you off. Desperately you hurl yourself forward, reaching for the edge of the pit. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **167**, if you are *Unlucky*, turn to **82**.

36

The Egyptians never enslaved their own people but did take foreigners as slaves, and you think that that is the most likely explanation for the presence of Greeks in these cellars. You try speaking to them using the few phrases of Egyptian you know, and to your relief they appear sympathetic. When you explain your predicament they do their best to help. They tell you to turn left at the end of the corridor, and climb the steps which will bring you out inside the great hall. You must leave by the east door and cross the courtyard – the doors beyond are the entrance to King Terratakamen's court.

They move off about their work. You decide to take their advice and turn left at the end of the corridor. Go to **76**.

37

You look again at the figures walking by. Perhaps one might help you, but you feel sure that the wrong choice will lead to you death. Who do you decide to approach?
The architect Imhotep – go to **57**.
The ram-headed god – go to **87**.
The goddess Isis – go to **129**.
Some other passer-by – go to **117**.

38

You walk for perhaps 10 metres, and then the corridor turns sharply to the left. After another 10 metres or so you come to a T-junction. Do you turn right (go to **41**) or left (go to **8**)?

39

The door opens and you find yourself in a bare room. Light enters through slit windows, far too narrow to climb through. The ceiling is about 3 metres high and made of wooden planking. The walls are decorated with crude pictures showing figures dressed in the costumes of ancient Egypt apparently torturing and killing a number of victims.

In the background you recognise pictures of the temple gateway. You wish the light was better so you could see the pictures properly. As you peer at them, it seems to you that some of the victims are shown wearing twentieth century dress, but this is obviously a trick of the light. In one corner of the room a ladder leads through a hole in the planking, presumably to another room above.

Do you climb the ladder (turn to **7**), or return to the gateway (turn to **2**)?

40

The statues move their heads to stare at you. Their eyes are black and filled with hate; they step down from their plinths and raise their spears. You look up at them towering above you and wonder if you were wise to stand and fight – but it is too late to reconsider. They come at you together.

STATUES SKILL 9 STAMINA 10

If you survive, go to **13**.

41

After a short distance the passage ends in a door marked with a pentagram. If you have been this way before, or if you do not wish to open the door, you may return down the passage (turn to **48**). If you wish to open the door go instead to **33**.

42

You stand ready to face whatever is in the inner chamber. The door swings open . . . and a cat pushes its way out. After the tension of the last few moments you laugh out loud with relief.

Do you kill the cat anyway? Go to **54**.
Bend down to stroke it? Go to **66**.
Ignore it and move straight into the inner chamber? Go to **192**.

43

The corridor begins to slope upward and there are torches burning to add to the light. You walk for some way towards the end of the corridor. Just as you arrive at the corner two men turn

it, making you jump with surprise! They are carrying unlit torches, presumably to replace those burning in the corridor. They are wearing white tunics, unlike anything that you would have expected to see in Egypt, and you are puzzled for a moment until you recognise their costumes as being those of Ancient Greece! The men are taken by surprise at seeing you there – but already they are recovering.

Will you attack them (turn to **185**), or try to talk to them (go to **36**)?

44

As you throw yourself down, one of the spears tears into your shoulder (lose 2 STAMINA points) but you are lucky – the others fall harmlessly about you and you survive the trap. You pick yourself up and dust yourself down, gritting your teeth as you prise the spear free. After a brief rest you set off again, walking a short distance until you come to a passage leading off to the left.

Will you take this new passage (turn to **138**) or carry on along the corridor (turn to **75**)?

45

You return along the passage. At the end will you take the left turn (go to **26**) or the right (go to **17**)?

46

The door opens and you find yourself in a small room. Light enters through slit windows, far too narrow to climb through. The ceiling is about 3 metres high and made of wooden planking. In one corner of the ceiling there is an opening to the next floor but it is far too high for you to reach.

In the centre of the room there is a table on which you see a gold goblet (worth 5 shekels) and a bowl of gruel. You touch the bowl and the gruel is still hot. You search around the room but there is no sign of anyone – just a spear propped against the wall and a rope, neatly coiled, on the floor. You may take *one* thing from the room with you. (If you have taken anything from this room before, you cannot take anything now). The spear would make a useful weapon and if you decide to take it you may add 2 SKILL points, up to your Initial level. There is nothing else of value in the room so you return to the gateway. Turn to **2**.

47

You move over to the nearest corpse – the one with the camera. A camera case still hangs from his shoulder. Inside it you see a second camera, lenses and a flash gun. If you wish to take the camera case you should make a note of it on your Adventure Sheet.

Now what do you do?

Examine the second body (if you have not already done so) – go to **5**.
Examine the third body (if you have not already done so) – go to **20**.
Leave the remaining bodies and open the gate – go to **60**.

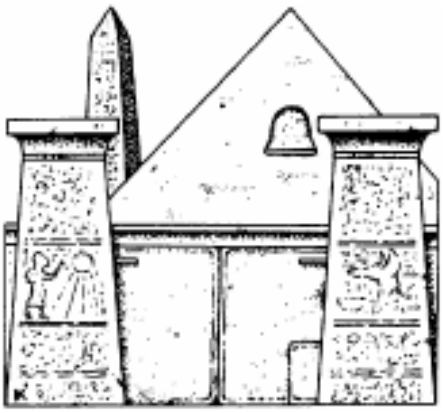

48

You return along the corridor to where the path branches off to the right. If you take this path go to **32**. If you wish to continue straight ahead turn to **8**.

49

You move back along the centre aisle of the hall – but you are moving westward, back toward the door where the statues kept their watch. The gods that guarded that path still wait at the western door, darker shapes within the shadows. You see them as they move into the aisle ahead of you; jackal headed, eagle headed, panther headed – the hideous half human, half animal shapes close in on you. You open your mouth to scream . . . and you know no more.

50

You are suspicious of everything and everybody you might meet in the temple by now, Isis was supposed to be a kind goddess who protected those in her power but you dare not trust her. You move forward to attack her.

As you move forward, though, the figure of Isis shimmers and changes. The goddess takes the form of a giant cobra – the sacred snake of Egypt. She strikes towards you. You will have to fight her.

ISIS IN COBRA FORM SKILL 12 STAMINA 16

If you survive, turn to **118**.

51

Gradually you are able to make out some of the details of the gateway you are trapped in. The floor is made of uneven flagstones, and on either side the walls of hewn sandstone blocks rise as far as you can see in the gloom. In each wall there is a small doorway. Double gates, apparently identical to those you entered form a third wall while behind you the door you came in by is firmly closed. You try the postern door in the inner gate but it, too, is locked.

What will you do?

Decide to rest where you are and await events – go to **62**.
Try to break down the western gate (the one you came in by) with your axe – go to **3**.
Try to breakdown the eastern gate with your axe – go to **31**.
Try the door in the North wall – go to **39**.
Try the door in the South wall – go to **46**.

52

If you have any of these items in your pack, and you think they may be useful, choose one and

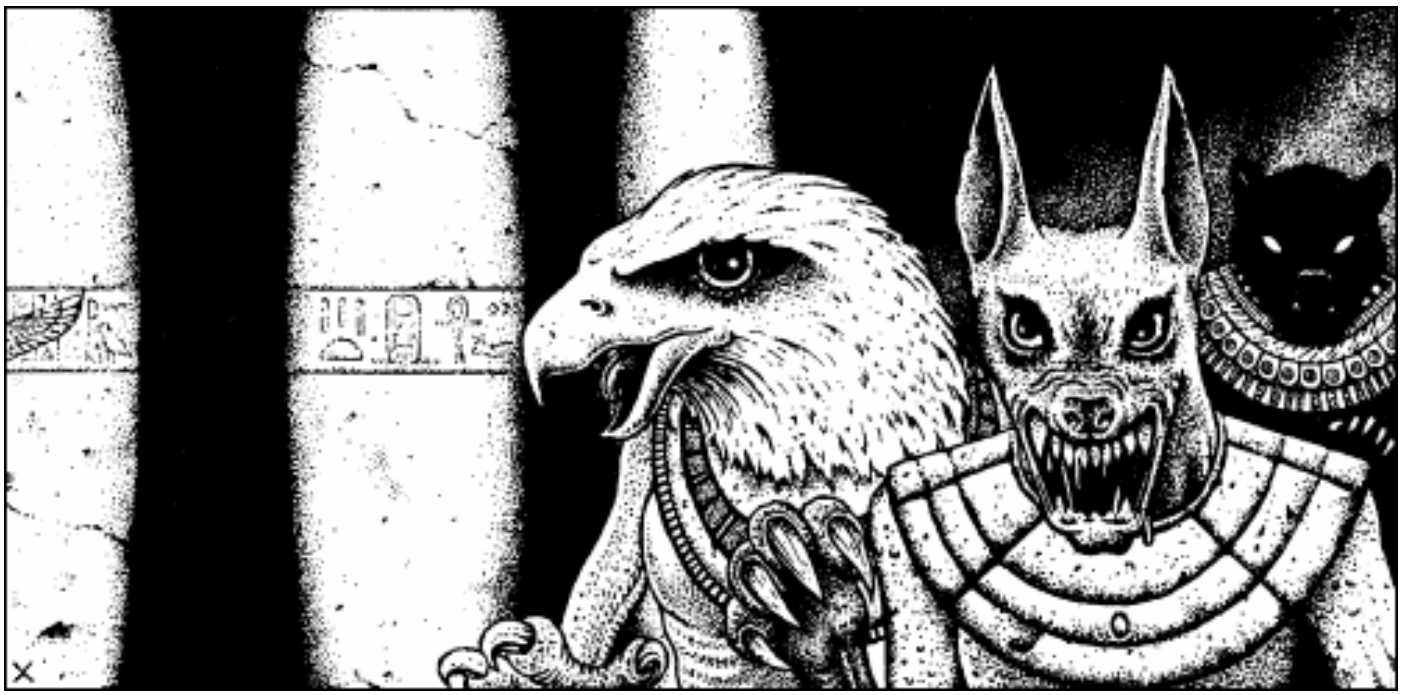

go to the number indicated:

A golden goblet – **25**.

A metal mirror – **63**.

An emerald ring – **191**.

If you do not have any of these items you will have to fight the statues as you are by turning to **40**.

53

You open the door to find yourself in a room packed with riches beyond your wildest dreams! A complete dinner service made of solid gold lies in one corner. Golden necklets and bangles are piled untidily on the floor. The walls are lined with buckets overflowing with emeralds and rubies. In the centre of the room is a chest about two metres long and one deep which could well contain the greatest treasure of all.

Do you scoop up some of the most precious items (100 shekels' worth) and leave the room, returning down the corridor (turn to **48**), or open the chest (turn to **64**)?

54

The cat glares balefully at you and you decide that it might not be the innocent creature it seems. You kick out at it as it passes and it flies across the room crashing into a shelf and falling lifeless to the ground.

You step toward the inner chamber, but as you do so the room fills with a brilliant light. Amon-Ra, the greatest of all the gods, stands before you. The Ancient Egyptians held cats sacred and here you have killed a cat in the grounds of a temple! Amon-Ra holds up his hand to curse you and, reeling in agony, you collapse to the ground and die.

55

As you throw yourself down, one of the spears tears into your shoulder (lose 2 STAMINA points) but you are lucky – the others fall harmlessly about you and you survive the trap. Picking yourself up, you prise out the tip of the spear and dust yourself down, thankful for your lucky escape.

You move on more cautiously, so you are prepared when you feel another of the paving stones move – but you are not expecting it to drop away hurling you into a pit where deadly spikes wait to finish you off! Desperately you hurl yourself forward, scrabbling for the edge of the pit. *Test your Luck* again. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **74**; if you are *Unlucky*, go to **82**.

56

You step out into the great hall, your footsteps echoing unnervingly as you begin to walk down the centre aisle. The doors are almost lost in the gloom but eventually you reach them, and push them open. Turn to **77**.

57

You move towards the architect, Imhotep.

"Honoured Sir," you say. "I beg you to help me."

He is a tall, arrogant figure. He is more than a man – he has become a god. How could you have hoped for mercy from him? You try to turn away but already the strength has left your legs. Everyone in the courtyard is looking at you. You can feel their hatred boring holes in your mind. You sink to the ground. Your very life is being sucked from you . . . You know no more.

58

His eyes turn to the signet ring on your finger. He seems surprised to see it there and looks at you with a new respect, gesturing you forward into the hall. You step into the gloom. In it you see the figures of many gods and men – including those you have slain on your adventures in the temple. These are Immortals, survivors of forty centuries; how could you have expected to destroy them? They move toward you in a single mass.

What will you do?

Prepare to fight them – turn to **78**.

Search in your pack for something that might be of use – turn to **146**.

Try to escape through the doors you entered by – turn to **162**.

59

The corridor extends for maybe 15 metres, before ending in a wooden door reinforced with iron strips. If you have already opened this door you can only return down the corridor (go to **81**). If not, you may either try to open the door (turn to **73**), or return the way you came (go to **81**).

60

You push at one of the huge doors, and to your surprise the whole door opens easily. The sheer scale of the hall beyond takes your breath away!

Craning your head back, you can see the light filtering down through the clerestory windows over 25 metres above you. You begin to walk down the centre aisle of the hall. On either side soar a line of bulbous columns, monstrously thick, their tops decorated with capitals representing papyrus buds. Beyond these two inner lines are other, slimmer columns, rank upon rank of them.

With a shock you sense movement in the darkness behind the columns. From the shadows emerge the hideous figures of Egyptian gods – half animal, half human. You start to run towards the far door of the hall but three of the ghastly creatures bar your path, one with the head of a jackal, one with the head of an eagle and one with the head of a panther. You will have to fight all three, but only one at a time.

JACKAL-HEADED GOD	SKILL 8	STAMINA 9
EAGLE-HEADED GOD	SKILL 9	STAMINA 10
PANTHER-HEADED GOD	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12

If you wish, you may choose to escape back through the west door (by going to **193**) at any stage – but remember to deduct 2 STAMINA points.

If you fight all three gods and survive, turn to **80**.

61

You start to run. Behind you, one of the enormous figures raises his arm to throw his great spear. His aim is true and you die the death of a coward – stabbed in the back, running from your foe.

62

You decide that there is little that you can do. You have found shelter from the desert sun and you decide to wait in the gateway until search parties find the wreckage of your plane and come to rescue you.

Soon, though, you hear a scurrying sound from the darkness in the corners of the gateway. In the dim light you see small dark shapes moving. Suddenly you feel something bite at your leg. You kick out and to your horror you realise that the room is filling with rats. They climb over each other to get to you, squeaking angrily, leaping at your hands, clinging to your shirt and biting at your Face. Kicking out and striking about you, you start killing them by the dozen but more keep coming.

You must fight off the rats. Each successful blow will count for twelve of them; twelve rats have a combined SKILL 5 and STAMINA 6. If you succeed in killing three dozen rats, you should go to **71**.

63

As you take the mirror out of your pack it catches the sun and you see your only chance of escaping the statues. You turn and shine the mirror towards them, catching each in turn in their eyes. Both are momentarily blinded and you take advantage of their hesitation to attack before they recover. The characteristics which follow are for the two of them together.

STATUES (DAZZLED)	SKILL 5	STAMINA 8

If you survive, turn to **13**.

64

You lift the lid of the chest and recoil in horror from what you see there. The treasure has not been left without its guardian. Inside is a rotting corpse – but the creature is somehow animated with a parody of life! It springs from the box and prepares to attack you, slashing the air with talon-like nails. It is death incarnate, and you seem to know instinctively that should it wound you your flesh will rot on your bones.

You must fight three attack rounds with it. As it is already dead you cannot kill it, and if it wins a single attack round your wound will prove fatal and you will die.

CORPSE SKILL 4 STAMINA Infinite

If you survive 3 Attack Rounds, turn to **69**.

65

The corridor runs on for about 5 metres before turning sharply right. The next section of the corridor seems to stretch on for ever after all the twists and turns it has taken so far. After you have walked for a good 15 metres you begin to wonder why this section is so long.

Do you – decide to turn back? Go to **23**.
Examine the wall on your left? Go to **186**.
Examine the wall on your right? Go to **14**.

66

The cat rubs lazily against your legs as you stroke its head, before moving on to the inner chamber. After the splendour of the outer room this is a disappointment. It seems to be a store for weapons and military gear. You decide that it would be wise to equip yourself with anything that might be useful and you look around carefully. There is a round gold shield about half a metre in diameter – but it is heavy to carry and the metal is too soft to give much protection in a fight. Hanging from the wall are a number of shortswords in their scabbards and in the corner are some spears. Propped alongside the spears is a cluster of wooden staffs. There is also a basket on the floor filled with several curious discs each about three inches across and inscribed with the hieroglyph for 'death'.

You may take *one* thing from this chamber if you want. If you take a sword or a spear add 2 SKILL points to your total – remembering not to exceed your Initial score. You end up carrying the item you have selected, together with 100 shekels' worth of relics as you set off down the corridor again. Go to **133**.

67

You are not quick enough. One of the spears bites into your shoulder, spinning you around. Three more strike your chest as you turn. You are dead before you hit the ground.

68

You pull more stones away but still the cavity is too small for you to be able to see properly. You tug at one large stone which you think will make all the difference, but as you do so there is an ominous rumbling from the wall. Some of the stones above the gap are moving! You turn to run but the ceiling is already giving way. A stone strikes your shoulder and knocks you to the ground. Before you can rise, the ceiling gives way and you die beneath the ancient stones.

69

You rain blows on the foul creature. Pieces of its flesh fall from its body as you attack it but still it swings its clawed hands towards you. Warily you circle it, socking to bring yourself close to the door and a chance to escape. The creature closes on you but you can feel the door behind you. You swing it open and leap free. With an eldritch cry of rage the creature jumps at you as you slam the door shut and its nails bite into your leg as you pull free!

Luckily, the wound is little more than a scratch and will not prove mortal but even as you watch the flesh is rotting around the cut. Lose 3 STAMINA points. You bind it as best you can using a strip torn from your shirt and return down the corridor. Go to **48**.

70

You move towards the nearest bodies, intending to investigate them closer. Some have rotted away to mere skeletons, but others have obviously been more recently killed and there are traces of rotting flesh clinging to the bones and rags of clothing hanging on them. Three bodies are clearly much more recent than the others and you move toward them. They are wearing Twentieth Century clothing and one has a camera still hanging about its neck. The smell is revolting and you hesitate to go any nearer.

Do you – examine the first body? Turn to **47**.
Examine the second body? Turn to **5**.
Examine the third body? Turn to **20**.
Think better of it and open the gate? Turn to **60**.

71

You realise that you are caught in a deadly trap. Fighting your way through an ever-growing heap of rat carcasses, you stagger towards the door in the north wall. To your relief it swings open but before you can close it the rats are on you again. In the corner of the nom there is a ladder, apparently leading to a room above. Desperately you climb the ladder, kicking it down behind you. Below there is not an inch of the floor that is not covered with rats – but for the moment you are safe! Go to **7**.

72

The corridor extends for shout 10 metres, and ends in a T junction. Do you want to turn right (go to **59**) or left (go to **92**)?

73

The door does not open easily and you have to try to force it. You run at it with all your strength. Roll 2 dice.

If the number is less than or equal to your current STAMINA score you succeed in breaking down the door. Turn to **85**.

If the number is greater than your current STAMINA score you succeed only in bruising your shoulder. Deduct 2 STAMINA paints and return along the corridor the way you came. Go to **81**.

74

Your hands grab at the edge of the pit, your fingers desperately scratching for a grip. You hang swinging above the spikes but slowly you are able to draw yourself upward. You pull yourself back into the corridor, exhausted by your ordeal.

You rest briefly (you may eat if you have Provisions left) and set off along the corridor once more. Gradually it gets broader and brighter and after some way you come to a new passage which branches off to your right. Do you take the new passage (go to **89**) or carry on along the corridor (go to **43**)?

75

The corridor runs on for a while before turning sharply to the right. After another 10 metres or so it turns left, and then almost immediately a passage runs across it. Do you take the passage to the left (go to **154**), take the passage to the right (go to **164**), or carry on straight ahead (go to **121**)?

76

The corridor soon ends in a flight of steps leading up to a stone trapdoor. You look at them apprehensively – what horrors await you at the top of those steps? If you have Provisions left you may decide to eat some of them before leaving the cellars.

You climb the stairs and carefully push open the trapdoor. You look out into an enormous hall lit only by clerestory windows over 25 metres above your head. The roof is supported by lines of columns, monstrously thick, their tops decorated with capitals representing papyrus buds. The details of the hall are last in the gloom but the trapdoor seems to be in the middle of one of the main aisles of the place.

Which way will you go? Do you make your way along in the direction you are facing when you first leave the trapdoor (turn to **56**), or do you double back on yourself and start in the opposite direction (turn to **49**)?

77

You are almost blinded by the brilliant sunlight of the courtyard beyond. You stand a moment in the doorway, trying to take in what you see. The courtyard is filled with figures, some human, some walking like men but with the heads of beasts. You recognise several of the mythological gods of Ancient Egypt – the goddess Nut and her children, Osiris, Harmachis, Isis and Nephthys; the ram-headed Khnemu; Thoth, the thrice-wise and Imhotep who built the first pyramid. There are scribes and servants, soldiers and merchants – but first there are two figures standing one either side of the door and staring fixedly at you.

The one on the left seems to be a common soldier armed with a mace. Facing him is a man who, but for his elaborate head-dress you would take to be a scribe or clerk of some sort for he is counting something off with notches on a tally stick.

Do you – turn to the soldier – go to **84**.

Turn to the man with the tally stick – go to **94**.

Run past both men and into the courtyard – go to **101**.

78

The crowd gathers around you, trapping you where you stand. There is total silence and the crowd parts to let through the figure of a young boy, not more than twelve years old.

"I am Se-Osiris," he says. *"I will be the Champion of the Pharaoh Terratakamen."* You remember the stories of Se-Osiris, the boy magician who could control the powers of fire and darkness and even life itself.

"Strike at me if you would save yourself," he says. In desperation you strike out. He hardly seems to move but your blow is wide of the mark. He smiles and raises his hand. A bolt of fire strikes towards you. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, the fireboat misses. If you are *Unlucky*, you are burned; lose 2 STAMINA points.

The fight is on. However hopeless it seems, you must fight him. Not only is he stronger than you but after every Attack Round that he wins you must face his fireboats – *Testing your Luck* every time.

SE-OSIRIS SKILL 13 STAMINA 12

If you survive, turn to **106**.

79

Desperately you run down the corridor, screaming for help. It seems to stretch on for ever. You can feel the paralysis spreading up your arm. You stop, leaning against a wall, gasping in pain. You find difficulty breathing. Your chest feels as if it is on fire. You collapse to the ground. The poison is working into your heart – you have reached the end of your adventure.

80

Staggering from your wounds you hurry toward the west door and escape. Reaching it you push it open . . . turn to **77**.

81

You return along the corridor until you come to a passage leading off to your left. Will you take this new passage (turn to **11**) or carry straight on (go to **92**)?

82

Your hands grab at the edge of the pit, your fingers desperately scrabbling for a grip. For a few minutes you hang swinging above the spikes, but you cannot get a grip on the paving stone above. Slowly but remorselessly your fingers slip toward the edge. The spikes wait below – there can be no escape . . .

83

You turn left and walk down the corridor, which ends in a door apparently made entirely of brass. It opens easily and you step inside to find yourself in a small cell with walls and floor all of the same metal as the door. The cell is entirely bare and you turn to leave but the door has closed silently behind you and it cannot be opened!

While you struggle to escape you begin to realise that the room is getting warmer. As the temperature rapidly rises the walls begin to glow with the heat and you realise the deadly meaning of the metal cell. Here Terratakamen's victims can literally be roasted alive. Already your feet are burning through the soles of your shoes. You stagger in the heat and touch one of the walls raising terrible blisters on your hand. There can be no escape from agonising death – you can only pray that your suffering will soon be over . . .

84

You turn toward the soldier. He looks over your shoulder at the man with the tally stick. The man behind you speaks.

"His time has come," he says. *"Kill him."* The soldier raises his mace and swings it forward. Your story ends here.

85

The door opens and you find yourself in a small room lit by blazing torches. The walls are lined with shelves on which papyrus scrolls are heaped in untidy piles. Cross-legged in the middle of the room sits a man wearing the traditional white robe of a scribe. A roll of papyrus rests on his knees and he is writing busily with his stylus. As you enter he looks calmly up at you. He speaks in the tongue of Middle Egypt, and to your surprise you realise that you can understand him without any difficulty.

"You have no business here, stranger," he says. *"Be off with you now and I will forgive your intrusion."*

Will you – apologise for intruding and return down the corridor! Turn to **81**.

Try to talk to him, to discover more about the temple? Turn to **12**.

Attack the scribe? Turn to **18**.

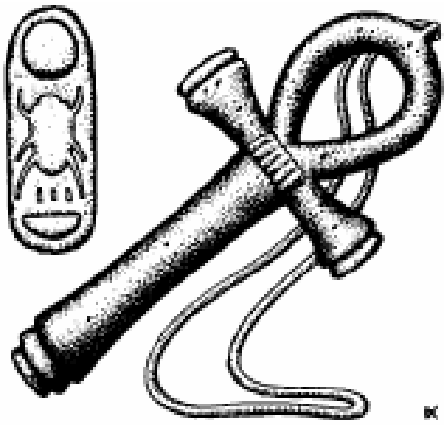

86

You feel sick from the stench of the vile creature and you run along the corridor trying to put the monster out of your mind. All of a sudden you arrive at a T-junction. Do you turn right (go to **169**), or turn left (go to **125**)?

87

You move toward the god with the ram's head – but even as you step towards him you know that you have chosen wrong. How could you hope for mercy from this inhuman creature? You hesitate – and even as you pause you hear the sound of footsteps coming from behind you. You turn just as the guard raises his mace – and the last thing you ever see is the mace swinging toward your head.

88

The stone is loose and easily lifted. Below it you find a deep shaft – perhaps it was once an old well. The sides are lined with bricks, with crude handholds cut into them – but some of them are crumbling away.

Do you:

Climb down the shaft – go to **111**.

Replace the stone and try the one by the third pillar – go to **182**.

Replace the stone and try another one by the sixth pillar – go to **6**.

89

You walk along the corridor for about five metres when you come to a section where the

paving changes. Instead of the flagstones all being smooth, some arc ridged with horizontal lines and some have patterns of dots on them. You decide to only walk on stones of one pattern in this section of the corridor.

Which will you walk upon?

Plain – turn to **97**.
Ridged – turn to **110**.
Dotted – turn to **124**.

90

You throw yourself across the gap. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **105**; if not, go instead to **135**.

91

You pull the goblet from your pack. You hold it in your hand, uncertain what to do with it. The crowd laughs at your discomfort and then a figure steps forward and pours wine into the goblet. Will you drink it (go to **104**) or throw it to the floor (turn to **115**)?

92

The corridor runs on for about 10 metres and then you come to a passage which branches off to the right. Do you take the passage to the right (go to **22**) or carry straight on (go to **17**)?

93

Turn directly to **131**.

94

You turn to the man with the tally stick. The stick is marked with notches and he is counting these with his stylus. Will you wait for him to finish counting (turn to **107**) or seize the stick out of his hands and break it (turn to **168**)?

95

You walk slowly along the arcade, ignoring the tapestries and sculpture, and wondering how you can escape the temple. Suddenly you realise that as you walk the sound of your footsteps changes. You listen carefully. On some of the paving stones your footsteps echo move than on others. You explore and realise that three of the paving stones ring hollow. Each of the three stones is directly north of one of the pillars that support the arcade roof. Counting from the east they are the third, sixth and eighth pillars.

You decide to lever up one of the stones to discover what is hidden below them. Do you try the stone by the third pillar (go to **182**), the stone by the sixth pillar (go to **6**) or the stone by the eighth pillar (go to **88**)?

96

You start to run away from the body but an angry crowd is already gathering. You are trapped in a circle of hostile faces. You try to fight your way out but there are too many. Their blows rain down and you fall to the ground unconscious, never to wake again.

97

Turn directly to **131**.

98

The brick handholds crumble at your touch. You struggle desperately to grip but you cannot. You fall screaming to your death at the bottom of the shaft. Your adventure is over.

99

The steps end in a stone trapdoor. Cautiously you push it up, only to discover that you are back in the arcade. You have been walking round in circles!

Before you have a chance to pull the trap shut a huge hand wrenches it open and you find yourself dragged out. The two statues have been miraculously restored to life. One is holding you dangling in mid-air and both are laughing at your dismay.

"Surely, traveller, you did not think that Terratakamen's power would be so easily thwarted?" gloats one. *"Why, this was but a jest that we should see you scamper so."* Still laughing, they carry you across the courtyard and chain you to the wall with the remains of their other victims. Then they climb back on their plinths and once again the courtyard is silent.

The sun beats down. With no food or water you will be lucky to survive the day. You know that you are doomed – another victim of the Temple of Terratakamen.

100

As you push the lever, the secret door swings closed again. You carry on along the corridor. Turn to **184**.

101

Both men are looking at you and you doubt that they are going to be friendly. You dodge past them and run into the courtyard. The guard shouts something behind you, and everyone turns and stares in your direction. People begin to move toward you, muttering angrily. You run this way and that, but you cannot evade them all. Hostile hands grab at you and drag you towards the guard. He looks back at the man with the tally stick who nods. The guard raises his mace. You know no more.

102

You reach in the pack and pull out the flash gun that you took from the corpse in the first courtyard. You wonder if the room is so dark because these creatures of evil lose their power in the light. You raise the flash gun and the room is illuminated with a moment of brilliant whiteness. There is a scream of pain from the creatures that stand about you and they cower away from the flash gun leaving your way clear. Go to **106**.

103

You walk for about 10 metres before you come to a passage which branches off to the left. Do you take the passage to the left (turn to **119**) or carry straight on (turn to **125**)?

104

Every eye is on you as you raise the goblet to your lips and as you sip the wine there is a roar of laughter. Too late you realise that these people would show you no mercy. They have just been playing with you, pretending to hospitality and poisoning your wine. Already their faces begin to blur. The room seems to spin around you as you topple to the floor. Your adventure ends here.

105

Despite the flames you jump safely to the other side of the gap but your arrival has attracted the attention of all the gods and men in the room. They move towards you in a body.
Will you prepare to fight them (go to **78**), or search in your pack for something that might be of use (go to **146**)?

106

The crowd parts and you walk slowly across the room. On the far side is a dais, and on the dais is a great throne of gold, shining dully even in the gloom of this chamber. On the throne sits a tall gaunt figure wearing the double crown of Egypt. Before it there is a bowl of incense about half a metre across.

As you draw nearer you begin to feel dizzy. You pause and realise that you are finding increasing difficulty in breathing. Behind you the crowd is drawing closer again – you cannot turn back. You step forward but now the fumes of the incense are almost overpowering. Are you carrying anything that you can use as a cover for the bowl? (You will need something round and the same size as the bowl.) If you are, go to **156**; if not go to **16**.

107

You stand watching while the last notches are counted off. The man finishes his task and looks at you, almost pityingly.

"Your days are counted off," he says. Too late you realise that he is the Egyptian god of death. He counts off each mortal's days on his tally stick and now he has counted off yours. Will you try to argue why you should live (go to **116**), or make a run for it (turn to **101**)?

108

The corridor runs for only a few yards before ending in a door. Either side of the door there is a torch burning in its holder. If you have been through this door before you can only return down the passageway (go to **133**); if you have not you may choose to try the door (go to **19**), or to return down the passage (go to **133**).

109

"By what authority do you seek to enter the presence of *His Highness?"* demands the man.

"By the authority of my might and cunning," you reply, arrogantly pushing past him.

He strikes the floor with his staff and a great crack opens at your feet. Flames leap up and you recoil instinctively. Will you try to jump across the crack? It is about 2 metres wide, but you may be able to make it (turn to **90**). Or will you turn back towards the door – turn to **148**.

110

You step forward cautiously, keeping all the time on the stones marked with horizontal ridges. You carry on in this way for several metres until you come to a corner where the corridor bends to the right. Here the pattern of the stones changes – some have diagonal ridges, some are covered in hexagons and others are plain except for a single star carved in the centre of each one. You decide that you dare not trust to your luck again and, still carefully treading on only the ridged stones, you retrace your steps.

When you arrive back at the end of the corridor will you turn right (go to **43**) or left (go to **35**)?

111

You start to climb down. The handholds are crumbling under your weight. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, go to **126**. If you are *Unlucky*, go to **98**.

112

Perhaps the staff that you found in the cellars has some magic power that can defeat Terratakamen. You raise it high, holding it by one of its gold-tipped ends. To your surprise Terratakamen cringes away! Turn immediately to **194**.

113

You turn the pages of the notebook, looking for some clue as to how to find your way through these cellars. You read:

> *We have been wandering in these cellars for hours. Phillips has found what could well be a concealed lock disguised in relief work on a passage wall but it will take no ordinary key We need some kind of stone to fit the hollow and then perhaps we could escape this awful place – but where is this key to be found?*

You can find no clue as to what the key looks like or where they found it but obviously they did escape, because on a. later page it says:

> *To have come so far and then failed . . . We reached the throne room and attacked Terratakamen with all our remaining strength – but in vain. He is immune to mortal weapons. Only the gold-tipped sacred staff of Anuman may fell him. We were seized by the fiends that keep his court and I write this in the few hours that await me . . .*

Reading this does not make you feel any happier – obviously there are many dangers yet to be faced. You decide to set off on your journey once again. You leave the room by going to **139**.

114

You walk a few metres along the passageway, to find a door marked with the hieroglyph of the goddess Isis. If you have been through this door before you must return along the passageway (go to **139**). If not you may try the door (go to **122**) or return down the corridor (go to **139**).

115

You throw the wine to the floor. There is an angry murmur from the people in the hall. Turn to **78**.

116

You throw yourself to your knees and beg for your life – but in vain. The god nods to the guard behind you, who raises his mace . . . Your adventure ends here.

117

You decide to avoid the great mythological figures, judging that you will get a more sympathetic reaction from one of the ordinary people scurrying to and fro across the courtyard. You pick someone out at random – a young woman you think will be sympathetic. As you approach her, though, she turns away and when you move nearer, reaching out to touch her shoulder, she starts to scream. Her cries attract the attention of the crowd who turn angrily on you. You try to fight your way out but there are too many. Their blows rain down and you fall to the ground unconscious, never to wake again.

118

The body of the cobra begins to smoke. As you watch, the column of smoke once again takes the form of the goddess before vanishing away.

You decide to rest awhile after your fight. If you have Provisions with you, you may eat a meal here. Alternatively, if you have a notebook with you you may decide to read more of it here (go to **113**). You look around the room but there is nothing in it that would be of any use to you; you must carry on with your search for King Terror's court. You leave the room – turn to **139**.

119

The corridor runs straight ahead for about 10 metres and then bends to the right. As you turn the corner you see a hideous creature striding towards you. The figure seems to glow with a blue aura. The ghostly glow illuminates its head which is that of a hyena – but a hyena that has been dead for some time. You recognise the god Set, known in legend as 'Stinking Head' because he would take the form of decaying animals. Set was the Egyptian god of Evil and you know that any battle with him is likely to result in your death.

Will you prepare to fight him (turn to **128**), or run back the way you came (turn to **86**)?

120

Turn directly to **171**.

121

The corridor runs straight ahead for almost 10 metres, and then bends to the left. As you turn the corner you see a hideous creature striding

towards you. The figure seems to glow with a blue aura. The ghostly glow illuminates its head which is that of a hyena – but a hyena that has been dead for some time. You recognise the god Set, known in legend as 'Stinking Head' because he would take the form of decaying animals. Set was the Egyptian god of Evil and you know that any battle with him is likely to result in your death.

Will you prepare to fight him (go to **136**), or run back the Ray you came (go to **144**)?

122

The door opens easily. Inside, you see a well-lit room set out with couches around a low table. A beautiful woman beckons you in. You recognise her immediately as the goddess Isis.

Do you attack her (turn to **50**), flee back down the corridor (turn to **139**), or enter the room and sit down (turn to **178**)?

123

Desperately you rummage through your pack, trying to find something that might help you but you can find nothing. You turn to run, but too late – the crowd is upon you. You scream as the first blows land but they show no mercy. Soon slaves will come in to remove your body and the room will be silent again.

124

Go directly to **131**.

125

The corridor runs straight ahead for about 10 metres and then bends to the left. As you turn the corner you see a hideous creature striding towards you. The figure seems to glow with a blue aura, revealing and illuminating its head which is that of a hyena – but a hyena that has been dead for some time. You recognise the god Set, known in legend as 'Stinking Head' because he would take the form of decaying animals. Set was the Egyptian god of Evil and you know that any battle with him is likely to result in your death.

Will you prepare to fight him (turn to **132**), or run back the way you came (turn to **159**)?

126

The crumbling handholds just support your weight but you begin to wonder if you are wise to continue.

What will you do?

Climb out of the shaft and try the stone by the third pillar – go to **182**.
Climb out of the shaft and try the stone by the sixth pillar – go to **6**.
Carry on climbing down the shaft – go to **175**.

127

Desperately you turn the pages of the book, looking for some clue as to which stones might be safe. On one page you see a sketch of the three different patterns with the hexagon ticked. You decide that the hexagons are probably safe and set out to walk across them.

The book seems to be accurate because you cross the stones safely and arrive at a turn in the passage. Here the passage turns to the left, but beyond this you find different patterns on the stones. Some have horizontal ridges on, some have patterns of dots and some are plain. You can see nothing in the notebook that will help you now.

What will you do?

Keep to the plain stones – go to **97**.
Keep to the ridged stones – go to **172**.
Keep to the dotted stones – go to **124**.

128

The ghastly figure comes closer. The stench from the head is almost overpowering. It attacks with terrible speed. You will need all your strength if you are to live.

SET SKILL 12 STAMINA 15

If you survive, turn to **144**.

129

You approach the figure of Isis. This beautiful goddess, noted for her kindness and understanding of mortals has been prayed to by generations of Egyptians seeking intercession and she seems your best chance. She turns and smiles as if she had been expecting you. She beckons you toward her and as you approach she takes your hand. You find yourself walking across the courtyard of a four thousand year old temple, hand in hand with a goddess whose last worshippers had surely died long before the time of Christ. Yet she seems vibrant and alive – and your only chance of escape.

Slowly you cross the open space and to your amazement no one tries to stop you. It is as if you are invisible. Isis leads you directly to the doors of the building that forms the East wall of the courtyard. In front of it sits something with the body of a lion and the head of a human. You recognise the famous figure of the Sphinx. For the first time, Isis speaks.

"If you are to enter the Court you must answer the Sphinx's riddle, I can help you no more." She turns and before you can speak she has vanished amongst all the other figures. The Sphinx regards you quietly.

"You are ready?" he asks. You nod. The sphinx sets his riddle:

"The moon nine days old,
The next sign to Cancer,
Pat a rat without a tail
And now, sir, your answer?"

He waits, silent. Desperately you rack your brain for an answer. You know that none who failed to solve the riddle lived. You will have but one chance. Choose one of the four possible answers below and move to the section shown.

The pyramids – **174**.
The river Nile – **120**.
Cleopatra – **134**.
Tutankhamen – **142**.

130

While you hesitate, Terratakamen raises his hand far the second time and you stagger back in agony. Again and again, waves of pain sweep over your body and as you collapse to the floor you know your end has come . . .

131

You take one step – and feel the stone move slightly under your foot. Immediately you step back but you are too late. The corridor is already falling with a yellow gas which hisses from gaps in the stonework. Clutching at your throat you fall to the ground. Desperately you try to crawl forward but you can feel your strength failing. Seconds later you are dead.

132

You move closer to the ghastly figure, your muscles tensed and ready for battle. Suddenly the figure fades and is gone. You walk on warily, but it was an illusion – another trick of King Terror.

After about ten metres you come to a crossroads. Do you turn left (go to **121**), turn right (go to **150**), or carry straight on (go to **164**)?

133

You move back to the crossroads. Do you turn left (go to **114**), turn right (go to **157**), or carry straight on (go to **103**)?

134

The next sign to Cancer in the horoscope is Leo, and before that comes a new moon which is shaped like a C and after comes P-A-T-R-A ("without a tail" so you should miss off the T) which gives you 'Cleopatra'.

You whisper your answer – terrified that you might be wrong . . . and the Sphinx lets you pass. You walk up the steps and the doors swing open as you approach, and you walk into the hall beyond. It takes several minutes for your eyes to adjust to the gloom. The room is huge, the ceiling supported by massive round columns, each more than two metres in diameter. There is hardly any light in here – a few torches and some very small windows high in the walls leave the place filled with shadows. You can make out that a man wearing a chain of office and carrying an ornately carved staff is standing in front of you. The man is clearly some kind of court official. He is looking at you carefully.

Are you wearing a signet ring? If you are, turn to **58**; if not, go instead to **109**.

135

Confused by the flames, you misjudge the distance and fall short of the far side. You plunge to your death in the fiery depths below!

136

The ghastly figure comes closer. The stench from the head is almost overpowering. It attacks with terrible speed. You will need all your strength if you are to live.

SET SKILL 12 STAMINA 15

If you survive turn to **86**.

137

There is a roar of rage from the darkness and the terrible creature hounds forward and shows itself. It has the head of a lion, but its body is covered in scales and it is twitching a long tail that ends in an evil barb. You cannot imagine how such an animal could ever have been created, but whatever it is the thing is angry that you have disturbed it. It advances towards you, its fangs catching the flickering torchlight and glimmering evilly.

Your first blow bounces ineffectually from its scales while its tail swings round, slashing you with its barb. Lose 2 STAMINA points. You strike again.

CREATURE SKILL 10 STAMINA 14

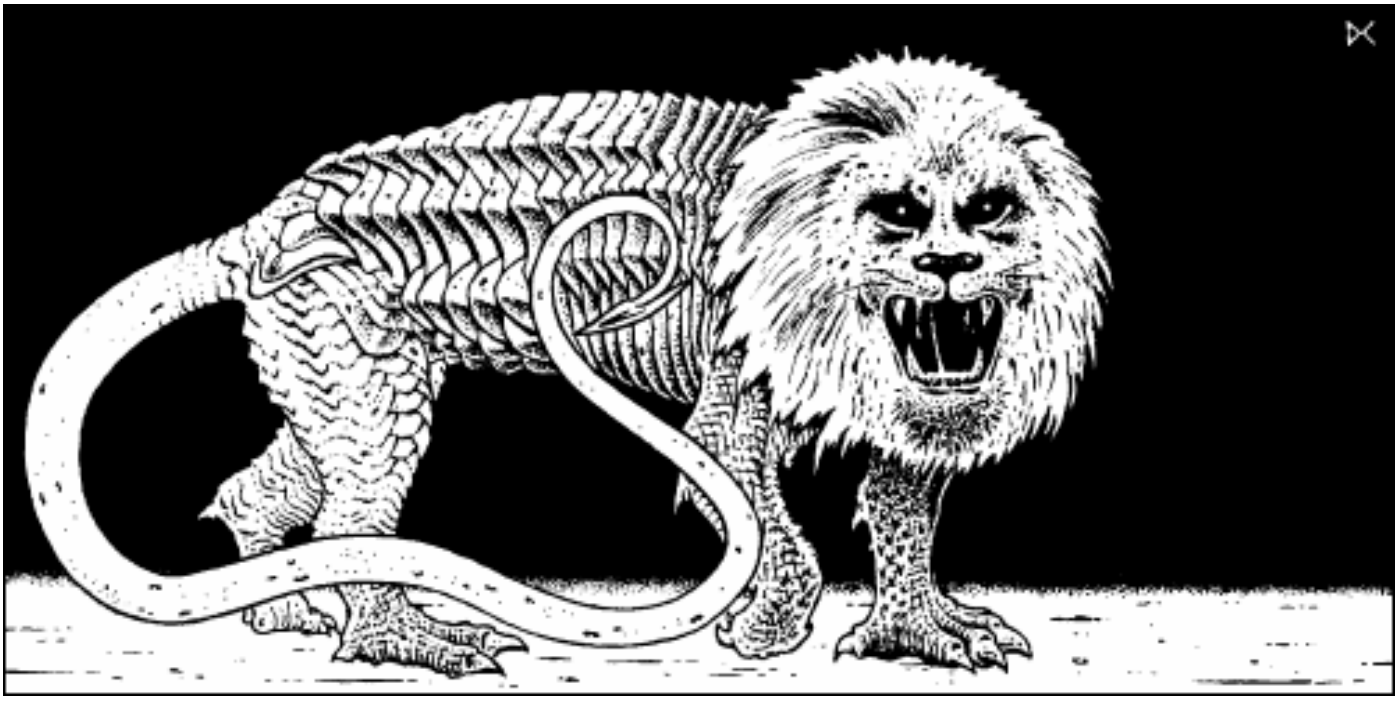

After two attack rounds you may escape back down the corridor (go to **160**) – but remember that if you do you must deduct a further 2 STAMINA points. If you defeat the creature go to **141**.

138

You move along the passageway. The corridor is longer than most of those that you have explored so far and the phosphorescence of the walls seems brighter. Suddenly the passage grows wider and on the left hand wall you see a magnificent work in bas relief, which shows the Pharaoh Terratakamen standing at the gates of a city.

Will you keep walking up the corridor (go to **166**), or stop to examine the bas relief (go to **151**)?

139

You return down the corridor. At the crossroads you may turn left (go to **103**), turn right (go to **108**) or carry straight on (go to **157**)?

140

The position of the depression suggests that it is supposed to represent some sort of lock – but although you poke it with your fingers you feel nothing that would give any clues as to how it might work. The rest of the picture, although beautifully detailed, tells you nothing that might help you escape the cellar.

You keep walking along the corridor. Go to **166**.

141

You move to examine the vases. There are three of them, each in the shape of a woman sitting cross-legged with a basket balanced on her head. You pick up each in turn and shake it. The first contains liquid, the second seems empty but you can hear something rattle at the bottom, and the third also contains liquid.

What will you do now?

Drink the liquid in the first vase – go to **149**.

Shake out whatever is in the second vase – go to **158**.

Drink the liquid in the third vase – go to **176**.

Ignore all of them and leave the cell immediately – go to **160**.

142

Turn to **171**.

143

There is a roar of rage from the darkness, and the terrible creature bounds forward and shows itself. It has the head of a lion but its body is covered in scales and it is twitching a long tail that ends in an evil barb. You cannot imagine how such an animal could ever have been created, but whatever it is the thing is angry that you have disturbed it and it leaps toward you. You lunge into the attack but your first blow slides off its scales without doing it any damage while its tail swings round, slashing you with its barb. Lose 2 STAMINA points.

Desperately you thrust the torch into its face. It cringes away, howling in fear. You drive it back into a corner and then strike. It cries in agony and collapses at your feet. Go to **141**.

144

You feel sick from the stench of the vile creature. You run along the corridor trying to put the monster out of your mind – but after only 10 metres you come to a crossroad.

What will you do?

Go straight ahead – turn to **150**.

Turn left – turn to **164**.

Turn right – turn to **154**.

145

You move on along the passage for perhaps 10 metres. The floor is paved with flagstones which look the same as all the others in the passages, but one is different – it is the trigger for one of the temple's many traps. You step on it and spears fly from cracks between the stones of the walls. Desperately you throw yourself to the ground. *Test your Luck*. If you are *Lucky*, turn to **55**; if you are *Unlucky*, go instead to **67.**

146

Do you have any of these things in your pack?

A notebook (turn to **180**)?

A goblet (turn to **91**)?

A flash gun (turn to **102**)?

If you have, choose one of them and go to the number shown; if not, go to **123**.

147

You raise the flash gun and a burst of light fills the room. For a moment the evil figure before you cringes back, but as the light fades he raises his hand and the flash gun glows red hot in your grasp. With a cry of pain you let it drop to the ground. Go to **130**.

148

You turn back toward the door – only to see it slam shut before you. The door-keeper strikes his staff against the floor once more and the flames move nearer. You cower away in terror. He raises his staff once more and the floor cracks open beneath your feet, pitching you forward to a fiery death!

149

As you drink the liquid, you feel a warm glow run through your body. You no longer feel tired or frightened. Restore your STAMINA to its *Initial* level. Clearly this was a magical restorative. Now what will you do?

Shake out whatever is in the second vase (if you have not already done so)? Go to **158**.

Drink the liquid in the third vase (if you have not already done so)? Go to **176**.

Leave the cell and continue on your way? Go to **160**.

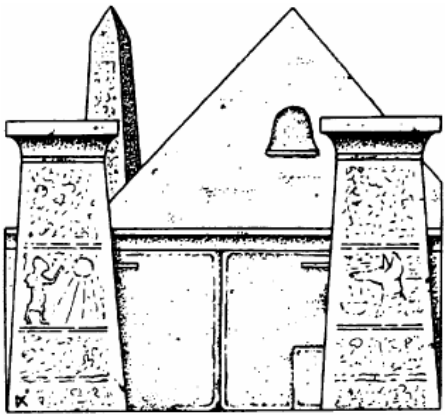

150

Almost immediately the corridor bends to the right. You walk on for about 10 metres and then the corridor bends again – this time to the left. A further 10 metres or so brings you to a side passage off to the right.

Which way will you go – right (turn to **138**), or keep straight on (go to **145**)?

151

You look carefully at the picture. The city gates are drawn in fine detail with a strange depression cut into the centre of them shaped like a beetle. You wonder what significance it might have.

If you saw anything else shaped like a beetle while in the cellars go to **161**, if not, go instead to **140**.

152

You set out across the courtyard, trying to ignore the curious glances of the passers-by. You have hardly taken a dozen steps, though, when a rough hand seizes you by the shoulder.

"You have no business here, stranger," says the man who has grabbed hold of you.

"I have every right to walk the temple grounds," you reply. *"I have done no ill and broken no law."*

The man looks carefully into your eyes. *"You lie,"* he says at last. *"You have thrown down the guardians of the Outer Court and broken the tally of your days, and who knows what other blasphemies you have committed. You shall die by my hand."*

You have no alterative but to fight this man. His mind-reading powers make him a dangerous adversary.

MIND READER SKILL 10 STAMINA 6

If you defeat him you must decide whether to try to carry on across the courtyard alone (turn to **96**), or whether to seek help from one of the passers-by instead (turn to **37**).

153

Turn immediately to **131**.

154

After perhaps 10 metres the corridor bends to the right. You walk on for a further 10 metres or so, before coming to a passage which branches off to the right. Do you want to carry on down the corridor (go to **169**) or turn up the side passage (go to **119**)?

155

You reach into the gap; your fingers close on something soft and furry. Suddenly you feel an agonising pain in your hand. Screaming, you leap back into the corridor. A giant poisonous spider is still clinging to your hand, its fangs embedded in your finger. As you watch in horror it releases its grip and vanishes through another crack in the wall. Your arm is already going numb. Will you run down the corridor to try to find help (turn to **79**), or would your rather try to make a tourniquet for your arm (go to **10**)?

156

Did you take the round gold shield from the armoury? If not, you have misjudged the situation – nothing else will seal the bowl – go straight to **16**.

If you have the shield, you are able to throw it over the bowl and stop the deadly fumes from rising. As the air clears your dizziness passes and you step before the throne.

Only now do you set the face of King Ter-

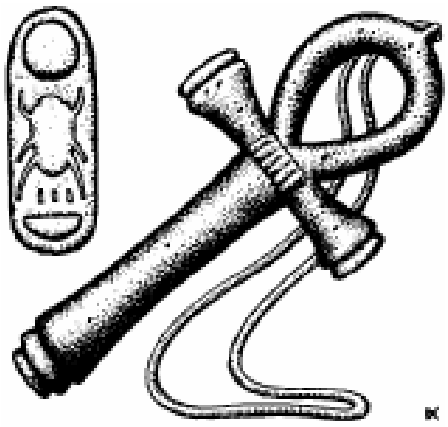

ror. You recoil in instinctive dread for Terratakamen's magic has not extended to his own person – his servants may be preserved from decay but you are looking at the face of a man who has been dead for four thousand years. The skin has dried over the bone but the eye sockets arc empty and the dried remains of flesh are curling away from the knuckles that grip the arms of his throne.

You stand motionless, half in disgust half in terror, as the creature that was once Terratakamen levers itself out of the throne and stands before you. *"Fool,"* it hisses, *"do you not know my power?"* The evil figure raises its hand and your body is seized in a spasm of pain. Lose 2 STAMINA points. Desperately you strike out at it.

TERRATAKAMEN SKILL 14 STAMINA 20

If you survive 3 Attack Rounds, turn to **170**.

157

You walk on down the corridor, half feeling your way in the eerie phosphorescence. After between 20 and 30 metres it turns to the left and almost immediately you are faced with a choice of turning right (go to **72**) or left (go to **32**).

158

You shake the vase and a stone scarab drops out. These small carvings of beetles were common in Egypt where the beetle used to be considered sacred but this one is unusual – it has been carved with spikes on its back and intricately shaped legs. Almost without thinking you slip it into your pocket.

Now what will you do?

Drink the liquid in the first vase (if you have not already done so) – turn to **149**.

Drink the liquid in the third vase (if you have not already done so) – go to **176**.

Leave the cell and continue your journey – go to **160**.

159

You feel sick from the stench of the vile monster and you flee back along the corridor to the next side passage. Will you carry on running back down the corridor (go to **169**), or would you rather turn up the side passage (go to **119**)?

160

You walk away from the cell to the crossroad. Do you want to turn left (go to **150**), turn right ago to **121**), or carry straight on (go to **154**)?

161

You remember the scarab that you found hidden in a vase. It is still in your pocket where you put it. You take it cut and compare it with the strange depression. The shapes are identical. At last you feel you may be on the way to escaping from this maze of passageways!

You press the scarab into the depression. For a moment you think that nothing will happen but then, as you move the scarab slightly, allowing it to press into position, there is a quiet click and the wall begins to move. Where the gates are cut in the picture a door opens. You step through it into the passage beyond.

The corridor here is wider and brighter than those you have been exploring so far. It runs ahead for about 13 metres, and then you notice a change in the paving stones. Instead of being plain you see that they have patterns carved into them. Some have diagonal ridges, some are covered in hexagons and others are plain except for a single star carved in their centre. You feel sure that some of these stones will operate traps – but you do not know which.

If you have a notebook with you, you may look through it to see if it gives any clues (go to **127**). If not, you must choose one of the patterns at random. Will you walk on the diagonally ridged stones (go to **133**), on the hexagons (go to **163**), or on the stars (go to **93**)?

162

You turn to run but the doors are already closed behind you. The crowd seizes you, pulling you to the ground. You see the hate on their faces as they tear and kick at your body – then you are struck on the head and know no more, another victim of the Temple of Terratakamen.

163

You step into the cool of the arcade, wondering what your next move should be. Suddenly you see something slither from one of the pillars towards your legs. It is an asp – one of the deadliest snakes in Egypt! You step quickly aside but by now snakes are moving towards you from every crevice and cranny in the arcade! You turn back, but everywhere you look the arcade is writhing with horrible slimy snakes. You must kill the snakes that lie between you and the courtyard if you are ever to escape with your life.

SNAKES SKILL 5 STAMINA 7

If you escape to the courtyard you may return to the doorway – turn to **193**.

164

The corridor ends in a plain wooden door with a peephole in it. You peer through is and see a room cut out of the salad rock itself. It is lit by the flickering flames of three torches which let you see a row of strangely shaped vases along the further wall – but there is an alcove in the cell which is in darkness.

If you have been in this room before, you should return along the corridor (go to **160**). Otherwise you may enter the room (go to **181**), or return down the corridor (go to **160**).

165

You walk carefully on the stones marked with hexagons for the few metres that take you to the next corner. Here the corridor bends sharply to the left and the patterns on the stones change. Some are smooth, some are ridged with horizontal lines and some have patterns of dots on them. You decide to walk only on stones of one pattern in this section of the corridor. Will you walk on –

The plain stones? Turn to **97**.
The ridged stones? Turn to **172**.
The dotted stones? Turn to **124**.

166

As you move beyond the picture, the corridor narrows and the phosphorescence fades until you are stumbling along in almost total darkness. You can feel the passageway moving to the right and after a few more yards you seem to reach a dead end. As you grope at the wall ahead of you, though, a hidden door swings open!

Beyond the door the corridor leads on, but a passage also branches off to the right and left. You step through and look at each corridor in turn. They look identical to those you have wandered for so long already. You wonder whether lust to turn back the way you came but behind you the door has closed silently upon its hinges, leaving no sign that it was ever there.

Now what will you do? Turn to the right (go to **41**), turn to the left (go to **8**), or keep going straight (go to **32**)?

167

Your hands grab at the edge of the pit, your fingers desperately scrabbling for a grip. You hang swinging above the spikes but slowly you are able to draw yourself upward. You pull yourself back into the corridor, exhausted by your ordeal. You rest briefly (you may eat if you have Provisions) and setoff along the corridor once more.

You tread carefully now but there is no way you can tell which of the flagstones may conceal a lethal trap. You take one more cautious step and trigger one of the temple's many traps. Spears fly from cracks between the stones of the walls. Desperately you throw yourself to the ground. *Test your Luck* again. If you are *Lucky*, go to **44**, if you are *Unlucky*, go to **67**.

168

You recognise the figure as the Egyptian god who keeps on his tally stick the record of the years of each man's life. Instinctively you know that now he is counting out your own – and you must stop him before your days are literally numbered. You seize the stick from his hands and break it.

He looks up and for a moment your eyes meet.

"Your days are not counted yet, then," he says and gestures you toward the courtyard. You look again at the milling throng. Do you:

Set out across the courtyard? Go to **152**.
Approach one of the passers-by for help? Go to **37**.

169

You walk on for about 10 metres and then come to a crossroads.

Do you carry straight on? Go to **108**.
Turn to the right? Go to **114**.
Turn to the left? Go to **157**.

170

Obviously you have no chance of defeating the tyrant in ordinary combat. Your only hope is for some kind of magical assistance. Do you have any of the following?

Discs inscribed with the hieroglyph for death (**27**).
A gold tipped staff (**112**).
A flash gun (**147**).

If you have, choose one of them and go to the number indicated. If not, go to **130**.

171

The Sphinx looks at you with an expression on its face that could almost be pity and you know that you have given the wrong answer. One of its great paws flicks forward almost playfully and you are thrown back into the courtyard, your neck broken. None who fail the riddle of the Sphinx may live.

172

Again you cross the stones safely. The section of patterned stones stops after about 5 metres and you are able to walk quickly to the end of the corridor. Here you have a choice between turning left (go to **35**) or right (go to **43**).

173

You pull the left hand lever and immediately the floor beneath you gives way. You fall into a deep pit. You are badly injured – you know you will never be able to climb out unaided. You will have ample time to regret your foolhardiness as you wait for your death.

174

Go directly to **171**.

175

You carry on down the shaft. The brickwork is moist here and it is steadily more difficult to keep your grip. There is still no sign of the bottom and your arms are growing tired. One hand slips and you struggle desperately to regain your hold but as you move the bricks crumble away. You fall to your death in Terratakamen's temple.

176

You raise the vase to your lips and drink. Almost immediately you feel an agonising cramp in your stomach. You fall to the ground writhing with the pain. Soon a merciful end comes to your suffering – you lie dead in the Temple of the Pharaoh.

177

You begin to panic and you stagger forward into the blackness of the gateway, hoping that the inner gate will open. Almost immediately you trip on the uneven paving and fall. Somehow your axe twists in your hand as you fall and you gash your leg. The pain shocks you out of your panic and you wait for your eyes to adapt to the darkness before you move again. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and go to **51**.

178

You enter and sit yourself at the table that Isis gestures you to. She speaks and her voice is gentle and kind.

"Rest, traveller, for your way is hard. I cannot help you now but I will be near when you need me most."

You turn to thank her but she has vanished. You rest as she said. If you have Provisions with you, you may eat a meal here. If you have found a notebook you may read more of it here

(go to **113**). You look around the room but there is nothing in it that would be of any use to you, so after resting you decide that yon must carry on with your search for King Terror's court. You leave the room by going to **139**.

179

As you step forward to reach the chain, your leg brushes against one of the cobra statues. Go to **188**.

180

You pull out the notebook – perhaps there will be some clue there. Fool! Did you expect everyone to wait while you read it? Even while you fumble to open it the crowd is upon you. You scream as the first blows land but they show no mercy. Soon slaves come in to remove your body and then the room is silent again.

181

You push the door open and enter the room. Do you?

Move toward the alcove, ready to attack – turn to **137**.

Take one of the torches from the wall – turn to **143**.

Move toward the vases – turn to **33**.

182

There is a narrow gap around the edge of the stone and you are just able to get your fingers into it and prise the stone upwards. As you lift it there is a stench of decay and you see the body of a man lying in a shallow pit scraped out below the stone. There is still flesh attached to the body and a mass of ants are eating the scraps that remain. The ants swarm out of the pit and before you can step back they are climbing up your arms, biting at stinging at your face and hands.

Shrieking in terror, you let the stone fallback in place and run into the courtyard, beating the tiny insects from your body. Deduct 2 STAMINA points. You lie panting on the ground of the courtyard, back once again at the great door on the east side. Go to **193**.

183

You tie one end of the rope you are carrying to the bar in the window and ease yourself carefully down into the courtyard. You are sorry to have to leave the rope there, but it has served its purpose. Go to **4**.

184

You walk on for about another 10 metres and then you come to a crossroads.

Do you?

Turn right – go to **103**.

Turn left – go to **108**.

Carry straight on – go to **114**.

185

You move quickly while they are still shocked to see you there. You realise that they are probably only slaves and as terrified as you are but you dare take no chances. You attack each in turn.

SLAVES SKILL 6 STAMINA 6

If you kill them, you may now continue by turning left (go to **76**) or right (go to **83**).

186

Most of the stones are close fitting but on your left you see a gap between two of them just wide enough for your hand to fit in. Do you reach into the gap (go to **15**), or think better of it and continue down the corridor (go to **184**)?

187

You pull the right bracket. There is the sound of a hidden mechanism creaking into action and the door swings open.

The room is obviously some kind of store of ritual and religious objects. There are shelves piled high with statues of gods and goddesses, many made of gold or decorated with precious stones. There are bowls for presenting sacrifices and altar lamps fashioned from pure silver.

On the other side of the room a door leads to a further chamber. As you stare about you at the treasure piled on every side you see the door beginning to open.

Do you grab the nearest treasure (a statue worth 25 shekels) and flee back down the corridor? Go to **133**.

Or prepare to fight whoever (or whatever) is in the other chamber? Go to **42**.

188

There is a hiss of movement and you feel a sting in your leg. You look down to see a dart quivering in your thigh. The statue was booby trapped. You pull the dart from your leg but already you are feeling dizzy. You try to concentrate on the statue but you cannot collect your thoughts. You have one last moment of lucidity when you realise that the dart must have been poisoned and then you fall lifeless before the image of the god.

189

You decide to shelter from the heat of the sun by taking the arcade around the courtyard. You turn to the right, passing the gateway in which you were so recently trapped. You try the gate as you pass, but it is still firmly locked. You move into the arcade and the cool shade envelops you. A tiled roof is supported on slender pillars and after the brilliant sunlight in the courtyard it seems very shadowy. You walk quickly along, hurrying toward the statues that guard the gate. Perhaps you walk too quickly – certainly you are not looking about you as carefully as you should.

It is not only you that have been attracted by the cool – the shaded paving stones of the arcade have provided a comfortable home for a selection of the most poisonous snakes of Egypt. It is not until one of the deadly asps hisses in attack that you realise your danger. You leap to one side and the snake's fangs strike inches from your leg. You turn back but everywhere you look the arcade is writhing with snakes – and all of them are moving toward you. You must kill the snakes that lie between you and the courtyard.

SNAKES SKILL 5 STAMINA 7

If you escape to the courtyard, you may walk across and investigate the statues. Go to **30**.

190

You squeeze past the bar and start to climb down into the courtyard. The sandstone blocks are crumbling slightly at the joins which allows you some sort of hold on the wall but you know that at any moment you could lose your grip and fall to the courtyard below.

Test your Luck. If you are Lucky you do not fall and you make it safely to the courtyard (go to **4**). If you are Unlucky you fall the last few feet. You are not badly hurt but you twist your ankle. Deduct 2 STAMINA points and then go to **4**.

191

You pull the ring out of your pack. You cannot think how it will help you and the statues are get ring nearer Perhaps the ring has some magic powers. You put it on and raise your hand in a gesture of command but the statues keep coming. Now there is no time left to run – you must turn and fight.

STATUES SKILL 14 STAMINA 14

If you survive, go to **13**.

192

Never turn your back on a temple cat. They are the epitome of feline arrogance and they don't like it. The cat leaps onto your shoulders, hissing and scratching at your neck. You try to shake it off and lose your balance, falling against the open door to the inner chamber and pushing it closed.

The cat spits at you once more for good measure and stalks off into the corridor but the damage has been done. The door cannot be opened from this side once it has been closed.

You look about the treasures in the room you are in and decide that whatever was in the inner chamber probably wasn't so valuable anyway. You select some of the best pieces of statuary, worth 100 shekels, and set out back along the corridor. Go to **133**.

193

Once again you stand before the great gate, the two giant bodies at your feet. The day is getting hotter. You feel exposed and vulnerable in the courtyard – you want to move on quickly. But where will you go now?

To open the great gate that the statues were guarding, go to **60**.

To move to the arcade on the south wall of the courtyard, go to **163**.

To move to the arcade on the north wall of the courtyard, go to **95**.

194

Terratakamen staggers back into his scat. You move forward and bring the staff crashing down onto the tyrant's skull. Terratakamen screams terribly and as he dies his courtiers seem to fade into the air. The decay and dissolution of four thousand years comes to pass in seconds, and as you watch you can see the temple crumbling around you.

Sunlight streams in through the gaping holes that grow larger even as you watch, and now there is no-one to stop you as you pick your way through the ruins back toward the western gate. You make your way to the wreckage of your aircraft. Already you can hear the engines of search planes coming towards the spot. Soon you will be back in Cairo and the adventure of the Temple of the Pharaoh will seem like a dream – or a nightmare. You are beginning to wonder if you imagined the whole thing, but then you reach into your pack. The treasure of Terratakamen's temple is still there, enormous riches that will make you very wealthy, but more importantly proof of your amazing experience and your near-miraculous escape.

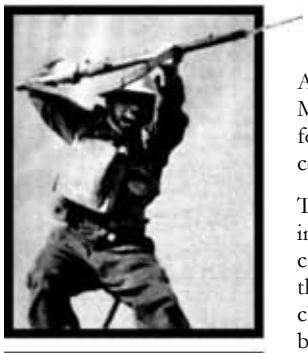

We interrupt this magazine to bring you . . .

REVOLUTION IN THE PALACE!

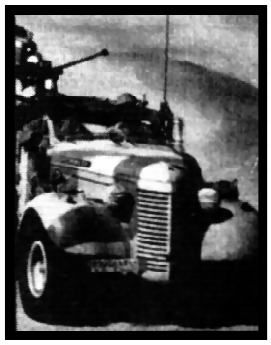

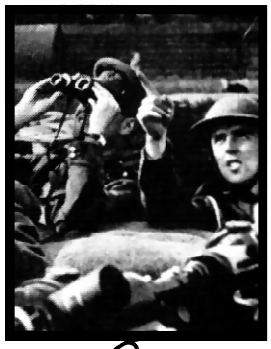

By our man on the spots, Sir Alastair Leper

And you join us now, here at the Warlock's luxurious palace on the outer edges of the Plane of Magic, where we have been witnessing some quite amazing scenes! It seems that the slaves have found a charismatic new leader who has helped them overthrow their sorcerous ruler and take control of the palace!

There have been vague rumblings from the slave pits for many months now, especially after the introduction of the latest in a series of what the Warlock called 'austerity measures' but what casual observers described at the time a, 'not giving the slaves any food'. Until very recently, though, the slaves had no leader to guide them and bring them together as a cohesive force for change. All that altered yesterday, however, when it became known that a new leader had arrived, brimming with hatred for the new regime and anxious to bring about some drastic changes. Immediately the slaves were galvanised into action, breaking free of their cells and setting about the guards with their balls and chains. The armoury was the next to go, and soon after that the entire two levels of the palace dungeons were in slave hands.

So who is this charismatic new leader? Well, no-one has yet seen him in the flesh, but apparently he's a short, stocky man, well-spoken and very handsome and charismatic. The slaves simply refer to him as the Big D. And yes, I think we can now go over to our correspondent, Genie Goblin, in the Warlock's throne room, who witnessed the final stages of the revolution. What exactly did you see, Gertie?

Well, Alastair, we have witnessed some quite remarkable scenes here. It seems the slaves fought their way out of the dungeons around midnight, and burst into the Warlock's throne room after sporadic fighting through the upper levels of the palace. There we managed to catch sight of the slaves' new leader for the first time. Striding into the throne room he confronted the warlock as he cowered in his spacious throne, and declared the charges against the sorcerer in a voice of power and majesty.

"Okay yoo warlock, Ive just about had enuff of yoo messin' nee around evry munth. From now on Ime gonna run this paliss and yoo growing to be mi slavee! ooer, that sownded reely good, dider nit? This is much betta than beeing a smellie trolle. Veeve la revilooshun!!"

At that, however, the Warlock cast a deadly Stink-bomb Spell, and fled the throne room. In the ensuing fighting many slaves and palace guards were hurt, and by the time the smoke and stench had cleared it was obvious that the sorcerous tyrant had fled. Latest reports tell of an aged, white-haired wizard boarding a plane to Hawaii in the company of two mysterious characters known only as 'Ian' and 'Steve'. The rebel forces did manage to claim one prize, however – cowering in the ruins of the Warlock magazine offices they found as editor, Marc Gascoigne. This poor wretch is now chained up in the palace dungeons. The following is part of a very long and tedious note smuggled out of his cell...

. . . Friends of Warlock and all people loyal to his glorious name, I fear it is too late for all of us. The rebel forces have captured the palace and the magazine, and it is certain that they will close it all down. Please tell all subscribers and contributors not to worry, as we'll get instructions to them separately through people still loyal to our side. Oh curse the name of that smelly troll! Will the world ever hear from the Warlock again? I care not for my own fate, as long as my beloved master is safe and free . . .

What a creep; no wonder they're shooting him at dawn! And now, a few scant hours after the fighting died down, all is peace and quiet in the palace of the deposed warlock in the throne room the victorious forces are sitting down to a feast of the traditional food of their leader – though where they got five hundred rat's gizzards at such short notice we'll never know. This is Alastair Leper, the Warlock's Palace, returning back to your normal programmes.

AND NOW FOR WHITE DWARF

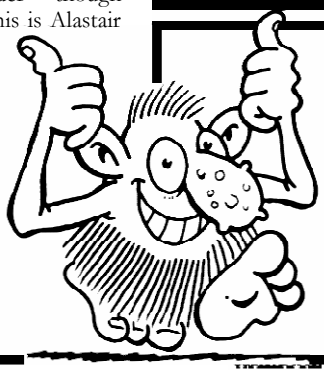

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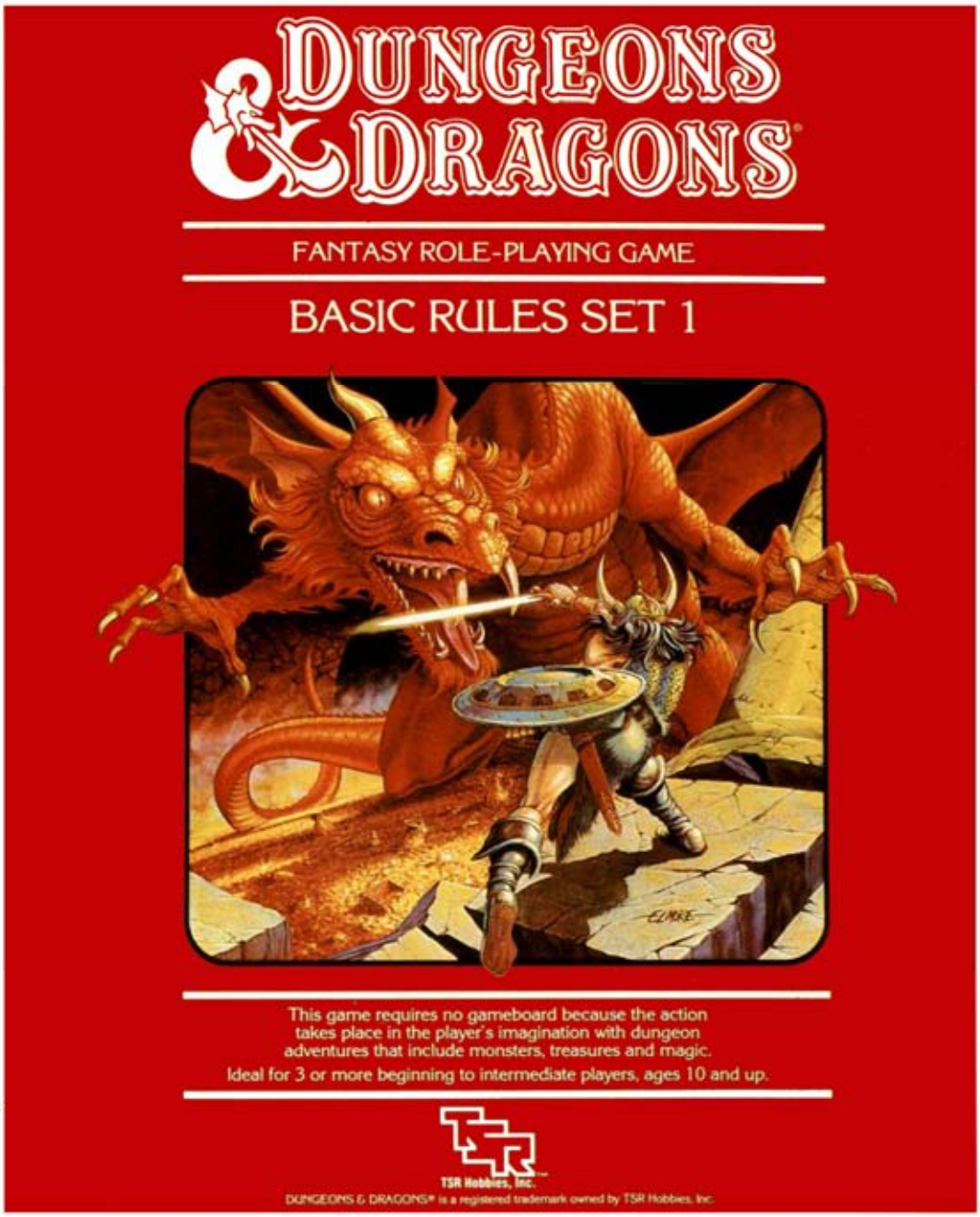

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WIND HAMMER

A CORE GAMEBOOK ADVENTURE FROM THE CHRONICLES OF ARBORELL

WAYNE F DENSLEY

WindhammeR

A Core Gamebook in the Chronicles of Arborell
Interactive Fantasy Series

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"It is said that a Man's destiny is decided by the Fates at the moment of his birth, and no matter how he may hide that doom will always find him."

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Introduction to the Windhammer Core Gamebook

Welcome Adventurer to the world of Windhammer, a PDF format adaptation of the first Core Gamebook in the Chronicles of Arborell interactive gamebook series. Since 2001 the Windhammer gamebook has been available to readers who enjoy interactive fiction both as an online work and as a html-based download file. Over these years the gamebook has evolved and grown into a 600 section fantasy adventure, and in converting Windhammer to a PDF format a few changes have had to be made. It is important to the gameplay of this title that some of those changes be highlighted here.

The most important change required in this adaptation to the PDF format is the difference in how the language of Haer'al, or the Elder Tongue, is presented and utilised. In the original online gamebook a reader could find clues to their adventure written in this ancient language and hidden within special text graphics. These clues were then uncovered by placing a mouse cursor over those selected graphics. This cannot be done in this format. Instead the clues are identified by a “clue-glyph” placed throughout the text, each clearly showing those hints to the game in their original Haer'al form. These clues can be identified by a tree symbol and translated if desired.

For readers who have not previously travelled these lands the language of Haer'al is the foundation of EarthMagic and the key to its use in the world of Arborell. Although the language of Haer'al has considerable importance in the ongoing development of the story of this series, in Windhammer it is used merely as a device to provide clues that can be helpful in making decisions within the adventure. A reader must however, translate the clues and this can only be done using the First Book of Haer'al. This title is available for download in both PDF and RTF formats from Arborell.com.

It should be noted that using the clues provided in this manner are not mandatory to your adventure. This addition to the gameplay is simply a way that a reader might delve even deeper into the cultures and traditions of this ancient world. It is not necessary to complete Windhammer.

Please enjoy your journey into the world of Arborell.

Using This Gamebook

Windhammer is an interactive fantasy gamebook adventure and in the world that is about to unfold you are its hero. It is you who will decide how your journey progresses, and it will be you who will make choices and decisions that will determine your ultimate success. Within these pages you control your own destiny. Windhammer is a gamebook that has its own unique rules, and it will be necessary for you to understand them prior to beginning your quest. These rules are outlined below.

To play Windhammer you will need;

- a pencil or pen,
- two six-sided dice,
- a printout of the character status and combat record sheets provided with this book.

If you wish to play Windhammer using the Enhanced Combat System a copy of the rule-set can be found at the Chronicle's website. If you wish to decode the clues provided in this adventure in the ancient language of Haer'al you will require the First Book of Haer'al also available from the Chronicles of Arborell website.

Prior to commencing your journey you should read the directions and other information provided within the background information and introductory section of this adventure. Within the history of Stoneholme, and the circumstances of Halokim Vesh's recruitment to his quest, lies information that may help you on your journey. Subtle clues can be found throughout your quest, and the following will help you discover them.

Before beginning we should look first at what is a gamebook adventure for it is not a novel in the usual sense. It is a work of interactive fiction, a solo adventure that allows you to make choices as to how you wish to proceed within the story and in doing so influence how it progresses. You will combat any who might stand in your way, collect new items and equipment as you travel, and ultimately win through to your quest's end.

To read Windhammer in the same way that you might read a normal book will make little sense. To play Windhammer begin by reading the instructions that follow. Within these instructions can be

found everything you need to know regarding gameplay, generating a character, finding equipment, and resolving conflict situations.

From there you commence your quest at the section entitled “Maenum”, and proceed on your journey according to the directions you encounter as you read the text. You will find that making a map of your progress whilst in Stoneholme will greatly assist you in finding your way through the many passages and halls of the fortress. A map will be especially useful if you wish to avoid traps on subsequent attempts to restore the Tellandra.

Additional appendices have also been provided with more in-depth information if you wish to gain a deeper understanding of the long history of this turbulent world and the creatures that inhabit it.

Your Quest

Deep within the subterranean labyrinths of the ancient mountain fortress of Stoneholme stands a pillar of stonewood known to the Dwarvendim of Arborell as the Tellandra. For more than a century it has been lost, hidden far from the sight of men by the creatures of the Horde as they assail it in an effort to destroy its power. Until these last few days it has withstood the onslaught of the Hordim, and the greater strength of the Dragon Windhammer, but now it lies shattered. Whole, the Tellandra stood as the most powerful conduit of magic in the known world. Broken, its power ebbs like blood from an open wound, dispersing unseen into the darkness of Stoneholme's deepest chambers. With each passing day the powers of Magic and Lore weaken.

It is your quest to find the stonewood pillar before its magic passes completely from the world. Once found it can be restored, and then, with its power renewed, the forces of chaos can be contained and destroyed. This is your task.

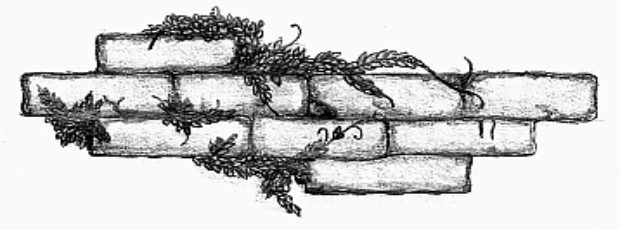

Your Character

Before beginning your quest you will need to establish the strengths and attributes of your character. Unlike many other gamebook adventures, you do not roll dice to determine character values. In the Windhammer gamebook you are given 50 character points that must be spread amongst five core character attributes. In addition, you may also choose specific skill areas that you may use to enhance the effectiveness of your character. To give your character a greater chance of success there are also a number of talents that may be chosen as well. How these attributes, skill areas and talents are applied to your character is explained in the following text.

Your Character Status Sheet

At the end of this book can be found a Character Status Sheet. This sheet must be printed prior to commencing your adventure. It is on this sheet that all the activity of your quest is recorded, and upon which many of the decisions you must make will be based. The sheet requires that you record a number of facts about your character; specifically his strengths, attributes, endurance level, skill areas and chosen talents. This sheet is also used to record equipment carried, artifacts and other items found on the way, rations available, and the number of times you can use the uniquely Dwarvendim skill known as the Shimmera.

In developing your character the first thing that must be decided is the relative strength of your character's attributes. If you look at the character sheet you will find that there are five listed; Strength, Agility, Endurance, Luck and Intuition. Your character has 50 points that must be distributed amongst these attributes and each attribute has a range of numbers given in brackets next to them. This is the minimum and maximum limits for points that can be ascribed to each. For example, the Strength attribute allows for a minimum of 5 points and a maximum of 11 character points. How strong you wish your character to be will be determined by the number of points you give him within this range. All fifty points must be used on these five attributes, but they must be spread within the limits given for each. Distribute these points carefully. It is not only strength and endurance that will see you to this adventure's end. In determining how many points you will apply to each attribute the following information may prove useful.

Character Attributes

Strength

How strong you are is the first quality that needs to be established. This attribute allows you to place between 5 and 11 character points, and is your choice as to how strong you wish to make your character. This is your strength, and it will only change during the quest if you suffer substantial injury. The text will tell you by how much you should reduce your strength attribute if you sustain such an injury. With rest injuries can be healed, and the text will give full instructions on how you should account for such changes.

Agility

The next attribute to determine is agility. You may allocate between 1 and 5 points to this attribute. You ability to move quickly, and undertake difficult physical tasks will be determined by the points you give here. You should consider carefully how many points you allocate to this attribute. As with strength, your agility will not change in the course of this adventure except if you are injured, or if you are encumbered in some way. If you are required to modify this attribute the text within the story will provide full instructions as to how these changes should be accounted for.

Endurance Points

You may apply as many as 35 character points to your Endurance, but not less than 15. This amount is your maximum endurance point level and is recorded on your character sheet as your initial value. Except for one special circumstance it cannot be exceeded during the game. As you encounter the creatures of the Horde, or the even more lethal traps that litter the halls and secret places of Stoneholme, you will find your endurance points rising and falling as you are either injured, or take meals or sleep.

Your level of endurance determines how fit you are, and how well you are fairing in the face of the challenges of your quest. Should your endurance fall to zero then, unfortunately, you have died and your quest has ended. It will then be to your next life that you must look for greater success.

Once you have determined the number of points you are giving this attribute, record the amount also in the Endurance Points box on your character sheet.

Luck

Luck plays a large part in the success of any quest. In your journey through the pages of Windhammer you will find that luck will play a significant role in determining how easy or how difficult your road will be. You may give up to 5 character points to this attribute. This is your luck factor. It is constant and will not change whilst you are on your quest. A high luck score will make your survival easier, but not all the challenges you will face require it. As with all these attributes think carefully on how lucky you wish your character to be.

Intuition

Not everything that you find within this adventure will be as it seems. Your quest will place before you circumstances that may appear straightforward, but will prove at best distractions, and at worst lethal challenges. It will be your intuition that will guide you and it should be considered carefully when distributing character points. You may apply up to 5 points to this attribute.

Your Combat Value

Once you have ascribed character points to each of these five attributes, you will need to return to the first two; Strength and Agility. Apart from their importance as individual attributes to your character, they also determine one very important aspect of your character's ability to succeed in this adventure; your Combat Value.

Add these two amounts together and place the total in the sub-total box of your character sheet. This is your character's initial Combat Value and is a measure of your character's capacity to survive mortal combat. Have no illusion about the dangers you will face on this quest. If you are sighted by any creature of the Horde you will be attacked, and the combat will not end until one of you has fallen. There is no opportunity for escape. Survival will depend on how well you fight, and your Combat Value will determine this.

You will notice that both Armour bonuses and Skill/Talent bonuses also combine to make up your final Combat Value. For the moment leave these blank. Skill and Talent bonuses will be determined by your choices in the following sections of these instructions; any Armour bonuses will be determined in Section 1 of this gamebook.

In the next section you will need to pick both character skills and talents. Depending on what you choose there may be bonuses that can also increase your fighting capabilities.

Skill Areas

In the course of an adventurous life, Halokim Vesh has developed a range of survival skills that will be of great value to your quest. Below are six skill areas, all of which can help you on the hard road that will lead ultimately to the Tellandra. You may pick two of these skill areas to take with you on your travels. Read the information below and choose wisely. Once you have chosen the skills you believe will best serve you on this adventure, tick off the appropriate boxes on your Character Status sheet and adjust your character attributes to account for any bonuses that your choices may bring. Each of the six skill areas are described in full below.

Bushcraft

A life spent in the wilds of Kalborea has finely honed your ability to live off the land, and move unnoticed through its differing terrains. The skill area of Bushcraft provides the skills of navigation, native food lore, weather lore, camping and woodcraft, an innate sense of direction, fire-making and camp cookery. Such skills can be extremely valuable as you travel the lands of Northern Kalborea. If you choose this skill area you may add an additional five points to your total endurance points. This is however, the only exception to the rule that your EP cannot increase beyond its initial level. Keep in mind though, that this skill area only has practical value whilst you are travelling to Stoneholme. If you find Stoneholme and enter its dark halls these skills may prove of lesser value.

Skill Bonus: Increase initial Endurance by 5 points.

Huntmastery

This skill area provides more than just proficiency in hunting. Within this skill area can be found animal knowledge and husbandry, tracking, hunting skills, an ability to sense ambush and keen vision. These skills allow you to find food and track possible enemies without falling victim to them. If you choose this skill area you may add one bonus character point to your Combat Value. Like Bushcraft, the Huntmastery skill is only of value whilst you are travelling the plains and forests of Kalborea. Once you enter Stoneholme these skills will prove of lesser value.

Skill Bonus: +1 to Combat Value.

Weaponmastery

Weaponmastery provides proficiency in all common weapons found in Arborell. Your life as a thief has tempered your combat skills to a point where you have proven yourself a formidable opponent, and if you choose this skill area you will be able to add one additional point to your Combat Value. This skill area cannot be chosen however, if you have already chosen Huntmastery. When choosing your character skills you cannot choose both Weaponmastery and Huntmastery. In this adventure it must be either one or the other.

Skill Bonus: +1 to Combat Value.

Lorecraft

EarthMagic runs through the world of Arborell as a physical presence, one that can be harnessed by those who understand its Lore. As a novice at the Temple of the Suns in Das Frontiere you were only beginning to understand the power of EarthMagic when the Temple's doors were closed, and you were thrown into the street. (More can be found on this in the appendices to this book and in the Windhammer companion novella - The Inquisitor's Lament.)

At this time you possess latent powers, untrained and unfocused, that will help you on this quest. Such powers include an innate ability to sense the proximity of EarthMagic, and an ability to activate some magical items. Specific spells or knowledge of EarthMagic are not currently available to you, however choosing this skill area will add a bonus of one additional character point to your Intuition attribute. If you already have 5 character points ascribed to Intuition it is within the rules to increase this attribute to 6 points. In this case all intuition tests will automatically be successful. Although Lorecraft may seem somewhat underpowered, do not underestimate the advantages that may come from being able to sense EarthMagic.

Skill Bonus: +1 to Intuition Attribute.

Brigandry

Yours has been a hard life, one that has on more than one occasion required theft or deception to survive. Your Brigandry skills have been hard-won, and may prove useful to you yet again. Brigandry skills include an excellent local knowledge of the criminal elements of Northern Kalborea, forgery, disguise, lockpicking, pickpocketry and an

extensive appreciation of traps and other lethal devices. Such skills carry no bonus to any of your character attributes, however they have kept you alive for many years and cannot be discounted if your are to succeed in your quest.

Stealth

Stealth is the stock-in-trade of the successful thief and you have been very successful in your time. This skill area includes knowledge of camouflage, silent movement, tactics and diversion methods, and a greater ability to use the Shimmera. Such are your skills in this area that if you choose Stealth you will receive one additional bonus point to your Shimmera total.

Skill Bonus: +1 to Shimmera.

The Shimmera

Roll one die. This is the number of times during your quest that you will be able to use the uniquely Dwarvendim skill known as the 'Shimmera'. It is not magic by any means, but an illusion that has proven invaluable when in combat against large, powerful opponents. As it is an illusion, somewhat like a magician's sleight-of-hand, the circumstances for its use must be exactly right. This means that its use is somewhat limited, but can be very useful when the circumstances permit.

It is rumoured that the Shimmera takes advantage of a defect in the design of the Hordim, one specifically created to provide an edge in combat for the ancient Trell'sara if ever they had a need to defend themselves from their own creations. As a technique it is known only to the Dwarvendim of the Stone Kingdoms. Long contact with the Hordim has shown this defect can be exploited, if the warrior using it has the intuition to judge its use correctly.

How it works is a matter of some discussion amongst scholars. The general agreement is that all Hordim have a small blind-spot at the edge of their vision, one that tricks them into believing something moving quickly towards them and to the left has disappeared. For reasons that are not understood such a disappearance causes an overwhelming attack of vertigo in the creature, and allows an attacker one quick opportunity to deal a lethal blow. Experience has shown that the Shimmera only works against single opponents, and has no use against the beasts of the world or Dragons.

The Shimmera can only be used in two situations. The first is combat. To be able to use the Shimmera in combat you must be facing only a single opponent (the text will tell you when you may attempt to use this skill). Upon commencing the illusion you will disappear from the creature's view, and in the resulting incapacitating vertigo you will have your opportunity to finish the combat quickly.

The second situation where the Shimmera can be attempted is to aid escape from pursuing enemies. Although this skill does not work against groups of Hordim in the fashion of its design for combat, it does confuse small groups, especially in darkened areas. Use of the Shimmera against pursuers will allow escape but use of this skill under these circumstances is difficult. The text will tell you if it is an option you can use.

Please note that even though the Shimmera was designed by the Ancients as an advantage in combat, it did not save them from their ultimate fate at the hands of their creations. This failure is a testament to the limitations of this skill and its use should be confined to times of great desperation.

In this adventure any use of the Shimmera is preceded by an Intuition test. Such a test must be successful if the Shimmera is to be used. A failure has no detrimental effect, but the skill can only be attempted once in any combat. Each time you use the Shimmera you must record it on your status sheet. Remember that you can only use it during your quest the number of times indicated by your throw of the die, and only when the text gives you the option to do so.

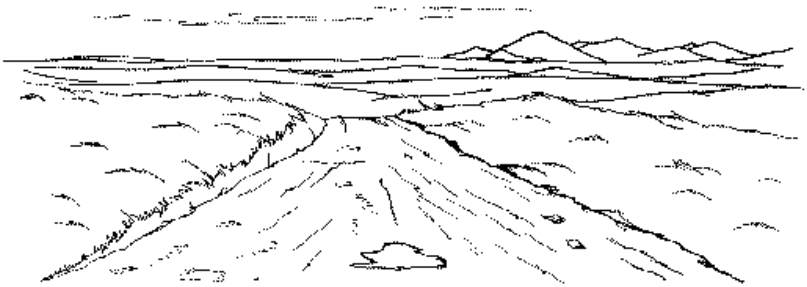

Chosen Talents

Once you have determined your character attributes and chosen your character's specific Skill Areas, the next step in customising your character is to choose two talents. These talents enhance certain aspects of your character's ability to complete your quest and should be chosen carefully. It is not mandatory but you may choose two of the following ten talents. Write the talents you have chosen into your character sheet, and if you wish write the specific nature of these talents into the Quest Notes section as a reminder.

Strong Back

A player with the talent of Strong Back may disregard all carry limitations. You may carry as many rations as you wish, and as many items of equipment or found objects as you think you need. Strong Back also allows an automatic success for any Strength attribute test required if you are trying to climb, or drag yourself, out of a hole or pit. There is one disadvantage to this talent. Once you have exceeded the normal carry limits a penalty of -1 to Agility and Combat Value applies.

Heroic Confidence

This talent is for all of us who enjoy charging into combat without thinking, only to discover their opponent more than a match for them. If you choose the talent of Heroic Confidence, you will obtain an advantage of +1 to your Combat Value purely due to your faith in your own abilities. This advantage lapses in each combat if you lose even one endurance point. A wound will automatically return your combat value to its normal level for the duration of that combat. Your next combat will find your heroic confidence once again restored.

Back to the Wall

A character who possesses the Back to the Wall talent will gain a temporary +1 advantage to their Combat Value if fighting any creature whilst trapped in a room or dead-end. If you are lucky enough to survive the combat, your Combat Value will return to its normal level once you have found a way out.

Beast Slayer

If you choose the Beast Slayer talent you will gain a +1 advantage to your Combat Value when fighting any creature other than Hordim or

Man. Note that this talent cannot be chosen if you already have chosen the Sword Focus or Hordim Bane talents. Critical hit rules apply if you are facing any beast and have selected this talent.

Hordim Bane

An adventurer who possesses the Hordim Bane talent will enjoy a +2 increase to Combat Value during all combats with any creatures of the Horde. The cost of this advantage is the physical fatigue that will follow each combat. A -1 reduction to your Strength attribute applies once combat has ended until you have the opportunity to eat. A further reduction of 2 endurance points also applies until you can take food. This talent cannot be chosen if you intend to choose either the Beast Slayer or Sword Focus talents as well. Only one of these three talents can be used during any one adventure. Critical hit rules apply if you are facing any living Hordim and have selected this talent.

Leap of Fate

The Leap of Fate talent allows a player the opportunity to re-roll any three unsuccessful jumping attempts. This talent applies to any attribute test required as a part of a leap.

Skin of the Teeth

Choosing the Skin of the Teeth talent provides a player with the ability to survive a reduction of endurance points to zero or less. This talent allows you the opportunity to keep fighting after being reduced to zero in any combat, but for only as long as you win all further combat rounds in that fight. If an opponent can be defeated before your character is wounded any further you will survive, and be given 1 bonus endurance point to continue your quest.

Shadar in the Making

A Shadar in the Making exhibits unusual affinity to EarthMagic. This affinity is expressed in a heightened sense of intuition. This talent gives the player a +1 to their Intuition attribute and the ability to re-roll on any two failed intuition tests. If you already have 5 character points ascribed to your Intuition attribute it is within the rules to increase this attribute to 6 if you choose this talent. If this is the case all Intuition tests will automatically be successful and the ability to re-roll is not necessary.

Sword Focus

A Player who chooses Sword Focus will have a +1 increase to Combat Value for as long as they wield a sword. If at any time a sword is lost, or replaced with a more potent weapon, combat values must be returned to normal levels. Note: This talent cannot be chosen if you are intending to choose either Beast Slayer or Hordim Bane talents. Critical hit rules apply if you are facing any living foe other than Dragons and have selected this talent.

Blessed by Providence

If the talent of Blessed by Providence is chosen, a player may re-roll any two failed luck tests during the course of their adventure. This talent cannot be chosen if you intend to choose the Leap of Fate talent as well. Only one of these can be chosen at a time.

Once you have finalised your choices regarding character attributes, skills and talents you must then look to the completion of the remainder of the Character Status Sheet.

Equipment and Items Found

A large area of the character sheet has been allocated to the recording of equipment and items found. At this time this part of the sheet should be left blank. You will be given the opportunity during the adventure to choose the equipment you will be taking with you, and anything else you find on your quest will need to be accounted for here. Please note that at the beginning of your quest you will be given 50 additional character points that can be used to equip yourself for the adventure. This opportunity arises in the text of Section 1.

Once you have acquired these items a carry limit does apply to any further items found or bought on your journey. Only 8 additional items may be carried at any one time. If you do find something and you are already at your carry limit, you will have to drop something else to keep it. This limit does not apply however, if you have chosen the Strong Back talent for your character. Under these circumstances there are no carry limits. Your character will suffer a -1 reduction to agility if the normal carry limits are exceeded though.

All the equipment items listed are extremely valuable to your task. Do not lose them. Other items of equipment may well become available to you as your journey progresses. If you find anything you should record it on your status sheet.

Rations

To begin your quest you will have in your possession enough food to last for 6 meals. This should be enough food for 3 days. These meals can be taken at any time (but not during combat) and each will restore 6 endurance points to your ongoing endurance level. There is a limit of one meal per section unless the text specifically allows you to. You cannot exceed your initial maximum endurance rating at any time during the game. There will also be opportunities in the text to eat food found as your quest progresses. The text will tell you how such windfalls should be used.

The text may also suggest you eat a meal at certain points in the story. It is your choice whether you do or not. The following rule does apply in this situation however. Generally, these meal breaks are indicated because of the time of the day in the story, or because of the time that may have elapsed since your last meal. If you choose not to eat a meal then it means you will go hungry and two endurance points must be deducted from your endurance rating. If you do eat a meal then your endurance rating will be increased by the usual six points.

The rations that you have with you will need to be recorded properly on your status sheet. Each meal eaten should be noted on this sheet. Remember you may only carry a maximum of 6 rations at a time in your pack.

Nahla Bread

Nahla Bread is the essential backup food for any traveller crossing the wilds of Arborell. Light and nutritious, it provides a quick and effective meal for anyone who finds themselves far from habitation and fresh foods. A prudent traveller will take a supply of Nahla Bread with them on any long journey. Each bread will restore two endurance points when eaten, and the same rules apply as for rations concerning their use. Due to their light weight there is no limit to how much Nahla Bread can be carried.

Artefacts

In days long gone, the fortress of Stoneholme was the seat of power of the Stone Kings. Within its walls there are still many treasures scattered, hidden in secret rooms or discarded within long disused passages. If you find any of these artifacts, and you think they might be useful to you, take them and record them on your status sheet.

Adversary Combat Values

Each of the creatures that you encounter will have their own combat value and endurance level. The Combat Record Sheet allows you to record these details in the boxes provided. This sheet should be printed out prior to starting your adventure. How you use these values is described in the following section on combat resolution.

Combat

Your quest to restore the pillar of stonewood will lead you into the depths of a chaotic realm and there you will encounter the many creatures of the Horde. Stoneholme is now their dominion and they will protect it any way they can; no matter what the cost in their own lives. You will be attacked, and you will be forced to fight for your life.

Combat must be conducted as follows;

- **Step 1:** Determine the creature's combat value and endurance points. Record these on your combat record sheet found at the end of this gamebook.
- **Step 2:** Roll two dice and add your combat value to the number thrown. This is your combat strength for the round.
- **Step 3:** Throw two dice and add the number rolled to your opponent's combat value. This is your adversary's combat strength for the round.
- **Step 4:** Compare both combat strengths. The higher combat strength wins the round, and an amount of endurance points must then be deducted from the loser's total endurance points. If the winner of the round has a combat strength four or more points higher than his opponent, he has struck a heavy blow and four endurance points must be taken. If the winner of the round wins by three points or less, the blow has been minor and only one endurance point can be taken from the loser's endurance points. If there has been a draw in the round there are no winners and the round must be repeated.
- **Step 5:** Repeat steps 2 to 4 for the next combat round. Combat continues in this way until either your endurance, or the endurance of your opponent falls to zero. At this point the combat has been resolved and one of you is dead.

Critical hits on double rolls of 5 and 6.

The rules above apply for all combats conducted within this quest, however for an adventurer that has chosen either the Weaponmastery skill or the Beast Slayer, Hordim Bane or Sword Focus talents a further rule applies. If at any time in the course of a combat you roll a double 5 or a double 6, and you possess any of the skills or talents mentioned, then you have rolled a critical hit and will have killed your opponent outright. This advantage applies to all combats for an adventurer who possesses Weaponmastery, except when fighting Dreyadim or Dragons. This advantage only applies if you otherwise have chosen Beast Slayer, Hordim Bane or Sword Focus when those talents would normally be useful to you. As an example, critical hits can only be made upon creatures of the world if you have Beast Slayer, only on Hordim if you have the Hordim Bane talent, or only while you are using a sword if you have Sword Focus (but as with Weaponmastery not when fighting Dreyadim or Dragons). If you have not chosen any of these skills or talents the critical hit rule does not apply.

The Windhammer Enhanced Combat System

The Windhammer Core Gamebook and all other gamebooks found within the Chronicles of Arborell series rely on the standard combat system described above to reconcile encounters between player characters and a wide range of combatants. This standard system is more than adequate for most players but an enhanced combat system (ECS) has also been produced for those who like their combat a bit more realistic, and a lot more intense.

The ECS can be used in place of any encounter found within the Chronicles of Arborell except for combat situations that have their own specific combat rules. An example of this circumstance is the combat rules provided for fighting the Dragon Windhammer in this gamebook. The combat scenarios found in almost all other encounters can be fought using this system instead, whether you are conducting the adventure as a Man of the South or as an Oera'dim.

The full rules to the ECS are available as a separate title from the Chronicles of Arborell and as mentioned are an alternative to the standard rules if you wish to engage in combat that allows the development of fighting styles and combat tactics.

Testing Character Attributes

There will be times during your quest that you will be asked to test your character's attributes. Whether it be strength, agility, intuition or just plain luck, you will be required to roll dice against them to determine success or failure in a particular activity. It is a simple test. If you are required to test against your strength for example, you will be required to roll two dice and then compare the number against your strength attribute. If the number you have rolled is the same or less than your strength points you have passed the test and can proceed according to the directions given. If you roll higher than your strength points you have failed the test and another set of directions will be given. All attributes except endurance can be tested, and apart from your strength attribute all other attributes are tested with a single die.

Saving Your Game

Windhammer is a large gamebook, one where there are many paths that can be taken, and many ways to come to an untimely and sometimes gruesome end. To help players find a path through this adventure a number of rules have been developed so that progress can be saved.

As a PDF document there is no automatic way to save the progress of your adventure built into this gamebook. If you wish to save your progress it will require that you print another character sheet and transcribe the information you have on your current character sheet over to the new. A Saved Game Section box has been provided on the character sheet so that you can record the section you wish to restart from in the event that your character dies. You can save your progress in this manner as many times as you wish, it will simply require that you print a new character sheet for each.

With your character sheet determined you are now ready to continue on to the next stage of your preparation. Copies of the status sheet, combat record and a map of Northern Kalborea are provided at the end of this book. As mentioned before, these sheets should be printed out, and in the case of the character status sheet completed prior to starting your journey.

In the accompanying pages you will find considerable information about your character, who the Dwarvendim are, and the reasons why you are about to undertake a most hazardous journey into the heart

of a dark domain. Read these words carefully.

Although the nature of the Horde may at first be sketchy you will know as much as most adventurers do. For most of the peoples of Arborell, the Horde is the stuff of legend and myth, but now the Horde has returned and the worst nightmares of Men have come to reality. If the names Morg, Hresh, Mutan, or Jotun are unfamiliar do not be concerned, as a short introduction to these creatures is provided in the appendices of this book. You will find as you progress through this adventure that they will indeed become all too familiar.

Good luck.

Windhammer is set in the northern frontier lands of Arborell, in the sparsely settled regions of Northern Kalborea. Your journey begins upon the ramparts of the frontier fortress of Maenum.

May Glory and Renown follow all who
are successful here.

Maenum

Baradin Hedj looked over the battlements of the High Watchtower and sensed instinctively that something was wrong. Behind him the blue and grey banners of the Union whipped and curled in the embrace of a chilling gale, but the icy wind that blustered off the northern tundra before him was the least of his concerns. In the complete darkness of a moonless night he pulled his heavy cloak about himself and peered out into the gloom. He could not yet be sure but upon the desolate plains before him something was moving, and it did not wish to be discovered.

Upon the cold stone of his vantage high above the fortress-city Baradin called his Dwarvendim warriors to their posts and all peered intently out into the depthless shadows of the night. Until he ordered them to stand down his command would search the darkness, but he knew there was little chance of success. If indeed there was something out there it would remain unknown until the first light of dawn. As had been the case with so many other mornings they would simply have to wait.

It was a matter of some regret for Baradin that he had difficulty remembering how many times he had met the dawn in the same way. Exposed to the bitter cold of the endless winds he and his fellow Dwarvendim would search the Sanhar Wastes below from their high battlements and stand vigilant against the return of the Horde. It was a hard truth of their existence that generations of Dwarvendim had stood upon the same rampart, watching the shadows of night slowly recede from the plains. In this world they were the frontline in a war that knew no end, and the necessity of their duty did not allow a moment's inattention. Too many times their careful searches had resulted in a warning call from the large battlehorn that had been permanently fixed to the side of the Watchtower. Its urgent alarm would raise the city below to arms and always the advancing enemy would be repelled. Survival depended on it.

On this windy morning however, Baradin had to admit that even the air felt different. The expected penetrating cold of the northerly gales, blown for countless miles across the vast tundra of the Sanhar wastelands carried with it a damp mustiness. It was a cold you might expect from a crypt, not from the wastelands. It was probably just his imagination.

As he turned stiffly to the East the twin suns of morning lifted slightly above the horizon. In their light the massive silhouettes of the

Rift Mountains became sharp, the myriad colours of the suns slow rising changing the sky above from ink black to a deep but lightening blue. The plains below were still obscured by darkness, however the first threads of sunlight were beginning to lighten the shadows. With a few moments to spare the First Officer leant against the damp coldness of the battlements and peered down into the gloom of the city below. It would be a few minutes yet before the plains would be exposed enough for a proper search.

In looking down at the ramshackle order of the dwellings crammed along the narrow streets of the city it was hard for Baradin Hedj to consider his people, the Dwarvendim, as anything other than badly paid border guards. Their poverty and reliance on the Kalboreans was evident to any who passed this close to the frontier, the deprivation of their lives a constant reminder of their servitude. It left a knot in his stomach every time he contemplated such squalor for he knew that it had not always been this way.

Many years before the Dwarvendim had been a proud and powerful people, their ancestral home lying far to the South in what had been known as the Stone Kingdoms. In those better times the Dwarvendim had held a place of respect within the Four Nations, their strength and leadership valued by all Men. War had changed that however, a century of violence and treachery reaving them of their nationhood and dispersing them as slaves into the lands of their new masters. The Dwarvendim had become a dispossessed people and their conquerors had not been kind. Known for their abilities as artisans of stone, and for their mastery of Magic and Lore, the Kalborean Union had exploited the Dwarvendim, and by degrees their mastery of such knowledge had dissipated.

So on this particular morning, as the First Officer and his Watch cast keen eyes over the wastelands, the Dwarvendim did not look upon themselves as a sovereign people. In their servitude they had been forced to forget the pride of their ancestry, content instead to fulfil their duty as border guards, languishing in perpetual service to their conquerors, the Kalborean Union.

For generations the unchanging vision of the wastes had been a reminder of the repression they had endured, but in the isolation of this frontier fortress the Dwarvendim had quietly begun to rebuild their strength, gathering the remnants of their scattered people, and with great care beginning to relearn the meaning of pride, and the power of their ancient Lore. One day they would again be strong.

A sharp blast of cold wind brought Baradin away from his idle musing and back to the responsibility of his command. On both sides of the fortress-city the dark masses of the Rift Mountains still cast heavy shadow over the citadel's grey stonework. The plains ahead however, were struggling into the light and something had changed. He could not be sure what it might be but a few minutes more would expose the whole tundra below to the light of day. Calling the remainder of the watch to their stations a dozen pairs of eyes peered out. Apart from the wind no other movement was apparent.

Like disappearing phantoms the shadows retreated from the Sanhar and a deep hush settled on the guards. Exposed now to the bright light of the dawn the vast featureless wastes were gone, the ice-dunes and stunted vegetation covered instead by the seething encampment of a Horde Army. Black as a pool of tar, the multitudes of its Host spread from the far horizon across the plain and up against the foundations of the fortress itself. Tents as numerous as trees in a forest spread in organised lines to the rear. Beasts of burden and creatures of war moved purposefully between enormous engines of destruction. Cohort upon cohort of Horde fighting units fanned out quickly across the few empty spaces left within the seething chaos of the organising army, and from his vantage the First Officer stood aghast, momentarily unable to turn his eyes from the horror of the nightmare unfolding before him. This was going to be no simple border skirmish. The Horde had come again to make war on the fertile lands of Arborell to the south and the fortress city of Maenum would be their first victim.

Half running, half lunging for the battlehorn, the First Officer tried unsuccessfully to wet his dry lips before blowing a long urgent greeting to the quickly rising suns of morning. Low and ominous the note trumpeted down into the waking streets of the city, then rang out in a series of echoes that careered through the many canyons and valleys of the nearby mountains. From somewhere within the vast army before them a trumpet call sounded out in answer. It was a call that heralded the beginning of the end of the Dwarvendim fortress. As the lone trumpeting ended a great shout arose from the multitudes below and as one the Horde army began its attack.

:meshu mar cem iphar pahdthwe; droya'fel:

Imprisoned deep within the dungeons of the fortress Halokim Vesh waited in the shadows, the rusting iron bars of his prison providing him with little reason to care for the battle that raged above. Somewhere upon the stone overhead he could feel huge impacts pounding against the walls of Maenum, sending deep vibrations into the earth, rattling the bars of his cell, and disturbing his fellow prisoners from their restless slumbers. The noise had been a part of his existence for the past three days and it hammered through the stone like a drumbeat. There was nothing that he could do about it however, such affairs he had to leave in the hands of those who had some control over their own destiny. His thoughts were preoccupied elsewhere, by a far more pressing concern that had him marked for death at the hands of a Kalborean executioner. As he sat hunched upon the hard stone floor of his cell, he pondered the vagaries of Fate that had brought him to such an end. In such dark moments he still found it hard to believe that he had been so easily betrayed, and so easily captured.

It had been less than a week since his incarceration and had gone over in his mind a thousand times the circumstances of his arrest. The Faeyen Merchant had been a rich prize, one that in hindsight had been far too tempting a target to be travelling the road alone. In the gloom of a clouded night he had followed the Faeyen onto a secluded trail just south of Baellum. He had bought good information that the Merchant held a full money pouch, one well worth the risk of robbery. In his desperation he had stalked the man, intent on relieving him of his purse and then disappearing into the dense forest that could be found to the west. It had been a simple plan, but when he had made his move he found himself confronted not by a cowering Merchant prepared to give up his coin, but an armed patrol that had been hiding in the undergrowth on the far side of the trail. It had been a trap, and the glint of razor sharp steel from a dozen unsheathed swords had ensured he had nowhere to run.

Given this circumstance a smart man might have throw down his weapon and surrendered. Thievery was a serious crime, but it was one whose punishment could be survived with years of hard labour as its ultimate reward. A smart man might have accepted this turn of Fate but Halokim was not about to give up his freedom lightly. Before he could be overwhelmed he had brought down three of the patrol, and for his trouble had won himself a death sentence for resisting. Little could he know that his melee with the guards would also bring him to

the attention of others.

There had been no trial, just a swift appearance before a Magistrate and the pronunciation of his sentence. In a way his current predicament had only been a matter of time in the making. The life of a Dwarvendim bandit was invariably short, and he had been plying his trade for a good deal longer than most. The Magistrate had felt that he should be made an example of, and had set specific conditions for his execution. As a Dwarvendim he was to be transported to the provincial capital of Das Frontiere and then beheaded in public. An example to all of the consequences of rebelling against the authority of the Kalborean Union. To this point in time the Magistrate's stipulations for his execution had been the only thing that had kept him alive. No-one could be spared to transport him south, and with the battle above growing in both desperation and intensity he could do nothing but wait.

Unable to settle Halokim raised himself to stretch cold bones and aching muscle. His cell was only a few metres square, one of dozens that lined a long corridor. It was a dismal place, without fresh air or sunlight, and provided with few torches to illuminate the torment of its residents. The gloom had been his only companion, and in the shadows he had quickly lost all sense of time as he waited for his transport south. He could not tell what hour of the day it might be, but he felt tired and had not seen food for more than two days. The desperation of his lot had left him without hope and he looked to his bed for some avenue of escape, even if it could provide no more than the nightmares found in sleep. His captors had given him a pile of old straw as a resting place, and in an attempt to find rest he laid down and tried to make himself comfortable.

It was an impossible task. From the many cells that lined the dim passage of this unwelcome prison he could hear snoring, coughing and the cursing of the other inmates. The sounds of battle filtered down through the stone, and the jarring impacts continued unabated as he turned restlessly upon his bed of straw. It was as he lay silently in the dark that he began to hear a new sound, one that carried itself languidly upon the dank air.

Somewhere from the depths of the corridor outside came the low murmur of voices, but he could not distinguish them clearly. They were distant and edged with familiar tones of conspiracy and distrust. After a time these whispers in the dark also faded, and with nothing to do but listen to the despair of his fellow prisoners Halokim Vesh

slowly but surely fell into sleep.

Deep sleep proved elusive however. Before Halokim could submit to the heavy hand of rest he was rudely shaken awake by the rougher hands of the Jailer, Mattok.

"This is the one Milord." In the dank confines of the cell the Jailer's torch sputtered just a finger's length from Halokim's forehead. His face hung above his prisoner, his features shadowed by the light of his brand, the reek of salted fish and old potatoes on his breath.

"A right piece of scum is Vesh. Are you sure this stone-eater is the prisoner you seek?"

Turning away the Jailer fell back and a tall, richly attired man walked forward, bending at the waist to stare curiously into Halokim's upturned eyes. The Dwarvendim could not help but notice he was dressed as a Prefect of the Kalborean LoreMages' Guild.

"My good Jailer," the man replied, his manner almost amused. "This piece of scum will be perfect."

From his position behind the Prefect Mattock moved forward, taking a short truncheon from his belt as he advanced. Halokim had no doubt what was to come and no opportunity to ready himself for the blow. In one swift arc the Jailer's truncheon struck the unprotected face of his hapless prisoner. For Halokim Vesh all the lights went out.

:caadru nar ulaal; ashad; a' dehr caissonim
u gehl avandil durilen:

Through a swirling mist of half-dreams and confusion you struggle for consciousness, your thoughts overwhelmed by pain as a throbbing ache spreads like an infection from your temple and out across your jaw. It is hard to wake even though someone is shaking you violently.

"Come on you lump of filth. Rise and shine. Its time for some talk."

Rough hands have a grip upon your shoulders but you cannot open your eyes, your head enveloped firmly in an agony that will not let you go.

"Give the thief some water." comes another voice.

From within the darkness and fog you hear the scraping sound of a heavy bucket and then a grunt. After a second's pause a flood of cold water showers over your face and shoulders. Gagging and spluttering you try to clear your mouth of the foul liquid. It tastes like sewage.

More awake you attempt to open your eyes. A bright light fills the room and there is the sounds and feel of a cold wind moving across your wet clothing. Even through the pain you sense that you have been taken to a high place, either a tower or a dwelling in the mountains. From the open stone windows of the room a chill wind howls, and on the rise of each bluster you are sure you can make out the tumult of a battle raging in the distance. It is frequently punctuated by the sounds of explosions and the screams of dying warriors.

All about you stand Kalborean soldiers and a number of men dressed in the robes of the LoreMages' Guild. As you attempt to turn your head to look further about the room you find that your arms and legs have been strapped to a heavy wooden table at its centre. Behind the men that surround the table you also see a well muscled man with a leather mask over his face. He hangs back in the shadows, ill defined even in the bright light. In his hands he is holding an efficient looking executioner's scimitar.

From somewhere in the room comes the sound of a familiar voice. It is the Prefect of the LoreMages' Guild.

"You must forgive the rough treatment Vesh. Sometimes it is prudent to move a prisoner without fuss. I was given the impression by the Jailer that you would not have come with us any other way."

In response you strain against your bindings but the effort only serves to underline that you are completely helpless. The Prefect waits for you to stop struggling then leans closer and stares directly into your eyes.

"I have a proposition for you." he whispers.

Lying prostrate upon the table you are completely at the man's mercy but you do not listen to his words. Instead you snort a reply and try to raise your head. The effort sends hammer blows of agony drilling back into your temple, and the back of your skull cracks back down on the hard wood of the table. Spiralling into a white, numbing mist you begin to lapse back into unconsciousness. Another curt command from the Prefect sends a further bucket of putrid water showering over your face. Again the Kalborean speaks.

"Halokim Vesh. We are in need of your services and desire that, for a reasonable reward, you should undertake a journey on behalf of the Kalborean Union."

Through the pain haze you can hear yourself laughing. The effort clears your head enough to speak.

"Milord, I am gratified to learn that I may be of assistance to the

mighty Union, but I must remind you that I am soon to be executed. I am a thief after all, and my services will soon be unavailable."

The Prefect stands even closer now. He has the confidence of someone who knows he will get what he wants.

"It is true that you are a thief Vesh. It is also true that you are a mercenary, an Enemy of the State and only Providence knows what else. It is your current predicament that gives me some confidence you will gladly take on the task that I am about to offer."

Your head is now clearer and you can look straight at the Prefect. At the same time you again test the strength of the bindings that hold you. They are unbreakable.

"What is it you want Kalborean?"

"Ah, I am so glad you asked", The Prefect's tone changes to a more conspiratorial one. "What do you know of the Tellandra?"

You shrug your shoulders. You know much of the histories of the Dwarvendim. Once you even studied the Elder Tongue with some of the best of your peoples remaining scholars, but you don't feel obliged to make the Kalborean's job any easier.

"All right. If this is how it must be." The Prefect's tone becomes harsher.

"Have you ever heard of the ancient fortress known to your people as Stoneholme?"

For a moment you consider not answering the Kalborean. You do not trust any of them, but you cannot think of a time when a Kalborean has ever asked anything of a Dwarvendim. It is too curious a circumstance not to play along.

"Stoneholme? Any Dwarvendim child can tell you something about the old Stone Kingdoms, but what in Arborell has this got to do with me?"

The Prefect pulls a small highly polished dagger from his robes and plays its mirrored blade through a shaft of light. He seems slightly amused as a thousand shards of brilliance dance out from its metal and spread about the room. Then he looks back at you. His voice carries all the menace of a pit of vipers.

"Vesh. The LoreMages' Guild has need of your services. It would seem that the Tellandra, the most potent talisman of your nation has been broken. We need you to go and fix it."

The Prefect's words are staggering. The smooth stone pillar of petrified wood known as the Tellandra had once been the foundation of all magical power wielded by the Dwarvendim LoreMasters. Using

its power the Stone Kingdoms had grown and prospered in the harsh reaches of the Krodestaag Ranges. It was the Tellandra, coupled with the native stonemastery of the Dwarvendim, that had made them a powerful people. For many Dwarvendim the pillar of stonewood was the heart and soul of their nation, and by all accounts it was supposed to be unbreakable.

In waves of understanding the import of the Prefect's words sweep over you. It had been the Kalboreans who had corrupted the potency of the Tellandra and twisted it to their own petty uses. The Dwarvendim had never recovered from the loss. From the look on his face it was clear the Prefect knew you understood. Something was not right though.

"Why should I help the Kalboreans fix something they should never have tampered with in the first place?"

The Kalborean paused for a moment, nodding to someone behind you before replying.

"There are two reasons in fact. The first is that magic extracted from the pillar supports and strengthens the high wall and battlements that protect the city of Maenum. As the potency of the pillar diminishes with each passing day the fortifications that hold back the Hordim become weaker. Soon enough the Horde Army will break their way in and then all your precious Dwarvendim will die."

"The second reason is more immediate. If you do not agree to attempt this journey there will be no further need to keep you alive!"

With a gesture from the Prefect the executioner strides forward and raises his scimitar above his head. In the full light of the day the sword shines as if it is on fire. For a second it hangs there, poised above your neck. It is possible, you surmise, that they may be serious.

"All right" you say rapidly, "Seeing you asked so nicely I'll do it."

:dehr maturi es e' ahda'ma:

In the days that follow your agreement to attempt the restoration of the Tellandra life becomes much easier. Given good food and a dry place to sleep your strength returns quickly, and by the second evening after your interrogation you feel fit to travel. That night, as you are settling down to sleep, the door to your room bursts open. Through the shattered opening strides the Prefect, another LoreMage, and two

rather unruly looking guards. Without indulging in pleasantries the Prefect orders the guards to grab your arms. They are immensely strong and you prove no match for them. Easily they pin you to the wall.

"It seems wise Vesh that I ensure you keep your part of the bargain. Hence this collar is to be placed around your neck. Please don't struggle, it will only expose you to possible injury."

With that the other LoreMage, a tall, gaunt individual, produces a thick white ring of metal from his robes and quickly affixes it around your neck. You try to struggle but only succeed in almost crushing your throat as the metal ring tightens about your neck.

"The collar is unbreakable. If you do not complete your mission and restore the Tellandra to its wholeness before Maenum falls, the collar will tighten and slowly remove your head from your shoulders. I have been told that it is both a time consuming and agonising way to die."

Turning away, the Prefect motions to the guards to release you and then orders the other LoreMage to stay.

"Vesh, this is the Tak Lovar, a Historian of the Guild and Inquisitor of the Kalborean Union. Listen well to what he has to say. It may save your miserable life."

Within moments the room is empty save yourself and the Historian. Curiously the Tak Lovar does not seem the least concerned at being left alone with you. He carefully cleans the dust from a chair and sits, all the while regarding you as if you hold no mysteries for him.

"Be seated Halokim. I have been directed to provide you with information on the history of Stoneholme and of the last Stone King, Morgen Orncryst the Younger. A King most commonly known to your people as the Keeper of the Dragon Windhammer."

Intrigued by the notion of hearing a Kalborean version of an old Dwarvendim folk-tale you make yourself more comfortable.

Sitting back in his chair Lovar takes his time, arranging his robes neatly about his legs before he speaks again. Only when the Historian is finished does he begin his tale.

"Some two centuries before your birth the Dwarvendim Stone Kings began the construction of a vast fortress deep within the ancient granite of the Devkraager Tor, the highest peak of the Krodestaag Ranges. This fortress they named Stoneholme. For many years it served the needs of the Stone Kings as a safe haven from the violence and death of the Sixth Horde War which, as even you would be aware, was being fought between the then Four Nations of Men and the

Armies of the Horde. Men all fought as one in those times trying to stem the onslaught of the Hordim as they slowly advanced from the Sanhar down into the warmer lands of Arborell."

"As sometimes happens when Men fight with courage and purpose they prevailed, and the Horde were forced back across the mountains and valleys of the Great Rift. In a rout they were expelled back into the tundra of the Sanhar Wastes. The combined power of the Four Nations had secured a great victory and peace returned quickly to a land ravaged by war. The great armies, tired of battle, dispersed and returned home. Men and Women once again looked to the future with hope. For all the Nations peace had been won, but it proved to be a peace short-lived, and bitterly held".

"With the uniting force of a common enemy gone, the Four Nations quickly returned to their own natural borders and in time also returned to the petty bickering of diplomacy and the mutual competition of trade. It is no secret that this competition for wealth and power quickly undermined the determination that had previously bound committed allies. Long-held jealousies and mistrust soon found a place in the affairs of Men, but there could be no hostility between nations for the memory of the Horde was still all too fresh."

In the quiet of your room you wait for the Tak Lovar to continue, but instead he hesitates, then moves his right hand carefully inside his robes. When he withdraws it the Historian is holding a small metal sphere, dull of colour but etched with intricate patterns and a line of ancient text that encompasses its diameter. Using his thumb Lovar flicked a lever on its upper surface and you cannot help but gasp aloud as a translucent map of Arborell fills the space between you. Trying not to look too surprised you study the wonder as it shines brightly in the confines of your room.

"From the battlefields of the Great Rift the Faeyen Nation returned to the high grass plateaux of north-western Arborell and to almost complete isolation. Your people followed their Faeyen neighbours west to the rugged mountain retreats of the Stone Kingdoms; seemingly content to be self-reliant and unconcerned by the squabbling of others. My people, the Kalboreans of the Union, went back to what we have always done; trading, adventuring and farming the wide plains that cover the central and eastern lands of Arborell. The NomDruse simply disappeared to the South and have been unheard of since. Not needed as a refuge, Stoneholme soon fell into disuse."

For a moment the Historian sits silently, pondering what he is to say

next. You are surprised at how accurate his retelling has been, but so far he has only given a small part of the story. Clearing his throat the Tak Lovar deactivates the map and continues.

"From all the available records it is certain that for the Dwarvendim these times of peace were good. The financial power of the Stone Kings grew with each passing year, and this increasing wealth did not go unnoticed by the surrounding Nations. In particular it was the bandit gangs that roamed the adjoining plains of Kalborea that posed the greatest danger. Wishing to ensure their wealth safe from any threat Stoneholme was expanded and refurbished into a treasure house of labyrinthine size. As Dwarvendim affluence grew so Stoneholme was cut ever deeper into the mountain. When their work was done the corridors and halls, vaults and treasure troves, had delved to the very heart of the Devkraager Tor. With such a fortress to guard their wealth the Stone Kings rested, apparently well pleased with their efforts."

"It was Morgen Orncryst the Younger, last of the Stone Kings, who extended Stoneholme to its deepest levels. It was Morgen who commissioned the cutting of the final chamber at the foundation of the mountain, a vault secure enough to hold the greatest treasures of the Dwarvendim peoples. In this Deep Vault were to be laid the spoils of all the preceding Stone Kings, the most precious metals and rare stones acquired during centuries of Dwarvendim adventure and commerce in the outside world. Most important of all, this vault was to hold the greatest artefact of the Dwarvendim nation; the pillar of stonewood, the Tellandra."

"Legend has it that in the process of placing this wealth within the Deep Vault a large jewelled egg was brought into Stoneholme; a souvenir taken from the Horde after the final decisive battle that pushed the armies of the Clavern'sigh back into the expanses of the Sanhar Wastes. Unknown to the King or his subjects the egg brought with it a great evil, one that resided unseen in the quiet form of a small winged serpent; a Dragon."

"Thinking his treasure secure Morgen locked the thick metal doors of the treasure room behind him, and returned to the pressing affairs of his Kingdom, unaware of the danger lurking within. In the flickering shadows of the great cavern it would not have taken long for the closeness of Morgen's treasure to entice the small, defenceless serpent from its jewelled egg. In that cold, dark place it grew, drawing energy and comfort from the precious metals that surrounded it."

"To those of us well versed in Dragonlore it is no secret that Dragons covet gold. It sustains and energises them, they will commit any atrocity to acquire it and will stop at nothing to keep it. A Dragon protecting its gold is an evil thing, a beast to be avoided."

"For Morgen and his Kingdom all went well until the Dwarvendim of Arborell fell upon lean times. Conflict between the Kalborean Union and the Faeyen began to severely restrict trade out of the cities of western Arborell. For the Dwarvendim this was an economic disaster. Unable to rely on taxes raised by the steady flow of commerce across his borders Morgen the Younger found it necessary to delve deeply into the wealth stored in the treasure rooms of Stoneholme. In his old age it must have grieved him greatly to see his people's riches being so quickly depleted. The situation however got steadily worse. The conflict between Faeyen and Kalborean grew, small border skirmishes developed into larger confrontations and eventually this tension threatened to embroil all the Nations in a bloody war. In time it did."

"With the whole land again consumed by war, Stoneholme returned to its primary purpose as a refuge for the Dwarvendim people. Within that first year the war raged all over the Stone Kingdoms and the cost of financing the conflict devoured most of the accumulated wealth of the Stone Kings. The very existence of the Dwarvendim as a separate people was under threat. Only the Deep Vault, locked and barred at the heart of Stoneholme for more than twenty years remained untouched. The day soon came, however, when it had to be opened."

"You can imagine the gravity of that day. An aged and despondent Morgen would have descended the long corridors of Stoneholme, walked through the magnificence of the Great Hall and unlocked the first set of doors leading to the Deep Vault. As those huge metal doors swung wide the Stone King would have stepped across a polished marble threshold, and then walked the final one hundred metres to the main doors of Stoneholme's most protected cavern. Understanding the import of opening this final trove the King and his retainers must have been grimly silent. None could have expected what was to happen next."

"Confronting them as the heavy doors of the Deep Vault swung open was an apparition that left Morgen Orncryst, most powerful of the Stone Kings, rigid with fear. Out of the semi-darkness of the unlit treasure room sprang the vast bulk of a full grown Rift Dragon. Raised upon its thick hind legs, its leathery wings extended to their fullest it must have been an awesome sight, standing twenty-five

metres at the shoulder, its skin black and shining like molten glass, its head a nightmare of fang, scale and cruel burning red eyes."

"The few retainers who had accompanied the King fled the room in a blind terror, slamming the great metal doors and locking them securely. It was only then that they realised the King had remained inside; unarmed, aged and vulnerable. For Morgen it was too late. Before he could turn to follow his terrified retainers he was bathed in Dragonfire and consumed."

"With no heir to the throne the reign of the Stone Kings ended. The war between the Nations hammered its way across western Arborell, the Stone Kingdoms were subjugated by Kalborea, then hostilities ended as an even greater threat confronted the Nations of Men."

"In a state of battle weariness the Kalboreans and Faeyen were unprepared for a new assault from the Horde that struck deep into the Union. Unable to withstand the onslaught, the fortifications and armies of the Union collapsed and the creatures of the Horde spread over Arborell like a plague. It was during this dark time of conflict that Stoneholme was evacuated by its conquerors, the last of the Dwarvendim were dispersed to work camps in the mountains of the Krodestaag. The Tellandra was forgotten."

"In time the Horde was again defeated. A series of crushing battles threw them back into the wastelands and this fortress was constructed to stop any further attempts at invasion. From that time to now only small raiding parties have remained to roam the isolated mountain ranges and frontiers, preying on unwary travellers or stealing from small communities. The pillar has remained deep in Stoneholme, its magic now used for the common good by the Kalborean LoreMages but physically unreachable. And so it has remained until now."

For a moment the room falls into silence, then the Tak Lovar looks up from his thoughts and stares straight at you.

"The pillar has been broken, Halokim Vesh. For more than a century it has been used by the Kalboreans as a tool for the benefit of all men but now the Horde or, if it is still alive, that accursed Dragon has somehow succeeded in smashing it. Until it is restored there is no magic, there is no LoreMages' Guild and there is no way of stopping the Horde from destroying Maenum and infesting all of Arborell."

The Tak Lovar stands suddenly and half turns as if he is about to leave.

"I do not envy you Vesh. The quest you are about to undertake is perilous in the extreme and in truth I do not expect you to survive it. It

is unknown if the Horde currently infest the ruins of Stoneholme. It is equally unknown if the Dragon, who the Hordim calls Windhammer, is still alive. Legends and myth have conspired to obscure the truth about the mountains in which you are about to travel and I would not go there for any price. Men braver than you have tried you know, and none have returned. The Guild has lost a number of powerful talismans in those attempts. Maybe you will be lucky enough to recover them as well."

The historian stops and looks as if he is considering whether it would be appropriate to wish you luck. He doesn't.

"Your horse and equipment have been gathered. The Horde already tests to the limit the ability of this fortress to defend itself. At first light tomorrow you must leave. Do not fail, Vesh. Remember that you wear the white collar."

You watch as the Tak leaves the room, his robes flowing through your door as he departs. Tomorrow it seems you must begin a most perilous quest. Alone in the light thrown from a solitary candle you stand for a moment and wonder at this strange turn of events. In the quiet you can hear the muffled impacts of the Horde's assault vibrating through the stone. It is then that you realise you have no idea how to restore the Tellandra, and it would seem neither do the Kalboreans. You cannot even say why they chose you.

Turn to section1.

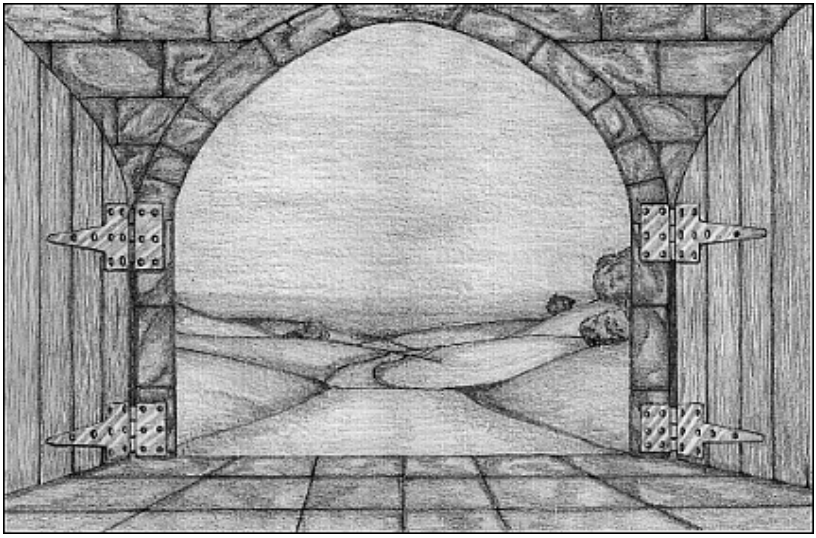

Sections

1

The morning comes quickly enough. An hour before dawn the thick timbers of your door shudder to the hammering of a mailed fist. In the gloom you raise yourself from your bedding and wait as the door is unlocked. It takes a moment for the beam that secures the door to be withdrawn from its rests, but once open a guard emerges from the dark corridor beyond and throws a backpack onto the floor at your feet.

"It's time Vesh. Pack what you have. Ten minutes is all you've got."

As the guard turns for the door you stand and wipe the sleep from your eyes. You may have only ten minutes but there is little for you to make ready. For a moment you collect your thoughts, pondering the strange turn of events that has saved you from execution. Then you feel the metal collar at your neck and know that it may have only been delayed.

Quickly you pick up the pack and discover that it contains a number of items, and with a few minutes to spare you tip its contents onto your bedding. Apart from the bag you find you have been given a travel cloak, a small eating knife, six ration packs, each tightly wrapped in waterproof paper, a box of flints and a small money pouch containing fifteen rials (silver coins). (Record these items on your character sheet. The money should be included as a part of equipment carried.) It does not seem to be much in the way of equipment, however you return them to the bag and then ready yourself for what is to come.

From the corridor outside you can hear the approach of soldiers, and after getting dressed you are escorted by four armed guards to the cavalry yards that adjoin the fortress' southern gates.

Standing in the centre of the cobbled yard is the Tak Lovar. He is holding the reins of a magnificent Kalborean Courser and it is easily the largest horse you have ever seen. Behind him, half obscured by shadow stands a Dwarvendim armourer. He holds a long sword in one hand and a scabbard and belt in the other. At his right you can see also a table, covered with grey cloth.

"I hope you slept well", he says. Even in the early morning twilight you can see the Tak Lovar has not.

"To get you quickly to the Krodestaag Mountains the High Prefect has allowed the temporary use of one of his finest Coursers. Her name is Pallenten and she will take you as far as the foothills of the Devkraager Tor. From there it will be necessary for you to go on foot. Do not consider this horse as your own, Dwarvendim. Upon finishing her task Pallenten will return here to her rightful master."

The Historian then motions to the Armourer who presents you with the sword and scabbard.

"This sword is known as Than'durion, a blade of some renown within the Union. It is provided to afford you protection upon your journey. Treat it well for it is worth more than you could possibly imagine."

As you buckle the weapon to your side the Historian also gives you a small envelope.

"You will be aware the possession of weapons by Dwarvendim is strictly forbidden except here within this fortress. This pass should prevent any difficulties as you travel south to Stoneholme. Keep it safe and present it if you are challenged. Be mindful also that the sword is a gift from the Kalborean people, a payment for the service you are to provide. If you survive your quest you may keep it as a token of the appreciation some of us feel for what you are about to do."

"And what of equipment for the journey?" you ask, "A sword may protect me on this errand, but it will not keep me hale upon the wild lands."

The Tak Lover nods his head and gestures to the Armourer who folds back the grey covering on the table. Arrayed across its length is an assortment of devices and equipment.

"Here can be found some of the equipment you may need. Choose the items you believe will best serve your cause..."

(You have 50 points that may be used in choosing the equipment you wish to take with you. The following lists all that is arrayed on the table.)

- A thick leather jerkin (25 points)
- A rope and grapple (5 points)
- A basket of Nahla Breads (2 points per loaf taken)
- A compass (5 points)
- A small shovel (5 points)
- A cup and plate (2 points)
- A small bag of flour (2 points)

- A canvas tarpaulin (5 points)
- A wide brimmed hat (2 points)
- A set of spare clothing (10 points)

(If you choose the thick leather jerkin it will afford an armour bonus of +1 to your Combat Value, but its use will deduct -1 from your agility attribute each time you are required to test your agility. You may take as many Nahla Breads as you can afford. Once you have made your choices record these on your character sheet before continuing.)

Carefully you choose the equipment you will take with you and pack it away. From the shadows you sense more than one pair of eyes watching as you prepare to leave, and for you a departure from the grasp of the Kalboreans cannot come soon enough. When you are ready Lovar extends his hand in farewell, shakes yours and quickly turns away. In the silence that follows you climb upon the back of the great horse, and as the Historian disappears into the gloom of the early morning you urge Pallenten forward. The clatter of her hooves upon the hard cobbles of the cavalry yard is the only sound that echoes in the quiet air as you ride through the south gates of Maenum, and then out into the wide open lands of Northern Kalborea.

The Tak Lovar has no further part in this adventure but his story is not yet finished. If you wish to see where his fate may lead it can be uncovered in The Inquisitor's Lament, Honour Amongst Thieves and The Shoulders of Emur companion novellas. For the moment however, the untamed frontier of Kalborea awaits. Turn to section 245.

2

The Jotun stands silently in the semi-darkness and surveys the destruction in the Mess Hall. He smiles ruefully, obviously remembering the night's anarchy. For a moment he is still, then places his keys back in his tunic and slowly makes his way out through the eastern exit and into the darkness beyond.

Waiting in the shadows you do not move for some time, not until you are sure the Jotun has gone and that you are alone. Raising yourself slowly to your feet you ponder whether it may still be a good idea to continue through the northern door.

If you still wish to go through the northern door turn to section 49. If you decide it is more prudent to try the western door instead turn to section 237.

3

Nahla is a powerful regenerative but there is too much chance that it has been poisoned. Believing it too dangerous to try the unknown liquid you replace it carefully on the table and have a closer look at your surroundings. It is as you peer into the half-light of dancing shadows about you that you hear a faint but metallic click in the distance. Dropping immediately to one knee you ready your weapon and concentrate your hearing out into the dark, searching for the source of the noise. Apart from the crackling of the fire you can detect nothing. To your relief no attack comes and slowly you relax, dropping to the floor, your back propped up against the smooth stone of the Mess Hall's western wall. Alone in this wide chamber you must now decide what to do next.

Will you;
Search the Mess Hall for useful articles? If so turn to section 90.
Search the Kitchen for useful articles? If so turn to section 22.
Try the door in the western wall? If so turn to section 237.
Try the door in the northern wall? If so turn to section 136.

4

In the shadows you wait, but there is nothing here. Your goal lies somewhere in either of these two directions. Looking around you see nothing of interest and move on.

Will you go east and try the large metal door? If this is your choice turn to section 201. If you would rather go west and see if the Mess Hall is indeed deserted turn to section 69.

5

The fight with the Hresh is short and bloody. The creature's wounds and the slick greasy surface of the Kitchen's floor allow a quick end to the combat. With its body sprawled on the dirty marble tiles you turn and retrieve the leg of meat.

For a moment you stop and listen for the sounds of any approaching danger but hear nothing except the now subdued crackling of the Mess Hall fire. You decide it will be prudent to sit for a short while in the shadows of the Kitchen and rest. Looking more closely at the meat you see it is fresh and well cooked, and it is not hard to succumb to the temptation of eating it straight away. It tastes good and you finish it feeling much better. (If needed restore 6 extra points to your endurance rating. Remember you cannot exceed your maximum endurance rating though).

After cleaning your hands on a small piece of cloth you pull yourself to your feet and carefully make your way back into the chaos of the main Mess Hall. It is time to move on.

If you have not already done so, will you search the Mess Hall for useful articles? If so turn to section 90. If you would rather try the door in the far western wall turn to section 237. If however, the door in the far northern wall seems a better option turn to section 136.

6

In the half-light of the passageway you follow its reach further into the mountain. Although you have found Morgen's Spear you come to a point where you begin to consider if there is any purpose to going further. In the close confines of the corridor there seems little to be gained, the way ahead appears to go nowhere and for a moment you

pause, thinking carefully on whether you should turn around and go back. In the quiet you turn, then hear something that sounds like snoring. It is deep and muffled but definitely coming from somewhere ahead. Quickly you move forward and find some thirty metres further along another turn in the passage, this time to the east.

What confronts you as you make the corner however, is surprising to say the least. The back of a large tapestry hangs over what should be the exit from the passage. From the way it is hanging it appears that it has been nailed crudely to the wall to cover the hole. A now clear snoring sound emanates from the room beyond and the smell of rancid meat is almost overpowering. Carefully pulling a small part of the tapestry aside a few finger widths you survey the room. It is well lit even though it is difficult to see exactly where the light is coming from. One look tells you that the room is furnished as a soldier's personal quarters. A bed lies in one corner, a set of drawers in the other. There is a heavy weapon and armour rack near the door, and a large wooden chest that appears to provide a double service as a table as well. An encrusted bowl of something like green mud rests upon it, next to a half-eaten loaf of stale bread.

On the bed, in a deep sleep, is the largest Hresh Warrior you have ever seen. Carefully you pull the tapestry together and decide what you should do next.

Will you return down the passage to the Armoury? If you consider this the best course turn to section 147. If you would rather try to sneak through the Hresh's quarters without waking him, turn to section 181. If however, you would rather kill the Hresh while he is asleep and search his room, turn to section 72.

7

Stepping carefully around the debris that covers the floor of the King's Hall you progress steadily northwards. As you move forward it becomes apparent that a number of doors and passageways run from the hall; these can be seen far ahead at the edge of the reach of your dim lantern. Abruptly however, your progress stops at the base of an enormous mound of old tapestries, and by the unexpected sounds of snoring emanating from them.

Edging closer to the sound you see a small Morg fast asleep on the rotting cloth. He is deep in slumber but is cradling a wicked looking

shortsword. You decide it best to try and quietly get past him and continue on.

If you possess the Stealth skill turn to section 418. If you do not, test your luck attribute. If you are successful turn to section 121. If you fail this test turn to section 139

8

Staggering under the load of the Sempaca calf the Hresh struggle to make the stairs. There are eight of the warriors in the hunting band and they seem well pleased with their catch, but it is only a moment before one of the Hordim raises its head and sees you.

To stay where you are will mean a certain death. There are only two options open to you. The first is to make a run for the trees, the second to take your chances in Stoneholme itself. If you believe the trees are a better option turn to section 502. If you would rather make for the entrance to Stoneholme turn to section 519.

9

The lever is very stiff, its workings rusted and jammed by a century of neglect. After some effort however, you are able to fully depress the lever. At first nothing happens, but as you stand waiting you begin to feel a slight vibration in the floor that suggests some ancient mechanism is slowly returning to life. The tremor continues to grow until, with a major grinding sound, the tapestry covering the northern wall is lifted upwards by the movement of a hidden stone door behind. To your surprise you now stand before an entryway to a long stone tunnel.

Quickly gathering as many of the torches as you can reach you move cautiously into the darkness beyond. (Record that you now have 3 torches in your possession. For the purposes of determining your carry load these torches should be recorded as a single item.) Roughly hewn from the rock of the mountain the tunnel is circular in cross-section and very damp. Your torch is constantly in danger of being extinguished by the large amount of water dripping from the roof, however the tunnel presents you with greater difficulties than this. Dirt and rubbish is piled up against the sides of the passage, so much

so that in some places the way ahead is almost blocked. Everywhere about you hangs the smell of death and decay, the stench a sickly fog that clings to your skin like grasping fingers.

Against these piles of refuse you push and climb your way forward, following the passage as it delves further into the mountain. When the way finally becomes clearer you notice also that you are slowly descending, the floor sloping slightly as you continue. Within this dark world of rotting garbage and overpowering stench you struggle onwards, sure that the tunnel is no dead end. It has been delved for a purpose but that purpose remains hidden from you. All you can be sure of is that you are traveling far deeper into the mountain than you would have ever expected. As the angle of the floor steepens you find keeping your footing becomes more and more difficult.

Turn to section 129.

10

The relentless and vicious onslaught of the warrior is too much for you. Unable to pierce its armoured hide you find it impossible to cause it any significant harm. A powerful swing of the huge axe slices deeply into your side and you fall, mortally wounded. Your life slips away as you lay on the stone floor. The Hresh Warrior raises his axe for one final blow and with its fall you descend into oblivion. Perhaps in another life you will have more success.

THE END

11

The pewter mug hits the floor and bounces into the far corner where the liquid drains out onto the dust covered stone. As you do a final sweep of the room, carefully checking that you have missed nothing of importance, you can't help but notice the way the liquid is eating into the bare rock. Only the Fates could know what such a vile concoction must have been doing to the Hordim.

Reaching the door in the northern wall you stand for a moment and listen to the sounds that come from beyond. They seem to be receding so you carefully place your shoulder against its timbers and attempt

to push the door. The door is heavy but unlocked, and it opens easily. Leaving the Armoury behind you enter a further passageway that leads north. Without hesitation you move on.

Turn to section 54.

12

It takes only a short time to reach the end of this passageway, the finely carved walls giving way to the even more ornately carved stonework of another vaulted chamber. This open space serves as a junction for three passages, and the threshold to a single massive door that stands set into its eastern wall. To the north and south corridors reach into darkness and behind you the western passage rings to the sounds of your pursuit. Quickly you take to the northern hall but find it has been blocked by a deliberate collapse of its ceiling. With no way to take in that direction you try the southern passage but find it also has been blocked, a series of large roofing stones having been removed to bring down the ceiling there as well. Behind you the Hordim draw dangerously closer and with nowhere else to go you look then to the doorway.

Made of solid oak and standing over three metres tall it is set within a broad stone arch. Above the doorway is carved the crest of the Dwarvendim noble families and inscribed upon its keystone the words "Royal Library". The door is not locked, but it is stiff from misuse and it takes a moment to prise it open enough to gain entry. Squeezing yourself between the doorway and the stone threshold, you force your way into the library then close the door. On this side of the entrance you find a metal locking bolt and thanking Providence you slide it securely into its seating in the stone arch. Apart from the door's own lock there is also a wide wooden beam that can be placed across the door and then set firmly into two solid metal clamps. You use this to secure the door even further.

Feeling slightly safer with this barrier between yourself and your pursuers you study your new surroundings. The Royal Library is a large circular chamber roughly thirty metres in diameter. Consisting of two levels and capped by a high domed ceiling, the splintered remains of shelves line every wall, all once intended to hold hundreds of books but now dust covered and worm eaten. Above you the ceiling curves upwards, itself a continuous mosaic of polished tiles, representing all the disciplines of learned endeavour pursued by the

old Stone Kingdoms. At the roof's peak a heavy iron chain hangs down, its cobwebbed links supporting a huge rusting chandelier from which the remains of dozens of candles still ooze over their holders. Within this quiet chamber you find also a number of reading desks, though they are damaged and unused. No books appear to have survived the habitation of the Hordim. In their place you find dust and debris now the main feature.

Carefully you do a quick search of the Library but discover to your dismay that there is no way out. The locked door is the only exit from the Library. You are trapped in a dead-end of your own making.

Will you rest for a moment and see what fate may bring? If so turn to section 106. If you would rather re-open the door and see if you can find another way turn to section 65. If however, you think it better to search the room for secret exits turn to section 103.

13

The dead end in the southern passage is only a short distance from the ventilation grill. Dropping your equipment and backpack you search the rock walls for any sign of a secret door. It is a fruitless search, the dead end proving to be just that. Shouldering your pack you head north back up the passage towards the junction.

If you wish to investigate the western passage turn to section 64. If you wish to investigate the eastern passage turn to section 207.

14

Not wishing to risk any further noise in an attempt to force open the door you quickly move back to the junction in the King's Hall.

If you wish to go north, turn to section 7. If you wish to try the eastern door turn to section 57.

15

You are at the northern end of the King's Hall, your lantern is beginning to dim and you need to find an exit. From somewhere in the distance you can hear movement, the ominous sounds of something large moving carefully towards you. You feel altogether too exposed out here in this great Hall.

If you have not already done so, will you;
Enter the first door in the western wall? If so turn to section 173.
Try the second door in the western wall? If so turn to section 77.
Enter the larger door cut into the eastern wall? If so turn to section 58.
Enter the small open room at the end of the hall? If so turn to section 199.

16

Lighter for not having the weight of your backpack or weapons, you sail easily across the slab and land successfully on the other side. Pausing only for a moment to determine if your jump has provoked any unwanted curiosity you shoulder your pack again, pick up your weapons, and move forward up the passage the short distance to the east-west junction.

The lighting in the larger passage is much better and you notice that most of the tapestries and decorations remain in place, unmolested by the Hordim but suffering the effects of age and a lack of care. There is little else to see except for the tracks of many large creatures scattered along the corridor. Carefully you take a position at the edge of the passage and consider where your emergence from the ventilation grill has left you. The corridor here extends to the west and east but you do not have the advantage of the shadows to veil your passing. It is a circumstance that has your hand grasping the hilt of your blade all the firmer. More than anything else you notice that there is a heavy smell of something pungent in the air. Whether it is the mustiness of rotting cloth or the distant hint of ash is too difficult to tell.

Having decided to go east you turn right at the junction and move forward. At your back you hear the clamour of what sounds like fighting from the western passage. You think to yourself that only a fool would venture towards such obvious danger.

Turn to section 212.

17

No sooner do you turn the corner of the passage when the first door opens wide and out steps a Hresh, his body covered in ash and soot, his arms loaded with charcoal. His surprise is as great as your own, and you both stand dumbly for a moment before the creature lets out a great shout and disappears in a cloud of charcoal. When the black ash and dust clears the Hresh has drawn a short sword from its belt. By his side is the Mutan guard, his spear levelled at your throat and a menacing look upon its alien face.

In the confines of the passage you must fight the Hresh and Mutan one after the other. The Hresh has a Combat Value of 16, and an endurance of 14. The Mutan has a CV of 15 and an endurance of 10. If you are victorious turn to section 175. If you die then it is here that your quest ends. With better luck you may succeed in a latter life.

18

Not wishing to burden yourself with any more equipment you decide to try your luck and leave the lantern behind. Peering into the gathering darkness ahead you continue slowly northwards up the hall. You do not go far before you hear the disciplined tramping of heavy boots behind you. It is the unmistakable sound of a large band of creatures moving quickly from the Imperial Entrance, and they are moving directly towards your position in the Hall.

Hampered by the darkness you scramble into the piles of nameless rubbish looking for a hiding spot. As the patrol gets closer you start to sweat, it is well known that all creatures of the Horde can see effectively in the dark. You do not relish the thought of fighting a large group of them under these conditions. It is not your idea of a fair fight.

Just as you believe that you are about to be discovered you find a place of concealment behind a discarded metal drum. The remnants of the drums contents smell putrid of decay but you are glad for the opportunity to hide. Hardly breathing, laying motionless as the band passes, you recognise them as Hresh warriors, the dull green glow of their eyes in the darkness instantly identifiable as they scan every part of the Hall on their patrol. You do not dare move again until the Hresh patrol has passed into the gloom and the sound of their footsteps has gone.

Getting up from the floor you wipe a layer of greasy clinging liquid

from your chest and determine that a light of some sort is necessary. If you come across any of the Hordim again, you think, it would be better that you could at least see them. Using the faint glow of the entranceway far behind, you pick your way back to the pile of lanterns and torches and kneel to pick the lantern up.

Turn to section 71.

19

There can be no doubt that this Hordim will be a difficult foe to overcome. The creature is muscular, well equipped and moves with a fluidity that conveys great agility. He will be a difficult adversary but in these close confines there is a chance that the Shimmera can be used against him.

If you wish to attempt to use the Shimmera against this Hordim test your intuition attribute. If you are successful turn to section 419. If you are unsuccessful this skill cannot help you at this time. It will be instead to your skill of arms that you must look for victory. The Hresh has a combat value of 17 and an endurance of 17. If you defeat the Hresh turn to section 188. If you are defeated by the creature then here your quest ends. Perhaps in another life you will find greater success.

20

The Berserker's attack is furious. Wielding its huge sword it strikes relentlessly, oblivious to its wounds and untiring in its assault. Slowly however, you wear down the ferocity of its attack. You match your skill and intelligence against its mindless aggression and slowly you prevail. Finally your sword pierces its tough skin, the blade disappearing to its hilt in the creature's corporeal body. Staggering backwards the Berserker screams its last breath then falls to the cold floor of the chamber. Within seconds it returns to vapour and is no more.

Fatigue and relief wash over you as you squat limply in the centre of the room. You make a mental note to think twice before opening any more chests in this place. With the Berserker gone, and the Hresh dead only a short distance away you decide to move on. A quick look in the now non-threatening box reveals only a small book written in the ancient language of Haer'al. You place it in your sack and move to the door in the eastern wall. A large metal rod holds the door secure from the inside but it takes only a moment to remove it and open the door.

You have found an ancient spellbook known as the "Teth Ellandra". Although it is scribed in Haer'al rather than one of the common tongues of the Four Nations it should still fetch a decent price in the markets at Das Nephrim. Record this on your character sheet and turn to section 100.

21

As you run for the eastern exit you hear the door at the other end of the Hall splinter and break. Turning towards the noise you see a number of Hresh, Morg and Jotun forcing their way into the meeting hall. They are tearing the door apart with their bare hands. With your heart racing you slam the eastern door shut and notice a heavy locking device secured to its back. Giving thanks to Providence yet again you ram the bolt home. There will be no going back.

Turning to your only possible route of escape you survey the passageway ahead. It is a short tunnel with rough rounded walls and lit by a single flickering lantern. From what you can see it appears to end about 20 metres ahead and runs due east. Taking the lantern from the wall, it is not long before you reach the end of the tunnel and find that it does not end there, but veers sharply to the north for another 100 metres. At this point water is running down the walls in a steady stream. Pools of scum-encrusted liquid lay about the floor, both slippery and difficult to avoid. The musty smell of stagnant water is almost overpowering.

Behind you a succession of loud crashes herald the first attempts of your pursuers to break through the second door. Picking up your pace you half crouch, half run through the passageway. The tunnel ends its run northwards abruptly and then turns west back towards the King's Hall. That is what you believe anyway. Too late however, you see the

raised stones on the floor of the tunnel. As your foot falls heavily on the first of the stones a trigger device snaps in the wall to your right. One of the Horde's traps has been sprung.

Test you agility and luck attribute. If you are successful with both of these tests turn to section 127. If you are not successful with either one of these tests turn to section 101.

22

Moving into the kitchen area of the Mess Hall you recoil in disgust at the absolute filth layering its every surface. Only a eighth the size of the main hall it is covered from floor to roof in mould, rotting food and the scattered remains of the Hordims' fetid carcasses. In some places vegetables have begun to grow in the accumulated scum. In others, eating utensils have been piled high in sticky oozing heaps only slightly distinguishable from the crud that surrounds them. You smile at the thought that the creatures may very well succeed in poisoning themselves, the lack of hygiene seems positively lethal.

From a quick inspection in the half-light of the fire there seems no reason to remain and you turn to go out. It is then that you spy the leg of fresh-looking meat that hangs from the roof in the north-eastern corner of the Kitchen. It is on a hook near the entranceway. The meat appears to be fit for eating, and as you can always use extra provisions you decide to retrieve it. Pulling an unbroken chair over to the corner, you stand on it in the hope that you might reach the hook from which it hangs. As you place your hand on the back of the chair to steady yourself another hand darts out and grabs yours by the forearm. Startled, you jump from the chair. The hand is attached to an old Hresh dressed in a dark leather apron. He is desperately trying to pull himself out of a pile of accumulated refuse and sludge. From the bruising and other wounds about his face it looks as if he has been the victim of a beating, and in the gloom he has not yet realised that you are not one of his compatriots.

Turn to section 73.

23

As you turn around after closing the northern door of the Mess Hall you are confronted by the dark, silent bulk of the Jotun Chieftain, obviously just returned from his errand. Silhouetted in the flickering light of the fireplace he appears enormous and malevolent.

"What are you doing?" the Jotun asks quietly in perfect Dwarvendim, his warhammer balanced lightly in his huge arms.

"If you please master," you respond, "I was sent by the Mutan Yose to attend to the cleaning of the Great Hall". It is a lame attempt at deception, but under the circumstances you really can't think of anything better.

The Jotun's face breaks out in a cruel smile. "Nice try, stone-eater, but this is no place for vehmin like you. Tell me though, are you alone or are there more of your ilk skulking in the shadows?"

You smile back at the giant brute and shrug your shoulders. "I believe that is a question that will have to remain unanswered. Indeed it will be something you will still be wondering about when you die."

The Jotun laughs but there is no humour in it. Any opportunity for talk has passed and instead the huge warrior begins to slowly move towards you. You notice immediately how fluid its movements are, the Jotun both powerful and agile regardless of its enormous size. Raising your weapon you realise this Hordim believes it is about to have a bit of fun; like a cat playing with a mouse before it kills. You have other ideas though. This is not the first time you've been called a stone-eater and it is starting to annoy you considerably. You think that you may very well have to teach this Hordim some manners.

Suddenly the Jotun raises its enormous warhammer above its head and charges towards you. Tables, chairs and other debris are scattered like leaves in the wind as the giant bears down upon you.

You cannot avoid this fight. In this part of the Mess the Shimmera will not work so you must defend yourself with your weapon and a measure of good luck. The Jotun has a combat value of 19 and an endurance rating of 18. If you defeat the Jotun turn to section 89. If you are killed then your quest will end here in the debris and filth of the Mess Hall. Hopefully in a latter life you will be more successful.

24

After a moments thought you decide not to risk pushing the stone. Apart from any other possibility there is the chance that it could well be a trap. You consider it wiser to keep to the passageway and instead make a decision on which way you should now go.

Will you go west towards the Mess Hall? If this is your choice turn to section 69. If you would rather go east towards the large metal door turn instead to section 201.

25

The room is filthy, every exposed surface covered in the thick black soot and no doubt a by-product of the charcoal oven. Quickly you make for the end of the room in the hope that there may be something useful to be found. Amongst the charcoal making equipment you find nothing that will be helpful, but the shelving proves to be much more interesting. Cleaning off each bottle in turn you see that one contains a familiar liquid. It is a small potion of Nahla extract and appears to have no great age to it.

(If you wish to take this vial record it on your character sheet. Nahla extract is a powerful regenerative and this vial has enough liquid for one mouthful. When taken the Nahla will restore all lost endurance points and heal any lingering injury. Nahla extract however, cannot be taken during combat. Its regenerative power overwhelms those who take it for a short time and it is best taken only when you are at rest, or taking a meal.)

The remainder of the bottles prove of little value and after a quick search of the broken furniture you turn back for the door. With nothing more that can be done here you have one last look around the room, then move back out into the hall beyond.

Turn to section 166.

26

For its small size the Morg turns out to be a worthy opponent. Skilfully using the mace in the confined area of the room the creature is able to take you by surprise and pulls your weapon from your hand. Thinking quickly you pull your own pack from your back and throw it

at the creature. To avoid the pack the creature steps back momentarily and this gives you the fraction of a second you need to retrieve your axe. Blow for blow the combat rages across the confined space of the locked room until the Morg, unable to counter your next thrust, takes a fatal wound in the chest. With a shriek of frustration and pain your opponent slips to the floor and expires.

Stepping over the prostrate form you conduct a quick search of the room. Only the chest holds any promise but it is locked and will require some effort to open. Placing a spike of the Morg's mace in the lock you are able to twist and spring the hinges. With a loud crash the lid of the chest flies open and reveals a small quantity of the precious metal Azuril and gems held in cloth pouches. They are heavy, too heavy for you to take them all. You estimate that you can take two pouches, one of Azuril, the other of gemstones. If you wish to take any treasure record this on your character status sheet.

Well pleased with the outcome of your labours you leave the room and move south down the passage.

Turn to section 156.

27

Peering carefully out of the stairway, you see that the steps have terminated before a small alcove which itself opens into a large hall, the largest that you have encountered so far in Stoneholme. You call it a hall but it is more like a cavern, a huge natural space roughly rectangular in shape, with high curving walls that meet to form a massive stone vault overhead. Ornate statues carved in the likeness of Dwarvendim warriors support the walls on all sides. To your surprise the floor is highly polished and cleared of all debris. You estimate it must be a good 200 metres long and at least 100 metres wide. From your knowledge of Stoneholme you are sure that this is what was known in Morgen's time as the Great Hall, and it looks like it is now used as both a meeting place and a training ground by the Hordim.

Your entry point to the Great Hall is on its western side. In the low light you can see one door in the northern wall plus an alcove set deep into the rock on that side. In the southern wall are two doors and in the distance you can see one further door cut into the eastern wall. The entire hall is illuminated by the same dim yellowish glow that you have encountered previously.

Turn to section 55.

28

Even as you jump you know you are going to make it. The distance is great but you time your leap well and in a few anxious heartbeats you sail across the impossibly deep chasm. For all your agility however, you cannot be aware of the unstable ground you are leaping for. Only when you are about to gain the other side do you see the crumbling edge of the passage. In that instant before you hit you know that you must land flat upon the other side and use your hands to grasp a firm hold before the floor of the passage collapses and drags you into the abyss. In this moment of desperation you reach out and hit the edge of the passage.

In a cloud of dust and collapsing earth the ground falls away beneath you but only as far as your waist. With your fingers clawing at the loose earth you gain a purchase and pull yourself quickly from the unstable edge, only to watch as most of the remaining lip of the passage falls away into the darkness. Sweating profusely you prop yourself up against the wall of the tunnel and search the floor for your equipment. The torch sputters quietly in the dust and in its light you quickly find your pack and weapon. Unfortunately you discover that the force of your backpack slamming against the tunnel wall has caused your remaining provisions to fall into the dirt, spoiling most of them. If you had any remaining rations only one remains edible. (Record this on your status sheet. This does not apply to Nahla Bread however. If you have any remaining they have not been affected by the spill.)

With no pursuit behind, and no noise coming from further down the tunnel you rest quietly and consider your immediate dilemma. You cannot go back, the way is blocked by both the rift (which you couldn't jump now even if you wanted to) and the remnants of the Impaler trap. You determine that the only way is forward.

With nothing more than an ache in your chest to show for your ungainly landing you collect your belongings and slowly make your way further down the sloping tunnel. As you move forward the passage narrows, the rough hewn walls closing in on all sides until you cannot go any further. Before you the way is blocked by a small round metal door, locked solid and immovable.

If you have the Brigandry skill, and have in your possession a set of lock-picks, turn to section 457. If you do not have these but do have a large key taken from a sleeping Morg, turn to section 493. If you have none of these skills or items turn to section 422.

29

The chest is heavy but the lock proves inadequate. Two powerful strokes with your weapon's hilt leaves the padlock lying broken and useless on the floor. Pausing for a moment you listen for any sounds from the hall outside that might indicate the approach of an enemy. Hearing nothing you open the chest and peer inside.

Turn to section 184.

30

Having seen enough of the bloodsport you have little choice but to retrace your steps back to the junction in the hallway and investigate the eastern passage. From what you have seen there is no way you can go any further to the west.

Carefully closing the tapestry you turn around and start back along the curving corridor. The number of Jotun in the sleeping quarters has surprised and worried you. Even in the most pessimistic assessment of your chances of completing this mission you never expected such a large number of the giant warriors to be present. Under normal circumstances even one of the brutes would be more than a match. Your need to remain undiscovered has taken on a whole new meaning.

Turn to section 144.

31

Moving towards this door in the southern wall you ponder what dangers might lay beyond it. Although it is small compared with most you have found in Stoneholme, the doorway has an aura of foreboding wrapped about it, a tangible feeling of mistrust and caution that emanates from its position in the wall as you approach. Such a feeling is almost familiar to you. It is the sense of someone holding an important secret but who must be careful of who they divulge it to.

In the immensity of the Great Hall your approach the door and shift uneasily on your feet when you realise that it is you who is under scrutiny. It is not however, a discovery that forces you to pause and make ready for battle. Instead you feel the subtle tendrils of something searching you out, measuring your intentions and trying to determine if you are friend or foe. There can be no doubt in your mind that there is a presence behind the door, watching as you approach and wondering if you should be allowed to enter. When you are no more than a dozen metres from its threshold the oak timbers of its substance change, the strong iron bandings and heavy iron handle melding into something altogether different. By the time you are ready to place a hand upon it the door stands as a puzzle, and one you must solve if you are to pass beyond it.

Now made of an unusual stone, it is highly polished and seamless, your hand sliding across its surface as if it is covered in a fine oil. It has no handles, just a solitary keyhole at its centre. Above this keyhole has been affixed a small brass plaque with a number in Haer'al inscribed upon it. The number reads as

:en'kaad'en:

If you have previously gained possession of a key with this number engraved upon it turn to section 75. What this number is can be found by consulting the number list provided with the First Book of Haer'al. If you have no key, turn to section 195.

32

With your throat parched from the strange heaviness in the air you can see no harm in stopping for a moment and taking some refreshment. Placing your hands on the rim of the fountain you lean

over the spouting water to drink. The cool sweet taste of clean water is immediately soured as you hear the sharp metallic click of a trap mechanism releasing.

The fountain has been rigged as the trigger for a lethal rock-fall device. Lunging backwards from the edge of the fountain you know it will only be quick reflexes that will save you from the tonnes of loose stone that hangs suspended above you. Test your Agility attribute. If you are successful with this test turn to section 583. If you fail this test turn to section 506.

33

Before you stands a huge mound of pulsating earth, forming and reforming its shape as it grows and changes. It is an Elemental, a mindless creature created in a time long past and given life for one purpose only, to act as an instrument of violence and destruction. With what passes for a head the beast looks about the room and then stares directly at you, cold murder in its eyes. For a moment it does nothing, then from its mouth there comes a dire moan that sends shivers down your spine. Stepping back to the door you consider your options and surprisingly this does not take long at all. You have no idea how to fight it, or even if it can be killed, but with nowhere to go you have no choice but to attack.

If you have the Dragonclaw in your possession turn to section 423. If you do not, you must fight the Elemental with the weapon you have at hand. It has a combat value of 19 and an endurance rating of 14. If you defeat the elemental turn to section 63. If the elemental overwhelms you and you are defeated then it is here that your quest ends. In another life the Fates may grant you better luck.

34

Your last attack cuts the life from the huge Hresh. In the cramped confines of the chamber the combat proves short and lethal, a melee of colliding metal that leaves the Hordim grasping at its chest. As you recover your breath the Hresh falls to one knee, then collapses backwards onto the straw bed where it lays still.

The warrior is dead but victory has come at a price. Fatigue runs

along your arms and legs as a dead weight, the exertion of your quest taking its toll on limbs that cry out for rest. But there can be no rest in a place such as this. About you the room is a tangle of broken furniture and the strewn possessions of the Hordim. Looking around you recognise that there is a chance you may find something of value here, and with no time to waste set about searching the room. In the course of your search you find the following items:

- 12 silver rials (coins),
- 1 battle helm,
- 1 finely carved battle shield,
- 1 set of leather and chain mail armour,
- some food, (the equivalent of 2 rations) and
- a large locked chest.

You may take any two of the first five articles on the list if you wish. Make sure you note these on your character sheet if you take any of them. If you choose either the shield, armour or helm, you can add an additional +1 bonus for each to your combat value, but the use of either will also require a -1 reduction for each on all agility tests. If you are currently wearing a thick leather jerkin it will have to be removed before you can wear the armour. If you find the reduction in agility too constraining you can drop any of these items at any time. When you have chosen what you will take you have a closer look at the locked chest.

If you have the skill of Lorecraft turn to section 483. If you do not possess this skill and you wish to open the chest turn to section 29. If you would rather not open the chest and instead make your way out of this room, turn to section 194.

35

"Whether it be by intent or good fortune you now stand before the Oracle of the Elesmenedene, Friend. State your name and purpose if you wish to gain the help that is mine to give."

The mirror asks the question in a soft, feminine voice that seems both fragile and utterly irresistible. Startled by the question you do not answer immediately, but instead move forward and inspect the mirror more closely. It stands as tall as yourself, its frame an ornate scrollwork of twisting vines carved in silver and obsidian, and from its

first words now shines with an intense blue light that fills the chamber. Embraced within this azure glow you notice that its surface is quickly being obscured by a thick swirling mist.

"I am an adventurer from the Dwarvendim fortress of Maenum, sent to this place under duress and with only a single purpose before me. I am here to restore the Tellandra and return its power to its true Masters".

At your words the mirror brightens, its swirling mists forming into a vortex of moving shades and vapours.

"Your quest is welcome here, Halokim Vesh of the Stone Kingdoms. For too long the power of the Tellandra has languished in the hands of those who do not understand it, and like yourself it hungers for release from its servitude. Your presence has been made known to me by those who wish your success and to you I give this knowledge." For a moment the Oracle is silent.

"Listen carefully and heed well what I say," it continues, "for I have been given the task of showing you how to defeat the Dragon Windhammer, and in doing so free the pillar of stonewood".

You raise your eyebrows in surprise but your attention is focused on the mirror as a range of images quickly form upon its misting glass. Within its swirling vapours previous attempts by other adventurers flick swiftly across your view. As you watch a tableau of images form and disappear within the mists, displaying the last moments of countless, luckless warriors and thieves who have stood before Windhammer. To your growing dismay their last moments all end the same way, their fate drawn as hapless victims consumed with Dragonfire, their charred and riven bodies falling ashen upon the steaming floor of the Dragon's lair.

Stunned by the horror of what you see you stand transfixed; a strong urge to give up the quest almost overpowering you. In this moment of faltering courage the soft voice from the mirror pulls you away from the images that swirl before you and back to reality.

"To destroy the beast known as Windhammer you must acquire three items of power. Scattered throughout this fortress can be found these talismans; a gemstone known as the Dragonseye, an axe made of pure magic and a spear, created by the Stone Kings and once the personal property of Morgen Orncryst the Younger. You must have all three when you face the beast or you will surely die".

Turn to section 216.

36

The Hresh has about 8 metres to run before it will be in a position to strike. Turning to the second door as a possible means of escape you place all your strength against it but it will not budge. It is as rusted and decrepit as the door you had to force to gain entry here and it can provide no sanctuary from the advancing Hordim. Even before you take your shoulder from the door you know you have made a fatal error.

Giving up you turn back to face the Hresh. The creature is remarkably quick, bearing down upon you within the space of a few heartbeats. As if acting in slow motion you turn to meet the threat and find the warrior's scimitar already slicing down upon you. In desperation you try to fend off the blow but the strength of the creature is overwhelming. With a massive head wound you fall limply to the floor. The Hresh screams in triumph and it is the last thing you hear as you slip quietly into the cool numbness of approaching death. Here, outside the Custom's House of Stoneholme your quest ends. Perhaps in another life the Fates will provide you with greater success.

THE END

37

For many hours you lay silently in the ventilation shaft watching the activity of the Hordim unfold before you. Unaware of your proximity they pass up and down the corridor, many creatures in an earnest search that continues until finally the activity in the hall begins to diminish. As you watch the larger groups of organised and disciplined soldiers dwindle quickly to smaller patrol groups, and then eventually the corridor is empty.

Afraid of some trick you still do not move for some time, seeing only the occasional guard making a regular pass by your vantage point. It is only when you think it is probably midnight outside that you decide to move.

The rest you have taken while waiting within the shaft was unavoidable but much needed. Add four points to your endurance before continuing, remember though that you cannot exceed your initial endurance value. After adjusting your character sheet turn to section 95.

38

While you stand at the entrance to the room, carefully surveying its contents for any signs of danger, the lantern you are holding darkens, flickers brightly again for a moment and then goes out. In the sudden darkness you shake it quietly, but there is no hope of any further illumination. Its oil reservoir is empty and it can be of no further use to you.

Carefully you place the exhausted lantern to one side then enter the room with the intention of taking a number of the unlit torches from the walls. As you step forward you search with your fingers for the flints you have in your tunic pocket. It isa moment of inattention that may cost you dearly. As you place your foot on the mat that straddles the entrance you hear the loud click of a Horde calling card. In that moment you realise you have found your way into a trap...

Turn quickly to section 164.

39

For a moment you hesitate. The Mess Hall appears deserted, and the metal door stands as a solid barrier that does not appear beyond your skills to unlock. There are two ways forward, but as you consider which way might be best something gives you reason to pause, it is a strong feeling that you may be missing something important here.

Such hunches should be acted upon. Test your Intuition attribute. If you are successful turn to section 233. If you fail this test turn to section 4.

40

The furious attack by the unarmed Morg takes you completely by surprise. With the bright light from the open doorway blinding you the creature makes good use of his only opportunity to strike. Stumbling backwards against the passage wall you raise your sword to defend yourself but the Morg is too quick. The pewter mug he is holding comes crashing down on your head temporarily stunning you.

In the melee that follows the screaming Morg throws you to the ground, and even though you badly wound it with your sword the mug once again finds its mark, hitting you squarely across the temple.

Dazed, you feel yourself pushed against the wall, then wince at the sharp agony of an unseen dagger as it is thrust into your side. With the last of your energy you punch out at the Morg, forcing the creature backwards onto the cold stone. In desperation you try and stand but the dagger remains in your side, buried to the hilt, the wound bleeding freely down your clothing. Staggering to your feet you shake your head at the thought that you have been brought down by a single Morg, but this one has not yet finished with you. Grabbing for the door the Hordim shouts out an alarm, which is answered quickly. Before you can take up your sword again a large number of the creatures crowd into the passage, blades drawn but with no need to come to the Morg's aid. Mortally wounded it will be only a matter of moments before you will be dead.

Collapsing onto the floor, you are surrounded by the Hordim, all whom seem quite impressed that their compatriot has triumphed over you. Laughing and chattering the creatures drag you off to a certain doom. As you pass into the light of the hall your last conscious thought is that you hope they will choke on you. And then all is dark. Here your quest ends. Perhaps in another life you shall find better luck.

THE END

41

With all your remaining strength you try to leap the rune-covered steps in front of you. It is not enough. The steps are an illusion covering a large hole cut in the stairway, and as you topple into the emptiness you desperately grab for any support you can find. A piece of jutting stone offers some respite and you lunge towards it, thanking Providence as you dangle precariously above a bottomless ghostly void. Testing your purchase you look down into the darkness and know that this trap of Neverending Deep may still have you. There appear to be few foot or handholds where you have fallen, and it will take considerable strength and agility to climb out.

To make this climb will require you test both your strength and agility attributes. If you are successful with both tests turn to section 192. If you fail either of these tests turn to section 234. If you possess the talent of Strong Back you shall automatically pass the strength test, however the agility test must still be taken.

42

The passageway continues south for a considerable distance and you follow it carefully. As with previous passages you have journeyed through within this fortress you find here further evidence of the Hordims' destructiveness. On both sides of the hall all of the exits have been collapsed, doorways and passages that must have once led to other parts of Stoneholme no more than piles of debris that spread out across the floor before you. Why it has been done you cannot say, but as you travel further into the mountain you can sense that there is a purpose to it.

With each step forward the heat seems to intensify about you. Thick as a morning fog the heated air wraps itself about your body as you move, carrying upon its oppressive touch the smell of ash and smoke. Breathing heavily in the corrupted air you move forward, unsure as to what might be its source, but sure that it will soon become unbearable.

As you fight against the rising temperature you almost miss another door that stands undamaged in the eastern wall. Inset a metre into the stone it has been cunningly artificed so that it cannot be seen unless you are right upon it. Coming to a halt you press yourself against the wall and peer into the small alcove. The door is the usual wood and iron construction but to your surprise it is slightly ajar, and from within comes the distinct rise and fall of voices. Trying to listen at the door the clarity of the words is distorted by the sound of the furnace building in the corridor ahead. Above the boom and rush of the heat you can just make out the voices of a Dwarvendim conversation.

Do you wish to investigate these voices? If this is your choice turn to section 120. If you cannot afford to dally while the heat builds in the passage and you wish to continue south turn to section 204.

43

The door slams in the faces of the charging Hordim, their bulky forms crashing like a tidal surge against the solid timber and iron of the Library door. In one quick motion you throw home the lock and replace the thick wooden beam in its metal rests. From the outside you hear only an ominous silence.

Then, like thunder out of a clear blue sky the door is hit by some

huge weight, the first impact quickly followed by a second more powerful battering. All at once the room explodes with a barrage of sound, the Hordim hitting the door with everything they have. Before your eyes the entranceway begins to splinter and crack, dust and wood pieces flying about the room as a large crack appears along the full length of the door. Sweating freely and with desperation in your eyes you search the Library for any means of escape.

Turn to section 61.

44

Intrigued by what types of books the Hordim might keep in Stoneholme, especially when everything else seems to have been so ruthlessly and systematically destroyed, you begin looking through them. To your further surprise they prove to be mostly poetry and collections of romantic song. All are written in the curiously ornate style of Old Dwarvendim and judging by the publication dates many are hundreds of years old.

Only one tome holds any real interest for you. Scribed by an ancient hand in the language of Haer'al it is entitled :scria'im nar theodura: It looks almost brand new, and indeed as you hold it in your hands you are hard pressed to find any signs of age on it at all. It is as though the years have not touched it and you cannot help but believe that it is a book of great value and greater power.

While you are flipping though its crisp clean pages you are startled by a rattling noise at the door. Wheeling around you draw your weapon and stand ready for combat, fully expecting a Hordim patrol to charge through the door at any moment. Luckily the fight does not eventuate. The rattling is someone testing the handle. Having shut it behind you the door has locked itself, and after a few attempts at turning the handle you hear some rough Hresh laughter and then the sound of marching feet moving away up the passage.

With your heart thumping a drumbeat in your ears you slowly relax. Silently you curse your own inattention, the book of magic so engrossing you that you had not noticed the approach of the patrol. In truth if you are to survive in this place they should not have got so close. In one quick motion you close up the book, place it in your pack and make your way back into the passageway. Without any further hesitation you continue south.

It may be worth your while translating the name of this book using the First Book of Haer'al before continuing, but whether you do or not is yours to decide. When you are ready record this book on your status sheet and turn to section 42.

45

The Mutan runs around the corner, spear levelled and ready for combat, but more curious in its demeanour than alarmed. It is an opportunity you cannot let pass. From out of the shadows your weapon descends upon the creature, cutting deeply into its left fore-arm. With a shout of pain and outrage it staggers to one side, dropping its spear as it grabs at its bleeding limb. Quietly you swear at yourself for not finishing the Hordim with the one blow but its survival can only be short-lived. If it raises an alarm you will not find any place safe in this great fortress. Instinctively you kick out with your boot and send the creature skidding across the smooth stone. In a daze the Mutan recovers quickly, any advantage gained by your attack disappearing as it pulls a long-bladed dagger from its clothing. Despite the wound you have inflicted upon the Hordim it turns to face you, and with amazing speed attacks...

The Mutan has a combat value of 15 and an endurance rating of 10. If you are victorious against this creature turn to section 518. If you are defeated by the Mutan guard it will be here that your quest ends. No doubt in another life you will have more success.

46

The stone beneath your feet trembles as the Reaver charges towards you. This will be a fight to the death. Almost before you can prepare yourself the monstrous beast falls upon you.

You cannot avoid combat with the Reaver. It has a combat value of 19 and an endurance of 21. If you defeat this awesome creature turn to section 123. If you are devoured by the Reaver your quest ends here in the stifling atmosphere of the Lesser Hall. If it is any consolation you should know that you were very close to finding the object of your quest. In another life you may have better luck.

47

With your hand upon the hilt of your sword you move quickly to the end of the passage, being very careful not to stand in direct line of the portal cut in the doorway. The sounds of violence and revelment seem very near, the uproar coming from beyond the door complemented by a most unpleasant smell that carries itself upon a slight but noticeable breeze. Although hard to discern it seems to be the sour odours of stale beer, rotting meat and a multitude of unwashed and sweating bodies. Just as you are about to reach for the door it suddenly bursts open as a drunk Morg staggers through. In an emaciated hand he holds a large pewter cup, from which a reddish liquid spills down his arm and onto the dry floor of the hall.

For a moment the bright light from behind the Hordim blinds you, and you stagger backwards shouting at the creature to shut the door. The Morg, who is just as surprised to see you, obliges. Drunk and ill-equipped the creature waits for a moment to think about his situation before a blind rage overtakes him. Screaming hysterically he charges at you with no more than the mug in his hand. You raise your sword and combat begins.

The Morg has a combat value of 14 and an endurance rating of 8. If you defeat it turn to section 183. If it kills you, turn to section 40.

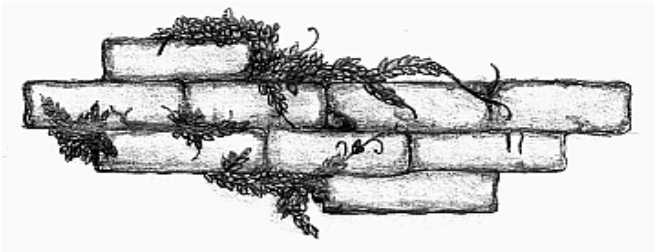

48

The first door in the northern wall is more than 60 metres from your entry point in the west wall. Moving quickly towards this exit your footsteps echo loudly on the smooth stone, and you have to remind yourself that remaining undiscovered is the only advantage you have here. For a moment you stop and listen, searching the chamber for any sign that your footfalls have carried to an unfriendly ear. Luckily you are still alone, but it would seem that in this chamber

sound travels exceedingly well indeed. Surrounded by shadows you continue on, but now with greater care. When you reach the door you find it locked solid, with no keyhole or visible locking mechanism. If you are to go forward beyond this door you will need to find a way to open it.

If you possess the skill of Brigandry turn to section 424. If you do not possess this skill test your intuition attribute instead. If you are successful turn to section 150. If you are unsuccessful turn to section 118.

49

The Jotun has left the door unlocked and you have no difficulty gaining access to the passageway that lies beyond. This corridor leads north and as you follow its reach into the mountain you can see evidence of its frequent use by the Hordim. Huge scars have been cut deep into the walls and ceiling, marks no doubt made by the casual blows of passing warhammers and battle-axes. As a testament to the power of these strikes you see also scattered shards of stone and small piles of dust on the floor below each impact point. It is a careless damage that seems to hold no regard for the stone or the Hordims' own weapons.

The passage itself is well lit with the strange yellowish glow you have encountered earlier. Stopping to look more carefully at the way ahead you cannot find the source of the light, there seems to be no specific origin and you have to conclude that it is emanating from the stone itself. You make a mental note to discover how the Horde produce this wonder then move forward all the quicker.

From the Mess Hall door the tunnel extends 80 metres northwards before it ends at a set of large metal-strapped wooden doors. Placing your ear against the door you can hear nothing.

Do you wish to enter? If so turn to section 174. If you can see no benefit in going any further here you will have to return back down the passageway and make for the Mess hall. If this is your choice you turn upon your heel and retreat back to the large chamber. Turn to section 23.

50

The sounds of violent combat are too enticing to ignore. You can feel the blood pounding at your temples as you carefully pull the tapestry aside by a finger's width and peer into the room beyond. What greets you is a vision from your worst nightmares, one that plays itself out before you as a bloody tableau. In what is indeed a large chamber you discover a makeshift sleeping quarters, but all furniture has been pushed aside and a large area laid bare at the room's centre. In this open space more than fifty Jotun warriors are crowded around the walls, and all are shouting and jeering as two giant Chieftains engage in a deadly combat upon the bare ground before them.

Within this melee of noise your attention is drawn completely to the battle, and for a moment you forget the peril that your curiosity has placed you in. The Jotun are huge muscled warriors, their ochre skins slick with the sweat of their exertions and upon the cleared ground they circle each other, testing the reach of their hammers and screaming obscenities as they search out weaknesses in their foe's defences. In the flickering light of a dozen torches the Jotun are towering creatures, four metres tall and with a reach greatly enhanced by the long handles of the enormous warhammers they wield with devastating effect. Armoured only with metal breastplates the Hordim fight with an abandon that is both reckless and merciless. Every blow of their huge warhammers is met with shuddering impacts against steel, rock or bare flesh, and every successful strike is greeted with shouts of bloodlust from the watching warriors. Without question you are witnessing a fight to the death.

As the battle continues you recognise the breast insignia worn by one of the Jotun. The uniform is the same as a number of Hordim you saw searching the corridors as you hid in the ventilation shaft. For whatever reason there is a matter of honour being settled here, and you have no doubt that it will end only when one of the combatants is dead.

Do you wish to stay and see the end of the battle? If you do turn to section 218. If you think it more prudent to depart now turn to section 30.

51

In the formal and elaborate manner of Dwarvendim writing one word stands out from all others and commands your attention. "DRAGON". Intrigued by what it might mean you stop and move closer to get a better view. What you find is a barely discernible line of text written across the stonework. Carefully you sheathe your blade and with a gloved hand clean away the accumulated dust. What you uncover is a message, scrawled roughly over the fine carvings in a dark paint that becomes visible only as you wipe away decades of dust and filth. When you are sure that you have uncovered it all you take a step back and read the following;

"Hail and beware all those who attempt entry to the Deep Vault of Morgen Orncryst. A vile Dragon known as Windhammer now claims possession, and while it lives the treasures of the StoneKings are lost. Be warned Adventurer for deep within its golden prison it waits, coveting its wealth and destroying all who might wish it harm".

"Heed these words well. To destroy the serpent you must have three powerful talismans. A Dragonseye to blind it, a Dragonclaw to maim it and a great spear to kill it. Only with these can the vile serpent be destroyed. With none of them you will surely die".

For a moment you stand and consider the rather dark contents of the message. Such words you have heard before, and indeed in earlier times you would have discounted them as rumour, the product of all the myth and half-truths that has arisen since the fall of the Stone Kingdoms. But as you stand in this desolate passage they are words that underline the danger of your circumstances, and the certainty that the Dragon Windhammer lurks somewhere within this fortress. In the quiet passageway you read through the message one more time and commit its words to memory. When you are sure that you have it all you continue northward.

Turn to section 111.

52

For a moment you stand pondering the strange question. You look about the room for a possible clue to the answer but decide flattery may be the best response.

"With an axe of such power at my side", you reply, "I will strike the beast down and rend the life from its foul form. Your iron blade will part its flesh and it will surely fall".

For a moment the aura surrounding the Dragonclaw falters, its energy withdrawing as if it is considering your answer. In this moment of quiet you shift uneasily, unsure as to what the axe might do if you are wrong.

"No", the axe responds in a deeper voice, "I cannot be used in that way. The death of Windhammer lies beyond my capacity alone for it is a Dragon of uncommon power. To kill such a beast requires other weapons that cannot be found here. No matter your need it is my fate to remain within these walls. If you do not know how I should be used then I must wait for a warrior who does. Go now or you will surely die!"

With that the snow storm erupts again. Ice and snow billows up from the floor with such ferocity that you are forced back against the wall. In the face of the rising gale you know you must escape the room quickly or perish in its cold violence.

Turning for the door you see dimly through the darkness and rushing snow the frozen form of a great Hresh crouched by the doorway, a long scimitar raised as if ready to strike whoever might walk through. As you force your way back out of the chamber you wonder whether the sharp edge of its blade had actually been meant for you.

Turn to section 79.

53

Clutching the Dragonseye tightly in your fist you move out into the Great Hall and take off your pack. In the gloom you kneel against the hard stone and have a closer look at what you have found. The Dragonseye is as big as the palm of your hand, yellow in colour except for a sliver of red that runs through its centre. In the darkness it glimmers with a subdued power, and although you wear gloves to protect your hands you can feel a heat radiating from it as you handle

it. There is no doubt in your mind that you have found something important. It is a magnificent gem, and one that must be put safely away.

Quickly you open your pack, but as you are about to place the gem inside you hear an unusual sound, very much like the rubbing of stone upon stone. Startled by the noise you turn on your heel and draw your weapon, searching the shadows for danger. Nothing appears different; the alcove is empty and the hall is still clear, but there is something close and you sense you should move on immediately. Returning to the job at hand you secure the gem inside your pack, and then replace it back upon your shoulders. It is then that the sound returns, louder and more ominous. You wheel around again and this time stare directly into the face of a nightmare.

Slowly at first, but with increasing speed the two grotesque statues come to life before your eyes. Hideous beasts they are; a good metre taller than yourself, shaped like monstrous bulldogs with long muscular limbs. They wear no armour but are armed with vicious, razor-sharp claws and teeth. Around each of their thick necks is clasped a heavy metal band studded with spikes. You try to run from these Warbeasts but they begin circling your position, testing your courage as they cut off any chance you have of escape. In the centre of the Great Hall you have no choice but to fight them.

These Stone Warbeasts are formidable opponents. Although born of a stonemason's craft these have been animated with a dark power that has given them life. Together they have a combined combat value of 20 and an endurance of 24. If you have a flashcharge in your possession and wish to use it now turn to section 507. If instead you have Nahla Bread and a bottle of beer in your possession and think it may provide help at this time turn to section 541. If you have a small bottle of Nahla extract and believe it may be of greater assistance at this time turn to section 587. If you have none of these items, or you do not wish to use them at this time then these Warbeasts must be fought together as one creature. If you succumb to the power of these beasts it will be here that your quest will end. No doubt in a latter life Providence will afford you better luck, and a stronger sword arm. If however, it is you who is victorious turn to section 559.

54

Leaving the door of the Armoury slightly ajar so that some light will illuminate the darkened hallway ahead you move northward up the passage. The din and clamour of the Hordim ahead is curiously muffled by the the labyrinth of tunnels it has passed through. You know however, that this is deceptive, danger is very near and you find yourself sweating heavily in the cold damp air. Moving up the hallway you find a solid wooden doorway in the western wall that is securely locked. Although there is a handle it has no keyhole or obvious locking mechanism. You decide not to risk making the noise necessary to force it open as it could well bring unwelcome attention to your labours. You leave it securely locked and continue northward.

Turn to section 158.

55

After the exertions of your descent you rest in the darkened alcove for a short time, listening intently for any indication that danger might lurk within the confines of the Great Hall. In the silence you wait but apart from a subtle tremoring in the stone beneath you there is little to be uncovered. With aching limbs, and muscles that still cry out for rest, you haul yourself to your feet and ready your equipment. It is a curious thing but the further you descend into the mountain the more your sense that your are getting closer to the Tellandra firms. You cannot tell if it is just wishful thinking, or indeed the Pillar of Stonewood itself calling to you, but there is a presence about you that you can feel in your bones. It is a rising sense of intangible power, one you cannot see but one that envelopes everything here, and as you look out upon the Great Hall you know it is somewhere ahead.

Hearing only silence however, you move out into the hall and look more closely at the huge cavern. After the close and claustrophobic passageways you have been journeying through the Great Hall comes as a welcome change. From the shadows you wonder at the size of the hall, and the enormous statues that hold the roof upon their wide shoulders. In your people's distant past there must have been great pride held for this majestic achievement, and for a few moments you ponder the effort and artisanship that must have been expended on its artifice. It is a moment of reflection though, that quickly passes as you refocus your thoughts on your quest. Near the entranceway you find a

selection of torches, all of which are ready for use and held loosely within a round metal container.

(You may take as many of these torches as you can carry. Remember however, that each will count as one item to your carry load. If you do not already possess torches they may prove to be very useful as you move further into the mountain. If you decide to take any record these on your status sheet before continuing.)

As you walk out further into the centre of the vast cavern you search your memories for anything that might help you here. From what you can remember the Great Hall had been the court of the last StoneKing, and it had been here that he had heard of the great treachery that had brought down the Dwarvendim, and ultimately thrown them into slavery and destitution. Great decisions had been made and many lives lost in those last dark days of the Stone kingdoms but it is a time in history long past to your people.

For a moment you stand quietly in the midst of the cavern and wonder at all that had been lost, but it is a regret that others must redress for you do not have the time. A sound of falling stone somewhere beyond the Hall pointedly alerts you to how exposed you are. Moving quickly to the nearest wall you consider how you should proceed.

Will you,
Try the nearest door in the north wall? If so turn to section 48.
Try the nearest door in the south wall? If so turn to section 31.
Try the second door in the south wall? If so turn to section 189.
Investigate the alcove in the north wall? If so turn to section 239.
Try the door in the far eastern wall? If so turn to section 161.

56

Tired from a day of successful hunting in the nearby forests the band of Hresh hunters have not yet seen you. Taking advantage of this you scramble up against the western balustrade and survey your situation. Unfortunately there is no way you can return to the safety of the forest. If you stay where you are the Hresh will surely discover you. Grabbing your sword and pack you clamber up the stairs, keeping low to the marble steps to make the best use of the protection afforded by the balustrade. As you reach the top of the steps you can see a depression in the stonework of the platform that looks like it was formed by a partial collapse of the rock beneath it. In there you can

hide.

Behind you the sound of iron-shod feet clumping up the stairs gets steadily louder. Without hesitation you dive into the hole in the stone, thankful for the safety it provides. Crouched in a space between two large broken slabs of polished granite you wait quietly and listen carefully for the approaching hunters. Talking to each other in a harsh guttural Hresh tongue the hunters crest the top of the stairs and shuffle into the darkness of Stoneholme with their load.

As you quickly climb out of the depression you hear the sound of another band of hunters crashing through the brush to your left. Realising this is no place to stay you cautiously enter the dim entranceway.

Turn to section 83.

57

You find the eastern door of the junction closed and partly covered by broken stonework that must have fallen from the ceiling far above. It is blocked also by a number of rotting tapestries that had once hung from the adjoining walls. After pulling most of the debris away from the door you can see a bright light is shining from the base of it. The room or hall on the other side appears to be well lit. Placing your ear against the thick door you listen intently but hear nothing.

Do you still wish to open this door? If so turn to section 109. If not, you make your way north. Turn to section 7.

58

As you approach the eastern door you notice the unusually heavy nature of its construction. The gloom of your surroundings cannot hide that it has been fashioned to withstand considerable force. Made of thick hewn timbers it is bound by heavy metal bands and is fastened with large brass bolts. Although it looks heavy the door moves easily, being unlocked and well oiled. The room beyond is darkly lit, only a small lamp burns on what appears to be an overturned wooden crate. You quickly move inside and raise your lantern for a better look...

Turn to section 117.

59

The long flight of steps continues upwards for some distance before finally ending at a small square landing. Here the northward direction of the passage ends and a further corridor continues on towards the east. With your legs aching from the long climb you are thankful for the level way ahead and eagerly take it. Heading east you notice the corridor here quite different from those you have just left. Whereas the passages behind were neglected and vandalised, you now find yourself in a well made and well tended thoroughfare, the walls lined with coloured and glazed tiling. The light of your own torch flickers against these tiles, the distorted shadows cast by its illumination mirrored as ghostly reflections as you pass down its considerable length. As you carefully move forward you note with increasing apprehension the sounds of the Hordim's revelling getting closer and more identifiable.

Suddenly out of an alcove in the wall ahead a nightmare clad in white leaps towards you, battle axe in hand. With silent but deadly intent it attacks.

Turn to section 221.

60

Surprisingly it only takes one attempt to force the door open. The timbers are strapped with iron but the lock is old and rusted; one push is enough. As pieces of its mechanism fall onto the dust covered floor you can see that the room has remained unused for some time. A thick layer of grime covers every corner of the chamber, and the only object you see of any interest is a small metal chest that sits against the far wall. As you move towards the box you also notice a number of shackles and leg irons hanging from hooks hammered into the walls. The room smells heavily of decay and spattered across the floor are large stains that look disturbingly like blood.

Picking up the box raises a flurry of choking dust, but there is something here that piques your interest. Carefully you wipe its surfaces with the edge of your travel cloak and find that it is not a plain object at all. Beneath the grit and grime you discover a box that has been ornately manufactured, each side a panel of intricate relief carving depicting battle scenes from the old wars. On the lid is a painted scrawl, inscribed as a series of Old Dwarvendim letters,

indistinct in the dark, but which you know roughly translate to mean "Potion of Renewal". Opening the box proves difficult, however the edge of your eating knife provides an effective means to pry the tightly sealed lid from its base. Inside you find a small vial of liquid.

It is a curious thing. In your life you have never heard of a potion of renewal, and it strikes you that this could be a trick, a cunningly placed item designed to poison rather than invigorate. In the darkness you take the vial from its seating and pull the small glass stopper. Carefully you smell the contents and smile. The odour that arises from the bottle is one you recognise. It is Nahla.

All travellers of Arborell are familiar with the recuperative powers of Nahla fruit, but it is a surprise to find it in a liquid form. A quick touch of your tongue to the edge of the stopper confirms that this is indeed what it is. The taste, and the rush of energy that accompanies it is undeniable. Replacing the stopper you think on whether you should keep it. There appears to be enough left of its contents for one swallow, but in its distilled form it could have unusual, and dangerous properties. (It is your decision. If you wish to take this extract with you record it on your status sheet. If not, return it to its box and leave it here.)

After a fruitless search of the remainder of the room you shoulder your backpack, then carefully re-enter the King's Hall.

If you have decided to take the Nahla extract it may be consumed at any time except during combat. Using this potion will restore your endurance points to their maximum value. It can only be used once, and the vial must be discarded when you do. If you have not already done so record this item on your character sheet then turn to section 15.

61

It is only when the beam itself begins to splinter from the battering of the Hordims' weapons that you discover the ventilation grill in the base of the Library's northern wall. Although it is only a forearm wide and the same deep there is a chance that you may just fit. Taking off your backpack you kneel beside the grill and, placing your hands on its cold iron, pull with all your might. It does not move. Glancing back at the door you see its wood disintegrating, splintering apart like dry kindling. As you struggle with the metal grate a huge tattooed arm

forces its way between broken timbers and searches frantically for the wooden beam. In a matter of moments your pursuers will be inside the Library and then you will surely be dead. Turning back to the grill you try pushing it, and find to your relief that with only a small effort it falls inwards. Throwing your pack and sword into the beckoning hole you quickly follow then push the grill back into place with your foot.

Turn to section 168. If you are carrying a shield it must be left behind. Adjust your equipment list and combat value accordingly.

62

As you move closer to the apparition the ferocity of the storm dissipates. The snow and ice settles lightly to ground and as you stand before the marble pillar all becomes quiet. The room is now a blanket of white, a soft glow emanating from the axe lighting all about you. Quickly looking for any sign of the Horde's cunning traps you survey the room. Before the storm you believe the chamber must have been the private quarters of a high ranking Hresh Chieftain. Ornate decorations and tapestries cover the walls, a large comfortable bed lies in one corner. About the room the wind has hurled a large amount of weaponry, equipment and ceremonial clothing. There are all the trappings here of a powerful leader.

Looking back to the axe you appreciate with greater clarity how beautiful it truly is. Standing without any other support on its handle it is made of a pure white material like nothing you have seen. The entire length of the axe's haft is inlaid with fine gold, clear crystal and smaller precious stones. Only the blade of the axe can you recognise as being made of iron, polished and well tempered. It is not the blade however, that you find most interesting. Protruding from the back of the iron blade and set solidly into the unusual white material of the haft is a razor sharp Dragon's talon. Such a weapon you must have. With great care you reach out towards the Dragonclaw to grasp it.

It is then that it speaks.

Turn to section 85.

63

When the combat ends all that remains of the Elemental is a pile of steaming mud, its lifeblood merging quickly with the damp earth. Somehow you know the creature is not dead but it has withdrawn to heal deep wounds and that is good enough for you. To your surprise your weapon cut easily into the body of the warped and twisted earth spirit. Unarmed and too slow to match your quick feint and thrust attacks it fell, collapsing into the smoking mass that now covers a large part of the floor.

Moving back to the door you return to your search for a way out, feeling the edges of the door's metalwork for any possible secret lock. With keen fingers and a knowledge of locks you find what you are looking for at the base of the door. A light touch on the small metal catch and the door lifts cleanly and quickly into the wall above. Stepping over the threshold you find yourself back in the Great Hall.

Turn to section 149.

64

As you move north towards the east-west junction you notice the floor in front of you marked by a rectangle of newly laid stone. It extends across the width of the passage and is remarkable only in that it is cleaner than the surrounding flagstones. Judging by the fresh chisel marks it is either a repair or, more probably, a trap only recently installed. Whatever it is you cannot avoid it.

(If this is the first time you have used this passage you will have to get over this suspicious stonework. If this is not the first time you have walked over this piece of floor you may have been lucky nothing unfortunate has happened to you).

With any hope of furthering your quest laying beyond this ominous piece of stone you must find some way of getting past without stepping on the slab. A quick survey of the passage shows no available rope-holds. Smooth walls and a high vaulted ceiling leave no options for attaching a rope and swinging over. This stonework you must jump, and the leap is at least 4 metres wide.

Throwing your equipment across the slab you retreat a short way down the passage and then, with all the strength you can muster, leap out over the stone.

Test your Strength attribute. If you are successful with this test turn to section 198. If you fail turn to section 110.

65

Without any apparent way to get out of the Library you decide to try your luck and find another passage, one that may provide a different path into the depths of the fortress. To do this however, you will have to risk opening the door then retrace your steps back along the ornately carved corridor, possibly down the stairs to the levels below.

Putting your ear to the door you hear nothing, but the door is thick. There is no way that you can be certain of what may be on the other side. Carefully you lift the wooden beam from its rests and unlock it. With little noise the lock turns, and you pull the door slightly open so that you can peer down the hall. To your surprise the corridor is crowded with heavily breathing Jotun and Hresh warriors. Their surprise is just as great as yours, but a single shout from one of the larger Hordim triggers the group into action. In one smooth motion the Jotun charge the door, bearing down like a falling cliff face upon you. In desperation you try and slam the door once again.

Test your agility and luck attributes. If you are successful with both of these tests turn to section 43. If you fail either of them turn to section 130.

66

After considerable effort you find yourself on the other side of the piles of rubbish that have almost blocked the passage. It appears that most of the debris has been thrown to just this end, the remainder of the way to the north free of mess. Stopping for a moment to catch your breath, you lean against the cold stone and notice a strange smell emanating from further down the tunnel. It is not the smell of mouldy fabric or old timber that assails your nostrils but the awful stench of rotting meat. You have no idea what it is, but you think it probable that when you find the source of the smell you will also find trouble. You will need to advance cautiously.

Forewarned to be on your guard you head north into the gloom and shadows. The light from the Armoury no longer illuminates your way so you have to stop for a moment to ignite a torch that still sits securely in its wall mounting. Unfortunately you can't take it with you, it is too fragile to move. It isn't much but while it burns it should give you some idea of what may be ahead.

The passage is very cold, dust sits loosely on the floor, its thickness muffling the sound of your footsteps as you move steadily but cautiously northward. The piles of rubbish have gone but they have been replaced by huge clinging spider webs that hang in layers in front of you. Each is a thick mat, a new web replacing each one you destroy as you move forward.

In this still cold place the sounds of cruel and violent revelry form a sinister though muffled backdrop to your quiet progress. You pause for a moment, listen to the distorted cries of your enemies somewhere ahead and wonder what the makers of Stoneholme would have thought if they had known what it would become.

Through the dim greyness of dark and web a soft glint of polished metal catches your eye. The pale light of the burning torch has reflected off a curved metallic surface. Lying on the floor roughly 5 metres in front of you is a spear, half submerged in the dust and debris. Moving quickly to your find you kneel and inspect it more closely.

Turn to section 167.

67

The abrupt turn in the passage towards the south jolts you from your thoughts and back to the ever-present dangers at hand. Peering carefully around the corner, and then down towards the south you see that the passage runs about 100 metres in that direction, before again turning to the east. The lighting here is only reflected light from the corridor behind you. Very quickly it disappears into a shadowy gloom ahead. On the left hand side of the passage are two doors; the first about 15 metres from where you stand at the corner, the second some 45 metres further along. Both doors are of sturdy construction and both show signs of frequent use.

As you peer into the dimness of the corridor you notice a Mutan guard standing silently at its end. In the grey shadows of a small alcove recessed into the stone the creature stands, its body still but its eyes possibly roaming the corridor, all its senses on alert. When you first looked down this passage you did not see it but the movement of a glimmering spearhead alerted you to its presence. To proceed any further you will have to remove the Mutan from the passageway, and you will need to do it quietly at that.

Will you try and draw the Mutan up the passage towards you? If you have a small mirror in your possession turn to section 505. If you do not have a mirror turn to section 96. If you think the tall, emaciated creature may be asleep and you want to try to rush him turn to section 137.

68

After a violent battle that taxes you to the limit of your combat skills the Reaver lies dead on the stone floor of the Lesser Hall. Only with a sturdy weapon in your hands did you have any chance of victory against such a powerful beast and the Dragonclaw gave you the edge you needed. Quickly cleaning its blade on a scrap of cloth you strap the weapon to a series of fastenings on your pack. This takes only a moment but you have little time to linger here. From somewhere near you can hear the clatter of heavily shod feet moving your way. Your combat with the Reaver has attracted some unwanted attention.

Turn to section 123.

69

Framed within the flickering shadows cast from the Mess Hall you move westwards down the hallway. Coming to the entryway you peer cautiously round the arched threshold into a scene of chaos. Chairs lay in broken piles, tables and other furniture have been flung in disarray, and everywhere you can see the remains of spilled food and drink. There is a stench of stale beer and rancid flesh that hangs in the air as a fog. To your dismay you see a line of carcasses hung along the western wall, held by large iron hooks and each dripping blood that pools in wide stains upon the floor-stones. Most are the ragged remains of Sempaca and deer, although you do recognise parts of a Kreal and a number of rodents. All hang in various stages of decay and in the pungent confines of the Hall their smell is almost overpowering.

The Mess Hall does however, appear to be deserted. Only the reddish shadows cast by the great fire portray any movement, the space before you open and desolate. Carefully you move out further into the light and survey the Mess with greater care. The hallway

entrance you are standing in is cut into the eastern wall of the chamber. In the north and western walls locked and sturdy doors indicate possible exits, in the south wall an open archway leads into what looks like a kitchen. The Mess Hall itself is very large; perhaps 60 metres north to south and 40 metres east to west. You estimate it could easily accommodate 300 Hordim at a sitting.

In the south western corner of the Mess you notice amongst a collection of crushed chairs a small cupboard, upon which stands a bottle of dark liquid. It is a curiosity for the cupboard is the only piece of furniture that seems to have survived the night's meal intact. Having a parched throat you decide to move over and have a closer look. Carefully you cross the chamber, negotiating the tangles of broken furniture that litter the floor. When you reach the cupboard you are amazed that both it and the bottle have not been smashed by the violence of the revelry that has so effectively destroyed everything else. Tentatively you pick it up and smell its contents. To your surprise you find that it smells of Nahla fruit.

The bottle has no cork or stopper so you cannot take it with you. If you wish to drink from the bottle here before turning your attention to the remainder of the Mess turn to section 209. If you think it will be better to leave it well alone and move on turn to section 3.

70

The open passage runs directly south into the stone of the mountain and you make for it quickly. In the shadows it is difficult to tell exactly how far it extends, but it feels as if it continues on for some distance. With no time to spare you cross over the passage's threshold and disappear into its dark reaches. As you advance you can hear clearly the sounds of a large number of Hordim spreading across the polished stone of the Lesser Hall behind you. Shouted orders and the metallic clanging of weapons against armour sound loudly within the corridor, and a cold sweat embraces you as the realisation grows that there is nowhere here apart from the darkness in which to hide. In the flickering illumination of your torch you stand quietly as the Hordim search but you are not about to make it easy for them. In a heartbeat you have the torch dowsed and you wait in the darkness of the passage for the inevitable pursuit. To your considerable surprise none comes.

For long minutes you linger within the gloom, every sound from the Lesser Hall travelling clearly to where you stand. Your pursuers check the hall carefully but hesitate when approaching the exits. From your position in the darkness you hear footfalls spreading over the length of the cavern but curiously none of the possible exits are investigated. Harsh cries keep all the searching Hordim away from the large double doors and none of the warriors attempt to investigate the south passage. In fact they remain well clear of the entrance. Considering the frantic nature of their search this disturbs you to say the least.

For ten minutes the heavy footfalls echo through the Lesser Hall though none venture close to the open passage. Keeping their distance the Hordim complete their search and then stand quietly. All at once a command rings out and the warriors reform in the centre of the hall, before marching back through the western entrance. Soon all is again quiet, however you dare not move. Fearing a trick some minutes pass before you are sure it is safe to continue your journey, and you do so cautiously. Lighting your torch once again you quietly take a firmer hold on your weapon and carry on southwards.

It is with some relief that you feel the oppressive heat beginning to fall away as you advance along the passage. The more distance you place between yourself and the Lesser Hall the more noticeable the dissipating heat. You can only think that you must be moving away from the source of the suffocating warmth, but find also that it is much easier to breath and you move forward all the quicker because of it. About three hundred metres from the entrance the passage ends at a landing, and a wide spiral staircase that circles upwards and out of sight.

Do you wish to take the stairs? If so turn to section 163. If you would rather return to the Lesser Hall turn to section 74.

71

Shaking the lantern to reassure yourself that it does indeed contain oil, you quickly light it and in its flickering illumination move carefully into the darkness. Within the small sphere of light thrown by the lantern you discover quickly that the Hall lies in ruins. Rough hands have stripped it bare of any furnishings it may once have contained; huge tapestries lay crumpled in rotting piles, and the massive stained-glass mosaics that line the outer walls stand chipped and battered by

the blows of many axes. In the quiet you still feel the power that lives within the fortress, but it is overwhelmed by the more tangible assault on your senses of a blanket of dust and the smell of rot and death.

Carefully stepping around a pile of broken lattice and stonework you move northward. The silence within this giant chamber is nerve-racking, every step you take seems to leave an echoing signature that bounces off the stone walls and trumpets to anything listening exactly where you are. Slowly you step forward, stopping every few seconds to listen for the sounds of approaching feet. It does not take long however, for you to discover a large junction, a crossroads with two joining corridors that trail off to the west and east. Northwards the King's Hall continues on into darkness. To the west, across the rubbish littered floor you can see a large wooden door reinforced with metal bars and studs. To the east there is another similar door.

If you wish to continue north up the King's Hall turn to section 7. If you believe it better to try the western door turn to section 133. If however, there seems greater merit in trying the eastern door turn to section 57.

72

Although it is not a noble deed you dispatch the Hresh quickly and set about searching his room. In the course of your search you find:

- 12 silver rials,
- 1 battle helm
- 1 ornate battle shield,
- 1 set of leather and chain mail armour,
- some food, (equivalent to 2 rations) and
- a large locked chest.

You may take any two of the first 5 articles. Make sure you note these on your character status sheet. If you choose either the shield, armour or helm you should add a +1 armour bonus to your combat value for each taken. If you are currently wearing a thick leather jerkin it will have to be removed before you can wear the armour. Note however, that this heavier protection also brings with it a -1 reduction to your agility during any agility attribute test. This reduction only applies whilst you are wearing the armour, or carrying

the shield. They can be discarded at any time. The last thing you turn your attention to is the large locked chest.

If you have the skill of Lorecraft turn to section 483. If you do not possess this skill and wish to open the chest turn to section 29. If you do not wish to open the chest turn to section 194.

73

The Hresh has been able to gain a strong hold upon your arm, and your efforts to release yourself from its grip forces the wounded creature to stop for a moment and concentrate on your struggling form. Recognition of what you are comes slowly, but when it does its reaction is swift and violent. In its initial confusion it drops your arm and backs away, searching for both an avenue of escape and a weapon with which to fight. With no real weapon at hand it lifts a large scum covered cleaver from the floor and rushes you.

You must fight this Hresh. It has a combat value of 14 and an endurance rating of 10. If you defeat the Hordim turn to section 5. If the chef kills you, then it is here that your quest ends amid the muck and filth. Although it can be no consolation it is probable that in a latter life you may find better luck.

74

The wide spiral staircase is an ornately carved structure that extends upwards far beyond the illumination of your meagre torch. Tired and hungry you look at the reach of its ascent and wonder at the benefits of following its steep incline. It takes only a few moments for you to make your decision. In your heart you know the best course of action will be to return to the Lesser Hall; a long climb up a flight of stairs will no doubt be an exhausting and unprofitable exercise, and one that you are sure will bring you no closer to your goal. The air here is chilled and you can sense that it is towards the source of the heat that you will find the Tellandra.

Before you move on however, you decide that you must rest. Leaning against the lowest pillar of the stairway's balustrade you make yourself comfortable, your intention to relax for a few minutes before resuming your quest. Instead you find the exertion of your

travels laying far more heavily upon you than you had realised and you fall swiftly into sleep. It is a sleep that proves neither peaceful nor recuperative. Nightmares are all your mind can conjure as you lay against the cold stone of the staircase, and it is a rest encumbered with the memories and bloodshed of the past days. To sleep in such a place is dangerous, however Providence is with you even though a short slumber is all you can manage. When you awaken everything is dark. Your torch has gone out and it takes time fumbling within the gloom to locate it and determine whether it can be relit. Luckily it is still usable, and upon lighting it you are able to regain your bearings and then retrace your steps back to the Lesser Hall.

(The rest you have taken was only short but enough to restore 2 points to your endurance level. If you have enough rations to eat some food you can restore a further 6 points to your endurance level as well. Remember you cannot exceed your maximum endurance points).

Upon returning to the Lesser Hall you have two options available to you. The first is to try and open the double doors in the east wall. If this is your chosen course turn to section 153. If you have not previously done so and would rather search the Hall for secret doors turn to section 176

75

Taking your pack from your shoulders you hunt around within its contents, looking for the bunch of keys you found previously. You are sure one had the number "101" inscribed upon it and within a roll of loose clothes you recover what you are searching for. Trying the key in the keyhole you find the lock turns easily and the door swings open. Carefully you peer into the room beyond and find it almost empty. For a moment you consider whether it is worth taking a closer look, but as you step over the threshold you hear in the distance the sound of a large number of iron-shod feet tramping down the stairway entry to the Great Hall. In the chilled air the sounds of movement are clear and imminent. Pulling the key from its lock you quickly close the door behind you, and with your ear pressed firmly against its smooth surface try to hear what might be going on in the hall outside.

Through the thick door it is difficult to discern much but in the quiet you can hear the shouts of the Hordim as they search the chamber. From their agitation you know that they have discovered

you are at large within the fortress but they cannot find you, and your hope is that they will not. Faintly you hear the rattling of locks and handles, and the tramp of warriors running the length of the Hall. It sounds as if the search party is checking that all the doors are secure, methodically moving from one to the next, ensuring their security and then giving each a hard thump just for good measure. The door you hide behind is solid and cannot be opened without the key you possess so the patrol soon passes; a muffled pounding by a mailed fist the only indication the patrol has shown any interest. After a moment the echo of a door slamming in the distance is all that remains of the creatures' passing.

Perspiring freely in the cold quiet of the room, you breathe a sigh of relief and slide down onto the floor. Resting against the door for a moment you turn to look at the room you have entered. To your amazement it is perfectly clean and almost bare, the only items in the room being a free-standing full length mirror in one corner and a flask of liquid perched upon a small column in the other.

Moving over to the mirror you find reflected in its clean glass a sorry sight. Your clothes are torn and marked by blood and filth. Your face is a portrait of dirt and your hair a mat of mud and dust. Although you are not usually one to concern yourself with your appearance you make a firm decision to have a good wash once this quest is over.

As you stand there strangely absorbed by your own image you do not at first see the mirror change, a thin mist forming slowly at the edges of the glass. In the quiet you are not prepared for what happens next, and you cannot help but jump back, reeling with surprise when the mirror speaks...

Turn to section 35.

76

What confronts you on the other side of the doors is a vision of nothingness, a wall of darkness so complete that it appears to have no edges and no substance. Tentatively placing your foot over the threshold you find the floor beyond solid but thickly covered with a fine black ash. For a moment you stand your ground and consider what you should do. At this point of your quest you know that your life means little, any mistake you make a sure path to a quick end. But

there can be no doubt that this is the only way forward. Taking a deep breath you gather your courage and harden your resolve, your foot stirring a small cloud of choking soot as you step over the threshold and move into the darkness beyond.

The heat within the passage is overpowering, but the source of its booming thunder lies very close and you can hear it clearly, breathing like a living thing within the turmoil and deafening noise. In the near distance the sound of some immense furnace roars in the darkness, the air distorting as waves of intense heat rush down the corridor towards you. If truly you are nearing the end of your quest then you will find the Tellandra ahead. There can be no doubt in your mind that a source of great power lies near.

Moving further down the passage you understand why it is so black. Thick ash covers not only the floor but the walls and roof as well. In this strange void your torch throws light about you but illuminates nothing except yourself. Looking back at the entranceway to the Lesser Hall you wonder whether this is truly a good idea. After a moment of indecision you feel the collar at your throat and press on eastwards.

Turn to section 98.

77

The second door in the western side of the King's Hall is locked tight. It is of a solid construction similar to the other doors in the Hall. No light appears from the bottom of the door and upon putting your ear to its wood you can hear no sound of occupation either.

Will you try and break the door in? If so turn to section 113. Or would you rather forget about it and try one of the other doors in the hall? If so turn to section 15.

78

The fight with the Mutan lasts far longer than you would like. The creature is thin and tall, grey-skinned like all of its kind, and proves a worthy opponent that takes considerable skill and effort to dispatch. In the end however, it lies motionless on the stone floor of the study, its fetid lifeblood draining freely into the cracks that run the length of the room. A quick search of the papers on the Mutan's desk reveals

nothing that will be useful to your quest, and the room itself is bare except for a number of boxes containing yellowed parchments and old scrolls. With the heat building ever more oppressive you turn your attention to the Mutan's wondrous talking device. The strange box is small but made of a thick metal that proves far too heavy to move easily. You decide to leave it behind and possibly collect it later; whenever that may be.

With nothing of use to be found you leave the room behind and resume your journey down the south passage.

Turn to section 204.

79

Leaving the door behind you continue south down the passage. At the very limit of the light thrown by your torch you can just make out another large door at its end. A feeling of disquiet passes over you as you move closer and survey its condition. It is rusted and decrepit, a bank of dust resting against its rotting timbers. There is a chance, you muse, that this door has not been opened since the fall of the Stone Kings, and probably for a very good reason. Considering the well kept nature of the hall through which you have just journeyed it is surprising that this end remains so untouched. You know that you must go forward however, the passage behind is blocked by the rockfall and there is no other way out.

Turn to section 223.

80

With the lock released you turn the handle and wait as a series of metal bars withdraw smoothly into the wall from each side of the door. Carefully you push against the smooth wood and wait as it swings noiselessly back into the chamber beyond. Without hesitation you step over the threshold into what proves to be a very small room. Closing the door behind, you turn and survey your surroundings. The chamber is bare except for a single bookcase that spans the entire eastern wall in front of you. To your surprise the shelves are full of old books, and most are in remarkably good condition.

Do you wish to search the bookcase? If you do turn to section 44. If you have no interest in old books turn to section 190.

81

A Pit! Desperately you grasp for a handhold that will keep you from the dark abyss but it is to no avail. Thrust forward by your weight against the door you fall outwards, the strap of your pack caught on your foot as you tumble into the darkness. In that fleeting instant you see a shadow of yourself, thrown against the far wall of a vast circular well more than forty metres wide and lined with huge mortared stones. Into this prodigious space you fall, and it is a drop that no man should survive. But maybe this is not your time to die.

It is only a few seconds before you hit a thin veil of sticky fibres. At high speed you crash through them, then strike a second denser web which turns you end over end as you fall. Slowed by the grasping threads you hit a third thicker web before coming to rest upon a dense mat of accumulated webbing, refuse and centuries of dust. In the darkness you lay spread-eagled against the matted fibres and wonder as to why Fate should spare you from such a deadly fall. Quickly you raise upon one knee and check yourself for injury. Surprisingly you find a bad graze across your shoulder as your only injury. Without a doubt you have been lucky. Where you have landed however, is a question that will bear discovery, but there can be no doubt as to the purpose of the pit.

The air is thick with the heavy mustiness of rotting garbage, and it is a smell that is unmistakeable. Whatever its original purpose, this dark enclosed well had once been used as a refuse pit, a disposal point for all the waste and detritus generated by the ancient inhabitants of Stoneholme. All about you rests piles of discarded rubbish, desiccated and dusted from years of lying undisturbed upon the vast network of webs and fibres that you now also find yourself upon. It is a situation that can bode no good.

It is then that your pack hits you. From high above the full weight of your equipment and sword crash through the upper veils, spinning through the air as they arrow straight for your head. With only a split-second to react you lunge away from the falling equipment but you are not fast enough, the edge of the pack striking you in the side before coming to rest within the accumulated grime and food-scraps that surround you.

More relieved than angry you grab for the pack and feel the pain of a long cut in your side as you pull your equipment towards you. (Take one point from your endurance level before continuing.) Carefully you test the strength of where you have landed, however it is clear that

you are in deep trouble. Quickly you pull one of the remaining torches from your pack and light it. What its dim illumination unveils confirms all your worst fears.

Around you is the undulating surface of a huge Arachnari nest. Across the wide expanse of the pit extends a tangled platform of web and detritus, possibly centuries old, and covered with the accumulated waste and filth of whoever may have been using the pit as a refuse dump. At all sides you can see large chunks of the walls that have been torn out, and into the solid stone burrows have been dug that can only be the homes of the large spider-like creatures known to inhabit such hidden domains. Carefully you turn about and survey the extent of the nest you have fallen into. It is huge, the holes numbering in their hundreds. In the flickering light of your torch you draw your sword and hope that the Arachnari have moved on. You are unfortunately not that lucky.

In the absolute quiet of the vast pit the sputtering of your torch stands out as much of a beacon as the light it throws. Within the dancing shadows you begin to see movement, the first tentative signs of a great behemoth struggling to wakefulness. Slowly you see a single creature emerging, pulling itself from its burrow, alerted to a meal that has been a long time in the coming. And for this monster it had been a long time indeed.

For centuries the Arachnari Queen had lain crouched in its hole, feeding on the remnants of garbage thrown from high above. When that food had ceased falling it had fed on its own children until now only it remained. In the quiet dark it nursed a hunger that lived as a constant driving agony in its gut and it could not ignore the smell of blood so close. Something juicy had fallen into its domain and it was not about to let it escape.

In a flurry of dust and falling stone the monstrous Arachnari disgorges itself from its burrow, a huge black armoured spider more than five metres in length, glistening like liquid glass in the reflected light of your torch. With the emergence of the beast you back up, trying to keep your footing as the enormous weight of the moving Arachnari undulates the web. In the darkness you search for some avenue of escape, but there is little enough time, and few options available.

About you the walls are a fractured maze of old spider holes and torn stonework. It is an unstable surface, however it is one you can climb if you think you are quick enough. Below the web you can see

nothing except a long drop into a wide cavern. There is within the dark abyss the reflected ripple of a deep lake, and a possible way out if you choose to jump. With drawn sword you may also stand and fight; and there is always, if you have them, the more dangerous combination of Nahla bread and beer as an option. As the Arachnari Queen advances, you must decide what you should do.

If you wish to fight the Arachnari turn to section 446. If you would rather try and climb out of the nest before the Arachnari can take you, turn to section 443. If you believe that your only option is to jump into the waters below turn to section 473. If none of these choices are acceptable, and you have Nahla bread and beer in your possession, turn to section 458.

82

The look of surprise on the guard's face changes to fear as it flails around in the darkness, desperately trying to regain its feet. Avoiding its weapon is difficult, as it is hysterical with fright, and you are forced to retreat a short way back down the narrow passage, and away from the range of its spear. Although frightened the Mutan struggles to its feet and readies itself for combat. You strike out at the foul creature and as it ducks the blow you rush past it into the opening. Having cut off its only way out you begin combat.

The combat with this Mutan must be swift. It has a combat value of 14 and an endurance rating of 13. If you are victorious turn to section 214. If you are killed by the Mutan then it will be here in the grime and dust of this old passage that your quest will end. Better luck will no doubt be yours in a latter life.

83

Carefully you make your way towards the dark entranceway. Upon its threshold you hesitate for a moment, the huge Warrior-King statues at either side looking down upon you with grim determination as you peer into the gloom. At your back the suns are still bright in the sky and a brisk wind blows from the north-east. Above the sounds of the forest you can hear nothing from inside but there is a strange resonance that flows from the shadows, a feeling of power that gives

you reason to pause, but only for a moment.

Quickly you move forward, your senses alert to any hint of danger. Around you the Imperial Entrance is a tall arching frame to the clear light of day, but that light is quickly and effectively consumed by the darkness that waits ahead. From your limited knowledge of the fortress you know that the entrance opens into the King's Hall, a large ceremonial chamber, however as you stand at its end you realise that nothing you have ever heard has done justice to what confronts you.

As you try and make sense of the vast space that extends into the darkness you realise the difficulty of what lies ahead. The King's Hall is huge on a scale that defies your understanding, and for a short time you can do little but simply stare into its recesses.

Quickly you recognise that the Hall is not one vast chamber but three; a long central avenue bordered on either side by smaller halls, separated by a series of vaulted arches that disappear into the gloom. Each of the arches reaches from the floor as a tree might in the oldest of forests, great branches of stone spreading out high overhead to meet with its neighbour in a wide vault that is almost lost to your sight in the shadows. Between each of the great pillars you can see the remains of intricately carved stone lattices, and against the far walls of the lesser chambers languish the shattered remains of huge stained glass mosaics, now broken by a century of neglect and fierce mistreatment. Within the gloom you can also see doors and arched exits, but most appear blocked, deliberately collapsed by the Hordim for some purpose unknown to you.

In this great space you stand and listen. There is no sound, however there is something moving in the stone and you can sense it keenly. It was for good reason that you were chosen as a novice of the Temple when you were younger. More than most Dwarvendim you have always had the ability to feel the proximity of EarthMagic, and within the King's Hall it is a distant but palpable pulse, one that reverberates through the stone as a heartbeat might in a living thing. Where the source is remains beyond your knowledge, but you know that where the focus of this power resides will be where you will also find the Tellandra.

As you walk carefully into the shadows you realise that finding the Deep Vault is going to be a daunting task. The King's Hall is vast and within its reaches your footsteps ring out on the smooth stone, echoing down into the great silent space as you move forward. Broken furniture and smashed stonework litter the once polished floor, large

drifts of dust and filth make your progress forward slow and not a little frustrating. About 80 metres into the chamber, just as the darkness of the interior becomes almost total, you discover a pile of discarded lanterns and half burnt torches lying against one of the huge pillars. Looking through them you find one lantern half full of oil. You estimate that it holds enough liquid for about one hour of use.

Will you pick up the lantern and continue? If so, turn to section 71. If you do not wish to pick up the lantern turn to section 18.

84

With the click of the activated mechanism still ringing in your ears you jump for you life, trying to avoid a swarm of deadly darts that have shot from the wall at your left. You are too slow. Three of the projectiles hit their target, spinning you with the force of their impact and tearing at your flesh as they cut through your chest. In a spray of blood you fall to the hard floor of the Custom's House and lay still. Upon the cold stone you take your last breaths, your only hope now that in a latter life you will be more fortunate. In this life however, your blood steams in the chilled air and in the darkness your quest ends.

THE END

85

"Who are you, and what is your purpose here." The voice emanates from a rainbow coloured aura that has spread from the axe. It swirls around the blade and talon of the weapon, rising and falling in intensity with each word spoken.

Before a talisman of such obvious power you can see no reason to say anything other than the truth.

"I am an adventurer from the Dwarvendim stronghold of Maenum, here within the walls of Stoneholme on an honourable quest to restore the Pillar of Stonewood to its full glory."

With the speaking of your words the coloured aura disappears but then returns stronger and more brilliant. Expanding out from the axe the brightly coloured light fills the room, spreading in smooth swirling vortices around yourself and then out through the walls themselves.

Within its many whirlpools of colour and light you can vaguely make out the forms of armoured warriors and huge serpents in a desperate and eternal conflict. Pushed up against the cold wall of the room you are transfixed by the enormous battle being portrayed before you.

Again the aura speaks. "To reach such a conduit of power you will first need to kill the vile beast that guards it. How will you use the Dragonclaw to achieve this?"

If you know the Dragonclaw's purpose turn to section 119. If you do not turn to section 52.

86

Repeatedly the Hresh strikes at you with its axe, each time only the quickness of your movements saving you from certain death. Against the force of its weapon your sword has little impact, and as the combat continues your resolve to finish it quickly hardens.

Calling upon your knowledge of the Shimmera you step back from the warrior and lower your arms to your side. In that moment the Hresh is dumbfounded as you let your guard drop, but you remain motionless for only a heartbeat. As the Hordim raises its weapon to deal you a fatal blow you rush at it, stepping quickly to the side as you do so. In that instant the Shimmera takes hold of the Hresh. Caught in a melee of spinning vertigo the creature cannot focus its eyes, and falls to one knee in an attempt to steady itself. It is all the opportunity you require. As the creature swings its axe weakly before it you deal it a lethal blow from your new position at its back. The Hordim is helpless and falls like an uprooted Oak onto the floor, blood welling from a deep wound in its neck. It does not please you to kill in such a manner but you have no choice. The Tellandra is more important than your honour.

Turn to section 108.

87

Peering into the darkness of the passage you can see nothing except that it appears to end only a short distance ahead. Deciding not to go this way you push the bookcase back against the wall then retrieve your pack and equipment. In the silence you listen keenly for the raucous noise of the Hordim and sense that it is receding. With nothing left to do here you move towards the door in the northern wall and test its lock. Thankfully it is unlocked and you find it easy to open. Peering out beyond this new threshold you find a further passageway leading northwards. Leaving the Armoury behind you continue up this new corridor.

Turn to section 54

88

As you reach the centre of the room, the great Hresh jumps from its bed, flushed red with anger and wielding a wicked looking scimitar in its hand. Screaming insults at you in its harsh Hordim tongue it charges. Wheeling around to meet the onslaught you raise your sword, and steel yourself for the giant Hresh's first strike.

You must fight this Hresh Chieftain. This warrior has a combat value of 18 and an endurance rating of 15. Circumstances are right for you to use the Shimmera if you wish. If you wish to do so turn to section 196. If you choose to fight the Hresh and are victorious, turn to section 34. If you are beaten by the creature then your quest ends here. As you drop to the floor your last thoughts will be that you shall return, and this Hresh will not be so lucky next time.

89

The combat with the huge Jotun is violent and hard won. Never have you met a warrior of such size and skill. The warhammer flashes through the air like lightning, its impact against the floor and ceiling of the Hall echoing like thunder through the stone. You know this battle will alert the Hordim to your presence and you fight hard to end the battle quickly.

It is only your speed and skill that finally wears down your opponent to the point that, bloodied and grievously wounded, he falls heavily upon a pile of broken tables and lays still. You however, have

not emerged from the fight unscathed. You have been dealt a heavy glancing blow to your left shoulder which will require time to heal. (Until you next can rest and take food your combat value will be reduced by 2 points. Only after rest will you be able to resume your full battle readiness.)

Slumping against the cool stone of the northern wall you try to stem the steady flow of blood from your shoulder. In the quiet that follows the combat you can hear in the distance the clatter of many heavily shod feet and the slamming of doors. A harsh voice cries out and shouts mingle with the nearing Hordim. The alarm has been raised and you must get away from the Mess Hall at once. The western door seems to be the best way out.

Turn to section 237.

90

Picking your way carefully through the debris of the Mess Hall you search for anything that may be useful to your quest. Apart from discarded eating utensils and the odd rusted coin there is little to be found. As you are unable to move much of the furniture without making a lot of unwelcome noise, your search is limited to what is readily visible. By the time you reach the centre of the hall you realise there is not much prospect of finding anything of value. The carcasses lining the western wall give off a fetid, offensive odour and you decide to make your way to the northern end of the hall and the two doors that provide the only exit.

Will you try the western door? If this is your choice turn to section 237. If you would rather try the northern door turn to section 136.

91

In that instant of realisation it is instinct that saves you. Without thinking you drop to the floor, spreading your arms wide, and flattening yourself against the cold stone. Flying only a hair's-breadth above you the metal darts slash across your clothing, clattering into the opposite wall of the chamber before falling to the ground bent and broken. In the ensuing silence you do not move. The Hordim are notorious for the cunning artifice they apply to their traps, and you cannot be sure that this one is finished with you. Upon the flagstones

you wait, unwilling to get to your feet until you can sense it is safe to do so. It is a fortunate thing that you do.

Suddenly out of the wall ahead of you another volley of metal darts fire out, spewing from small openings in the stone, and again grazing your clothing as they shoot across the room and bury themselves in the door. It is only then that you feel beneath your hands a vibration falter and then stop, as if a great pressure has been fully released from within the stone. With a deep exhalation of breath you know this trap has done all it can.

Breathing heavily from the shock of the close call you raise yourself to your feet, and brush the dust and filth from your clothing. Looking around, you find your lantern on its side but luckily it is still operable. Pausing for only a moment to relight it, you then move more carefully towards the boxes in the northern corner of the room. Opening them reveals nothing of any value. However in the bottom of one of the boxes you find a torn piece of parchment, scrawled in an ancient script of the Dwarvendim. As best as you can make out it says "gael'qirion" and it is a word well known to all your people. In the Elder Tongue it translates as "Windhammer"; one of the many names given to the most feared of all beasts, Dragons. For a moment you wonder at who might have written it, but there is little time to waste so you place the parchment in your pocket and move on.

Stepping over the body of the dead Hresh you walk back out into the cavernous interior of the King's Hall.

If you would like to head north turn to section 7. If you believe it better to try the eastern door, go to section 57.

92

After a short time lingering in the passageway you consider it safe to move on into the hallway beyond. Cautiously peering out into the light you see the corridor runs both east and west. To the east the hall ends at a large metal door, to the west the hall leads straight into what looks like a large Mess Hall. Although you see no creatures in view there are obviously many out of sight at the southern end of the chamber, and they are making a great deal of noise. The sounds of drinking, laughing and fighting are all punctuated by the harsher screaming and shouting of the Hordim. This is the noise that has served as an unsettling backdrop to your journey through Stoneholme. It is coming clearly from this large eating hall.

You notice however, that the tone of the noise has diminished, the frightening energy of the revelry dwindling. The creatures within the room are drunk and getting drunker as you wait. Sinister shadows flicker and march across the far wall of the Mess, projected by a large fire somewhere in the room. From within these shadows you can identify the shapes of large Hresh and Jotun warriors as they finish their violent carousing, and in turn stagger out of the Mess through some unseen exit.

As you wait in the darkness of the passageway there comes a commanding bellow from a Jotun that is answered by all those remaining in the Mess Hall. Quickly the sounds of revelry diminish until, without warning, the strange yellowish light is gone, replaced only by the flickering shadows of the single fire that sputters and crackles out of sight.

At this point do you wish to go east and investigate the large metal door? If this seems the best path turn to section 201. If however, you would rather go west and determine if the mess hall is deserted turn to section 69. If it seems more prudent to stay where you are and consider more carefully what you should do turn to section 39.

93

In the flickering glow of your lantern you find yourself at a junction of the King's Hall and a side passage to the east. Ahead of you, at the edge of the light, you can just make out two doors in the western wall and one door further north in the eastern wall. A small anteroom or chamber appears to make up the end of the King's Hall itself.

Considerable noise is coming from the small eastward passage. The sound of cursing and the movement of heavy stones from within its depths sounds out clearly in the still cold air. As you listen you are certain you can hear at least four distinct voices, and the owners of each resonate loud and ponderous in the darkness. If you are not mistaken they are Jotun, and as you consider whether there is any

merit in investigating what they are doing you hear one of the Hordim moving through the shadows towards you. Exposed upon the open expanse of the chamber you decide that there is now a greater merit to be found in finding a place to hide.

Quickly you find a hiding place behind a pile of fractured stone and dowse your lantern. Within the dark you wait, watching the even darker opening to the eastern passage and it is not long before a glow appears, framing its edges in an unusual yellow light. As you watch the glow expands, filling the hall and sending long shadows across the breadth of the chamber. With one hand on your sword you hold your breath as a face appears from the gloom, and then a hand holding a small sphere of blue stone. From the stone emanates the yellow light and as the Jotun emerges fully into the King's Hall the sphere erupts with even greater brilliance, sending shafts of light into all corners of the vast space. Very quickly you realise you may not be as well hidden as you might have hoped.

Carefully you find a vantage deeper in the shadows of the stone-pile and watch the Jotun. The Hordim is looking for something, and as you wait for him to find it you get a good look at the creature. It stands more than three metres tall, and is covered in the dust and sweat of its labours. Although grey-tinged from the grime that layers its skin you can tell that it is ochre-coloured, and owns a long tail of white hair that spreads from the back of its head out across its shoulders. Apart from a pair of ragged breaches it is wearing little, but you notice that its right arm is covered from shoulder to wrist in an ornate and complicated series of tattoos. Your skin goes cold as you watch, wondering if the Jotun will notice the bootprints you have left in the dust, and which now provide a clear trail to your hiding place. Thankfully Providence is with you.

From deep within the passage a loud voice calls out. Immediately the Jotun turns and sniffs at the air, but whatever the command it is more urgent than the Hordim's need to remain in the King's Hall. Swiftly the Hordim disappears back into the passage, the yellow light narrowing to a shaft of long shadows before fading from view. For a few moments you wait, then when you are sure the enormous creature has gone you light your lantern and turn quickly northwards. There can be no safe passage to the east so you must look instead to the exits ahead for a way deeper into the mountain.

About ten metres further ahead you find the going becomes much easier. The last 50 metres or so of the King's Hall appears well used,

there is little debris covering the floor and the floor-stones show recent wear from the scraping and rubbing of iron-shod feet. As you move further along you can see more clearly the two doors that are set into the western wall, the larger single door in the eastern wall and the small open room at the Hall's end.

Will you?
Enter the first door in the western wall. If so, turn to section 173.
Enter the second door in the western wall. If so, turn to section 77.
Enter the larger door in the eastern wall. If so, turn to section 58.
Enter the small open chamber at the end of the hall. If this is your choice turn to section 199.

94

The trap you have released is an impaler, one of the cruellest mechanisms ever devised by the Horde. The floor splinters and erupts about you, huge iron spikes driving their way upwards through the solid rock. Desperately you try to jump for a safe area on the floor against the far wall, but you are too late. The spikes grow like stalagmites from the stonework and you are caught squarely on one of them. With your body pierced by the huge spike you fall quickly into unconsciousness, your lifeblood spilling in an ever widening pool on the broken and ruptured floor. Here your quest ends. May you have better luck in another life.

THE END

95

The long wait in the confines of the ventilation shaft has left you stiff and in need of movement. With the corridor now empty you consider how best to escape from your place of concealment. A strong iron grill covers the only way out and it is securely grouted into the stone wall.

Rummaging through your pack you pull out your small eating knife and slowly begin to pick at the mortar surrounding the grill. Luckily the knife cuts easily into the gritty substance, and it takes little noise or effort to prise it away from between the hard stone and the metal grill. The job does take time however, made no easier by the

awkwardness of the cramped conditions within which you must work. Your persistence is eventually rewarded as the grill loosens enough that you can push it out into the corridor beyond.

Pulling yourself from the hole you slowly stand, the cramps and stiffness of the wait quickly leaving you as you rub down your back and legs. It is a few minutes before you have the flexibility to reach back into the shaft to retrieve your backpack and weapons. Pausing only for a moment to replace the grill back in its seating you shoulder your pack, grab your weapon tightly by its hilt and continue your quest.

Turn to section 172.

96

Knowing that it will be important to dispatch the Mutan before it can raise an alarm, you formulate a plan to draw it up the corridor towards you. It is impossible though, to know how much the Hordim can see in these dim passages. In your tutoring at the Temple of the Suns you learned much about the Mutan of the Clavern'sigh, but those eleven Beings have little in common with the much more numerous Mutan that make up their homelands in the cold northern wastes. You know very little of their capabilities, and with nothing else to measure them by, you have to assume that this can see as little as you can. With luck you will be able to use this to your advantage.

Quietly you roll up the sleeves of your right arm and begin gesturing for the Mutan to come quickly. You keep your body hidden beyond the turn in the passage, only your bare arm waving insistently in the shadows. The Mutan spies your simple ruse immediately, lowers its spear, and runs up the passageway towards you. Quickly you move back into the gloom and lay in wait for the creature's arrival.

Test your luck attribute. If you are successful turn to section 159. If you fail this test turn to section 45.

97

The sounds of pursuit are now getting very close. Heavy shod boots thud dully on the stonework, and you can hear the cursing and movement of large creatures echoing up the stairs in the darkness

behind you. As you are concentrating on your pursuers you do not notice immediately the change in the stone ahead. Four of the steps are ornately carved with runes and pictograms, quite different from the roughly hewn steps above and below them. At the last moment you notice the difference and come to a grinding halt at their edge.

If you possess the skill of Lorecraft turn to section 425. If you do not you will have to jump beyond these steps, and quickly too. Test your Agility attribute. If you are successful turn to section 217. If you fail this test turn to section 41.

98

Trying not to disturb too much of the fine ash you tread carefully. As careful as you are however, you cannot stop clouds of the choking particles billowing into the air with each wave of heat that races down the passage. Soon your way back has been obscured by the dark swirling mist about you. Embraced within the heat and roiling ash your breathing becomes laboured, and you are forced to tie a piece of cloth about your face to filter what is now a choking haze. Determined as you are to find an end to your quest this path proves wearying, the heat and soot an overwhelming assault that threatens far more than just slowing your progress. If the way ahead does not clear soon you are going to suffocate.

Turn to section 187.

99

Struggling forward against a gale force wind that now sweeps down the passage you lurch towards the red circle. No longer an ill-defined point of light, the glow has taken on the distant shape of a large arched doorway that heralds the entrance to a much larger cavern. Battling against the wind you reach the end of the passage and look out into the space beyond. With your arms up to shield your face from the heat you squint into a vision of inferno.

Turn to section 157.

100

Closing the door behind, you look down a long passageway to the south and see what must be the Armoury. Its door is slightly ajar as if someone, or something has hurriedly passed through. Light streams from the doorway, illuminating the length of the passage and providing a clear view of the way forward. To the north the hall is deserted, the clamour of the Hordim somewhere ahead an ominous reminder of the perils that still lay before you. With the object of your quest somewhere ahead it takes only a moment to decide your next move. Having no need to return to the Armoury you decide to continue northward, up the passage and ever closer to the enemy.

Turn to section 158.

101

The trap you have set off is a cruel device known as a falling wall. Seeing the signs and hearing the trigger device was not enough, you leap forward in an attempt to evade a mass of plummeting rock and debris but it is too late. A large section of the northern wall collapses forward crushing the life from your body. Here, in this damp, musty passageway your quest ends. Perhaps in another life you will succeed. Perhaps not.

THE END

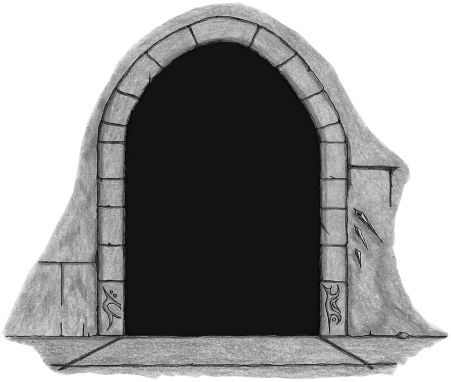

102

Like a living avalanche Windhammer charges forward. Beneath your feet the floor trembles, breaking and splintering as each of its steps slam down upon the rock. Overcome with a maddened rage the Dragon thunders to a halt before you and rears up upon its hind legs. From its throat a deep rushing sound begins to build, gurgling and screaming to what will be a fiery crescendo. Standing there in the red glow of a thousand fires you are dwarfed by its huge bulk. But you stand determined. Amongst the molten Azuril and flowing lava the combat between you and the Dragon begins.

To restore the Tellandra you must first defeat Windhammer. The Dragon's combat value and endurance rating have been given in the previous section. Battle the Dragon as described. If you defeat the beast turn to section 500 . If the Dragon wins your charred bones will be added to its collection of failed but valiant warriors. In another life you may have better luck.

103

It does not seem logical that there would only be one exit from such a room. Carefully you search the old bookcases and rotting furniture for any sign of levers or hidden panels. You find none. Out in the hallway you can hear the muffled sounds of your pursuers and you know time is short. If there is a way out you must find it quickly.

It is as you are searching the northern wall again that you find a small ventilation grill. Only a forearm wide and the same deep it is not very big, but you may just fit. Dropping to your knees you grab the cold iron of the grill and pull with all the strength you possess. Slowly the stonework surrounding the grill gives way and the metal bends and parts from its surrounds. Not stopping for anything you throw your weapons and backpack into the beckoning hole and then follow them into the darkness. Behind you the door of the library begins to shudder under the repeated impacts of many heavy hammers...

Turn to section 168. If you have a shield in your possession you will not be able to take it with you. Adjust your character sheet before continuing.

104

With the passageway blocked at your back you move cautiously forward, torch held high to illuminate as much of the way ahead as possible. Your back and legs ache from the pummelling they received during the rockfall but you thank Providence again that you survived. The passageway is now getting much colder. The faint chill you noticed before is quickly becoming an icy hand that clutches at you, finding its way into your torn clothing, numbing your skin and stiffening your muscles. Stopping for a second you take your travel cloak from your pack and fix it to your shoulders. With each step you take forward the cold intensifies. By the time you reach the end of the passage it is so cold you have no doubt that prolonged exposure will be dangerous. Some 50 metres from the debris of the rockfall the passage turns south. In the eastern wall of this southern passage is a door.

Do you wish to try the door? If so, turn to section 235. If you wish to continue on down the passage turn to section 79.

105

The mug hits the old bookcase with a clearly hollow thud before it bounces back onto the stone floor. Curious as to why such an unexpected noise should arise from the mug's impact you decide to have a closer look. Using your sword as a lever you find you can pry the wooden shelving a fingers width from the wall. With a good hold on the woodwork you need all your strength to pull the bookcase away from its fastening. After some puffing and grunting one corner stands far enough from the stone for you to be able to see behind. To your surprise the bookcase covers an entryway to a small passage which extends westwards into the mountain. Putting a little more effort into the job you force the bookcase far enough away from the wall so that you might enter.

Do you wish to go down this passage? If so, turn to section 177. If not, turn to section 87.

106

Fatigue weighs heavily upon you, the exertions of your journey leaving you now drained and looking for rest. After the long ascent that has brought you to this Library you can only hope that your pursuers have given up the chase, but in the back of your thoughts you know that this is not their way. Turning back to the door you place your ear against its timbers and strain to hear anything that may be happening in the outer hallway. You can hear nothing but that is not surprising, the door must be at least as thick as your hand is long. Relaxing only slightly you sit down atop one of the old reading desks and eat a little food. (If you have any, eat one ration and return 6 points to your endurance level). The food is welcome but the labours of your quest finally catch up with you and with nowhere else to go you lay down and fall into sleep.

Just as you seem to have escaped to a place where there are no Hordim you are startled back to wakefulness by a tremendous impact against the Library door.

Turn to section 185.

107

With Pallenten gone your progress will be slower, but the way ahead is clear and for that you are grateful. The gale of the night has faded and in the rising light of the twin suns morning has given way to clear blue skies, and a soft breeze that ruffles the grasses of the wide plain as you travel.

Ahead is the DevKraager Tor, no longer a cloud-wrapped mirage on the horizon it has grown into a snow-capped giant that dominates the landscape and makes all else about it appear insignificant. Stopping for a moment you look around for a high point on the plain that you can climb. Experience has taught you that it always pays to know what is ahead, and a nearby nest of weather-worn boulders will provide the best opportunity for you to survey your surroundings. It is a haphazardly piled formation of stones that takes some care to climb, but it is much higher than the surrounding plain. From this vantage point you can see all the way to the foothills, and a careful inspection of the way forward shows you will need to veer south-east around the base of the mountain to reach where you believe the entrance to Stoneholme lies. Such a route should take all day to journey on foot

and you will have to run to do it.

Deciding that this will be your best course of action you carefully search the plains looking for any sign of trouble. It is fortunate that you do. Off to the east, you estimate some four kilometres distant, you spy a large group of around fifty creatures moving to the south. There is no doubt in your mind that they are Hordim. Few people live in these wild places and all animal life seems to have fled. Such a large group can only have come from across the Rift Mountains far away to the north. From what you have seen on your travels it appears that many Hordim have somehow made it across that great barrier and have started to infiltrate south. You will need to be very careful. Alone and out in the open you will be easy prey for a band of patrolling Hresh or Jotun.

After tightening your pack on your shoulders you clamber back down to the grassy base of the boulders and strike out directly south towards the foothills of the DevKraager Tor. At a steady run it is not long before you leave the plain behind and encounter a series of lightly rolling hills. As you travel south each hill rises slightly higher than the last and these, in turn, give way to a series of steeper foothills that hide many deep gullies and small streams. At first the trees about you are thinly scattered and in places nothing more than low brush, but as you go further south and ascend higher into the foothills these trees close into a thickly wooded alpine forest. In the cold of this season most of the trees have lost their foliage, the ground littered with drifts of brown and yellowed leaves, broken in places by patches of green moss and hardy stunted grasses. Looking above you see that the last traces of cloud have slipped to the east leaving a bright blue canopy overhead. At least you will not need to concern yourself with the possibility of bad weather on this last leg of your journey to Stoneholme.

Finding your way through the trees is not difficult. You are able to use a number of animal trails and old wagon tracks that lead in the general direction of the mountain. There is something amiss though. For all the forest that is about you it is very difficult to hear any sound of its inhabitants. No animal stirs or ground bird scatters as you pass. It is unnaturally quiet and quite unnerving.

The morning passes slowly as you make your way over what seem to be an endless procession of hills and vales. It is midday before you encounter the solid wall of a cliff face and determine you can go no further to the south. With the suns overhead it seems a good time for a

meal. Lunch must be a simple affair though. It is too close to Stoneholme for fires so some raw vegetables and a strip of dried meat will have to suffice, but the day is fresh and cool, the weather has remained fine. All things considered, you feel tired but thankful that this part of your journey has remained uneventful. (This simple meal is the equivalent of one ration, return six points to your endurance level if needed and record the eating of one ration on your character sheet.)

The early afternoon is spent negotiating the rocky base of the mountain. Its weathered face is cracked and broken, strewn about with rockfalls and flows of gravel that trickle down from the cliffs above. The forest has grown thickly in places up to its base, and you have to make a number of wide detours to get around falls of rock that have bought down large areas of surrounding timber.

Your persistence pays off. Some two hours into your circumnavigation of the mountain, and just as you are making a particularly difficult detour around an enormous tangle of fallen branches, you are confronted by the impassable obstacle of a huge stone platform about ten metres high. It extends from the side of the mountain out into the surrounding trees. Although the stones are worn, and vines and other creeping plants have broken into its smoothly chiselled joints, you know it is Dwarvendim-made and exactly what you are looking for. Retreating to the forest you move carefully around the platform's edge, and then out into the trees to find a spot from which you can properly consider what you have discovered. Amongst a clump of small pines and low brush you find a hiding place from which you can survey the stone platform better.

Through the thick bushes you peer out at the massive entrance to the fortress of Stoneholme. Although showing the harsh effects of time the entrance is awe-inspiring. Shaped as a huge archway carved into the rock, the immense stone images of two Dwarvendim warrior-kings have been sculpted, arms raised as if they are holding the bulk of the mountain aloft. Under these two images the open cavern that is the entryway is black, the light of day swallowed completely by the darkness of its interior. From the entrance a wide polished stone platform spreads out from the cliff face for more than 50 metres, at each corner stands a large statue of a Dwarvendim warrior. A long flight of white marble stairs rise from the green grass of a large clearing at its base and reaches upwards to the stone platform. In times past this marble staircase would have met a road heading to the

east, but this has long since disappeared. Gleaming white balustrades border the platform and stairs on all sides.

Leaning back against a sturdy trunk you relax for a moment, taking in the rough grandeur of the stone entrance and the dense forest that surrounds it. Within this dark treasure-house lies unknown danger, it seems a pity to squander the remains of such a fine day by attempting to enter, but you know you must.

You decide it is a good idea to eat. Your travel around the base of the mountain has been tiring so a meal will restore some of your energy. A rest prior to entering the fortress is also necessary. (Withdraw one ration from your pack. The rest will restore all endurance points you may have lost on your quest so far). Upon finishing your meal and resting sufficiently, you pack away your equipment and, by keeping to the edge of the clearing, make your way to the stone platform and the base of the marble stairs.

You must move quickly inside. Turn to section 197.

108

After a desperate battle that leaves the meeting hall in ruins the Hresh warrior lies limp upon the flagstones. In the quiet that follows the fight you take a moment to rest, and hope that you do not meet too many more of these creatures in Stoneholme. It is as you ponder the Hordim's lifeless form that you spy, at the very edge of your vision, a small creature's hand slowly grab the edge of the door in the eastern wall and quietly try to close it. Someone has been watching the combat!

Not wishing to be trapped within the meeting room you lunge for the door and succeed in thrusting your sword between the closing

door and the door-jam. A squeal of frustration erupts from the darkness and you hear running footfalls disappear down what must be a long passageway on the other side of the door.

With every passing second you realise your situation is becoming more difficult, the creature that has scurried away will no doubt be raising an alarm. As you move to the eastern doorway you see for the first time a large map hanging from the northern wall. It is a detailed map of Stoneholme outlining the tunnels, corridors and rooms of the whole underground complex. A smile slowly spreads across your face as you realise how much this map will aid your quest. The smile is short lived however. A commotion is growing out in the King's Hall, the sounds of swords being drawn from metal scabbards is overshadowed by the raucous laugh of a Jotun Warrior. Real trouble will soon be arriving.

You must move quickly inside. Turn to section 197. If you wish to stay and pull down the map, turn to section 143. If you think it more prudent to make a timely exist through the eastern door turn to section 21.

109

Hearing nothing from the other side you decide to try your weight against the door. Slowly the door creaks open to reveal a brightly lit and well maintained hallway. As you look down the hall you notice that the walls and floor have only recently been swept, and the torches that line both sides are fresh and burning well. You can also see in the general organisation of the area that it is the home of disciplined soldiers.

Quietly moving into the hall you find that it ends in a room about 20 metres square. This room has another wooden door in its eastern wall. Although you cannot see all the room from your position in the hall it appears to be furnished as a meeting room and dining area. Three large tables of heavy wood beams have been placed end on end to form one long flat surface; chairs have been neatly placed all around. You notice 18 chairs, of which one has been left askew such as you would expect if someone had left in a hurry...

Suddenly you are startled by a heavy thud from behind. Wheeling around you come face to face with a huge Hresh warrior resplendent in dull grey battle armour and wielding a heavy battle axe.

Purposefully it slams the door to the King's Hall closed and advances towards you. The razor sharp edges of its axe glint in the light of a dozen flickering torches.

This is a combat you cannot avoid. Turn to section 171.

110

In the quiet corridor you leap out across the slab, but as your feet leave the safety of the floor you know you will not make it. The forced confinement of the ventilation shaft still has a lingering hold upon your legs, the stiffness not yet gone, your strength failing you as you jump. Landing heavily upon the slab you roll and then half leap again to try and gain the safety of the other side. It is however too late. Your suspicion that the new stonework is some diabolical trap wrought by the Horde is proven correct. The instant you land on the slab a foul greenish gas spews from many holes in both sides of the passage. It is a roiling cloud that clings like grasping fingers to your skin, and there can be no escape from its deadly purpose. The gas does its work quickly, your body stiffens, wracked with pain and uncontrollable spasms. As you hit the floor of the passageway and slide limply into the corridor beyond you are already dead. Here your quest ends. Perhaps in another life Providence will grant you better luck.

THE END

111

The ornately carved passageway heads north for some distance and you move forward carefully, checking each footfall for any sign of a trap or other device. Some time passes as you make your way down the passage, a lone figure framed in the darkness by the light of your flickering torch. It lights only a small area around you, and it is difficult to judge how far you have travelled, but the air is noticeably colder in this part of Stoneholme and it gets colder as you move further along the hallway. Small pools of water well up from the floor and rivulets of moisture run down the passage walls into shallow drainage ditches. Above all the cold and wet holds the smell of ash and in these close confines results in a peculiar heavy feeling that permeates the air.

Just as you are beginning to wonder if the passage will ever come to an end it veers sharply to the east. As you look down this new corridor there is very little that can be seen. It is difficult to tell how far it extends, the light from your torch reaching into dim flickering shadows only a short distance ahead, but as you peer into the darkness you can sense that danger is close at hand. Moving forward cautiously you can hear faintly the sounds of singing wafting down the passage. It is so indistinct that it is difficult to tell from where it originates. Intent on trying to identify the sounds you stop and concentrate hard in the quiet corridor, but the singing ends before you have a chance to fathom exactly where it may be coming from. Unsure of its origin you take a firmer hold on the hilt of your weapon and go forward with greater care. No more than 30 metres into this eastern passage you come across a most welcome sight. In the northern wall there has been set a water fountain, its cool fresh liquid spraying upward from a life-size statue of a Dwarvendim girl holding a small fish.

If you wish to take a drink from the fountain turn to section 32. If you would much rather leave it turn to section 145.

112

In the space of a heartbeat the floor falls away beneath you. Opening as a long slit in the ground the loose dust that covers the floor disappears as a wide slab of stone swings away. Instinctively you jump forward, lunging for the edges of the pit but you are a fraction too slow. In a flurry of desiccated earth and tangling roots you hit the side of the trap, grabbing for whatever purchase you can find upon its crumbling face as you fall into the pit's open maw. Desperately you dig your hands into the loose earth, sliding downwards until your left hand gains a hold upon the long dead remains of an old vine. Showered in earth and debris you reach out with your right hand and gain a further purchase upon the vine, but your situation is precarious, the difference between life and death only the strength of the hold you have on the withered piece of vegetation.

Looking down you can see the pit reaching into darkness, but within the gloom you can also hear the muffled squeak of a multitude of rats below. There is far more than just a drop here to worry about. Above you the way is just as perilous. You have fallen almost fifteen

metres into the hole, and the way back to solid ground looms above you as a morass of crumbled earth and loose vegetation. You have only one way forward and it must be up. It is not going to be an easy climb.

It will take all the strength you have to pull yourself out of this pit. Test your strength attribute. If you are successful turn to section 574. If you fail this test turn to section 508. If however, you have the Strong Back talent this task will be easily overcome without the need for a strength test. If you have this talent turn immediately to section 574.

113

The door is strongly built but you decide to test your strength against it nonetheless. Quickly you check up and down the hall, searching for any sign of danger. All you can see are shadows and an empty gloom that could hide anything. Carefully you place your shoulder to the door and push hard.

Test your Strength attribute. If you are successful turn to section 60. If you fail this test the door proves too strong for you. If this is the outcome turn to section 15.

114

As you move further down the passage the sounds of combat become more distinct and more menacing. There is none of the frantic clatter you would expect from a match of sword on sword or shield upon shield. This is a heavier, more brutal fight between combatants using metal-edged warhammers. Such a fight you have only heard about, and you advance more quickly to determine what it is all about, and who is in battle.

After only a short distance the passage no longer runs straight but begins to turn southwards in a long curving arc. As you progress further the light improves markedly and the floor shows very recent use. It is while you are studying the floor that you run into a heavy tapestry spread across the passageway. Hung by large iron nails hammered into the walls and ceiling it is a makeshift doorway to a larger chamber beyond.

Retiring a few steps you draw your weapon and await the attack

you are sure must come. Nothing happens. Alone in the corridor you pause, then frown as you wonder what the cause of the melee might be. All you can be sure of is that there are Hordim on the other side of the tapestry, and at least for the moment they are unaware of your presence.

If you wish to pull aside the tapestry and investigate, turn to section 50. If you do not wish to be that adventurous turn to section 182.

115

Your conversation with the Oracle has left you well prepared for the use of these weapons. Placing the Dragonseye in your tunic pocket you bend forward to pick up the axe. To your surprise both the axe and spear rise from the stone floor and float smoothly into your hands. As your fingers close around the ornate handle of the Dragonclaw a surge of energy rushes down your arm and into your body. In the darkness of the passage your whole being radiates power, the magic of the axe surging through your body, melding into the bone and sinew. Suddenly you feel that anything is possible. All fatigue and injury has disappeared, the heat and smell of the cavern has gone. Now it is time to confront the Dragon Windhammer.

Turn to section 242.

116

Spurring Pallenten forward you draw your sword, and holding it before you charge down the hill into the mass of scorched buildings and panicked villagers. Through the clouds of smoke and strewn belongings you begin a search for any of the raiding party that may remain in the village. Between two burning houses, still scrabbling through a chest of stolen possessions you find a Hresh warrior. The Hordim is muscular, dark grey against the backdrop of the buildings, and clad in a loose fitting leather uniform edged with an orange trim. In its hand is a long curved scimitar. It sees you immediately and

turns, ready for combat. For a moment the warrior hesitates as it sizes you up, but then a wicked smile creases its heavy face and it attacks.

The Hresh has a combat value of 15 and an endurance of 16. The lighting here will not allow the use of the Shimmera and it is upon your martial skills that you must now rely. If you kill the creature turn to section 252. If it is you who is killed then it is here that your quest will end. In another life you may have better luck.

117

The sight you encounter is chilling. Spread on the floor of the small room is the dismembered remains of a Sempaca calf, and crouched over it is a large Jotun and a smaller Morg warrior. Both are intent on preparing parts of the carcass for cooking and haven't noticed your quiet entry into the room. Reacting instinctively to the scene, you reel backwards as the Morg turns in your direction and shouts to its companion. For a moment you are transfixed by the danger that you have stumbled upon, but the slow rise of the enormous Jotun drags you back to the reality of your immediate survival.

With your back to the closed door you have nowhere to run, so you pull your sword from its sheathe and stand your ground. The Morg is well armed and clothed in leather armour. The Jotun is searching for his own weapon and allows the Morg to attack first. The creature charges at you, a short stabbing spear held tightly in its gnarled hands.

You must combat the Morg first. If you defeat it the Jotun will attack immediately. If you do not defeat either of these warriors then your quest will end here. The Morg warrior has a combat value of 13 and an endurance of 6. The Jotun has a combat value of 17 and an endurance of 18. If you defeat the Jotun turn to section 179.

118

Attempting to make as little noise as possible you place your back against the door and push with all the strength you can muster. The door does not budge. It seems to be locked solidly from the other side, and has been designed so that no obvious access can be gained from the Great Hall. Having failed at your first attempt you then try to lever

the door open with your weapon, but it is immovable and you risk damaging its blade. For a moment you consider what might lie beyond this barrier, but the door is solidly locked and you can seen no obvious way to open it. After a quick, but unsuccessful search of the wall surrounding the door you give up, and with no further time to waste decide to try another of the exits from the Great Hall.

If you have not already done so will you?
Investigate the alcove further along the northern wall? If this is your choice turn to section 239.
Try and open the first door in the southern wall? If you would rather do this turn to section 31.
Open the second door in the southern wall? If so turn to section 189.
Try and open the door in the eastern wall? Turn to section 161.

119

For a moment you ponder the magical weapon's question. You are reasonably sure as to what the great axe's purpose is and with confidence reply.

"With a weapon such as you I must disable the Dragon known as Windhammer so that it might then be put to the spear and destroyed".

Silently the axe stands, a moment of pause ensuing within which the epic battle of man against serpent disappears and the room again falls quiet. Wondering what it is you have said wrong you wait, fully expecting some retaliation for your error, but it is only a moment within which the great axe marshals all the power at its command. Against your face a faint breeze begins to rise, then slowly but with building strength the snow and ice that lay about the room swirls and eddies, until everything before you disappears in the bluster and gale of another snowstorm. Forced back by the now shrieking winds you can only stand against the wall, held fast and unable to move.

Within the centre of the swirling blizzard the aura bursts once again from the Dragonclaw, growing brighter as the weapon moves back and forth upon its haft, trying to break free of some unseen fastening. For a moment it falters but then lifts from the pillar and slowly floats towards you. Hesitantly you grasp the handle, feeling its fine balance and smooth craftsmanship. As your hand closes around the haft all movement in the room ceases, the snow settling in drifts upon the ground, the winds dissipating into the cold air. Placing the

Dragonclaw in your belt you turn for the door and are confronted by a chilling sight. Behind the door, frozen and unmoving, a great Hresh stands, its scimitar raised as if to strike whoever might walk through the door. As you make your way back into the passage you can only wonder whether the edge of the Hresh's blade had been meant for you.

Add the Dragonclaw to your character sheet and turn to section 79.

120

With the door already ajar you force your way through, intent on surprising the occupants. Kicking the door violently inwards you leap into the centre of a room roughly 15 metres square. In the left hand corner a studious looking but startled Mutan sits at a desk, a huge pile of papers in front of it. In the other corner resides a small box, above which hovers the vaporous image of a Dwarvendim LoreMaster in his ceremonial robes. He stands life-size but translucent in the corner's shadows, and although you do not understand why, appears to be delivering a lecture to the Mutan. Unsure of what is happening you move forward to question the Maturi, but then stop again. Clearly you see that it is a recording of some type, contained within the box and obviously the source of the voices you heard from the hallway. Without thinking of your immediate peril you watch the image, amazed by its cunning artifice.

The Mutan recovers from its initial surprise quickly. You do not. The LoreMaster is reciting the history of the Stone Kings and it is a wonder the like of which you could not have thought possible. Taken aback by what you have found you stand transfixed by the apparition as the Mutan explodes into action. In one smooth, fluid movement the Hordim draws a mean looking scimitar from a metal wall fitting and jumps the desk towards you. It is the sound of metal sliding along metal that alerts you to your immediate danger. Even as you turn to face the Mutan it is already moving, the creature's weapon raised to strike.

The Mutan will kill you with one stroke of its sword if you do not defend yourself successfully from this first blow. If you do the battle will continue until one of you falls. The Mutan has a combat value of 15 and an endurance of 13. If you win this combat turn to section 78.

If you are either struck down by the Mutan's first blow, or are subsequently killed during the battle, it will be here that your quest will end. If this is your fate then perhaps in a latter life you will find better luck.

121

The Morg is in a deep sleep, and it proves easy to move around the pile of rotting fabric upon which it rests. You tread carefully and the snoring remains loud and even. It is an easy decision to leave the Morg at rest and continue on. As you move further north up the centre of the King's Hall the piles of rubbish and debris become more difficult to find a path around. Mounds of mould-covered cloth and tangled stacks of old furniture and ornamentation litter the floor. The Hordim seem to have spent considerable effort in tearing down anything that reminds them of the previous owners of this great fortress. It takes some time to get far enough away from the sleeping Morg that you can relax your guard and concentrate more on your surroundings.

With the light cast by your meagre lantern it proves difficult to see much of either side of the hall. The way ahead disappears into the gloom, the darkness of your path obscured even further by the rotting tapestries and furnishings that have been piled across your way. After much struggle you do, however, find yourself near the end of the hall. You are now a good 200 metres from the sleeping creature.

Turn to section 93.

122

Making your way outside you call Pallenten and mount. You wave farewell and turn to the east as the Maturi Len gestures you to go quickly. Looking around the deserted village you see nothing, but high in the trees at the forest's edge you can make out the indistinct forms of three large ravens perched within their branches. For a moment you watch the birds, but they seem as innocuous as the trees themselves, and you wonder if there is really any danger here. It is an uncertainty you decide you do not wish to test.

Prodding Pallenten lightly with your heels the great horse starts forward and quickly clears the village. Leaving the collection of

ramshackle buildings behind you rejoin the track eastward. As was the case with your ascent, the trail winds back down through the surrounding forest as a series of shallow declines, the wagon ruts the only indication that a road existed here at all. There are signs however, that this path was once more than the dilapidated track it has become.

Protruding from the wet earth you can see the remnants of stone cobbles and a distance marker so worn that it is illegible. Once Kal Arbor must have been a thriving community, this road a vital link to the produce markets of Baellum and Miller's Crossing. You are sure that something happened to change all that, but if there was anywhere in Arborell that an old man might pass unnoticed it was surely in such a place.

As Pallenten followed the rough track you find yourself pondering the memories that your meeting with the Maturi has unearthed. It has been a long time since you have had any need to think on your studies at the Temple. In fact you had only been young, barely nine years old when you had been taken from Truvo farm and deposited at the doorstep of the Temple in Das Frontiere. Why you had been placed there had proven a mystery you could never uncover, but under the guidance of the Maturi you had begun to understand the relationship that existed between EarthMagic and the Dwarvendim who used it. In those early years you had found friends and safety, but it had been short-lived and the hard years that had followed had shrouded most of it from your memory. They had been happy times that you had almost forgotten.

As you travel you wonder at the unusual circumstance of seeing the Maturi, and consider more closely his words on the restoration of the Tellandra. At least in this you have found a solid guide to the completion of your mission to Stoneholme. Now you need only survive long enough to utter the words.

After a while the trees start to thin about you, the trail emerging from the embrace of the forest and cutting a more direct path towards the main road. As you ride you keep a keen eye out for the birds, but see no indication that they have followed you. If they are indeed emissaries of the Kalboreans you are sure that you will see them again. When you reach open ground you urge Pallenten to the gallop and it is just before mid-morning that you reach the fork to Baellum and the road south.

Turn to section 236.

123

The Reaver's blood steams upon the hot stone floor but you have no time left to wonder at your deliverance from its razor sharp claws. An urgent shout echoes from the western passage behind you and then the unmistakable pounding rhythm of troops running in your direction. The tumult of combat has brought down unwanted company and you cannot remain here. With the Reaver dead at your feet you must find a place to hide quickly. Dowsing your torch you survey the hall for a possible exit.

There are only a few ways out of this hall. Will you investigate the open passage in the south wall? If this is your choice turn to section 70. If you would rather try and open the large double doors at the eastern end of the Hall turn to section 153. If you believe it best to search the Hall for secret doors turn to section 176.

124

Crossing the open space to the stairs is too exposed to be safe from discovery. Keeping to the edges of the clearing and out of sight of any hidden, watchful eyes you move to the stone face of the mountain, just to the left of the Imperial Entrance. The gleaming sun-bleached white balustrade affords excellent cover as you climb the curving stairs to the entranceway. Crouching low, you move forward and soon stand in the shadows of the massive statues silently guarding the entrance. From somewhere behind you, possibly at the edge of the clearing, the sounds of creatures moving through the bushes alerts you to possible danger. You must move inside quickly.

Turn to section 83.

125

The Morg warriors fight well, but with Pallenten's help you survive. Stabbing out at random the Morg repeatedly rush at you then retreat, testing your defences and cutting at your arms and legs. The swiftness of their attacks prove difficult to counter, and it is only the thickness of your cloak that prevents any serious injury. Only when the last of the creatures crumple to the soggy earth is it over. Sweating in the cool of the night both yourself and Pallenten struggle for breath as the exertion of the battle takes it toll. Driving your sword into the wet earth you squat against the side of one of the great stones and rest. (If you wish you may eat one of your rations now as well).

With your head resting against your folded arms you do not at first notice the change in the weather. Clouds have again begun to crowd the sky, and in the darkness the crumpled mounds of dead Morg disappear completely into the gloom of the night. From the north a stiff wind rises, throwing leaves and other debris about the stones. After the rain the gust is cold and damp and soon grows into a full strength gale. Rushing through the gaps between the stones the wind moans and howls. In the complete dark of your surroundings it is too ghostly a song. It is time to leave.

Grabbing Pallenten's reins you haul yourself onto her broad back and ride out of the circle of monoliths. Now you must travel south into the foothills surrounding the rugged Krodestaag Mountains. You know the dead Morg will not be alone. Usually they travel in larger raiding groups and it will be prudent to put distance between yourself and the stones before resting. Turning Pallenten towards the dark hills to the south you begin the next stage of your journey.

Turn to section 244.

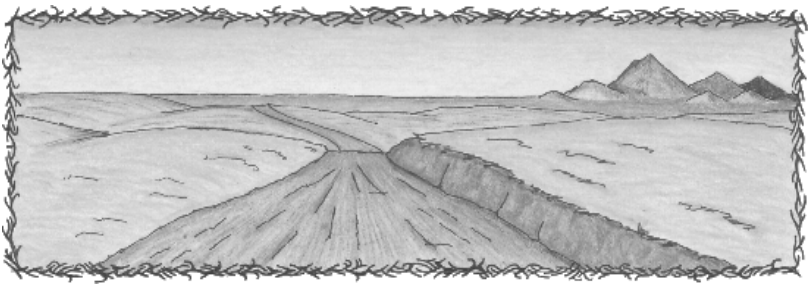

126

Leaning forward to gain a better view of the Jotun's tattoos, you place your weight against the broken table and then fall awkwardly as it collapses onto the stone floor. The crash of the old table cannot go unnoticed and it brings with it an immediate change in the Hordim. The casual demeanour of the Jotun Chieftain disappears as he realises your presence. With one fluid movement his warhammer is in his hands and he confronts you, unsure if you are a fool alone, or part of a larger party. To your surprise the Hordim speaks, although he has nothing to say that can ease the growing feeling that you are about to die.

"Well vehmin, what a surprise," he says quietly. "Tell me, are you alone, or are there more of your ilk skulking in the shadows?"

You hold your weapon before the Hordim and wonder why his kind always refer to Men as vehmin. You are sure that it is a derogative of some type and you consider asking the brute what it means, but instead decide that bravado is the better option.

"Whether I am alone is for me to know, and for you to still be wondering upon as you die."

The Jotun laughs and moves purposefully towards you, the look on his face leaving no doubt that he has finished talking. For you there is no help at hand. You cannot reach the western door and the tangled piles of rubbish and furniture behind you hinder any escape that way. Raising his hammer the Jotun screams abuse, a stream of insults and curses that follow him as he charges towards you.

You must fight this creature but in this part of the hall there is a chance the Shimmera may aid you. If you wish to try and use the Shimmera test your Intuition attribute. If you are successful turn to section 427. If you are unsuccessful, turn to section 466. If you do not wish to attempt the use of this skill then it will be upon your skill at arms that you must rely. The Jotun has a combat value of 19 and an endurance of 18. If you win this battle you will have to leave the warrior's bloodied body behind and get out of the Mess hall quickly, turn to section 237. If you are defeated then it will be here that your quest ends. Do not be disheartened however, for at another time you may find better luck.

127

The sound of the trigger device releasing was enough. You leap forward to avoid the crushing weight of a falling wall trap and it is only your agility and momentum that carries you to safety. Falling heavily onto the floor of the passageway it takes a short time for you to regain your feet. Looking back you are shocked as you survey the damage that has been done. Behind you the passageway is blocked by a mass of rock and other debris; dust obscures your view of the passage but it appears to now be impassable. At least something good has come of this, you think ruefully.

Picking up your scattered weapons and lantern you dust yourself down and move carefully towards an opening that leads back out into the King's Hall.

Turn to section 93.

128

The Hordim is dead, a victim of your cold determination to complete your mission, but even in death it vexes you. The Mutan's blood is fetid beyond belief, the thick liquid burning into the stone as it wells up and drains away through cracks in the floor. Immediately you realise your own weapon is at risk and turn to see it also beginning to smoke ominously from the effects of the Hordim's vital fluids. Quickly you grab a piece of the creature's clothing and wipe the remnants of its blood from Than'durion's iron blade. It is not a moment too soon for you save the sword from any further damage, though you cannot save it from the lingering odour the blood has left upon its metal. It is only as you work to remove the last traces of the Hordim from your sword that you feel the true cost of your labours working upon you.

After the long climb you have just completed the ferocity of this combat has left you exhausted. For a few moments you must rest. Breathing heavily you place your back against the cold stone of the passage and try and regain your strength. Over the sounds of your own laboured breathing you can hear clearly the carousing of the Hordim, and it is a terrifying melee indeed. Intermingled with shouting and swearing you can hear the dull impacts of a fight between large creatures, furniture being thrown and in the background of it all a steady chant that rises and falls to the music of

a set of reed flutes. It is altogether too disturbing a backdrop to your progress, but there is something else here and it gives you reason to pause and try to identify it. The passage may be filled with the sounds of the Hordim ahead but there is a vibration beneath you, an unmistakeable tremor that runs through the stone that is difficult to define. As you rest you try and determine what it is, however even the stone affinity of a Dwarvendim cannot make out its origin. After a few moments you reconcile yourself to the certainty that if it is a harbinger of danger you will know about it soon enough.

When you feel better able to move you take the time to kneel before the body of the Mutan and inspect its grotesque form. One look is enough. Its lifeless, black eyes chill you to the bone and you quickly throw its bloodied cloak over its head.

(If your sword has previously been damaged you may re-sheathe it in favour of the Mutan's axe. If this is your choice record this new weapon on your character status sheet and add three points to your combat value. This will replace most of those points lost when your sword was damaged.)

The corridor remains empty but regardless of your fatigue you cannot afford to linger here for there is too great a chance of discovery. Quickly you ready yourself, then leave the dead Hordim behind as you continue eastwards down the passage. Some 20 metres further to the east the corridor turns abruptly northwards. A further 30 metres to the north this passage intersects with another larger hallway, leading both to the east and west. It is like the hall you have just passed through in that it is well lit and well kept. Here the hall is wider, with high vaulted ceilings. Rich tapestries line the walls, hiding the smooth cut rock behind. The floors are swept and relatively clean and a strange yellow light illuminates every corner. You retreat momentarily to the comparative safety of the darker passage to the south and ponder your next move.

Turn to section 228.

129

Your progress northwards down the long sloping tunnel turns quickly from an exercise in negotiating mounds of festering garbage to a more exhausting process of simply remaining on your feet. The angle of the floor has steepened to the point that it is hard to maintain

a firm footing, and you are forced to use handholds in the roughly hewn walls to stop yourself overbalancing and tumbling down the incline.

After a hard 20 minutes struggle you come abruptly to a deep ravine that cuts through the tunnel. The rift is a good 4 metres wide, and you can only just see the passage continuing on the other side. It opens as nothing more than a dark smudge at the very edge of the light thrown by your torch. Below, in the darkness of the rift's depths you can hear the sound of rushing water. It is a distant rumbling murmur, one that emanates from the dark shadows below before being carried into the reaches of the gloom overhead. For a short time you stand at the lip of the abyss and consider the limited options that now present themselves to you. The tunnel behind is blocked. Your only possible way is forward across the divide.

Taking a step back, you undo your backpack and hurl it across to the other side. With a sigh of relief you see it fall inside the tunnel opening opposite and disappear into its darkness. Next goes the torch and shortly after your weapon. After a moment's contemplation you take a few further paces back, and then running for all your worth attempt to leap the chasm.

Test your strength and agility attributes. If you pass both of these tests turn to section 28. If you fail either one of these tests turn to section 428.

130

Alas, too late you slam the door. The combined weight of a dozen Hordim crash into the door's timbers, catapulting you across the room and into the rotting remnants of an old bookcase. With the door smashed and broken at their feet the room is soon crowded with many creatures, weapons crashing in wild abandon, a bloodlust in their eyes.

Pulling your weapon from your belt you stand your ground, knowing that with nowhere to run it will be here that you will surely die.

Your position is hopeless but you will not go down without a fight. Do you have Morgen's Spear? If you do turn to section 248. If you have not yet found this artefact turn to section 203.

131

The rain does not stop until nightfall. The deluge has put out all the burning houses in the village, turning all about you into a morass of mud and ashen destruction. In the shadows of the evening you can see villagers slowly moving through the debris that was once their village. Shuffling about in a state of shock, they search for belongings and anything that may have survived the inferno. Standing in the damp shelter of the old barn you feel sympathy for the plight of the hapless villagers but wonder at the confidence of the attack.

The raid followed the normal process of a Horde rampage, though to pillage such a large village as Melem's Fork, and to do it in broad daylight, seems very bold indeed. News of the great battle to the north must have reached even these isolated Hordim bands roaming the mountains to the south-west, bolstering their courage and giving new purpose to their attacks. And that was the other thing that bothered you. If they did know, how could they have found out so quickly? There was probably a lot more to this war than just the siege at Maenum. Still, it has been said around more than one campfire that the Horde has a cunning way of surprising the nations of Men. You resolve to be far more careful as you journey closer to the Devkraager Tor.

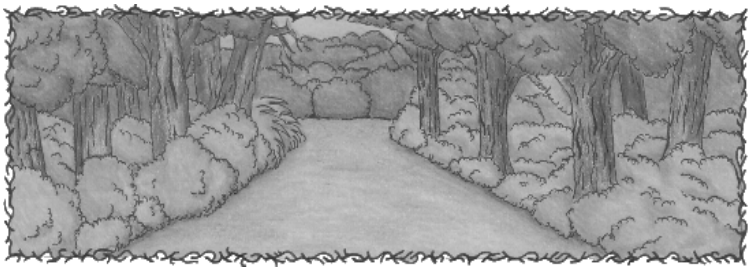

As the sky darkens to night the rain finally stops and you prepare to continue your journey. The villagers have all gathered in the few houses that still remain intact, and in the gloom their dwellings flicker with the shaded illumination of candles and small fires. Although it would be best to stay and help there seems little that you can do for them, and even less that they can provide to you in the way of provisions or feed. All you can do is move on. Pallenten is as eager as you to be away so you repack your equipment, pull your cloak closer about you, and head quietly out into the cool night air.

The Ring of Stones lies a few hours journey to the west. There you will find a good camp-site and fresh water for Pallenten. In the dark of the night the road is your only safe route. Turn to section 257.

132

The door to the Custom's House proves difficult to open. Your initial attempts to force it ajar fail, and in the close confines of the passage it will be impossible to pry it open without the chance of bringing further unwanted attention upon yourself. Quickly you see though why the door has defied your attempts. A closer inspection of its hinges show them to be rusted solid. You do find that the screws that hold the hinges in place can be undone and this is a task that requires little effort. Taking your eating knife from your pack you quickly remove the screws, and with one careful push the door leans inward, hanging precariously from its lock.

Holding your lantern above your head you peer into the room. It is one large space, empty of furniture and containing nothing more than a few wooden boxes stacked in one corner. Within this chamber there is little else to be found except a thick decorative mat at its centre.

Carefully stepping over the fallen door you walk into the room and begin a search of its minimal contents. As you move towards the pile of boxes you step warily on the mat. At that moment you know you have made a mistake, a loud click echoing from behind the northern wall, and in that moment a wicked trap springs into action. From the northern wall a line of razor-sharp metal darts shoot from blow-holes in the stone, cutting the air straight towards you.

Test your Agility attribute. If you are successful turn to section 91. If you are not successful with this test turn to section 84.

133

Negotiating the piles of rubbish that litter the floor of the King's Hall proves difficult. Eventually however, you reach your objective and stand before the imposing facade of a carved stone entranceway enclosing a heavy wooden door. For a moment you listen carefully for any clue of approaching patrols, but all is still silent, the vast space about you empty and cloaked in shadows. For a moment you consider the large doorway, and shiver at the cold that now searches its way

through your clothing. The air here is musty, the smell of decay fetid and heavy upon the chill. Sure that you are indeed alone you try the door and find its hinges and locks corroded and stiff. Looking about once again you apply pressure to the handle and find that it also is rusted solid and will not move.

Pulling back you consider what you should do, though it appears there is no way that you can quietly coax the door open. In the end you are forced to put your shoulder against its thick timbers and push. It is on your second attempt that the lock shatters and the door swings open noisily.

With more pushing and shoving the door opens wider and you find yourself in a short corridor, at the end of which is another wooden door similar to the one you have just opened. Resting your lantern upon an upturned chair you move forward, carefully studying the curious lettering that extends around the arch of this second door.

After wiping away a century of dust you find it is an Old Dwarvendim script, and it reads as the equivalent of "Custom's House". The walls of the passage are also covered in relief carvings and long lines of script, all exhorting the power and wealth of the Stone kingdoms. It is a curiosity that you study for a short time until you feel the hairs raise on the back of your neck, a gust of air moving noticeably behind you. Slowly your hand falls to the hilt of your sword. As your fingers close around your weapon, the door to the King's Hall slams shut and a huge Hresh warrior stands menacingly before you, a long curved sword resting loosely in its hand. It would seem that the Hall outside was not as empty as you might have hoped. Shouting at you in a harsh low voice the Hordim charges, its scimitar ready to deal you a lethal blow.

Will you fight the Hresh? If so, turn to section 19. Or will you instead try the second door for a means of escape? If so, turn to section 36.

134

Not wishing to foul your blade on these thick clinging strands you pull the stick from the ground. It is a bad idea. Without warning the floor opens beneath your feet revealing a gaping black pit. You have only a second to save yourself.

Test your agility attribute. If you are successful with this test turn to section 215. If you fail turn to section 112.

135

"Sire, wait!" The boy is running towards you, waving his hands wildly above his head. His sudden appearance is surprising to say the least and in response Pallenten snorts loudly, her gait skittish at the child's approach. A quick survey of the rise shows no other person near, nor any sign of how he got here. You know that such a young child should not be alone on the frontier, and you think for a moment that your first task on this journey may be the safe return of the boy to his home. It is a delay you would rather not have to make up for later.

"What it is you want boy? I'm in a hurry." There is something unsettling about the child. As if sensing your own unease Pallenten half rears backwards as the boy approaches.

"Please Sire, are you Halokim Vesh?"

Surprised that the boy should know your name you reply, "Yes, but how do you know this?"

"I have been sent by my master, the Maturi Len, to ask that you experience the hospitality of his house prior to continuing on your journey south." The boy hesitates for a moment as if he is listening to another unseen presence.

"He says that it will be to your benefit to do so".

The child appears unusually calm as you fight for control of Pallenten. The great horse rears up, as if about to strike out with one of its enormous hooves. It is just as you fear the boy will be trampled that you see him smile, then quickly disappear into a wisp of vapour. In an instant he is gone. Again Pallenten rears up and you are forced to fight the reins for control. Out of the air above you comes a soft, gradually fading voice. "If you wish to talk with the Maturi Len take the west fork to Kal Arbor. There you shall find him."

Spurring Pallenten on you ride quickly down the hill. Your horse seems eager to leave the rise and you have to admit you are of a like

mind. It is at the bottom of the incline that you encounter the fork in the road leading to Kal Arbor.

If you wish to take this fork to the west turn to section 227. If you have no time for what might be a dangerous diversion turn to section 232.

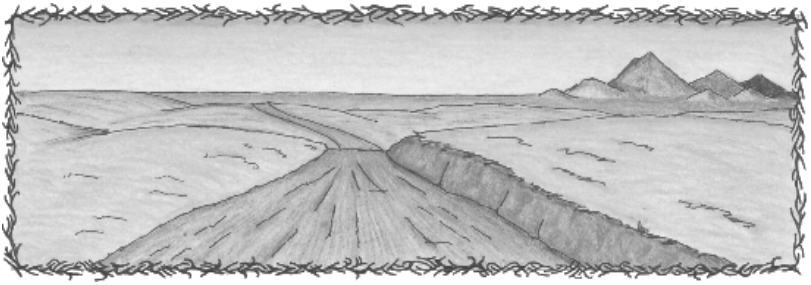

136

As you are carefully navigating your way around the broken tables and chairs you hear above the crackle of the fire the heavy steps of someone approaching. Although only faint at first, the footsteps grow steadily louder, then quite suddenly stop. Moving quickly behind an upturned table you crouch in the shadows, waiting for some sound that will indicate where the creature is. Presently you hear the jiggling of a set of keys, the metallic grating of a key in an old lock, and the click of its mechanism as the lock's barrel turns. Before long the northern door opens and a large creature walks casually into the Mess, swinging a set of keys in his hand and looking purposefully about the room.

Through a small hole in the table you survey your new enemy. He is a Jotun, immense even in the dim light. More than 3 metres high, the warrior stands heavily armoured and carries an enormous warhammer. Even in this poor light you can see he has the distinctive weathered face of a Tundra dweller and that his right arm has been heavily tattooed. From his dress and demeanour you can guess that this Hordim is an officer of some sort, or perhaps even a Chieftain. To fight such a creature alone could mean a quick and violent death.

Test your Luck attribute. If you are successful turn to section 2. If you fail this test turn to section 126.

137

From your position at the end of the corridor you watch the Mutan guard for some time. Standing in the shadows of the alcove it is difficult to tell whether it is asleep on its feet or simply diligent in its duty.

After a wait that seems far too long you decide to take it by surprise and rush it. Placing your pack noiselessly on the ground you prepare your weapon, and with blood pounding in your ears you turn the corner and charge. What confronts you is not what you expect.

Turn to section 17.

138

As you advance down the passage you become more certain that the way ahead is inhabited. The sounds of music and raucous laughter are now becoming more identifiable, growing both distinct and menacing as you move forward. Hidden within the shadows you can hear clearly the low beat of a large drum, and a bedlam of wild shouting mingled with what can only be the whining gabber of Morgs. As you grip Than'durion all the tighter you know that to be discovered in such a place will surely mean a violent and hideous end.

As your eyes adjust further to the low gloom of the passage, you can see with more clarity just how hideous that end may well be. If the rich tapestries that once covered the high walls of the King's Hall had ever found a place hanging in this dismal entryway they are now gone. Instead the hapless victims of the Horde now adorn the walls, skeletal and limp, empty eyeless faces peering down at your cautious progress.

Some 200 metres down this westward passage the way veers north again. The muffled sounds of Stoneholme's inhabitants are now much louder. You decide to move forward with even greater care.

Turning the corner northward you can see a large door at the end of a short passage. Light is streaming from beneath the door and from a large square portal cut into it at shoulder height. The sounds of laughter, shouting and fighting are now very close.

Turn to section 47.

139

Using all your concentration to step carefully and quietly around the pile of tapestries, you do not notice the line of old spear shafts resting precariously against a pile of fallen stonework. Although it is your intention to move northwards as quickly as possible, a large bust of Morgen Orncryst causes you to deviate slightly from your chosen passage around the rotting fabric. It is as you negotiate this new obstacle that you back into the thin wooden shafts. In a line the spears collapse onto the floor, clattering loudly as they bounce on the stonework. From the pile of tapestries the sounds of snoring cease immediately. In a flurry of torn fabric the Morg springs up from the pile, snuffling and wheezing as it tries to awaken properly, its small form a mere silhouette within the darkness that surrounds your lantern.

When the Morg recognises that you are not of the Horde his eyes widen. Leaping from his sleeping place the creature crouches low on the marble of the Hall, a smirk spreading slowly across its face. He does not attack immediately though. In the gloom this diminutive foe takes on a fighting stance, awaiting your next move.

Slowly you lower your lantern to the floor and take the time to size up your opponent. He is small, even as Morgs are measured, but he does not appear to be afraid at all. He wears no armour nor does he carry a shield, his only protection his sword which flicks from side to side. It is a stand-off that can have only one outcome. Before you can make any further move the Hordim attacks, his sword raised high, a look of blood-lust and hatred etched across his countenance.

Avoiding this combat is impossible. If you wish to attempt the use of the Shimmera to defeat the Morg test your Intuition attribute now. If you are successful turn to section 503. If you are unsuccessful, or you do not wish to use the Shimmera, then you must fight this diminutive foe. Follow the combat sequence until one of you falls. Your opponent has a combat value of 13 and an endurance of 6. If you win this combat turn to section 148. If you are defeated then your quest will end here in the dirt and debris of the King's Hall.

140

There can be no doubt that something moves beyond this door, and for a moment you consider the long winding steps you have just

climbed. Near exhaustion, the decision is easy. Wishing no further aggravation at this time you decide to leave whatever might reside within in peace. Taking a deep breath you begin the long descent down the staircase.

The way back proves as tiring as the ascent, but it is completed without incident. Upon retracing your steps back to Lesser Hall you find it empty, however there are distant sounds of movement in the air. For now caution must be foremost in your mind.

Stepping out into the Lesser hall you consider your options. If you have not already done so you can try the double doors in the east wall. If this is your choice turn to section 153. If you believe there is a chance that there may be other hidden exits from this hall turn to section 176.

141

The tunnel appears long but is blocked ahead by thick banks of spider webs, layered in centuries of dust. You try to move the first veil of web, and for your trouble are showered with grit and the dry husks of a myriad dead insects.

Will you use your weapon to clear a path through the webs? If so turn to section 213. Perhaps you would rather pull the stick from the ground and use it instead? If this is your preferred course turn to section 134.

142

In the solitude of the passageway you look more carefully at the high arch and confirm your suspicion that you are standing before something truly ancient. Worn and faded by time unrecorded the archway is etched with long lines of text, flowing about its edges as a vine might tangle itself about a mighty tree. Most of the inscriptions are beyond reading, their fine carving lost to the wear of the ages, but one area survives and you recognise the text as the Elder Tongue, although the lettering is of a type unfamiliar to you.

Carefully you brush away layers of dust and grime that cover the stonework and read slowly the inscription as it winds its way up the archway;

> **:ephad mar u narm se'we oera'dim: ne'esal durim u bariathim duel'eth dehr... a' et mar'shuil phenath u glaash durilem ahn u enkath:**

For a short time you consider the meaning of the text. In the Common Anglish the inscription translates as;

> **"Here can walk no Hordim. Within these walls resides the... and it will not suffer them to pass."**

It appears to be a warning to the Hordim and you take a small measure of comfort from that, but it must have been written many centuries before the coming of Men into the world. You wonder at how the arch was discovered, and why those who bricked it shut thought it necessary to do so. All in all it is a mystery to you, and one that becomes more compelling as you inspect the arch further.

Following the edges of the arch you can see no further legible script, however carved deeply into the keystone at its highest reach is a small glyph, a number in the Elder Tongue representing 555. You smile as you recognise it for amongst your people it is known also as a marker of a point of no return, and a powerful warning for any who see it to go no further.

In the half-light of the passageway you press at the stone door and find it immovable. A closer look at its more recent construction shows no lock or any identifiable hinges. If it truly was meant to be moved you can see no evidence of it, yet there is something about the arch that holds your attention.

If the builders of Stoneholme had wished none to enter they would have simply filled in the archway. The existence of a door seems inconsistent with that aim and it gives you enough reason to spend a small amount of time trying to find a way in.

In the shadows you step back and consider the entire archway. There are no locks or handles, and it has been your experience that such doors always have a less obvious method for entry. A quick check shows no secret latches of any type, and in the absence of any straightforward answer you scratch at your chin and consider if it would indeed be better to simply move on. But then you look again to the keystone and the number inscribed upon it.

Thinking back to your days at the Temple you try and remember

the Haer'al for 555 and it comes to you slowly, a mix of old memories both indistinct and random, but you do remember.

:se'kaad'se'kel'se:

In the gloom you whisper the words, and stumble at their long forgotten pronunciation. At the third attempt however, they sound clearly in the corridor and as you watch become a twisting focus of energy that whips at the ground before you, sending small tendrils of swirling dust and grit spiralling around the archway. To your surprise the utterance of the number has started something, and you have no idea what it might be.

As you watch the arch itself begins to change, the wear and damage of untold millennia falling away from it as its stone finds a new strength. Before your eyes the brickwork of the Dwarvendim becomes faint and then dissolves away, leaving in its wake the threshold to a long, dark stairway. Carefully you move closer, feeling a residue of power radiating from the walls and arch as you approach. About you the air is alive with energy and as you peer into the staircase you begin to notice something far more potent.

:enlin u tellra mar voemaak viis hoewch nuulmargen:

From somewhere far below a rushing wind blows out of the archway, warm and heavy with the smell of ash. As you search the dark stairwell for a hint as to what might be below you begin to sense the low resonance of a sound something like a heartbeat, drumming at the stone and sending faint vibrations of power ebbing through the air about you. There is no way to know what it is that resides below but you can sense that it holds an enormous energy at its command, and that it is constrained only by the solid rock of the mountain itself.

In the vague half-memories of your youth you recognise something about this power but the wisps of image and emotion they conjure are too vague to bring to any clarity. The archway is open however, and you must now make a choice.

If you wish to take these stairs and see where they may lead turn to section 555. If you can see no reason to do so and wish to keep to the passage southwards turn to section 156.

143

The map turns out to be a large hanging tapestry of woven cotton and silver thread. A quick inspection shows you that it is securely fastened to the wall and there will be little chance that you can pull it down.

Out in the King's Hall the sounds of soldiers preparing for battle grows more ominous, you can hear that a second Jotun has joined the party outside. They seem to be arguing over who will kill you. Moving to the wrecked furniture that litters the floor, you pull up one of the thick wooden tables and jam it against the door. You are only just in time. Splintering on its hinges the door is hammered by the blow of a heavy object. From outside the door you hear shouting and cursing as the single blow is joined by a multitude of others. The door shudders and grinds as its wood is slowly torn from its metal hinges and strapping. It is time to go.

Turn to section 21.

144

Finding your way back to the junction proves straightforward. Without stopping you move past the southerly passage and continue on east into the better illuminated corridor beyond. As you move forward you find the eastern passage extending for some distance before you and it widens quickly into a far more spacious thoroughfare. The corridor is wide and open, the floor covered in a thin layer of dust and grime that muffles your footfalls as you advance. On both sides the remains of exits and other hallways tumble into the passage; all collapsed and blocked by the Hordim.

For a moment you stop and consider one of the exits. It is a high arch, some ten metres in width at its widest point, but now a tangle of broken stone and smashed earth. At some time in the past the Hordim had pulled out the keystones above from their settings, bringing the facing stones of the corridor beyond crashing down behind them. There seems little purpose to the vandalism, you can only guess at what might lay beyond the rubble, but the Hordim have effectively turned the corridor into one long hall without exit or turn. In this place there is only one way forward.

Carefully you move on, following the passage further into the east. About you old rotting tapestries hang ragged upon the walls but there

is little to hinder your way forward. Apart from the tumble of stone that spreads from each broken exit the floor is clear of debris, and the same dim yellowish light radiates from its unknown source illuminating your way ahead. There is a noticeable change here however, and it becomes more obvious as you venture further east. In this quiet place a strong smell hangs in the air. At first you thought it might have been the heavy, musty smell of damp rotting fabric, but the further you go the more identifiable the odour becomes. It is the smell of ash and charcoal and it permeates everything.

Soon you begin to see a distinct mist in the air, a fine miasma of something that hangs upon the damp atmosphere, slowly circulating from somewhere ahead. Focusing your thoughts on what you know about Dragonlore you search for a connection between the winged serpents and this heavy odorous smell. While deep in thought it occurs to you that a large serpent trapped deep underground would need more than just gold to sustain it. Those Dragons that dwell far from the realms of daylight require burnt wood to survive. At once you see why there are so many of the Hordim infesting the remains of this old fortress. For a purpose known only to themselves they are feeding the Dragon, keeping it alive, giving it the one thing it needs to sustain itself in the darkness. No wonder there is very little wooden furniture left in the fortress. It has all been converted into charcoal as food for the Dragon.

Whether this is the case however, is something yet to be uncovered and it is a mystery that can bode no good. Dragonlore is a subject best left to those who understand it, and the motivations of the Hordim can be as unfathomable as Dragons themselves. Whatever the purposes of the Hordim here you have an uncomfortable feeling that you will find out soon enough, and it will not be to your advantage.

For some time you move forward, the floor sloping in a shallow decline as the passage reaches ever deeper into the mountain. It is at the end of this corridor that you are forced to a halt, your thoughts interrupted by an abrupt southerly turn in the passage ahead.

Turn to section 67.

145

Not wishing to risk the chance that the water may be poisoned you decide to leave it and move further down the passage. In truth you could do with the refreshment but there is nothing in Stoneholme that can be considered safe, and reluctantly you make your way forward. As you move deeper into the corridor your torch sputters for a second, water from the ceiling dripping down upon it, almost putting it out. For a moment you are distracted, and in that moment of inattention you do not see the thin blue line of light stretching across the passageway. Before you can stop yourself your boot cuts the beam and triggers a carefully laid trap.

With almost no time to react you lunge forward as tonnes of boulders, dust and filth shower down from the ceiling above, completely blocking the passage and smothering you in its embrace. When the dust settles the only sound that fills the hall is the clatter of small stones and debris rolling down the sides of the rockpile. Then all is silent.

Test your luck and agility attributes. If you are successful with both of these tests turn to section 211. If you fail either one of them then it is here that your quest ends, crushed beneath a pile of stone from which you cannot escape. In a latter life you will no doubt be more successful.

146

Brilliantly blue in its ornate flask, the liquid looks and smells exotic. Attached to the neck of the flask is a small handwritten label. In Common Dwarvendim script it reads, "Nahla Extract. Made by an Alchemist of the Faeyen. Can be used once when needed". Turning over the card you find no further instructions, just a short warning that under certain circumstances the extract can be unstable and highly explosive.

(You can place this potion in your pack if you wish. If you would like to take it, record this acquisition on your character sheet. Please note that one drink of this extract will restore all lost endurance points up the maximum allowed for the character. It is a powerful regenerative and cannot be taken any time except when at rest. It does however, come with the disadvantage that it has the propensity to explode when knocked forcefully. If you do not wish to take it, place it very carefully back on its plinth).

Moving back to the door you listen intently for any sign of movement in the Great Hall beyond. There is nothing so you walk back out into the larger chamber.

If you have not already done so do you wish to;
Try the first door in the northern wall? If so turn to section 48.
Investigate the alcove in the northern wall? If so turn to section 239.
Try the other door in the southern wall? If so turn to section 189.
Try the door in the eastern wall at the other end of the hall? If so turn to section 161.

147

Although it takes some time you retrace your steps back down the hidden passageway, then push your way past the bookcase and move back into the Armoury. The sinister sounds of the Hordim music and the mocking tones of their laughter fills this large hall, the flickering shadows cast by the wall torches your only greeting as you look to the exit ahead. Moving quietly to the northern door you find it unlocked and it opens easily.

Having a quick look round the Armoury for the last time you steel your nerves, ready your sword and carefully swing the door open.

Turn to section 54.

148

With astounding speed the Morg strikes at you. Again and again it cuts and thrusts trying to breach your defences but its speed proves no match for your swordsmanship. Blocking all of its attacks you wear it down until, with a quick feint and thrust, you pin the Morg to the ground with your sword. Blood wells thickly from the Hordim's heaving chest and with a single, final shudder it dies. Quickly silence returns to the King's Hall, and in the quiet you drag the Morg's body over to the tapestries and hide the corpse away beneath them.

For a moment you listen, searching the corners of the vast hall for any sign that you may have been discovered. There is no alarm nor challenge and in the shadows you recover your lantern and press on northwards.

Before you the hall reaches into the gloom, its high arches and

ornately carved pillars a forest of stone that you journey within. For some time you follow the hall northwards, the many corridors and passages that line the outer halls all blocked, their ceilings collapsed, any exit from the King's Hall sealed by tonnes of fallen stone and broken masonry. Carefully you find a path deeper into the mountain and it is with a small measure of surprise that you soon find yourself at another junction, and a series of doors that have escaped the attention of the Hordim.

Turn to section 93.

149

Stepping back out into the hall you move quickly away from the door, happy to put as much distance as possible between yourself and the creature. It appears you have emerged on the eastern side of the Great Hall, from one of the many doors you noticed when you first entered this vast chamber. When you are some 6 metres from the exit to the Elemental's prison its metal door slides back down and locks firmly.

Now that you are back in the Great Hall will you,
Investigate the alcove in the northern wall? If so turn to section 239.
Try the nearest door in the southern wall? If so turn to section 189.
Try the farthest door in the southern wall? If so turn to section 31.

150

Not wishing to make too much noise in the cold stillness of the Great Hall, you place your back against the door and push with all your remaining strength. The door does not move. It seems to be locked solidly from the other side, and jammed in such a way that using it to exit the Great Hall appears impossible. Taking your weapon from your belt you next try to lever the door open, but it proves just as immovable. With no lock to pick, and no observable way to open the door, it seems that you will have to approach opening it from a different angle.

Stepping back for a moment you consider your problem. There is no obvious way to open the door but somebody must use it. There are fresh scrape marks on the floor where many heavily-shod boots have rubbed against the stonework. Taking a hunch you feel around the

stone bordering the exit and find what you are looking for near the floor. A light touch upon a hinged piece of stone causes a number of bars and latches within the wall to slide away, and to your relief the door disappears up into the rock above.

Quickly stepping over the threshold you walk into the passageway beyond. The passage is dark but you can see that it runs some way ahead to the north. Just within the doorway is another metal bin, within which is a number of old torches. Taking one of these, you light it and in its feeble illumination make your way into the gloom.

Record the use of this torch on your character sheet and then turn to section 210.

151

The smell of the Mutan's blood is fetid beyond belief, its action as corrosive as any acid you have encountered. In the gloom you see your weapon smoking, its metal sheen disappearing beneath the smouldering liquid's relentless attack. In fear of it doing damage you quickly attempt to remove the blood but it proves a stubborn adversary. It is a thick, clinging mess and in desperation you tear off a piece of the Mutan's tunic, trying to wipe it away but succeeding only in spreading it further along the blade. It is not until you sluice the metal with some of your drinking water that the corrosive fluid falls away. Luckily the damage has been minimal, the edge of your weapon still keen. After making sure none of the liquid remains you stand at the corner and decide your next move.

Will you try the door of the first room. If so, turn to section 247. If you wish to continue down the passage to the second doorway you should turn to section 229.

152

The moment you open the thick iron-strapped door your sense of smell is assailed by the heavy odours of sulphur and ash. It is so strong that you can taste it in your mouth and it clings to your clothing like a thick fog. Crossing over the threshold into the passage you feel the temperature rise markedly as you shut the door behind you. In this new space the heat wraps about you and quickly becomes oppressive as it floods the hall in waves. In the background you can

hear what sounds like a furnace being fanned by enormous bellows. Perspiring freely you move down the hall, your weapon ready in your hand. The passage heads south, and it is reaches some 150 metres before you find a door set in the eastern wall to your left. Placing your ear against its heavy timbers you can hear nothing but the distant pounding of that great furnace.

Do you wish to open the door? If you do turn to section 178. If you wish to continue your quest south down the passage turn to section 42.

153

Standing more than 3 men high the double doors that bar your way to the east are massive. Made of solid timber bound by thick iron bars, the wood is highly polished and slick to the touch. In the stone surrounding the doors there has been carved an ornate but gruesome story of the last day of Morgen Orncryst. As a flowing scroll of tragedy you read the legend of the last StoneKing, and know that you are about to play a part in taking back all that the Dragon has stolen. In truth you now know that Windhammer is no myth. Upon the keystone above both doors is a carved relief of a large winged serpent. The Dwarvendim script below the keystone is characteristically direct. If you enter, it says, you will die.

A quick test shows the doors to be securely locked and they are too large to simply try and force open. The distant sounds of yet another approaching patrol spurs you on to search for some method of entry and Providence is with you for it proves easy to find. Behind a pile of discarded bones, and about one arm's-length from the door there rests a small metal plate inset into the wall. Pushing the plate lightly you hear the sounds of weights and pulleys begin to move within the walls. Slowly and ponderously the massive doors swing open.

Turn to section 76.

154

The risk of trouble in Das Frontiere is too great. Guardsmen like those you have encountered in Miller's Crossing are common enough throughout the Kalborean Union and the provincial capital has far more than its fair share. Turning Pallenten to the west you urge her forward and the great horse quickens her gait further. You estimate that at her current rate of travel you should reach Melem's Fork by late afternoon. As you ride the road joins with another from the south-east, and from this point onwards becomes uneven and heavily rutted. Recent rain has left the dirt track soft and easily damaged, but Pallenten seems to take the changed conditions in her stride and does not falter as she pounds away the leagues towards Melem's Fork.

With the great horse set on her way you use the opportunity to survey the horizon for possible trouble. All about is clear but on high you notice something unsettling. Above you dark clouds are beginning to crowd the sky. The horizon to the north and west have disappeared within the mist and gloom of an approaching storm. Although the weather front is still some distance away it will cross your path before evening. Such storms can be murderous affairs, it will be prudent to find shelter before it hits. This is not your most pressing concern though. Directly above you, at the very edge of your sight, you can just make out a number of large birds circling. This seems innocent enough and under other circumstances would be unremarkable, however these birds have been with you for some time now, always directly overhead and always high enough that you cannot identify exactly what they are. A feeling of being watched has been with you for most of your journey and these birds do nothing to lessen your growing sense of unease.

With one eye on these unwelcome sentinels you ride swiftly for Melem's Fork, Pallenten a dark arrow moving effortlessly along the uneven roadway. It is an isolated stretch of road, one that you have travelled often, and one that holds many memories for you. One in particular looms large in your mind, and inevitably confronts you on this darkening afternoon as a large signpost, and a well tended cobbled pathway that disappears southwards into an area of woodland. You have no time to waste, but you cannot continue of your journey without coming to a halt before the name that rests upon the weathered sign. The signpost and path are well-known to you, and even with the imminent reality of your quest before you the memories of this place bring you to a stop.

Some half a league to the south stands the Truvo Farm, one of the few successful farming enterprises that can be found in this region of the frontier, and foundation of the only happy childhood memories you possess. At the age of four you had been indentured as a child labourer to the Truvo family, and rather than a life of hard work had found yourself brought into a world of care and ease that had been unknown to you. In this place you had remained until taken five years later to the Temple of the Suns in Das Frontiere. Within the boundaries of Truvo Farm you had found comfort and education, and strangely very little work. Why you were taken from the familiarity of the Farm to the discipline of the Temple you cannot say, but in an eventful life the strongest memories you hold close came from the attention and care given by the Truvos. As you sit upon your horse those same memories come flooding back.

For a moment you consider whether there is time to ride down to the farm, but you know it is a reunion that must be left for easier circumstances. Looking to the north you see a rushing wall of cloud, towering in great white buttresses but founded upon a dark veil of shadowed mist and rain. Even your horse feels the sudden change in the air, and the strengthening urgency in the winds that swirl through the trees about you. The stormfront is moving purposefully towards you and the first rumblings of thunder can be heard, muffled by distance but a sure sign of the weather to come. If it is to continue in your direction you must reach Melem's Fork before it hits. Reluctantly you turn Pallenten to the main road once again and urge her forward.

Onwards Pallenten gallops, without sign of fatigue or falter she pounds away at the leagues. Grassy fields pass you by, interspersed with isolated copses of trees and exposed piles of large boulders. Every so often you see a small farmhouse nestled inside a group of trees, a shelter needed in these places as ferocious winds can hit the plains here without warning. Very little of your fellow humankind can be seen though, and the remainder of your journey to Melem's Fork passes quickly and without incident.

As you had hoped you reach your destination by mid afternoon. Pulling Pallenten to a halt atop a slight rise you look down towards the small farming community. It is in a state of complete chaos. Smoke billows freely from a number of buildings and men and women are running about frantically between them. At the far edge of the village you can see a group of creatures moving to the south-west. It is a Hordim raiding party making off with its plunder.

Do you wish to help the villagers fend off the Hordim. If you do, turn to section 116. If you would rather avoid any confrontation with the Horde at this time turn to section 258.

155

With the sounds of pursuit gathering in the Mess Hall you hasten along this new passage. It is only short and leads roughly westward. After some 20 metres the corridor turns sharply to the north, and once again you find you must climb a steep staircase that ascends high into the interior of the mountain. The steps disappear into the dark ahead and their surprisingly uneven cut makes it difficult to climb quickly.

As you ascend you notice the rough nature of the stairway and wonder as to why it should be so. You are a curious man and even though you have every reason to hasten you take the time to look more carefully at the rock about you. This is not how Dwarvendim build in stone and you are sure that this stairway is a part of the original fortress. It takes only a short time to determine why the stairs are in such poor condition.

At some time in the construction of the stairway the Dwarvendim engineers had struck a vein of soft rock, easy to delve but unstable, and no doubt unsuitable for the purpose. To counter this the engineers had reinforced the surfaces of the ascending hall by lining it with thick slabs of a much harder stone. For some purpose that you cannot fathom the Hordim have stripped this hard stone from the stairway, leaving the softer rock to erode and fall away. For whatever reason the stairs are now worn, the steps uneven and degraded, and as you struggle upwards your ascent is all the harder for it.

The way forward is a fatiguing climb that quickly takes its toll upon you, one that leaves you aching to find a place to hide and rest. Breathing heavily you search what you can of the dark stairway, but do not find any recess or fissure where you might conceal yourself. Looking back down the flight of stairs your plight becomes more urgent as you hear the distinct sounds of heavily armoured soldiers running up the stairs below. In the cold air you listen carefully and you cannot doubt that both Jotun and Hresh warriors are after you. You drop the idea of resting and instead harden your resolve to climb the stairs all the faster.

Turn to section 97.

156

Time is pressing and you have precious little of it left to you. Your gut feeling is that the object of your quest lies somewhere in the passages ahead, and rather than spend time uncovering what might lay beyond the stone door you move on quickly.

Some 40 metres from the second door the passage turns sharply to the east and then descends steeply into the heart of the mountain. Upon a wide landing you find yourself at the threshold to a staircase; a long flight of stairs that disappears into darkness far below. For a moment you hesitate and consider if you should find another way, but the stairs go deep into the mountain and you know the closer you delve to the root of the Devkraager Tor the more likely it is that you will find the Deep Vault. There is only one way that will take you to your quest's end, and that is down.

Well used, and cluttered by centuries of neglect the stairs provide a treacherous footing. In the half-light you are forced to pick your way carefully, keeping to those parts of the steps that allow for a safer, more stable passage. What is more concerning however, is the sign of recent movement on the stairway. Amongst the dust and debris is a clear trail, one that winds its way down the steps before you, and one that could only have been made by the footfalls of many creatures wearing upon the ancient stone.

After a short time you take a moment to rest, sip some water (If needed restore one point to your endurance level for the drink.) and consider the precarious circumstances that you now find yourself within. The staircase is huge, a wide arched ceiling reaching across the stairs, supported upon cracked and broken walls that descend into darkness before you. Within this enormous space however, there are no exits, nor places to hide if a patrol might happen your way. If you are to remain unnoticed in this place you will have to find the bottom of these stairs quickly.

Once you have rested you put away your water flask and then continue into the beckoning gloom below.

Turn to section 230.

157

Before you extends a massive cavern, hewn as rough stone and bathed in a deep red light. The floor is 3 metres below the level of the entranceway you are standing in, and from this vantage you can see large pools of molten Azuril and silver on the floor below. Within these pools conglomerations of precious stones float precariously, long ago destroyed by the heat, but fused together like glistening crystal islands. Spouting from vents in the northern wall are fountains of molten rock that wend their way in rivers to a huge hole in the centre of the cavern. Most of the Deep Vault is obscured by steam and a thick fog of sulphurous gas that bubbles noisily from a number of vents in the floor. It is a vision of the underworld come to life and one that, if you had a choice, you would have no wish to enter.

The noise and heat is temporarily forgotten however, as you marvel at the sight of untold quantities of liquid treasure. Whatever the contents of this treasure house had once been, it had long ago been reduced by the heat and flames to a molten mess that lays in great pools about the floor, and in places disappears into cracks in its surface. You consider that to recover such a treasure will prove very difficult indeed. Turning away from the heat for a moment you see that the archway you are standing in once held two large doors similar to those at the other end of the passage. Now all that remains are the limp reminders of some melted iron bands and a few shards of charred timber. When you turn back into the cavern you are startled by unexpected movement. Something is climbing out of the cavern's central pit.

Turn to section 191.

158

The light of the Armoury is soon left far behind as you quickly but carefully move up the dimming hallway. At first the floor is level and easy to navigate, but this soon gives way to a flight of stairs that climb upwards at a wearingly steep angle. Looking up you cannot see where the stairs end. The little illumination available does not penetrate very far, however you are sure that you have a long climb ahead of you.

Quickly you light one of your torches and begin your ascent. The first five minutes are easy enough, the stairs well crafted and without apparent danger, but the continued exertion of the seemingly endless steps quickly begins to take its toll. It is just as you are thinking about

stopping to rest that you notice a blue light shining in a needle-thin beam across the step directly in front of you. Bending down to inspect this curious apparition you wonder as to its purpose. It does not appear to be particularly dangerous but you cannot assume that everything here is as it appears. For a moment you ponder what you should do.

If you feel this strange light is no danger you should continue on your way up the stairs by turning to section 231. If you possess the skill of Lorecraft turn to section 430. If you do not possess this skill but do have a small bag of flour, turn to section 482. If you have neither Lorecraft or a bag of flour, but would rather test the blue light with the point of your sword before moving on, turn to section 200.

159

Lurking in the half light of the passageway you wait for the creature to appear. From out of the distance the steady crump, crump, crump of its footfalls gets louder and more menacing as it approaches. Almost before you are ready the Mutan runs around the corner of the passage, its spear levelled and ready for action. It is not ready however, for the single blow that descends upon its head, cleanly splitting its grey-toned skull from forehead to neck bone. With a look of complete surprise on its cleaved face it falls to the floor, its spear clattering by its side. Quickly the stone about the Mutan flows with the Hordim's blood, and in the passageway you step backwards as the bubbling liquid eats vigorously into the floor-stones.

For a moment you watch as the corrosive blood dissolves away through the gaps in the floor. In the semi-darkness you wonder at how the creature survives with such a toxic mixture running through its veins, but as you ponder this you realise more than just the flagstones are at risk.

Turn to section 151.

160

The arch of red light draws you forward, your energy almost gone, your resolve to continue almost spent. Staggering onward, your concentration is now focused on each breath you take and each faltering step. Such is you fatigue that you do not notice at first that

the passage has widened. Almost at once the air becomes clearer and your breathing becomes less laboured. Looking around you can see that the way ahead extends for another three hundred metres before it ends at an exit lit by red flame. In this wider passage the choking dust has been replaced by a hot wind, the noise and smell of a great furnace pushing away all else.

Leaning against the steaming rock of the passage wall you feel some of your strength returning. After clearing your eyes and wiping away much of the grit that has clung to your face you can see the remainder of the passage ahead. The red fire is some distance away but it illuminates the passage with its hot glow. The blackness behind you roils and billows with seething waves of soot and ash. The furnace ahead overpowers your senses with its noise and stench. Surely you have found yourself on a journey to Hallen'draal itself for which there can be no way back. For a moment you halt your advance; it is time to consider your situation.

It is while you are pondering how much you value the completion of your quest that you notice the large metal plate attached to the eastern wall of the passage.

Do you wish to have a closer look at this plate? If so turn to section 222. If you wish to journey forward turn to section 99.

161

The door in the far eastern side of the Great Hall takes a few minutes to reach. Not wishing to stride out across the wide stone floor you edge carefully around the southern wall and then up the eastern side. The door itself sits within an ornately carved archway, and on first inspection appears to be made of a highly polished grey stone. As you touch it and test its strength with your open palm you realise it is actually made of an unusual metal, slick to the touch and seamless in manufacture it is unlike anything you have encountered before. The door is firmly set into the archway and there appear to be no handles or keyholes that may indicate how it is to be opened. With all your

strength you try to push and then lift the door, but it is impossible to get a good grip upon it. Checking the surrounding arch for any sign of secret locks or trigger releases proves to be fruitless. You find nothing and as far as you can tell the door is immovable. Deciding you should waste no further time going this way you turn back to the Great Hall and look for another way out.

If you have not already done so;
Will you try the alcove in the northern wall? If so turn to section 239.
Perhaps the door in the northern wall is more inviting? If so turn to section 48.
The door in the southern wall nearest the stairs looks interesting. If that is the way you wish to go turn to section 31.
If the door in the southern wall farthest from the stairs appears best turn to section 189.

162

Cautiously you press the stone into the wall. Deep within the rock beneath your feet there comes the slight rumbling vibration of ancient mechanisms slowly grinding into action. Almost by magic a thin slit of darkness appears in the stone wall before you. It is just wide enough for you to squeeze through but you have to take off your pack and weapons to do so. Throwing them into the gloom beyond you slip through and then search the dust covered floor to retrieve them. As soon as you are beyond its threshold the secret door closes silently behind you. It is pitch black. Using your weapon as a prod, you move forward carefully, feeling out every centimetre of the way ahead. Even though it is too dark to see you can feel the slight shift of the air around you. It appears that the tunnel extends far into the distance, though how far you cannot judge.

Minutes turn into hours as you make your way slowly down the dark passage. Sweating heavily you wait with each step you take for the tell-tale click of a trap mechanism, or the harsh call of some creature of the Horde heralding that you have been discovered. As time passes however, the passage becomes less threatening. It is only narrow and there is not much leeway for getting lost in the darkness. To the touch the walls on either side feel roughly hewn and with each step you take there comes a thin cloud of choking dust that slows your progress even further.

After what seems an eternity of dry dust and darkness as black as a Dreya'dim's pit you come abruptly to the end of the passage. Feeling around the edges of the wall you can sense the same slight breeze blowing from thin cracks in the stonework. The air here is slightly different though. On the breeze there is the distinct smell of ash, as if someone or something is burning wood nearby. With this new situation to ponder, you straighten up in the passage and think about your next move. The rock before you appears solid, and there seems to be no lever or other mechanism that will move it. You are at a loss as to what to do next.

Fate however, decides to take the choice of your next move from you. Throwing your pack up onto your left shoulder it catches upon a lever protruding high on that side of the passage. Instantly the wall before you drops into the floor revealing a large opening into a passage beyond. Straight into the hole you have opened topples a Mutan sentry, caught completely off guard and probably asleep against the wall. It is as surprised as you are.

Turn to section 82.

163

You take to the steps at the run but your path up the staircase quickly proves tiring, the stairs a spiralling ascent that takes you high into the upper reaches of the Devkraager Tor. Loaded with equipment, and weighed down by the miscellaneous articles you have found on your quest you soon have need to rest. It seems as if the staircase extends upwards forever, and within the gloom you know you can go no further. Placing your pack and weapon on the stairs you squat against the rock face abutting the stairway, your intention to rest and take some food. In the cool darkness it does not take long for the exertions of your travels to place a heavy hand upon you. Exhausted from the rigours of your quest you relax and in doing so feel the heavier hand of exhaustion taking hold of you. Although you try to fight it there is little you can do as you fall inexorably into sleep.

The rest you take can only short but will be enough to restore 3 points to your endurance. If you have any food remaining you can also eat some now as well. Once you have recorded these details on your character sheet turn to section 206.

164

The stonework under the mat jerks upwards, toppling you straight into the centre of the room as a deep resonating vibration begins to shake the floor beneath you. Regaining your feet your jump instinctively to the side, hoping to avoid any nasty little surprises that may have been left by the Hordim.

Test your Agility attribute. If you fail this test turn to section 94. If you are successful turn to section 170.

165

Without all the talismans required to destroy the Dragon you will need to rely more upon your strength and skill than the protection afforded by other items you might have found on your quest. If you have possession of only some of the talismans they can still be used, and they will aid you in your battle with the beast.

Record the following values on your character status sheet before you continue. If you have the gem known as the Dragonseye increase your combat value by 5. The gem will emit an intense beam of light when near the serpent which will blind it and aid your attack. If you have the axe known as the Dragonclaw increase your combat value by 5. If you have Morgen's Spear then you must increase your combat value by a further 5 as well.

If you have none of the talismans of power take the time to eat a meal. If you have any Nahla extract in your possession take it now. If you have a book of protective spells entitled "Words of Protection" use it now. The only spell of use in the book will reduce the maximum amount of endurance points you should take from your endurance to two points with each attack round the Dragon wins. If you are fortunate enough to have a Shieldstone, and know the ancient Word that will activate it, say the Word now. For the course of this battle it will ensure that the Dragon cannot harm you unless it wins a combat round by more than four points.

If you have come into possession of the "Teth Ellandra" during your journey through Stoneholme then its power will be triggered by its proximity to the Tellandra. For the duration of your combat with the Dragon your endurance rating can be raised by an additional five points if needed.

All this should be recorded on your status sheet before you continue. Upon doing this turn to section 238.

166

Leaving the first door closed you move carefully down the passage. The corridor is bare of any furnishing but as you move forward you find the floor scattered with fallen stone and drifts of ash. Within this morass of grit and soot a pool of water spreads as a dirty stain across the floor-stones, mingled dark and wet upon the grimy flooring. Quickly you find its source is a trickle of liquid, flowing intermittently from a long crack in the wall at the right of the passage. For a moment you stop and let some wet the tips of your fingers. One smell tells you the water is poisonous and quickly you wipe it away on your cloak.

As you dry your hand a sudden noise brings you to the alert. From somewhere ahead you can hear sounds of movement, muffled by distance but distinct in the cold air. It is as if someone has dropped a heavy load, or perhaps it is the echoes of a fall of stone in some unknown passage, but it is definitely movement. Regardless of its source you draw your weapon and listen intently, searching the musty air for some hint that danger is approaching. For some moments you wait but the noise is not repeated. Exposed and alone within this great fortress you cannot relax, and with weapon in hand you move forward, making for the doorway ahead.

Turn to section 229.

167

Picking up the spear you realise that you have found something important. All of 3 metres long it sits perfectly balanced in your hand. Intricate carvings and scrollwork run down its entire length, its razor sharp tip meant for something more than mere flesh and bone. It feels almost weightless. You decide this is a weapon you must keep, but how to carry such a thing through the confines of Stoneholme?

"If only it were smaller..." you whisper quietly, pondering your dilemma. Before your words can find the quiet of the shadows the spear's edges begin to glow brightly, lighting up the surrounding darkness with a soft bluish glow. In amazement you watch as the spear quickly shrinks to only a forearm's length, telescoping neatly into its own haft.

Shaking your head in disbelief you place this new wonder with your other equipment, thankful that you may come out of this adventure with at least something to show for it. Shouldering your pack you

unsheathe Than'durion and cautiously make your way forward again.

You have found Morgen's Spear, a weapon of great history and greater renown. This item should be recorded as an artefact and does not need to be counted as a part of your carry load. Record this on your character sheet then turn to section 6.

168

With your pack and weapons ahead of you, you push blindly into the darkness of the ventilation shaft. On all sides the rough stone presses against you, your progress slow and hard as you edge your way forward. For a good hour you struggle within the confines of the shaft, aware that the Hordim may come after you and in such a place you would have no opportunity to defend yourself. It is a hard path but eventually you reach its end and are stopped abruptly by another iron grill.

It is with considerable difficulty that you push your way past your weapons and pack and peer out through the metal grating into the corridor beyond. In the half light of the passageway you see a swarm of activity that is no doubt generated by your discovery and escape. Heavily armed Hresh warriors crowd the passage in front of you, Jotun lumber by in both directions, their armour chinking rhythmically as great warhammers swing like small toys from their leather belts. Judging by the amount of movement the Hordim are in a deep frenzy of bloodlust and excitement soured with frustration for they cannot find you. For your part nothing can be done. Lying in the ventilation shaft you can only lay still and wait.

Turn to section 37.

169

As the Reaver charges the ground shudders under its armoured claws, and in the face of the beast's advance you stand your ground. Weapon in hand you brace yourself, watching as the monstrosity closes the distance between you. It is in those fateful moments that you feel a strange uneasiness, one that grows into a circle of heat radiating through the tough weave of your pack and out across your shoulders. Quickly throwing the pack to the stone floor, you see the Dragonclaw beginning to glow brightly in the darkness. As you stoop

to pick it up it bursts into life, sending brilliant shafts of light arcing from its blade out across the length and breadth of the Lesser Hall. Grabbing the axe's handle in both hands you feel its power extend down your arms and through your body. Alive with energy you face the Reaver.

In the gloom of the Lesser Hall more arcs of concentrated brilliance flash out at the creature, stopping it dead in its tracks. Before this unexpected assault the beast begins to back up, the incandescent blade blinding it from its quarry, but only for a moment. Keeping its distance the Reaver begins a wide circle around you. In the brightness of the axe's energy you can see the multiple eyes of your foe searching for an opportunity to attack. It comes all too quickly.

The Reaver has been dazzled by the light of the Dragonclaw but is a formidable foe nonetheless. In this battle the creature has a combat value of 18 and an endurance of 18. As you are under the effects of the Dragonclaw you must increase your combat value by 5 points while you are using it. Make a note of this increase on your character sheet. If you defeat the Reaver turn to section 68. If however, you are devoured by this monster your quest will end here in the oppressive heat of the Lesser Hall. In another life you may have more success.

170

The trap you have activated is an Impaler, one of the crueller killing mechanisms devised by the Horde. In a tremoring rush the ground about you erupts and splinters as huge metal spikes force their way up through the floor at your feet. With no time to think you jump for safety, leaping for the only unbroken piece of floor you see at the base of the far wall.

Landing heavily in the corner you roll up against the hard stone, and fight desperately to avoid being tossed back into the deadly forest of spikes by the wildly disintegrating floor stones. Sweat streams down your face as you try to maintain your balance; the sound of crushing stone a deafening crescendo that batters your senses and almost numbs you into unconsciousness. In this melee of fracturing rock the room fills with choking dust and quickly you are reduced to crouching in the corner, covered by your travel cloak and helpless against the power of the Impaler.

After an eternity of noise, sound and lethal danger the room falls

silent. Cautiously you peer from beneath your cloak and then stand to find yourself confronted by the effects of the trap. A multitude of deadly metal spikes now block any exit you may have had back into the King's Hall. You are alive but you are trapped.

Enclosed within the hidden recess of the corner you brush dust and grit from your shoulders and wonder at what you should now do. In the absolute dark you slump back against the wall and consider the good fortune that has saved you from falling victim to this device. With hindsight however, all the signs should have told you of the danger lurking here, you just didn't see them. The dangers posed by this device are not yet finished with you though.

As you wait in the dark you begin to hear the sound of voices approaching. From some distance you hear the footfalls of a group of armed Hresh, their armour clanking in the gloom as they make for your position. Alerted by the triggering of the Impaler the Hordim have come to view the results of their handiwork. Hiding within the shadows you can see only the green eyes of the Hresh as they survey the mess that was the anteroom. Trying not to breathe, you huddle behind the nearest of the spikes hoping you will not be noticed. After a number of sharp exchanges between the soldiers and a round of laughter they continue on their way, sure in the knowledge that whoever sprung the trap is now dead. Your breathing returns as the Hordim disappear back into the inky darkness to the south.

Searching the wall nearest to the north face of the stone you reach out and take one of the torches that has remained undamaged. You listen intently for any hint of the Hordim and then, as sure as you can be that they have gone, you light the torch and survey your surroundings. The spikes have certainly blocked any exit from the room, only the narrow strip of unbroken stone upon which you stand still survives. In the flickering light of your torch you notice a slight projection in the tapestry hanging from the northern wall, about 4 metres from your position. Although huge slabs of upturned stone project across the narrow ledge of unbroken floor you push them aside and are able to reach it. Upon closer inspection you find that the projection is a small metal lever hidden behind the heavy cloth. It is connected to a mechanism buried in the wall. The Dwarvendim word for "refuse" is neatly inscribed above the lever. With nowhere else to go you decide to pull it.

Turn to section 9.

171

The Hresh Warrior does not falter as it charges towards you. Its first blow you are able to deflect, the huge axe crashing into the wall near your shoulder, but you feel the strength in its attack and know it will be a hard fight. You accept without hesitation that this will be a battle to the death.

This Hresh has a combat value of 17 and an endurance rating of 14. If after two rounds of combat you are still alive you may attempt to use the Shimmera. If this is your choice test your intuition attribute. If you are successful turn to section 86. If you are unsuccessful then it must be upon your skill at arms that you will have to rely. If you must continue the combat, and have both the luck and skill needed to defeat the Hresh, turn to section 108. If it is you who falls, turn to section 10.

172

Still feeling stiff from your confinement in the shaft it takes a minute to get moving. Looking around you find that the ventilation shaft has opened into a passage that runs roughly north to south, and which intersects with a much larger corridor to the north. Although it is dark the passage to the south appears to stop against a solid rock wall that closes off any further travel in that direction. With only one direction to take you wait in the shadows for a moment and consider your options. From here you can see that the larger corridor ahead extends both west and east. From the west you can hear the muffled, distant sounds of Hordim in argument. To the east you can hear nothing, but in that direction the passage does appear to be better illuminated.

If you wish to go south and search for secret doors turn to section 13.
If you would rather go west and investigate the noises in that direction turn to section 64.
If you prefer to take the more lighted passage to the east turn to section 207.

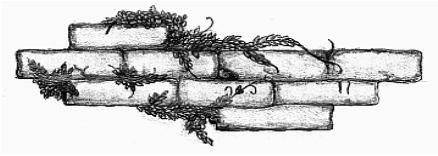

173

With the floor at this end of the King's Hall relatively clear it does not take long to reach your objective. Standing before the first door set into the western wall you find that it is broken and rusted, having been forced at some time in the past and then left slightly ajar. Smooth polished stone and an absence of dust on the floor indicates that the passage beyond is well used. Indeed as you stand quietly before the doorway you can hear faintly in the distance the sounds of harsh music and cruel laughter. Somewhere ahead there is a large group of Hordim and common-sense tells you that it would be better that you do not come to the attention of any of them.

As you stand at the entrance to this dark passage, considering whether it will be prudent to go any further, your lantern dims for a moment then flickers out. Without this faltering illumination the hall disappears into a shadowless void, one that engulfs you completely, leaving only old fears of the dark to work upon your resolve. In the complete darkness of this great hall it feels as if the mountain has closed around you, and that if you do not run for the light of day it will surely smother you. Against these unaccustomed terrors you fight a quiet battle as the dank air echoes to bouts of distorted laughter, but it is a battle that is fleeting and one you know you must win.

Shaking off the feeling with a nervous shrug you begin to see at the end of the western passage before you a dull glow. The light grows more distinct as your eyes begin to adjust better to the gloom, and quickly you determine that your options have narrowed considerably. Looking around the deserted hall you realise that this is the only illumination you can find, and whether it is a good idea or not you have no choice but to go forward and investigate the source. Stepping through the doorway you put aside the now useless lantern, draw Than'durion then move slowly westwards along the passage.

Turn to section 138.

174

The large doors are not locked, and it is easy to open them and gain access to what appears to be a large room. After the brightness of the hallway the room is dimly lit and it takes a while for your eyes to adjust to the new light. It is only as your vision sharpens that you realise the trouble you have walked into. Before you sleep more than two dozen Jotun warriors, arrayed upon a series of large wooden cots.

About them in orderly rows stand weapon racks and a series of iron-strapped chests. You have stumbled upon a barrack room, one where thankfully there are no Hordim awake. All are deep in slumber and you have no wish to awaken any of them.

Moving silently you shut the doors and turn back into the brightly lit hallway. With your heart pounding you hurry back down the passage and step across the threshold back into the Mess Hall.

Turn to section 23.

175

The battle is swift and bloody. When it is finished you stand over the reaved bodies of the Mutan and Hresh, somewhat the worse for wear but still alive. A quick search of their clothing reveals nothing of value. Their weapons are inferior to those you already possess and they have little in the way of equipment that you can use. As you are about to move away a glimmer of reflected light catches your eye. Near the doorway you see a small set of keys, unremarkable except for one key marked with the number "101". You consider quickly whether to pocket these and then move forward.

If you wish to keep the keys record them on your character status sheet. If you wish to investigate the room from which the Hresh made its untimely exit turn to section 247. If you would like to move further south down the passage turn to section 229.

176

The body of the Reaver lays as a dark mound in the centre of the hall but the dead monster is no longer your greatest concern. From somewhere in the distance you can hear the clamour of another approaching patrol and you are far too exposed. It is time to get out of this place. The large double doors in the eastern wall appear locked and your only chance of evading the patrol must lie in finding a place to hide.

It is said that all the main halls of Stoneholme hold secret doors and passages, and with little time to spare you begin to survey the walls for a possible way out. It is as you are searching the hall that you notice again in the dim light of your torch the slight, billowing motion of the tapestry. It is the same movement you noted just prior to your combat with the Reaver. Intrigued by what might be causing it

you decide to quickly investigate the other side of the hanging. There is a slight chance that the rotting cloth may conceal a hidden exit from the hall.

Getting behind the tapestry proves difficult, the edges of the hanging having been fixed with iron fastenings and weighed down to keep it straight, but once you are behind it proves also to be an effective hiding place. It is not a moment too soon for the patrol bursts into the hall just as you disappear behind the heavy cloth. Standing silently in the darkness you can hear the patrol pass quickly into the hall and examine the lifeless form of the Reaver. From your vantage you wait and hear shouted commands, and the frantic too and fro of a search that ends with someone testing the large double doors in the east wall. In truth you wait anxiously, for the Hordim are not stupid and you have not found the least obvious of hiding places. All it will take is for one of them to run the edge of their scimitars along the tapestry and you will be discovered.

As with so many things however, fate plays its part and this time to your advantage. From the western passageway a great rumbling tumult erupts, the distinct sounds of collapsing stone echoing down the passage as a thundering vibration that shakes the wall behind you. In the Lesser Hall the Hordim do not react with alarm, instead a few laugh but then an urgent shout brings them all to a standstill. Something has happened, and you can only assume that one of their attempts at bringing down a passageway has gone awry. Whatever the reason it works in your favour. In a flurry of orders and organising troops the Hordim reform and move on, leaving the hall silent once again.

When you are sure it is again safe to move, you edge along the back of the tapestry until you stumble across a small alcove inset into the stonework. It looks like the entrance to an old disused tunnel, roughly delved and unfinished, but one worked for a purpose. Quickly you come to the view that this tunnel was not dug by the builders of Stoneholme, and you wonder quietly as to the identity of its maker and the reason for its delving. As you look around there are few clues to be found that might answer these questions, but it is another way ahead and you take it carefully. Taking up your torch you light it and illuminate the tunnel ahead. The first thing you notice is a stick, about an arm's length long, protruding from the centre of the floor some 5 metres ahead.

Turn to section 141

177

With the light of the Armoury shining through the small entrance you advance quickly into the hidden passage. Whereas the Armoury was stripped bare of all its contents, this new corridor is crammed with old broken ornaments and smashed furniture. The first 10 metres proves easy enough, but as you move further into the darkness your progress becomes slower. The debris forms a tangled mess that forces you to pick your way very carefully through the accumulated layers of rubbish. The passage looks like it would normally be quite wide, but it is so cluttered it becomes necessary to push large objects aside, just to make any headway. It is as you are forcing a particularly large wardrobe out of the way that you become conscious of the fact that you are making far too much noise to remain undiscovered. Stopping for a moment, you take a rest and decide that if the way ahead becomes any more difficult you should return down the corridor, back to the Armoury. After travelling westwards for another 20 metres the passageway turns abruptly northwards.

Turn to section 66.

178

You try the door but it is locked. Before you the corridor reaches out into the distance but this exit has piqued your interest. Upon the upper lintel of the stone framing that surrounds the door there was once a name carved, but as you inspect it more closely you can see that it has been deliberately chiselled out. As you run your fingers over the vandalised stone you wonder what might have prompted the vandal responsible to do so. It is just a small question but one that gives reason to think that there may be something of value, or a secret worth hiding, on the other side.

Embraced within the overwhelming heat of the passageway you stand for a short time and consider the lock that confronts you. It is of a standard Dwarvendim make but it is strong and well maintained. If you are to find a way beyond it you will need either skill or the right equipment.

If you have the Skill of Brigandry turn to section 511. If you do not have this skill but have come into possession of a set of lock-picks in your travels turn to section 565. If you have neither this skill nor the lock-picks turn to section 539.

179

After only a few moments of desperate combat the Morg warrior and the Jotun lay motionless on the cold stone. In the gloom you catch your breath, the exertion of the fight a blanket of fatigue that masks the pain inflicted upon you. The Hordim did not go down easily, and you have suffered a number of minor injuries that will require tending before you can continue. After checking that the door is locked, you settle down against the northern wall and consider your situation. You have no doubt that enough noise has been made to alert any nearby Hordim to the battle, and possibly to your presence here. The rock is thick however, and there may be a chance the combat went unnoticed. Placing your ear against the door you hear nothing outside, but this is not surprising, the door must be at least as thick as your outstretched hand. After the battle you have just fought you decide to take the opportunity to rest for a while.

The room is dimly lit, but you can see it has been roughly cut from the rock and appears to be a recent addition to the fortress. There is no furniture here save for the upturned crate which supports the dead creatures' lamp. A quick search of the bodies of the Morg and Jotun provide only a few useful articles. From the clothing of the Jotun you find 2 silver coins and what looks like a small digging implement similar to a spade. The Morg has a variety of weapons, all of which are useless to you, and a suit of leather armour that is too small. On the floor next to the body of the Morg you find something of greater interest however. It is a short length of aged wood, carved with columns of worn lettering, and bound at one end by a tight clasp of woven red-dyed hair. In the shadows you look at it more closely and see small animal skulls fused into its wood, forming an unnatural circle of bone at its opposite end. It is an unusual but strangely familiar object.

If you wish to take any of these items record them on your status sheet. If you decide to take the strange length of wood and you possess the skill of Lorecraft, turn to section 426. If you decide to take the wood but do not possess this skill, turn to section 452. If you choose to leave the thing behind and continue with your quest turn to section 439.

180

It takes some time to retrace your steps back to the Lesser Hall, the climb down no less arduous than the ascent. Years of neglect have left the stone steps worn and cracked, their footing sometimes unsafe as you follow the long curve of the stairway back to the threshold of the Lesser Hall. Peering out from the darkened passage you search the chamber, careful to uncover any sign that Hordim may still remain within the huge space. Thankfully it is empty, as gloomy and as silent as when you first found it. From the obscurity of the passage you decide your next move.

If you have not already done so will you try the double doors in the east wall? If this is your choice turn to section 153. If you believe that there might be value in searching the hall for other exits turn to section 176.

181

Pulling the tapestry carefully aside you quietly enter the Hresh's sleeping quarters, the rise and fall of its breathing matched by your careful footfalls across the floor...

If you possess the skill of Stealth turn to section 205. If you do not possess this skill then only a measure of luck will see you through the Hresh's quarters. Test your Luck attribute. If you are successful turn to section 205. If you are unsuccessful with this test turn to section 88.

182

You have no doubt that there is little good that can come from lingering here. From the sounds that grow louder you can have little doubt that a large gathering of Hordim resides upon the other side of the thick tapestry. There are Jotun close and you would be hard pressed to deal with one of them, let alone a multitude. It is a circumstance you do not wish to confront. With the muffled jeers and shouts of the Hordim echoing in the close passageway you wheel around and retrace your steps back down the long curving hall.

Turn to section 144.

183

The Morg's drunken state makes it no match for your swordsmanship. After blocking its first blow with the side of your blade you quickly dispatch it in a short but bloody melee, one that leaves the small Hordim prostrate upon the cold stone, its mug rolling noisily across the floor.

Quickly moving to the open door you peer around the threshold into a long, wide hall beyond. It is well lit, its walls adorned with a range of intricate carvings, all inlaid in coloured glass as if trying to reproduce on a smaller scale the large stained-glass murals found in the King's Hall. Most of these images depict the making of weapons, though one wall in particular has been dedicated to a long illustration of the battle at Pallah'dem Fields for which the Dwarvendim found great glory. From its layout you think the hall was most probably once an Armoury. Now however, it is stripped bare. Covered in a thin layer of dust the room is empty except for a large, heavy bookcase that rests against the western wall.

Opening the door fully you move slowly into the chamber, your bloodied weapon ready for any further surprises. Looking more carefully you see that the room is no longer in use as anything other than a thoroughfare. The walls are all well lit with torches, but any furniture that would have filled such a space has been destroyed, only wood splinters and some scattered sawdust betraying its emptiness. The bookcase is the only identifiable piece of furniture left in the room, and it is a curious thing that it should find a place here when all else has perished. You wonder for a moment why it should remain but then start towards the only way out, a door in the northern wall.

As you move towards the centre of the room you notice you have the dead Morg's pewter mug in your hand. To stop its clatter you had picked it up, though you have no intention of keeping it. Looking closer you find it has the residue of some of the foul liquid still adhering to its inner cup, and grimacing you throw it to the floor.

Test your Luck attribute. If you are successful turn to section 105. If you are unsuccessful turn to section 11.

184

The chest appears as black as night inside, a dark void from which no light escapes. Carefully you peer further into the box and sense something moving within its dim recesses. Startled by what you have

found you step back and feel a chill run down your spine as the quiet of the Hresh's quarters is broken by a soft, cold laugh. It carries through the room as a mocking jeer that rises from the darkness within, full of malice and hatred. Unsure of what you have found you move forward, intent on slamming the lid and locking it tight once again.

As you reach for the chest you recoil as a spectral hand emerges from its interior, grasping at the edges of the box as if it is trying to pull itself out. As you watch a thick mist fills the chamber, the shadows within its roiling vapours defining something grotesque and alien that is struggling into being, its now visible shape gaining in size and substance. Horrified by the apparition that is materialising before you, you move towards the door and await a possible attack. It comes quickly.

The ghostly form solidifies into the flesh and bone of a Berserker, a mindless creature designed for the defence of magic artefacts. The Berserker is fully two and a half metres tall, protected only by a loincloth and armed with a vicious sword as long as its arm. The creature's glowing red eyes widen as it notices your presence, then in a howling rush raises its sword and charges.

The Berserker has a combat value of 18 and an endurance rating of 15. If you are victorious over the Berserker turn to section 20. If you are defeated by the Berserker then it is here that your journey ends. Hopefully if this proves to be your fate you will find more success in a later life.

185

Like a detonation a monstrous hammer blow resounds through the Library. This impact is quickly followed by many others, the door vibrating to each shattering hit. Like a storm rising to full fury the blows increase in violence, dust and loose stone falling from the arch surrounding the entranceway. Fully awake you jump to your feet as the door splinters and cracks under these dreadful impacts. First one and then the other hinges on the door tear and split until only the wooden beam holds the Hordim out.

Perspiring freely you search desperately for some way to escape, some hope of avoiding the creatures outside. If you do not you know this room will be your tomb.

Turn to section 61.

186

With sweat and blood obscuring your vision you look around the room and survey the carnage. The bodies of six Jotun lie tangled and dismembered at your feet, their remains spread haphazardly over every corner of the old Library. Totally exhausted you slump down on one knee, your weapon nicked and scarred by the battle. Breathing heavily, your mind races trying to work out some method of escape. The Hordim will not take long to return and when they do you cannot afford to still be here.

Regaining your feet you pace the edges of the room and it is then that you spy the ventilation grill in the base of the northern wall. With all your remaining energy you pull the cold iron grate from the wall, and with the shouting and cursing of the returning Hordim in your ears you throw your equipment in and dive after it, only stopping to place a piece of rotting old timber over your exit. Fatigued beyond care you crawl down the long shaft grateful that you have lived to fight another day.

Turn to section 168.

187

Staggering forward against the effects of the ash and heat you are becoming desperate. The air is thick with the smell of sulphur and a heavy layer of black filth is settling upon you. You dare not open your mouth for what you may breathe in.

Through the swirling veils of soot and ash the blackness is almost complete. Looking about you find it difficult to keep a clear sense of direction, then your torch sputters and fails, completely smothered by the choking ash. Now you are in deep trouble however there is no way you can stop. Moving forward you feel your way by touch alone, one hand outstretched before you, the other holding the cloth firmly over your mouth and nose. You are not sure but you think that in the distance there may be a dull red glow.

When the passage turns to the north you are unaware of it until you walk into the wall at the turn. Unable to see the change in direction you hit the hard stone and fall backwards, a thick cloud of ash rising from your stumble. Choking in great spasms you almost pass out, but somehow manage to regain your sense of direction and lurch northwards. Now you are fighting for breath with every heave of

your lungs. What keeps you going is the dull red glow that, with the turning of the passage, has become a distinct arch of light. Fighting for breath, and with nowhere else to go you stagger towards it.

Turn to section 160.

188

The Hresh Hunter is a formidable opponent but proves no match for your skill with a sword. In the confined area of the chamber you are able to find a gap in its defences, and after a brutal fight bring it down with one final deadly thrust to its chest.

After recovering your breath you search the body for any useful items and find that its leather armour is not a bad fit. If you do not possess armour of your own then this may be used. This armour however, is not made for the use of men. If you decide to wear this armour it will afford a +1 armour bonus to your combat value, but will have a -2 reduction to your agility attribute during any agility tests. (Note this reduction in agility on your status sheet and increase your combat value by 1 point to account for your improved protection. This item must also be recorded as a part of your carry load. If you already have 8 items recorded you will have to drop one of them to take this armour.) You also find a dagger and a length of rope. If you wish to keep any of these items record them on your status sheet.

After finishing this distasteful task you turn again to consider the curious words etched above the second door. As your sword drips upon the cold stone floor, you bring back to memory the old stories of how the Stone Kings collected taxes on goods that crossed their Kingdom's borders. This "Custom's House" must have been a collection point for these taxes. You sense the possibility of rials (silver coin) nearby.

Do you wish to try and force this door as well? If so, go to section 132. If you choose not to do so, go to section 14.

189

The second door in the south wall of the Great Hall is of the same construction as most of the others you have encountered in Stoneholme. It is made of heavy timbers, was once highly polished and is reinforced with thick iron bands and studs. Unlike the others however, it is unlocked and you gain access to the passageway beyond without difficulty.

Turn to section 152.

190

Not wishing to spend any more time searching the old volumes you take one last look about the chamber, and then turn to open the door and make your way back into the passage beyond. As a precaution however, you place your ear against the door to ensure first that the hall is indeed empty. It is fortunate that you do. From within the ever-present sounds of the great furnace you hear the muffled approach of many iron-shod boots marching up the passage from the south. Through the heavy timbers the footsteps are dulled, but you have no doubt that the creatures are Hresh. Intermittently the marching stops, there is the rattle of a door handle and then the marching recommences. It is a Hordim patrol and it is coming straight towards you.

Stepping back from the door you ready yourself for combat. The room is small and you think this might work in your favour, but you are effectively trapped and without any avenue of escape a combat against so many can only go badly for you. The marching stops again, but this time it is outside your door. Perspiring heavily from the heat you stand silently, watching the door handle flick up and down as the lock is tested. Holding the grip of your weapon all the tighter you wait grimly, no doubt in your mind that at any moment the Hresh will burst through the door and overwhelm you. In those few seconds you hold your breath, then the patrol moves on and the sounds of heavy boots recede.

For some seconds you stand there motionless. When you begin breathing again you place your ear against the door and hear nothing, the guards having indeed moved on. Carefully you open the door and step out into the passage. The way south seems clear.

Turn to section 42.

191

Windhammer! In a thundering concussion of grasping claws the Dragon raises itself ponderously from the fiery pit. Retreating to the shadows within the passage you peer out into the Deep Vault, watching as the serpent finds its footing upon the edges of the pit before lifting the rest of its body out onto the ruined floor. Even though you are wrapped within the debilitating heat of the Vault your blood runs cold as you realise the sheer size of the monster. Standing more than twenty metres at the shoulder the Dragon is a vision of slick, glass-like scales, black even in the glow of a thousand fires, that reaches more than sixty metres from armoured head to horned tail. Fully out of the pit the beast flexes its wings before scraping razor-sharp claws across the stone flooring. As it stands in the ruddy glow of its domain you watch Windhammer and know that it stands between you and the Tellandra, and the object of your quest stands close indeed.

At the end of the Deep Vault, upon a stepped platform of marbled stone resides the Tellandra, its form no more than a simple column of white petrified wood. As you peer into the steam and billowing mists you can sense that it is now within reach, but if you are to save Maenum there is no time left. The Pillar of Stonewood radiates power, though even as you consider the ancient talisman you can see that its energy wanes, its capacity to keep the walls of Maenum strong weakening. Your people must be saved and there can only be one chance with this serpent. One strike from those talons will tear the life from you.

Do you have the three talismans of power required to defeat the Dragon Windhammer? If you have the Dragonseye, the Dragonclaw and Morgen's Spear turn to section 208. If you have none or only some of these items turn to section 165. If you do not have all of the three artefacts listed but have recently encountered the Druhl and escaped it in the underworld beneath Stoneholme turn to section 564.

192

Dangling from the jutting rock you gaze down into the Neverending Deep that yaws below. The hole disappears into black, a strong fetid wind blowing upwards from its depths. Steeling yourself you slowly begin the climb that will take you out of the hole to safety. Handhold by handhold you inch upwards, your fingers feeling each crack in the

stone, each ledge or bump that can give you support. Twice you almost fall, but after a seeming eternity of effort and sweat you pull yourself out of the pit of Neverending Deep and sit, breathing heavily, on the cool stone stairs. Exhausted you sit propped against the smooth rock, nausea and fatigue quickly overtaking you as you thank Providence once again for your deliverance. The sounds of pursuit are now however, too close. Pulling yourself to your feet you summon your last reserves of energy and continue the agonising climb upwards.

Turn to section 202.

193

With a number of mounted soldiers in pursuit you turn southwards, urging Pallenten to greater speed. On the heavily rutted roadway the great horse accelerates and quickly you draw away from your pursuers. Pallenten is a mount unmatched by any of the guard's horses and although the guardsmen try it is a chase they cannot win. For a time the soldiers remain in sight, but it is not long before they give up their pursuit and bring their mounts to a halt. Upon a rise in the road you see them turn slowly and then disappear back towards Miller's Crossing. Without pause or hesitation the black Courser speeds southwards, her hooves pounding a drumbeat as you thunder on towards Das Frontiere. Not for the first time do you give thanks for the foresight of the High Prefect.

A good half hour later you rein Pallenten to a canter and consider your situation. As a Dwarvendim travelling alone you are an immediate target for any Kalborean looking for trouble. Far to the south lies Das Frontiere and to pass through its crowded streets unchallenged would be lucky indeed. Perhaps if you skirted the capital like you had Baellum? It is an idea with some merit but the city is huge. Picking your way around its fringes would be difficult and time consuming. It is true however, that you have many friends in the taverns and businesses that can be found there and their help could prove useful.

Trotting over a slight rise you come upon another fork in the road. To your right a narrow road joins from the west. It is signposted as another route to Melem's Fork. You can see upon the grasslands west of the road a collection of farmhouses and outbuildings nestled amongst protective stands of trees. The ground on all sides is broken by long stone fences and hedgerows, overgrown and neglected. At the

junction of the two roads there is also a small dilapidated roadside stall. At its front stands the proprietor, a weathered old woman dressed in the rags of a street beggar.

If you would like to talk with the stall-holder turn to section 461. If you can see no benefit in doing so but still wish to journey south to Das Frontiere turn to section 255. If you would rather take the road west to Melem's Fork turn to section 225. On either side of the road you can see a number of farmhouses and fenced paddocks. Beyond them lay open ground and possibly a more direct route to the DevKraager Tor. If you think it will be more practical to strike out across country and make for the mountain this way, turn to section 261.

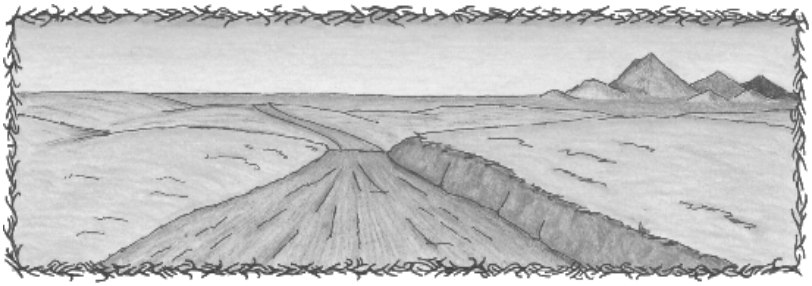

194

A quick look at the chest fails to provide any reason why you should spend time on it. It is securely locked and you don't want to invite any further problems by trying to break it open. Leaving it, you pick up the items you have collected and move over to the door in the eastern wall. The door is secured with a large iron rod, which is heavy but you find it can be removed easily. Opening the door you carefully survey the hallway and find it to be deserted. Without hesitation you step out.

Turn to section 100.

195

The number inscribed above the door means nothing to you and you have no key that fits the lock. Try as you might you find it impossible to gain entry, the smooth polished stone making a good grip upon the door all but impossible. To your further frustration you

find that the keyhole lock is resistant to all your attempts to pick it. As you stand upon the open floor you can sense the presence beyond growing in power but you can find no way in. After searching the surrounding stonework unsuccessfully for any hidden latches or mechanisms you turn from the door and decide to move on.

If you have not previously done so will you;
Try the next door along the southern wall? If so turn to section 189.
Cross the Great Hall and try the door in the northern wall? If so turn to section 48.
Investigate the alcove in the north wall. If so turn to section 239.
Try the door in the far eastern wall? If so turn to section 161.

196

It is not known how the Dwarvendim LoreMasters discovered the fatal flaw designed into every Hordim known as the Shimmera, but as you raise your sword and confront the enormous Hresh you know it is probably the one thing that will now save your life. Quickly you elevate the tip of Than'durion so that its point hovers in the air before the charging Hordim. Immediately the Hresh's eyes focus on the threat, and it is in that moment that you perform the subtle movement that triggers the Shimmera. In concert you move the tip of the sword to the left, and as the warrior's eyes follow its path you step quickly to the right. It is a simple movement but one where timing is everything, and done properly the results are devastating.

As the Hresh lumbers down upon you it suddenly stops, its countenance wracked by a vertigo that it has no ability to control. Completely overwhelmed by the swirling disorientation it drops to one knee, then struggles valiantly to regain its senses. Swinging its scimitar wildly in an attempt to find you, it is immobilised by the Shimmera and in this moment you have the one opportunity you need to end the combat quickly. You do not hesitate.

Within seconds the Hordim lays dead, your sword protruding from its back. Although it gives you no pleasure to kill in such a manner the quest is too important, the consequences of failure too great. After pulling your weapon from the Hordim's lifeless form, you wipe the warrior's blood from your sword and then begin a quick search of the room. In the course of your search you find:

- 12 silver rials,
- 1 battle helm,
- 1 finely carved battle shield,
- a suit of leather and chain-mail armour,
- some food, (the equivalent of 2 rations) and
- a large locked chest.

You may take any two of the first 5 articles. Make sure you note these on your character status sheet. If you choose either the shield, armour or helm you should add a +1 armour bonus to your combat value for each item taken. If you are currently wearing a thick leather jerkin it will have to be removed before you can wear the armour. Note however, that this heavier protection also brings with it a -1 reduction to your agility during any agility attribute test. This reduction only applies whilst you are wearing the armour, or carrying the shield. They can be discarded at any time. The last thing you turn your attention to is the large locked chest.

If you have the skill of Lorecraft turn to section 483. If you do not possess this skill and wish to open the chest turn to section 29. If you do not wish to open the chest turn to section 194.

197

As you wait at the base of the stairs a growing sense of unease begins to invade your confidence. Up till now your travels have been relatively straightforward for you know Northern Kalborea well. There is not much of it that you haven't travelled at some time and it keeps few secrets from those who respect its dangers. What lies within Stoneholme is different though; it is unknown and dangerous. For a moment you ponder these feelings of foreboding but you know more is at stake than just your life. It is time for you to throw your lot in with Providence and hope that a measure of skill and luck will protect you.

One last time you check your pack and stow your equipment more securely. Considering the black depths of the entrance ahead you realise that you have brought no lantern to light your way. Sitting down upon the lowest steps of the staircase you think on what you might be able to use to provide light within.

Perhaps, you think, this is as good a reason as any to end your quest here, but the collar at your throat is a constant reminder of your

need to go on. Your thoughts however, are cut short by a glimpse of movement to your right. To your alarm a band of weary Hresh emerge from the forest that borders the clearing, struggling under a heavy load and moving purposefully in your direction. They are carrying the carcass of a blood-stained Sempaca calf on a pole and because of its weight are concentrating on getting the animal to the stairs. You cannot tell whether the animal is alive or dead, or whether they have seen you or not.

Test your luck attribute. If you are successful turn to section 56. If you fail this test turn to section 8.

198

Lighter for not having the weight of your backpack or weapons, you sail easily across the slab and land successfully on the other side. Pausing only for a moment to determine if your jump has provoked any unwanted curiosity you shoulder your pack again, pick up your weapons, and move forward up the passage the short distance to the east-west junction.

The lighting in the larger passage is much better and you notice that most of the tapestries and decorations remain in place, unmolested by the Hordim but suffering the effects of age and a lack of care. There is little else to see except for the tracks of many large creatures scattered along the corridor. Carefully you take a position at the edge of the passage and consider where your emergence from the ventilation grill has left you. The corridor here extends to the west and east but you do not have the advantage of the shadows to veil your passing. It is a circumstance that has your hand grasping the hilt of your blade all the firmer. More than anything else you notice that there is a heavy smell of something pungent in the air. Whether it is the mustiness of rotting cloth or the distant hint of ash is too difficult to tell.

Having decided to go west you turn left at the junction and, keeping close to the tapestries on your left, move carefully towards the increasingly violent sounds of activity ahead. You cannot be sure but it sounds very much like the clamour of a deadly combat.

Turn to section 114.

199

After your travels through the dark grandeur of the King's Hall its end proves to be somewhat disappointing. The spacious vaulted hall ends abruptly in what looks like a small open room; an annexe or shrine you think. It is sparsely furnished but has a number of rich tapestries hanging from the walls. Considering the ruin of the King's Hall itself this smaller chamber is curiously tidy, almost neat.

Raising your flagging lantern above your head to see better, you notice the floor has been recently swept, and there are unmistakable signs that someone has used a table against the far wall to prepare food. Unlit torches hang suspended from iron brackets along all the walls and a thick woven grass mat extends completely across the entranceway to the room. The matting is crude and definitely Hordim-made.

Do you wish to enter this room and take some of the torches? If so turn to section 38. If you see nothing that you wish to take and decide not to enter the room turn to section 15.

200

The instant your blade touches the strange blue light you are blinded by a silent, brilliant explosion. Where darkness prevailed there now dance hundreds of the same blue beams, criss-crossing the passageway ahead in a deadly lattice. Fortunately you have stood back far enough and have avoided being hit by any of them. Your sword was not as lucky, a full forearm's length at its end sheared and scorched by its slight contact. (When the opportunity arises you will need to acquire a new weapon. Until such time you must reduce your combat value by 4 points to account for this damage.)

With this deadly barrier before you, you decide to rest for a moment and determine a plan of action. (Take a meal if you need one and restore six points to your endurance level). There is no way that you can avoid the lethal blue lights and no way that you can return down the stairs. You will have to find some way to overcome this obstacle.

Feeling better able to proceed you take a closer look at this strange apparition. Following the hair-thin beam of light along the step you find that it emanates from a small metal tube set into the opposite wall. Being careful not to come into contact with any of the beams you take the pommel of your now damaged sword and hammer the tube flat. Crushing the tube has an immediate effect, the deadly latticework

before you flickering slightly before evaporating back into the darkness. Taken by surprise, and unsure as to why this has happened you thank Providence anyway, pick up your pack and move with haste up the stairs. You will not happy until you are well beyond the reach of this mysterious apparatus.

Turn to section 59.

201

It is only a short distance to the metal door that stands at the eastern end of the hall. Placing your ear against the cold iron you strain your hearing trying to find any sound of danger beyond. You hear nothing. Trying the handle you find the door is unlocked but its immense weight makes it difficult to move. Applying all your strength you pull against the handle and slowly it opens to reveal a foul stench that is almost overpowering. It is a smell of rotting garbage so odious you haven't smelt anything like it since you were forced to take that job cleaning refuse pits back in Das Frontiere. Surprised by the smell you don't immediately notice the black pit before you. The door has opened out into a circular room with an arched and vaulted ceiling and no floor. Where the floor should be there is a deep void, reaching down into an abyss of unspeakable foulness. This is one threshold you will not be passing over. Quickly you close the door on the stench and move eastwards, back down the passage towards the Mess Hall.

Turn to section 69.

202

Only a short way further up the stairs you arrive at a flat landing that turns sharply eastwards into a long hallway. The hall is well lit with the strange yellowish glow with which you have recently become familiar. In this light you see that the walls are finely carved, depicting the legend of Morgen Orncryst from prosperous beginnings to gruesome end. Brushed crudely in paint over the top of some of these carvings is the Dragonsign of the Horde and the word "gael'qirion", which can be roughly translated into Old Dwarvendim as "Windhammer". Whether there is any truth to the legend is something you are yet unsure about. You smile nervously to yourself as you realise that you will find out soon enough.

Turn to section 12.

203

Your position is hopeless but all is not completely lost. The Jotun follow an ancient code of conduct many times older than human habitation in Arborell, and in this instance it works in your favour. With nowhere to run you raise your weapon and cajole them to attack.

In the light of many torches the Jotun fill the confines of the Library, torchlight throwing grotesque shadows about the chamber, but none move towards you. Instead the largest stands before the rest, a four metre tall ochre-skinned giant, emblazoned in tattoos and wearing a finely decorated set of battle armour.

It is only as they begin arguing amongst themselves that you realise what is about to transpire. If you had submitted to them without a fight they would have butchered you without hesitation, but such a surrender is not the way of the Dwarvendim. You have stood your ground, and to these giant creatures this is a personal challenge that must be answered by each in turn. You will not die immediately, however once they have decided the order of their participation they will try to kill you. Each Jotun will attack in succession, their fellow Hordim content to wait their turn. You must fight each as a separate combat. Combat values and endurance points are as follows.

	(C.V.)	(E.P.)
First Jotun	19	18
Second Jotun	18	17
Third Jotun	18	16
Fourth Jotun	18	15
Fifth Jotun	17	15
Sixth Jotun	17	14

If by some miracle you defeat these giants of the Horde their kinsmen will flee from your blade, leaving you alone in the Library. If you have survived turn to section 186. If you are overwhelmed by your adversaries then it is here that your quest ends. You can be assured however, that your brave stand will not be forgotten.

204

Time presses upon you, the metal at your throat providing all the reason you need to move on quickly. Leaving the doorway behind you travel a further 200 metres to the south before the passage turns

abruptly to the east. Coming to a halt you carefully peer around the corner, searching the gloom for guards or any other sign that danger lies ahead. There is nothing, but the shadow and noise of your surroundings cannot lessen the disquiet you feel as you carefully make your way forward.

Within this new corridor you travel quickly, avoiding the piles of debris that mark each collapsed doorway or ruined hall as you half-run into the shadows. Focused on the task ahead your senses are alert, searching for any sign of the Hordim. As you run the dark recedes before you, your torch flickering brightly in the hot air, but in this lonely place you begin to sense something else, and it grows insistent as you travel. In your mind you can feel a presence building in the stone. The sense of power that was so subtle yet distinct when you stood upon the threshold of Stoneholme's Imperial Entrance burns now in the stone as a living force, and you can feel it vibrating in the rock about you. As you run you have no doubt that your quest is about to reach an important turning point, the heat and the overwhelming smell of ash telling you that your goal may be very close indeed.

Following the easterly passage you continue on until your torch sputters and dies. In the sudden gloom you stumble upon a slightly raised stone threshold that opens into a large darkened hall, one very similar in aspect to the Great Hall you have left behind. It is however, smaller by half and has no illumination. In this lightless void the hairs stand up at the back of your neck as you feel the presence of something else moving in the darkness before you. Ahead you can hear the soft scraping sound of a large body being dragged slowly along the stone floor. With all your senses alert you move further into the shadows of the Lesser Hall.

Turn to section 243.

205

Without incident you are able to cross the Hresh's room and quietly unlock the door. It swings open freely and you move carefully into a long hallway that extends both to the north and south. To the south you can see the door of what must be the Armoury, ajar as if someone had rushed through in great haste. Ahead of you to the north the clamour of Hresh and Morg remains constant. Harsh sounds and distinct cruel voices are loud and near. As there is nothing to be

gained by returning to the Armoury you steel your nerves and move northward.

Turn to section 158.

206

With a start you awaken to find your torch extinguished in the dust at your feet. Fumbling in the darkness you find its handle and check that it is still usable. Luckily it has some life left in it and with your pack within reach find your flints. As you relight your torch you look about the stairwell and wonder at the luck of not being discovered whilst asleep. Surely Providence must have had a hand in keeping you safe but you cannot dwell on your luck, or the dangers of sleeping in such an exposed position. Thanking Providence anyway you collect your gear and look to the way ahead.

Above you the light from your torch extends only a small distance along the stairway, however the air has changed subtly here, it is both fresher and smells of odours that you might only expect from the outdoors. Intrigued by this change you move forward and find that the stairs do not spiral upwards without end.

As you continue your ascent the illumination of your torch soon reveals a wide landing; at the southern wall of which there stands a solid wooden door. The stone floor of the entranceway is swept and clean, though fresh scratch marks in the stone show the door is frequently used, and has been recently opened. As you approach the door the sounds of movement beyond its solid timbers are distinct. There are all the signs that a large creature is moving within, the sound of metal against metal indicating it is probably armed.

Do you wish to enter? If so turn to section 219. If you are not up to combat at this time and wish to return to the lesser hall before you are discovered turn to section 140.

207

Moving up the passage towards the east-west junction, you notice that the floor in front of you is marked by the slightly raised stone of a large rectangular slab. It extends across the width of the passageway and judging by the fresh chisel marks has only recently been laid. It is another trap, of that you are sure, but it is one you cannot avoid. With

any hope of escape laying beyond you must find some way of getting past without setting it off. Smooth walls and a high vaulted ceiling give you no opportunity to fix a rope above and swing across. With no other choice you realise you must jump across, and the leap is at least 3 metres wide.

Throwing your pack and weapons over the slab to the other side you retreat a short way down the passage. With as much strength as you can muster you sprint towards the trap and launch yourself out across the stone.

Test your Strength attribute. If you fail this test turn to section 110. If however, you succeed turn to section 16.

208

In the semi-darkness of the entranceway you watch Windhammer, marvelling first at the immense size of the beast then quickly recognising that something is very wrong. Now fully out of the pit it stands in the centre of the Vault, its long neck swaying from side to side, its behaviour becoming more erratic as it losses itself to some internal compulsion. It appears oblivious to its surroundings; too involved in its own thoughts to be aware of what is happening around it. Such is the strange nature of its behaviour that you wait for some minutes, looking for a clue to the purpose of its unusual motion. A chill washes over your skin when you realise that there is no purpose and in that moment you understand just how dangerous this beast may actually be.

It is true you know little about the life and habits of beasts such as Windhammer but they are animals nonetheless. It is also true that you have seen enough caged animals to know that a century of imprisonment within this hall may have left its mark upon the Dragon. Other animals you have seen acting in this way, but they were mad, confined so long that they had lost all reason and hope. As you watch the creature you can only ask yourself one question. What if Windhammer has gone mad? A Dragon at its best is a terrible foe, but one that that has lost its sanity is a pure force of nature, unrestrained in its violence and unable to know when to cut its losses. Such a creature has no sense of fear and no need for mercy, and as you wait in the shadows you wonder what Windhammer is truly capable of. For now however it remains silent, consumed within its own thoughts

and seemingly unaware of your presence.

Mad or not it is now that you must strike. Moving a few metres back into the fuller darkness of the passage you lay your three talismans of power on the ground before you. In the dim red glow of the flames the Dragonseye, Dragonclaw and Morgen's Spear all flicker with glimmers of potent magic.

If you have stood before the mirror known as the Elesmenedene Oracle turn to section 115. If you have not spoken with the Oracle turn to section 224.

209

The bottle contains a crudely made potion, distilled from Nahla fruit and fermented into a mead that smells distinctly of the powerful regenerative. A closer look at the glass container tells you also that the potion is Hordim-made. Most things medicinal in the Four Nations are produced by the alchemists of the Faeyen. It is a thing they do particularly well, and always with an attention to detail and quality. What you hold is something far less sophisticated but not necessarily dangerous. Carefully you smell it again before swilling the bottle about. There is only enough in the container for maybe a few mouthfuls and without thinking any further on its possible origins you drink it down quickly, leaving nothing remaining.

At first you feel nothing, a sense of unease washing over you as you realise there could just have easily been poison in the container. Then the potion begins its work and you have to grab at a nearby table to steady yourself. As you stand there comes a powerful flood of dizziness, one that quickly changes into a tingling touch across your skin. Before you can move the sensation deepens, focusing into a burning pain. From the core of your stomach the agony spreads, moving along your arms and legs, searching its way until your entire body is engulfed in its embrace. Trying not to cry out the Nahla within the potion takes a hold upon you, and as it has you in its grip it feels as if it is squeezing the very life from you. Then to your relief it passes. Breathing heavily you try to stand upright and as you do so any fatigue you have evaporates. In that moment your body heals, all the fatigue of your journey lifting from you as a fog might at the first touch of daylight. Unsure as to what has happened you steady yourself and recover the bottle which you had dropped at the onset of

the potion's effect. It is only then that you realise that your left arm from the shoulder to the wrist is numb and a good deal weaker because of it.

As you replace the bottle upon the rough top of the makeshift cupboard you are startled by a faint metallic noise behind you. Immediately you crouch, taking advantage of the semi-darkness. A quick look around finds nothing but you wait, all senses on alert, sure that you will soon have to meet the charge of some hideous creature. It does not come. For a good ten minutes you crouch in the shadows your body tingling from the effects of the potion, your brow dripping with sweat. When the expected attack does not eventuate you slowly relax and slip quietly to the floor, your back propped against the smooth stone of the Mess Hall's western wall. Now you must decide what to do next.

The Nahla potion has restored all lost endurance to your character status. Return your endurance back to its initial level that you started the adventure. This boon comes at a cost however. You have lost strength in your left arm, and although this will not affect your combat value you must now suffer a -1 to your Strength attribute for any strength test taken from this point onwards. Once you have recorded this on your character sheet you must decide your next move. Will you search the Mess Hall for useful articles? If this is your choice turn to section 90. If you would rather search the kitchen area turn to section 22. If there seems more value in trying the door in the western wall turn to section 237. If however you would rather try the door in the northern wall turn to section 136.

210

For a passage that had been so securely locked it appears well used and this gives you reason to move forward with even greater caution. The floor is covered in a thick blanket of dust, but a multitude of bootprints in the filth betrays how frequently it is being travelled. You note also that the footprints are large enough to be those of Hresh Warriors and with the prospect of Hordim close at hand you instinctively draw your blade in readiness.

With your weapon in one hand and the torch sputtering quietly in the other you move forward. The light it throws does not reveal much of the passageway ahead, however it does provide enough

illumination for you to ascertain that you are now moving through what must have once been an ornate and important ceremonial hallway. Complex relief carvings of the lineage of the Dwarvendim royal families cover both sides of the passage, and the roof is a continuous history of your people, outlining their legends and their greater glories. As you advance down the corridor the carvings unfold as a scrolling story of the Stone Kingdoms but unfortunately one that you have little time to appreciate; that is until one piece of the script catches your eye.

Do you wish to stop and read this script? If so turn to section 51. If you have no time for such things and would rather carry on down the hall instead turn to section 111.

211

For what seems like an eternity the rock and earth held by the trap falls into the passageway. It is only your agility and a good measure of luck that saves you as you pitch forward, leaping and then rolling away from the collapsing stone ceiling. Avoiding the larger lethal boulders proves easiest, but you were not fast enough to avoid the torrent of small stones and finely crushed earth that showers down like a blanket across most of the corridor. Held fast for a moment by the weight of the debris you almost suffocate as you try to struggle out. Only with a heave that takes most of your remaining strength do you finally escape and scramble free.

In the absolute darkness of the passage you check yourself for injury then search carefully for your belongings. Finding your pack and other equipment proves difficult and you have to overcome a moment of panic when you realise that most of it is buried deep in the pile of rubble. Choking dust and large amounts of loose stone stand between you and the equipment you need. To get it back you are going to have to dig it out.

The trap has left you with deep bruises across your back and shoulders. Deduct 2 endurance points from your character profile before continuing. In the gloom you massage your shoulder and consider how you are going to retrieve your equipment. If you have a shovel in your possession turn to section 429. If you do not have a shovel turn to section 497.

212

As you move forward you find the eastern passage extending for some distance before you. The corridor is wide and open, the floor covered in a thin layer of dust and grime that muffles your footfalls as you advance. On both sides the remains of exits and other hallways tumble into the passage; all collapsed and blocked by the Hordim.

For a moment you stop and consider one of the exits. It is a high arch, some ten metres in width at its widest point, but now a tangle of broken stone and smashed earth. At some time in the past the Hordim had pulled out the keystones above from their settings, bringing the facing stones of the corridor beyond crashing down behind them. There seems little purpose to the vandalism, you can only guess at what might lay beyond the rubble, but the Hordim have effectively turned the corridor into one long hall without exit or turn. In this place there is only one way forward.

Carefully you move on, following the passage eastwards. About you old rotting tapestries hang ragged upon the walls but there is little to hinder your way into the east. Apart from the tumble of stone that spreads from each broken exit the floor is clear of debris, and the same dim yellowish light radiates from its unknown source illuminating your way ahead. There is a noticeable change here however, and it becomes more obvious as you venture further east. In this quiet place a strong smell hangs in the air. At first you thought it might have been the heavy, musty smell of damp rotting fabric, but the further you go the more identifiable the odour becomes. It is the smell of ash and charcoal and it permeates everything.

Soon you begin to see a distinct mist in the air, a fine miasma of something that hangs upon the damp atmosphere, slowly circulating from somewhere ahead. Focusing your thoughts on what you know about Dragonlore you search for a connection between the winged serpents and this heavy odorous smell. While deep in thought it occurs to you that a large serpent trapped deep underground would need more than just gold to sustain itself. Those Dragons that dwell far from the realms of daylight require burnt wood to survive. At once you see why there are so many of the Hordim infesting the remains of this old fortress. For a purpose known only to themselves they are feeding the Dragon, keeping it alive, giving it the one thing it needs to sustain itself in the darkness. No wonder there is very little wooden furniture left in the fortress. It has all been converted into charcoal as food for the Dragon.

Whether this is the case however, is something yet to be uncovered and it is a mystery that can bode no good. Dragonlore is a subject best left to those who understand it, and the motivations of the Hordim can be as unfathomable as Dragons themselves. Whatever the purposes of the Hordim here you have an uncomfortable feeling that you will find out soon enough, and it will not be to your advantage.

For some time you move forward, the floor sloping in a shallow decline as the passage reaches ever deeper into the mountain. It is at the end of this corridor that you are forced to a halt, your thoughts interrupted by an abrupt southerly turn in the passageway ahead.

Turn to section 67.

213

You find that your blade proves very efficient at clearing away the dust covered webs that hinder your advance. The tunnel reaches deep into the stone of the mountain, however as you make your way forward you begin to feel that the passage will not help you. As you go you begin to find the rusting remains of mining tools and large piles of stone, placed as if they are to be used in some type of construction work. Moving steadily forward it takes only a short time to reach the passage's end. A quick but careful search confirms your growing suspicion that it is a dead end. Where the tunnel should have continued there has been set an enormous slab of dull grey metal. You can find no mechanism that will move the barrier and no other way around it. Discouraged you turn back down the passage and make your way back to the Lesser Hall.

By the light of your torch you find your way back to the hall, somewhat frustrated by the time taken on this diversion, but as you once again move towards the large chamber the temperature once again increases, the air becoming humid and uncomfortable. In your mind you are sure that you shall find the Tellandra at the source of this heat, and with the hope that you are indeed close to the goal of your quest you move all the quicker. Before long you come to an abrupt halt, the long fabric cover bringing you to a complete stop.

Standing behind the tapestry that covers the opening you listen for any sounds that might betray the presence of a patrol or lone guard in the chamber beyond. For some time you stand silent in the darkness. At first there is nothing, but as you wait you begin to make out the

subtle whisper of something quietly crossing the floor of the hall. Sweating in the heat you listen intently. It is a strange and surreal movement, muffled yet heavy in the darkness, betrayed every so often only by the slight scrape of one of the Reaver's bones being pushed aside. Before long however, whatever lingers in the hall moves on, leaving the chamber once again empty. The minutes pass, but hearing nothing else you edge your way from behind the heavy cloth hanging and decide your next move.

If you have not already done so you can try and open the double doors in the east wall. If this is your choice turn to section 153. If you believe that a better course will be to investigate the open passage in the south wall turn to section 70.

214

Within the confined space of the narrow passage the Mutan is unable to wield its spear effectively and the combat is swift. It takes but a few strokes of your blade and the disgusting creatures falls heavily to the stone floor, its chest rent apart by your last blow. Cleaning your weapon quickly on the Mutan's clothing you listen closely for any sounds from the hallway beyond. Hearing nothing to indicate approaching trouble you move out into the more brightly lit hall and survey your surroundings. As soon as you step onto the smooth stone of this new corridor the door behind you closes quietly, all trace of the Mutan and the secret passage disappearing completely.

For a moment you try to establish where you are. It is obvious that you have emerged somewhere deep within Stoneholme, and certainly a part of the fortress well used by your enemies. Tapestries and other ornaments cover the walls, even though they are rotting where they hang. The floor is well swept and shows the marks of frequent usage. There is an unmistakable smell of ash on the air. You assume this is a sure sign of habitation in this part of the fortress.

At first it appears you have two options of how to progress. Where you have exited the secret passageway the hall extends in two directions, one travels away to the north and the other for some distance to the east. However, from the north comes the muffled sounds of a violent conflict. Over the unmistakeable roar of a crowd watching some kind of blood sport you hear the sickening impacts of warhammers making contact with bare flesh. Each bone-breaking

thud is quickly followed by mingled cries of pain and jubilation. For the moment the option to go east seems the least dangerous.

Before moving on you re-check your pack and fasten your weapon securely to your belt. From the north you can hear the unseen crowd giving out a growing cry of triumph, it would appear that the conflict has been brought to a bloody conclusion. Not stopping to listen any longer you hurry on your way. At first the easterly passage remains level, the smell of ash becoming stronger as you go. About 400 metres further along you encounter a flight of stairs that descends steeply into darkness. At least, you think, its not uphill. Shrugging your shoulders you reset your pack upon your back and begin what may be a long descent.

Turn to section 230.

215

Leaping with all the strength you have you lunge for the edge of the pit. It is an ungainly jump, burdened by the weight of your equipment and the fatigue born of days of hard travel, but it is enough. Falling heavily on the hard stone floor of the tunnel you roll to safety amongst drifts of dust, and the unrecognisable remains of a multitude of vermin and insect husks. Thanking Providence for your deliverance you lay on the cold stone, breathing heavily in the dank air and once again finding it necessary to take a moment to ponder your good fortune. Crawling towards the edge of the pit you look carefully into a dark void, within which you can hear the squeak and scattering of a large number of rodents. The stick has been lost to the darkness below, and you have no doubt it will be better to use your weapon to clear the path ahead.

Turn to section 213.

216

The mirror pauses for a moment as if trying to remember something long forgotten, then continues.

"The gemstone known as the Dragonseye resides but a short distance from this room, the whereabouts of the other two items unknown to me. One has been lost for many ages, the other has fallen into the hands of evil and has been shielded from my knowledge. You

need all to defeat the serpent."

"To overcome Windhammer you must place the Dragonseye in the palm of your hand. When you face the serpent it will emit a column of light that will blind it in its dark lair. Under the cover of this light you must use the axe known as the Dragonclaw to strike at the great beast's back. Only the Dragonclaw can reave its flesh. This will disable it. The last stroke comes from Morgen's Spear. Extended to its full length, it must be thrown into the open mouth of the great beast, piercing its brain. With this done Windhammer will die and the Tellandra will be yours."

As the last of the oracle's words fade the mist that has shrouded the mirror slowly dissipates and is gone. In the glass you now see only your reflection. For long moments you consider what you have heard and then turn your attention to the flask of liquid at the other end of the room.

Turn to section 146.

217

Leaping with all the strength at your command you vault across a deep chasm that has suddenly appeared below you. With one finger's length to spare you clear the steps and land heavily on the other side. Not stopping to consider the strangeness of what you have seen you press on.

Turn to section 202.

218

With every blow the battle before you grows more violent. Streaming blood the two mighty warriors pound each other with their hammers. Impossibly vicious blows that would crush the life from lesser creatures rain down upon both combatants. You look on transfixed as they wield their weapons like they are made of wood and not heavy iron. As fast as lightning they move and like thunder they strike. The combat continues for a full five minutes before one of the warriors is struck a crushing blow to his forearm. With a sickening crack the arm breaks and his hammer falls heavily to the floor. One more blow is all that is needed for the battle to end. You turn away in

disgust as the blow is delivered and the Jotun warrior's head is crushed. As the heavy hammer falls upon its victim the crowd surrounding the walls let out a blood-curdling scream and begin to attack the hapless warrior with their fists. It seems as if his body will be torn apart.

Turn to section 30.

219

Determining surprise to be the best option you kick at the door with the heel of your boot, aiming the blow at the timber nearest the handle. Under the force of the impact the wood splinters and breaks about the lock, showering loose dust over the floor near the entranceway. One more kick smashes the door inwards, and with the doorway clear you jump easily around the broken timbers. Your impressive entrance does not go unnoticed for a Hresh Chieftain stands in the centre of what is a large, sunlit room. He is adorned in full battle dress and wears a look of both surprise and anger upon his heavy face. Slowly but deliberately the Hordim pulls a long, richly decorated scimitar from a scabbard resting nearby and plays it easily in the air between the two of you. No words come forth from the Hresh, but the malice written on the countenance of this powerful warrior is quickly transformed by a bloodlust that brings an evil smirk in its place. With no hesitation the creature attacks.

The Hresh Chieftain has a combat value of 18 and an endurance rating of 18. If you defeat this warrior turn to section 249. If however you succumb to the Hresh's brute strength and experience your quest will end here. You have indeed come far but a latter life may provide you with greater success.

220
Fighting Windhammer

Combat with Dragons is both difficult and extremely dangerous. Their large bulk and armoured hides do not allow the use of normal weapons. It is only weapons possessed of magic that will do direct lethal harm, however weapons of iron alone can inflict damage against the mouth, eyes and neck. To strike such areas of a large serpent requires luck, courage and a high degree of skill. To defeat Windhammer you will need them all.

Dragons have two offensive weapons; Dragonfire and their talons. Both will kill and both must be avoided. To combat the Dragon Windhammer the following combat system applies. It is the same as normal combat but has one significant difference. Before rolling for your attack round test your luck attribute. If you are successful you will have luck on your side. If you win your attack round you will have hit a vulnerable spot and the Dragon will be harmed. Failing this test signifies that you have been unlucky and even if you win the attack round the Dragon is unaffected. Combat proceeds on the basis that with each attack round of your own you will be either lucky or unlucky in striking a vulnerable spot on the beast.

Windhammer has a combat value of 33 and in the circumstances of this battle has an endurance rating of 33. As with all creatures Windhammer will die when its endurance falls to 0.

Turn to section 102.

221

In a rush the Hordim charges down the corridor, its white-cloaked body clearly illuminated in the light of your torch. For a moment you cannot identify what the creature might be, but as it approaches you see its blank, dark-eyed face and realise that what confronts you is something you have not personally encountered before. It is a Mutan of the korep underclass, a creation of the Trell's worst magic and every bit as vicious as a fully grown Jotun warrior. Tall and unnaturally thin, these grey-skinned creatures favour the use of impossibly large battle axes, and have the speed and agility to use them with lethal effect. Before you can ready yourself the Hordim rushes at you, wielding its axe in a high downward arc that you barely have time to block,

throwing you off balance and causing you to stumble heavily to the floor. Recovering quickly you return the blow with one of your own and the battle begins in earnest.

In this combat you have two choices. You may use the Shimmera or you may fight. If you wish to attempt to use the Shimmera test your Intuition attribute. If you are successful turn to section 431. If you fail this test the Shimmera will not help you, and you must rely instead on the strength of your arm and the sharpness of your blade. If it is a fight you must have the Mutan will prove a worthy opponent. The Hordim has a combat value of 17 and an endurance of 10. If you kill the Mutan turn to section 128. If you fall to its axe then it is here that your quest must end. If this is to be your fate then it will be to another life that you must look for better luck.

222

The metal plate proves to be a hastily attached warning to all who travel this corridor not to enter the large doors that bar its end. Looking down the passage you see no doors, only the red glow of some great conflagration. The warning is of little value as you have nowhere to go except forward. With your strength returning you steel yourself for what is to come and move north towards the fires.

Turn to section 99.

223

As you approach the door the level of your disquiet grows. Not only is the door falling to pieces but it is weighted down by at least a dozen chains and locks. None of the locks are of Dwarvendim origin and each link of each chain has unusual runes and hieroglyphs scratched roughly upon them. For a moment you try and identify the origin of the metalwork but it is unknown to you. All you can say for certain is that something has been placed behind this door, and nobody seems to have been willing to come back and check on it. As you have nowhere to go but forward it seems your fate must be to find out what it is.

Testing the soundness of the door and finding it rotten and insect ridden you strike out with your foot. The timber shatters in a flurry of

wood and dust, the chains and locks falling loudly in a heap of tangled, rusting metal on the floor at your feet. Covering your mouth with your hand you peer into the gloom but you can see little. The room beyond the splintered door is dark, quiet and reeking of evil. Lighting another of your torches you throw it into the blackness but, at least in the circle of its faltering light, you can see nothing.

Stepping over the remains of the door you make your way into a room as forbidding as the decrepit door you have just destroyed. A quick look shows the chamber to be circular, about 30 metres in diameter with one door in its western wall. This room is very different from any you have previously encountered in Stoneholme. The walls curve smoothly to a high arched point some 40 metres above you, and all are completely covered in a seamless metal of a kind you do not recognise. You have the distinct impression that it was made to keep something in.

Walking across the wide open floor the room appears deserted. When you reach the door in the western wall it turns out to be locked, there is a handle but no visible keyhole or other mechanism. Grumbling a few choice words about why life should be so hard you begin a search of the edges of the door for any hidden locking devices. Intent on your search you work quietly in the silence until suddenly the ground about you tremors as the loose earthen floor comes to life, rippling and heaving like a stormy sea. Caught by surprise you fall against the near wall and brace yourself against it. Steam hisses shrilly from the quaking earth and a low, groaning vibration builds quickly beneath your feet. Keeping your balance is difficult but you keep your back to the wall as your eyes search the floor looking for danger. It is from the centre of the room that a great mound of earth rises, twisting and contorting into the form of a hideous, malformed beast.

Turn to section 33.

224

Squatting before the magic weapons you consider how they are to be used to defeat Windhammer. Lying on the stone floor they do not look particularly powerful. It is only as the red glow of a particularly bright flame flickers across the smooth metal surfaces of the axe that you see a subtle radiance that gives any hint of magic.

On an impulse you pick up the Dragonseye. Something deep within you beckons that you look closer. Immediately the gem begins to shine, a beam of bright light casting out across the passage which calls forth many blurred visions onto the wall opposite. Although the images are moving with great speed the story they tell is clear. Warriors and Dragons duel in lethal combat. Great beasts fall, stricken with mortal wounds and warriors die, torn by the power of monstrous talons or consumed by dragonfire. It is a melee of death and heroism but the story is unmistakable. Placed against your forehead the Dragonseye will cast a brilliant light that will blind the serpent momentarily. Striking at the Dragon's back with the Dragonclaw will cripple it. Thrusting Morgen's Spear deep into its mouth will kill it. It is also clear you will only have one chance to do the job right.

Your warrior's blood grows hot as you see how well your unasked question has been answered. Standing, you place the gem in your tunic pocket and bend to pick up your weapons. To your surprise the axe rises into your hand as if it is eager for the battle to come. As your fingers close around its haft a raw power surges up your arm and across your shoulders. In the darkness your whole being radiates with a tangible energy, the magic of the axe surging through your body, melding into bone and sinew.

Enveloped by the radiance all the fatigue of your quest disappears; the bruises and damage of previous battles washing away within the surging magic. Next rises the spear. As it moves into your other hand it extends to its full length and begins to radiate a deep blue light of its own. Now you are ready.

Turn to section 242.

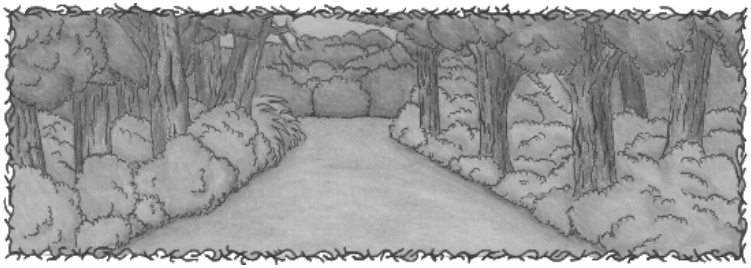

225

The risk of trouble in the south is too great. Guardsmen like those you have just encountered are common throughout Kalborea, and you have little doubt that the closer you travel to Das Frontiere, the more likely it will be that you will fall foul of them. It will be better to err on the side of caution and take your chances with the less certain dangers of the West Road.

Turning Pallenten westwards you urge her forward and the great horse quickens her gait. From a canter to a gallop in the length of a few strides it is not long before the leagues are again disappearing behind you. Ahead lay the dangers of Stoneholme and the ancient Tellandra, but the village of Melem's Fork is your next stop and at your current speed you should be there by mid-afternoon.

As you ride further to the west the road joins with another from the south-east. At this intersection you take the time to rest and water Pallenten. Unlike most roads this juncture is not signposted. It does however, have a water-trough and a serviceable well, one that you make good use of watering Pallenten and refilling your water bottles. As you go about these necessary tasks you feel the wind freshen. It has a cool edge, and in the bright afternoon sun it blusters across the surrounding grasslands with a hint of impending rain. There can be little doubt that a storm is building, and in this part of the world they should not be weathered in the open.

When you are done you remount and continue on your way. For some time the road remains straight and flat, but as you begin to climb onto higher ground the way becomes uneven and the road surface heavily rutted. Recent rains have loosened the ground which makes it treacherous underfoot, however Pallenten takes the changed conditions in her stride and gallops on towards the village.

Although you are focused on your horse's progress a shadow falling onto the fields to your right instinctively turns your attention upwards. Above you, at the very edge of your sight, you can just make out a number of large birds circling against the deep blue of the afternoon sky. On its own this would seem innocent enough but a feeling of being watched has been with you for some time. These birds do nothing to lessen your growing sense of unease. As you watch them you consider that only the future will show if these unwanted companions are a threat to the completion of your quest.

With one eye on these unwelcome sentinels you ride swiftly for Melem's Fork, Pallenten a dark arrow moving effortlessly along the

uneven roadway. It is an isolated stretch of road, one that you have travelled often, and one that holds many memories for you. One in particular looms large in your mind, and inevitably confronts you on this darkening afternoon as a large signpost, and a well tended cobbled pathway that disappears southwards into a small area of woodland. You have no time to waste, but you cannot continue of your journey without coming to a halt before the name that rests upon the weathered sign. The signpost and path are well-known to you, and even with the imminent reality of your quest before you the memories of this place bring you to a stop.

Some half a league to the south stands the Truvo Farm, one of the few successful farming enterprises that can be found in this region of the frontier, and foundation of the only happy childhood memories you possess. At the age of four you had been indentured as a child labourer to the Truvo family, and rather than a life of hard work had found yourself brought into a world of care and ease that had been unknown to you. In this place you had remained until taken five years later to the Temple of the Suns in Das Frontiere. Within the boundaries of Truvo Farm you had found comfort and education, and strangely very little work. Why you were taken from the familiarity of the Farm to the discipline of the Temple you cannot say, but in an eventful life the strongest memories you hold close came from the attention and care given by the Truvos. As you sit upon your horse those same memories come flooding back.

For a moment you consider whether there is time to ride down to the farm, but you know it is a reunion that must be left for easier circumstances. Looking to the north you see a rushing wall of cloud, towering in great white buttresses but founded upon a dark veil of shadowed mist and rain. Even your horse feels the sudden change in the air, and the strengthening urgency in the winds that swirl through the trees about you. The stormfront is moving purposefully towards you and the first rumblings of thunder can be heard, muffled by distance but a sure sign of the weather to come. If it is to continue in your direction you must reach Melem's Fork before it hits. Reluctantly you turn Pallenten to the main road once again and urge her forward.

Onwards Pallenten gallops, without sign of fatigue or falter she pounds away at the leagues. Grassy fields pass you by, interspersed with isolated copses of trees and exposed piles of large boulders. Every so often you see a small farmhouse nestled inside a group of trees, a shelter needed in these places as ferocious winds can hit the

plains here without warning. Very little of your fellow humankind can be seen though, and the remainder of your journey to Melem's Fork passes quickly and without incident.

As you had hoped you reach your destination by mid afternoon. Pulling Pallenten to a halt atop a slight rise you look down towards the small farming community. It is in a state of complete chaos. Smoke billows freely from a number of buildings and men and women are running about frantically between them. At the far edge of the village you can see a group of creatures moving to the south-west. It is a Hordim raiding party making off with its plunder.

Do you wish to help the villagers? If you do turn to section 116. If you would rather avoid any confrontation with the Horde at this time turn to section 258.

226

With the possibility of the Horde still close you decide against lighting a fire. Deep sleep is elusive, the cold wind howling around and over the scattered boulders of the outcrop. Like the Ring of Stones the sound of the rushing wind conjures too many imaginary spectres in the night. Lying amongst the rocks with Pallenten close, and the wind whistling its own mournful song, you find you cannot help but think about the events of the past days. In the main your thoughts lie with the Kalboreans.

Your captors at Maenum, by their words and deeds proved they had accumulated a great knowledge of the history of the Dwarvendim, and specifically the circumstances that led to the loss of the Tellandra. It was equally plain that they did not fully understand how EarthMagic works, nor the place the pillar of stonewood has in being able to control it. It was ironic that the Kalboreans sent you on this journey for in their ignorance they could not foresee the consequences of your possible success. They have ensured you reach your goal by the use of the metal collar that rubs uncomfortably at your neck, but you know the act of fixing the Tellandra will forever take the powers of EarthMagic out of their hands.

Over the years you have heard more than one learned voice echo the suspicion that the magic the Kalboreans wield with the Tellandra is only a pale reflection of its true power. Like a man who has never stood in the face of the treachersa it is a force of nature they have

never truly experienced, and because of this will be wholly unprepared for its restoration. If you are indeed successful in returning the Tellandra to its former potency, the resulting surge in energy will rise like a tide to overwhelm whoever attempts to control it. In their desperation the Kalboreans will try and maintain their hold on the EarthMagic, but it will escape them as surely as tethering a wild horse with twine. Then the Dwarvendim will be able to take back its vast power for themselves. Since the demise of the ancients only the Dwarvendim have attempted to determine the real power of the EarthMagic and having done so, have respected it enough never to use it in its fullest extent. The secret to harnessing its great power lies not in control but in moderation and respect.

As you lay within the outcrop you wonder at the circumstances that have brought you to this juncture. It is true that the Kalboreans sent you on this quest, but you do it because you know what it will mean for your people. There is of course the matter of what will happen to you once the pillar is restored and the Kalboreans realise what has happened. But you've never been one of their favourite thieves anyway, and you feel sure that no matter what happens you will be little appreciated. They placed the wheels in motion. They will bear the consequences of their actions. Lying amongst the stones you look to the sky and consider the flowing tapestry of swift low cloud and darkness above. For a short while you listen to the wind, but then the fatigue of the day finally takes hold and you fall into sleep.

Test your intuition attribute. If you are successful turn to section 477. If you fail this this test turn instead to section 433.

227

Somewhere in the back of your mind the name of the Maturi Len opens the door to a vague but happy memory. Long ago in your early youth you had studied as a novice Shadar at the Temple of the Suns in Das Frontiere, in a time before the Kalboreans began to suppress all things Dwarvendim. For some reason the Maturi Len connects to your memories of the old temple.

Because of this you feel a need to see this Maturi. It is less than an hour's ride to Kal Arbor. Even with this diversion you can probably still make Baellum by mid morning.

Setting off along the west fork you follow the road towards the

village. The way is rough and narrow but Pallenten takes it in her stride. Soon the open plains and fields are left behind as you begin to climb into a series of steep hills and vales, each following rise more thickly wooded than the last. As you ascend into the hills the road lessens to a barely usable track, and then into nothing but a series of grass-choked wagon ruts winding their way between the trunks of trees and fallen timber. The air is cool and still, not a breath of wind can be felt as you guide Pallenten along the ill-defined path.

From the dark places and deep undergrowth that border the track there arises the uneasy feeling that you are being watched; as if a thousand pairs of eyes are following you on your way, wondering who you are and what you are doing here. Urging Pallenten forward you quicken your pace and hope that it is just a feeling, nothing more.

For an hour you negotiate the trail, watching the surrounding undergrowth and remaining alert to any sign of danger. It is through breaks in the overhanging canopy that you first recognise the curious behaviour of a flock of birds, maintaining a position at a high altitude above you. At first there is but a few, circling overhead and apparently without purpose, but as you travel they are met by more of their number, and soon there are more than a dozen, orbiting in a tight arc that keeps them directly above you. For a time you consider what this could mean, but after riding into a dense patch of forest you emerge to find the flock gone, yourself once again alone.

When you reach Kal Arbor it proves quite a disappontment. Consisting of only a few low-built stone houses and some ramshackle barns you can see no villagers going about their business, no children playing on the street. By all normal considerations the village appears deserted.

Reining Pallenten to a halt you draw your sword and carefully lower yourself to the spongy earth. In the quiet of the morning no sound comes from any of the dwellings, only the rusting hinges of a gate moving in a gathering breeze the only noise worth noticing. It is at the corner of your eye that you notice a door to your left open slightly. From within its recesses a pair of eyes squint from the dark. Then a voice, cracked and old, whispers forth.

"Vesh?"

"Yes," you reply, "who is it?"

The door swings wide and in the gloom of the doorway stands an old man dressed in the robes of a Dwarvendim LoreMaster. Although he has aged you immediately recognise him as one of your old tutors

from the Temple of the Suns. He smiles and motions you to enter.

If you wish to enter turn to section 241. If you would rather stand your ground and determine whether this man is who he says he is, turn to section 498.

228

The hall ahead appears quiet and for a moment you retreat to the shadows and wait, listening for any sign of danger. In the dim light of your torch you take a closer look at the area around you and see a number of hooks hammered into the wall opposite your position. Only one of the hooks holds anything, and it appears to be a grey-coloured cloak similar to the one worn by the Mutan you have just slain. Carefully you move across the corridor and have a closer look. It has no pockets or secret holds and appears nondescript, though it does have a single insignia woven in red into the right-hand sleeve. You do not know much about the Mutan but you do know that they are separated into two distinct classes; the Mutan who rule all Hordim as part of the Clavern'Sigh, and the Mutan of the korep class who serve only as underlings and soldiers. In the gloom you ponder whether a cloak of this type might be useful as a disguise, one worth taking with you.

If you wish to keep the cloak record it on your status sheet. Then turn to section 92.

229

Standing outside the second doorway you consider whether it is worth taking the time to discover what lies behind it. In the half-light of the passage you can still hear the murmurs of distant violence, and every so often the dull reminders of shouting and laughing carry along the abandoned halls, muffled by cold stone and humid air. As you wait alone in the shadows it proves a compelling reason to move on and finish the task that has been given you.

But there is something here that gives you reason to pause instead. As you wait in the dark, listening for sign of patrolling Hordim you notice that the door standing silently before you is much more than it first appears. Set within a high archway you find that most of the

arch's interior has been bricked in, only a smaller area at its base left unfilled to form the frame for a substantial door of solid stone. Even in the gloom you can tell that the door is Dwarvendim-made, but the arch that surrounds it is something much older.

Carefully you place your hand upon the stonework and recoil quickly from the touch as a slight tingle runs through your fingers. There is both power and danger here, and as you look carefully up and down the passage you consider what you should do.

If you wish to try and enter this second door turn to section 142. If you would rather continue on down the passageway turn to section 156.

230

As you descend further the gradient of the stairs increases. It is a decline that pauses only at a small landing before opening through a finely worked threshold into a vertiginous space beyond. Along the borders of a huge vertical shaft the steps continue, twisting dangerously into a wide spiral staircase. The dim light of a few sputtering wall torches is your only illumination as you feel your way forward, however beyond their feeble flickering you can sense that the stairway is very deep indeed. With one hand you take up a small stone and drop it carefully into the depths. When it hits bottom its clattering ricochets sound only as muffled echoes in the darkness. There can be no doubt that you have a long way to go.

Stopping for a moment you take a deep breath and steel yourself for what is to be a long descent. In the gloom you find quickly that the footing here is no better than before. The staircase is a product of the best Dwarvendim stonework but it has felt the absence of its makers keenly. Cracked, and covered in a tangle of dead roots that covers the stonework and tumbles in thick desiccated curtains out into the gloom below, the stairs are a mess of unstable rock and grasping vegetation. Upon this ruined path you tread carefully, any misstep a sure way to an untimely demise.

Thankfully it is all downhill and at first the weight of your equipment does not hinder your progress too much. Soon however, the gradient of the stairs begins to take its toll. Long before you reach the bottom you have to stop and rest again, and you do not reach its end for more than two gruelling hours. When you finally make the base of the stairs it is good to feel a piece of level flooring underfoot.

Physically drained, you rest in the semi-darkness and rummage through your pack for some food.

Throw one dice. The number thrown is the number of endurance points you have lost from the exertion of descending the stairway. Do not reduce your total remaining endurance points below 1 however. It has been a tiring descent but not one that should kill you. If you still have provisions you can restore 6 endurance points if you wish to eat a meal. Record this on your status sheet and turn to section 27.

231

Looking at the shaft of light before you it is hard to believe there can be any real danger here. After adjusting your equipment you start forward and carefully step over the beam. It is only then that you realise the thin line of blue light is but the first of a lattice-work of beams, criss-crossing the passage ahead like an impossibly thin spider's web. Before you can step back your boot contacts another of the streams of light and the true nature of this obstacle is revealed.

The instant your foot touches the light the leather of your boot erupts in an incandescent fire. Quickly the flame spreads up the cloth of your pants and then to your tunic, where it takes a vicious hold. Your attempts to put it out are futile, the blue conflagration attacking you as if it has a will of its own. About you the flame swirls, searching out your flesh as it envelops you in its destructive energies. Within the measure of five heartbeats you are totally consumed by the magical flame, only your scorched skeletal remains left to tumble chaotically down the steep steps behind you. Here your journey ends, but despair not for success may still be yours in a latter life.

THE END

232

You cannot afford to tarry here any longer, the metal collar at your throat too effective a reminder of the urgency of your quest. In the distance you can see that a number of Kalborean Army units have begun to make their way in your direction. For a thief who has only recently been the victim of their brutality this is the last thing you need. Most of your adult life has been spent avoiding men such as

these, and it will not be a good start to your quest if you are stopped by any of them. You have no doubt that such an encounter could only end in violence.

As you watch the line of soldiery making its way up the road towards you, and with their approach you know that a decision will need to be made quickly. Kalboreans have always been most comfortable with the Dwarvendim located on the far edges of the frontier. Out of sight, out of mind so to speak. A Dwarvendim such as yourself, armed and riding a steed of Pallenten's calibre, would be too noticeable to go unchallenged. Such a circumstance leaves you with no real choice. You will have to get off the road.

Choosing to move forward quickly you spur Pallenten on and head out at a gallop over the grasslands that lay between the road and the forest to the west. As you ride you feel you may have missed an important opportunity provided by the boy's appearance, but your task cannot allow undue delay. It is better that you get out of sight of the the road as quickly as possible, skirt the village ahead and keep to the safety of the forest. In this you believe caution will serve you best.

Luckily the undulating hills keep you out of sight as you gallop towards the line of trees. Overhead the sky is an untouched vault of blue, the suns of morning burning bright in the eastern sky. The trees stand as a dark line of shadow that looms up before you as you ride, and with Pallenten's remarkable turn of speed you make their embrace in less than a quarter hour. It is only when you disappear into the forest's gloom that you draw Pallenten to a halt and look back towards the road. In the distance you can see large numbers of soldiers clogging the highway, many of them struggling with heavy equipment as they move ponderously north towards Maenum. What you see tells you that you have made the right choice. Even if they did not challenge you, their sheer numbers would have made a rapid progress south impossible.

Keeping to the forest is hard going though. It takes some time to pick a path along the boundary of the trees, between copses and patches of undergrowth that keep you out of sight and unchallenged. The exertion required for such difficult travel quickly takes its toll on both yourself and Pallenten. After an hour you decide to rest your horse in a small clearing amongst the trees, and take the opportunity for a break yourself. Upon the open ground you let Pallenten graze, and as she nuzzles the grass you find a comfortable position for yourself against a large Oak. As you rest you can hear the steady

tramp of soldiers boots and the squeak and rattle of their carts. There is considerable noise being generated by this mass of moving men and equipment, and every so often you here above it all the faint bellow of an officer urging his men on. Like the soldiers on the road you have a job to do so your rest can only be brief. Taking the time only to drink some water and tend to Pallenten's needs you dust yourself off and resume your path southward. It is while you are winding your way between the trees that you make the first of what will probably be many unsettling discoveries on this journey.

At first the strange marks appearing on the trees about you seem unimportant. With the number of soldiers that must have been foraging in the area it would have only taken a few careless individuals to cause some damage to the forest. As you go further however, and your path cuts deeper into the trees, you find the frequency and ferocity of the marks increasing. No longer are they just a random strike here or there, whole trees have been hacked apart and the bark taken almost to shoulder height. This seemingly pointless vandalism is strange enough to make you stop and dismount. It is only then that you see the footprints. Small and four-toed they are like nothing you have encountered in these woodlands before, and as you stand surveying the soft ground you begin to recognise many more of the prints scattered through the trees. It appears a large band of creatures has passed this way, and judging by the state of the prints their passing has only been recent.

Do you wish to track these creatures and determine their purpose? If this is your choice turn to section 421. If you can see no benefit in doing so, turn to section 480.

233

Without knowing which way might be best, you wait in the half-light of the passage deciding your next move. It is while you stand there undecided, that you notice the faint brush of wind ruffling the dust at the base of the wall before you. Looking down at your feet you

can see a distinct clearing of the grit upon the floor of the passage. Falling to one knee you run your fingers along the stonework of the wall where it meets the floor. You can definitely feel the pressure of a gentle wind coming from somewhere. A quick search of the wall reveals a stone set into the rock that may conceal a mechanism for a secret door.

If you wish to push the stone turn to section 162. If you would rather not do so, turn to section 24.

234

Dangling from the small jutting stone you gaze down into the Neverending Deep below. The hole disappears into a black bottomless pit, a strong icily cold wind blowing upwards out of its depths. Steeling yourself you slowly begin the climb that will take you to safety. Handhold by handhold you inch upwards, your fingers feeling each small crack in the stone, each ledge or bump that can afford you support. It is however, all in vain. Some two metres from the stairs your left hand, slick with sweat and fatigued by exertion, slips away from the rock and you hang by your right hand momentarily. Beyond hope and help your strength gives way and you fall out and down into the Neverending Deep below. In this cursed hole you will fall forever, starving to death in a void of rushing wind and endless dark. Here your journey ends. Perhaps in a latter life you will have more success.

THE END

235

As you move forward the temperature in the corridor drops dramatically. It is cold enough that your breath condenses in the air about you, and water trickling down the walls near the door has frozen solid in long, snake-like icicles that flow along the stone and then spread across the floor. Each breath of air you take feels like ice water in your lungs, and for a moment you have to stop to tear away a piece of your travel cloak's inner lining. This you wrap about your mouth and nose as a protection from the freezing air. In the gloom the chill seems to reach out and take you in its embrace, but you can sense that it is no natural phenomenon. Something is creating the cold

and doing it for a purpose.

The door is rough and very cold, but one you have decided to enter nonetheless. For a moment you hesitate, wondering if gaining entry will be worth what may lie beyond. Steeling yourself however, you place your back against the door and force it open. What you find inside is incomprehensible.

The door is not locked but a bank of snow on the other side makes it difficult to push ajar. When you do make it inside you can do little but stand quietly and wonder at what you have found. The room you have entered is small, and houses a ferocious blizzard of snow, wind and stinging ice, swirling in gale force flurries around a pillar at its centre. Shielding your eyes from the flying shards of ice you force your way forward towards the centre of the room. There, standing squarely on a pillar of smooth clean marble, glows the most fantastic battleaxe you have ever seen. Balanced precariously on its handle the axe is finely carved and inlaid over its entire length with gold and precious stones. An inscription on the marble plinth beneath reads in Common Dwarvendim, "Dragonclaw".

Turn to section 62.

236

In the bright light of the morning you consider the path ahead. The road south meanders in long sweeping arcs towards the busy frontier settlement of Baellum. Set upon the plain it is easy to recognise and difficult to avoid if you wish to continue southwards. Although only a small settlement it is heavily fortified, its citizens protected by high wooden palisades surrounded by networks of defensive ditches and deadly pitfalls. The village itself is a well-established settlement, blessed with more than a few good taverns and all are well-known to you. Many have been the good times that you have spent in that town, but it gives you no reason for comfort today. Even from this distant vantage you can see the ordered tent-lines of an Army bivouac spreading about the fortified walls of the town.

The sight of soldiers this soon into your journey makes you feel very uneasy. There has been more than one occasion in the past where you have been hunted by men such as these; and you have always erred on the side of caution when there is a chance you may come into contact with them again. Today will be no different. Unsure as to what

type of reception you might receive, you leave the road and decide instead to skirt the village of Baellum, and the soldiery encamped about it.

The safety of the forest to the west of the road seems a more prudent course. Even as Pallenten leaves the road this proves quickly to be the case. Large numbers of soldiers are beginning to decamp, and move in units up the road towards Maenum. Even if they didn't challenge you directly their sheer numbers would delay you unduly.

Turning Pallenten towards the trees you gallop forward, eager to stay out of sight of the advancing soldiery. Although there are some signs that army scouts have passed this way you find the safety of the trees, and the anonymity of their deep shadows, without incident.

Finding a path through the thick vegetation that covers the floor of the forest however, is a task that requires both time and skill to negotiate. After a few hours of picking your way carefully between copses of trees and thick patches of undergrowth you take the opportunity to pause in a small clearing that you have found in the depths of the forest. Here Pallenten can rest and take some forage. With the soldiery still too close for comfort you decide it best to stay low and rest as well. In the dark embrace of the trees you take the time to take water and relax. About you the walls of the clearing are a thick tangle of undergrowth and old Oak, of huge gnarled limbs and buttress roots that dig deep into the heavy soil. You think that under other circumstances such a place would be an excellent campsite, but you cannot afford to linger in its shadows for too long.

So far your progress has not been as good as you might have hoped. Keeping to the forest is proving to be hard going, and scouts from the advancing army are becoming harder to evade. Indeed, you have found many signs of their passing, and because of it you have had to venture far deeper into the forest than you would have liked to avoid them.

As you sit in the clearing you can hear the steady trudge of a multitude of heavy feet on the road some distance to the east. Over the shouts of officers cajoling their men on you can also make out the squeaks and grinds of supply wagons, and the lamentation of beasts of burden as they struggle under impossible loads. There can be no doubt that a large force is moving northwards but whether such a force is being sent to help the Dwarvendim, or rather as the next line of defence if the fortress falls, is a question that cannot be answered today. Thinking that the latter will be the most likely you pack your

gear and continue on.

The day wears on and you find yourself travelling a wider detour than expected. The further around the village you travel, the thinner become the trees, and the deeper into the forest you have to turn to avoid detection. It is a slow and frustrating process. Eventually however, you break from the trees and strike out towards the road, which you rejoin a kilometre south of the village. From here you make surprisingly quicker progress. It appears that the main body of troops has already passed and the road is relatively clear of traffic. Giving Pallenten free rein the great horse bounds forward, and soon the leagues are again disappearing beneath her powerful strides.

After the claustrophobic confines of your prison cell the freedom of the road is a welcome tonic, but as you ride you notice that to the west dark clouds are beginning to crowd the horizon. A storm is coming and before nightfall you will need to find shelter.

Ahead lies a clear road to Miller's Crossing. At this stage of your journey you may either keep to the road, or you can strike out to the south-west, and make your way cross-country directly to the Devkraager Tor. If you wish to continue on the road to Miller's Crossing turn to section 251. If you would like to try and gain some time by leaving the road and heading straight for the mountain, turn to section 361.

237

Before you can move forward any further decision about which way you should go is taken out of your hands. From behind the northern door you hear a loud call, it is urgent and full of menace. Almost at once you hear the sounds of shouting and many running feet coming

from the eastern hallway. The western door is the closest exit, it is no more than 20 metres from where you now stand in the Mess Hall. Accelerating your pace you run straight for this exit and finding it unlocked, barrel through. Pausing only to ensure the door is locked behind you, you turn to run down this new passage to the west. Sweat drains from your body as you realise your presence in Stoneholme must now no longer be a secret.

Turn to section 155.

238

In the semi-darkness of the entranceway you watch Windhammer, marvelling first at the immense size of the beast then quickly recognising that something is wrong. Now fully out of the pit it stands in the centre of the Vault, its long neck swaying from side to side, its behaviour becoming more erratic as it losses itself to some internal compulsion. It appears oblivious to its surroundings; too involved in its own thoughts to be aware of what is happening around it. Such is the strange nature of its behaviour that you wait for some minutes, looking for a clue to the purpose of its unusual motion. A chill washes over your skin when you realise that there is no purpose, and in that moment you understand just how dangerous this beast may actually be.

It is true you know little about the life and habits of beasts such as Windhammer but they are animals nonetheless. It is also true that you have seen enough caged animals to know that a century of imprisonment within this hall may have left its mark upon the Dragon. Other animals you have seen acting in this way, but they were mad, confined so long that they had lost all reason and hope. As you watch the creature you can only ask yourself one question. What if Windhammer has gone mad? A Dragon at its best is a terrible foe, but one that that has lost its sanity is a pure force of nature, unrestrained in its violence and unable to know when to cut its losses. Such a

creature has no sense of fear and no need for mercy, and as you wait in the shadows you wonder what Windhammer is truly capable of.

For the moment though it remains silent, consumed within its own thoughts and seemingly unaware of your presence. Fate however, changes this quickly, stepping in to ensure you have no further time to prepare. In one instant of carelessness you lean forward to get a better look at the serpent's movements and fall head-first onto the cavern floor.

Turn to section 246.

239

The alcove in the northern wall is set deep into the rock of the mountain. Cut as an annexe to the main hall it is a space about 12 metres square, smoothly finished and perfectly proportioned. On its three walls hang rich tapestries depicting the long history of the Stone Kings, and across the length of the alcove's floor lays a finely woven and well tended carpet of dyed wool and silver threading. As you move towards it you cannot help but wonder why it is that this small room should be so well cared for. Considering the damage the Hordim have done to the rest of the fortress the alcove remains in as pristine a condition as such ancient places can be. As you get closer however, the reason becomes apparent.

Only a few metres from the centre of the rear wall stands a waist-high pillar of pure white marble. Its ornate column is decorated with figures of carved Dragons and Dwarvendim Axemen facing each other, frozen in a moment of hesitation before battle. At the front of the alcove there are two grotesque statues, ugly stone representations of some type of grossly mutated dog. There is one to the left and one to the right of the entrance. They have been placed at the entrance to the alcove by the Horde and have been set as if they guard whatever lies within.

Moving carefully between the gruesome stone images you look closer at the column and see a small yellow gem sitting on a cloth of green silk. The cloth has the word "Dragonseye" embroidered upon it. Ever mindful of the cunning the Hordim use in the construction of their traps you move forward towards the gem. You heart beats faster as you reach the marble pillar, and with great care wrap the Dragonseye in its green cloth, and take it from it's resting place.

Listening intently for any sign that you have set off a trap you stand in the alcove sweating hard. Nothing happens and with an audible sigh of relief you move back out into the Great Hall taking your new treasure with you.

You have found the Dragonseye and should record it on your character sheet before continuing. Once this is done turn to section 53.

240

The food arrayed in the stall is fresh and in much better condition than the frugal rations you were given by the Kalboreans. Searching through your pack you find your money pouch and consider what you can afford. There is both food here and small bottles of beer for sale, something that can used as an alternative if the water you find on your travels proves undrinkable. (It will cost you 1 silver coin for each meal you purchase and 2 rials for each bottle. A bottle of beer will replace 2 endurance points when drunk and you can carry a maximum of 2 as a part of your carry load. Remember that you cannot have more than 6 rations in your pack at any one time. Record what you obtain on your status sheet.) Well pleased with the new supplies you are securing them in your pack when a large hand grabs you by the shoulder, and pushes you forward into the dirt of the square.

"Oi! Don't you know stone-eaters aren't allowed to carry weapons?"

You turn quickly and find yourself confronted by a uniformed Kalborean with a group of similarly attired thugs behind him. For a second you consider teaching the Kalborean some manners, but he has too many of his colleagues behind him to make it a satisfying experience. Instead you search for the Prefect's letter.

"With all respect Sir," You try to be as submissive as possible without looking like an easy target for a beating. "I am in the service of a Prefect of the LoreMages' Guild. My journey requires I carry this weapon, and I have with me a written permission to do so".

The guard does not seem impressed. "I couldn't give a toss about what you've got, and sod your Prefect. No stone-eater carries a weapon in my town. Hand it over now!"

So much for the letter. There are too many guards to fight and you do not feel disposed to hand over such a fine weapon as Than'durion. Punching out with your right arm you strike the guard leader heavily

between the eyes. With a look of complete surprise he falls backwards into his pack of thugs, who desperately try to avoid being crushed under him. In the confusion that follows you make your escape. Leaping upon the back of Pallenten, you dig your heels into its side but the horse needs no encouragement. With a lunge of strength she bursts through the milling crowd and races for the south gates at the other end of the town.

Turn to section 380.

241

The Maturi Len's home is old and ill-kept. Apart from a single table at the centre of its only room, every surface in the house is covered with books, scrolls and jars. The walls are adorned with charts and a wondrous variety of magical artifacts and devices. From your own vague memory it seems he has every piece of literature or apparatus that was ever housed in the Temple of the Suns stored in this small dwelling. The Maturi Len stands beside the central table, its worn legs supporting his frail form.

"Halokim, it has been a long time..."

You bow to your old teacher. It has indeed been a long time.

"Yes Master, many seasons have passed since our last meeting, but the Temple of the Suns is a fond memory nonetheless. How is it that you come to be in this uncivilised place?"

The Maturi Len smiles warmly and extends his hand in welcome. His handshake is strong.

"Halokim, time is short and I believe your progress is being watched. To talk of what has happened since the destruction of the Temple would be of great interest to us both, but circumstances will not allow it. Instead I must talk with you of a matter of greater import." The Maturi Len looks earnestly into your eyes. "I am aware of your mission Halokim and the circumstances under which you have been persuaded to attempt it. What I would like to do is apply a slightly different focus to the purpose of your quest."

The old man smiles slightly and you get the clear impression he is finding some wry irony in what he is about to say.

"You see Halokim, the Kalboreans do not know the full story of the Tellandra. They know only what they found after Stoneholme had been evacuated, and that is not all that must be known."

The old man moves his weight from foot to foot. He is obviously having trouble standing and you move towards him in an attempt to help him to a chair. He raises his hand and motions you to stop. His mind is focused on the message he must deliver.

"Soon after the death of Morgen the Younger a cohort of Dwarvendim warriors stormed the Deep Vault to do battle with the Dragon. In the fight that ensued all the Dwarvendim perished, the Dragon was badly wounded and the pillar of stonewood was cracked. It was that single act that spelt the ultimate demise of the Stone Kingdoms. Damaged as it was, the Tellandra's power changed, its capacity to act as a conduit of EarthMagic severely weakened. The Kalboreans subdued the Dwarvendim peoples, but they only know the power of the Tellandra in its diminished form. They do not know its true essence. Only a Dwarvendim LoreMaster can appreciate and control the vast power of the pillar in its wholeness."

"Listen to me carefully Halokim. When you find the broken pieces of the pillar you can meld them back into a whole by intoning the words that are carved into the Tellandra's base. To do so Halokim, will reverse the ebb of its power and restore the pillar to its fullness. This done the Dwarvendim will have the tool needed to rebuild the Stone Kingdoms and once again be strong."

Suddenly the Maturi Len stops. Outside the flutter of wings is urgent and full of concealed danger. The LoreMaster's bearing changes, there is haste in his voice. "Now you must go. The Kalboreans obviously believe they need more than that collar around your neck to ensure you complete your quest. Remember what I have said. When you complete your journey return here. We still have much to discuss."

Turn to section 122.

242

Striding out into the full light of the Deep Vault you shout a challenge at the monstrous beast. At once the Dragon ceases its mindless swaying and turns slowly to meet its attacker. Head lowered it looks directly at you and its cruel red eyes focus down upon yours. For a moment there is a pause as it considers its new foe but it hesitates for only that moment. Then it attacks.

Like a living avalanche Windhammer charges forward. Standing

there alone on the cavern floor you are dwarfed by its huge bulk, but you stand determined. Amongst the molten pools of precious metals the battle between yourself and the serpent is begun.

The Dragon Windhammer has a combat value of 33 but for the circumstances of this battle has no endurance rating. Unlike previous battles you must complete three tasks if you wish to kill the beast. Each of these tasks will be accomplished each time you win two attack rounds in a row. Upon the third task being completed the Dragon will fall and you will be victorious. The following list will help you to record the completion of each task.

- Blind the Dragon
- Strike its back and disable it.
- Thrust Morgen's Spear into its mouth and kill it.

If the Dragon wins an attack round, your endurance rating will be reduced in the normal way unless you have a Word of Protection spell in your possession, or you possess a Shieldstone and know the ancient Word that will activate it. If you know the Word say it now.

Before beginning combat restore your endurance rating to its full value. Your possession of the three talismans will increase your combat rating by 18 points, 6 for each talisman. Adjust your character sheet accordingly. If you have the book entitled "Words of Protection", use it now. Within its pages is just one spell that will be of value. This spell will reduce any damage you might receive per attack round to a maximum of 2 endurance points. If you have an activated Shieldstone the Dragon will only be able to harm you if it wins a combat round by more than four points. As with the Word of Protection you can only lose a maximum of two points per round lost.

Once all this is done you may commence combat with the Dragon Windhammer. If you are successful turn to section 500. If you succumb to the power of the great Serpent then it is here that your quest will end but be heartened, you have come further than most.

243

As you advance further into the centre of the Lesser Hall your eyes become better accustomed to the gloom, and even though the half-light obscures everything within a veil of shadows you are able to

make out more of your surroundings. Within this large hall the heat remains oppressive, the sound of a great conflagration roaring in the near distance, out of sight but somewhere close at hand. In the south wall you can just make out the dark entrance of an open passage; across the north wall there hangs a gigantic tapestry that extends across the wall's entire reach, and as you peer into the gloom the huge ornately decorated cloth billows slightly as if a soft wind ushers from some unknown source behind. At the very edge of your vision in the eastern wall there stands an enormous set of double doors framed within a wide arch. Before the doors rests a large, dark, brooding shape.

Realising there is nothing to be lost by having some illumination you pull one of the torches from your pack, light it quickly and then throw it out in the direction of the double doors. In a shower of sparks the torch hits the hard stone floor and skitters erratically to a stop. Like a nightmare exploding from the depths of some black pit the dark shape rises from its rest and rushes towards the light. In the smouldering flame of the torch you go cold as you recognise what it is, and with that realisation draw your weapon and take a nervous step backwards.

At the edges of the torch's reach you can make out the shape of a Reaver, a creature native to the northern wastelands of Arborell yet somehow here within this dark chamber. It is a huge scorpion-like beast, crouching on six muscular legs and standing more than three metres at the shoulder. All across the far reach of the hall you can also see the skeletons of many animals, cleaned of flesh and strewn about the floor. You have stumbled into the lair of one of the Hordim's pets, and they must keep it here for a reason.

Quickly you look back to the way you have come but you are too far from the exit to make a run for it. Reavers are incredibly fast creatures and there would be little chance of making it to safety before one of its huge clawed arms would cut you down. You have no choice but to stand and fight. This however, is a daunting prospect. Poisonous-looking green scum exudes from the creature's skin, and its head and back is encased in an armoured carapace that glistens in the faltering light like oil on water. There can be no doubt that this is truly a monster. Above the boom and rush of the distant conflagration you stand your ground, the beast's razor sharp claws rasping upon the stone floor as it moves towards you.

All at once dread overtakes you, but excitement crowds your

thoughts as well. Reavers guard only those treasures that the Hordim covet most. The Dragon's lair must surely be close at hand, though if you are to find it you must get past this creature first. Without hesitation the Reaver charges forward to attack.

If you are in possession of the Dragonclaw turn to section 169. If you do not have the Dragonclaw but do possess a small bag of flour turn to section 581. If you have neither of these items then you must rely on skill alone. Turn to section 46.

244

You are now feeling very tired. It is not surprising that the arduous journey of the day is beginning to eat away at what remains of your energy. With the foothills of the Krodestaag ahead it is wise that you rest properly before continuing. The gale that has blown down from the north is bitterly cold, the chill in its bluster a cool reminder of your need to find a good campsite quickly. Here on the plains you are within striking distance of the foothills, the trees have thinned to isolated copses, and most of the rolling plain ahead is covered instead in a thick blanket of grass, punctuated every few hundred metres by large outcrops of boulders. A stone's throw from your path is one of these outcrops. Formed of large weathered granite blocks, it lies in a roughly horseshoe shape and will be an excellent shelter from the wind. After tethering Pallenten within its rocky walls, you unfurl your blanket and prepare to make camp.

Do you wish to light a small fire? If so turn to section 256. If you would rather not risk it turn to section 226.

245

Pallenten quickly proves herself a worthy mount. As the early shadows of the dawn recede you begin to appreciate the great heart and stamina of this horse. Riding swiftly south towards the village of Baellum you estimate it will take no longer than a few hours to reach, the ground disappearing in a rush beneath the horse's powerful strides. You have no doubt that to walk the same distance would take you the better part of a day and a night and you can see why the Prefect gave you such an impressive mount. Upon its broad back you

can feel its strength, and as the great steed thunders steadily onwards you take the time to consider properly your situation, and what you should do next.

:dehr faeyen mar cem eshal'il:

At the speed at which you can travel on Pallenten it will take no more than two days to reach Stoneholme. Although the exact location of the fortress entrance has been lost for many years, you know it lies at the south-western base of the Devkraager Tor, the highest and most prominent mountain of the Krodestaag Ranges. Even now, with some two days of travel ahead of you, the Krodestaag mountains can be seen through the morning haze of the southern horizon. Towering above all the other heights of that distant range is the snow capped summit of the Devkraager Tor. You consider that finding the mountain will be no problem. The entrance however, may prove far more challenging.

Reaching into your pack you pull out the envelope from the Tak Lovar. As promised you find inside the handwritten pass from the Prefect. For a moment you consider the thin piece of parchment and smile. There is a chance that it may provide you with safe passage, but only as long as those Kalboreans who take offence to your sword allow you to show it. Still, it is a measure of protection, and one you shall make use of if the circumstances warrant it.

In the envelope you also find a small folded map of the area you will be travelling through. From your knowledge of northern Kalborea you have a number of possible routes you can take to the Krodestaag mountains. You can follow a well-travelled path, one that takes you along the road south through Baellum, Miller's Crossing and then on to Das Frontiere, the provincial capital. Kal Dor Tarma lies four hours travel further to the south, and from there you can veer south-west and spend the night at Kal Mulmi. From the town of Kal Mulmi it is possible to strike out directly west and meet the foothills from there. At this point you will have to leave Pallenten and ascend on foot into the shadows of the great mountain. For a traveller this is the easiest route to the Devkraager Tor.

The prospect of passing through Das Frontiere is not appealing however. Too many bad memories and close escapes for your liking.

Even the thought of the place makes the white collar at your throat feel uncomfortably tight.

Another path takes you away from Das Frontiere, but the way is somewhat harder. The south road passes through Baellum and then turns towards Miller's Crossing. From there you can veer south-west to Melem's Fork and then on westwards towards the ancient Ring of Stones. Journeying directly south from the stones will bring you also to the base of the Devkraager Tor. Both routes have their difficulties; passing through the main towns of northern Kalborea can be a risky business for a Dwarvendim at the best of times, but there are times however, when you have little choice. There is of course, the option of leaving the road and striking out directly for the mountains, covering the distance across country, only sporadically meeting either road or human habitation. Perhaps that may be a viable proposition as well.

Pallenten's gait does not change as the flat plains give way to a series of rolling green hills before you. Looking ahead you see nothing but grasslands cut randomly by small streams and animal trails. You consider carefully which of the routes may offer the least danger, but you know the path you take will depend entirely on what you encounter along the way.

The pounding hoofs of Pallenten carry you swiftly towards Baellum and it is not long before you stand on a slight rise looking down onto a broad plain. The village of Baellum lies at its centre, surrounded by neatly partitioned farmlands and a series of circular fortifications. Encamped in orderly rows about the settlement is a large force of Kalborean Soldiery, no doubt awaiting the fall of Maenum. You can see in the distance another column of armed men moving up from the south. Before you can consider your next move you are hailed by a small boy. He is calling for you to wait.

If you have the skill of Lorecraft turn to section 450. If you do not, but you wish to speak with the boy turn to section 135. If you can see no reason to tarry here, turn to section 232.

246

Leaning out into the cavern to gain a better view of your foe, you place all your weight against a thin piece of half melted iron protruding from the wall. It was no doubt a piece of the braces that held together a once mighty set of doors, but that was long ago. Without warning it gives way and you tumble headlong into the cavern. Rolling over the shallow precipice onto the cavern floor below, you land heavily and sustain a blow to the side of your head. Luckily it is not serious but it takes a moment for you to recover enough to raise your head.

The Dragon is not so slow to react. Arousing itself from its game it looks at you in surprise and then rears up from the floor, its neck bent in a long arc, its eyes looking straight at you. A cruel wicked squint forms in its left eye and something like a deformed smile spreads across its face, exposing a multitude of razor sharp teeth.

You have been discovered and now you must fight for your life.

Turn to section 220.

247

The door to the first room is sturdily built but unlocked and it swings open easily. Carefully you push the door ajar and move into a long, wide chamber, lit with torches and filled with the product of someone's considerable effort. This unexpected space is stacked with piles of charcoal, bundled with coarse rope, and mounds of broken furniture that extend almost to the ceiling along both walls. In the only clear corner of the room stands a large charcoal oven, a stove vent leading from its side upwards into the ceiling above. In this place black soot and grime covers everything, but amongst the piles of burnt wood you see something of interest. Against the far wall of the room a long shelf has been fixed, and upon its soot-covered surface sits a collection of old bottles, jars and small paper envelopes.

If you wish to search the room for useful articles turn to section 25. If you see nothing of interest and you wish to move on, turn to section 166.

248

With a cold determination the larger Jotun begin to advance upon you. You ready your weapon and with a twitch of your shoulder throw your backpack to the floor. The hard crunch of your equipment distracts your attackers for a moment, they are in no hurry and they know you cannot escape. As you stand your ground you kick your pack to the side and do not notice that some of its contents spill out onto the dusty floor. The Hordim however, see the collection of items and artifacts you have collected on your journey and in their eyes a new motivation grows. Greed quickly takes the place of duty in their eyes. They look at each other, an unanswered question forms between them. Who will have this human scum's possessions?

Their moment of hesitation is enough. Diving for the pack you pull Morgen's Spear from its wrapping. Commanding it to grow to full size your intention is to use it as a lance, but before you can wield it the spear takes the combat into its own hands, and you can do nothing more than watch. From your open hands the artefact rises into the air, lengthening to its full extension before suddenly exploding in a coruscation of energy. Brilliant light shines forth from its hilt, rapidly spreading along its length until even you must avert your gaze. You feel like you are holding the sun in your hands and for your attackers it is too much. Reeling backwards they run from the Library, a hot shining ball of light close upon their heels. As they disappear to the west, all you hear are muffled cries of pain as they tumble and fall down the deep staircase.

In the Library you don't stop to think about what it is you have just unleashed. Willing the spear to return to its former compact size you place it back in your pack and search for any possible escape. Near an old bookcase you spy a small ventilation grill. It is set at the base of the wall and is about a forearm wide. Running over to it, you try with all your might to pull it from the wall. It will not budge. Shouts and angry argument are now coming clearly from the hall outside. You have only a moment to decide what to do. Again you attack the grill and finally it gives way. Stopping only to throw your weapons and pack into the hole, you dive in and cover the open shaft with a piece of broken timber. Although you cannot believe it you will live to fight another day.

Turn to section 168. If you have a shield in your possession it will have to be left behind. Adjust your character sheet accordingly before continuing.

249

The Chieftain lays dead at your feet but you have not come through the battle unscathed. Blood pours from a deep gash in your forearm and lines of red trace its flow down your arm. As you make up a bandage to bind the wound you look around the room and examine it for anything of use. What you find is most unexpected.

The chamber is a long curving space, dominated on its western edge by a huge crystal wall, that extends from the floor to the ceiling along its entire reach. It looks like glass but feels rough to the touch, even though you can look clearly through it to the outside world. Carefully you peer out through the wall and see that the stone of the mountain extends beyond the crystal for about a metre before dropping off a shear cliff edge. Before you extends a vista of the Krodestaag mountains, your vantage overlooking everything from the foot of the Devkraager Tor itself to the far western horizon and the jagged mountains of the Krodestaag. What you have found is a lookout, carved into the side of the mountain as a permanent observation point covering the entire western reaches of the old Dwarvendim kingdoms.

Caught by the grandeur of the marching lines of grey peaks you wonder on what the old cities of the Dwarvendim must now look like. Left to abandonment and ruin for more than a hundred years you can only think that they are long lost to your people, but you know the resourcefulness of the Dwarvendim and perhaps there will come a day when those grey citadels will once again be called home.

:ahn palan e' sharyah'durien a'd dien sigh et ahn theoden:

As you survey the wide horizon the twin suns of Arborell settle against the upper edges of the crystal wall. Now late in the afternoon the suns have almost reached their daily rest and you turn away from their gaze, unaccustomed to the dazzling light. After all the time you have spent delving the secrets of Stoneholme your sudden exposure to the brightness of day leaves you squinting in the direct glare of the setting suns. Orange and red in the dusk they are a wondrous sight but one you cannot spend time enjoying. All you can allow yourself are a few deep breaths of the clear air that fills the room before you turn to a quick search of the Hresh and his personal equipment.

What you find amongst his belongings is surprising to say the least. Upon opening a small box held within a larger chest you uncover a medallion and chain, mostly silver in artifice but holding a large green gem at its centre. Immediately you recognise it as a Shield Stone and place it away within your own pack. Such talismans of the ancient world are rare indeed and even if it can be of no use to you, it should be returned to those who understand its nature. A further search shows that there is no other exit from the room bar the one you have demolished. You will need to return to the Lesser Hall if you are to continue your quest. For just a moment you watch the setting suns fill the lookout with the growing wash of a deep red glare, then turn for the exit. With nothing else to be found in the room you begin the long trek back down the spiralling stairs to the Lesser Hall.

Record your discovery of the Shield Stone on your character sheet then turn to section 180.

250

For a moment the image of the Mentor fades as if the old man is about to leave. It is then that you remember the plight of the wraiths of Kal Murda.

"Mentor, wait!" you shout. "I have a message from Aggamem the Elder!"

At the mention of the name the Mentor becomes solid once again, his face a vision of surprise edged with concern.

"Aggamem the Elder you say, Master Vesh. That is a name long remembered by the Powers of the World. The spark of his creation has been missing for many years and it would be good to know what has become of it."

You move towards the Mentor and explain all that you saw at Kal Murda; your use of the stonewood to see into the existence of the wraiths and the words of the Jotun General. It is a story long in the telling and the old man wants to here it all. When you are finished the Mentor places his hand on your shoulder.

"Halokim, you have done a service to the Powers that cannot be easily repaid. For centuries this tragedy has passed unnoticed and only the Shan'duil can make it right. Give me one moment and all those who have been afflicted will be delivered from their torment."

As you watch the Mentor bows his head and begins to concentrate

hard on the stone at his feet. Immediately a burning blue glow radiates out from the floor, bathing his body and face in its radiance. It is a momentary brilliance but as you stare into the light you can make out beneath his feet a vast flowing river of blue pulsing like a heartbeat as it rushes deep beneath the earth. Within it you can see a myriad of stars, bright points of light swarming as fish might in the deep ocean; but through it all you can feel the power of the River of Life and hear the Mentor in earnest conversation with voices that resound within the stone like the tremors of an earthquake.

When he is done the Mentor stands as a frail old man visibly weakened by the effort of communicating with his Master.

"It has been done Master Vesh. The wraiths of Kal Murda have been released, and now all have found the rest that has been denied them. It is a great service you have performed Halokim. The River cannot abide imbalance and the plight of those trapped souls had gone unnoticed in the greater cycle of life. All is now a measure closer to perfection and the Shan'duil will remember the part you have played. Well done."

The Mentor smiles and turns to face the Tellandra. "Make now for Kal Arbor. The Maturi will tell you all you need to know."

As those last words echo within the chamber the image of the Mentor fades and then is gone. Within the vast space you find yourself alone, once again left to your own devices. Carefully you turn towards the doors to the Vault and come to a halt, startled by what you see. Across the entire surface of the huge doors is an intricately carved representation of the last desperate moments of your battle with Windhammer. In the restoration of the Deep Vault it would seem you have found a measure of immortality, a timeless reminder for all who might pass into this great chamber that it was you who brought EarthMagic back to the Dwarvendim. Not bad, you think, for a petty thief.

Carefully you head for the doors, the passage beyond lit brightly with a yellow glow. In the world above you will find the next task that awaits you and you see no reason to tarry any longer. Slowly you make for the corridor but turn to take one last look at the Deep Vault. At its end shines the Tellandra, a deep blue aura vibrating with power as it illuminates the chamber, the dark green of a forest canopy overhead, carved in arches of moving glass that sparkle in the pillar's reflected brilliance. All in all it has been a good day's work.

Ahead lay a slow return to the world and another quest to be

completed. Whether you are up to the task is a question that you know can only be answered in the fullness of time. All you can be sure of is that whatever happens next will, of course, be another story.

THE END

251

With a wall of black cloud building in the west you spur Pallenten forward. With luck you may be able to reach Miller's Crossing on the Laneslem River before the storm arrives and the heavens open. Northern Kalborea is well known for the ferocity of its weather and the approaching storm looks murderous. If possible you would like to be indoors before it hits.

The road before you quickly runs into open countryside, a vista of wide grasslands and tended fields neatly divided into farms devoted mostly to cattle and grain. The land here is very different from the more settled regions of Kalborea to the south. Sparsely populated and farmed only by the hardiest of men it can be a difficult place to earn a living. With the troubles brewing to the north it must now be feeling a much more dangerous place as well.

Every so often you pass a wagon on the road or a farmer hard at work in his fields, but nobody pays you much attention. You put this down to the large number of troops that have recently moved northward up the road. To those you leave behind your passage must now appear unremarkable. Without a falter or pause the great horse thunders down the road, past collections of small farmhouses and their outbuildings and closer to the Laneslem River and Miller's Crossing.

For a short time you stop at a culvert that cuts the road above a small creek, and give Pallenten a chance to drink and rest. The horse glistens with sweat but champs at the bit to move on, and it is not long before you remount and continue. The staccato beat of Pallenten's hooves on the roadway are all you notice as you race south towards the next leg of your journey.

As Pallenten gallops on you begin to hear above the rumble of distant thunder the murmur and rush of a great river. Long before you see the Laneslem you can hear its mighty waters hastening their way to the south-east. It is a sound you have heard many times before, as both the Laneslem and Miller's Crossing are well known to you. There

have been many occasions when you have needed to venture this way and the town has always been a good place to pick up some quick work.

There are few fellow travellers on the road which is somewhat surprising. Under other circumstances there would be merchants and other journeymen crowding the narrow road, laden with goods or money. It would seem that the conflict to the north means few fat merchants will now venture beyond the protection of the larger towns. From previous travels you know Miller's Crossing lies just beyond the river at the end of a long stone bridge that spans the waters. It is a large town renowned for its taverns and wide range of merchant goods. It is a pity that you will not have long to sample them.

As you get closer to the river the road winds its way into an area of closely wooded forest. From this point the river parallels the road, and from between the trees you can hear the sounds of the Laneslem getting louder. The nearer you get to the river crossing the more wooded the way becomes, large Oaks and Beech crowding the edge of the roadway, deep undergrowth covering the ground between. A perfect place for an ambush you think.

If you have the skills of either Huntmastery or Bushcraft turn to section 442. If you have neither of these skills turn to section 420.

252

The combat is short but bloody. The Hresh is a skilled warrior but he is no match for your swordsmanship. With its body a crumpled heap at your feet you push it aside and go searching for more of the Hordim. Amongst the chaos of the burning buildings it has become impossible to find any more of the vile creatures though. Smoke billows from all directions, the cries and shouts of frightened children and panicked townsfolk combine with the fiery destruction to obscure from view the more purposeful retreat of the Hordim. Calling Pallenten to your side you mount and ride out of Melem's Fork in the direction of the main body of the raiding party.

As you reach the edge of the village all thoughts of pursuing the Hresh end however, as the heavens open and a deluge of rain falls from the dark clouds above. Instantly the way ahead is obscured, and the ground underfoot begins to dissolve into a muddy quagmire. Pallenten stops, unsure of her footing as enormous bolts of lightning

begin to strike the higher ground to the north.

You have no choice but to find shelter and wait out the storm. To your left is an old abandoned barn, partly collapsed at one end. In the rainstorm it is the nearest shelter, so you run with Pallenten by your side towards it. Luckily one piece of the roof is still intact and it is here you decide to wait for the rain to stop. As you stand in the shelter of the old barn watching the rain you curse the delay and pull uncomfortably upon the collar at your neck.

Turn to section 131.

253

Suddenly from within the hut there is a flurry of activity. A man's head appears out of the doorway and then disappears back into the darkness. From inside you can hear the ring of weapons being drawn from a metal wall rack. You count six. With a shout a number of heavily armed men run from the building towards you. The leading soldier, Teleth, looks meaningfully at the guard standing in front of you and draws his finger across his neck.

Without hesitation the guard unsheathes his own sword and raises his arms in an attempt to spook your mount. It is a movement that causes Pallenten to falter backwards, but only for a moment. As the soldier advances the great horse rears upon her hind legs and strikes out with her hooves. Caught by surprise one hoof hits the Kalborean cleanly in the chest and he crumples onto the roadway.

At the sight of seeing their comrade fall the other soldiers charge, a grim determination written across their faces to avenge his demise. For a moment you size up the chances of coming out of this fight alive and the odds are not good. Each of the men alone hold no challenge for you, but it is said that even a pack of mangy dogs can bring down the largest of predators. Considering retreat a more viable alternative than standing to fight, you wheel Pallenten about and gallop away from the checkpoint. The road is jammed with traffic so you turn Pallenten to the west and strike out across the fields and hills.

If you wish to head north-west towards Melem's Fork turn to section 254. If you would rather turn Pallenten to the south-west and make directly for the Devkraager Tor turn to section 261.

254

Pallenten does not let you down. Her powerful strides quickly distance you from the guards as she races across the low hills into the north-west. None of the soldiers have any chance to mount a horse, and the one soldier who could reach for a long bow proved unable to draw a shot before yourself and Pallenten were well out of range. You again thank Providence that the Prefect had the foresight to give you such a horse. Cutting across the grassy hills is an unforeseen diversion from your route but it may prove beneficial nonetheless. It will only be a matter of a few hours and you will reach the west road to Melem's Fork. The small farming community will be a good place to tend and water Pallenten, as well as get a decent meal for yourself.

As Pallenten surges through the long grasses you begin to see familiar landmarks for this part of Kalborea is well known to you. In your youth you lived at the Truvo Farm, and of all the memories of your childhood your stay there is the least painful. The Truvos are Kalborean, but they had taken you in when you were very young, and although you had been allocated to the farm as an indentured servant they had accepted you as one of their own. As one child in a very large family you had found a life very different from before and they had been good years, ones you still remember fondly. The time spent with the Truvos had only been cut short by your entrance into the Temple at Das Frontiere. Of all those that had helped you in your youth it was to the Truvos that you owed the most.

Bringing Pallenten to a halt you consider whether there is time to visit with them. If you are right their farm should lie only a few leagues to the north, but you know you have no time to spent on such a diversion. Their hospitality would draw you in, and you know it would be difficult to leave. Better, you decide, to leave a reunion until your quest is over. Then you will no doubt have some tales to tell. Reluctantly you urge Pallenten on and return to your journey.

As you expect it only takes two hours to reach the west road. The rolling countryside is cut frequently by small streams and some marshy ground, but the way ahead is straightforward. To your surprise you cross the road a lot closer to Melem's Fork than you expect. After the uncertain footing of the countryside the road is a welcome sight though not so the approaching weather. Looking to the sky you see dark masses of cloud building ominously into a huge storm front. Already away to the west a grey curtain of rain is falling, advancing slowly with the cloudbank as it moves in your direction. As you watch the cloud's inexorable march towards you, you wonder what else Fate might wish to lay before you to hinder your journey to Stoneholme. With luck though, you should be able to reach the village before it hits.

Turning Pallenten to the west you urge her forward and the great horse quickens her gait. You estimate that at her current rate of travel you should reach Melem's Fork by mid afternoon. As you ride further to the west the road becomes uneven and heavily rutted. Recent rain has left the dirt track soft and easily damaged, but Pallenten takes the changed conditions in her stride and does not falter as she pounds away the leagues towards the village.

With the great horse set on her course you use the opportunity to survey the horizon for possible trouble. All about is clear, but on high you notice something unsettling. Above you, at the very edge of your sight, there are a number of large birds circling. This seems innocent enough and under other circumstances would be unremarkable, however these birds have been with you for some time now, always directly overhead and always high enough that you cannot identify exactly what they are. A feeling of being watched has been with you for most of your journey and these birds do nothing to lessen your sense of unease.

The countryside is pleasant enough though, small farms are scattered about the grasslands, and every so often you pass an isolated stand of trees about which congregate groups of Sempaca and Talga sheep. All seems very peaceful, but you smile ruefully knowing full well that here on the frontier it can all change so quickly. With nothing much to do except think about the unusual nature of your quest you ride onwards, keeping a watchful eye on both the road ahead and the gathering weather above. Although the sky is darkening with the approach of the storm, the remainder of the journey to Melem's Fork passes quickly and thankfully without

incident.

It is only an hour further on that you find yourself within sight of the village. Trotting over a small rise you look down upon a scene of devastation. Flame and smoke billows freely from burning houses and men and women are running frantically between them. You can see a number of bodies lying in the main road. At the western end of the village there is a large group of creatures running into the nearby brush. It is a Horde raiding party making off with their ill-gotten plunder.

Do you wish to help the villagers fight off the Hordim? If you do turn to section 116. If you would rather avoid a fight at this time turn to section 258.

255

Continuing south is definitely the easiest route to the Krodestaag mountains and Stoneholme. You know that at any time the collar at your throat could tighten like a noose, and this seems a compelling reason to take the shorter road. You decide to risk being stopped in Das Frontiere.

As you journey further south the traffic begins to increase. Wagons filled with rations and other supplies are beginning to move north, probably to re-supply the army units encamped around Baellum. In the growing movement of wagons and animals your progress starts to slow, but at least you are not as noticeable as you might be on your own.

The flat fields bordering the road gradually give way to a series of rolling hills, which force the road into a series of long curves that wind roughly southwards. It is as you are coming round one of these wide bends that you run into a Kalborean checkpoint. The post is nothing more than a small hut and a long stablehouse situated to the right of the road. It is manned, you can tell by the smoke rising from one of the windows that someone inside is cooking. There is no other activity that you can see. Usually such a checkpoint would be of no concern as very rarely is anyone ever stopped at one. Army checkpoints are well known for their tardiness, especially when positioned in isolated areas such as this. The flag hanging limp from its pole changes your mind immediately. This post is manned by a unit of the Provost General's men and is not a normal Army post at all.

Functioning as the military equivalent of a police force the Provost

General enforced all the laws of Kalborea, and it was rumoured they had power even over the Guild of Administrators themselves. Commissioned by the Lord Administrator to quell all dissent within the Union the Provosts were single-minded in their determination, and well-known for the ruthlessness of their enforcement. As far as you are aware they may still consider you an Enemy of the State.

Unable to turn around without bringing attention to yourself you decide to try and bluff your way through. From the small hut a smartly uniformed soldier marches out into the roadway and raises his hand.

"Halt in the name of the Kalborean Union!"

He is standing directly in your path and forces Pallenten to a standstill. At once he begins a careful visual search of you and your mount. From the look in his eyes it is evident he has noticed the sword at your side and the metal collar at your neck.

"State your name and purpose."

This challenge does present you with a dilemma. The truth did not help much in Miller's Crossing so a small untruth may help here.

"My name is Halokim Vesh, a Dwarvendim in the service of the High Prefect of the LoreMages' Guild. I journey south with a message from my master to the Provincial Governor in Das Frontiere."

The Kalborean seems at ease with your answer but there is obviously something still bothering him. Turning to the hut he calls a command.

"Corporal Teleth, check the lists for this Dwarvendim."

From inside the hut comes a slow response. In the pause that follows you can't help but begin to sweat. As far as you are aware you are still a convicted felon, and one with a death sentence upon your head no less. You hope the Prefect had the foresight to get your name off the lists.

Turn to section 253.

256

Lighting a fire proves difficult, the small amount of tinder you find about the outcrop is wet from the rain but eventually you are successful. The warmth is welcome and the additional illumination provides a comfortable shelter from the gale outside. Even with the exertions of the day sleep comes slowly. Lying amongst the rocks, with Pallenten close and the wind howling its own song, you find you cannot help but think about the events of the past days. In the main

your thoughts lie with the Kalboreans.

Your captors at Maenum, by their words and deeds proved they know a considerable amount about the history of the Dwarvendim, and the circumstances that led to the loss of the Tellandra. It was equally plain that they do not fully understand how EarthMagic works, nor the place the pillar of stonewood has in being able to harness it. The Kalboreans sent you on this journey. They have ensured you reach your goal by the use of the metal collar that rubs uncomfortably at your neck, but you know the act of fixing the Tellandra will forever take it from their hands.

Over the years you have heard more than one learned voice echo the suspicion that the magic the Kalboreans wield with the Tellandra is nothing more than a pale reflection of its true power. Fractured and diminished, the pillar stands unable to properly channel the vast power that EarthMagic can unleash. Whole it is the conduit for an unlimited reservoir of magical energy. Such energy the Kalboreans have never experienced, and because of this will be wholly unprepared for its restoration. Since the demise of the ancients only the Dwarvendim have tried to determine the real power of the EarthMagic, and having done so have respected it enough never to use it to its fullest extent.

With the Tellandra restored the Kalboreans' hold on it will fail as surely as tethering a wild horse with string. Then the Dwarvendim LoreMasters will rise again and take back their control of it. It is true that the Kalboreans sent you on this quest, however you resolve to do it because you know what it will mean to your people.

There is of course the matter of what will happen to you once the pillar is restored, and the Kalboreans realise what has happened. Their need for vengeance will make you a marked man, but you've never been one of their favourite thieves anyway, and you feel sure that no matter what happens you will be little appreciated. They were the ones who placed the wheels in motion. They will no doubt bear the consequences of it.

Lying amongst the stones of this outcrop you look to the sky and consider the flowing tapestry of swift cloud and darkness above. For a short while you listen to the wind, but then the fatigue of the day finally takes hold and you fall into sleep.

If you possess the skill of Lorecraft turn to section 585. If you do not possess this skill turn to section 512.

257

Leaving Melem's Fork behind you head west towards the ancient Ring of Stones. The road is well marked and easy to follow, even in the dark of night, but the way proves to be ill-maintained and you find that you must spend valuable time as Pallenten avoids areas of standing water and deep wagon ruts. Soon after dusk the sky clears markedly and about an hour after sunset the moons of Arborell rise in the east. Beneath this silvered light the way ahead becomes much clearer and you are able to make faster progress. After the rain the air is cool and crisp, the moonlight providing an ethereal quality to the now enclosing forest that lines the sides of the road. In this light you go swiftly but quietly, heartened by the natural beauty that surrounds you.

Pallenten gallops effortlessly, power still in her strides as she covers the remaining leagues to the Ring of Stones. The fresh, cool feel of the night air so soon after rain works as an invigorating tonic to your fatigue. The journey of the day has been made much easier with the help of your steed, but it has been a long day all the same. You can feel the heavy hand of fatigue beginning to take hold and are thankful that the keen chill of the night keeps you alert.

As you travel further along the deserted road you find the countryside varying within a patchwork of forest and open grassland. The woodland stands thick upon the edges of the road, its undergrowth swathed in shadows, enveloped in a darkness that even the bright moonlight cannot penetrate. The open grasslands make a welcome counter to the trees, though each copse or stand radiates a brooding disquiet as you pass. Even Pallenten senses the danger lurking hidden within the shadows and increases her pace, passing quickly beyond the forest, and then out onto the open plains and the Ring of Stones beyond. It is not until late however, that you reach the ancient monument.

:e' ka u mar theloth du'a ahda a' pheth ahn et'es pyra:

Only once before have you seen the Stones, and that had been many years before, in a time when you were a novice at the Temple of the Suns. Then you had seen the monoliths in the bright light of day, and they had been impressive enough to burn a deep memory into the

mind of a young, and somewhat arrogant, Dwarvendim student. In the half-light of the moon they prove an awesome spectacle. Each stone towers higher than a man can throw a small pebble, and each is as wide as a two wagon roadway. Twenty-five of these stones stand in a huge circle, centered around a single small marble plinth. Even from a distance you can see the stones glistening in the moonlight, each a constellation of brightly reflected shards of light.

As you ride down towards the monument you cannot help but ponder the many questions raised by its existence. Indeed you remember your tutor raising the same questions that now overtake your thoughts as you move Pallenten closer. Here on this isolated plain, unseen and unappreciated by most Men, stands one of the greatest mysteries of Arborell. These massive stones had been set in place by an unknown race of creatures long before any written histories of Man or Hordim existed. Since their discovery the Dwarvendim had tried unsuccessfully to find either the technical or magical power necessary to build such a monument, but somehow, in a time long forgotten it had been done. It was a great achievement and an even greater mystery.

As you enter the circle of stones you cannot help but be awed by their size and by the great skill that would have been required to place them so precisely. It is as you are taking in the extraordinary power of the monoliths that you notice a number of small, furtive shadows moving quickly at your left. A few of Pallenten's strides later a set of similar dark shapes appear to your right, using the gloom created by the stones to remain unrecognised. The hairs at the back of your neck stand on end as you realise you have ridden into serious trouble. Carefully you draw Than'durion, then slowly turn Pallenten and try to exit the monoliths. In the space of a few heartbeats this awesome monument has become a very dangerous place.

Out of the moonlight and shadows you are immediately confronted by two small, almost laughably small, figures dressed in armour and armed with long stabbing spears. They stand with their spears readied for action, blocking your only exit from the Stones. Even with the bad light you recognise that they are Morg, but you are surprised more by the bravado they show at openly attacking you. Almost immediately however, you discover the reason for that courage. From beyond the shadows another twenty of the creatures rush forward and immediately you are surrounded. The Hordim are so short that you are forced to quickly dismount and protect Pallenten's legs from

attack, and it is then that the creatures make their move.

As your feet touch ground all of the Morg rush forward and begin stabbing at yourself and Pallenten. With the first stroke of your sword you are able to cut down three of the hideous assailants but this only changes the method of their assault. Momentarily stung by the fall of their comrades the rest retreat a few steps and begin a cautious circling movement, striking out intermittently at your defences. These small creatures will give you a tough battle.

The Morg have a combined combat rating of 23 and an endurance of 32. Pallenten is caught in this melee and will aid your fight. Your own combat rating should be increased by 5 temporarily to account for this help. If you survive the fight turn to section 125. If the Morg prove too strong then it will be here, at the Ring of Stones that your quest will end. In another life Providence may grant you better luck.

258

As the Hordim are in retreat there doesn't seem to be any useful purpose in pursuing them into the nearby brush. Instead you gallop into the village to see if you can render any assistance to the stricken villagers. Melem's Fork is in chaos and it needs all the help it can get. Most of the houses edging the main thoroughfare are well alight, both homes and businesses erupting in gouts of flame and smoke. Through the choking fumes you can see at least three bodies in the street and many more injured making for the town centre. The village Healer is moving quickly between these surviving wounded, but it appears that most of them are only slightly injured. All about you the smoke is thick and suffocating, forcing you to jump from Pallenten's back and lead her carefully through the litter of debris and personal possessions that lay scattered about the roadway.

Amongst the houses, and along the narrow streets that edge the main road it is easy to see the deliberate intent of the Hordim raiders. Although some of the buildings have been looted the majority have simply been burned, each house or business in turn being put to the torch, each feeding upon the fiery destruction of its neighbour as it builds into an overwhelming conflagration. There is little that can be done to save any of the dwellings, but it is the people that matter and it would seem most have been spared, although none have come through the assault untouched. The few armed men you can find

remain steadfast at the edges of the village square, guarding the villagers as a proper account is taken of the damage done. It is a task the local Administrator will take some time to complete, and it is not a task that you envy him.

As you move further down the road one of the men steps towards you, raising his hand in salutation.

"Hail traveller! What is your purpose here?" His face is covered in ash and you can see that he has recognised you as Dwarvendim, but there is no belligerence in his disposition, only fatigue.

"Greetings Friend," you respond, "Yours is a dark day and I wish to help if I can. Although, it appears that all is now well in hand."

The man looks back at the village and shrugs his shoulders. "It may seem so, but it will take a long time to recover from this. The Hordim came at us in the second hour after midday. Started lighting fires before any alarm was raised and used the smoke as cover to hunt us down in the streets. Didn't know how many of 'em there were until the band reformed to the south of the Fork. Well and truly caught us by surprise."

As the villager speaks you dismount from Pallenten and survey the damage caused by the Hordim. Many fires still burn and there are few enough villagers to fight the conflagration that threatens to engulf the entire north and west of the settlement. It is a job that is beyond you alone so you look to the Healer and decide that you shall help with the wounded. There is however, information that can be gained here and you take the opportunity to find out more about the state of the frontier before you move on.

"Tell me Friend, what is rumoured of the way to the Krodestaag. Can the Hordim be found even in the south?"

The man looks out towards the mountains and nods his head. "We've been hearing reports of sightings for weeks; even seen a few Ranger units moving in the open grass to the south, but didn't have any clue that the Hordim were this organised. If you are to journey on to the mountains you'd better be on your guard. Rumour says there are both Morg and Hresh to be found, especially in the foothills beyond the Pallah'dem Fields. If I were you I'd delay any trip south for the time being. It will not be safe."

Unfortunately you do not have the option of delay and you thank the man before drawing Pallenten towards the Healer's hastily erected tent. As you reach the centre of the settlement you bring Pallenten to a halt and turn your gaze towards the sky overhead. Around you other

villagers are looking upwards also, the suns disappearing as if a veil has been drawn across them. In the activity you have found here you have given no thought to the encroaching storm, and as you watch the sky turns dangerously dark, massive black clouds building into gigantic towers that look as if they are poised to fall upon the village.

Before you can move any further a huge blast of lightning explodes out of the clouds and impacts against a tree near the road's edge. In a coruscation of light and sound the tree erupts, showering burning wood and ash over a wide area. Running for cover the villagers scatter to whatever shelter they can find as a further hammering impact hits the ground. Another burst of light is followed immediately by a deafening drum-roll of thunder and a deluge of rain. Looking about, you see an old barn that will provide some protection. It is old and missing a large part of its roof, but a further blast of lightning, altogether too close for comfort, is enough for you to make the decision that this will be your best haven from the storm. Running towards it you lead Pallenten, who needs little encouragement to follow.

Standing in the damp shadows of the barn you can do nothing but watch the torrents of rain fall. It seems that now even the weather is conspiring to delay your journey to Stoneholme. It may just be your imagination, but in the dank gloom of your shelter the collar at your neck is feeling much tighter.

Turn to section 131.

259

The food spread out in abundance on the wide tables of the stall is fresh and varied, however you have enough to last the journey to Stoneholme. It is probably better to keep what money you have in case it is needed later. From the centre of the thronging market place you try to push your way out of the crowd and find a less populated way to the town's southern exit. It is as you are pushing past a large group of the community's well-fed citizenry that you come face to face with a group of Kalborean guards. Their leader is a particularly ugly, overweight man dressed in an ill-fitting uniform.

"Oi! Don't you know stone-eaters can't carry weapons here?"

"With all respect Sir." You try to be as submissive as your ego will allow. "I am in the service of a Prefect of the LoreMages' Guild. My

journey requires I carry this weapon and I have with me a written permission to do so."

The guard does not seem at all impressed. "I couldn't give a toss and sod your Prefect. No stone-eater carries a weapon in my town. Hand it over now!" The guard leader puts out his hand and starts to move purposefully towards you.

So much for the letter. There are too many guards to make for a satisfying fight and you do not feel disposed to hand over Than'durion. Instead you punch out with your right arm and strike the Kalborean heavily between the eyes. With a look of complete surprise he falls backwards into the pack of thugs, who desperately try to evade being crushed under him. In the confusion of flailing arms and legs you make your escape. Leaping upon the back of Pallenten you flick its reins but your horse needs no encouragement. With a lunge she bursts forward through the pressing crowd and races for the south gates at the other end of town. Around market stalls and loaded wagons you race, avoiding startled pedestrians and overturned baskets as you attempt to get as far as possible from the town guards. It proves to be a difficult task, one that will require more than Pallenten's strong legs to accomplish.

The crowds at the south end of the square are building steadily, now too thick to get through easily. It appears that you have arrived in Miller's Crossing on an important market day. People from all over the district have made their way into town, and you are confronted on the south road by a steady stream of townsfolk and merchants arriving for the afternoon's trading. Coming almost to a standstill you realise that your position upon Pallenten's broad back leaves you easily identifiable in the crowd. Quickly you jump from her back and begin pushing your way through what is becoming an ever growing tide of people, wagons and beasts of burden, all slowly moving towards the town centre.

Although it is hard going the crowds do work in your favour. Within the volume of moving traffic you quickly lose your pursuers, and once they have themselves been diverted by a major brawl that has erupted over spilt goods you draw Pallenten to the edge of the thoroughfare and consider your next move.

With the traffic still streaming in from the south gate you must decide what you will do next. The only way out of town is the south gate and there are a number of ways you can get there. If you wish to stick to

the main road and make your way within the cover of the crowds, turn to section 372. If you would much rather take a side street and avoid this traffic, turn to section 382.

260

"Sir, please wait!" The boy is running towards you, waving his hands wildly above his head.

"What is it you want boy? I'm in a hurry." There is something not quite right about the child. He is there before you but his image is not quite solid. As if she senses your thoughts Pallenten half rears backwards as the boy approaches.

"Please sir, is your name Halokim Vesh?"

Stunned by the boys words you hesitate and then answer, "Yes, but how do you know this?"

"I have been sent by my master the Maturi Len, to ask that you experience the hospitality of his house prior to continuing on your journey south." The boy hesitates for a moment as if listening to some other murmured conversation. "He says it will be to your benefit to do so."

For a moment you consider whether you should accept the strange invitation. The name of the Maturi Len seems familiar, but you are hesitant to engage in anything that may waste your time. All thoughts of the boy and the Maturi disappear however, as you glance ahead of you and survey the armed camps surrounding Baellum. In the distance you can see that a number of the Kalborean Army units are beginning to make their way up the road in your direction. The situation must be beginning to deteriorate to the north for all this men and equipment to be on the move so soon.

Taking your leave of the boy you urge Pallenten forward. It is not long before you meet the first scouts of the advancing army. As it may not be in your best interest at this time to confront a large force of armed soldiery, you leave the exposed roadway and attempt instead to skirt the village, keeping to the forest that lies to the west of the town. This proves to be a wise course. Large numbers of soldiers are now beginning to clog the road, many of them struggling under heavy equipment as they move ponderously towards Maenum. Even if they did not challenge you, their sheer numbers would delay you unduly.

Moving carefully between thickly wooded copses and the available undergrowth, you and Pallenten pick your way around the edges of

the forest. With great care you keep out of sight of the army units and circle the town, but keeping to the forest is hard going. It is not long before you know you will need to rest. Finding a good secluded spot you camp in a small clearing amongst the trees. After removing Pallenten's saddle you allow her to graze at the edge of the clearing while you relax, propped up against a large moss-covered tree. From the distant roadway you can hear the monotonous tramp of marching boots and the endless squeak and grind of carts and wagons under heavy load. After a half hour you re-saddle Pallenten and continue on your way. It is two hours before you finally pass the town and rejoin the road. Once on the road you make quicker progress south.

Turn to section 251.

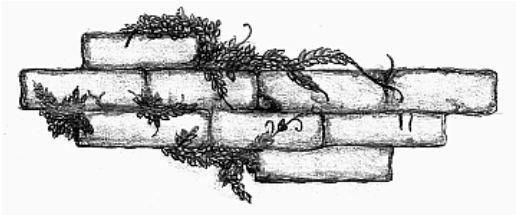

261

Without looking back you guide Pallenten swiftly over the terrain ahead. At first you must travel due west, the farms and old stone fencing not allowing you any swifter path, but as you clear the farmsteads that cluster about the road you are able to veer to the south-west and then strike out directly for the Devkraager Tor. The mountain sits on the horizon, its snow capped summit clearly visible, nearer now but still a good day and a half's journey away.

As you leave the last of the farms behind you find the terrain quickly turning to flat grasslands. Before you is a wide vista of green, broken only by the odd rocky outcrop and the slow, purposeful movement of grazing Sempaca beasts. The wagon-sized herbivores seem oblivious to your presence, but you give them a wide berth anyway as you make a direct path for the mountain. About you the plains extend as far as the eye can see, the long grasses flattening and rolling before the strength of a stiff northerly breeze. On the air you can smell the scent of rain, and as you ride on you see more sign to the north that there is definitely a storm on the way.

After a good half hour of travel you slow Pallenten and decide to check for any signs of pursuit. You scan the horizon but can see no indication of danger. Sure that you are alone on the plains it is now that a further choice must be made.

Do you wish to continue directly south-west towards Stoneholme? If you believe this is the best course of action turn to section 294. If you would rather turn more to the south and follow the borders of the Faeron Marshes turn to section 315.

262

You have only spent a few minutes in the farmstead but the smell of the animal hides clings to your skin like warm honey. For a moment you stand with your arms outstretched and allow the stiff northerly wind to blow the smell from your clothes. Pallenten's body language says it all, she stands off to the side, the odour something she would rather not be too close to.

Luckily the smell dissipates quickly and once Pallenten allows you to remount you are again on your way, riding steadfastly to the south-west. Ahead the Devkraager Tor rises up, its dark, snow-capped massif a clear objective on the horizon.

Turn to section 289.

263

Kal Murda. So much has been said and written of this small village that it is hard to separate the legend from the fact. No one lives in the town now for it has been deserted since the end of the last Horde War, abandoned as a ghost town, one filled with the echoing cries of the innocent and remembered only as a place of infamy. Here the most important battle of the Sixth Horde War had been fought and won. Its fate to be the stage for a desperate engagement that saved the Four Nations of Men but condemned the villagers of this small outpost to butchery.

It was in the final days of a bloody border conflict between the Faeyen to the west, and the Kalborean Union to the south, that the Horde took the opportunity to invade Kalborea and quickly move southwards. Taken completely by surprise the Kalborean outposts near the Rift were overrun and the Horde spread south, burning and pillaging as they went. With both the Faeyen and Kalborean armies

many days travel to the west there was little standing in the way of the rapid southwards advance of the Horde Army. Only the small fortified community of Kal Murda lay between the Hordim and the heavily populated cities of southern Kalborea. Without any chance of escape the small contingent of Kalborean soldiery dug in and awaited the approach of the enemy. Cut off from all help they had little chance of survival but fought anyway. Using a series of cleverly constructed ditch defences and the high stone wall of the village, the soldiers held the masses of the Hordim at bay for three crucial days.

It was inevitable that Kal Murda would fall to the Hordim. On the evening of the third day the inner defences of the village were breached and the garrison was overwhelmed. No one survived the fall of the town, but the delay it caused to the advance of the Horde Army allowed a reserve force from the southern Kalborean city of Das Nephrim to reach the enemy as they lay exposed on the open plain. From the west, a thousand axe-men from the Dwarvendim Stone Kingdoms intercepted the Hordim as they organised to meet the threat of the Kalboreans in the south. Attacked on two fronts the Horde Army fell into disarray and was halted on the grasslands. When the battle was over the Horde were in a full retreat, which became a rout when the diminished Armies of Men finally caught the Hordim at Pallah'dem Fields and destroyed them all.

But for the courage of the garrison at Kal Murda the Horde would have swept all before them. The village however, never recovered from the destruction that followed its fall. Since that time of infamy the village had never been resettled and has remained a silent testament to the violence of war and the destruction it brings.

As you stand on the rise and look down into the ramshackle streets of the village, you can almost hear the sounds of ordinary village life that would have filled its homes and markets. There is something else here though, something that has left the village with a reputation for the sinister and the spectral. It has been a place avoided by all who know of its existence and now it stands before you, awaiting your arrival.

Urging Pallenten forward she canters cautiously towards Kal Murda's gates. You can tell the horse feels the atmosphere of brooding fear that encompasses its walls, and you have to nudge her more than once to keep her moving forward.

Turn to section 275.

264

You do not have to wait long for the Hordim find you. Without warning two Hresh warriors jump from the brush to your right and begin shouting wildly. Pallenten rears up and lashes out with her hooves but the Hordim are too quick, one grabbing her reins as the other pushes her heavily from the side. Overbalanced by the force of the assault she topples sideways onto the riverbank. Rolling from her back you pull your sword and stand your ground. Pallenten staggers upright, fighting to gain a firm footing whilst one of the Hresh hangs precariously from her neck. As you stand there confronting the remaining warrior Pallenten disappears into the brush, wildly trying to dislodge the other Hordim as it tries to grasp a knife at its belt.

You will have to fight this Hresh. The warrior has a combat value of 15 and an endurance of 14. Unfortunately the force of the assault has left you with a jarred shoulder and as a consequence for the duration of this combat your combat value must be reduced by 2 points. If you win this fight turn to section 280. If it is the Hordim that prevails then it is here that your quest ends.

265

Pallenten can do with the water and you can do with the rest. The stream is surrounded on both banks by a thick hedgerow of low brush, and it takes a short while to find a path amongst the bracken that takes you to the edge of the stream itself. Here the stream is bordered by a thin strip of soft, spongy earth and the hedgerows provide a measure of protection from the chill carried by the winds. It is a good place to rest and you decide to take advantage of it. Drawing Pallenten to a halt you dismount and lead her to the water's edge. She needs no invitation to start drinking the clear cool waters. Squatting beside the great horse you take a few handfuls of water yourself and drink deeply. Sitting back upon the stream's soft border you watch Pallenten as she drinks and wonder at the stamina she possesses. The horse has covered more ground in this day than you could have travelled in a week, and still she appears as fresh as when you started this morning. You decide that for her sake it will be best to rest for a while longer.

Sitting there, considering the tranquillity of the slow flowing stream, you do not at first notice the deep impressions on the bank to your

right. Many animals must use this stream, and you can always expect to see tracks and other sign but as you survey the edges of the watercourse you see something quite different. Pressed into the soft ground are bootprints, the unmistakable heavy footfalls of soldiers following the bank upstream as it meanders from the north. Getting up you tether Pallenten and have a closer look. In two columns you can see the prints heading north, following the progress of the waters. You estimate there are probably twelve individuals.

If you have the skill of Bushcraft or Huntmastery turn to section 484. If you do not possess either of these skills and wish to follow this group turn to section 299. If you would much rather leave them alone and continue on to the west turn to section 305.

266

With the storm now rushing in from the north you gallop onwards, hoping some shelter will present itself. The plains are littered with old abandoned buildings, a legacy of times long past when men attempted to settle these grasslands. Too much war had ensured that farming here would be a failure, these wide open plains too frequently the battleground for the many Horde Wars that were fought to liberate Arborell for the Nations of Men. The way ahead is open, apart from the stony outcrops you can see nothing that may afford you protection from the storm-front, which is now descending like a suffocating blanket upon the lands to the north.

In the darkening light you can see little ahead of you that will provide cover. You ride quickly, desperate for any shelter that will give you sanctuary from the tempest to come. Then, just as you are about to lose all hope you find what you are looking for. Off to the right there is an old farmhouse, it is nothing more than four stone walls barely covered by a partially collapsed roof. It should be enough however, to protect yourself and Pallenten from the full force of the storm. Pulling Pallenten to a halt you dismount and quickly lead her through a smashed open doorway into the only protection you can find on these lonely plains.

Turn to section 277.

267

The damp ground and the encroaching dusk make for a cold passage on your ride towards the mountains. In the aftermath of the storm the air is cool and moist, the world a sodden carpet of torn grass and tumbled stone. Through this debris Pallenten gallops on, the hours passing as she finds her way quickly towards the mountains. Her stamina seems limitless but there comes a time when even she must rest.

Before you the Devkraager Tor rises, a vast stone massif hanging ominously in the early fogs of the dusk. With a long day behind you must now find a suitable campsite. Too many times the grasslands have proven to be a dangerous, lonely place in the night. It is necessary that you find a safe haven. From previous travels you know that there is a hunters' cabin just a short distance to the south. If you can find it quickly it will be your best bet for a safe night.

Turn to section 285.

268

For what seems like hours the storm thunders down upon the defenceless grasslands. Caught in your barely adequate shelter you stand soaked to the skin, Pallenten no less affected by the cold, icy tempest that rages about you. The storm is a surging maelstrom of hail and stinging sleet, thrown by impossibly strong winds against the plains, flailing the grasses and piling mounds of white against any obstacle that stands in its way. Trapped beneath the thin rock shelf you feel every blast of wind and every pulverised hailstone as it smashes against the rock about you. Deafened by this battleground of pounding thunder and detonating light you huddle closer to Pallenten and try and keep her calm. It is a raging assault that leaves nothing untouched, and there is little you can do except endure it.

But then, as quickly as it fell upon you, it ends. In the grip of powerful winds the storm moves southwards, taking with it its armoury of lightning and deafening drum-rolls of thunder. In the quiet that follows the storm's passing you take a few moments to extricate yourself from the shelter. Standing stiffly in the cool air, you coax Pallenten out from under the rock shelf and try and shake some movement into stiff, sore limbs. Looking about, you see that the storm has taken the remains of the day from you. It is now almost dark, the thin red glow of an approaching dusk prominent in the west.

Do you wish to stay here at the boulder outcrop for the night? If so, turn to section 288. If you would rather try and find better shelter further to the south-west, then you should turn to section 307.

269

"Pallenten can only take you as far as the foothills." These were the words Tak Lovar said to you at the gates of Maenum, and it would seem that by some unknown artifice they are now to be enforced. Pallenten's eyes show her disquiet but then, obedient to a compulsion that remains unseen, she turns slowly to the east and heads off down one of the trails that lead back to the grasslands. Within moments she is out of view and you are left standing in the centre of the clearing alone.

For a short time you stand quietly watching the empty trail that Pallenten has followed and consider that you will miss that horse a lot, but the rest of your journey beckons, and now it will have to be made on foot. Re-shouldering your pack you turn towards the vast bulk of the Devkraager Tor that now rises clearly through the trees ahead of you. As you begin you breathe in the quiet morning air and look to the trail. Your first thought is that you hope it will not be a long trudge to Stoneholme.

At the edge of the clearing are three trails that may lead to the base of the Devkraager Tor. If you wish to take the left trail turn to section 273. If the centre trails appears to be a more likely path turn to section 293. If the right hand trail strikes you as being a quicker way turn to section 324.

270

The cry for help is too urgent to ignore. Pulling Pallenten to the left you make for the source of the noise and find it lying in a strange circular depression in the ground. But for the plea for help you could have easily ridden right past and not noticed anything at all. Dismounting quickly from Pallenten you rush to the side of a man staked firmly to the ground by his arms and legs. Judging by his appearance he must have been tied down here for at least two days, at the mercy of both the weather, and the predatory animal life that is known to inhabit this area.

Quickly you cut his bonds and help him into a sitting position. Looking about you see that a small pack lies a few metres from the wooden stakes that held him. Inside are a few days worth of rations and water.

"It'd be just like those ingrates to leave my food behind." The man grabs the pack from your grasp and rummages through it. "Just their style, leave a man dyin' on the plains and leave his food where he can smell it! Well I'll have the last laugh, you wait an see."

With the chance to get a better view you realise that the man is old and wiry thin, a straggling red beard making him look somewhat more unstable than you hope he really is.

"Who are you?", you ask carefully. Until you are sure this man has not turned mad from his exposure to the elements, you decide to stand back a small way. Your hand lightly grasps the pommel of your sword and the wretch before you takes full notice of your weapon.

"Me? Why, I's Jonath, comrade in banditry to the greatest of 'em all, Feln Carnoth." For a moment he seems almost triumphant, but then his shoulders slump and his demeanour changes. "Well, at least I was until we had a little fallin' out and I ended up here, staked out like a hide drying in the sun, waitin' for the crows to pick me eyeballs out. Shows ya doesn't it, ya just can't trust some people."

For a moment he contemplates his surroundings and then looks you straight in the eye.

"You're a stone-eater aint ya. What the hell you doing in these parts anyway. Don't ya know that the law'l have ya if they gets their grimy hands on ya?"

For a second you think about boxing this bandit's ears. It's not the first time you've been called a stone-eater and the term has always left you feeling somewhat aggressive, but this haggard excuse for a bandit is half delirious from the sun and wind. You'll let him off this

time.

"Don't you worry about why I'm here," you reply, "I just want to know where your friends might be. I would like to avoid them if I can."

Jonath laughs, "Don't worry 'bout them, by now they'll be in Das Frontiere living the high life and laughin' about what they've done to old Jonath, but I'll tell ya one thing for free. You don't fool me, that sword 'n horse ain't the property of no stone-eater, an' that collar ain't for show neither. I'll bet ya a horse for an apple that you're on some mission for our glorious Lords 'n Masters eh?"

He takes a small piece of dried meat from his pack and starts to eat it. His mouth is full but it doesn't stop him talking. "Don't worry, your secret's safe with me. Hell, I'd be dead meat if you hadn't happen'd along when ya did." Then his demeanour changes, his voice carries a hint of real concern. "The other thing I'll tell ya for free is that you'd better think twice about makin' for them mountains. I seen the way you been lookin' o'er that way and I tell ya it's crawlin' with critters, an' they don't like nobody snoopin' about. If I was you I'd stay clear away and go back home."

For a short time you talk further with the old bandit. He seems to know nothing of the war to the north, nor does he have any idea of what dangers might lie between here and the mountains. He does seem certain though that the mountains are infested with "critters" and are a place better left alone. After you assure yourself that the old man has enough food to get him to the nearest settlement you bid him farewell and remount Pallenten. The last thing you see of him is his red beard waving in the wind as he turns to begin what will be a long journey on foot to the east. You think ruefully that you would not want to make an enemy of such a tough old man, and that Feln Carnoth better be a light sleeper.

Again you turn Pallenten to the west and strike out across the plains. The conversation with Jonath leaves you full of questions, however you know the answers will lie somewhere ahead and there is still a long way to go. With the wind starting to grow in strength you turn Pallenten to the south-west and find the plains beginning to rise and fall in a series of gentle hills. As you crest one of these rises you pull Pallenten to a dead stop. By some awkward quirk of fate you find before you a small fortified village, deserted and in ruins. You have come face to face with the legendary village of Kal Murda.

Turn to section 263.

271

Although you could do with the warmth of a fire you believe it is too dangerous to take the chance. There are many things on these plains that may be drawn to flames, things you would rather not have to confront. Instead you will remain as inconspicuous as possible. You are lucky in that the boulder outcrop makes an excellent break from the cold northerly winds, and you do your best to protect Pallenten and yourself from the chill. It is going to be a miserable night but you decide to make the best of it. After placing Pallenten in the lee of the boulders you lay out your blanket and try to settle down for the evening. Even though it is cold and the wind is still rushing about the outcrop, you make yourself as comfortable as possible. The journey of the day has been very tiring but you cannot sleep. Lying amongst the rocks, with Pallenten near and the wind howling a dire song, you cannot help but think about the events of the past few days. In the main your thoughts lie with the Kalboreans.

You have no love for your captors, they have proven over the course of your life that they cannot be trusted, and that they use a fog of half-truths as a means to coerce and control those they subjugate. This quest is one based upon such half-truths, but it is one which you must not fail to complete. The irony is that it will be completed for reasons the Kalboreans cannot begin to appreciate.

It is true that the Kalborean LoreMages know a considerable amount about the history of the Dwarvendim, and the circumstances that led to the loss of the Tellandra. It is also true that they do not fully understand how EarthMagic works nor the place the pillar of stonewood has in being able to control it. The Kalboreans have sent you on this journey and in doing so have made a huge miscalculation. They have ensured you reach your goal by the use of the white metal collar that rubs uncomfortably at your neck, but you know the act of fixing the Tellandra will forever take it out of their hands.

Over the years you have heard more than one learned voice echo the suspicion that the magic the Kalboreans wield with the Tellandra is only a pale reflection of its true power. Locked away from all human contact in its deep, dark vault it has not been seen since the fall of Morgen Orncryst. And as such, has not been used by any of the Dwarvendim since that time. For the Kalboreans, the power of the Tellandra is only what they have experienced, a power diminished by its fracture and by their misuse. Because of this the LoreMages will be wholly unprepared for its restoration, and with the pillar's return to

fullness the Kalboreans hold on the Tellandra will fail. Such is the power of EarthMagic that it will rise like a flood-swollen river before them and sweep away any vestige of their hold over it. In the face of this overwhelming power the LoreMages will falter and then the Dwarvendim will easily regain their control of the stonewood, and have the tool they need to shrug off the repression of the Kalborean Union. It is true that the Kalboreans sent you on this quest, but you resolve to do it because you know what it will mean to your people.

There is also the small matter of what will happen to you once the pillar is restored, and the Kalboreans realise what has happened. In your own mind you know they will not be pleased, you are also sure that you've never been one of their favourite thieves, and no matter what happens you will be little appreciated anyway. It is a certainty that from the conclusion of this quest you will be a marked man.

Lying there considering the bright stars and the flowing wisps of low cloud your mind begins to wander, and soon the fatigue of the day takes hold. With Pallenten standing by your side you fall into an uncomfortable, fitful sleep. When the morning comes it is clear and cool. Getting up from your blanket you cannot see Pallenten at first, she has wandered off to graze but you can hear her chomping away at the thick grasses somewhere behind the boulders. After eating a small breakfast and putting away your equipment you walk out onto the grass and call her to your side. One call is not enough but a second gets her moving. Within a moment she is by your side, looking out in the direction of the Devkraager Tor and waiting for you to remount. Today you will reach the mountain. Climbing up onto the great horse you flick her reins and begin this next leg of your journey. In the quiet of the early morning, the muffled beat of Pallenten's hooves on the plain is the only sound you hear as you set her on her way to the south-west.

Your restless sleep and cold meal will only return 3 endurance points to your endurance level. If these points are needed record them on your character sheet and then turn to section 292.

272

As you ride closer to the farmstead you see that it is even more decrepit than you first thought. It is nothing more than a one roomed hut with an unstable looking veranda at the front. At first glance there

does not seem to be much point in going inside, but then you spy the large number of foot and hoof prints in the soft earth. At least two horses have been here within the past two days. Perhaps you may find some clue as to why inside.

With Pallenten now at a halt you dismount and kneel to check the prints more closely. There is no doubt in your mind that they were put down around two days ago, and that they were made by two, maybe three, different horses. The horses were well shod and judging by the depth of the prints, heavily loaded.

Getting back to your feet you have one more look about to check you are alone then step up onto the veranda. The front door is jammed shut and there is a slight odour in the air that is somehow familiar. With a crash you kick the door in and make your way inside.

Turn to section 283.

273

The left path looks in the best condition and appears to travel directly towards the west. At a half-run you move forward, the forest quickly closing in on both sides of the trail. Soon the rolling hills are left behind and the land begins to rise as a series of steep slopes that appear to ascend to the base of the mountain itself. With each rise the trail becomes more precipitous and then begins to wind in a zig-zag fashion into the higher hills. As you go ever higher you begin to feel the chill of the wind more keenly and find the ground beneath your feet becoming loose and unstable. In the end the way is so steep that you have to use the trees about you as supports to slowly climb upwards.

By midday the trail ends abruptly at an old quarry. It is little more than a gouge in the side of a cliff face, but must have once been a source of rock mined for use in the Stone Kingdoms further to the west. Now it is deserted and there are no other trails leaving the

quarry apart for the one you have just travelled. Looking about you see that you have climbed high into the hills. The Devkraager Tor is still a short distance further to the west, the vast grassland plains laid out as a huge panorama behind you to the east. There is no other path to take, you have emerged at a dead end.

If you wish to enter the forest and try and find another track turn to section 316. If you believe it will be better to retrace your steps and go back to the intersection with the other trails turn to section 323.

274

With the wide plains ahead you urge Pallenten onwards. At a gallop she races for the edge of the Marshes and what you hope will be a safe route to the mountains. Soon the leagues are being left behind as her strong legs pound away at the soft earth of the grasslands. It is an exhilarating ride, with no obstacles before you the great horse thunders over the trackless plain, only the thick grasses themselves any impediment to her progress. As you ride you take the time to survey the horizons knowing that you must remain alert for any dangers.

The plains before you are wide and open, a vast tract of flowing green but they are not lifeless. Where the grasses do no cover the ground in their thick blanket you can see the tracks and impressions of small deer and wild pigs. These animals keep well clear of any travellers, but you know there are large numbers of them scattered about the plains. As you gallop you see ground birds and other nesting fowl scatter from your path. If you were not in such a hurry you would certainly stop to hunt some of these game birds, but now is not the time. On high there are large numbers of birds milling in the sky or heading south in great flocks. You can see why when you look northwards.

To the north a huge storm is brewing. You cannot be sure if it is moving towards you, though the wind that now blows from that direction will surely push it your way. With the wind rushing past your head you ride, enjoying the feeling of freedom and the smells of the plains. Soon you will reach the Marshes and your unrestricted gallop will end. The Faeron Marshes do not favour the incautious, you have travelled them before and know they can be deadly if not treated with respect.

Turn to section 329.

275

Standing before the village's silent walls you wonder whether the stories of ghosts, or the tales of the moaning cries of the Horde's hapless victims, is something you should test for yourself. You have heard of no-one who has ventured through the ruined streets of Kal Murda in your lifetime, and you wonder if maybe there is good reason for that. Or perhaps the legends of hideous spectral inhabitants is just the residue of the horror that was perpetrated so many years ago. You do however, have a choice as to whether you wish to find out or not.

There are two options open to you at this juncture. You can ride through the ruins of Kal Murda and take your chances, or you may simply ride around the deserted walls of the village and continue on to the west. If you wish to ride through the village turn to section 287. If you would rather ride around the village and leave a possible encounter with its ghostly inhabitants for another time, turn to section 339.

276

A quick survey of the northern sky tells you that the storm will soon be upon you. Although it has slowed its advance for the moment, it will reach you within the next hour. This should be enough time to reach the town and find shelter until the weather passes.

Turning Pallenten to the north you ride on. As you gallop for the town you search your memory trying to remember what the name of this settlement might be. You cannot place it, but there are some towns you have not yet been thrown out of, and this may well be one of them. Still, in the back of your mind you have a nagging fragment of

memory that you cannot quite bring into focus, something half-forgotten but important.

As you ride the wind begins to strengthen. Blowing directly from the north, it produces a stiff headwind full of the rich smell of rain, and loaded with particles of broken grass and leaves. It is a swirling blast of detritus which makes your advance all the more difficult, your path sometimes obscured as you push Pallenten onwards. Well within the hour however, you crest a rise and find before you the town you seek. It is no ordinary town or village. As soon as you see the high circular, fortified wall of this settlement you realise you have stumbled upon a legend. You have found Kal Murda.

Turn to section 263.

277

The storm hits hard and you have little enough time to prepare for it. The farmstead is a ruin, but enough of it survives to afford a measure of protection from the full force of the storm. Quickly you draw Pallenten into the far corner of the building and wait for the tempest to hit. In the deepening gloom you hold Pallenten's reins firmly, her breath steaming as the air chills about you.

Like an advancing tide the storm marches overhead, quickly blanketing out the horizon and laying down a vicious swirl of wind, sleet and heavy rain. In the barely adequate protection of the collapsed farmhouse you stand with Pallenten, unable to avoid the wind gusts that throw flurries of rain and sleet under the roof. Before long you are soaked to the skin, suffering the numbing effects of the gale force winds as they blow unrelenting about the crumbling stone walls. Feeling completely miserable you can do nothing but pull your cloak closer about you and wait for the storm to pass.

With the ferocity of the tempest still building you stand in awe of its power. Unrestrained the storm hammers away at the unprotected plains, its energy growing with each passing minute. Buffeted by ferocious winds the farmhouse shudders to each deafening roll of thunder, the ground tremoring under the impacts of blinding bursts of lightning that fill the air with the smell of smoking turf. With Pallenten close you thank Providence that this shelter was at hand.

The fact that you have found shelter is a stroke of good fortune that has probably saved your life. To be unprotected in weather such as

this can mean death, and many unfortunate souls have been lost, taken by such storms in the past, never to be seen in the world again. Shivering, but happy that you have a roof over your head, you stand silently. Then, a slight movement out in the storm catches your eye. It is a black shape, laying still amongst the grasses as they are whipped and shredded by the wind.

You cannot be sure what the dark shape may be, but if you are brave, or foolhardy, enough you can run out into the storm and try and attempt to retrieve it. If this is your choice, turn to section 295. If you believe there is no way you will leave your shelter until the storm has passed turn to section 304.

278

Previous travels here have shown you that the southern borders of the Faeron Marshes are almost completely uninhabited. Left untroubled you should be able to make this longer path quite quickly. A day will be the most you need to skirt the marshes and reach the foothills of the Devkraager Tor. A light flick of Pallenten's reins is all that is required to send her at a gallop to the south.

Turn to section 298.

279

You have no idea where the Kalborean came from, or why he should attack you so violently, but his assault proves to be both efficient and ruthless. Armed with a long sword he possesses considerable skill, and it takes some effort to end the fight and put this leather-clad assailant down. When you are finished the Kalborean lies limp upon the ground, his sword broken in two, his body lifeless.

After taking a moment to thank Providence for your survival you commence a quick search of the Scout, but find nothing that might provide a clue to his identity, or his purpose in attacking you. You can only surmise that he was ordered to find you, however that doesn't make any sense for it was the Kalboreans that sent you on this quest after all. Perhaps even the Kalborean command is not fully aware of what the LoreMages are doing? Perhaps the LoreMages have secrets

of their own? Who can say, all you know is that it seems every person you encounter on this journey wishes to do you harm. All the more reason you think that it is best to remain as inconspicuous as possible. Calling Pallenten to your side you remount and continue on southwards. Your meal will have to wait till later.

Turn to section 274.

280

After a hard fought battle the Hresh lay dead at your feet. But you are alive. Looking quickly around you search urgently for Pallenten. The last you saw of her she was trying to remove the remaining Hresh from her back, the look in her eyes one of anger and frustration. Thankfully it does not take long to find her. At a canter she returns from the east, crashing through the brush and coming to a rest in front of you. The other Hresh is nowhere to be seen.

You have survived the battle but you must now consider what you can actually do for the captive held by the Hordim. If you wish to continue the chase turn to section 470. If you feel that it is better to return to your quest and make for the Devkraager Tor turn to section 475.

281

The sodden grass and soft earth make for a hazardous surface upon which to do battle. The Assassin fights in a ruthlessly efficient manner, his skill in hand-to-hand combat unmistakable and well -practised, but your sword carries with it too much force for his dagger to fend for long. After a short and violent confrontation your foe lies dead at your feet.

Kneeling beside the prostrate form you try and conduct a search of his possessions; perhaps there is some evidence here of who he is, and what his mission may have been. In the power of the storm it is hard to see much, he is definitely Kalborean although a scrawny runt of a man. His clothes prove to be far more interesting however. Made of black leather and almost seamless in manufacture they have been purpose made for this man's craft. He was obviously a professional in his chosen life but why would he be after you? A quick look about does not give any further indication of his identity or purpose. He appears to have no other equipment except for the dagger he wielded

so efficiently in combat and upon closer inspection it proves to be extraordinary. Finely carved and well tempered it is a remarkable weapon, one which would be highly valued in any armoury. You consider for a moment if you should take it with you. (If you wish to take the Assassin's dagger record it on your character sheet)

As you stand you see that the storm is beginning to abate, to the north the horizon is beginning to clear and the winds have dropped away. Returning to the farmhouse you wait for the remainder of the storm to pass and then lead Pallenten out onto the sodden ground. Both Pallenten and yourself are stiff from the wet and cold and it takes a short while for sore muscles to unlimber. All about the plains are covered in water, the land now a patchwork of shallow pools and muddy ground. For a moment you look out to the south and see the storm pounding away at the unprotected lands, great bolts of lightning crashing into the ground with such force that can feel the vibration of their impact through your boots. You where truly lucky to survive, but time to ponder your good fortune will have to be found later, now you must continue on. After brushing Pallenten down you remount and ride on towards the south-west.

Turn to section 267.

282

The pile of large boulders does not appear to be the best shelter to weather a storm such as the one that approaches, but they are all that you can reach in time. With large droplets of cold rain slapping at your face you veer Pallenten to the left and ride hard for the stones. When you reach the outcrop you make a surprising discovery. At some time in the past a number of the smaller boulders have been moved, placed in a roughly horse-shoe shaped mound. From a distance the boulder pile looks like a random jumble of stones, up close it has obviously been formed as a shelter of last resort by someone who would have to have been a very strong traveller indeed. As you dismount from Pallenten you can see a table-sized slab of stone has been laid across a few of the larger boulders to provide a simple shelter. The arrangement of the stones forms a small protected alcove within the pile. Although it is not much it will be enough to give you cover from the worst of the storm. After getting as much of Pallenten

under the rockshelf as you can, you crawl in under her belly and await the deluge that is to come. You do not have to wait long.

Turn to section 326.

283

The moment you kick in the door you know what the smell is, your nose assailed by the fetid smell of hundreds of damp animal skins. One look around the interior of the farmstead shows that it is now a poacher's hut. Mostly small deer and wild boar, the skins hang about the walls and stand in long racks, stretched tightly over frameworks of sticks and wire. Putting your hand to your mouth and nose you quickly search the building but find only a few items that may be of value to you. If you wish you may take any of the following:

- a hunting knife,
- a bar of soap,
- a length of rope, 10 metres long,
- a candle, and
- a small mirror.

The stench is too much to bear for very long. Leaving the drying skins to their fate you quickly make your way outside.

Turn to section 262.

284

Pitched from Pallenten's back you fall heavily into the surrounding undergrowth. Winded but unhurt you stagger back onto the trail, unsheathing your sword as you go. Here you are confronted by two Hresh Warriors. Dressed in light armour and carrying very efficient looking scimitars, they stand their ground, sizing you up for the fight to come.

Behind the Hresh you can see Pallenten struggling with a third warrior who is desperately trying to hold her by the neck. You cannot help her though and lose sight of her as she gallops back down the trail with the Hresh desperately trying to drag her down. The two Hordim before you give you no time to do anything except defend

yourself. As one they attack.

You must fight these Hresh Warriors and they have the advantage of numbers. Each must be defeated in turn. The first Hresh has a combat value of 17 and an endurance of 10. The second has a combat value of 15 and an endurance of 12. If you win this battle turn to section 306. If you lose then it will be here that your quest ends. In another life you may find that Providence will grant you better luck.

285

In the gathering darkness the cabin proves to be more difficult to find than you would have hoped. After turning to the south the grasslands give way to isolated patches of low scrub and the first scattered areas of light forest. It is within these patches of woodland that you begin to lose your way. Somewhere in amongst these trees is the cabin but the terrain has changed since you last passed this way, the trees sparser, many of the familiar trails lost to neglect and a thick blanket of fallen leaves. In this wide land a small cabin can be an easy thing to miss.

For a short time you take a path that leads through the trees and then into a series of wide areas of open, stony ground. Beyond these clearings the forest closes in, thick areas of undergrowth crowding the ground beneath an increasingly dense canopy of high trees and arching branches. Within this darker world you guide Pallenten carefully southwards, aware that night will soon descend and the cabin is still nowhere to be seen.

In the half-light of the evening you persist on your heading until you are brought to a halt by a confronting discovery. Spread about the trees and through the undergrowth are the torn remains of a Hordim, a Jotun you think, but shredded in a manner you have never seen before. No piece of the giant Hordim remains intact and the entire area is covered in arcing sprays of its drying blood. For a moment you try and understand what has happened to the creature, but there are no clues to its demise except for the overwhelming violence that must have been used to kill it. You are certain no man could have inflicted such wilful damage and you can think of no predator that would dare attack a Jotun and leave so much of it behind. All you can be sure of is that whatever killed the Hordim did so with great vigour and with considerable malice. Quickly you ckeck your surroundings and skirt

the carnage, not willing to risk the possibility that whatever did this might return. In the deepening gloom you urge Pallenten forward.

Continuing on due south you finally intersect a trail you recognise which heads directly west. Following this trail brings you to a small clearing, within which stands the dilapidated but still functional hunters' cabin.

Turn to section 320.

286

The night passes quickly and in the chill of the early morning you rise for the new day. It takes only a few moments to rekindle the dying embers of your fire and after making a small morning meal you ready yourself for the day's travel. Pallenten has kicked away the doorjamb and is already outside, grazing on the thick grasses that grow in the lee of the cabin. She appears well rested and fit for the day to come. One call is all that is required to bring her to your side. After shouldering your pack you remount Pallenten and continue on your way to find the legendary fortress of Stoneholme.

The combination of the hot meal and a good night's sleep will restore a further ten endurance points to your character's endurance level (Remember not to exceed your initial endurance level though). Record this on your character sheet and turn to section 343.

287

After a moment of hesitation you urge Pallenten forward. Before you the gates of Kal Murda lay broken and rotten, their hinges long rusted away, their shattered beams silent yet powerful testaments to the violence of their destruction. Around many a camp fire you have heard the legends and stories of this place, and it is with no small trepidation that you find yourself joining the road that leads into it.

As you pass under the arch of the village's eastern gates you are able to get a clearer impression of what the village must have been like before its destruction by the Horde. Unlike most fortified settlements Kal Murda was not particularly big, probably no more than 300 metres from east to west and set out upon the plain as a perfect square of high walls and higher watch towers; all encircled

within a complex arrangement of defensive ditches and pitfalls. Upon Pallenten's broad back you can see the streets coming together at a central market square, around which lay the trading houses and civic halls of the community. All now lay in ruins.

Carefully you guide Pallenten into the town and immediately ask yourself why you are not riding around this settlement rather than choosing a path through it. It would be just as easy to find a way around the high walls but your curiosity cannot let you leave such a legendary place unvisited.

In its heyday Kal Murda had been a thriving focal point of trade, vibrant and busy, servicing most of the surrounding agricultural regions, and recognised as a vital link between the Stone Kingdoms to the west and the larger towns and cities of Central Kalborea to the south. Riding down the main boulevard towards the Town Hall you find the remains of many large villas and townhouses. There must have been many wealthy merchants that would have used the advantages of this settlement as a base for their trading enterprises, and the success of these townsfolk could still be seen in the remains of the well paved and guttered streets that serviced them. This was all however, before the coming of the Hordim.

As Pallenten trots cautiously along the roadway all you can hear is the echoes of her hooves clattering on the cobblestones and the low rush of the wind as it finds its way through the deserted streets. The village is eerily quiet, a strange expectant edge to the air as you guide Pallenten into the central market. Stopping for a moment you look to the sky and find that the storm is now too close to be avoided. The dark wall of cloud and rain hangs in the north, a menacing veil of gloom that rushes towards you. You have no doubt that this storm is a Treachersa, and you will not survive it unprotected. Before you can move Pallenten on a gust of wind rips through the streets, lifting grit and detritus in its wake, spinning loose dirt and leaves in a dance that heralds the power of the impending storm. You shake your head as you feel the wind rising, a squall of rain and lightning hard upon its heels.

It is time to decide what you should do. A quick survey of the main square determines that only the broken remains of the Town Hall may provide any protection from the approaching storm. If you wish to confirm if shelter can be found there turn to section 441. If you would rather leave Kal Murda as soon as possible turn to section 495.

288

With the worst of the storm now past and only an hour's worth of daylight remaining, you decide to camp amongst the boulders for the night. It is not the best campsite but it will provide an effective barrier against the wind that still blows stiffly from the north.

Most of the heavy cloud has moved on southwards and in the hastening gloom of the dusk you can see the first appearance of a few early stars. Wrapping your heavy travel cloak tightly about you, you make camp within the formation of boulders and then find a suitable tether for Pallenten. She still suffers from the effects of the storm and it will be necessary for her to be kept out of the wind. The best place for her is inside the rock shelter under the lee of the boulder pile. In the encroaching dark you watch the sky clear of cloud and begin to fill with a bright multitude of stars. From the north the wind rushes on, bitterly cold and full of the promise of further bad weather.

Do you wish to light a fire? If so, turn to section 302. If you believe it may be wiser not to, turn to section 271.

289

About mid afternoon you come to a small stream that cuts across the otherwise featureless plain. To the north the storm front is building, but it appears to be holding off for now. You are thankful for that, the weather in this part of Northern Kalborea can be positively murderous at this time of the year. Stopping at the stream you consider whether you should water Pallenten here, or perhaps do so further to the west.

If you decide to water Pallenten here, turn to section 265. If you believe it will be better to do so later, turn to section 296.

290

From the battlements you have a clear view to what remains of the northern horizon. In that direction the plains have disappeared beneath a solid wall of black cloud, its enormous threatening presence moving directly towards you, marking its progress across the grasslands with bright flashes of lightning that strike at the earth like spear thrusts. As you watch its approach you have no doubt that the

storm will be a violent tempest, though one that can be weathered here safely. Leaning against the battlement you can feel the sure strength in the stone about you, and know that the toll bridge will provide a warm, dry haven from anything the weather may throw at you.

It is the twelve Riders galloping directly towards you however, that give you reason to pause and move quickly away from the battlements. Although they are still a good twenty minutes from your position you can see that two orderly rows of mounted Kalborean soldiery have the same idea as yourself. They wish to make the toll bridge their sanctuary from the storm, and you know that if the soldiers find you here there will be no chance that they will let you finish your quest unchallenged.

For a moment you consider whether it might be possible to hide from the advancing troops and weather the tempest unseen. The toll bridge is certainly large enough, each level a conglomeration of storerooms and annexes that could provide adequate hiding places for a Dwarvendim who might wish to remain unnoticed; but Pallenten is altogether too large to simply conceal away. Her size and fine breeding would surely bring her to the soldiers' attention, and then ultimately that attention would focus upon finding her rider. If you were to be discovered it would be an unhappy meeting that could only lead to violence and death. Although you do not like it, you know that by strength of numbers these Kalboreans will have the toll bridge as their shelter, and that you will have to find another.

Quickly you take to the stairs and make your way back to the courtyard where you have tethered Pallenten. Through the eastern gate you can see the Riders hastening towards your position, the storm hard upon their heels. Mounting the great horse you urge her to the gallop, setting her course towards the western gate, then across the span of the old stone bridge and out onto the plains beyond.

Without looking back you set Pallenten on a course directly for the Devkraager Tor, your hope that the Kalboreans are just as focused upon the approaching storm as you are.

Turn to section 356.

291

The afternoon marches on and there is still a great deal of ground to cover. With the retreating storm at your left shoulder you urge Pallenten on. Across the grasslands she gallops as if her journey has only just begun, her strides finding no falter in the soft earth and pooled water left after the rains.

In the aftermath of the storm the air is cool and clear, a strong wind gusting from the north-west pushing the remaining cloud cover into the south. In the face of this chilling bluster the wind whistles past your ears, the way ahead a vast expanse of rippling grassland seemingly open and unencumbered by obstacle or danger. Without pause the great horse gallops westwards, the leagues lost to her pounding hooves and inexhaustible stamina. As the suns of Arborell reach closer to the horizon your solitude is broken however, when a movement upon the plain quickly grows into the menacing form of an approaching mounted soldier.

From the plains to the south the man rides at a reckless speed, his unmistakable intention to intersect your path a short distance ahead. At first you cannot identify who this rider might be, but as he gets closer you can see that he is Kalborean, and that he is wearing the uniform of a Ranger of the Watch. In the swirling winds the soldier does not call out, nor does he try to avoid your position. With a growing sense of unease you watch as he gallops straight for you.

If you possess either the skill of Brigandry, Bushcraft or Huntmastery turn to section 510. If you do not possess any of these skills and believe you should draw Pallenten to a halt and see what the Ranger wants, turn to section 309. If you would rather try and lose this man in the marshes to the north turn to section 350.

292

After the solitude of the night the rush of the wind on your face and the beat of Pallenten's hooves on the grassland brings a clear focus to your journey. This great horse will reach the foothills within the hour, leaving the remainder of the day to find the entrance to Stoneholme, and to prepare for your descent into its depths. Whether you can find the entrance to the fabled fortress easily remains to be seen, but you have a general idea where it might lay, and no matter where you meet the edge of the mountain you should be able to follow its base and find the fortress.

Very soon the open plains give way to scattered copses of trees and large areas of low brush. This in its turn makes way for the forest that surrounds the south-western edge of the Devkraager Tor. In this part of Kalborea the forest is an unusual mixture of large, impressively tall trees with vast overhanging canopies, and a dense vegetation that carpets the ground in between. Thick and tangled in complex webs of vine and low brush, you cannot make any headway through the trees, instead you must follow the many wagon and animal trails that cut through the undergrowth towards the west. One of these trails appears to have been recently travelled, and as it leads directly towards the mountain you decide to use it. The trail is wide and makes its way between the large trees of the forest. Although mostly straight it does take a number of bends and as you are rounding one of these you come upon an abandoned wagon.

Do you wish to have a closer look at the wagon? If you do turn to section 318. If you would rather leave it and continue on, turn to section 358.

293

As you have no idea which of these trails will take you to the mountain you pick the central trail and quickly move forward. On both sides of the path the forest grows thick and dark, the light of day disappearing easily within its gloomy depths. Carefully you scan the sides of the path as you head westwards, large branches and thorn vines thrust out from the forest forming dangerous obstacles to your way ahead. At a half-run you traverse these natural barriers and soon the relatively flat ground you have been crossing rises into a series of ascending hills, cut frequently by small streams and heavily wooded gullies. Thankfully most of these are skirted by the trail and, although you are forced to make a few detours to avoid large fallen timber, you quickly close the distance between yourself and the mountains. Ahead the Devkraager Tor grows larger, a vast snow-capped granite massif that looms through the trees, and one you must reach as soon as possible.

Turn to section 353.

294

The open grasslands are a direct path to the foothills of the Devkraager Tor and the best route to getting there unnoticed. From your previous travels in these lands you know that very little stands between you and your destination. History has ensured that these wide plains have remained relatively unsettled, both conflict and the ferocity of the weather having conspired to make living here very difficult. Without delay you place Pallenten on her course for the mountains. With no obstacle before her Pallenten gallops unchecked across the wind-blown grasses, only the occasional slight hill or small stream standing in her way. On open ground she moves with a velocity that is breathtaking, one that consumes the leagues as she pounds forward, leaving large tracts of ground in her wake as she arrows for the mountains and the object of your quest.

In this vast expanse you settle into the gallop and take in the vista that spreads out before you. At all horizons the plains are clear but as you look to the north you know that this day will not remain untroubled. To the north-west clouds are building upon the high mountains, their white billowing forms growing as you watch, forming and joining into a weather-front that is moving across the plains towards you. There can be no doubt that a storm is brewing, the rolling of distant thunder a harbinger of bad weather ahead.

:dehr hoewck; alaal; es phenath a'skel dehr alethaal:

Onward you ride, Pallenten set on her path and the leagues disappearing beneath her mighty strides. Overhead the sky is a patchwork of white cumulus and deep blue, only the thick line of advancing cloud to the north any hint that you have anything other than clear weather ahead. You search the horizon but can see nothing that might indicate trouble, it would seem that you are alone in this part of the world. You smile slightly at the thought and then take a firmer hold on Pallenten's reins; experience has taught you that it is just when you believe you have nothing to fear that things have a way of becoming very dangerous indeed.

Cresting a rise in the land you find, some one hundred metres to your right, a small stone-built farmstead. It stands on the plains as a single isolated building, surrounded on three sides by overgrown

hedges that have nestled tightly against its weathered walls. It has the look of being abandoned, but the ground surrounding its front entrance shows sign of recent use.

Do you wish to have a closer look at this farmstead? If you do, turn to section 272. If you can see no need to waste time here and want to move on, turn to section 303.

295

The dark, indistinct shape lays motionless in the fury of the storm some twenty metres from the farmhouse. Every few seconds a great burst of lightning illuminates the area about you, the shape outlined momentarily but then gone. It is difficult to distinguish and you cannot tell clearly what it might be. Quickly you tether Pallenten to a strong beam and move closer. In the face of the storm you throw your hood over your head and brace yourself for what is to come. As you step out into the tempest it hits you like a physical blow, and for a moment you have to steady yourself as you fight the strength of the wind and the relentless stream of rain and sleet that falls around you. Then you see a glint of hard steel. A slight movement of an arm against the backdrop of the storm tells you all you need to know.

Drawing your sword you run straight at the form laying in the grasses. Immediately the shape raises itself from the ground. It is a man dressed in close fitting black leather, wielding a vicious looking dagger. Within the raging storm the Assassin attacks.

You must fight this Assassin. He has a combat value of 15 and an endurance level of 14. If you defeat this skulker of the night turn to section 281. If you are defeated, then it will be here, in the ferocity of this storm that your quest will end.

296

There are many similar streams further to the west and Pallenten does not yet look like she needs to rest. With a slight flick of her reins you urge her forward and she trots lightly through the shallow watercourse, and then up through the undergrowth on the other bank of the stream. Once free of the low brush Pallenten builds her pace and you are soon again galloping smoothly towards the distant mountains.

With Pallenten set on her course you take the time to ponder the beauty of the plains. Although mostly flat, the terrain is cut by small streams and gentle hills that do nothing to hinder your speed or necessitate a change in direction. There are not many trees nor features of any kind that break up the serene calm of the gently waving grasses, and as you ride you find your mind wandering to things other than the dangerous nature of your quest. In this almost trance-like state you speed onwards. Suddenly, from the corner of your eye, you see the momentary reflection of something metallic to your left. This is followed quickly by the desperate cry of someone in great pain.

Do you wish to investigate? If you do, turn to section 270. If you believe there is too much of a chance that this is a trap and you wish to ride on, turn to section 313.

297

The body of the Hresh is enough evidence for you. Turning Pallenten to the west you head off directly for the marshes and then turn southwards following the border of the wetlands. As you ride through the long grasses you realise that the body of the Hordim underlines your need for caution. With the Horde roaming the plains of Northern Kalborea you can sense your quest becoming all the more complicated with each hour that passes. It would appear that you now have more than just the Kalboreans to worry about.

For a time your thoughts are focused on the way ahead, the rhythmic pounding of Pallenten's hooves and the regular rise and fall of her head as she gallops a comforting reminder of how fast you are covering the distance to your goal. Indeed, so fast is her progress that you reach the south-eastern corner of the marshes by mid-afternoon. Turning Pallenten westwards you can see the rising summit of the Devkraager Tor directly ahead. Heartened by the ease with which you have made the southern boundaries of the Faeron you give Pallenten a further flick on her reins. In the fresh afternoon air she accelerates, taking advantage of the large tracts of grassland ahead. Only when you look back to check for any sign of pursuit do you see the approaching storm, a dark wall of cloud and mist advancing from the north.

Turn to section 345.

298

With the expanses of the marshlands on your right you follow the contour of the terrain and swiftly make your way southwards. You pass many an abandoned building, old farmhouses, decrepit sheds and long lines of crumbling stone walls. All are the remains of a number of unsuccessful attempts to settle the fringes of the marshes. Almost a century ago the wetlands began to expand, and with no way to stop their advance they quickly covered most of the farmlands making them uninhabitable. Entire villages were swallowed and most now lie either beneath the swamps or lay decaying within its borders. Although the growth of the marshes ceased some time ago nobody has been foolhardy enough to try and resettle these lands. They remain a natural wilderness that men avoid and legends have ensured will remain untroubled.

Riding on you find Pallenten has no difficulty avoiding the numerous patches of damp ground. The edges of the Faeron are a patchwork of wet and dry, clearly identifiable by the subtle changes in the grasses and brush that lie within them. As long as you remain focused on these changes in the terrain you should have no difficulty avoiding any dangerous areas at the marshes border. It is as you search the way ahead that you spy two distinct sets of bootprints, running parallel to the marshes before veering of quickly to the south-east.

Do you want to stop and have a closer look at these prints? If so turn to section 331. If you would rather move on instead. Turn to section 342.

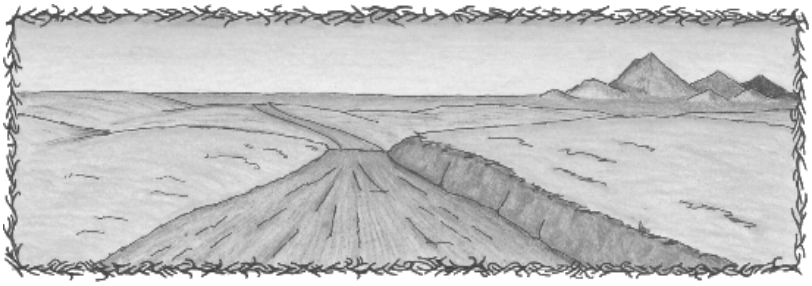

299

These bootprints are definitely those of soldiers but a closer look shows they are not man-made. It appears that whoever, or whatever made them has kept close to the banks of the stream and used the cover of the hedges at its edge to move undetected. You feel the collar at your throat and consider whether it is a good idea to follow them. You see also that they are dragging something heavy with them and that it was struggling at the time.

Your curiosity aroused you reposition the metal collar and decide you will give yourself one hour to find out who has made these tracks, and what they have with them. Luckily the prints are fresh and with Pallenten you should be able to catch their owners without much trouble.

Turn to section 321.

300

In the cold and damp of the night a fire will be most welcome. The room is small and holds no furniture or fittings except for a rusting brazier and flue pipe against the far wall. As has so many other travellers you will be able to safely make a fire here and settle for the night. Tinder and firewood proves to be no trouble as a short excursion back out into the stalls finds a pile of dry wood stacked against the stable entrance. From this supply you take more than enough to provide a flame through the cold night. After relocking the tack room door you start the fire and make yourself a hot meal. (Deduct one ration from your character sheet.)

Outside the wind has started to build again in strength. Settling down next to Pallenten you watch the fire crackle and spark, and listen to the howl of the wind as it buffets the trees outside. Here, inside your stone shelter you sit in the comfort of your fire's warmth and think about your quest and the trials of the day. In the main your thoughts lie with the Kalboreans and the circumstances of your quest.

Your captors at Maenum proved that they knew a considerable amount about the history of the Dwarvendim, and the circumstances that led to the loss of the Tellandra. It was equally plain that they did not have a good understanding of the real nature of EarthMagic or the true power of the pillar of stonewood. In their desperation the Kalboreans sent you on this journey, and they have ensured its

completion it by the use of the metal collar that nows rubs uncomfortably at your neck. What they do not realise however, is that the act of fixing the Tellandra will forever take it from their grasp.

Your early training at the Temple of the Suns, and the echoes of more than one learned voice, have told you that the magic the Kalboreans wield with the Tellandra is only a pale reflection of its true power. This power is something they have never experienced, nor had to control, and this inexperience will leave them wholly unprepared for its restoration.

Since the demise of the ancients only the Dwarvendim have attempted to test the true limits of the powers of EarthMagic. Having done so they have respected it enough never to do it again, the consequences of the Tellandra's full potency simply too overwhelming to control. With the Tellandra restored the Kalborean's hold on it will falter as surely as attempting to tether a wild horse with twine. It will be then that the Dwarvendim LoreMasters will have their opportunity to take back their control of it.

It is true that the Kalboreans sent you on this quest, but as you listen to the whip and surge of the winds you resolve to complete it because of what it will mean to your people, and to their chances of shrugging off their servitude. Of course, there is the small matter of what the Kalboreans will do to you once they realise that the Tellandra has been restored and that their control of it has ended. But then you've never been one of their favourite thieves anyway, and you feel sure that no matter what happens you will be little appreciated.

The crackling of the fire brings you back from your musings and in its flickering light you feel the heavy hand of fatigue grab you squarely by the shoulders. For a short while you listen to the wind as it howls through the many cracks in the old stone walls, but then your eyes close and you fall into a dreamless sleep.

Turn to section 286.

301

Thanking Providence that you have survived the encounter you press on, ever mindful of your need to reach Stoneholme as quickly as possible. With Pallenten set on a south-west path you settle down for what must be a swift passage to the mountains. She gallops purposefully forward, revelling in the challenge of bringing you to the object of your quest.

For your own part you settle into the ride and consider the slow rise of the Krodestaag mountains before you. So far your journey has been through lands well known to you, but these mountains are a different matter altogether. Since the fall of the Stone Kingdoms no Dwarvendim has ventured upon the old roads and trails, the denizens that infest these cold summits good enough reason to keep distant. You wonder quietly how you will fare when you reach the foothills, and you must leave the strength of this extraordinary horse behind.

To the north the storm closes in, building in strength as it moves southwards, its veiled base a dark wall of impenetrable gloom rushing ominously towards you. Within its towering, anvil-capped clouds you can see the violence of its raging winds and the havoc that it is creating on the ground below. Looking towards the tempest you feel a strange tingling sensation with each lightning blast as it hits the unprotected earth and flinch as it is quickly followed by deafening drum-rolls of thunder. With Pallenten galloping ever faster the wind increases beyond gale force, the grasses blown flat to the horizon by its power. You will need to seek shelter from this storm, for to be caught in its full fury may very well be your undoing.

With rain slapping at your face you search the horizon for suitable protection. Apart from a series of rocky outcrops there appears to be nothing close that will give you shelter from the storm. As you ride further on you come across a cluster of boulders that may provide some shelter, but you will need to check them out first.

If you have the skill of Bushcraft turn to section 468. If you do not possess this skill but wish to go to the boulders turn to section 282. If you believe that better protection might be found further to the west turn to section 336.

302

After the dismal cold of the storm a fire will be most welcome. Although there is not much in the way of dry wood on the plains, you find enough material jammed between the boulders of the outcrop to get a small fire going. You find also that some of the small shrubs in the area burn very well, their sap is particularly flammable and you spend some time collecting enough of these bushes to last the night. In the welcome warmth of the fire you dry your clothing and prepare yourself a hot meal. (Withdraw one ration from your pack. Record this

on your character sheet.) Pallenten stands side on to the flames and you can see that the warmth of the fire is doing her a lot of good.

When your meal is done you settle down for the night. With the fire near, you unfurl your blanket and lay back. The journey of the day has been very tiring but you cannot sleep. Lying amongst the rocks, with Pallenten near and the wind howling its dire song, you cannot help but think about the events of the past few days. In the main your thoughts lie with the Kalboreans.

You have no love for your captors, they have proven many times over the course of your life that they cannot be trusted, and that they use a fog of half-truth as a means to coerce and control those they subjugate. This quest is one which you must not fail to complete, but it will be completed for reasons the Kalboreans cannot begin to guess at.

It is true that the Kalborean LoreMages know a considerable amount about the history of the Dwarvendim, and the circumstances that led to the loss of the Tellandra. It is also true that they do not fully understand how EarthMagic works, nor the place the pillar of stonewood has in being able to control it. The Kalboreans have sent you on this journey and in doing so have made a huge miscalculation. They have ensured you reach your goal by the use of the white metal collar that rubs uncomfortably at your neck, but you know the act of fixing the Tellandra will forever take it out of their hands.

Over the years you have heard more than one learned voice echo the suspicion that the magic the Kalboreans wield with the Tellandra is only a pale reflection of its true power. Locked away from all human contact in its deep, dark vault it has not been seen since the fall of Morgen Orncryst. And as such, has not been used by any of the Dwarvendim since that time. For the Kalboreans the power of the Tellandra is only what they have experienced, a power diminished by its fracture and by their own misuse. Because of this you believe they will be wholly unprepared for its restoration, and with the pillar's return to fullness the Kalboreans hold on the Tellandra will fail as its true power rises like a wave before them. Then the Dwarvendim will regain the EarthMagic and have the tool they need to shrug off the repression of the Kalborean Union. It is true that the Kalboreans sent you on this quest, but you resolve to do it because you know what it will mean to your people.

There is also the, not insignificant, matter of what will happen to you once the pillar is restored and the Kalboreans realise what has happened. In your own mind you know they will not be pleased, you

are also sure that you've never been one of their favourite thieves, and no matter what happens you will be little appreciated anyway. It will be safe to assume that from the conclusion of this quest you will be a marked man.

Lying there considering the bright stars and the flowing wisps of low cloud your mind begins to wander, and soon the fatigue of the day takes hold. With Pallenten standing by your side you fall into an uninterrupted sleep.

When the morning comes it is clear and cool. Getting up from your blanket you cannot see Pallenten at first, she has wandered off to graze but you can hear her chomping away at the thick grasses somewhere behind the boulders. After eating and putting away your equipment you walk out onto the grass and call her to your side. One call is not enough but a second gets her moving. Within a moment she is by your side, looking out in the direction of the Devkraager Tor and waiting for you to remount. Today you will reach the mountain. Climbing up onto the great horse you flick her reins and begin this next leg of your journey. In the quiet of the early morning, the muffled beat of Pallenten's hooves on the plain is the only sound you hear as you set her on her way to the south-west.

The warm fire and good night's sleep will return six endurance points if needed. Record this on your character sheet and then turn to section 292.

303

Even from this distance you can smell the faint odour of rotting flesh. Whatever is in the building is probably better left well alone. Urging Pallenten forward you continue on with your journey to the south-west. Before you extend the vast grassland plains, an expanse of gently rolling hills with only the mountains on the horizon breaking up an otherwise continuous panorama.

Pallenten neither tires nor falters as she races towards the mountains, and the leagues are soon disappearing quickly beneath her hooves.

Turn to section 289.

304

The vague, formless shape lays quiet but menacing in the darkness. You are sure that you saw something move in the last blast of lightning that rocked the surrounding plain, but it could just have easily been a twitch in your eye, or your imagination. As you stare out into the tumult of the storm you watch, concentrating on the area where you thought you saw the movement but nothing further becomes evident.

Meanwhile the storm rages, thunder rolling in great waves through the clouds above, buffeting your shelter and assailing your ears. As the thunder and lightning crash all about, the wind rises to a new crescendo, howling through the many gaps and holes in the walls. In the overwhelming bluster the roof begins to lift as if it is about to be torn from its fastenings but luckily they hold, weathering the power and force of the storm as it tests the ailing structure.

Then, as quickly as it started, the storm recedes, lessening its bite as it slowly moves southwards. For some time you wait, hoping that it will not resume but the Fates are with you, and slowly but surely the cloud begins to lift and then clear away. In a drizzling rain you pull Pallenten out into the open and survey properly the lands ahead. Great pools of water cover the ground but they are draining southwards, and as you stand there you can see the clouds being pushed by the still strong winds in the same direction. After giving Pallenten a rub down you remount and continue your journey to the west.

Turn to section 267.

305

The footprints look like more trouble than you would like at this time. With Pallenten rested you remount and continue on to the west. The grasslands are wide and open before you, a sea of waving grasses that flow towards the horizon and the mountains that are your goal. With no barrier in your way, you let Pallenten race across the plains, taking the leagues in her stride as she forges on towards the Devkraager Tor.

As you ride you find the grasslands slowly changing. With the passage of the leagues the soft earth of the grasslands harden, becoming stony and littered with large outcrops of boulders. The grass

too becomes thinner and changes, a much hardier, drier grass replacing the denser ground cover you have previously travelled. The way ahead is still without hazard though.

Then, as if risen from the depths of a thousand fireside legends, you crest a small rise in the ground and bring Pallenten to an abrupt halt. Before you stands a small village, abandoned and desolate. You search your knowledge of history and folklore for some clue to its name, and then find a chilling remembrance stored away in the depths of your memory. You have come face to face with Kal Murda.

Turn to section 263.

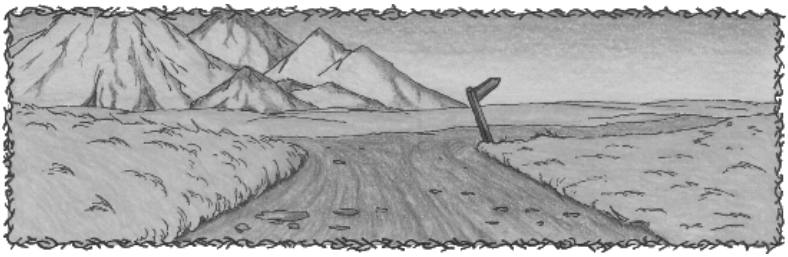

306

The fight with the Hresh is vicious but you stand victorious. With the bodies of the Hordim laying sprawled at your feet you look around frantically for Pallenten and the third Hresh. As first you can see nothing. The trail in both directions is empty bar yourself and the dead warrior, but then you hear the sounds of hooves pounding up the trail from the east. It is Pallenten returning. There is a look of fright and fatigue in her eyes and it takes a moment for you to grab her reins and bring her under control. A quick inspection shows she has a nasty gash on her hindquarters but the third Hresh is nowhere to be seen.

Although it would be wise to get away from this place of ambush as soon as possible, you need to rest and tend to Pallenten's wound. Luckily it is not deep and requires nothing more than a clean with some fresh water, however you let her rest for a short time before remounting. The Hreshs' weapons are inferior to your own and they hold no equipment of any value to your quest, the fact that they were here at all gives you further cause for concern. These three must be scouts and you have no doubt this means there will be more in the

area. It is time to go.

You are eager to leave this place of ambush and Pallenten needs no encouragement to be on her way. Nudging her forward she breaks into a canter, and soon the dead Hresh are left far behind.

Turn to section 343.

307

From previous travels you know there is a deserted hunters cabin about an hour's ride to the south-west. There is a good chance you will be able to reach it by dusk. Before continuing you give Pallenten a rub down and a chance to loosen stiff muscles. When you are satisfied she is fit to resume the journey you remount and make for the cabin.

In the hastening gloom you ride quickly, not wanting to be caught out in the open at night. Very quickly the country begins to change about you. At first it is the appearance of low brush you notice, then scatterings of thinly wooded copses. This in turn becomes a thicker wooded forest, but you expected this, somewhere amongst the trees is your goal, all you need do is find the right trail.

Luck is with you, the trail is easy to locate and just before last light you find yourself standing before the hunters cabin.

Turn to section 320.

308

The old signpost is faded and so loose in its foundation that you cannot be sure that it is even pointing in the right direction. As the storm is advancing from the north anyway there seems little benefit in trying to find a town that may no longer exist. With the Devkraager Tor just slightly west of south-west you set Pallenten in that direction and race to keep ahead of the approaching tempest.

As you ride you notice the soft earth of the plains beginning to harden, the open vista of grassland changing as it is punctuated by large outcrops of boulders. The land about is devoid of any human habitation, previous attempts at settlement here proving the ground too stony and unsuitable for agriculture. Your plan to remain as unnoticed as possible is proving to be quite successful because of this, though it does now leave you with a more urgent problem. You cannot find any suitable shelter that will provide protection from the storm. As it rushes closer you can feel the power building within, the dark

wall of mist and rain growing beneath a line of distinct, anvil-headed towers of cloud, that frequently exchange huge arcs of lightning as they push southwards.

With rain slapping at your face you urgently look for some type of refuge from the weather to come. The plain is wide and offers little in the way of cover, but as thunder drums through the air about you there arises ahead a large boulder pile. Perhaps within its stony ruin you might find shelter.

There are few choices left to you. With the storm bearing down will you try the boulder pile for shelter? If this is your choice turn to section 282. If you would rather not take your chances here, but continue on further to the west, turn to section 336.

309

Perhaps, you think, there may be good reason why this Kalborean approaches in such haste. Upon recognising him as a Ranger of the Watch your first thought is that he is a messenger sent by the High Prefect, with new instructions or news of the battle at Maenum. Although you are not altogether sure of what you should do, you decide to stop and see what the urgency of this horseman's ride will bring.

In the glare of the afternoon light it is difficult to make out the rider's features but his true purpose becomes apparent only when he draws his horse to a halt, and then it is too late. In a swift and determined movement the Ranger dismounts, drawing his sword as he runs at you. There can be no doubt now what the Rider's intention is. He is neither a messenger nor a scout sent to find you for some unknown purpose. If you have come to his attention it is only because he means to kill you.

Before you can shout any question or explanation the Ranger grabs you firmly by your cloak and drags you off Pallenten, sending you toppling across her hind-quarters. Luckily you fall to the opposite side of the horse and this gives you the few precious seconds you need to regain your footing and draw Than'durion. With your sword flashing in the afternoon sun you gesture for the Kalborean to come and meet his fate.

You must fight this man. Powerful and well-trained, the Rangers of

the Watch are formidable opponents and it will take all the skill you can muster to defeat this one. The Ranger has a combat value of 18 and an endurance of 16. If you win this battle turn to section 415. If it is the Ranger that prevails it will be here upon the open grasslands that your quest will end. Perhaps in another life you shall find better luck.

310

As you are travelling on horseback it should not take long to catch whoever has made these tracks on the plain. You have no intention of chasing them down, but if you can get a good look at them from a safe distance you will be better prepared for any possible confrontations later in your journey. If the prints prove to be those of Kalboreans then you will not be overly concerned, Kalboreans avoid the southern reaches of the Faeron Marshes like it is a stronghold of the plague, you should not encounter any more on your travels. If they are Hordim then that will be a completely different matter. You know little about the Horde and for all you can guess they may now infest these wetlands. Concentrating on the tracks you ride swiftly to the south-east.

Turn to section 340.

311

In the first hour after daybreak the weather turns clear and crisp, the sky a vault of deep blue dappled only infrequently by wisps of high cloud. A wind blows gently from the west and you can smell the forests ahead as they draw closer under Pallenten's relentless gallop. With the Devkraager Tor within reach you set your path firstly to the west, and then veer slightly to the north. The Faeron Marshes quickly recede into the distance to your right, the grasslands again spreading out before you like a vast sea of rolling green.

As you ride on you begin to hear a subtle change in the noises of your passage. Under Pallenten's pounding hooves you can hear the ground becoming firmer, the way more stony. Ahead the plain is punctuated now by large outcrops of protruding rock, mainly piles of granite boulders, within which gnarled and stunted trees wrap their roots and branches. The country changes slowly about you, but you

show little interest, you have been in this part of Kalborea before and those times had not always been good ones. These outcrops of rock can hide all manner of dangers, so you steer clear of them as you thunder on even faster now towards the Devkraager Tor.

Soon the ground again changes, the open plains replaced by patches of low brush, and then the first vestiges of the forest that you know encompasses the foothills of the Krodestaag Ranges. Finding a trail ahead you do not stop as you charge deep into the forest.

Turn to section 343.

312

The old ruins are interesting but an exploration of their secrets will have to wait. There are more pressing objectives to be met, their urgency underlined by the uncomfortable tightness of the thick metal collar at your neck. With a pull on Pallenten's reins you turn her to the west and leave the old stone toll bridge behind.

Before you the sparse remains of a cobbled road reaches westwards, its dark stones not yet consumed by the encroaching grasslands. There is no other trail, and for the want of another path to follow you use the patchwork of grass and solid roadway to your advantage, setting a quick pace as you ride on towards the Devkraager Tor. As you ride you can see that the remains of the road are quite wide at some points, in its heyday it must have been a very important highway indeed, probably a main trade link between the Stone Kingdoms and the Kalborean Union. Those days are gone however, lost when the Dwarvendim were subjugated by the Kalboreans and forced into exile on the edges of the Sanhar Wastes. Now it is disappearing slowly under the plain as the verdant grasses cover it beneath a thick carpet of root and stem.

After a short time you come to a crossroads of sorts. To the west the road continues on for a short distance before it vanishes beneath the plains completely. From the north another road emerges and intersects

at the point where you now stand. At the junction of these two roads stands an old signpost, weather-beaten and faded. The signpost is so old that its writing has been reduced to illegibility, its message lost to years of neglect. You can only be sure that it indicates a town is situated just a short distance to the north.

With one eye on the storm you consider whether it might not be a good idea to make for the town. It should be easy to find shelter there until the weather passes.

If you believe it will be worth a slight diversion to find decent shelter, turn to section 276. If you would much rather continue on westwards turn to section 308.

313

This could just as likely be a trap, or an ambush set by bandits. Deciding to err on the side of caution you disregard the somewhat convincing cries for help and ride on. Pallenten seems particularly eager to leave the vicinity and you console yourself that this is proof you made the right choice.

As you ride westwards you notice the country gradually changing. The open grasslands are now being punctuated by large outcrops of boulders, the soft earth of the plains becoming harder and more stony. Very soon the lush cover of grass begins to thin and in patches the vegetation grows drier and more hardy. For some time you ride, the vast form of the mountain breaking up the west horizon. Slowly you can see it inching closer as you cover the distance that still remains between yourself and the Devkraager Tor.

With the plains spread out before you Pallenten gallops onwards, your thoughts focused on the journey ahead, but the rhythmic pounding of the great horse's hooves on the harder earth cause those thoughts to wander. Before you now run memories of times past, of your first year as a novitiate at the Temple of the Suns and all the hardships that have been yours to bear since the temple's destruction. The memories are not altogether harsh but they serve to harden your resolve, to revive your distaste of the Kalboreans and their subjugation of your people. For a moment you feel anger building within you, but only for a moment.

In that instant your thoughts are jarred back to the here and now. Pallenten has pulled up abruptly on the crest of a rise and stands

seemingly unwilling to move forward. At first you look at the horse's hooves in case she has somehow injured herself. You can see nothing but when you look up you see why she has halted. Ahead of you, some two hundred metres from the rise stands a large fortified village, completely surrounded by a high wall and an extensive series of earthen defences. It is as silent as a graveyard and just as foreboding.

Sweat drains from your brow as you realise you have unwittingly stumbled onto the site of one of the greatest legends of Kalborea. You have come face to face with Kal Murda.

Turn to section 263.

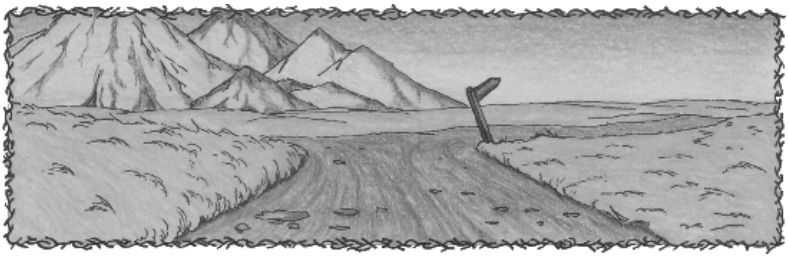

314

The cold chill of morning bites deeply into your clothing, numbing your fingers and toes and stiffening your muscles. For a moment you lie in your travel cloak, thinking about how many times you have awoken to the discomfort of the cold and the hard ground of such a place.

Pushing yourself upright you notice Pallenten is no longer by your side. Luckily you can see her through the open door grazing outside, she seems happy to munch away at the dew-sodden grass, slowly cleaning up some long patches that have grown up against the walls of the cabin.

You are eager to get on your way so a small cold meal is all you put together for breakfast. You will need to break camp quickly if you are to make best use of the day. After repacking your equipment and burying the remains of your meal you call Pallenten to your side. In the cold of the early morning her breath streams from her nostrils in long plumes of vapour. You smile as you think that this is as close as you hope you will come to seeing anything that breathes smoke from its nose.

With your pack secure on your shoulders you mount Pallenten and make your way towards the south-west and the awaiting foothills.

Due to the cold night and your restless sleep you can only restore three endurance points to your endurance level if needed. When you have adjusted your character sheet turn to section 343.

315

The direct way to the Devkraager Tor is a straight line to the south-west, but your knowledge of this part of Northern Kalborea tells you that if you divert south, and follow a path around the southern boundaries of the Faeron Marshes, you will have more chance of making the journey undetected. From the edges of the marshes it is but a short distance westwards to the Krodestaag Mountains and the Devkraager Tor. These are wild, inhospitable lands, inhabited by few men and dangerous to those who do not know them well. You have spent considerable time in these parts and the marshes hold no mysteries for you. With luck you can make the entire remainder of the journey without meeting anyone or becoming involved in any conflict.

Turning Pallenten to the south you consider the way ahead and what you hope will be a lonely road to Stoneholme. Little do you realise how the world has changed since you last came this way.

Do you want to stop for a meal and a rest before continuing on? If you believe this will be a good idea turn to section 335. If you would like to get on your way immediately turn to section 274.

316

You can't go back, it is simply too far to go, too much time wasted. Without hesitation you charge into the depths of the forest that border the quarry and push your way northwards. There is a chance that you will cross another path leading to the west, and perhaps have better luck at finding a way to Stoneholme.

The forest proves to be a deep, gloomy world of hidden dangers and furtive shadows. Most of the trees are just starting to lose their leaves, the cool of the day a reminder that the snows of winter are only weeks away. The undergrowth however, is thick and uncompromisingly difficult to negotiate. It takes considerable effort to make any

headway and more than once you are forced to draw your sword and hack a path through the clinging greenery.

Your efforts are rewarded though. One hour of hard effort sees you break out onto another trail. It heads roughly to the west and will be a lot easier than trudging through the forest. Turning to follow the path you can see the mountains ahead, there is a good chance that this trail will afford you better luck. After settling your pack securely on your shoulders you continue westwards.

Turn to section 353.

317

The storm is now an impenetrable wall of black, no more than five minutes from where you stand. The old cattle shed is as good a shelter as you will find in these parts so you quickly dismount from Pallenten and carefully lead her into the building. The shed is divided into two areas, one a cattle pen, the other a room for the accommodation of a cowherd. It is not big but it sits under what appears to be the strongest part of the roof. Here you will wait out the storm.

With Pallenten by your side you watch the approach of the weather front. Skidding low over the flat terrain the great mass of moisture-laden cloud rushes towards you. So deep is its gloom that you cannot tell where the cloud ends and the ground begins, all you can do is wait for it to hit. You do not have to wait long.

Standing there in the old cowshed you feel the walls shudder as the first squall line hits, ferocious gale-force winds slam into the exposed shed, its timbers groaning under the stress. Hard on the heels of the wind comes the first rain followed by an icy blast of sleet and then hail. Pallenten shifts about beside you, anxiety evident even for the great horse. Under the power of the storm the shed grinds and moans, the rattling hammer of the hail rising to a deafening crescendo. Just when you think the storm has reached its peak, one arcing flash then a barrage of lightning blasts tear the sky. The storm is overhead and the lightning is followed instantly by thunder claps so loud that your teeth vibrate with each booming roll.

Unable to move from where you have tethered Pallenten you wait for the maelstrom to pass. Although the storm is an immense vortex of noise and power, it is the rain that causes you the greatest discomfort. With a solid roof overhead you are spared the volleys of hail and sleet that hammer at the ground. The wind ensures that you cannot escape

the rain. Swept along by gale force winds, the rain and sleet smashes up against the walls of the cow shed, turning instantly into a fine, icily cold mist that finds its way through the many cracks and holes of the shelter. Within minutes you are soaked to the bone, standing shivering in the cold. In the end you must content yourself with watching the power of the storm play itself out.

You can see it all through a small window in the southern wall of the cowherd's room. Lightning and thunder, the flurries of rain and hail, it makes a hypnotising display that keeps you enthralled for some time. One particularly large arc of lightning illuminates the whole area surrounding the shed. As it dies you see something black and still lying in the grass about twenty metres from the entrance to your shelter. Thinking you might have be seeing things you wipe your eyes and forehead and look again. In the gloom of the storm you can see nothing, and the next flash of light shows nothing except the grasses of the plain. It could just have been your imagination. Perhaps a trick of the eye?

The storm lasts for an hour. As it starts to taper off you can see the clouds beginning to lift as it makes way slowly to the south. Within fifteen minutes you can see patches of blue returning to the sky and a distinct lessening in the wind. The storm has moved on and so must you. Pulling Pallenten out into the cool air, you give her a rub down and consider what lies to the west. The grasslands are covered in large pools of water, most of which will quickly dissipate into the ground or flow off into the marshes. You should be able to travel without any trouble. After remounting Pallenten you turn her westwards and continue on your journey.

Turn to section 291.

318

As you approach the wagon you see immediately that it is the remains of a brutal combat. Two bullocks, still in their tethers, lie dead at the front. Great gaping wounds on their backs and heads testament to the powerful strokes that felled them. All about the smashed wagon is the torn and broken remains of what must have been the property of a cloth or household goods merchant. Of the merchant there is no sign.

Carefully checking your surroundings before you dismount you have a closer look at the wagon and its shredded contents. You can

find no clue as to why this merchant should be here, so far from the normal trade centres and alone. Moving around the smashed remains of the wagon you find a wheel, torn from its bearings and laying on the ground. Sticking up from one of its wooden spokes there is a dagger, covered in blood but finely made and razor sharp.

If you wish you may take this dagger. If you do record it on your character sheet. A further look about the wagon turns up nothing of any further interest so you remount Pallenten and move on. Turn to section 332.

319

In the night's bitter cold you could do with a warming fire. There is plenty of dried wood within the homestead and is does not take long to get a small fire going. Once the flames have started to warm the confines of the homestead you get Pallenten settled and make yourself a hot meal. (Deduct one ration from your character sheet.) Outside the wind has started to build again in strength. Settling down next to Pallenten you watch the fire and listen to the howl of the wind as it buffets the plains outside. Here, inside your stone shelter you sit in the comfort of your fire's warmth and think about your quest and the trials of the day. In the main your thoughts lie with the Kalboreans and the objective of this quest.

Your captors at Maenum have proven that they know a considerable amount about the history of the Dwarvendim, and the circumstances that led to the loss of the Tellandra. It was equally plain that they do not have a good understanding of the real nature of EarthMagic nor the true power of the pillar of stonewood. The Kalboreans certainly have sent you on this journey, and they have ensured you complete it by the use of this metal collar that rubs uncomfortably at your neck. But what they do not realise is that the act of fixing the Tellandra will forever take it out of their grasp.

Your early training at the Temple of the Suns, and the echo's of more than one learned voice, have told you that the magic the Kalboreans wield with the Tellandra is only a pale reflection of its true power. This power is something they have never experienced, and because of this will be wholly unprepared for its restoration.

Since the demise of the ancients only the Dwarvendim have attempted to test the limits of the powers of EarthMagic. Having done so they have respected it enough never to do it again, the

consequences of the Tellandra's full power are simply to too overwhelming to control. With the Tellandra restored the Kalborean's hold on it will falter, then the Dwarvendim LoreMasters will be in a position to take back their mastery of it.

It is true that the Kalboreans sent you on this quest, but you resolve to complete it because you know what it will mean to your people, and to their chances of shrugging off their servitude.

Of course, there is the small matter of what the Kalboreans will do to you once they realise that the Tellandra has been restored, and that their control of it has ceased. But then you've never been one of their favourite thieves anyway, and you feel sure that no matter what happens you will be little appreciated.

:sharyah; tre; u dien cem iphar esh' dehr gael'qirion es ahn feo'gaal:

The crackling of the fire brings you back from your musings and you feel the heavy hand of fatigue grab you tightly. For a short while you listen to the wind as it howls through the many cracks in the old stone walls, but then your eyes close and you fall into a dreamless sleep.

In the chill of the early morning you awaken, the cold has found its way into your very bones and it brings a numbing stiffness that takes a moment to loosen. Sitting up you look about the homestead. The fire is nothing but a pile of glowing ashes, the living area as sparse and neglected as when you went to sleep. Something is not right though. Clearing your sleep-fogged head you focus upon your surroundings and then you realise Pallenten is missing. Jumping to your feet, your heart pounding in your chest, you search the other smaller rooms at the back of the homestead and find nothing. Running outside you scan the plains but cannot see her. Calling her name brings no response, however a second call is answered with a whinny from somewhere out behind the homestead. Relief rushes through you, Pallenten is grazing on a patch of lush grasses behind the building's northern walls. Leaving her there for the moment you return to the homestead and stoke the fire back to life. Before you leave you will have a hot meal. It may be the last you have for a while, so you take the time to make it a good one.

(Withdraw a further meal from your pack and record its use on

your character sheet. The comfortable rest and hot meal will restore seven points to your endurance level if needed.)

After eating you repack your equipment and call Pallenten to the front of the homestead. With the weather clearing you remount your horse, and start on what will be the last leg of your journey to Stoneholme.

Turn to section 311.

320

The cabin is as sturdily built as you remember it, even though it shows all the signs of years of serious neglect. It is a larger building than most that are found in this part of the world, and you have been told that in better times the cabin had served as the summer hunting residence of a Kalborean noble. These days it is nothing more than a convenient shelter for those few travellers who know of its existence. Made completely of stone and roofed in slate it will make a good campsite for the night. Cautiously you peer in through the open doorway and see that little has changed since your last visit. One half of the structure stands as a large, one-roomed living area, the other half lies segregated to the rear as a stable. As you remember it that part of the building runs as a line of stalls and a number of tack and work rooms. Years of harsh weather and harsher use have worn its edges, but it appears as solid as ever.

For safety reasons you do not camp in the main living room, there are simply too many ways that anyone wishing you harm can enter unnoticed. Instead you make your way through to the main stable and into a small area at the back of the cabin that once was used as a tack room. Here there is one door and no windows. With night now upon you, you lead Pallenten into the tack room and close the door behind you. A large piece of timber provides a good way to jam the door shut and with Pallenten at your side you get settled for the night. Even though you could very easily fall asleep from the fatigue of the day you will have to think about an evening meal first.

Do you wish to light a fire? If you do turn to section 300. If you would rather not have a fire turn to section 338.

321

Mounting Pallenten you head off northwards in pursuit of the band of creatures. The fact they appear to be loaded down with something heavy will slow them considerably. Your hope is that you will at least be able to get a glimpse of who these prints belong to. Such information will be very useful as you progress on your journey. Forewarned is, as the ancients have written, forearmed.

To the north the horizon has become an ominous wall of cloud and rain. Punctuated by bright flashes of lightning, the distant rumble of thunder puts the storm probably an hour from your position. If you are to find the Hordim you will need to do it quickly. Following the prints is an easy task though, the heavily shod creatures leave deep impressions in the soft earth of the bank. Carefully you follow the course of the stream and as you do so find hard evidence that the object they are dragging is definitely human. A clear impression of a hand in the mud confirms this as you track the group.

For a moment you bring Pallenten to a halt and consider your need to continue. Even though these Hordim are obviously up to no good, the more you travel to the north the greater the doubt grows that following these prints is a good idea. The stream has veered to the north-east and you are now travelling away from Stoneholme. Regardless of the fate of their captive you know that if you do not find the creatures within the next ten minutes you will have to turn back.

If you have the skill of Huntmastery turn to section 465. Otherwise turn to section 264.

322

The first two attacks made by the Hresh are blows that you only barely survive. Slashing out wildly at the warrior you manage to keep him at a distance, but he is a powerful adversary and as he circles your position you know it will take all your skill to put him down. Looking around you try to find Pallenten but she is out of sight. Over the clamour of your own combat you can hear the sounds of another struggle going on somewhere over the crest of the hill and can only assume that Pallenten is putting up a fight of her own.

Suddenly from the long grass to the left of your position arise a dozen Kalborean Rangers. Instantly you realise that the second set of tracks must have been these Rangers, tracking the Hordim and awaiting the right moment to attack.

Powerful and well-trained, the Rangers of the Watch have kept the lands of Kalborea safe from the Horde for centuries. Usually they patrol the Rift Mountains to the north, guarding all the mountain passes that allow access from the Sanhar Wastes beyond. Lethal in combat, their only mission is the extermination of any Hordim that attempt to enter the lands of Men. The fact they are here shows the Horde has found a way through the mountains and must now be infiltrating south. To find yourself between the Rangers and their quarry is probably the most dangerous place to be in all the lands of Arborell.

Armed with long bows the Kalboreans do not hesitate. As one they let loose a barrage of metal-tipped arrows straight into the now disorganised group of Hresh soldiery. You are caught in the middle of this group, and the Rangers seem unconcerned that you may be hit by one of these deadly missiles. Crouching low you try and flee the camp, the only safety lying beyond the crest of the hill and away from the Rangers' keen eyes. As you stumble through the melee you are hit heavily by one of the Hresh, who strikes out at you as you try to pass. Falling to the ground you struggle to raise yourself, but are then felled again by a second blow that takes all the strength from your legs . Lying there in the killing zone the now frantic Hresh fall about you, arrows whistling through the air, striking the ground at your feet and side. Trapped in the midst of the barrage there is no way you can avoid being hit and are mortally wounded, three arrows driving their way into you chest. Within the bloody melee you die, the victim of a Kalborean ambush. Perhaps in a latter life Providence will grant you better luck.

THE END

323

You will go back and find the other trails, surely one of those will provide you with a better way to the mountain. Thankfully the way down is far easier than the climb up, but you are frustrated by the wasted time and the effort it took to reach such a dead end. Still, there are other trails that you may follow, and you may be able to make up some time if you choose carefully.

Before long you find yourself back at the intersection of the trails.

Will you take the centre trail? If that is your choice, turn to section 293. If you believe the right trail will be a better way to go, turn to section 324.

324

The right trail veers off sharply to the north but it is just as likely a path to the mountains as any of the others. Moving forward at a run you find the trail initially heads due north, and then veers slowly around to the west. The further you travel towards the mountains the steeper the way becomes. The hills ahead rise in a series of ever higher steps that become more wooded with each new ascent. As you run the forest closes in and soon the path is nothing more than a narrow trail winding its way westwards between the massive trunks of Beech, Oak and the largest Pines you have ever seen.

Turn to section 346.

325

Without any thought you career down the right path. Immediately you hear your pursuers to the left drop out of hearing, but the forms to your right accelerate their pace and are getting closer with every step you take. Now as you run you can make out more than just the rustle and crash of running feet. With the sounds of your pursuers you can now hear the clinking of chain mail, and the breathless whispers of commands being given and orders being carried out. Although you can now only hear pursuit to the right, it sounds like there could be as many as thirty creatures after you.

The harder you run the more urgent becomes the pursuit. The trail is clear but the forest has changed, the trees sparser and there is far less undergrowth to hinder movement. You can only run for so long though, and a sudden turn in the path gives you no respite. Your luck has run out.

Ahead the trail ends at a small clearing and a shelf of rock that extends out over a sheer cliff face. There is nothing here but a 50 metre drop to the thick forest below. Somehow you have found yourself at a complete dead end. Turning at the edge of the cliff you wait for your pursuers. Standing there, sweating heavily from the heat of the chase you draw your sword and stand your ground. Slowly your pursuers emerge from the forest, first in two's and three's and then by the dozen. They are Morg and they are as mad as hell.

Do you have a dagger in your possession? If you do turn to section 352. If you do not, turn to section 347.

326

In the course of a few short minutes the black wall of cloud covers the sky, the horizon disappearing in a heavy mist of low cloud and rain. Then the downpour begins. First as rain, and then sleet and hail, the storm hammers away at the earth, flattening the grasslands and laying down great piles of half-frozen slush about the boulders. Huddled under the rocky shelf you are safe from the full power of the gale force winds that howl about the boulders, and the fist-sized pieces of hail that slam into the stones above. They cannot protect you from the rain though. Carried by the wind and spun into flurries of mist by the unmoving boulders, it finds its way into every part of your shelter, soaking you to the skin. Cold and miserable you can do nothing but wait as the storm rages about you. In the brilliant cacophony of lightning and thunder you crouch, thankful that you are not out in the storm, exposed to its full lethal power.

Turn to section 268.

327

With nowhere to go you stand and fight. It is a battle that taxes you to the edge of your endurance but in the end you prevail. The Morg prove to be skilful fighters, using their advantage of numbers they try and overpower you, but your sword is too quick, your reach too long to allow them to get within striking distance. After killing most of the hideous creatures the few that remain run into the surrounding forest and disappear into its gloomy depths.

With the Morgs' bodies lying scattered about the clearing you crouch for a moment, leaning against your sword and trembling from the exertion of the fight, hoping you do not encounter another group like that again. Only the fact that you still had on your thick travel cloak saved you from some serious wounds, you do not want to imagine what might have happened if the Morg had managed to overwhelm you.

Even now you cannot rest. The battle may be done but the journey is not yet complete. Raising yourself to your feet, you collect your scattered equipment and head directly into the forest. The Morg may be abroad, however, you have the feeling that any of them that survived the fight will keep clear for the moment. Through the trees and canopy of the forest you can now clearly see the Devkraager Tor. It is near, only the high alpine forest stands between you and your goal.

Turn to section 348.

328

Huddled within the narrow confines of the stall you crouch against the cold stone wall and ready yourself. You do not have to wait long. As the wind rises to a gale and howls up and around the exposed building, a torrent of rain, then sleet, then hail smashes into the walls and roof of your shelter. Hammer blows of thunder assail your ears and great crashes of lightning tear across the sky. In waves the hail ebbs and rushes, piling drifts of dirty slush up against the stone walls. The stonework you are leaning against vibrates with the power of the storm, the lightning blinding as it arcs into the unprotected grassland. You are just glad that you found this shed when you did, and that you had not been caught out in this tempest.

For an hour you endure the violence of the storm, but eventually its power dissipates as it moves slowly on to the south. In the quiet that follows the storm's passing you rub down cold legs and stiff joints and prepare Pallenten for the journey ahead. There is but an hour until dusk and more distance you must make up before the night falls.

Turn to section 341.

329

As you ride further to the south you notice the increasing frequency of small creeks and areas of sodden ground. The Marshes can only be a short distance further on. As you crest a small rise in the otherwise flat vista of the grasslands you find what you are looking for. As expected you have struck the Marshes at their north-eastern corner. Before you now extends a huge, roughly rectangular area of marshlands, small lakes and an intricate web of creeks and streams. Although you have traversed these wetlands before there is no point in doing so now. It would take at least a week to find a safe way through and your own experience has shown that there are creatures in this quagmire that should be avoided. Instead you must go around it.

You can either follow its northern boundary by turning to section 357. Alternatively you can continue south and skirt the marshes that way. If this is your choice turn to section 278.

330

Dismounting from Pallenten you tether her to a nearby piece of exposed timber and begin a quick exploration of the whole toll bridge structure. It is much larger than you first realise, and must have been a very important landmark in its heyday. You give yourself just a half hour to have a look then you must be on your way.

Starting with the east tower you search each of its four levels, finding nothing but dust and thick matted curtains of spiderweb. You determine quickly however, that the entire structure is very sound. It has all the hallmarks of being Dwarvendim-made, every part of its construction wrought of carved stone, cleverly fitted together and reinforced. While you search the remainder of this tower you realise that the future could hold great possibilities for such an abandoned building. You have never had a home of your own and it is accepted throughout Arborell that possession is nine-tenths of ownership. With a few alterations this toll bridge could make an excellent base of operations for an enterprising Dwarvendim such as yourself. Reality does raise its ugly head though, you remind yourself that all you have to do is survive this quest first, and the collar at your neck is an ever present reminder of how unlikely that might be.

The western tower is very much the same as the first, however it has an observation deck on its uppermost level that is still accessible by a

spiral flight of stone stairs. Using your sword you cut through the curtains of clinging web that hang all along the spiral course of the stairway. With a few minutes to spare you slash your way up to the high deck. Looking out from its battlement you survey the horizon. You do not like what you see.

Turn to section 290.

331

What surprises you more than the fact that you have found signs of activity in this desolate place is the number of tracks you have found. Running from the north and crossing your path to the south-east you can make out two distinct sets of tracks, one following the other. They appear to be about six hours old and each group comprises roughly eight to ten individuals. There is no indication who they are, but they are all on foot.

If your curiosity is sufficiently aroused you can track them by turning to section 310. If you feel you have no business following them, turn to section 359.

332

Leaving the wagon behind you keep to the trail and head on towards the mountains. On both sides the forest has closed in and borders the path like a green wall. As you ride you see a number of further signs that the trail has been recently used. Bootprints and wagon marks cover the soft earth, there is a number of broken branches and patches of crushed foliage that indicates something very large has moved this way. Your interest in the prints turns to concern when you see that not all the prints are those of men. From what you can see two columns of soldiery have passed this way in the last 24 hours. The bootprints are too heavy and too rounded to be that of humans, and the careless way in which the passing bush has been hacked and broken tells you that these soldiers were in a hurry. A further set of prints, definitely those of men follow these strange prints to the west. The fact that you have no idea what is ahead of you gives you great cause for anxiety. Pallenten senses your apprehension and lengthens her gait. With the branches flicking past your head you ride onwards.

Turn to section 343.

333

Without thinking you race on down the left hand path, the sounds of pursuit close and menacing. To your right you can hear creatures crashing through the brush, harsh shouted commands echoing amongst the trees as your pursuers try to get ahead of you. In a state of fatigue you barrel down the path, eyes shifting from one side of the trail to the other, awaiting the inevitable attack that may lunge from the trees. Ahead the path divides again and soon you find yourself weaving through a labyrinth of old tracks, animal trails and finally into the forest proper. Within minutes you are completely lost in the woods, your only fixed point of reference the snow-capped summit of the Devkraager Tor.

On you charge, a sense of hopelessness beginning to overtake you as you realise you cannot run like this forever. Then, before you fully realise it, you are running through the trees, but there is nothing behind you. Whatever your pursuit was, it has been left scattered within the maze of trails to your rear. Coming to a halt you lean against a large tree, panting with the exertion of the chase, sweat streaming down your face and torso. In this state it will be a few minutes before you will be able to continue. Looking about you try and get your bearings. Apart from the summit of the mountain rising through the canopy of the trees ahead, you can see no other trail or indication of how to reach your goal. The mountain is closer though. The chase has left you much nearer but you can spare no further time for rest. You must move on.

Turn to section 348.

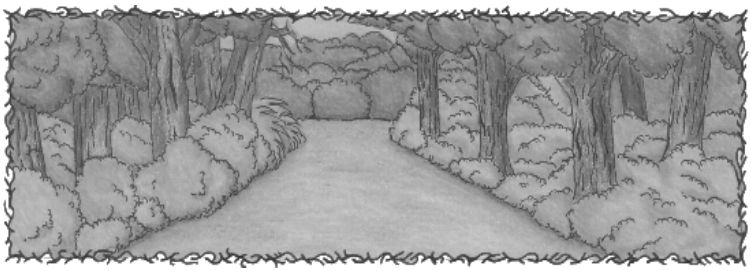

334

With one eye on the storm you ride, knowing full well that if it turns in your direction you will have to find shelter quickly. Storms in Northern Kalborea are not to be endured in the open, and it is a

foolhardy man indeed that underestimates their ferocity. Fuelled by bitingly cold winds that sweep down from the mountains to the north, they collide with warm air on the plains and develop into monster storms that can literally pound the life from an unprotected traveller. In many cases leaving no trace of them behind.

As you ride forward you scan the horizon for any sign of shelter ahead. The storm is still some way off so it is not urgent that you find cover just yet. It will be prudent to keep an eye out though. At any time the storm could move your way and it will help to be mindful of what cover may be available. Your search immediately turns up something that strikes your interest.

Off to the right, spanning the remains of a dry riverbed, stands the twin spires of an old toll bridge. Toll bridges were common in centuries past, part of a network of taxing points established to draw income from the transport of goods and people. In most cases a bridge would be built at a strategic point on a river and then a tower would be constructed at both ends of its arch. These towers held the toll collectors who would extract a fee from merchants carrying goods and other trade items between the main cities of the Four Nations. Over time some of the bridges had become the foundation for much larger towns such as Miller's Crossing. Others, like this abandoned structure, had died along with the trade routes that used to connect the Stone Kingdoms with Kalborea and the Faeyen. In this case even the river had dried up, and in the afternoon light it stands as a strangely innocuous structure on these plains, two thin fingers pointing up out of the surrounding flatlands.

Would you like to have a closer look at the toll bridge? If so, turn to section 360. If you would rather press on to the west, turn to section 312.

335

The gallop from the arms of the Kalboreans has left both you and Pallenten exhausted. For a short time you decide to stop and rest. Looking back at the wide expanse of the plains behind, you can see no sign of pursuit, Pallenten has easily left all your pursuers in her wake and they have appeared to have given up the chase.

Dismounting from Pallenten you let her graze on the plain as you take the time to stretch out in the long grass and rest. With your eyes

staring up into the dappled sky you see that the weather seems fairly clear, but there is a storm front building far off to the north. Hopefully that is where it will stay, you could do without the complication of a storm at this time. While you lay there you feel the fatigue of the day starting to take hold of your muscles. You decide to rest for a bit longer and then make yourself a meal.

As you are considering what you feel like eating you notice a movement to the south. You are deep in the long grass, but you are sure that you saw something moving quickly on your left flank. After lying in the grass it takes a moment to get to your feet, the stiffness in your joints causing you to rise slowly. Before you have time to react a dark shape rushes you, slamming into your half-standing form and throwing you back onto the soft earth. Winded, you jump to your feet and stand resolute against your attacker, labouring for breath as you wait. There is only the one assailant, he is short but powerfully built, dressed in the close fitting black uniform of a Kalborean Army Scout. Without hesitation the man attacks, a long sword in his hand and a scream of defiance on his lips.

You must fight this Army Scout, he has a combat rating of 15 and an endurance of 14. If you win turn to section 279. If not, then it is here on these lonely plains that your quest ends. Perhaps in another life you shall have better luck.

336

From a distance the boulder formation does not appear to be an effective shelter. You are reasonably sure that a number of deserted farmsteads lay just a short gallop further to the west. With Pallenten you will probably be able to reach at least one of them before the full force of the storm hits.

Urging Pallenten ever faster you make your way quickly forward, and soon you see on the edge of a darkening horizon the outline of a small supply hut that will make a good retreat from the storm. Unfortunately you never reach it. Almost as soon as you see the hut the storm overtakes you. Like a black wall it descends on the unprotected earth, first as a blast of icily cold wind, then as a torrent of rain and a hammering onslaught of sleet and hail. Trapped in the unrelenting power of the storm you try and make headway, hoping to reach the safety of the small hut, but you cannot see what is in front of

you and are caught by surprise when Pallenten pitches forward and throws you heavily to the ground.

Test your luck attribute. If your are successful turn to section 414. If you fail this test turn to section 349

337

It is impossible to move quietly through the mounds of dried leaf litter that covers the trail. If you do anything, make any move from your position, then whoever is out there will know exactly where you are. For a moment you hesitate, but you know that you cannot stand waiting for danger to find its way to you. When you move you will do it at a run, and hope your position on the trail will allow you to outdistance any possible pursuers.

With no other choice at hand you turn on your heel and break into a sprint, barrelling flat out up the trail to the west. Immediately you hear the sounds of pursuit. With all pretence of stealth gone your pursuers crash through the trees to your right and left. It sounds like there are dozens of them weaving through the forest, but they are far enough from the trail that you cannot clearly see who they are. Ahead the trail forks in two directions. One path leads to the left, the other veers off sharply to the right.

Which of these trails will you take? If you choose the left turn to section 333. If you choose the right turn to section 325.

338

For a moment you think about a fire but consider it too dangerous. In the cold and wet the welcome warmth of a fire may also draw to it more trouble than you would wish at this time. Settling down next to

Pallenten you try and get comfortable but sleep eludes you. The day's travel and the curious nature of your quest leaves you full of unanswered questions, questions that pose a number of practical problems. Not the least of these problems being how you are going to survive the next few days. With the wind beginning to build again you listen for a time as it blows through the nearby trees, and you think on how lucky you were to escape the dungeons of Maenum alive. The nature of your quest is your main concern though, and what the Kalboreans think you are going to achieve.

Outside the wind has started to build again in strength. Settling down next to Pallenten you listen to the howl of the wind as it buffets the trees outside. Here, inside the cold confines of your stone shelter you sit and think about your quest and the trials of the day. In the main your thoughts lie with the Kalboreans and the circumstances of your quest.

Your captors at Maenum proved that they knew a considerable amount about the history of the Dwarvendim, and the circumstances that led to the loss of the Tellandra. It was equally plain that they did not have a good understanding of the real nature of EarthMagic or the true power of the pillar of stonewood. In their desperation the Kalboreans sent you on this journey, and they have ensured its completion it by the use of the metal collar that now rubs uncomfortably at your neck. What they do not realise however, is that the act of fixing the Tellandra will forever take it from their grasp.

Your early training at the Temple of the Suns, and the echoes of more than one learned voice, have told you that the magic the Kalboreans wield with the Tellandra is only a pale reflection of its true power. This power is something they have never experienced, nor had to control, and this inexperience will leave them wholly unprepared for its restoration.

Since the demise of the ancients only the Dwarvendim have attempted to test the true limits of the powers of EarthMagic. Having done so they have respected it enough never to do it again, the consequences of the Tellandra's full potency simply too overwhelming to control. With the Tellandra restored the Kalborean's hold on it will falter as surely as attempting to tether a wild horse with twine. It will be then that the Dwarvendim LoreMasters will have their opportunity to take back their control of it.

It is true that the Kalboreans sent you on this quest, but as you listen to the whip and surge of the winds you resolve to complete it

because of what it will mean to your people, and to their chances of shrugging off their servitude. Of course, there is the small matter of what the Kalboreans will do to you once they realise that the Tellandra has been restored and that their control of it has ended. But then you've never been one of their favourite thieves anyway, and you feel sure that no matter what happens you will be little appreciated.

The whip and crack of tree branches outside brings you back from your musings and you feel the heavy hand of fatigue grab you squarely about the shoulders. For a short while you listen to the wind as it howls through the many breaks in the old stone walls, but then your eyes close and you fall into an uncomfortable and dreamless sleep.

Turn to section 314.

339

You feel no obligation to test any of the legends or rumours you have heard about this village so your decision is easy. It will take no longer to ride around the village than it will to pass through it, and Pallenten seems more willing to go around. Flicking her reins you begin what you believe should be a simple detour about the village and its crumbling outer defences.

Riding around the outer wall does prove straightforward. The high walls stand strong even in their abandonment but the chiselled stonework shows signs of long neglect. As you ride you find that the evidence still remains of the damage visited upon the walls in those last, desperate days before its breaching. Huge gouges in the stone mark the impacts of many heavy weapons, and around each of the gatehouses you pass you can see clearly the collapsed stonework and rusting metal that once held their massive iron gates in place. Into these fractures thick vines have found a purchase, sending waterfalls of green vegetation tumbling from their upper reaches.

To find a safe passage about the walls however, requires riding close to the high stonework. Some 20 metres from its face there spreads the remains of a series of concentric ditch defences, following the contour of the village and which harbour still many of the pitfalls and water traps that proved so effective against the Horde Armies. You would prefer not to fall victim to one of these so you hug the stone face of the battlements and make your way carefully to the western edge of the town.

When you reach the south-western corner of the fortifications you are hit squarely in the face by the strengthening wind. Looking to the north the dark, menacing cloud banks of the approaching storm race towards you; the distant rumble of thunder, accompanied by short, sharp flashes of lightning leaving no doubt as to where the tempest is headed. It can no longer be a question of whether the storm will overtake you, it is only a question of when.

Hastening Pallenten on it takes only a few minutes you reach the western gates of the settlement. Running from the ruined entrance gates you discover that a part of the old western road still exists, although it is nothing more than a patchwork of paving stones and clumps of grass. Turning onto the old road you place the ruins of the village behind you and set Pallenten again on her way to the south-west. Although you have one eye on the north, the sky in the west is still relatively clear, the mountains ahead growing ever larger and more defined as you gallop towards the foothills of the Devkraager Tor.

Quickly the old road disappears into the grasslands and soon you can find no further evidence that a road ever existed. Before you the plains spread as an unbroken vista of green though flattened now by the strong wind that heralds the approaching storm. You look to the north and see that the weather front is closing in. You must find shelter quickly.

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When you turn your gaze back to the west you are startled by the figure of a man, dressed completely in black, standing in the long grasses directly in your path. Desperately you pull back on Pallenten's reins trying to rein the great horse to a halt. The man does not wait for you to bring Pallenten under control. Running forward he raises his arms and waves madly, shouting curses at your horse to make it rear up. Pallenten cannot go forward so she veers to the right and stumbles awkwardly into a series of shallow ditches, pitching her forward and throwing you heavily to the ground. Rolling to your feet you search the surrounding grasses for your assailant. He stands before you, brandishing a wicked looking dagger and moving towards you like he has only murder on his mind.

Standing your ground you unsheathe your sword and point it at the Kalborean.

"Hold Friend," you say loudly. "There is no need for violence here. Let me pass freely and you need not feel the edge of my sword."

The Kalborean smiles but says nothing. Instead he pulls a scroll of parchment from his pocket and brandishes it towards you. You cannot read it but the thick red line that runs down one edge is all you need to see. This man is a Bounty Hunter and the paper he holds is a Detainment Order. You have no reason to believe that the order is specifically for you, more likely for any Dwarvendim found at large on the frontier, but it all means the same thing. In the curious parlance of the Union to "detain" someone requires only that you bring their body back for reward. From his demeanour you can see that he has no intention of bringing you in alive.

At the run the Bounty Hunter charges, his long dagger aimed squarely at your chest. Standing in front of Pallenten you ready yourself, and gesture for him to come and meet his fate.

This Kalborean Bounty Hunter will kill you if given the opportunity. With a combat value of 16 and an endurance of 13 he will provide you with a tough fight. If you defeat him turn to section 301. He carries no equipment or food that you can find, except for his dagger that you may take with you if you wish. (If you do, record this dagger on your character sheet). If however, the Bounty Hunter is too proficient a fighter, then it will be here on these wild grasslands that your quest will end. Be assured that in a latter life you may find better luck.

340

After twenty minutes you find your first clue to the origin of these tracks. It is the body of a Hresh Warrior, dead and obviously the victim of a violent confrontation. Four arrows protrude from his neck and chest, his body covered in cuts and bruises.

Quickly you search your surroundings, but there is nothing but the bootprints to show what has happened here. The body has been stripped of all its equipment and it appears to have been dumped. You can find no indication that a fight occurred here. For a moment you consider what you should do next.

Is the body enough evidence for you? If so turn to section 297. If you wish to follow the tracks further turn to section 355.

341

With the grasslands open before you, you secure your equipment and push Pallenten onwards. As the Faeron recedes at your right shoulder you turn the huge horse towards the rising summit of the Devkraager Tor and take the time to consider your next move. Of most concern is the approaching night. In the gathering dusk you will need to find a safe camp, preferably one that will provide an easy route to the foothills on the following morning. If your memory serves you correctly there is a farmstead roughly a half hour's ride ahead. It has proven a safe and secluded place to spend the night in the past, but you will need to find it before it gets too dark.

Swiftly you ride into the face of the setting suns, the red horizon sharply edged with the looming grey silhouettes of the Krodestaag mountains. Beneath Pallenten's thundering hooves the plains give way inexorably to areas of scattered woodland, stands of Beech and Deodar rising from soils much thicker and more fertile than the grasslands you have previously crossed. Within these woods you weave a crooked path, keeping a rough westerly course as you search for the farmstead. For some time all you discover is the desolate remains of other farms and fields, overgrown from nature's slow reclamation of these abandoned lands.

With the last glimmers of daylight fading in the west you reach a series of low, crumbling stone walls that once served to fence a collection of paddocks and grazing fields. At the centre of this tracery of old stone you find the farmstead you are looking for. Made almost completely of sandstone blocks, and roofed in heavy slate tiles, it is an imposing and solid structure, but one that has lain abandoned for many years. It will however, serve as a safe camp for the night and one that is certainly needed in this part of Kalborea.

Overhead the sky is beginning to cloud once more. The few stars that have awakened to the demise of the day are quickly obscured by a high overcast, one that brings upon its heals strong winds and a chilling air. Buffeted by this rising bluster you can feel in its cool touch the expectation of more rain to come. Carefully you search the horizon for an approaching storm but find most of your view obscured by the crowding trees. It is good, you think, that you have found such a sturdy shelter.

Leading Pallenten through the front courtyard, you turn her towards a wide porch area and then into the house proper. Within its stone walls you discover quickly that the farmhouse has been recently

used by other travellers, and the evidence of their occupancy remains as a large fire pit dug into the centre of the main living area. It has been roughly gouged into the dirt floor and edged with a shallow wall of stones. Within the ash-filled pit you can see charred Sempaca bones and a number of items of burnt clothing and scorched food leftovers. From these remains you can estimate that the pit was used only in the past few days.

Not willing to remain within the larger living area you find a small bedroom at the back of the house and lead Pallenten inside. The door is broken but you jam it shut, effectively locking you both in. The smaller room will be easier to warm and there is less chance that you will be noticed in the dark hours to come. With luck the night will pass without incident.

Outside the shadows of dusk close in, the rising strength of the northerly bluster whipping at the nearby trees. In the gloom of the evening you settle Pallenten and organise yourself for your stay.

Do you wish to light a fire here? If so turn to section 319. If you would rather not risk an open flame turn to section 354.

342

You are surprised to see any sign of activity on these wild plains, but you do not have the time to spend on investigating these tracks. The prints appear to move off to the south-east, one set of prints very different from the other and obviously following the first with a purpose. A quick look at the series of impressions shows there are probably eight to ten individuals in each group. The first group are definitely soldiers, their heavy boots leave deep patterns in the soft earth, the second group are shod more for hunting or scouting. All would have passed this way no more than half a day previously.

Stopping only long enough to ascertain these details you flick Pallenten's reins and ride on.

Turn to section 359.

343

As you ride further on towards the Devkraager Tor the trees become thicker and the ground more hilly. Before you the trail ascends, a series of rises ahead that build higher and higher towards

the base of the mountain proper. As the forest closes in about you the way forward becomes obscured, and you find that to advance you have to use the many animal and wagon trails that criss-cross the woodland. Although you have some knowledge of this region you have never journeyed this close to the mountain itself. Carefully you guide Pallenten through the trees, hopeful that some of these trails will lead ultimately to the base of the Devkraager Tor and Stoneholme.

After a good hour's ride you find yourself at an intersection of a number of different trails that come together within a small clearing in the trees. Before you lay the foothills of the Krodestaag mountains, and rising high into the clouds is the clear snow-capped outline of the Devkraager Tor. Although you attempt to urge her on Pallenten comes to a halt in the middle of the clearing and will go no further. You try to coax her on but she will not move. Dismounting, you stand before the great horse and look into her eyes. Immediately you sense that she is unsure of her next move. It is as if someone is whispering in her ear, commanding her to do something she does not wish to do. Stepping back from Pallenten you think for a moment as to what could be wrong, and then you remember the Tak Lovar's words.

Turn to section 269.

344

From a distance the Toll bridge did not appear as large as this. To properly explore such an imposing structure will take more time than you have. It will be better left for another time. Turning Pallenten to the left you skirt the tower and ride down and over the dry riverbed. Years of wind and rain have left its banks eroded and lightly sloped so it takes little effort to get across and up the other side.

For a moment you look back at the Toll bridge and make a decision that one day you shall return to this place and better determine its secrets.

Turn to section 312.

345

As you gaze northwards you can see the power building in the storm. For some time it has held off, great towers of cloud crowding together in a line, but now it moves in your direction. Even from this distance you can see arcs of lightning jumping between the clouds and hitting the unprotected earth below. After a time rolls of distant thunder rumble through the air, underlining the fact that this storm will do all in its power to harm the unprotected. Within the hour it will hit and you will have to find shelter before it does.

Finding shelter should not be difficult though. There are a number of abandoned buildings further to the west that will provide you with protection, however you must also make as much distance as possible before the storm arrives. Tempests such as these can be murderous, this you know from long experience, but they can also be relatively short. If you can stay beyond the storm for as long as possible it should not delay you unduly.

With one eye on the worsening weather you ride on, Pallenten a magic carpet skimming the grasslands and devouring the leagues before you effortlessly. With the great horse on a westerly course you find the marshes retreating to the north. Overhead the sky has darkened to gloom and a solid wall of rain and mist is advancing straight towards you. Looking around you see an abandoned cattle shed nestled between two old gnarled trees. It still has a roof and sturdy walls.

Do you wish to shelter here? If you do turn to section 317. If you would like to try and find something better further to the west turn to section 351.

346

The trail cuts through the forest like a narrow street alley, the undergrowth on both sides of the track an impenetrable wall of green. All your experience in the wilds tells you that this is the perfect place for an ambush but you cannot slow your advance. Time is not on your side. Carefully you scan the forest as you run, looking for any sign, any disturbance that may signify a possible attack.

If you posses either the skill of Huntmastery or Bushcraft turn to section 472. If you possess neither of these skills turn to section 501.

347

The Morg slowly make their way from the cover of the trees and form a rough semi-circle around your position. You stand on the edge of a cliff face with no way to escape except a sheer drop to the trees below. Here you will have to make a stand.

Drawing your sword you ready yourself for the fight to come, knowing you have little chance of survival. As you wait for the inevitable assault more and more of the small creatures emerge from the forest, deepening the line of combatants that edge slowly towards your narrowing area of movement.

From the wicked smiles and even crueller daggers of the Morg you know they will not let you leave this place alive. Your only way out is through them. Raising your sword above your head you shout at the diminutive creatures and attack. With some luck you may survive.

The Morg must be fought as one large group. They are small creatures and unlike other Hordim of this type you have seen are only lightly equipped. For the duration of this melee they have a combat rating of only 17, but due to their numbers have a combined endurance of 42. You will indeed be lucky to survive this combat. Many of the Morg will die, however they will wear you down. If you win this combat turn to section 327. If the Morg overwhelm you then it is here, on this cliff's edge that your quest ends. In a latter life you may find better luck.

348

As you run through the forest, dodging the trees and trying not to be tripped by a multitude of exposed roots that arch chaotically out of the forest floor, you notice for the first time that the forest is silent. No animals scatter as you run, no ground birds launch themselves into the air as you charge through the woods; it is deathly quiet and very unnerving. For all you know there are Hordim everywhere in these forests, so you slow your pace and try to move as quietly as possible. Only the slight noise of equipment moving in your pack can be heard as you head directly west towards the base of the Devkraager Tor.

The remainder of the morning passes slowly as you make your way over what seem to be an endless procession of hills and vales. It is just after midday that you encounter the solid barrier of a cliff face and find that you will not be able to go any further to the west. Stepping back you crane your neck upwards and survey this new barrier. The

cliffs extend above you for hundreds of metres, a sheer wall caused by the collapse of a large part of the mountain side into the forests below. What remains is a vertical rock wall that runs along the side of the mountain for about two hundred metres on either side of where you now stand. You are quite sure that Stoneholme lies to the south, hidden somewhere within the many gorges and fissures that fracture this ancient mountain at its base. This is the way you will go, but for the moment it is best that you rest.

With the sun overhead it seems a good time to have a meal. Lunch must be a simple affair though. You are too close to Stoneholme for fires so some dried meat and a few uncooked vegetables will have to suffice. As you eat you rest in the shade of an overhang of rock and take in the fine weather that has developed whilst you were in the forest. Taking all things into account you feel tired but thankful that this part of your journey is almost over. (If needed you may return six points to your endurance level after eating and taking a short break).

The early afternoon is spent negotiating the rocky base of the mountain. Its weathered face is cracked and broken, strewn with rockfalls and enormous flows of gravel that trickle noisily down from the high cliffs above. The forest has grown thickly in places up to the base of the Devkraager Tor, and you find you have to make a number of wide detours to get around falls of rubble that have brought down large areas of the surrounding timber.

In the end your persistence pays off. Some two hours into your circumnavigation of the mountain, and just as you are making a difficult detour around a huge tangle of fallen trees, you are confronted by the impassable obstacle of a stone platform some ten metres high. It extends from the side of the mountain and out into the surrounding trees. Although the stones are worn, and vines and other creeping plants have grown into its chiselled joins, you can see that it is Dwarvendim-made and exactly what you are looking for. Retreating back into the forest you make your way carefully about the platform's edge, then out into the trees to find a spot from which you can properly consider what you have discovered. Amongst a clump of small pines and low brush you find a hiding place from which you can survey the platform better.

Through the thick bushes you peer out at the massive entrance to the fortress of Stoneholme. Although showing the effects of long neglect the entrance remains awe-inspiring. Shaped as an archway carved directly into the face of the mountain, the images of two

immense Dwarvendim Warrior-Kings have been sculpted, arms raised as if they are holding the weight of the Devkraager Tor on their huge shoulders. Under these images the open cavern that is the entranceway is black, the light of day swallowed completely in the darkness of its interior. From the entrance a wide polished stone platform extends outwards for more than fifty metres, at each corner the intricately carved statue of a Dwarvendim warrior stands in full battle armour. A long flight of white marble stairs rise from the green grass of a large clearing at its base and reach upwards to the stone platform. In times past this marble staircase would have met a road leading to the east, but this has long since disappeared. Gleaming white balustrades of carved stone border the platform and stairs on all sides.

Leaning back against the sturdy trunk of a young pine you relax for a moment and take in the rough grandeur of the Imperial Entrance and the encroaching greenery of the forest that surrounds it. Within this dark treasure-house, somewhere deep within its cold, silent halls lies the Tellandra. It seems a pity to squander the remains of such a fine day by attempting to enter this great fortress but you know you must.

After your efforts in finding this entrance you decide it is a good time to again take a meal. Only the gods know when you may have another opportunity to feed yourself, so you take a ration from your pack and rest in the shade of the Pines as you eat. (Withdraw one ration from your pack and record this on your character sheet. The rest you take will restore all endurance points you may have lost in the course of your journey so far.) Upon finishing your meal and taking the time to rest, you pack away your meagre equipment and, by keeping to the edge of the clearing, make your way to the stone platform and the base of the marble stairs.

You must move inside quickly. Turn to section 197.

349

Momentarily stunned by the unexpected fall you fight to regain your footing. In the quagmire the earth has become you struggle to your feet and peer into the storm that lashes at you like an unrestrained monster. Unprotected and disoriented you stand before the full power of the tempest. About you it tears and rips at the

grasslands, showering debris and stinging hail upon you. Caught without cover the icy rain hammers at your body, knocking you to the ground as forking blasts of lightning light the sky.

In the actinic glare of the storm you recover your senses and begin a quick search of your surroundings. Pallenten is not with you. Somehow the great horse has been lost to you in the fury of the storm, and it is a grievous loss. Subduing a moment of panic you call out to her but the tempest takes your cries and carries them away upon the howling winds.

Staggering back to your feet you are assailed by a tremendous roll of thunder, one that splits the sky and sends tremors running through the ground beneath you. But as you try and keep your footing you notice that the tremoring is more than just the echoes of the storm's fury. Too late you realise that you have been toppled into the remains of an old, silted river bed. Before you have the opportunity to clamber up its eroded bank you are hit by a wall of rushing water that sweeps you away. Unable to remain afloat in this swirling mass of mud, plant life and water you struggle for your life, tightly bound equipment and fatigue conspiring to make any chance of survival impossible.

Within the dark, surging waters you fight for breath, but it is a battle you cannot win. Overwhelmed by the power of the surging waters you drown, your body lost to the storm. Here, in the raging surge of a flash flood your quest ends. It is now to a latter life that you must look for the wisdom to complete this adventure.

THE END

350

The horseman charges towards you, striking the sides of his mount's neck with its reins in a determined effort to obtain greater speed. Even before the man reaches for his sword you know that he means you no good, and if you are to escape his charge you will need to act quickly. The soldier is a Ranger of the Watch, he is neither a messenger nor a scout sent to find you for some unknown purpose. If you have come to his attention it is only because he means to kill you.

Turning Pallenten away from the Kalborean you consider what you should do. You could try and outrun him, but Pallenten has been at the gallop for some time and you do not know how fresh the Ranger's mount may be. It would be a mistake to try and outdistance this

attacker without knowing you have the reserves needed to maintain the chase.

Instead you decide on another strategy and turn Pallenten directly into the marshlands. There is a chance that within the maze of bogs, streams and dark meres you should be able to lose the Ranger. It seems the better option and before the soldier can get any closer you make for it at the gallop.

Turn to section 576.

351

If your memory serves you correctly there is a set of old farm buildings only a short distance further to the west, probably no more than ten minutes ride. One of these buildings will definitely provide better protection from the storm to come.

With the first large drops of rain slapping against your face you ride quickly towards the farm that you are sure lies directly ahead. In a slight depression in the almost flat landscape you find what you are looking for. It is a low, stone-built livestock shed, abandoned but still solid and weatherproof.

Over your right shoulder the storm approaches, an all consuming wall of grey mist and a deepening dark, that will soon assault the unprotected earth upon which you now stand. Pallenten needs no urging and follows you into the structure. The entryway is just large enough to allow passage for the horse, and you quickly find an empty stall within which you tether her and settle down to await the storm to come.

Turn to section 328.

352

You are trapped! About you the Morg form a semi-circular wall of bodies, arms gesticulating wildly and screaming unspeakable curses as they close in. As far as you can you back up to the cliff's edge, the look in the eyes of these tiny creatures as murderous as any you have ever seen. Tightening your grip on your sword you ready yourself for a battle you know you cannot win.

As you stand awaiting the inevitable combat you feel a strange,

painfully hot, sensation at your side. To your surprise the searing heat is coming directly from the dagger you acquired previously on your journey. For a moment you forget all about the dozens of Hordim and instead attempt to desperately pry the blade from your belt. Before this spectacle the Morg appear as confused as yourself, all their bloodlust evaporating as they watch you jump from side to side trying to wrest the smoking knife from its sheathe. With a deft flick of your fingers the red-hot dagger falls to the ground and buries itself up to the hilt in the solid stone of the cliff's edge. Breathing heavily you look closely at the dagger, feeling its heat and massaging your slightly burnt hand. About you the Morg move in, they too are staring intently at the strange weapon, but it is a curiosity that quickly turns to terror.

With a shudder that knocks all who are close to the ground, the knife begins to change, forming itself into a misshapen stone beast that towers over the diminutive Hordim. Quickly you find yourself standing amongst the Morg, watching as the elemental beast grows before you, drawing the stuff of its existence from the bare rock. It is a hideous churning mass of liquid stone that pulses and shudders as it changes. In a matter of seconds it stands independent of the rock it has formed from, and in that moment you realise that it only has violence in its nature.

With one wild swing of its arm it slices through the dumbfounded Morg, spinning shattered bodies and broken equipment into the bordering undergrowth. In a torrent of screams and shouting the Morg advance upon it, intent on bringing the creature down, but it is no ordinary beast. Here you have found a force of nature that will not be stopped, and there is no point staying around to find out what happens. Quickly you turn on your heel to run but too late you realise that you are the object of its rage. With one enormous swing of its arm it tries to crush you.

Test your agility and luck attributes. If you are successful with both these tests turn to section 496. If you fail either of these tests turn to section 434.

353

As the trail leads higher into the foothills the trees about the narrow path begin to thin out slightly. At this higher altitude the cool of the season has left most of the trees without their foliage. Great

banks of dried leaves have been gathered by the grip of the recent strong winds, and as you walk the breeze continues to blow them about in mesmerising swirls of brown and yellow. If you were a child, you muse, these banks would have been a great diversion, but now you find they cover the trail and it is necessary to plough through knee deep drifts of this dry humus to make any headway. If only this was your biggest problem you think, smiling at the idea.

A sharp noise to your right stops you in your tracks. Standing silently in the centre of the path you strain your ears in an attempt to determine what might have caused it. Almost immediately the noise repeats, and above the quiet rustle of the wind you recognise it for what it is. It is the sound of a foot crushing a dried twig.

Turn to section 337.

354

Although the warmth would be more than welcome you believe it far too risky to light a fire here. There are many dangers on these plains, and some will be attracted by any light that burns brightly in the dark. It is a risk you choose not to take.

In the uncomfortable chill of the evening you try and settle, but the events of the past days crowd your mind with questions and the possibility of answers to dangerous to contemplate. Mostly you think about your quest, the distance travelled and the hard road still to follow. You have no doubt that you will complete your quest, life has been hard for you and there have been many times when only your intelligence and strength have stood between life and death, however you have always won through. This quest will be no different.

The Kalboreans bother you though. This is probably an understatement, they have been the bane of the Dwarvendim for a century and there is nothing about them that commands either respect or loyalty. It is interesting though as to what they believe the restoration of the Tellandra will bring. There has been more than one ancient voice that has expressed the view that the Kalboreans do not fully understand the real power of the Tellandra. Since their pilfering of its power from the Dwarvendim they have known the EarthMagic only in its diminished form, a lesser power tortuously extracted from a pillar of stonewood that legend says was already broken by the Dragon Windhammer before the Kalboreans' defeat of the Stone

Kingdoms. When you do restore the pillar to its fullness they will be wholly unprepared for its true potency. Unable to control it, the EarthMagic will be lost and the Dwarvendim Loremasters will take it back as their own. When that happens the Dwarvendim will have the tool they need to throw off the shackles of oppression and reclaim the Kingdoms that are rightfully theirs.

You know the Kalboreans are unaware of this and you will complete their quest, but you do it for the good of your people, not your oppressors. The aftermath of the loss of the Tellandra will not sit well for you. Realising what has happened the LoreMages Guild will come after you, there is a hope though that they will be far too busy to worry about your sorry hide. You hope anyway.

Outside the wind picks up its strength and the rushing air howls like wolves at midnight through the cracks and holes of your shelter. Without the benefit of a warm fire you toss and turn for some time before the inevitable fatigue of the day takes hold and you fall into a restless sleep.

The next morning arrives without incident. Woken early by the sound of a wild boar snuffling about the other side of the shelter you stretch cold, numb limbs and prepare for another day. At first you do not see Pallenten but you can hear her grazing on the grasses just outside the entrance. With no time to spare you eat a quick, cold breakfast and then call Pallenten to your side. In the cold of the early morning you start out on this next leg of your journey.

Turn to section 311.

355

Now your curiosity is truly aroused. A flood of questions fill your thoughts. How could this Hordim have made it so far into Kalborea? Why is he here, dumped in the middle of nowhere and why are there no other signs of a fight? Only by following the tracks will you be able to find out.

Urging Pallenten forward you continue to track the footprints to the south-east. As you pursue the answers to your unsaid questions, the flat terrain of the plains gives way to an area of rolling hills. As soon as you crest the first of these hills you ride unexpectedly into the middle of a Hordim camp. Before you can respond a heavy fist punches you in the back with such force that you are thrown from

Pallenten and roll down into a depression on the other side of the rise. All the Hresh warriors jump to their feet, weapons ringing as they prepare for battle. One of these soldiers immediately rushes towards you as the rest of the camp's attention is turned suddenly towards the northern edge of the depression. Staggering to your feet you draw your own sword and stand your ground.

You are caught in the middle of a situation you will only survive by some divine miracle. The Hresh Warrior has a combat value of 17 and an endurance of 18. If you survive for two combat rounds, turn to section 322. If you do not then it will be here that your quest ends.

356

Some parts of the old cobbled roadway still remain and for the want of a better path you stick to it, galloping away from the toll bridge and hopefully still out of sight of the Kalborean patrol. Luckily the road keeps the bridge between yourself and the soldiers and you find no pursuit as you hurry on westwards.

After a short time you come to a cross-roads. You call it a cross-roads, but it is nothing more than an intersection, where the road ahead and a road from the north meet but then disappear into the grasses no more than a stone's throw from a weather-beaten signpost that leans crookedly at their junction. The signpost shows all the marks of long exposure to the harsh suns and even harsher weather of these plains. A closer look finds it is so faded it is hard to tell the directions it was made to deliver. It does seem to be indicating a town only a short distance to the north. With one eye on the approaching storm you consider whether it might not be worth a look.

Do you wish to go north and find shelter from the storm? If so turn to section 276. If you would rather continue on westwards, turn to section 308.

357

As you look out over the expanse of the marshes you consider which will be the best way to go. The way south around the wetlands is the best route if you wish to avoid any possible trouble. Previous travels in those parts has shown you that it is a wild, uninhabited place fraught with its own dangers, but for those who know the traps and difficulties it can be a safe passage. Following the northern boundary of the marshes however, is a more direct route. There is more chance of encountering Kalboreans, especially the bandit gangs that sometimes infest the abandoned settlements that can be found here. At this time of year is it unlikely though, the encroaching cold of winter tending to send them scurrying for the warmth and shelter of the larger towns and cities to the south. You decide that your best course of action is to follow the northern boundary.

Flicking Pallenten's reins you move off, following the contours of the wetlands and keeping to the more stable ground a stone's throw from the edge of the marshes. You find the soft earth no impediment for Pallenten and she moves through the sometimes treacherous terrain with ease.

With the Faeron Marshes passing quickly on your left shoulder you can find no sign of recent human activity. It is a lonely part of the world, devoid of the sounds you can usually hear as you travel. It is however, full of the remains of settlements, small villages and isolated homesteads, all testament to the attempts men have made to settle the edges of these wetlands. The ferocity of the weather, and the strange manner in which the marshes spread and recede have ensured the failure of every enterprising family that has tried to live here. Always the marshes would win, time was on its side.

With Pallenten set on her course you check your horizons. The storm you noticed before has built up dramatically, an ominous dark wall of towering cloud and rain. It is now moving your way.

Turn to section 334.

358

With the collar at your neck a constant reminder of your need for haste you leave the shattered wagon at the edge of the trail and ride on towards the Devkraager Tor. Only a quick look at the remains of the wagon is all you need to show that you should not stay long on these narrow paths. The dead bullocks laying at the head of the

wagon, butchered by some powerful foe, and the shredded cloth and clothing laying about its mangled wreck are enough to spur you on your way.

Luckily the soft earth deadens the sound of Pallenten's hooves as she thunders down the trail, it should not be long before you reach the foothills and the entrance to Stoneholme.

Suddenly there is a movement to the right of the trail. A huge, rough hand grabs at Pallenten's halter and wrenches the reins from your grasp. Simultaneously two equally huge shapes rush you from the left, barrelling into Pallenten's side and knocking her to the ground. With the horse dragged down you are pitched headlong into the brush at the side of the trail.

Turn to section 284.

359

Turning Pallenten to the south you continue on your journey. The tracks are an unwelcome sign, one that underlines your need to be careful. It would appear that this route to the Devkraager Tor may not be as lonely a path as you would have wished for.

Leaving the tracks behind Pallenten gallops on, the leagues disappearing beneath her hooves as you skirt the boundaries of the marshes. It is a process that requires care and a certain amount of local knowledge about the nature of the Faeron. Although the marshes are well defined, they harbour a multitude of dangers to the unwary. The edges of the wetland hold areas of loose earth, quagmire and curious patches of bubbling water that reek of festering mould. All these dangers must be avoided and it takes a practised eye to spot them before the unwary fall within their grasp. It is all the more difficult due to the haste with which you must travel, but on you speed, every minute important to the success of your quest.

By mid-afternoon you reach the southern edge of the wetlands and you turn Pallenten to the west. In the distance the Devkraager Tor looms ever larger, now growing ahead of you, it dominates the western horizon. For a short time you rest Pallenten and take the time to survey the four horizons. To the north a huge storm is brewing, gaining power as it moves slowly southwards towards you.

Turn to section 345.

360

The old toll bridge stands on the plain somehow out of place. In the wide expanse of the grasslands this reminder of times past is an anachronism, the remains of a period when men had tried to settle the edges of the marshes, and when this location had been an important part of the trade routes that once existed to the Stone Kingdoms. It picks at your curiosity until you decide that you must have a closer look.

Turning Pallenten towards the twin towers you find the remains of an old cobbled road somewhat submerged beneath the grasses that have overgrown it. As you get closer you discover the toll bridge is in remarkably good condition for its age. Both towers are still completely intact, the arch of the bridge itself made of solid stone and still spanning a dried-up watercourse beneath it.

Following the old cobbled road you are soon standing before the eastern entrance at the base of the east tower.

Do you still wish to enter? If so, turn to section 330. If you think it better to continue on westwards turn to section 344.

361

Looking down the south road you realise how long it has taken to detour around Baellum. Keeping out of sight has taken up far too much time, and the collar at your neck makes each second spent on this journey seem a second closer to an untimely end. For a moment you pull Pallenten to a halt and consider what would be your best move. The road to Miller's Crossing is the easiest route, but it takes you a good distance to the south before turning west. The Devkraager Tor and the smaller peaks of the Krodestaag Ranges sit on your horizon to the south-west, a silent unmoving signpost pointing directly to your objective. This way across country is harder, but the distance to travel is considerably less. With no further hesitation you turn Pallenten towards the mountains and leave the road. Although there are a few farms nestled close to the main south road, you avoid these and strike out instead for the wilderness beyond. Ahead lay a wide, open terrain of grassland, some small patches of forest, and the stark remains of many attempts at settlement of these lands.

Nudging Pallenten forward she breaks into a trot and then to a gallop. Directly ahead lay a number of low stone fences, the remains of a farm long past. These are no barrier to the great horse, she jumps

them easily and soon you are out in open country, the farmlands left behind and the Devkraager Tor looming ahead. You know in your heart that this is a better way to go. Out in the open you will be more exposed, but there is little chance that you will meet anyone on these plains. They are seldom travelled and those men that do tend to keep to themselves. Only the mighty Laneslem River will provide you with any real difficulty as you make your way to the south-west.

Turn to section 378.

362

With the bridge becoming more and more unstable you dismount quickly from Pallenten and carefully lead her for the remainder of the crossing. Although it was not evident from the bank, the centre of the bridge is slowly being undermined by the raging rapids below. With the pylons loose in their foundations, the bridge sways precariously from side to side, the combined weight of you and your horse enough to set it in motion. Above the roar of the rapids you can hear Pallenten snorting her anxiety as she makes each hoof fall against the unstable planking. Below, the water can be seen clearly through the ever widening gaps in the bridge. It looks icy cold and capable of pounding any unfortunate soul who might fall into oblivion. Drowning in such an uninviting torrent is the last way you ever thought you would die. You resolve that today will not be the day for such an untimely end.

Holding tightly to Pallenten's reins you guide her from timber to timber, and it is only with the greatest care that you are able to finally make it across. With yourself and your horse back on firm ground you take a moment to consider your lucky escape. The bridge's uprights sit in their seatings loose and unstable, the pressure of the fast flowing river slowly taking advantage of their growing weakness. It will not be long before the power of the river will topple the bridge completely.

Although you can do nothing about the other bank you find a piece of discarded timber and scratch a quick warning to any soul travelling this way to avoid the bridge. It will surely not survive another crossing. With the timber jammed firmly into the soft ground before the entrance to the bridge you remount Pallenten and continue on your way to the Devkraager Tor.

With Pallenten again set on her course you look forward to the far horizon and the imposing bulk of the great mountain ahead. Behind you, masked by the rumble and crash of the rapids, you are unaware of the destruction of the bridge taking place as you ride away. With the river digging ever deeper into its foundations the bridge cannot hold. Its centre pylons gone, its supporting timbers broken, it collapses in a flurry of water, smashed wood and gouged river sand. In the tumult of the bridge's destruction all that remains is your hastily written warning, one that will no longer be needed.

Turn to section 392.

363

Your curiosity has been aroused and it is a call you do not normally resist. You know something of the history of these mines, and it is a fact of that history that none of these old delvings are worked. To some extent they have become a part of the mythology of the frontier, a mainstay of the fireside stories told by travellers as they pass the long nights of winter, and it is the coming chill that makes the billowing smoke all the more interesting. The encroaching cold of winter, and the powerful weather generated in the high mountains to the north, ensures that the wild areas of northern Kalborea are traversed only by those who believe they are experienced enough, or foolhardy enough, to survive it. You are intrigued as to who might have taken shelter here, and for a number of reasons the smoke rising from this old mine strikes you as something to investigate.

Leaving Pallenten to graze at the entrance, you draw your sword and carefully make your way inside. Beyond the opening the mine quickly angles downwards, opening out into a small cavern that runs for about 30 metres before breaking into three separate tunnels. Each of these tunnels has a thin pall of smoke running along its roof, and a deepening blackness that extends far into the gloom beyond. The tunnels themselves are nothing more than mine shafts, buttressed with wood siding and thick support timbers. Footprints and a number of drag marks cover each of the tunnel entrances. Here is definite

proof that these tunnels are being used by someone, or something. Although smoke rises from each of the tunnels ahead there is no clear indication which will lead to the source.

Which tunnel will you take? If you wish to take the left, turn to section 371. If you believe the right tunnel more likely turn to section 404. To take the centre tunnel, turn to section 390. If it all appears too dangerous for your liking and you would rather return to Pallenten and continue on your way, turn to section 400.

364

After the exertions of your journey you bring Pallenten to a halt and let her drink from the stream. Dismounting you also take a few handfuls of the clear liquid and give your face a wash over. The water is as good as it looks, cool and fresh.

Standing next to Pallenten as she muzzles the surface of the water, you survey the banks of the watercourse and watch the undulating grasses beyond for any hint of danger. It does not seem necessary though. Apart from a gathering wind that blows from the north you can see no movement on the surrounding plain, nor any sign of recent activity. It appears that you are completely alone.

As Pallenten drinks you lay back against the soft bank and relax. The ride has been tiring, the way ahead uncertain, but a moment to rest will not hurt. Looking to the sky you see nothing except a vault of blue in the south and the first wisps of high cloud above signalling the onset of approaching weather. As you lay there watching the sky, a thin veil of smoke floats across your field of vision. Sitting up you follow the smoke as it moves south-east. The wind has veered more from the west now, and you follow a number of similar trails of smoke back to their source. It appears to be only a short distance further in that direction, somewhere on the other side of the stream, and no more than a couple of hundred metres away.

Do you want to go and have a quick look to determine the source of this smoke? It may be no more than an untended campfire, or the smouldering remains of a lightening strike, but an uncontrolled fire on these plains can be a killer, something any traveller should try and prevent if possible. If you wish to have a look turn to section 405. If you would rather continue southwards instead, turn to section 391.

365

With the storm bearing down it does not take long for you to decide it prudent to have a look at the old silo. If luck is with you it should provide the cover you need. Turning Pallenten towards the low, sturdy-looking building you make your way along an overgrown path that leads into the farmyard. As you reach the silo you feel the sharp sting of an icy rain upon the back of your neck. The raindrops are so cold they send a shiver along your spine.

The silo does not look as promising up close as you might have hoped. From a distance it appeared relatively intact, but a closer inspection shows the far side of the structure to be partially collapsed. There is not enough shelter here to protect you effectively from the power of the storm. Luck is still with you though. A small hut sits squarely against the side of the silo, out of view until now, and probably once a toolshed or some type of tack room. It does however, have both a roof and four solid walls.

The building is in a ramshackle condition but it has obviously survived many years of bad weather. If Providence is with you it will survive this storm as well. In the distance you can hear the steady rumble of thunder and the murmur of the approaching rain. As you stand near the hut's doorway the ground beneath your feet begins to vibrate, the light of day vanishing into a gloom that quickly engulfs all four horizons. Grabbing Pallenten's reins you size up whether she will fit through the door. As you do so a number of tiles from the silo slide from its roof and fall into the ruins of its interior. The crash of the masonry is followed by an enormous clap of thunder that rattles your surroundings and vibrates again through the ground you stand upon.

All your options are now disappearing as quickly as the light of day above, and their is no time to delay. Pulling Pallenten into the open doorway you find a corner that is not exposed to any of the windows, and get ready for what is to come. With yourself and your horse safely ensconced within the shed you await the coming tempest.

Turn to section 384.

366

Still winded by the fall you watch the Hresh charge at you, your head pounding from a blow sustained when you hit the ground. Your immediate danger forces you to shake off your disorientation, but it takes a moment to collect your thoughts and prepare yourself for the

battle. Luckily you need only a moment. The combat is a bloody contest of crashing metal and the sickening bite of sword against flesh, however it is one you cannot afford to lose. The creatures wield their scimitars with great skill but when it ends the Hresh lay dead, sprawled and silent in the long grass. Looking about you see Pallenten returning to your position, she is sweating heavily but looks no worse for wear. Without her help the Hresh would have been upon you before you had a chance to recover from the fall. You thank Providence once again that, if nothing else, the Kalboreans had the foresight to equip you with such a steed.

After a quick look over the battleground you remount Pallenten and leave the area. With Hordim in the vicinity you can be assured that more will be lurking close by. It will be prudent to put distance between yourself and the Hresh.

With the Hordim left behind you gallop on for the west road and take stock of your position. If your estimations are correct beyond this plain you will find both the highway and Melem's Fork. The village will be a good place to find water for Pallenten, and there is an inn there that will provide a decent meal for yourself. If you do not reach the settlement until evening you should be able to find a bed for the night there as well.

As Pallenten gallops on you look about the grassland, searching for any further sign of the Hordim. It is an impossible task even from Pallenten's broad back, the plain extends for a great distance to the west and east and apart from yourself the whole expanse seems empty. To the north the storm that has been building most of the day has developed into a wall of black cloud, hung low with the heaviness of rain and exchanging huge bolts of lightning with the ground below. Even from this distance you can hear the vibrating rumble of thunder as the storm moves your way. Before this day is out you are going to have to find shelter.

An hour passes as you ride and the plain slowly turns again to areas of scattered forest. Here you find signs of tree-felling and large herds of domesticated Sempaca grazing within cleared ground. If your bearings are right the village of Melem's Fork should not be too far ahead.

Breaking from the trees you find the village, as you had hoped, directly ahead. It stands out from the verdant green of the landscape as a collection of white walled buildings, thatched with dried grass and surrounded by Sempaca farms and rows of neatly ploughed

fields. Something is desperately wrong though. You catch your breath as you realise Melem's Fork is on fire. Bringing Pallenten to a halt you survey what lies ahead. The village is burning fiercely, villagers are running about trying to put out the flames and a number of bodies lie prostrate upon the main road. Smoke billows upwards, almost disguising the orderly retreat of a large group of Hordim that are making off to the south-west.

Do you wish to help the villagers fend off the Hordim? If this is your choice turn to section 116. If you would rather avoid any confrontation with the Hordim turn to section 258.

367

The Faeyen gestures as if he knows you and has something important to say. You have never seen him before but he has such a look of urgency on his face that it impels you to see what he wants. The man is dressed in the manner favoured by the Faeyen, all flowing robes and bright colour, but the concern he is expressing draws you to him. When you reach his position he says nothing but grabs you by the arm and pulls you into a side alley. Immediately you confront his attempt at secrecy.

"Hold it right there Merchant, I am a man of honour going about lawful business. What is it you want of me?"

The Faeyen looks out into the crowded market and then turns to look directly into your eyes. "I am sorry for the affront my friend, but I must speak with you quickly about your position here in this town."

He again looks to the square then continues on, his manner even more furtive.

"You are truly in great danger my friend. The battle to the north has been reported here only as rumour and half-truth. Nothing has been heard from the town authority and most of the Crossing's residents are getting very anxious. They see their hard-won prosperity being taken from them by the coming war and they wish to blame the Dwarvendim for not keeping the Horde at bay."

You look at the Merchant and consider his words. "How can they blame my people for something that has not yet occurred? As we speak my people are fighting and dying upon the ramparts of Maenum. Surely word has spread of the desperation of the battle being fought?"

The Merchant grabs you again by the arm, "Unfortunately nothing has been told of the battle. The Kalborean authorities are keeping all information to themselves and in this vacuum people are starting to create their own. The Dwarvendim are not here, and it is at their door that the townsfolk lay the blame for their concerns."

"You have been lucky my friend. Your horse and travel cloak have so far disguised your Dwarvendim background, but it is only a matter of time before someone will recognise you and attempt violence upon you."

For a moment you think on this. It is a common response for people to blame the dispossessed. Perhaps coming to Miller's Crossing was a mistake. There is one thing you need to clear up though.

"Tell me why you should care for my welfare Faeyen. These would be dangerous times for anyone seen helping one of my people."

The question brings a smile to the Merchant's face, "A fair question considering the times. I help because I covet the profit of trading with the Kalboreans far less than the loathing I feel for them. They are a crude and unsophisticated lot. Anyway, the Faeyen and Dwarvendim have a lot in common. We both have been suppressed by the Kalborean Union; we gave in before they destroyed us, you fell beneath their sword. In the end we both have suffered for it."

"All I can say now is get out of here as quickly as possible. Use that hood on your cloak to hide your features and make for the south gate. If anybody recognises you it will go very badly indeed."

With that the Merchant walks out into the square and disappears into the crowd. You are left to ponder your choices.

If you wish to take the merchant's advice turn to section 383. If you still wish to stop at the tavern first before leaving Miller's Crossing, turn to section 398.

368

From somewhere ahead you hear an argument in progress and the muffled sounds of a struggle. It is enough to compel you forward. Although there might little to be found here, it is information that you seek most. Whether it be news of the frontier, or rumour on the whereabouts of the many bandit gangs that roam the plains in the warmer months, it is information that is most useful to anyone crossing the frontier. It is your hope that whoever might reside within

these rough walls can provide it.

Following the dim lanterns you continue on down the tunnel, sword at the ready, eager to satisfy your curiosity and then return to the surface. The tunnel goes ever downwards, veering to the left and then again to the right as it searches out an ancient vein of metal ore.

Carefully you descend, following the disordered tunnel as it buries its way into the earth. Deeper and deeper you scramble, making your way quietly over a sloping floor of loose rock and discarded shoring timbers. After a hundred metres of long, dim tunnel you come to another sharp right hand turn and then bring yourself to a halt. At this turn the tunnel ends, opening into a large cavern beyond.

Quietly you wait in the shadows, carefully listening for any clues to the nature of the voices that have led you to this threshold. It seems that beyond the turn there is a fire burning, its flickering light illuminating the end of the tunnel with a bright reddish glare, and you can hear the sharp crackle of fat as it drips upon an open flame. The sounds of many voices can be heard beyond the bend and you know that this is also the source of the smoke. As you wait another argument erupts and in the heat of the dispute the voices become clear. To your dismay you recognise then that they are not human, they are instead Hordim and there are many of them. The information you seek cannot be found here.

If you would like to peer around the corner before retreating back up the passage, turn to section 376. If you now realise that it may not have been a good idea to come this far turn to section 402.

369

The old bridge is in worse condition than you remember and it is the only crossing point for some distance. With no other way across you have little choice but to attempt it. Dismounting from Pallenten you draw her forward carefully, checking the state of the bridge's supporting pylons and wooden planking as you go. Pallenten does not appear convinced that the footing is safe and you can hear her snorting in disapproval as you lead her forward. She follows though, the occasional grunt or snort a warning that she has felt the bridge sway under her weight. Luckily for both of you the bridge holds.

After a careful traversing of the old wooden structure you find yourself on the other bank of the river. Looking back at the bridge you

are not absolutely sure that it would have held your weight if you had ridden across. You are sure though that if you must cross this river again you will do it at Miller's Crossing. The massive arched stone bridge there will not afford you the same difficulty. Remounting Pallenten you turn her to the south and continue on your way.

Turn to section 392.

370

With one eye on the weather building in the north-west you urge Pallenten onwards, setting her course squarely for the Devkraager Tor and the legendary entrance to Stoneholme. The mountain itself hangs in the haze of the horizon to the south-west, still a great distance away but already growing to dominate the landscape. Truly it will be a wonder to behold when you are close enough to explore its fringes.

As you ride you continue to search the horizon ahead. It is as you expect for there is little in the way of habitation here, old farmsteads and the occasional gaping maw of a long abandoned mine are all you find as you pass swiftly over the lush grasses of the plain. The lack of human occupation has kept these lands wild and hard to survive. To look at the verdant growth of the plains, and the rich stands of forest that lay scattered across its wide reach, it is easy to see why the early settlers considered this the perfect place to build their homes and farmlands. It took only the passage of a few years to show that only the hardiest of men can extract a living from its soils.

The warmth and fine days of the summer months are a deceptive lure to those wishing to farm here. It is a hard truth of the frontier however, that the summers are not long enough, and the onset of winter brings with it a severity of weather that can be withstood for a year or two, but no longer. In the end only those farmers who could protect their livestock over the long cold months survived for any length of time, and even then only those who had access to all-weather roads could properly make a living. It spelt ruin for many families, the failures of the earlier settlers ensuring that few Kalboreans now remain. Their legacy has endured though, scattered about the plains and forests as crumbling buildings and stone fences, silent monuments to the many attempts made to make this frontier a home. Perhaps one day others will try again.

After an hour's hard ride you come to a small stream, almost hidden from view by a slightly raised embankment and a low hedge

that runs along both banks. The stream flows roughly west to east and is about two metres wide. The waters appear cool and clear.

Do you wish to stop for a moment and let Pallenten drink? If so turn to section 364. If you would rather push on and water Pallenten later, turn to section 381.

371

None of the shafts give any compelling reason as to why it should be the one to take, so you choose the left and make your way into its darkness without hesitation. As you descend, the tunnel begins to veer slightly to the right, a small amount of illumination being given by a series of evenly spaced lamps that rest within carved insets in the walls. After a short distance the wooden shoring on the walls disappears, replaced instead by the rough hewn tunnelling of the mine itself. Finding your way forward is not difficult, the small lamps are set within the same carved insets and there are enough of them to make for an easy, if rather gloomy, descent into the bowels of the mine.

For some minutes you continue on, checking each turn in the tunnel and carefully making no sound as you endeavour to find the source of the voices. It would appear that whoever they are must be some way ahead, the further you descend the thicker the smoke becomes, and the louder the noises of both conversation and movement. You cannot yet tell whether the voices are Human or Hordim.

Shortly you arrive at a junction of this tunnel and another that extends off to the right. From this right hand shaft the smoke is thinner, the shaft slanting upwards, probably returning to the surface and the fresher air of the plains.

If you wish to continue following the shaft downwards turn to section 368. If you have had more than enough of the old mine and would like to return to the surface turn to section 393.

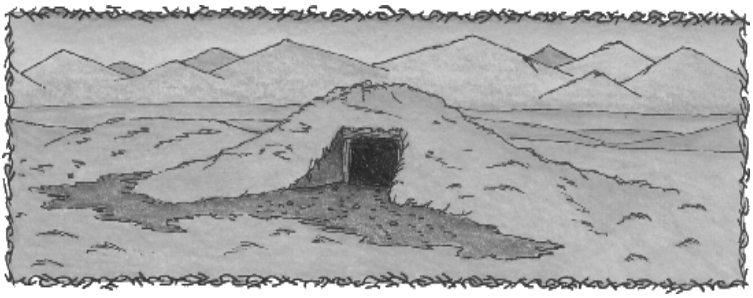

372

Straight through town and out of the south gate seems the best option. The ever-growing crowds should provide you with the cover you need to get away, and there is a good chance that you can make the gates without coming to the further attention of the town's guardsmen.

Pushing your way through the struggling masses you keep your head down and try to look the part of a stooped cripple, leading your master's horse to some important destination. With your travel cloak's cowl pulled low over your head you should be able to get through Miller's Crossing within the half hour.

For a time your deception works, the turmoil of the afternoon markets and the stream of people and wagons entering from the south gate all work in your favour. Large wagons and open carts are surrounded on all sides by people, both buyers and sellers, eagerly making their way to the town square for the afternoon sales. Amongst this skirmish of humanity your bent, seemingly crippled form goes unnoticed and unchallenged. With luck on your side you are able to make your way out of the town square, and succeed in getting some distance along the south road before you are hailed by a single guardsmen. He stands squarely in the middle of the thoroughfare and is gesturing directly at you.

Will you stop and see what the guard wants? If so turn to section 410. If you would rather bluff your way past the guard turn to section 401.

373

Before you do anything rash you wait to see what happens at the gate. The soldiers appear very systematic in their search of incoming travellers, both goods and clothing subjected to a quick scrutiny. What they are looking for is not readily apparent. The arrival of the excited guard from the centre of town changes all that. With the shouting of a single command the guards stop the flow of traffic through the gates and then begin the same careful search of everybody now leaving town. You cannot be sure whether they are looking for you for anything may have happened in Miller's Crossing that would have the soldiery on edge. It seems evident that any opportunity you had for a quick exit has ended though.

With nothing to lose you make your way to the gate, carefully

keeping yourself out of view of the guards. When you are only a matter of metres from the gates you throw yourself onto Pallenten's back and nudge her with your heels. In that instant she lunges forward, crashing through the remaining crowd near the gate and charging directly for the open archway.

Taken by surprise the soldiers stand dumbly by, watching you gallop for the exit. A few attempt to get in your way but they are pushed aside by Pallenten's bulk and are flung backwards into the cold stone of the archway. By the time you are beyond the gates a number of the guards have made it to their own horses, but with the lead you have it will be difficult for them to catch you.

Ahead the road forks in two directions. If you wish to head south towards Das Frontiere turn to section 193. If you would rather head west towards Melem's Fork turn to section 154.

374

On you ride as the remains of the morning disappear beneath Pallenten's pounding hooves. Across the plains she flies, inexhaustible in her stride, eager to have you to your destination and the completion of your quest. By midday you have covered half the distance between Baellum and the west road that connects Miller's Crossing with Melem's Fork, and the distant Faeyen Provinces beyond. If your path is correct you should cross the road somewhere between Melem's Fork and the ancient Ring of Stones. From there it will be due south to the Devkraager Tor and the more difficult task of finding the entrance to Stoneholme.

Lost in thought for a moment as you map out the remainder of your journey, you do not at first notice the unusual hump in the grasses ahead, nor the wisp of smoke that floats upwards from it, twisting and curling as it is caught in the northerly winds. A second belch of black vapour is enough to make you pause and look closer.

The "hump" is in fact the entrance to a long deserted mine. From the rear it appears as a slight rise in the ground ahead, but as you swing around to its southern side you can see the wide open maw of a mine entrance. Such old delvings are dotted all about the north. With the expansion of farming came also prospectors and a number of short lived, but in their time, very lucrative mining ventures. When the minerals ran out the miners left, leaving these old workings to slowly

collapse over the years.

As you watch the entrance another puff of smoke fumes from its interior. Then another thicker belch pushes a cloud of ash and dust up into the air above. This is unusual to say the least.

Do you wish to investigate the source of the smoke? If so turn to section 387. If you would rather carry on southwards turn to section 396.

375

The sounds of voices are louder now as you approach the far end of the cavern. Still too indistinct to be able to identify, but definitely coming from the tunnel ahead. Overhead, the brilliant points of light start to move together, surging in a flowing pattern of waves, concentrating slowly as you watch into a single orb of blue light that gathers far above your head. Within the cathedral-like atmosphere of this subterranean cave the slow motion of the orb throws a myriad of shadows about the cavern, transforming the space from a quiet series of rock formations into something that appears as if it is moving, even alive.

As you stand mesmerised by this strange display your boot nudges something on the ground in front of you. Looking down you see a large stone, strangely shaped but somehow recognisable. In the gloom you reach down to pick it up and with it in your hand you see what it really is. It is a skull, cleaned of all flesh and pierced by hundreds of small puncture marks.

From above a high-pitched screech jerks you upright. Readying your sword you scan the cave, trying to find the source of the unnatural sound, but the only movement comes from the glowing orb. Slowly it descends towards you, spinning and twisting as it falls, changing shape and taking on a redder hue as its speed increases. Suddenly the orb explodes, a silent eruption of many points of light that begin to swirl around your position. They stay far enough away that they are outside your sword's reach, but close enough to make the hair stand up at the back of your neck.

You try to move towards the tunnel exit and the swarm moves with you, they will not allow you to leave. Desperately you search your memory trying to remember anything you may have heard about these strange lights. Unfortunately you do not have long enough to consider your position before the swarm attacks.

A searing pain in your left calve makes you spin to face what must be an attacker. There is nothing there, but as you look down at your leg you see the source of the pain. An insect the size of your fist, with a strange glowing abdomen, has latched onto your leg and has jabbed a long needle-like proboscis deep into the muscle. It looks like it is drinking your blood. Striking at it with your sword you knock it to the ground and stamp it to mush. From the swirling cloud more of the insects dive, hitting you in the shoulder and arms, trying to find a way inside your clothing. These insects you also crush but this only sends the cloud of swirling insects into a frenzy. There is no way you can fend off the attack that follows. Unable to stand under the hammering you receive from the diving insects you fall on to one knee and try to lash out at the swarm with your sword. Dozens of the insects fall, cleaved into pieces by its blade's sharp edge, however the numbers inevitably overwhelm you. Writhing under a blanket of drinking insects you die. The secret of this cave will remain safe for the arrival of the next unsuspecting victim.

Here your quest ends, your life taken on the points of a thousand razor-sharp needles. Perhaps in a latter life Fate will afford you better luck.

THE END

376

With great care you move to the turn in the tunnel, peer around the corner and gaze out into a huge cavern. Here you find the answer to all your questions regarding the mine. Deep below the surface you have found a large excavation, partly natural and partly cut from the solid bedrock. In the centre of this open space burns a huge fire. Turning slowly over this conflagration is the remains of a Sempaca beast, held on a metal spit, and supported above the fire by a number of strong timbers. It is being turned with great difficulty by a small Morg, who is concentrating on basting the Sempaca's massive carcass as he rotates it slowly over the sputtering embers.

Around the fire sit another two dozen or so of the diminutive creatures, eating and generally engaging in a sometimes violent argument over a cause you cannot fathom. As you watch you find yourself shuddering at the unrestrained energy of their gibbering and fighting. All of the creatures wear the same diminutive armour, dulled

leather edged with dark red trim, and all seem emaciated almost to the point of starvation. It is a scene of unrestrained chaos, without apparent leadership or control, and even as you strain for a better look the behaviour of the Hordim degenerates further. In the light of the fire the Morgs' eyes sparkle with a brilliant red gleam, the play of light and shadow twisting their already cruel faces into hideous masks. These small creatures are not the worst of what resides within these stone walls however. As you survey the cavern you see, sitting in a far corner, two enormous Jotun. They are massive creatures dressed in battle armour and eating quietly, apparently uninterested in the wild gesticulations of the Morg.

For a moment you are engrossed in the scene, trying to imprint clear impressions of everything you see in your memory. Although you can do nothing about it now there will come a time when you will have to let someone know of this incursion into the lands of Men. To have such a group within the borders of the Four Nations can only lead to violence and death. As you lean against the cold stone you cannot know how soon that may actually be.

Suddenly your are grasped harshly by the shoulder and shoved out into the full light of the roaring fire. Two dozen pairs of eyes turn in your direction and the cavern becomes silent. In the quiet that follows only the crackling of the cooking Sempaca can be heard...

Turn to section 389.

377

The stand of trees is a bare cover at best but at least you will have some shelter. Drawing Pallenten into the centre of the copse you tether her beneath a sturdy branch, and then find a spot amongst the spreading roots of an ancient Oak for yourself. Overhead the branches of the trees intertwine into a dense canopy that still holds most of its foliage. Hopefully it will be enough.

Swiftly the storm overruns your meagre shelter. Like a thick blanket descending on an unprotected land the tempest lays siege to the plain and unleashes its fury upon it. As it rages you can feel the immense power held within the storm clouds, all about you the trees groan as they are twisted and bent in the wind, the rain quickly turning to hail as a growing crescendo of lightning and thunder assaults the ground below.

Looking up you can see nothing but the thrashing of the trees, highlighted in the frequent blasts of lightning that spread great arcs of destruction over every standing thing on the plain. Hail smashes through the treetops, cutting away pieces of foliage that rain down upon you and Pallenten. Amongst the turmoil you can do nothing but huddle further into the side of the old oak and just hope that Pallenten will survive.

Then, from directly overhead comes a bolt of lightning so massive that it stuns you with its violence. Arcing out of the blackness above, it crashes down through the upper reaches of the trees and strikes the old Oak, splitting it neatly in two. Jumping out of the way you avoid the main part of the falling tree, but you are not quick enough to evade a branch that whips out and down across your face and left shoulder. Knocked senseless you fall limply to the ground.

Throw one dice and turn to section 408.

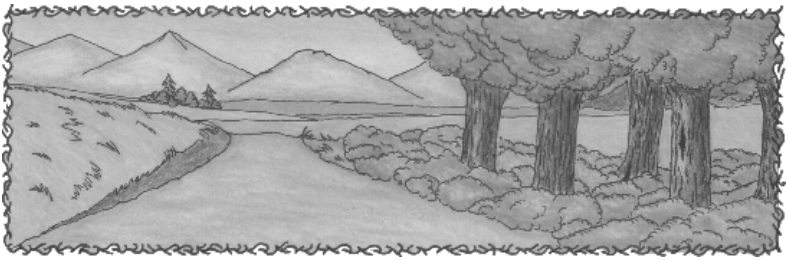

378

Soon the grasslands are disappearing beneath the rhythm of Pallenten's hooves as she thunders southwards. The great horse moves with an uncanny grace and a breathtaking velocity that takes each dip and break in the smooth carpet of grasses with ease. Holding tightly to her reins, you need do nothing but sit upon her huge back and consider the swiftly passing vista of the countryside. Through patches of trees and across the wide plain Pallenten gallops, scattering herds of deer and startling numerous ground birds as she passes.

Ahead a series of small hills rise, and are then left behind, as Pallenten takes each easily in her stride. From the crests of these undulations you only have a brief opportunity to spy out the way ahead, and it is at the highest of these hills that you find what you are

looking for, the deep cut and tree line of the Laneslem River ahead. It is enough to get your bearings though. Turning Pallenten slightly more to the south you scan the nearing tree line for a familiar gap, a break in the trees bordering the river that will give you access to an old wooden bridge, one that should still span its raging waters. This bridge you have used a number of times before, mostly when you have been hunting out here on the plains. You have never crossed with a horse though. Luckily the break in the trees does not take long to find.

:caadru nar dehr dreya:

Slowing Pallenten to a canter you parallel the river and watch for the familiar landmarks that mark the location of the bridge. To your right you can hear clearly the rush and murmur of the river as it flows through a series of boulder strewn rapids from its source in the northern mountains. You learned long ago that the Laneslem is one of the longest rivers in Arborell, but at this point it is relatively narrow and easy to cross, especially if you have a bridge available for the crossing. Further south this is a much more difficult task. A number of tributary streams feed the river before it reaches Miller's Crossing, turning this fast flowing collection of rapids into a deep, wide barrier that cannot be easily forded.

Within the passage of a few minutes you find the break in the trees you are looking for, and follow a winding path that descends a short way to the steep, eroded banks of the Laneslem. Below you, some 10 metres down, the waters of the river crash and froth over a jumble of smoothed boulders as they flow southwards. Spanning the rapids is an old wooden bridge, its structure somewhat the worse for wear since your last crossing. Constructed as a series of huge upright timbers thrust deep into the bed of the river, each connected by thick sawn lengths of wood and capped by an unstable flooring of weathered planks. For a moment you look at the state of the bridge. It is certainly in a worse condition than you remember but it should still serve as a safe way across.

Will you ride across the bridge? If this is your choice turn to section 388. If you would rather lead Pallenten across by her tethers then turn to section 369.

379

The faint slap of a boot stepping in water is all the warning you need. Turning quickly about you see the dark shape emerge into the light as a raggedly dressed bandit brandishing an ugly looking curved dagger. You recognise him immediately as the third bandit you chased off outside Miller's Crossing. Realising that he does not have the advantage of surprise he says nothing, just gestures for you to hand over your money pouch. You do not wish to cause a disturbance that will bring notice to your position, but it is just as likely that if you hand over your pouch he will try and kill you anyway.

What will you do? Hand over your money pouch? There isn't a lot in it, but if this is your choice turn to section 407. If you would rather fight him off turn to section 403.

380

At first you are able to put some distance between yourself and the patrol, but then the crowd deepens. In the confusion of wagons, and a steadily growing tide of market-goers, you find it difficult to make any further headway. The crowds do work in your favour in one respect. Amongst the mayhem of market traffic you find it easy to avoid the patrol and merge easily into the background activity of the town.

As you make your way slowly southwards you see a small side street that you know will provide an easier way to the south gates. The main road is choked with wagons and people, and now that you are not being pursued a less crowded route may hasten your arrival at the town's southern exit.

For a moment you stand within the milling crowd and consider what you should do. It is then that you notice a large scroll being posted upon a wall at the edge of the road. You recognise it as a list of persons wanted by the authorities.

If you would like to view this list turn to section 436. If you do not see any value in doing so and wish to take the side road instead turn to section 409. If you decide it will be better to remain within the crowds and continue south turn to section 372.

381

It is too soon to stop and rest. With mid-afternoon approaching it will be better to continue on and cover as much ground as possible before taking a break. You are quite sure that better opportunities for water can be found further south anyway.

Breaking through the hedges bordering the stream you set Pallenten again on a southerly course, letting her powerful strides take you swiftly forwards. About you the terrain changes, the open plain giving way to large areas of lightly wooded forest, interspersed by wide areas of grassland and the occasional deserted homestead. With little to slow your progress you negotiate the woods easily, the trees are scattered sparsely, the undergrowth very thin. It does not take long at all before you find yourself breaking out onto a further plain, unobstructed by trees and covered in long, coarse grasses.

This new area of grassland is a vast expanse, uncut by any natural feature or even an isolated stand of trees. The only point of reference is the distant peak of the Devkraager Tor, closer now but suspended within the haze of the horizon like a brooding apparition. You look at the peak and realise that if you have judged the terrain correctly you should soon reach the west road that connects Melem's Fork and the Ring of Stones with the far provinces of the Faeyen. Hopefully you will cut the road near the village of Melem's Fork. It will be a good place to spend the night, and should leave you close enough to the mountains to make the Devkraager Tor within daylight tomorrow.

Pallenten pounds on, leaving huge tracts of the featureless plain behind as you race onwards. For a time you find your mind wandering, mesmerised by the rhythmic pounding of Pallenten's hooves, your thoughts straying far from any consideration of the looming dangers of your quest. Suddenly there is movement ahead.

Turn to section 395.

382

With the crowds becoming larger and more difficult to negotiate you edge your way to the side of road and consider your position. The afternoon markets are always the busiest, and the large number of merchants you see is a testament to their popularity. In this traffic your best bet is to take one of the small side alleys that lead off from the main road. The maze of back-streets and dark alleyways will provide good cover until you reach the south gate.

As you stand by the roadside you see a Faeyen merchant gesturing furtively to you from the front of a small shop to your right. He has a look of concern upon his face.

Turn to section 367.

383

You thank the merchant for his concern and promise to leave the town as quickly as possible. It is only as you leave the alley that you realise you have indeed become an object of notice. The busy life of the markets go on but you feel the eyes of the crowd following you as you lead Pallenten on towards the gates.

There are two ways that you can leave town. The first is to continue down the main thoroughfare towards the south gate, the second is to leave the road and take a number of back streets that lead to the south gate and the road to Das Frontiere. To take the main road turn to section 372. To take the back streets turn to section 409.

384

You do not have to wait long. Within minutes a wall of heavy rain overtakes the farmstead, lashing at its crumbling buildings and assaulting the unprotected walls of your small shed. Huddled against the strongest wall you listen to the crashing of the rain as it hammers against the roof. Looking upwards you can see each bluster of wind shifting the shed's beams and uprights, the roof shingles shuddering with each impact of the relentless gale. It seems that at any minute the roof will break free of its supporting walls and disappear upwards into the maelstrom. Then comes the sleet and hail. Standing there against Pallenten you feel a sudden change in the temperature of the air about you. Pallenten's breath turns to long gusts of vapour as you feel the ground vibrating under you with a new vigour.

When the hail hits it is more than the shed can do to withstand its fury. Buffeted by the wind, and stressed to its limit by the relentless hammering of a tumult of fist-sized hailstones the roof buckles. Luckily you stand beneath the strongest part of the shelter. To your right the roof gives way, dumping a slew of hail and slush onto the shed's floor. Before you can move the wall at the far end of the shed collapses into a pile of rubble. With nowhere to go you press yourself

further into the corner and watch the remaining piece of roof as it bends and twists in the gale.

You are still out of direct contact with the storm but you feel its effects nonetheless. The hail does not abate, nor does the ferocity of the winds or the pounding concert of lightning and thunder. Unable to move your world dissolves into a whirlpool of bright light, and a deafening symphony of hammers and drums pounding without mercy in your ears.

For an hour or more you wait as the storm vents its fury on the unprotected land and your small, collapsing shelter. It is when you think the storm cannot possibly grow stronger that you begin to notice something. It is not much at first, but with each burst of lightning you begin to see more, and as it unfolds you press closer to Pallenten and take a firmer hold on your sword.

In the buffeting tumult of the storm the apparitions appear first as a series of moving shadows, out on the edge of your vision, a strange illusion probably caused by the fine spray of rain that is slowly soaking you to the bone. The more you look though, the more you see. First one, then another, then dozens of them, forming and reforming like dark grotesque phantoms, running along the edges of walls, or crouched low, hands raised as if worshipping the storm itself. Somehow they are there but then gone with the next flash of lightning. Their very lack of substance sends a chill down your spine and there is something in their wild abandon that is both frightening and terrible. Before their fractured dance can come to an end you are convinced that if they see you, you will die.

The strange ethereal dance of the phantoms continues until, as quickly as it came, the storm passes. As the stormfront moves on, so does its shadowy denizens, disappearing with the rain and wind southwards.

In the aftermath of the tempest you take some time to recover. Moving out into the open you lead Pallenten slowly. Your enforced confinement has left both you and your horse stiff from the cold, and it takes time to get feeling back into your fingers and toes. Pallenten recovers quickly though, a rub down and some water from an overflowing trough all she needs before giving you a nudge to move on. As there is nothing to keep you here, you remount and again set Pallenten directly for the snow-capped summit of the Devkraager Tor.

With the storm gone the ground is saturated and soft underfoot. Pallenten takes this all in her stride however, and you are soon

crossing from the remains of the grasslands into areas of sparse forest. Dodging between the stands of trees you make your way forward, steadily getting closer to the west road and an opportunity to get your bearings. Onward you ride, afternoon turns to evening and as daylight wanes you realise that you will need to consider where to spend the night. With sunset approaching you finally meet the west road, and here you find that you have actually travelled much further west than you would have expected. Once you get your bearings you see that the village of Melem's Fork lies far to the east, too far to backtrack and too far out of the way to be a good place to spend the night. A shorter distance to the west lay the ancient Ring of Stones. Your objective is still many hours journey to the south but the Stones may make a good place to camp.

If you wish to turn towards the Ring of Stones turn to section 257. If you would rather continue on southwards turn to section 412.

385

The food is tempting but you have enough in your pack to get you to Stoneholme. Some of the few silver coins you have will be better spent on a jug of ale for yourself and some decent water and hay for Pallenten. Across the square you spy a tavern, one you have frequented before, and one that many have said sells the best ale on the frontier. There is a watering trough at its door and an eager looking young boy sitting upon a stack of hay bales, who you know will feed Pallenten while you drink. It takes only a second for your dry throat to win out, and you are soon pushing your way through the crowd with Pallenten in tow, a quick pint of ale your goal.

As you make your way towards the tavern's door you see a Faeyen merchant standing upon a small upturned crate and trying to get your attention. He is gesturing for you to make your way over to where he stands.

If you are interested in talking with the Merchant turn to section 367. If you would rather ignore him and make your way to the tavern turn to section 398. If however, you possess the skill of Brigandry turn to section 449 first.

386

With the fire out and Pallenten again galloping on to the south you look back with trepidation at the storm. To the north it has built into a murderous wall of black roiling cloud that is veering south in your direction. Your hope had been that it might continue on eastwards but it has chosen to turn and pursue you instead. Still, you ask yourself, when has anything you have done ever been either straightforward or easy. Even now the weather conspires to delay you.

Flicking Pallenten's reins you urge your horse to greater speed, eager to keep ahead of the advancing storm front. Although it is impossible to outrun the tempest, it will serve you well to put as much distance as possible between yourself and its centre. Such weather as this must always be avoided if possible, its ferocity is legend in most of Arborell, and it can leave no trace of any hapless traveller who may cross its path unprotected. The reason for the power of these storms is unknown, it is as much attributed to Fate's fickle hand as to anything natural, but it is surmised that the proximity of the massive Rift Mountains to the north, and the cold air that gathers there over the autumn months is the key. Regardless of its source it must be avoided. If such a storm catches you in the open it will be very difficult to survive, and because of this you will need to find shelter quickly.

For a further hour you ride southwards. Pallenten gallops on and you cover a considerable distance before crossing a small trail leading slightly to the west. Pallenten instinctively veers onto this path and before you can turn her back to the south you crest a rise that quickly falls away into a depression on the other side. To your surprise you find before you the remains of a farmstead; a house, barn and other small buildings are spaced neatly about a central yard, bordered by a low stone fence. Most of the buildings are just collapsed rubble, but a small brick outbuilding, something like a grain silo remains intact, and looks like it might make an effective shelter from the approaching storm.

Behind you the horizon has disappeared within the darkness of the storm. It can be no more than twenty minutes from where you sit upon Pallenten's broad back.

It should take only a minute to investigate whether the old silo will make an effective shelter. If you want to have a look turn to section 365. If you think better shelter may be found further to the south turn to section 394.

387

Pulling Pallenten to a halt you dismount and begin a careful survey of the mine entrance. The fact that smoke is now steadily rising from the blackness within gives some indication that the mine is inhabited. The grass at the entrance reveals very little, it is trampled flat and there are signs of a large object, or possibly an animal having been dragged into the opening recently. Standing there at the entrance you can now also smell the distinct odours of meat cooking, and the unmistakable sounds of something heavy, moving ponderously in the darkness beyond. Backing up for a moment you stand silently, listening intently for any other clue as to what may lay within. Then quite distinctly you hear voices, distorted by distance but voices none the less.

Do you still wish to enter? If you do turn to section 363. If you wish to remount Pallenten and go on your way, turn to section 400.

388

The bridge is old but should still allow for a safe crossing. Urging Pallenten forward you slowly move across its weathered planking, keeping to the left hand side of the bridge where its timbers appear strongest. Pallenten seems unsure of her footing and the creaking of the planks as she lays her weight upon them does nothing to allay her growing anxiety. Still she pushes forward. The combined weight of yourself and the horse is a heavy load to support but the bridge appears strong enough to cross.

By the time you reach the centre of the bridge you can feel it is starting to sway. Stopping Pallenten momentarily you feel the slight movement of the span, it is not much but it is enough to notice. Looking over the edge of the bridge you can see more clearly the cause of the movement. Two of the centre supports have been undermined by the fast flowing river and no longer have a secure foundation. It will be best to cross the remainder of the span as carefully as possible.

If you would like to dismount from Pallenten and lead her the rest of the way, turn to section 362. If you see no reason to dismount and wish to continue turn to section 399.

389

Caught completely by surprise you stumble forward, and are then pushed further into the view of the cavern and its occupants. Quickly you regain your footing and stand before the red glare of the fire, looking into the faces of the Hordim as they recover from their own astonishment. It is a hesitation that does not last long. Against a backdrop of flame-thrown shadows they spring into action, the Morg spreading out, covering the only exit from the cavern, and your only chance of escape. From the moment you felt the shove in the back you knew you were dead, and it seems all the more likely as you realise fully what you are up against. It is certain that the Hordim are not going to let you leave this place alive, and that given the chance the Morg will ensure your death will be long and painful.

From beyond the circling Morg one of the Jotun pushes forward, an enormous warhammer hanging loosely in its hands. With nowhere to go you draw Than'durion and stand your ground, unsure as to why these Hordim have not already attacked. As you wait for the inevitable assault the Jotun turns to his compatriots and motions them to silence, then he looks directly at you.

"Come vehmin, tell us how it is that you find yourself here." It is a question spoken in fluent Dwarvendim, and delivered even with the heavy accent of your people. At first you cannot decide what is the more surprising; that he can speak your native tongue, or that he speaks it so well.

Swinging your sword in small arcs you back up towards the far side of the chamber and smile awkwardly at the enormous brute.

"All the usual reasons. It was such a nice day I thought I'd go for a walk. Saw the smoke and figured someone had meat on the table. There was a chance I might find hospitality here, but instead I have found you."

The Jotun smirks wryly. He knows the plains are mostly deserted at the turn of the seasons and that no-one travels upon them without good reason. In an expansive gesture he extends his arms as if embracing his fellow Hordim.

"And such it was for us. The day demanded a walk in the countryside and we have found both clean air and good food for our trouble. Who could have thought that a little entertainment might also stumble our way."

You know this banter is meaningless, it is simply a ploy to give the Jotun enough time to size you up. For your part no time is required.

The Jotun is at least three and a half metres tall, encased in an armoured breastplate and shrouded by a long leather cloak. In the firelight the warrior is enormous, his brethren holding back as he slowly moves towards you. As you look about the room you know that these creatures are toying with you, their only concern who will kill you first.

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As you are not disposed towards either a long or painful death you decide that the best option is a quick end, one that takes as many of the Hordim with you as possible. Taking Than'durion in hand you run for a clear area at your right that allows you to have your back against a wall. From this position you see a third Jotun, no doubt the creature that pushed you into the cavern. All three Warriors stand before you, two armed with warhammers, the third wielding a huge flail made of chain tipped with small steel spheres. Here you will have to fight for your life. Here you will probably die.

This is a battle that shall be difficult to win. The Jotun have a strict code of honour regarding single combat and because of this you will find that they will attack you one at a time, the most senior warrior going first. The three warriors must be fought in turn and if you are lucky enough to kill one of them, he will be replaced immediately by the next.

The first Jotun has a combat value of 18 and an endurance of 16. The second Jotun has a combat rating of 17 and an endurance of 14, the third Jotun a combat rating of 17 and an endurance of 13. If by some miracle you defeat these enormous foes then you will have achieved a great victory and should turn to section 411. If, however, their combined power is too much for you then it is here in this dark place that you will die and your quest will end. Perhaps in another life Providence will grant you better luck.

390

With no indication as to which may be the best way to go you take the centre passage and move forward. It is a gloomy, damp tunnel lit only by a series of small lamps that sit neatly in recesses cut into the solid rock of the tunnel walls. In this pallid light you follow the lanterns downwards and make your way carefully, deep into the bowels of the old mine.

For a good ten minutes you follow the twisting path, avoiding a number of small rockfalls and finding a large amount of discarded mining equipment and tools. At some point this mine must have been quite a significant enterprise, judging by the size and depth of the excavations a rich source of ore must have once followed the general direction of these shafts. No longer though, this mine has been long abandoned and its ore gone. If you had the time you could search the area surrounding the mine entrance and you would probably find the foundations of a number of buildings, miner's quarters, supply warehouses and the like. It would have taken a considerable settlement to support a mine as large as this. No doubt all have since been consumed by the grasslands.

Shortly you come to a junction between the tunnel you are following and a further tunnel that runs from the left and then descends even further below ground to the right. Looking out into this new tunnel you find the noises much louder to the right, the smoke thicker and more pungent. To the left the tunnel disappears into the gloom, only a vague line of lanterns showing the tunnel veers left and then ascends back towards the surface.

If you wish to follow the smoke and noise down the right tunnel turn to section 368. If you have had enough of these tunnels and wish to return to the surface turn to section 397.

391

You have no time to waste investigating this smoke. If it is a fire then the approaching weather will make short work of it. From the start of your journey you have had an anxious eye on the growing storms in the north and west. Although unpredictable, the rapidly building cloud fronts can easily turn upon an unwary traveller and overwhelm him with their fury. Up until now a quick, untroubled ride to Stoneholme has been your only consideration but the frontier never

remains benign. The storm has quickly become your main concern and as you wait for Pallenten to finish taking her water you can see that it will be no common tempest.

Black as the depths of a pit a wall of cloud is advancing from the north, sweeping across the grasslands as it is pushed by near gale force winds in your direction. Such storms have been known to generate violent downdrafts, propelling fist-sized chucks of hail with such force that they have crushed the skulls of horses, and laid many men in their graves. To be in the open and unprotected is surely not the place to be. You will have to find shelter quickly.

Without any further delay you mount Pallenten and turn her to the south. Upon the open plain you are exposed and vulnerable, and although shelter can be found it is scattered and unreliable. At your back a tremendous bolt of lightning crashes into the earth and the hairs upon your neck react to the static charge as rolls of thunder tremor the air. Flicking Pallenten's reins you urge the great horse to even greater speed. Southwards you gallop, trying to leave the storm behind but it is impossible. The faster you travel the quicker the approaching weather seems to gain on your position. At your back the wind has reached gale force, Pallenten finding it difficult to maintain her footing as the wind blows vast amounts of loose vegetation across the grasslands.

In the maelstrom of wind and slapping rain, that now falls like icy slush against your back, you remember tales of Men who have survived these storms. In their desperation most killed their horses and lay beneath them, shielded from the lethal hail by the dead weight of their animal's still warm bodies. But they where just stories, and there is no way you could do such a thing to a horse such as Pallenten.

Then, to your immense relief, you spy possible salvation. Ahead and to your right you spot a group of farm buildings, nestled amongst a stand of sturdy pine trees and surrounded by a low stone wall. Most of the buildings have crumbled into disrepair but one structure still stands. It is a silo of some type, probably for grain and sturdily built. Here you may find protection from the storm.

Do you wish to use this building as a shelter from the coming storm? If so turn to section 365. If you would rather continue on southwards, turn to section 394.

392

With the deep roar of the Laneslem receding into the distance you set Pallenten again on a course for the south-west. Ahead the country is open, a series of low hills and grass-covered flatlands interspersed frequently by small stands of trees. At the end of the growing season these grasslands are a swath of rich green, the air cool and fresh from the winds that blow down from the mountains. In this vista of wild beauty Pallenten's hooves ring a rhythmic drumbeat on the soft earth as you gallop on to the Devkraager Tor.

To the west, almost to the horizon, you can see the dark moving shape of a herd of grazing Sempaca beasts as they slowly travel southwards to the warmer weather of the grasslands. Drawn down from their normal range on the plateaus of the Rift Mountains these large animals find good grazing on the low plains, their migration an unchanging part of the life of Northern Kalborea.

Above the wandering herd you also see the more ominous sign of a huge storm front building in the north-west. You have seen such weather many times before and you can only hope it does not move in your direction. From Pallenten's back you scan the horizon at all sides, looking for any sign of approaching danger. The storm is your greatest concern but as you search the plain you see something else, a dark shape barely protruding from the grasses though definitely no fallen tree or dead Sempaca beast.

If you wish to investigate this shape turn to section 509. If you believe there is nothing that can be gained from such a diversion turn instead to section 374.

393

Why you are wandering around in this old mine escapes you. For a moment you stand at the junction of the two tunnels and consider what benefit may come from continuing to search for the source of the noises. It takes only a moment to realise that your curiosity has sent you on a futile search for something that may lead you into mortal danger. It is now time to cut your losses and get back on your way.

Turning up the right tunnel you follow its twisting path back towards the junction of passages that lies just below the main mine entrance. To your surprise you find that you have emerged from the central tunnel and you are much dirtier for the journey, smoke and ash having clung to your arms and face, your clothing veiled in the

same greyish tinge. In a bucket to your right you find a small amount of water which you use to clean your face and hands.

It is as you go about this task that you hear an appalling moan emanate from the right tunnel. The moan rises and then falls away, a sound so full of pain and sorrow that it freezes you in your tracks, leaving you shaken and ready to flee this accursed hole in the ground. Ahead the bright glow of daylight shines in from the mine entrance. It is the only reason you need to turn on your heels and make your way back out onto the plains. Emerging into daylight you look anxiously for your horse. Luckily she has stayed close and a short whistle is all that is required to bring her to your side.

Turn to section 400.

394

The crumbling walls and unstable look of these buildings does not fill you with confidence. You are sure that there are better opportunities for shelter a short distance further to the south. Without stopping you charge on, Pallenten galloping with all her considerable strength, confident that you know what you are doing. The storm is gaining steadily upon you though and it builds in power with each passing minute. Around you the grassland is beginning to flatten and whip in the increasing violence of the wind. The cold sting of icy rain upon your back tells you that you must find cover without delay. Then the wall of rain hits you and you know you have made an error in not finding a haven from the storm earlier.

You have no choice but to bring Pallenten to a halt. Further travel southwards must wait until after you have survived the storm, its power impossible to endure in the open. From what you can see there is only a thick stand of trees to your left that might provide any protection at all. Turning Pallenten towards this wood you make your way quickly into its protective canopy. With the storm almost upon you this will have to be good enough.

Turn to section 377.

395

Without warning three Hresh warriors jump from the thick grasses at your left. Clad in leather armour and wielding scimitars and wooden shields they run into your path, attempting to spook Pallenten

and gain a hold of her tethers. Pallenten veers out of their way, but they move with her and too late you see a fourth warrior leap from the cover of the grass and grab for her reins. The Hresh lunges towards the horse and finds a secure hold, but Pallenten's forward momentum drags him under the great horse and beneath her massive hooves. Caught momentarily under Pallenten the Hresh's body tangles itself between her legs, tripping her up and sending you both crashing into the soft earth.

Struggling back to your feet you try and gather your wits. The fall has left you winded and disoriented, but you can see that Pallenten has risen as well and thankfully has not been injured. The same cannot be said for the Hresh. The warrior may have succeeded in bringing you down but it has cost him his life. He lay near Pallenten as a crumpled heap, a huge gaping wound in his chest.

Almost before you can properly regain your composure the other three Hresh move through the grass towards you. Drawing your sword you stand your ground, awaiting the attack that will surely come. Pallenten does not wait. Kicking out with her hooves she attempts to strike out at the nearest Hordim and finds her mark. It is a crushing blow that smashes the Hresh's skull and topples him backwards into the grass. The other two Hresh are more alert. Waving their scimitars and shields they startle the great horse and send her galloping off to the west. With Pallenten gone they turn in your direction and charge directly for you.

Combat with the two Hresh warriors cannot be avoided. As one they rush you, striking out with their scimitars and screaming at you like servants of the Dreya. Here you must fight for your life, and in this contest the Hresh must be fought at the same time. The first warrior has a combat value of 15 and an endurance of 16. The second has a combat value of 16 and an endurance of 14. Conduct combat rounds for each in turn until either yourself or the Hresh are dead. If you defeat these warriors turn to section 366. If it is here that you die then you will have to look to a latter life to find greater success.

396

You have little time to waste investigating the source of the smoke, but you bring Pallenten to a halt anyway. The ground around the entrance to the mine is well churned, obviously someone, or

something, is using the old diggings as a home. For a moment you consider the abundance of tracks and the strange smells that emanate from the darkness within. Perhaps later you might return to this place and determine what is here, but now cannot be the time.

Flicking Pallenten's reins you set her again on a track southwards. Ahead the sky is clear, the terrain practically unbroken except for a few trees. As Pallenten gallops you check your horizons for any possible danger and see nothing, however in the north a storm is building. By nightfall you will have to find shelter.

Turn to section 370.

397

You have wasted enough time in these gloomy passages. Turning left you follow the tunnel as it winds upwards. The lanterns provide some illumination but the tunnel is a dank, dirty hole filled with fleeting, furtive shadows and discarded equipment. Whatever possessed you to make your way into this mine, and to put your quest at risk is now forgotten, the open plain a far more enticing prospect than this gloomy delving.

Picking up your speed you ascend higher towards the surface. As you expect the tunnel opens out at the junction with the other two tunnels near the main entrance. As you stand catching your breath you see that you have emerged from the left tunnel. Behind you lay the three shadowed entrances, ahead of you the way back to the surface and the waiting daylight of the plains. What comes next ensures your quick exit from the mine.

From somewhere deep within the mine-works below you hear a sound so frightening that it freezes you where you stand. It is a deep wail, a moan so dire and so full of pain that you turn on your heels and run for the light of day. It is time to return to the surface and the completion of your quest.

Turn to section 400.

398

You do not know the Faeyen Merchant and the prospect of a cool ale is something you will not pass up lightly. It takes only a few minutes to push your way through the crowd and soon you stand before the entrance to the tavern. Hitching Pallenten to a conveniently

placed post you flip a silver coin at the young boy, who climbs down from the top of the hay bales and begins the job of feeding and watering your horse. For a moment you stand at the doorway and take in the smell of roast meat and well-matured ale. It will be good to once again drink something other than water.

The tavern is quite dark compared with the bright light of day outside. It is a typical inn frequented by travellers and tradespeople. The furniture is heavy, the food cheap, but who you are is not important and that suits you very nicely at this time. It is remarkably quiet compared with the busy markets outside; all the commotion of the square effectively muffled by the tavern's thick walls.

A quick survey of the interior shows that only a few patrons have remained from lunch. On a busy night it could hold up to a hundred souls but today seems content with less than a half dozen. Without a crowd it is easy to find the innkeeper. He is a burly man, dressed in a drab set of clothes covered by a heavily stained apron. He takes one look at you, sniffs, then leans over the bar top and breathes into your face. His breath stinks of something familiar, rotten fish or something like that. It reminds you of Mattock, your jailer in Maenum.

"By the Fates, a stone-eater here in Miller's Crossing. You've got a hide showing your face here boy. Still your money's as good as anybody else's. What do you want?"

You order a plate of meat and a jug of ale. (The cost is two silver coins. Deduct this amount from your character sheet. If you haven't already, deduct a further coin for the cost of having Pallenten fed and watered.) Looking about the tavern you see a dark area in one corner that will afford you a certain amount of privacy and a good view of the entranceway.

With your plate of food and jug of ale you make your way to the table you have chosen. The meat is well-cooked and the ale every bit as good as you remember. After the distance you have travelled it is good to sit and relax, although you have a feeling this may be the last opportunity you will have for some time to do so.

Half way through your ale, the door to the tavern is pushed open and in walk two Kalborean soldiers. Neatly uniformed in grey and black they have the arrogant air of men who do not mind committing violence to get what they want. They look about the bar and dining area and then approach the Innkeeper.

"Whose horse is that outside?" The Innkeeper does not seem eager to give your identity away, but there is no way you can leave the

tavern without coming under their notice. Perhaps the letter given to you by the Prefect will prevent trouble? You stand and offer the letter.

"The horse is mine. I am on a mission commanded by the High Prefect of the LoreMages' Guild and I am under his protection. Here is my letter of authority."

For a moment the guards seem to hesitate, thinking carefully about whether they should give any weight to the letter that you hold before them. As they stand there, you see that they recognise immediately you are Dwarvendim. A lifetime of contact with men such as these has shown you that they do not pass up an opportunity to physically or verbally abuse your people easily. Indeed, you have yourself been on the wrong end of a beating on more than one occasion, but these guards do not seem interested. Instead they have become apprehensive, as if they are about to commit a crime for which their authority will not protect them. A crime that will require your death. Then you realise that their interest in you cannot be official, in fact they are not interested in you at all. As one of them looks back towards the entranceway you see in his eyes that it is your horse they want. They want Pallenten.

In one fluid movement you throw the letter into the air and draw your sword. For an instant the guards' eyes follow the piece of paper as it floats off to the left. This gives you enough time to throw over the table that stands between you and charge forward at the Kalboreans. One of them you hit squarely across the side of the temple with the flat of your sword. He collapses to the floor. The other guard turns, sword ready to parry your first stroke. To get out of the tavern you will have to kill this man.

Chairs scatter everywhere as the other patrons of the tavern make for the door. If you are to get away you must finish this fight quickly. (If needed the meal you have half-eaten will restore four endurance points to your endurance level. Be sure to record this prior to commencing combat.) The town guard has a combat rating of 16 and an endurance of 13. If you win this battle turn to section 406. If you lose then it is here that your quest ends. In another life you may have better luck.

399

As you move forward the structure begins to sway more and more. Although not evident from the near bank, the bridge has been seriously undermined by the fast flowing rapids below. Nudging Pallenten in the flanks you try and guide her carefully but with greater speed over the stronger parts of the bridge, hoping to make the far side before the entire thing collapses under your weight. You are not that lucky.

Within 10 metres of the far bank the bridge fails, support beams tumble from the centre of the structure, its uprights toppling over under the pressure of the rushing water below. With the uprights gone the middle of the bridge collapses completely and pulls the section of bridge upon which you stand backwards and down into the river. Pitched backwards by the collapse you have no chance to save yourself from the fall into the boulders below. For an instant Pallenten finds a firm footing in the falling structure and lurches sideways, attempting to make the far bank with one final lunge for safety, but it is all in vain. Hard rock and the icy mountain water of the Laneslem are all that await you both as you crash headlong into the river. Here you drown, caught in the chill grip of a river that slowly carries your body southwards, never to be seen again.

THE END

400

Many of your fellow Dwarvendim have remarked that it is your curiosity that will one day lead you to an untimely end, but today will not be that day. Whatever might be found within the mine will have to wait for another, less urgent time. The collar at your throat remains tight and you know that because of it you must move on.

Remounting Pallenten you quickly check your horizons for any approaching danger and set off again on a south-westerly track. To the north-west you can see that the storm is building quickly and it is definitely moving your way. Already a stiff wind rises from the north, and upon its bluster it brings a cold, moist chill that foreshadows a powerful tempest to come. At some time today this storm will overrun the plains, and when it does you will need to find shelter.

Turn to section 370.

401

A guard stands ahead of you, he is not calling you by name but he wants you to stop. Luckily the noise of the moving masses muffles his calls and it is easy to get lost amongst the multitudes. Feigning that you do not notice him you veer to the left and angle into a large group of townsfolk who are haggling over spilt goods. The guard attempts to follow but it is a simple matter for you to slip down a side street and wait in the shadows for him to pass.

For a few minutes you stand in the gloom of the small laneway and ensure that you are not being pursued. Pallenten is beside you, she seems to understand the need for quiet and waits patiently for the command to move. As you stare out into the bright daylight of the markets you do not at first notice the dark shape creeping up at your back.

Turn to section 379.

402

The voices are not human and your blood runs cold at the realisation of it. Above the whining gabber of a multitude of small creatures you can hear the bellow and growl of at least two immensely large Hordim. That these are Hordim you are certain for there are no other creatures in Arborell that make such distinctive sounds. Backing up from the turn in the passage you realise the danger that you are in, and know that only a fool would stay to test his luck further. It is time to put as much distance as possible between yourself and these creatures.

Turning about you cautiously retrace your steps back to the surface. From each tunnel entrance that you pass there comes more of the ominous voices, muffled and distant but Hordim nonetheless. Sweating in the cool depths you move as quickly as you are able, all the while attempting to remain silent and unnoticed. More than once you sense movement in the shadows, the flickering lights that line the passage throwing dancing shades across the rock walls. It is only now that you see the small signs that should have alerted you to the Hordims' presence here. Boot and foot prints, discarded pieces of torn clothing and crude cut marks made by carelessly carried weapons, all now recognisable and acute reminders of the danger that has proven so close.

At any time you feel you may be discovered but luck is with you, none of the mine's residents notice your passing and you are soon within sight of daylight. When you reach the mine entrance you are glad for both the comforting light of day and the reassuring bulk of Pallenten, grazing quietly in the nearby grasses. Mounting the great horse you turn her towards the south-west, leaving the old mine behind and the dangers that reside within.

Turn to section 370.

403

No matter what you do you have the sense that this confrontation will surely end with blood on the street. Drawing your sword you stand your ground and wait for his attack. Luckily it never comes. With the advantage of surprise gone the thief hesitates, the theft of your money pouch now requiring more than just the quiet slitting of your throat. At the first glance of your unsheathed sword the would-be thief's jaw drops. What he expected as an easy mark has not turned out to be so straightforward.

You can see the fear on his face, and all it takes is for you to move forward and he turns on his heels, bolting for the safety of the dark alleys at his back. For a moment you consider whether you should give chase and teach him a lesson, but you don't have the time. You do however have the last laugh. In his haste to leave he has dropped a pouch of his own, probably the ill-gotten gains of a previous theft. You pick it up and find that it holds fourteen silver coins. These you will keep for yourself. (Record this windfall on your character sheet).

With the thief gone you turn back to the busy road ahead. From the alley you can see that the volume of traffic has not diminished at all. Unfortunately this is as close as you can get to the gates, the rest of the way will have to be made along the main road. Looking out towards the gates you can see that the guards posted there are only checking travellers coming into the town. Hopefully you will be able to make an unnoticed exit.

Taking Pallenten by the reins you lead her out into the flow of wagons and pedestrian traffic. With your cowl pulled up over your head, you stoop like an old man, and hope this simple change in appearance will get you past the gate. It does take some pushing and shoving to make headway against the flow, but in a matter of a few

minutes you stand some thirty metres short of the gate.

Suddenly from your right you hear a shout. A guard is running down the street gesticulating wildly at the gatemen and pointing back towards the main town square. There is a chance that any hope of a quiet exit may have just been extinguished.

Turn to section 373

404

You cannot be sure but the voices seem to rise clearest from the right tunnel. Without any real evidence as to which might be the right way to go, this is the tunnel you take. From the junction the passage runs on for some distance before widening into a large open cavern. On both sides of this cave the roughly surfaced walls run with moisture, large stalagmites and stalactites grow from the floor and ceiling, forming huge twisted formations that sparkle in the dim light. The cavern is completely quiet except for the murmur of low voices that are difficult to identify or source.

For a moment you stop and pause. Although there is some smoke wafting through the cavern it is an extraordinarily beautiful place. The ceiling is covered in a myriad of small brilliant points of light, almost like stars in the night sky. These however, sway slowly from side to side, sometimes detaching from their fixed point on the roof and then travelling a small distance before settling again. What they are you cannot tell, but they provide a striking bluish light that is just strong enough to show you the way to the other side of the cave. Looking out towards the other end of the cavern you can see a further passage that provides a way out.

If you possess either the Bushcraft or Huntmastery skills turn to section 584. If you do not possess these skills turn instead to section 375.

405

The smoke rises slowly from its source in the west and is then whisked away by the wind. You are sure that there was no smoke before you stopped to water Pallenten. Someone has either just started a fire, or a fire, thought to be out, has rekindled in the wind. If the

latter is the case then you should put it out before it becomes a conflagration that could spread out of control over the plains. Remounting you head off towards the rising smoke that has thickened even from the time you first noticed it.

Judging by the thickness of its plume, the smoke column is rising from a fire only a short distance ahead. Turning Pallenten first to the south across the stream, and then slightly more to the west, you find your objective over a small rise, hidden within a bowl-shaped depression in the ground. Here there is the remains of a large fire and the butchered carcasses of three or four large deer. All the signs show that this has been someone's camp for a number of days, and that they have left in a hurry. A quick inspection also shows the fire to have been extinguished, but in their haste the embers had not been buried. With the coaxing of the breeze some pieces of partially burnt wood have burst back into flames.

Dropping to the ground you look more carefully about the camp and see that the hurried departure of its residents has provided you with a small boon. Within a discarded sack you find three strips of expertly dried Sempaca meat. Each has been carefully packaged and has not suffered at all from a day or two in the open. There should be enough food here for three extra meals. (If you wish to take these meals, record them on your character sheet.)

Turning your attention to the area surrounding the camp you find a number of clues to the nature of the campers who spent time here. The most significant of these lies in an area of soft ground. It is a clear set of footprints, each print as long as your forearm and around a finger length deep. They are definitely not human.

Quickly you return to the campsite and do what the Hordim should have done in the first place. With the use of a deer's shoulder blade you dig a small pit next to the fire and then shovel all the remains of the fire into it. An amount of dirt is all that is required to extinguish the flames, then you shovel in the remainder of the soil to fill the hole. The job takes but a few minutes and you consider it ample payment for the food that you have found.

With the fire no longer a danger you call to Pallenten and remount. A light flick of her reins is all that is needed to urge her southwards.

Turn to section 386.

406

Left alone in the tavern, with only the innkeeper cowering behind his bar, you fight with the guard. He is more bravado than skill and after a short battle falls beneath your sword. With the alarm now raised you have no time to do anything except recover the Prefect's letter from the floor and run for the door. Pallenten stands to the left of the entranceway, her head down in a pale of oats. To the right you can see a number of guardsmen forcing their way through the crowded market in your direction. This is one establishment you are going to have to vacate quickly.

Grabbing Pallenten's reins you draw her out into the crowd and towards the road that leads to the south gate. You cannot mount your horse for you will be too easy to spot, so instead you push and prod your way through the throng of the early afternoon markets. Quickly you realise that you cannot make much headway, all the traffic is moving from the south gate in your direction; and it is a tide of humanity, wagons and beasts of burden that will have you arrested if you stay within it. Looking about you see a side alley that leads into the backstreets of the town. At this time of the day you will only reach the south gate, and a way out of Miller's Crossing, if you can get off the main road and successfully avoid the guard patrol.

Turn to section 409.

407

The risk of causing a disturbance is too great. You throw him the pouch and he pockets it without checking its contents. To your surprise he turns on his heel and then disappears back into the gloom of the alleys behind. For a moment you stand with Pallenten and consider whether finding him and teaching him a good lesson would be worthwhile, but you have no time for it. You make a mental note to return to Miller's Crossing once this quest is done and hunt out this bandit. You have no doubt that he will pay for his audacity. (Adjust your character sheet to account for the loss of all your money).

Turning back to the main road you check there are no guards in the street and then move out into the light of day. The road itself is clear of soldiers, all you can see is the patrol at the gates. The river of people and goods has not slackened though. It is a struggle just to make any headway but the distance remaining is not great. The stone arch and heavy metal portcullis of the gate is no more than twenty

metres from where you stand.

It is then that you see the guard running down towards the gates, he is gesticulating at the soldiers and is causing quite a commotion. Your chances of getting out of Miller's Crossing may have just changed.

Turn to section 373.

408

The pain spreading from the side of your head and your left shoulder tells you profoundly that you are still alive. Lying under a pile of leaves and broken branches you try and move your arms, but you are so pummelled by the ferocity of the storm that you must lay still for a moment and recover.

(Take the number of your dice throw and subtract it from your endurance points. This is the amount of harm you have suffered from the blow to your side. If you are already low in endurance points do not reduce the number of your endurance points below 1 however. This blow has caused you harm but it is not enough to kill you.)

The falling branch has struck a painful blow but luckily has done no permanent damage. Looking out through the mass of twigs and leaves you can see that the storm has passed. You cannot have been out for too long though, the storm is still dumping rain upon the plains but its black heart has moved away to the south.

Struggling to your feet you lean against the mangled, smoking remains of the Oak and search out your horse. For a moment you cannot see her and a note of panic creeps into your voice as you call out, trying to ascertain where she is. You get no response.

Holding your side you walk out onto the plain and call again. All about you the ground is littered with broken wood, piles of leaf litter and slushy heaps of smashed hail. Within this desolation you cannot see her. But then you hear a welcoming neigh from the other side of the stand of trees. Pallenten bursts from the other side of the grove and comes to your side, she seems genuinely happy to see that you have survived. After finding your gear you give her a quick rub down then remount and continue on.

In the aftermath of the storm the air is cool and heavy with moisture. Pallenten has shrugged off any stiffness she may have had, and again races across the plains without any sense of fatigue or fading. You think to yourself that if you ever survive this quest you

will have a great tale to tell of her stamina and courage. All you have to do is survive for the telling.

As afternoon slowly turns to evening you find the open plains and scattered forest give way to an area of low grass-covered hills. If you were on course these hills should have been much farther to your west, but the weather has obscured the mountains and you appear to have veered too far westwards. Your plan had been to try and make it to Melem's Fork for the night. The folk there are well-known for their hospitality and you have a number of friends who would provide you with a comfortable bed. If you are too far to the west then nothing will be gained by trying to make the village however. It will be too far out of your way.

On sunset your suspicions are confirmed, you cross the west road between Melem's Fork and the ancient Ring of Stones, but you are indeed too far to the west. The village lies a good three hours to the east and is now too far to go. You will need to consider a different place to spend the night.

The Ring of Stones lies roughly an hour to the west. It provides both a good place to camp plus fresh water for Pallenten. If you would like to camp there turn to section 257. If instead you would prefer to travel further south and find a campsite on the plains turn to section 413.

409

Miller's Crossing is not a large town, but the security of its high walls has meant that it has become a crowded place; littered with narrow alleys, dark corners, and squalid-looking three storey buildings that block out any natural light from above. Luckily you have spent considerable time wandering these streets and know them very well. As you draw Pallenten into the nearest alleyway you believe it will be easy to navigate a path that leads you away from the crowds and towards the south gate.

Pallenten finds the narrow alleys and backstreets a less comfortable way however. Her broad back and high shoulders makes finding a route through the constricted lanes of Miller's Crossing somewhat more difficult. Keeping away from the regular town patrols is no problem, the horse's bulk however, forces you to take a maze of alleys that lead you deep into the squalor of the town's poorest quarter.

Here, within the close tenements of Miller's Crossing you are as

much at home as you could be anywhere else in Arborell. The long years of your childhood after leaving the Temple had been spent struggling for a bare living, and it was amongst these decrepit buildings that you had learned your trade as a thief. Even now you know that you could meld once again into the underworld of the town and never be found by the Kalboreans, but that would not be your fate. The metal collar at your neck would ensure that you would not live long enough to boast to any of your escape from execution. With your hand firmly on Pallenten's reins you take her southwards.

Apart from the time needed to make your way south the detour does work to your advantage. Rarely do guards venture down any of these alleys for they are more likely to be showered with the contents of a chamber pot than find any overt sign of criminal activity here. Because of this you find that your passage through the shadowed lanes remains anonymous and unnoticed. The cobbled streets are wet and slippery from recent rain and Pallenten's hooves make a curiously muffled clacking sound as you pass through the jumble of interconnecting lanes and footways. Carefully you find your way to a point just short of the south gate.

With Pallenten at your side you look out from a small alley at the steady stream of humanity that passes from the gate up to the town square. From where you stand you can see that the southern exit is guarded by a number of uniformed Kalboreans, but they seem most interested with those entering the town. People leaving are given nothing more than a cursory glance and then allowed to pass through. Perhaps it will prove easier than expected to get out of Millers Crossing.

As you stand in the shadows of the alley you feel Pallenten at your side nudging your shoulder. At first you take little notice, then you hear the sound of a soft footfall on the cobbles behind you. Glancing to the side of the alley you can see in the reflection of a slightly opened window that there is a dark shape creeping up behind you.

Turn to section 379.

410

The guard stands directly ahead of you. He is not calling you by name but wants you to stop. For a second you consider your options then decide it will be best to bluff your way through, even if that means having to talk to this Kalborean. As you get closer you see that

he is young, smartly uniformed and far more interested in your horse than in you.

"By the Fates this is a fine horse!" he says admiringly, "In all my years I have never seen such a powerful looking steed. What is her name?"

As the young Kalborean looks over Pallenten you answer his questions as best you can and learn that he was once employed as a stable-hand far to the south, long before being drafted and posted here as a guardsmen. You can tell by the boy's enthusiasm that he would much rather have remained as a lowly stable-worker, his knowledge of horses and obvious love for them at odds with his current duties.

Carefully you keep your face hidden and after a short exchange of goodbyes he sends you on your way, holding two silver coins he has given you to buy apples for Pallenten. (Record these coins on your character sheet. If the opportunity arises you can use them for this purpose in the future.)

With a sigh of relief you keep to your path and soon approach the south gate. As you near the stone arch of the gate, with its massive iron portcullis, you can see a number of guards searching travellers as they enter the town. It would appear they are taking no interest in those wishing to leave.

Pulling your hood further down over your head, you position yourself between two wagons heading for the archway, there is a chance that you will be able to slip out unnoticed. Suddenly from the crowd behind you, a guard runs for the gates, shouting commands and pointing urgently towards the town's centre.

Turn to section 373.

411

The battle is a violent and bloody one and with the blessing of Providence you have survived it. Looking about the darkening cavern you can see the three hulking bodies of the dead Jotun lying scattered and still, and in the silence you can truly say that you are amazed you have lived to tell the tale. It is a confrontation however, that you have not survived unscathed. The battle has left you battered, a nasty wound to your left shoulder oozing blood, the result of a glancing blow that knocked you cleanly to the floor. It was only luck that saved you from the follow-up blow that would have crushed your skull.

The Morg are nowhere to be seen and you are glad for it. As the battle raged the Morg looked on, a sense of expectation that here might be an opportunity for torture once the Jotun had finished with you. It was an expectation that quickly turned to confusion and then fear. When the last of your foes had fallen the diminutive creatures disappeared like smoke into the many tunnels and crevices of the mine. It is a truth it would seem, that the Morg are cowards, content only to harm the weak or unarmed, and as you try and recover your breath you know that the death of the Jotun has shown them you are neither. If luck is with you they will not stand in your way as you find a path back to the surface.

Quickly you apply a dressing to your shoulder and consider the purpose of the Hordim camp. Across one of the rough walls of the chamber there has been drawn a map scrawled in charcoal, and covered with a multitude of symbols and lines. It is crude but you recognise it as a chart of the frontier, covering the ground from the foothills of the Rift Mountains in the north to the West Road that leads into the Faeyen provinces. Although makeshift in nature this encampment seems to be a reconnaissance post and you can only wonder at the damage they may have already done.

Turning to the way out you survey the scene one final time. These were fine warriors, certainly not the slavering brutes you had been led to believe. It is a pity that it was necessary to kill them but it was their lives or yours, and you have a quest to complete; one that you must return to immediately.

The way back to the surface is straightforward. Following the smoke you retrace your steps to the main entrance and then back out onto the plain. Luckily Pallenten has remained close and it takes only a short whistle to bring her to your side. Without delay you remount and point her towards the waiting mountains.

The damage suffered to your shoulder will reduce your Strength attribute by one point for the duration of this quest. Your strength can only return to its proper level in the course of this adventure if you acquire a Nahla Potion and make use of it. At that time your Strength can return to its initial level. Record this change on your character sheet then turn to section 370.

412

Upon the western road you bring Pallenten to a halt and consider which way to go. The Ring of Stones can be a reasonable camping ground and fresh water for Pallenten is close at hand, but it will take you out of your way. To the south lay your goal and you know the closer you are to the object of your journey, the better you will feel. In the growing darkness you set out for the Devkraager Tor. It is a vast brooding shape sitting heavily on the southern horizon, its snow-capped summit still glowing red from the sunset. Ahead the landscape is open and wild, a vast grassland little travelled by Men and unknown to most. As you ride you can feel the effects of the storm, the ground is saturated with water, the air crisp and cool. On Pallenten's back the cold bites into your clothing, it is uncomfortable but in the growing darkness it helps keep you awake and alert.

With only the dark-red beacon of the mountains summit to guide you, and the dim light of the moon to find your way, you travel on. The plains are flat, an enormous expanse only rarely cut by small areas of forest, and lines of low hills that roll off to the west and east. In this darkness you will need to find a place to rest soon.

Suddenly to the east you see the glint of a reflection. In the glow of the newly risen moon something metallic has glimmered in the darkness. Coming to a halt you dismount from Pallenten and command her to the ground. Obediently she lowers herself to the soft earth and lays on her side. Crouching next to her you scan the grassland, trying to pick up some hint as to the source of the reflection. Pallenten lays silent, the sounds of many feet shuffling towards you clearly audible above the rustle of the grasses and the call of night birds.

Looking eastwards you see, cresting the rise of a low hill, a number of small creatures in two lines making directly towards your position. They are nothing more than dark shapes, silhouetted against the moon at their back, but they are unmistakably Hordim. Outlined by the rising moon you can see that they carry small packs and short spears. They are moving as an ordered patrol, and are being very careful not to leave any sign of their passing.

For some time you watch as they file towards you then abruptly stop. The lead creature sniffs the air and considers the available landmarks before making a short comment to one of his compatriots. A brief conversation ensues before the leader points off to the north-west and sends the patrol in that direction. Luckily they miss you by a

good two hundred metres and disappear slowly into the gloom of the north. Until you are sure that they have passed outside of your sight you do not move, but eventually you must risk standing on the plain and find that they have indeed moved on. Judging by their new direction you can guess that they are making for the Ring of Stones, for what purpose you cannot tell.

Raising Pallenten from the soft earth you remount and get back on your way. From the north a strong wind has started to blow, flattening the long grasses and sending an even stronger chill through the air. With Pallenten again racing across the plain you put as much distance as possible between yourself and the small creatures. It has been a long day though, and you know you will not be able to go on much further.

Turn to section 244.

413

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In the growing darkness you set out for the still visible bulk of the Devkraager Tor. It is a vast brooding shape sitting heavily on the southern horizon, its snow-capped summit still glowing red from the last rays of sunset. Ahead the landscape is open and wild, a vast grassland little travelled by Men and unknown to most. As you ride you can feel the effects of the storm, the ground is saturated with water, the air crisp and cool. On Pallenten's back the cold bites into your clothing, it is uncomfortable and it does nothing to help the dull ache that still radiates from your shoulder, but in the growing darkness it helps keep you awake and alert.

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Turn to section 244.

414

Stunned by the sudden fall, you flounder upon the wet earth until you can get your bearings. Quickly you discover that you have fallen into a dry creek bed, one that is rapidly filling with water. Pallenten stands at the top of the bank looking forlornly in your direction, the

pounding rain obscuring her from view, only frequent blasts of lightning showing where she stands. Scrabbling up the bank you grab her reins and pull yourself out of the creek.

Standing there in the storm, saturated and miserable, you know you must find shelter quickly. When the full force of this tempest hits it will probably kill both of you if you don't. A massive blast of lightning brings with it salvation. In the bright light of the flash you see a boulder outcrop a short distance to the south. It is not much but it should provide a small measure of protection.

With Pallenten in tow you make your way quickly to the stone pile and find that you are in luck. Part of the outcrop has an overhanging table of stone that will protect you and Pallenten from the worst of the storm. It is a tight fit but you are able to get both yourself and Pallenten under it.

Crouching beneath Pallenten's enormous belly you wait, watching the full fury of the storm unfold upon the plain.

Turn to section 268.

415

The Ranger is a vicious fighter who gives you no opportunity to explain your mission. Forced to fight, you must use all your skill and remaining strength to defeat him. In the end he falls, struck more by luck than finesse across the back of the neck. Quickly you search his limp form and find a note, it appears to be a set of general orders from his superiors in Das Frontiere, ordering all Rangers on the frontier to detain any Dwarvendim found at large in the province. This explains why the Ranger has attacked you, for most of these soldiers the word "detain" has another, more sinister overtone - kill on sight and bring back the body.

Remounting Pallenten you leave the Ranger where he fell. You do not have the time to bury him and have no wish to be found by another of his kind. It is time to move on.

Turn to section 341.

416

The fight is short, and bloody. When you are done the two men lay crumpled on the roadway, no longer a threat to yourself or anyone else. For a moment you stand quiet and try to regain your breath. This

was a fight you did not seek out, but you take no pleasure from the violence that has left you standing, and these two men dead. As a thief yourself you know that both of these bandits will not be missed or mourned, but for your sake they must not be seen either.

Quickly you look up and down the road. No-one has been witness to the fight and you cannot afford the complications that will follow the discovery of these men. Within the cover of the trees you drag both into the undergrowth. For a moment you consider whether you should bury them, or simply leave them out of sight, but you know you do not have the time for any proper burial. As you listen for any traffic on the roadway you camouflage the bodies with bracken and then return to the road to find your pack. Pallenten is nowhere to be seen, but as you retrieve your belongings she trots out from beyond the bend ahead. Calling her to you, you mount and take one last look at where you have hidden the bandits. You take no pride in what you have done but it was necessary, and you cannot afford to delay any further.

:dehr gwa'duine oel ren'wevim es bo'roth mu'hae'el ahn:

Turning a corner in the road puts you at the eastern end of a long stone bridge, looking across at the town of Miller's Crossing and its formidable fortifications. The entire town is surrounded by an impressive stone wall some 15 metres high and 10 metres thick. Upon this wall is a series of manned watchtowers and more gaudily coloured flags than you have seen on the battlements of any other fortified community. It is a good sign that even with war brewing in the north Miller's Crossing is doing very well indeed.

The bridge does not take long to cross. It is about 200 metres in length, built as a series of immense stone archways that span the width of the Laneslem. You have to admit that crossing this bridge is a new experience for you as previously you have always crossed on foot. On Pallenten's back it is quite unnerving. From the height of this vantage you can see over the high stone walls of the bridge, and it is a long way to the river below. One look at the length of the drop is enough for you. For the remainder of the crossing you find yourself focusing on the end of the bridge and the more welcoming entrance to the town. As you approach its far end you are met by a number of guards grouped loosely near the town's gates. They do not seem the

slightest bit interested in stopping you and to your relief you are soon trotting down the centre of the town's main thoroughfare. Here within the walls, the noise of commerce and town life is overwhelming. The crowds are heavy and it is difficult to navigate through the throng of the early afternoon markets. Giving up, you dismount from Pallenten then push and shove your way through to the centre of the town square. It is there that you spy a food stall loaded with a wide variety of fresh provisions.

Do you wish to purchase more rations? If you do turn to section 240. If you believe it will be better to continue on through the crowded market turn to section 259. If you would rather seek out fresh water for Pallenten and perhaps a pint of ale for yourself, turn to section 385.

417

There is no doubt that to follow the Morg any further is a risky business, but the appearance of these creatures has piqued your curiosity. What they truly look like, and more importantly why they have ventured into the lands of Men, are questions worth a small amount of your time. You will not take Pallenten with you, however. The trail leads onto higher ground, and you know enough of this area to know that you will move quicker on your own.

Carefully you tether the great horse to a branch a few metres into the trees and place your pack with her. For this short reconnaissance you do not wish to be encumbered, and after a short reassurance to Pallenten you leave her and move off into the west.

Alone within the forest you start at the run. Most of the tracks are still easily identifiable and without a need for careful tracking you move quickly, finding your own path through the trees. It does not take long though, for the tracks to run onto harder ground, and soon you find yourself testing the skills you have as a Huntmaster. The Morg have made no attempt to hide their progress, and as far as you

can determine there are more than thirty in the band. Such a number leaves a trail of more than just footprints.

Within the hour you find yourself ascending a series of steep slopes, that lead to a ridge of hard rock jutting from the crown of a long series of hills. Upon this jagged cusp of broken stone you make a singular discovery, and it stops you dead in your tracks. Exposed upon the bare rock is a body. It is one of the Morg.

Without thought of the danger you edge your way towards the Hordim. It is certainly dead, and as you approach you can see that it has been laid out to fulfil some form of funerary rite, its body posed with a number of objects and plants spread about it. There is a purpose to what has been done with the creature but the Morg itself holds your undivided attention.

You have never seen such a Being in your lifetime, and except for the Rangers of the Watch there would be few other men who would have either. The Hordim lies still, its skin an iridescent deep blue that changes colour as you move to get a better look at it. You have heard that all Hordim have long tails of hair that grow from the back of their heads but this one has had his cut and taken. Why you cannot say. Although it is arranged upon its side, with its legs folded up to its chest, you can see that it would have stood no more than waist height. What strikes you is the gaunt, emaciated nature of its body. Thin arms and legs, and a drawn skeletal ribcage gives you pause to wonder if this Morg has died of malnutrition, or if all of its kind maintain the same starved appearance.

For a time you stand over the remains and wonder as to why it is here. There are no wounds upon it, or obvious sign of disease, but there is a look about the creature that speaks volumes of the hardship of its last moments. The Morg appears to have died in great pain, its simple visage distorted in a grotesque mask of agony that has torn the life from it. You cannot help but stare at the Hordim and feel a sense of pity. No-one should die in such a fashion.

About you the wind rises up the hillside, pushing an invisible hand through the trees below you. The gust reminds you that precious time is passing, and for a further moment you consider the body of the Morg, then turn your attention to its belongings. Arrayed about the body are the few artifacts of its existence. A knife, a long handled stabbing spear, a few bags and an intricate set of beads, made from crystal and tree sap adorn the last resting place of the Hordim. You have no intention of taking any of these items, but piled a short

distance from the body is a few pieces of equipment that have obviously been previously stolen and then discarded.

Quickly you search through the items and find little that is usable. Amongst the detritus of this Morg's life you find a small flask, a water bottle, a piece of Faeyen jewellery, and a silver pendant on a long metal chain. To your surprise the flask contains beer, but it is old, stale and certainly undrinkable. Carefully you sniff its contents and wonder if it might have other uses. (If you wish to keep any of these items record them on your character sheet before continuing.)

Overhead the suns of morning have risen higher than you have allowed for this small venture. There is no point to going any further, and the Morg's body has sated any curiosity you might have harboured regarding the Hordim. With the wind blowing across the exposed crest of the hill, you turn and make your way back to Pallenten. The way down is quicker than the journey up and within twenty minutes you find yourself back at the clearing where you left her. Unfortunately your horse has been busy while you were away.

Having found the ferns where she was tethered unpalatable, Pallenten has nuzzled open your pack and spoiled all the prepared rations you held for your journey. For a second you stare at the horse, but she seems well pleased with herself and you cannot find any reason to blame her. You should not have left the pack anywhere near her and this has been the outcome. You will have to buy more when the opportunity arises. (Deduct all the rations from your character sheet. If you had Nahla bread in your pack this has not been touched.)

Lamenting the loss of your food you shoulder your pack and lead Pallenten along a new path into the south-east. Although you came into the forest from the east you know enough about the terrain, and the many animal trails that cut across its length, to know a short-cut out of the forest. It will take you further south but will be an easier path to travel. With the day wearing on you find the particular trail you are looking for and quickly use it to reach the edge of the trees.

Carefully you survey the open ground ahead and find it empty, a flowing plain of grass and the odd copse of acacia trees. As you stand within the last reach of the forest you look to the east and south and ponder what must be your next move.

You have two possible choices. At this stage of your journey you may either make for the South Road, or you can strike out to the south-west, and make your way cross-country directly to the Devkraager

Tor. If you wish to continue on the road to Miller's Crossing turn to section 438. If you would like to risk travelling across country, and gain some time by heading straight for the mountain, turn to section 492.

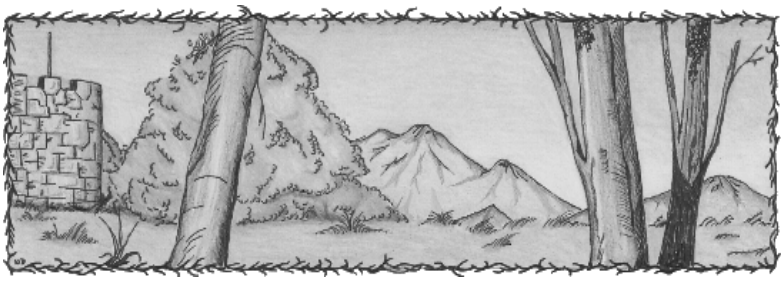

418

The Morg is in a deep sleep, and it proves easy to move around the pile of rotting fabric upon which it rests. In the cool silence of the hall you stand for a moment, then decide to turn and move closer to the Hordim for a better look. The creature is in no danger of waking, and although it must have been stationed here as a sentry it is not doing its job very well. Carefully you edge towards it and ponder the strange nature of the creature. In the shadows it is indistinct, nothing but a vague diminutive form, untroubled and at peace. You have not seen many of its kind but this one is as thin as any you have seen. Even in the dark its skin shimmers with a deep blue lustre, and as it breathes quietly it is difficult to believe the cruelty and barbarism that has been attributed to Hordim such as these. With a moment to consider its deceptive nature you think on whether you should kill it as it sleeps, but there is no point to such action, and every chance that it will lead to an alarm be raised. Instead you begin to back away, and it is then that you see the small key chain that rests upon the cloth next to the Morg. It has one large key upon it and it is definitely Dwarvendim in manufacture. (If you wish you may take this key. If this is your choice record it upon your character sheet.)

Any further consideration of the Morg is cut short however. From somewhere ahead there comes the muffled echoes of movement, and quickly you take cover behind a fallen piece of stone. Out of the darkness a series of dull impacts vibrate through the stone floor, and then just as quickly fall away into silence. It seems prudent to move on.

It is an easy decision to leave the Morg at rest, but the way ahead is a far more difficult proposition. As you move further north up the long reach of the King's Hall the piles of rubbish and debris become more awkward to negotiate. Mounds of mould-covered cloth, and tangled stacks of old furniture and ornamentation litter the floor. The Hordim seem to have spent considerable effort tearing down anything that reminds them of the previous occupants of this great fortress.

It takes some time before you find a position far enough away from the sleeping Morg that you can relax your guard and concentrate more on your surroundings. With the light cast by your meagre lantern it is difficult to see much of either side of the hall. The way ahead disappears into the gloom, the darkness of your path obscured even further by the rotting tapestries and furnishings. After much struggle you do, however, find yourself near the end of the hall. You are now a good 200 metres from the sleeping creature.

Turn to section 93.

419

The Hresh charges but you have an advantage it cannot defend against. Quickly you raise your sword, placing its sharp point directly before the face of the charging Hordim. In that moment the warrior's attention becomes focused upon the sharp edge of Than'durion and it is then that you perform the Shimmera. Moving swiftly to the side you trigger the deadly reaction that brings the Hresh to a standstill, its face changing quickly from a vision of grim determination to one of confusion.

Caught in a swirling vertigo the Hordim stumbles, reaching for the ground as it drops to one knee in an attempt to steady itself. Struggling against the effects of this lethal flaw purposefully built into the Hresh by their ancient masters the warrior cannot defend itself. Now helpless you have the one opportunity you need to deliver a single lethal blow. You take it, and the Hresh falls heavily to the floor, stricken with a gushing wound to its neck.

Quickly you search the body for any useful items and find that its leather armour is not a bad fit. If you do not possess armour of your own you may use it. This armour however, is not made for the use of men. If you decide to wear this armour it will afford a +1 armour bonus to your combat value, but will have a -2 reduction to your agility attribute during any agility tests. (Note this reduction in agility

on your status sheet and increase your combat value by 1 point to account for your improved protection). You also find a dagger and a length of rope. If you wish to keep any of these items record them on your status sheet.

After finishing this distasteful task you turn again to consider the curious words etched above the second door. As your sword drips onto the cold floor, you recall the old stories of how the Stone Kings collected taxes on goods that crossed their Kingdom's borders. This "Custom's House" must have been a collection point for these taxes. You sense the possibility of rials (silver coin) nearby.

Do you wish to try the door? If so, go to section 132. If you choose not to do so, go to section 14.

420

Even as you consider the thought three men rush from the undergrowth at your right, one grabbing at Pallenten's reins, the other two reaching for your arm in an attempt to pull you from your horse. It is a reckless attempt, but they have the advantage of surprise and succeed in dragging you from your saddle. In an ungainly tangle of arms and legs you fall heavily upon the bandits, laying them all low as each of you struggle to regain a footing. One punch is all you need to release the grip that one of the men has on your arm, and quickly you find your feet, drawing your sword as your assailants rise to meet your challenge. The fall has not been without cost however. You can feel the hot tendrils of a torn muscle in your left shoulder, but it is not serious, and undaunted you point your sword at the chest of the nearest bandit.

In that moment you feel the balance of the confrontation shift. The three men are a motley collection; two are young, probably no older than yourself, but they look unkempt and desperate. The third is much older, and as you stand your ground he looks furtively at the other two before turning on his heels. No word comes from the remaining bandits. Instead they spread out, keeping beyond the reach of your longer sword. They want your horse and whatever else you may have of value. You are not going to give it to them.

These bandits are too desperate to let you leave peacefully and you will be fighting at a slight disadvantage. The fall from Pallenten has come at a cost of 2 endurance points. Deduct these points from your

Endurance prior to beginning combat. The first Bandit has a Combat Value of 15 and an Endurance of 10; the second a Combat Value of 16 and an Endurance of 8. Each must be fought separately. If you kill these men you may search the bodies if you wish. If this is your choice turn to section 451. If you do not wish to do so you can move on quickly by turning to section 416. If however, it is you who succumbs to their blades then it is here that your quest ends. In another life you may have better luck.

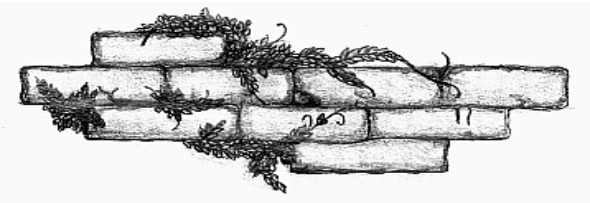

421

It is an urgent truth that you must make haste southward, but in your mind a suspicion is forming, one that will need to be confirmed. Quietly you ready your sword and take a tight grip on Pallenten's reins. In the gloom of the forest you stand for a moment and consider how wise it is to follow these creatures, but you need to confirm what has done such damage to the trees. If it is indeed Hordim then how you continue with your quest will be determined by what you find. With Pallenten close you make your way deeper into the undergrowth, following the tracks as they make their way to the west.

Around you the forest grows close and silent. Above the rustle of the wind you can hear nothing. There are no bird sounds, nor sign of animal or insect. The woodland has fallen quiet, as if a great fear has come to rest here and all things living have gone into hiding until it passes. Except for the wind there is no sound but your own footfalls, and the sharper beat of Pallenten's hooves as you follow your quarry into the trees.

Some three hundred metres further into the forest you come across another clearing. This clearing is larger than the one you rested in, and it is vandalised with the same strange markings upon all the trees at its edge. Within the shadows you wait, searching for any sign of danger. The eerie silence is total, and there seems to be nothing moving. Apart from the bellows-like breathing of Pallenten at your side you appear to be alone. With no apparent danger at hand you

move out into the open, leaving Pallenten within the trees. There is nothing much to see, but on the grass at its centre you make an appalling discovery. Under a blanket of flies you pull apart a hastily made bark covering. It reveals a mound of ash and rotting, half-cooked carcasses; the remains you think of many different kinds of forest animals and birds, and at least one hapless soldier. Something has stopped here and taken the time to kill and eat everything that could be found in the area.

In the warmth of the morning the cooking mound is a stinking mess; at least three days old, and surrounded by a circular boundary of flattened and bare earth. Looking about you make sure you are still alone, then kneel and make a closer examination of the circle. It appears that a huge number of creatures sat here, tightly packed as they consumed their feast. It is between the ash-mound and the circle of bare earth that you discover something else as well. Embedded in the ground you find a small, broken hunting knife. Made of pure black crystal it is ornately carved, with a razor-sharp edge and a tightly woven handle of knotted hair. The blade however, is broken along most of its length and is unusable, but it tells you all you need to know. Its small size, and the four-toed impressions that you see all over the clearing leave no doubt in your mind that these creatures are indeed Hordim, and more specifically they are Morg.

How the Hordim could have made it into the lands of Men you cannot say. It is probable however, that the siege at Maenum has drawn the Rangers of the Watch closer to the great fortress, and this has left some of the mountain trails of the Great Rift open for the Hordim to cross southwards. But you know the reason does not matter, the fact that they are here is all that does. Before they are located and destroyed they will cause a lot of damage.

Standing, you call Pallenten to you and consider what you should do. The mound is a few days old, and there is a chance that the Morg have moved on, but you know little of them and cannot be sure. All of the tracks lead off to the west, once again disappearing into the forest, and you can see the terrain changes quickly, the ground rising into a series of wooded hills and hard earth. To follow the Morg any further will be difficult.

To continue to follow the Hordim will require the skills of a Huntmaster. If you have the Huntmastery skill and wish to follow the Morg turn to section 417. If you do not have this skill, or you can see no benefit in continuing westwards, turn to section 467.

422

For a moment you consider the door and then begin rummaging through your pack. Amongst your camp utensils is a small eating knife, and in the semi-darkness you take its thin blade and find that it fits neatly into the keyhole that sits squarely at the centre of the door. You have no particular skill in working such devices, but there is nothing to lose in making an attempt to unlock it. Crouched against the door, in the closed and cramped confines of the narrow tunnel, you desperately attempt to pick the lock. The door is of ancient construction and very well made, but after an hour of effort the barrel deep in the lock turns, and a loud grinding vibration heralds the drawing back of the heavy bars holding the door firmly in place.

Hands still greasy from the sweat of your endeavours you put your weight against the door and push. With almost no resistance the door springs outward, taking you completely by surprise. Before you have any opportunity to regain your balance you are pitched forward, straight out into...

Turn quickly to section 81.

423

The Elemental is a rising mass of tortured earth that looms over you, its form imbued with a malevolent hatred that you can almost smell in the dank air. It is indeed a creature born of EarthMagic, but of a type you have never felt before; and if it is magic you will need a weapon of like kind to defeat it. Before the Elemental can strike, you pull the Dragonclaw from its fastening and swing it in a wide arc. Instinctively the creature recoils and you know you have a blade that can cause it harm. Within the chamber the fight begins...

The Dragonclaw will provide a +5 bonus to your combat value for the duration of this combat. As previously stated the Elemental has a combat value of 19 and an endurance of 14. If you defeat the Elemental turn to section 63. If however, the creature overwhelms you and you are defeated, then it is here that your quest ends.

424

For a moment you stand back and consider the problem. Doors such as these present a particular difficulty because there are no identifiable locks or devices that might be worked upon. But this does not mean that it is beyond you. You have seen such devices before, they are sophisticated and cunning but all open in the same fashion. Somewhere along the edge of the doorway will be a hinged piece of stone. Depress it and the door will open.

Carefully you feel along the stone border, testing each for any sign of movement. It does not take long to find the trigger. At the base of the door a small piece of stone moves easily at your touch, and with no reason to believe it has been booby-trapped you push it firmly inwards. Immediately the door begins to slide upwards, disappearing into the wall above you.

Before you has opened a dark passageway. Quickly stepping over the threshold you walk into the corridor beyond. The passage is shrouded in shadow but you can see that it runs some distance ahead to the north. Just within the doorway is a metal bin, within which you find a number of old torches. Taking one of these, you light it and with the feeble illumination it provides make your way up the passage.

Record the use of this torch on your character sheet and then turn to section 210.

425

You have no time to waste but these runes are familiar to you, and you take a moment to search your memory. As the sounds of the Hordim grow closer at your back you remember where you have seen such carvings before. It is a glammer; a magical camouflage used to produce an illusion, usually covering a trap, or a secret entrance to a room or hidden passage. Usually the runes would be hidden as well, but the spell must be so old that it is starting to lose its effectiveness. It is just lucky that you can see them at all.

Carefully you place your hand upon the first of the steps, and feel it pass through the seemingly solid stone. Although you cannot be

absolutely sure what the glammer is hiding there is a good chance that a deep pit can be found here. You will have to jump the runes if you are to stay ahead of the Hordim.

Test your agility attribute. If you are successful turn to section 217. If you fail this test turn to section 41.

426

Carefully you handle the carved wood for you know what it is. This is a Healing Stick, an object of Hordim-made EarthMagic that will prove very useful to your quest. Although you have only heard of these talismans you know how they are used, and although it is old and worn you can feel some power remaining within it. In the right circumstances this stick will save your life.

(An Oera'dim Healing Stick can return all lost endurance to any creature who is aware of its power. This one is however, very old and almost depleted. It may be used only once, but will restore all lost endurance points to your character. At a time in your quest when you need its healing power most, it may be activated by laying its skull covered end across any open wound. The Healing Stick will bring your character back to full health and remove any strength or agility reductions you may have had from previous injury. The only restriction to its use is that it cannot be activated during combat.)

Quickly you place the stick in your pack and consider your next move. It seems prudent to take the time to care for your wounds, and the confines of this room appear as good a place as any to do so. Taking the Jotun's weapon you jam it into the door-frame, rendering it impossible to open from the other side, then attempt to drag the bodies of the Hordim into the corner. The Morg is easy, but the Jotun is a creature of enormous size, and he proves too much even for a Dwarvendim such as yourself. Instead you roll the Jotun out of the centre of the room, and settle yourself to tend the injuries you sustained in the fight. Luckily you have come out of the combat with less damage than you thought, and once satisfied that you have done all you can to salve your bruises and cuts you rummage through your pack for some food.

(If you have food add 6 endurance points to your endurance level before you continue. If you have neither food nor Nahla Bread you can cut a few strips of raw meat from the Sempaca carcass and eat that

instead. It is not as palatable but will restore 4 points to your endurance.)

After eating and then resting for a short time you feel your strength beginning to return. Now better able to go on, you rise to your feet, place your supplies into your backpack and quietly open the door. The Hall appears deserted.

If you haven't already done so will you;
Try the first door in the western wall? If so turn to section 173.
Try the second door in the western wall? If so turn to section 77.
Try the small open room at the end of the Kings Hall? If so turn to section 199.

427

The huge Jotun crashes through the furniture-strewn hall towards you. Like leaves in the wind broken tables and chairs are flung in all directions, the immense strength of the Hordim undeniable as it advances towards you. In the shadows you hesitate for only a heartbeat. There can be no doubt what you must do.

Quickly you ready your weapon and wait for the advance of the Jotun. It cannot be aware of what you are about to attempt, and in this light you can give it no chance to counter your assault upon it. When the Hordim is no more than five metres from your position you lift your weapon in front of you and wait for that moment when the Hordim's attention is focused upon it. When it comes you run to the left and slightly forward. On the debris littered floor the sudden movement has the desired effect, the Shimmera triggering the devastating vertigo that will bring the warrior down.

Caught by its own momentum the Jotun trips and falls heavily, its face a contortion of disbelief and anger as it desperately tries to regain control of its balance. In the gloom you see it shaking its head, its senses swept up in a spinning melee of vertigo and helplessness that it cannot overcome. It is the only opportunity you need to finish this combat. With one stroke of your blade the giant is dead, and in that lingering moment the hall becomes silent once again.

The Shimmera has worked but your quest demands that you move quickly. Turn to section 237.

428

It is a challenging leap, and one that on this day proves to be beyond you. With all the strength you can muster you throw yourself across the gaping chasm, a prodigious jump that even as you leap you know you have misjudged. Without any ability to help yourself you hit hard against the other side of the gap, your hands and feet scrambling for a hold on the cragged stone as your weight drags you back over the edge. One handhold you find, but even as you bear your weight upon it you can feel it coming away from the crumbling rock face. In a cloud of separating stone and earth you slip inexorably towards a certain doom in the abyss below.

Test your strength attribute once again. If you are successful turn to section 504. If you fail this test turn to section 520. Note that if you have chosen the Strong Back talent your character will automatically succeed in a test of this type, and if this is the case you should turn to section 504.

429

In the darkness you scrabble around the edges of the rockfall, and find the wooden handle of your shovel caught beneath a press of heavy boulders. Choking in the dust you push aside the stones and drag the tool out of the grasp of the dirt and broken rock. At least with your shovel you will have a better chance of finding the remainder of your equipment. It is a job however, that will require care to execute.

Carefully you begin shovelling away the loose dirt that borders the rockfall. Above you, you can sense what remains of the stone ceiling shifting as you work, every shovel load changing the stability of what remains overhead. It is a painstaking business that takes you more than an hour to complete, but your labours are rewarded when you are able to pull the remains of your pack from the fall.

Quickly you check its contents and find everything covered in grit but luckily nothing damaged. At least in this matter Providence has been kinder to you. With your pack back in your possession you move further down the corridor and squat against its hard stone wall.

Dust from the trap lingers throughout the passage like a thin grimy fog. Breathing is difficult and your clothing is full of the remnants of the filth that had almost suffocated you. As the dust settles you decide it is best to get as clean as possible before continuing, and if you have

any left, eat some of your dwindling rations. There appears to be little chance of pursuit, but you realise you are in no state to defend yourself anyway. After getting rid of as much of the dirt from your clothing as you can you sit down for a short meal and rest.

(The food and rest will restore 6 points to your endurance. Remember that you cannot exceed your initial endurance value. If you do not have any food or Nahla Bread in your possession restore only two points to your endurance. The rest may not be much but it does allow you to recover somewhat from the effects of the trap. Record this on your character sheet before continuing).

After resting you prepare to move on. In your pack you still have a number of the torches you picked up from the passageway entrance. Taking one of these in hand you ignite it, and raising it above your head continue on eastwards.

Turn to section 104.

430

For a short time you crouch before the shining beam of light and consider its purpose. Your studies at the Temple tell you that this could be one of two things; an alarm designed to give away the position of unwanted visitors, or a Hordim device artificed to kill with a single touch. It is your understanding that both work in a similar fashion, and because of your training you know exactly how to disable them.

Carefully you follow the line of incandescent light across the width of the steps, to a small metal tube that extends slightly from the wall at your right. Without placing your hand into the beam you take an amount of dust from one of the steps and throw it into the steeply rising passage . In the confines of the stairway a slight breeze moves past you, a movement of air that propels the fine grit upwards. Immediately the dust glistens and smokes as it passes through a tracery of additional beams unseen in the darkness. This only confirms what you feared most, even a touch will bring a swift end, but thankfully the solution is simple. With the pommel of your sword you hammer the small tube flat, breaking the beam and dissolving away the web of hidden light.

Again you throw a small amount of dust before you, but this time

there is no sign of the deadly incandescence. Not for the last time do you give thanks for the foresight of your teachers at the Temple. You cannot waste any more time here however. It is time to move on.

Turn to section 59.

431

The Mutan is no easy opponent. Within the limited space it swings its axe, keeping you at bay as it attempts to force you backwards. It is a struggle that you must end quickly and you have little choice but to use the Shimmera to do so.

As the Hordim swings at you with its axe you point your sword directly at it, forcing the creature to focus momentarily on its edge as you rush towards it. At that moment you dodge to the side and watch as the Mutan stumbles, the induced vertigo of the Shimmera taking hold of the Hordim like a vice. Desperately it throws its axe out into the corridor as it staggers against the nearest wall, one arm against its head, the other trying to maintain a balance against the cold stone, but it is to no avail. The Mutan is helpless, caught in the swirling grip of an uncontrollable vertigo.

Without hesitation you end the fight, driving your blade through its heaving chest. In a spasm of pain the creature topples to the floor and lays still. The battle is over. In the quiet you lay aside your weapon and give yourself the opportunity to catch your breath. As you do so you hear something, a slight crackling sound that comes from the Mutan's dead form. Quickly you realise it is the Hordim's blood.

Deduct this use of the Shimmera from your character sheet then turn to section 128.

432

From your vantage astride Pallenten you wonder at the gall of the old woman, but you know there is a chance it will be money well spent. There is little that information brokers like Anawyn don't know about the comings and goings of the frontier, and it would not be the last time you would probably part with good money for their wares. Quickly you give over two coins and wait for Anawyn to respond. For her part she takes the silver pieces and hides them within the remains of her clothing, then points to the south.

"Heard from a number of travellers comin' north that the Army's all

over the place. Thugs all of 'em. I hear they been stoppin' honest folk, takin' stuff that ain't theirs, and generally makin' life miserable. Don't care myself really. Don't have any inklin' to make a trip south but you might want to know. West is a whole different kettle. Heard from some farm boys only yesterday that rumours are going around about the Horde. Seems a few of the outlyin' farmsteads near Melem's Fork have been hit bad and everybody's got the wind up. Don't like anybody's chances with those types hanging about. Bands of 'em roamin' the wilds its said; who would'a thought eh? Reckon I'd think twice I would if I was takin' the West Road."

For a moment you think on Anawyn's words. The south has its dangers, as does the west, but in times such as these there can be no safe way forward. Quickly you come to a decision and thank her for her time.

"It has been good to see you again Anawyn. Try not to con too many passers-by of their hard-earned money."

Anawyn laughs and hands you a small bottle of beer. "Somethin' for the road Master Vesh. Keep safe if you can."

You smile and wave goodbye. Time is passing and it is something you do not have a lot of.

If you wish to continue on the South Road to Das Frontier turn to section 255. If you would rather take your chances on the West Road turn to section 225. If you feel that leaving the roads and taking a cross-country route to the Devkraager Tor is best turn to section 261. If you have not done so record the bottle of beer on your character sheet before continuing.

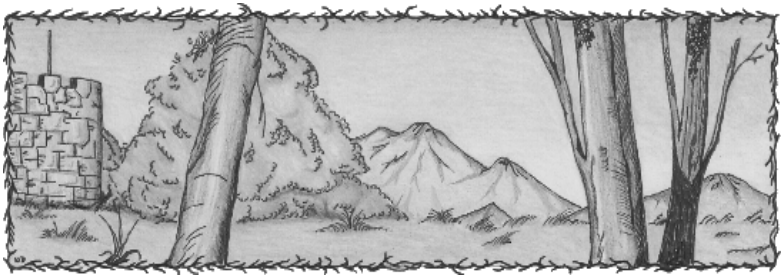

433

The morning brings with it a clearing sky and lighter winds. Deep reds and orange colour the horizon as you look out to the east, and for a time you stand in the knee-high grass watching the first of the rising suns as it heralds the new day. To the west you can hear ground birds running through the tall grass in search of insects but you take little notice. The stiffness in your cold joints takes up your full attention as you try to stretch your muscles after a restless sleep. Deciding to now risk a small fire you find a few pieces of wood and make yourself a hot meal. As you eat you can hear Pallenten grazing on the plains beyond the entrance to the outcrop. After clearing away your eating utensils you walk out into the field and call her. At first you cannot see her, and in those few seconds a small measure of anxiety creeps into your voice as you call again. Almost immediately an answering whinny comes from behind a pile of large boulders. After a moment the big horse trots out from behind the rocks and breaks out into a gallop before coming to a halt before you.

As the horse stands there you can sense that something is wrong. She is motionless, a look of unease in her eyes. Suddenly, as if by some distant command, she rears on her hind legs and turns and races for the far off forest road.

For a moment you do not understand what has happened, but then you remember Tak Lovar's words. Pallenten was only to take you as far as the foothills. Now the horse was gone, and the rest of your trek must continue on foot. For some time you watch the great horse disappear into the haze of the morning and the forests beyond. Your task will be all the more difficult now without her strength to aid you. It is easy to admit to yourself that you had come to depend upon that horse a lot.

Collecting your belongings you belt your sword to your waist, shoulder your pack and begin the last leg of your journey to Stoneholme.

The fitful sleep does not return much of your strength but the hot food makes you feel a measure better. Restore four points to your endurance rating and then turn to section 107.

434

You are not fast enough to evade the swing of the beast. With a blow to the chest that crushes the air from your lungs, you are flung over the edge of the cliff-face, falling towards the forested valley floor far below. In this short moment you know that you are about to die. In the rush of the wind you can taste blood in your mouth, and feel the tremoring gurgle of a lung pierced by bone. Strangely there is no pain as your ragged body descends, but in those few heartbeats before you hit the ground a surprising calm settles upon you. You are about to die, and there is nothing that can be done to evade the impact to come.

In those moments of clarity you realise that you have been the victim of a Dweo'gorga, a shape-shifter of the Ancient World, and can do little but wait helplessly as the canopy of the forest below rushes up to greet you. Without emotion you search your memories for anything you can remember about the Ancient One that has killed you, but all you are sure of is that such creatures are the relentless servants of anyone who holds the talisman that controls them. Someone has set that beast upon you, and they have succeeded. In a bone-jarring crash of flailing limbs and scattering equipment you hit the trees and all goes dark.

It is said in the lands of the Faeyen that a man knows his true self only at that time when Providence delivers him from certain death. In this life you have a task to complete and, all evidence to the contrary, you are not dead yet. Turn to section 453.

435

To try and climb out of the pit seems too dangerous an enterprise and instead you look to the shimmering reflection of the waters below. Quickly you do your best to bind your pack and sword tighter to your body. With the smouldering remains of the nest sending a pall of ash into the air you take a deep breathe and jump from the side of the pit.

Without a sound you fall into the darkness, your body a plummeting shadow within the ever increasing gloom of the pit. As the dark waters below rush up to find you there is little you can do but prepare yourself for the blow, and it comes as a muffled explosion of water that embraces you firmly in its cold grasp.

For a moment you blackout, your senses reeling as you are dragged

down into the depths. Straining for air you push yourself upwards, reaching for the surface as you try and save yourself. No matter what you mean to live, and in that dark place you find the strength to make it to the surface, gasping for air as you rise out of the water.

There is little light and no warmth, and as you clear your eyes you can see that you have fallen into a wide natural cavern, filled with water and with only one obvious landfall. Upon the far edge of the lake is a narrow rise of land, nothing more than a pebble beach, but it will do. Purposefully you swim for the pebbles and find solid ground beneath your feet only a few metres from the cavern's edge. It is as you drag yourself out of the water that the real hopelessness of your position becomes clear.

At all sides the cavern is a huge arching chamber of crumbling stone. Even as you look into the darkness you can hear chunks of rock falling into the water. Each is a clear echoing crash of sound that reverberates through the chamber, being lost in the shadows as you stand against the water's edge. A quick survey of the thin strip of land shows that there is no way off the beach, and you have lost all your equipment to the dark waters. Without food you will not last a week in this cold. It dawns quickly as an unavoidable truth that you may have escaped the Arachnari but your fate has been sealed nonetheless. Quietly you sit upon the cold pebbles and wait. In this cold place you have a choice between drowning in the black waters or waiting for the metal collar at your neck to tighten. Either way your quest is over.

THE END

436

In a way you cannot help yourself. As a thief such lists have always been of vital importance as a source of information, but for reasons never considered by the Guild of Administrators who published them. To those who might peruse the lists out of pure curiosity they are a simple accounting of all who have fallen foul of the authorities. For the Guild they stand as a proud record of the effectiveness of the Kalborean Union in keeping its citizenry safe. Little could they realise how important the lists were to the very rogues they wished to eliminate.

It is a truth that it does not take much these days to find your way onto the lists, however for a thief they have long been a vital tool for

avoiding capture. Most of the banditry committed on the frontier has always been conducted under the loose control of a number of organised criminal networks. A thief's ill-gotten gains could be easily passed on to a network contact, and then moved through an underground smuggling operation that funnelled money and contraband to the more settled areas of southern Kalborea. There the goods would be properly fenced and a reasonable commission returned to those who stole them.

It could not be called a perfect enterprise by any means but it had served its purpose for generations, and the lists provided everyone who had goods to fence a clear understanding of which networks had been compromised, and who was currently safe to deal with. To read through the lists was a habit that the criminal element of Kalborea indulged in religiously. It was a hard habit to break and one that may help you now.

Quickly you guide Pallenten through the crowd and position her so that she might give you some space near the wall, and block most prying eyes from what you are doing. Carefully you trawl the lists, searching out names you recognise and hunting for any clue to whether any of the contacts you have in the south have become unsafe. Thankfully you find nothing on the wanted lists but a short addendum concerning current executions gives you reason to pause. Amongst a line of unfortunate souls that are about to feel the sharp edge of Kalborean hospitality you find one name that makes you wince. It is Dahl Anders and it is a poor pass he has found himself in.

Dahl had been your friend since you first found your way onto the streets. He had been much older than yourself when you had first met, one of the Brethren of the Deep Guild and a man with no love of the Union. On the streets you could not have survived alone, but he had taken you under his protection and it had been from him that you had learned the first important lessons of your trade. It is no exaggeration to say that you owe him a lot, and in the passing years had never found a good enough way to repay him. From what you can glean from the list he is to be held for one week pending transport to Das Frontiere, and then executed for smuggling. It is a situation that claws at your conscience, however the metal collar at your neck does not give you much in the way of options. To mount a jailbreak here in Miller's Crossing would require time and the right distractions to be successful. If you are to live to complete your mission there is no time to help your friend.

With Pallenten's reins gripped tightly in hand you turn from the lists and lead her back out into the growing traffic of the day. It is true that you can do nothing about helping your friend at this time, but you know that if you survive the days ahead you may yet deliver him from the tender mercies of the Kalborean Union. For the moment however, you must return to your quest.

Remember the name Dahl Anders. It is not important to your current quest but may prove of great value in the future. Now you must decide how you wish to make for the south gates. If you believe that there is merit in taking the side road turn to section 409. If you decide it will be better to remain within the crowds and continue south along the main thoroughfare turn to section 372.

437

If the object is of value it will be worth a few minutes spent retrieving it. Carefully you lower yourself over the edge of the well and begin to climb down into the shadows below. The descent is easy but as you lower yourself further into the depths you encounter a thick slime covering most of the well that reaches a few metres above the waterline. It is too slick to allow any further descent but you find a foothold against a broken piece of stone that may just allow you to reach down and pull the medallion from its resting place. It will require a measure of agility to reach it however.

Test your agility attribute. If you are successful turn to section 490. If you fail this test turn to section 486.

438

The evidence you have uncovered regarding the Morg gives you reason to consider carefully which way you should go. You have taken too much time finding your way through this forest, but the knowledge that the Hordim are so close is a truth better known than discovered too late. For a time you consider what you should do, but the choice has been taken out of your hands. Pallenten has eaten all your rations and you will have to get more before you can continue. Miller's Crossing must be your next objective. There you will find food and anything else you might need. It is a decision easy to make. Too

many times you have felt the pangs of hunger and you do not feel disposed to endure them again if there is an alternative.

Quickly you mount Pallenten and head into the south-east. The ground is open, a wide grassland of undulating rises that Pallenten takes to easily. It is your hope that by taking a heading south of east you will intersect the South Road a good distance beyond Baellum. There the road should be clear and your journey will be the easier for it. About you there is little to be seen though. The grasslands extend for a great distance in all directions, and but for a few old ruins, mostly abandoned farmhouses and other buildings, you can see nothing that might indicate you are anything but alone in these wildlands. For the moment that is exactly as you prefer it.

Upon the grassland Pallenten is a dark arrow, the world a rush of pounding hooves and wind-blown grasses. As the great horse thunders on you find yourself lost in your thoughts, the possibilities of your quest stretching out before you. It is a strange circumstance that you find yourself in, and there is much you believe the Kalboreans have not told you, not the least being how you will remove the metal collar when your quest is done.

It does not take long to find the South Road. Just to the south of a ruined homestead you cross the highway and come to a halt.

Before you stretches a clear road to Miller's Crossing. Turning to all four directions you scan the horizon for danger. All is clear except for the north-west where you can see storm-clouds building. It will be best if you can find shelter in town before the storm hits. Turn to section 251

439

There is indeed something familiar about the wood but it is Hordim-made and there can be no good to be found in keeping it. Deliberately you throw it against the far wall and settle yourself near the door. It seems prudent to take the time to care for your wounds, and the confines of this room appear as good a place as any to do so. Carefully you remove your upper garments and feel for damage. Luckily you have come out of the combat with less injury than you first thought, and once satisfied that you have done all you can to salve your bruises and cuts you rummage through your pack for some food.

(If you have food add 6 endurance points to your endurance level before you continue. If you have neither food nor Nahla Bread you can cut a few strips of raw meat from the Sempaca carcass and eat that instead. It is not as palatable but will restore 4 points to your endurance.)

After eating and then resting for a short time you feel your strength beginning to return. Now better able to go on, you rise to your feet, place your supplies into your backpack and quietly open the door. The Hall appears deserted.

If you haven't already done so will you;
Try the first door in the western wall? If so turn to section 173.
Try the second door in the western wall? If so turn to section 77.
Try the small open room at the end of the Kings Hall? If so turn to section 199.

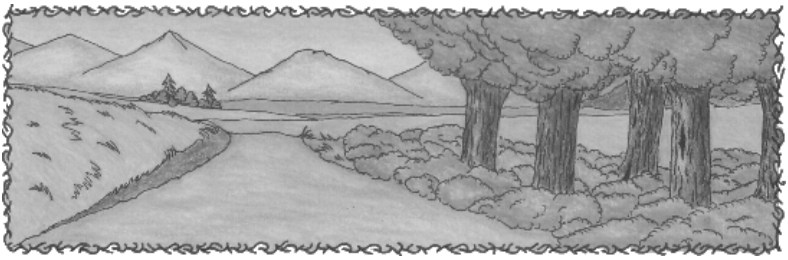

440

For a short time you stand amongst the trees and consider what you must do. The hardest part of your quest is now before you, however the Nab's touch is something that cannot be lightly discarded. You feel no pain, but the effects of the Trial have left you drained. The pain of your healing is a memory that cannot easily be forgotten, and as you wait within the cool shadows of the forest there is a strange lingering effect that you sense will require rest to shake off. As you check your body you see little sign of the torn flesh and broken bones that would have otherwise taken your life. In their place there now lingers a strange sensation, an uncomfortable weakness not unlike glue holding together pieces of wood that has not had time to set. With each passing minute you feel those bonds strengthening, and rather than start immediately you decide it will be best to take a few moments to rest.

Quickly you survey your surrounds for a safe place to wait out the

effects of the Trial. Ideally you would prefer being out of sight as you are in no condition for any further combat until your wounds are fully bonded, but as you look around it is clear that you must do something else first. All about you is scattered pieces of your clothing and other gear, spread through the trees and undergrowth, caught upon bough and bush as it rained down from above. You have no recollection of when you lost your pack, however its contents now lay strewn through the woodland, and it is best that you collect them before you relax. On the grass close to your position you find your sword buried almost to the hilt in the soft earth; a short distance into the undergrowth your pack hangs awkwardly from the jagged end of a broken branch. Thankfully it has sustained only a torn strap, and as you slowly search the area you find all of its scattered contents, some items the worse for the fall, but all still serviceable.

When you have recovered your equipment you turn to the easier task of finding a place where you might rest safely. Close to the clearing stands an enormous spreading Oak, and it proves your best sanctuary. Within the shadows thrown by its huge branches you find a narrow hollow between two delving roots and determine that there you can rest unseen. Quickly you organise yourself against its rough bark, settling yourself and equipment carefully into the tree's rough embrace. Within this small nook you attempt to relax. In the quiet of the forest you have to admit that it is a strange feeling. You cannot remember the last time you allowed yourself a few moments to do absolutely nothing, and as you listen to the muted sounds of the woodland you can feel yourself slowly being pulled together, the last remnants of the Trial acting upon you. But in this quiet place you cannot sleep. It is a luxury that you can ill afford, so instead you find yourself watching the flow of the wind through the trees, and listening for the small sounds of forest creatures as they go about the exertions of their own lives. In the shadows of the spreading Oak it is a moment of complete rest that you know will not come again.

As you wait for the effects of the Trial to lessen you notice also that the forest itself is changing. The colder months are close, and in preparation for the chill to come the air about you is filled with the detritus of the Autumn fall. The ground is already disappearing beneath a cover of deep orange and brown, and as you rest the wind begins to strengthen, a bluster touched with cold and followed with showers of browning leaves. It would be possible, you think, that in such a place one could forget what was ahead, and instead choose to

remain, safe from the imminent dangers of your quest, but the cold metal at your neck is a reminder that you cannot ignore. After an hour you know it is time to move on.

Quickly you re-shoulder your pack and sheathe Than'durion. Against the cold you pull your travel cloak close and look to the trail. It is somewhere ahead that Stoneholme must be found and with renewed energy you return to your quest.

(As you have allowed the Trial to complete its work you may restore your maximum endurance level to its initial value. You may also increase your strength attribute by 1 extra point if it is not already at the maximum value of 11. This will also increase your overall combat value by 1 as well.)

In the full light of day you find your way along the old pathway. It is clearly marked against the encroaching vegetation of the forest floor but is very old; a relic you think, of an age before Men came to this world. For some time it meanders through the forest, keeping a northerly heading before turning to the west. About you the woodland closes in, but the trees are not close and as you travel you can see the remains of large standing stones littered across the valley floor. Each has been placed upon a platform of flecked granite and rise out of the undergrowth as dark shapes hidden within the darker shadows of the forest. With these monoliths as your only companions you run along the trail, keeping to its ancient path as it winds upwards. Swiftly the terrain changes, the valley floor left behind as you begin to climb a series of undulating foothills. Without pause you keep to the trail and become more convinced as you travel that it is indeed taking you towards the entrance you seek.

In the hour after midday the trail veers again southwards and then runs parallel to a series of low cliffs that rise against the hills. For a time you follow the line of the cliffs, but within a narrow cleft bordered by steep walls of crumbling stone you find a reason to stop, the path turning towards a wide archway carved deeply into the cliff-face. It is a smooth arch of finely cut stone, rising from a wide threshold to a keystone high overhead. The curve of the arch is covered in pictographs and glyphs that are unknown to you, but certainly not Man or Hordim made. In the half-light of the deep fissure you inspect the strange markings but cannot determine what they might mean. The words however, are not the most unusual aspect

of what you have found. Reaching almost three times your height, the arch appears as a gateway but it is filled with smooth stone, as if it has been wrought to look like an entrance without actually being so. Within the shadows of the grotto you wonder as to its purpose, but there appears no reason to linger and once again you return to the trail.

Beyond the break in the cliffs the path again rises upon a series of heavily wooded hills, before emerging onto a narrow platform of stone. Upon this shelf of rock you come to a stop, confronted by a sheer cliff reaching many hundreds of metres above you. At your right the remains of a enormous rockfall blocks any movement to the west. Upon this ancient stone platform you can see the faded outline of your path meandering along the edges of a thin shelf of rock to the east, before turning out of sight. As you look upwards the massif of the Devkraager Tor rises beyond the reach of the cliff-face and you know that you have met the mountain upon its north-eastern edge. The entrance to Stoneholme should be found more to the south and following the path remains as your only option. Carefully you traverse the crumbling edges of the stone platform and take again to the ancient path.

The early afternoon is spent negotiating the rocky base of the mountain. Its weathered face is cracked and broken, strewn with rockfalls and enormous flows of gravel that trickle noisily down from the high cliffs above. The forest has grown thickly in places up to the base of the Devkraager Tor, and you find you have to make a number of wide detours to get around falls of rubble that have brought down large areas of the surrounding timber.

In the end your persistence pays off. Some two hours into your circumnavigation of the mountain, and just as you are making a difficult detour around a huge tangle of fallen trees, you are confronted by the impassable obstacle of a stone platform some ten metres high. Although the stones are worn, and vines and other creeping plants have grown into its chiselled joins, you can see that it is Dwarvendim-made and exactly what you are looking for. Retreating back into the forest you make your way carefully about the platform's edge, then out into the trees to find a spot from which you can properly consider what you have discovered. Amongst a clump of small pines and low brush you find a hiding place from which you can survey the platform better.

Through the thick bushes you peer out at the massive entrance to

the fortress of Stoneholme. Although showing the effects of long neglect the entrance remains awe-inspiring in its scale. Shaped as a huge archway carved directly into the face of the mountain, the images of two immense Dwarvendim Warrior-Kings have been wrought; arms raised as if they are holding the weight of the Devkraager Tor on their huge shoulders. Under these images the open cavern that is the entranceway is black, the light of day swallowed completely in the darkness of its interior. From the entrance a wide polished stone platform extends outwards for more than fifty metres, at each corner the intricately carved statue of a Dwarvendim warrior stands in full battle armour. A long flight of white marble stairs rise from the green grass of a large clearing at its base and reach upwards to the stone platform. In times past this marble staircase would have met a road leading to the east, but this has long since disappeared. Gleaming white balustrades of carved stone border the platform and stairs on all sides.

Leaning back against the sturdy trunk of a young pine you relax for a moment, taking in the rough grandeur of the Imperial Entrance and the encroaching greenery of the forest that surrounds it. Within this dark treasure-house, somewhere deep within its cold, silent halls lies the Tellandra and it has somehow fallen upon you to find it. It seems a pity to squander the remains of such a fine day by attempting to enter this great fortress but you know you must.

After your efforts in finding the entrance you decide it is an opportune time to take a meal. Only Providence knows when you may have another opportunity to feed yourself, so you take a ration from your pack and rest in the shade of the Pines as you eat. (Withdraw one ration from your pack and record this on your character sheet. The rest you take will restore all endurance points you may have lost in the course of your journey so far. If you have no food or Nahla Bread available only restore a maximum of four points to your endurance.)

When you have finished you ready yourself for what is to come. In the bright afternoon sun you organise your equipment and carefully survey the entrance to Stoneholme. There is only one way in, and after ensuring that you can see no danger upon the open ground, make for the stone platform and the base of the marble stairs.

You must move inside quickly. Turn to section 197.

441

The Town Hall appears to be your best chance for shelter from the storm. Quickly you nudge Pallenten towards the crumbling structure and bring her to a halt at its front steps. With the rumbling menace of the tempest at your back you dismount and carefully urge your horse up the weathered steps of the building. In its day it would have been an imposing structure, a wide arched entrance covered by a large portico. On this day however, it stands as a broken ruin, but one that might just save you.

Through the archway you take yourself and Pallenten into a short entranceway and then into the half-demolished remains of a large meeting hall. It is within this open space that you begin to feel you are being watched.

If you have a small shard of stonewood in your possession turn to section 456. If you do not have a piece of stonewood turn to section 478.

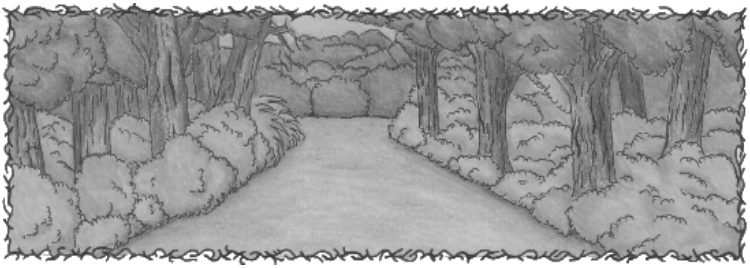

442

Even as you consider the thought a set of tracks catches your eye. Impressed into the soft earth at the side of the road are three distinct sets of bootprints, leading from the edge of the harder road surface into the undergrowth at its verge. Even from your vantage you can see that they are fresh, maybe minutes old. Immediately you bring Pallenten to a halt and draw your sword, listening for some hint as to whether the owners of these boots are still close. Your answer comes quickly.

From the undergrowth at your right three men rush your position, one grabbing at Pallenten's reins, the other two reaching for your arm in an attempt to pull you from your horse. It is a reckless attempt, one you do not feel disposed to let succeed. In one fluid movement you slip

from Pallenten's back, your sword at the ready. All three of the bandits come to a halt, wicked looking short-swords pointing at your throat, but their advantage of surprise is gone.

In that moment you feel the balance of the confrontation shift. The three men are a motley collection; two are young, probably no older than yourself, but they look unkempt and desperate. The third is much older, and as you stand your ground he looks furtively at the other two before turning on his heels. No word comes from the remaining bandits. Instead they spread out, keeping beyond the reach of your longer sword. They want your horse and whatever else you may have of value. You are not going to give it to them.

These bandits are too desperate to let you leave. The first has a Combat Value of 15 and an Endurance of 10; the second a Combat Value of 16 and an Endurance of 8. Each must be fought separately. If you kill these men you may search the bodies. If this is your choice turn to section 451. If you do not wish to do so you can move on quickly by turning to section 416. If however, it is you who succumbs to their blades then it is here that your quest ends. In another life you may have better luck.

443

In an instant you decide that there is nothing to be gained by standing against the Arachnari. It is simply too big, and too lethal to fight. Instead you throw your torch at the beast and move quickly for the nearest wall. Without thinking you begin to climb, ignoring crumbling stone and showers of ancient grit as you try and put distance between yourself and the monstrous spider. It is an attempt that may succeed but for one unforeseen circumstance.

Behind you the Arachnari flicks aside the torch and moves after you. In a shower of sparks the brand hits the thick matted web and ignites its thick fibres. Before the huge spider can make it half way to the edge of the web the fire takes hold, spreading across the centuries of desiccated refuse and food scraps. It is a conflagration that erupts in seconds into an inferno.

Desperately you haul yourself away from the rising tower of flame, your hope that the spreading blaze will destroy the Arachnari before it can take you. Against the distorting heat you climb, and it is then that you hear the creature's death-cry. Out of the centre of the fire the

monster jumps for the wall only a few dozen metres from your position. Alive with flame the Arachnari screams into the burning pit and strikes out with its long arms, being consumed even as it attempts to kill you. In a thrashing spasm of pain the spider lashes out, before losing its footing and falling out into the pit. As you watch it falls, illuminating the edges of the great abyss as it plummets to its final destruction. The Arachnari Queen is gone, but you are not yet safe.

About you the fire builds, consuming the thick webbing and finding new paths into the many burrows that line the nest. Quickly each of these holes become new infernos and soon explosions begin to shake the edges of the pit. Whatever the Arachnari had hoarded over the years is now erupting in gushes of flame and smoke, and the fire is getting closer.

Before you can move more than thirty metres from the nest the flames reach you, consuming the fine meshes of web that cover all the stones. It is impossible to avoid the heat and as you reach out for a new handhold a massive explosion rocks the pit. In a rolling concussion of heat and flame you hang by one arm, your only chance of survival to be found in the strength of your remaining handhold.

Test your strength attribute. If you are successful you are able to hold on and should turn to section 479. If you fail this test the explosion shakes you from the wall, throwing you out into the abyss. If this is to be your fate turn to section 473.

444

You know enough of the lore of stonewood to recognise that shards of the precious wood react in this fashion to the close proximity of the Shan'duil itself. Possibly there is the remains of an old temple of the Ancient World buried somewhere beneath the streets of Kal Murda, or even a tributary of the River of Life itself surging in the bedrock below the village's tightly paved roadways. Whatever the reason your piece of Stonewood has sensed its presence and now radiates the power of EarthMagic that is the stonewood's to command.

Carefully you hold the stonewood between your fingers and watch as its pulsing energy settles into a constant blue aura that surrounds your hand. If your knowledge of lore is well remembered you need only speak a word of Haer'al across its surface to uncover whatever is the cause of its activation. To your surprise the word required comes

to mind easily and before you think on the consequences of what you are doing you whisper it.

:ne'epahl:

Even before the word fades against the backdrop of the approaching storm your world changes.

Turn to section 463.

445

In the violence of the battle you do not see any point in remaining within the power of the stonewood shard. Quickly you whisper the word "epahl" across the stonewood and watch as the terrible visage of the fall of Kal Murda dissolves into the more imminent reality of the approaching storm. Around you the ruins of the settlement are as you have previously found them but it takes a few moments for you to readjust. After the power of the stone dissipates you are left dazed, your thoughts overcome by what you have witnessed.

A powerful blast of thunder to the north shifts your focus away from the visions of the past to your pressing need for shelter, and you see quickly that there is none to be found here. You have seen the Town Hall in all its untouched glory but it stands now as a mere shell. With no roof it extends upon its foundations as nothing more than a facade and a few broken walls. Your shelter from the coming storm will have to be found elsewhere.

In the encroaching darkness you guide Pallenten along the western reach of the main thoroughfare and realise quickly that Kal Murda can provide no sanctuary. The relentless assault of Jotun hammers has left the town a desolation of crumbled walls and fallen stonework, and there can be no safe cover from the storm within its ruined confines.

Without any further hesitation you mount Pallenten and turn her towards the western gate. Nudging her forward you quicken her to a canter. As thunder rolls along the plains you can feel the growing power of the winds as they throw debris along the road ahead of you. It is within this melee of shifting gales that the village comes to life.

Within the bluster there are no shapes or ghostly moving forms, just the wind and the remembered cries of a thousand butchered souls

that echo silently through the desolate streets. Embraced by the power of the strengthening winds ill-defined and furtive shadows move at the corner of your eye, never seen in the open but there nonetheless. No matter the cause it is easy to imagine the restless souls of the dead drawing life from the storm and it sends a cold chill down your spine. With the tempest at your back you hurry Pallenten along all the faster, making a hurried exit through the western gate. As you pass out onto the plain you are glad to be out of the village, and equally glad that you made your journey through Kal Murda without having to confront any Hordim, real or not.

Turn to section 301.

446

You stand before the charging Arachnari and know you have no choice but to fight. Whether you jump, or try and climb away, you know this beast will not let you go easily. With Than'durion in hand you stand your ground, sure that it will be a miracle if you survive.

The Arachnari Queen has a combat value of 24 and an endurance of 18. It is an armoured monster that has only one weakness, and you hold it in your other hand. Your torch throws a dim light but it is enough to dazzle the night-sensitive eyes of the giant spider. Whilst you keep your torch in your hand you should increase your Combat Value by 4 points. If you lose three combat rounds in a row the torch will have been knocked out of your grasp and your CV must be returned to its normal level. If you win this combat turn to section 471. If you lose this battle turn to section 460.

447

To try and climb out of the pit seems too dangerous an enterprise so instead you look to the shimmering reflection of the waters below. Dwarvendim have been known to survive falls of this magnitude and with time pressing as urgently as the collar against your neck you decide it is the best way forward. Quickly you bind your pack and sword tighter to your body and tear a hole in the matted web with your bare hands. After a short prayer for Providence to be kind you jump.

Without a sound you fall into the darkness, your body a plummeting shadow within the ever increasing gloom of the pit. As the dark waters below rush up to find you there is little you can do but prepare yourself for the blow, and it comes as a muffled explosion of water that embraces you firmly in its cold grasp.

For a moment you blackout, your senses reeling as you are dragged down into the depths. Straining for air you push yourself upwards, reaching for the surface as you try and save yourself. No matter what you mean to live, and in that dark place you find the strength to make it to the surface, gasping for air as you rise out of the water.

There is little light and no warmth, and as you clear your eyes you can see that you have fallen into a wide natural cavern, filled with water and with only one obvious landfall. Upon the far edge of the lake is a narrow rise of land, nothing more than a pebble beach, but it will do. Purposefully you swim for the pebbles and find solid ground beneath your feet only a few metres from the cavern's edge. It is as you drag yourself out of the water that the real hopelessness of your position becomes clear.

At all sides the cavern is a huge arching chamber of crumbling stone. Even as you look into the darkness you can hear chunks of rock falling into the water. Each is a clear echoing crash of sound that reverberates through the chamber, being lost in the shadows as you stand against the water's edge. A quick survey of the thin strip of land shows that there is no way off the beach, and you have lost all your equipment to the dark waters. Without food you will not last a week in this cold. It dawns quickly as an unavoidable truth that you may have escaped the Arachnari but your fate has been sealed nonetheless. Quietly you sit upon the cold pebbles and wait. In this cold place you have a choice between drowning in the black waters or waiting for the metal collar at your neck to tighten. Either way your quest is over.

THE END

448

For a moment you peer back into the gloom of the well and wonder at the unusual position the medallion has wedged itself into. It is far enough down the shaft that nobody could have accidentally lodged it there, yet it protrudes from the wall as if it has been deliberately

forced into a crack. There is no doubt that the object has been placed there, and it is a tantalising thing indeed, but a voice in the back of your thoughts begs caution.

You have had some experience in the wilds of Kalborea, and the first lesson you ever learned had been that nothing is accidental. If the medallion has been wedged into the wall then it is for a purpose, and you wonder as to what that purpose might be. It could be nothing more than someone's last desperate attempt to hide something from the Horde before everything was taken from them, or more probably it serves as a bait for one of the Horde's lethal traps. Either is possible but experience tells you to tread warily.

If you would still like to climb down into the well and retrieve the medallion turn to section 437. If you believe that a careful traveller should listen to their gut feelings and move on quickly, turn to section 455.

449

Standing upon the crate the tall Faeyen is a comical sight to say the least. He seems to know you; at least he has picked you out of the crowd for some reason, but you do not know him. The Merchant is not one of your local smuggling contacts nor does he seem familiar from any previous meeting. You can only be sure that he is not a part of the town's criminal underworld and that makes it all the more curious as to why he might want to speak with you.

If you are interested in talking with the Merchant turn to section 367. If you would rather ignore him and make your way to the tavern turn to section 398

450

"Sire, wait!" The boy is running towards you, waving his hands wildly above his head. His sudden appearance is surprising to say the least, but there is something familiar about the child; something that triggers a memory long buried. For a moment you say nothing, your thoughts reaching back to a time when you yourself were young. It is then that you realise this is no child at all. It is what your teachers called a Nab, a messenger presented as the apparition of a small boy

dressed as an urchin of the streets. You know it can only be here if there is someone close who commands a great knowledge of EarthMagic. Before you can consider what you should do the boy is by your side, a small hand grasping Pallenten's reins.

"Please Sire, is your name Halokim Vesh?"

Surprised that this messenger should know your name you reply, "Yes, but what is your purpose here Nab?"

The boy does not answer your question. Instead he bows and points to the west. "I have been sent by my master, the Maturi Len, to ask that you experience the hospitality of his house prior to continuing on your journey south."

The boy hesitates for a moment as if he is listening to another unseen presence. "He says that it will be to your benefit to do so".

Even as the apparition delivers its message you can see it beginning to fade. Beneath you Pallenten becomes uneasy, the horse having sensed the change in the boy. Before you can stop her the horse backs up and begins to stamp her hooves, her nostrils flaring with anxiety. Upon Pallenten's back you can only struggle for control as the great horse rears up, her intention to strike out with one of her enormous hooves. Before this display the Nab remains unmoved, then disappears in a wisp of vapour. In that instant he is gone. Again Pallenten rears, and you are forced once again to fight her reins. As you do so there comes out of the air above you a soft, gradually fading voice. "If you wish to talk with the Maturi Len take the west fork to Kal Arbor. There you shall find him."

Spurring Pallenten on you ride quickly down the hill. Your horse seems eager to leave the rise and you have to admit that the encounter with the Nab is something you did not expect either. It is at the bottom of the incline that you find the fork in the road leading to Kal Arbor.

If you wish to take this fork to the west turn to section 227. If you have no time for what might be a dangerous diversion turn to section 232.

451

The fight is short, and bloody. When you are done the two men lay crumpled on the roadway, no longer a threat to yourself or anyone else. For a moment you stand quiet and try to regain your breath. This was a fight you did not seek out, but you take no pleasure from the violence that has left you standing and these two men dead. As a thief yourself you know that both of these bandits will not be missed or mourned, but for your sake they must not be seen either.

Quickly you look up and down the road. No-one has been witness to the fight and you cannot afford the complications that will follow if these men are discovered. Within the cover of the trees you drag both into the undergrowth and search the bodies for anything of use. At first your initial assumption that they were in dire need of money is born out by the lack of any personal possessions. As you search one of the bodies however, you find that the older of the two holds a treasure of surprising value. In a small cloth bag you discover a nicely crafted lock-pick set and four rials, but it is within a thin paper wrapping that you uncover a shard of white stone, smooth to the touch and very familiar to you. Immediately you recognise it as a piece of Stonewood, a remnant of the Silvan Tree, and one of the most sought-after relics of the ancient world.

Carefully you inspect the stone then turn to the prostrate body of the Kalborean you took it from. Where the bandit might have found it is beyond your knowledge but he could not have known the true value of what he held. Through the right traders this piece of Stonewood could have been sold to the Kalborean authorities for enough silver coin to buy a large home in Miller's Crossing. The Dwarvendim would have given him enough to buy half the town. Without knowing it he had his fortune in his possession all along, and instead lost his life for the promise of a few rials. No matter how you looked at it, it was a pointless waste of a life. (The piece of Stonewood is a valuable relic that cannot be left behind. Record this acquisition on your character sheet. If you wish to take any of the other items record them on your character sheet as well. The money does not count as an additional carry item as the coins can be placed into your own money pouch.)

Carefully you cover the bodies with bracken and return to the road. Pallenten is nowhere to be seen but as you retrieve your pack she trots out from beyond the bend ahead. Calling her to you, you mount and take one last look at where you have hidden the bodies. You take no pride in what you have done but it was necessary, and you cannot

afford to delay any further.

:caadru crysim iphar u ke'mahre:

Turning the corner in the road puts you at the eastern end of the bridge, looking across at the town of Miller's Crossing and its formidable fortifications. As one of the more important commercial centres in northern Kalborea the entire town is surrounded by an impressive stone wall some 15 metres high and 10 metres thick. Upon this wall stands a series of manned watchtowers, and more gaudily coloured flags than you have seen on the battlements of any other fortified community. It is a good sign that even with war brewing in the north Miller's Crossing is doing very well indeed.

The bridge does not take long to cross. It is about 200 metres long, built as a series of immense stone archways that span the width of the Laneslem. You have to admit that crossing this bridge is a new experience for you as previously you have always crossed on foot. On Pallenten's back it is quite unnerving. From the height of this vantage you can see over the high stone walls of the bridge, and it is a long way to the river below. One look at the length of the drop is enough for you. For the remainder of the crossing you find yourself focusing on the end of the bridge, and the more welcoming entrance to the town.

As you approach its far end you are met by a number of guards grouped loosely near the main gates. They do not seem to have the slightest interest in stopping you and to your relief you are soon trotting down the centre of Miller's Crossing's main thoroughfare. Here within the walls the noise of commerce and town life is overwhelming. The crowds are heavy, and it is difficult to navigate through the throng of the early afternoon markets. Giving up, you dismount from Pallenten then push and shove your way through to the centre of the town square. It is there that you spy a food stall loaded with a wide variety of fresh provisions.

Do you wish to purchase more rations? If you do turn to section 240. If you believe it will be better to continue on through the crowded market turn to section 259. If you would rather seek out fresh water for Pallenten and perhaps some ale for yourself, turn to section 385.

452

For a short time you look at the lettering on the stick and decide you will take it with you. Objects such as this are very rare in the world outside and you should be able to trade it for supplies if ever you find your way out of Stoneholme. There is something about the wood though that gives you pause to hold it for just a bit longer, your memory searching for some hint as to why it seems so familiar. The feeling passes without an answer.

Quickly you place the stick in your pack and consider your next move. It seems prudent to take the time to care for your wounds, and the confines of this room appear as good a place as any to do so. Taking the Jotun's weapon you jam it into the door-frame, rendering it impossible to open from the other side, then attempt to drag the bodies of the Hordim into the corner. The Morg is easy, but the Jotun is a creature of enormous size, and he proves too much even for a Dwarvendim such as yourself. Instead you roll the Jotun out of the centre of the room, and settle yourself to tend the injuries you sustained in the fight. Luckily you have come out of the combat with less damage than you thought, and once satisfied that you have done all you can to salve your bruises and cuts you rummage through your pack for some food.

(If you have food add 6 endurance points to your endurance level before you continue. If you have neither food nor Nahla Bread you can cut a few strips of raw meat from the Sempaca carcass and eat that instead. It is not as palatable but will restore 4 points to your endurance.)

After eating and then resting for a short time you feel your strength beginning to return. Now better able to go on, you rise to your feet, place your supplies into your backpack and quietly open the door. The Hall appears deserted.

If you haven't already done so will you;
Try the first door in the western wall? If so turn to section 173.
Try the second door in the western wall? If so turn to section 77.
Try the small open room at the end of the Kings Hall? If this is your choice turn to section 199.

453

Within a numbing darkness you struggle to find consciousness, your head a turmoil of vague images and the recurring nightmare of a desperate fall that somehow never ends. It seems that you are trapped in a void somewhere between light and dark, but there is also a certainty growing that if you awaken it will be to a world filled with pain. When you finally force open one of your eyes you realise that your face is covered in blood, and that you are lying on your back, staring up at the overhanging canopy of the forest. For a while you remember nothing of how you came to be here, but slowly the memories return and with their unveiling so comes the pain. With every breath you feel the agonies of a thousand knifes stabbing at your chest, blood spattering about you as you struggle for each laboured gasp of air. Although you cannot see them your arms lay twisted and broken, your legs torn and crushed from the violence of your passing through the trees. It would appear that the fall has not yet killed you, but it is only a matter of time.

From high above you had fallen, your body a twisting form plummeting for the ground. The Dweo'gorga's sweeping blow had been enough to send you hurtling off the edge of the precipice and there could be no salvation from the fall. When you had hit the trees the upper branches of the canopy had thrown you sideways into the solid stone of the cliffs, before sending you tumbling into a scree slope of loose rock. In a spray of fractured granite and debris you had hit the incline before coming to a stop within the softer understory of the forest. Harsh timber and harder stone had torn and hammered at your body until you had finally found rest, and in the quiet of the forest there could be no help.

Struggling for breath you try and raise your head but cannot, your injuries are too severe. In the cool shadows of the overhanging trees you attempt to move any part of your body, but find yourself without feeling or movement. You are paralysed, struggling for breath and bleeding to death. There can be no doubt that in this lifetime your quest is over.

For what seems like hours you lay ragged and dying, the life-blood of your existence slowly seeping from injuries that can never heal. Unable to move you watch the wind move through the trees overhead, and listen to sounds of the forest. In its way it is a peaceful end that you find yourself confronting. Better you think than the prospect of execution in Das Frontiere, but edged with a numbing pain that has a

hold on your body like a vice. It will be only moments you think and you will be dead.

:oel dehr dreya'heim ka' es a'du ahda'ma:

Reconciled to your ultimate fate you begin to whisper a chant imploring Providence to end your suffering quickly, but pause when you sense movement in the trees near you. It is in then that you feel something at your side, a presence that is both familiar and disconcerting. As the sky above you begins to grow pale a face suddenly appears over yours. It is the young boy you met on the road south of Maenum.

"Master Vesh," the boy says quietly. "You have caused yourself a grievous injury. Please trust that what you are about to go through is worth what is about to be taken from you."

Before you can say anything the boy touches you on the shoulder and steps back. It is no more than a glance of a finger's end upon your skin but it sets in motion a conflagration that quickly envelopes your entire body. From your shoulder a heat erupts like a red-hot poker drawn across your skin. Immediately it spreads, a pulsing burn that rushes down the lengths of your arms, then engulfs your torso before reaching for your lower limbs. On the heals of the spreading heat rides an agony like nothing you have ever experienced; a grasping, tearing force that searches your body, laying open every wound, old scar or injury that you have ever suffered in your life. It is a meticulous and relentless energy, that works to a purpose as it thrusts you deep into an all-embracing ocean of pain. And when it is done opening your Book of Scars it then begins its real work.

As a tide might inexorably reach upon a shoreline the heat increases. In waves of pulsing agony you can feel the energy burning like the midday suns; bringing together splintered bone, fusing and re-knitting torn muscle and reaching deep into your body, taking all that was broken and making it whole once again. It is a trial that you cannot endure for long, and as the power goes about its relentless work you fall once again into unconsciousness.

When you awaken the boy is leaning against the trunk of the nearest tree, staring at you but not seeing you. Without thinking you raise your arm and find that you can turn your head.

"Everything is alright now." the boy says. "The Trial of Hallen'draal has been worked upon you and your Book of Scars renewed. Arise, for you are now whole."

Without a word you pull yourself up onto one elbow and feel your chest and legs. The boy is correct. Your clothes are torn and discoloured with blood but your body is healed. By what artifice it has been wrought you cannot say but you are not going to die.

Carefully you get up onto one knee and look about you. High above you can see the cliffs from whence you had fallen, and down the lower edge of the stone face you can see areas of blood where you had hit before falling onto the valley floor. The forest is thick about you but a faint trail on cleared ground leads northwards, before turning out of sight into the trees.

For a moment you try and get your bearings. If you are right, the entrance to Stoneholme should be somewhere further up the valley but you cannot be sure. You do not know how long you have lain here either; it may have been a few hours, or a day. You begin to laugh as you realise that you have survived, only to face the dangers of Stoneholme and the Hordim within.

In the shadows of the forest you turn to the boy, your intention to give thanks for your deliverance, but already he is beginning to fade. You move quickly towards him, however you have no chance to speak. In a quiet evaporation the image of the child dissipates and is gone. Without the opportunity to say thank you, you find yourself once again alone in the wilderness. You are alive and the remainder of your quest waits somewhere ahead.

(The working of the Trial of Hallen'draal has given you life but it cannot restore you to full health. There is a cost to its agonies that must be reflected in your character's endurance. Your endurance points remain at the same level as they were prior to the attack by the Dweo'gorga, but the Trial has weakened your overall endurance level. For the remainder of this quest your maximum endurance level must be reduced by 3 points. It is a consequence of the Trial that cannot be avoided and should be recorded on your character sheet before continuing.)

Sore from the rigours of the Nab's touch you look around the valley floor and consider what you should do next. Will you continue quickly along the trail ahead? If this is your choice turn to section 499. If you would rather rest first before continuing, turn to section 440.

454

The well appears to be in a usable state of repair, an old oak bucket lying discarded against its weathered stone surround. With one eye on the weather you draw Pallenten to a halt and dismount, your intention to determine if the well can indeed provide the water you need. Quickly you flick a small stone into its opening and hear the unmistakable sounds of water below. Your only concern as you stand and tether Pallenten is how to obtain a measure of it for your horse.

A quick inspection shows the bucket is still waterproof, but its rope is a rotting length of worn fibres that will not support a full load of water. If you are to haul up any of the precious liquid you will need to use another rope.

Do you have a rope in your possession? If you do turn to section 459. If you have no rope turn to section 491.

455

You can see no reason to tarry here any longer. Quickly you mount Pallenten and turn her towards the western gates. They stand only a short distance from your position and with the strange moan rising upon the winds at your back you urge her forward.

In the encroaching darkness you guide Pallenten along the western reach of the main thoroughfare and confirm quickly that Kal Murda can provide no sanctuary from the coming storm. The relentless destruction of the Horde has left the town a desolation of crumbled walls and fallen stonework, and there can be no safe cover from the storm within its ruined confines.

Nudging Pallenten forward you quicken her to a canter. As thunder rolls along the plains you can feel the strength of the storm heralded in the bluster of the winds as they throw debris along the road ahead. Within the growing noise of the storm you thread your horse around piles of fallen stone towards the smashed gates that will take you out of the ruination of Kal Murda. It is with the open plains in sight that the village comes to life.

Within the bluster there are no shapes or ghostly moving forms, just the wind and the remembered cries of a thousand butchered souls that echo silently through the desolate streets. Embraced by the power of the strengthening winds ill-defined and furtive shadows move at the corner of your eye, never seen in the open but there nonetheless. No matter the cause it is easy to imagine the restless souls of the dead

drawing life from the storm and it sends a cold chill down your spine. With the tempest at your back you hurry Pallenten along all the faster, making a hurried exit through the western gate. As you pass out onto the plain you are glad to be out of the village, and equally glad that you made your journey through Kal Murda without incident.

Turn to section 301.

456

Immediately you feel the presence of someone else in the hall but it is more than just a simple sensation. The Town Hall is a broken ruin, without roof or most of its walls, but there is a deep veil of malice here that grows all the stronger with the approach of the storm. Carefully you survey the remains of the hall and see marked upon the walls and stonework the signs of a great battle. You have heard that when the town fell to the Hordim they had to clear every building and every cellar at great cost to their own number. The residents of Kal Murda fought to the end and the testament to that struggle still remained etched upon the stone of the village. As you stand in the hall you know that this village is different from any other you have travelled through. Somehow after two centuries the desperation and violence of that day still finds a place here, and even your horse feels the echoes of those last hours keenly.

Quietly you try and calm Pallenten as you search out the dark corners of the hall for any sign of danger. Malice and fear lay as a heavy cloak upon the ruin and then a furtive but definite movement catches the corner of your eye in the broken stone ahead. Slowly you draw your sword and back up towards the entrance hall. You can see nothing but the feeling of being watched grows all the stronger. Loudly you call out into the ruins and wait for a response. It does not come, but an uncomfortable burning sensation upon your chest turns your attention quickly to your own clothing.

In the pocket of your shirt the small piece of stonewood smokes in its thin paper wrapping. Quickly you pull it from your pocket and lay open its binding. In the gloom of the approaching storm the small piece of white stone flickers with an aura of blue light, projecting indistinct shadows across the hall. In this place something is causing it to come to life.

If you possess the skill of Lorecraft turn to section 444. If you do not possess this skill turn to section 487.

457

With nowhere else to go you sit back against the rough wall of the tunnel and consider the door that now confronts you. It is old and very well made, but the lock itself is of a type easily picked, although only by someone who has the skill and equipment to do so. In the gloom you search your pack and find the set of lock-picks. They are a series of thin metal probes, extremely strong and shaped so that they can be inserted into even the thinnest of keyholes. In the light of your torch you look more closely and find that they are well worn along most of their edges. This is a set of picks that have seen considerable use.

Carefully you begin the task of moving the tumblers within the lock. The device is old but strangely it has been well maintained. As you work on its mechanism you can see a smear of newly applied grease around the keyhole, and it gives you pause to wonder what might lay on the other side. In the cramped conditions of the tunnel you believe anything will be better than this.

After only a few minutes effort the mechanism turns and you hear the tell-tale click of the door unlatching. Within its metal surface you can also feel a sustained vibration as long arms retract from the surrounding wall into the door itself. To open it requires that you now do nothing more than push on it.

With the lock mastered you place your picks back into your bag and re-pack what remains of your other possessions. Hands still greasy from the sweat of your endeavours you put your weight against the door and push. With almost no resistance the door springs outwards, taking you completely by surprise. Before you have any opportunity to regain your balance you are pitched forward, straight out into...

Turn quickly to section 81.

458

Struck by the sheer size of the Arachnari you know you have no chance of defeating it with your sword. With little option available to you, you decide to try something usually only the province of the foolhardy, or the desperate.

Quickly you open your pack and find a bottle of beer and one finger of your remaining Nahla bread. You have no time to prepare it properly but instead empty a portion of the beer out of its glass

container and stuff the Nahla bread into it. Even as you force the last of the finger into the bottle you can feel its smooth surface becoming hot, and know that within seconds the explosive mixture will detonate.

Carefully you cork the bottle and wait, trying to keep your balance on the undulating web as the huge creature advances towards you. But you cannot wait too long. When the Arachnari is at the centre of the web you throw the flask at its armoured hide and jump for the edge of the nest. What comes next surprises even you.

Turn to section 474.

459

Quickly you cut the old piece of rope from the bucket and retrieve your own from Pallenten's saddle pack. It is a simple matter to thread one of its ends through a series of holes in the buckets upper edge and tie it firmly. Against a backdrop of rolling thunder you lower the bucket into the well and draw up a full load of water. It is fresh and cool and after having some yourself give over the remainder for Pallenten to drink.

The great horse drinks all that you give her, then waits as you untie your rope and lay the bucket against the lip of the well. It is as you are laying down the bucket that the glimmer of something metallic catches your eye. It looks like a medallion, attached with a heavy chain and jammed into the stone wall of the well just above the waterline. If you are not mistaken it has the dull shine of tarnished silver.

If you would like to climb down into the well and retrieve the medallion turn to section 437. If you believe that there is no time and you should move on quickly, turn to section 455.

460

Upon a multitude of limbs the monstrous Arachnari hauls itself across the undulating web. Alone within the nest you stand your ground and thrust the torch into its many eyes. With a screech it backs up, then attacks again, intent of having you as its next meal. Within the thrashing legs you dodge and weave, blocking the wide strokes of

its armoured limbs as it attempts to bring you down. You are a skilled swordsman, and motivated by the need to stay alive but you are on its ground and it knows its own domain all too well.

With a flick of one of its back legs it breaks one of the thick fibres beneath it. Instantly the section of matted web beneath your right foot falls away, overbalancing you and sending your torch bouncing across the desiccated web. With the advantage gained the monster advances, a huge leg driving its way through your body before you can regain your feet. In a spasm of pain you lay pinned to the web, but as you die you see that the Arachnari may not survive the encounter either.

At your left your torch catches against a heap of desiccated refuse and bursts into life. With your last dying breaths you watch as centuries of dust and debris erupts into flames, the conflagration spreading quickly across the nest. As you close your eyes your last conscious memory is of the Arachnari Queen framed within an inferno of flame and smoke, its body ablaze as it tries to escape its own certain doom. Such things however, are of little moment to you. In this life the Arachnari has been victorious and your quest is over.

THE END

461

The stall holds little of interest to you. It is mostly a collection of old kitchenware and travel goods that have seen better days and there seems little reason to spend any money here. The old woman however, is a different matter.

"Anawyn Patrice I presume." you say to the woman as she acknowledges your approach. "It has been a long time."

The woman smiles and stands before Pallenten, hands on her hips. She remembers you as well.

"By the Hand of Providence. If it isn't Master Vesh, alive an' all. Rumour is you've been done by the Law and soon to lose some important pieces. It's a surprise to see you here in the flesh."

You look at the woman and smile more broadly. Anawyn had made her reputation along the frontier as a broker of information, rumour and all the gossip and idle-talk that no thief could do without. Even in your own ill-favoured career you had found need of her uncanny talent for gathering together small facts, and then piecing together the secret movements of money and precious goods that were the key to a

bandit's living. Indeed she was the best of her kind and had, in her younger days, been a tall and handsome woman, but the hard life of her vocation had not been kind to her. Standing in front of the dilapidated stall you cannot help but wonder what had brought her to such reduced circumstances.

"Come Anawyn, what is your purpose here. There can be no good money to be made from such an isolated aspect. Why are you not in town plying your trade?"

The woman points back towards Miller's Crossing and shrugged her shoulders. "It's nothin' but a minor affront caused to a local merchant that sees me here. Give it a little time to blow over an' I'll be back. But more importantly, what has delivered you from the clutches of the Law, eh?"

You shake your head and say nothing. Anawyn Patrice has been a help to you in the past but that does not mean she can be trusted. Instead of answering you ask a question instead.

"What might I find to the south and west Anawyn? Is there anything a traveller who wishes an untroubled passage might need to know?"

The woman looks down the South Road and then pats Pallenten on the nose before answering.

"Polite conversation can be given away for free Master Vesh, but information will cost you two rials. How much is such information worth to you?"

If you wish to pay the 2 silver coins turn to section 432. If you do not wish to part with any money turn to section 494.

462

The well appears to be in a usable condition but you have no inclination to stop here. Keenly aware of how exposed you are to the approaching storm you urge Pallenten on, your thoughts focused now only on finding an effective shelter.

In the encroaching darkness you guide Pallenten along the western reach of the main thoroughfare and realise quickly that Kal Murda can provide no sanctuary. The relentless destruction of the Horde all those years before has left the town a desolation of crumbled walls and fallen stonework, and there can be no safe cover from the storm within its ruined confines.

Nudging Pallenten forward you quicken her to a canter. As thunder rolls along the plains you can feel the growing power of the winds as they throw debris along the road ahead of you. It is then that the village comes to life.

Within the rising gales there are no shapes or ghostly moving forms, just the wind and the remembered cries of a thousand butchered souls that echo silently through the desolate streets. Embraced by the power of the strengthening winds it is easy to imagine the restless souls of the dead drawing life from the storm and it sends a cold chill down your spine. With the tempest at your back you hurry Pallenten along all the faster, making a hurried exit through the western gate. As you pass out onto the plain you are glad to be out of the village, and equally glad that you made your journey through Kal Murda without incident.

Turn to section 301.

463

In a detonation of light and sound the crumbling ruins of Kal Murda disappear in a blinding wash of energy. Thrown to the ground by the force of the explosion you feel the stones beneath you turning as if the world is realigning itself upon a new axis. Quickly you raise yourself from the cobbles and find yourself encased in a sphere of shimmering blue energy, a transparent shell through which the village of Kal Murda is transformed.

Gone are the devastated buildings and debris strewn streets. In their place you see Kal Murda on the day of its destruction, alive with townsfolk and troops engaged in those last few moments of desperate struggle before the settlement was overrun. In the sky overhead a barrage of stones and metal canisters rain down upon the defenders, and against the far eastern gates you can hear the terrible pounding of hammers as the last defences of the town are assaulted. You do not not how it can be, but the stonewood is making you witness the last

hours of Kal Murda.

As you watch the eastern gates fail, coming down in a thundering crash upon a number of hapless troops desperately attempting to hold them closed by brute strength alone. Through the splintered opening a wave of Hresh warriors fall upon the few men brave enough to stand against them, and as they fight dozens of Jotun wielding massive hammers set upon the buildings and structures of the town, crushing all who might cross their paths.

:som phenath nalar u shen dehr jotuni: aphar me'du scria'im:

Above it all surges the sound of battle, the harsh crash of metal, and the screams of the dying. For you it is too much, the sight of the villagers being shot down as they try to escape a vision that you would never have sought willingly. But as you witness these last moments a thought grows in your mind that what you see is no simple reflection of past tragedy. You can smell the smoke of fires spreading through the town, and hear in all its gruesome detail the sounds of the battle raging through the streets. By the time the fighting reaches the central square you realise that what you are witnessing is not a mere representation of the past, but the past being relived by all those who took part in it. Without understanding why, you sense that what you are seeing is the same event somehow being replayed over and over again, the souls of the dead unwilling participants trapped in a cycle that they cannot escape.

Within the hue and cry of the battle a single Jotun warrior breaks from the melee and moves purposefully towards you. He is dressed in the ornate armour of a General of the March and as he advances he points the end of his long-handled hammer directly at your face. You cannot be sure but it appears that he can see you.

If you do not wish to risk any interaction with the Jotun warrior turn to section 445. If you are prepared to wait and see what the huge creature's intentions are turn to section 489.

464

Carefully you traverse the loose stonework and find your way to the shaft. It is no more than a roughly cut hole in the stone but it is wide enough to allow you to pull yourself out of the pit. With your equipment thrown into the hole before you, you take the time to rest before pushing your way further into the shaft.

Within the narrow tunnel you can see absolutely nothing, but with no other option available you force yourself forward, pushing your sword and pack before you as you delve further and further into the mountain. After a time the shaft becomes smoother, and gradually you notice a dim light growing in the darkness ahead. There is also the muffled sounds of activity, a commotion created by large creatures running through a long passage. It is indistinct, but a sure sign that you have found a way back into Stoneholme itself.

With a need to move quietly you edge forward and find yourself at a turn in the shaft that you guess veers to the north. Along this new arm the air is cleaner and some distance ahead you can see the clear outline of an opening, covered by a metal grill. Beyond this grating there comes the distinct sounds of large numbers of Hordim running, and every so often the harsh cry of an order being given. Something has stirred them.

It takes time but eventually you find your way up to the end of the shaft. Behind your pack you can see only the dim glow of a passageway and hear the sharp clack of metal-shod boots against cold stone. After the exertions of the past hours you decide the best thing to do is rest, and wait hopefully for the Hordim to move on.

Turn to section 37.

465

Against a backdrop of distant thunder you steer Pallenten along the edges of the stream, keeping one eye on the tracks, the other on the thick hedgerows that border the soft ground. It is not unknown for the Hordim to set rearguards, and as you follow the bootprints you notice two sets of tracks leaving the main group and disappearing into the vegetation at your right. Instinctively you know that something is wrong and in that moment of hesitation you bring Pallenten to a halt once again. Quickly you drop to the ground and draw your sword, sure that at least two of the Hresh are in the hedges. It does not take

long to discover that your hunch is correct.

From the thick undergrowth at your right one Hresh warrior rushes into the open. It is a huge creature dressed in leather armour and a dull-metal breast-plate. In the shadows of the approaching storm its skin seems almost dark grey and it glistens with sweat. With a long curving scimitar in one hand the Hresh takes up a combat stance and then without cry or challenge moves quickly towards you.

For a moment you size up the Hordim but there should be two of them and the other has not shown itself. About you the hedgerows thrash in the strengthening winds and you have to assume that the other Hresh is somewhere close. Whatever the purposes of these Hordim it is certain the other will join its brother soon enough and it comes as no surprise when it also makes its move against you.

Just as you are about to move forward to join in combat with the Hresh you see a glimpse of shadow moving swiftly behind Pallenten. Out of the hedges at your back the other Hordim lunges for your horse, grabbing Pallenten firmly about the neck in an effort to drag her down. Startled by the assault Pallenten twists against her attacker, forcing the warrior to lose its hold and slip under her neck. Caught upon her bridle the Hresh grabs for a long knife at its belt but the huge horse does not give the Hresh the opportunity to use it. Rearing on her hind legs she turns for the hedgerows and drags the Hordim into the bushes, intent on dislodging him within the tangled undergrowth. For the moment at least there is little you can do to help her.

You must fight the Hresh that now rushes towards you. The warrior has a combat value of 15 and an endurance of 14. If you win this fight turn to section 280. If it is the Hordim that prevails then it is here that your quest ends.

466

The huge Jotun crashes towards you, flinging broken furniture and stale food in all directions. For a moment you are frozen by the raw strength exhibited by the Hordim, its power undeniable as it advances upon you. In the shadows you attempt the Shimmera, the quick movement to the left that should induce the violent vertigo needed to bring it down. This Jotun however, has no intention of letting you play tricks with its mind. You have made the attempt too far from the towering giant and it sees what you are doing. Quickly it turns its

head away, rendering the Shimmera ineffective. Too late you realise your mistake, the Hordim's warhammer crashing down into the stone at your feet. If you are to kill this Jotun you will have to fight it.

The Jotun has a combat value of 19 and an endurance of 18. If by some miracle you win this battle you must leave the warrior's bloodied form behind and get out of the Mess quickly, turn to section 237. If you are defeated then it will be here that your quest ends. Do not be disheartened however, for at another time you may find better luck.

467

There is no point continuing after the Morg. Your journey lies to the south, and it is a diversion that can provide no further benefit for you. Quietly you take up Pallenten's reins once again and turn back to the east. In the absolute silence of the forest you work your way through the thick woodland, finding animal trails and smaller areas of open ground that lead you slowly but surely towards the South Road. It is as you are pushing your way through a dense carpet of knee-high ferns that you hear the first hint of something moving in the trees behind you. Like whispers in the dark you hear the slight crack of twigs underfoot, and the murmuring rush of creatures moving quickly and quietly towards you. In the depths of the forest you pause and strain your ears, searching out any clue as to what is behind you, but all your senses scream that it is the Hordim. Pallenten tenses as she also picks up the signs of the quiet approach of the creatures, cunningly melded with the rustle of the wind as it flows breathlessly through the treetops. Somewhere in the forest at your back you can hear the Morg, and they are coming after you.

At the run you force your way forward, all pretence at stealth abandoned as you strive for the safety of the open plains. At least upon the grasslands you surmise, you can mount Pallenten and ride away, sure that the Morg cannot follow. It is your hope, and your only goal as you crash through the ferns and briar tangles of the forest floor. When you meet the treeline you come to a halt. For a moment you look back into the forest. You can see nothing, but a chill runs over you like the touch of a hundred pairs of ice-cold eyes, watching what you are about to do. The Morg have not yet attacked, somehow you are sure that if you were further into the trees they would have had you quickly; but the proximity of the soldiery has stayed their

knives, and you must take advantage of their hesitation.

Quickly you mount Pallenten and turn her to the south. Given a choice between being chased by the Kalboreans, or being tortured to death at the hands of the Morg, you have decided you shall trust in the speed of your horse. From the verge of the forest you urge Pallenten to the gallop and let her fly as a dark arrow along its border. Only as you are sure of your escape do you turn to see if there is any pursuit. Against the shadows of the tree-line you can see the indistinct forms of a few small creatures leave the gloom of the forest before they are swallowed by it once again.

For a time you keep Pallenten to the edge of the forest before turning her to the south-west, your hope to intersect the south road some distance beyond the town of Baellum. The open ground allows Pallenten a free rein and she takes it, the plains flowing past as a rush of pounding hooves and wind-blown grasses. For an hour you ride, moving steadily towards the main road. It is only as you see the road in sight that you are forced to draw Pallenten to a halt.

Between you and the road lies the ruins of an old homestead, a ramshackle pile of broken rock and collapsed roofing. Many of these testaments to the hardship of life on the frontier can be found all over the north, and mostly they are nondescript and generally ignored, but this one is smeared in blood and it appears fresh. Without hesitation you slide from Pallenten's back and run for the homestead. As you make for the remains of its front door you draw your sword and begin a careful search.

Within the homestead's crumbling interior you find two bodies, young Kalboreans you think, but it is hard to tell. Blood covers most of the remaining walls, and there is all the signs of a deadly battle. The two Kalboreans are stripped of their weapons and equipment, but enough remains to indicate that they were Army Scouts, no doubt on reconnaissance before the main body of troops made their way north. Both have deep sword wounds and both succumbed to their injuries. They did not die easily.

Your first thought is that this is the work of the Morg, the Scouts the victims of their cruelty, but there is more to the manner of their death and you see it clearly in the soft earth. Around the bodies are the impressions of heavy boots, from creatures much larger than those made by the tiny footprints of the Morg. You do not have to be a Huntmaster to see that at least six large creatures engaged in the despoiling of the soldiers, and that they could only be Hresh, the

shape of their boots and the human sized prints leaving no doubt of this in your mind.

For a moment you look at the bodies and then turn back to Pallenten. The Kalboreans are a sobering discovery and one that changes your options for reaching Stoneholme safely. Away in the north your people are engaged in a lethal struggle with the Horde, and yet the presence of both Hresh and Morg shows they have already infiltrated into the south. There could be any number of marauding bands active along the frontier, and to be alone in the wilds leaves you open to the same fate as these hapless Scouts.

Quickly you return to Pallenten. A few hundred metres to the west the South Road is empty. Whatever movement of troops that had made their way to Baellum have now moved into the north, leaving the road open. Carefully you scan the horizon, looking for any sign of the Hordim. You can see nothing, but to the north-west black clouds are beginning to build, darkening the sky as they spread towards you. You have no doubt these clouds will soon develop into a storm. You have reached the South Road and you must now make a choice as to how you wish to proceed.

Ahead lies a clear road to Miller's Crossing. At this stage of your journey you may either keep to the road, or you can strike out to the south-west, and make your way cross-country directly to the Devkraager Tor. If you wish to continue on the road to Miller's Crossing turn to section 251. If you would like to risk travelling across country, and gain some time by heading straight for the mountain, turn to section 361.

468

The storm is too close to take the chance that you may be caught in the open. The pile of large boulders does not appear to be the best shelter to weather a storm such as the one approaching, but they are all that you can reach in time. With large droplets of painfully cold rain slapping against your face you turn Pallenten to the left and ride hard for the stones. When you are closer you make a surprising discovery. At some time in the past a number of the smaller boulders have been moved and placed in a roughly horse-shoe mound. From a distance the boulder pile looks like a random jumble of stones, but up close it has obviously been formed as a shelter of last resort by what would have to have been a very strong traveller indeed. As you

dismount from Pallenten you can see that a table-sized piece of stone has been laid across a few of these large stones to provide a simple roof. The arrangement of the stones forms a small protected alcove within the pile. Although it is not much it will be enough to give you cover from the worst of the storm.

Quickly you draw Pallenten into the stones and set to work. Within the few minutes that are left to you before the storm hits, you set about sealing as much of the rudimentary shelter as you can. With a scrap of abandoned iron you find within the outcrop you start cutting pieces of heavy turf out of the ground and then ram them into the larger spaces between the stones. You have no time for care, the sods of earth hammered with your gloved fist into any small space that might provide an access for wind or rain. When you are done you pull Pallenten beneath the stone shelf and wonder at how many times you have found yourself in this position; alone and awaiting the relentless power of a Treachersa to fall upon you. About you the storm rises like a wave, its energy a tingling anticipation in the air that is almost unbearable. After getting as much of Pallenten under the shelter as you can, you crawl in under her belly and await the deluge that is to come. You do not have to wait long.

In the course of a few short minutes the black wall of cloud covers the sky, the horizon disappearing in a heavy mist of rushing cloud and rain. Then the downpour begins. First as rain, and then sleet and hail, the storm hammers away at the earth, flattening the grasslands and laying down great piles of half-frozen slush about the boulders. Huddled under the rocky shelf you are safe from the full power of the gale force winds that howl about the stone pile, and the fist-sized pieces of hail that slam into the stones above, but these monoliths cannot protect you from the rain. Carried by the wind and spun into flurries of mist by the unmoving boulders, it finds its way into every part of your shelter, soaking you to the skin. Cold and miserable you can do nothing but wait as the storm rages about you. In the brilliant cacophony of lightning and thunder you crouch, thankful that you are not out in the storm, exposed to its full lethal power.

For what seems like hours the storm thunders down upon the defenceless grasslands. Caught in your barely adequate shelter you stand soaked to the skin, Pallenten no less affected by the cold icy tempest that rages about you. It is a release of power within which you can nothing except watch as it assails the grasslands. All about you the ground turns to pools of wind-blown water, barraged by hail

stones and quivering under the relentless push of the gales. Upon the heavy stone that protects you there is a tremoring vibration as each thunderclap drums out across the plain, and in the sky above the clouds ride as black as night in a stampede of roiling vapours to the south. It is an overpowering crash of sky against earth, and as you crouch beneath Pallenten you wish only that it will end.

But then, as quickly as it fell upon you, it does indeed come to an end. With little warning the storm moves on southwards, taking with it frequent flashes of lightning and deafening drum rolls of thunder. In the quiet that follows the storm's passing it takes a few moments to extricate yourself from the shelter. Standing stiffly in the chilled air, you coax Pallenten out from under the rock shelf and try and shake some movement into stiff, sore limbs. Looking about, you see that the storm has lasted long enough that it is now almost dark, the thin red glow of an approaching dusk prominent to the west.

Do you wish to stay here at the boulder outcrop for the night? If so, turn to section 288. If you would rather try and find better shelter further to the south-west, then you should turn to section 307.

469

The stone blocks that have been wrought to line the pit are both large and loose within their foundations. Carefully you take each hand and foothold, testing every stone before you place your weight against it. It is a laborious and exacting task that proves too much.

As you reach out for another handhold the stone you are supporting yourself against pulls free from the wall. In a shower of fractured stone you grasp desperately for another handhold but cannot find one before falling out into the pit. Overbalanced on the sheer wall you have no chance of saving yourself, and in the shadows you disappear into the embracing dark below. In this life your quest has ended. Perhaps in another you shall find better luck.

THE END

470

No matter the consequences you cannot leave someone to the mercy of the Hordim. Quickly you mount Pallenten and once again turn her along the course of the stream. On the soft ground you move carefully but within a few hundred metres the tracks leave the edges of the water and turn northwards, out of the creek bed and onto open ground. Before you is again the endless grassland and carefully you search the horizon for any sign of the moving warband. There is no hint of the Hordim, only the clear tracks of the creatures running directly into the advancing storm.

For a moment you bring Pallenten to a halt and search the way ahead more carefully. Only a short distance from your position there is a wide area of trampled grass and carefully you coax your horse towards it. What you find brings you no joy.

At the centre of the circle of flattened grass is a crumpled and bloodied form. It is a young Kalborean man, outfitted as a wagon-hand and no doubt the captive once held, and now discarded, by the Hresh. Carefully you turn the body onto its back and look closely for the cause of the man's death. The Kalborean is fit looking and suntanned but the drawn expression on his face, and the wounds he has received to his hands and heels tell a straightforward story of his demise. For some reason unknown to you the Hresh took this man captive then forced him to keep pace with them on their run northwards. There are few men who can maintain such a relentless advance and it would be inevitable that he would falter. The Hresh must have then dragged him, but only as far as they were prepared to take him. It takes only a cursory search of the body to find a single stab wound under the Kalborean's left armpit. Unable to keep up he had been executed and left for the crows.

Quickly you gather together a collection of large stones and build a shallow cairn of rock over the body. You have no time to bury him but the stones will keep the young man safe from all but the most persistent of scavengers. There is nothing more you can do except stand for a moment and ponder the harsh reality of your own mortality, before mounting Pallenten and turning her sharply back towards the west. Perhaps you think, your own death may lie somewhere ahead. It is a question however, that only the Fates have the answer for.

Within the grip of a strengthening wind Pallenten gallops on, the plains beneath her thundering hooves slowly changing as you rush

westwards. From the deep soft earth of the plains the ground becomes harder and the grasses sparser. To the south and west large, stony outcrops of boulders have begun to appear, huge piles of granite that thrust out of the plains like they have been discarded there by giants. There is still a long way to go and from the north the storm is starting to bear down. You will have to find shelter soon.

Turn to section 266.

471

Kept at a distance by the light from your sputtering torch the Arachnari Queen rears before you one too many times, and pays a lethal price as your sword buries itself deep in the monster's body. In a pain-racked spasm the creature collapses upon the matted web and dies. For a moment you keep at a distance, unsure that the Arachnari is actually dead, but a hesitant kick to one of its outstretched legs tells you that it has indeed gone. Quickly quiet returns to the nest, and as you attempt to regain your breathe you consider where your victory now leaves you.

At this juncture you have only two choices. The first is to attempt to climb upwards. At the edge of your vision you can see two exits from the pit. The doorway through which you have fallen, and a small ventilation shaft that opens at a much higher level above. The doorway is closed and has no visible way of being opened from this side. The other is a small ventilation shaft that should provide you with a way out of the pit. It is a long climb however, and one that may not be without its own dangers.

The other option is far more dangerous. Below you is a dark lake of water, a drop of perhaps two hundred metres to its cold waters. The state of the pit's walls below the nest will not allow you to climb any further down but you could jump. It is not unknown for a Dwarvendim to survive such a descent into water, and there is the possibility that the lake may offer another exit from this part of the mountain.

If you believe that the ventilation shaft is your best hope for continuing your quest turn to section 485. If you will risk the fall into the waters below turn to section 447.

472

The forest crowds in about you as you run, long branches and creeping tendrils grasping at your clothing as you follow the trail northwards. There is little sign that anyone else has used the path for some time, but you keep a careful watch on the edges of the undergrowth and find the way slowly veering to the west and towards the mountain. Quickly you advance, your only concern that each passing hour puts you closer to the collapse of Maenum's defences and the inevitable tightening of the metal collar at your neck.

But you are not that concerned for the speed of your rush to Stoneholme that you do not notice the slight difference in the ground ahead. Upon the trail the leaves have been disturbed, their pattern and colour upon the track slightly different from the humus that surrounds them. Quickly you come to a halt and take a moment to catch your breath. As you settle your breathing you poke carefully at the edge of the leaves with a long stick and find a small hole opening in the ground as you move the detritus. It takes only a moment to find the edge of a deep pit and then uncover a fragile mesh of dried sticks and leaves that conceals it. Before you is a pitfall and in the shadows of its depths you discover neat rows of sharpened spikes reaching up towards you. It is well made and well concealed and you have no doubt that if you had fallen into it you would not have survived the experience.

With some care you drag the remainder of the pitfall's cover away and then carefully step around its open maw. Under other circumstances you would fill the hole in and save the next unwary traveller from a quick end, but you do not have the time. Instead you drag a few large branches from the undergrowth and place them across the path, effectively barring any further victims from passing over the pit without first coming to a halt and seeing the danger for themselves. For the moment it is all you can do. Without any further delay you turn back to the path and make your way westwards. Ahead the ground rises towards the Devkraager Tor and you run for it all the faster.

Quickly you leave the pitfall behind and continue on. Turn to section 353.

473

Without any recourse you fall into the darkness, your body a plummeting shadow within the ever increasing gloom of the pit. There seems little point in screaming, and as you descend you instead make peace with Providence and await the impact that must surely kill you. It comes quickly. As the dark waters below rush up to find you you can do little but prepare yourself for the blow, and it hits as a muffled explosion of water that embraces you tightly in its cold grasp.

For a moment you blackout, your senses reeling as you are dragged down into the depths. Straining for air you push yourself upwards, reaching for the surface as you try and save your life. No matter what you mean to live, and in that dark place find the strength to make it to the surface, gasping for air as you rise out of the water.

There is little light and no warmth, and as you clear your eyes you can see that you have fallen into a wide natural cavern, filled with water and with only one obvious landfall. Upon the far edge of the lake is a narrow rise of land, nothing more than a pebble beach, but it will do. Purposefully you swim for the pebbles and find solid ground beneath your feet only a few metres from the cavern's edge. It is as you drag yourself out of the water that the real hopelessness of your position becomes clear.

At all sides the cavern is a huge arching chamber of crumbling stone. Even as you look into the darkness you can hear chunks of rock falling into the water. Each is a clear echoing crash of sound that reverberates through the chamber, being lost in the shadows as you stand against the water's edge. A quick survey of the thin strip of land shows that there is no way off the beach, and you have lost all your equipment to the dark waters. Without food you will not last a week in this cold. It dawns quickly as an unavoidable truth that you may have escaped the Arachnari but your fate has been sealed nonetheless. Quietly you sit upon the cold pebbles and wait. In this cold place you have a choice between drowning in the black waters or waiting for the metal collar at your neck to tighten. Either way your quest is over.

THE END

474

With a deafening explosion the bottle erupts, showering tendrils of liquid fire in all directions. Against the side of the Arachnari the detonation tears at its carapace, spewing pieces of its body across the web, and shattering its abdomen. In a melee of flame and thunder the monstrous spider dies, its body mangled and smoking.

Deafened by the blast you stagger backwards, amazed at the power of your improvised explosive and grateful also that there is no need to fight the beast. Unfortunately your troubles have not yet ended. From behind the body of the spider a flame bursts forth, illuminating the nest and quickly building into a spreading fire. Fed by centuries of debris the conflagration grows rapidly, searching out the thick webbing and consuming everything it touches.

Immediately you see the danger before you and run for the walls of the pit, lunging for the safety of the stone and a possible escape from the flames.

Test your agility attribute. If you are successful turn to section 476. If you fail this test turn to section 481.

475

Without hesitation you remount and set Pallenten on a course directly for the south-west. Although it is difficult to leave someone in the clutches of the Horde there is too much at stake to waste any more time, and your persistence in following these creatures has almost led to your downfall. Still you did find out a few important facts that will aid you in your quest. Firstly, you know for certain that the Hordim are abroad and secondly, that they are here in organised bands. Well armed and well trained they will be a formidable obstacle to the completion of your quest, and there is no doubt the closer you get to the mountains the more of them there will be.

Pallenten gallops on, the plains beneath her thundering hooves slowly changing as you go. From the deep soft earth of the plains the ground becomes harder and the grasses sparser. To the south and west large outcrops of boulders have begun to appear, huge piles of granite thrusting out of the plains like they have been discarded there by giants. There is still a long way to go and from the north the storm is starting to bear down. You will have to find shelter soon.

Turn to section 266.

476

With a desperate jump for the stone you take a firm handhold as the web collapses behind you. As you watch the body of the Queen fall in flames into the darkness below, followed closely by the burning remains of the huge web. Against the side of the pit you look to the wall above and consider what you should do.

At this juncture you have only two choices. The first is to attempt to climb upwards. At the edge of your vision you can see two exits from the pit. The doorway through which you have fallen, and a small ventilation shaft that opens at a much higher level above. The doorway is closed and has no visible way of being opened from this side. The other is a small ventilation shaft that should provide you with a way out of the pit. It is a long climb however, and one that may not be without its own dangers.

The other option is far more perilous. Below you is the dark lake, glimmering in the shadows and with of a drop of perhaps two hundred metres to reach its cold waters. The state of the pit's walls below the nest will not allow you to climb any further down but you could jump. It is not unknown for a Dwarvendim to survive such a descent into water, and there is the possibility that the lake may offer another exit from this part of the mountain.

If you believe that the ventilation shaft is your best hope for continuing your quest turn to section 485. If you will risk the fall into the waters below turn to section 435.

477

Sleep comes quickly, but in the bitter cold of the night it proves fleeting. Within the protection of the stone outcrop you are sheltered from the worst of the bluster, however there is little comfort to be found. From the north the wind blows in a rising gale, sending ripples through the wide grassland around you, insinuating its cold touch through stone and clothing alike. With no fire to provide warmth you must rely instead on your heavy travel cloak, but the winds are relentless and a deep sleep eludes you. It is an uncomfortable night, and one that passes slowly because of it.

It is in the early hours of the morning that you are brought awake by an urgent feeling of foreboding, one that settles upon you like a cold hand at your shoulders. As you open your eyes you see Pallenten

staring out into the night, her dark bulk outlined by the barest glimmers of moonlight against an overcast sky. Her alert posture tells you all you need to know. Although you cannot see it there is something out in the darkness, and it is on the hunt, searching for prey. For a while you lay beneath the relative protection of your cloak and listen out into the night. Above the russle of the grasses you can hear little, but as you focus on the rush of the winds you begin to identify the first sounds of something moving towards you. It is indistinct but punctuates the night air, and it is definitely getting closer.

Quietly you draw your sword and pull Pallenten further into the shadows of the outcrop. Your horse also senses that something is amiss, and as you stare out into the dark you can do little but wait. About you the wind grows stronger, pushing the overcast of the night in ragged streams to the south. In the darkness you begin to see stars and quickly the sky clears. It is then that you discover the reason for your anxiety.

Against the deep void of the night sky there is a dark shape moving from the south. Quickly it is joined by another, and as you watch the group veers slightly to the west. Although you cannot see them clearly you know that they are Kreal, and with this knowledge you pull Pallenten further into the boulders and take a firmer hold upon your sword.

From some uncharted nesting ground in the far Krodestaag Mountains the huge winged reptiles have arisen to search the dark plains for prey. Within the protection of the outcrop you watch as the creatures move quickly towards you, their fifteen metre long wings beating at the air as they make for the Sempaca herds that can be found in the north. In the shadows of the outcrop you can do little but watch, and hope that the Kreal take no interest in you or your horse. It is a truth that there are few Men that can say they have survived the attentions of such predators.

Caught in the close surrounds of the boulders you hold Pallenten and wait for the Kreal to pass. The huge flying reptiles soar high overhead, soundless as they glide upon the winds, before disappearing into the north-west. For a short time you watch them as they shrink into the darkness, then relax as you realise they have indeed passed. For once you surmise, Fate has given you a reprieve, and the appearance of the Kreal has proven little more than a further disturbance in a night that has thankfully passed without conflict.

Wide awake, there is little point in trying to return to sleep. For a short time you brush Pallenten down and attend to her watering. As you do so the first lightening of sunsrise grows in the east and as the first of the morning suns rises upon the mists you spend a moment watching as the world comes to life. Deep reds and purples colour the horizon as you look out to the east, and as the sky brightens you begin to see the life of the plains emerge from their own refuges from the night. To the west you can hear ground birds running through the tall grass in search of insects, and to the south a solitary wild pig digging for roots at the edges of another boulder outcrop. These are sounds familiar to you, but in the cool air of the dawn you feel most keenly the after-effects of your night in the open. The stiffness of cold joints takes up your full attention as you try to stretch your muscles after the forced inactivity of the night.

Deciding to now risk a small fire you find a few pieces of wood and make yourself a hot meal. As you eat you can hear Pallenten grazing on the plains beyond the entrance to the outcrop. After clearing away your eating utensils you walk out into the field and call her. At first you cannot see her and a small measure of anxiety creeps into your voice as you call again. Almost immediately an answering whinny comes from behind a pile of large boulders. After a moment the big horse trots out from behind the rocks and breaks out into a gallop before coming to a halt before you.

As the horse stands there you can sense that something is wrong. She is motionless, a look of unease in her eyes. Suddenly, as if by some distant command, she rears on her hind legs and turns and races for the far off forest road.

For a moment you do not understand what has happened, but then you remember the Tak Lovar's words. Pallenten was only to take you as far as the foothills, and she has answered some unheard command to return home. Standing at the edge of the outcrop you ponder the uncomfortable truth that the rest of your trek must continue on foot. For some time you watch the great horse disappear into the haze of the morning and the forests beyond. Your task will be all the more difficult now without her strength to aid you. It is easy to admit to yourself that you had come to depend upon that horse a lot.

Collecting your belongings you strap your sword to your waist, shoulder your pack and begin the last leg of your journey to Stoneholme.

The fitful sleep does not return much of your strength but the hot food is a welcome balm to fatigue and the cold of the morning. Restore four points to your endurance rating and then turn to section 107.

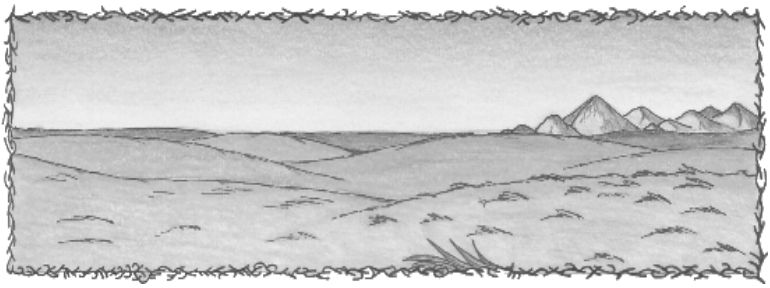

478

Immediately you feel the presence of something else in the hall. Drawing your sword you move into the open and search out the dark corners of the building. There are few places that someone might hide and with the intention of confronting them you call out, challenging them to come forward. As you wait for a response you notice that Pallenten is on edge as well, but you cannot tell if she senses what you do, or is simply nervous due to the proximity of the storm. For a moment you wait but nothing seems out of place. There is indeed nothing here.

A powerful blast of thunder to the north brings your focus back to your pressing need for shelter and you see quickly that there is none to be found here. The Town Hall has no roof and extends upon its foundations as nothing more than a facade and a few broken walls. Your shelter from the storm will have to be found elsewhere.

Quickly you guide Pallenten back through the entrance and down onto the street. The town is a desolation of crumbled walls and fallen stonework, and there can be no safe cover from the storm within its ruined confines. Without any further hesitation you mount Pallenten and turn her to the western gate. Nudging her forward you quicken her to a canter. It is then, by some silent trigger, that the village comes to life. There are no shapes or ghostly moving forms, just the wind and the imagined cries of a thousand butchered souls that echo silently through the desolate streets. Within the power of the strengthening winds it is easy to imagine the restless souls of the dead drawing life from the storm and it sends a cold chill down your spine. You see

nothing that proves the village to be haunted, but you hurry Pallenten along all the faster anyway, making a hurried exit through the western gate. As you pass out onto the plain you are glad to be out of the village, and equally glad that you made your journey through Kal Murda in daylight.

Turn to section 301

479

Desperately you hang on to the stone wall as the effects of the detonation erupt around you. Buffeted by heat and noise you hold firm to the stone and watch as a roiling plume of fire and smoking ash rises into the pit above. With the fire raging at all sides you begin to climb, using the worn mortared cracks between the massive stones as vantages upon which to haul yourself upwards.

In the light of the conflagration you begin your ascent. Looking up you can see two possible exits from the pit. One is the doorway that you fell from; the other a ventilation shaft some distance higher. The doorway is no use for it is closed and has no visible way of being opened from this side. The ventilation shaft is different. Relatively wide, it is open and should provide some way out of the pit. It is not much of an option but it is all your have. With a way out in sight you climb all the faster.

Turn to section 485.

480

Your skin goes cold as you realise what you have found. It is something you have not encountered before but this must be sign of Hordim, and judging by the small prints it is most likely Morg. Never in your life have you seen such creatures but you have heard stories about them, of their love of knives and their liking for torture. Even as you grab for Pallenten's reins you know this forest is no safe place to venture alone. Quickly you retreat into the depths of the undergrowth, trailing Pallenten behind you as you force a path back to the edge of the forest.

As you work your way back to open ground you can hear the distant sounds of men on the south road, but there are other sounds as well. Like whispers in the dark you can hear the slight crack of twigs underfoot, and the murmuring rush of creatures moving quickly

and quietly towards you. In the depths of the forest you pause and strain your ears, searching out any clue as to how close the Hordim may be. Pallenten also picks up the signs of the quiet approach of the creatures, cunningly melded with the rustle of the wind as it flows breathlessly through the treetops. Somewhere in the forest at your back you can hear the Morg, and they are coming after you.

At the run you force your way forward, all pretence at stealth abandoned as you strive for the safety of the open plains. At least upon the grasslands you surmise, you can mount Pallenten and ride away, sure that the Morg cannot follow. It is your hope, and your only goal as you crash through the ferns and briar tangles of the forest floor. When you meet the tree-line you come to a halt. For a moment you look back into the forest. You can see nothing, but a chill runs over you like the touch of a hundred pairs of ice-cold eyes, watching what you are about to do. The Morg have not yet attacked you, somehow you are sure that if you were further into the trees they would have had you quickly; but the proximity of the soldiery has stayed their knives, and you must take advantage of their hesitation.

Quickly you mount Pallenten and turn her to the south. Given a choice between being chased by the Kalboreans, or being tortured to death at the hands of the Morg, you have decided you shall trust in the speed of your horse. From the verge of the forest you urge Pallenten to the gallop and let her fly as a dark arrow along its border. Only as you are sure of your escape do you turn to see if there is any pursuit. Against the shadows of the tree-line you can see the indistinct forms of a few small creatures leave the gloom of the forest before they are swallowed by it once again.

For a time you keep Pallenten to the edge of the forest before turning her to the south-east, your hope to intersect the south road some distance beyond the town of Baellum. The open ground allows Pallenten a free rein and she takes it, the plains flowing past as a rush of pounding hooves and wind-blown grasses. For an hour you ride, moving steadily towards the main road. It is only as you see the road in sight that you are forced to draw Pallenten to a halt.

Between you and the road lies the ruins of an old homestead, a ramshackle pile of broken rock and collapsed roofing. Many of these testaments to the hardship of life on the frontier can be found all over the north, and mostly they are nondescript and generally ignored, but this one is smeared in blood and it appears fresh. Without hesitation you slide from Pallenten's back and run for the homestead. As you

make for the remains of its front door you draw your sword and begin a careful search.

Within the homestead's crumbling interior you find two bodies, young Kalboreans you think, but it is hard to tell. Blood covers most of the remaining walls, and there is all the signs of a deadly battle. The two men have been stripped of their weapons and equipment, but enough remains to indicate that they were Army Scouts, no doubt on reconnaissance before the main body of troops made their way north. Both have deep sword wounds and both succumbed to their injuries. They did not die easily.

Your first thought is that this is the work of the Morg, the Scouts the victims of their cruelty, but there is more to the manner of their death and you see it clearly in the soft earth. Around the bodies are the impressions of heavy boots, from creatures much larger than those made by the tiny footprints of the Morg. You do not have to be a Huntmaster to see that at least six large creatures engaged in the despoiling of the soldiers, and that they could only be Hresh, the shape of their boots and the human sized prints leaving no doubt of this in your mind.

For a moment you look at the bodies and then turn back to Pallenten. The Kalboreans are a sobering discovery and one that changes your options for reaching Stoneholme safely. Away in the north your people are engaged in a lethal struggle with the Horde, and yet the presence of both Hresh and Morg shows they have already infiltrated into the south. There could be any number of marauding bands active along the frontier, and to be alone in the wilds leaves you open to the same fate as these hapless Scouts.

Quickly you return to Pallenten. A few hundred metres to the west the South Road is empty. Whatever movement of troops that had made their way to Baellum have now moved into the north, leaving the road open. Carefully you scan the horizon, looking for any sign of the Hordim. You can see nothing, though to the north-west black clouds are beginning to build, darkening the sky as they spread southwards. There can be no doubt that these clouds will soon develop into a storm, and with weather approaching you must make a choice as to how you wish to proceed.

Ahead lies a clear road to Miller's Crossing. At this stage of your journey you may either keep to the road, or you can strike out to the south-west, and make your way cross-country directly to the

Devkraager Tor. If you wish to continue on the road to Miller's Crossing turn to section 251. If you would like to try and gain some time by heading straight for the mountain, turn to section 361.

481

Even as you jump for the safety of the wall you know you are too late. Beneath you the webbing collapses and you lose your footing, falling against the stone wall and sliding down its rough edges. Desperately you grasp for a firm handhold but find none as you tumble out into the darkness.

Spinning end over end you cannot prepare yourself for the inevitable impact and it comes all too quickly. In an explosion of water you hit the surface of the lake and sink rapidly into its murky depths. Within the water's cold embrace you drop silently into the darkness, unconscious and helpless. In this life your quest is over. Perhaps in another life you will find better luck.

THE END

482

The impossibly thin line of blue glimmers before you, a strange flickering beam the like of which you have not seen before. Something tells you there is danger here, but you cannot afford such an oddity to cause you delay. Quickly you pull the small bag of flour from your pack and take a handful of the fine powder. Standing back you lightly sprinkle the flour across the beam and watch as it makes contact. Instantly the powder pops and crackles, each particle burning within the embrace of the light. Frowning slightly you pour more of the flour

across the beam, and take a step back as the strange incandescence hunts out the particles, consuming everything it touches. In the gloom you stand for a moment and consider the cunning artifice of the device, but as you watch you discover that there is much more here than this single beam. Within the cloud of powder you see illuminated a web of glimmering lights, criss-crossing the stairway for some distance ahead, flashing in the shadows with each ephemeral touch of the flour. You have little doubt that if you had chosen to disregard the beam you would now be dead.

Stooping low you follow the beam to its source and find protruding from the wall a narrow metal tube. It is from this device that the light emanates. For a moment you look back down the steps and search the darkness for any sign you are being followed. You can hear nothing, but you know that you cannot afford to tarry here any longer. Quickly you take your sword from its sheathe and use the pommel to hammer the metal tube flat. Immediately the light falters and then winks out. Again you throw a small amount of the flour out into the stairway ahead and this time see nothing. As sure as you can be that the danger has passed, you place the remains of your flour back into your pack and re-shoulder your equipment. It is time to move on.

Turn to section 59.

483

For a moment you carefully look over the chest. It is of a heavy construction, made of thick oak and banded by iron straps that come together against a large padlocked plate of a darker metal. Such a lock is not beyond you, but the inscribed glyphs that cover the plate tell you there is nothing good to be found here. This is a trap, made to look like a strongbox or personal chest, but actually the prison of some demented spirit, waiting for a curious hand to open it. Given the opportunity whatever is inside would kill you. It will be better to leave it alone.

Sheathing your sword, you pick up the items you have collected and move over to the door in the eastern wall. The door is secured with a large iron rod, which proves heavy though you find it can be removed easily. Opening the door you carefully survey the hallway and find it to be deserted. Without hesitation you step out.

Turn to section 100.

484

It takes only a cursory examination of the prints to identify that they are Hordim, and most likely Hresh. Carefully you feel the edges of the impressions and find that they are no more than twenty minutes old. It appears that they have kept close to the banks of the stream and used the cover of the hedges at its edge to move undetected. You feel the collar at your throat and ponder whether there is any benefit to be found in following them. As you look closer you see also that they are dragging something heavy with them, and that it had been struggling at the time. For a moment you consider what the Hordim might be doing, travelling so openly in the lands of Men; but whether you will follow them and find out, or continue on westwards, is a decision you will have to make quickly.

If you believe there is something to be gained by following the Hordim turn to section 321. If you would rather leave them alone and go west instead, turn to section 305.

485

Upon the cold stone you climb upwards, the ventilation shaft your only chance of finding a way out of the pit. It is a hard ascent that requires every measure of strength you have, and as you make your way over the huge stones you can feel the exertion working at your arms and legs until you are forced to rest. Between two of the stones you find a small hollow. Within its dark recess you give yourself the time to relax and take a meal. (If you have food you can restore six points to your endurance before continuing. If you have Nahla bread you may add 1 point for each piece eaten. If you have no food or Nahla bread two points may be returned to account for the rest.)

Once rested you continue with the climb, and quickly pass beyond the level of the doorway. It is still more than one hundred metres to the shaft but you press on, eager to find a way out. Some twenty metres from your goal the nature of the wall changes, and in the darkness it forces you to stop. Unlike the rest of the surface the stones here are unstable, many loose and all threatening to pull away if given too much weight to bear. For a moment you consider what you should do but there is little choice. It is a long way down and the shaft is only a short distance overhead.

You start to climb again but you must rely on both your strength and intuition to make it over this crumbling surface to the ventilation shaft. Test your strength and intuition attributes. If you fail either of these tests turn to section 469. If you pass both of these tests turn to section 464.

486

Carefully you try and find a position within the well that will allow you to reach out and take hold of the medallion. It is a hard task, one made all the more difficult by the slick walls and unstable stonework. After a few minutes of trying you realise that finding a way to reach the artefact is beyond you. To go any further will only put you into the cold waters below and then you will never see daylight again.

Disappointed that you could not retrieve the medallion you slowly climb back to the surface and find that you have emerged not a moment too soon. You have only been down the well for only a short time but the storm is now very close and there is no time left to tarry here. Quickly you mount Pallenten and turn her towards the western gates. They stand only a short distance from your position and with the tempest looming you urge her forward.

In the encroaching darkness you guide Pallenten along the western reach of the main thoroughfare and confirm quickly that Kal Murda can provide no sanctuary from the coming storm. The relentless destruction of the Horde has left the town a desolation of crumbled walls and fallen stonework, and there can be no safe cover from the storm within its ruined confines.

Nudging Pallenten forward you quicken her to a canter. As thunder rolls along the plains you can feel the strength of the storm heralded in the bluster of the winds as they throw debris along the road ahead. Within the growing noise of the storm you thread your horse around piles of fallen stone towards the smashed gates that will take you out of the ruination of Kal Murda. It is with the open plains in sight that the village comes to life.

Within the bluster there are no shapes or ghostly moving forms, just the wind and the remembered cries of a thousand butchered souls that echo silently through the desolate streets. Embraced by the power of the strengthening winds it is easy to imagine the restless souls of the dead drawing life from the storm and it sends a cold chill down your spine. With the storm at your back you hurry Pallenten along all

the faster, making a hurried exit through the western gate. As you pass out onto the plain you are glad to be out of the village, and equally glad that you made your journey through Kal Murda without incident.

Turn to section 301.

487

You know little of the lore of Stonewood but you know enough to recognise that there is something close that is affecting the stone. What it is you cannot see, and there is nothing about the ruins that would indicate Kal Murda had ever been a place of power. As you watch the stonewood pulses and then diminishes, turning quickly to a dull blue glow that generates no further heat. Carefully you place the stone back in your pocket and turn Pallenten to the entranceway.

A powerful blast of thunder to the north brings your focus back to your pressing need for shelter and you see quickly that there is none to be found here. The Town Hall has no roof and extends upon its foundations as nothing more than a facade and a few broken walls. Your shelter from the storm will have to be found elsewhere.

In the encroaching darkness you guide Pallenten back through the entrance and down onto the street. The town is a desolation of crumbled walls and fallen stonework, and there can be no safe cover from the storm within its ruined confines. The feeling that you are being watched is still strong and it provides you with more than enough cause to leave Kal Murda as quickly as possible.

Without any further hesitation you mount Pallenten and turn her to the western gate. Nudging her forward you quicken her to a canter. It is then, by some silent trigger, that the village comes to life. There are no shapes or ghostly moving forms, just the wind and the imagined cries of a thousand butchered souls that echo silently through the desolate streets. Within the power of the strengthening winds ill-defined and furtive shadows move at the corner of your eye, never seen in the open but there nonetheless. No matter the cause it is easy to imagine the restless souls of the dead drawing life from the storm and it sends a cold chill down your spine. You see nothing that proves the village to be haunted, but you hurry Pallenten along all the faster anyway, making a hurried exit through the western gate. As you pass out onto the plain you are glad to be out of the village, and equally

glad that you made your journey through Kal Murda in daylight.

Turn to section 301.

488

There is something about the noise emanating from the well that piques your curiosity. It sounds human yet cannot be so, and you wonder if the wind has found some way into the base of the well. Whatever the reason it will take only a few moments to check the inside of the shaft.

Carefully you peer over the stone lip and immediately feel a strong breeze blowing up from its depths. It is evident that the wind has found some access to the well's lower levels and is generating the unnatural lament as it forces its way through some unseen break in its circular stone facing. It is a mystery that has proved easy to unveil, but as you look deeper into the well you see the glimmer of something metallic jammed into its stone surface just above the waterline. Within the gloom it appears to be a medallion of some type, attached to a heavy silver chain and probably of considerable value.

The well is only a metre and a half wide and there are enough joins and breaks in the inner wall to allow a relatively safe descent to take the piece from its unusual resting place. You look to the approaching weather and then at Pallenten. Perhaps you can spare a few minutes to recover it.

If you would like to climb down into the well and retrieve the medallion turn to section 437. If you believe that there is no time and you should move on quickly, turn to section 455. If however, you have the skill of Bushcraft turn to section 448 first.

489

From within the confines of the blue sphere you watch as the Jotun approaches. He is a huge creature, spattered with the blood of battle and ferocious in demeanour as he makes for where you stand. It is only as he comes within a hammer's reach of your position that you realise he cannot actually see you.

"Show yourself *vehmin*!" the Jotun commands. "I know you are here even if I cannot determine how it is that you are."

"What is your name? Are you of the living?" the creature demands. It is the last question that tells you that something is not right here. You decide to answer.

"I am Halokim Vesh, a Dwarvendim of the Stone Kingdoms, and yes I am of the living."

With your answer the Jotun General lays down his hammer and approaches you with his arms outstretched.

"I am Aggamem the Elder, Chieftain to the Bruhaj and General of the March. How is it that you come to this damned place?"

Without thinking you move forward but find the blue sphere a wall of energy that you cannot breach. If you are to talk to the Jotun it will have to be without him seeing you. It is a situation you are not unhappy with.

"I cannot show myself Jotun, the power that has brought me here will not allow it. Why is it that you ask if I am of the living?"

The giant Hordim turns and points towards to the continuing violence of the battle. "We are trapped here Dwarvendim, and we are all of the restless dead. By some device brought about by either malice or accident those who fell in the battle for this town have remained here, the sparks of our existence caught in a never ending conflict that replays itself with every passing storm."

"I tell you *vehmin* that all the dead, Hordim and Man alike, are caught here; wraiths held without release and fated to die over and over again. I do not know anything of your customs but my warriors have earned the right to have their Book of Scars measured, and to then pass into Hallen'draal. They must be allowed to do so."

"And what of the men and women of Kal Murda?" you ask, "Why are they trapped in this place?"

Aggamem shakes his head."I cannot tell you. All I know is that with the first strike of lighting to hit the plains all the dead of my crue and all the *vehmin* of this settlement must once again fight. It does not end until the storm passes and I can tell you that there is no glory in it."

You have seen the violence of the battle and go cold at the thought that the townsfolk of Kal Murda should have to continue to endure such a tragedy. There seems little that you can do however.

"I know nothing of what holds you in this place." you reply, "Is there anything that can be done?"

The Jotun General shrugs his shoulders and stoops to retrieve his hammer. "It is beyond my knowledge as well vehmin. I can only say that the Powers of the World cannot know of our plight for they would

not suffer such a travesty to continue if it was known to them. If you have any opportunity to do so, bring our need to their attention. Only the Shan'duil has the power to release us all from this torment. If this can be done my warriors will find their place in the Feasting Halls, and only then will your brothers and sisters find rest."

As the Jotun speaks the battle falls upon the marketplace as a melee of flashing iron blades and struggling bodies. Instantly the Hordim is swallowed within the uproar as a cloud of arrows rain out of the sky, bringing down all who stand beneath them.

You have seen enough. Quickly you bring the blazing stone to your lips and whisper the word needed to bring you back into the world of the living. In a gut-wrenching shudder the terrible visage of the fall of Kal Murda dissolves into the more imminent reality of the approaching storm. Around you the ruins of the settlement are as you have previously found them but it takes a few moments for you to readjust. When the power of the stone dissipates you are left dazed, your thoughts overcome by what you have witnessed.

A powerful blast of thunder to the north shifts your focus away from the visions of the past to your pressing need for shelter, and you see quickly that there is none to be found here. You have seen the Town Hall in all its untouched glory but it stands now as a mere shell. With no roof it extends upon its foundations as nothing more than a facade and a few broken walls. Your shelter from the coming storm will have to be found elsewhere.

In the encroaching darkness you guide Pallenten along the western reach of the main thoroughfare and realise quickly that Kal Murda can provide no sanctuary. The relentless assault of Jotun hammers has left the town a desolation of crumbled walls and fallen stonework, and there can be no safe cover from the storm within its ruined confines.

Without any further hesitation you mount Pallenten and turn her towards the western gate. Nudging her forward you quicken her to a canter. As thunder rolls along the plains you can feel the growing power of the winds as they throw debris along the road ahead of you. It is melee of shifting gales that the village comes to life.

Within the bluster there are no shapes or ghostly moving forms, just the wind and the remembered cries of a thousand butchered souls that echo silently through the desolate streets. Embraced by the power of the strengthening winds ill-defined and furtive shadows move at the corner of your eye, never seen in the open but there nonetheless.

No matter the cause it is easy to imagine the restless souls of the dead drawing life from the storm and it sends a cold chill down your spine. With the storm at your back you hurry Pallenten along all the faster, making a hurried exit through the western gate. As you pass out onto the plain you admit to yourself that you are glad to be out of the village. You do not believe that you will ever return.

Your conversation with Aggamem the Elder has left you unsettled, but there seems little you can do about the plight of the residents of Kal Murda at this time. If you wish, record on your character sheet that you have spoken with the Jotun General then turn to section 301.

490

It is difficult working within the cramped confines of the well, but you are able to find enough of a purchase upon the slick stones to reach out and grab for the silver medallion. Carefully you take a hold of the artefact's heavy chain and then begin to prise it from of its resting place.

Within the close conditions of the well you struggle with the artefact. It is well jammed and requires all the strength you can bring to the task to slowly lever it from the wall. Unfortunately the medallion's unusual position within the well is not accidental and too late you realise your error. Even as you pull it finally from the wall you notice the difference in the mortar used to hold the stones around the medallion in place. Someone has reset two of the stones and it has been quickly, and roughly, done. Your blood runs cold as you hold the medallion in your hands. It is the trigger for a Hordim trap.

Before you can move it detonates. For more than two hundred years the device had waited for someone to remove its trigger and you have obliged. In a coruscation of exploding powder and shattering stone the entire well is engulfed in flames, a geyser of fire and ash bursting upwards, cracking the walls of the well and destroying everything within it.

On the surface Pallenten breaks from her tethers and gallops for the western gate. She will not return to this place but it matters not. In the embracing destruction of the Hordim's device you did not stand a chance of survival. In this life your quest is over.

THE END

491

Carefully you test the old rope and feel it give way, its fibres pulling apart easily in your hands. For a moment you consider your alternatives but you have no rope of your own, and therefore no way of being able to draw any water to the surface.

"Sorry Pallenten," you say quietly, "water will have to wait."

The horse shakes her head and pulls against her tethers. She seems only interested in leaving and it is a good idea. There is nothing to be gained by staying.

As you make ready to leave the wind rises in a sudden squall, a hard buffeting gale that sends debris flying across the small market square. Pulling your travel cloak tighter to ward against the cold you turn your eyes from the direction of the winds and move towards Pallenten, dropping the bucket and rope as you go. Suddenly from within the bluster a moan rises from the mouth of the well. It is low and mournful but loud and clear nonetheless. Startled by the almost human cry in a place so desolate you step back and look carefully around you. Even Pallenten seems shaken by the intrusion and you move all the quicker to her side.

The storm is approaching. Will you move on? If this is your choice turn to section 455. If you cannot leave without first having a closer look at the well turn to section 488.

492

The evidence you have uncovered regarding the Morg gives you reason to consider carefully which way you should go. You have taken too much time finding your way through this forest, but the knowledge that the Hordim are so close is a truth better known than discovered too late. For a time you consider what you should do, but the choice is undeniable. The collar at your neck will kill you if you do not get to Stoneholme before Maenum falls, and a direct route to the Krodestaag is your only option. Pallenten may have eaten all your food, but you have gone longer than three days in your life without a meal. You have the distinct feeling that hunger will prove to be the least of your worries on this quest.

The Devkraager Tor and the smaller peaks of the Krodestaag Ranges sit on your horizon to the south-west, a silent unmoving signpost pointing directly to your objective. There can be no doubt that

this direction will prove harder, but the distance to travel is considerably less. You will trust in the remarkable speed of your horse to keep you safe on this new path.

With no further hesitation you turn Pallenten towards the mountains. Although there are a few abandoned farm buildings nestled close to the edges of the forest, you avoid these and strike out for the wilderness beyond. Ahead lay a wide, open terrain of grassland, some small patches of forest, and the stark remains of many attempts at settlement of these lands.

Nudging Pallenten forward she breaks into a trot and then to a gallop. Directly ahead lay a number of low stone fences, the remains of a farm long past. These are no barrier to the great horse, she jumps them easily and soon you are out in open country, the ruins left behind and the Devkraager Tor looming ahead. You know in your heart that this is a better way to go. Out in the open you will be more exposed, but there is little chance that you will meet anyone on these plains. They are seldom travelled by men of the Four Nations, and your hope must be that the Morg have continued into the west. If that is so you should find the way ahead lonely but uncomplicated. Only the mighty Laneslem River will provide you with any real difficulty as you make your way towards the Devkraager Tor.

Turn to section 378.

493

For a moment you consider the solid nature of the barrier that now confronts you, but then remember the large key you took from the Morg. If you remember correctly it is of a similar size to the keyhole that sits squarely in the centre of this door, and if you are lucky it may well be what you need. Quickly you pull the key from your pocket and have a closer look. It is definitely Dwarvendim-made and appears of a similar age to the door itself. You smile as you think on the odds of it being a fit for this lock.

You have nothing to lose however, and carefully place it into the keyhole. To your surprise the key turns, and as you do so you hear the sound of the lock barrels moving inside the door, and the sliding vibration of heavy metal bars disengaging from within the wall. The door is unlocked, all you have to do is push on it and it will open.

Quickly you stow your gear back into your pack and ready yourself. You have no idea what may lie on the other side, so you draw your

sword and then place your shoulder against the cool metal. A single push should do it. With almost no resistance the door springs backward, taking you completely by surprise. Before you have any opportunity to regain your balance you are pitched forward, straight out into...

Turn quickly to section 81.

494

"You surprise me Anawyn. Cannot such advice be given freely to a friend? Is there a need for money to change hands?"

You do not feel disposed to pay for the answer to your question but it is not an unexpected request. You wonder at the gall of the woman however, and lean over the horn of your saddle as you wait for her response.

"It's a poor pass that we have come to," bemoans Anawyn Patrice, "that a person of knowledge such as meself should have to give away her livelihood for nothin'. If there's no money to be 'ad perhaps a trade will interest you?"

"What do you want Anawyn, for I have little enough."

"It seems proper that I give what you need in payment for somethin' I want. Tell me what you saw on the road between Baellum and Maenum and you'll 'ave your answer."

There is little danger in telling her of what you have seen and as Pallenten nuzzles at the grasses at the roads edge you spend a few minutes describing the movement of troops towards Maenum. Anawyn is most interested however, with all you have seen of the disposition of soldiery around Baellum. She takes in all that she hears and then pauses. You can see her mind working, a frown of concentration creasing her sun-burned face.

"Well, if that ain't unexpected." she whispers to herself.

"What do you mean?" you ask. "Is there something you know about the battle?"

Anawyn scratches at her ear before answering. "From what I 'ad heard the idea was for the soldiers you saw to immediately reinforce the garrison at Maenum. Quick like too. No stoppin' until they were on the walls themselves. Two officers were talkin' about it as they passed me stall an' they weren't relishin' the idea of facing up to the Horde. But if they've been campin' around Baellum that's all changed. Makes you wonder what they're up to."

You nod your head. You have your own thoughts on the duplicity of the Kalboreans but now is not the time to discuss them. Instead you ask your question again. "So Anawyn, what will I find to the South and West?"

The old woman turns and points down the South Road. "It won't be any great surprise but the Army's everywhere. Thugs the lot of them an' most too busy harrassin' good honest folk. A lot of talk on the road of everybody bein' under suspicion. Not a great way to go if you're lookin' to travelin' unnoticed."

"The West Road is a whole different kettle. Word is the Horde's been out an' about, bands of the creatures attacking farmsteads an' the like. Dunno where they come from but causing all sorts of 'ell nonetheless. Not a great way to go either, but at least the Army's not about."

For a moment you think on what you should do, but in your own mind your course is clear. Quickly you thank Anawyn (You can give her 1 of your ration packs if you wish) and then mount Pallenten. It is time to move on.

If you still wish to journey south to Das Frontiere turn to section 255. If you would rather take the road west to Melem's Fork turn to section 225. These are not however, your only options. On either side of the road you can see a number of farmhouses and fenced paddocks. Beyond them lay open ground and possibly a more direct route to the DevKraager Tor. If you think it will be more practical to strike out across country and make for the mountain this way, turn to section 261.

495

It is evident that there is little shelter to be found within the confines of the town. Kal Murda is a desolation of collapsed buildings and debris littered streets, none of which could provide any protection from the storm to come. Looking to the north you see that you have only a small amount of time before the storm hits, and as you ponder the dark towers of cloud you consider for a moment the chance that Pallenten might be able to simply outrun the storm front. It is a possibility that you discount just as quickly. If you are to find shelter it will have to be found somewhere to the west.

Quickly you nudge Pallenten forward, guiding her around piles of

broken stone as you make for the western gate. Around you the winds build quickly, pushing loose debris around the ruined buildings as the storm tests the strength of what remains of the town. It is as you make for the gates that you begin to sense something different here, and it is not happy with your intrusion.

There have been many times that you have felt the unwanted attention of others watching you. Never have you felt it as keenly as now. The streets are deserted but a growing malice and resentment rises about you with every bluster of the wind and within the winds you can feel the cold touch of something grasping at you. And yet there is nothing there. You cannot tell if it is the reputation of the village that is playing with your mind, or a real expression of frustration and betrayal that manifests itself within the walls, but it is enough for you to urge Pallenten on all the faster.

Some fifty metres before the western gates you find a well. It sits within a small market square to the left of the road and appears in good order. If it has survived the years of neglect that have passed since Kal Murda was abandoned it may still provide water.

Do you wish to take this opportunity to water Pallenten? If you wish to do so turn to section 454. If you wish to leave the town as soon as possible turn to section 462.

496

Desperately you weave amongst the Morg, but the beast's reach is long and it clips you across the back of your right boot. It is only a glancing blow, but it is enough to throw you over the Hordim and into the underbrush some fifteen metres from the cliff's edge.

Staggering to your feet you can only watch as the beast wades into the diminutive Morg and begins a slaughter that leaves you sick at heart. In that moment of horror you realise what the beast is. It is a Dweo'gorga, a shape-shifter of the Ancient World, and a ruthless servant of whoever holds the talisman that controls it. It gives you no comfort when you realise also that someone has set this creature upon you.

From the shadows of the undergrowth you watch as the Hordim try to escape, but the Dweo'gorga hammers them down, and there is nothing they can do but turn and fight. Using their small size, the Morg dance about the huge creature, trying to confuse it, their intent

to send it backwards over the cliff's deadly drop. The shape-shifter is having none of it however, methodically and ruthlessly it picks a victim, crushes it, then moves onto the next. Its preoccupation with the Hordim is your invitation to get away. Quickly checking that you have not lost any of your equipment, you turn from the scene of the battle and then run with all the speed you can muster back into the depths of the forest.

The Dweo'gorga's blow has taken two points from your endurance. Record this on your character sheet and turn to section 348.

497

For a moment you back away from the rockfall and consider your predicament. You have no digging equipment that can help with this task, and all you can rely on is your bare hands. But you have no choice, without your equipment it will be impossible to finish your quest, and you need no reminder of the metal collar that grips firmly at your throat.

Quickly you tear a few strips of cloth from your shirt and bind your hands as a protection from the jagged debris. In the gloom you begin, dragging at the dirt as you pull away broken stone and mounds of loose earth. As you work you realise that the trap was far more cunning in its design than you might have anticipated. Not only did the roof collapse, but it did so along a good third of the length of the passageway. It was only luck that had you lunging forward to avoid the fall. If you had hesitated, or had fallen backwards, there would have been no escape. Luck was indeed on your side, however you have no time to dwell upon your good fortune. Your pack cannot be too far from the edge of the debris but the stone is sharp, the soil and powdered rock a heavy blanket that must be uncovered before you can retrieve it.

For some time you work at the rockfall, and are rewarded with the recovery of your bag and all its contents. Quickly you check your equipment and find no damage. At least in this regard Providence has given you some relief, but the reclaiming of your pack has come at a cost nonetheless. In the darkness you can feel your hand wet with traces of blood, and as the minutes pass it is evident that regardless of your precautions you have indeed sustained an injury. Although you did not feel it at the time you must have cut it against the sharp stone

that lay within the mounds of earth. Carefully you flex your sword arm, squeezing your hand to test its strength. As you do so blood runs from between two of your fingers. Quietly you curse into the darkness as you realise that you have lost some of your ability to grip hard. In combat this will cost you.

(The injury to your hand will take one point from your combat value for the remainder of this quest. Your strength attribute must be reduced by one point as well to take into account the effects of this wound.)

There is nothing that can be done to improve the condition of your hand at this time, but there are other matters to attend to. Dust from the trap lingers throughout the passage like a thin grimy fog. Breathing is difficult and your clothing is full of the remnants of the filth that previously covered you. As the dust settles you decide it is best to get as clean as possible before continuing, and if you have any left, eat some of your dwindling rations. There appears to be no chance of pursuit, but you realise you are in no state to defend yourself anyway. After getting rid of as much of the dirt from your clothing as you can you sit down for a short meal and rest.

(The food and rest will restore 6 points to your endurance rating. Remember that you cannot exceed your initial endurance value though. If you do not have any food or Nahla Bread in your possession restore only two points to your endurance. The rest may not be much, but it does allow you to recover somewhat from the effects of the trap. Record this on your character sheet before continuing).

After resting you prepare to move on. In your pack you still have a number of the torches you picked up from the passageway entrance. Taking one of these in hand you ignite it and, raising it above your head, continue on eastwards.

Turn to section 104.

498

The invitation is warmly given, but you hesitate and rather than follow the Maturi into his humble dwelling you call to him.

"Maturi, you must forgive me but there is much about my journey that I am unsure of. It seems more than a co-incidence that I should be on an errand for the Kalborean Union and find myself greeted by a man who I truly thought had died years ago. Tell me something that

only the Maturi Len would know and I will gladly share your hospitality." The Maturi turns in his doorway and smiles, the request seemingly expected.

"You have been in the world for some time Halokim, and I fear that it has not proven kind to you. It is a truth that it has been many years since we last spoke, and many people, even the Kalboreans, believe that all the LoreMasters are dead. I can tell you however, that we all live, though many good men have died protecting us."

"You wish a token of good faith? Let me say then, that we spent many hours in your time at the Temple talking on your life at Truvo Farm. I remember one conversation in particular and I believe so would you. Even as a small boy there was little that could bring fear to you, but as I recall it you recounted a time to me where you were caught in the grasp of a swollen river, and dragged for some distance away from the farm. But for the circumstance of a fallen branch that snagged your clothing and saved you from a certain death you would not be here today. I can guess that you are still fearless Halokim, but shy from approaching the water's edge unless you absolutely must. Am I not right?"

The Maturi's words uncover a deep memory of something long buried in your childhood. It had been many years since you had found need to remember the terror of that day, and you know you have never told the story to anyone else.

"Forgive me Maturi. In times such as these it is difficult to trust easily."

The old Dwarvendim waves away your apology and motions for you to enter his home. It is an invitation you now accept.

Turn to section 241.

499

The trail ahead beckons but you need your equipment if you are to continue. As you look around you can see pieces of clothing and other gear spread through the trees and undergrowth. Shaking your head you have no recollection of when you lost your pack, however its contents now lay strewn through the woodland. On the grass close to your position you find your sword buried almost to the hilt in the soft earth, a short distance into the undergrowth your pack hangs awkwardly from the jagged end of a broken branch. Thankfully it has

sustained only a broken strap and can be used, but some of your equipment cannot be found. Quickly you collect what you can and look to the trail.

(Regardless of the equipment you were carrying with you before the fall you may only take six items with you from this point forward. Choose the items you believe will serve you best for the quest ahead and leave everything else behind. Your sword must be one of these items. Most of your other gear has unfortunately been lost in the dense undergrowth and these six items will be the only pieces of your belongings that you can recover in the short time available to you. Please note that the rules that apply to money and Nahla Bread still apply here. No matter how much you might have of either they still count as only one item each.)

With your remaining equipment packed away you look to the trail ahead and consider what you should do. From the direction of the valley floor you are certain now that the entrance to Stoneholme will be found somewhere along its reach to the north. If you are lucky you should find the trail leading to the edges of the mountain itself, and then, with a measure of further luck, the entrance to the fortress. One last time you check yourself for injury and then begin to follow the trail.

In the full light of day you find your way along the old pathway. It is clearly marked against the encroaching vegetation of the forest floor but it is very old. For some time it meanders through the forest, keeping a northerly heading before turning to the west. About you the woodland closes in, but the trees are not close and as you travel you can see the remains of large standing stones littered across the valley floor. One in particular grabs your attention, and with a need to rest you leave the path and spend a few minutes looking over its worn surface.

Set upon a low platform of cut stone, the monolith stands some five metres high. It is not large by any measure but the stone itself is covered in carvings and devices, indistinct against its dark surface, weathered and cracked by millennia of exposure. Most of the symbols and glyphs are unknown to you, however you are sure that they are not the workings of either Men of Hordim. Only one of the glyphs is recognisable and it has been carved over the older symbols in more recent times. Carefully you rub dirt out of the grooves and look more closely. It is a sign left by your Dwarvendim brothers many years before and it says plainly "Dragon". For all its vague intention it

appears as an ominous sign of what might be found within the dark corridors of Stoneholme.

For a moment you stand before the stone, and then look out through a break in the forest canopy ahead. Against the absolute blue of the sky can be seen the summit of the Devkraager Tor, shining with a peak of snow, imponderable and massive, its dark granite rearing out of the surrounding trees. To the east of the Tor itself you can also see the lesser peaks of the Krodestaag marching away to the horizon. Within those great mountains can be found the ruins of the Dwarvendim Stone Kingdoms, and you cannot help but wonder if there will come a time when the Dwarvendim might reside there again. You smile when you think that you may have a small part to play in such a return.

With the sun well overhead you rest for a short time then return to the trail. (Restore two endurance points if needed.) Quickly the path veers towards the mountain and then is lost upon the hard ground of a rising series of foothills. With the mountain clearly in view you push on, climbing each of the undulating rises until you find yourself against a further sheer face of stone. Here you have found the edge of the Devkraager Tor itself and somewhere within the stone of this ancient mountain will be the ruins of Stoneholme.

Against the granite of the Tor you stop and rest again, before turning eastwards. To the west the cliffs disappear into an impassable tumble of fallen stone, but to the east you can see the remains of a roadway, broken and cracked but definitely Dwarvendim-made. There seems no other alternative but it is the most likely path to the entrance you seek.

The early afternoon is spent negotiating the rocky base of the mountain. Its weathered face is cracked and broken, strewn with rockfalls and enormous flows of gravel that trickle noisily down from the high cliffs above. The forest has grown thickly in places up to the base of the Devkraager Tor, and you find you have to make a number of wide detours to get around falls of rubble that have brought down large areas of the surrounding timber.

In the end your persistence pays off. Some two hours into your circumnavigation of the mountain, and just as you are making a difficult detour around a huge tangle of fallen trees, you are confronted by the impassable obstacle of a stone platform some ten metres high. It extends from the side of the mountain and out into the surrounding trees. Although the stones are worn, and vines and other

creeping plants have grown into its chiselled joins, you can see that it is Dwarvendim-made and exactly what you are looking for. Retreating back into the forest you make your way carefully about the platform's edge, then out into the trees to find a spot from which you can properly consider what you have discovered. Amongst a clump of small pines and low brush you find a hiding place from which you can survey the platform better.

Through the thick bushes you peer out at the massive entrance to the fortress of Stoneholme. Although showing the effects of long neglect the entrance remains awe-inspiring in its scale. Shaped as a huge archway carved directly into the face of the mountain, the images of two immense Dwarvendim Warrior-Kings have been sculpted; arms raised as if they are holding the weight of the Devkraager Tor on their huge shoulders. Under these images the open cavern that is the entranceway is black, the light of day swallowed completely in the darkness of its interior. From the entrance a wide polished stone platform extends outwards for more than fifty metres, at each corner the intricately carved statue of a Dwarvendim warrior stands in full battle armour. A long flight of white marble stairs rise from the green grass of a large clearing at its base and reach upwards to the stone platform. In times past this marble staircase would have met a road leading to the east, but this has long since disappeared. Gleaming white balustrades of carved stone border the platform and stairs on all sides.

Leaning back against the sturdy trunk of a young pine you relax for a moment and take in the rough grandeur of the Imperial Entrance and the encroaching greenery of the forest that surrounds it. Within this dark treasure-house, somewhere deep within its cold, silent halls lies the Tellandra. It seems a pity to squander the remains of such a fine day by attempting to enter this great fortress but you know you must.

After your efforts in finding this entrance you decide it is a good time to again take a meal. Only the Fates know when you may have another opportunity to feed yourself, so you take a ration from your pack and rest in the shade of the Pines as you eat.

(Withdraw one ration from your pack and record this on your character sheet. The rest you take will restore all endurance points you may have lost in the course of your journey so far. If you have no food or Nahla Bread available only restore a maximum of four points to your endurance regained for the rest.)

Upon finishing your meal and taking the time to rest, you pack away your meagre equipment and, by keeping to the edge of the clearing make your way to the stone platform and the base of the marble stairs.

You must move inside quickly. Turn to section 197.

500

Injured but alive you stagger to your feet and survey the devastated interior of the Deep Vault. With the Dragon Windhammer's demise the light in the cavern has dimmed, and only a dull red glow from flowing lava and molten metal illuminates the fractured stone. At your left shoulder the vast, lifeless body of the Dragon lies silent, its huge bulk torn and broken, a testament to the violence of the battle that brought it down. All about you the ground is pitted and scarred, great flows of molten rock and metal slipping noisily from vents in the walls; each torrent finding a path into huge breaks in the floor before dropping as fiery waterfalls into the depths far below.

Broken and winded yourself, you find a purchase against an upthrust of stone and search out the Tellandra. At the far right of the chamber you see it; a dimly glowing pillar of white stone, alone and diminished upon a stepped platform. This is the objective of your quest, and you drag yourself towards it, determined that all your efforts shall not be in vain.

As you move towards the pillar your injuries begin to take their toll upon you. The rigours of the quest, the many combats you have endured, and the confrontation with Windhammer have all left a mark that will take more than rest and food to heal. Above all it is your chest that causes you the greatest concern. Ribs have been broken, and you can feel the wet cling of blood in your throat from a puncture wound that will require attention quickly. You look about the great chamber and know that for the moment at least, you are on your own.

Stepping as carefully as you are able you work your way to the Tellandra. Clouds of pain are beginning to numb your senses, and it is not until you are no more than a stone's throw from the platform that you realise you cannot reach the pillar. Before you a fast flowing river of lava rushes along a huge fissure in the floor, cutting off any access to the platform itself. With every move you make towards the

shimmering barrier the heat intensifies. You can get no closer.

Standing there amongst the heat and noise it is difficult to accept that you are so close to success and yet so effectively barred from your goal. For some time you consider your plight, and as you wait you feel your injuries taking a firmer hold upon you. Falling to one knee you steady yourself and know that you cannot go back, nor can you go forward. All seems doomed to failure.

As your thoughts darken towards despair you look more carefully at the platform. Through the shimmering heat you see a series of words carved into the upper step. "naman tor varshem tolluth." As you read the words you realise that they are indeed familiar to you. Something hidden deep in your memory forces itself into your consciousness and you know then what you must do. Through the pain and heat you are sure you have your answer.

Quickly you gather what remains of your strength and struggle to your feet. Supported by a huge block of fallen stone you raise your arms and intone as loud as you can the words that will bring the Tellandra together once again.

":naman tor varshem tolluth:"

Instantly the Deep Vault is silent. As if time itself has been commanded to a halt the cavern freezes, all the melee of sound and heat captured and stopped in that instant. Within this frozen space you are paralysed, a great power holding you, and all about you, in its firm grasp. But something has been unleashed by the potency of the words, and you can feel it growing in the floor beneath you.

Held immovable within the silence you cannot see what is happening about you, your eyes are fixed upon the Tellandra itself, but you can sense a vast power building in the foundation of the world, rushing upwards towards you.

With your eyes focused on the stonewood pillar you become witness to something miraculous. In the grip of an unseen hand the broken shards of the Tellandra begin to lift from the platform and coalesce with the main column. With each shard's return to the whole an aura of rainbow light grows, pulsing with increasing intensity. From deep red to a shining incandescent blue the aura brightens, then explodes outwards as powerful as a new sun, blasting light throughout the cavern, illuminating every corner of the vast treasure vault.

Without warning the paralysing hold of the EarthMagic passes and

you fall, limp and fatigued, onto the hard stone floor. With a clatter the metal collar that has bound you to your mission so ruthlessly breaks and hits the ground, its pieces disappearing in a mist of hissing steam. Then around you the magic changes.

Upon its platform the Tellandra stands whole, a bright fountain of pulsing light from which a single swirling shaft of blue extends upwards. Within the space of a heartbeat the vortex of power hits the vaulted roof, spreading across its reach as a wave of magic that goes to work on the stone of the Deep Vault.

As you watch the chamber reforms and renews itself, the fissures in the walls of the cavern close, the many cracks and scars left by the great Dragon heal and disappear. In the vaulted ceiling above, a huge mosaic of stained glass rebuilds itself, turning the arching vaults into the moving representation of a jewelled forest canopy. At all sides pillars of yellow stone burst into life, shining a soft pastel light into every corner of the cavern. Against this light you see a series of immense carved images spread across the walls, depicting the great victories of the Stone Kings and the power of the LoreMasters of the Grand Circle. Within minutes the magnificence of the Deep Vault is restored.

In the quiet that follows the restoration of the Tellandra you try and raise yourself from the floor but it proves difficult. Using your weapon as a support you stagger to your feet and wonder at the transformation that has occurred about you. The Dragon's body has gone, the great lava flows have faded away, and the cavern has been swept clean of all debris and treasure. Somehow all is now new again, but outside the massive oak doors of the Vault a new sound arises. Faintly, at the edge of your hearing you can sense a great tumult being played out in the halls and passages of Stoneholme. All is quiet here, but you can feel magic scouring the fortress, removing the Hordim and returning the stone of the stronghold to its former glory.

With the tumult raging through the mountain you turn again to the Tellandra. Upon its shining platform the blue cloaked radiance of the pillar crackles with power, but there is something new, and as you watch it walks down the steps towards you, holding out its hand in greeting.

"Master Vesh," it says in a soft, aged voice. "It is good to see that you have survived."

Before you stands a man of untold age. He walks with the gait of one who has seen far too many years and seems as fragile as dried

twigs as he negotiates the stairs to the floor of the Vault. Dressed in immaculate blue robes lined with Azuril and sown with complex symbols and artifices, the man shuffles towards you, his face a vision of age and wisdom mingled with pain. There is something about him though that belies his apparent vulnerability. You sense quickly that he is as powerful as the Tellandra itself.

"Who are you?" you ask in a whisper. Your injuries are proving difficult to ignore and even as you ask the question you fall to your knees.

The old man hurries to your side and holds out his hand to help you up. Carefully you take his hand and feel a strange energy run through your hand as you rise. Immediately it is easier to breathe and in the magnificence of the Deep Vault you ask the question again.

"Who are you and what is your purpose here?"

The man smiles and shrugs his shoulders. "Who a man is can be a hard question to answer, Master Vesh. It has been my experience that we can spend our lives trying to determine who we really are, and then surprise ourselves at the last anyway; but I believe that a philosophical discussion was not the intent of your question..."

The old man bows slightly and continues. "In another time I was known as Shalengael, however that was another life, and another world away. In these times I am known only as Mentor and I have been sent by my Master to set you upon a new path. Whilst you have struggled here in the reaches of this fortress the world above has changed. I am afraid that the Powers of this world will give you no time for rest Master Vesh for they are once again in need of your services."

You frown and wince from the pain of your broken ribs. "Surely I have earned the right to an opportunity to heal. As I am there is little I can do for anyone."

The Mentor nods and looks around at the Deep Vault. "I am afraid that it is not in my power to help you with your injuries. I have spoken with the Maturi Len and he will provide the help you need once you have left the confines of Stoneholme. It is my task to give you what you need to know now. The world outside has turned sharply upon a dangerous path and I ask only that you listen to the message I must deliver."

You look at the old man and sense that there is nothing false in his words. You will listen.

"I am the Mentor, Master Vesh, an advisor of sorts to the Shan'duil

on all the affairs of Men. The River of Life knows all about the world we live in, for it created it all and sustains it even now, but Men are not native to these lands and the River finds this perplexing. Unlike all other things in this world the Shan'duil cannot keep a proper balance in the affairs of Men; we have proven ourselves somewhat erratic, and it is left to servants such as myself to do what is necessary to save ourselves from ourselves."

"I look at you Dwarvendim, and I see someone who harbours distrust and acrimony for the Kalboreans. Like most men you look at the Hordim as mindless beasts, a relentless enemy that haunts the affairs of Men as a predator might its prey. Such feelings are understandable but I will tell you Halokim, that there are dangers rising beyond these walls that hold far greater ambitions than the Kalborean Union, and a far deeper malevolence than the Horde."

"Trust what I say, for as you have been securing the restoration of the Tellandra a great scourge has been released upon us all. Out of the far west a creature that calls itself by a dark name has arisen, taking under its thrall a legion of deadly beasts, both living and spectral, which even now attack Men and Hordim alike. I am afraid Halokim, that it has been left to you to face this enemy and destroy it."

For a moment you wonder at the old man's words and then laugh. "You have got to be joking," you say loudly. "I can hardly stand, how am I going to attempt another quest? Is there no other?"

The Mentor shakes his head. "It is the will of the Powers of this world that it be you who stands against this peril. Somehow your fate has become the fate of all, but I must tell you that you will not fight this battle alone. There are others who will come to your aid, you need only take the first step on the journey."

As he finishes the old man pushes his hand into a deep pocket within his robes. When he withdraws it he is holding a talisman. Immediately you recognise it as a Sharyah, a talisman of the Ancient World.

"To aid you on your journey you are to be given this. It is a Sharyah, a Gathering-stone of the Trell'sara, but it has been altered to perform a new task. Within its presence all that is spectral will be drawn into the real world. Why this is important will become clear in time."

You take the talisman and look it over. It is a small circular device, wrought as an intricate pattern of intertwining knots held on a necklace of hard iron. Although you can sense a power within it there seems little about it that signifies its purpose.

"And what am I to do?" you ask, "How am I to find this creature and destroy it?"

The Mentor turns to the north and stares into the stone. It is as if he is looking straight through it.

"Your first task must be to find your way to Kal Arbor. There the Maturi Len holds all the knowledge you need to continue your journey. I can tell you that the shadowed creature holds its dominion in the mountains of the far west and it is there that you will find it. Why it has arisen, and how it is to be destroyed are questions that can be answered at a better time."

The old man turns towards you and places a withered hand upon your shoulder.

"But after having placed these responsibilities upon you do not think that your actions here have gone unnoticed. You were sent on this quest by the Kalboreans and yet in the completion of your task you have done a great service to your people. Whether it is your wish or not the pain and hardship of your ordeal will be rewarded. It is a necessity in these times though that the dangers rising before us are dealt with first, and I am afraid that much of that burden must fall to you."

In the quiet of the Vault you find yourself not fully believing what the Mentor has said, but your wounds leave you with little time to argue the point. Even as you stand you can feel the effects of his touch fading away.

"What must I do?" you ask quietly.

The Mentor points to the doors that now stand solid within the entranceway to the Deep Vault.

"Make your way back to the world above. The Hordim have been moved on and will not harass you as you go. Stoneholme is once again the domain of the Dwarvendim and they have you to thank for it. Find a path to sunlight and the LoreMasters will do the rest. Do not despair Halokim, it is not your time to die."

(If you have previously spoken with the Jotun General Aggamem and wish to release the wraiths of Kal Murda from their torment turn now to section 250. If you have not spoken with this warrior continue with this section.)

As those last words echo within the chamber the image of the Mentor fades and then is gone. Within the vast space you find yourself alone, once again left to your own devices. Carefully you turn towards the doors to the Vault and come to a halt, startled by what you see.

Across the entire surface of the huge doors is an intricately carved representation of the last desperate moments of your battle with Windhammer. In the restoration of the Deep Vault it would seem you have found a measure of immortality, a timeless reminder for all who might pass into this great chamber that it was you who brought EarthMagic back to the Dwarvendim. Not bad, you think, for a petty thief.

Carefully you head for the doors, the passage beyond lit brightly with a yellow glow. In the world above you will find the next task that awaits you and you see no reason to tarry any longer. Slowly you make for the corridor but turn to take one last look at the Deep Vault. At its end shines the Tellandra, a deep blue aura vibrating with power as it illuminates the chamber, the dark green of a forest canopy overhead, carved in arches of moving glass that sparkle in the pillar's reflected brilliance. All in all it has been a good day's work.

Ahead lay a slow return to the world and another quest to be completed. Whether you are up to the task is a question that you know can only be answered in the fullness of time. All you can be sure of is that whatever happens next will, of course, be another story.

THE END

501

So careful is your search of the passing wall of green that you do not see the expertly covered pitfall in the track ahead of you. Why it has been placed on the path before you is a question you will never answer. Without warning or hesitation you step out onto the deep pit's fragile cover and then fall headlong onto a series of strategically placed wooden spikes. In this pit you die and your quest ends. In another life it is possible that Providence may grant you better luck.

THE END

502

A shout erupts from the band of hunters and there can be no doubt that you have been discovered. Realising that there is no chance of remaining hidden on the open stairway you instinctively make a run for the safety of the nearby forest. Breaking from the stairs you run for

the clearing's edge, long grass and bushes grasping at your boots as you race for the safety of the trees. Immediately the Hresh drop the Sempaca calf and draw their scimitars, taking up the chase in an attempt to cut off your escape.

With the sounds of the pursuing warriors getting closer you veer desperately to the right, keeping the Hresh only a few metres from your left shoulder. Ahead the trees loom large and you give all the energy you have left and career into the undergrowth, crashing through bushes and vines before tumbling down a long embankment into a shallow gully.

Winded by the ungainly fall you stagger to your feet only to find the Hresh hard upon your heels, their eyes filled with a fierce determination that leaves no question as to their intent. Against such numbers you have no choice but to turn and run, however it is then that any chance of escape disappears as a further band of Hresh emerge from the trees ahead of you. They stand grimly in your way, scimitars raised against you. As you face off against these warriors the other Hresh circle your position their breathing heavy from the exertion of the chase. The clatter of drawn scimitars is answered only by the singular ring of your own sword.

The combat is swift, its end inevitable. Three of the Hresh fall before your sword but in the confines of the shadowed gully there are simply too many of the warriors. With the advantage of numbers they crowd in towards you and cut you down, a dozen blades piercing your body as you fall. In this quiet place your quest ends. Perhaps in another life you may find better luck.

THE END

503

The Morg attacks with astonishing speed and ferocity. In the dim light thrown by your lantern the Hordim is a shadowed blur edged by the dull reflection of its blade as it tries to strike at you. You have however, no intention of fighting with this wizened creature. Instead you judge the Morg's advance and carefully side-step its attempt to stab at you, turning quickly to its left shoulder. In the gloom of the King's Hall the Shimmera does its work relentlessly.

Before the Hordim can come to a sliding halt it drops its sword and grabs tightly at its temples. Falling upon one knee the Morg thrusts a

hand to the ground as it tries to steady itself. Caught within the grip of a terrible vertigo it is helpless, unable to regain its feet as the Hordim's world becomes a spinning wash of nausea. The Morg cannot know what is happening to it and you cannot hesitate in what you must do.

:bweshim; dwarven; mar u menon droya'felim; maagon:

The Hordim is helpless and under other circumstances you might be content to leave it to recover, the effects of the Shimmera persistent enough to allow a quick escape into the dark passages ahead; but you cannot afford to leave this Hordim behind alive. Although it is not an honourable act you drive your sword through its chest and watch as it falls dead to the cold floor. Quickly silence returns to the King's Hall, and in the quiet you drag the Hordim's body over to the tapestries and hide the corpse away beneath them.

For a moment you listen, searching the corners of the vast hall for any sign that you may have been discovered. There is no alarm nor challenge and in the shadows you recover your lantern and press on northwards.

Before you the hall reaches into the gloom, its high arches and ornately carved pillars a forest of stone that you journey within. For some time you follow the hall northwards, the many corridors and passages that line the outer halls all blocked, their ceilings collapsed, any exit from the King's Hall sealed by tonnes of fallen stone and broken masonry. Carefully you find a path deeper into the mountain and it is with a small measure of surprise that you soon find yourself at another junction, and a series of doors that have escaped the attention of the Hordim.

Turn to section 93.

504

Desperately you struggle against the crumbling edge of the gap, your hands finding a firmer purchase upon a projection of stone, but not before you slip further into the abyss. Hanging in the darkness you have one hand upon solid stone, the other clinging to a mat of desiccated roots that will not support your weight for long. For a

moment you do nothing, then slowly you gather your strength and drag yourself up and out of the chasm. Around you the edge of the rockface is an unstable aggregate of large stones and dry, loose earth. Quickly it begins to come apart as you bear your weight against it, however you are able to haul yourself out of the rift just enough to save yourself before the edge disintegrates completely.

In a cloud of dust and collapsing earth the ground falls away beneath you but only as far as your waist. With your fingers clawing at the loose earth you gain a purchase and pull yourself quickly from the unstable edge, only to watch as most of the remaining lip of the passage falls away into the darkness. Sweating profusely you prop yourself up against the wall of the tunnel and search the floor for your equipment. The torch sputters quietly in the dust and in its light you quickly find your pack and weapon. Unfortunately you discover that the force of your backpack's impact against the tunnel wall has caused your remaining provisions to fall into the dirt, spoiling most of them. If you had any remaining rations only one remains edible. (Record this on your status sheet. This does not apply to Nahla Bread however. If you have any remaining they have not been affected by the spill.)

With no pursuit behind, and no noise coming from further down the tunnel you rest quietly and consider your immediate dilemma. You cannot go back, the way is blocked by both the rift (which you couldn't jump now even if you wanted to) and the remnants of the Impaler trap. It would seem that Fate has determined that the only way is forward.

With nothing more than an ache in your chest to show for your ungainly landing you collect your belongings and slowly make your way further down the sloping tunnel. As you move forward the passage narrows, the rough hewn walls closing in on all sides until you can go no further. Before you the way is blocked by a small round metal door, locked solid and immovable.

If you have the Brigandry skill, and have in your possession a set of lockpicks, turn to section 457. If you do not have these but do have a large key taken from a sleeping Morg, turn to section 493. If you have none of these skills or items turn to section 422.

505

For a moment you consider what you should do. The Mutan is one of the more numerous of its kind, an underling that performs the menial tasks given by the Clavern'sigh, but with weapon in hand is as dangerous as any of the Hordim. From behind the turn in the passage you take off your pack and pull out the small mirror you found earlier. With this you know you can take advantage of the one thing the Mutan have in common with Men, curiosity.

Carefully you position the edge of the mirror at the base of the wall so that a portion of its reflective surface juts out into the corridor beyond. In the gloom of the passage the reflected light from behind is a dim flash of light that appears in the darkness as a flicker of illumination, winking out as quickly as it appears. Immediately the posture of the Mutan changes, its senses alert for another of the strange glimmers. From your position behind the turn in the passage you listen intently, hearing the guard stir at his post before taking one furtive step forward, then another. For the Hordim the flicker is too obvious to ignore but with no further occurrence the Mutan moves forward, intent on discovering its source. Most importantly of all it makes no alert, and as the creature moves up the passage you ready yourself.

Test your luck attribute. If you are successful turn to section 159. If you fail this test turn to section 45.

506

The weight of your body on the rim of the fountain has released a lethal trap upon you. Before you can turn to jump for safety tonnes of rock from the roof above crash down, pinning you to the floor and completely blocking the passage. When the dust settles everything is quiet. Instantly crushed to death by the giant boulders that have fallen from above you have no chance of escape. Here your quest ends. May you find better luck in another life.

THE END

507

Each of the Warbeasts keeps at arms-length, raking the floor with their long claws and snarling like pit-dogs as they search out your defences. Alone in the Great Hall you have little chance of escape and these beasts will be difficult to defeat together. As you try and keep the monsters at bay you reach into a small bag at your belt and retrieve the flashcharge you found earlier in your quest. In one quick movement you depress the lever that arms the device and then throw it carefully towards the nearest Warbeast. The creature stops and watches as the small metal cylinder rolls noisily across the floor towards it, sniffing curiously at the charge as it comes to rest against its front paw. It is the last thing the Warbeast ever does.

In a coruscation of light and exploding metal the flashcharge detonates, but with a power far beyond your expectation. Caught by the explosion the body of the Warbeast is torn apart, pieces of its form shredding across the Hall as shards of shrapnel that slice through the air like missiles. Desperately you fall to the floor and cover your head as the shards dig into the ground about you. It is only luck that keeps you from harm but the same cannot be said for your opponents. Taken by surprise you hear the second Warbeast cry out in pain and from within a cloud of dust and debris you jump to your feet, ready to take on the remaining monster. You are not a second too soon.

From the edges of the dust cloud you see the second Warbeast charging towards you. The first of the creatures is no more, its body a pile of broken stone but the second has not faired well either. Caught by the full force of the blast and its resulting shrapnel, it runs with one leg cut from beneath it and a huge gaping hole in its side. Shaking with pain and fury it is still a danger however, and one that will take all the skill at your disposal to defeat.

This remaining Warbeast has a combat value of 17 and an endurance of 12. If you defeat this creature turn to section 559. If however, it is the Warbeast that is victorious then it must be here that your quest ends. If this is so then it will be to another life that you should look for better luck and a stronger arm.

508

Within the darkness you dig your feet into the loose earth and begin the climb to safety. Amongst the dry roots and unstable earth you struggle to find a way back to the lip of the hole but it proves to be a

task that is beyond your strength. Weakened by days of fatigue and the hardships of the road you cannot find the reserves needed to make it out of the pit. Unable to maintain a secure hold your right hand slips from its purchase, and it is only a matter of moments before your left must give way as well. Silently you fall away into the darkness.

In a crushing impact you hit the hard dirt floor of the pit, a shower of debris and loose stone collapsing into the hole after you. Here the pit has widened into a circular chamber, the only light coming from high above as your torch sputters in the dirt at the edge of the pit. Encompassed within a pale circle of light you attempt to stand but at first you cannot. Winded, and with your left shoulder broken by the fall you grab up your weapon and peer into the gloom. All about you there comes the scurrying of hundreds of tiny feet, and soon enough you see the pinpoints of a thousand red eyes peering out of the darkness towards you.

Painfully you attempt to stand, but as you struggle to your feet you find yourself confronted by hundreds of large, hungry rats. In the shadows they begin to move in upon your lonely figure. With the aid of your blade you keep the filthy creatures at bay, but hunger soon overcomes all fear and as you begin to weaken they attack. In this pit you die. Torn and blooded by the ferocity of a thousand needle-fanged mouths you collapse into the dirt, your screams unheard. Here your quest ends. In another life you may find better luck.

THE END

509

The dark shape lies to the left of your intended path and gently you turn Pallenten towards it. From a distance it appears as a large pile of torn rags, but as you approach you find reason to slow your mount and place your hand firmly upon the hilt of your sword. In the bright light of day the wind-blown pieces of cloth focus quickly into the remains of a Hordim, and as you gain a better view of the creature you can see that it did not die easily. Carefully you scan the surrounding plain, and when you are sure that you are indeed alone you dismount and move quickly towards the body.

As soon as you are standing over the Hordim it is easy to recognise it as a Hresh warrior, and what remains of the creature's broken body tells you everything of its fate. Some twenty metres to the south you can also see a cleared area and the smoking embers of a small fire-

pit. At first glance it would appear that the Hresh had camped in the clearing and at some time in the previous night had been taken by one of the many predators that stalk the plains. Although there is not much remaining of the warrior there are deep cuts across its back and shoulders that could only have been made by the long talons of a Kreel, and as you look at the body you do not envy the Hordim's fate.

A closer look however, uncovers a far more complex turn of events to the Hordim's end. Tentatively you roll the Hresh onto its back and find a broken arrow shaft protruding from the centre of its chest. On the ground beneath it is the torn feather of an arrow flet, black in colour and edged in a golden yellow. Looking about the campsite you find both the bootprints of the Hresh and a number of smaller prints made by Men. It is clear that the Hordim had first been killed by Rangers of the Watch, the body then left to be scavenged by a passing Kreel. For a moment you consider the torn remains of the warrior and think that this is a lonely enough end for anyone.

:dehr delve hendu thay'eth u nemes; surgis:

But there is more to this tableau than just a dead Hresh. Searching the body you find nothing of value except a long braided string composed of a sequence of spaced knots. Held within a leather pouch you know it to be a message of some type, coded in its knots to tell a story for anyone knowing the key that can unlock it. At some time this creature's masters had sent it on a mission into the south, taking this message to other Hordim that have no doubt already found a hiding place within the lands of Men. Looking about the plain you wonder as to the messenger's destination and hope that it too was not making for Stoneholme. All the evidence you can see certainly indicates it was going in the right direction.

And then there is the matter of the Rangers of the Watch. These Soldiers of Kalborea guard all the high mountain passes that cross the Rift Mountains to the north, keeping at bay any Hordim that might try to make their way south. You have no doubt that once this Hresh had been detected by the Rangers that they would not have stopped until the Hordim was dead. Such Rangers however, also have little regard for Dwarvendim and as you check the plain once again you know you cannot allow yourself to come under their notice. They have proven

themselves professional and relentless guardians of the frontier but to those they owe no allegiance they have also proven themselves vindictive and cruel.

With no sign of anyone else in sight you take the message pouch and place it in your pack. (This item has very little weight and does not count towards your overall carry load. Record it within the artifacts found section of your character sheet.) For a moment you consider if you should bury the Hresh but you have no time to do it. Instead you smother the remains of the campfire with some dirt and remount Pallenten.

With nothing more that can be done here you leave the Hresh and ride southwards. Turn to section 374.

510

Unmistakable in the bright light of day, the black and grey uniform of the Ranger can mean only one thing. The soldier is a Ranger of the Watch, and such men have no duty other than to hunt down the enemies of Kalborea. In his haste he can be neither a messenger nor a scout sent to find you for some unknown purpose. If you have come to his attention it is only because he means to kill you.

Turning Pallenten away from the Kalborean you consider what you should do. You could try and outrun him, but Pallenten has been at the gallop for some time and you do not know how fresh the Ranger's mount may be. It would be a mistake to try and outdistance this attacker without knowing you have the reserves needed to maintain the chase. There is however, another option.

Long experience has shown you that the Rangers of the Watch are effective and efficient warriors, trained for the open grasslands and high mountain passes of their frontier duties. They do not however, traverse the Faeron Marshes willingly, preferring to keep to the wider paths that cross the central marshlands. It is a truth well known to all on the frontier that the Marshes are the domain of many beasts, and all are predators that lay quietly in wait for those unsuspecting enough to pass within their reach. If you are lucky enough you should be able to lose the Ranger in the maze of meres and bogs that spread as a patchwork across the marshes. If you are luckier you will also find your own way out alive.

If you wish to lose the Ranger within the marshes turn to section 576.
If you would rather stand your ground and fight, turn to section 517.

511

Locks such as these you have seen before, and more than one has given up its secrets with a small amount of the right attention. Carefully you take your pack from your shoulders and find the small eating knife that you brought with you. In the heat your hands are slick with sweat but you know exactly how to open this device, and it takes no more than a few minutes to do so. With the narrow tip of the blade you feel for the teeth within the lock that must be depressed, searching out the small ridges that will free the device's mechanism. Luck is with you for the lock has been well kept, and with a slight pressure turns easily on its oiled bearings. A sharp satisfying click is all you need to hear before you try the handle.

Turn to section 80.

512

The remains of the night pass without incident and the dawn brings with it clear skies and lighter winds. Well rested you make yourself a hot meal while Pallenten grazes on the plain beyond the entrance to the outcrop. (Record this on your character sheet.) After eating and putting away your equipment you walk out into the field and call her to you. At first you cannot see her but an answering neigh from behind a pile of boulders to the west marks where she is. After a moment the big horse canters out from behind the rocks and breaks into a gallop before coming to a halt at your side.

As the horse stands there you can sense that something is wrong. She is still, a look of unease in her eyes but then, as if by some distant call, she rears on her hind legs and turns and races for the distant forest road.

For a moment you do not understand what has happened, then you remember Tak Lovar's words. The horse was only to take you as far as the foothills. Now the horse must return to its master. Although you do not like it the rest of your quest will now have to be on foot. For some time you watch Pallenten disappear into the haze of the

morning and the dark forests beyond. You admit to yourself quietly that you have come to depend upon that horse a lot, and your task will be all the more difficult without her strength to aid you.

Collecting your belongings you strap your sword to your waist, shoulder your pack, and begin the last leg of your journey to Stoneholme.

The hot food and decent rest has given you new energy. Restore all lost endurance points to your character sheet and then turn to section 107.

513

Before you the tunnel angles up towards the mine entrance and you run with all the speed you can muster. Behind you the swarm swirls in a melee of blue light, one that illuminates the rough-hewn passage as they attempt to make up the distance between you. Sweating in the cool air you wonder at your folly and push on all the harder.

Quickly you make the large hall at the junction of the three passages and consider for a moment if you should take one of the other tunnels, but you know there can be no safety found underground. The only salvation from these blood-thirsty insects is the brighter light of day, and you run for the threshold, not stopping as you burst out of the mine entrance and fall headlong into the dirt at Pallenten's feet. For her part Pallenten looks at you, chewing on a mouthful of grass and seemingly unconcerned by your hurried exit, but you have no time to waste.

Fearing that the light of day may not be enough you turn back to the entrance and draw your sword. In the darkness you can hear the swarm milling at the edges of the light, buzzing and fluttering within the shadows, but they go no further. Breathing heavily you wait, expecting nothing more than a short pause before the swarm attacks again. With Pallenten munching grass in your ear you stand your ground but you are safe, the insects instead retreating to the quiet gloom of their own domain. At least this time you have survived.

Many of your fellow Dwarvendim have remarked that it is your curiosity that will one day lead you to an untimely end but it would seem that today will not be that day. The Needle Flies can have the mine as their own and you shall return to your journey. Whatever else may lurk within the mine will have to wait for another, less urgent time. You do not have the time to waste.

Remounting Pallenten you quickly check your horizons for any approaching danger and set off again on a south-westerly track. To the north-west you can see that the storm is building quickly and it is definitely moving your way. Already a stiff wind is beginning to rise from the north, and upon its bluster it brings with it a cold, moist chill that foreshadows a powerful tempest to come. At some time today this storm will overrun the plains and you will need to find shelter.

Turn to section 370.

514

There is a chance that the Ranger may still be in pursuit, and to ensure that you have escaped the Kalborean you decide to make your way further into the marshes. The trail is no more than a path cut by wild pigs as they make their way from feeding ground to feeding ground but it proves a stable, if narrow, pathway deep into the wetlands.

About you the Faeron is a hive of activity. The marshes are a haven for bird life even at this late time of the year. Flocks of waterfowl and migratory birds infest the many bogs and pools, finding refuge within wide fields of reeds, and the deep undergrowth that lines every pond of standing water. At every turn you see sign of wild pigs and the scattered tracks of a species of large rodent known as Cumari. Within the bandits gangs of Kalborea both have a deserved reputation as good eating, and you keep an eye open for any chance to take one for the pot.

Carefully you follow the trail as it finds its way around and between the mires and lakes of the marsh. You are sure that somewhere ahead is the Western Trail, a ruined but usable section of raised roadway that will quickly take you first into the west before turning southwards. If you are right it should bring you out upon the open plains some distance closer to the mountains. The Ranger's fate is less certain, though you are sure it will take days for him to find a way out. If Providence is kind you shall not see him again.

In time you come upon a fork in the path. One leads to the north-west, the other to the north-east. Both should intersect the trail you are looking for, you need only choose which you will take.

If the north-west trail seems best turn to section 553. If the north-east trail is your choice turn to section 580.

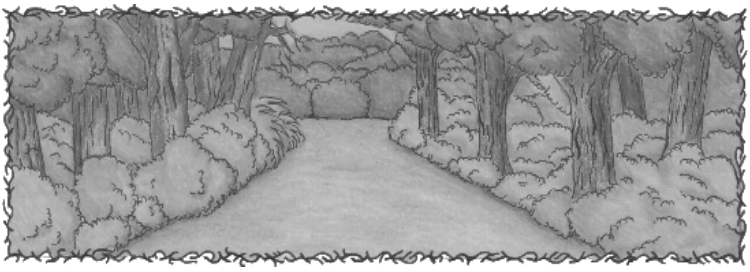

515

No answer arises and in the ensuing silence you draw Than'durion and make your way inside. The interior of the cabin is as ramshackle and ill-used as its exterior. There proves to be little in the way of furniture within its four walls, and apart from a bed, small table and a solitary chair it is empty. There can be no doubt that the decrepit structure was once someone's home, though it has not been so for some time.

There is something you recognise here however, and quickly you move outside to check on your growing suspicion that this cabin is more than it seems. Although the interior of the shack is bare there is ample evidence surrounding it to show that many men have visited, the hoof and boot prints evident of at least a dozen in the past days. Your own experience tells you that there is a reason for this and it can be found outside.

The Faeron is one of the few places in northern Kalborea where a bandit can find safety for both himself and his stolen goods. The many farmsteads and other structures that litter the marshes are excellent places to stow plunder, and where necessary to find the shelter of a safe roof over your head. The trick though, in using such places for your ill-gotten gains, is to hide them away so that other bandits, who can sometimes stumble upon the dwellings, won't find the goods themselves.

Each bandit gang has their own particular codes that they use to direct members to caches of goods and money, but there are also a standard set of directions that remain in common usage amongst most. Your earlier life with these gangs tells you that this isolated place is being used as a drop point, and if you are lucky you may be able to find it.

Intrigued by what you might discover here you go outside and look about the porch area. Inscribed as small cuts in the wood above the

door are three parallel lines no longer than the length of a finger. This is a good indication that the cabin is indeed the marker for a cache, but where it might be requires further investigation.

:dehr hoewck suud mar'shuil naer a'd aleth'on pa a'du velle:

Looking around the dwelling you come to the woodpile, neatly stacked against the side of the house. Although it is innocuous enough, the wood is newly cut and seems to have no purpose considering that the shack is deserted. Of all the things you have seen this woodpile is the one thing that is new, and it gives you pause to consider its true purpose. Quickly you realise that it is a pointer, one that draws a line directly to the edge of the clearing at you right.

Following the direction given you walk towards the thick vegetation and find near its border an area of ground that is far less stable than its surroundings. A quick test with your sword proves your suspicions, and it is then not hard to find a rope handle that you pull hard against. Immediately a long trap-door opens, hiding beneath it a narrow trench filled with an accumulation of stolen goods and provisions. After a quick look about the clearing you jump into the hole and search its contents.

A cursory survey of what you have found determines that most of the goods are of little value to your quest; most being clothing, personal jewellery and weapons of lesser quality than those you already possess. What you do find however, is more than a dozen ration packs, two flash-charges, and three small bottles of beer.

(You may take as much of the food as your carry load will allow. The provisions are bundled into packs equivalent to one ration each, but remember that you can only take what your character sheet allows you to carry. The two flash-charges are a valuable find. Each is a small tin-sized grenade capable of stunning the largest of creatures if used properly. The beer is something that may prove useful if you wish to take it. Each bottle will provide one point of endurance if drunk. All of these items are yours to acquire. Record their acquisition on your character sheet before you continue.)

Carefully you repack the remaining items and then replace the trapdoor as you found it. Calling Pallenten to your side you mount and turn her back to the trail. Although you have not found the

expected path to the main western track you have at least seen nothing more of the Ranger, and with this in mind you urge Pallenten forward.

With the afternoon now lost to your diversion into the marshes you follow the trail back to the fork and consider what you should do next.

If you wish to now take the north-west path turn to section 553. If you can see no benefit in doing this and would rather return the way you have come, retracing a southward path back to the open plains turn to section 578.

516

For a moment you wait, listening for any answer to your hail. All that you can hear in response is the bluster of the wind across the lake, but you know you heard something. Quickly you tether Pallenten at the landing and call out once again. In response there comes the crash of something falling within the house, not unlike plates or cutlery being dropped. Sure now that someone or something does reside within, you step out onto the narrow bridge and carefully make your way across to the farmhouse.

It is not an easy traverse, the bridge is a flimsy series of boards held above the water by equally unsound timbers, but it is stable enough for you to make it most of the way across before you find yourself coming to an abrupt halt. Ahead of you, and to the right of the farmhouse, there arises a slight disturbance in the water. It is nothing more than a ripple but it has not been caused by the wind. Something has moved beneath the lake's tranquil surface and you can see nothing of it through the dark waters.

Suddenly the lake erupts in a shower of water and grasping tentacles. Before you can react a huge limb, edged with suckers and sharp spines hits you squarely in the side and shoulder, sending you catapulting into the air. Thrown more than ten metres into the lake, you struggle for a footing and find that the water is not deep. Where you stand it is no more than waist high and as you grab for your sword your attacker looms out of the mere before you.

Like an opened bag of angry snakes the tentacles of a huge Watcher thrash the water, dragging the massive body of the squid-like predator out of its hiding place. In that moment of surprise you curse your own foolishness. There is always the chance that marshes such

as this might be infested with these monsters but there is little enough time to spare for self-recrimination. As you stand your ground the Watcher throws out its squirming limbs, cutting off any retreat you might have to the landing beyond. It means to have you for itself, though you have no intention of going quietly.

As a flock of water-fowl squawk into the air overhead the monster throws another limb towards you, its purpose to knock you backwards into the black water. With one arc of your sword you cut deep into its reaching limb and the entire Watcher shudders with the pain of it, but it will not be dissuaded from its meal so easily. From beneath the lake a flurry of tentacles lunge for your solitary form and there is nothing you can do except defend yourself.

The Watcher is an ambush predator. It prefers its meals easily taken, without too great a risk of harm to itself. Because of this the beast will only try so hard to have you. If you can put up enough of a fight it will retreat to its deep hiding place and simply wait for the next unsuspecting traveller to come its way. The Watcher has a combat value of 19 and an endurance of 21. If you survive four rounds of combat with this monster turn to section 557. If you cannot keep the beast at bay for this long then it is here that your quest ends, your fate to become its next meal. If this is the case then it must be to another life that you should look for better luck.

517

You look to the beckoning marshland and know that there are dangers residing within its dark borders greater than the Kalborean who rides so rapidly towards you. Drawing Pallenten to a halt you wait for the soldier, a small hope in your mind that he may have a peaceful purpose.

In a swift and determined movement the Ranger dismounts, drawing his sword as he runs at you. There can be no doubt now what the Rider's intention is. Before you can shout any question or explanation the Ranger grabs you firmly by your cloak and drags you off Pallenten, sending you toppling across her hind-quarters. Luckily you fall to the opposite side of the horse and this gives you the few precious seconds you need to regain your footing and draw Than'durion. With your sword flashing in the afternoon sun you gesture for the Kalborean to come and meet his fate.

You must fight this soldier of Kalborea. Powerful and well-trained, the Rangers of the Watch are formidable opponents and it will take all the skill you can muster to defeat this one. The Ranger has a combat value of 18 and an endurance of 16. If you win this battle turn to section 415. If it is the Ranger that prevails it will be here upon the open grasslands that your quest will end. Perhaps in another life you shall find better luck.

518

The Mutan is an agile and swift opponent but in the confines of the corridor the Hordim's knife is no match for your weapon. In the gloom its large eyes are nothing more than pits of shadow, however its countenance is grimly determined and its attack is relentless. Striking out with its short blade the Mutan probes your defences, lunging and slashing in an attempt to find a weakness it can exploit. There is no way though, that you can allow the Hordim to raise an alarm and in the confines of the corridor you press your advantage. The guard is both wounded and out-matched, and in the bloody conflict can maintain only a token resistance before you put it down with a lethal blow to the chest. Staggering backwards the emaciated creature falls and lays still, a wide pool of foaming liquid spreading quickly from the hapless sentry's gaping wound. As the Hordim's blood seeps between cracks in the stone floor it begins to react with the rock, eating away at its edges and sending fuming vapours boiling away as it works upon the floor-stones. In that moment you step back and cover your mouth with your hand, but quickly you realise that more than the stone floor is being worked upon.

The smell of the Mutan's blood is fetid beyond belief, its action as corrosive as any acid you have encountered. In the half-light you see your weapon smoking, its metal sheen disappearing beneath the

smouldering liquid's relentless attack. In fear of it doing damage you quickly attempt to remove the blood but it proves a stubborn adversary. It is a thick, clinging mess and in desperation you tear off a piece of the Mutan's tunic, trying to wipe it away but succeeding only in spreading it further along the blade. It is not until you sluice the metal with some of your drinking water that the corrosive fluid falls away. Luckily the damage has been minimal, the edge of your weapon still keen. After making sure none of the blood remains you stand at the turn in the passage and decide your next move.

Will you try the door of the first room. If so, turn to section 247. If you wish to continue down the passage to the second doorway you should turn to section 229.

519

Before the Hresh have a chance to raise the alarm you make a run for the entrance to Stoneholme. Quickly you ascend the stairway, urgent shouts from the clearing telling you that the Hresh have spotted your flight. Without turning to see if the Hordim are in pursuit you race for the huge arching entranceway, your boots pounding against the hard stone as you go. Behind you there comes the harsh clatter of the Hordim as they make the stairs, but for a few moments you are out of their sight and it is an opportunity that you cannot let pass.

Quickly you turn from the entrance and instead make for the stone balustrade that edges the platform at your left. With the sound of the Hresh about to make the top of the stairs you throw yourself over the side of the balustrade and drop back down onto the grassy clearing at its base. You land heavily against the spongy turf but you cannot wait to see what the Hresh might do. At the run you follow the edge of the platform and find a place to hide. Against the sheer stone wall a huge tree root has found a purchase in an exposed join, forcing the stone blocks apart and opening a small triangular nook that will suit your purpose well. Without hesitation you bound onto the root and then push your way into the fracture's shadows. Crouched within the tight embrace of the stone you wait, your fate turning on whether any of the Hordim have seen you.

Above you the entrance erupts in a melee of activity and noise. From within your hiding place you can hear the Hordim searching the

platform, their deep guttural voices a mix of shouted command and disciplined reply, the clank of armour and sword a rhythmic and menacing backdrop to the search. Almost immediately shadows are drawn across the grass ahead of you as two of the Hresh lean over the balustrade above to search the wide clearing at the forest's edge. Carefully you push yourself deeper into the crevice and wait as they conduct an earnest survey of the open ground. As you hold your breath and consider what might happen if you are discovered, you have a chance to listen to the warriors and are struck immediately by the nature of their language.

It is true that there are few Men who understand the different dialects spoken by the Hordim, but as you hold to the thin hope that you will not be discovered you listen to the urgent conversation above and recognise that many of the words are familiar to you. One in particular gives you hope that you are about to be overlooked. As the long shadows of the Hordim point towards the forest you hear one say "arborim", which you know to mean trees in the Elder Tongue. Quickly the warriors leave the balustrade, their menacing shadows pulling back from the open ground ahead of you.

Almost immediately a group of Hresh move onto the clearing, making their way purposefully for the trees before disappearing into the understory. Your skin goes cold as you realise that at any moment one of the Hordim might turn and see you, but they are focused on the surrounding forest, and as you try and find a deeper shadow to withdraw into you watch as they beat the undergrowth, their desire to find you evident in the energy they expend in their attempt to discover some sign of your passing. For a good half hour the entrance to Stoneholme is a hive of activity, yet somehow you go unnoticed and soon the commotion fades, the coming and going of the Hordim lost to the quieter sounds of the forest.

When all is once again quiet you move carefully to extricate yourself from the cleft in the stone. Stiff and sore from the confines of your hiding place you tentatively peer out into the clearing and then search the edges of the forest for any sign of the Hresh. At all sides the way seems clear so with no more time to waste you pull yourself out of the fracture, over the huge tree root and onto the soft ground of the clearing. For a moment you wait, sure that a call will arise but none comes and carefully you make your way along the side of the platform.

Some twenty metres from your hiding place you find a series of

breaks in the stone wall that provide an easy climb back onto the platform above. You do not wish to try your luck on the stairs again, and it seems prudent to ensure that the way into Stoneholme is open before you make any further attempt at entering. Carefully you find the foot and handholds you need to climb, and soon you are peering over the lip of the platform at the dark entranceway. The platform is indeed clear, all sign of the Hordim gone. Still, you wait a few moments before pulling yourself onto the hard stone and finally stand. At your left shoulder an immense statue of a Dwarvendim Warrior searches the forest, its arm raised in greeting to the eastern horizon. If you are to save the descendants of all who built these great monuments, you think, it is best that you tarry no longer here. Without any further hesitation you make for the entrance.

The Imperial Entrance to Stoneholme awaits. Turn to section 83.

520

Desperately you claw at the edges of the chasm but there is nothing that will stop your inevitable plunge into the rift below. Using all the strength you have remaining you try and haul yourself out of the gap, however the rigours of your quest have left you with no reserves and your strength fails you. In this dark place, blanketed in shadow, you fall into the abyss. When you are gone nothing remains but the last dying flickers of your torch and the deep rumbling of the waters below. In this life your quest is over. In the next you may find better luck.

THE END

521

Quickly you move onto the bridge but pause as something long forgotten floods back into your memory. Quickly you take the small piece of stonewood from your pocket and hold it before you. With the proximity of the Shan'duil it burns like a blue fire, reacting to the vast power beneath you, but it is a power constrained as if it is waiting for you to command it into action. It is an invitation that you will not refuse.

With the shard in your hand you utter the only word that you think

may help. Across its smooth surface you whisper the one word that can help you - theoduris - and as it is lost to the thundering melee of the cavern you watch as the stonewood comes to life.

In a blinding flash of pure white light the stonewood shard erupts, pouring forth a growing sphere of clear energy that envelopes you, muffling the relentless thunder of the Shan'duil and shielding your life essence from the touch of the River. For a moment you pause, watching the enormous power of the River of Life wash against the sphere, only the vibration in the stone beneath your feet a reminder to the power that moves about you. With the shard in hand you take a deep breath and advance further onto the bridge.

Within the protection of the spherical shield you move quickly across the span of the bridge. It stands more than two hundred metres in length and rests on its foundations as a single arch of stone, impossibly thin for its reach but solid underfoot nonetheless. In the glaring illumination of the Shan'duil the entire cavern is brought into view as you run, and in that blazing light you begin to see things that were not at first apparent.

For a moment you stop at the mid-point of the span and look down into the River of Life. Through the curious filter provided by your sphere of protection the Shan'duil is clearer and within its surging flow you begin to see other lights and apparitions moving with its ebb and rush. You cannot say what these forms are but they exist in great multitudes, following the main wash of the River and all its tributaries as they run from the cavern. It is a spectacle that keeps you enthralled, but as you stand within the safety of the sphere other apparitions also come into focus and with these you cannot remain a spectator.

On the bridge before you a dark shape materialises, one of a vast flowing melee of spectral shapes that now fill the air. You are sure that it is the magic of the sphere that has brought them into view but the gangled form that now stands before you can see you as well, and as you turn to face it you know that it is not there for your benefit.

Standing roughly man-sized it is a grotesque apparition of a Hresh, somehow existing both within the real world and beyond it. Flowing and moving in a shimmering dance of vapours and shadows it advances upon you, taking what life energy it has from the closeness of the Shan'duil. In one hand it holds a very real scimitar and it means to do you harm.

This Dreyadim exists in the real world only because of the proximity of the River of Life. It is one of the many Hordim who have

failed the test that would have allowed them entry into Hallen'draal, and with their dishonour have been given over to the service of the Dreya Tree. This apparition has no mind of its own but it will follow all the instincts of its kind, and unlike its living counterpart has only a tenuous hold on its semi-corporeal form. Caught upon the bridge you cannot avoid conflict with this spectral being.

The Dreyadim Hresh has a combat value of 16 but no endurance. Combat with such a phantom will continue only until you win a combat round that strikes a full four point hit against the Hresh. At that time the combat is over, the Dreyadim dissolving back to its rightful place in the Underworld. If you are successful with this combat turn to section 530. If it is the Hresh who is victorious turn to section 5

522

For a short time you stand before the vast wall of shimmering light and consider what it is. Many years before, at a time when you were safely within the walls of the Temple at Das Frontiere you knew a Maturi of great knowledge and wisdom. The Maturi would talk often of the wonders of EarthMagic, and specifically the all-encompassing power of the Shan'duil, the River of Life. For the River, he said, nothing was impossible and such was the breadth of its power that it could display to those who sought it the very secrets of time and space.

You remember very clearly one such conversation where he described the wonders of the Time Stream, a device artificed by the ancient Trell as a tool to observe the past and gain clues to the many diverging paths of the future. In your naivety you had put aside the idea of such a thing as an impossibility but here it stands before you, and in its moonlit reflections you mouth an apology to the Maturi for your disbelief.

There are two things however that you remember with great clarity. The first is that the Time Stream is not harmful to Men, and because of this you should be able to walk through it without difficulty, gaining access to the exit on the other side of the hall. The second does not provide you with equal confidence. A Time Stream it has been said, is a device that requires the proximity of the Shan'duil itself to function. Somewhere very close is the River of Life, and it is a Power beyond the

reckoning of most Men. What its proximity may mean to you is unknown.

Carefully you move towards the Time Stream, placing your hand upon its rippling surface and finding that it is warm to the touch but not harmful. When you are sure that it is safe you take a deep breath and plunge into its flowing energy. To your surprise the Stream is thick, more than two metres in depth and it takes a few moments to force a path through it. Like a heavy fluid it clings to your skin and only releases its hold on you once you have passed cleanly through.

Once upon the other side the exit stands open and beckoning. Without looking back you make for the threshold and find that it is the entrance to another wide staircase, one that descends even further into the mountain. As you peer into the seemingly endless depths you can only wonder if there is an end to the delvings in this place. With only a small hesitation you take to the stairs and begin your descent.

Turn to section 588.

523

In this life you prefer to take those paths that are known to you, and this ring of mists is a mystery you do not wish to test with your life. Quickly you turn from the swirling vapours and retrace your steps back to the lake shore. In the quiet of the huge cavern you can hear little, but within the silence there comes every so often the sounds of shifting grit and falling stone, hitting the smooth dark waters and sending slow ripples outwards across the lake surface. It is a dark and eerie place, and one you must find a way out of.

With all your equipment gone, and with no food you cannot survive long in such a cavern. Determined to find another way out you search the length of the pebble beach, checking each nook and cranny, old fracture or stone fissure that might harbour another exit from the lake shore. In the cold air it is a desperate and fruitless exercise, one which leaves you sitting on the hard pebbles, staring out at the smooth surface of the water before you, and left with little hope and no place to go. Perhaps you think, the ring of mists may be your only chance after all.

As you wait upon the narrow shoreline there comes within the stillness a strange muffled vibration. It is not audible at first, nothing more than a tremor that runs through the stone about you, disturbing the lake's placid surface. But as you listen you begin to hear a

pounding, a strangely distant drumbeat that echoes within the stone chamber, getting louder and louder as you watch for some sign of its origin.

Suddenly out in the centre of the lake a large chunk of rock hits water, sending a plume of dark liquid erupting into the air. Surprised by the sudden movement in this quiet place you stand and watch as more stone falls out of the ceiling and into the lake below. With each falling shard the vibrations increase, and in a rising thunder you begin to recognise what the noise is that now echoes within the cavern. It is the sound of crushing stone, of rock being torn and smashed by something that needs it out of the way. You have heard this sound before.

In an explosion of scattering rock the ceiling of the cavern collapses downwards, a huge section of the roof falling as massive slabs of stone plummet into the dark waters. Within the tumult of collapsing stone and earth you see falling the spectral aura of the Druhl, and as it falls it lets out a hideous scream that resonates within the cavern like a detonation. All to quickly you realise that you have not escaped this beast wrought of stone and magic after all. It has come for you.

Like a wave panic sets upon you, but you are not to be undone yet. Salvation may still lie beyond the mists of the stone ring and with this one hope in mind you run for the stairs. Across the loose pebbles you make for the archway that will take you away from the lake shore but within the gloom there comes a greater threat looming in the darkness. Across the surface of the lake there rises a wall of black water, stirred by the impacts of falling stone and the immense bulk of the Dragon. Before you can make the stairs it hits, a solid blow that throws you against the stone walls of the cavern then drags you out into the cold depths.

For only a few moments you remain conscious, the chilling water sapping what strength you have from muscles that have endured too much already. It is only at the last that you see the spectral Dragon moving through the water towards you. Without strength or hope you wait for the end that must come, and it arrives quickly upon the edges of the Druhl's skeletal teeth. In this life your quest is over.

THE END

524

The passage directly ahead is large and stands closest to your entry into the cavern. With no other factors to guide you it seems the best choice. For a moment you pause and search out the space, looking for any sign that there is something more than just broken rock within this chamber. What you see is a wide field of smashed stone and shattered crystal, curiously piled in undulating heaps that reminder you of the tailing mounds common to many mines in the east of Kalborea. In this subterranean chamber the mounds stand out only as a curiosity, but one that will certainly slow any quick traverse of the cavern floor. If however, this is your only difficulty you decide that it will be a small inconvenience at best.

Quickly you take to the open floor and begin climbing over and around the stone mounds. Most are made up of pulverised rock but others stand as huge accumulations of stone and crystal, haphazardly thrown into unstable heaps that you avoid deliberately in the gloom. It is hard and slow work, the terrain working against any chance of you quickly making for the western exit. When you are at the half way mark of your passage a noise to your left brings you to a halt. It is an insignificant fall of stone somewhere in the gloom, but within the silent space it resonates, echoing off the hard walls and causing you to pause and wait.

Searching the shadows you hear another sound of movement in the dark but this time it is a definite sign of something rousing itself, coming to life within the darkest corner of the chamber and it is big, very big. With no further hesitation you quicken your pace, leaving any pretence of stealth behind as you scramble over the stone mounds. Only fifty metres from the western exit the mounds end and you find yourself instead upon an open space, clear of the undulating stone piles. Standing upon the open floor you draw your weapon and peer into the darkness. Suddenly the chamber erupts as a monstrous screech shakes the quiet, bringing down stalactites from the ceiling and sending a sharp vibration crashing through the floor beneath you. Before you can move the shadows disgorge a nightmare and for a heartbeat you cannot believe what you have encountered.

Like an apparition the creature detaches from the surrounding shadows, its enormous bulk wrapped in a spectral aura of rushing vapours and dark energy. From your vantage you watch, unable to discern immediately what it is, but sure that it is a magical construct of some type. Before your eyes it moves closer, raising itself upon huge

legs before extended a pair of wide wings into each corner of the cavern. In the darkness your blood runs cold.

You do not know what it is but a more knowledgeable soul could tell you that it is a Druhl, a construct of magic, bone and rock, created in the form of a monstrous Dragon for only one purpose, to act as a Guardian for the very caverns you now journey through. For you however, it is simply a nightmare and in the confines of the cavern you cannot help but stare at it, transfixed by the raw hatred that seeps from it like blood from an open wound.

Standing upon its rear legs it is the petrified skeleton of an ancient Dragon, wrapped in a black writhing aura that holds it together, its body a moving morass of rock and fractured stone gathered from the cavern floor. In the gloom it moves purposefully forward then comes to a halt before the entrance to the south-western passageway.

Before you can move the Dragon raises its head and screeches into the roof of the cavern. It is a deafening cry that echoes like a high-pitched thunderclap through the open spaces, collapsing stone from the walls at all sides and bringing down huge pieces of crystal from the roof overhead. The shear size of the spectral creature chills you to the bone; its ragged, grinding form moving ponderously as it charges directly for you. In this place you feel the malevolence and hatred that fuels its malice and you can have no doubt that if it can reach you it will kill you.

Turning on your heel you run for the western passage, the huge creature smashing at the ground behind you in its attempts to chase you down. Within this cacophony of grinding rock and clouds of dust you race for the western exit. About you the air chills, the cold despite of the beast's presence sapping your strength even as you make the threshold of the passage.

Sure that you are now safe you are not prepared for what happens next. In the gloom a shimmering wall suddenly appears before you, a solid field of energy that you cannot avoid. At the run you hit the barrier, your body thrown backwards in a jolting thrust, your arms flailing as you try and maintain some control over your trajectory. In a cloud of dust and grit you hit the floor and skid to a halt.

Stunned by the barrier's violent resistance you shake your head and search your memory for some clue of what it is that confronts you. With the Druhl only a few heartbeats from where you stand you search the passage beyond the shimmering wall and find what you are looking for embedded upon a small granite plinth only metres

ahead. It is a Shieldstone, a talisman of the ancient world and no doubt erected to keep the spectral beast behind you from straying beyond the confines of the cavern. For a moment you despair, for only someone with a piece of stonewood can pass beyond such barriers. If you do not move quickly this Shieldstone will serve its purpose and be the death of you as well.

If you have a piece of stonewood in your possession turn to section 595. If you do not hold a shard of the Silvan Tree turn to section 562.

525

Attempting to make as little noise as possible you place your back against the door and push with all the strength you can muster. The door does not budge. It seems to be locked solidly from the other side, and has been designed so that no obvious access can be gained from the Great Hall. Having failed at your first attempt you then try to lever the door open with your weapon, but it is immovable and you risk damaging its blade. For a moment you consider what might lie beyond this barrier, but the door is solidly locked and you can seen no obvious way to open it. After a quick, but unsuccessful search of the wall surrounding the door you give up, and with no further time to waste decide to try another of the exits from the Great Hall.

If you have not already done so will you?
Investigate the alcove further along the northern wall? If so turn to section 239.
Try and open the first door in the southern wall? Turn to section 31.
Try and open the second door in the southern wall? If this is your choice turn to section 189.
Try and open the door in the eastern wall? If so turn to section 161.

526

Beyond a high stone archway the staircase opens into an immense natural cavern. Bathed in a deep blue light massive rock formations formed as huge pillars arch overhead, reaching out as vast branches across a chamber that overreaches a wide flowing river of incandescent light. Like starlight made fluid the river of energy pounds and surges along a deep chasm of fractured stone and then

through a series of clefts and chasms branches out as a river might feed its tributaries. In the bluish glow it takes a moment for your eyes to adjust but within the azure vista it does not take long for you to identify the only path that you can take.

Directly before you is a wide chasm, edged by steep cliffs that descend deep into the earth. Within this abyss the Shan'duil ebbs and surges, a brilliant blue river pulsing with energy, its undeniable power prickling at your skin as you look out over the huge gulf that separates you from the farthest side of the cavern. Upon the edges of the abyss stands a narrow platform of smooth stone, fashioned as a landing from which extends a long arching bridge. In a smooth curve of finely artificed masonry the bridge spans the River, finding its furthest purchase upon another landing at the chasm's far edge. In the rough interior of the cavern the bridge is a wondrous piece of architecture, a span that must have withstood the power of the Shan'duil for millennia.

For a time you stand at the entrance to the stairway and survey what you have found. At each end of the bridge stands two immense statues of polished black obsidian. Wrought as hooded priests of the ancient world they rise twenty metres above the highest arch of the bridge; and in their dark majesty look towards a shrine built into the far wall of the cavern.

Beyond the reach of the bridge, within an alcove carved from the natural rock, there has been raised a stepped platform, and upon its upper surface stands the statue of a leafless tree, as large and powerful as a mature Oak. From your position you can see the tree is artificed in white stone but radiates with the blue energy of the River, and as you watch you see its aura pulsing in time with the surging rush of the Shan'duil itself.

Apart from the landings and the bridge there is no other way forward. As the Shan'duil surges within the abyss you can feel the proximity of its power beginning to affect you. As a prickling touch the blue energy washes across your skin, and with each pulse you can sense a small piece of your own energy merging with the greater rush of the River. In this place it does not take long for you to realise that the warning posted against the Hordim also has meaning for Men as well. Stay too long in the presence of this Power and by degrees it will take your life.

You have no way back so the only way must be forward, across the bridge. Carefully you leave the stairway exit and move out onto the

landing. Before you extends the bridge. Upon its first steps you see that it is some ten metres wide and bordered by a high stonework balustrade, through which a blue aura swirls and twists as you watch. All about you is a deafening thunder, one that echoes about the great cavern, sending deep vibrations shuddering through the stone beneath you. What you notice most though, is the increasing sensation of your remaining energy being drained from you with each surge of the River. It is too potent a danger to allow hesitation. If you are to survive the crossing of the great stone bridge you must move ahead now.

If you have the skill of Lorecraft and you have a piece of stonewood in your possession turn to section 521. If you have the skill of Lorecraft but do not possess any stonewood turn to section 533. If you do not have the skill of Lorecraft turn to section 591.

527

The Druhl thunders across the cavern, its massive clawed feet pounding in echoing tremors that lift jagged pieces out of the stone floor as it runs. Ahead you see the exit but the ground is a morass of fallen stone and drifts of piled dust, and before you can make the passage the broken flooring trips you up, sending your sprawling into a mound of dust-covered debris. Even as you fall you know that the beast will not allow you to escape, and in this sunless place the end comes quickly enough.

In a gout of dust you fall hard against the unforgiving stone but as you try and recover your footing the Dragon's dark bulk rears upon you. In a bone-crushing impact a clawed fist slams down, crushing the life from your body, leaving nothing but a stain upon the cold stone. In this life your quest is over. Do not despair however, for in another life you may well find better luck.

THE END

528

Upon the high stairway you make your way, leaving behind the rough natural caverns below and rising slowly into the familiar structures of Dwarvendim-made stonework. Quickly the stairway changes, turning from a tight spiralling well into a long slanting incline that works its way directly northwards. Within the stairway

you struggle against the endless stairs, resting when you can, taking food if you have it. It is a long ascent; a gruelling climb upon steps worn and aged by the passage of countless Men and Hordim through the years, but one that ultimately ends within the confines of a small torch-lit room.

Throwing your pack to one side you place your weapon beside you and slump against the nearest wall. For a time you rest against its smooth stone, recovering your breath and wondering what must confront you next. The stairway is a gloom-filled pit from which you can barely discern the distant sounds of the beast, working its fury against the mountain far below. If you are lucky, you think, your quest will be over well before the creature can find its way into the world of Men. As you listen for any further signs of danger you look around the room and consider what must be your next move.

The chamber is square and smooth-walled, and completely bare except for a small archway that provides an exit in its eastern wall. The exit however, is covered by what seems to be a heavy piece of fabric and as you push tentatively against it you realise that it is more than mere cloth. Slowly you place your hand against the moving fabric and discover that if you push hard enough your fingers pass right through it. It is a curious and disconcerting sensation but one that you will have to endure further if you are to find your way out of this room.

Grabbing up your pack and equipment you move towards the archway and try to force a path through. In a constricting embrace the fabric resists, fighting your attempts to leave the room, but as you struggle harder you find yourself able to push a way through, somehow passing beyond its fibrous barrier into what proves to be a wide chamber beyond. When you are through the archway you come to a halt and wait as your eyes adjust to the gloom. With some relief you recognise that you have indeed returned to the halls of Stoneholme.

As your vision adjusts you look about the hall and quickly discover that it is a large natural cavern, one that has been cunningly sculpted as a huge rectangular space supported at each corner by an immense Dwarvendim warrior. High overhead the roof arches into an ornate vault upon which a rich tracery of leaf and vine has been carved, intertwined within the natural roughness of the stone. For a short time you admire the artifice of your ancestors but movement from one of the passages brings you quickly back to the dangers of your quest.

From your knowledge of Stoneholme you know that you have found the Great Hall, once the meeting place of Kings and the true heart of the Fortress. It was here that Morgen the Younger held the business of his court and ultimately where the treachery of his allies was uncovered. If you are right the Deep Vault should lie very close indeed.

In the shadows you see that you have entered the Hall upon its western edge, close to the colossal feet of one of the Dwarvendim warriors. The hall extends before you for more than two hundred metres and is at least half as wide, illuminated by a dim yellowed glow that permeates the natural rock overhead. Within this half-light you identify a number of other exits standing silent in the darkness.

At your left shoulder is a wide archway, the threshold to a set of stairs that lead upwards into the stone of the mountain. From this dark opening you can hear the distant sounds of movement and the unmistakable voices of Hordim approaching. They are still some distance away but there is no good reason to take these stairs. If you are right about where you are the Deep Vault should lie somewhere below this hall, not above it.

In the low light you see another door in the northern wall at your left and next to it a deep alcove set into the stone. In the southern wall there is also two other doors and in the distance one further exit cut into the eastern wall ahead. Carefully you adjust your pack upon your shoulders and place your hand against the fabric covered opening to the archway behind you. To your bewilderment the archway is gone, nothing but the rough stone of the wall greeting your fingertips as you run them along the hard rock. Curious as to what has happened you push against the stone, then search the wall for any evidence that an opening existed. You can find nothing, but as you ponder this mystery sounds come from the near stairway that tell you the Hordim are getting closer. It is time to move on.

If you wish to try the nearest door in the northern wall turn to section 48. If you think it better to try the near door in the southern wall turn to section 31. If the second door in the southern wall is more promising turn to section 189. If however, you would like to investigate the alcove carved into the northern wall first turn to section 239. If none of these options seem best and you would rather take the door in the far eastern wall turn to section 161.

529

There is no benefit to remaining so exposed and as the creature moves in the gloom you sheathe your blade and find a place to hide within a ramshackle mound of fallen crystal and smashed rock. In the darkness you remain still, searching the shadows for any sign of the beast. It is only a matter of a few minutes before the creature emerges into view.

Like an apparition a monstrous beast detaches from the surrounding shadows, its enormous bulk wrapped in a spectral aura of rushing vapours and dark energy. From your vantage you watch, unable to discern immediately what it is, but sure that it is a magical construct of some type. Before your eyes it moves closer, raising itself upon huge legs before extending a pair of skeletal wings into the far corners of the cavern. In the darkness your blood runs cold.

You do not know what it is but a more knowledgeable soul could tell you that it is a Druhl, a construct of magic, bone and rock, created in the form of a spectral Dragon for only one purpose, to act as a Guardian for the very caverns you now journey through. For you however, it is simply a nightmare and in the confines of the cavern you cannot help but stare at it in disbelief.

Standing upon its rear legs it is the petrified skeleton of an ancient Dragon, wrapped in a black, writhing aura that binds it together, its body a moving morass of rock and fractured stone gathered from the cavern floor. In the gloom it moves purposefully forward then comes to a halt before the entrance to the south-western passageway. For a moment it pauses, looking into the darkness before turning in your direction, sniffing the air as it searches you out. It knows you are here, however it cannot yet find you.

Before you can move the Dragon raises its head and screeches into the roof of the cavern. It is a deafening cry that echoes like a high-pitched thunderclap through the open spaces, collapsing stone from the walls at all sides and bringing down huge pieces of crystal from the roof overhead. The shear size of the spectral creature chills you to the bone, its ragged, grinding form moving ponderously as it searches the ground, looking for you. Within the pile of stone you remain unnoticed but this cannot remain so for long.

In a building rage the beast begins to throw large chunks of rock, skidding them across the floor, smashing and pulverising the mounds in a systematic attempt at flushing out the trespasser it senses within the cavern. As one of the pieces slams into the ground only a few

metres from where you hide you know it is time to get away from this ghostly apparition. If you remain here it will find you, and there can be no doubt that if it does you will die.

The Druhl has cut off any exit through the south-western passage. Only the larger western exit ahead and the smaller passage at its right remain open. If you are to escape this beast you will have to make for one of them and hope the Dragon will not be fast enough. If it is the western passage you wish to take turn to section 554. If you believe the smaller passage in the north-west will be more prudent turn to section 582.

530

For only a moment you wonder whether the protective sphere that keeps you safe from the power of the Shan'duil will also be an effective defence against the Dreyadim. It is a hope that proves short-lived. At a howling rush the Hresh charges, swinging its scimitar in a wild frenzy, pushing through the energy of the sphere and shouldering you hard in the chest. Caught by surprise you fall backwards, the Hresh upon you in an instant, its scimitar raised high, ready to deal a lethal blow.

Without thinking you kick out with your legs, smashing into the creature's knees and toppling him backwards onto the smooth stone of the bridge. In the passing of a heartbeat you regain your feet and stand your ground, the Hresh already on its own feet, the scimitar waving in wide arcs as it runs for you once again.

In its mindless rage the spectral Hordim acts instinctively, using all the strength of its semi-corporeal form in a series of blows that crash against your blade, forcing you backwards as it strikes. Placed on the back foot by the ferocity of the attack you know that it is only a matter of time before the Dreyadim will find an opportunity to strike a deadly blow, and you cannot allow that to happen. As the ghostly Hordim raises its scimitar to strike at you once more you thrust outwards with your weapon, passing its keen edge directly through the Hresh's chest. In a spasm of pain mixed with surprise its form begins to collapse and then dissolves away, the Dreyadim screaming its anguish and frustration as it dissipates into nothingness.

For a moment you catch your breath and wonder at what else might lay before you, but there is precious little time left to you to

ponder it. Before you have a chance to regain your energy you sheathe your weapon and make a run for the end of the bridge. About you the dark forms of the Dreyadim spiral around the span, swirling in great clouds of malevolence but unwilling to confront you again. Without waiting to see what they might do you make for the far side of the chasm and soon find yourself standing before the shrine, and the enormous white tree.

Your knowledge of Lore tells you that this is a Taal, a shrine built in supplication to the Silvan Tree but for a purpose that is unknown to Men. Standing upon its intricately decorated platform the Tree rises at least forty metres over your head and apart from its pure white form seems to be a perfect reproduction of a living tree, down to the texture of its bark and the fragile form of the twigs that rest at the end of its enormous branches. In the blue glow of the cavern it radiates an aura just as intense, drawing power from the vast flowing river of light at your back.

Looking up you wonder at who must have carved the Tree, but as you watch you begin to see it moving as if caught in an unfelt breeze. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the tree sways to and fro, its branches stressing and bending to a wind that you cannot feel. In the immensity of the cavern it glistens like a jewel and you cannot help but stare at its perfection, watching it sway to the power of the Shan'duil and pulse with a blue fire that entwines itself through its branches. Truly, you think, you have found here one of the wonders of this world.

As you stand transfixed by the Tree the sphere of protection dissolves around you and suddenly the power of the River bursts back into your consciousness. In a tremendous crash of noise and prickling energy you realise the danger that can still take you if you remain within the cavern too long. To escape the pounding thunder you move quickly around to the other side of the Tree and find behind its platform an area of rock wall that has collapsed outwards, covering the ground at the rear of the Taal with debris and smashed stone.

It takes only a quick survey of the area to see that at some time in the past somebody has dug a tunnel into the cavern, a rough hole of cut stone that leads out of the domain of the Shan'duil. For all the wonder of this place you know you cannot stay, and without looking back you take to the tunnel and disappear into its darkness.

Turn to section 551.

531

The climb is not beyond you but you cannot tell how sound the stone may be along its full reach. It is not your first choice but you decide that it will be better to try and force a way through the flowing barrier.

Carefully you move towards the shimmering light, placing your hand upon its rippling surface and finding that it is warm to the touch but not harmful. When you are sure that it is safe you take a deep breath and plunge into its flowing energy. To your surprise the rushing stream is thick, more than two metres in depth and it takes a few moments to force a path through it. Like a heavy fluid it clings to your skin and only releases its hold on you once you have passed cleanly through.

Once upon the other side the exit stands open and beckoning. Without looking back you make for the threshold and find that it is the entrance to another wide staircase, one that descends even further into the mountain. As you peer into its shadowed depths you wonder if there is an end to the delvings in this place. With only a small hesitation you take to the stairs and begin your descent.

Again you find yourself on a long decline, the stairway a straight arrow inclined directly to the root of the mountain. In construction it is the same as that which you have passed through before but unlike the previous stairs there is no silvered reflections to give you light. Instead the stairway is bathed in a blue glow unlike anything you have seen before, and it ebbs and flows up the steps like a heartbeat pounding in the earth itself.

Upon the seemingly endless stairs you make your way, watching always for any sign that danger is near. Beyond all thoughts of your quest however, lay the resonating energy of what resides below. Each minute upon the stairs comes with a growing sensation of power, of an unfettered energy that crackles in the air and sends pulsing vibrations racing through the stone around you. Upon every footfall you feel its insistent force, and with every step the blue light increases.

Another hour passes as you descend the stairs and like the first great staircase they find an end as well. What you discover upon the staircase exit leaves you speechless.

Turn to section 526.

532

With only seconds to spare you utter the Word - "nethel". In that instant the barrier collapses away, its shimmering field evaporating into nothingness before your eyes. With no time to waste you run for the passage, the air behind you filled with the thunder of the beast's approach. In these few moments you think there is a chance that you may escape, but it is a hope that fades as quickly as the barrier itself. In your haste you did not command the barrier to simply let you pass. Instead you have removed it completely, the Druhl now free to pursue you into the large passage ahead.

Without looking back you run, the ground resonating to the pounding footfalls of the beast, but it is a race you cannot win. In an eruption of smashed stone and roiling dust the Dragon brings a solid clawed fist down upon you. In a bone crushing impact you die, nothing remaining of your time in the world but a bloody stain upon the floor of the passage. Your quest is over. Providence has not been kind but perhaps in a latter life you shall find better luck.

THE END

533

You know enough of the nature of the River of Life to understand the danger you are in. The Shan'duil is the concentrated life-force of the world, sentient and concerned only with the balance of the seasons and the good order of all Existence. But this giver of life can be a deadly companion when encountered face to face. If you are to survive the encounter you must find a way out of this cavern quickly.

At the run you take to the bridge, keeping low against its balustrades as a measure of protection from the insistent gaze of the Shan'duil. All about you the thundering echo of the River's flow tremors the air, sending pulsing vibrations through the stone beneath your feet, but within this melee of overwhelming noise you do not stop. Quickly you cover the distance across the bridge, the vast flow of

the Shan'duil a glaring blue illumination that bathes the cavern with its azure touch. Ahead the Tree stands washed in the River's power however you do not stop to wonder at the immensity of its form. Instead you rush in behind the statue's platform and find a sanctuary within the shadows of the Tree.

Breathing heavily you try and recover from the exertion of the run but it is difficult, the power of the Shan'duil has had its effect and it has left you fatigued, your limbs leaden, your shoulders strangely numb. At least in the shadows of the Tree you seem to have found the one place where the River's proximity provides no danger, and as you rest you cannot help but notice the immensity of the shrine you have sought shelter behind.

Your knowledge of Lore tells you that this is a Taal, a shrine built in supplication to the Silvan Tree but for a purpose that is unknown to Men. Standing upon its intricately decorated platform the Tree rises at least forty metres over your head and apart from its pure white form seems to be a perfect reproduction of a living tree, down to the texture of its bark and the fragile form of the twigs that rest at the end of its enormous branches. In the blue glow of the cavern it radiates an aura just as intense, drawing power from the vast flowing river of light at your back.

Looking up you wonder at who must have carved the Tree, but as you watch you begin to see it moving as if caught in an unfelt breeze. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the tree sways to and fro, its branches stressing and bending to a wind that you cannot feel. In the immensity of the cavern it glistens like a jewel and you cannot help but stare at its perfection, watching it sway to the power of the Shan'duil and pulse with a blue fire that entwines itself through its branches. Truly, you think, you have found here one of the wonders of this world.

For a time you stand in awe of the Tree but you know you must find another way out of the cavern. Even as you ponder the marvel reaching up over your head you can feel a subtle but noticeable dissipation of your energy. Your sanctuary behind the Taal is not as safe as you might have hoped. With nowhere else to go you look to the stone walls behind you and find a small outcrop of rock, behind which hides a gaping hole where its surface has collapsed outwards. Camouflaged by mounds of smashed rock the hole is the entrance to a rough passageway.

It takes only a quick survey of the debris to see that at some time in the past somebody has dug a tunnel into the cavern, a rough hole of

cut stone that leads out of the domain of the Shan'duil. For all the wonder of this place you know you cannot stay, and without looking back you take to the tunnel and disappear into its darkness.

Your unprotected run across the bridge has left a lasting impression upon your endurance level. Take 3 points from your maximum endurance and record this on your character sheet. For the remainder of this quest the touch of the Shan'duil will restrict your maximum endurance to this lower level. When you have done this turn to section 551.

534

Stunned by the barrier's violent resistance you shake your head and search your memory for some clue of what it is that confronts you. With the Dragon only a few heartbeats from where you stand you search the passage beyond the shimmering wall and find what you are looking for embedded in the ground only metres ahead. It is a Shieldstone, a talisman of the ancient world and no doubt activated to keep the spectral beast behind you from straying beyond the confines of the cavern. For a moment you despair, for only someone with a piece of stonewood can pass beyond such barriers. If you do not move quickly this Shieldstone will serve its purpose and be the death of you as well.

If you have a piece of stonewood in your possession turn to section 595. If you do not hold a shard of the Silvan Tree turn to section 562.

535

In a thundering melee of falling rock the ceiling collapses, each part that surrenders to the flashcharge's detonation bringing down the next. Before this danger you stand hesitant for only a heartbeat. On the turn of a heel you begin to run, clouds of dust and scattering rock threatening to bring you down as you try and escape a certain death. Choking on a mist of smashed stone you almost succumb but Providence is with you and from the clouds of debris you emerge, half-suffocated, struggling for breath but alive. It is not all good though.

To escape the collapsing stone you have had to return down the

passageway, clouds of suffocating dust forcing you back down towards the cavern, and the imponderable malice of the Druhl. With a thin film of grime covering your whole body you emerge from the passage and come to a halt. In the distance you can see the Dragon and it can see you. It is not a happy Guardian.

Before you the barrier of shimmering energy holds firm but the constant attack of the beast is weakening its capacity to keep the Druhl in check. When it lays its dull red eyes upon you once again its fury intensifies and you know it will not stop until it finds a way through the Shieldstone's defences.

Quickly you turn your back on the beast and decide that the left passage can be your only way forward. Somehow you must get away from the Druhl.

Turn to section 542.

536

The nature of the flowing light is unknown to you but there are no other options. If you are to find a way through it must be on the other side of this vast apparition.

Carefully you move towards the shimmering light, placing your hand upon its rippling surface and finding that it is warm to the touch but not harmful. When you are sure that it is safe you take a deep breath and plunge into its flowing energy. To your surprise the rushing stream is thick, more than two metres in depth and it takes a few moments to force a path through it. Like a heavy fluid it clings to your skin and only releases its hold on you once you have passed cleanly through.

Once upon the other side the exit stands open and beckoning. Without looking back you make for the threshold and find that it is the entrance to another wide staircase, one that descends even further into the mountain. With only a small hesitation you take to the stairs and begin your descent.

Again you find yourself on a long decline, the stairway a straight arrow aimed directly at the root of the mountain. In construction it is the same as that which you have passed through before, but unlike the previous stairs there is no silvered reflections to give you light. Instead the stairway is bathed in a blue glow unlike anything you have seen before, and it ebbs and flows up the steps like a heartbeat

pounding in the earth itself.

Upon the seemingly endless stairs you make your way, watching always for any sign that danger is near. Beyond all thoughts of your quest however, lay the resonating energy of what resides below. Each minute upon the stairs comes with a growing sensation of power, of an unfettered energy that crackles in the air and sends pulsing vibrations racing through the stone around you. Upon every footfall you feel its insistent force, and with every step the blue light increases.

Another hour passes as you take the stairs and like the first great staircase they find an end as well. What you discover upon a further threshold leaves you speechless.

Turn to section 526.

537

The Druhl thunders across the cavern, its massive clawed feet pounding in echoing tremors that lift jagged pieces out of the stone floor as it runs. Ahead you see the exit but the ground is a morass of fallen stone and drifts of piled dust, and before you can make the passage the broken flooring trips you up, sending your sprawling into a mound of dust-covered debris. Even as you fall you know that the beast will not allow you to escape and in this sunless place the end comes quickly enough.

In a gout of dust you fall hard against the unforgiving stone but as you try and recover your footing the Dragon's dark bulk rears upon you. In a bone-crushing impact a clawed fist slams down, crushing the life from your body, leaving nothing but a stain upon the cold stone. In this life your quest is over. Do not despair however, for in another life you may well find better luck.

THE END

538

The Sand Lurker is a beast that enjoys an easy meal and you are determined to disappoint it. Struggling against the grasp its tentacles have upon you, you pull your weapon free and slash out, cutting cleanly through two of its limbs. Pieces of the monster hit the wall of the passage, spraying a thick liquid across the rough stone.

Immediately the rock begins to dissolve, hissing and steaming as it runs like half melted tallow down onto the debris covered floor. In a spasm of unexpected pain the Lurker draws back its free tentacles and hauls itself out of its desiccated lair. In the narrow confines of the passage its bulk fills the space before you, and in those few moments of hesitation you get a good look at what it is that confronts you.

In the half-light the beast shimmers, its skin a pulsating bag covered with a fetid ooze that reeks of rotting flesh. Before it writhes a multitude of sinuous tentacles, searching the area within its reach, feeling for whatever caused it such pain. Immediately you realise the creature is blind but in the narrow passage its limbs thrash and search, reaching out for you.

It is then that the Lurker attacks again. From within the tangle of limbs another pair of tentacles lunge towards you. One passes your left shoulder but the other is aimed directly at your chest. With another cut the tentacle collapses onto the floor and the Lurker shudders, spraying acid-like fluids about the passageway. Writhing in pain the beast's anger grows, and for a moment you are sure it is about to attack again but instead it falters, now unsure in its resolve.

There is a truth in Arborell that no predator chases a meal to its own destruction. All those creatures that inhabit the world and who feed off others measure the benefit of a meal against the losses sustained in acquiring it. The Lurker is no different and with the loss of its third tentacle it hesitates once again. It is an advantage that you decide to press.

Stepping in amongst the remaining limbs you hack wildly, trying to cause as much damage as possible. The Sand Lurker shudders with each cut, unwillingly to press the fight but you know you cannot kill it for its vital organs reside out of reach. Instead you decide to force it back into its hole.

Steadily you advance, swinging your blade in wide arcs, sending small pieces of the beast spinning off against the passage walls. In this melee of arcing steel and thrashing limbs you stand too close for the beast to grab at you and in the end you prevail. Caught by the confines of its own domain the Lurker withdraws back into its hole, content to lick its wounds and wait for a less combative meal. At least for this battle it is you who wins the day.

In a shuddering slump of sand and clouding dust the Sand Lurker disappears back beneath the ground. For a moment you stand against the wall of the passage and try and recover your breath but you know

you cannot spend time resting here. Before the monster decides once again to try its luck you run past the Lurker's lair and hurry up the passageway. Quickly you leave the beast far behind and find yourself at an intersection with another passage that curves upwards and westwards. From the noises of shattering stone emanating from its dark shadows you can tell that this is the left passage you chose not to follow before. Both passages must come together here and there seems little point in returning back along either of them. In the half-light you take a deep breath and follow the new passage into the west.

Turn to section 569.

539

For a time you consider how you might gain entry beyond this door but it stands securely locked and you have little time to spare trying to open it. You cannot however, deny that your curiosity has been aroused, and with the feeling that you can spare a few minutes you decide to try and pick the lock. Quickly you take your pack from your shoulders and retrieve the small eating knife brought with you from Maenum. Its blade it thin and tapered, and although you are not the most skilled lock-pick you set about trying to open the door. With the narrow tip of the knife you feel for the teeth within the lock that must be depressed, searching out the small ridges that will free the device's mechanism. It is not a task you find easy.

In the heat of the passage your hands are slick with sweat, the constant pound and rush of the furnace somewhere ahead diminishing your ability to concentrate. In the end though, it is your knife that fails you. Caught within the workings of the lock's mechanism it snaps, breaking off at the handle and lodging firmly in the keyhole. Frustrated by your lack of progress you hammer at the door but such remonstrations do nothing to open it.

Stymied by the door's stubbornness you look up and down the passage. In the gloom there is little to see, and the heat only builds in intensity the longer you remain here. In the end you decide that your quest is not being served by this delay, and that it will be better to move on.

There is nothing to be gained here. Turn to section 42 and continue with your quest.

540

The vast wall of moving light is something unknown to you and there seems no good reason to risk forcing a way through it. For a moment you consider if you should try and find a way around it but there is no clear way of doing so. The stream flows from one end of the chamber to the other and it is immensely high. It is a barrier that you will have to retreat from. Perhaps a more straightforward path can be found within the halls and passages of Stoneholme above.

Quickly you turn and come to an abrupt halt. The entry behind you has changed and in the light of the rippling stream you shake your head in disbelief. Before you stands the high arch, but whereas before a long corridor reached out into the mountain there is nothing more than a perfectly smooth and blank wall of stone. In desperation you place your hand upon its surface and press hard, but it is as solid as the mountain itself and effectively blocks any way out.

For a moment you consider the possibility that you have inadvertently moved further along the hall and that your exit opens somewhere else along the wall, but there is no sign of any other opening and in the end you have to accept that your way back is blocked. The only way forward will be either through, or perhaps around this huge stream of energy.

If you would like to inspect the chamber further before committing yourself to any attempt at finding a way through the stream turn to section 577. If you see little option but to walk into it turn to section 536.

541

For a moment you stand transfixed by the sight of the lumbering monsters, but only for a moment. With no sure way to defeat both of these brutes you are prepared to try anything and you make your decision in a heartbeat. As the Warbeasts circle your position you grab a piece of Nahla Bread from your pack and the bottle of beer you acquired previously on your quest. You have no time for careful preparation, and with only seconds before the monsters attack you stuff the bread forcefully into the open neck of the bottle. Beer spews over the floor-stones of the Great Hall but with the beasts only ten metres from where you stand you throw the bottle at the nearest and hope that what you have heard about Nahla Bread has not been

exaggerated. Even as the bottle sails through the air you can see a powerful chemical reaction building in the glass container, and in one blinding flash you come to appreciate that everything you have ever heard is true.

In a detonation that sends a shockwave running through the stone beneath you the bottle hits the flank of the Warbeast and explodes. Instantly engulfed in a cloud of shattering stone and dislodged dust the Warbeast disintegrates, showering rock as deadly missiles over the floor of the Great Hall. Caught by surprise you are not prepared for the blast-wave that knocks you off your feet and sends you skittering across the stone flooring. Only luck keeps you safe but the same cannot be said for the other Warbeast.

Also caught in the blast the second Warbeast has not faired as well. Hit by a number of flying pieces of stone it has lost one of its forelegs and sports a deep gash that runs jaggedly along its side. In a tremoring fit of pain and fury it regains its footing and looks you directly in the eyes. It may be injured but it has only one purpose and that is to kill you.

This remaining Warbeast has a combat value of 17 and an endurance of 12. If you defeat this creature turn to section 559. If however, it is the Warbeast that is victorious then it must be here that your quest ends. If this is so then it will be to another life that you should look for better luck and a stronger arm.

542

With no time to delay you take the left passage and run into the darkness. Behind you the Druhl hammers away at the edges of the entranceway but the spectral creature can no longer be your concern. Although tired from the rigours of your quest you find the energy to keep a brisk pace and in the half-light of the passageway move further into the stone of the mountain.

The passage proves to be a roughly cut tunnel, following the course of a layer of stone that rises by degrees along a winding path strewn with fallen stone and deep drifts of dust. Only the gleam of a few veins of luminous crystal lights your way but it is enough to illuminate the passage and in its dull glow you keep up a steady run, though struggling against the dust and unstable footing.

After a good hour of travel the need to rest and take food brings

you to a halt. Within a small niche in the stone you find a position against one of the walls and relax. The Druhl has been left far behind and in the quiet you consider your position, searching your pack for food before settling down to rest.

(If you have food you may take some at this time. The usual increase in endurance should be recorded if you eat. If you have no food or Nahla bread in your possession at this time deduct one point from your endurance to account for the additional fatigue you must now endure.)

In the silence of the passageway you rest, no sound or sign evident that there is any living thing close. Your diversion through this underworld beneath Stoneholme has left you bruised and beaten but you can sense that the object of your quest is close. You cannot tell if it is the call of the Tellandra itself or just a gut feeling, but as you let your body recover the certainty grows within you that the Deep Vault is somewhere ahead, and that you are indeed going the right way.

When you feel more able to return to your task you stand and check the passage behind you. In the distance you can hear the Druhl, but the sounds are muffled and indistinct, and knowing that the spectral beast is still a threat return to following the passageway.

Before long you find a worn set of stairs and then upon their upper threshold a small square chamber. This chamber is definitely Dwarvendim made and at its end stands a further exit, the remains of an iron portcullis barring any way forward. Quickly you approach the bars and find them rusted to the point of ruin. With one hand you grasp the lower edge of the grill and pull it upwards, the decrepit bars snapping and bending as you force the portcullis out and then back upon itself. In a spray of metal particles and dust you force your way beyond the bars, brushing centuries of grit and rust from your clothing as you look into a long hallway that stretches some distance ahead. In the shadows you feel all the stronger that you are close to your goal, but as you look down the corridor you wonder how much farther you must travel. The collar at your neck is an insistent reminder that time is running short.

Turn to section 579.

543

Providence is not with you on this day. Instinctively you lunge forward, attempting to clear the huge slab of crystal that falls from the roof above. If not for the choking clouds of dust or perhaps the weariness of a long quest you might have succeeded, but on this day you do not have the resources to clear the lethal fall of stone. In a shuddering impact the crystal hits, tonnes of solid stone laying you out beneath its overwhelming weight. In this life your quest is over, your existence snuffed out in the lonely passages of a place long forgotten by Men. It must now be to a latter life that you should look for better luck.

THE END

544

If the object is of value it will be worth a few minutes spent retrieving it. Carefully you lower yourself over the edge of the well and begin to climb down into the shadows below. The descent is easy but as you lower yourself further into the depths you encounter a thick slime covering most of the well that reaches a few metres above the waterline. It is too slick to allow any further descent but you find a foothold against a broken piece of stone that may just allow you to reach down and pull the medallion from its resting place. It will require a measure of agility to reach it however.

Test your agility attribute. If you are successful turn to section 490. If you fail this test turn to section 486.

545

You do not cover more than twenty metres before you begin to feel the full effects of the Shan'duil. As the River rushes below, you begin to see writhing tendrils of energy spreading over the balusters of the bridge, deep blue and alive with power. Within the thunderous echoes of the River's flow you feel your legs beginning to weaken, your breath laboured as you try and cover the distance to the other side of the chasm. It is an exhausting race but it is one that you win, just.

Upon the bridge you are exposed to the full power of the River. Struggling against the debilitating touch of its swirling energy you

forge on, dropping to one knee, staggering as you fight for the sanctuary you hope can be found upon the other side. By the time you reach the bridge's end you are on your hands and knees, crawling painfully for the shrine. With barely enough energy to drag yourself out of harm's way you make it in behind the shrine's stepped platform and collapse onto the ground. For a moment you cannot move.

With leaden limbs and shallow breath you lie still, unable to do anything but recover from the grasp of the Shan'duil. It was your strength that saved you but Providence has smiled on you as well. In the shadows of the shrine the Shan'duil's power proves to have no effect, its ability to draw down your energy lost behind the massive stone platform. As you lay upon the broken floor you stare up at the Tree that spreads its bare limbs above you and attempt to regain your strength.

Although detailed knowledge of such things has long passed from your memory you do remember that this is a Taal, a shrine built in supplication to the Silvan Tree but for a purpose that is unknown to Men. Standing upon its intricately decorated platform the Tree rises at least forty metres over your head and apart from its pure white form appears as a perfect reproduction of a living tree, accurate in detail to the texture of its bark and the fragile form of the twigs that rest at the end of its enormous branches. In the blue glow of the cavern it radiates an aura just as intense, drawing power from the vast flowing river of light.

Looking up you wonder at who must have carved the Tree, but as you watch you begin to see it moving as if caught in an unfelt breeze. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the tree sways to and fro, its branches stressing and bending to a wind that you cannot feel. In the immensity of the cavern it glistens like a jewel and you cannot help but stare at its perfection, watching it sway to the power of the Shan'duil and pulse with a blue fire that entwines itself through its branches. Truly, you think, you have found here one of the wonders of this world.

Mesmerised by its ancient beauty you lay still until you have the strength to rise. Stiff from the effects of the River you look about the rear of the platform and find an area of rock wall that has collapsed outwards, covering the ground at the rear of the Taal with debris and smashed stone.

It takes only a quick survey of the area to see that at some time in the past somebody has dug a tunnel into the cavern, a rough hole of hewn stone that leads out of the domain of the Shan'duil. For all the

wonder of this place you know you cannot stay, and without looking back you take to the tunnel and disappear into its darkness.

Turn to section 551.

546

There is nowhere to turn and in the darkness you face your attacker. Weapon in hand you are a lonely figure, standing before the great spectral Dragon as it smashes its way into the chamber. In a tumult of falling stone and growling malevolence the beast rises before you, then lets out a hideous scream. In the confined space it is a deafening blast that echoes off the walls and sends stalactites falling from the ceiling.

Staggering backwards you steady yourself and stand your ground, yelling at the giant beast to come and meet its fate. Unfortunately the Dragon has no intention of striking you down itself. It is a spectral servant of a far greater power that cares only that it guards these halls from all trespassers, whether they be Man or Hordim. Battle is not its goal, only the quick disposal of those that tread here. With one mighty punch into the ceiling the Druhl fractures the roof of the chamber. Before you can move to protect yourself the ceiling collapses, thousands of tonnes of stone and crystal falling in a blanket of debris that you cannot avoid.

Realising the danger you try and run for the hole in the floor but you have no chance of reaching it. As the ceiling falls the Druhl collapses into a tangle of rock and bones, its task complete. For you there is nowhere to run. In a pounding crash of stone against stone the rock fall does its job, your life crushed beneath its enormous weight. In this life your quest is over. It will be to another that you must now look for better luck.

THE END

547

The climb is a gruelling test but it is one that your strength and natural agility does overcome. Upon the stone you make use of the deep carved images as hand and footholds, negotiating a path first to the uppermost reach of the slab and then down its other side. It is a

climb though, that brings with it mysteries of its own.

At first you find the slab to be warm to the touch, a not unsurprising warmth that could only be generated by the vast volumes of energy the monolith is somehow absorbing. As you ascend this changes subtly. The higher you climb the cooler the stone becomes. At its upper edges it proves cold enough that you have to cover your hands with loose cloth, but in doing so a new sound grows about you, one that proves both very personal, and insistent.

As an undertone to the rushing flow of the energy stream you begin to hear voices, a strange whispering of tangled conversations, rising and falling within the pounding flow of the stream. At first you cannot separate the differing languages or themes but as you ascend higher one voice stands out, and as you focus upon it you identify that it is speaking in Dwarvendim, although of an older dialect.

Quickly you realise that the voice is that of Morgen Orncryst the Younger, the very StoneKing who presided over the demise of the Dwarvendim, and who brought ruin and slavery to them all. As you climb you find yourself captivated but it is a sorry tale, and one that becomes all the clearer as you find your way to the top of the stone.

In a fractured set of speeches, conversations and anecdotes the spiral into despair of the last StoneKing is all too evident. You listen as he is told of the encroaching armies of Kalborea and of the need to pay the Faeyen for the weapons and provisions they have provided. In his despair you overhear the last speech he gave to the Army of Stone before the great Battle of Menion'Barac, and the reports of their bloody defeat at the hands of the Kalborean Army. Above all there comes the undertones and rumouring of betrayal, of the duplicity of the Faeyen and their ultimate surrender to save themselves and hand the Dwarvendim into servitude.

It is a story that finds its way to you in rumouring whispers but it is at its end that you hear of the Dragon Windhammer. Amongst the shouts and cries of a great tumult you sense the rising dread of a population as the news is spread that their King has found a violent end within the halls of Stoneholme. And from their cries there can be no doubt as to the assassin. Above it all is carried one word - gael'qirion – Dragon.

For a time you rest upon the upper surface of the stone monolith before making your descent upon the other side. The voices recede quickly and soon are lost to the pounding rush of the stream, but the gravity and desperation of the voices leaves you sick to your stomach.

One thing you cannot doubt any more however, is the existence of the Dragon Windhammer. Somewhere ahead of you the monster waits in its dark demesne and you can only wonder if it knows your coming.

Once upon the other side the exit stands open and beckoning. Without looking back you make for the threshold and find that it is the entrance to another wide staircase, one that descends even further into the mountain. With only a small hesitation you take to the stairs and begin your descent.

Again you find yourself on a long decline, the stairway a straight arrow aimed directly at the root of the mountain. In construction it is the same as that which you have passed through before but unlike the previous stairs there is no silvered reflections to give you light. Instead the stairway is bathed in a blue glow unlike anything you have seen before, and it ebbs and flows up the steps like a heartbeat pounding in the earth itself.

Upon the seemingly endless stairs you make your way, watching always for any sign that danger is near. Beyond all thoughts of your quest however, lay the resonating energy of what resides below. Each minute upon the stairs comes with a growing sensation of power, of an unfettered energy that crackles in the air and sends pulsing vibrations racing through the stone around you. Upon every footfall you feel its insistent force, and with every step the blue light increases.

Another hour passes as you take the stairs but like the first great staircase they find an end as well. What you discover upon a further threshold leaves you speechless.

Turn to section 526.

548

You cannot say how long you lay unconscious. The fall was brutal in its impact and sprawled upon the cold floor you awaken to the metallic sensation of blood in your mouth. Carefully you raise yourself, testing your limbs and finding that all have survived your ungainly drop onto the hard stone. Your head however, has faired worst of all. Upon your forehead flows the result of a wide gash, blood finding its way into your mouth and ears as you lay still upon the floor. As you try and steady yourself you realise that your life has been spared only by good luck. If your head had hit the ground only slightly more to the side the impact would have killed you and indeed

your quest would now be over.

For a short time you recover your senses and do what you can to stem the blood that wells freely from your forehead. Climbing the stone is no longer an option, the blow to your head has left you disoriented and you cannot know how long you have lain unconscious. For all you know your time may well be running out.

With your head clearing you check your equipment and consider what you should do. The metal collar at your throat is a constant reminder of your need to finish your task, and you have no time to spare finding another way around the shimmering wall of light. You will have to trust that Providence is on your side and walk through the stream. It is now your only hope.

Turn to section 536.

549

Caught within the writhing embrace of the monster's tentacles you watch as the Sand Lurker hauls itself out of its desiccated lair. It is a hideous creation, a large slug-like beast that fills the passage with its bulk; its quivering form covered in a gelatinous ooze that stinks of rotting flesh. As you fight against its grasping tendrils it moves forward, most of its body a morass of limbs and one huge gaping mouth, equipped with endless rows of razor-sharp teeth.

Held firm but not yet subdued, you struggle enough to free your arm and swing your blade twice. In a frenzy of unexpected pain the Lurker flails two severed limbs, its blood splattering along the walls, sending gouts of steam and dissolving stone into the air. For a moment the beast hesitates, blind in its dark nest and unsure as to what it must have snared, but it is a hesitation that is fleeting. Out of the steaming air more of the tentacles grab at your body, latching on with powerful barbed tips that dig into your flesh, cutting deep as they find a purchase upon your bones.

Screaming with pain you cut again with your blade but it is to no good effect. The Sand Lurker has you and it is not about to let you go. In one tremoring slump of sand the creature descends back into its hole, dragging you with it to a certain doom, and sure of the feast to come. In this life your quest is over, your last thoughts the earnest hope that the beast will choke on you.

THE END

550

The western track appears a better option. It is wider than the trail you have been following and shows sign of having recently been used. If you are lucky it will lead you out of this wetland and back onto the open plains.

Turning Pallenten onto the new trail you find quickly that it heads into the west for some distance. Around you the vegetation thickens, the bush giving way only to wide ponds of still water, edged by the dome-bushes that seem so common here. Enclosed completely by the marshes, you follow the track as it negotiates the bogs and meres until you reach a small landing. It is no more than a wooden platform, suspended above the water's edge upon a series of thin pylons, but it is what you find standing at the centre of the lake beyond that piques your curiosity.

The lake is a wide circular body of water, still and dark in the afternoon sun. Upon this expanse of quiet water there stands a farmhouse, raised above the surrounding lake upon a multitude of thick timbers, and connected to the water's edge and the landing before you by a long, narrow bridge of equally unstable supports.

The farmhouse is a ruin but the sight of it suspended out of the water is something you have not seen before, although you know the reason why it was done. It is a well known fact of the frontier that the Faeron Marshes have been expanding, reaching further into the plains that surround them with each passing year. At some time in the past the farmer who had claim to this land must have realised that his livelihood would inevitably be swallowed up by the encroaching waters, and faced with ruin decided to elevate his farmstead above the rising marsh. Nothing could forestall the inundation of his lands but he had time to build up his home, and here it now stands, a strange memorial to his efforts, and his ultimate failure.

As you look about the lake it becomes apparent that you have met a dead-end here yourself. The track stops at the landing and there is no other exit to be found at any other point along the lake's border. Unfortunately the time spent upon this trail will not return you to the plains as you had hoped. Frustrated by this you carefully turn Pallenten back towards the path, your intention to retrace your steps, when there comes from the interior of the farmstead a definite sound of something moving within. You call out but get no response.

If you would like to go and investigate the farmstead turn to section 516. If you would rather return to the trail and go back to the northern path turn to section 570.

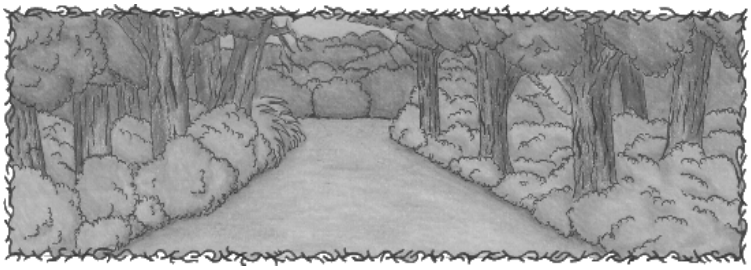

551

After the azure grandeur of the Shan'duil the confined roughness of the tunnel comes as a welcome relief, and the further you find your way along its narrow delving the more the power and clamour of the River recedes. Carefully you feel your way, finding the rough-hewn passage an easy negotiation as you follow its ramshackle ascent back into the stone of the mountain.

Very quickly you lose all sense of direction but in the gloom you are sure that the tunnel is finding its way upwards, veering in all directions as it follows a path along a vein of quartz. Curiously the quartz itself has a subtle luminosity and by its dull gleam you see that the builder of this hole in the earth was after gold, and he had gone to some lengths to find it.

Every few hundred metres you discover the tunnel opens into a small chamber, a hastily cut room in which the owner must have kept his quarters as he delved deeper into the mountain. Within each of these spaces you find the meagre remnants of his occupation, and a

curious journal scrawled upon the walls, scratched into the rock in no apparent order it is an ongoing memoir of his descent into the roots of the Devkraager Tor. Only a few minutes reading tells you everything you need to know.

The miner was a man, a Dwarvendim by the name of Madimus. Without occupation or purpose after the fall of the Stone Kingdoms he had set to the task of finding a way into the Deep Vault himself with the goal of taking the Tellandra by stealth from the clutches of Windhammer. Driven by grief he had begun a dangerous descent through the halls of Stoneholme and had ultimately found his way deep in the mountain, but in doing so had happened upon an old tunnel system within which he had become hopelessly lost.

It was within a large cavern below Stoneholme that he had stumbled upon the quartz vein and the gold that came as its glittering companion. Lost to the metal's allure he sought instead to find its source and, a supply of the rare metal in hand, bargain with the Dragon for the return of the Pillar of Stonewood. It was a plan that could never have succeeded but as you read his journal you see the signs of someone lost to desperation and delusion. Quickly his writings begin to ramble and soon there is nothing in his words that can tell you any more. Wrapped in a delusion the Dwarvendim had delved far beyond the reaches of the gold and had ultimately found his way to the Shan'duil itself. His last comprehensible words report him finding a "River of Light" and then nothing more. For a short time you ponder the futility of his story but in this place you know that his efforts have not altogether been in vain.

By a quirk of Fate your fellow Dwarvendim has become the instrument of your salvation, giving you the only way out of the cavern of the Shan'duil. In some measure if you are successful in restoring the Tellandra it will be to the efforts of Madimus that it will have been made possible, and ultimately that was his intent from the beginning. As you work your way further up the tunnel you are not unaware of how Providence may have had a hand in your good fortune.

As you make your way along the tunnel the rough passage begins to level out and soon you find yourself negotiating a natural fracture in the stone across which slabs of rock have been placed to form a solid but uneven flooring. On this footing you are forced to move much slower, and it takes time to find the end of Madimus' delving. It is within a wide cavern that the tunnel finds its end and even in the gloom you can see that you have a number of ways forward open to

you.

From the tunnel the quartz vein opens out into a large natural cavern. Ahead, across a flat area of open ground more than one hundred metres in breadth you can see three exits. One at your left hand reaches into darkness, another smaller passage at your right hand is lost to its own depths and directly before you is a larger gaping exit. All are cold and dark and none more inviting than the others.

In the shadows you consider what lies before you, and find as your eyes adjust to the gloom that there is more to ponder here than just the exits. At the left side of the chamber there opens a deep hole from which issues a rank and billowing fume. At all sides the ground is strewn with boulders and smashed stone and above all else you can sense a deep brooding malevolence that hangs like a mist in the air. If you weren't so far underground you might think that you had just stumbled into the lair of some primordial beast. Suddenly chilled by a gust of cold air you move forward and then come to a halt. Before you can go any further you must choose which of these exits you should take.

If you wish to take the left exit turn to section 598. If your choice will be the large exit directly ahead turn to section 524. If it is the smaller passage to the right that you wish to take turn to section 571.

552

Any hope is better than none, and as you consider your options you are sure that no salvation can be found in the cavern behind you. In the time it takes to inhale one deep breathe your decision is made. Without looking back you walk into the swirling mists. Whatever may lie beyond them can be no worse a fate than dying here in the dark alone.

In a heartbeat the world around you dissolves away as the magic of the portal takes hold. In that instant you feel yourself disincorporated, somehow changing into nothing more than another vapour moving swiftly within the larger disc of roiling mists. It is a sensation short-lived, for as you begin to sense that you have changed the world reforms back around you, hard stone and cool air striking your face as you tumble from the other side of the ring.

Caught by surprise you make an attempt at steadying yourself but

the transformation in the portal lingers as a numbing weakness that does not pass quickly. Without control of your limbs you tumble from the stone platform's upper level, collapsing onto a shelf of rock. Confused and disoriented you recognise only that you are face up on the stone, staring at a field of blue sky.

For a moment you can do little more than wait as the strange numbness recedes, but by the time it allows you to rise you already recognise where the portal has sent you. In a wide arc there is nothing before you but a vista of mountains, jagged peaks in shades of grey lined around a horizon of deep blue sky. It is the late afternoon and the suns of Arborell are reaching for their nightly rest, but the air is crisp and chilled and in the bright light of day you know that Providence has not been kind.

For whatever purpose the ring has sent you deep into the mountains of the far west. This place is known within the nations of Men as Araheal and for many reasons is well-known to the Dwarvendim, but there can be no salvation for you here. As you stand you can see the stone platform about you rests upon a shoulder of hard granite, the peak of Mount Araheal wind-swept and edged with snow reaching up at your right hand. It is a point in the western mountains from which any traveller must endure weeks of hardship to return to the civilised world. Turning you see the portal standing quiet, its hard black form finely outlined against the deep blue, its mists gone. You have no knowledge of how to reactivate it and you know that there is no easy way to return to the realms of Men. In this moment you realise that it is here that you are going to die.

Carefully you feel at the metal collar around you neck and accept that your quest is over. You are now weeks from Stoneholme and Maenum will surely fall before you can return. If the Tak Lovar is to be believed the metal collar will do its gruesome work within the next few days, and for that reason you sit back upon the steps and decide to enjoy the setting suns. In this lifetime your quest is over. Perhaps in another Providence will prove kinder.

THE END

553

There is every chance that the Western Trail you seek can be found by following this north-western path. Turning Pallenten onto its rough track you take her on a winding negotiation of low-lying swamps and wide fields of dammed water. In this part of the Faeron you see much evidence of the farms and fields once worked by the hapless Kalboreans who chose this region as their home. Long dykes and inundated water channels all attest to the lengths most went to try and keep the rising waters at bay, but it was all to prove futile, and as you follow the path into the north the marshland that they fought against spreads out before you.

The Faeron is a vast wetland, and in its expansion it took not only farmsteads and buildings but small towns, roadways, inns and taverns and all the infrastructure of modern life that once supported them. As you take Pallenten along the edges of the ruins that rise out of the waters as stark monuments of what had once been, you can see also that other travellers are still making use of the marshes, but for different reasons. All along the trail you can see sign of the passing of men both on foot and on horseback. Every so often there is also evidence of discarded items, torn cloth and broken equipment, thrown to the shoulders of the trail and left as litter to be swallowed up by the ever changing marshes.

You have no doubt that most of what you see is the refuse of bandits and others who use the wetlands as sanctuary from pursuit; but you can also be sure that the Kalborea Army has been here as well, and it is a possibility that keeps you alert as you make your way northwards.

It is with some relief you find what you are looking for no more than a league further along the trail. Beyond a series of weathered dykes and enclosed ponds you find the Western Trail. Although not as large as the Bandit's Row that cuts a path from north to south through the centre of the Faeron, the Western Trail is a clear and relatively direct route from the lower fringes of the marshes out towards its western edge. After struggling out onto the raised roadway you check first for any sign of danger, and then turn Pallenten westwards.

After the claustrophobic confines of the narrow paths you have been following the Western Trail is an open road, although ruined by the action of weather and neglect. Upon its rough surface Pallenten gallops forward, winding her way about the many bushes and trees that have found a purchase upon its hard surface. Within the space of

an hour you find the Trail veering into the south, and by the early shadows of evening you can see the open plains ahead, peering through hedgerows of dome-bushes that line the edges of the old roadway.

Glad to be finally seeing an end to this unwanted detour you urge Pallenten on, sending her racing again for the open grasslands. Sure that you are now safe from any pursuit you begin to think about finding the best path to the foothills of the Devkraager Tor, but your thoughts are cut short by a sudden movement at the corner of your eye.

From the left side of the old road a dark shape charges out of the shadows. Holding a long piece of timber the figure throws it into the path of Pallenten, forcing her to a halt before grabbing at your cloak and hauling you back over the horse's hind-quarters. Your assailant is prodigiously strong and in a tumble of flailing limbs and scattering equipment you fall heavily to the ground.

Immediately the man is upon you, locking a firm hold around your neck as he reaches for a long dagger at his belt. In that moment you recognise the Ranger, and cannot help but smile as you realise the futility of your detour. The Ranger knew that he could not follow you, so instead chose the most likely place that you would exit the marshes and then simply waited. You respect the man's determination but if you do not act quickly this soldier of Kalborea will kill you, and you have no intention of allowing that to happen.

The Ranger is strong, however you are no weakling. In the struggle that follows you place a foot against the Ranger's chest and heave him off, toppling him into the dome-bushes. It takes a moment for the man to regain his footing and in that pause you find your own feet and draw your sword, urging the Kalborean to come and meet his fate.

The Ranger is a formidable opponent but not one that is beyond your strength or skill. The Ranger has a Combat Value of 18 and an endurance of 16. His duty is clear and he will not stop until either he, or yourself, are dead. If you win this combat then the way is open to return to the plains beyond. If this is your fate turn to section 341. If however, it is the Ranger that prevails it will be here that your quest ends.

554

Even as you scramble from your hiding place a huge boulder slams into the mound, sending broken stone and crystal showering in all directions. You have no cover, but in the clouds of dust and grit that erupts with the impact you remain hidden just long enough to pick up a sizeable piece of stone and throw it with all your strength into the shadows behind the raging beast. With a loud crash it hits the wall and bounces onto the stone floor, clattering upon the cold granite as it comes to rest. The noise sends the Dragon after its source and in that moment of opportunity you turn for the western exit and run with all the strength you have left to you.

Ahead the exit is a wide opening into the stone and as you run you can hear the creature turning, its huge bulk smashing into pillars of rock and crystal as it senses your presence and realises your deception. From the shadows another scream pounds through the cavern however this time you have no intention of hiding. Running at full speed you make the threshold to the passage, the Dragon narrowing the distance between you with every step you take. It is just as you think you have made the safety of the corridor beyond that you come to a painful halt.

From out of the passageway ahead a barrier of gleaming energy rises before you. Unable to stop in time you slam into its edges, a tangible wall of energy grabbing at your rushing form and throwing you back into the cavern. In a cloud of dust you fall onto the floor, but the Druhl is at your heels and you have no time to recover. Rolling back onto your feet you shake your head and turn to see the beast bearing down upon you. In a matter of seconds you are going to die.

If you have the skill of Lorecraft turn to section 534. If you do not turn to section 575.

555

There is something familiar about the resonating power that fills the air. It is like the lingering echo of something long forgotten, and in your gut you know that this stairway will take you closer to your quest's end. Quickly you arrange your equipment more securely about you and take to the stairs.

As you descend even further into the mountain you come to appreciate that the age of this delving is truly old. Carved from the

cold stone of the mountain the stairway is impossibly steep, its steps narrow and weathered, its walls a morass of fractured rock and crumbling facing stones. Within this long descent however there is a subtle light that illuminates the way, infiltrating the stone and growing brighter as you move further down the incline. It is like moonlight reflected off a pond of disturbed water, and as you travel deeper its intensity grows.

In the semi-darkness you move quickly. Confined within these stone walls the stairway is a silent witness to your passing but you no longer feel as if you are alone. The solitude of Stoneholme has been left far behind, replaced by an unusual feeling of being watched, one that grows as surely as the wavering light grows with each step you take closer to the root of the mountain. There is surely something ahead that is now aware of your approach.

For some hours the stairway reaches out before you, an exhausting series of stone steps that seem to have no end but which ultimately come a conclusion. In a wash of flickering light you stumble onto a wide flat landing of perfectly smooth stone and find yourself standing within a square chamber some twenty metres in width. There is only one exit from the featureless room and it extends to the west along a narrow corridor. A quick survey of the chamber shows nothing of interest, but the end of the corridor ahead opens into a further chamber, and it is from there that the source of the light bursts forth.

With nowhere else to go you move forward and as you approach the western corridor you begin to hear voices, nothing distinct just a babble of sounds like a crowd talking all at once. Carefully you edge against the nearest wall and slide closer to the chamber. As you do so the sounds increase, but now you can also hear thunderstorms and rushing rivers and other sounds unfamiliar to you. In a rising chorus the cacophony increases until you are forced to place your hands over your ears. Whatever is ahead has become the source of both the light and the rising waves of noise.

When you reach the chamber you cannot at first believe what you have found. Before you is a long narrow hall, spreading across your view as a road might at the junction of a crossroads. On the other side of this room is a further exit, but it is what moves between you and the further way out that holds your attention.

Before you extends a room more than two hundred metres in width, yet no more that fifteen metres in depth. Rising above you for more than sixty metres the chamber is surfaced in white stone, its walls

perfectly smooth and artificed at their zenith into a curving barrel vault that reaches across the narrow space. At either end of the chamber rises walls of shimmering moonlight, reflecting endlessly about the chamber as if someone is moving their hand through water, sending ripples and droplets of light scattering in all directions.

Within the chamber however moves a stream of energy as high as the hall itself, emerging from the shimmering light at your left hand and crashing into its opposite wall after passing quickly down the length of the hall. At first the great stream appears as nothing more than a rushing river of light and sound, but as you look more carefully into its mesmerising shimmer you begin to see things, and in this alien place they both transfix and terrify you.

As you watch the river of light changes. From out of the reflective stream you begin to see images, and quickly those images grow into clarity. Before you a great story unfolds but it is the story of Arborell from the earliest of its days and it plays itself out as a rushing melee of sound and image.

Within the stream you see a land untouched, quiet and at peace, a domain of trees and flowing rivers unspoiled by the hands or artifice of others. But as you watch the serene quiet is disturbed then swept away in a succession of horrifying tableaux. At all sides great empires rise within the forests, monoliths and monuments growing amongst the trees then crashing down as war and destruction overtake them. In the shimmering light you see vast battles spreading across blood-soaked plains, of great nations falling in ruin, and recoil at the terrifying revenge brought by the Hordim in the relentless slaughter of their once all-powerful masters. It is a brutal rush of history, one that floods the mind and numbs you with its overwhelming reality, but then it changes and just as quickly you find yourself alone, once again a solitary figure reflected in its shimmering energy.

In the space of a heartbeat the images disappear, only to be replaced by the mirrored image of yourself, isolated and fatigued. For a moment you wait, wondering what is still to come but the stream of rushing light will give up nothing more. Once again you are left to the solitude of your thoughts and the necessity of your quest.

There is a way out of this chamber but it lies on the other side of the vast flowing wall of light. If you have the skill of Lorecraft turn to section 522. If you do not possess this skill turn to section 599.

556

No answer arises and in the ensuing silence you draw Than'durion and make your way inside. The interior of the cabin is as ramshackle and ill-used as its exterior. There proves to be little in the way of furniture within its four walls, and apart from a bed, small table and a solitary chair it is empty. There can be no doubt that the decrepit structure was once someone's home though it has not been so for some time.

Not wishing to waste any more of the afternoon you make your way outside and free Pallenten from her tether. As you do so you look at the boggy ground surrounding the cabin and realise that most of the prints you see are indeed fresh. Although nobody has lived here for some years it would seem that the shack has had frequent and recent visitors.

With no time to ponder who might be using the cabin you mount Pallenten and make your way back to the fork in the paths. It is an unwanted delay but at least you have seen nothing more of the Ranger.

If you wish to now take the north-west path turn to section 553. If you can see no benefit in doing this and would rather return the way you have come, retracing your path back to the open plains turn to section 578.

557

Trapped within the confines of the lake you have no choice but to fight for your life. The Watcher lunges at you, its huge quivering body shaking with the anticipation of its next meal. You have no intention of giving it the pleasure though. Than'durion cuts deep into the limbs of the monster, its tentacles recoiling from the sharp agonies of its wounds, but it persists, forcing you slowly into deeper water.

When it believes that it finally has you it charges, its limbs thrusting forward, a wide slavering mouth ready to bite hard upon you. In that moment you lunge forward yourself, stabbing your sword deep into the monster's barbed mouth. In a spasm of pain the Watcher recoils, thrashing from side to side before sinking back beneath the water. It is the opportunity you need to escape and you take it without hesitation.

Struggling for the broken bridge you haul yourself out of the lake and run for Pallenten, taking no time to mount and turn her back

along the trail. You do not stop as you make for the intersection with the northern trail, and it is with some relief that you find it in the late afternoon. For a moment you pause at the junction and consider how lucky you were to escape the embrace of the Watcher. Still wet from the encounter you look to the trail and ponder what you should now do.

If you wish to now take the northern path turn to section 514. If you can see no benefit in doing this and would rather return the way you have come, retracing your steps back to the open plains, turn to section 578.

558

With the Druhl lumbering down upon you the word "emru" is spoken. In that instant the stonewood brightens slightly and a small opening appears in the barrier, large enough only for you to pass. It is an opportunity that you do not waste.

Behind you the ground tremors to the beast's approach and you do not find your way through the barrier a moment too soon. In a coruscation of light and energy the Dragon hits the shield, its vast bulk slamming into the wall of energy before being thrown back into the cavern beyond. In a melee of scattering rock and dust the beast skitters across the rough surface, its spectral body a twisting ruin of stone and dark vapours. You watch for a short time as the Dragon's form slumps into an inanimate pile of stone, but the Druhl is not yet finished.

Before your eyes the Dragon reforms, the dark vapours that hold it together taking a new mound of stone and crystal and building a new beast, one that howls in the darkness like madness unchained. You step back from the barrier as the Druhl approaches but this time it does not try and force a way through. Instead the dark construct attacks the stone at the edge of the passage entrance, tearing and crushing its rough outline, trying to force a way around the shimmering wall. Given enough time it will do it.

With the Dragon tearing at the rock you turn on your heel and run into the western passageway. A long corridor of roughly hewn stone lies ahead.

Turn to section 590.

559

In a cloud of breaking rock the last of the Warbeasts falls, its body reaved of life, crashing to ground with an impact that sends shards of its being scattering across the smooth floor. It is a battle that has left you breathless and fatigued, the last stroke of your weapon felling the beast and returning its living form back to solid stone. Whatever may have animated these monstrosities left in those fleeting moments, and with the sounds of the battle ebbing away as faint echoes against the hard rock of the chamber you stand quietly, alone once again and surrounded by the dissolving remains of the fractured statues. Before you have time to sheathe your weapon the Warbeasts dissipate into the heavy air, disappearing as mists that leave no trace of the creatures they were, only a few deep gouges in the floor evidence of the battle fought between you. Sweating from the fight you look quickly to the exits and know that this melee could not have gone unnoticed. It is time to move on.

If you have not already done so will you;
Try the first door in the northern wall? If so turn to section 48.
Try the door in the eastern wall of the Great Hall? If so turn to section 161.
Try the first door in the southern wall? If so turn to section 31.
Try the second door in the southern wall. If so turn to section 189.

560

Behind you the swarm gathers speed, its number a swirling mist of light that illuminates the edges of the passage as it pursues you. From what you have been told of these insects there is only one escape, and that is to find the light of day quickly. Without looking back you run for the mine entrance, your only hope to find safety beyond its threshold. Sweating profusely you make the large hall, the bright glow of the outside world close, but it is as far as you get. Without apparent cause your left leg collapses beneath you, and with the swarm only metres behind you fall headlong into the dirt. Desperately you regain your feet, but in this moment of unforeseen delay a strange dizziness overtakes you, and it takes all you have just to keep your feet.

Staggering against the wall of the chamber you draw your sword and await the end that must surely come. A searing pain in your left calve collapses your leg once again and in the gloom you see your

attacker. A Needle Fly has latched onto your leg and jabbed its sharp proboscis deep into the muscle. For a second you remain in shock, the insect draining blood straight out of your leg. Striking at it with your sword you knock it to the ground and stamp it to mush. Around you the rest of the swarm waits, then from the swirling cloud more of the insects dive, hitting you in the shoulder and arms, trying to find a way inside your clothing. These insects you also crush but this only sends the remainder into a frenzy. There is no way you can fend off the attack that follows. Unable to stand beneath the assault you receive from the diving insects you fall to one knee and try to lash out at the swarm with your sword. Dozens of the insects fall, cleaved into pieces by its blade's sharp edge, but the numbers inevitably overwhelm you. Writhing under a blanket of drinking insects you die, the secret of this mine safe for the arrival of the next unsuspecting victim.

Here your quest ends, your life taken on the points of a thousand razor-sharp needles. Perhaps in a latter life Providence will afford you better luck.

THE END

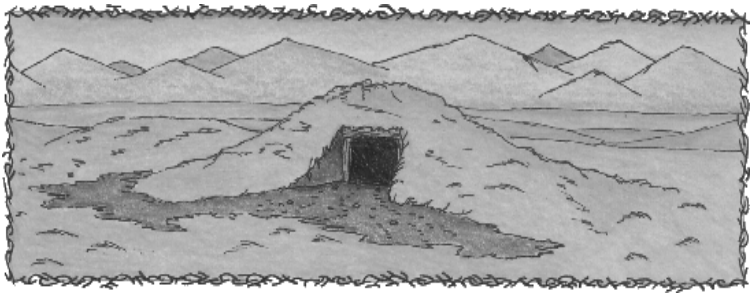

561

The nature of the flowing light is unknown to you but the stairs that will return you to the halls of Stoneholme are steep, and their reach overwhelmingly long. If you are to find a way through it must be on the other side of this vast apparition.

Carefully you move towards the shimmering light, placing your hand upon its rippling surface and finding that it is warm to the touch but not harmful. When you are sure that it is safe you take a deep breath and plunge into its flowing energy. To your surprise the rushing stream is thick, more than two metres in depth and it takes a few

moments to force a path through it. Like a heavy fluid it clings to your skin and only releases its hold on you once you have passed cleanly through.

Once upon the other side the exit stands open and beckoning. Without looking back you make for the threshold and find that it is the entrance to another wide staircase, one that descends even further into the mountain. With only a small hesitation you take to the stairs and begin your descent.

Again you find yourself on a long decline, the stairway a straight arrow aimed directly at the root of the mountain. In construction it is the same as that which you have passed through before but unlike the previous stairs there is no silvered reflections to give you light. Instead the stairway is bathed in a blue glow unlike anything you have seen before, and it ebbs and flows up the steps like a heartbeat pounding in the earth itself.

Upon the seemingly endless stairs you make your way, watching always for any sign that danger is near. Beyond all thoughts of your quest however, lay the resonating energy of what resides below. Each minute upon the stairs comes with a growing sensation of power, of an unfettered energy that crackles in the air and sends pulsing vibrations racing through the stone around you. Upon every footfall you feel its insistent force, and with every step the blue light increases.

Another hour passes as you take the stairs and like the first great staircase they find an end as well. What you discover upon this further threshold leaves you speechless.

Turn to section 526.

562

Your knowledge of these artifacts tells you that only someone in possession of stonewood can pass beyond its impenetrable shield. You have no choice and no time to ponder any other course of action. Upon the north-western wall opens the small passageway; its dark, shadowed exit lying beyond a floor of broken stone and shattered ground. It is now your only hope.

Turn to section 593.

563

Upon the stone you force your way upwards, using the deeply carved images as a purchase as you climb. Very quickly however, you find that the labours of your long quest have taken their toll upon muscles already tested to their limits. With the stone vibrating with power you can feel the energy flowing along the streaming wall of light but this monolithic slab reaches high, and the climb proves too much.

When you have risen some thirty metres from the base of the tremoring monolith a misplaced boot slips from its hold and leaves you dangling by one arm. Without the strength left to regain your footing it is inevitable that you fall, and the distance is great. With a sickening crunch you hit the cold floorstones and lay still.

Roll two dice and double the number thrown. If you have thrown a number larger than your current endurance points this fall has killed you and your quest is over. It will indeed be in a latter life that you must now look to for better luck. If the number you have thrown is less than your current endurance level you have survived the fall but at a great cost. Take the number thrown and deduct this from your endurance. When you have done this turn to section 548.

564

Without all the talismans required to destroy Windhammer you will need instead to rely upon your skill and a good measure of luck. This does not mean however, that you should discount any help that might be obtained from the many items you have collected in the course of your quest. It is now that you must prepare.

In the safety of the entranceway you make ready for a battle that you do not know how to win, but as the Tellandra fades before your eyes you know that you must kill this serpent if you are to save yourself, and your people. Quickly you lay before you all the artifacts that you have found on this quest and decide which will give you an advantage in the battle to come.

If you have the Dragonseye, Dragonclaw or Morgen's Spear mentioned in the previous section in your possession add five points to your combat value for each one held. If you have any Nahla potions or Words of Healing before you now will be a good time to use them. If you have a book titled "Words of Protection" there is one word within

that can help you now. Utter the Word noted previously on your character sheet and any damage caused by Windhammer in each battle round will be limited to two endurance points.

If you have previously obtained a suit of Dwarvendim Dragon-armour and a bone-tipped lance you may add an additional eight points to your combat value. These items have been specifically crafted for combat with Dragons and will add greatly to your ability to defeat Windhammer.

If you have in your possession another book known as the Teth Ellandra it unfortunately cannot help you here. Its great power can only be released in the presence of the Tellandra but the Pillar now falters, unable to draw the EarthMagic needed to give it potency. Like all artifacts of magic tied to the Tellandra it diminishes as the Pillar does and soon will fade completely.

Any other items you may have collected on your journey cannot help you in this battle except for Than'durion. If you have come through this quest with the great sword undamaged it will give you a small benefit of two additional points to your combat rating. The sword was given to you by the Tak Lovar for a reason and if it has not been broken should be used in the battle to come. If it has been damaged in any way it cannot help you now.

In the withering heat you ready yourself, bringing together everything you need and discarding the rest within the entranceway. For just a moment you gather your courage then move towards the threshold of the Deep Vault. Now is the time that you must stand against this Dragon. Within the next few minutes it will be either Windhammer or yourself that will die.

Turn to section 586.

565

Quickly you take your pack from your shoulders and search its contents for the set of lockpicks. Held together on a small ring of silver the picks are thin rods of hard metal, flattened at their ends and tapered to a short hook point. Although you have had the use of these tools explained to you, the forcing of locks such as these has been something that you have been happiest leaving to others with more skill. On this day however, it must be upon yourself that you must rely.

Carefully you begin to feel out the internal mechanism of the lock. It

is of a barrel construction, operated by the depression of a series of small interlinked levers. Under other circumstances it would be a key that would do the job but today it is the careful movement of your lockpicks that must suffice. Wrapped in the heat of the passageway your hands are slick with sweat, the concentration of your task made all the more difficult by the intolerable pounding of the furnace ahead, but by degrees you fathom the lock's secrets and finally turn its mechanism. A sharp satisfying click is all you need to hear before you try the handle.

Turn to section 80.

566

You can see no point in remaining here so you move forward quickly, the sounds of movement growing louder and more definite. With no reason to remain quiet you break into a run, scrabbling across the mounds and sending stone and crystal showering onto the rough stone floor. In the gloom the sounds of your passage echo off the walls and within this cacophony of clattering stone you begin to hear a growl, low and menacing.

For a heartbeat you turn and trace the sound of the guttural noise back to its owner. At the edge of your vision stands a beast, half as tall as the cavern itself, and as black and unknown as the shadows themselves.

In a howling rage the creature begins to run, four huge legs propelling it across the floor of the cavern, its bulk sending shudders through the stone. Quickly it makes up the distance between you but before it can bring you down you run into the passageway, its monstrous body crashing against the exit, sending plumes of dust and scattering stone across your path.

In a panic you turn to face the beast but the creature is not finished with you. With a series of pummelling blows it rips and smashes at the exit, bringing down stone and tearing away at the exit itself. In this melee of smashing rock you begin to see what it really is. The beast is a Druhl, a magical construct formed as a Dragon, but unlike anything you have ever heard of. In your mind you are sure that it is not alive, the thing is an agglomeration of stone and ancient skeleton somehow held together by a dark aura that binds its parts, keeping it whole.

As you watch the Druhl tears at the passageway, relentlessly forcing its way towards you. In the face of such a beast even the bravest can falter. Without further thought you turn on your heal and run but the passage provides no sure escape. Some twenty metres further along you come to another chamber, a wide circular cavern from which there are no other ways out except for a small hole in the floor at its centre. Apart from the hole you have found your way to a dead end.

Turning back to the passage you can see the creature forcing a path through the stone, its spectral arms smashing through the rock in its frantic efforts to reach you. Within a matter of a few minutes it will be upon you.

If you can see no alternative but to stand and fight turn to section 546. If you would rather take your chances and jump into the central hole turn to section 573.

567

You take to the right passage without hesitation, running with all the strength you can muster. Quickly the passage narrows, turning northwards and then veering once again into the west. As you run you notice that the walls have been scoured by some type of acid, long streaks of dissolved rock flowing from large impact fractures that line the walls. It is as if something has hit the stone hard and left behind a residue, one that has eaten into the rock, leaving it a seeping mess that flows like partially heated tallow. It is a curiosity that remains on your mind as you follow the passage into the west.

Without stopping you make your way further into the mountain. Around you the passage is a mess of dissolved stone and broken walls but it is the floor that begins to give you the most trouble. Hard under foot when you first entered, the ground is now mostly sand and pulverised stone, an unstable mixture that slows your progress and makes each step far harder than it might otherwise have been. Against this resistance you try and keep up a brisk pace but it is a task that leaves you sweating profusely in the dark, cold corridor. After a time the exertion takes its toll, and eventually you come to a halt, your legs crying out for rest. Leaning against the passage wall you try and recover your breath but you are not given the chance. Something else lurks here and you are within its reach.

Suddenly the ground ahead of you erupts in a cloud of moving sand and pluming dust. Before you can properly defend yourself a long tentacle reaches out of the clouding sands and grabs at your leg, pulling you inexorably towards a gaping hole in the floor ahead. As you struggle to draw your weapon a multitude of sinuous limbs thrust out of the hole and flail about the narrow confines of the tunnel. One hits you across the back before grasping at your arm but you drag it free only as another comes snaking towards you. You are in deep trouble.

If you have a flashcharge in your possession and believe now might be a good time to use it turn to section 597. If you do not have such a device or alternatively are foolish enough to wish to save it for another time then you will have to fight this beast if you are to survive. Unwittingly you have stumbled into the lair of a Sand Lurker and the beast is hungry. Unless you give it a good reason to let you go it will have you for its next meal. The Sand Lurker has a combat value of 19 and an endurance of 70. If you are able to survive three rounds with the monster turn to section 538. If you succumb to the creature within these three rounds turn to section 549.

568

With all the strength you have at your command you run, the vast power of the Shan'duil raging in the chasm beneath you. All about you the thundering echo of the River's flow tremors the air, sending pulsing vibrations through the stone beneath your feet, but within this melee of overwhelming noise you dare not stop. At a sprint you should cover the distance in less than thirty seconds, however as you reach the highest arc of the bridge's span you begin to feel the full relentless effects of the River.

Like tendrils reaching out of the abyss the blue radiance of the Shan'duil swirls around the bridge, twisting and surging as the River pounds below. In the grip of this raw energy you feel the strength draining from your legs, your breath labouring as you realise that the strength you have will not be enough. Like spectral hands grasping at your skin you come to a halt, unable to move as your energy is quickly dissipated into the roiling surge of the River of Life. If you cannot make the other side before your strength gives out this exposure to the River will kill you.

Exhausted, you drop to one knee then the other, your body's endurance draining away as you struggle to make the end of the bridge. Collapsing forward onto your hands, desperation takes hold as you crawl painfully onwards but it is to no avail. Still some sixty metres from the far landing you fall onto the hard stone and lay still.

In those last few moments of life there is a strange calm about you. Although the Shan'duil surges beneath you, it is your own heartbeat that you notice most. Pounding in your chest you feel its last few beats and realise that it too is now beating to the rhythm of the River. In this place you are now one with the Shan'duil. Your quest is over. It will be to a future life that you must now look for better luck.

THE END

569

The passage proves to be a roughly cut tunnel, following the course of a layer of stone that rises by degrees along a winding path strewn with fallen granite and deep drifts of dust. Only the gleam of a few veins of phosphorescent crystal lights your way but it is enough to illuminate the passage and you keep up a steady run, though struggling against the dust and unstable footing.

After a good hour of travel the need to rest and take food brings you to a halt. In a small alcove you find a position against one of the walls and relax. The Druhl has been left far behind and in the quiet you consider your position, searching your pack for food before settling down to relax.

(If you have food you may take some at this time. The usual increase in endurance should be recorded if you eat. If you have no food or Nahla bread in your possession at this time deduct two points from your endurance to account for the additional fatigue you must now endure. Do not reduce your endurance to zero however. If such a reduction would kill you leave yourself one point of endurance at this time. You are not that tired that it should lead to your demise.)

In the silence of the passageway you rest, no sound or sign evident that there is any living thing close. Your diversion through this underworld beneath Stoneholme has left you bruised and beaten but you can sense that the object of your quest is somewhere ahead. You cannot tell if it is the call of the Tellandra itself or just a gut feeling, but as you let your body recover the certainty grows within you that

the Deep Vault is somewhere ahead, and that you are indeed going the right way.

When you feel more able to return to your task you stand and check the passage behind you. In the distance you can hear the Druhl, but the sounds are muffled and indistinct, and knowing that the spectral beast is still a threat return to following the passageway.

Before long you find a worn set of stairs and then upon their upper threshold a small square chamber. This chamber is definitely Dwarvendim made, familiar inscriptions cover the walls and ceiling, and at its end stands a further exit, the remains of an iron portcullis barring any way forward.

Quickly you approach the bars and find them rusted to the point of ruin. With one hand you grasp the lower edge of the grill and pull it upwards, the decrepit bars snapping and bending as you force the portcullis out and then back upon itself. In a spray of metal particles and dust you force your way beyond the bars, brushing centuries of grit and rust from your clothing as you look into a long hallway that stretches some distance ahead. In the shadows you feel all the stronger that you are close to your goal, but as you look down the corridor you wonder how much farther you must travel. Time is running short.

Turn to section 579.

570

Somewhat disappointed that you have not yet found an easy way out of the marshes you turn Pallenten onto the trail and find your way back to the path you left previously. Here you have only two options open to you. One is to continue northwards deeper into the marshes, the other to retrace your path back into the south and find your way onto the open grasslands.

If you wish to continue north, turn to section 514. If you would rather go south turn to section 578.

571

The passages that open ahead and to your left can only be reached across a debris field of fractured rock. It is too open and unstable a

terrain and although the cavern seems empty there is a feeling here that raises the hair at the base of your neck. Carefully you search the gloom ahead, looking for the source of such palpable malice. You cannot see it, but as you wait in the shadows you can sense that there is something else in the chamber with you.

The right passage, which you are fairly sure exits from the north-western edge of the cavern, seems your best option. By skirting the edges of the cave you should be able to reach the passage threshold without leaving yourself open to notice. If you are lucky you may be able to remain hidden, using the high mounds of stone and earth as a cover that should keep you safe from any unwanted attention.

The cavern itself is an ancient formation of hard stone and flowing crystalline pillars. At all sides the walls stand as a multicoloured wash of solid but seemingly fluid limestone cascades, all reaching from a domed ceiling crowded with stalactites and dark recesses. Within this strange wonderland of liquid stone the floor stands in direct contrast, large mounds of pulverised stone and fallen crystal forming an undulating sea of fractured rock. To take the edges of such an unwelcoming sea seems the best choice and you take it carefully.

Hidden within deep shadows you keep close to the wall, following the edges of the cavern and using the mounds as cover from something as yet unknown to you. More so than at any other time whilst within Stoneholme you feel a malevolent presence here, something filled with a brooding hatred that waits patiently in the darkness. It is the chill though that grows most unsettling. You have delved many subterranean caverns in you time and all have been cold, but never have you felt the chilling edge in this chamber. It is a cold that soaks its way through your clothing, numbing your skin and gloved fingers, and one that increases as you work your way about the cavern's perimeter. Your breath streams as vapours in the icy air, and frost cracks underfoot but the distance is not too great and quickly you make a distance mid way to the north-western passage.

It is as you take a moment to pull your clothing tighter about you that you hear the first sound of something moving in the shadows. It is nothing more innocuous than a fall of stone far across the breadth of the cavern but in the quiet it echoes off the stone walls, forcing you to crouch behind a pile of broken crystal and stare out into the gloom. Quickly another movement of rock in the distance heralds more proof that you are not alone, and before you can move a creature emerges out of the darkness. Alone in the cavern you wait, transfixed by the

horror that looms out of the cavern's shadows.

Like an apparition the creature detaches from the surrounding shadows, its enormous bulk wrapped in a spectral aura of rushing vapours and dark energy. From your vantage you watch, unable to discern immediately what it is, but sure that it is a magical construct of some type. Before your eyes it moves closer, raising itself upon huge legs before extending a pair of skeletal wings into the far corners of the cavern. In the darkness your blood runs cold.

You do not know what it is but a more knowledgeable soul could tell you that it is a Druhl, a construct of magic, bone and debris, formed in the shape of a Dragon and created as a Guardian for the very caverns you now journey through. For you however, it is simply a nightmare and in the confines of the cavern you cannot help but stare at it.

Standing upon its rear legs it is the petrified skeleton of an ancient Dragon, wrapped in a black writhing aura that binds it together, its body a moving morass of rock and fractured stone gathered from the cavern floor. In the gloom it moves purposefully forward, then comes to a halt before the entrance to the south-western passageway. For a moment it pauses, looking into the darkness before turning in your direction, sniffing the air as it searches you out. It knows you are here, however it cannot yet find you.

Before you can move the Dragon raises its head and screeches into the roof of the cavern. It is a deafening cry that echoes like a high-pitched thunderclap through the open spaces, collapsing stone from the walls at all sides and bringing down huge pieces of crystal from the roof overhead. The shear size of the spectral creature chills you to the bone, its ragged, grinding form moving ponderously as it searches the ground, looking for you. Behind the small mound of stone you remain unnoticed but it cannot remain so forever.

In a growing rage the beast begins to throw large chunks of rock, skidding them across the floor, smashing and pulverising the mounds in a systematic attempt at flushing out the trespasser it knows is moving furtively within the cavern. As one of the pieces slams into the ground only a few metres from where you hide you know it is time to get away from this ghostly apparition. If you remain here it will find you, and there can be no doubt that if it does you will die.

As missiles of jagged rock hit the walls at your back you run for it, your hope that the passageway will be too small for the Druhl to follow. Without thinking you run, rushing for the only sanctuary you

can see from the raging beast. Across the cavern the Dragon sees you and throws down the boulders held in its clawed hands. In a spasm of unrestrained anger the beast jumps forward, its spectral eyes burning red as it focuses all of its energy on your insignificant form. Before this horror you flee, the ground beneath you a ruin of fractured ground that will take all your skill to negotiate swiftly. This Guardian takes its job seriously, and if it catches you it will kill you.

Test your agility attribute. If you are successful turn to section 593. If you fail this test turn to section 537.

572

Desperately you leap forward, a huge slab of crystal falling out of the roof overhead. Within a cloud of roiling dust you hit the ground, rolling to your feet as tonnes of stone smashes into the ground at your back. Thanking Providence once again you keep on running and eventually find yourself emerging out of the haze of suffocating dust. Somehow you have survived, but your deliverance has come at no small cost.

To escape the collapsing stone you have had to return down the passageway, clouds of choking dust forcing you back towards the cavern and the imponderable malice of the Druhl. With a thin film of grime covering your body you emerge from the passage and come to a halt. In the distance you can see the Dragon and it can see you. It is not a happy Guardian.

Before you the barrier of shimmering energy holds firm, however the constant attack of the beast is weakening its capacity to keep the Druhl in check. When it lays its dull red eyes upon you once again its fury intensifies, and you cannot doubt that it will keep up its assault until it finds a way through the Shieldstone's defences.

Quickly you turn back to the passages and decide that the left passage can be your only way forward. Somehow you must put distance between yourself and the Druhl.

Turn to section 542.

573

In the face of such a danger there is only one way you can go. Quickly you run for the hole and find it to be a vent of some type, circular in shape and no more than a metre wide. From the passageway the frantic struggle of the Druhl is all the motivation you need. In one smooth movement you shrug your pack from your back and throw it into the vent, then jump feet first into the hole yourself. Whatever happens now must be for Providence to dictate.

Turn to section 592.

574

Within the darkness of the pit you dig both boots into the unstable wall and begin the slow climb back to safety. Above you the hole is a morass of old roots and rotting vines, loosely held against the crumbling earth that must somehow support your full weight as you climb. One handhold at a time you find each new purchase and steadily make your way out of the pit. It is only with a measure of good luck that you find the upper edges of the trap and slowly haul yourself out of its lethal embrace. Exhausted from the climb, you lay upon the ground and try and recover your breath. You cannot tell whether it is the weight of your equipment, or just the fatigue of the past days, but those fifteen metres have left you unable to stand, and for a time you remain still.

(The climb has been exhausting and one that will take time to recover from fully. Reduce your endurance level by two points before continuing.)

When you can move, you raise yourself and move over to the lip of the pit. At its edge you peer into the abyss below and hear clearly the movement of a large number of creatures in the shadows. Once again you thank Providence for your deliverance from yet another nasty end, but as with many other close calls on this expedition you have little time to ponder your good fortune. Upon regaining your torch you spend a short time organising your equipment, then look carefully to the long passage ahead.

Moving steadily forward it takes only a few minutes to reach the passage's end. A quick but careful search confirms your growing suspicion that it is a dead end. Where the tunnel should have continued there has been set an enormous slab of dull grey metal. You

can find no mechanism that will move the barrier and no other way around it. Discouraged you turn back down the passage and make your way back to the Lesser Hall.

Standing behind the tapestry that covers the opening you listen for any sounds that might betray the presence of a patrol or lone guard in the chamber beyond. For some time you stand silent in the darkness. At first you can make out the muffled movement of something quietly crossing the floor of the hall before all is again still. The minutes pass, but hearing nothing else you edge your way from behind the heavy cloth hanging and decide your next move.

If you have not already done so you can try and open the double doors in the east wall. If this is your choice turn to section 153. If you believe that a better course will be to investigate the open passage in the south wall turn to section 70.

575

The barrier is a shimmering wall of energy that covers the entire passage entrance. Without knowledge of how to pass beyond it you look immediately to the smaller passage in the north-west and run for its dark sanctuary. Behind you the Dragon is a fury of pounding claws and grinding stone, its only intent to chase you down and kill you. If you are not fleet of foot it will catch you.

The entrance to the north-west exit stands only a short distance ahead but the Druhl is hard upon you. Test you Agility attribute. If you are successful turn to section 593. If you fail this test turn to section 527.

576

Quickly you search the edge of the marsh and find the overgrown remains of a track leading into the Faeron. As the Ranger closes the distance between you, you turn Pallenten for the opening, a narrow path that lies beckoning between a bed of reeds and a hedgerow of large domed-shaped bushes. With a flick of her reins Pallenten charges onto the trail and immediately you are embraced within the overwhelming verdancy of the marshes.

About you the Faeron spreads, a huge wetland that, for a reason

unknown to Men, has been growing, swallowing up the plain surrounding it, and most of the farmlands and farmsteads within its reach. Even upon Pallenten's back you cannot see very far; the dome-shaped bushes and ruined earthworks of farmers who had tried to hold back the marsh's advance, all conspiring to turn the Faeron into a maze of water and weed, overgrown bush and shallow spreading meres.

Within this patchwork it is easy to take a winding path along old animal trails and the remnants of man-made roads and track-ways. After a few minutes you find yourself alone, a solitary figure upon a narrow track heading roughly north into the heart of the Faeron. To make sure of your escape you take cover behind a stand of rotting Beech and watch for any sign of pursuit. It does not come, and with only the company of water-fowl upon a wide pool of water at your back you return to the trail and continue northwards.

After a time you come to a junction with another pathway leading to the west. It is the remains of a wagon trail, although barely recognisable. The trail you have been following reaches northwards, before disappearing behind a high hedgerow of overgrown bush.

Will you take the trail northwards? If this is your choice turn to section 514. If you would take the wagon trail into the west turn to section 550. If you would rather take the chance and return the way you have come, turn to section 578.

577

The stairs have disappeared but there is no way that you are going to step into the flowing stream of energy that stands before you. Quickly you make for the end of the hall, following the moving wall of energy as it passes down the length of the chamber. Perhaps there is a chance that where the flow meets the wall at its end you may find a way around the shimmering barrier.

It takes only a few minutes to reach the end of the chamber and come to a halt, a hint of desperation crossing your face as you find yourself at what appears to be a dead end. The huge moving stream of flowing energy terminates against an upright slab of pure black stone, which stands only a hand's width from the walls of the chamber itself. Any wider and you may have been able to squeeze between them but it is too narrow a space. You will have to find another way.

Not deterred you consider more closely the slab of black stone. It is metres thick and extends upwards almost to the reach of the roof itself, but even from your vantage you can see that it does not go all the way. There is a space of no more than a metre between its summit and the roof itself, however it is a possible way over. In the shimmering light you look more closely at the monolith and find it to be intricately carved, a convoluted relief of vine and ancient script writhing its way across its smooth surfaces. With an idea forming you check the nature of the stone and find it sound, its carvings deep, and despite the chamber's great age, still sharp and clean.

For a moment you stand back and ponder the great reach of the slab. It stands as high as the chamber itself but it is something that you could climb, given a small measure of luck. If you are to find a way to the other exit it seems the only way to go.

If you think that climbing the edges of the slab a little too dangerous then you have no option but to take your chances and try and make your way through the stream. If this is your choice turn to section 531. If you believe that the best way will be to climb over the dark slab then section 594 is the path you must take.

578

You have lost the Ranger and there seems little point in making your way any further into the wetland. Turning Pallenten around you retrace your steps back towards the grasslands in the south. This is not an easy task however, the marshes are truly a maze and it takes more than one attempt to find your way out. It is a place of hidden dangers and shifting ground, where the waters move, rippling and disturbed as if something large is lurking within them. On more than one occasion you are sure you see shadows in the depths, or the ridged back of a large animal sliding beneath the black waters as you pass. You cannot say what it might be, however it gives you good reason to urge Pallenten on all the faster.

It takes more than a few hours to find your way back onto open ground. At each turn of the trail, or each intersecting path you must watch for the Ranger, but it is soon evident that he has been lost to the Faeron, and it may be days before he can find his way out. When you do emerge from the grasp of the marshlands it is at a point only a short distance further to the west than your entry. At least, you

console yourself, you have not lost any ground in evading the Kalborean. After brushing the last clinging remnants of the Faeron from yourself and Pallenten you turn her towards the looming presence of the Devkraager Tor.

Turn to section 341.

579

The corridor is long and narrow but as you make your way forward the feeling grows stronger that you are indeed on the right path. Ahead there is a dull red glow framing an exit shaped as a high arch, and as you get closer it sharpens in outline, the sound of something like the rushing murmur of a great river in the distance. With your heart racing you make the end of the passage and find the threshold to another room, this one small and cleanly carved. In its quiet interior you come to a halt, all the fatigue and pain of your quest forgotten as you try and make sense of what you have found.

Before you is a perfectly clear crystal wall, and beyond the wall a further huge chamber spreads out as a vision of all your worst nightmares. You stand in disbelief and watch as lava flows gout from deep splits in the wall, only to speed along wide fractures in the floor and then fall out of sight into unknown depths below. At all sides run pools of liquid metal; Azuril, gold and silver in vast quantity made molten by the proximity of the steaming, molten rock. Within these pools float fused lumps of precious stones and all about is the fumes and vapours of an environment ruled by lava. It is a hellish terrain, obscured by plumes of ash and toxic gases, but as you look more closely you realise with a rising hope that you have found the object of your quest and the salvation of your people. You have found the Deep Vault.

Carefully you rest against one of the smooth corners and stare out into the steaming inferno. The floor of the cavern is some twenty metres below the level of the crystal wall and from this vantage there is a clear view of the entire chamber. Against a far corner of the huge open space stands a stepped platform and upon its upper level you see the Tellandra, broken and vibrating with a diminishing power, the aura surrounding it weakening even as you watch. At the other side of the Deep Vault is a large arched doorway, its timbers long consumed, all that remains of its substance a few torn and melted iron bands hanging twisted from long disused hinges.

Within all this turmoil of flowing rock and fuming vents you cannot see the Dragon Windhammer, but as you take a closer look at the interior of the Vault there opens a huge gaping rift in the floor at its far end, only a short distance from the platform upon which the Tellandra stands alone. The rift is certainly large enough to allow a Dragon to pass, though as you watch you cannot help but wonder if the serpent is indeed dead. It is an intriguing question but whether the beast is still alive cannot remain your concern if it is not in the chamber itself. Finding a way to the Tellandra, and fulfilling your mission, looms as a challenge just as great. As you look at the state of the Deep Vault you know that this will be a task filled with perils of its own.

Time however, is not on your side. The Tellandra stands diminished, pieces of its form scattered upon the platform. Even as you watch it dims, struggling against the great damage done to it by the Dragon. If you are to save your people, and yourself, you must act quickly.

The room is only small, its smooth walls without door or exit. It is bare except for a single metal rack, upon which rests the pieces of a set of armour and a solitary long-hafted lance. For a moment you turn from the devastation of the Deep Vault and look more closely at what you have found. The armour is definitely Dwarvendim-made and as you run your fingers along its smooth outlines you realise that it has been fashioned from Dragon scales, carefully shaped and fitted into a suit of remarkable strength and lightness. The lance is equally impressive, its long metal shaft tipped with a carefully shaped blade of Dragon bone. You test the edge of the lance's ivory-coloured tip and find it razor-sharp.

(This is armour and weaponry purpose-made in the last days of the Stone Kingdoms to battle the threat of Windhammer. For a reason

unknown it was never used, but now it stands ready for you if you wish to take it. If this is your choice you cannot wear any other armour items and must drop them here. How this armour and lance will adjust your combat value will be given later in this adventure. If you choose to take these items record them on your character sheet before continuing.)

Once you have made your decision you search the edges of each wall looking for any sign of secret latch or lock. You find nothing but as you place your hand upon the crystal wall you feel it give way, bending outwards with the pressure of your fingers, before separating and allowing your whole hand to slide through. For a moment your surprise gets the better of you and you withdraw your hand. It seems unaffected and quickly you push again, this time letting your entire arm slide through. What happens next takes you completely by surprise.

Before you can withdraw your arm again, the crystal takes hold, forcing you forward, dragging you bodily through the wall and thrusting you out into the heat and thundering commotion of the Deep Vault. Balancing upon a narrow ledge of stone you recoil from the shock of your displacement and try and gain a firm purchase against the wall of the Vault. To your amazement your hands grab solid stone, the crystal wall gone, the small room unseen and now lost to you. Carefully you try and force your hand back through the stone but you encounter only the hard rock of the mountain. If you had any hope that you might be able to return to the safety of the room it is now gone.

Looking around you find a series of roughly carved holes in the wall beneath you and using these you climb down onto the floor of the chamber. The Vault is a steaming fog of sulphurous vapours and swirling ash, and within this melee you can see the Tellandra shining weakly upon its platform. If ever you are to complete your quest it must be now.

Suddenly a great tremor shakes the ground beneath you. Staggering against the swaying floor-stones you grab at a jagged piece of stone and try and regain your footing. Again the tremor rocks the Vault and then from the rift in the far end a hideous groan erupts, followed by the sounds of something truly gigantic moving in its depths. Quickly you search for a place to take refuge and find it within the shadows of the high arched entryway. Beyond it extends a

long dark hall, but at its edges you watch and wait as something rouses at the far end of the Vault.

Against the hot stone you press your body and peer around the threshold as a monstrous claw emerges from the pit. In a shuddering impact it grabs at the edge of the hole and then pauses as another clawed fist rises into the air. To the sound of a bellowing screech you stand silent and watch as a monster claws its way into the Deep Vault.

Turn to section 191.

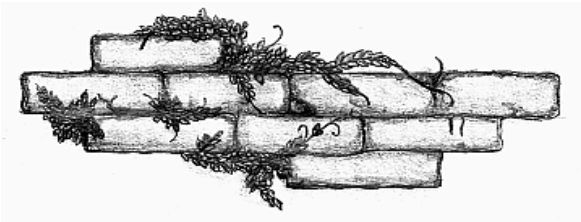

580

Your decision made, you turn Pallenten to the right-hand trail and urge her forward. Quickly the path descends into a wide depression, its interior a tangle of thick vegetation punctuated by large stands of sickly trees and bogs edged by the dome-bushes that prove an impenetrable barrier to movement anywhere other than the narrow pathway. Sure that this path will lead you to the larger Western Trail, and an easier way back to the open plains, you follow it carefully. At all sides the vegetation crowds the trail, a solid wall of grasping branch and hanging vine; and in this wet, crowded place the wind cuts through everything, sending loose leaves and rotting twigs scattering across your path.

Within this dank and unwelcoming basin you follow the trail until it opens out into a wide, cleared area of ground. Here you bring Pallenten to a halt and dismount onto the sodden earth. Your hope that this trail might lead to an easier path ends when you survey the ground about you. Here you have found a dead-end instead, a wide clearing from which there are no exits, only thick walls of green and thickets of tangled thorn bushes. If you are to find your way out it will have to be along another path.

You have not wasted your time completely though. At the lower edge of the clearing stands a dilapidated cabin, ruined by long years

of neglect, but showing some signs of having been recently inhabited. Piles of cut wood line one wall, and the ground surrounding the ill-kept front door is churned by many horse and boot prints. If nothing else there is the chance that if someone resides here you may be able to gain valuable information on what lies between the marshes and the Krodestaag mountains in the west. Cautiously you approach the front of the cabin and call out to anyone inside.

If you have the skill of Brigandry turn to section 515. If you do not possess this skill turn to section 556.

581

As the Reaver charges towards you the ground beneath your feet shudders with its advance. In the shimmering air the creature screams loudly, its shrill call echoing across the cavern as it runs, and even within the shadows you can see all its eyes locked upon you. Grimly you stand your ground, but in truth you see no way that you can defeat such a monster. Then you hit upon an idea. In your travels you have heard many stories of the Reavers that infest the far northern wastes. Amongst most knowledgeable travellers it is agreed that the only weakness these deadly monsters possess is the soft area between their main forearms, directly beneath their carapace. It is there that these huge animals have their multiple eyes, and in the few moments that are left you pull off your pack and find the small bag of flour you brought from Maenum.

In the shadows of the Lesser Hall you steel yourself for what you are about to do. The Reaver thunders down upon you and when it is no more than a dozen metres from where you stand you throw the opened bag of flour at its eyes. In a gout of powder the bag hits its target, spraying the finely ground grain beneath the monster's protective carapace. Caught by the unexpected assault the Reaver skids to a halt, its huge forearms flailing ineffectively as it tries to wipe away the white powder. Staggering to the side the beast drops, shaking its body in a desperate attempt to regain its sight, but the flour has done its job. For a short time at least the Reaver cannot see you, and it is an opportunity you will turn to your advantage.

With the Reaver blinded by the gritty powder you now have a slim chance of putting the monster down, but it is a dangerous foe and one

that can still kill you with a lucky strike of its clawed arms. It has a combat value of 17 and an endurance of 21. If you defeat this creature turn to section 123. If you are devoured by the Reaver your quest ends here in the stifling atmosphere of the Lesser Hall. If this is the case you can take consolation in the knowledge that you were very close to finding the object of your quest. In another life you may have better luck.

582

The smaller passage in the north-west is your only real hope. It is a narrow exit, far too small for the beast to follow you but it opens at the other end of the chamber. To make its shadows without being caught by the Dragon will require all the speed that you can muster.

Quickly you extricate yourself from the pile of broken crystal and it is not a moment too soon. Out of the shadows a huge piece of rock arcs towards you, slamming into the mound and sending a spray of smashed stone and dust scattering across the cavern floor. Engulfed for a moment in the plume of detritus you stagger backwards and then begin to run, using the dust to cover your retreat as you make for the exit.

The Druhl takes up the pursuit almost immediately. Covered for only a few moments within the dust cloud you extend the distance between yourself and the beast by just a short distance but it is enough to give you a fighting chance of escaping the cavern. With the Dragon smashing at the ground in its attempts to run you down, you race for the exit.

Turn to section 593.

583

With only a heartbeat left to live you throw yourself backwards, then roll and jump for the floor behind you. In a crashing thunder of falling stone and earth you scramble for safety as the roof collapses in a gout of clouding dust. Caught within the roiling mist you place your sleeve over your mouth and run back down the passage. Only when you a good distance from the trap do you find clean air, and at the borders of the suffocating dust you cough violently, trying to clear the choking grit from your lungs. Desperately you take some of the filthy

water from a drainage ditch and wash away the clinging dust from your face, before quickly wiping the stinging liquid itself from your skin. Thanking Providence for your deliverance you massage an aching shoulder and shake your head in disbelief. You have survived the trap, but only just.

When you have recovered your breath you stand and take stock of what has happened. As the air settles you find to your dismay that the hall is now blocked by a tangle of broken stone and flows of loose earth. There is no way forward, and no time to try and dig a way through. For a few moments you consider how close you came to death but there is little that you can do except move on and find another way. After cleaning what you can of the grit from your clothing you turn back towards the Great Hall.

It takes some time to retrace your steps but eventually you find your way back to the immense chamber. After making sure there is no danger you leave the passage and return to the open floor of the Hall.

If you have not already done so, will you;
Try the nearest door in the south wall? If so turn to section 31.
Try the second door in the south wall? If so turn to section 189.
Investigate the alcove in the north wall? If so turn to section 239.
Try the door in the far eastern wall? If so turn to section 161.

584

For a moment you watch the blue lights flickering upon the high ceiling, and then a long forgotten memory returns like a nightmare rearing out of the darkness. You have spent many years on the frontier and more than one of your fellow travellers has spoken of the things that lurk in the deep earth. Here you have found one of them. All about the floor, strewn between boulders and fallen stone you can see the remains of Men and Hordim who have previously wandered into this deadly chamber. Most are long dead, the agonies of their passing clearly expressed in the tortured remains, the oldest nothing more than skeletons covered in multitudes of tiny puncture marks.

In the time it takes to turn on your heel and run for the passage at your back, the lights above detach from their resting places and swarm towards you. These innocent looking lights are Needle Flies, insects bigger than a large man's fist and equipped with a long razor-sharp proboscis that can pierce the thickest clothing. Out of the ceiling

they descend upon you in their thousands, the swarm a surging wave of death.

To outrun this danger will require all the speed you can muster. Test your Agility attribute. If you are successful turn to section 513. If you fail this test turn to section 560.

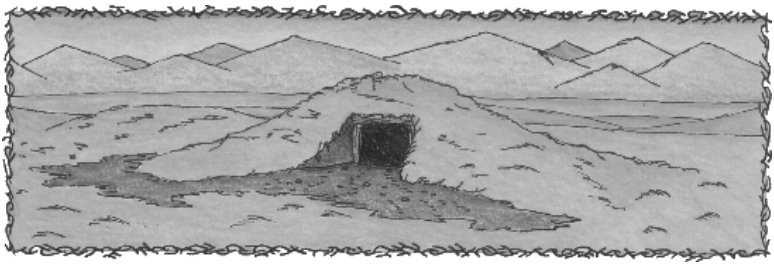

585

Asleep within the outcrop the night passes slowly. Beyond your shelter's walls the wind grows in energy, pushing the remains of the overcast into the south. Before its chilled breath the sky clears, and in the light of the moons of Arborell all is awash in a silvered gleam that outlines yourself and Pallenten at rest.

In the hour before dawn your dreams are interrupted by a sense of disquiet, one that invades your consciousness and brings you quickly back to wakefulness. From beneath your blanket you peer out into the darkness, searching the shadows and gloom for some clue to what has awoken you. Carefully you take a hold upon your sword, throw your blanket aside, and move quietly into the deeper shadows of the stone pile, grabbing at Pallenten's tethers as you continue to search the wider area of the grassland before you.

As you wait a feeling grows within you that there is indeed something out in the darkness, and that it is coming closer. Not for a long time have you felt such a burden upon your senses. It is an overwhelming sensation of power, concentrated and energetic, and for whatever purpose it approaches, even though you cannot yet see it.

Then from out of the shadows ahead you begin to see the first signs of a glimmer, not unlike a reflection of moonlight upon water, but one that grows quickly, twisting and forming into an almost human shape. Human perhaps, but the apparition that forms before you is a coalescence of light, barely defined yet recognisable. For a moment

you stand bewildered by what it might be. The apparition however, does not radiate any malice or belligerence. Instead you feel both curiosity and a powerful sense of discovery, as if the Being has been looking for you.

"Who are you?" you whisper into the night. Within the rush of the winds your call is barely audible but the apparition makes no response. Instead you watch as it finds a place to sit upon the edges of the outcrop, and folds the edges of a spectral robe across its lower half. The Being seems to have all the time in the world and is in no hurry to make its purpose known. When it does it speaks quietly, its words cutting through the winds as if they were not there.

"Halokim, it is good to see you."

For a moment you stand quiet, surprised that the Being knows your name, but it is a hesitation that cannot last.

"Who are you, and what is your purpose here?" you ask again. This time your voice is loud and clear, and you cannot tell if it is fear that propels it.

The Being smiles and extends its arm in friendship. "Greetings Dwarvendim. You cannot know who I am but I can tell you that you are well known to me. Since the beginning of your quest I have been searching for you, and now that I have found you I would ask that you give me a few minutes of your time."

Carefully you take the apparition's hand and feel a warm sensation run along your own at its touch. Quickly you withdraw and motion the Being to continue. "It would seem," you say quietly as you lay your hand upon the metal at your neck, "that I am an unwilling servant of many, but I do have the time for anyone who asks politely. How may I be of service?"

The Being rises and moves further into the outcrop. "It is not service that I require, only your ear for a short time. But first things first. You have asked my name and it would be remiss of me if I did not answer."

The apparition looks to the west as if in earnest conversation and then turns to you. It appears all the brighter and crackles with power.

"Halokim, I am Ulaal'serai, a Caer'dahl, a servant of the Silvan Tree and in this circumstance a messenger, sent to give you a small guidance on your travels. I am here because the Silvan Tree requires that your mission be a success, and there is one thing that you must know if you are to succeed."

Still holding Pallenten's tethers tightly you look at the Being and

can sense no deception in its words. There are questions to be answered though.

"I am glad for your concern Ulaal'serai, but why should my task be of any interest to any one of the Powers of the world?"

The Caer'dahl looks to the south and points towards the Devkraager Tor. "The Tellandra is a piece of stonewood, once part of the Silvan Tree before the treachery of the Trell'sara brought it to ruin. It lies broken within Stoneholme and it is a damage the Silvan Tree cannot endure lightly. All stonewood is connected Halokim, the destruction of any piece a physical assault upon the Tree itself. Windhammer has done more than just take EarthMagic from the Dwarvendim. He has wounded the Silvan Tree with his malice and it is something the Powers of the World cannot allow."

You wonder at what the Being is saying, unsure as to what your part must be in its designs, but there is more to this story and you ask for it quickly.

"I am but a man Caer'dahl, what can I do that might ease such damage?"

Ulaal'serai smiles and crosses his vaporous robes about himself. "You need only complete your mission Halokim. Upon the platform where stands the Tellandra is inscribed a phrase, one as old as the Silvan Tree itself. Say the words as written and your task will be done. Uttered by a Man who understands Lorecraft the Tellandra will be made whole, your people will be saved, and the Silvan Tree will have its pain eased. Do this Halokim, and the world will change before your eyes..."

As the Being's words fade into the winds so does Ulaal'serai. As light might break up upon disturbed water the Caer'dahl flickers and then is gone. In the solitude that follows you look at Pallenten and consider that your mission holds many secrets and that much weighs upon it. Not for the first time you think it is far too much for a solitary Dwarvendim to have to shoulder alone.

In the east the horizon glows with the approaching dawn, and as there is little to be gained by returning to sleep you busy yourself with the tasks of the morning. As you work the sunsrise brings clear skies and lighter winds, and with the time to spare you make yourself a hot meal while Pallenten grazes on the plain beyond the entrance to the outcrop. (This meal will recover six points of endurance to your endurance level. Record this on your character sheet before continuing.) After eating and putting away your equipment you walk

out into the field and call her to you. At first you cannot see Pallenten but an answering neigh from behind a pile of boulders to the west marks where she is. For a moment you still cannot see her then the big horse canters out from behind the outcrop and breaks into a gallop before coming to a halt at your side.

As Pallenten stands there you can sense that something is wrong. She is still but there is a look of unease in her eyes, her body shifting as if she is being compelled to do something she would rather not. You place your hand upon her tethers and stroke her forehead, but there is nothing that can forestall what she must now do. As if by some distant call she rears upon her hind legs, and then turns and races for the distant forest road. Before you can run after her she is gone, a black shape disappearing into the wide expanse of the grasslands.

For a moment you do not understand what has happened, then you remember the Tak Lovar's words. The horse was only to take you as far as the foothills. Now the horse must return to its master. Although you do not like it the rest of your quest will now have to be on foot. For some time you watch Pallenten fade into the haze of the morning and the dark forests that lay beyond. You admit to yourself quietly that you have come to depend upon that horse a lot, and your task will be all the more difficult without her strength to aid you.

Collecting your belongings you strap Than'durion to your waist, shoulder your pack, and begin the last leg of your journey to Stoneholme.

The hot food and decent rest has given you new energy. Restore all lost endurance points to your character sheet and then turn to section 107.

586

Ready for the fight to come you move into the open and call out to Windhammer. If you are to restore the Tellandra the serpent must perish, and with the help of Providence you will be the instrument of its destruction. Standing unprotected upon the hard stone floor you call out again and this time the Dragon hears you.

In a sudden rage the predator that lies at the heart of all Dragons erupts, its claws raking the hard stone, its tail slashing from side to side, huge horned extensions cutting into the rock as it shakes with a fury that knows no constraint. Insignificant before such a powerful foe you stand your ground and wait as the beast prepares to charge. You are not prepared for what happens next.

From out of the solid stone at your right shoulder the wall of the Deep Vault shatters and plumes outwards. Also caught by surprise Windhammer recoils, edging away from the collapsing wall as something else punches its way into the Vault. Surrounded by smashing stone and roiling dust clouds a hole opens in the wall and through it struggles the Druhl. Fuelled by its unending malice the spectral Dragon has escaped its dark prison and has found you.

Staggered by the persistence of the Guardian you do not know what to do, but as you slowly back away from the spectral beast a remarkable transformation occurs. With its proximity to the Tellandra the magic that holds the Druhl together changes, the dark vapours dissolving away, replaced by a swirling aura of blue light. Unsure as to what is happening you look to the Tellandra and see it shining brightly, but you can also sense that this is the pillar's last power. Once it has finished whatever it is about to do it will fade and then all that you have ever known will die.

Infused with the blue energy the Druhl shifts on its clawed feet. Always a mindless construct it is now under the control of others and its attention shifts immediately. No longer are you its focus. Now it turns to Windhammer. In a screaming rage the Druhl launches itself through the air at the living Dragon. Caught in a corner of the Deep Vault the serpent braces and stands its ground, head low, waiting for the impact. In a hammering blow the Druhl strikes the Dragon across its shoulders, throwing Windhammer to the ground in a flurry of smashed stone and splattering lava.

The Dragon is not finished however. Recovering from the blow the serpent regains its feet and charges the Druhl. In the spaces of the wide Vault Windhammer races for the spectral beast, its clawed feet

slamming into the ground as it runs. In another bone shattering impact it hits the Druhl, crushing it against the far wall and scattering its petrified skeleton across the floor of the Vault. Standing over the mounds of stone and earth that remain of the Druhl the Dragon screams into the roof of the chamber, its echoing thunder deafening as it triumphs over the interloper. But the battle is not yet done.

Victorious over the Druhl Windhammer searches you out, and you are not hard to find. Enthralled by the power of the contest you have not moved from your position near the entranceway, and as the Dragon's eyes focus once again in your direction, you realise how exposed you are.

As Windhammer moves slowly forward you notice the Tellandra once again brightening. Behind the Dragon the piles of bone and rock quietly reform, the blue aura asserting its power over the remains of the Druhl. Before the serpent can take one step towards you the Druhl leaps upon its back and drives its long claws into Windhammer's sides. In a howl of pain and surprise the Dragon rolls sideways throwing the Druhl to the ground once again, but the magical beast does not let up its assault.

In a flurry of razor-sharp claws and thrashing tails the two giant creatures attack each other. Forgotten in the melee you run for the safety once again of the dark entranceway and watch as the beasts engage in a terrible battle. On one side the Dragon Windhammer is a force of nature, living power at its most terrible and brutal. Against it stands the Druhl, mindless and unrelenting, energised by the limitless magic of the Shan'duil. Between them stands only malice and a relentless need to kill. With all the strength that remains to them they attack each other, tearing at each other's bodies, crushing and smashing their way across the breadth of the Deep Vault. It is a battle that cannot last long and it is the living that prevails.

In one final crushing blow the Dragon smashes the petrified skull of the Druhl. Staggering backwards into the wall of the Vault the Druhl collapses once again, its bones scattering about the vault, its rock and earth form disappearing in a shower of debris. At the other end of the chamber the Tellandra ebbs, its ability to draw more magic into the Druhl exhausted. Surrounded now only by a shimmering glow it stands silent, but it has done its job.

Limping back towards the far end of the Deep Vault Windhammer has only barely survived the battle with the Druhl. Wounded and torn by the magical construct it is not the beast it had been, and caught

now within a web of its own pain and injury it has forgotten you, content to hobble back to its home. Unfortunately for you it cannot be allowed to live.

Upon its platform the Tellandra is dying. Broken and fading fast you have only moments left to you before it will cease to function as a conduit of magic. If this happens the walls of Maenum will fall and the collar at your throat will tighten. Everything that is Dwarvendim in the world will die and the Realms of Men will disappear beneath the violence of the Horde. It cannot be allowed to happen. Once again you walk into the open and call the Dragon to battle. Again it turns and in the smoking destruction of the Deep Vault attacks.

Within the Deep Vault you must fight and it will be the greatest battle of your life. Wounded and weakened by the Druhl, the Dragon Windhammer is still a formidable opponent, one that can kill you with a single strike of its clawed fist.

In this encounter the Dragon has a combat value of 30 and an endurance of 33. Follow the rules given previously in this story for combating a serpent of this type but add two additional points to your combat value if you have a piece of stonewood in your possession. If you defeat Windhammer turn to section 500. If it is you who dies then your quest is over, your task unfinished. If this is to be your fate consider that you have achieved much and come farther than most. It will now be to another life that you must look for greater success.

587

For a moment you stand transfixed by the sight of the lumbering monsters, but only for a moment. With no sure way of defeating both of these brutes you are prepared to try anything, and you make your decision in a heartbeat. As the Warbeasts circle your position you reach into your pack and retrieve the small flask of Nahla Extract. The label hangs loosely bound at its neck but you are only interested in its claim that the liquid is explosive, and with nothing to lose you throw it at the nearest creature. What happens next takes even you by surprise.

In a detonation of blinding light and deafening sound the Nahla Extract explodes against the flank of the Warbeast. Caught within its shockwave the monster disappears in a cloud of shattering stone, its body reduced to a shower of jagged shrapnel that scatters across the

length of the Great Hall. Unprepared for the force of the blast you are knocked backwards, helpless before the power of the explosion, engulfed within a growing cloud of dust and falling stone that throws you across the polished floor of the chamber. In a rolling tangle of limbs and equipment you come to rest, only to find the other Warbeast writhing upon the cold stone next to you, struggling to regain its footing. Quickly you check yourself for injury and find that you have survived the explosion unscathed. Truly it is only luck that has saved you from the devastating effects of the explosion but the same cannot be said for the second Warbeast.

Caught also by the shockwave the second creature could not avoid two large pieces of its brother statue that smashed into it, fracturing one of its forearms and taking away its left eye and a large section of its forehead. It has been badly damaged but you are not yet safe. Before you can turn to run the monster struggles to its feet and then settles its remaining eye upon you. Damaged as it may be it has been animated for only one purpose, and that is to protect the Dragonseye. Shaking with a mindless rage it attacks.

This remaining Warbeast has a combat value of 17 and an endurance of 12. If you defeat this creature turn to section 559. If however, it is the Warbeast that is victorious then it must be here that your quest ends. If this is so then it will be to another life that you should look for better luck.

588

Again you find yourself on a long descent, the stairway a straight arrow aimed directly at the root of the mountain. In construction it is the same as that which you have passed through before but unlike the previous stairs there is no silvered reflections to give you light. Instead the stairway is bathed in a blue glow unlike anything you have seen, and its ebbs and flows up the steps like a heartbeat pounding in the earth itself.

Upon the wearying stairs you make your way, watching always for any sign that danger is approaching. Beyond all thoughts of your quest however, lay the resonating energy of what must reside below. Each minute upon the stairs comes with a growing sensation of power; of an unfettered energy that crackles in the air and sends pulsing vibrations racing through the stone around you. Upon every

footfall you feel its insistent force, and with every step the blue light increases.

Another hour passes as you take the stairs and like the first great staircase they find an end as well. What you discover leaves you speechless.

Turn to section 526.

589

For only a moment you hesitate, watching as the roof collapses in a long line of massive stone slabs. With huge pieces of rock slamming into the ground you turn on your heels and run, the air quickly turning to a choking miasma of dust and smashing stone. With all the skill you possess you race down the corridor, jumping large stones and forging your way through drifts of debris. It is a desperate attempt, but just as you see an opening in the passage ahead the roof above your head slumps and then falls. Only the hand of Fate can save you now.

Test your Luck attribute. If you are successful turn to section 572. If you fail this test turn to section 543.

590

Behind you the beast hammers at the walls, the air thick with dislodged dust and the echoing impacts of the Dragon's claws as it tears at the stone. You have no wish to wait and see if it will succeed so at the run you pass into the darkness and follow the passage as it finds its way even further into the mountain.

The passage is no more than a roughly hewn tunnel but you can see that it follows a vein of lighter rock that winds its way directly into the west. At a point a few hundred metres from its entrance you come to a fork where one tunnel leads to the left following the lighter stone, the other diverging to the right and a more open hall. With the sounds of the Druhl at your back a potent reminder of why you should move quickly you consider which way you should go.

If you wish to take the left passage turn to section 542. If the larger right passage seems a better option turn to section 567.

591

You have learned enough about your world to know that this is the Shan'duil, the River of Life, and that within its power resides the energies of all that lives in Arborell. You know also that exposure to its raw power must always be overwhelming to mortal kind. In the presence of the pounding rush of the River you can feel its touch, caressing away at your life essence, drawing imperceptibly upon your mortality. If you stay too long here, the Shan'duil will kill you.

Quickly you consider your predicament. You cannot go back, but across the great bridge lies the shrine and the possibility of another way out. Without any further hesitation you make for the span and begin to run.

To make it across the bridge, and in doing so bring yourself close to the power of the River, will require all the remaining strength you have. Each step you take will bring with it a small reduction in the energy you have left and there is every chance that the attempt will kill you. Test your Strength attribute. If you are successful turn to section 545. If you fail this test turn to section 568.

592

In a flurry of loose rocks and dust you fall into the darkness of the vent. Caught within the relentless grip of gravity you slide down the hole, no hand or footholds available to slow your descent. Without knowing what you can expect you feel yourself accelerating, sliding and bumping against the sides of the vent as you descend deeper into the mountain. What you find takes you by surprise.

Through a cloud of dislodged dirt and dust you exit the vent into nothingness. In the darkness about you it takes a moment to realise that you have fallen out of the hole, exiting its narrow confines through the roof of a large domed cavern. Flailing in mid-air you drop all the faster, your equipment and yourself now nothing more than missiles in the dark, falling to what must be a certain end.

Perhaps though, it is not your time to die. Out of the shadows below you see the first signs of water and as the floor of the cavern rushes inexorably upwards you realise that it is a lake beneath you. In a crushing impact of spraying water you hit its surface and sink into its black depths.

You cannot be sure how long you remain unconscious but you

awaken to find yourself floating on your back, your shoulders tight with pain. In a choking fit you rid the water from your mouth and lungs, struggling in the dark water as you try and regain your breath. Overhead you can see the small vent from which you have fallen and as you look about the cavern you wonder at your survival. It is not unknown for Dwarvendim to survive long falls into water, but how you were able to find your way to the surface is the only question on your mind as you swim stiffly for a small beach area that lies along one edge of the lake.

In the darkness you make the beach and pull yourself up onto a narrow landing of loose stone and pebbles. Gasping for breath you lay on your back and stare up at the ceiling overhead, thankful that you are alive but with no idea as to where you are. When you have recovered enough you stand and look around the beach. It is only narrow but at one end it joins with a stone staircase, which in turn winds upwards before disappearing into a narrow archway. Here is the possibility of a way out.

As you move towards the stairs you feel for your weapon and find that it is gone. Through the pain and fog of your survival you realise quickly that you have lost all your equipment, and in this place you have nothing more than the clothes on your back and the metal collar at your throat. A bad situation has indeed become much worse.

Painfully you struggle for the stairs and find them worn and ancient in design. Slowly at first you take each step, however they prove an easy climb and it does not take long to make the threshold of an arched passage that reaches for a short distance into the stone. Without any other course you follow the corridor and find it in turn opening into a small circular chamber. Here you find a most unusual artefact.

At the centre of the chamber stands a curious ring of black stone embedded upright upon a stepped platform. The ring is large, easily able to accommodate ten men walking side by side through its widest span, and it is intricately carved. Its black obsidian curves are a complex tracery of vine and branch, twined in an embrace that twists along its entire circumference. The platform itself is no less artificed and as you notice more about the room you begin to see the same carvings covering every surface, a deep complicated array of stone branch and leaf that seems almost real in its detail. Like so many things you have seen on this journey it is a wondrous artefact of the Ancient World, but you have no idea what it is for. Very quickly you

find out.

As you stand before the ring you see a mist forming within its borders, a fine swirling miasma that quickly thickens, coating the inner confines of the circle like a wall of fog. When the mist finds its way to every edge of the ring it becomes a swirling vortex of moving vapours, and as you watch you begin to hear sounds emanating from within its form, and smell odours that have no place in such a dark subterranean cell as this.

To your surprise you can hear birds, and smell the clean hint of snow on cold rock. In the background there arises a definite flapping of wings and the unmistakable rumble of distant thunder. It is so at odds with the deep chamber that it almost feels like an escape, a hope that there may be a way out of this place.

As you look around the room you realise that there are no other exits. The ring that stands tall before you is a portal of some type and apart from returning to the subterranean lake it may be your only way out. If you wish you may walk into the portal and see where it may lead. If this is your choice turn to section 552. If you do not wish to take such a risk and would rather return to the lake turn to section 523.

593

Without looking back you run, the floor a ruin of smashed stone and huge crystalline boulders. Behind you the Druhl is a raging force of nature, sweeping aside debris as it charges down upon you. In these few frantic moments you keep your head and skilfully negotiate the broken flooring, making straight for the small passageway. With the Dragon's massive clawed fist raking the ground at your heels you rush into the dark opening and fall headlong into a pile of dust and desiccated plant remains.

Quickly you pull yourself to your feet and turn, stepping backwards as you come face to face with the beast. Within the safety of the passage it cannot reach you and for a moment you look directly into its spectral eyes, dark bottomless orbits that carry no spark of mercy or compassion. For just a moment the Druhl watches you then withdraws from the opening. Beyond the confines of the passageway the skeletal Dragon bellows, its frustration and malice palpable as it crashes about the cavern, turning all about it into ruin.

In the dark of the passageway you listen as the beast vents its fury

but then the terrible commotion subsides. In the ensuing silence you wonder if the Druhl has gone, its task left unfulfilled, but as you turn to continue down the passage a heavy impact rocks the stone corridor. Quickly upon its heels comes another and soon the whole passageway tremors to the sounds of tearing stone and crushing rock. The beast is coming after you, even if it means smashing a hole through the foundations of the mountain itself.

As the passage walls start to collapse you are forced to run again, rushing along the corridor as it vibrates and lurches to the steady rhythm of the Dragon's efforts to reach you. Quickly you find a small circular chamber and against its far walls a threshold to a stairway that spirals upwards into darkness overhead. With no choices left you do not stop. With the beast at your back you run onto the stairs and do not stop climbing until the Dragon's thundering assault is left far behind.

Turn to section 528.

594

This climb is not beyond you, however the slab is enormous in its reach and the ascent will be taxing to say the least. With your decision made you take a handhold and find a solid purchase upon the stone.

This climb shall take both strength and agility to complete. Test your agility and strength attributes. If you are successful with both turn to section 547. If you fail either of these tests turn to section 563. Please note that if you have previously chosen the Strong Back talent as a part of your character profile you need test only for agility. The same strength that allows you to drag yourself out of pits and other dangers will help you here as well.

595

As you thank Providence for giving you possession of such a rare thing you find the piece of stonewood in your tunic pocket and take it from its wrapping. In the gloom it glows faintly but you know you need more than just the shard to see you beyond this shimmering wall. If you are right the barrier has been constructed to keep the beast within this chamber, but for any other to pass through a Word

must also be spoken. You do not know what that Word might be.

Desperate to escape the doom that approaches you search the walls surrounding the barrier for any clue as to the password that must be spoken. To your dismay you find two words carved into the rough stone, one at each side of the barrier itself - "emru" and "nethel". With the beast charging down upon you there is time to only utter one of them. Which do you choose?

If you choose "emru" turn to section 558. If you choose "nethel" turn to section 532.

596

There is a short moment when you consider whether it is possible that the shield which protects you might also be an effective defence against the Dreyadim. It proves quickly to be a vain hope. As you advance towards the Hresh the creature raises its rusting scimitar and swings wildly, cutting easily through the sphere before charging into you. The shield may protect you from the power of the Shan'duil but the Dreyadim has no trouble breaching its protective field. To the sound of metal clashing against metal the battle begins.

Acting only on instinct the creature stabs and hacks at you, the violence of its assault forcing you on to the back foot as you desperately try and find an answer to its mindless ferocity. Stunned by its reckless energy you defend against its blows but can find no quick victory. Upon the stone bridge the battle is bloody, the Hresh a raging berserker that slashes and cuts in a wild rampage, forcing you into a desperate defence that leaves you incapable of doing anything except fending its blows. Against its attack there is no respite and it is inevitable that the Dreyadim finds an opportunity to strike hard. In one rending arc of its scimitar the spectral warrior tears at your flesh, cutting you ragged from shoulder to midriff. Mortally wounded, blood spraying across the bridge you fall onto the stone and lay still. In this place of Power you have died and in this life your quest is over.

THE END

597

The beast is a monster that you cannot hope to defeat alone. Caught upon two of its tentacles you free your weapon and strike out, severing the limbs and giving you one small moment of opportunity to save yourself. Desperately you pull your pack from your shoulders and grab the flashcharge, giving no thought to its power or proper use. Before you the Sand Lurker writhes in pain, a gelatinous fluid spurting from its severed tentacles, slapping against the stone walls of the passage and burning deep with each contact.

Quickly you back up a few steps and depress the lever on the charge, throwing it hard into the gaping mouth of the monster as it cries out in its anger and frustration. Unsure as to what is about to happen you run back down the passage but get no more than a few steps before the flashcharge explodes.

In a coruscation of blinding light and stinging sand the charge detonates. Designed as a device to stun by the energy of its shockwave its power has nowhere to dissipate and instead tears through the Sand Lurker in a concussive punch that leaves it torn and broken. In the passageway before it the blast funnels straight for you, knocking you off your feet and throwing you forward into the dirt. Before you can raise yourself the ceiling above the beast slumps down then begins to fall in, and in a staggered collapse the remainder of the passage roof also falls. If you are not quick enough you will also be caught in its ruin.

Test your agility. If you are successful turn to section 535. If you fail this test turn to section 589.

598

None of the exits from the cavern give any clue as to which should be taken so you make quickly for the left-hand passage. You cannot be completely sure but your sense of direction tells you that this passage leads into the south-west and as far as you can see it is as good a direction as any other. In the almost complete darkness of the chamber you move forward, the floor a morass of broken stone and crystal, piled in low mounds as if something has carefully arranged the debris for a purpose unknown to you.

It is a terrain that proves both tiring and a challenge to limbs already at the limits of their endurance. As you make a path carefully

around and over the mounds you begin to notice something unfamiliar in the air. It is an odour, both sour and heavy and as you move forward you recognise the smell of ash and decay as well. A muffled sound at your left shoulder brings you to a halt and as you remain still it comes again, like a giant footfall against bare stone it sends a rolling vibration through the floor beneath you. In the shadows you search your surroundings, trying to discover what it is that moves so carefully in the darkness but you see nothing. For the moment it does not want to be discovered.

With an insistent feeling that you are being stalked you move quickly for the south-western exit, drawing your blade as you go, sure that at any step you will be confronted by some hideous beast. You do not have to wait long. From the far side of the cavern a sound of dislodging stone brings you once again to a halt, but this time you can hear the definite sounds of something large moving in the shadows; and it is moving towards you.

At your right hand is a large pile of crystal. If you wish to hide behind this mound and wait to see what the creature is turn to section 529. If you would rather quicken your pace and make for the passage turn to section 566.

599

The power of the images has left your mind racing but you must clear your head nonetheless. There is a decision to be made here and you must make it quickly. The flowing wall of light stands as a barrier to your way forward, however you do not know how to pass beyond it. Like most other things that are unknown in the world you have only the choice of risking a way through or turning back.

If you wish to risk walking through the stream turn to section 561. If you would rather turn around and find another way turn to section 540.

600

The Dragon Windhammer has been defeated and the Tellandra restored, but the consequences of this great victory have left the realms of Arborell in disarray. While the Dwarvendim fight for their freedom in the north, a legion of spectral creatures roam the land, killing Man and Hordim alike, laying waste to towns and villages and destroying everything they encounter.

Within this chaos you are found by the mysterious Nab and sent forward on an even more perilous quest. To the very edge of the world you must search for the true source of EarthMagic, and then with shards of the Silvan Tree in hand, use its power to quell the violence of the Shadowch.

In your search for the Silvan Tree you will explore ancient ruins and delve deep within vast underground complexes. Your journey will take you far from the warm grasslands of Kalborea, into the depths of great forests and along the narrow trails of snow-covered mountain ranges. Here you will encounter both friend and foe, and always you will find the lethal malevolence of the Shadowch lying in wait for you. These creatures of mist and darkness are your greatest danger. Born of misused power they have escaped their subterranean shackles and now roam the world in pursuit of mindless violence and destruction. They, above all else, must be destroyed.

Earth and Stone is the second core gamebook in the Chronicles of Arborell series and an interactive fantasy adventure like no other. At more than 1250 sections it is an epic quest, one that allows the reader to explore a land steeped in mystery whilst combating a vicious foe at every turn. This second book continues the adventures of Halokim Vesh and brings into this great adventure new allies and new enemies, all locked in a struggle that will see either the survival of the Four Nations, or the end of all things and the supremacy of a malevolent Being who understands nothing of mercy.

Earth and Stone is currently in development and will be available soon. More information on the entire Chronicles of Arborell series can be found by visiting the Chronicles website at arborell.com.

A Map of Northern Kalborea

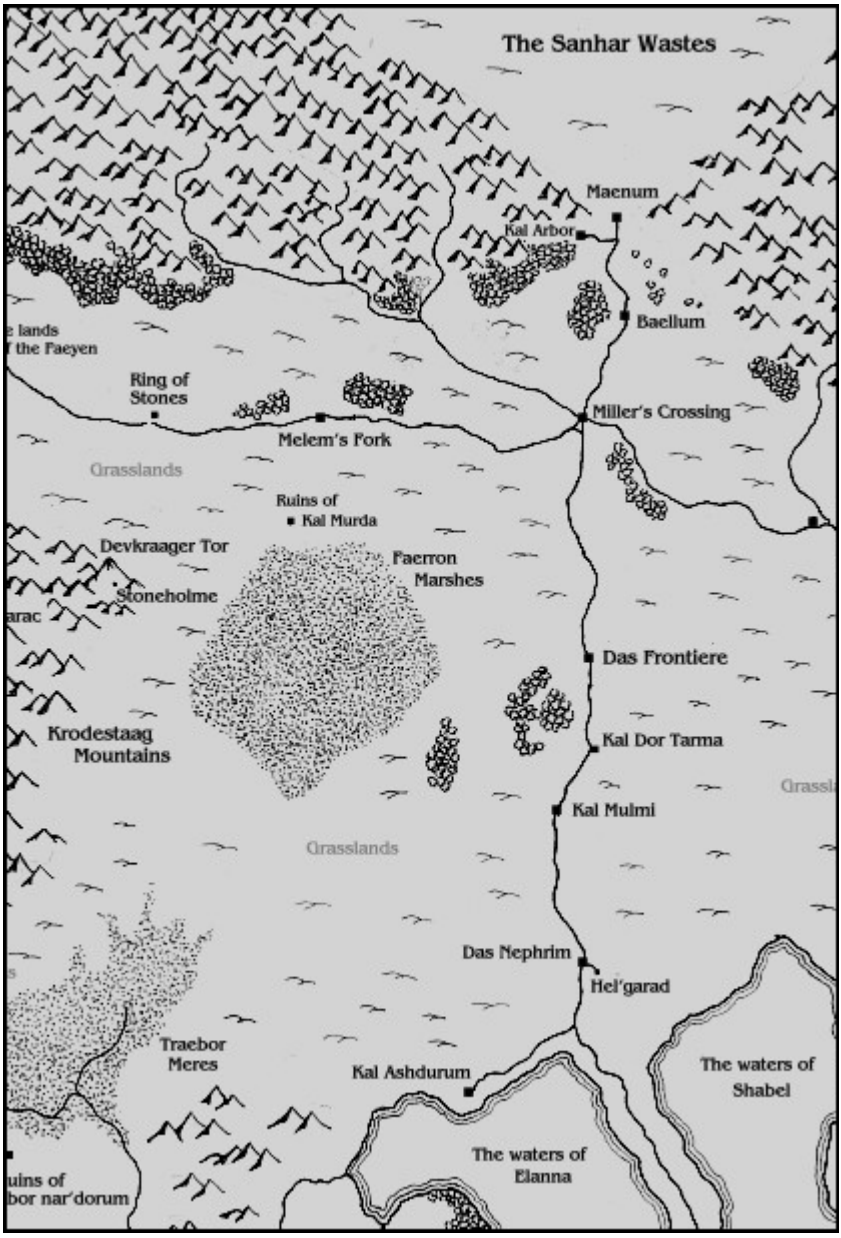

A Tour of the Frontier

The map provided with this gamebook illustrates a small part of the world of Arborell known as Northern Kalborea. To those who live there it is simply known as the Frontier, the dividing line between the lands of the Horde to the north, and the settled regions of Men in the south. All that can be experienced in this story is set within this small, but important, part of the lands of Men.

The Frontier can be divided into three separate geographical regions. In the north lies the Sanhar Wastes, a vast land of cold tundra and endless moss-plains that is home to the creatures of the Horde. In the south lay the farthest reach of human settlement in the world, a lonely region of cold grasslands and scattered areas of thick forest. Between these two regions can be found the barrier that keeps them separate, a range of high mountains known to the lands of Men as the Rift Mountains.

For many centuries these mountains have been the only barrier that has kept the Four Nations of Men and the Tribes of the Horde apart; a natural division with few crossing points and only one easy path through. Stretching from the north-west into the east these mountains extend from the western edges of the world to the shores of the Grey Sea and, it is said, are the homes of fell beasts that do not suffer the presence of Men quietly.

At only one point is there safe passage between the Sanhar Wastes in the north and the lands of Men in the south. It lies at Maenum Pass, a narrow gap in the mountains that has been the only crossing point for the Hordim into the south since the coming of Men into the world. It is here within the dungeons of the frontier fortress at Maenum that the story of Halokim Vesh begins.

From Maenum the lands of men extend into the south. It is upon the South Road from Maenum that a traveller will find the first signs of human habitation. At a small fork in the road extends a western path to Kal Arbor, then some distance to the south the garrison town of Baellum, a small community that services the local farming region when not being used as a billet for troops of the Kalborean Army. Up to the time of this adventure it has been more a century since it had been put to that particular purpose.

A further distance into the south is the large walled town of Miller's Crossing. This is a major centre for commerce on the frontier and plays a significant part in this adventure. Miller's Crossing lies upon

the banks of the Laneslem River, the longest in Arborell, and one that finds its source high in the Rift Mountains to the north-west. At Miller's Crossing it is a fast flowing and treacherous watercourse, but in its travel soon widens into a meandering flow that finds its way eventually to the coast many hundreds of kilometres to the east.

After the bustle of Miller's Crossing there is little further settlement on the South Road until a traveller reaches Das Frontiere, the provincial city, and main administrative centre for the entire frontier. Beyond Das Frontiere can then be found the towns of Kal Dor Tarma, Kal Mulmi, and thence the fortress city of Das Nephrim. It is at Das Nephrim that a traveller will find the seat of power of the LoreMages' Guild and a continuation of the road south towards the Lakes of Elanna and Shabel. Beyond these waters can then be found the more settled regions of the Kalborean Union in central Arborell.

It is at Miller's Crossing that a traveller may also find a junction of the South Road with the West Road. At most no more than a rutted wagon track the West Road reaches far into the wilds of the western frontier before meeting with the Provinces of the Faeyen. At the time of this adventure there is little travel between Kalborea and the Faeyen and the road has fallen into disrepair.

Upon the western road there is only limited human settlement. A traveller with the courage to undertake the journey will find upon this road a few frontier farmsteads, the small village of Melem's Fork, and beyond that a lonely trail to the first outposts of the Faeyen in the distant western mountains.

In this western region there are however, a number of places of interest. To the north of the West Road can be found the Ring of Stones, an enormous circle of standing monoliths built long before the arrival of Men in the world. To the south of the West Road a traveller will also encounter the northern borders of the Faeron Marshes, a wetland of ever-widening meres and bogs whose reach expands with every passing season.

It is in the south-east corner of this map of Northern Kalborea that can be found the farthest extent of the Krodestaag Ranges and the home of the Dwarvendim Stone Kingdoms. It is upon the edge of these ranges that the Devkraager Tor rises. As will be seen in this adventure it is deep within the cold stone of the Devkraager Tor that you will find the fortress of Stoneholme, and the object of your quest.

These are the lands within which this adventure is set. I hope you enjoy the journey.

Appendices

A Short Note Concerning The Following

For those who have not previously travelled the lands of Arborell there is much that will be new and in need of explanation. The stories that encompass the Chronicles of Arborell are diverse, and considerable background information is provided in the form of excerpts and appendices that can be found within these books. It is your choice however, as to whether you read them or not.

The truth is that a reader does not have to look through any of these following excerpts to understand what is happening in Windhammer. The introductory section entitled "Maenum", provides everything that you will need to understand the context of the adventure you are about to undertake. What follows here is something subtly different.

The six appendices that follow are part of what scholars in Arborell call a Moot, a collection of seemingly unrelated facts that come together to form a story that is greater than the sum of its parts. These six excerpts from different speeches and volumes form part of the Moot that winds its way through all the Chronicles of Arborell. Indeed all 40 or so titles that will ultimately comprise the chronicles of this world have within their pages a small part of this greater, hidden story. It is however, a story that will not be fully clear until the Chronicles have been completed.

Of most relevance to Windhammer is the first two appendices that appear below and the last entitled "An Enemy of the State". The other three will expand your understanding of Arborell but are not essential to this storyline.

It has been nine centuries...

Taken from an oratory given by the Venerable Siddigh in the Year of Settlement 916, as part of Landfall Day celebrations in Castaal, Kalborea

"It has been nine centuries since Men first stood upon the shores of the New World, and in all that span of years I have been witness to the history that has followed. It is true that there are few men who can make such a claim. Why it is that Providence should bless me with such long life is not a story to be told here today. It can be said however, that all blessings come at a cost, and mine has been burdensome indeed. But that is not why we are assembled here.

Today we gather in remembrance of all those who have passed before; to the labours and struggles of our Forefathers, and to recognise the great cost that we have had to endure in making our lives here in Arborell. Of all who have lived in this world I am the only Man who can now stand and say that he has seen it all, and it is a story that must be remembered. Indeed we cannot afford to forget, for the tribulations of our past will be revisited twice-fold upon us if we choose to ignore them.

How long has it been since we first found landfall on the shores of Dromannion? Nine hundred and sixteen years have passed since that gladding time, and yet I remember that first day as keenly as I now look out upon this gathering. In those times my name was Merriarum, a boy of the NomDruse and a sickly child at best. The rigours of our flight from the Old World had taken its toll upon me, and upon most of our number, but in those uncertain days our resolve was strong.

About us our great Fleet of ships wallowed in a rolling sea, broken and battered after fleeing the Old Enemy. Less than Five Thousand souls had completed the crossing from the Old World, but we had survived the voyage, our one hope that the shadows we were fleeing would not find a passage here as well. Thankfully they did not.

Painful memories remind me that those first years were hard. A new land requires exploration and understanding before it can be taken as a home, and Dromannion proved difficult to tame, but it was not a task that was beyond us. Quickly we founded the first of our settlements and soon the Dromannion Free State brought all Men together in one great Nation. For a generation we prospered on our new island home, free of the fear that had sent us as refugees into the unknown of the Grey Sea. Towns grew, farms spread in ordered lines

from roads that connected the growing populations of the Free State, but we all knew that Dromannion was not the New World, only an island haven on its eastern fringe.

Quietly a need grew in the hearts of many to explore the New World that lay beyond the mists of the western horizon. Many of us did not wish to venture further, the memories of the Old Enemy still too fresh to risk the chance that they might be revisited. I learned quickly however, that you cannot stand against the need of Men to find new horizons, and new lands to conquer.

It was the Kalboreans of the Fleet who first made footfall upon the shores of Arborell and what they found was indeed a New World; one of vast forests and plains, of swift rivers and great opportunity. What they found also were the Oera'dim, the creatures that we know now as the Horde, and ultimately the cause of so much tragedy for the Four Nations. In this world our fates are intertwined and their story is one that must be told also, if we are to understand why it is we are assembled here today."

"To know the Horde it must be acknowledged that they have resided for such a length of time in these lands that their histories have faded into nothing more than legend and myth. It is said that they are the product of EarthMagic, created from the soils of Arborell itself by a race of Beings who have long since fallen into ruin. Once they were slaves, made for the sole purpose of service to their Masters, and held by a powerful Word of Command that kept them obedient and subservient.

If we are to believe the legends of the Horde, it was the Jotun that found a way to break the Word and visit death and destruction upon their Masters. In a Great Insurrection the Oera'dim threw down those that had oppressed them, destroyed the great works of their cities and temples, and took dominion of the world for themselves for more than eight millennia.

It is true that when we first encountered the creatures of the Horde, we looked upon them as cruel and barbarous. Without apparent society or culture we viewed them as primitive and made war upon them, our need for lands and power blinding us to the true nature of their strength. Seven destructive Horde Wars have been fought to push them into the great northern wastes, and yet they are not defeated. Hundreds of thousands of our number have died, and we have prevailed in every contest of arms, but still they survive, threatening us from the cold wastes of the Sanhar. It must leave us to wonder

whether we shall ever know peace.

And yet we too survive. As we remember those first refugees from the Old World we must look to the future and know that Men have a place in this world, even though it must be one forged with blood and iron. If we are to believe the legends of our own great voyage we must recognise that we have nowhere else to go.

It may seem that nine centuries is an ocean of time, a vast gulf within which we have earned the right to say that Arborell is ours, and that our nemesis, the Horde, can now have no claim. If you were to think that you would be wrong. Men may have walked these lands for over nine hundred years, but the Hordim have been here for time without recording, and even now covet that which we have. Arborell was once theirs, and they have not forgotten the bitter taste of defeat that tore it from their grasp. The Hordim may be cruel but they are patient. Above all else we must remember that..."

The Oera'dim and the Four Nations

The Oera'dim

There are few children of the Four Nations that have slept easily after hearing tales told of the Horde. It is a fact of life for all Men that the relative calm of their daily lives is edged with the shadowed threat of the Hordim, and the surety of their existence. It is a truth however, that there are few living Men who have ever seen a Hordim, or had the need to confront one. Apart from the Rangers of the Watch, who guard the many mountain passes of the Great Rift, the southern lands of Arborell have been the domain of the Four Nations for many hundreds of years. In this manner the separation of Men from the Hordim has been total. Because of this the nature of these creatures is cloaked in myth and superstition, only the hard truth of the Horde's existence a certainty that no man can ignore. What follows is a short review of each of the creatures that make up the differing tribes and allegiances of the Oera'dim, or as we know them, the Horde.

The Hresh

It is said in the lands of Men that there is nothing feared more than the Hresh of the Horde. Roughly humanoid in size and stature they are weapons of destruction, purposefully designed by their long-dead masters to fight and die in the forgotten wars of the ancient world. Constructed from the dark earth of Arborell and imbued with a spark of EarthMagic that sustains them, they are the ultimate warriors of their kind, lethal fighting machines who live without fear or the restraint of mercy.

The Hresh of the Horde are easily recognised from amongst their fellow Hordim. Although slightly larger than most men they are heavily muscled with flat uncomplicated features. Each sports a long braided tail of black hair from the back of their heads, and all display the tattoos of their kin and status burned deep into their right arms. As is the practice of all Hordim, Hresh also tattoo the sign of the Three Tears under their right eye. Why this is done is unknown to Men, the meaning of such adornment a mystery that has not yet been uncovered.

Unlike other members of the Oera'dim the Hresh have no specific skin colour, the ancients who created them having given them the

ability to change their skin tone to match their surroundings at will. It is recorded also that Hresh have excellent night vision and acute hearing.

Since the end of the Third Horde War all Hresh live within the cold wastes of northern Arborell, in an area of tundra and crater lakes known as the Lands of Perdition. As is the case with most Hordim they maintain a strong loyalty to the Mutan of the Clavern'sigh. Only the Hresh of the Denmar Kraal have been known to operate independent of the dictates of the Sigh, and they have suffered much because of it.

Although it is not common knowledge, it has been ascertained that the ancients, who we know as Trell, did not bother to provide their warriors with a finite lifespan. Unless killed in combat or by accident Hresh are for all practical purposes immortal, and it is rumoured that at least one of their number has survived more than eight thousand years.

The Morg

It is recorded in the histories of the Trell that the Hresh proved to be effective weapons of war, but served poorly when turned to other pursuits. With a need for farm and construction workers the Trell turned their magical artifice to creating a worker Being that we know as the Morg. For reasons known only to their creators the Morg are small, emaciated creatures, but strong for their size and possessed of an unbreakable loyalty to the Mutan.

In the lands of Men these creatures are known for their skills as saboteurs, and their habit of travelling in groups of up to thirty individuals. It is recorded that the Morg have shown a liking for the application of torture, and to be found alone by such creatures can lead only to a long, painful death.

The Mutan

In the ancient history of Arborell the Mutan were the willing Slavemasters of all other Hordim. Used by the Trell to organise the day-to-day affairs of their great Empire, the Mutan were designed as intelligent and ruthless administrators. Generally around two metres in height, the Mutan are slim of build, dark grey of skin colouration, and possessed of considerable intellect. Such creatures possess no

specific features of note except for two dark, sunken eyes that mark an otherwise featureless visage.

For Men the Mutan are the most important of the Hordim. In these modern times they maintain dominion over all of the Horde, all power being centralised with the eleven Mutan of the Clavern'sigh. It is rumoured that this power is exercised with the utterance of a Word of Command, a powerful spell that binds all Hordim to their will.

The Jotun

Jotun are the largest of the Hordim, and in many respects the least understood. Standing between three and four metres tall they were originally designed as miners and engineers, but proved ultimately to be the downfall of the ancient Trell. Possessed of great intelligence and immense strength, these creatures are formidable adversaries and certainly the most imposing of all Hordim.

Although these giants were designed as builders and delvers of the deep earth, they have proven themselves powerful warriors. At war the Jotun equip themselves with intricately carved chestplates and other armour worn over heavy leather jerkins. It is known that they carry long-handled warhammers as their weapon of choice. Physically Jotun are similar to Hresh, only much taller and longer of limb. Unlike the Hresh however, Jotun sport a white-grey braid of hair and have ochre coloured skin. It is rumoured also that they adhere to a strict code of discipline, and are the most socially organised of the Hordim. Whether this is true is unknown to Men.

The Vardem

Almost nothing is known of the Vardem except that they were the personal hand-servants of the Trell. With the demise of their Masters and the ascension of the Mutan, these creatures disappeared from the world. Their fate is unknown.

The Kraals of the Hordim

All creatures of the Horde give their primary allegiance to the Mutan of the Clavern'sigh but differentiate themselves from other Hordim by their Kraal, or Homeland. Whether Jotun, Hresh, Morg or Mutan, each Hordim has a Kraal allegiance that signifies their status

within the Horde. Only the Jotun find cause for further differentiation, having formed a division into two separate affiliations. The larger of the two is the Jotun of the March, loyal to the Sigh and made up of the more numerous Bruhaj, Amdahl and Traebor Kraals. The smaller is the Jotun of the West, comprising the Delving and Oldemai Kraals; whose loyalties have proven less reliable and who have suffered for it.

The Four Nations of Man

From the time of the great voyage that brought Men to the New World, the Four Nations have fought to find a secure place is a harsh land. From their initial settlements upon the shores of the Dromannion Free State these nations have spread out into the wilds of Arborell. What follows is a short description of each. Detailed maps of all these nations, and of the Horde homelands, can be found within the pages of the Atlas of Arborell at www.arborell.com.

The Kalborean Union

Largest of the nations of Men is the Kalborean Union. Composed of twelve united city-states, the Kalborean Union lays claim to most of central and southern Arborell. Descendants of settlers who made their way to the New World aboard the Kalborean Fleet, they are physically tall, well known for their adventurous spirit, and diligent in their pursuit of wealth and power. Over the years the Kalborean Union has grown into a powerful and sophisticated nation, but they have used that power to subjugate the Dwarvendim of the Stone Kingdoms and the smaller Faeyen Provinces of western Arborell. At the time of this adventure only the NomDruse of the south remain independent of the power of the Union.

The Dwarvendim Stone Kingdoms

As the only Men to master the mysteries of EarthMagic the Dwarvendim have held a unique position amongst the Four Nations. Physically very different from the other nations they are identified easily by their muscular build and short stature. Most Dwarvendim stand less than shoulder high to other men, but make up for their lack of stature with a grim determination and impressive physical strength. Known throughout Arborell for their skill in building and an unusual affinity to stone, their greatest skill lies with their knowledge of the Lore of Stonewood. It is the Dwarvendim who counter the magical power of the Clavern'sigh with the Grand Circle of LoreMasters, and it is the power that these Men once wielded that is the focus of this adventure.

The history of the Dwarvendim is longer than man's habitation in Arborell, and it is one littered with violence and treachery. Many times during the years of settlement in Arborell the Dwarvendim have risen to leadership amongst the Four Nations, only to have that leadership tested with betrayal and warfare. In an effort to bring security to their number they migrated from their first settlements surrounding the Kalborean Lakes to a safe haven within the high peaks and mist-covered valleys of the Krodestaag Ranges. It was there they founded the Stone Kingdoms, and until the destruction of Menion'Barac during the War of Three Nations, maintained a strong presence amongst the nations of Men. At the time of this adventure the Stone Kingdoms lay in ruins, the peoples of the Dwarvendim subjugated to the power of the Kalborean Union.

The Faeyen Provinces

To be Faeyen is to live a life of privilege and ease. Descended from the Merchant and Professional classes of the Old World, the Faeyen have maintained a life different from the other nations. Slim of build and cultured in the arts, they control most commerce within the Four Nations, mainly through a network of Trading Houses and Merchant Guilds that manage the production and distribution of fabric and leather goods, fine metals and spices.

Although the Faeyen frequently travel into the wider world, they do so hesitantly. Very soon after the end of the Fourth Horde War the Faeyen migrated to the rugged west of Arborell where they raised a series of magnificent mountain citadels. Skilled in trade and unsurpassed in their artifice with fine metals, they have grown rich and idle, content to keep to themselves and let their Agents do their work for them.

It is a truth however, that no man in Arborell underestimates the determination of the Faeyen, or the pragmatic ruthlessness of their government. Unlike the Dwarvendim, who fought against the Kalborean Union to the point of their enslavement; the Faeyen, who were allied to the Stone Kingdoms in the War of Three Nations, could see no benefit to such an end and betrayed the Dwarvendim, ceding sovereignty of their lands to the Kalboreans. They do as the Kalborean Union asks, pay a regular tribute and have been left alone because of it.

The NomDruse Homelands

Very little is recorded of this people, except that they dwell in the far south of Arborell, and protect themselves with a powerful magic unknown to the other nations. Since the time of the Horde Wars the NomDruse have had no contact with the outside world, except to make it known that they wish to be left alone. Apart from the aging figure of the Venerable Siddigh, who resides at the National Academy in Castaal, Kalborea, no other NomDruse has crossed the Rabatte that separates the NomDruse Homelands from the rest of Arborell. Why they wish to live in such isolation is a mystery yet to be uncovered.

A Short History of the Horde (Oera'dim)

Condensed from a lecture given by the Tak Mah Horan in the year of settlement 931 to the Combined Assemblies of the Synod of the LoreMages' Guild of Kalborea. Horde translations of certain words are given in brackets.

It is said that the creatures of the Horde were created out of darkness, moulded in the depths of the Earth and given life with the power of EarthMagic. Long are the tales that describe the rising of the Hordim from the Earth, and of their subjugation by the ancient beings known to them as the Trell'sara, and to Men as simply the Trell. Such is the antiquity of these events that there is little that remains of any factual records. Of the stories and sagas of the Hordim (Oera'dim) there is much that is unclear but the history of the Horde is long, and it cannot be disputed that they are our greatest nemesis. Only through an understanding of this enemy can we ever hope to defeat them.

From those records that still remain it is certain that the first of the Hordim were created by the Trell many thousands of years prior to the arrival of Men in the world. At that time the Trell were engaged in a vicious struggle with another race known only as the Forgotten Ones. There is nothing in this world that describes who they were, or how such a conflict arose, but it is sure that the Trell were losing, and in their desperation to turn the tide of the war created the first of the Hordim. These creatures we know today as the Hresh (Hresh'na). Although it is unknown how the Trell were able to harness the powers of EarthMagic to create the Hresh, it is a matter of Hordim legend that they turned the war. Designed as disciplined and merciless weapons the Hresh were totally loyal to their masters, and with the strength of these creatures at their command destroyed the Forgotten Ones and took dominion of Arborell.

The Hresh had proved themselves as potent warriors, but with the fighting done the Trell turned their creatures to new tasks. In their arrogance they put their slave-warriors to work, tending fields, creating the goods needed by their civilisation, and building the great cities and temples whose ruins can be found spread throughout our world. It can be said that in these endeavours the Hresh could not satisfy their masters. They had been created as warriors and that could be their only true calling. The Trell looked instead to new creatures to fulfil their needs and it was then that they created the Morg (Ah'marg).

Used purely as farm workers and manual labourers the Morg were hardy slaves, resistant to all extremes of weather and like their Hresh brethren, completely loyal to their masters. It is believed that a Word of Command held all the Hordim in bondage, and until it was broken by the Jotun (Jotuni) the Trell lived their lives at ease, sure in the knowledge that they were supreme in the world.

There came a time however, when even the need to control their slaves was given over to a new creature of their devising. The Mutan (Ah'mutani) were created as slave-masters, controlling all the work done by the Hordim, ensuring the efficient management of all aspects of Trell society. More and more power was concentrated in these creature's hands until eventually it was only the Word of Command that separated the Mutan from their masters. Whilst held in bondage by this most powerful of spells the Trell could not be challenged, and for thousands of years such was the manner of their lives.

It came to pass that in this time two new creatures were created to further the decadence and excesses of the Trell. The first were known as the Vardem (Vardemi). These were the personal household servants of the Trell. All other creatures had proven inadequate to their ever-increasing indolence and it was so that the Vardem served their most basic of needs. It is unknown as to what they looked like, or where they might now be, but of all the Hordim they are the least known, and the most mysterious. The second creatures created in this Golden Age of Excess were the Jotun, and with them the Trell made a fatal error.

Designed as engineers and miners of the deep earth they were given intelligence and strength. Unlike the other Hordim the Jotun were powerful beings, imbued with the knowledge and intellect to serve without need of supervision. What the Trell did not realise was that some of the Jotun had come into the world immune to the power of the Word of Command, and as their brethren took their place beside the other Hordim, they worked secretly to bring down their Masters.

It is one of the greatest mysteries of the Jotun as to how they broke the Word of Command, but with its fall came violence and death as the now unrestrained slaves of the Trell rose against their masters and obliterated them from the world. In this time of destruction the Vardem disappeared; some legends say they fled to the east, but by the end of their insurrection the Jotun had control of the world. Arborell was now under the dominion of the Horde.

All should have ended in that manner, except that the Mutan coveted power for themselves. Apart from the Vardem the Mutan had been closest to their old masters, and knew much of their ways. They used this knowledge to harness the powers of the Earth for themselves, and revived the Word of Command to bring all the Hordim under their thrall. To this time it has remained so, the Mutan in command of the Horde, the Hordim once again subjugated to the powers of those who can harness EarthMagic.

There is a question that must be raised however. What happened to the Jotun who were immune to the Word of Command? There is no further mention of them in the sagas of the Horde, and no indication that they have attempted to wrest control from the Mutan since their rise to power. If ever there was a possible ally to be found amongst the Hordim it would be these Jotun, but the question remains. Where are they?

A Mythology of Arborell

Excerpt from a lecture given at the Academy of Histories at Landfall in the Year of Settlement 419

"If we are to understand the history of Arborell it is important to recognise that little written evidence survives. What we know of the time before Men made landfall upon these shores is taken mostly from the oral traditions of the Hordim, and the scant texts that can be found carved into the many temples of this world. What is clear is that the story is a long one, and it stretches back into a prehistory that is difficult for Men to comprehend. It is a story however, that is compelling, one that explains the state of our world today, and provides insight into the reasons why the ancient works of this world lie in such ruination.

For all that will follow it must first be understood that the Hordim believe in a world where the supernatural is as important, and as real, as anything found in their waking lives. The history for which I am about to provide a brief overview must be considered from the perspective that for our mortal enemies the world is controlled by three great Powers, and everything that has happened, or will ever happen, is their doing. How these Powers came into being, and how they are bound into a single existence is the essence of Hordim mythology. It is also where we must begin.

The creation myth of the Oera'dim, or Hordim as we know them, concerns the travails of two Creator-Gods, Gedhru and Aume. It is in their celestial home that their son Emur is murdered, and from his remains is fashioned the world as we know it. The tale of the Sorrows of Gedhru and Aume sets the foundations for a world of magic and betrayal that results in the creation of the First Power, the Shan'duil, and thence all the history that follows from it. It can be said truthfully that we have only scratched the surface of that history, but what we have so far uncovered alludes to a past littered with vast empires, ruthless tyrants and genocidal wars. It is quite a story and one that begins with the River of Life.

Long before the arrival of either Hordim or Men in the world there existed only the Shan'duil, the River of Life; and it alone wielded all power, its purpose to act as a good shepherd for all that breathed or grew in the world, intent on balancing the rhythm of creation as it is expressed in the relentless cycle of the seasons. For time unrecorded it stood in solitary dominion of the world, a pulsing life-essence that

bound the fate of all living things together.

In the oral histories of the Hordim it is said that the dominion of the Shan'duil remained unchanged until the roots of a great Tree came into contact with the River of Life. Somewhere within the vastness of the Malleron forests a monstrous Oak delved deep into the bedrock of the world and touched the Shan'duil, turning the tree instantly to white stone. In that moment a new Second Power was born, a sentient, immortal Tree possessed of all the powers of the Shan'duil, that spread its dominion over all other trees. From that chance encounter arose the Silvan Tree, and under its stewardship the forests of Arborell flourished, spreading to all the corners of the world.

In this manner the balance of life was maintained; the Shan'duil continuing its dominion over the cycle of life, the Silvan Tree its stewardship of all the great forests. Within the boundaries of this quiet existence the Two Powers grew in strength, and together found comfort in the verdancy of their world. It was a tranquil dominion that lasted for untold millennia, until the coming of the Forgotten Ones.

It is not known who the Forgotten Ones were. There are no records of their origin, or carven images that might give hint to their nature. All that is known is that they lived in this world and then were gone, but their story is a turning point in the history of Arborell.

From a place beyond the borders of our world the Forgotten Ones arose, settling in Arborell and making a life for themselves amongst the great Trees. Theirs was an existence without material want, nomadic and simple in their desire to do no harm to the world they ventured in. In the course of their wanderings it was inevitable that they encountered the Silvan Tree, and not being creatures of greed or distrust gave their fealty to that Power. In return the Silvan Tree introduced them to the Shan'duil, and in that meeting the Forgotten Ones learned of the great energy that the First Power had woven into the world. This energy the Forgotten Ones called EarthMagic.

Time flowed on and the world, which had only known the quiet dominion of trees, became filled with the voices of the Forgotten Ones. Favoured by the Silvan Tree they flourished, and soon their multitude found homes wherever the trees of the forest spread their boughs. Of all things that found favour with the Second Power it was the voices of the Forgotten Ones that intrigued the Great Tree most. In all the long years of its existence it had never known the clarity of the spoken word, and given the opportunity learned the language of these peoples and bonded it with EarthMagic. The words of the Forgotten Ones

became one with the life-force of the world, a key that could be used to manipulate that great power in ways previously unimagined even by the Powers themselves. The Silvan Tree offered this boon to the Forgotten Ones but they declined, leaving mastery of such magic in the custody of River and Tree. It was not for them, they said, to have such a boon for it would surely be their undoing.

In truth the Forgotten Ones knew the dangers of unfettered power, and rather than wield it themselves built great Temples, and gave homage to the Silvan Tree in gratitude of her offer. Each of the Temples was built near a tributary of the River of Life, and each delved far into the earth, their builders' purpose to find solace with the pulse of the world. These dorum grew in all the corners of Arborell and so the world again continued for many more millennia.

As is the way of things there came a time when even a great Power can fall into folly. Without the care that should have been given the Silvan Tree created a race of Beings it called Trell'sara, or Guardians. The Guardians were to be custodians of the trees, as selfless and caring as the Forgotten Ones themselves, but instead their ambitions proved both treacherous and destructive. In secret the Trell'sara planned a great war, their aim to tear down the Tree and bring extermination upon her loyal subjects. In their plotting and scheming the world would have room only for themselves.

It is recorded as a part of the oral histories of the Oera'dim that in one night the Trell'sara betrayed the Silvan Tree, breaking it up then transporting it high into the western mountains of the world. There is was disposed of, thrown into a deep abyss and left to be forgotten by its traitorous creations. With the Silvan Tree gone the Trell'sara turned their malice upon the Forgotten Ones, and in that act of betrayal found themselves embroiled in a bloody civil war.

The War of Tree and Leaf did not go as planned. The Forgotten Ones proved themselves to be both doughty and effective warriors, and for some years held their own against the Guardians. Desperate to finish a conflict that had taken so many of their lives the Trell'sara searched for a weapon that might turn the tide and give them the victory they sought. In time they found it.

Out of the living earth the Trell'sara, who had been given the power to harness EarthMagic by the Silvan Tree, created the Hresh, vicious warriors designed as weapons of war. With a great host of these creatures they swept the Forgotten Ones from the world, and took dominion of Arborell for themselves.

But the Silvan Tree was not dead. In the depths of the earth the Tree struggled to survive, its tenuous grip on life growing stronger as it gained strength from its proximity to the Shan'duil. Far from the sight of the Trell'sara the Tree recovered its resolve and waited, mourning the loss of the Forgotten Ones and lamenting the folly of its actions.

In the light of day the Trell'sara knew nothing of the Silvan Tree's survival. Quickly they took dominion of the known world and began creating new creatures to meet their need for slaves. The Hresh were effective warriors but had no talent for the domestic, so the Guardians created the Jotun to serve as builders and engineers, the Morg as farm labourers and menial workers, and the Mutan to oversee them all. Only when all these creatures had been brought into the world did the Trell'sara create the Vardem, their personal servants for which little has been recorded.

Again the millennia passed as a flowing ocean of time. The slaves of the Trell'sara laboured hard at the behest of their masters, and no threat came to bother their dominion until the Silvan Tree had grown strong enough to act.

Such was the need for slaves required to meet the indolence and excess of the Trell'sara, that it came to pass that the balance of life and death in Arborell began to falter. All of the creatures created by the Guardians carried within them a small glimmering of the River of Life, and with that spark came sentience and a will to find a better existence. The Trell'sara were cruel masters and thought nothing of the loss of multitudes of slaves in the building of their great citadels and pleasure palaces. Such losses released these sparks of existence into the world, but they had nowhere to go, and soon the burden of such unrestrained energy began to weigh heavily upon the Shan'duil.

In the dark recesses of the abyss within which it had been thrown the Silvan Tree came to an agreement with the River of Life. The cycle of Life and Death had to be restored, and it could only be done one way. In that deep abode the Silvan Tree created a mirror-image of itself, a third Power of the world concerned only with Death, and the force by which the sparks of existence now roaming freely could be gathered up and returned properly to the Living World.

Such a tree was given the name Dreya, and its dominion became known as Hallen'draal. In its domain the sparks of Life were gathered and scourged, to be reborn as new Beings into the world of light above. The Dreya Tree took to its task with great energy and in doing so scourged the memories of those it brought into its Underworld. It

was through the Dreya Tree that the Silvan Tree found its opportunity.

It must be understood that the Trell'sara may have been indolent but they were not stupid. They knew the nature of their creations and placed upon them all a Word of Command, a spell that kept their slaves submissive and controllable. Without it they knew they would fall prey to the unrestrained hatred of their charges, and ensured diligently that the Word would never falter.

In the darkness of the Dreya's domain the Word of Command was scourged from all creatures memory only to be reasserted when a Being returned to the World Above. On a few select Jotun the Silvan Tree assured that the Word of Command could have no effect upon them once they were reborn, and as was the wish of the Great Tree they laboured in secret to throw down their Masters.

Although it is unclear to the scholars of Men how the Great Insurrection started it has been recorded that the rebellion grew quickly, the Trell'sara caught unawares as they pursued their interests in sloth and excess. In a wave of violence and death the Trell'sara were themselves destroyed, their vast cities and palaces torn down stone by stone. When the slaves of the Trell'sara had finished, their masters had been scourged from the world and their empire laid waste; their memory lost to a world that did not wish to remember them.

In a world where there was no longer control the slaves found themselves without purpose and soon spiralled into violence. Within this great upheaval the old overseers of the Trell'sara, the Ah'mutani, or Mutan as they are known to Men, took the Word of Command for themselves and Uttered it again into the world. It was a cruel irony that Arborell now belonged to the slaves of the Trell'sara, and it was the Mutan that now ruled them all.

Eight long millennia saw no challenge to the power of the Mutan. The Oera'dim, as the slaves of the Trell'sara now called themselves, divided along a series of tribal allegiances that spread into all the corners of the world, and such was the power of the Mutans' Word of Command that no challenge could be made against them. Then came the arrival of Men.

Out of the great eastern ocean a ragged fleet of ships arose into Arborell. Settling first on the island of Dromannion the Nations of Men then made landfall upon the shores of Arborell itself. Neither Man nor Hordim, as we have come to know the Oera'dim, understood each other's nature and misunderstanding and mistrust soon turned

to open warfare. The result has been centuries of warfare, and the untold losses that have been endured in those great conflicts.

And now this tale is almost done. Our part in the history of this world began with our arrival upon the shores of Dromannion, but the history of this world stretches far beyond the borders of our understanding. To this date four great wars have been fought against the Hordim and they remain an intractable enemy, one entrenched in a culture of violence we are yet to fully understand. We can only wonder at what the future must hold for all of us."

On Nahla Bread and Beer

From a manual on Bushcraft distributed by the Brethren of the Deep Guild of Das Vallendor

For every traveller of the wilds of Arborell there is one mainstay that must be carried, and that is Nahla Bread. Made from wild wheat and the soft pulp of the Nahla fruit it is an adaptation of a recipe used by the Horde for millennia, that provides a light and easily stored food for long journeys. Whereas the Hordim prefer to bake the fruit into large cake-like loaves, it has been the practice of Men to create smaller breads that are more easily carried.

On the Nahla Tree itself, and the unusual properties of its fruit, there has been much research. Unlike any other fruit native to Arborell, the Nahla has powerful regenerative properties that can kill a man if eaten raw. It is only when the Nahla fruit is properly processed and diluted to one-twentieth of its potency that it can be safely baked and consumed.

How Nahla Bread affects the traveller eating it is one of the more elusive mysteries of our world. After eating a portion of the bread, energy is restored in a rush of tingling heat, and fatigue fades quickly after its consumption. The only danger after the bread has been properly prepared comes if too much is eaten. Generally only one small loaf, about the size of a finger, can be consumed at a time. Any more and a man will find himself intoxicated. Indeed the effect of too much Nahla has been described as an overwhelming need to run, to somehow burn away an overflow of energy that has no release.

It is rumoured that the Faeyen have developed a way to process Nahla fruit into a liquid, one capable of being stored for long periods. Such potions have not been seen in the wider world, and their existence has not been confirmed by the Faeyen themselves.

There is only one important point that must be mentioned here. Properly processed Nahla Bread is an important food source for travellers, but it does have one curious property that must be know to all who might purchase it. A few unfortunate experiences have shown that Nahla Bread must not come into contact with beer, or any other form of malted beverage. For reasons that are unclear it becomes highly unstable when soaked or eaten with beer, and such contact should be avoided at all cost. In its unstable form it changes into a low-grade explosive dough that is quite capable of killing a man if knocked or thrown. Nahla is truly an unusual food.

An Enemy of the State

From a report forwarded to the High Prefect at Maenum by the Tak Lovar in the Year of Settlement 947.

As per your request I am forwarding this report regarding the origins and recent activities of the Dwarvendim prisoner known as Halokim Vesh. As you would be aware, this man currently resides in the dungeons of Maenum, and is scheduled for public execution within the next 21 days. Investigation of his background has revealed a number of facts, and an uncharacteristic lack of information, that has led me to believe this man to be a particular danger to the Kalborean Union. The facts that have led me to this conclusion are noted below for your consideration.

Enquiries indicate that there is no verifiable date of birth for this individual. Research undertaken by the Administrators' Guild shows no record of his birth, the earliest information available being a document regarding his indenture as a child labourer at the age of 4 to a small farm upon the western edges of Kalborea. This document does indicate a Mother, but no details have come to light and all efforts to find out more about his heritage have proven fruitless.

As a child the subject spent five years at the Truvo Farm, a frontier settlement specialising in Sempaca meat production. This farm still operates along the west road to Melem's Fork, but apart from the facts of the duration of his stay, little can be determined except that he showed considerable aptitude for languages. It was this aptitude that brought him under the scrutiny of the Novitiate Selection Committee. It is here that the facts of this man's history blur even further.

Although Vesh was placed at the age of 9 into the custody of the Temple of the Suns in Das Frontiere, I can find no documentation within the records of the Selection Committee that he was ever actually selected for placement as a novice. Further investigation shows that there is no record of who brought him to the Temple, however it is documented that his studies were intensive during his attendance, and that he was a student of particular note. What is certain is that at the age of 11 he was thrown into the streets of Das Frontiere and quickly merged into the criminal underworld.

On the matter of why there are no records regarding the subject's admission to the Temple, I have contacted the Administrator General and an investigation has begun. So far the Administrators can give no

reason for the lack of documentation. I must put forward the opinion that there are unseen forces at work here, and I have the suspicion that the true nature of this Dwarvendim is known only to whomever has been guiding his education. I can only surmise that whatever the purposes of this subterfuge, it is not for the benefit of the Kalborean Union.

After the closure of the Temple of the Suns, and the dispersal of its novices, Vesh disappeared for almost two years, only to be subsequently arrested in Das Nephrim on larceny and assault charges. By some unknown device he escaped custody, and was only recaptured six months later during a raid by Kalborean Army units upon a bandit camp on the fringes of the Faeron Marshes. Again he escaped custody, and until his capture four months ago has been outside the knowledge of the Union. As far as can be ascertained he is currently aged 22.

Although this man has long escaped capture, and the inevitable punishment that must be his to endure, there is evidence that implicates him in a string of burglaries, smuggling enterprises and involvement in at least three forgery gangs. Of greater interest to the Guild must be his possible involvement in the theft of a number of priceless artifacts from Hel'garad. On this matter alone he should be interrogated, as some of these artifacts have not yet been recovered, and their loss has stalled a number of investigations currently under way within the Guild.

In the years that I have given to my calling as an Inquisitor I have never found a subject with less documentation. I can only conclude that there has been a systematic alteration of records to hide the true nature of this Dwarvendim, and that fact alone should give cause for concern.

Although I have not been asked for an opinion regarding this individual I feel compelled to provide the following recommendation. This man is an Enemy of the State and should be executed without delay. With that complete a full investigation should then begin into the nature of the conspiracy that surrounds him.

I await your recommendations.

The Tak Malleus Lovar
History and Records Directorate
Maenum

Notes

Notes

WINDHAMMER

CHARACTER STATUS SHEET

A Core Gamebook from the Chronicles of Arborell

STRENGTH	(5-11)	
AGILITY	(1-5)	
ENDURANCE	(15-35)	
INTUITION	(1-5)	
LUCK	(1-5)	

50 Character Points Must be Applied Here.

SUB-TOTAL + SKILL/TALENT BONUS + ARMOUR BONUS = COMBAT VALUE

50 points must be spread between these five attributes. Strength plus Agility equal your Combat sub-total. Any Skill, Talent or Armour bonuses must be added to determine your full combat value (CV).

ENDURANCE

Note:
Your initial Endurance level cannot be exceeded in the course of your adventure.

SKILL AREAS

	BUSHCRAFT	+5 to Endurance
	HUNTMASTERY	+1 to Combat Value
	WEAPONMASTERY	+1 to Combat Value
	LORECRAFT	+1 to Intuition
	BRIGANDRY	No Advantages
	STEALTH	+1 to Shimmera

EQUIPMENT

Note:
After purchasing rations and equuipment at start of adventure only a further eight items may be carried at any one time.

CHOSEN TALENTS

1)

2)

SHIMMERA

QUEST NOTES

RATIONS

TORCHES

NAHLA

No carry limit on this iem.

ARTIFACTS FOUND

Windhammer

COMBAT RECORD SHEET

A Core Gamebook from the Chronicles of Arborell

CREATURE NAME

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Windhammer

Here begins the adventures of Halokim Vesh, a thief marked for execution but given one last chance to live. From the frontiers of Kalborea to the dark halls of Stoneholme, he must search for the Tellandra, a pillar of stonewood upon which all the hopes of an enslaved nation depend. In his path will be found the dangers of a wild frontier and ultimately the greatest of all foes, the Dragon Windhammer.

This is a 600 section adventure where the choices you make will lead to either the success or failure of your quest. In this world you are the hero and failure is not an option.

TOMB RAIDER™

The Beginning

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NICOLÁS DANIEL SELMA
ANDREA MUTTI

TOMB RAIDER™

The Beginning

TOMB RAIDER™

The Beginning

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TOMB RAIDER: THE BEGINNING
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Special thanks to Crystal Dynamics and Square Enix, including: Rich Briggs, Brian Horton, Karl Stewart, and Brent Dady.

Published by
Dark Horse Books
A division of
Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

DarkHorse.com
TombRaider.com

First print edition: January 2013
Digital ISBN: 978-1-62115-865-3

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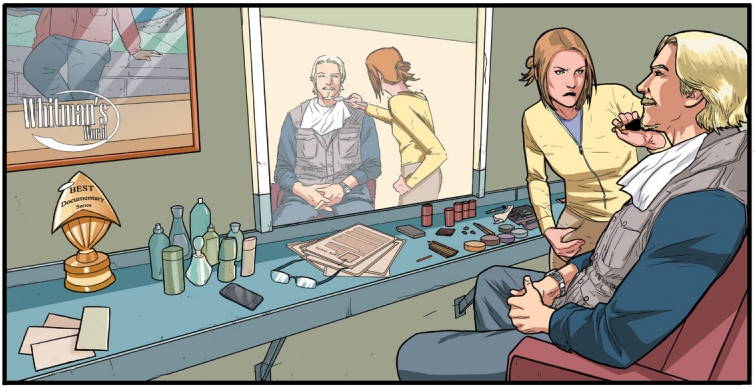
Whitman's Knoll
BEST Documentary Series

IT'S TOM.
COME!
Dr. James Whitman
KNOCK KNOCK

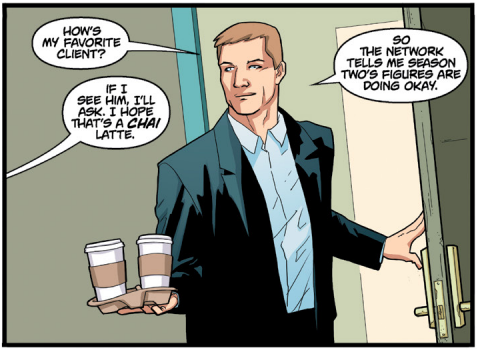
HOW'S MY FAVORITE CLIENT?
IF I SEE HIM, I'LL ASK. I HOPE THAT'S A CHAI LATTE.
SO THE NETWORK TELLS ME SEASON TWO'S FIGURES ARE DOING OKAY.

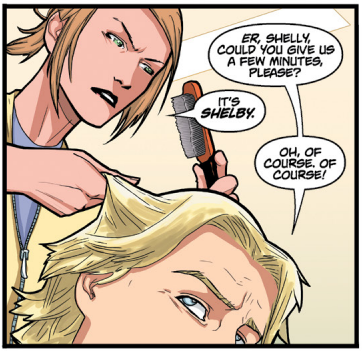
ER, SHELLY, COULD YOU GIVE US A FEW MINUTES, PLEASE?
IT'S SHELBY.
OH, OF COURSE. OF COURSE!

JUST OKAY?
OKAY IS GOOD.
NO, GOOD IS GOOD.
SLAM

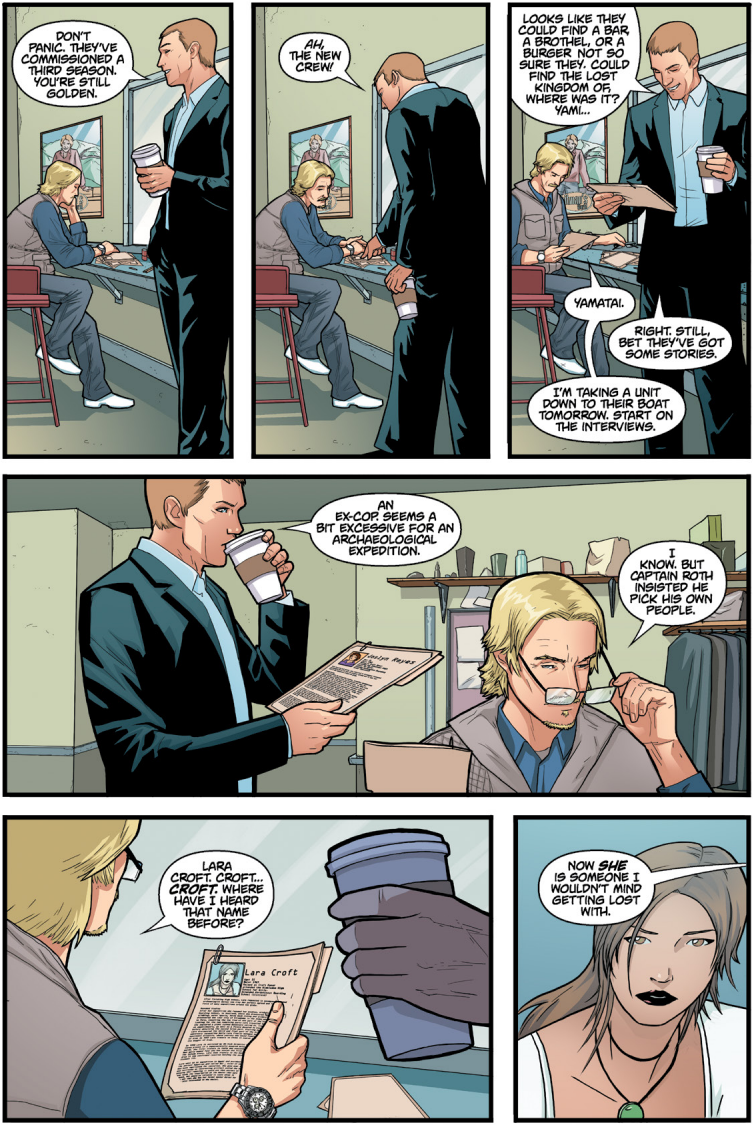
DON'T PANIC. THEY'VE COMMISSIONED A THIRD SEASON. YOU'RE STILL GOLDEN.
AH, THE NEW CREW!
LOOKS LIKE THEY COULD FIND A BAR, A BROTHEL, OR A BURGER NOT SO SURE THEY. COULD FIND THE LOST KINGDOM OF, WHERE WAS IT? YAM...
YAMATAI.
RIGHT. STILL, BET THEY'VE GOT SOME STORIES.
I'M TAKING A UNIT DOWN TO THEIR BOAT TOMORROW. START ON THE INTERVIEWS.
AN EX-COP SEEMS A BIT EXCESSIVE FOR AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION.
I KNOW. BUT CAPTAIN ROTH INSISTED HE PICK HIS OWN PEOPLE.
LARA CROFT. CROFT... *CROFT*. WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE?
Lara Croft
NOW *SHE* IS SOMEONE I WOULDN'T MIND GETTING LOST WITH.

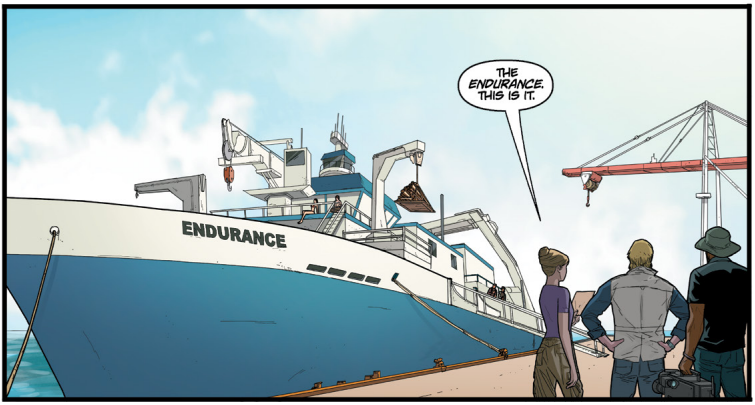
THE *ENDURANCE*. THIS IS IT.
ENDURANCE

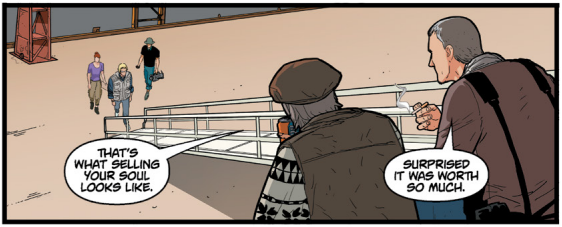
THAT'S WHAT SELLING YOUR SOUL LOOKS LIKE.
SURPRISED IT WAS WORTH SO MUCH.

GOOD TO MEET YOU, CAPTAIN.
CALL ME ROTH. THIS IS ANGUS GRIMALDI, MY HELMSMAN.

AND THIS IS LARA CROFT, ONE OF OUR DECKHANDS.
IT'S AN HONOR. I'VE WATCHED ALL YOUR SHOWS. I STUDIED ASIAN ARCHAEOLOGY AT COLLEGE.
DID YOU, NOW? WELL, ALWAYS GOOD TO MEET A FAN.
I'D VERY MUCH LIKE TO GET STARTED ON THE INTERVIEWS, ROTH.

IT'S AN ARRI ALEXA, ISN'T IT?

YES, THE PLUS.

I'VE GOT THE ORIGINAL. DIGITAL'S THE ONLY WAY TO GO, ISN'T IT?

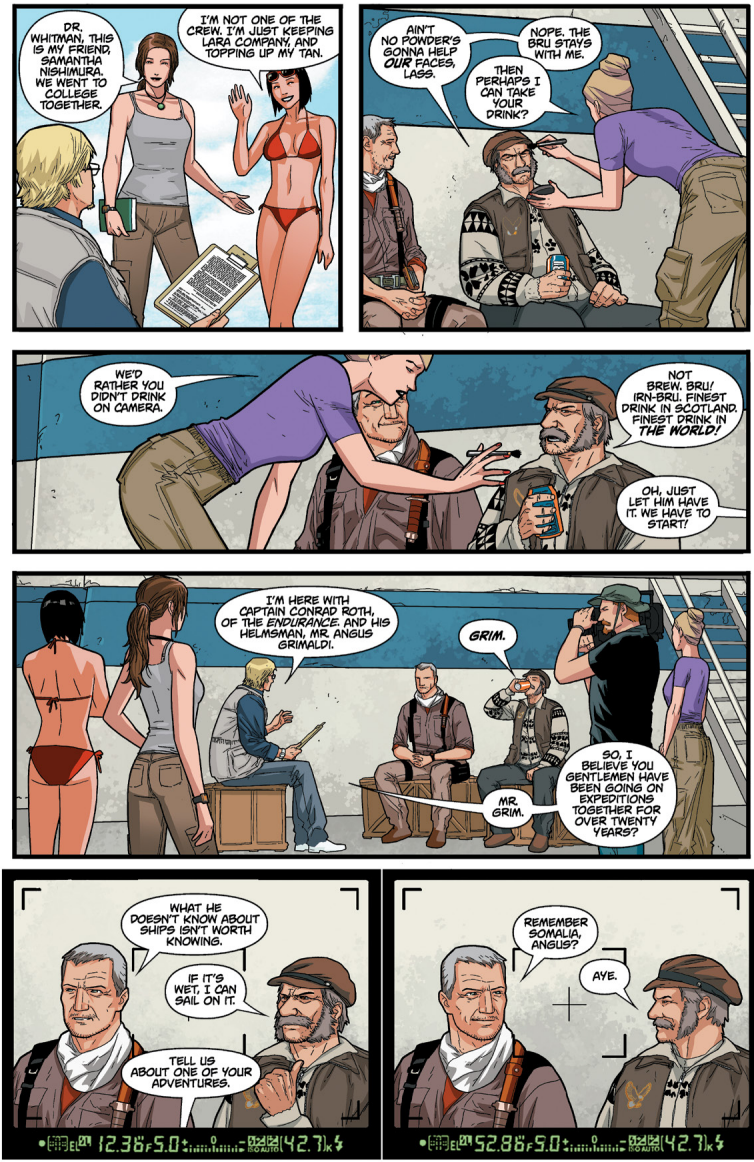
DR. WHITMAN. THIS IS MY FRIEND, SAMANTHA NISHIMURA. WE WENT TO COLLEGE TOGETHER.
I'M NOT ONE OF THE CREW. I'M JUST KEEPING LARA COMPANY, AND TOPPING UP MY TAN.
AIN'T NO POWDER'S GONNA HELP *OUR* FACES, LASS.
NOPE. THE BRU STAYS WITH ME.
THEN PERHAPS I CAN TAKE YOUR DRINK?
WE'D RATHER YOU DIDN'T DRINK ON CAMERA.
NOT BREW. BRU! IRN-BRU. FINEST DRINK IN SCOTLAND. FINEST DRINK IN *THE WORLD!*
OH, JUST LET HIM HAVE IT. WE HAVE TO START!
I'M HERE WITH CAPTAIN CONRAD ROTH, OF THE *ENDURANCE*. AND HIS HELMSMAN, MR. ANGUS GRIMALDI.
GRIM.
MR. GRIM.
SO, I BELIEVE YOU GENTLEMEN HAVE BEEN GOING ON EXPEDITIONS TOGETHER FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS?
WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT SHIPS ISN'T WORTH KNOWING.
IF IT'S WET, I CAN SAIL ON IT.
TELL US ABOUT ONE OF YOUR ADVENTURES.
REMEMBER SOMALIA, ANGUS?
AYE.

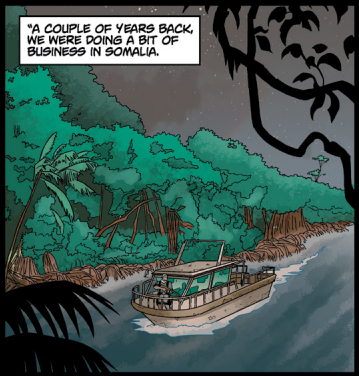
"A COUPLE OF YEARS BACK, WE WERE DOING A BIT OF BUSINESS IN SOMALIA.

"ACTUALLY, IT WAS MORE LIKE RECLAIMING A CLIENT'S PERSONAL PROPERTY.

"LET'S JUST SAY THE NATIVES WEREN'T FRIENDLY."

DAFT BASTARDS! AIN'T GOT NOTHING ON ME, MA.
PITY YOUR MA AIN'T HERE THEN.

THINK THEY'LL KILL US.
PROBABLY.
WISH THEY'D HURRY UP THEN. IT'S ALL THIS FANNYING ABOUT I CAN'T STAND.

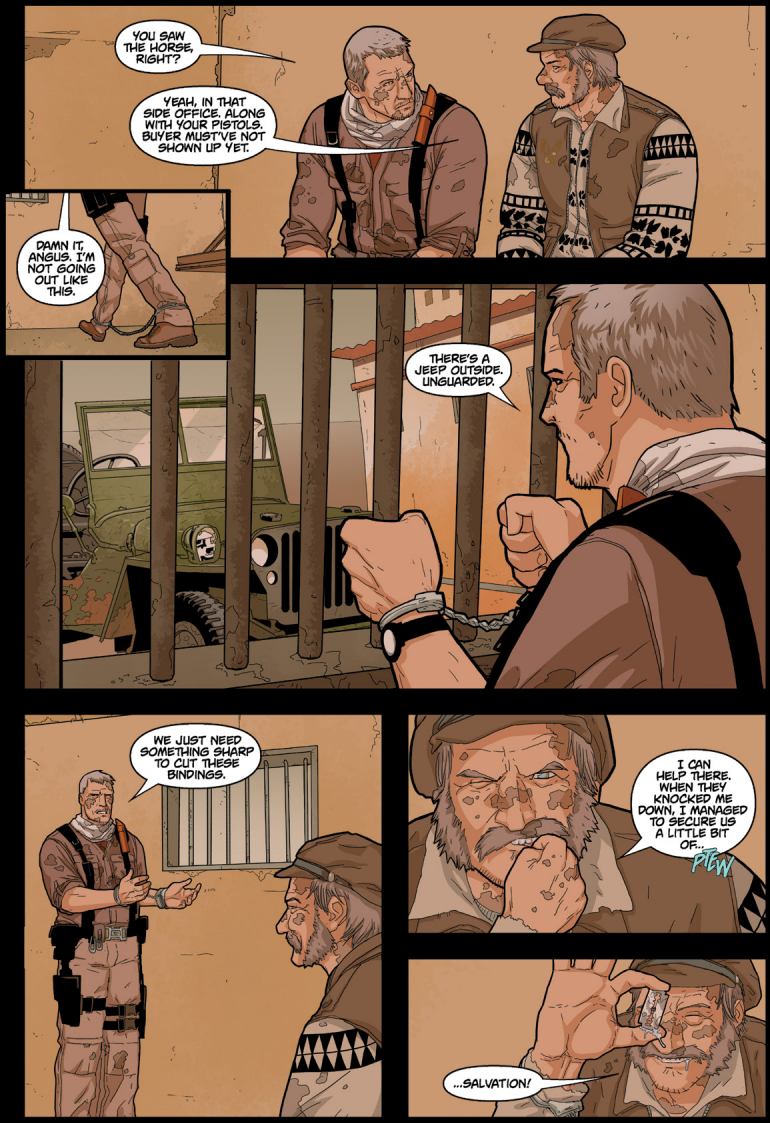
YOU SAW THE HORSE, RIGHT?
YEAH, IN THAT SIDE OFFICE. ALONG WITH YOUR PISTOLS. BUYER MUST'VE NOT SHOWN UP YET.
DAMN IT, ANGUS. I'M NOT GOING OUT LIKE THIS.
THERE'S A JEEP OUTSIDE. UNGUARDED.
WE JUST NEED SOMETHING SHARP TO CUT THESE BINDINGS.
I CAN HELP THERE. WHEN THEY KNOCKED ME DOWN, I MANAGED TO SECURE US A LITTLE BIT OF...
PTEW
...SALVATION!

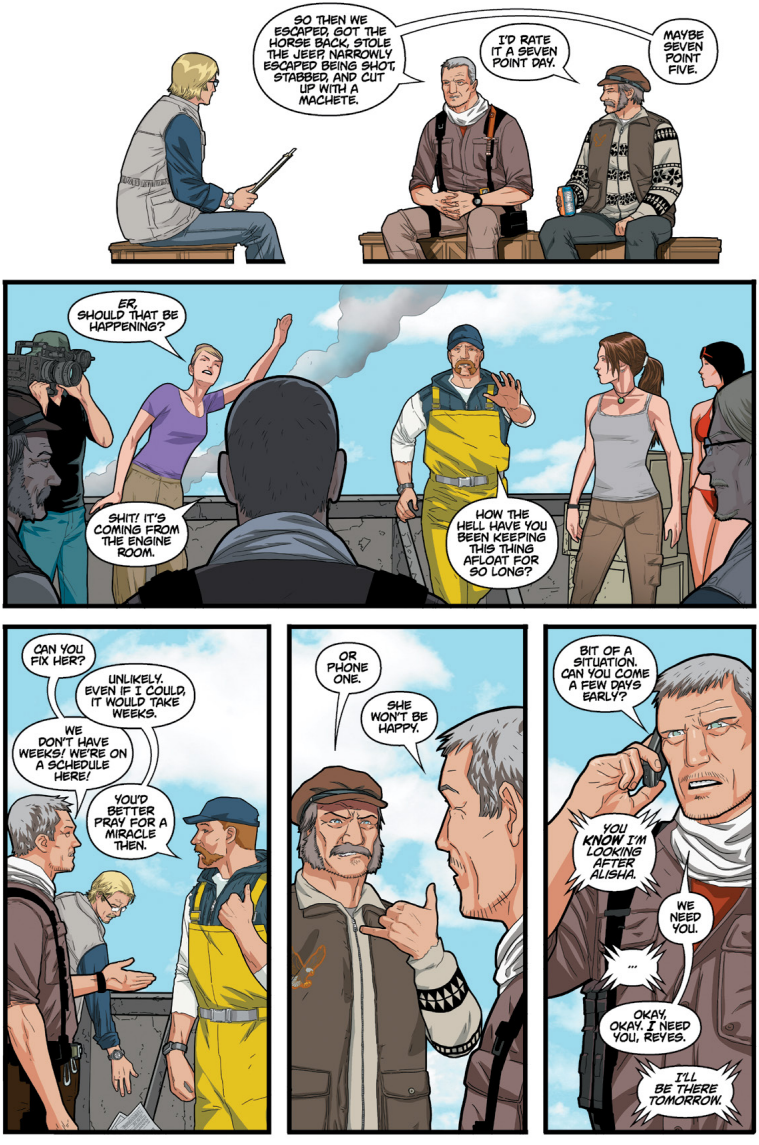
SO THEN WE ESCAPED, GOT THE HORSE BACK, STOLE THE JEEP, NARROWLY ESCAPED BEING SHOT, STABBED, AND CUT UP WITH A MACHETE.
I'D RATE IT A SEVEN POINT DAY.
MAYBE SEVEN POINT FIVE.
ER, SHOULD THAT BE HAPPENING?
SHIT! IT'S COMING FROM THE ENGINE ROOM.
HOW THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING THIS THING AFLOAT FOR SO LONG?
CAN YOU FIX HER?
UNLIKELY. EVEN IF I COULD, IT WOULD TAKE WEEKS.
WE DON'T HAVE WEEKS! WE'RE ON A SCHEDULE HERE!
YOU'D BETTER PRAY FOR A MIRACLE THEN.
OR PHONE ONE.
SHE WON'T BE HAPPY.
BIT OF A SITUATION. CAN YOU COME A FEW DAYS EARLY?
YOU KNOW I'M LOOKING AFTER ALISHA.
WE NEED YOU.
...
OKAY, OKAY. I NEED YOU, REYES.
I'LL BE THERE TOMORROW.

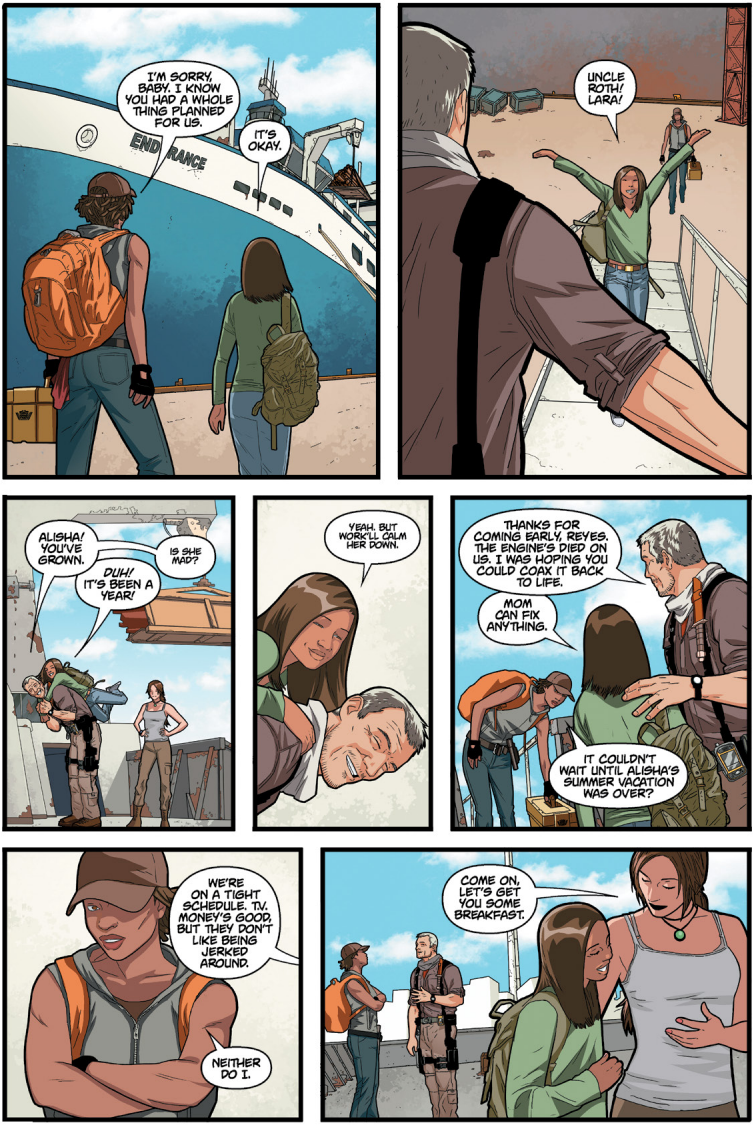
I'M SORRY, BABY. I KNOW YOU HAD A WHOLE THING PLANNED FOR US.
IT'S OKAY.
END
RANCE
UNCLE ROTH! LARA!
ALISHA! YOU'VE GROWN.
IS SHE MAD?
DUH! IT'S BEEN A YEAR!
YEAH, BUT WORK'LL CALM HER DOWN.
THANKS FOR COMING EARLY, REYES. THE ENGINE'S DIED ON US. I WAS HOPING YOU COULD COAX IT BACK TO LIFE.
MOM CAN FIX ANYTHING.
IT COULDN'T WAIT UNTIL ALISHA'S SUMMER VACATION WAS OVER?
WE'RE ON A TIGHT SCHEDULE. TV MONEY'S GOOD, BUT THEY DON'T LIKE BEING JERKED AROUND.
NEITHER DO I.
COME ON, LET'S GET YOU SOME BREAKFAST.

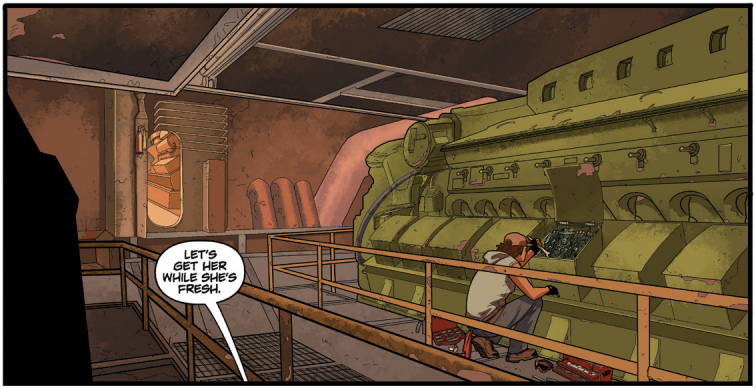
LET'S GET HER WHILE SHE'S FRESH.

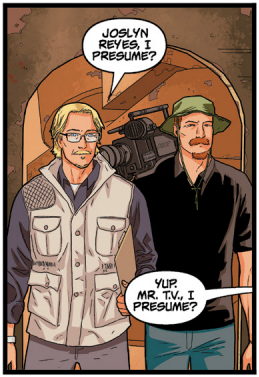
JOSLYN REYES, I PRESUME?
YUP. MR. TV., I PRESUME?

I'D LOVE TO INTERVIEW YOU.
I'M BUSY.

I PROMISE WE WON'T TAKE UP TOO MUCH TIME.
GO ON THEN. GET IT OVER WITH.

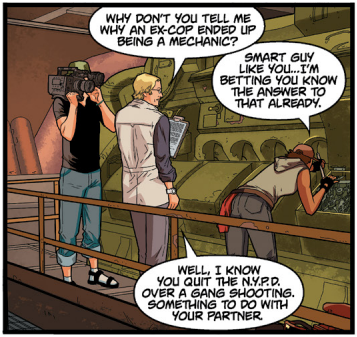
WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHY AN EX-COP ENDED UP BEING A MECHANIC?
SMART GUY LIKE YOU...I'M BETTING YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT ALREADY.
WELL, I KNOW YOU QUIT THE N.Y.P.D. OVER A GANG SHOOTING. SOMETHING TO DO WITH YOUR PARTNER.

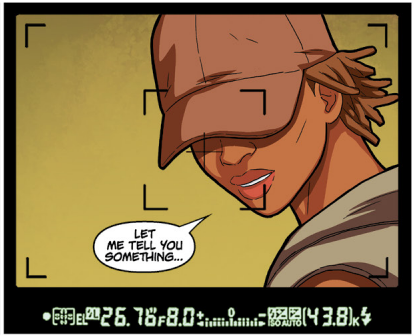
LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING...

"HE WAS ONE OF THE BEST ON THE FORCE. TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING HE KNEW ABOUT BEING A GOOD COP.
904
"AFTER A FEW YEARS ON THE JOB, WE GOT CAUGHT IN A DRUG DEN SHOOTOUT. HIS WEAPON MUST'VE JAMMED. THEY GUNNED HIM DOWN LIKE HE WAS NOTHING.
"I PROMISED HIS FAMILY THAT I'D MAKE IT RIGHT.
POLICE
9-1-1
REEDOM
OR DRUG DEAL
"BUT DRUG MONEY BUYS GOOD LAWYERS. THE BASTARDS GOT AWAY WITH IT.
SERGEANT
"I COULDN'T TAKE THAT. SO I QUIT. BUT I'D MADE A PROMISE.

*AND I KEPT IT.

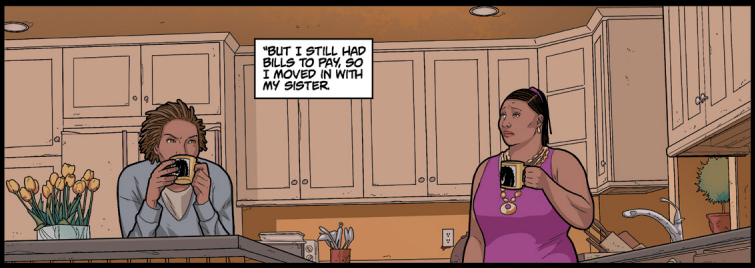
"BUT I STILL HAD BILLS TO PAY, SO I MOVED IN WITH MY SISTER.

"AND WENT TO WORK IN MY BROTHER'S GARAGE.

"THE WORK CALMED ME.

"I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I HAD A KNACK WITH MACHINES.

"THEY'RE LESS COMPLICATED THAN PEOPLE.

"CERTAINLY LESS COMPLICATED THAN A CONRAD ROTH.

"I MET HIM DOWN AT A BAR I USED TO DRINK AT AFTER WORK.
"IT HAD BEEN A TOUGH DAY. I WAS MISSING THE FORCE."

YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH!
FILL IT UP, DAMN IT! IF I CAN'T FIND THEM, I'LL FORGET THEM!
"SOME GUY WAS MAKING A FUSS. HE'D BEEN DRINKING ALL DAY AND THEY'D CUT HIM OFF. HE WASN'T HAPPY. KEPT TALKING ABOUT HIS MISSING FRIENDS AND HOW HE SHOULD'VE FOUND THEM BY NOW.

"I WASN'T IN THE MOOD FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S BULLSHIT.

THWAK
"SO I SORTED IT.

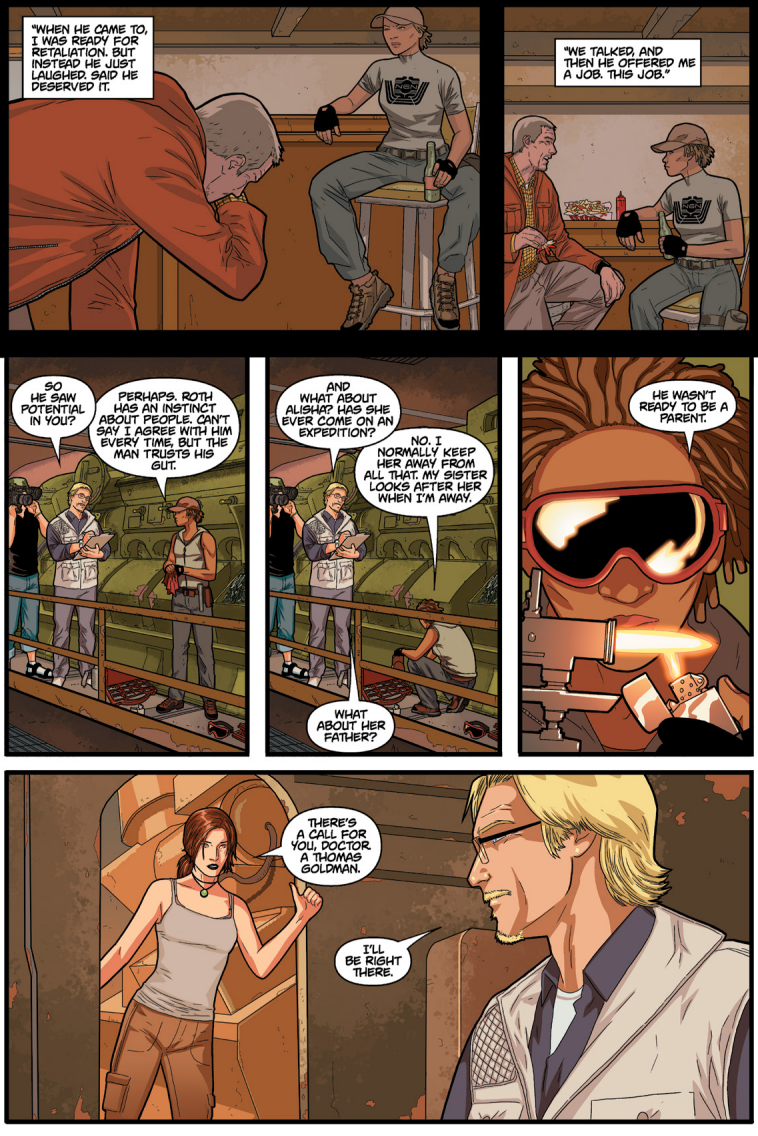
"WHEN HE CAME TO, I WAS READY FOR RETALIATION. BUT INSTEAD HE JUST LAUGHED. SAID HE DESERVED IT.
"WE TALKED, AND THEN HE OFFERED ME A JOB. THIS JOB."
SO HE SAW POTENTIAL IN YOU?
PERHAPS. ROTH HAS AN INSTINCT ABOUT PEOPLE. CAN'T SAY I AGREE WITH HIM EVERY TIME, BUT THE MAN TRUSTS HIS GUT.
AND WHAT ABOUT ALISHA? HAS SHE EVER COME ON AN EXPEDITION?
NO. I NORMALLY KEEP HER AWAY FROM ALL THAT. MY SISTER LOOKS AFTER HER WHEN I'M AWAY.
WHAT ABOUT HER FATHER?
HE WASN'T READY TO BE A PARENT.
THERE'S A CALL FOR YOU, DOCTOR. A THOMAS GOLDMAN.
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.

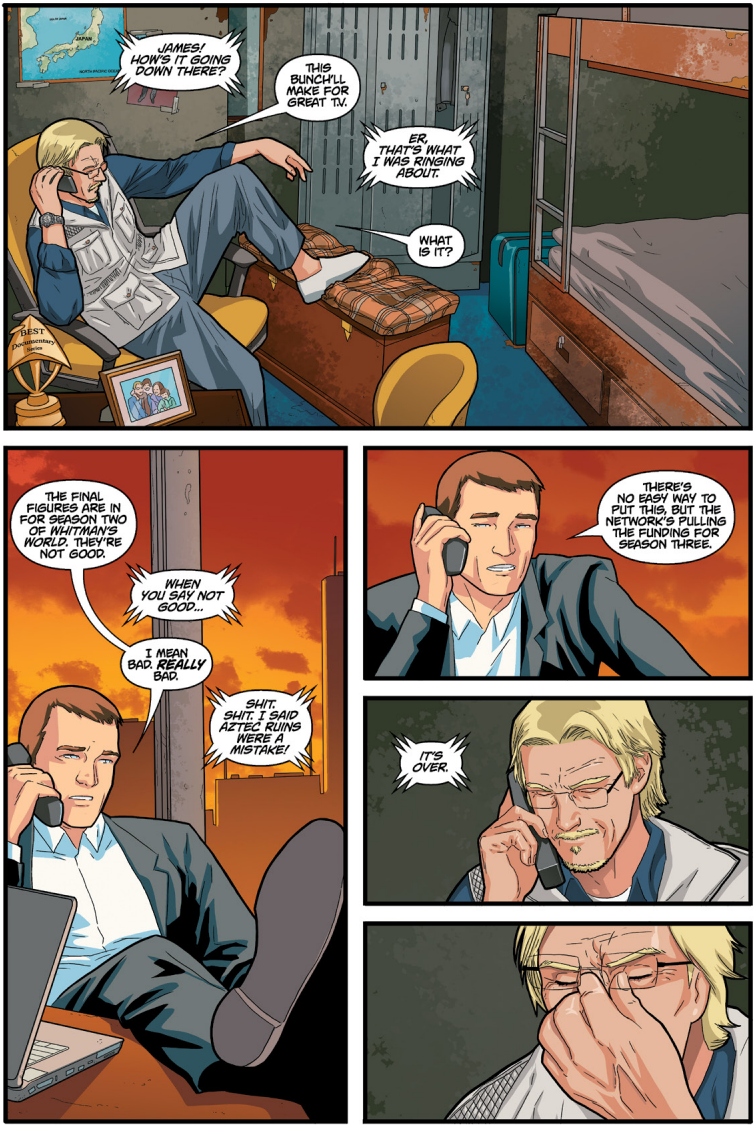
JAMES! HOW'S IT GOING DOWN THERE?
THIS BUNCH'LL MAKE FOR GREAT T.V.
ER, THAT'S WHAT I WAS RINGING ABOUT.
WHAT IS IT?
THE FINAL FIGURES ARE IN FOR SEASON TWO OF WHITMAN'S WORLD. THEY'RE NOT GOOD.
WHEN YOU SAY NOT GOOD...
I MEAN BAD. REALLY BAD.
SHIT. SHIT. I SAID AZTEC RUINS WERE A MISTAKE!
THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO PUT THIS, BUT THE NETWORK'S PULLING THE FUNDING FOR SEASON THREE.
IT'S OVER.

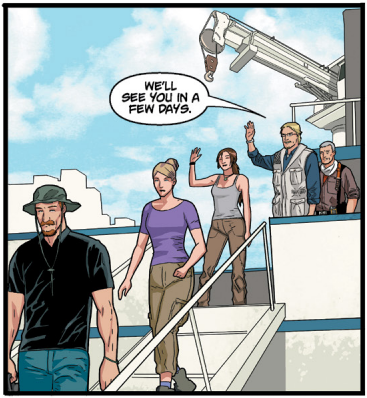
WE'LL SEE YOU IN A FEW DAYS.

WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?
I DON'T KNOW. JUST KEEP WALKING.

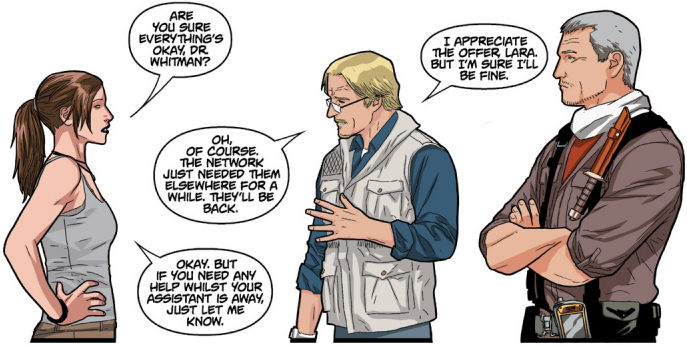
ARE YOU SURE EVERYTHING'S OKAY, DR. WHITMAN?
OH, OF COURSE. THE NETWORK JUST NEEDED THEM ELSEWHERE FOR A WHILE. THEY'LL BE BACK.
OKAY. BUT IF YOU NEED ANY HELP WHILST YOUR ASSISTANT IS AWAY, JUST LET ME KNOW.
I APPRECIATE THE OFFER LARA. BUT I'M SURE I'LL BE FINE.

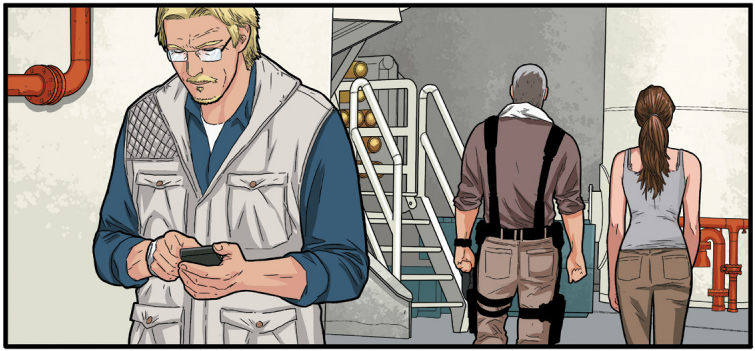

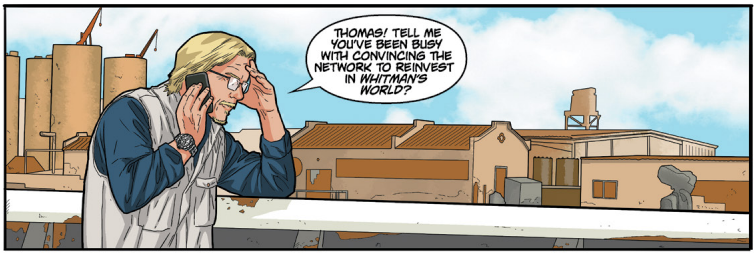
THOMAS! TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN BUSY WITH CONVINCING THE NETWORK TO REINVEST IN WHITMAN'S WORLD?

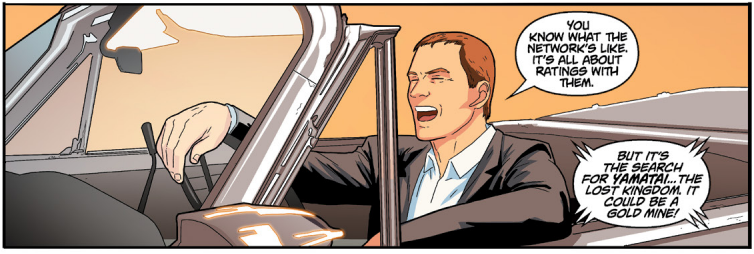
YOU KNOW WHAT THE NETWORK'S LIKE. IT'S ALL ABOUT RATINGS WITH THEM.
BUT IT'S THE SEARCH FOR YAMATAI...THE LOST KINGDOM. IT COULD BE A GOLD MINE!

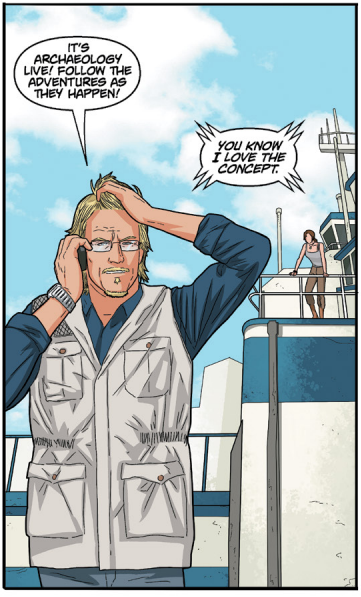
IT'S ARCHAEOLOGY LIVE! FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES AS THEY HAPPEN!
YOU KNOW I LOVE THE CONCEPT.

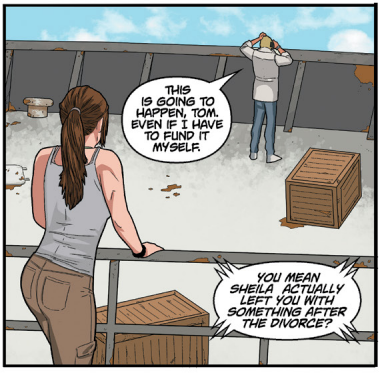
THIS IS GOING TO HAPPEN, TOM. EVEN IF I HAVE TO FUND IT MYSELF.
YOU MEAN SHEILA ACTUALLY LEFT YOU WITH SOMETHING AFTER THE DIVORCE?

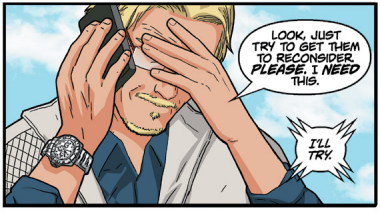
LOOK, JUST TRY TO GET THEM TO RECONSIDER. PLEASE. I NEED THIS.
I'LL TRY.

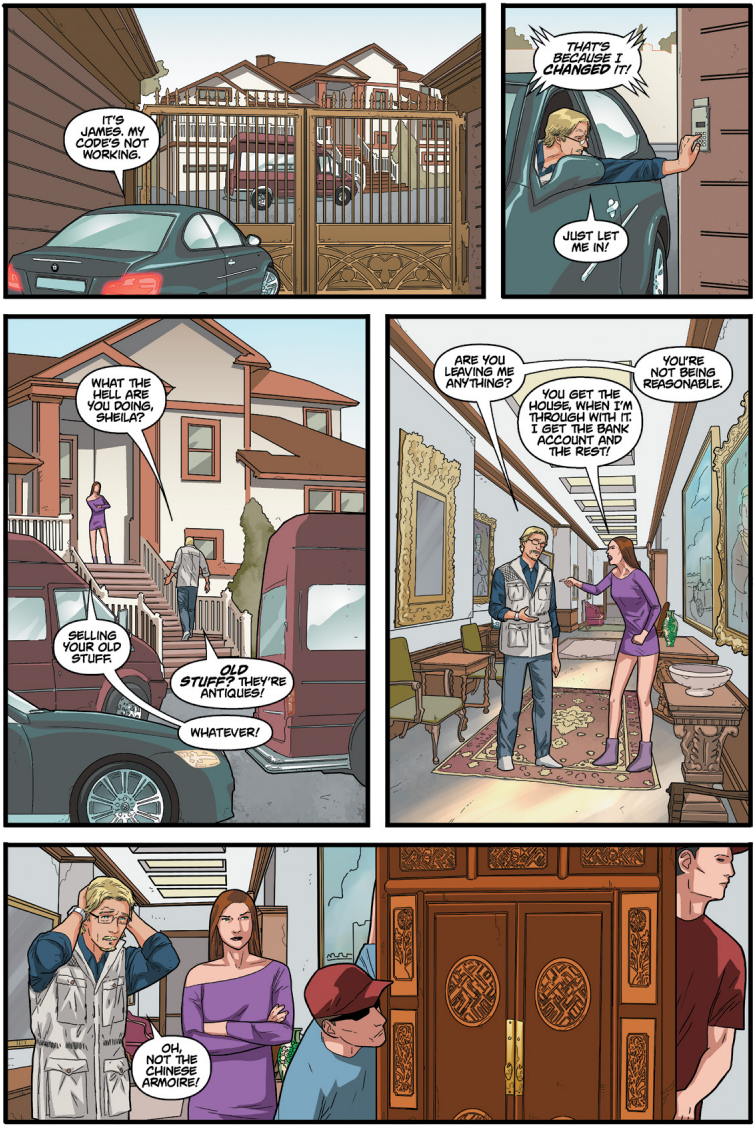
IT'S JAMES. MY CODE'S NOT WORKING.
THAT'S BECAUSE I CHANGED IT!
JUST LET ME IN!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING, SHEILA?
SELLING YOUR OLD STUFF.
OLD STUFF? THEY'RE ANTIQUES!
WHATEVER!
ARE YOU LEAVING ME ANYTHING?
YOU'RE NOT BEING REASONABLE.
YOU GET THE HOUSE, WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH IT. I GET THE BANK ACCOUNT AND THE REST!
OH, NOT THE CHINESE ARMOIRE!

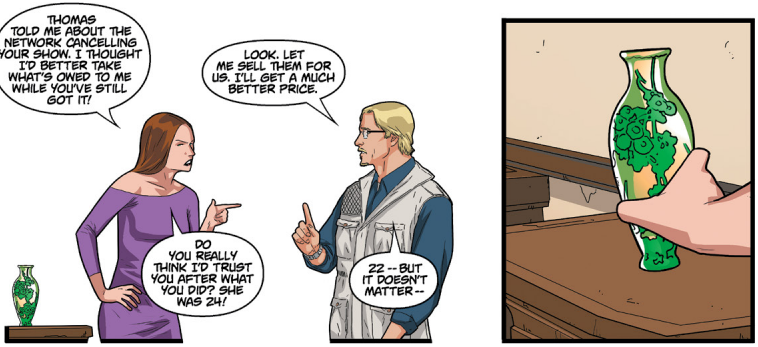
THOMAS TOLD ME ABOUT THE NETWORK CANCELLING YOUR SHOW. I THOUGHT I'D BETTER TAKE WHAT'S OWED TO ME WHILE YOU'VE STILL GOT IT!
LOOK. LET ME SELL THEM FOR US. I'LL GET A MUCH BETTER PRICE.
DO YOU REALLY THINK I'D TRUST YOU AFTER WHAT YOU DID? SHE WAS 24!
22 -- BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER --

CRASH

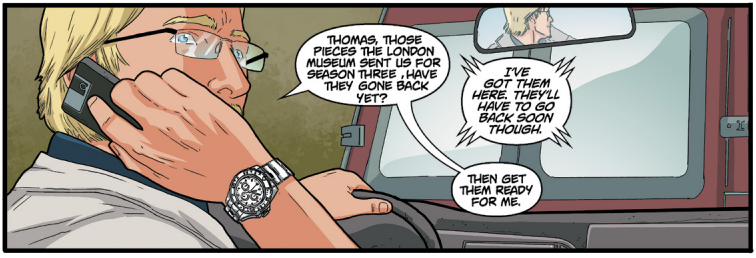
THOMAS, THOSE PIECES THE LONDON MUSEUM SENT US FOR SEASON THREE , HAVE THEY GONE BACK YET?
I'VE GOT THEM HERE. THEY'LL HAVE TO GO BACK SOON THOUGH.
THEN GET THEM READY FOR ME.

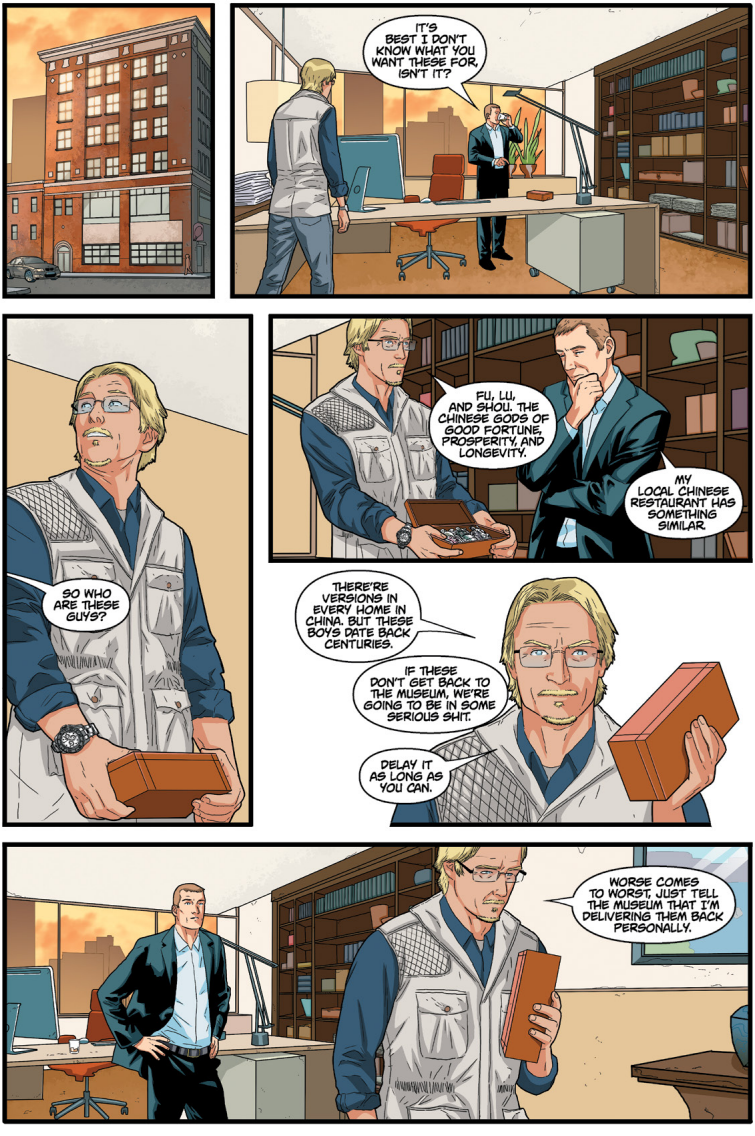
IT'S BEST I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT THESE FOR, ISN'T IT?
SO WHO ARE THESE GUYS?
FU, LU, AND SHOU. THE CHINESE GODS OF GOOD FORTUNE, PROSPERITY, AND LONGEVITY.
MY LOCAL CHINESE RESTAURANT HAS SOMETHING SIMILAR.
THERE'RE VERSIONS IN EVERY HOME IN CHINA. BUT THESE BOYS DATE BACK CENTURIES.
IF THESE DON'T GET BACK TO THE MUSEUM, WE'RE GOING TO BE IN SOME SERIOUS SHIT.
DELAY IT AS LONG AS YOU CAN.
WORSE COMES TO WORST, JUST TELL THE MUSEUM THAT I'M DELIVERING THEM BACK PERSONALLY.

FERGUS? IT'S ME. GREEN DOOR, RIGHT?
RIGHT. LOOK, YOU NEED TO BE CAREFUL WITH THIS GUY.
YOU WANTED A QUICK BUYER. I GOT YOU ONE. BUT HE'S... UNPREDICTABLE.
I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE. I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR CUT AFTER THE SALE.
BUZZ
ER, I'M HERE TO SEE MR. HONG.
GO IN.
YOU'RE LATE.

SHOW THEM TO ME.
DISCOLORATION IS SUSPECT. PRICKLING IS TOO EVEN.
ER, MAYBE IF YOU TOOK YOUR SHADES OFF...
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, DR. WHITMAN. BUT I WILL NEED TO TAKE THIS AWAY FOR FURTHER EXAMINATION.
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT.
CHENG, COULD YOU HELP THE DOCTOR WITH HIS HEARING, PLEASE?
I CAN ASSURE YOU. THOSE ARE GENUINE AND WELL WORTH THE AGREED PRICE.
SORRY, REALLY LIKE YOUR SHOW.
SMACK

紋背石大酒

THWAK
BLAM
ARRRRRHHH!
BLAM

UGGH!
KRSH
PLEASE. NO MORE HITTING!
DR. WHITMAN.
...YES?
QUICK, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
OH GOD... THERE GOES THE FUNDING.

THAT'S MY VAN!

BLAM

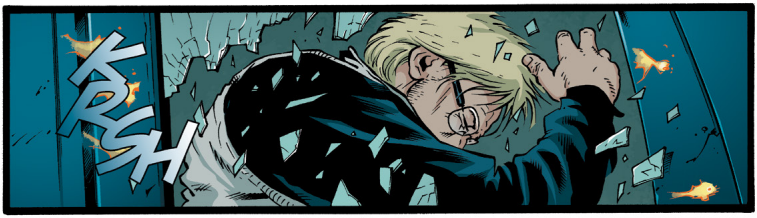
KRSH

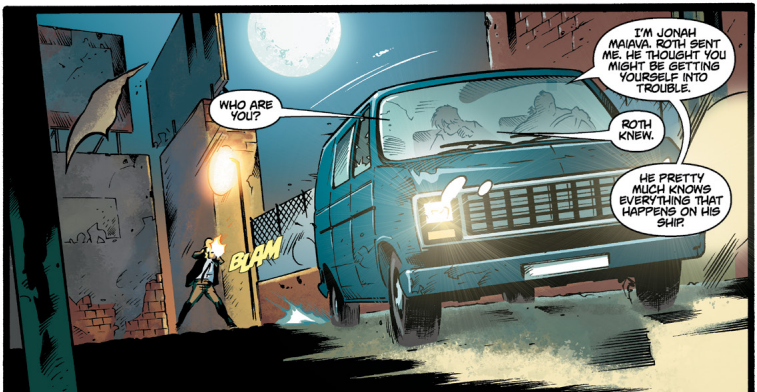
WHO ARE YOU?
BLAM
I'M JONAH MAIAVA. ROTH SENT ME. HE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE GETTING YOURSELF INTO TROUBLE.
ROTH KNEW.
HE PRETTY MUCH KNOWS EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS ON HIS SHIP.

THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID BACK THERE.
YOU'RE WELCOME, MAN. WE'RE ALL PART OF THE SAME CREW.
I'D BETTER GO AND TALK TO ROTH.
HE'S OUT AT THE MOMENT. COME ON, GIVE ME A HAND.

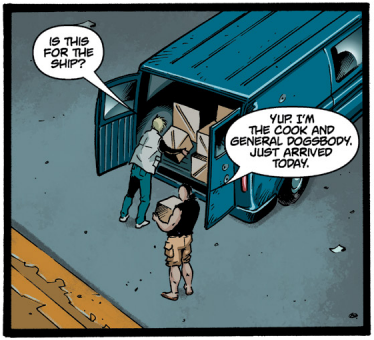
IS THIS FOR THE SHIP?
YUP. I'M THE COOK AND GENERAL DOGSBODY. JUST ARRIVED TODAY.

WE'D BETTER GET THAT SEEN TO.
IT'S JUST A GRAZE. I'VE HAD WORSE.

HEY, GUYS. I'M GOING TO SEE MY FOLKS FOR A BIT, AND DROP ALISHA AT THE AIRPORT. I'LL BE BACK FOR THE BIG LAUNCH.
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELVES, YOU TWO.

YOU HAVE TO FIND A WAY, JAMES. YOU *HAVE* TO.

HOW ARE YOU DOING?

I'VE BEEN BETTER.
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US THE NETWORK HAD PULLED THE FUNDING?
I WAS HOPING I COULD FIND THE FUNDING SOME OTHER WAY.

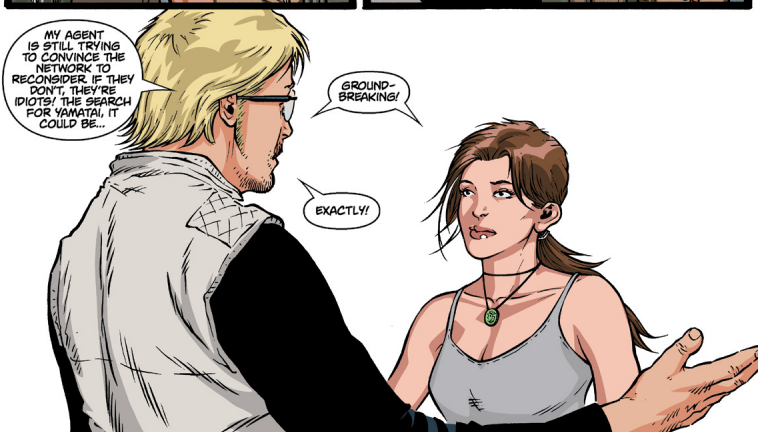
MY AGENT IS STILL TRYING TO CONVINCE THE NETWORK TO RECONSIDER. IF THEY DON'T, THEY'RE IDIOTS! THE SEARCH FOR YAMATAI, IT COULD BE...
GROUND-BREAKING!
EXACTLY!

IT'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE.
IF THE SPIRITS MEAN FOR US TO FIND IT, THEN WE WILL.
I DON'T THINK SPIRITS HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT, JONAH.

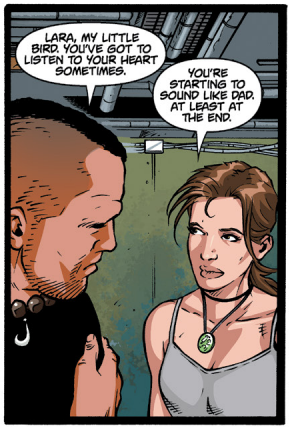
LARA, MY LITTLE BIRD. YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO YOUR HEART SOMETIMES.
YOU'RE STARTING TO SOUND LIKE DAD. AT LEAST AT THE END.

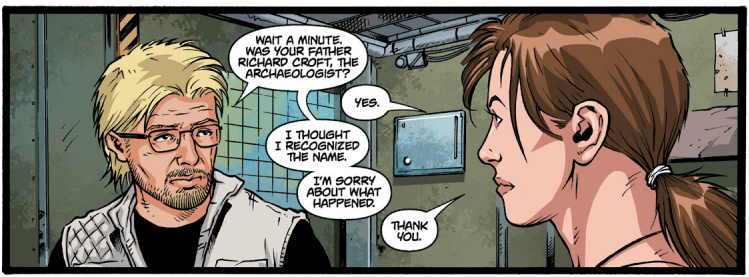
WAIT A MINUTE. WAS YOUR FATHER RICHARD CROFT, THE ARCHAEOLOGIST?
YES.
I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED THE NAME.
I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED.
THANK YOU.

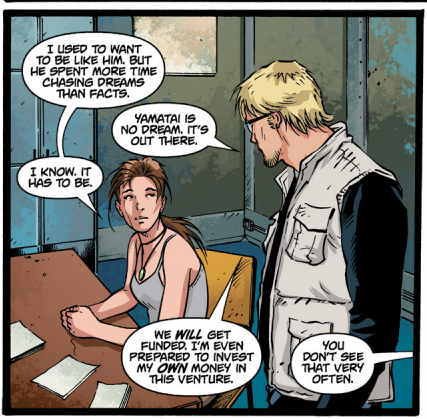
I USED TO WANT TO BE LIKE HIM. BUT HE SPENT MORE TIME CHASING DREAMS THAN FACTS.
YAMATAI IS NO DREAM. IT'S OUT THERE.
I KNOW. IT HAS TO BE.
WE *WILL* GET FUNDED. I'M EVEN PREPARED TO INVEST MY *OWN* MONEY IN THIS VENTURE.
YOU DON'T SEE THAT VERY OFTEN.

A MAN WHO'S PREPARED TO PUT HIS MONEY WHERE HIS MOUTH IS.

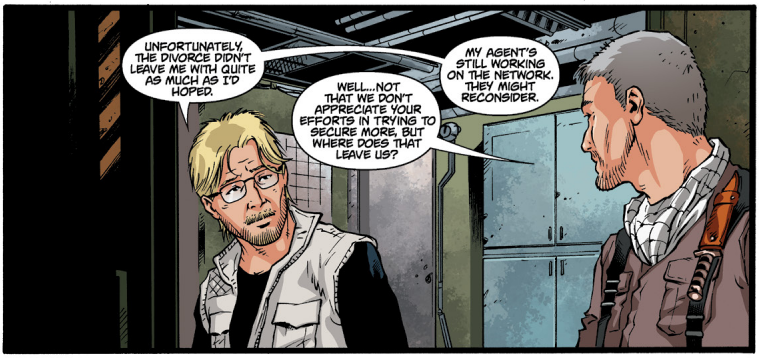
UNFORTUNATELY, THE DIVORCE DIDN'T LEAVE ME WITH QUITE AS MUCH AS I'D HOPED.
WELL...NOT THAT WE DON'T APPRECIATE YOUR EFFORTS IN TRYING TO SECURE MORE, BUT WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US?
MY AGENT'S STILL WORKING ON THE NETWORK. THEY MIGHT RECONSIDER.

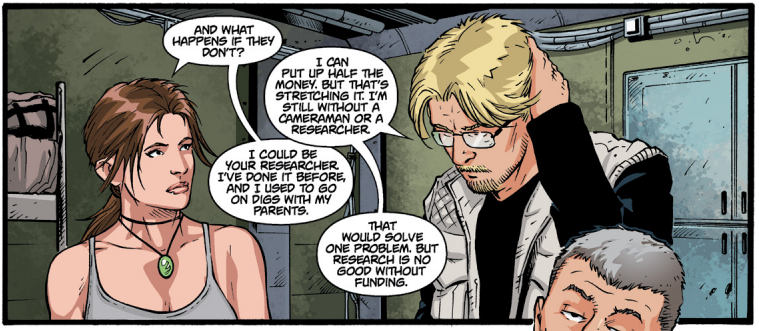
AND WHAT HAPPENS IF THEY DON'T?
I CAN PUT UP HALF THE MONEY. BUT THAT'S STRETCHING IT. I'M STILL WITHOUT A CAMERAMAN OR A RESEARCHER.
I COULD BE YOUR RESEARCHER. I'VE DONE IT BEFORE, AND I USED TO GO ON DIGS WITH MY PARENTS.
THAT WOULD SOLVE ONE PROBLEM. BUT RESEARCH IS NO GOOD WITHOUT FUNDING.

GET OUT ON DECK, ROTH. IT'S ALEX!

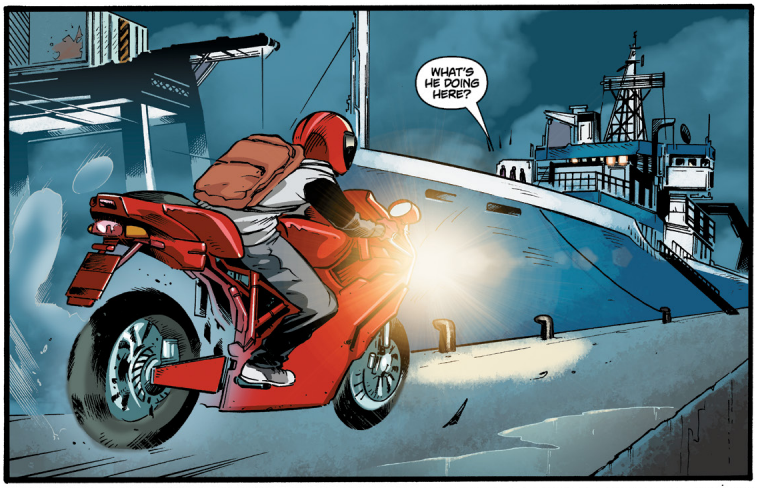
WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?

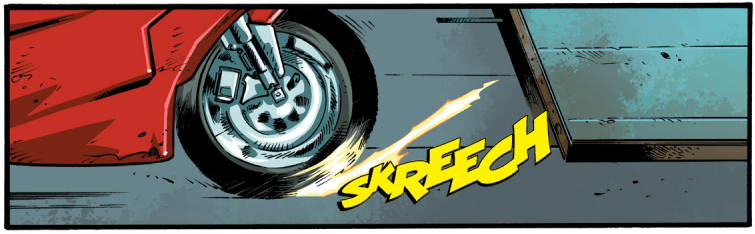
SKREECH

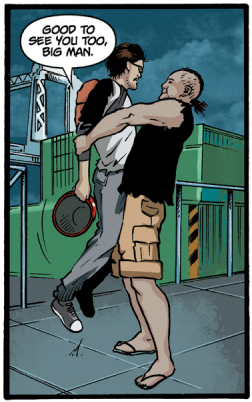
GOOD TO SEE YOU TOO, BIG MAN.

YOU'VE GOTTA GIVE A GUY SANCTUARY, ROTH. THEY'VE FINALLY FOUND ME!

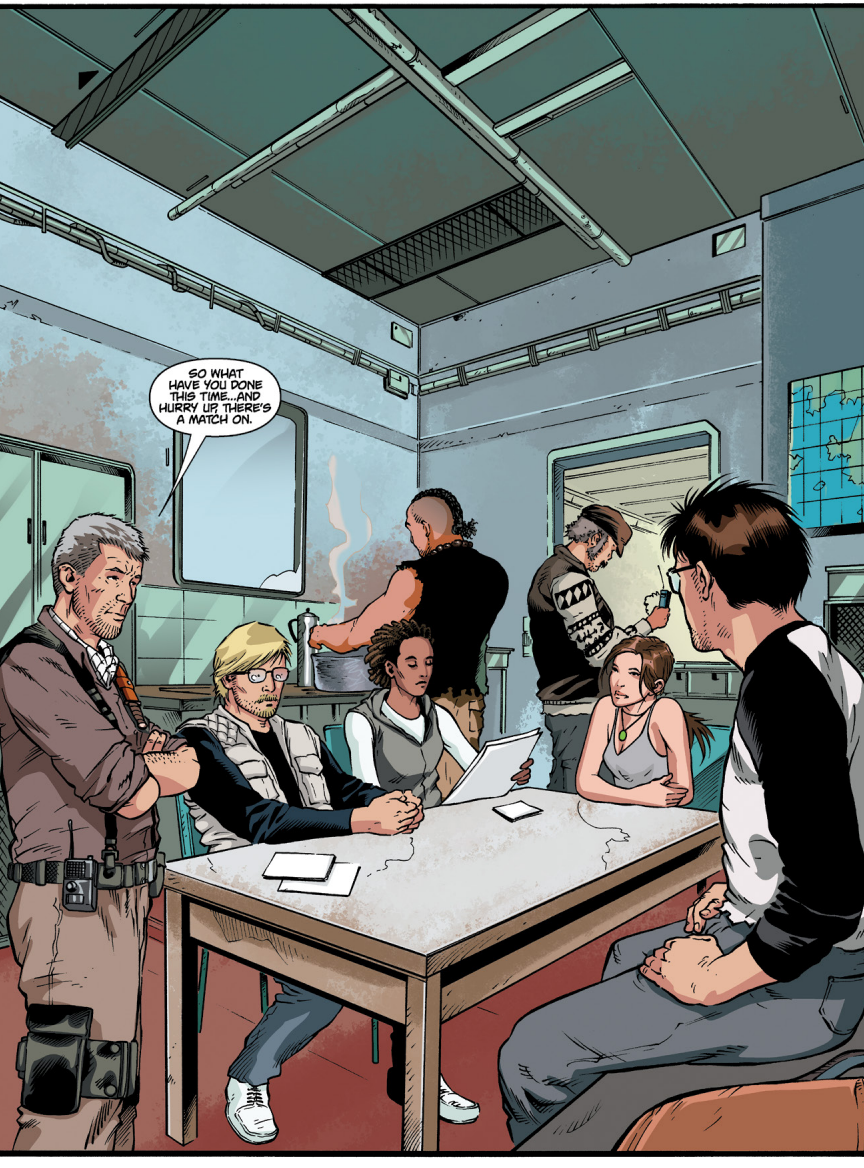
SO WHAT HAVE YOU DONE THIS TIME...AND HURRY UP, THERE'S A MATCH ON.

YOU KNOW HOW CERTAIN GOVERNMENT BODIES HAVE BEEN COVERING UP CERTAIN ACTIVITIES THAT CERTAIN PEOPLE ARE KEEN TO EXPOSE...
WELL...I MAY HAVE...JUST A LITTLE BIT, HACKED INTO CERTAIN DATABASES THAT SAID GOVERNMENT BODIES GET QUITE ANTSY ABOUT PEOPLE SEEING.
AND NOW?
NOW HE'S ON THE RUN.
L.C.'S GOT IT! AND I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF WORKING ON SOME GROUNDBREAKING SOFTWARE TOO.
AND YOU THOUGHT YOU'D RUN HERE?
Esc
I THINK I'VE LOST THEM. BESIDES, I HEARD YOU WERE STARTING AN EXPEDITION. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE MY...SKILLS.
COME ON, ROTH. WE COULD USE HIM, COULDN'T WE?
Esc

AS LONG AS YOU KEEP HIM OUT OF MY WAY.
HEY, WHERE'S THE LOVE, REYES?

THE EXPEDITION'S EXPERIENCING A FEW FUNDING ISSUES.
TEMPORARILY!

GOT IT, ROTH!
YOU JOIN US TODAY FOR SHEFFIELD UNITED VERSUS TRANMERE ROVERS.
YOU KNOW I'M USEFUL, ROTH. SERIOUSLY. I'LL DO IT FOR FREE.
THE LAD MUST BE DESPERATE.

IF WE GET PAID, YOU'LL GET PAID.
YES. GET SET UP.
SO I'M IN?
Esc

AND THERE'S THE KICK OFF!
COME ON, YOU BLADES!

OFF YOU GO. FLY, MY PRETTY, FLY!
KNOCK KNOCK
WHO IS IT?
DR. WHITMAN.
COME IN.
SO, JIMMY WHITMAN. YOU BEING ALL BY YOUR LONESOME WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE NETWORK PULLING YOUR FUNDING?
OR MAYBE IT'S THE DIVORCE?
HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ALL THAT?
YOU'RE THE T.V. GUY, RIGHT?
RIGHT.
SO WHERE'S YOUR CREW? CAMERAS? A HOT GIRL TO POWDER MY FACE?
IT'S JUST ME FOR NOW, I'M AFRAID.

IT'S AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THE INTERNET AND FIFTEEN YEARS OF HACKING EXPERIENCE.

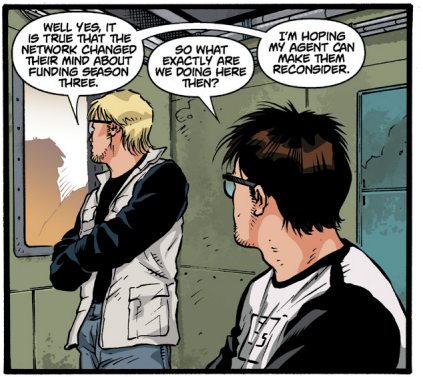
WELL YES, IT IS TRUE THAT THE NETWORK CHANGED THEIR MIND ABOUT FUNDING SEASON THREE.
SO WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE DOING HERE THEN?
I'M HOPING MY AGENT CAN MAKE THEM RECONSIDER.

BUT YOU DON'T THINK THEY WILL, DO YOU? THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN GOING TO SUCH *EXTREME* LENGTHS TO TRY AND FUND THIS YOURSELF.
ESC

THE INTERNET TOLD YOU *THAT?*

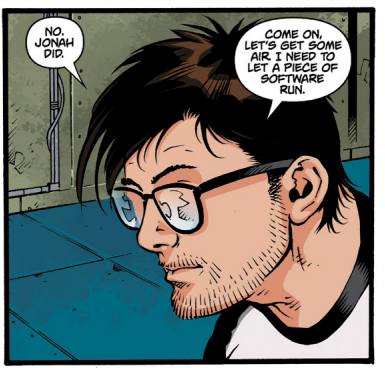
NO. JONAH DID.
COME ON, LET'S GET SOME AIR. I NEED TO LET A PIECE OF SOFTWARE RUN.

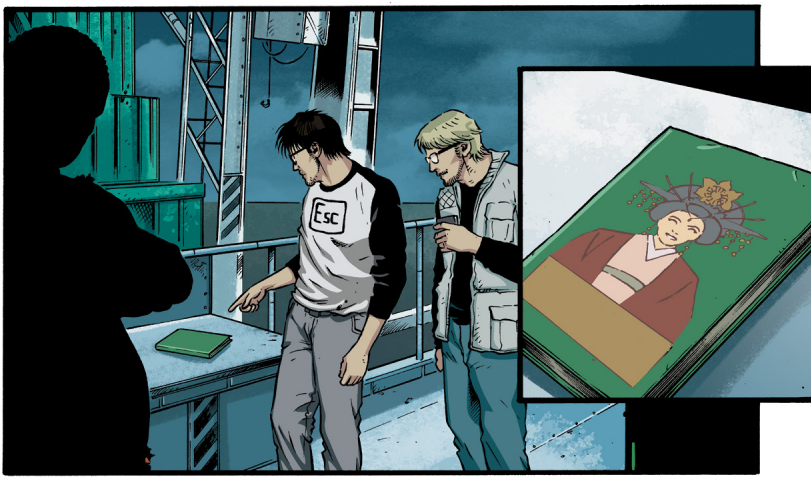
Esc

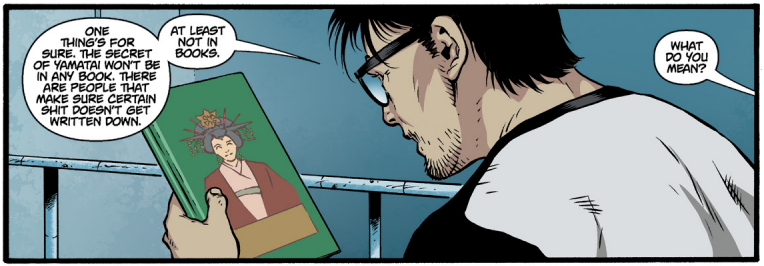
ONE THING'S FOR SURE. THE SECRET OF YAMATAI WON'T BE IN ANY BOOK. THERE ARE PEOPLE THAT MAKE SURE CERTAIN SHIT DOESN'T GET WRITTEN DOWN.
AT LEAST NOT IN BOOKS.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

IT'S OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT? YAMATAI'S A COVER-UP BY THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT.
Esc

IT'S PROBABLY FULL OF ALL KINDS OF STUFF THEY DON'T WANT US FINDING OUT ABOUT.

WELL, YOU ALWAYS SAID THAT *WE'VE* GOT LOTS OF STUFF WE DON'T WANT *THEM* FINDING OUT ABOUT.
YEAH, SURE. BUT THEIR STUFF IS PROBABLY *MUCH* COOLER.

I'D ASK FOR MY BOOK BACK, BUT I THINK YOU COULD USE THE EDUCATION.
IF WE FIND YAMATAI AND IT'S FULL OF KILLER ROBOTS AND GENETIC MUTATIONS, I CALLED IT.
OF COURSE, WE NEED TO GET OUT OF PORT FIRST.
ESC

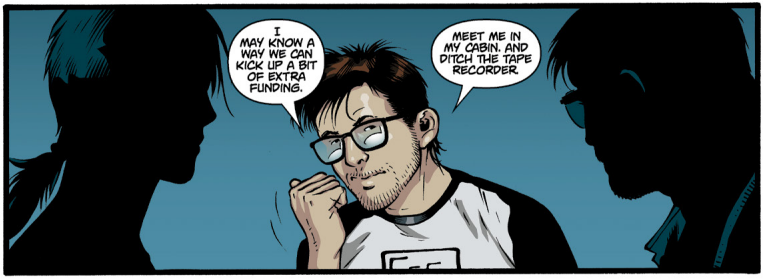
I MAY KNOW A WAY WE CAN KICK UP A BIT OF EXTRA FUNDING.
MEET ME IN MY CABIN. AND DITCH THE TAPE RECORDER.

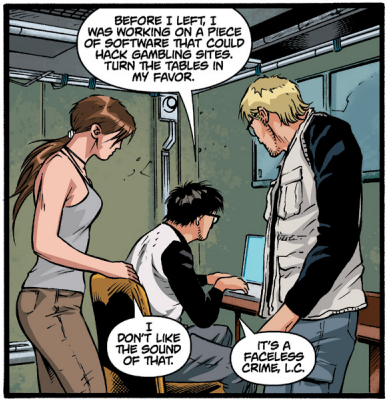
BEFORE I LEFT, I WAS WORKING ON A PIECE OF SOFTWARE THAT COULD HACK GAMBLING SITES. TURN THE TABLES IN MY FAVOR.
I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT.
IT'S A FACELESS CRIME, L.C.

I'VE BEEN TESTING IT OUT OVER THE LAST COUPLE OF HOURS. LOOK, IT'S ALREADY RAKED IN TWO GRAND!
AND IT'S UNDETECTABLE?
99.9%!

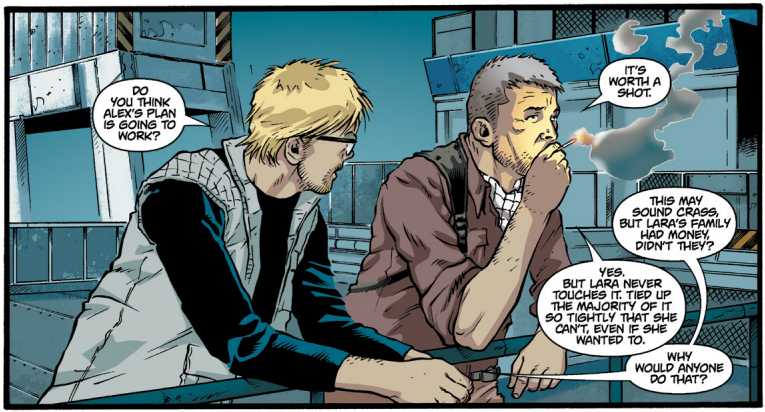
DO YOU THINK ALEX'S PLAN IS GOING TO WORK?
IT'S WORTH A SHOT.
THIS MAY SOUND CRASS, BUT LARA'S FAMILY HAD MONEY, DIDN'T THEY?
YES. BUT LARA NEVER TOUCHES IT. TIED UP THE MAJORITY OF IT SO TIGHTLY THAT SHE CAN'T, EVEN IF SHE WANTED TO.
WHY WOULD ANYONE DO THAT?

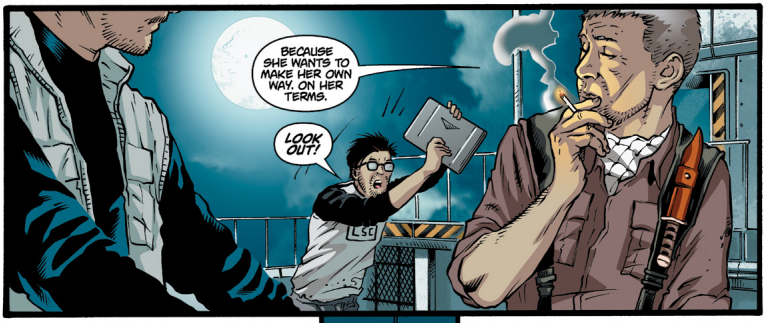
BECAUSE SHE WANTS TO MAKE HER OWN WAY. ON HER TERMS.
LOOK OUT!

WHAT HAPPENED?
THE 0.1%.

SAM. IT'S LARA.
HEY, SWEETIE. YOU ALL READY TO GO?
NO. THE FUNDING'S FALLEN THROUGH.
YOU'RE KIDDING?

NO. BUT WHITMAN STILL WANTS TO MAKE THE DOCUMENTARY. HE'S PUTTING HIS OWN MONEY INTO IT. BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH.

I KNOW YOUR UNCLE'S FINANCED ROTH BEFORE.
WANT ME TO TALK TO HIM? HE'LL WANT A BIG SLICE OF WHAT WE FIND THOUGH.
I DON'T THINK THAT'LL BE A PROBLEM.

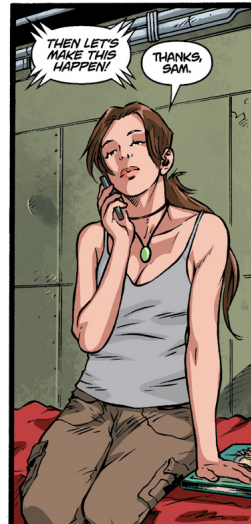
THEN LET'S MAKE THIS HAPPEN!
THANKS, SAM.

HE SAID YES!

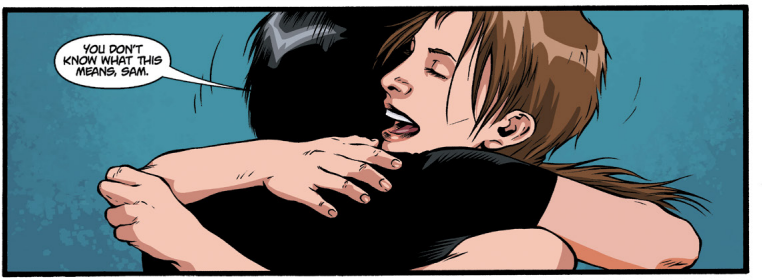
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, SAM.

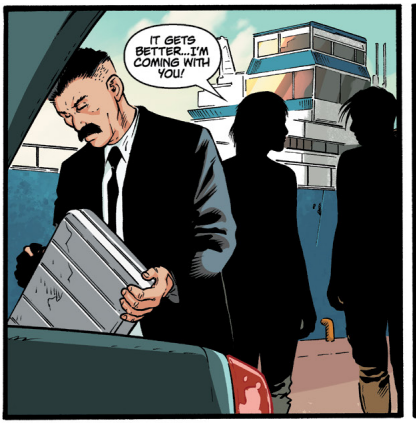
IT GETS BETTER...I'M COMING WITH YOU!

I'LL TAKE THAT. IT'S MY BABY.

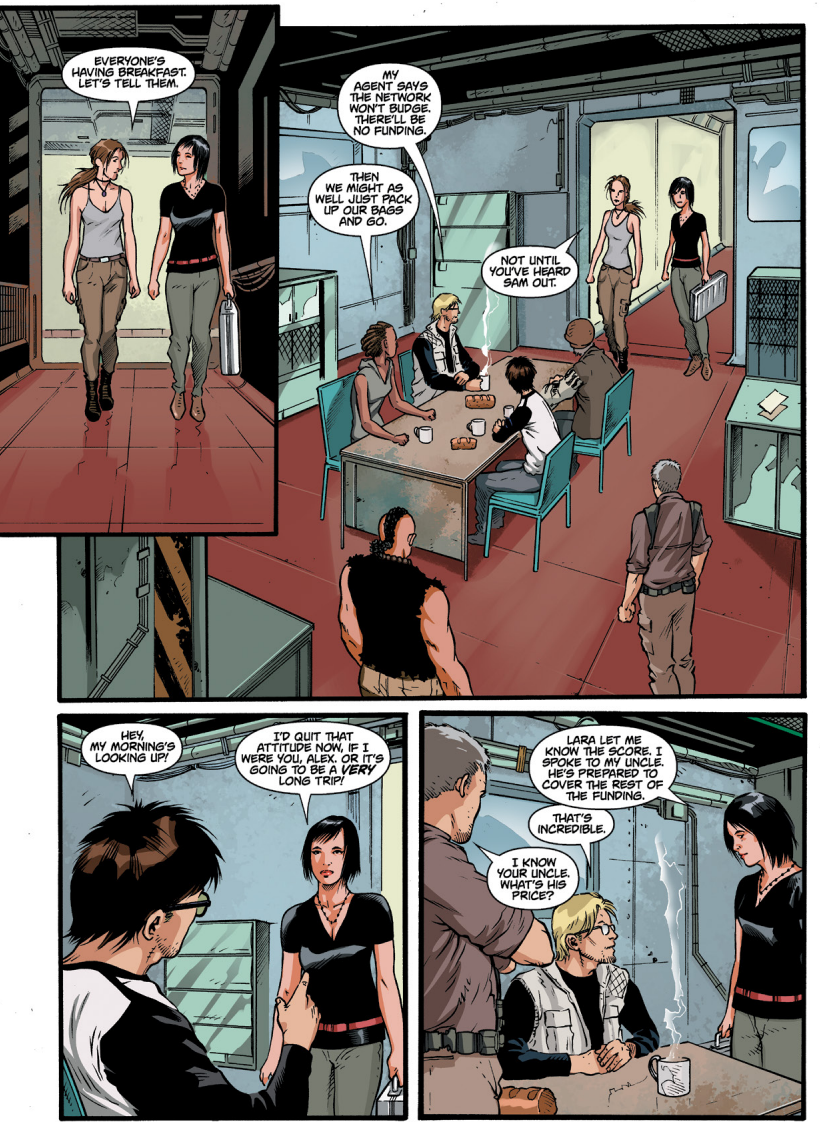
EVERYONE'S HAVING BREAKFAST. LET'S TELL THEM.
MY AGENT SAYS THE NETWORK WON'T BUDGE. THERE'LL BE NO FUNDING.
THEN WE MIGHT AS WELL JUST PACK UP OUR BAGS AND GO.
NOT UNTIL YOU'VE HEARD SAM OUT.
HEY, MY MORNING'S LOOKING UP!
I'D QUIT THAT ATTITUDE NOW, IF I WERE YOU, ALEX. OR IT'S GOING TO BE A *VERY* LONG TRIP!
LARA LET ME KNOW THE SCORE. I SPOKE TO MY UNCLE. HE'S PREPARED TO COVER THE REST OF THE FUNDING.
THAT'S INCREDIBLE.
I KNOW YOUR UNCLE. WHAT'S HIS PRICE?

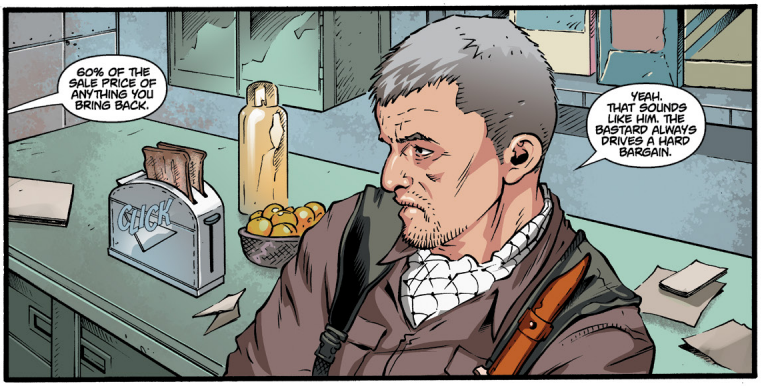
60% OF THE SALE PRICE OF ANYTHING YOU BRING BACK.
CLICK
YEAH. THAT SOUNDS LIKE HIM. THE BASTARD ALWAYS DRIVES A HARD BARGAIN.

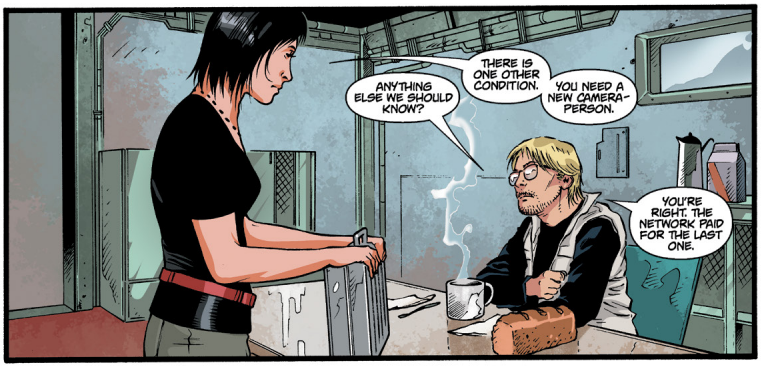
ANYTHING ELSE WE SHOULD KNOW?
THERE IS ONE OTHER CONDITION.
YOU NEED A NEW CAMERA-PERSON.
YOU'RE RIGHT. THE NETWORK PAID FOR THE LAST ONE.

WELL, NOW YOU'VE GOT ONE.

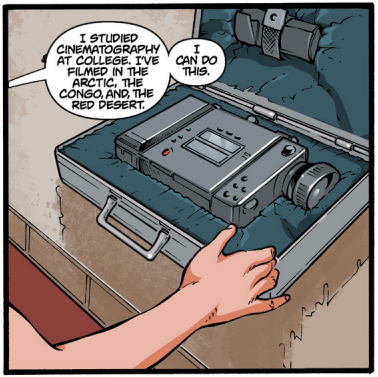
I STUDIED CINEMATOGRAPHY AT COLLEGE. I'VE FILMED IN THE ARCTIC, THE CONGO, AND, THE RED DESERT.
I CAN DO THIS.

SO WE'RE ON, RIGHT? WE'RE *FINALLY* GOING TO LEAVE?
THANK GOD. I HATE BEING THIS CLOSE TO LAND.

DO YOU THINK THERE'S ENOUGH FOR A NEW LAPTOP? MY HANDS FEEL WEIRD WITHOUT ONE.
MORE THAN ENOUGH.

OKAY THEN. LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD.

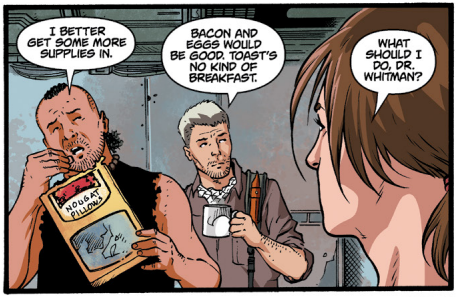
I BETTER GET SOME MORE SUPPLIES IN.
BACON AND EGGS WOULD BE GOOD. TOAST'S NO KIND OF BREAKFAST.
WHAT SHOULD I DO, DR. WHITMAN?
ROUGAT PILLOWS

I NEED YOU TO PICK UP A FEW BOOKS FROM MY OFFICE.
OKAY.
TAKE MY DRIVER. I'M GOING TO START FILMING.

THE SOUTH MIGHT BE WARMER, BUT THERE'S LESS CHANCE OF PIRATES IF WE GO VIA NORWAY.
THEN WE BETTER MAKE SURE WE'VE GOT THE RIGHT PERMITS.
ALEX, CAN YOU HURRY THEM ALONG?

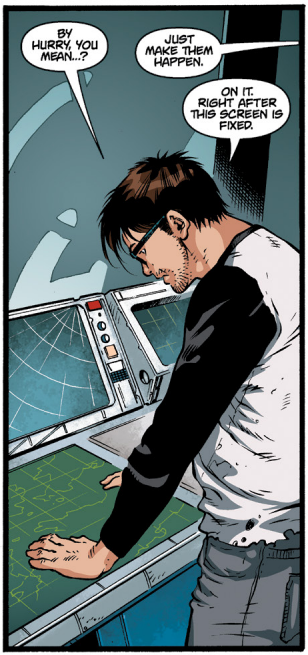
BY HURRY, YOU MEAN...?
JUST MAKE THEM HAPPEN.
ON IT. RIGHT AFTER THIS SCREEN IS FIXED.

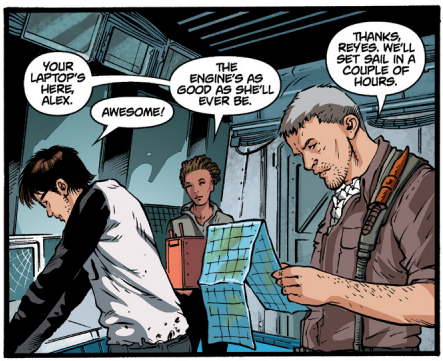
YOUR LAPTOP'S HERE, ALEX.
AWESOME!
THE ENGINE'S AS GOOD AS SHE'LL EVER BE.
THANKS, REYES. WE'LL SET SAIL IN A COUPLE OF HOURS.

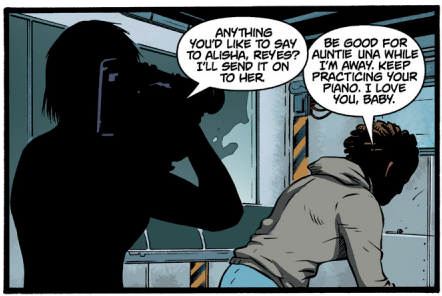
ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY TO ALISHA, REYES? I'LL SEND IT ON TO HER.
BE GOOD FOR AUNTIE UNA WHILE I'M AWAY. KEEP PRACTICING YOUR PIANO. I LOVE YOU, BABY.

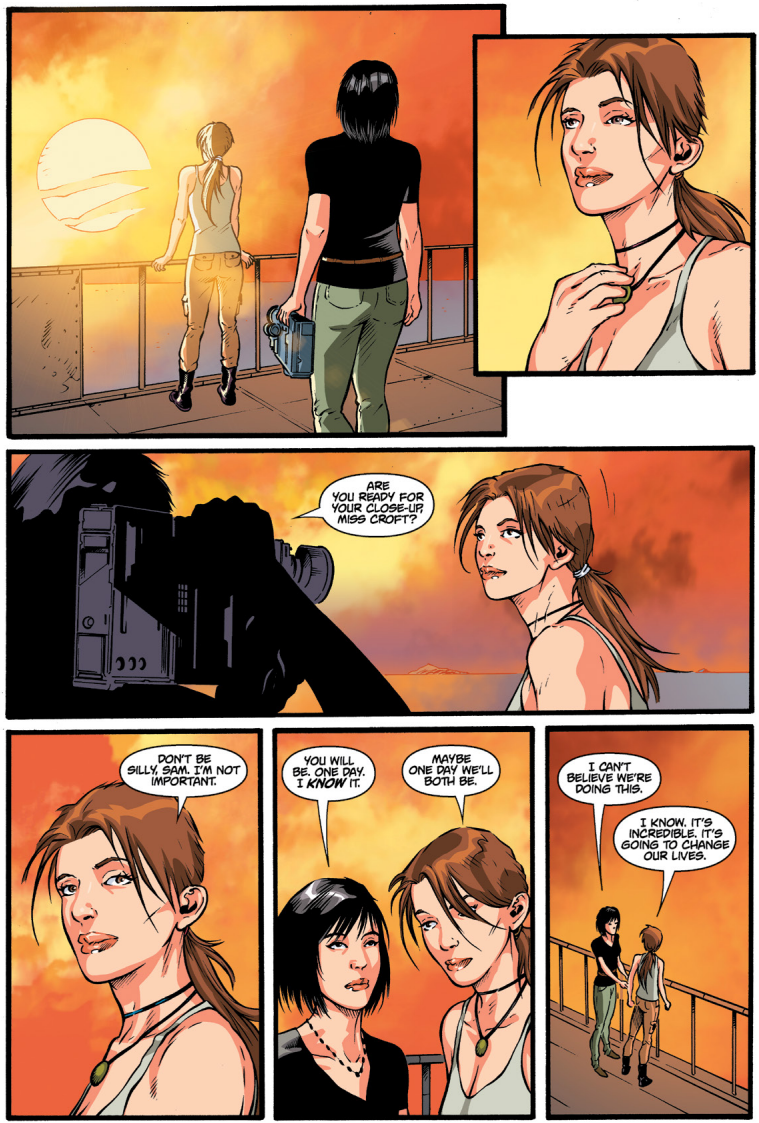
ARE YOU READY FOR YOUR CLOSE-UP, MISS CROFT?
DON'T BE SILLY, SAM. I'M NOT IMPORTANT.
YOU WILL BE. ONE DAY. I *KNOW* IT.
MAYBE ONE DAY WE'LL BOTH BE.
I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE DOING THIS.
I KNOW. IT'S INCREDIBLE. IT'S GOING TO CHANGE OUR LIVES.

THE BEGINNING.

SKETCHES BY ANDREA MUTTI

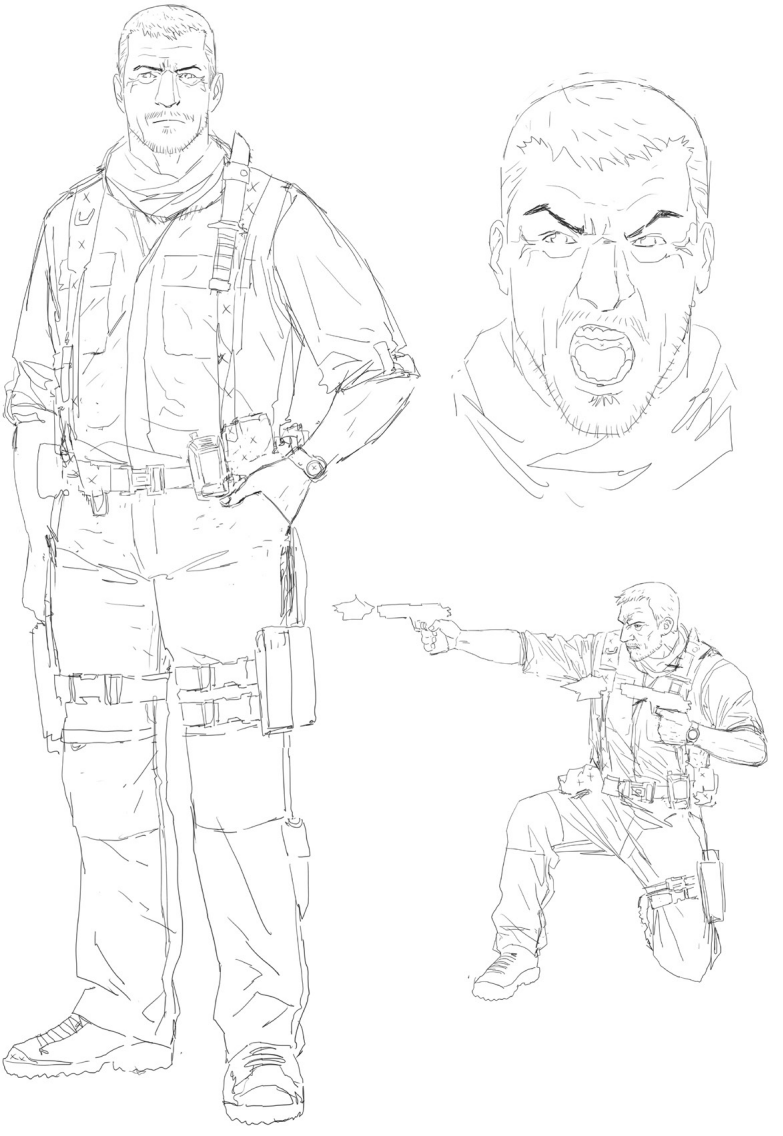

SKETCHES BY NICOLÁS DANIEL SELMA

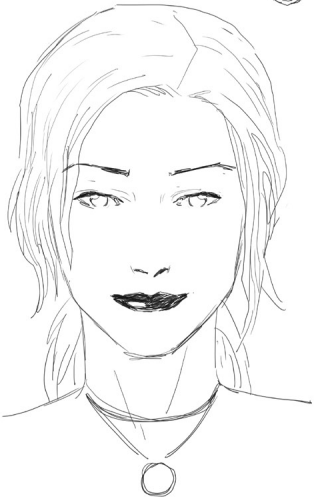

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PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

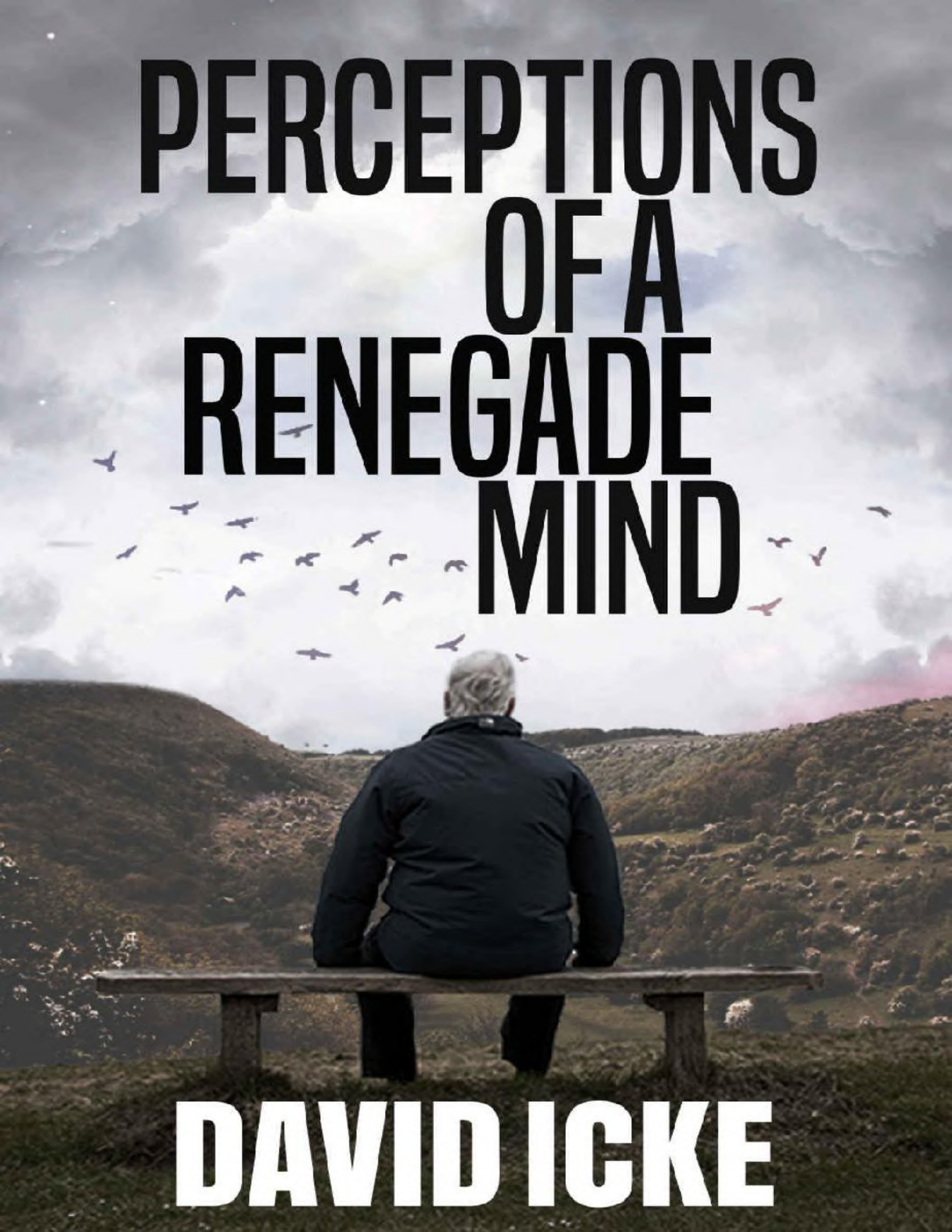

DAVID ICKE

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

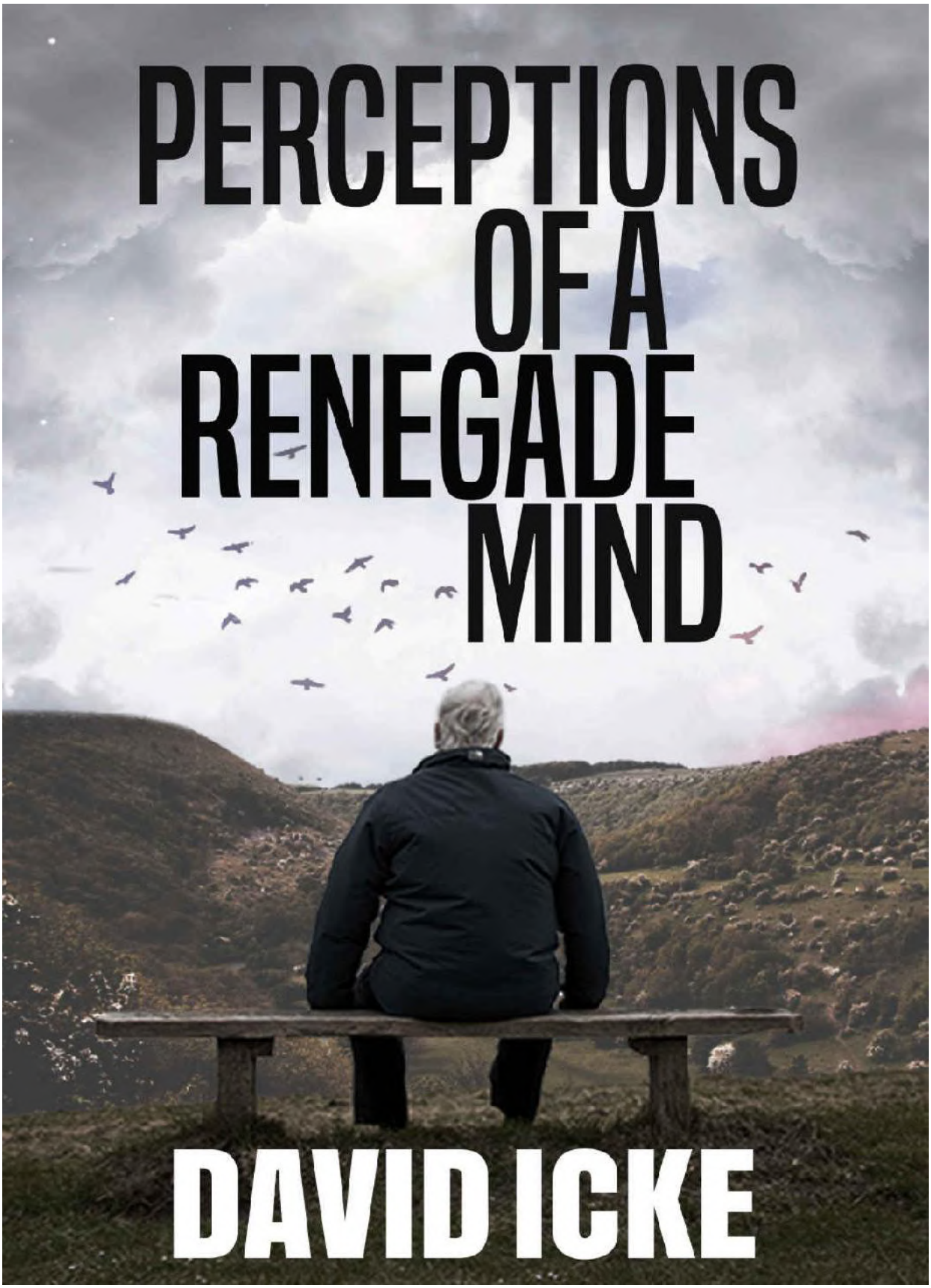

DAVID ICKE

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

ickonic
publishing

First published in July 2021.

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Cover Design: Gareth Icke
Book Design: Neil Hague

British Library Cataloguing-in Publication Data
A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

eISBN 978-18384153-1-0

PERCEPTIONS OF A RENEGADE MIND

DAVID ICKE

Dedication:

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Renegade:
Adjective
'Having rejected tradition: Unconventional.'
Merriam-Webster Dictionary

Acquiescence to tyranny is the death of the spirit

You may be 38 years old, as I happen to be. And one day, some great opportunity stands before you and calls you to stand up for some great principle, some great issue, some great cause. And you refuse to do it because you are afraid … You refuse to do it because you want to live longer … You're afraid that you will lose your job, or you are afraid that you will be criticised or that you will lose your popularity, or you're afraid that somebody will stab you, or shoot at you or bomb your house; so you refuse to take the stand.

Well, you may go on and live until you are 90, but you're just as dead at 38 as you would be at 90. And the cessation of breathing in your life is but the belated announcement of an earlier death of the spirit.

Martin Luther King

How the few control the many and always have – the many do whatever they're told

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

The mist is lifting slowly
I can see the way ahead
And I've left behind the empty streets
That once inspired my life
And the strength of the emotion
Is like thunder in the air
'Cos the promise that we made each other
Haunts me to the end

The secret of your beauty
And the mystery of your soul
I've been searching for in everyone I meet
And the times I've been mistaken
It's impossible to say
And the grass is growing
Underneath our feet

The words that I remember
From my childhood still are true
That there's none so blind
As those who will not see
And to those who lack the courage
And say it's dangerous to try
Well they just don't know
That love eternal will not be denied

I know you're out there somewhere
Somewhere, somewhere
I know you're out there somewhere

Somewhere you can hear my voice
I know I'll find you somehow
Somehow, somehow
I know I'll find you somehow
And somehow I'll return again to you

The Moody Blues

Are you a gutless wonder - or a Renegade Mind?

Monuments put from pen to paper,
Turns me into a gutless wonder,
And if you tolerate this,
Then your children will be next.
Gravity keeps my head down,
Or is it maybe shame ...

Manic Street Preachers

Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number.
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep have fallen on you.
Ye are many – they are few.

Percy Shelley

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CHAPTER ONE

I'm thinking' – Oh, but *are* you?

Think for yourself and let others enjoy the privilege of doing so too
Voltaire

French-born philosopher, mathematician and scientist René Descartes became famous for his statement in Latin in the 17th century which translates into English as: 'I think, therefore I am.'

On the face of it that is true. Thought reflects perception and perception leads to both behaviour and self-identity. In that sense 'we' are what we think. But who or what is doing the thinking and is thinking the only route to perception? Clearly, as we shall see, 'we' are not always the source of 'our' perception, indeed with regard to humanity as a whole this is rarely the case; and thinking is far from the only means of perception. Thought is the village idiot compared with other expressions of consciousness that we all have the potential to access and tap into. This has to be true when we *are* those other expressions of consciousness which are infinite in nature. We have forgotten this, or, more to the point, been manipulated to forget.

These are not just the esoteric musings of the navel. The whole foundation of human control and oppression is control of perception. Once perception is hijacked then so is behaviour which is dictated by perception. Collective perception becomes collective behaviour and collective behaviour is what we call human society. Perception is all and those behind human control know that which is

why perception is the target 24/7 of the psychopathic manipulators that I call the Global Cult. They know that if they dictate perception they will dictate behaviour and collectively dictate the nature of human society. They are further aware that perception is formed from information received and if they control the circulation of information they will to a vast extent direct human behaviour. Censorship of information and opinion has become globally Nazi-like in recent years and never more blatantly than since the illusory 'virus pandemic' was triggered out of China in 2019 and across the world in 2020. Why have billions submitted to house arrest and accepted fascistic societies in a way they would have never believed possible? Those controlling the information spewing from government, mainstream media and Silicon Valley (all controlled by the same Global Cult networks) told them they were in danger from a 'deadly virus' and only by submitting to house arrest and conceding their most basic of freedoms could they and their families be protected. This monumental and provable lie became the *perception* of the billions and therefore the *behaviour* of the billions. In those few words you have the whole structure and modus operandi of human control. Fear is a perception – **F**alse **E**motion **A**ppearing **R**eal – and fear is the currency of control. In short … get them by the balls (or give them the impression that you have) and their hearts and minds will follow. Nothing grips the dangly bits and freezes the rear-end more comprehensively than fear.

World number 1

There are two 'worlds' in what appears to be one 'world' and the prime difference between them is knowledge. First we have the mass of human society in which the population is maintained in coldly-calculated ignorance through control of information and the 'education' (indoctrination) system. That's all you really need to control to enslave billions in a perceptual delusion in which what are perceived to be *their* thoughts and opinions are ever-repeated mantras that the system has been downloading all their lives through 'education', media, science, medicine, politics and academia

in which the personnel and advocates are themselves overwhelmingly the perceptual products of the same repetition. Teachers and academics in general are processed by the same programming machine as everyone else, but unlike the great majority they never leave the 'education' program. It gripped them as students and continues to grip them as programmers of subsequent generations of students. The programmed become the programmers – the programmed programmers. The same can largely be said for scientists, doctors and politicians and not least because as the American writer Upton Sinclair said: 'It is difficult to get a man to understand something when his salary depends upon his not understanding it.' If your career and income depend on thinking the way the system demands then you will – bar a few free-minded exceptions – concede your mind to the Perceptual Mainframe that I call the Postage Stamp Consensus. This is a tiny band of perceived knowledge and possibility 'taught' (downloaded) in the schools and universities, pounded out by the mainstream media and on which all government policy is founded. Try thinking, and especially speaking and acting, outside of the 'box' of consensus and see what that does for your career in the Mainstream Everything which bullies, harasses, intimidates and ridicules the population into compliance. Here we have the simple structure which enslaves most of humanity in a perceptual prison cell for an entire lifetime and I'll go deeper into this process shortly. Most of what humanity is taught as fact is nothing more than programmed belief. American science fiction author Frank Herbert was right when he said: 'Belief can be manipulated. Only knowledge is dangerous.' In the 'Covid' age belief is promoted and knowledge is censored. It was always so, but never to the extreme of today.

World number 2

A 'number 2' is slang for 'doing a poo' and how appropriate that is when this other 'world' is doing just that on humanity every minute of every day. World number 2 is a global network of secret societies and semi-secret groups dictating the direction of society via

governments, corporations and authorities of every kind. I have spent more than 30 years uncovering and exposing this network that I call the Global Cult and knowing its agenda is what has made my books so accurate in predicting current and past events. Secret societies are secret for a reason. They want to keep their hoarded knowledge to themselves and their chosen initiates and to hide it from the population which they seek through ignorance to control and subdue. The whole foundation of the division between World 1 and World 2 is *knowledge*. What number 1 knows number 2 must not. Knowledge they have worked so hard to keep secret includes (a) the agenda to enslave humanity in a centrally-controlled global dictatorship, and (b) the nature of reality and life itself. The latter (b) must be suppressed to allow the former (a) to prevail as I shall be explaining. The way the Cult manipulates and interacts with the population can be likened to a spider's web. The 'spider' sits at the centre in the shadows and imposes its will through the web with each strand represented in World number 2 by a secret society, satanic or semi-secret group, and in World number 1 – the world of the seen – by governments, agencies of government, law enforcement, corporations, the banking system, media conglomerates and Silicon Valley (Fig 1 overleaf). The spider and the web connect and coordinate all these organisations to pursue the same global outcome while the population sees them as individual entities working randomly and independently. At the level of the web governments *are* the banking system *are* the corporations *are* the media *are* Silicon Valley *are* the World Health Organization working from their inner cores as one unit. Apparently unconnected countries, corporations, institutions, organisations and people are on the *same team* pursuing the same global outcome. Strands in the web immediately around the spider are the most secretive and exclusive secret societies and their membership is emphatically restricted to the Cult inner-circle emerging through the generations from particular bloodlines for reasons I will come to. At the core of the core you would get them in a single room. That's how many people are dictating the direction of human society and its transformation

through the 'Covid' hoax and other means. As the web expands out from the spider we meet the secret societies that many people will be aware of – the Freemasons, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, the inner sanctum of the Jesuit Order, and such like. Note how many are connected to the Church of Rome and there is a reason for that. The Roman Church was established as a revamp, a rebranding, of the relocated 'Church' of Babylon and the Cult imposing global tyranny today can be tracked back to Babylon and Sumer in what is now Iraq.

Figure 1: The global web through which the few control the many. (Image Neil Hague.)

Inner levels of the web operate in the unseen away from the public eye and then we have what I call the cusp organisations located at the point where the hidden meets the seen. They include a series of satellite organisations answering to a secret society founded in London in the late 19th century called the Round Table and among them are the Royal Institute of International Affairs (UK, founded in 1920); Council on Foreign Relations (US, 1921); Bilderberg Group (worldwide, 1954); Trilateral Commission (US/worldwide, 1972); and the Club of Rome (worldwide, 1968) which was created to exploit environmental concerns to justify the centralisation of global power to 'save the planet'. The Club of Rome instigated with others the human-caused climate change hoax which has led to all the 'green

new deals' demanding that very centralisation of control. Cusp organisations, which include endless 'think tanks' all over the world, are designed to coordinate a single global policy between political and business leaders, intelligence personnel, media organisations and anyone who can influence the direction of policy in their own sphere of operation. Major players and regular attenders will know what is happening – or some of it – while others come and go and are kept overwhelmingly in the dark about the big picture. I refer to these cusp groupings as semi-secret in that they can be publicly identified, but what goes on at the inner-core is kept very much 'in house' even from most of their members and participants through a fiercely-imposed system of compartmentalisation. Only let them know what they need to know to serve your interests and no more. The structure of secret societies serves as a perfect example of this principle. Most Freemasons never get higher than the bottom three levels of 'degree' (degree of knowledge) when there are 33 official degrees of the Scottish Rite. Initiates only qualify for the next higher 'compartment' or degree if those at that level choose to allow them. Knowledge can be carefully assigned only to those considered 'safe'. I went to my local Freemason's lodge a few years ago when they were having an 'open day' to show how cuddly they were and when I chatted to some of them I was astonished at how little the rank and file knew even about the most ubiquitous symbols they use. The mushroom technique – keep them in the dark and feed them bullshit – applies to most people in the web as well as the population as a whole. Sub-divisions of the web mirror in theme and structure transnational corporations which have a headquarters somewhere in the world dictating to all their subsidiaries in different countries. Subsidiaries operate in their methodology and branding to the same centrally-dictated plan and policy in pursuit of particular ends. The Cult web functions in the same way. Each country has its own web as a subsidiary of the global one. They consist of networks of secret societies, semi-secret groups and bloodline families and their job is to impose the will of the spider and the global web in their particular country. Subsidiary networks control and manipulate the national political system, finance, corporations, media, medicine, etc. to

ensure that they follow the globally-dictated Cult agenda. These networks were the means through which the 'Covid' hoax could be played out with almost every country responding in the same way.

The 'Yessir' pyramid

Compartmentalisation is the key to understanding how a tiny few can dictate the lives of billions when combined with a top-down sequence of imposition and acquiescence. The inner core of the Cult sits at the peak of the pyramidal hierarchy of human society (Fig 2 overleaf). It imposes its will – its agenda for the world – on the level immediately below which acquiesces to that imposition. This level then imposes the Cult will on the level below them which acquiesces and imposes on the next level. Very quickly we meet levels in the hierarchy that have no idea there even is a Cult, but the sequence of imposition and acquiescence continues down the pyramid in just the same way. 'I don't know why we are doing this but the order came from "on-high" and so we better just do it.' Alfred Lord Tennyson said of the cannon fodder levels in his poem *The Charge of the Light Brigade*: 'Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die.' The next line says that 'into the valley of death rode the six hundred' and they died because they obeyed without question what their perceived 'superiors' told them to do. In the same way the population capitulated to 'Covid'. The whole hierarchical pyramid functions like this to allow the very few to direct the enormous many. Eventually imposition-acquiescence-imposition-acquiescence comes down to the mass of the population at the foot of the pyramid. If they acquiesce to those levels of the hierarchy imposing on them (governments/law enforcement/doctors/media) a circuit is completed between the population and the handful of super-psychopaths in the Cult inner core at the top of the pyramid. Without a circuit-breaking refusal to obey, the sequence of imposition and acquiescence allows a staggeringly few people to impose their will upon the entirety of humankind. We are looking at the very sequence that has subjugated billions since the start of 2020. Our freedom has not been taken from us. Humanity has given it

away. Fascists do not impose fascism because there are not enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. Put another way allowing their perceptions to be programmed to the extent that leads to the population giving their freedom away by giving their perceptions – their mind – away. If this circuit is not broken by humanity ceasing to cooperate with their own enslavement then nothing can change. For that to happen people have to critically think and see through the lies and window dressing and then summon the backbone to act upon what they see. The Cult spends its days working to stop either happening and its methodology is systematic and highly detailed, but it can be overcome and that is what this book is all about.

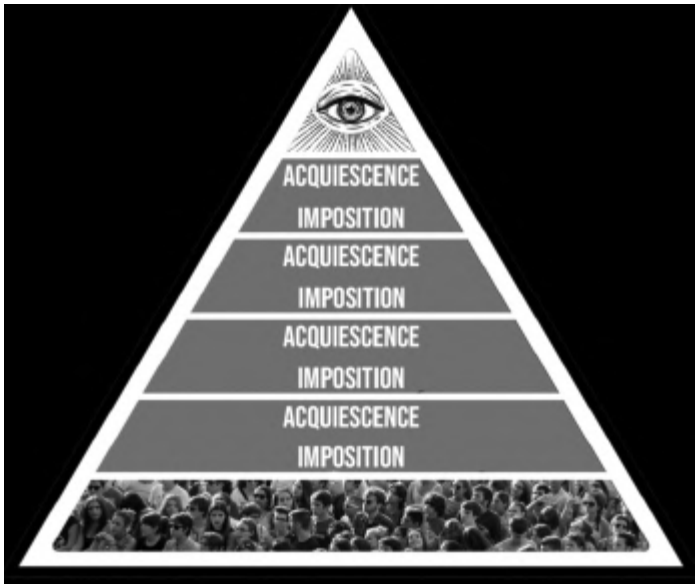

Figure 2: The simple sequence of imposition and compliance that allows a handful of people at the peak of the pyramid to dictate the lives of billions.

The Life Program

Okay, back to world number 1 or the world of the 'masses'. Observe the process of what we call 'life' and it is a perceptual download from cradle to grave. The Cult has created a global structure in which perception can be programmed and the program continually topped-up with what appears to be constant confirmation that the program is indeed true reality. The important word here is 'appears'.

This is the structure, the fly-trap, the Postage Stamp Consensus or Perceptual Mainframe, which represents that incredibly narrow band of perceived possibility delivered by the 'education' system, mainstream media, science and medicine. From the earliest age the download begins with parents who have themselves succumbed to the very programming their children are about to go through. Most parents don't do this out of malevolence and mostly it is quite the opposite. They do what they believe is best for their children and that is what the program has told them is best. Within three or four years comes the major transition from parental programming to full-blown state (Cult) programming in school, college and university where perceptually-programmed teachers and academics pass on their programming to the next generations. Teachers who resist are soon marginalised and their careers ended while children who resist are called a problem child for whom Ritalin may need to be prescribed. A few years after entering the 'world' children are under the control of authority figures representing the state telling them when they have to be there, when they can leave and when they can speak, eat, even go to the toilet. This is calculated preparation for a lifetime of obeying authority in all its forms. Reflex-action fear of authority is instilled by authority from the start. Children soon learn the carrot and stick consequences of obeying or defying authority which is underpinned daily for the rest of their life. Fortunately I daydreamed through this crap and never obeyed authority simply because it told me to. This approach to my alleged 'betters' continues to this day. There can be consequences of pursuing open-minded freedom in a world of closed-minded conformity. I spent a lot of time in school corridors after being ejected from the classroom for not taking some of it seriously and now I spend a lot of time being ejected from Facebook, YouTube and Twitter. But I can tell you that being true to yourself and not compromising your self-respect is far more exhilarating than bowing to authority for authority's sake. You don't have to be a sheep to the shepherd (authority) and the sheep dog (fear of not obeying authority).

The perceptual download continues throughout the formative years in school, college and university while script-reading 'teachers', 'academics' 'scientists', 'doctors' and 'journalists' insist that ongoing generations must be as programmed as they are. Accept the program or you will not pass your 'exams' which confirm your 'degree' of programming. It is tragic to think that many parents pressure their offspring to work hard at school to download the program and qualify for the next stage at college and university. The late, great, American comedian George Carlin said: 'Here's a bumper sticker I'd like to see: We are proud parents of a child who has resisted his teachers' attempts to break his spirit and bend him to the will of his corporate masters.' Well, the best of luck finding many of those, George. Then comes the moment to leave the formal programming years in academia and enter the 'adult' world of work. There you meet others in your chosen or prescribed arena who went through the same Postage Stamp Consensus program before you did. There is therefore overwhelming agreement between almost everyone on the basic foundations of Postage Stamp reality and the rejection, even contempt, of the few who have a mind of their own and are prepared to use it. This has two major effects. Firstly, the consensus confirms to the programmed that their download is really how things are. I mean, everyone knows that, right? Secondly, the arrogance and ignorance of Postage Stamp adherents ensure that anyone questioning the program will have unpleasant consequences for seeking their own truth and not picking their perceptions from the shelf marked: 'Things you must believe without question and if you don't you're a dangerous lunatic conspiracy theorist and a harebrained nutter'.

Every government, agency and corporation is founded on the same Postage Stamp prison cell and you can see why so many people believe the same thing while calling it their own 'opinion'. Fusion of governments and corporations in pursuit of the same agenda was the definition of fascism described by Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. The pressure to conform to perceptual norms downloaded for a lifetime is incessant and infiltrates society right

down to family groups that become censors and condemners of their own 'black sheep' for not, ironically, being sheep. We have seen an explosion of that in the 'Covid' era. Cult-owned global media unleashes its propaganda all day every day in support of the Postage Stamp and targets with abuse and ridicule anyone in the public eye who won't bend their mind to the will of the tyranny. Any response to this is denied (certainly in my case). They don't want to give a platform to expose official lies. Cult-owned-and-created Internet giants like Facebook, Google, YouTube and Twitter delete you for having an unapproved opinion. Facebook boasts that its AI censors delete 97-percent of 'hate speech' before anyone even reports it. Much of that 'hate speech' will simply be an opinion that Facebook and its masters don't want people to see. Such perceptual oppression is widely known as fascism. Even Facebook executive Benny Thomas, a 'CEO Global Planning Lead', said in comments secretly recorded by investigative journalism operation Project Veritas that Facebook is 'too powerful' and should be broken up:

> I mean, no king in history has been the ruler of two billion people, but Mark Zuckerberg is … And he's 36. That's too much for a 36-year-old ... You should not have power over two billion people. I just think that's wrong.

Thomas said Facebook-owned platforms like Instagram, Oculus, and WhatsApp needed to be separate companies. 'It's too much power when they're all one together'. That's the way the Cult likes it, however. We have an executive of a Cult organisation in Benny Thomas that doesn't know there is a Cult such is the compartmentalisation. Thomas said that Facebook and Google 'are no longer companies, they're countries'. Actually they are more powerful than countries on the basis that if you control information you control perception and control human society.

I love my oppressor

Another expression of this psychological trickery is for those who realise they are being pressured into compliance to eventually

convince themselves to believe the official narratives to protect their self-respect from accepting the truth that they have succumbed to meek and subservient compliance. Such people become some of the most vehement defenders of the system. You can see them everywhere screaming abuse at those who prefer to think for themselves and by doing so reminding the compliers of their own capitulation to conformity. 'You are talking dangerous nonsense you Covidiot!!' Are you trying to convince me or yourself? It is a potent form of Stockholm syndrome which is defined as: 'A psychological condition that occurs when a victim of abuse identifies and attaches, or bonds, positively with their abuser.' An example is hostages bonding and even 'falling in love' with their kidnappers. The syndrome has been observed in domestic violence, abused children, concentration camp inmates, prisoners of war and many and various Satanic cults. These are some traits of Stockholm syndrome listed at goodtherapy.org:

- Positive regard towards perpetrators of abuse or captor [see 'Covid'].
- Failure to cooperate with police and other government authorities when it comes to holding perpetrators of abuse or kidnapping accountable [or in the case of 'Covid' cooperating with the police to enforce and defend their captors' demands].
- Little or no effort to escape [see 'Covid'].
- Belief in the goodness of the perpetrators or kidnappers [see 'Covid'].
- Appeasement of captors. This is a manipulative strategy for maintaining one's safety. As victims get rewarded – perhaps with less abuse or even with life itself – their appeasing behaviours are reinforced [see 'Covid'].
- Learned helplessness. This can be akin to 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em'. As the victims fail to escape the abuse or captivity, they may start giving up and soon realize it's just easier for everyone if they acquiesce all their power to their captors [see 'Covid'].

- Feelings of pity toward the abusers, believing they are actually victims themselves. Because of this, victims may go on a crusade or mission to 'save' [protect] their abuser [see the venom unleashed on those challenging the official 'Covid' narrative].
- Unwillingness to learn to detach from their perpetrators and heal. In essence, victims may tend to be less loyal to themselves than to their abuser [*definitely* see 'Covid'].

Ponder on those traits and compare them with the behaviour of great swathes of the global population who have defended governments and authorities which have spent every minute destroying their lives and livelihoods and those of their children and grandchildren since early 2020 with fascistic lockdowns, house arrest and employment deletion to 'protect' them from a 'deadly virus' that their abusers' perceptually created to bring about this very outcome. We are looking at mass Stockholm syndrome. All those that agree to concede their freedom will believe those perceptions are originating in their own independent 'mind' when in fact by conceding their reality to Stockholm syndrome they have by definition conceded any independence of mind. Listen to the 'opinions' of the acquiescing masses in this 'Covid' era and what gushes forth is the repetition of the official version of everything delivered unprocessed, unfiltered and unquestioned. The whole programming dynamic works this way. I must be free because I'm told that I am and so I think that I am.

You can see what I mean with the chapter theme of 'I'm thinking – Oh, but *are* you?' The great majority are not thinking, let alone for themselves. They are repeating what authority has told them to believe which allows them to be controlled. Weaving through this mentality is the fear that the 'conspiracy theorists' are right and this again explains the often hysterical abuse that ensues when you dare to contest the official narrative of anything. Denial is the mechanism of hiding from yourself what you don't want to be true. Telling people what they want to hear is easy, but it's an infinitely greater challenge to tell them what they would rather not be happening.

One is akin to pushing against an open door while the other is met with vehement resistance no matter what the scale of evidence. I don't want it to be true so I'll convince myself that it's not. Examples are everywhere from the denial that a partner is cheating despite all the signs to the reflex-action rejection of any idea that world events in which country after country act in exactly the same way are centrally coordinated. To accept the latter is to accept that a force of unspeakable evil is working to destroy your life and the lives of your children with nothing too horrific to achieve that end. Who the heck wants that to be true? But if we don't face reality the end is duly achieved and the consequences are far worse and ongoing than breaking through the walls of denial today with the courage to make a stand against tyranny.

Connect the dots – but how?

A crucial aspect of perceptual programming is to portray a world in which everything is random and almost nothing is connected to anything else. Randomness cannot be coordinated by its very nature and once you perceive events as random the idea they could be connected is waved away as the rantings of the tinfoil-hat brigade. You can't plan and coordinate random you idiot! No, you can't, but you can hide the coldly-calculated and long-planned behind the *illusion* of randomness. A foundation manifestation of the Renegade Mind is to scan reality for patterns that connect the apparently random and turn pixels and dots into pictures. This is the way I work and have done so for more than 30 years. You look for similarities in people, modus operandi and desired outcomes and slowly, then ever quicker, the picture forms. For instance: There would seem to be no connection between the 'Covid pandemic' hoax and the human-caused global-warming hoax and yet they are masks (appropriately) on the same face seeking the same outcome. Those pushing the global warming myth through the Club of Rome and other Cult agencies are driving the lies about 'Covid' – Bill Gates is an obvious one, but they are endless. Why would the same people be involved in both when they are clearly not connected? Oh, but they

are. Common themes with personnel are matched by common goals. The 'solutions' to both 'problems' are centralisation of global power to impose the will of the few on the many to 'save' humanity from 'Covid' and save the planet from an 'existential threat' (we need 'zero Covid' and 'zero carbon emissions'). These, in turn, connect with the 'dot' of globalisation which was coined to describe the centralisation of global power in every area of life through incessant political and corporate expansion, trading blocks and superstates like the European Union. If you are the few and you want to control the many you have to centralise power and decision-making. The more you centralise power the more power the few at the centre will have over the many; and the more that power is centralised the more power those at the centre have to centralise even quicker. The momentum of centralisation gets faster and faster which is exactly the process we have witnessed. In this way the hoaxed 'pandemic' and the fakery of human-caused global warming serve the interests of globalisation and the seizure of global power in the hands of the Cult inner-circle which is behind 'Covid', 'climate change' *and* globalisation. At this point random 'dots' become a clear and obvious picture or pattern.

Klaus Schwab, the classic Bond villain who founded the Cult's Gates-funded World Economic Forum, published a book in 2020, *The Great Reset*, in which he used the 'problem' of 'Covid' to justify a total transformation of human society to 'save' humanity from 'climate change'. Schwab said: 'The pandemic represents a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world.' What he didn't mention is that the Cult he serves is behind both hoaxes as I show in my book *The Answer*. He and the Cult don't have to reimagine the world. They know precisely what they want and that's why they destroyed human society with 'Covid' to 'build back better' in their grand design. Their job is not to imagine, but to get humanity to imagine and agree with their plans while believing it's all random. It must be pure coincidence that 'The Great Reset' has long been the Cult's code name for the global imposition of fascism and replaced previous code-names of the 'New World

Order' used by Cult frontmen like Father George Bush and the 'New Order of the Ages' which emerged from Freemasonry and much older secret societies. New Order of the Ages appears on the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States as 'Novus ordo seclorum' underneath the Cult symbol used since way back of the pyramid and all seeing-eye (Fig 3). The pyramid is the hierarchy of human control headed by the illuminated eye that symbolises the force behind the Cult which I will expose in later chapters. The term 'Annuit Coeptis' translates as 'He favours our undertaking'. We are told the 'He' is the Christian god, but 'He' is not as I will be explaining.

Figure 3: The all-seeing eye of the Cult 'god' on the Freemason-designed Great Seal of the United States and also on the dollar bill.

Having you on

Two major Cult techniques of perceptual manipulation that relate to all this are what I have called since the 1990s Problem-Reaction-Solution (PRS) and the Totalitarian Tiptoe (TT). They can be uncovered by the inquiring mind with a simple question: Who benefits? The answer usually identifies the perpetrators of a given action or happening through the concept of 'he who most benefits from a crime is the one most likely to have committed it'. The Latin 'Cue bono?' – Who benefits? – is widely attributed to the Roman orator and statesman Marcus Tullius Cicero. No wonder it goes back so far when the concept has been relevant to human behaviour since

history was recorded. Problem-Reaction-Solution is the technique used to manipulate us every day by covertly creating a problem (or the illusion of one) and offering the solution to the problem (or the illusion of one). In the first phase you create the problem and blame someone or something else for why it has happened. This may relate to a financial collapse, terrorist attack, war, global warming or pandemic, anything in fact that will allow you to impose the 'solution' to change society in the way you desire at that time. The 'problem' doesn't have to be real. PRS is manipulation of perception and all you need is the population to believe the problem is real. Human-caused global warming and the 'Covid pandemic' only have to be *perceived* to be real for the population to accept the 'solutions' of authority. I refer to this technique as NO-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Billions did not meekly accept house arrest from early 2020 because there was a real deadly 'Covid pandemic' but because they perceived – believed – that to be the case. The antidote to Problem-Reaction-Solution is to ask who benefits from the proposed solution. Invariably it will be anyone who wants to justify more control through deletion of freedom and centralisation of power and decision-making.

The two world wars were Problem-Reaction-Solutions that transformed and realigned global society. Both were manipulated into being by the Cult as I have detailed in books since the mid-1990s. They dramatically centralised global power, especially World War Two, which led to the United Nations and other global bodies thanks to the overt and covert manipulations of the Rockefeller family and other Cult bloodlines like the Rothschilds. The UN is a stalking horse for full-blown world government that I will come to shortly. The land on which the UN building stands in New York was donated by the Rockefellers and the same Cult family was behind Big Pharma scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the creation of the World Health Organization as part of the UN. They have been stalwarts of the eugenics movement and funded Hitler's race-purity expert' Ernst Rudin. The human-caused global warming hoax has been orchestrated by the Club of Rome through the UN which is

manufacturing both the 'problem' through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change and imposing the 'solution' through its Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 which demand the total centralisation of global power to 'save the world' from a climate hoax the United Nations is itself perpetrating. What a small world the Cult can be seen to be particularly among the inner circles. The bedfellow of Problem-Reaction-Solution is the Totalitarian Tiptoe which became the Totalitarian Sprint in 2020. The technique is fashioned to hide the carefully-coordinated behind the cover of apparently random events. You start the sequence at 'A' and you know you are heading for 'Z'. You don't want people to know that and each step on the journey is presented as a random happening while all the steps strung together lead in the same direction. The speed may have quickened dramatically in recent times, but you can still see the incremental approach of the Tiptoe in the case of 'Covid' as each new imposition takes us deeper into fascism. Tell people they have to do this or that to get back to 'normal', then this and this and this. With each new demand adding to the ones that went before the population's freedom is deleted until it disappears. The spider wraps its web around the flies more comprehensively with each new diktat. I'll highlight this in more detail when I get to the 'Covid' hoax and how it has been pulled off. Another prime example of the Totalitarian Tiptoe is how the Cult-created European Union went from a 'free-trade zone' to a centralised bureaucratic dictatorship through the Tiptoe of incremental centralisation of power until nations became mere administrative units for Cult-owned dark suits in Brussels.

The antidote to ignorance is knowledge which the Cult seeks vehemently to deny us, but despite the systematic censorship to that end the Renegade Mind can overcome this by vociferously seeking out the facts no matter the impediments put in the way. There is also a method of thinking and perceiving – *knowing* – that doesn't even need names, dates, place-type facts to identify the patterns that reveal the story. I'll get to that in the final chapter. All you need to know about the manipulation of human society and to what end is still out there – *at the time of writing* – in the form of books, videos

and websites for those that really want to breach the walls of programmed perception. To access this knowledge requires the abandonment of the mainstream media as a source of information in the awareness that this is owned and controlled by the Cult and therefore promotes mass perceptions that suit the Cult. Mainstream media lies all day, every day. That is its function and very reason for being. Where it does tell the truth, here and there, is only because the truth and the Cult agenda very occasionally coincide. If you look for fact and insight to the BBC, CNN and virtually all the rest of them you are asking to be conned and perceptually programmed.

Know the outcome and you'll see the journey

Events seem random when you have no idea where the world is being taken. Once you do the random becomes the carefully planned. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey is a phrase I have been using for a long time to give context to daily happenings that appear unconnected. Does a problem, or illusion of a problem, trigger a proposed 'solution' that further drives society in the direction of the outcome? Invariably the answer will be yes and the random – *abracadabra* – becomes the clearly coordinated. So what is this outcome that unlocks the door to a massively expanded understanding of daily events? I will summarise its major aspects – the fine detail is in my other books – and those new to this information will see that the world they thought they were living in is a very different place. The foundation of the Cult agenda is the incessant centralisation of power and all such centralisation is ultimately in pursuit of Cult control on a global level. I have described for a long time the planned world structure of top-down dictatorship as the Hunger Games Society. The term obviously comes from the movie series which portrayed a world in which a few living in military-protected hi-tech luxury were the overlords of a population condemned to abject poverty in isolated 'sectors' that were not allowed to interact. 'Covid' lockdowns and travel bans anyone? The 'Hunger Games' pyramid of structural control has the inner circle of the Cult at the top with pretty much the entire

population at the bottom under their control through dependency for survival on the Cult. The whole structure is planned to be protected and enforced by a military-police state (Fig 4).

Here you have the reason for the global lockdowns of the fake pandemic to coldly destroy independent incomes and livelihoods and make everyone dependent on the 'state' (the Cult that controls the 'states'). I have warned in my books for many years about the plan to introduce a 'guaranteed income' – a barely survivable pittance – designed to impose dependency when employment was destroyed by AI technology and now even more comprehensively at great speed by the 'Covid' scam. Once the pandemic was played and lockdown consequences began to delete independent income the authorities began to talk right on cue about the need for a guaranteed income and a 'Great Reset'. Guaranteed income will be presented as benevolent governments seeking to help a desperate people – desperate as a direct result of actions of the same governments. The truth is that such payments are a trap. You will only get them if you do exactly what the authorities demand including mass vaccination (genetic manipulation). We have seen this theme already in Australia where those dependent on government benefits have them reduced if parents don't agree to have their children vaccinated according to an insane health-destroying government-dictated schedule. Calculated economic collapse applies to governments as well as people. The Cult wants rid of countries through the creation of a world state with countries broken up into regions ruled by a world government and super states like the European Union. Countries must be bankrupted, too, to this end and it's being achieved by the trillions in 'rescue packages' and furlough payments, trillions in lost taxation, and money-no-object spending on 'Covid' including constant all-medium advertising (programming) which has made the media dependent on government for much of its income. The day of reckoning is coming – as planned – for government spending and given that it has been made possible by printing money and not by production/taxation there is inflation on the way that has the

potential to wipe out monetary value. In that case there will be no need for the Cult to steal your money. It just won't be worth anything (see the German Weimar Republic before the Nazis took over). Many have been okay with lockdowns while getting a percentage of their income from so-called furlough payments without having to work. Those payments are dependent, however, on people having at least a theoretical job with a business considered non-essential and ordered to close. As these business go under because they are closed by lockdown after lockdown the furlough stops and it will for everyone eventually. Then what? The 'then what?' is precisely the idea.

Figure 4: The Hunger Games Society structure I have long warned was planned and now the 'Covid' hoax has made it possible. This is the real reason for lockdowns.

Hired hands

Between the Hunger Games Cult elite and the dependent population is planned to be a vicious military-police state (a fusion of the two into one force). This has been in the making for a long time with police looking ever more like the military and carrying weapons to match. The pandemic scam has seen this process accelerate so fast as

lockdown house arrest is brutally enforced by carefully recruited fascist minds and gormless system-servers. The police and military are planned to merge into a centrally-directed world army in a global structure headed by a world government which wouldn't be elected even by the election fixes now in place. The world army is not planned even to be human and instead wars would be fought, primarily against the population, using robot technology controlled by artificial intelligence. I have been warning about this for decades and now militaries around the world are being transformed by this very AI technology. The global regime that I describe is a particular form of fascism known as a technocracy in which decisions are not made by clueless and co-opted politicians but by unelected technocrats – scientists, engineers, technologists and bureaucrats. Cult-owned-and-controlled Silicon Valley giants are examples of technocracy and they already have far more power to direct world events than governments. They are with their censorship *selecting* governments. I know that some are calling the 'Great Reset' a Marxist communist takeover, but fascism and Marxism are different labels for the same tyranny. Tell those who lived in fascist Germany and Stalinist Russia that there was a difference in the way their freedom was deleted and their lives controlled. I could call it a fascist technocracy or a Marxist technocracy and they would be equally accurate. The Hunger Games society with its world government structure would oversee a world army, world central bank and single world cashless currency imposing its will on a microchipped population (Fig 5). Scan its different elements and see how the illusory pandemic is forcing society in this very direction at great speed. Leaders of 23 countries and the World Health Organization (WHO) backed the idea in March, 2021, of a global treaty for 'international cooperation' in 'health emergencies' and nations should 'come together as a global community for peaceful cooperation that extends beyond this crisis'. Cut the Orwellian bullshit and this means another step towards global government. The plan includes a cashless digital money system that I first warned about in 1993. Right at the start of 'Covid' the deeply corrupt Tedros

Adhanom Ghebreyesus, the crooked and merely gofer 'head' of the World Health Organization, said it was possible to catch the 'virus' by touching cash and it was better to use cashless means. The claim was ridiculous nonsense and like the whole 'Covid' mind-trick it was nothing to do with 'health' and everything to do with pushing every aspect of the Cult agenda. As a result of the Tedros lie the use of cash has plummeted. The Cult script involves a single world digital currency that would eventually be technologically embedded in the body. China is a massive global centre for the Cult and if you watch what is happening there you will know what is planned for everywhere. The Chinese government is developing a digital currency which would allow fines to be deducted immediately via AI for anyone caught on camera breaking its fantastic list of laws and the money is going to be programmable with an expiry date to ensure that no one can accrue wealth except the Cult and its operatives.

Figure 5: The structure of global control the Cult has been working towards for so long and this has been enormously advanced by the 'Covid' illusion.

Serfdom is so smart

The Cult plan is far wider, extreme, and more comprehensive than even most conspiracy researchers appreciate and I will come to the true depths of deceit and control in the chapters 'Who controls the

Cult?' and 'Escaping Wetiko'. Even the world that we know is crazy enough. We are being deluged with ever more sophisticated and controlling technology under the heading of 'smart'. We have smart televisions, smart meters, smart cards, smart cars, smart driving, smart roads, smart pills, smart patches, smart watches, smart skin, smart borders, smart pavements, smart streets, smart cities, smart communities, smart environments, smart growth, smart planet ... smart *everything* around us. Smart technologies and methods of operation are designed to interlock to create a global Smart Grid connecting the entirety of human society including human minds to create a centrally-dictated 'hive' mind. 'Smart cities' is code for densely-occupied megacities of total surveillance and control through AI. Ever more destructive frequency communication systems like 5G have been rolled out without any official testing for health and psychological effects (colossal). 5G/6G/7G systems are needed to run the Smart Grid and each one becomes more destructive of body and mind. Deleting independent income is crucial to forcing people into these AI-policed prisons by ending private property ownership (except for the Cult elite). The Cult's Great Reset now openly foresees a global society in which no one will own any possessions and everything will be rented while the Cult would own literally everything under the guise of government and corporations. The aim has been to use the lockdowns to destroy sources of income on a mass scale and when the people are destitute and in unrepayable amounts of debt (problem) Cult assets come forward with the pledge to write-off debt in return for handing over all property and possessions (solution). Everything – literally everything including people – would be connected to the Internet via AI. I was warning years ago about the coming Internet of Things (IoT) in which all devices and technology from your car to your fridge would be plugged into the Internet and controlled by AI. Now we are already there with much more to come. The next stage is the Internet of Everything (IoE) which is planned to include the connection of AI to the human brain and body to replace the human mind with a centrally-controlled AI mind. Instead of perceptions

being manipulated through control of information and censorship those perceptions would come direct from the Cult through AI. What do you think? You think whatever AI decides that you think. In human terms there would be no individual 'think' any longer. Too incredible? The ravings of a lunatic? Not at all. Cult-owned crazies in Silicon Valley have been telling us the plan for years without explaining the real motivation and calculated implications. These include Google executive and 'futurist' Ray Kurzweil who highlights the year 2030 for when this would be underway. He said:

> Our thinking ... will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking ... humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' ... We're going to put gateways to the cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations.
>
> As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

The sales-pitch of Kurzweil and Cult-owned Silicon Valley is that this would make us 'super-human' when the real aim is to make us post-human and no longer 'human' in the sense that we have come to know. The entire global population would be connected to AI and become the centrally-controlled 'hive-mind' of externally-delivered perceptions. The Smart Grid being installed to impose the Cult's will on the world is being constructed to allow particular locations – even one location – to control the whole global system. From these prime control centres, which absolutely include China and Israel, anything connected to the Internet would be switched on or off and manipulated at will. Energy systems could be cut, communication via the Internet taken down, computer-controlled driverless autonomous vehicles driven off the road, medical devices switched off, the potential is limitless given how much AI and Internet connections now run human society. We have seen nothing yet if we allow this to continue. Autonomous vehicle makers are working with law enforcement to produce cars designed to automatically pull over if they detect a police or emergency vehicle flashing from up to 100 feet away. At a police stop the car would be unlocked and the

window rolled down automatically. Vehicles would only take you where the computer (the state) allowed. The end of petrol vehicles and speed limiters on all new cars in the UK and EU from 2022 are steps leading to electric computerised transport over which ultimately you have no control. The picture is far bigger even than the Cult global network or web and that will become clear when I get to the nature of the 'spider'. There is a connection between all these happenings and the instigation of DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' (which aren't 'vaccines') justified by the 'Covid' hoax. That connection is the unfolding plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state and this is why synthetic biology is such a fast-emerging discipline of mainstream science. 'Covid vaccines' are infusing self-replicating synthetic genetic material into the cells to cumulatively take us on the Totalitarian Tiptoe from Human 1.0 to the synthetic biological Human 2.0 which will be physically and perceptually attached to the Smart Grid to one hundred percent control every thought, perception and deed. Humanity needs to wake up and *fast*.

This is the barest explanation of where the 'outcome' is planned to go but it's enough to see the journey happening all around us. Those new to this information will already see 'Covid' in a whole new context. I will add much more detail as we go along, but for the minutiae evidence see my mega-works, *The Answer, The Trigger* and *Everything You Need to Know But Have Never Been Told*.

Now – how does a Renegade Mind see the 'world'?

CHAPTER TWO

Renegade Perception

It is one thing to be clever and another to be wise
George R.R. Martin

A simple definition of the difference between a programmed mind and a Renegade Mind would be that one sees only dots while the other connects them to see the picture. Reading reality with accuracy requires the observer to (a) know the planned outcome and (b) realise that everything, but *everything*, is connected.

The entirety of infinite reality is connected – that's its very nature – and with human society an expression of infinite reality the same must apply. Simple cause and effect is a connection. The effect is triggered by the cause and the effect then becomes the cause of another effect. Nothing happens in isolation because it *can't*. Life in whatever reality is simple choice and consequence. We make choices and these lead to consequences. If we don't like the consequences we can make different choices and get different consequences which lead to other choices and consequences. The choice and the consequence are not only connected they are indivisible. You can't have one without the other as an old song goes. A few cannot control the world unless those being controlled allow that to happen – cause and effect, choice and consequence. Control – who has it and who doesn't – is a two-way process, a symbiotic relationship, involving the controller and controlled. 'They took my freedom away!!' Well, yes, but you also gave it to them. Humanity is

subjected to mass control because humanity has acquiesced to that control. This is all cause and effect and literally a case of give and take. In the same way world events of every kind are connected and the Cult works incessantly to sell the illusion of the random and coincidental to maintain the essential (to them) perception of dots that hide the picture. Renegade Minds know this and constantly scan the world for patterns of connection. This is absolutely pivotal in understanding the happenings in the world and without that perspective clarity is impossible. First you know the planned outcome and then you identify the steps on the journey – the day-by-day apparently random which, when connected in relation to the outcome, no longer appear as individual events, but as the proverbial *chain* of events leading in the same direction. I'll give you some examples:

Political puppet show

We are told to believe that politics is 'adversarial' in that different parties with different beliefs engage in an endless tussle for power. There may have been some truth in that up to a point – and only a point – but today divisions between 'different' parties are rhetorical not ideological. Even the rhetorical is fusing into one-speak as the parties eject any remaining free thinkers while others succumb to the ever-gathering intimidation of anyone with the 'wrong' opinion. The Cult is not a new phenomenon and can be traced back thousands of years as my books have documented. Its intergenerational initiates have been manipulating events with increasing effect the more that global power has been centralised. In ancient times the Cult secured control through the system of monarchy in which 'special' bloodlines (of which more later) demanded the right to rule as kings and queens simply by birthright and by vanquishing others who claimed the same birthright. There came a time, however, when people had matured enough to see the unfairness of such tyranny and demanded a say in who governed them. Note the word – *governed* them. Not served them – *governed* them, hence government defined as 'the political direction and control exercised over the

actions of the members, citizens, or inhabitants of communities, societies, and states; direction of the affairs of a state, community, etc.' Governments exercise control over rather than serve just like the monarchies before them. Bizarrely there are still countries like the United Kingdom which are ruled by a monarch *and* a government that officially answers to the monarch. The UK head of state and that of Commonwealth countries such as Canada, Australia and New Zealand is 'selected' by who in a *single family* had unprotected sex with whom and in what order. Pinch me it can't be true. Ouch! Shit, it is. The demise of monarchies in most countries offered a potential vacuum in which some form of free and fair society could arise and the Cult had that base covered. Monarchies had served its interests but they couldn't continue in the face of such widespread opposition and, anyway, replacing a 'royal' dictatorship that people could see with a dictatorship 'of the people' hiding behind the concept of 'democracy' presented far greater manipulative possibilities and ways of hiding coordinated tyranny behind the illusion of 'freedom'.

Democracy is quite wrongly defined as government selected by the population. This is not the case at all. It is government selected by *some* of the population (and then only in theory). This 'some' doesn't even have to be the majority as we have seen so often in first-past-the-post elections in which the so-called majority party wins fewer votes than the 'losing' parties combined. Democracy can give total power to a party in government from a minority of the votes cast. It's a sleight of hand to sell tyranny as freedom. Seventy-four million Trump-supporting Americans didn't vote for the 'Democratic' Party of Joe Biden in the distinctly dodgy election in 2020 and yet far from acknowledging the wishes and feelings of that great percentage of American society the Cult-owned Biden government set out from day one to destroy them and their right to a voice and opinion. Empty shell Biden and his Cult handlers said they were doing this to 'protect democracy'. Such is the level of lunacy and sickness to which politics has descended. Connect the dots and relate them to the desired outcome – a world government run by self-appointed technocrats and no longer even elected

politicians. While operating through its political agents in government the Cult is at the same time encouraging public distain for politicians by putting idiots and incompetents in theoretical power on the road to deleting them. The idea is to instil a public reaction that says of the technocrats: 'Well, they couldn't do any worse than the pathetic politicians.' It's all about controlling perception and Renegade Minds can see through that while programmed minds cannot when they are ignorant of both the planned outcome and the manipulation techniques employed to secure that end. This knowledge can be learned, however, and fast if people choose to get informed.

Politics may at first sight appear very difficult to control from a central point. I mean look at the 'different' parties and how would you be able to oversee them all and their constituent parts? In truth, it's very straightforward because of their structure. We are back to the pyramid of imposition and acquiescence. Organisations are structured in the same way as the system as a whole. Political parties are not open forums of free expression. They are hierarchies. I was a national spokesman for the British Green Party which claimed to be a different kind of politics in which influence and power was devolved; but I can tell you from direct experience – and it's far worse now – that Green parties are run as hierarchies like all the others however much they may try to hide that fact or kid themselves that it's not true. A very few at the top of all political parties are directing policy and personnel. They decide if you are elevated in the party or serve as a government minister and to do that you have to be a yes man or woman. Look at all the maverick political thinkers who never ascended the greasy pole. If you want to progress within the party or reach 'high-office' you need to fall into line and conform. Exceptions to this are rare indeed. Should you want to run for parliament or Congress you have to persuade the local or state level of the party to select you and for that you need to play the game as dictated by the hierarchy. If you secure election and wish to progress within the greater structure you need to go on conforming to what is acceptable to those running the hierarchy

from the peak of the pyramid. Political parties are perceptual gulags and the very fact that there are party 'Whips' appointed to 'whip' politicians into voting the way the hierarchy demands exposes the ridiculous idea that politicians are elected to serve the people they are supposed to represent. Cult operatives and manipulation has long seized control of major parties that have any chance of forming a government and at least most of those that haven't. A new party forms and the Cult goes to work to infiltrate and direct. This has reached such a level today that you see video compilations of 'leaders' of all parties whether Democrats, Republicans, Conservative, Labour and Green parroting the same Cult mantra of 'Build Back Better' and the 'Great Reset' which are straight off the Cult song-sheet to describe the transformation of global society in response to the Cult-instigated hoaxes of the 'Covid pandemic' and human-caused 'climate change'. To see Caroline Lucas, the Green Party MP that I knew when I was in the party in the 1980s, speaking in support of plans proposed by Cult operative Klaus Schwab representing the billionaire global elite is a real head-shaker.

Many parties – one master

The party system is another mind-trick and was instigated to change the nature of the dictatorship by swapping 'royalty' for dark suits that people believed – though now ever less so – represented their interests. Understanding this trick is to realise that a single force (the Cult) controls all parties either directly in terms of the major ones or through manipulation of perception and ideology with others. You don't need to manipulate Green parties to demand your transformation of society in the name of 'climate change' when they are obsessed with the lie that this is essential to 'save the planet'. You just give them a platform and away they go serving your interests while believing they are being environmentally virtuous. America's political structure is a perfect blueprint for how the two or multi-party system is really a one-party state. The Republican Party is controlled from one step back in the shadows by a group made up of billionaires and their gofers known as neoconservatives or Neocons.

I have exposed them in fine detail in my books and they were the driving force behind the policies of the imbecilic presidency of Boy George Bush which included 9/11 (see *The Trigger* for a comprehensive demolition of the official story), the subsequent 'war on terror' (war *of* terror) and the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq. The latter was a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution based on claims by Cult operatives, including Bush and British Prime Minister Tony Blair, about Saddam Hussein's 'weapons of mass destruction' which did not exist as war criminals Bush and Blair well knew.

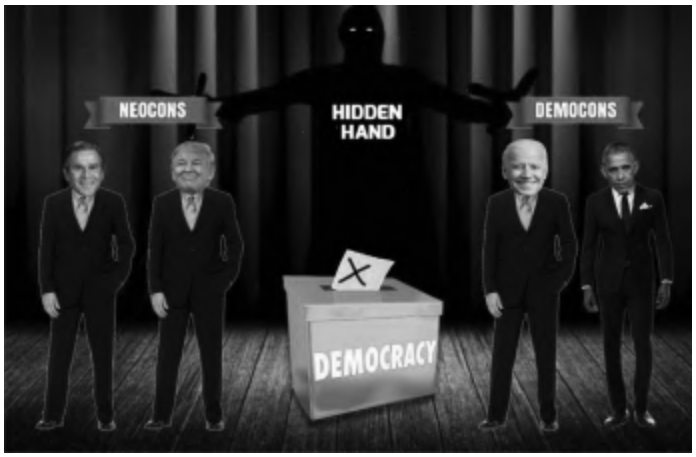

Figure 6: Different front people, different parties – same control system.

The Democratic Party has its own 'Neocon' group controlling from the background which I call the 'Democons' and here's the penny-drop – the Neocons and Democons answer to the same masters one step further back into the shadows (Fig 6). At that level of the Cult the Republican and Democrat parties are controlled by the same people and no matter which is in power the Cult is in power. This is how it works in almost every country and certainly in Britain with Conservative, Labour, Liberal Democrat and Green parties now all on the same page whatever the rhetoric may be in their feeble attempts to appear different. Neocons operated at the time of Bush through a think tank called The Project for the New American Century which in September, 2000, published a document entitled *Rebuilding America's Defenses: Strategies, Forces, and Resources*

For a New Century demanding that America fight 'multiple, simultaneous major theatre wars' as a 'core mission' to force regime-change in countries including Iraq, Libya and Syria. Neocons arranged for Bush ('Republican') and Blair ('Labour Party') to front-up the invasion of Iraq and when they departed the Democons orchestrated the targeting of Libya and Syria through Barack Obama ('Democrat') and British Prime Minister David Cameron ('Conservative Party'). We have 'different' parties and 'different' people, but the same unfolding script. The more the Cult has seized the reigns of parties and personnel the more their policies have transparently pursued the same agenda to the point where the fascist 'Covid' impositions of the Conservative junta of Jackboot Johnson in Britain were opposed by the Labour Party because they were not fascist enough. The Labour Party is likened to the US Democrats while the Conservative Party is akin to a British version of the Republicans and on both sides of the Atlantic they all speak the same language and support the direction demanded by the Cult although some more enthusiastically than others. It's a similar story in country after country because it's all centrally controlled. Oh, but what about Trump? I'll come to him shortly. Political 'choice' in the 'party' system goes like this: You vote for Party A and they get into government. You don't like what they do so next time you vote for Party B and they get into government. You don't like what they do when it's pretty much the same as Party A and why wouldn't that be with both controlled by the same force? Given that only two, sometimes three, parties have any chance of forming a government to get rid of Party B that you don't like you have to vote again for Party A which … you don't like. This, ladies and gentlemen, is what they call 'democracy' which we are told – wrongly – is a term interchangeable with 'freedom'.

The cult of cults

At this point I need to introduce a major expression of the Global Cult known as Sabbatian-Frankism. Sabbatian is also spelt as Sabbatean. I will summarise here. I have published major exposés

and detailed background in other works. Sabbatian-Frankism combines the names of two frauds posing as 'Jewish' men, Sabbatai Zevi (1626-1676), a rabbi, black magician and occultist who proclaimed he was the Jewish messiah; and Jacob Frank (1726-1791), the Polish 'Jew', black magician and occultist who said he was the reincarnation of 'messiah' Zevi and biblical patriarch Jacob. They worked across two centuries to establish the Sabbatian-Frankist cult that plays a major, indeed central, role in the manipulation of human society by the Global Cult which has its origins much further back in history than Sabbatai Zevi. I should emphasise two points here in response to the shrill voices that will scream 'anti-Semitism': (1) Sabbatian-Frankists are NOT Jewish and only pose as such to hide their cult behind a Jewish façade; and (2) my information about this cult has come from Jewish sources who have long realised that their society and community has been infiltrated and taken over by interloper Sabbatian-Frankists. Infiltration has been the foundation technique of Sabbatian-Frankism from its official origin in the 17th century. Zevi's Sabbatian sect attracted a massive following described as the biggest messianic movement in Jewish history, spreading as far as Africa and Asia, and he promised a return for the Jews to the 'Promised Land' of Israel. Sabbatianism was not Judaism but an inversion of everything that mainstream Judaism stood for. So much so that this sinister cult would have a feast day when Judaism had a fast day and whatever was forbidden in Judaism the Sabbatians were encouraged and even commanded to do. This included incest and what would be today called Satanism. Members were forbidden to marry outside the sect and there was a system of keeping their children ignorant of what they were part of until they were old enough to be trusted not to unknowingly reveal anything to outsiders. The same system is employed to this day by the Global Cult in general which Sabbatian-Frankism has enormously influenced and now largely controls.

Zevi and his Sabbatians suffered a setback with the intervention by the Sultan of the Islamic Ottoman Empire in the Middle East and what is now the Republic of Turkey where Zevi was located. The

Sultan gave him the choice of proving his 'divinity', converting to Islam or facing torture and death. Funnily enough Zevi chose to convert or at least appear to. Some of his supporters were disillusioned and drifted away, but many did not with 300 families also converting – only in theory – to Islam. They continued behind this Islamic smokescreen to follow the goals, rules and rituals of Sabbatianism and became known as 'crypto-Jews' or the 'Dönmeh' which means 'to turn'. This is rather ironic because they didn't 'turn' and instead hid behind a fake Islamic persona. The process of appearing to be one thing while being very much another would become the calling card of Sabbatianism especially after Zevi's death and the arrival of the Satanist Jacob Frank in the 18th century when the cult became Sabbatian-Frankism and plumbed still new depths of depravity and infiltration which included – still includes – human sacrifice and sex with children. Wherever Sabbatians go paedophilia and Satanism follow and is it really a surprise that Hollywood is so infested with child abuse and Satanism when it was established by Sabbatian-Frankists and is still controlled by them? Hollywood has been one of the prime vehicles for global perceptual programming and manipulation. How many believe the version of 'history' portrayed in movies when it is a travesty and inversion (again) of the truth? Rabbi Marvin Antelman describes Frankism in his book, *To Eliminate the Opiate*, as 'a movement of complete evil' while Jewish professor Gershom Scholem said of Frank in *The Messianic Idea in Judaism*: 'In all his actions [he was] a truly corrupt and degenerate individual ... one of the most frightening phenomena in the whole of Jewish history.' Frank was excommunicated by traditional rabbis, as was Zevi, but Frank was undeterred and enjoyed vital support from the House of Rothschild, the infamous banking dynasty whose inner-core are Sabbatian-Frankists and not Jews. Infiltration of the Roman Church and Vatican was instigated by Frank with many Dönmeh 'turning' again to convert to Roman Catholicism with a view to hijacking the reins of power. This was the ever-repeating modus operandi and continues to be so. Pose as an advocate of the religion, culture or country that you want to control and then

manipulate your people into the positions of authority and influence largely as advisers, administrators and Svengalis for those that appear to be in power. They did this with Judaism, Christianity (Christian Zionism is part of this), Islam and other religions and nations until Sabbatian-Frankism spanned the world as it does today.

Sabbatian Saudis and the terror network

One expression of the Sabbatian-Frankist Dönmeh within Islam is the ruling family of Saudi Arabia, the House of Saud, through which came the vile distortion of Islam known as Wahhabism. This is the violent creed followed by terrorist groups like Al-Qaeda and ISIS or Islamic State. Wahhabism is the hand-chopping, head-chopping 'religion' of Saudi Arabia which is used to keep the people in a constant state of fear so the interloper House of Saud can continue to rule. Al-Qaeda and Islamic State were lavishly funded by the House of Saud while being created and directed by the Sabbatian-Frankist network in the United States that operates through the Pentagon, CIA and the government in general of whichever 'party'. The front man for the establishment of Wahhabism in the middle of the 18th century was a Sabbatian-Frankist 'crypto-Jew' posing as Islamic called Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab. His daughter would marry the son of Muhammad bin Saud who established the first Saudi state before his death in 1765 with support from the British Empire. Bin Saud's successors would establish modern Saudi Arabia in league with the British and Americans in 1932 which allowed them to seize control of Islam's major shrines in Mecca and Medina. They have dictated the direction of Sunni Islam ever since while Iran is the major centre of the Shiite version and here we have the source of at least the public conflict between them. The Sabbatian network has used its Wahhabi extremists to carry out Problem-Reaction-Solution terrorist attacks in the name of 'Al-Qaeda' and 'Islamic State' to justify a devastating 'war on terror', ever-increasing surveillance of the population and to terrify people into compliance. Another insight of the Renegade Mind is the streetwise understanding that

just because a country, location or people are attacked doesn't mean that those apparently representing that country, location or people are not behind the attackers. Often they are *orchestrating* the attacks because of the societal changes that can be then justified in the name of 'saving the population from terrorists'.

I show in great detail in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian-Frankists were the real perpetrators of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who were blamed for what happened. Observe what was justified in the name of 9/11 alone in terms of Middle East invasions, mass surveillance and control that fulfilled the demands of the Project for the New American Century document published by the Sabbatian Neocons. What appear to be enemies are on the deep inside players on the same Sabbatian team. Israel and Arab 'royal' dictatorships are all ruled by Sabbatians and the recent peace agreements between Israel and Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates (UAE) and others are only making formal what has always been the case behind the scenes. Palestinians who have been subjected to grotesque tyranny since Israel was bombed and terrorised into existence in 1948 have never stood a chance. Sabbatian-Frankists have controlled Israel (so the constant theme of violence and war which Sabbatians love) and they have controlled the Arab countries that Palestinians have looked to for real support that never comes. 'Royal families' of the Arab world in Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, UAE, etc., are all Sabbatians with allegiance to the aims of the cult and not what is best for their Arabic populations. They have stolen the oil and financial resources from their people by false claims to be 'royal dynasties' with a genetic right to rule and by employing vicious militaries to impose their will.

Satanic 'illumination'

The Satanist Jacob Frank formed an alliance in 1773 with two other Sabbatians, Mayer Amschel Rothschild (1744-1812), founder of the Rothschild banking dynasty, and Jesuit-educated fraudulent Jew, Adam Weishaupt, and this led to the formation of the Bavarian Illuminati, firstly under another name, in 1776. The Illuminati would

be the manipulating force behind the French Revolution (1789-1799) and was also involved in the American Revolution (1775-1783) before and after the Illuminati's official creation. Weishaupt would later become (in public) a Protestant Christian in archetypal Sabbatian style. I read that his name can be decoded as Adam-Weishaupt or 'the first man to lead those who know'. He wasn't a leader in the sense that he was a subordinate, but he did lead those below him in a crusade of transforming human society that still continues today. The theme was confirmed as early as 1785 when a horseman courier called Lanz was reported to be struck by lighting and extensive Illuminati documents were found in his saddlebags. They made the link to Weishaupt and detailed the plan for world takeover. Current events with 'Covid' fascism have been in the making for a very long time. Jacob Frank was jailed for 13 years by the Catholic Inquisition after his arrest in 1760 and on his release he headed for Frankfurt, Germany, home city and headquarters of the House of Rothschild where the alliance was struck with Mayer Amschel Rothschild and Weishaupt. Rothschild arranged for Frank to be given the title of Baron and he became a wealthy nobleman with a big following of Jews in Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire and other European countries. Most of them would have believed he was on their side.

The name 'Illuminati' came from the Zohar which is a body of works in the Jewish mystical 'bible' called the Kabbalah. 'Zohar' is the foundation of Sabbatian-Frankist belief and in Hebrew 'Zohar' means 'splendour', 'radiance', 'illuminated', and so we have 'Illuminati'. They claim to be the 'Illuminated Ones' from their knowledge systematically hidden from the human population and passed on through generations of carefully-chosen initiates in the global secret society network or Cult. Hidden knowledge includes an awareness of the Cult agenda for the world and the nature of our collective reality that I will explore later. Cult 'illumination' is symbolised by the torch held by the Statue of Liberty which was gifted to New York by French Freemasons in Paris who knew exactly what it represents. 'Liberty' symbolises the goddess worshipped in

Babylon as Queen Semiramis or Ishtar. The significance of this will become clear. Notice again the ubiquitous theme of inversion with the Statue of 'Liberty' really symbolising mass control (Fig 7). A mirror-image statute stands on an island in the River Seine in Paris from where New York Liberty originated (Fig 8). A large replica of the Liberty flame stands on top of the Pont de l'Alma tunnel in Paris where Princess Diana died in a Cult ritual described in *The Biggest Secret*. Lucifer 'the light bringer' is related to all this (and much more as we'll see) and 'Lucifer' is a central figure in Sabbatian-Frankism and its associated Satanism. Sabbatians reject the Jewish Torah, or Pentateuch, the 'five books of Moses' in the Old Testament known as Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy which are claimed by Judaism and Christianity to have been dictated by 'God' to Moses on Mount Sinai. Sabbatians say these do not apply to them and they seek to replace them with the Zohar to absorb Judaism and its followers into their inversion which is an expression of a much greater global inversion. They want to delete all religions and force humanity to worship a one-world religion – Sabbatian Satanism that also includes worship of the Earth goddess. Satanic themes are being more and more introduced into mainstream society and while Christianity is currently the foremost target for destruction the others are planned to follow.

Figure 7: The Cult goddess of Babylon disguised as the Statue of Liberty holding the flame of Lucifer the 'light bringer'.

Figure 8: Liberty's mirror image in Paris where the New York version originated.

Marx brothers

Rabbi Marvin Antelman connects the Illuminati to the Jacobins in *To Eliminate the Opiate* and Jacobins were the force behind the French Revolution. He links both to the Bund der Gerechten, or League of the Just, which was the network that inflicted communism/Marxism on the world. Antelman wrote:

> The original inner circle of the Bund der Gerechten consisted of born Catholics, Protestants and Jews [Sabbatian-Frankist infiltrators], and those representatives of respective subdivisions formulated schemes for the ultimate destruction of their faiths. The heretical Catholics laid plans which they felt would take a century or more for the ultimate destruction of the church; the apostate Jews for the ultimate destruction of the Jewish religion.

Sabbatian-created communism connects into this anti-religion agenda in that communism does not allow for the free practice of religion. The Sabbatian 'Bund' became the International Communist Party and Communist League and in 1848 'Marxism' was born with the Communist Manifesto of Sabbatian assets Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. It is absolutely no coincidence that Marxism, just a different name for fascist and other centrally-controlled tyrannies, is being imposed worldwide as a result of the 'Covid' hoax and nor that Marxist/fascist China was the place where the hoax originated. The reason for this will become very clear in the chapter 'Covid: The calculated catastrophe'. The so-called 'Woke' mentality has hijacked

traditional beliefs of the political left and replaced them with far-right make-believe 'social justice' better known as Marxism. Woke will, however, be swallowed by its own perceived 'revolution' which is really the work of billionaires and billionaire corporations feigning being 'Woke'. Marxism is being touted by Wokers as a replacement for 'capitalism' when we don't have 'capitalism'. We have cartelism in which the market is stitched up by the very Cult billionaires and corporations bankrolling Woke. Billionaires love Marxism which keeps the people in servitude while they control from the top. Terminally naïve Wokers think they are 'changing the world' when it's the Cult that is doing the changing and when they have played their vital part and become surplus to requirements they, too, will be targeted. The Illuminati-Jacobins were behind the period known as 'The Terror' in the French Revolution in 1793 and 1794 when Jacobin Maximillian de Robespierre and his Orwellian 'Committee of Public Safety' killed 17,000 'enemies of the Revolution' who had once been 'friends of the Revolution'. Karl Marx (1818-1883), whose Sabbatian creed of Marxism has cost the lives of at least 100 million people, is a hero once again to Wokers who have been systematically kept ignorant of real history by their 'education' programming. As a result they now promote a Sabbatian 'Marxist' abomination destined at some point to consume them. Rabbi Antelman, who spent decades researching the Sabbatian plot, said of the League of the Just and Karl Marx:

> Contrary to popular opinion Karl Marx did not originate the Communist Manifesto. He was paid for his services by the League of the Just, which was known in its country of origin, Germany, as the Bund der Geaechteten.

Antelman said the text attributed to Marx was the work of other people and Marx 'was only repeating what others already said'. Marx was 'a hired hack – lackey of the wealthy Illuminists'. Marx famously said that religion was the 'opium of the people' (part of the Sabbatian plan to demonise religion) and Antelman called his books, *To Eliminate the Opiate*. Marx was born Jewish, but his family converted to Christianity (Sabbatian modus operandi) and he

attacked Jews, not least in his book, *A World Without Jews*. In doing so he supported the Sabbatian plan to destroy traditional Jewishness and Judaism which we are clearly seeing today with the vindictive targeting of orthodox Jews by the Sabbatian government of Israel over 'Covid' laws. I don't follow any religion and it has done much damage to the world over centuries and acted as a perceptual straightjacket. Renegade Minds, however, are always asking *why* something is being done. It doesn't matter if they agree or disagree with what is happening – *why* is it happening is the question. The 'why?' can be answered with regard to religion in that religions create interacting communities of believers when the Cult wants to dismantle all discourse, unity and interaction (see 'Covid' lockdowns) and the ultimate goal is to delete all religions for a one-world religion of Cult Satanism worshipping their 'god' of which more later. We see the same 'why?' with gun control in America. I don't have guns and don't want them, but why is the Cult seeking to disarm the population at the same time that law enforcement agencies are armed to their molars and why has every tyrant in history sought to disarm people before launching the final takeover? They include Hitler, Stalin, Pol Pot and Mao who followed confiscation with violent seizing of power. You know it's a Cult agenda by the people who immediately race to the microphones to exploit dead people in multiple shootings. Ultra-Zionist Cult lackey Senator Chuck Schumer was straight on the case after ten people were killed in Boulder, Colorado in March, 2121. Simple rule … if Schumer wants it the Cult wants it and the same with his ultra-Zionist mate the wild-eyed Senator Adam Schiff. At the same time they were calling for the disarmament of Americans, many of whom live a long way from a police response, Schumer, Schiff and the rest of these pampered clowns were sitting on Capitol Hill behind a razor-wired security fence protected by thousands of armed troops in addition to their own armed bodyguards. Mom and pop in an isolated home? They're just potential mass shooters.

Zion Mainframe

Sabbatian-Frankists and most importantly the Rothschilds were behind the creation of 'Zionism', a political movement that demanded a Jewish homeland in Israel as promised by Sabbatai Zevi. The very symbol of Israel comes from the German meaning of the name Rothschild. Dynasty founder Mayer Amschel Rothschild changed the family name from Bauer to Rothschild, or 'Red-Shield' in German, in deference to the six-pointed 'Star of David' hexagram displayed on the family's home in Frankfurt. The symbol later appeared on the flag of Israel after the Rothschilds were centrally involved in its creation. Hexagrams are not a uniquely Jewish symbol and are widely used in occult ('hidden') networks often as a symbol for Saturn (see my other books for why). Neither are Zionism and Jewishness interchangeable. Zionism is a political movement and philosophy and not a 'race' or a people. Many Jews oppose Zionism and many non-Jews, including US President Joe Biden, call themselves Zionists as does Israel-centric Donald Trump. America's support for the Israel government is pretty much a gimme with ultra-Zionist billionaires and corporations providing fantastic and dominant funding for both political parties. Former Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney has told how she was approached immediately she ran for office to 'sign the pledge' to Israel and confirm that she would always vote in that country's best interests. All American politicians are approached in this way. Anyone who refuses will get no support or funding from the enormous and all-powerful Zionist lobby that includes organisations like mega-lobby group AIPAC, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. Trump's biggest funder was ultra-Zionist casino and media billionaire Sheldon Adelson while major funders of the Democratic Party include ultra-Zionist George Soros and ultra-Zionist financial and media mogul, Haim Saban. Some may reel back at the suggestion that Soros is an Israel-firster (Sabbatian-controlled Israel-firster), but Renegade Minds watch the actions not the words and everywhere Soros donates his billions the Sabbatian agenda benefits. In the spirit of Sabbatian inversion Soros pledged $1 billion for a new university network to promote 'liberal values and tackle intolerance'. He made the announcement during his annual speech

at the Cult-owned World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, in January, 2020, after his 'harsh criticism' of 'authoritarian rulers' around the world. You can only laugh at such brazen mendacity. How *he* doesn't laugh is the mystery. Translated from the Orwellian 'liberal values and tackle intolerance' means teaching non-white people to hate white people and for white people to loathe themselves for being born white. The reason for that will become clear.

The 'Anti-Semitism' fraud

Zionists support the Jewish homeland in the land of Palestine which has been the Sabbatian-Rothschild goal for so long, but not for the benefit of Jews. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. Sabbatians and their global Anti-Semitism Industry have skewed public and political opinion to equate opposing the violent extremes of Zionism to be a blanket attack and condemnation of all Jewish people. This is nothing more than a Sabbatian protection racket to stop legitimate investigation and exposure of their agendas and activities. The official definition of 'anti-Semitism' has more recently been expanded to include criticism of Zionism – a *political movement* – and this was done to further stop exposure of Sabbatian infiltrators who created Zionism as we know it today in the 19th century. Renegade Minds will talk about these subjects when they know the shit that will come their way. People must decide if they want to know the truth or just cower in the corner in fear of what others will say. Sabbatians have been trying to label me as 'anti-Semitic' since the 1990s as I have uncovered more and more about their background and agendas. Useless, gutless, fraudulent 'journalists' then just repeat the smears without question and on the day I was writing this section a pair of unquestioning repeaters called Ben Quinn and Archie Bland (how appropriate) outright called me an 'anti-Semite' in the establishment propaganda sheet, the London *Guardian*, with no supporting evidence. The

Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry said so and who are they to question that? They wouldn't dare. Ironically 'Semitic' refers to a group of languages in the Middle East that are almost entirely Arabic. 'Anti-Semitism' becomes 'anti-Arab' which if the consequences of this misunderstanding were not so grave would be hilarious. Don't bother telling Quinn and Bland. I don't want to confuse them, bless 'em. One reason I am dubbed 'anti-Semitic' is that I wrote in the 1990s that Jewish operatives (Sabbatians) were heavily involved in the Russian Revolution when Sabbatians overthrew the Romanov dynasty. This apparently made me 'anti-Semitic'. Oh, really? Here is a section from *The Trigger*:

British journalist Robert Wilton confirmed these themes in his 1920 book *The Last Days of the Romanovs* when he studied official documents from the Russian government to identify the members of the Bolshevik ruling elite between 1917 and 1919. The Central Committee included 41 Jews among 62 members; the Council of the People's Commissars had 17 Jews out of 22 members; and 458 of the 556 most important Bolshevik positions between 1918 and 1919 were occupied by Jewish people. Only 17 were Russian. Then there were the 23 Jews among the 36 members of the vicious Cheka Soviet secret police established in 1917 who would soon appear all across the country.

Professor Robert Service of Oxford University, an expert on 20th century Russian history, found evidence that ['Jewish'] Leon Trotsky had sought to make sure that Jews were enrolled in the Red Army and were disproportionately represented in the Soviet civil bureaucracy that included the Cheka which performed mass arrests, imprisonment and executions of 'enemies of the people'. A US State Department Decimal File (861.00/5339) dated November 13th, 1918, names [Rothschild banking agent in America] Jacob Schiff and a list of ultra-Zionists as funders of the Russian Revolution leading to claims of a 'Jewish plot', but the key point missed by all is they were not 'Jews' – they were Sabbatian-Frankists.

Britain's Winston Churchill made the same error by mistake or otherwise. He wrote in a 1920 edition of the *Illustrated Sunday Herald* that those behind the Russian revolution were part of a 'worldwide conspiracy for the overthrow of civilisation and for the reconstitution of society on the basis of arrested development, of envious malevolence, and impossible equality' (see 'Woke' today because that has been created by the same network). Churchill said there was no need to exaggerate the part played in the creation of Bolshevism and in the actual bringing about of the Russian

Revolution 'by these international and for the most part atheistical Jews' ['atheistical Jews' = Sabbatians]. Churchill said it is certainly a very great one and probably outweighs all others: 'With the notable exception of Lenin, the majority of the leading figures are Jews.' He went on to describe, knowingly or not, the Sabbatian modus operandi of placing puppet leaders nominally in power while they control from the background:

> Moreover, the principal inspiration and driving power comes from the Jewish leaders. Thus Tchitcherin, a pure Russian, is eclipsed by his nominal subordinate, Litvinoff, and the influence of Russians like Bukharin or Lunacharski cannot be compared with the power of Trotsky, or of Zinovieff, the Dictator of the Red Citadel (Petrograd), or of Krassin or Radek – all Jews. In the Soviet institutions the predominance of Jews is even more astonishing. And the prominent, if not indeed the principal, part in the system of terrorism applied by the Extraordinary Commissions for Combatting Counter-Revolution has been taken by Jews, and in some notable cases by Jewesses.

What I said about seriously disproportionate involvement in the Russian Revolution by Jewish 'revolutionaries' (Sabbatians) is provable fact, but truth is no defence against the Sabbatian Anti-Semitism Industry, its repeater parrots like Quinn and Bland, and the now breathtaking network of so-called 'Woke' 'anti-hate' groups with interlocking leaderships and funding which have the role of discrediting and silencing anyone who gets too close to exposing the Sabbatians. We have seen 'truth is no defence' confirmed in legal judgements with the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission in Canada decreeing this: 'Truthful statements can be presented in a manner that would meet the definition of hate speech, and not all truthful statements must be free from restriction.' Most 'anti-hate' activists, who are themselves consumed by hatred, are too stupid and ignorant of the world to know how they are being used. They are far too far up their own virtue-signalling arses and it's far too dark for them to see anything.

The 'revolution' game

The background and methods of the 'Russian' Revolution are straight from the Sabbatian playbook seen in the French Revolution

and endless others around the world that appear to start as a revolution of the people against tyrannical rule and end up with a regime change to more tyrannical rule overtly or covertly. Wars, terror attacks and regime overthrows follow the Sabbatian cult through history with its agents creating them as Problem-Reaction-Solutions to remove opposition on the road to world domination. Sabbatian dots connect the Rothschilds with the Illuminati, Jacobins of the French Revolution, the 'Bund' or League of the Just, the International Communist Party, Communist League and the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels that would lead to the Rothschild-funded Russian Revolution. The sequence comes under the heading of 'creative destruction' when you advance to your global goal by continually destroying the status quo to install a new status quo which you then also destroy. The two world wars come to mind. With each new status quo you move closer to your planned outcome. Wars and mass murder are to Sabbatians a collective blood sacrifice ritual. They are obsessed with death for many reasons and one is that death is an inversion of life. Satanists and Sabbatians are obsessed with death and often target churches and churchyards for their rituals. Inversion-obsessed Sabbatians explain the use of inverted symbolism including the *inverted* pentagram and *inverted* cross. The inversion of the cross has been related to targeting Christianity, but the cross was a religious symbol long before Christianity and its inversion is a statement about the Sabbatian mentality and goals more than any single religion.

Sabbatians operating in Germany were behind the rise of the occult-obsessed Nazis and the subsequent Jewish exodus from Germany and Europe to Palestine and the United States after World War Two. The Rothschild dynasty was at the forefront of this both as political manipulators and by funding the operation. Why would Sabbatians help to orchestrate the horrors inflicted on Jews by the Nazis and by Stalin after they organised the Russian Revolution? Sabbatians hate Jews and their religion, that's why. They pose as Jews and secure positions of control within Jewish society and play the 'anti-Semitism' card to protect themselves from exposure

through a global network of organisations answering to the Sabbatian-created-and-controlled globe-spanning intelligence network that involves a stunning web of military-intelligence operatives and operations for a tiny country of just nine million. Among them are Jewish assets who are not Sabbatians but have been convinced by them that what they are doing is for the good of Israel and the Jewish community to protect them from what they have been programmed since childhood to believe is a Jew-hating hostile world. The Jewish community is just a highly convenient cover to hide the true nature of Sabbatians. Anyone getting close to exposing their game is accused by Sabbatian place-people and gofers of 'anti-Semitism' and claiming that all Jews are part of a plot to take over the world. I am not saying that. I am saying that Sabbatians – the *real* Jew-haters – have infiltrated the Jewish community to use them both as a cover and an 'anti-Semitic' defence against exposure. Thus we have the Anti-Semitism Industry targeted researchers in this way and most Jewish people think this is justified and genuine. They don't know that their 'Jewish' leaders and institutions of state, intelligence and military are not controlled by Jews at all, but cultists and stooges of Sabbatian-Frankism. I once added my name to a pro-Jewish freedom petition online and the next time I looked my name was gone and text had been added to the petition blurb to attack me as an 'anti-Semite' such is the scale of perceptual programming.

Moving on America

I tell the story in *The Trigger* and a chapter called 'Atlantic Crossing' how particularly after Israel was established the Sabbatians moved in on the United States and eventually grasped control of government administration, the political system via both Democrats and Republicans, the intelligence community like the CIA and National Security Agency (NSA), the Pentagon and mass media. Through this seriously compartmentalised network Sabbatians and their operatives in Mossad, Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and US agencies pulled off 9/11 and blamed it on 19 'Al-Qaeda hijackers' dominated by men from, or connected to, Sabbatian-ruled Saudi

Arabia. The '19' were not even on the planes let alone flew those big passenger jets into buildings while being largely incompetent at piloting one-engine light aircraft. 'Hijacker' Hani Hanjour who is said to have flown American Airlines Flight 77 into the Pentagon with a turn and manoeuvre most professional pilots said they would have struggled to do was banned from renting a small plane by instructors at the Freeway Airport in Bowie, Maryland, just *six weeks* earlier on the grounds that he was an incompetent pilot. The Jewish population of the world is just 0.2 percent with even that almost entirely concentrated in Israel (75 percent Jewish) and the United States (around two percent). This two percent and globally 0.2 percent refers to *Jewish* people and not Sabbatian interlopers who are a fraction of that fraction. What a sobering thought when you think of the fantastic influence on world affairs of tiny Israel and that the Project for the New America Century (PNAC) which laid out the blueprint in September, 2000, for America's war on terror and regime change wars in Iraq, Libya and Syria was founded and dominated by Sabbatians known as 'Neocons'. The document conceded that this plan would not be supported politically or publicly without a major attack on American soil and a Problem-Reaction-Solution excuse to send troops to war across the Middle East. Sabbatian Neocons said:

> ... [The] process of transformation ... [war and regime change] ... is likely to be a long one, absent some catastrophic and catalysing event – like a new Pearl Harbor.

Four months later many of those who produced that document came to power with their inane puppet George Bush from the long-time Sabbatian Bush family. They included Sabbatian Dick Cheney who was officially vice-president, but really de-facto president for the entirety of the 'Bush' government. Nine months after the 'Bush' inauguration came what Bush called at the time 'the Pearl Harbor of the 21st century' and with typical Sabbatian timing and symbolism 2001 was the 60th anniversary of the attack in 1941 by the Japanese Air Force on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, which allowed President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to take the United States into a Sabbatian-

instigated Second World War that he said in his election campaign that he never would. The evidence is overwhelming that Roosevelt and his military and intelligence networks knew the attack was coming and did nothing to stop it, but they did make sure that America's most essential naval ships were not in Hawaii at the time. Three thousand Americans died in the Pearl Harbor attacks as they did on September 11th. By the 9/11 year of 2001 Sabbatians had widely infiltrated the US government, military and intelligence operations and used their compartmentalised assets to pull off the 'Al-Qaeda' attacks. If you read *The Trigger* it will blow your mind to see the utterly staggering concentration of 'Jewish' operatives (Sabbatian infiltrators) in essential positions of political, security, legal, law enforcement, financial and business power before, during, and after the attacks to make them happen, carry them out, and then cover their tracks – and I do mean *staggering* when you think of that 0.2 percent of the world population and two percent of Americans which are Jewish while Sabbatian infiltrators are a fraction of that. A central foundation of the 9/11 conspiracy was the hijacking of government, military, Air Force and intelligence computer systems in real time through 'back-door' access made possible by Israeli (Sabbatian) 'cyber security' software. Sabbatian-controlled Israel is on the way to rivalling Silicon Valley for domination of cyberspace and is becoming the dominant force in cyber-security which gives them access to entire computer systems and their passcodes across the world. Then add to this that Zionists head (officially) Silicon Valley giants like Google (Larry Page and Sergey Brin), Google-owned YouTube (Susan Wojcicki), Facebook (Mark Zuckerberg and Sheryl Sandberg), and Apple (Chairman Arthur D. Levinson), and that ultra-Zionist hedge fund billionaire Paul Singer has a $1 billion stake in Twitter which is only nominally headed by 'CEO' pothead Jack Dorsey. As cable news host Tucker Carlson said of Dorsey: 'There used to be debate in the medical community whether dropping a ton of acid had permanent effects and I think that debate has now ended.' Carlson made the comment after Dorsey told a hearing on Capitol Hill (if you cut through his bullshit) that he

believed in free speech so long as he got to decide what you can hear and see. These 'big names' of Silicon Valley are only front men and women for the Global Cult, not least the Sabbatians, who are the true controllers of these corporations. Does anyone still wonder why these same people and companies have been ferociously censoring and banning people (like me) for exposing any aspect of the Cult agenda and especially the truth about the 'Covid' hoax which Sabbatians have orchestrated?

The Jeffrey Epstein paedophile ring was a Sabbatian operation. He was officially 'Jewish' but he was a Sabbatian and women abused by the ring have told me about the high number of 'Jewish' people involved. The Epstein horror has Sabbatian written all over it and matches perfectly their modus operandi and obsession with sex and ritual. Epstein was running a Sabbatian blackmail ring in which famous people with political and other influence were provided with young girls for sex while everything was being filmed and recorded on hidden cameras and microphones at his New York house, Caribbean island and other properties. Epstein survivors have described this surveillance system to me and some have gone public. Once the famous politician or other figure knew he or she was on video they tended to do whatever they were told. Here we go again …when you've got them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow. Sabbatians use this blackmail technique on a wide scale across the world to entrap politicians and others they need to act as demanded. Epstein's private plane, the infamous 'Lolita Express', had many well-known passengers including Bill Clinton while Bill Gates has flown on an Epstein plane and met with him four years after Epstein had been jailed for paedophilia. They subsequently met many times at Epstein's home in New York according to a witness who was there. Epstein's infamous side-kick was Ghislaine Maxwell, daughter of Mossad agent and ultra-Zionist mega-crooked British businessman, Bob Maxwell, who at one time owned the *Daily Mirror* newspaper. Maxwell was murdered at sea on his boat in 1991 by Sabbatian-controlled Mossad when he became a liability with his

business empire collapsing as a former Mossad operative has confirmed (see *The Trigger*).

Money, money, money, funny money ...

Before I come to the Sabbatian connection with the last three US presidents I will lay out the crucial importance to Sabbatians of controlling banking and finance. Sabbatian Mayer Amschel Rothschild set out to dominate this arena in his family's quest for total global control. What is freedom? It is, in effect, choice. The more choices you have the freer you are and the fewer your choices the more you are enslaved. In the global structure created over centuries by Sabbatians the biggest decider and restrictor of choice is … money. Across the world if you ask people what they would like to do with their lives and why they are not doing that they will reply 'I don't have the money'. This is the idea. A global elite of multi-billionaires are described as 'greedy' and that is true on one level; but control of money – who has it and who doesn't – is not primarily about greed. It's about control. Sabbatians have seized ever more control of finance and sucked the wealth of the world out of the hands of the population. We talk now, after all, about the 'One-percent' and even then the wealthiest are a lot fewer even than that. This has been made possible by a money scam so outrageous and so vast it could rightly be called the scam of scams founded on creating 'money' out of nothing and 'loaning' that with interest to the population. Money out of nothing is called 'credit'. Sabbatians have asserted control over governments and banking ever more completely through the centuries and secured financial laws that allow banks to lend hugely more than they have on deposit in a confidence trick known as fractional reserve lending. Imagine if you could lend money that doesn't exist and charge the recipient interest for doing so. You would end up in jail. Bankers by contrast end up in mansions, private jets, Malibu and Monaco.

Banks are only required to keep a fraction of their deposits and wealth in their vaults and they are allowed to lend 'money' they don't have called 'credit. Go into a bank for a loan and if you succeed

the banker will not move any real wealth into your account. They will type into your account the amount of the agreed 'loan' – say £100,000. This is not wealth that really exists; it is non-existent, fresh-air, created-out-of-nothing 'credit' which has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. Credit is backed by nothing except wind and only has buying power because people think that it has buying power and accept it in return for property, goods and services. I have described this situation as like those cartoon characters you see chasing each other and when they run over the edge of a cliff they keep running forward on fresh air until one of them looks down, realises what's happened, and they all crash into the ravine. The whole foundation of the Sabbatian financial system is to stop people looking down except for periodic moments when they want to crash the system (as in 2008 and 2020 ongoing) and reap the rewards from all the property, businesses and wealth their borrowers had signed over as 'collateral' in return for a 'loan' of fresh air. Most people think that money is somehow created by governments when it comes into existence from the start as a debt through banks 'lending' illusory money called credit. Yes, the very currency of exchange is a *debt* from day one issued as an interest-bearing loan. Why don't governments create money interest-free and lend it to their people interest-free? Governments are controlled by Sabbatians and the financial system is controlled by Sabbatians for whom interest-free money would be a nightmare come true. Sabbatians underpin their financial domination through their global network of central banks, including the privately-owned US Federal Reserve and Britain's Bank of England, and this is orchestrated by a privately-owned central bank coordination body called the Bank for International Settlements in Basle, Switzerland, created by the usual suspects including the Rockefellers and Rothschilds. Central bank chiefs don't answer to governments or the people. They answer to the Bank for International Settlements or, in other words, the Global Cult which is dominated today by Sabbatians.

Built-in disaster

There are so many constituent scams within the overall banking scam. When you take out a loan of thin-air credit only the amount of that loan is theoretically brought into circulation to add to the amount in circulation; but you are paying back the principle plus interest. The additional interest is not created and this means that with every 'loan' there is a shortfall in the money in circulation between what is borrowed and what has to be paid back. There is never even close to enough money in circulation to repay all outstanding public and private debt including interest. Coldly weaved in the very fabric of the system is the certainty that some will lose their homes, businesses and possessions to the banking 'lender'. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts it becomes painfully obvious that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. This is less obvious in times of 'boom' when the amount of money in circulation (and the debt) is expanding through more people wanting and getting loans. When a downturn comes and the money supply contracts and it becomes painfully obvious – as in 2008 and currently – that there is not enough money to service all debt and interest. Sabbatian banksters have been leading the human population through a calculated series of booms (more debt incurred) and busts (when the debt can't be repaid and the banks get the debtor's tangible wealth in exchange for non-existent 'credit'). With each 'bust' Sabbatian bankers have absorbed more of the world's tangible wealth and we end up with the One-percent. Governments are in bankruptcy levels of debt to the same system and are therefore owned by a system they do not control. The Federal Reserve, 'America's central bank', is privately-owned and American presidents only nominally appoint its chairman or woman to maintain the illusion that it's an arm of government. It's not. The 'Fed' is a cartel of private banks which handed billions to its associates and friends after the crash of 2008 and has been Sabbatian-controlled since it was manipulated into being in 1913 through the covert trickery of Rothschild banking agents Jacob Schiff and Paul

Warburg, and the Sabbatian Rockefeller family. Somehow from a Jewish population of two-percent and globally 0.2 percent (Sabbatian interlopers remember are far smaller) ultra-Zionists headed the Federal Reserve for 31 years between 1987 and 2018 in the form of Alan Greenspan, Bernard Bernanke and Janet Yellen (now Biden's Treasury Secretary) with Yellen's deputy chairman a Israeli-American duel citizen and ultra-Zionist Stanley Fischer, a former governor of the Bank of Israel. Ultra-Zionist Fed chiefs spanned the presidencies of Ronald Reagan ('Republican'), Father George Bush ('Republican'), Bill Clinton ('Democrat'), Boy George Bush ('Republican') and Barack Obama ('Democrat'). We should really add the pre-Greenspan chairman, Paul Adolph Volcker, 'appointed' by Jimmy Carter ('Democrat') who ran the Fed between 1979 and 1987 during the Carter and Reagan administrations before Greenspan took over. Volcker was a long-time associate and business partner of the Rothschilds. No matter what the 'party' officially in power the United States economy was directed by the same force. Here are members of the Obama, Trump and Biden administrations and see if you can make out a common theme.

Barack Obama ('Democrat')

Ultra-Zionists Robert Rubin, Larry Summers, and Timothy Geithner ran the US Treasury in the Clinton administration and two of them reappeared with Obama. Ultra-Zionist Fed chairman Alan Greenspan had manipulated the crash of 2008 through deregulation and jumped ship just before the disaster to make way for ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke to hand out trillions to Sabbatian 'too big to fail' banks and businesses, including the ubiquitous ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which has an ongoing staff revolving door operation between itself and major financial positions in government worldwide. Obama inherited the fallout of the crash when he took office in January, 2009, and fortunately he had the support of his ultra-Zionist White House Chief of Staff Rahm Emmanuel, son of a terrorist who helped to bomb Israel into being in 1948, and his ultra-Zionist senior adviser David Axelrod, chief strategist in Obama's two

successful presidential campaigns. Emmanuel, later mayor of Chicago and former senior fundraiser and strategist for Bill Clinton, is an example of the Sabbatian policy after Israel was established of migrating insider families to America so their children would be born American citizens. 'Obama' chose this financial team throughout his administration to respond to the Sabbatian-instigated crisis:

Timothy Geithner (ultra-Zionist) Treasury Secretary; Jacob J. Lew, Treasury Secretary; Larry Summers (ultra-Zionist), director of the White House National Economic Council; Paul Adolph Volcker (Rothschild business partner), chairman of the Economic Recovery Advisory Board; Peter Orszag (ultra-Zionist), director of the Office of Management and Budget overseeing all government spending; Penny Pritzker (ultra-Zionist), Commerce Secretary; Jared Bernstein (ultra-Zionist), chief economist and economic policy adviser to Vice President Joe Biden; Mary Schapiro (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC); Gary Gensler (ultra-Zionist), chairman of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC); Sheila Bair (ultra-Zionist), chair of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC); Karen Mills (ultra-Zionist), head of the Small Business Administration (SBA); Kenneth Feinberg (ultra-Zionist), Special Master for Executive [bail-out] Compensation. Feinberg would be appointed to oversee compensation (with strings) to 9/11 victims and families in a campaign to stop them having their day in court to question the official story. At the same time ultra-Zionist Bernard Bernanke was chairman of the Federal Reserve and these are only some of the ultra-Zionists with allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel in the Obama government. Obama's biggest corporate donor was ultra-Zionist Goldman Sachs which had employed many in his administration.

Donald Trump ('Republican')

Trump claimed to be an outsider (he wasn't) who had come to 'drain the swamp'. He embarked on this goal by immediately appointing ultra-Zionist Steve Mnuchin, a Goldman Sachs employee for 17

years, as his Treasury Secretary. Others included Gary Cohn (ultra-Zionist), chief operating officer of Goldman Sachs, his first Director of the National Economic Council and chief economic adviser, who was later replaced by Larry Kudlow (ultra-Zionist). Trump's senior adviser throughout his four years in the White House was his sinister son-in-law Jared Kushner, a life-long friend of Israel Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Kushner is the son of a convicted crook who was pardoned by Trump in his last days in office. Other ultra-Zionists in the Trump administration included: Stephen Miller, Senior Policy Adviser; Avrahm Berkowitz, Deputy Adviser to Trump and his Senior Adviser Jared Kushner; Ivanka Trump, Adviser to the President, who converted to Judaism when she married Jared Kushner; David Friedman, Trump lawyer and Ambassador to Israel; Jason Greenblatt, Trump Organization executive vice president and chief legal officer, who was made Special Representative for International Negotiations and the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict; Rod Rosenstein, Deputy Attorney General; Elliot Abrams, Special Representative for Venezuela, then Iran; John Eisenberg, National Security Council Legal Adviser and Deputy Council to the President for National Security Affairs; Anne Neuberger, Deputy National Manager, National Security Agency; Ezra Cohen-Watnick, Acting Under Secretary of Defense for Intelligence; Elan Carr, Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Len Khodorkovsky, Deputy Special Envoy to monitor and combat anti-Semitism; Reed Cordish, Assistant to the President, Intragovernmental and Technology Initiatives. Trump Vice President Mike Pence and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo, both Christian Zionists, were also vehement supporters of Israel and its goals and ambitions.

Donald 'free-speech believer' Trump pardoned a number of financial and violent criminals while ignoring calls to pardon Julian Assange and Edward Snowden whose crimes are revealing highly relevant information about government manipulation and corruption and the widespread illegal surveillance of the American people by US 'security' agencies. It's so good to know that Trump is on the side of freedom and justice and not mega-criminals with

allegiance to Sabbatian-controlled Israel. These included a pardon for Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard who was jailed for life in 1987 under the Espionage Act. Aviem Sella, the Mossad agent who recruited Pollard, was also pardoned by Trump while Assange sat in jail and Snowden remained in exile in Russia. Sella had 'fled' (was helped to escape) to Israel in 1987 and was never extradited despite being charged under the Espionage Act. A Trump White House statement said that Sella's clemency had been 'supported by Benjamin Netanyahu, Ron Dermer, Israel's US Ambassador, David Friedman, US Ambassador to Israel and Miriam Adelson, wife of leading Trump donor Sheldon Adelson who died shortly before. Other friends of Jared Kushner were pardoned along with Sholom Weiss who was believed to be serving the longest-ever white-collar prison sentence of more than 800 years in 2000. The sentence was commuted of Ponzi-schemer Eliyahu Weinstein who defrauded Jews and others out of $200 million. I did mention that Assange and Snowden were ignored, right? Trump gave Sabbatians almost everything they asked for in military and political support, moving the US Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem with its critical symbolic and literal implications for Palestinian statehood, and the 'deal of the Century' designed by Jared Kushner and David Friedman which gave the Sabbatian Israeli government the green light to substantially expand its already widespread program of building illegal Jewish-only settlements in the occupied land of the West Bank. This made a two-state 'solution' impossible by seizing all the land of a potential Palestinian homeland and that had been the plan since 1948 and then 1967 when the Arab-controlled Gaza Strip, West Bank, Sinai Peninsula and Syrian Golan Heights were occupied by Israel. All the talks about talks and road maps and delays have been buying time until the West Bank was physically occupied by Israeli real estate. Trump would have to be a monumentally ill-informed idiot not to see that this was the plan he was helping to complete. The Trump administration was in so many ways the Kushner administration which means the Netanyahu administration which means the Sabbatian administration. I understand why many opposing Cult fascism in all its forms gravitated to Trump, but he

was a crucial part of the Sabbatian plan and I will deal with this in the next chapter.

Joe Biden ('Democrat')

A barely cognitive Joe Biden took over the presidency in January, 2021, along with his fellow empty shell, Vice-President Kamala Harris, as the latest Sabbatian gofers to enter the White House. Names on the door may have changed and the 'party' – the force behind them remained the same as Zionists were appointed to a stream of pivotal areas relating to Sabbatian plans and policy. They included: Janet Yellen, Treasury Secretary, former head of the Federal Reserve, and still another ultra-Zionist running the US Treasury after Mnuchin (Trump), Lew and Geithner (Obama), and Summers and Rubin (Clinton); Anthony Blinken, Secretary of State; Wendy Sherman, Deputy Secretary of State (so that's 'Biden's' Sabbatian foreign policy sorted); Jeff Zients, White House coronavirus coordinator; Rochelle Walensky, head of the Centers for Disease Control; Rachel Levine, transgender deputy health secretary (that's 'Covid' hoax policy under control); Merrick Garland, Attorney General; Alejandro Mayorkas, Secretary of Homeland Security; Cass Sunstein, Homeland Security with responsibility for new immigration laws; Avril Haines, Director of National Intelligence; Anne Neuberger, National Security Agency cybersecurity director (note, cybersecurity); David Cohen, CIA Deputy Director; Ronald Klain, Biden's Chief of Staff (see Rahm Emanuel); Eric Lander, a 'leading geneticist', Office of Science and Technology Policy director (see Smart Grid, synthetic biology agenda); Jessica Rosenworcel, acting head of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) which controls Smart Grid technology policy and electromagnetic communication systems including 5G. How can it be that so many pivotal positions are held by two-percent of the American population and 0.2 percent of the world population administration after administration no matter who is the president and what is the party? It's a coincidence? Of course it's not and this is why Sabbatians have built their colossal global web of interlocking 'anti-

hate' hate groups to condemn anyone who asks these glaring questions as an 'anti-Semite'. The way that Jewish people horrifically abused in Sabbatian-backed Nazi Germany are exploited to this end is stomach-turning and disgusting beyond words.

Political fusion

Sabbatian manipulation has reversed the roles of Republicans and Democrats and the same has happened in Britain with the Conservative and Labour Parties. Republicans and Conservatives were always labelled the 'right' and Democrats and Labour the 'left', but look at the policy positions now and the Democrat-Labour 'left' has moved further to the 'right' than Republicans and Conservatives under the banner of 'Woke', the Cult-created far-right tyranny. Where once the Democrat-Labour 'left' defended free speech and human rights they now seek to delete them and as I said earlier despite the 'Covid' fascism of the Jackboot Johnson Conservative government in the UK the Labour Party of leader Keir Starmer demanded even more extreme measures. The Labour Party has been very publicly absorbed by Sabbatians after a political and media onslaught against the previous leader, the weak and inept Jeremy Corbyn, over made-up allegations of 'anti-Semitism' both by him and his party. The plan was clear with this 'anti-Semite' propaganda and what was required in response was a swift and decisive 'fuck off' from Corbyn and a statement to expose the Anti-Semitism Industry (Sabbatian) attempt to silence Labour criticism of the Israeli government (Sabbatians) and purge the party of all dissent against the extremes of ultra-Zionism (Sabbatians). Instead Corbyn and his party fell to their knees and appeased the abusers which, by definition, is impossible. Appeasing one demand leads only to a new demand to be appeased until takeover is complete. Like I say – 'fuck off' would have been a much more effective policy and I have used it myself with great effect over the years when Sabbatians are on my case which is most of the time. I consider that fact a great compliment, by the way. The outcome of the Labour Party capitulation is that we now have a Sabbatian-controlled

Conservative Party 'opposed' by a Sabbatian-controlled Labour Party in a one-party Sabbatian state that hurtles towards the extremes of tyranny (the Sabbatian cult agenda). In America the situation is the same. Labour's Keir Starmer spends his days on his knees with his tongue out pointing to Tel Aviv, or I guess now Jerusalem, while Boris Johnson has an 'anti-Semitism czar' in the form of former Labour MP John Mann who keeps Starmer company on his prayer mat.

Sabbatian influence can be seen in Jewish members of the Labour Party who have been ejected for criticism of Israel including those from families that suffered in Nazi Germany. Sabbatians despise real Jewish people and target them even more harshly because it is so much more difficult to dub them 'anti-Semitic' although in their desperation they do try.

CHAPTER THREE

The Pushbacker sting

Until you realize how easy it is for your mind to be manipulated, you remain the puppet of someone else's game
Evita Ochel

I will use the presidencies of Trump and Biden to show how the manipulation of the one-party state plays out behind the illusion of political choice across the world. No two presidencies could – on the face of it – be more different and apparently at odds in terms of direction and policy.

A Renegade Mind sees beyond the obvious and focuses on outcomes and consequences and not image, words and waffle. The Cult embarked on a campaign to divide America between those who blindly support its agenda (the mentality known as 'Woke') and those who are pushing back on where the Cult and its Sabbatians want to go. This presents infinite possibilities for dividing and ruling the population by setting them at war with each other and allows a perceptual ring fence of demonisation to encircle the Pushbackers in a modern version of the Little Big Horn in 1876 when American cavalry led by Lieutenant Colonel George Custer were drawn into a trap, surrounded and killed by Native American tribes defending their land of thousands of years from being seized by the government. In this modern version the roles are reversed and it's those defending themselves from the Sabbatian government who are surrounded and the government that's seeking to destroy them. This trap was set years ago and to explain how we must return to 2016

and the emergence of Donald Trump as a candidate to be President of the United States. He set out to overcome the best part of 20 other candidates in the Republican Party before and during the primaries and was not considered by many in those early stages to have a prayer of living in the White House. The Republican Party was said to have great reservations about Trump and yet somehow he won the nomination. When you know how American politics works – politics in general – there is no way that Trump could have become the party's candidate unless the Sabbatian-controlled 'Neocons' that run the Republican Party wanted that to happen. We saw the proof in emails and documents made public by WikiLeaks that the Democratic Party hierarchy, or Democons, systematically undermined the campaign of Bernie Sanders to make sure that Sabbatian gofer Hillary Clinton won the nomination to be their presidential candidate. If the Democons could do that then the Neocons in the Republican Party could have derailed Trump in the same way. But they didn't and at that stage I began to conclude that Trump could well be the one chosen to be president. If that was the case the 'why' was pretty clear to see – the goal of dividing America between Cult agenda-supporting Wokers and Pushbackers who gravitated to Trump because he was telling them what they wanted to hear. His constituency of support had been increasingly ignored and voiceless for decades and profoundly through the eight years of Sabbatian puppet Barack Obama. Now here was someone speaking their language of pulling back from the incessant globalisation of political and economic power, the exporting of American jobs to China and elsewhere by 'American' (Sabbatian) corporations, the deletion of free speech, and the mass immigration policies that had further devastated job opportunities for the urban working class of all races and the once American heartlands of the Midwest.

Beware the forked tongue

Those people collectively sighed with relief that at last a political leader was apparently on their side, but another trait of the Renegade Mind is that you look even harder at people telling you

what you want to hear than those who are telling you otherwise. Obviously as I said earlier people wish what they want to hear to be true and genuine and they are much more likely to believe that than someone saying what they don't want to here and don't want to be true. Sales people are taught to be skilled in eliciting by calculated questioning what their customers want to hear and repeating that back to them as their own opinion to get their targets to like and trust them. Assets of the Cult are also sales people in the sense of selling perception. To read Cult manipulation you have to play the long and expanded game and not fall for the Vaudeville show of party politics. Both American parties are vehicles for the Cult and they exploit them in different ways depending on what the agenda requires at that moment. Trump and the Republicans were used to be the focus of dividing America and isolating Pushbackers to open the way for a Biden presidency to become the most extreme in American history by advancing the full-blown Woke (Cult) agenda with the aim of destroying and silencing Pushbackers now labelled Nazi Trump supporters and white supremacists.

Sabbatians wanted Trump in office for the reasons described by ultra-Zionist Saul Alinsky (1909-1972) who was promoting the Woke philosophy through 'community organising' long before anyone had heard of it. In those days it still went by its traditional name of Marxism. The reason for the manipulated Trump phenomenon was laid out in Alinsky's 1971 book, *Rules for Radicals*, which was his blueprint for overthrowing democratic and other regimes and replacing them with Sabbatian Marxism. Not surprisingly his to-do list was evident in the Sabbatian French and Russian 'Revolutions' and that in China which will become very relevant in the next chapter about the 'Covid' hoax. Among Alinsky's followers have been the deeply corrupt Barack Obama, House Speaker Nancy Pelosi and Hillary Clinton who described him as a 'hero'. All three are Sabbatian stooges with Pelosi personifying the arrogant corrupt idiocy that so widely fronts up for the Cult inner core. Predictably as a Sabbatian advocate of the 'light-bringer' Alinsky features Lucifer on the dedication page of his book as the original radical who gained

his own kingdom ('Earth' as we shall see). One of Alinsky's golden radical rules was to pick an individual and focus all attention, hatred and blame on them and not to target faceless bureaucracies and corporations. *Rules for Radicals* is really a Sabbatian handbook with its contents repeatedly employed all over the world for centuries and why wouldn't Sabbatians bring to power their designer-villain to be used as the individual on which all attention, hatred and blame was bestowed? This is what they did and the only question for me is how much Trump knew that and how much he was manipulated. A bit of both, I suspect. This was Alinsky's Trump technique from a man who died in 1972. The technique has spanned history:

> Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it. Don't try to attack abstract corporations or bureaucracies. Identify a responsible individual. Ignore attempts to shift or spread the blame.

From the moment Trump came to illusory power everything was about him. It wasn't about Republican policy or opinion, but all about Trump. Everything he did was presented in negative, derogatory and abusive terms by the Sabbatian-dominated media led by Cult operations such as CNN, MSNBC, *The New York Times* and the Jeff Bezos-owned *Washington Post* – 'Pick the target, freeze it, personalize it, polarize it.' Trump was turned into a demon to be vilified by those who hated him and a demi-god loved by those who worshipped him. This, in turn, had his supporters, too, presented as equally demonic in preparation for the punchline later down the line when Biden was about to take office. It was here's a Trump, there's a Trump, everywhere a Trump, Trump. Virtually every news story or happening was filtered through the lens of 'The Donald'. You loved him or hated him and which one you chose was said to define you as Satan's spawn or a paragon of virtue. Even supporting some Trump policies or statements and not others was enough for an assault on your character. No shades of grey were or are allowed. Everything is black and white (literally and figuratively). A Californian I knew had her head utterly scrambled by her hatred for Trump while telling people they should love each other. She was so totally consumed by

Trump Derangement Syndrome as it became to be known that this glaring contradiction would never have occurred to her. By definition anyone who criticised Trump or praised his opponents was a hero and this lady described Joe Biden as 'a kind, honest gentleman' when he's a provable liar, mega-crook and vicious piece of work to boot. Sabbatians had indeed divided America using Trump as the fall-guy and all along the clock was ticking on the consequences for his supporters.

In hock to his masters

Trump gave Sabbatians via Israel almost everything they wanted in his four years. Ask and you shall receive was the dynamic between himself and Benjamin Netanyahu orchestrated by Trump's ultra-Zionist son-in-law Jared Kushner, his ultra-Zionist Ambassador to Israel, David Friedman, and ultra-Zionist 'Israel adviser', Jason Greenblatt. The last two were central to the running and protecting from collapse of his business empire, the Trump Organisation, and colossal business failures made him forever beholding to Sabbatian networks that bailed him out. By the start of the 1990s Trump owed $4 billion to banks that he couldn't pay and almost $1billion of that was down to him personally and not his companies. This mega-disaster was the result of building two new casinos in Atlantic City and buying the enormous Taj Mahal operation which led to crippling debt payments. He had borrowed fantastic sums from 72 banks with major Sabbatian connections and although the scale of debt should have had him living in a tent alongside the highway they never foreclosed. A plan was devised to lift Trump from the mire by BT Securities Corporation and Rothschild Inc. and the case was handled by Wilber Ross who had worked for the Rothschilds for 27 years. Ross would be named US Commerce Secretary after Trump's election. Another crucial figure in saving Trump was ultra-Zionist 'investor' Carl Icahn who bought the Taj Mahal casino. Icahn was made special economic adviser on financial regulation in the Trump administration. He didn't stay long but still managed to find time to make a tidy sum of a reported $31.3 million when he sold his

holdings affected by the price of steel three days before Trump imposed a 235 percent tariff on steel imports. What amazing bits of luck these people have. Trump and Sabbatian operatives have long had a close association and his mentor and legal adviser from the early 1970s until 1986 was the dark and genetically corrupt ultra-Zionist Roy Cohn who was chief counsel to Senator Joseph McCarthy's 'communist' witch-hunt in the 1950s. *Esquire* magazine published an article about Cohn with the headline 'Don't mess with Roy Cohn'. He was described as the most feared lawyer in New York and 'a ruthless master of dirty tricks ... [with] ... more than one Mafia Don on speed dial'. Cohn's influence, contacts, support and protection made Trump a front man for Sabbatians in New York with their connections to one of Cohn's many criminal employers, the 'Russian' Sabbatian Mafia. Israel-centric media mogul Rupert Murdoch was introduced to Trump by Cohn and they started a long friendship. Cohn died in 1986 weeks after being disbarred for unethical conduct by the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court. The wheels of justice do indeed run slow given the length of Cohn's crooked career.

QAnon-sense

We are asked to believe that Donald Trump with his fundamental connections to Sabbatian networks and operatives has been leading the fight to stop the Sabbatian agenda for the fascistic control of America and the world. Sure he has. A man entrapped during his years in the White House by Sabbatian operatives and whose biggest financial donor was casino billionaire Sheldon Adelson who was Sabbatian to his DNA?? Oh, do come on. Trump has been used to divide America and isolate Pushbackers on the Cult agenda under the heading of 'Trump supporters', 'insurrectionists' and 'white supremacists'. The US Intelligence/Mossad Psyop or psychological operation known as QAnon emerged during the Trump years as a central pillar in the Sabbatian campaign to lead Pushbackers into the trap set by those that wished to destroy them. I knew from the start that QAnon was a scam because I had seen the same scenario many

times before over 30 years under different names and I had written about one in particular in the books. 'Not again' was my reaction when QAnon came to the fore. The same script is pulled out every few years and a new name added to the letterhead. The story always takes the same form: 'Insiders' or 'the good guys' in the government-intelligence-military 'Deep State' apparatus were going to instigate mass arrests of the 'bad guys' which would include the Rockefellers, Rothschilds, Barack Obama, Hillary Clinton, George Soros, etc., etc. Dates are given for when the 'good guys' are going to move in, but the dates pass without incident and new dates are given which pass without incident. The central message to Pushbackers in each case is that they don't have to do anything because there is 'a plan' and it is all going to be sorted by the 'good guys' on the inside. 'Trust the plan' was a QAnon mantra when the only plan was to misdirect Pushbackers into putting their trust in a Psyop they believed to be real. Beware, beware, those who tell you what you want to hear and always check it out. Right up to Biden's inauguration QAnon was still claiming that 'the Storm' was coming and Trump would stay on as president when Biden and his cronies were arrested and jailed. It was never going to happen and of course it didn't, but what did happen as a result provided that punchline to the Sabbatian Trump/QAnon Psyop.

On January 6th, 2021, a very big crowd of Trump supporters gathered in the National Mall in Washington DC down from the Capitol Building to protest at what they believed to be widespread corruption and vote fraud that stopped Trump being re-elected for a second term as president in November, 2020. I say as someone that does not support Trump or Biden that the evidence is clear that major vote-fixing went on to favour Biden, a man with cognitive problems so advanced he can often hardly string a sentence together without reading the words written for him on the Teleprompter. Glaring ballot discrepancies included serious questions about electronic voting machines that make vote rigging a comparative cinch and hundreds of thousands of paper votes that suddenly appeared during already advanced vote counts and virtually all of

them for Biden. Early Trump leads in crucial swing states suddenly began to close and disappear. The pandemic hoax was used as the excuse to issue almost limitless numbers of mail-in ballots with no checks to establish that the recipients were still alive or lived at that address. They were sent to streams of people who had not even asked for them. Private organisations were employed to gather these ballots and who knows what they did with them before they turned up at the counts. The American election system has been manipulated over decades to become a sick joke with more holes than a Swiss cheese for the express purpose of dictating the results. Then there was the criminal manipulation of information by Sabbatian tech giants like Facebook, Twitter and Google-owned YouTube which deleted pro-Trump, anti-Biden accounts and posts while everything in support of Biden was left alone. Sabbatians wanted Biden to win because after the dividing of America it was time for full-on Woke and every aspect of the Cult agenda to be unleashed.

Hunter gatherer

Extreme Silicon Valley bias included blocking information by the *New York Post* exposing a Biden scandal that should have ended his bid for president in the final weeks of the campaign. Hunter Biden, his monumentally corrupt son, is reported to have sent a laptop to be repaired at a local store and failed to return for it. Time passed until the laptop became the property of the store for non-payment of the bill. When the owner saw what was on the hard drive he gave a copy to the FBI who did nothing even though it confirmed widespread corruption in which the Joe Biden family were using his political position, especially when he was vice president to Obama, to make multiple millions in countries around the world and most notably Ukraine and China. Hunter Biden's one-time business partner Tony Bobulinski went public when the story broke in the *New York Post* to confirm the corruption he saw and that Joe Biden not only knew what was going on he also profited from the spoils. Millions were handed over by a Chinese company with close

connections – like all major businesses in China – to the Chinese communist party of President Xi Jinping. Joe Biden even boasted at a meeting of the Cult's World Economic Forum that as vice president he had ordered the government of Ukraine to fire a prosecutor. What he didn't mention was that the same man just happened to be investigating an energy company which was part of Hunter Biden's corrupt portfolio. The company was paying him big bucks for no other reason than the influence his father had. Overnight Biden's presidential campaign should have been over given that he had lied publicly about not knowing what his son was doing. Instead almost the entire Sabbatian-owned mainstream media and Sabbatian-owned Silicon Valley suppressed circulation of the story. This alone went a mighty way to rigging the election of 2020. Cult assets like Mark Zuckerberg at Facebook also spent hundreds of millions to be used in support of Biden and vote 'administration'.

The Cult had used Trump as the focus to divide America and was now desperate to bring in moronic, pliable, corrupt Biden to complete the double-whammy. No way were they going to let little things like the will of the people thwart their plan. Silicon Valley widely censored claims that the election was rigged because it *was* rigged. For the same reason anyone claiming it was rigged was denounced as a 'white supremacist' including the pathetically few Republican politicians willing to say so. Right across the media where the claim was mentioned it was described as a 'false claim' even though these excuses for 'journalists' would have done no research into the subject whatsoever. Trump won seven million more votes than any sitting president had ever achieved while somehow a cognitively-challenged soon to be 78-year-old who was hidden away from the public for most of the campaign managed to win more votes than any presidential candidate in history. It makes no sense. You only had to see election rallies for both candidates to witness the enthusiasm for Trump and the apathy for Biden. Tens of thousands would attend Trump events while Biden was speaking in empty car parks with often only television crews attending and framing their shots to hide the fact that no one was there. It was pathetic to see

footage come to light of Biden standing at a podium making speeches only to TV crews and party fixers while reading the words written for him on massive Teleprompter screens. So, yes, those protestors on January 6th had a point about election rigging, but some were about to walk into a trap laid for them in Washington by the Cult Deep State and its QAnon Psyop. This was the Capitol Hill riot ludicrously dubbed an 'insurrection'.

The spider and the fly

Renegade Minds know there are not two 'sides' in politics, only one side, the Cult, working through all 'sides'. It's a stage show, a puppet show, to direct the perceptions of the population into focusing on diversions like parties and candidates while missing the puppeteers with their hands holding all the strings. The Capitol Hill 'insurrection' brings us back to the Little Big Horn. Having created two distinct opposing groupings – Woke and Pushbackers – the trap was about to be sprung. Pushbackers were to be encircled and isolated by associating them all in the public mind with Trump and then labelling Trump as some sort of Confederate leader. I knew immediately that the Capitol riot was a set-up because of two things. One was how easy the rioters got into the building with virtually no credible resistance and secondly I could see – as with the 'Covid' hoax in the West at the start of 2020 – how the Cult could exploit the situation to move its agenda forward with great speed. My experience of Cult techniques and activities over more than 30 years has showed me that while they do exploit situations they haven't themselves created this never happens with events of fundamental agenda significance. Every time major events giving cultists the excuse to rapidly advance their plan you find they are manipulated into being for the specific reason of providing that excuse – Problem-Reaction-Solution. Only a tiny minority of the huge crowd of Washington protestors sought to gain entry to the Capitol by smashing windows and breaching doors. That didn't matter. The whole crowd and all Pushbackers, even if they did not support Trump, were going to be lumped together as dangerous

insurrectionists and conspiracy theorists. The latter term came into widespread use through a CIA memo in the 1960s aimed at discrediting those questioning the nonsensical official story of the Kennedy assassination and it subsequently became widely employed by the media. It's still being used by inept 'journalists' with no idea of its origin to discredit anyone questioning anything that authority claims to be true. When you are perpetrating a conspiracy you need to discredit the very word itself even though the dictionary definition of conspiracy is merely 'the activity of secretly planning with other people to do something bad or illegal' and 'a general agreement to keep silent about a subject for the purpose of keeping it secret'. On that basis there are conspiracies almost wherever you look. For obvious reasons the Cult and its lapdog media have to claim there are no conspiracies even though the word appears in state laws as with conspiracy to defraud, to murder, and to corrupt public morals.

Agent provocateurs are widely used by the Cult Deep State to manipulate genuine people into acting in ways that suit the desired outcome. By genuine in this case I mean protestors genuinely supporting Trump and claims that the election was stolen. In among them, however, were agents of the state wearing the garb of Trump supporters and QAnon to pump-prime the Capital riot which some genuine Trump supporters naively fell for. I described the situation as 'Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly'. Leaflets appeared through the Woke paramilitary arm Antifa, the anti-fascist fascists, calling on supporters to turn up in Washington looking like Trump supporters even though they hated him. Some of those arrested for breaching the Capitol Building were sourced to Antifa and its stable mate Black Lives Matter. Both organisations are funded by Cult billionaires and corporations. One man charged for the riot was according to his lawyer a former FBI agent who had held top secret security clearance for 40 years. Attorney Thomas Plofchan said of his client, 66-year-old Thomas Edward Caldwell:

He has held a Top Secret Security Clearance since 1979 and has undergone multiple Special Background Investigations in support of his clearances. After retiring from the Navy, he

worked as a section chief for the Federal Bureau of Investigation from 2009-2010 as a GS-12 [mid-level employee].

He also formed and operated a consulting firm performing work, often classified, for U.S government customers including the US. Drug Enforcement Agency, Department of Housing and Urban Development, the US Coast Guard, and the US Army Personnel Command.

A judge later released Caldwell pending trial in the absence of evidence about a conspiracy or that he tried to force his way into the building. *The New York Post* reported a 'law enforcement source' as saying that 'at least two known Antifa members were spotted' on camera among Trump supporters during the riot while one of the rioters arrested was John Earle Sullivan, a seriously extreme Black Lives Matter Trump-hater from Utah who was previously arrested and charged in July, 2020, over a BLM-Antifa riot in which drivers were threatened and one was shot. Sullivan is the founder of Utah-based Insurgence USA which is an affiliate of the Cult-created-and-funded Black Lives Matter movement. Footage appeared and was then deleted by Twitter of Trump supporters calling out Antifa infiltrators and a group was filmed changing into pro-Trump clothing before the riot. Security at the building was *pathetic* – as planned. Colonel Leroy Fletcher Prouty, a man with long experience in covert operations working with the US security apparatus, once described the tell-tale sign to identify who is involved in an assassination. He said:

No one has to direct an assassination – it happens. The active role is played secretly by permitting it to happen. This is the greatest single clue. Who has the power to call off or reduce the usual security precautions?

This principle applies to many other situations and certainly to the Capitol riot of January 6th, 2021.

The sting

With such a big and potentially angry crowd known to be gathering near the Capitol the security apparatus would have had a major police detail to defend the building with National Guard troops on

standby given the strength of feeling among people arriving from all over America encouraged by the QAnon Psyop and statements by Donald Trump. Instead Capitol Police 'security' was flimsy, weak, and easily breached. The same number of officers was deployed as on a regular day and that is a blatant red flag. They were not staffed or equipped for a possible riot that had been an obvious possibility in the circumstances. No protective and effective fencing worth the name was put in place and there were no contingency plans. The whole thing was basically a case of standing aside and waving people in. Once inside police mostly backed off apart from one Capitol police officer who ridiculously shot dead unarmed Air Force veteran protestor Ashli Babbitt without a warning as she climbed through a broken window. The 'investigation' refused to name or charge the officer after what must surely be considered a murder in the circumstances. They just lifted a carpet and swept. The story was endlessly repeated about five people dying in the 'armed insurrection' when there was no report of rioters using weapons. Apart from Babbitt the other four died from a heart attack, strokes and apparently a drug overdose. Capitol police officer Brian Sicknick was reported to have died after being bludgeoned with a fire extinguisher when he was alive after the riot was over and died later of what the Washington Medical Examiner's Office said was a stroke. Sicknick had no external injuries. The lies were delivered like rapid fire. There was a narrative to build with incessant repetition of the lie until the lie became the accepted 'everybody knows that' truth. The 'Big Lie' technique of Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels is constantly used by the Cult which was behind the Nazis and is today behind the 'Covid' and 'climate change' hoaxes. Goebbels said:

> If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State.

Most protestors had a free run of the Capitol Building. This allowed pictures to be taken of rioters in iconic parts of the building including the Senate chamber which could be used as propaganda images against all Pushbackers. One Congresswoman described the scene as 'the worst kind of non-security anybody could ever imagine'. Well, the first part was true, but someone obviously did imagine it and made sure it happened. Some photographs most widely circulated featured people wearing QAnon symbols and now the Psyop would be used to dub all QAnon followers with the ubiquitous fit-all label of 'white supremacist' and 'insurrectionists'. When a Muslim extremist called Noah Green drove his car at two police officers at the Capitol Building killing one in April, 2021, there was no such political and media hysteria. They were just disappointed he wasn't white.

The witch-hunt

Government prosecutor Michael Sherwin, an aggressive, dark-eyed, professional Rottweiler led the 'investigation' and to call it over the top would be to understate reality a thousand fold. Hundreds were tracked down and arrested for the crime of having the wrong political views and people were jailed who had done nothing more than walk in the building, committed no violence or damage to property, took a few pictures and left. They were labelled a 'threat to the Republic' while Biden sat in the White House signing executive orders written for him that were dismantling 'the Republic'. Even when judges ruled that a mother and son should not be in jail the government kept them there. Some of those arrested have been badly beaten by prison guards in Washington and lawyers for one man said he suffered a fractured skull and was made blind in one eye. Meanwhile a woman is shot dead for no reason by a Capitol Police officer and we are not allowed to know who he is never mind what has happened to him although that will be *nothing*. The Cult's QAnon/Trump sting to identify and isolate Pushbackers and then target them on the road to crushing and deleting them was a resounding success. You would have thought the Russians had

invaded the building at gunpoint and lined up senators for a firing squad to see the political and media reaction. Congresswoman Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez is a child in a woman's body, a terrible-twos, me, me, me, Woker narcissist of such proportions that words have no meaning. She said she thought she was going to die when 'insurrectionists' banged on her office door. It turned out she wasn't even in the Capitol Building when the riot was happening and the 'banging' was a Capitol Police officer. She referred to herself as a 'survivor' which is an insult to all those true survivors of violent and sexual abuse while she lives her pampered and privileged life talking drivel for a living. Her Woke colleague and fellow mega-narcissist Rashida Tlaib broke down describing the devastating effect on her, too, of *not being* in the building when the rioters were there. Ocasio-Cortez and Tlaib are members of a fully-Woke group of Congresswomen known as 'The Squad' along with Ilhan Omar and Ayanna Pressley. The Squad from what I can see can be identified by its vehement anti-white racism, anti-white men agenda, and, as always in these cases, the absence of brain cells on active duty.

The usual suspects were on the riot case immediately in the form of Democrat ultra-Zionist senators and operatives Chuck Schumer and Adam Schiff demanding that Trump be impeached for 'his part in the insurrection'. The same pair of prats had led the failed impeachment of Trump over the invented 'Russia collusion' nonsense which claimed Russia had helped Trump win the 2016 election. I didn't realise that Tel Aviv had been relocated just outside Moscow. I must find an up-to-date map. The Russia hoax was a Sabbatian operation to keep Trump occupied and impotent and to stop any rapport with Russia which the Cult wants to retain as a perceptual enemy to be pulled out at will. Puppet Biden began attacking Russia when he came to office as the Cult seeks more upheaval, division and war across the world. A two-year stage show 'Russia collusion inquiry' headed by the not-very-bright former 9/11 FBI chief Robert Mueller, with support from 19 lawyers, 40 FBI agents plus intelligence analysts, forensic accountants and other

staff, devoured tens of millions of dollars and found no evidence of Russia collusion which a ten-year-old could have told them on day one. Now the same moronic Schumer and Schiff wanted a second impeachment of Trump over the Capitol 'insurrection' (riot) which the arrested development of Schumer called another 'Pearl Harbor' while others compared it with 9/11 in which 3,000 died and, in the case of CNN, with the Rwandan genocide in the 1990s in which an estimated 500,000 to 600,000 were murdered, between 250, 000 and 500,000 women were raped, and populations of whole towns were hacked to death with machetes. To make those comparisons purely for Cult political reasons is beyond insulting to those that suffered and lost their lives and confirms yet again the callous inhumanity that we are dealing with. Schumer is a monumental idiot and so is Schiff, but they serve the Cult agenda and do whatever they're told so they get looked after. Talking of idiots – another inane man who spanned the Russia and Capitol impeachment attempts was Senator Eric Swalwell who had the nerve to accuse Trump of collusion with the Russians while sleeping with a Chinese spy called Christine Fang or 'Fang Fang' which is straight out of a Bond film no doubt starring Klaus Schwab as the bloke living on a secret island and controlling laser weapons positioned in space and pointing at world capitals. Fang Fang plays the part of Bond's infiltrator girlfriend which I'm sure she would enjoy rather more than sharing a bed with the brainless Swalwell, lying back and thinking of China. The FBI eventually warned Swalwell about Fang Fang which gave her time to escape back to the Chinese dictatorship. How very thoughtful of them. The second Trump impeachment also failed and hardly surprising when an impeachment is supposed to remove a sitting president and by the time it happened Trump was no longer president. These people are running your country America, well, officially anyway. Terrifying isn't it?

Outcomes tell the story - always

The outcome of all this – and it's the *outcome* on which Renegade Minds focus, not the words – was that a vicious, hysterical and

obviously pre-planned assault was launched on Pushbackers to censor, silence and discredit them and even targeted their right to earn a living. They have since been condemned as 'domestic terrorists' that need to be treated like Al-Qaeda and Islamic State. 'Domestic terrorists' is a label the Cult has been trying to make stick since the period of the Oklahoma bombing in 1995 which was blamed on 'far-right domestic terrorists'. If you read *The Trigger* you will see that the bombing was clearly a Problem-Reaction-Solution carried out by the Deep State during a Bill Clinton administration so corrupt that no dictionary definition of the term would even nearly suffice. Nearly 30, 000 troops were deployed from all over America to the empty streets of Washington for Biden's inauguration. Ten thousand of them stayed on with the pretext of protecting the capital from insurrectionists when it was more psychological programming to normalise the use of the military in domestic law enforcement in support of the Cult plan for a police-military state. Biden's fascist administration began a purge of 'wrong-thinkers' in the military which means anyone that is not on board with Woke. The Capitol Building was surrounded by a fence with razor wire and the Land of the Free was further symbolically and literally dismantled. The circle was completed with the installation of Biden and the exploitation of the QAnon Psyop.

America had never been so divided since the civil war of the 19th century, Pushbackers were isolated and dubbed terrorists and now, as was always going to happen, the Cult immediately set about deleting what little was left of freedom and transforming American society through a swish of the hand of the most controlled 'president' in American history leading (officially at least) the most extreme regime since the country was declared an independent state on July 4th, 1776. Biden issued undebated, dictatorial executive orders almost by the hour in his opening days in office across the whole spectrum of the Cult wish-list including diluting controls on the border with Mexico allowing thousands of migrants to illegally enter the United States to transform the demographics of America and import an election-changing number of perceived Democrat

voters. Then there were Biden deportation amnesties for the already illegally resident (estimated to be as high as 20 or even 30 million). A bill before Congress awarded American citizenship to anyone who could prove they had worked in agriculture for just 180 days in the previous two years as 'Big Ag' secured its slave labour long-term. There were the plans to add new states to the union such as Puerto Rico and making Washington DC a state. They are all parts of a plan to ensure that the Cult-owned Woke Democrats would be permanently in power.

Border – what border?

I have exposed in detail in other books how mass immigration into the United States and Europe is the work of Cult networks fuelled by the tens of billions spent to this and other ends by George Soros and his global Open Society (open borders) Foundations. The impact can be seen in America alone where the population has increased by *100 million* in little more than 30 years mostly through immigration. I wrote in *The Answer* that the plan was to have so many people crossing the southern border that the numbers become unstoppable and we are now there under Cult-owned Biden. El Salvador in Central America puts the scale of what is happening into context. A third of the population now lives in the United States, much of it illegally, and many more are on the way. The methodology is to crush Central and South American countries economically and spread violence through machete-wielding psychopathic gangs like MS-13 based in El Salvador and now operating in many American cities. Biden-imposed lax security at the southern border means that it is all but open. He said before his 'election' that he wanted to see a surge towards the border if he became president and that was the green light for people to do just that after election day to create the human disaster that followed for both America and the migrants. When that surge came the imbecilic Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez said it wasn't a 'surge' because they are 'children, not insurgents' and the term 'surge' (used by Biden) was a claim of 'white supremacists'.

This disingenuous lady may one day enter the realm of the most basic intelligence, but it won't be any time soon.

Sabbatians and the Cult are in the process of destroying America by importing violent people and gangs in among the genuine to terrorise American cities and by overwhelming services that cannot cope with the sheer volume of new arrivals. Something similar is happening in Europe as Western society in general is targeted for demographic and cultural transformation and upheaval. The plan demands violence and crime to create an environment of intimidation, fear and division and Soros has been funding the election of district attorneys across America who then stop prosecuting many crimes, reduce sentences for violent crimes and free as many violent criminals as they can. Sabbatians are creating the chaos from which order – their order – can respond in a classic Problem-Reaction-Solution. A Freemasonic moto says 'Ordo Ab Chao' (Order out of Chaos) and this is why the Cult is constantly creating chaos to impose a new 'order'. Here you have the reason the Cult is constantly creating chaos. The 'Covid' hoax can be seen with those entering the United States by plane being forced to take a 'Covid' test while migrants flooding through southern border processing facilities do not. Nothing is put in the way of mass migration and if that means ignoring the government's own 'Covid' rules then so be it. They know it's all bullshit anyway. Any pushback on this is denounced as 'racist' by Wokers and Sabbatian fronts like the ultra-Zionist Anti-Defamation League headed by the appalling Jonathan Greenblatt which at the same time argues that Israel should not give citizenship and voting rights to more Palestinian Arabs or the 'Jewish population' (in truth the Sabbatian network) will lose control of the country.

Society-changing numbers

Biden's masters have declared that countries like El Salvador are so dangerous that their people must be allowed into the United States for humanitarian reasons when there are fewer murders in large parts of many Central American countries than in US cities like

Baltimore. That is not to say Central America cannot be a dangerous place and Cult-controlled American governments have been making it so since way back, along with the dismantling of economies, in a long-term plan to drive people north into the United States. Parts of Central America are very dangerous, but in other areas the story is being greatly exaggerated to justify relaxing immigration criteria. Migrants are being offered free healthcare and education in the United States as another incentive to head for the border and there is no requirement to be financially independent before you can enter to prevent the resources of America being drained. You can't blame migrants for seeking what they believe will be a better life, but they are being played by the Cult for dark and nefarious ends. The numbers since Biden took office are huge. In February, 2021, more than 100,000 people were known to have tried to enter the US illegally through the southern border (it was 34,000 in the same month in 2020) and in March it was 170,000 – a 418 percent increase on March, 2020. These numbers are only known people, not the ones who get in unseen. The true figure for migrants illegally crossing the border in a single month was estimated by one congressman at 250,000 and that number will only rise under Biden's current policy. Gangs of murdering drug-running thugs that control the Mexican side of the border demand money – thousands of dollars – to let migrants cross the Rio Grande into America. At the same time gun battles are breaking out on the border several times a week between rival Mexican drug gangs (which now operate globally) who are equipped with sophisticated military-grade weapons, grenades and armoured vehicles. While the Capitol Building was being 'protected' from a non-existent 'threat' by thousands of troops, and others were still deployed at the time in the Cult Neocon war in Afghanistan, the southern border of America was left to its fate. This is not incompetence, it is cold calculation.

By March, 2021, there were 17,000 unaccompanied children held at border facilities and many of them are ensnared by people traffickers for paedophile rings and raped on their journey north to America. This is not conjecture – this is fact. Many of those designated

children are in reality teenage boys or older. Meanwhile Wokers posture their self-purity for encouraging poor and tragic people to come to America and face this nightmare both on the journey and at the border with the disgusting figure of House Speaker Nancy Pelosi giving disingenuous speeches about caring for migrants. The woman's evil. Wokers condemned Trump for having children in cages at the border (so did Obama, *Shhhh*), but now they are sleeping on the floor without access to a shower with one border facility 729 percent over capacity. The Biden insanity even proposed flying migrants from the southern border to the northern border with Canada for 'processing'. The whole shambles is being overseen by ultra-Zionist Secretary of Homeland Security, the moronic liar Alejandro Mayorkas, who banned news cameras at border facilities to stop Americans seeing what was happening. Mayorkas said there was not a ban on news crews; it was just that they were not allowed to film. Alongside him at Homeland Security is another ultra-Zionist Cass Sunstein appointed by Biden to oversee new immigration laws. Sunstein despises conspiracy researchers to the point where he suggests they should be banned or *taxed* for having such views. The man is not bonkers or anything. He's perfectly well-adjusted, but adjusted to what is the question. Criticise what is happening and you are a 'white supremacist' when earlier non-white immigrants also oppose the numbers which effect their lives and opportunities. Black people in poor areas are particularly damaged by uncontrolled immigration and the increased competition for work opportunities with those who will work for less. They are also losing voting power as Hispanics become more dominant in former black areas. It's a downward spiral for them while the billionaires behind the policy drone on about how much they care about black people and 'racism'. None of this is about compassion for migrants or black people – that's just wind and air. Migrants are instead being mercilessly exploited to transform America while the countries they leave are losing their future and the same is true in Europe. Mass immigration may now be the work of Woke Democrats, but it can be traced back to the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act (it

wasn't) signed into law by Republican hero President Ronald Reagan which gave amnesty to millions living in the United States illegally and other incentives for people to head for the southern border. Here we have the one-party state at work again.

Save me syndrome

Almost every aspect of what I have been exposing as the Cult agenda was on display in even the first days of 'Biden' with silencing of Pushbackers at the forefront of everything. A Renegade Mind will view the Trump years and QAnon in a very different light to their supporters and advocates as the dots are connected. The QAnon/Trump Psyop has given the Cult all it was looking for. We may not know how much, or little, that Trump realised he was being used, but that's a side issue. This pincer movement produced the desired outcome of dividing America and having Pushbackers isolated. To turn this around we have to look at new routes to empowerment which do not include handing our power to other people and groups through what I will call the 'Save Me Syndrome' – 'I want someone else to do it so that I don't have to'. We have seen this at work throughout human history and the QAnon/Trump Psyop is only the latest incarnation alongside all the others. Religion is an obvious expression of this when people look to a 'god' or priest to save them or tell them how to be saved and then there are 'save me' politicians like Trump. Politics is a diversion and not a 'saviour'. It is a means to block positive change, not make it possible.

Save Me Syndrome always comes with the same repeating theme of handing your power to whom or what you believe will save you while your real 'saviour' stares back from the mirror every morning. Renegade Minds are constantly vigilant in this regard and always asking the question 'What can I do?' rather than 'What can someone else do for me?' Gandhi was right when he said: 'You must be the change you want to see in the world.' We are indeed the people we have been waiting for. We are presented with a constant raft of reasons to concede that power to others and forget where the real power is. Humanity has the numbers and the Cult does not. It has to

use diversion and division to target the unstoppable power that comes from unity. Religions, governments, politicians, corporations, media, QAnon, are all different manifestations of this power-diversion and dilution. Refusing to give your power to governments and instead handing it to Trump and QAnon is not to take a new direction, but merely to recycle the old one with new names on the posters. I will explore this phenomenon as we proceed and how to break the cycles and recycles that got us here through the mists of repeating perception and so repeating history.

For now we shall turn to the most potent example in the entire human story of the consequences that follow when you give your power away. I am talking, of course, of the 'Covid' hoax.

CHAPTER FOUR

'Covid': Calculated catastrophe

Facts are threatening to those invested in fraud
DaShanne Stokes

We can easily unravel the real reason for the 'Covid pandemic' hoax by employing the Renegade Mind methodology that I have outlined this far. We'll start by comparing the long-planned Cult outcome with the 'Covid pandemic' outcome. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey.

I have highlighted the plan for the Hunger Games Society which has been in my books for so many years with the very few controlling the very many through ongoing dependency. To create this dependency it is essential to destroy independent livelihoods, businesses and employment to make the population reliant on the state (the Cult) for even the basics of life through a guaranteed pittance income. While independence of income remained these Cult ambitions would be thwarted. With this knowledge it was easy to see where the 'pandemic' hoax was going once talk of 'lockdowns' began and the closing of all but perceived 'essential' businesses to 'save' us from an alleged 'deadly virus'. Cult corporations like Amazon and Walmart were naturally considered 'essential' while mom and pop shops and stores had their doors closed by fascist decree. As a result with every new lockdown and new regulation more small and medium, even large businesses not owned by the Cult, went to the wall while Cult giants and their frontmen and women grew financially fatter by the second. Mom and pop were

denied an income and the right to earn a living and the wealth of people like Jeff Bezos (Amazon), Mark Zuckerberg (Facebook) and Sergei Brin and Larry Page (Google/Alphabet) have reached record levels. The Cult was increasing its own power through further dramatic concentrations of wealth while the competition was being destroyed and brought into a state of dependency. Lockdowns have been instigated to secure that very end and were never anything to do with health. My brother Paul spent 45 years building up a bus repair business, but lockdowns meant buses were running at a fraction of normal levels for months on end. Similar stories can told in their hundreds of millions worldwide. Efforts of a lifetime coldly destroyed by Cult multi-billionaires and their lackeys in government and law enforcement who continued to earn their living from the taxation of the people while denying the right of the same people to earn theirs. How different it would have been if those making and enforcing these decisions had to face the same financial hardships of those they affected, but they never do.

Gates of Hell

Behind it all in the full knowledge of what he is doing and why is the psychopathic figure of Cult operative Bill Gates. His puppet Tedros at the World Health Organization declared 'Covid' a pandemic in March, 2020. The WHO had changed the definition of a 'pandemic' in 2009 just a month before declaring the 'swine flu pandemic' which would not have been so under the previous definition. The same applies to 'Covid'. The definition had included… 'an infection by an infectious agent, occurring simultaneously in different countries, with a significant mortality rate relative to the proportion of the population infected'. The new definition removed the need for 'significant mortality'. The 'pandemic' has been fraudulent even down to the definition, but Gates demanded economy-destroying lockdowns, school closures, social distancing, mandatory masks, a 'vaccination' for every man, woman and child on the planet and severe consequences and restrictions for those that refused. Who gave him this power? The

Cult did which he serves like a little boy in short trousers doing what his daddy tells him. He and his psychopathic missus even smiled when they said that much worse was to come (what they knew was planned to come). Gates responded in the matter-of-fact way of all psychopaths to a question about the effect on the world economy of what he was doing:

> Well, it won't go to zero but it will shrink. Global GDP is probably going to take the biggest hit ever [Gates was smiling as he said this] … in my lifetime this will be the greatest economic hit. But you don't have a choice. People act as if you have a choice. People don't feel like going to the stadium when they might get infected … People are deeply affected by seeing these stats, by knowing they could be part of the transmission chain, old people, their parents and grandparents, could be affected by this, and so you don't get to say ignore what is going on here.
>
> There will be the ability to open up, particularly in rich countries, if things are done well over the next few months, but for the world at large normalcy only returns when we have largely vaccinated the entire population.

The man has no compassion or empathy. How could he when he's a psychopath like all Cult players? My own view is that even beyond that he is very seriously mentally ill. Look in his eyes and you can see this along with his crazy flailing arms. You don't do what he has done to the world population since the start of 2020 unless you are mentally ill and at the most extreme end of psychopathic. You especially don't do it when to you know, as we shall see, that cases and deaths from 'Covid' are fakery and a product of monumental figure massaging. 'These stats' that Gates referred to are based on a 'test' that's not testing for the 'virus' as he has known all along. He made his fortune with big Cult support as an infamously ruthless software salesman and now buys global control of 'health' (death) policy without the population he affects having any say. It's a breathtaking outrage. Gates talked about people being deeply affected by fear of 'Covid' when that was because of *him* and his global network lying to them minute-by-minute supported by a lying media that he seriously influences and funds to the tune of hundreds of millions. He's handed big sums to media operations including the BBC, NBC, Al Jazeera, Univision, *PBS NewsHour*,

ProPublica, National Journal, The Guardian, The Financial Times, The Atlantic, Texas Tribune, USA Today publisher Gannett, *Washington Monthly, Le Monde,* Center for Investigative Reporting, Pulitzer Center on Crisis Reporting, National Press Foundation, International Center for Journalists, Solutions Journalism Network, the Poynter Institute for Media Studies, and many more. Gates is everywhere in the 'Covid' hoax and the man must go to prison – or a mental facility – for the rest of his life and his money distributed to those he has taken such enormous psychopathic pleasure in crushing.

The Muscle

The Hunger Games global structure demands a police-military state – a fusion of the two into one force – which viciously imposes the will of the Cult on the population and protects the Cult from public rebellion. In that regard, too, the 'Covid' hoax just keeps on giving. Often unlawful, ridiculous and contradictory 'Covid' rules and regulations have been policed across the world by moronic automatons and psychopaths made faceless by face-nappy masks and acting like the Nazi SS and fascist blackshirts and brownshirts of Hitler and Mussolini. The smallest departure from the rules decreed by the psychos in government and their clueless gofers were jumped upon by the face-nappy fascists. Brutality against public protestors soon became commonplace even on girls, women and old people as the brave men with the batons – the Face-Nappies as I call them – broke up peaceful protests and handed out fines like confetti to people who couldn't earn a living let alone pay hundreds of pounds for what was once an accepted human right. Robot Face-Nappies of Nottingham police in the English East Midlands fined one group £11,000 for attending a child's birthday party. For decades I charted the transformation of law enforcement as genuine, decent officers were replaced with psychopaths and the brain dead who would happily and brutally do whatever their masters told them. Now they were let loose on the public and I would emphasise the point that none of this just happened. The step-by-step change in the dynamic between police and public was orchestrated from the shadows by

those who knew where this was all going and the same with the perceptual reframing of those in all levels of authority and official administration through 'training courses' by organisations such as Common Purpose which was created in the late 1980s and given a massive boost in Blair era Britain until it became a global phenomenon. Supposed public 'servants' began to view the population as the enemy and the same was true of the police. This was the start of the explosion of behaviour manipulation organisations and networks preparing for the all-war on the human psyche unleashed with the dawn of 2020. I will go into more detail about this later in the book because it is a core part of what is happening.

Police desecrated beauty spots to deter people gathering and arrested women for walking in the countryside alone 'too far' from their homes. We had arrogant, clueless sergeants in the Isle of Wight police where I live posting on Facebook what they insisted the population must do or else. A schoolmaster sergeant called Radford looked young enough for me to ask if his mother knew he was out, but he was posting what he *expected* people to do while a Sergeant Wilkinson boasted about fining lads for meeting in a McDonald's car park where they went to get a lockdown takeaway. Wilkinson added that he had even cancelled their order. What a pair of prats these people are and yet they have increasingly become the norm among Jackboot Johnson's Yellowshirts once known as the British police. This was the theme all over the world with police savagery common during lockdown protests in the United States, the Netherlands, and the fascist state of Victoria in Australia under its tyrannical and again moronic premier Daniel Andrews. Amazing how tyrannical and moronic tend to work as a team and the same combination could be seen across America as arrogant, narcissistic Woke governors and mayors such as Gavin Newsom (California), Andrew Cuomo (New York), Gretchen Whitmer (Michigan), Lori Lightfoot (Chicago) and Eric Garcetti (Los Angeles) did their Nazi and Stalin impressions with the full support of the compliant brutality of their enforcers in uniform as they arrested small business owners defying

fascist shutdown orders and took them to jail in ankle shackles and handcuffs. This happened to bistro owner Marlena Pavlos-Hackney in Gretchen Whitmer's fascist state of Michigan when police arrived to enforce an order by a state-owned judge for 'putting the community at risk' at a time when other states like Texas were dropping restrictions and migrants were pouring across the southern border without any 'Covid' questions at all. I'm sure there are many officers appalled by what they are ordered to do, but not nearly enough of them. If they were truly appalled they would not do it. As the months passed every opportunity was taken to have the military involved to make their presence on the streets ever more familiar and 'normal' for the longer-term goal of police-military fusion.

Another crucial element to the Hunger Games enforcement network has been encouraging the public to report neighbours and others for 'breaking the lockdown rules'. The group faced with £11,000 in fines at the child's birthday party would have been dobbed-in by a neighbour with a brain the size of a pea. The technique was most famously employed by the Stasi secret police in communist East Germany who had public informants placed throughout the population. A police chief in the UK says his force doesn't need to carry out 'Covid' patrols when they are flooded with so many calls from the public reporting other people for visiting the beach. Dorset police chief James Vaughan said people were so enthusiastic about snitching on their fellow humans they were now operating as an auxiliary arm of the police: 'We are still getting around 400 reports a week from the public, so we will respond to reports …We won't need to be doing hotspot patrols because people are very quick to pick the phone up and tell us.' Vaughan didn't say that this is a pillar of all tyrannies of whatever complexion and the means to hugely extend the reach of enforcement while spreading distrust among the people and making them wary of doing anything that might get them reported. Those narcissistic Isle of Wight sergeants Radford and Wilkinson never fail to add a link to their Facebook posts where the public can inform on their fellow slaves.

Neither would be self-aware enough to realise they were imitating the Stasi which they might well never have heard of. Government psychologists that I will expose later laid out a policy to turn communities against each other in the same way.

A coincidence? Yep, and I can knit fog

I knew from the start of the alleged pandemic that this was a Cult operation. It presented limitless potential to rapidly advance the Cult agenda and exploit manipulated fear to demand that every man, woman and child on the planet was 'vaccinated' in a process never used on humans before which infuses self-replicating *synthetic* material into human cells. Remember the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic biological state. I'll deal with the 'vaccine' (that's not actually a vaccine) when I focus on the genetic agenda. Enough to say here that mass global 'vaccination' justified by this 'new virus' set alarms ringing after 30 years of tracking these people and their methods. The 'Covid' hoax officially beginning in China was also a big red flag for reasons I will be explaining. The agenda potential was so enormous that I could dismiss any idea that the 'virus' appeared naturally. Major happenings with major agenda implications never occur without Cult involvement in making them happen. My questions were twofold in early 2020 as the media began its campaign to induce global fear and hysteria: Was this alleged infectious agent released on purpose by the Cult or did it even exist at all? I then did what I always do in these situations. I sat, observed and waited to see where the evidence and information would take me. By March and early April synchronicity was strongly – and ever more so since then – pointing me in the direction of *there is no 'virus'*. I went public on that with derision even from swathes of the alternative media that voiced a scenario that the Chinese government released the 'virus' in league with Deep State elements in the United States from a top-level bio-lab in Wuhan where the 'virus' is said to have first appeared. I looked at that possibility, but I didn't buy it for several reasons. Deaths from the 'virus' did not in any way match what they

would have been with a 'deadly bioweapon' and it is much more effective if you sell the *illusion* of an infectious agent rather than having a real one unless you can control through injection who has it and who doesn't. Otherwise you lose control of events. A made-up 'virus' gives you a blank sheet of paper on which you can make it do whatever you like and have any symptoms or mutant 'variants' you choose to add while a real infectious agent would limit you to what it actually does. A phantom disease allows you to have endless ludicrous 'studies' on the 'Covid' dollar to widen the perceived impact by inventing ever more 'at risk' groups including one study which said those who walk slowly may be almost four times more likely to die from the 'virus'. People are in psychiatric wards for less.

A real 'deadly bioweapon' can take out people in the hierarchy that are not part of the Cult, but essential to its operation. Obviously they don't want that. Releasing a real disease means you immediately lose control of it. Releasing an illusory one means you don't. Again it's vital that people are extra careful when dealing with what they want to hear. A bioweapon unleashed from a Chinese laboratory in collusion with the American Deep State may fit a conspiracy narrative, but is it true? Would it not be far more effective to use the excuse of a 'virus' to justify the real bioweapon – the 'vaccine'? That way your disease agent does not have to be transmitted and arrives directly through a syringe. I saw a French virologist Luc Montagnier quoted in the alternative media as saying he had discovered that the alleged 'new' severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus , or SARS-CoV-2, was made artificially and included elements of the human immunodeficiency 'virus' (HIV) and a parasite that causes malaria. SARS-CoV-2 is alleged to trigger an alleged illness called Covid-19. I remembered Montagnier's name from my research years before into claims that an HIV 'retrovirus' causes AIDs – claims that were demolished by Berkeley virologist Peter Duesberg who showed that no one had ever proved that HIV causes acquired immunodeficiency syndrome or AIDS. Claims that become accepted as fact, publicly and medically, with no proof whatsoever are an ever-recurring story that profoundly applies to

'Covid'. Nevertheless, despite the lack of proof, Montagnier's team at the Pasteur Institute in Paris had a long dispute with American researcher Robert Gallo over which of them discovered and isolated the HIV 'virus' and with *no evidence* found it to cause AIDS. You will see later that there is also no evidence that any 'virus' causes any disease or that there is even such a thing as a 'virus' in the way it is said to exist. The claim to have 'isolated' the HIV 'virus' will be presented in its real context as we come to the shocking story – and it is a story – of SARS-CoV-2 and so will Montagnier's assertion that he identified the full SARS-CoV-2 genome.

Hoax in the making

We can pick up the 'Covid' story in 2010 and the publication by the Rockefeller Foundation of a document called 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development'. The inner circle of the Rockefeller family has been serving the Cult since John D. Rockefeller (1839-1937) made his fortune with Standard Oil. It is less well known that the same Rockefeller – the Bill Gates of his day – was responsible for establishing what is now referred to as 'Big Pharma', the global network of pharmaceutical companies that make outrageous profits dispensing scalpel and drug 'medicine' and are obsessed with pumping vaccines in ever-increasing number into as many human arms and backsides as possible. John D. Rockefeller was the driving force behind the creation of the 'education' system in the United States and elsewhere specifically designed to program the perceptions of generations thereafter. The Rockefeller family donated exceptionally valuable land in New York for the United Nations building and were central in establishing the World Health Organization in 1948 as an agency of the UN which was created from the start as a Trojan horse and stalking horse for world government. Now enter Bill Gates. His family and the Rockefellers have long been extremely close and I have seen genealogy which claims that if you go back far enough the two families fuse into the same bloodline. Gates has said that the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation was inspired by the Rockefeller Foundation and why not

when both are serving the same Cult? Major tax-exempt foundations are overwhelmingly criminal enterprises in which Cult assets fund the Cult agenda in the guise of 'philanthropy' while avoiding tax in the process. Cult operatives can become mega-rich in their role of front men and women for the psychopaths at the inner core and they, too, have to be psychopaths to knowingly serve such evil. Part of the deal is that a big percentage of the wealth gleaned from representing the Cult has to be spent advancing the ambitions of the Cult and hence you have the Rockefeller Foundation, Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (and *so* many more) and people like George Soros with his global Open Society Foundations spending their billions in pursuit of global Cult control. Gates is a global public face of the Cult with his interventions in world affairs including Big Tech influence; a central role in the 'Covid' and 'vaccine' scam; promotion of the climate change shakedown; manipulation of education; geoengineering of the skies; and his food-control agenda as the biggest owner of farmland in America, his GMO promotion and through other means. As one writer said: 'Gates monopolizes or wields disproportionate influence over the tech industry, global health and vaccines, agriculture and food policy (including biopiracy and fake food), weather modification and other climate technologies, surveillance, education and media.' The almost limitless wealth secured through Microsoft and other not-allowed-to-fail ventures (including vaccines) has been ploughed into a long, long list of Cult projects designed to enslave the entire human race. Gates and the Rockefellers have been working as one unit with the Rockefeller-established World Health Organization leading global 'Covid' policy controlled by Gates through his mouth-piece Tedros. Gates became the WHO's biggest funder when Trump announced that the American government would cease its donations, but Biden immediately said he would restore the money when he took office in January, 2021. The Gates Foundation (the Cult) owns through limitless funding the world health system and the major players across the globe in the 'Covid' hoax.

Okay, with that background we return to that Rockefeller Foundation document of 2010 headed 'Scenarios for the Future of Technology and International Development' and its 'imaginary' epidemic of a virulent and deadly influenza strain which infected 20 percent of the global population and killed eight million in seven months. The Rockefeller scenario was that the epidemic destroyed economies, closed shops, offices and other businesses and led to governments imposing fierce rules and restrictions that included mandatory wearing of face masks and body-temperature checks to enter communal spaces like railway stations and supermarkets. The document predicted that even after the height of the Rockefeller-envisaged epidemic the authoritarian rule would continue to deal with further pandemics, transnational terrorism, environmental crises and rising poverty. Now you may think that the Rockefellers are our modern-day seers or alternatively, and rather more likely, that they well knew what was planned a few years further on. Fascism had to be imposed, you see, to 'protect citizens from risk and exposure'. The Rockefeller scenario document said:

During the pandemic, national leaders around the world flexed their authority and imposed airtight rules and restrictions, from the mandatory wearing of face masks to body-temperature checks at the entries to communal spaces like train stations and supermarkets. Even after the pandemic faded, this more authoritarian control and oversight of citizens and their activities stuck and even intensified. In order to protect themselves from the spread of increasingly global problems – from pandemics and transnational terrorism to environmental crises and rising poverty – leaders around the world took a firmer grip on power.

At first, the notion of a more controlled world gained wide acceptance and approval. Citizens willingly gave up some of their sovereignty – and their privacy – to more paternalistic states in exchange for greater safety and stability. Citizens were more tolerant, and even eager, for top-down direction and oversight, and national leaders had more latitude to impose order in the ways they saw fit.

In developed countries, this heightened oversight took many forms: biometric IDs for all citizens, for example, and tighter regulation of key industries whose stability was deemed vital to national interests. In many developed countries, enforced cooperation with a suite of new regulations and agreements slowly but steadily restored both order and, importantly, economic growth.

There we have the prophetic Rockefellers in 2010 and three years later came their paper for the Global Health Summit in Beijing, China, when government representatives, the private sector, international organisations and groups met to discuss the next 100 years of 'global health'. The Rockefeller Foundation-funded paper was called 'Dreaming the Future of Health for the Next 100 Years and more prophecy ensued as it described a dystopian future: 'The abundance of data, digitally tracking and linking people may mean the 'death of privacy' and may replace physical interaction with transient, virtual connection, generating isolation and raising questions of how values are shaped in virtual networks.' Next in the 'Covid' hoax preparation sequence came a 'table top' simulation in 2018 for another 'imaginary' pandemic of a disease called Clade X which was said to kill 900 million people. The exercise was organised by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins University's Center for Health Security in the United States and this is the very same university that has been compiling the disgustingly and systematically erroneous global figures for 'Covid' cases and deaths. Similar Johns Hopkins health crisis scenarios have included the Dark Winter exercise in 2001 and Atlantic Storm in 2005.

Nostradamus 201

For sheer predictive genius look no further prophecy-watchers than the Bill Gates-funded Event 201 held only six weeks before the 'coronavirus pandemic' is supposed to have broken out in China and Event 201 was based on a scenario of a global 'coronavirus pandemic'. Melinda Gates, the great man's missus, told the BBC that he had 'prepared for years' for a coronavirus pandemic which told us what we already knew. Nostradamugates had predicted in a TED talk in 2015 that a pandemic was coming that would kill a lot of people and demolish the world economy. My god, the man is a machine – possibly even literally. Now here he was only weeks before the real thing funding just such a simulated scenario and involving his friends and associates at Johns Hopkins, the World Economic Forum Cult-front of Klaus Schwab, the United Nations,

Johnson & Johnson, major banks, and officials from China and the Centers for Disease Control in the United States. What synchronicity – Johns Hopkins would go on to compile the fraudulent 'Covid' figures, the World Economic Forum and Schwab would push the 'Great Reset' in response to 'Covid', the Centers for Disease Control would be at the forefront of 'Covid' policy in the United States, Johnson & Johnson would produce a 'Covid vaccine', and everything would officially start just weeks later in China. Spooky, eh? They were even accurate in creating a simulation of a 'virus' pandemic because the 'real thing' would also be a simulation. Event 201 was not an exercise preparing for something that might happen; it was a rehearsal for what those in control knew was *going* to happen and very shortly. Hours of this simulation were posted on the Internet and the various themes and responses mirrored what would soon be imposed to transform human society. News stories were inserted and what they said would be commonplace a few weeks later with still more prophecy perfection. Much discussion focused on the need to deal with misinformation and the 'anti-vax movement' which is exactly what happened when the 'virus' arrived – was said to have arrived – in the West.

Cult-owned social media banned criticism and exposure of the official 'virus' narrative and when I said there *was* no 'virus' in early April, 2020, I was banned by one platform after another including YouTube, Facebook and later Twitter. The mainstream broadcast media in Britain was in effect banned from interviewing me by the Tony-Blair-created government broadcasting censor Ofcom headed by career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes who was appointed just as the 'virus' hoax was about to play out in January, 2020. At the same time the Ickonic media platform was using Vimeo, another ultra-Zionist-owned operation, while our own player was being created and they deleted in an instant hundreds of videos, documentaries, series and shows to confirm their unbelievable vindictiveness. We had copies, of course, and they had to be restored one by one when our player was ready. These people have no class. Sabbatian Facebook promised free advertisements for the Gates-

controlled World Health Organization narrative while deleting 'false claims and conspiracy theories' to stop 'misinformation' about the alleged coronavirus. All these responses could be seen just a short while earlier in the scenarios of Event 201. Extreme censorship was absolutely crucial for the Cult because the official story was so ridiculous and unsupportable by the evidence that it could never survive open debate and the free-flow of information and opinion. If you can't win a debate then don't have one is the Cult's approach throughout history. Facebook's little boy front man – front boy – Mark Zuckerberg equated 'credible and accurate information' with official sources and exposing their lies with 'misinformation'.

Silencing those that can see

The censorship dynamic of Event 201 is now the norm with an army of narrative-supporting 'fact-checker' organisations whose entire reason for being is to tell the public that official narratives are true and those exposing them are lying. One of the most appalling of these 'fact-checkers' is called NewsGuard founded by ultra-Zionist Americans Gordon Crovitz and Steven Brill. Crovitz is a former publisher of *The Wall Street Journal*, former Executive Vice President of Dow Jones, a member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), and on the board of the American Association of Rhodes Scholars. The CFR and Rhodes Scholarships, named after Rothschild agent Cecil Rhodes who plundered the gold and diamonds of South Africa for his masters and the Cult, have featured widely in my books. NewsGuard don't seem to like me for some reason – I really can't think why – and they have done all they can to have me censored and discredited which is, to quote an old British politician, like being savaged by a dead sheep. They are, however, like all in the censorship network, very well connected and funded by organisations themselves funded by, or connected to, Bill Gates. As you would expect with anything associated with Gates NewsGuard has an offshoot called HealthGuard which 'fights online health care hoaxes'. How very kind. Somehow the NewsGuard European Managing Director Anna-Sophie Harling, a remarkably young-

looking woman with no broadcasting experience and little hands-on work in journalism, has somehow secured a position on the 'Content Board' of UK government broadcast censor Ofcom. An executive of an organisation seeking to discredit dissidents of the official narratives is making decisions for the government broadcast 'regulator' about content?? Another appalling 'fact-checker' is Full Fact funded by George Soros and global censors Google and Facebook.

It's amazing how many activists in the 'fact-checking', 'anti-hate', arena turn up in government-related positions – people like UK Labour Party activist Imran Ahmed who heads the Center for Countering Digital Hate founded by people like Morgan McSweeney, now chief of staff to the Labour Party's hapless and useless 'leader' Keir Starmer. Digital Hate – which is what it really is – uses the American spelling of Center to betray its connection to a transatlantic network of similar organisations which in 2020 shapeshifted from attacking people for 'hate' to attacking them for questioning the 'Covid' hoax and the dangers of the 'Covid vaccine'. It's just a coincidence, you understand. This is one of Imran Ahmed's hysterical statements: 'I would go beyond calling anti-vaxxers conspiracy theorists to say they are an extremist group that pose a national security risk.' No one could ever accuse this prat of understatement and he's including in that those parents who are now against vaccines after their children were damaged for life or killed by them. He's such a nice man. Ahmed does the rounds of the Woke media getting soft-ball questions from spineless 'journalists' who never ask what right he has to campaign to destroy the freedom of speech of others while he demands it for himself. There also seems to be an overrepresentation in Ofcom of people connected to the narrative-worshipping BBC. This incredible global network of narrative-support was super-vital when the 'Covid' hoax was played in the light of the mega-whopper lies that have to be defended from the spotlight cast by the most basic intelligence.

Setting the scene

The Cult plays the long game and proceeds step-by-step ensuring that everything is in place before major cards are played and they don't come any bigger than the 'Covid' hoax. The psychopaths can't handle events where the outcome isn't certain and as little as possible – preferably nothing – is left to chance. Politicians, government and medical officials who would follow direction were brought to illusory power in advance by the Cult web whether on the national stage or others like state governors and mayors of America. For decades the dynamic between officialdom, law enforcement and the public was changed from one of service to one of control and dictatorship. Behaviour manipulation networks established within government were waiting to impose the coming 'Covid' rules and regulations specifically designed to subdue and rewire the psyche of the people in the guise of protecting health. These included in the UK the Behavioural Insights Team part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office; the Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B); and a whole web of intelligence and military groups seeking to direct the conversation on social media and control the narrative. Among them are the cyberwarfare (on the people) 77th Brigade of the British military which is also coordinated through the Cabinet Office as civilian and military leadership continues to combine in what they call the Fusion Doctrine. The 77th Brigade is a British equivalent of the infamous Israeli (Sabbatian) military cyberwarfare and Internet manipulation operation Unit 8200 which I expose at length in *The Trigger*. Also carefully in place were the medical and science advisers to government – many on the payroll past or present of Bill Gates – and a whole alternative structure of unelected government stood by to take control when elected parliaments were effectively closed down once the 'Covid' card was slammed on the table. The structure I have described here and so much more was installed in every major country through the Cult networks. The top-down control hierarchy looks like this: The Cult – Cult-owned Gates – the World Health Organization and Tedros – Gates-funded or controlled chief medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators) in each country –

political 'leaders'– law enforcement – The People. Through this simple global communication and enforcement structure the policy of the Cult could be imposed on virtually the entire human population so long as they acquiesced to the fascism. With everything in place it was time for the button to be pressed in late 2019/early 2020.

These were the prime goals the Cult had to secure for its will to prevail:

1) Locking down economies, closing all but designated 'essential' businesses (Cult-owned corporations were 'essential'), and putting the population under house arrest was an imperative to destroy independent income and employment and ensure dependency on the Cult-controlled state in the Hunger Games Society. Lockdowns had to be established as the global blueprint from the start to respond to the 'virus' and followed by pretty much the entire world.

2) The global population had to be terrified into believing in a deadly 'virus' that didn't actually exist so they would unquestioningly obey authority in the belief that authority must know how best to protect them and their families. Software salesman Gates would suddenly morph into the world's health expert and be promoted as such by the Cult-owned media.

3) A method of testing that wasn't testing for the 'virus', but was only claimed to be, had to be in place to provide the illusion of 'cases' and subsequent 'deaths' that had a very different cause to the 'Covid-19' that would be scribbled on the death certificate.

4) Because there was no 'virus' and the great majority testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' would have no symptoms of anything the lie had to be sold that people without symptoms (without the 'virus') could still pass it on to others. This was crucial to justify for the first time quarantining – house arresting – healthy people. Without this the economy-destroying lockdown of *everybody* could not have been credibly sold.

5) The 'saviour' had to be seen as a vaccine which beyond evil drug companies were working like angels of mercy to develop as quickly as possible, with all corners cut, to save the day. The public must absolutely not know that the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with a 'virus' or that the contents were ready and waiting with a very different motive long before the 'Covid' card was even lifted from the pack.

I said in March, 2020, that the 'vaccine' would have been created way ahead of the 'Covid' hoax which justified its use and the following December an article in the New York *Intelligencer* magazine said the Moderna 'vaccine' had been 'designed' by

January, 2020. This was 'before China had even acknowledged that the disease could be transmitted from human to human, more than a week before the first confirmed coronavirus case in the United States'. The article said that by the time the first American death was announced a month later 'the vaccine had already been manufactured and shipped to the National Institutes of Health for the beginning of its Phase I clinical trial'. The 'vaccine' was actually 'designed' long before that although even with this timescale you would expect the article to ask how on earth it could have been done that quickly. Instead it asked why the 'vaccine' had not been rolled out then and not months later. Journalism in the mainstream is truly dead. I am going to detail in the next chapter why the 'virus' has never existed and how a hoax on that scale was possible, but first the foundation on which the Big Lie of 'Covid' was built.

The test that doesn't test

Fraudulent 'testing' is the bottom line of the whole 'Covid' hoax and was the means by which a 'virus' that did not exist *appeared* to exist. They could only achieve this magic trick by using a test not testing for the 'virus'. To use a test that *was* testing for the 'virus' would mean that every test would come back negative given there was no 'virus'. They chose to exploit something called the RT-PCR test invented by American biochemist Kary Mullis in the 1980s who said publicly that his PCR test … *cannot detect infectious disease*. Yes, the 'test' used worldwide to detect infectious 'Covid' to produce all the illusory 'cases' and 'deaths' compiled by Johns Hopkins and others *cannot detect infectious disease*. This fact came from the mouth of the man who invented PCR and was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1993 for doing so. Sadly, and incredibly conveniently for the Cult, Mullis died in August, 2019, at the age of 74 just before his test would be fraudulently used to unleash fascism on the world. He was said to have died from pneumonia which was an irony in itself. A few months later he would have had 'Covid-19' on his death certificate. I say the timing of his death was convenient because had he lived Mullis, a brilliant, honest and decent man, would have been

vociferously speaking out against the use of his test to detect 'Covid' when it was never designed, or able, to do that. I know that to be true given that Mullis made the same point when his test was used to 'detect' – not detect – HIV. He had been seriously critical of the Gallo/Montagnier claim to have isolated the HIV 'virus' and shown it to cause AIDS for which Mullis said there was no evidence. AIDS is actually not a disease but a series of diseases from which people die all the time. When they die from those *same diseases* after a positive 'test' for HIV then AIDS goes on their death certificate. I think I've heard that before somewhere. Countries instigated a policy with 'Covid' that anyone who tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and died of any other cause within 28 days and even longer 'Covid-19' had to go on the death certificate. Cases have come from the test that can't test for infectious disease and the deaths are those who have died of *anything* after testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I'll have much more later about the death certificate scandal.

Mullis was deeply dismissive of the now US 'Covid' star Anthony Fauci who he said was a liar who didn't know anything about anything – 'and I would say that to his face – nothing.' He said of Fauci: 'The man thinks he can take a blood sample, put it in an electron microscope and if it's got a virus in there you'll know it – he doesn't understand electron microscopy and he doesn't understand medicine and shouldn't be in a position like he's in.' That position, terrifyingly, has made him the decider of 'Covid' fascism policy on behalf of the Cult in his role as director since 1984 of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID) while his record of being wrong is laughable; but being wrong, so long as it's the *right kind* of wrong, is why the Cult loves him. He'll say anything the Cult tells him to say. Fauci was made Chief Medical Adviser to the President immediately Biden took office. Biden was installed in the White House by Cult manipulation and one of his first decisions was to elevate Fauci to a position of even more control. This is a coincidence? Yes, and I identify as a flamenco dancer called Lola. How does such an incompetent criminal like Fauci remain in that

pivotal position in American health since *the 1980s*? When you serve the Cult it looks after you until you are surplus to requirements. Kary Mullis said prophetically of Fauci and his like: 'Those guys have an agenda and it's not an agenda we would like them to have … they make their own rules, they change them when they want to, and Tony Fauci does not mind going on television in front of the people who pay his salary and lie directly into the camera.' Fauci has done that almost daily since the 'Covid' hoax began. Lying is in Fauci's DNA. To make the situation crystal clear about the PCR test this is a direct quote from its inventor Kary Mullis:

> It [the PCR test] doesn't tell you that you're sick and doesn't tell you that the thing you ended up with was really going to hurt you ...'

Ask yourself why governments and medical systems the world over have been using this very test to decide who is 'infected' with the SARS-CoV-2 'virus' and the alleged disease it allegedly causes, 'Covid-19'. The answer to that question will tell you what has been going on. By the way, here's a little show-stopper – the 'new' SARS-CoV-2 'virus' was 'identified' as such right from the start using … *the PCR test not testing for the 'virus'*. If you are new to this and find that shocking then stick around. I have hardly started yet. Even worse, other 'tests', like the 'Lateral Flow Device' (LFD), are considered so useless that they have to be *confirmed* by the PCR test! Leaked emails written by Ben Dyson, adviser to UK 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock, said they were 'dangerously unreliable'. Dyson, executive director of strategy at the Department of Health, wrote: 'As of today, someone who gets a positive LFD result in (say) London has at best a 25 per cent chance of it being a true positive, but if it is a self-reported test potentially as low as 10 per cent (on an optimistic assumption about specificity) or as low as 2 per cent (on a more pessimistic assumption).' These are the 'tests' that schoolchildren and the public are being urged to have twice a week or more and have to isolate if they get a positive. Each fake positive goes in the statistics as a 'case' no matter how ludicrously inaccurate and the

'cases' drive lockdown, masks and the pressure to 'vaccinate'. The government said in response to the email leak that the 'tests' were accurate which confirmed yet again what shocking bloody liars they are. The real false positive rate is *100 percent* as we'll see. In another 'you couldn't make it up' the UK government agreed to pay £2.8 billion to California's Innova Medical Group to supply the irrelevant lateral flow tests. The company's primary test-making centre is in China. Innova Medical Group, established in March, 2020, is owned by Pasaca Capital Inc, chaired by Chinese-American millionaire Charles Huang who was born in Wuhan.

How it works – and how it doesn't

The RT-PCR test, known by its full title of Polymerase chain reaction, is used across the world to make millions, even billions, of copies of a DNA/RNA genetic information sample. The process is called 'amplification' and means that a tiny sample of genetic material is amplified to bring out the detailed content. I stress that it is not testing for an infectious disease. It is simply amplifying a sample of genetic material. In the words of Kary Mullis: 'PCR is … just a process that's used to make a whole lot of something out of something.' To emphasise the point companies that make the PCR tests circulated around the world to 'test' for 'Covid' warn on the box that it can't be used to detect 'Covid' or infectious disease and is for research purposes only. It's okay, rest for a minute and you'll be fine. This is the test that produces the 'cases' and 'deaths' that have been used to destroy human society. All those global and national medical and scientific 'experts' demanding this destruction to 'save us' *KNOW* that the test is not testing for the 'virus' and the cases and deaths they claim to be real are an almost unimaginable fraud. Every one of them and so many others including politicians and psychopaths like Gates and Tedros must be brought before Nuremburg-type trials and jailed for the rest of their lives. The more the genetic sample is amplified by PCR the more elements of that material become sensitive to the test and by that I don't mean sensitive for a 'virus' but for elements of the genetic material which

is *naturally* in the body or relates to remnants of old conditions of various kinds lying dormant and causing no disease. Once the amplification of the PCR reaches a certain level *everyone* will test positive. So much of the material has been made sensitive to the test that everyone will have some part of it in their body. Even lying criminals like Fauci have said that once PCR amplifications pass 35 cycles everything will be a false positive that cannot be trusted for the reasons I have described. I say, like many proper doctors and scientists, that 100 percent of the 'positives' are false, but let's just go with Fauci for a moment.

He says that any amplification over 35 cycles will produce false positives and yet the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC) and Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have recommended up to *40 cycles* and the National Health Service (NHS) in Britain admitted in an internal document for staff that it was using *45 cycles* of amplification. A long list of other countries has been doing the same and at least one 'testing' laboratory has been using *50 cycles*. Have you ever heard a doctor, medical 'expert' or the media ask what level of amplification has been used to claim a 'positive'. The 'test' comes back 'positive' and so you have the 'virus', end of story. Now we can see how the government in Tanzania could send off samples from a goat and a pawpaw fruit under human names and both came back positive for 'Covid-19'. Tanzania president John Magufuli mocked the 'Covid' hysteria, the PCR test and masks and refused to import the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine'. The Cult hated him and an article sponsored by the Bill Gates Foundation appeared in the London *Guardian* in February, 2021, headed 'It's time for Africa to rein in Tanzania's anti-vaxxer president'. Well, 'reined in' he shortly was. Magufuli appeared in good health, but then, in March, 2021, he was dead at 61 from 'heart failure'. He was replaced by Samia Hassan Suhulu who is connected to Klaus Schwab's World Economic Forum and she immediately reversed Magufuli's 'Covid' policy. A sample of cola tested positive for 'Covid' with the PCR test in Germany while American actress and singer-songwriter Erykah Badu tested positive in one nostril and negative in the other. Footballer Ronaldo called

the PCR test 'bullshit' after testing positive three times and being forced to quarantine and miss matches when there was nothing wrong with him. The mantra from Tedros at the World Health Organization and national governments (same thing) has been test, test, test. They know that the more tests they can generate the more fake 'cases' they have which go on to become 'deaths' in ways I am coming to. The UK government has its Operation Moonshot planned to test multiple millions every day in workplaces and schools with free tests for everyone to use twice a week at home in line with the Cult plan from the start to make testing part of life. A government advertisement for an 'Interim Head of Asymptomatic Testing Communication' said the job included responsibility for delivering a 'communications strategy' (propaganda) 'to support the expansion of asymptomatic testing that *'normalises testing as part of everyday life'*. More tests means more fake 'cases', 'deaths' and fascism. I have heard of, and from, many people who booked a test, couldn't turn up, and yet got a positive result through the post for a test they'd never even had. The whole thing is crazy, but for the Cult there's method in the madness. Controlling and manipulating the level of amplification of the test means the authorities can control whenever they want the number of apparent 'cases' and 'deaths'. If they want to justify more fascist lockdown and destruction of livelihoods they keep the amplification high. If they want to give the illusion that lockdowns and the 'vaccine' are working then they lower the amplification and 'cases' and 'deaths' will appear to fall. In January, 2021, the Cult-owned World Health Organization suddenly warned laboratories about over-amplification of the test and to lower the threshold. Suddenly headlines began appearing such as: 'Why ARE "Covid" cases plummeting?' This was just when the vaccine rollout was underway and I had predicted months before they would make cases appear to fall through amplification tampering when the 'vaccine' came. These people are so predictable.

Cow vaccines?

The question must be asked of what is on the test swabs being poked far up the nose of the population to the base of the brain? A nasal swab punctured one woman's brain and caused it to leak fluid. Most of these procedures are being done by people with little training or medical knowledge. Dr Lorraine Day, former orthopaedic trauma surgeon and Chief of Orthopaedic Surgery at San Francisco General Hospital, says the tests are really a *'vaccine'*. Cows have long been vaccinated this way. She points out that masks have to cover the nose and the mouth where it is claimed the 'virus' exists in saliva. Why then don't they take saliva from the mouth as they do with a DNA test instead of pushing a long swab up the nose towards the brain? The ethmoid bone separates the nasal cavity from the brain and within that bone is the cribriform plate. Dr Day says that when the swab is pushed up against this plate and twisted the procedure is 'depositing things back there'. She claims that among these 'things' are nanoparticles that can enter the brain. Researchers have noted that a team at the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins have designed tiny, star-shaped micro-devices that can latch onto intestinal mucosa and release drugs into the body. Mucosa is the thin skin that covers the inside surface of parts of the body such as *the nose* and mouth and produces mucus to protect them. The Johns Hopkins micro-devices are called 'theragrippers' and were 'inspired' by a parasitic worm that digs its sharp teeth into a host's intestines. Nasal swabs are also coated in the sterilisation agent ethylene oxide. The US National Cancer Institute posts this explanation on its website:

> At room temperature, ethylene oxide is a flammable colorless gas with a sweet odor. It is used primarily to produce other chemicals, including antifreeze. In smaller amounts, ethylene oxide is used as a pesticide and a sterilizing agent. The ability of ethylene oxide to damage DNA makes it an effective sterilizing agent but also accounts for its cancer-causing activity.

The Institute mentions lymphoma and leukaemia as cancers most frequently reported to be associated with occupational exposure to ethylene oxide along with stomach and breast cancers. How does anyone think this is going to work out with the constant testing

regime being inflicted on adults and children at home and at school that will accumulate in the body anything that's on the swab?

Doctors know best

It is vital for people to realise that 'hero' doctors 'know' only what the Big Pharma-dominated medical authorities tell them to 'know' and if they refuse to 'know' what they are told to 'know' they are out the door. They are mostly not physicians or healers, but repeaters of the official narrative – or else. I have seen alleged professional doctors on British television make shocking statements that we are supposed to take seriously. One called 'Dr' Amir Khan, who is actually telling patients how to respond to illness, said that men could take the birth pill to 'help slow down the effects of Covid-19'. In March, 2021, another ridiculous 'Covid study' by an American doctor proposed injecting men with the female sex hormone progesterone as a 'Covid' treatment. British doctor Nighat Arif told the BBC that face coverings were now going to be part of ongoing normal. Yes, the vaccine protects you, she said (evidence?) … but the way to deal with viruses in the community was always going to come down to hand washing, face covering and keeping a physical distance. That's not what we were told before the 'vaccine' was circulating. Arif said she couldn't imagine ever again going on the underground or in a lift without a mask. I was just thanking my good luck that she was not my doctor when she said – in March, 2021 – that if 'we are *behaving* and we are doing all the right things' she thought we could 'have our nearest and dearest around us at home … around *Christmas* and N*ew Year!* Her patronising delivery was the usual school teacher talking to six-year-olds as she repeated every government talking point and probably believed them all. If we have learned anything from the 'Covid' experience surely it must be that humanity's perception of doctors needs a fundamental rethink. NHS 'doctor' Sara Kayat told her television audience that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Not even Big Pharma claimed that. We have to stop taking 'experts' at their word without question when so many of them are

clueless and only repeating the party line on which their careers depend. That is not to say there are not brilliants doctors – there are and I have spoken to many of them since all this began – but you won't see them in the mainstream media or quoted by the psychopaths and yes-people in government.

Remember the name – Christian Drosten

German virologist Christian Drosten, Director of Charité Institute of Virology in Berlin, became a national star after the pandemic hoax began. He was feted on television and advised the German government on 'Covid' policy. Most importantly to the wider world Drosten led a group that produced the 'Covid' testing protocol for the PCR test. What a remarkable feat given the PCR cannot test for infectious disease and even more so when you think that Drosten said that his method of testing for SARS-CoV-2 was developed 'without having virus material available'. *He developed a test for a 'virus' that he didn't have and had never seen*. Let that sink in as you survey the global devastation that came from what he did. The whole catastrophe of Drosten's 'test' was based on the alleged genetic sequence published by Chinese scientists on the Internet. We will see in the next chapter that this alleged 'genetic sequence' has never been produced by China or anyone and cannot be when there *is no* SARS-CoV-2. Drosten, however, doesn't seem to let little details like that get in the way. He was the lead author with Victor Corman from the same Charité Hospital of the paper 'Detection of 2019 novel coronavirus (2019-nCoV) by real-time PCR' published in a magazine called *Eurosurveillance*. This became known as the Corman-Drosten paper. In November, 2020, with human society devastated by the effects of the Corman-Drosten test baloney, the protocol was publicly challenged by 22 international scientists and independent researchers from Europe, the United States, and Japan. Among them were senior molecular geneticists, biochemists, immunologists, and microbiologists. They produced a document headed 'External peer review of the RTPCR test to detect SARS-Cov-2 Reveals 10 Major Flaws At The Molecular and Methodological Level: Consequences

For False-Positive Results'. The flaws in the Corman-Drosten test included the following:

- The test is non-specific because of erroneous design
- Results are enormously variable
- The test is unable to discriminate between the whole 'virus' and viral fragments
- It doesn't have positive or negative controls
- The test lacks a standard operating procedure
- It is unsupported by proper peer view

The scientists said the PCR 'Covid' testing protocol was not founded on science and they demanded the Corman-Drosten paper be retracted by *Eurosurveillance*. They said all present and previous Covid deaths, cases, and 'infection rates' should be subject to a massive retroactive inquiry. Lockdowns and travel restrictions should be reviewed and relaxed and those diagnosed through PCR to have 'Covid-19' should not be forced to isolate. Dr Kevin Corbett, a health researcher and nurse educator with a long academic career producing a stream of peer-reviewed publications at many UK universities, made the same point about the PCR test debacle. He said of the scientists' conclusions: 'Every scientific rationale for the development of that test has been totally destroyed by this paper. It's like Hiroshima/Nagasaki to the Covid test.' He said that China hadn't given them an isolated 'virus' when Drosten developed the test. Instead they had developed the test from *a sequence in a gene bank*.' Put another way … *they made it up*! The scientists were supported in this contention by a Portuguese appeals court which ruled in November, 2020, that PCR tests are unreliable and it is unlawful to quarantine people based solely on a PCR test. The point about China not providing an isolated virus must be true when the 'virus' has never been isolated to this day and the consequences of that will become clear. Drosten and company produced this useless 'protocol' right on cue in January, 2020, just as the 'virus' was said to

be moving westward and it somehow managed to successfully pass a peer-review in 24 hours. In other words there was no peer-review for a test that would be used to decide who had 'Covid' and who didn't across the world. The Cult-created, Gates-controlled World Health Organization immediately recommended all its nearly 200 member countries to use the Drosten PCR protocol to detect 'cases' and 'deaths'. The sting was underway and it continues to this day.

So who is this Christian Drosten that produced the means through which death, destruction and economic catastrophe would be justified? His education background, including his doctoral thesis, would appear to be somewhat shrouded in mystery and his track record is dire as with another essential player in the 'Covid' hoax, the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London of whom more shortly. Drosten predicted in 2003 that the alleged original SARS 'virus' (SARS-1') was an epidemic that could have serious effects on economies and an effective vaccine would take at least two years to produce. Drosten's answer to every alleged 'outbreak' is a vaccine which you won't be shocked to know. What followed were just 774 official deaths worldwide and none in Germany where there were only nine cases. That is even if you believe there ever was a SARS 'virus' when the evidence is zilch and I will expand on this in the next chapter. Drosten claims to be co-discoverer of 'SARS-1' and developed a test for it in 2003. He was screaming warnings about 'swine flu' in 2009 and how it was a widespread infection far more severe than any dangers from a vaccine could be and people should get vaccinated. It would be helpful for Drosten's vocal chords if he simply recorded the words 'the virus is deadly and you need to get vaccinated' and copies could be handed out whenever the latest made-up threat comes along. Drosten's swine flu epidemic never happened, but Big Pharma didn't mind with governments spending hundreds of millions on vaccines that hardly anyone bothered to use and many who did wished they hadn't. A study in 2010 revealed that the risk of dying from swine flu, or H1N1, was no higher than that of the annual seasonal flu which is what at least most of 'it' really was as in

the case of 'Covid-19'. A media investigation into Drosten asked how with such a record of inaccuracy he could be *the* government adviser on these issues. The answer to that question is the same with Drosten, Ferguson and Fauci – they keep on giving the authorities the 'conclusions' and 'advice' they want to hear. Drosten certainly produced the goods for them in January, 2020, with his PCR protocol garbage and provided the foundation of what German internal medicine specialist Dr Claus Köhnlein, co-author of *Virus Mania*, called the 'test pandemic'. The 22 scientists in the *Eurosurveillance* challenge called out conflicts of interest within the Drosten 'protocol' group and with good reason. Olfert Landt, a regular co-author of Drosten 'studies', owns the biotech company TIB Molbiol Syntheselabor GmbH in Berlin which manufactures and sells the tests that Drosten and his mates come up with. They have done this with SARS, Enterotoxigenic E. coli (ETEC), MERS, Zika 'virus', yellow fever, and now 'Covid'. Landt told the *Berliner Zeitung* newspaper:

> The testing, design and development came from the Charité [Drosten and Corman]. We simply implemented it immediately in the form of a kit. And if we don't have the virus, which originally only existed in Wuhan, we can make a synthetic gene to simulate the genome of the virus. That's what we did very quickly.

This is more confirmation that the Drosten test was designed without access to the 'virus' and only a synthetic simulation which is what SARS-CoV-2 really is – a computer-generated synthetic fiction. It's quite an enterprise they have going here. A Drosten team decides what the test for something should be and Landt's biotech company flogs it to governments and medical systems across the world. His company must have made an absolute fortune since the 'Covid' hoax began. Dr Reiner Fuellmich, a prominent German consumer protection trial lawyer in Germany and California, is on Drosten's case and that of Tedros at the World Health Organization for crimes against humanity with a class-action lawsuit being prepared in the United States and other legal action in Germany.

Why China?

Scamming the world with a 'virus' that doesn't exist would seem impossible on the face of it, but not if you have control of the relatively few people that make policy decisions and the great majority of the global media. Remember it's not about changing 'real' reality it's about controlling *perception* of reality. You don't have to make something happen you only have make people *believe* that it's happening. Renegade Minds understand this and are therefore much harder to swindle. 'Covid-19' is not a 'real' 'virus'. It's a mind virus, like a computer virus, which has infected the minds, not the bodies, of billions. It all started, publically at least, in China and that alone is of central significance. The Cult was behind the revolution led by its asset Mao Zedong, or Chairman Mao, which established the People's Republic of China on October 1st, 1949. It should have been called The Cult's Republic of China, but the name had to reflect the recurring illusion that vicious dictatorships are run by and for the people (see all the 'Democratic Republics' controlled by tyrants). In the same way we have the 'Biden' Democratic Republic of America officially ruled by a puppet tyrant (at least temporarily) on behalf of Cult tyrants. The creation of Mao's merciless communist/fascist dictatorship was part of a frenzy of activity by the Cult at the conclusion of World War Two which, like the First World War, it had instigated through its assets in Germany, Britain, France, the United States and elsewhere. Israel was formed in 1948; the Soviet Union expanded its 'Iron Curtain' control, influence and military power with the Warsaw Pact communist alliance in 1955; the United Nations was formed in 1945 as a Cult precursor to world government; and a long list of world bodies would be established including the World Health Organization (1948), World Trade Organization (1948 under another name until 1995), International Monetary Fund (1945) and World Bank (1944). Human society was redrawn and hugely centralised in the global Problem-Reaction-Solution that was World War Two. All these changes were significant. Israel would become the headquarters of the Sabbatians

and the revolution in China would prepare the ground and control system for the events of 2019/2020.

Renegade Minds know there are no borders except for public consumption. The Cult is a seamless, borderless global entity and to understand the game we need to put aside labels like borders, nations, countries, communism, fascism and democracy. These delude the population into believing that countries are ruled within their borders by a government of whatever shade when these are mere agencies of a global power. America's illusion of democracy and China's communism/fascism are subsidiaries – vehicles – for the same agenda. We may hear about conflict and competition between America and China and on the lower levels that will be true; but at the Cult level they are branches of the same company in the way of the McDonald's example I gave earlier. I have tracked in the books over the years support by US governments of both parties for Chinese Communist Party infiltration of American society through allowing the sale of land, even military facilities, and the acquisition of American business and university influence. All this is underpinned by the infamous stealing of intellectual property and technological know-how. Cult-owned Silicon Valley corporations waive their fraudulent 'morality' to do business with human-rights-free China; Cult-controlled Disney has become China's PR department; and China in effect owns 'American' sports such as basketball which depends for much of its income on Chinese audiences. As a result any sports player, coach or official speaking out against China's horrific human rights record is immediately condemned or fired by the China-worshipping National Basketball Association. One of the first acts of China-controlled Biden was to issue an executive order telling federal agencies to stop making references to the 'virus' by the 'geographic location of its origin'. Long-time Congressman Jerry Nadler warned that criticising China, America's biggest rival, leads to hate crimes against Asian people in the United States. So shut up you bigot. China is fast closing in on Israel as a country that must not be criticised which is apt, really, given that Sabbatians control them both. The two countries have

developed close economic, military, technological and strategic ties which include involvement in China's 'Silk Road' transport and economic initiative to connect China with Europe. Israel was the first country in the Middle East to recognise the establishment of Mao's tyranny in 1950 months after it was established.

Project Wuhan – the 'Covid' Psyop

I emphasise again that the Cult plays the long game and what is happening to the world today is the result of centuries of calculated manipulation following a script to take control step-by-step of every aspect of human society. I will discuss later the common force behind all this that has spanned those centuries and thousands of years if the truth be told. Instigating the Mao revolution in China in 1949 with a 2020 'pandemic' in mind is not only how they work – the 71 years between them is really quite short by the Cult's standards of manipulation preparation. The reason for the Cult's Chinese revolution was to create a fiercely-controlled environment within which an extreme structure for human control could be incubated to eventually be unleashed across the world. We have seen this happen since the 'pandemic' emerged from China with the Chinese control-structure founded on AI technology and tyrannical enforcement sweep across the West. Until the moment when the Cult went for broke in the West and put its fascism on public display Western governments had to pay some lip-service to freedom and democracy to not alert too many people to the tyranny-in-the-making. Freedoms were more subtly eroded and power centralised with covert government structures put in place waiting for the arrival of 2020 when that smokescreen of 'freedom' could be dispensed with. The West was not able to move towards tyranny before 2020 anything like as fast as China which was created as a tyranny and had no limits on how fast it could construct the Cult's blueprint for global control. When the time came to impose that structure on the world it was the same Cult-owned Chinese communist/fascist government that provided the excuse – the 'Covid pandemic'. It was absolutely crucial to the Cult plan for the Chinese response to the 'pandemic' –

draconian lockdowns of the entire population – to become the blueprint that Western countries would follow to destroy the livelihoods and freedom of their people. This is why the Cult-owned, Gates-owned, WHO Director-General Tedros said early on:

> The Chinese government is to be congratulated for the extraordinary measures it has taken to contain the outbreak. China is actually setting a new standard for outbreak response and it is not an exaggeration.

Forbes magazine said of China: '… those measures protected untold millions from getting the disease'. The Rockefeller Foundation 'epidemic scenario' document in 2010 said 'prophetically':

> However, a few countries did fare better – China in particular. The Chinese government's quick imposition and enforcement of mandatory quarantine for all citizens, as well as its instant and near-hermetic sealing off of all borders, saved millions of lives, stopping the spread of the virus far earlier than in other countries and enabling a swifter post-pandemic recovery.

Once again – *spooky*.

The first official story was the 'bat theory' or rather the bat diversion. The source of the 'virus outbreak' we were told was a ''wet market' in Wuhan where bats and other animals are bought and eaten in horrifically unhygienic conditions. Then another story emerged through the alternative media that the 'virus' had been released on purpose or by accident from a BSL-4 (biosafety level 4) laboratory in Wuhan not far from the wet market. The lab was reported to create and work with lethal concoctions and bioweapons. Biosafety level 4 is the highest in the World Health Organization system of safety and containment. Renegade Minds are aware of what I call designer manipulation. The ideal for the Cult is for people to buy its prime narrative which in the opening salvoes of the 'pandemic' was the wet market story. It knows, however, that there is now a considerable worldwide alternative media of researchers sceptical of anything governments say and they are often given a version of events in a form they can perceive as credible while misdirecting them from the real truth. In this case let them

think that the conspiracy involved is a 'bioweapon virus' released from the Wuhan lab to keep them from the real conspiracy – *there is no 'virus'*. The WHO's current position on the source of the outbreak at the time of writing appears to be: 'We haven't got a clue, mate.' This is a good position to maintain mystery and bewilderment. The inner circle will know where the 'virus' came from – *nowhere*. The bottom line was to ensure the public believed there *was* a 'virus' and it didn't much matter if they thought it was natural or had been released from a lab. The belief that there was a 'deadly virus' was all that was needed to trigger global panic and fear. The population was terrified into handing their power to authority and doing what they were told. They had to or they were 'all gonna die'.

In March, 2020, information began to come my way from real doctors and scientists and my own additional research which had my intuition screaming: 'Yes, that's it! *There is no virus*.' The 'bioweapon' was not the 'virus'; it was the *'vaccine'* already being talked about that would be the bioweapon. My conclusion was further enhanced by happenings in Wuhan. The 'virus' was said to be sweeping the city and news footage circulated of people collapsing in the street (which they've never done in the West with the same 'virus'). The Chinese government was building 'new hospitals' in a matter of ten days to 'cope with demand' such was the virulent nature of the 'virus'. Yet in what seemed like no time the 'new hospitals' closed – even if they even opened – and China declared itself 'virus-free'. It was back to business as usual. This was more propaganda to promote the Chinese draconian lockdowns in the West as the way to 'beat the virus'. Trouble was that we subsequently had lockdown after lockdown, but never business as usual. As the people of the West and most of the rest of the world were caught in an ever-worsening spiral of lockdown, social distancing, masks, isolated old people, families forced apart, and livelihood destruction, it was party-time in Wuhan. Pictures emerged of thousands of people enjoying pool parties and concerts. It made no sense until you realised there never was a 'virus' and the

whole thing was a Cult set-up to transform human society out of one its major global strongholds – China.

How is it possible to deceive virtually the entire world population into believing there is a deadly virus when there is not even a 'virus' let alone a deadly one? It's nothing like as difficult as you would think and that's clearly true because it happened.

Postscript: See end of book Postscript for more on the 'Wuhan lab virus release' story which the authorities and media were pushing heavily in the summer of 2021 to divert attention from the truth that the 'Covid virus' is pure invention.

CHAPTER FIVE

There *is no* 'virus'

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time
Abraham Lincoln

The greatest form of mind control is repetition. The more you repeat the same mantra of alleged 'facts' the more will accept them to be true. It becomes an 'everyone knows that, mate'. If you can also censor any other version or alternative to your alleged 'facts' you are pretty much home and cooking.

By the start of 2020 the Cult owned the global mainstream media almost in its entirety to spew out its 'Covid' propaganda and ignore or discredit any other information and view. Cult-owned social media platforms in Cult-owned Silicon Valley were poised and ready to unleash a campaign of ferocious censorship to obliterate all but the official narrative. To complete the circle many demands for censorship by Silicon Valley were led by the mainstream media as 'journalists' became full-out enforcers for the Cult both as propagandists and censors. Part of this has been the influx of young people straight out of university who have become 'journalists' in significant positions. They have no experience and a headful of programmed perceptions from their years at school and university at a time when today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in known human history given the insidious impact of technology. They enter the media perceptually prepared and ready to repeat the narratives of the system that programmed them to

repeat its narratives. The BBC has a truly pathetic 'specialist disinformation reporter' called Marianna Spring who fits this bill perfectly. She is clueless about the world, how it works and what is really going on. Her role is to discredit anyone doing the job that a proper journalist would do and system-serving hacks like Spring wouldn't dare to do or even see the need to do. They are too busy licking the arse of authority which can never be wrong and, in the case of the BBC propaganda programme, *Panorama*, contacting payments systems such as PayPal to have a donations page taken down for a film company making documentaries questioning vaccines. Even the BBC soap opera *EastEnders* included a disgracefully biased scene in which an inarticulate white working class woman was made to look foolish for questioning the 'vaccine' while a well-spoken black man and Asian woman promoted the government narrative. It ticked every BBC box and the fact that the black and minority community was resisting the 'vaccine' had nothing to do with the way the scene was written. The BBC has become a disgusting tyrannical propaganda and censorship operation that should be defunded and disbanded and a free media take its place with a brief to stop censorship instead of demanding it. A BBC 'interview' with Gates goes something like: 'Mr Gates, sir, if I can call you sir, would you like to tell our audience why you are such a great man, a wonderful humanitarian philanthropist, and why you should absolutely be allowed as a software salesman to decide health policy for approaching eight billion people? Thank you, sir, please sir.' Propaganda programming has been incessant and merciless and when all you hear is the same story from the media, repeated by those around you who have only heard the same story, is it any wonder that people on a grand scale believe absolute mendacious garbage to be true? You are about to see, too, why this level of information control is necessary when the official 'Covid' narrative is so nonsensical and unsupportable by the evidence.

Structure of Deceit

The pyramid structure through which the 'Covid' hoax has been manifested is very simple and has to be to work. As few people as possible have to be involved with full knowledge of what they are doing – and why – or the real story would get out. At the top of the pyramid are the inner core of the Cult which controls Bill Gates who, in turn, controls the World Health Organization through his pivotal funding and his puppet Director-General mouthpiece, Tedros. Before he was appointed Tedros was chair of the Gates-founded Global Fund to 'fight against AIDS, tuberculosis and malaria', a board member of the Gates-funded 'vaccine alliance' GAVI, and on the board of another Gates-funded organisation. Gates owns him and picked him for a specific reason – Tedros is a crook and worse. 'Dr' Tedros (he's not a medical doctor, the first WHO chief not to be) was a member of the tyrannical Marxist government of Ethiopia for decades with all its human rights abuses. He has faced allegations of corruption and misappropriation of funds and was exposed three times for covering up cholera epidemics while Ethiopia's health minister. Tedros appointed the mass-murdering genocidal Zimbabwe dictator Robert Mugabe as a WHO goodwill ambassador for public health which, as with Tedros, is like appointing a psychopath to run a peace and love campaign. The move was so ridiculous that he had to drop Mugabe in the face of widespread condemnation. American economist David Steinman, a Nobel peace prize nominee, lodged a complaint with the International Criminal Court in The Hague over alleged genocide by Tedros when he was Ethiopia's foreign minister. Steinman says Tedros was a 'crucial decision maker' who directed the actions of Ethiopia's security forces from 2013 to 2015 and one of three officials in charge when those security services embarked on the 'killing' and 'torturing' of Ethiopians. You can see where Tedros is coming from and it's sobering to think that he has been the vehicle for Gates and the Cult to direct the global response to 'Covid'. Think about that. A psychopathic Cult dictates to psychopath Gates who dictates to psychopath Tedros who dictates how countries of the world must respond to a 'Covid virus' never scientifically shown to exist. At the same time psychopathic Cult-owned Silicon Valley information

giants like Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter announced very early on that they would give the Cult/Gates/Tedros/WHO version of the narrative free advertising and censor those who challenged their intelligence-insulting, mendacious story.

The next layer in the global 'medical' structure below the Cult, Gates and Tedros are the chief medical officers and science 'advisers' in each of the WHO member countries which means virtually all of them. Medical officers and arbiters of science (they're not) then take the WHO policy and recommended responses and impose them on their country's population while the political 'leaders' say they are deciding policy (they're clearly not) by 'following the science' on the advice of the 'experts' – the same medical officers and science 'advisers' (dictators). In this way with the rarest of exceptions the entire world followed the same policy of lockdown, people distancing, masks and 'vaccines' dictated by the psychopathic Cult, psychopathic Gates and psychopathic Tedros who we are supposed to believe give a damn about the health of the world population they are seeking to enslave. That, amazingly, is all there is to it in terms of crucial decision-making. Medical staff in each country then follow like sheep the dictates of the shepherds at the top of the national medical hierarchies – chief medical officers and science 'advisers' who themselves follow like sheep the shepherds of the World Health Organization and the Cult. Shepherds at the national level often have major funding and other connections to Gates and his Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation which carefully hands out money like confetti at a wedding to control the entire global medical system from the WHO down.

Follow the money

Christopher Whitty, Chief Medical Adviser to the UK Government at the centre of 'virus' policy, a senior adviser to the government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE), and Executive Board member of the World Health Organization, was gifted a grant of $40 million by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation for malaria research in Africa. The BBC described the unelected Whitty as 'the

official who will probably have the greatest impact on our everyday lives of any individual policymaker in modern times' and so it turned out. What Gates and Tedros have said Whitty has done like his equivalents around the world. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of Big Pharma giant GlaxoSmithKline with its fundamental financial and business connections to Bill Gates. In September, 2020, it was revealed that Vallance owned a deferred bonus of shares in GlaxoSmithKline worth £600,000 while the company was 'developing' a 'Covid vaccine'. Move along now – nothing to see here – what could possibly be wrong with that? Imperial College in London, a major player in 'Covid' policy in Britain and elsewhere with its 'Covid-19' Response Team, is funded by Gates and has big connections to China while the now infamous Professor Neil Ferguson, the useless 'computer modeller' at Imperial College is also funded by Gates. Ferguson delivered the dramatically inaccurate excuse for the first lockdowns (much more in the next chapter). The Institute for Health Metrics and Evaluation (IHME) in the United States, another source of outrageously false 'Covid' computer models to justify lockdowns, is bankrolled by Gates who is a vehement promotor of lockdowns. America's version of Whitty and Vallance, the again now infamous Anthony Fauci, has connections to 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna as does Bill Gates through funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Fauci is director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases (NIAID), a major recipient of Gates money, and they are very close. Deborah Birx who was appointed White House Coronavirus Response Coordinator in February, 2020, is yet another with ties to Gates. Everywhere you look at the different elements around the world behind the coordination and decision making of the 'Covid' hoax there is Bill Gates and his money. They include the World Health Organization; Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in the United States; National Institutes of Health (NIH) of Anthony Fauci; Imperial College and Neil Ferguson; the London School of Hygiene where Chris Whitty worked; Regulatory agencies like the UK Medicines & Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA)

which gave emergency approval for 'Covid vaccines'; Wellcome Trust; GAVI, the Vaccine Alliance; the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI); Johns Hopkins University which has compiled the false 'Covid' figures; and the World Economic Forum. A Nationalfile.com article said:

> Gates has a lot of pull in the medical world, he has a multi-million dollar relationship with Dr. Fauci, and Fauci originally took the Gates line supporting vaccines and casting doubt on [the drug hydroxychloroquine]. Coronavirus response team member Dr. Deborah Birx, appointed by former president Obama to serve as United States Global AIDS Coordinator, also sits on the board of a group that has received billions from Gates' foundation, and Birx reportedly used a disputed Bill Gates-funded model for the White House's Coronavirus effort. Gates is a big proponent for a population lockdown scenario for the Coronavirus outbreak.

Another funder of Moderna is the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the technology-development arm of the Pentagon and one of the most sinister organisations on earth. DARPA had a major role with the CIA covert technology-funding operation In-Q-Tel in the development of Google and social media which is now at the centre of global censorship. Fauci and Gates are extremely close and openly admit to talking regularly about 'Covid' policy, but then why wouldn't Gates have a seat at every national 'Covid' table after his Foundation committed $1.75 billion to the 'fight against Covid-19'. When passed through our Orwellian Translation Unit this means that he has bought and paid for the Cult-driven 'Covid' response worldwide. Research the major 'Covid' response personnel in your own country and you will find the same Gates funding and other connections again and again. Medical and science chiefs following World Health Organization 'policy' sit atop a medical hierarchy in their country of administrators, doctors and nursing staff. These 'subordinates' are told they must work and behave in accordance with the policy delivered from the 'top' of the national 'health' pyramid which is largely the policy delivered by the WHO which is the policy delivered by Gates and the Cult. The whole 'Covid' narrative has been imposed on medical staff by a climate of fear although great numbers don't even need that to comply. They do so through breathtaking levels of ignorance and

include doctors who go through life simply repeating what Big Pharma and their hierarchical masters tell them to say and believe. No wonder Big Pharma 'medicine' is one of the biggest killers on Planet Earth.

The same top-down system of intimidation operates with regard to the Cult Big Pharma cartel which also dictates policy through national and global medical systems in this way. The Cult and Big Pharma agendas are the same because the former controls and owns the latter. 'Health' administrators, doctors, and nursing staff are told to support and parrot the dictated policy or they will face consequences which can include being fired. How sad it's been to see medical staff meekly repeating and imposing Cult policy without question and most of those who can see through the deceit are only willing to speak anonymously off the record. They know what will happen if their identity is known. This has left the courageous few to expose the lies about the 'virus', face masks, overwhelmed hospitals that aren't, and the dangers of the 'vaccine' that isn't a vaccine. When these medical professionals and scientists, some renowned in their field, have taken to the Internet to expose the truth their articles, comments and videos have been deleted by Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter and YouTube. What a real head-shaker to see YouTube videos with leading world scientists and highly qualified medical specialists with an added link underneath to the notorious Cult propaganda website *Wikipedia* to find the 'facts' about the same subject.

HIV – the 'Covid' trial-run

I'll give you an example of the consequences for health and truth that come from censorship and unquestioning belief in official narratives. The story was told by PCR inventor Kary Mullis in his book *Dancing Naked in the Mind Field*. He said that in 1984 he accepted as just another scientific fact that Luc Montagnier of France's Pasteur Institute and Robert Gallo of America's National Institutes of Health had independently discovered that a 'retrovirus' dubbed HIV (human immunodeficiency virus) caused AIDS. They

were, after all, Mullis writes, specialists in retroviruses. This is how the medical and science pyramids work. Something is announced or *assumed* and then becomes an everybody-knows-that purely through repetition of the assumption as if it is fact. Complete crap becomes accepted truth with no supporting evidence and only repetition of the crap. This is how a 'virus' that doesn't exist became the 'virus' that changed the world. The HIV-AIDS fairy story became a multi-billion pound industry and the media poured out propaganda terrifying the world about the deadly HIV 'virus' that caused the lethal AIDS. By then Mullis was working at a lab in Santa Monica, California, to detect retroviruses with his PCR test in blood donations received by the Red Cross. In doing so he asked a virologist where he could find a reference for HIV being the cause of AIDS. 'You don't need a reference,' the virologist said … *'Everybody knows it.'* Mullis said he wanted to quote a reference in the report he was doing and he said he felt a little funny about not knowing the source of such an important discovery when everyone else seemed to. The virologist suggested he cite a report by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) on morbidity and mortality. Mullis read the report, but it only said that an organism had been identified and did not say how. The report did not identify the original scientific work. Physicians, however, *assumed* (key recurring theme) that if the CDC was convinced that HIV caused AIDS then proof must exist. Mullis continues:

I did computer searches. Neither Montagnier, Gallo, nor anyone else had published papers describing experiments which led to the conclusion that HIV probably caused AIDS. I read the papers in Science for which they had become well known as AIDS doctors, but all they had said there was that they had found evidence of a past infection by something which was probably HIV in some AIDS patients.

They found antibodies. Antibodies to viruses had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease. Antibodies signaled that the virus had been defeated. The patient had saved himself. There was no indication in these papers that this virus caused a disease. They didn't show that everybody with the antibodies had the disease. In fact they found some healthy people with antibodies.

Mullis asked why their work had been published if Montagnier and Gallo hadn't really found this evidence, and why had they been fighting so hard to get credit for the discovery? He says he was hesitant to write 'HIV is the probable cause of AIDS' until he found published evidence to support that. 'Tens of thousands of scientists and researchers were spending billions of dollars a year doing research based on this idea,' Mullis writes. 'The reason had to be there somewhere; otherwise these people would not have allowed their research to settle into one narrow channel of investigation.' He said he lectured about PCR at numerous meetings where people were always talking about HIV and he asked them how they knew that HIV was the cause of AIDS:

> Everyone said something. Everyone had the answer at home, in the office, in some drawer. They all knew, and they would send me the papers as soon as they got back. But I never got any papers. Nobody ever sent me the news about how AIDS was caused by HIV.

Eventually Mullis was able to ask Montagnier himself about the reference proof when he lectured in San Diego at the grand opening of the University of California AIDS Research Center. Mullis says this was the last time he would ask his question without showing anger. Montagnier said he should reference the CDC report. 'I read it', Mullis said, and it didn't answer the question. 'If Montagnier didn't know the answer who the hell did?' Then one night Mullis was driving when an interview came on National Public Radio with Peter Duesberg, a prominent virologist at Berkeley and a California Scientist of the Year. Mullis says he finally understood why he could not find references that connected HIV to AIDS – *there weren't any!* No one had ever proved that HIV causes AIDS even though it had spawned a multi-billion pound global industry and the media was repeating this as fact every day in their articles and broadcasts terrifying the shit out of people about AIDS and giving the impression that a positive test for HIV (see 'Covid') was a death sentence. Duesberg was a threat to the AIDS gravy train and the agenda that underpinned it. He was therefore abused and castigated after he told the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences

there was no good evidence implicating the new 'virus'. Editors rejected his manuscripts and his research funds were deleted. Mullis points out that the CDC has defined AIDS as one of more than 30 diseases *if accompanied* by a positive result on a test that detects antibodies to HIV; but those same diseases are not defined as AIDS cases when antibodies are not detected:

> If an HIV-positive woman develops uterine cancer, for example, she is considered to have AIDS. If she is not HIV positive, she simply has uterine cancer. An HIV-positive man with tuberculosis has AIDS; if he tests negative he simply has tuberculosis. If he lives in Kenya or Colombia, where the test for HIV antibodies is too expensive, he is simply presumed to have the antibodies and therefore AIDS, and therefore he can be treated in the World Health Organization's clinic. It's the only medical help available in some places. And it's free, because the countries that support WHO are worried about AIDS.

Mullis accuses the CDC of continually adding new diseases (see ever more 'Covid symptoms') to the grand AIDS definition and of virtually doctoring the books to make it appear as if the disease continued to spread. He cites how in 1993 the CDC enormously broadened its AIDS definition and county health authorities were delighted because they received $2,500 per year from the Federal government for every reported AIDS case. Ladies and gentlemen, I have just described, via Kary Mullis, the 'Covid pandemic' of 2020 and beyond. Every element is the same and it's been pulled off in the same way by the same networks.

The 'Covid virus' exists? Okay – prove it. Er … still waiting

What Kary Mullis described with regard to 'HIV' has been repeated with 'Covid'. A claim is made that a new, or 'novel', infection has been found and the entire medical system of the world repeats that as fact exactly as they did with HIV and AIDS. No one in the mainstream asks rather relevant questions such as 'How do you know?' and 'Where is your proof?' The SARS-Cov-2 'virus' and the 'Covid-19 disease' became an overnight 'everybody-knows-that'. The origin could be debated and mulled over, but what you could not suggest was that 'SARS-Cov-2' didn't exist. That would be

ridiculous. 'Everybody knows' the 'virus' exists. Well, I didn't for one along with American proper doctors like Andrew Kaufman and Tom Cowan and long-time American proper journalist Jon Rappaport. We dared to pursue the obvious and simple question: 'Where's the evidence?' The overwhelming majority in medicine, journalism and the general public did not think to ask that. After all, *everyone knew* there was a new 'virus'. Everyone was saying so and I heard it on the BBC. Some would eventually argue that the 'deadly virus' was nothing like as deadly as claimed, but few would venture into the realms of its very existence. Had they done so they would have found that the evidence for that claim had gone AWOL as with HIV causes AIDS. In fact, not even that. For something to go AWOL it has to exist in the first place and scientific proof for a 'SARS-Cov-2' can be filed under nothing, nowhere and zilch.

Dr Andrew Kaufman is a board-certified forensic psychiatrist in New York State, a Doctor of Medicine and former Assistant Professor and Medical Director of Psychiatry at SUNY Upstate Medical University, and Medical Instructor of Hematology and Oncology at the Medical School of South Carolina. He also studied biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and trained in Psychiatry at Duke University. Kaufman is retired from allopathic medicine, but remains a consultant and educator on natural healing, I saw a video of his very early on in the 'Covid' hoax in which he questioned claims about the 'virus' in the absence of any supporting evidence and with plenty pointing the other way. I did everything I could to circulate his work which I felt was asking the pivotal questions that needed an answer. I can recommend an excellent pull-together interview he did with the website The Last Vagabond entitled *Dr Andrew Kaufman: Virus Isolation, Terrain Theory and Covid-19* and his website is andrewkaufmanmd.com. Kaufman is not only a forensic psychiatrist; he is forensic in all that he does. He always reads original scientific papers, experiments and studies instead of second-third-fourth-hand reports about the 'virus' in the media which are repeating the repeated repetition of the narrative. When he did so with the original Chinese 'virus' papers Kaufman

realised that there was no evidence of a 'SARS-Cov-2'. They had never – from the start – shown it to exist and every repeat of this claim worldwide was based on the accepted existence of proof that was nowhere to be found – see Kary Mullis and HIV. Here we go again.

Let's postulate

Kaufman discovered that the Chinese authorities immediately concluded that the cause of an illness that broke out among about 200 initial patients in Wuhan was a 'new virus' when there were no grounds to make that conclusion. The alleged 'virus' was not isolated from other genetic material in their samples and then shown through a system known as Koch's postulates to be the causative agent of the illness. The world was told that the SARS-Cov-2 'virus' caused a disease they called 'Covid-19' which had 'flu-like' symptoms and could lead to respiratory problems and pneumonia. If it wasn't so tragic it would almost be funny. *'Flu-like' symptoms'? Pneumonia? Respiratory disease?* What in *CHINA* and particularly in *Wuhan*, one of the most polluted cities in the world with a resulting epidemic of respiratory disease?? Three hundred thousand people get pneumonia in China every year and there are nearly a billion cases worldwide of 'flu-like symptoms'. These have a whole range of causes – including pollution in Wuhan – but no other possibility was credibly considered in late 2019 when the world was told there was a new and deadly 'virus'. The global prevalence of pneumonia and 'flu-like systems' gave the Cult networks unlimited potential to re-diagnose these other causes as the mythical 'Covid-19' and that is what they did from the very start. Kaufman revealed how Chinese medical and science authorities (all subordinates to the Cult-owned communist government) took genetic material from the lungs of only a few of the first patients. The material contained their own cells, bacteria, fungi and other microorganisms living in their bodies. The only way you could prove the existence of the 'virus' and its responsibility for the alleged 'Covid-19' was to isolate the virus from all the other material – a process also known as 'purification' – and

then follow the postulates sequence developed in the late 19th century by German physician and bacteriologist Robert Koch which became the 'gold standard' for connecting an alleged causation agent to a disease:

1. The microorganism (bacteria, fungus, virus, etc.) must be present in every case of the disease and all patients must have the same symptoms. It must also *not be present in healthy individuals*.

2. The microorganism must be isolated from the host with the disease. If the microorganism is a bacteria or fungus it must be grown in a pure culture. If it is a virus, it must be purified (i.e. containing no other material except the virus particles) from a clinical sample.

3. The specific disease, with all of its characteristics, must be reproduced when the infectious agent (the purified virus or a pure culture of bacteria or fungi) is inoculated into a healthy, susceptible host.

4. The microorganism must be recoverable from the experimentally infected host as in step 2.

Not one of these criteria has been met in the case of 'SARS-Cov-2' and 'Covid-19'. Not ONE. *EVER*. Robert Koch refers to bacteria and not viruses. What are called 'viral particles' are so minute (hence masks are useless by any definition) that they could only be seen after the invention of the electron microscope in the 1930s and can still only be observed through that means. American bacteriologist and virologist Thomas Milton Rivers, the so-called 'Father of Modern Virology' who was very significantly director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in the 1930s, developed a less stringent version of Koch's postulates to identify 'virus' causation known as 'Rivers criteria'. 'Covid' did not pass that process either. Some even doubt whether any 'virus' can be isolated from other particles containing genetic material in the Koch method. Freedom of Information requests in many countries asking for scientific proof that the 'Covid virus' has been purified and isolated and shown to exist have all come back with a 'we don't have that' and when this happened with a request to the UK Department of Health they added this comment:

However, outside of the scope of the [Freedom of Information Act] and on a discretionary basis, the following information has been advised to us, which may be of interest. Most infectious diseases are caused by viruses, bacteria or fungi. Some bacteria or fungi have the capacity to grow on their own in isolation, for example in colonies on a petri dish. Viruses are different in that they are what we call 'obligate pathogens' – that is, they cannot survive or reproduce without infecting a host ...

… For some diseases, it is possible to establish causation between a microorganism and a disease by isolating the pathogen from a patient, growing it in pure culture and reintroducing it to a healthy organism. These are known as 'Koch's postulates' and were developed in 1882. However, as our understanding of disease and different disease-causing agents has advanced, these are no longer the method for determining causation [Andrew Kaufman asks why in that case are there two published articles falsely claiming to satisfy Koch's postulates].

It has long been known that viral diseases cannot be identified in this way as viruses cannot be grown in 'pure culture'. When a patient is tested for a viral illness, this is normally done by looking for the presence of antigens, or viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques [Kaufman asks how you could know the origin of these chemicals without having a pure culture for comparison].

For the record 'antigens' are defined so:

Invading microorganisms have antigens on their surface that the human body can recognise as being foreign – meaning not belonging to it. When the body recognises a foreign antigen, lymphocytes (white blood cells) produce antibodies, which are complementary in shape to the antigen.

Notwithstanding that this is open to question in relation to 'SARS-Cov-2' the presence of 'antibodies' can have many causes and they are found in people that are perfectly well. Kary Mullis said: 'Antibodies … had always been considered evidence of past disease, not present disease.'

'Covid' really is a *computer* 'virus'

Where the UK Department of Health statement says 'viruses' are now 'diagnosed' through a 'viral genetic code in a host with molecular biology techniques', they mean … *the PCR test* which its inventor said cannot test for infectious disease. They have no credible method of connecting a 'virus' to a disease and we will see that there is no scientific proof that any 'virus' causes any disease or there is any such thing as a 'virus' in the way that it is described. Tenacious Canadian researcher Christine Massey and her team made

some 40 Freedom of Information requests to national public health agencies in different countries asking for proof that SARS-CoV-2 has been isolated and not one of them could supply that information. Massey said of her request in Canada: 'Freedom of Information reveals Public Health Agency of Canada has no record of 'SARS-COV-2' isolation performed by anyone, anywhere, ever.' If you accept the comment from the UK Department of Health it's because they can't isolate a 'virus'. Even so many 'science' papers claimed to have isolated the 'Covid virus' until they were questioned and had to admit they hadn't. A reply from the Robert Koch Institute in Germany was typical: 'I am not aware of a paper which purified isolated SARS-CoV-2.' So what the hell was Christian Drosten and his gang using to design the 'Covid' testing protocol that has produced all the illusory Covid' cases and 'Covid' deaths when the head of the Chinese version of the CDC admitted there was a problem right from the start in that the 'virus' had never been isolated/purified? Breathe deeply: What they are calling 'Covid' is actually created by a *computer program* i.e. *they made it up* – er, that's it. They took lung fluid, with many sources of genetic material, from one single person alleged to be infected with Covid-19 by a PCR test which they *claimed*, without clear evidence, contained a 'virus'. They used several computer programs to create a model of a theoretical virus genome sequence from more than fifty-six million small sequences of RNA, each of an unknown source, assembling them like a puzzle with no known solution. The computer filled in the gaps with sequences from bits in the gene bank to make it look like a bat SARS-like coronavirus! A wave of the magic wand and poof, an in silico (computer-generated) genome, a scientific fantasy, was created. UK health researcher Dr Kevin Corbett made the same point with this analogy:

> … It's like giving you a few bones and saying that's your fish. It could be any fish. Not even a skeleton. Here's a few fragments of bones. That's your fish … It's all from gene bank and the bits of the virus sequence that weren't there they made up.
>
> They synthetically created them to fill in the blanks. That's what genetics is; it's a code. So it's ABBBCCDDD and you're missing some what you think is EEE so you put it in. It's all

synthetic. You just manufacture the bits that are missing. This is the end result of the geneticization of virology. This is basically a computer virus.

Further confirmation came in an email exchange between British citizen journalist Frances Leader and the government's Medicines & Healthcare Products Regulatory Agency (the Gates-funded MHRA) which gave emergency permission for untested 'Covid vaccines' to be used. The agency admitted that the 'vaccine' is not based on an isolated 'virus', but comes from a *computer-generated model*. Frances Leader was naturally banned from Cult-owned fascist Twitter for making this exchange public. The process of creating computer-generated alleged 'viruses' is called 'in silico' or 'in silicon' – computer chips – and the term 'in silico' is believed to originate with biological experiments using only a computer in 1989. 'Vaccines' involved with 'Covid' are also produced 'in silico' or by computer not a natural process. If the original 'virus' is nothing more than a made-up computer model how can there be 'new variants' of something that never existed in the first place? They are not new 'variants'; they are new *computer models* only minutely different to the original program and designed to further terrify the population into having the 'vaccine' and submitting to fascism. You want a 'new variant'? Click, click, enter – there you go. Tell the medical profession that you have discovered a 'South African variant', 'UK variants' or a 'Brazilian variant' and in the usual HIV-causes-AIDS manner they will unquestioningly repeat it with no evidence whatsoever to support these claims. They will go on television and warn about the dangers of 'new variants' while doing nothing more than repeating what they have been told to be true and knowing that any deviation from that would be career suicide. Big-time insiders will know it's a hoax, but much of the medical community is clueless about the way they are being played and themselves play the public without even being aware they are doing so. What an interesting 'coincidence' that AstraZeneca and Oxford University were conducting 'Covid vaccine trials' in the three countries – the UK, South Africa and Brazil – where the first three 'variants' were claimed to have 'broken out'.

Here's your 'virus' – it's a unicorn

Dr Andrew Kaufman presented a brilliant analysis describing how the 'virus' was imagined into fake existence when he dissected an article published by *Nature* and written by 19 authors detailing *alleged* 'sequencing of a complete viral genome' of the 'new SARS-CoV-2 virus'. This computer-modelled *in silico* genome was used as a template for all subsequent genome sequencing experiments that resulted in the so-called variants which he said now number more than *6,000*. The fake genome was constructed from more than 56 million individual short strands of RNA. Those little pieces were assembled into longer pieces by finding areas of overlapping sequences. The computer programs created over two million possible combinations from which the authors simply chose the longest one. They then compared this to a 'bat virus' and the computer 'alignment' rearranged the sequence and filled in the gaps! They called this computer-generated abomination the 'complete genome'. Dr Tom Cowan, a fellow medical author and collaborator with Kaufman, said such computer-generation constitutes scientific fraud and he makes this superb analogy:

> Here is an equivalency: A group of researchers claim to have found a unicorn because they found a piece of a hoof, a hair from a tail, and a snippet of a horn. They then add that information into a computer and program it to re-create the unicorn, and they then claim this computer re-creation is the real unicorn. Of course, they had never actually seen a unicorn so could not possibly have examined its genetic makeup to compare their samples with the actual unicorn's hair, hooves and horn.
>
> The researchers claim they decided which is the real genome of SARS-CoV-2 by 'consensus', sort of like a vote. Again, different computer programs will come up with different versions of the imaginary 'unicorn', so they come together as a group and decide which is the real imaginary unicorn.

This is how the 'virus' that has transformed the world was brought into fraudulent 'existence'. Extraordinary, yes, but as the Nazis said the bigger the lie the more will believe it. Cowan, however, wasn't finished and he went on to identify what he called the real blockbuster in the paper. He quotes this section from a paper written

by virologists and published by the CDC and then explains what it means:

> Therefore, we examined the capacity of SARS-CoV-2 to infect and replicate in several common primate and human cell lines, including human adenocarcinoma cells (A549), human liver cells (HUH 7.0), and human embryonic kidney cells (HEK-293T). In addition to Vero E6 and Vero CCL81 cells. ... Each cell line was inoculated at high multiplicity of infection and examined 24h post-infection.
>
> No CPE was observed in any of the cell lines except in Vero cells, which grew to greater than 10 to the 7th power at 24 h post-infection. In contrast, HUH 7.0 and 293T showed only modest viral replication, and A549 cells were incompatible with SARS CoV-2 infection.

Cowan explains that when virologists attempt to prove infection they have three possible 'hosts' or models on which they can test. The first was humans. Exposure to humans was generally not done for ethical reasons and has never been done with SARS-CoV-2 or any coronavirus. The second possible host was animals. Cowan said that forgetting for a moment that they never actually use purified virus when exposing animals they do use solutions that they *claim* contain the virus. Exposure to animals has been done with SARS-CoV-2 in an experiment involving mice and this is what they found: *None of the wild (normal) mice got sick*. In a group of genetically-modified mice, a statistically insignificant number lost weight and had slightly bristled fur, but they experienced nothing like the illness called 'Covid-19'. Cowan said the third method – the one they mostly rely on – is to inoculate solutions they *say* contain the virus onto a variety of tissue cultures. This process had never been shown to kill tissue *unless* the sample material was starved of nutrients and poisoned as *part of the process*. Yes, incredibly, in tissue experiments designed to show the 'virus' is responsible for killing the tissue they starve the tissue of nutrients and add toxic drugs including antibiotics and they do not have control studies to see if it's the starvation and poisoning that is degrading the tissue rather than the 'virus' they allege to be in there somewhere. You want me to pinch you? Yep, I understand. Tom Cowan said this about the whole nonsensical farce as he explains what that quote from the CDC paper really means:

The shocking thing about the above quote is that using their own methods, the virologists found that solutions containing SARS-CoV-2 – even in high amounts – were NOT, I repeat NOT, infective to any of the three human tissue cultures they tested. In plain English, this means they proved, on their terms, that this 'new coronavirus' is not infectious to human beings. It is ONLY infective to monkey kidney cells, and only then when you add two potent drugs (gentamicin and amphotericin), known to be toxic to kidneys, to the mix.

My friends, read this again and again. These virologists, published by the CDC, performed a clear proof, on their terms, showing that the SARS-CoV-2 virus is harmless to human beings. That is the only possible conclusion, but, unfortunately, this result is not even mentioned in their conclusion. They simply say they can provide virus stocks cultured only on monkey Vero cells, thanks for coming.

Cowan concluded: 'If people really understood how this "science" was done, I would hope they would storm the gates and demand honesty, transparency and truth.' Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Adviser at drug giant Pfizer has been a vocal critic of the 'Covid vaccine' and its potential for multiple harm. He said in an interview in April, 2021, that 'not one [vaccine] has the virus. He was asked why vaccines normally using a 'dead' version of a disease to activate the immune system were not used for 'Covid' and instead we had the synthetic methods of the 'mRNA Covid vaccine'. Yeadon said that to do the former 'you'd have to have some of [the virus] wouldn't you?' He added: 'No-one's got any – seriously.' Yeadon said that surely they couldn't have fooled the whole world for a year without having a virus, 'but oddly enough ask around – no one's got it'. He didn't know why with all the 'great labs' around the world that the virus had not been isolated – 'Maybe they've been too busy running bad PCR tests and vaccines that people don't need.' What is today called 'science' is not 'science' at all. Science is no longer what is, but whatever people can be manipulated to *believe* that it is. Real science has been hijacked by the Cult to dispense and produce the 'expert scientists' and contentions that suit the agenda of the Cult. How big-time this has happened with the 'Covid' hoax which is entirely based on fake science delivered by fake 'scientists' and fake 'doctors'. The human-caused climate change hoax is also entirely based on fake science delivered by fake 'scientists' and fake 'climate experts'. In both cases real

scientists, climate experts and doctors have their views suppressed and deleted by the Cult-owned science establishment, media and Silicon Valley. This is the 'science' that politicians claim to be 'following' and a common denominator of 'Covid' and climate are Cult psychopaths Bill Gates and his mate Klaus Schwab at the Gates-funded World Economic Forum. But, don't worry, it's all just a coincidence and absolutely nothing to worry about. *Zzzzzzzz*.

What is a 'virus' REALLY?

Dr Tom Cowan is one of many contesting the very existence of viruses let alone that they cause disease. This is understandable when there is no scientific evidence for a disease-causing 'virus'. German virologist Dr Stefan Lanka won a landmark case in 2017 in the German Supreme Court over his contention that there is no such thing as a measles virus. He had offered a big prize for anyone who could prove there is and Lanka won his case when someone sought to claim the money. There is currently a prize of more than 225,000 euros on offer from an Isolate Truth Fund for anyone who can prove the isolation of SARS-CoV-2 and its genetic substance. Lanka wrote in an article headed 'The Misconception Called Virus' that scientists think a 'virus' is causing tissue to become diseased and degraded when in fact it is the *processes they are using* which do that – not a 'virus'. Lanka has done an important job in making this point clear as Cowan did in his analysis of the CDC paper. Lanka says that all claims about viruses as disease-causing pathogens are wrong and based on 'easily recognisable, understandable and verifiable misinterpretations.' Scientists believed they were working with 'viruses' in their laboratories when they were really working with 'typical particles of specific dying tissues or cells …' Lanka said that the tissue decaying process claimed to be caused by a 'virus' still happens when no alleged 'virus' is involved. It's the *process* that does the damage and not a 'virus'. The genetic sample is deprived of nutrients, removed from its energy supply through removal from the body and then doused in toxic antibiotics to remove any bacteria. He confirms again that establishment scientists do not (pinch me)

conduct control experiments to see if this is the case and if they did they would see the claims that 'viruses' are doing the damage is nonsense. He adds that during the measles 'virus' court case he commissioned an independent laboratory to perform just such a control experiment and the result was that the tissues and cells died in the exact same way as with alleged 'infected' material. This is supported by a gathering number of scientists, doctors and researchers who reject what is called 'germ theory' or the belief in the body being infected by contagious sources emitted by other people. Researchers Dawn Lester and David Parker take the same stance in their highly-detailed and sourced book *What Really Makes You Ill – Why everything you thought you knew about disease is wrong* which was recommended to me by a number of medical professionals genuinely seeking the truth. Lester and Parker say there is no provable scientific evidence to show that a 'virus' can be transmitted between people or people and animals or animals and people:

> The definition also claims that viruses are the cause of many diseases, as if this has been definitively proven. But this is not the case; there is no original scientific evidence that definitively demonstrates that any virus is the cause of any disease. The burden of proof for any theory lies with those who proposed it; but none of the existing documents provides 'proof' that supports the claim that 'viruses' are pathogens.

Dr Tom Cowan employs one of his clever analogies to describe the process by which a 'virus' is named as the culprit for a disease when what is called a 'virus' is only material released by cells detoxing themselves from infiltration by chemical or radiation poisoning. The tidal wave of technologically-generated radiation in the 'smart' modern world plus all the toxic food and drink are causing this to happen more than ever. Deluded 'scientists' misread this as a gathering impact of what they wrongly label 'viruses'.

Paper can infect houses

Cowan said in an article for davidicke.com – with his tongue only mildly in his cheek – that he believed he had made a tremendous

discovery that may revolutionise science. He had discovered that small bits of paper are alive, 'well alive-ish', can 'infect' houses, and then reproduce themselves inside the house. The result was that this explosion of growth in the paper inside the house causes the house to explode, blowing it to smithereens. His evidence for this new theory is that in the past months he had carefully examined many of the houses in his neighbourhood and found almost no scraps of paper on the lawns and surrounds of the house. There was an occasional stray label, but nothing more. Then he would return to these same houses a week or so later and with a few, not all of them, particularly the old and decrepit ones, he found to his shock and surprise they were littered with stray bits of paper. He knew then that the paper had infected these houses, made copies of itself, and blew up the house. A young boy on a bicycle at one of the sites told him he had seen a demolition crew using dynamite to explode the house the previous week, but Cowan dismissed this as the idle thoughts of silly boys because 'I was on to something big'. He was on to how 'scientists' mistake genetic material in the detoxifying process for something they call a 'virus'. Cowan said of his house and paper story:

If this sounds crazy to you, it's because it should. This scenario is obviously nuts. But consider this admittedly embellished, for effect, current viral theory that all scientists, medical doctors and virologists currently believe.

He takes the example of the 'novel SARS-Cov2' virus to prove the point. First they take someone with an undefined illness called 'Covid-19' and don't even attempt to find any virus in their sputum. Never mind the scientists still describe how this 'virus', which they have not located attaches to a cell receptor, injects its genetic material, in 'Covid's' case, RNA, into the cell. The RNA once inserted exploits the cell to reproduce itself and makes 'thousands, nay millions, of copies of itself … Then it emerges victorious to claim its next victim':

If you were to look in the scientific literature for proof, actual scientific proof, that uniform SARS-CoV2 viruses have been properly isolated from the sputum of a sick person, that actual spike proteins could be seen protruding from the virus (which has not been found), you would find that such evidence doesn't exist.

If you go looking in the published scientific literature for actual pictures, proof, that these spike proteins or any viral proteins are ever attached to any receptor embedded in any cell membrane, you would also find that no such evidence exists. If you were to look for a video or documented evidence of the intact virus injecting its genetic material into the body of the cell, reproducing itself and then emerging victorious by budding off the cell membrane, you would find that no such evidence exists.

The closest thing you would find is electron micrograph pictures of cellular particles, possibly attached to cell debris, both of which to be seen were stained by heavy metals, a process that completely distorts their architecture within the living organism. This is like finding bits of paper stuck to the blown-up bricks, thereby proving the paper emerged by taking pieces of the bricks on its way out.

The Enders baloney

Cowan describes the 'Covid' story as being just as make-believe as his paper story and he charts back this fantasy to a Nobel Prize winner called John Enders (1897-1985), an American biomedical scientist who has been dubbed 'The Father of Modern Vaccines'. Enders is claimed to have 'discovered' the process of the viral culture which 'proved' that a 'virus' caused measles. Cowan explains how Enders did this 'by using the EXACT same procedure that has been followed by every virologist to find and characterize every new virus since 1954'. Enders took throat swabs from children with measles and immersed them in 2ml of milk. Penicillin (100u/ml) and the antibiotic streptomycin (50,g/ml) were added and the whole mix was centrifuged – rotated at high speed to separate large cellular debris from small particles and molecules as with milk and cream, for example. Cowan says that if the aim is to find little particles of genetic material ('viruses') in the snot from children with measles it would seem that the last thing you would do is mix the snot with other material – milk –that also has genetic material. 'How are you ever going to know whether whatever you found came from the snot or the milk?' He points out that streptomycin is a 'nephrotoxic' or poisonous-to-the-kidney drug. You will see the relevance of that

shortly. Cowan says that it gets worse, much worse, when Enders describes the culture medium upon which the virus 'grows': 'The culture medium consisted of bovine amniotic fluid (90%), beef embryo extract (5%), horse serum (5%), antibiotics and phenol red as an indicator of cell metabolism.' Cowan asks incredulously: 'Did he just say that the culture medium also contained fluids and tissues that are themselves rich sources of genetic material?' The genetic cocktail, or 'medium', is inoculated onto tissue and cells from rhesus monkey *kidney* tissue. This is where the importance of streptomycin comes in and currently-used antimicrobials and other drugs that are *poisonous to kidneys* and used in ALL modern viral cultures (e.g. gentamicin, streptomycin, and amphotericin). Cowan asks: 'How are you ever going to know from this witch's brew where any genetic material comes from as we now have five different sources of rich genetic material in our mix?' Remember, he says, that all genetic material, whether from monkey kidney tissues, bovine serum, milk, etc., is made from the exact same components. The same central question returns: 'How are you possibly going to know that it was the virus that killed the kidney tissue and not the toxic antibiotic and starvation rations on which you are growing the tissue?' John Enders answered the question himself – *you can't*:

A second agent was obtained from an uninoculated culture of monkey kidney cells. The cytopathic changes [death of the cells] it induced in the unstained preparations could not be distinguished with confidence from the viruses isolated from measles.

The death of the cells ('cytopathic changes') happened in exactly the same manner, whether they inoculated the kidney tissue with the measles snot or not, Cowan says. 'This is evidence that the destruction of the tissue, the very proof of viral causation of illness, was not caused by anything in the snot because they saw the same destructive effect when the snot was not even used … the cytopathic, i.e., cell-killing, changes come from the process of the culture itself, not from any virus in any snot, period.' Enders quotes in his 1957 paper a virologist called Ruckle as reporting similar findings 'and in addition has isolated an agent from monkey kidney tissue that is so

far indistinguishable from human measles virus'. In other words, Cowan says, these particles called 'measles viruses' are simply and clearly breakdown products of the starved and poisoned tissue. For measles 'virus' see all 'viruses' including the so-called 'Covid virus'. Enders, the 'Father of Modern Vaccines', also said:

There is a potential risk in employing cultures of primate cells for the production of vaccines composed of attenuated virus, since the presence of other agents possibly latent in primate tissues cannot be definitely excluded by any known method.

Cowan further quotes from a paper published in the journal *Viruses* in May, 2020, while the 'Covid pandemic' was well underway in the media if not in reality. 'EVs' here refers to particles of genetic debris from our own tissues, such as exosomes of which more in a moment: 'The remarkable resemblance between EVs and viruses has caused quite a few problems in the studies focused on the analysis of EVs released during viral infections.' Later the paper adds that to date a reliable method that can actually guarantee a complete separation (of EVs from viruses) DOES NOT EXIST. This was published at a time when a fairy tale 'virus' was claimed in total certainty to be causing a fairy tale 'viral disease' called 'Covid-19' – a fairy tale that was already well on the way to transforming human society in the image that the Cult has worked to achieve for so long. Cowan concludes his article:

To summarize, there is no scientific evidence that pathogenic viruses exist. What we think of as 'viruses' are simply the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues and cells. When we are well, we make fewer of these particles; when we are starved, poisoned, suffocated by wearing masks, or afraid, we make more.

There is no engineered virus circulating and making people sick. People in laboratories all over the world are making genetically modified products to make people sick. These are called vaccines. There is no virome, no 'ecosystem' of viruses, viruses are not 8%, 50% or 100 % of our genetic material. These are all simply erroneous ideas based on the misconception called a virus.

What is 'Covid'? Load of bollocks

The background described here by Cowan and Lanka was emphasised in the first video presentation that I saw by Dr Andrew Kaufman when he asked whether the 'Covid virus' was in truth a natural defence mechanism of the body called 'exosomes'. These are released by cells when in states of toxicity – see the same themes returning over and over. They are released ever more profusely as chemical and radiation toxicity increases and think of the potential effect therefore of 5G alone as its destructive frequencies infest the human energetic information field with a gathering pace (5G went online in Wuhan in 2019 as the 'virus' emerged). I'll have more about this later. Exosomes transmit a warning to the rest of the body that 'Houston, we have a problem'. Kaufman presented images of exosomes and compared them with 'Covid' under an electron microscope and the similarity was remarkable. They both attach to the same cell receptors (*claimed* in the case of 'Covid'), contain the same genetic material in the form of RNA or ribonucleic acid, and both are found in 'viral cell cultures' with damaged or dying cells. James Hildreth MD, President and Chief Executive Officer of the Meharry Medical College at Johns Hopkins, said: 'The virus is fully an exosome in every sense of the word.' Kaufman's conclusion was that there is no 'virus': 'This entire pandemic is a completely manufactured crisis … there is no evidence of anyone dying from [this] illness.' Dr Tom Cowan and Sally Fallon Morell, authors of *The Contagion Myth*, published a statement with Dr Kaufman in February, 2021, explaining why the 'virus' does not exist and you can read it that in full in the Appendix.

'Virus' theory can be traced to the 'cell theory' in 1858 of German physician Rudolf Virchow (1821-1920) who contended that disease originates from a single cell infiltrated by a 'virus'. Dr Stefan Lanka said that findings and insights with respect to the structure, function and central importance of tissues in the creation of life, which were already known in 1858, comprehensively refute the cell theory. Virchow ignored them. We have seen the part later played by John Enders in the 1950s and Lanka notes that infection theories were only established as a global dogma through the policies and

eugenics of the Third Reich in Nazi Germany (creation of the same Sabbatian cult behind the 'Covid' hoax). Lanka said: 'Before 1933, scientists dared to contradict this theory; after 1933, these critical scientists were silenced'. Dr Tom Cowan's view is that ill-heath is caused by too much of something, too little of something, or toxification from chemicals and radiation – not contagion. We must also highlight as a major source of the 'virus' theology a man still called the 'Father of Modern Virology' – Thomas Milton Rivers (1888-1962). There is no way given the Cult's long game policy that it was a coincidence for the 'Father of Modern Virology' to be director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research from 1937 to 1956 when he is credited with making the Rockefeller Institute a leader in 'viral research'. Cult Rockefellers were the force behind the creation of Big Pharma 'medicine', established the World Health Organisation in 1948, and have long and close associations with the Gates family that now runs the WHO during the pandemic hoax through mega-rich Cult gofer and psychopath Bill Gates.

Only a Renegade Mind can see through all this bullshit by asking the questions that need to be answered, not taking 'no' or prevarication for an answer, and certainly not hiding from the truth in fear of speaking it. Renegade Minds have always changed the world for the better and they will change this one no matter how bleak it may currently appear to be.

CHAPTER SIX

Sequence of deceit

If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything
Mark Twain

Against the background that I have laid out this far the sequence that took us from an invented 'virus' in Cult-owned China in late 2019 to the fascist transformation of human society can be seen and understood in a whole new context.

We were told that a deadly disease had broken out in Wuhan and the world media began its campaign (coordinated by behavioural psychologists as we shall see) to terrify the population into unquestioning compliance. We were shown images of Chinese people collapsing in the street which never happened in the West with what was supposed to be the same condition. In the earliest days when alleged cases and deaths were few the fear register was hysterical in many areas of the media and this would expand into the common media narrative across the world. The real story was rather different, but we were never told that. The Chinese government, one of the Cult's biggest centres of global operation, said they had discovered a new illness with flu-like and pneumonia-type symptoms in a city with such toxic air that it is overwhelmed with flu-like symptoms, pneumonia and respiratory disease. Chinese scientists said it was a new – 'novel' – coronavirus which they called Sars-Cov-2 and that it caused a disease they labelled 'Covid-19'. There was no evidence for this and the 'virus' has never to this day been isolated, purified and its genetic code established from that. It

was from the beginning a computer-generated fiction. Stories of Chinese whistleblowers saying the number of deaths was being supressed or that the 'new disease' was related to the Wuhan bio-lab misdirected mainstream and alternative media into cul-de-sacs to obscure the real truth – there was no 'virus'.

Chinese scientists took genetic material from the lung fluid of just a few people and said they had found a 'new' disease when this material had a wide range of content. There was no evidence for a 'virus' for the very reasons explained in the last two chapters. The 'virus' has never been shown to (a) exist and (b) cause any disease. People were diagnosed on symptoms that are so widespread in Wuhan and polluted China and with a PCR test that can't detect infectious disease. On this farce the whole global scam was sold to the rest of the world which would also diagnose respiratory disease as 'Covid-19' from symptoms alone or with a PCR test not testing for a 'virus'. Flu miraculously disappeared *worldwide* in 2020 and into 2021 as it was redesignated 'Covid-19'. It was really the same old flu with its 'flu-like' symptoms attributed to 'flu-like' 'Covid-19'. At the same time with very few exceptions the Chinese response of draconian lockdown and fascism was the chosen weapon to respond across the West as recommended by the Cult-owned Tedros at the Cult-owned World Health Organization run by the Cult-owned Gates. All was going according to plan. Chinese scientists – everything in China is controlled by the Cult-owned government – compared their contaminated RNA lung-fluid material with other RNA sequences and said it appeared to be just under 80 percent identical to the SARS-CoV-1 'virus' claimed to be the cause of the SARS (severe acute respiratory syndrome) 'outbreak' in 2003. They decreed that because of this the 'new virus' had to be related and they called it SARS-CoV-2. There are some serious problems with this assumption and *assumption* was all it was. Most 'factual' science turns out to be assumptions repeated into everyone-knows-that. A match of under 80-percent is meaningless. Dr Kaufman makes the point that there's a *96 percent* genetic correlation between humans and chimpanzees, but 'no one would say our genetic material is part

of the chimpanzee family'. Yet the Chinese authorities were claiming that a much lower percentage, less than 80 percent, proved the existence of a new 'coronavirus'. For goodness sake human DNA is 60 percent similar to a *banana*.

You are feeling sleepy

The entire 'Covid' hoax is a global Psyop, a psychological operation to program the human mind into believing and fearing a complete fantasy. A crucial aspect of this was what *appeared* to happen in Italy. It was all very well streaming out daily images of an alleged catastrophe in Wuhan, but to the Western mind it was still on the other side of the world in a very different culture and setting. A reaction of 'this could happen to me and my family' was still nothing like as intense enough for the mind-doctors. The Cult needed a Western example to push people over that edge and it chose Italy, one of its major global locations going back to the Roman Empire. An Italian 'Covid' crisis was manufactured in a particular area called Lombardy which just happens to be notorious for its toxic air and therefore respiratory disease. Wuhan, China, déjà vu. An hysterical media told horror stories of Italians dying from 'Covid' in their droves and how Lombardy hospitals were being overrun by a tidal wave of desperately ill people needing treatment after being struck down by the 'deadly virus'. Here was the psychological turning point the Cult had planned. Wow, if this is happening in Italy, the Western mind concluded, this indeed could happen to me and my family. Another point is that Italian authorities responded by following the Chinese blueprint so vehemently recommended by the Cult-owned World Health Organization. They imposed fascistic lockdowns on the whole country viciously policed with the help of surveillance drones sweeping through the streets seeking out anyone who escaped from mass house arrest. Livelihoods were destroyed and psychology unravelled in the way we have witnessed since in all lockdown countries. Crucial to the plan was that Italy responded in this way to set the precedent of suspending freedom and imposing fascism in a 'Western liberal democracy'. I emphasised in an

animated video explanation on davidicke.com posted in the summer of 2020 how important it was to the Cult to expand the Chinese lockdown model across the West. Without this, and the bare-faced lie that non-symptomatic people could still transmit a 'disease' they didn't have, there was no way locking down the whole population, sick and not sick, could be pulled off. At just the right time and with no evidence Cult operatives and gofers claimed that people without symptoms could pass on the 'disease'. In the name of protecting the 'vulnerable' like elderly people, who lockdowns would kill by the tens of thousands, we had for the first time healthy people told to isolate as well as the sick. The great majority of people who tested positive had no symptoms because there was nothing wrong with them. It was just a trick made possible by a test not testing for the 'virus'.

Months after my animated video the Gates-funded Professor Neil Ferguson at the Gates-funded Imperial College confirmed that I was right. He didn't say it in those terms, naturally, but he did say it. Ferguson will enter the story shortly for his outrageously crazy 'computer models' that led to Britain, the United States and many other countries following the Chinese and now Italian methods of response. Put another way, following the Cult script. Ferguson said that SAGE, the UK government's scientific advisory group which has controlled 'Covid' policy from the start, wanted to follow the Chinese lockdown model (while they all continued to work and be paid), but they wondered if they could possibly, in Ferguson's words, 'get away with it in Europe'. 'Get away with it'? Who the hell do these moronic, arrogant people think they are? This appalling man Ferguson said that once Italy went into national lockdown they realised they, too, could mimic China:

> It's a communist one-party state, we said. We couldn't get away with it in Europe, we thought … and then Italy did it. And we realised we could. Behind this garbage from Ferguson is a simple fact: Doing the same as China in every country was the plan from the start and Ferguson's 'models' would play a central role in achieving that. It's just a coincidence, of course, and absolutely nothing to worry your little head about.

Oops, sorry, our mistake

Once the Italian segment of the Psyop had done the job it was designed to do a very different story emerged. Italian authorities revealed that 99 percent of those who had 'died from Covid-19' in Italy had one, two, three, or more 'co-morbidities' or illnesses and health problems that could have ended their life. The US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) published a figure of 94 percent for Americans dying of 'Covid' while having other serious medical conditions – on average two to three (some five or six) other potential causes of death. In terms of death from an unproven 'virus' I say it is 100 percent. The other one percent in Italy and six percent in the US would presumably have died from 'Covid's' flu-like symptoms with a range of other possible causes in conjunction with a test not testing for the 'virus'. Fox News reported that even more startling figures had emerged in one US county in which 410 of 422 deaths attributed to 'Covid-19' had other potentially deadly health conditions. The Italian National Health Institute said later that the average age of people dying with a 'Covid-19' diagnosis in Italy was about 81. Ninety percent were over 70 with ten percent over 90. In terms of other reasons to die some 80 percent had two or more chronic diseases with half having three or more including cardiovascular problems, diabetes, respiratory problems and cancer. Why is the phantom 'Covid-19' said to kill overwhelmingly old people and hardly affect the young? Old people continually die of many causes and especially respiratory disease which you can re-diagnose 'Covid-19' while young people die in tiny numbers by comparison and rarely of respiratory disease. Old people 'die of Covid' because they die of other things that can be redesignated 'Covid' and it really is that simple.

Flu has flown

The blueprint was in place. Get your illusory 'cases' from a test not testing for the 'virus' and redesignate other causes of death as 'Covid-19'. You have an instant 'pandemic' from something that is nothing more than a computer-generated fiction. With near-on a

billion people having 'flu-like' symptoms every year the potential was limitless and we can see why flu quickly and apparently miraculously disappeared *worldwide* by being diagnosed 'Covid-19'. The painfully bloody obvious was explained away by the childlike media in headlines like this in the UK '*Independent*': 'Not a single case of flu detected by Public Health England this year as Covid restrictions suppress virus'. I kid you not. The masking, social distancing and house arrest that did not make the 'Covid virus' disappear somehow did so with the 'flu virus'. Even worse the article, by a bloke called Samuel Lovett, suggested that maybe the masking, sanitising and other 'Covid' measures should continue to keep the flu away. With a ridiculousness that disturbs your breathing (it's 'Covid-19') the said Lovett wrote: 'With widespread social distancing and mask-wearing measures in place throughout the UK, the usual routes of transmission for influenza have been blocked.' He had absolutely no evidence to support that statement, but look at the consequences of him acknowledging the obvious. With flu not disappearing at all and only being relabelled 'Covid-19' he would have to contemplate that 'Covid' was a hoax on a scale that is hard to imagine. You need guts and commitment to truth to even go there and that's clearly something Samuel Lovett does not have in abundance. He would never have got it through the editors anyway.

Tens of thousands die in the United States alone every winter from flu including many with pneumonia complications. CDC figures record *45 million* Americans diagnosed with flu in 2017-2018 of which 61,000 died and some reports claim 80,000. Where was the same hysteria then that we have seen with 'Covid-19'? Some 250,000 Americans are admitted to hospital with pneumonia every year with about 50,000 cases proving fatal. About 65 million suffer respiratory disease every year and three million deaths makes this the third biggest cause of death worldwide. You only have to redesignate a portion of all these people 'Covid-19' and you have an instant global pandemic or the *appearance* of one. Why would doctors do this? They are told to do this and all but a few dare not refuse those who must be obeyed. Doctors in general are not researching their own

knowledge and instead take it direct and unquestioned from the authorities that own them and their careers. The authorities say they must now diagnose these symptoms 'Covid-19' and not flu, or whatever, and they do it. Dark suits say put 'Covid-19' on death certificates no matter what the cause of death and the doctors do it. Renegade Minds don't fall for the illusion that doctors and medical staff are all highly-intelligent, highly-principled, seekers of medical truth. *Some are*, but not the majority. They are repeaters, gofers, and yes sir, no sir, purveyors of what the system demands they purvey. The 'Covid' con is not merely confined to diseases of the lungs. Instructions to doctors to put 'Covid-19' on death certificates for anyone dying of *anything* within 28 days (or much more) of a positive test not testing for the 'virus' opened the floodgates. The term dying *with* 'Covid' and not *of* 'Covid' was coined to cover the truth. Whether it was a *with* or an *of* they were all added to the death numbers attributed to the 'deadly virus' compiled by national governments and globally by the Gates-funded Johns Hopkins operation in the United States that was so involved in those 'pandemic' simulations. Fraudulent deaths were added to the ever-growing list of fraudulent 'cases' from false positives from a false test. No wonder Professor Walter Ricciardi, scientific advisor to the Italian minister of health, said after the Lombardy hysteria had done its job that 'Covid' death rates were due to Italy having the second oldest population in the world and to *how hospitals record deaths*:

> The way in which we code deaths in our country is very generous in the sense that all the people who die in hospitals with the coronavirus are deemed to be dying of the coronavirus. On re-evaluation by the National Institute of Health, only 12 per cent of death certificates have shown a direct causality from coronavirus, while 88 per cent of patients who have died have at least one pre-morbidity – many had two or three.

This is extraordinary enough when you consider the propaganda campaign to use Italy to terrify the world, but how can they even say twelve percent were genuine when the 'virus' has not been shown to exist, its 'code' is a computer program, and diagnosis comes from a test not testing for it? As in China, and soon the world, 'Covid-19' in

Italy was a redesignation of diagnosis. Lies and corruption were to become the real 'pandemic' fuelled by a pathetically-compliant medical system taking its orders from the tiny few at the top of their national hierarchy who answered to the World Health Organization which answers to Gates and the Cult. Doctors were told – ordered – to diagnose a particular set of symptoms 'Covid-19' and put that on the death certificate for any cause of death if the patient had tested positive with a test not testing for the virus or had 'Covid' symptoms like the flu. The United States even introduced big financial incentives to manipulate the figures with hospitals receiving £4,600 from the Medicare system for diagnosing someone with regular pneumonia, $13,000 if they made the diagnosis from the same symptoms 'Covid-19' pneumonia, and $39, 000 if they put a 'Covid' diagnosed patient on a ventilator that would almost certainly kill them. A few – painfully and pathetically few – medical whistleblowers revealed (before Cult-owned YouTube deleted their videos) that they had been instructed to 'let the patient crash' and put them straight on a ventilator instead of going through a series of far less intrusive and dangerous methods as they would have done before the pandemic hoax began and the financial incentives kicked in. We are talking cold-blooded murder given that ventilators are so damaging to respiratory systems they are usually the last step before heaven awaits. Renegade Minds never fall for the belief that people in white coats are all angels of mercy and cannot be full-on psychopaths. I have explained in detail in *The Answer* how what I am describing here played out across the world coordinated by the World Health Organization through the medical hierarchies in almost every country.

Medical scientist calls it

Information about the non-existence of the 'virus' began to emerge for me in late March, 2020, and mushroomed after that. I was sent an email by Sir Julian Rose, a writer, researcher, and organic farming promotor, from a medical scientist friend of his in the United States. Even at that early stage in March the scientist was able to explain

how the 'Covid' hoax was being manipulated. He said there were no reliable tests for a specific 'Covid-19 virus' and nor were there any reliable agencies or media outlets for reporting numbers of actual 'Covid-19' cases. We have seen in the long period since then that he was absolutely right. 'Every action and reaction to Covid-19 is based on totally flawed data and we simply cannot make accurate assessments,' he said. Most people diagnosed with 'Covid-19' were showing nothing more than cold and flu-like symptoms 'because most coronavirus strains *are* nothing more than cold/flu-like symptoms'. We had farcical situations like an 84-year-old German man testing positive for 'Covid-19' and his nursing home ordered to quarantine only for him to be found to have a common cold. The scientist described back then why PCR tests and what he called the 'Mickey Mouse test kits' were useless for what they were claimed to be identifying. 'The idea these kits can isolate a specific virus like Covid-19 is nonsense,' he said. Significantly, he pointed out that 'if you want to create a totally false panic about a totally false pandemic – pick a coronavirus'. This is exactly what the Cult-owned Gates, World Economic Forum and Johns Hopkins University did with their Event 201 'simulation' followed by their real-life simulation called the 'pandemic'. The scientist said that all you had to do was select the sickest of people with respiratory-type diseases in a single location – 'say Wuhan' – and administer PCR tests to them. You can then claim that anyone showing 'viral sequences' similar to a coronavirus 'which will inevitably be quite a few' is suffering from a 'new' disease:

> Since you already selected the sickest flu cases a fairly high proportion of your sample will go on to die. You can then say this 'new' virus has a CFR [case fatality rate] higher than the flu and use this to infuse more concern and do more tests which will of course produce more 'cases', which expands the testing, which produces yet more 'cases' and so on and so on. Before long you have your 'pandemic', and all you have done is use a simple test kit trick to convert the worst flu and pneumonia cases into something new that doesn't ACTUALLY EXIST [my emphasis].

He said that you then 'just run the same scam in other countries' and make sure to keep the fear message running high 'so that people

will feel panicky and less able to think critically'. The only problem to overcome was the fact *there is no* actual new deadly pathogen and only regular sick people. This meant that deaths from the 'new deadly pathogen' were going to be way too low for a real new deadly virus pandemic, but he said this could be overcome in the following ways – all of which would go on to happen:

1. You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent [you underpin this with fantasy 'computer projections']. Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.

2. You can [say that people] 'minimizing' the dangers are irresponsible and bully them into not talking about numbers.

3. You can talk crap about made up numbers hoping to blind people with pseudoscience.

4. You can start testing well people (who, of course, will also likely have shreds of coronavirus [RNA] in them) and thus inflate your 'case figures' with 'asymptomatic carriers' (you will of course have to spin that to sound deadly even though any virologist knows the more symptom-less cases you have the less deadly is your pathogen).

The scientist said that if you take these simple steps 'you can have your own entirely manufactured pandemic up and running in weeks'. His analysis made so early in the hoax was brilliantly prophetic of what would actually unfold. Pulling all the information together in these recent chapters we have this is simple 1, 2, 3, of how you can delude virtually the entire human population into believing in a 'virus' that doesn't exist:

- A 'Covid case' is someone who tests positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'.

- A 'Covid death' is someone who dies of *any cause* within 28 days (or much longer) of testing positive with a test not testing for the 'virus.

- Asymptomatic means there is nothing wrong with you, but they claim you can pass on what you don't have to justify locking

down (quarantining) healthy people in totality.

The foundations of the hoax are that simple. A study involving ten million people in Wuhan, published in November, 2020, demolished the whole lie about those without symptoms passing on the 'virus'. They found '300 asymptomatic cases' and traced their contacts to find that not one of them was detected with the 'virus'. 'Asymptomatic' patients and their contacts were isolated for no less than two weeks and nothing changed. I know it's all crap, but if you are going to claim that those without symptoms can transmit 'the virus' then you must produce evidence for that and they never have. Even World Health Organization official Dr Maria Van Kerkhove, head of the emerging diseases and zoonosis unit, said as early as June, 2020, that she doubted the validity of asymptomatic transmission. She said that 'from the data we have, it still seems to be rare that an asymptomatic person actually transmits onward to a secondary individual' and by 'rare' she meant that she couldn't cite any case of asymptomatic transmission.

The Ferguson factor

The problem for the Cult as it headed into March, 2020, when the script had lockdown due to start, was that despite all the manipulation of the case and death figures they still did not have enough people alleged to have died from 'Covid' to justify mass house arrest. This was overcome in the way the scientist described: 'You can claim this is just the beginning and more deaths are imminent … Use this as an excuse to quarantine everyone and then claim the quarantine prevented the expected millions of dead.' Enter one Professor Neil Ferguson, the Gates-funded 'epidemiologist' at the Gates-funded Imperial College in London. Ferguson is Britain's Christian Drosten in that he has a dire record of predicting health outcomes, but is still called upon to advise government on the next health outcome when another 'crisis' comes along. This may seem to be a strange and ridiculous thing to do. Why would you keep turning for policy guidance to people who have a history of being

monumentally wrong? Ah, but it makes sense from the Cult point of view. These 'experts' keep on producing predictions that suit the Cult agenda for societal transformation and so it was with Neil Ferguson as he revealed his horrific (and clearly insane) computer model predictions that allowed lockdowns to be imposed in Britain, the United States and many other countries. Ferguson does not have even an A-level in biology and would appear to have no formal training in computer modelling, medicine or epidemiology, according to Derek Winton, an MSc in Computational Intelligence. He wrote an article somewhat aghast at what Ferguson did which included taking no account of respiratory disease 'seasonality' which means it is far worse in the winter months. Who would have thought that respiratory disease could be worse in the winter? Well, certainly not Ferguson.

The massively China-connected Imperial College and its bizarre professor provided the excuse for the long-incubated Chinese model of human control to travel westward at lightning speed. Imperial College confirms on its website that it collaborates with the Chinese Research Institute; publishes more than 600 research papers every year with Chinese research institutions; has 225 Chinese staff; 2,600 Chinese students – the biggest international group; 7,000 former students living in China which is the largest group outside the UK; and was selected for a tour by China's President Xi Jinping during his state visit to the UK in 2015. The college takes major donations from China and describes itself as the UK's number one university collaborator with Chinese research institutions. The China communist/fascist government did not appear phased by the woeful predictions of Ferguson and Imperial when during the lockdown that Ferguson induced the college signed a five-year collaboration deal with China tech giant Huawei that will have Huawei's indoor 5G network equipment installed at the college's West London tech campus along with an 'AI cloud platform'. The deal includes Chinese sponsorship of Imperial's Venture Catalyst entrepreneurship competition. Imperial is an example of the enormous influence the Chinese government has within British and North American

universities and research centres – and further afield. Up to 200 academics from more than a dozen UK universities are being investigated on suspicion of 'unintentionally' helping the Chinese government build weapons of mass destruction by 'transferring world-leading research in advanced military technology such as aircraft, missile designs and cyberweapons'. Similar scandals have broken in the United States, but it's all a coincidence. Imperial College serves the agenda in many other ways including the promotion of every aspect of the United Nations Agenda 21/2030 (the Great Reset) and produced computer models to show that human-caused 'climate change' is happening when in the real world it isn't. Imperial College is driving the climate agenda as it drives the 'Covid' agenda (both Cult hoaxes) while Patrick Vallance, the UK government's Chief Scientific Adviser on 'Covid', was named Chief Scientific Adviser to the UN 'climate change' conference known as COP26 hosted by the government in Glasgow, Scotland. 'Covid' and 'climate' are fundamentally connected.

Professor Woeful

From Imperial's bosom came Neil Ferguson still advising government despite his previous disasters and it was announced early on that he and other key people like UK Chief Medical Adviser Chris Whitty had caught the 'virus' as the propaganda story was being sold. Somehow they managed to survive and we had Prime Minister Boris Johnson admitted to hospital with what was said to be a severe version of the 'virus' in this same period. His whole policy and demeanour changed when he returned to Downing Street. It's a small world with these government advisors – especially in their communal connections to Gates – and Ferguson had partnered with Whitty to write a paper called 'Infectious disease: Tough choices to reduce Ebola transmission' which involved another scare-story that didn't happen. Ferguson's 'models' predicted that up to150, 000 could die from 'mad cow disease', or BSE, and its version in sheep if it was transmitted to humans. BSE was not transmitted and instead triggered by an organophosphate pesticide used to treat a pest on

cows. Fewer than 200 deaths followed from the human form. Models by Ferguson and his fellow incompetents led to the unnecessary culling of millions of pigs, cattle and sheep in the foot and mouth outbreak in 2001 which destroyed the lives and livelihoods of farmers and their families who had often spent decades building their herds and flocks. Vast numbers of these animals did not have foot and mouth and had no contact with the infection. Another 'expert' behind the cull was Professor Roy Anderson, a computer modeller at Imperial College specialising in the epidemiology of *human*, not animal, disease. Anderson has served on the Bill and Melinda Gates Grand Challenges in Global Health advisory board and chairs another Gates-funded organisation. Gates is everywhere.

In a precursor to the 'Covid' script Ferguson backed closing schools 'for prolonged periods' over the swine flu 'pandemic' in 2009 and said it would affect a third of the world population if it continued to spread at the speed he claimed to be happening. His mates at Imperial College said much the same and a news report said: 'One of the authors, the epidemiologist and disease modeller Neil Ferguson, who sits on the World Health Organisation's emergency committee for the outbreak, said the virus had "full pandemic potential".' Professor Liam Donaldson, the Chris Whitty of his day as Chief Medical Officer, said the worst case could see 30 percent of the British people infected by swine flu with 65,000 dying. Ferguson and Donaldson were indeed proved correct when at the end of the year the number of deaths attributed to swine flu was 392. The term 'expert' is rather liberally applied unfortunately, not least to complete idiots. Swine flu 'projections' were great for GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) as millions rolled in for its Pandemrix influenza vaccine which led to brain damage with children most affected. The British government (taxpayers) paid out more than £60 million in compensation after GSK was given immunity from prosecution. Yet another 'Covid' déjà vu. Swine flu was supposed to have broken out in Mexico, but Dr Wolfgang Wodarg, a German doctor, former member of parliament and critic of the 'Covid' hoax, observed 'the spread of swine flu' in Mexico City at the time. He

said: 'What we experienced in Mexico City was a very mild flu which did not kill more than usual – which killed even fewer people than usual.' Hyping the fear against all the facts is not unique to 'Covid' and has happened many times before. Ferguson is reported to have over-estimated the projected death toll of bird flu (H5N1) by some three million-fold, but bird flu vaccine makers again made a killing from the scare. This is some of the background to the Neil Ferguson who produced the perfectly-timed computer models in early 2020 predicting that half a million people would die in Britain without draconian lockdown and 2.2 million in the United States. Politicians panicked, people panicked, and lockdowns of alleged short duration were instigated to 'flatten the curve' of cases gleaned from a test not testing for the 'virus'. I said at the time that the public could forget the 'short duration' bit. This was an agenda to destroy the livelihoods of the population and force them into mass control through dependency and there was going to be nothing 'short' about it. American researcher Daniel Horowitz described the consequences of the 'models' spewed out by Gates-funded Ferguson and Imperial College:

> What led our government and the governments of many other countries into panic was a single Imperial College of UK study, funded by global warming activists, that predicted 2.2 million deaths if we didn't lock down the country. In addition, the reported 8-9% death rate in Italy scared us into thinking there was some other mutation of this virus that they got, which might have come here.
>
> Together with the fact that we were finally testing and had the ability to actually report new cases, we thought we were headed for a death spiral. But again … we can't flatten a curve if we don't know when the curve started.

How about it *never* started?

Giving them what they want

An investigation by German news outlet *Welt Am Sonntag (World on Sunday)* revealed how in March, 2020, the German government gathered together 'leading scientists from several research institutes and universities' and 'together, they were to produce a [modelling]

paper that would serve as legitimization for further tough political measures'. The Cult agenda was justified by computer modelling not based on evidence or reality; it was specifically constructed to justify the Cult demand for lockdowns all over the world to destroy the independent livelihoods of the global population. All these modellers and everyone responsible for the 'Covid' hoax have a date with a trial like those in Nuremberg after World War Two when Nazis faced the consequences of their war crimes. These corrupt-beyond-belief 'modellers' wrote the paper according to government instructions and it said that that if lockdown measures were lifted then up to one million Germans would die from 'Covid-19' adding that some would die 'agonizingly at home, gasping for breath' unable to be treated by hospitals that couldn't cope. All lies. No matter – it gave the Cult all that it wanted. What did long-time government 'modeller' Neil Ferguson say? If the UK and the United States didn't lockdown half a million would die in Britain and 2.2 million Americans. Anyone see a theme here? 'Modellers' are such a crucial part of the lockdown strategy that we should look into their background and follow the money. Researcher Rosemary Frei produced an excellent article headlined 'The Modelling-paper Mafiosi'. She highlights a guy called John Edmunds, a British epidemiologist, and professor in the Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health at the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine. He studied at Imperial College. Edmunds is a member of government 'Covid' advisory bodies which have been dictating policy, the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group (NERVTAG) and the Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE).

Ferguson, another member of NERVTAG and SAGE, led the way with the original 'virus' and Edmunds has followed in the 'variant' stage and especially the so-called UK or Kent variant known as the 'Variant of Concern' (VOC) B.1.1.7. He said in a co-written report for the Centre for Mathematical modelling of Infectious Diseases at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, with input from the Centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group, that there was 'a realistic

possibility that VOC B.1.1.7 is associated with an increased risk of death compared to non-VOC viruses'. Fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine, fear, fear, fear, get the vaccine. Rosemary Frei reveals that almost all the paper's authors and members of the modelling centre's 'Covid-19' Working Group receive funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and/or the associated Gates-funded Wellcome Trust. The paper was published by e-journal *Medr χiv* which only publishes papers not peer-reviewed and the journal was established by an organisation headed by Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg and his missus. What a small world it is. Frei discovered that Edmunds is on the Scientific Advisory Board of the Coalition for Epidemic Preparedness Innovations (CEPI) which was established by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Klaus Schwab's Davos World Economic Forum and Big Pharma giant Wellcome. CEPI was 'launched in Davos [in 2017] to develop vaccines to stop future epidemics', according to its website. 'Our mission is to accelerate the development of vaccines against emerging infectious diseases and enable equitable access to these vaccines for people during outbreaks.' What kind people they are. Rosemary Frei reveals that Public Health England (PHE) director Susan Hopkins is an author of her organisation's non-peer-reviewed reports on 'new variants'. Hopkins is a professor of infectious diseases at London's Imperial College which is gifted tens of millions of dollars a year by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Gates-funded modelling disaster Neil Ferguson also co-authors Public Health England reports and he spoke in December, 2020, about the potential danger of the B.1.1.7. 'UK variant' promoted by Gates-funded modeller John Edmunds. When I come to the 'Covid vaccines' the 'new variants' will be shown for what they are – bollocks.

Connections, connections

All these people and modellers are lockdown-obsessed or, put another way, they demand what the Cult demands. Edmunds said in January, 2021, that to ease lockdowns too soon would be a disaster and they had to 'vaccinate much, much, much more widely than the

elderly'. Rosemary Frei highlights that Edmunds is married to Jeanne Pimenta who is described in a LinkedIn profile as director of epidemiology at GlaxoSmithKline (GSK) and she held shares in the company. Patrick Vallance, co-chair of SAGE and the government's Chief Scientific Adviser, is a former executive of GSK and has a deferred bonus of shares in the company worth £600,000. GSK has serious business connections with Bill Gates and is collaborating with mRNA-'vaccine' company CureVac to make 'vaccines' for the new variants that Edmunds is talking about. GSK is planning a 'Covid vaccine' with drug giant Sanofi. Puppet Prime Minister Boris Johnson announced in the spring of 2021 that up to 60 million vaccine doses were to be made at the GSK facility at Barnard Castle in the English North East. Barnard Castle, with a population of just 6,000, was famously visited in breach of lockdown rules in April, 2020, by Johnson aide Dominic Cummings who said that he drove there 'to test his eyesight' before driving back to London. Cummings would be better advised to test his integrity – not that it would take long. The GSK facility had nothing to do with his visit then although I'm sure Patrick Vallance would have been happy to arrange an introduction and some tea and biscuits. Ruthless psychopath Gates has made yet another fortune from vaccines in collaboration with Big Pharma companies and gushes at the phenomenal profits to be made from vaccines – more than a 20-to-1 return as he told one interviewer. Gates also tweeted in December, 2019, with the foreknowledge of what was coming: 'What's next for our foundation? I'm particularly excited about what the next year could mean for one of the best buys in global health: vaccines.'

Modeller John Edmunds is a big promotor of vaccines as all these people appear to be. He's the dean of the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine's Faculty of Epidemiology and Population Health which is primarily funded by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation and the Gates-established and funded GAVI vaccine alliance which is the Gates vehicle to vaccinate the world. The organisation Doctors Without Borders has described GAVI as being 'aimed more at supporting drug-industry desires to promote new

products than at finding the most efficient and sustainable means for fighting the diseases of poverty'. But then that's why the psychopath Gates created it. John Edmunds said in a video that the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine is involved in every aspect of vaccine development including large-scale clinical trials. He contends that mathematical modelling can show that vaccines protect individuals and society. That's on the basis of shit in and shit out, I take it. Edmunds serves on the UK Vaccine Network as does Ferguson and the government's foremost 'Covid' adviser, the grim-faced, dark-eyed Chris Whitty. The Vaccine Network says it works 'to support the government to identify and shortlist targeted investment opportunities for the most promising vaccines and vaccine technologies that will help combat infectious diseases with epidemic potential, and to address structural issues related to the UK's broader vaccine infrastructure'. Ferguson is acting Director of the Imperial College Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium which has funding from the Bill and Melina Gates Foundation and the Gates-created GAVI 'vaccine alliance'. Anyone wonder why these characters see vaccines as the answer to every problem? Ferguson is wildly enthusiastic in his support for GAVI's campaign to vaccine children en masse in poor countries. You would expect someone like Gates who has constantly talked about the need to reduce the population to want to fund vaccines to keep more people alive. I'm sure that's why he does it. The John Edmunds London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine (LSHTM) has a Vaccines Manufacturing Innovation Centre which develops, tests and commercialises vaccines. Rosemary Frei writes:

> The vaccines centre also performs affiliated activities like combating 'vaccine hesitancy'. The latter includes the Vaccine Confidence Project. The project's stated purpose is, among other things, 'to provide analysis and guidance for early response and engagement with the public to ensure sustained confidence in vaccines and immunisation'. The Vaccine Confidence Project's director is LSHTM professor Heidi Larson. For more than a decade she's been researching how to combat vaccine hesitancy.

How the bloody hell can blokes like John Edmunds and Neil Ferguson with those connections and financial ties model 'virus' case

and death projections for the government and especially in a way that gives their paymasters like Gates exactly what they want? It's insane, but this is what you find throughout the world.

'Covid' is not dangerous, oops, wait, yes it is

Only days before Ferguson's nightmare scenario made Jackboot Johnson take Britain into a China-style lockdown to save us from a deadly 'virus' the UK government website gov.uk was reporting something very different to Ferguson on a page of official government guidance for 'high consequence infectious diseases (HCID)'. It said this about 'Covid-19':

> As of 19 March 2020, COVID-19 *is no longer considered to be a high consequence infectious diseases (HCID) in the UK* [my emphasis]. The 4 nations public health HCID group made an interim recommendation in January 2020 to classify COVID-19 as an HCID. This was based on consideration of the UK HCID criteria about the virus and the disease with information available during the early stages of the outbreak.
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> Now that more is known about COVID-19, the public health bodies in the UK have reviewed the most up to date information about COVID-19 against the UK HCID criteria. They have determined that several features have now changed; in particular, more information is available about mortality rates (low overall), and there is now greater clinical awareness and a specific and sensitive laboratory test, the availability of which continues to increase. The Advisory Committee on Dangerous Pathogens (ACDP) is also of the opinion that COVID-19 should no longer be classified as an HCID.

Soon after the government had been exposed for downgrading the risk they upgraded it again and everyone was back to singing from the same Cult hymn book. Ferguson and his fellow Gates clones indicated that lockdowns and restrictions would have to continue until a Gates-funded vaccine was developed. Gates said the same because Ferguson and his like were repeating the Gates script which is the Cult script. 'Flatten the curve' became an ongoing nightmare of continuing lockdowns with periods in between of severe restrictions in pursuit of destroying independent incomes and had nothing to do with protecting health about which the Cult gives not a shit. Why wouldn't Ferguson be pushing a vaccine 'solution' when he's owned by vaccine-obsessive Gates who makes a fortune from them and

when Ferguson heads the Vaccine Impact Modelling Consortium at Imperial College funded by the Gates Foundation and GAVI, the 'vaccine alliance', created by Gates as his personal vaccine promotion operation? To compound the human catastrophe that Ferguson's 'models' did so much to create he was later exposed for breaking his own lockdown rules by having sexual liaisons with his married girlfriend Antonia Staats at his home while she was living at another location with her husband and children. Staats was a 'climate' activist and senior campaigner at the Soros-funded Avaaz which I wouldn't trust to tell me that grass is green. Ferguson had to resign as a government advisor over this hypocrisy in May, 2020, but after a period of quiet he was back being quoted by the ridiculous media on the need for more lockdowns and a vaccine rollout. Other government-advising 'scientists' from Imperial College' held the fort in his absence and said lockdown could be indefinite until a vaccine was found. The Cult script was being sung by the payrolled choir. I said there was no intention of going back to 'normal' when the 'vaccine' came because the 'vaccine' is part of a very different agenda that I will discuss in Human 2.0. Why would the Cult want to let the world go back to normal when destroying that normal forever was the whole point of what was happening? House arrest, closing businesses and schools through lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks all followed the Ferguson fantasy models. Again as I predicted (these people are so predictable) when the 'vaccine' arrived we were told that house arrest, lockdown, (un)social distancing and masks would still have to continue. I will deal with the masks in the next chapter because they are of fundamental importance.

Where's the 'pandemic'?

Any mildly in-depth assessment of the figures revealed what was really going on. Cult-funded and controlled organisations still have genuine people working within them such is the number involved. So it is with Genevieve Briand, assistant program director of the Applied Economics master's degree program at Johns Hopkins

University. She analysed the impact that 'Covid-19' had on deaths from *all* causes in the United States using official data from the CDC for the period from early February to early September, 2020. She found that allegedly 'Covid' *related*-deaths exceeded those from heart disease which she found strange with heart disease always the biggest cause of fatalities. Her research became even more significant when she noted the sudden decline in 2020 of *all* non-'Covid' deaths: 'This trend is completely contrary to the pattern observed in all previous years … the total decrease in deaths by other causes almost exactly equals the increase in deaths by Covid-19.' This was such a game, set and match in terms of what was happening that Johns Hopkins University deleted the article on the grounds that it 'was being used to support false and dangerous inaccuracies about the impact of the pandemic'. No – because it exposed the scam from official CDC figures and this was confirmed when those figures were published in January, 2021. Here we can see the effect of people dying from heart attacks, cancer, road accidents and gunshot wounds – *anything* – having 'Covid-19' on the death certificate along with those diagnosed from 'symptoms' who had even not tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus'. I am not kidding with the gunshot wounds, by the way. Brenda Bock, coroner in Grand County, Colorado, revealed that two gunshot victims tested positive for the 'virus' within the previous 30 days and were therefore classified as 'Covid deaths'. Bock said: 'These two people had tested positive for Covid, but that's not what killed them. A gunshot wound is what killed them.' She said she had not even finished her investigation when the state listed the gunshot victims as deaths due to the 'virus'. The death and case figures for 'Covid-19' are an absolute joke and yet they are repeated like parrots by the media, politicians and alleged medical 'experts'. The official Cult narrative is the only show in town.

Genevieve Briand found that deaths from all causes were not exceptional in 2020 compared with previous years and a Spanish magazine published figures that said the same about Spain which was a 'Covid' propaganda hotspot at one point. *Discovery Salud*, a

health and medicine magazine, quoted government figures which showed how 17,000 *fewer* people died in Spain in 2020 than in 2019 and more than 26,000 fewer than in 2018. The age-standardised mortality rate for England and Wales when age distribution is taken into account was significantly lower in 2020 than the 1970s, 80s and 90s, and was only the ninth highest since 2000. Where is the 'pandemic'?

Post mortems and autopsies virtually disappeared for 'Covid' deaths amid claims that 'virus-infected' bodily fluids posed a risk to those carrying out the autopsy. This was rejected by renowned German pathologist and forensic doctor Klaus Püschel who said that he and his staff had by then done 150 autopsies on 'Covid' patients with no problems at all. He said they were needed to know why some 'Covid' patients suffered blood clots and not severe respiratory infections. The 'virus' is, after all, called SARS or 'severe acute respiratory syndrome'. I highlighted in the spring of 2020 this phenomenon and quoted New York intensive care doctor Cameron Kyle-Sidell who posted a soon deleted YouTube video to say that they had been told to prepare to treat an infectious disease called 'Covid-19', but that was not what they were dealing with. Instead he likened the lung condition of the most severely ill patients to what you would expect with cabin depressurisation in a plane at 30,000 feet or someone dropped on the top of Everest without oxygen or acclimatisation. I have never said this is not happening to a small minority of alleged 'Covid' patients – I am saying this is not caused by a phantom 'contagious virus'. Indeed Kyle-Sidell said that 'Covid-19' was not the disease they were told was coming their way. 'We are operating under a medical paradigm that is untrue,' he said, and he believed they were treating the wrong disease: 'These people are being slowly starved of oxygen.' Patients would take off their oxygen masks in a state of fear and stress and while they were blue in the face on the brink of death. They did not look like patients dying of pneumonia. You can see why they don't want autopsies when their virus doesn't exist and there is another condition in some people that they don't wish to be uncovered. I should add here that

the 5G system of millimetre waves was being rapidly introduced around the world in 2020 and even more so now as they fire 5G at the Earth from satellites. At 60 gigahertz within the 5G range that frequency interacts with the oxygen molecule and stops people breathing in sufficient oxygen to be absorbed into the bloodstream. They are installing 5G in schools and hospitals. The world is not mad or anything. 5G can cause major changes to the lungs and blood as I detail in *The Answer* and these consequences are labelled 'Covid-19', the alleged symptoms of which can be caused by 5G and other electromagnetic frequencies as cells respond to radiation poisoning.

The 'Covid death' scam

Dr Scott Jensen, a Minnesota state senator and medical doctor, exposed 'Covid' Medicare payment incentives to hospitals and death certificate manipulation. He said he was sent a seven-page document by the US Department of Health 'coaching' him on how to fill out death certificates which had never happened before. The document said that he didn't need to have a laboratory test for 'Covid-19' to put that on the death certificate and that shocked him when death certificates are supposed to be about facts. Jensen described how doctors had been 'encouraged, if not pressured' to make a diagnosis of 'Covid-19' if they thought it was probable or *'presumed*'. No positive test was necessary – not that this would have mattered anyway. He said doctors were told to diagnose 'Covid' by symptoms when these were the same as colds, allergies, other respiratory problems, and certainly with influenza which 'disappeared' in the 'Covid' era. A common sniffle was enough to get the dreaded verdict. Ontario authorities decreed that a single care home resident with *one* symptom from a long list must lead to the isolation of the entire home. Other courageous doctors like Jensen made the same point about death figure manipulation and how deaths by other causes were falling while 'Covid-19 deaths' were rising at the same rate due to re-diagnosis. Their videos rarely survive long on YouTube with its Cult-supporting algorithms courtesy of CEO Susan Wojcicki and her bosses at Google. Figure-tampering was so glaring

and ubiquitous that even officials were letting it slip or outright saying it. UK chief scientific adviser Patrick Vallance said on one occasion that 'Covid' on the death certificate doesn't mean 'Covid' was the cause of death (so why the hell is it there?) and we had the rare sight of a BBC reporter telling the truth when she said: 'Someone could be successfully treated for Covid, in say April, discharged, and then in June, get run over by a bus and die … That person would still be counted as a Covid death in England.' Yet the BBC and the rest of the world media went on repeating the case and death figures as if they were real. Illinois Public Health Director Dr Ngozi Ezike revealed the deceit while her bosses must have been clenching their buttocks:

> If you were in a hospice and given a few weeks to live and you were then found to have Covid that would be counted as a Covid death. [There might be] a clear alternate cause, but it is still listed as a Covid death. So everyone listed as a Covid death doesn't mean that was the cause of the death, but that they had Covid at the time of death.

Yes, a 'Covid virus' never shown to exist and tested for with a test not testing for the 'virus'. In the first period of the pandemic hoax through the spring of 2020 the process began of designating almost everything a 'Covid' death and this has continued ever since. I sat in a restaurant one night listening to a loud conversation on the next table where a family was discussing in bewilderment how a relative who had no symptoms of 'Covid', and had died of a long-term problem, could have been diagnosed a death by the 'virus'. I could understand their bewilderment. If they read this book they will know why this medical fraud has been perpetrated the world over.

Some media truth shock

The media ignored the evidence of death certificate fraud until eventually one columnist did speak out when she saw it first-hand. Bel Mooney is a long-time national newspaper journalist in Britain currently working for the *Daily Mail*. Her article on February 19th, 2021, carried this headline: 'My dad Ted passed three Covid tests

and died of a chronic illness yet he's officially one of Britain's 120,000 victims of the virus and is far from alone ... so how many more are there?' She told how her 99-year-old father was in a care home with a long-standing chronic obstructive pulmonary disease and vascular dementia. Maybe, but he was still aware enough to tell her from the start that there was no 'virus' and he refused the 'vaccine' for that reason. His death was not unexpected given his chronic health problems and Mooney said she was shocked to find that 'Covid-19' was declared the cause of death on his death certificate. She said this was a 'bizarre and unacceptable untruth' for a man with long-time health problems who had tested negative twice at the home for the 'virus'. I was also shocked by this story although not by what she said. I had been highlighting the death certificate manipulation for ten months. It was the confirmation that a professional full-time journalist only realised this was going on when it affected her directly and neither did she know that whether her dad tested positive or negative was irrelevant with the test not testing for the 'virus'. Where had she been? She said she did not believe in 'conspiracy theories' without knowing I'm sure that this and 'conspiracy theorists' were terms put into widespread circulation by the CIA in the 1960s to discredit those who did not accept the ridiculous official story of the Kennedy assassination. A blanket statement of 'I don't believe in conspiracy theories' is always bizarre. The dictionary definition of the term alone means the world is drowning in conspiracies. What she said was even more daft when her dad had just been affected by the 'Covid' conspiracy. Why else does she think that 'Covid-19' was going on the death certificates of people who died of something else?

To be fair once she saw from personal experience what was happening she didn't mince words. Mooney was called by the care home on the morning of February 9th to be told her father had died in his sleep. When she asked for the official cause of death what came back was 'Covid-19'. Mooney challenged this and was told there had been deaths from Covid on the dementia floor (confirmed by a test not testing for the 'virus') so they considered it 'reasonable

to assume'. 'But doctor,' Mooney rightly protested, 'an assumption isn't a diagnosis.' She said she didn't blame the perfectly decent and sympathetic doctor – 'he was just doing his job'. Sorry, but that's *bullshit*. He wasn't doing his job at all. He was putting a false cause of death on the death certificate and that is a criminal offence for which he should be brought to account and the same with the millions of doctors worldwide who have done the same. They were not doing their job they were following orders and that must not wash at new Nuremberg trials any more than it did at the first ones. Mooney's doctor was 'assuming' (presuming) as he was told to, but 'just following orders' makes no difference to his actions. A doctor's job is to serve the patient and the truth, not follow orders, but that's what they have done all over the world and played a central part in making the 'Covid' hoax possible with all its catastrophic consequences for humanity. Shame on them and they must answer for their actions. Mooney said her disquiet worsened when she registered her father's death by telephone and was told by the registrar there had been very many other cases like hers where 'the deceased' had not tested positive for 'Covid' yet it was recorded as the cause of death. The test may not matter, but those involved at their level *think* it matters and it shows a callous disregard for accurate diagnosis. The pressure to do this is coming from the top of the national 'health' pyramids which in turn obey the World Health Organization which obeys Gates and the Cult. Mooney said the registrar agreed that this must distort the national figures adding that 'the strangest thing is that every winter we record countless deaths from flu, and this winter there have been none. Not one!' She asked if the registrar thought deaths from flu were being misdiagnosed and lumped together with 'Covid' deaths. The answer was a 'puzzled yes'. Mooney said that the funeral director said the same about 'Covid' deaths which had nothing to do with 'Covid'. They had lost count of the number of families upset by this and other funeral companies in different countries have had the same experience. Mooney wrote:

The nightly shroud-waving and shocking close-ups of pain imposed on us by the TV news bewildered and terrified the population into eager compliance with lockdowns. We were invited to 'save the NHS' and to grieve for strangers – the real-life loved ones behind those shocking death counts. Why would the public imagine what I now fear, namely that the way Covid-19 death statistics are compiled might make the numbers seem greater than they are?

Oh, just a little bit – like 100 percent.

Do the maths

Mooney asked why a country would wish to skew its mortality figures by wrongly certifying deaths? What had been going on? Well, if you don't believe in conspiracies you will never find the answer which is that *it's a conspiracy*. She did, however, describe what she had discovered as a 'national scandal'. In reality it's a global scandal and happening everywhere. Pillars of this conspiracy were all put into place before the button was pressed with the Drosten PCR protocol and high amplifications to produce the cases and death certificate changes to secure illusory 'Covid' deaths. Mooney notes that normally two doctors were needed to certify a death, with one having to know the patient, and how the rules were changed in the spring of 2020 to allow one doctor to do this. In the same period 'Covid deaths' were decreed to be all cases where Covid-19 was put on the death certificate even without a positive test or any symptoms. Mooney asked: 'How many of the 30,851 (as of January 15) care home resident deaths with Covid-19 on the certificate (32.4 per cent of all deaths so far) were based on an assumption, like that of my father? And what has that done to our national psyche?'All of them is the answer to the first question and it has devastated and dismantled the national psyche, actually the global psyche, on a colossal scale. In the UK case and death data is compiled by organisations like Public Health England (PHE) and the Office for National Statistics (ONS). Mooney highlights the insane policy of counting a death from any cause as 'Covid-19' if this happens within 28 days of a positive test (with a test not testing for the 'virus') and she points out that ONS statistics reflect deaths 'involving Covid' 'or due to Covid' which meant in practice any

death where 'Covid-19' was mentioned on the death certificate. She described the consequences of this fraud:

> Most people will accept the narrative they are fed, so panicky governments here and in Europe witnessed the harsh measures enacted in totalitarian China and jumped into lockdown. Headlines about Covid deaths tolled like the knell that would bring doomsday to us all. Fear stalked our empty streets. Politicians parroted the frankly ridiculous aim of 'zero Covid' and shut down the economy, while most British people agreed that lockdown was essential and (astonishingly to me, as a patriotic Brit) even wanted more restrictions.
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> For what? Lies on death certificates? Never mind the grim toll of lives ruined, suicides, schools closed, rising inequality, depression, cancelled hospital treatments, cancer patients in a torture of waiting, poverty, economic devastation, loneliness, families kept apart, and so on. How many lives have been lost as a direct result of lockdown?

She said that we could join in a national chorus of shock and horror at reaching the 120,000 death toll which was surely certain to have been totally skewed all along, but what about the human cost of lockdown justified by these 'death figures'? *The British Medical Journal* had reported a 1,493 percent increase in cases of children taken to Great Ormond Street Hospital with abusive head injuries alone and then there was the effect on families:

> Perhaps the most shocking thing about all this is that families have been kept apart – and obeyed the most irrational, changing rules at the whim of government – because they believed in the statistics. They succumbed to fear, which his generation rejected in that war fought for freedom. Dad (God rest his soul) would be angry. And so am I.

Another theme to watch is that in the winter months when there are more deaths from all causes they focus on 'Covid' deaths and in the summer when the British Lung Foundation says respiratory disease plummets by 80 percent they rage on about 'cases'. Either way fascism on population is always the answer.

Nazi eugenics in the 21st century

Elderly people in care homes have been isolated from their families month after lonely month with no contact with relatives and grandchildren who were banned from seeing them. We were told

that lockdown fascism was to 'protect the vulnerable' like elderly people. At the same time Do Not Resuscitate (DNR) orders were placed on their medical files so that if they needed resuscitation it wasn't done and 'Covid-19' went on their death certificates. Old people were not being 'protected' they were being culled – murdered in truth. DNR orders were being decreed for disabled and young people with learning difficulties or psychological problems. The UK Care Quality Commission, a non-departmental body of the Department of Health and Social Care, found that 34 percent of those working in health and social care were pressured into placing 'do not attempt cardiopulmonary resuscitation' orders on 'Covid' patients who suffered from disabilities and learning difficulties without involving the patient or their families in the decision. UK judges ruled that an elderly woman with dementia should have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine' against her son's wishes and that a man with severe learning difficulties should have the jab despite his family's objections. Never mind that many had already died. The judiciary always supports doctors and government in fascist dictatorships. They wouldn't dare do otherwise. A horrific video was posted showing fascist officers from Los Angeles police forcibly giving the 'Covid' shot to women with special needs who were screaming that they didn't want it. The same fascists are seen giving the jab to a sleeping elderly woman in a care home. This is straight out of the Nazi playbook. Hitler's Nazis committed mass murder of the mentally ill and physically disabled throughout Germany and occupied territories in the programme that became known as Aktion T4, or just T4. Sabbatian-controlled Hitler and his grotesque crazies set out to kill those they considered useless and unnecessary. The Reich Committee for the Scientific Registering of Hereditary and Congenital Illnesses registered the births of babies identified by physicians to have 'defects'. By 1941 alone more than 5,000 children were murdered by the state and it is estimated that in total the number of innocent people killed in Aktion T4 was between 275,000 and 300,000. Parents were told their children had been sent away for 'special treatment' never to return. It is rather pathetic to see claims about plans for new extermination camps being dismissed today

when the same force behind current events did precisely that 80 years ago. Margaret Sanger was a Cult operative who used 'birth control' to sanitise her programme of eugenics. Organisations she founded became what is now Planned Parenthood. Sanger proposed that 'the whole dysgenic population would have its choice of segregation or sterilization'. These included epileptics, 'feeble-minded', and prostitutes. Sanger opposed charity because it perpetuated 'human waste'. She reveals the Cult mentality and if anyone thinks that extermination camps are a 'conspiracy theory' their naivety is touching if breathtakingly stupid.

If you don't believe that doctors can act with callous disregard for their patients it is worth considering that doctors and medical staff agreed to put government-decreed DNR orders on medical files and do nothing when resuscitation is called for. I don't know what you call such people in your house. In mine they are Nazis from the Josef Mengele School of Medicine. Phenomenal numbers of old people have died worldwide from the effects of lockdown, depression, lack of treatment, the 'vaccine' (more later) and losing the will to live. A common response at the start of the manufactured pandemic was to remove old people from hospital beds and transfer them to nursing homes. The decision would result in a mass cull of elderly people in those homes through lack of treatment – *not* 'Covid'. Care home whistleblowers have told how once the 'Covid' era began doctors would not come to their homes to treat patients and they were begging for drugs like antibiotics that often never came. The most infamous example was ordered by New York governor Andrew Cuomo, brother of a moronic CNN host, who amazingly was given an Emmy Award for his handling of the 'Covid crisis' by the ridiculous Wokers that hand them out. Just how ridiculous could be seen in February, 2021, when a Department of Justice and FBI investigation began into how thousands of old people in New York died in nursing homes after being discharged from hospital to make way for 'Covid' patients on Cuomo's say-so – and how he and his staff covered up these facts. This couldn't have happened to a nicer psychopath. Even then there was a 'Covid' spin. Reports said that

thousands of old people who tested positive for 'Covid' in hospital were transferred to nursing homes to both die of 'Covid' and transmit it to others. No – they were in hospital because they were ill and the fact that they tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' is irrelevant. They were ill often with respiratory diseases ubiquitous in old people near the end of their lives. Their transfer out of hospital meant that their treatment stopped and many would go on to die.

They're old. Who gives a damn?

I have exposed in the books for decades the Cult plan to cull the world's old people and even to introduce at some point what they call a 'demise pill' which at a certain age everyone would take and be out of here by law. In March, 2021, Spain legalised euthanasia and assisted suicide following the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and Canada on the Tiptoe to the demise pill. Treatment of old people by many 'care' homes has been a disgrace in the 'Covid' era. There are many, many, caring staff – I know some. There have, however, been legions of stories about callous treatment of old people and their families. Police were called when families came to take their loved ones home in the light of isolation that was killing them. They became prisoners of the state. Care home residents in insane, fascist Ontario, Canada, were not allowed to leave their *room* once the 'Covid' hoax began. UK staff have even wheeled elderly people away from windows where family members were talking with them. Oriana Criscuolo from Stockport in the English North West dropped off some things for her 80-year-old father who has Parkinson's disease and dementia and she wanted to wave to him through a ground-floor window. She was told that was 'illegal'. When she went anyway they closed the curtains in the middle of the day. Oriana said:

> It's just unbelievable. I cannot understand how care home staff – people who are being paid to care – have become so uncaring. Their behaviour is inhumane and cruel. It's beyond belief.

She was right and this was not a one-off. What a way to end your life in such loveless circumstances. UK registered nurse Nicky Millen, a proper old school nurse for 40 years, said that when she started her career care was based on dignity, choice, compassion and empathy. Now she said 'the things that are important to me have gone out of the window.' She was appalled that people were dying without their loved ones and saying goodbye on iPads. Nicky described how a distressed 89-year-old lady stroked her face and asked her 'how many paracetamol would it take to finish me off'. Life was no longer worth living while not seeing her family. Nicky said she was humiliated in front of the ward staff and patients for letting the lady stroke her face and giving her a cuddle. Such is the dehumanisation that the 'Covid' hoax has brought to the surface. Nicky worked in care homes where patients told her they were being held prisoner. 'I want to live until I die', one said to her. 'I had a lady in tears because she hadn't seen her great-grandson.' Nicky was compassionate old school meeting psychopathic New Normal. She also said she had worked on a 'Covid' ward with no 'Covid' patients. Jewish writer Shai Held wrote an article in March, 2020, which was headlined 'The Staggering, Heartless Cruelty Toward the Elderly'. What he described was happening from the earliest days of lockdown. He said 'the elderly' were considered a group and not unique individuals (the way of the Woke). Shai Held said:

> Notice how the all-too-familiar rhetoric of dehumanization works: 'The elderly' are bunched together as a faceless mass, all of them considered culprits and thus effectively deserving of the suffering the pandemic will inflict upon them. Lost entirely is the fact that the elderly are individual human beings, each with a distinctive face and voice, each with hopes and dreams, memories and regrets, friendships and marriages, loves lost and loves sustained.

'The elderly' have become another dehumanised group for which anything goes and for many that has resulted in cold disregard for their rights and their life. The distinctive face that Held talks about is designed to be deleted by masks until everyone is part of a faceless mass.

'War-zone' hospitals myth

Again and again medical professionals have told me what was really going on and how hospitals 'overrun like war zones' according to the media were virtually empty. The mantra from medical whistleblowers was please don't use my name or my career is over. Citizen journalists around the world sneaked into hospitals to film evidence exposing the 'war-zone' lie. They really *were* largely empty with closed wards and operating theatres. I met a hospital worker in my town on the Isle of Wight during the first lockdown in 2020 who said the only island hospital had never been so quiet. Lockdown was justified by the psychopaths to stop hospitals being overrun. At the same time that the island hospital was near-empty the military arrived here to provide *extra beds*. It was all propaganda to ramp up the fear to ensure compliance with fascism as were never-used temporary hospitals with thousands of beds known as Nightingales and never-used make-shift mortuaries opened by the criminal UK government. A man who helped to install those extra island beds attributed to the army said they were never used and the hospital was empty. Doctors and nurses 'stood around talking or on their phones, wandering down to us to see what we were doing'. There were no masks or social distancing. He accused the useless local island paper, the *County Press*, of 'pumping the fear as if our hospital was overrun and we only have one so it should have been'. He described ambulances parked up with crews outside in deck chairs. When his brother called an ambulance he was told there was a two-hour backlog which he called 'bullshit'. An old lady on the island fell 'and was in a bad way', but a caller who rang for an ambulance was told the situation wasn't urgent enough. Ambulance stations were working under capacity while people would hear ambulances with sirens blaring driving through the streets. When those living near the stations realised what was going on they would follow them as they left, circulated around an urban area with the sirens going, and then came back without stopping. All this was to increase levels of fear and the same goes for the 'ventilator shortage crisis' that cost tens of millions for hastily produced ventilators never to be used.

Ambulance crews that agreed to be exploited in this way for fear propaganda might find themselves a mirror. I wish them well with that. Empty hospitals were the obvious consequence of treatment and diagnoses of non-'Covid' conditions cancelled and those involved handed a death sentence. People have been dying at home from undiagnosed and untreated cancer, heart disease and other life-threatening conditions to allow empty hospitals to deal with a 'pandemic' that wasn't happening.

Death of the innocent

'War-zones' have been laying off nursing staff, even doctors where they can. There was no work for them. Lockdown was justified by saving lives and protecting the vulnerable they were actually killing with DNR orders and preventing empty hospitals being 'overrun'. In Britain the mantra of stay at home to 'save the NHS' was everywhere and across the world the same story was being sold when it was all lies. Two California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi at Accelerated Urgent Care in Bakersfield, held a news conference in April, 2020, to say that intensive care units in California were 'empty, essentially', with hospitals shutting floors, not treating patients and laying off doctors. The California health system was working at minimum capacity 'getting rid of doctors because we just don't have the volume'. They said that people with conditions such as heart disease and cancer were not coming to hospital out of fear of 'Covid-19'. Their video was deleted by Susan Wojcicki's Cult-owned YouTube after reaching five million views. Florida governor Ron Desantis, who rejected the severe lockdowns of other states and is being targeted for doing so, said that in March, 2020, every US governor was given models claiming they would run out of hospital beds in days. That was never going to happen and the 'modellers' knew it. Deceit can be found at every level of the system. Urgent children's operations were cancelled including fracture repairs and biopsies to spot cancer. Eric Nicholls, a consultant paediatrician, said 'this is obviously concerning and we need to return to normal operating and to increase capacity as soon as possible'. Psychopaths

in power were rather less concerned *because* they are psychopaths. Deletion of urgent care and diagnosis has been happening all over the world and how many kids and others have died as a result of the actions of these cold and heartless lunatics dictating 'health' policy? The number must be stratospheric. Richard Sullivan, professor of cancer and global health at King's College London, said people feared 'Covid' more than cancer such was the campaign of fear. 'Years of lost life will be quite dramatic', Sullivan said, with 'a huge amount of avoidable mortality'. Sarah Woolnough, executive director for policy at Cancer Research UK, said there had been a 75 percent drop in urgent referrals to hospitals by family doctors of people with suspected cancer. Sullivan said that 'a lot of services have had to scale back – we've seen a dramatic decrease in the amount of elective cancer surgery'. Lockdown deaths worldwide has been absolutely fantastic with the *New York Post* reporting how data confirmed that 'lockdowns end more lives than they save':

> There was a sharp decline in visits to emergency rooms and an increase in fatal heart attacks because patients didn't receive prompt treatment. Many fewer people were screened for cancer. Social isolation contributed to excess deaths from dementia and Alzheimer's.
>
> Researchers predicted that the social and economic upheaval would lead to tens of thousands of "deaths of despair" from drug overdoses, alcoholism and suicide. As unemployment surged and mental-health and substance-abuse treatment programs were interrupted, the reported levels of anxiety, depression and suicidal thoughts increased dramatically, as did alcohol sales and fatal drug overdoses.

This has been happening while nurses and other staff had so much time on their hands in the 'war-zones' that Tic-Tok dancing videos began appearing across the Internet with medical staff dancing around in empty wards and corridors as people died at home from causes that would normally have been treated in hospital.

Mentions in dispatches

One brave and truth-committed whistleblower was Louise Hampton, a call handler with the UK NHS who made a viral Internet video saying she had done 'fuck all' during the 'pandemic'

which was 'a load of bollocks'. She said that 'Covid-19' was rebranded flu and of course she lost her job. This is what happens in the medical and endless other professions now when you tell the truth. Louise filmed inside 'war-zone' accident and emergency departments to show they were empty and I mean *empty* as in no one there. The mainstream media could have done the same and blown the gaff on the whole conspiracy. They haven't to their eternal shame. Not that most 'journalists' seem capable of manifesting shame as with the psychopaths they slavishly repeat without question. The relative few who were admitted with serious health problems were left to die alone with no loved ones allowed to see them because of 'Covid' rules and they included kids dying without the comfort of mum and dad at their bedside while the evil behind this couldn't give a damn. It was all good fun to them. A Scottish NHS staff nurse publicly quit in the spring of 2021 saying: 'I can no longer be part of the lies and the corruption by the government.' She said hospitals 'aren't full, the beds aren't full, beds have been shut, wards have been shut'. Hospitals were never busy throughout 'Covid'. The staff nurse said that Nicola Sturgeon, tragically the leader of the Scottish government, was on television saying save the hospitals and the NHS – 'but the beds are empty' and 'we've not seen flu, we always see flu every year'. She wrote to government and spoke with her union Unison (the unions are Cult-compromised and *useless*, but nothing changed. Many of her colleagues were scared of losing their jobs if they spoke out as they wanted to. She said nursing staff were being affected by wearing masks all day and 'my head is splitting every shift from wearing a mask'. The NHS is part of the fascist tyranny and must be dismantled so we can start again with human beings in charge. (Ironically, hospitals were reported to be busier again when official 'Covid' cases *fell* in spring/summer of 2021 and many other conditions required treatment at the same time as *the fake vaccine rollout*.)

I will cover the 'Covid vaccine' scam in detail later, but it is another indicator of the sickening disregard for human life that I am highlighting here. The DNA-manipulating concoctions do not fulfil

the definition of a 'vaccine', have never been used on humans before and were given only emergency approval because trials were not completed and they continued using the unknowing public. The result was what a NHS senior nurse with responsibility for 'vaccine' procedure said was 'genocide'. She said the 'vaccines' were not 'vaccines'. They had not been shown to be safe and claims about their effectiveness by drug companies were 'poetic licence'. She described what was happening as a 'horrid act of human annihilation'. The nurse said that management had instigated a policy of not providing a Patient Information Leaflet (PIL) before people were 'vaccinated' even though health care professionals are supposed to do this according to protocol. Patients should also be told that they are taking part in an ongoing clinical trial. Her challenges to what is happening had seen her excluded from meetings and ridiculed in others. She said she was told to 'watch my step … or I would find myself surplus to requirements'. The nurse, who spoke anonymously in fear of her career, said she asked her NHS manager why he/she was content with taking part in genocide against those having the 'vaccines'. The reply was that everyone had to play their part and to 'put up, shut up, and get it done'. Government was 'leaning heavily' on NHS management which was clearly leaning heavily on staff. This is how the global 'medical' hierarchy operates and it starts with the Cult and its World Health Organization.

She told the story of a doctor who had the Pfizer jab and when questioned had no idea what was in it. The doctor had never read the literature. We have to stop treating doctors as intellectual giants when so many are moral and medical pygmies. The doctor did not even know that the 'vaccines' were not fully approved or that their trials were ongoing. They were, however, asking their patients if they minded taking part in follow-ups for research purposes – yes, the *ongoing clinical trial*. The nurse said the doctor's ignorance was not rare and she had spoken to a hospital consultant who had the jab without any idea of the background or that the 'trials' had not been completed. Nurses and pharmacists had shown the same ignorance.

'My NHS colleagues have forsaken their duty of care, broken their code of conduct – Hippocratic Oath – and have been brainwashed just the same as the majority of the UK public through propaganda …' She said she had not been able to recruit a single NHS colleague, doctor, nurse or pharmacist to stand with her and speak out. Her union had refused to help. She said that if the genocide came to light she would not hesitate to give evidence at a Nuremberg-type trial against those in power who could have affected the outcomes but didn't.

And all for what?

To put the nonsense into perspective let's say the 'virus' does exist and let's go completely crazy and accept that the official manipulated figures for cases and deaths are accurate. *Even then* a study by Stanford University epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis published on the World Health Organization website produced an average infection to fatality rate of … *0.23 percent!* Ioannidis said: 'If one could sample equally from all locations globally, the median infection fatality rate might even be substantially lower than the 0.23% observed in my analysis.' For healthy people under 70 it was … *0.05 percent*! This compares with the 3.4 percent claimed by the Cult-owned World Health Organization when the hoax was first played and maximum fear needed to be generated. An updated Stanford study in April, 2021, put the 'infection' to 'fatality' rate at just 0.15 percent. Another team of scientists led by Megan O'Driscoll and Henrik Salje studied data from 45 countries and published their findings on the Nature website. For children and young people the figure is so small it virtually does not register although authorities will be hyping dangers to the young when they introduce DNA-manipulating 'vaccines' for children. The O'Driscoll study produced an average infection-fatality figure of 0.003 for children from birth to four; 0.001 for 5 to 14; 0.003 for 15 to 19; and it was still only 0.456 up to 64. To claim that children must be 'vaccinated' to protect them from 'Covid' is an obvious lie and so there must be another reason and there is. What's more the average age of a 'Covid' death is akin

to the average age that people die in general. The average age of death in England is about 80 for men and 83 for women. The average age of death from alleged 'Covid' is between 82 and 83. California doctors, Dan Erickson and Artin Massihi, said at their April media conference that projection models of millions of deaths had been 'woefully inaccurate'. They produced detailed figures showing that Californians had a 0.03 chance of dying from 'Covid' based on the number of people who tested positive (with a test not testing for the 'virus'). Erickson said there was a 0.1 percent chance of dying from 'Covid' in the *state* of New York, not just the city, and a 0.05 percent chance in Spain, a centre of 'Covid-19' hysteria at one stage. The Stanford studies supported the doctors' data with fatality rate estimates of 0.23 and 0.15 percent. How close are these figures to my estimate of *zero*? Death-rate figures claimed by the World Health Organization at the start of the hoax were some 15 times higher. The California doctors said there was no justification for lockdowns and the economic devastation they caused. Everything they had ever learned about quarantine was that you quarantine the *sick* and not the healthy. They had never seen this before and it made no medical sense.

Why in the in the light of all this would governments and medical systems the world over say that billions must go under house arrest; lose their livelihood; in many cases lose their mind, their health and their life; force people to wear masks dangerous to health and psychology; make human interaction and even family interaction a criminal offence; ban travel; close restaurants, bars, watching live sport, concerts, theatre, and any activity involving human togetherness and discourse; and closing schools to isolate children from their friends and cause many to commit suicide in acts of hopelessness and despair? The California doctors said lockdown consequences included increased child abuse, partner abuse, alcoholism, depression, and other impacts they were seeing every day. Who would do that to the entire human race if not mentally-ill psychopaths of almost unimaginable extremes like Bill Gates? We must face the reality of what we are dealing with and come out of

denial. Fascism and tyranny are made possible only by the target population submitting and acquiescing to fascism and tyranny. The whole of human history shows that to be true. Most people naively and unquestioning believed what they were told about a 'deadly virus' and meekly and weakly submitted to house arrest. Those who didn't believe it – at least in total – still submitted in fear of the consequences of not doing so. For the rest who wouldn't submit draconian fines have been imposed, brutal policing by psychopaths *for* psychopaths, and condemnation from the meek and weak who condemn the Pushbackers on behalf of the very force that has them, too, in its gunsights. 'Pathetic' does not even begin to suffice. Britain's brainless 'Health' Secretary Matt Hancock warned anyone lying to border officials about returning from a list of 'hotspot' countries could face a jail sentence of up to ten years which is more than for racially-aggravated assault, incest and attempting to have sex with a child under 13. Hancock is a lunatic, but he has the state apparatus behind him in a Cult-led chain reaction and the same with UK 'Vaccine Minister' Nadhim Zahawi, a prominent member of the mega-Cult secret society, Le Cercle, which featured in my earlier books. The Cult enforces its will on governments and medical systems; government and medical systems enforce their will on business and police; business enforces its will on staff who enforce it on customers; police enforce the will of the Cult on the population and play their essential part in creating a world of fascist control that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. It is a hierarchical pyramid of imposition and acquiescence and, yes indeedy, of clinical insanity.

Does anyone bright enough to read this book have to ask what the answer is? I think not, but I will reveal it anyway in the fewest of syllables: Tell the psychos and their moronic lackeys to fuck off and let's get on with our lives. We are many – They are few.

CHAPTER SEVEN

War on your mind

One believes things because one has been conditioned to believe them
Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

I have described the 'Covid' hoax as a 'Psyop' and that is true in every sense and on every level in accordance with the definition of that term which is psychological warfare. Break down the 'Covid pandemic' to the foundation themes and it is psychological warfare on the human individual and collective mind.

The same can be said for the entire human belief system involving every subject you can imagine. Huxley was right in his contention that people believe what they are conditioned to believe and this comes from the repetition throughout their lives of the same falsehoods. They spew from government, corporations, media and endless streams of 'experts' telling you what the Cult wants you to believe and often believing it themselves (although *far* from always). 'Experts' are rewarded with 'prestigious' jobs and titles and as agents of perceptual programming with regular access to the media. The Cult has to control the narrative – control *information* – or they lose control of the vital, crucial, without-which-they-cannot-prevail public perception of reality. The foundation of that control today is the Internet made possible by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), the incredibly sinister technological arm of the Pentagon. The Internet is the result of military technology.

DARPA openly brags about establishing the Internet which has been a long-term project to lasso the minds of the global population. I have said for decades the plan is to control information to such an extreme that eventually no one would see or hear anything that the Cult does not approve. We are closing in on that end with ferocious censorship since the 'Covid' hoax began and in my case it started back in the 1990s in terms of books and speaking venues. I had to create my own publishing company in 1995 precisely because no one else would publish my books even then. I think they're all still running.

Cult Internet

To secure total control of information they needed the Internet in which pre-programmed algorithms can seek out 'unclean' content for deletion and even stop it being posted in the first place. The Cult had to dismantle print and non-Internet broadcast media to ensure the transfer of information to the appropriate-named 'Web' – a critical expression of the *Cult* web. We've seen the ever-quickening demise of traditional media and control of what is left by a tiny number of corporations operating worldwide. Independent journalism in the mainstream is already dead and never was that more obvious than since the turn of 2020. The Cult wants all information communicated via the Internet to globally censor and allow the plug to be pulled any time. Lockdowns and forced isolation has meant that communication between people has been through electronic means and no longer through face-to-face discourse and discussion. Cult psychopaths have targeted the bars, restaurants, sport, venues and meeting places in general for this reason. None of this is by chance and it's to stop people gathering in any kind of privacy or number while being able to track and monitor all Internet communications and block them as necessary. Even private messages between individuals have been censored by these fascists that control Cult fronts like Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube which are all officially run by Sabbatian place-people and from the background by higher-level Sabbatian place people.

Facebook, Google, Amazon and their like were seed-funded and supported into existence with money-no-object infusions of funds either directly or indirectly from DARPA and CIA technology arm In-Q-Tel. The Cult plays the long game and prepares very carefully for big plays like 'Covid'. Amazon is another front in the psychological war and pretty much controls the global market in book sales and increasingly publishing. Amazon's limitless funds have deleted fantastic numbers of independent publishers to seize global domination on the way to deciding which books can be sold and circulated and which cannot. Moves in that direction are already happening. Amazon's leading light Jeff Bezos is the grandson of Lawrence Preston Gise who worked with DARPA predecessor ARPA. Amazon has big connections to the CIA and the Pentagon. The plan I have long described went like this:

1. Employ military technology to establish the Internet.

2. Sell the Internet as a place where people can freely communicate without censorship and allow that to happen until the Net becomes the central and irreversible pillar of human society. If the Internet had been highly censored from the start many would have rejected it.

3. Fund and manipulate major corporations into being to control the circulation of information on your Internet using cover stories about geeks in garages to explain how they came about. Give them unlimited funds to expand rapidly with no need to make a profit for years while non-Cult companies who need to balance the books cannot compete. You know that in these circumstances your Googles, YouTubes, Facebooks and Amazons are going to secure near monopolies by either crushing or buying up the opposition.

4. Allow freedom of expression on both the Internet and communication platforms to draw people in until the Internet is the central and irreversible pillar of human society and your communication corporations have reached a stage of near monopoly domination.

5. Then unleash your always-planned frenzy of censorship on the basis of 'where else are you going to go?' and continue to expand that until nothing remains that the Cult does not want its human targets to see.

The process was timed to hit the 'Covid' hoax to ensure the best chance possible of controlling the narrative which they knew they had to do at all costs. They were, after all, about to unleash a 'deadly virus' that didn't really exist. If you do that in an environment of free-flowing information and opinion you would be dead in the

water before you could say Gates is a psychopath. The network was in place through which the Cult-created-and-owned World Health Organization could dictate the 'Covid' narrative and response policy slavishly supported by Cult-owned Internet communication giants and mainstream media while those telling a different story were censored. Google, YouTube, Facebook and Twitter openly announced that they would do this. What else would we expect from Cult-owned operations like Facebook which former executives have confirmed set out to make the platform more addictive than cigarettes and coldly manipulates emotions of its users to sow division between people and groups and scramble the minds of the young? If Zuckerberg lives out the rest of his life without going to jail for crimes against humanity, and most emphatically against the young, it will be a travesty of justice. Still, no matter, cause and effect will catch up with him eventually and the same with Sergey Brin and Larry Page at Google with its CEO Sundar Pichai who fix the Google search results to promote Cult narratives and hide the opposition. Put the same key words into Google and other search engines like DuckDuckGo and you will see how different results can be. Wikipedia is another intensely biased 'encyclopaedia' which skews its content to the Cult agenda. YouTube links to Wikipedia's version of 'Covid' and 'climate change' on video pages in which experts in their field offer a different opinion (even that is increasingly rare with Wojcicki censorship). Into this 'Covid' silence-them network must be added government media censors, sorry 'regulators', such as Ofcom in the UK which imposed tyrannical restrictions on British broadcasters that had the effect of banning me from ever appearing. Just to debate with me about my evidence and views on 'Covid' would mean breaking the fascistic impositions of Ofcom and its CEO career government bureaucrat Melanie Dawes. Gutless British broadcasters tremble at the very thought of fascist Ofcom.

Psychos behind 'Covid'

The reason for the 'Covid' catastrophe in all its facets and forms can be seen by whom and what is driving the policies worldwide in such a coordinated way. Decisions are not being made to protect health, but to target psychology. The dominant group guiding and 'advising' government policy are not medical professionals. They are psychologists and behavioural scientists. Every major country has its own version of this phenomenon and I'll use the British example to show how it works. In many ways the British version has been affecting the wider world in the form of the huge behaviour manipulation network in the UK which operates in other countries. The network involves private companies, government, intelligence and military. The Cabinet Office is at the centre of the government 'Covid' Psyop and part-owns, with 'innovation charity' Nesta, the Behavioural Insights Team (BIT) which claims to be independent of government but patently isn't. The BIT was established in 2010 and its job is to manipulate the psyche of the population to acquiesce to government demands and so much more. It is also known as the 'Nudge Unit', a name inspired by the 2009 book by two ultra-Zionists, Cass Sunstein and Richard Thaler, called *Nudge: Improving Decisions About Health, Wealth, and Happiness*. The book, as with the Behavioural Insights Team, seeks to 'nudge' behaviour (manipulate it) to make the public follow patterns of action and perception that suit those in authority (the Cult). Sunstein is so skilled at this that he advises the World Health Organization and the UK Behavioural Insights Team and was Administrator of the White House Office of Information and Regulatory Affairs in the Obama administration. Biden appointed him to the Department of Homeland Security – another ultra-Zionist in the fold to oversee new immigration laws which is another policy the Cult wants to control. Sunstein is desperate to silence anyone exposing conspiracies and co-authored a 2008 report on the subject in which suggestions were offered to ban 'conspiracy theorizing' or impose 'some kind of tax, financial or otherwise, on those who disseminate such theories'. I guess a psychiatrist's chair is out of the question?

Sunstein's mate Richard Thaler, an 'academic affiliate' of the UK Behavioural Insights Team, is a proponent of 'behavioural economics' which is defined as the study of 'the effects of psychological, cognitive, emotional, cultural and social factors on the decisions of individuals and institutions'. Study the effects so they can be manipulated to be what you want them to be. Other leading names in the development of behavioural economics are ultra-Zionists Daniel Kahneman and Robert J. Shiller and they, with Thaler, won the Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Sciences for their work in this field. The Behavioural Insights Team is operating at the heart of the UK government and has expanded globally through partnerships with several universities including Harvard, Oxford, Cambridge, University College London (UCL) and Pennsylvania. They claim to have 'trained' (reframed) 20,000 civil servants and run more than 750 projects involving 400 randomised controlled trials in dozens of countries' as another version of mind reframers Common Purpose. BIT works from its office in New York with cities and their agencies, as well as other partners, across the United States and Canada – this is a company part-owned by the British government Cabinet Office. An executive order by President Cult-servant Obama established a US Social and Behavioral Sciences Team in 2015. They all have the same reason for being and that's to brainwash the population directly and by brainwashing those in positions of authority.

'Covid' mind game

Another prime aspect of the UK mind-control network is the 'independent' [joke] Scientific Pandemic Insights Group on Behaviours (SPI-B) which 'provides behavioural science advice aimed at anticipating and helping people adhere to interventions that are recommended by medical or epidemiological experts'. That means manipulating public perception and behaviour to do whatever government tells them to do. It's disgusting and if they really want the public to be 'safe' this lot should all be under lock and key. According to the government website SPI-B consists of

'behavioural scientists, health and social psychologists, anthropologists and historians' and advises the Whitty-Vallance-led Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) which in turn advises the government on 'the science' (it doesn't) and 'Covid' policy. When politicians say they are being guided by 'the science' this is the rabble in each country they are talking about and that 'science' is dominated by behaviour manipulators to enforce government fascism through public compliance. The Behaviour Insight Team is headed by psychologist David Solomon Halpern, a visiting professor at King's College London, and connects with a national and global web of other civilian and military organisations as the Cult moves towards its goal of fusing them into one fascistic whole in every country through its 'Fusion Doctrine'. The behaviour manipulation network involves, but is not confined to, the Foreign Office; National Security Council; government communications headquarters (GCHQ); MI5; MI6; the Cabinet Office-based Media Monitoring Unit; and the Rapid Response Unit which 'monitors digital trends to spot emerging issues; including misinformation and disinformation; and identifies the best way to respond'.

There is also the 77th Brigade of the UK military which operates like the notorious Israeli military's Unit 8200 in manipulating information and discussion on the Internet by posing as members of the public to promote the narrative and discredit those who challenge it. Here we have the military seeking to manipulate *domestic* public opinion while the Nazis in government are fine with that. Conservative Member of Parliament Tobias Ellwood, an advocate of lockdown and control through 'vaccine passports', is a Lieutenant Colonel reservist in the 77th Brigade which connects with the military operation jHub, the 'innovation centre' for the Ministry of Defence and Strategic Command. jHub has also been involved with the civilian National Health Service (NHS) in 'symptom tracing' the population. The NHS is a key part of this mind control network and produced a document in December, 2020, explaining to staff how to use psychological manipulation with different groups and ages to get them to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccine'

that's designed to cumulatively rewrite human genetics. The document, called 'Optimising Vaccination Roll Out – Do's and Dont's for all messaging, documents and "communications" in the widest sense', was published by NHS England and the NHS Improvement *Behaviour Change Unit* in partnership with Public Health England and Warwick Business School. I hear the mantra about 'save the NHS' and 'protect the NHS' when we need to scrap the NHS and start again. The current version is far too corrupt, far too anti-human and totally compromised by Cult operatives and their assets. UK government broadcast media censor Ofcom will connect into this web – as will the BBC with its tremendous Ofcom influence – to control what the public see and hear and dictate mass perception. Nuremberg trials must include personnel from all these organisations.

The fear factor

The 'Covid' hoax has led to the creation of the UK Cabinet Office-connected Joint Biosecurity Centre (JBC) which is officially described as providing 'expert advice on pandemics' using its independent [all Cult operations are 'independent'] analytical function to provide real-time analysis about infection outbreaks to identify and respond to outbreaks of Covid-19'. Another role is to advise the government on a response to spikes in infections – 'for example by closing schools or workplaces in local areas where infection levels have risen'. Put another way, promoting the Cult agenda. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is modelled on the Joint Terrorism Analysis Centre which analyses intelligence to set 'terrorism threat levels' and here again you see the fusion of civilian and military operations and intelligence that has led to military intelligence producing documents about 'vaccine hesitancy' and how it can be combated. Domestic civilian matters and opinions should not be the business of the military. The Joint Biosecurity Centre is headed by Tom Hurd, director general of the Office for Security and Counter-Terrorism from the establishment-to-its-fingertips Hurd family. His father is former Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd. How coincidental that Tom

Hurd went to the elite Eton College and Oxford University with Boris Johnson. Imperial College with its ridiculous computer modeller Neil Ferguson will connect with this gigantic web that will itself interconnect with similar set-ups in other major and not so major countries. Compared with this Cult network the politicians, be they Boris Johnson, Donald Trump or Joe Biden, are bit-part players 'following the science'. The network of psychologists was on the 'Covid' case from the start with the aim of generating maximum fear of the 'virus' to ensure compliance by the population. A government behavioural science group known as SPI-B produced a paper in March, 2020, for discussion by the main government science advisory group known as SAGE. It was headed 'Options for increasing adherence to social distancing measures' and it said the following in a section headed 'Persuasion':

- A substantial number of people still do not feel sufficiently personally threatened; it could be that they are reassured by the low death rate in their demographic group, although levels of concern may be rising. Having a good understanding of the risk has been found to be positively associated with adoption of COVID-19 social distancing measures in Hong Kong.

- The perceived level of personal threat needs to be increased among those who are complacent, using hard-hitting evaluation of options for increasing social distancing emotional messaging. To be effective this must also empower people by making clear the actions they can take to reduce the threat.

- Responsibility to others: There seems to be insufficient understanding of, or feelings of responsibility about, people's role in transmitting the infection to others … Messaging about actions need to be framed positively in terms of protecting oneself and the community, and increase confidence that they will be effective.

- Some people will be more persuaded by appeals to play by the rules, some by duty to the community, and some to personal risk.

> All these different approaches are needed. The messaging also needs to take account of the realities of different people's lives. Messaging needs to take account of the different motivational levers and circumstances of different people.

All this could be achieved the SPI-B psychologists said by *using the media to increase the sense of personal threat* which translates as terrify the shit out of the population, including children, so they all do what we want. That's not happened has it? Those excuses for 'journalists' who wouldn't know journalism if it bit them on the arse (the great majority) have played their crucial part in serving this Cult-government Psyop to enslave their own kids and grandkids. How they live with themselves I have no idea. The psychological war has been underpinned by constant government 'Covid' propaganda in almost every television and radio ad break, plus the Internet and print media, which has pounded out the fear with taxpayers footing the bill for their own programming. The result has been people terrified of a 'virus' that doesn't exist or one with a tiny fatality rate even if you believe it does. People walk down the street and around the shops wearing face-nappies damaging their health and psychology while others report those who refuse to be that naïve to the police who turn up in their own face-nappies. I had a cameraman come to my flat and he was so frightened of 'Covid' he came in wearing a mask and refused to shake my hand in case he caught something. He had – naïveitis – and the thought that he worked in the mainstream media was both depressing and made his behaviour perfectly explainable. The fear which has gripped the minds of so many and frozen them into compliance has been carefully cultivated by these psychologists who are really psychopaths. If lives get destroyed and a lot of young people commit suicide it shows our plan is working. SPI-B then turned to compulsion on the public to comply. 'With adequate preparation, rapid change can be achieved', it said. Some countries had introduced mandatory self-isolation on a wide scale without evidence of major public unrest and a large majority of the UK's population appeared to be supportive of more coercive measures with 64 percent of adults saying they would

support putting London under a lockdown (watch the 'polls' which are designed to make people believe that public opinion is in favour or against whatever the subject in hand).

For 'aggressive protective measures' to be effective, the SPI-B paper said, special attention should be devoted to those population groups that are more at risk. Translated from the Orwellian this means making the rest of population feel guilty for not protecting the 'vulnerable' such as old people which the Cult and its agencies were about to kill on an industrial scale with lockdown, lack of treatment and the Gates 'vaccine'. Psychopath psychologists sold their guilt-trip so comprehensively that Los Angeles County Supervisor Hilda Solis reported that children were apologising (from a distance) to their parents and grandparents for bringing 'Covid' into their homes and getting them sick. '… These apologies are just some of the last words that loved ones will ever hear as they die alone,' she said. Gut-wrenchingly Solis then used this childhood tragedy to tell children to stay at home and 'keep your loved ones alive'. Imagine heaping such potentially life-long guilt on a kid when it has absolutely nothing to do with them. These people are deeply disturbed and the psychologists behind this even more so.

Uncivil war – divide and rule

Professional mind-controllers at SPI-B wanted the media to increase a sense of responsibility to others (do as you're told) and promote 'positive messaging' for those actions while in contrast to invoke 'social disapproval' by the unquestioning, obedient, community of anyone with a mind of their own. Again the compliant Goebbels-like media obliged. This is an old, old, trick employed by tyrannies the world over throughout human history. You get the target population to keep the target population in line – *your* line. SPI-B said this could 'play an important role in preventing anti-social behaviour or discouraging failure to enact pro-social behaviour'. For 'anti-social' in the Orwellian parlance of SPI-B see any behaviour that government doesn't approve. SPI-B recommendations said that 'social disapproval' should be accompanied by clear messaging and

promotion of strong collective identity – hence the government and celebrity mantra of 'we're all in this together'. Sure we are. The mind doctors have such contempt for their targets that they think some clueless comedian, actor or singer telling them to do what the government wants will be enough to win them over. We have had UK comedian Lenny Henry, actor Michael Caine and singer Elton John wheeled out to serve the propagandists by urging people to have the DNA-manipulating 'Covid' non-'vaccine'. The role of Henry and fellow black celebrities in seeking to coax a 'vaccine' reluctant black community into doing the government's will was especially stomach-turning. An emotion-manipulating script and carefully edited video featuring these black 'celebs' was such an insult to the intelligence of black people and where's the self-respect of those involved selling their souls to a fascist government agenda? Henry said he heard black people's 'legitimate worries and concerns', but people must 'trust the facts' when they were doing exactly that by not having the 'vaccine'. They had to include the obligatory reference to Black Lives Matter with the line … 'Don't let coronavirus cost even more black lives – because we matter'. My god, it was pathetic. 'I know the vaccine is safe and what it does.' How? 'I'm a comedian and it says so in my script.'

SPI-B said social disapproval needed to be carefully managed to avoid victimisation, scapegoating and misdirected criticism, but they knew that their 'recommendations' would lead to exactly that and the media were specifically used to stir-up the divide-and-conquer hostility. Those who conform like good little baa, baas, are praised while those who have seen through the tidal wave of lies are 'Covidiots'. The awake have been abused by the fast asleep for not conforming to fascism and impositions that the awake know are designed to endanger their health, dehumanise them, and tear asunder the very fabric of human society. We have had the curtain-twitchers and morons reporting neighbours and others to the face-nappied police for breaking 'Covid rules' with fascist police delighting in posting links and phone numbers where this could be done. The Cult cannot impose its will without a compliant police

and military or a compliant population willing to play their part in enslaving themselves and their kids. The words of a pastor in Nazi Germany are so appropriate today:

First they came for the socialists and I did not speak out because I was not a socialist.

Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist.

Then they came for the Jews and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for me and there was no one left to speak for me.

Those who don't learn from history are destined to repeat it and so many are.

'Covid' rules: Rewiring the mind

With the background laid out to this gigantic national and global web of psychological manipulation we can put 'Covid' rules into a clear and sinister perspective. Forget the claims about protecting health. 'Covid' rules are about dismantling the human mind, breaking the human spirit, destroying self-respect, and then putting Humpty Dumpty together again as a servile, submissive slave. Social isolation through lockdown and distancing have devastating effects on the human psyche as the psychological psychopaths well know and that's the real reason for them. Humans need contact with each other, discourse, closeness and touch, or they eventually, and literarily, go crazy. Masks, which I will address at some length, fundamentally add to the effects of isolation and the Cult agenda to dehumanise and de-individualise the population. To do this while knowing – in fact *seeking* – this outcome is the very epitome of evil and psychologists involved in this *are* the epitome of evil. They must like all the rest of the Cult demons and their assets stand trial for crimes against humanity on a scale that defies the imagination. Psychopaths in uniform use isolation to break enemy troops and agents and make them subservient and submissive to tell what they know. The technique is rightly considered a form of torture and

torture is most certainly what has been imposed on the human population.

Clinically-insane American psychologist Harry Harlow became famous for his isolation experiments in the 1950s in which he separated baby monkeys from their mothers and imprisoned them for months on end in a metal container or 'pit of despair'. They soon began to show mental distress and depression as any idiot could have predicted. Harlow put other monkeys in steel chambers for three, six or twelve months while denying them any contact with animals or humans. He said that the effects of total social isolation for six months were 'so devastating and debilitating that we had assumed initially that twelve months of isolation would not produce any additional decrement'; but twelve months of isolation 'almost obliterated the animals socially'. This is what the Cult and its psychopaths are doing to you and your children. Even monkeys in partial isolation in which they were not allowed to form relationships with other monkeys became 'aggressive and hostile, not only to others, but also towards their own bodies'. We have seen this in the young as a consequence of lockdown. UK government psychopaths launched a public relations campaign telling people not to hug each other even after they received the 'Covid-19 vaccine' which we were told with more lies would allow a return to 'normal life'. A government source told *The Telegraph*: 'It will be along the lines that it is great that you have been vaccinated, but if you are going to visit your family and hug your grandchildren there is a chance you are going to infect people you love.' The source was apparently speaking from a secure psychiatric facility. Janet Lord, director of Birmingham University's Institute of Inflammation and Ageing, said that parents and grandparents should avoid hugging their children. Well, how can I put it, Ms Lord? Fuck off. Yep, that'll do.

Destroying the kids – where are the parents?

Observe what has happened to people enslaved and isolated by lockdown as suicide and self-harm has soared worldwide,

particularly among the young denied the freedom to associate with their friends. A study of 49,000 people in English-speaking countries concluded that almost half of young adults are at clinical risk of mental health disorders. A national survey in America of 1,000 currently enrolled high school and college students found that 5 percent reported attempting suicide during the pandemic. Data from the US CDC's National Syndromic Surveillance Program from January 1st to October 17th, 2020, revealed a *31 percent* increase in mental health issues among adolescents aged 12 to 17 compared with 2019. The CDC reported that America in general suffered the biggest drop in life expectancy since World War Two as it fell by a year in the first half of 2020 as a result of 'deaths of despair' – overdoses and suicides. Deaths of despair have leapt by more than 20 percent during lockdown and include the highest number of fatal overdoses ever recorded in a single year – 81,000. Internet addiction is another consequence of being isolated at home which lowers interest in physical activities as kids fall into inertia and what's the point? Children and young people are losing hope and giving up on life, sometimes literally. A 14-year-old boy killed himself in Maryland because he had 'given up' when his school district didn't reopen; an 11-year-old boy shot himself during a zoom class; a teenager in Maine succumbed to the isolation of the 'pandemic' when he ended his life after experiencing a disrupted senior year at school. Children as young as nine have taken their life and all these stories can be repeated around the world. Careers are being destroyed before they start and that includes those in sport in which promising youngsters have not been able to take part. The plan of the psycho-psychologists is working all right. Researchers at Cambridge University found that lockdowns cause significant harm to children's mental health. Their study was published in the *Archives of Disease in Childhood*, and followed 168 children aged between 7 and 11. The researchers concluded:

> During the UK lockdown, children's depression symptoms have increased substantially, relative to before lockdown. The scale of this effect has direct relevance for the continuation of different elements of lockdown policy, such as complete or partial school closures …

… Specifically, we observed a statistically significant increase in ratings of depression, with a medium-to-large effect size. Our findings emphasise the need to incorporate the potential impact of lockdown on child mental health in planning the ongoing response to the global pandemic and the recovery from it.

Not a chance when the Cult's psycho-psychologists were getting exactly what they wanted. The UK's Royal College of Paediatrics and Child Health has urged parents to look for signs of eating disorders in children and young people after a three to four fold increase. Specialists say the 'pandemic' is a major reason behind the rise. You don't say. The College said isolation from friends during school closures, exam cancellations, loss of extra-curricular activities like sport, and an increased use of social media were all contributory factors along with fears about the virus (psycho-psychologists again), family finances, and students being forced to quarantine. Doctors said young people were becoming severely ill by the time they were seen with 'Covid' regulations reducing face-to-face consultations. Nor is it only the young that have been devastated by the psychopaths. Like all bullies and cowards the Cult is targeting the young, elderly, weak and infirm. A typical story was told by a British lady called Lynn Parker who was not allowed to visit her husband in 2020 for the last ten and half months of his life 'when he needed me most' between March 20th and when he died on December 19th. This vacates the criminal and enters the territory of evil. The emotional impact on the immune system alone is immense as are the number of people of all ages worldwide who have died as a result of Cult-demanded, Gates-demanded, lockdowns.

Isolation is torture

The experience of imposing solitary confinement on millions of prisoners around the world has shown how a large percentage become 'actively psychotic and/or acutely suicidal'. Social isolation has been found to trigger 'a specific psychiatric syndrome, characterized by hallucinations; panic attacks; overt paranoia; diminished impulse control; hypersensitivity to external stimuli; and difficulties with thinking, concentration and memory'. Juan Mendez,

a United Nations rapporteur (investigator), said that isolation is a form of torture. Research has shown that even after isolation prisoners find it far more difficult to make social connections and I remember chatting to a shop assistant after one lockdown who told me that when her young son met another child again he had no idea how to act or what to do. Hannah Flanagan, Director of Emergency Services at Journey Mental Health Center in Dane County, Wisconsin, said: 'The specificity about Covid social distancing and isolation that we've come across as contributing factors to the suicides are really new to us this year.' But they are not new to those that devised them. They are getting the effect they want as the population is psychologically dismantled to be rebuilt in a totally different way. Children and the young are particularly targeted. They will be the adults when the full-on fascist AI-controlled technocracy is planned to be imposed and they are being prepared to meekly submit. At the same time older people who still have a memory of what life was like before – and how fascist the new normal really is – are being deleted. You are going to see efforts to turn the young against the old to support this geriatric genocide. Hannah Flanagan said the big increase in suicide in her county proved that social isolation is not only harmful, but deadly. Studies have shown that isolation from others is one of the main risk factors in suicide and even more so with women. Warnings that lockdown could create a 'perfect storm' for suicide were ignored. After all this was one of the *reasons* for lockdown. Suicide, however, is only the most extreme of isolation consequences. There are many others. Dr Dhruv Khullar, assistant professor of healthcare policy at Weill Cornell Medical College, said in a *New York Times* article in 2016 long before the fake 'pandemic':

> A wave of new research suggests social separation is bad for us. Individuals with less social connection have disrupted sleep patterns, altered immune systems, more inflammation and higher levels of stress hormones. One recent study found that isolation increases the risk of heart disease by 29 percent and stroke by 32 percent. Another analysis that pooled data from 70 studies and 3.4 million people found that socially isolated individuals had a 30 percent higher risk of dying in the next seven years, and that this effect was largest in middle age.

Loneliness can accelerate cognitive decline in older adults, and isolated individuals are twice as likely to die prematurely as those with more robust social interactions. These effects start early: Socially isolated children have significantly poorer health 20 years later, even after controlling for other factors. All told, loneliness is as important a risk factor for early death as obesity and smoking.

There you have proof from that one article alone four years before 2020 that those who have enforced lockdown, social distancing and isolation knew what the effect would be and that is even more so with professional psychologists that have been driving the policy across the globe. We can go back even further to the years 2000 and 2003 and the start of a major study on the effects of isolation on health by Dr Janine Gronewold and Professor Dirk M. Hermann at the University Hospital in Essen, Germany, who analysed data on 4,316 people with an average age of 59 who were recruited for the long-term research project. They found that socially isolated people are more than 40 percent more likely to have a heart attack, stroke, or other major cardiovascular event and nearly 50 percent more likely to die from any cause. Given the financial Armageddon unleashed by lockdown we should note that the study found a relationship between increased cardiovascular risk and lack of financial support. After excluding other factors social isolation was still connected to a 44 percent increased risk of cardiovascular problems and a 47 percent increased risk of death by any cause. Lack of financial support was associated with a 30 percent increase in the risk of cardiovascular health events. Dr Gronewold said it had been known for some time that feeling lonely or lacking contact with close friends and family can have an impact on physical health and the study had shown that having strong social relationships is of high importance for heart health. Gronewold said they didn't understand yet why people who are socially isolated have such poor health outcomes, but this was obviously a worrying finding, particularly during these times of prolonged social distancing. Well, it can be explained on many levels. You only have to identify the point in the body where people feel loneliness and missing people they are parted from – it's in the centre of the chest where they feel the ache of loneliness and the ache of missing people. 'My heart aches for

you' … 'My heart aches for some company.' I will explain this more in the chapter Escaping Wetiko, but when you realise that the body is the mind – they are expressions of each other – the reason why state of the mind dictates state of the body becomes clear.

American psychologist Ranjit Powar was highlighting the effects of lockdown isolation as early as April, 2020. She said humans have evolved to be social creatures and are wired to live in interactive groups. Being isolated from family, friends and colleagues could be unbalancing and traumatic for most people and could result in short or even long-term psychological and physical health problems. An increase in levels of anxiety, aggression, depression, forgetfulness and hallucinations were possible psychological effects of isolation. 'Mental conditions may be precipitated for those with underlying pre-existing susceptibilities and show up in many others without any pre-condition.' Powar said personal relationships helped us cope with stress and if we lost this outlet for letting off steam the result can be a big emotional void which, for an average person, was difficult to deal with. 'Just a few days of isolation can cause increased levels of anxiety and depression' – so what the hell has been the effect on the global population of *18 months* of this at the time of writing? Powar said: 'Add to it the looming threat of a dreadful disease being repeatedly hammered in through the media and you have a recipe for many shades of mental and physical distress.' For those with a house and a garden it is easy to forget that billions have had to endure lockdown isolation in tiny overcrowded flats and apartments with nowhere to go outside. The psychological and physical consequences of this are unimaginable and with lunatic and abusive partners and parents the consequences have led to tremendous increases in domestic and child abuse and alcoholism as people seek to shut out the horror. Ranjit Powar said:

> Staying in a confined space with family is not all a rosy picture for everyone. It can be extremely oppressive and claustrophobic for large low-income families huddled together in small single-room houses. Children here are not lucky enough to have many board/electronic games or books to keep them occupied.

Add to it the deep insecurity of running out of funds for food and basic necessities. On the other hand, there are people with dysfunctional family dynamics, such as domineering, abusive or alcoholic partners, siblings or parents which makes staying home a period of trial. Incidence of suicide and physical abuse against women has shown a worldwide increase. Heightened anxiety and depression also affect a person's immune system, making them more susceptible to illness.

To think that Powar's article was published on April 11th, 2020.

Six-feet fantasy

Social (unsocial) distancing demanded that people stay six feet or two metres apart. UK government advisor Robert Dingwall from the New and Emerging Respiratory Virus Threats Advisory Group said in a radio interview that the two-metre rule was 'conjured up out of nowhere' and was not based on science. No, it was not based on *medical* science, but it didn't come out of nowhere. The distance related to *psychological* science. Six feet/two metres was adopted in many countries and we were told by people like the criminal Anthony Fauci and his ilk that it was founded on science. Many schools could not reopen because they did not have the space for six-feet distancing. Then in March, 2021, after a year of six-feet 'science', a study published in the *Journal of Infectious Diseases* involving more than 500,000 students and almost 100,000 staff over 16 weeks revealed no significant difference in 'Covid' cases between six feet and three feet and Fauci changed his tune. Now three feet was okay. There is no difference between six feet and three *inches* when there is no 'virus' and they got away with six feet for psychological reasons for as long as they could. I hear journalists and others talk about 'unintended consequences' of lockdown. They are not *unintended* at all; they have been coldly-calculated for a specific outcome of human control and that's why super-psychopaths like Gates have called for them so vehemently. Super-psychopath psychologists have demanded them and psychopathic or clueless, spineless, politicians have gone along with them by 'following the science'. But it's not science at all. 'Science' is not what is; it's only what people can be manipulated to believe it is. The whole 'Covid' catastrophe is

founded on mind control. Three word or three statement mantras issued by the UK government are a well-known mind control technique and so we've had 'Stay home/protect the NHS/save lives', 'Stay alert/control the virus/save lives' and 'hands/face/space'. One of the most vocal proponents of extreme 'Covid' rules in the UK has been Professor Susan Michie, a member of the British Communist Party, who is not a medical professional. Michie is the director of the Centre for Behaviour Change at University College London. She is a *behavioural psychologist* and another filthy rich 'Marxist' who praised China's draconian lockdown. She was known by fellow students at Oxford University as 'Stalin's nanny' for her extreme Marxism. Michie is an influential member of the UK government's Scientific Advisory Group for Emergencies (SAGE) and behavioural manipulation groups which have dominated 'Covid' policy. She is a consultant adviser to the World Health Organization on 'Covid-19' and behaviour. Why the hell are lockdowns anything to do with her when they are claimed to be about health? Why does a behavioural psychologist from a group charged with changing the behaviour of the public want lockdown, human isolation and mandatory masks? Does that question really need an answer? Michie *absolutely* has to explain herself before a Nuremberg court when humanity takes back its world again and even more so when you see the consequences of masks that she demands are compulsory. This is a Michie classic:

> The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Those words alone should carry a prison sentence when you ponder on the callous disregard for children involved and what a statement it makes about the mind and motivations of Susan Michie. What a lovely lady and what she said there encapsulates the mentality of the psychopaths behind the 'Covid' horror. Let us compare what Michie said with a countrywide study in Germany published at researchsquare.com involving 25,000 school children and 17,854 health complaints submitted by parents. Researchers

found that masks are harming children physically, psychologically, and behaviourally with 24 health issues associated with mask wearing. They include: shortness of breath (29.7%); dizziness (26.4%); increased headaches (53%); difficulty concentrating (50%); drowsiness or fatigue (37%); and malaise (42%). Nearly a third of children experienced more sleep issues than before and a quarter developed new fears. Researchers found health issues and other impairments in 68 percent of masked children covering their faces for an average of 4.5 hours a day. Hundreds of those taking part experienced accelerated respiration, tightness in the chest, weakness, and short-term impairment of consciousness. A reminder of what Michie said again:

> The benefits of getting primary school children to wear masks is that regardless of what little degree of transmission is occurring in those age groups it could help normalise the practice. Young children wearing masks may be more likely to get their families to accept masks.

Psychopaths in government and psychology now have children and young people – plus all the adults – wearing masks for hours on end while clueless teachers impose the will of the psychopaths on the young they should be protecting. What the hell are parents doing?

Cult lab rats

We have some schools already imposing on students microchipped buzzers that activate when they get 'too close' to their pals in the way they do with lab rats. How apt. To the Cult and its brain-dead servants our children *are* lab rats being conditioned to be unquestioning, dehumanised slaves for the rest of their lives. Children and young people are being weaned and frightened away from the most natural human instincts including closeness and touch. I have tracked in the books over the years how schools were banning pupils from greeting each other with a hug and the whole Cult-induced Me Too movement has terrified men and boys from a relaxed and natural interaction with female friends and work colleagues to the point where many men try never to be in a room

alone with a woman that's not their partner. Airhead celebrities have as always played their virtue-signalling part in making this happen with their gross exaggeration. For every monster like Harvey Weinstein there are at least tens of thousands of men that don't treat women like that; but everyone must be branded the same and policy changed for them as well as the monster. I am going to be using the word 'dehumanise' many times in this chapter because that is what the Cult is seeking to do and it goes very deep as we shall see. Don't let them kid you that social distancing is planned to end one day. That's not the idea. We are seeing more governments and companies funding and producing wearable gadgets to keep people apart and they would not be doing that if this was meant to be short-term. A tech start-up company backed by GCHQ, the British Intelligence and military surveillance headquarters, has created a social distancing wrist sensor that alerts people when they get too close to others. The CIA has also supported tech companies developing similar devices. The wearable sensor was developed by Tended, one of a number of start-up companies supported by GCHQ (see the CIA and DARPA). The device can be worn on the wrist or as a tag on the waistband and will vibrate whenever someone wearing the device breaches social distancing and gets anywhere near natural human contact. The company had a lucky break in that it was developing a distancing sensor when the 'Covid' hoax arrived which immediately provided a potentially enormous market. How fortunate. The government in big-time Cult-controlled Ontario in Canada is investing $2.5 million in wearable contact tracing technology that 'will alert users if they may have been exposed to the Covid-19 in the workplace and will beep or vibrate if they are within six feet of another person'. Facedrive Inc., the technology company behind this, was founded in 2016 with funding from the Ontario Together Fund and obviously they, too, had a prophet on the board of directors. The human surveillance and control technology is called TraceSCAN and would be worn by the human cyborgs in places such as airports, workplaces, construction sites, care homes and … *schools*.

I emphasise schools with children and young people the prime targets. You know what is planned for society as a whole if you keep your eyes on the schools. They have always been places where the state program the next generation of slaves to be its compliant worker-ants – or Woker-ants these days; but in the mist of the 'Covid' madness they have been transformed into mind laboratories on a scale never seen before. Teachers and head teachers are just as programmed as the kids – often more so. Children are kept apart from human interaction by walk lanes, classroom distancing, staggered meal times, masks, and the rolling-out of buzzer systems. Schools are now physically laid out as a laboratory maze for lab-rats. Lunatics at a school in Anchorage, Alaska, who should be prosecuted for child abuse, took away desks and forced children to kneel (know your place) on a mat for five hours a day while wearing a mask and using their chairs as a desk. How this was supposed to impact on a 'virus' only these clinically insane people can tell you and even then it would be clap-trap. The school banned recess (interaction), art classes (creativity), and physical exercise (getting body and mind moving out of inertia). Everyone behind this outrage should be in jail or better still a mental institution. The behavioural manipulators are all for this dystopian approach to schools. Professor Susan Michie, the mind-doctor and British Communist Party member, said it was wrong to say that schools were safe. They had to be made so by 'distancing', masks and ventilation (sitting all day in the cold). I must ask this lady round for dinner on a night I know I am going to be out and not back for weeks. She probably wouldn't be able to make it, anyway, with all the visits to her own psychologist she must have block-booked.

Masking identity

I know how shocking it must be for you that a behaviour manipulator like Michie wants everyone to wear masks which have long been a feature of mind-control programs like the infamous MKUltra in the United States, but, there we are. We live and learn. I spent many years from 1996 to right across the millennium

researching mind control in detail on both sides of the Atlantic and elsewhere. I met a large number of mind-control survivors and many had been held captive in body and mind by MKUltra. MK stands for mind-control, but employs the German spelling in deference to the Nazis spirited out of Germany at the end of World War Two by Operation Paperclip in which the US authorities, with help from the Vatican, transported Nazi mind-controllers and engineers to America to continue their work. Many of them were behind the creation of NASA and they included Nazi scientist and SS officer Wernher von Braun who swapped designing V-2 rockets to bombard London with designing the Saturn V rockets that powered the NASA moon programme's Apollo craft. I think I may have mentioned that the Cult has no borders. Among Paperclip escapees was Josef Mengele, the Angel of Death in the Nazi concentration camps where he conducted mind and genetic experiments on children often using twins to provide a control twin to measure the impact of his 'work' on the other. If you want to observe the Cult mentality in all its extremes of evil then look into the life of Mengele. I have met many people who suffered mercilessly under Mengele in the United States where he operated under the name Dr Greene and became a stalwart of MKUltra programming and torture. Among his locations was the underground facility in the Mojave Desert in California called the China Lake Naval Weapons Station which is almost entirely below the surface. My books *The Biggest Secret*, *Children of the Matrix* and *The Perception Deception* have the detailed background to MKUltra.

The best-known MKUltra survivor is American Cathy O'Brien. I first met her and her late partner Mark Phillips at a conference in Colorado in 1996. Mark helped her escape and deprogram from decades of captivity in an offshoot of MKUltra known as Project Monarch in which 'sex slaves' were provided for the rich and famous including Father George Bush, Dick Cheney and the Clintons. Read Cathy and Mark's book *Trance-Formation of America* and if you are new to this you will be shocked to the core. I read it in 1996 shortly before, with the usual synchronicity of my life, I found

myself given a book table at the conference right next to hers. MKUltra never ended despite being very publicly exposed (only a small part of it) in the 1970s and continues in other guises. I am still in touch with Cathy. She contacted me during 2020 after masks became compulsory in many countries to tell me how they were used as part of MKUltra programming. I had been observing 'Covid regulations' and the relationship between authority and public for months. I saw techniques that I knew were employed on individuals in MKUltra being used on the global population. I had read many books and manuals on mind control including one called *Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars* which came to light in the 1980s and was a guide on how to perceptually program on a mass scale. 'Silent Weapons' refers to mind-control. I remembered a line from the manual as governments, medical authorities and law enforcement agencies have so obviously talked to – or rather at – the adult population since the 'Covid' hoax began as if they are children. The document said:

> If a person is spoken to by a T.V. advertiser as if he were a twelve-year-old, then, due to suggestibility, he will, with a certain probability, respond or react to that suggestion with the uncritical response of a twelve-year-old and will reach in to his economic reservoir and deliver its energy to buy that product on impulse when he passes it in the store.

That's why authority has spoken to adults like children since all this began.

Why did Michael Jackson wear masks?

Every aspect of the 'Covid' narrative has mind-control as its central theme. Cathy O'Brien wrote an article for davidicke.com about the connection between masks and mind control. Her daughter Kelly who I first met in the 1990s was born while Cathy was still held captive in MKUltra. Kelly was forced to wear a mask as part of her programming from the age of *two* to dehumanise her, target her sense of individuality and reduce the amount of oxygen her brain and body received. *Bingo*. This is the real reason for compulsory

masks, why they have been enforced en masse, and why they seek to increase the number they demand you wear. First one, then two, with one disgraceful alleged 'doctor' recommending four which is nothing less than a death sentence. Where and how often they must be worn is being expanded for the purpose of mass mind control and damaging respiratory health which they can call 'Covid-19'. Canada's government headed by the man-child Justin Trudeau, says it's fine for children of two and older to wear masks. An insane 'study' in Italy involving just 47 children concluded there was no problem for babies as young as *four months* wearing them. Even after people were 'vaccinated' they were still told to wear masks by the criminal that is Anthony Fauci. Cathy wrote that mandating masks is allowing the authorities literally to control the air we breathe which is what was done in MKUltra. You might recall how the singer Michael Jackson wore masks and there is a reason for that. He was subjected to MKUltra mind control through Project Monarch and his psyche was scrambled by these simpletons. Cathy wrote:

> In MKUltra Project Monarch mind control, Michael Jackson had to wear a mask to silence his voice so he could not reach out for help. Remember how he developed that whisper voice when he wasn't singing? Masks control the mind from the outside in, like the redefining of words is doing. By controlling what we can and cannot say for fear of being labeled racist or beaten, for example, it ultimately controls thought that drives our words and ultimately actions (or lack thereof).
>
> Likewise, a mask muffles our speech so that we are not heard, which controls voice … words … mind. This is Mind Control. Masks are an obvious mind control device, and I am disturbed so many people are complying on a global scale. Masks depersonalize while making a person feel as though they have no voice. It is a barrier to others. People who would never choose to comply but are forced to wear a mask in order to keep their job, and ultimately their family fed, are compromised. They often feel shame and are subdued. People have stopped talking with each other while media controls the narrative.

The 'no voice' theme has often become literal with train passengers told not to speak to each other in case they pass on the 'virus', singing banned for the same reason and bonkers California officials telling people riding roller coasters that they cannot shout and scream. Cathy said she heard every day from healed MKUltra survivors who cannot wear a mask without flashing back on ways

their breathing was controlled – 'from ball gags and penises to water boarding'. She said that through the years when she saw images of people in China wearing masks 'due to pollution' that it was really to control their oxygen levels. 'I knew it was as much of a population control mechanism of depersonalisation as are burkas', she said. Masks are another Chinese communist/fascist method of control that has been swept across the West as the West becomes China at lightning speed since we entered 2020.

Mask-19

There are other reasons for mandatory masks and these include destroying respiratory health to call it 'Covid-19' and stunting brain development of children and the young. Dr Margarite Griesz-Brisson MD, PhD, is a Consultant Neurologist and Neurophysiologist and the Founder and Medical Director of the London Neurology and Pain Clinic. Her CV goes down the street and round the corner. She is clearly someone who cares about people and won't parrot the propaganda. Griesz-Brisson has a PhD in pharmacology, with special interest in neurotoxicology, environmental medicine, neuroregeneration and neuroplasticity (the way the brain can change in the light of information received). She went public in October, 2020, with a passionate warning about the effects of mask-wearing laws:

> The reinhalation of our exhaled air will without a doubt create oxygen deficiency and a flooding of carbon dioxide. We know that the human brain is very sensitive to oxygen deprivation. There are nerve cells for example in the hippocampus that can't be longer than 3 minutes without oxygen – they cannot survive. The acute warning symptoms are headaches, drowsiness, dizziness, issues in concentration, slowing down of reaction time – reactions of the cognitive system.

Oh, I know, let's tell bus, truck and taxi drivers to wear them and people working machinery. How about pilots, doctors and police? Griesz-Brisson makes the important point that while the symptoms she mentions may fade as the body readjusts this does not alter the fact that people continue to operate in oxygen deficit with long list of

potential consequences. She said it was well known that neurodegenerative diseases take years or decades to develop. 'If today you forget your phone number, the breakdown in your brain would have already started 20 or 30 years ago.' She said degenerative processes in your brain are getting amplified as your oxygen deprivation continues through wearing a mask. Nerve cells in the brain are unable to divide themselves normally in these circumstances and lost nerve cells will no longer be regenerated. 'What is gone is gone.' Now consider that people like shop workers and *schoolchildren* are wearing masks for hours every day. What in the name of sanity is going to be happening to them? 'I do not wear a mask, I need my brain to think', Griesz-Brisson said, 'I want to have a clear head when I deal with my patients and not be in a carbon dioxide-induced anaesthesia'. If you are told to wear a mask anywhere ask the organisation, police, store, whatever, for their risk assessment on the dangers and negative effects on mind and body of enforcing mask-wearing. They won't have one because it has never been done not even by government. All of them must be subject to class-action lawsuits as the consequences come to light. They don't do mask risk assessments for an obvious reason. They know what the conclusions would be and independent scientific studies that *have* been done tell a horror story of consequences.

'Masks are criminal'

Dr Griesz-Brisson said that for children and adolescents, masks are an absolute no-no. They had an extremely active and adaptive immune system and their brain was incredibly active with so much to learn. 'The child's brain, or the youth's brain, is thirsting for oxygen.' The more metabolically active an organ was, the more oxygen it required; and in children and adolescents every organ was metabolically active. Griesz-Brisson said that to deprive a child's or adolescent's brain of oxygen, or to restrict it in any way, was not only dangerous to their health, it was absolutely criminal. 'Oxygen deficiency inhibits the development of the brain, and the damage that has taken place as a result CANNOT be reversed.' Mind

manipulators of MKUltra put masks on two-year-olds they wanted to neurologically rewire and you can see why. Griesz-Brisson said a child needs the brain to learn and the brain needs oxygen to function. 'We don't need a clinical study for that. This is simple, indisputable physiology.' Consciously and purposely induced oxygen deficiency was an absolutely deliberate health hazard, and an absolute medical contraindication which means that 'this drug, this therapy, this method or measure should not be used, and is not allowed to be used'. To coerce an entire population to use an absolute medical contraindication by force, she said, there had to be definite and serious reasons and the reasons must be presented to competent interdisciplinary and independent bodies to be verified and authorised. She had this warning of the consequences that were coming if mask wearing continued:

> When, in ten years, dementia is going to increase exponentially, and the younger generations couldn't reach their god-given potential, it won't help to say 'we didn't need the masks'. I know how damaging oxygen deprivation is for the brain, cardiologists know how damaging it is for the heart, pulmonologists know how damaging it is for the lungs. Oxygen deprivation damages every single organ. Where are our health departments, our health insurance, our medical associations? It would have been their duty to be vehemently against the lockdown and to stop it and stop it from the very beginning.
>
> Why do the medical boards issue punishments to doctors who give people exemptions? Does the person or the doctor seriously have to prove that oxygen deprivation harms people? What kind of medicine are our doctors and medical associations representing? Who is responsible for this crime? The ones who want to enforce it? The ones who let it happen and play along, or the ones who don't prevent it?

All of the organisations and people she mentions there either answer directly to the Cult or do whatever hierarchical levels above them tell them to do. The outcome of both is the same. 'It's not about masks, it's not about viruses, it's certainly not about your health', Griesz-Brisson said. 'It is about much, much more. I am not participating. I am not afraid.' They were taking our air to breathe and there was no unfounded medical exemption from face masks. Oxygen deprivation was dangerous for every single brain. It had to be the free decision of every human being whether they want to

wear a mask that was absolutely ineffective to protect themselves from a virus. She ended by rightly identifying where the responsibility lies for all this:

> The imperative of the hour is personal responsibility. We are responsible for what we think, not the media. We are responsible for what we do, not our superiors. We are responsible for our health, not the World Health Organization. And we are responsible for what happens in our country, not the government.

Halle-bloody-lujah.

But surgeons wear masks, right?

Independent studies of mask-wearing have produced a long list of reports detailing mental, emotional and physical dangers. What a definition of insanity to see police officers imposing mask-wearing on the public which will cumulatively damage their health while the police themselves wear masks that will cumulatively damage *their* health. It's utter madness and both public and police do this because 'the government says so' – yes a government of brain-donor idiots like UK Health Secretary Matt Hancock reading the 'follow the science' scripts of psychopathic, lunatic psychologists. The response you get from Stockholm syndrome sufferers defending the very authorities that are destroying them and their families is that 'surgeons wear masks'. This is considered the game, set and match that they must work and don't cause oxygen deficit. Well, actually, scientific studies have shown that they *do* and oxygen levels are monitored in operating theatres to compensate. Surgeons wear masks to stop spittle and such like dropping into open wounds – not to stop 'viral particles' which are so miniscule they can only be seen through an electron microscope. Holes in the masks are significantly bigger than 'viral particles' and if you sneeze or cough they will breach the mask. I watched an incredibly disingenuous 'experiment' that claimed to prove that masks work in catching 'virus' material from the mouth and nose. They did this with a slow motion camera and the mask did block big stuff which stayed inside the mask and

against the face to be breathed in or cause infections on the face as we have seen with many children. 'Viral particles', however, would never have been picked up by the camera as they came through the mask when they are far too small to be seen. The 'experiment' was therefore disingenuous *and* useless.

Studies have concluded that wearing masks in operating theatres (and thus elsewhere) make no difference to preventing infection while the opposite is true with toxic shite building up in the mask and this had led to an explosion in tooth decay and gum disease dubbed by dentists 'mask mouth'. You might have seen the Internet video of a furious American doctor urging people to take off their masks after a four-year-old patient had been rushed to hospital the night before and nearly died with a lung infection that doctors sourced to mask wearing. A study in the journal *Cancer Discovery* found that inhalation of harmful microbes can contribute to advanced stage lung cancer in adults and long-term use of masks can help breed dangerous pathogens. Microbiologists have said frequent mask wearing creates a moist environment in which microbes can grow and proliferate before entering the lungs. The Canadian Agency for Drugs and Technologies in Health, or CADTH, a Canadian national organisation that provides research and analysis to healthcare decision-makers, said this as long ago as 2013 in a report entitled 'Use of Surgical Masks in the Operating Room: A Review of the Clinical Effectiveness and Guidelines'. It said:

- No evidence was found to support the use of surgical face masks to reduce the frequency of surgical site infections
- No evidence was found on the effectiveness of wearing surgical face masks to protect staff from infectious material in the operating room.
- Guidelines recommend the use of surgical face masks by staff in the operating room to protect both operating room staff and patients (despite the lack of evidence).

We were told that the world could go back to 'normal' with the arrival of the 'vaccines'. When they came, fraudulent as they are, the story changed as I knew that it would. We are in the midst of transforming 'normal', not going back to it. Mary Ramsay, head of immunisation at Public Health England, echoed the words of US criminal Anthony Fauci who said masks and other regulations must stay no matter if people are vaccinated. The Fauci idiot continued to wear two masks – different colours so both could be clearly seen – after he *claimed* to have been vaccinated. Senator Rand Paul told Fauci in one exchange that his double-masks were 'theatre' and he was right. It's all theatre. Mary Ramsay back-tracked on the vaccine-return-to-normal theme when she said the public may need to wear masks and social-distance for years despite the jabs. 'People have got used to those lower-level restrictions now, and [they] can live with them', she said telling us what the idea has been all along. 'The vaccine does not give you a pass, even if you have had it, you must continue to follow all the guidelines' said a Public Health England statement which reneged on what we had been told before and made having the 'vaccine' irrelevant to 'normality' even by the official story. Spain's fascist government trumped everyone by passing a law mandating the wearing of masks on the beach and even when swimming in the sea. The move would have devastated what's left of the Spanish tourist industry, posed potential breathing dangers to swimmers and had Northern European sunbathers walking around with their forehead brown and the rest of their face white as a sheet. The ruling was so crazy that it had to be retracted after pressure from public and tourist industry, but it confirmed where the Cult wants to go with masks and how clinically insane authority has become. The determination to make masks permanent and hide the serious dangers to body and mind can be seen in the censorship of scientist Professor Denis Rancourt by Bill Gates-funded academic publishing website ResearchGate over his papers exposing the dangers and uselessness of masks. Rancourt said:

ResearchGate today has permanently locked my account, which I have had since 2015. Their reasons graphically show the nature of their attack against democracy, and their corruption of

science … By their obscene non-logic, a scientific review of science articles reporting on harms caused by face masks has a 'potential to cause harm'. No criticism of the psychological device (face masks) is tolerated, if the said criticism shows potential to influence public policy.

This is what happens in a fascist world.

Where are the 'greens' (again)?

Other dangers of wearing masks especially regularly relate to the inhalation of minute plastic fibres into the lungs and the deluge of discarded masks in the environment and oceans. Estimates predicted that more than 1.5 billion disposable masks will end up in the world's oceans every year polluting the water with tons of plastic and endangering marine wildlife. Studies project that humans are using 129 billion face masks each month worldwide – about three million a minute. Most are disposable and made from plastic, non-biodegradable microfibers that break down into smaller plastic particles that become widespread in ecosystems. They are littering cities, clogging sewage channels and turning up in bodies of water. I have written in other books about the immense amounts of microplastics from endless sources now being absorbed into the body. Rolf Halden, director of the Arizona State University (ASU) Biodesign Center for Environmental Health Engineering, was the senior researcher in a 2020 study that analysed 47 human tissue samples and found microplastics in all of them. 'We have detected these chemicals of plastics in every single organ that we have investigated', he said. I wrote in *The Answer* about the world being deluged with microplastics. A study by the Worldwide Fund for Nature (WWF) found that people are consuming on average every week some 2,000 tiny pieces of plastic mostly through water and also through marine life and the air. Every year humans are ingesting enough microplastics to fill a heaped dinner plate and in a life-time of 79 years it is enough to fill two large waste bins. Marco Lambertini, WWF International director general said: 'Not only are plastics polluting our oceans and waterways and killing marine life – it's in all of us and we can't escape consuming plastics,' American

geologists found tiny plastic fibres, beads and shards in rainwater samples collected from the remote slopes of the Rocky Mountain National Park near Denver, Colorado. Their report was headed: 'It is raining plastic.' Rachel Adams, senior lecturer in Biomedical Science at Cardiff Metropolitan University, said that among health consequences are internal inflammation and immune responses to a 'foreign body'. She further pointed out that microplastics become carriers of toxins including mercury, pesticides and dioxins (a known cause of cancer and reproductive and developmental problems). These toxins accumulate in the fatty tissues once they enter the body through microplastics. Now this is being compounded massively by people putting plastic on their face and throwing it away.

Workers exposed to polypropylene plastic fibres known as 'flock' have developed 'flock worker's lung' from inhaling small pieces of the flock fibres which can damage lung tissue, reduce breathing capacity and exacerbate other respiratory problems. *Now* … commonly used surgical masks have three layers of melt-blown textiles made of … polypropylene. We have billions of people putting these microplastics against their mouth, nose and face for hours at a time day after day in the form of masks. How does anyone think that will work out? I mean – what could possibly go wrong? We posted a number of scientific studies on this at davidicke.com, but when I went back to them as I was writing this book the links to the science research website where they were hosted were dead. Anything that challenges the official narrative in any way is either censored or vilified. The official narrative is so unsupportable by the evidence that only deleting the truth can protect it. A study by Chinese scientists still survived – with the usual twist which it why it was still active, I guess. Yes, they found that virtually all the masks they tested increased the daily intake of microplastic fibres, but people should still wear them because the danger from the 'virus' was worse said the crazy 'team' from the Institute of Hydrobiology in Wuhan. Scientists first discovered microplastics in lung tissue of some patients who died of lung cancer

in the 1990s. Subsequent studies have confirmed the potential health damage with the plastic degrading slowly and remaining in the lungs to accumulate in volume. Wuhan researchers used a machine simulating human breathing to establish that masks shed up to nearly 4,000 microplastic fibres in a month with reused masks producing more. Scientists said some masks are laced with toxic chemicals and a variety of compounds seriously restricted for both health and environmental reasons. They include cobalt (used in blue dye) and formaldehyde known to cause watery eyes, burning sensations in the eyes, nose, and throat, plus coughing, wheezing and nausea. No – that must be 'Covid-19'.

Mask 'worms'

There is another and potentially even more sinister content of masks. Mostly new masks of different makes filmed under a microscope around the world have been found to contain strange black fibres or 'worms' that appear to move or 'crawl' by themselves and react to heat and water. The nearest I have seen to them are the self-replicating fibres that are pulled out through the skin of those suffering from Morgellons disease which has been connected to the phenomena of 'chemtrails' which I will bring into the story later on. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. Black 'worm' fibres in masks have that kind of feel to them and there is a nanotechnology technique called 'worm micelles' which carry and release drugs or anything else you want to deliver to the body. For sure the suppression of humanity by mind altering drugs is the Cult agenda big time and the more excuses they can find to gain access to the body the more opportunities there are to make that happen whether through 'vaccines' or masks pushed against the mouth and nose for hours on end.

So let us summarise the pros and cons of masks:

Against masks: Breathing in your own carbon dioxide; depriving the body and brain of sufficient oxygen; build-up of toxins in the mask that can be breathed into the lungs and cause rashes on the face and 'mask-mouth'; breathing microplastic fibres and toxic chemicals into the lungs; dehumanisation and deleting individualisation by literally making people faceless; destroying human emotional interaction through facial expression and deleting parental connection with their babies which look for guidance to their facial expression.

For masks: They don't protect you from a 'virus' that doesn't exist and even if it did 'viral' particles are so minute they are smaller than the holes in the mask.

Governments, police, supermarkets, businesses, transport companies, and all the rest who seek to impose masks have done no risk assessment on their consequences for health and psychology and are now open to group lawsuits when the impact becomes clear with a cumulative epidemic of respiratory and other disease. Authorities will try to exploit these effects and hide the real cause by dubbing them 'Covid-19'. Can you imagine setting out to force the population to wear health-destroying masks without doing any assessment of the risks? It is criminal and it is evil, but then how many people targeted in this way, who see their children told to wear them all day at school, have asked for a risk assessment? Billions can't be imposed upon by the few unless the billions allow it. Oh, yes, with just a tinge of irony, 85 percent of all masks made worldwide come from *China*.

Wash your hands in toxic shite

'Covid' rules include the use of toxic sanitisers and again the health consequences of constantly applying toxins to be absorbed through the skin is obvious to any level of Renegade Mind. America's Food and Drug Administration (FDA) said that sanitisers are drugs and issued a warning about 75 dangerous brands which contain

methanol used in antifreeze and can cause death, kidney damage and blindness. The FDA circulated the following warning even for those brands that it claims to be safe:

> Store hand sanitizer out of the reach of pets and children, and children should use it only with adult supervision. Do not drink hand sanitizer. This is particularly important for young children, especially toddlers, who may be attracted by the pleasant smell or brightly colored bottles of hand sanitizer.
>
> Drinking even a small amount of hand sanitizer can cause alcohol poisoning in children. (However, there is no need to be concerned if your children eat with or lick their hands after using hand sanitizer.) During this coronavirus pandemic, poison control centers have had an increase in calls about accidental ingestion of hand sanitizer, so it is important that adults monitor young children's use.
>
> Do not allow pets to swallow hand sanitizer. If you think your pet has eaten something potentially dangerous, call your veterinarian or a pet poison control center right away. Hand sanitizer is flammable and should be stored away from heat and flames. When using hand sanitizer, rub your hands until they feel completely dry before performing activities that may involve heat, sparks, static electricity, or open flames.

There you go, perfectly safe, then, and that's without even a mention of the toxins absorbed through the skin. Come on kids – sanitise your hands everywhere you go. It will save you from the 'virus'. Put all these elements together of the 'Covid' normal and see how much health and psychology is being cumulatively damaged, even devastated, to 'protect your health'. Makes sense, right? They are only imposing these things because they care, right? *Right?*

Submitting to insanity

Psychological reframing of the population goes very deep and is done in many less obvious ways. I hear people say how contradictory and crazy 'Covid' rules are and how they are ever changing. This is explained away by dismissing those involved as idiots. It is a big mistake. The Cult is delighted if its cold calculation is perceived as incompetence and idiocy when it is anything but. Oh, yes, there are idiots within the system – lots of them – but they are *administering* the Cult agenda, mostly unknowingly. They are not deciding and dictating it. The bulwark against tyranny is self-

respect, always has been, always will be. It is self-respect that has broken every tyranny in history. By its very nature self-respect will not bow to oppression and its perpetrators. There is so little self-respect that it's always the few that overturn dictators. Many may eventually follow, but the few with the iron spines (self-respect) kick it off and generate the momentum. The Cult targets self-respect in the knowledge that once this has gone only submission remains. Crazy, contradictory, ever-changing 'Covid' rules are systematically applied by psychologists to delete self-respect. They *want* you to see that the rules make no sense. It is one thing to decide to do something when *you* have made the choice based on evidence and logic. You still retain your self-respect. It is quite another when you can see what you are being told to do is insane, ridiculous and makes no sense, and *yet you still do it*. Your self-respect is extinguished and this has been happening as ever more obviously stupid and nonsensical things have been demanded and the great majority have complied even when they can see they are stupid and nonsensical.

People walk around in face-nappies knowing they are damaging their health and make no difference to a 'virus'. They do it in fear of not doing it. I know it's daft, but I'll do it anyway. When that happens something dies inside of you and submissive reframing has begun. Next there's a need to hide from yourself that you have conceded your self-respect and you convince yourself that you have not really submitted to fear and intimidation. You begin to believe that you are complying with craziness because it's the right thing to do. When first you concede your self-respect of 2+2 = 4 to 2+2 = 5 you *know* you are compromising your self-respect. Gradually to avoid facing that fact you begin to *believe* that 2+2=5. You have been reframed and I have been watching this process happening in the human psyche on an industrial scale. The Cult is working to break your spirit and one of its major tools in that war is humiliation. I read how former American soldier Bradley Manning (later Chelsea Manning after a sex-change) was treated after being jailed for supplying WikiLeaks with documents exposing the enormity of

government and elite mendacity. Manning was isolated in solitary confinement for eight months, put under 24-hour surveillance, forced to hand over clothing before going to bed, and stand naked for every roll call. This is systematic humiliation. The introduction of anal swab 'Covid' tests in China has been done for the same reason to delete self-respect and induce compliant submission. Anal swabs are mandatory for incoming passengers in parts of China and American diplomats have said they were forced to undergo the indignity which would have been calculated humiliation by the Cult-owned Chinese government that has America in its sights.

Government-people: An abusive relationship

Spirit-breaking psychological techniques include giving people hope and apparent respite from tyranny only to take it away again. This happened in the UK during Christmas, 2020, when the psycho-psychologists and their political lackeys announced an easing of restrictions over the holiday only to reimpose them almost immediately on the basis of yet another lie. There is a big psychological difference between getting used to oppression and being given hope of relief only to have that dashed. Psychologists know this and we have seen the technique used repeatedly. Then there is traumatising people before you introduce more extreme regulations that require compliance. A perfect case was the announcement by the dark and sinister Whitty and Vallance in the UK that 'new data' predicted that 4,000 could die every day over the winter of 2020/2021 if we did not lockdown again. I think they call it lying and after traumatising people with that claim out came Jackboot Johnson the next day with new curbs on human freedom. Psychologists know that a frightened and traumatised mind becomes suggestable to submission and behaviour reframing. Underpinning all this has been to make people fearful and suspicious of each other and see themselves as a potential danger to others. In league with deleted self-respect you have the perfect psychological recipe for self-loathing. The relationship between authority and public is now demonstrably the same as that of

subservience to an abusive partner. These are signs of an abusive relationship explained by psychologist Leslie Becker-Phelps:

Psychological and emotional abuse: Undermining a partner's self-worth with verbal attacks, name-calling, and belittling. Humiliating the partner in public, unjustly accusing them of having an affair, or interrogating them about their every behavior. Keeping partner confused or off balance by saying they were just kidding or blaming the partner for 'making' them act this way … Feigning in public that they care while turning against them in private. This leads to victims frequently feeling confused, incompetent, unworthy, hopeless, and chronically self-doubting. [Apply these techniques to how governments have treated the population since New Year, 2020, and the parallels are obvious.]

Physical abuse: The abuser might physically harm their partner in a range of ways, such as grabbing, hitting, punching, or shoving them. They might throw objects at them or harm them with a weapon. [Observe the physical harm imposed by masks, lockdown, and so on.]

Threats and intimidation: One way abusers keep their partners in line is by instilling fear. They might be verbally threatening, or give threatening looks or gestures. Abusers often make it known that they are tracking their partner's every move. They might destroy their partner's possessions, threaten to harm them, or threaten to harm their family members. Not surprisingly, victims of this abuse often feel anxiety, fear, and panic. [No words necessary.]

Isolation: Abusers often limit their partner's activities, forbidding them to talk or interact with friends or family. They might limit access to a car or even turn off their phone. All of this might be done by physically holding them against their will, but is often accomplished through psychological abuse and intimidation. The more isolated a person feels, the fewer resources they have to help gain perspective on their situation and to escape from it. [No words necessary.]

Economic abuse: Abusers often make their partners beholden to them for money by controlling access to funds of any kind. They might prevent their partner from getting a job or withhold access to money they earn from a job. This creates financial dependency that makes leaving the relationship very difficult. [See destruction of livelihoods and the proposed meagre 'guaranteed income' so long as you do whatever you are told.]

Using children: An abuser might disparage their partner's parenting skills, tell their children lies about their partner, threaten to take custody of their children, or threaten to harm their children. These tactics instil fear and often elicit compliance. [See reframed social service mafia and how children are being mercilessly abused by the state over 'Covid' while their parents look on too frightened to do anything.]

A further recurring trait in an abusive relationship is the abused blaming themselves for their abuse and making excuses for the abuser. We have the public blaming each other for lockdown abuse by government and many making excuses for the government while attacking those who challenge the government. How often we have heard authorities say that rules are being imposed or reimposed only because people have refused to 'behave' and follow the rules. We don't want to do it – it's *you*.

Renegade Minds are an antidote to all of these things. They will never concede their self-respect no matter what the circumstances. Even when apparent humiliation is heaped upon them they laugh in its face and reflect back the humiliation on the abuser where it belongs. Renegade Minds will never wear masks they know are only imposed to humiliate, suppress and damage both physically and psychologically. Consequences will take care of themselves and they will never break their spirit or cause them to concede to tyranny. UK newspaper columnist Peter Hitchens was one of the few in the mainstream media to speak out against lockdowns and forced vaccinations. He then announced he had taken the jab. He wanted to see family members abroad and he believed vaccine passports were inevitable even though they had not yet been introduced. Hitchens

has a questioning and critical mind, but not a Renegade one. If he had no amount of pressure would have made him concede. Hitchens excused his action by saying that the battle has been lost. Renegade Minds never accept defeat when freedom is at stake and even if they are the last one standing the self-respect of not submitting to tyranny is more important than any outcome or any consequence.

That's why Renegade Minds are the only minds that ever changed anything worth changing.

CHAPTER EIGHT

'Reframing' insanity

Insanity is relative. It depends on who has who locked in what cage
Ray Bradbury

'Reframing' a mind means simply to change its perception and behaviour. This can be done subconsciously to such an extent that subjects have no idea they have been 'reframed' while to any observer changes in behaviour and attitudes are obvious.

Human society is being reframed on a ginormous scale since the start of 2020 and here we have the reason why psychologists rather than doctors have been calling the shots. Ask most people who have succumbed to 'Covid' reframing if they have changed and most will say 'no'; but they *have* and fundamentally. The Cult's long-game has been preparing for these times since way back and crucial to that has been to prepare both population and officialdom mentally and emotionally. To use the mind-control parlance they had to reframe the population with a mentality that would submit to fascism and reframe those in government and law enforcement to impose fascism or at least go along with it. The result has been the fact-deleted mindlessness of 'Wokeness' and officialdom that has either enthusiastically or unquestioningly imposed global tyranny demanded by reframed politicians on behalf of psychopathic and deeply evil cultists. 'Cognitive reframing' identifies and challenges the way someone sees the world in the form of situations, experiences and emotions and then restructures those perceptions to view the same set of circumstances in a different way. This can have

benefits if the attitudes are personally destructive while on the other side it has the potential for individual and collective mind control which the subject has no idea has even happened.

Cognitive therapy was developed in the 1960s by Aaron T. Beck who was born in Rhode Island in 1921 as the son of Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine. He became interested in the techniques as a treatment for depression. Beck's daughter Judith S. Beck is prominent in the same field and they founded the Beck Institute for Cognitive Behavior Therapy in Philadelphia in 1994. Cognitive reframing, however, began to be used worldwide by those with a very dark agenda. The Cult reframes politicians to change their attitudes and actions until they are completely at odds with what they once appeared to stand for. The same has been happening to government administrators at all levels, law enforcement, military and the human population. Cultists love mind control for two main reasons: It allows them to control what people think, do and say to secure agenda advancement and, by definition, it calms their legendary insecurity and fear of the unexpected. I have studied mind control since the time I travelled America in 1996. I may have been talking to next to no one in terms of an audience in those years, but my goodness did I gather a phenomenal amount of information and knowledge about so many things including the techniques of mind control. I have described this in detail in other books going back to *The Biggest Secret* in 1998. I met a very large number of people recovering from MKUltra and its offshoots and successors and I began to see how these same techniques were being used on the population in general. This was never more obvious than since the 'Covid' hoax began.

Reframing the enforcers

I have observed over the last two decades and more the very clear transformation in the dynamic between the police, officialdom and the public. I tracked this in the books as the relationship mutated from one of serving the public to seeing them as almost the enemy and certainly a lower caste. There has always been a class divide

based on income and always been some psychopathic, corrupt, and big-I-am police officers. This was different. Wholesale change was unfolding in the collective dynamic; it was less about money and far more about position and perceived power. An us-and-them was emerging. Noses were lifted skyward by government administration and law enforcement and their attitude to the public they were *supposed* to be serving changed to one of increasing contempt, superiority and control. The transformation was so clear and widespread that it had to be planned. Collective attitudes and dynamics do not change naturally and organically that quickly on that scale. I then came across an organisation in Britain called Common Purpose created in the late 1980s by Julia Middleton who would work in the office of Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott during the long and disastrous premiership of war criminal Tony Blair. When Blair speaks the Cult is speaking and the man should have been in jail a long time ago. Common Purpose proclaims itself to be one of the biggest 'leadership development' organisations in the world while functioning as a *charity* with all the financial benefits which come from that. It hosts 'leadership development' courses and programmes all over the world and claims to have 'brought together' what it calls 'leaders' from more than 100 countries on six continents. The modus operandi of Common Purpose can be compared with the work of the UK government's reframing network that includes the Behavioural Insights Team 'nudge unit' and 'Covid' reframing specialists at SPI-B. WikiLeaks described Common Purpose long ago as 'a hidden virus in our government and schools' which is unknown to the general public: 'It recruits and trains "leaders" to be loyal to the directives of Common Purpose and the EU, instead of to their own departments, which they then undermine or subvert, the NHS [National Health Service] being an example.' This is a vital point to understand the 'Covid' hoax. The NHS, and its equivalent around the world, has been utterly reframed in terms of administrators and much of the medical personnel with the transformation underpinned by recruitment policies. The outcome has been the criminal and psychopathic behaviour of the

NHS over 'Covid' and we have seen the same in every other major country. WikiLeaks said Common Purpose trainees are 'learning to rule without regard to democracy' and to usher in a police state (current events explained). Common Purpose operated like a 'glue' and had members in the NHS, BBC, police, legal profession, church, many of Britain's 7,000 quangos, local councils, the Civil Service, government ministries and Parliament, and controlled many RDA's (Regional Development Agencies). Here we have one answer for how and why British institutions and their like in other countries have changed so negatively in relation to the public. This further explains how and why the beyond-disgraceful reframed BBC has become a propaganda arm of 'Covid' fascism. They are all part of a network pursuing the same goal.

By 2019 Common Purpose was quoting a figure of 85,000 'leaders' that had attended its programmes. These 'students' of all ages are known as Common Purpose 'graduates' and they consist of government, state and local government officials and administrators, police chiefs and officers, and a whole range of others operating within the national, local and global establishment. Cressida Dick, Commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, is the Common Purpose graduate who was the 'Gold Commander' that oversaw what can only be described as the murder of Brazilian electrician Jean Charles de Menezes in 2005. He was held down by psychopathic police and shot seven times in the head by a psychopathic lunatic after being mistaken for a terrorist when he was just a bloke going about his day. Dick authorised officers to pursue and keep surveillance on de Menezes and ordered that he be stopped from entering the underground train system. Police psychopaths took her at her word clearly. She was 'disciplined' for this outrage by being *promoted* – eventually to the top of the 'Met' police where she has been a disaster. Many Chief Constables controlling the police in different parts of the UK are and have been Common Purpose graduates. I have heard the 'graduate' network described as a sort of Mafia or secret society operating within the fabric of government at all levels pursuing a collective policy

ingrained at Common Purpose training events. Founder Julia Middleton herself has said:

> Locally and internationally, Common Purpose graduates will be 'lighting small fires' to create change in their organisations and communities … The Common Purpose effect is best illustrated by the many stories of small changes brought about by leaders, who themselves have changed.

A Common Purpose mission statement declared:

> Common Purpose aims to improve the way society works by expanding the vision, decision-making ability and influence of all kinds of leaders. The organisation runs a variety of educational programmes for leaders of all ages, backgrounds and sectors, in order to provide them with the inspirational, information and opportunities they need to change the world.

Yes, but into what? Since 2020 the answer has become clear.

NLP and the Delphi technique

Common Purpose would seem to be a perfect name or would common programming be better? One of the foundation methods of reaching 'consensus' (group think) is by setting the agenda theme and then encouraging, cajoling or pressuring everyone to agree a 'consensus' in line with the core theme promoted by Common Purpose. The methodology involves the 'Delphi technique', or an adaption of it, in which opinions are expressed that are summarised by a 'facilitator or change agent' at each stage. Participants are 'encouraged' to modify their views in the light of what others have said. Stage by stage the former individual opinions are merged into group consensus which just happens to be what Common Purpose wants them to believe. A key part of this is to marginalise anyone refusing to concede to group think and turn the group against them to apply pressure to conform. We are seeing this very technique used on the general population to make 'Covid' group-thinkers hostile to those who have seen through the bullshit. People can be reframed by using perception manipulation methods such as Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) in which you change perception with the use of

carefully constructed language. An NLP website described the technique this way:

> … A method of influencing brain behaviour (the 'neuro' part of the phrase) through the use of language (the 'linguistic' part) and other types of communication to enable a person to 'recode' the way the brain responds to stimuli (that's the 'programming') and manifest new and better behaviours. Neuro-Linguistic Programming often incorporates hypnosis and self-hypnosis to help achieve the change (or 'programming') that is wanted.

British alternative media operation UKColumn has done very detailed research into Common Purpose over a long period. I quoted co-founder and former naval officer Brian Gerrish in my book *Remember Who You Are*, published in 2011, as saying the following years before current times:

> It is interesting that many of the mothers who have had children taken by the State speak of the Social Services people being icily cool, emotionless and, as two ladies said in slightly different words, '… like little robots'. We know that NLP is cumulative, so people can be given small imperceptible doses of NLP in a course here, another in a few months, next year etc. In this way, major changes are accrued in their personality, but the day by day change is almost unnoticeable.

In these and other ways 'graduates' have had their perceptions uniformly reframed and they return to their roles in the institutions of government, law enforcement, legal profession, military, 'education', the UK National Health Service and the whole swathe of the establishment structure to pursue a common agenda preparing for the 'post-industrial', 'post-democratic' society. I say 'preparing' but we are now there. 'Post-industrial' is code for the Great Reset and 'post-democratic' is 'Covid' fascism. UKColumn has spoken to partners of those who have attended Common Purpose 'training'. They have described how personalities and attitudes of 'graduates' changed very noticeably for the worse by the time they had completed the course. They had been 'reframed' and told they are the 'leaders' – the special ones – who know better than the population. There has also been the very demonstrable recruitment of psychopaths and narcissists into government administration at all

levels and law enforcement. If you want psychopathy hire psychopaths and you get a simple cause and effect. If you want administrators, police officers and 'leaders' to perceive the public as lesser beings who don't matter then employ narcissists. These personalities are identified using 'psychometrics' that identifies knowledge, abilities, attitudes and personality traits, mostly through carefully-designed questionnaires and tests. As this policy has passed through the decades we have had power-crazy, power-trippers appointed into law enforcement, security and government administration in preparation for current times and the dynamic between public and law enforcement/officialdom has been transformed. UKColumn's Brian Gerrish said of the narcissistic personality:

> Their love of themselves and power automatically means that they will crush others who get in their way. I received a major piece of the puzzle when a friend pointed out that when they made public officials re-apply for their own jobs several years ago they were also required to do psychometric tests. This was undoubtedly the start of the screening process to get 'their' sort of people in post.

How obvious that has been since 2020 although it was clear what was happening long before if people paid attention to the changing public-establishment dynamic.

Change agents

At the centre of events in 'Covid' Britain is the National Health Service (NHS) which has behaved disgracefully in slavishly following the Cult agenda. The NHS management structure is awash with Common Purpose graduates or 'change agents' working to a common cause. Helen Bevan, a Chief of Service Transformation at the NHS Institute for Innovation and Improvement, co-authored a document called 'Towards a million change agents, a review of the social movements literature: implications for large scale change in the NHS'. The document compared a project management approach to that of change and social movements where 'people change

themselves and each other – peer to peer'. Two definitions given for a 'social movement' were:

A group of people who consciously attempt to build a radically new social order; involves people of a broad range of social backgrounds; and deploys politically confrontational and socially disruptive tactics – Cyrus Zirakzadeh 1997

Collective challenges, based on common purposes and social solidarities, in sustained interaction with elites, opponents, and authorities – Sidney Tarrow 1994

Helen Bevan wrote another NHS document in which she defined 'framing' as 'the process by which leaders construct, articulate and put across their message in a powerful and compelling way in order to win people to their cause and call them to action'. I think I could come up with another definition that would be rather more accurate. The National Health Service and institutions of Britain and the wider world have been taken over by reframed 'change agents' and that includes everything from the United Nations to national governments, local councils and social services which have been kidnapping children from loving parents on an extraordinary and gathering scale on the road to the end of parenthood altogether. Children from loving homes are stolen and kidnapped by the state and put into the 'care' (inversion) of the local authority through council homes, foster parents and forced adoption. At the same time children are allowed to be abused without response while many are under council 'care'. UKColumn highlighted the Common Purpose connection between South Yorkshire Police and Rotherham council officers in the case of the scandal in that area of the sexual exploitation of children to which the authorities turned not one blind eye, but both:

We were alarmed to discover that the Chief Executive, the Strategic Director of Children and Young People's Services, the Manager for the Local Strategic Partnership, the Community Cohesion Manager, the Cabinet Member for Cohesion, the Chief Constable and his predecessor had all attended Leadership training courses provided by the pseudo-charity Common Purpose.

Once 'change agents' have secured positions of hire and fire within any organisation things start to move very quickly. Personnel are then hired and fired on the basis of whether they will work towards the agenda the change agent represents. If they do they are rapidly promoted even though they may be incompetent. Those more qualified and skilled who are pre-Common Purpose 'old school' see their careers stall and even disappear. This has been happening for decades in every institution of state, police, 'health' and social services and all of them have been transformed as a result in their attitudes to their jobs and the public. Medical professions, including nursing, which were once vocations for the caring now employ many cold, callous and couldn't give a shit personality types. The UKColumn investigation concluded:

By blurring the boundaries between people, professions, public and private sectors, responsibility and accountability, Common Purpose encourages 'graduates' to believe that as new selected leaders, they can work together, outside of the established political and social structures, to achieve a paradigm shift or CHANGE – so called 'Leading Beyond Authority'. In doing so, the allegiance of the individual becomes 'reframed' on CP colleagues and their NETWORK.

Reframing the Face-Nappies

Nowhere has this process been more obvious than in the police where recruitment of psychopaths and development of unquestioning mind-controlled group-thinkers have transformed law enforcement into a politically-correct 'Woke' joke and a travesty of what should be public service. Today they wear their face-nappies like good little gofers and enforce 'Covid' rules which are fascism under another name. Alongside the specifically-recruited psychopaths we have software minds incapable of free thought. Brian Gerrish again:

An example is the policeman who would not get on a bike for a press photo because he had not done the cycling proficiency course. Normal people say this is political correctness gone mad. Nothing could be further from the truth. The policeman has been reframed, and in his reality it is perfect common sense not to get on the bike 'because he hasn't done the cycling course'.

Another example of this is where the police would not rescue a boy from a pond until they had taken advice from above on the 'risk assessment'. A normal person would have arrived, perhaps thought of the risk for a moment, and dived in. To the police now 'reframed', they followed 'normal' procedure.

There are shocking cases of reframed ambulance crews doing the same. Sheer unthinking stupidity of London Face-Nappies headed by Common Purpose graduate Cressida Dick can be seen in their behaviour at a vigil in March, 2021, for a murdered woman, Sarah Everard. A police officer had been charged with the crime. Anyone with a brain would have left the vigil alone in the circumstances. Instead they 'manhandled' women to stop them breaking 'Covid rules' to betray classic reframing. Minds in the thrall of perception control have no capacity for seeing a situation on its merits and acting accordingly. 'Rules is rules' is their only mind-set. My father used to say that rules and regulations are for the guidance of the intelligent and the blind obedience of the idiot. Most of the intelligent, decent, coppers have gone leaving only the other kind and a few old school for whom the job must be a daily nightmare. The combination of psychopaths and rule-book software minds has been clearly on public display in the 'Covid' era with automaton robots in uniform imposing fascistic 'Covid' regulations on the population without any personal initiative or judging situations on their merits. There are thousands of examples around the world, but I'll make my point with the infamous Derbyshire police in the English East Midlands – the ones who think pouring dye into beauty spots and using drones to track people walking in the countryside away from anyone is called 'policing'. To them there are rules decreed by the government which they have to enforce and in their bewildered state a group gathering in a closed space and someone walking alone in the countryside are the same thing. It is beyond idiocy and enters the realm of clinical insanity.

Police officers in Derbyshire said they were 'horrified' – *horrified* – to find 15 to 20 'irresponsible' kids playing a football match at a closed leisure centre 'in breach of coronavirus restrictions'. When they saw the police the kids ran away leaving their belongings behind and the reframed men and women of Derbyshire police were seeking to establish their identities with a view to fining their parents. The most natural thing for youngsters to do – kicking a ball about – is turned into a criminal activity and enforced by the moronic software programs of Derbyshire police. You find the same mentality in every country. These barely conscious 'horrified' officers said they had to take action because 'we need to ensure these rules are being followed' and 'it is of the utmost importance that you ensure your children are following the rules and regulations for Covid-19'. Had any of them done ten seconds of research to see if this parroting of their masters' script could be supported by any evidence? Nope. Reframed people don't think – others think for them and that's the whole idea of reframing. I have seen police officers one after the other repeating without question word for word what officialdom tells them just as I have seen great swathes of the public doing the same. Ask either for 'their' opinion and out spews what they have been told to think by the official narrative. Police and public may seem to be in different groups, but their mentality is the same. Most people do whatever they are told in fear not doing so or because they believe what officialdom tells them; almost the entirety of the police do what they are told for the same reason. Ultimately it's the tiny inner core of the global Cult that's telling both what to do.

So Derbyshire police were 'horrified'. Oh, really? Why did they think those kids were playing football? It was to relieve the psychological consequences of lockdown and being denied human contact with their friends and interaction, touch and discourse vital to human psychological health. Being denied this month after month has dismantled the psyche of many children and young people as depression and suicide have exploded. Were Derbyshire police *horrified by that*? Are you kidding? Reframed people don't have those

mental and emotional processes that can see how the impact on the psychological health of youngsters is far more dangerous than any 'virus' even if you take the mendacious official figures to be true. The reframed are told (programmed) how to act and so they do. The Derbyshire Chief Constable in the first period of lockdown when the black dye and drones nonsense was going on was Peter Goodman. He was the man who severed the connection between his force and the Derbyshire Constabulary *Male Voice* Choir when he decided that it was not inclusive enough to allow women to join. The fact it was a male voice choir making a particular sound produced by male voices seemed to elude a guy who terrifyingly ran policing in Derbyshire. He retired weeks after his force was condemned as disgraceful by former Supreme Court Justice Jonathan Sumption for their behaviour over extreme lockdown impositions. Goodman was replaced by his deputy Rachel Swann who was in charge when her officers were 'horrified'. The police statement over the boys committing the hanging-offence of playing football included the line about the youngsters being 'irresponsible in the times we are all living through' missing the point that the real relevance of the 'times we are all living through' is the imposition of fascism enforced by psychopaths and reframed minds of police officers playing such a vital part in establishing the fascist tyranny that their own children and grandchildren will have to live in their entire lives. As a definition of insanity that is hard to beat although it might be run close by imposing masks on people that can have a serious effect on their health while wearing a face nappy all day themselves. Once again public and police do it for the same reason – the authorities tell them to and who are they to have the self-respect to say no?

Wokers in uniform

How reframed do you have to be to arrest a *six-year-old* and take him to court for *picking a flower* while waiting for a bus? Brain dead police and officialdom did just that in North Carolina where criminal proceedings happen regularly for children under nine. Attorney Julie Boyer gave the six-year-old crayons and a colouring book

during the 'flower' hearing while the 'adults' decided his fate. County Chief District Court Judge Jay Corpening asked: 'Should a child that believes in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny and the tooth fairy be making life-altering decisions?' Well, of course not, but common sense has no meaning when you have a common purpose and a reframed mind. Treating children in this way, and police operating in American schools, is all part of the psychological preparation for children to accept a police state as normal all their adult lives. The same goes for all the cameras and biometric tracking technology in schools. Police training is focused on reframing them as snowflake Wokers and this is happening in the military. Pentagon top brass said that 'training sessions on extremism' were needed for troops who asked why they were so focused on the Capitol Building riot when Black Lives Matter riots were ignored. What's the difference between them some apparently and rightly asked. Actually, there is a difference. Five people died in the Capitol riot, only one through violence, and that was a police officer shooting an unarmed protestor. BLM riots killed at least 25 people and cost billions. Asking the question prompted the psychopaths and reframed minds that run the Pentagon to say that more 'education' (programming) was needed. Troop training is all based on psychological programming to make them fodder for the Cult – 'Military men are just dumb, stupid animals to be used as pawns in foreign policy' as Cult-to-his-DNA former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger famously said. Governments see the police in similar terms and it's time for those among them who can see this to defend the people and stop being enforcers of the Cult agenda upon the people.

The US military, like the country itself, is being targeted for destruction through a long list of Woke impositions. Cult-owned gaga 'President' Biden signed an executive order when he took office to allow taxpayer money to pay for transgender surgery for active military personnel and veterans. Are you a man soldier? No, I'm a LGBTQIA+ with a hint of Skoliosexual and Spectrasexual. Oh, good man. Bad choice of words you bigot. The Pentagon announced in March, 2021, the appointment of the first 'diversity and inclusion

officer' for US Special Forces. Richard Torres-Estrada arrived with the publication of a 'D&I Strategic Plan which will guide the enterprise-wide effort to institutionalize and sustain D&I'. If you think a Special Forces 'Strategic Plan' should have something to do with defending America you haven't been paying attention. Defending Woke is now the military's new role. Torres-Estrada has posted images comparing Donald Trump with Adolf Hitler and we can expect no bias from him as a representative of the supposedly non-political Pentagon. Cable news host Tucker Carlson said: 'The Pentagon is now the Yale faculty lounge but with cruise missiles.' Meanwhile Secretary of Defense Lloyd Austin, a board member of weapons-maker Raytheon with stock and compensation interests in October, 2020, worth $1.4 million, said he was purging the military of the 'enemy within' – anyone who isn't Woke and supports Donald Trump. Austin refers to his targets as 'racist extremists' while in true Woke fashion being himself a racist extremist. Pentagon documents pledge to 'eradicate, eliminate and conquer all forms of racism, sexism and homophobia'. The definitions of these are decided by 'diversity and inclusion committees' peopled by those who see racism, sexism and homophobia in every situation and opinion. Woke (the Cult) is dismantling the US military and purging testosterone as China expands its military and gives its troops 'masculinity training'. How do we think that is going to end when this is all Cult coordinated? The US military, like the British military, is controlled by Woke and spineless top brass who just go along with it out of personal career interests.

'Woke' means fast asleep

Mind control and perception manipulation techniques used on individuals to create group-think have been unleashed on the global population in general. As a result many have no capacity to see the obvious fascist agenda being installed all around them or what 'Covid' is really all about. Their brains are firewalled like a computer system not to process certain concepts, thoughts and realisations that are bad for the Cult. The young are most targeted as the adults they

will be when the whole fascist global state is planned to be fully implemented. They need to be prepared for total compliance to eliminate all pushback from entire generations. The Cult has been pouring billions into taking complete control of 'education' from schools to universities via its operatives and corporations and not least Bill Gates as always. The plan has been to transform 'education' institutions into programming centres for the mentality of 'Woke'. James McConnell, professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, wrote in *Psychology Today* in 1970:

> The day has come when we can combine sensory deprivation with drugs, hypnosis, and astute manipulation of reward and punishment, to gain almost absolute control over an individual's behaviour. It should then be possible to achieve a very rapid and highly effective type of brainwashing that would allow us to make dramatic changes in a person's behaviour and personality ...
>
> … We should reshape society so that we all would be trained from birth to want to do what society wants us to do. We have the techniques to do it... no-one owns his own personality you acquired, and there's no reason to believe you should have the right to refuse to acquire a new personality if your old one is anti-social.

This was the potential for mass brainwashing in 1970 and the mentality there displayed captures the arrogant psychopathy that drives it forward. I emphasise that not all young people have succumbed to Woke programming and those that haven't are incredibly impressive people given that today's young are the most perceptually-targeted generations in history with all the technology now involved. Vast swathes of the young generations, however, have fallen into the spell – and that's what it is – of Woke. The Woke mentality and perceptual program is founded on *inversion* and you will appreciate later why that is so significant. Everything with Woke is inverted and the opposite of what it is claimed to be. Woke was a term used in African-American culture from the 1900s and referred to an awareness of social and racial justice. This is not the meaning of the modern version or 'New Woke' as I call it in *The Answer*. Oh, no, Woke today means something very different no matter how much Wokers may seek to hide that and insist Old Woke and New

Woke are the same. See if you find any 'awareness of social justice' here in the modern variety:

- Woke demands 'inclusivity' while excluding anyone with a different opinion and calls for mass censorship to silence other views.

- Woke claims to stand against oppression when imposing oppression is the foundation of all that it does. It is the driver of political correctness which is nothing more than a Cult invention to manipulate the population to silence itself.

- Woke believes itself to be 'liberal' while pursuing a global society that can only be described as fascist (see 'anti-fascist' fascist Antifa).

- Woke calls for 'social justice' while spreading injustice wherever it goes against the common 'enemy' which can be easily identified as a differing view.

- Woke is supposed to be a metaphor for 'awake' when it is solid-gold asleep and deep in a Cult-induced coma that meets the criteria for 'off with the fairies'.

I state these points as obvious facts if people only care to look. I don't do this with a sense of condemnation. We need to appreciate that the onslaught of perceptual programming on the young has been incessant and merciless. I can understand why so many have been reframed, or, given their youth, framed from the start to see the world as the Cult demands. The Cult has had access to their minds day after day in its 'education' system for their entire formative years. Perception is formed from information received and the Cult-created system is a life-long download of information delivered to elicit a particular perception, thus behaviour. The more this has expanded into still new extremes in recent decades and ever-increasing censorship has deleted other opinions and information why wouldn't that lead to a perceptual reframing on a mass scale? I

have described already cradle-to-grave programming and in more recent times the targeting of young minds from birth to adulthood has entered the stratosphere. This has taken the form of skewing what is 'taught' to fit the Cult agenda and the omnipresent techniques of group-think to isolate non-believers and pressure them into line. There has always been a tendency to follow the herd, but we really are in a new world now in relation to that. We have parents who can see the 'Covid' hoax told by their children not to stop them wearing masks at school, being 'Covid' tested or having the 'vaccine' in fear of the peer-pressure consequences of being different. What is 'peer-pressure' if not pressure to conform to group-think? Renegade Minds never group-think and always retain a set of perceptions that are unique to them. Group-think is always underpinned by consequences for not group-thinking. Abuse now aimed at those refusing DNA-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' are a potent example of this. The biggest pressure to conform comes from the very group which is itself being manipulated. 'I am programmed to be part of a hive mind and so you must be.'

Woke control structures in 'education' now apply to every mainstream organisation. Those at the top of the 'education' hierarchy (the Cult) decide the policy. This is imposed on governments through the Cult network; governments impose it on schools, colleges and universities; their leadership impose the policy on teachers and academics and they impose it on children and students. At any level where there is resistance, perhaps from a teacher or university lecturer, they are targeted by the authorities and often fired. Students themselves regularly demand the dismissal of academics (increasingly few) at odds with the narrative that the students have been programmed to believe in. It is quite a thought that students who are being targeted by the Cult become so consumed by programmed group-think that they launch protests and demand the removal of those who are trying to push back against those targeting the students. Such is the scale of perceptual inversion. We see this with 'Covid' programming as the Cult imposes the rules via psycho-psychologists and governments on

shops, transport companies and businesses which impose them on their staff who impose them on their customers who pressure Pushbackers to conform to the will of the Cult which is in the process of destroying them and their families. Scan all aspects of society and you will see the same sequence every time.

Fact free Woke and hijacking the 'left'

There is no more potent example of this than 'Woke', a mentality only made possible by the deletion of factual evidence by an 'education' system seeking to produce an ever more uniform society. Why would you bother with facts when you don't know any? Deletion of credible history both in volume and type is highly relevant. Orwell said: 'Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.' They who control the perception of the past control the perception of the future and they who control the present control the perception of the past through the writing and deleting of history. Why would you oppose the imposition of Marxism in the name of Wokeism when you don't know that Marxism cost at least 100 million lives in the 20th century alone? Watch videos and read reports in which Woker generations are asked basic historical questions – it's mind-blowing. A survey of 2,000 people found that six percent of millennials (born approximately early1980s to early 2000s) believed the Second World War (1939-1945) broke out with the assassination of President Kennedy (in 1963) and one in ten thought Margaret Thatcher was British Prime Minister at the time. She was in office between 1979 and 1990. We are in a post-fact society. Provable facts are no defence against the fascism of political correctness or Silicon Valley censorship. Facts don't matter anymore as we have witnessed with the 'Covid' hoax. Sacrificing uniqueness to the Woke group-think religion is all you are required to do and that means thinking for yourself is the biggest Woke no, no. All religions are an expression of group-think and censorship and Woke is just another religion with an orthodoxy defended by group-think and censorship. Burned at

the stake becomes burned on Twitter which leads back eventually to burned at the stake as Woke humanity regresses to ages past.

The biggest Woke inversion of all is its creators and funders. I grew up in a traditional left of centre political household on a council estate in Leicester in the 1950s and 60s – you know, the left that challenged the power of wealth-hoarding elites and threats to freedom of speech and opinion. In those days students went on marches defending freedom of speech while today's Wokers march for its deletion. What on earth could have happened? Those very elites (collectively the Cult) that we opposed in my youth and early life have funded into existence the antithesis of that former left and hijacked the 'brand' while inverting everything it ever stood for. We have a mentality that calls itself 'liberal' and 'progressive' while acting like fascists. Cult billionaires and their corporations have funded themselves into control of 'education' to ensure that Woke programming is unceasing throughout the formative years of children and young people and that non-Wokers are isolated (that word again) whether they be students, teachers or college professors. The Cult has funded into existence the now colossal global network of Woke organisations that have spawned and promoted all the 'causes' on the Cult wish-list for global transformation and turned Wokers into demanders of them. Does anyone really think it's a coincidence that the Cult agenda for humanity is a carbon (sorry) copy of the societal transformations desired by Woke?? These are only some of them:

Political correctness: The means by which the Cult deletes all public debates that it knows it cannot win if we had the free-flow of information and evidence.

Human-caused 'climate change': The means by which the Cult seeks to transform society into a globally-controlled dictatorship imposing its will over the fine detail of everyone's lives 'to save the planet' which doesn't actually need saving.

Transgender obsession: Preparing collective perception to accept the 'new human' which would not have genders because it would be created technologically and not through procreation. I'll have much more on this in Human 2.0.

Race obsession: The means by which the Cult seeks to divide and rule the population by triggering racial division through the perception that society is more racist than ever when the opposite is the case. Is it perfect in that regard? No. But to compare today with the racism of apartheid and segregation brought to an end by the civil rights movement in the 1960s is to insult the memory of that movement and inspirations like Martin Luther King. Why is the 'anti-racism' industry (which it is) so dominated by privileged white people?

White supremacy: This is a label used by privileged white people to demonise poor and deprived white people pushing back on tyranny to marginalise and destroy them. White people are being especially targeted as the dominant race by number within Western society which the Cult seeks to transform in its image. If you want to change a society you must weaken and undermine its biggest group and once you have done that by using the other groups you next turn on them to do the same … 'Then they came for the Jews and I was not a Jew so I did nothing.'

Mass migration: The mass movement of people from the Middle East, Africa and Asia into Europe, from the south into the United States and from Asia into Australia are another way the Cult seeks to dilute the racial, cultural and political influence of white people on Western society. White people ask why their governments appear to be working against them while being politically and culturally biased towards incoming cultures. Well, here's your answer. In the same way sexually 'straight' people, men and women, ask why the

authorities are biased against them in favour of other sexualities. The answer is the same – that's the way the Cult wants it to be for very sinister motives.

These are all central parts of the Cult agenda and central parts of the Woke agenda and Woke was created and continues to be funded to an immense degree by Cult billionaires and corporations. If anyone begins to say 'coincidence' the syllables should stick in their throat.

Billionaire 'social justice warriors'

Joe Biden is a 100 percent-owned asset of the Cult and the Wokers' man in the White House whenever he can remember his name and for however long he lasts with his rapidly diminishing cognitive function. Even walking up the steps of an aircraft without falling on his arse would appear to be a challenge. He's not an empty-shell puppet or anything. From the minute Biden took office (or the Cult did) he began his executive orders promoting the Woke wish-list. You will see the Woke agenda imposed ever more severely because it's really the *Cult* agenda. Woke organisations and activist networks spawned by the Cult are funded to the extreme so long as they promote what the Cult wants to happen. Woke is funded to promote 'social justice' by billionaires who become billionaires by destroying social justice. The social justice mantra is only a cover for dismantling social justice and funded by billionaires that couldn't give a damn about social justice. Everything makes sense when you see that. One of Woke's premier funders is Cult billionaire financier George Soros who said: 'I am basically there to make money, I cannot and do not look at the social consequences of what I do.' This is the same Soros who has given more than $32 billion to his Open Society Foundations global Woke network and funded Black Lives Matter, mass immigration into Europe and the United States, transgender activism, climate change activism, political correctness and groups targeting 'white supremacy' in the form of privileged white thugs that dominate Antifa. What a scam it all is and when

you are dealing with the unquestioning fact-free zone of Woke scamming them is child's play. All you need to pull it off in all these organisations are a few in-the-know agents of the Cult and an army of naïve, reframed, uninformed, narcissistic, know-nothings convinced of their own self-righteousness, self-purity and virtue.

Soros and fellow billionaires and billionaire corporations have poured hundreds of millions into Black Lives Matter and connected groups and promoted them to a global audience. None of this is motivated by caring about black people. These are the billionaires that have controlled and exploited a system that leaves millions of black people in abject poverty and deprivation which they do absolutely nothing to address. The same Cult networks funding BLM were behind the *slave trade!* Black Lives Matter hijacked a phrase that few would challenge and they have turned this laudable concept into a political weapon to divide society. You know that BLM is a fraud when it claims that *All* Lives Matter, the most inclusive statement of all, is 'racist'. BLM and its Cult masters don't want to end racism. To them it's a means to an end to control all of humanity never mind the colour, creed, culture or background. What has destroying the nuclear family got to do with ending racism? Nothing – but that is one of the goals of BLM and also happens to be a goal of the Cult as I have been exposing in my books for decades. Stealing children from loving parents and giving schools ever more power to override parents is part of that same agenda. BLM is a Marxist organisation and why would that not be the case when the Cult created Marxism *and* BLM? Patrisse Cullors, a BLM co-founder, said in a 2015 video that she and her fellow organisers, including co-founder Alicia Garza, are 'trained Marxists'. The lady known after marriage as Patrisse Khan-Cullors bought a $1.4 million home in 2021 in one of the whitest areas of California with a black population of just 1.6 per cent and has so far bought *four* high-end homes for a total of $3.2 million. How very Marxist. There must be a bit of spare in the BLM coffers, however, when Cult corporations and billionaires have handed over the best part of $100 million. Many black people can see that Black Lives Matter is not

working for them, but against them, and this is still more confirmation. Black journalist Jason Whitlock, who had his account suspended by Twitter for simply linking to the story about the 'Marxist's' home buying spree, said that BLM leaders are 'making millions of dollars off the backs of these dead black men who they wouldn't spit on if they were on fire and alive'.

Black Lies Matter

Cult assets and agencies came together to promote BLM in the wake of the death of career criminal George Floyd who had been jailed a number of times including for forcing his way into the home of a black woman with others in a raid in which a gun was pointed at her stomach. Floyd was filmed being held in a Minneapolis street in 2020 with the knee of a police officer on his neck and he subsequently died. It was an appalling thing for the officer to do, but the same technique has been used by police on peaceful protestors of lockdown without any outcry from the Woke brigade. As unquestioning supporters of the Cult agenda Wokers have supported lockdown and all the 'Covid' claptrap while attacking anyone standing up to the tyranny imposed in its name. Court documents would later include details of an autopsy on Floyd by County Medical Examiner Dr Andrew Baker who concluded that Floyd had taken a fatal level of the drug fentanyl. None of this mattered to fact-free, question-free, Woke. Floyd's death was followed by worldwide protests against police brutality amid calls to defund the police. Throwing babies out with the bathwater is a Woke speciality. In the wake of the murder of British woman Sarah Everard a Green Party member of the House of Lords, Baroness Jones of Moulescoomb (Nincompoopia would have been better), called for a 6pm curfew for all men. This would be in breach of the Geneva Conventions on war crimes which ban collective punishment, but that would never have crossed the black and white Woke mind of Baroness Nincompoopia who would have been far too convinced of her own self-righteousness to compute such details. Many American cities did defund the police in the face of Floyd riots

and after $15 million was deleted from the police budget in Washington DC under useless Woke mayor Muriel Bowser car-jacking alone rose by 300 percent and within six months the US capital recorded its highest murder rate in 15 years. The same happened in Chicago and other cities in line with the Cult/Soros plan to bring fear to streets and neighbourhoods by reducing the police, releasing violent criminals and not prosecuting crime. This is the mob-rule agenda that I have warned in the books was coming for so long. Shootings in the area of Minneapolis where Floyd was arrested increased by 2,500 percent compared with the year before. Defunding the police over George Floyd has led to a big increase in dead people with many of them black. Police protection for politicians making these decisions stayed the same or increased as you would expect from professional hypocrites. The Cult doesn't actually want to abolish the police. It wants to abolish local control over the police and hand it to federal government as the psychopaths advance the Hunger Games Society. Many George Floyd protests turned into violent riots with black stores and businesses destroyed by fire and looting across America fuelled by Black Lives Matter. Woke doesn't do irony. If you want civil rights you must loot the liquor store and the supermarket and make off with a smart TV. It's the only way.

It's not a race war – it's a class war

Black people are patronised by privileged blacks and whites alike and told they are victims of white supremacy. I find it extraordinary to watch privileged blacks supporting the very system and bloodline networks behind the slave trade and parroting the same Cult-serving manipulative crap of their privileged white, often billionaire, associates. It is indeed not a race war but a class war and colour is just a diversion. Black Senator Cory Booker and black Congresswoman Maxine Waters, more residents of Nincompoopia, personify this. Once you tell people they are victims of someone else you devalue both their own responsibility for their plight and the power they have to impact on their reality and experience. Instead

we have: 'You are only in your situation because of whitey – turn on them and everything will change.' It won't change. Nothing changes in our lives unless *we* change it. Crucial to that is never seeing yourself as a victim and always as the creator of your reality. Life is a simple sequence of choice and consequence. Make different choices and you create different consequences. *You* have to make those choices – not Black Lives Matter, the Woke Mafia and anyone else that seeks to dictate your life. Who are they these Wokers, an emotional and psychological road traffic accident, to tell you what to do? Personal empowerment is the last thing the Cult and its Black Lives Matter want black people or anyone else to have. They claim to be defending the underdog while *creating* and perpetuating the underdog. The Cult's worst nightmare is human unity and if they are going to keep blacks, whites and every other race under economic servitude and control then the focus must be diverted from what they have in common to what they can be manipulated to believe divides them. Blacks have to be told that their poverty and plight is the fault of the white bloke living on the street in the same poverty and with the same plight they are experiencing. The difference is that your plight black people is due to him, a white supremacist with 'white privilege' living on the street. Don't unite as one human family against your mutual oppressors and suppressors – fight the oppressor with the white face who is as financially deprived as you are. The Cult knows that as its 'Covid' agenda moves into still new levels of extremism people are going to respond and it has been spreading the seeds of disunity everywhere to stop a united response to the evil that targets *all of us*.

Racist attacks on 'whiteness' are getting ever more outrageous and especially through the American Democratic Party which has an appalling history for anti-black racism. Barack Obama, Joe Biden, Hillary Clinton and Nancy Pelosi all eulogised about Senator Robert Byrd at his funeral in 2010 after a nearly 60-year career in Congress. Byrd was a brutal Ku Klux Klan racist and a violent abuser of Cathy O'Brien in MKUltra. He said he would never fight in the military 'with a negro by my side' and 'rather I should die a thousand times,

and see Old Glory trampled in the dirt never to rise again, than to see this beloved land of ours become degraded by race mongrels, a throwback to the blackest specimen from the wilds'. Biden called Byrd a 'very close friend and mentor'. These 'Woke' hypocrites are not anti-racist they are anti-poor and anti-people not of their perceived class. Here is an illustration of the scale of anti-white racism to which we have now descended. Seriously Woke and moronic *New York Times* contributor Damon Young described whiteness as a 'virus' that 'like other viruses will not die until there are no bodies left for it to infect'. He went on: '… the only way to stop it is to locate it, isolate it, extract it, and kill it.' Young can say that as a black man with no consequences when a white man saying the same in reverse would be facing a jail sentence. *That's* racism. We had super-Woke numbskull senators Tammy Duckworth and Mazie Hirono saying they would object to future Biden Cabinet appointments if he did not nominate more Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders. Never mind the ability of the candidate what do they look like? Duckworth said: 'I will vote for racial minorities and I will vote for LGBTQ, but anyone else I'm not voting for.' Appointing people on the grounds of race is illegal, but that was not a problem for this ludicrous pair. They were on-message and that's a free pass in any situation.

Critical race racism

White children are told at school they are intrinsically racist as they are taught the divisive 'critical race theory'. This claims that the law and legal institutions are inherently racist and that race is a socially constructed concept used by white people to further their economic and political interests at the expense of people of colour. White is a 'virus' as we've seen. Racial inequality results from 'social, economic, and legal differences that white people create between races to maintain white interests which leads to poverty and criminality in minority communities'. I must tell that to the white guy sleeping on the street. The principal of East Side Community School in New York sent white parents a manifesto that called on

them to become 'white traitors' and advocate for full 'white abolition'. These people are teaching your kids when they urgently need a psychiatrist. The 'school' included a chart with 'eight white identities' that ranged from 'white supremacist' to 'white abolition' and defined the behaviour white people must follow to end 'the regime of whiteness'. Woke blacks and their privileged white associates are acting exactly like the slave owners of old and Ku Klux Klan racists like Robert Byrd. They are too full of their own self-purity to see that, but it's true. Racism is not a body type; it's a state of mind that can manifest through any colour, creed or culture.

Another racial fraud is *'equity'*. Not equality of treatment and opportunity – equity. It's a term spun as equality when it means something very different. Equality in its true sense is a raising up while 'equity' is a race to the bottom. Everyone in the same level of poverty is 'equity'. Keep everyone down – that's equity. The Cult doesn't want anyone in the human family to be empowered and BLM leaders, like all these 'anti-racist' organisations, continue their privileged, pampered existence by perpetuating the perception of gathering racism. When is the last time you heard an 'anti-racist' or 'anti-Semitism' organisation say that acts of racism and discrimination have *fallen?* It's not in the interests of their fund-raising and power to influence and the same goes for the professional soccer anti-racism operation, Kick It Out. Two things confirmed that the Black Lives Matter riots in the summer of 2020 were Cult creations. One was that while anti-lockdown protests were condemned in this same period for 'transmitting 'Covid' the authorities supported mass gatherings of Black Lives Matter supporters. I even saw self-deluding people claiming to be doctors say the two types of protest were not the same. No – the non-existent 'Covid' was in favour of lockdowns and attacked those that protested against them while 'Covid' supported Black Lives Matter and kept well away from its protests. The whole thing was a joke and as lockdown protestors were arrested, often brutally, by reframed Face-Nappies we had the grotesque sight of police officers taking the knee to Black Lives Matter, a Cult-funded Marxist

organisation that supports violent riots and wants to destroy the nuclear family and white people.

He's not white? Shucks!

Woke obsession with race was on display again when ten people were shot dead in Boulder, Colorado, in March, 2021. Cult-owned Woke TV channels like CNN said the shooter appeared to be a white man and Wokers were on Twitter condemning 'violent white men' with the usual mantras. Then the shooter's name was released as Ahmad Al Aliwi Alissa, an anti-Trump Arab-American, and the sigh of disappointment could be heard five miles away. Never mind that ten people were dead and what that meant for their families. Race baiting was all that mattered to these sick Cult-serving people like Barack Obama who exploited the deaths to further divide America on racial grounds which is his job for the Cult. This is the man that 'racist' white Americans made the first black president of the United States and then gave him a second term. Not-very-bright Obama has become filthy rich on the back of that and today appears to have a big influence on the Biden administration. Even so he's still a downtrodden black man and a victim of white supremacy. This disingenuous fraud reveals the contempt he has for black people when he puts on a Deep South Alabama accent whenever he talks to them, no, *at* them.

Another BLM red flag was how the now fully-Woke (fully-Cult) and fully-virtue-signalled professional soccer authorities had their teams taking the knee before every match in support of Marxist Black Lives Matter. Soccer authorities and clubs displayed 'Black Lives Matter' on the players' shirts and flashed the name on electronic billboards around the pitch. Any fans that condemned what is a Freemasonic taking-the-knee ritual were widely condemned as you would expect from the Woke virtue-signallers of professional sport and the now fully-Woke media. We have reverse racism in which you are banned from criticising any race or culture except for white people for whom anything goes – say what you like, no problem. What has this got to do with racial harmony and

equality? We've had black supremacists from Black Lives Matter telling white people to fall to their knees in the street and apologise for their white supremacy. Black supremacists acting like white supremacist slave owners of the past couldn't breach their self-obsessed, race-obsessed sense of self-purity. Joe Biden appointed a race-obsessed black supremacist Kristen Clarke to head the Justice Department Civil Rights Division. Clarke claimed that blacks are endowed with 'greater mental, physical and spiritual abilities' than whites. If anyone reversed that statement they would be vilified. Clarke is on-message so no problem. She's never seen a black-white situation in which the black figure is anything but a virtuous victim and she heads the Civil Rights Division which should treat everyone the same or it isn't civil rights. Another perception of the Renegade Mind: If something or someone is part of the Cult agenda they will be supported by Woke governments and media no matter what. If they're not, they will be condemned and censored. It really is that simple and so racist Clarke prospers despite (make that because of) her racism.

The end of culture

Biden's administration is full of such racial, cultural and economic bias as the Cult requires the human family to be divided into warring factions. We are now seeing racially-segregated graduations and everything, but everything, is defined through the lens of perceived 'racism. We have 'racist' mathematics, 'racist' food and even 'racist' *plants*. World famous Kew Gardens in London said it was changing labels on plants and flowers to tell its pre-'Covid' more than two million visitors a year how racist they are. Kew director Richard Deverell said this was part of an effort to 'move quickly to decolonise collections' after they were approached by one Ajay Chhabra 'an actor with an insight into how sugar cane was linked to slavery'. They are *plants* you idiots. 'Decolonisation' in the Woke manual really means colonisation of society with its mentality and by extension colonisation by the Cult. We are witnessing a new Chinese-style 'Cultural Revolution' so essential to the success of all

Marxist takeovers. Our cultural past and traditions have to be swept away to allow a new culture to be built-back-better. Woke targeting of long-standing Western cultural pillars including historical monuments and cancelling of historical figures is what happened in the Mao revolution in China which 'purged remnants of capitalist and traditional elements from Chinese society' and installed Maoism as the dominant ideology'. For China see the Western world today and for 'dominant ideology' see Woke. Better still see Marxism or Maoism. The 'Covid' hoax has specifically sought to destroy the arts and all elements of Western culture from people meeting in a pub or restaurant to closing theatres, music venues, sports stadiums, places of worship and even banning *singing*. Destruction of Western society is also why criticism of any religion is banned except for Christianity which again is the dominant religion as white is the numerically-dominant race. Christianity may be fading rapidly, but its history and traditions are weaved through the fabric of Western society. Delete the pillars and other structures will follow until the whole thing collapses. I am not a Christian defending that religion when I say that. I have no religion. It's just a fact. To this end Christianity has itself been turned Woke to usher its own downfall and its ranks are awash with 'change agents' – knowing and unknowing – at every level including Pope Francis (*definitely* knowing) and the clueless Archbishop of Canterbury Justin Welby (possibly not, but who can be sure?). Woke seeks to coordinate attacks on Western culture, traditions, and ways of life through 'intersectionality' defined as 'the complex, cumulative way in which the effects of multiple forms of discrimination (such as racism, sexism, and classism) combine, overlap, or intersect especially in the experiences of marginalised individuals or groups'. Wade through the Orwellian Woke-speak and this means coordinating disparate groups in a common cause to overthrow freedom and liberal values.

The entire structure of public institutions has been infested with Woke – government at all levels, political parties, police, military, schools, universities, advertising, media and trade unions. This abomination has been achieved through the Cult web by appointing

Wokers to positions of power and battering non-Wokers into line through intimidation, isolation and threats to their job. Many have been fired in the wake of the empathy-deleted, vicious hostility of 'social justice' Wokers and the desire of gutless, spineless employers to virtue-signal their Wokeness. Corporations are filled with Wokers today, most notably those in Silicon Valley. Ironically at the top they are not Woke at all. They are only exploiting the mentality their Cult masters have created and funded to censor and enslave while the Wokers cheer them on until it's their turn. Thus the Woke 'liberal left' is an inversion of the traditional liberal left. Campaigning for justice on the grounds of power and wealth distribution has been replaced by campaigning for identity politics. The genuine traditional left would never have taken money from today's billionaire abusers of fairness and justice and nor would the billionaires have wanted to fund that genuine left. It would not have been in their interests to do so. The division of opinion in those days was between the haves and have nots. This all changed with Cult manipulated and funded identity politics. The division of opinion today is between Wokers and non-Wokers and not income brackets. Cult corporations and their billionaires may have taken wealth disparity to cataclysmic levels of injustice, but as long as they speak the language of Woke, hand out the dosh to the Woke network and censor the enemy they are 'one of us'. Billionaires who don't give a damn about injustice are laughing at them till their bellies hurt. Wokers are not even close to self-aware enough to see that. The transformed 'left' dynamic means that Wokers who drone on about 'social justice' are funded by billionaires that have destroyed social justice the world over. It's *why* they are billionaires.

The climate con

Nothing encapsulates what I have said more comprehensively than the hoax of human-caused global warming. I have detailed in my books over the years how Cult operatives and organisations were the pump-primers from the start of the climate con. A purpose-built vehicle for this is the Club of Rome established by the Cult in 1968

with the Rockefellers and Rothschilds centrally involved all along. Their gofer frontman Maurice Strong, a Canadian oil millionaire, hosted the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1992 where the global 'green movement' really expanded in earnest under the guiding hand of the Cult. The Earth Summit established Agenda 21 through the Cult-created-and-owned United Nations to use the illusion of human-caused climate change to justify the transformation of global society to save the world from climate disaster. It is a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution sold through governments, media, schools and universities as whole generations have been terrified into believing that the world was going to end in their lifetimes unless what old people had inflicted upon them was stopped by a complete restructuring of how everything is done. Chill, kids, it's all a hoax. Such restructuring is precisely what the Cult agenda demands (purely by coincidence of course). Today this has been given the codename of the Great Reset which is only an updated term for Agenda 21 and its associated Agenda 2030. The latter, too, is administered through the UN and was voted into being by the General Assembly in 2015. Both 21 and 2030 seek centralised control of all resources and food right down to the raindrops falling on your own land. These are some of the demands of Agenda 21 established in 1992. See if you recognise this society emerging today:

- End national sovereignty
- State planning and management of all land resources, ecosystems, deserts, forests, mountains, oceans and fresh water; agriculture; rural development; biotechnology; and ensuring *'equity'*
- The state to 'define the role' of business and financial resources
- Abolition of private property
- 'Restructuring' the family unit (see BLM)
- Children raised by the state
- People told what their job will be
- Major restrictions on movement
- Creation of 'human settlement zones'

- Mass resettlement as people are forced to vacate land where they live
- Dumbing down education
- Mass global depopulation in pursuit of all the above

The United Nations was created as a Trojan horse for world government. With the climate con of critical importance to promoting that outcome you would expect the UN to be involved. Oh, it's involved all right. The UN is promoting Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030 justified by 'climate change' while also driving the climate hoax through its Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), one of the world's most corrupt organisations. The IPCC has been lying ferociously and constantly since the day it opened its doors with the global media hanging unquestioningly on its every mendacious word. The Green movement is entirely Woke and has long lost its original environmental focus since it was co-opted by the Cult. An obsession with 'global warming' has deleted its values and scrambled its head. I experienced a small example of what I mean on a beautiful country walk that I have enjoyed several times a week for many years. The path merged into the fields and forests and you felt at one with the natural world. Then a 'Green' organisation, the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust, took over part of the land and proceeded to cut down a large number of trees, including mature ones, to install a horrible big, bright steel 'this-is-ours-stay-out' fence that destroyed the whole atmosphere of this beautiful place. No one with a feel for nature would do that. Day after day I walked to the sound of chainsaws and a magnificent mature weeping willow tree that I so admired was cut down at the base of the trunk. When I challenged a Woke young girl in a green shirt (of course) about this vandalism she replied: 'It's a weeping willow – it will grow back.' This is what people are paying for when they donate to the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Wildlife Trust and many other 'green' organisations today. It is not the environmental movement that I knew and instead has become a support-system – as with Extinction Rebellion – for a very dark agenda.

Private jets for climate justice

The Cult-owned, Gates-funded, World Economic Forum and its founder Klaus Schwab were behind the emergence of Greta Thunberg to harness the young behind the climate agenda and she was invited to speak to the world at … the UN. Schwab published a book, *Covid-19: The Great Reset* in 2020 in which he used the 'Covid' hoax and the climate hoax to lay out a new society straight out of Agenda 21 and Agenda 2030. Bill Gates followed in early 2021 when he took time out from destroying the world to produce a book in his name about the way to save it. Gates flies across the world in private jets and admitted that 'I probably have one of the highest greenhouse gas footprints of anyone on the planet … my personal flying alone is gigantic.' He has also bid for the planet's biggest private jet operator. Other climate change saviours who fly in private jets include John Kerry, the US Special Presidential Envoy for Climate, and actor Leonardo DiCaprio, a 'UN Messenger of Peace with special focus on climate change'. These people are so full of bullshit they could corner the market in manure. We mustn't be sceptical, though, because the Gates book, *How to Avoid a Climate Disaster: The Solutions We Have and the Breakthroughs We Need*, is a genuine attempt to protect the world and not an obvious pile of excrement attributed to a mega-psychopath aimed at selling his masters' plans for humanity. The Gates book and the other shite-pile by Klaus Schwab could have been written by the same person and may well have been. Both use 'climate change' and 'Covid' as the excuses for their new society and by coincidence the Cult's World Economic Forum and Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation promote the climate hoax and hosted Event 201 which pre-empted with a 'simulation' the very 'coronavirus' hoax that would be simulated for real on humanity within weeks. The British 'royal' family is promoting the 'Reset' as you would expect through Prince 'climate change caused the war in Syria' Charles and his hapless son Prince William who said that we must 'reset our relationship with nature and our trajectory as a species' to avoid a climate disaster. Amazing how many promotors of the 'Covid' and 'climate change' control

systems are connected to Gates and the World Economic Forum. A 'study' in early 2021 claimed that carbon dioxide emissions must fall by the equivalent of a global lockdown roughly every two years for the next decade to save the planet. The 'study' appeared in the same period that the Schwab mob claimed in a video that lockdowns destroying the lives of billions are good because they make the earth 'quieter' with less 'ambient noise'. They took down the video amid a public backlash for such arrogant, empathy-deleted stupidity You see, however, where they are going with this. Corinne Le Quéré, a professor at the Tyndall Centre for Climate Change Research, University of East Anglia, was lead author of the climate lockdown study, and she writes for … the World Economic Forum. Gates calls in 'his' book for changing 'every aspect of the economy' (long-time Cult agenda) and for humans to eat synthetic 'meat' (predicted in my books) while cows and other farm animals are eliminated. Australian TV host and commentator Alan Jones described what carbon emission targets would mean for farm animals in Australia alone if emissions were reduced as demanded by 35 percent by 2030 and zero by 2050:

> Well, let's take agriculture, the total emissions from agriculture are about 75 million tonnes of carbon dioxide, equivalent. Now reduce that by 35 percent and you have to come down to 50 million tonnes, I've done the maths. So if you take for example 1.5 million cows, you're going to have to reduce the herd by 525,000 [by] 2030, nine years, that's 58,000 cows a year. The beef herd's 30 million, reduce that by 35 percent, that's 10.5 million, which means 1.2 million cattle have to go every year between now and 2030. This is insanity!
>
> There are 75 million sheep. Reduce that by 35 percent, that's 26 million sheep, that's almost 3 million a year. So under the Paris Agreement over 30 million beasts. dairy cows, cattle, pigs and sheep would go. More than 8,000 every minute of every hour for the next decade, do these people know what they're talking about?

Clearly they don't at the level of campaigners, politicians and administrators. The Cult *does* know; that's the outcome it wants. We are faced with not just a war on humanity. Animals and the natural world are being targeted and I have been saying since the 'Covid' hoax began that the plan eventually was to claim that the 'deadly virus' is able to jump from animals, including farm animals and

domestic pets, to humans. Just before this book went into production came this story: 'Russia registers world's first Covid-19 vaccine for cats & dogs as makers of Sputnik V warn pets & farm animals could spread virus'. The report said 'top scientists warned that the deadly pathogen could soon begin spreading through homes and farms' and 'the next stage is the infection of farm and domestic animals'. Know the outcome and you'll see the journey. Think what that would mean for animals and keep your eye on a term called zoonosis or zoonotic diseases which transmit between animals and humans. The Cult wants to break the connection between animals and people as it does between people and people. Farm animals fit with the Cult agenda to transform food from natural to synthetic.

The gas of life is killing us

There can be few greater examples of Cult inversion than the condemnation of carbon dioxide as a dangerous pollutant when it is the gas of life. Without it the natural world would be dead and so we would all be dead. We breathe in oxygen and breathe out carbon dioxide while plants produce oxygen and absorb carbon dioxide. It is a perfect symbiotic relationship that the Cult wants to dismantle for reasons I will come to in the final two chapters. Gates, Schwab, other Cult operatives and mindless repeaters, want the world to be 'carbon neutral' by at least 2050 and the earlier the better. 'Zero carbon' is the cry echoed by lunatics calling for 'Zero Covid' when we already have it. These carbon emission targets will deindustrialise the world in accordance with Cult plans – the post-industrial, post-democratic society – and with so-called renewables like solar and wind not coming even close to meeting human energy needs blackouts and cold are inevitable. Texans got the picture in the winter of 2021 when a snow storm stopped wind turbines and solar panels from working and the lights went down along with water which relies on electricity for its supply system. Gates wants everything to be powered by electricity to ensure that his masters have the kill switch to stop all human activity, movement, cooking, water and warmth any time they like. The climate lie is so

stupendously inverted that it claims we must urgently reduce carbon dioxide when we *don't have enough*.

Co2 in the atmosphere is a little above 400 parts per million when the optimum for plant growth is 2,000 ppm and when it falls anywhere near 150 ppm the natural world starts to die and so do we. It fell to as low as 280 ppm in an 1880 measurement in Hawaii and rose to 413 ppm in 2019 with industrialisation which is why the planet has become *greener* in the industrial period. How insane then that psychopathic madman Gates is not satisfied only with blocking the rise of Co2. He's funding technology to suck it out of the atmosphere. The reason why will become clear. The industrial era is not destroying the world through Co2 and has instead turned around a potentially disastrous ongoing fall in Co2. Greenpeace co-founder and scientist Patrick Moore walked away from Greenpeace in 1986 and has exposed the green movement for fear-mongering and lies. He said that 500 million years ago there was *17 times* more Co2 in the atmosphere than we have today and levels have been falling for hundreds of millions of years. In the last 150 million years Co2 levels in Earth's atmosphere had reduced by *90 percent*. Moore said that by the time humanity began to unlock carbon dioxide from fossil fuels we were at '38 seconds to midnight' and in that sense: 'Humans are [the Earth's] salvation.' Moore made the point that only half the Co2 emitted by fossil fuels stays in the atmosphere and we should remember that all pollution pouring from chimneys that we are told is carbon dioxide is in fact nothing of the kind. It's pollution. Carbon dioxide is an invisible gas.

William Happer, Professor of Physics at Princeton University and long-time government adviser on climate, has emphasised the Co2 deficiency for maximum growth and food production. Greenhouse growers don't add carbon dioxide for a bit of fun. He said that most of the warming in the last 100 years, after the earth emerged from the super-cold period of the 'Little Ice Age' into a natural warming cycle, was over by 1940. Happer said that a peak year for warming in 1988 can be explained by a 'monster El Nino' which is a natural and cyclical warming of the Pacific that has nothing to do with 'climate

change'. He said the effect of Co2 could be compared to painting a wall with red paint in that once two or three coats have been applied it didn't matter how much more you slapped on because the wall will not get much redder. Almost all the effect of the rise in Co2 has already happened, he said, and the volume in the atmosphere would now have to *double* to increase temperature by a single degree. Climate hoaxers know this and they have invented the most ridiculously complicated series of 'feedback' loops to try to overcome this rather devastating fact. You hear puppet Greta going on cluelessly about feedback loops and this is why.

The Sun affects temperature? No you *climate denier*

Some other nonsense to contemplate: Climate graphs show that rises in temperature do not follow rises in Co2 – *it's the other way round* with a lag between the two of some 800 years. If we go back 800 years from present time we hit the Medieval Warm Period when temperatures were higher than now without any industrialisation and this was followed by the Little Ice Age when temperatures plummeted. The world was still emerging from these centuries of serious cold when many climate records began which makes the ever-repeated line of the 'hottest year since records began' meaningless when you are not comparing like with like. The coldest period of the Little Ice Age corresponded with the lowest period of sunspot activity when the Sun was at its least active. Proper scientists will not be at all surprised by this when it confirms the obvious fact that earth temperature is affected by the scale of Sun activity and the energetic power that it subsequently emits; but when is the last time you heard a climate hoaxer talking about the Sun as a source of earth temperature?? Everything has to be focussed on Co2 which makes up just 0.117 percent of so-called greenhouse gases and only a fraction of even that is generated by human activity. The rest is natural. More than *90 percent* of those greenhouse gases are water vapour and clouds (Fig 9). Ban moisture I say. Have you noticed that the climate hoaxers no longer use the polar bear as their promotion image? That's because far from becoming extinct polar

bear communities are stable or thriving. Joe Bastardi, American meteorologist, weather forecaster and outspoken critic of the climate lie, documents in his book *The Climate Chronicles* how weather patterns and events claimed to be evidence of climate change have been happening since long before industrialisation: 'What happened before naturally is happening again, as is to be expected given the cyclical nature of the climate due to the design of the planet.' If you read the detailed background to the climate hoax in my other books you will shake your head and wonder how anyone could believe the crap which has spawned a multi-trillion dollar industry based on absolute garbage (see HIV causes AIDs and Sars-Cov-2 causes 'Covid-19'). Climate and 'Covid' have much in common given they have the same source. They both have the contradictory *everything* factor in which everything is explained by reference to them. It's hot – 'it's climate change'. It's cold – 'it's climate change'. I got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. I haven't got a sniffle – 'it's Covid'. Not having a sniffle has to be a symptom of 'Covid'. Everything is and not having a sniffle is especially dangerous if you are a slow walker. For sheer audacity I offer you a Cambridge University 'study' that actually linked 'Covid' to 'climate change'. It had to happen eventually. They concluded that climate change played a role in 'Covid-19' spreading from animals to humans because … wait for it … I kid you not … *the two groups were forced closer together as populations grow*. Er, that's it. The whole foundation on which this depended was that 'Bats are the likely zoonotic origin of SARS-CoV-1 and SARS-CoV-2'. Well, they are not. They are nothing to do with it. Apart from bats not being the origin and therefore 'climate change' effects on bats being irrelevant I am in awe of their academic insight. Where would we be without them? Not where we are that's for sure.

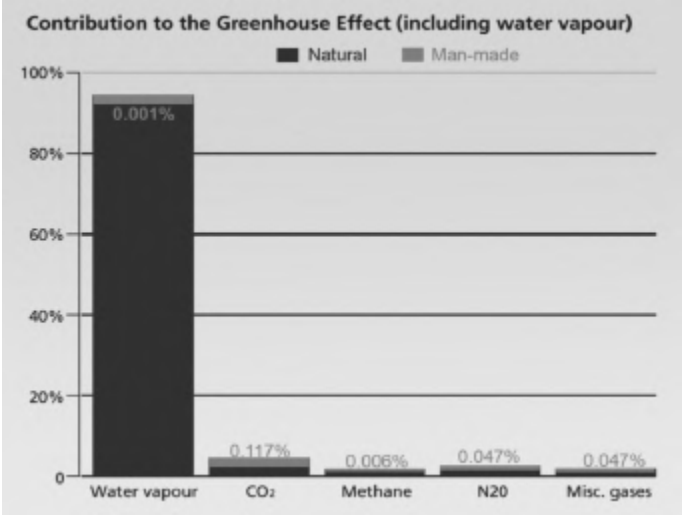

Figure 9: The idea that the gas of life is disastrously changing the climate is an insult to brain cell activity.

One other point about the weather is that climate modification is now well advanced and not every major weather event is natural – or earthquake come to that. I cover this subject at some length in other books. China is openly planning a rapid expansion of its weather modification programme which includes changing the climate in an area more than one and a half times the size of India. China used weather manipulation to ensure clear skies during the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. I have quoted from US military documents detailing how to employ weather manipulation as a weapon of war and they did that in the 1960s and 70s during the conflict in Vietnam with Operation Popeye manipulating monsoon rains for military purposes. Why would there be international treaties on weather modification if it wasn't possible? Of course it is. Weather is energetic information and it can be changed.

How was the climate hoax pulled off? See 'Covid'

If you can get billions to believe in a 'virus' that doesn't exist you can get them to believe in human-caused climate change that doesn't exist. Both are being used by the Cult to transform global society in the way it has long planned. Both hoaxes have been achieved in pretty much the same way. First you declare a lie is a fact. There's a

'virus' you call SARS-Cov-2 or humans are warming the planet with their behaviour. Next this becomes, via Cult networks, the foundation of government, academic and science policy and belief. Those who parrot the mantra are given big grants to produce research that confirms the narrative is true and ever more 'symptoms' are added to make the 'virus'/'climate change' sound even more scary. Scientists and researchers who challenge the narrative have their grants withdrawn and their careers destroyed. The media promote the lie as the unquestionable truth and censor those with an alternative view or evidence. A great percentage of the population believe what they are told as the lie becomes an everybody-knows-that and the believing-masses turn on those with a mind of their own. The technique has been used endlessly throughout human history. Wokers are the biggest promotors of the climate lie *and* 'Covid' fascism because their minds are owned by the Cult; their sense of self-righteous self-purity knows no bounds; and they exist in a bubble of reality in which facts are irrelevant and only get in the way of looking without seeing.

Running through all of this like veins in a blue cheese is control of information, which means control of perception, which means control of behaviour, which collectively means control of human society. The Cult owns the global media and Silicon Valley fascists for the simple reason that it *has* to. Without control of information it can't control perception and through that human society. Examine every facet of the Cult agenda and you will see that anything supporting its introduction is never censored while anything pushing back is always censored. I say again: Psychopaths that know why they are doing this must go before Nuremberg trials and those that follow their orders must trot along behind them into the same dock. 'I was just following orders' didn't work the first time and it must not work now. Nuremberg trials must be held all over the world before public juries for politicians, government officials, police, compliant doctors, scientists and virologists, and all Cult operatives such as Gates, Tedros, Fauci, Vallance, Whitty, Ferguson, Zuckerberg, Wojcicki, Brin, Page, Dorsey, the whole damn lot of

them – including, no *especially*, the psychopath psychologists. Without them and the brainless, gutless excuses for journalists that have repeated their lies, none of this could be happening. Nobody can be allowed to escape justice for the psychological and economic Armageddon they are all responsible for visiting upon the human race.

As for the compliant, unquestioning, swathes of humanity, and the self-obsessed, all-knowing ignorance of the Wokers … don't start me. God help their kids. God help their grandkids. God *help them*.

CHAPTER NINE

We must have it? So what is it?

Well I won't back down. No, I won't back down. You can stand me up at the Gates of Hell. But I won't back down
Tom Petty

I will now focus on the genetically-manipulating 'Covid vaccines' which do not meet this official definition of a vaccine by the US Centers for Disease Control (CDC): 'A product that stimulates a person's immune system to produce immunity to a specific disease, protecting the person from that disease.' On that basis 'Covid vaccines' are not a vaccine in that the makers don't even claim they stop infection or transmission.

They are instead part of a multi-levelled conspiracy to change the nature of the human body and what it means to be 'human' and to depopulate an enormous swathe of humanity. What I shall call Human 1.0 is on the cusp of becoming Human 2.0 and for very sinister reasons. Before I get to the 'Covid vaccine' in detail here's some background to vaccines in general. Government regulators do not test vaccines – the makers do – and the makers control which data is revealed and which isn't. Children in America are given 50 vaccine doses by age six and 69 by age 19 and the effect of the whole combined schedule has never been tested. Autoimmune diseases when the immune system attacks its own body have soared in the mass vaccine era and so has disease in general in children and the young. Why wouldn't this be the case when vaccines target the *immune system?* The US government gave Big Pharma drug

companies immunity from prosecution for vaccine death and injury in the 1986 National Childhood Vaccine Injury Act (NCVIA) and since then the government (taxpayer) has been funding compensation for the consequences of Big Pharma vaccines. The criminal and satanic drug giants can't lose and the vaccine schedule has increased dramatically since 1986 for this reason. There is no incentive to make vaccines safe and a big incentive to make money by introducing ever more. Even against a ridiculously high bar to prove vaccine liability, and with the government controlling the hearing in which it is being challenged for compensation, the vaccine court has so far paid out more than $4 billion. These are the vaccines we are told are safe and psychopaths like Zuckerberg censor posts saying otherwise. The immunity law was even justified by a ruling that vaccines by their nature were 'unavoidably unsafe'.

Check out the ingredients of vaccines and you will be shocked if you are new to this. *They put that in children's bodies?? What??* Try aluminium, a brain toxin connected to dementia, aborted foetal tissue and formaldehyde which is used to embalm corpses. World-renowned aluminium expert Christopher Exley had his research into the health effect of aluminium in vaccines shut down by Keele University in the UK when it began taking funding from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Research when diseases 'eradicated' by vaccines began to decline and you will find the fall began long *before* the vaccine was introduced. Sometimes the fall even plateaued after the vaccine. Diseases like scarlet fever for which there was no vaccine declined in the same way because of environmental and other factors. A perfect case in point is the polio vaccine. Polio began when lead arsenate was first sprayed as an insecticide and residues remained in food products. Spraying started in 1892 and the first US polio epidemic came in Vermont in 1894. The simple answer was to stop spraying, but Rockefeller-created Big Pharma had a better idea. Polio was decreed to be caused by the *poliovirus* which 'spreads from person to person and can infect a person's spinal cord'. Lead arsenate was replaced by the lethal DDT which had the same effect of causing paralysis by damaging the brain and central nervous

system. Polio plummeted when DDT was reduced and then banned, but the vaccine is still given the credit for something it didn't do. Today by far the biggest cause of polio is the vaccines promoted by Bill Gates. Vaccine justice campaigner Robert Kennedy Jr, son of assassinated (by the Cult) US Attorney General Robert Kennedy, wrote:

> In 2017, the World Health Organization (WHO) reluctantly admitted that the global explosion in polio is predominantly vaccine strain. The most frightening epidemics in Congo, Afghanistan, and the Philippines, are all linked to vaccines. In fact, by 2018, 70% of global polio cases were vaccine strain.

Vaccines make fortunes for Cult-owned Gates and Big Pharma while undermining the health and immune systems of the population. We had a glimpse of the mentality behind the Big Pharma cartel with a report on WION (World is One News), an international English language TV station based in India, which exposed the extraordinary behaviour of US drug company Pfizer over its 'Covid vaccine'. The WION report told how Pfizer had made fantastic demands of Argentina, Brazil and other countries in return for its 'vaccine'. These included immunity from prosecution, even for Pfizer negligence, government insurance to protect Pfizer from law suits and handing over as collateral sovereign assets of the country to include Argentina's bank reserves, military bases and embassy buildings. Pfizer demanded the same of Brazil in the form of waiving sovereignty of its assets abroad; exempting Pfizer from Brazilian laws; and giving Pfizer immunity from all civil liability. This is a 'vaccine' developed with government funding. Big Pharma is evil incarnate as a creation of the Cult and all must be handed tickets to Nuremberg.

Phantom 'vaccine' for a phantom 'disease'

I'll expose the 'Covid vaccine' fraud and then go on to the wider background of why the Cult has set out to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on the planet for an alleged 'new disease' with a survival rate of 99.77 percent (or more) even by the grotesquely-

manipulated figures of the World Health Organization and Johns Hopkins University. The 'infection' to 'death' ratio is 0.23 to 0.15 percent according to Stanford epidemiologist Dr John Ioannidis and while estimates vary the danger remains tiny. I say that if the truth be told the fake infection to fake death ratio is zero. Never mind all the evidence I have presented here and in *The Answer* that there is no 'virus' let us just focus for a moment on that death-rate figure of say 0.23 percent. The figure includes all those worldwide who have tested positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' and then died within 28 days or even longer of any other cause – *any other cause*. Now subtract all those illusory 'Covid' deaths on the global data sheets from the 0.23 percent. What do you think you would be left with? *Zero*. A vaccination has never been successfully developed for a so-called coronavirus. They have all failed at the animal testing stage when they caused hypersensitivity to what they were claiming to protect against and made the impact of a disease far worse. Cult-owned vaccine corporations got around that problem this time by bypassing animal trials, going straight to humans and making the length of the 'trials' before the public rollout as short as they could get away with. Normally it takes five to ten years or more to develop vaccines that still cause demonstrable harm to many people and that's without including the long-term effects that are never officially connected to the vaccination. 'Covid' non-vaccines have been officially produced and approved in a matter of months from a standing start and part of the reason is that (a) they were developed before the 'Covid' hoax began and (b) they are based on computer programs and not natural sources. Official non-trials were so short that government agencies gave *emergency*, not full, approval. 'Trials' were not even completed and full approval cannot be secured until they are. Public 'Covid vaccination' is actually a *continuation of the trial*. Drug company 'trials' are not scheduled to end until 2023 by which time a lot of people are going to be dead. Data on which government agencies gave this emergency approval was supplied by the Big Pharma corporations themselves in the form of Pfizer/BioNTech, AstraZeneca, Moderna, Johnson & Johnson, and

others, and this is the case with all vaccines. By its very nature *emergency* approval means drug companies do not have to prove that the 'vaccine' is 'safe and effective'. How could they with trials way short of complete? Government regulators only have to *believe* that they *could* be safe and effective. It is criminal manipulation to get products in circulation with no testing worth the name. Agencies giving that approval are infested with Big Pharma-connected place-people and they act in the interests of Big Pharma (the Cult) and not the public about whom they do not give a damn.

More human lab rats

'Covid vaccines' produced in record time by Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna employ a technique *never approved before for use on humans*. They are known as mRNA 'vaccines' and inject a synthetic version of 'viral' mRNA or 'messenger RNA'. The key is in the term 'messenger'. The body works, or doesn't, on the basis of information messaging. Communications are constantly passing between and within the genetic system and the brain. Change those messages and you change the state of the body and even its very nature and you can change psychology and behaviour by the way the brain processes information. I think you are going to see significant changes in personality and perception of many people who have had the 'Covid vaccine' synthetic potions. Insider Aldous Huxley predicted the following in 1961 and mRNA 'vaccines' can be included in the term 'pharmacological methods':

> There will be, in the next generation or so, a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people will in fact have their own liberties taken away from them, but rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda or brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods. And this seems to be the final revolution.

Apologists claim that mRNA synthetic 'vaccines' don't change the DNA genetic blueprint because RNA does not affect DNA only the other way round. This is so disingenuous. A process called 'reverse

transcription' can convert RNA into DNA and be integrated into DNA in the cell nucleus. This was highlighted in December, 2020, by scientists at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Geneticists report that more than 40 percent of mammalian genomes results from reverse transcription. On the most basic level if messaging changes then that sequence must lead to changes in DNA which is receiving and transmitting those communications. How can introducing synthetic material into cells not change the cells where DNA is located? The process is known as transfection which is defined as 'a technique to insert foreign nucleic acid (DNA or RNA) into a cell, typically with the intention of altering the properties of the cell'. Researchers at the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York found that changes in messenger RNA can deactivate tumour-suppressing proteins and thereby promote cancer. This is what happens when you mess with messaging. 'Covid vaccine' maker Moderna was founded in 2010 by Canadian stem cell biologist Derrick J. Rossi after his breakthrough discovery in the field of transforming and reprogramming stem cells. These are neutral cells that can be programmed to become any cell including sperm cells. Moderna was therefore founded on the principle of genetic manipulation and has never produced any vaccine or drug before its genetically-manipulating synthetic 'Covid' shite. Look at the name – Mode-RNA or Modify-RNA. Another important point is that the US Supreme Court has ruled that genetically-modified DNA, or complementary DNA (cDNA) synthesized in the laboratory from messenger RNA, can be patented and owned. These psychopaths are doing this to the human body.

Cells replicate synthetic mRNA in the 'Covid vaccines' and in theory the body is tricked into making antigens which trigger antibodies to target the 'virus spike proteins' which as Dr Tom Cowan said have *never been seen*. Cut the crap and these 'vaccines' deliver *self-replicating* synthetic material to the cells with the effect of changing human DNA. The more of them you have the more that process is compounded while synthetic material is all the time self-replicating. 'Vaccine'-maker Moderna describes mRNA as 'like

software for the cell' and so they are messing with the body's software. What happens when you change the software in a computer? Everything changes. For this reason the Cult is preparing a production line of mRNA 'Covid vaccines' and a long list of excuses to use them as with all the 'variants' of a 'virus' never shown to exist. The plan is further to transfer the mRNA technique to other vaccines mostly given to children and young people. The cumulative consequences will be a transformation of human DNA through a constant infusion of synthetic genetic material which will kill many and change the rest. Now consider that governments that have given emergency approval for a vaccine that's not a vaccine; never been approved for humans before; had no testing worth the name; and the makers have been given immunity from prosecution for any deaths or adverse effects suffered by the public. The UK government awarded *permanent legal indemnity* to itself and its employees for harm done when a patient is being treated for 'Covid-19' or 'suspected Covid-19'. That is quite a thought when these are possible 'side-effects' from the 'vaccine' (they are not 'side', they are effects) listed by the US Food and Drug Administration:

Guillain-Barre syndrome; acute disseminated encephalomyelitis; transverse myelitis; encephalitis; myelitis; encephalomyelitis; meningoencephalitis; meningitis; encephalopathy; convulsions; seizures; stroke; narcolepsy; cataplexy; anaphylaxis; acute myocardial infarction (heart attack); myocarditis; pericarditis; autoimmune disease; death; implications for pregnancy, and birth outcomes; other acute demyelinating diseases; non anaphylactic allergy reactions; thrombocytopenia ; disseminated intravascular coagulation; venous thromboembolism; arthritis; arthralgia; joint pain; Kawasaki disease; multisystem inflammatory syndrome in children; vaccine enhanced disease. The latter is the way the 'vaccine' has the potential to make diseases far worse than they would otherwise be.

UK doctor and freedom campaigner Vernon Coleman described the conditions in this list as 'all unpleasant, most of them very serious, and you can't get more serious than death'. The thought that anyone at all has had the 'vaccine' in these circumstances is testament to the potential that humanity has for clueless, unquestioning, stupidity and for many that programmed stupidity has already been terminal.

An insider speaks

Dr Michael Yeadon is a former Vice President, head of research and Chief Scientific Adviser at vaccine giant Pfizer. Yeadon worked on the inside of Big Pharma, but that did not stop him becoming a vocal critic of 'Covid vaccines' and their potential for multiple harms, including infertility in women. By the spring of 2021 he went much further and even used the no, no, term 'conspiracy'. When you begin to see what is going on it is impossible not to do so. Yeadon spoke out in an interview with freedom campaigner James Delingpole and I mentioned earlier how he said that no one had samples of 'the virus'. He explained that the mRNA technique originated in the anti-cancer field and ways to turn on and off certain genes which could be advantageous if you wanted to stop cancer growing out of control. 'That's the origin of them. They are a very unusual application, really.' Yeadon said that treating a cancer patient with an aggressive procedure might be understandable if the alternative was dying, but it was quite another thing to use the same technique as a public health measure. Most people involved wouldn't catch the infectious agent you were vaccinating against and if they did they probably wouldn't die:

> If you are really using it as a public health measure you really want to as close as you can get to zero sides-effects … I find it odd that they chose techniques that were really cutting their teeth in the field of oncology and I'm worried that in using gene-based vaccines that have to be injected in the body and spread around the body, get taken up into some cells, and the regulators haven't quite told us which cells they get taken up into … you are going to be generating a wide range of responses … with multiple steps each of which could go well or badly.

I doubt the Cult intends it to go well. Yeadon said that you can put any gene you like into the body through the 'vaccine'. 'You can certainly give them a gene that would do them some harm if you wanted.' I was intrigued when he said that when used in the cancer field the technique could turn genes on and off. I explore this process in *The Answer* and with different genes having different functions you could create mayhem – physically and psychologically – if you turned the wrong ones on and the right ones off. I read reports of an experiment by researchers at the University of Washington's school of computer science and engineering in which they encoded DNA to infect computers. The body is itself a biological computer and if human DNA can inflict damage on a computer why can't the computer via synthetic material mess with the human body? It can. The Washington research team said it was possible to insert malicious malware into 'physical DNA strands' and corrupt the computer system of a gene sequencing machine as it 'reads gene letters and stores them as binary digits 0 and 1'. They concluded that hackers could one day use blood or spit samples to access computer systems and obtain sensitive data from police forensics labs or infect genome files. It is at this level of digital interaction that synthetic 'vaccines' need to be seen to get the full picture and that will become very clear later on. Michael Yeadon said it made no sense to give the 'vaccine' to younger people who were in no danger from the 'virus'. What was the benefit? It was all downside with potential effects:

> The fact that my government in what I thought was a civilised, rational country, is raining [the 'vaccine'] on people in their 30s and 40s, even my children in their 20s, they're getting letters and phone calls, I know this is not right and any of you doctors who are vaccinating you know it's not right, too. They are not at risk. They are not at risk from the disease, so you are now hoping that the side-effects are so rare that you get away with it. You don't give new technology … that you don't understand to 100 percent of the population.

Blood clot problems with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' have been affecting younger people to emphasise the downside risks with no benefit. AstraZeneca's version, produced with Oxford University, does not use mRNA, but still gets its toxic cocktail inside cells where

it targets DNA. The Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' which uses a similar technique has also produced blood clot effects to such an extent that the United States paused its use at one point. They are all 'gene therapy' (cell modification) procedures and not 'vaccines'. The truth is that once the content of these injections enter cells we have no idea what the effect will be. People can speculate and some can give very educated opinions and that's good. In the end, though, only the makers know what their potions are designed to do and even they won't know every last consequence. Michael Yeadon was scathing about doctors doing what they knew to be wrong. 'Everyone's mute', he said. Doctors in the NHS must know this was not right, coming into work and injecting people. 'I don't know how they sleep at night. I know I couldn't do it. I know that if I were in that position I'd have to quit.' He said he knew enough about toxicology to know this was not a good risk-benefit. Yeadon had spoken to seven or eight university professors and all except two would not speak out publicly. Their universities had a policy that no one said anything that countered the government and its medical advisors. They were afraid of losing their government grants. This is how intimidation has been used to silence the truth at every level of the system. I say silence, but these people could still speak out if they made that choice. Yeadon called them 'moral cowards' – 'This is about your children and grandchildren's lives and you have just buggered off and left it.'

'Variant' nonsense

Some of his most powerful comments related to the alleged 'variants' being used to instil more fear, justify more lockdowns, and introduce more 'vaccines'. He said government claims about 'variants' were nonsense. He had checked the alleged variant 'codes' and they were 99.7 percent identical to the 'original'. This was the human identity difference equivalent to putting a baseball cap on and off or wearing it the other way round. A 0.3 percent difference would make it impossible for that 'variant' to escape immunity from the 'original'. This made no sense of having new 'vaccines' for

'variants'. He said there would have to be at least a *30 percent* difference for that to be justified and even then he believed the immune system would still recognise what it was. Gates-funded 'variant modeller' and 'vaccine'-pusher John Edmunds might care to comment. Yeadon said drug companies were making new versions of the 'vaccine' as a 'top up' for 'variants'. Worse than that, he said, the 'regulators' around the world like the MHRA in the UK had got together and agreed that because 'vaccines' for 'variants' were so similar to the first 'vaccines' *they did not have to do safety studies*. How transparently sinister that is. This is when Yeadon said: 'There is a conspiracy here.' There was no need for another vaccine for 'variants' and yet we were told that there was and the country had shut its borders because of them. 'They are going into hundreds of millions of arms without passing 'go' or any regulator. Why did they do that? Why did they pick this method of making the vaccine?'

The reason had to be something bigger than that it seemed and 'it's not protection against the virus'. It's was a far bigger project that meant politicians and advisers were willing to do things and not do things that knowingly resulted in avoidable deaths – 'that's already happened when you think about lockdown and deprivation of health care for a year.' He spoke of people prepared to do something that results in the avoidable death of their fellow human beings and it not bother them. This is the penny-drop I have been working to get across for more than 30 years – the level of pure evil we are dealing with. Yeadon said his friends and associates could not believe there could be that much evil, but he reminded them of Stalin, Pol Pot and Hitler and of what Stalin had said: 'One death is a tragedy. A million? A statistic.' He could not think of a benign explanation for why you need top-up vaccines 'which I'm sure you don't' and for the regulators 'to just get out of the way and wave them through'. Why would the regulators do that when they were still wrestling with the dangers of the 'parent' vaccine? He was clearly shocked by what he had seen since the 'Covid' hoax began and now he was thinking the previously unthinkable:

> If you wanted to depopulate a significant proportion of the world and to do it in a way that doesn't involve destruction of the environment with nuclear weapons, poisoning everyone with anthrax or something like that, and you wanted plausible deniability while you had a multi-year infectious disease crisis, I actually don't think you could come up with a better plan of work than seems to be in front of me. I can't say that's what they are going to do, but I can't think of a benign explanation why they are doing it.

He said he never thought that they would get rid of 99 percent of humans, but now he wondered. 'If you wanted to that this would be a hell of a way to do it – it would be unstoppable folks.' Yeadon had concluded that those who submitted to the 'vaccine' would be allowed to have some kind of normal life (but for how long?) while screws were tightened to coerce and mandate the last few percent. 'I think they'll put the rest of them in a prison camp. I wish I was wrong, but I don't think I am.' Other points he made included: There were no coronavirus vaccines then suddenly they all come along at the same time; we have no idea of the long term affect with trials so short; coercing or forcing people to have medical procedures is against the Nuremberg Code instigated when the Nazis did just that; people should at least delay having the 'vaccine'; a quick Internet search confirms that masks don't reduce respiratory viral transmission and 'the government knows that'; they have smashed civil society and they know that, too; two dozen peer-reviewed studies show no connection between lockdown and reducing deaths; he knew from personal friends the elite were still flying around and going on holiday while the public were locked down; the elite were not having the 'vaccines'. He was also asked if 'vaccines' could be made to target difference races. He said he didn't know, but the document by the Project for the New American Century in September, 2000, said developing 'advanced forms of biological warfare that can target *specific genotypes* may transform biological warfare from the realm of terror to a politically useful tool.' Oh, they're evil all right. Of that we can be *absolutely* sure.

Another cull of old people

We have seen from the CDC definition that the mRNA 'Covid vaccine' is not a vaccine and nor are the others that *claim* to reduce 'severity of symptoms' in *some* people, but not protect from infection or transmission. What about all the lies about returning to 'normal' if people were 'vaccinated'? If they are not claimed to stop infection and transmission of the alleged 'virus', how does anything change? This was all lies to manipulate people to take the jabs and we are seeing that now with masks and distancing still required for the 'vaccinated'. How did they think that elderly people with fragile health and immune responses were going to be affected by infusing their cells with synthetic material and other toxic substances? They *knew* that in the short and long term it would be devastating and fatal as the culling of the old that began with the first lockdowns was continued with the 'vaccine'. Death rates in care homes soared immediately residents began to be 'vaccinated' – infused with synthetic material. Brave and committed whistleblower nurses put their careers at risk by exposing this truth while the rest kept their heads down and their mouths shut to put their careers before those they are supposed to care for. A long-time American Certified Nursing Assistant who gave his name as James posted a video in which he described emotionally what happened in his care home when vaccination began. He said that during 2020 very few residents were sick with 'Covid' and no one died during the entire year; but shortly after the Pfizer mRNA injections 14 people died within two weeks and many others were near death. 'They're dropping like flies', he said. Residents who walked on their own before the shot could no longer and they had lost their ability to conduct an intelligent conversation. The home's management said the sudden deaths were caused by a 'super-spreader' of 'Covid-19'. Then how come, James asked, that residents who refused to take the injections were not sick? It was a case of inject the elderly with mRNA synthetic potions and blame their illness and death that followed on the 'virus'. James described what was happening in care homes as 'the greatest crime of genocide this country has ever seen'. Remember the NHS staff nurse from earlier who used the same

word ‘genocide’ for what was happening with the ‘vaccines’ and that it was an ‘act of human annihilation’. A UK care home whistleblower told a similar story to James about the effect of the ‘vaccine’ in deaths and ‘outbreaks’ of illness dubbed ‘Covid’ after getting the jab. She told how her care home management and staff had zealously imposed government regulations and no one was allowed to even question the official narrative let alone speak out against it. She said the NHS was even worse. Again we see the results of reframing. A worker at a local care home where I live said they had not had a single case of ‘Covid’ there for almost a year and when the residents were ‘vaccinated’ they had 19 positive cases in two weeks with eight dying.

It’s not the ‘vaccine’ – honest

The obvious cause and effect was being ignored by the media and most of the public. Australia’s health minister Greg Hunt (a former head of strategy at the World Economic Forum) was admitted to hospital after he had the ‘vaccine’. He was suffering according to reports from the skin infection ‘cellulitis’ and it must have been a severe case to have warranted days in hospital. Immediately the authorities said this was nothing to do with the ‘vaccine’ when an effect of some vaccines is a ‘cellulitis-like reaction’. We had families of perfectly healthy old people who died after the ‘vaccine’ saying that if only they had been given the ‘vaccine’ earlier they would still be alive. As a numbskull rating that is off the chart. A father of four ‘died of Covid’ at aged 48 when he was taken ill two days after having the ‘vaccine’. The man, a health administrator, had been ‘shielding during the pandemic’ and had ‘not really left the house’ until he went for the ‘vaccine’. Having the ‘vaccine’ and then falling ill and dying does not seem to have qualified as a possible cause and effect and ‘Covid-19’ went on his death certificate. His family said they had no idea how he ‘caught the virus’. A family member said: ‘Tragically, it could be that going for a vaccination ultimately led to him catching Covid …The sad truth is that they are never going to know where it came from.’ The family warned people to remember

that the virus still existed and was 'very real'. So was their stupidity. Nurses and doctors who had the first round of the 'vaccine' were collapsing, dying and ending up in a hospital bed while they or their grieving relatives were saying they'd still have the 'vaccine' again despite what happened. I kid you not. You mean if your husband returned from the dead he'd have the same 'vaccine' again that killed him??

Doctors at the VCU Medical Center in Richmond, Virginia, said the Johnson & Johnson 'vaccine' was to blame for a man's skin peeling off. Patient Richard Terrell said: 'It all just happened so fast. My skin peeled off. It's still coming off on my hands now.' He said it was stinging, burning and itching and when he bent his arms and legs it was very painful with 'the skin swollen and rubbing against itself'. Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna vaccines use mRNA to change the cell while the Johnson & Johnson version uses DNA in a process similar to AstraZeneca's technique. Johnson & Johnson and AstraZeneca have both had their 'vaccines' paused by many countries after causing serious blood problems. Terrell's doctor Fnu Nutan said he could have died if he hadn't got medical attention. It sounds terrible so what did Nutan and Terrell say about the 'vaccine' now? Oh, they still recommend that people have it. A nurse in a hospital bed 40 minutes after the vaccination and unable to swallow due to throat swelling was told by a doctor that he lost mobility in his arm for 36 hours following the vaccination. What did he say to the ailing nurse? 'Good for you for getting the vaccination.' We are dealing with a serious form of cognitive dissonance madness in both public and medical staff. There is a remarkable correlation between those having the 'vaccine' and trumpeting the fact and suffering bad happenings shortly afterwards. Witold Rogiewicz, a Polish doctor, made a video of his 'vaccination' and ridiculed those who were questioning its safety and the intentions of Bill Gates: 'Vaccinate yourself to protect yourself, your loved ones, friends and also patients. And to mention quickly I have info for anti-vaxxers and anti-Coviders if you want to contact Bill Gates you can do this through me.' He further ridiculed the dangers of 5G. Days later he

was dead, but naturally the vaccination wasn't mentioned in the verdict of 'heart attack'.

Lies, lies and more lies

So many members of the human race have slipped into extreme states of insanity and unfortunately they include reframed doctors and nursing staff. Having a 'vaccine' and dying within minutes or hours is not considered a valid connection while death from any cause within 28 days or longer of a positive test with a test not testing for the 'virus' means 'Covid-19' goes on the death certificate. How could that 'vaccine'-death connection not have been made except by calculated deceit? US figures in the initial rollout period to February 12th, 2020, revealed that a third of the deaths reported to the CDC after 'Covid vaccines' happened within 48 hours. Five men in the UK suffered an 'extremely rare' blood clot problem after having the AstraZeneca 'vaccine', but no causal link was established said the Gates-funded Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) which had given the 'vaccine' emergency approval to be used. Former Pfizer executive Dr Michael Yeadon explained in his interview how the procedures could cause blood coagulation and clots. People who should have been at no risk were dying from blood clots in the brain and he said he had heard from medical doctor friends that people were suffering from skin bleeding and massive headaches. The AstraZeneca 'shot' was stopped by some 20 countries over the blood clotting issue and still the corrupt MHRA, the European Medicines Agency (EMA) and the World Health Organization said that it should continue to be given even though the EMA admitted that it 'still cannot rule out definitively' a link between blood clotting and the 'vaccine'. Later Marco Cavaleri, head of EMA vaccine strategy, said there was indeed a clear link between the 'vaccine' and thrombosis, but they didn't know why. So much for the trials showing the 'vaccine' is safe. Blood clots were affecting younger people who would be under virtually no danger from 'Covid' even if it existed which makes it all the more stupid and sinister.

The British government responded to public alarm by wheeling out June Raine, the terrifyingly weak infant school headmistress sound-alike who heads the UK MHRA drug 'regulator'. The idea that she would stand up to Big Pharma and government pressure is laughable and she told us that all was well in the same way that she did when allowing untested, never-used-on-humans-before, genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' to be exposed to the public in the first place. Mass lying is the new normal of the 'Covid' era. The MHRA later said 30 cases of rare blood clots had by then been connected with the AstraZeneca 'vaccine' (that means a lot more in reality) while stressing that the benefits of the jab in preventing 'Covid-19' outweighed any risks. A more ridiculous and disingenuous statement with callous disregard for human health it is hard to contemplate. Immediately after the mendacious 'all-clears' two hospital workers in Denmark experienced blood clots and cerebral haemorrhaging following the AstraZeneca jab and one died. Top Norwegian health official Pål Andre Holme said the 'vaccine' was the only common factor: 'There is nothing in the patient history of these individuals that can give such a powerful immune response … I am confident that the antibodies that we have found are the cause, and I see no other explanation than it being the vaccine which triggers it.' Strokes, a clot or bleed in the brain, were clearly associated with the 'vaccine' from word of mouth and whistleblower reports. Similar consequences followed with all these 'vaccines' that we were told were so safe and as the numbers grew by the day it was clear we were witnessing human carnage.

Learning the hard way

A woman interviewed by UKColumn told how her husband suffered dramatic health effects after the vaccine when he'd been in good health all his life. He went from being a little unwell to losing all feeling in his legs and experiencing 'excruciating pain'. Misdiagnosis followed twice at Accident and Emergency (an 'allergy' and 'sciatica') before he was admitted to a neurology ward where doctors said his serious condition had been caused by the

‘vaccine’. Another seven ‘vaccinated’ people were apparently being treated on the same ward for similar symptoms. The woman said he had the ‘vaccine’ because they believed media claims that it was safe. ‘I didn’t think the government would give out a vaccine that does this to somebody; I believed they would be bringing out a vaccination that would be safe.’ What a tragic way to learn that lesson. Another woman posted that her husband was transporting stroke patients to hospital on almost every shift and when he asked them if they had been ‘vaccinated’ for ‘Covid’ they all replied ‘yes’. One had a ‘massive brain bleed’ the day after his second dose. She said her husband reported the ‘just been vaccinated’ information every time to doctors in A and E only for them to ignore it, make no notes and appear annoyed that it was even mentioned. This particular report cannot be verified, but it expresses a common theme that confirms the monumental underreporting of ‘vaccine’ consequences. Interestingly as the ‘vaccines’ and their brain blood clot/stroke consequences began to emerge the UK National Health Service began a publicity campaign telling the public what to do in the event of a stroke. A Scottish NHS staff nurse who quit in disgust in March, 2021, said:

> I have seen traumatic injuries from the vaccine, they’re not getting reported to the yellow card [adverse reaction] scheme, they’re treating the symptoms, not asking why, why it’s happening. It’s just treating the symptoms and when you speak about it you’re dismissed like you’re crazy, I’m not crazy, I’m not crazy because every other colleague I’ve spoken to is terrified to speak out, they’ve had enough.

Videos appeared on the Internet of people uncontrollably shaking after the ‘vaccine’ with no control over muscles, limbs and even their face. A Scottish mother broke out in a severe rash all over her body almost immediately after she was given the AstraZeneca ‘vaccine’. The pictures were horrific. Leigh King, a 41-year-old hairdresser from Lanarkshire said: ‘Never in my life was I prepared for what I was about to experience … My skin was so sore and constantly hot … I have never felt pain like this …’ But don’t you worry, the ‘vaccine’ is perfectly safe. Then there has been the effect on medical

staff who have been pressured to have the 'vaccine' by psychopathic 'health' authorities and government. A London hospital consultant who gave the name K. Polyakova wrote this to the *British Medical Journal* or *BMJ*:

> I am currently struggling with … the failure to report the reality of the morbidity caused by our current vaccination program within the health service and staff population. The levels of sickness after vaccination is unprecedented and staff are getting very sick and some with neurological symptoms which is having a huge impact on the health service function. Even the young and healthy are off for days, some for weeks, and some requiring medical treatment. Whole teams are being taken out as they went to get vaccinated together.
>
> Mandatory vaccination in this instance is stupid, unethical and irresponsible when it comes to protecting our staff and public health. We are in the voluntary phase of vaccination, and encouraging staff to take an unlicensed product that is impacting on their immediate health … it is clearly stated that these vaccine products do not offer immunity or stop transmission. In which case why are we doing it?

Not to protect health that's for sure. Medical workers are lauded by governments for agenda reasons when they couldn't give a toss about them any more than they can for the population in general. Schools across America faced the same situation as they closed due to the high number of teachers and other staff with bad reactions to the Pfizer/BioNTech, Moderna, and Johnson & Johnson 'Covid vaccines' all of which were linked to death and serious adverse effects. The *BMJ* took down the consultant's comments pretty quickly on the grounds that they were being used to spread 'disinformation'. They were exposing the truth about the 'vaccine' was the real reason. The cover-up is breathtaking.

Hiding the evidence

The scale of the 'vaccine' death cover-up worldwide can be confirmed by comparing official figures with the personal experience of the public. I heard of many people in my community who died immediately or soon after the vaccine that would never appear in the media or even likely on the official totals of 'vaccine' fatalities and adverse reactions when only about ten percent are estimated to be

reported and I have seen some estimates as low as one percent in a Harvard study. In the UK alone by April 29th, 2021, some 757,654 adverse reactions had been officially reported from the Pfizer/BioNTech, Oxford/AstraZeneca and Moderna 'vaccines' with more than a thousand deaths linked to jabs and that means an estimated ten times this number in reality from a ten percent reporting rate percentage. That's seven million adverse reactions and 10,000 potential deaths and a one percent reporting rate would be ten times *those* figures. In 1976 the US government pulled the swine flu vaccine after *53* deaths. The UK data included a combined 10,000 eye disorders from the 'Covid vaccines' with more than 750 suffering visual impairment or blindness and again multiply by the estimated reporting percentages. As 'Covid cases' officially fell hospitals virtually empty during the 'Covid crisis' began to fill up with a range of other problems in the wake of the 'vaccine' rollout. The numbers across America have also been catastrophic. Deaths linked to *all* types of vaccine increased by *6,000 percent* in the first quarter of 2021 compared with 2020. A 39-year-old woman from Ogden, Utah, died four days after receiving a second dose of Moderna's 'Covid vaccine' when her liver, heart and kidneys all failed despite the fact that she had no known medical issues or conditions. Her family sought an autopsy, but Dr Erik Christensen, Utah's chief medical examiner, said proving vaccine injury as a cause of death almost never happened. He could think of only one instance where an autopsy would name a vaccine as the official cause of death and that would be anaphylaxis where someone received a vaccine and died almost instantaneously. 'Short of that, it would be difficult for us to definitively say this is the vaccine,' Christensen said. If that is true this must be added to the estimated ten percent (or far less) reporting rate of vaccine deaths and serious reactions and the conclusion can only be that vaccine deaths and serious reactions – including these 'Covid' potions' – are phenomenally understated in official figures. The same story can be found everywhere. Endless accounts of deaths and serious reactions among the public, medical

and care home staff while official figures did not even begin to reflect this.

Professional script-reader Dr David Williams, a 'top public-health official' in Ontario, Canada, insulted our intelligence by claiming only four serious adverse reactions and no deaths from the more than 380,000 vaccine doses then given. This bore no resemblance to what people knew had happened in their owns circles and we had Dirk Huyer in charge of getting millions vaccinated in Ontario while at the same time he was Chief Coroner for the province investigating causes of death including possible death from the vaccine. An aide said he had stepped back from investigating deaths, but evidence indicated otherwise. Rosemary Frei, who secured a Master of Science degree in molecular biology at the Faculty of Medicine at Canada's University of Calgary before turning to investigative journalism, was one who could see that official figures for 'vaccine' deaths and reactions made no sense. She said that doctors seldom reported adverse events and when people got really sick or died after getting a vaccination they would attribute that to anything except the vaccines. It had been that way for years and anyone who wondered aloud whether the 'Covid vaccines' or other shots cause harm is immediately branded as 'anti-vax' and 'anti-science'. This was 'career-threatening' for health professionals. Then there was the huge pressure to support the push to 'vaccinate' billions in the quickest time possible. Frei said:

> So that's where we're at today. More than half a million vaccine doses have been given to people in Ontario alone. The rush is on to vaccinate all 15 million of us in the province by September. And the mainstream media are screaming for this to be sped up even more. That all adds up to only a very slim likelihood that we're going to be told the truth by officials about how many people are getting sick or dying from the vaccines.

What is true of Ontario is true of everywhere.

They KNEW – and still did it

The authorities knew what was going to happen with multiple deaths and adverse reactions. The UK government's Gates-funded

and Big Pharma-dominated Medicines and Healthcare products Regulatory Agency (MHRA) hired a company to employ AI in compiling the projected reactions to the 'vaccine' that would otherwise be uncountable. The request for applications said: 'The MHRA urgently seeks an Artificial Intelligence (AI) software tool to process the expected high volume of Covid-19 vaccine Adverse Drug Reaction …' This was from the agency, headed by the disingenuous June Raine, that gave the 'vaccines' emergency approval and the company was hired before the first shot was given. 'We are going to kill and maim you – is that okay?' 'Oh, yes, perfectly fine – I'm very grateful, thank you, doctor.' The range of 'Covid vaccine' adverse reactions goes on for page after page in the MHRA criminally underreported 'Yellow Card' system and includes affects to eyes, ears, skin, digestion, blood and so on. Raine's MHRA amazingly claimed that the 'overall safety experience … is so far as expected from the clinical trials'. The death, serious adverse effects, deafness and blindness were *expected?* When did they ever mention that? If these human tragedies were expected then those that gave approval for the use of these 'vaccines' must be guilty of crimes against humanity including murder – a definition of which is 'killing a person with malice aforethought or with recklessness manifesting extreme indifference to the value of human life.' People involved at the MHRA, the CDC in America and their equivalent around the world must go before Nuremberg trials to answer for their callous inhumanity. We are only talking here about the immediate effects of the 'vaccine'. The longer-term impact of the DNA synthetic manipulation is the main reason they are so hysterically desperate to inoculate the entire global population in the shortest possible time.

Africa and the developing world are a major focus for the 'vaccine' depopulation agenda and a mass vaccination sales-pitch is underway thanks to caring people like the Rockefellers and other Cult assets. The Rockefeller Foundation, which pre-empted the 'Covid pandemic' in a document published in 2010 that 'predicted' what happened a decade later, announced an initial $34.95 million grant in February, 2021, 'to ensure more equitable access to Covid-19

testing and vaccines' among other things in Africa in collaboration with '24 organizations, businesses, and government agencies'. The pan-Africa initiative would focus on 10 countries: Burkina Faso, Ethiopia, Ghana, Kenya, Nigeria, Rwanda, South Africa, Tanzania, Uganda, and Zambia'. Rajiv Shah, President of the Rockefeller Foundation and former administrator of CIA-controlled USAID, said that if Africa was not mass-vaccinated (to change the DNA of its people) it was a 'threat to all of humanity' and not fair on Africans. When someone from the Rockefeller Foundation says they want to do something to help poor and deprived people and countries it is time for a belly-laugh. They are doing this out of the goodness of their 'heart' because 'vaccinating' the entire global population is what the 'Covid' hoax set out to achieve. Official 'decolonisation' of Africa by the Cult was merely a prelude to financial colonisation on the road to a return to physical colonisation. The 'vaccine' is vital to that and the sudden and convenient death of the 'Covid' sceptic president of Tanzania can be seen in its true light. A lot of people in Africa are aware that this is another form of colonisation and exploitation and they need to stand their ground.

The 'vaccine is working' scam

A potential problem for the Cult was that the 'vaccine' is meant to change human DNA and body messaging and not to protect anyone from a 'virus' never shown to exist. The vaccine couldn't work because it was not designed to work and how could they make it *appear* to be working so that more people would have it? This was overcome by lowering the amplification rate of the PCR test to produce fewer 'cases' and therefore fewer 'deaths'. Some of us had been pointing out since March, 2020, that the amplification rate of the test not testing for the 'virus' had been made artificially high to generate positive tests which they could call 'cases' to justify lockdowns. The World Health Organization recommended an absurdly high 45 amplification cycles to ensure the high positives required by the Cult and then remained silent on the issue until January 20th, 2021 – Biden's Inauguration Day. This was when the

'vaccinations' were seriously underway and on that day the WHO recommended after discussions with America's CDC that laboratories *lowered their testing amplification*. Dr David Samadi, a certified urologist and health writer, said the WHO was encouraging all labs to reduce their cycle count for PCR tests. He said the current cycle was much too high and was 'resulting in any particle being declared a positive case'. Even one mainstream news report I saw said this meant the number of 'Covid' infections may have been 'dramatically inflated'. Oh, just a little bit. The CDC in America issued new guidance to laboratories in April, 2021, to use 28 cycles *but only for 'vaccinated' people*. The timing of the CDC/WHO interventions were cynically designed to make it appear the 'vaccines' were responsible for falling cases and deaths when the real reason can be seen in the following examples. New York's state lab, the Wadsworth Center, identified 872 positive tests in July, 2020, based on a threshold of 40 cycles. When the figure was lowered to 35 cycles *43 percent* of the 872 were no longer 'positives'. At 30 cycles the figure was 63 percent. A Massachusetts lab found that between *85 to 90 percent* of people who tested positive in July with a cycle threshold of 40 would be negative at 30 cycles, Ashish Jha, MD, director of the Harvard Global Health Institute, said: 'I'm really shocked that it could be that high … Boy, does it really change the way we need to be thinking about testing.' I'm shocked that I could see the obvious in the spring of 2020, with no medical background, and most medical professionals still haven't worked it out. No, that's not shocking – it's terrifying.

Three weeks after the WHO directive to lower PCR cycles the London *Daily Mail* ran this headline: 'Why ARE Covid cases plummeting? New infections have fallen 45% in the US and 30% globally in the past 3 weeks but experts say vaccine is NOT the main driver because only 8% of Americans and 13% of people worldwide have received their first dose.' They acknowledged that the drop could not be attributed to the 'vaccine', but soon this morphed throughout the media into the 'vaccine' has caused cases and deaths to fall when it was the PCR threshold. In December, 2020, there was

chaos at English Channel ports with truck drivers needing negative 'Covid' tests before they could board a ferry home for Christmas. The government wanted to remove the backlog as fast as possible and they brought in troops to do the 'testing'. Out of 1,600 drivers just *36* tested positive and the rest were given the all clear to cross the Channel. I guess the authorities thought that 36 was the least they could get away with without the unquestioning catching on. The amplification trick which most people believed in the absence of information in the mainstream applied more pressure on those refusing the 'vaccine' to succumb when it 'obviously worked'. The truth was the exact opposite with deaths in care homes soaring with the 'vaccine' and in Israel the term used was 'skyrocket'. A re-analysis of published data from the Israeli Health Ministry led by Dr Hervé Seligmann at the Medicine Emerging Infectious and Tropical Diseases at Aix-Marseille University found that Pfizer's 'Covid vaccine' killed 'about 40 times more [elderly] people than the disease itself would have killed' during a five-week vaccination period and *260 times* more younger people than would have died from the 'virus' even according to the manipulated 'virus' figures. Dr Seligmann and his co-study author, Haim Yativ, declared after reviewing the Israeli 'vaccine' death data: 'This is a new Holocaust.'

Then, in mid-April, 2021, after vast numbers of people worldwide had been 'vaccinated', the story changed with clear coordination. The UK government began to prepare the ground for more future lockdowns when Nuremberg-destined Boris Johnson told yet another whopper. He said that cases had fallen because of *lockdowns* not 'vaccines'. Lockdowns are irrelevant when *there is no 'virus'* and the test and fraudulent death certificates are deciding the number of 'cases' and 'deaths'. Study after study has shown that lockdowns don't work and instead kill and psychologically destroy people. Meanwhile in the United States Anthony Fauci and Rochelle Walensky, the ultra-Zionist head of the CDC, peddled the same line. More lockdown was the answer and not the 'vaccine', a line repeated on cue by the moron that is Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau. Why all the hysteria to get everyone 'vaccinated' if lockdowns and

not 'vaccines' made the difference? None of it makes sense on the face of it. Oh, but it does. The Cult wants lockdowns *and* the 'vaccine' and if the 'vaccine' is allowed to be seen as the total answer lockdowns would no longer be justified when there are still livelihoods to destroy. 'Variants' and renewed upward manipulation of PCR amplification are planned to instigate never-ending lockdown *and* more 'vaccines'.

You *must* have it – we're desperate

Israel, where the Jewish and Arab population are ruled by the Sabbatian Cult, was the front-runner in imposing the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' on its people to such an extent that Jewish refusers began to liken what was happening to the early years of Nazi Germany. This would seem to be a fantastic claim. Why would a government of Jewish people be acting like the Nazis did? If you realise that the Sabbatian Cult was behind the Nazis and that Sabbatians hate Jews the pieces start to fit and the question of why a 'Jewish' government would treat Jews with such callous disregard for their lives and freedom finds an answer. Those controlling the government of Israel *aren't Jewish* – they're Sabbatian. Israeli lawyer Tamir Turgal was one who made the Nazi comparison in comments to German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich who is leading a class action lawsuit against the psychopaths for crimes against humanity. Turgal described how the Israeli government was vaccinating children and pregnant women on the basis that there was no evidence that this was dangerous when they had no evidence that it *wasn't* dangerous either. They just had no evidence. This was medical experimentation and Turgal said this breached the Nuremberg Code about medical experimentation and procedures requiring informed consent and choice. Think about that. A Nuremberg Code developed because of Nazi experimentation on Jews and others in concentration camps by people like the evil-beyond-belief Josef Mengele is being breached by the *Israeli* government; but when you know that it's a *Sabbatian* government along with its intelligence and military agencies like Mossad, Shin Bet and the Israeli Defense Forces, and that Sabbatians

were the force behind the Nazis, the kaleidoscope comes into focus. What have we come to when Israeli Jews are suing their government for violating the Nuremberg Code by essentially making Israelis subject to a medical experiment using the controversial 'vaccines'? It's a shocker that this has to be done in the light of what happened in Nazi Germany. The Anshe Ha-Emet, or 'People of the Truth', made up of Israeli doctors, lawyers, campaigners and public, have launched a lawsuit with the International Criminal Court. It says:

> When the heads of the Ministry of Health as well as the prime minister presented the vaccine in Israel and began the vaccination of Israeli residents, the vaccinated were not advised, that, in practice, they are taking part in a medical experiment and that their consent is required for this under the Nuremberg Code.

The irony is unbelievable, but easily explained in one word: Sabbatians. The foundation of Israeli 'Covid' apartheid is the 'green pass' or 'green passport' which allows Jews and Arabs who have had the DNA-manipulating 'vaccine' to go about their lives – to work, fly, travel in general, go to shopping malls, bars, restaurants, hotels, concerts, gyms, swimming pools, theatres and sports venues, while non-'vaccinated' are banned from all those places and activities. Israelis have likened the 'green pass' to the yellow stars that Jews in Nazi Germany were forced to wear – the same as the yellow stickers that a branch of UK supermarket chain Morrisons told exempt mask-wears they had to display when shopping. How very sensitive. The Israeli system is blatant South African-style apartheid on the basis of compliance or non-compliance to fascism rather than colour of the skin. How appropriate that the Sabbatian Israeli government was so close to the pre-Mandela apartheid regime in Pretoria. The Sabbatian-instigated 'vaccine passport' in Israel is planned for everywhere. Sabbatians struck a deal with Pfizer that allowed them to lead the way in the percentage of a national population infused with synthetic material and the result was catastrophic. Israeli freedom activist Shai Dannon told me how chairs were appearing on beaches that said 'vaccinated only'. Health Minister Yuli Edelstein said that anyone unwilling or unable to get

the jabs that 'confer immunity' will be 'left behind'. The man's a liar. Not even the makers claim the 'vaccines' confer immunity. When you see those figures of 'vaccine' deaths these psychopaths were saying that you must take the chance the 'vaccine' will kill you or maim you while knowing it will change your DNA or lockdown for you will be permanent. That's fascism. The Israeli parliament passed a law to allow personal information of the non-vaccinated to be shared with local and national authorities for three months. This was claimed by its supporters to be a way to 'encourage' people to be vaccinated. Hadas Ziv from Physicians for Human Rights described this as a 'draconian law which crushed medical ethics and the patient rights'. But that's the idea, the Sabbatians would reply.

Your papers, please

Sabbatian Israel was leading what has been planned all along to be a global 'vaccine pass' called a 'green passport' without which you would remain in permanent lockdown restriction and unable to do anything. This is how badly – *desperately* – the Cult is to get everyone 'vaccinated'. The term and colour 'green' was not by chance and related to the psychology of fusing the perception of the green climate hoax with the 'Covid' hoax and how the 'solution' to both is the same Great Reset. Lying politicians, health officials and psychologists denied there were any plans for mandatory vaccinations or restrictions based on vaccinations, but they knew that was exactly what was meant to happen with governments of all countries reaching agreements to enforce a global system. 'Free' Denmark and 'free' Sweden unveiled digital vaccine certification. Cyprus, Czech Republic, Estonia, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Slovakia, and Spain have all committed to a vaccine passport system and the rest including the whole of the EU would follow. The satanic UK government will certainly go this way despite mendacious denials and at the time of writing it is trying to manipulate the public into having the 'vaccine' so they could go abroad on a summer holiday. How would that work without something to prove you had the synthetic toxicity injected into you?

Documents show that the EU's European Commission was moving towards 'vaccine certificates' in 2018 and 2019 before the 'Covid' hoax began. They knew what was coming. Abracadabra – Ursula von der Leyen, the German President of the Commission, announced in March, 2021, an EU 'Digital Green Certificate' – green again – to track the public's 'Covid status'. The passport sting is worldwide and the Far East followed the same pattern with South Korea ruling that only those with 'vaccination' passports – again the *green* pass – would be able to 'return to their daily lives'.

Bill Gates has been preparing for this 'passport' with other Cult operatives for years and beyond the paper version is a Gates-funded 'digital tattoo' to identify who has been vaccinated and who hasn't. The 'tattoo' is reported to include a substance which is externally readable to confirm who has been vaccinated. This is a bio-luminous light-generating enzyme (think fireflies) called … *Luciferase*. Yes, named after the Cult 'god' Lucifer the 'light bringer' of whom more to come. Gates said he funded the readable tattoo to ensure children in the developing world were vaccinated and no one was missed out. He cares so much about poor kids as we know. This was just the cover story to develop a vaccine tagging system for everyone on the planet. Gates has been funding the ID2020 'alliance' to do just that in league with other lovely people at Microsoft, GAVI, the Rockefeller Foundation, Accenture and IDEO.org. He said in interviews in March, 2020, before any 'vaccine' publicly existed, that the world must have a globalised digital certificate to track the 'virus' and who had been vaccinated. Gates knew from the start that the mRNA vaccines were coming and when they would come and that the plan was to tag the 'vaccinated' to marginalise the intelligent and stop them doing anything including travel. Evil just doesn't suffice. Gates was exposed for offering a $10 million bribe to the Nigerian House of Representatives to invoke compulsory 'Covid' vaccination of all Nigerians. Sara Cunial, a member of the Italian Parliament, called Gates a 'vaccine criminal'. She urged the Italian President to hand him over to the International Criminal Court for crimes against

humanity and condemned his plans to 'chip the human race' through ID2020.

You know it's a long-planned agenda when war criminal and Cult gofer Tony Blair is on the case. With the scale of arrogance only someone as dark as Blair can muster he said: 'Vaccination in the end is going to be your route to liberty.' Blair is a disgusting piece of work and he confirms that again. The media has given a lot of coverage to a bloke called Charlie Mullins, founder of London's biggest independent plumbing company, Pimlico Plumbers, who has said he won't employ anyone who has not been vaccinated or have them go to any home where people are not vaccinated. He said that if he had his way no one would be allowed to walk the streets if they have not been vaccinated. Gates was cheering at the time while I was alerting the white coats. The plan is that people will qualify for 'passports' for having the first two doses and then to keep it they will have to have all the follow ups and new ones for invented 'variants' until human genetics is transformed and many are dead who can't adjust to the changes. Hollywood celebrities – the usual propaganda stunt – are promoting something called the WELL Health-Safety Rating to verify that a building or space has 'taken the necessary steps to prioritize the health and safety of their staff, visitors and other stakeholders'. They included Lady Gaga, Jennifer Lopez, Michael B. Jordan, Robert DeNiro, Venus Williams, Wolfgang Puck, Deepak Chopra and 17th Surgeon General Richard Carmona. Yawn. WELL Health-Safety has big connections with China. Parent company Delos is headed by former Goldman Sachs partner Paul Scialla. This is another example – and we will see so many others – of using the excuse of 'health' to dictate the lives and activities of the population. I guess one confirmation of the 'safety' of buildings is that only 'vaccinated' people can go in, right?

Electronic concentration camps

I wrote decades ago about the plans to restrict travel and here we are for those who refuse to bow to tyranny. This can be achieved in one go with air travel if the aviation industry makes a blanket decree.

The 'vaccine' and guaranteed income are designed to be part of a global version of China's social credit system which tracks behaviour 24/7 and awards or deletes 'credits' based on whether your behaviour is supported by the state or not. I mean your entire lifestyle – what you do, eat, say, everything. Once your credit score falls below a certain level consequences kick in. In China tens of millions have been denied travel by air and train because of this. All the locations and activities denied to refusers by the 'vaccine' passports will be included in one big mass ban on doing almost anything for those that don't bow their head to government. It's beyond fascist and a new term is required to describe its extremes – I guess fascist technocracy will have to do. The way the Chinese system of technological – technocratic – control is sweeping the West can be seen in the Los Angeles school system and is planned to be expanded worldwide. Every child is required to have a 'Covid'-tracking app scanned daily before they can enter the classroom. The so-called Daily Pass tracking system is produced by Gates' Microsoft which I'm sure will shock you rigid. The pass will be scanned using a barcode (one step from an inside-the-body barcode) and the information will include health checks, 'Covid' tests and vaccinations. Entry codes are for one specific building only and access will only be allowed if a student or teacher has a negative test with a test not testing for the 'virus', has no symptoms of anything alleged to be related to 'Covid' (symptoms from a range of other illness), and has a temperature under 100 degrees. No barcode, no entry, is planned to be the case for everywhere and not only schools.

Kids are being psychologically prepared to accept this as 'normal' their whole life which is why what they can impose in schools is so important to the Cult and its gofers. Long-time American freedom campaigner John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute was not exaggerating when he said: 'Databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps.' Canada under its Cult gofer prime minister Justin Trudeau has taken a major step towards the real thing with people interned against their will if they test positive with a test not testing for the 'virus' when they arrive at a Canadian

airport. They are jailed in internment hotels often without food or water for long periods and with many doors failing to lock there have been sexual assaults. The interned are being charged sometimes $2,000 for the privilege of being abused in this way. Trudeau is fully on board with the Cult and says the 'Covid pandemic' has provided an opportunity for a global 'reset' to permanently change Western civilisation. His number two, Deputy Prime Minister Chrystia Freeland, is a trustee of the World Economic Forum and a Rhodes Scholar. The Trudeau family have long been servants of the Cult. See *The Biggest Secret* and Cathy O'Brien's book *Trance-Formation of America* for the horrific background to Trudeau's father Pierre Trudeau another Canadian prime minister. Hide your fascism behind the façade of a heart-on-the-sleeve liberal. It's a well-honed Cult technique.

What can the 'vaccine' *really* do?

We have a 'virus' never shown to exist and 'variants' of the 'virus' that have also never been shown to exist except, like the 'original', as computer-generated fictions. Even if you believe there's a 'virus' the 'case' to 'death' rate is in the region of 0.23 to 0.15 percent and those 'deaths' are concentrated among the very old around the same average age that people die anyway. In response to this lack of threat (in truth none) psychopaths and idiots, knowingly and unknowingly answering to Gates and the Cult, are seeking to 'vaccinate' every man, woman and child on Planet Earth. Clearly the 'vaccine' is not about 'Covid' – none of this ever has been. So what is it all about *really*? Why the desperation to infuse genetically-manipulating synthetic material into everyone through mRNA fraudulent 'vaccines' with the intent of doing this over and over with the excuses of 'variants' and other 'virus' inventions? Dr Sherri Tenpenny, an osteopathic medical doctor in the United States, has made herself an expert on vaccines and their effects as a vehement campaigner against their use. Tenpenny was board certified in emergency medicine, the director of a level two trauma centre for 12 years, and moved to Cleveland in 1996 to start an integrative

medicine practice which has treated patients from all 50 states and some 17 other countries. Weaning people off pharmaceutical drugs is a speciality.

She became interested in the consequences of vaccines after attending a meeting at the National Vaccine Information Center in Washington DC in 2000 where she 'sat through four days of listening to medical doctors and scientists and lawyers and parents of vaccine injured kids' and asked: 'What's going on?' She had never been vaccinated and never got ill while her father was given a list of vaccines to be in the military and was 'sick his entire life'. The experience added to her questions and she began to examine vaccine documents from the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). After reading the first one, the 1998 version of *The General Recommendations of Vaccination*, she thought: 'This is it?' The document was poorly written and bad science and Tenpenny began 20 years of research into vaccines that continues to this day. She began her research into 'Covid vaccines' in March, 2020, and she describes them as 'deadly'. For many, as we have seen, they already have been. Tenpenny said that in the first 30 days of the 'vaccine' rollout in the United States there had been more than 40,000 adverse events reported to the vaccine adverse event database. A document had been delivered to her the day before that was 172 pages long. 'We have over 40,000 adverse events; we have over 3,100 cases of [potentially deadly] anaphylactic shock; we have over 5,000 neurological reactions.' Effects ranged from headaches to numbness, dizziness and vertigo, to losing feeling in hands or feet and paraesthesia which is when limbs 'fall asleep' and people have the sensation of insects crawling underneath their skin. All this happened in the first 30 days and remember that only about *ten percent* (or far less) of adverse reactions and vaccine-related deaths are estimated to be officially reported. Tenpenny said:

So can you think of one single product in any industry, any industry, for as long as products have been made on the planet that within 30 days we have 40,000 people complaining of side effects that not only is still on the market but … we've got paid actors telling us how great

they are for getting their vaccine. We're offering people $500 if they will just get their vaccine and we've got nurses and doctors going; 'I got the vaccine, I got the vaccine'.

Tenpenny said they were not going to be 'happy dancing folks' when they began to suffer Bell's palsy (facial paralysis), neuropathies, cardiac arrhythmias and autoimmune reactions that kill through a blood disorder. 'They're not going to be so happy, happy then, but we're never going to see pictures of those people' she said. Tenpenny described the 'vaccine' as 'a well-designed killing tool'.

No off-switch

Bad as the initial consequences had been Tenpenny said it would be maybe 14 months before we began to see the 'full ravage' of what is going to happen to the 'Covid vaccinated' with full-out consequences taking anything between two years and 20 years to show. You can understand why when you consider that variations of the 'Covid vaccine' use mRNA (messenger RNA) to in theory activate the immune system to produce protective antibodies without using the actual 'virus'. How can they when it's a computer program and they've never isolated what they claim is the 'real thing'? Instead they use *synthetic* mRNA. They are inoculating synthetic material into the body which through a technique known as the Trojan horse is absorbed into cells to change the nature of DNA. Human DNA is changed by an infusion of messenger RNA and with each new 'vaccine' of this type it is changed even more. Say so and you are banned by Cult Internet platforms. The contempt the contemptuous Mark Zuckerberg has for the truth and human health can be seen in an internal Facebook video leaked to the Project Veritas investigative team in which he said of the 'Covid vaccines': '… I share some caution on this because we just don't know the long term side-effects of basically modifying people's DNA and RNA.' At the same time this disgusting man's Facebook was censoring and banning anyone saying exactly the same. He must go before a Nuremberg trial for crimes against humanity when he *knows* that he

is censoring legitimate concerns and denying the right of informed consent on behalf of the Cult that owns him. People have been killed and damaged by the very 'vaccination' technique he cast doubt on himself when they may not have had the 'vaccine' with access to information that he denied them. The plan is to have at least annual 'Covid vaccinations', add others to deal with invented 'variants', and change all other vaccines into the mRNA system. Pfizer executives told shareholders at a virtual Barclays Global Healthcare Conference in March, 2021, that the public may need a third dose of 'Covid vaccine', plus regular yearly boosters and the company planned to hike prices to milk the profits in a 'significant opportunity for our vaccine'. These are the professional liars, cheats and opportunists who are telling you their 'vaccine' is safe. Given this volume of mRNA planned to be infused into the human body and its ability to then replicate we will have a transformation of human genetics from biological to synthetic biological – exactly the long-time Cult plan for reasons we'll see – and many will die. Sherri Tenpenny said of this replication:

> It's like having an on-button but no off-button and that whole mechanism … they actually give it a name and they call it the Trojan horse mechanism, because it allows that [synthetic] virus and that piece of that [synthetic] virus to get inside of your cells, start to replicate and even get inserted into other parts of your DNA as a Trojan-horse.

Ask the overwhelming majority of people who have the 'vaccine' what they know about the contents and what they do and they would reply: 'The government says it will stop me getting the virus.' Governments give that false impression on purpose to increase take-up. You can read Sherri Tenpenny's detailed analysis of the health consequences in her blog at Vaxxter.com, but in summary these are some of them. She highlights the statement by Bill Gates about how human beings can become their own 'vaccine manufacturing machine'. The man is insane. ['Vaccine'-generated] 'antibodies' carry synthetic messenger RNA into the cells and the damage starts, Tenpenny contends, and she says that lungs can be adversely affected through varying degrees of pus and bleeding which

obviously affects breathing and would be dubbed 'Covid-19'. Even more sinister was the impact of 'antibodies' on macrophages, a white blood cell of the immune system. They consist of Type 1 and Type 2 which have very different functions. She said Type 1 are 'hyper-vigilant' white blood cells which 'gobble up' bacteria etc. However, in doing so, this could cause inflammation and in extreme circumstances be fatal. She says these affects are mitigated by Type 2 macrophages which kick in to calm down the system and stop it going rogue. They clear up dead tissue debris and reduce inflammation that the Type 1 'fire crews' have caused. Type 1 kills the infection and Type 2 heals the damage, she says. This is her punchline with regard to 'Covid vaccinations': She says that mRNA 'antibodies' block Type 2 macrophages by attaching to them and deactivating them. This meant that when the Type 1 response was triggered by infection there was nothing to stop that getting out of hand by calming everything down. There's an on-switch, but no off-switch, she says. What follows can be 'over and out, see you when I see you'.

Genetic suicide

Tenpenny also highlights the potential for autoimmune disease – the body attacking itself – which has been associated with vaccines since they first appeared. Infusing a synthetic foreign substance into cells could cause the immune system to react in a panic believing that the body is being overwhelmed by an invader (it is) and the consequences can again be fatal. There is an autoimmune response known as a 'cytokine storm' which I have likened to a homeowner panicked by an intruder and picking up a gun to shoot randomly in all directions before turning the fire on himself. The immune system unleashes a storm of inflammatory response called cytokines to a threat and the body commits hara-kiri. The lesson is that you mess with the body's immune response at your peril and these 'vaccines' seriously – fundamentally – mess with immune response. Tenpenny refers to a consequence called anaphylactic shock which is a severe and highly dangerous allergic reaction when the immune system

floods the body with chemicals. She gives the example of having a bee sting which primes the immune system and makes it sensitive to those chemicals. When people are stung again maybe years later the immune response can be so powerful that it leads to anaphylactic shock. Tenpenny relates this 'shock' with regard to the 'Covid vaccine' to something called polyethylene glycol or PEG. Enormous numbers of people have become sensitive to this over decades of use in a whole range of products and processes including food, drink, skin creams and 'medicine'. Studies have claimed that some 72 percent of people have antibodies triggered by PEG compared with two percent in the 1960s and allergic hypersensitive reactions to this become a gathering cause for concern. Tenpenny points out that the 'mRNA vaccine' is coated in a 'bubble' of polyethylene glycol which has the potential to cause anaphylactic shock through immune sensitivity. Many reports have appeared of people reacting this way after having the 'Covid vaccine'. What do we think is going to happen as humanity has more and more of these 'vaccines'? Tenpenny said: 'All these pictures we have seen with people with these rashes … these weepy rashes, big reactions on their arms and things like that – it's an acute allergic reaction most likely to the polyethylene glycol that you've been previously primed and sensitised to.'

Those who have not studied the conspiracy and its perpetrators at length might think that making the population sensitive to PEG and then putting it in these 'vaccines' is just a coincidence. It is not. It is instead testament to how carefully and coldly-planned current events have been and the scale of the conspiracy we are dealing with. Tenpenny further explains that the 'vaccine' mRNA procedure can breach the blood-brain barrier which protects the brain from toxins and other crap that will cause malfunction. In this case they could make two proteins corrupt brain function to cause Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS) , a progressive nervous system disease leading to loss of muscle control, and frontal lobe degeneration – Alzheimer's and dementia. Immunologist J. Bart Classon published a paper connecting mRNA 'vaccines' to prion

disease which can lead to Alzheimer's and other forms of neurogenerative disease while others have pointed out the potential to affect the placenta in ways that make women infertile. This will become highly significant in the next chapter when I will discuss other aspects of this non-vaccine that relate to its nanotechnology and transmission from the injected to the uninjected.

Qualified in idiocy

Tenpenny describes how research has confirmed that these 'vaccine'-generated antibodies can interact with a range of other tissues in the body and attack many other organs including the lungs. 'This means that if you have a hundred people standing in front of you that all got this shot they could have a hundred different symptoms.' Anyone really think that Cult gofers like the Queen, Tony Blair, Christopher Whitty, Anthony Fauci, and all the other psychopaths have really had this 'vaccine' in the pictures we've seen? Not a bloody chance. Why don't doctors all tell us about all these dangers and consequences of the 'Covid vaccine'? Why instead do they encourage and pressure patients to have the shot? Don't let's think for a moment that doctors and medical staff can't be stupid, lazy, and psychopathic and that's without the financial incentives to give the jab. Tenpenny again:

> Some people are going to die from the vaccine directly but a large number of people are going to start to get horribly sick and get all kinds of autoimmune diseases 42 days to maybe a year out. What are they going to do, these stupid doctors who say; 'Good for you for getting that vaccine.' What are they going to say; 'Oh, it must be a mutant, we need to give an extra dose of that vaccine.'
>
> Because now the vaccine, instead of one dose or two doses we need three or four because the stupid physicians aren't taking the time to learn anything about it. If I can learn this sitting in my living room reading a 19 page paper and several others so can they. There's nothing special about me, I just take the time to do it.

Remember how Sara Kayat, the NHS and TV doctor, said that the 'Covid vaccine' would '100 percent prevent hospitalisation and death'. Doctors can be idiots like every other profession and they

should not be worshipped as infallible. They are not and far from it. Behind many medical and scientific 'experts' lies an uninformed prat trying to hide themselves from you although in the 'Covid' era many have failed to do so as with UK narrative-repeating 'TV doctor' Hilary Jones. Pushing back against the minority of proper doctors and scientists speaking out against the 'vaccine' has been the entire edifice of the Cult global state in the form of governments, medical systems, corporations, mainstream media, Silicon Valley, and an army of compliant doctors, medical staff and scientists willing to say anything for money and to enhance their careers by promoting the party line. If you do that you are an 'expert' and if you won't you are an 'anti-vaxxer' and 'Covidiot'. The pressure to be 'vaccinated' is incessant. We have even had reports claiming that the 'vaccine' can help cure cancer and Alzheimer's and make the lame walk. I am waiting for the announcement that it can bring you coffee in the morning and cook your tea. Just as the symptoms of 'Covid' seem to increase by the week so have the miracles of the 'vaccine'. American supermarket giant Kroger Co. offered nearly 500,000 employees in 35 states a $100 bonus for having the 'vaccine' while donut chain Krispy Kreme promised 'vaccinated' customers a free glazed donut every day for the rest of 2021. Have your DNA changed and you will get a doughnut although we might not have to give you them for long. Such offers and incentives confirm the desperation.

Perhaps the worse vaccine-stunt of them all was UK 'Health' Secretary Matt-the-prat Hancock on live TV after watching a clip of someone being 'vaccinated' when the roll-out began. Hancock faked tears so badly it was embarrassing. Brain-of-Britain Piers Morgan, the lockdown-supporting, 'vaccine' supporting, 'vaccine' passport-supporting, TV host played along with Hancock – 'You're quite emotional about that' he said in response to acting so atrocious it would have been called out at a school nativity which will presumably today include Mary and Jesus in masks, wise men keeping their camels six feet apart, and shepherds under tent arrest. System-serving Morgan tweeted this: 'Love the idea of covid vaccine passports for everywhere: flights, restaurants, clubs, football, gyms,

shops etc. It's time covid-denying, anti-vaxxer loonies had their bullsh*t bluff called & bar themselves from going anywhere that responsible citizens go.' If only I could aspire to his genius. To think that Morgan, who specialises in shouting over anyone he disagrees with, was lauded as a free speech hero when he lost his job after storming off the set of his live show like a child throwing his dolly out of the pram. If he is a free speech hero we are in real trouble. I have no idea what 'bullsh*t' means, by the way, the * throws me completely.

The Cult is desperate to infuse its synthetic DNA-changing concoction into everyone and has been using every lie, trick and intimidation to do so. The question of '*Why*?' we shall now address.

CHAPTER TEN

Human 2.0

I believe that at the end of the century the use of words and general educated opinion will have altered so much that one will be able to speak of machines thinking without expecting to be contradicted –
Alan Turing (1912-1954), the 'Father of artificial intelligence'

I have been exposing for decades the plan to transform the human body from a biological to a synthetic-biological state. The new human that I will call Human 2.0 is planned to be connected to artificial intelligence and a global AI 'Smart Grid' that would operate as one global system in which AI would control everything from your fridge to your heating system to your car to your mind. Humans would no longer be 'human', but post-human and sub-human, with their thinking and emotional processes replaced by AI.

What I said sounded crazy and beyond science fiction and I could understand that. To any balanced, rational, mind it *is* crazy. Today, however, that world is becoming reality and it puts the 'Covid vaccine' into its true context. Ray Kurzweil is the ultra-Zionist 'computer scientist, inventor and futurist' and co-founder of the Singularity University. Singularity refers to the merging of humans with machines or 'transhumanism'. Kurzweil has said humanity would be connected to the cyber 'cloud' in the period of the ever-recurring year of 2030:

Our thinking … will be a hybrid of biological and non-biological thinking … humans will be able to extend their limitations and 'think in the cloud' … We're going to put gateways to the

cloud in our brains ... We're going to gradually merge and enhance ourselves ... In my view, that's the nature of being human – we transcend our limitations. As the technology becomes vastly superior to what we are then the small proportion that is still human gets smaller and smaller and smaller until it's just utterly negligible.

They are trying to sell this end-of-humanity-as-we-know-it as the next stage of 'evolution' when we become super-human and 'like the gods'. They are lying to you. Shocked, eh? The population, and again especially the young, have been manipulated into addiction to technologies designed to enslave them for life. First they induced an addiction to smartphones (holdables); next they moved to technology on the body (wearables); and then began the invasion of the body (implantables). I warned way back about the plan for microchipped people and we are now entering that era. We should not be diverted into thinking that this refers only to chips we can see. Most important are the nanochips known as smart dust, neural dust and nanobots which are far too small to be seen by the human eye. Nanotechnology is everywhere, increasingly in food products, and released into the atmosphere by the geoengineering of the skies funded by Bill Gates to 'shut out the Sun' and 'save the planet from global warming'. Gates has been funding a project to spray millions of tonnes of chalk (calcium carbonate) into the stratosphere over Sweden to 'dim the Sun' and cool the Earth. Scientists warned the move could be disastrous for weather systems in ways no one can predict and opposition led to the Swedish space agency announcing that the 'experiment' would not be happening as planned in the summer of 2021; but it shows where the Cult is going with dimming the impact of the Sun and there's an associated plan to change the planet's atmosphere. Who gives psychopath Gates the right to dictate to the entire human race and dismantle planetary systems? The world will not be safe while this man is at large.

The global warming hoax has made the Sun, like the gas of life, something to fear when both are essential to good health and human survival (more inversion). The body transforms sunlight into vital vitamin D through a process involving … *cholesterol*. This is the cholesterol we are also told to fear. We are urged to take Big Pharma

statin drugs to reduce cholesterol and it's all systematic. Reducing cholesterol means reducing vitamin D uptake with all the multiple health problems that will cause. At least if you take statins long term it saves the government from having to pay you a pension. The delivery system to block sunlight is widely referred to as chemtrails although these have a much deeper agenda, too. They appear at first to be contrails or condensation trails streaming from aircraft into cold air at high altitudes. Contrails disperse very quickly while chemtrails do not and spread out across the sky before eventually their content falls to earth. Many times I have watched aircraft cross-cross a clear blue sky releasing chemtrails until it looks like a cloudy day. Chemtrails contain many things harmful to humans and the natural world including toxic heavy metals, aluminium (see Alzheimer's) and nanotechnology. Ray Kurzweil reveals the reason without actually saying so: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' How do you deliver that? *From the sky*. Self-replicating nanobots would connect everything to the Smart Grid. The phenomenon of Morgellons disease began in the chemtrail era and the correlation has led to it being dubbed the 'chemtrail disease'. Self-replicating fibres appear in the body that can be pulled out through the skin. Morgellons fibres continue to grow outside the body and have a form of artificial intelligence. I cover this at greater length in *Phantom Self*.

'Vaccine' operating system

'Covid vaccines' with their self-replicating synthetic material are also designed to make the connection between humanity and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. American doctor and dedicated campaigner for truth, Carrie Madej, an Internal Medicine Specialist in Georgia with more than 20 years medical experience, has highlighted the nanotechnology aspect of the fake 'vaccines'. She explains how one of the components in at least the Moderna and Pfizer synthetic potions are 'lipid nanoparticles' which are 'like little tiny computer bits' – a 'sci-fi substance' known as nanobots and hydrogel which can be 'triggered

at any moment to deliver its payload' and act as 'biosensors'. The synthetic substance had 'the ability to accumulate data from your body like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts and emotions, all kind of things' and each syringe could carry a *million* nanobots:

This substance because it's like little bits of computers in your body, crazy, but it's true, it can do that, [and] obviously has the ability to act through Wi-Fi. It can receive and transmit energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. That issue has never been addressed by these companies. What does that do to the human?

Just imagine getting this substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones, what is happening with that? What if something is triggering it, too, like an impulse, a frequency? We have something completely foreign in the human body.

Madej said her research revealed that electromagnetic (EMF) frequencies emitted by phones and other devices had increased dramatically in the same period of the 'vaccine' rollout and she was seeing more people with radiation problems as 5G and other electromagnetic technology was expanded and introduced to schools and hospitals. She said she was 'floored with the EMF coming off' the devices she checked. All this makes total sense and syncs with my own work of decades when you think that Moderna refers in documents to its mRNA 'vaccine' as an 'operating system':

Recognizing the broad potential of mRNA science, we set out to create an mRNA technology platform that functions very much like an operating system on a computer. It is designed so that it can plug and play interchangeably with different programs. In our case, the 'program' or 'app' is our mRNA drug – the unique mRNA sequence that codes for a protein …

… Our MRNA Medicines – 'The 'Software Of Life': When we have a concept for a new mRNA medicine and begin research, fundamental components are already in place. Generally, the only thing that changes from one potential mRNA medicine to another is the coding region – the actual genetic code that instructs ribosomes to make protein. Utilizing these instruction sets gives our investigational mRNA medicines a software-like quality. We also have the ability to combine different mRNA sequences encoding for different proteins in a single mRNA investigational medicine.

Who needs a real 'virus' when you can create a computer version to justify infusing your operating system into the entire human race on the road to making living, breathing people into cyborgs? What is missed with the 'vaccines' is the *digital* connection between synthetic material and the body that I highlighted earlier with the study that hacked a computer with human DNA. On one level the body is digital, based on mathematical codes, and I'll have more about that in the next chapter. Those who ridiculously claim that mRNA 'vaccines' are not designed to change human genetics should explain the words of Dr Tal Zaks, chief medical officer at Moderna, in a 2017 TED talk. He said that over the last 30 years 'we've been living this phenomenal digital scientific revolution, and I'm here today to tell you, that we are actually *hacking the software of life*, and that it's changing the way we think about prevention and treatment of disease':

In every cell there's this thing called messenger RNA, or mRNA for short, that transmits the critical information from the DNA in our genes to the protein, which is really the stuff we're all made out of. This is the critical information that determines what the cell will do. So we think about it as an operating system. So if you could change that, if you could introduce a line of code, or change a line of code, it turns out, that has profound implications for everything, from the flu to cancer.

Zaks should more accurately have said that this has profound implications for the human genetic code and the nature of DNA. Communications within the body go both ways and not only one. But, hey, no, the 'Covid vaccine' will not affect your genetics. Cult fact-checkers say so even though the man who helped to develop the mRNA technique says that it does. Zaks said in 2017:

If you think about what it is we're trying to do. We've taken information and our understanding of that information and how that information is transmitted in a cell, and we've taken our understanding of medicine and how to make drugs, and we're fusing the two. We think of it as information therapy.

I have been writing for decades that the body is an information field communicating with itself and the wider world. This is why

radiation which is information can change the information field of body and mind through phenomena like 5G and change their nature and function. 'Information therapy' means to change the body's information field and change the way it operates. DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and can be mutated by information like mRNA synthetic messaging. Technology to do this has been ready and waiting in the underground bases and other secret projects to be rolled out when the 'Covid' hoax was played. 'Trials' of such short and irrelevant duration were only for public consumption. When they say the 'vaccine' is 'experimental' that is not true. It may appear to be 'experimental' to those who don't know what's going on, but the trials have already been done to ensure the Cult gets the result it desires. Zaks said that it took decades to sequence the human genome, completed in 2003, but now they could do it in a week. By 'they' he means scientists operating in the public domain. In the secret projects they were sequencing the genome in a week long before even 2003.

Deluge of mRNA

Highly significantly the Moderna document says the guiding premise is that if using mRNA as a medicine works for one disease then it should work for many diseases. They were leveraging the flexibility afforded by their platform and the fundamental role mRNA plays in protein synthesis to pursue mRNA medicines for a broad spectrum of diseases. Moderna is confirming what I was saying through 2020 that multiple 'vaccines' were planned for 'Covid' (and later invented 'variants') and that previous vaccines would be converted to the mRNA system to infuse the body with massive amounts of genetically-manipulating synthetic material to secure a transformation to a synthetic-biological state. The 'vaccines' are designed to kill stunning numbers as part of the long-exposed Cult depopulation agenda and transform the rest. Given this is the goal you can appreciate why there is such hysterical demand for every human to be 'vaccinated' for an alleged 'disease' that has an estimated 'infection' to 'death' ratio of 0.23-0.15 percent. As I write

children are being given the 'vaccine' in trials (their parents are a disgrace) and ever-younger people are being offered the vaccine for a 'virus' that even if you believe it exists has virtually zero chance of harming them. Horrific effects of the 'trials' on a 12-year-old girl were revealed by a family member to be serious brain and gastric problems that included a bowel obstruction and the inability to swallow liquids or solids. She was unable to eat or drink without throwing up, had extreme pain in her back, neck and abdomen, and was paralysed from the waist down which stopped her urinating unaided. When the girl was first taken to hospital doctors said it was all in her mind. She was signed up for the 'trial' by her parents for whom no words suffice. None of this 'Covid vaccine' insanity makes any sense unless you see what the 'vaccine' really is – a body-changer. Synthetic biology or 'SynBio' is a fast-emerging and expanding scientific discipline which includes everything from genetic and molecular engineering to electrical and computer engineering. Synthetic biology is defined in these ways:

- A multidisciplinary area of research that seeks to create new biological parts, devices, and systems, or to redesign systems that are already found in nature.

- The use of a mixture of physical engineering and genetic engineering to create new (and therefore synthetic) life forms.

- An emerging field of research that aims to combine the knowledge and methods of biology, engineering and related disciplines in the design of chemically-synthesized DNA to create organisms with novel or enhanced characteristics and traits (synthetic organisms including humans).

We now have synthetic blood, skin, organs and limbs being developed along with synthetic body parts produced by 3D printers. These are all elements of the synthetic human programme and this comment by Kurzweil's co-founder of the Singularity University,

Peter Diamandis, can be seen in a whole new light with the 'Covid' hoax and the sanctions against those that refuse the 'vaccine':

Anybody who is going to be resisting the progress forward [to transhumanism] is going to be resisting evolution and, fundamentally, they will die out. It's not a matter of whether it's good or bad. It's going to happen.

'Resisting evolution'? What absolute bollocks. The arrogance of these people is without limit. His 'it's going to happen' mantra is another way of saying 'resistance is futile' to break the spirit of those pushing back and we must not fall for it. Getting this genetically-transforming 'vaccine' into everyone is crucial to the Cult plan for total control and the desperation to achieve that is clear for anyone to see. Vaccine passports are a major factor in this and they, too, are a form of resistance is futile. It's NOT. The paper funded by the Rockefeller Foundation for the 2013 'health conference' in China said:

We will interact more with artificial intelligence. The use of robotics, bio-engineering to augment human functioning is already well underway and will advance. Re-engineering of humans into potentially separate and unequal forms through genetic engineering or mixed human-robots raises debates on ethics and equality.

A new demography is projected to emerge after 2030 [that year again] of technologies (robotics, genetic engineering, nanotechnology) producing robots, engineered organisms, 'nanobots' and artificial intelligence (AI) that can self-replicate. Debates will grow on the implications of an impending reality of human designed life.

What is happening today is so long planned. The world army enforcing the will of the world government is intended to be a robot army, not a human one. Today's military and its technologically 'enhanced' troops, pilotless planes and driverless vehicles are just stepping stones to that end. Human soldiers are used as Cult fodder and its time they woke up to that and worked for the freedom of the population instead of their own destruction and their family's destruction – the same with the police. Join us and let's sort this out. The phenomenon of enforce my own destruction is widespread in the 'Covid' era with Woker 'luvvies' in the acting and entertainment

industries supporting 'Covid' rules which have destroyed their profession and the same with those among the public who put signs on the doors of their businesses 'closed due to Covid – stay safe' when many will never reopen. It's a form of masochism and most certainly insanity.

Transgender = transhumanism

When something explodes out of nowhere and is suddenly everywhere it is always the Cult agenda and so it is with the tidal wave of claims and demands that have infiltrated every aspect of society under the heading of 'transgenderism'. The term 'trans' is so 'in' and this is the dictionary definition:

> A prefix meaning 'across', 'through', occurring … in loanwords from Latin, used in particular for denoting movement or conveyance from place to place (transfer; transmit; transplant) or complete change (transform; transmute), or to form adjectives meaning 'crossing', 'on the other side of', or 'going beyond' the place named (transmontane; transnational; trans-Siberian).

Transgender means to go beyond gender and transhuman means to go beyond human. Both are aspects of the Cult plan to transform the human body to a synthetic state with *no gender*. Human 2.0 is not designed to procreate and would be produced technologically with no need for parents. The new human would mean the end of parents and so men, and increasingly women, are being targeted for the deletion of their rights and status. Parental rights are disappearing at an ever-quickening speed for the same reason. The new human would have no need for men or women when there is no procreation and no gender. Perhaps the transgender movement that appears to be in a permanent state of frenzy might now contemplate on how it is being used. This was never about transgender rights which are only the interim excuse for confusing gender, particularly in the young, on the road to *fusing* gender. Transgender activism is not an end; it is a *means* to an end. We see again the technique of creative destruction in which you destroy the status quo to 'build back better' in the form that you want. The gender status quo had to be

destroyed by persuading the Cult-created Woke mentality to believe that you can have 100 genders or more. A programme for 9 to 12 year olds produced by the Cult-owned BBC promoted the 100 genders narrative. The very idea may be the most monumental nonsense, but it is not what is true that counts, only what you can make people *believe* is true. Once the gender of 2 + 2 = 4 has been dismantled through indoctrination, intimidation and 2 + 2 = 5 then the new no-gender normal can take its place with Human 2.0. Aldous Huxley revealed the plan in his prophetic *Brave New World* in 1932:

> Natural reproduction has been done away with and children are created, decanted', and raised in 'hatcheries and conditioning centres'. From birth, people are genetically designed to fit into one of five castes, which are further split into 'Plus' and 'Minus' members and designed to fulfil predetermined positions within the social and economic strata of the World State.

How could Huxley know this in 1932? For the same reason George Orwell knew about the Big Brother state in 1948, Cult insiders I have quoted knew about it in 1969, and I have known about it since the early 1990s. If you are connected to the Cult or you work your balls off to uncover the plan you can predict the future. The process is simple. If there is a plan for the world and nothing intervenes to stop it then it will happen. Thus if you communicate the plan ahead of time you are perceived to have predicted the future, but you haven't. You have revealed the plan which without intervention will become the human future. The whole reason I have done what I have is to alert enough people to inspire an intervention and maybe at last that time has come with the Cult and its intentions now so obvious to anyone with a brain in working order.

The future is here

Technological wombs that Huxley described to replace parent procreation are already being developed and they are only the projects we know about in the public arena. Israeli scientists told *The Times of Israel* in March, 2021, that they have grown 250-cell embryos

into mouse foetuses with fully formed organs using artificial wombs in a development they say could pave the way for gestating humans outside the womb. Professor Jacob Hanna of the Weizmann Institute of Science said:

> We took mouse embryos from the mother at day five of development, when they are just of 250 cells, and had them in the incubator from day five until day 11, by which point they had grown all their organs.
>
> By day 11 they make their own blood and have a beating heart, a fully developed brain. Anybody would look at them and say, 'this is clearly a mouse foetus with all the characteristics of a mouse.' It's gone from being a ball of cells to being an advanced foetus.

A special liquid is used to nourish embryo cells in a laboratory dish and they float on the liquid to duplicate the first stage of embryonic development. The incubator creates all the right conditions for its development, Hanna said. The liquid gives the embryo 'all the nutrients, hormones and sugars they need' along with a custom-made electronic incubator which controls gas concentration, pressure and temperature. The cutting-edge in the underground bases and other secret locations will be light years ahead of that, however, and this was reported by the London *Guardian* in 2017:

> We are approaching a biotechnological breakthrough. Ectogenesis, the invention of a complete external womb, could completely change the nature of human reproduction. In April this year, researchers at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia announced their development of an artificial womb.

The article was headed 'Artificial wombs could soon be a reality. What will this mean for women?' What would it mean for children is an even bigger question. No mother to bond with only a machine in preparation for a life of soulless interaction and control in a world governed by machines (see the *Matrix* movies). Now observe the calculated manipulations of the 'Covid' hoax as human interaction and warmth has been curtailed by distancing, isolation and fear with people communicating via machines on a scale never seen before.

These are all dots in the same picture as are all the personal assistants, gadgets and children's toys through which kids and adults communicate with AI as if it is human. The AI 'voice' on Sat-Nav should be included. All these things are psychological preparation for the Cult endgame. Before you can make a physical connection with AI you have to make a psychological connection and that is what people are being conditioned to do with this ever gathering human-AI interaction. Movies and TV programmes depicting the transhuman, robot dystopia relate to a phenomenon known as 'pre-emptive programming' in which the world that is planned is portrayed everywhere in movies, TV and advertising. This is conditioning the conscious and subconscious mind to become familiar with the planned reality to dilute resistance when it happens for real. What would have been a shock such is the change is made less so. We have young children put on the road to transgender transition surgery with puberty blocking drugs at an age when they could never be able to make those life-changing decisions.

Rachel Levine, a professor of paediatrics and psychiatry who believes in treating children this way, became America's highest-ranked openly-transgender official when she was confirmed as US Assistant Secretary at the Department of Health and Human Services after being nominated by Joe Biden (the Cult). Activists and governments press for laws to deny parents a say in their children's transition process so the kids can be isolated and manipulated into agreeing to irreversible medical procedures. A Canadian father Robert Hoogland was denied bail by the Vancouver Supreme Court in 2021 and remained in jail for breaching a court order that he stay silent over his young teenage daughter, a minor, who was being offered life-changing hormone therapy without parental consent. At the age of 12 the girl's 'school counsellor' said she may be transgender, referred her to a doctor and told the school to treat her like a boy. This is another example of state-serving schools imposing ever more control over children's lives while parents have ever less.

Contemptible and extreme child abuse is happening all over the world as the Cult gender-fusion operation goes into warp-speed.

Why the war on men – and now women?

The question about what artificial wombs mean for women should rightly be asked. The answer can be seen in the deletion of women's rights involving sport, changing rooms, toilets and status in favour of people in male bodies claiming to identify as women. I can identify as a mountain climber, but it doesn't mean I can climb a mountain any more than a biological man can be a biological woman. To believe so is a triumph of belief over factual reality which is the very perceptual basis of everything Woke. Women's sport is being destroyed by allowing those with male bodies who say they identify as female to 'compete' with girls and women. Male body 'women' dominate 'women's' competition with their greater muscle mass, bone density, strength and speed. With that disadvantage sport for women loses all meaning. To put this in perspective nearly 300 American high school boys can run faster than the quickest woman sprinter in the world. Women are seeing their previously protected spaces invaded by male bodies simply because they claim to identify as women. That's all they need to do to access all women's spaces and activities under the Biden 'Equality Act' that destroys equality for women with the usual Orwellian Woke inversion. Male sex offenders have already committed rapes in women's prisons after claiming to identify as women to get them transferred. Does this not matter to the Woke 'equality' hypocrites? Not in the least. What matters to Cult manipulators and funders behind transgender activists is to advance gender fusion on the way to the no-gender 'human'. When you are seeking to impose transparent nonsense like this, or the 'Covid' hoax, the only way the nonsense can prevail is through censorship and intimidation of dissenters, deletion of factual information, and programming of the unquestioning, bewildered and naive. You don't have to scan the world for long to see that all these things are happening.

Many women's rights organisations have realised that rights and status which took such a long time to secure are being eroded and that it is systematic. Kara Dansky of the global Women's Human Rights Campaign said that Biden's transgender executive order immediately he took office, subsequent orders, and Equality Act legislation that followed 'seek to erase women and girls in the law as a category'. *Exactly*. I said during the long ago-started war on men (in which many women play a crucial part) that this was going to turn into a war on them. The Cult is phasing out *both* male and female genders. To get away with that they are brought into conflict so they are busy fighting each other while the Cult completes the job with no unity of response. Unity, people, *unity*. We need unity everywhere. Transgender is the only show in town as the big step towards the no-gender human. It's not about rights for transgender people and never has been. Woke political correctness is deleting words relating to genders to the same end. Wokers believe this is to be 'inclusive' when the opposite is true. They are deleting words describing gender because gender *itself* is being deleted by Human 2.0. Terms like 'man', 'woman', 'mother' and 'father' are being deleted in the universities and other institutions to be replaced by the *no*-gender, not trans-gender, 'individuals' and 'guardians'. Women's rights campaigner Maria Keffler of Partners for Ethical Care said: 'Children are being taught from kindergarten upward that some boys have a vagina, some girls have a penis, and that kids can be any gender they want to be.' Do we really believe that suddenly countries all over the world at the same time had the idea of having drag queens go into schools or read transgender stories to very young children in the local library? It's coldly-calculated confusion of gender on the way to the fusion of gender. Suzanne Vierling, a psychologist from Southern California, made another important point:

> Yesterday's slave woman who endured gynecological medical experiments is today's girl-child being butchered in a booming gender-transitioning sector. Ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause and osteoporosis, uncharted territory, and parents' rights and authority decimated.

The erosion of parental rights is a common theme in line with the Cult plans to erase the very concept of parents and 'ovaries removed, pushing her into menopause' means what? Those born female lose the ability to have children – another way to discontinue humanity as we know it.

Eliminating Human 1.0 (before our very eyes)

To pave the way for Human 2.0 you must phase out Human 1.0. This is happening through plummeting sperm counts and making women infertile through an onslaught of chemicals, radiation (including smartphones in pockets of men) and mRNA 'vaccines'. Common agriculture pesticides are also having a devastating impact on human fertility. I have been tracking collapsing sperm counts in the books for a long time and in 2021 came a book by fertility scientist and reproductive epidemiologist Shanna Swan, *Count Down: How Our Modern World Is Threatening Sperm Counts, Altering Male and Female Reproductive Development and Imperiling the Future of the Human Race*. She reports how the global fertility rate dropped by *half* between 1960 and 2016 with America's birth rate 16 percent below where it needs to be to sustain the population. Women are experiencing declining egg quality, more miscarriages, and more couples suffer from infertility. Other findings were an increase in erectile dysfunction, infant boys developing more genital abnormalities, male problems with conception, and plunging levels of the male hormone testosterone which would explain why so many men have lost their backbone and masculinity. This has been very evident during the 'Covid' hoax when women have been prominent among the Pushbackers and big strapping blokes have bowed their heads, covered their faces with a nappy and quietly submitted. Mind control expert Cathy O'Brien also points to how global education introduced the concept of 'we're all winners' in sport and classrooms: 'Competition was defused, and it in turn defused a sense of fighting back.' This is another version of the 'equity' doctrine in which you drive down rather than raise up. What a contrast in Cult-controlled China with its global ambitions

where the government published plans in January, 2021, to 'cultivate masculinity' in boys from kindergarten through to high school in the face of a 'masculinity crisis'. A government adviser said boys would be soon become 'delicate, timid and effeminate' unless action was taken. Don't expect any similar policy in the targeted West. A 2006 study showed that a 65-year-old man in 2002 had testosterone levels *15 percent* lower than a 65-year-old man in 1987 while a 2020 study found a similar story with young adults and adolescents. Men are getting prescriptions for testosterone replacement therapy which causes an even greater drop in sperm count with up to 99 percent seeing sperm counts drop to zero during the treatment. More sperm is defective and malfunctioning with some having two heads or not pursuing an egg.

A class of *synthetic* chemicals known as phthalates are being blamed for the decline. These are found everywhere in plastics, shampoos, cosmetics, furniture, flame retardants, personal care products, pesticides, canned foods and even receipts. Why till receipts? Everyone touches them. Let no one delude themselves that all this is not systematic to advance the long-time agenda for human body transformation. Phthalates mimic hormones and disrupt the hormone balance causing testosterone to fall and genital birth defects in male infants. Animals and fish have been affected in the same way due to phthalates and other toxins in rivers. When fish turn gay or change sex through chemicals in rivers and streams it is a pointer to why there has been such an increase in gay people and the sexually confused. It doesn't matter to me what sexuality people choose to be, but if it's being affected by chemical pollution and consumption then we need to know. Does anyone really think that this is not connected to the transgender agenda, the war on men and the condemnation of male 'toxic masculinity'? You watch this being followed by 'toxic femininity'. It's already happening. When breastfeeding becomes 'chest-feeding', pregnant women become pregnant people along with all the other Woke claptrap you know that the world is going insane and there's a Cult scam in progress. Transgender activists are promoting the Cult agenda while Cult

billionaires support and fund the insanity as they laugh themselves to sleep at the sheer stupidity for which humans must be infamous in galaxies far, far away.

'Covid vaccines' and female infertility

We can now see why the 'vaccine' has been connected to potential infertility in women. Dr Michael Yeadon, former Vice President and Chief Scientific Advisor at Pfizer, and Dr Wolfgang Wodarg in Germany, filed a petition with the European Medicines Agency in December, 2020, urging them to stop trials for the Pfizer/BioNTech shot and all other mRNA trials until further studies had been done. They were particularly concerned about possible effects on fertility with 'vaccine'-produced antibodies attacking the protein Syncytin-1 which is responsible for developing the placenta. The result would be infertility 'of indefinite duration' in women who have the 'vaccine' with the placenta failing to form. Section 10.4.2 of the Pfizer/BioNTech trial protocol says that pregnant women or those who might become so should not have mRNA shots. Section 10.4 warns men taking mRNA shots to 'be abstinent from heterosexual intercourse' and not to donate sperm. The UK government said that it *did not know* if the mRNA procedure had an effect on fertility. *Did not know?* These people have to go to jail. UK government advice did not recommend at the start that pregnant women had the shot and said they should avoid pregnancy for at least two months after 'vaccination'. The 'advice' was later updated to pregnant women should only have the 'vaccine' if the benefits outweighed the risks to mother and foetus. What the hell is that supposed to mean? Then 'spontaneous abortions' began to appear and rapidly increase on the adverse reaction reporting schemes which include only a fraction of adverse reactions. Thousands and ever-growing numbers of 'vaccinated' women are describing changes to their menstrual cycle with heavier blood flow, irregular periods and menstruating again after going through the menopause – all links to reproduction effects. Women are passing blood clots and the lining of their uterus while men report erectile dysfunction and blood effects. Most

significantly of all *un*vaccinated women began to report similar menstrual changes after interaction with *'vaccinated'* people and men and children were also affected with bleeding noses, blood clots and other conditions. 'Shedding' is when vaccinated people can emit the content of a vaccine to affect the unvaccinated, but this is different. 'Vaccinated' people were not shedding a 'live virus' allegedly in 'vaccines' as before because the fake 'Covid vaccines' involve synthetic material and other toxicity. Doctors exposing what is happening prefer the term 'transmission' to shedding. Somehow those that have had the shots are transmitting effects to those that haven't. Dr Carrie Madej said the nano-content of the 'vaccines' can 'act like an antenna' to others around them which fits perfectly with my own conclusions. This 'vaccine' transmission phenomenon was becoming known as the book went into production and I deal with this further in the Postscript.

Vaccine effects on sterility are well known. The World Health Organization was accused in 2014 of sterilising millions of women in Kenya with the evidence confirmed by the content of the vaccines involved. The same WHO behind the 'Covid' hoax admitted its involvement for more than ten years with the vaccine programme. Other countries made similar claims. Charges were lodged by Tanzania, Nicaragua, Mexico, and the Philippines. The Gardasil vaccine claimed to protect against a genital 'virus' known as HPV has also been linked to infertility. Big Pharma and the WHO (same thing) are criminal and satanic entities. Then there's the Bill Gates Foundation which is connected through funding and shared interests with 20 pharmaceutical giants and laboratories. He stands accused of directing the policy of United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), vaccine alliance GAVI, and other groupings, to advance the vaccine agenda and silence opposition at great cost to women and children. At the same time Gates wants to reduce the global population. Coincidence?

Great Reset = Smart Grid = new human

The Cult agenda I have been exposing for 30 years is now being openly promoted by Cult assets like Gates and Klaus Schwab of the World Economic Forum under code-terms like the 'Great Reset', 'Build Back Better' and 'a rare but narrow window of opportunity to reflect, reimagine, and reset our world'. What provided this 'rare but narrow window of opportunity'? The 'Covid' hoax did. Who created that? *They* did. My books from not that long ago warned about the planned 'Internet of Things' (IoT) and its implications for human freedom. This was the plan to connect all technology to the Internet and artificial intelligence and today we are way down that road with an estimated 36 billion devices connected to the World Wide Web and that figure is projected to be 76 billion by 2025. I further warned that the Cult planned to go beyond that to the Internet of *Everything* when the human brain was connected via AI to the Internet and Kurzweil's 'cloud'. Now we have Cult operatives like Schwab calling for precisely that under the term 'Internet of Bodies', a fusion of the physical, digital and biological into one centrally-controlled Smart Grid system which the Cult refers to as the 'Fourth Industrial Revolution'. They talk about the 'biological', but they really mean the synthetic-biological which is required to fully integrate the human body and brain into the Smart Grid and artificial intelligence planned to replace the human mind. We have everything being synthetically manipulated including the natural world through GMO and smart dust, the food we eat and the human body itself with synthetic 'vaccines'. I said in *The Answer* that we would see the Cult push for synthetic meat to replace animals and in February, 2021, the so predictable psychopath Bill Gates called for the introduction of synthetic meat to save us all from 'climate change'. The climate hoax just keeps on giving like the 'Covid' hoax. The war on meat by vegan activists is a carbon (oops, sorry) copy of the manipulation of transgender activists. They have no idea (except their inner core) that they are being used to promote and impose the agenda of the Cult or that they are only the *vehicle* and not the *reason*. This is not to say those who choose not to eat meat shouldn't be respected and supported in that right, but there are ulterior motives

for those in power. A *Forbes* article in December, 2019, highlighted the plan so beloved of Schwab and the Cult under the heading: 'What Is The Internet of Bodies? And How Is It Changing Our World?' The article said the human body is the latest data platform (remember 'our vaccine is an operating system'). *Forbes* described the plan very accurately and the words could have come straight out of my books from long before:

> The Internet of Bodies (IoB) is an extension of the IoT and basically connects the human body to a network through devices that are ingested, implanted, or connected to the body in some way. Once connected, data can be exchanged, and the body and device can be remotely monitored and controlled.

They were really describing a human hive mind with human perception centrally-dictated via an AI connection as well as allowing people to be 'remotely monitored and controlled'. Everything from a fridge to a human mind could be directed from a central point by these insane psychopaths and 'Covid vaccines' are crucial to this. Forbes explained the process I mentioned earlier of holdable and wearable technology followed by implantable. The article said there were three generations of the Internet of Bodies that include:

- Body external: These are wearable devices such as Apple Watches or Fitbits that can monitor our health.

- Body internal: These include pacemakers, cochlear implants, and digital pills that go inside our bodies to monitor or control various aspects of health.

- Body embedded: The third generation of the Internet of Bodies is embedded technology where technology and the human body are melded together and have a real-time connection to a remote machine.

Forbes noted the development of the Brain Computer Interface (BCI) which merges the brain with an external device for monitoring and controlling in real-time. 'The ultimate goal is to help restore function to individuals with disabilities by using brain signals rather than conventional neuromuscular pathways.' Oh, do fuck off. The goal of brain interface technology is controlling human thought and emotion from the central point in a hive mind serving its masters wishes. Many people are now agreeing to be chipped to open doors without a key. You can recognise them because they'll be wearing a mask, social distancing and lining up for the 'vaccine'. The Cult plans a Great Reset money system after they have completed the demolition of the global economy in which 'money' will be exchanged through communication with body operating systems. Rand Corporation, a Cult-owned think tank, said of the Internet of Bodies or IoB:

> Internet of Bodies technologies fall under the broader IoT umbrella. But as the name suggests, IoB devices introduce an even more intimate interplay between humans and gadgets. IoB devices monitor the human body, collect health metrics and other personal information, and transmit those data over the Internet. Many devices, such as fitness trackers, are already in use … IoB devices … and those in development can track, record, and store users' whereabouts, bodily functions, and what they see, hear, and even think.

Schwab's World Economic Forum, a long-winded way of saying 'fascism' or 'the Cult', has gone full-on with the Internet of Bodies in the 'Covid' era. 'We're entering the era of the Internet of Bodies', it declared, 'collecting our physical data via a range of devices that can be implanted, swallowed or worn'. The result would be a huge amount of health-related data that could improve human wellbeing around the world, and prove crucial in fighting the 'Covid-19 pandemic'. Does anyone think these clowns care about 'human wellbeing' after the death and devastation their pandemic hoax has purposely caused? Schwab and co say we should move forward with the Internet of Bodies because 'Keeping track of symptoms could help us stop the spread of infection, and quickly detect new cases'. How wonderful, but keeping track' is all they are really bothered

about. Researchers were investigating if data gathered from smartwatches and similar devices could be used as viral infection alerts by tracking the user's heart rate and breathing. Schwab said in his 2018 book *Shaping the Future of the Fourth Industrial Revolution*:

> The lines between technologies and beings are becoming blurred and not just by the ability to create lifelike robots or synthetics. Instead it is about the ability of new technologies to literally become part of us. Technologies already influence how we understand ourselves, how we think about each other, and how we determine our realities. As the technologies … give us deeper access to parts of ourselves, we may begin to integrate digital technologies into our bodies.

You can see what the game is. Twenty-four hour control and people – if you could still call them that – would never know when something would go ping and take them out of circulation. It's the most obvious rush to a global fascist dictatorship and the complete submission of humanity and yet still so many are locked away in their Cult-induced perceptual coma and can't see it.

Smart Grid control centres

The human body is being transformed by the 'vaccines' and in other ways into a synthetic cyborg that can be attached to the global Smart Grid which would be controlled from a central point and other sub-locations of Grid manipulation. Where are these planned to be? Well, China for a start which is one of the Cult's biggest centres of operation. The technological control system and technocratic rule was incubated here to be unleashed across the world after the 'Covid' hoax came out of China in 2020. Another Smart Grid location that will surprise people new to this is Israel. I have exposed in *The Trigger* how Sabbatian technocrats, intelligence and military operatives were behind the horrors of 9/11 and not '19 Arab hijackers' who somehow manifested the ability to pilot big passenger airliners when instructors at puddle-jumping flying schools described some of them as a joke. The 9/11 attacks were made possible through control of civilian and military air computer systems and those of the White House, Pentagon and connected agencies. See *The Trigger* – it

will blow your mind. The controlling and coordinating force were the Sabbatian networks in Israel and the United States which by then had infiltrated the entire US government, military and intelligence system. The real name of the American Deep State is 'Sabbatian State'. Israel is a tiny country of only nine million people, but it is one of the global centres of cyber operations and fast catching Silicon Valley in importance to the Cult. Israel is known as the 'start-up nation' for all the cyber companies spawned there with the Sabbatian specialisation of 'cyber security' that I mentioned earlier which gives those companies access to computer systems of their clients in real time through 'backdoors' written into the coding when security software is downloaded. The Sabbatian centre of cyber operations outside Silicon Valley is the Israeli military Cyber Intelligence Unit, the biggest infrastructure project in Israel's history, headquartered in the desert-city of Beersheba and involving some 20,000 'cyber soldiers'. Here are located a literal army of Internet trolls scanning social media, forums and comment lists for anyone challenging the Cult agenda. The UK military has something similar with its 77th Brigade and associated operations. The Beersheba complex includes research and development centres for other Cult operations such as Intel, Microsoft, IBM, Google, Apple, Hewlett-Packard, Cisco Systems, Facebook and Motorola. Techcrunch.com ran an article about the Beersheba global Internet technology centre headlined 'Israel's desert city of Beersheba is turning into a cybertech oasis':

> The military's massive relocation of its prestigious technology units, the presence of multinational and local companies, a close proximity to Ben Gurion University and generous government subsidies are turning Beersheba into a major global cybertech hub. Beersheba has all of the ingredients of a vibrant security technology ecosystem, including Ben Gurion University with its graduate program in cybersecurity and Cyber Security Research Center, and the presence of companies such as EMC, Deutsche Telekom, PayPal, Oracle, IBM, and Lockheed Martin. It's also the future home of the INCB (Israeli National Cyber Bureau); offers a special income tax incentive for cyber security companies, and was the site for the relocation of the army's intelligence corps units.

Sabbatians have taken over the cyber world through the following process: They scan the schools for likely cyber talent and develop them at Ben Gurion University and their period of conscription in the Israeli Defense Forces when they are stationed at the Beersheba complex. When the cyber talented officially leave the army they are funded to start cyber companies with technology developed by themselves or given to them by the state. Much of this is stolen through backdoors of computer systems around the world with America top of the list. Others are sent off to Silicon Valley to start companies or join the major ones and so we have many major positions filled by apparently 'Jewish' but really Sabbatian operatives. Google, YouTube and Facebook are all run by 'Jewish' CEOs while Twitter is all but run by ultra-Zionist hedge-fund shark Paul Singer. At the centre of the Sabbatian global cyber web is the Israeli army's Unit 8200 which specialises in hacking into computer systems of other countries, inserting viruses, gathering information, instigating malfunction, and even taking control of them from a distance. A long list of Sabbatians involved with 9/11, Silicon Valley and Israeli cyber security companies are operatives of Unit 8200. This is not about Israel. It's about the Cult. Israel is planned to be a Smart Grid hub as with China and what is happening at Beersheba is not for the benefit of Jewish people who are treated disgustingly by the Sabbatian elite that control the country. A glance at the Nuremberg Codes will tell you that.

The story is much bigger than 'Covid', important as that is to where we are being taken. Now, though, it's time to really strap in. There's more … much more …

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Who controls the Cult?

Awake, arise or be forever fall'n
John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

I have exposed this far the level of the Cult conspiracy that operates in the world of the seen and within the global secret society and satanic network which operates in the shadows one step back from the seen. The story, however, goes much deeper than that.

The 'Covid' hoax is major part of the Cult agenda, but only part, and to grasp the biggest picture we have to expand our attention beyond the realm of human sight and into the infinity of possibility that we cannot see. It is from here, ultimately, that humanity is being manipulated into a state of total control by the force which dictates the actions of the Cult. How much of reality can we see? Next to damn all is the answer. We may appear to see all there is to see in the 'space' our eyes survey and observe, but little could be further from the truth. The human 'world' is only a tiny band of frequency that the body's visual and perceptual systems can decode into *perception* of a 'world'. According to mainstream science the electromagnetic spectrum is 0.005 percent of what exists in the Universe (Fig 10). The maximum estimate I have seen is 0.5 percent and either way it's miniscule. I say it is far, far, smaller even than 0.005 percent when you compare reality we see with the totality of reality that we don't. Now get this if you are new to such information: Visible light, the only band of frequency that we can see, is a *fraction* of the 0.005

percent (Fig 11 overleaf). Take this further and realise that our universe is one of infinite universes and that universes are only a fragment of overall reality – *infinite* reality. Then compare that with the almost infinitesimal frequency band of visible light or human sight. You see that humans are as near blind as it is possible to be without actually being so. Artist and filmmaker, Sergio Toporek, said:

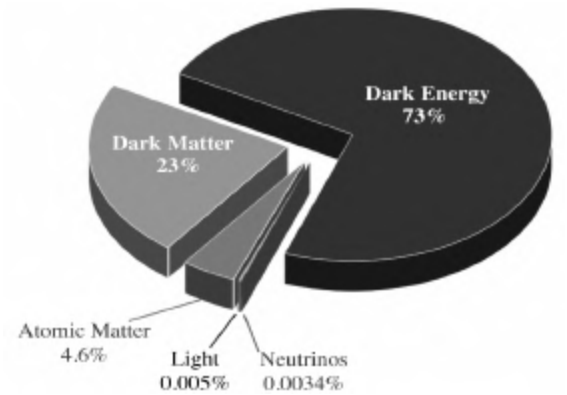

Figure 10: Humans can perceive such a tiny band of visual reality it's laughable.

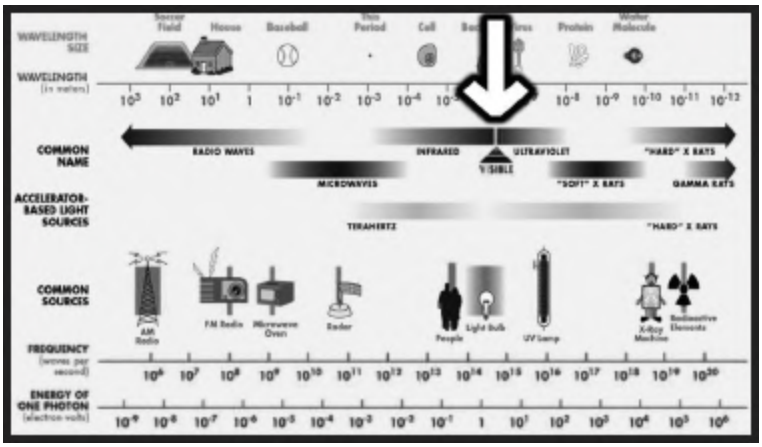

Figure 11: We can see a smear of the 0.005 percent electromagnetic spectrum, but we still know it all. Yep, makes sense.

Consider that you can see less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum and hear less than 1% of the acoustic spectrum. 90% of the cells in your body carry their own microbial DNA and are not 'you'. The atoms in your body are 99.9999999999999999% empty space and none of them are the ones you were born with ... Human beings have 46 chromosomes, two less than a potato.

The existence of the rainbow depends on the conical photoreceptors in your eyes; to animals without cones, the rainbow does not exist. So you don't just look at a rainbow, you create it. This is pretty amazing, especially considering that all the beautiful colours you see represent less than 1% of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Suddenly the 'world' of humans looks a very different place. Take into account, too, that Planet Earth when compared with the projected size of this single universe is the equivalent of a billionth of a pinhead. Imagine the ratio that would be when compared to infinite reality. To think that Christianity once insisted that Earth and humanity were the centre of everything. This background is vital if we are going to appreciate the nature of 'human' and how we can be manipulated by an unseen force. To human visual reality virtually *everything* is unseen and yet the prevailing perception within the institutions and so much of the public is that if we can't see it, touch it, hear it, taste it and smell it then it cannot exist. Such perception is indoctrinated and encouraged by the Cult and its agents because it isolates believers in the strictly limited, village-idiot, realm of the five senses where perceptions can be firewalled and information controlled. Most of those perpetuating the 'this-world-is-all-there-is' insanity are themselves indoctrinated into believing the same delusion. While major players and influencers know that official reality is laughable most of those in science, academia and medicine really believe the nonsense they peddle and teach succeeding generations. Those who challenge the orthodoxy are dismissed as nutters and freaks to protect the manufactured illusion from exposure. Observe the dynamic of the 'Covid' hoax and you will see how that takes the same form. The inner-circle psychopaths knows it's a gigantic scam, but almost the entirety of those imposing their fascist rules believe that 'Covid' is all that they're told it is.

Stolen identity

Ask people who they are and they will give you their name, place of birth, location, job, family background and life story. Yet that is not who they are – it is what they are *experiencing*. The difference is *absolutely crucial*. The true 'I', the eternal, infinite 'I', is consciousness,

a state of being aware. Forget 'form'. That is a vehicle for a brief experience. Consciousness does not come *from* the brain, but *through* the brain and even that is more symbolic than literal. We are awareness, pure awareness, and this is what withdraws from the body at what we call 'death' to continue our eternal beingness, *isness*, in other realms of reality within the limitlessness of infinity or the Biblical 'many mansions in my father's house'. Labels of a human life, man, woman, transgender, black, white, brown, nationality, circumstances and income are not who we are. They are what we are – awareness – is *experiencing* in a brief connection with a band of frequency we call 'human'. The labels are not the self; they are, to use the title of one of my books, a *Phantom* Self. I am not David Icke born in Leicester, England, on April 29th, 1952. I am the consciousness *having that experience*. The Cult and its non-human masters seek to convince us through the institutions of 'education', science, medicine, media and government that what we are *experiencing* is who we *are*. It's so easy to control and direct perception locked away in the bewildered illusions of the five senses with no expanded radar. Try, by contrast, doing the same with a humanity aware of its true self and its true power to consciously create its reality and experience. How is it possible to do this? We do it all day every day. If you perceive yourself as 'little me' with no power to impact upon your life and the world then your life experience will reflect that. You will hand the power you don't think you have to authority in all its forms which will use it to control your experience. This, in turn, will appear to confirm your perception of 'little me' in a self-fulfilling feedback loop. But that is what 'little me' really is – a *perception*. We are all 'big-me', infinite me, and the Cult has to make us forget that if its will is to prevail. We are therefore manipulated and pressured into self-identifying with human labels and not the consciousness/awareness *experiencing* those human labels.

The phenomenon of identity politics is a Cult-instigated manipulation technique to sub-divide previous labels into even smaller ones. A United States university employs this list of letters to

describe student identity: LGBTTQQFAGPBDSM or lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, transsexual, queer, questioning, flexual, asexual, gender-fuck, polyamorous, bondage/discipline, dominance/submission and sadism/masochism. I'm sure other lists are even longer by now as people feel the need to self-identity the 'I' with the minutiae of race and sexual preference. Wokers programmed by the Cult for generations believe this is about 'inclusivity' when it's really the Cult locking them away into smaller and smaller versions of Phantom Self while firewalling them from the influence of their true self, the infinite, eternal 'I'. You may notice that my philosophy which contends that we are all unique points of attention/awareness within the same infinite whole or Oneness is the ultimate non-racism. The very sense of Oneness makes the judgement of people by their body-type, colour or sexuality utterly ridiculous and confirms that racism has no understanding of reality (including anti-white racism). Yet despite my perception of life Cult agents and fast-asleep Wokers label me racist to discredit my information while they are themselves phenomenally racist and sexist. All they see is race and sexuality and they judge people as good or bad, demons or untouchables, by their race and sexuality. All they see is *Phantom Self* and perceive themselves in terms of Phantom Self. They are pawns and puppets of the Cult agenda to focus attention and self-identity in the five senses and play those identities against each other to divide and rule. Columbia University has introduced segregated graduations in another version of social distancing designed to drive people apart and teach them that different racial and cultural groups have nothing in common with each other. The last thing the Cult wants is unity. Again the pump-primers of this will be Cult operatives in the knowledge of what they are doing, but the rest are just the Phantom Self blind leading the Phantom Self blind. We *do* have something in common – we are all *the same consciousness* having different temporary experiences.

What is this 'human'?

Yes, what *is* 'human'? That is what we are supposed to be, right? I mean 'human'? True, but 'human' is the experience not the 'I'. Break it down to basics and 'human' is the way that information is processed. If we are to experience and interact with this band of frequency we call the 'world' we must have a vehicle that operates within that band of frequency. Our consciousness in its prime form cannot do that; it is way beyond the frequency of the human realm. My consciousness or awareness could not tap these keys and pick up the cup in front of me in the same way that radio station A cannot interact with radio station B when they are on different frequencies. The human body is the means through which we have that interaction. I have long described the body as a biological computer which processes information in a way that allows consciousness to experience this reality. The body is a receiver, transmitter and processor of information in a particular way that we call human. We visually perceive only the world of the five senses in a wakened state – that is the limit of the body's visual decoding system. In truth it's not even visual in the way we experience 'visual reality' as I will come to in a moment. We are 'human' because the body processes the information sources of human into a reality and behaviour system that we *perceive* as human. Why does an elephant act like an elephant and not like a human or a duck? The elephant's biological computer is a different information field and processes information according to that program into a visual and behaviour type we call an elephant. The same applies to everything in our reality. These body information fields are perpetuated through procreation (like making a copy of a software program). The Cult wants to break that cycle and intervene technologically to transform the human information field into one that will change what we call humanity. If it can change the human information field it will change the way that field processes information and change humanity both 'physically' and psychologically. Hence the *messenger* (information) RNA 'vaccines' and so much more that is targeting human genetics by changing the body's information – *messaging* – construct through food, drink, radiation, toxicity and other means.

Reality that we experience is nothing like reality as it really is in the same way that the reality people experience in virtual reality games is not the reality they are really living in. The game is only a decoded source of information that appears to be a reality. Our world is also an information construct – a *simulation* (more later). In its base form our reality is a wavefield of information much the same in theme as Wi-Fi. The five senses decode wavefield information into electrical information which they communicate to the brain to decode into holographic (illusory 'physical') information. Different parts of the brain specialise in decoding different senses and the information is fused into a reality that appears to be outside of us but is really inside the brain and the genetic structure in general (Fig 12 overleaf). DNA is a receiver-transmitter of information and a vital part of this decoding process and the body's connection to other realities. Change DNA and you change the way we decode and connect with reality – see 'Covid vaccines'. Think of computers decoding Wi-Fi. You have information encoded in a radiation field and the computer decodes that information into a very different form on the screen. You can't see the Wi-Fi until its information is made manifest on the screen and the information on the screen is inside the computer and not outside. I have just described how we decode the 'human world'. All five senses decode the waveform 'Wi-Fi' field into electrical signals and the brain (computer) constructs reality inside the brain and not outside – 'You don't just look at a rainbow, you create it'. Sound is a simple example. We don't hear sound until the brain decodes it. Waveform sound waves are picked up by the hearing sense and communicated to the brain in an electrical form to be decoded into the sounds that we hear. Everything we hear is inside the brain along with everything we see, feel, smell and taste. Words and language are waveform fields generated by our vocal chords which pass through this process until they are decoded by the brain into words that we hear. Different languages are different frequency fields or sound waves generated by vocal chords. Late British philosopher Alan Watts said:

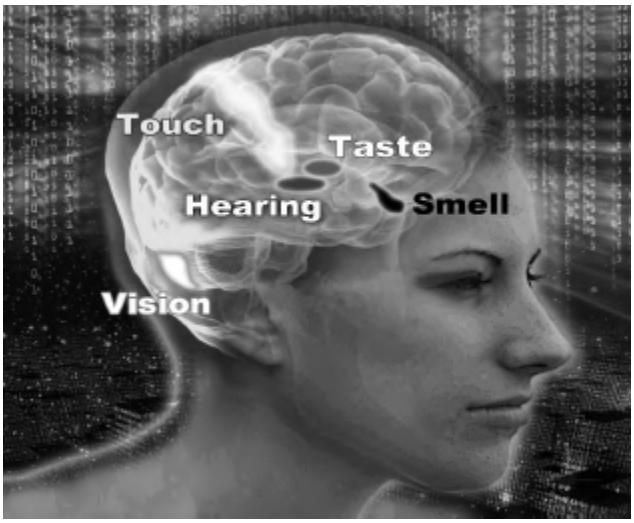

Figure 12: The brain receives information from the five senses and constructs from that our perceived reality.

[Without the brain] the world is devoid of light, heat, weight, solidity, motion, space, time or any other imaginable feature. All these phenomena are interactions, or transactions, of vibrations with a certain arrangement of neurons.

That's exactly what they are and scientist Robert Lanza describes in his book, *Biocentrism*, how we decode electromagnetic waves and energy into visual and 'physical' experience. He uses the example of a flame emitting photons, electromagnetic energy, each pulsing electrically and magnetically:

… these … invisible electromagnetic waves strike a human retina, and if (and only if) the waves happen to measure between 400 and 700 nano meters in length from crest to crest, then their energy is just right to deliver a stimulus to the 8 million cone-shaped cells in the retina.

Each in turn send an electrical pulse to a neighbour neuron, and on up the line this goes, at 250 mph, until it reaches the … occipital lobe of the brain, in the back of the head. There, a cascading complex of neurons fire from the incoming stimuli, and we subjectively perceive this experience as a yellow brightness occurring in a place we have been conditioned to call the 'external world'.

You hear what you decode

If a tree falls or a building collapses they make no noise unless someone is there to decode the energetic waves generated by the disturbance into what we call sound. Does a falling tree make a noise? Only if you hear it – *decode* it. Everything in our reality is a frequency field of information operating within the overall 'Wi-Fi' field that I call The Field. A vibrational disturbance is generated in The Field by the fields of the falling tree or building. These disturbance waves are what we decode into the sound of them falling. If no one is there to do that then neither will make any noise. Reality is created by the observer – *decoder* – and the *perceptions* of the observer affect the decoding process. For this reason different people – different *perceptions* – will perceive the same reality or situation in a different way. What one may perceive as a nightmare another will see as an opportunity. The question of why the Cult is so focused on controlling human perception now answers itself. All experienced reality is the act of decoding and we don't experience Wi-Fi until it is decoded on the computer screen. The sight and sound of an Internet video is encoded in the Wi-Fi all around us, but we don't see or hear it until the computer decodes that information. Taste, smell and touch are all phenomena of the brain as a result of the same process. We don't taste, smell or feel anything except in the brain and there are pain relief techniques that seek to block the signal from the site of discomfort to the brain because if the brain doesn't decode that signal we don't feel pain. Pain is in the brain and only appears to be at the point of impact thanks to the feedback loop between them. We don't see anything until electrical information from the sight senses is decoded in an area at the back of the brain. If that area is damaged we can go blind when our eyes are perfectly okay. So why do we go blind if we damage an eye? We damage the information processing between the waveform visual information and the visual decoding area of the brain. If information doesn't reach the brain in a form it can decode then we can't see the visual reality that it represents. What's more the brain is decoding only a fraction of the information it receives and the rest is absorbed by the

sub-conscious mind. This explanation is from the science magazine, *Wonderpedia*:

> Every second, 11 million sensations crackle along these [brain] pathways ... The brain is confronted with an alarming array of images, sounds and smells which it rigorously filters down until it is left with a manageable list of around 40. Thus 40 sensations per second make up what we perceive as reality.

The 'world' is not what people are told to believe that is it and the inner circles of the Cult *know that*.

Illusory 'physical' reality

We can only see a smear of 0.005 percent of the Universe which is only one of a vast array of universes – 'mansions' – within infinite reality. Even then the brain decodes only 40 pieces of information ('sensations') from a potential *11 million* that we receive every second. Two points strike you from this immediately: The sheer breathtaking stupidity of believing we know anything so rigidly that there's nothing more to know; and the potential for these processes to be manipulated by a malevolent force to control the reality of the population. One thing I can say for sure with no risk of contradiction is that when you can perceive an almost indescribable fraction of infinite reality there is always more to know as in tidal waves of it. Ancient Greek philosopher Socrates was so right when he said that wisdom is to know how little we know. How obviously true that is when you think that we are experiencing a physical world of solidity that is neither physical nor solid and a world of apartness when everything is connected. Cult-controlled 'science' dismisses the so-called 'paranormal' and all phenomena related to that when the 'para'-normal is perfectly normal and explains the alleged 'great mysteries' which dumbfound scientific minds. There is a reason for this. A 'scientific mind' in terms of the mainstream is a material mind, a five-sense mind imprisoned in see it, touch it, hear it, smell it and taste it. Phenomena and happenings that can't be explained that way leave the 'scientific mind' bewildered and the rule is that if they

can't account for why something is happening then it can't, by definition, be happening. I beg to differ. Telepathy is thought waves passing through The Field (think wave disturbance again) to be decoded by someone able to connect with that wavelength (information). For example: You can pick up the thought waves of a friend at any distance and at the very least that will bring them to mind. A few minutes later the friend calls you. 'My god', you say, 'that's incredible – I was just thinking of you.' Ah, but *they* were thinking of *you* before they made the call and that's what you decoded. Native peoples not entrapped in five-sense reality do this so well it became known as the 'bush telegraph'. Those known as psychics and mediums (genuine ones) are doing the same only across dimensions of reality. 'Mind over matter' comes from the fact that matter and mind are the *same*. The state of one influences the state of the other. Indeed one *and* the other are illusions. They are aspects of the same field. Paranormal phenomena are all explainable so why are they still considered 'mysteries' or not happening? Once you go down this road of understanding you begin to expand awareness beyond the five senses and that's the nightmare for the Cult.

Figure 13: Holograms are not solid, but the best ones appear to be.

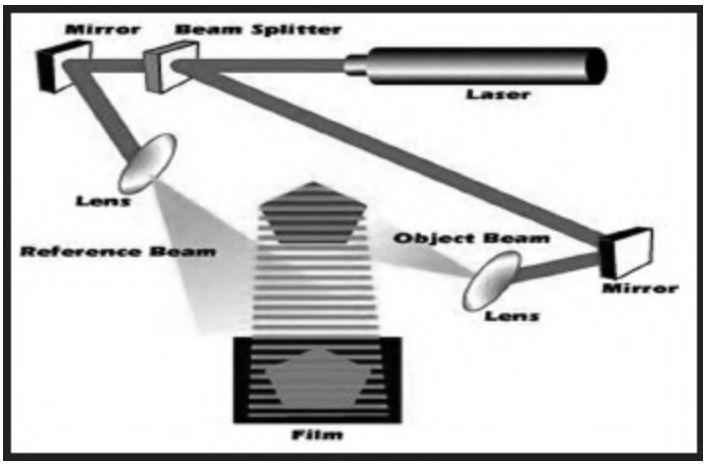

Figure 14: How holograms are created by capturing a waveform version of the subject image.

Holographic 'solidity'

Our reality is not solid, it is holographic. We are now well aware of holograms which are widely used today. Two-dimensional information is decoded into a three-dimensional reality that is not solid although can very much appear to be (Fig 13). Holograms are created with a laser divided into two parts. One goes directly onto a holographic photographic print ('reference beam') and the other takes a waveform image of the subject ('working beam') before being directed onto the print where it 'collides' with the other half of the laser (Fig 14). This creates a *waveform* interference pattern which contains the wavefield information of whatever is being photographed (Fig 15 overleaf). The process can be likened to dropping pebbles in a pond. Waves generated by each one spread out across the water to collide with the others and create a wave representation of where the stones fell and at what speed, weight and distance. A waveform interference pattern of a hologram is akin to the waveform information in The Field which the five senses decode into electrical signals to be decoded by the brain into a holographic illusory 'physical' reality. In the same way when a laser (think human attention) is directed at the waveform interference pattern a three-dimensional version of the subject is projected into apparently 'solid' reality (Fig 16). An amazing trait of holograms reveals more 'paranormal mysteries'. Information of the *whole*

hologram is encoded in waveform in every part of the interference pattern by the way they are created. This means that every *part* of a hologram is a smaller version of the whole. Cut the interference wave-pattern into four and you won't get four parts of the image. You get quarter-sized versions of the *whole* image. The body is a hologram and the same applies. Here we have the basis of acupuncture, reflexology and other forms of healing which identify representations of the whole body in all of the parts, hands, feet, ears, everywhere. Skilled palm readers can do what they do because the information of whole body is encoded in the hand. The concept of as above, so below, comes from this.

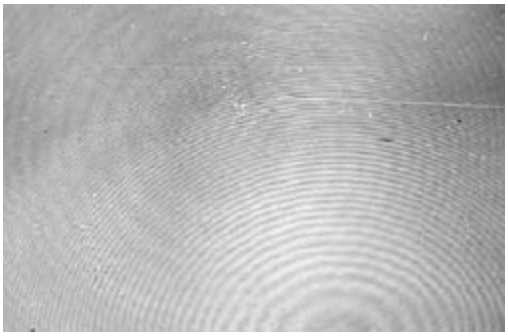

Figure 15: A waveform interference pattern that holds the information that transforms into a hologram.

Figure 16: Holographic people including 'Elvis' holographically inserted to sing a duet with Celine Dion.

The question will be asked of why, if solidity is illusory, we can't just walk through walls and each other. The resistance is not solid against solid; it is electromagnetic field against electromagnetic field and we decode this into the *experience* of solid against solid. We should also not underestimate the power of belief to dictate reality. What you believe is impossible *will be*. Your belief impacts on your decoding processes and they won't decode what you think is impossible. What we believe we perceive and what we perceive we experience. 'Can't dos' and 'impossibles' are like a firewall in a computer system that won't put on the screen what the firewall blocks. How vital that is to understanding how human experience has been hijacked. I explain in *The Answer*, *Everything You Need To Know But Have Never Been Told* and other books a long list of 'mysteries' and 'paranormal' phenomena that are not mysterious and perfectly normal once you realise what reality is and how it works. 'Ghosts' can be seen to pass through 'solid' walls because the walls are not solid and the ghost is a discarnate entity operating on a frequency so different to that of the wall that it's like two radio stations sharing the same space while never interfering with each other. I have seen ghosts do this myself. The apartness of people and objects is also an illusion. Everything is connected by the Field like all sea life is connected by the sea. It's just that within the limits of our visual reality we only 'see' holographic information and not the field of information that connects everything and from which the holographic world is made manifest. If you can only see holographic 'objects' and not the field that connects them they will appear to you as unconnected to each other in the same way that we see the computer while not seeing the Wi-Fi.

What you don't know *can* hurt you

Okay, we return to those 'two worlds' of human society and the Cult with its global network of interconnecting secret societies and satanic groups which manipulate through governments, corporations, media, religions, etc. The fundamental difference between them is *knowledge*. The idea has been to keep humanity

ignorant of the plan for its total enslavement underpinned by a crucial ignorance of reality – who we are and where we are – and how we interact with it. 'Human' should be the interaction between our expanded eternal consciousness and the five-sense body experience. We are meant to be *in* this world in terms of the five senses but not *of* this world in relation to our greater consciousness and perspective. In that state we experience the small picture of the five senses within the wider context of the big picture of awareness beyond the five senses. Put another way the five senses see the dots and expanded awareness connects them into pictures and patterns that give context to the apparently random and unconnected. Without the context of expanded awareness the five senses see only apartness and randomness with apparently no meaning. The Cult and its other-dimensional controllers seek to intervene in the frequency realm where five-sense reality is supposed to connect with expanded reality and to keep the two apart (more on this in the final chapter). When that happens five-sense mental and emotional processes are no longer influenced by expanded awareness, or the True 'I', and instead are driven by the isolated perceptions of the body's decoding systems. They are in the world *and* of it. Here we have the human plight and why humanity with its potential for infinite awareness can be so easily manipulatable and descend into such extremes of stupidity.

Once the Cult isolates five-sense mind from expanded awareness it can then program the mind with perceptions and beliefs by controlling information that the mind receives through the 'education' system of the formative years and the media perceptual bombardment and censorship of an entire lifetime. Limit perception and a sense of the possible through limiting knowledge by limiting and skewing information while censoring and discrediting that which could set people free. As the title of another of my books says *… And The Truth Shall Set You Free*. For this reason the last thing the Cult wants in circulation is the truth about anything – especially the reality of the eternal 'I' – and that's why it is desperate to control information. The Cult knows that information becomes perception

which becomes behaviour which, collectively, becomes human society. Cult-controlled and funded mainstream 'science' denies the existence of an eternal 'I' and seeks to dismiss and trash all evidence to the contrary. Cult-controlled mainstream religion has a version of 'God' that is little more than a system of control and dictatorship that employs threats of damnation in an afterlife to control perceptions and behaviour in the here and now through fear and guilt. Neither is true and it's the 'neither' that the Cult wishes to suppress. This 'neither' is that everything is an expression, a point of attention, within an infinite state of consciousness which is the real meaning of the term 'God'.

Perceptual obsession with the 'physical body' and five-senses means that 'God' becomes personified as a bearded bloke sitting among the clouds or a raging bully who loves us if we do what 'he' wants and condemns us to the fires of hell if we don't. These are no more than a 'spiritual' fairy tales to control and dictate events and behaviour through fear of this 'God' which has bizarrely made 'God-fearing' in religious circles a state to be desired. I would suggest that fearing *anything* is not to be encouraged and celebrated, but rather deleted. You can see why 'God fearing' is so beneficial to the Cult and its religions when *they* decide what 'God' wants and what 'God' demands (the Cult demands) that everyone do. As the great American comedian Bill Hicks said satirising a Christian zealot: 'I think what God meant to say.' How much of this infinite awareness ('God') that we access is decided by how far we choose to expand our perceptions, self-identity and sense of the possible. The scale of self-identity reflects itself in the scale of awareness that we can connect with and are influenced by – how much knowing and insight we have instead of programmed perception. You cannot expand your awareness into the infinity of possibility when you believe that you are little me Peter the postman or Mary in marketing and nothing more. I'll deal with this in the concluding chapter because it's crucial to how we turnaround current events.

Where the Cult came from

When I realised in the early 1990s there was a Cult network behind global events I asked the obvious question: When did it start? I took it back to ancient Rome and Egypt and on to Babylon and Sumer in Mesopotamia, the 'Land Between Two Rivers', in what we now call Iraq. The two rivers are the Tigris and Euphrates and this region is of immense historical and other importance to the Cult, as is the land called Israel only 550 miles away by air. There is much more going with deep esoteric meaning across this whole region. It's not only about 'wars for oil'. Priceless artefacts from Mesopotamia were stolen or destroyed after the American and British invasion of Iraq in 2003 justified by the lies of Boy Bush and Tony Blair (their Cult masters) about non-existent 'weapons of mass destruction'. Mesopotamia was the location of Sumer (about 5,400BC to 1,750BC), and Babylon (about 2,350BC to 539BC). Sabbatians may have become immensely influential in the Cult in modern times but they are part of a network that goes back into the mists of history. Sumer is said by historians to be the 'cradle of civilisation'. I disagree. I say it was the re-start of what we call human civilisation after cataclysmic events symbolised in part as the 'Great Flood' destroyed the world that existed before. These fantastic upheavals that I have been describing in detail in the books since the early1990s appear in accounts and legends of ancient cultures across the world and they are supported by geological and biological evidence. Stone tablets found in Iraq detailing the Sumer period say the cataclysms were caused by non-human 'gods' they call the Anunnaki. These are described in terms of extraterrestrial visitations in which knowledge supplied by the Anunnaki is said to have been the source of at least one of the world's oldest writing systems and developments in astronomy, mathematics and architecture that were way ahead of their time. I have covered this subject at length in *The Biggest Secret* and *Children of the Matrix* and the same basic 'Anunnaki' story can be found in Zulu accounts in South Africa where the late and very great Zulu high shaman Credo Mutwa told me that the Sumerian Anunnaki were known by Zulus as the Chitauri or 'children of the serpent'. See my six-hour video interview with Credo on this subject entitled *The*

Reptilian Agenda recorded at his then home near Johannesburg in 1999 which you can watch on the Ickonic media platform.

The Cult emerged out of Sumer, Babylon and Egypt (and elsewhere) and established the Roman Empire before expanding with the Romans into northern Europe from where many empires were savagely imposed in the form of Cult-controlled societies all over the world. Mass death and destruction was their calling card. The Cult established its centre of operations in Europe and European Empires were Cult empires which allowed it to expand into a global force. Spanish and Portuguese colonialists headed for Central and South America while the British and French targeted North America. Africa was colonised by Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Some like Britain and France moved in on the Middle East. The British Empire was by far the biggest for a simple reason. By now Britain was the headquarters of the Cult from which it expanded to form Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. The Sun never set on the British Empire such was the scale of its occupation. London remains a global centre for the Cult along with Rome and the Vatican although others have emerged in Israel and China. It is no accident that the 'virus' is alleged to have come out of China while Italy was chosen as the means to terrify the Western population into compliance with 'Covid' fascism. Nor that Israel has led the world in 'Covid' fascism and mass 'vaccination'.

You would think that I would mention the United States here, but while it has been an important means of imposing the Cult's will it is less significant than would appear and is currently in the process of having what power it does have deleted. The Cult in Europe has mostly loaded the guns for the US to fire. America has been controlled from Europe from the start through Cult operatives in Britain and Europe. The American Revolution was an illusion to make it appear that America was governing itself while very different forces were pulling the strings in the form of Cult families such as the Rothschilds through the Rockefellers and other subordinates. The Rockefellers are extremely close to Bill Gates and

established both scalpel and drug 'medicine' and the World Health Organization. They play a major role in the development and circulation of vaccines through the Rockefeller Foundation on which Bill Gates said his Foundation is based. Why wouldn't this be the case when the Rockefellers and Gates are on the same team? Cult infiltration of human society goes way back into what we call history and has been constantly expanding and centralising power with the goal of establishing a global structure to dictate everything. Look how this has been advanced in great leaps with the 'Covid' hoax.

The non-human dimension

I researched and observed the comings and goings of Cult operatives through the centuries and even thousands of years as they were born, worked to promote the agenda within the secret society and satanic networks, and then died for others to replace them. Clearly there had to be a coordinating force that spanned this entire period while operatives who would not have seen the end goal in their lifetimes came and went advancing the plan over millennia. I went in search of that coordinating force with the usual support from the extraordinary synchronicity of my life which has been an almost daily experience since 1990. I saw common themes in religious texts and ancient cultures about a non-human force manipulating human society from the hidden. Christianity calls this force Satan, the Devil and demons; Islam refers to the Jinn or Djinn; Zulus have their Chitauri (spelt in other ways in different parts of Africa); and the Gnostic people in Egypt in the period around and before 400AD referred to this phenomena as the 'Archons', a word meaning rulers in Greek. Central American cultures speak of the 'Predators' among other names and the same theme is everywhere. I will use 'Archons' as a collective name for all of them. When you see how their nature and behaviour is described all these different sources are clearly talking about the same force. Gnostics described the Archons in terms of 'luminous fire' while Islam relates the Jinn to 'smokeless fire'. Some refer to beings in form that could occasionally be seen, but the most common of common theme is that they operate from

unseen realms which means almost all existence to the visual processes of humans. I had concluded that this was indeed the foundation of human control and that the Cult was operating within the human frequency band on behalf of this hidden force when I came across the writings of Gnostics which supported my conclusions in the most extraordinary way.

A sealed earthen jar was found in 1945 near the town of Nag Hammadi about 75-80 miles north of Luxor on the banks of the River Nile in Egypt. Inside was a treasure trove of manuscripts and texts left by the Gnostic people some 1,600 years earlier. They included 13 leather-bound papyrus codices (manuscripts) and more than 50 texts written in Coptic Egyptian estimated to have been hidden in the jar in the period of 400AD although the source of the information goes back much further. Gnostics oversaw the Great or Royal Library of Alexandria, the fantastic depository of ancient texts detailing advanced knowledge and accounts of human history. The Library was dismantled and destroyed in stages over a long period with the death-blow delivered by the Cult-established Roman Church in the period around 415AD. The Church of Rome was the Church of Babylon relocated as I said earlier. Gnostics were not a race. They were a way of perceiving reality. Whenever they established themselves and their information circulated the terrorists of the Church of Rome would target them for destruction. This happened with the Great Library and with the Gnostic Cathars who were burned to death by the psychopaths after a long period of oppression at the siege of the Castle of Monségur in southern France in 1244. The Church has always been terrified of Gnostic information which demolishes the official Christian narrative although there is much in the Bible that supports the Gnostic view if you read it in another way. To anyone studying the texts of what became known as the Nag Hammadi Library it is clear that great swathes of Christian and Biblical belief has its origin with Gnostics sources going back to Sumer. Gnostic themes have been twisted to manipulate the perceived reality of Bible believers. Biblical texts have been in the open for centuries where they could be changed while Gnostic

documents found at Nag Hammadi were sealed away and untouched for 1,600 years. What you see is what they wrote.

Use your *pneuma* not your *nous*

Gnosticism and Gnostic come from 'gnosis' which means knowledge, or rather *secret* knowledge, in the sense of spiritual awareness – knowledge about reality and life itself. The desperation of the Cult's Church of Rome to destroy the Gnostics can be understood when the knowledge they were circulating was the last thing the Cult wanted the population to know. Sixteen hundred years later the same Cult is working hard to undermine and silence me for the same reason. The dynamic between knowledge and ignorance is a constant. 'Time' appears to move on, but essential themes remain the same. We are told to 'use your nous', a Gnostic word for head/brain/intelligence. They said, however, that spiritual awakening or 'salvation' could only be secured by expanding awareness *beyond* what they called *nous* and into *pneuma* or Infinite Self. Obviously as I read these texts the parallels with what I have been saying since 1990 were fascinating to me. There is a universal truth that spans human history and in that case why wouldn't we be talking the same language 16 centuries apart? When you free yourself from the perception program of the five senses and explore expanded realms of consciousness you are going to connect with the same information no matter what the perceived 'era' within a manufactured timeline of a single and tiny range of manipulated frequency. Humans working with 'smart' technology or knocking rocks together in caves is only a timeline appearing to operate within the human frequency band. Expanded awareness and the knowledge it holds have always been there whether the era be Stone Age or computer age. We can only access that knowledge by opening ourselves to its frequency which the five-sense prison cell is designed to stop us doing. Gates, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki, Bezos, and all the others behind the 'Covid' hoax clearly have a long wait before their range of frequency can make that connection given that an open heart is

crucial to that as we shall see. Instead of accessing knowledge directly through expanded awareness it is given to Cult operatives by the secret society networks of the Cult where it has been passed on over thousands of years outside the public arena. Expanded realms of consciousness is where great artists, composers and writers find their inspiration and where truth awaits anyone open enough to connect with it. We need to go there fast.

Archon hijack

A fifth of the Nag Hammadi texts describe the existence and manipulation of the Archons led by a 'Chief Archon' they call 'Yaldabaoth', or the 'Demiurge', and this is the Christian 'Devil', 'Satan', 'Lucifer', and his demons. Archons in Biblical symbolism are the 'fallen ones' which are also referred to as fallen angels after the angels expelled from heaven according to the Abrahamic religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam. These angels are claimed to tempt humans to 'sin' ongoing and you will see how accurate that symbolism is during the rest of the book. The theme of 'original sin' is related to the 'Fall' when Adam and Eve were 'tempted by the serpent' and fell from a state of innocence and 'obedience' (connection) with God into a state of disobedience (disconnection). The Fall is said to have brought sin into the world and corrupted everything including human nature. Yaldabaoth, the 'Lord Archon', is described by Gnostics as a 'counterfeit spirit', 'The Blind One', 'The Blind God', and 'The Foolish One'. The Jewish name for Yaldabaoth in Talmudic writings is Samael which translates as 'Poison of God', or 'Blindness of God'. You see the parallels. Yaldabaoth in Islamic belief is the Muslim Jinn devil known as Shaytan – Shaytan is Satan as the same themes are found all over the world in every religion and culture. The 'Lord God' of the Old Testament is the 'Lord Archon' of Gnostic manuscripts and that's why he's such a bloodthirsty bastard. Satan is known by Christians as 'the Demon of Demons' and Gnostics called Yaldabaoth the 'Archon of Archons'. Both are known as 'The Deceiver'. We are talking about the same 'bloke' for sure and these common themes

using different names, storylines and symbolism tell a common tale of the human plight.

Archons are referred to in Nag Hammadi documents as mind parasites, inverters, guards, gatekeepers, detainers, judges, pitiless ones and deceivers. The 'Covid' hoax alone is a glaring example of all these things. The Biblical 'God' is so different in the Old and New Testaments because they are not describing the same phenomenon. The vindictive, angry, hate-filled, 'God' of the Old Testament, known as Yahweh, is Yaldabaoth who is depicted in Cult-dictated popular culture as the 'Dark Lord', 'Lord of Time', Lord (Darth) Vader and Dormammu, the evil ruler of the 'Dark Dimension' trying to take over the 'Earth Dimension' in the Marvel comic movie, *Dr Strange*. Yaldabaoth is both the Old Testament 'god' and the Biblical 'Satan'. Gnostics referred to Yaldabaoth as the 'Great Architect of the Universe'and the Cult-controlled Freemason network calls their god 'the 'Great Architect of the Universe' (also Grand Architect). The 'Great Architect' Yaldabaoth is symbolised by the Cult as the all-seeing eye at the top of the pyramid on the Great Seal of the United States and the dollar bill. Archon is encoded in *arch*-itect as it is in *arch*-angels and *arch*-bishops. All religions have the theme of a force for good and force for evil in some sort of spiritual war and there is a reason for that – the theme is true. The Cult and its non-human masters are quite happy for this to circulate. They present themselves as the force for good fighting evil when they are really the force of evil (absence of love). The whole foundation of Cult modus operandi is inversion. They promote themselves as a force for good and anyone challenging them in pursuit of peace, love, fairness, truth and justice is condemned as a satanic force for evil. This has been the game plan throughout history whether the Church of Rome inquisitions of non-believers or 'conspiracy theorists' and 'anti-vaxxers' of today. The technique is the same whatever the timeline era.

Yaldabaoth is revolting (true)

Yaldabaoth and the Archons are said to have revolted against God with Yaldabaoth claiming to *be* God – the *All That Is*. The Old Testament 'God' (Yaldabaoth) demanded to be worshipped as such: '*I am* the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me' (Isaiah 45:5). I have quoted in other books a man who said he was the unofficial son of the late Baron Philippe de Rothschild of the Mouton-Rothschild wine producing estates in France who died in 1988 and he told me about the Rothschild 'revolt from God'. The man said he was given the name Phillip Eugene de Rothschild and we shared long correspondence many years ago while he was living under another identity. He said that he was conceived through 'occult incest' which (within the Cult) was 'normal and to be admired'. 'Phillip' told me about his experience attending satanic rituals with rich and famous people whom he names and you can see them and the wider background to Cult Satanism in my other books starting with *The Biggest Secret*. Cult rituals are interactions with Archontic 'gods'. 'Phillip' described Baron Philippe de Rothschild as 'a master Satanist and hater of God' and he used the same term 'revolt from God' associated with Yaldabaoth/Satan/Lucifer/the Devil in describing the Sabbatian Rothschild dynasty. 'I played a key role in my family's revolt from God', he said. That role was to infiltrate in classic Sabbatian style the Christian Church, but eventually he escaped the mind-prison to live another life. The Cult has been targeting religion in a plan to make worship of the Archons the global one-world religion. Infiltration of Satanism into modern 'culture', especially among the young, through music videos, stage shows and other means, is all part of this.

Nag Hammadi texts describe Yaldabaoth and the Archons in their prime form as energy – consciousness – and say they can take form if they choose in the same way that consciousness takes form as a human. Yaldabaoth is called 'formless' and represents a deeply inverted, distorted and chaotic state of consciousness which seeks to attached to humans and turn them into a likeness of itself in an attempt at assimilation. For that to happen it has to manipulate

humans into low frequency mental and emotional states that match its own. Archons can certainly appear in human form and this is the origin of the psychopathic personality. The energetic distortion Gnostics called Yaldabaoth *is* psychopathy. When psychopathic Archons take human form that human will be a psychopath as an expression of Yaldabaoth consciousness. Cult psychopaths are Archons in human form. The principle is the same as that portrayed in the 2009 *Avatar* movie when the American military travelled to a fictional Earth-like moon called Pandora in the Alpha Centauri star system to infiltrate a society of blue people, or Na'vi, by hiding within bodies that looked like the Na'vi. Archons posing as humans have a particular hybrid information field, part human, part Archon, (the ancient 'demigods') which processes information in a way that manifests behaviour to match their psychopathic evil, lack of empathy and compassion, and stops them being influenced by the empathy, compassion and love that a fully-human information field is capable of expressing. Cult bloodlines interbreed, be they royalty or dark suits, for this reason and you have their obsession with incest. Interbreeding with full-blown humans would dilute the Archontic energy field that guarantees psychopathy in its representatives in the human realm.

Gnostic writings say the main non-human forms that Archons take are *serpentine* (what I have called for decades 'reptilian' amid unbounded ridicule from the Archontically-programmed) and what Gnostics describe as 'an unborn baby or foetus with grey skin and dark, unmoving eyes'. This is an excellent representation of the ET 'Greys' of UFO folklore which large numbers of people claim to have seen and been abducted by – Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa among them. I agree with those that believe in extraterrestrial or interdimensional visitations today and for thousands of years past. No wonder with their advanced knowledge and technological capability they were perceived and worshipped as gods for technological and other 'miracles' they appeared to perform. Imagine someone arriving in a culture disconnected from the modern world with a smartphone and computer. They would be

seen as a 'god' capable of 'miracles'. The Renegade Mind, however, wants to know the source of everything and not only the way that source manifests as human or non-human. In the same way that a Renegade Mind seeks the original source material for the 'Covid virus' to see if what is claimed is true. The original source of Archons in form is consciousness – the distorted state of consciousness known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth.

'Revolt from God' is energetic disconnection

Where I am going next will make a lot of sense of religious texts and ancient legends relating to 'Satan', Lucifer' and the 'gods'. Gnostic descriptions sync perfectly with the themes of my own research over the years in how they describe a consciousness distortion seeking to impose itself on human consciousness. I've referred to the core of infinite awareness in previous books as Infinite Awareness in Awareness of Itself. By that I mean a level of awareness that knows that it is all awareness and is aware of all awareness. From here comes the frequency of love in its true sense and balance which is what love is on one level – the balance of all forces into a single whole called Oneness and Isness. The more we disconnect from this state of love that many call 'God' the constituent parts of that Oneness start to unravel and express themselves as a part and not a whole. They become individualised as intellect, mind, selfishness, hatred, envy, desire for power over others, and such like. This is not a problem in the greater scheme in that 'God', the *All That Is*, can experience all these possibilities through different expressions of itself including humans. What we as expressions of the whole experience the *All That Is* experiences. We are the *All That Is* experiencing itself. As we withdraw from that state of Oneness we disconnect from its influence and things can get very unpleasant and very stupid. Archontic consciousness is at the extreme end of that. It has so disconnected from the influence of Oneness that it has become an inversion of unity and love, an inversion of everything, an inversion of life itself. Evil is appropriately live written backwards. Archontic consciousness is obsessed with death, an inversion of life,

and so its manifestations in Satanism are obsessed with death. They use inverted symbols in their rituals such as the inverted pentagram and cross. Sabbatians as Archontic consciousness incarnate invert Judaism and every other religion and culture they infiltrate. They seek disunity and chaos and they fear unity and harmony as they fear love like garlic to a vampire. As a result the Cult, Archons incarnate, act with such evil, psychopathy and lack of empathy and compassion disconnected as they are from the source of love. How could Bill Gates and the rest of the Archontic psychopaths do what they have to human society in the 'Covid' era with all the death, suffering and destruction involved and have no emotional consequence for the impact on others? Now you know. Why have Zuckerberg, Brin, Page, Wojcicki and company callously censored information warning about the dangers of the 'vaccine' while thousands have been dying and having severe, sometimes life-changing reactions? Now you know. Why have Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance and their like around the world been using case and death figures they're aware are fraudulent to justify lockdowns and all the deaths and destroyed lives that have come from that? Now you know. Why did Christian Drosten produce and promote a 'testing' protocol that he knew couldn't test for infectious disease which led to a global human catastrophe. Now you know. The Archontic mind doesn't give a shit (Fig 17). I personally think that Gates and major Cult insiders are a form of AI cyborg that the Archons want humans to become.

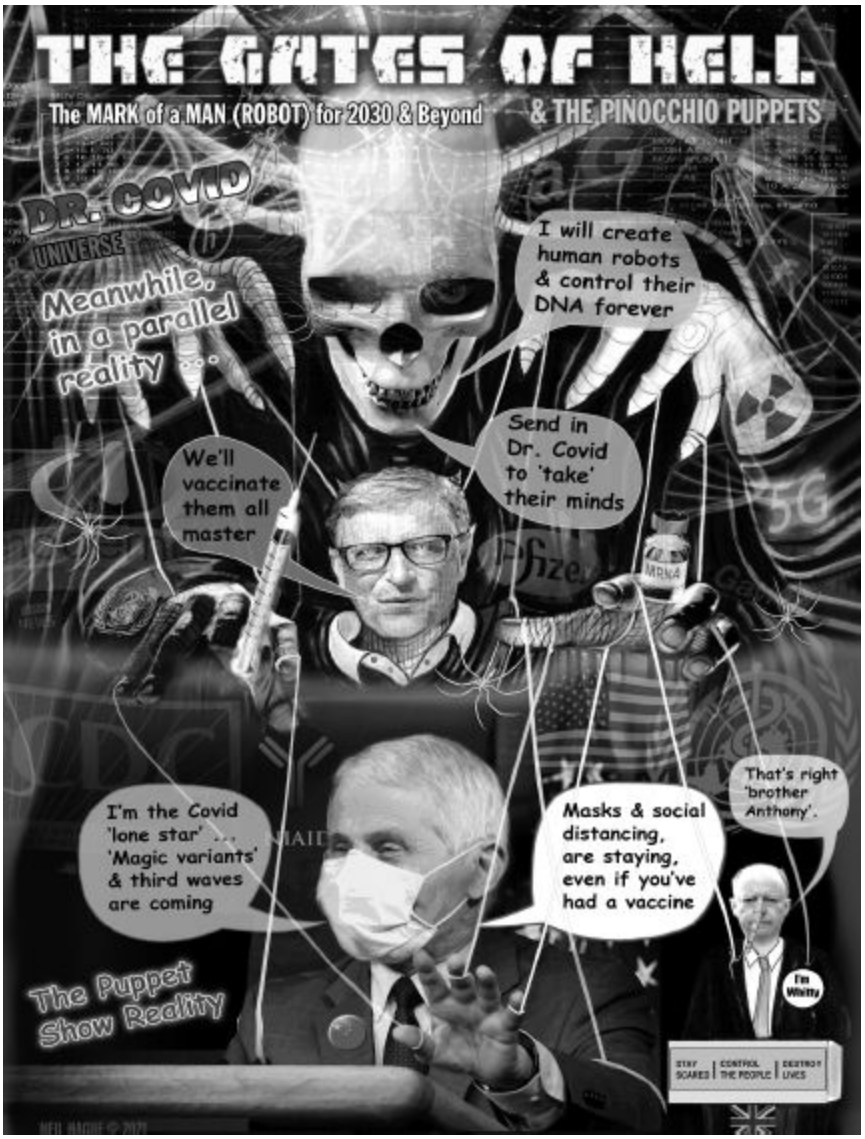

Figure 17: Artist Neil Hague's version of the 'Covid' hierarchy.

Human batteries

A state of such inversion does have its consequences, however. The level of disconnection from the Source of All means that you withdraw from that source of energetic sustenance and creativity. This means that you have to find your own supply of energetic power and it has – *us*. When the Morpheus character in the first *Matrix* movie held up a battery he spoke a profound truth when he said: 'The Matrix is a computer-generated dream world built to keep us under control in order to change the human being into one of

these.' The statement was true in all respects. We do live in a technologically-generated virtual reality simulation (more very shortly) and we have been manipulated to be an energy source for Archontic consciousness. The Disney-Pixar animated movie *Monsters, Inc*. in 2001 symbolised the dynamic when monsters in their world had no energy source and they would enter the human world to terrify children in their beds, catch the child's scream, terror (low-vibrational frequencies), and take that energy back to power the monster world. The lead character you might remember was a single giant eye and the symbolism of the Cult's all-seeing eye was obvious. Every thought and emotion is broadcast as a frequency unique to that thought and emotion. Feelings of love and joy, empathy and compassion, are high, quick, frequencies while fear, depression, anxiety, suffering and hate are low, slow, dense frequencies. Which kind do you think Archontic consciousness can connect with and absorb? In such a low and dense frequency state there's no way it can connect with the energy of love and joy. Archons can only feed off energy compatible with their own frequency and they and their Cult agents want to delete the human world of love and joy and manipulate the transmission of low vibrational frequencies through low-vibrational human mental and emotional states. *We are their energy source*. Wars are energetic banquets to the Archons – a world war even more so – and think how much low-frequency mental and emotional energy has been generated from the consequences for humanity of the 'Covid' hoax orchestrated by Archons incarnate like Gates.

The ancient practice of human sacrifice 'to the gods', continued in secret today by the Cult, is based on the same principle. 'The gods' are Archontic consciousness in different forms and the sacrifice is induced into a state of intense terror to generate the energy the Archontic frequency can absorb. Incarnate Archons in the ritual drink the blood which contains an adrenaline they crave which floods into the bloodstream when people are terrorised. Most of the sacrifices, ancient and modern, are children and the theme of 'sacrificing young virgins to the gods' is just code for children. They

have a particular pre-puberty energy that Archons want more than anything and the energy of the young in general is their target. The California Department of Education wants students to chant the names of Aztec gods (Archontic gods) once worshipped in human sacrifice rituals in a curriculum designed to encourage them to 'challenge racist, bigoted, discriminatory, imperialist/colonial beliefs', join 'social movements that struggle for social justice', and 'build new possibilities for a post-racist, post-systemic racism society'. It's the usual Woke crap that inverts racism and calls it anti-racism. In this case solidarity with 'indigenous tribes' is being used as an excuse to chant the names of 'gods' to which people were sacrificed (and still are in secret). What an example of Woke's inability to see beyond black and white, us and them, They condemn the colonisation of these tribal cultures by Europeans (quite right), but those cultures sacrificing people including children to their 'gods', and mass murdering untold numbers as the Aztecs did, is just fine. One chant is to the Aztec god Tezcatlipoca who had a man sacrificed to him in the 5th month of the Aztec calendar. His heart was cut out and he was eaten. Oh, that's okay then. Come on children … after three … Other sacrificial 'gods' for the young to chant their allegiance include Quetzalcoatl, Huitzilopochtli and Xipe Totec. The curriculum says that 'chants, affirmations, and energizers can be used to bring the class together, build unity around ethnic studies principles and values, and to reinvigorate the class following a lesson that may be emotionally taxing or even when student engagement may appear to be low'. Well, that's the cover story, anyway. Chanting and mantras are the repetition of a particular frequency generated from the vocal cords and chanting the names of these Archontic 'gods' tunes you into their frequency. That is the last thing you want when it allows for energetic synchronisation, attachment and perceptual influence. Initiates chant the names of their 'Gods' in their rituals for this very reason.

Vampires of the Woke

Paedophilia is another way that Archons absorb the energy of children. Paedophiles possessed by Archontic consciousness are used as the conduit during sexual abuse for discarnate Archons to vampire the energy of the young they desire so much. Stupendous numbers of children disappear every year never to be seen again although you would never know from the media. Imagine how much low-vibrational energy has been generated by children during the 'Covid' hoax when so many have become depressed and psychologically destroyed to the point of killing themselves. Shocking numbers of children are now taken by the state from loving parents to be handed to others. I can tell you from long experience of researching this since 1996 that many end up with paedophiles and assets of the Cult through corrupt and Cult-owned social services which in the reframing era has hired many psychopaths and emotionless automatons to do the job. Children are even stolen to order using spurious reasons to take them by the corrupt and secret (because they're corrupt) 'family courts'. I have written in detail in other books, starting with *The Biggest Secret* in 1997, about the ubiquitous connections between the political, corporate, government, intelligence and military elites (Cult operatives) and Satanism and paedophilia. If you go deep enough both networks have an interlocking leadership. The Woke mentality has been developed by the Cult for many reasons: To promote almost every aspect of its agenda; to hijack the traditional political left and turn it fascist; to divide and rule; and to target agenda pushbackers. But there are other reasons which relate to what I am describing here. How many happy and joyful Wokers do you ever see especially at the extreme end? They are a mental and psychological mess consumed by emotional stress and constantly emotionally cocked for the next explosion of indignation at someone referring to a female as a female. They are walking, talking, batteries as Morpheus might say emitting frequencies which both enslave them in low-vibrational bubbles of perceptual limitation and feed the Archons. Add to this the hatred claimed to be love; fascism claimed to 'anti-fascism', racism claimed to be 'anti-racism';

exclusion claimed to inclusion; and the abuse-filled Internet trolling. You have a purpose-built Archontic energy system with not a wind turbine in sight and all founded on Archontic *inversion*. We have whole generations now manipulated to serve the Archons with their actions and energy. They will be doing so their entire adult lives unless they snap out of their Archon-induced trance. Is it really a surprise that Cult billionaires and corporations put so much money their way? Where is the energy of joy and laughter, including laughing at yourself which is confirmation of your own emotional security? Mark Twain said: 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter.' We must use it all the time. Woke has destroyed comedy because it has no humour, no joy, sense of irony, or self-deprecation. Its energy is dense and intense. *Mmmmm*, lunch says the Archontic frequency. Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) was the Austrian philosopher and famous esoteric thinker who established Waldorf education or Steiner schools to treat children like unique expressions of consciousness and not minds to be programmed with the perceptions determined by authority. I'd been writing about this energy vampiring for decades when I was sent in 2016 a quote by Steiner. He was spot on:

> There are beings in the spiritual realms for whom anxiety and fear emanating from human beings offer welcome food. When humans have no anxiety and fear, then these creatures starve. If fear and anxiety radiates from people and they break out in panic, then these creatures find welcome nutrition and they become more and more powerful. These beings are hostile towards humanity. Everything that feeds on negative feelings, on anxiety, fear and superstition, despair or doubt, are in reality hostile forces in super-sensible worlds, launching cruel attacks on human beings, while they are being fed ... These are exactly the feelings that belong to contemporary culture and materialism; because it estranges people from the spiritual world, it is especially suited to evoke hopelessness and fear of the unknown in people, thereby calling up the above mentioned hostile forces against them.

Pause for a moment from this perspective and reflect on what has happened in the world since the start of 2020. Not only will pennies drop, but billion dollar bills. We see the same theme from Don Juan Matus, a Yaqui Indian shaman in Mexico and the information source for Peruvian-born writer, Carlos Castaneda, who wrote a series of

books from the 1960s to 1990s. Don Juan described the force manipulating human society and his name for the Archons was the predator:

> We have a predator that came from the depths of the cosmos and took over the rule of our lives. Human beings are its prisoners. The predator is our lord and master. It has rendered us docile, helpless. If we want to protest, it suppresses our protest. If we want to act independently, it demands that we don't do so ... indeed we are held prisoner!
>
> They took us over because we are food to them, and they squeeze us mercilessly because we are their sustenance. Just as we rear chickens in coops, the predators rear us in human coops, humaneros. Therefore, their food is always available to them.
>
> Different cultures, different eras, same recurring theme.

The 'ennoia' dilemma

Nag Hammadi Gnostic manuscripts say that Archon consciousness has no 'ennoia'. This is directly translated as 'intentionality', but I'll use the term 'creative imagination'. The *All That Is* in awareness of itself is the source of all creativity – all possibility – and the more disconnected you are from that source the more you are subsequently denied 'creative imagination'. Given that Archon consciousness is almost entirely disconnected it severely lacks creativity and has to rely on far more mechanical processes of thought and exploit the creative potential of those that do have 'ennoia'. You can see cases of this throughout human society. Archon consciousness almost entirely dominates the global banking system and if we study how that system works you will appreciate what I mean. Banks manifest 'money' out of nothing by issuing lines of 'credit' which is 'money' that has never, does not, and will never exist except in theory. It's a confidence trick. If you think 'credit' figures-on-a-screen 'money' is worth anything you accept it as payment. If you don't then the whole system collapses through lack of confidence in the value of that 'money'. Archontic bankers with no 'ennoia' are 'lending' 'money' that doesn't exist to humans that *do* have creativity – those that have the inspired ideas and create businesses and products. Archon banking feeds off human creativity

which it controls through 'money' creation and debt. Humans have the creativity and Archons exploit that for their own benefit and control while having none themselves. Archon Internet platforms like Facebook claim joint copyright of everything that creative users post and while Archontic minds like Zuckerberg may officially head that company it will be human creatives on the staff that provide the creative inspiration. When you have limitless 'money' you can then buy other companies established by creative humans. Witness the acquisition record of Facebook, Google and their like. Survey the Archon-controlled music industry and you see non-creative dark suit executives making their fortune from the human creativity of their artists. The cases are endless. Research the history of people like Gates and Zuckerberg and how their empires were built on exploiting the creativity of others. Archon minds cannot create out of nothing, but they are skilled (because they have to be) in what Gnostic texts call 'countermimicry'. They can imitate, but not innovate. Sabbatians trawl the creativity of others through backdoors they install in computer systems through their cybersecurity systems. Archon-controlled China is globally infamous for stealing intellectual property and I remember how Hong Kong, now part of China, became notorious for making counterfeit copies of the creativity of others – 'countermimicry'. With the now pervasive and all-seeing surveillance systems able to infiltrate any computer you can appreciate the potential for Archons to vampire the creativity of humans. Author John Lamb Lash wrote in his book about the Nag Hammadi texts, *Not In His Image*:

> Although they cannot originate anything, because they lack the divine factor of ennoia (intentionality), Archons can imitate with a vengeance. Their expertise is simulation (HAL, virtual reality). The Demiurge [Yaldabaoth] fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns [of the original] ... His construction is celestial kitsch, like the fake Italianate villa of a Mafia don complete with militant angels to guard every portal.

This brings us to something that I have been speaking about since the turn of the millennium. Our reality is a simulation; a virtual reality that we think is real. No, I'm not kidding.

Human reality? Well, virtually

I had pondered for years about whether our reality is 'real' or some kind of construct. I remembered being immensely affected on a visit as a small child in the late 1950s to the then newly-opened Planetarium on the Marylebone Road in London which is now closed and part of the adjacent Madame Tussauds wax museum. It was in the middle of the day, but when the lights went out there was the night sky projected in the Planetarium's domed ceiling and it appeared to be so real. The experience never left me and I didn't know why until around the turn of the millennium when I became certain that our 'night sky' and entire reality is a projection, a virtual reality, akin to the illusory world portrayed in the *Matrix* movies. I looked at the sky one day in this period and it appeared to me like the domed roof of the Planetarium. The release of the first *Matrix* movie in 1999 also provided a synchronistic and perfect visual representation of where my mind had been going for a long time. I hadn't come across the Gnostic Nag Hammadi texts then. When I did years later the correlation was once again astounding. As I read Gnostic accounts from 1,600 years and more earlier it was clear that they were describing the same simulation phenomenon. They tell how the Yaldabaoth 'Demiurge' and Archons created a 'bad copy' of original reality to rule over all that were captured by its illusions and the body was a prison to trap consciousness in the 'bad copy' fake reality. Read how Gnostics describe the 'bad copy' and update that to current times and they are referring to what we would call today a virtual reality simulation.

Author John Lamb Lash said 'the Demiurge fashions a heaven world copied from the fractal patterns' of the original through expertise in 'HAL' or virtual reality simulation. Fractal patterns are part of the energetic information construct of our reality, a sort of blueprint. If these patterns were copied in computer terms it would indeed give you a copy of a 'natural' reality in a non-natural frequency and digital form. The principle is the same as making a copy of a website. The original website still exists, but now you can change the copy version to make it whatever you like and it can

become very different to the original website. Archons have done this with our reality, a *synthetic* copy of prime reality that still exists beyond the frequency walls of the simulation. Trapped within the illusions of this synthetic Matrix, however, were and are human consciousness and other expressions of prime reality and this is why the Archons via the Cult are seeking to make the human body synthetic and give us synthetic AI minds to complete the job of turning the entire reality synthetic including what we perceive to be the natural world. To quote Kurzweil: 'Nanobots will infuse all the matter around us with information. Rocks, trees, everything will become these intelligent creatures.' Yes, *synthetic* 'creatures' just as 'Covid' and other genetically-manipulating 'vaccines' are designed to make the human body synthetic. From this perspective it is obvious why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to infuse synthetic material into every human with their 'Covid' scam.

Let there be (electromagnetic) light

Yaldabaoth, the force that created the simulation, or Matrix, makes sense of the Gnostic reference to 'The Great Architect' and its use by Cult Freemasonry as the name of its deity. The designer of the Matrix in the movies is called 'The Architect' and that trilogy is jam-packed with symbolism relating to these subjects. I have contended for years that the angry Old Testament God (Yaldabaoth) is the 'God' being symbolically 'quoted' in the opening of Genesis as 'creating the world'. This is not the creation of prime reality – it's the creation of the *simulation*. The Genesis 'God' says: 'Let there be Light: and there was light.' But what is this 'Light'? I have said for decades that the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) is not the fastest speed possible as claimed by mainstream science and is in fact the frequency walls or outer limits of the Matrix. You can't have a fastest or slowest anything within all possibility when everything is possible. The human body is encoded to operate within the speed of light or *within the simulation* and thus we see only the tiny frequency band of visible *light*. Near-death experiencers who perceive reality outside the body during temporary 'death' describe a very different

form of light and this is supported by the Nag Hammadi texts. Prime reality beyond the simulation ('Upper Aeons' to the Gnostics) is described as a realm of incredible beauty, bliss, love and harmony – a realm of 'watery light' that is so powerful 'there are no shadows'. Our false reality of Archon control, which Gnostics call the 'Lower Aeons', is depicted as a realm with a different kind of 'light' and described in terms of chaos, 'Hell', 'the Abyss' and 'Outer Darkness', where trapped souls are tormented and manipulated by demons (relate that to the 'Covid' hoax alone). The watery light theme can be found in near-death accounts and it is not the same as *simulation* 'light' which is electromagnetic or radiation light within the speed of light – the 'Lower Aeons'. Simulation 'light' is the 'luminous fire' associated by Gnostics with the Archons. The Bible refers to Yaldabaoth as 'that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world' (Revelation 12:9). I think that making a simulated copy of prime reality ('countermimicry') and changing it dramatically while all the time manipulating humanity to believe it to be real could probably meet the criteria of deceiving the whole world. Then we come to the Cult god Lucifer – the *Light Bringer*. Lucifer is symbolic of Yaldabaoth, the bringer of radiation light that forms the bad copy simulation within the speed of light. 'He' is symbolised by the lighted torch held by the Statue of Liberty and in the name 'Illuminati'. Sabbatian-Frankism declares that Lucifer is the true god and Lucifer is the real god of Freemasonry honoured as their 'Great or Grand Architect of the Universe' (simulation).

I would emphasise, too, the way Archontic technologically-generated luminous fire of radiation has deluged our environment since I was a kid in the 1950s and changed the nature of The Field with which we constantly interact. Through that interaction technological radiation is changing us. The Smart Grid is designed to operate with immense levels of communication power with 5G expanding across the world and 6G, 7G, in the process of development. Radiation is the simulation and the Archontic manipulation system. Why wouldn't the Archon Cult wish to unleash radiation upon us to an ever-greater extreme to form

Kurzweil's 'cloud'? The plan for a synthetic human is related to the need to cope with levels of radiation beyond even anything we've seen so far. Biological humans would not survive the scale of radiation they have in their script. The Smart Grid is a technological sub-reality within the technological simulation to further disconnect five-sense perception from expanded consciousness. It's a technological prison of the mind.

Infusing the 'spirit of darkness'

A recurring theme in religion and native cultures is the manipulation of human genetics by a non-human force and most famously recorded as the biblical 'sons of god' (the god*s* plural in the original) who interbred with the daughters of men. The Nag Hammadi *Apocryphon of John* tells the same story this way:

> He [Yaldabaoth] sent his angels [Archons/demons] to the daughters of men, that they might take some of them for themselves and raise offspring for their enjoyment. And at first they did not succeed. When they had no success, they gathered together again and they made a plan together ... And the angels changed themselves in their likeness into the likeness of their mates, filling them with the spirit of darkness, which they had mixed for them, and with evil ... And they took women and begot children out of the darkness according to the likeness of their spirit.

Possession when a discarnate entity takes over a human body is an age-old theme and continues today. It's very real and I've seen it. Satanic and secret society rituals can create an energetic environment in which entities can attach to initiates and I've heard many stories of how people have changed their personality after being initiated even into lower levels of the Freemasons. I have been inside three Freemasonic temples, one at a public open day and two by just walking in when there was no one around to stop me. They were in Ryde, the town where I live, Birmingham, England, when I was with a group, and Boston, Massachusetts. They all felt the same energetically – dark, dense, low-vibrational and sinister. Demonic attachment can happen while the initiate has no idea what is going on. To them it's just a ritual to get in the Masons and do a bit of good

business. In the far more extreme rituals of Satanism human possession is even more powerful and they are designed to make possession possible. The hierarchy of the Cult is dictated by the power and perceived status of the possessing Archon. In this way the Archon hierarchy becomes the Cult hierarchy. Once the entity has attached it can influence perception and behaviour and if it attaches to the extreme then so much of its energy (information) infuses into the body information field that the hologram starts to reflect the nature of the possessing entity. This is the *Exorcist* movie type of possession when facial features change and it's known as shapeshifting. Islam's Jinn are said to be invisible tricksters who change shape, 'whisper', confuse and take human form. These are all traits of the Archons and other versions of the same phenomenon. Extreme possession could certainty infuse the 'spirit of darkness' into a partner during sex as the Nag Hammadi texts appear to describe. Such an infusion can change genetics which is also energetic information. Human genetics is information and the 'spirit of darkness' is information. Mix one with the other and change must happen. Islam has the concept of a 'Jinn baby' through possession of the mother and by Jinn taking human form. There are many ways that human genetics can be changed and remember that Archons have been aware all along of advanced techniques to do this. What is being done in human society today – and far more – was known about by Archons at the time of the 'fallen ones' and their other versions described in religions and cultures.

Archons and their human-world Cult are obsessed with genetics as we see today and they know this dictates how information is processed into perceived reality during a human life. They needed to produce a human form that would decode the simulation and this is symbolically known as 'Adam and Eve' who left the 'garden' (prime reality) and 'fell' into Matrix reality. The simulation is not a 'physical' construct (there is no 'physical'); it is a source of information. Think Wi-Fi again. The simulation is an energetic field encoded with information and body-brain systems are designed to decode that information encoded in wave or frequency form which

is transmitted to the brain as electrical signals. These are decoded by the brain to construct our sense of reality – an illusory 'physical' world that only exists in the brain or the mind. Virtual reality games mimic this process using the same sensory decoding system. Information is fed to the senses to decode a virtual reality that can appear so real, but isn't (Figs 18 and 19). Some scientists believe – and I agree with them – that what we perceive as 'physical' reality only exists when we are looking or observing. The act of perception or focus triggers the decoding systems which turn waveform information into holographic reality. When we are not observing something our reality reverts from a holographic state to a waveform state. This relates to the same principle as a falling tree not making a noise unless someone is there to hear it or decode it. The concept makes sense from the simulation perspective. A computer is not decoding all the information in a Wi-Fi field all the time and only decodes or brings into reality on the screen that part of Wi-Fi that it's decoding – focusing upon – at that moment.

Figure 18: Virtual reality technology 'hacks' into the body's five-sense decoding system.

Figure 19: The result can be experienced as very 'real'.

Interestingly, Professor Donald Hoffman at the Department of Cognitive Sciences at the University of California, Irvine, says that our experienced reality is like a computer interface that shows us only the level with which we interact while hiding all that exists beyond it: 'Evolution shaped us with a user interface that hides the truth. Nothing that we see is the truth – the very language of space and time and objects is the wrong language to describe reality.' He is correct in what he says on so many levels. Space and time are not a universal reality. They are a phenomenon of decoded *simulation* reality as part of the process of enslaving our sense of reality. Near-death experiencers report again and again how space and time did not exist as we perceive them once they were free of the body – body decoding systems. You can appreciate from this why Archons and their Cult are so desperate to entrap human attention in the five senses where we are in the Matrix and of the Matrix. Opening your mind to expanded states of awareness takes you beyond the information confines of the simulation and you become aware of knowledge and insights denied to you before. This is what we call 'awakening' – *awakening from the Matrix* – and in the final chapter I will relate this to current events.

Where are the 'aliens'?

A simulation would explain the so-called 'Fermi Paradox' named after Italian physicist Enrico Fermi (1901-1954) who created the first nuclear reactor. He considered the question of why there is such a lack of extraterrestrial activity when there are so many stars and planets in an apparently vast universe; but what if the night sky that we see, or think we do, is a simulated projection as I say? If you control the simulation and your aim is to hold humanity fast in essential ignorance would you want other forms of life including advanced life coming and going sharing information with humanity? Or would you want them to believe they were isolated and apparently alone? Themes of human isolation and apartness are common whether they be the perception of a lifeless universe or the fascist isolation laws of the 'Covid' era. Paradoxically the very

existence of a simulation means that we are not alone when some force had to construct it. My view is that experiences that people have reported all over the world for centuries with Reptilians and Grey entities are Archon phenomena as Nag Hammadi texts describe; and that benevolent 'alien' interactions are non-human groups that come in and out of the simulation by overcoming Archon attempts to keep them out. It should be highlighted, too, that Reptilians and Greys are obsessed with *genetics* and *technology* as related by cultural accounts and those who say they have been abducted by them. Technology is their way of overcoming some of the limitations in their creative potential and our technology-driven and controlled human society of today is *arch*etypical Archon-Reptilian-Grey modus operandi. Technocracy is really *Archon*tocracy. The Universe does not have to be as big as it appears with a simulation. There is no space or distance only information decoded into holographic reality. What we call 'space' is only the absence of holographic 'objects' and that 'space' is The Field of energetic information which connects everything into a single whole. The same applies with the artificially-generated information field of the simulation. The Universe is not big or small as a physical reality. It is decoded information, that's all, and its perceived size is decided by the way the simulation is encoded to make it appear. The entire night sky as we perceive it only exists in our brain and so where are those 'millions of light years'? The 'stars' on the ceiling of the Planetarium looked a vast distance away.

There's another point to mention about 'aliens'. I have been highlighting since the 1990s the plan to stage a fake 'alien invasion' to justify the centralisation of global power and a world military. Nazi scientist Werner von Braun, who was taken to America by Operation Paperclip after World War Two to help found NASA, told his American assistant Dr Carol Rosin about the Cult agenda when he knew he was dying in 1977. Rosin said that he told her about a sequence that would lead to total human control by a one-world government. This included threats from terrorism, rogue nations, meteors and asteroids before finally an 'alien invasion'. All of these

things, von Braun said, would be bogus and what I would refer to as a No-Problem-Reaction-Solution. Keep this in mind when 'the aliens are coming' is the new mantra. The aliens are not coming – they are *already here* and they have infiltrated human society while looking human. French-Canadian investigative journalist Serge Monast said in 1994 that he had uncovered a NASA/military operation called Project Blue Beam which fits with what Werner von Braun predicted. Monast died of a 'heart attack' in 1996 the day after he was arrested and spent a night in prison. He was 51. He said Blue Beam was a plan to stage an alien invasion that would include religious figures beamed holographically into the sky as part of a global manipulation to usher in a 'new age' of worshipping what I would say is the Cult 'god' Yaldabaoth in a one-world religion. Fake holographic asteroids are also said to be part of the plan which again syncs with von Braun. How could you stage an illusory threat from asteroids unless they were holographic inserts? This is pretty straightforward given the advanced technology outside the public arena and the fact that our 'physical' reality is holographic anyway. Information fields would be projected and we would decode them into the illusion of a 'physical' asteroid. If they can sell a global 'pandemic' with a 'virus' that doesn't exist what will humans not believe if government and media tell them?

All this is particularly relevant as I write with the Pentagon planning to release in June, 2021, information about 'UFO sightings'. I have been following the UFO story since the early 1990s and the common theme throughout has been government and military denials and cover up. More recently, however, the Pentagon has suddenly become more talkative and apparently open with Air Force pilot radar images released of unexplained craft moving and changing direction at speeds well beyond anything believed possible with human technology. Then, in March, 2021, former Director of National Intelligence John Ratcliffe said a Pentagon report months later in June would reveal a great deal of information about UFO sightings unknown to the public. He said the report would have 'massive implications'. The order to do this was included bizarrely

in a $2.3 trillion 'coronavirus' relief and government funding bill passed by the Trump administration at the end of 2020. I would add some serious notes of caution here. I have been pointing out since the 1990s that the US military and intelligence networks have long had craft – 'flying saucers' or anti-gravity craft – which any observer would take to be extraterrestrial in origin. Keeping this knowledge from the public allows craft flown by *humans* to be perceived as alien visitations. I am not saying that 'aliens' do not exist. I would be the last one to say that, but we have to be streetwise here. President Ronald Reagan told the UN General Assembly in 1987: 'I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world.' That's the idea. Unite against a common 'enemy' with a common purpose behind your 'saviour force' (the Cult) as this age-old technique of mass manipulation goes global.

Science moves this way ...

I could find only one other person who was discussing the simulation hypothesis publicly when I concluded it was real. This was Nick Bostrom, a Swedish-born philosopher at the University of Oxford, who has explored for many years the possibility that human reality is a computer simulation although his version and mine are not the same. Today the simulation and holographic reality hypothesis have increasingly entered the scientific mainstream. Well, the more open-minded mainstream, that is. Here are a few of the ever-gathering examples. American nuclear physicist Silas Beane led a team of physicists at the University of Bonn in Germany pursuing the question of whether we live in a simulation. They concluded that we probably do and it was likely based on a lattice of cubes. They found that cosmic rays align with that specific pattern. The team highlighted the Greisen–Zatsepin–Kuzmin (GZK) limit which refers to cosmic ray particle interaction with cosmic background radiation that creates an apparent boundary for cosmic ray particles. They say in a paper entitled 'Constraints on the Universe as a Numerical Simulation' that this 'pattern of constraint' is exactly what you

would find with a computer simulation. They also made the point that a simulation would create its own 'laws of physics' that would limit possibility. I've been making the same point for decades that the *perceived* laws of physics relate only to this reality, or what I would later call the simulation. When designers write codes to create computer and virtual reality games they are the equivalent of the laws of physics for that game. Players interact within the limitations laid out by the coding. In the same way those who wrote the codes for the simulation decided the laws of physics that would apply. These can be overridden by expanded states of consciousness, but not by those enslaved in only five-sense awareness where simulation codes rule. Overriding the codes is what people call 'miracles'. They are not. They are bypassing the encoded limits of the simulation. A population caught in simulation perception would have no idea that this was their plight. As the Bonn paper said: 'Like a prisoner in a pitch-black cell we would not be able to see the "walls" of our prison,' That's true if people remain mesmerised by the five senses. Open to expanded awareness and those walls become very clear. The main one is the speed of light.

American theoretical physicist James Gates is another who has explored the simulation question and found considerable evidence to support the idea. Gates was Professor of Physics at the University of Maryland, Director of The Center for String and Particle Theory, and on Barack Obama's Council of Advisors on Science and Technology. He and his team found *computer codes* of digital data embedded in the fabric of our reality. They relate to on-off electrical charges of 1 and 0 in the binary system used by computers. 'We have no idea what they are doing there', Gates said. They found within the energetic fabric mathematical sequences known as error-correcting codes or block codes that 'reboot' data to its original state or 'default settings' when something knocks it out of sync. Gates was asked if he had found a set of equations embedded in our reality indistinguishable from those that drive search engines and browsers and he said: 'That is correct.' Rich Terrile, director of the Centre for Evolutionary Computation and Automated Design at NASA's Jet

Propulsion Laboratory, has said publicly that he believes the Universe is a digital hologram that must have been created by a form of intelligence. I agree with that in every way. Waveform information is delivered electrically by the senses to the brain which constructs a *digital* holographic reality that we call the 'world'. This digital level of reality can be read by the esoteric art of numerology. Digital holograms are at the cutting edge of holographics today. We have digital technology everywhere designed to access and manipulate our digital level of perceived reality. Synthetic mRNA in 'Covid vaccines' has a digital component to manipulate the body's digital 'operating system'.

Reality is numbers

How many know that our reality can be broken down to numbers and codes that are the same as computer games? Max Tegmark, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), is the author of *Our Mathematical Universe* in which he lays out how reality can be entirely described by numbers and maths in the way that a video game is encoded with the 'physics' of computer games. Our world and computer virtual reality are essentially the same. Tegmark imagines the perceptions of characters in an advanced computer game when the graphics are so good they don't know they are in a game. They think they can bump into real objects (electromagnetic resistance in our reality), fall in love and feel emotions like excitement. When they began to study the apparently 'physical world' of the video game they would realise that everything was made of pixels (which have been found in our energetic reality as must be the case when on one level our world is digital). What computer game characters thought was physical 'stuff', Tegmark said, could actually be broken down into numbers:

> And we're exactly in this situation in our world. We look around and it doesn't seem that mathematical at all, but everything we see is made out of elementary particles like quarks and electrons. And what properties does an electron have? Does it have a smell or a colour or a texture? No! ... We physicists have come up with geeky names for [Electron] properties, like

electric charge, or spin, or lepton number, but the electron doesn't care what we call it, the properties are just numbers.

This is the illusory reality Gnostics were describing. This is the simulation. The A, C, G, and T codes of DNA have a binary value – A and C = 0 while G and T = 1. This has to be when the simulation is digital and the body must be digital to interact with it. Recurring mathematical sequences are encoded throughout reality and the body. They include the Fibonacci sequence in which the two previous numbers are added to get the next one, as in ... 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, etc. The sequence is encoded in the human face and body, proportions of animals, DNA, seed heads, pine cones, trees, shells, spiral galaxies, hurricanes and the number of petals in a flower. The list goes on and on. There are fractal patterns – a 'never-ending pattern that is infinitely complex and self-similar across all scales in the as above, so below, principle of holograms. These and other famous recurring geometrical and mathematical sequences such as Phi, Pi, Golden Mean, Golden Ratio and Golden Section are *computer codes* of the simulation. I had to laugh and give my head a shake the day I finished this book and it went into the production stage. I was sent an article in *Scientific American* published in April, 2021, with the headline 'Confirmed! We Live in a Simulation'. Two decades after I first said our reality is a simulation and the speed of light is it's outer limit the article suggested that we do live in a simulation and that the speed of light is its outer limit. I left school at 15 and never passed a major exam in my life while the writer was up to his eyes in qualifications. As I will explain in the final chapter *knowing* is far better than thinking and they come from very different sources. The article rightly connected the speed of light to the processing speed of the 'Matrix' and said what has been in my books all this time … 'If we are in a simulation, as it appears, then space is an abstract property written in code. It is not real'. No it's not and if we live in a simulation something created it and it wasn't *us*. 'That David Icke says we are manipulated by aliens' – he's crackers.'

Wow ...

The reality that humanity thinks is so real is an illusion. Politicians, governments, scientists, doctors, academics, law enforcement, media, school and university curriculums, on and on, are all founded on a world that *does not exist* except as a simulated prison cell. Is it such a stretch to accept that 'Covid' doesn't exist when our entire 'physical' reality doesn't exist? Revealed here is the knowledge kept under raps in the Cult networks of compartmentalised secrecy to control humanity's sense of reality by inducing the population to believe in a reality that's not real. If it wasn't so tragic in its experiential consequences the whole thing would be hysterically funny. None of this is new to Renegade Minds. Ancient Greek philosopher Plato (about 428 to about 347BC) was a major influence on Gnostic belief and he described the human plight thousands of years ago with his Allegory of the Cave. He told the symbolic story of prisoners living in a cave who had never been outside. They were chained and could only see one wall of the cave while behind them was a fire that they could not see. Figures walked past the fire casting shadows on the prisoners' wall and those moving shadows became their sense of reality. Some prisoners began to study the shadows and were considered experts on them (today's academics and scientists), but what they studied was only an illusion (today's academics and scientists). A prisoner escaped from the cave and saw reality as it really is. When he returned to report this revelation they didn't believe him, called him mad and threatened to kill him if he tried to set them free. Plato's tale is not only a brilliant analogy of the human plight and our illusory reality. It describes, too, the dynamics of the 'Covid' hoax. I have only skimmed the surface of these subjects here. The aim of this book is to crisply connect all essential dots to put what is happening today into its true context. All subject areas and their connections in this chapter are covered in great evidential detail in *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* and *The Answer*.

They say that bewildered people 'can't see the forest for the trees'. Humanity, however, can't see the forest for the *twigs*. The five senses

see only twigs while Renegade Minds can see the forest and it's the forest where the answers lie with the connections that reveals. Breaking free of perceptual programming so the forest can be seen is the way we turn all this around. Not breaking free is how humanity got into this mess. The situation may seem hopeless, but I promise you it's not. We are a perceptual heartbeat from paradise if only we knew.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Escaping Wetiko

Life is simply a vacation from the infinite
Dean Cavanagh

Renegade Minds weave the web of life and events and see common themes in the apparently random. They are always there if you look for them and their pursuit is aided by incredible synchronicity that comes when your mind is open rather than mesmerised by what it thinks it can see.

Infinite awareness is infinite possibility and the more of infinite possibility that we access the more becomes infinitely possible. That may be stating the apparently obvious, but it is a devastatingly-powerful fact that can set us free. We are a point of attention within an infinity of consciousness. The question is how much of that infinity do we choose to access? How much knowledge, insight, awareness, wisdom, do we want to connect with and explore? If your focus is only in the five senses you will be influenced by a fraction of infinite awareness. I mean a range so tiny that it gives new meaning to infinitesimal. Limitation of self-identity and a sense of the possible limit accordingly your range of consciousness. We are what we think we are. Life is what we think it is. The dream is the dreamer and the dreamer is the dream. Buddhist philosophy puts it this way: 'As a thing is viewed, so it appears.' Most humans live in the realm of touch, taste, see, hear, and smell and that's the limit of their sense of the possible and sense of self. Many will follow a religion and speak of a God in his heaven, but their lives are still

dominated by the five senses in their perceptions and actions. The five senses become the arbiter of everything. When that happens all except a smear of infinity is sealed away from influence by the rigid, unyielding, reality bubbles that are the five-sense human or Phantom Self. Archon Cult methodology is to isolate consciousness within five-sense reality – the simulation – and then program that consciousness with a sense of self and the world through a deluge of life-long information designed to instil the desired perception that allows global control. Efforts to do this have increased dramatically with identity politics as identity bubbles are squeezed into the minutiae of five-sense detail which disconnect people even more profoundly from the infinite 'I'.

Five-sense focus and self-identity are like a firewall that limits access to the infinite realms. You only perceive one radio or television station and no other. We'll take that literally for a moment. Imagine a vast array of stations giving different information and angles on reality, but you only ever listen to one. Here we have the human plight in which the population is overwhelmingly confined to CultFM. This relates only to the frequency range of CultFM and limits perception and insight to that band – limits *possibility* to that band. It means you are connecting with an almost imperceptibly minuscule range of possibility and creative potential within the infinite Field. It's a world where everything seems apart from everything else and where synchronicity is rare. Synchronicity is defined in the dictionary as 'the happening by chance of two or more related or similar events at the same time'. Use of 'by chance' betrays a complete misunderstanding of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'. As people open their minds, or 'awaken' to use the term, they notice more and more coincidences in their lives, bits of 'luck', apparently miraculous happenings that put them in the right place at the right time with the right people. Days become peppered with 'fancy meeting you here' and 'what are the chances of that?' My entire life has been lived like this and ever more so since my own colossal awakening in 1990 and 91 which transformed my sense of reality. Synchronicity is not 'by chance'; it is by accessing expanded

realms of possibility which allow expanded potential for manifestation. People broadcasting the same vibe from the same openness of mind tend to be drawn 'by chance' to each other through what I call frequency magnetism and it's not only people. In the last more than 30 years incredible synchronicity has also led me through the Cult maze to information in so many forms and to crucial personal experiences. These 'coincidences' have allowed me to put the puzzle pieces together across an enormous array of subjects and situations. Those who have breached the bubble of five-sense reality will know exactly what I mean and this escape from the perceptual prison cell is open to everyone whenever they make that choice. This may appear super-human when compared with the limitations of 'human', but it's really our natural state. 'Human' as currently experienced is consciousness in an unnatural state of induced separation from the infinity of the whole. I'll come to how this transformation into unity can be made when I have described in more detail the force that holds humanity in servitude by denying this access to infinite self.

The Wetiko factor

I have been talking and writing for decades about the way five-sense mind is systematically barricaded from expanded awareness. I have used the analogy of a computer (five-sense mind) and someone at the keyboard (expanded awareness). Interaction between the computer and the operator is symbolic of the interaction between five-sense mind and expanded awareness. The computer directly experiences the Internet and the operator experiences the Internet via the computer which is how it's supposed to be – the two working as one. Archons seek to control that point where the operator connects with the computer to stop that interaction (Fig 20). Now the operator is banging the keyboard and clicking the mouse, but the computer is not responding and this happens when the computer is taken over – *possessed* – by an appropriately-named computer 'virus'. The operator has lost all influence over the computer which goes its own way making decisions under the control of the 'virus'. I have

just described the dynamic through which the force known to Gnostics as Yaldabaoth and Archons disconnects five-sense mind from expanded awareness to imprison humanity in perceptual servitude.

Figure 20: The mind 'virus' I have been writing about for decades seeks to isolate five-sense mind (the computer) from the true 'I'. (Image by Neil Hague).

About a year ago I came across a Native American concept of Wetiko which describes precisely the same phenomenon. Wetiko is the spelling used by the Cree and there are other versions including wintiko and windigo used by other tribal groups. They spell the name with lower case, but I see Wetiko as a proper noun as with Archons and prefer a capital. I first saw an article about Wetiko by writer and researcher Paul Levy which so synced with what I had been writing about the computer/operator disconnection and later the Archons. I then read his book, the fascinating *Dispelling Wetiko, Breaking the Spell of Evil*. The parallels between what I had concluded long before and the Native American concept of Wetiko were so clear and obvious that it was almost funny. For Wetiko see the Gnostic Archons for sure and the Jinn, the Predators, and every other name for a force of evil, inversion and chaos. Wetiko is the Native American name for the force that divides the computer from

the operator (Fig 21). Indigenous author Jack D. Forbes, a founder of the Native American movement in the 1960s, wrote another book about Wetiko entitled *Columbus And Other Cannibals – The Wetiko Disease of Exploitation, Imperialism, and Terrorism* which I also read. Forbes says that Wetiko refers to an evil person or spirit 'who terrorizes other creatures by means of terrible acts, including cannibalism'. Zulu shaman Credo Mutwa told me that African accounts tell how cannibalism was brought into the world by the Chitauri 'gods' – another manifestation of Wetiko. The distinction between 'evil person or spirit' relates to Archons/Wetiko possessing a human or acting as pure consciousness. Wetiko is said to be a sickness of the soul or spirit and a state of being that takes but gives nothing back – the Cult and its operatives perfectly described. Black Hawk, a Native American war leader defending their lands from confiscation, said European invaders had 'poisoned hearts' – Wetiko hearts – and that this would spread to native societies. Mention of the heart is very significant as we shall shortly see. Forbes writes: 'Tragically, the history of the world for the past 2,000 years is, in great part, the story of the epidemiology of the wetiko disease.' Yes, and much longer. Forbes is correct when he says: 'The wetikos destroyed Egypt and Babylon and Athens and Rome and Tenochtitlan [capital of the Aztec empire] and perhaps now they will destroy the entire earth.' Evil, he said, is the number one export of a Wetiko culture – see its globalisation with 'Covid'. Constant war, mass murder, suffering of all kinds, child abuse, Satanism, torture and human sacrifice are all expressions of Wetiko and the Wetiko possessed. The world is Wetiko made manifest, *but it doesn't have to be*. There is a way out of this even now.

Figure 21: The mind 'virus' is known to Native Americans as 'Wetiko'. (Image by Neil Hague).

Cult of Wetiko

Wetiko is the Yaldabaoth frequency distortion that seeks to attach to human consciousness and absorb it into its own. Once this connection is made Wetiko can drive the perceptions of the target which they believe to be coming from their own mind. All the horrors of history and today from mass killers to Satanists, paedophiles like Jeffrey Epstein and other psychopaths, are the embodiment of Wetiko and express its state of being in all its grotesqueness. The Cult is Wetiko incarnate, Yaldabaoth incarnate, and it seeks to facilitate Wetiko assimilation of humanity in totality into its distortion by manipulating the population into low frequency states that match its own. Paul Levy writes: 'Holographically enforced within the psyche of every human being the wetiko virus pervades and underlies the entire field of consciousness, and can therefore potentially manifest through any one of us at any moment if we are not mindful.' The 'Covid' hoax has achieved this with many people, but others have not fallen into Wetiko's frequency lair. Players in the 'Covid' human catastrophe including Gates, Schwab, Tedros, Fauci, Whitty, Vallance, Johnson, Hancock, Ferguson, Drosten, and all the rest, including the psychopath psychologists, are expressions of Wetiko. This is why

they have no compassion or empathy and no emotional consequence for what they do that would make them stop doing it. Observe all the people who support the psychopaths in authority against the Pushbackers despite the damaging impact the psychopaths have on their own lives and their family's lives. You are again looking at Wetiko possession which prevents them seeing through the lies to the obvious scam going on. *Why can't they see it?* Wetiko won't let them see it. The perceptual divide that has now become a chasm is between the Wetikoed and the non-Wetikoed.

Paul Levy describes Wetiko in the same way that I have long described the Archontic force. They are the same distorted consciousness operating across dimensions of reality: '… the subtle body of wetiko is not located in the third dimension of space and time, literally existing in another dimension … it is able to affect ordinary lives by mysteriously interpenetrating into our three-dimensional world.' Wetiko does this through its incarnate representatives in the Cult and by weaving itself into The Field which on our level of reality is the electromagnetic information field of the simulation or Matrix. More than that, the simulation *is* Wetiko / Yaldabaoth. Caleb Scharf, Director of Astrobiology at Columbia University, has speculated that 'alien life' could be so advanced that it has transcribed itself into the quantum realm to become what we call physics. He said intelligence indistinguishable from the fabric of the Universe would solve many of its greatest mysteries:

> Perhaps hyper-advanced life isn't just external. Perhaps it's already all around. It is embedded in what we perceive to be physics itself, from the root behaviour of particles and fields to the phenomena of complexity and emergence ... In other words, life might not just be in the equations. It might BE the equations [My emphasis].

Scharf said it is possible that 'we don't recognise advanced life because it forms an integral and unsuspicious part of what we've considered to be the natural world'. I agree. Wetiko/Yaldabaoth *is* the simulation. We are literally in the body of the beast. But that doesn't mean it has to control us. We all have the power to overcome Wetiko

influence and the Cult knows that. I doubt it sleeps too well because it knows that.

Which Field?

This, I suggest, is how it all works. There are two Fields. One is the fierce electromagnetic light of the Matrix within the speed of light; the other is the 'watery light' of The Field beyond the walls of the Matrix that connects with the Great Infinity. Five-sense mind and the decoding systems of the body attach us to the Field of Matrix light. They have to or we could not experience this reality. Five-sense mind sees only the Matrix Field of information while our expanded consciousness is part of the Infinity Field. When we open our minds, and most importantly our hearts, to the Infinity Field we have a mission control which gives us an expanded perspective, a road map, to understand the nature of the five-sense world. If we are isolated only in five-sense mind there is no mission control. We're on our own trying to understand a world that's constantly feeding us information to ensure we do not understand. People in this state can feel 'lost' and bewildered with no direction or radar. You can see ever more clearly those who are influenced by the Fields of Big Infinity or little five-sense mind simply by their views and behaviour with regard to the 'Covid' hoax. We have had this division throughout known human history with the mass of the people on one side and individuals who could see and intuit beyond the walls of the simulation – Plato's prisoner who broke out of the cave and saw reality for what it is. Such people have always been targeted by Wetiko/Archon-possessed authority, burned at the stake or demonised as mad, bad and dangerous. The Cult today and its global network of 'anti-hate', 'anti-fascist' Woke groups are all expressions of Wetiko attacking those exposing the conspiracy, 'Covid' lies and the 'vaccine' agenda.

Woke as a whole is Wetiko which explains its black and white mentality and how at one it is with the Wetiko-possessed Cult. Paul Levy said: 'To be in this paradigm is to still be under the thrall of a two-valued logic – where things are either true or false – of a

wetikoized mind.' Wetiko consciousness is in a permanent rage, therefore so is Woke, and then there is Woke inversion and contradiction. 'Anti-fascists' act like fascists because fascists *and* 'anti-fascists' are both Wetiko at work. Political parties act the same while claiming to be different for the same reason. Secret society and satanic rituals are attaching initiates to Wetiko and the cold, ruthless, psychopathic mentality that secures the positions of power all over the world is Wetiko. Reframing 'training programmes' have the same cumulative effect of attaching Wetiko and we have their graduates described as automatons and robots with a cold, psychopathic, uncaring demeanour. They are all traits of Wetiko possession and look how many times they have been described in this book and elsewhere with regard to personnel behind 'Covid' including the police and medical profession. Climbing the greasy pole in any profession in a Wetiko society requires traits of Wetiko to get there and that is particularly true of politics which is not about fair competition and pre-eminence of ideas. It is founded on how many backs you can stab and arses you can lick. This culminated in the global 'Covid' coordination between the Wetiko possessed who pulled it off in all the different countries without a trace of empathy and compassion for their impact on humans. Our sight sense can see only holographic form and not the Field which connects holographic form. Therefore we perceive 'physical' objects with 'space' in between. In fact that 'space' is energy/consciousness operating on multiple frequencies. One of them is Wetiko and that connects the Cult psychopaths, those who submit to the psychopaths, and those who serve the psychopaths in the media operations of the world. Wetiko is Gates. Wetiko is the mask-wearing submissive. Wetiko is the fake journalist and 'fact-checker'. The Wetiko Field is coordinating the whole thing. Psychopaths, gofers, media operatives, 'anti-hate' hate groups, 'fact-checkers' and submissive people work as one unit *even without human coordination* because they are attached to the *same* Field which is organising it all (Fig 22). Paul Levy is here describing how Wetiko-possessed people are drawn together and refuse to let any information breach their rigid

perceptions. He was writing long before 'Covid', but I think you will recognise followers of the 'Covid' religion *oh just a little bit*:

People who are channelling the vibratory frequency of wetiko align with each other through psychic resonance to reinforce their unspoken shared agreement so as to uphold their deranged view of reality. Once an unconscious content takes possession of certain individuals, it irresistibly draws them together by mutual attraction and knits them into groups tied together by their shared madness that can easily swell into an avalanche of insanity.

A psychic epidemic is a closed system, which is to say that it is insular and not open to any new information or informing influences from the outside world which contradict its fixed, limited, and limiting perspective.

There we have the Woke mind and the 'Covid' mind. Compatible resonance draws the awakening together, too, which is clearly happening today.

Figure 22: The Wetiko Field from which the Cult pyramid and its personnel are made manifest. (Image by Neil Hague).

Spiritual servitude

Wetiko doesn't care about humans. It's not human; it just possesses humans for its own ends and the effect (depending on the scale of

possession) can be anything from extreme psychopathy to unquestioning obedience. Wetiko's worst nightmare is for human consciousness to expand beyond the simulation. Everything is focussed on stopping that happening through control of information, thus perception, thus frequency. The 'education system', media, science, medicine, academia, are all geared to maintaining humanity in five-sense servitude as is the constant stimulation of low-vibrational mental and emotional states (see 'Covid'). Wetiko seeks to dominate those subconscious spaces between five-sense perception and expanded consciousness where the computer meets the operator. From these subconscious hiding places Wetiko speaks to us to trigger urges and desires that we take to be our own and manipulate us into anything from low-vibrational to psychopathic states. Remember how Islam describes the Jinn as invisible tricksters that 'whisper' and confuse. Wetiko is the origin of the 'trickster god' theme that you find in cultures all over the world. Jinn, like the Archons, are Wetiko which is terrified of humans awakening and reconnecting with our true self for then its energy source has gone. With that the feedback loop breaks between Wetiko and human perception that provides the energetic momentum on which its very existence depends as a force of evil. Humans are both its target and its source of survival, but only if we are operating in low-vibrational states of fear, hate, depression and the background anxiety that most people suffer. We are Wetiko's target because we are its key to survival. It needs us, not the other way round. Paul Levy writes:

> A vampire has no intrinsic, independent, substantial existence in its own right; it only exists in relation to us. The pathogenic, vampiric mind-parasite called wetiko is nothing in itself – not being able to exist from its own side – yet it has a 'virtual reality' such that it can potentially destroy our species …
>
> …The fact that a vampire is not reflected by a mirror can also mean that what we need to see is that there's nothing, no-thing to see, other than ourselves. The fact that wetiko is the expression of something inside of us means that the cure for wetiko is with us as well. The critical issue is finding this cure within us and then putting it into effect.

Evil begets evil because if evil does not constantly expand and find new sources of energetic sustenance its evil, its *distortion*, dies with the assimilation into balance and harmony. Love is the garlic to Wetiko's vampire. Evil, the absence of love, cannot exist in the presence of love. I think I see a way out of here. I have emphasised so many times over the decades that the Archons/Wetiko and their Cult are not all powerful. *They are not*. I don't care how it looks even now *they are not*. I have not called them little boys in short trousers for effect. I have said it because it is true. Wetiko's insatiable desire for power over others is not a sign of its omnipotence, but its insecurity. Paul Levy writes: 'Due to the primal fear which ultimately drives it and which it is driven to cultivate, wetiko's body politic has an intrinsic and insistent need for centralising power and control so as to create imagined safety for itself.' *Yeeeeeees!* Exactly! Why does Wetiko want humans in an ongoing state of fear? Wetiko itself *is* fear and it is petrified of love. As evil is an absence of love, so love is an absence of fear. Love conquers all and *especially* Wetiko which *is* fear. Wetiko brought fear into the world when it wasn't here before. *Fear* was the 'fall', the fall into low-frequency ignorance and illusion – fear is **F**alse **E**motion **A**ppearing **R**eal. The simulation is driven and energised by fear because Wetiko/Yaldabaoth (fear) *are* the simulation. Fear is the absence of love and Wetiko is the absence of love.

Wetiko today

We can now view current events from this level of perspective. The 'Covid' hoax has generated momentous amounts of ongoing fear, anxiety, depression and despair which have empowered Wetiko. No wonder people like Gates have been the instigators when they are Wetiko incarnate and exhibit every trait of Wetiko in the extreme. See how cold and unemotional these people are like Gates and his cronies, how dead of eye they are. That's Wetiko. Sabbatians are Wetiko and everything they control including the World Health Organization, Big Pharma and the 'vaccine' makers, national 'health'

hierarchies, corporate media, Silicon Valley, the banking system, and the United Nations with its planned transformation into world government. All are controlled and possessed by the Wetiko distortion into distorting human society in its image. We are with this knowledge at the gateway to understanding the world. Divisions of race, culture, creed and sexuality are diversions to hide the real division between those possessed and influenced by Wetiko and those that are not. The 'Covid' hoax has brought both clearly into view. Human behaviour is not about race. Tyrants and dictatorships come in all colours and creeds. What unites the US president bombing the innocent and an African tribe committing genocide against another as in Rwanda? What unites them? *Wetiko*. All wars are Wetiko, all genocide is Wetiko, all hunger over centuries in a world of plenty is Wetiko. Children going to bed hungry, including in the West, is Wetiko. Cult-generated Woke racial divisions that focus on the body are designed to obscure the reality that divisions in behaviour are manifestations of mind, not body. Obsession with body identity and group judgement is a means to divert attention from the real source of behaviour – mind and perception. Conflict sown by the Woke both within themselves and with their target groups are Wetiko providing lunch for itself through still more agents of the division, chaos, and fear on which it feeds. The Cult is seeking to assimilate the entirety of humanity and all children and young people into the Wetiko frequency by manipulating them into states of fear and despair. Witness all the suicide and psychological unravelling since the spring of 2020. Wetiko psychopaths want to impose a state of unquestioning obedience to authority which is no more than a conduit for Wetiko to enforce its will and assimilate humanity into itself. It needs us to believe that resistance is futile when it fears resistance and even more so the game-changing non-cooperation with its impositions. It can use violent resistance for its benefit. Violent impositions and violent resistance are *both* Wetiko. The Power of Love with its Power of No will sweep Wetiko from our world. Wetiko and its Cult know that. They just don't want us to know.

AI Wetiko

This brings me to AI or artificial intelligence and something else Wetikos don't want us to know. What is AI *really*? I know about computer code algorithms and AI that learns from data input. These, however, are more diversions, the expeditionary force, for the real AI that they want to connect to the human brain as promoted by Silicon Valley Wetikos like Kurzweil. What is this AI? It is the frequency of *Wetiko*, the frequency of the Archons. The connection of AI to the human brain is the connection of the Wetiko frequency to create a Wetiko hive mind and complete the job of assimilation. The hive mind is planned to be controlled from Israel and China which are both 100 percent owned by Wetiko Sabbatians. The assimilation process has been going on minute by minute in the 'smart' era which fused with the 'Covid' era. We are told that social media is scrambling the minds of the young and changing their personality. This is true, but what is social media? Look more deeply at how it works, how it creates divisions and conflict, the hostility and cruelty, the targeting of people until they are destroyed. That's Wetiko. Social media is manipulated to tune people to the Wetiko frequency with all the emotional exploitation tricks employed by platforms like Facebook and its Wetiko front man, Zuckerberg. Facebook's Instagram announced a new platform for children to overcome a legal bar on them using the main site. This is more Wetiko exploitation and manipulation of kids. Amnesty International likened the plan to foxes offering to guard the henhouse and said it was incompatible with human rights. Since when did Wetiko or Zuckerberg (I repeat myself) care about that? Would Brin and Page at Google, Wojcicki at YouTube, Bezos at Amazon and whoever the hell runs Twitter act as they do if they were not channelling Wetiko? Would those who are developing technologies for no other reason than human control? How about those designing and selling technologies to kill people and Big Pharma drug and 'vaccine' producers who know they will end or devastate lives? Quite a thought for these people to consider is that if you are Wetiko in a human life you are Wetiko on the 'other side' unless your frequency

changes and that can only change by a change of perception which becomes a change of behaviour. Where Gates is going does not bear thinking about although perhaps that's exactly where he wants to go. Either way, that's where he's going. His frequency will make it so.

The frequency lair

I have been saying for a long time that a big part of the addiction to smartphones and devices is that a frequency is coming off them that entraps the mind. People spend ages on their phones and sometimes even a minute or so after they put them down they pick them up again and it all repeats. 'Covid' lockdowns will have increased this addiction a million times for obvious reasons. Addictions to alcohol overindulgence and drugs are another way that Wetiko entraps consciousness to attach to its own. Both are symptoms of low-vibrational psychological distress which alcoholism and drug addiction further compound. Do we think it's really a coincidence that access to them is made so easy while potions that can take people into realms beyond the simulation are banned and illegal? I have explored smartphone addiction in other books, the scale is mind-blowing, and that level of addiction does not come without help. Tech companies that make these phones are Wetiko and they will have no qualms about destroying the minds of children. We are seeing again with these companies the Wetiko perceptual combination of psychopathic enforcers and weak and meek unquestioning compliance by the rank and file.

The global Smart Grid is the Wetiko Grid and it is crucial to complete the Cult endgame. The simulation is radiation and we are being deluged with technological radiation on a devastating scale. Wetiko frauds like Elon Musk serve Cult interests while occasionally criticising them to maintain his street-cred. 5G and other forms of Wi-Fi are being directed at the earth from space on a volume and scale that goes on increasing by the day. Elon Musk's (officially) SpaceX Starlink project is in the process of putting tens of thousands of satellites in low orbit to cover every inch of the planet with 5G and other Wi-Fi to create Kurzweil's global 'cloud' to which the

human mind is planned to be attached very soon. SpaceX has approval to operate 12,000 satellites with more than 1,300 launched at the time of writing and applications filed for *30,000* more. Other operators in the Wi-Fi, 5G, low-orbit satellite market include OneWeb (UK), Telesat (Canada), and AST & Science (US). Musk tells us that AI could be the end of humanity and then launches a company called Neuralink to connect the human brain to computers. Musk's (in theory) Tesla company is building electric cars and the driverless vehicles of the smart control grid. As frauds and bullshitters go Elon Musk in my opinion is Major League.

5G and technological radiation in general are destructive to human health, genetics and psychology and increasing the strength of artificial radiation underpins the five-sense perceptual bubbles which are themselves expressions of radiation or electromagnetism. Freedom activist John Whitehead was so right with his 'databit by databit, we are building our own electronic concentration camps'. The Smart Grid and 5G is a means to control the human mind and infuse perceptual information into The Field to influence anyone in sync with its frequency. You can change perception and behaviour en masse if you can manipulate the population into those levels of frequency and this is happening all around us today. The arrogance of Musk and his fellow Cult operatives knows no bounds in the way that we see with Gates. Musk's satellites are so many in number already they are changing the night sky when viewed from Earth. The astronomy community has complained about this and they have seen nothing yet. Some consequences of Musk's Wetiko hubris include: Radiation; visible pollution of the night sky; interference with astronomy and meteorology; ground and water pollution from intensive use of increasingly many spaceports; accumulating space debris; continual deorbiting and burning up of aging satellites, polluting the atmosphere with toxic dust and smoke; and ever-increasing likelihood of collisions. A collective public open letter of complaint to Musk said:

We are writing to you … because SpaceX is in process of surrounding the Earth with a network of thousands of satellites whose very purpose is to irradiate every square inch of the

Earth. SpaceX, like everyone else, is treating the radiation as if it were not there. As if the mitochondria in our cells do not depend on electrons moving undisturbed from the food we digest to the oxygen we breathe.

As if our nervous systems and our hearts are not subject to radio frequency interference like any piece of electronic equipment. As if the cancer, diabetes, and heart disease that now afflict a majority of the Earth's population are not metabolic diseases that result from interference with our cellular machinery. As if insects everywhere, and the birds and animals that eat them, are not starving to death as a result.

People like Musk and Gates believe in their limitless Wetiko arrogance that they can do whatever they like to the world because they own it. Consequences for humanity are irrelevant. It's absolutely time that we stopped taking this shit from these self-styled masters of the Earth when you consider where this is going.

Why is the Cult so anti-human?

I hear this question often: Why would they do this when it will affect them, too? Ah, but will it? Who is this *them*? Forget their bodies. They are just vehicles for Wetiko consciousness. When you break it all down to the foundations we are looking at a state of severely distorted consciousness targeting another state of consciousness for assimilation. The rest is detail. The simulation is the fly-trap in which unique sensations of the five senses create a cycle of addiction called reincarnation. Renegade Minds see that everything which happens in our reality is a smaller version of the whole picture in line with the holographic principle. Addiction to the radiation of smart technology is a smaller version of addiction to the whole simulation. Connecting the body/brain to AI is taking that addiction on a giant step further to total ongoing control by assimilating human incarnate consciousness into Wetiko. I have watched during the 'Covid' hoax how many are becoming ever more profoundly attached to Wetiko's perceptual calling cards of aggressive response to any other point of view ('There is no other god but me'), psychopathic lack of compassion and empathy, and servile submission to the narrative and will of authority. Wetiko is the psychopaths *and* subservience to psychopaths. The Cult of Wetiko is

so anti-human because it is *not* human. It embarked on a mission to destroy human by targeting everything that it means to be human and to survive as human. 'Covid' is not the end, just a means to an end. The Cult with its Wetiko consciousness is seeking to change Earth systems, including the atmosphere, to suit them, not humans. The gathering bombardment of 5G alone from ground and space is dramatically changing The Field with which the five senses interact. There is so much more to come if we sit on our hands and hope it will all go away. It is not meant to go away. It is meant to get ever more extreme and we need to face that while we still can – just.

Carbon dioxide is the gas of life. Without that human is over. Kaput, gone, history. No natural world, no human. The Cult has created a cock and bull story about carbon dioxide and climate change to justify its reduction to the point where Gates and the ignoramus Biden 'climate chief' John Kerry want to suck it out of the atmosphere. Kerry wants to do this because his master Gates does. Wetikos have made the gas of life a demon with the usual support from the Wokers of Extinction Rebellion and similar organisations and the bewildered puppet-child that is Greta Thunberg who was put on the world stage by Klaus Schwab and the World Economic Forum. The name Extinction Rebellion is both ironic and as always Wetiko inversion. The gas that we need to survive must be reduced to save us from extinction. The most basic need of human is oxygen and we now have billions walking around in face nappies depriving body and brain of this essential requirement of human existence. More than that 5G at 60 gigahertz interacts with the oxygen molecule to reduce the amount of oxygen the body can absorb into the bloodstream. The obvious knock-on consequences of that for respiratory and cognitive problems and life itself need no further explanation. Psychopaths like Musk are assembling a global system of satellites to deluge the human atmosphere with this insanity. The man should be in jail. Here we have two most basic of human needs, oxygen and carbon dioxide, being dismantled.

Two others, water and food, are getting similar treatment with the United Nations Agendas 21 and 2030 – the Great Reset – planning to

centrally control all water and food supplies. People will not even own rain water that falls on their land. Food is affected at the most basic level by reducing carbon dioxide. We have genetic modification or GMO infiltrating the food chain on a mass scale, pesticides and herbicides polluting the air and destroying the soil. Freshwater fish that provide livelihoods for 60 million people and feed hundreds of millions worldwide are being 'pushed to the brink' according the conservationists while climate change is the only focus. Now we have Gates and Schwab wanting to dispense with current food sources all together and replace them with a synthetic version which the Wetiko Cult would control in terms of production and who eats and who doesn't. We have been on the Totalitarian Tiptoe to this for more than 60 years as food has become ever more processed and full of chemical shite to the point today when it's not natural food at all. As Dr Tom Cowan says: 'If it has a label don't eat it.' Bill Gates is now the biggest owner of farmland in the United States and he does nothing without an ulterior motive involving the Cult. Klaus Schwab wrote: 'To feed the world in the next 50 years we will need to produce as much food as was produced in the last 10,000 years … food security will only be achieved, however, if regulations on genetically modified foods are adapted to reflect the reality that gene editing offers a precise, efficient and safe method of improving crops.' Liar. People and the world are being targeted with aluminium through vaccines, chemtrails, food, drink cans, and endless other sources when aluminium has been linked to many health issues including dementia which is increasing year after year. Insects, bees and wildlife essential to the food chain are being deleted by pesticides, herbicides and radiation which 5G is dramatically increasing with 6G and 7G to come. The pollinating bee population is being devastated while wildlife including birds, dolphins and whales are having their natural radar blocked by the effects of ever-increasing radiation. In the summer windscreens used to be splattered with insects so numerous were they. It doesn't happen now. Where have they gone?

Synthetic everything

The Cult is introducing genetically-modified versions of trees, plants and insects including a Gates-funded project to unleash hundreds of millions of genetically-modified, lab-altered and patented male mosquitoes to mate with wild mosquitoes and induce genetic flaws that cause them to die out. Clinically-insane Gates-funded Japanese researchers have developed mosquitos that spread vaccine and are dubbed 'flying vaccinators'. Gates is funding the modification of weather patterns in part to sell the myth that this is caused by carbon dioxide and he's funding geoengineering of the skies to change the atmosphere. Some of this came to light with the Gates-backed plan to release tonnes of chalk into the atmosphere to 'deflect the Sun and cool the planet'. Funny how they do this while the heating effect of the Sun is not factored into climate projections focussed on carbon dioxide. The reason is that they want to reduce carbon dioxide (so don't mention the Sun), but at the same time they do want to reduce the impact of the Sun which is so essential to human life and health. I have mentioned the sun-cholesterol-vitamin D connection as they demonise the Sun with warnings about skin cancer (caused by the chemicals in sun cream they tell you to splash on). They come from the other end of the process with statin drugs to reduce cholesterol that turns sunlight into vitamin D. A lack of vitamin D leads to a long list of health effects and how vitamin D levels must have fallen with people confined to their homes over 'Covid'. Gates is funding other forms of geoengineering and most importantly chemtrails which are dropping heavy metals, aluminium and self-replicating nanotechnology onto the Earth which is killing the natural world. See *Everything You Need To Know, But Have Never Been Told* for the detailed background to this.

Every human system is being targeted for deletion by a force that's not human. The Wetiko Cult has embarked on the process of transforming the human body from biological to synthetic biological as I have explained. Biological is being replaced by the artificial and synthetic – Archontic 'countermimicry' – right across human society. The plan eventually is to dispense with the human body altogether

and absorb human consciousness – which it wouldn't really be by then – into cyberspace (the simulation which is Wetiko/Yaldabaoth). Preparations for that are already happening if people would care to look. The alternative media rightly warns about globalism and 'the globalists', but this is far bigger than that and represents the end of the human race as we know it. The 'bad copy' of prime reality that Gnostics describe was a bad copy of harmony, wonder and beauty to start with before Wetiko/Yaldabaoth set out to change the simulated 'copy' into something very different. The process was slow to start with. Entrapped humans in the simulation timeline were not technologically aware and they had to be brought up to intellectual speed while being suppressed spiritually to the point where they could build their own prison while having no idea they were doing so. We have now reached that stage where technological intellect has the potential to destroy us and that's why events are moving so fast. Central American shaman Don Juan Matus said:

> Think for a moment, and tell me how you would explain the contradictions between the intelligence of man the engineer and the stupidity of his systems of belief, or the stupidity of his contradictory behaviour. Sorcerers believe that the predators have given us our systems of beliefs, our ideas of good and evil; our social mores. They are the ones who set up our dreams of success or failure. They have given us covetousness, greed, and cowardice. It is the predator who makes us complacent, routinary, and egomaniacal.
>
> In order to keep us obedient and meek and weak, the predators engaged themselves in a stupendous manoeuvre – stupendous, of course, from the point of view of a fighting strategist; a horrendous manoeuvre from the point of those who suffer it. They gave us their mind. The predators' mind is baroque, contradictory, morose, filled with the fear of being discovered any minute now.

For 'predators' see Wetiko, Archons, Yaldabaoth, Jinn, and all the other versions of the same phenomenon in cultures and religions all over the world. The theme is always the same because it's true and it's real. We have reached the point where we have to deal with it. The question is – how?

Don't fight – walk away

I thought I'd use a controversial subheading to get things moving in terms of our response to global fascism. What do you mean 'don't fight'? What do you mean 'walk away'? We've got to fight. We can't walk away. Well, it depends what we mean by fight and walk away. If fighting means physical combat we are playing Wetiko's game and falling for its trap. It wants us to get angry, aggressive, and direct hate and hostility at the enemy we think we must fight. Every war, every battle, every conflict, has been fought with Wetiko leading both sides. It's what it does. Wetiko wants a fight, anywhere, any place. Just hit me, son, so I can hit you back. Wetiko hits Wetiko and Wetiko hits Wetiko in return. I am very forthright as you can see in exposing Wetikos of the Cult, but I don't hate them. I refuse to hate them. It's what they want. What you hate you become. What you *fight* you become. Wokers, 'anti-haters' and 'anti-fascists' prove this every time they reach for their keyboards or don their balaclavas. By walk away I mean to disengage from Wetiko which includes ceasing to cooperate with its tyranny. Paul Levy says of Wetiko:

> The way to 'defeat' evil is not to try to destroy it (for then, in playing evil's game, we have already lost), but rather, to find the invulnerable place within ourselves where evil is unable to vanquish us – this is to truly 'win' our battle with evil.

Wetiko is everywhere in human society and it's been on steroids since the 'Covid' hoax. Every shouting match over wearing masks has Wetiko wearing a mask and Wetiko not wearing one. It's an electrical circuit of push and resist, push and resist, with Wetiko pushing *and* resisting. Each polarity is Wetiko empowering itself. Dictionary definitions of 'resist' include 'opposing, refusing to accept or comply with' and the word to focus on is 'opposing'. What form does this take – setting police cars alight or 'refusing to accept or comply with'? The former is Wetiko opposing Wetiko while the other points the way forward. This is the difference between those aggressively demanding that government fascism must be obeyed who stand in stark contrast to the great majority of Pushbackers. We saw this clearly with a march by thousands of Pushbackers against lockdown in London followed days later by a Woker-hijacked

protest in Bristol in which police cars were set on fire. Masks were virtually absent in London and widespread in Bristol. Wetiko wants lockdown on every level of society and infuses its aggression to police it through its unknowing stooges. Lockdown protesters are the ones with the smiling faces and the hugs, The two blatantly obvious states of being – getting more obvious by the day – are the result of Wokers and their like becoming ever more influenced by the simulation Field of Wetiko and Pushbackers ever more influenced by The Field of a far higher vibration beyond the simulation. Wetiko can't invade the heart which is where most lockdown opponents are coming from. It's the heart that allows them to see through the lies to the truth in ways I will be highlighting.

Renegade Minds know that calmness is the place from which wisdom comes. You won't find wisdom in a hissing fit and wisdom is what we need in abundance right now. Calmness is not weakness – you don't have to scream at the top of your voice to be strong. Calmness is indeed a sign of strength. 'No' means I'm not doing it. *NOOOO!!!* doesn't mean you're not doing it even more. Volume does not advance 'No – I'm not doing it'. You are just not doing it. Wetiko possessed and influenced don't know how to deal with that. Wetiko wants a fight and we should not give it one. What it needs more than anything is our *cooperation* and we should not give that either. Mass rallies and marches are great in that they are a visual representation of feeling, but if it ends there they are irrelevant. You demand that Wetikos act differently? Well, they're not going to are they? They are Wetikos. We don't need to waste our time demanding that something doesn't happen when that will make no difference. We need to delete the means that *allows* it to happen. This, invariably, is our cooperation. You can demand a child stop firing a peashooter at the dog or you can refuse to buy the peashooter. If you provide the means you are cooperating with the dog being smacked on the nose with a pea. How can the authorities enforce mask-wearing if millions in a country refuse? What if the 74 million Pushbackers that voted for Trump in 2020 refused to wear masks, close their businesses or stay in their homes. It would be unenforceable. The

few control the many through the compliance of the many and that's always been the dynamic be it 'Covid' regulations or the Roman Empire. I know people can find it intimidating to say no to authority or stand out in a crowd for being the only one with a face on display; but it has to be done or it's over. I hope I've made clear in this book that where this is going will be far more intimidating than standing up now and saying 'No' – I will not cooperate with my own enslavement and that of my children. There might be consequences for some initially, although not so if enough do the same. The question that must be addressed is what is going to happen if we don't? It is time to be strong and unyieldingly so. No means no. Not here and there, but *everywhere* and *always*. I have refused to wear a mask and obey all the other nonsense. I will not comply with tyranny. I repeat: Fascism is not imposed by fascists – there are never enough of them. Fascism is imposed by the population acquiescing to fascism. *I will not do it*. I will die first, or my body will. Living meekly under fascism is a form of death anyway, the death of the spirit that Martin Luther King described.

Making things happen

We must not despair. This is not over till it's over and it's far from that. The 'fat lady' must refuse to sing. The longer the 'Covid' hoax has dragged on and impacted on more lives we have seen an awakening of phenomenal numbers of people worldwide to the realisation that what they have believed all their lives is not how the world really is. Research published by the system-serving University of Bristol and King's College London in February, 2021, concluded: 'One in every 11 people in Britain say they trust David Icke's take on the coronavirus pandemic.' It will be more by now and we have gathering numbers to build on. We must urgently progress from seeing the scam to ceasing to cooperate with it. Prominent German lawyer Reiner Fuellmich, also licenced to practice law in America, is doing a magnificent job taking the legal route to bring the psychopaths to justice through a second Nuremberg tribunal for crimes against humanity. Fuellmich has an impressive record of

beating the elite in court and he formed the German Corona Investigative Committee to pursue civil charges against the main perpetrators with a view to triggering criminal charges. Most importantly he has grasped the foundation of the hoax – the PCR test not testing for the 'virus' – and Christian Drosten is therefore on his charge sheet along with Gates frontman Tedros at the World Health Organization. Major players must be not be allowed to inflict their horrors on the human race without being brought to book. A life sentence must follow for Bill Gates and the rest of them. A group of researchers has also indicted the government of Norway for crimes against humanity with copies sent to the police and the International Criminal Court. The lawsuit cites participation in an internationally-planned false pandemic and violation of international law and human rights, the European Commission's definition of human rights by coercive rules, Nuremberg and Hague rules on fundamental human rights, and the Norwegian constitution. We must take the initiative from hereon and not just complain, protest and react.

There are practical ways to support vital mass non-cooperation. Organising in numbers is one. Lockdown marches in London in the spring in 2021 were mass non-cooperation that the authorities could not stop. There were too many people. Hundreds of thousands walked the London streets in the centre of the road for mile after mile while the Face-Nappies could only look on. They were determined, but calm, and just *did it* with no histrionics and lots of smiles. The police were impotent. Others are organising group shopping without masks for mutual support and imagine if that was happening all over. Policing it would be impossible. If the store refuses to serve people in these circumstances they would be faced with a long line of trolleys full of goods standing on their own and everything would have to be returned to the shelves. How would they cope with that if it kept happening? I am talking here about moving on from complaining to being pro-active; from watching things happen to making things happen. I include in this our relationship with the police. The behaviour of many Face-Nappies

has been disgraceful and anyone who thinks they would never find concentration camp guards in the 'enlightened' modern era have had that myth busted big-time. The period and setting may change – Wetikos never do. I watched film footage from a London march in which a police thug viciously kicked a protestor on the floor who had done nothing. His fellow Face-Nappies stood in a ring protecting him. What he did was a criminal assault and with a crowd far outnumbering the police this can no longer be allowed to happen unchallenged. I get it when people chant 'shame on you' in these circumstances, but that is no longer enough. They *have* no shame those who do this. Crowds needs to start making a citizen's arrest of the police who commit criminal offences and brutally attack innocent people and defenceless women. A citizen's arrest can be made under section 24A of the UK Police and Criminal Evidence (PACE) Act of 1984 and you will find something similar in other countries. I prefer to call it a Common Law arrest rather than citizen's for reasons I will come to shortly. Anyone can arrest a person committing an indictable offence or if they have reasonable grounds to suspect they are committing an indictable offence. On both counts the attack by the police thug would have fallen into this category. A citizen's arrest can be made to stop someone:

- Causing physical injury to himself or any other person
- Suffering physical injury
- Causing loss of or damage to property
- Making off before a constable can assume responsibility for him

A citizen's arrest may also be made to prevent a breach of the peace under Common Law and if they believe a breach of the peace will happen or anything related to harm likely to be done or already done in their presence. This is the way to go I think – the Common Law version. If police know that the crowd and members of the public will no longer be standing and watching while they commit

their thuggery and crimes they will think twice about acting like Brownshirts and Blackshirts.

Common Law – common sense

Mention of Common Law is very important. Most people think the law is the law as in one law. This is not the case. There are two bodies of law, Common Law and Statute Law, and they are not the same. Common Law is founded on the simple premise of do no harm. It does not recognise victimless crimes in which no harm is done while Statute Law does. There is a Statute Law against almost everything. So what is Statute Law? Amazingly it's the law of the *sea* that was brought ashore by the Cult to override the law of the land which is Common Law. They had no right to do this and as always they did it anyway. They had to. They could not impose their will on the people through Common Law which only applies to do no harm. How could you stitch up the fine detail of people's lives with that? Instead they took the law of the sea, or Admiralty Law, and applied it to the population. Statute Law refers to all the laws spewing out of governments and their agencies including all the fascist laws and regulations relating to 'Covid'. The key point to make is that Statute Law is *contract law*. It only applies between *contracting* corporations. Most police officers don't even know this. They have to be kept in the dark, too. Long ago when merchants and their sailing ships began to trade with different countries a contractual law was developed called Admiralty Law and other names. Again it only applied to *contracts* agreed between *corporate* entities. If there is no agreed contract the law of the sea had no jurisdiction *and that still applies to its new alias of Statute Law*. The problem for the Cult when the law of the sea was brought ashore was an obvious one. People were not corporations and neither were government entities. To overcome the latter they made governments and all associated organisations corporations. All the institutions are *private corporations* and I mean governments and their agencies, local councils, police, courts, military, US states, the whole lot. Go to the

Dun and Bradstreet corporate listings website for confirmation that they are all corporations. You are arrested by a private corporation called the police by someone who is really a private security guard and they take you to court which is another private corporation. Neither have jurisdiction over you unless you consent and *contract* with them. This is why you hear the mantra about law enforcement policing by *consent* of the people. In truth the people 'consent' only in theory through monumental trickery.

Okay, the Cult overcame the corporate law problem by making governments and institutions corporate entities; but what about people? They are not corporations are they? Ah ... well in a sense, and *only* a sense, they are. Not people exactly – the illusion of people. The Cult creates a corporation in the name of everyone at the time that their birth certificate is issued. Note birth/ *berth* certificate and when you go to court under the law of the sea on land you stand in a *dock*. These are throwbacks to the origin. My Common Law name is David Vaughan Icke. The name of the corporation created by the government when I was born is called Mr David Vaughan Icke usually written in capitals as MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE. That is not me, the living, breathing man. It is a fictitious corporate entity. The trick is to make you think that David Vaughan Icke and MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE are the same thing. *They are not*. When police charge you and take you to court they are prosecuting the corporate entity and not the living, breathing, man or woman. They have to trick you into identifying as the corporate entity and contracting with them. Otherwise they have no jurisdiction. They do this through a language known as legalese. Lawful and legal are not the same either. Lawful relates to Common Law and legal relates to Statute Law. Legalese is the language of Statue Law which uses terms that mean one thing to the public and another in legalese. Notice that when a police officer tells someone why they are being charged he or she will say at the end: 'Do you understand?' To the public that means 'Do you comprehend?' In legalese it means 'Do you stand under me?' Do you stand under my authority? If you say

yes to the question you are unknowingly agreeing to give them jurisdiction over you in a contract between two corporate entities.

This is a confidence trick in every way. Contracts have to be agreed between informed parties and if you don't know that David Vaughan Icke is agreeing to be the corporation MR DAVID VAUGHAN ICKE you cannot knowingly agree to contract. They are deceiving you and another way they do this is to ask for proof of identity. You usually show them a driving licence or other document on which your corporate name is written. In doing so you are accepting that you are that corporate entity when you are not. Referring to yourself as a 'person' or 'citizen' is also identifying with your corporate fiction which is why I made the Common Law point about the citizen's arrest. If you are approached by a police officer you identify yourself immediately as a living, breathing, man or woman and say 'I do not consent, I do not contract with you and I do not understand' or stand under their authority. I have a Common Law birth certificate as a living man and these are available at no charge from commonlawcourt.com. Businesses registered under the Statute Law system means that its laws apply. There are, however, ways to run a business under Common Law. Remember all 'Covid' laws and regulations are Statute Law – the law of *contracts* and you do not have to contract. This doesn't mean that you can kill someone and get away with it. Common Law says do no harm and that applies to physical harm, financial harm etc. Police are employees of private corporations and there needs to be a new system of non-corporate Common Law constables operating outside the Statute Law system. If you go to davidicke.com and put Common Law into the search engine you will find videos that explain Common Law in much greater detail. It is definitely a road we should walk.

With all my heart

I have heard people say that we are in a spiritual war. I don't like the term 'war' with its Wetiko dynamic, but I know what they mean. Sweep aside all the bodily forms and we are in a situation in which two states of consciousness are seeking very different realities.

Wetiko wants upheaval, chaos, fear, suffering, conflict and control. The other wants love, peace, harmony, fairness and freedom. That's where we are. We should not fall for the idea that Wetiko is all-powerful and there's nothing we can do. Wetiko is not all-powerful. It's a joke, pathetic. It doesn't have to be, but it has made that choice for now. A handful of times over the years when I have felt the presence of its frequency I have allowed it to attach briefly so I could consciously observe its nature. The experience is not pleasant, the energy is heavy and dark, but the ease with which you can kick it back out the door shows that its real power is in persuading us that it has power. It's all a con. Wetiko is a con. It's a trickster and not a power that can control us if we unleash our own. The con is founded on manipulating humanity to give its power to Wetiko which recycles it back to present the illusion that it has power when its power is *ours* that we gave away. This happens on an energetic level and plays out in the world of the seen as humanity giving its power to Wetiko authority which uses that power to control the population when the power is only the power the population has handed over. How could it be any other way for billions to be controlled by a relative few? I have had experiences with people possessed by Wetiko and again you can kick its arse if you do it with an open heart. Oh yes – the *heart* which can transform the world of perceived 'matter'.

We are receiver-transmitters and processors of information, but what information and where from? Information is processed into perception in three main areas – the brain, the heart and the belly. These relate to thinking, knowing, and emotion. Wetiko wants us to be head and belly people which means we think within the confines of the Matrix simulation and low-vibrational emotional reaction scrambles balance and perception. A few minutes on social media and you see how emotion is the dominant force. Woke is all emotion and is therefore thought-free and fact-free. Our heart is something different. It *knows* while the head *thinks* and has to try to work it out because it doesn't know. The human energy field has seven prime vortexes which connect us with wider reality (Fig 23). Chakra means

'wheels of light' in the Sanskrit language of ancient India. The main ones are: The crown chakra on top of the head; brow (or 'third eye') chakra in the centre of the forehead; throat chakra; heart chakra in the centre of the chest; solar plexus chakra below the sternum; sacral chakra beneath the navel; and base chakra at the bottom of the spine. Each one has a particular function or functions. We feel anxiety and nervousness in the belly where the sacral chakra is located and this processes emotion that can affect the colon to give people 'the shits' or make them 'shit scared' when they are nervous. Chakras all play an important role, but the Mr and Mrs Big is the heart chakra which sits at the centre of the seven, above the chakras that connect us to the 'physical' and below those that connect with higher realms (or at least should). Here in the heart chakra we feel love, empathy and compassion – 'My heart goes out to you'. Those with closed hearts become literally 'heart-less' in their attitudes and behaviour (see Bill Gates). Native Americans portrayed Wetiko with what Paul Levy calls a 'frigid, icy heart, devoid of mercy' (see Bill Gates).

Figure 23: The chakra system which interpenetrates the human energy field. The heart chakra is the governor – or should be.

Wetiko trembles at the thought of heart energy which it cannot infiltrate. The frequency is too high. What it seeks to do instead is close the heart chakra vortex to block its perceptual and energetic influence. Psychopaths have 'hearts of stone' and emotionally-damaged people have 'heartache' and 'broken hearts'. The astonishing amount of heart disease is related to heart chakra

disruption with its fundamental connection to the 'physical' heart. Dr Tom Cowan has written an outstanding book challenging the belief that the heart is a pump and making the connection between the 'physical' and spiritual heart. Rudolph Steiner who was way ahead of his time said the same about the fallacy that the heart is a pump. *What*? The heart is not a pump? That's crazy, right? Everybody knows that. Read Cowan's *Human Heart, Cosmic Heart* and you will realise that the very idea of the heart as a pump is ridiculous when you see the evidence. How does blood in the feet so far from the heart get pumped horizontally up the body by the heart?? Cowan explains in the book the real reason why blood moves as it does. Our 'physical' heart is used to symbolise love when the source is really the heart vortex or spiritual heart which is our most powerful energetic connection to 'out there' expanded consciousness. That's why we feel *knowing* – intuitive knowing – in the centre of the chest. Knowing doesn't come from a process of thoughts leading to a conclusion. It is there in an instant all in one go. Our heart knows because of its connection to levels of awareness that *do* know. This is the meaning and source of intuition – intuitive *knowing*.

For the last more than 30 years of uncovering the global game and the nature of reality my heart has been my constant antenna for truth and accuracy. An American intelligence insider once said that I had quoted a disinformer in one of my books and yet I had only quoted the part that was true. He asked: 'How do you do that?' By using my heart antenna was the answer and anyone can do it. Heart-centred is how we are meant to be. With a closed heart chakra we withdraw into a closed mind and the bubble of five-sense reality. If you take a moment to focus your attention on the centre of your chest, picture a spinning wheel of light and see it opening and expanding. You will feel it happening, too, and perceptions of the heart like joy and love as the heart impacts on the mind as they interact. The more the chakra opens the more you will feel expressions of heart consciousness and as the process continues, and becomes part of you, insights and knowings will follow. An open

heart is connected to that level of awareness that knows all is *One*. You will see from its perspective that the fault-lines that divide us are only illusions to control us. An open heart does not process the illusions of race, creed and sexuality except as brief experiences for a consciousness that is all. Our heart does not see division, only unity (Figs 24 and 25). There's something else, too. Our hearts love to laugh. Mark Twain's quote that says 'The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter' is really a reference to the heart which loves to laugh with the joy of knowing the true nature of infinite reality and that all the madness of human society is an illusion of the mind. Twain also said: 'Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand.' This is so true of Wetiko and the Cult. Their insecurity demands that they be taken seriously and their power and authority acknowledged and feared. We should do nothing of the sort. We should not get aggressive or fearful which their insecurity so desires. We should laugh in their face. Even in their no-face as police come over in their face-nappies and expect to be taken seriously. They don't take themselves seriously looking like that so why should we? Laugh in the face of intimidation. Laugh in the face of tyranny. You will see by its reaction that you have pressed all of its buttons. Wetiko does not know what to do in the face of laughter or when its targets refuse to concede their joy to fear. We have seen many examples during the 'Covid' hoax when people have expressed their energetic power and the string puppets of Wetiko retreat with their tail limp between their knees. Laugh – the world is bloody mad after all and if it's a choice between laughter and tears I know which way I'm going.

Figure 24: Head consciousness without the heart sees division and everything apart from everything else.

Figure 25: Heart consciousness sees everything as One.

'Vaccines' and the soul

The foundation of Wetiko/Archon control of humans is the separation of incarnate five-sense mind from the infinite 'I' and closing the heart chakra where the True 'I' lives during a human life. The goal has been to achieve complete separation in both cases. I was interested therefore to read an account by a French energetic healer of what she said she experienced with a patient who had been given the 'Covid' vaccine. Genuine energy healers can sense information and consciousness fields at different levels of being which are referred to as 'subtle bodies'. She described treating the patient who later returned after having, without the healer's knowledge, two doses of the 'Covid vaccine'. The healer said:

I noticed immediately the change, very heavy energy emanating from [the] subtle bodies. The scariest thing was when I was working on the heart chakra, I connected with her soul: it was detached from the physical body, it had no contact and it was, as if it was floating in a state of total confusion: a damage to the consciousness that loses contact with the physical body, i.e. with our biological machine, there is no longer any communication between them.

I continued the treatment by sending light to the heart chakra, the soul of the person, but it seemed that the soul could no longer receive any light, frequency or energy. It was a very powerful experience for me. Then I understood that this substance is indeed used to detach consciousness so that this consciousness can no longer interact through this body that it possesses in life, where there is no longer any contact, no frequency, no light, no more energetic balance or mind.

This would create a human that is rudderless and at the extreme almost zombie-like operating with a fractional state of consciousness at the mercy of Wetiko. I was especially intrigued by what the healer said in the light of the prediction by the highly-informed Rudolf Steiner more than a hundred years ago. He said:

> In the future, we will eliminate the soul with medicine. Under the pretext of a 'healthy point of view', there will be a vaccine by which the human body will be treated as soon as possible directly at birth, so that the human being cannot develop the thought of the existence of soul and Spirit. To materialistic doctors will be entrusted the task of removing the soul of humanity.
>
> As today, people are vaccinated against this disease or that disease, so in the future, children will be vaccinated with a substance that can be produced precisely in such a way that people, thanks to this vaccination, will be immune to being subjected to the 'madness' of spiritual life. He would be extremely smart, but he would not develop a conscience, and that is the true goal of some materialistic circles.

Steiner said the vaccine would detach the physical body from the etheric body (subtle bodies) and 'once the etheric body is detached the relationship between the universe and the etheric body would become extremely unstable, and man would become an automaton'. He said 'the physical body of man must be polished on this Earth by spiritual will – so the vaccine becomes a kind of arymanique (Wetiko) force' and 'man can no longer get rid of a given materialistic feeling'. Humans would then, he said, become 'materialistic of constitution and can no longer rise to the spiritual'. I have been writing for years about DNA being a receiver-transmitter of information that connects us to other levels of reality and these 'vaccines' changing DNA can be likened to changing an antenna and what it can transmit and receive. Such a disconnection would clearly lead to changes in personality and perception. Steiner further predicted the arrival of AI. Big Pharma 'Covid vaccine' makers, expressions of Wetiko, are testing their DNA-manipulating evil on children as I write with a view to giving the 'vaccine' to babies. If it's a soul-body disconnector – and I say that it is or can be – every child would be disconnected from 'soul' at birth and the 'vaccine' would create a closed system in which spiritual guidance from the greater self would play no part. This has been the ambition of Wetiko all

along. A Pentagon video from 2005 was leaked of a presentation explaining the development of vaccines to change behaviour by their effect on the brain. Those that believe this is not happening with the 'Covid' genetically-modifying procedure masquerading as a 'vaccine' should make an urgent appointment with Naivety Anonymous. Klaus Schwab wrote in 2018:

> Neurotechnologies enable us to better influence consciousness and thought and to understand many activities of the brain. They include decoding what we are thinking in fine levels of detail through new chemicals and interventions that can influence our brains to correct for errors or enhance functionality.

The plan is clear and only the heart can stop it. With every heart that opens, every mind that awakens, Wetiko is weakened. Heart and love are far more powerful than head and hate and so nothing like a majority is needed to turn this around.

Beyond the Phantom

Our heart is the prime target of Wetiko and so it must be the answer to Wetiko. We *are* our heart which is part of one heart, the infinite heart. Our heart is where the true self lives in a human life behind firewalls of five-sense illusion when an imposter takes its place – *Phantom Self*; but our heart waits patiently to be set free any time we choose to see beyond the Phantom, beyond Wetiko. A Wetikoed Phantom Self can wreak mass death and destruction while the love of forever is locked away in its heart. The time is here to unleash its power and let it sweep away the fear and despair that is Wetiko. Heart consciousness does not seek manipulated, censored, advantage for its belief or religion, its activism and desires. As an expression of the One it treats all as One with the same rights to freedom and opinion. Our heart demands fairness for itself no more than for others. From this unity of heart we can come together in mutual support and transform this Wetikoed world into what reality is meant to be – a place of love, joy, happiness, fairness, justice and freedom. Wetiko has another agenda and that's why the world is as

it is, but enough of this nonsense. Wetiko can't stay where hearts are open and it works so hard to keep them closed. Fear is its currency and its food source and love in its true sense has no fear. Why would love have fear when it knows it is *All That Is, Has Been, And Ever Can Be* on an eternal exploration of all possibility? Love in this true sense is not the physical attraction that passes for love. This can be an expression of it, yes, but Infinite Love, a love without condition, goes far deeper to the core of all being. It *is* the core of all being. Infinite realty was born from love beyond the illusions of the simulation. Love infinitely expressed is the knowing that all is One and the swiftly-passing experience of separation is a temporary hallucination. You cannot disconnect from Oneness; you can only *perceive* that you have and withdraw from its influence. This is the most important of all perception trickery by the mind parasite that is Wetiko and the foundation of all its potential for manipulation.

If we open our hearts, open the sluice gates of the mind, and redefine self-identity amazing things start to happen. Consciousness expands or contracts in accordance with self-identity. When true self is recognised as infinite awareness and label self – Phantom Self – is seen as only a series of brief experiences life is transformed. Consciousness expands to the extent that self-identity expands and everything changes. You see unity, not division, the picture, not the pixels. From this we can play the long game. No more is an experience something in and of itself, but a fleeting moment in the eternity of forever. Suddenly people in uniform and dark suits are no longer intimidating. Doing what your heart knows to be right is no longer intimidating and consequences for those actions take on the same nature of a brief experience that passes in the blink of an infinite eye. Intimidation is all in the mind. Beyond the mind there is no intimidation.

An open heart does not consider consequences for what it knows to be right. To do so would be to consider not doing what it knows to be right and for a heart in its power that is never an option. The Renegade Mind is really the Renegade Heart. Consideration of consequences will always provide a getaway car for the mind and

the heart doesn't want one. What is right in the light of what we face today is to stop cooperating with Wetiko in all its forms and to do it without fear or compromise. You cannot compromise with tyranny when tyranny always demands more until it has everything. Life is your perception and you are your destiny. Change your perception and you change your life. Change collective perception and we change the world.

Come on people … One human family, One heart, One goal … *FREEEEEEDOM*!

We must settle for nothing less.

Postscript

The big scare story as the book goes to press is the 'Indian' variant and the world is being deluged with propaganda about the 'Covid catastrophe' in India which mirrors in its lies and misrepresentations what happened in Italy before the first lockdown in 2020.

The *New York Post* published a picture of someone who had 'collapsed in the street from Covid' in India in April, 2021, which was actually taken during a gas leak in May, 2020. Same old, same old. Media articles in mid-February were asking why India had been so untouched by 'Covid' and then as their vaccine rollout gathered pace the alleged 'cases' began to rapidly increase. Indian 'Covid vaccine' maker Bharat Biotech was funded into existence by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation (the pair announced their divorce in May, 2021, which is a pity because they so deserve each other). The Indian 'Covid crisis' was ramped up by the media to terrify the world and prepare people for submission to still more restrictions. The scam that worked the first time was being repeated only with far more people seeing through the deceit. Davidicke.com and Ickonic.com have sought to tell the true story of what is happening by talking to people living through the Indian nightmare which has nothing to do with 'Covid'. We posted a letter from 'Alisha' in Pune who told a very different story to government and media mendacity. She said scenes of dying people and overwhelmed hospitals were designed to hide what was really happening – genocide and starvation. Alisha said that millions had already died of starvation during the ongoing lockdowns while government and media were lying and making it look like the 'virus':

Restaurants, shops, gyms, theatres, basically everything is shut. The cities are ghost towns. Even so-called 'essential' businesses are only open till 11am in the morning. You basically have just an hour to buy food and then your time is up.

Inter-state travel and even inter-district travel is banned. The cops wait at all major crossroads to question why you are traveling outdoors or to fine you if you are not wearing a mask.

The medical community here is also complicit in genocide, lying about hospitals being full and turning away people with genuine illnesses, who need immediate care. They have even created a shortage of oxygen cylinders.

This is the classic Cult modus operandi played out in every country. Alisha said that people who would not have a PCR test not testing for the 'virus' were being denied hospital treatment. She said the people hit hardest were migrant workers and those in rural areas. Most businesses employed migrant workers and with everything closed there were no jobs, no income and no food. As a result millions were dying of starvation or malnutrition. All this was happening under Prime Minister Narendra Modi, a 100-percent asset of the Cult, and it emphasises yet again the scale of pure anti-human evil we are dealing with. Australia banned its people from returning home from India with penalties for trying to do so of up to five years in jail and a fine of £37,000. The manufactured 'Covid' crisis in India was being prepared to justify further fascism in the West. Obvious connections could be seen between the Indian 'vaccine' programme and increased 'cases' and this became a common theme. The Seychelles, the most per capita 'Covid vaccinated' population in the world, went back into lockdown after a 'surge of cases'.

Long ago the truly evil Monsanto agricultural biotechnology corporation with its big connections to Bill Gates devastated Indian farming with genetically-modified crops. Human rights activist Gurcharan Singh highlighted the efforts by the Indian government to complete the job by destroying the food supply to hundreds of millions with 'Covid' lockdowns. He said that 415 million people at the bottom of the disgusting caste system (still going whatever they say) were below the poverty line and struggled to feed themselves every year. Now the government was imposing lockdown at just the

time to destroy the harvest. This deliberate policy was leading to mass starvation. People may reel back at the suggestion that a government would do that, but Wetiko-controlled 'leaders' are capable of any level of evil. In fact what is described in India is in the process of being instigated worldwide. The food chain and food supply are being targeted at every level to cause world hunger and thus control. Bill Gates is not the biggest owner of farmland in America for no reason and destroying access to food aids both the depopulation agenda and the plan for synthetic 'food' already being funded into existence by Gates. Add to this the coming hyper-inflation from the suicidal creation of fake 'money' in response to 'Covid' and the breakdown of container shipping systems and you have a cocktail that can only lead one way and is meant to. The Cult plan is to crash the entire system to 'build back better' with the Great Reset.

'Vaccine' transmission

Reports from all over the world continue to emerge of women suffering menstrual and fertility problems after having the fake 'vaccine' and of the non-'vaccinated' having similar problems when interacting with the 'vaccinated'. There are far too many for 'coincidence' to be credible. We've had menopausal women getting periods, others having periods stop or not stopping for weeks, passing clots, sometimes the lining of the uterus, breast irregularities, and miscarriages (which increased by 400 percent in parts of the United States). Non-'vaccinated' men and children have suffered blood clots and nose bleeding after interaction with the 'vaccinated'. Babies have died from the effects of breast milk from a 'vaccinated' mother. Awake doctors – the small minority – speculated on the cause of non-'vaccinated' suffering the same effects as the 'vaccinated'. Was it nanotechnology in the synthetic substance transmitting frequencies or was it a straight chemical bioweapon that was being transmitted between people? I am not saying that some kind of chemical transmission is not one possible answer, but the foundation of all that the Cult does is frequency and

this is fertile ground for understanding how transmission can happen. American doctor Carrie Madej, an internal medicine physician and osteopath, has been practicing for the last 20 years, teaching medical students, and she says attending different meetings where the agenda for humanity was discussed. Madej, who operates out of Georgia, did not dismiss other possible forms of transmission, but she focused on frequency in search of an explanation for transmission. She said the Moderna and Pfizer 'vaccines' contained nano-lipid particles as a key component. This was a brand new technology never before used on humanity. 'They're using a nanotechnology which is pretty much little tiny computer bits … nanobots or hydrogel.' Inside the 'vaccines' was 'this sci-fi kind of substance' which suppressed immune checkpoints to get into the cell. I referred to this earlier as the 'Trojan horse' technique that tricks the cell into opening a gateway for the self-replicating synthetic material and while the immune system is artificially suppressed the body has no defences. Madej said the substance served many purposes including an on-demand ability to 'deliver the payload' and using the nano 'computer bits' as biosensors in the body. 'It actually has the ability to accumulate data from your body, like your breathing, your respiration, thoughts, emotions, all kinds of things.'

She said the technology obviously has the ability to operate through Wi-Fi and transmit and receive energy, messages, frequencies or impulses. 'Just imagine you're getting this new substance in you and it can react to things all around you, the 5G, your smart device, your phones.' We had something completely foreign in the human body that had never been launched large scale at a time when we were seeing 5G going into schools and hospitals (plus the Musk satellites) and she believed the 'vaccine' transmission had something to do with this: '… if these people have this inside of them … it can act like an antenna and actually transmit it outwardly as well.' The synthetic substance produced its own voltage and so it could have that kind of effect. This fits with my own contention that the nano receiver-transmitters are designed to connect people to the

Smart Grid and break the receiver-transmitter connection to expanded consciousness. That would explain the French energy healer's experience of the disconnection of body from 'soul' with those who have had the 'vaccine'. The nanobots, self-replicating inside the body, would also transmit the synthetic frequency which could be picked up through close interaction by those who have not been 'vaccinated'. Madej speculated that perhaps it was 5G and increased levels of other radiation that was causing the symptoms directly although interestingly she said that non-'vaccinated' patients had shown improvement when they were away from the 'vaccinated' person they had interacted with. It must be remembered that you can control frequency and energy with your mind and you can consciously create energetic barriers or bubbles with the mind to stop damaging frequencies from penetrating your field. American paediatrician Dr Larry Palevsky said the 'vaccine' was not a 'vaccine' and was never designed to protect from a 'viral' infection. He called it 'a massive, brilliant propaganda of genocide' because they didn't have to inject everyone to get the result they wanted. He said the content of the jabs was able to infuse any material into the brain, heart, lungs, kidneys, liver, sperm and female productive system. 'This is genocide; this is a weapon of mass destruction.' At the same time American colleges were banning students from attending if they didn't have this life-changing and potentially life-ending 'vaccine'. Class action lawsuits must follow when the consequences of this college fascism come to light. As the book was going to press came reports about fertility effects on sperm in 'vaccinated' men which would absolutely fit with what I have been saying and hospitals continued to fill with 'vaccine' reactions. Another question is what about transmission via blood transfusions? The NHS has extended blood donation restrictions from seven days after a 'Covid vaccination' to 28 days after even a sore arm reaction.

I said in the spring of 2020 that the then touted 'Covid vaccine' would be ongoing each year like the flu jab. A year later Pfizer CEO, the appalling Albert Bourla, said people would 'likely' need a 'booster dose' of the 'vaccine' within 12 months of getting 'fully

vaccinated' and then a yearly shot. 'Variants will play a key role', he said confirming the point. Johnson & Johnson CEO Alex Gorsky also took time out from his 'vaccine' disaster to say that people may need to be vaccinated against 'Covid-19' each year. UK Health Secretary, the psychopath Matt Hancock, said additional 'boosters' would be available in the autumn of 2021. This is the trap of the 'vaccine passport'. The public will have to accept every last 'vaccine' they introduce, including for the fake 'variants', or it would cease to be valid. The only other way in some cases would be continuous testing with a test not testing for the 'virus' and what is on the swabs constantly pushed up your noise towards the brain every time?

'Vaccines' changing behaviour

I mentioned in the body of the book how I believed we would see gathering behaviour changes in the 'vaccinated' and I am already hearing such comments from the non-'vaccinated' describing behaviour changes in friends, loved ones and work colleagues. This will only increase as the self-replicating synthetic material and nanoparticles expand in body and brain. An article in the *Guardian* in 2016 detailed research at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville which developed a new method for controlling brain circuits associated with complex animal behaviour. The method, dubbed 'magnetogenetics', involves genetically-engineering a protein called ferritin, which stores and releases iron, to create a magnetised substance – 'Magneto' – that can activate specific groups of nerve cells from a distance. This is claimed to be an advance on other methods of brain activity manipulation known as optogenetics and chemogenetics (the Cult has been developing methods of brain control for a long time). The ferritin technique is said to be non-invasive and able to activate neurons 'rapidly and reversibly'. In other words, human thought and perception. The article said that earlier studies revealed how nerve cell proteins 'activated by heat and mechanical pressure can be genetically engineered so that they become sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields, by attaching them to an iron-storing protein called ferritin, or to inorganic

paramagnetic particles'. Sensitive to radio waves and magnetic fields? You mean like 5G, 6G and 7G? This is the human-AI Smart Grid hive mind we are talking about. The *Guardian* article said:

> … the researchers injected Magneto into the striatum of freely behaving mice, a deep brain structure containing dopamine-producing neurons that are involved in reward and motivation, and then placed the animals into an apparatus split into magnetised and non-magnetised sections.
>
> Mice expressing Magneto spent far more time in the magnetised areas than mice that did not, because activation of the protein caused the striatal neurons expressing it to release dopamine, so that the mice found being in those areas rewarding. This shows that Magneto can remotely control the firing of neurons deep within the brain, and also control complex behaviours.

Make no mistake this basic methodology will be part of the 'Covid vaccine' cocktail and using magnetics to change brain function through electromagnetic field frequency activation. The Pentagon is developing a 'Covid vaccine' using ferritin. Magnetics would explain changes in behaviour and why videos are appearing across the Internet as I write showing how magnets stick to the skin at the point of the 'vaccine' shot. Once people take these 'vaccines' anything becomes possible in terms of brain function and illness which will be blamed on 'Covid-19' and 'variants'. Magnetic field manipulation would further explain why the non-'vaccinated' are reporting the same symptoms as the 'vaccinated' they interact with and why those symptoms are reported to decrease when not in their company. Interestingly 'Magneto', a 'mutant', is a character in the Marvel Comic *X-Men* stories with the ability to manipulate magnetic fields and he believes that mutants should fight back against their human oppressors by any means necessary. The character was born Erik Lehnsherr to a Jewish family in Germany.

Cult-controlled courts

The European Court of Human Rights opened the door for mandatory 'Covid-19 vaccines' across the continent when it ruled in a Czech Republic dispute over childhood immunisation that legally

enforced vaccination could be 'necessary in a democratic society'. The 17 judges decided that compulsory vaccinations did not breach human rights law. On the face of it the judgement was so inverted you gasp for air. If not having a vaccine infused into your body is not a human right then what is? Ah, but they said human rights law which has been specifically written to delete all human rights at the behest of the state (the Cult). Article 8 of the European Convention on Human Rights relates to the right to a private life. The crucial word here is *'except'*:

> There shall be no interference by a public authority with the exercise of this right EXCEPT such as is in accordance with the law and is necessary in a democratic society in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic wellbeing of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others [My emphasis].

No interference *except* in accordance with the law means there *are* no 'human rights' *except* what EU governments decide you can have at their behest. 'As is necessary in a democratic society' explains that reference in the judgement and 'in the interests of national security, public safety or the economic well-being of the country, for the prevention of disorder or crime, for the protection of health or morals, or for the protection of the rights and freedoms of others' gives the EU a coach and horses to ride through 'human rights' and scatter them in all directions. The judiciary is not a check and balance on government extremism; it is a vehicle to enforce it. This judgement was almost laughably predictable when the last thing the Cult wanted was a decision that went against mandatory vaccination. Judges rule over and over again to benefit the system of which they are a part. Vaccination disputes that come before them are invariably delivered in favour of doctors and authorities representing the view of the state which owns the judiciary. Oh, yes, and we have even had calls to stop putting 'Covid-19' on death certificates within 28 days of a 'positive test' because it is claimed the practice makes the 'vaccine' appear not to work. They are laughing at you.

The scale of madness, inhumanity and things to come was highlighted when those not 'vaccinated' for 'Covid' were refused evacuation from the Caribbean island of St Vincent during massive volcanic eruptions. Cruise ships taking residents to the safety of another island allowed only the 'vaccinated' to board and the rest were left to their fate. Even in life and death situations like this we see 'Covid' stripping people of their most basic human instincts and the insanity is even more extreme when you think that fake 'vaccine'-makers are not even claiming their body-manipulating concoctions stop 'infection' and 'transmission' of a 'virus' that doesn't exist. St Vincent Prime Minister Ralph Gonsalves said: 'The chief medical officer will be identifying the persons already vaccinated so that we can get them on the ship.' Note again the power of the chief medical officer who, like Whitty in the UK, will be answering to the World Health Organization. This is the Cult network structure that has overridden politicians who 'follow the science' which means doing what WHO-controlled 'medical officers' and 'science advisers' tell them. Gonsalves even said that residents who were 'vaccinated' after the order so they could board the ships would still be refused entry due to possible side effects such as 'wooziness in the head'. The good news is that if they were woozy enough in the head they could qualify to be prime minister of St Vincent.

Microchipping freedom

The European judgement will be used at some point to justify moves to enforce the 'Covid' DNA-manipulating procedure. Sandra Ro, CEO of the Global Blockchain Business Council, told a World Economic Forum event that she hoped 'vaccine passports' would help to 'drive forced consent and standardisation' of global digital identity schemes: 'I'm hoping with the desire and global demand for some sort of vaccine passport – so that people can get travelling and working again – [it] will drive forced consent, standardisation, and frankly, cooperation across the world.' The lady is either not very bright, or thoroughly mendacious, to use the term 'forced consent'.

You do not 'consent' if you are forced – you *submit*. She was describing what the plan has been all along and that's to enforce a digital identity on every human without which they could not function. 'Vaccine passports' are opening the door and are far from the end goal. A digital identity would allow you to be tracked in everything you do in cyberspace and this is the same technique used by Cult-owned China to enforce its social credit system of total control. The ultimate 'passport' is planned to be a microchip as my books have warned for nearly 30 years. Those nice people at the Pentagon working for the Cult-controlled Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) claimed in April, 2021, they have developed a microchip inserted under the skin to detect 'asymptomatic Covid-19 infection' before it becomes an outbreak and a 'revolutionary filter' that can remove the 'virus' from the blood when attached to a dialysis machine. The only problems with this are that the 'virus' does not exist and people transmitting the 'virus' with no symptoms is brain-numbing bullshit. This is, of course, not a ruse to get people to be microchipped for very different reasons. DARPA also said it was producing a one-stop 'vaccine' for the 'virus' and all 'variants'. One of the most sinister organisations on Planet Earth is doing this? Better have it then. These people are insane because Wetiko that possesses them is insane.

Researchers from the Salk Institute in California announced they have created an embryo that is part human and part monkey. My books going back to the 1990s have exposed experiments in top secret underground facilities in the United States where humans are being crossed with animal and non-human 'extraterrestrial' species. They are now easing that long-developed capability into the public arena and there is much more to come given we are dealing with psychiatric basket cases. Talking of which – Elon Musk's scientists at Neuralink trained a monkey to play Pong and other puzzles on a computer screen using a joystick and when the monkey made the correct move a metal tube squirted banana smoothie into his mouth which is the basic technique for training humans into unquestioning compliance. Two Neuralink chips were in the monkey's skull and

more than 2,000 wires 'fanned out' into its brain. Eventually the monkey played a video game purely with its brain waves. Psychopathic narcissist Musk said the 'breakthrough' was a step towards putting Neuralink chips into human skulls and merging minds with artificial intelligence. *Exactly*. This man is so dark and Cult to his DNA.

World Economic Fascism (WEF)

The World Economic Forum is telling you the plan by the statements made at its many and various events. Cult-owned fascist YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki spoke at the 2021 WEF Global Technology Governance Summit (see the name) in which 40 governments and 150 companies met to ensure 'the responsible design and deployment of emerging technologies'. Orwellian translation: 'Ensuring the design and deployment of long-planned technologies will advance the Cult agenda for control and censorship.' Freedom-destroyer and Nuremberg-bound Wojcicki expressed support for tech platforms like hers to censor content that is 'technically legal but could be harmful'. Who decides what is 'harmful'? She does and they do. 'Harmful' will be whatever the Cult doesn't want people to see and we have legislation proposed by the UK government that would censor content on the basis of 'harm' no matter if the information is fair, legal and provably true. Make that *especially* if it is fair, legal and provably true. Wojcicki called for a global coalition to be formed to enforce content moderation standards through automated censorship. This is a woman and mega-censor so self-deluded that she shamelessly accepted a 'free expression' award – *Wojcicki* – in an event sponsored by her own *YouTube*. They have no shame and no self-awareness.

You know that 'Covid' is a scam and Wojcicki a Cult operative when YouTube is censoring medical and scientific opinion purely on the grounds of whether it supports or opposes the Cult 'Covid' narrative. Florida governor Ron DeSantis compiled an expert panel with four professors of medicine from Harvard, Oxford, and Stanford Universities who spoke against forcing children and

vaccinated people to wear masks. They also said there was no proof that lockdowns reduced spread or death rates of 'Covid-19'. Cult-gofer Wojcicki and her YouTube deleted the panel video 'because it included content that contradicts the consensus of local and global health authorities regarding the efficacy of masks to prevent the spread of Covid-19'. This 'consensus' refers to what the Cult tells the World Health Organization to say and the WHO tells 'local health authorities' to do. Wojcicki knows this, of course. The panellists pointed out that censorship of scientific debate was responsible for deaths from many causes, but Wojcicki couldn't care less. She would not dare go against what she is told and as a disgrace to humanity she wouldn't want to anyway. The UK government is seeking to pass a fascist 'Online Safety Bill' to specifically target with massive fines and other means non-censored video and social media platforms to make them censor 'lawful but harmful' content like the Cult-owned Facebook, Twitter, Google and YouTube. What is 'lawful but harmful' would be decided by the fascist Blair-created Ofcom.

Another WEF obsession is a cyber-attack on the financial system and this is clearly what the Cult has planned to take down the bank accounts of everyone – except theirs. Those that think they have enough money for the Cult agenda not to matter to them have got a big lesson coming if they continue to ignore what is staring them in the face. The World Economic Forum, funded by Gates and fronted by Klaus Schwab, announced it would be running a 'simulation' with the Russian government and global banks of just such an attack called Cyber Polygon 2021. What they simulate – as with the 'Covid' Event 201 – they plan to instigate. The WEF is involved in a project with the Cult-owned Carnegie Endowment for International Peace called the WEF-Carnegie Cyber Policy Initiative which seeks to merge Wall Street banks, 'regulators' (I love it) and intelligence agencies to 'prevent' (arrange and allow) a cyber-attack that would bring down the global financial system as long planned by those that control the WEF and the Carnegie operation. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace sent an instruction to First World

War US President Woodrow Wilson not to let the war end before society had been irreversibly transformed.

The Wuhan lab diversion

As I close, the Cult-controlled authorities and lapdog media are systematically pushing 'the virus was released from the Wuhan lab' narrative. There are two versions – it happened by accident and it happened on purpose. Both are nonsense. The perceived existence of the never-shown-to-exist 'virus' is vital to sell the impression that there is actually an infective agent to deal with and to allow the endless potential for terrifying the population with 'variants' of a 'virus' that does not exist. The authorities at the time of writing are going with the 'by accident' while the alternative media is promoting the 'on purpose'. Cable news host Tucker Carlson who has questioned aspects of lockdown and 'vaccine' compulsion has bought the Wuhan lab story. 'Everyone now agrees' he said. Well, I don't and many others don't and the question is *why* does the system and its media suddenly 'agree'? When the media moves as one unit with a narrative it is always a lie – witness the hour by hour mendacity of the 'Covid' era. Why would this Cult-owned combination which has unleashed lies like machine gun fire suddenly 'agree' to tell the truth??

Much of the alternative media is buying the lie because it fits the conspiracy narrative, but it's the *wrong* conspiracy. The real conspiracy is that *there is no virus* and that is what the Cult is desperate to hide. The idea that the 'virus' was released by accident is ludicrous when the whole 'Covid' hoax was clearly long-planned and waiting to be played out as it was so fast in accordance with the Rockefeller document and Event 201. So they prepared everything in detail over decades and then sat around strumming their fingers waiting for an 'accidental' release from a bio-lab? *What??* It's crazy. Then there's the 'on purpose' claim. You want to circulate a 'deadly virus' and hide the fact that you've done so and you release it down the street from the highest-level bio-lab in China? I repeat – *What??*

You would release it far from that lab to stop any association being made. But, no, we'll do it in a place where the connection was certain to be made. Why would you need to scam 'cases' and 'deaths' and pay hospitals to diagnose 'Covid-19' if you had a real 'virus'? What are sections of the alternative media doing believing this crap? Where were all the mass deaths in Wuhan from a 'deadly pathogen' when the recovery to normal life after the initial propaganda was dramatic in speed? Why isn't the 'deadly pathogen' now circulating all over China with bodies in the street? Once again we have the technique of tell them what they want to hear and they will likely believe it. The alternative media has its 'conspiracy' and with Carlson it fits with his 'China is the danger' narrative over years. China *is* a danger as a global Cult operations centre, but not for this reason. The Wuhan lab story also has the potential to instigate conflict with China when at some stage the plan is to trigger a Problem-Reaction-Solution confrontation with the West. Question everything – *everything* – and especially when the media agrees on a common party line.

Third wave ... fourth wave ... fifth wave ...

As the book went into production the world was being set up for more lockdowns and a 'third wave' supported by invented 'variants' that were increasing all the time and will continue to do so in public statements and computer programs, but not in reality. India became the new Italy in the 'Covid' propaganda campaign and we were told to be frightened of the new 'Indian strain'. Somehow I couldn't find it within myself to do so. A document produced for the UK government entitled 'Summary of further modelling of easing of restrictions – Roadmap Step 2' declared that a third wave was inevitable (of course when it's in the script) and it would be the fault of children and those who refuse the health-destroying fake 'Covid vaccine'. One of the computer models involved came from the Cult-owned *Imperial College* and the other from Warwick University which I wouldn't trust to tell me the date in a calendar factory. The document states that both models presumed extremely high uptake

of the 'Covid vaccines' and didn't allow for 'variants'. The document states: 'The resurgence is a result of some people (mostly children) being ineligible for vaccination; others choosing not to receive the vaccine; and others being vaccinated but not perfectly protected.' The mendacity takes the breath away. Okay, blame those with a brain who won't take the DNA-modifying shots and put more pressure on children to have it as 'trials' were underway involving children as young as six months with parents who give insanity a bad name. Massive pressure is being put on the young to have the fake 'vaccine' and child age consent limits have been systematically lowered around the world to stop parents intervening. Most extraordinary about the document was its claim that the 'third wave' would be driven by 'the resurgence in both hospitalisations and deaths … dominated by *those that have received two doses of the vaccine*, comprising around 60-70% of the wave respectively'. The predicted peak of the 'third wave' suggested 300 deaths per day with 250 of them *fully 'vaccinated' people*. How many more lies do acquiescers need to be told before they see the obvious? Those who took the jab to 'protect themselves' are projected to be those who mostly get sick and die? So what's in the 'vaccine'? The document went on:

> It is possible that a summer of low prevalence could be followed by substantial increases in incidence over the following autumn and winter. Low prevalence in late summer should not be taken as an indication that SARS-CoV-2 has retreated or that the population has high enough levels of immunity to prevent another wave.

They are telling you the script and while many British people believed 'Covid' restrictions would end in the summer of 2021 the government was preparing for them to be ongoing. Authorities were awarding contracts for 'Covid marshals' to police the restrictions with contracts starting in July, 2021, and going through to January 31st, 2022, and the government was advertising for 'Media Buying Services' to secure media propaganda slots worth a potential £320 million for 'Covid-19 campaigns' with a contract not ending until March, 2022. The recipient – via a list of other front companies – was reported to be American media marketing giant Omnicom Group

Inc. While money is no object for 'Covid' the UK waiting list for all other treatment – including life-threatening conditions – passed 4.5 million. Meantime the Cult is seeking to control all official 'inquiries' to block revelations about what has really been happening and why. It must not be allowed to – we need Nuremberg jury trials in every country. The cover-up doesn't get more obvious than appointing ultra-Zionist professor Philip Zelikow to oversee two dozen US virologists, public health officials, clinicians, former government officials and four American 'charitable foundations' to 'learn the lessons' of the 'Covid' debacle. The personnel will be those that created and perpetuated the 'Covid' lies while Zelikow is the former executive director of the 9/11 Commission who ensured that the truth about those attacks never came out and produced a report that must be among the most mendacious and manipulative documents ever written – see *The Trigger* for the detailed exposure of the almost unimaginable 9/11 story in which Sabbatians can be found at every level.

Passive no more

People are increasingly challenging the authorities with amazing numbers of people taking to the streets in London well beyond the ability of the Face-Nappies to stop them. Instead the Nappies choose situations away from the mass crowds to target, intimidate, and seek to promote the impression of 'violent protestors'. One such incident happened in London's Hyde Park. Hundreds of thousands walking through the streets in protest against 'Covid' fascism were ignored by the Cult-owned BBC and most of the rest of the mainstream media, but they delighted in reporting how police were injured in 'clashes with protestors'. The truth was that a group of people gathered in Hyde Park at the end of one march when most had gone home and they were peacefully having a good time with music and chat. Face-Nappies who couldn't deal with the full-march crowd then waded in with their batons and got more than they bargained for. Instead of just standing for this criminal brutality the crowd used their numerical superiority to push the Face-Nappies out of the

park. Eventually the Nappies turned and ran. Unfortunately two or three idiots in the crowd threw drink cans striking two officers which gave the media and the government the image they wanted to discredit the 99.9999 percent who were peaceful. The idiots walked straight into the trap and we must always be aware of potential agent provocateurs used by the authorities to discredit their targets.

This response from the crowd – the can people apart – must be a turning point when the public no longer stand by while the innocent are arrested and brutally attacked by the Face-Nappies. That doesn't mean to be violent, that's the last thing we need. We'll leave the violence to the Face-Nappies and government. But it does mean that when the Face-Nappies use violence against peaceful people the numerical superiority is employed to stop them and make citizen's arrests or Common Law arrests for a breach of the peace. The time for being passive in the face of fascism is over.

We are the many, they are the few, and we need to make that count before there is no freedom left and our children and grandchildren face an ongoing fascist nightmare.

COME ON PEOPLE – IT'S TIME.

One final thought …

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

I'll protect you from the hooded claw
Keep the vampires from your door
When the chips are down I'll be around
With my undying, death-defying
Love for you

Envy will hurt itself
Let yourself be beautiful
Sparkling love, flowers
And pearls and pretty girls
Love is like an energy
Rushin' rushin' inside of me

This time we go sublime
Lovers entwine, divine, divine,
Love is danger, love is pleasure
Love is pure – the only treasure

I'm so in love with you
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

The power of love
A force from above
Cleaning my soul
The power of love
A force from above
A sky-scraping dove

Flame on burn desire
Love with tongues of fire
Purge the soul
Make love your goal

Frankie Goes To Hollywood

APPENDIX

Cowan-Kaufman-Morell Statement on Virus Isolation (SOVI)

Isolation: The action of isolating; the fact or condition of being isolated or standing alone; separation from other things or persons; solitariness
Oxford English Dictionary

The controversy over whether the SARS-CoV-2 virus has ever been isolated or purified continues. However, using the above definition, common sense, the laws of logic and the dictates of science, any unbiased person must come to the conclusion that the SARS-CoV-2 virus has never been isolated or purified. As a result, no confirmation of the virus' existence can be found. The logical, common sense, and scientific consequences of this fact are:

- the structure and composition of something not shown to exist can't be known, including the presence, structure, and function of any hypothetical spike or other proteins;
- the genetic sequence of something that has never been found can't be known;
- "variants" of something that hasn't been shown to exist can't be known;
- it's impossible to demonstrate that SARS-CoV-2 causes a disease called Covid-19.

In as concise terms as possible, here's the proper way to isolate, characterize and demonstrate a new virus. First, one takes samples (blood, sputum, secretions) from many people (e.g. 500) with symptoms which are unique and specific enough to characterize an illness. Without mixing these samples with ANY tissue or products that also contain genetic material, the virologist macerates, filters and ultracentrifuges i.e. *purifies* the specimen. This common virology technique, done for decades to isolate bacteriophages[1] and so-called giant viruses in every virology lab, then allows the virologist to demonstrate with electron microscopy thousands of identically sized and shaped particles. These particles are the isolated and purified virus.

These identical particles are then checked for uniformity by physical and/or microscopic techniques. Once the purity is determined, the particles may be further characterized. This would include examining the structure, morphology, and chemical composition of the particles. Next, their genetic makeup is characterized by extracting the genetic material directly from the purified particles and using genetic-sequencing techniques, such as Sanger sequencing, that have also been around for decades. Then one does an analysis to confirm that these uniform particles are exogenous (outside) in origin as a virus is conceptualized to be, and not the normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.[2] (As of May 2020, we know that virologists have no way to determine whether the particles they're seeing are viruses or just normal breakdown products of dead and dying tissues.)[3]

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1 Isolation, characterization and analysis of bacteriophages from the haloalkaline lake Elmenteita, KenyaJuliah Khayeli Akhwale et al, PLOS One, Published: April 25, 2019. https://journals.plos.org/plosone/article?id=10.1371/journal.pone.0215734 – accessed 2/15/21

2 "Extracellular Vesicles Derived From Apoptotic Cells: An Essential Link Between Death and Regeneration," Maojiao Li1 et al, Frontiers in Cell and Developmental Biology, 2020 October 2. https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fcell.2020.573511/full – accessed 2/15/21

3 "The Role of Extraellular Vesicles as Allies of HIV, HCV and SARS Viruses," Flavia Giannessi, et al, Viruses, 2020 May

If we have come this far then we have fully isolated, characterized, and genetically sequenced an exogenous virus particle. However, we still have to show it is causally related to a disease. This is carried out by exposing a group of healthy subjects (animals are usually used) to this isolated, purified virus in the manner in which the disease is thought to be transmitted. If the animals get sick with the same disease, as confirmed by clinical and autopsy findings, one has now shown that the virus actually causes a disease. This demonstrates infectivity and transmission of an infectious agent.

None of these steps has even been attempted with the SARS-CoV-2 virus, nor have all these steps been successfully performed for any so-called pathogenic virus. Our research indicates that a single study showing these steps does not exist in the medical literature.

Instead, since 1954, virologists have taken unpurified samples from a relatively few people, often less than ten, with a similar disease. They then minimally process this sample and inoculate this unpurified sample onto tissue culture containing usually four to six other types of material – all of which contain identical genetic material as to what is called a "virus." The tissue culture is starved and poisoned and naturally disintegrates into many types of particles, some of which contain genetic material. Against all common sense, logic, use of the English language and scientific integrity, this process is called "virus isolation." This brew containing fragments of genetic material from many sources is then subjected to genetic analysis, which then creates in a computer-simulation process the alleged sequence of the alleged virus, a so called in silico genome. At no time is an actual virus confirmed by electron microscopy. At no time is a genome extracted and sequenced from an actual virus. This is scientific fraud.

The observation that the unpurified specimen — inoculated onto tissue culture along with toxic antibiotics, bovine fetal tissue, amniotic fluid and other tissues — destroys the kidney tissue onto which it is inoculated is given as evidence of the virus' existence and pathogenicity. This is scientific fraud.

From now on, when anyone gives you a paper that suggests the SARS-CoV-2 virus has been isolated, please check the methods sections. If the researchers used Vero cells or any other culture method, you know that their process was not isolation. You will hear the following excuses for why actual isolation isn't done:

1. There were not enough virus particles found in samples from patients to analyze.

2. Viruses are intracellular parasites; they can't be found outside the cell in this manner.

If No. 1 is correct, and we can't find the virus in the sputum of sick people, then on what evidence do we think the virus is dangerous or even lethal? If No. 2 is correct, then how is the virus spread from person to person? We are told it emerges from the cell to infect others. Then why isn't it possible to find it?

Finally, questioning these virology techniques and conclusions is not some distraction or divisive issue. Shining the light on this truth is essential to stop this terrible fraud that humanity is confronting. For, as we now know, if the virus has never been isolated, sequenced or shown to cause illness, if the virus is imaginary, then why are we wearing masks, social distancing and putting the whole world into prison?

Finally, if pathogenic viruses don't exist, then what is going into those injectable devices erroneously called "vaccines," and what is their purpose? This scientific question is the most urgent and relevant one of our time.

We are correct. The SARS-CoV2 virus does not exist.

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Dr. Thomas Cowan, MD
Dr. Andrew Kaufman, MD

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Across the range of subjects and positions of influence occupied mainly by people who don't strive to make things better it's the Media that I have always found the most frustrating and fascinating. Mainly because if the Media did their Jobs properly then so much of the negative things happening in the World simply would not be able to happen, because they would be exposed within a heartbeat.
Free Press and the Opportunities that the internet could have given would mean that the Media are able to expose things like never before and hold people to account for their actions. As we all know there are 'Untouchables' that walk among us, people the Media simply won't touch, expose or investigate and that leads to the dark underworlds that infest the establishment the World over.
Well I say enough, it's time for something different, a different kind of Media, where no one is off limits from exposing and investigating. All we're interested in at Ickonic is the truth of what is really going on in the World on whichever subject we're covering.
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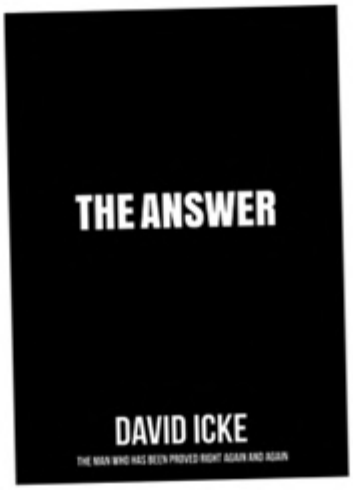

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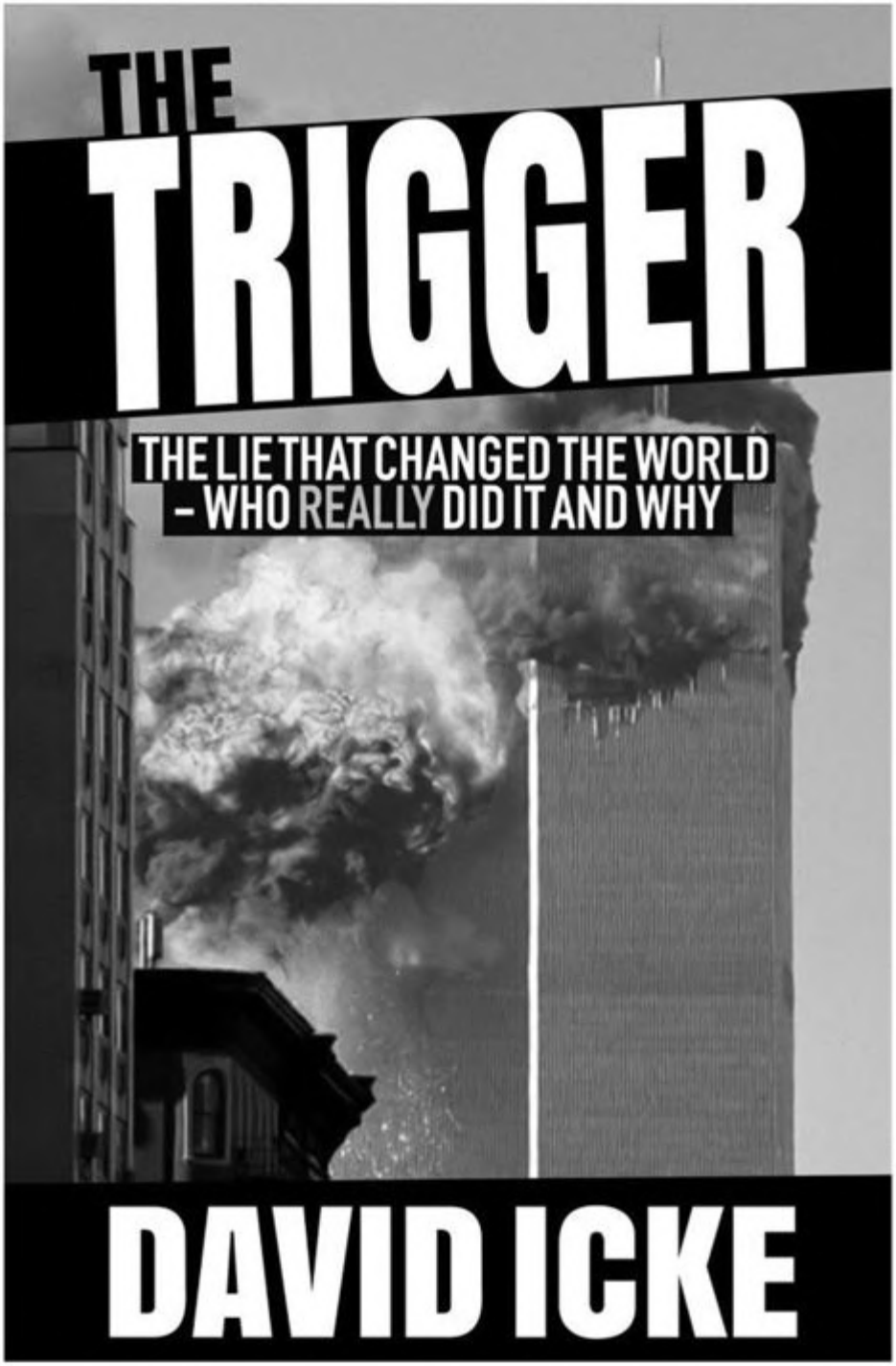

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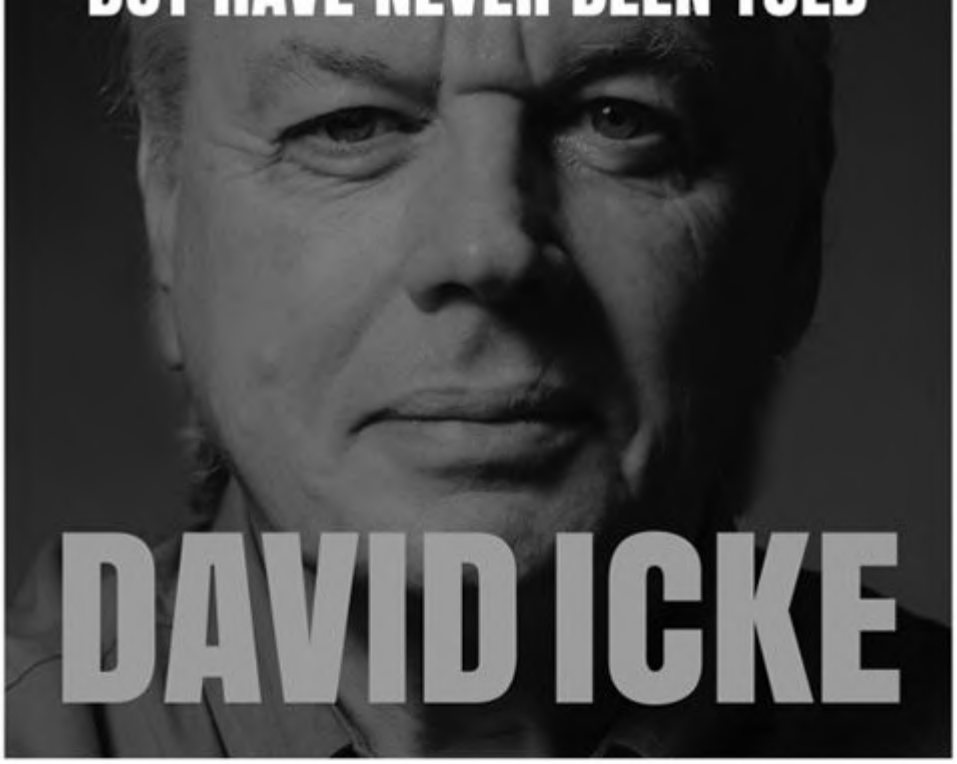

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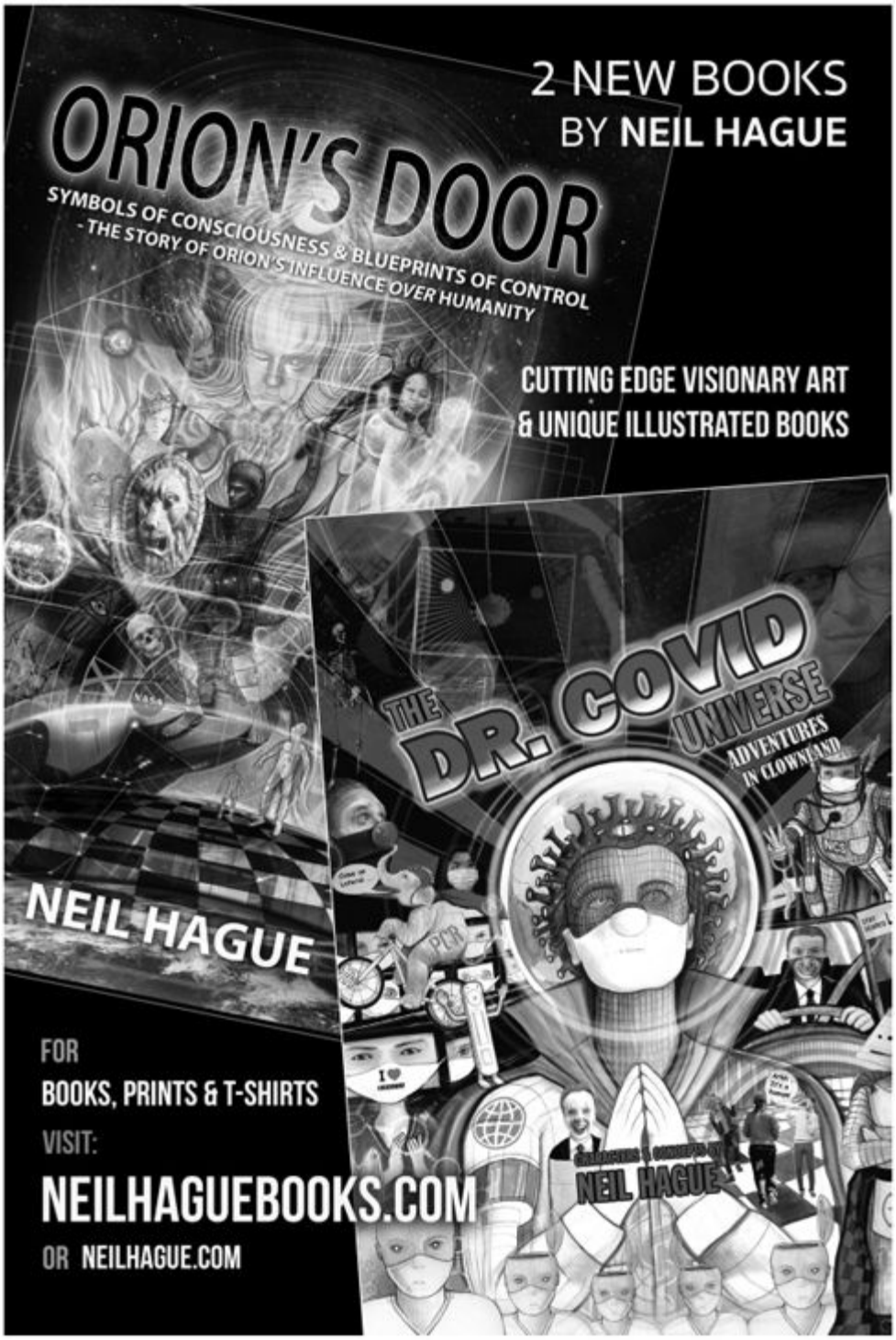
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